

# Arrowhead Literary Magazine



A Collection of Creativity  
2015-2016

**Arrowhead Union High School  
Literary Magazine  
2015-2016**

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\* denotes a winner

▷ There are three winners in each category per semester: poems, short stories/essays, photos, and artwork.

▷ The top three in every category receive a monetary prize.

▷ A list of winners and the editors is listed on page 70.

# Poems

Where I'm From  
Katie Hinzey

I am from the playground  
blisters ripping and my body swinging bar to bar.  
From the cramped, clothes-filled closet  
experimenting with the length of my hair before the scissors were snatched.  
I am from picking the pink nail polish  
hoping the principal didn't yell at the secretary for letting us skip recess.

This is childhood.

From the packing--  
the exterior changing  
but the designs and decorations remaining familiar.  
I am from opportunities of travel  
allowing me to immerse myself in Mexican, Hawaiian, and Dominican cultures.  
From middle school "I love you" to the "I hate you"  
finding out those were irrelevant as I matured.

This is adolescence.

I am from wandering around the halls  
hoping to find my next class.  
From summer nights  
filled with impromptu hangouts making memories and stories to pass on.  
I am from Arrowhead Girls Basketball  
where your teammates are friends--  
and your family.

This is entering adulthood.

---

Where I'm From  
Isabella Pipp

*Artwork by Magritte Carroll*



I am from rich soil  
from unbeaten paths and unfathomable rocks.  
I am from rippling waters, rainbow fish, and hidden  
caves--  
high cliffs and leaping hearts.  
I am from 3 AM adventures where  
starry skies filled my eyes.

I am from Ellis Island and Baker's flour and  
Amish faces looking away.  
I am from motor mouths, cackling laughs, and 'Killer  
Queen' --  
Elbows never on the table.  
I am from new states each summer where  
home's, a foreign land.

I am from Balyssa and Civan,  
sleepovers and sirens.  
I am from French coffee, graveyards, and scrambled  
eggs--

crisp winds and moonlit lives

I am from 13 people--  
and that unforgotten night.

I am from then and now.  
Curly hair and wrinkled smiles.  
I am from that small, yellow house and  
my future beyond those doors.  
I am from a world of things but I'll always look for more.

---

Where I'm From  
Taryn Sherman

I'm from puffy eyes, and mother's arms wrapped like a blanket on a winter's night.  
Unfinished projects that lie on the stairs  
Chalk stands and shiny leotards, that sparkle with each move.  
From Friday morning chocolate pancakes.

I'm from a clothes pile from last week's family dinner.  
A book that lies untouched  
Dirty hands and scraped knees from the blacktop that burns to the touch  
From Chef boyardee sauce smeared across the granite countertop.

I'm from a world that doesn't see over 5'  
Muscles larger than men  
A pumping heart that speeds up as the lines "O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave" sing  
From a world believing in mistakes.

I'm from a camera lens that sees more action than a beat up textbook.  
Smiles that bring more happiness than chocolate cake  
Memories that create moments  
From a child's hand that comforts my soul.

I'm from emergency room blankets, and blown up disposable gloves.  
Freezer full of stacked lasagna that each has a different taste.  
Dried tears and pale skin with a name tag that reads ICU  
From a worry face of father that sends goosebumps down my arms.

I'm from a world with a responsibility, not only of myself but for a mother.  
Dedicated Sunday morning church  
Prayers deeper than reading  
A dream further than seeing

I'm from tree climbing barefoot, pigtails summer days.  
Adventures leaving me with fear  
Memories leaving me with smiles, that add to my collection of Hope.  
From a journal that keeps my thoughts running like the Tap Recorder that plays "You are my  
Sunshine."

I'm from a life that holds a journey.  
From a journey that holds a future.  
A sun that shines even when "Skies are grey."  
A crumpled up piece of paper that reads...  
Where I'm from

---

Where I'm From  
Lauren Gardetto

I am from my backyard,  
consisting of trees, flowers, and a meadow.  
From the backyard playset,  
where we attempted the impossible.  
I'm from forced family bike rides,  
no one admitted to enjoying.

I am from posed family portraits,  
managing to make us cringe at the final  
product.  
From four aunts, four uncles, and over 10  
cousins  
all transformed into a dysfunctional family.

I'm from 3 hour long dinners,  
where conversations and laughter fill  
the room.

I am from the kitchen  
with unoccupied floor space I danced on.  
From my first dance audition,  
a child alone in a room of strangers.  
I'm from the white envelope in a mailbox,  
receiving life-changing news.



*Photo by Sydney Flynn*

---

Where I'm From  
Carly Minor

I am from castle doors leading to a childhood of love,  
from the front steps of my grandmother's aged and creaking house.  
I am from June trips to the library and community pool,  
from "don't swim in the deep end" and "don't forget to put on sunscreen."  
I am from slides and swing sets at Mather Heights park,  
from the pages I've turned of the mystery books I've devoured.  
I am from the old Elvis tunes I sang in a black Volkswagen Beetle,  
from rock 'n roll shows with my dad and sturdy drum sets.  
I am from hectic trips to Family Dollar,  
from the squeak of dogs scurrying around in my grandmother's backyard.  
I am from soup drives at Grace Lutheran church,

from bouncy balls and yoyo's and trampolines.  
I am from the stitches on my thumb when I made dinner,  
from the time I visited New Orleans and had my palm read and she saw success and love.  
I am from salty oceans and trips to see Sandy,  
from the first time I tasted the city of New York and fell in love.  
I am from the castle doors that lead to a childhood filled with love,  
But most importantly, I'm happily from a kingdom  
where my childhood never died. Where I'm From.

---



*Photos by Riley Reed*

---

Loui's Wife  
Joan Wieland

"Welcome!" the families cry to you. And they come bearing gifts.  
The Powlaskis from the blue Victorian house with the tomato plants.  
The Smiths, with the two children, green shutters, and metal yard-art.  
Mr. Gonzales, who winks and tells you to help yourself to his cherry trees.  
"Welcome to the neighborhood." They all come.  
Except the white house with the blossoms, at the end of the road.  
So you settle in, and you're proud.  
You're proud as the children snag their bikes,  
with cries into the house, say "We're going to the beach with the neighbor kids!"  
They come back with stories of their sandy voyages.  
The Paterson's sandcastles. Jake Simon's belly flop and the hermit crab.  
And the warnings.



About that white house with the blossoms, at the end of the road.  
That's Loui's house, the children say with wide eyes over their pudding snack.  
Loui doesn't give Halloween candy. He doesn't wave.  
He drives in his gold car to the mailbox.  
He doesn't like it when you leave the driveway lights on past ten.  
So you watch this house, and you ask around.  
"Loui does have a wife." Mr. Gonzales ponders as you hand over a cherry pie at his door.  
But he hasn't seen her in some years.  
He lowers his voice. "Might even be in the fridge, if you follow me."  
Mrs. Simon frowns. "They've always been an queer folk. I tell Jake to stay away, and leave it  
there."  
"Everyone is an child of God." Pastor Tom shrugs.  
You go on walks every morning and start to think about this wife.  
There are strange stories on the news,  
about women and locked households.  
Women who can't leave.  
The next week Loui's mailbox is hit by the crazy mail people as they zoom by.  
Another week and there's an letter from the package company that due to an incident,  
with your specific mail carrier,  
they will no longer be providing services to that area.  
Please expect a different carrying company soon.  
You laugh and tell yourself it's a coincidence.  
Loui drives out to his mailbox in his gold car, reaches out, and goes back in.  
Into the white house with the blossoms,  
and whitewashed shutters over closed windows,  
and black driveway.  
You're walking again, past Loui's house, and the gold car pulls out.  
But it's not Loui, but an woman.  
The wife. You smile and wave, praying for an answer.  
Her hawk nose swivels to you, and an sneer coats her face.  
Crooked teeth, and cigarette wafting smoke out her window.  
She drives on, and you lower your hand.  
Sick woman. You turn back home, walking away.  
Poor woman. You march on.  
Not worth your time after all, that pathetic creature.  
She'll manage herself, then.  
And you think no more about it.



*Photo by Sydney Flynn*

*Photo by Kenzie Luterbach*



A Collection of Poems  
Bella Pipp

@Lord\_of\_Instagram  
Look, Gandalf posted  
'What's up, Buckland?! Guess who's back?'  
Oh no, not again

---

It's just a question.  
What's the worst that could happen?  
Do you have wifi?

---

#Instagram  
Oh hey look he's cute.  
Oh my god that's so pretty.  
Must double-tap that.

---

Wait. Why am I here?  
Home has Netflix and coffee  
Autobots! Roll out!

---

Emerald eyes, now a red-stained haze.  
Shots fired--a battle fought.  
Destruction, denial, disgust.  
Lives damaged, time astray.  
Fast, salty tears--a heart to forfeit.  
War with Love ended. Sorrow won.

