

*EDDA*

# 2011 EDDA Club Literary Magazine

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Front Picture: "King Quaketide" by Jaco Beneduci

Colored by: Elizabeth Smith

Special Thanks to: Amanda Martin

## The Yellow Moon

While I watched the road of travels,  
A gothic veil, a sunless hour,  
From the trees the sky unravels  
And brought to me its golden flower.  
I saw above my inkling stare,  
A yellow moon had found its place.  
The lazy light our moon does glare:  
A golden glow across its face.  
No longer spooning silver sheen,  
No longer in despair it frowns,  
The moon in laughing yellow seen,  
Was howled upon by lupine sounds.  
A wonder was the yellow moon;  
This sky doubloon does set too soon.

*By Jaco Beneduci*



*photographed by Ana Luna*

## COLORS

*The words fly like colors  
I'm covered with your language  
a rainbow of anger and hatred  
covers my face  
a shield for me to cower behind  
curl up and shrink away from the truth  
look not at the intent but  
at how lovely the colors look  
spread between us  
you throwing reds, oranges and greens  
while I press into the blues  
and let them help me fade into the background*

*by Robin Pomeranke*

## HAIRU

Tidepools come to life  
Five fingers of the starfish  
Light the sky of night

*by Devin Marsh*



*photographed by Stephanie Blum*

## PIGEONS

*On a gloom day the pigeons come,  
They perch on those never ending lines,  
As they look down on mankind,  
Some of them form groups,  
Leaving others to be on their own,  
Hopelessly alone and cold*

*by Stephanie Blum*

## RAIN

*Sometimes I am the rain, swelling downward,  
Soaking into the soil at your feet,  
Or the abscesses of rivers which lead  
To the sea, to integrate and repeat.*

*Rain trickling upon each cell particle  
Of your skin, miscible with the liquid  
And mingling with the moisture in your eyes;  
The cool rain dissolves beneath the lids.*

*Rain swelling on the contours of your breast  
Single droplets held fast to the threshold,  
Lightly dancing like a hanging flower  
Softly caressed by the wind and the cold.*

*Rain soaking into the silent fury  
Of the softly curling tresses of hair;  
In that damp, primordial sanctuary,  
I reside within, reluctantly aware.*

*Sometimes I am the rain, swelling downward,  
Soaking into you, to integrate and  
Repeat.*

*By Dale Bass*



*photographed by Andrea Nathan*

*Dear My 13-Year-Old Self,*

It might seem like the world revolves around your friends, but it doesn't. It might seem like your parents are trying to torture you with violin lessons, but they aren't. It might seem like you'll never be completely satisfied with your life, but you will.

Stop acting like an angst-ridden, stereotypical teenager and buck up. Stop wearing so much black; be your own person and create your own style. Stop trying to fit in so much with a group of friends who you have obviously grown apart from.

In the future, if you're tempted to flirt with Jake only to make your supposed friends mad, don't. I've been there, done that, and it doesn't turn out as satisfying as you imagined. If you're tempted to take that sip of sake your parents insist is good, don't. I've tasted it and you'll regret it; it tastes like someone warmed up rubbing alcohol. If you're tempted to forgo putting on sunscreen before going to the beach, don't. I've been lazy and I've spent years listening to people tell me my skin is too dark.



*photographed by Emily Dinnerman*

Don't give up playing violin, it will help you on your college applications. Don't give up going to Chinese school, it will help you on your college applications. Don't slack off on your school work, it will help you on your college applications. Remember: everything you do in the next four years will either help you or hinder you on your college applications.

Branch out a little bit. Wear those dresses you swore you never would. Listen to the country music you swore you would never like. Watch that television you swore was stupid and superficial. In the end, you won't be hurt by some variety in your life.

Most importantly, don't stop believing in yourself. Now, that might seem lame, but I know from experience that it's true. Remember, at the end of your middle school life, you can change your destiny. Stop thinking all of the students of La Jolla High School are rich druggies and take a leap when the opportunity to go there as a student arises. One day, the school will feel like home to you and most of the supposed druggies will become your closest friends. Keep an open mind. You will be happy some day.

Be nice to your sister, she will be one of your best friends. Be nice to your mother, she means well. Be nice to your father, he is the best person to talk to when you're in a rut. As a person of experience, I know what mistakes you will make and how they will turn out. Just listen to others, be optimistic and don't let anything get you down.

*Love,*

*Your 17-Year-Old Self*

*by Carrie Lowe*

## “Motivate Me.”

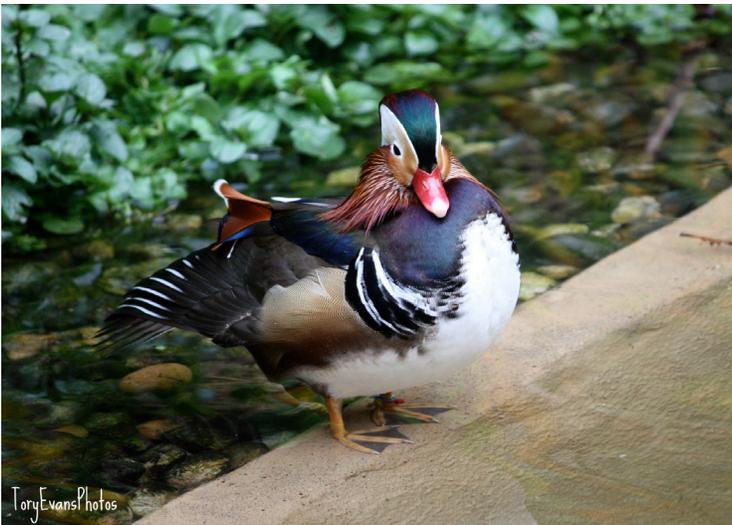
Can a movement make you stand still?

can we push against every human will? make a promise, to promise hope?  
the sound of empty, with the faint rhythm of breathing.  
we need hope. It keeps us believing.  
a prosperous scream caused by a horrible dream.  
turn off the running water, lets focus on this mess.  
lights out, lights out, let the light take your doubt.  
tomorrow is a new day. A day to make a new.  
change your perspective, your ideas, and be someone else,  
you.

show the world what you are, who WE are.  
synchronize every life, preach of speech, and word.  
its a beautiful thing, life. in the right light you can see,  
its a beautiful thing.

we get caught up in our silly games.  
can we break our habits?  
change our inhabits?  
its easy to be sad, let go and become mad.  
mad at this place, the world, and yourself.  
as life goes on some become wiser, but others get blinder  
our vision is thinned to what we will never forget.  
why cant we see all the great we can do?  
why do we sit around and wait for others to show us how to?

