

The Anchor Magazine

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Creative Writing,

Art and Photography

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JMB PTSA, sponsor

Joan D. Cooper, advisor

Staff: Sophia Marks, Haley Nash, Tisha Chakraborty,

Shahim Shaar, Vanay Christopher, Berlande Thelus

Sebastian Harmon and Tyler Duvall

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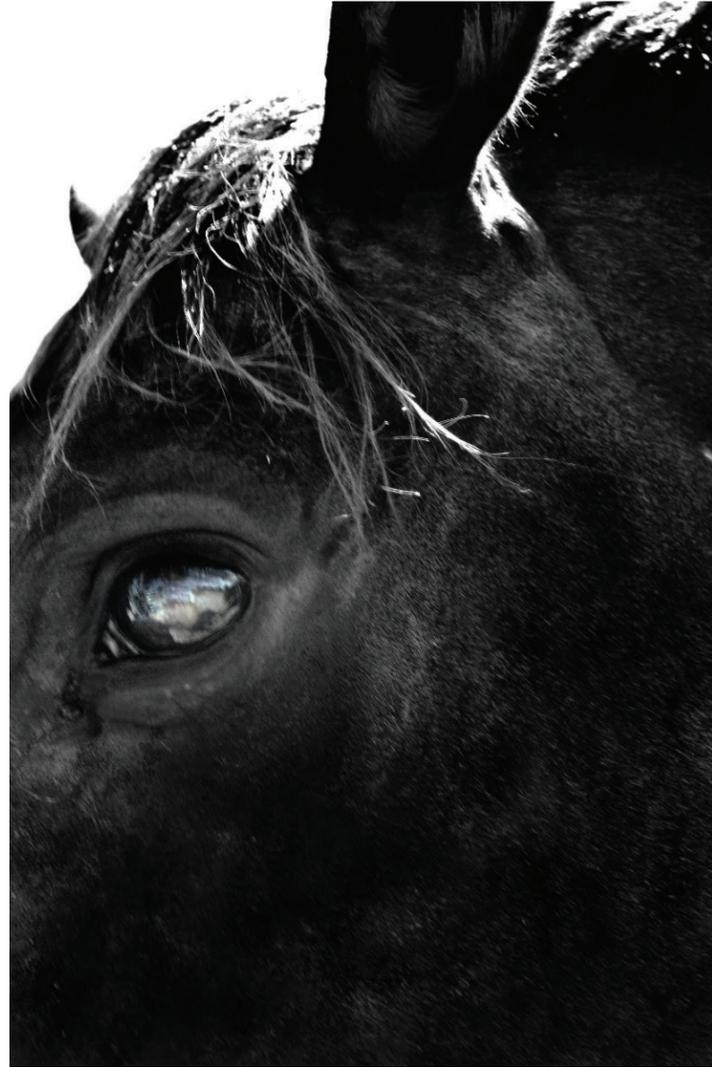
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Brittany Schmidt

Another Has Fallen

Dead.

That's what it was: dead, on the ground, defeated; another blue-eyed-blonde-haired being lay motionless on the floor. Its face was shattered. One arm was snapped in half while another was stiffened into a strange position as if the fallen creatures were trying to maintain a pose.

A small crowd had gathered, a young child being one of the viewers, but he was pushed away from the scene. The culprit, an average man of middle age, was trying to explain what had happened while criticisms came from the shop owner. The owner threatened legal action, even though it was all an accident—an accident based on negligence but an accident nonetheless.

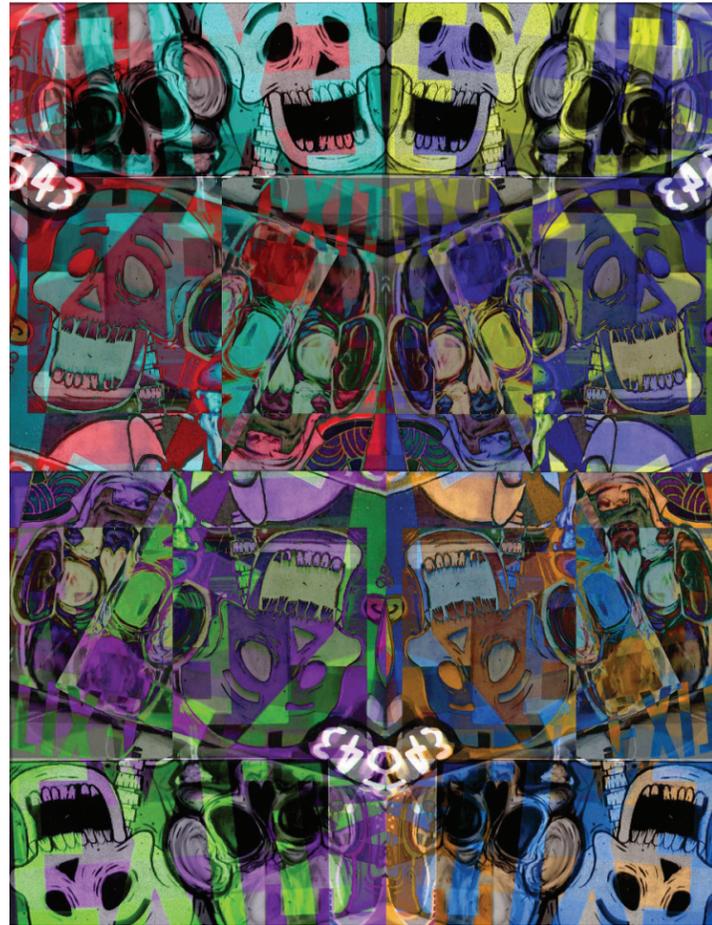
Finally, a voice came up, "Calm down. Mannequins break all the time."

Then it hit me, like the mannequin's face hitting the floor, its perfect features as broken as the reality I lived in. These look-alikes, replicas, stand-ins were just mindless imitations of the so varied and flawed human form; they would never be an accurate representation.

So let it fall. Let it shatter. Break its arms and legs, and break another one's arms and legs—if you can find two that aren't an exact copy of each other—and combine the two in a weird way, and then you'll have a halfway decent human model. We're not simple statues; we are endlessly complex.

Kill the mannequin, and kill the idea behind it.

Taylor Eyo, Grade 12



Dennis Cruz

Eternity of Love

Because I loved, I lost. Everything that I am is gone.
Because I was naïve, I may never see a new day.
Everything is dark, empty, cold.
Why does this happen to people?
I refrain from saying good people because I am the
Farthest thing from good.
Good people don't lie, steal, kill.
"He brought that out in me."
Because of him my soul is tainted,
Now I must stay here
For eternity.
Because I trusted him, I am here
At the bottom of this lake.
A chain tied around my neck.
He was charming, funny and more handsome
Than any Greek god. He said he needed me.
Because I needed to be needed, I fell for him.
We were meant to be a team.
My ticket to a life of happiness.
Now I am stuck
At the bottom of this lake,
Eyes opened wide to what I lost because I loved.

Sophia Marks, Grade 12

Suicidal

She Sat Alone
Alone At Home
Where Her Screams Were Silent
But Mind Was Violent
Her Insecurities Hid Deep Inside
And They Indeed Eat Her Alive
A Tear Rolled Down Her Face
As Her Heart Began To Race
She Took Her Blade And Tore Her Skin
Where Her Depression Tied Down Within
This Went On For Days, Month, Years
And Until She Cried Her Very Last Tears
She Decided That She Had Enough
The World Around Her Was
Much Too Tough
She Took A Gun To Her Head
Congratulation Society
She Is Dead.

