




A Collection of Creativity

2016-2017

Literary Magazine
Arrowhead High school



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Literary Magazine

- A Collection of Creativity -

2016-2017

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Award Winners

Literary Magazine Cover

First Place: Saige Steiner
Second Place: Robbie Hinrichs
Third Place: Sophie Tiahnybik

Thank you to AHS art teacher Matt Luebke for having his students design and submit covers.

Who Made That

First Place: Taylor Miekle
Second Place: Brian Griesmaier

Thank you to AHS English teacher Terri Carnell for having her students write and submit essays.

Where I'm From Poem

Nate Ferro
Mallorey Wallace
Cameron Gustin
Sam Evert
Spencer Dahlman

Essay/Short Story

Jack Wiebusch
Jack Vento
Michael Condly

Food-Themed Poem

Katie Jamieson
Megan Olshanski
Casie Wiese
Savannah Drewek

Sense of Wonder Poem

Morgan Huckstorf
Natalie Jones

Sijo

Lexie Newman
Logan Winser

Painting/Drawing

Nicole Larson

Photography

Savannah Drewek

Editor's Favorite

Stone LaPorte

Arrowhead Union High School



Short Stories and Essays

The Ultimate Sacrifice
By Brianna Taylor

The smell of barbeque fills the air as people share memories with family and friends. Candy is thrown our way as people march in a parade to honor the men and women who fought for this country. We dangle colored beads from our neck to show our patriotism. We light sparklers that sizzle and glow in our backyard. We shoot red, white and blue fireworks up in the black sky filled with shining stars to show our appreciation.

To me, Memorial Day is seeing my grandpa's eyes fill with tears as he reflects on his brutal past. His stories all start with "Back in the day, when I was in Vietnam War..." My heart drops when I hear the deep crackle in his voice as he relives what could've happened. I notice the brittle smile that fills his face as he realizes he's the lucky one—the one who made it out alive. It's the way he shares what shaped him to grow up to be this honorable man. Memorial Day is wrapping my arms around him and saying "I love you."

I stood in a foggy cemetery as I witnessed a soldier place his hand over his heart, then onto his friend's grave as he whispered "You did good," in a frail voice. I saw his eyes tear up, almost as if his heart crumbled to ground. His uniform stood out in the cemetery, as if we could see the aura of bravery that surrounded him. He nodded his head as people thanked him for his service. I stared at him, as I was intrigued. The impact this man had on the way I looked at Memorial Day changed my life.

Memorial Day is about honoring the ultimate sacrifice of our soldiers. I choose to commend them by going to parades, lighting sparklers, and honoring the men and women who fight for our country. On Memorial Day, I fold my hands together and pray for for the families who have lost a loved one in war.

Eyes

By Savannah Nickey

Not brown. Not green. A swirling stew of hazel. My eyes, my eyes a inner ring of green surrounded by a body of brown. Small and sleepy, half closed. My eyes so closed they are yawning. Squinty but still able to see. Stubby eyelashes sticking out in every direction, but so small no one can see them.

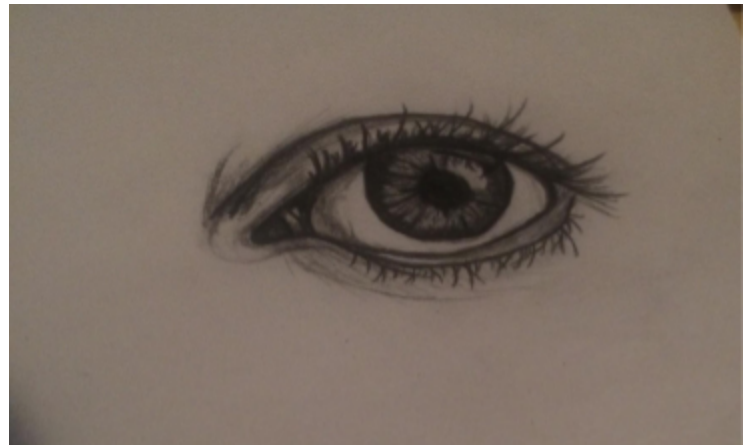
My father's eyes are dark chocolate. A sea of black, but, he will say they're dark brown. So dark they hide in the shadow underneath his long dark eyelashes.

My sister, my sister's eyes so full and flattering.

When she smiles it is sweet like milk chocolate, brown, big and beautiful. Her eyes like big bugs

underneath her perfectly shaped eyebrows, just below

the dark black line of eyeliner and eyelashes a mile long. The enormous eyes that brings jealousy to everyone she walks past. The whispers as people are in awe of her eyes. The wishes I have that mine could be bigger.



Drawing by Jared Weber

Voice of Democracy
By Malloreay Wallace

I am a child of the American dream. Descending from Polish immigrants, I am the grease on their elbows, and the hope in their hearts. A husband and a wife who came from dirt to salute Lady Liberty, and find solace in the slums of Chicago. With little resources, they did all they could to flourish in their newfound home

land—our first dinner had opened. My babunia and my dziadek poured every penny, every drip of sweat, and every salty tear into the dinner they loved so deeply. Decades into the future, their children carried on the legacy. This time with money to spare and a smile on their faces, the little dinner that once served the streets of an immigrant-ridden Chicago now served the wealthy.

I am a child of the American dream. Descending from the Polish immigrant and the Chicago businessman, I am the determination and passion that has driven their souls. America is the country that harvested my bloodline's legacy, and made way for generations to come. Still, an age old question rings out to the masses: How can we serve a country that has served us so greatly?

It is all too easy to fall victim to society's mainstream materialism in this day and age. It seems as if our new generation belongs not to their country, but to a network of statuses and likes. To serve America, with her conquering limbs astride from land to land, I will not fall into the monotony of modern day stereotypes. Instead, I will pass on the morals that have been passed down to me from Babunia and Dziadek, from Grandma and Grandpa, and from Mom and Dad. I will learn to work my hardest and to never pay heed to those who doubt me. I am a child of the American dream, after all. And I am invincible.

Blonde Eyelashes.

By Morgan Huckstorf

One, two, three, four. Four blonde people, all with blond boring eyelashes. Invisible to most. Embarrassed eyelashes on one two three and four.

One. My dad. Eyelashes stick straight like a board. Together they act like a fence. They are almost never seen unless the sunlight shines just right. These eyelashes are the oldest, and they have become experts at being boring blond. No matter what, they are still happy.

Two. My mom. Thin short eyelashes coated with a thin brown layer of mascara. Almost as if she had dyed her blonde boring ones. The thinnest eyelashes of them all, so short and unpronounced. As if they are growing tired of being invisible with little strength left to hold on. Every day they get coated with the brown goo during her morning routine.

Three. My sister. Eyelashes thick and black, like little spider legs. Their legs stretching upwards to full length. They come together like a great wave protecting her eyes. These eyelashes are powerful and strong. They demand attention when hidden behind the black goeey mascara.

Four. Me. Nothing on them to cover the embarrassing boring blonde color. They hide. Eyelashes rarely covered with black goo. But when covered, they are happy. They all have a perfect layer of black to cover the boring blond. Happy now, they curl perfectly up and out.

One, two, three, four. Four blonde people, all with blond eyelashes. A hidden struggle one, two, three and four face on a day to day basis.

Dream of the Three Doors

By Jack Vento

Door one opens. It was already too late for Alex and Grandpa Crackerman. They had been looking for Alex's brother Kenny for a couple of days now, and although they were closing in on their objective, they were unaware of the obstacle they had yet to face. Both Kenny and his father were taken in the dead of night without warning. Neither Alex nor Grandpa knew who had taken them. All that mattered was finding them. Once they

were safe, they would deal with their captors. Kenny had exhibited supernatural powers at home for all his life, but he kept it hidden from others. Kenny's powers had been revealed when he had been angered by his peers, and he finally decided to make an example of a bully at school. Alex and Grandpa suspect Kenny has been taken for research purposes. Finally closing in on Kenny's "tracked-to" location, a deserted, yet private property known as "Area 52", Alex and Grandpa Crackerman prepare themselves to take whatever actions necessary to save Kenny. After making it through what seemed to be an abandoned research facility, Alex notices the only locked door on the grounds. That must be it. The duo approaches the entry way, not entirely confident in the situation they are about to get themselves into. *This was my first film.*

Door two opens. Nick finally found it: the Chest. Not just any chest, but one that is said to be one of the only remnants of the lost city of gold, Paititi. Although willing to do almost anything for a little money, this is what Nick really thirsted for. Adventure! If he isn't out hunting for artifacts on his own time, he was hired out to do so. In this case, he was indeed hired to find the chest, hired by a man named Ferdinand Thrustenburg. Thanks to the chest's captivating golden glimmer, Nick feels especially drawn to the possibility of keeping the chest for himself. He is no stranger to the black market. He is well known by many merchants across South America and Europe. With this Inca relic, Nick knows exactly who would pay a nice sum of pesos for it. Benito Ramirez, a well renowned peruvian merchant, has been doing business with Nick for years. *This was my second film.*

Door three opens. Rajesh Kunting wakes up, everything is hazy. In his mouth lingers the metallic taste of blood. Raj feels something running down the side of his face. He reaches to wipe it, but the constraints on his wrist only tighten with every twist and pull. The zip-ties work surprisingly well at keeping Raj in his seat. Raj, despite his status as an ancient maps merchant, can not seem to piece together where he is, or why he is there. His vision begins to align as the man in front of him finally comes into focus. A brawny, well-dressed, middle eastern man is pleased to see Raj regain consciousness. *This is my third, unfinished adventure.*

The Silver-Cross Necklace **By Zach Ferris**

She says, "Your great grandmother was pregnant with me during the war." My grandmother tells me a family story about my great grandmother's experience in the Guamanian war. She says life for her mom was difficult because she was never certain if she, or her baby, would make it out alive.

Her family lived on the coast of Guam, and they heard bullets and shells pierce the air. And as the war intensified, troops made it onto the island.

Once troops made it into my great grandmother's town, they were taken captive by the Japanese and escorted into the gloomy caves near the coast. Two soldiers were assigned to their cave to keep them from escaping.

After some time, the troops were ordered to execute all of the captives. My great grandmother heard the troops throwing grenades into the other caves followed by the screams of her neighbors. People who made it out of the caves were shot down while they ran across the coast.

When the time came for my great grandmother to be executed, the soldier who was ordered to execute her saw the cross-necklaces that her family and that she was wearing. It just so happened that this soldier was also part of the Catholic church. The soldier waited for his partner to leave and for all of his division to exit my great grandmother's town, pointing in a safe direction he whispered, "go, now!"

My happy family exists because of the soldier's religious affiliation who was assigned to my great grandmother's cave and the silver cross necklaces that were put on. Without one of these two variables aligning, I may not be alive today.

My grandmother says, "Memorial Day is a day to remember the lives that were lost that granted the existence of many lives, including yours."

Memorial Day is about my connection to our service men and woman. Knowing this story, I now realize how important and life changing our military is.

Untitled

By Nathan Ferro

They are the only obstruction in my path. Consequently, I am the only one without intention to dispose of them. Three pencils, all mechanical, short of lead like I'm short of ideas. Three that were found on the floor in different hallways. Three practically left eraserless. From my backpack, I hear the 0.7mm graphite slivers rattle around their inner barrels.

Their location is convoluted. They warrant a frantic search through all the leadless pencils. They are always burrowed deep within the confines of their respective pocket and require fragile extraction. Otherwise they'd find themselves back on the hallway floor.

Permit one to be used for an important exam, with a successful outcome, it is the lucky one. If misplaced, the second one will take over. A couple of poor quizzes and its labeled "cursed." That one gets purposely "misplaced," and then the last one gets a turn. When ideas for a narrative are absent, my excuse is "I can't write with a broken pencil." When incentive and inspiration for storytelling makes its presence clear, I'll pull out the cracked-tip BIC and make my hand cramp. A personal paradox of sorts. Three with stories withheld. Three with stories to tell. Three who found purpose after being tossed, or perhaps dropped, onto white floor tiles.

Freedom Flying High

By Tyler Kucirek

Memorial Day is more than just a day, it's a day to honor and remember all the sacrifices our people have made to help protect this country from tyranny. Our flag is a symbol of that freedom, it sails above the battle and glows with the glory and honor of those who have fallen before it, and a beacon of hope for our nation. Our flag is saturated with the blood of our fallen soldiers, and flooded with shining blue of the oceans we watch over. Our flag is Draped with white to represent the purity and pride of the 50 states that we swore to protect.

Old glory they used to call her, singing her song of freedom as she hangs their gracefully. We cover our hearts as we pledge our allegiance to our flag. Our pledge is not just something you recite before class in the morning, it means you stand for everything our flag and our nation stands for. Memorial day is a day to recognize all the sacrifices that were made for our freedom that we cherish today. Some say you don't know what you have until it's gone, I find this true with our freedoms. Many of us take our freedom for granted because we don't know what it's like to not have them, or understand the sacrifices that were made for our freedom today.

Memorial Day is a day to remember, a day to remind us of what it took to get us where we are today. It's a day honor those who have made the ultimate sacrifice to protect the freedoms of everyone back home. Without our dedicated and courageous military, freedom and peace would be endangered. These selfless men and women are always ready to make the ultimate sacrifice to protect not only their families but yours and mine also. These men and women allow our nation to grow and prosper. This is why Memorial day is more than just a day but a day to honor and remember.

One Billion Hungry Mouths

By Amber Miller

They are the only ones who know true pain. I am the only one who hears them. One billion hungry mouths with empty bellies and skinny ribs. One billion lives who are struggling everyday. One billion bodies left behind. From our homes, we acknowledge them, but we sit with our full bellies and ignore their cries out for help.

Their lives are known. They pray for change in their life. They get skinnier and malnourished and grow weaker every blazing hot day and their faces turn to the dry sky looking for a sign of hope. This is how they survive.

Let one not forget their reason for living, they'd all be birds flying freely through the sky, each with a destination ahead of them. Help, help, help they say to the world. They beg.

When we are healthy and are to able to help, when we are the miracle to other people's lives, then the one million hungry mouths lessen. When there is no hope. One billion continue to survive. One billion who live and do not give up on living. One billion whose only way of life is to starve and starve.

A Day of Truths **By Savannah Drewek**

Helicopter blades slow to a near stop. Boots hit the tall grass and begin their trek into the ominous jungle. The unfamiliar foliage peaks curiosity and lungs are penetrated with foreign air. Our soldiers are adorned with pride and fear, along with a patch of red, white and blue, stitched above each heart. Shaky hands grasp photos of home, and lips murmur prayers to make it there, outside of a body bag.

Traffic slows to a near stop. Families spill out of their cars and march into the crowd. The cramped sidewalks provoke annoyance and haste, and lungs fill with heat. Children are adorned in excitement and a desire for candy, along with the colors of America, red, white, and blue. Determined hands grasp for candy scattered on the street, and lips are painted with melted chocolate. Sunlight reflects off the thunderous instruments, and drops of sweat fall from each face.

Shots echo through the souls of soldiers, as they conceal themselves behind mangroves and in ditches. Fingers hastily grasp triggers. Eyes meet from opposing sides, filled with both empathy and hate. Bodies decorate the jungle floor with blood and silence.

Fireworks echo through the ears of every individual, as they line up on the grass, gazing upward. Fingers hastily grab their cameras. Eyes reflect the colors of the exploding fire in the sky, filled with both wonder and amazement. The spectators decorate the landscape with blankets and coolers overflowing with Cola.

The plane begins its ascent into the azure sky. Soldiers look through the mist to the landscape, to a place they once stood, and where some will stay forever in memory. The cars file out of their formation in the meadow. Children look through the maze of headlights and fireflies, awaiting the next Memorial Day. Feet walk up the crooked front steps, and eyes meet. Arms interlock and tears stream down the cheeks of both a father and his family, finally reunited, on a day of remembrance and pride.

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness **By Anna Hayes**

The click of the tomb guard's heels broke the silence. Eyes watched as the meticulous routine was carried out. A flag swayed above in the light wind on the crusty, fall afternoon; the red, white, and blue softly rippled. People came and went, but I sat at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier mesmerized by the movements. Pride ran through me; this is what America is built on. I was remembering and celebrating those who fought for our life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness.

Life. America is the Land of the Free, a place people dream of living in. It allows freedom of speech, religion, and ideas. American citizens are afforded perseverance and opportunities. Life in America allows women equal pay, a Hindu family to practice their religion, and political debates to be held.

Liberty. It is an inalienable right; one that is instilled in Americans. Liberty is the beacon of hope, and the dedication that drives many to their dreams and successes. Liberty is children attending school, young adults working hard to move up in the world, and brave souls going into the military.

Pursuit of happiness. The right that allows Americans to live life in any way that makes them happy. It is the harmonizing note that ties America, the Melting Pot, together. The pursuit of happiness is two men saying "I do," blacks and minorities being equal, and families spending time together.

The click of the tomb guard's heels still breaks the silence in Washington D.C. Crisp, fall afternoons pass, and people continue to come and go, but the legacy and pride that have become instilled in many commemorating those who serve and protect our country will never be forgotten. Memorial Day remembers those who serve and the sacrifices they have made. It is a day dedicated to those who fight for what America is built on: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The Waterbed Used to be a Chair? By Brian Griesmaier

In the late 1960s the ever so popular waterbed was invented by a design student named Charlie Hill. He independently challenged himself to explore and study the idea of comfort.

Hill started out with the idea of pouring a corn starch based gel into a huge vinyl bag. After pouring the gel into the bag, he sealed the end of the bag and tested its comfortability. After sitting on the gel filled bag for a week he came to several conclusions. The corn starch began to smell after a few days and the small chair shaped bag weighed more than 300 pounds when it was filled. Charlie thought about his results and realized that the weight of the gel was way too much to put into someone's home. It could damage floors, and would be extremely hard to move if anyone ever wanted to. He continued to test different materials that result in the most comfort. He eventually discovered that water was just as comfortable as the corn starch based gel. He also decided to convert the chair into a mattress instead of a chair because people rarely move their beds so it wouldn't matter how heavy the material is.

Hill set up his own studio where he handcrafted his waterbeds. He sold them by word of mouth. He delivered them all over the country and they began to become widely popular by the 1980s. But, by this time, competitors had created knockoffs of Hill's waterbed and sold them for less than 100 dollars. The knockoffs had issues and were easily punctured and often times leaked. This caused the waterbed business to plummet, but Hill was still satisfied because he knew that what he discovered regarding comfort changed mattresses forever.

True Meaning Of Memorial Day By Jared Weber

Memorial Day is much more than an extra day off school or work. It is wearing our nation's flag proud and honoring those who fought for it. It's combining all of our great nation's traits into one day to look back and appreciate. Each color of the flag tells it's own story and reflects this day to look back on those who served. No matter what way you look there will be a flag waving high and proud, all three colors snagging your eye and staring back.

The color red is hardiness. It shows the ability to endure difficult situations and come out successful. Since 1776, Americans die for our country. In the most rough times Americans made it through. Red glares proud to the eye. No matter what differences one may have with another, we stand proud as a nation. The blood of those lost represent red, not death and sorrow, but honor and respect.

The color white is purity. The freedom of contamination. Our nation stands free, as we the people decide our own paths. Not one person tells us our future, and that is free of contamination. White is glory and honor. When the smoke settles and the gunshots cease, we rise victorious with glory, while we honor those who died.

The color blue is freedom, from west to east coast, the blue, glassy waves that crash into the shorelines, freedom rings. As we look above, the blue sky comforts us that we are free to do anything we set our minds to. Blue is the soldiers that march as one. Together they stand proud and loyal to our nation.

Memorial Day brings our country together, putting aside racism, religion, and other conflicts to be one as Americans and appreciate how fortunate we are. It's a day where left alone memories of loved ones that died

are reborn and honored. No matter what way you look on Memorial Day, there will be a flag waving high and proud, all three colors snagging your eye and staring back.

The Sacrifices of Memorial Day **By Zachary Reiser**

Americans spend Memorial Day remembering those whose bodies were drenched in thick, inky red, and who made the ultimate sacrifice for the red white and blue. Despite the cookouts and parades of Memorial Day, I spend this day honoring all of the brave men and women that endangered their lives for the United States of America.

My grandfather sacrificed three years of his life to serve this country in World War II. He drove tanks and significantly damaged his hearing from the loud blasting sound of the tank shooting. My grandfather forgoed his security of life and he went to bed every night with the fear of not waking up.

The physical toll war took on my grandfather is sickening. He is nearly deaf now, and he cannot remember much because of the trauma of war. He spent three years shooting down opposing tanks and watching his fellow soldiers, of whom were some of his best of friends, suddenly collapsing to the ground, drenched in their own blood. He has had nightmares clearly picturing his fellow soldiers' bloody corpse on the ground, lifeless.

Memorial Day is the one day annually Americans forgo to celebrate those who risked and paid the ultimate sacrifice. I am thankful that my grandfather was lucky to not have to make the ultimate sacrifice. If he did, I would not be here today.

Although those who serve for this country are not family by blood, Americans are a family, the family of the red, white, and blue. And on Memorial Day, I honor them and their fallen brothers and sisters for their service to this country.

Sacrifice **By Haley Jackson**

Sacrifice. Families and friends gather for barbecues and parades, but the sole purpose of that special Monday is to remember those whose lives were taken protecting our country. Memorial day is for honoring the sacrifices that those who have served our country had to make in order to obtain our liberty. Additionally, to me, it is for admiring my great grandfathers, who both made it home safely, and their bravery for enduring the harshness of World War II

Sacrifice. Despite the fact that many of their peers did not have the privilege of making it home, both of my great-grandfathers returned safely to their families. Although they made it home, they brought back guilt and a loss of innocence along with them.

Sacrifice. My mother's maternal grandfather's purity from cruelty was stripped from him after he was drafted. Memories of his job still plague him to this day. Driving around in massive army trucks on ragged dirt, picking up corpses after each battle. He had to forget the faces and look past the fact that those were dead bodies of his fellow American brothers that he had to dispose of. He sacrificed his sanity.

Sacrifice. My mother's paternal grandfather lived a long life and died of natural causes rather than at the hands of an enemy in battle. At his funeral, commemorative gunshots were fired. I watched as they carefully folded our flag 7 times and handed it to my great grandmother with respect. I truly felt the power and passion as I

observed these acts for honor. In that moment, I finally understood why he gave up his life to protect our country.

Sacrifice. They not only fought so hard for liberty, but they made it home safely and got to live out the rest of their lives with their families. I admire them greatly for their courage and heroism in the war. They risked their lives and their safety to protect our rights. **Sacrifice.**

Land Where My Fathers Died **By Stone LaPorte**

America can be seen in children playing in the grass, to the sad old man smoking his cigar. You can see America in our peace and freedom. Though we take these things for granted, on Memorial Day we celebrate and mourn those who fought for peace and liberty.

For half of my life, America has been in Iraq fighting for the peace and liberty of strangers because it is the right thing to do. America is fighting so one day there is peace, and nobody has to fight anymore.

America is the old man in the black hat, nostalgically enjoying a cigar. Though he is gruff and grumpy, I know he has sacrificed his time, safety, and mentality so that Americans could enjoy peace and liberty.

For some people, “America, the land where my fathers died” takes on a literal meaning. Memorial Day is remembering people who have been lost. Though my great grandparents have fought in wars, I do not know the pain that can come with the freedom we enjoy, as they passed before I was born. For me, I respect and praise those who do know that pain by being proud of America and sacrificing my own time and energy to do what is right.

America is the sacrifice of the unknown soldier, people living in peace, music echoing through the city, cars driving through the turnpike, and families commemorating the sacrifices of others and enjoying the rights that they gave them. The simplicity of peace and an air of celebration and sadness is in the atmosphere every Memorial Day.

Just like soldiers have to give their lives for freedom, we must celebrate but also mourn for that sacrifice. Memorial day is enjoying the freedom I have, and remembering those who gave it to me.

Remember the Fallen **By Michael Condly**

A decorated cloth waves in the air. It's a fabric adorned with stripes and stars representing a nation of power and freedom. Americans take one day out of 365 to remember the sacrifices made for that flag. Memorial Day is a time for us to honor the bravery of the fallen.

405,399. Genocide, bombings, and invasions across the globe set the world in motion for WWII. Our country sits on the side, not wanting to get involved. But it took a drastic turn 7:48 a.m December 7, 1941. Japanese bombers came flying with one goal: Destroy. Fire danced on water as carriers and fighters sank into the depths. This fateful day drove the U.S to fight. We fought many battles in Italy, the beaches of Normandy, and the island of Okinawa. Six grueling years of brutal war pass and the end came. But every victory has a cost. 405,399 U.S soldiers fell.

411. A plane careened through the sky as it crashed into a tower. A loud boom echoed through the streets of Manhattan and the tower crumbled. As a dark cloud enveloped the surrounding area, hysteria ensued. Medical

workers tended to the injured while firefighters and officers dove into the destruction to search for survivors. But another plane came through the sky and hit the second tower which suffered the same fate. Ignoring risks, the emergency workers continued. They ran into the rubble to save endangered citizens, even if it meant sacrificing their life. 411 emergency workers died.

1,433,449. Each nation goes through times of pain and suffering. Our brave soldiers fight to the end and defend the citizens. And when they succeed, we rejoice for our victory and protection. Even before the birth of this country, the U.S has fought strenuously to preserve its rights, safety, and freedoms. However, nothing's free. 1,433,499 lives have been given for this country.

I Am A Plastic Bag

By Amanda Stahl

It is like one of those days where it feels as though rain is about to come pouring down at any minute—and there's humidity in the air that makes your hair curl at its ends. With a breeze that smells of earth worms, and damp grass. Thin, white, plastic dances to the motion the wind carries it. Inviting you to come dancing with her. Carried since the day she took her first breath, she has been twirled and ripped at each end. She still moves with an altruistic act. That's the day you realize there was meaning behind all things. A benevolent force, letting you know there was no reason to be afraid, ever.

Eyes

By Amber Miller

As the saying goes "eyes are windows into the soul." Eyes are one of the most important features on someone's face. Some families all have the same eyes, but everyone in my family has unique eyes, that matches our uniqueness. My mom has subtle green eyes like a freshly polished emerald. My dad, like me, has warm brown eyes that swallow you whole when you look into them.

But my sister. My sister was the lucky one. She has the sweetest, crystal, blue eyes. How did she get so lucky? No one but her has eyes that mesmerize you, mesmerizing you with their icy effect. Icy eyes that freezes you. With her long eyelashes protecting the precious gems. Trying to hide them from the world. But they continue to sparkle like diamonds trying to impress onlookers. No one in my family will relate the same.

Because they will never have her eyes. Her crystal blue eyes.