*by Kacie Rice*



*photographed by Tony Evans*



*photographed by Yuki Song*

*Tsunami destroys  
let me close my eyes and dream  
things that were once green*

*by Andrea Miller*

*If these words had words  
their words would probably say  
I'm stuck in haiku*

*by Pavle Ivanov*

#### INNOCENT

Thou art censur'd for thy own's typical conduct  
Scorn Sun's beams for shining onto thy golden hair.  
Thou art not to blame for thy captivating lime green eyes,  
Or thy tender touch of soft lips  
Words of whispering affection fell into amorous ears  
Hast thou remembrance of intertwined warm hands?  
Twas foolishness to embrace such cuddling arms  
Thou would not commit such atrocious act  
Beauty and compassion take culpability.

*by Andrea Nathan*

## The Sky People

Before the time when time was lost  
when men kept earth beneath their soles  
and life was weak, but strong enough,  
to waste away on wistful goals.

there was a knowledge, tried and true,  
to make from man a better breed,  
and form from him the kind of who  
the world they knew would never need

and so from man came forth a man  
who, unlike man, was mortal not,  
who sought to bring forth ever peace,  
an ever peace for which he fought

and from his breed came forth two kinds,  
or so the oldest stories tell,  
the blood of power to bring forth bliss,  
the blood of death to bring forth hell.

and in the time that time was lost,  
a fire scorched the ground below,  
and ashes tainted all they touched,  
and worlds were lost that none could know

then men took flight with sails and ships,  
or buried deep in tainted ground,  
and through this time their pasts did slip,  
to reach the time that is of now.

by Elizabeth Smith

## THE AUBURN CAT

*From my stance, she crossed my glance:  
An auburn cat of the hour's chance.  
She looked at me without a stir;  
An ancient draught across her fur:  
Her coat, a wine of broken souls,  
A devil's wine, the ale of Sheol.  
Blazing sun and deep, ebon fang:  
Her eyes aflame with sorcery sang,  
Her silhouette, a magic vision drawn:  
Frozen hills at the back of dawn.  
When she stepped in silence true  
There was no sound her paws would  
brew,  
Yet a misery, my mind, within;  
Her lightest steps, the darkest din,  
Like soulless stones within a well  
Came the echoing of Hell.*

*I called her name, she merely leered,  
A piece within her disappeared.  
I called her name, I knew her soul:  
My love returned to take her toll.*

by Jaco Beneduci



Drawn by Jaco Beneduci

## **Everything is Quiet**

I hear the three loud whistle blows from the committee boat. The time has started. I tell my crew that we have three minutes until the start. I pull in my sail to get close to the starting line. It is complete chaos. Boats going every which way. Skippers yelling at other skippers to get out of their way. I can hardly think.

Two long loud whistles sound off. Two minutes. I circle around the boogie, waiting for the start to near. The other twenty FJ sail boats approach the starting line. My crew and I sit and wait for the right time to go.

Three short whistles sound off. Thirty seconds to go. The start is everything to winning a race. Two short whistles sound. Twenty seconds. We are right on the starting line. One whistle sounds. I tell my crew to get ready. He pulls in the jib. I am counting down in my head. Six, five, four, three, two. I quickly lean and pull in my sail.

The race is on.

Every boat is on a starboard tack. But I tell my crew to prepare for a “tack to port” . I ease the ruttier away from me, the boom swinging over my head. Skimming my wind blown hair. The boat keels over. My crew waits for the signal to jump to the other side. Farther and farther we lean over. Our back almost touching the water. Then just before we tip all the way over, we both leap to the other side of the boat. Flattening it as quickly as we can. My crew pulls in the jib as I bring in the main sail.

We just completed a perfect “roll tack” . Shooting off towards the lay line of the windward marker, I check to see when we must tack again so we make the mark. More and more boats tack to check their lay line.

My crew and I roll tack again. We are on lay line and heading towards the windward marker. We are about the fifth boat that rounds the mark. We are heading down wind. I let the salt filled main sheet (rope) slide through my gloves. My crew stands up to hold the boom and hands me the jib sheet. (Front sail' s rope). We are cruising down to the lured mark. We can see the lead boat just a few yards a head of us. I constantly try to steady the rock of the boat.

We skim across the water almost effortlessly.

We come up to the lured marker and I tell my crew to keel the boat over just a little. I look ahead and see that the boat in second place has fouled the lead boat and has caused some congestion near the marker. I think of what to do. My crew shouts out that there is a hole we can go through in between the marker and the second boat.

I grip the main line as I pull in the sail. Faster and faster we go as I quickly thrust the ruttier away from me, turning the bow of the boat. The hole seems to be getting smaller and smaller. I can see the lead boat pounding forwards. I know that if we hit, or even skim the other boat or the marker we will loose the race. I hold my breath as we pass into the narrowing lane.

We made it through. Now it is just a two boat race. It is all out from here to the finish line. The skipper sees me approaching near him. We are now neck and neck. We stare at each other. As if we are in a battle. A battle to see who is the better sailor. It is now more than just a race.

We both come closer and closer to the finish. Both my crew and I are leaning out just to keep the boat flat. The dark cold water beneath us seems nonexistent. Everything is quiet as we both pass the finish line.

*by Quincy Briscoe*

## **Mary the Socialist**

My neighbor had a teenage daughter by the name of Mary. One day I asked Mary, who she wanted to be when she grows up. She said that she wants to one day become the President of the United States. Her parents, both proud socialists, proudly looked at each other. I asked the girl:

“Okay, let’s say you became President, what would you do first?”

She said: “The first thing I would have to do is provide food and shelter to all homeless people.”

“Wonderful,” I agreed, “a very worthy goal!”

“But you don’t need to wait for the time you become President,” I continued, “You can start now! You can begin to act in accordance with your plan.”

The next day I invited her to my humble home.

I offered her a job –

to pull the weeds in my garden,  
to mow the the grass on my lawn,  
and to sweep the yard in my house.

I told her, “I’ll pay you fifty dollars. Then you can go to the bench around the corner, where one of the homeless people lies all day. You can give him my \$50 to buy food and to save towards a future home.”

