

Atticus Literary & Arts Magazine



Fall 2024

Welcome to *Atticus* Fall 2024!

Atticus Literary & Arts Magazine is the home of all things literary at Arrupe Jesuit High School! From poetry to literature, paintings to photography, *Atticus* has it all. Everything in these pages is produced by AJHS students, faculty, and friends of the school. The editorial team is proud to present the Fall 2024 issue! Read on and enjoy!

It might be Advent, but here at *Atticus* we're still celebrating Halloween! Congratulations to our Halloween Spooky Art contest winners:

Halloween Spooky Art Contest '24 Winners:

Valeria Gonzalez Esparza, "Trick Or Treat"

Photo by JASH

"Alien" Painting by Arleth Martinez

"Insects" by Darius Lonewolf

"Cannibal Corpse" by Anonymous

"The Spider" and Artwork by Vincent McManus

Artwork by Analisa Gonzales Arzola

Artwork by Diana Caldera Medina

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Front Cover: Pedro Chavira

Back Cover: Sofia Monarco Ortiz

Trick or Treat

Valeria Gonzalez Esparza

Trick or treat is the mischief
Fun and festive or haunted horror in the midst of terror
Start to hide and seek

Truth or dare, face of a scare.
Question in fear, the answer in steel,
Find the missing piece among the misty trees.
Light of moon as a guide, staring farther as an eye,
Black and gray for the day make it fair for the game.
Trick or Treat!

Screaming air for the plea like an overlapping candy corn.
Grave of tears in the flesh,
Fresh flow in red makes the eye glow
Pitch black is where it lives.
Run and dread in a flash of speed, but it won't save you the heed.
Trick or Treat!

Laugh and smile like a clown, make sure that frown stays upside down.
Feast of joy on a platter make sure that the tray will not splatter,
If hollow in the air then the witching night will begin.
Do not fear for the next trick, all there will be is a nice treat.
Trick or Treat!

!Happy Halloween!



Photo: JASH

ALIEN



Arleth Martinez

Artwork: Arleth Martinez

Insects

Darius Lonewolf

She rips her chest wide open to let the insects in.

The cracking of bones combined with the sounds of the bugs.

And now I can see what she means.

All of the life crawls to her, harboring inside her skin.

Resting right beside her heart, beating slowly, slower now.

My eyes see the deep red rivers stain the white cloth, pooling on the ground.

The beat of the heart drum fades now, and the insects grow restless.

They hunger for more affection, burrowing deep into the tendons and muscles.

Nearly reanimating her, all while I stand a witness.

Eventually, I realized I would be next to their treatment.

So I lay myself down, and prepare to open the shell.



Photo: Yamilette Renteria Rivas

Cannibal Corpse

Anonymous

In shadowed crypts where horrors creep,
And ghastly phantoms never sleep,
Where souls of the Butchered at Birth still wail,
And The Bleeding tells its blood-stained tale.

Through nights profound in Vile's embrace,
They conjure Death's own hallowed face,
Eaten Back to Life, they rise once more,
With echoes from some spectral shore.

The Gallery of Suicide looms near,
Its silent screams, its silent fear,
The Wretched Spawn of earth and sin,
As darkness seeps from deep within.

From Tombs of the Mutilated cold,
A tale that never will grow old,
In Violence Unimagined they find,
The darkest chambers of the mind.

Cannibal Corpse, your verses bite,
Through realms where day shall turn to night,
In chilling tones, in bloodied rhyme,
They wail and rage, unbound by tim



Artwork: Vincent McManus.

The Spider

Words & Photo by
Vincent McManus

Ohh the spiders
They Creep, They Crawl
You hear the whisper... the tap,
Yet, when you look around
You see nothing of that.

She walks and walks
And looks around
Searching, lurking
The beast is around.
For its prey, its meal
Will soon be found

They lay there, stuck
Unblinking, unmoving
Her plan unfoiled
Her prey laid out
The Spider will feast.

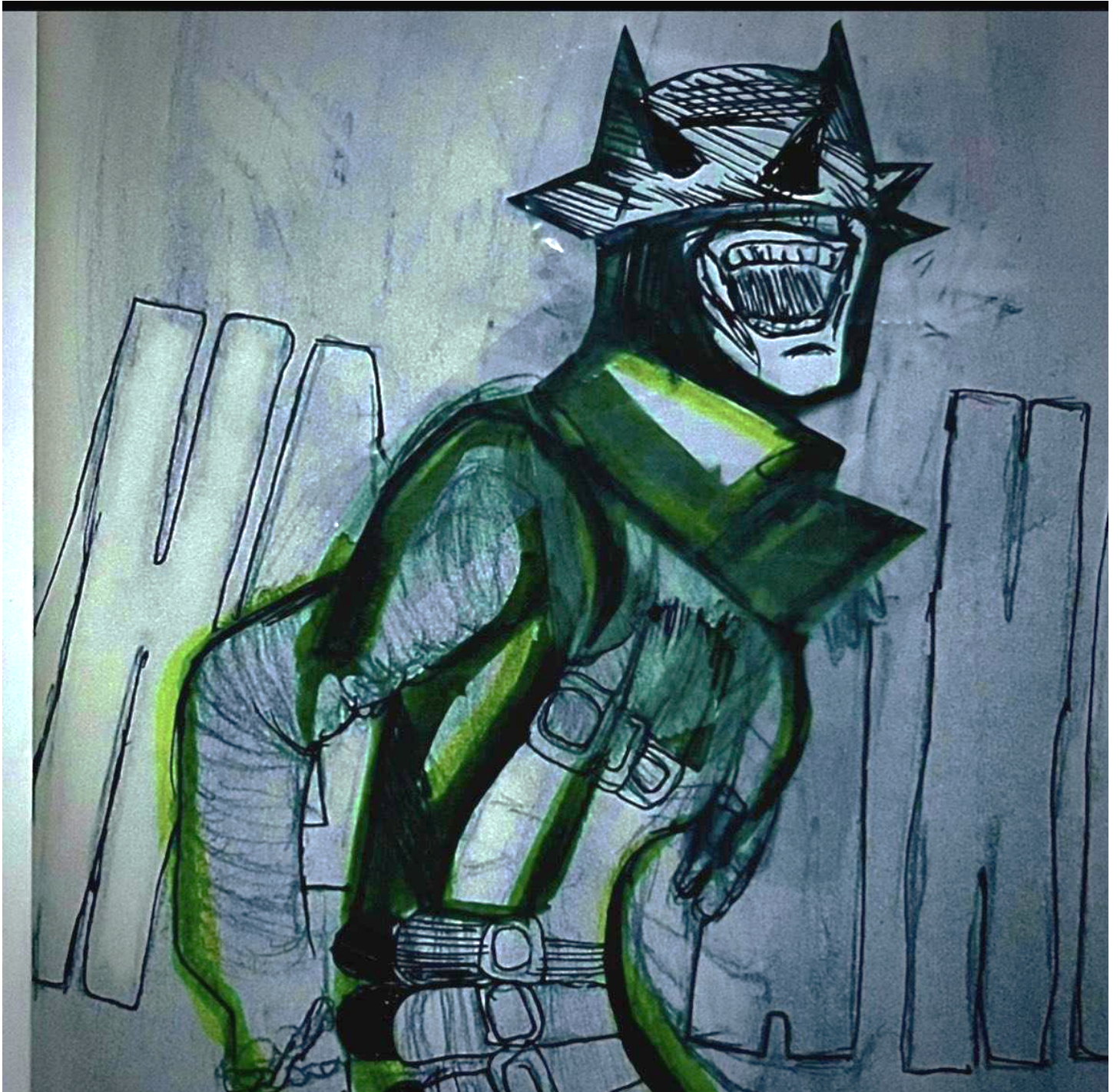
But worry not,
For this beast so big
For its prey, and its kin
Is nothing but an invertebrate
That is in the way.

The spider may be frightening
But she is also a sage
Worry not, because you,
Are not what she Craves...





Artwork: Analisa Gonzales Arzola



Artwork: Diana Caldera Medina

The Whispering Fall

Janie Caldera Padilla

When autumn leaves begin to dance,
They twirl and spin, a vanishing chance.
Like a firestorm in gold and crimson bright,
They paint the world in warm twilight.

The air turns crisp, a gentle sigh,
As clouds are softly carried through the sky.
Each step we take are on paths of gold,
They tell stories of the brave and bold.

The pumpkins grin in fields so wide,
While harvest moons take evening's ride.
Like treasure chests, the orchards gleam,
With juicy apples, and a cider dream.

In every storm, a promise found,
Of change and growth, all around.
So gather 'round, with hearts so free,
In fall's cuddle, we're meant to be

.
For every leaf that falls down,
A chance to wear the world's bright crown.
Let's cherish moments, big and small,
In this vibrant, whispering fall.



