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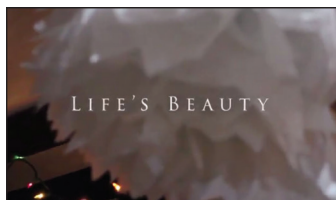
lit mag
2019



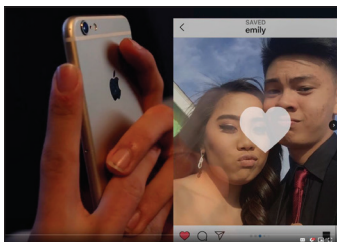
The Oracle staff thanks all contributors for submitting their works of art to this year's Literary Magazine.

Due to the volume of submissions, we were not able to publish all the pieces received. Please visit troyoracle.com to view more entries, including our film submissions.

FILMS



▲ **Life's Beauty**
Phoebe Yao, junior



▲ **Mixer** **Fibrand**
Dylon Gaddi, senior ▼



LIT MAG TEAM

Ariana Chow
Jenny Ji
Malika Pandey
Alina Choi
Lex Park
Amy Weng
Jois Talla
Charlie Clark
Tiffany Kim

Cover art by Kristen Perez & Katie Nguyen

▼ **Dory** Christina McBride, senior



A Return To

One breath in, and she says:

"I want Oxygen,

Mother's milk,

A cave,

Sleep,

Fresh water,

Fire,

Scavenged vegetables,

Fresh meat,

Clothes,

A house,

Hot breakfast,

A deity to worship,

Trustworthy friends,

A husband,

A family,

Ethics and laws,

A functional government,

A hippopotamus,

A washing machine,

A car that gets decent mileage,

A school that accepts girls and is not too strict on their uniform policy,

A pink vanity table where I can put all of my most prized perfumes and jewelries,

Grades so perfect and brilliant that it puts even my headmistress to shame,

A boyfriend who must be at least 6 feet, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ' tall to even make it to the consideration stage,

A career in technology that most girls can only dream of getting the interview towards,

A Trenti Vanilla Bean Frappuccino with 12 pumps of [sugar-free] vanilla, hazelnut, and caramel,

5 pumps skinny mocha, a splash of soy, poured up to the star on the Siren's head with ice, and double-blend it all,

A 2022 13.65" MacBook Air S Pro complete with OLED2 360 Display and 5.36 GHz Intel Triple-Core i9q, 160.233 GB of Onboard & Offboard RAM and 256.0001 GB SSDi..."

Unceasingly, she presses on in search of happiness,

Not knowing she has already left it behind.

Simplicity



Julia Koh, senior



Aaron Myers, sophomore

Elaine Liang, senior



Merybeth Valle, junior



Sarah Yoon, junior



◆ Bea Rosete, junior



Tabletop

▼ Irene Yoo, junior



Autumn Harvest

▼ Joseph Sung, senior



Warning of the Fork

▼ Julia Lee, sophomore

Clang!
Dis
Joint
Ed
Sounds
Coming nearer
Every oz. of me
Is afraid
Trembling I lay there
And prayed.

Darkness, then suddenly light
The dawn of a new day, the like
I could see the kitchen coming toward me but then
Bang!
Back into the cold drawer with silver comrades
Shiny and still, waiting to be picked up for a meal
oh 'light holy light
I shone in the fluorescent light bulb of the white walls of the kitchen

Moist, tough, tender flesh I sank into at the thrust of a hand on my grip
A steak
How nice. Into the mouth I go. And repeat.

Into the hard plastic, the hard bottom of a dish washer
Then, turned on, it sprayed water on me
Bubbles erupted into my vision and I drowned...

Stay safe around forks. we might want revenge.



ROADS

Some short, some long, sometimes we are
on them all night long. Driving till the
end.

Every curve, every bend. A curve sharp
enough will throw you off to never see the
light again,

but stay close enough to the edge and
make the turn on a hinge to drive through
another day, past
another sunset bay. You can only drive so
far, but where you end up, is it the stars?

