

LITMAG

ORACLE • 2024



Troy Oracle | 2023-2024

Lit Mag



lit mag team

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thank you

The Oracle Staff thanks all contributors for submitting their works of art to this year's Literary Magazine.

Due to the volume of submissions, we were not able to publish all the pieces received.



▲ **Reflection Upon Revolution**
Audrie Kim, sophomore

Visit our website for digital mediums and additional artworks.
troyoracle.com/2024-litmag

**featured film
and music →**



cover art by Alicia Yoon

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
 Been told all my life that it'd be good
 To take the one less traveled by
 Thus I left the fairer one behind

Through the undergrowth I saw why
 As twigs reached out to stab my eye
 The path was shunned and had not been tried
 And dread settled like dust inside

The road was filled with grotesque sights
 My arms and legs bruised with bloody lines
 Eroding skulls grimly line the side
 Of those who failed to make it through the night

At last I emerge into the light
 Though my soul, dreary, had lost its life
 In shame I questioned myself with a sigh
 Why did I take the one less traveled by?

With regret I turned to those who appeared
 From the easy road many took through the years
 Their faces light and without a care
 Suffered no scars, no wear, or tear

No matter how bitter my glare
 I could not deny the truth in the air
 That there was no need for my nightmare
 Had I taken the path which was cleared and shared

illusion



▲ Yanning Li, sophomore

Two Roads Diverged in a
 ▲ Yellow Road | Cindy Wang, sophomore

LOOK

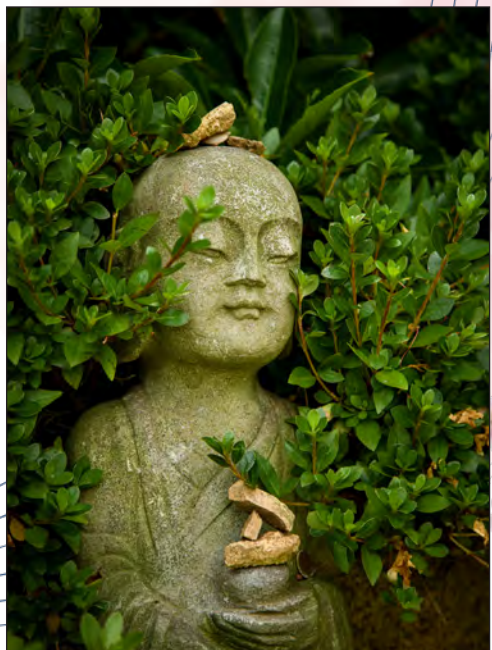


▲ Advika Iyer, sophomore

▼ Okay I See You | Cindy Xie, sophomore



▼ falling clouds | Chris Zhou, sophomore



▲ Within | Nathan Lim, junior

I tripped ▼ anonymous, junior

I had heard of a comfortable silence
Filling the air
As if two who loved let love itself speak

But silence with you was
Falling.
Time and light and breath
Ceasing
The rushing air with every
Tremor of my dying heart
Alone.

On the other side of a phone.

