Letter from the Editors

Hidden Voices is a publication that showcases the extraordinary talents of writers, artists, photographers, craftspeople and illustrators at Brien McMahon High School. Our magazine offers interested students a place where they can independently indulge and shape their own creative energies outside the structured environment of the classroom. It is open to students of all grade levels.

Our philosophy revolves around giving Brien McMahon Senators a platform to express their thoughts in a creative outlet such as literature and art. In short, we’re dedicated to making the unheard... heard.

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*In our efforts to preserve our writer’s artistic freedom, some of the works may not conform to
traditional grammar and mechanics.
"The Sun and the Moon"

*Jax Garcia*
once there was a girl.
she was a girl with sunflowers in her hair.
she sat on the fiery star that was called the sun.
and she had a glowing stare.
after her heart was cracked and bruised,
she drowned in sorrow and despair.
the girl with sunflowers in her hair.
the sun always appreciated her.
with her curly hair that cascaded into forever.
that was every single shade of brown you could ever think of.
with her freckles that seemingly look as if
the sun’s spots kissed a handful of moon dust
and sprinkled it all over her.
with her eyes that twinkled yellow in the sunlight
that seemed so dim when she met the night.
the girl with the sunflowers in her hair.
the relationship she had wasn't fair.
er her heart was left scarred and bare.
even the sunflowers fell out of her hair.
the girl with the sunflowers in her hair.
she regenerated those flowers again and feeling better than before,
she walked out of heartbreak hotel’s door.

once there was a boy.
the boy made of lapis lazuli.
stone looking at first.
adorned in grey with black flecks all around.
ash consumed his body till you saw his back.
there was a crack -
a crack where the royal bright blue lazuli peered through.
the boy made of lapis lazuli.
h e liked sitting on the somewhat distant planet Saturn.
the diamond shards circling around him were nice but he wanted more.
someone by his side to share his thoughts with.
to laugh with, to cry with, to tease at, to love.
the boy made of lapis lazuli.
he met suria, the girl with sunflowers in her hair.
he took an immediate liking, but he couldn’t dare.
dare to love someone like her.
but he fell for that glowing stare.

ash, the boy made of lapis lazuli noticed suria was missing from her spot on the sun.
the girl with sunflowers in her hair had fled.
but no, that’s something she would dread.
she had done that once and she wasn’t going to do it again.
instead her mother, the sun, told her to follow her heart again.

“just try once more. I’m pleading. I beg.”
so that’s what the sunflower girl did.
she gracefully hopped over mercury.
twirled over venus.
stomped on the earth.
bolted over mars
but space and diamonds were the bridge between her and him.
she thought again, was she too dim?
she has a bruised heart but was her future with him?
suria stood at the edge.
she stood at the brim.
ash was worrying.
maybe she fell on mercury?
did she fall again for that idiot of a star who was on the moon.
or did she flee for neptune or pluto?
as he turned around, going to look for her,
he saw her.
yellow eyes clashing beautifully with brown ones.
a stone boy with a delicate but fiery sunflower.
blue hues fighting loving with yellow petals.

“Ash, I’m here. Please don’t leave.”
she screamed in tears.

“Suria, my heart is still on my sleeve.”
he yelled as his mind stopped racing with fears.

*to be continued...*
The First Seal
Mara Chumpitaz Ruiz

Nev’r gamble with the devil; thee can nev’r run hence from the price. In a dream, he’ll come to collect thy soul, and thee wilt hand it to the devil, As he comes disguised as everything you’ve ever wanted, To entice thee the devil shalt make promises, manipulating thy desires; Tempting thee with the pure selfishness in humanity.

Art thee the righteous sir, doth thee deserve to be saved?

Can thee regard another as more important than thyself?

Can thee endure the infinite torture of thy soul ripping apart?

If, it be true, the devil ask thee to pick up a sword and harm another, wilt thee?

How many decades shalt thee last until thee shall break and pick up the sword?