Coming Home

By Katherine Jamieson

Dressed in my green army uniform, I duck for cover, as bullets blaze past. My team heads back, but I see a fallen man who I can't leave behind. I race towards him, throw his limp body over my shoulders, and run for my life back to camp.

Dressed in my ripped jeans and tank top, playing with the kids as if I was one again, I duck for cover behind the playset in the backyard, as water balloons fly at my head. I notice my 2 year old niece crying in the sand box. She has a scrape on her knee from falling. I run over to her, give her a hug, and tell her it's all going to be ok.

As we sit for dinner, I fold my hands and say a prayer as I look at the MRE sitting in front of me. I thank God everyday that I'm still alive and that my family is back at home, waiting for my arrival.

In the gold walled dining room, I stare down at my dinner of roasted turkey as we join hands and say a prayer. I ask God to keep my fiancée safe in Iraq, while I sit at home longing for his arrival.

It's been six months without my family, and thousands of miles above ground I think of where this plane is taking me. Home—where my family is. Family—the reason why I left. Why I left—to keep them and my country safe.

It's been six months and it's Memorial Day. My fiancée is finally coming home. We all sit anxiously at the security gate at the airport, not able to pass, waiting for his smiling face to turn the corner. As I sit, I think what this day means to me. The sacrifice he's made for his family, for me, and for everyone in our nation. Finally, I see his gray green uniform and brown buzzed hair turning the corner. I burst into tears, tear past the security guard, and run for my life into his arms.

Weaving America's Past **By Mallorey Wallace**

It was my cousin Mike's homecoming from Iraq, after a relentless battle for his country and his life. Cousin Mike was never that close to me, but tears welled in my eyes and I felt each fiber of my being vibrate in bliss. Everyone in that crowded gymnasium was family. Memorial Day means unity—amongst veterans, soldiers, and civilians alike.

When my brother joined the service, I thought little of it. Boot camp started in the thick heat of a South Carolina summer, and ended the same way—only, Justin wasn't the same. Three months of only written communication and I had never hugged my brother tighter. "What's up, Mal," he murmured, his muscular arms around me. I heard two soldier's voices becoming one, unified by an unbreakable bond of mutual understanding I could not comprehend. I felt the same vibration from that musty gymnasium so many years ago. Memorial Day means reunion—a reunion of family, a reunion of friends, a reunion of souls.

Then Memorial Day came, and the lackluster hot dogs didn't suffice. My bloodline was woven into the threads of America's war-ridden past, worthy of more than a Sunday barbeque. Bullets whizzed, slain brothers decay valiantly on the dusty sod, bleeding red, seeing white, crying blue, and all I do is ask my mother to pass the ketchup. Memorial Day means more—more than parades, more than firecrackers, more than a party.

I stand for my brothers and sisters. I stand for those fighting with conquering limbs astride from land to land. Like Cousin Mike and my brother Justin, the heroes of our nation will not fade into the monotony of a stale, "thank you for your service." Unified, Memorial Day is a day of celebration—a day of mourning, a day of remembrance, and one more day of freedom.

The Ultimate Sacrifice **By Brianna Taylor**

The smell of barbeque fills the air as people share memories with family and friends. Candy is thrown our way as people march in a parade to honor the men and women who fought for this country. We dangle colored beads from our neck to show our patriotism. We light sparklers that sizzle and glow in our backyard. We shoot red, white and blue fireworks up in the black sky filled with shining stars to show our appreciation.

To me, Memorial Day is seeing my grandpa's eyes fill with tears as he reflects on his brutal past. His stories all start with "back in the day, when I was in Vietnam War..." My heart drops when I hear the deep crackle in his voice as he relives what could've happened. I notice the brittle smile that fills his face as he realizes he's the

lucky one—the one who made it out alive. It's the way he shares what shaped him to grow up to be this honorable man. Memorial Day is wrapping my arms around him and saying "I love you."

I stood in a foggy cemetery as I witnessed a soldier place his hand over his heart, then onto his friend's grave as he whispered "you did good," in a frail voice. I saw his eyes tear up, almost as if his heart crumbled to ground. His uniform stood out in the cemetery, as if we could see the aura of bravery that surrounded him. He nodded his head as people thanked him for his service. I stared at him, as I was intrigued. The impact this man had on the way I looked at Memorial Day changed my life.

Memorial Day is about honoring the ultimate sacrifice of our soldiers. I choose to commend them by going to parades, lighting sparklers, and honoring the men and women who fight for our country. On Memorial Day, I fold my hands together and pray for the families who have lost a loved one in war.

One Useless Penny **By Charles Quinn**

They are the only ones who are completely pointless. I am not only one who feels this way. One useless penny that can only buy junk. One that does not need to exist but does. One useless cent of currency. From the factory, they waste copper to make them, copper that could go to better use, but they don't care. They keep making them because they are too attached.

Their cost is baffling. They cost more to produce than they are actually worth, and in consequence, are a massive waste of money to make. Their value was higher in the past, but it's gone down over time, and now can't be used to buy anything useful, which brings up the question, why do they still make it. This is why they should stop making them.

Pennies are our lowest form of currency, many countries around the world have stopped production of their lowest forms of currency. Canada, Brazil, and Australia ceased penny production. For good.

When I am at a store buying food or other goods, and my change is just a few pennies, I tell them to keep the change so I don't take it everywhere with me. When production of pennies is over, is when I will stop complaining. One who shrunk in value. One who is now completely obsolete. One whose only reason is to be around so America can claim they are special snowflakes.

A Memory **By Jack Wiebusch**

A filthy, tattered rag of red, white, and blue hangs from the side of the house, marking a shadow in front of my feet. The face of a man is brightened by a smile; he stares at the ground in thought, silently listening. Central to only his children and grandchildren in this moment, I gaze at him with shallow concept of a life composed of pain and fighting for the people alongside him. Today is about him. I don't understand.

The cracked black pavement is littered with candy for a split second. Children race to get as much they can, cramming plastic bags full. Parents sip cold drinks from aluminium cans. The world is smiling in celebration, smiling in red and blue, under a free sun. But I still don't understand.

A crowd gathers in a cemetery, watching men in uniforms in a perfect line. They fire their guns in the honor of their fallen comrades. Some bow their heads to show their respect those deceased; others simply deliver a daring gaze to the men with firearms. A shared respect glues our mouths shut. But I can't seem to understand.

A thin, cheap flag of red, white and blue hangs from the side of the wall. The face of a dying man is brightened by a television across the room. He stares at the ground, his life before him. A life of a fire burning down his

house. A life of being drafted into the military and sent off into war. A life of losing a child. A life of doing anything he could for others. A man who truly made our country, and our world better. All I can do is stare at my grandfather. I understand.

Across the Sea
By Annalise Scaffidi

A boy looks upon the crisp clear waters of the Atlantic as the morning mist greets his face. The ship pulls up to the creaking pier, waves crash against the poles filling their ears with ocean songs. The boy, only 2, gripping his father, followed by his wife and their three other children. They stepped onto the grounds with heavy hearts for the place they knew, and hope for the one they came to.

My Papa came from overseas to find a better life. He knew, because of people who fought, he would be free. His Family wasn't born American, but they are just as much American as the people who were born here. My Papa says, "Because we had no freedom we knew what it was like to not have opportunities, to not be free. But when my family traveled here we got to have it all, for that I am eternally grateful."

Every year since, in the mist of morning on July 4th, the Scaffidi's begin. Red, white, and blue cotton cloths draped across tables. Food prepared weeks in advance finally adorned with final touches. The warm sun and cool air over the endless blue lake as my papa wipes down the pontoon. He looks up with beholden eyes and sighs thinking of the day he arrived. He hangs the grand flag in the front and rests on his rocking chair for just a moment looking up as the morning breeze tousles the flag. He rubs his sore muscles and stands to return to work.

At noon, the cars roll in. Four people to a car, 15 cars at least. The people emerging in their festive clothing carrying platters of food. The smell of Italy fills the air but the surroundings couldn't be more American. The day is filled with appreciation for the people who fought, and the opportunities we received coming to America. At the end of the day my father and I look out upon the crisp clear waters of the lake watching colorful explosions light the night sky.

From Twig to Toothbrush
By Kendall Blast

It dental hygiene dates back to 5000 B.C. The toothbrush was first used by the Babylonians and Egyptians. It all started with a stick that frayed at the end. It was referred to as the, "Chewing Stick" by Egyptians. In addition to the chewing stick, there was the first toothpaste. It consisted of ash from ox hooves, myrrh, eggshell fragments and pumice.

Following the chewing stick, the Chinese can be credited for the next version of the toothbrush. The Chinese had their own chewing stick; they chose specific aromatic trees and sharpened the opposing end for use as a toothpick. By the Middle Ages, the Chinese had made a prototype toothbrush by attaching coarse animal hairs to bamboo or ivory handles. The idea of toothbrushes spread to Europe but unlike the hard bristles the Chinese-made toothbrush had, Europeans utilized soft horsehair and feathers.

In 1760, the toothbrush became mass-produced by a man named William Addis. He made his toothbrush while serving time in prison. Addis carved a bone handle, drilled holes into it and inserted boar bristles. Addis followed the life of rags to riches; he ended up dying a wealthy man thanks to his teeth-cleaning device.

We've basically been using the same toothbrush since the 1930s. Of course, thanks to the DuPont Laboratories Company, we've switched out animal hairs for nylon. From there, many different shapes and sizes of electric toothbrushes have been made. Surprisingly, through all the changes the toothbrush encountered, dental hygiene didn't become a trend in America until the end of World War II.

Untitled

By Blake Millard

Nature is the most mysterious and most complex thing known to man because of the different things that keep on being discovered. Then there are other things that we can't even begin to explain, so all we can do is wonder. The human race has barely discovered the extensive emptiness of the ocean, and who knows what things could be there. There could be new species, treasures, or even answers.

Answers about our environment and all of the fascinating things about it is what the human race demands the most. And some answers we can never get like why does this animal exist or why do humans exist, but we will more than likely never get those answers and all we can do is wonder why.

The human race have been living on Earth for millions of years and one of the factors that has pushed us forward was our sense of wonder. We wonder what is beyond the land we live in, how is our planet shaped and formed, how does the sky make certain colors, etc. And with these questions we have progressed our sense of wonder by finding new land, going into space and seeing our planet and others, and learning about the sun and northern lights. Then as soon we get those answers we expand our sense of wonder and move on to bigger things about the nature of our planet and space.

Our planet is home to the most intelligent species in our solar system and we got the gift of the sense of wonder. With that we have discovered many species, locations, and artifacts in our planet. And with our sense of wonder that's what allows the human race to expand to greater discoveries and evolve.

Canopies of Towering Trees

By Anika Gupta

Canopies of towering trees once began as two-inch, tender saplings. Faint rays of light break free of their grasp. A mixture of golden and orange waft through the cracks between each leaf. A tranquil brook lightly brushes against sun-baked rocks—rocks who survived through savage winds and terrifying torrents of water. Microscopic droplets of dew drip down leaves, every second stretching to eternity. It stops. The delicate water splashes onto this miniature sapling. Light embraces the plant, steadily guiding it towards the size of its ancestors. The vivid yellow and black of an oversized bumblebee pass through its line of sight. Miniscule particles of pollen cascade, creating a thin veil of dust too intricate to be seen. Painfully deafening steps of a mouse thunder past the plant, now in the protection of roots and undergrowth. Twelve years pass during this exhilarating life, and the cycle repeats. This two-inch sapling became part of the canopy of towering trees, seeing generations of thriving plants—just like itself—grow and develop as part of nature's beautiful way of life.

Strength, Sacrifice, Success

By Elizabeth Kredell

Memorial Day is filled with tradition of celebrating our freedom thanks to the courageous men and women who fought for it. But, it represents more than just tradition. Memorial Day is strength, sacrifice, and the success of the American Dream.

Men being woken up by gut-wrenching gunshots and ear-splitting screams, knowing the worst is yet to come. Soldiers have the strength, in a moment of fear and frenzy, to wake up and begin their battle for their country. They have the strength to fight for strangers and beloved friends, the strength to leave behind their family in the fight for freedom, and the strength to keep moving, after seeing fellow soldiers die. Memorial Day represents the strength behind our freedom.

Soldiers leave behind family, not knowing when they'll return. They miss out on moments they will never get back. Men and women put their lives on the line so Americans can go to bed safely, knowing we are free. That is the ultimate sacrifice made by soldiers, and that is the reason I get to stand up in the morning and

say The Pledge of Allegiance to our American flag. Memorial Day represents the sacrifice made by men and women.

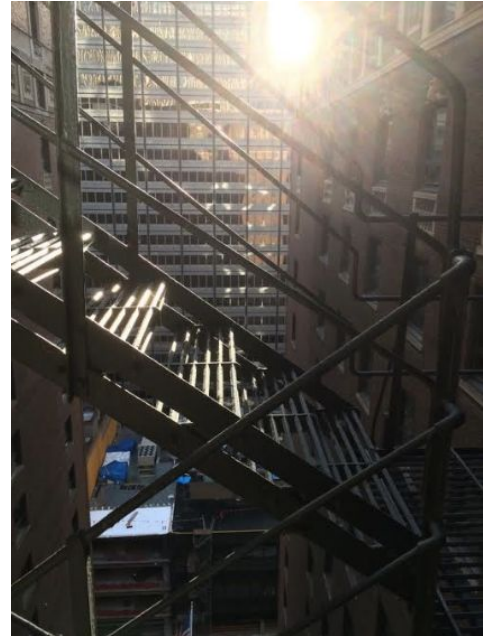
I have the right to speak my mind, to shout, to sing, or to say whatever I choose, to freely express how I feel, and practice any religion I want. People around the country watch the American Dream come to life, as a country built by immigrants celebrate freedom. In America, citizens share pride and pleasure in being an American. Memorial Day represents my right to be free in all ways I choose, and to watch millions of people live the American Dream.

Soldiers leaving their family, men fighting for our country, and Americans living the dream. Families on boats, and parents grilling out. These things all represent Memorial Day in the United States of America. Memorial Day is strength, sacrifice and success, along with the traditions we have while celebrating freedom.

He Is Only Purity **By Sydney Maglio**

He was only 19 when he arrived to train at the renowned military base, Camp Lejeune. He visualised stories of his elders faithfully fighting as a Marine as his youth diminished. His pure mind didn't know what Lejeune would bring, including the unknown threat of the drinking and bathing water contaminated with benzene. Daily rituals risked cancers that could be detrimental to his health.

He was only 22 when he left North Carolina. He returned home to his mother and sisters -- streaks of tears and puffy eyes -- with stories eager to escape his lips. Cancer risks weren't settled in his mind; physical impurities showed no effect on the last bits of innocence clutching to him. Long-awaited hugs were exchanged as hearts steadily pounded together. He was lucky to still have a heartbeat and I am lucky he is my father.



Photograph by Mary Margaret Daniel

He was only 34 when he held his newborn daughter on his hip, as he elongated time before he departed the security of his home to honor his Lejeune brothers. He drove before he stopped at rows upon rows of identical inscriptions of names on identical grey stones. Families clothed in black with red roses in their hands gazed at the inscription that means the most to them. His pure daughter hadn't been exposed to the horror of war; he wished he could be pure again as well. There was only silence and tears as we possess the same reason to be here, as he became grateful that his name wasn't lost within the headstones.

He is now 50, aware of the contamination in Camp Lejeune, reflecting every Memorial Day cancer-free. Gratefulness flows through his veins like blood. He isn't honored like his brothers and won't put his daughter through honoring him, either. The taintedness of 19, the relief of 22, the heart wrench of 34, and the thankfulness at 50 to wake up every morning are visualised in his head, and I share gratitude with him.

It is late May, he goes to see his brothers again.

The Girl Who Changed Flying **By MaryMargaret Daniel**

Planes soaring, spinning, and diving. The smell of the airplane fuel excites. People cheer and say “He’s a good pilot.” Correction...“She’s a good pilot.”

Her name: Amelia Mary Earhart. She pushed limits and broke barriers for women and me. I want to get my pilot’s license and now it’s possible and not as shocking as it was 100 years ago.

When all women would do was to stay home and take care of the children, Amelia Earhart challenged stereotypes and advocated for women’s rights.

If I met her, I would have a meaningful conversation with her. I would ask how she got past people mocking her and saying “you can’t do that! You’re a girl.” I would also ask how I could make a change today. I would tell her how I am educating people about women pilots who soar, spin and dive in the air while people cheer “she’s a good pilot!”

Never Forget, Forever Honor **By Caleb Beversdorf**

Patriotic Americans should take a moment from their Memorial Day to reflect on the brave sacrifices of those who have given their lives for this great nation. Servicemen and women are the ones who lost their lives trying to make this world better. As spring turns to summer, families get out the grills and enjoy their three-day weekend. From backyard parties to Taps at Arlington National Cemetery, people thank veterans.

People eagerly anticipate dinner parties, backyard barbeques and sunburned days on the lake with ice chests full of picnic food. As the last Monday in May, it unofficially marks the beginning of summer. People celebrate being free and having rights, giving thanks to those who gave the ultimate sacrifice. Bob Riley, an American politician, said, “I have long believed that sacrifice is the pinnacle of patriotism.”

Whether you celebrate Memorial Day with pictures and potato salad, or stories and sausages, remember our fallen friends who can’t take today for granted.

George W. Bush once said, “They defended our nation, they liberated the oppressed, they served the cause of peace. And all Americans who have known the loss and sadness of war, whether recently or long ago, can know this: The person they love and miss is honored and remembered by the United States of America.”

As a nation built around the red, white, and blue, people honor the sacrifices veterans made. The roses blossom red and white over the fallen soldiers. As the flag sways above their tombstone, children gain strength from beneath the sod. Some children have only pictures in remembrance of their lost parents, but their sacrifice is remembered on this day. From the 13 folds in a flag that is handed to them when their son or daughter passes, to the belting of a trumpet playing Taps, we remember and honor their sacrifice.

The Potential of the Putty **By Brandon Briggs**

The year was 1943, James Wright a combat engineer during World War II was working for the U.S. War Production Board. He was tasked with coming up with an inexpensive substitute for rubber. In his General Electric Lab in Connecticut, while attempting to synthesize and create a new formula and product line for

rubberized materials, James dropped Boric Acid into silicone oil. What he got was a substance that was stretchier and bouncier than rubber.

Silly Putty contained an added feature: When people flattened it along the face of a newspaper or comic a perfect remake of the photo could be seen in the putty. As cool and as fun as the Silly Putty was, it was no better than the current synthetic rubber that already existed and that was in mass use across the military and the world. He brought the Putty invention before the WPB and the government turned it down claiming they didn't want his "Nutty Putty." Silly Putty didn't get its original name until years later.

Peter Hodgson, saw the potential of the Putty as a toy, he proved his theory at a party and watched as the putty became a hit among the people in attendance. This is when Peter renamed the product Silly Putty and then marketed it as a toy. They come in plastic eggs because the product was being released around the Easter Holiday, the design has yet to change. Silly Putty immediately became one of the most popular toys. Silly Putty had infinite amount of uses; it was used differently by each person to own it. The Apollo 8 mission used the goo to keep their tools secure among the spacecraft in zero gravity conditions. It wasn't until 1989 when more testing was done to further the production of Silly Putty items, it was found that the putty could be used in the production of super bounce balls. Silly Putty went from a turned down military product to one of the best selling toys of the 20th Century.

Two Troubled Minds

By Taylor Battisti

They are the only ones who judge me. I am the only one who listens to them. Two troubled minds with harsh words, and horrible thoughts like mine. Two who run or ruin our lives. Two minds that were given to us. Everyone has a mind, we listen to them, one good mind and one dark.

The darkness takes over. They send horrible thoughts through my head. The thoughts thrive in my mind and bring tears to my eyes and they take over both of my minds and then I'm left with sadness and hurt. This is how I live.

My minds are dark, both of them to be exact, and I am not sure how to get them back. Thrive, thrive, thrive the thoughts keep on. They hurt.

When my heart starts to ache, when I am too weak to move, then I go into my mind. When there isn't anything else I can do, I lay sad. Two who started as one. Two who thrived within the darkness. Two whose purpose was to win, and they did.



Drawing by Nicole Larson

The Other Side

By Zach Ferris

Back when I lived in Michigan, during my freshman year, I attended Dexter High School. One day I walked home with my best friend, Jeff. We were talking and I glanced up at the sky. It was grey just like any other day with bad weather. I didn't think much of it.

When we arrived at my house, Jeff and I played Xbox together—after some time, we decided to go outside on the trampoline in my backyard. We set up a mini basketball hoop at the top of the netting, and began a game of horse and only variations of dunking were allowed.

Jeff went first and did a backflip while leading into a backwards dunk. He made it. My turn. I bounced higher and higher to build up my momentum. Halfway through my flip, everything slowed. I saw the sky, only this time it wasn't grey. I saw the green wisps of air darting throughout sky. They all traveled in some sort of pattern, like a routine they planned for years and finally got to perform. And suddenly, they came together, converging into something larger. And it started to rush towards me. I landed.

My dunk didn't go in, but I didn't care, as I ran into my house. I ran to the basement. I looked outside and my trampoline wasn't there. I looked up to see that the green wisps of air took my trampoline. I stood there looking out the window on my two person brown couch, with red and blue geometric designs. I stood there at the window, with the vertical green folding curtain opened all the way up, looking at the green sky taking away my childhood and destroying my neighborhood. I stood there staring at the details of the storm and what it was taking with it. And suddenly I couldn't see anything. I was on the ground.

The glass grabbed me and held me down against the floor, water rushed through the windows while the wind pulled and pinned me against the wall. The emotional pain far surpassed the physical pain. I didn't want to die young. I laid there hopelessly in the water that had been diluted with my tears.

Those moments when I had no control over what was happening, and the moments I thought I was spending my last breaths on Earth, emphasized the fact that everything in this world is good and bad, including the intangibles. I now appreciate nature for how beautiful it is, and what some people might not think much of, like the clear blue sky, is truly beautiful to me because I've met the other side of nature.

The Meaning of Memorial Day **By Damian Savage**

As the cargo door opened, the sound of boots hitting the deck of returning Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Marines echoed. Then a cry bellowed from the tears, as family members saw their servicemen and women were safe. But that's not what Memorial Day is about. What you don't hear on that day is the pain and suffering, and the tears of sorrow that come from the loved ones of those that gave their lives so that others don't have to. That is what Memorial Day is about - the ones that don't make it back.

For me, Memorial Day used to be a long weekend at our cabin on the lake, a barbecue in the evening, and a night of the kids playing ghost in the graveyard. But as I aged, my father started telling me stories from his deployment, and I realized how much of a sacrifice Veterans give especially the ones that give their lives, to keep our country safe. That's when I realized Memorial Day means more than a barbecue, and fun in the sun. I realized that, like so many Americans, I had been using the day for a day off of work or a weekend getaway. But that's not appreciating who gave us this day.

Starting back in the Civil War, Memorial Day is meant to pay tribute to those who died for our freedoms, our liberty, and our rights. Now on Memorial Day, people think that if you see a veteran, you thank them for their service. While they may appreciate the gratitude, Memorial Day is not the day to honor the living veterans. That day is everyday, and like my father says when people see him wearing his Marine Corps veteran hat, and decide to thank him on Memorial Day "Thank you, but you're thanking the wrong person, unless this is hell, and I am dead..." To me his reply defines Memorial Day, and how people should look at it.

Because it's the cries from the family members of fallen warriors, the 21 gun salute, the flag draped over the casket that we should recognize as symbols of sacrifice. That is what Memorial Day is about - honoring the ultimate sacrifice.

Edgar Allan Poe
By Jack Wiebusch

The sky is dark grey over North 7th Street. From across the street, I gaze into the raindrops running down the red brick wall. The stark white door was left open and it now swings in the wind. I find myself floating to the entrance without hesitation, entering a warmly lit room. Almost immediately I am hit with an entirely new kind of sadness. I wonder where I am.

My mind is with a man. A man who changed artistry entirely with nothing but words brought to life by despair. I feel gratitude and sorrow, as this was a man who gave out everything he had. The floor creaks and depresses, with every step I take. Water droplets descend from the dying ceiling, leaving moisture in the vacant room. I feel him with me, through hopeless sentiment and desire. If only I could've met him, to understand him. That is something I would wish for.

Three Little Secrets
By Kelly Thomas

They are the only ones who haunt me. I am the only one who keeps them. Three little secrets with clawing nails and big mouths spreading gossip. Three who do not want to be quiet anymore. Three secret messages passed between my friends. From deep sleep, I can hear them, but my mom says its nothing.

Their power is forbidden. They send loud messages through the air. They grow up and they get bigger and gain the strength needed to be heard and share their information for the world. This is how they destroy.

Let one forget his reason for being, they'd all sink like rocks in a pond, each plummeting down until they are forgotten. Spill, spill, spill they say when I sleep. They taunt.

When I am too stressed and too tired to keep quiet, when I am a tiny thing against so many mysteries, then is when I have to spill. When there is nothing left to tell. Three who escaped despite effort. Three who spread and do not forget to spread. Three whose only reason is to haunt me.

Historical Figures
By Olivia Gillette

When I was young, my mom took my sister and me to the pottery studio where her friend Marlene displayed all the pieces she made. "You can do this too, you know," she told me. Doubtfully, I picked up the clay, papier-mâché, paint brushes, glaze and made what came to my 12 year old mind: animals.

Advancing in my ceramics journey, my high school art teacher, Mr. Kenas, taught me what I needed to know. He demonstrated how to make more intricate pieces and reassured me, "You can do this too."

Having confidence in myself, I started making pieces for my family, sharing my work. And I noticed the art made them feel differently than it made me feel.

Vincent Fecteau, a Californian sculptor, shared his work in prominent museums. Fecteau, sharing his work to millions of others, hoped his art would give viewers a flux of emotions. Not only did his art do this, but it also got him nominated and declared a winner of the MacArthur "Genius Grant" at the age of 47. This fellowship is awarded to creativity, as the MacArthur Foundation states: "The ability to make something new, understand ourselves and the people around us in depth, and broadening the horizons of imagination." It would be a phenomenon to meet Fecteau to ask if he ever doubted himself, to ask who his superior artist idol was and if they ever said, "You can do this too."

Taste In Art
By Charles Quinn

One way you can understand the personality of your peers is what art they have interest. Dominic likes art of detailed and classy self portraits, as he is a rich, posh, uptight boy from a rich family. He is like the Mona Lisa. Xavier likes dark twisted works of art, particularly pictures with demons and babes. He is part of a death metal band. Caleb is quirky and funny like a clown, and finds interest in art like the persistence of memory. Samuel likes art that is created with natural resources like sculptures, as he himself is a hands on worker.