Berlande Thelus, Grade 12

Taken Away From Me

We know you're gone from here
You will never be gone from our heart
The memories are still on replay everyday
From teaching me how to shoot a gun
To all the cheese and crackers at 9 pm
What we had was great but now it's gone
The thought of you makes me cry every once and a while
I'm glad to call you my Vietnam hero
The hero who taught me how to be me
The hero for everyone to know how you changed my world
Grandpa you meant the world to me
I couldn't have asked for a better grandfather than you
I love you
I miss you
I need you
The cancer hit you way too fast
Forced upon by Agent Orange
It was gone then came back
It was too late to do anything at all
The shoulder to cry on is gone
The life is gone
The love is still there deep in the hearts of loved ones
I need you
I miss you
I love you

Ada Dearth, Grade 12



Cody Parks

Love or a Picture?

You say "call me" and you don't answer
I say "I love you" and you hang up the phone
You say "You love me" but you never come and see me
We're at a party, you talk to me
Play games with me
You love me
We take a picture together
We smile and hug
Behind that smile is a girl in need of a real father
Not just a picture dad.

Khaliyah Buchanan, Grade 12

21st Century She

When you think of being a kid
You think of fun, joyful, enjoyable
But life as a kid isn't easy in the 21st Century.
She was one of the last of the 90s
1999 baby, so it's like she doesn't even know the 90s at all
And the 2000s are filled with material things and technology
That we all think we need but who's to blame for what we all
see?
But enough about we, let's go down memory lane about She!
They think young children won't remember much when they
get older but gosh, I don't think they've met the girl named
She.
All her life she's lived in fear. Fear of what she doesn't know,
fear of what she does, fear of coming across some things she
doesn't want to, fear of becoming someone who, someone
who she doesn't want to be but that's the way people think of
She. Fear of becoming someone's puppet.
Wait! That's something she already is. Never the less she's not
in control. Only fifteen but geesh, why She?
The only thing she controls is the clothes on her back every
day. Not even the hair on her head, not even the food she's
fed. Not even the thoughts she thinks. And you my say "Oh
she's going insane" but it's true. She can't voice her own opin-
ion unless it's what they want to hear.
She can't even be free and be herself unless it's what they

want her to be.

But she's She.

As crazy as it may seem out of all the struggles, she still
screams out of the shadows. As big as she can be she tries to
be seen.

It's like at the bottom of a dark hole, when you scream you
hear your voice and the echoes but you're stuck wondering
who else knows.

Pause.

They say everyone has a story.

Everyone has a story.

VaNay Christopher, Grade 10

Challenge and Change

The Visitors

Last night I had a dream I was on another planet.
Suddenly I feel a tapping on my back;
A female voice calls my name.
I wake up and turn to see an alien.
She claims she was sent to protect me.
Soon more show up.
One of them asks for my name.
The black widows is what they are;
I soon realize that I was not the only one
Who was visited.

Sebastian Harmon, Grade 12

Challenge and Change



Evelyn Fardelmann

We Shall See Blue Sky!

The sky is blue
Friendly oh so friendly I am
Sharing a laugh or two with a guy friend
So dear to me
Time flies we didn't notice but only
A good friend is what he thinks of me
But me, in my mind that's not what I see
A like maybe even a love is where I think it to be
We shall see
What time can reveal
Am I pretty enough? Is my personality good enough?
We shall see what time will reveal
While the sky is still blue
Friendly, oh so friendly I am!

VaNay Christopher, Grade 10

What Do You Hear?

What do you hear?
Nothing! No!
You see I hear many things here in the trees
I hear a frog croaking that's the only thing boasting
I hear a bee humming it's the only thing running
The grass is caressing my side like a broom sweeping away my
distress
I hear something else a whisper in the wind a voice flowing
without duress
a complaint of a dog left chained at first
bubbling to a brook freed head first
then to the roar of a river rushing free
I hear me
I follow it like a man who has an unquenchable thirst
It is as if a dam has burst
the sound no one but me
I am me
I am free

Jacob Berman, Grade 10

Who Am I?

Where I'm From

I'm from where the horses run
Where the bets are legal and the grass is blue
I'm from where the farms cover everything but the Mississip-
pi river
I'm from a state known for chicken and country music
I'm from the coal mines and oil drills
I'm from old 50 cents gas stations with old dime candy stores
Where meadows of corn and cows are surrounded by thin
fences
I'm from Kentucky a place not so far from here.

Haley Nash, Grade 10

Who Am I?

The Bully

In 9th grade the boy called her ugly and a fat cow and said that
she should kill herself.
In 10th grade the boy told her she was useless and that nobody
will ever
love her not even her own parents.
In 11th grade the boy touched her butt and called her a slut for
letting
him; he passed rumors around saying
she sleeps with guys for money.
On the 18th of November in senior year, the boy was sitting
by her casket saying with a unstable voice,
he was sorry and he regrets what he did, crying.
While he was leaving, another boy came up crying
saying
that he loved her and now she will never know
all because of her bully.

T.D., Grade 9

Who Am I?



Harley Baker

Who Am I?

I am

I am the child too excited for Santa to come

I am the lonely girl sitting in the woods with her book escaping the world

I am the curious kitten pouncing on the ball of string or curling into her owner at night

I am a laughing king after a night full of jesters and drinks of wine

I am the procrastinator waiting to the last minute to do something or make a decision

I am the tired lioness after a long day of chasing her cubs

I am the painter who blinds himself with a piece of cloth to make a masterpiece that he won't see until he is satisfied he has done his best

I am the little boy longing for adventure and discovery

I am the angel so innocent to the world that there are oblivious to the horrors around them

I am that cheetah sprinting to fast to enjoy the surroundings

I am the Titan cursed to hold up the sky

I am the thinker who ponders the world

I am Zacchaeus small in size but climbs to glimpse of the Messiah

I am the antelope that trots just outside the pack and tends to stray away

I am only human

I am an ordinary girl in a world full of mystery and wonder.

Haley Nash, Grade 10

Who Am I?

Depths

On the shores of a sea of plain,
Seashells embedded into the sand
The sun beats down upon me
Washing away endless rain
I walk the blurred lines between shore and sea
Peer down into crystal depths
At a vain reflection of me

Cautiously dip my toes into cool waters,
Waves inviting me down, I am shown
Splendid displays of greens and golds
A million fish fluttering in and out of dancing seaweed,
Hiding in mazes of coral,
All so different,
All so beautiful to me

Lured deeper into shadows,
A world of no light,
No judgment
The blinding darkness opens my eyes to a world
I would have never known looking into the skies

Who Am I?

Here in the depths I look up,
The surface tempts me with luminescent ripples
But the thought of being another endless grain of sand,
Another “brick in the wall,”
Coerced to conform
Stirs up another internal storm

‘Who are you to write all the rules?’
I scream to deaf ears
I am the seashell on the beach,
The moon in a blanket of twinkling stars
I would much rather dive into
Depths unimaginable
Just to be me, just to be free
I don’t want to be
“Part of your world”

Tisha Chakraborty, Grade 10

Who Am I?



Brittany Schmidt

Who Am I?

I'm Proud to be a Cheerleader
It's tough to know what to do
I want to try, but I'm feeling blue.
Can I sparkle? Can I shine?
Yes, I can do this, I'm going to be fine.

Time to make new friends
And perform a routine
It'll be exciting
But I'm still not too keen.

I've made my decision
I have to compete
I've got to get moving
And get on my feet.