Photo: JASH



Artwork: Rafael Fazykhanov



Artwork: Zury Barrios

Why Don't They Elect Me

Alexander Martinez

We had never had a Mexican president
Born in America but still not a resident
Why don't they elect me
They probably see me as a suspect in a robbery
People think I'm a criminal
That doesn't mean I can't be in anything political
Why don't they elect me
Is it because they think I will rob the whole
country
Is it the way I dress
That's how I can express
Why don't they elect me
Is it because they think I won't do good for the
community
Is it because I'm brown and proud
Or is that not allowed
So let me be president
Or do I need to give more evidence

Kanye West "Ye"

Mario Cabrera

In the spotlight, a voice bold and clear,
Kanye's vision, both loved and feared
From beats that pulse like the heart of the street
To fashion and music, he reshapes the beat
A rebel, a dreamer, with words like a flame
He challenges the norms, refuses to tame
Through highs and through lows, his journey
unfolds
A true artist, a legend, whose story is told
In every lyric, a glimpse of his quest,
To find in the madness what makes him feel
blessed
A canvas of sound, in the spotlight's embrace,
Kanye's the artist, forever in chase.
His rise to stardom was never considered a
fleece
Every song keeps my heart at peace.

The Exile (Excerpt)

Mr. Guerra-York

Traditionally Philosophical texts have taken two distinct forms, analytic and continental. Analytic philosophy specializes in a more formal structure of arguments. The writing is more attuned to what one could consider scientific reports. The continental style takes a different approach. Often grappling with topics that are more existential in nature, continental philosophers can write in terms of parables or lengthier narratives that can best highlight the nature of their claims. I wish to explore the idea today that comfort cannot be conducive to a fulfilling life, despite what society wishes us to believe. One must ultimately suffer in order to develop each aspect of oneself; the physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. Even after achieving this, an individual will be ridiculed, yet he will be satisfied.

The Man had everything, for he was a high official within the city. This city was considered to be the highest in the land, with streets of gold where revelry could be heard from every corner.

Within this society, the Man had associates from every venture of society. When he went to the marketplace he was greeted with gold and goods of the highest quality were offered at no cost. When he spoke the politicians hung on his every word, allowing his unimportant utterances to shape policy within the city. When he chose to socialize the people flocked to him to entertain and delight in whatever way he pleased. The Man was never alone, constantly surrounded by those who aspired to be him. He was settled in his life and he desired nought.

Yet, when his associates had left, the revelries had ceased, and the Man had retreated into the quiet of his home atop the city's most prestigious living space, his soul became wracked with melancholy. He could feel an unquenchable thirst within him, yet the drink that could satisfy it fell just short of his grasp.

One night, he was consumed by this melancholy that grasped his soul. The Man felt a shadow grasping and stalking his mind. Afraid, he tried the remedies his associates had recommended. He walked through the city's artisan district, where his senses were delighted by beautiful sounds and colors of every form imaginable. The abyss watched from within. He attempted himself by talking to those who knew of his prestige, knowing they would hang on his every word. But the abyss remained. He spent time with beautiful women, losing himself in the sensations of the flesh. When all was finished, the Man left their presence, and the abyss stalked him in the night. The Man acquired the substances his associates had talked so highly of. Liquids and powders that altered the senses. The Man felt his body and consciousness sway, as he finally thought this would allow a reprieve, however brief, from the abyss.

Yet, the Man could not shake the melancholy that dwelt within him. It threatened to tear him apart. One night, the abyss clouded all around him and he knew he could not escape. Instead, he stared into it, *and the abyss stared back* before its inky jaws devoured the Man. The

Man did not resist, he gave in, allowing his being to be torn apart. His mind descended into the maw of the abyss and glowing eyes opened from the darkness, filling him with fear and piercing his soul.

The Man awoke at the gates of a great city, its spread far beyond the dead gray horizon. And at its gate, carved in Bronze he read the words although ancient to his mind "Babylon." Everywhere he looked, there were figures, shambling around with decayed skin and glassy eyes. They were drinking fine liquors and had on the most elegant fashion the Man had ever seen. They beckoned him, offering him drink, and from cracked lips they whispered:

"We are comfortable, come, enjoy the city with us." The Man felt his heart long to be with these people. He would want nothing here. The pull was seductive. The ground shook and green lightning pierced the sky, pain filled the Man's chest and he stumbled backward into a puddle upon the cobblestones. As the murky puddle cleared he saw his complexion. His face was as cracked and decaying as the citizens of this necropolis, shambling ever closer.

Screams cried out of the very necropolis itself. Cadavers scurried like insects upon lifting an untouched stone. The Abyss stood tall, a lone figure, in the silence. The Abyss stalked towards the Man, footsteps silent as gray armor dimly glinted in the dull light, barely masked by a fluttering black cloak of Suffering. Emerald eyes stared out from the helm. It spoke its voice aged through eons: "I am the Struggler, the figure in the abyss of all men's hearts. You have seen me through your soul's hunger. My path is pain, and through pain, you will drink of wisdom. And you shall become human."

It reached out a hand to the man. The Man clutched it and the Struggler hauled him to his feet. Immediately the Man's skin was no longer that of a corpse. Yet his body was flooded with sensations. Hunger, thirst, and weariness entered his body. But the Struggler paid him no heed and began to the gates. "As one who does not drink will eventually perish from thirst, your soul too shall perish, unless you embrace the wisdom that is pain."

Now they had come to the end of the city and stood on a ridge upon a great fantastical mountain, an endless forest extending in front of them, mist rising from its foliage. The Struggler gestured towards the foot of the mountain and spoke:

"Behold your city is at the foot of this mountain," and looking backward he proclaimed "The Necropolis of Babylon is never far. They both shall tempt you, and you may wander back, for that way is where most men are destined. You are not the first to follow, nor shall you be the last. Do not relax upon your path, for you may falter yet, as those in the Necropolis once did." The Man met the Strugglers' gaze and understood all he said was true.

"Where shall we rest, Struggler, for my body is weary and I can feel that my will is weak."

“Into the forest, where your trials shall begin. The wisdom of pain has many paths. To become human one must walk all of them. We shall begin with your body, for it is the most immediate to all. You have nothing else to live your life in.”

The Struggler led the Man through the forest until they finally reached a meandering stream, where far below crystal blue water flowed between jagged rocks before plummeting down the mountain. The Man walked toward the edge and began reaching to drink the water, for he knew it would quench his earthly thirst. He reached a hand down and drew only crimson fluid from the stream. He looked down to see a black blade protruding from his heart. Without a sound, the Struggler withdrew the blade.

The Struggler picked the Man up by his throat and held him dangling over the stream. Bellowing he proclaimed “Your heart has been pierced by mortality, and behold your life seeps from your body. Only by feeling the breath of death upon your neck shall you understand what your body requires. Look! It is screaming out for strength, your hands clutch with the very weakness you gave them!” The Struggler paused and spoke plainly; “Now your trial begins” and he released the Man. He fell into the water, floundering, he felt liquid fill his ragged breath. Looking up, he saw the Struggler gazing onwards from the bank, his glowing eyes piercing the murk and blood that clouded the Man’s vision. He sank into the deep.

The Man awoke next to a modest fire. The crackling warmed his cold skin. A scar from the blade stung his chest as he sat upward. Food and water placed in stone-carved bowls were laid out in front of him. The Struggler sat by the stream, staring at the Man whilst running his blade against a whetstone on the ground.



Artwork: Pedro Chavira

Felicitas

LR

Esta no es una historia de terror como las que acostumbras leer, esta es una de esas donde el dolor y la tristeza están presentes, corría el año de 1955, aquella mañana de junio era cálida, pues el calor del verano en nuestro estado inicia desde que el sol sale hasta que se pone, eran las cinco de la mañana cuando Felicitas abrió los ojos a un nuevo día, después de tomar su desayuno habitual salió con su tía rumbo a la parroquia de Cristo Rey ahora Fatima a misa de 7, el día parecía normal y tranquilo el cielo estaba despejado y la gente comenzaba sus labores diarias, aquel Ford 51 conducido por Felicitas se paro a las puertas de aquella iglesia “¿No te quedas a misa miya?” pregunto su tía al ver que la joven no estacionaba el automóvil “ tengo algunas cosas que hacer tía pero vengo por ti al terminar misa” dijo Felicitas sonriendo, se despidieron y aquel Ford 51 desapareció entre las callecitas de la ciudad, aquella conocida joven recorría las calles de la ciudad viendo todo con detalle grabando en su memoria cada lugar convirtiéndolo así en un recuerdo, era como si aquel paseo se convirtiera en una despedida, y así fue. Pasadas las ocho de la mañana su tía la esperaba a las afueras de la parroquia, pero nunca llego, pues Felicitas había decidido aquel día de junio ponerle fin a su vida, aquel Ford se detuvo en una gasolinera, el despachador atendió animado a Felicitas quien le pidió llenara un bidón de gasolina, para después tomar camino hacia el panteón municipal donde todo comenzó, donde todo termino.

