

ATTICUS LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE



WINTER 2023

Welcome to *Atticus* Winter 2023!

Atticus Literary & Arts Magazine is the home of student artwork at Arrupe Jesuit High School! From poetry to literature, paintings to photography, *Atticus* has it all. The editorial team is proud to publish this Winter 2023 issue, featuring work from every grade level, and including the co-winners of the first ever AJHS Poetry Contest:

Cynthia Lamas Gutierrez & Jade Santana Hernandez!!

We hope you enjoy the first issue of the 2023-24 school year!

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Death

by Jade Santana Hernandez
1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Co-Winner

What might it be to the deceased?
What does it really mean to the living?
Maybe it's a whisper saying, "it's time to go".
Maybe death holds them by the hand.
Maybe death is an assurance that it's okay to leave.
Death might be a savior.
An enemy.
Even a caretaker.
Death understands how much it hurts the living.
Death understands it's taking away someone.
Death understands the pain and rips it leaves.
Death is seen in the leaves that blow on by.
While there's tears in our eyes.
But death is God in disguise.
The God that made a reason for everything.
A God that gives us the strength to keep walking in life.
It's God holding our hands when we lose someone.
So, death is many things through different eyes.
But understand, death is okay, because it lets us know, the ones we love are never
alone.



AM SORRY TO HEAR THAT IMMIGRATION IS A PROBLEM

by Cynthia Lamas Gutierrez

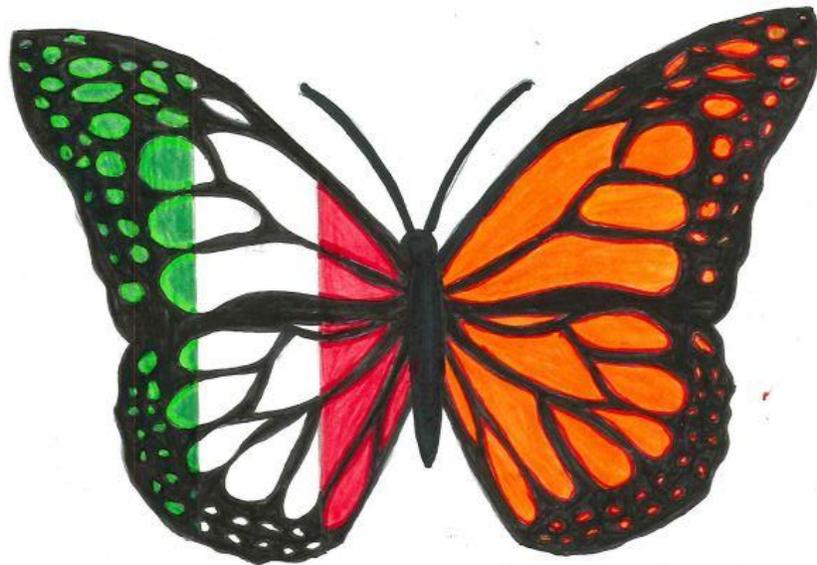
1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Co-Winner

I am sorry to hear that you didn't get into your dream university,
When my family barely made it into our dream country.
My family has to work for an eternity,
While yours is barely hungry.

I am sorry to hear that you don't want us here and you say we threaten your younger,
But this is our last resort.
We have been dying of hunger,
While you threaten to sue in court.

I am sorry to hear that we are too loud,
While we are just having innocent fun.
I get the way we may be a tough crowd,
But yet you still think we deserve none.

I am sorry to hear that through snow, leaves, and flowers
We stick here throughout all seasons.
But we know what is yours could also be ours,
And yet we still remain here for all the right reasons.



Winter

By Janie Caldera Padilla
1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

As she stepped out the door, the icy concrete froze her into a snowman.

Winter is a gloomy elephant;
It's like an irritating reminder of her moments with him
Winter is like a detestable smell
And she wants it to go away
The only thing she can hear is "swoosh and shhhhh".

Winter is a black-and-white movie,
But maybe she can paint the winter.
Paint it with joy and kittens.
Paint it with a boy and his mittens,
But no leaves because all they did was leave.
But maybe we don't need to paint it, but rather just open our eyes:

We'll see the true winter where:
The snowflakes are twirling and swirling;
And then they hug the trees.
The snow covers us like a dazzling blanket.
Maybe it was that winter brought the snow and the snow brought the memories,
But after all, it's just a memory.