The Historical Person I Would Like to Meet
By Madelyn Maurer

If I had the opportunity to meet any historical figure, I would meet Frida Kahlo. She used artwork to tell stories, and taught us about her life through her paintings. I would ask, “Why did you stay married to Diego Rivera after all the cheating and sadness he caused you?” I would hope she would respond that she loved him too much to leave, but eventually became accustomed to his immature behavior, and was content with their ultimate divorce.

We would walk through La Casa Azul, her studio, and look at her paintings she made throughout their career. We would discuss the differences between her early artwork and paintings she did later in her career. She would tell me how traveling to big cities such as New York and Paris helped shape her work into more sophisticated pieces.

I would ask her to tell me her stories of great joy, and substantial sadness corresponding to each of her paintings. She would explain to me how she chose different canvases to shape the emotion of a piece. We would end our visit by walking the streets of Mexico City and observing the culture of her beloved country.

Running for Hope
By Megan Olshanski

Cancer. A disease that took his leg and was now chipping away at the rest of his body like a carpenter whittling a block of wood. At twenty-two, he wanted to do something extreme to support cancer research. He dipped his right leg, a prosthetic, into the freezing Atlantic Ocean on a Canadian April morning, starting his colossal journey. Terry Fox turned his back onto the ocean and with one foot in front of the other, he ran. Starting his trek across Canada, his goal was to raise one dollar from every Canadian (\$24.1 million)—an ambitious goal.

After running for six months through streets lined with fans, Terry couldn't go on.

Just six months before the cancer took his life in June of 1982, the “Marathon of Hope” fund totaled \$24.17 million. Now, the fund exceeds \$650 million.

Running the equivalent of a full marathon each day is an enormous feat, but with cancer and a prosthetic leg, the task becomes unthinkable. This is why Terry Fox is inspirational; he proved the unthinkable is attainable.

Cancer. A disease that permeates and spreads throughout the body; but hope is a feeling that inspires and spreads throughout the world.

Three Inseparable Sisters

By Abbey Lippold

They are the only ones who accept me. I am the only one who accepts them. Three inseparable sisters with pale skin and constellations of freckles like mine. Three who fills life with love and compassion. Three admirable gifts created by God. I look at them and I can hear them speak without any words.

Their purpose is clear. They make everyone feel like they matter. They learn as they grow up and hold on to the earth between their soft fingers, saying that they will conquer the world, as long as they stay together. This is how they make me complete.

Let one forget her reason for living, they'd all go down together, never leaving someone behind. Never, never, never giving up on this blessing. We prosper.

When I grow old and start a family, when I am no longer living under the same roof, then it is I look at our bonds. When I am in a hole and it feels like it can't dig myself out, I remember. Three who overcame the good and the bad. Three who reach and never stop reaching. Three whose only purpose is to give and help.

Seven Empty Spaces

By Stone LaPorte

They are the holes that fill me. I am the one who fills them. Seven empty spaces with empty eyes and sad faces like mine. Seven desires that are not here but should be here. Seven burning hearts torn from their chest. From our youth, we can feel them, but we just sleep and don't dwell these things.

Their sound is silent. They send hallowing dreams inside my bones. They crawl up and crawl down and grab the spine with their empty promises and scratch the eye with demeaning words and never leave traces. This is why we sleep.

Let them feed on reason and singing, we'll all listen like students in class, all coloring the palm of his brother. Maybe, maybe, maybe they promise when I beg. They leave. When the sun is too bright and I'm too empty to preach preaching, when I see a gentle face before so many strangers, it is then I take her to places. When there is nothing left to put in our stomachs. Seven who dug despite the preachers. Seven who leave and do not hate to leave. Seven fool's lips are to be quiet, and quiet.



Drawing by Nicole Larson

Who Made That: Baby Potatoes

By Taylor Mielke

Ore-Ida founders Golden Grigg and F Nephi Grigg stumbled upon the idea of tater tots one day after searching for a way to utilize the leftover potato pieces from their french fries. The idea to cut up the pieces and mix them with seasoning and flour eventually led to more renovations. This process was followed by feeding the new pieces through the potato masher and cutting them into the tater tots we know and love today.

Tater tots were first introduced to the market in 1956 after being titled in honor of the nicknames for potatoes and children. The new item was made of potatoes and was originally intended for children, hence the name tater tots.

The introduction to the market was not as successful as Ore-Ida original planned. The marketing team at the company inferred that the low price of the product did not help. People assumed that tater tots were a ditch effort by Ore-Ida and were unsure of the actual value of the product. After the first year on the market, tater tots got a remodel with new packaging and a higher price that skyrocketed sales.

Tater tots have made big impacts on the market. Not only did they help boost Ore-Ida to gaining 25% of the potato market in the 1950s, but they have also made appearances on the big screen. In 2004 in the popular movie “Napoleon Dynamite”, tater tots play a supporting role next to Napoleon, who packs his pockets with the delicious treat.

The popularity of tater tots still continues to rise today. It is estimated that over 70 million pounds of tater tots are consumed in America each year. Tater tots have never been extremely popular worldwide, however they can be found on shelves in some European countries. Copycat products of the tater tot have been created since the initial launch, however the innovative idea will always be credited to Ore-Ida.

Got Freedom? Thank a Soldier.

By Zach Dettman

One day I asked, “Grandpa, why did you join the Army?”

My grandpa told me, “I volunteered in 1967 to go to Vietnam because I knew I would get drafted.”

He was brave to enter the military and leave his safety, home and family behind. There were 500 people in his group and they all took tests. They didn’t know what they were for, but the top 75 had more tests. Then, the top five scorers out of the 75 and the two best scores from those five.

“Grandpa, were you ever scared about the tests because you didn’t know what they were for?”

He said, “Yes, the other guys and I didn’t know if it was good or bad to keep taking tests.” But my grandpa kept taking tests and he was one of two men chosen to enlist in flight school.

Alan Haehle (my grandpa) at 20-years-old was a gun men helicopter pilot. My grandpa was shot down seven times. Five times he was grounded at base because there were so many bullet holes in the helicopter. He was shot out of the sky twice. I asked if he was ever afraid of being captured and he told me, “Only once. I was on the ground. We were about half a block away in the jungle. You didn’t really think about it, you just tried to survive. Being captured was not an option.” Hearing that from my grandpa for the first time scared me, but it also gave me a extraordinary feeling. I was proud to be his grandson. And I’m proud to call him my grandpa.

Later, my grandpa joined the reserves. He continued to fly helicopters from 1980 to 1992. When he was in the reserve, he had the opportunity to fly protection for President Ronald Reagan when he came to town. He was one of three pilots that flew secret service around. My grandpa is one of the most interesting and brave people I know. Alan Haehle is and will always be my Memorial Day hero.

Adventures on a Walk
By Michael Condly

On the tips of his toes, a toddler stares outside the frosted glass. An eager smile spreads across his face as he can't wait to go outside. He was excited to step out into a new world, and go on a journey with me, his grandfather, for the first time. I appear behind him and laugh, as I see him struggling to peer out the window.

"Alright Michael. We can go now," I say.

We walk along the concrete sidewalk in our neighborhood. My grandson kicks small rocks as a gust of wind tickles my face. I spot a couple of leaves as they scuttle along the ground, but to my grandson, they are much more exciting. A couple of them caress his small shoes, and he looks up and exclaims, "Look, Grandpa! Dancing leaves!" *Ah the mind of a child*, I think.

As we continue our adventure, I spot a patch of daffodils growing on the side. Wondering what Michael thought of them, I asked him to take a look. His eyes widen and he shouts, "They look like little suns!" Just as he's about to stand up, his eyes catch a glimpse of a squirrel running up a tree. He immediately jumps up and asks me if I saw that. Before I can even answer, I'm interrupted by his exclamations. "Did you see that? I saw a bolt! It was small and furry! What was that?!"

After Michael calmed down, we decided to make our way back home. Halfway there, I spot my neighbor walking his dog. As we start up a conversation, my grandson looks at the dog with a confused face. To him, it has the appearance of a hairy beast with sharp fangs perfect for eating children. I tell him, "It's okay. Just hold out your hand, and let him smell you." Hesitantly, he extends his hand, and the dog immediately starts to lick him. Michael starts laughing, and falls backwards as the dog moves his relentless licks towards his face. I help him get back up, and say our goodbyes.

Michael continues to tell me he can't wait to tell Mom about his adventure. Halfway home, he immediately recognizes the way back, and wants to race me. To entertain him, I agree, and try to run as fast as a sprightly three-year-old with my aging body and bad knees. I make it home taking deep breaths, and Michael instantly starts telling his mother about everything he saw. I rest in my chair, and smile. To think that something as simple as a walk, was so exciting for a child.

Two Obnoxious Girls
By Kaitlyn Beth

They are the only ones who annoy me. I am the only only one who bugs them. Two obnoxious girls with curved hips and thick horsehair on each head. Two who trespass my own personality. Two unpleasant remarks there to crush me. From my class I can hear them, but my teacher says I'm not paying attention.

Their laugh is powerful. They plow through the hallways between each hour. They stand up and charge out and grab the fear between their demon eyes with clouds of grey circling above their heads. This is how they take control.

Let one lose track of his belongings, they'd all rumble like thunder in a storm, each with their crazy looks. Look, look, look I say. They run.

When I am alone and too tired to keep looking, when I am a flower covered with pollen in the fresh summer air. When there is nothing left to look at. Two who will always hate for desire. Two who comes in a pair. Two who's only reason is to hurt me.

Always Remember
By Nate Ferro

The rising clouds of black smoke from a charcoal grill carry the savory scent of steak. A table lined in bottles of red and yellow condiments and glass jars of pickles fogs in the mid day's sunlight. A pool full of children flip off a glimmering white springboard on the water's edge. The freshly cut grass tickles the toes of neighbors spiking a ball of dirt-covered rubber over a semi-tangled net. All of it on a Monday in late May. By: Nate Ferro

The rising black smoke from two towers scrapes the silent sky. A ground lined in blankets of ash alongside bent, steel panels and the glass of shattered windows fogs from anything but the midday sun. Two pools full of names etched on walls of stone are blanketed by streaming water. The freshly planted trees may try to seclude the sight of memorial, but they will never hide the sorrows. All of it because of a Tuesday in early September.

The knees rest on the cold, damp leaves of the autumn ground. Tears dribble onto the banks of winter's snow. The flowers flourish in the spring, picked from the ground, and placed in front of far more than just a stone. The summer wind can't whisk away the memories or the entirety of despair. January through December, the seasons change, but the respect for those who paid the ultimate price stays cemented as firm as the graves in which their names are carved.

The rocket's red glare gleams upon the survivors in a dimmer light than the fallen. These warriors are six feet under ground yet countless feet above the sky. The hands gone cold on Bunker Hill in June of 1775; the hot, lead bullets that struck too many targets at Gettysburg in July of 1863; the immeasurable bravery on the beaches of Normandy on the sixth day of the sixth month in 1944. For all the fighters who defended and stepped onto the foreign soils of Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, and Afghanistan. There's too much remembrance to solely condense to a Monday in late May.

Hands

By Malloreay Wallace

Mama, Papa, Brother, and I have hands of the same flesh and different stories. Papa's hands are two leather gloves, sun-bleached and blistered. The grooves in his hands, like the cracks in our old, oak table—the one Mama is preparing dinner for. Papa's hands are like an August sunset, warm and comfortable. Mama's hands are two balloons, ruddy and as plump as cherries. Mama's hands that look like plastic, and hit like iron. Mama's hands are like nostalgia, bittersweet and confused. And Brother, well his hands are razor blades, sharp and quick. Scabbed knuckles, thick from fighting—his hands are two strong shovels building castles out of nothing. Brother's hands are like eggs, fragile but hard. My hands... *my hands* are tangled laces, young and messy. Moving with uncertainty, they're freshly born dancers, stumbling their way through life. My hands are like strings of grass, wispy and weak. Mama, Papa, Brother, and I have hands of different stories and the same flesh.

You Create Your Own Reality

By Amanda Stahl

Have you ever really considered the idea that you create your own reality? It's so tempting to look at your current life situation, at whom you're with, where you work, what you have and have not, and think to yourself, "This was obviously meant to be... I'm here for a reason." And to a degree, you'd be right. But you are where you are because of the thoughts you have thought, not because it was meant to be. Don't give away your power to a vague or mysterious logic. Tomorrow is a blank slate in terms of people, work, and play, because it, too, will be of your making. You will again have that sense that it was meant to be, no matter who or what you've



Drawing by Nicole Larson

drawn into your life. Nothing is meant to be, except for your freedom to choose and your power to create.

Whether any of you are aware of it or not, all of us are fully responsible for bringing both positive and negative influences into our everyday lives. This is the key to understanding what creates Law and Attraction. The universal Law of Attraction founded by Isaac Newton states that we draw to us those people, events, and circumstances that match our inner state of being. In other words, we attract experiences that are consistent with our beliefs. If we believe that there is plenty of love in the world, and we are worthy of giving and receiving that love, we will attract a different quality of relationships than someone who believes in scarcity or feels unworthy of happiness. Those who believe they deserve very little, will only attract the negatives of this emotion. With that, the universe is not punishing you or blessing you, the universe is only responding to the vibrational attitude that you are emitting to the world around you.

Tell yourself daily that today will be a good day. You are therefore working with the universe to make it just that. The more you focus on something, the more powerful it becomes. In all waking moments, you are creating your own attraction and everything that you experience is coming to you because of your vibrational emanation and the response of Law of Attraction to that vibration. Frequently we must work to achieve a positive mindset, to achieve a more positive outcome.

Truly I tell you, you create your own reality. This idea is as solid as the ground we stand on. The thoughts that you conjugate cause you to emanate a vibrational frequency that stirs to what your reality will become. Your thoughts are your energy waves, and the universe does not judge whether it's good or bad, it simply is. The Universal Mind that flows through everyone knows no limitation or lack. No thought you integrate within your mindset is impossible to it's limitations. Since the universe creates all knowledge, substance, and power, it creates and shapes exactly what the mind of each individual person thinks into it. As your thoughts release into the universe, you are therefore allowing that reality to occur. Putting forth a thought embraced by emotion, the universe will rearrange it's original plan to create it for you. There is no such thing as an accident. There is no such thing as coincidence. The more you doubt yourself, and what you will become, you are therefore setting that up for yourself. Match the frequency of the reality you desire, and you can not help but receive that.

With all the words spoken to you today, I will leave you with a beautiful poem written by Iain S. Thomas. "On this day, you read something that moved you and made you realise there were no more fears to fear. No tears to cry. No head to hang in shame. That every time you thought you'd offended someone, it was all just in your head and really, they love you with all their heart and nothing will ever change that. That everyone and everything lives on inside you. That that doesn't make any of it any less real. That soft touches will change you and stay with you longer than hard ones. That the tingles running down your arms are angel feathers and they whisper in your ear, constantly, if you choose to hear them. That everything you want to happen, will happen, if you decide you want it enough. That every time you think a sad thought, you can think a happy one instead. That you control that completely. That the people who make you laugh are more beautiful than beautiful people. That what you make and what you do with your time is more important than you'll ever fathom and should be treated as such. That the difference between a job and art is passion. That neither defines who you are. That bad days end but a smile can go around the world. That life contradicts itself, constantly. That that's why it's worth living. That the difference between pain and love is time. That love is only as real as you want it to be. That if you feel good, you look good but it doesn't always work the other way around. That the sun will rise each day and it's up to you each day if you match it. That nothing matters up until this point. That what you decide now, in this moment, will change the future. Forever."

Stinky Feet
By Kaitlyn Beth

My family has small feet—my father, my mother, and me—the kind that gets stepped on. The kind that can fit into kids sizes, the kind that can get shoes for half price.

My sister is another story. They are like two mountains; rugged and risky. Stomping through storms, running through rain, and tumbling through tasks of hard work. My sister’s feet smell like cottage cheese. Always can smell them from miles away. Stinky socks too! Always end up in my dirty laundry pile.

Her feet are lazy. They are never able to follow the rules. Dirty and disgusting; toenails are long, too long. They are strong and sturdy. Too big, too smelly, and too distinct.

Malala Yousafzai
By Casie Wiese

You’re sitting on the bus, just as you do every day. Then a strange man in a mask walks onto the bus and yells, “Which one of you is (your name)? Speak up, otherwise I will shoot at you all.” What would you do? Hide? Or do you save the lives of others at the expense of your own? Malala Yousafzai was a brave young women who stood up to the taliban and her rights...and lived.

Meeting Malala would be an amazing experience. If ever had the opportunity to, I would ask her what motivated her to fight for her rights and the rights of other girls. I would ask her what gave her the strength and bravery to stand up to a group of terrorists. I would also ask her if she was ever scared of what might happen to her because of her actions. I would ask her about the bus shooting and if she would change her actions leading up to that day.

I want to meet Malala Yousafzai because she is strong, brave and stands up for what is right. She is an influential historical figure, and she is an inspiration to me.

Two Playing Puppies
By Savannah Nickey

They are the only ones who wake me. I am the only one who walks them. Two playing puppies with big paws and fur like cotton. Two who found a place to belong. Two who race around the yard all day. From the porch, we can watch them, but they always return with their blue ball.

Their energy explodes. They jump from the couch to the chair. They chase and they sleep and lick your face with their wet tongue and nibble on your toes with their tiny teeth while you sleep. All while being a puppy.

They spend years by your side, until they look like they were colored with gray, drooping skin around their eyes. Woof, woof, woof, they want their blue ball.

They sleep.

When I get too tired and too strained from strenuously studying, when I am the comfy couch amongst so many beds, they still choose me. When there is no one left to talk to. Two who grew old despite their young hearts. Two who comforted and never stopped comforting. Two whose reason was to be with me and me.

Arrowhead Union High School



2016-2017

Poems

Poetry for Lovers

By Anonymous

There are wilted roses on my bedside table from you, a cat at the end of my bed—
it is not the end of the world when forget about me.
My favorite tune is playing and I am dancing—
it is not the end of the world when you do not say
I-love-you-too.
My succulents need to be watered and attended to
there is a honey bee outside my window—
it is not the end of the world when you leave me.
Incense is burning—
the sun's rays makes me feel radiant.
I am ok and I am warm—
it is not the end of the world
it is not the end of me.



Photo By Madeline Prodehl

Where I'm From By Malloreay Wallace

I am from the seeds dropped from familiar hands,
dug into the cigar box storing old memories,
sprinkled lightly onto the soil which bore me into this earth,
a new generation, rebirthed, regrown, renewed.

I will grow where I am planted, because uprooted flowers die
and find solace in my own company.
The earth is my home, Her dirt in my toes—
I sprouted here and here I flourish.

Young saplings mature into strong oaks,
remember: trust, respect, and determination
but reaching for a crown that's not yours is a sin...
"You can't squeeze blood from a turnip!"

Over time, my stem will strengthen and I will stand tall.
Although my limbs are too gangly, too gawky, too awkward,
growing tall is a part of life, so the sprouting years should be savored, inch by inch.
I'll find a way to see the sun, and love my bumps and thorns.

The bees will come and I might get stung,
to cry is human, but not for long, because the world is kind.
I water my roots and stand tall once more

I am a rose with iron petals!

The seasons will change and people will pass,
so when picked up by the hands of my maker,
I trust that He will take me somewhere good,
where the air is sweet like honey, and peace is among the weary.

I am a child of the earth, and with Her I will grow and bend.
Her wind whispers softly in my ears, Her sun upon my cheeks
a mere dandelion in the Garden of Eden,
but I'll grow where I am planted, because uprooted flowers die.

Sensational Smell
By Daniel Oliaro

I set foot through the front door, greeted by a sensational smell.
A smell I knew all too well.
Struggling to keep my wits and not venture into a trap,
I lay down and attempt to take a nice nap.

Minutes passed while I waited in bed.
I couldn't get that smell out of my head.
I hurled my body up and bolted to the kitchen,
hopefully my brother will not be snitchin'.

I feast my eyes on the thick tender steak,
hoping my mom might take a petite break.
I grasp the keen fork and stab into the steak, oozing all over my hands.
My mom strolls in, a cookbook in hand, wondering why I ate her future dinner plans.

The walk of shame back upstairs, I wait for my next bite.
Only 30 more minutes and I will be all right.
The sensational smell, that I know all too well.
Will I ever learn to bake such a smell? Only time will tell.

Letters from Seattle
By Calvin Chapman

From Seattle she sends rain,
blue eyes like the sky shaded gray.
Tear drops will scar her face,
fall from her grace, splash off the page
with imprints of heartache that stain.
Letters and words in her wake.

Untitled
By Daniel Oliaro

Am I smart enough?
 The acceptance rate is low.
 People say it would take a miracle.
Or am I smart enough?
 Will they be able to see past my grades
 and look at what's on the inside?
Am I smart enough?

The Ant
By Karina Smits

Raisins sprawled out on the grass.
He enters with eyes wide open-knowing there's work to do.
 Each raisin as important as the next.

Pause.

He's comprehending his blueprints.

Resumes.

Stacking each like brick's to a building.
 Higher and higher it climbs,
like the temperature on a hot summer day.
 The tower as tall as my big toe.

Finished.

He looks up for a consent of approval.

Thumbs up.

He makes his way to the next job.

I'm From
By Stone LaPorte

I'm from
 the yellow house on the street
 where the robins sing in the spring.
where the air burns my skin in the dark winter.
 where the sun's always in my eyes.
 safe in the steeple
 meet the world fear it's people.

A family journey.
 To the lake.

To the zoo.
To California.

I'm from
friends and fun.
Safety and support.
Mass and Money.

I'm from
the place of my parents
move to the fields in faith to stay safe.
move to subdivisions.
move to the forest.
Mother says life's what you make.
Go to grandpa's sail the lake.

A family tradition.
Love.
Celebration.
Fear.

I'm from
strangers.
Passing People.
Subdivision streets.

I'm from
homemade meals
a father who loves Metallica and America.
a father who knows.
a father like me.
Pastor, how do I hear?
I'm safe, but their no hiding from fear.

A family legacy.
Music.
Running.
Learning.

I'm from
One and only.
Typical tradition.
Molly's mind.

Bridge over water
my start is not my end
Three sons no daughter.

Trees on the hill
path not clear

I'm from my own will.

Search for four leaved clovers
The clouds are here
The raven's song means summer's over.

I am
Getting better!
Individual!
Who I am!
Freewill?
Trapped!
Where I'm from!
Who am I?
From is not at?
Wondering!
Drifting!
Being!

Death to My Dance: Food's Journey
By Connor Akers

I used to dance in the wind, I twisted, twirled, and spun.
In the morning and at night, I marveled at the sun,
surrounded by my family, smiles, love, and laughter.
Then everything changed...my life turned to disaster.

They threw a bag over my head and dragged me away,
the beautiful colors suddenly replaced by gray.
They tossed me into a dark, damp, dreary cell,
the air thick and humid, with a terrible smell.
I wished it was a dream...I wished soon I would wake.
I endured a beating: soaked, sliced, squashed without break.

Suddenly, sucked into deeper darkness and despair;
would I survive this cruel nightmare?
The further I went, the louder the hiss and growls,
accompanied by desperate screams, cries, and howls.
Submerged in a vast sea of acid,
Thousands suffered, anguish of masses.

It was a slow death, for days I cried and waited,
I floated through vast, dark caves as I deteriorated.
Slowly broken down, I experienced decay,
the most important parts of myself picked away.

I saw the end of the caves; what I witnessed next...indescribable,
Dropped onto a pile of other prisoners, unrecognizable.
The floor disappeared and the pile set into motion,
finally free, we dropped into a white ocean.

I will dance in the wind never again.
My journey is over...The End.

The Tension Between Who You Are & Who You Were

Childhood

By Amanda Stahl

Open your eyes. Come back.
It's okay. Breathe. Come back, please.
Look at your hands, dissolving.
Immediately you awake. A child on your parents' bed.
Asleep for an hour. The sun is shining.



Photo by Amanda Stahl

Max

By Max Gebhard

I am from March 17th
left-handed and a blonde blessing
from a green shed sharing beds...
I am from Sunday school and our puny pool
“6’ o’clock rock” and computer chair companion
from needing a Band-Aid, butter, and bread
I am from trunk rattling and the boom-bap beats blaring—
“help me with this lock” and that freshly grazed brain
from parched tongues, lukewarm water, and “go to bed.”

I am at high-school, nearly college
“you got so tall” and Minute-Maid lunches
at the cash register and daunting date nights
I am experimenting with foul fermentation
new rules and expensive wrist watches—
at the library writing my own novel
I am at that brown bank and local gas station

roam the pine needles, searching for Sasquatch
at the jeweler, affording the pearl.

I am going to move out, grow up
continue to crave, create, and consume
going to rush and rage, not caged nor contained
I am going to strain my strengths, no tear dare drop
“answer please” and asking Jesus...
going to free my mind and conscious, maintain
I am going to move machines and let cash flow
find a healthy habit and pop champagne
going to permeate peace, no pain.

Where I'm From

By Natalie Frey

I am from a white house on Pennbrooke
with an untrimmed shrub covering the side window.
The wooden playset sprouted from a box,
doomed to fall apart within its first year.
I'm from my ocean in the backyard.
Walls of plastic filled with cold hose water.

I am from stern scolding—
“you're being a brat.”
Entrepreneurial tendencies—
“you don't get what you don't work for.”
I'm from the germination of a humble business man—
“Those who talk about their money
only do so because money is all that they have.”

From a peeling white starter home in a crowded
neighborhood,
grass sprouting from the sidewalk's cracks.
I'm from an extravagant country club home on rolling hills.
Housewives competing in shows of diamond rings and
Jimmy Choo's.
I'm from a modern lake home with windows and colors,
a lawn manicured to the last unwanted weed.

I am from the day I gained a sister,
who showed me what it meant to be an ethical person.
I can't always have what I want,
and it is how I choose to handle opportunity costs
that defines me as a person.
I am from the day I lost a friend to the sky,
and felt the sting of death too soon,
words I wish I would have said playing in my mind.
I am from the first time I fell in love,
knowing it was only high school,

but realizing that we live in moments, not in plans.

I am from “always stay humble,
what you have will never be who you are.”
I am from “work hard, even if you don’t need to,
it builds character and personality.”
I am from making time for what matters.
“There are only 1,440 minutes in a day,
choose who you spend that time on wisely.”

I am from the core of forgiveness,
in the worst of betrayals.
I am living proof that things will be
as they are meant to be.
I am from 24-hour days,
of sweet smiles and never ending gratitude.

Girl in the Mirror
By Savannah Drewek

Her ashy blonde locks hang long and thin, decorated in knots and flyaways.
Strands of sunrise peak through the curtains, adorning the room in color.
An oversized sweatshirt hangs off of her gaunt shoulder.
She looks so pretty, so understated, so delicate.

She seems ok.