Eran las nueve y veinte de la mañana cuando Felicitas bajo del auto, en su mente cientos de pensamientos que no se detenían, su cerebro creaba escenarios que tal vez no eran ciertos pero que el mismo hacia parecer que sí, su respiración era pesada y el corazón latía tan rápido que lo podía sentir en cada parte de su cuerpo, aquella joven solo quería detener esa sensación extraña que subía de su pecho a su garganta, las lagrimas comenzaron a caer, pero lo extraño era que no tenía miedo, solo quería detener aquellos pensamientos aquellas sensaciones y así lo hizo camino un poco mientras se rociaba con aquel combustible, las gotas caían por sus ojos y nariz, empapándose así completamente, luego saco unos fósforos y ardió, Felicitas no corrió, no grito, solo se quedó ahí parada mientras su cuerpo ardía para luego caer al suelo al sueño eterno. Después de aquel suceso como luego dicen pueblo chico infierno grande y es que a veces duele más el cómo nos ven los demás que como nos vemos a nosotros mismos, la gente del pueblo comenzó a decir que la veían por las noches prendida en fuego y otras habladurías más, pero hay una anécdota de un joven una que tal vez nos reconforte, aquel joven cuenta que su madre había fallecido y el la extrañaba tanto que comenzó a deprimirse, en una de sus visitas al panteón mientras lloraba en la tumba de su madre una hermosa joven se acerco a el comenzaron a conversar y poco a poco aquella ansiedad se fue calmando, el joven relata que aquella joven puso su mano en su hombro y sintió mucha paz, el no me conto con exactitud que fue lo que aquella joven le dijo, pero lo extraño fue que la vio caminar entre las tumbas para luego desaparecer. Que su fantasma sirva para recordarnos que las enfermedades mentales son reales y no un juego, para recordarnos el buscar ayudar, tal vez para los tiempos de Felicitas aquellos desordenes eran vistos como una crisis nerviosa o que padecías de los nervios, pero ahora sabemos que no solo es así, muchas veces lo que quema lo llevamos por dentro, por favor busca ayuda, busca que alguien apague tu fuego interior.

Puzzle of Emotions

Chastelyn Valdivia

Dark at night but stars don't shine,
Thinking deeply about life
Trying to understand my heart
Trying to be strong through strife.

I just can't solve this puzzle of emotions.
I've seen a rainbow in the sky
Trying to be happy and give my all
Wishing to be an albatross, soaring high.

At moments life can be complicated.
Never focus on myself, but on making others proud
Always worry, what would they say?
And ready to drift away just as a swirling cloud.

Being happy to not cry, hide tears with smiles
Caught a mix of emotions
Not knowing what to say when people ask how I feel
Lost in the deep of my heart, feeling the heavy tide of the ocean.



Photo: Mr. Micich

Sky

Judith Benavides

When I see the night sky
It reminds me of you
And I feel like I can fly
And I feel myself not feeling so blue

As the ocean reflects your light
And the tide rises up as my love for you
I am filled with delight
It's true that I am in love with you

The great winds are like whispers to my ears
And the clouds move smoothly
It brings me to tears
That I can't see your beauty

As the sun rises up
The memories faint away
I can feel the peace
As the birds started to sing and pray



Photo: JASH

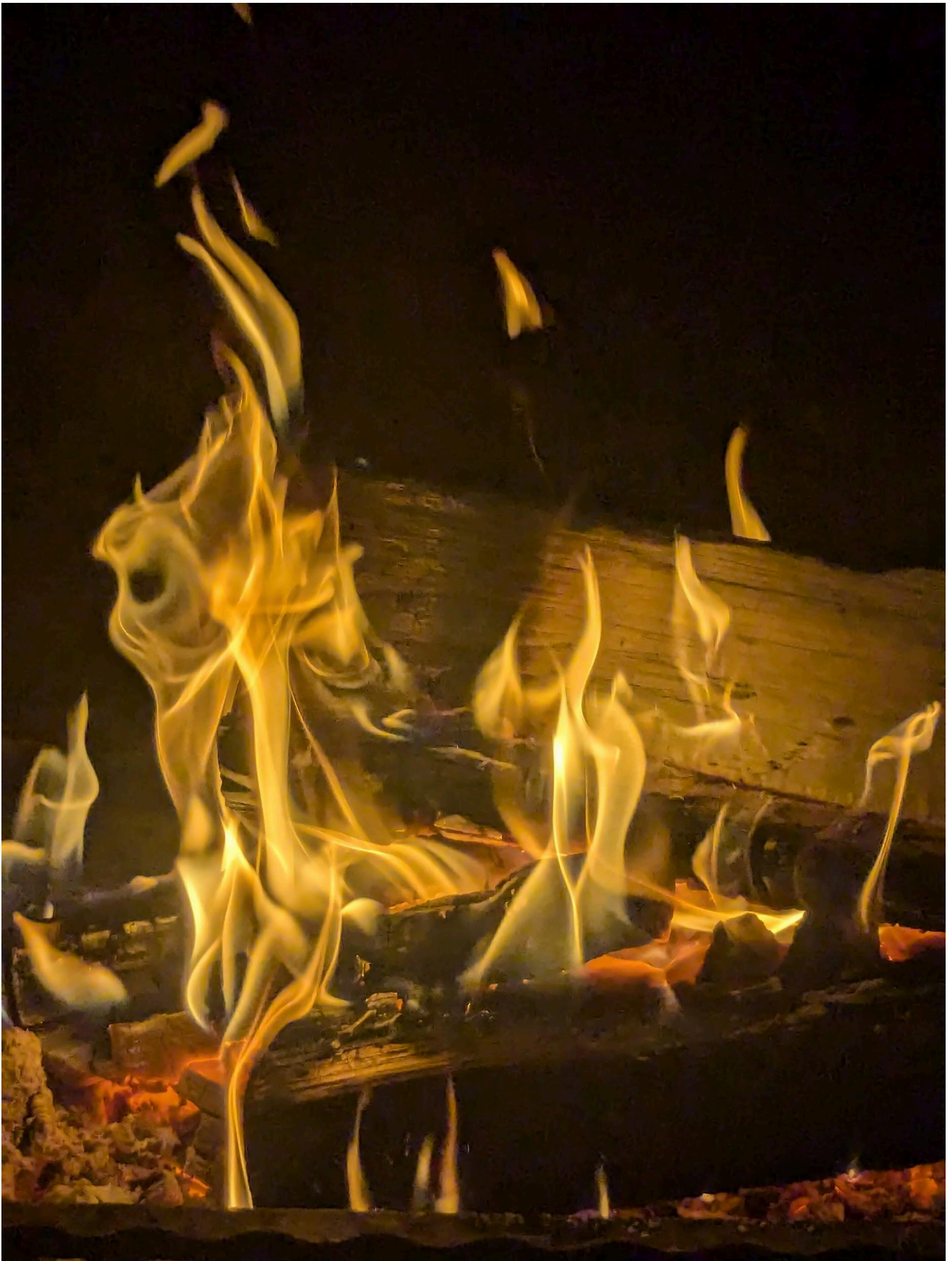


Photo: Vincent McManus

The American Way

Angelica Flores

“Turum” the sound of my TV makes
Abys of information
All from different perspectives,
A New Idol Awakes

“The American way”,
Snow like skin,
Teeth that are so perfectly squared
Like the squares that ask
“Define your Race and Ethnicity”
Before the SAT

Because “The American way”
likes to keep everything in check,
Like the police officer
in that famous Show
Represses a Chinese New Year
Party because it is,
“suspicious activity”

Environment of “The American Way”
It is quiet,
the only sound
Is the cling of the pink bike of Goldilocks
What if ridden by the Hispanic child?
What is he up to,
Maybe a drug deal,
A DRIVE-BY

Does the color of the skin define
Your role in society?
Do the stereotypes
Possess over your body like a puppet?

Is it impossible to escape your
Destiny, or are the images and
Films too deep into your brain
To define “The best way”

“The American Way”
Show pride for the country
Prove that you are loyal
Although they will always doubt,
Cause it's easier to believe in stereotypes
Then to believe the person for
Who they are.



Photo: Yamilette Renteria Rivas

“Mirror”

Delany Delgado Hernandez

My grandma laid in a hospital bed
tubes connected to her,
machine motoring her oxygen,
flowers surrounding her,
doctors coming in and out to
see if she is breathing

Still thousands of miles from
her husband.
Deported.
Unable to be by his wife’s side
in her last moments.

She was suffering.
Lung cancer.

Then
she made a decision
no one thought she would.

To be released from the pain,
like a bird from their cage.

