


A whimsical illustration on a dark blue background. A person with long brown hair, wearing a red long-sleeved shirt and grey pants, is lying on their stomach on a thick, dark tree branch. They are holding an open book and reading. Next to them on the branch is a small brown pot containing two pens and a stack of three books. A black camera hangs from a strap around their waist. The scene is surrounded by various fantastical elements: a toucan with a large yellow beak and black body is perched on a branch to the left; another toucan is on a branch to the right. There are several colorful flowers, including orange and yellow ones, and large, stylized green and blue leaves. Some leaves have white spots or patterns. A small orange and yellow butterfly is flying near the top center. The overall style is hand-drawn and artistic.

lit mag

2017

oracle



*Dedicated to the teachers and
staff, who foster our creativity
and our imaginations.*

The Oracle would like to thank all of
the contributors to this year's literary
magazine.

LIT MAG TEAM

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Down the Road

▼ Tom Powers, junior

Where do you go, young traveler?
This road has two paths to take.
Though I don't know about where
you may go,
The choice is yours to make.

So what is your choice, fair traveler?
The path is not set in stone.
But you need to know this at the
end of the day:
The path you will choose alone.

Now it is time to choose, fellow
traveler.
This choice is a test of your will.
For one way may lead you back,
While the other pushes you forward
still.

► Prince Wang, sophomore



► I wish I could help you, traveler.
But I can only hope with my heart.
For our decisions help us choose our
own path,
And that is what sets us apart.

And so I bid you farewell, kind traveler.
I hope we may talk again soon.
But while our roads go in different
ways,
We all share the same moon.

► Steven Fosmark, junior



► Preludium. Anonymous

▼ Prince Wang, sophomore



▼ Aurora Cuoto, freshman



▲ Iris Kang, junior

Mother Of

Milla Freeman, senior ▼

“Mum”

He said, his hands covered with the blood of the Earth

Dripping

Dripping

Dripping

“It was always meant to be”

She said Nothing

Only sighed

A rumble to wake her children

From their ravenous fantasies

Her eyes filled with tears

Sweet and crisp

Flowing

down

her once green breast

Into

her

deep blue lap

Her children had deserted her

High up

In their ungrounded structures

Built from the metal flesh of her bosom

No.

It was not meant to be.



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The Golden Wheat Field

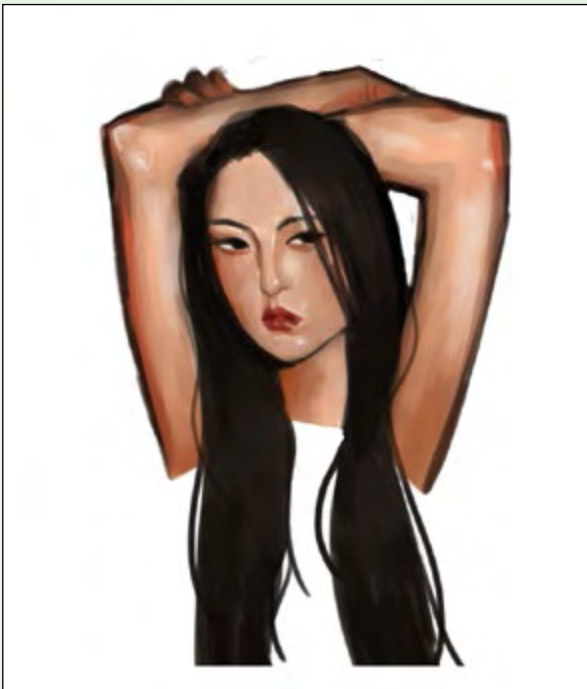
▼ *Milla Freeman, senior*

Has anyone ever told you about it?
No, I wouldn't suppose so – even I,
No one told me.
But it really is a place to behold
Golden and luscious and lovely
I am sure you would like it, you who
Enjoys all that is golden and fun.
You can run through the tall grasses
Heads of wheat and run your hands
Through them as they tickle your palms
(I myself laughed outright)
They seem to murmur often as the
Winds murmur too – sometimes
There is a little rabbit that runs through
And raises their voices to a din.
If you look at it from a distance
It is but a faraway light but up close
It is a lion's coat, a gold wedding band
Oh! I am so certain you should love it!
Look for it – the golden wheat field
Over the hill and through the woods
Across the brook. Look for it and you
Will find it. A place of infinite happiness.