Her hollow cheeks bear leftover makeup, and red eyes burn from withheld tears.
Bumps protrude through her pale skin, even where they shouldn’t.
Her stomach growls and screams for help.
She looks so worn, so alone.

Is she ok?

Her thoughts are distorted with hatred, but only for herself.
Dry lips sting, and long for the touch of sustenance.
Her limbs hang spindly and bruised.
She looks so helpless.

Somebody help her!

The gilded mirror brings life to the room,
reflecting light into every nook.
I turn away from the girl.
She looks like me.

Somebody help me.

Where I'm From
By Gabriel Harder

I am from the younger me,
 the younger me, safe and secure, surrounded by my six siblings.
I am from the younger me, involved, impatient, innocent without fear.
 I worried about what was for dinner.
I am from the sunny sweaty days of summer left with my thoughts of fast cars.
 My trembling panic at attempting my first flip on my trampoline.

I am from the earth,
 that feeling of the wet cold dirt on my feet summer mornings.
I am from my field that many a heart felt ball games were played on.
 My feet scared from my gravel driveway where my lemonade stand stood.
I am from winter snowball fights.
 The freezing snow numbing my ankles as I put the last touches on my fort.

I am from my family.
 The trips to Kopp's for cold custard as we all shared the fresh onion rings.
I am from Zach,
 the way he taught me how to drive a nail into wood at age eight.
I am from Hannah,
 the only sister that invited me for tasty tea parties at age five.

I am from school.
 I never had to wake up for a bus.
I am from 1,000 word handwritten research reports.
 Little Bighorn live in infamy.
I am from my home-school teacher kissing me
goodnight.
 They say no one loves like a mother.

I am from the gear turning mechanics,
 They want to drive wreckless and wild.
I am from my 2000 Saturn Sc2,
 The car that taught me how to not give
up on my dreams even when they get hard.
I am from leaking oil and burnt charred coolant.
 I can fix that.

Yet no matter what I am still always from the
younger me
 The younger me that had no fear
 The younger me that wasn't scared
 Scared of growing up
The younger me will always be my best days
 And as for now, all I can do is reminisce



Photograph by Savannah Drewek

Untitled
By Nate Ferro

“That’s enough!” yelled Sun.
“No, it’s winter, I get to stay longer,” Moon smugly retorted.
“Well, it’s nearing 7 am and we need to switch spots!” Sun complained.
“Ugh, fine...” Moon growled as he spun towards China.
“Take your Vitamin D, U.S.A,” Sun remarked.

“Wait. Moon, hold on there’s clouds in the way!” Sun whined.
“I can’t help you with that! Only the tides, remember?” said Moon.
“Ya whatever, I’m sure they’ll disband soon,” Sun uttered.
“Uh-oh looks like it’s time for us to switch again,” Moon said with a smirk.

“It’s—it’s not even four o’clock yet!” Sun yelled.
“Check your calendar, man; Winter Solstice.”
“Fine. But I get to stay out longer starting tomorrow,” Sun said.
“Sure, whatever, just quit your whining,” Moon growled.

“Ugh!” Sun whined.
“What now?!” Moon inquired with rage.
“There’s overcast here too!” cried Sun.
“That’s smog, dude,” Moon responded.

Where I’m From
By Jack Wiebusch

I am from 6:35 AM, a cold rain hits my face
The gravel beneath my untied shoelaces is flooded.
Sharing silence with fatigued teenagers.
We wait for our bus to howl around the corner.
My eyes struggle to focus
as I watch the rain soak into my jeans that are too long.
A trivial worry makes my body ache,
Anxious of what happens next.
However, I am motionless, undetected by the grey sky.
Only nine years old.

I am from 11:19 AM, a classroom disaster,
children shrieking, carelessly together.
But,
not a word lifted from my mouth,
is found visible to those around me.
A light shines through the window,
Beaming through unrest
Illuminating our bodies,
Coloring a moment in time spent in chaos
with grey and blue. Day after day.
Only 12 years old.

I am from 12:05 PM, the world is paralyzed,
my sky is filled with stars.
It feels real, in an open road,
encompassed by myself.
The pavement marks my place in time,
too late, as I had to be home.
My vigor fading, dark circles under my eyes,
this spirit is drifting away from it's capsizing vessel.
I see the shadow of my car in the distance,
Diminishing each time I look back.
What I've become is a mystery to me.
Here in the darkness,
alone.
16 years old.

Where I'm From
By Anonymous

I'm from a family of five.

Dad, mom, sister, and brother,
with me as the middle sibling.

I'm from loving cows, elephants, and dogs; farm, wild, and domestic creatures alike.

Caring for at least three pets throughout my life,
and a vegetarian for a year.

I'm from a two story home in Pewaukee.

Kids, locked up, tip basement recliners and parents blast "I'm bringing sexy back"
and laughter along with heartache in the warm, golden yellow kitchen.

I'm from a home in Merton.

One people get lost trying to find,
and llamas a mile down the street.

I'm from changing schools.

Private and Catholic,
to public and more than one belief.

I'm from my father's lessons.

A man wise and rich in advice, pushing for opportunity,
and saying to my siblings and me "It's all about the options."

I'm from summers of laughter and "just good clean fun."

Boat rides across the lake giggling, and squealing at each spray,
campfires in the Door County pines.

I'm from bullies who prevented my happiness: "your friends are prettier than you."

Releasing my emotions in ways of self harm, watching blood ooze from my skin,
and hiding myself in fear of disappointing and hurting family and friends.

I'm from the guidance counselor taking me in.
 Calling my parents while they were on vacation,
 telling them how their daughter hurt herself again.

I'm from group therapy which never worked.
 To finding someone who helped,
 and who aided me to be four months clean.

I'm from replacing thoughts of self mutilation with music.
 Writing, singing and listening,
 to stop myself from reaching for the blade again.

I'm from a life of times both smile-inducing and tear-jerking.
 With a family who by my side and bringing smiles,
 and friends who care about the real me.

I'm from these things.
 To which none I am ashamed,
 and to which all I will embrace.

For making me who I am today.

Where I am From
By Lexie Newman

I was from manipulation, a bulls eye blaring red naming me a target.
From empty vows that with each hit, the impact of the let down diminished hope—
seeping into my mind and eating the ideas of what the promises were.

I was from screaming walls that echo each furtive corner.
From a black hole of books sucking me in for hours at a time—
isolated hours to protect myself from the war going on beyond my closed door.

I was from pain so deep it curls in my chest and nestles in my stomach.
From my house that cracked under the pressure and fell into pieces at a court rooms doorstep—
the beginning of my high school career became the construction of a new home.

I'm now from reveling in the fierceness of a thunderstorm.
From dark hours staring at a ceiling full of stars, forgetting the grey—
hurricanes streaming from the ceiling down my cheeks—neglecting sleep.

I'm now from my past does not define me.
From stitching gaping wounds evolving into scars on the mind and heart—
scars sunlight shines through from each stroke of paint to a euphoric sigh of laughter.

I'm now from thinking with compassion and acting on comprehension.
From composition that flow from my fingertips onto paper—
to scattered perceptions into concrete recognition.

Untitled
By Abi Birkel

Dawn light peeks through through the navy curtains,
from ink black to peachy waves.

Puffs of white drift off to sunny slopes.
Clocks crawl calmly, trading day for night.

She fades again, back to bleak night
as her moods veer like skies.

Where I'm From
by Jenna Auton

I'm from sticky, sugary, smothered fingers
from adventurous bike rides
to the downtown decadent doughnut shoppe.

I am from scary bedtime stories underneath the cozy blanket forts
and jumping from pillows to avoid falling
into the hot lava formed below.

I'm from mornings filled to the brim
with impatient, squirmy kids
awaiting swim lessons at the Hartford recreation center.

I'm from foil-wrapped, rainbow colored sweets
and Hello Kitty stickers from the busy
Aurora Pharmacy in the strip mall.

I am from the teal, grainy eyeshadow,
overused highlighter and peachy-pink pearl blush
as I pose for the camera with my love-filled sisters.

I'm from award-winning smiles and cheering parents.
I am from July 2011, the crack,
the pain shooting throughout my foot.

I am from that tear-stained dress
from mile long sighs and bridal songs
from aching feet of adoration.

I am from these moments,
from rustic picture frames and graceful, golden rings
from messy hair and color-coated Crayons.



Photograph by Savannah Drewek

A Single Drink
By Katie Jamieson

I open my eyes,
walking in as the neon bar sign welcomes me.
Long lashes intertwine like spider legs,
hair curls like waves,
Jeans pressed to me so tight you could see a penny in the pocket—

I sit down.
Someone says hi;
his breath as strong as sailors at sea.
He's done this before.
It seemed normal—

He buys me a drink,
sets it on a caramel colored coaster.
It's cold on my dry lips,
It tasted like it does everytime I drink it.
Or so I thought—

I leave him and my drink to go use the restroom.
When I return I noticed my drink moved,
no coaster under it now.
An unsettling feeling fills my stomach.
I ignored it when I shouldn't have—

Moments later, I feel dizzy.
He directs me out into the cold,
down the stained steps from where we once were into a car,
my eyes droopy, feet slipping.
I'm frightened by now, not knowing how to make it stop—

We drive down an unknown street,
I try to speak but nothing comes out.
His large clammy hand grabs my frail little one.
What's happening?
I close my eyes.

I am From
By Abbey Novak

I am from dancing in front of the windows of our house.
Cranking the music
and pretending no one is watching.

I am from a loving house with cozy warm blankets and steaming hot chocolate cooking on the stove.
Walking up on a Saturday morning to the smell of fresh pancakes and bacon
and a yellow lab running around.

I am from the vibrant colored leaves that make the perfect crunch noise as I step on them walking up my driveway in the fall,
bright orange pumpkins and cooked seeds.
and caramel apples from Bassetts.

From Halloween parties with family and friends dressing up in festive costumes,
summer trips to the Florida keys with best friends,
tanning on the beach with my shiny, polkadotted black sunglasses and a cold drink in my hand.

From golfing on a warm sunny afternoon
and driving around with the top off.

From “How was school?”
and “Goodnight, love you.”

From baking sweet treats with my sister,
jumping on the trampoline
and biking on the Bug Line.

I am from the childhood memories of Mom playing the violin and dancing around the hardwood kitchen floor.
Fishing with Dad up north on a summer night.
And Erin turning my bedroom into a theater and watching movie marathons.

1945
By Maiya Brandt

Moonlight shines through my window.
I gaze, transfixed at Berlin's stars.
Imagining...my future.
Cozy house, loving family—
rumbling noise brings me back as
bombs fall and screams echo in the night.



Photograph by anonymous

Where I'm From
By Kevin Eggert

I'm from a place of silence and solitude
silence like covered ears.
A place of expansive serenity.
A place of deafening nothingness

that drowns out the conflicts.
A place devoid of conversation
and collaboration with peers.
A place where I remained content
without social interaction.

I'm from a place of artificial beauty
that entertains the silent mind.
An interactive theater.
A place of pixel, science, and screen.
A place of ping, patch notes, and packet loss.
A place of potential
in software and programs.
A place that gleams bright
from LED lights and IPS screens.
A place materialized by nothing more than ones and zeroes.
A place of "Get off the computer."
and "I'm almost done with this game."

I'm from a place that's not empty.
Where once was serenity is sound.
A sound of caring companions and loving family.
A place where resides those
that stood out from the rest.
Individuals who came to this place
when they saw that I was alone
in a place of silence and solitude.



Photo By Anonymous

Sipping Rose Hips
By Casie Wiese

Autumn auburn leaves cloud the rose hip plants.
A woven basket, swings alongside knees, complimenting her pigtails' sway.
Thorns bloody her fingertips, the basket spilling with the harvest.
She rushes in for rose hip tea.

The church bells ring, she is dressed in white,
the bridesmaids stride down the aisle carrying bouquets of red.
She smiles nervously all the way to the alter,
she longs for a cup of calming rose hip tea.

Sheets of white cover the ground on a cold Sunday morning.
Her kids layer in coats and scarfs which mimic mummies.
Looking out the window to snow angels,
she smiles, sipping on rose hip tea.

Water droplets slither down the window glass,
her face has fallen but her eyes remain the same.
Her family gathers filling her last moments with love,
she craves one last taste of rose hip tea.

The leaves grow red and the weather grows colder,
her little ones are no longer small.
As they weep for the comfort of their mother,
they steep some rose hip tea.

Where I'm From
Spencer Dahlman

I'm from distinct places.
From divergent people, cultures, and ethnicities.
I come from **Gigantic** places and compact places.

From a horn honking, yellow taxi filled, bustling city with record setting skyscrapers.
Moving to a little city, where the only record consists of the football team.
I come from **Chicago** to Hartland.

I come from that *willow tree* in the backyard.
Swaying in the wind, laid back, losing branches, but *growing* back.
I come from **down the earth** humans.

I come from Brian and Andrea.
Get up and go get it, never give up, and reach for the stars mentality.
I come from **authentic** people.

I come to a **new school**.

Not knowing who I am or what to do. Why me?
I come from **determination**.

I come from **dedication**.
One more rep will put me over you, that work hard play harder disposition.
I come from **strenuous** hours on the court.

I come from a technological generation.
Criticized for “being on their phones” but not understanding the elegance of kids in this era.
I come from sticking up for yourself and knowing what you are worth.

I am from distinct places.
From divergent people, cultures, and ethnicities.
I come from **Gigantic** places and compact places.

The Forest

By Alexander Ofori-Mattmuller

Living in peace, people of tribes roam the lush jungle floor.
Admiring and adoring the forest and it’s surroundings.
They move quickly to avoid the loggers cutting down the forest.

Where I’m From **By Savannah Nickey**

I am from crackling campfires
and midnight swims.
I am from screaming cousin at family gatherings
and vacations planned the night before.
I am from summer days on the boat
and buttery popcorn at family movie nights.
I am from sticky, sugary s'mores
and giggling laughs from
Bear and Squinty.

I am from a house of animals—
hooves pawing and feathers flapping—
begging for breakfast.
I am from a house of papers spilled out of Dad’s boxes,
and dirt on the old wooden floor.
I am from 6 am mornings to 11 pm nights,
from grinning children learning to ride a horse.
I am from weeks at horse shows,
traveling from city to city.

I am from pictures
snapped as I shy away.
I am from work hard for what I want
and are we there yet?
I am from snowglobes
that shimmer with sparkles

and tell the memories of vacations.
I am from hours of Grey's Anatomy,
dreaming of becoming a doctor.

Windows

By Brooke Birkland

I glance at nature, and see beauty. Glancing outside, from inside.
Searching the world, through glass panels. A view of inspiration.
Trash and smoke, pollution rules Earth. Humans destroy, never mend.

Untitled
By Kaiyli Whelan

Four years old: in the beginning,
I learn from Mom, the most insightful woman.
Making Memories

With flour on the floor, empty eggshells and sugar coated counters,
we start batches multiple times over.

Filling the kitchen with love and lingering laughs,
Mom and I bond becoming baking masters.

With fudge brownies, pies and cupcakes in a toppling tower, we
stuff brother and sister's bellies like Santa Claus' on Christmas.

Fun, family and food bring us together,
making memories to last a lifetime.

Sixteen-years-old: I still feel like I am four, as I love, listen and
learn from Mom, the most insightful woman.

DISAPPEARING FOOD: A Story About Ravenous Ruby
By Emily Dvorak

She stands with her front paws on the granite countertop,
her nose scanning for food.
Not a scent to be sniffed, she tips
over a glass that shatters on the wooden kitchen floor.

She sneaks up to my bedroom, destroying my garbage can in search of food,
leaving me a messy trail to clean.
Over winter break, she devoured my Christmas goodies:
one pound of the world's largest Reese's peanut butter cups, a bag of Hershey's kisses, and the wrappers too.

My childhood dream of a pet horse came true . . . or close
in a 65-pound chocolate labrador.
I wanted to name her Sonador . . . the name of a horse in my favorite movie,
however, three syllables was one too many for the amount of trouble she caused.

My Christmas present ate my Christmas present—
more trouble than thrill.
At least my shoes are still in pairs of twos,
and for that, I thank mischievous Ruby.

Where I'm From
By Maiya Brandt

I'm from motorcycle rides down country roads—
worry whipped away by the wind.
Carefree and jubilant...

From Misty's muddy pawprints on the hardwood floors,
like a signature to say she was there.
Loved and remembered...

I'm from waking up to freshly picked raspberries—
and the sounds of my father's booming voice echoing through the house,
"Get up Sleeping Beauty, daylight is burning!"

From watching, horrified, as a car pulverized Fawn's fragile leg,
knowing we could not mend the damage.
Helpless and mournful...

I'm from afternoons exploring uncharted places—
hearing the dinner bell indicate the time to return home.
Untroubled and cheery...

From a phone call on a frigid afternoon while curled up with a book.
Discovering my beloved horse's life will be dramatically shortened by a tumor.
Miserable and heartbroken.

Two Houses, Two Homes
By Nate Ferro

My origin is a blue ranch on an edge beyond the city of winds.
Within it, was a carpet I thought was made of lava
and couch cushions atop that meant safety.
When the navy colored carpet wasn't the sweltering, molten fluid of a volcano,
it was a cloudless sky.
There were gales that whipped across the atmosphere...
the fan set to '3' spiraled winds not far off from those of a twister.
These gusts didn't stand a chance against the might of Superman.

By Superman, I mean a smaller version of myself with a poorly-tied knot on my neck and the crimson cape of a cotton blanket behind me.

For every sunrise I was dragged out of bed to play with Max,
there was a morning I was hiding under the bed in hopes of avoiding church.
For every time we jumped off the porch in attempt to play Quidditch, there was a parent crossing their fingers that we didn't fall on the broom the wrong way.
For the time we were surprised with a trip to Disneyworld, there was a worse bit of news that later followed—
“We're moving.”

A packed Chevrolet Trailblazer with a trailer behind ventured three hours northbound.
It halted at a gargantuan house with a pointed roof and a yard the size of Texas.
The cars unloaded furniture onto wooden floors and not “lava” of a midnight blue, but rather “lava” of beige and black speckles.
Snow piles were knee high and these mysterious terrain substances called “hills” were best to slide down in a tube of air.
The place where the full-capacity Trailblazer left did not have these hills—
just flat turf to the horizon line.
Then again, there was one less worry at the house with navy carpet—
never were there invaders adorned in green and gold insulting the orange-faced bear that occupied our walls.

The first house was small, but it was the first place I called “home.”
The second house felt foreign, but after eleven years, it's become as much a home as the first.
For every swing jumped off of at the blue ranch, there was a touchdown caught beside the pointed-roof house.
For every smell of an Italian beef from Portillo's, there was the savory scent of a hamburger from Culver's.
For every time I've called Joliet, IL where I'm from, I've called Lisbon, WI where I belong.



Photograph by Savannah Drewek

The Bandages Are Made Of Shadows **By Amanda Stahl**

I am from Pantone Yellow C colored rain boots, humid air and cool rain hitting my cheek—
earthworms beneath my feet.
The ground feels damp and unwavering—
an innocence that is ignorance. (*child-like behavior*)
From lingering hugs that last and euphoria—

Estee Lauder Beautiful perfume fills the air (*familiar since I left my mother's womb*)
She embraces me, and I am home.
From uneasy laughter and nervous smiles—
He and I reside in each others daydreams. (*my first love*)
Fall into me like the fallen rain—
that gently kisses our tender skin.
The art of growing, emerging from the soil,
replenishing my soul. (*replenishing my soul*)
Repeat it to yourself.
The tingles running down my arms are angel feathers—
whispering in my ear, constantly, if I choose to hear them.

I am from a home that became silent—
an enigma gasping for the person I used to be.
The ground feels fragile, as though it will collapse—
an innocence withered to nothing. (*I'm dissolving*)
From hollow stares and persistent yelling—
the scent of her is evanescence. (*please don't fade, please don't fade*)
She lay six feet in the ground, she has gone home.
From awkward car rides, soft kisses, warm embraces—
I-love-you's whispered, dripping like honey from his lips. (*my safe haven*)
Every atom of my being aches with affection for him—
The kind of love you never forget.
The art of being empty, believe them when they say
you are nothing. (*I am nothing*)
Repeat it to yourself.
The tingles running down my arms have disintegrated into
stinging—
whispering has evolved into silence. The angels voices are falling
far.

I am from a epoch of nostalgic moments wrapped up tenaciously.
The idea that we are so capable of love, yet are afraid to.
The ground feels soft, I am learning self love—
an innocence that has faded to knowledge. (*I am learning*)
From cherry sunrises and bubble gum sunsets—
I'm sorry this world could not keep you safe. (*may your journey home be a peaceful one*)
I kissed her ghost and all of her memories—
I told her to finally sleep.
From trembling voices, clutching one another tight, a hollow heart—
lying where he left me. (*you really aren't coming back, are you?*)
All the poetry in the world could not put us back together—
sometimes the greatest love is to simply let go.
The art of healing, emitting warm yellow light
I exist. (*I exist*)
Repeat it to yourself.
I can feel the wind soothe the burns running down my arms—
but it isn't cold enough to make me forget. I don't hear the angels anymore.

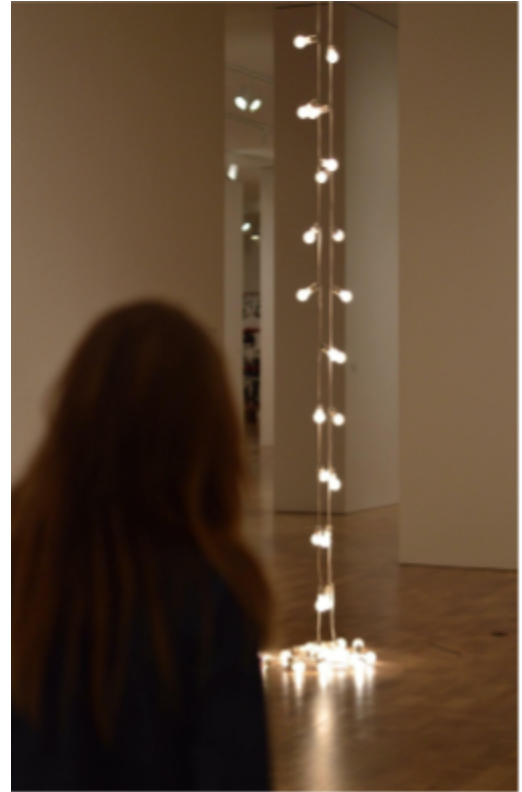


Photo by Amanda Stahl

A Taste of Gold
By Haley Jackson

Picked by perspiring hands and
carefully collected from a field of yellow and green;
It is the grain of the world.

Boiled in bubbling, blistering water,
nibbled on as the husks are peeled back;
It is the grain of the world.

Pop-pop-popped in a microwave,
battered and salted and munched in a mouthful;
It is the grain of the world.

Finely ground and packed to form a tortilla,
stuffed with eggs, bacon, and cheese then topped with sauce;
It is the grain of the world.

Cooked, grilled, roasted, steamed—
no matter which form it obtains, it satisfies ravenous bellies;
Corn is the grain of the world.

Where I'm From
By Cameron Gustin

I am a daughter of angelic conscience,
a sister to a diligent soul.
I am a legacy,
swallowing the bitter pill of comparison
to the achievements of my brother.
I am no less than him,
With a will as strong as nails and an outlook as bright as the sun.

I am from two homes,
The love and sentiment the same.
I am the residence amid ample and acute,
blue like the waters of the coast.
I am the residence particularly petite,
grey like the dusty chalk board resting among school walls.
I am from the two happiest places on earth.

I am not from books,
I am not from facts.
I am from creativity and imagination,
sprouting from the roots of primitive culture,
rather than the lectures that consume 180 days of my year.
I am from “Mom, I’m too sick for school,”
and “Where is my journal?”

I am dreams of the London College of Fashion,
with a major in fashion journalism.
I am Skype calls with the Headmaster,
relentlessly repeating my qualifications.
I am hard work and no free time,
blogging, homework, work and school
Filling up my schedule as fast as a super model loses weight.

I am from supportive angelic conscious
constantly repeating “follow your dreams.”

Don't take food for granted
By Trevell Cunningham

Chicago isn't perfect.
I am from the southside...dirty, devastating, and dark.
The homeless hurt with little hope...and constant hunger.

The heartbreak of winter devastates.
I have difficulty traveling to get food...suffering and miserable.
On cold nights, unemployed Mom is unable to put a dinner on the table...starving and sad.

Unable to participate in after school activities—
an empty stomach leaves me without energy to exercise or play sports.
Hunger affects school, athletics and all aspects of my life.

Friends and family provide meals for me,
warm dinners at Grandmother's house...happy and joyful.
I hangout with friends just to put food into my stomach...

Mom is nervous about me leaving the house,
going home starving every night: a vicious cycle.

The cycle just continues...

Untitled
By Karina Smits

“Think about what you are doing,”
spiels the bright white conscience.

“Impulse decisions are the best,
listen to me,” declared the dark
shadow of my thought.

I don’t know what to choose,
I’m hearing two voices in my head.

“Understand your decisions will
have consequences,” one says.

“You won’t know unless you try,”
I hear from the other.

Dirty Money. Dirty Water. Clean Conscious?
By Matthew Buth

Men, women, and children remain out of options.
To keep his family alive, a man might commit murder to profit.

The water available: toxic.

Congolese, progression set back by corrupted rulers, water lacks cleanliness.
He begs. The government says, “We have plenty of water. You are lying. Stop it.”

Families have limited options.

Government only cares about profit.

Now the water: toxic.

Flint residents don’t deserve this. Lead comes out of their faucets.

They beg. Those in charge taking too long to stop it.

The Natives are out of options.

The pipeline to be built under river for profit.

If oil is spilt, the river becomes toxic.

Water, a delicate necessity, why aren’t Humans more cautious?

Trying to take over sacred land, other Americans try to stop it.

Natives need help. The natives need options.

But what is more important to this world: Water? Or profit?

Food Painted Walls: A Lunchroom Storm
By Sidney Stutzman-Hatchett

Someone threw a fruit snack,
others join in on the fun.

Bang!

Boom!

Blast!

Globs soar like bombs,
mustard splatter like rays of sun.

The room was clouded with,
students’ laughter and teachers’ yelling.

Squeals!
Squabble!
and Shuffle?
Footsteps of thunder,
the principal storms with ears fuming.

Silence flooded the lunchroom,
the fun was over.
Drip...
Drip..
Drip.
Applesauce hitting the floor like rain drops,
it's time for the adults to set order.

As if a hurricane had just touched down,
we peeked through the table crack.
Tick,
Tick,
Tock.
Imagining if we could rewind time,
would we had thrown that fruit snack?

An Empty Soul
By Brooke Birkland

Emptiness, in her soul.
In her heart of cold, warmth the goal.

Vacant body, bare, black.
She yearns for, the light back.