We all said our goodbyes,
me being one of the last,
knowing
I couldn’t let her go.

Her monitor turning from
waves
to a snake.

My heart stops too until

The Beep.

Then silence.

The wind blowing,
people talking outside,
a room turned cold,
cloudy,
feet sounding like drums.

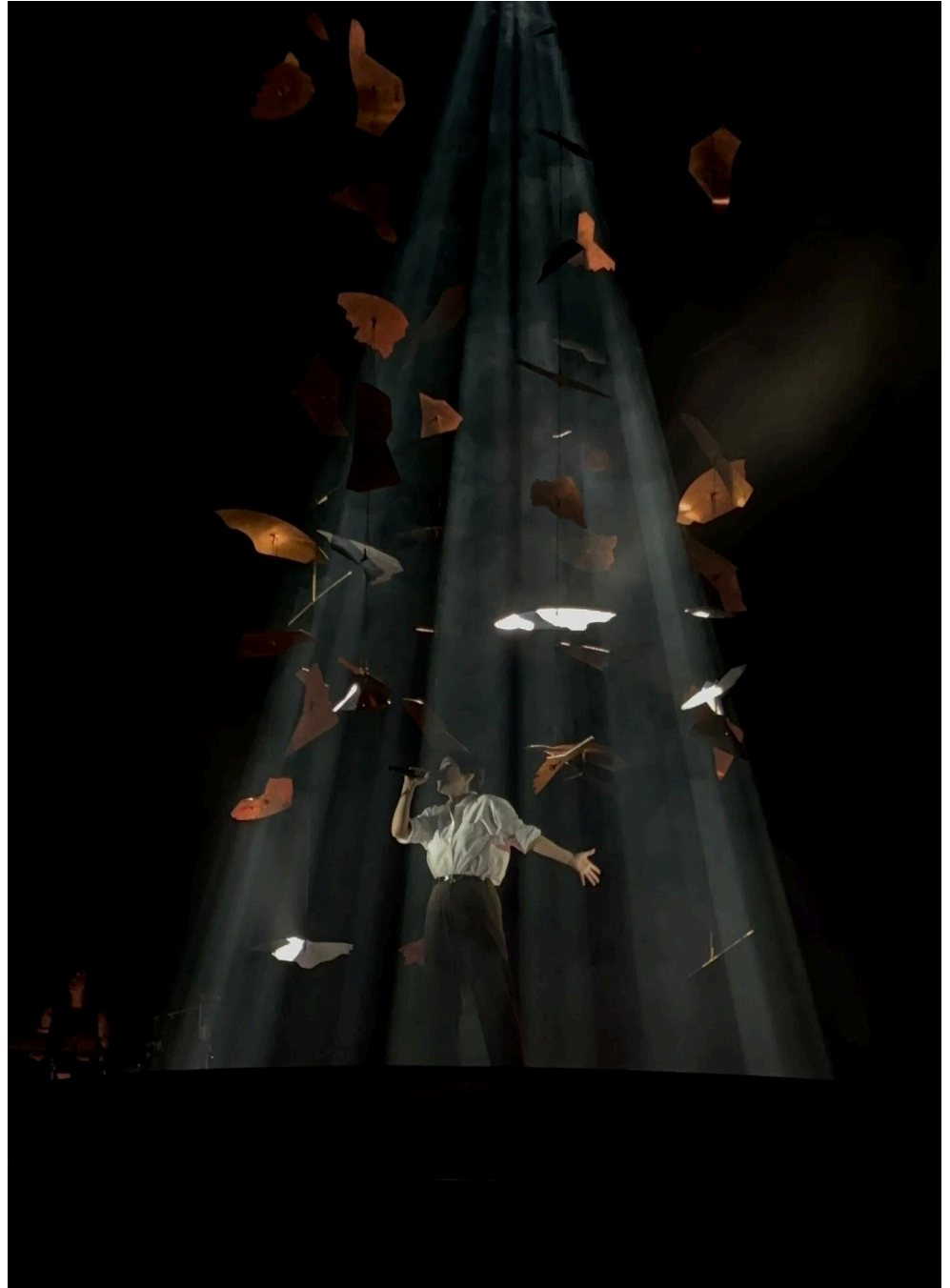


Photo: Yamilette Renteria Rivas

Everyone crying,
my dad on his knees
praying to God,
waiting at the hospital
for his mother's
ashes.

I go home
to celebrate my
other grandma's birthday.

Feliz Cumpleanos Ama,
te quiero mucho.
Espero que cumplas mas.

Happy Birthday, Grandma,
I love you.

Forced to feel happy.

People huddling over me,
hugging me,
telling me
they know it's hard.

Feeling like a house
after a flood.

Destroyed,
broken,
torn down.

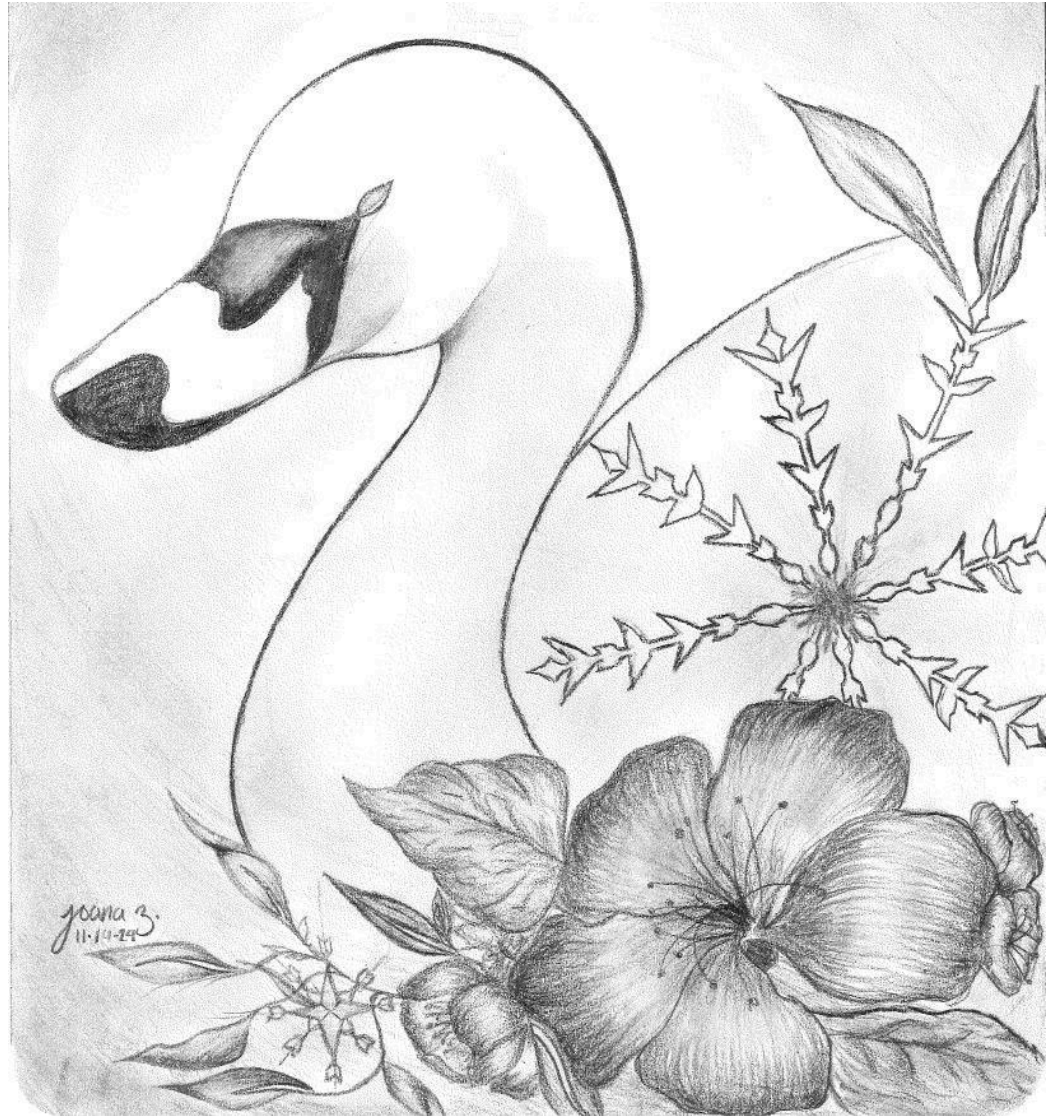
Even four years later
Dad's side of the family
smiles when they see me.

Seeing her through me.

They say to Dad:
Se parecen más a su
Grandma Martha que a ti.

She looks more like her grandma
then she looks like you.

Seeing pictures of her
I'm looking



Artwork: Joana Zavaleta

in a mirror.

Skin like almonds
eyes like coffee,
freckles like cinnamon,
dimples like punch holes on paper,
hair like waves in the ocean.

