



TOURMALINE

VOLUME VII
SPRING 2011

TOURMALINE

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VOLUME VII

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EDITORS:

CAMILA BIAGGI

WINONA WILEY

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THE CREATIVE WRITING CLASS

**ART DIRECTION: WHITNEY BADGETT AND THE
ADVANCED ART CLASS**

FACULTY ADVISOR: CAROLYN COOKE

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ARTWORK

Front Cover: Isley Jones

Joselyn Malik Acrylic 11" x 14" 6

Jennifer Kronk Untitled Mixed Media 8" x 10" 11

Sal Martinez R2 Igloo Spray Paint Stencil 9" x 12" 15

Jennifer Kronk Masking and Duct Tape 8" x 10" 27



CRACKS IN THE PAVEMENT

Lime green suede shoes slap hard against cracked pavement
We are walking
Just walking
She is talking to me
I am ignoring her
I am jumping over the cracks in the pavement
And counting every fifth one
Her shoes slap harder
She glances at me, silent now
She asked me a question
And realized I'm not listening
Pause. Rewind. Press play
Lecture starts over
Now punctured regularly with annoyed glances
To make sure I'm listening
I'm watching her green shoes now
They are hypnotizingly bright
Slap, slap, slap, drip, slap, drip
It is starting to rain
I'm hopping faster over the cracks in the pavement
Her shoes are slapping faster
The rain drowns out all but the shoes.

Roxane Chidlaw

UNTITLED

i built
this heart
with bricks
and wood
i used
no love
maybe
i should
forget
the words
that left
the scars
that broke
the wood
that bent
the bars
i will
rebuild
this heart
with love
so if
it breaks
it falls
above
your own.

Isley Jones

THE BLUES

People who live in the blues are unique. They are like wizards. Whatever they think, they transform into it. But everyone's thinking credential is mostly similar. Music is in everyone's soul. They were born with it. It's in everyone and everywhere and everything. The island is shaped like a guitar. Where they get their water is called string stream. It starts from the village of Guitar Hero and ends at the dangerous hole called Dungeness Hole. The lake next to Dungeness Hole is called the Blue Heron. Before Dungeness hole you'll reach a tropical rainforest called Jazz Forest. Once you enter, you'll find mysterious creatures called the Banjo, Halaka Ukulele, Hermonicowa, and the very rare one is called Voilenestic. The trees are shaped like guitars and some of the trunks are as long as a flute. If you get beyond everything and reach the Disturbed Mountains, then you face the most evil of them all, the Cello. His mind is evil, so no one is ever allowed there. Everyone in the village turns into their favorite instrument when they are born. This is an unusual island and I hope that you will stay away from the disturbed mountains. Thank you and please come again.

Julia Farmer

DWELLER'S ROW

It started as scribbles on my spiral notebook, in the back of 8th grade U.S History class. Though the presidency of James Madison is interesting, we thought it was so boring then. I shared my drawings with you, Alex Walker. And ever since I did, it became so much more. We expanded, revised and created on the yellow bus rides home. Dweller's Row jumped from ideas to words, laws, and pictures. The creation began, bounding between our smiling faces, as we became heroes, our enemies; villains, and responsibility got lost in the black tires and dust.

As you tossed our backpacks on the front stoop, I would kiss my Mama on the cheek, before we ran off to discover the woods behind the house. We didn't know the power of our own minds, the power awakened in the heart of the forest. What we thought had been pretend was real. Whether or not it was the outcome of our make believe games, we'll never know. However, extensive research has shown the world of the Dwellers growing from the earth like weeds, ever since the day we met, until it became as real as warm fingertips in the winter.

By the time we realized our mistake, we were lost. A thicket of blackberry thorns had encircled us, closing us off from the world outside the woods. With a wrought iron gate and a padlock, Dweller's Row had caught us. Walker, you held my hand when the trees began to snore, and the ground began to breathe and rumble. We ran for the clearing that was our safe haven, as vines began to sprout from the pine needles, eight feet and growing, in a matter of seconds.

We never found the clearing, but we found ourselves. Underground. In a burrow, three times Papa's height. We both knew where it led. For after all we'd created it, and all the Dwellers that waited for us inside. Our six-eyed teachers and spineless siblings. Our tentacled school rivals with their shrill jeers. But the vines were crawl-

ing closer and the trees were closing in, so there was no going back. We could only hold tight, and walk deeper into the mouth of Dweller's Row, until the light of the Old World was gone.