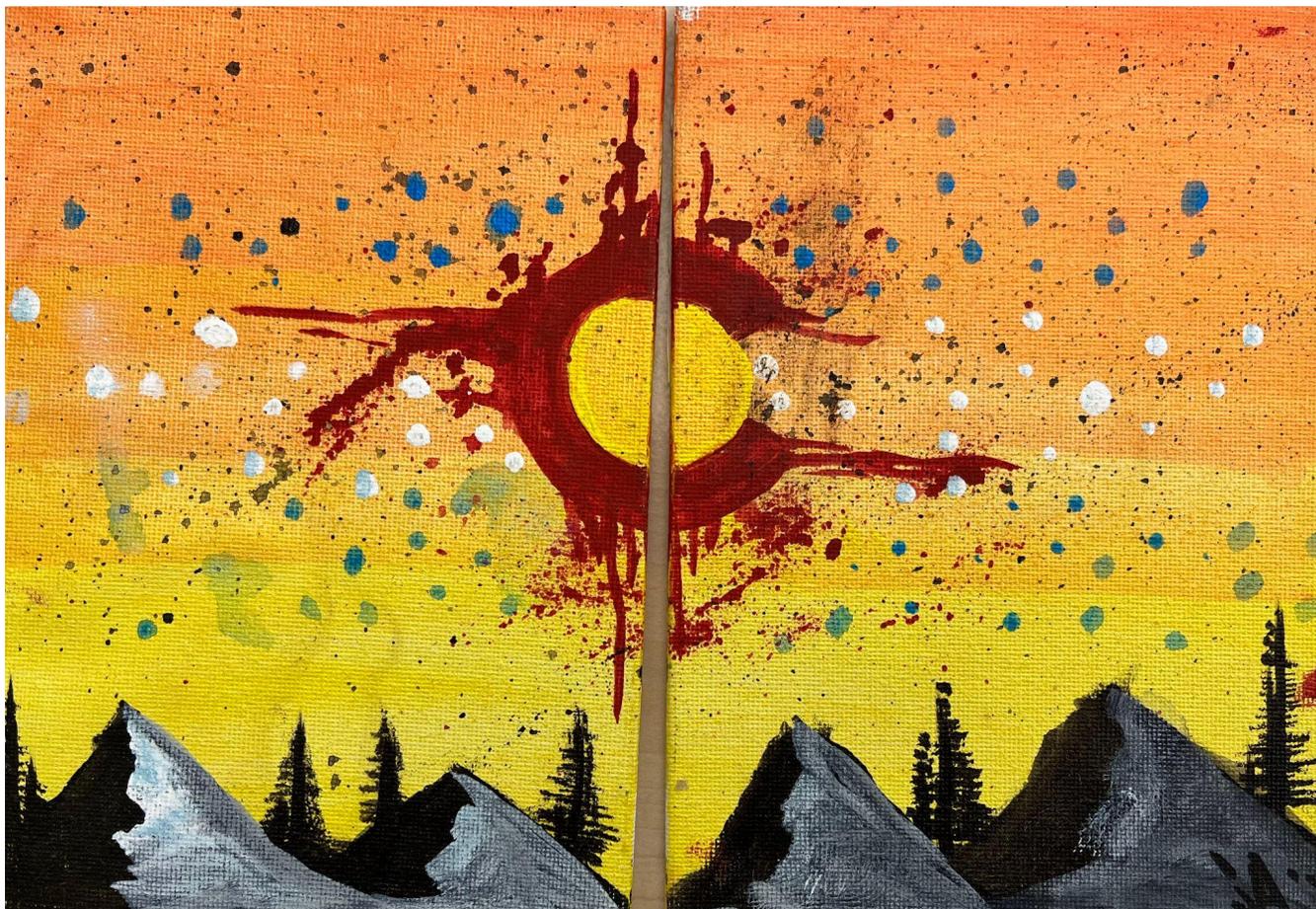
She loves the cool breeze that gently massages our faces.
The breeze becomes your beloved bestie,
But over all the things that winter brings
She loves the snow.
The snow is: shiny, soothing, simple, sincere, and smiley.
The snow brings those good and lovely memories.

Pets Poem

by Caroline Minjarez

Pets, always there for a pale
Always there for a scratch, not like the wall
Always running and falling
Up, up here we go into the fall

Cats, dogs, bunnies you name it, cheer you up
Cheer you up like a mug, just give them a hug
Hugs cuddles all they want all I want.
Just like I was taught