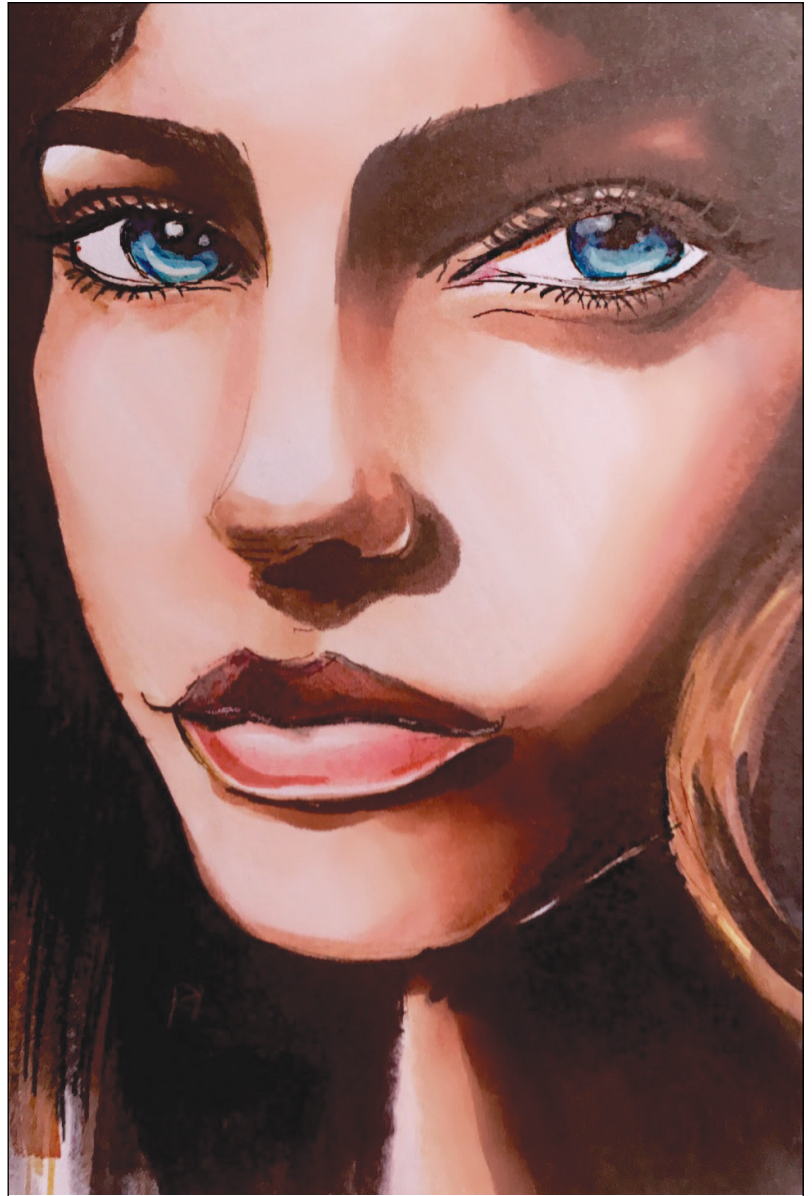
▲ Samuel Juaregui, junior



▼ Alexander Cheung, senior

▼ Rowena Luminarias, senior

VISION



Freedom ▼ Makena Williams, senior

▼ Anonymous

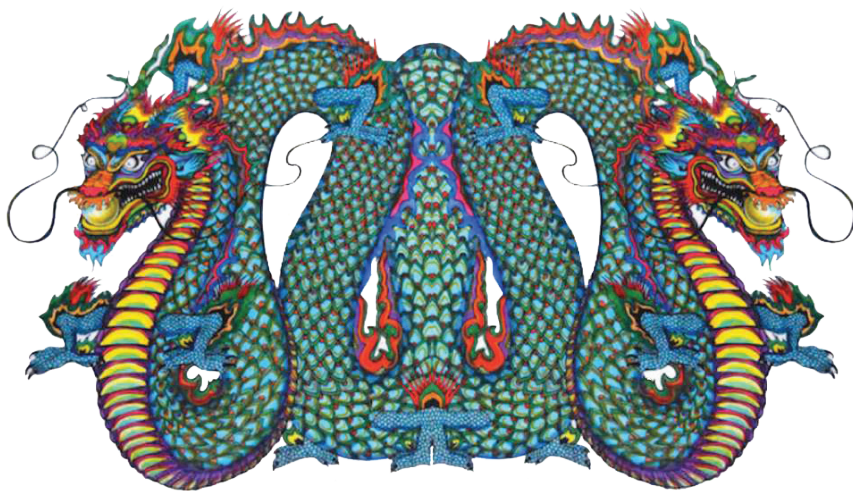




▲ **Life in a Chinese Village**
Lillian Lin, junior

BLOSSOMS

▲ Christina McBride, senior



▲ **Pearl of the East**
Christina McBride, senior

the red string

▼ Amber Huynh, junior

twisting (around their pinkies)
attaching (to her limbs)
clamping (over his wrists)
fastening (around his neck)
winding
(down)

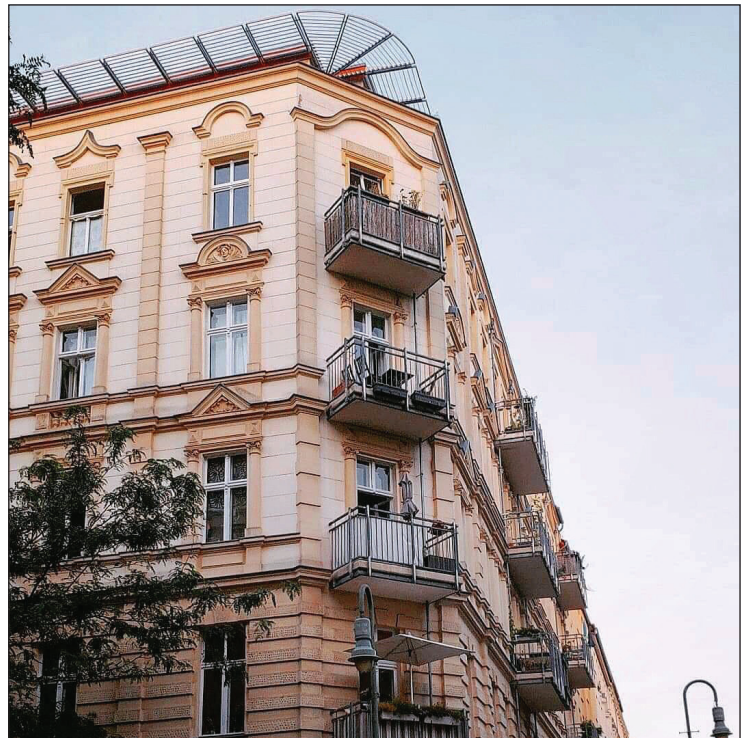


Inez Kim, senior ▼



▶ Melody McBride, junior



▲ *Bea Rosete, junior*▼ *Edifice Joseph Sung, senior* ▲ *Aurora Couto, junior*▼ *Embarcadero Waterfront April Chun, junior*

ACTIVISM

▼ *Joseph Alcaez, senior*

Last year it was BlackLivesMatter now its #MeToo,
To be honest I wish we'd see it through,
Stop treating activism as a trend,
and bring the pain to an end,
I love all these celebrity endorsements,
but they just seem like personal advertisements,
How can anyone be genuine in a Capitalist system?,
Blue collar, white collar, orange vest,
we all know the problem's stem,
the fact that compassion comes after the dollar,
and it is greed that skews the human need,
the rich treat the poor like diseased steed,
get rich or die trying,
try to point out where I am lying.

