Olivia Staff

If I had A Daughter

If I had a daughter

I would tell her about my mom and how I am strong

Because I was raised by a woman

Saying “when life gives you lemons…

You still have to work hard”

I’d tell her to never apologize for being powerful

Never apologize for being colorful

Never apologize for saying no without an explanation

I’d tell my daughter to sing in the shower and dance in the rain

And scream lyrics out the window as she drives late at night

With the people who matter the most

People who respect her

Her “ride or dies”

Her until the ends

The ones who make her laugh until she cries

I’d hope her father would be better than mine

I’d hope...that in time..she would learn to guard her own heart

And I’d hope...more than anything that she wouldn’t spend her nights in a puddle of

 tears, climbing over her mountain of fears, or waiting for a Prince Charming who was

 really a dragon

I’d tell her to wake up early and stay up late but never lose sleep over a trivial

 heartbreak

That sometimes being alone is better than being unhappy

sometimes being sorry is better than being right
Sometimes being your best is better than being comfortable

I’d tell my daughter to remember
Every band aid, every bruise, every pair of her favorite shoes
Every moment, every memory, every first date
Every slamming screen door, every endless night and more
than ever I will always remember

That I was once a daughter.

**Where I’m From**
I am from the country of the maple leaf
Where winter lasts longer than spring
Where every sentence ends with “aye”
And every Christmas begins with snow

I am from the island
With the heartbeat of its waves
And its relentless heat
From memories that fade too quickly
And a summer that never ends

I am from the congregation,
A group of wandering souls
Searching for more than this world will give
With hands reaching to the heavens
To praise Him in wondrous song

I am made of everything that has ever touched me
Arianna johnson

Water
Water....... Is refreshing , but also mysterious, it flows charming you with every wonderful, beautiful , vigours wave and every magnificent, wonders whirlpool takes charge and never lets go. The deep feelings and emotions the water brings its rebirthing, it's invigorating. Very private only showing us parts of its beautiful glory. The life that water brings to our minds, and souls it’s breathtaking. But one wrong move will leave you drowning.

My name's not Johnson
It’s the crazy loving people that surround you, the family joining together, the mixes of spanish and black food being clawed at by wild animals. My name’s not johnson
It’s the cold sweat and the rapid heart beat you feel as your mother is yelling at you because she is tired and overwhelmed, the sound of spanish music playing as the smell of food fills the air. My name is’t johnson
It’s the hard working people for generations, it’s playing outside until the street lights cut on, it’s always behaving good because it’s what your mom and dad expect.
It’s the name that defines me.
It’s the name that you call me.
I am johnson.
It all starts with just a try
Then it’s the only thing on your mind
You forget everything that happened that last night
The feeling of relaxation or should i say high.
You say it numbs the pain, and so you hate it when the feeling goes away.
It’s the only way you know how to have fun because now in days how can you be sober and turnt up?

You’re not addicted but to stay calm you need to hit it.
A dose of medicine not used for its purpose but just to feel something different.
You don’t seem sick, what’s that you’re sippin? why you leanin?
You seem upset, take a chill pill, i mean i didn’t really mean it.

Everything is all fun and games, until it gets to something serious.
Teens overdosing, disabilities among them forming memories disappearing hallucinations and paranoia no wonder why it’s illegal.
Your problems are still there so why do you seek help to drugs they don’t even care.

Everything you see and feel is lies, so when you’re sober and your problems still there don’t ask why?

Open your eyes, yes we’re young and reckless but it’s time for you to realize these drugs aren’t helping nothing so leave it behind.
You need to think straight and consuming these drugs just makes it more complicated.
And while you on cloud 9 with no worries and struggles, deep inside your hurt and drugs can’t take that away it’s impossible.
So why don’t you try the sober life, instead of trying to hide your feelings just go ahead and cry.
Deal with the situation i bet you can, just be yourself and you’ll understand.

The ones that hand you drugs you call those your friends? they probably got serious issues and they want you to turn out just like them.
Show them something different, something that not even a drug could give you that feeling.

Because when you’re addicted it’s not you in control, it’s someone else taking over your world.