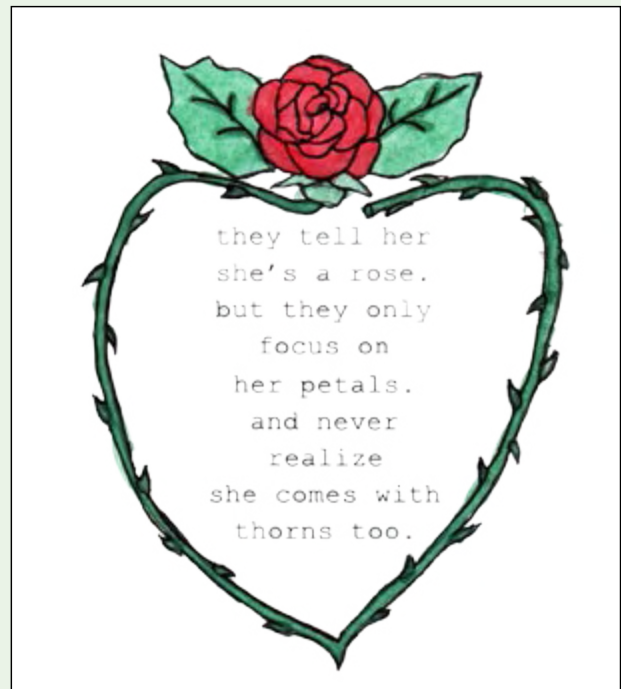


▲ *Caitlin Kimbrell, senior*

▼ *Caitlin Kimbrell, senior*



▼ *Mariah Godoy, freshman*



EPIPHANY

▼ Bernice Wang, junior



DON'T TAKE MY MOCKINGBIRD

▼ Nancy Martinez, sophomore

Take back the lies
Don't start a fight
Don't judge the world
Relate to it first
Life's not fair it gets
Hard sometimes

(Chorus)
Gray gray gray skies
Don't take my mockingbird
He's innocent and won't hurt a soul please let him go
and set him free

God's mistake was creating race
Biased minds turn prejudice
Youthful minds become infected
Falling prey to reality

(Chorus)
My mockingbird pecked by vultures
He's caged and beat
Hopeful for more mockingbirds someday

(Chorus)
Dont worry I won't cry because my mockingbird flies
And he'll fly all the way

NOT FROM THIS WORLD

▼ Anges Vu, senior

Tattered wisps of cloud hang ominously over the city skyline, casting ragged shadows across the urban landscape. I glance upwards. Something inside urges me that time is running out, that I have to leave.

I walk briskly.

I'm not from this world. Or at least, not the world as it is today. Although I act like, sound like, and look like these humans around me, I feel as though I'm missing something, like I'd lost an essential part of myself. Shifting my backpack onto the other shoulder, I shake the thought away. I pull out anatomy flashcards to distract myself.

"Mandible, check; clavicle, check; got those down."

I murmur, flipping through my stack. "Most complex bone of the shoulder, allows for versatile movement; shoulder blade..." my forehead crinkles.

After half a block, I shrug and give up, flipping the card over.

"Agh, scapula! Scapula, scapula..." I mutter to myself repeatedly.

As a gentle breeze picks up, rustling the golden-brown treetops overhead, I quicken my pace to pass through a popular recreational park. On the baseball field, a hitter takes a few swings at the air, twisting his arms and torso in unison. He spits at the ground, cracks his neck, rolls his shoulders. In a corner, a few boys are working out at the exercise stations. They bend over with a huff, feet apart and deltoids tensed to perform a deadlift.

For some reason, I want to scoff at them. You're all doing it wrong, I think, despite my lack of knowledge about baseball and weightlifting. I frown at myself, confused, and hurry on.

Dark, sorrowful clouds are closing in quickly, but no one seems to notice. I break into a jog and enter a small neighborhood. An elderly Vietnamese couple reclines on their front porch, and I bow politely to them as I cross

the driveway. As the lady applies dau xanh, a medicated green ointment, onto her husband's back, he lets out a loud grunt of relief. Suddenly, my back also begins to ache, right between my scapula and thoracic spine. I wince, both for being a nerd and for the rapidly intensifying pain.

I need to go home.

Where is home, again?

I take off running. Above, the sky begins to mourn, pouring its tears upon the earth. Trekking past the metropolitan scenery onto a forgotten, long deserted path, I stumble upon an ancient stone church with wrought iron fences and beautiful stained glass windows. One pane depicts the angel Lucifer disobeying God, then being banished from heaven. Another portrays Adam and Eve taking the forbidden fruit and their consequential fall from grace. As I stare at the artwork in awe, a jolt of pain courses down my spine again. Hurry.