I face my fear and give it all I've got
I practiced hard and now is my shot.
I hit it clean and excitement fills the air
I'm a cheerleader and I'm proud to be there.

Abbie Roglitz, Grade 10

Who Am I?

THAT GIRL!

A girl so hurt inside can be a girl so powerful on the outside.
A girl so unnoticed can be a girl that can turn heads when she walks in the room. Never underestimate a girl. Don't think for one second that, that girl can't change the world. She could be that dancer that inspired you to become a lover of performing arts. She could be that singer that sends chills through your skin with every lyric she sings. She could be that writer or poet that makes you view life in a light so different than before. She could be that hair dresser that saves you on a bad hair day. That girl, so powerful she may change the world.
That Girl.

VaNay Christopher, Grade 10



Katie Shaheen

Who Am I?



Dennis Cruz

Who Am I?

Where I'm From

I lived in Cairo before moving to the United States. Cairo is a highly crowded city, in which one can't escape the car horns and the constant noise. So I decided that I have to return back to nature and clean my mind. I went on a desert safari in Sharm el-Sheikh. However, I wasn't so excited because I knew that there wasn't much of a nature there, only sand. Having said that, I thought at least I will get a chance to stay away from the constant noise and crowded streets in Cairo.

The next day I took the bus to Sharm el-Sheikh because it's too far from Cairo. After spending eight hours in the bus, I finally arrived to my room in the hotel. The first thing I did was to take shower, eat my dinner, and then go directly to my bed and fall asleep.

The next day when the safari trip started, I wasn't alone. I was with a group of other people who probably were there for a similar reasons. We rented a beach buggy and entered deep into the heart of the desert.

Everything was quiet, no car horns, the sky was clear with the exception of few palm trees standing in the middle of the desert. After identifying a suitable location, we decided to set up our tent. It was a challenge especially because of the hot the sand, but it was an interesting experiment.

The next day, we continued our trip until we arrived at place called "The White Desert," where everything was white including the sand. It even felt colder than the normal sand and much softer. I also noticed strange but beautiful marble-like rocks that felt very soft. I wanted to take one, but my tour guide told me not to do that because it was against the law.

Next we went to one of the biggest crystal mountains in the

Who Am I?

whole of Africa. It was so dangerous to get there. We had to be very careful, but we did it. At that time, I started to realize that the horrible headache that I used to have had disappeared. My ears were clear. No more noise!

Before dark we started setting up our tent and make barbecue. The desert night was so peaceful and quiet, I fell into a deep sleep. When I woke, I felt happier than I usually do. When I came back from the trip, I had a clear mind.

Ramy-Elserag, Grade 12

Who Am I?

The Allure of a Pond

What is a pond?
That small body of water you never really see
Never thinking of it as mystical or magical
For how enchanting could it be?

Surprising, it holds creatures of all types
Among them are frogs that seem to talk
Geese that incessantly chatter
And turtles who sunbathe rather than walk

Who are these creatures?
Capturing the soul of the pond day and night
Emanating what seems to be a community
They meet, talk, and sing but never seem to fight

The frogs have a distinct community
It's interesting I attest
The leader has a resounding croak
That stands out from the rest

The pond attracts not only creatures, but nature itself
Mirror-like images appear
Whether trees, sky, or clouds are reflected
None of their likenesses can escape being here

Who Am I?

Think of yourself
Imagine how you want to live
Seeking a future that is prosperous
But also has much to give

So the next time you pass a pond large or small
Think of it as reflecting your own soul
Mystical and magical, simply visualize
A mirror image of your every goal

Zander Forsythe, Grade 10

Who Am I?

Purpose

Can I view a great explosion
Of beauty that bursts through the seams of life?
Possibly increases, sustains, serotonin
Over the top of the standard
That normally binds us
To material things of this world?
How strange I believe this is
We create things we believe to be beautiful
And in turn we destroy the wonders and beauty
That already exists naturally.
Who are we to judge how things are in our eyes
To be ugly and worthless or mystical and priceless?
Why is it that we believe we are so high ranked
In the life scale?
We are not greater beings
We must see
And come to our senses
For we are nothing more
Than flesh and imagination
Just as fellow animals are
We have life
Just as plants do

Who Am I?

The earth
And everything on it
In reality
Is one in the same
And we all have this beautiful thing
It is priceless and cannot be stolen
And it is called
Purpose

Daja Chester, Grade 10



Min Lee



Harley Baker

Selective Hearing

Door locked, keys hanging on a hook,
A lion paces around the edge of the cage.
People watching, poking, probing,
When they open the cage surprise
Washes over their faces.
The lion is magnificent.
Its fur glowing, mane golden, shining
People are afraid, no one knows how to react.
In the cage the lion could be controlled;
The freedom it now has scares people.
The lion is kicked, beaten and forced back in to the cage.
Tar is poured on the lion, ridding it of the golden glow.
Slowly getting up,
The lion breaks down door with a roar—
A voice that must be heard.
The lion is free.

Sophia Marks, Grade 12

Who Am I?

The Little Green Bug

We're warned not to look at the world through rose colored glasses,

But what if my world is tinted in green?

We're all born equal to some extent,

But time makes us better than others,

So while I started with hopefulness

Soon enough, I found disappointment

It's said that we all get better with time,

And I did get better, I did.

The others, however,

Were just a bit better,

So into the background I went.

They, my friends, were always so nice.

"You look good!"

"You did great!"

"You were grand!"

But what if their words are not what they seem?

The podium used to be within reach.

Now it's only a blurred kind of dream.

They're the primaries, rightfully proud,

But I am often a default brown.

They are the people that I want to be.

Who Am I?

They had what I didn't.

They took my goals

And achieved them better than I would have.

I, myself, stole away and cried.

"I can't!"

"I couldn't!"

"I can never!"

But what if I'm being a drama queen?

Yes, they're better and win so much more.

Maybe I'm just progressing slower.

Yes, they have all the things that I want.

I still have quite a bit to work with.

I can't be ungrateful, that's not good,

And I'm not, I don't think.

I have what it takes.

Why them, but not me?

There's no reason for not me.

I just have to remember:

Do this.

Do that.

Taylor Eyo, Grade 12

How I Almost Lost My Arm (True Story)

As young children, we all make silly and stupid mistakes. Some of us enter fights too big for us, some of us steal, some of us break windows or china (ceramics), and the consequences of these actions usually teaches us lessons. My case, however was not so forgiving. I learnt this lesson not by stealing, not by breaking anything, and a little bit of a fight situation (fighting for my life that is). The most ironic part of all this was that I learnt my lesson on my fourth birthday. I remember the scene like it was yesterday, I remember the faces, the shouts, the fear... at that kind of age, the last thing you expect to do is be fighting a gorilla for your arm.

This all began at the zoo. The year was 2002 and the location was Abuja, Nigeria. It was my fourth birthday, and I was taken to the zoo after the party. My parents, aunts, and grandmother were all present.

I really liked this zoo because it was the most realistic zoo I had ever been to out of all the countries I had been in. By realistic, I meant the cages had huge holes that an adult arm could fit through. This of course contributed to my stupidity.

I was especially enticed by the gorillas in the zoo. I really wanted to make a friend that was huge and maybe take him home with me and play soccer together. Unfortunately, the gorilla had other ideas. Maybe it hated humans for imprisoning it in a small cage, or maybe it felt insulted by the monkey sounds and gestures I made at it, because this gorilla just stared at me with the angriest eyes I had ever seen.

