

# Tourmaline

The Literary Arts Magazine  
of The Pacific Community Charter High School

Volume XIII  
2016-17

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# Abby Armstrong



Batik

# Alex Aguirre

## Apa

He works hard  
every day.

He wakes up  
before me.

He lets me borrow  
money from time to time.

He speaks  
with a Mexican accent.

He works  
with a chainsaw  
half his size.





Batik

# Ashlynn Okubo

## Wavy

Of the many waves  
that crash against my boat,  
I remain to calmly float along the sea.  
While my boat fills with water,  
I stand there, staring blankly at my boat  
allowing a flood to form within the ocean.  
While everything seems to be  
drifting smoothly,  
my boat is now filled with dark water.  
Lightening cracks in the deep sky,  
and I no longer can swim nor fly.  
On other occasions, the ocean is calm.  
The waves are smooth, and break with ease,  
but of course, only when the sun  
shines its rays my way.  
The sun is the one that keeps my path clear.  
But when the sun is taken over by clouds,  
my boat crumbles,  
and when the waves whirl over and break,  
they crash into me, breaking myself.  
How can I put myself together?  
For all of the seas I have traveled,  
they throw their waves at my boat,  
trying to sink me to the ocean floor.  
And I do sink,  
because I cannot fly nor float.  
While I want to be in the sky  
with that raging ball of passionate fire,  
I am left in these cold waves.  
I am left in envy of the sun.  
But when I call upon my dashing being,  
a glow emerges from my soaked heart,  
and I become as dry as the sun.

But being dry and bright  
is not my regularity.  
So I plunge into the dark, cold waves  
with confidence.  
For I am the moon.



Batik

# Brett Luther

## Nightmare

A screaming fit is all it took to shake  
The whole world from its slumber  
A small mind  
With big thoughts  
Has been thrown into a state of restlessness  
And fearful confusion  
It's three a.m. I know I'll no longer sleep  
I feel the memory of the dreams coming back  
And haunting me  
My nightmares have gone from worse  
To hellish torture  
How could I hope for best when every day  
My hopes get crushed like the ashes in my hand  
The song of my heart has lost its rhythm  
The song of tomorrow has lost all its words  
It feels like this world has forever gone,  
lost in its black void of my mind  
my conscience has been fighting a battle it knew  
It could never win  
The fear has consumed me with its angry claws  
Scared me beyond repair  
Am I in danger will I ever know  
Death was a final light at the end of a journey  
Often enough I've wondered what it's like after you die  
I wonder if it's just a soul finding a new home  
But what is home could it ever find one  
Heaven or hell  
Earth or the clouds  
Stars and space  
Maybe a black void where we don't even remember  
What life was  
As if it never existed  
Who knows maybe the world is just a dream  
And our life was just another nightmare

Chris Adams



Paper Clay Mask

# Cole Diggins

## Ode to the Microwave

O, Microwave

What beautiful and terrible power  
Might I have been taking for granted  
All these years

You have been my eternal  
Back up plan

Yet no recognition has prior been given  
No respect, even when the slightest  
miscalculation ended  
In a small inferno within your midst

O, Microwave

How simple your shape  
Yet how complex your form  
Locked within your iron shell  
And hidden behind a windowed door  
Lies a devastating and wonderful ability  
Which has reshaped the world of food  
Your buttons, while little in numbers  
Open the crystal gate to infinity

O, Microwave

You teach us that a power such as yours  
Must be handled with care  
Or else  
Oblivion

## Pointless

This poem is actually pointless  
It has got no worth and that is the truth  
Inference means educated guess  
I got surgery and they took my tooth  
I'm shocked at the laziness of that rhyme  
I quite like saying the word destroyer  
How I wish that I could travel in time  
I did not like the book Tom Sawyer  
I believe in extraterrestrials  
But I've never seen one before  
Huh, what rhymes with extraterrestrials  
I wonder if my mom went to the store  
'Does this have a point?' You might ask me so  
Then I'll probably answer simply 'No'



Acrylic on Canvas

## What

When everything seems to regress in time  
And I am left with eldermost echoes of myself  
I ponder to what degree  
I have truly grown



# Darren Gonzales



Tile Mosaic

# Fionn Roberts

## Hummingbird

Holding unto a branch,  
Then drinking from a plastic flower.  
Flashing through the air,  
Chest pulsing as a piston,  
Head twitching to the side,  
Eyes darting quickly,  
Being fast means life,  
Being slow means death,  
Especially when you look like a rainbow.

