

Tabard

2017-2018

# Tabard Literary Magazine

2017-2018

Salesian College Preparatory  
Richmond, California

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Photograph by *Omani Holley*

# Nature

## Authors

Tyler Brinkman

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Justin Dado

Nicholas Fay

George Flores

Elizabeth Franco

Alyssa Gauna

Riley Kenyon

Turner Lu

Selina Mejia

Leslie Mendoza

Jacob Miller

Zachary R. Orozco

Julianna Portillo

Jasmine Raya

Logan Silva

Clara Ta

Sovann Touch

Sam Xie

Snow Yang

## Artists

Brendan Bautista

Astrid Garcia

Kevin Navarrete

Benjamin Prieto

Shelby Taylor

Chiara Visagli

Fire  
*Riley Kenyon*

Burning red with rage  
Burning everything in its way  
Ending the life of everything it touches  
But after the fire is done there is a blank canvas  
The fire cleared the way  
A chance for a new life  
New trees can grow and animals reappear  
All because of fire

Another Rainy Day  
*Turner Lu*

A nice way to start the day, with droplets of water  
trickling outside  
It's hard to stay awake with the relaxing rain by my side,  
but still I tried  
Leaves from up high give way as the rain continues  
to shower the sky  
They said rain won't return for another week, oh what a lie  
The soft sound of the rain landing on the ground  
is what I'd hear all day  
It's just another rainy day to be in the way

Nature's Calling  
*Sam Xie*

I heard the crying,  
it's the trees getting cut down,  
the storm with all her tears,  
The shaking of the ground.  
I missed the smiling,  
It's the sparrow jumping over the trees.



Drawing by *Brendan Bautista*

Fruit  
*Logan Silva*

Fruits are like people  
We come in different hues and colors  
We bruise  
Our outside is different from our inside  
Some are sweet on the inside  
Some are tart  
Some sour  
Some bitter  
We come in different shapes and sizes  
Some fruit we like, some we don't  
When we are young we're beautiful and when we age  
we wrinkle and shrink  
We grow new fruit and so they to can grow on earth  
and continue the cycle

A Cold Night  
*Alyssa Gauna*

A cold night,  
With fog, blurring my sight.  
So quiet you can hear everything.  
From the chains to a swing, that's not swinging.  
For not it's a farewell, and goodnight.  
Until the outside gets bright.

Rain  
*Jasmine Raya*

It's a cold, cloudy winter's day  
as farmers slowly put the hay away,  
as rain falls on to our door steps as we wait for warmth to come.

As day turns to night,  
as children curl up by the fire,  
as water turns to ice.

We close our eyes to find another day full of  
peacefulness.

Sunset  
*Tyler Brinkman*

Time spent in nature  
Is time realizing we don't know it all  
And that there's more than  
Just a pretty sunset on Instagram  
Because if you look up, there is one right outside

Nature  
*Nicholas Fay*

The sunlight warms the deer  
The trees sway in the gentle breeze  
All is at peace  
The grass ripples with every blow  
The birds sing a friendly song  
All is at peace



Photograph by *Kevin Navarrete*

Redwood  
*Elizabeth Franco*

The  
passing  
of time has  
strengthened  
my stand, The  
longer I've survived  
the greater I am, Few  
things can destroy me,  
I'm greater than all, The  
smaller relying  
on my resistance  
to fall, My ability to  
stand in the darkest of  
hours, To withstand the  
quakes, the floods and the  
fires, Yet there is one creature  
that can still tip my stand, That  
creature that takes, that creature  
called man, They rely on others without  
giving back, They take and they take but  
never look back, They seldom notice the pain  
they have caused, And when they do realize they  
shrug and move on, Very few of them ever look out  
for my kind,  
But those that  
do have more  
strength  
than all of  
us combined



Photograph by *Astrid Garcia*



## Winter Rain

*Jacob Miller*

It is now winter and is very cold  
Big wet drops of icy rain  
Should have grabbed a coat as I was told  
I'm freezing and in rain  
Today is a rainy day  
Outside is too wet to play  
Stay inside if you want to be warm and dry  
When you go outside and get sick don't ask why

## Wildfire

*George Flores*

It was a horrendous humid day  
I could smell a smidge of ash in the air  
People tripping, falling, and getting stomped at while running away from  
the fire  
At the end of the day the people will have no desire  
All I hear are sirens getting closer and closer  
Fire trucks and people around trying to put the flames away  
As people die from fire, everyone is speechless and have nothing to  
say  
The smoke went through almost the entire bay  
God looked around us and helped us survive the day

Photograph by *Benjamin Prieto*



Mother Nature  
*Leslie Mendoza*

I could hear the wind blowing as I started to fall asleep.  
The trees moving side to side,  
Suddenly I heard the rain start to pour down.  
It made loud noises as it hit the rocks on the floor  
The sound was comforting, it made me feel warm  
and safe in my bed.

Rain  
*Julianna Portillo*

On the window pane  
You can hear the crashing of the rain.  
Drumming away in a steady rhythm  
Once again it pours and pours  
And once again you can't ignore  
The pounding of crystal clear beads of water  
Hitting the car windows like there's no tomorrow.  
It seems relentless, it's almost unbearable,  
Yet you're tethered to the windows  
Watching as the water goes.

Bus Ticket  
*Clara Ta*

I see a yellow flower on the green grass  
Under the tree shade, dream a pretty dream  
Return to these childhood days, I feel alive  
In a middle of this busy life, take a long breath  
Wish I can turn back in time  
Please give me that ticket, bus driver!  
Return to my adorable childhood has gone  
Reborn one more time, these colorful days.



Photograph by Shelby Taylor

Rain  
*Selina Mejia*

Rain pours hard on the window  
It makes loud noises against the glass over and over  
The sky is grey, filled with clouds, covering the sun from shining down  
Lightning strikes, bright yellow across the lawn  
Thunder fills the air with loud growls

Storm  
*Sermone Crafton*

Leaves falling from the trees  
Swaying back-and-forth  
Finally landing on the concrete  
Water falling from the sky  
Drip drop drip drop  
The rain wets the dry fly  
The wind is gone  
The sky flows by  
Through winter and fall  
The bushes shake  
A storm will call.

Mother Earth  
*Zachary R. Orozco*

You are so beautiful  
The sound of water hitting rocks  
Birds chirping animals scampering  
The bright red and orange sunsets loved by many  
The beautiful scenery seen by all  
But that is all at risk  
If we let that monster get out of hand  
That black smoke of factories and cigarettes  
The destructive and horrible smelling exhaust of cars  
And the mountains and mountains of landfill  
Be self conscious and save her  
Save Mother Earth

Flowers  
*Snow Yang*

Fragrant flowers are blooming in peaceful downtown  
Beautiful birds are singing in cheerful tones  
Frisky fish are swimming in wonderful fishpond  
Bewitching butterflies are flying on colorful sky  
Plentiful natural

Life  
*Sovann Touch*

What is the true meaning  
The basis of reality  
To be or not to be  
That is the question  
That needs to be answered  
What is to be in the end  
Eternal life or a repeated reality  
A paradox or a purgatory  
Whether my actions really mean anything  
Or if my existence is a mere spec  
If anything really matters  
Then what's the endgame  
What's the final level  
Where's the reward  
Where's the prize  
Does time repeat itself  
If so,  
Then how many times have I already been here?



Photograph by *Benjamin Prieto*

## A Giant's Power

*Elizabeth Franco*

A gentle giant, following an unseen road, only meant for her eyes, her feet, as her path to take. She carries with her a bag of seeds, all so tiny, so petite, but they glow, with the same radiance that shines from her face. She offers these seeds, so tiny, so petite, to the creatures she meets who cross the unseen path, only meant for her eyes, her feet. The other giants, the tiny elves, the fairies, and the beasts, the good, the bad, joyous, tearful, and in between. All so very different, but they all accept just the same, and when they do they promote a simple change.