There were children with me but not one adult at the scene. How could you put a cage with huge spaces, a gorilla, and a lot of kids who tiny hands can fit through those spaces without a problem, and NO ADULT there to supervise the children? I

will never know.

After making all the monkey gestures and sounds I could to no avail, I did the stupidest thing I have ever done in my life, I went on to insert my hand into the cage through the holes. I would insert the hand slowly and pull out quick because I wasn't sure, I mean I only wanted a handshake, but it only seemed to piss off the gorilla more.

After the third insert this animal finally realized that it's not a statue and shot its body forward at the fastest speed I had ever seen an animal move. Next thing I knew I was fighting a gorilla for my arm. I screamed a high enough pitch to earn endorsements from any opera singer. I hit the cage and fought like a maniac to free my arm from the gorilla who must have been having the most fun it could have had since it was born.

The gorilla finally pulled my arm towards its mouth ready to bite down, and that's when a teenager about the age of sixteen found a stick and poked at the gorilla with it. I guess it got distracted because it let go of my arm.

I was rushed to the hospital with some intense scratches and my mom was ready to burst. My dad, of course, gave his usual face which was an "I told you so" kind of look, even though he didn't say anything.

I learned a new lesson that day, a lesson I carry through life and apply into any and everything. That lesson was to think carefully before doing ANYTHING. Yes anything, and my other lesson was simply to never go near a gorilla in my life again.

Don't make monkey sounds at gorillas unless you want to lose your arm. It pisses them off in ways you won't imagine.

Chidiebere Chike- Udeagha, Grade 12

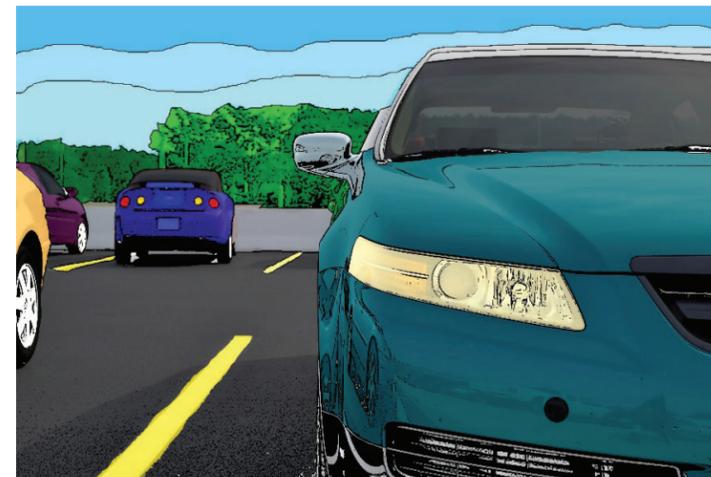


Katie Shaheen

You Should Really Get a Car

Just drive around for a while. "Drive it off", if you will. It's always helped you. The looks on people's faces when they see that your car is worth more than their home that they probably don't even own. And the kids. AHH the kids. When they see your colorful expensive car and they ask their parents why they can't have one. They're never angry though, only ominously jealous. Why? Do they accept that I'm better than them and deserve this shiny new car? Do they have literally no pride at all? They don't resent me, they just want a car like mine. WHY?! Whatever. Just go for a drive. You'll be way bigger than your problems.

Shahim Shaar, Grade 11



Hamza Raza

Who Am I?

Paradox Thoughts Sound

Some days, the world has sound
It isn't just A sound
But many
All colliding
Adding to the beat
Multiplying frequencies.

But that doesn't equal more noise
In fact the rhythm is subtle
Tucked away
Hidden so as not to disturb those who enjoy its peaceful har-
mony.

It leaves no ringing in your ears
No craving in your soul
No trace in your mind.

Steps in softly
And as it leaves
Those sparkling little neurons are set to peace

Crisp
Clean
White noise
So elegant
So full of love

Who Am I?

Taking precedence
Over those things
That your fingers may not touch

You may hear the sound too

Do you? Hear it?

Hear it where grass grows between
Giant steel towers?
The men who enter
Having suits as gray as the beams

Who am I?
Hear it where fathers
Say hello to their kids
And their kids
Say goodbye to their fathers?

If you're missing something
Just a little peace of your mind

Look for the sound
And that calm you will find.

Hunter Dixon, Grade 10

Five Poems by Summer Hurley

Colors

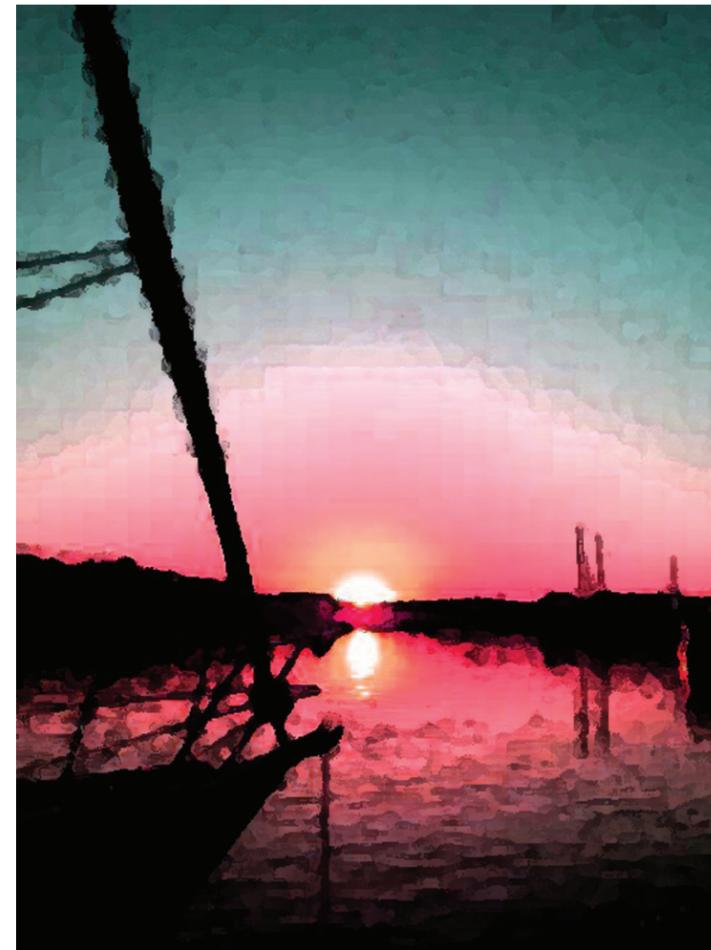
They say colors
Can make you feel
What color can
Help me heal?

I search and
Search through
Purple and pinks

I haven't found
A color to heal
The hurt and pain

The Unimaginable

Anger...Pain
Frustration
Driving me insane
Opening up...Talking
Expression
Nothings the same
Ruined...Scared
Broken
My Demons Untamed.



Lindsey Tyler

Summer Thoughts

Your Mind

You travel a lot, but
Not in a plane,
Car, boat or with a map.

You're good with
Your words.
You are very wise.

I don't understand
Why you choose to
Hide

Such a pretty face,
Lips full of words
Things you say, but
Never to be heard.

You know you
Don't have to hide
Because you know
You are not seen.

Your mind is a
Beautiful place
Only you will
Know

That's when they
Realized every
Time you laugh
Or smile, its
For show.

Summer Thoughts

Unknowing

When I look in the
mirror, you don't
understand.

When I see the
reflection, I don't
know who I am.

The image is distorted
I feel it deep inside.
I cover my insecurities
hide my face for I
have no pride.