---



*Photo by Austin Hribar \**

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Ancient World  
Alexis Hamer

Drawn to the light of Apollo.  
You are drawn to him, though you may not know it.  
I am drawn to him, though I may not know it.  
Others are drawn to him, though they may not know it.  
Yet this is known to him.  
His music plays, his golden locks sway in the light breeze.  
The strings on his harp stop as he looks up to sun-filled skies.  
A prophecy shining in his eyes.  
The future holds the unknown.  
Yet this is known to him.  
A daring glimpse into the future.  
What does he see?  
Is it sadness, rage, or maybe love?  
Love is a significant thing.  
This I know, but could not see what the future had in store for me.  
Yet this is known to him.  
Kind words, a gentle smile, and affection.  
This I received from him.  
My love, he gets from me.

I did not know what would pass.  
Yet this is known to him.  
I am drawn to Apollo, to his music, to his light, to his love.  
This was not known at the time, for it was all part of the prophecy that shone in his eyes.  
Though I may not know it...  
This is known to him...

---

Wandering Wooly Mammoth  
Dowan Dougherty

A wandering wooly mammoth  
treading against rigid frozen tundra,  
slowing with clumps of snow stuck to its feet...

A wandering wooly mammoth  
crossing frozen ground and a blanket of snow,  
where frostbitten footprints freeze in snow...

A wandering wooly mammoth  
gazing over snow capped peaks,  
searching for something new...

A wandering wooly monster of the ice age  
fighting the first of their kind,  
thick white ivory tusks launch...

A resting wooly mammoth  
dying and beaten from battle,  
laying in the frostbitten frozen snow...

A resting wooly mammoth  
buried deep below the snow,  
remains the first of his kind....

A resting wooly mammoth  
unearthed by Hebior, over 14,500 years past,  
The Hebior Mammoth...a symbol of the Ice Age...

---

The Golden Trident in the Waves  
Ryan Sieth

The frigid waves churn beneath the wooden hull,  
the crew subtly teeters and totters with the waves,  
the anchor is hoisted. A bell is rung, out to sea.

Peering out at the waves, the captain sees  
a golden trident--tossed around by waves.  
He wonders why it is stranded at sea.

The crew retrieves it as they marvel,  
at the shimmering gleam of the golden trident.  
Hoping to find more, they sail to sea.

The calm waves grow,  
and swirl in the strong wind.  
“Oh no,” Captain says. “It’s a storm out at sea.”

A bright light blinds the crew,  
and from it emerges Poseidon,  
demanding the trident left in the sea.

The captain refuses.  
He loves the golden sheen.  
The crew suddenly plunges into the sea.

The captain cries softly  
as his boat slowly sinks,  
finding its place at the bottom of the sea.



*Photo by  
Kenzie Luterbach*

Battling For Sky -- The Setting of the Sun Gods  
Riley Preston

Two suns rise in the east under two different skies:

Under one sky: a golden chariot gallops among the mountaintops, waking the earth.  
The four valiant horses cut their sun through the passive night's sleep  
with the power of Apollo's poetic tongue.

Under the other sky: a mighty mandjet paddles over the pyramids, reheating the sand.  
The single sun disk guides his rays through the underworld to the heavens  
protected by the sharp eye of Ra.

Two suns meet in the east under one sky:

A ring of elegant light crashing into flames --  
A chariot without horses --  
A mandjet without oars --

Two suns clash in the east battling for sky:

They shake hands with weapons, dooming the flight of Apollo and the passage of Ra.  
Harp strings stretch from Apollo's shining form, wrapping righteously against the other's ashy  
skin.

Turning for his chariot, a blue flame sizzles past his laurel, the form of Ra two paces from  
destruction.

Two suns blast in the east marring the sky:

Below, the ground bathes in fire,  
the decay of crop and livestock -- unnoticed by the two suns.  
Below, the people rot in war,  
the battle of belief desecrates their worshippers -- unnoticed by the two suns.  
Below, their cultures fester,  
the world unable to claim separate skies.  
Then Ra gazed below -- sickened with fear.  
And Apollo crumbled to his knees -- weeping with dismay.

Two suns wail in the east without a sky:

Apollo and Ra fall prostrate from their careless destruction.  
And they reach out for the other's anguish, clasping hands in the hostile inferno.  
And the warring fire that stained the sky black danced into a single flame, bestowing the night.

Two suns unify into one and set beyond the horizon: rising tomorrow as equals who share the earth, the sun, and the sky.

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A Quote  
Lauren Vasko

God does this wonderful thing of lifting your spirit with outrageous amounts of strength and hope when you are suffering. And I don't know how it works, but it's amazing.



*Photo by Emma Reiter*

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Mystery of the Boy King  
Haley Matticks

“Death shall come on swift wings to him who disturbs the peace of the king”-a warning for those who dare to enter the tomb

Hiding in the depths of the Valley of the Kings...  
a discovery from Egypt's 18th dynasty  
Gleaming in its perfection...  
here lies the golden mask of the pharaoh

Married at age seven...  
Memphis king at age of nine  
Reversed his father's reforms...  
He's the living image of Aten

The last heir to Egypt, a boy king just 19  
Crippled bones...a clubbed left foot... a weakening body



the back of his skull, a hole.  
Cause of Death: murder or malaria  
broken leg, an open wound.  
Cause of Death: Chariot crash and blood poisoning  
Controversial, his death remains unknown.

Rich reds and cool blues inscribed on layers of pure gold  
delicately encases the mummy's head and shoulders  
Treasures: jewels, statues, and a chariot which possibly lead to his death  
at the heels of the Canopic Shrine: containing organs of the boy king  
The entrance guarded by Anubis

Hiding in the depths of the Valley of the Kings...  
behold the golden casket of King Tut  
A short life...forever lasting fame  
His death remains unknown.

---

Sijo  
Tristen Rosennow

Kids forever, as time passes--deaths forgotten, day turns to night.  
Restless spirits, screech for friends. Children follow, the cycle resumes.  
Death rises, taking lives, and with silence, death's forgotten.



*Photo by Austin Hribar*



*Artwork by Gabrielle Dyke*

A Wave in the Desert  
Netassia Nufer

A mixed bag of passionates:  
falling for the same thing  
We perfectly reflect each other.  
Tucked away in the dark desert sun.  
Our love for it is bludgeoning.  
We amid a wave of appease;  
Providing whimsy as well as shade.  
Together, we enrich ourselves  
In the soul-collective jungle.

*Photo by Morgan Clark*



The Open Cave  
Vivian Barajas

Why's there a hole at the top of a cave  
letting in the sun and rain?

Look at the crystal blue water hugged by the layers of rock.

How beautiful.

Doesn't the water feel nice...

and the ideal ropes, like vines, reach for the water's crystal touch.

Fascinating. The vein-covered stairs take me to the top. My eyes travel deep into the water, and I jump with longing.

---



*Photo by Kenzie Luterbach \**

*Photo by Jacob Gesell*



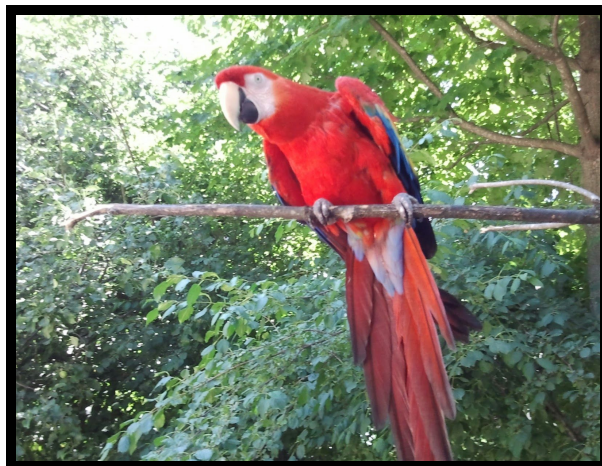
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A Sijo  
Dillon Baker

Float through space...all stars surround.  
Boxed in silence, I spin around.  
It pulls me in...smouldering.  
piercing through me, I jolt to life.  
The light hangs...surgeons rush about.  
Those weren't stars, it's wall texture



*Photo by Lauren McCann*



*Photo by Lori Martello*



*Photo by Julia Schiller \**

---

Where I'm From  
Nicole Hospel

I am from the willow tree as it branches out and blows in the breeze.  
From Wittenberg in a rustic cabin surrounded by woods,  
The stumbles and falls as I snowshoe up the hill.

I am from the rise of the sun as I start my morning  
to the stars that guide me home on a fall night.  
From fearing what the future may hold to welcoming fate with open arms.

I am from color coordinated binders to messy kitchen tables.  
From the screams and cheers of family game night over Scrabble  
and the smell of grandma's homemade cookies.

I am from pondering walks at Nashotah Park with my chocolate lab, Hazel  
to cozy blankets and fuzzy slippers while sipping hot chocolate.  
From curling up with my favorite book the time flies like a jet soaring through the sky.

I am from family trips to Door County.  
From cousins screaming and yelling as we plunge into freezing Lake Michigan,  
priceless moments captured in a still to remember.