A few eat the seed, taking all the light and energy it can bestow, and then asking for more. She will not refuse them, offering enough to fill their hands and mouth, as much as she can before sending them on their way again.

Many thank her and place it in their pocket, where it will be a constant reminder for them of herself, and her great generosity. The light becoming their protector, and guide through the dark nights.

But a couple, a small couple, will plant it. It might only grow to be a few inches tall, but that's tall enough to start creating its own seeds. Enough for this other being to harvest, and then hand out to those around themselves.

And from there the cycle she started continues. Handing out these seeds of light to those around her, and letting them cover the world in their glory and brilliance. She's only traversed a small distance, but her impact has been huge. Her seeds now fill her lands, and their light can be seen, here, there, and in between, far beyond unseen road, only meant for her eyes, her feet. There's traces of her everywhere, on the face of everyone she's met. They have a little bit of that shine that she has on her face.



Photograph by *Chiara Visagli*

# Beauty

⌘

# Embrace

## Authors

Maame Korley Baah-Arhin

Angela De Loa

Autumn Fehr

Britney Guardado

Piera Miller

Fernando Ornelas

Julianna Portillo

Anthony Romero

## Artists

Julianne Alcantara

Brendan Bautista

Taimane Lesa-Hardee

Annalisa Maki

*Luis Santamaria*

The Renaissance  
*Britney Guardado*

I like to think that  
Your beauty is what shaped  
American culture.  
The way you love me  
Revealed itself through  
Majestic painting and art.  
You are as spectacular as the  
American horizon.  
I've named more than a dozen towns  
After some of my favorite things  
About you.  
I love you so much,  
You could never bore me,  
Not even your simple captions on your posts  
Could bore me.  
Because you are so beautiful,  
The way you love is  
Beautiful.  
Because you love me,  
You insisted that I  
Reveal the longings of my soul  
and saw me as the ideal educated human.  
Your beauty can be expressed  
In a vivid fresh language.  
You've made a crucial difference  
In my life  
With your love and beauty.

Full Belly  
*Maame Korley Baah-Arhin*

your belly hasn't always been big  
time has filled your belly  
bitters and bark  
herbs and akpeteshie  
has bloated your belly  
your belly is home to the traditions of far off lands  
the kakro of your grandmother  
mingle with Pinkerton's barbecued ribs to  
dance along side the Kak'ik of a communal people.  
to forget your infinite concoctions of  
leftover stew would be dangerously  
apocryphal  
dangerously diligent  
you try to flatten your belly with  
nightly strolls through our neighborhood  
but I know it will never work  
too many years,  
some lifetimes,  
have manifested its creation  
a flat belly would not do  
justice  
to your wisdom.



Photograph by *Luis Santamaria*



And I am  
done with my  
graceless heart

So tonight I'm  
going to cut it out  
and then restart

Because I  
like to keep my  
issues drawn

It's always  
darkest before  
the dawn

'Shake it off'  
By Florence + The  
Machine

AM\*

Poster by Annalisa Maki

Your Beauty  
*Fernando Ornelas*

You are beautiful.

Everything about you is beautiful, all your perfections to all your imperfections. Your outer beauty attracted me as your outer beauty shines so bright and captures the eyes of many. I've become captivated by your beauty. Your inner beauty has captivated my heart, while your outer beauty has captivated my eyes. Yet when our eyes meet, mine get lost in the beauty they hold and recognizes the soul beyond the flesh. For your eyes are the doorway to your heart. Within your heart is where love, true beauty, and inner grace reside. The idea that beauty fades away over time has no effect on your beauty whatsoever. Your beauty ages like fine wine as it keeps on getting better and better over time. You grow more and more beautiful every day and everyday It makes me glad you're mine. But what makes you so beautiful and your beauty everlasting? Well many things come to mind when I think of how beautiful you are. I imagine how beautiful your soul is, how beautiful your laugh is, and how beautiful your smile. I also imagine how beautiful your happiness is, how beautiful your intelligence is, and how beautiful your mind is. The kindest mind is the most beautiful mind which perfectly describes yours. It is creative, passionate, kind, sweet, loving, insane, amazing, and all things good.

I love your mind and all the beauty it contains. Don't let anyone's negative thoughts infect your beautiful mind. Your inner beauty radiates from within, and there's nothing more beautiful than when one feels beautiful on the inside. So, please recognize how much your inner beauty shines as I recognize yours.

Embracing a Body Part  
*Autumn Fehr*

These eyebrows are strong.  
They are powerful like my mother, and her mother, and my mother's  
mother's mother, who helped shape our world.  
These thick brows rise and fall.  
They make my emotions known and make myself vulnerable to the world.  
They are a weapon and a poison.  
These brows make me thankful!  
As I get older, I realize people allow themselves to be living Barbies  
and pay a lot of money to what I was GIVEN.  
I was GIVEN things people get injections and needles into their bodies  
for and slits in their skin for.  
I am THANKFUL for what I was given and I EMBRACE them.



*Drawing by Julianne Alcantara*

Beauty  
*Julianna Portillo*

Why are these our standards  
Why does beauty run the world  
Why does beauty define a person  
Why is the shape of your eyebrow important  
And why does it matter if you have acne?  
How is the length of your hair relevant  
How does height or length matter  
How can someone look in the mirror and be 100% happy  
with themselves?  
Does weight make you more or less beautiful  
Does it matter how long your nails are  
Does having glasses make you ugly  
And does your makeup look good?  
Is your eyeshadow blended?  
Are your muscles big enough?  
Do you have big lips?  
How white are your teeth?  
And when you look in the mirror are you satisfied, content,  
happy with what you see?

His Sunshine & His Darkness

*Autumn Fehr*

Darkness takes him over, on a day to day basis

He gets sick off of it

Won't eat

Won't sleep

Will barely speak

His world is full of trouble

Heart ache

Sadness

It makes you sick

It makes me sick watching you

Hearing you

But when he has his bright days...

My god when he has his bright days

It's like summer time

You could feed every plant in the world with his sunshine

Hear every child laugh and run and play in the light his joy brings

His smile

When I see him, I feel like if someone asked me what it was like to love

Him

they may as well have asked me to describe the taste of water...

You have to imagine living in the absence of it

You can get by without it for a day or two, maybe even a week.

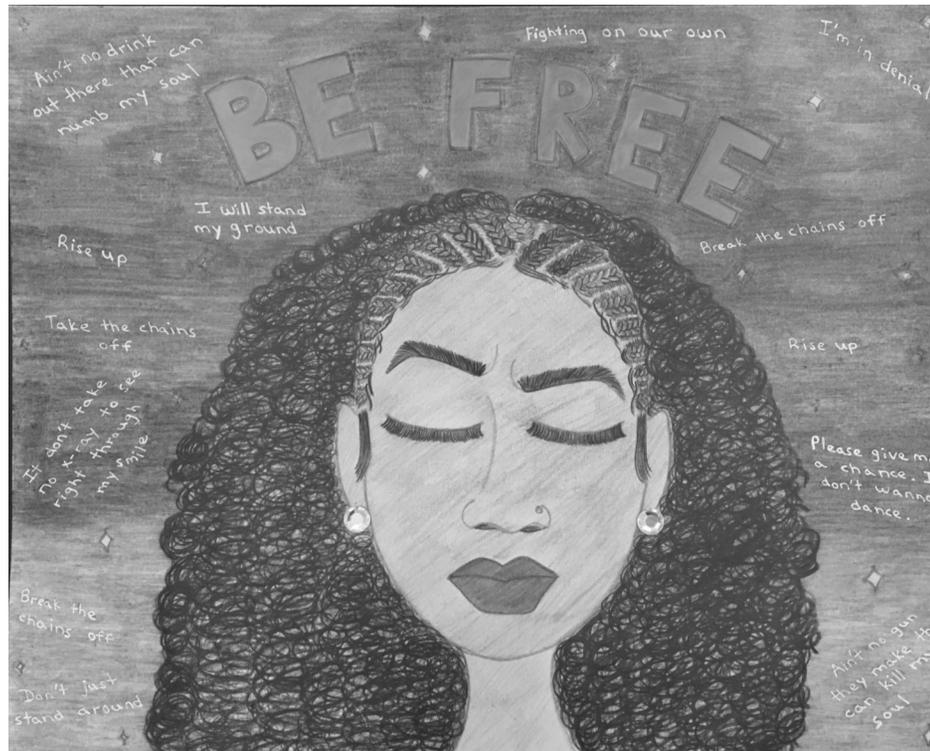
Until eventually, your body begins to wilt away.