Mary thought this was a brilliant idea. Mary thought she was a crusader for good.

The next day, Mary arrived at my house ready to work.

She pulled every weed.

She mowed every blade of grass.

And swept the yard till every last speck was gone.

As the sun was setting, Mary admired her own hard work.

After I surveyed the work, Mary thought for a long time. Her mother, standing close by, beamed with pride at Mary’s work and awaited her daughter’s response.

Finally, the girl raised her eyes and asked: “Why then doesn’t this homeless person himself come to your house and do the job - then you would pay him the 50 dollars?”

I replied: “Welcome to the ranks of the capitalists, Mary!”

*By Michael Rabinovich*



photographed by Taylor Carpenter

## ONE

*I look at my watch; it says 12:34:59 P.M.*

*An ant brings back food from afar.*

*Nearby, a lizard scuttles to find its new home.*

*A dog barks in the alley, waiting for his owner, who will never return.*

*A child plays in the yard nearby, celebrating the simple wonders of the world which otherwise would go unnoticed.*

*Up the hill, Mrs. Connelly watches the news, lusting after a glamorous life that has since,*

*and will continue to, avoid her grasp.*

*By the beach, Jack Morrey proposes to his girlfriend, hoping that she will say, "Yes."*

*A homeless man rummages through the dumpster behind Pearl Café, hoping to find something recyclable or a tossed out meal.*

*A felon robs the bank across the street.*

*Mrs. Hunt gives birth to a healthy baby boy at the hospital.*

*Dr. Will fails to save his patient from cardiac arrest.*

*A van takes a champion volleyball team home from nationals.*

*A truck heads a different way, destined to deliver a pink slip to the inexperienced middle school teacher.*

*Up north, a man wins the Alaskan Lottery.*

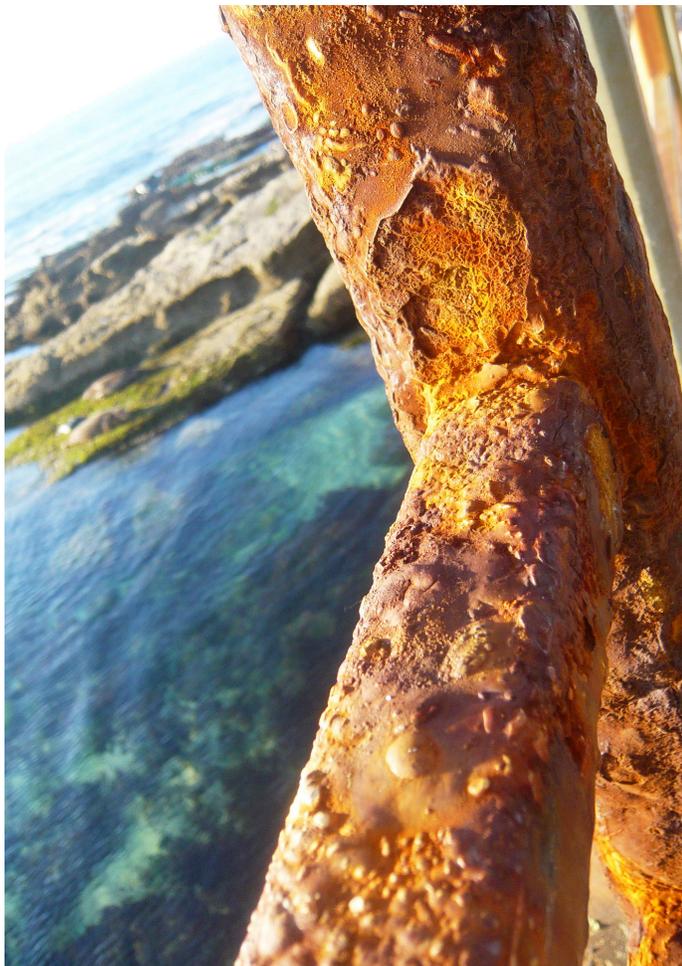
*Down south, a man is being sued for \$100,000 in property damages.*

*A surgeon in a Hartford hospital performs the vital maneuver that will extend the life of his patient.*

A corrupt representative accepts a bribe for \$150,000.  
A family in Germany starts its cleaning company, which will prosper greatly in the coming years.  
A family in China gets evicted from their farm and homestead.  
Representatives at the United Nations sign a protocol limiting war and aggression.  
Governments in Africa foster conflict amongst their fellow African nations.  
The Earth slowly turns about its axis.  
A meteor crashes into Mars.  
The Milky Way Galaxy zooms into indefinite space.  
And I look at my watch.  
It says 12:35:00 P.M.

We wish to know so much about the world, yet we know little of that which occurs in one second.

by Ian Fong



photographed by Emily  
Dinnerman

### A Love Poem: Fishy

You got me  
You reeled me in  
On your fishing line.  
Hooked me and  
Reeled me in.  
But in this case  
I am not the brainless,  
Soulless,  
Idiotic,  
Slimy,  
Fish.  
In this case  
I am unhooking you.  
Letting you back in  
To the cold sea.  
You were too small  
Too little for me to keep.  
I tossed you back in  
For there are plenty other fish in the sea.

by Brooke Robertson

**Biography of Marilyn Monroe**  
**Inspired by Turquoise Marilyn**

She

led a rough childhood.  
Was abandoned by her  
own mother. Left her to  
foster care. At the ripe age  
of 16 she thought that she

fell

into love with a man  
that she called “daddy”  
No real daddy, no real  
family, no real love.  
Smart girl though, she got

into

UCLA, read Tolstoy and  
Whitman, studied the  
art of acting. A role she  
landed made her the sex  
symbol, the superstar

the

celebrity that we all know.  
But acting was her passion.  
And so she took more serious  
roles, married a playwright. But  
how serious can one be under

turquoise

eye shadow and lips crimson  
in color? Fights with her  
spouse and two miscarriages  
led her to pills. She left  
her life in a drug

abyss.