Savannah Power



TWO BY PATRICK

CHESS

The game of deception
Strategy, intuition, lies
A monarchy, what chess represents
Or rather the wars between them
Acting on turns – king, queen, knight, bishop
Even the pawn plays its part in death
Death, the end, the end of conscious thought patterns
Or is it, ah who knows, we can't change it.

UNTITLED

The seed,
the sapling,
the tree,
the log,
the saw dust,
the boards,
the product,
the profit.

Patrick Hillscan

EXCEEDINGLY SHORT STORIES

UNTITLED

I wanted to grin, I swear,
but your white, white
smile captivated me,
holding me silent-eyed.

Winona Wiley

UNTITLED

I feel dizzy.
Everything's moving in Jell-o-form.
Look at all the circles- she glances- those are squares.

Joselyn Malik

FINISH LINE

Exactly seventeen
Words????
How the heck
are we
supposed
to finish it?
Oh wait,
I just did.

Camila Biaggi

INSECT

Green body, almost square. Its legs, black needles pointing into the ground. Wings clear like glass, practically invisible. Spherical wondering, wandering eyes. it steps about, planning each move. Searching the nearby surroundings for unknown threats and opportunities. Once it spots something it's off. It flies, flapping those glass wings until it finds a new location, ready to take on the next challenge life throws at it.

Max Hantzsche

SELF-ASSASSINATION

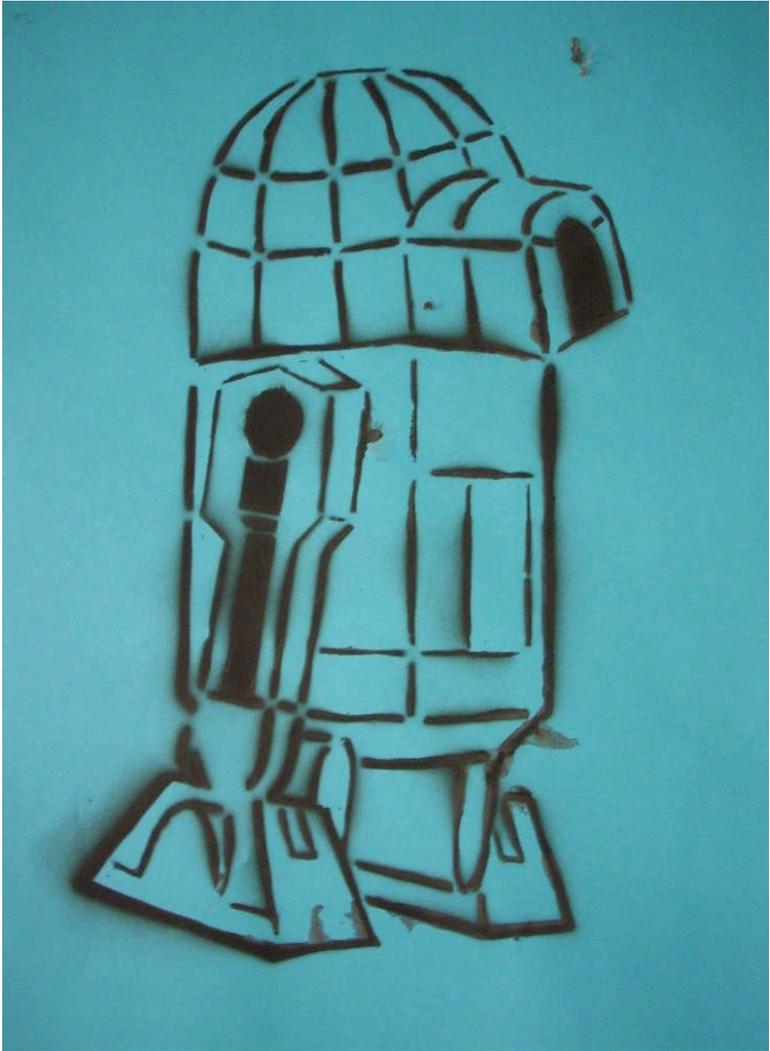
The earth trembles in pain
In a way relieved that the quake has finished
A sort of self-assassination

Max Hantzsche

PUZZLE PIECES

The brain is a puzzle, only a puzzle. Without edge pieces or corner pieces, not a puzzle that only makes one picture, it is a puzzle without a specific shape. A puzzle with endless possibilities, always expanding, painted with an endless array of emotions, events, and thoughts, piled together to create a personality.