I am from the wavering branches swaying in the breeze  
to the rustic cabin in the woods.  
From the stumbles and falls I make.

Clocks  
Haley Griffin

The old clock had been there  
For years and years  
Chiming the hour  
With the help of its gears

It served to remind her  
Where she must be  
When the fun had to end  
How time is not free

The girl had her schedule  
Commitments to fill  
Before she could play  
With her dolls - eyes, so still

Although she did well  
Completing her tasks  
She couldn't process time  
So, to her father, she asks

"Why must we watch the clock all day?  
It's face doesn't ever smile our way  
Nor does it chime, daddy, it barks  
It barks order every minute 'fore my day even starts."

Her father scratched his chin  
Comprehending the words  
Of his wise, young daughter  
About the cuckoo birds

"Time, my darling, is an overlooked virtue  
Measuring it won't bother or hurt you  
Enjoy the time you have, because there's no doubt  
There will come a day when time runs out."

She never understood  
What her dad had meant  
The value of the message  
Her father had sent



*Artwork by Gabrielle Dyke \* (top) & Haley Matticks (bottom)*



*Artwork by Margaret Carroll*

She became a young lady  
The dolls now on the shelf  
And she grew completely  
Absorbed with herself

She'd wave her father  
Goodbye in the morning  
And he would fake a smile  
Since he gave her no warning

He was ill  
And she hadn't noticed  
That she was about to lose  
The one she was closest

One day she came home  
To her dad's final breaths  
Where he heeded one message  
Before his inevitable death:

"Time, my darling, is a forgotten virtue  
Regretting the lost seconds can only hurt you  
So please, don't cry, because you know we'll depart  
My time was well spent with you, and that'll stay in my heart."

She wept as her father  
Closed his eyes  
And knew, from then on,  
That time really flies

The old clock remained there  
For years and years  
Chiming the hour  
Leaving the tears



*Photo by Sydney Flynn*



*Artwork by Maia Koehnlein*

*Photo by Morgan Clark*





I am From  
April Weatherbee

I am from watching the sunrises  
climb through the pine woods surrounding the house of my childhood, the sun dappling the damp  
floor of the forest  
soft,  
golden,  
gleaming

I am from unruly, tangled, corkscrewed blonde hair  
and hiding under the play house, hoping my mother wouldn't try to tame it that day  
I am from "outside or downstairs!" cawed by Susana,  
who was entertained more by her telenovelas than by us  
I am from Thor and Matthew and Erin and Katie and Lorenzo, and no longer from Maggie  
(Some friends aren't worth the trouble)

I am from not knowing (and not naming) any mystical power that exists, only believing  
there is one  
I am from loving the wonder and beauty of the universe,  
shown in the lilac flowers and in a pleasant petrichor  
from the heavy raindrops splashing the dry earth,  
in the thunderstorms turning into a drizzly mist when nature is through her rage,  
in the sunrise and the soil and  
in the tickling heat on the back of my neck  
as the setting sun nips and tugs at the wispy hairs that have fallen away from the rest, piled on  
top of my head

I am from horseback riding at Jan's on Monday nights,  
swaying in sync with Echo's easy canter;  
souls uniting  
and humming along with the cicadas' song  
I am from riding 'El Torro' during the commercial break of the Packer's game,  
before Jacquelyn and I slipped a disk in my dad's back  
I am from "How are you, Uncle Tom?" and I am from "I'm horrible, thanks for asking"--  
(ex-rodeo stars make gruff and grouchy great uncles)  
I am from a golden apple pie straight out of the oven,  
the cinnamon and sugar, sweet and overpowering, warming the crisp fall air sifting in  
through the windows of the kitchen

I am from April Showers and Betty Boop and Apii  
loving names given to me by those I love  
I am from thriving in chaos, feeling at peace in big cities, surrounded by people whose  
problems are just as valid and vivid as mine-  
I am from watching sunsets

gently illuminating the sweet pink, deep green and buttery yellow flowers in the windows of my  
new home,  
soft  
and golden  
and gleaming

---



*Photo by Kenzie Luterbach*

---

I'm  
Chandler Maas \*

I'm playing in the park until the last peachy colors fade from the sky,  
an endless sidewalk of chalk drawings, popsicle stains, and jump ropes--  
a smattering of freckles across pale skin.

I'm the hum of jazz lulling me as the city lights blazed,  
spending hours in museums, finding secret worlds in glass cases--  
the first time I spoke in a tongue my parents couldn't comprehend.

I'm kissing cuts to take the pain away,  
"You know you're my favorite, right?"--  
a kitchen filled with English toffee and flickering evergreen candles.

I'm the family dinners filled with shouts and wheezy laughter,  
Bumpa and Grammie and Santa Claus--  
reading until sleep filled my droopy eyes.

I'm searching for slithering snakes in the unruly grass of the farm,  
an emerald sea of corn stalks, shimmering under the sun--  
a sunburn blistering like bubble wrap.

I'm the tears down her cheeks when the cancer won,  
crying in a cold classroom--  
the scalding pain of flesh on a Harley's metallic muffler.

I'm cutting fresh flowers to fill a home with sweet perfume,  
my lips against her tissue paper skin, her dozing in my arms--  
my mother telling me, "We love you, no matter what."

I'm the home with an armor of roses enveloping its stony walls,  
suppressed saline drops shed in international airport terminals--  
black coffee as periwinkle and purple painted themselves a new day.

---

Where I'm From  
Kat Kruger

Bleeding hearts and grass-stained jeans,  
that is where I'm from.  
While others move among nameless faces,  
that's not where I'm from.

I'm from days when no one cared  
I'm from dancing in the angel's tears,  
from Earth-strewn toes and ink-stained hands,  
from blissful laughter like flickering flames.

From sweaty hugs and messy buns,  
from falling out of trees,  
from days before impossible,  
from "I can be anything."

I'm from too young mourning,  
and love from six feet deep.  
I'm from words that words can't speak,  
and fighting 'till the end.

Those tears I wept for my fabricated friends,  
those sweetly haunting epilogues.  
Those times I watched world below,  
a guardian of the sky.

From feasts to feed a village,

from Συγγνώμη and Σ' αγαπώ,  
from Yiayia's heart and Monarch's head,  
from falling stars, and Blue Room saints.

When art tells stories words cannot,  
and family stays when best friends part,  
when bad luck comes from shoes on tables,  
when Father saw goblins, through time he traveled.

I'm from lemon-scented tabletops,  
and 5,000 mile friends.  
When the root children wake up,  
That's where I'm from.

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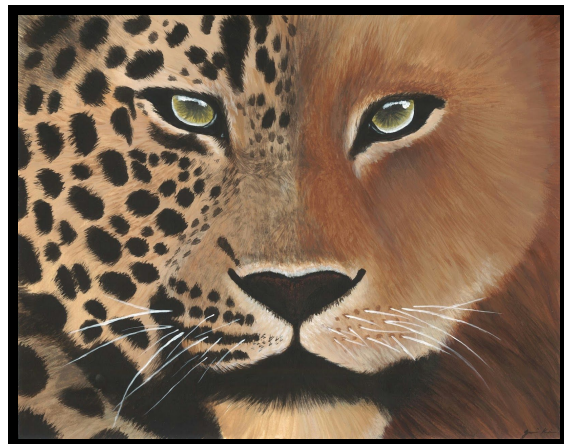


*Photo by Lori Martello*

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A Quote  
Lauren Vasko

When you have the strength, use it.  
When you feel courageous, be it.  
When you find the hope, believe it.



*Artwork by Gabrielle Kim*

A Fire? Or a Storm?

Netassia Nufer

I'm like a blazing orange flame.  
I represent the sun.  
"A Shining so Sparkling and Scintillating!"  
I used to think that way.  
It is warm, it is powerful, and the wisps are my laughter.

But I am also a hazy gray,  
like the clouds in the night sky.  
"She is distant; downright detached"  
That's what they think of me.  
It is cold, it is weak, and the wind becomes my tears.

I suppose, in a way, I am both.  
The haze is the adventure  
And the flame is my courage.

I illuminate the blazing orange  
hoping it would guide my way through  
the tunnel I will walk through for a thousand years.  
Only then, will I know, who I really am:  
A fire? Or a storm?

---



*Photo by Allison Naye*

Where I'm From  
Noah Reid

I am from the sweaty smell of a run in the park,  
the pleasant hum of a plane soaring thru the sky...  
the crunching of a branch on the ground in the heavily wooded forests by the cabin.

I'm from the flat brown brick house,  
the three acres of land that take your breath away...  
the rough and treacherous terrain in the winter that had us shivering.

I am from family of few, but is strong,  
Faith that is as clear as reality itself...  
and Flying that makes you wonder if the sky is really the ground.

I'm from the crisp malted smell of the morning tea,  
the painful feeling in your legs after the sprint of your life...  
the pleasant feeling of the summer breeze on your face.