# Iris Hand

## Ode to a Pineapple

You are rough and leathery like an alligator  
You taste of sunshine and citrus  
You are the color of sand on the beach and  
You smell like a tropical breeze  
I savor your flavor as much as I can  
While your yellow drops of sunshine slide  
Down my chin  
Even though I'm allergic  
I don't care because you're my favorite fruit



Acrylic on Canvas

# Jay Schmidt

## Aged Inspiration

Once an inspiring young man of ten  
Dreamt of fame and glorious talent  
Once a man of sixteen, he played guitar  
Found an outlet to make his dreams come true  
A conquest of fate to start life anew  
He gathered a band and made history  
Those who doubted were marked as fools  
Music came and went, members were long gone  
The dream continues, the process goes on.



Tile Mosaic

# Kai Leeper Sale

## Supreme

Oh Supreme how dank you are  
One for the gods I must say  
With your limited restocks  
Causes anger and frustration  
But when I get you I feel complete  
Your praised item the BOGO  
The plain but simple design  
puts me in awe  
One day I will own you  
And feel complete

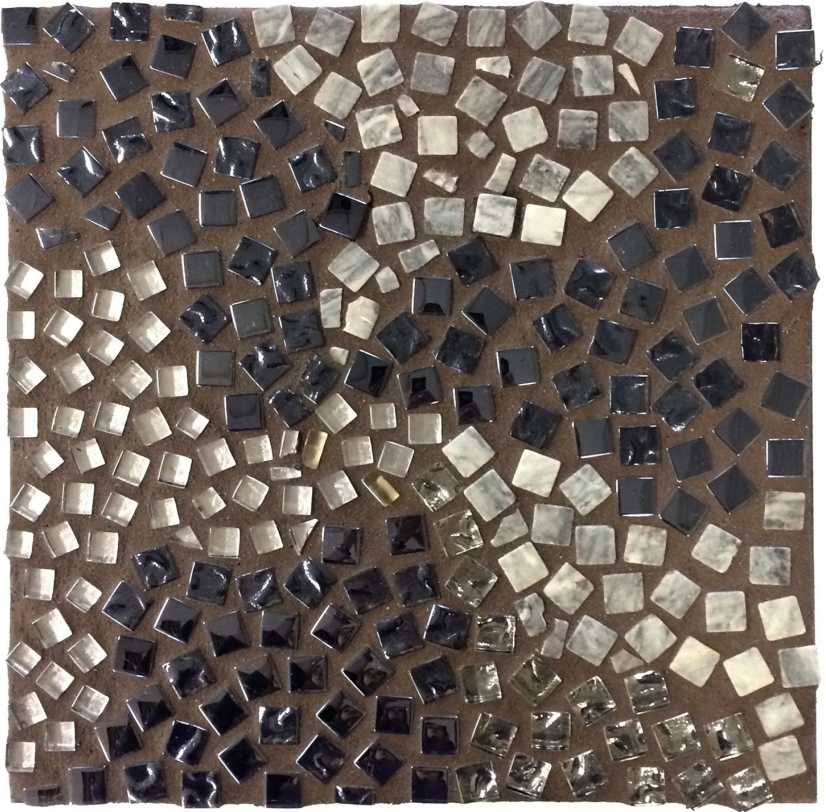
Nevertheless I have the urge  
To spend the 800 dollars  
To be part of an exclusive group  
As I pay the 800 dollars  
My pockets and wallets slowly become empty  
I check the bank zero is what I see  
I realize rent is today  
I haven't paid in three months  
I get evicted

I live on the street  
Worrying about my next meal  
I don't feel well  
I see a light  
I die



Acrylic on Canvas

# Lauren Boyle



Tile Mosaic

# Liam Ignacio

## Song of Storms

Look to the night sky  
at a thousand stars  
to find the one thing  
that you've been looking for