I sprint. The path inclines sharply, winding up rocky hills and along rugged, narrow ridges. My foot slips on the soaked gravel, and a few rocks come tumbling off the precipice into a deep chasm. Heart pounding, a random fun fact finds its way into my conscience, "Did you know? Humans only have two innate fears: loud sounds and falling." Even so, my legs still carry me onwards.

You're not from this world, something calls to me. I realize my back is now bleeding, with open gashes on either side of my spine. Do you understand?

Suddenly, I do.

The scapula, or shoulder blade, is the most complex bone in the shoulder and allows for versatile movement. But the shoulder isn't for playing sports or lifting weights; that's all a facade to cover up what evolution has taken away from us.

As we age, humans tend to start feeling back pains. We ache, we develop spinal issues, we grow old... and die. What happens after that? Where do we go? Is there any truth to those stories about angels?

Skyscrapers. Airplanes. Rockets. If humans are afraid of falling, why do we reach for the stars? Maybe it's a subconscious desire to rediscover who we used to be.

I stop at the top of the mountain, on the very edge of the cliff. I'm surprised I didn't realize who I was sooner.

Breathlessly, I whisper, "I had wings."

I fly.



▲ Janine Zhu, senior

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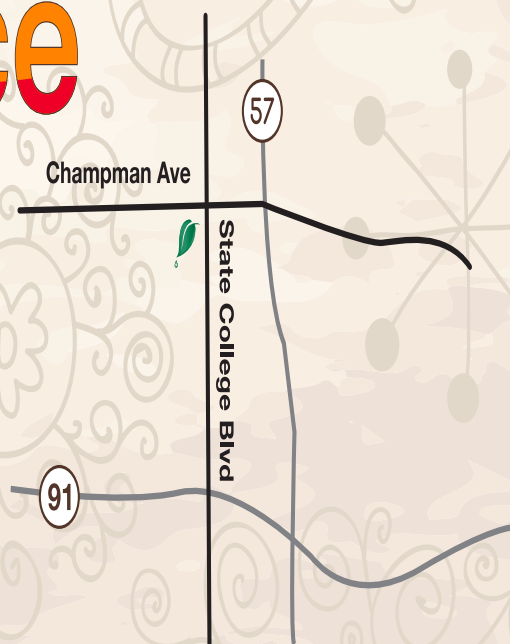
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▼ Rachel

I am happy.
It took me a while.
But I am content.
No frowning.
No sadness.
I am happy to say that
The only thing bleeding
now
Is the ink upon these
pages.

RIGHT

▼ Alison Cover, junior

Too big
Too little

To love
To hate

Too this
Too that

Not good, not bad
Not up nor down

Tumble, tumble
Through the twister

What is good?
What is bad?

Shall we decide?
Shall we tell?

To the end
I will hold

In my heart, I do know
In my eyes, I do tell
On my tongue, I do hold
On my lips, I let fall



THE PHANTOM

Chiara Dane Villeneuve, senior ▼



ENCOUNTER

Anonymous ▲

Blue

▼ Milla Freeman, senior

Blue

Like the vast waters of the ocean
sparkling, moving with life

Blue

Like the heavens above us
an azure canvas etched with cotton candy clouds

Blue

Like the berries we pushed into our mouths
on a sizzling summer's day

Blue

Like the Hyacinth petals we leaned down to pluck
with a sugar and honey scent, oh-so-sweet and comforting

Blue

Like her eyes, wide open
two glowing sapphire gemstones

The blue of vitality, beauty, and tranquility.



Alana Huitric, sophomore ▲

Cerulean. Anonymous ▼



Blue Eyes

▼ Rachel

There's something about
His blue eyes.
They move me.
Touch me.
Feel me.
His eyes
Are not the color of the sea.
His eyes
are not the color of the sky.
They are the hue of my veins.
The bruises on my thigh.
They are the tears I cry late at night,
thinking of the day I lost you.
They are the color of my sorrow.
Of what I am now, and what I will be tomorrow.
Your eyes are what give me life.
But anything that is given
Can be taken away.



▲ Lauren Cover, sophomore



▲ Aurora Cuoto, sophomore

Mistakes

▼ Michelle Huang, sophomore

A blank paper, a pencil,
An eraser.

The pencil writes,
It creates letters,
Misspelled words.