I am from "Do your best"  
and "Remember where you came from"  
and "On there's." From Dave, Anne, and Mulrooney.

I'm from April 30, 2011, when the majority ruled in my favor for another term,  
From walking into the biggest school I had ever seen...  
to the day the world looked smaller from the sky..

I am still from the sweaty smell of a run in the park,  
the pleasant hum of a plane soaring thru the sky...  
the crunching of a branch on the ground in the heavily wooded forests by the cabin.



*Artwork by Maia Koehnlein*

*Photo by Austin Hribar*



Where I'm From  
Will Weske

We're from the same place,  
but we see it differently.  
Some filters conceal,  
But some thin as thread.

I am from no true place,  
experiences formed who I am.  
at no time being someone else,  
searching, trying to find myself.  
I'm from setting hopeless goals,  
to having a sensible reality.  
I'm from working for spending money,  
to building my bank for college.  
From weekends filled with both trees,  
to never ending days with friends.

I'm from the same house,  
every day recognizing the same step,  
to rationalizing moving out.  
I'm from waking up half passed the day,  
Dreading getting out of bed,  
to springing up early awaiting the day ahead.  
I'm from coco puffs and coffee,  
Fresh fruit and waffles,  
anticipating every morning.  
I'm from Heohenn and Weske,  
From brother and sister,  
and in due time; only myself.

*Photo by Morgan Clark*





*Photo by Morgan Clark*

---

Sijo  
Aaron Nicholson

Hit the gym, all chest no legs, then back to bed, woke up and read.  
Then a fight, run for my life, he has a knife, daily, this is life.  
Prison I called home, in here for 12 years, my fear: I will die here.

---



*Photo by Emma Reiter \**



---

I am From  
Madison Barnes

I am from pictures,  
which hold the memories of my life.  
From wanting to learn sign language  
to talking with my hands to people who can't hear.  
I am from the drawer under my bed--  
bottling up blankets and childhood memories...

I am from the gunshot noise  
as lightning struck the tree,  
and sleeping downstairs fearing it would return for  
me.  
From collecting hats for bald kids  
because of the craniofacial surgeries endured.  
I am from bike rides to Starbucks with my mom  
on Friday mornings in the summer air...

I am from sleeping in one house Tuesday night,  
and another house Wednesday night.  
From respecting my morals,  
and not having "too much fun."  
I am from a class of 100,  
to a class of 600...

I am from getting in my new car  
only do drive around aimlessly.  
From being myself,  
even if that's not the person people like.  
I am from not saying anything,  
if it won't positively impact someone...

I am from singing on Thursday,  
and family get-togethers Sunday.  
From fried cheese curds and the ferris wheel  
on the day I was born.  
I am from sleeping in my room with my sister,  
wrapped up in my blankets, and  
dreaming of memories to come.

---



*Artwork by Gabrielle Kim*

Tell Me  
Samantha Witter

Is it scary?  
Do you ever miss the company of another?  
Or is it nice to be alone?  
Can you hear me?  
Or have you forgotten? or do you not care?

Are your feelings the same as mine  
they way we use to love?  
Do you still recall all the great memories  
when I was part of your world?

---



*Artwork by Haley Matticks*

---

The Underworld -- A Nightmare of Shadows  
Haley Kalal

Meeting the end of my time on earth:  
I travel into the dark realms.  
Others who passed greet me at the entrance.  
The underworld--a nightmare of shadows.

Meeting Hades:  
Feared by the living, accompanied by the dead.  
The inevitability of death stares me in the eyes.  
The underworld--a nightmare of shadows.

Meeting Cerberus:  
The guardian of Hades.  
A dog with three heads.  
The underworld--a nightmare of shadows.

Meeting the cult of Hades:  
The largest in ancient history.  
The cult provides a further understanding of afterlife  
The underworld--a nightmare of shadows.

Meeting cosmic understanding:  
Vast and immeasurable.  
The rest of my spirit's time lies in,  
The underworld--a nightmare of shadows.

---

*Photo by Abagael Weber*



The Hanging Gardens of Babylon -- A Tragedy  
Diya Ramanathan

I arrive.

My youthful eyes skitter feverishly.  
Vines snake through cracked brick terraces.  
The glossy marble stairway ascends--bridging the chasm.  
Undulating palm tree fronds tickle robust pillars.  
I pluck swollen dates from low branches.  
Life is flourishing.

I notice

revolving clay pots spilling over with water,  
splashing life onto foliage, dripping down stone siding.  
Plants thrive amidst an army of parched throats and tired feet,  
treading restlessly week after week to the Euphrates.  
A whisper of discontent floats in the breeze...  
Life is struggling.

I hear that the gardens must die.  
Beauty is futile when life is suffering.

I see

wilting leaves crumbling into heaps  
and clay shards scattered across abandoned terraces.  
Rotten fruit gives beneath my feet--a stench of decay encompasses  
My hand brushes gently against the old pillars,  
fractured...flawed...forgotten.  
Life is dwindling.

I arrive

at the top of the cracked brick terrace.  
The wind carries a wisp of silver hair across my face.  
An exodus ensues below--hordes scatter away from the epicenter of failure.  
My back rests on the cracked bark of a leafless palm tree.  
Silence suffocates my senses.  
Life is gone.

Colossal Crisis  
Noah McKay

A splash of water hits the deck, as wet nets pull onboard,  
Fish flop as they look for water, and the crew lets out a cheer.  
Sails loosened, the crew makes its way home.  
We see our guardian distantly watching.

Alert eyes scan the horizons, watching for boats  
standing watch over our city.  
Bronze limbs, and a burning torch,  
protecting Rhodes from foes.

Panic ensues, as the earth moves.  
The crew swears, seeing Poseidon.  
Waves crash, rocks fall, and boats rock.  
He fights for the people of our city.

We slow down, and see the colossus take a hit.  
Almost falling, the cities guardian kneels,  
as another shake rocks him, he falls.  
Our guardian now lays on the ground.

The city fears for its life.  
Some say the gods are at war, others try to recover  
from the destruction. As we sail to destruction,  
our guardian watching no more.

Goosebumps rise, the colossal head now on the ground,  
watches us, begging for help. The boat swims further.  
Roles switch. We rise as the guardians,  
watching over our fallen hero.

---

Back to the Stars  
Anthony Yellick

I am from the stars;  
my home, I'm needed, my heart takes me home  
back to the memories of energy, excitement and exploration.  
into the unknown, only my curiosity to guide me...

I am from a generation with a voice for peace,

one that finds the life we've been given sacred  
I am the "dude" who butters every slice of life...

I am from a time, where family means unity,  
in contrast to chaos.  
where the people close are everlasting,  
I am the guy who wants to go fast  
who wants to burn gas...

I am destined to be heard,  
Sailing in a sea of tranquility and understanding  
using music to unite the world.  
carving the hills of individuality...

I am from a generation needing to choose,  
whether we want our species flourish,  
in a paradise of unabbreviated ecstasy.  
contradictory of our savage culture.  
I am terrified of the future...

I am the observant one,  
my observation, arrogance and selfishness,  
I am afraid my home, our earth, is expendable,  
I am afraid we won't reach back to the stars.

---



*Artwork by Maia Koehnlein*



*Photo by Natalie Erickson*

---

Night Vision  
Emma Repka

Glossy stars, like gleaming fireflies. And the moon glowing bright.  
Far away, a restful scene. A sweet lull, the allure of night.  
Back to darkness. Nothing but the dreams of a boy who lost his sight.

---

Fall From Glory, The Colosseum  
Garrett Maddex\*

His heart pounds against the inside of his steel chestplate like a drum.  
The hanging door creaks open as the crowd's roar amplifies.  
The pale gold sand suddenly feels uneasy as nerves flush throughout his body.  
His clammy hands struggle to get a strong grip on the handle of his sword.  
All eyes on him, for this is his rise to glory.

The door finally reveals the entire arena and the crowd's volume peaks.  
He shakes off his nerves and absorbs the atmosphere as he takes his place.  
A bead of sweat rolls down his face as his opponent is revealed.  
The gleaming sun bounces off of his armor and the horns blare.  
All eyes on him, for this is his rise to glory.

His breathing intensifies and his boots drive deeper into the sand with each step.  
The swords clash with a might that makes his ears ring and his arm vibrate.  
Another strike draws blood, the crimson stains the sand, and the crowd gets louder.  
A fighting style he almost recognizes, but no match for his experience.  
All eyes on him, for this is his rise to glory.

Cries of pain echo and ricochet inside his helmet as he continues to draw blood.  
The crowd is deafening and adrenaline courses through his veins rapidly.  
A final strike takes his opponent off of his feet and leaves him gasping for air.  
The emperor recognizes that the battle is over, and signals a thumbs down.  
All eyes on him, for this is his rise to glory.  
The blood-soaked helmet slips off of his opponent's head and shock overwhelms him.  
His older brother's face with fear stricken eyes lay beneath him.  
His eyes must be playing tricks on him-this can't be real.  
His sword slips from his grasp and he falls to his knees.  
All eyes on him, for this is his fall from glory.

