



Cy Kerchner '19

STUCK

I FEAR BEING TRAPPED

STUCK IS A BETTER TERM

NOT, PHYSICALLY, BUT ALL OTHER WAYS  
EMOTIONALLY, SOCIALLY, PSYCHOLOGY

STUCK

STUCK IN A SUIT

STUCK IN A CAR

STUCK IN AN OFFICE

STUCK IN A JOB

STUCK IN A CAREER

STUCK IN A HOUSE

STUCK IN A TOWN

STUCK IN A STATE

STUCK IN A COUNTRY

STUCK IN A MARRIAGE

STUCK IN A ROLE

STUCK IN AN IDENTITY

STUCK IN A LIFE

IT'S TOO BINDING

TOO RESTRICTIVE

THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH

IT'S TOO MUCH

I CAN'T DO IT

I WON'T DO IT

# ANXIETY: A PARTY OF ONE

She holds herself accountable

For the state that she is in.

It is no surprise, she has been here before.

She looks at the clock in earnest  
Worries her teeth against her lips.

She'll pull herself together in the short time she has.

She has no one else to blame

She feels the shame rise up her throat.

It tastes like bile and cigarette smoke and regret.

She holds herself accountable  
For the state that she is in.

She's been here before, but this time she will escape.





# Behind the Glass

Busy feet on a sidewalk  
Umbrellas of black and green and orange and purple  
Faces hidden under a veil of color and metal to defend from the storm.  
I've built more than walls.  
I can see the feet and the umbrellas from behind the glass, but the faces are a mystery  
The voices drowned in the rain  
The people looking on, not in.  
The world has not turned its back on me.  
I've turned my back on it.

Amanda Edelmayer '22

The void gets bigger. Its empty eyes consume me as it envelops victim after victim. Oh how it surrounds my heart and lungs. It's like a blanket a muffler. Where my heart makes a sound an emotion anything it squeezes real tight. Suffocates it until nothing comes out of my eyes my mouth my brain. The touch feeling less real as if this were made up. This life so empty and void as if it weren't for me. The words sink into my skin. The words woven together as more fabric is added to this blanket of mine. Loud booming voices in and out words more words sinking. Until nothing. Droopy eyes and droopy shoulders. "You look tired." "You look older." And then the grasp of asleep for eternity presses harder. Stepping on excitement, happiness, love. For an empty blanket of nothing. No more hurt, betrayal, cold shoulders, cold weather, droopy sleepiness, and misery. The dream girl's eyes close slowly as she can hear herself singing as the dream she thought of long before where wings exploded out from her back majestically as she flew away free. Alone still and always.

Anonymous

But free.

# *Merely a Moon*

*I am merely a moon  
A small celestial body  
Riddled with marinas and lakes  
A cratered creature who continuously  
And rigorously revolves around a planet  
So big, so beautiful, so bright  
Maybe a miniscule mirror of the suns light  
Is all I provide, and yet,  
An Echo to my Narcissus,  
I give all the light I am able to give.*

When u cant explain how ur feeling

It's just so painful

U feel like ur drowning

And ur constantly grasping for air

Feels like u got washed up from the sea

Barely breathing and all numb all over

Feels like ur invisible

So u try to scream for help

But it's like a dream where no one can hear u

And it's painful to do so

U want that attention

But then another wave comes and puts u back  
into the deep waters

But each time i get there the waves are tidal

They hit me hard in my back

Almost knocking me unconscious

And the cycle just keeps repeating

I either want to give up and drown

Or just keep fighting each day with these waves even though it  
hurts to do so

Anonymous

I try and try to fight these waves

Each time they get higher and deeper

They knock me down hard

But im willing fight it and get back up

But today that one wave made me feel numb

Like i wasnt here

Like no one could see me

Like no one could hear me

I was all alone

Trying to breathe

Trying to fight back to head towards the way of the  
shore

Some days are harder waves some are  
not

But like i said they're very defeating  
and hard to conquer over time.

It's like an open wound slowly healing  
but then you get it infected

And end up having to start the healing  
process all over again.

It hurts.

This slab of life  
This unsanded coffin  
I lean on it as I sip my  
brew  
I joust with living  
ghouls, men long ago gone  
Robust drivels comes from  
the back ground  
A billion-dollar game  
dissected  
I wonder why I venture to  
this conversation  
Why don't I just go home  
Or skip this place all  
together  
But I always come back  
Like clockwork  
Time to get happy



# THE ARSON

## TRANSGRESSOR'S PHILOSOPHIES.

Here I stand, on the great Mountain, facing down at the city.