A girl
Made of tinted glass
Not completely transparent
Enduring
Throughout her life
But struck
A certain way
She shattered
I was
That fatal blow
That left our
Friendship
In slivers

▲ Alessandra Gonzalez, junior



▼ Bea Rosete, junior

A Sunny Winter

▼ Joseph Sung, senior



Fragile Ephemerality

▼ Alicia Lee, freshman



▼ Makenna Williams, senior

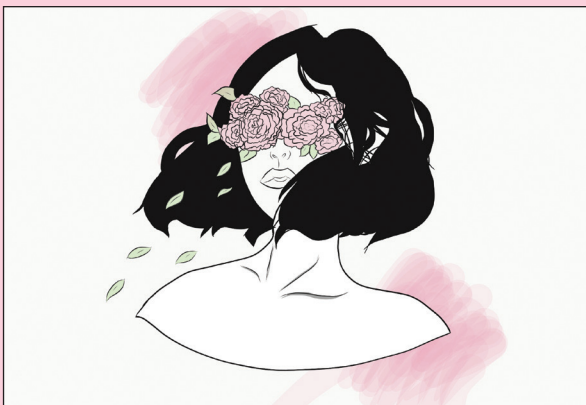
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▲ Bea Rosete, junior

Lady of Dawn

▼ Charisse Ng, junior

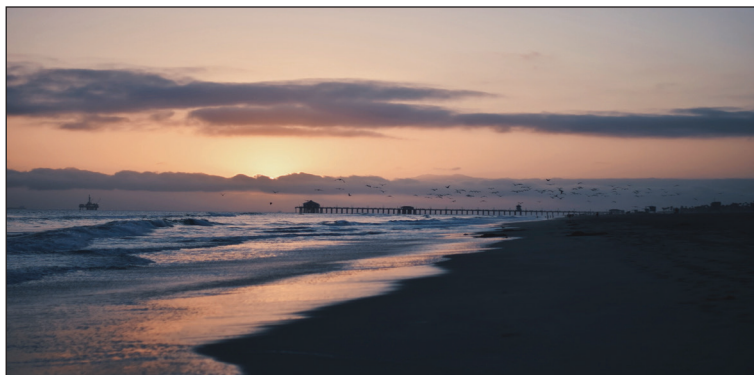


▲ Alessandra Gonzalez, junior

The Beauty Beyond THE BEAST

You wear a mask to conceal your face
 You add to it flowers, and colors, and jewels
 If you make a mistake you can simply erase
 You mold and shape it without any rules
 The world laughs, "You aren't pretty enough"
 So, you create a new mask from nothing
 With no trace of any of the previous stuff
 Yet, the world still scoffs at you, "disgusting"
 Hundreds of masks hang on your wall
 Dusty, unwanted, and rejected
 Masks of different colors, large and small
 While your face is still hidden, forgotten, and protected
 So, burn them all
 Burn, burn, burn
 Toss the ashes and let them fall
 They do not deserve to stay, not in any jar, not in any urn
 Tear the masks off your face
 Remember, remember, remember
 You are a beautiful member of the human race
 Wonderful, always and forever.

 ▲ Ethan Huang, sophomore
 ▼ Bea Rosete, junior

▲ Andrea Nguyen, sophomore
Liz Pinson, freshman ▼



Miracles Are Real

Are miracles real?
Do wishes come true?
Are our dreams realities
But we never knew?

Ask yourself first,
If miracles are real.
Then start counting every time
You have had a meal.

Let your feet carry you outside
And take off your shoes.
Walk on the rocks.
At least that, we can choose.

Look up at the sky.
Blue with streaks of white.
And think of how many people
Can only see the night.

Feel your blanket
And lay on your bed.
For not everyone in the world
Has somewhere to rest their head.

Sometimes having a life that
Isn't ours
Is what we dream.
And sometimes our lives
Are other people's dreams.

So yes, miracles are real.
Wishes come true.
Dreams are realities.
But not all belong to you.



Christina McBride,
senior ▼



Consider

Anonymous ▼

Unto

Lauren S. Dickinson, sophomore ▼

The light you've brought unto me,
Graceful as on angels wings,
Lifts me past the sky;
A witness to the world around me.

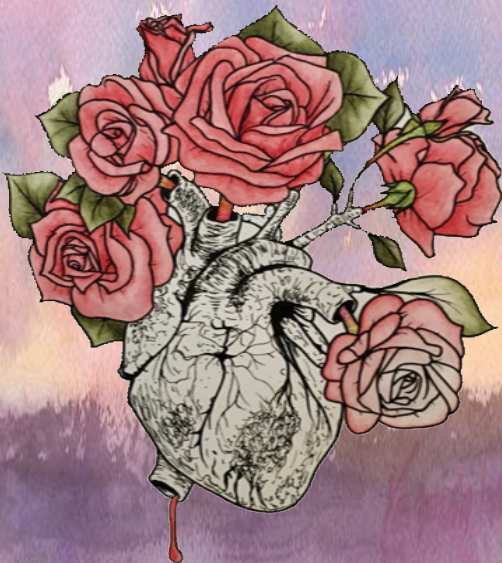
A gale that shifts boats on seas
Is what you've brought unto me.
Like a blossom gasping in the gift of life,
Finally meeting a spring breeze.

The laughter of a gurgling stream, flowing
from a mouth
Is what you've brought unto me.
A current unbroken before, is what
Has graced me.

A twinkle of a star is what you've brought
unto me,
Vast against a helpless void,
Unable to snuff out the light.

For you a joy, breathless in delight,
I wish like a child upon a star.
A burst of light from a firecrackers;
Adrenaline through the sky,
And the warmth that soothes an ache
Buried deep inside
The sun through the leaves, laying a kiss
unto a forest floor
As I kiss your brow and wish--

If only I could do unto you
What you've done unto me.