Unwavering Love

by Brayan Santana

1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

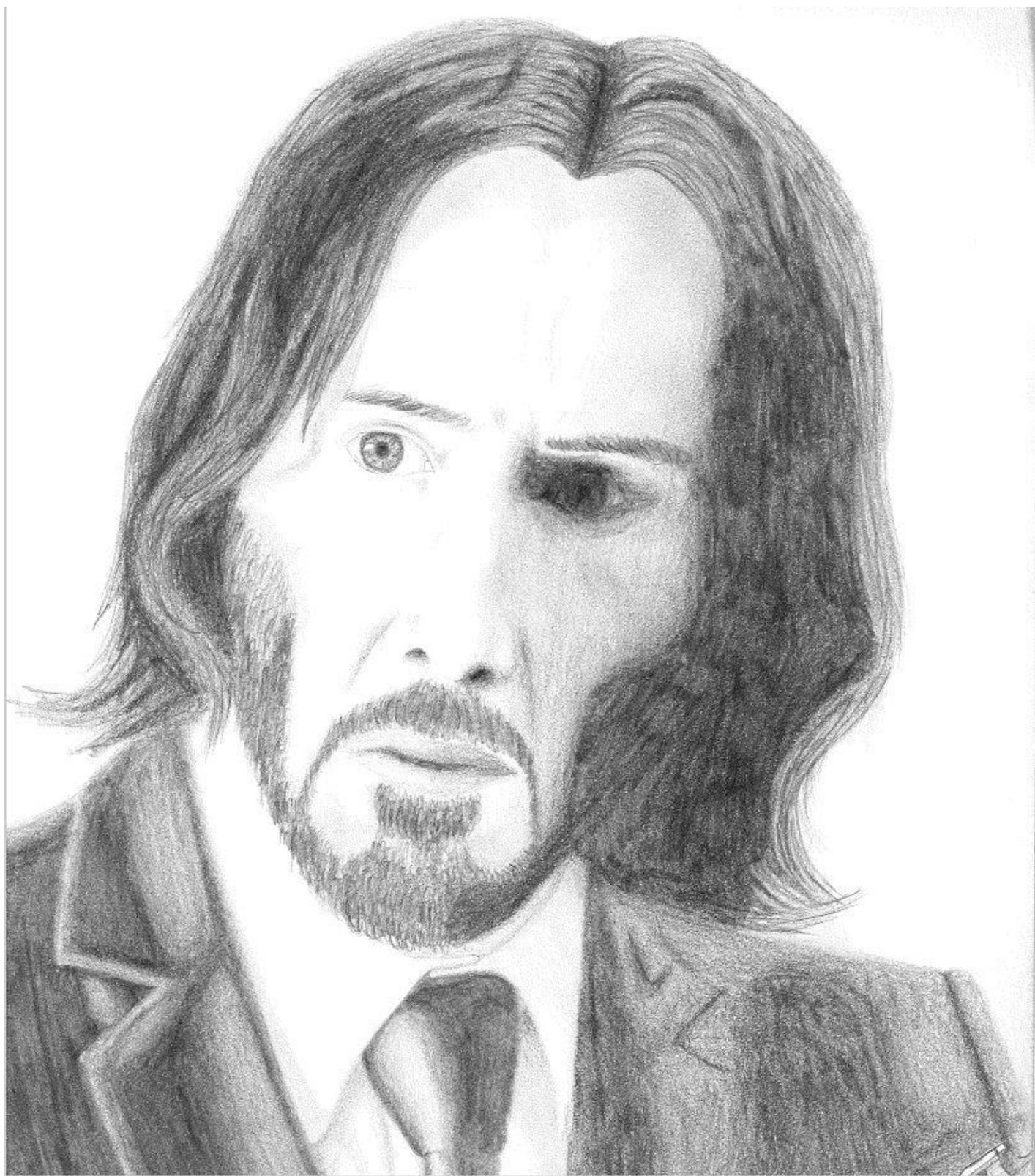
Raised to be an extension of their best parts.
Always wanting the best for us no matter what.
All of us will always be in their minds and hearts.
Love is pure and as sweet as hazelnut.

Love so mutual we rely on each other all the time.
Working while we're under their care to make life fair.
Though life can get sour as if it was a lime,
We worked together to learn to clear the air.

Becoming more dependent but never alone
There will always be someone rooting for us.
Even if one day we will be grown,
We know that at home there's a plus.

The roles rearrange but the work and love,
Will never be forgotten as long as we live.
The beautiful shining and unwavering love
So bright it's the light we will chase while alive.





Blue Paper and Scalpel

By Daniel Gutierrez

My middle finger to my thumb; Holding the scalpel cutting.
Late at night, Sleeping so surely and soundly
I'm interrupted, my brother is working hard like the hummingbird.
Pecking away at the long dark night.

I go down to see the commotion, I open the door so suddenly.
I see the paper etchings as the math fills up his gridded blue papers.
His back hunched over, his calculator and pen held so firmly
cutting away the paper, all to do his family a favor.

My scalpel, sharp, sharp, sharper
cutting away the tissue with burden and perplexity.
Remembering the years of hard work to be here, my scalpel cuts so quietly.
Operating with opportunity and connectivity.

My own work as well as my brothers
both to make loved ones proud.
His pen and blue paper worked the day away
my scalpel glides through the sky.

The tools may not have fear,
They fall like the leaves, they journey to the ground
His blue paper and pen, my scalpels.
We'll cut with it.

