



WELKIN

-Noun, Chiefly Literary. The Sky, The Vault of Heaven

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Internal and External Wars in My Mind

The thought of this war brings me anxiety.

I cannot fathom the amount of people dying.

Russia is a bull that cannot be tamed.

No one believed the news, yet they came.

War swarms in my mind like a flock of birds.

Why would anyone think to do it? It's absurd.

Mistreatment of Ukraine is draining my brain.

Unfortunate bodies dropping like heavy rain.

It is a dream to fall asleep at night.

Without worries of fright or a significant fight.

Maybe I should close my feed.

Still, insomnia fills me.



There has to be a shimmer of hope,

Out in this wilderness.

A calling of a prayer in this dystopian mess.

Is it all just for profit or something deeper?

The truth lies unknown.

Yet I would bleed to see her.

The reason for this misery,

To me, it is such a mystery.

I'm looking forward to a future,

Where there is no winner or loser.

-Cole Williams

Art: Dawson Sarcona

The Cat



I see the same cat
every day,
Who peeks through
the high window.
His eyes cling harshly
to mine,
As if I were an
irresistible story.
While from the other
side,
I see a deprivation of
instinctual desire,
A taste of fresh spring
grass

And newly bloomed violet,
Vernal ponds and roaring bonfires.
All which he views through a glass divider.

Poem by Lillianna Wallace

Well past twelve on a Winter's night

In the basement of a childhood friend's home

Laid on the couch, no light in the room

Exhausted from the long day

Exchanging half-awake nonsense words

With my friend laid nearby me

Laughing as we blather on

Slowly drifting off to slumber

Realizing how lucky I am

To have a friend so dear

- Aidan Schietzblatt



Art: Nicole Pickens

I Don't Like Lemonade

When life gives you lemons make lemonade, and then you'll get aid, that's what they said...

And that sounds fine enough, make do when it's tough, sift through the rough until you do have enough and you can make something else...

Something else

Something else, but what if you still have some left,

what if you cannot adapt,

what if you feel like you've snapped

cause it doesn't seem right life keeps giving lemons.

And giving is a generous term, it should sound more stern, I'm being belted with lemons, and it's blow after blow

and I don't even know if I can drink anymore

and I can't give any away cause nobody wants my lemonade.

No one wants to hear it cause they're making their own,

and mines not important anyway.



It was a place

holder,

hold,

holding

on to what you got,

to make it through the week until your given a better hand

but it's Monday again

and I'm still given lemons.

why's life obsessed with lemons

I HATE LEMONADE!!
AND ITS DAY AFTER DAY AFTER WEEK AFTER WEEK AFTER MONTHS AND
MONTHS OF MY LIFE BEING TOUGH
AND EVERYONE AROUND ME IS SO FINE WITH LEMONADE,
AM I SUPPOSE TO LIKE THIS, IS THIS WHAT LIFE IS
I HATE IT, I RATHER HAVE FRIENDS, I RATHER HAVE APPLES, I RATHER
HAVE NOTHING
PLEASE TAKE EVERYTHING FROM ME
JUST DON'T GIVE ONE MORE STUPID LEMON.
My juicer is tired

And so am I
-Aldo Ramirez-Alarcon

Art: Olivia Klapp

By: Jazmine Krause

People like to say,

Love is complicated,

Love is hard.

I think that they are absolutely right.

How can pouring your heart out to someone, lead to such defeat.

Some say

Love never fails,

I think this is some kind of deceit

How come some love does?

How can that be?

How can one have such strong feelings toward someone?

And the relationship quivers,

Love is fire they say

But it has to be some kind of trickery.

Love is nothing but a flicker less, flame, of foolishness

Love is a pit of lifelessness

Love is like a faucet it turns off and on.

The quest of love,

I must confess, that in the quest, I felt depressed and restless.

Love is just not what it seems to be.



Photo: Kymora Jones

Delicate feet tapped at the floor,

Agile bodies twirled in the air,

Graceful arms lifted themselves up,

Lithe faces remained still.

The girls performed ever so graceful,

So supple were they, like elegant swans, (simile) They moved in unison along the stage.

One after another,

They twirled,

They frolicked,

They pranced.

They bowed before the crowd,

Pink swirling around them,

And they bathed in the praise,

As their lives were the show.

Elegance by Olivia DeBlaere

In the Eyes of The Holocaust

In the eyes of the storm,

Hundreds of people swarm.