My bones turned to powder at last



▲ The Eyes of the Artist | Joy Cheng, senior



▲ Kaitlyn Zhang, junior

in dreams

▼ Out of Sight | Hanh Dinh, junior



Street Vendor

▼ Shawn Lee, freshman

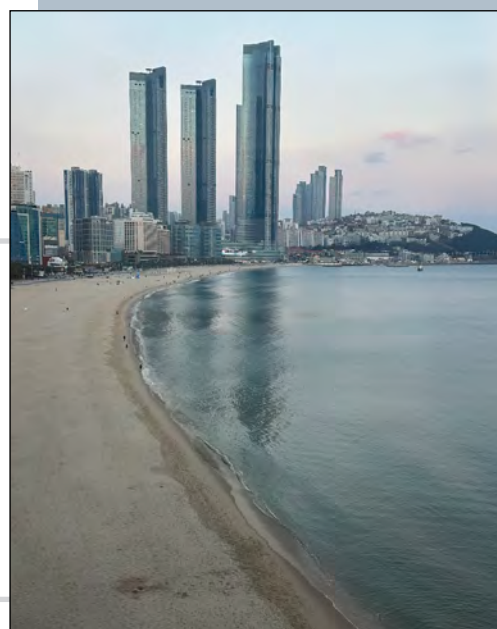


Sleeping Beauty



Magic shimmers in the air
 The air fills with the scent of roses
 Roses and what smells like blood
 Blood trickles down my finger
 My finger seems to rest upon a spindle
 A spindle with red winding string
 Strings tie knots and tangle my thoughts
 Thoughts left spinning on the spinning wheel
 Wheel-like, the world turns, and I stumble
 I stumble and I crash onto the floor hard
 Hard stone tiles hit my back
 Back home is where I should have gone
 Gone is all clarity, smothered by magic
 Magic tugs at my eyes, wanting them to close
 Close and sleep and sleep and sleep
 And sleep comes like a wave

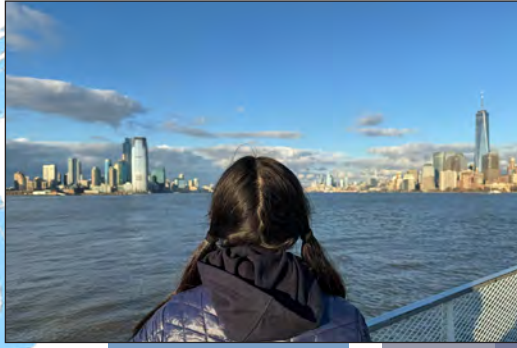
▼ Julie Liu, junior



Winter at the Beach

▲ Celin Chong, sophomore

Uncertain Future



▲ Kelsey Yu, sophomore

▼ Mai Ishikawa, junior

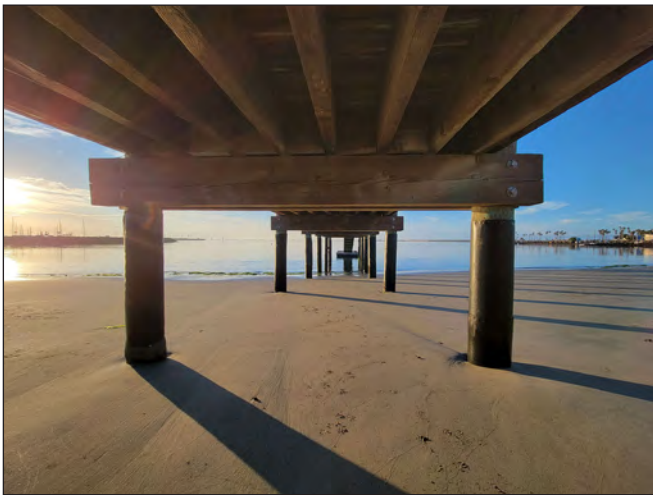
Feel of the cool breeze on my skin,
As the ocean pulls at my feet.
Hair a mess, my face a grin
As excitement bubbles; I'm complete.

The sharp smell of waves fill my nose,
I can taste the salt on my tongue,
Clumps of sand clinging to my toes,
Fun under the sun; just begun.

Closing my eyes I'm whisked away
My troubles ceasing to exist
Desire to forever stay
Listening to the ocean mist.

Glittering like a thousand stars,
The place where the sky meets the sea.
In this moment everything is ours
In this moment I feel free.