Why Global Warming is Bad 🙄

By Adrian Solis

When the ice melts
 Polar bears cry
 When the ice melts
 The seas rise high

When the ice melts
 Icebergs snap
 When the ice melts
 Bye Bye, ice caps

When the ice melts
 Icebergs cry
 When the ice melts
 Polar bears die

When the ice melts
 It makes me mad
 When the ice melts
 It makes me sad

Untitled

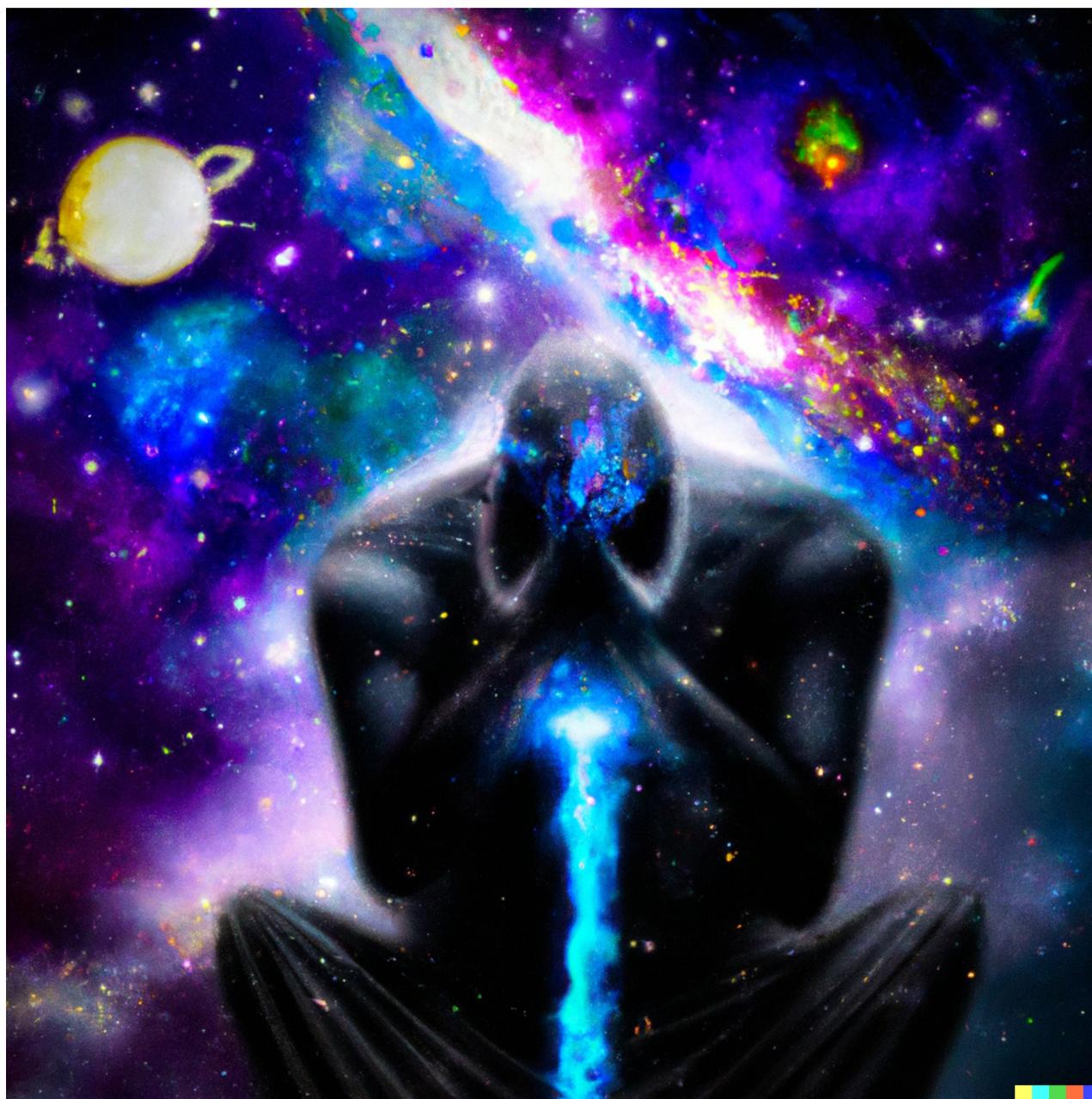
by Vanessa Gutierrez

My dog Toby is my best friend.
 He is there for me til the end.
 Although I'm not always home,
 He waits for me at the door with a comb,
 Waiting for me to comb his thick, curly hair.
 When I'm gone, he probably thinks I don't care,
 But when I'm gone, his scent is in the air.
 Toby will always be a part of my heart,
 He's like a piece of art.
 Toby will forever be my best friend

Untitled

by Aaron Cordova

Summer is so hot
I want it to be winter
I really like cold





QUERIDO ABUELO

by Angelica Flores

Querido abuelo no tuve el gran honor de conocerte
 Pero, las palabras de mi madre te dibujaron en mi mente en una pagina blanca, con un
 pincel, y una paleta llena de colores

Talvez estes viendo el paraiso en silencio,
 Inhalando el aire fresco del campo,
 Dice mi mama que tienes ojos tan dulces,
 Como la caña que sembrabas,
 Pero que al mismo tiempo,

Podia ser muy intimidante,
 Como el machete que usabas para limpiar el monte, talvez en este mismo momento,
 Estes haciendo comida para tus perros,
 O tal vez simplemente estes acariñandolos,
 Con tus manos grandes y fuertes,
 Como las rocas del rio.

Pero se que donde estes, estas cuidando a tu hija
 Desde alla arriba.

Untitled

by Jacob Cervantes

Ronaldo is the best
 I really like Ronaldo
 Now that I'm hungry
 I want some caldo

I don't like Messi
 Messi is trash
 Now come back
 And pay me my cash

Weather

By Jade Santana Hernandez

What is rain?

If not, the world showing it has feelings.
 Showing, it is okay to feel.
 It's okay to be sad.

What is thunder?