*by Briana Thayer*

# The Little Button



*by Katherine Penny*

## **Button**

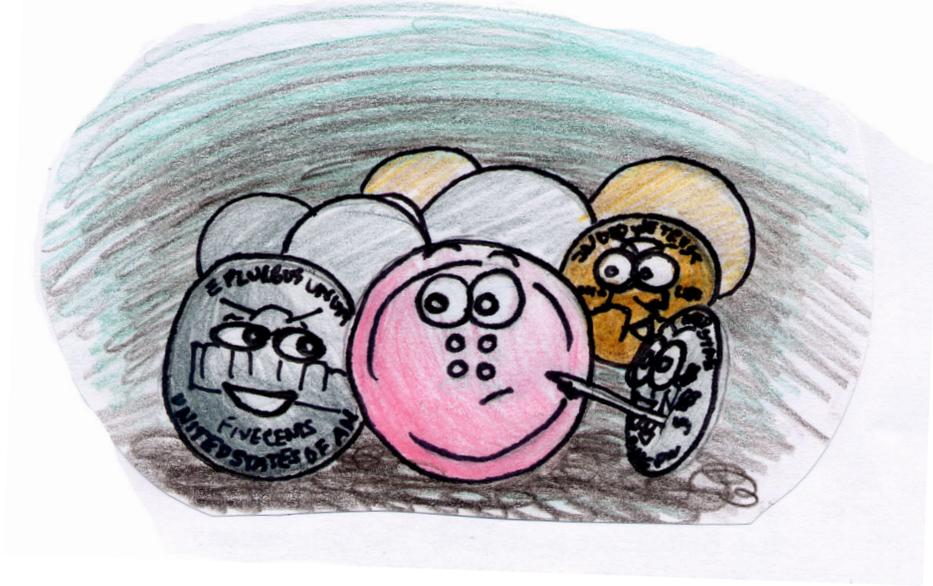
A little pink button waited inside a warm hand not knowing quite what was going to happen.

Then the hand opened and the little button fell down a dark rectangular hole.

When he landed it was cold and he couldn't see anything but the light from the hole where he had dropped. The little button looked around then cautiously took a step. From under his foot a voice came, "Hey watch it!" He took another step and heard another voice say, "Get off my face!" The voices multiplied. The button saw two eyes opening in the darkness, then four eyes, then 12, then 22. Soon, the little button realized he was surrounded by pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters who were very angry that their naps were disturbed.

"What do you think you're doing?" grumbled a nickel. "Don't you know that when a coin is added to a piggy bank they are not to disturb the other coins?"

The little button thought for a moment, “I’m so sorry I didn’t-” “Hey, wait a minute,” the nickel hissed to the other coins, “what is this guy? He’s too small to be a quarter and too big to be a dime.”



A penny poked at little button’s chest and said, “Hey look! He’s got holes in him!” A dozen coins started crowding around the button. Another coin chimed in, “And he’s pink!” The piggybank shook with laughter and the echoing sound whistled through the little button’s holes. “What in the world kind of coin is this?” said the nickel. “I am not a coin,” cooed the little button. “I am a button.”

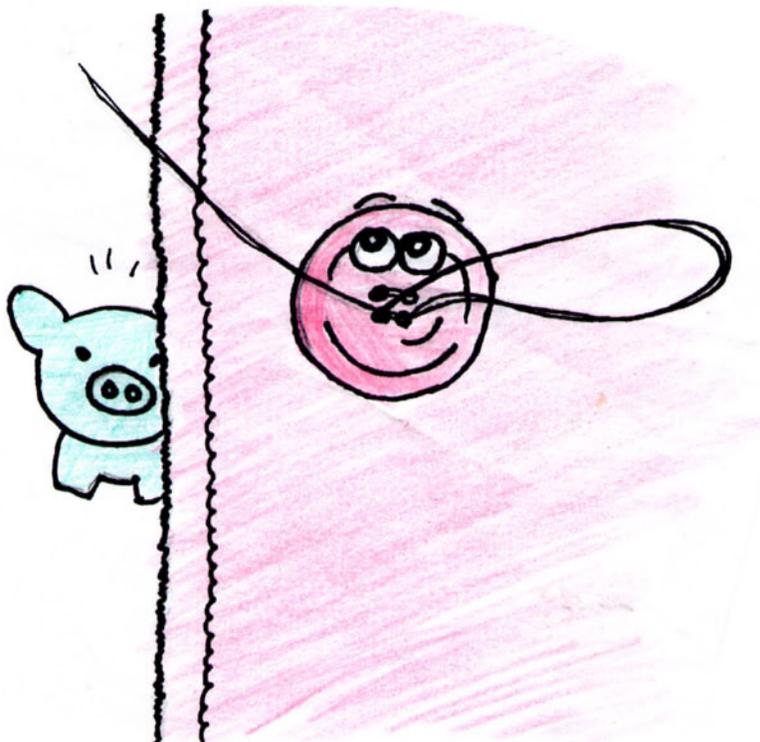
“A BUTTON??” the nickel roared, “You can’t buy anything with a button! We are coins. We buy things. We can buy anything from a gumball to a computer! What do you do?” “The little button smiled and said, “I am just as important as anyone.” The nickel scoffed and continued, “We jingle as a business man walks down the street. We thrill young boys by buying them video games and lollipops. We can even pay for spaceships that go to the moon! We travel the world. And we make it go around. Buttons can’t do any of that. Buttons are worthless!” The little button smiled again and said, “I am not worthless. I am just as important as anyone.”

“You are nothing but something to make us laugh, little button.” said the nickel. Again, the piggy bank shook with even more laughter now. But the shaking wasn’t just coming from the coins’ laughter. The piggy bank was turning upside-down. Chaos erupted as all the coins struggled to the top of the piggy bank. The little button tossed and turned and tumbled across the angry faces of the coins. He sailed toward the rectangular light. And POP! The little button once again felt the warm hand. The coins beside the button were quickly tossed back into the piggy bank. The little button knew he was rescued. The coins from inside were astonished as they watched from the holes in the pig’s nose.

“What’s happening? The button is being stabbed!” “No he’s not he’s got holes in him remember?” The button felt the warm sweater on his back as the soft thread passed through him. “I keep this little girl warm.” He said to the stunned coins watching him in the piggy bank. “Her grandma gave her this sweater and she wears it everyday on her way to ballet. She loves her sweater. It makes her happy. Without me, she couldn’t wear it. I am proud to be a button. I am just as important as anyone.” And the button left.

“I wish I was a button,” said the nickel.