It might seem like you don’t need help, but you can’t do this by yourself, you’ll just start where you ended and keep on repeating the situation over and over again.
Just take into reconsideration, that’s it’s your body and your future and don’t make a decision that’ll have all that ruined.
Meaghan Lyons

The Poem Unwritten

I was going to read a different poem today
But the problem is
It never existed
I never wrote it
No one else ever wrote it
But the poem was real to me
It was just one line at first
Something that I never felt compelled to write down
Then it was a lightning flash of inspiration
One morning while I lay in bed awake,
The lines flooded my head and seemed to compose themselves in rhythm
Without a notebook to trap them in
It was like the spark on a trick birthday candle
Elusive, yet persistent
As soon as the spark hit me,
It was something that wouldn’t disappear
But for some reason I couldn’t write it
I couldn’t find anyone else who could either
The only person who could craft it was me
Everyone has unwritten poems
You may not realize it
But does a line ever latch onto your brain
Like a dandelion seed in the wind attaches to your clothes
It’s the poem unwritten
It longs to be given life
But it has to be brought out of hiding
Finding the poem unwritten when you want it is like looking for the moon in the middle of the day
There are very few times that you’ll find it then
Instead
You need to let the poem find you
You’ll only find the moon if you search the sky in the middle of the night
Maybe the poem unwritten will stay with me
Maybe I’ll find it again someday
But maybe not

Thanksgiving

The table overflows with
Roasted turkey
And towering golden rolls
Cracked open jars
Cranberry jelly with the ridges
Pitted black olives
Various family members scoot in
Their crowded seats
To places set with fancy folded napkins
And plates and knives and forks
A gravy boat sits wedged between
The mashed potatoes
And homemade stuffing
The pies sit in the oven
On the full warming rack
Bubbling warm blueberry and
Spiced pumpkin and apple
All made with love
But the guests seem uncomfortable,
Rubbing full bellies
In spite of the feast before them
They already filled up on the generous appetizers set out before the meal

Dear Mom,

Thank you for everything
For all the laughing and joking,
For both of us yelling til our heads are smoking,
For the long car rides,
And the love that warms up my insides,
For the encouragement and truth you give,
The words by which to live,
For all the traits you’ve given me,
And the girl you’ve helped me to be,
You have shaped me in every way,
I couldn’t live without you for even a day,
All the time I might not show it,
But I really hope you know it,
I appreciate everything you do
Love,
Your favorite daughter
Dear Grandma

by Lance Jackson

To this day I still Miss you
I cried when you passed away and i still cry today
Even though I loved you dearly
All the strength you given me, was all replaced by the pain
It was hard knowing your heart stopped beating
God stopped mine when he was telling me you was gone
Saying he was putting your hard working hands to rest
Now as I lay you to rest, I gotta be put to the test
You left a blessing and showed me a really good lesson
Now i gotta let go
And let heaven take the show
Grandma why did you have to go
I just wanna know
Please tell me so I can Know
Your death left a headache but you know
Until we meet again
I LOVE YOU AND WILL ALWAYS MEET YOU
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN
LOVE YOUR GRANDSON LANCE

I am from Salt Water Creeks,
Emerald Grass, Peaceful Fishing days, blue carbs and
Muddy creeks
I am from A family of two
I am From hard nose football on saturdays, rough
grass,Hard hitting, kids crying and coaches yelling
I am from my grandma cook who makes and let me cook
with her on special days
I am from my mom who makes tacos salads
I am from a lady who cares about her kids and doesn't
play with them at all
I am a Man who makes steaks and french fries on father
and son days
I am from late night fishing
I am from midnight practice
I am from hard work
I am from growing up crying for everything
Where am i from
I AM FROM HILTON HEAD ISLAND
THIS IS WHERE LANCE IS FROM
She was like water
Charming, sensitive and permanently emotional
Mysterious like a river’s flow
Charming like the sound of the waves crashing along the shore
Refreshing the minds of others
Leaving them at peace
She was a nurturer
Caring for everything she met in her path
Droplets of water racing to the floor
Like her tears, both happy and sad ones
Angelic in the way that she brings light into any room she steps foot into to
Like the sunrise and sunset everyday
She was God’s beautiful work of art
She is me; I am her, and I am the element of

Water
Chance

**Element Poem**

Anatomically, water makes up seventy percent of our bodies

Geologically, it makes up seventy percent of our world

Additionally, it is the perfect metaphor for life

Our adolescence is a river

It flows smoothly and rushes by before we know it

There are rocks that stand in the way

But these trials and tribulations are minute

When compared with the ocean of adulthood

At times, the water is calm

It seems as though you have everything figured out

Until anxiety and self-doubt plunge into the water

And the waves become choppy

Occasionally, there is a storm

The rain pours and

The proceedings of your life crash before you like waves

It’s quite funny actually

How much a person’s life can relate to a drop of water

Small and insignificant

Yet wondrous and powerful
What does it take

Janice Barone

What does it take
What does it take for your car to break down
To realize that mistakes can be fixed too
What does it take for someone’s lips to turn blue
To realize that nothing should be taken for granted
What does it take for karma to tear you apart
To realize that this world needs to be kinder
What does it take for someone to bleed
To realize that everyone is human
What does it take for someone to get on their knees and beg for forgiveness
To realize that everyone deserves a chance to start again
What does it take for you to lose your close friends
To realize that no one is too busy to be there for anyone
What does it take for a loved one to ruin their life
To realize that no one should let anyone give up
What does it take for someone to be lonely
To realize that not everyone is a stranger
What does it take for you to realize that everyone deserves to be happy
What does it take for you to realize
What does it take
Flower
By Janice Barone