If not, the world showing it has anger.
 It's okay to be angry.
 It's a feeling of life.

What is the wind?

If not, the world showing a cool down from life.
 It's okay to take a break.
 To control yourself.

What is the weather?

If not, the representation of the feelings of us.
 In the beauty and the loudness of nature.

Ducky

by Liz Gonzalez Esparza

Yellow just like the sun
 Feathers soft like a cloud
 Your beak orange like fruit
 Feathered wings
 Ready to fly
 Pointy beak
 ready to feast
 Flappy feat
 ready to swim

Untitled

by Daniela Fernandez

In the depths of sorrow, my heart aches,
A sorrow feeling., I must create.
Tears cascade like raindrops from the sky,
As sadness feelings, I heave a heavy sigh.

A broken soul shattered and torn,
In the darkness, I am left with tears.
Memories haunt, like ghosts from the past,
Leaving wounds that forever will last.

The words feel heavy, pain was buried,
Aching emptiness, a constant refrain.
Lost in the shadows, searching for light,
But sadness lingers, an eternal night.

Yet through the tears, a glimmer of hope,
a flicker of strength, a way to cope.
For even in sadness, we find our might,
To heal, to grow, to see the light.

So let the tears flow, let the heart heal,
For in the sadness, new beginnings to come soon,
And though it hurts, this pain won't last,
For brighter days will come, chasing away the past.



Ode to Nature's Stars

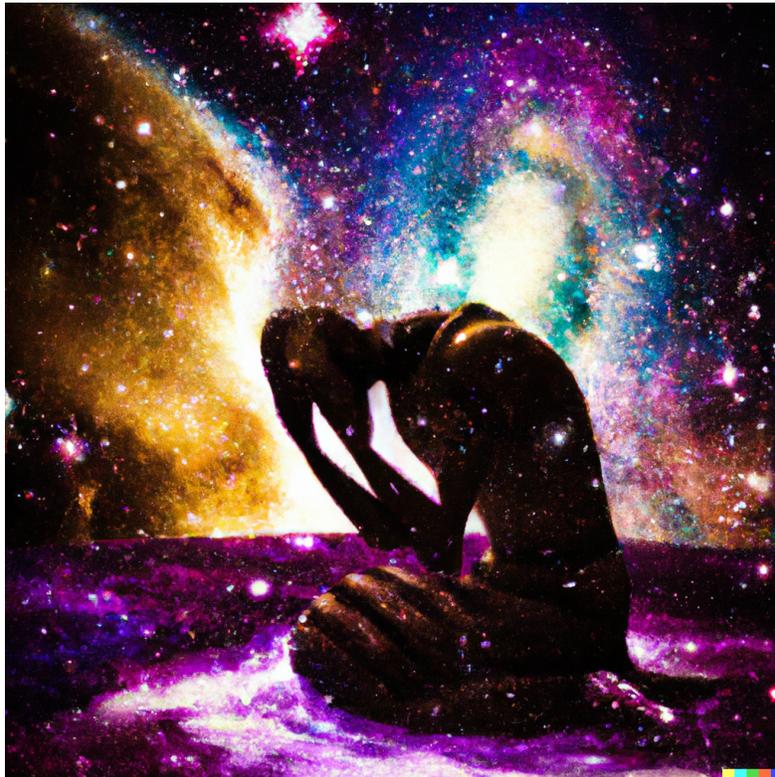
by Diego Montes

Oh the wonderful stars,
How afar you are.
Even though it seems like otherwise,
Stars are far from us like we are to the sun.

When I see you at night,
Your shine is very bright.
Once I ponder what is a star,
I realize how truly mysterious you are.

I notice that in the city you are gone,
Just as your beam leaves at dawn.
Even though you are not always visible,
You still like millions of one miracle.

As you turn into a myth,
You will become rare like a blacksmith.
Our world is what makes a part of nature's galaxy,
But the stars are what look like a supernatural fantasy.



It's Beautiful

by Jade Santana Hernandez

God,
My sun,
My healer,
My friend,
My father.

How amazing to know you give me peace.
How amazing to know I'm not alone.
How beautiful it is, who you are!

This world may seem dark,
Yet, you're the lamp I carry as I walk.

You're the love I feel,
The love that beams so bright,
I might become blind.

You'll never go away.
You might just be silent.
But I know you're making a song.
One for me, with ups and lows,
Yet they're sung so beautifully.

Oh, how I love you.
My sun,
My healer,
My friend,
The musician of this song of mine.

Desamor
by Anonymous

El día que se acabe
 Lo vamos aceptar
 Porque así pasan las cosas
 Eso no lo podemos cambiar
 El día que se acabe
 No te va importar
 Pero yo voy a tener un dolor en mi corazón
 Nada lo podrá sanar
 El día que se acabe
 No te dejare de amar
 Eso será tuyo para siempre
 Con eso nunca tendrás que batallar
 Aún siento el dolor
 Te tengo cerca y para mi
 Pero ya no se siente tu amor

A dance of difference

by Jade Santana Hernandez

“How was the night?”
 “Oh, it was fine,” said the Moon.
 Knowing the stars saw her cry.
 The Sun didn’t believe her,
 He knew better than to believe it.