Tis all just a gamble; doth not be fooled by that devil’s games, Yet God cannot cease thee from thine own self; It is destined for the righteous man to break the first seal. Thee hath brought upon death; thee jumpstarted the end. The all Mighty shalt see everything unfold and wait to see the result of the square; Who wilt prosper Michael or Lucifer?
Crazed in Beauty
Mara Chumpitaz Ruiz

I’m running,
but whispers follow
Some call me crazy,
others say I’m cunning

They’re lying.
Don’t listen to them
Be the one person to say,
“She’s a beauty.”
Untitled 2
(or on letting you go. or trying to. but it's not working.)
Julianne Tejada

Just as I’m about to clear you out of my attic,
finding just enough courage to let the fall take the fireflies away,
you place a hope in my heart:
in your subtle smile,
the warm back and forth illuminating my phone at midnight,
the way you unzip your chaos to the comfort of me.
I want to let you go.
It’s so exhausting,
to have every shore vying for everything you are,
when you’re pulled this way and that.
I want to let you go, I promise.
But it’s harder than it seems.
And I can’t fathom how you hold my comfort while simultaneously being my destruction.
But you do.
So I’ve kept you in the attic,
surrounded by a track on repeat titled “your laugh”
which sounds little too much like home,
admiring the fireflies that make me glow.
The Cosmic Entity
Mara Chumpitaz Ruiz

No one will listen to an echo,
Or notice a shadow being a figure.
So when It passes, you feel despair;
Upset by being ignored.
This is what It does to you;
I would know.

After crossing paths,
My brighter half is covered in sorrow,
Pretending to have joy, but she cries.
What shall I do?
I try to be comforting;
I try and be sincere.

But the loneliness is what kills her.

It did not matter if I was right
next to her.

There is no escaping It,
The disease slowly starts infecting me too.

Soon I will drown in my tears;
And suffocate from my own misery.
guts
(or i like you? i think? dunno it’s been a while lol)
Julianne Tejada

Your presence is low and warm,
Like a familiar song,
or the subtle peak of spring, enduring the winter for so long.
It’s been a while.
It’s been a long while.

since the butterflies in my stomach found a warmth to soar in,

since my heart has undressed itself,
vulnerable enough to fear the power of your smile,
to want to be close.

Infatuation, a familiar acquaintance I keep at arm’s length, I try to steer clear.

Her work makes me nervous,
but we spent all afternoon talking about you.

about hands intertwined under a pink sun,
how your presence would still be warmer than a ninety degree day in the city,

It’s been a while.
Words for the Unspoken
Chennel Carson

The words are still unspoken on why the clock stopped at this time. Yet all the innocent souls lost on that day we will always remember day by day. Only God knows why on that day that your precious life was so violently taken away. The day that people were moving along and had no idea that their time would be cut so

\[ \text{short and that breath would be their last.} \]
\[ \text{I never thought tomorrow would start without you.} \]
\[ \text{If only I could have you back for just a little while.} \]

So many hearts of gold were buried in so many unmarked graves. Your memories will still live on; to some you are forgotten to others you are part of the past, but for those of us who loved and lost your memories will always be with us. You traveled a life full of precious moments that you never thought or hoped would end. We shall hear every voice of each and every scream. We see the blood flow freely as a

\[ \text{quiet flowing stream.} \]

A thousand tears could never be a cry long enough & a thousand words can never

\[ \text{explain why} \]

Even though we are burdened with so much sorrow and so little time which it’s all so brief. It amazes me how quickly change occurred, as the winds blow as all the hearts break and the footsteps fade away, we just hope and pray that we will see each other again

\[ \text{someday.} \]