A flower you were
Catching my dark brown eyes
Glowing more beautifully than anything
I knew that I loved you
I took you into my loving arms
Avoided touching your precious petals with my greasy fingertips
Stayed by your side day in and day out
It was an endless dream
And then
gone, unannounced
You, ruined
Weeping and struggling
Breaking and falling apart
Until you died a sufferable death
The atmosphere a heavy blue
My eyes gray of what horridness lie before me
Knees trembling and tumbling down with a hard thud
I, distraught
Filled with hate
Regret and mistakes
Stayed with the remnants of what was
Holding the rotted petals to my chest
Refusing to leave a place so dear
I don’t deserve to be here
Yet I lifeless
Going nowhere but here
Not because I need to redeem myself
Or to show that I have good in me
But because I love you
Weak and given out my eyes fell in a deep slumber
When I awoke
You in all your glory were emerged a new
And into something even more beautiful
I reached for you
Rejected, unable to caress all that I longed for
Something so close yet so far
Something too good to be true
Yet still I stay
Here
Hoping for a chance to start again.
Rebuild; Pentimento

By Emily P. Wilbourne

I said, I want to be destroyed and rebuilt
like Frank Lloyd Wright, but without all the water
damage
Or painted over like a Monet, only less blurry,
Or melted down like crayon wax
With brighter colors and no clumps.

I think I am a silent movie actor on pause
Black and white and over-exaggerated
So the audience feeds into my fantasy
but doesn’t see me as human.

He says, “You’re something different.”
“Like what?”
“Something special.
Something better.”
And it makes my face burn with pride like an August
sunburn
And I swell with envy for the me he sees.
How I wish I could be her.

I contemplate the traversing rivlets
Of blue and red veins in medical textbooks
And am incredulous at how someone can write a
thousand pages
About my insides.

I want to see them that clearly!
But I’m sure if I tried to pull out my own strings
They’d come out like cooked noodles and tangled yarn
And I’d unravel.

So I’ll stay up later tonight
Turning through baby scrapbooks
Until the images move when I close my eyes,
And I can grasp the ghost of the feeling from when I
was so young and open
And I knew exactly who I was.
Red Day  
By Emily P. Wilbourne  

In so many ways,  
The day was against me:  
The hard-boiled sun on my raw shoulders,  
Streaking angry zebra stripes across the sky,  
My face, revealing my embarrassment in crimson splotches,  
Your mean hands, crumpling my heart in the homemade valentine,  
The crooked ground tripping me on my way home.  

Bloody-kneed and tear-stained I stumbled in my front door  
To my mothers arms,  
Sister's ears,  
My inviting pillow,  

Into which I cried  
Tsunamis of tears,  
Expulsions of heartache and rejection,  
My deepest secret, exposed and trodden.  

And in my little heart, I felt the stockpiled images of your face  
That I kept neatly organized in my mind  
Shred into scraps and bits  
Like my valentine  

As I drowned myself in the violent, shameful red of my first heartbreak.  

The Astronomers Want to Know  
By Emily P. Wilbourne  

Ah! What does the telescope see in it's discerning eye?  
How far?  
The stars, with their scattered broken shards are already dead.  
They died a million years ago and we are gazing at the burning shadow of their corpse.  
Can the telescope see the world beyond us, then?  
One where Death cradles our souls in it's overflowing arms,  
Spilling our dreams and tangling our hair?  
Can the telescope see the future?  
One where we fall deeply in love, eat exotic foods, embrace our child, and suffer  
star-shattering losses until the cold in our bones makes us too brittle to carry on?  
Fingers freeze to the barrel of the telescope,  
The eye sticks to the lens in desperation.  
What does the telescope see? How far?  
The astronomers want to know.
She’s a Minority

Brenda G Tinoco

She was born in a small town where empty cans were transformed to toy trucks
Where dirt filled the patio and the tears streamed down her mother's cheeks,
   Creating mud rings for her children to skate in bare feet
Her mother forever struggled
But not a day went by that her mouth was dry or her belly would cave.
   She’s a minority
She chose to slave over the stove instead of resting her feet every morning before school
And when all her peers asked why she didn't ride behind a steering wheel
All she could think about was concealing the pain that hid within the soles of her shoes,
But all she could say was that the day was so beautiful
It begged her to walk.
And she took the day by its hand and ran
Through the tangled trees that tripped over her untied laces
Because she knew that at the end
She would feast.
She's a minority
Seen as a colored filled flag
When she talks, it’s straight sass
Except that she’s not a straight path
She twists and she turns
And she’s also slightly curved
But there's nothing wrong with that.
She’s a minority
Moved to the land of the free
Except she’s not really free
Pay after pay
Day after day
And all her money seems to go away,
So yes, she is a minority.
Who wants to be a priority.
Gustavo Urbina