Makenda Williams, senior ▼

Live or Not

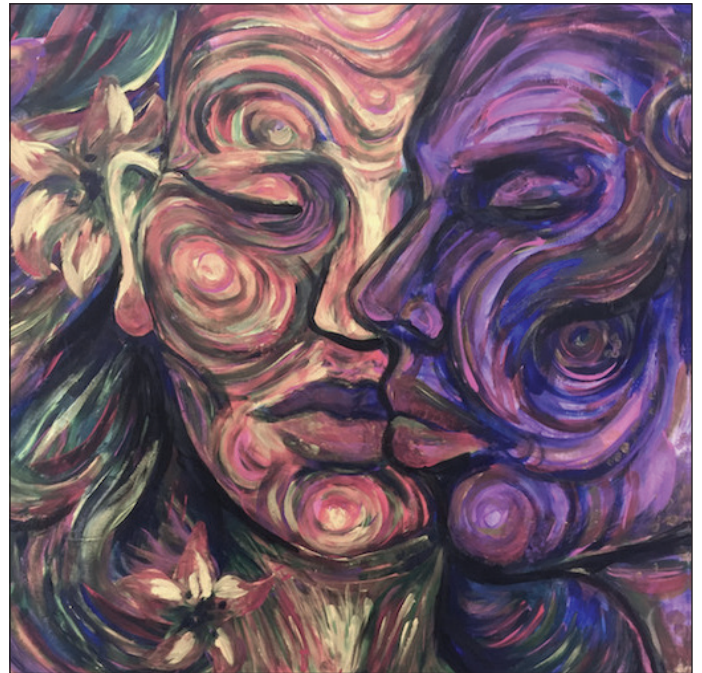
Christina McBride, senior ▼

Romeo and Juliet

Julia Koh, senior ▼



▼ Anonymous



▼ **Chance** Rowena Luminarias, senior



Bloom

▼ **Christina** McBride, senior



The Child Within

▼ **Kathleen** Doidge, senior



Boat Somin (Ella) Moon, sophomore ▼



Just Breathe

Breathe in
Her tears begin to fall
Pouring from her eyes like rain from clouds above
The feelings in her head race in every direction
Blurry figures race in and out of her field of vision
Thoughts rushing at her leave her shaken

Everything except her feelings begins to disappear
She is surrounded with no escape

Confusing voices reel forming a storm inside
Gasping for air with her heart full and chest heavy
Panic rising and falling as hope tries to peer through
Once it finally does peace slowly spreads through her mind
The calm after a storm
She takes a shaking breath as the sky fills her lungs
The noise fills the air like a silent relief
Now breathe out

▲ **Ella** Hulsizer, junior

Redboy



▲ Alana Huitric, senior



seollal

▼ Julia Koh, senior



▲ Bea Rosete, junior

pas un poème

▼ Anonymous

les soleils rouges de sang ont tournoyé dans un coucher de soleil brûlé,
les raisins écarlates aspiraient à se transformer en un plus grand soi,
et une fille rougissante, les yeux levés vers le ciel.

▼ Ethan Lee, sophomore



THIS RED ROSE

▼ Muhammad Atiq, junior

In a field of roses
Not sure how to propose this
I can't let go
Your thorns stuck in me
I can't break free
Maybe it's just me

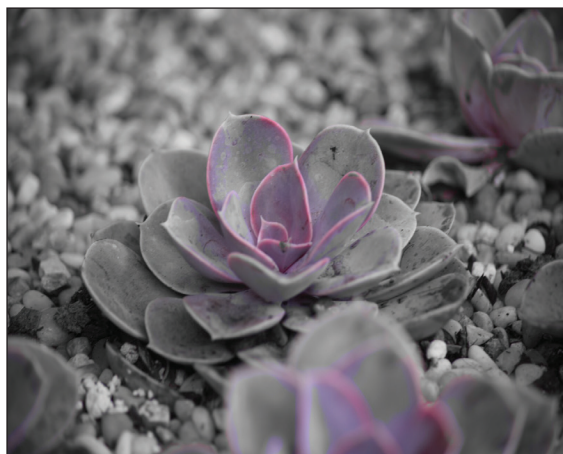
Emotion spilling out from a hose
Forever connected
Connected from my heart
To this red rose
That's where it starts
Just another red rose
But something sets you apart

Your thorns
sharper than others
Striking me deep
The thorn which smothers
Smothers my problems
Thought I couldn't resolve them
It's got me thinking

As I tighten my grip on the rose
Many problems arose
Thorns striking me deeper
The rose put me through pain
Then there was blood
Straight out of my vein
Covering the rose in a flood
This blood is my feeling
Your sense of appealing
It's the emotion locked up

You bloom in the dark
Blooming brighter in the darkest parts
Been like this from the start
As I look down the rows
I only water one rose
And that's you
I know that it's you
the stem has grown red
But I'm not dead
I feel more alive
I still have some blood to shed
My grip too tight
Through the pain I still fight
But is that even right?

This red rose
Which I grip too tight
This red rose
which I hold too close



▲ Melody McBride, junior



Alexander Cheung, senior



▼ Tina Xie, junior





▲ **Curious and Wary**
Maxwell Tsao, junior



The Black Pond
Maxwell Tsao, junior ▶

Blank spot, Won't stop

Blue lions purple storms
You can make all the runners worn
Making fish dance in a zoo
That's what I like about you
Keeping it real, really chilled
Snow is coming the tea is spilled

So we gonna live forever
Might as well make it fun
Draw and dance as a hobby
Work hard to get it done
What makes immortals tick
Paper scissors rock stick
The chances of a life-time
a literal paradigm
Yeah, I got a blank spot, maybe
I'll write for fame.