So I color my hair,
paint my lips and eyes
hide my true feelings
for I try not to cry.

For no one knows
my true self
not even I.

For I smile and wave,
laugh like I'm fine.

No one knows
my true self
not even I.

Summer Thoughts

Unwilling

I feel it ripping
across my skin
no real pain.

Then I see it,
red everywhere
all over my
hands and legs.

I can't stop it
not that I want to
I feel it easing
the pain and emotions.

The horrible memories
sleepless nights
nightmares haunting me.

Unable to forget
not willing to forgive
all the things you've
done to me.

Helpless and scared
dying inside,
and don't care.

Summer Hurley, Grade 10

Anthem

Self-Perfection

Such a perfect creation
Beyond expectation
No rule or regulation
Just pure hesitation
Don't want to be mistaken
For the chance that you're taken
Could leave you cold, lost, and broken
No oxygen in-taking
Wrong move you've been making
For the thrill that you're tasting
It's your soul, you're replacing
Because your hearts were once adjacent
Let * Love * Live *Without *Hesitation

Berlande Thelus, Grade 12

The Black Swan

The white swan is born, and that's where it ends. It's born, and it lives for what seems to be a moment. In the context of an entire life, it is a moment, merely a couple of hours out of a life that can last decades.

The yellow swan is vibrant and spontaneous, to a point where it can easily be considered annoying. There are numerous tantrums; the yellow swan does not cooperate and is difficult to negotiate with. In the event of a negotiation, the grounds are seemingly senseless. Things are thrown and dropped and tossed in every direction imaginable. The chaos is relentless, but it ends soon enough.

The green swan is attempting to understand the world. It thinks that it knows things, and it does, but there's so much that it doesn't know. This comes from a lack of experience. It is creative and intelligent, always trying to solve problems. There's nothing stopping it from trying. For a while, it seems that the green swan is the end of things; that this is as mature as it gets, but this is far from the truth.

The indigo swan doesn't understand anything, and nothing understands the indigo swan. Tears are endless. There's screaming. Doors slam. Teachers are stupid. Homework is stupid. School is stupid. Everything is stupid, and all that matters is the indigo swan itself. Good for the swan. When such intense changes are happening, it's important to take time for oneself. The internal stress of the indigo swan is much greater than any other type of stress. The indigo swan is the only one that has mastered meaningful selfishness for the sake of maintaining sanity.

The blue swan comes after the storm, when the waters have settled and the skies have cleared. It can look forward to an op-

timistic future. Things seem to be in place, and, while stressors still exist, they are mainly external. They can be pushed back to tomorrow—or perhaps that night around 11pm and lasting until early the next morning. It's possible to have fun, real fun. There is a time for work and a time for play, and the blue swan is here to play.

The red swan is here for work. It has to work. It has no money. It has been drained of finances, and so each day is structured by the same droning schedule. Wake up. Work. Sleep. Repeat. And there's no way to escape it. Some red swans are lighter than others, a pastel complexion rather than deep crimson, but a red swan is a red swan. They burn with envy, looking on at those who have more, for whatever reason. Still, some optimism left over from the blue swan remains. So, the red swan works, and it continues to work, convinced that a better tomorrow is ahead.

The black swan is tomorrow. The white swan didn't know of it. The yellow swan contrasts it. The green swan couldn't understand it. The indigo swan appears to have it. The blue swan thought it was a phase. The red swan didn't see it coming, yet the black swan is here. For the black swan, the brightest places leave it shrouded in the deepest darkness. There are days when a light shows up, and the black swan runs towards it, and it seems reachable, but then the light suddenly disappears. The black swan is in darkness once more. Thing is, the black swan doesn't know how to get to the light. It runs in one direction, thinking that there can't be any other solution. Maybe that's because the black swan is desperate, desperate for happiness, vivacity, and compassion. If someone were to simply offer a hand to the black swan, then things would be a bit better.

So that's what they did, all those swans. They came together, bringing back better memories and making the future a little bit brighter. The black swan became the purple swan, still bruised and dark at times, but getting better as each day passes.

Anthem

The periwinkle swan has learned to live. They understand that they'll have regrets. They understand that emotions can be troublesome and cloud judgement. The periwinkle swan is physically free, while its mental freedom is still in the works. It lives in a seemingly endless time, each day having its similarities and differences with the last. May it'll get married and have kids and live in a cottage on the bay, or maybe it'll decide to travel the world because there is simply so much to see. The periwinkle swan is unstoppable, still growing and maturing, but experienced enough to know that it has many years to exist. Why not make the most of them?

The white swan is the end, the ideal end. When all is said and done, all but the last door is closed and locked, the white swan makes an encore. It'll wonder what things are like beyond this life. Will it be so exciting? Will it be so colorful? At the last second, in the final breaths, that is when the white swan returns. There is no fear, only acceptance.

Taylor Eyo, Grade 12

Anthem

Singapore

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I miss you
Do you miss me, too?

Far away from home
Somewhat alone...
A different time zone
You never call on the phone

Are you doing well?
I ask because I can't tell.
How is Singapore?
You never call anymore.

Samantha Bernard, Grade 10



Jenna Beetler

An Evening on the Trail

Footfalls and the rustles
Of gently sweeping leaves
Across the forest floor
Are music to nature's ears,
Akin to the crashing, glimmering,
Waves that break against the shore.
He checks his watch,
And sees time is left
For three miles, or even more.
Sunset spreads its rosy arms,
In alluring splendor
It bides the runner rest.
A different man,
Yes, one less stout
Would fold to night's behest.
But this man knows
An evening's run
Brings rewards beyond the rest.

Nick Selser, Grade 10

To Paraphrase

An attitude of hate will only hold you back.
Eye the road that ends in compromise,
For you will learn more on the way.
An empathetic view towards differing opinions will keep you
humble.
Eye a range of options, but
Only pick the one that has no doubts.
Ends may seem loose as you conjure
Up a new way to fix things, but
Making rash decisions because of a skewed view of justice
Is the main fault in human nature?
Whole minds see the broken world for what it is, a
World where
Blind ambition can become a person's death sentence.

Taylor Eyo, Grade 12

Ogre

I am riding on the bus.
My friends ask me if I did my homework.
I have.
They say I'm an ogre-achiever.
I call for Shrek.
Shrek arrives.
He overpowers the other students with his scent of onion.
Shrek is love.
Shrek is life.
~
I am sitting in my room.
I am lonely.
Shrek posters are on the wall.
My father says I need to get out of my room.
I ask for Shrek's guidance.
Shrek comes in through my vent.
He gives me an onion.
It's all ogre now.
Shrek is love.
Shrek is life.

Rose Adelizzi, Grade 12

My Kind of Pleasure

Now that you are gone, I don't know what to do.
Maybe it was the feeling I got when you were around,
Maybe it was the way you looked.
I have never met something as perfect as you,
Sitting there covered in frosting.
I tried to be polite but blood rushed to my head.
I loved you with everything I am.
There on the counter.
Nothing could have stopped what happened next,
You know that, right?
You were the best piece of cake I have ever had.
I truly mean that, it has never been like that before.
Red velvet
Sour cream frosting
But you've heard the saying:
You can't have your cake and eat it, too.
Well it's true in every sense.