▼ Underneath a Bridge | Matthew Liang, sophomore

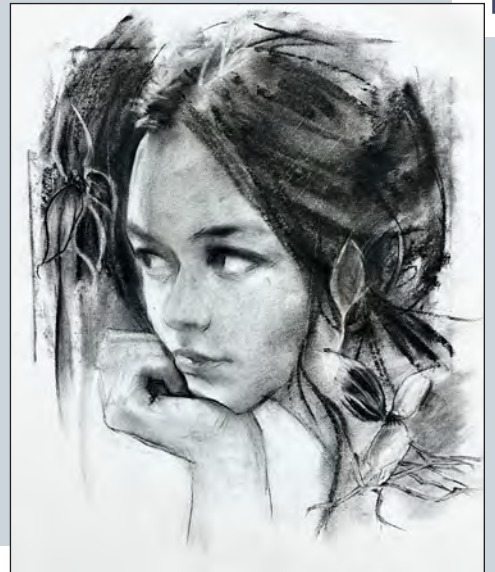


State of Grace



Lunar New Year

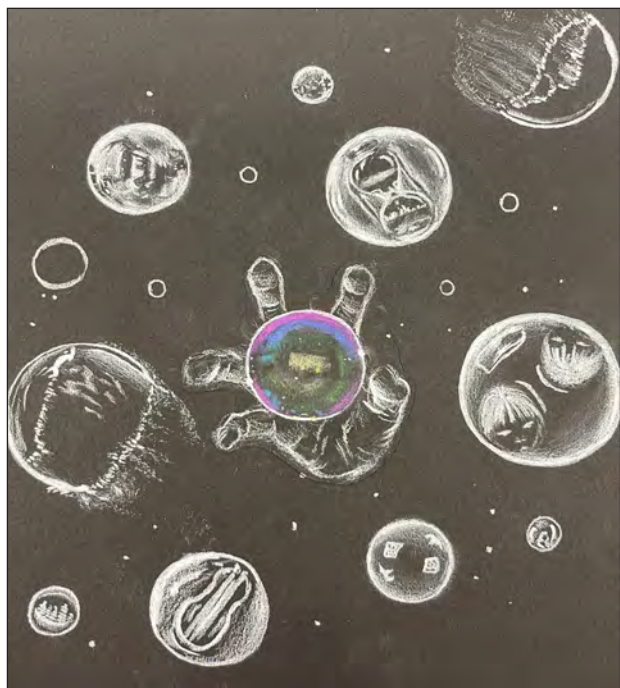
▼ Baixuan Chen, sophomore



▲ Yanning Li, sophomore



Glance



Emily Sun, junior ▲

Pop

Vending Vegetation

▼ Zoey Bahng, junior



Mystical Stars



▼ Matthew Liang, sophomore

Goodnight

Sometimes I just want to go home
I'm sitting there in front of my screen
The glaring yellow lamp in my eyes

It's heavy sometimes
My eyelids and my shoulders
I don't see a burden
Or maybe there is, I wouldn't know.

Another page written another problem solved
Marked as completed and submitted
But it's never done, over.

2 am and I'm alone
One lone yellow lamp in the darkness of my room
The clock ticking past
At the speed of my caffeinated heart.



▼ Eileen Um, junior



Media Consumption

▼ Audrie Kim, sophomore



▼ anonymous junior

Hotteok

I gleefully hop down and drag the footstool across the floor to the stove where sizzles are erupting and the scrumptious sparkling noises of bubbling oil and batter are chattering. When my mother flips a pancake with the spatula to put on a special just show just for me, I clap wildly and ask for an encore which I grievously mispronounce but she still obliges and flips another to catch it on a plate.

Sitting down by the window to gaze at the fall foliage dampened yet revitalized by the rain, I take a sniff at the toffee tinted pancake with pure sweetness oozing out of the buttery covering. And with the first bite, I make sure to cherish every subtle flavor of the crunchy exterior, fluffy interior, warm comforting filling; every fleeting moment of appreciation for the beauties of the world including the people around us; every wonderful spark of curiosity and innocent intrigue that can make the seamless journey of new experiences and subsequent memories that is a life, full of mirth and love.