As years roll by and many are not the same. With not many of us left behind to hold a rose for every name. So I say this with an uncontrollable amount of pain ... farewell and

\[ \text{rest well we shall meet again} \]
\[ \text{where heaven meets the sky.} \]
my best friend left me.
he decided I’m not worth any time.
my brother disappeared.
he said he never loved me
but loved the drugs that fill his veins
and the girls he slept with.
my old friends slit their wrists.
saying each cut was every word I ever spoke.
my best friend made new friends.
anxiety swells up and screams.
she’s going to leave you too.
my teddy bear has a tear in his stitch.
he’ll fall apart just like my childhood.
I passed out from all those gateway drugs.
cut lip, bruised nose, bloodshot eyes.
no one cares.
the boy I like fell for this.
a pretty mess
who doesn’t know if she should change for her friends
or for herself.
I don’t want pity.
I just want silence.
I’m in the eye of the hurricane.
let me reiterate;
he said I’m a waste of his time.
he never loved me.
they count each mistake I’ve made in life.
she makes it clear she wants me gone.
he’s ripped at the seam.
blood is pouring from my nose
and he loves that about me.
now what do I do?
my best friend left me.
he decided I’m not worth any time.
On Having an Awful Celebrity Crush
(or me realizing Park Jimin will be married one day to someone who isn’t me)

Julianne Tejada

Expanses too far,
time zones too late,
successes too grand.
You are always a world away,
and it’s impossible to imagine a day where you are tangible to touch,
flesh and bone,
ache and fear.
You live amidst the spotlight, loved and cherished by the millions.
background noise is the eager flick of cameras and the screams that accompany every mention of your name,
a true succession of “Beatle Mania” is a spot on comparison.
Home is a plane, familiarity your band mates, your limit the sky.
All the while, I live against a shade of mundane:
the most exciting part is a smiling corgi in a flower patch I happily pin to my favorite Pinterest board
(on a good day, I see one cute enough to set as my lock screen).
a familiar hello from my local barista,
a friend’s subtle grunt at a tedious assignment,
the ominous drone of the school bell.
And it’s in realizing this divide that my heart is made most vulnerable.
Reality, a brutal scratch in the side:

I will never experience the raw burst of your laugh,
the ugly tear of your heart on the tough days your social media swears don’t exist,
the content hum of your core when you perform your favorite song.
I have such a heart for you:
deeper than the ink that bleeds through my most vulnerable poem,
softer than any shade of pink,
warmer than any sunset under a pretty sky.
To hold your hand is a luxury only accessible in my fondest day dream.
A modern day Romeo and Juliet, star crossed lover cliché
but instead of death, you’re oblivious to my existence,
And while a permanent slumber is not ideal,
To be a miniscule detail in your vivid life
cuts quite the same, really.

If i’m being honest,
In the deepest parts of me,
Under the layers of my obsessive tendencies and my love ridden mind,
I really just want you to be happy.
That whoever our Creator has crafted for you is
everything you’ve ever wanted,
that the world you both get to live in
is full of those soft shades of pink,
those stupid love poems,
and many sunsets under the prettiest skies.
That she’s able to plant the kindest flowers to quiet the drear that may
grow in your mind.
And I hope I’ll be happy too,
that I can live in peace within the confines of your unreachable hand,
all these worlds away.
Portrait

Mara Chumpitaz Ruiz
Rebecca Calvar
The air was crisp as she began her morning trek through the forest. The sun was just beginning to rise; a sleepy orange haze falling over the dewy green landscape. She walked barefoot over the soft, spongy moss and fallen leaves and twigs, smiling to herself at the feeling of the ground shifting between her toes. Her simply woven dress clearing a trail from whence she came to guide her home.

The forest seemed to breathe around her as she went, coming to life with each step. She strolled lazily, as if in a daze, and watched the blood red sun ascend over the canopy of the ancient trees. Humming a hymn long forgotten, her fingers caressed the pale, gnarled bark of a mighty willow, before she found herself content to lean against it.

This tree had become a rendezvous point, determined by she and her fae lover, when he would return from war. They would meet under the refuge of its heavy, draping, green foliage and spend every moment together indulging in food, drink, and each other before he would be called back again.

She retrieved the small parchment envelope from the folds of her dress and opened it once more. The creases on the letter inside already soft from the countless times she’d read it throughout these past few months. It still smelled of him; the wind and ice and sea of his coastal birthplace, the soot and metallic tang of his weaponry and armor. It still held his glorious handwriting, telling her he was coming home. Clutching the letter to her chest, the sharp cry of a falcon found her ears. Glancing toward the sky, she found the bird circling the willow.
With another screech in warning, it dove and soared through the trees... right for her. Though, before it got within fifteen feet, there was a brilliant flash of light and then a man - mid-gait - striding toward her. His lips were stretched in a smile that almost split his face in two. He was tall and strong; decked in full battle armor - save for his helmet. Silver-white hair tinted a blazing yellow-orange in the early light and his delicately pointed ears tinged red from the cool air. He was beautiful; a warrior - her warrior.