So, the idea of living without water is equivalent to living in a world

where he will never smile...

Impossible

“Be Free” by Taimane Lesa-Hardee



Beautiful  
*Piera Miller*

There's beautiful in the struggle, beauty in the pain.  
Beauty in the lives who strived to change.  
There's beauty in the love people have for themselves.  
Beauty in the dreams of the lives we want for ourselves.  
There's beauty in the struggle, beauty in the pain.  
Beauty in the stubborn world that doesn't want to change.  
There's beauty in string fists that are raised to represent pride and strength.  
It's the life that you dream of that strives you to be strong.  
It's the dreams that you live that keeps you moving on. It's the beautiful that  
keep your heart wanting.  
The beauty of passion that keeps your blood moving There's beauty in the  
struggle, beauty in the gain.  
Beauty in every little thing.

Your Voice  
*Angela De Loa*

Your Voice,  
calls my name  
telling me millions of stories  
about the world or of you.  
Your Voice,  
makes me want to  
listen to what you have to  
tell me.  
You say,  
that you can run  
but that you'll never be able to  
fly  
or finally be  
free.  
Your Voice,  
on its own  
explains the whole  
story.  
Breaking out into little  
high notes  
that,  
sing  
that you prefer to continue  
struggling  
rather than,  
giving up.  
I  
Admire  
you,  
one trait always  
struck  
a cord within me.  
Your Voice.

that about  
you.  
So willing to  
fight  
for what you want,  
when  
your voice  
answers to your  
happy memories  
that they're  
afraid  
after being asked  
if you were okay.  
After all that,  
you continue walking because  
your voice,  
informs you that it's your  
fate.  
You do so,  
not because you have to  
but because you  
want  
to.  
The  
reality  
pains me,  
you're unaware of me whilst  
I'm not.  
From the millions of stories that  
I've heard of  
you,  
one trait always  
struck

Your Voice,  
cries  
out in  
winsome melody.  
Your Voice,  
screams  
power that others can't  
help but  
listen  
even if they don't  
understand.  
Your Voice.

My Pinky Toe  
*Korley Baah-Arhin*

Oh my little piggie  
so small, so succinct  
weeks go by without you making a peep.  
But as soon as there's problem  
you let know:  
with throbbing and burning and ripping.  
You let your worries go.

If my shoes grow too tight  
or my sock too rough  
you squirm and squirm till I take it off.

You balance my life in your own little way.  
Thank you pinky toe.  
Today is your day.

The Stage  
*Anthony Romero*

The stage  
Light the lights, curtains up  
Put a smile on your face, they're watching  
They're watching you  
Are you ready?  
Take a breath, look the audience right in their eyes red,  
hot passion on your skin  
You can do this  
You are beautiful, show them you are beautiful  
Art  
Rushing through your veins  
Emanating from your voice  
Butterflies in your stomach, the twitching of fingers  
Don't stop now, you've shown them nothing  
yet defy gravity  
Show them you are beautiful  
Childish, yet completely prepared  
Nervous, yet completely confident  
Intimacy  
Caught in the air  
Over the crowd  
Forever in their ears, forever on your lips  
Love  
You feel it in the room  
Compassion  
He's clapping  
She's clapping  
They're all  
Clapping  
It's over,  
you bow  
Tears in your eyes, warmth in your heart  
Thank you!  
This is  
theatre  
Curtain



Drawing by *Brendan Bautista*

# Love

## Authors

Jennie Aguilera

Zarrie Allen

Carmina Delos Reyes

Kambili E'Denchukwu

Autumn Fehr

Elizabeth Franco

Astrid Garcia

Britney Guardado

Zeanna Johnson

Fernando Ornelas

Anthony Romero

Katelyn Simmons

## Artists

Brendan Bautista

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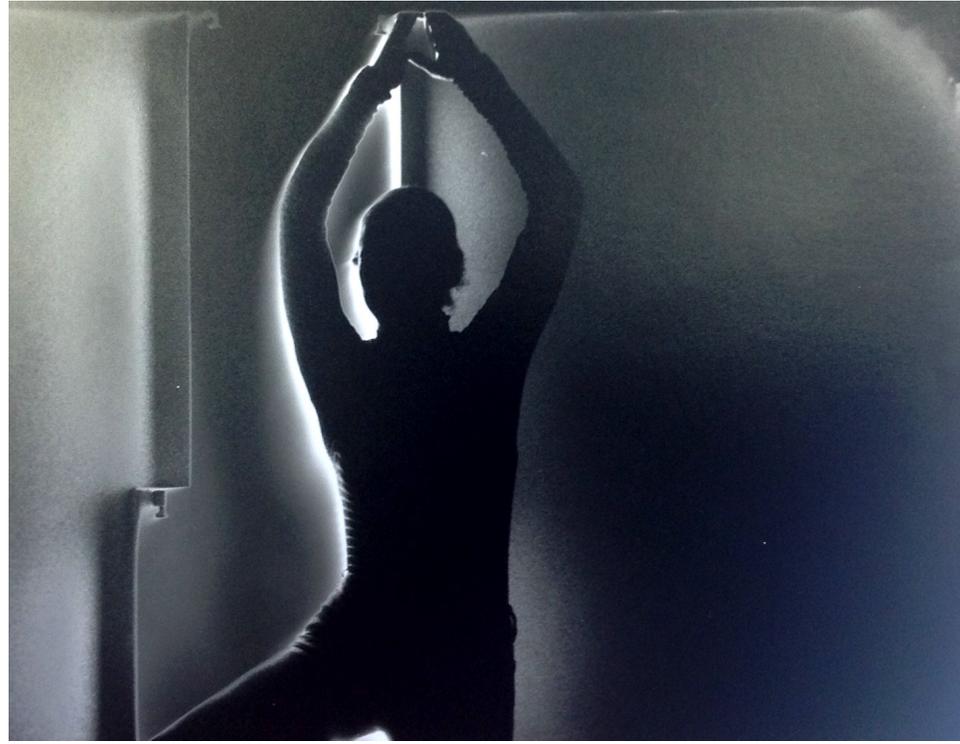
Jerry Ji