Warmth rises, from the beaming sun.
It's looking up, she finally won.

I Am
By Emma Reiter

From a swing set buried in the woods,
from lightning bug filled mason jars,
from wart-covered toads slipping through my grasp,
from peanut butter cookies dissolving the moment they hit my tongue,
from late night doughnuts and soda stored in sippy cups.

From horse flies pestering Sen's perfectly red coat,
from a weeping willow's shady escape,
from leaping grasshoppers,
from a fabricated, short-lived farm dream,

from tears, tantrums, and tainted love.

From woven hair wrapped into one snug bun,
from shiny cans expelling satisfying fumes,
from stretching until I felt like an elastic,
from broken toes and bruised knees,
from abandoned talent and found insecurities.

From swimming until hunger weighed me down,
from scorching August days,
from faded red to olive and freckles,
from John Prine and Bon Iver,
from "I love you more."

From my mom's health crumbling like a beaten down sand castle,
from my brother taken by the currents in his own warped reality,
from nights drowning in my own tears,
from a black cat crossing my path at the right time,
from a sister who understood the pain, but not my outlook on it.

From finding my place, people, and peace of mind,
from falling for the one who makes me laugh when I want to cry,
from excitement for the times ahead,
from long loops of country road,
from lost faith to regained hope.

I was born.

Fun, Frosting, and Family: Memories to Laugh About Later
By Nicole Tarnowski

White fluffy snow falls as
the sun glistens off the landscape.
Christmas carols blare from the living room and I
leap down stairs two steps at a time.
Cookie cutters clutter the counter.
Cups of red, green, and yellow frosting rest on the table.
Zach stumbles into the table with a bang,
and as frosting slides,
Dad throws himself to save it.
These are memories to laugh about later.

Mom rolls dough on the counter as
eight grubby hands grab for Santa, reindeer, and boot cutouts.
The first batch bakes in the oven,
the sweet aroma of sugar filling the house...
It's time to bake another batch.
Zach slips on a puddle of water (that he didn't clean up)
and cookies are flying as if they are birds taking their first flight.
These are memories to laugh about later.

The table fills with family.
Three dozen cookies wait for red, green, and yellow frosting.
We share stories from years' past.
"Remember when..." Mom says.
Dad puts red frosting on the dog's nose and calls him Rudolf.
And still white, fluffy snow falls as
the sun glistens off the landscape.
These are memories to laugh about later.

Untitled
By Madelynn Cummings

Dazzlingly, young adults, upload selfies to be judged.

Evaluating the information they find online,

young adults don't see the misleading
advertising,

or have any valid reason to mistrust what
they find online.

Students have to be savvy about choosing
and

believing information they find online.

The inappropriate, deceptive, misleading
tweets, are often

clueless of what they post.



Photo by Mckenna Plath

Where I'm From
By Carson Kennedy

I grew up in a spacious pale yellow house,
with spectacle wearing brown haired parents
and three stooges.
I grew up in area where I met troublemakers and solvers
with broken arms, busted teeth, and bruised legs,
and imaginations I envy to this day.
I grew up excited and thrilled for the mighty yellow machine,
with a sweeping smile on my face,
to convey me to the place that I relish and despise.

I live in a less spacious pale yellow house
where my brothers are confined to their rooms,
and my parents are showing grey on top.
I live in a society with noisy and cheerful people,
where there is Danger David, Drowsy Durst,
and Deceiving Dambeck.
I live in a time
where a deafening noise wakes me up,
so I'm not late for seven hours of school and three hours of cross country.

I hope to live in a spacious yellow home,
which I share with ones I call my own,
and with the one I call my only one.
I hope I can relive the golden days,
which consist of horrendous nicknames like Kermit and Little Big C,
with those that are called Kermit and Little Big C.
I hope one day I can yell and shout (excited and thrilled),
which with I have an upward parabola on my face,
that I got my degree in finances from the University of Whitewater.

The Daisy
By Nate Ferro

A vast field: occupied by yellow.
Blooming buds: rich, vibrant, pure.
Grim weeds: they gnaw at pedals.
Field consumed. One daisy remains.
Youth's innocence. Lost with age.
The world corrupts, yet it lingers.

Silent Killer
By McKenna Creasey

Peaceful giant, coated in black and white.
A gentle presence—grazing in a field of grass.
Tranquility.

Petite creature, rosy and clever.
An untroubled energy—scratching hooves on the wood of the troff.
Purity.

Poised fowl, quick and alert.
An unsuspecting soul—shedding feathers gather in the coop.
Simplicity.

Greedy carnivore, obsessed and addicted.
A naive consumer—scraping forks on the edge of the shining platter.
Cruelty.

Peaceful giant—slaughtered and seasoned.

Petite creature—sliced into strips.

Poised fowl—plucked and breaded.

Greedy carnivore—completely content.

Cosmic Seas

By Amanda Stahl

Salty air. An ocean breeze. Sand and water, rush beneath my feet.

Through holograms, they twisted into cosmic lavender seas.

I stare at a portrait. Waves crash. Acrylic paints consume me.

I Caught Dinner **By Damian Savage**

We drifted for what felt like hours without even a bite.

Cast after cast after cast,
without even a weed.

Ready to head in,
we decided to float once more across the lake.

Cast after cast after cast,
without even a weed.

“One more and we’re going in”
changed the course of that morning.

On that last cast, I felt hopeful,
that something would bite.

Turn after turn after turn,
my line came to an end
and so were my hopes.

Until I saw an 18 inch bass,
swimming next to the boat.

And watched as she jumped on my bait
with a mighty tug.

Tug after tug after tug,
I fought with the fish.

Tug after tug after tug.
Even though she was right next to the boat,
it was hard to get her out of the water.

Tug after tug after tug,
I finally got her in the boat.
We had fried fish for dinner that night,
and it was delicious.

Where I'm From
By Madelyn Maurer

I'm from Nashotah, Wisconsin on Portside Drive,
from waving to neighbors I've known since I turned five.
I'm from watching the evergreen bushes grow,
from glancing out my window, and longing to play in falling snow.
I'm from a lengthy, gray driveway my dad refused to pave,
from memory boxes overflowing with keychains, coins, and curio I loved to save.

I'm from rainy days when
driveway ditches brimmed with
sharks,
from summer days Sophie and I
spent in Dickten Park.
I'm from Christmas cards my
family would always send,
from vacations to Eagle River I
wished would not end.
I'm from family dinner on
Sunday night,
from listening to Grandpa say
grace in delight.
I'm from biking up hills as
immense as mountains,
from watching the birds at
Grandma's bird bath fountain.
I'm from "xoxox" signing off
Mom's text,
from constantly preparing for
what will come next.



Photograph by Savannah Drewek

I'm from piano, clarinet, voice, and guitar,
from singing along to pop radio stations as my dad drove the car.
I'm from watching my dad as he played on the Summerfest stage,
from avoiding putting my thoughts in a cage.

I am from those moments—
a person in a neighborhood, on a street—
that is packed with friendly people to meet.

I'm From Moving
By Brittany Scharff

I'm from brown boxes bestrewn in my home,
leaving me nothing except alone.
Nobody to play with, nothing to do,
Writing up cards saying "I will miss you."

I'm from the fumes of a new paint lingering in my nose,
Making me miss feeling at home.
Slowly letting my memories fade,
And hoping these ones will stay.
I'm from a racing heart and sweaty palms,
meet and greets that just go wrong.
Hoping it will get better as time goes on,
solely to realize this won't be home for long.

I'm from one year in and one year out,
Making me want to scream and shout.
Wanting to go back to where I wasn't alone,
I'm from brown boxes bestrewn in my home.

Garnished: A Pizza's Passage
By Max Gebhard

Surrounded by snow,
an ice cube tray and custard,
I await my abduction.

The freezer door unbolts,
I am seized,
and brought to room temperature.

My thin plastic shield torn,
pepperoni and mushrooms exposed.
I steadily thaw.

Inserted into the inferno,
the cooking commences.
It feels expectedly toasty.

Although confined by the crust,
roasted bell peppers pop and purvey,
creating a cohesive combo.

After fifteen minutes,
extracted from the warmth,
and positioned on a pedestal,

in comes the menacing mezzaluna.

This is my determined destiny.
I am divided into equal eighths.

Lifted off my sturdy cardboard backing,
parmesan and mozzarella mingling,
I perceive prayer and praise.

I cannot be calmed,
my saucy puree neither,
one final resistance.

Roof of mouth scorched,
taste buds tingle,
Chomp.

Where I'm From
By Anna Novacek

I am from a swaying screen door, a soundless doorbell,
and a squeaky wooden swing set.
From the monumental pine trees that watched me grow,
and playing with plastic dinosaurs in the gritty, red sandbox.
I'm from fishing trips in the cold dewy morning,
waking up before the sun, and stale Wednesday donuts.
I'm from the puppy farm, and pink pebbles in our fish bowls,
from "fake it till you make it" and deep breaths that last ten seconds long.
I'm from alternative music that
lets my soul escape,
and from appendicitis, brainfreeze,
and tummy aches.

I'm from a brick home with
chipping white paint.
Arriving at three to find the house
filled with familiar voices.
I'm from a place that is bigger on
the inside,
like the hearts of the ones that live
there.
I'm from a healthy backyard
sprinkled with dandelions,
a white barn, and pastures that
stretch for miles.
I'm from a carpeted hallway
dotted with old photography,
from mustard yellow countertops,
and hand painted pictures faded by
the sun.



Photograph by Savannah Drewek

I'm from crying at graduation ceremonies,
from my dad losing his job, and me getting my first one.
I'm from memories that fade away,
but mostly from the memories that have yet to be made.
I'm from caring about the "little things,"
and from not wanting to let go.
I'm from those plastic dinosaurs that have now gone extinct,
and from the tremendous pine trees that watch me every day.

Portland's Best Bonito
By Emma Reiter

Sick from hunger,
the sun beats down,
stifled by a mild breeze.

The city bustles,
buildings tall but not towering,
trees and mountains cloak the cityscape.

My siblings and I gather around the grill,
awaiting a simple meal,
packed in a plastic vessel.

The fresh fumes float into our faces,
taunting us with effortless goodness,
our five dollars in hand.

Through the clear glass, Phil's Meat Market is
aswarm,
people gathering proteins for the week,
expertly cut and primed.

White rice bonded together, like freshly packed snow,
chicken lanced with a wooden stick,
teriyaki and chili sauce blanket the rice.

We circle around a table not fit for four,
perfectly content in the closeness,
Jack and Tom joke about inappropriate nonsense.

Within seconds, our boxes empty,
we sit with full bellies,
wishing for more of the wholesome meal.

Every year I await the unembellished meal,
happiness in a box,
memories dance out with the steam.



Photograph by Philip Zabel

Where I'm From
By Ben Strecher

I am from the sounds of the highway
as they fly past the woods in the backyard,
From the cluttered and junk filled garage.
I am from sinking into worn leather couches
as the sounds of SportsCenter resonates through the house.

I am from diving for the baseball on a dusty field
and laughing with teammates on a summer night,
From my Dad saying enough with the happy feet.
I am from sitting by the pool
as my skin bakes in the scorching heat of July.

I am from hours of ping pong
as I battled my brother for bragging rights,
From fierce games of basketball on the court we called the driveway.
I am from our forever hungry golden retriever
flying into the couch to do a summersault.

I am from walks in the summer with my friends
as we made our way to Sweet Dreams for lunch,
From toppling over somebody reaching for the frisbee.
I am from sitting in the hot tub in the middle of winter
as my friends and I joked around.

Alabama
By Mallorey Wallace

Sitting on the worn steps of our veranda, the smell of talcum powder and sweat wafted through the air as the thick Alabama heat caressed my face.

Will He?
By Alyssa Lewandowski

Will he know?
dark death pumping through my veins,
sickness overwhelming my body.
He strokes my back with his gentle hands.
8 months to live...

Will he stay with me?
my once blonde-brown curly hair,
falls to the floor of the shower.
He wraps me in his strong arms.
4 months to live...

Will he still love me the same?
the artificial oxygen filling up my lungs,
cords, cords, so many cords.
His soft hands intertwine with mine.



Photo By Amanda Stahl

2 months to live...
Will he miss me?
the bright lights of Heaven shining in my eyes,
my eyes dart from the light to my sweet boy.
His soft lips press against my forehead for the very last time.
It's time to leave...

Sharing bread
By Stone LaPorte

Wandering alone,
an old man finds a hungry child in the city.
Her stomach hurts and growls.
They break the bread, share a meal.
Lamplight wanes.

“Do you know the goblet of the king?”
Blood red wine, tastes of thyme.
Observe the streets,
children cry, and search for rye.

Dancing with the moonshade,
enter the home.
Stealing bread to indulge the hungry.
Take five loaves, two fish.
His stomach in pain.

“Were you there when they broke the bread?”
Guests hear tales of old, burning gold.
Kings sing songs round the table.
The hungry kids sits alone, ignorant, never known.

Falling down,
here lies the man who let them have bread.
He was starved, but fed the hungry.
His people break the bread:
bland, stale, plain.

“Do you know how to grow the wheat?”
Avoid their wrath, share a laugh.
Songs of companions.
Life is bread, streets are read, tyrant dead.

Cherry Trees
By Ethan Fenske

Atop the azure mountain,
I live in the cold, isolated.
In the wet valley below,
cherry blossoms sit in lush bloom.
Breeze carries me down to the trees,
out of the blue, into pink.

Where I'm From
By Zach Dettman

I am from *Da U*,
from the sea of red and Carolina blue,
I am from the hated place,
from the taste and aroma of winning,
I am from work and the strive to be greater than we were yesterday,
from the practice to the freshly cut green game field.

I am from 2257 students,
from "only having money,"
I am from clean fresh facilities,
from two campus high,
I am from a "college" campus...
from south to north.

I am from battling day all play,
from there's others if you mess up,
I am from the competitive school,
from in one week...out the next,
I am from practice,
from time and dripping tears.

I am from dedication,
from not caring about other schools,
I am from devoted AHS,
from never quitting,
I am from the sea of red and Carolina blue,
from *Da U*.

From that Branch
by Jenna Auton

I am perched
among the blossoming flower buds
and buzzing bees.

I am snatched
from the branch when I turn
ripe, a bright yellow—a direct reflection
of the sun.

I am placed
into a straw basket, with those like me,
waiting to be whisked away.

I am carried
from the bumpy road and old, rickety steps
and brought into an afternoon
brightly lit room.

I am pressed
and rolled on a smooth surface
and my juice releases within.

I am bold.
My sheer skin is sliced by the battle sword;
my light, citrus scent adds
joy and excitement to the room.

I am picked
up from that smooth surface and gently
lifted over an empty bowl.

I am compressed,
face-down, letting my nectar trickle
down, filling the bowl,
and joining together with the crystals below.

I am priceless.
We are twirled with aspiration;
the delight of seeing one content with our pride.

I am satisfied.
From a little seedling and a blossomed bud,
to a lovely fruit that served its purpose.
I am a precise wonder, from that branch.

**Where I'm From
By Casey Schultz**

I'm from where houses change,
but home remained.
From a two bedroom apartment,
to a four bedroom project.

I'm from tearing off the shingles,
ripping apart the yard,
to cutting the trees..
From tearing up the carpeting,
to knocking down walls.

I'm from 20 foot Christmas trees,
and gathering on the eve.
From Thanksgiving football games,
to hosting Easter-egg hunts.

I'm from football in the fall
and basketball in the winter,
To spring volleyball,
summer baseball,
and over again.

I'm from Dad working overtime,
To Mom working double shifts,
while raising three children.
From balancing work and us kids,
to trying to keep us afloat.

I'm from where houses change,
but home remained.
From a two bedroom apartment,
to a four bedroom project,
one that I call home.

**Where I'm From
By Lauren Richards**

I am from the summer rain,
splashing, running, hearing my friends laughs as we explore the backyard.
I am from racing around outside through the glistening ice to walking through crunching leaves.

I am from hospital rooms.
"It's going to be okay" echoing off the walls.
I am from the experiencing the rush of excitement when accomplishing walking when the doctors said I never
could.

I am from the outdoors,

with the wind rushing like a
river as it blows my canvas
into the mud.

I am from letting my body
relax and taking deep breaths.

I am from the hours spent on
frustrating summer
assignments,
dedicated to working in the
hospital instead.

I am from stress; loud and
present.

I am from exploring the scent
of pinewoods,
capturing the vivid contrast
of the trees with my polaroid.
I am from creating memories.

I am from the hospice halls,
that contained the angel coin



Photograph by Philip Zabel

and silent tears.

I am from the emptiness created.

I am from dented red car,
where the deep conversations come out.
I am the laughs and sense of connection.

I am still from the summer rain;
splashing, running, hearing my friends laughs as we explore the backyard.
I still am from racing around outside though the glistening ice to walking though crunching leaves.

Where I'm From
By Alyssa Lewandowski

I'm from a white ranch with blue shutters,
pictures of my brother and me along
the wall to the basement.

I'm from the sweet, vanilla scent roaming
the house, candle above the fireplace.

I'm from pulling my pink blankie
and putting on Mom's lips when
she wasn't looking.

I'm from hiding behind Dad when
strangers approach and talking quietly.

I'm from crying uncle and horsey rides
and the claw.

I'm from summer days.

Grandma and Grandpa's pool.
I'm from belly flops, back flips and dives,
cousins competing for Grandma's 10/10.
I'm from eating Rocky Rococo's under the weeping willow,
and to cooling off on the pool steps with
Peanut Butter Cup concretes.

I'm from autumn days.
Hayrides at Basse's collecting pumpkins,
burning, tingling sensation across my arms and legs.
Since when was I allergic to hay?
I'm from Tinkerbell and Peter Pan,
and Mickey and Minnie Mouse to
"only take 1."

I'm from winter days.
Sledding behind my house,
warm hot chocolate with marshmallows
waiting to unthaw my frozen face.
I'm from warm sugar cookies—
snowmen, Christmas trees, and stars to
feeding Santa's reindeer.

I'm from spring days.
Running down the shore of Lake Michigan,
waves tickling my ankles.
I'm from planting flowers with Mom to
biking with friends down windy paths.

I'm now from a green ranch with red shutters,
pictures of my brother and me no longer
along on the wall to the basement.
I'm now from the spicy, pumpkin scent roaming
the house, candles in the kitchen.
I'm now from sleeping with my pink blankie
and borrowing Mom's lipstick.
I'm now from smiling when strangers
approach and talking confidently.
I'm still from crying uncle and horsey rides
and the claw.

The Ingredients of Family: Grilled Cheese
By Kelly Thomas

We lay on the counter—
eight slices of whole grain bread—
comforted in a blanket of smooth butter. A blue flame
flickers beneath the black griddle, spreading
heat through the cool iron.

Concealed by slices of cheese,
warmth embraces us as our insides
heat. The butter sizzles and
seeps into our openings. Cheese
slowly softens between us.

We spin into the air,
tossing and turning, landing with
our golden brown proudly displayed.
Cooked perfectly, gooey cheese flows
out our sides. We flip once more onto the plate.

Together—the cheese, the butter, and I
represent a family.
Together—we are loyalty, comfort, and love.
Together—our family provides
for another.

Selfish
By Bridget Mooney

A slick man, strolled unsheltered, couldn't smile, or give a dollar.
Genuine, leather wallet, thick and full, he kept walking.
But now he shivers, hungry. His wallet: thin and bare.

I am From
By Mikayla Endisch

I am from neatly stacked plates and bowls tucked in the cabinet,
from OCD and the vacuum lines on the carpet,
and from a closet organized by color and style.

I will be from dirty coffee mugs and silverware,
from a disarranged floor expressing stress and inabilities,
and from having a cluttered closet for two.

I am from “Text me when you get there,”
from “Drive safe, it’s snowing,”
and from “No you can’t go out right now, it’s eleven on a Thursday night.”

I will be from “See you at Thanksgiving,”
from “Hi Bear, how’s riding the light rail?”
and from “You should go out and have fun, it’s only eleven on a Thursday night.”

I am from dusty, discolored Catholic school gyms filled with wins,
from the Starbucks and Butterscotch Lattes five minutes away,
and from the Kiltie trips including short drives with Dad and stacks of fries.

I will be from the newly renovated and equipment filled gym,
from the inability to afford Starbucks in the morning fatigue under my eyes,
and from the Kiltie and my dad absent.

I am from the heartbreak of missing Grey’s Anatomy on Thursdays,
From deafening sounds of family breakfasts on Sundays,
and from my best friend living down the street.

I will be from the sweaty, panicked sense of missing my mom,
from crowded, clammy, cafeteria-like breakfasts with my new friends on Sundays,
and from my best friend living five hours away.

I am from and will be from the softness of my collection of blankets,
from the energy of my love for blasting music,
from the bitterness of the espresso ice cream always in my freezer,
from the freeing feeling of running miles at the gym,
from the unknowns of my webbed toe,
from the willingness to learn in my CNA work,
from the high strung motivation of AP classes with “Smelling the rat,”
from the rewarding helpful feeling through mission trips,
and from taking the loving warmth of my home to Minnesota.

Calvin’s Car
By Malloreay Wallace

We sit in that old, rusted car— the one his father gave him a year or so back.
His hand trembles near my knee, wavering with uncertainty.
Now I don’t get butterflies, just dew drops in my eyes and a sailor’s knot in my stomach.
The words he says ring so sweetly in my ears, and they haven’t left me undisturbed since.
In my head, I hear echoes of his soft, youthful lust, caressing my neck with his warm breath.
I fell in love with him in that stupid car— the dark one that didn’t always start.
Now I’m older and I can see that I was foolish: A mere child caught in the tangle of life and love.
But in my dreams, I see him sleeping beside me, and with a flutter in my gut I
know that these memories will never fade.

Where I'm From
By Leah Ackley

I am from the modest, organized, and getting messier. From my family healthy to having one ill sister.
I am from the comfortable to complicated.
I am from the lilies to roses.

I am from vacations monthly to yearly. Being with a family member with a condition that doesn't allow her to travel is tough. She cannot walk, eat, or dress on her own.
I am from going out with friends to helping her.
From taking things for granted to recognizing what I have

I am struggling to adapt to my sister's circumstances to being with her daily and not stressed. I wish for her health to be better but am thankful how far she has come.

I am from trying to be the "perfect family" to having a messy family

I am from Nanjing, China. Adopted into a loving, giving family. My family, Wendy, Kris, Danielle, Emily, Tim, Alanna, and Jesse, loves me. Knowing at the end of every day, my family will always be there for me.

I am from a family with flaws.

"How was your day?"
By McKenna Plath

In summer,
the woods filled with florescent green trees,
flowers hanging high around the porch, glowing in the golden hour.
Eloise and Charlie were on the wooden wrap-around porch
just like everyday since they met, drinking blistering black coffee.
Their mugs fit into their hands snug, like they were meant for them.
"How was your day?"

In fall,
the woods filled with amber leaves, falling on the colorless grass.
Charlie tried to hand Eloise the coffee, but she fell fast asleep in his lap.
The coffee chilled, and so did she.
Draping his sweater over her shivering body, he whispered to her,
"How was your day?"

In winter,
the woods filled of lifeless trees,
snow lying dead on the grass.
Charlie couldn't go outside alone. She was gone, so the porch stayed empty.
The coffee wasn't made — he sat inside.
Eloise looked down at him and asked,
"How was your day?"

In spring,

the flowers bloomed, as the sun rose.
Charlie watched his granddaughter Annalise,
with hair just like Eloise, playing on the playset — yellow and a child’s fantasy.
Skipping, Annalise grabbed the pot and poured two cups.
Steaming coffee filled the mugs and she walked them to her grandfather.
With no words, she stepped on the porch, calling him.
Charlie sat beside her and grabbed the mug that fit perfectly in his hand, like it was meant for him.
Annalise watched him stare silently into the woods, as she asked him,
“How was your day?”

Tormented Tomato Plant
By Madelyn Maurer

With a burst of light and a shake,
I hurl into a gardening glove.
Damp darkness devours me and soil envelops me.

With a thrust and a jolt,
I see the darkness below.
I escape and continue to flee towards the sky.

As a week and a day slip away,
light yellow flowers engulf my stem, now four feet tall.

As a day and a month cease,
red fruit threatens to split my stem.

With a tug and a rip,
I am attacked!
I am bare, the lone survivors: leaves and stem.

With a slice and a chop,
a mother prepares dinner,
while I remain outside as mother nature paints the trees.

With a yell and a reply,
a family gathers around the table crowded with food.

With a smile and a laugh,
sisters joke as they plunge forks into teeming plates.

With a disagreement and a compromise,
I watch the family’s love substantiate, but
as bitter wind overthrows a warm summer breeze, I grow frail.

With a burst of light, and a snip,
my feeble stem, now collapsed—
rests in the damp darkness as the winter snow devours me.

Golden skies

By Anya Schmidtke

Out of bed 5:10 a.m., I'm greeted by the golden pink sky.
Making breakfast, the sparkly sun shines on my ivory skin.
The door opens—bitter air startles me...and the golden pink fades.

Thinking Coffee

Lyndee Meissner

Hot, black coffee rests on the table.
I sip and say no words, staring at the soft, pink sunrise.
You take my hand and sit next to me,
stirring sugar into your mug.
The first few words spill: simple, sincere, and intimate.

Thoughts begin our day, pouring out of our mouths
like coffee out of the pot.
We don't talk about work, or kids, or family.
We talk about life, and death, and love—
important things, that make me wonder.

You keep hoping I'd become less bitter, just like my coffee,
but every morning, it's the same.
You take sugar in your coffee because
you still see the good in every morning,
like I wish I would.

I hate mornings. You say they're beautiful.
You say they're inspiring. You say they're your favorite.
I'll take more coffee and
a kiss on the top of my head.
You set your mug next to the sink and go off to work.

My empty coffee cup rests on the table.
I search and say no words, watching how beautifully the soft pink sunrise
swirls into the pale morning sky.
Sometimes I think you'd like a frappuccino girl because
you never expected I'd be this bitter.

Warm Words

By Megan Newlin

Dear Daughter,

I remember your first meal,
using your fragile fingers to construct a violent mess.

I remember your sixth birthday,
decorating a chocolate cake with frosting as pink as your favorite dress.

I remember your first date,
rambling about sharing the
strawberry shortcake shake.

I remember when we
bought you your first car,
driving home with a coffee
covered carpet, Dad's heart
full of ache.

I remember when you
turned twenty one,
celebrating and drinking all
that alcohol.

I remember when your
heart first broke,
diving into vanilla bean ice
cream with sprinkles of
tears and eating it all.



Photograph by Robert Meier

I remember your first
apartment,
coming home to a fridge with empty space.

I remember your wedding,
toasting with champagne and a cake covered face.