I cannot imagine what has come to be.

What will become of me?

My bruised and brittle feet running away,

In this prison I cannot stay.

In the eyes of the Holocaust, if I do not run,

My life will be the cost, never to see the sun.

Unsung songs, stories never made or told.

Yet bravery and strength were stronger than the cold.

Oh, the burning hunger never ends.

But a smile or gesture of kindness... a bit of hope it lends.

Inside, I am a shell.

Disheveled and cracked, I knelt.

My pride was no more.

Humanity was not a concern in this war.

-Cole Williams

Nanee's House

Seven years old, I wave looking out of the window.

My mother pulls away from my Nanee and Papa's house.

Tears stream down my face as I begin to cry.

I realize I won't see her before tomorrow.

I miss her.

Nanee pulls me aside to the living room and grabs her disc player.

I waited on the couch, sobbing.

She grabbed a cd, and a small green trampoline from inside the closet.

Drums, guitar, and keyboard fill our ears.

I began laughing and singing along to the tunes that filled our souls with cheer.

Michael Jackson could always make me feel better and she knew that.

We then danced and sang for hours and finally, I was happy again.

Thank you Nanee.

-Beth Conwell



Art: Kaleigh Nordstrom

Protection & Punishment

A millennia ago, yet in another world entirely
Sits a snow-covered village in the pines,
Blood staining through the white blanket,
The crisp scent of fear filling the air.
Sins haunting those who lived there.

Atop the roof of his home
Sat a polar bear with strikingly human anatomy,
Donning a red scarf and battle scars.
The house over yonder was that of a faun,
The leader of said village,
Like a brother to the bear.
Burn marks and rabbit mask
Wore his face.
Crept in a powerful presence,
The man who pushed our leader
To powerful heights
And horrific lows.

Skillfully curating his words
To work his way into the faun's head.
Tactical in every sense of the word,
Yet manipulative and dastardly.
Pushing him to turn a peaceful home

Into something abominable,
Something cruel.
Swiftly writing words into a book,
The faun wrote new laws,
Without worry of approval
And the sins that lingered in the air
Grew heavier with each stroke of his quill.

The polar bear watched the sunset,
Aware of the tactics being pulled
Just the house over.
Climbing down, he began his approach,
Bow drawn, footsteps light,
The glow of the shining star hot on his face.
The door creaks open.
Bow pointed through the crevice.
A shot is fired.
Piercing through the man, he falls to the floor,
Crimson staining the wood below.
Cries fill the surroundings,
Consequences at the ready.
This was finally over.

Imprisoned the polar bear,
He had a lot to think about.

Many thoughts weighed on his mind.

How cruel the circumstances

Of trying to save a friend,

Yet locked away a second later.

How cruel must the world be

To punish one with good intentions.

The sins of the village

Continued to catch up to them

As fear continued to fill the air.

- Aidan Schietecatte



Art: Leah Fox

Olivia DeBlaere Mrs. Taravella Creative Writing

Fighting Woman

Venus

An untamed beast, a kind protector, a nurturing mother, an unbreaking shield.

The fighting, screaming, halting mother of Zagreus of the ground.

A changed woman of time, altered in front of the eyes of her people, her loves.

*Arrows made from agony stick from her back, swords made from anguish slice at her sides,
daggers of torment pinch at her arms and legs.*

*You crave for peace, beg for an understanding of your own land, just some guidance, and you
cry for the death to cease.*

*You fear for your son's future, for the future of your people and you fear what will become of
you when you can no longer hold yourself.*

*You give the ragged grounds a kingdom to thrive with, a way to understand life beyond the
walls and your own comfort.*

Resident of Chóra tou ouranoú.

Petra.

*People like to say,
Love is complicated,
Love is hard.*

*I think that they are absolutely right.
How can pouring your heart out to someone, lead to such defeat.*

*Some say
Love never fails,
I think this is some kind of deceit
How come some love does?
How can that be?
How can one have such strong feelings toward someone?
And the relationship quivers,
Love is fire they say
But it has to be some kind of trickery.
Love is nothing but a flicker less, flame, of foolishness
Love is a pit of lifelessness
Love is like a faucet it turns off and on.*

The quest of love, I must confess, that in the quest, I felt depressed and restless.

Love is just not what it seems to be.

-Jazmine Krause



Sympathetic Simon by David Klink

By: Lily Fulton

Life is a stained-glass window,

A retrospective reflection.