Chained Arms
The sun rises,
And brings smiles to people’s faces.
  But for some people, seeing the sun serves as a reminder of what life they live in,
  Chained souls can only dream of enjoying the sight of wonders.
Children run across patches of flowers, laughing and playing,
That’s how they should be.
  The hard workers,
  Are the ones who want to work, and those that are responsible.
  Wives aren’t maids,
  Love shouldn’t be forced.
Although in the United States slavery has been abolished,
People forget that this country is only one of about 195.
To this day, there are 15 countries where slavery is still legal.
India being the top country for having over 14 million slaves.
That amount accumulates to the 46 million people around the world
That are either forced into a relationship,
Forced to work for a due they can never payoff,
Forced to skip school and earn only a handful of Indian rupees,
Or forced to swing a pickaxe hourlessly.
  Like the eyeless cavefish,
  Some of these people spend their days without seeing sunlight.
  Their chains are hands pulling them down away from their freedom,
  How many times did they wish their lives weren’t sparred.
Slavery is an economic failure,
Since it costs so much to house and feed so many people,
You might as well pay them by the hour.
But frankly, some countries and their people don’t have the money to pay for workers.
In conclusion, slavery ruin lives and imprisons those who never had a choice,
It exists, even to this day.
The house on Birch tree road-
The house on Birch tree road
A saddened environment,
The brown of grass lasts year-round,
The streets empty,
The wood, is not birch,
Screeching hinges on wooden doors,
Wood planks molded and colored green,
A cemetery speaks with the sounds of the wind passing by,
The stench of uncooked meals in the dull kitchen,
The windows scorch the hands of those in the summer heat,
The slightest sound can break the silence into pieces,
Walls with repeated tiles,
Stone with antique design, blending with leaking cracks,
A second floor hides behind the cover of darkness,
Stairs so steep it’s considered a slide,
Bedrooms with eerie emotions, lock the door and it’s a prison cell,
Ragged and torn curtains are flags to their territory,
Bathrooms though silver a hospital feel is given off,
Over seeing nature outside, the balcony reminds me of how frightening being alone feels,
My new home stands before me.
Barbora Sutovska

I am from a small country of beautiful nature.
From fresh air, blue sky and mountains.
I am from old castles, caves and mines.
From brooks and lakes
From old cities, small towns, villages and farms.
From national parks, hot springs and spas.
From the smell of fresh bread, cheese and beer.
I am from potato dumplings with sheep cheese and bacon.
From trains, busses, trams and trolleys.
From old houses, churches and museums.
I am from crazy Easter traditions and folklore dances.
I am from freezing winter, snow and ice.
From colorful fall and warm summer.
I am from ice hockey.
I am from Piestany, small spa town,
where you see kayaks on the river every day,
where everybody knows each other.
I am from a heart of Europe
I am from Slovakia.
Laney Sewell

"Beauty"

+ "Alone"

Creative Writing 17
“Beauty”

“So what about her?”

What about her? She’s beautiful, but not to them.

Not to the ones every girl wants, the ones that make cheeks flush and broken hearts wallow even more.

What if I told you nobody tells her she’s beautiful?

What if I told you she doesn’t get tons of likes on her photos, or any heart eye emojis in the comment section of her recent Instagram photos?

Does that matter to you, at all?

Probably not, right?

So, as you listen to this poem you may shrug it off or decide that this doesn’t ‘concern you’?

Well who does it concern then?

Your girlfriend? Your sister? Your best friend?

What if she laid in bed at night questioning why guys don’t text her, or have a streak with her, or slide up on her stories?

How would you feel if you knew she was afraid to come to school without makeup?

The place we come to learn.

The place where how you look shouldn’t alter your intelligence in any way, so why should it alter your relationships?
Let’s take a minute and reflect.

Think of the last girl you called beautiful or the one you think of when you hear the word beautiful.

Now think about why she is so beautiful.

Do you see beauty in her smile or her body or her hair or her defined cheekbones, or do you see beauty behind all that?

If your image was irrelevant, if popularity didn’t matter, if you weren’t so caught up in being ‘the man’ maybe you’d know.

You’d know that her heart is pure gold, the rawest and arguably most beloved mineral.

Her personality is like a sunset personified.

She is every ounce of a perfect being.

She is as strong and powerful as a hundred oceans, but as soft as the air on a summer afternoon.