The Burning city.

The city was my home, I grew up there. But ostracization and hatred soon took place,  
causing sins.

Sins where there was no forgiveness, and only pain.

Pain that would only build from the sins, apologies were pointless, they were never even  
be considered.

I had perceived that the victims would be filled with hatred for the actions.

Then I received the omni ocular, my eyes becoming all seeing. With these new eyes I  
saw that their perceived hatred.

Was actually fear.

And they warned others of my crimes, not out of hatred, but out of fear.

This created the turn from friends to foes, causing pain.

Too much pain, I didn't like it. I didn't want it.

This home of mine, was actually hell.

Even though the consequences already took place, the ominous feeling that the sins  
were not finished being paid for sat on my shoulder for what felt like an eternity.

An eternity until I set the city on fire, I flammables everywhere that I could in the dead  
of the night and traced it to a long line that ran all the way to the top of the mountain.

With a lighter, I ran the flame along the line and watched as a small blue flame ran  
through It like a little car on the road.

When it reached the city, it erupted to a surprisingly beautiful blue inferno.

The fire danced gracefully and with every long sway, I could feel my pain and suffering  
lift off of my chest.

I could finally breathe.

*See, there is no real heaven, there is only hell, but we do not go to hell when we die. The  
ones long before us made hell, and we were simply born into it. The tables will never be  
turned in our favor, and the tides will always be risen above our heads, drowning us.*

*The only thing we can do, is make the best out of our hell.*

# EYES OF HATRED

## TRANSGRESSOR'S PHILOSOPHIES

I am an older man, my hair in twisted locs and white hair dye, partly from the fact that the roots of my scalp have started to grey out. The scowl from my younger days has faded, and the wrinkles on the skin have started to appear.

Even though I am older, I have not retired. And with that I leave my office building into the night, a peculiar wind blows, coming from what would seem to be the ground itself and lifting up my trench coat. At least it isn't cold.

As I'm walking, I see in the distance a figure, from far away id guess that the figure was a girl, a very tall girl, almost as tall as me, but as the distance between us closes, I can see that the figure is actually a young man, with locs that go down to right after his face, he had parted his hair in a way that the back facing half was brought into a loose ponytail, while the front facing half was parted down the middle, and the hair went out to the side, in front of the boys ears, kind of like an Uchiha type style. I had a similar style when I was his age.

What caught me the most about this boy, was his fiery eyed scowl.

"Boy, what do you have that face for?"

"Why do you care, its none of your business."

"I see the hatred in your eyes, what troubles you?"

"Why do you care old man? You wouldn't understand anyway."

"Try me." I tell him "I've been on this world much longer than you have, I've seen things."

"You've never seen this before."

"Well let's see."

"Fine," the boy had finally given in. "It had all started when I was a little kid. I had made the wrong enemy."

"What's so important about that? We all make enemies."

"Not like this, this boy, shortly after him and I became enemies, the nightmare started. Hell on Earth had started. One by one, the people I would laugh and play with would turn on me, listening to His words. He convinced them that I should be alone. He convinced the whole school. It gave me pain. It gave me hatred, he had ripped out the joy within me and left me with no one to help me recover. Every year he bore into my chest deeper and every year I would gain more hatred. So much that the rest of my emotions were swallowed up by this hatred, the only thing being left in pain. I've felt pain and anger for ten years because of this boy. Even trying to find love was a difficulty. Have you ever tried to love someone with hatred in your soul old man? Have you?"

# EYES OF HATRED

## TRANSGRESSOR'S PHILOSOPHIES

"You'd be surprised by my answer."

"I doubt you've ever had to experience hell in your life old man."

"I could easily prove you wrong."

"No, you CAN'T prove me wrong, you've never had the impulse to kill, the burning greed for revenge. This night I am getting my revenge, I've finally discovered the boys house, I'm finally going to kill him!"

"BOY, what is wrong with you?"

"I could have been normal, but he turned me into this monster, the least I can do is get my revenge, it's all I ever wanted!"

"You Foolish boy, think, how will he feel pain and suffering if he is dead?"

The boy contemplated my statement, the release of tightness in his face tells me that he found his answer.

"Boy, if you truly want revenge, murder won't give it to you, you'll need to be smart about it and make him suffer while you work in the shadows."

"And how will I do that?"

"Be observant, you'll find everything you need."

"One more thing old man, why are you telling me this?"

"You see boy, Eyes of hatred can see other eyed of hatred. Even though its been over decades since I've had a scowl like yours, I am exactly like you, one would even say that I am you. I just simply gave you the way that I solved my same exact problem."

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