Sail through the seas  
at a thousand speeds  
Listen to the song you've heard  
Hundreds of times:  
The Song of Storms

Take to the sky  
at a thousand feet up  
to realize the fact  
that you have everything you need



# Logan Duggan

## Rain

The deer dances through the rain  
The rabbits watch their den through the falling rain  
Wolfs howl in the stinging rain  
The pot maker huddles  
Next to his stove in the rain  
All of the ants crawl away from the rain  
The bats fly very far back into their cave  
Away from the rain  
The lumberjack cuts down the owl's home  
In the rain  
All the birds migrate through the rain  
Everyone applauds in the rain  
The singer sings his last note about the rain.

## Ode To A Mango

My mom bought me this mango  
This juicy  
Juicy  
Mango  
It tastes  
Slightly sour  
Yet extremely  
Sweet  
And tender  
I have to peel away  
The skin  
Then BITE  
BITE  
Into its core  
Taking away a huge chunk  
Of beautiful yellow  
Flesh  
Finally I swallow  
And feel the juice  
Trickle down my throat  
As it fills my stomach  
And I feel finally  
Completely  
Content.



Tile Mosaic

# Milli Woolworth



Acrylic on Canvas

# Paul Tlhuitzo

## Nothing

I don't know how to talk to you  
I don't know how to ask if you're okay  
I don't know how to check up on you  
I don't know if I should  
But my friends tell me to  
I went and I got what I expected  
Nothing



Paper Clay Mask

# Priscilla Vega

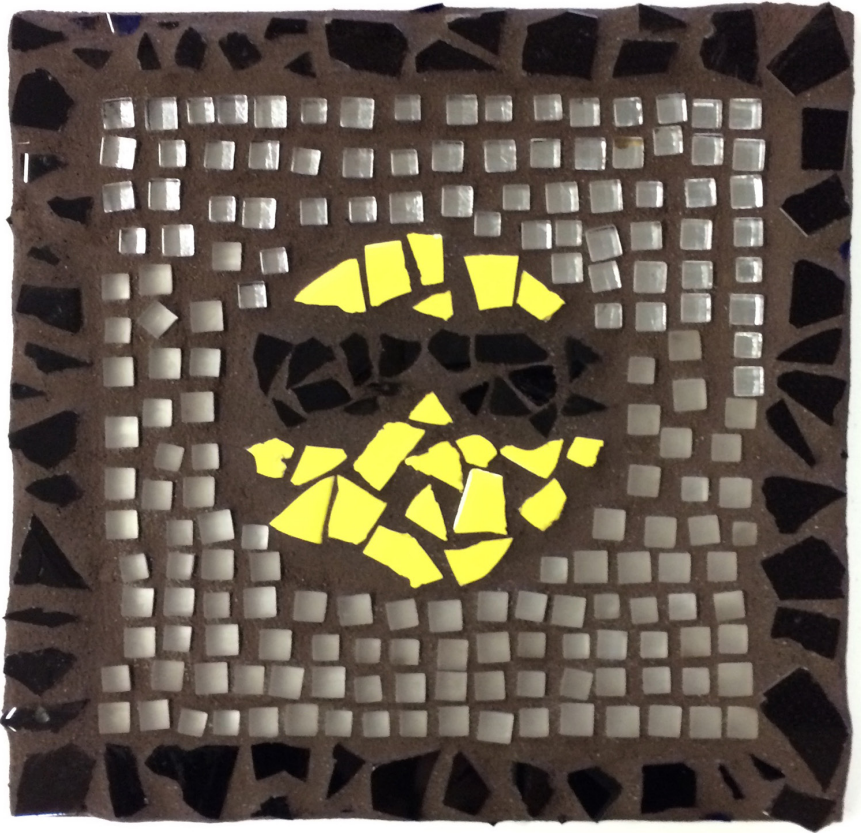


Batik

# Sandra Tlahuitzo

## Wishing

I'm wishing on a star  
I'm wishing on a star  
I'm wishing on a dream  
You were my everything  
but now you're nothing



Tile Mosaic