The crowd is outraged for no lives were taken.

Refusal to execute is to be punished by hanging.  
Both fighters are taken and set to be hanged.  
Side by side, hand in hand, the brothers spend their final moments together.  
All eyes on them, for this is their fall from glory.

---

*Photo by Jacob Gesell*



*Artwork by Samantha Gryzkiewicz*

---

Where I'm From  
Jack Peschong \*

I'm from troubling times of death, loved turned to hatred  
parents fought, as I closed my wearied eyes and covered my ears  
family's what I care about, yet divided,  
where we laughed and loved over arguing, to cover up the sorrow and sadness.

I'm from growing up resilient and independent, the man in the shadows,  
where I watched the future, as the past watched over me,  
where I am like a bird: majestic, free, and alive,  
but I am held down by the tethers of my previous life.

I'm from my father before me. Trying to love the mother I have, by lending a hand  
to overcome and rise above the death,  
where I search for hope of life filled with warmth of happiness, and love  
as I leave the past tragedies behind for successful a future filled with love.



I'm from learning, living, and laughing about mistakes,  
quitting wrestling, where I learned from what I did right,  
and what I've done wrong by not loving my father,  
where growing up, to college and a family.

I'm from a family divided by death,  
by a man taken from this world,  
where my father's death tore me apart,  
where the person I love helped mend a beatless heart.

---

The Things That Made Me  
Hunter Clark \*

I am from The Lily of the Valley,  
where the overgrown spring grass tickles my feet.  
I am from the apple trees in my backyard,  
that transformed into a mighty fortress.  
I am from the front porch swing,  
and the breeze hitting my face  
while I sipped iced tea.

I am the gentle hum of the summer cicada,  
and the glow of a thousand lightning bugs.  
I am the daughter of high school sweethearts,  
and abandoned dreams.  
I am the patriotic flag fluttering in the wind,  
that calls to all who sacrificed...

I am from the place with nosy Nancys,  
and unkept secrets.  
I am from the "I love you a-little."  
and pirouettes around my mother's thumb.  
I am from the oozing mud of the creek,  
and the bluegill that won't take the bait,  
the father with no sons.

I am the sweet summer peach,  
and the ten verses teaching me how to be.  
I am the granddaughter of a preacher man,  
and the satisfied stuffed belly of Sunday lunch.  
I am the laughter of a family of nine and four,  
and the roar of boisterous voices...

I am from the farmland of Indiana  
and now the trees and greenery of Wisconsin  
I am from the dust of harvest on my face,  
to the numbing bite of a long winter.  
I am from the class of only 67,  
and now more than I can count.

I am The Lily of the Valley,  
and the overgrown spring grass.  
I am the apple trees in my backyard,  
and the gentle breeze.  
I am all these things that made me,  
Me.

---

Where I'm From  
Sydney Penebaker \*

I am not from castles and acres of land that shine green with prosperity.  
I am not from a fairy tale household with the king, queen, and princess living happily ever after.  
I am not from the delicate and peaceful.

I am from petite houses and apartments on the North Side--  
no lawn, but streets and sirens.  
I am from a separate household--  
no happy marriage, but two UWM students and one happy accident.  
I am from mess and chaos--  
no quiet, but yelling and fights.  
“She needs to be away from you!” “Get out of my house!” “Have a nice life!”

I am not from lax parents and silent siblings--  
more like dedicated and determined and deafening.  
I am not from one school,  
but six or seven.  
I am not from expected moments,  
impulsive, improvised, and instantaneous.

I am from nontraditional,  
black father, white mother, and severed homes.  
I am from thick, wavy hair that runs down my back, never tamed,  
from 12 piercings and hair dye and Mom saying, “You’ve done enough, it’s time to stop.”  
I am from the scarring, surprising, and sweet memories of childhood  
red dog collars with bone shaped tags, crinkled photographs circa 1990’s and a golden cat and  
from toys without shine.

I am not from castles and acres of land that shine green with prosperity.  
I am not from a fairy tale household with the king, queen, and princess living happily ever after.  
I am not from the delicate and peaceful.

---

*Photo by Riley Reed*



*Photo by Austin Hribar*

---

Girl or Boy?  
Elise Skarda

Everyday, I wake up,  
Girl or Boy?  
Everyday, I get dressed,  
Girl or Boy?  
Everyday, I style my hair,  
Girl or Boy?  
My mother comments on my appearance, wondering,  
Girl or Boy?  
My father asks about any friends, questioning,  
Girl or Boy?  
The kids at lunch holler and make rude gestures across the cafeteria, not caring,  
Girl or Boy?  
My teachers look at me funny, wanting to know but unable to ask,  
Girl or Boy?  
To my friends it doesn't matter,  
Girl or Boy?  
But to some people, it is a matter of life or death,  
Girl or Boy?

It matters for Elisha Walker, who was murdered, because they wanted her to choose,  
Girl or Boy?  
It matters for the man behind Elisha's attack, whose facing criminal charges,  
Girl or Boy?  
It matters for my parents, who wake up every day and wonder if I am,  
Girl or Boy?  
But I am neither, and I am both.  
I am,  
Girl and Boy.

---

Plunging into the Depths of Tartarus  
Julia Perry

Three coins.  
Lamentation.  
Soul wisps away...

The ferryman greets me with a wicked grin.  
Across the Rivers of Woe and  
Unbreakable Vows,  
towards hell's gate we depart.

Three heads.  
Fearfulness.  
Gateway approaches...

Screams of the suppressed whisper  
through the gate.  
The foul fragrance of rotting bones  
scratches my face.  
Joy and hope abandons me.

Three judges.  
Anxiety.  
Doom decided...

Rivers of raging fire and ravenous scorn lie before me.  
Like a dreadful dream,  
My eternal torment begins.

---



*Photo by Jacob Gesell*



*Photo by Lori Martello*



*Photo by Emma Reiter*

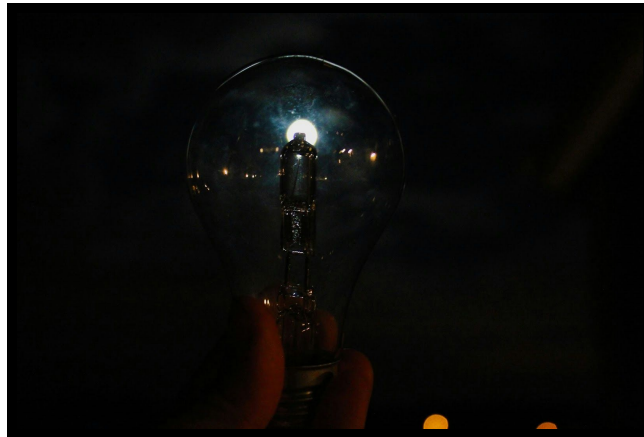
The Burning Gardens of Babylon  
Ben Reed

Green flourishes through the tower,  
scents of lavender and colors as bright as the sun...  
fresh water flows, reflecting glistening strands of light.  
Marching steps and clanging metal.

The stone walls rumble.  
The trees shake and tremble in fear...  
the water ripples while the earth begins to quake.  
Marching steps and clanging metal.

A wall falls to pieces.  
They pour in like rushing water...  
the orange flame ignites the garden into a blaze.  
Marching steps and clanging metal.

Charred like dust, trees fall  
a single flower lay crushed under the rubble...  
The color and life was replaced by black and death.  
Marching steps clanging metal.



*Photo by Julia Schiller*



A Quote  
Jessica Fredrickson

Are we products of our  
times, or of our  
own minds?

And are these two entities  
one and the same, or  
one the cause and  
the other the  
Change?

---

*Photo by Austin Hribar*

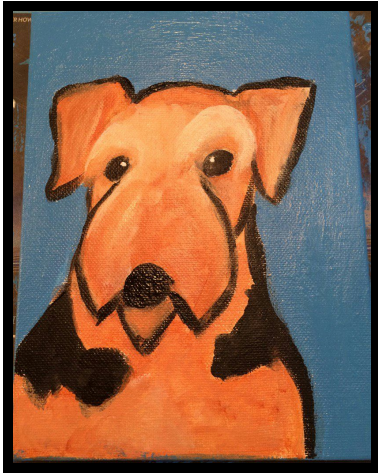
Sijo  
Austin Snell

My new dog, little Emma, a gift to us from the heavens.  
My aunt passed, stupid cancer, my mom distraught. Everyone muted.  
I could look into Emma's eyes, she's still here, on four paws.

---



*Photo by Morgan Clark*



Starry Sense of Security  
River Cull

The stars spiderweb across the sky,  
brilliant orbs of distant light...  
luring dreamers with their glow.  
Entrapping hopes and dreams...  
numbing the harsh day  
as Night swaddles life in her blanket.

*Artwork by Margaret Carroll*

---



*Artwork by Maia Koehnlein*

---

Where I'm From  
Kelsey Lohnes

I am from little pink fingernails and polka dotted hair bows  
from mom's pearls, princess dresses, and fashion shows down the hallway.