Isaias Martinez

Reiko Moxley

Daya Wallace

Photograph by Daya Wallace

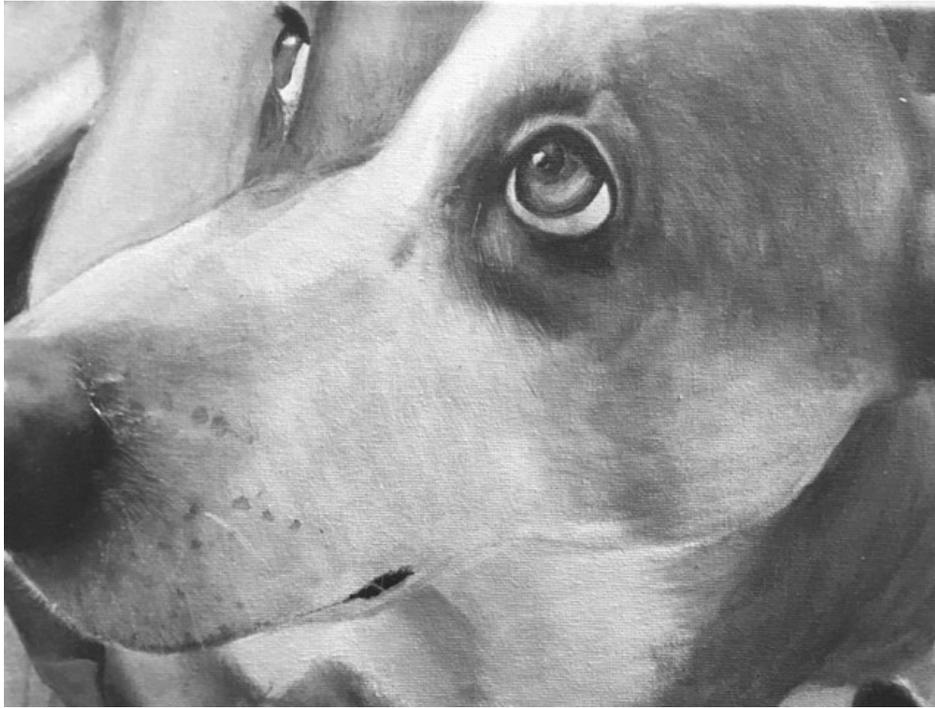


My Mom  
*Kambili E'Denchukwu*

My mother she stands  
Two feet and two hands  
Providing for her family  
Day and never forgetting to  
Turn off the lights

My mother she cooks  
She cleans, yet screams  
Because she is queen.  
A queen that redeems.

My mother so strong  
Never will be wrong  
Always gives her all  
Which makes her stand so tall!



Painting by *Carmina Delos Reyes*

*Spencer*  
*Katelyn Simmons*

You are funny, you are smart, you are a dog  
But you have my heart.  
I love the way you look at me when I eat and  
How you smile at my feet.  
You are so sneaky when you take my food, when  
You jump on the table like the plate was made for you.  
You are so cute when you sleep, on all the  
Pillows laid under your head.  
I want you to stay forever cause you are my best friend.  
Just know that I will love you till the very end.

Beauty is a Song  
*Kambili E'Denchukwu*

Where is beauty,  
We tend to look on the outside,  
but really everyone of us can be a cutie,  
we do our makeup and hair because we want to hide,  
but not I - my insecurities are what meet the eye.  
It's time to take a step closer,  
Remember that time you looked and cried,  
Just because the other girls said look at her,  
You are beautiful, go ahead and pick up your pride.  
Be strong and sing your song,  
You are independent with a good heart  
Don't compare yourself even if they say you're wrong  
All you need to do is play your part  
That is beauty

Loving Has Always Been Hard  
*Autumn Fehr*

Loving's always been hard for me.

I've never been very good at it, because  
whenever I think I can, I end up losing that  
person.

I've never really understood why I wasn't able to, or why when I tried, I  
always got  
hurt... so I stopped.

Then, I met you.

When I met you, I got that gut turning,  
heart stopping, butterflies in my throat,  
kind of feeling that I had forgotten existed.

Then I found out, you wanted HER instead.

She was my best friend in the whole  
World...and that's who you wanted.

It hurt so bad.

Talking to you about her and how you felt  
around her,

While I was feeling that way towards you.  
But I would do anything for her, and even  
though you and I didn't really know each  
other then...

I would do anything for you too.

As soon as I felt that, I was terrified.

But at the same time, I wasn't.

I wanted to give myself to you, but no matter  
how hard I tried to or how much I wanted  
to... I just couldn't.

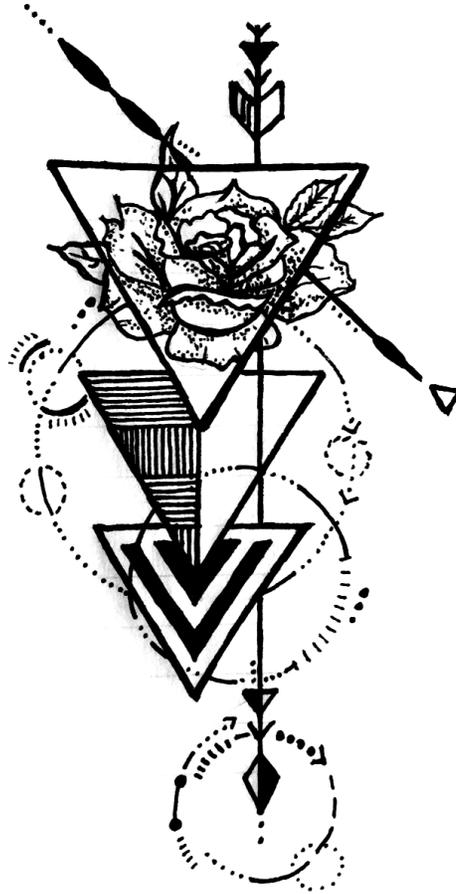
I still love you and want to be with you.

But I know you probably don't feel the same,  
never will...

And never did.

You're leaving soon and I still have so much I

need to tell you, and just need to say. Not for  
you, but for me.  
I need to tell you so that after, if what I felt  
for you is still there... then I'll know.  
I'll know I am capable of loving someone  
again.  
I'll know that even though what we had was  
pretty toxic,  
I can move on.  
Most importantly, I'll be stronger.  
I love you more than these words, or any  
words for that matter  
Will ever be able to even begin to tell you.  
I'll always be here for you...  
No matter what.



Drawing by  
*Brendan Bautista*

Accept Our Love  
*Zeanna Johnson*

*We can learn to love our neighbors if our neighbors  
will accept our love.*

We can walk the same path be down  
the same road but they will  
make it 10 times harder for me  
because the color of my skin will  
determine if I will make it to the end  
of the road. Did they swear to protect all lives  
or the ones that they are told? "I have a daughter"  
was the last sentence Oscar Grant had told.  
Gunshot to the side, 5-year-old Tatiana  
Just waiting for Daddy to arrive. Only for her  
mom to pull her aside to let her know  
that Daddy is no longer alive...

*We can learn to love our neighbors if our neighbors  
will accept our love.*

America home of the free land of the brave.  
But we hide who we truly love  
and love the ones who we  
really don't love in order to not feel like  
the only bird that's not able to fly  
or the child that gets chosen last.

How are we so brave but afraid to spread  
our own wings? Fly despite the pain.  
Or accept that you're not always gonna be better  
than the person next to you. But the day  
we realize that we are our own set back, we will fly injured.

*We can learn to love our neighbors if our neighbors  
will accept our love.*

The day our vote isn't decided on one's race but how one's perspective can change a nation for the better. The day we walk together not as black and white but as a nation. The day we seek forgiveness for our wrong doings and the ones before us.

*We can learn to love our neighbors if our neighbors will accept our love.*

Forever  
*Astrid Garcia*

When I say forever:

Forever means forever

Life and death

Being away from your side feels like an eternity!

Don't leave

Having you close by my side I feel loved I can close my eyes

Feel the wet kisses on my forehead travel down to my nose

Finally my lips

I won't let that feeling go to an end

Pull me closer and feel my heart beat

You're the guardian angel to protect that heart from never breaking to pieces

Don't let it fall

Know that my whole world falls in your hands I love you

Did you hear that?

I love you today, tomorrow

Always and forever my guardian angel

Forever



Photograph by Daya Wallace

What is Love?  
*Kambili E'Denchukwu*

It is as sweet as a lollipop in the stores,  
It is as big as a child's first birthday party,  
It is just as warm as the summer air,  
Nothing like the cold you feel when you leave without a sweater,  
But nowhere as cold as the winter's  
biting weather.  
Fall into it and you catch millions of butterflies,  
Give it to others and you will cause them to smile.  
What is love to you?