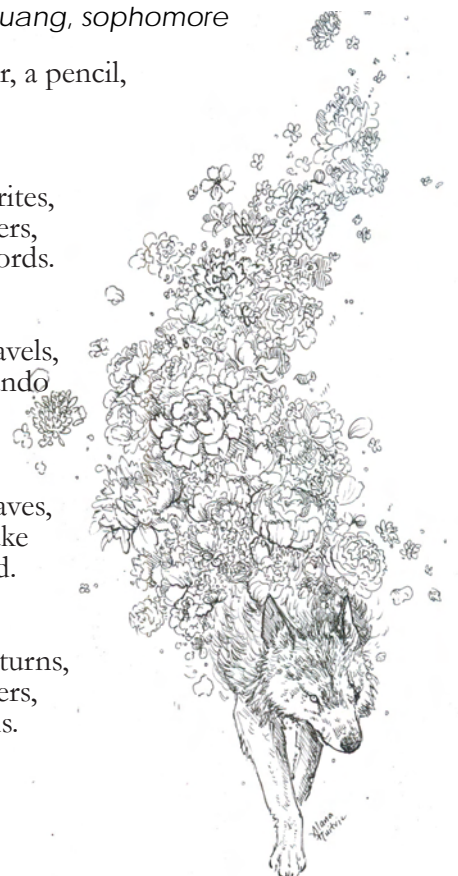
The eraser travels,
It travels to undo
The mistake.

The eraser leaves,
But the mistake
Is still unfixed.

The pencil returns,
It creates letters,
Correct words.

The mistake
Is fixed.

► Alana Huitric, sophomore



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GRIEF

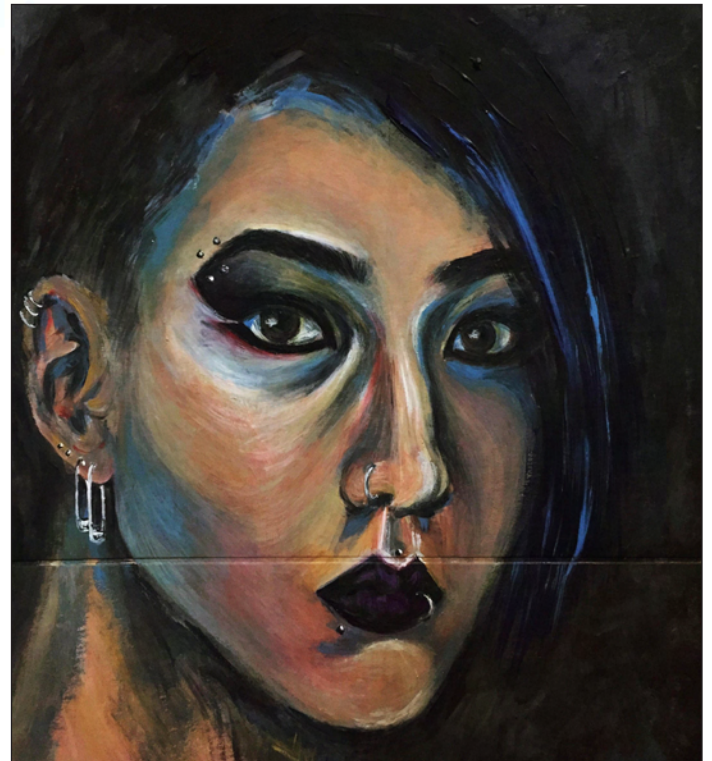
▼ Tom Powers, junior

A loss is a truly heartbreaking experience. No, not a loss of some money or a loss of follower. I mean a true loss, as in the coming of death itself. It may not be to yourself; it may be a friend, or a loved one, but it will still be painful just the same. The 5 stages will each take its toll on you, each more grueling than the prior. First, denial; thinking that they are still with you, even after the fact that they have moved on. Second, anger; blaming yourself or others on what may have been an uncontrollable situation. Third, bargaining; trying to give and lose anything for mere moments to be with them. Fourth, depression; when the loss hits hardest, and the deep state of mourning will envelope and completely obliterate you. And finally, ac-



ceptance; you finally coming to terms that yes, they are gone, and there is nothing you can do about it but just move on. It may feel like the days since the tragedy are in repetition, or you may feel nothing at all. But that's okay. You are your own self, and people will understand. For death is a powerful thing, and only life itself and the celebration of such life is the only way to truly conquer this force for the sake of the fallen.

▼ Catherine Wang, senior



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