“How was the sunny day?” Asked the beautiful Moon.
 “Oh, it went alright,” said the Sun.
 Knowing the clouds felt the yells.

How different those two are, yet they show their brightness
 Forevermore.

They deal with the same things...
 As if they don’t know, they’re one in the same.
 How lovely they dance without knowing it.
 A love, so unique,
 A hardship, in different time.
 Both combined,
 In the beauty when they rise.



Push

by Vincent McManus

Push, Push, Push
I try to make you go away.
But all you end up doing,
Is you try and find a way.

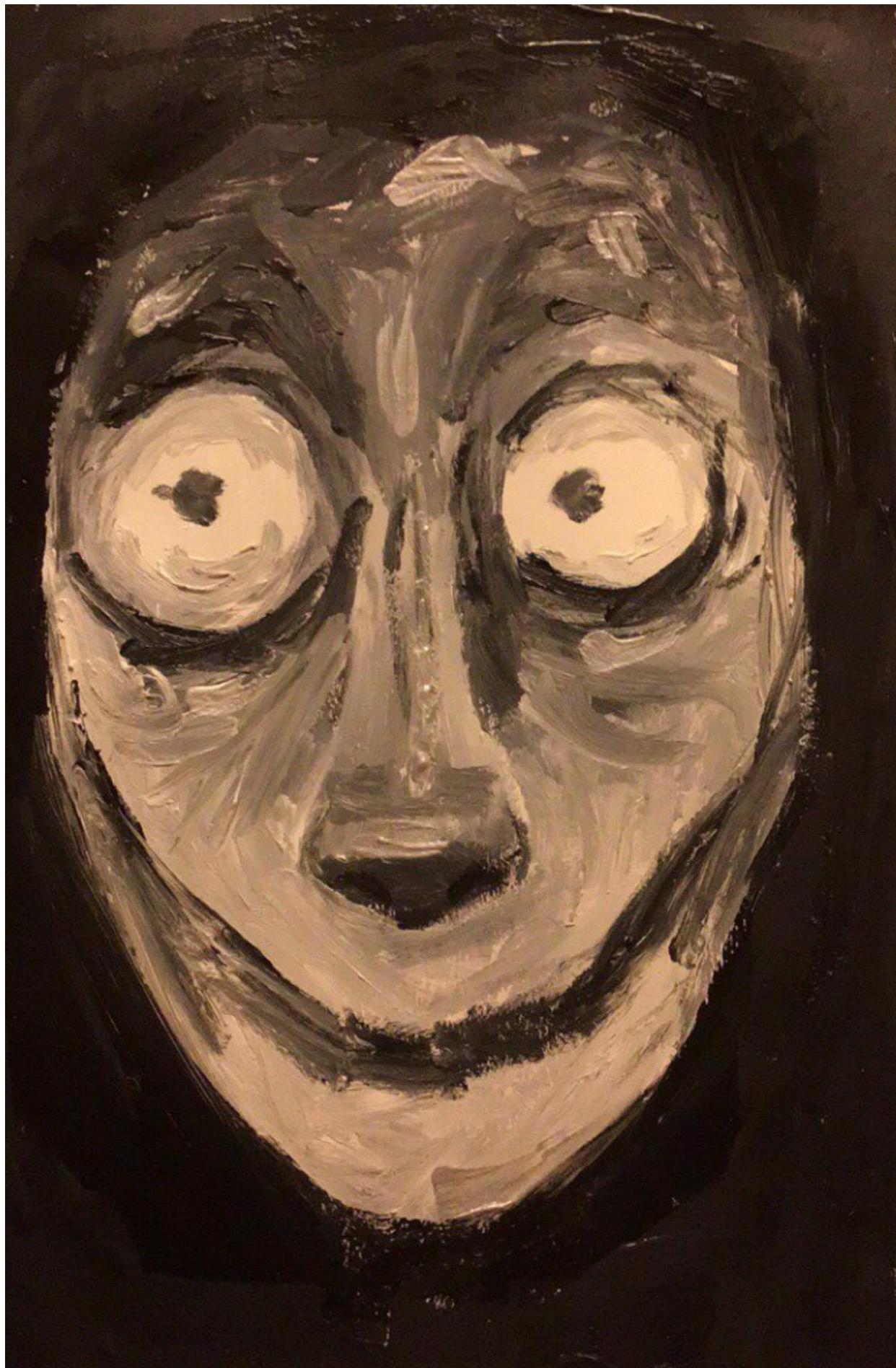
You'll never really leave,
and it makes me go insane,
So I'll try and just,
Push you away.

You say things are perfect
But you're just insane,
So please go away
Or I will have to,
Shove you away.

Get out of my mind
You're always in my head,
Pushing all my buttons,
To make me go insane.
I know you'll never change,
So i guess i'll just try to
Push you away.