Full of different shades and hues,

Shimmering in each direction.

Capturing beauty through sunlight,

And radiance throughout the days.

A portrait to behold,

With a story to be told.

True beauty revealed, as

Contentedness falls unconcealed.

But when the glass tends to break,

Delicate emotions disintegrate.

Falling to a place where sunlight

Cannot chase, behold the sorrow

And renovate.



Art: Jillian Kirkland

Unfortunate

By: Samantha Helme

Help

I reach out
Grasping for anything that can pull me out
Out of the darkness that plagues my mind
I'm reaching for help
For a miracle

Hurt

I grasp something, a sliver of hope maybe
It starts to pull me out, but that hope eventually turns into disappointment
The rope I reached out for turned into barbed wire

Hurting me

Leaving me right where I was

Bleeding

The wire grows into my hand
Hurting, bleeding, breaking me, creating gnashes in my skin

Guilt

The pain provides relief, but only a moment

A moment now permanent

Guilt takes over

My grip tightens, causing more guilt
Causing more pain
Causing more blood
Causing less help

Unfortunate

My feelings are unfortunate
My circumstance is unfortunate
My life is unfortunate
I am unfortunate



Unfortunate

Medium: Clay sculpture with barbed wire
Samantha Helme

Rosemary Mieczkowski Taravella
Hybrid Creative Writing 11 February 2022

Part of me is a bright sky blue—
super bright and cheery,
excited and awake,
ready to seize the day with happiness and energy. While other days I'm just a pale gray—

gloomy and sad,
tired and nonexistent,
being present physically while mentally I'm not. Though it may not seem like a person could be
both, I can confidently say I am!

Still

My mouth stays still
As I listen to the words that
Are thrown at me by someone
Barely as different as I
From all directions
Talking about my body
And my words

The words that feel like fire
And truly do burn my skin
Yet I am forced to be still
As the same people
Walk the same path
On my body

I am slowly worn away by
The lines constantly recited
In their heads and now mine
My body and mind have been taken away
From me, and molded into
Something else
"More fitting" for your desires

But I stay still
Hoping one day even with
Laws and rules passed
I will be in ownership of myself again
Too powerful to be degraded
And burned again

Women and I can only hope.

For now, we stay still
Not by choice
But by obligation
In fear that
More scars will be created
And framed that it was our fault
When all we wish is
To have our bodies back

No matter how high our "delicate"
Fists are put into the air

We always end up in the same place

Still.

-Bridget Rutila



Art: Aleyna Schroed

Tap Tap Tap

A tap at my window during the late of night
Every night I hear it
without a shadow of a doubt
the tap will come
two taps one right after another
every night at exactly 11:30 pm
as the clock hit 11:29 pm I ready myself for the taps
tap

tap

tap

More than one tap

I have never heard three taps from the mysterious stranger

What could it mean?

Is something bad going to happen to me?

Is the world going to end?

The extra tap could mean many things

I still worried about the taps as I rested

When I awoke I still worried

Even as I moved through my day I worried

every move is carefully planned

Very quickly 11:30 pm came

tap

tap

"Oh, thank the Gods only 2 ta- "

I was quickly cut off as I heard a slide followed by a quick boom

I ran to my window to see a depressed-looking ladder atop the grass And a man
lying next to it gowning for his life

"ashaming" I whispered

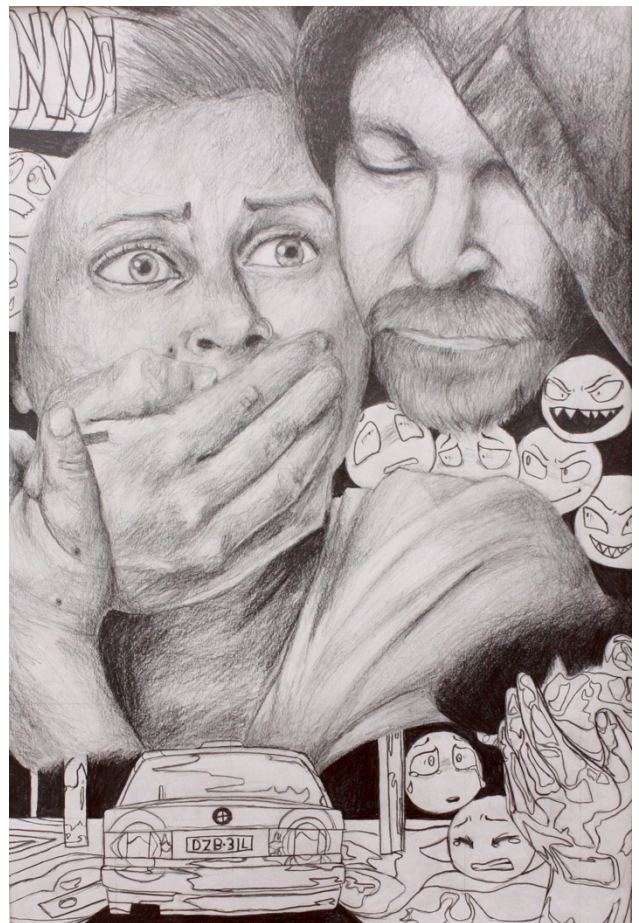
I paid him \$250 to stalk me the same way he did