You wouldn’t care that she isn’t on the homecoming court, you wouldn’t care that she isn’t wanted by every guy, you wouldn’t care that she doesn’t look camera ready at all times, and you certainly wouldn’t care about those little imperfections, because they’re so little right?

But here’s the secret.

The little things are what make people so beautiful.
The smiles they spread and the small acts of kindness they radiate.

The freckles across the bridge of their nose or the dimples in their cheeks.

It’s not the way people look that make them beautiful, it’s the way they intake life itself. The way they smile and see the world and the way they like their coffee and how they laugh at the simple things.

You too can find someone beautiful, if you look up.

Some see the beauty of being in candlelight due to the power going out, and some just become frustrated because their phones stop charging.

Look for the quiet ones, the ones with messy hair and contagious smiles.
Alone
For ten minutes I sat alone in this crowded room.
Yet all I could think about was you.
A sea of fluorescent lights and blank stares.
Hundreds of books, each with their spines tattered, where many have read and tarnished the wonderous stories inside.
I thought I could handle this, for years I’ve been okay with and been able to comprehend being alone.
Yet ten short minutes have completely changed the way I think about myself.
Am I who I truly want to be?
Who people want to be friends with?
Who I’d want to have in my life if I was someone else?
The answer is no.
All it takes to realize you need to change is ten minutes of solitude.
Maybe if everyone took ten minutes a day in a crowded room being completely silent.
Thinking of others and seeing their beauty and realizing their worth, then our world wouldn’t be such a terrible place.
Poverty

Poverty is a curse throughout society
Poverty is man made
Poverty is due to corruption
Poverty is due to illiteracy and lack of motivation

Poverty is not having shelter
Poverty is not having food
Poverty is not having water
Poverty is searching for warmth
On a cold winter night

Poverty means being crippled
Crippled with debt
Crippled with starvation
Crippled with depression
Crippled with anxiety

People who experience poverty
Believe the system is against them
The world is unfair
They look at the sky
And wonder why

Mass amounts of poverty
Can destroy whole societies
It must be pulled up from the roots
Only a relentless and fearless society
Can overcome poverty

As a society we need
To bring this topic to the main stage
Issues are best solved by group thinking
We can do this by sharing ideas and coming together as one
America is the greatest country on the planet
We need to wake up.
The Finale

By: Sally Poleski

In the beginning, you were my sky
and I, your sun.
I believed I could not exist
without you.
You acknowledged my thoughts and beliefs
but now, you aren't here to see me.

And nothing could have prepared me
for how sudden the impact would be
your words dripped from your lips,
and began covering everything I owned
in colorless splotches.
With every drop I felt a tinge of pain
in my chest and it made
me feel as if I was collapsing in on myself.

In an instant you had my heart rattling
against my ribs,
after you had cut my emotions wide open,
exposing what I truly felt.

And later that day, when all of my hard work was
sprawled out on my floor
along with love letters from you;
I'm ready to slip into sleep but
the distant sound of a piano echoed through my mind,
fingers crashing down onto the keys intricately,
with so much feeling hidden behind them;
it was overwhelming.

It was you.
The you I had imagined you would be.
The you who would've stayed with me.

The next morning;
You place your hands on my shoulders,
screaming at me, trying to inspire me but you
only caused me to tread further into myself.
I can't remember the last time that you didn't make me feel entirely too small.

Artistry

Master pieces are lined on the walls. Each display a different emotion, message, and each captivates in an embrace filled with something only you are familiar with.

You stumble upon a painting of blue and green hues, you close your eyes and you listen to the ocean.

Next is a portrait of a girl: with her eyes closed and her hair sprawled out behind her. You see transparent, nearly nonexistent, tears resting on her cheeks. If you could speak with her, you would ask what's making her so sad.

You give your attention to one of a mansion in a field, the house looks so uncomfortable and unreal in a place so filled with life. The sky is red and boisterous, screaming at you through it's acrylic hold. You imagine laying the front yard, listening to the wind kiss every blade of grass, spreading its love for miles.

You are alone in the gallery but you might as well be in the midst of a sea of people. You feel all of these things, things you only believed other people could make you feel. A sense of comfort and understanding overcomes you, and holds you close with arms like those of a lover.
Dear the one,

I haven't met you yet,

Or maybe I have?

I won't know until the day comes

The day when everything will be clear

Clear as fresh spring water

You and me were meant to be

You for me and me for you

What if the day never comes?

What if no one was made for me?

What if we never meet?