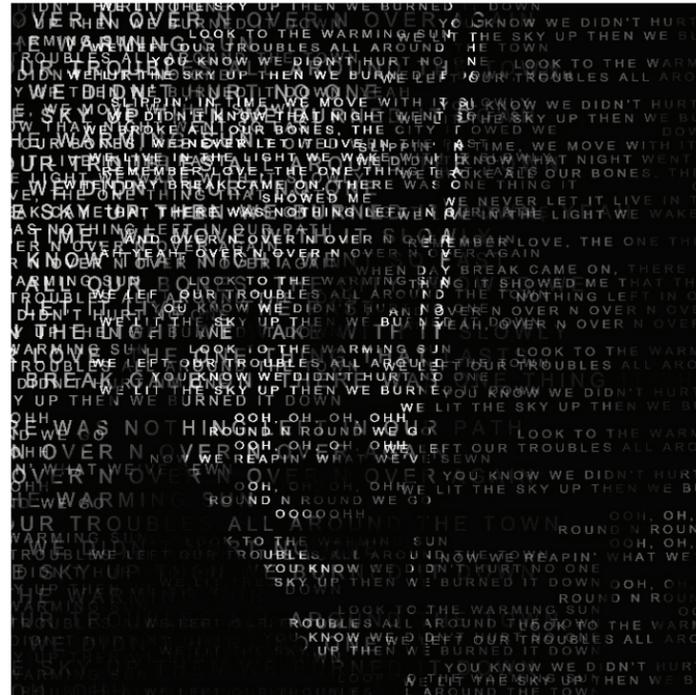
Sophia Marks, Grade 12



Min Lee

Lord of the Flies fan fiction.

You can't die from dreams



Dennis Cruz

Ralph always likes looking the stars at night. He and his dad would always talk about them going to each star one day. Naming the plants after their family and friends. Meeting aliens that people think are harmful, but they actually want to be friends with humans. How each star would be a key to understanding more about the universe they live in? However now he wanted nothing more than to look in the roof of his house. To be in his bed that he hated making up in the morning. Seeing his closet that he thought the monster would leave in when he was a kid but now he knows better. Of course he learns that monster don't live in a closet or under the bed. They live in little British boys. Ralph closes his eyes as he felt them begin to water. He was a man. Man don't cry. His father doesn't cry. Never did and never will. His mother would always cry when his father would live them at home. Of course he never did because he knew his father would return home. It funny how the roles has turned around. Ralph eyes open again as a little lay his head on his chest. He was about to move him, but his arms refuse to move due him being so sleepy. This isn't what he meant when he said he wanted a little brother. This is not what he meant when he said he wanted to go to new islands with his father. Sighing, Reply rubs his eyes when once again he felt them water. When a foot kicked his side, he hold back a grunt of pain and look over to see who his attacker was. It was piggy's broken glass still on his face somewhere. "He even snores like a pig" Ralph whispers as his first appear on his face. Since when was the last time he smile when he was on this island. How have there been here? Ralph grips his hair that keeps mocking him from seeing the truth. His golden locks seemed less like sunshine his family would say, but now more dirty like the darkness of night. Ralph shiver as his mind begin to rewind the things that were happening. Jack goes away with the hunters and making his

Mythic Persona

own tribe. He was the chief of this island, why wasn't anyone listening to him? Why did he have to make adult decisions when he was a child himself? He wanted nothing more but to sleep. To wake up from his nightmare he was living in. Raphe then quickly got up, not caring the little boy head move from his chest.

A nightmare.

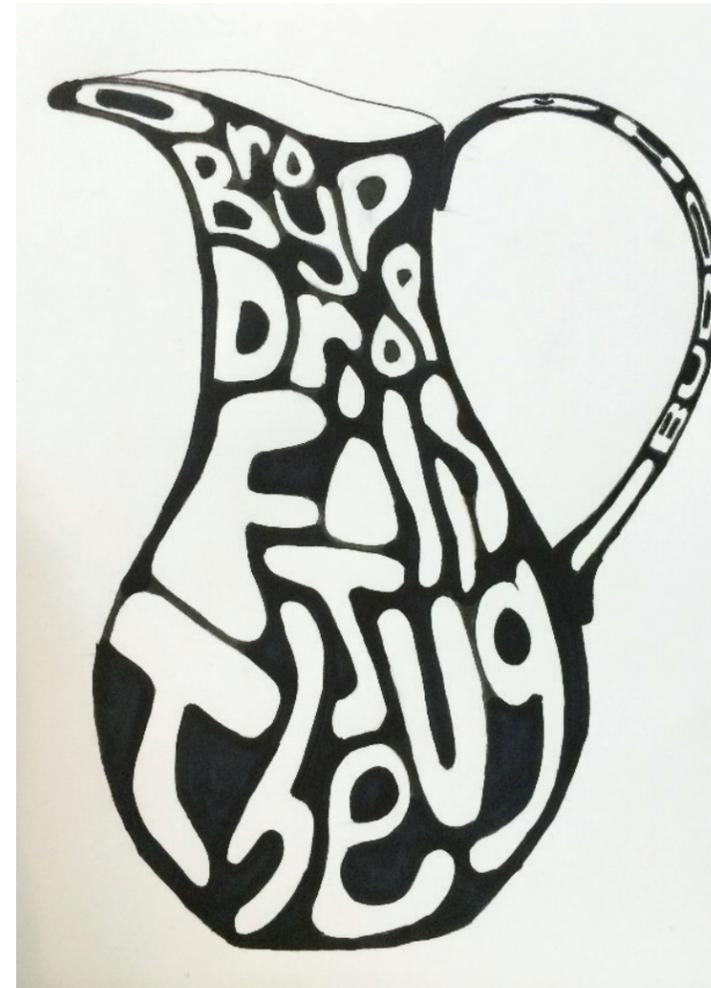
Of course!

A smile foam on his lips once again when he looks at the mood. This was all just a crazy dream! After the plane crash he went into a coma and now he has a nightmare. It all made sense now! He remembers his aunt being in a coma and how she was out for months before she woke up. He wonders if his mother was by his bedside. Holding his hand and combing his hair. Maybe that's why his hair was so long. His mother can't cut it while he was still asleep. Ralph then lay back down and crawl up in a ball. Knowing he was safe from being hurt in a silly old dream.

A cry was heard in the night sky. Tears of fear were dripping down a boy's face as he looks at his knife. If you listen hard enough, and use your imagination, you can hear the laughter of the lord of the flies. Feeding on the fear of young British boys.

Uria Hill, Grade 10

Mythic Persona



Megan Abbey

Pearl to Hester

I am the apple of your eye; this I shall not deny.
Though I came from sin, this I know is not what I am within
You are my mother and only friend.
Your love knows no end.
You aren't at fault and never let anyone tell you otherwise.
You are what made me who I am.
You love my flaws,
Your love is bound by no law.
You fight to provide for me,
So that I shall not die.
You are my prayer answered;
The grace that never falters.
You are the face I see before I sleep.
Seeing your eyes brings me sweet dreams;
You are the one who cares when I am sick and weak.
Your hugs have the strength of a thousand blankets
That gives me strength to get well again.
You are there when I play;
I am glad to see you everyday

•••

Mommy, I thank you for what you did
For what you wear upon your garment is not your sin
But the life of your adoring daughter.
Mommy, I love you
If not for that sin, I wouldn't have known happiness.
If you didn't do it, I wouldn't have existed.
It's because you did it I now have the courage to live on
I wouldn't have the honor of being daughter to the best mother
In this or any life we have. Thank you mom
I love you dearly
Sincerely the apple of your eye.