I see her smiling at me,
knowing she is watching over
me.

*Que descanse en paz, Grandma Martha.
Te queiro mucho.*



Photo: Elijah Mancillas

Why Am I Like This?

Zariah Whitfield

I wish I had a better social life

I wish I were shorter

I wish I didn't talk so much

I wish I could have those perfect grades

I wish I weren't so weird

I wish I were that person you see in the hall and you stop to stare because they're so attractive

I wish to be wanted

I wish to be desired

I want to stop wanting and wishing

and start having and enjoying

"Why am I like this?" I ask myself day after day and night after night

As I look in the cracked mirror and feel the envy sink deeper and deeper into my already trembling bones

not sure of how to shake this deafening feeling

I remind myself not to compare, but alas, it's no use

I'm afraid of what my insecurities will do

But I'm the only Insecurity I ever seem to lose to

No matter how many times I am complimented

No matter what I wear

I can't seem to ever win in this competition of looks

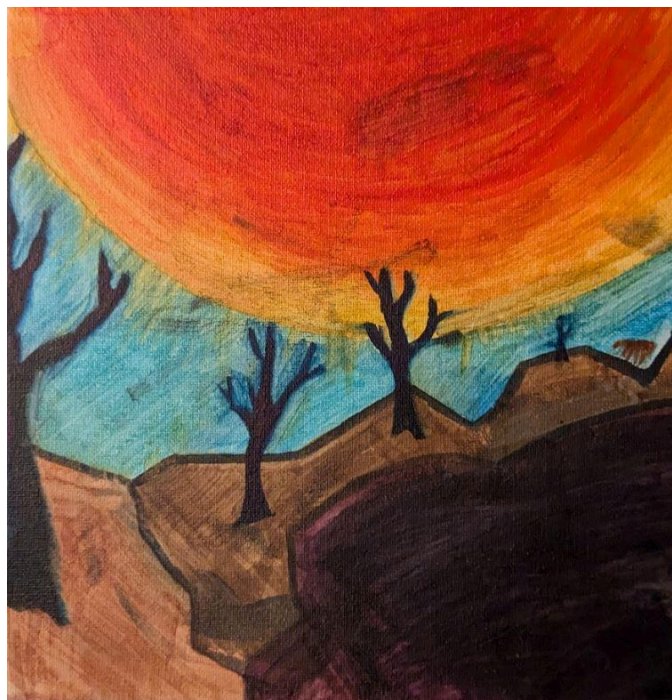
I complain of not being accepted by others because of my looks

But as I stare into the cracked mirror for the 100th time,

I have an epiphany: it's not them who don't accept me

it's me who doesn't accept me

I don't live up to my own beauty standards, not theirs



Artwork: Vincent McManus

Grief

Aylin Garcia-Corona

There is that tree sitting on that hill
Surrounded by tons of other tall thick trees,
Only difference with that tree is that tree was incomplete,
Chopped in half

No longer growing.
Stuck.
Stuck while every other tree around it
changed and grew.

All the other trees grew thanks to that
person watering them,
But what could the stuck tree do to
grow without its person?
The tree's person was missing
and not by choice

The tree stayed the same.
Every season all the other trees
changed,
Their leaves changed,
Some grew taller,
Some changed color,
Some even start tilting in such a silly
way

But that tree sits like a poison tree.
Angry at all the other trees
Angry that they can keep growing
Glad that it's person is in a better place
Yet so full of anger because it feels left behind.

And even though the tree knows it's person is still watching and helping it grow from a far place
It no longer wants to grow,
It wants to stay stuck until the impossible happens.
Until the person comes back.



Photo: JASH

Fall

Caroline Minjarez

Fall a time all mothers love,
Leaves falling from above, like a dove.
Orange, red, and yellow,
the colors you will see on the trees.

Fall has a warming feel just like a meal.
Makes me want to steal a banana to peel.
Wind blowing the leaves off their heels,
I don't want to be next so I squeal.

Pumpkins growing mangos going
Off to the corn maze I go,
Feeling pretty amazed.
Can;t waste the haste

All though we love the fall here comes the winter,
Now let me go get dinner!

A Mother's Love

Farrah Abeyta

When you are sick I care for you
If your heart is broken I fix it like a broken vase
If I am hurt I put you first
A mothers love

My love for you has no end
I've never loved anything as much as I've loved you
I will always be there when you need me the most
A mothers love

I will always protect you all your life
My love will stay for ever and ever
And it will never fade
And I know that promise will always stay
Because that's the promise to you that I've made

A mothers love.

Deep Love

Romeo Ochoa

In the soft glow of the evening light,
We share our secrets, hearts taking flight.
Through laughter and tears, we find our way, In
simple moments that fill the day.

Your smile warms me like the morning sun,
Together, we're stronger, two become one.
In the quiet stillness, our worries fade,
In your embrace, I feel unafraid.

Time drifts by, but we hold it tight,
In your eyes, everything feels right.
With each heartbeat, our story grows,
A love that's real, everyone knows.

Hand in hand, we'll face the unknown,
In this deep love, we've truly grown.
Every shared glance, a promise made, A journey of
hearts that will never fade.

I Believe

Enrique Leal Zubia

I wake up and I pray to God,
I tell him what I need,
I don't mean to ask for a lot,
But all I ask is please, listen to me

I believe in you,
I believe in others,
I believe in me,
But most important, I believe in God

His love is like the light to a moth,
Guiding me into his holiness,
God's love is like counting and not stopping,
His love is endless

I have trust and I believe in you,
I have faith and will let you guide me
You are a strong force
And I will let that force lead me

Little Sister

Natalia Moreno

My dear little sister,
I can only hear your faint whisper
I dream of the day I can finally see your pretty face,
Staring back at me with such beauty and grace
You are still a teeny tiny ladybug, but I still see you as my little sister

With the clouds above, I see your reflection in the glistening sky
I wait with eager joy to finally meet you, I even feel the need to cry,
Not because of sadness, no, but the feeling of swimming in a clear sea
The sense of noticing all the remarkable things that make you free
Once we finally meet, we will together, my little sister, fly high

Looking at all my old clothes, it brings you to my old memories
Knowing that one day, you'll flourish in my past accessories
My tiny green dress, with the enchanting baby pink bows,
Will make you look like a thornless rose
Already half-way through, I can finally meet the sweetest melodies

One day, you won't be so little
One day, you will grow up and live your life
One day, the things I do will make you giggle
One day, you won't need me to always be right by your side
But no matter what, you'll always be, the sister of my dreams

Dreams to Goals

Sofia Ceballos Jimenez

Hold on to your dreams
Even if your dreams are to be in deems
It does not matter what people think of you
It matters what you think of you

Hold on to your dreams
If you don't your dreams will soon leave
like airstreams
Your dream is a part of your imagination
That wants to become your version/vision

Chasing your dream
Isn't as easy as you deem
It will be challenging
You will need to be scavenging

You don't complete a mission
empty-handed
Heavy things will be added
You will be tired
But you will inspire

Two Stinkies

Anonymous

Your fluffy
Almost like a cloud on earth.
The fluffy dances around ever since your birth!
So long as it could strangle someone

They're two of you
One nice as a flower.
The other is mean as you devour.
But both, are equally as cute

Both were named after dinosaurs
One blue
One Delta
Like that weird Air Lines

But some things are always true.
I love you both
Forever
But also you two stink.

A Proud Woman

Perla Velazquez Miranda

In the loudness, she find her way,
A light that brightens up the day
With her every step, she takes
She lightens up everyone

Like gentle she is, is like the waves
She rises up and everyone rises up,
Her laughter rings, a joyful sound,
In her own power, she is found.

With open heart she loves everyone,
Through storms and struggles, she remains,
Each challenge met with independent,
A warrior in her own embrace.

In womanhood, they stand proud
Together shining like the sun,
With voices loud, they make a stand,
They are beautiful woman.

Untitled

Martin Morris

Have you realized how fast everything is going,
How quickly we're growing?
It's scary, but you must come to the fact
That we are our own impact.
Try everything out—
Sports, clubs, anything—
For it is not a scary thing,
But a way for you to find your own route.
So go get burnt like toast in Egypt,
Or learn that language you've always wanted to learn.
Remember, your life doesn't have to be perfect, but at least decent,
Because at the end of the day, life is a privilege that we must enjoy.
Don't forget, though, that there are people who can't have the life you can have,
So help them experience joy, even if it is just a toy or a piece of candy; they'll cherish it forever.
Sadly, life isn't forever, and it will end, and surely there will be many errors,
But if you die having found your happiness, you will not regret anything whatsoever.



Photo: Mr. Micich

Shadow

Jesus Manuel Carvajal

All hail the Queen of the night!
Whose beauty is such a sight.
Long live! Long live! Long live!
To the one whose paws give,
For her mercy reigns.

