

Tourmaline

The Literary Arts Magazine
of The Pacific Community Charter High School

Volume XII
2015-16

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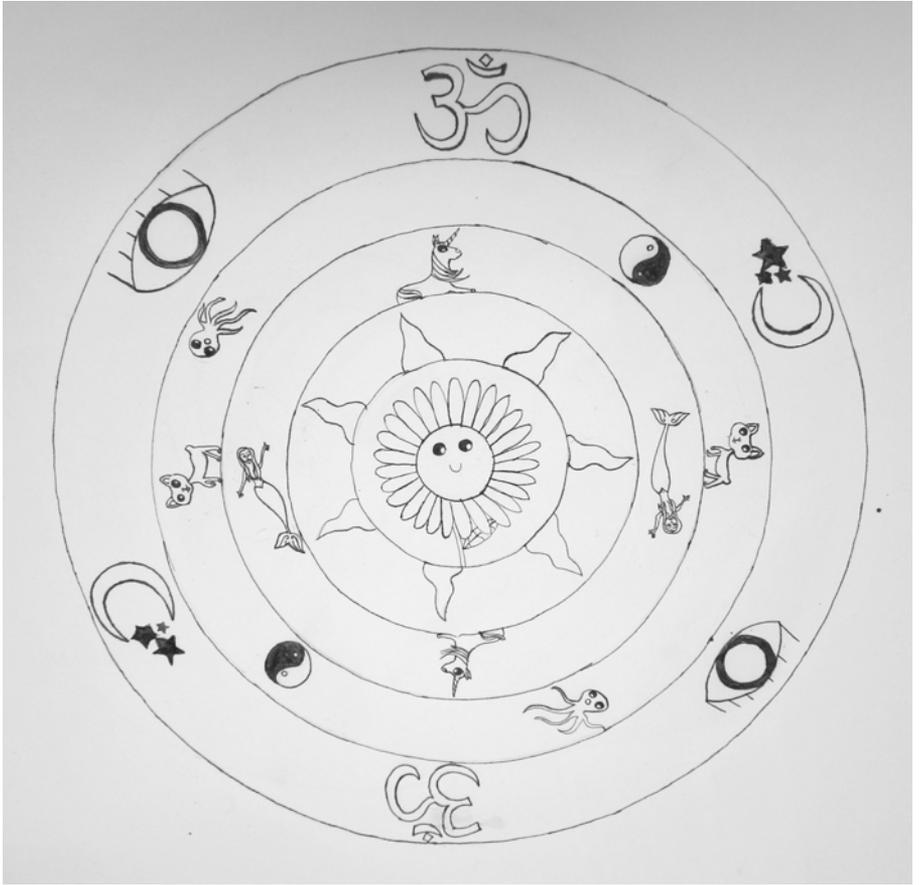
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It takes a team!

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Iris Hand

Contents

- 6, Sal Martinez
- 8, Cande Gaona
- 10, Darren Gonzales
- 11, Iris Hand
- 12, Natasha Higuera
- 14, Jake Hutcheson
- 15, Liam Ignacio
- 17, Victoria Ignacio
- 19, Milli Johnson
- 21, Nick Kerttula
- 23, Brett Luther
- 25, Abby Okubo
- 27, Fionn Roberts
- 29, Zariah Smith
- 30, Ben Theron
- 31, Sandra Tlahuitzo
- 33. Priscilla Vega

Sal Martinez

Graveyard Shift

I'm the only one
that's living in this barn house casino
of soulless, mindless, almost human,
slot machines,
with a freezer kicking on-
kicking off,
motorized money symbols
turning and squealing
as if opening and shutting
the gates of a cemetery.
There's usually music
like Lady Gaga or some other
tunes blasting from the black ceiling
but I turned it down.
I usually watch TV shows
like Drugs Inc. or Mr. Pickles,
but it seems appropriate
to mute the images
and empower a voice.

The other guys who work
the graveyard shift
have told me that ghosts
walk among the lonely.
I have yet to taste their horror,
hear whispers calling out hey,
witness a floating white mist,
taps on the shoulder,
bangs on a wall, although
I do grow wary at times.

Co-workers ask on occasion
if I had ever seen things
during the graveyard shift.
I tell them no...
maybe it's because
they're not much for scaring
poets since poets
already fight and spray blood
of their ghost to the page.

Sal Martinez is a proud citizen of the Manchester/Pt. Arena Band of Pomo Indians. He has work published in two (In)Visible Project anthologies through *Memoir Magazine*, has work published online free-to-view at Misfit Magazine, and two poems "Dayshift of a Special Kind" and "Native Americana" published in *Red Indian Road West*. A public speaker and poet, he is also an administrator of a Facebook group titled "Pda Hau! Not the Garcia River!" in support of the name change of the Garcia River for the purpose of Native identity and awareness, and has brought the attention of implementing Washington's Native history curriculum to his community; that seeks to teach students the fundamentals of multi-culturalism and Tribal Sovereignty. He currently works as a Security Guard at the Garcia River Casino, and currently resides in Pt. Arena, CA with his wife and family.