Patrick Hillscan



FLOWING DIMENSION

Garcia

Towering bridge

Evil horse flies

There are pulsing rapids

A river of tranquil relaxation

The bridge beckons, left by inhabitants

The hay slithers across the windy plain

Clean water, an afternoon to another dimension, living

See the light explode and light the world, intact

Let the nerves become cold and hydrated, touch the bottom

The water rushes, the muscles hunger, the mind needs a moment

A sphere of light spears into the other side, the water is colder

Skin begins to degrade, a cold sag, the voyage of swimming. Now
over.

Brian Barnes

FOLDED

My life is not generally wrinkled
It has been carefully folded around me
In a cozy nest sheltered from that big bad world out there
Folded carefully by overprotective parents
The folds have been expertly verathaned into place
Adults crowd against the side to keep me
From seeing over the edge of my shelter,
My tiny little world of folds
After my parents were married
They waited six years to have children
I would guess that was to give them time
To plan exactly how to fold my life
Prepare it, lay it out flat,
Iron every little wrinkle out of it
Fold it up higher and higher until it reached the sky
With absolutely no way to get around it
The yellow brick road of my life
Laid out before me
Without a wrinkle or a rumpled edge
My life is safe
My life is boring
My prison of folds shelters me
It is cozy here, with down comforters and fluffy pillows
It is boring here without r-rated movies or junk food.

Roxane Chidlaw

REWIND: A BACKWARDS POEM

What a beautiful day to be with the family. Oh yeah, that felt good. I really have to pee, guys. Oh god, that lemonade is really tasty. That's 50 cents, oh here's a nickel, 20 cents, there's a dime. The change that I have searched for has fallen back into its house of lint where it will fall into a deep, metallic sleep. My mouth becomes dry after the instant tasty solution to this problem is now back into the hands of a little girl who quickly gets back to the hospital to be reborn, reformed, and rethought. Back in Vietnam now, bullets speeding out of their flesh and bone to be stored safely at un harmful speeds in their chamber of death. Listen to the king of rock in the background as you sign up for this sick war.

Jasper Hillier

UNTITLED

And I analyze amazing
By the bottom to the base
Cuz caricatures can't count
Down, down dawning on
Evening, those energy emissions
For flaming, furrowing, frowning and freeing
Giving, gulping, groaning
Hitting your height like
Ice, and I imitate your irritation
Just to jump
Kill, killing kindly
Let me, but please, life, let me
Make my own memories of
No sound, nothing when you
Obliterate her, omit her
Practice perfect forgetting cuz you're
Quite careful when you're quick
Realize though that remembering
Silences their sight, slowly
Take what's left of her time
Unless knowing undignified you
Venom, vermin, you're very
Welcoming when we jumble
Xylophones, x-cross buns and call it a day
You're the youngest, the last
Zipping zions through
Actions of your own.

Morgen Pack

14 TASTES OF SUMMER

Seven sweet peaches
slowly degrading
still and lifeless
in the bottom of a jar

Dust flying through
the sunlight
as fingers brush age
from the windowsill

A single glistening
raindrop
lying delicately
in a crack on the pavement

Rocks floating
inches above
volcanic water

The cracks in your smile
are bared
for all to see

Lips kiss the ground
and knees
hit sound

Rings dance madly
thrown
from lucid hands

Paint cans
smack on
bleeding concrete

thrown
from lucid hands

Paint cans
smack on
bleeding concrete

Small pink spaces
interrupted by white edges
and a pale coral moon

Small white fingers
pinching and grabbing at
tanned arms

A pale brown hair
falling slowly to float
at the edge of
cracking tile

A quick-moving shadow
roaming lost through
the sea of icy stares

A deep red berry
sliced on razor teeth
oh, the taste of summer

The whirl of wings
beating the air
the delicate scent of
honeysuckle

Winona Wiley

THE MEANING OF LOVE

I never thought we would make it
survive this long
You and I
We are opposites
We are the meaning of difference
But...
Maybe that's what it's about
Maybe love isn't about finding someone who's exactly like you
Maybe it's about getting someone different.
Don't you always want to be curious about each other?
Maybe that's the spark that is needed.