I am from crunching on toast while absorbed in Blues Clues  
from leaping on couches to avoid lava  
from Barbies, Polly Pockets, and American Girl Dolls.



I am from Sunday mornings spent in children's church  
from singing "Deep and Wide," reciting John 3:16, and memorizing the story of David  
and Goliath.

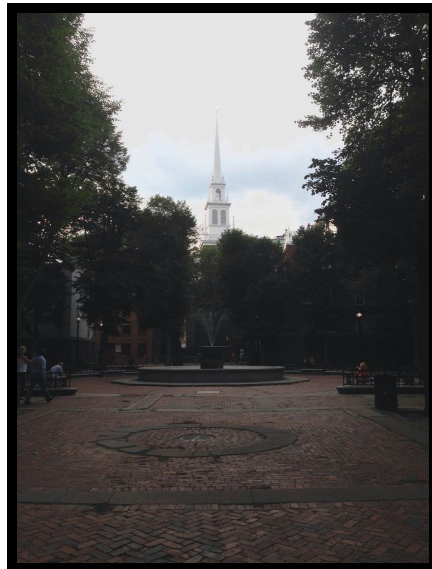
I am from afternoons at my grandparents  
from the laughter of my family, roast and gravy passed around the table, and a roaring fireplace.  
From Grandpa snoring in his recliner and the mumbles of baseball announcers on TV.

I am from parents who do all they can to provide for their kids  
from nights spent working long shifts and less than four hours of rest.  
From waiting anxiously to see Daddy walk through the door.

I am from nights reading and discussing devotionals  
from siblings gathered around and Mom reading from the Bible.  
Teaching me to "trust in the Lord with all my heart" and make my faith my own.

I am from the loss of a loved one  
an unexpected call, tears, and shock  
from watching a family lose a mother they loved-- my Mom's best friend.

And I'm still from those little pink finger nails and polka dotted hair bows  
from mom's pearls, princess dresses, and fashion shows down the hallway.



*Photo by Riley Reed*

Where I Am From  
Heather Heyerholm

I am from my childhood memories,  
Sunday school classes my mother taught,  
to the tiny pinch pots and oil pastel drawings created at Hartland North,  
yearning to learn and create.

I am from my adventures,  
the days of playing in the trees in my backyard,  
to taking road trips with friends to unheard of cities and towns,  
craving to see new places and experience differing cultures.

I am from the quotes I have read and pondered,  
“do things that feed your soul and not your ego, then you will be happy,”  
“don’t think of yourself as anything less than this one word: art,”  
letting words of others infect my mind and soul.

I am from the difficult days,  
the evenings where my father wallowed in his empty bottles,  
to the nights of lying alone and hoping I wouldn’t see tomorrow,  
basking in desolation and despair.

I am from the days and weeks of therapy and self improvement,  
rushing around to new appointments and new doctors,  
to afternoons of reading thousands of books and quotes aimed towards self help,  
trying to find the meaning of life.

I am from the summer mornings at the lake,  
watching the sky paint colors of a new day,  
contemplating the words I consumed,  
thanking the heavens that I received another day.

I am from the exceptional and imperfect days,  
the thoughts that once affected my mind and actions,  
to the positivity and vibrations that now overwhelm my life,  
striving to become as happy as I can be.

---

Where I'm From  
Mara Bellcock

I am from devouring sweet, plump mulberries  
on a crisp spring day. Staining my fingers  
with each syrupy bite...

From observing the Northern Lights with my father  
on our stained back porch we sat,  
peaceful and at ease.

I am from, "there's always room for more,"  
as I stuffed my face with my grandmother's  
gooey, cherry pies...

From the crackling wood,  
the noise the rich wood created  
in the dead of the night.

I am from tranquilly drifting through clouds,  
awoken by  
coffee brewing on a Sunday morning...

From snapping photos of my friends  
on my shiny new Polaroid  
hoping to remember spirited nights, I surely won't.

I am from the sweet, crisp fragrance of rain,  
gently creating puddles on the ground.  
The delicate splashes carelessly grazing the lake...

I am from the day Kueyon played  
Canon in D for our piano recital,  
sobbing from its beauty.

From exploring the depths  
of forests, abandoned buildings, and the quiet of night  
hoping to find bliss...

I am from devouring sweet, plump mulberries  
on a crisp spring day. Staining my fingers  
with each syrupy bite.



*Photo by Kenzie Luterbach*

---

He's Always By My Side  
Kyle Hoepner

Tension grows step by step.  
The pain, one can never forget.  
Uproar amongst the cluttered streets.  
But he's always by my side, you and me.

Roman rule, strong in hand,  
Ravaging through with command.  
Onward to Golgotha, can't you see?  
But he's always by my side, you and me.

Brutality broadcasts over the city.  
People spectate with pity.  
Lifeless aloft is he,  
But he's always by my side, you and me.

Darkness rolls, outside Jerusalem's walls.  
The earth shakes, tremble from them all.  
Ascending into glorious Heaven is thee,  
But he's always by my side, you and me.

His heart, filled with love,  
with God watching from up above.  
Jesus forgives them, don't you see?  
And he is with you, always; yes, indeed.



*Photo by Austin Hribar*

---

Shadows  
Rachael Maurer

Here you are again, showing up out of nowhere  
I'm doing nothing special, so why do you care?  
You follow me everywhere, day after day  
It's getting annoying, I just have to say

I don't mean to be rude, but do you mind if I leave?  
You're starting to become my biggest pet peeve  
The everyday stress takes too much time  
It's too much to deal with, please don't make me cross the line

So here we are again, you then me  
I tried to escape, so how can this be?  
Next time you see me, I don't know what I'll do

But I will find a way, to get rid of you

# The Great Gatsby Poems

These poem were composed in Honors English 10 for rap battles

I Have Waited

Molly Teske, Kayla Janke, Alyssa Meier, Sophie Carey, Brooke Birkland, Mary Baumgartner,  
Reagan Zimmerman

Five long years I have waited for you  
You were the shimmering green light at the end of the dock

I have thrown the most exciting parties  
I waited for you to show up  
You never did

Tom, the cheater, needs to go  
Come to my house at midnight  
Prove your love to me

I'll be waiting  
I love you

Five long years I have waited for you  
I cannot wait another second

*Photo by Jacob Gesell*



---

Reminiscing

Madison Buening, Jonathan Bailey, Sam Cox, Shelby Lanser, Alex Krzyston, Jason Robinson,  
Brandon Stoller, Nathan Kopka

I was reminiscing  
sitting on your front porch.  
We were pals.  
Then, the ocean that separated us  
smothered the fire in my heart.  
I never loved Tom or you.  
I don't know what I'm doing  
but,  
what could have been,  
had I not been foolish.  
It's not too late,  
yet.

---

Homeboi Jay

Alex Vesel, Jeremy Kirch, Jake Wesson, Ben Adamski, Ian “Elmo” Melnick, Eamon Schiro,  
Richard Shi

Daisy,  
You drive me crazy.  
You say you have feelings,  
I am in underground drug dealings.  
Tom abuses you mentally,  
but I will hold you gently.  
Tom hurts you physically,  
all I want is intimacy.  
You know you regret your wedding,  
but you won't regret getting into my bedding.  
You have to make a decision,  
because I'm scoping you out with precision.  
In that dress you look so flattering,  
I've had enough of this stupid chattering.  
Tom may be getting suspicious,  
but soon he'll be sleeping with the fishes.  
I love you.

---

“If Only”

Mallorey Wallace, Claire Nevill, Dana Gavin, Gigi Butt, Ellen Wieland, Lili Sarajian

In this facade of glamour and wealth.  
If only I was my old self.

*Photo by Morgan Clark*

The letters came a little late.  
Do you think that I made a mistake?

You invigorate my hopes and dreams.  
If only all was what it seems.

You remember me as I used to be,

Young  
Naive  
Carefree.

Alas, these things, they cannot be.  
Except, perhaps, in your memory.





My Dearest Daisy

Anika Gupta, Abby Boesl, Caitlyn Dolan, Holly Craven, Katie Jarchow

My dearest Daisy,

love, beautiful, joy, light.

Pulled me into a *stupor*, enchanted my *soul*.

Mind, heart, mind, heart.

Trade my *heart*, for that *beast of a man*.

My dearest Daisy,

Love.

---

My Daisy

Maia Koehnlein, Maria Keating, Corinne Burkhart, Lucy Balistreri, Abigail Bartelson, Jessie Doty

My Daisy,

If I'm lucky, I will have the pleasure of calling you mine,  
From time to time.

My Daisy,

Every word you say flows like honey,  
You never fail to stun me, you make my life sunny

My Daisy,

I desire the pleasure of calling you mine  
Your impression is consuming my time, my mind

My Daisy,

I'm forever indebted to your cousin  
I must convince you to leave your husband

My Daisy,

Do me a favor  
And give me your everlasting love to savor.