We thank Sal Martinez for participating as our guest poet and contributing "Graveyard Shift" from his collection Stroke of the Hummingbird to this edition of Tourmaline.

Cande Gaona

Dish Soap Bubbles

There is a certain smell of soap
Childhood evenings
That remind me of the bubbles
coming in and out of this world

The freedom it gives us
nothing remains
but the particles in the air
Where the rainbows were once beheld





Brain Capability

Fascinating, my hand is
writing on
this blank piece of
paper
Interesting, our brain remembers
these
sounds and symbols to
create words in
which we
use to communicate

Darren Gonzales

That One Teacher

I walk into the room
The enthusiasm drops
The students all await doom
The teacher teaching, being politely rude
The students notice, hating this dude
The teacher argues for no reason
The students try to reason
The teacher reluctant to listen
The students get a lunch detention

SO Sorry for not having
a poem idea

I'm soooo sorry
for not making a relation
or not bringing forth any information
I have nothing
No ideas for this creation
So it's cool if there is no
Appreciation

Iris Hand



Worldstar

I am sorry to say
I laughed at you when you fell
Watching the skateboard slide
Out from under your feet
When you hit that rock
And kept laughing because
We got it on video
It was really funny
to see you on the ground

Natasha Higuera

Oh, Sweet Lavender

Oh, sweet lavender
Remind me of my Mother—
Caring and Loving
almost like a personal Nurse.

That sweet and invading smell—
Small drops, rubbed around my
Temples and poured into
the Warm bath.

No other smell rises so many
Childhood memories like
The Sweet Lavender scent

When around, my mother Always
Pops to mind.
Lavender has always been
Kind to Me.

A Furry Person

You won my Heart
from the moment I laid my eyes on you.
Those Big shiney Eyes—
Captivating as the Morning Sky
With your Silky long Ears,
and with your doggy talking—
Especially when you cry of joy the moment I walk
in the door.

The Joy you bring me could last more than
3 Life Times!
You have become my family.

Your soft and delicate kisses
have cleared my Face after Storms came to
town—
And you have been my heater and medicine
through
the Winter.

For that and so much more, To Me
You are my favorite, Furry Person.

Jake Hutcheson

Ice Rink

I'm sorry
that I used dish soap
to clean up
the kitchen floor
but that was the only thing
closest
plus it would be nice
to have an ice
rink inside.

Constant Conflicts of Comfort

The defining noise
of the RING, RING, BEEP, BOOP
of the alarm
goes all through
the west coast
the rain which tempts you
to lay down.
Constant conflicts of comfort
and responsibility calls

Liam Ignacio

Paper Cut

I bought myself a new book
It looked pretty good.
679 pages in total
Though the pages were supposedly dull,
Says the sticker on the cover
I somehow managed to get...
A papercut

Wow what a feeling
The feeling of blood gushing out of me
My life flashing before me like a storm of
memories
Thinking, *Why did I get this book???*
Losing consciousness, *no*
I'm dying
I see the light!
The light is real!

A raging crimson river
gushes from me
I'm bleeding out just like
SPOILERS
Jon Snow
Now I know, I should've bought the book
On my kindle.

Broken

I let you into my life
Even though you mentally abused me
For your own amusement
I still forgave you
But you did it anyway

I saw your figure
In a white void
As you started to disintegrate
I ran to grab your hand
After I grabbed it
I realized it wasn't there
And neither were you

You're a fragment of
My memory
Only to be shattered in time
I'm done
Goodbye.



Victoria Ignacio

I am I was

I am one piece that is a part of a broken mirror.
I was Victoria. I don't remember much of her,
but I hold
the memories in my hand, like sand. The tighter I hold,
the more I lose.
You may know who I am, but to myself I am, I am a stranger.
I was empty with a head full of hope,
wanting to touch the soft glow of the stars,
but I forgot where I stood.
I was, and still am,
an illusion of what others want me to be.
And in trying to please others,
I've lost myself in the process.

Final Goodbye

Our eyes meet
A smile starts to appear on your dashing face
Happiness is what I read on your expression, but
under your eyes
full of soft lies, I see regret.

We are only a few feet away from each other,
but it feels like miles as we take steps towards one
another.

I start to fluster, my hands become clammy, my
heart starts to race,
and heat travels to my face.

Arms reaching out in a slight desperate fashion
Your body collides with mine.
We sink into one another, as if one of us is
imagined.

Resting my head on your shoulder,
my eyes stream tears of sadness, relief and regret.
Relief because I'm with you, regret for when I have
to let go.

Holding each other tightly
to make up for the years that we will miss.

After we say our last and final goodbye.

Milli Johnson

Eternity

Life is short
while death is an eternity
everything is created
because it has a purpose
some die for reasons no one will be able to explain
but life is short
so go out and live it
while it lasts
because nothing lasts forever.