Jake Wellman

AVIATORS OF COLOR

I see through the colors of the world.
My brain tells me what I see
like a shaman guiding my path of living.
Endless pixels of matter are activated by the star that feeds us.
We travel through the color of the sight we are fed.
It is everywhere. It is in us. We are part of it as it is part of us.
It is what your nerves illuminate.
Bring forth the beacon in which we all search, every conscious day.
Let there be light...and so we were forged in the elixir of life.
I navigate into the boundless unending invincible aspect we call color.
We are all aviators of what colors we see and are.

Brian Barnes

BREAK ME IN THAT WAY

Don't walk that way
And talk in that way
'Cause I'll mock you that way
And your shock that way?
Will open my eyes that way
And make you wise that way
You'll see through my lies that way
And then your cries that way
Will break my heart.

Camila Biaggi



DREAM

It was quiet except for the soft breeze that rattled the dry branches of the old maple tree. The sky was clear because the wind had blown them west, away. There was no moon, which made the stars seem to fill the sky with brilliance. Lying on the soft moist grass of his backyard was a boy no more than thirteen years old. The boy stared up at the night sky as he watched the stars twinkle with light. The boy often watched the stars. He wondered how they were made, and if each one represented a solar system just like his, but mostly he wondered about life and whether there was any out there in the huge dark realm of the universe. There had to be, he thought. All of these questions fascinated the boy, and he wondered if he would ever get any answers.

Isley M. Jones

UNTITLED

He wasn't like most people. His green eyes seemed to be constantly spitting out bits and pieces of the known and the unknown, which tended to freak people out. He seemed to be known everywhere as "that guy," the one who was always listening and seeing. He had a tendency to catch your eye and then look quickly away in a semi-awkward fashion that made you wonder what he was thinking about. He would do it again and again until you just had to ask what the hell he was looking at. He always replied in an unabashed tone, "You."

He was the type of guy to ask really annoying questions. The kind that made you just want to smack him in the face. For some reason lots of people thought he was cool, endearing even. I just thought he was stupid.

Even my mom hated him. My mom's hatred was hard to earn. She always told me to treat others as you would want to be treated, violence is not the answer...blah blah blah. This didn't seem to be the case with him. We both hated him with a passion; hated the way he walked and talked in his rich stuck up manner; the way he flipped his hair, how his teeth sparkled like diamonds and mostly how confident he was. He acted like he owned the world. I wanted to tell him to shut up, to go to hell, when he started his spiel about how much better he was. Because he was the only one who didn't realize how wrong he was.

Winona Wiley

MORNING CALL

Natives awake
to pounding of drums
and
raise their voices
to block out
the murder of
their rhythm.

Camila Biaggi



ODE TO A PUBLISHED LITERARY COMPOSITION

Hidden by a shield,
a cover
passed on from a sister
I set you aside
I assumed you were
like the others
filled with pages
empty of meaning
till yesterday
by the light of a fire
like dawn in reverse
I lived amongst
your forest of words
and I didn't stop
even to breathe
I left you alone
only to run from the demons
that lurk in the hallways
like blackbirds hiding
in home plate
in the wake of the stars,
I plunged back into your depths
though your pages are dry
I splashed around in a world
much different than my own
Now you are finished
I feel you are lost
and have closed your eyes
forever
It saddens me, to place you
on a shelf
with those that can hardly compare
I'd rather you sit
alone on my carpet,

But I'm growing older
and accumulating my junk
that will become possessions with time
and antiques with years
And there's just not enough room for you on my floor.

Savannah Power



THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PERFECT KISS

My lips, his lips, kissed together
Forgetting how it happened
But loving the moment
Full of people around us
Walking back and forth
Just watching two people
Who care about each other
Water fountain going up and down
Colorful lights on the spotlight
Haven't seen each other in a long time
But getting back where we left off
Standing outside of the theater
In the beautiful starry night
In Long Beach City
Just wishing this moment
Wouldn't end
What a kiss!!!

Johana Gutierrez

THE HIGHEST TREE

Your brown rustic branches are sturdy as metal
I climb and climb
Each of your branches is a story of the past
First branch, when I was first born into this world
Fifth branch, first day of school
Tenth branch, first day of middle school
Fifteenth branch, my first kiss
Twentieth, my first boyfriend
Twenty-fifth, first day of sophomore year
As I keep climbing more of my history shows
Forty, it breaks
I can't go any further
My family tree starts here
All safe and secure in a glossy plastic wrap
To whom do I look for the future?