▼ Mora | Tyler Cordova, senior



2+0+2+4
▼ Ellie Huang & Grace Shin, seniors





▲ Golden | Prachi Dhoot, sophomore



▲ fireworks | Kyle Pak, senior

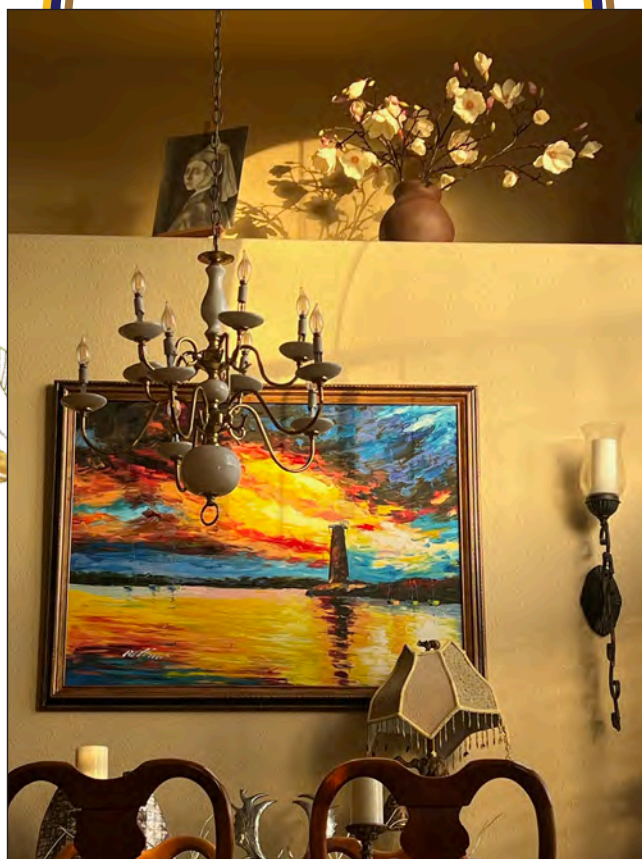
▼ Anna Wu, senior

EIDOLON

What is that
eidolon in the mire?
Holds high her head in the lurid gold light
and waves sweet farewell to the languorous night
Who wore a daisy coronet
and suit of incunabula
now replaced in lodestone,
And the skin of a marionette
where away, inside, Dionysus plays
and Damocles refuses to yield.
Who braves its
mask, who dares gaze into the cage?
Who chants its
name, who dares see beyond the stage?
I am unsaved,
I am born anew,
scream the blossoming serpent's eyes
What is that
eidolon in the mire?
Looks long behind in the lurid gold light
and sings cruel farewell to the abyssal night

▼ Zhuoran Zhao, junior

Golden Hour



Childhood

Childhood is the moment of learning
The moment that we're all yearning
The memories of yesterdays
All form up to create todays

The first slide
To smiling wide

The first trip to Disney
To riding the carousel 'til we go dizzy

The first drawing with crayons
To coloring in the lines in concentration

The first drawings on sidewalks
To seeing the rain wash away the chalk

The first bike ride of all
To skinning knees from the fall

The first taste of vegetables
To screaming "NOOO" in decibels

The first toy we get
To losing it and feeling regret

Childhood is the moment of experiencing
The moment where life is molding
The emotions of every moment
All form up as an important component
Of growing up



▲ Rachel Han, junior

Childhood Collectibles



▲ Kelsey Yu, junior

▲ Joy Lee, sophomore

Self Suffocate



▲ Zoey Bahng, junior

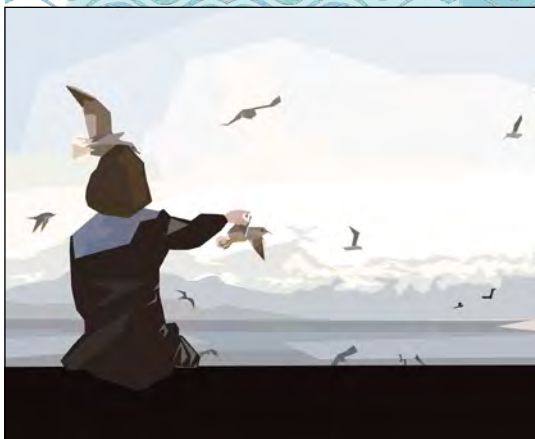
First Snow

What's the efficacy of us?
We, who are nothing to the world
Our strange, inviolate nearly-trust,
Breaching that of an almost-girl

Two persons who do not look twice
In hallways; huddling, brushing skin
Here, in these walls of tactful vice
Pleasantries whispered in the din

To witness such a silent crime
But almost perpetrate as well
Was not, has not been, my design
The drizzle is not mine to quell