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Milli Johnson

Nick Kerttula

The Concrete Jungle

The Amazon,
flowing vines wrap around gargantuan towers
of nature.

Bugs bigger than dinner platters
zoom overhead, all seeming to want
something, all heading to one location:
the promontory cubes.

The monkeys, the birds, the arthropods
swirling, gathering around the vibrant
monoliths. awaiting their succession.

They tarry their time in wait for
the life giving liquid.
The dark brown, succulent,
sweet elixer that is:

Starbucks coffee.

Life Is Pointless

Amongst the billions of billions of stars, we float.
a ball of heat coated with a fresh layer of little smiling
creatures
that love and hate,
that breathe and eat their home.
encircling an orb of far higher mass and energy,
which, in turn,
follows an even greater path.
This non-thinking
sphere of flames
does not care where it goes,
nor what follows it.
In this cosmic plane,
there is an omniscient being who sees all
and feels all,
it knows who we are
and does not interpose on our actions.
It does not care whether we or the other life that inhabits
the universe thrive
or perish.
No one is perfect,
no one lives forever;
In the end, no one will remember that you existed.
Now please, brush your teeth and go to bed.

Brett Luther

What are we anyway?

Maybe we're a
Hopeless breed
Maybe we weren't meant for greatness
Maybe we're heavens greatest mistake
And hells worse nightmare
Greed is our pride
Negligence is our reward
Destruction is inevitable
This is our only salvation

Life Is Here To Die

Life spoke to me
For what felt like eternity
He took my hand
And we went on our way
He told me of his struggle
Of his pains and no gains
How death is coming for all
We passed so many
Living his beautiful lie
Kids at play
Men on their way
Woman in bed pushing hope into play
We finally stopped at a beach
With blood pouring into the reef
Life turned to me
Then down in defeat
And turned to the bay
With grief
And no signs of relief
I looked down without a sound
Watching water trickle over our feet
Life began to cry
Stated his love
And said his goodbyes
We sat in each other's arms to celebrate creation
For tonight was the night
Death would be storming
With domination

Abby Okubo

Cards

I treat friendship like a card game
selectively picking up and
putting down
discarding the ones I no longer want
or need
to fill my greed

with my fingers that are matches
I play with people like paper
fingertips guide my
twisted apathetic nature
along the edges of the paper

I put you down
but oh, don't worry
I'll pick you up again but in no hurry
only when I want you
or when you help me thrive

but otherwise,
you're just a card in a pile
and I'm just a player with a poker face
and a crooked smile



Fionn Roberts

We Live Life to the Fullest Even when There Is Nothing Left

We go through our existence as parasites.
We take and take while giving nothing in return.
We eat our fill from our host.
We ignore her protest and continue breeding and thriving.
We slowly kill and bathe in our mother's blood.
We will continue living to the fullest
even when there is nothing left.



Forgiveness within Idleness

Please forgive my acts of inaction.
I apologize for my wish of sitting and sleeping.
For my longing for lying and dozing.
My absolute disregard to the prospect of working and toiling.
Just the thought sends my blood boiling.
Please forgive my laziness.
But that couch is far too much of a temptress.

Zariah Smith

The Roy Toy

The roy toy with his board bigger than 10,000 trees
positioned past the farthest peak
his purple helmet orange board
screaming down the face
with his terex left arm and fanning right arm
roy hopping 10,000 feet in the air
better not go
watch out for the board
falling uncontrollably from 10,000
feet in the air.

Ben Theron

“Importance”

I am sorry
I have no poem
To write.

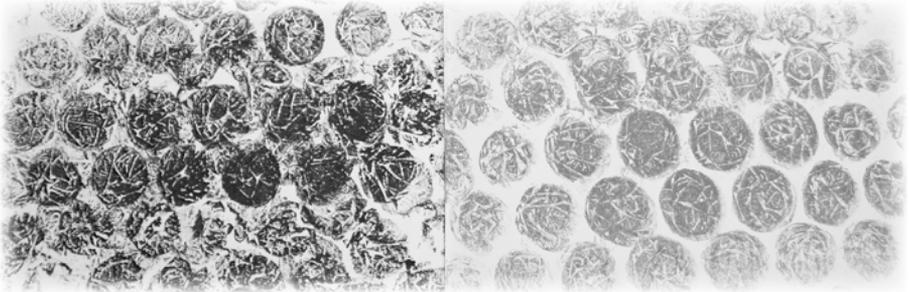
I am also sorry
You had to
Read this

Although I don't
Regret
It, I need some
Points.

Sandra Tlahuitzo

Expensive

You seem more expensive than a boat
The black on you is darker than a stormy night
The purple is brighter than a light
The white is more white than bleach
140 dollars that's more than a phone
I thought I needed you more than anything in the world
But now that I got you I don't really care
I love you but you are so expensive
But I will always buy the newest Jordans





Priscilla Vega





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