Her Words  
*Zeanna Johnson*

Down the hole go, but I run and walk with my eyes closed.  
Never letting it show, I shift in high gear ready to put all my insecurities  
to fear.  
How messy life gets when one word “love” makes her feel nothing but  
tears. No handcuffs, No gun, just his words. Made a woman lose her  
worth.

I inspire the life of millions on TV but what if I told you that’s not the  
real me?  
What if I told you that a loving home in Long Beach is only what we let  
it appear to be?  
How? How do I let a man take over my own personal mind?

I live down a hole.  
Where my mom is my only best friend.  
I drifted away from my loved ones.  
They stepped away when I failed to open my eyes  
and realize my intelligence and beauty.

It’s remarkable to know the man I love,  
Made me feel like a tunnel. I was empty.  
I was broken, I viewed the world as caution. How was I to deal with a  
lifestyle that was far from real?

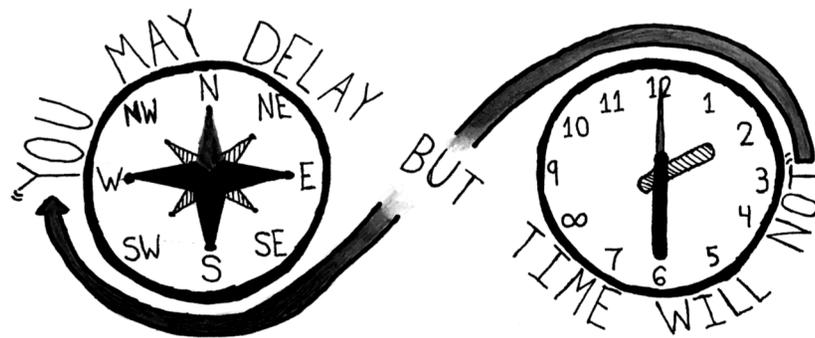
I come from a woman. But I no longer felt like one.  
This time I walk and I slowly start to run this time with my eyes open.  
I’m on the edge, I’m falling.  
“Watch out” a man screams. I had given up.

Kept Inside  
*Britney Guardado*

It's such a warm feeling knowing how much you need me  
But you use me.  
Everyday you use me  
To talk to your friends,  
Your family.  
But what about me?  
Do you even care to know  
How I feel?  
Am I supposed to just be able to sort out your life?  
I make it so easy for you  
You don't care about me  
Sometimes you drop me,  
Sometimes you let me die  
I'm kept inside this box  
But trust me,  
I, too have feelings  
I'm kept inside,  
Trapped and sometimes I feel  
Alone and abandoned  
But just know  
I'll always be here  
Whenever you need me

Words  
*Zarrie Allen*

He kept his word no matter what  
A man of his word is what he was  
Late sometimes but never not there  
“Better late than never,” is what he always said  
My poppa’s word is what gave me life  
And now I can still hear it as if it was still here,  
But echoing  
His word woke me up  
Put me to sleep  
And told me when to eat  
The word I live by  
His words of wisdom  
Those very words brought me to life  
And his words will always love me



-Benjamin  
Franklin

Poster by *Nico Franklin*



Photograph by *Jennie Aguilera*

## The Consequences of Silence

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

*Daya Wallace*

If only I would've spoken up. If only I had told the truth. Maybe you would still be here. Maybe I wouldn't feel this guilt everyday, and maybe your family wouldn't feel betrayed by the things I said you did. But I lied. I was scared. I wanted to use my voice not only to bring me justice, but to bring it to you as well. Pressured to make a decision. Pressured to go back and remember that night. Pressured to make a decision. Careful not to be wrong. Consequences of silence, trapping a free bird in its cage.

Love Me, Not Break Me  
*Kambili E'Denchukwu*

When you feel as happy as the color yellow,  
you sing songs to show your feelings.  
You are in love,  
You can't escape gravity.  
In his eyes,  
he sees her when she smiles,  
he leaves her,  
love is strange.  
Cherish what you have,  
if you think it will last.  
She once used the word love,  
to show all her feelings,  
but now she uses broken,  
Because her whole heart is screaming.  
Love hurts.

## When Love Runs Out

*Fernando Ornelas*

When love runs out,  
you can't help but ask yourself what went wrong?  
Did I love them too much, enough to drive them away?  
Or was the love I provided them not enough  
for them to stay?  
What about the way I loved them caused their love  
for me to fade away?  
Was it all just a fantasy that was meant to end  
when the clock struck twelve on our chemistry?  
If it was meant to be then why is it fading away?  
When you love someone, you give yourself  
and all its entirety to them.  
But what if you aren't ready to do that, because you aren't willing to  
give up yourself just yet?  
The idea of losing yourself and becoming one  
with another can be scary.  
To begin to rely solely on them for happiness  
and satisfaction in life.  
Thoughts like these can make the clock tick faster on love.  
Thoughts like these caused our love to run out.

Heartbreak  
*Elizabeth Franco*  
*Anthony Romero*

'Tis nothing of a greater tragedy than that of a broken heart, punctured by the merciless blades of the one who does not return the love. The pain comes not from the ire of rejection, but from the listless knowledge that although they fail supremely to see you for the beauty you are, you still wish for a pleasant night sky to lay above them. And the swords strike even deeper, when thou doth know you can never be with them under that sky above, which t'was what thou wished for with every waking hour before they failed to catch you as you fell in love with them.

And even after all that, you can fall over yourself again for the same persons sake, doubling the pain that was felt from the first time you fell, as the ground that comes up to strike you as you fall, causing the swords to drive themselves deeper into thine flesh.

The blades are then stuck there till one who doth love in full can come to remove them and heal the wounds. Hopefully without adding swords again and letting the process continue till time doth end.

**FREE**  
YOUR *Mind*  
FROM THE  
**IMPRISONMENT**  
OF YOUR OWN  
*Thoughts*

Poster by Reiko Moxley

## Depression, a lover

*Jennie Aguilera*

You'd think depression is dressed up  
Provocatively  
You'd think that's why so many people fall for her  
She's a dangerous woman, dressed in black  
But never showy enough  
And yet, she tempts you  
She doesn't have to touch you before you can reach for her  
She takes you in slowly, almost smothering you under the covers,  
Kissing your scarce optimistic thoughts right into the dark

You can't stop thinking about her  
You've learned to want depression  
It's the way she's tempted you  
You want to grab her hips and press her against you  
You want to lift her up and place her down right onto your  
heart

She has a way of manipulating you  
Depression kisses your sins  
As if to acknowledge them,  
To bring them to light  
As if to forgive  
But that's what all lovers do

She takes you to bed  
And she leaves you undressed in the darkness of her room  
Naked and yet covered in your sins  
And she lets you sink  
Sink right into the bed  
She lets you stay in late after no sleep  
No sleep because she kept you up by sucking  
The life out of you  
Sucking at your fingers until they go numb  
And the rest of your body follows

She makes you insomniac  
Depression doesn't have to touch you before you touch her  
You're naturally drawn to her  
It's as if the world wants you to be together  
You want her now  
You crave her now  
You desire for someone to hold you in bed  
You yearn sleeping in with her  
You long for someone to love you  
And boy, she sure does love you

She's lonelier than you'll ever be  
More desperate than you'll imagine her to be  
To crawl down your chest and kiss your bare skin  
That no one else is willing to kiss  
Because it's covered in scars  
Of sins you could never forgive yourself for

She uses her index finger to push down your spine  
To keep you looking down  
Arching your back so that you keep your eyes on her  
Thighs  
Black tights you wish you could crawl under  
That's how she keeps your head down  
She wraps you in black blankets of sewn webs called your sins  
And she doesn't let you crawl out  
In fear that you'll freeze to death without them  
You'd think depression dresses provocatively  
You'd think that nobody wants her,  
But everyone does  
Everyone craves her

You'd think she'd dress like a slut  
Since everyone has her  
But she doesn't  
Depression doesn't

But she does have a ring  
She didn't have to propose  
For you to say yes  
And now she won't leave you  
No matter what you do to her  
And now each morning,  
You have a ring too.