▲ Julia Lee, sophomore

Illuminate

Megan Loh, junior ▼



▲ Bea Rosete, junior



Snake-Pit

▼ Anonymous

FREAKSHOW

Withered and static,
The hidden-away jars are filled to the verge
Of bursting with turgid waters —

Each specimen easy to gawk at
Through the glass, lovingly polished by
The snake charmer —

Who mutters his incantations to himself
Alone; he has already forgotten
The countless moons and sheddings he has seen —

Arranging his prizes,
Each little dream is gleaming to itself
From where it is tucked away —

Then the magician's boy collects the skins when no one is watching,
Trophies which are the only evidence of their existence
Where only the faces change —

Faces lined
In their old stagnant metamorphosis of
Desire, seductive as Isadora's scarves —

Dirty ribbon-tails winding and unwinding,
Leaving dust lines etched on the mud-green circus-couch,
Retching their persistent whines from the back-room —

Scent of sweet tangerine, sharp apple, saline-sweat breath
Make their own element,
Knowledge and experiment —

Spectator sport!
Come one, come all are welcome to watch the prizes
One-by-one —

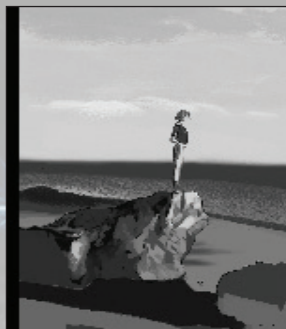
Hiss and rattle the applause and the
Jeers, sinful and lower,
Lower —

'Til my name, wanting to shame me
For being a norm,
An ordinary, but they don't even know —

Know that, stuck in the terror, the fumes of my own dullness,
Envy of the stage, loony pinhead,
I am the biggest freak of all —

So I win out by nature because
The jar-things rot in bell-jar-graveyards, no one can smell their little tombs
But I, blazing suet-smell tallow candle, each gaze an affirmation —

All eyes on me, off of the walls,
The stars are reeling in their dual orbit
For me, and me alone.



PERSPECTIVES



PERSPECTIVES

▲ Anonymous

and... repeat

▼ Micaela Montinola, junior

an arid wasteland stands before me.
I find not a human, but a Thing:
one that snaps and grasps endlessly
fighting back I ought to do,
yet do not.

instead to the Creature I ask,
"where did you come from, you pitiful Animal?"
it does not reply, but comes after me with a gash.
and I fall.

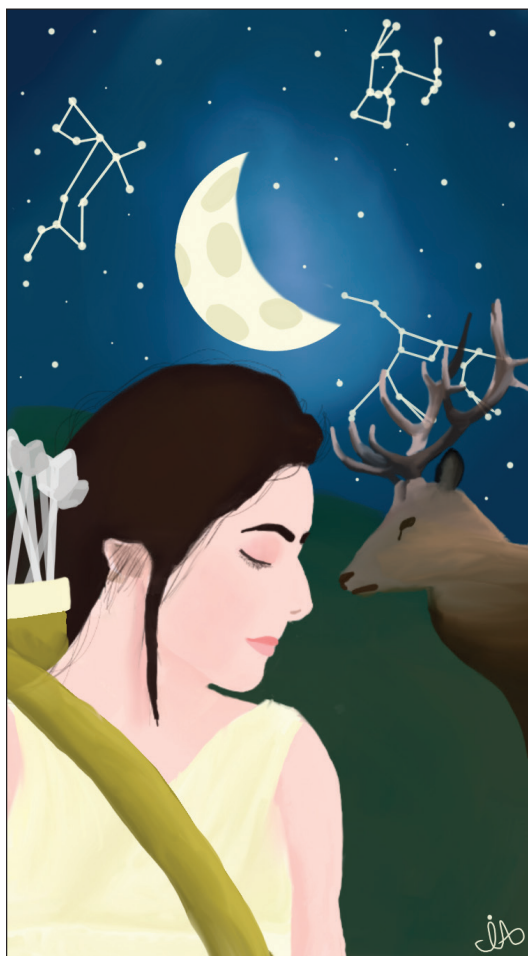
I remain in my cocoon of death.
I await for passing ones to take notice.
I see a man, but hold my breath,
for all he did was stab me,
to take, and take, and take my life and blood.

I was but a pitiful Soul.
lost and alone, not even a metaphysical form.
I wanted the Creature to return,
for Its pain would reverse this numbness.

not even the man had hurt me.
because how can you hurt
Something that is already dead?

I realized it now:
I was the Creature.
my rotten Brain must die
in order for love to survive.

Artemis



Isabella Alpert, freshman ▲

MEDUSA



Christina McBride, senior ▲

A Crown of Frost

Persephone looked up at her mother. Demeter crossed her arms and stared her daughter down.

"I didn't break them," Persephone said and Demeter sighed. She placed her woven basket on the floor, careful not to get it dirty, and sat beside her daughter. She pointed at what remained of the chains.

"Who was it?" She asked, stern as could be. Persephone shrugged, cheeks coloring.

"Oh, no one," Persephone said and gazed across the field. Demeter narrowed her eyes. "The field's enchanted, remember? So long as you aren't here, no one important can enter. Or exit."

"Describe him," Demeter demanded. Persephone picked at the end of her yellow dress. She peered around, stalling. Demeter sat and waited.

"Tall," she caved, just like Demeter knew she would, "soft and - and handsome. Thin, unlike Zeus -" the sky roared with the customary lightning and thunder and they waited for it to finish "- and he looked like he couldn't lift a stone without help. Weak, but handsome." Demeter waved her hand.

"But what did he look like?" She said.

"Pale," Persephone said, entirely too emotional for Demeter's liking. "Like moonbeams on the lake. That's where he came from, by the way, out from near the lake." She gestured to the South, where Apollo's light hid the lake. "His skin was smooth, like water before a skipping stone shakes it. And - I shouldn't tell you this but I have no one to confide in - when he touched my wrist it was as gentle as sheep's wool."