She’d never felt happier than in these moments. To be able to see him, to touch him, to taste him, after all their time apart. But when her lips met his, this time, all she tasted was ash. And when she buried her nose in his neck, all she smelled was charred, burning flesh. As the image of her lover faded, she peered down at her hands to see that all they clung to was the gray, powdered remnants of the sacred willow tree and her husband along with it. She knelt in the ruins of their forest home, his sword nestled in her lap, showering it in the rain of her grief. She’d never again smell that wind or sea, never again see his hair reflect a sunrise so beautifully, never again make a bed of the moss beneath the ancient willow tree.

Her warrior may have come home, but he’d never left the war.
Jax Garcia
In Trusting You Know Best
or Thinking about the future makes me depressed and I didn’t want to be any more so i told my friend and she reminded me that God has it all planned out and i was like u right
Julianne Tejada

my mind is a bad draft of a good story.

stuck on the details of today, i find it hard to write about tomorrow.

Other days, my hand cramps from the pressure of my GPA,
from the crippling anxiety i carry throughout the gray of the halls,
from the days i don’t really want to live anymore.
sometimes, i want to to discard the story entirely,
i get in my head it would be better
to end it in an abrupt shade of surrender
than to go on one more day.

Writing a repetitive “it was bad again”
just doesn’t seem worth it.

more often than not i’m overwhelmed by the plans I’ve set for myself.
more often than not my aspirations become a measure of all that
i can never be.

But it’s on these days I realized I’ve stolen the pen.
How dare I think You are incapable of steering me in the direction I am to go?
The Father who crafted me in my mother’s womb:
You know every strand of hair on my head. 
You’ve written my happiest days,  
and have held my heart on the ones it struggles to beat.  
The Creator of stars whose light persists against the night,  
how could I doubt my ability to do the same?  
You are the author of seven billion other stories, so  
I tend to forget You’re in the process of writing mine.  
I hold tightly to the pen on these days, refusing to trust You know better than I do.  
But You do.  
My God, You do.  
In everything I am, You know.  
And you have only but the best intentions.  
You know who I am meant to be, long before I knew I had a choice.  
You’re in the process of writing something beautiful,  
and as a lover of a good story, I can’t wait to live each day,  
seeing how You write mine.
Ainhoa Eastman
A soft noise woke me up in the middle of the night. It was a noise I’d heard much too often for my liking. Lillial was crying again. I could hear her short breaths, quiet snifflies, and broken sobs muffled by hands covering her mouth.

She would do this almost every night; waking up crying or - more often - never going to sleep in the first place. But she’d never do it in front of me. My little sister would wait until I fell asleep before she’d shed a single tear. She dreamed about mother and father those nights; she would say their names in her sleep. I did the same thing after they’d died, but Lillial was much worse at hiding her feelings than I. I felt bad for Lillial. She’s only 14, three years my junior, and she’s already been plagued with the loss of both of her parents.

We’d both been there when they died. I’d been forced to watch while those damned fae sentries slaughtered them. I could still smell the tar they’d used to burn down the building our parents used to smuggle the slaves they’d saved from the Empire’s hordes of soldiers. I could still hear the sickening squelch of a knife plunging into my father’s chest, the scream that ripped from my mother afterward, and the quiet gasp that left her mouth when they’d slit her throat. Lillial had been hiding in a smuggling compartment in our old house. Her eyes, wide with horror, followed the crimson lake that flooded the sands around our parents’ bodies. It had been seven years and still, all she saw was the sticky blood tarnishing our mother’s beautiful white dress; all she heard was our parents’ screams.