Now you're finally gone
And my mind is quiet
So I'm glad I was able
to push you away.





girl

by Anonymous

1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

i like being a girl.
making me feel pretty,
with hair to curl.

except when i dont like it,
all the times i beg to fight it.
when i feel twisted inside out,
disgusting and gutted.

but im supposed to like being a girl, right?
making me feel oh so pretty,
with a curl so tight?

well i hate being a girl.
being a girl makes me want to hurl.
being a girl strikes a nerve,
something id love to curve.
i stay alert,
wishing i could just convert.

alas, i am a girl.
one who loves to twirl,
sometimes even my hair curled.
i feel pretty,
but not when i want to hurl.

Mexico

by Alexia Dorantes

1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

The time has come to finally go to Mexico!

How exciting!

The colorful houses fill me with joy,

People dancing at parties,

Walking around and exploring,

How exciting!

People celebrate many things.

Weddings, birthdays, Quinceneras.

How exciting!

Fireworks lighting up the night sky,

I look up with wonder and sparkles in my eyes.

The best part of it all

Seeing the culture and people.

Hanging out with family,

Eating delicious food,

How exciting!

Ice Cream Man

by Martin Morris

1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

It was as hot as the sun today

So I left the house for a little while

I was walking by the bay

And I saw something that made me smile

It was the Ice cream man

I asked what flavors he had

He had Chocolate, strawberry, and my favorite of all cookies & cream

He then said he was my dad

I thought it was a dream

He then pulled out a DNA test and it was true.

I then called my mom

She was apologizing while my “dad” was screaming at her

My brain was blown like a bomb

He then asked what they were

She said nothing at all which led him to leave.

Untitled

by Louis Garcia

1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

Emotions in a year celebrated through this holiday cheer.
 The end is finally near, it's the end of another year
 Life is just going
 Everyone and everything is in motion
 Even though it starts to get frozen,
 Feels like everything stays flowing
 Put on a jacket it's snowing.
 Wind creates a relaxing breeze,
 Icicles stuck on the trees.
 White fills the sky,
 Almost as if it was fireworks on the 4th of July.
 Holiday season, everything pleasant
 Be good 25th you get presents.
 A new king we celebrate as he was heaven-sent.
 Love in the air it is evident,
 During the holidays everyone around is your resident
 We give thanks for the beautiful month of December end



The Blue Morpho



Wings
spanning
from
5-8 inches

ONLY The Males
are Blue



Live up to
115 DAY'S

The Call

by Serenity Martinez

1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

I had received a call
and now he's in a hall
He had promised me that he would never leave me
and now its years until he can see me

I felt deserted
and abandoned
I felt like I couldn't breathe
When he broke the words to me

He listened to me cry over the phone
When my mind being flown away like drone
I was in Grand Junction
I can't believe this is the way you function

Now you have to wear green
But I guess this how you want to be seen
You said your want to pay for my nails
But how are you going to break out of jail?

Untitled

by Nadya Saavedra

In the sand, by the sea, we gather round
With sun-kissed faces, on the bench, were
Found.

A game of skill, teamwork, and pure delight,
Volleyball, our passion, takes to flight.

The court is etched with lines of white and
Blue,
A battleground where dreams were born anew.
Beneath the azure sky, we spike and serve,
In this fast-paced game, we find the nerve.

With nimble fingers, we set and pass the ball,
In perfect harmony, we give our all.
The net, barrier, we aim to conquer,
With every point we score, the thrill grow
Stronger.

From bump to block, the rallies ebb and flow,
A dance of athletes, where great friendships
Grow.

With cheers and shouts, the crowds
Enthusiasm soars,
In victory or defeat, our spirits explore.
Volleyball is not just a game to play,
It is a passion that ignites, in our hearts, a
Blaze.

So, on the sands of time, we leave our traces,
In our world of volleyball, we find our peace.
A sport that unites, in joy and grace,
Volleyball, forever, we embrace.

Change

by Vincent McManus

1st Annual Atticus Poetry Contest Finalist

As the grass dulls more
From green to null,
And the shades of colors fall from the sky,
Painting it all in its colorful glow,
Our identities change as if our will,
Has been let go, and when we sink into the abyss,
We'll wonder to ourselves, why?

Leaves change. People change.
Why we want. Why we need.
They fall. We stand.
Weather changes, heavier dangers.
The more we greed, the less there is.
The more that fall, the less there is.
Leaves change, People change.

Everything changes
The sky, the seasons, and yourself.
While we say nothing happens
When everything is still,
There are still minute changes
That are seen throughout the hills.

Just like how fall has its leaves,
And winter has its Snow,
We have our identities
That bring us to who we are.
Like how the ice breaks under a freezing star,
And leaves crunch in the wind,
Our identities change under the pressure of it all.