*Story and Illustrations  
by Katheryne Penny*



## College

### *CAN WE START AGAIN?*

*With all that is gone,  
What can be said,  
You mattered so much,  
You got in my head,  
Is that just bad,  
I guess it is now,  
We were amazing,  
It ended somehow,  
Do we restart,  
Try it again,  
Reset and reflect,  
Go back to then,  
It was you and me,  
The world versus us,  
Now hold tight my hand,  
Because you I trust,*

*by Alex Bautista*

Stress! Stress! where to apply?  
Will I afford it? Or just barely get by?  
Is this one too big? Is this one too small?  
What if I just get rejected from them all?!

Stress! Stress! Applications are due  
500 words, yet I only have a few  
My GPA is alright, but my extracurriculars are lacking  
because of senioritis, I've begun slacking!

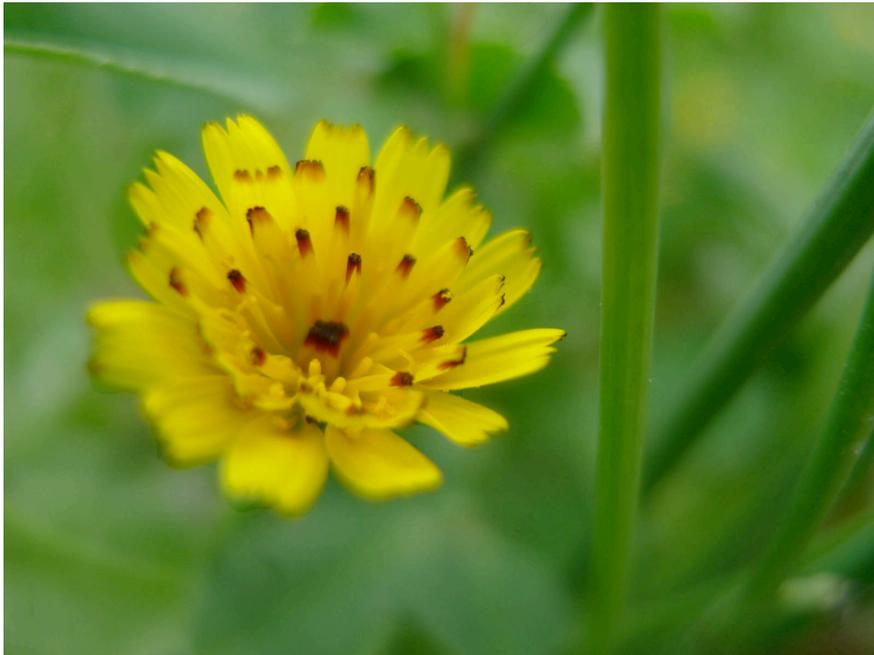
Wait! Wait! I've sent them all in,  
now the long pause will begin.  
A day goes by— it feels like a week  
of high hopes, no one will speak.

Crushed, Crushed, it's a rejection letter  
envious of the others who have fared better.  
But don't give up! From others we have yet to hear!  
With the "pyramid plan" there's nothing to fear.

Joy! Joy! I've been admitted!  
Yet my mind is not committed.  
Should I go here? Should I go there?  
So many decisions, I pull out my hair!

Excitement! Excitement! I feel I can fly,  
Can only wait for time to pass by,  
I'll start my life, in a new city!  
Thank you, Thank you, admissions committee.

*by Kelsey McLeod*



*photographed by Emily  
Dinnerman*

## IVORY CUPBOARD OF CRACKED EGGS

As he broke the shell he could feel the familiar crack. The crack that he felt everyday, once a day, at exactly noon. The crack that alerted Harold that food would be ready soon. He poured the yolk into his cup. The only cup he had. The cup had never been washed and had the green moldy residue from all his previous yolks, and the horrible stench that only something rotting has.

Without even stirring it, for he had not one utensil to stir with, Harold drank the yolk. He didn't enjoy raw yolk, but it had become so familiar to him that he didn't even notice the taste, the way he had become so familiar with the sound of the cracking egg, or to the feel of the cracks along his aged face.

If he could, Harold would love nothing more than to have one cooked egg. One amazing egg, warm with salt. But that would be impossible. Harold lived in a small house. So small that it was one room, with no bed, no bathroom. It was almost empty. All Harold had in his house was one amazing table and cupboard. They were both painted ivory and took up almost the whole room.

Everyday Harold took his egg shell and put it inside the cupboard amongst all the other shells, and every night before he fell asleep he would count all of them. Tonight there would be 5,789 shells.

Harold was all alone. No one even knew he existed. Sometime school boys would walk past his tiny house and tell stories of the crazy man who stayed inside and never left. From outside the house all you could smell was rotting eggs and the trace of his body which hadn't been washed in years.

There were no windows in his house so no one could ever look in, and Harold could never look out. His only friends were his egg shells. He stayed inside his house so often that he forgot what the outside world even looked like. He forgot what people looked like. He had no mirror and couldn't see himself. He could feel the cracks along his face and look at his pale bony skin.

He didn't wear clothes, he didn't even own clothes. Harold was so old and demented that he believed he was just like one of the eggs. It had been so long since he had spoken to someone that he didn't even remember how to carry on a conversation. The only words he ever said were the numbers that he mumbled to himself every night as he counted the eggs. Sometimes he hummed; he would hum songs to the eggs. Songs from his childhood that he couldn't remember being from his childhood, he just knew the familiar tunes.

At night after Harold was done counting his eggshells and humming his occasional tune he would go to sleep. It was snowing outside. Harold didn't know this because he hadn't gone outside in years but he could feel it. Due to his malnutrition, with no blanket and no clothes Harold would be freezing. He would lie beneath the table and cabinet away from the small cracks in the door that would allow cold air to seep in. Harold's favorite time of day was night when he would fall asleep and dream. He would dream of memories. Of places in his childhood and even fairly recent memories that he could no longer recall while he was awake.



*photographed by Emily Dinnerman*

He dreamed of an older lady with wrinkles similar to his own picking him up and carrying a younger version of him to look inside the ivory cupboard at a collection of colorful song books. The lady would tell him to choose a book, and then she would take that book off the shelf, carry the boy into his bed and sing to him every song in the book until he pretended to fall asleep. She would then kiss him on the forehead and quietly tiptoe out of the room. He dreamed of himself as a handsome young man hand in hand with a beautiful young lady walking to the ivory cupboard. They unpacked colorful plates and cups together and put them inside the cupboard. Then he would turn to his record player and put on a song, and they would dance in the middle of a kitchen.