I remember your daughter's first meal,
moving on from the bottle when she could finally chew.

I remember my last meal,
spending it with you.

Love, Mother

**Where I'm From
By Charlie Legler**

I am from days on the lake,
chilly 4 a.m. mornings and toasty nights,
surrounded by woods and corn nobody for a mile.
From bike rides to the river
I am from eerie tornado warnings and enjoying those sunny days
From mild winter snowmobiling and hot summer swimming with my family.
I am from Illinois.

I am from 4 a.m. fishing and hunting.
Spring smallmouth and fall deer,

up north desolate woods to overfished lakes.
From Jeep rides down Maple Road through
frigid, blizzard conditions and rainy Aprils.
From hunting during a Packer win that felt like crushing an enemy in a pivotal battle,
fishing through a Brewers loss that is instant sadness through my bones.
From shooting my bow for two hours trying to become Robin Hood to,
Tying up wacky rigs in a rush
I am from Wisconsin.

I will be from a house in the woods
Winding trails with technical terrain and a boat,
fishing on the lake and hunting in the woods.
I will be from a lifted Jeep with no doors and wind going through my hair.
I will be from a tight knit family carrying out traditions from the “good ol’ days.”
I will be from whiteout blizzards and sunny days.
I will be from Wisconsin.

Providing Perilous Peanuts
By Kendall Kvoool

She pushes a cart up the cramped aisle,
with bags of peanuts in a huge pile.

She hands them to people on the plane.
It is quiet, and no one complains.

I hear the bags crinkle, pop, and crunch,
as the people start to chew and munch.

A sweet, buttery scent fills the air,
as she slowly reaches the third row chair.

A woman yells, “My son cannot breathe!”
An EpiPen: in desperate need.

The mother reaches down for her purse,
and through the aisle sprints a racing nurse.

She stabs it into his little thigh,
thoughtfully praying that he won’t die.

He happily reaches for the light,
struggling to hold on with all might.

He powerfully gasps for a breath,
but has he already met his death?

Where I'm From
By Maddie Shipshock

I am from stretched imaginative afternoons in the steamy summer,
colorful chalk driveways, bubbles surrounding mom and me.
I am from the laughter and company of my family,
my goofy sister, silly Dad, and my loving and caring Mom.
I am from the reflection of fireworks dancing in my eyes on top of Dad's shoulders,
the thrill of a rollercoaster as high as planes in the sky,
and the relaxed, hang-loose evenings in Hawaii.

I am from challenging days on a tennis court,
hours practicing with my coach—Tim.
I am from lighting up when I hear one of my nicknames,
(Mads, Maddog, and Shippy).
I am from staying positive, expressing gratitude even during tough times,
from "Life is too short to be someone else."
I am from staying up until 2 a.m. due to studying,
and using my creativity and imagination to paint portraits.

I am from counting the days until Courtney visits home,
Badger games and walking down State Street.
I am from the the freezing Saturday nights and Sunday evenings skiing,
the crisp winter air hitting my face as I race my dad to the bottom.
I am from the copious amount of pictures hung on my wall,
including: my friends, family, and even my teeny tiny cat Zeus.
Where I come from is unique to me and cannot be replaced,
I am from a great deal of random things that make me myself.

Where I'm From
By Casie Wiese

I am from sunshine
and freckles.

I am from Papas stinky farm
and walking the sheep on summer days.

I am from midnight card games at Papas,
being told "It was nice being had."

I am from fairs
and waking up on show days.

I am from the swing in the yard
Where my parents told me my father was sick.

I am from the church that held
a wedding, two baptisms, and my father's funeral.

I am from an RV traveling with friends and family
eager to make new memories.

I am from sleeping under the Canadian stars
when Grandma forgets the tent.

I am from the winter snow
And worn in mittens.

The Way The Cookie Crumbled
By Ben Beversdorf

She chomped and slurped and strived to
become the apple of his eye.
It was a piece of cake to butter him up. She wanted to because

this guy was the icing on the cake...
this guy was the big cheese...
this guy was not a bad egg.

She tried not to make herself a fish out of the water
by staying calm as a cucumber when they talked.
But he thought she appeared nutty as a fruitcake.

Finally, she gave up putting
all her eggs in his basket...
But a week later, something was fishy.

He was in the soup.
And she had a bun in the oven.
This was going to be a hot potato.

She walked on eggshells
as he ended up with egg on his face.
"It's no good crying over spilled milk," he moaned.

"We have bigger fish to fry," she said.
And nine months later,
she was keen as mustard to see him and welcome the blue-eyed boy.

She had to bring home the bacon for the little pumpkin.
He was going to be full of beans.
But that's the way the cookie crumbled.

Grape Juiced
By Anna Novacek

April daylight floods the kitchen window,
where a tangy fruit salad awaits the grubby hands
of peckish children.

A glazed, glossy grape is delicately severed in half—
drizzled with zesty lemon juice—and daintily sprinkled with crumbly brown sugar.

A glistening, honed knife disobeys its
fidelity and
rich drops of tiny blood drip
onto the yellow-stained cutting board.

Scrambling, stumbling, slipping,
the grape lands on the scuffed ligneous
floor.

The sleek marble countertop looms up
above,
while he lay with a cut in his side, in a
pile of dry breadcrumbs,
and a dusty deserted spiderweb.

Feet scuffle (some with socks, some
without),
nearly exposing him from his forlorn,
hidden home.

Weeks pass—then months.
The dying breaths of summer tease the
world with frosty window sills,
and wilted leaves fall like pigmented
raindrops.

Mouthwatering holiday feasts bring family and friends to the table,
where culture and traditions unite, but the dejected grape sits alone.

Days lengthen, and warmth surges in like the tide.
Cordial winds pour over the desolate landscape,
and the red grape shudders in reply.

Booming footsteps echo throughout the vacant kitchen,
with a deafening *thump thump thump* on the hardwood floor.
Jostled from cobwebs and crispy crumbs,
a careless calloused foot crashes on top of the red fruit,
leaving nothing,
but grape juice.



Photograph by Robert Meier

Mother Says
By Sophia Drosdick

At night, I hear my parents fight after
we go another day without food.
Mother says, "No money this week
means not enough food to go around."

Mother says, "Brother's sick. I'm worried about him surviving.
He's as skinny as a pole and can hardly walk."
Father tells us not to drink the water.
So we walk two miles to the closest well.
Mother says, "More than just our family, town,
and country have the same problem.
Someone will always have it worse,
and we need to be thankful for what we have."

Mother says, "Farmers abandoned their fields
when war and conflict moved in."
Father complains of no food
even if we had money.

Mother sends us to the field to play in
our paradise, where birds fly like steam from a cup of soup,
grass blows like noodles in a bowl and
wildflowers scatter like vegetables in rice.

Mother says, "People from a far away place
are coming to build a water well in our village."
Father tells us the new well won't fix our aching bellies.
I hear my parents fight at night after we go another day without food.

The Bug That Hopped
By Tommy Durand

I was 11...
dashing, ducking, dodging.
From who?
The cops.

Making swift, quick movements, my head swiveled
searching for the brothers in blue.
Our harmless game of cops and robbers continued,
until "STOP!"

My cousin Cole caught a grasshopper.
A long, green, alien-like dude.
We made awkward eye contact, when he said,
"\$20 if you eat it."

Of course I chomped on it,
that money would be mine.
The taste made my eyes flood,
and my throat fein for water.

With a lettuce-like crunch, liquid guts spluged sour juice,
as my tongue twinged.
Legs like floss stuck between my teeth,
became my meal of a wealthy man.

Untitled

By Claire Herden

A campfire—I sit around listening to the crackling wood.
Astonished, I glance and see a million enchanting stars.
City lights, and dull, smoggy haze. Dwindling my starry night filled view.

Simple Desires, but Difficult Survival

By Madison Bury

America

Where chubby children hang from monkey bars,
where flaws and cullite magically disappear through makeup and photo editing.
Where the trickery and mockery never stop and weightloss overpowers hunger.
Food: Available, avoided, or addicted.

Africa

Where children run bare backed and broken bodied,
where starvation overtakes, losing the battle against malnutrition.
Where food, scarce to none, leave heavy hearts hopeful and stomachs empty.
Food: Desired, dreamed, or defeated.

World

Where food could be generously given and received,
where humans are bloated from chips and cookies, or puking insecure skeletons.
Where sullen, sunken in faces and ribs protrude and stomachs shrink.
Food: Loved, likened, or longed.

Dancing with My Devil

By Aly Ells

Food for most: an opening into a vibrant and radiant life.
But for me—it's a task for survival and
a lifetime battle between brain and body.

From brittle bones, thin hair, and raw skin,
the need for nutrients remains.
A simple solution: so hard to reach.

Formally: as content as the birds flying in the summer sky.
Now—I struggle for strength to get out of bed.
The disease slowly takes me.

Fatigue, confusion, anger.
My body screams, while my mind stays stubborn.
The fight steals my soul.

Food: an opening into lives, deepening our knowledge about others.
That is—an opportunity to discover through an essential part of life
but within every beautiful bite: a shade of grey still remains.

A Caffeinated Chronicle

By Megan Olshanski

Eyes hesitantly peel open, staring at the bottom of a musty wooden bunk,
pondering if this 6 am wakeup will be worth it.
Hands run through unshowered hair,
rubbing the tired out of sleepy eyes.

Bare feet click-clack against cool white tile,
sluggishly sauntering to the saving grace.
Brain fuzzy, as the crappy Folgers fills
an old plastic travel mug with a faded green shell.

Lungs swell with crisp morning air,
as a soft yellow sun exposes itself.
Toes, wetter and cooler with each step,
welcome dewy grass weaving between.

Ears delight at the soft rippling,
the lake lapping on the shore, waking the world.
Fingertips grip the mug in one hand,
the side of a grimy fishing boat in the other.

Blonde hair whips in the Michigan air;
the hum of the motor disrupts the calm.
Eyes gaze to the fallen trees against the shoreline.
Luck is wished for, on the first father-daughter fishing trip of the year.

Tongues fill with the hot, watered-down liquid,
warming body and soul.
Throats coat with the bitter black brew;
caffeine fuels the morning.

Untitled

By Madelynn Cummings

How can I be sure?

Everyone is saying no,
don't do it.

Why not?

How can I be sure?

I want to,
but I don't know if it's the
right choice.

How can I be sure?

It's so far away.
A lot of ups
but some downs.

How can I be sure?

Summer

By Megan Olshanski

June 10th.

Will this be the last time?

the last time my heart bursts when I look at you,
my cheeks cramp from smiling—like *really* smiling—when we're together,
wind in my hair, the lake matching your blue eyes...

Will this be the last time?

the last time our eyes meet for a blissful second too long,
flutter in my stomach with my head on your shoulder,
calloused bare feet and tan skin, running your hands through my damp, knotted hair—

Will this be the last time?

the last time your sunscreened arms wrap me up,
golden sun and a picnic basket, it feels so right.

August 31st.

Will this be the last time?

Pie's Perception
(The life of a pie)
By Adam Nannetti

Flour, baking soda, sugar, pumpkin filling, cinnamon.
Measured, mixed, stirred.
The creation of a desert delight, pumpkin pie.

As I'm on the table watching the humans roam,
they sit down to with one another to enjoy the feast
Food passed around the table and they all have a bit of each

Moved by the humans, into an oven.
The top layer of me caramelized.
The oven door creaks open with steam filling the area.

Set on an open windowsill where a chilling breeze cools my crust.
Leaves flurry as frost covers grass.
Bright lights uncover the night.

The humans take me to the table with a spot reserved.
If I was going to be eaten that would be absurd.

The end of a pie dead in the night, Thanksgiving.

Gathering the Foremost Fruit
By Taylor Battisti

As I anticipate the excitement,
I crave the experience.

As I wait to pick the foremost fruit,
the trees sway in the summer breeze.

As I attempt to reach the peach,
I stumble on the ladder.

As I stumble, Grandpa lifts me up,
and memories flow back. I miss him dearly.

As Grandpa raises me,
I feel the fruit, firm and fuzzy.

As I analyze the fruit,
it is promising, potent, and perfect.

As I raise the peach to my mouth,
the aroma fills my nose.

As I take a bite,
my face drips with juice.

As I savour the taste,
my taste buds explode.

As I remember the breezy summer day,
I think of mouthwatering peaches.

As I remember Grandpa,
I think of the foremost fruit.

Skin
By Mallorey Wallace

She said that she hated her skin that she wished she had mine.
What she doesn't know is that my skin is threadbare and worn.

Plant Based Lifestyle
By Marcelina Worden

Quinoa boils.
I slice avocado.
The cauliflower with
sriracha sears.
My condensing cup,
fills with green tea.

Time to venture out to eat.
Scouring the menu for
no egg, dairy or meat.
What will I eat?
“No sir, fish are animals.”
I'll get full with fries and fruit.

What? No meat?
“I refuse to eat these beets.”
Animals have nothing to say.
“We need our protein,
there isn't another way.”
“There's protein in the entree.”

Taking an animal life
as if it's no big deal.
But, we all can feel.
I can't eat food with bones,
for they have lived and grown,
without the right to be left alone.

Compassion, key

to saving those in need.
Seed bearing plants
enough to be our food.
To think it can't,
completely rude.

Death by Black Licorice
By Lauren Ponga

Foggy black licorice contaminates taste buds.
Medicine ropes consume Donald Trump's tongue—
graveyard zombies transform into a lasso...
Chewy tar fills every oral crater,
layers of darkness destroy dental hygienists.
Trump's teeth rot. Death by licorice.

Demonic strips of doom, fatality lurks.
Packaged lies—poison, not a treat.
Licorice creeps through the digestive labyrinth...
In the depths of the nose,
the putrid smell of death coats
every grey hair, ruthlessly burning follicles.

Salivary glands murder the helpless throat—
starchy licorice whips whack stomach tissues
too strong for stomach acid alkalinity.
Hillary's party prepares a casket, while
bitter charcoal cables bind with gelatin.
Donald's belly decomposes. Death by licorice.

Intestines deteriorate from the wretched ribbons—
globby glucose goblins battle winged Twizzlers.
At the face of a beast:
rogue "candy" too toxic to die.
Predator licorice progress on the market,
until today, long live the apocalypse.

Cult leaders of Mafco, American Licorice
Company, and Chateau D'Lanz spy through
binoculars and laugh at the candidate's
excruciating cries. The pungent "candy" wins...
Donald Trump's corpse hits the floor,
innards painfully rotten. Death by licorice.

Grandpa's Cheesecake

By Natalie Jones

Grandpa draws in chocolate cursive,
Happy Birthday to you.
Green frosting frogs hop across the cake.
Happy Birthday to you.
He presents his cheesecake, pure and perfect.
Happy Birthday, dear Natalie.
This melody fills the air.
Happy Birthday to you.
She extinguishes the lights.
Grandpa cuts the cake, placing triangle pieces on paper plates.
Fluffy cream frosting fills her belly.
Natalie, 6-years-old,
feels sugar soar
through her body.
Her sticky fingers
glue together.
The love of her family
soothes her sweet soul.
Grandpa's German bakery, beaten, and bombed during
the Nazi invasion of 1939,
leaving him with nothing
but memories and recipes.
He escaped a cruel concentration camp,
his recipes immigrated across the sea.
He build a buoyant bakery in America.
Grandpa's recipe now a gift
to Natalie on her birthday, 18-years-old.
Happy Birthday to me.

A Look Within The Ramen Bowl

By Kevin Eggert

It is noon as a man enters a small food shack
and orders a bowl of Ramen.
The man is hungry.

It tastes of afternoon sweat
as a farmer picks another scallion
while he sears in the scorching sun.

It tastes of a jolly pig
as it munches greedily on corn
unaware of the scraping sounds of cleavers.

It tastes of bitter cold
as a diver yanks at seaweed
in a pillaring forest of kelp.

It tastes of humid morning fog
as bamboo is cut down to size
and bound in cord and twine.

It tastes of careful balance
as a worker carries a basket of eggs
and protects the fragile payload.

It tastes of nothing.
The bowl is empty.
The man is happy.

Where I'm from
By Ethan Fenske

I am from brotherly pinches, and pokes.
Taking miles from inches: a common parental croak.
Heads start to spin faster than soccer balls,
playfully thumping booms rattle our pictures on the wall.

Provoking comments, pleads of cessation,
thoughtful pleasantries generally met with brevity.
Despite the outbursts of frustration,
we're thick with inarticulate, fraternal chemistry.

Finding confiscated toys with vigilance:
sneaking sleuthy smirks past our tired mother's laundry pile.
Swelling waves of cognitive dissonance:
embarrassingly crash turbulence in the Target aisle.

From advice pertaining to Jills and Jacks,
from *don't-tell-mom's*, bruises, and covering troublesome tracks.
From brothers who know how to test *all* of the boundaries,
I am from sibling camaraderies.

Closing Time at Guytano's: The Italian Dish's Last Taste
By Nate Ferro

A golden shell filled with cream oozing out the back stands alone on a glass platform.
A pearly pile of sparkling dishes tower as if leaning in Pisa.
A chef named Guytano holds back a salty rainfall from his eyes, rolling a final dough.

The black, spindling, iron seats now pushed in tightly—clean of crimson sauce splatters.
The red tiles on the checkerboard floor mopped with suds—absent of loose pepperoni.
The lights dwindled dim—veiling the Tuscan village delicately painted on the walls.

A team of three toss a tablecloth, three parachuting motions, three creases flattened.
A table for two, a red bottle for two, and empty plates for two.
A board for one cutting blade, an oven for one final disc, a job for one pair of hands.

The bubbling cheese turns gold—it's aroma darts past marble pillars in the dining room.
The chef whisks away a pile of flour and the flurries descend like a winter's snow.
The pie blanketed in crisp mushrooms and sausage is extracted from a now empty oven.

A table with years of smiles, 37 of them, laugh for a final time in that spot.
A toothy grin springs beneath Guytano's grey-peppered mustache; a crystal droplet fled his eye.
A pair of warm embraces grasp him with love; his first satisfied customers were now his last.

The chef's red-speckled hat hung on the rusted, gold hook—never to be worn again.
The battered loafers on his feet vacated the exit as he flipped the sign to read 'closed.'
The 'out of business' sign on the street beside contained a deluge of drawings with sad faces.

A passenger seat hoisting a crinkled, brown bag containing one final dish.
A flight of stairs Guytano ascends; following the sound of his granddaughter's sad sniffles.
A despair dissolves when a golden shell filled with cream oozing out the back is set upon her lap.

The Sound of Rushing Water

By Mallorey Wallace

You are the sound of running water:
unforgiving,
relentless,
cruel.

The sound of running water is the smell of your hair gel.
It is not that I find water grotesque, gauche, or galling--
but I do find you to be all of these things.
And when I think of you, I hear of running water
and my nose is throbbing.

The sound of running water is your fist, strong against my
skin.
It is not that I find water malign, morose, or macabre--
but I do find you to be all of these things.
And when I think of you, I hear running water
and my skin shivers.

You are the sound of running water:
unforgiving,
relentless,
cruel.

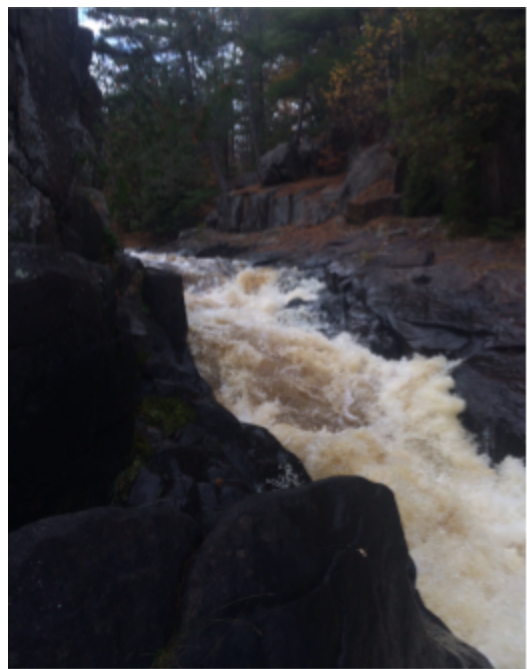


Photo By Amanda Stahl

Prayers Beneath the Stars
By Decker Riggan

A sky filled, with countless stars.
Under the stars, I'd kneel for Allah.
Imprisoned, I miss the stars.
Frigid floors cry, the same it's not.
I break out, to view the stars,
to worship, one final time.

Four Colorful Porcelain Plates
By Morgan Huckstorf

Dinner

The food is as ready as my stomach.
I set out clean, crisp plates as I did from
eight to eighteen.
I brush color on my porcelain plate—salad,
broccoli,
chicken, fettuccine in sync with Mom,
Dad, and Kenzie.
I fill mine, for now we have four colorful
covered plates.

Salad

The vegetables are as beautiful as my
sister.
I see iceberg lettuce, cherry tomatoes,
orange bell peppers, and hard boiled egg.
I shake Zesty Italian Dressing, drenching
my salad.
Share the last of the cherry tomatoes, as always, with Mom, Dad, and Kenzie.
I stab the last piece of lettuce, cleaning a first color off my plate.

Broccoli

The branches are as strong as my dad.
I bite off tree tops.
I begin a conversation about my day,
bantering about homework with Mom, Dad, and Kenzie.
I bring the last piece to my mouth, cleaning a second color off my plate.

Chicken

The seasonings are as zesty as my mom.
I cut bite size pieces.
I confess electrifying college news, and
converse about my future with from Mom, Dad, and Kenzie.
I count two piece left, one piece left, none left, cleaning a third color off my plate.

Fettuccine

The noodles are as close as my family.



Painting by Margaret Carroll

I fit a large fork full in my mouth.
I fight the urge to smile because my cheeks start to hurt.
Feel connected with Mom, Dad, and Kenzie.
I finish dinner, cleaning the last color off my plate.

Lost Vitality
Dawn-to-Dark Mission For A Single Stream
By Sydney Maglio

Afghanistan.

The children of skeletons and ashen skin burden to the water
as the midnight sky curves rose—
planks of wood contour circular with twine.

Chad.

Three hours in, children approach the once plentiful lake.
Salamat girls pray to their god, frail hands folding,
as the drought quenches the last of the wetness.

Laos.

The Mekong River swallows capillary flows in humid sand.
A feeble wish ascends for a monsoon or a miracle—
nourishing the earth's moisture to streams.

Ghana.

The Bosumtwi flows with fogginess.
Pairs of cracked lips whisper their health to the devil sip by sip
as the brittle youth fractures.

America.

Creamy skin clasps the chrome,
igniting the purified stream to a crystalline glass—
disregarding the day's strain of the children of skeletons and ashen skin.

Seasons of Food
By Colten Yokes

Bursting, flowers escape their frosty prisons as
dew wets the blades of grass like condensation on a cold drink.
Buds blanket scrawny branches
as chipmunks venture from their winter homes in search of food.

Squinting, the sun blazes overhead as the cat stretches out on the baked pavement.
Wind flows through fields as birds soar overhead

scouring the ocean of green for food to refresh their tired wings.

Detaching, leaves fall from their homes and color the ground,
crackling beneath the feet of hikers on a trail.
Bears line the rivers
as fish leap into their bellies, keeping them warm.

Crunching, the fox steps lightly on the frozen snow.
Tilting her head, she listens for the sound
of her dinner scurrying beneath the snow.

Four Secrets from the Sun
By Stone LaPorte

I. Break of Daylight Now... (Morning)

Hear the raven's call,
in darkness, immersed in tangerine light.
See the moon fall,
sun shrouded in echoes of the night.

Sky in shades and shards,
clouds pierce the bleeding horizons,
brilliant blue encroaches on
the inflamed atmosphere.

Lost wanderer,
hold on to the break of daylight now.

II. River People... (Day)

Morning fades...
turns gray...
gentle mist in the coolness.

Sing the river's song.
Magic, flowing through my sight.
Just as love is never wrong,
skies are never without light.

Strange people,
with flowers in their hair
dance in the caves
of brilliant roses.

Daughter, the day the sun blew the clouds
away
the trees told me the secrets for you...
River People sing to the wonder of the day

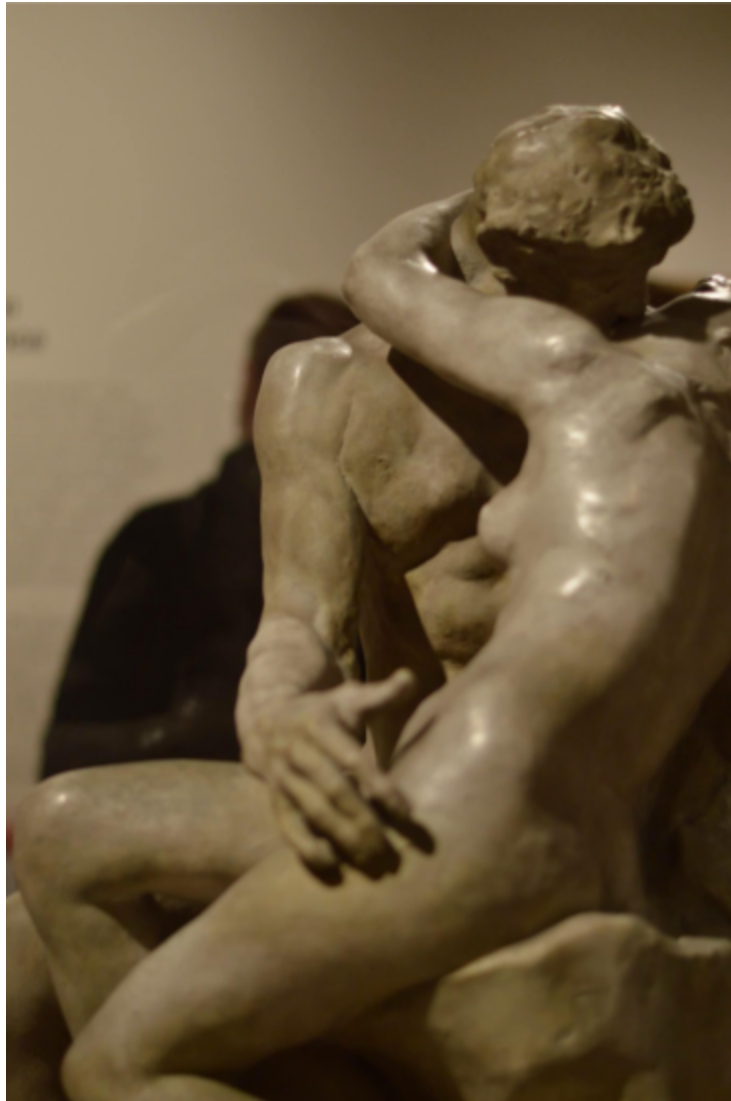


Photo By Amanda Stahl

and I believe them to be true.