Her black fur glimmers in the light
Her jade eyes sparkle like stars
Her gaze so farsighted
Her walk gentle like her paws
With her bell on golden chains

Long live! Long live! Long live,
To the one whose paws gives!
For her mercy endures forever.
And all her enemies will surrender.
With her tears like a summer rain.

All hail the Queen of the night!

Summer Afternoon

Jurguen Martinez

Great, glorious, golden sun,
Shine down on me today.
You are the life of all this earth,
You and your magic ray.
You are the life of a bird and plant,
All must depend on you.
Shine down, great sun, the whole day long!
Shine from the heaven's blue.
And I will welcome your golden rays,
for you mean life to me,
And you mean happiness and health,
Strength and energy.
Shine down, great sun, on flowers and fields,
And never say goodbye.
Forever and ever give us your light
From out the side, the blue sky.

Birds

Gema Hernandez

Three lovebirds, birds of a feather,
Blue, white, and yellow they dance together
Pajaritos, bright and true
Whispers of joy in every hue

Birds birds birds
Cantos de amor, sweetly heard
A symphony of colors takes flight in sunlit skies

Birds birds birds
In harmony a bond unbroken
A tapestry of life full of color
Love so true in every flutter
Warmth within every song

Birds birds birds
Blue white and yellow

Reflecting

Anonymous

All because of a simple beginning
We have gotten to this evening
I don't recall hallucinating
I just keep rising

Wins and losses I keep going
I don't give up even if I am losing
I jump back into the ring
I just keep pushing and fighting

All will come in its timing
All thanks to a blessing
I feel like a king
I am ready for what's coming

On this, I am reflecting
To keep improving
After all, we're all aging
I'll keep going until the ending

Autumn

Jonathan Rodriguez

The worst part of October
Is to rake, rake, rake.
The leaves look pretty
But it takes, takes, takes
An awful lot of effort
Till you done, done, done.
But when the leaves are piled up
You have fun, fun, fun.
You get a running start
and then you leap, leap, leap
Into the autumn leaves
All piled so deep, deep, deep.
Moms depressed -
Where did the summer go, go, go?
But I said
I'm looking forward to
the snow, snow, snow

Clarity

Jael Rodriguez

When the day has come to an end
When the sun starts to set
You go home from school
Into your safe den.

Walk into your house
The comfort vibe greets you
Walk into the kitchen
Your comfort food seeks you

Go upstairs into your room
The stillness greets you
You shut the door
The feeling of peace seeks you

When you lay on your bed
The sound of clarity greets you.

Nature

Alexen Lopez

In a forest so lush and green,
Lived a fox who was rarely seen,
He'd roam through the night,
With eyes shining bright,
In a world that was serene,

Mountains through the sky,
River carve their winding path,
Nature's grand design,

Blossoms in the spring,
colors burst in vibrant hues,
Life renews again,

Seasons of Our Love

Eli Montoya-Olivas

In the Garden where roses bloom bright,
We danced through the day and night.
With petals so fair,
And love in the air,
Our Hearts intertwined in delight.

But seasons did change,
Our love rearranged,
Now shadows replace the sunlight.

Autumn leaves descend,
Echoes of our shared laughter,
Silent in the wind.

Winter's chill arrives,
Frost upon our memories,
Frozen in past.

While Reading My Book

Selene Montes

While reading my book I remembered a time,
A time in my life when you were mine
Nothing could make me leave you behind
But in the end, I could only remind
I tend to remind myself of all the things we had back when you were mine

While reading my book I was taken back
Now I realize all the things that I lack
My book made me feel jealous and sad
When in reality I should be glad
Glad that we had a chance to do what we did but at times it all fades to black

I was reading my book but this time it was different
I didn't miss the way you were ignorant
I didn't even care that you moved on
Now I think I'm glad that you're gone
But even if it is good for me you left me with discontentment

I was reading my book and it took me back, back to a time when you were mine



Photo: Mr. Micich



Photo: Yamilette Renteria Rivas

Ode to a Krabby Patty

Evelyn Pedroza

In the Pacific Ocean,
Deep
Deep, down
A small town-
The bikini bottom.

There lies a burger-
A Krabby Patty
Shining as a star, in the sea
So pleasant to see

Buns so soft, softer than feathers
Patty full of flavor,
Green lettuce, bright pickles
Milty cheese, full of flavor,
Oh, how true joy is found with each bite,

Secret sauce, hidden by the boss
The ultimate culinary dish,
Someone can wish
Oh, dear Krabby Patty
How delicious you are,
From the first bite to each crunch
The yellow sponge
Would agree,
A Krabby patty has-
Perfect flavors in perfect harmony



Photo: Ms. Shumway

Huesos

LR

Con la pandemia la sobrepoblación en el panteón municipal fue creciendo, lo que hizo que se habilitara la parte antigua de este...

El calor era insoportable, como el dolor que cargaba dentro de mí pues hacia solo unas horas había perdido a mi madre, pero aun con ese dolor tenía que encargarme de aquellos trámites para poder darle el último adiós, con todo esto en mi cabeza me dirigí al panteón municipal de nuestra ciudad tenía que checar lo del lugar donde sería sepultada mi viejita, pronto me encontré con el encargado de aquel camposanto, aquel hombre me explicaba al por mayor como sería el trámite, pero mis oídos estaban concentrados en el sonido de las palas cavando aquel agujero, podía escuchar como sonaba el metal contra las piedras y aquello retumbaba en mi cabeza, pronto mi vista se fue a uno de los ayudantes de aquel hombre el cual estaba estático viendo como hacían aquel agujero más profundo, cuando aquel hombre comenzó a caminar hacia el montículo de tierra que habían sacado, una voz me saco de aquel trance, aquel hombre al que poco escuche me estaba pidiendo que firmara una de las hojas que lleno, me entrego otra y se marchó a seguir con sus actividades. El sol me pegaba directo en los ojos y con ellos entrecerrados comencé a caminar, de pronto me frené pues casi topaba con el hombre que antes había llamado mi atención,

“Ellos nos observan” dijo sin más, yo no sabía cómo responder aquello, pues nunca lo había visto, “¿Quiénes?” pregunte extrañada, “Los dueños de los huesos, siempre están aquí viendo lo que hacemos” dijo mientras me veía a los ojos, aquello era como estar en un trance “Arturo” grito otro de los trabajadores, aquel grito me despertó “Discúlpelo, no a estado bien de salud últimamente” dijo mientras se acercaba el joven que había gritado antes “No los toques o se quedaran contigo, se pegan a ti”, dijo mientras era llevado de nuevo a donde estaban trabajando, me subí a mi auto y me fui, los días pasaron, sepultamos a mi madre y después de eso no regrese, hasta hoy, mi abuelo y yo fuimos a limpiar aquel lugar en el que descansaba mi abuela, después de limpiar tome la cubeta “Voy por agua, ya regreso” le dije a mi abuelo y comencé a caminar entre las tumbas, las gotas de sudor caían por mi frente, de pronto caminaba al lado de unos enormes montículos de tierra. Y ahí los vi... aquellos huesos regados por todas partes como si no importaran, como si aquella persona no hubiese sido querida por alguien, como si no fuera nada. Y fue ahí cuando recordé las palabras de aquel hombre, con aquello en mi mente seguí mi camino pero cuando regresaba algo traía clavado en el teni, aquello parecía un pedazo de costilla trate de sacudirlo y no caía, mi corazón se acelero por el echo de pensar en que tendría que quitarlo, lo que implicaba quitarlo con mis manos, y no me mal entiendan pero solo tenía en mi cabeza “No los toques” de aquel hombre, tome valor y jale aquel hueso, cuando salió rápido lo solté en aquel montículo de tierra, me alegre de que no pasara nada más y seguí mi camino, terminamos de regar, me di vuelta antes de salir, mire aquel panteón y no vi nada extraño solo tumbas por todos lados, tal vez aquel hombre solo quiso asustarme pensé, pero cuando estaba por salir los escuche, no entendían lo que pasaba, todos hablan al mismo tiempo, mi cabeza se lleno de ruido, solo quería salir de ahí, cuando Sali de aquel lugar y como si se tratara de un interruptor aquellas voces se apagaron, me subí al auto y conduje sin saber que había pasado ahí.

Pero ahora me gusta ir de visita, me gusta escucharlos, me gustan sus historias y al parecer a ustedes también.

Shadows

Luz Torres

In the glow of your brilliance, I stand in the shade,
A shadow, where dreams often fade.
Like a leaf in your autumn, I tremble and stray,
While you dance in the sunlight, I quietly stay.

Your laughter, fills up the whole room,
I often linger in corners, lost in the gloom.
You're the star in the sky, so bright and so bold,
And I'm just a whisper of a story untold.