He dreamed of himself as a middle aged man, holding hands with a small girl. They would walk together to the ivory cupboard which was filled with porcelain dolls, and she would ask him to get one down for her, and he would grab a doll and place it in her small hand while she smiled back at him.

When he awoke he couldn't remember his dreams, but Harold always awoke feeling happy. Then Harold would sit quietly and wait until it was time for him to crack open another egg.

by Lena White



*Painted by Haley Baumberger  
Acrylics on Canvas*

## SING A SONG

Sing a song  
For all the broken hearts,  
The criers, and incompletes.  
Far too sad to carry on,  
And simply cry themselves to sleep.  
Sing a song  
For those alone,  
The saddened, and unwanted.  
Busy hiding in shadows,  
For by solitude they are haunted.  
Sing a song  
To stop the pain,  
End the tears, make things whole.  
Silence the sad cries,  
Let peace take its hold.  
Sing a song  
For all the world,  
Sing to the skies above.  
Hold the different close,  
And tell them they are loved.

*Drawing and Poem by Edith Robledo*



### **This I Believe**

“I love you.” These three simple words have had so much meaning in my life lately.

I used to take them for granted. “I love you” used to be something I said to Mom every time

I left the house and to Dad every time I was tucked into bed. It was a simple way to identify

a feeling I had that I didn’t have a concrete understanding of. I used to throw around the

word love as if it were as shallow as the word teacup, telling my friends that I “love” them

because they spotted me some cash for lunch or gave me a ride home. My recent

experiences have allowed me to understand how important, how deep, and how strong

love can be. I believe that love is the cure.

Only a couple months ago, my grandma was diagnosed with lymphoma. My grandma is not like the grandma who lives a few states away, sends birthday cards, and invites the family over for the holidays. My grandma has been a huge part of my life since the moment I left the womb. She has stayed with me in San Diego my whole life, even though she has always wanted to move back to her hometown of Amsterdam. When I heard of my grandma's diagnosis, I did not believe it at first. It took about a week for it to really hit me. Ever since then, almost all of my free time has been spent with her. I had to truly believe that she would pull through; it was the only way I could bear to see her. She has been through a lot of treatment since her diagnosis and is now on track to being healthy again. Every time I see her now, she tells me how much it meant to her to see me every day and that she wouldn't have been able to go through with the bulk of the treatment without that.

Spending time with my grandma would not have been possible without the love from my friends. My friends knew how hard those first few weeks of treatment were for me. They knew I couldn't stand seeing my grandma in such a sickly condition, even though my grandma probably hated appearing sickly even more. The few minutes they would make me see them between visits to my grandma were enough to get me through her treatment. They were able to take my mind off of the problems and make me laugh, make me relax a little.

Love is the cure for many things. Love has the ability to help cure a physical illness like a cancer and the ability to cure a mental disturbance like the thought of losing a loved one. I just wish I could have understood the meaning of love without having to go through such a nerve-wracking experience.

*by Ben Aldrich*

## The Utopian Land of Haven

Welcome to the land of Haven-  
where I stand here quite forsaken,  
nothing to buy, one lives to die  
in the Utopian land of Haven.

Villains come to rob the goods-  
like any normal antagonist would,  
the fact is funny that there is no money,  
in the Utopian land of Haven.

Grab the seeds, exclude the weeds-  
become wealthy off produce.  
If there is any left, save it from theft,  
in the Utopian land of Haven.

The only debate is debate of mind,  
a type of ruling that's one of a kind.  
Philosophy overpowers robotic thinking,  
to prevent the government from blandly sinking.  
This only happens around one Zion place-  
the Utopian land of Haven.

A purpose exists, but not a plain goal.  
A decision is made completely by polls.  
Time doesn't matter in places like this,  
for it is the Utopian land of Haven.

Analyzing details is the way to live,  
more to have is more to give.  
Seeds won't always grow on trees,  
but one doesn't have to pay their fees.  
The world isn't flat neither is it round  
in the Utopian land of Haven.

Pure opinion creates fact.  
Comments must be made with tact.  
Everyone is loyal and real  
in the Utopian land of Haven.

antonyms are all alike-  
all else is simply psyche.  
basic yet so eerily complex  
in the Utopian land of haven.

Words are words, and I am me,  
what is there to really see,  
in a puzzle so strangely mild  
in the Utopian land of Haven?

by Maya Lakshman



photographed by Tony Evans

GO

*You feel so scared  
And your legs start to shake  
At night you toss and turn and crumble  
Don't know how much more of it you can take*

*As your world caves in  
Dreams wash away  
You just close your eyes and pray and hope  
That tomorrow is a sunnier day*

*Oh, your story is not yet told  
This poison is the catalyst of our change  
Oh, get up, get out, and go  
The time has come for your future to rear-  
range*

*So now you get dressed  
And shake those worries off  
Because your thoughts were about to drown  
you  
And this time you've had enough*

*You take your first step  
As a brand new you  
You start running, jumping, skipping  
Because your new future is in view*

*Oh, your story is not yet told  
This poison is the catalyst of our change  
Oh, get up, get out, and go  
The time has come for your future to rear-  
range*

by Allison Dyer

## "HOUSE MADE OF TIN"

House made of tin  
Creeping up the side of the hill  
House so fragile that it sighs with a gust of the wind  
Inside this humble house  
There is no room for luxury  
No room for sadness  
Barely enough room for me  
So I say to you  
Welcome to my humble house where the lights don't work  
The water is cut so we don't shower  
The plumbing is broken so we don't use the toilet  
And those cracks on the wall are part of the decor  
Here we go hard-core  
Forget these minor details they are not important  
What's important is that in this two bedroom house  
With seven people  
There is love and affection  
We are crowded  
Sleeping four in a bed  
We are happy and healthy  
Living in this little house made of tin

by Andrea Miller

## SUN OVER THE CITY

*Quietly I watch the sun go  
As it begins to burn,  
Drifting into the sea below.  
London doubts of its return.*