Julia Farmer

TOURMALINE EN ESPANOL

ODE TO THE TURTLE

Ode to the turtle,
Scaly yet soft,
Never homeless,
Slow, yet patient.
I envy the turtle,
For even when it is lost,
The turtle is right at home.

Isley Jones

ODA PARA LA TORTUGA

Oda para la Tortuga
Escamada pero blanda,
Nunca sin hogar,
Lenta, pero paciente.
Yo envidio a la tortuga,
Aunque esté perdida,
La tortuga está en su casa.

Jennifer Kronk

ODE TO THE INTERNET

You speed by as fast as a bullet
Except here at my house
You bring images up on the screen showing me
The news,
Answers to homework
And brainless things
I while away the hours
Moving the mouse back
And forth
Clicking
Here and there
You are such a distraction!
You are like someone I've noticed who
I can't keep off
My mind

Camila Biaggi

ODA A LA RED

Te vas tan rápida como un balazo
Excepto aquí en mi casa
Tu pones imágenes en tu pantalla, mostrándome
Las noticias,
Soluciones a las tareas,
Y cosas estúpidas
Yo pierdo horas
Moviendo el ratón
Adelante
Y atrás
Cliqueando,
Aquí y allí
¡Tu eres una distracción!
¡No puedo concentrarme en mi tarea!
Tu
Tu eres como alguien que yo no puedo
Quitar de
Mi mente

Isley Jones

ODE TO COLOMBIAN BREAD

You are cheesy, and warm
You are a nugget of gold
You warm my heart
I think of you every day
I love to eat you
I will think of you forever
Colombian Bread

Aaron Sheets

ODA A PAN COLOMBIANA

Eres como queso y calentito
Eres como una pepita de oro
Me calientas el corazón
Piensa en ti todos los días
Me encanta comerte
Pensare en ti siempre
Pan de Yuca

Aaron Sheets

ODA A LA PLAYA

¡Ay, como me encanta la playa!
Tu arena suave,
Debajo de mis pies.
Tu agua fría,
Fresca.
Me calmas,
Me exitas
Siempre cambias.
Siempre te quedas igual.

Elsa Corona

ODE TO THE BEACH

Oh, how I love the beach!
Your sand,
Soft beneath my feet.
Your water,
Cold,
Fresh.
You calm me
You excite me
You're always changing.
You always stay the same.

Elsa Corona

ODA PARA MI PELO

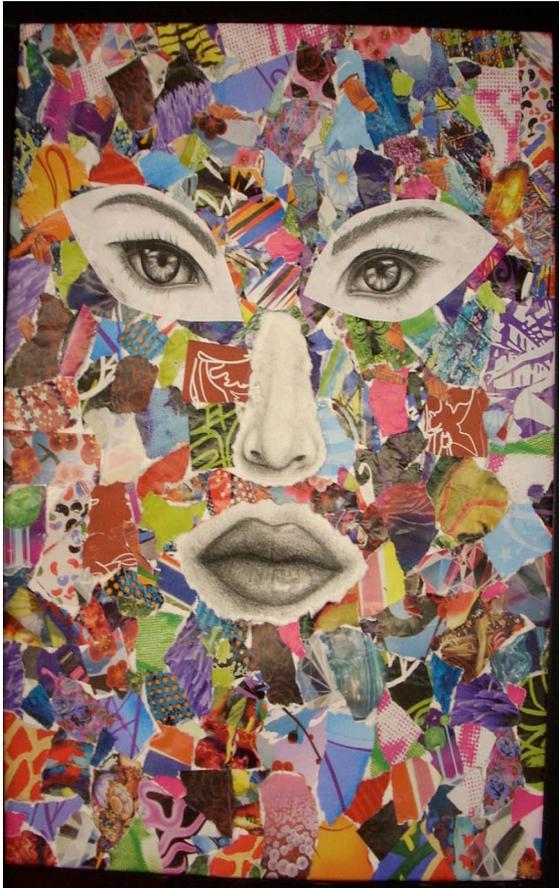
Mi pelo, su lealtad, mi alfombra
Una y otra vez yo te corto sin remordimiento
Te permito caer a la tierra
Yo te barro en la basura
Pero tu siempre vuelves

Salvador Martínez

ODE TO MY HAIR

My hair, its loyalty, my carpet
Once in a while, I cut you off without remorse
I allow you to fall to the floor
I throw you into the garbage
But you always return.