▲ anonymous, junior



▲ Yanning Li, sophomore

A Beach Read



▲ Kyle Pak, senior

The Tall Boy's Teacup

Touching

It's All About Perspective

▼ Joy Cheng, senior



▼ Thumbprints | Bhavna Malladi, junior

thumbprints

i want to get to know you,
to fully, and deeply, notice
every inch of you.
to run my hands along yours,
memorizing the crooks of your palms
softly tracing whorls along your finger pads.
brushing the swoops of your thumb prints.
so if the moon were to one day
run far, far away from the earth
leaving a spill of thick black ink across the sky
i could still find you in the dark
by sense alone

you ask why i gaze into your eyes for so long,
so deeply.
it is because i endeavor-
if i look hard and long enough,
maybe i, too will see:
every sunrise you've woken up for,
every road you've driven on
maybe, even trace out constellations
between every star you have laid eyes on.

maybe, i will see all of this enamoring beauty
in the reflections of your pupils.
please just give me
a couple more seconds to search.

siren song

hear me, hear me
please don't fear me
cross my heart
i'm not that scary

stories, stories
not the real me
listen and i know
you will see

singing, singing
siren singing
monsters? no, no
we're not killing

smiling, smiling
we are nice, see?
you're the one
who's coming to me

▼ Julie Liu, Junior

grayscale

▼ Untitled | Emily Sun, junior



Dream On

▼ Julianna Bacolod, sophomore



▲ still | Yanning Li, sophomore

Tonight there is a watcher in the glass sky.
In compassionate star-pastures he lies camouflaged.
Would that I could watch him with my eyes.

Many questions climb ashore at night, sighing
The hollow terror of the Delphic sea. But even here it is said:
Tonight there is a watcher in the glass sky.

When Time erodes the most timeless of labors
And when monotony erodes Time, still the watcher lives.
Would that I could watch him with my eyes.

Now it is the morning of change-faced cries.
Abandoned, I watch the troupe take flight. I must not forget:
Tonight there is a watcher in the glass sky.

When mankind's ephemeral blot fades into the skies
the watcher will remain. The watcher will not forget.
Would that I could watch him with my eyes.

And if he forgets, and if we are alone
In star-pastures full of light and devoid of life,
We will make our watcher in the glass sky.
Would that he could watch us with his eyes.



▲ Paraolympics pt.2 | Vanessa Yang, senior

▼ Ray Toro | Katelynn Wilson, senior

▲ Tidal Wave | Anna Wu, senior

▼ Sky's Spring | Evelyn Le, freshman



The Moon

I have seen the moon today,
So round and so bright.
The man who stares from the boat
Whispers sweet nothings
To his love.

He is from afar, a man
Who never calls one place home.
But his beau calls him
Hundreds of miles away, night after
night.
And so he sails, traverses the seas,
Not a single ounce of fear in his
bones.

The moon, oh sweet,
Sings lullabies in his name.
Entrance, in a daze,
The world hears her serenade and in
turn,
Vies for her attention.
New competitors chase after her
affection,
But none are quite
As ambitious as the man who tamed
the volatile waters.

Oh moon of mine,
I, who am closest to you, cries.

continued on our website

▼ Ashlyn Yi, sophomore



▼ Pls give me some space | Cindy Xie, sophomore

Doorway to Somewhere



▼ Cindy Xie, sophomore

▼ My Star | Harper Cabrera, junior





▲ catcatcat | Kyle Pak, senior

Untitled

▼ Min Seong Park, senior

Sometimes we embellish things as what they are not. So were those twinkling lights in the sky. They were from artificial satellites in space, yet someone across the globe would be admiring them as stars. So was my love. She made me happy just from the imagination, but I hadn't interacted with her much in reality. I realized that I was not in love with her but with my image of her. It was an act of narcissism: romanticizing, loving an image I produced, and imposing it on somebody else. As we gaze at the stars, we are forced to come to a decision. Are we ready to love the floating body of metal?

▼ Minjae Jeon, sophomore



▼ Starry Night City | Rohan Konchigeri, sophomore





COVER BY: ALICIA YOON