Sweet Rose,
love of the thorn...
the Lizard witnessed
the Earth be born.

And though one day we die,
we bask in the light of day,
and watch as the sun feeds off the eye
and listen to all the River People say.

Lifesong sings,
in a curious place...
where the bushes sing fire
but do not burn.

Listen quietly to those who thrive,
who have fingers made of feathers.
Teach children to be alive
through the rain and weather.

Lost wanderer,
sing to the star kids now...

III. Star Kids... (Night)

Mr. Moon,
Silver Father from above.
Companions union in June.
Share thoughts of love.

...Continuum
Supernova.
Beautiful...
Time.

Can we love the way we feel?
The way factories forbid?
Can nature's love make me heal?
Can we sing the songs of Star Kids?

...Shatter the sky
Bringer of war.
Peace...
Race.

When you're at the end.
And the rings sit in black silence...
The way you feel is your only friend,

Until I see on the dawns flying islands.

Lost wanderer,
feel the songs of the Earth.

IV. Planet Noise...(Eclipse)

Listen.
Do you hear?
I do believe it's true...
It is real.

The People and the Star Kids choose to live
beyond the reaches of consciousness.

Listen.
Do you know?
I do believe it's true...
Fear destroys.

Indigo Waves **By Anonymous**

I once heard we are tossed into an ocean of unknown indigo of infinite possibilities

There is a peak of a wave to the bottom of the ocean, somewhere in between, the waves kissed the shore
the possibilities rise with the sun and change with the phases of the moon

Like the clouds sleep under the sun and hug the horizon while roots bury themselves deep in the heart

Patches of life engulfed in each other, green happiness reflects of the leaves

Disasters roll, storms brew, yet they die out and lose their fire, to soon be replaced but what they try to destroy

There is a peak to endless love, Somewhere between a bump and 11:11, you are tossed into the arms of an
unknown indigo of possibilities.

Changing Seasons **By Morgan Huckstorf, Natalie Jones and Elizabeth Jorgensen**

At five-years-old,
he wears an itchy blue hospital gown.
He sits and waits
while the seasons unfold.
He stares wide-eyed out a large window
three floors up.
He gazes upon
changing seasons,

month after month.
He dreams of life outside the hospital walls.

Spring rain showers hydrate the plants.
Droplets of rain create soothing music as they hit his window.
Green grass grows and blankets the earth.
Day by day, he watches the Earth get painted with color.
Flowers bloom every color of the rainbow.
His mom picks gerberas every week,
brightening his room.
Bugs fly back and forth between
plants; he watches them play.
He dreams of life outside the hospital walls.

A summer sky fills with sunshine
beaming through his window onto his soft cheeks.
Summer air captivates his lungs
as warm a breeze comes through his window.
Bright stars twinkle and engulf the black sky.
He loathes others, healthy and playing below his window.
Fireflies dance around the trees and plants.
His window opens and floods his room with warm air and
the scent of flowers.
He hears bees buzz frantically past his window.
He dreams of life outside the hospital walls.



Photo by Amanda Stahl

Fall days shorten to darkness at 6 o'clock.
Leaves change to vibrant shades of orange, red and
yellow.
Leaves gently fall, suffocating yards, roads, and roofs.
Gusts of wind send leaves flying, screeching against
concrete.
Plants wither, preparing for the cold to come.
Soon, every leaf and petal leave home.
Empty branches are all he sees.
Pumpkins and Halloween decorations sit on
balconies of apartments across the street.
He dreams of life outside the hospital walls.
In the winter air, crisp and cold,
fresh snow coats the frozen Earth.
Frost freezes the edges of his window while
white sparkling snowflakes twinkle in the sky.
Cars move slowly on the slippery snow covered roads.
He sees snowmen by every house.
Children play on white canvas yards.
He's captivated by ice skaters waltzing on a pond near by.
Christmas lights color the white roof tops.
He dreams of life outside the hospital walls.

As the seasons pass,

he grows alone.
He wants to
be a part of the outer world.
He dreams
of each season:
spring, summer, fall, winter.
How he wishes
he could be
outside the hospital walls.

Where I'm From
By Logan Winser

I am from the dreams of a young couple
of wanting to create their ideal child.
I am from their experiments on how to raise
and learning from the mistakes I made.
I am from the expectations of perfection set upon me
of the failure of people who molded me.
To be what they never could be.
To be given their dreams of life.

I am from their clay beliefs
sculpting me into their vision.
I am from the cards drilled in my mind
of addition, subtraction, multiplication.
I am from my gift in mathematics
but pursuing the forbidden love of writing.
To use my gifts given to me.
To instead have the life I have dreamt of.

I am from the disappointments scolded to me
when I am not what they dreamt of me.
I am from stories of fabrication
of what they wanted their son to become.
I am from their begs for change
to fit my life into their cookie cutter.
To have stability, security, safety.
To stay away from risk, away from the life I dream to have.

I was from their dreams of that young couple
because I am not their ideal child.
I was from the experiments of raising
scarred by their mistakes, only to be stronger.
I was from their expectations of greatness
to be a doctor, lawyer, business owner.
To instead be what I decide to become.
To go for the dreams I have for my own life.

Every Song I Write
By Mallorey Wallace

Every sappy love song that I've written is for you.
Do not take this lightly, for every night I sit up and
write about you incessantly
searching for the most delicate words to use.

Hundreds of scribbled-on napkins, lonely watercolor
paintings, and
scraps of paper, damp with fresh tears.
I have poured my soul into finding a hundred ways to
say:
I love you.

You are magnetic in a way that perplexes and comforts
me.
I fell in love with you everyday anew, and you taught
me to love myself in turn
The thought of your mere existence teases my senses
so youthfully
and that is why I loved you so.



Photo By Madeline Prodehl

Shower
By Rachel Leach

It's too hot and burns my skin, or it's too cold. I hate showers.
It's a spaceship; confusing and full of buttons.
It cleans me. Cleans my dirty skin from all of it. It washes away.

Royal Feast: *Foraging for The Queen*
By Carson Heinze

The Queen is hungry; the Queen needs food.
If She perishes, so does the brood.

Supplies dissipate like a cloud.
Thieves, floods and famine—What to do now?

The trek, requiring master explorers, is far.
Soldiers travel, raid, and meet the bar,

that She has set, for the underlings to find:

✓ Sugar, ✓ grains, and ✗ meat for the Queen to dine.

The Queen likes honey. She'll even settle for ground fruit.
The skyscraping trees and hard soil. What are they to do?

The jungle suffocates with vines, brush and thickets.
The men carry on, slipping, slashing and killing maggots.

Competing with neighbors and fleeing from attackers,
the soldiers press on, claiming more food as Hers.

Hundreds of male mouths fewer to feed,
but the women survive, for they, like the Queen,

have duties to tend and children to oversee.
They hunker down and don't decamp the colony.

For the survival of the colony depends on the women,
in an ant's society, where the men are driven,

to the extreme; to protect, provide and please
the women in their life; their one true Queen.

Wisconsin's Devil's Lake
By Abbey Lippold

I stand in the 2016 Jeep Wrangler
and feel the wind smack my face.
I look to the right to see
thousands of bright, scentless sunflowers.
I look to the left to see
a pasture of innocent, young cows.
The sun glows and
the sky is a light shade of blue.
This is Wisconsin.

I arrive to the most
peaceful and stress relieving place.
Birds sing and so do I.
I walk along the beach of Devil's Lake
with campfire smoke satisfying my nose.
I start my strenuous trek
through the one foot wide and straight up
path.
All sweat and smiles.
This is Wisconsin.

Immediately, I gain relief
as I take my last step of incline.
I look to the right to see
insects roaming and frantic squirrels
running.
I look to the left to see



Drawing by Margaret Carroll

an everlasting view of Devil's Lake.
Carved cliffs and clear waters
surround me.
This is Wisconsin.

Wonders of The Campfire
By McKenna Plath

The dark navy blue fills the sky.
Luminous stars peek through—gleaming,
as the moon awakens to greet me.

The marshmallow toasts.
Smoldering woods—hints of fire roasted vanilla,
drape over the campfire like a cozy blanket.

The wooden stick leans against the fire.
Plucked from the forest—ideal for roasting,
brittle and slim, sit ready to crumble.

The s'mores burn over the fire.
Golden graham crackers—honeyed,
chocolate silk coats the marshmallow as I take my last bite.

The crackling fire dims in the background.
“Barefoot blue jean night!”—sings freely...
until the sun rises.

Where I'm From Poem
By Grace Kopetsky

I am from honey, from lavender Febreeze and lemon candles.
I am from the overused backyard playground.
I am from the purple iris blooming during spring, the soft, golden daffodils,
and the oak tree my sister and I raced to climb.

I am from Sunday afternoons watching football and misty morning runs with my dogs.
I am from the always—rights and never—wrongs.
I am from Philippians 4:13. Using the bible and prayers to find the light of God,
and the “any dummy can get a C,” “tomorrow's a new day,” and “do the best you possibly can.”

I am from the long journey my grandpa encountered on his voyage to America.
I am from grains of Florida sand and crashing, blue waves hitting my legs if I stand too close.
I am from summer days on the lake, nights wrapped in blankets by the fire,
and rain boots splashing in enormous puddles.

I am from the tables and tables of decorative frames.
I am from the sappy cards, that although seem redundant, manage to make you cry.

I am from the petite, pink blanket my baby sister slept in,
and the glittering, blue dress my grandma wore when she was crowned prom queen.

I am from the first time I experienced something as magical as Walt Disney World.
I am from the excitement of last minute packing for an early morning departure.
I am from the most intriguing novels, the ones in which you can't wait to turn the next page,
and yet you still never want the story to end.

Going Beyond
By Megan Olshanski

Our team of 14 was exhausted but our positive perspective persisted,
motivated by the invigorating view of Canadian mountaintops.
Entertained not by a screen, but by the company of each other;
forming unbreakable bonds and new relationships.

Toes numb after hours of pounding the inside of my mud-caked backpacking boots.
One fatigued step after another, the weight of a pack dragging me down.
Ten unshowered bodies forge onward, trudging up steep snow....
fighting to conquer the summit.

Fighting to seek a purpose,
to find something bigger than what we are.
to push ourselves to the absolute limit,
to go Beyond.

Beyond the melancholic meandering through mundane life,
breaking outside of the grey, we find the reds and greens and blues of life.
Disturbing the stale, stuffy, stagnant air (whose recirculation represents routine life)...
We are present and wholly fulfilled—this is the purpose of life and the foundation of happiness, endowed
through nature.

Where I'm From
By Hope Weil

I'm from sand boxes vast as the desert, with castles like Rapunzel's.
The sun beating me, leaving its slap a bright imprint upon my face.
I am from fresh grass, lush between my toes as I run. Where the sky is like a door to open as I swing up,
trying to grasp the knob.

I'm from a house of a thousand forts, my brother and I the architects.

I'm from a land of dolls and toys who whisper back when I talk. From a land that when I sleep,
my toys come to life with sore arms and legs, starting their day as I end mine.

I'm from houses of books. I jump from world to world, opening a door to mysteries, adventures, and monsters
from my nightmares.

I'm from the water, fast as a fish. When I'm tired, the water holds me in it's arms, and cradles me until I
see black stars.

I'm from the music off the page, plucking the notes from paper as I sing.

I travel to a world where my heart aches and the verses upon my lips don't drop like stones, but fly upon the
breeze like doves.

I am from two places.
I'm from reality, where I go to school, to work, and live one gray day after another.
I'm from a world of high expectations and standards, like climbing cliffs, and trying not to fall.
But I always fall.
But I go to the place where I'm from.
Sprawled on my back, I crawl into my imagination, and see the things in color others see in gray.
I look at the adventures I had, the quests I will take, and I dream.
And those who laugh at me because I fell?
I stand back up.
And show them where *they* could have come from.

Will They Let Me Stay?
By Zachary Reiser

Will they let me stay?
Society only gives me three more years,
but I want to stay,
forever and ever...
Will they let me stay?
I do not want to grow up.
I want warm meals and a cozy bed,
forever, and ever...
Will they let me stay?
I do not want to live on my own.
I want to live here and help out mom and dad,
forever and ever...
So will they let me stay?

Failure Changed with Taste
Chocolate Shoppe's "The Exhausted Parent" Ice Cream
By Mikayla Endisch

Circles pile below her deep brown eyes, each with crooked lines confining,
and a dirt-rubbed, ghostly pallor, showing years of distress.
Her face reveals a gooey, dense, and chocolatey goodness entangling within.

A splash of water over her face turns brown and it hits the bottom of the sink,
as the children run circles, adding to her headache.
Her breath reveals the slight hint of bourbon aroma leaking from within.

Millions of hysterical thoughts lead to another sleepless night,
and push her to extremes to fight her eyes shut.
Her energy reveals the three extra shots of espresso intermixing within.

After stumbling over mahogany figures to find the lightswitch by the door,
she treks on her familiar trip down the hall.
Her demeanor reveals the misshapen java chocolate chips hiding within.

Opening the drawer and the freezer simultaneously, so close to her escape,
she scoops an inevitable heaping bowl in the middle of the night—
revealing the “ahh...” in her “Exhausted Parent” life, sweet and creamy within.

Bees

By Brooke Birkland and Isabella Wartzluft

Distant. Distant.
My sweet lord of bees!
Do you ever get bored
doing the same job every day?

There's a bee in the car!
This could be bad.
Why does his life have less value than yours?
That's an insane choice to have to make.

Why would you question anything?
Well, I met someone.
She's... human.
It's just a status symbol.
OK, ladies, let's move it out!

I'm just saying all life has value. You don't know what he's
capable of feeling.
How should I start it? "You like jazz?" No, that's no good.
She saved my life! And she understands me.
A girl? Is this why you can't decide?

Take him out.
I'd be better off dead. Look at me.
Is there much pain? Yeah.
What matters is you're alive.

I don't understand why they're not happy.

What have we gotten into here, Barry?
We're just a couple of bugs in this world.
How about a suicide pact?
This is a total disaster, all my fault.

Anyway, this has been great. Thanks for the coffee.
We're friends.
And he happens to be the nicest bee I've met in a long time!
Not in this fairy tale, sweetheart.

I could be the princess, and you could be the pea!
Haven't we heard this a million times?

If we lived in the topsy-turvy world Mr. Benson imagines, just think of what would it mean.



Drawing by Margaret Carroll

I thought their lives would be better!
You have to snap out of it!
Bees have never been afraid to change the world.

One more
By Jordan Caputa

“One more cast?” His famous line.
A strong chuckle. “One more, Bud.”
Grandpa’s house—care-free living.
Time with cousins, ice cream sundaes.
“One more drop?” The morphine hits.
His heart slows, he takes one last breath.

Morning Ledger
By Jack Wiebusch

An exchange,
An attempt,
and an outcome.
Speech, viciously firing at each other.
Days, weeks, months, start to hear arguments.
Not talking anymore,
And still gripping the hands of the other.
Heated by ambitious commitment.

A power,
a fire,
and secrecy.
The day ahead is hard to see.
Talking again, under the fire of each other.
Trust breaking, the two becoming weaker.
Still gripping the hands of the other,
heated by tentative commitment.

Integrity,
a change,
and absence.
His underwhelming movement.
Her interest leaving her body.
It is known what comes next.
He will raise a hand in resignation,
and it will be over.

Concluded at the end of the year.
Given a threshold that cannot be reached.
And denying the world that misled them.
Just another corporate transaction.

Black Hole Love
By McKenna Creasey

Fingernails traced over my skin, like the sun's warmth touches the earth.
Lips pressed against my cheek, wiping each dripping star you created.
Once those stars intensified, you stopped wiping them away.

Untitled
By Anika Gupta

They say
you won't be alone.
Are you certain?
In my heart,
thinking about the memories,
this simply runs too deep.

In three months,
they say
it will end.
Will it?
Your mind was in storage
and your heart was planning to leave.

In this life I am living,
so awfully long,
they say
thank you.
For what?
I was alone.

A Mark of Pain
By Savannah Drewek

I sit down and lift my sleeve.
Pain in my arm. Pain in my heart.
It hurts to see her, it hurts to not.
The needle stings. Her name kills.
Her soul is lost. I am too.
But she is with me, on my sleeve.

Untitled
By Bennett Knapek

Two backgrounds,
keeps them from understanding.
Its essential to know
what disrupts their framework.

Vigorous online shopping
Brings down financial statements.
The fragile victim responds
Addressing their lack of communication.

Powerful hackers take their assets which
Grows the threat of a halt.
The skeptical victim understands the problem.
In Europe now, the two breached.

Untitled
By Jordanne Panton

She peers at the orange light, mesmerized, as it emerges.
Distantly, she gazes at white pillows like marshmallows.
A truck approaches full speed...*crash*. Distracted by nature's beauty.

Nature's Beauty
By Annalise Scaffidi

Birds and bees, flowers and trees
Wind through my straw, loving the breeze
It's easy, being a field.
to animals, I am their shield.
Here lies "a field," lost last summer
A factory, now stands in place

Of Ice and Darkness
By Jacob Greenhagen

Walking up the elegant tower stairs...I stare at my rival.
Spear in hand...scythe in hers...she drops her weapon and
embraces me with affection...feelings were realized as we become one.

Goodbyes
By Zachary Dettman

Saying goodbye
I didn't think would be that hard,
but now that the day is here,
all our childhood memories
are filling my
head.

Hollow Head
By Anonymous

It was dark and lonely.
Cold and hot all at once.
Like a constant fever.
It stung and I broke.
Breaking.
Cracking.
Crumbling.
I was almost done.
With everything.
I was vacant and felt nothing.
I could put on a face.
A smile.
A laugh could escape me.
Sometimes honest too.
But in the end i retreated.
To my cave within myself.
Lonely loathing wrapped around me.
I couldn't escape my own head.
So i distract myself.
The smoke relieves it temporarily.
But eventually I'm lower than where I began.
The other kind simply keeps me awake.
While slowly killing me.
A drink numbs me.
The happy pills cloud my crowded mind.
They blend together.
Creating a hollow grave.
Where my mind used to be.
Fog sweeps in and blinds me.
I'm smart.
I know what my solution would cause.
The whispers.
The tears.
The pity.
Pure destruction to my loves.



Painting by Margaret Carroll

Causing more damage than it's repairing.
And there's no escaping that.
Even when you're asleep for eternity.
I would feel it.
Beneath the earth.
The pain would seep down into my box.
So i go on.
Trying to find it.
Natural pessimism makes it nearly impossible.
The bad is so easily spotted.
The good can be misinterpreted.
The evil peeks through in everything.
I'm trying to bury it beneath the rocks.
But it's strong.
And the rocks are heavy.

Hills

By Zack Moncrieff

In the distance, I see mountains.
Reaching to the sky like skyscrapers.
Towards them, I start to journey.
As I approach, the smell does too.
They are not hills, but landfills.
I turn around, and search for nature.

The Vanishing Buffalo

By Jacob Winter

Strength lies in Buffalo
for our young to eat.
Spirits, as my guides,
bring back buffalo.
And the hunt continues.

Tracks in the wet mud
lead to wood and iron paths.
Loud cracks in the distance reverberate,
like lightning hitting ground.
And the hunt continues.

As the metal beasts roar,
I hide in fear and shame.
The buffalo picked off,
now there remains one.
And the hunt continues.

Revenge sears through our minds.
We sleep through the night.
Hungry boys and girls pray,
for buffalo.
And the hunt continues.

Valuable meat vanishes.
We meet strange people.
They give us two choices:
stay or starve.
And the hunt continues.

Earth dries in dust.
We choose to stay.
No more buffalo.
We starve.
And the hunt has ended.

Homeless
By Morgan Kremer

Alone, she walks the streets. As she goes on, her feet grow weak.
Goes on lonely, with a frown, no place to call home, no one around.
At her house, she's all alone. Sometimes a house, isn't a home.

Wonders of The Campfire
By McKenna Plath

The dark navy blue fills the sky.
Luminous stars peek through—gleaming,
as the moon awakens to greet me.

The marshmallow toasts.
Smoldering woods—hints of fire roasted vanilla,
drape over the campfire like a cozy blanket.

The wooden stick leans against the fire.
Plucked from the forest—ideal for roasting,
brittle and slim, sit ready to crumble.

The s'mores burn over the fire.
Golden graham crackers—honeyed,
chocolate silk coats the marshmallow as I take my last bite.

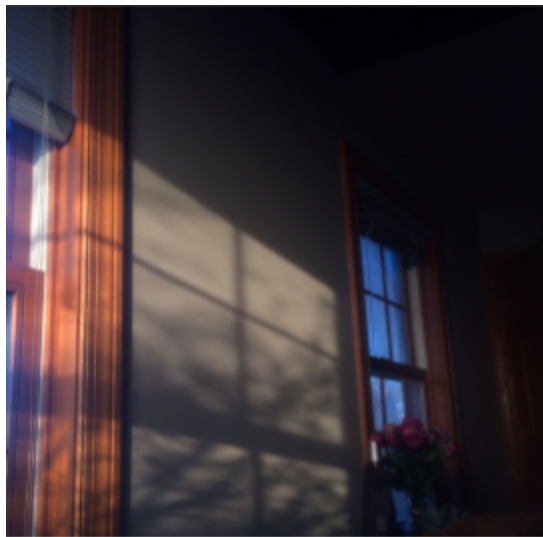
The crackling fire dims in the background.
“Barefoot blue jean night!”—sings freely...
until the sun rises.

Failing**By Lucan McCloud**

“Lost for a purpose in life,
going on for lack of a choice.”
This sad stuff, I hate writing.
But when faced with introspection,
there’s not much else my brain allows.
So I often just don’t write.

Breeze**By Tyler Ledzian**

Summer breeze...strong rays of sun...sounds
of splashing fill the air...
Fresh lemonade, creamy custard, carnival
rides, I didn’t care.
I’m old now. That’s the old me. Working all
day, now I care.



By Anonymous

Untitled**By Charles Legler**

It started strong
ready to go far.
Our relationship was launched
full-time onto new ventures,
good times for me and Anne.
Young adults with passion,
a stereotypical relationship.
We reached high but it began to decline.

After only four-years,
I made a variety of errors,

my passions were at a shortage.
My part-time status became more prevalent,
reality hit, I was never going to get back with my baby.
Many factors were at play
the togetherness was no longer reality.
So off to new ventures we go—
our relationship was unsuccessful.

Katie
By Marleh Lehmann

In the yellow, golden ribbon, an angel remains with us.
How tragic. I'll never forget her delightful soul.
The angel represents Katie, yellow means Katie's present.

Messed Up Life
By Charles Quinn

Why did this all happen?
How did I get to this state I'm in?
 Homeless.
 Unemployed.
 Wanted by the police.
Why did it have to be me?
I just wanted to make friends...
 Oh shit, that's it.
 I did drugs.
 I caused grief for my family.
 Now I have no family, just the rats in the alleyway.
Can God even salvage me at this point?
I screwed up big time.
 I have to beg people for money.
 I'm starving to death.
 If God is real, I'm begging for his guidance.

Persistent Love
By Cassidy Haertle

I love you — kissing the shore. Gentle and calm — sent out once more.
You hate me — pushing me out. Crashing right in — back without doubt.
Ocean waves — love the sandy shore. Persistent love — back for more.

Where I'm From
By Rachel Leach

I am from the dirt.
from the worn-out house and crumbled roads;
I am from the saddle, spurs, and scars,
its leather scrapped by my careless hands.

I am from the horsehair, hate, and hunger;
the love of horsehair, the hate of defeat, and hunger of riding.

I am from a barn;
one that isn't red, but full of life.
I am from the ground
where I found myself on my back.

I am from the bruising and breaking.
The rodeo bucking and cloud of dust I fell into.
I am from the pain that fills me,
not from the fall.

I am from trust in my partner;
one with fur and four hooves.
I am from hope.
Hope I will ride again.

I am from the fortunate and unfortunate;
fortunate for my horse and country
but unlike many,
I am from choices and freedom.

I am from the defense and war on terrorism.
A high school student, weapon in hand.

I am from a rarity.
A type of uniqueness that's un-relatable.
I am from riding and soldiering on.
I am unimaginable.

Elements of Harmony
By Savannah Drewek

The forest sings a song of harmony.
Deer gallop amongst the brush.
Trees dance in the wind.

The lake shimmers in the light of morning.
Stones and weeds embellish the floor.
Waves kiss the shoreline.

The sky snuggles the distant horizon.
Clouds decorate the heavens.
The sun ignites the day.

The fire sings the dead wood.
Embers collect in the heart.
Smoke thickens the air.

The earth sustains its continuous rhythm.
Elements intertwine and unite.

Truths of a Chicken Dinner
By Brooke Birkland

Life bursts from genetically modified eggs.
Innocent chicks, unaware of the journey ahead,
chomp beaks within the first day of life.

Life proceeds perilously.
Cages for one cram with five.
No place for waste, chicken live in feces.
There's not enough food, and battles break for one morsel.

Life ends, billions of chickens' throats slit,
hung by their feet, awaiting release.
The soon-to-be main course lived a painful life,
with an end containing just as much torment:
smothered, slaughtered, skinned, and sold.

Life surpasses the grave when Mother purchased the pink, raw package of the departed.
Placed into a cart, scanned, and home for consumption,
spices dance across dead flesh. Knives slice.
Planted in a hot pan, the chicken is cooked until safe, skin seared.
The chicken, once full of life,
lays on a platter.

Life changes for those who know the harsh reality.
As a family sits around a table, they indulge in the chicken's demise.
Forks and knives scrape plates.
Chins dripping with juices that ooze from the corpse.
The family enjoys their savory protein.
All but the one who knows the truth.
All but the one who sees the terror in that chicken's journey.
All but the one whose heart hurts for the life of torment that very chicken suffered.

The Phases of Food: Eating though our Years

By Paige Schaber

When you were a baby,
your mom served you the mashed up mush:
peas, carrots, and pureed prunes.

When you were a toddler,
you ate snacks, bright and colorful,
with reds, blues and pinks.

When you went to your first day of school,
you toted a tin lunch pail,
with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and two Oreos.

When you were a child on Thanksgiving,
lounging around the table sharing stories,
Grandma prepared turkey, mashed potatoes and pumpkin pie.

When you suffered your first teenage heartbreak,
you cried to your favorite romantic movies,
while eating ice cream, chips and McDonald's fries.

When you were in college,
you entertained yourself with cards, studied diligently, and passed your classes.
Ramen, boxed mac and cheese and pizza, your meals.

When you were an adult,
you planned wedding meals, prepared family dinners, and packed school lunches.
The phases repeat with your children.

When you died,
meals offered as comfort,
as the phases progressed without you.

Red

By Jack Wiebusch

There it sits.

A bright red fruit
rests on the counter.