Translated by Camila Biaggi



DEBUSSY

Mi sombra va silenciosa
Por el agua de la acequia.

Por mi sombra están las ranas
Privadas de las estrellas.

La sombra manda a mi cuerpo
Reflejos de cosas quietas.

Mi sombra va como inmenso
Cínife color violeta.

Cien grillos quieran dorar
La luz de la cañavera.

Una luz nace en mi pecho,
Reflejado, de la acequia.

Federico Garcia Lorca

DEBUSSY

My shadow goes silently
Through the stream.

Through my shadow are frogs
Cut off from the stars.

The shadow controls my body
Reflections of calm things.

My shadow goes like an immense
Violet-colored gadfly.

One hundred crickets want to turn
The light of the reeds gold.

A light is born in my chest
Reflected off the stream.

Translated by Callie Babtkis

**THREE GROUP POEMS
WRITTEN AND TRANSLATED
BY BRIAN, ISLEY, MORGEN,
JENNIFER, CALLIE, SAL, AND
ELSA**

EN LA NOCHE

El oso pelirrojo
Y el pajarito rubio
Cantaban en la noche
Debajo de las estrellas,
Pero nadie los oye.

Cuando el sol sube,
Ellos se van a dormir.
Pero, cuando llega la noche
Ellos bailan debajo de la luna
Y el mundo entero los ve.

IN THE NIGHT

The red-haired bear
And the blonde bird
Sang in the night
Under the stars
But, no one hears them.

When the sun rises
They go to sleep.
But when the night comes
They dance beneath the moon
And the whole world sees them.

EL RELOJ

El reloj hace tic-tac muy alto
En el silencio profundo de
La madrugada.

Suena a trueno,
El reloj
Psicodélico en la mente.

Un reloj es mi oxígeno.
Necesito mi reloj para sobrevivir
Porque yo soy el tiempo.

THE CLOCK

The clock tick-tocks loudly
In the profound silence of
Dawn.

It sounds like thunder,
The clock,
Psychedelic in the mind.

A clock is my oxygen.
I need my clock to survive,
For I am Time.

EL VIENTO

El viento es fuerte y frío
Como la lluvia

El viento chifla por los arboles
Lleva la canción de la esperanza
Que el invierno ha regresado.

THE WIND

The wind is strong and cold
Like the rain

The wind whistles through the trees

It carries the hope
That winter has returned

LECCION UNDECIMA (RANA COMUN)

Ella sabe el secreto del estanque
Y lo dice en la noche. Es verde y fría
Como la menta, pero late siempre.

Es quizás el corazón de los paisajes
Nocturnos, ese cósmico paisaje
Que siente detrás de la cerrada
Ventana, que se ciñe lentamente
A la casa cuando da el reloj las doce:

Paisaje sin color, bajo relieve
Horadado en bloque de la noche
Por el chillido en punta de la rana...

Dulce María Loynaz

LESSON ELEVEN (COMMON FROG)

She knows the secret of the pool
And she tells it in the night. It's green and cold,
Like mint, but always beating.

Maybe in the heart of the landscape
At night, that cosmic scene,
That feels as if it's behind a closed
Window, slowly surrounds the house when the clock strikes midnight.

Land without color, low relief
Drilled into the block of the night
The cry is pointed out by the frog.

Translated by Elsa Corona

LECCION DECIMOCTAVA (OSO PARDO)

EL Oso baila, baila y baila
Baila un fox-trot bajo la luna
De la esquina.

El Oso baila co su traje
De lentejuelas y su gorro.

El Oso baila; el hombre toca
el organo.

El Oso baila; el odio baila
En los ojos
Del Oso...

El hombre toca el organo;
Toca... todavia.

Dulce Maria Loynaz

LESSON EIGHTEEN

The bear dances, dances, and dances;
Dances a fox trot under the corner of the
Moon.

The bear dances in his suit
Of sequins and his hat.

The bear dances; the man plays
The organ.

The bear dances; the hate dances
In the eyes
Of the bear...

The man plays the organ
Plays... still.