But he couldn't even get the taps on the windows right

how shameful

- Zoey Redman

Art: Hanna Soflic



The Night

I've always preferred the night.

How the moon's delicate glow felt on my face,

And the way the stars' would wink at me.

How I could whisper them all my secrets,

Ones I would be far too afraid to let the day hear,

And they would never tell another.

The shadows that would hold my hands,

Keeping the negatives at bay.

The thoughts that would run wild at night,

Never dared to stay for too long,

For my friends always kept them away.

Every deep, dark, disparaging thought given to me by the day, Taken away as soon as
the sun set,

As soon as that monster was out of view.

How can it be that we were always taught to fear the dark, But never the blinding light
of day.

In the night you can be yourself,

Run free in the Fields of Asphodel.

The Night

For the notorious night never judges on good and bad,
It just welcomes you home with a knowing smile and open arms.

-Hailey Aloia



Photo: Avery Townsend

The Sun

The sun is boiling, impossible to touch.

Life giving when distant but deadly when close.

A warmth that even water can't cool down.

A ball of fire that can burn anything down.

Silent in its sound and light so bright you can't look at it.

It goes from sunrise to sunset in an instant.

Mere humans were never meant to get close to the sun.

Now multiple countries own their own suns, each ready to release the suns might.

Extensive damage out of a silent sky.

Like Icarus, too many countries are flying too close to the sun with their wax wings.

Eventually burning away leaving themselves to fall.