Painting by Jerry Ji

# Remember

## Authors

Niableu Correal

Justin Dado

Angela De Loa

Harnoor Deol

Tiffany Mangle

Evelyn Navarro

Jennifer Trejo Bolaños

Daya Wallace

## Artists

Jennie Aguilera

Benjamin Prieto

Alberto Saldaña

Daya Wallace

Childhood  
*Harnoor Deol*

Childhood. It's just a dream now  
It was the gift life gave me with a big wow  
Before I didn't care but when I did  
It got taken with a big no  
I'm a teenager now which is no longer a kid  
I will always greatly cherish those moments  
That shaped me to be a better person.



Photograph by *Daya Wallace*

Figures  
*Jennifer Trejo Bolaños*

While my hair was growing to my shoulders  
I played with cars outside my house  
Such a cheerful girl  
You came and played with my brother  
At nine, I tried but we never clicked  
I wanted to be friends but you wanted to be away

As we grew up it was too much to bare  
We always got in trouble for arguing yet we never clicked  
We wanted to be away and the dislike kept us away  
He came in and told a story with meaning we did not know  
Hours and hours passed and we realized the true meaning behind it  
Opening our eyes with a new feeling  
Days passed and little by little we got along and forgave the past

Now we matured and grew closer  
There for each other yet we still fight  
Always forgiven, we move on  
No one could keep us apart

Each secret known of each other  
days we cry but always laughing and smiling  
school is the only thing keeping us apart  
A mother figure to me and a daughter to you



Photograph by *Alberto Saldaña*

History is  
*Niableu Correal*

History is...  
My story,  
My decisions,  
My words,  
History is my law,  
And what I want to make of it.  
And the truths I make,  
Without telling lies about what didn't happen,  
Don't get it wrong,  
I may be young, but I make history.  
Not the other way around.

A Past Not To Remember  
*Evelyn Navarro*

I remember the cold nights  
I remember looking into the stars  
I remember thinking about life  
I remember asking myself why  
I remember feeling lonely  
I remember feeling weak.....  
But I'm done remembering



Photograph by *Jennie Aguilera*

Anxiety  
*Tiffany Mangle*

I was born into a plastic playpen,  
One that kept me from interacting with the world.  
Other people saw this and called me shy.  
They told me to stop, to break free  
of these childish restraints.  
But, weakened in my young state,  
I could not.  
So instead of seeing the world around me  
I escaped into several worlds,  
Ones that the surrounding bars would never let me reach,  
Through the eyes of an author.  
This escape kept me happy for a time  
But as I grew older I found myself needing to leave the pen. However  
no one had noticed that as the years had passed  
The plastic bars had been reinforced with steel.  
That they now reached over my head to surround me  
on all sides. These bars take my life from me.  
They steal my voice, leaving only stuttering and nonsense behind. The  
cage morphs into my house, not letting me leave unless needed. When  
I do leave, the cage  
conforms to my body instead.  
I've tried to escape the cage,  
But every time I do my nails come back  
chipped and bloody,  
For they stand no chance against  
The suffocating steel that surrounds me.

I Remember  
*Niableu Correal*

I remember...  
That day at the pond,  
When it was okay to still run around,  
At night when it was safe,  
Or the time in the day where it was more dangerous  
To play tag in the woods at the duck pond,  
where you could be seen.  
I remember that soft tone,  
Of jazz music my grandma used to sing  
Or the hard music you could hear in the car  
Because your dad loves his band music more  
Than the mainstream kind,  
I remember times when everyone would cry at funerals,  
But I laughed because I was young,  
And didn't understand that when you lose someone you love  
You have to shed a tear  
To let people see that you are grieving on the outside  
When there's already too much pain on the inside,  
To let your true emotions show.

I Miss  
*Justin Dado*

I miss the small tables  
And the little tiny chairs  
Which I used to fit in  
However I can't anymore  
It began my journey  
Counting 1 2 3  
And the alphabet was  
Just as amusing.

Story time told  
When I sleep about  
In the rug that  
Contained different  
Shapes.

I was taught many things  
Not overwhelmed by life  
And looking fly  
And studying right  
Kindergarten were the best days  
I really missed the daily naps  
I can't go back since  
I'm older than that.

Life is much rougher  
My responsibilities stack like no other  
Nostalgia fills my brain  
I miss the good old days.

Photograph by *Daya Wallace*



Wonder of Hands  
*Jennifer Trejo Bolaños*

At first glance her hands may seem crippled and meek.  
You flinch when you shake her hand  
When she hugs you it hurts  
Her grip is not comforting but unpleasant  
Her hands can grasp tightly but knows not when to stop  
Her hands are rough like a man  
What do others say about her hands  
Do they even look or shake her hand  
Or is it that unpleasant that they don't  
Where does she work with such hands  
I wonder...

That Naive Happy Little Girl  
*Angela De Loa*

I remember those times like it was yesterday.  
I want to go back.  
No, I  
desire.  
But.  
I can't.  
I just,  
can't.  
I can't go back to my childlike  
innocence.  
I can't go back to spending all my time with Buelo.  
I can't get him back because he's  
gone.  
I can't go back to those times when we used to play dominoes.  
Do you remember,  
Buelo?  
Sitting at the table,  
we would just play for hours.  
You would color with me too.  
We did everything,  
together.  
With Buela too.  
But,  
Then all of t h a t just,  
stopped.

You were sick.  
I knew that.

There was a time when you couldn't play with me,  
like we used to.  
Your self didn't,  
This is,  
reality.  
I despise that word.  
It makes me  
sick.

There was a time when you couldn't play with me,  
like we used to.  
Your self didn't,  
Let you

Because you were  
already weak.

Then, you just  
left.

Without any warning.

You-  
you were gone  
And  
I-  
Didn't even say,  
goodbye.  
It was all a  
Blur.  
I remember just,  
Tears  
streaming down my innocent face.  
But,  
for some reason,  
I felt-  
numbness.  
I realize now,  
After-what?

Years  
What a,  
Fool  
I was, to ever think you'd be with me,  
no.  
This is,  
reality.  
I despise that word.  
It makes me,  
sick

I knew I would get over it,  
I just-  
had to.  
The-  
“now” is the “reality”.

There’s nothing I could do because,  
I’m,  
just-  
Me.  
So, I have to,  
deal  
with it.



Photograph by Benjamin Prieto

# Political

&

# Social

## Authors

Nicholas Fay

George Flores

Sebastian Franco

Alyssa Gauna

Fernando Ornelas

Myles Savage

Logan Silva

Isabella Thurmond

Jennifer Trejo Bolaños

## Artists

Brendan Bautista

Mariz Bolaño

Jessly Chicas

Joyce Duan

William Li

Zenobia Muro

Juliana Orellana

Rae Qi

Chris Qiu

Ruben Trevino

Nicolle Via



Collaborative portrait by  
*Jessly Chicas, Zenobia Muro, Juliana Orellana, Nicolle Via*

## Women's Liberation

*Alyssa Gauna*

I am a girl. It can be seen with your eyes.

I am made of beauty and strength.

I am allowed to think independently, under control of no one but myself.

I do not need validation from others to speak nothing less than the truth.

My path, decisions, and words are mine, controlled by me.

I follow those, and forever live by them.

I live for greater purpose, and a greater potential.