"He touched you?" Demeter roared and leapt to her feet. "Name him! So I can end his miserable life! How dare he touch what's mine!" Persephone rose and brown eyes met gold. Her dark skin shone and the sight of her precious daughter healthy and plump calmed Demeter.

"I call him Winter," Persephone said, "for his skin is as cold as the snow and winds from the North. I call him Hope, for I always hope to see him and hope he never leaves." Demeter's rage returned in waves. "I call him Love, for he loves me enough to take care of me."

"I love you enough to take care of you," Demeter hissed, "this Love of yours will meet his end. Where can I find him?" Persephone smiled. Demeter had not seen it in ages. It warmed her heart and chilled her to the bone. Persephone raised one steady hand and pointed.

"There," she said. Demeter turned.

The King of the Underworld beckoned and, drawn to him like the moon to the sun, Persephone came. Demeter's legs gave out.

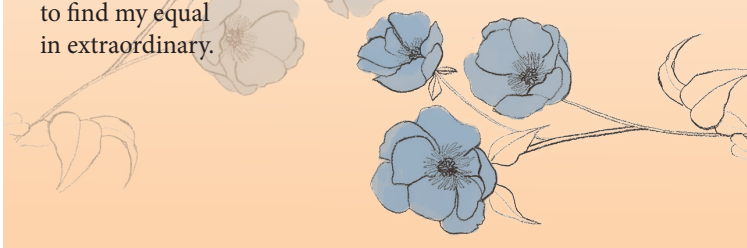
"You will never hurt her again," Hades said, in that soft, haunting tone of his. A crown of frost curled around Persephone's head. Persephone wiggled her fingers and a matching crown, one of green vines and pink flowers, grew around the silver one on Hades' head. The very ground opened for him as he turned, Persephone on his arm, and they descended.

Demeter screamed and the world turned white.

Summer Khattak, senior ▲

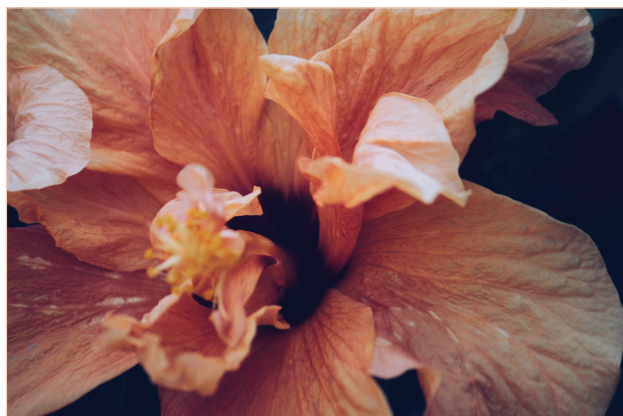
The Equality in Extraordinary

We met
under extraordinary circumstances.
It seems the stars have planned it oh so carefully-
Same time of year, same tears, same flight company,
Same city, same school, same classroom.
And same desk.
At first, that's where the same-ness stopped.
You were a boy, for one,
who, at that time, was so consumed by hatred and confusion
that our classmates reflected back the same attitude towards you.
A proud boy so particular about your mark and height
that I felt like a nun next to you.
But Father Time did his bidding
shedding your protective layers of detached arrogance
to reveal a surprisingly sensitive person
with an infectious zest for life and adventure.
To reveal a person whose biases, thoughts,
values, and goals were so very much like my own.
The only person I could confide in
by the chance that we were the only ones fluent in English.
How small and strange the world is
to find my equal
in extraordinary.



Anonymous ▲

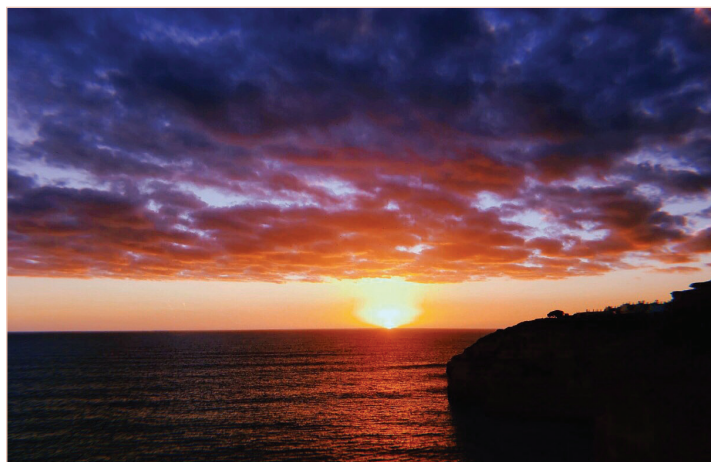
▼ Aurora Couto, junior



▼ Tina Xie, junior



CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' & CLIFFS OF PORTUGAL



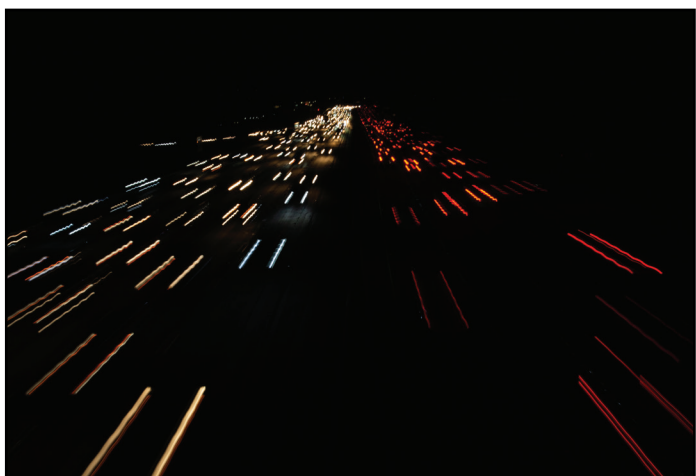

▲ Joseph Sung, senior ▲



▲ Karl Choi, junior



▲ Alexander Cheung, senior

LUMINOUS


▼ Muhammad Atiq, junior

My outside bright
My inside dark I'm
suffering inside I
can't feel my heart

Swallowed by an endless void
Then there was a light Always
overjoyed Giving me life

Pulling me away from this life of strife But you
say you haven't done a thing Your luminescence
giving my presence essence Giving me life
during my adolescence

Your light fades away I'm back where I
started without a light Your empathy was
my ecstasy Your luminous light which
shone so bright




▼ Joseph Sung, senior

electrifying



Vietnam Sun

▲ Julia Lee, sophomore



Alexander Cheung, senior ▼

pioneer park

April Chun, junior ▼



Aidan Masinsin, sophomore ▲

THE GIRL ON A ROCK

In the beginning, there lived a girl on a rock. The rock was small and bare and shrouded in darkness. One day, a man and his son walked by. They shone through the dark.