My Poem

by Jared Reyes Raygoza

This world has many things in store for us
 Some of these big
 And some small
 Some are tall
 Some are long
 Some are strong
 But regardless of what we face
 We will eventually overcome it
 and that alone is a reason not to give up

But some do not follow their dreams
 They leave them for all to see
 But they never do anything about it
 They just lay and say
 "Maybe i will get lucky"
 But that luck never comes
 Not unless you work for it
 And even though some things come up
 You should always try to get back on track
 Some do not and get lost along the way
 That is why there are so many sad today
 But for those who persevere
 Success will always loom near

This is my life
 My poem
 My hope
 My future
 And my past
 I do not choose to leave it behind
 To hide
 To cower
 Or to give up
 That is not the way that I'll end up
 I will live a happy life
 Full of joy
 Full of friends

I believe the richest men are not those with money
 But those with their heart
 The people who on their deathbed don't repent
 But instead are glad
 Glad at what they had done
 Glad at what fate had done
 And glad that they lived in this beautiful world
 I wish to be that man

Can't Be

by Natalia Moreno

Gazing at all the people I've only encountered for a short time I notice him
I'm not certain why he caught my eye, as his expression was grim
I can't help but want him to notice me
Knowing that there's no chance
Shatters me on the inside knowing we can't be

I wonder if other people look at him the way I do
If they notice how his hair falls back flawlessly
If they notice how his eyes sparkle in the sun or do they have no clue
How they could stroll past him so casually
Maybe he senses my admiration for him but also knows we can't be

I fail at trying to disregard my care for him for he makes it so hard
It's as if he does it on purpose in order to lower my guard
I can wish like a shooting star but I understand that those charming amber eyes
That I admire from afar will never be mine, that my hope slowly dies
Remembering the fact that we can't be

Even though we will at no time be together, I wish him the best
I hope that he finds his person, for whom will be blessed
To have him by their side, for they will have that radiant, caring smile
That comforting stance that nearly made me forget to exhale
I hope that we can both live delightedly even if we can't be

Over time the leaves fall off the tree making it bare
I watch him, moved on with someone new but it's only fair
Out of the corner of my eye, I catch a glimpse of him staring
As if he as well is wondering of what we could've been, what we would've bring
I know that I can't mourn over it endlessly and acknowledge that we can't be

Untitled

by Silvia Perez Sanchez

My niece is always there for me
During the ups and downs
She helps me cover the sounds

My niece is there for me
When there is drama about family
She is like a fantasy
She cares about me like a sister
Her laugh brings me joy

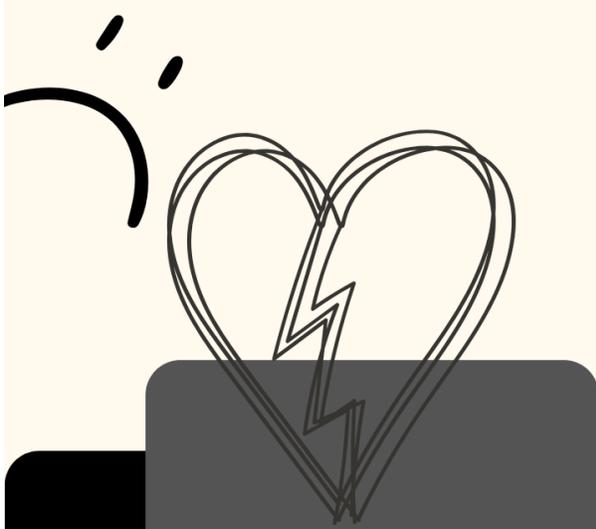
She destroys me in uno
Always have a smile on her face
She is delightful
Always be prideful

Either way, she is quite annoying
She is still a zome and a great person
She always will be my best friend
No matter what we go through
She is always going to be there for me

I really love her in the times we hang out
To me, she is a joy for the family
From the ups and downs
Anytime there is a frown
She makes it go away with her joy

Mostly everyone in our family likes her name
She does too but she likes her other name better
To me, I think that her name Donna is like a great name
To describe who she is and that she brings lots of joy
Donna can also mean lady of home
Meaning that she likes to be at home and do things that she loves to do

I love this girl she always will be a great person and friend



June 29th

BY:JUSTICE MARTINEZ

JUNE 29TH, THAT DAY
 WAS SO PERFECT.
 THE ONE DAY I COULDN'T
 FORGET.
 BUT THE ONE DAY YOU
 COULDN'T REMEMBER.
 IT'S OKAY CAUSE I WAS
 YOUR DEFENDER.

CAUSE YOU NEVER SAW
 MY CRYING
 YOU NEVER CAUGHT ME
 LYING
 YOU NEVER SAW MY
 CRYING
 BUT YOU KNEW THAT I
 WAS DYING.

JUNE 29TH, WHY CAN'T WE GO
 BACK?
 CAUSE FINALLY AFTER ALL THE
 HOURS, YOU BOUGHT ME
 FLOWERS.
 BUT EVER SINCE THAT DAY, YOU
 BROKE MY HEART
 WE'RE NOW FALLING ALL APART
 BECAUSE YOU NEVER SAW MY
 CRYING
 YES YOU NEVER CAUGHT ME
 LYING
 YOU NEVER SAW MY CRYING
 BUT YOU KNEW THAT I WAS
 DYING
 JUNE 29TH
 JUNE 29TH
 JUNE 29TH
 YES JUNE 29TH
 THAT DAY WAS SO PERFECT
 I TOLD YOU I LOVED YOU
 KNOWING YOU DIDN'T LOVE ME
 TOO