Translated by Callie Babtkis

SLAM AND SPOKEN WORD POEMS

THE UNKNOWNNS

The	They	they	and
Unknownns	use	use	they
Use	old spice	snuggies	use
Shamwow	to	to	carbohy-
drate			
To	make	hide	to
Clean	their	from	feed
Up	cranium	their	their
Their	smell	pixel sized	pet
Galaxy	nice	arch enemies	ayatollah
Flooded			
With			
Paprika			

Jasper Hillier

TWO BY KAYLA

SMILE

You know they're kidding
Watch them laugh
Chin up, don't look down

Protect your last strength
Just keep walking
Smile, don't frown

Let him yell
You don't hear him
Chin up, don't look down

Let the beauty
Sting your eyes
Smile, don't frown

Save your tears
You'll need them later
Chin up, don't look down

Loosen up
Smooth your stride
Smile, don't frown.

SATISFYING CENTER

Why are you so difficult?
When I stab my nails into your bright skin
You squirt sour acid into my face
Why is it so hard to get to your satisfying center?
When I try to peel you back
You still manage to be coated with annoying white fuzz
Why does your tart taste fill my mouth so deliciously?
But when I bite into your juicy heart
You are so worth it.

Kayla Jones

TWO POEMS BY CELESTE VANABRAMS

TOURETTE'S

Blank stares as white as paper
Eyes glazed over
Lids as a dam keeping shards of salty glass from escaping
Rosy rolling hills
Turned upright with rock hard laughter
A light of scattered memory beams across
A ricochet into a dark cell
Hills start to bleed and clear winds set in
Go to your blackest place
Estuaries on faces
Peace sets in
The rage erased from this paper

COUNTING THE MILES

My feet have miles built into them
Every step breaks my record
Every minute breaks my time
Burning coal
Soft moss
Desert sand
And broken glass
All faded by the strong, the weary, the young, the old
Anyone can do it
Across the earth
Dragging of tired boots and beads of sweat
But never stopping to count the miles

TWO BY DELILAH CORONA

HIS SMILE IS A WORK OF ART

His smile is a work of art
He finds a way to break my heart
Every time he looks at me
I panic and pretend to sneeze
only to lead me back to the start

Begin at the end forget the start
He will only tear me apart
He's so hard to resist he doesn't see
His smile is a work of art

They tried to warn me right from the start
That he would only break my heart
Run as fast as you can, just leave
Hazel eyes blind you so you cannot see
The pain, he leads you to a broken heart
Still,
His smile is a work of art

ANOTHER BROKEN HEART

Place a heart in 2 ounces of your acid love
Smile once then say their name
Show off
Add an inch of lies to that trust
Then strain out the leftover love
At the bottom of the pot
Replace with tears
Take out and let cool until the false love is realized
Serve on top of lost hope
Top with a sprinkle of emotionless reaction
Place on your self of lonely victory
There you have it
Another broken heart

TWO BY ADELA MARTINEZ

MOMMY DEAREST

You need to stop worrying
When you worry I worry
We become a big worry soup
Full of nutritious arguments
Our cooked thoughts and brimming tears
I'm not hungry
And you hate soup
You think he'll follow in my brother's footsteps
He doesn't have feet
And the footsteps are buried in my actions
Let me tell you the future
If you ever want to sleep at night
Maybe it's too late
They get bored
Just wait for him to grow
Look at me
Listen to him
Let it be beautiful

ZOMBIES

Hoes strut by the peeling laundromats
White go-go boots clicking as their curvaceous hips sway
Back and forth just like the summer grass that grows between
The cracking sidewalk
Innocence flees through their tightly sewn weaves
Two Mormon boys strapped to the bicycle helmets
High waters well intact I watch them scurry
Parallel
Vallejo's finest homeless
Trudging on
Shopping carts full
A filthy five-dollar fee
Headed to the rundown Mervin's
Only to pay the king
Indian cuisine keeps me hopeful
All stomachs empty
I dread the summers

THE PORTAL

I'm flawed, mom
It's my body, mom
It doesn't work
and you can't make it.
The effort is wasted.
This time
I can't close the portal,
keep away the emotional questions.
The looks.
It's a work in progress.
I. Have. No. Cure.
They didn't make one,
I wonder if they want to.
If there's a God mom,
he hasn't heard my prayers, mom.
For that matter, neither have you.
I'm trying mom,
I swear to you.
But this organ is broken.
I can't force it with a
rude innuendo, or,
angry look.
I'm sorry mom, I can't.

Camila Biaggi

