

TOURMALINE
THE LITERARY MAGAZINE
OF THE PACIFIC COMMUNITY CHARTER HIGH SCHOOL



VOLUME VIII
SPRING 2012

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The Tourmaline Staff gratefully acknowledges the support of
the Redwood Coast Educational Foundation
The Arena Technology Center
California Poets in the Schools
California Arts Council
Cheryl Rhodes

and PCCHS Director Yolanda Highhouse
without whom almost nothing would be possible.

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Untitled, Anaise Ronne, Ink on Silk

UNTITLED

I warm your skin
I keep the soil fresh
I enlighten the bats
I give opportunity
I reach out to gods
I have a father
Each morning you wake
I'm waiting for you to come out
When its night I get sad
I'm highest at noon

Andres Aceves

THE SEED

the bonsai tree
teaches me strength
in delicate beauty

groundedness in roots

it teaches me
that size means nothing

the nip of its dying limbs
renews, reminding me
that change is constant
and should be accepted

the bonsai knows
that the more gnarled and twisted
its branches become
the more cherished it is
I am the seed

Remi Alexander

ADOLESCENCE

It's like this flash of red
and you fall down
shins first
a table of elbows
crying out
but you don't fall flat
you sprawl
awkwardly
you take up too much space
and sometimes you remember
to get up quick
but you're always too slow
and you always fall again
snaking, spiraling
all fingers and a thick waist
your eyes squint
you ask a lot of questions
and never get answers
you're hopeful;
because your eyes are still tender
green shoots
sprouting up
leaves catching sunshine
there's so much to see
and yet
you're hardened
you've seen the view when you fall
you know your eyes are naive
you want to shove them
back into the ground
let them grow for a bit longer
but they won't listen and you cry out
when they hit the light
because
it's so much

Morgen Pack



Untitled, Patrick Hillscan, Masking Tape

UNTITLED

The mingles that you didn't get
Juices of various vegetables clearing your tubes
Breaking of tradition against your will and healing the older
generations.
Stuffy hotel rooms,
Stuck with the scabs and the complaints,
All night insomnia
Constant text messages to back home,
asking how we are,
Did we win our game,
Well here are some things you missed
Freezing mornings, frost crunching the grass,
We won some games,
A particularly wide tree this year,
Our yearly holiday trip to foggy San Francisco,
Hope to see you before Christmas. Love you.

Celeste Van Abrahms



Untitled, Morgen Pack, Charcoal and Pencil

REMEMBER ...

Remember the rain,
remember the sun.

Remember the lightning and the thunder,
remember the surrounding trees, and remember the cool
breed.

Remember the land remember the house,
remember the hate,
remember the love.

Remember the feelings,
remember the conflicts, remember the fights,
Remember your separation,
remember your exit.

Evan Arana

YUBS (AGE 10)

A nickname never forgotten
He embraces the definition of laziness
Demanding pancakes, was never so easy
His persona, a vibrant mixture of blacks, and grays
A gloomy little fella, at the best of times
His hilarity comes from deep with in
A gift learned from the future him
I see his potential
He's smart, and he knows what's up
At times I long to squish his face, yet I refrain
Because, well, I love him
He's my stinking little brother
What's not to love?

Adela Martinez

THAT'S RIGHT MARCUS, I CAN DO IT TOO

The Frisbee leaves my hand
Towards the wall to the right
it goes
It is a speeding bullet
curving to the left as it goes
Narrowly missing the wall
it swings back over
Like a train with no brakes
it yells out
"I think I can I think I can!"
Still barreling across the room
with a greater curve than ever
the Frisbee smashes through the hoop
A perfect swoosh.

Max Hantzsche



Untitled, Adela Martinez, Colored Pencil

COFFEE GRINDER

Abruptly and without warning
The coffee grinder whirs to life
Small lemon sized motor
Spinning the blades at a tremendous rate
Each one tearing the tiny seeds without mercy
Only to stop when not but ashes remain

Patrick Hillscan

THE BLANKET

I am the one who holds you close
When you feel alone
I cover you
Making sure you always feel safe and secure
You hold me close at night
Your arms wrapped tightly around mine

Your insecurities are mine to share
I'm the only one who has seen you at your all
Hate
Love
Tears
and shame

You never want to leave me in the morning
Holding me closely as you get pulled out of bed
Still,
Sentimental value?
I'm last on your mind

Last one to be thought of
Yet I'm always here in your times of need
I never complain when you let them sleep between us
Separating us, yet we still are close

You kick me off the bed
But still
I'll always be here when you wake up

Delilah Corona

UNTITLED

the forked stick,
jabs into jet puff,
creamy marshmellow,
like a key into a lock.

the stick then lowers,
over the licking flame,
like a man baiting a fish,

the marshmellow turns to goo,
the exteriors crips,
turns into a golden brown,
the stick rotates some more,

before long,
the whole casing,
is golden,
holding a melted inside,
until the stick rises,
and the golden encased goo,
goes down the hatch

Henry Power

LANDSCAPE POEM

The sun is rising.
The moon is setting.
What was dark is now light.
The birds start to sing.
The grass is shining with droplets of water.
The day has just begun.