I'll never know and neither will you

Maybe you do or don't

If you're reading this, then I know who you are
You and me are meant to be
The one person specially designed for one another
You are the one, the one and only one
The day has finally come
Everything is clear, clear as fresh spring water.
Grounded at the roots
Yet blossoming like a daisy
Feeding off the sun
Using its energy to be adventurous
Gentle and fresh, clean and crisp
Flying free like a bird
The rock of all rocks
Never rushing, taking one step at a time
Dependable and loyal, reliable and practical
Trees constantly dancing with the wind
Ridgid like mountains or
Smooth like the oceans
Using mother nature as a nurturer
At peace with the world
Living in the here and now.
Dress Code

Dress code has been a problem my whole life.

Elementary school I was in military school we had a dress code and I hated it.
I never followed it and would get in trouble for not wearing what they wanted me to wear.
I was smart though good grades and never fought anyone.

Still not good enough.

When I was in 6th grade I had dress code, I was bullied, but not because of what I wore.
but because I was new and no one knew me for I moved four times in three years of middle school.

7th grade was the worst I did get in a lot of fights.

Not for what I wore.

For being different for being a big 7th grader for being the only 7th grader on middle school varsity because I was good at something I wasn't supposed to be good at?

Not for the clothes on my back that you couldn't find a designer name.

See when I was in 7th grade I didn't have dress code. As a matter of fact that was the only year I didn't have dress code.

It was the only year besides highschool where I didn't go to school on a military base.

And it was the worst year of my life.

I was different myself.
my person.
not for the clothing on my person.

In high school we have dress code.
Schools preach it breaks down gang affiliation.
Schools say it cracks down on bullying.
Teachers will say it makes us look more presentable.
You know what it really does?
Absolutely nothing.
I could argue that it restricts our creative expression.
People still bully.
people don't bully because of what you wear anymore that is an issue that died like the creativity of the adults that were born in the 60’s.
I would agree that maybe it helps with gang affiliation but let's look at our location.
People come here to go on vacation.
There is a way around dress code.
People wear what they want and hope teachers don't care or see.
But it's the fact of the matter.
I get that the school is trying to prepare you for work.
But what about in college where there is no code.
Why enforce a code when the school does not supply the clothes.
Freedom of expression is in our bill of rights cracking down of one more amendment.
That's the new America.
Erik

The Mind Dump

I truly wonder what everyone else writes about during a mind dump. Because I just narrate my thoughts onto paper. Like I am doing right now. It's kind of like a tape recorder just playing nonstop for the ten minutes of our warm up. I see everyone else intensely writing in the journals and im over here like, I really have to pee. Which I do, in case anyone wondered. It would honestly be really cool to do this every day and get a transcript of my thought process. It would be like a captain's log on stranded navy ship. “Day twelve. We are running dangerously low on food” except a hell of a lot less interesting. It will only be stuff like I’m tired or I have a headache. I can already see it in the best sellers. “Man complains for 200 pages” That would be my book.

OMG, I have a super intense headache. I’m dying, I guess I should accept my fate. I still like can't breathe or live. I do have a sweet----american flag hat on though. Unfortunately I will probably never use it again. I’ve literally only worn it four times. I used my cape more than i've used my hat and I mean it's cape. My skull like actually hurts. I’m so glad my last block is creative writing. It's so much cooler than all my other classes.

It's so weird with all of the lights on. This poem project literally has all the seniors sluggish. With a project as intense as this we should have been able to pick our partners. I'm like queasy but I’m also super hungry. I truly wonder what other people write about during mind dumps.

Whose seal holds fortunes untold. Filled with golden glory and saucy splendor. The cheese thickens upon standing from stillness to bring anew. The white powder of unknown use.
220 calories of pure joy based on a 2000 calorie diet. Whose silver sauce packet glistens in the
glow of yellow wonder.

So we can remember all our _____. (edited out by the teacher) We think about a lot of
stuff and it is hard to remember. At first it was so we could remember stuff but then the first guy
to write fiction was probably like “bro come read what I just wrote” And the other guys was like
“What the ____ (edited out again by the teacher) is this? None of this has happened yet” And the
first guy was like “I know”

Mind dump again. I love macaroni. It’s so _____ (edited) good, like yum. I can see it
right now. The hum of the subatomic particles colliding with my mass produced yummy ness.
Only 57 seconds left.

I feel like super tired all the (bad word) time but also I feel like I have no worries. Yet I
am also like low key stressing. Why is life always so confusing like this. I should listen to
Michael Buble more often. Yet I’ve really got life down but also no.

Boy another mind dump. We've been doing this all week.

