

# Tourmaline

The Literary Arts Magazine  
of The Pacific Community Charter High School

Volume XII  
2015-16

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**The Tourmaline Staff gratefully acknowledges the support of**  
The Arena Technology Center  
California Poets in the Schools  
California Arts Council  
Mendocino Office of Education

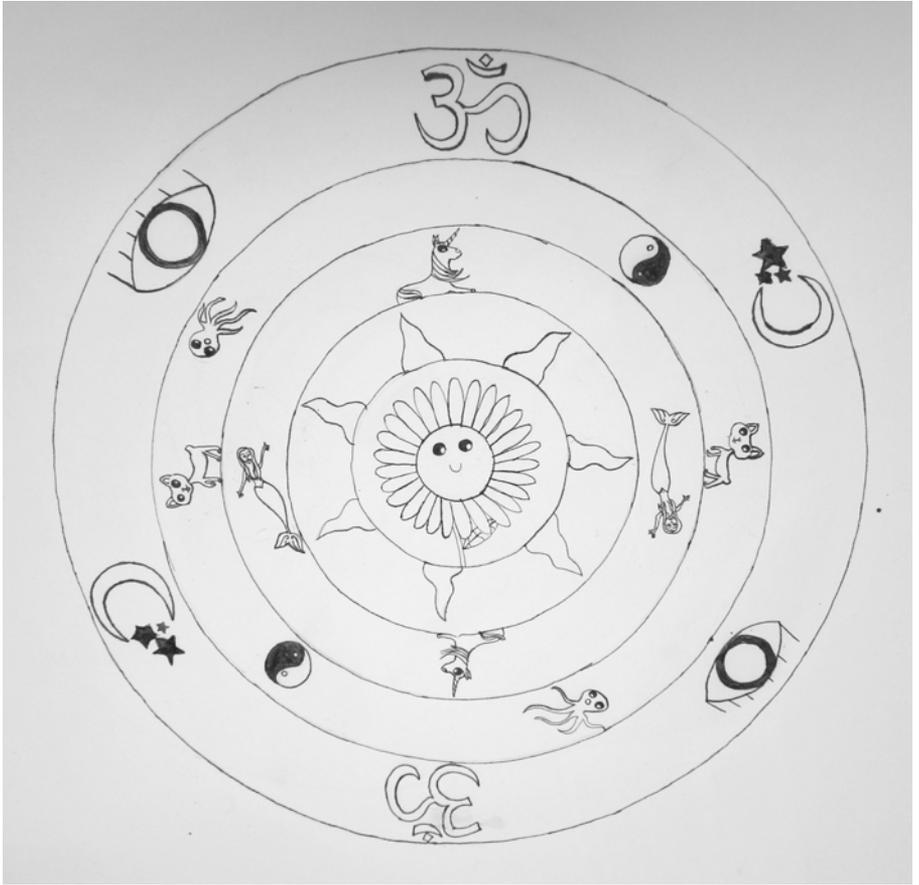
and PCCHS Director Yolanda Highhouse  
PCCHS Art Teacher Sarah Meyers  
CPITS Poet Teacher Blake More  
PCCHS Editorial Staff Liam Ignacio, Brett Luther, Abby Okubo  
and the PCCHS student body  
It takes a team!

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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.

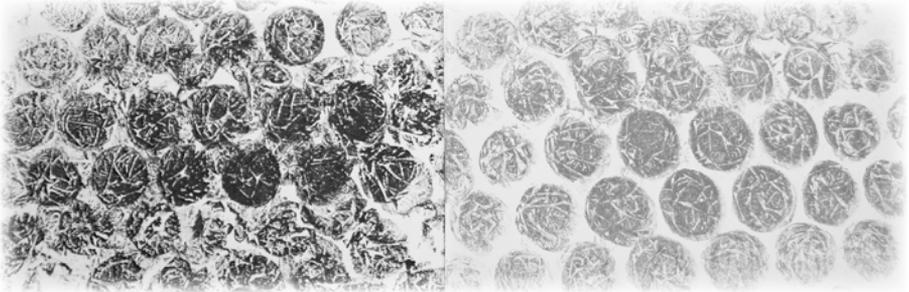
I am also sorry  
You had to  
Read this

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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