Pushing back my blanket, I rose from my bed and padded over the cold dirt floor. As I climbed into her bed and underneath her covers, she turned and curled herself into my embrace. I held her tight as a river of tears that could rival the Shaa soaked through my bed clothes, stroking my hand over her long, midnight brown hair. There was nothing I could say that would fix how she felt or make what had happened go away, so holding her close and making sure she knew I wouldn’t let anything happen to her would have to do. Her small, shaking hands grappled at my back fiercely, wrinkling my shirt in an attempt to find security.

“It’s okay little sister. They haven’t left you.” My words were muffled against her hair. Then an idea struck me. “Would it help if I told you a story?” Her sniffles quieted and she nodded into my chest.

“Alright but I want you to listen closely okay?” Another nod. I smiled to myself. Lillial loved stories; she loved the worlds in which they took place and seemed to try to picture herself within them. Our grandmother was a storyteller to the children in our village, and since we were young - Lillial and I - she’d taught me to weave my words into epic tales just as she did. And as Lillial’s
nightmares became more paralyzing, I’d learned that I could use grandmother’s teachings to help her.

“Long ago, there was a young girl from whose head grew locks of pure, red-hot flame. She had the heart of a benevolent goddess and the spirit of a *pessima tigris*. Elegant and fearless, she defeated her enemies with mere intellect and almost never needed to draw a sword. The girl protected her people with a power none had known one could possess. She could see into her foes hearts, glimpse their *desiderii*, their *timoribus* and make them see what she wished to sway their souls or at least distract them from their intentions.

“She spent her days fighting for her tribe, keeping her heart closed to all but them. That was, until she met a boy with skin of golden bronze and brown hair that reminded her of the fur of the direwolves that lived in the mountains. He hailed from the tribe her people warred with, and at first, she didn’t trust him, for he told her that he was the son of the opposing tribe’s warlord. The boy knew this, yet he still tried to prove to her that he was not like his people. He offered her his ceremonial dagger, as was tradition when crossing between warring peoples, and pledged himself to her cause. The girl refused and told him he must leave at once. Though, no matter how hard she tried to tell him off or turn him away, the boy always came back. Little did she know, she was falling in love... with his tenacity, with his determination, with his ambition... she was falling in love with him.” Lillial looked up at me then, her tears dried and her nose red. She wiped her eyes with a hand that now trembled much less than before and she opened her mouth to speak. Though, whatever she was about to say was cut off by a loud crash and grandmother’s shrill scream.

I threw myself from the bed and grabbed the staff that stood propped against the corner of our room. Grandmother had made me practice with it. “Just in case,” she always said. I never knew what she meant. Until now.

“Stay there!” I barked at Lillial, grimacing as she winced, before hurling open the door and propelling myself through the doorway and down the hall. I could feel my heart racing in my throat as I tore down the length of our bungalow.

“Grandmother?” I called for her but heard no answer, other than a distinctly manly grunt. As I whirled around the corner, I saw my grandmother. A fae sentry was standing from his previous position: hunched over with a hand over his face, blood seeping from between his fingers. He grabbed a fistful of her long gray hair and ripped her head back, elongated canines gleaming in the dim light.

"You vile hag!" he swore at her violently, spittle flying from his mouth. His armor clad fist slammed into her cheek with inhuman speed, and I watched in horror. Grandmother’s eyes found mine, then, as her head snapped to the side from across the room. The command was clear in her eyes when she saw the staff in my hand. *No, my heart, run. Take your sister and run.* I shook my head in
return. I couldn’t leave her here, not when she and Lillial were the only family I had left. So, I steeled my breath, steadied my hand, and stepped away from the wall. Of course, that was when the other sentries stepped out of the shadows. Great, well I can’t be a coward now. Putting on my best sneer, I took a breath.

“Hey pointy-ears!” My voice found him as I pitched one of grandmother’s metal urns at his head. He spun around just before it made impact, ducking and throwing me a dangerous glare. Standing to his full height, his hands flew to his blades and pulled them from their holsters.