That looks so much weirder on the computer.
Today I am unassertive

Sky passive against the flowing clouds

Yellow dandelions pushed by orange monarchs

I float like the empty paper bag

The crow’s egging and chants fail to make me move

Opal is a beautiful and bland today

I am fragile most days

Sky split gray and blue like my feelings of pointlessness

Dead trees rot to the core like the tar ridden lungs of mine

My glass heart will shatter at your breath like a popping bubble

I am graphite, watch me crumble
No title

Julia Clark

She never knew
How to tell what she was feeling
She either sunk to the ground
Or rose to the ceiling
Feeling misunderstood
Tends to creep up fast
She could never shove the bad memories into the past
She was strong, but afraid
Powerful, but weak.
She was extremely loud but,
Could never speak.
She wanted to understand
Why is she here?
What is her plan?
She wants a meaning
She wants a purpose
She wants to change other people's lives to make hers worth it.
Your plan may be a mystery
Your life a mess
But you’ll find your way there
If you chose not to follow the rest.
Dream
By Julia Clark

We as humans love to dream.
We have ideas as big as skyscrapers
And yet we package them up and hide them away.
We as humans have a lot to say,
So many words flooding through our brains
And yet we chose to stay silent.
What if we lived in a world of peace
Where we shared ideas and all felt free
Where we didn't fight over who was right and wrong
We all just accepted each other
We all got along.
There's so much we would change
So much we could create
If we just worked together
Nothing would be too far away
We as humans love to dream.
Let's dream together
Let's create something.
“Recipe for Coxing a Boat”

Kelsey Wallace

Gather eight might rowers, and toss them in a boat.
Mix in eight shining oars, and add a booming cox box.
Make sure to turn your volume up,
And set your timer on.
Bring your rowers to a boil,
And make sure to let them simmer.
Occasionally give them false hope,
always tell them they are cooking well.
Scatter in words of encouragement to keep them going,
Add lots of “You got this”’s, and “Give me more”’s.
Always keep the temperature high, a stroke rate of 32 or greater.
You must show excellent confidence in what you’re doing,
Saving no room for doubts or miscalculations.
Watch as the oars dive into the water,
Stirring up the rocking sea.
Make sure to know differences between starboard and port,
Like the tongue knows salt and pepper.
When you see your bow cross the finish line,
Make sure you stop your timer.
Allow for ample time for the rowers to cool off,
Then dock and come bring in your boat.
Finally, enjoy the sweetness of a medal,
Repeat again and again, every race you face.
Dear Sweet Tea,

I really hope you exist in heaven,
Your sweetness overflows in my heart.
I cherish our daily meetings,
Our never failing friendship,
And your welcoming charm.
Your sugar fills my soul with joy,
As your ice cubes dance through my heated head.

What makes you so addicting?
I feel the urge to order you at every restaurant I attend,
As I watch my server run to fill the ever draining cup.
You remind me of my home,
My upbringing,
And the endearing south.

Even though you bring me great delight,
I wonder why you I can’t find you in the north,
For I can’t find any reason to dislike your goodness.
I wonder if you’re an enemy of unsweet tea,
Or if you’re two peas in a pod?

Thank you sweet tea,
You never fail to refresh me,
And when life hands me lemons,
I don’t make lemonade,
I put them in my sweet tea,
The only drink for me.

Love,
Kelsey.
Ode to Dreams
Esperanza Hernandez Lopez

Your feet are dangling over the shore into the diamond-clear river that you had been visiting for the longest time since you can remember. Each leg goes back and forth and back and forth, alternating sides. Your eyes follow the school of fish in front of you, and you are temporarily blinded by the sun’s reflection off of each fish’s wondrous blue-green-purple kaleidoscope of scales.

Suddenly, a shuffling sound emanates from the foliage behind you. You pick yourself up and and you hesitate, but driven by curiosity, you make your way to the tall bushes and enter to investigate. To your surprise, there is a set path that appears to have been made there intentionally, but you could have sworn it wasn’t there a couple seconds ago. You follow it.

After what seems like a couple of minutes, you see a clearing at the end of the path, shining with ethereal white light, and you find yourself walking towards it step by step as if you can’t help it. A surplus of excitement propels you to the end, and you gasp. The sight could make you cry; you are so full of hope and optimism. You take a step forward toward the scene but the elated feeling is soon taken over by wonder when a butterfly flies right in front of your face.

You are in a trance as your eyes follow the singular butterfly which flies further and further away every second you stare at it. The iridescent rainbow on its more-than-majestic wings is the only reason you need to follow it. The beauty traps you and you walk and walk and then sprint and then you find yourself running as fast as possible not even thinking about why the butterfly was suddenly flying so fast or why you weren’t getting closer to it.

Before you can pull yourself out of the hypnotic state that kidnapped you, you fall. You don’t scream or blink. The only sound you hear is the rushing wind that flies past you as you are falling, the same wind that is ripping your face off. You fall and fall and fall and fall… and you begin to understand the concept of forever, because that’s all your life entails being consumed by the hope and curiosity that inevitably ruined you. Life figured, if you were going to live in your thoughts, then that is all you were ever going to need. All you could do as you were falling as think and think and think. But you couldn’t because your mind was erased. So you just fall and not think. Forever.