Qwesharr Dashiell, Grade 10

Mythic Persona

Human Destruction

I'm trying to control my anger.
So that I don't put humans in danger,
But they have destroyed the animal's habitat
C u t t i n g,
Polluting,
Taking.
So I'm turning into a hound,
And LeApInG around,
To find the traps
They left.
I scare them off with my large wolf features.
I am Yerballa Hound
The keeper
Of animals
I am as old as the dinosaurs
But young
As a pup
I grew from the tallest willow tree
Like a flower
Pollinated by a bee
I protect the animals from human destruction
And when people do get to meet me
They may not know

Mythic Persona

I can be a beautiful woman
With a soft caring voice
Or a hound
With a loud bark when angry
And when I visit my friends in the see
I turn into half woman half fish.
With a voice that is happy and high pitched
I speak every animal's language
I check in on them every day
In return I get
Food that keeps me fit
Every morning in one of my tree top homes
I get birds and monkeys bringing me fruit
And some water from
A mystical fountain
That keeps me young
So I can continue to climb mountains
And care
For the animals
Against the people who dare
To harm them
I am Yerballa Hound
The keeper of animals.

Aubrey Holland, Grade 12

Mythic Persona



Danielle Pastore

Mythic Persona

Dickinson “Hope” Fragment

“Hope” is optimism despite opposition:

Hope is the bean spout in the hard ground that pushes toward the sun,

A small white seed that turns green as water begins to run among

The crumbled dirt morsels. Greening despite the dirt’s pressing thumb.

From this docile, tiny seed spouts life against the weight of the world.

Class Collection

Entering the Forest (excerpt)

Before entering the forest, an unsettled feeling washes over Helen. Knowing this cannot be good, she wants to turn back. The temptation of going farther and stepping into the forest is too much. Taking one more step, she hears the breaking of a twig. Her heart stops as she quickly looks around to see if anything is watching. The twig breaking in the silence shattered like a heavy rock on fragile glass.

Helen has heard all the evil tales of this forest; she grew up on them. Before she could talk, these stories told her to keep away. For fifteen years, the stories did their work, and Helen has not stepped in the direction of evil. Yet she was right on the edge, ready to step forward into a place she might never leave. Helen entered the woods.

Every leaf that fell, every bug that crawled had Helen's attention. The blowing wind ruffled high in the trees, and the low hanging sun lent an eerie light that flowed down through the moving branches. She continued deeper and deeper into the forest trying to find a path.

Stopping for a moment, she sat down on a fallen tree trunk and looked around—she smiled. What she mistook for fear felt more like intoxication. The freedom in the dark forest felt like jumping into a lake for the first time and realizing that you can swim, not sink. She could escape from the shore but paddle back anytime she saw fit. It was unreal.

All of her life, Helen had been perfect—the perfect daughter, student and friend. The pressure made her unhappy. In this forest, the place labeled as evil, she had escaped the pressure.

Helen stood up from her place on the tree stump and continued to walk on the vague path. The sun made the sky a mixture of orange, red and purple. She was searching for an old woman. An old witch according to the townspeople. As the sunset, she saw the small hut in a clearing of trees. She had found the enchanted woman in the middle of the evil forest.

Sophia Marks, Grade 12



Paiton Maloy

Mythic Persona

Sea Tellio

I am Sea Tellio.

Queen of Amazing Waves.

I'm as old as the bottom of the ocean, and as young as The Titanic.

I formed from the first hurricane to bless the ocean with great surf.

I am as blue as all the bodies of water.

I shine as bright as the sun on the first summer's day.

My voice is as soft as little waves whooshing down by the shore & as raspy as a seagull's call.

I crash on the coast of California wherever the breeze smells of salt and sandal wood.

I am nourished by the Orange Valencian sunsets & wholesome warm wonderful days.

I bring perfectly curled waves and relaxing nice days to wherever there may be a crowded beach.

Beach goers desire my presence.

In the future, I leave nothing except for fabulous summer days.

Jessica Elliott, Grade 12

Mythic Persona



Katie Shaheen

Stupidity Kills

I am here to help people make the smartest decisions.
The stupidity of people summoned my creation
Bleach blonde hair and a ditsy voice,
I seem like the opposite of a good decision maker.
My name is Hara Red, the goddess of common sense.
I live in the minds of all people,
Always there to help their judgement.
The wrong decisions of people keep me alive.
Without wrong choices to be made,
There would be no point of my existence.
I have the power to convince, and the power to read minds,
To be able to know people's thoughts and tell them what to
do.
People tend to hate me,
Considering I give them the answers they don't want.
I am sometimes appreciated for my wisdom though.
I plan to continue to exist in the minds of humans,
Unless stupidity takes over and kills me.

Hannah Reddish, Grade 12

Five Gatsby Poems by Tisha

Diminished (Daisy)

Building blocks inside my head
Dreams of you I thought were dead
I was young when you filled my hands with shattered glass
For years I tossed and turned
Till he finally came around

The glass sits in a white room
With dreams I hid from him of you
My love is a mirror, and in it I see your eyes
The blue takes me back to better days
Before motley bruises, my sanctuary
Where sunlight seemed to stay

I found him after you left
Followed a trail of green notes, he promised
But in the veil I wept
Hoping his green notes would hold true

I held the hand of love once
And the hand of sorrow twice
I've felt alone for so long
Even while surrounded
It was endless winter without you here,

Gatsby Poems

My heart was like ice

Now summer's back, sunshine's
Found me again, my sweetest friend
The glass has disappeared,
Now my bloodstained hands
Hold yours until the end

Green Love Story (Gatsby)

You were gone most of my life
Where were you when I needed you?
Because of you she left
Because of you she cried

I chased you in my sleep
I caught you awake
By the tail I reeled you in
And now you're mine to keep

Here you are now, my best friend
Because of you she's back

Gatsby Poems

Because of you she loves me

You've become everything to me, almost as much as her
The green light I see across the Sound makes me dream of you
My house is not a home without you,
I am not home without you
You are my only shelter

You give me light, you give me freedom
With you there's hope
Without you, I am nothing
There's no "happily ever after"
Without you



Brittany Schmidt

Money

I'm your best friend
Everybody knows
They see my shadow in your house
Though I linger quietly

Every time you see me
You see her
But I was what you craved
And if I left,
Your hard work would be thrown into flames
And you'd never see her again

They've dragged me into the seven deadly sins,
But if life's a game and you have me,
Are you not the one who wins?

She never wanted a poor man
Even if his heart was pure gold
She'd never love you without me
You left her heart in dust and bitter cold,
Yet I stayed

I made you who you are
You changed your name because of me
You are nothing without me
What else could you live for?

Repetition (Nick)

Lured by the green
Enticed by cobalt skies
Twinkling beads of light
I had followed like the North star
A tragedy I came to see from afar

Everyday feels the same
I thought it would be different
Lost in their daydreams,
All alone, isolated
Wondering if they'll wake up
If I scream their names

Stuck in the middle
In my sliver of land next to "heaven"
He stands, waiting for his true love there
He makes me feel like I have nothing
No money, no love
Did I come here to live in a dream?
In hopes that wealth would be showered from above

Someday I'll go into the city
And maybe I'll find something that makes the days go by
Love is fickle, love is faded
They say I'm just worn and jaded
I wish I weren't so dry

He has his angel, he is her heaven
And I'm looking up in desperation
What have I done
To be so worn
To be so tired
Endless work
Repeat
Repeat
Repeat

The world is a blur
And I'm in a bubble
I wish they could know how I feel
Always a third wheel
Poor in money, poor in love
Rich with words, rich with wit
Repeat
Repeat
Repeat

La vie est belle (Daisy)

Hold my hand,
Show me worlds I have yet to see
Exploring the universe in your eyes, together forever,
You and me,
My beautiful, cliché fantasy

Your love is my safe haven
Without you, my days are dazed
Beautiful things aren't beautiful anymore,
The moon is a dry chunk amidst the darkness
And I too am buried within it.