## What I Protest

*Isabella Thurmond*

I protest love because it breaks your heart

I protest trust because it could be broken

I protest confidence because you could be put down

I protest friends because they all come to an end

I protest feelings because they could hurt you

I protest trying because you won't succeed

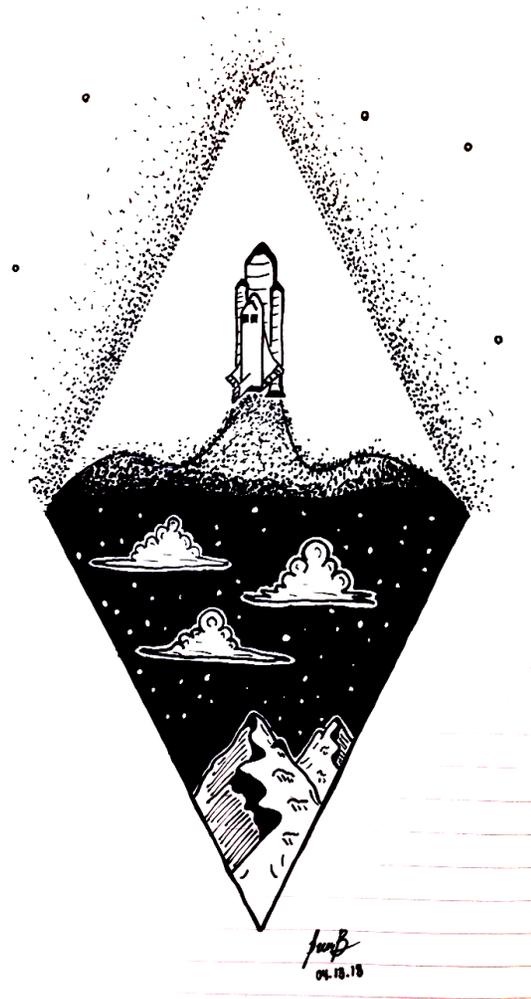
I protest happiness because it could be brought down with negativity

I protest being calm because it will drive you paranoid

Escape from the Lost World  
*Jennifer Trejo Bolaños*

She doesn't know who she is  
Finding herself in the long lost world  
Struggling to keep moving  
Bottled the truth  
Open to lies to family and friends  
Tired of the weight  
That haunts you day by day  
In the dark she lays fighting  
The night

The rough dogs keep you alive  
I know this isn't what you wanted  
You just wanted to escape  
Screams and cries heard  
As the shiny floor you stare off  
Turning into red juice  
You tried giving hints  
But nothing seemed to work  
Only thing that happened was  
You keep getting hurt  
Dog keeping you still  
As you escape into the night



Drawing by *Brendan Bautista*

Innocent Man  
*George Flores*

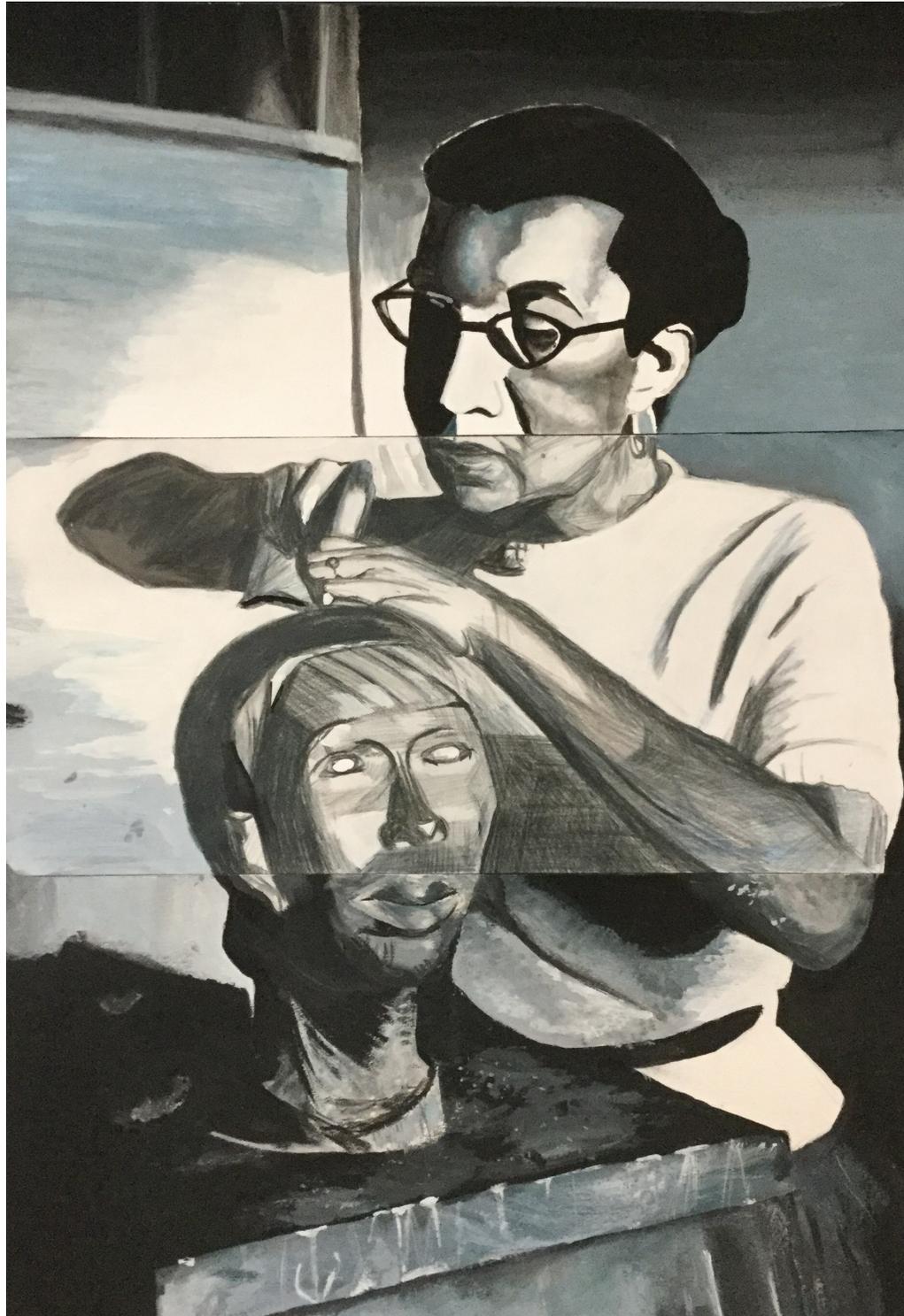
Please take your phones out  
Just stay still and do not move  
I will step out of the car  
Put my hands out and put them behind me  
I ask to put the gun back in his holder  
I tell him there is no need to hit me  
Please let me go I did not do anything  
I may not be like the others  
My race doesn't tell anything about me  
Do not shoot me, I have family that is waiting for me to get home  
I know you are not one of them  
I am just really tired of you guys killing out kind  
All people should be treated equal  
Please end this now  
Just go back in the car and let me go  
(Officer stays quiet)  
Points the gun at me  
(Pulls the trigger)

Don't Give Up  
*Fernando Ornelas*

When things go wrong, as it is inevitable,  
When the road you're on seems to be all uphill,  
When the risks are high and the pay is low,  
When the world is against you.  
And you want to smile,  
But have to sigh instead.  
Rest if you must, but don't give up.  
Life is strange that is for sure,  
It is full of its crazy twists and turns.  
As everyone one of us learns eventually,  
Life isn't the greatest.  
However, there is still beauty within others,  
Especially you.  
Yes we tend to give up easily sometimes.  
But don't lose hope when things are out of  
control,  
You will succeed no matter what but you must have the will to continue  
on.  
This world can be a pretty evil place,  
It causes us sorrow and fills us with daily  
regrets.  
Some goodness does shine through once in awhile,  
Even if this world can be a pretty evil place.  
Surround yourself with the love of others