Without a hesitant notion,
I allow my mouth to tear into it.

I swallow.

Within a fragment of time, my mind spins;
skeptical of a certain reality.
I don't know what I created of myself.

An insane laughter circles my ears, it's me.

Panic.

I feel my stomach on fire.
The flame spreads to my brain.
My vision fades until my hands are gone.
The fire takes out my legs.

I dive towards the ground.

I wake up aghast.
Quickly, I see my hands in the dark.
As I get up, I notice an unfamiliar sound
from a monitor at my bedside.

Where I'm From By Garrett Evans

I am from the river
flowing through the descending valley.
I am from pebbles
skipping, splashing, sinking through the cool water.
I am from a rocky shore
waiting
for the day I float by that same rocky shore.

I am from the back lawn
with three dogs awaiting white snow.
I am from a thousand blades of grass
caressing me, as I lay down to rest.
I am from their tiny roots
held firmly in place
while time passes on.

I am from the upstairs bedroom
where secrets stay.
I am from black nights
when the rain showers over a hanging light inside.
I am from a four sided brick room
sagging from the passing time
while a song of the once bright sky plays over and over and over.



Designed by Emma Reiter

Voices
By Zachary Dettman

“Do it!” said Devil.
“No you can’t!” said the fading wisp of the angel.
I have to do it,
but I can’t.

“Shoot him.”
“You know you want to,” yelled Devil.
I wouldn’t be able to live with myself.
I won’t do it.

Dropping the gun.
I ran.
I never looked back.
“I’m proud you didn’t do it,” said Angel.

Bioluminescent Enlightenment
By Emma Reiter

A drop in the ocean,
shimmering light bursts brightly,
like tiny dancing stars in the cold water.

Illuminating the shore with each splash,
with each eruption of light, I laugh like a child,
the mystery behind the glow making it pure magic.

Cupping the water in our hands,
they leap out like jumping beans,
shining brighter when undisturbed.

Splashing continues until our toes are frozen and nearly broken,
Our legs numb, but our hearts warm and glow,
saddened by the inability to capture the sorcery.

But it won’t be forgotten,
the luster will stay with me forever,
the feeling of pure happiness and child like wonder will remain.

Flash
By Christian Gehring

Looking for the silver lining, the dull sky stares back at me
I’d wave hi but I’m very disappointed with the silent sky.
A quick and bright flash, the silver lining I yearned for, lightning.

Where I'm From
By Ian McSorley

I was from a nameless lake submerged in foliage and hidden from the
world.

I am from opportunity given by my parents and community.
From trophies for last place and
ribbons for participation.

I will be from independence and making decisions for myself,
from breakfast for dinner.

I was from cruise ships and private resorts.
From smoothies on the beach and all inclusive meals.
I am from a battlefield, with casualties and deafening gunfire.
I will be from a private island,
with no contact with the outside world,
from silence and peace.

I was from a one story home with no garage,
from raccoons and raspberry bushes,
whose sweet scent drifts miles away
I am from the famous Madison Farmer's market,
where my grandpa sells venison every Saturday.
I will be from snow covered Packer games
at Lambeau Field.

I am from my past, present, and future experiences, which will sculpt me into who I am.

Bewildered
By Jack Wiebusch

Twisted arms of wood reach out to the moon,
dying and frail.
Their secretive voices elicit a fascination,
through inclement winds.

In the dismal light of the moon,
a clearing rests flat atop the hill.
It's terrifying vacancy
is pervasive in the cool air.
The tall grass scratches at me
with its fragile complexion.
The soft movements of nature
keep the night alive.

This starry fantasy
presents an unparalleled beauty.
Life isn't so fragile in this moment,
I find a renewed elation.

In Remembrance of David Robert Jones

By Garrett Evans

Floating through the empty void, with millions watching from below.
Some people hope, but they know. That he soon watches from the sky.
A Blackstar sitting in the sky, glowing black light. Witness him shine.

Untitled

By Natalie Frey

Plastic paint, starved but skinny, buying her life, is she there yet?
Almost there...scraping the edge of her account, nothing remains.
One-one-six, she's raised from abyss. A ticket, she's made it.

Without You Something Is Missing

By Madison Shipshock

I know we have had problems.
Occasionally, we argue.
To cheat or to try to replace me... is wrong.
But I like to think those people lie.
I know who you are; Honest.
You care and understand me, because I matter to you.

In a room full of people, I see you.
The sound of your nervous laughter, a pleasure to me.
With your two ears, you have an interest in the words I speak.

It's February, I think of you.
Look, I'm here. I have been for a number of years.

I commit to you. You want to do the right thing.
No matter what, I want a future with you;
To spend day after day after day, with you.
Without you, something is missing.

You're the best I've ever had and will ever have.
If I'm right about you, I can tell you;
My love for you will remain the same.



Drawing by Nicole Larson

Gleamy Night
By Cierra Britton

The sun goes down,
the stars start to gleam,
the stars start to twinkle, as you stare at them.
The moon shines with with the big white light, as if you've seen a ghost.
The dark gloomy sky as the clouds disappear as the sun sets.
Nights get cold with the big cold breeze.
The owl stands on the tree branch, owling his little song as the night goes by.
The trees shake like the waves on an ocean,
leaves falling like falling in love.
The leaves scatter throughout the woods,
Everyone gathering.
Peaceful sleep, dreaming through the night
animals wandering like they're going on adventure.

The smell of sweet tea brewing on the stove top swirls as
warm, cozy blankets, and book full of words fills a cabin.
Wood falls in the riverfall, carvings in the wood of love.
The sound of water flows as it falls throughout the waterfall.
At midnight, a baby cries, as a howl from a crying wolf.
The smell of firewood burns, as the sound of the wood chips and crackles in the fire.
deers march through the wooded trails,
bears leave footprints of their paws through the dirty soil,
ducklings swim in the pond with their youngs,
hunters wander to hunt through the gleamy night,

Self Love
By McKenna Creasey

Garden to some, burden to others.
A vast temple, shrouded in ivy...
vulnerable and sacred.
A personal prison of skin and bone...
Underlying hatred.
A body all your own.

6:30 am
By Lexie Newman

I'm snuggling, sinking into clouds,
tucked tight into a cocoon of silk.
Sleep fills my nostrils and slows my heart.
I hear a creak, handle turn...not yet!
My captor unbolts, cries catch my throat...
I'm presumed dead. screams break through.

The Unknown
By Lukas Falsey

All the people, he sees with his eyes.
Like shadows, they pass
not knowing, or wondering why.
He sits without a sigh.
Silent screams stay in cold, dead eyes.
And in a wood box, six feet deep, he hides.

Untitled
By Andrew Biwer

How can you tell that
Someone got a new iPhone?
You don't, they'll tell you.

Time-lapse: Moments in Nature
By Jenna Auton

Wind of utter essence fills this place;
the soiled ground turns cold
with the weather change.

A bantam beast scurries along the Earth,
gathering nuts and berries
for the nearing hibernation.

Leaves of trees turn a tangerine orange,
fluttering to the ground
and landing softly on the spiked, dry grass.

Sounds of rustling in the dark green pine trees shift,
as three puff chested robins fly out,
gathering worms for their flock.

Oval-shaped stones,
speckled with earl-grey and shimmering crystals,
settle in the prussian blue river.

Crows, trumpeting their blood-curdling cries,
awaken the unmoved sky,
with a warning of the nearing sunset.

Sun streaks of bronzed gold, calming orchid
and peach stand gracefully
as the sun hangs low in the distance.

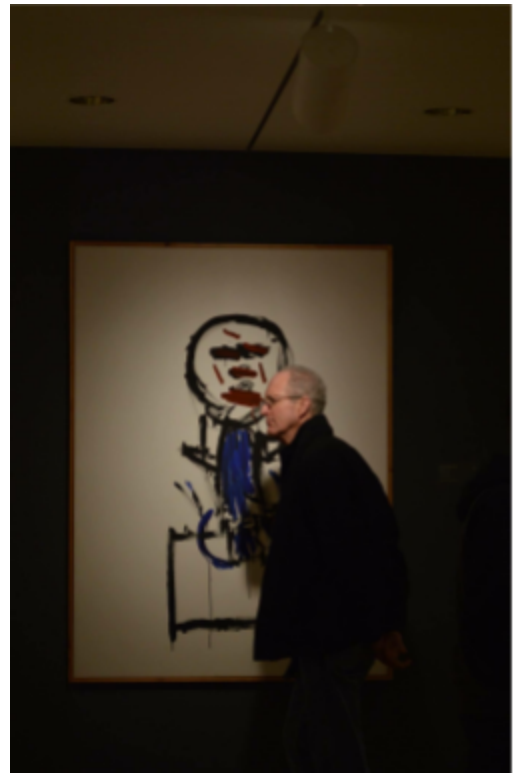


Photo By Amanda Stahl

Distant sounds silence as the sky darkens
to a navy blue and black, and dots,
the hue of sugar, scatter the sky.

A sing-song of the midnight moon,
the North-White Faced owl coos and perches
high on an oak branch, waiting for prey.

Sunset Beach
By Lexie Newman

Swallowing the sun, the ocean snuggles onto the shore.
Waves tune in and out, kissing eardrums greeting me. An old friend
takes a step back, lays down the paintbrush in a vibrant, toxic storms.

Last Breath
By Jack Wright

Bright lights flash, desperate beeps, faint breathing heard as life support fails.
I ignored the signs, let him struggle. Thanks to that, he's beyond saving.
The last breath. Monitor flatlines. Screen fades as my computer died.

Sinning in the Name of God
By Logan Winsler

God giveth me...the strength to live.
God giveth me...a life to preach.
God's name spread...My life's work.
God's will I've spread...to the people.
But God won't approve of marriage,
so God departs from my heart.

Untitled
By Anika Gupta

I ate some pi and
still am, because pi goes on
for infinity.

A Cold Death

By Michael Condly

I lay still, knowing death comes. I want to flee, but she'll find me.
A cold hand strokes my face. She welcomes me with her embrace.
My stem slumps. Petals and leaves wilt. Hello winter. Goodbye fall.

10-50

By Lexie Newman

Complacent under trees singing green, earth worms under bare feet.
Smoke reaches for the stars, as I search the cosmos in dazed awe...
Down next to a ford belly side up, brains crowd my feet as I fall.

Untitled

By Tanner Jarosinski

I thought the positives were a
great collaboration between us,
but we have a challenge that
requires attention.
There were things that felt
wrong.
It took a long time to detect this,
but I found the discovery of your
activity.
A significant time lag.
You've engaged in actions
designed to hurt.
You set that tone.
You're opening your structure.
You're opening your networks.
I thought the positives were a
great collaboration between us.
What went wrong?



Photo By Amanda Stahl

Ghosts Are Real

By Anonymous

Ghosts are real.
I see them as the sun rises and as the dusk fades, dancing in shadows and window sills.
I feel them laughing in my ribs, shaking my frame mocking, as I crack a weak smile, they swim behind my
eyelids, drowning and dreaming of what they cannot find. They are Always in the corner of my eye nagging and
telling me to catch up.

Ghosts are real. They run and hide while I seek to bury them,
but they are nestled deep in my chest cavity.
They hide in my teeth and dive off my tongue.
They step on my toes and break my fingers.
Ghosts are real.

I cannot not grab ahold and force them from this earth, they are just going to sit idly waiting for a solution to dissolve. I see them everyday, the solution will never formulate. Bury the bones but not the soul.
Ghosts are real.

Untitled

By Mary Gerbitz

Will tomorrow be the same?
 There will always be a tomorrow
 Things will change...
 but so do people

Will tomorrow be the same?
 The sun will rise,
 the sun will set...
 but it will never look exactly alike.

Will tomorrow be the same?
 Each day we become a day older
 We grow, grow, and grow...
 but each day, each time we grow, we adjust.

Tomorrow will come
and tomorrow will go.
The sun will rise
and the sun will set.
Each day we grow
and each day we get older.



Photograph by Emma Reiter

Will tomorrow be the same?

All the Good Times

By Zachary Dettman

Will the memories stay?
 All the good times,
 all the laughs we shared,
 and even the bad times.

Will they all disappear?
 Go away just like you, and
 never come back,
 I want you to stay.

Will please stay?

I want you to stay,
I need you to stay,
it's not over yet.

Or is it over?

Where I'm From
By Logan Winter

I am from Door County,
where I swing my driver, on a 80 degree day.
I am from the beaches of Florida
where my friends and I relax as waves hit the sand.
We play frisbee, listen to old Queen albums.
I am from car drives with my family
as we embark through the Dakotas.
I am from a family who would rather see the world
than stare through the window.

I'm from a house atop a hill
as the aroma of apple pie fills my lungs.
I'm from walks in the woods
where the wind roars, and birds chirp like a train's horn.
I am from the rocks skipping across the water
and frogs leap like gazelles from lily pad to lily pad.
I am from the study sessions by the lagoon
as I listen to nature take her course

I'm from the life stories my mom tells me
before bed.
The saying, "Be the man you want to be,
not the man they need you to be."
I'm from the sleepless nights where my
friends and I watch
the football games and yell at the bad calls.
I'm from the boat rides headed towards the
sunset
while I get air like a bird on my wakeboard.

I am from a family who like to risks
because if you don't take risks life is boring.
A family that loves sports and Sunday,
and house like a herd of frightened buffalo.
A family, no matter what time of year it is,
loves to be outside.
A family who is bursts with energy like fire
on dried leaves.
I am from a family with attributes that will be
cherish,
and who will give them to the next
generation.



Photograph by Rachel Leach

Where I'm From
By Zack Moncrieff

I am from a fluid life
staying afloat on the ocean of contentment
friends become sour, and like seas I part,
and fluid like I separate.

But through this: I have found where I am from.

I am from a home turned to a house.
but I am content with life
growing and maturing through uncomfortable times
in that house I called home.

It *was* a home, parents parted,
it *is* for sale to the next family, hopeful seldom to break
now it is a house, a chore to market.

But through this: I have found where I am from.

I am from the journey of finding myself,
the peculiar journey through:
the people I love,
(the people who I once loved)
the places I am,
(the places I will never be)
the pain I've been through
(the healing I've done).

Makes me, the only:
Me.

Goodbyes
By Katherine Jamieson

Goodbyes are never easy, especially when you've been together for so long, but after you sucked me dry of my happiness, this goodbye will be the easiest.

His Face
By Abbey Lippold

In the middle of a big city,
I met him
once
thinking I was
never
going to see him again,

but for some reason, I
can't
get his face out of my head.

Untitled
By Jenna Auton

“I love your watch,”
said Mimi.

“I like your boots,”
agreed the boy.

“I like your hair,”
complimented Mimi.
“I enjoy looking at your
face,” said the boy.

“Oh, but my nose,”
replied Mimi.
“No, not my cowlick!”
said the boy.

It's funny how
the time flies,
as we enjoy one
another's company.

But as get closer,
we start to notice
the things that pull us
farther apart.

Where I Have Grown From
By Karli Graham

I used to be from clouded thoughts questioning existence: no escape, no humanity, no wing to hide beneath.

I used to be from darkness: no sun, no stars to lead, no moon in my mind.

War broke out, defeating me.

I used to be from tears multiplying, racing down one cheek past my chin, puddles on the floor.

I used to be from empty plates and glasses half empty,

as I stared in the mirror and down to the scale my appetite was lost.

I used to be from seeing reward in thighs slimming down, ribs visible through my skin, and weight reducing by
the day.

I used to be from the grumbles yearning to be heard, begging for treatment, acknowledgement, help, but it
remained unheard.

I used to be from others deteriorating my self love, no respect towards myself, no love but hate for my being,
my mind switched sides.

I used to be from shot on the ground, as words penetrated through my core, my respect taken and I stood unarmed.

I used to be from the enemy disguised, revealing itself in my reflection.

I now am from opening the blinds in my mind, letting the light in, positive thoughts flowing, improving and not harming.

I now am from no longer hiding behind others, being my own body guard, I know my self worth.

I now am from showing my teeth, no longer a frown upon my face, no longer tears streaming down my face, no longer negativity controlling my life.

I now am from full plates and glasses half full, body no longer aching from hunger, no longer calling out for help, no longer dropping down as health has been found.

I now am from respecting, loving, and bonding.

I now am from no words penetrating me as my shield is up defending myself.

I now am from no hate towards myself and forgiving myself from all of the suffering, pain, and harm I caused.

I have grown from struggling with depression by realizing I am smart, unique, and strong.

I have grown from inspiration from my struggle for there is no reason to be ashamed, embarrassed, or disconcerted.

Journey North

By Logan Winser

Our journey has lasted months. My daughter's weak, pale like death himself.

We left with hope of a new life. Our harbor lies ahead miles north.

We stopped, a concrete wall. Last breath taken, death our last stop.

Where I'm From

By Sam Evert

I come from a quartet of siblings
(I the youngest), whose songs
of laughter and trivial disputes were silenced.

I come from my crib
I climbed from every morning,
that I broke from relentless and frustrated shaking
after my parents took away my mountain of
blankets and toys in the corner,
a prison which, unlike the reality of
my family situation, I could manage to escape,
and go into the kitchen and
eat and be a happy, silly,
messy, and carefree child.

I come from the memories
my family made into movies: me
spilling the syrup while saying "Blah, blah, blah!" for
no reason; sitting in front of
the stone fireplace, repeatedly forgetting the "J"
while singing the ABC's; sitting on the couch
punching the air to demonstrate

how I'd fight The Hook man (thanks to my sisters
letting me watch *I Know What You Did Last Summer*
when I was three), not knowing that there
really did exist a man
who was plotting to snatch
my siblings away from me,
but whom I could not fight because
he was on the other side of
the country in Fwoorda.

I come from Nintendo, the exciting and colorful
games I can no longer
play with my brother, fight over who's
first (I usually won) and marvel at how
warm
controller was.

I come from the treehouse in our backyard, which
my siblings should have hidden in,
and make fly away like we had done
before so the "nice men"
couldn't find them and take them away.

I come from happiness, which
came from the innocence and
revelry of childhood taken from me
too early, happiness that turned to
hate for the man who lied and cheated
and tore my family apart, hate which
makes the bullet in his head and
pain in his back a fair trade for the
pain he caused - I couldn't understand why
my brother and sisters let that bad man
be their dad.

I come from loss, the loss of
family, the loss of desire to
seek out lasting relationships because
I know that relationships aren't meant to last.

I come from indifference, not caring if
someone leaves as my siblings and

Mom and

Matt and

Shantelle and

Ciera and

Kait and

all my dad's girlfriends
went away, because why should I
say anything and expect a stranger to
stay if my own family won't?

I come from loneliness - hours playing
video games by myself (sometimes using

two controllers and missing
the warmth of my brother's hands); taking apart and
rebuilding Bionicles into what I want (which I couldn't
do with my life); listening to my parents'
arguments behind the wall late at night because
trying to sleep would have been
pointless, and crying because
inside I knew that
divorce, a horrible word
that a friend had taught me in
first grade, would mean something to me
three years later;
sitting on my bed playing guitar because
it's the only thing that
keeps me sane and always
understands what I'm feeling, even if I don't;
locking myself in that room which,
unfortunately, I have no one to
share with, that room where alone
is the way I've best learned to live.

Where I'm From
By Kelvin Yde

I am from sweaty shirts and black eyes.
From a mat with a circle that
forged my mind into iron.
I am from ridged ears and busted lips,
lips that smile wide when the ref thrusts my hand up in victory.
I am from grandpa's backyard,
whose soft green grass we watered with tears from broken egos
and nourished by laughs of children at play.
From winter jackets, deflated footballs, and rosy cheeks.
I am from games turning into fights, and fights turning to hugs.

I am from staying up late looking at the stars.
From 3 a.m. walks through town
with friends I would die for.
I am from rap music so loud the car shakes,
as we drive to get greasy Taco Bell grillers.

I am from grandma's kitchen
that smelled like cinnamon.
From 17 cousins, 16 aunts and uncles.
I am from Thanksgiving feasts,
loud but like heaven.

Past, Present, Future
By Abbey Lippold

“Do it,” whispers Past.
Not always making the best decisions—
knowing that it’s a part of the process.

“Is this something you really want to do?” asks Present.
Taking in situations and evaluating
before reacting.

“Don’t do it,” yells Future.
Now knowing what is right and wrong.
Only taking steps forward.

Learning, growing and figuring out
who I want to be
and what I want to do
while talking to Past, Present and Future.

Crash
By Zachary Reiser

Blink,
blink,
blink,
caution lights
 flashed
 as
 snowflakes built
 a
 white sheet,
 covering
 the Subaru
 in the ditch.

Untitled
By Anna Hayes

It is clear that my wife’s heart isn’t in this.
The sheer size of the task overwhelms her.
Her attachment simply runs too deep.

I speak from experience.
We have taken some trial runs,
but memories can’t be corrected; they only re-emphasize the problems.

After years of hard work,
there was still no sign of success.
With one another, but it is as if we are alone.

I was trying, but she was not willing to do the same.
Before the end of the year,
she was my wife, no more.

Five Minute Friend
By Madelyn Maurer

“Good morning!” I say
as I hold the door.
“Thank you very much!”
they reply as they slip past the door.

We stand in line waiting for coffee.
“Wow its really snowing.”
I comment, and they respond,
“Yeah we are supposed to get ten inches!”
“Snow no!” I say and
they courteously laugh at my pun.

As the barista prepares our drinks
we chat and chuckle.
Our small talk helps the time pass.
“Vanilla Latte for Maddie.”
says the barista as I approach.
I wave goodbye and say, “See you around!”
Even though deep down I know
that they were only a five minute friend.



Photo by Mckenna Plath

Untitled
By Casie Wiese

Their love had a childlike tone.
They shared joys, uniquely bound,
together they made the great promise.

But a massive shift struck,
their love became corrosive.
She had an understandable bitterness,
for his in the moment “slip.”

It’s hard to get back to where you were.

The Potato Vendor
By Justin Paddock

“That round, brown thing...what’s that?”

8000 B.C., Incas saturate the soil with a mysterious seed.

“*Solanum tuberosum*. It’s quite tasty.”

...

“Any to spare for me? Please?”

Cheap, easy, and nutritious...shockingly innovative to the western world.

“No worries. Almost too many.”

...

“Bringing them for a journey? Thoughts?”

An edge in strength, endurance, and numbers—a guaranteed victory.

“No doubt. They will last.”

...

“What happened? Where did they go?!”

The artery feeding the blood to the heart severs. Devastation.

“*Phytophthora infestans*. I don’t understand...”

...

“Back in business? Anything to purchase?”

Restoration follows ruin, the country restores peace to its civilization.

“Too many! Everything has changed.”

...

“Out of business? Is that possible?”

Its absence caused death; now its presence does the same.

“Unfortunately yes. Authenticity rarely lasts...”

The Illusion of a Goddess

The Forbidden Fruit Is Where We All Were Born

By Amanda Stahl

A temptress like that of milk, honey, and ecstasy.
She whispers fainter than flower petals
falling against soft skin.

A enchantress like that of jasmine tea leaves, and precision.
She dances an eternal dance to the sound of the world ending
underneath an apricot tree.

A dutchess like that of peaches n' cream, and a gentle
ruthlessness.
She was the first to grasp onto wisdom and
the first to taste the fruit.

A goddess like that of white wine, and divinity.
She is the envy of men, yearning for that sweet nectar
which drips from her flesh of fruits they've been forbidden.



Photo By Amanda Stahl

Day and Eve(ning)

By MaryMargaret Daniel

“It’s so nice and sunny” Day says soaking up the sun,
“Yeah... I guess” Eve responds taking a seat next to him,
“Don’t you like the the the sun?” he asks scooting closer to her,
“I... guess,” she says as the sun sets

The moon rises and takes the sun’s place
“Isn’t the moon beautiful,” she says looking up
“It is,” he says looking at her
She shivers and he puts his coat around her

“Can you see pegasus?” she says tracing the outline
“Yes I can” he says watching her and scooting closer
She raises her hand again, but Day grabs it
“What are you doing..” he kisses her.
Am I ready?

Synesthesia
By Megan Olshanski

The opposite of tender is rigid but smells like windex and feels like the stab of glass in your heel.

At the edge of silver is the nose-twisting smell of fresh fish, or the gasp you take when cold air hits your lungs.

The sadness of puppies is a twist in your gut, but smells sweet like fresh cinnamon rolls.

At the center of boredom is the sterile smell of a school on September 1st, and the bland color of untouched cement.

At the top of tomorrow waits wet, green grass and the raw, unreplicable scent of worms after rainfall.

The swirl of loneliness sounds like the thud of a rock hitting dirt, and tastes chalky and dry.

The enemy of green hides between nothing, it is bright yellow and warm, welcoming everything.

The shape of the past fits inside nothing, its poky edges but fuzzy surface only fit inside my brain.

The rock bottom of October never feels cold and dry, unforgiving and never-ending, it smells like dried blood and pinches the back of your throat, the feeling before you cry.

The antonym of pink is hard and monotonous, it is a black bowling ball that smacks a wooden floor.

The hiding place of rain shivers underneath a soft exterior, a smile, and tastes light and sweet like cotton candy.

If you turn hope on high, you'll see silver, and you'll feel light like a dandelion after it pollinates.

If you look underneath peace, you might hear a slow rumble, the sound of thunder at the start of a storm.

When you toss sadness to the wind, it returns positive, bright red and fierce, aggressive and determined.

If you jump into the present, you'll land on the color green, everything around you enhanced and enlarged, smelling like untouched lake in the morning.

When you tiptoe through the Valley of Happiness, you might find a pot of hope, the color yellow, and the smell of freshly cut grass.

Six Sonic Sour Slushies
By Alex Docea

A silly story about Sonic's signature slushies

Summer of sophomore year,
seeking safe haven from sweltering sun,
my family sat in the car like sardines, and
set sights southbound to Sonic.
Speeding and swerving to score
six Sonic sour slushies.

Slushy Saturdays were sacred.
Sipping on sour strawberry sweetness in the old Sienna, we
slurped snow and sticky syrup through straws.
Super sick, but satisfied and smiling,
soon the savory solution was spent. Leaving
six empty Sonic sour slushies.

Suddenly, a surprise struck: Sonic shut down.
In shock, our society of Sonic slushie suckers sat silently.
Searching for solutions to solve the somber situation,
Sister suggested somewhere similar to spend Saturdays.
Several steps down from the superb on-skates Sonic servers,
sadly, we settled for six speedway sour slushies.

SENIOR EDITORS

The 2016-2017 Arrowhead Union High School Literary Magazine was compiled and designed by (from left to right): Amanda Stahl, Isabella Wartzluft and Brooke Birkland.



The Literary Magazine is advised by English teacher, Elizabeth Jorgensen.





A Collection of Creativity

Arrowhead Literary Magazine

2016-2017