You who conquers, each challenge you face,
While I'm left in the silence, searching for space.
Like a bird with no wings, I yearn to take flight,
But your shadow's a blanket that dims all the light.

Here in your shadow, I learn to be strong,
Crafting my voice, a new kind of song.
While I may follow your lead, I'll go at my own pace,
For one day I will find my own grace.

One day, I'll no longer be confined,
Emerging from your shadows, I'll make my light
defined.
And though I've been awaiting your wake, I'll still
rise,
With the strength from my journey, I'll reach for the
skies.

little joys

Edith Lomeli De Luna

Like a bird finding crumbs
Filled with excitement
Instead of longing for a slice of bread
Find the little joys

Like finding a whole Oreo
In a tub of cookies and cream ice cream
Filled with child-like awe
Instead of worrying endlessly about life,
Find the little joys

Like seeing a sunset
Rays of colors shine through
Filled with tranquility
Instead of worrying about time passing
Find the little joys

Feel the happiness
From the small things
Little joys add up
Into big joys



Photo: Yamilette Renteria Rivas

American.

Brandon Grijalva

If you are born in America,
You are American.
If you can speak American,
Then you are American.

If you are living in America,
You are American.
If you eat American food,
You are American.

If you wear American clothes,
You are American.
If you come to America,
You are American.

If you look or
don't look American,
It doesn't matter,
You are American

Untitled

Aurelia Swanson

You told me I was yours
But was I really
I heard the words
But didn't see the action
I felt the touch
But didn't feel the connection,
You told me this but never showed it
I believed you when you said I was
yours

But did you mean it
You told me to be loyal
But were you
All this for what
I believed you when you said
I was yours

A perfect place

Yuriel Olivas

In the meadow where the flowers
bloom,
The air is filled with sweet perfume,
Birds fly high, like kites in the sky,
Nature's beauty catches my eye.

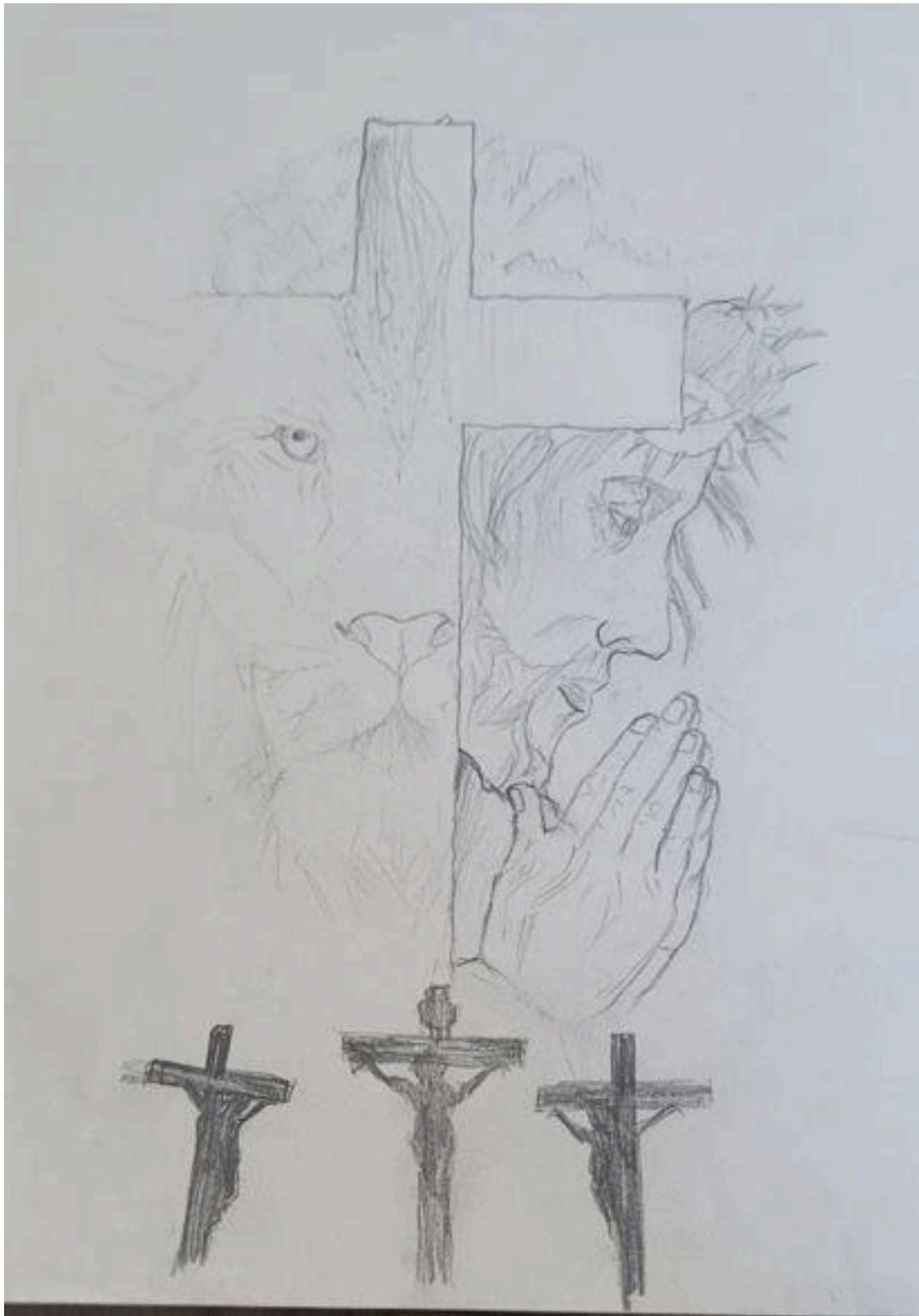
The river flows, clear and bright,
Like a ribbon of silver in the light,
Trees sway gently in the breeze,
Their leaves rustled with such
ease.

The sunsets, painting the sky,
With hues of pink and orange, oh
my,
Stars appear, like glittering gems,
Nature's wonders, nature's gems.

In the quiet of the night,
The world feels just right,
Nature's peace, calm and true,
A perfect place.



Photo: JASH



Artwork: Pedro Chavira

Untitled

Adilene Arroyo Rios

If you live with fear
Then that's not living
Life is a time to cheer
Not always winning

The time in life is fast
So make it a blast
Love isn't to be forced
But also not a course

Let God take you the right way
Bring yourself closer to prayer
Live to succeed not betray
Let yourself prepare

Be strong for others
Don't run away from things you love
Better to rethink actions than to discover
Some things you can't get rid of

Memories

Alexander Quinones

Two siblings enjoying life,
One grew up,
the other was stuck in the past,
Living without his other half.
Feeling lost,

Trying to gain his attention,
Like two birds,
Who once crossed,
Paths that won't ever,
Cross again,

Wondering if he will,
Ever be able to enjoy life,
With his other half,
Only memories to enjoy,

The day his other half went ahead,
Without looking back,
He felt like the sky had fallen apart,
Staring at Nothingness,
Wondering if he will,
Ever end up coming back.



Artwork: Rafael Fazykhanov

Dreamy Manga

Words and artwork by Rafael Fazykhanov

In worlds where colors dance and stay
With hero's shadows and heroes' power
A manga where dreams take flight,
Anime weaves with a magic wand
From Tokyo streets to dreamy land
To battles fierce in lands of fire
Each frame is a story, rich and deep,
Awakening wonders, stirring up the sleep

In worlds where colors dance and play,
With heroes bold and shadows gray,
A manga, where dreams take flight,
Anime weaves with its magic bright.
From the streets of Tokyo's glow
To battles fierce in lands of snow
Each frame is a story, rich and deep
Awakening wonders, stirring to the deep

With heroes and elves honoring their blades aside,
Maids with secrets in their eyes
The bond of friendship the pain of loss
With every happy moment and every cheer,
We find ourself fear we fight a fear,
Through laugh is shared and battles won,
In animes, we find the peace.
Though the fantasy realm takes a stand,
Anime and Manga whisper Come,
let us fly.



Give it a Chance

Dylan Santos Castaneda

Give it a Chance

I don't know how to dance,
Getting into a trance,
But I might just need a shot,
And give it a chance,

Too hard to learn,
All I know is my heart will burn,
In a fiery pit,
With endless fire,
That will continue to grow,

But there in my stance,
I hear what I cannot see,
The fire burning in my heart,
Will cease to be,

With the clouds from heaven,
Healing my wounds,
Maybe one chance,
And give it my all,

I don't know how to dance,
But there in a stance,
I still have a slot,
So I will give it a chance,

I feel my heart burning,
But not from hell,
But the one above all,
To not give up,

But to give it my all.