“You’ve just signed your death warrant, child.” He spoke slowly, his voice smooth and dangerous, as if killing me would be child's play. My stance faltered as he stepped closer, but I kept a tight grip on my staff. It was composed of dense metal, and taller than I, though it wasn’t heavy. Along the tips of both ends were engravings in a language I’d never seen, let alone could read. But as I held it, it felt like an extension of my arm. I twirled it effortlessly, moving forward, setting my footing and keeping an eye on not just the soldier in front of me, but also the other three that had started to close in from the corners of the room. Stepping toward him, I tried to suppress my inner fear. If I didn’t, grandmother would die, and probably Lillial too.

“Why are you here?” I asked, hissing in pain as I tried to dodge one of his jabs and caught the tip of his blade on my bicep. He replied only with an evil smirk, lunging himself at me with both blades aimed for my chest. I answered his jabs with a whorl of my staff, knocking him back a step.

“Leave my grandmother alone. She has done nothing wrong!” I cried, throwing all of my weight into my weapon and rammed him with it. The soldier doubled over, scrambling for a breath. With a sneer, I slammed the butt of my staff into his face. He fell to the floor, out cold, but not before I heard a pair of matching screams. I followed the closest and saw a soldier slide his knife through grandmother’s stomach.

“GRANDMOTHER!” A scream ripped from me accompanying a roar of pure rage, as I lunged at the sentrie, landing punch after punch in quick succession. I could not see anything past my anger, nor did I feel when I pulled a dagger from the man’s belt and plunged it into his chest.

*This is an excerpt from a larger story.*
Rebecca Calvar
Goodbye Old Friend
Mara Chumpitaz Ruiz

A lifetime ago, I had no one; I was ready to be rid of this world. That was until I found you; you were the one I was looking for all along. It is no question of whether or not I would still be alive without you. You never knew that you were the reason I decided to live another day.

But now, everything has changed; I have failed you, I failed you like I've failed every other godforsaken thing I care about. You found someone else anyway, you don't need me anymore; She understands you more than I ever could.

All I have left of you are our memories, a few trinkets, and a letter. I want to believe that it was all your fault; that you lied to me. I want to believe that you were the one who left; But I can't, all I can do is recite your letter; I can't seem to forget our past.

Now your words mock me; how stupid was I to trust whatever you had to say. I read the line where you said you didn't know where you'd be without me, But after these past years I know you're doing just fine. To think you were grateful that we had met; in reality, I was just filling a void.

Now I am on a ledge with your letter in my hand; I can't let it go even when I start to fall; You are with me until the very end. On my way down I realize my disappearance will bring you hell; But at least then you'll truly understand how I felt these past years.
Color Blind

a short story poem book
by Samantha Campos
Green

I hate the color green
I hate how I let you ruin it for me.
People told me not to get hooked on green.
One shot could leave you really messed up.
I thought they meant a drug or a joint
But when I saw your eyes I realized their point
They held a million trees
With sunlight trickling through the leaves.
I needed to see what lay behind this enticing scenery
And with just one glance
I gave you a chance
There was nothing to see.
Except for the way your eyes violently gleamed
As you got what you wanted from me.
The forest seemed to leave
Replaced with emerald green
Transparently showing your pride, your ego, your greed.

I don’t hate you because you made me cry or because you were a messed up guy. I hate your eyes and I hate mine. You were the hook and all I had to do was look.

I know how much damage you can do.
I’ve seen you try to do it to me too.
But you forgot I can be just like you.
I know the tricks,
the lies,
how to manipulate with my eyes.
But they don’t, she can’t see through your lies.
Or maybe she does but she doesn’t wanna realize truth
Right now she’s too enticed with you.
And I know that once you’ve had your fun, you’ll be done
I’ll be the one trying to put her back together with glue.
Navy Blue
You’re afraid of what you're going to lose
Skipping class and breaking down on the staircase
Reading old texts and trying to hide the tears on your face
Trying to stop me from walking away
Telling me you’ll do whatever for me to stay
Saying my full name
Telling me you're serious
and we’ll work it out in some way
Telling me we’ll go slow
Take it day by day
But,
I know that each night
Will be another fight
When you intertwine your hand in mine
It doesn't feel right
When you slipped your arm
You probably meant no harm
But when I **pushed you away,**
Your eyes went grey
You just tugged on your navy blue sweater
It seemed like the only thing holding you together
Sky Blue