“Hello!” the girl shouted, but they couldn’t hear her. “Hey!” she shouted louder. The son noticed the girl and landed on her rock. He glowed a magnificent color. “Why are you alone in the dark?” he asked. “I have no one to shine for me.” the girl replied. The son smiled and shone so bright, heat rose out from him. “I will shine for you.” He replied. And the girl was content.

“Son, come back! We must go.” the father shouted. And so the boy left. “I will return,” he said to the girl, and the girl was left alone on her rock once more. The next day, a woman and her daughter walked by.

“Hello!” the girl shouted, but they couldn’t hear her. “Hey!” she shouted louder. The daughter noticed the girl and landed on her rock. She glimmered a magnificent color. “Why are you alone in the dark?” she asked. “I have no one to play with me.” the girl replied. The daughter smiled and glowed so bright, water rose out from her. “I will play for you.” She replied. And the girl was content.

“Daughter, come back! We must go.” the mother shouted. And so the girl left. “I will return,” she said to the girl, and the girl was left alone on her rock once more.

The son and the daughter came to visit the girl regularly. Suddenly, they stopped coming to visit. The girl waited and waited for their return.

One day, the girl found herself in a puddle of water. She found the daughter crying. “Why are you crying?” the girl asked. “My mother left me.” the daughter replied. And the girl was sad.

One day, the girl found herself upon a pile of hot rocks. She found the boy screaming. “Why are you screaming?” the girl asked. “My father is mad at me.” the son replied. And the girl was angry.

Although her friends lived upon her rock, she was alone. She picked up the rocks and scooped up the water. She molded them into creatures of all shapes and sizes. She placed them in the water and she placed them on the land.

She went to the son and said, “Look what I made with your anger. Don’t scream anymore.” And the boy shone more.

She went to the daughter and said, “Look what I made with your sadness. Don’t cry anymore.” And the girl glimmered once more.

“How did you make my sadness into that?” the daughter asked. “With the help of that boy’s anger.”

“How did you make my anger into that?” the son asked. “With the help of that girl’s sadness.”

The son and the daughter looked at each other and smiled. And the girl was content.

“I’m tired,” said the girl and fell asleep.

When the girl woke up, she saw her rock was filled with tiny people who looked like her. She went to the son and daughter.

“What is this?” she asked. “We fell in love thanks to you,” they responded. “As thanks, we made creatures out of our happiness instead of anger or sadness.” And the girl was content.

The father came back and apologized to his son, and made a promise to visit every morning.

The mother came back and apologized to her daughter and made a promise to visit every evening.

The girl, the son, and the daughter laughed and played. They taught the people to sing and dance. And the girl was content.

The girl watched as their love flourished and blossomed. She saw their first-born child, a girl who brought life to the rock. She gave them color and life and happiness. And the girl was content.

The girl watched as their love flourished and blossomed once more. She saw their second child, a boy who brought life to the sky. He gave them color and life and happiness. And the girl was content.

“I’m tired,” said the girl and fell asleep once more.

When the girl woke up, she saw the rock was filled with life and color. She looked out at the rock.

The creatures that looked like her had build giant towers, castles, and cities. They visited the mother to tell her about her daughter. They overcame the daughter’s sadness to see the land the son had made. They learned to fly and soar through the skies.

The girl went to the first-born child and asked, “What is this?” The first-born replied, “I gave them fruit and wood from my trees, and they gave the rock its beauty. The towers they made and the tools they used were built from your rock.” And the girl smiled.

The girl went to the second-born child and asked, “What is this?” The second-born replied, “I gave them fresh water and dreams of the skies, and they gave the rock its beauty. They learned to soar and fly using materials from your rock.” And the girl smiled.

She looked out onto her rock. It was no longer small, and bare, and shrouded in darkness. She was no longer alone.

Her rock was large, and lively, and filled with color. Her friends and the creatures there were with her.

The girl turned to the family and said, “Thank you for coming to my rock. For giving me someone to shine for me. For giving someone to play with me. For giving me these creatures. For giving my rock its beauty. For filling its skies with color. For visiting every day and night. Thank you.”

However, the girl was no longer content.

The girl was finally happy.