Blank

Troy Carreno De Leon

I love you, I hate you
Always feeling blue
Two bridges that never connect
Was never the type to be affectionate
Had to put my mind on queue

Controlling like a boss
Always at a loss
Feeling like a flipped turtle
Exposed in a strangle
My mind is at a loss

Drowning in thought
No use in swimming through
It is a battle to be fought
All soldiers gone except two
Looking for the cross
Still at a loss

A coal mine producing thoughts
No end in view
Have you seen the sun
It's a bunch of fun
Everything looks like a clue
I'm stuck in a cave full of bats

The sky shatters into a void
An abyss so full
Yet so blank

Life of a Poem

Angel Martinez Ibarra

This poem's due like, tomorrow, And my brain feels completely hollow.
Got to submit to Atticus, the pressure's unreal,
Gotta make my writing pop,
make it feel... Sixteen lines at least,
the rules are clear,
Structure and purpose, gotta make it fear.
Similes, metaphors, throw one in,
Make my words sparkle like Carol's eyes, make them spin.
Rhyme or repeat, gotta make it flow,
But not sound cheesy... Do you know?
Deep thoughts, hidden meanings,
gotta dig a hole deep, before I sleep.
pressing "submit," feeling kinda cold,
Hope Ms.Connelly thinks it's good, not old.
Maybe it'll fold, maybe it got sold,
Guess we'll see tomorrow, ima check my... phone

The Nights at Denver

Rodrigo Mendoza Arroyo

At dawn before it turns dark
People would be at the park
They would wait for the sun to go down
All to start the night in late 2019 in Denver Colorado

The nights at Denver were filled with thrill and excitement
Even though the cars of people would get messed up in some way
These nights were truly memorable to all who experienced them
Even if people from the apartments would call the three letters
People would continue doing what they wanted for the remainder of the night

All night long there would be engines roaring and people recording these nights
And the people in the pit would be gaining fame for their stunts during the night
However, all of it went away during 2020 and all we have of the nights are memories
Even though the nights of the past are over
I will forever cherish the memories of the nights at Denver

40,000

Pedro Chavira

Beyond the portal lies our duty, our death

WAR is here.

Our lives are chosen from birth

We have not found or experienced any taste of emotion other than the urge to destroy

Our duty is to the Emperor

We are made for only one purpose **WAR**

This World is nothing but a wasteland destroyed by the Gods

Humanity has done nothing but fight for centuries and we have not come close to even reaching the grasp of victory, nothing in the Universe lives a peaceful life for all of it is **WAR** and **WAR** is what we crave

We change our bodies for a **WAR** older than ourselves like cattle to slaughter there is no freedom.

Even our brothers were massacred, destroyed, extinguished, and gutted

Salamander

Once a child of the Emperor is left to the slaughter

I protect those who are innocent and kill those who are not

Like moths to a campfire, I take myself to battle without fear and always expect the outcome to be my death, and yet I still live

By the Gods, I will protect humanity and live out this **WAR** until I perish.

Choosing Better

Ruvi Padilla

Looking back only feeling bad

looking back only seeing what I had

vermillion desires to be better

hopeful of no overpressure

regretful

feeling the sense of the devil

filling a void of consequences

can't cut through fences

mercy on a heart so pure

wise yet challenged and insecure

It's until you find your place

your soul awakes

This point of view changing a character

what guides you shows you it gets better

The Royal Blue Butterfly

Anonymous

1. When a butterfly loses its partner,
it loses hope but continues
and finds someone new.
So what happens when a butterfly loses both its best friend and partner?
It loses hope to live.
2. But once in a while the butterfly finds someone that gives back some hope.
Mine happens to be Royal blue.
3. She's a beautiful shade of blue.
In my opinion, it's the best shade of blue.
But when I saw more deep into her wings,
They had holes.
Some were big,
Some were small.
Some you couldn't even tell.
4. Her holes are wounded very badly.
I had never seen anything like it.
But my wings have holes too,
so I did not judge.
5. Even with holes in her wings,
she still managed to fly.
Higher than any other butterfly I have ever met.
6. Her royal blue wings look beautiful flying through the baby blue skies.
The baby blue skies smiled upon the holes in her wings.
Her holes make her unique and beautiful.
Which is why I like her.
7. I do not like her for her royal blue wings,
But for her holes in her wings.
The holes in our wings make us beautiful.
Make us unique and stronger.
8. Her holes are beautiful.
The big ones,
and the small ones.
I wish she knew what I truly felt.
And the reasons why I love The Royal Blue Butterfly.

Untitled

Elisa Rodriguez

She was so ready for high school,
A fresh start at a new school,
A bigger environment compared to her middle school,
Somewhere, where everyone didn't know everyone.

The first half of freshman year was eye-opening.
She realized how much of a difference the size of a school could make,
How many more friends she could make,
Somewhere, where everyone didn't know everyone.

In the last half of freshman year, she became more aware,
High school was not like the movies.
She missed the small environment of her middle school because high school was,
Somewhere, where everyone didn't know everyone.

She had spent most of her freshman year dwelling on the past,
Missing what she had,
But what she didn't realize was that she wasn't taking in what was right in front of her.
she was spending too much time focusing on the past that she would miss the present.

She was so ready for sophomore year,
In the first months of her sophomore year, she already had something in mind and it was clear,
She missed Freshman year,
She realized she spent too much time focusing on the past that she missed the present.
She missed the bond she and her friend group had,
Things were changing, suddenly she was feeling the same emotions as last year,
Only this year she had learned to let it happen because last year,
She realized she spent too much time focusing on the past that she missed the present.

Me

Anonymous

I know who I am,
Because I taught myself to know what I am.
I am eccentric, I am Quiet.
I am cautious, and I am me.

The me who I am,
Is not the who, who I was
I was told to fit in the style,
The way, and the length of my story.

Yes, I was unique,
But I was not the true me,
I lied and I laughed.
But the fun was hollow,
It was blank, it was shallow
It wasn't the me who I am.

They painted a picture,
And tried to set it in stone,
But it was rotten and dull
So easy to crumble, so easy to fall

And Yet I have grown,
Yet I got better, reformed, reshaped
The once such painting set in stone
Now clear and malleable.

My Future is uncertain,
With new people to find.
I am the me who I was
Although unclear, with more to fear
I know who I am
Because I am me.

The Puppet

Anonymous

They lost their hold,
They want to stay
To hold, to control,
To defuse, then to rave.

The Master is angry
He lost his puppet
he wants to control
The feeling overwhelming
He needs a reason
He has a want.

He lost his being
His feeling and reason
Unable to stand
Unable to move
A puppet will lay
paralyzed
incompatible with feeling

They lost their voice
They have no mouth
They need to speak
But they can not
The silent scream of anguish
Washes over the way
And revolves around the many

A puppet has its strings
You can cut them, or leave them
they're useless
With or without
No strings attached
No expectations held
Their wants are taken
Their needs have changed.
The puppet drops...
For they are lost.

The Lord's Poem

John Anthony Martinez

The Lord is my shepherd
He leads me closer to him
We are the sheep that he looks after
The Lord is my shepherd.

The Lord is my map
He leads me to the right path.
Without the Lord, I am lost.
The Lord is my map

The Lord is like an artist
He made beautiful creations
Like the stars or the good people in this world.
The Lord is an artist.

The Lord is like a lamp
The Lord brightens our lives
He is always there for us.
The Lord is like a lamp

The Lord is a doctor
He heals our deepest wounds
He takes care of us when nobody does
The Lord is a doctor

The Lord is mercy
The Lord forgives our deepest sins
If we are truly sorry
The Lord is mercy

The Lord is good
He is always good to us
He is our hero
The Lord is good

Pyrrhic Poem

John Martinez

The dust settles on the field of battle
The Greeks were almost too much to handle
But they were weak
So helpless and meek

The blood was so red
Many men were now dead
I wish I never left my bed
When good dreams were still filling my head

Back in my home surrounded by reeds
Drinking good mead
Instead I'm here covered in weeds
I wish I was back in Rome
Back in my home
Instead I only sit here and moan

I miss my old life
The days before I held a knife
Before my days were filled with strife

Untitled

Anonymous

The trees start growing taller and giant
Through the spring the aroma of rain.
Goes through and beyond the streets
Going down the drain and dirt
Trees Absorb the water to be hydrated
And thrive during the spring.

In the summer trees are happy like the sun
Leaves growing brighter every day
Green everywhere around the world
People swimming, grilling eating, and venturing
People are filled with joy while trees produce oxygen
For humans to breathe every day

During the fall trees start changing
The wind blows the beautiful red, orange-yellow trees
Leaves falling down the ground one by one
Kids going door to door taking them for money
Trees look sad sorrowful and sappy every day
People are sad and tired that it will start again

Winter trees look like death
Leaves nowhere to be seen just the trees with snowy branches
Snow all over the place streets, houses sidewalks
People are happy that, Christmas is gonna start again
Fake plastic trees covered in lights especially red and green
And when it's done the cycle repeats all over again.