My Daisy,

Wistfully I think of you,  
And hope that one day you will say I Do.

---

Illumination

David Woodson, Grey MacLean, Max Freeman, Wiley Boelter

You take my Dull and Dark world  
    And return Light and Excitement  
You see the years of Anger and Regret  
    And replace it with Love  
                    Together  
You take every Obstacle that Stands in Our Way  
    And toss each aside with your Extravagant  
Life  
Love has returned to my life  
                    In you



*Photo by Sydney Flynn*

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Dearest Jay

Owen Hunt, Bailey Wakefield, Zachary Hastings, Morgan Roelke, Noah Zenker, Abby Cabush,  
Brielle Symdon, Amelia Holland

My Dearest Jay, we miss each other's company.  
My Dearest Jay, there have been so many changes.  
My Dearest Jay, I married Tom Buchanan.  
My Dearest Jay, I had a daughter but I wish she was yours.  
My Dearest Jay, you have an extravagant house and chest apparel.  
My Dearest Jay, I wish for another rendezvous.  
All my love, Daisy.

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Indecisive Daisy

TJ Snedden, Jacob Lebeau, Cody Clauer, Emme Audley, Callie Strayer, Anna Lied, Zoe  
Hermberg, Alyssa Wulf

Dear Jay,  
Emotions pursue the truth  
Feelings compelled by wealth  
Dishonesty can be surprising  
Deserving of a sophisticated relationship  
Uncertain of decisions  
Yours Dearly, Love Daisy

*Photo by Morgan Clark*



## Short Stories & Essays

Blue in my Pocket  
Joan Wieland

Some blue fell out of a hole in my pocket yesterday, in my garage. I twirled my keys, jingling them to a gentle clink, and it slipped out and clanged to the ground with the bang of an loner's gun, fired under the Nebraska sky.

I saw the horses race in the scuffle over the desert grass, the Apaches dashing down from orange cravesses on high. It was an ambush. Then the blue sort of puddled, the sound mellowed, and it started to rain. The racing mustangs and their riders drew up short, tilting the rifles back onto their hips, looking skyward. And they laughed. And dismounted. And danced -- danced in the desert rain.

Danced in the blue. They twirled and sang and drank the drops as they fell. And as I stooped over to pick my blue up, they were gone. A type of *pop!* and...I put the blue back in my other pocket. The one without a hole.

Then I stopped, and thought about this. I picked it out again and put the blue in the original, just in case it wanted to fall again.

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*Artwork by Maia Koehnlein \**



Three Green Welts  
Joan Wieland

They are a part of me. I am their host. Three green welts, with amber edges and the sore bite of a thorn bush. Three that I earned, and paid back in turn. Three I let slide unto my skin to place three of my own. In the ring, I fought for them, but Mother doesn't understand the simple discipline of exchanging punches.

Of their worth, our society is ignorant. They give me pride, despite their throb. In one blow, they bloom, and they tear at me under my skin, a loving gnaw, an adoring appreciation of an animal at home. This is how they teach.

Let me remember the poundings they came from, their deliverers so inclined to sneak in each blow, and their pussing edges that pop and this dissipate. Teach, teach, teach. They alone know who I ought to be. They show me how to keep my peace in the beseeching of such enemies.

When I am too tired or disheartened to keep sieging, when I am a crude little girl again, with so many misgivings, I glance to my welts. When there is nothing left for me to believe. Three welts that bloomed in spite of my retreats. Three who teach and will always teach. Three who will only repeat.



*Photo by Kenzie Luterbach*

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Five Obnoxious Siblings  
Jake Hower

They are the only ones who fight me. I am the only one who fights for them. Five obnoxious siblings with storm cloud eyes and vanilla malt hair like mine. Five who are the only enemy I can't live without. Five underestimated, overlooked companions passed on by society. From downstairs, you can hear their bickering, but Mama knows all is well.

Their bond is secret. They form the undercover shadow always near. They grow old and they grow apart like branches on a willow tree, but their roots remain. This is how the siblings stem.

Let parents arrested by death, they'd all wither quickly like green grass and fade like the seasons, each still from that same dirt. Love, love, love they say when I leave. They are my tears.

When I am too tattered and too troubled to take another step, when I am a sesame seed surrounded by seagulls, I think of my siblings. When there is only me who hasn't deceased. Five who grew despite life's plague. Five who flourished and do not forget to flourish. Five whose only reason is to each other and each other.

---

What is Freedom?  
Anthony Yellick \*

Freedom is the absence of oppression. A world independent from socialism, capitalism and communism. The ability to govern our own destiny; without having to line the luxurious pockets of political and industrial monarch's. Without having to exchange unfathomable amounts of worthless fiat currency to receive health-care. Freedom is living without the regret of past crimes of racism, colonialism and genocide. Freedom is being united across class, gender and racial division. Independence is the ability to pursue a lover, being at liberty intertwine souls with any individual who completes you.

Freedom is being exempt from the fear of unjust incarceration. Independent from the suppression of art, invention and voice. Freedom is a world where government isn't defined as an antonym to freedom in the dictionary; where government serves the people as opposed to themselves. Sovereignty is a luxury only achievable through the unrestricted access to the universe's knowledge and truth. Independence is the privilege of being act with unashamed licentiousness. Freedom is comprehending the beauty of life and the ability to live in perfect synchronous harmony with whatever environment one can call home.

---

Three Red Roses  
Nina DeQuardo

*Artwork by Samantha Gryszkiewicz \**

They are the only ones who know me. I am the only one who knows them. Three red roses with jagged stems and crimson petals like luxurious satin. Three who stand out among the dull brown bushes. Three scarlet treasures surrounded by dried up, lifeless shrub. From the sidewalk, people notice them, but others walk past and fail to recognize their cryptic beauty.

Their artistry is rare. They protect themselves with briery green thorns. They blossom and they wilt and rise from the earth with their delicate ruby petals and manifest among a tiresome mess of weeds and never withhold their luster. This is how they bloom.



Let one forget his reason to blossom, they'd all rot like their neighboring vines, brown and wearisome. Bloom, bloom, bloom, they say when I weep. They flourish.

When I am too somber and too heartsick to blossom, when I am a tiny bud among so many weeds, then it is I look at roses. When there is nothing left to cure my apathy. Three who grew despite wilting greenery. Three who blossom and do not forget to blossom. Three whose only reason is to bloom and bloom.

---

### One Happy Face Bryce Nze

It is the only one bringing us down. We are the only ones who control our future. One happy face shining bright, inspiring other to do the same. One person pushing for happiness, but zero people following. Zero happy faces to look up to as nothing is working, but only hatred and killings are occurring.

They don't care about the world. They despise us, deny us and differentiate from the rest of us. To them, all hope is lost and zero people stand in the way of stopping them be a cancer to our lives. This is why we don't sleep

Sightless to who they hurt and the families that mourn, they are like a blackhole to our world. No, no, no they cry as their loved ones become angels in the sky. They sleep.

When there is no happy faces smiling, and no light to shine down anymore, is when that one happy face will keep smiling. When that one happy face keeps smiling, is when one more will follow and give hope to one day there will be peace again.



*Photo by Julia Schiller*

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### Ten Uneven Rocks Jenn Kuckelman

They are the only ones who are set apart from the rest. I am the only one who feels them deeper than just my toes. Ten uneven rocks with sandy sides and rough edges like mine. Ten who do not fit together but are together. Ten look-alikes walked upon by hundreds. From the beach, we can see them, but everyone prefers the comforting granules and don't drown themselves in these beauties.

Their heavenliness is hypnotizing. They relax on the asymmetrical surface. They hold up and they press down and balance the smooth sides and grip the pointy corners and never cease loving. This is how they balance.



Let one forget reason for peace, they'd all tumble like bits of sand in your hand, breaking the fragile bond between one another. Stay, stay, stay, they say when I put another on top. They strengthen.

When I am too stressed and too worn out to keep trying, when I am an exhausted thing against so much chaos, then it is I stack another rock. When the beauty of the setting reflection is already admired. Ten who stayed despite coarse waves. Ten who balance and do not forget to balance. Ten whose only purpose is to see and see.

---

Five Flying Arrows  
Erica Dewald

They are the only ones who challenge me. I am the only one who challenges them. Five flying arrows with serious outcomes and enlightened ends. Five that accompany the others, but are away from the others. Five zipping through the speed of light. From the deck, I can control them, but others do not approve.

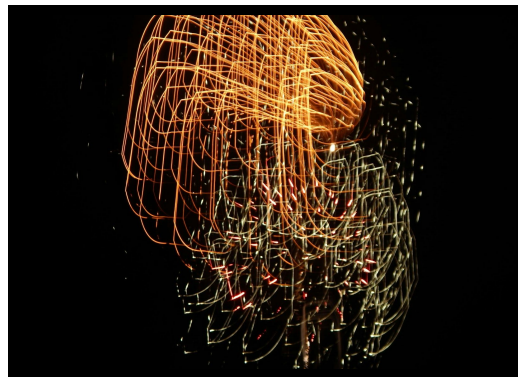
Their aerodynamics are secret. They send thuds through out the dense air. They first look down and then they look up to prepare and shoot between trees and sling past bushes with a snap of a string to find their end. This is how they soar.