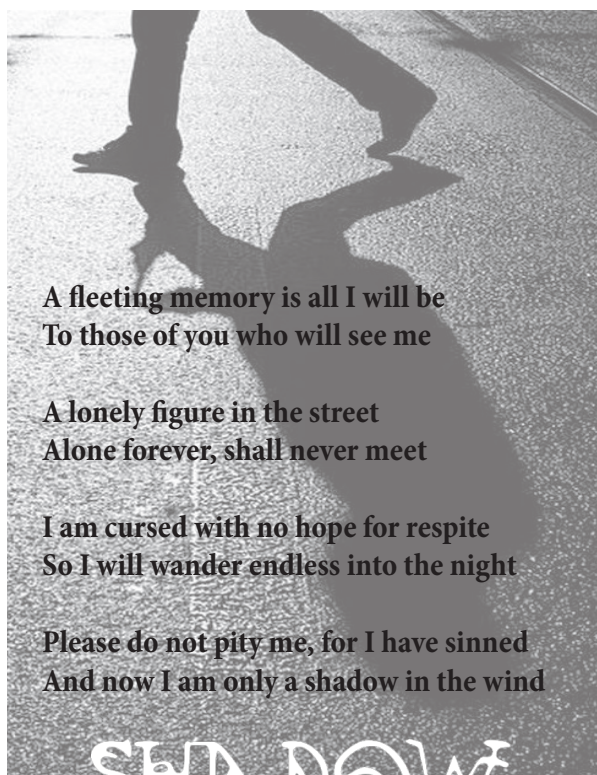


Makana Williams, senior ▼

Looking Down From Heaven

GLASS

▼ Anna Chang, junior



A fleeting memory is all I will be
To those of you who will see me

A lonely figure in the street
Alone forever, shall never meet

I am cursed with no hope for respite
So I will wander endless into the night

Please do not pity me, for I have sinned
And now I am only a shadow in the wind

SHADOW IN THE WIND

▲ James Lucero, senior

Reminiscence of Las Canoas

▼ Anonymous

Time began.

The truck rumbled on to the distant home that released celebratory cheers. The passengers climbed down, and their feet became one with the ground as they traveled on.

Time carried on.

Mosquitoes attached themselves to bare skin. Warm rainwater fell from the clutches of the clouds. Sounds of laughter melded with one another.

Time moved forward.

The sky was painted a brutal red, orange, and pink. The sun fled slowly into hiding. The liveliness of the gathering steadily silenced.

Time ticked on.

The blanket of night covered the world. The passengers boarded the truck. One lone girl planted herself alone in the cargo bed. The road extended from under her, and the home disappeared from sight.

Time ceased.

Her neck arched back, and the stars blinked at her. The wind's breath tangled her hair. The leaves of the trees danced and waved farewell.

The lights from passing houses burned bright and then dwindled into nothingness. The gnarled pavement jolted her soul from her body.

Adam's ale relentlessly rushed down the river and into the crowd of trees. The only existing sounds were that of the natural world.

Time commenced once again.

The brilliance of the stars was suppressed. Trees morphed into edifices. The knobby path became smooth and undisturbed. The cacophony of the city began to crescendo.

Time continued.

The truck halted, and the passengers departed on their separate ways.

Only the girl lingered, motionless and soundless. Yet her mind and her soul cried, begged, and yearned for time to rewind.

Time remained.

perseverance

▼ Maxwell Tsao, junior



Because of the Ones who Hurt Me

It still torments me
The way I feel, the dreams I dream
because of you
If I could do it all over again, I would
Watch the time as it passed
Make sure every second lasts
Through the aches and woes, I still want my abode
I want my home.
harbor the things I want before they all go, gone.
I overcome hurdles that will never end,
things I doubted I would ever need to
show no weakness when feeling broken
utter disappointment like the world crashing down
Tsunami waves engulfing me The skyscrapers
destruction now
I learned how to cope, how to numb the pain,
The holes left, still, repent. Like bullet holes on a
metal sheet
wanting closure
wanting relief
wanting more
Fractured pieces of my soul, warped and wounded
the arrow pierces my heart.
But like a soldier on the battlefield
To feel worthy of this title, I must go fight again
I'm patched up, I'm okay.
When I'm hurt when does it stop?
When does it stop hurting, Mama, I just want to
be free
When does it stop hurting, Mama, I just want
someone to love me

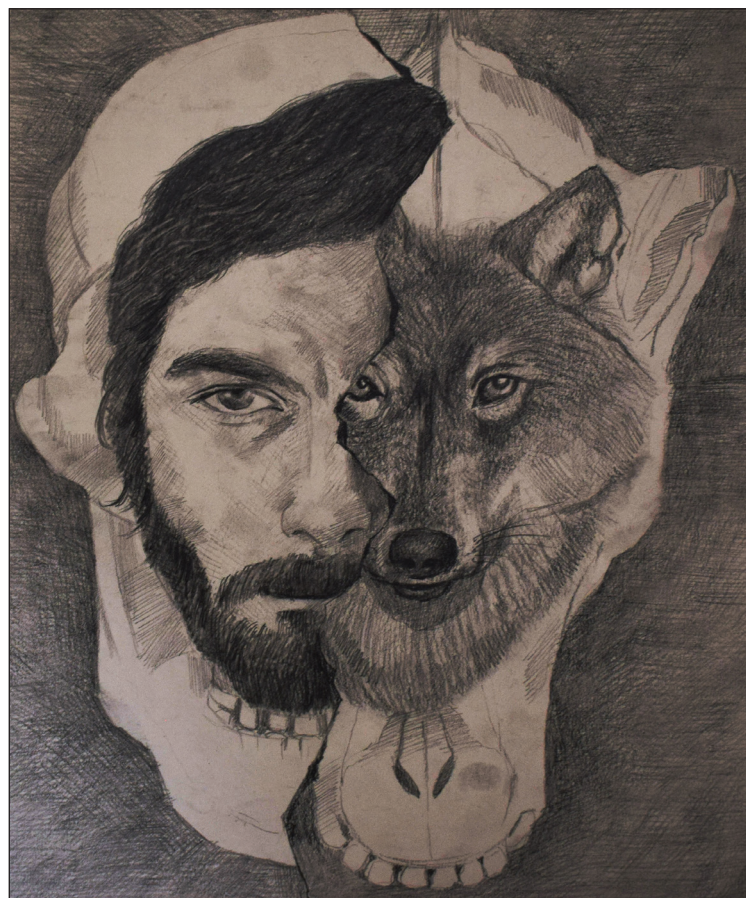
▼ Jillian Warren, junior

▲ Anonymous



Ephemeral

▼ Rose Jeong, junior



ECSTASY

Hannah Dornoff, junior ▼





▲ Apricity
Anonymous