And then you wake up. The sun greets you and the welcoming light washes the remnants of last night’s dream. Your phone dings, signaling a text has arrived. You go to grab it when out of your peripheral vision, you catch a glimpse of every color imaginable. You look and outside of your window, there is a butterfly, adorned with the oh-so-familiar wings you once saw… so you follow it.
Maria Jose Medina
The Land Far Away

I am from the land from away, from the crooked smiles and the darker skins. I am from the place where the mountains and the oceans kiss as if they were long lost lovers, I am from the delicate purple orchid and the hopeful white dove.

I am from where coffee is strong and the hills are always green. I am from december parties and drunk family friends, I am from a place where women are compared to flowers and music can be found in every corner of every street.

I am from a place with blood tainted history and a 50 year long war. I am from the image of jesus christ and a mother’s blessing, where food means family and family means celebration. I am from strange desserts and colorful fruits. I am from a torn society where economic classes clash like waves on a cliff and privilege is given by family name.

I am from hardworking fathers and committed mothers. I am from a place where contrast in normal and dancing is the drug that washes bad memories away.

I am from a place where mothers cry and children play and even though not everything seems okay the future shines bright as day.
Born green we both were,  
The people stopped to wait,  
I feel obligated in this moment to remind you,  
I had no cause to be awake.

Can our dreams ever blur the intransigent lines which draw the shape that shuts us in?  
I had no time to hate you,  
Because the grave would hinder one of us,  
And life was not so ample I could finish enmity.  
But now, all ignorant of the length of time’s uncertain wing, it goads me, like the goblin bee that will not state its sting.  
I could not die with you, for one one must wait to shut the other’s gaze down - and you could not.  
So we must keep apart,  
You there, I here.

Pain has an element of blank,  
It cannot recollet when it began or if there was a day when it was not,  
Remorse is cureless, - the disease not even God can heal; for this is his institution, the complement of hell.

I many times thought peace had come, when peace was far away;  
I wished the grass would hurry,  
So that it was time to see,  
That you’d grow too tall, the tallest one,  
could stretch to look back at me.  
For each beloved hour,  
Sharp pittance of years,  
Bitter contested farthings,  
And coffers heaped with tears

The privilege of one another’s eyes was all I ever lived for,  
Your presence was enchanting,  
You begged me not to go;  
Old volumes shake their vellum heads and tantalize, just so.
If you were still here...
I would tell you how the sun rose,
A ribbon at a time,
The steeples swan in amethyst, the news like squirrels ran.
The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A traveling flake of snow.

I would tell you all of this but -- you’re no longer so.
for a shady friend for torrid days is easier to find
Than one of higher temperature for frigid hour of mind.
Ethan Arsenault

senioritis

Please ask me again what it feels like as if I was able. If I could write a symphony to describe how it felt I would drop notes to a page in a near instant. So simple in nature yet so bafflingly unexplainable. Apathy creeps in and grabs a hold before you even realize it; Then it’s too late, it has its hold on your motivation. Passion snapping, and crashing. It all comes to an end at some point but this seems too fast approaching. Something I’ve always been grabbing for, always out of reach, now that it’s upon me I’m hesitant. What lies ahead is best left unknown but some sort of comfort would be welcome. The fear of failure is so immense it is crushing. Not the fear of failing being successful. It’s the fear of failing to be happy. Such an easy thing to fail at I fear I might lose sight of what true happiness is. Happiness is not stability, happiness is ever temporary and ephemeral. Fleeting from our grasp, without sadness happiness would be meaningless. This year’s almost come to a close and boy does it feel meaningless, it’s been a fast year and a lot has changed but one thing remains, the lack of passion to do anything. I’m not sure if this is even an apathetic mask I’m wearing anymore because I’m not sure I could care any less than I do right this moment.
Ethan Arsenault

**senioritis (continued)**

Although we are not alone. We often forget that we are together in this existence and without each other to rely on we fall away. Rocking, shifting. No matter the magnitude of the waves, no matter the tide, we can’t let water get in this boat. Sticking together without a captain of the crew, we are an anarchy striving for unity. A colony without a queen. Without a purpose in life besides ones we choose, we have to stick together. Family and friends and those close, are what matters most; but that is the beauty in this mystery. You’re what keeps me going, the idea, the very thought of you are also running through my head at night. Like a wildflower, passion held in your eyes, your future burns bright, your spirit burns brighter yet you decide to hide under this apathetic guise. Pale glowing eyes, today I notice you, for you are mine.