I lost myself when I couldn't find you
This life seems easier than it looks
I have so much, but I have nothing
Your words make me feel richer than all the diamonds in the
world.

He bought me strings of pearls, red lipstick
Flower hairbands for my delicate curls,
But he couldn't buy me love,
He couldn't buy me happiness.

He was my darkness, you are my light
When I'm with you, my heart beats like a hummingbird in
flight
Skating on thin ice in figure eights, dancing till midnight,
Loving you for a million days.

Gatsby Poems by Tisha Chakraborty

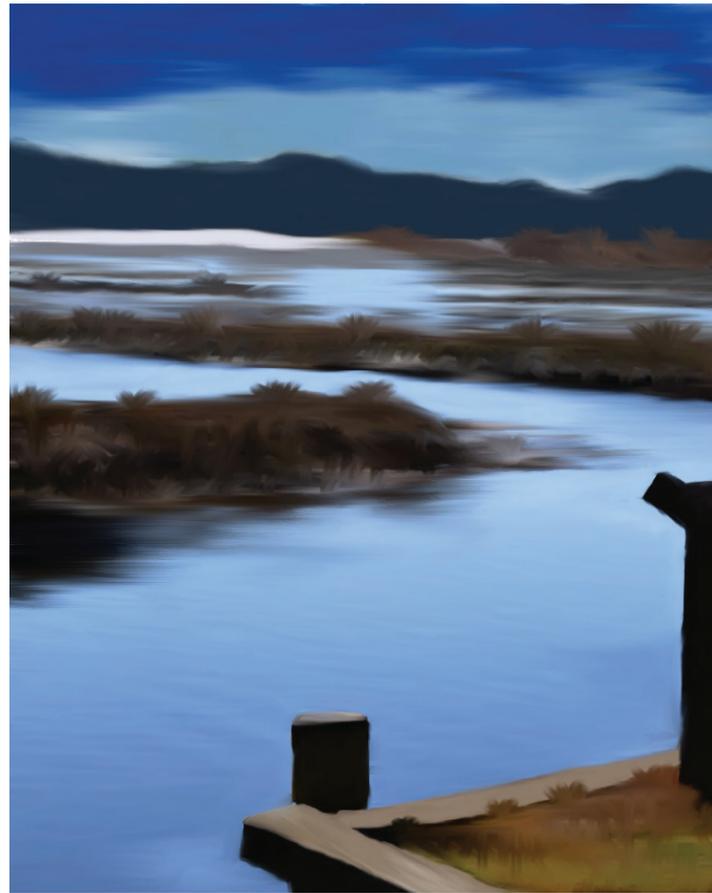
Being

We are the moving universes. An irreplaceable part of this infinite universe that reaches far beyond all logics and dimensions. Where dreams wake from their dreams to the bombing sound of consciousness . . . Where all shadows fade in the sky of ultimate awareness, so the dark drowns in the bright. . . Our existence lies in yours. Together, we form the one fabric of being.

Shahim Shaar, Grade 12



Tehzeeb Hassan



Harley Baker

The Hunt Lives On

My name is Vinny Yager, the Marksmen of the Forest
Hunting is my specialty
Derived from a seedling of an oak
I have grown as one with the Forest
I am as old as the dirt under your feet
With forever growing roots that will never die.

My beard helps me make it through the long, cold winter
And my green and black face paint makes me disappear into
my surroundings
When I speak, I speak as soft as the breeze blowing through
the pines

Surrounded by fields and never ending forest, a log cabin is
my resting place
I am fueled by the meat of the game I kill
And the occasional Mtn Dew I manage to find
My sight is so keen and strong, no animal stands a chance
The flawless accuracy with my bow, is reassurance I will not
go hungry

People are amazed by my capabilities of disappearing into the
forest
Sometimes they think I am invisible
My future seems unchanged, the hunt lives on

Randy Given, Grade 12

#1

On my mind
For some time
Being abstract
Being different
For the love of legitimacy

#2

It is a harsh reality
It should be about being you
If we were same,
No change would come
Avail.

Almost at the same
Mentality
But on the verge of a
Sane craze.
Egos are so
Far gone,
Many of them don't
Even know the
Meaning of
Bolster.

Azarella Mapp, Grade 10

Uncomfortable Truth

It's always there
Lurking
Learning
Ultimately knowing
More than you could ever
Imagine that there is to know
Never going so far
As to give away
The secrets we shouldn't know
Illuminate

Cast a light
On the darkest crevices of the
Night
Forgive curiosity
Inform the ignorant
Report all that you've found
Mind that we're not exactly ready for this
Everything that is considered too much will be
Destroyed.

Taylor Eyo, Grade 12

Common Sense

You buy a rose
You love your rose
But then one day
The rose pricks you
You curse the rose
But here's my tiff
You bought a rose
That you knew had
Thorns
Why are you shocked
That it ended
Up hurting you?

Taylor Eyo, Grade 12

The Square

The Square felt like someone's fading memory of a square. The walls were tumbling down. People were crawling through the rubble. She was running. Bodies were stranded across the vast space. Tens of thousands of windows must have gotten shattered that day. She kept running for them.

Shahim Shaar, Grade 11



Hamza Raza

The Melting Cone

Mommy promises me ice cream every time she feels bad about what she did.

The marks on my skin makes her cringe.

My skin used to be smooth, no scars or bruises.

Now it seems to be melting away.

My skin looks like the ice cream, different color sprinkles coating it.

When Mommy gets to the store she's brand new. She's kind and gentle. I love this Mommy.

The people in the store have no idea what kind of monster she really is.

Mommy doesn't let choose my own flavor, she just tells them, "Vanilla."

The ice cream is plain, not exciting.

She takes me to the park. I'm not walking fast enough, so she hits me.

Again and Again

With each hit, my ice cream gets smaller and smaller.

The ice cream is me.

The ice is cream me.

The ice cream is me.

The ice cream drips over the edge along with my tears.

Mean Mommy has come back.

Mommy once again promises me another ice cream cone.

Alexis Green, Grade 12

Poem

In relation to

Adversity and so

Called "love" from

The people

You hope for a little

Peak of appreciation.

Once you get it

You have no clue

Of what to do with it.

A sudden sadness

Inspired by the reflection of

Your own attributes.

Hoping that the suns

Shine

Would stay in contrast

With your happiness.

Azarella Mapp, Grade 10



Brandon Chambers

The Sunrise and Sunset

A morning sunrise
The Earth is saying hello
A time of waking

A fading sunset
Ending the final day's work
A time of resting.

Sila Park, Grade 10



Brielle Wilkins

Creative School Spirit 2014-2015



JMB Lip Dub Mural Dennis Cruz

May 1, 2015 will be remembered as a day of unity as all groups—student clubs and organizations, sports teams and classes rallied together to perform a lip dub to show school pride. Everyone benefited from the excellent organization by Erin Davis, Kris Quintana, a merry band of teachers and administrators, and seniors Whitney Thompson and Danielle Pastore. From the laughter in the halls to the dancing down stairs and then on to a Capella singing of the alma mater led by Ben Reavis, JMB rocked with spirit.

Way to go Clippers!