You make me feel blue
But not the kind of blue where you’re drowned in sadness
More like the light blue which immerses the sky
The light blue higher than the clouds
But I’ll never tell you this aloud.
I fell right through the clouds
I fell into the sky
And then I realized I didn’t know how to fly
I fell for this guy
I fell for his laugh and his eyes
He made me giggle and cry
The same boy who made you smile with just the sound of
his name
Can also make you feel pain and full of shame
Because the same guy who made you smile brightly
Can also make you scream quietly
The same guy who lights you up like fireworks
Can also open the gate for the waterworks
The same guy who made me try so hard
Also made me fall apart
The same guy who made my heart red
Also left it feeling dead

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The color blue
The color I see in you,
The color of the rain when I texted you that day
The color of the note holding a one-word quote
The color of the strands right next to your rubber bands
The color of your sweater in the photo we took together
The color of the sky on the day you almost made me cry
The color of a card with little circles and hearts
The color of my sigh when I don’t see you pass by
The color of the paper shreds lying right under my bed
The color of the ink dried up on the kitchen sink
The color of my tears as they dried
The color Of my voice when I silently screamed goodbye
The color stuck in my head and eyes.

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Red

Cherry red.  
It’s glossed on my lips.  
Scarlet silk wrapped around my hips  
Stop and think before you follow and slip.  
Sweet or sour.  
Sensual or sublime.  
I know I catch your eye.  
Cunning or conceited.  
Careful or callous.  
It’s somewhat balanced  
Try and hold me close you’ll feel the thorns  
On the rose.
Red catches their eyes
And some feelings you ignite
But it doesn’t entice them like glimmering emerald green
Don’t you know? Haven’t you seen?
They all go.
Stupid girl, can’t you understand?
you don’t deserve diamonds or pearls
No one wants to hold your hand
You don’t deserve a rose not even a thorn or a vine.
Only fools fall for you.
This truth is stained on you like bitter wine.
You both saw right through
He said it best
It was easy to let her go when she meant nothing
All you are is a pretty mess
Just a toy to play around with, a meaningless fling.
You will always be the second choice the one they see as less.
Stay in the dirt, don’t dream of space
Stay stuck and hurt
forget the stars on his face
You’re just a waste to him
What makes you think someone so bright
Will love someone so dim?

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But you know it doesn’t have to be him
You don’t need to be showered in diamonds or pearls
You deserve to be given the world
You don’t need the hand of a woman or man
To know where you stand
Disregard what he said
don’t let those thoughts be fed
Don’t stay stuck or hurt
Somebody will see your worth
But before they do
You have to see it in you too.
Black

I wasn’t even here to watch you
Leave
But you still took a piece of me
A
Part of my heart has been left black and
Empty.
And a piece of me keeps screaming please don’t forget me.
I hate living in this place.
I still expect to wake up and see your face
I still stare at your chair
Pretending you’re still there,
Getting lost in thought,
as you run your fingers through your hair.
I miss meeting you at the top of the stairs
Or sitting outside to look at stars
While breathing the cool night air.

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I walked inside your room
Trying to revive the fading memory of you.
Your bedsheets were black and your curtains blue.
Your pillow and bed still smelled like you
Under them I found something I should have given you.
It was small and grey.
A shining silver compass
It was supposed to help you find your way
Remind you that all the bad moments pass
That you could change directions
Your situation, your past, and your frustrations
Didn’t define you,
That the good in you, could still pull through.
I knew this wasn’t from him
it didn’t even get to belong to him
But I held on to it as if it did.
Just like I held on to the guilt and regret
Of not stopping you from lighting that cigarette
Or for not seeing your new friends as a threat
I let you fade out until all that was left
Was a dark outline silhouette.
A Special Thank You

Thank you to the Dalio Foundation and Tom Waller for your incredibly generous donation. With this donation, we were able to include more art and writing from the students at Brien McMahon High School. In addition, you have enabled us to print more copies than we ever dreamed possible.

Your support means so much to us!