Markus Allard



Untitled, Gioia Warnock, Gouache

LA SALADITA

Step onto La Saladita
The waves were twisting and falling
Like an uncoordinated boy in P.E.
I grasp my blue soft-top long board
And set a bare foot into the vast blue sea
Butterflies crashing against the sides of my stomach

As I paddled out, the distance between
The white sand bottom and me grew
My heart was pumping just like the waves I was intruding on
But I was ashamed to say so

The first wave of the set
Sent me upward over the peak of the salt water mountain
Dreading the moment when I had to embrace what I came
here to do.
Surf.

The second wave came at me like a sandstorm made of liquid
Pushing me over the edge and forcing my board downward
Fear pulsed through my body
A stream of saltwater rushed up my nose

As I came up, I coughed and tasted salty waves
Immediately paddling in
Never to be visiting that feeling again.

Celeste Van Abrams

A GIFT FOR EVAN

Evan is 8:30 p.m.

He is an avocado because he looks like one

He is an ugg because he is furry

He is the song of my life because it sounds like lalala

Bronze is Evan

He is a Dodge truck because he is hefty

He lives in the 1970's because he is stylish

Pop is his sound

He is often smiling like a man

He is like a baby whale

He is violet like the sky

Andres Aceves

SHORT, WITH FIERY INSIDES

short, with fiery insides
small black stones rattle within your guts
when your round in my hands, you twist with pain
snowing black flavor across my meal
your touch is aversive
but delicious

Adela Martinez



Untitled, Remi Alexander, Colored Pencil



Untitled, Celeste Van Abrams, Charcoal

UNTITLED

A rain of limes fall down upon him.
Eyes attacked by lies of their owners.
The bubblegum like persona I
ongingly stuck to the challenges
of wear and tear.

Max Hantzsche

MILK & HONEY

as the clock struck twilight,
the forest tucked under,
speckled heads nestled into shadows,
the breeze,
a humble shush, calming ever tick of day,
all movement and worry, melting into sweet slumber,
the creek took its time,
a trickle, little legs at ease,
croaking,
happy dreams

Adela Martinez

UNTITLED

You are slimy
You are stinky
But your cleanliness surpasses
all textural flaws
You fight off infection
like a cougar eating a gazelle
I rub you between my fingers
Like a rosary
Praying that you diminish
each bacteria infested fingernail
I'm addicted to you

Andres Aceves



Untitled, Gioia Warnock, Charcoal and Pencil

THE FIGHT

Hot Desert
Clean Shoes
Casino Floors
Bright Lights
Title Fight
Ring Girls
Knockout Punch
Vegas Baby!

Arrow Van Abrams



Untitled, Roxanne Childaw, Acrylic

DEAR BABY JESUS

You are two feet high but so sinful.
You are the sun of the solar system,
the fire of my heart.
You are an old worn out shoe
that has been over prayed to.
You live in the sky above the influence
of drugs except that time at the theater.
Wasted, lost and beer in hand you were.
I was there to catch your fall.
To guide you in the right direction,
I sent you to better hands
for I could not take care of a baby.
I have never met a baby that was expected
so much from pole to pole
millions of people putting
their future in your hands.

Evan Arana

I'M SORRY ABOUT THOSE THINGS I SAID BEFORE

I'm sorry about those things I said before
There are other things I could have left you to remember me by
I'm sorry I treated our love like a burden
One day I hope you realize
I'm sorry about those things I never said

I'm sorry life got in the way
maybe we'll be less busy people someday
Maybe when high school is over
You'll return into my life

I've always hated thinking too much
but lately I don't really care because
You're the one I'm always thinking of

I wrote you this poem because
You told me it's never too late to forgive
I hope its not too late to apologize because,
I'm sorry for the things I never said

Delilah Corona

THE SOUND

I am the sound
that makes our chest shake
the pounding of feet on the floor
teaches me to keep beating
small moving lights twirl around the room
encouraging people to move
sitting in the back
I educate knees to bounce
I am the vibration, the vibration
in the concrete when a car goes by
rattling your bones
and etching a sketch in your mind
I am the sound of a rainbow
utter silence
teaching us to dream
while we're awake
I am the sound
that makes your chest shake

Celeste Van Abrams Grade

HIDDEN AMONGST THE PINES

I am the golden chanterelle, waiting to become palatable
Tediously growing,
Neglected by the sleeping girl,
I will suffice,
You know my earthy tones, gentle ruffle, as if by heart

The forest jubilantly wrinkled my brain
Teaching me to intertwine with what is presented effortlessly
Focus, on the breeze, the sunlight
The melody of living

The poised rain, wholeheartedly, recuses me from deprivation
Nourishing my stem, helping my love explode, caring for all
flaws, the jawbone, the crooked eye

The sunlight, a wise old friend, an endless amount of encouragement
I treasure it's beauteous language, thoughtfulness,
I look up to her,
Though still, here I wait, hidden beneath the somber pines

Adela Martinez



Untitled, Kayla Jones, Altered Book

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