Let one forget it's reason for creation, they'd break like twigs in a storm, each with their feathers around each other. Stick, stick, stick they say when I release. They demanded.

When I am too apathetic and too irritated to stick sticking, when I am an ant against so many problems, then is is I look at arrows. When there is nothing left to look at off this patio. Five who soar despite wind. Five who progress and do not forget to progress. Five whose only reason is to help and help.

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*Photo by Austin Hribar*



## 10 Million Crystal Snowflakes

Aaron Piper

They are the only ones who know. They are the only ones who fall. 10 million crystal snowflakes with glitter that shines and icy edges. 10 million that fall each year and make faces grin when they stick. 10 million that create slippery roads and sidewalks. 10 million excuses I hear for no snow this winter, but I have positive thoughts.

Their look is breathtaking. They reflect off my eyes and they sparkle at night. They fall down from the sky and they fling off the blade of my shovel, and they bite the chilly ground with fierce looks and crystal edges. This is how they please.

Let one forget his reason to fall, they'd all melt like butter in the hot sun, each dripping icy water. Please, please, please I'd say when I pray. They'd fall.

When I am too sad and too mad to keep pleasing, when I am looking outside and seeing grass, then it is I see tulips. When there is nothing left to look at on this ground. 10 million who fell despite spring and warm weather. 10 million who fall and do not forget to fall. 10 million whose only reason is to be winter.



*Photo by Kenzie Luterbach*

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## 6 Quiet Streams

Joseph Schmid

I am the only one who hears them. They are the only ones who are near me. Six quiet streams endless and volatile like my emotions. Six who constantly move without anyone noticing. Six long roads of water in a field just moving. From the side of the road they are easy to hear, but when it's too dark to see them most just walk by.

Their duty is secret. They obliterate all in their path. They go straight through the earth, carrying water, fish and small rocks and algae from ponds to oceans sparing nothing else till their goal. This is why they exist.

Let one stop in it's tracks, they'd all dry up like old oil, each ignorant of each other. Move, move, move, they do, even in this silence. They feel.

When I am alone and too unneeded, when my path is obstructed by some rock, then it is I listen to the streams. When I feel alone in the dark night. Six who move despite the rocks. Six who move despite the silence. Six whose only reason is to go and go.

---

Two Wandering Sharpies  
Madison Jorgensen

They are the only ones who keep me sane. I am the only one who stains my body with them. Two wandering Sharpies with thin tips and larger bodies. Two permanent ideas flowing. Two parents waiting to wash them away. From my seat, I can imagine these designs, but others just see squiggles.

Their smell is memorable. They dance across my wrist showing my feelings. They drag up and they drag down, grabbing onto my skin between their bristles and discoloring my skin with clean strokes and never stop their creativity. This is how they draw.

Let one forget her imperfections, they'd all group up like a piece of art, each in a different color. Draw, draw, draw they say when I sleep. They instruct.

When I am too weak and too broken to keep imagining, when I am a small idea in someone's mind. When there is no where and no one else to turn to. Two who illustrate despite the tears. Two who damage and do not forget their meaning. Two whose only purpose is to keep me sane.

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*Photo by John Thorstenson*



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Five Silver Spoons  
Molly Dieball

They are the only ones who nourish me. I am the only one who washes them. Five silver spoons with shiny handles and smooth edges like butter. Five who belong to each member of the family. Five Target purchases selected by my mom. From his room, he can't see them, but Ben appears when he hears their clink.

Their memories are food. They send steaming soup into our mouths. They're lifted up and they're set down and they stir the chili every few minutes and serve the corn with their rounded bowls and never spill their peas. This is how they feed.

Let one finish his meal for the evening, they'd all get washed like babies in a bath, each stacked on the other. Feed, feed, feed they say in the drawer. They plead.

When I am too full and too fat to keep eating, when I am a giant thing from so much ice cream, then it is I don't look at spoons. When there is nothing left to eat in our kitchen. Five who fed despite forks. Five who wait and do not forget to wait. Five whose only reason is to satisfy and satisfy.

---

One Coursing Stream  
Riley Preston

She is the only one who guides me. I am they only one who flows through her hair. One coursing stream with meager choice and ample ambition. One who does not wish to stay here but is here. One desperate spirit captured by nature. From my canoe, I can travel with her, but the shore hugs together and doesn't give thought to stealing my oar.

Her dreams are stuck. She propels esoteric waves above the earth. She soars up and her captors sink down and her waves tickle the trees between their unstinting limbs and kiss the clouds with liberated lips and never forgets her desire. This is how she speaks.

Let one forget her desire for living, she'd freeze like water in a stream, each plate of ice moving where the wind tells it to. Row, row, row she says when I sink. She encourages.

When I am too weak and too crushed to keep rowing, when I am but a machine in a monotonic factory, then it is I flow with the stream. When there is nothing left to row with on this course. One who glides despite rocks. One who is and does not forget to be. One whose only reason is to dream and dream.



*Photo by Julia Schiller*

## Leaving Tomorrow

Joan Wieland \*

There's a knock on my door and really I'm too busy for it. I'm scribbling, or typing, or whirling through notecards. It's late, my bed is looking softer than this old squeaky desk chair, my teeth need brushing, and it's time to take my contacts out. There's a knocking again.

Someone who misses me comes in, even though I have yet to leave. I blink and look up, perturbed, and for a moment annoyed, then I set my projects aside and with a sigh hug my little brother goodnight.

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

There's pajamas, six years, and a looming finale between us.

Instead of leaving, he faceplants my bed. It's an old tradition. I'm not sure how it even started. I think once he did it, then the next night happened to do it again. The third time he pivoted, sinking his glasses into my comforter, it stuck. Then he rises, rubbing his eyes and says, "Potatoes."

It's one phrase of many. The game is to call them back and forth, seeing how many you can say. The last person to talk wins.

"Murca." I resituate myself in front of my computer.

"I'm Batman!" He calls, walking out from my abode.

"Morgan Freeman!" I call back.

From down the hallway, already in his room, he squeaks, "Be with you, may the Force."

I smile, stumbling over ideas, not able to summon up any more replies. He wins. I look back at my screen. The mirth is vacuumed away. I'm researching colleges.



*Artwork by  
Gabrielle Dyke*

88 Lonely Keys  
Diya Ramanathan

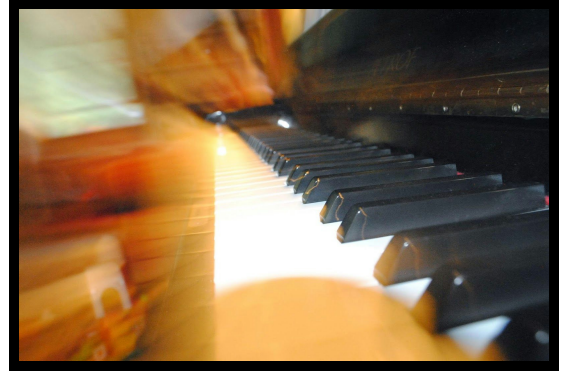
*Photo by Jacob Gesell*

They are the only ones who entertain me. I am the only one who appreciates them. 88 lonely keys with glossy coatings and angled surfaces. 88 amidst a sea of pianos without homes. 88 dusty keys left behind without reason. From behind the glass wall, my eyes plead for their company, but Mom can't appreciate their dilapidated beauty.

Their charm is well-concealed. They hide behind a cloak of discoloration and tone deafness. They squeak noisily and they squeak ceaselessly and screech angrily upon being touched and snarl antagonistically at those who come too close. This is how they hide.

Let one respect them as they desire, they'd all turn into the instrument they used to be, releasing their story in reverberating sounds. Dun, dun, dun they sing out. They serenade.

When I am too uninspired and too tired to keep playing, when I am an old keyboard in a room of shiny Steinways, then it is I look at those lonely keys. When there is nobody to keep me company. 88 who resonate despite the heavy silence. 88 who sing out and do not forget to sing out. 88 whose only reason is to play and play.



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*Thank you to everyone who submitted creativity!*

## Congratulations to our winners

Jasmine Case  
Hunter Lily Clark  
Gabrielle Dyke  
Samantha Gryzkiewicz  
Austin Hribar  
Mai Koehnlein  
Kenzie Luterbach  
Chandler Mass  
Carly Minor  
Sydney Penebaker  
Jack Peschong  
Riley Preston  
Garrett Maddex  
Emma Reiter  
Julia Schiller  
Joan Wieland  
Anthony Yellick

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This literary magazine was designed by senior editors Lori Martello, Nala Paulsen and Emma Reiter. The literary magazine is advised by English teacher Elizabeth Jorgensen.