-Charlie Cark & John McIntosh

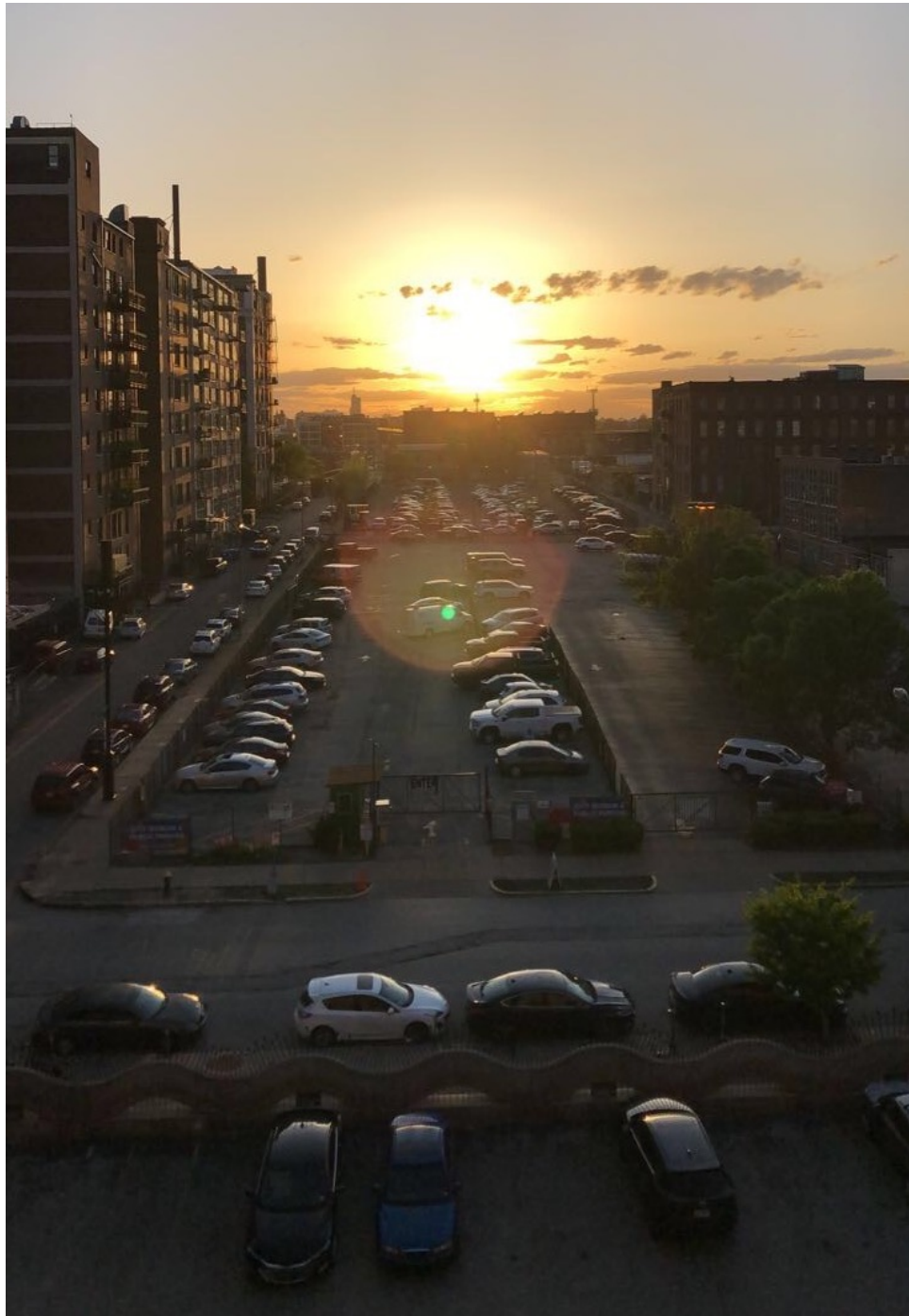


Photo- Ryan Murray

Masked in Gray

Half of me is a somber blue-
futile and morose,
confined and alone,
wishing for anything to get better.

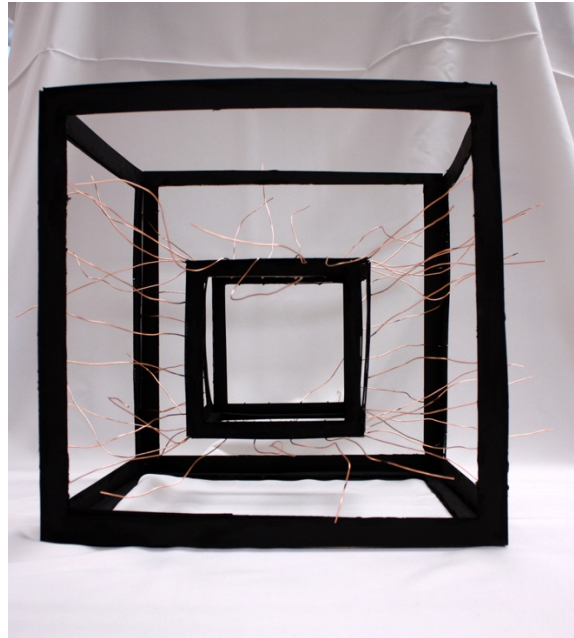
The other half is a burning red-
vile and envious,
destructive and hysterical,
swarmed with violent impulses.

But everyone will only see a diluted and hollow gray,
and that's all I'll let them see,
because that's better than the real me.

-Conner Murphy

Real Me

For the longest time, I would try to get others to hear me, Hear my thoughts, troubles, and terrors. But no one wants to listen or care, no one ever helps. They claim I just want attention, they say I'm just being edgy. Now they've all gone away, but I'm still the same. There's no one left to speak to, am I still trying to get attention? No one there to hear me, am I still just edgy?



They're all gone and nothing has changed. Except that I'll never say what's on my brain. New people come in and that only terrifies me, would they care? How can I trust that anyone actually likes me, And not the plastic smile I present. So much has changed but everything is the same. No one around me is who I remember, but they're just the same. No one likes me for me, just the mannequin they think is me. I've been pretending to be someone else for so long, I don't remember how to be me. But that is only for me to know because they would leave If they saw any sign of the real me. But maybe this is just for attention, Or maybe I'm just being edgy.

-Conner Murphy

Art- Lucy Clark



Art- Cherrish Stanberry-Hooker