Collaborative portrait on page facing by

*Joyce Duan, William Li, Rae Qi*



## The Bottle and The Man

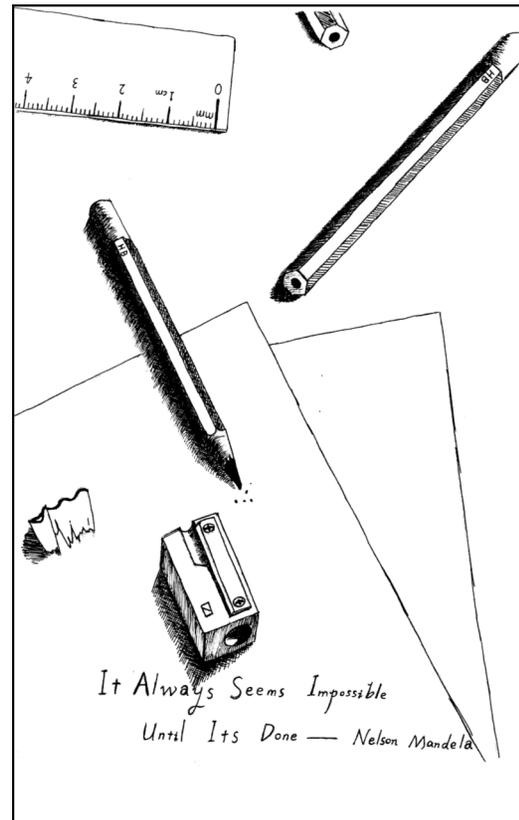
*Sebastian Franco*

The bottle and the man,  
have a long history,  
they are friends,  
who are well off,  
but aren't addicted to each other.

Nonetheless, they always are together, not because of dependency, but strictly friendship. However the man is lonely, has a house, but nowhere to call home, has a wife and kids, but not a family. He's in pain, not physical, but emotional. The bottle relieves him of his pain. Makes him feel, as if just for a moment, all his problems went away. He became addicted, not to the bottle, but to the feeling it gave him, not to the unconsciousness, but to believing that things were ok, to believing he was happy, to believing he had a loving family, to feeling as if everything was fine. To his surprise, his son fought to show him he loved him, the man saw this, but it had no effect, because the son had been there all along, so instead of filling the hole the man had in his heart, that was supposed to be filled with his family's love, they both fell in it, and were trapped, so together, they both sat in the hold, and passed the bottle, who happily gained a new friend, and the two of them washed the sorrow down, with a toast to the good life.

You and Me  
*Myles Savage*

I walk my walk  
To fight the fight  
And talk my talk  
We know what we do is not right  
But this life laid before me by the ticking of the clock  
Will leave me to be alright  
When the combo of this lock  
Is picked I'll know the light  
Has hit my sight  
My eyes have opened wide  
To see and never un-see the seen  
You right by my side  
With no doubt  
You are all about (me)



Drawing by *Chris Qiu*

Truck Driver  
*Logan Silva*

I drove for miles

and miles

And miles

Sometimes when it got hot,

I remembered her simple smile

And when it rained,

I remembered her favorite dress

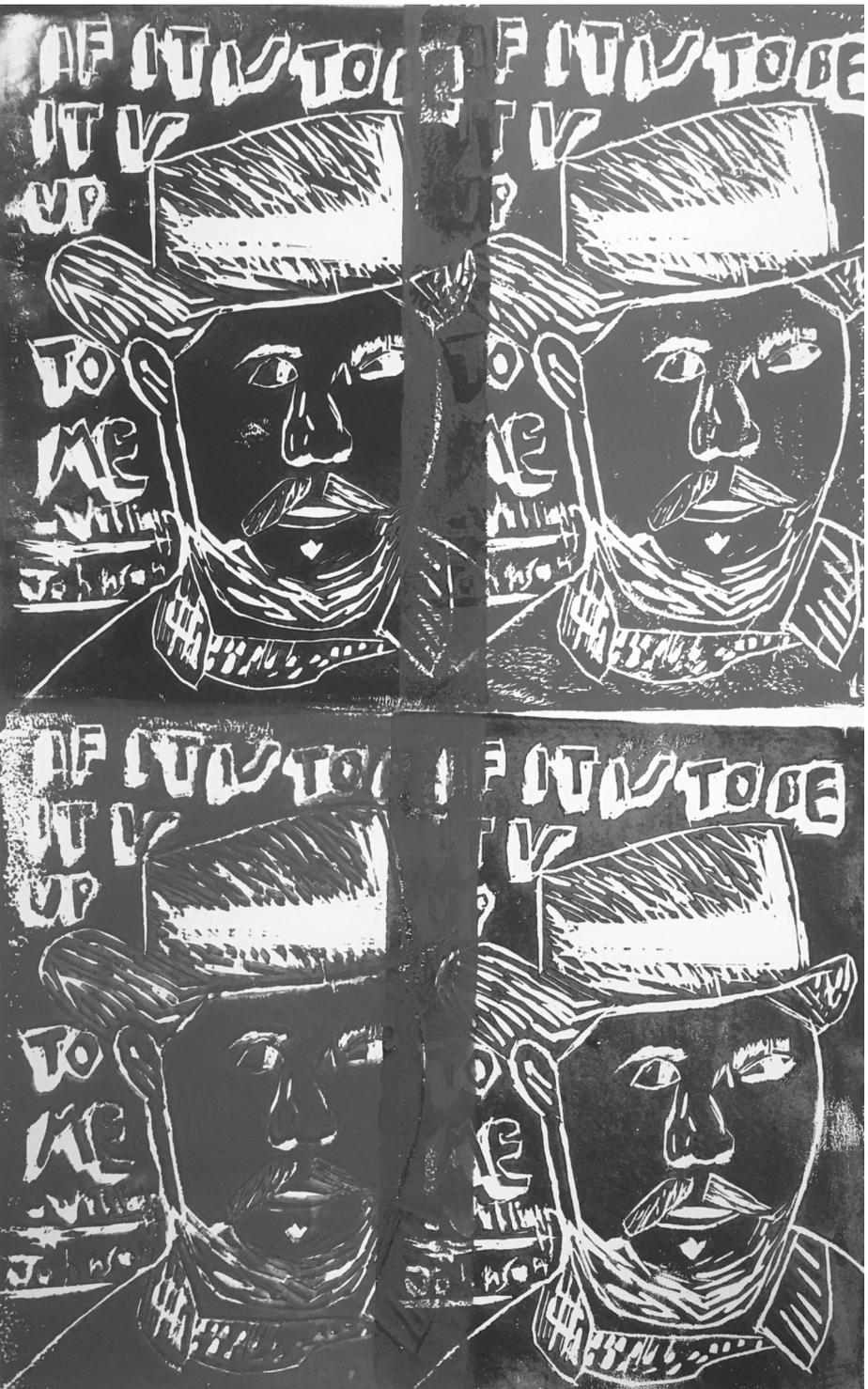
The dress that her ex-lover gave her

And when it thundered,

I remembered the boy that sat on her lap every night who would cry  
until she read him a story

And when I reach another stop,

I am reminded that I'll see them soon.



Poster by Ruben Trevino

Sonnet  
*Nicholas Fay*

Be free, run, fly away  
Do what you want, let your imagination take flight  
Creativity shall flow, from the beginning to end each day  
Let your thoughts be clear and bright  
Try your hardest, life isn't fair  
Be the one they'll remember  
Don't let them stop you from getting there  
Work through the cold of December  
Grind through the heat of the summer  
They want you to fail  
Be like no other  
Soon they'll be fans in the mail  
Somebody will always oppose your success  
Don't be phased, 'cause you da best



Photograph by *Mariz Bolaño*