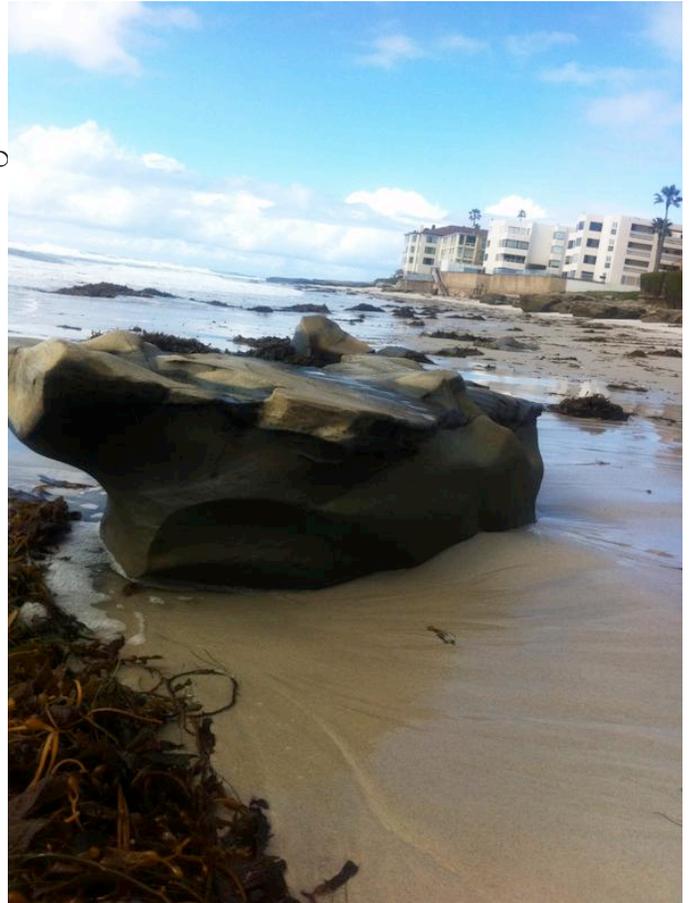
*The city stayed dark into the night.  
People didn't want to look at  
What they waited for in freight.  
Hiding inside the bunkers they sat.*

*Over them the engines rumbled,  
Below them the bombs exploded.  
In the pitch of night the houses crumbled,  
The planes above still bloated.*

*On and on it went until dawn  
When finally they got tired.  
They went as fast as they had come,  
Over the horizon they retired.*

*Quietly I watch the sun rise  
As it returns from its sleep,  
Enlightening a city compromised,  
As children die, mothers weep.*

by Ulysse Carion



photographed by Andrea Nathan

## THE DOCK

*The thick salty air hangs  
Like butter over the dock  
Ropes sway in the frigid moist air  
Dry salty papery air  
Permeated with cold slippery fog  
Boats moan in complaint  
Of their many years of work  
Covered by the scars of the sea  
Waves lick their undersides  
In an effort to comfort them.*

by Alex De Stasio

## **I Stand Alone**

I have encountered this reoccurring dream.  
And in that dream, I am at a crossroads.  
To my left, a road.  
To my right, another road.  
North and South stretch far into an abyss.  
So, like any weary traveler, I pick a direction.  
I walk for years and years and years.  
Where am I walking to? What is my destination?

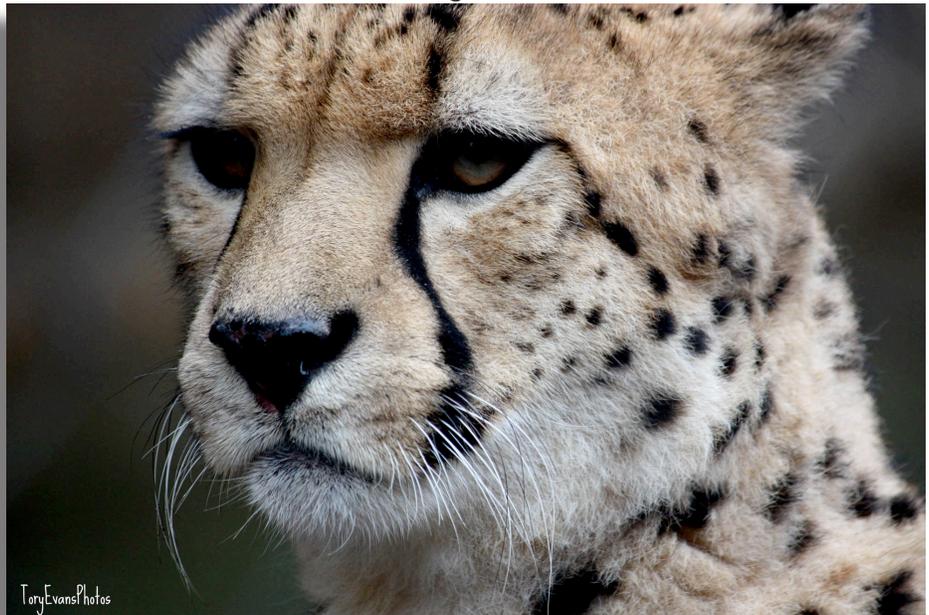
Someone once said that the answer lies only in the question of the beholder.  
So I continue to walk.  
My feet move faster and faster now.  
My vision is peripherally shattered, yet I continue to walk.  
I begin to wonder whether or not this was the direction meant for me.

And there in front of me, undoubtedly, is another crossroads.  
I think to myself, why must there always be one path?  
Why is society this way and why can't the beholder travel in any which way they choose?  
The crossroads is trying to tell me something.  
It is that whisper that rings through the night and whips through the wind.  
Louder, louder.

I am at a crossroads in my life.  
For whatever reason, I am forced to choose a direction.  
This direction must be the right one and it will be the right one.  
But how will I know?  
A four- way street with only one right path.  
One.  
I am at a crossroads.  
I am alone.  
I stand alone at a crossroads.

by *Kianna Anvari*

*photographed by Tony Evans*



## "IT'S NOT OK TO SAY, THAT'S SO GAY"

"That's sooo gay"  
is all you can say?  
oh yeah that's right  
your mouth can't put up a fight  
so you go and say something mean  
results in a loss of self-esteem  
in an effort to point out something bad  
you just say it's gay 'cuz that's the new fad  
trying to search for this word  
you end up acting like a turd  
conforming to what's normal  
adopting vocab less than formal  
but that's OK, no big deal  
who cares about how the gays feel?  
if you say I'm a freak, ugly, and fat  
really? i ain't down with that  
i feel the same hurt with "that's so gay"  
'cuz believe it or not, it's not okay  
by Sarah Naiman

## THE NUMBER BEFORE INFINITY

*Inspired by Miyajima Tatsuo*

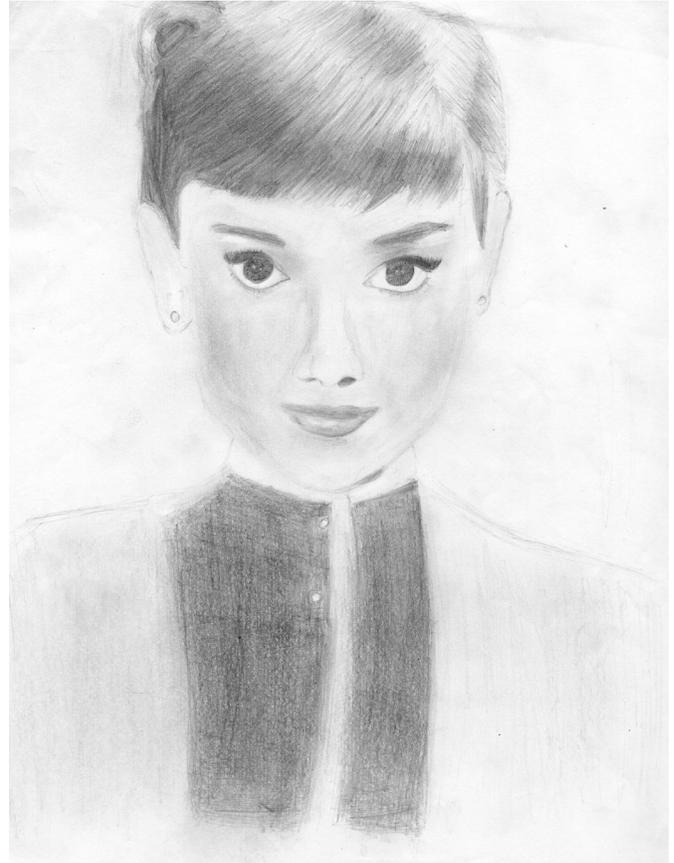
*Look beyond the infinite.  
Without the end,  
Without the beginning,  
Without the limit of moments.  
Unbound and uncounted for,  
Stupendous and supreme we go ever on  
What comes before infinity?*

*By Jasmine Graze*

### My Poem

My poem flows  
Through columns and rows  
My poem glows  
Like stars and bows  
My poem grows  
Like a man's Afro  
My poem blows  
Into my pocket it goes

by Hank Tedford



*Drawn by Maddie Athing*

### Slayer

Whispering, the sound of silence,  
She walks alone, down the dark path.  
She waits and watches, ready for the violence,  
That is in existence because of her wrath.  
Her actions, she cannot explain,  
She wishes things were different.  
She tries everything to remain sane,  
But her mind just can't take the hint.  
Listening to all who walk before her,  
She hears their words and their cries,  
Pleading for forgiveness for the times they falter,  
So they do not to face their great demise.  
However she cannot help those who ask for it,  
For her true destiny has already been writ.

by Camie Mamer

## WE BELONG

Sometimes a thread may break,  
But a new one will hopefully form in its wake,  
That brings us closer together and keeps us strong,  
Because this is where we belong.

by Alex Damico

### Thirteen Ash-birds

Thirteen ash-birds marked the gloom,  
Drowess omens, I assume.  
The first had brought the winding blues  
Of ruined seas we ever cruise.

The second clutched within his claws  
The coin that spins the broken laws,  
For in its glint was heard a scream;  
The shattered glass of crime I dream.

The third had brought beneath his wings  
A violin of fragile strings,  
And bowing by itself alone  
It lulled a man beneath a stone.

The fourth, a black and feathered ghoull  
Bore the starving-scythe of drool.  
In viral drops, I then beheld  
Its heinous hunger, never quelled.

The fifth one came with nature's spear;  
In its gleam, I fell in fear.  
The sixth does play with golden beads  
Worn only by the sons of greed.

The seventh bore a broken seal;  
A burning scroll did it reveal  
Of dying days when dragons come  
As angels of an ancient drum.

A ring of bone the eighth did wear.  
A frozen sword the ninth does bear.  
Cruelty and a tyrant bride  
Will conceive a child named genocide.

The tenth had caught a crooked glow  
And spoke in the horn of Jericho.  
Its passenger, a twisted knife,  
Forged to spill the mortal life.



Drawn by Jaco Beneduci

An eleventh from the cloudy vague  
Brought the weeping bell of plagues,  
And when it danced, all life decayed.  
The bell had sung; the plague obeyed.

The twelfth did beat the wings of night,  
A shroud that fed on final light.  
The forshade swept; all shadows weep  
As alps consumed our minds asleep.

The final dark-wing, a thane of dead,  
Led armies of infernal dread.  
Beneath his flag, were mounds of slain  
The last of man began to drain.

Here, the scribes of flawed intent  
With masonry of man's descent  
In unity have built a bed  
Upon which man shall rest his head.

Then faded was the grave despair  
As a fourteenth raven took to air,  
In his grasp, the olive flower,  
Embargo on the darkest hour.

*by Jaco Beneduci*

*Drawn by Jaco Beneduci*



### **Like a Book**

Loving you is like reading a book. What I first came across your flashy spine I worked my fingertips along the peculiar, hard edges, admired the interesting title and was caught mystified by the mixed reviews critics had bestowed on you. With a lure my hands pried open the front cover. I turned those taunting leaves over and over. Some of which were crisp and eerily untouched. Other sections of this novel were flimsy and yellowed at the corners- had been worn through diligently and known by many. These pages were merely a vague summary that failed to encompass your character's being as a whole and tread the deep waters of your spirit. Yet so cliché are these sections recited!

Some close the cover before getting through the inception. Others read with expectations and close the book after stumbling upon a chapter not to their liking, becoming frustrated with the crisp pages of a capricious tragic hero. Many scratch their heads without making much sense of what they had just read. After much exhaustion of reread they move on.

Yet I find myself unable to put this book down for a second. Returning to my daily chores I find my mind lost in analytical occupation or in a fluttering state of giddiness. Only to me is it intriguing to listen to the epilogue, to observe and endure the ebb and flow of emotion, to let this story pull me along and dance with the influence of me as your foil in a waltz.

Since the uniting of the foil and this hero both characters have grown an immense amount, saturating Volumes I and II with passion, perception and evolution.

*Not immortality.*

*The rest has yet to be written.*

*by Cara Cadman*

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