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THE QUITE ROOM

By: ADAM SUKIENNIK



By: OLIVIA VORGITCH

THE HUSHING OF THE TEACHER SILENCES
THE STUDENTS.

THE ROOM GROWS STILL WITH LITTLE LIFE
INSIDE.

THE TEACHER HAS HAD ENOUGH, LONG
DAYS, LONG HOURS,

SHE NEEDS PEACE FOR JUST A SECOND,
TO REMEMBER WHY SHE'S HERE.

THE STUDENTS, ALL RILED UP,
START AGGRAVATING THE TEACHER, LIKE
A BUG BY YOUR EAR.

THE TEACHER EXPLAINS, SHHH THERE'S
NO MORE TIME,

I JUST NEED SOME QUIET, NOW, ON THE
DIME.

THE SPEECHLESS STUDENTS STOOD IN
AWE,

NOW SITTING THERE, WITH AN OPEN JAW.

THEY'VE NEVER HEARD HER YELL,

BUT THEY GREW SILENT EITHER WAY.

THE FAINT SOUND OF TAPPING OF THE
COMPUTERS,

AS THE STUDENTS ARE HARD AWAY AT
WORK.

THE TEACHER SITS DOWN, HAS THE TIME
TO BREATHE,

AND FINALLY LET OUT THAT HEAVY SIGH.

TRAPPED by MUSIC

BY TAYLOR JOHNSON

MUSIC CAN HELP.

MUSIC CAN HURT.

IT CAN BE AS BRIGHT AS
THE SUN AND AS DARK AS
THE NIGHT.

ON ONE END IT CAN HELP AND
HEAL, ON THE OTHER IT CAN
BURN AND DESTROY.

IT CAN IGNITE YOUR
EMOTIONS.

IT CAN HELP YOU DESTRESS.

IT IS FREEING AND IT IS
TRAPPING.

IT CAN BRING YOU UP AND IT
CAN TEAR YOU DOWN.

IT'S ADDICTIVE.

IT IS THE DRUG NO ONE
WARNS YOU ABOUT.

IT IS THE FREEDOM
EVERYONE DESIRES.

NO MATTER WHAT IT DOES,
WE KEEP COMING BACK.



ART by: FAITH ALOIA

THE RAIN AND JANE

BY: CORNELIUS HARRIS

ONCE THERE WAS A GIRL BY THE NAME OF JANE THE WHO HAD BEEN KNOWN AS THE BANSHEE. EVEN SINCE SHE WAS YOUNG, SHE WOULD ALWAYS LOOK AT THE WORLD THROUGH THE DEAD TEARFUL EYES. SHE WOULD CRY FOR WARRIOR WHO BECAME DOGS OF WAR ON BEHALF OF THE LAND, SHE WOULD MORN FOR THE WOMEN WHO LOST THEIR LOVE IN THE ART OF LIFE, AND SHE WOULD YELL FOR THE DEAD THAT HAVE HAD THEIR NAME LOST UNDER THE SEA OF THE DREAD AND FEAR PUSHED BY THE MASSES. AT FIRST, SHE THOUGHT THAT THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR SOMEONE LIKE HER, A BANSHEE THAT COULD CRY FOR THOSE THAT DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEIR OWN NAMES, THAT HAD NEVER HAD A TEAR SHADE FOR THEM BEFORE. TO HER THIS WAS HER PURPOSE, HER TEARS WERE FOR THE WORLD AND ALL THAT LIVED IN IT, BUT THEN SHE QUESTIONED, WHAT ABOUT HER LAUGHTER THAT WOULD ALWAYS FOLLOW AFTER HER SMILE, WHO IS THAT TO GO TO. THE WORLD ONLY NEEDED HER AS THE BANSHEE, NOTHING ELSE OR NOTHING MORE. IT NEARLY DROVE HER MAD, SHE TRIED TO FIND THE ANSWER IN THE PEOPLE, HER FAMILY OR FRIENDS, BUT WHEN THEY GAVE HER NO ANSWER, SHE LOOKS TO HER AGE BUT STILL IS GIVEN NO ANSWER, SHE DID NOT HAVE THE WISDOM OF TIME THAT COULD HAVE GIVEN HER THE ANSWER TO HER QUESTION. THE BANSHEE WAS LOSING ITS MEANING, SHE THOUGHT THAT WORLD WOULD NO LONGER NEED HER AND THAT SHE WOULD BE THROWN INTO THE SEA OF DREAD LIKE THE OTHERS BEFORE HER NEVER TO BE SCENE AGING, BUT THEN THE BANSHEE RAN OUTSIDE TO FIND THE ANSWER IN THE WORLD. AND AS SHE LOOKED AT THE SKY, SHE SAW HER ANSWER FROM THE LIGHT. JANE NO LONGER NEED TO BE THE BANSHEE, THAT WOULD CRY FOR OTHERS IN THE SEA OF SADNESS, NOW SHE WOULD HAVE TO BE AN ANGLE THAT WOULD FLY OVER THE SEA AND LAUGH AND SMILE FOR HERSELF AND FOR OTHERS, THE BANSHEE HAD DIED NOT FROM SADNESS OR BETRAYAL, BUT FROM JOY THAT WAS GROWING FROM OF ITS BODY, AN OLD SHELL OF SADNESS ON LOATHING. AND OUT FROM THE BANSHEE CORPSE CAME AN ANGLE KNOWN AS JANE.



ART BY: JAY WOLF

THE SUNSHINE

By: RYAN HASH

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE SUNSHINE?
NOT THE ONE HIDING BEHIND THE CLOUDS IN THE SKY,
BUT THE ONE HIDING BEHIND THE CLOUDS OF YOUR MIND.
THE ONE THAT PEEKS THROUGH THE DARKNESS,
AND THE ONE THAT SHINES THE BRIGHTEST ON THE HAPPIEST OF DAYS,
LIKE THE WONDERING WIND COMING TO A FINALLY PEACEFUL HOLT.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE SUNSHINE?
THE ONE THAT MAKES ITS APPEARANCE THROUGH GLOOMY DAYS,
THE ONE THAT OBLITERATES CASTED SHADOWS,
AND THE ONE SO WARM LIKE FIRE
THAT IT DESTROYS EVERYTHING WICKED.

THE SUNSHINE IS CONTENTMENT.
IT'S THE JOY THAT IS SHOWN THROUGH LIFE'S SATISFACTION,
AND THE ONE THAT WHEN IT IS OUT,
CAN BE THE TURNING POINT OF SELF-REFLECTION.

THE SUNSHINE IN YOUR MIND IS KIND,
AND IT REPRESENTS STRENGTH THROUGH RESISTANT TIMES.
MANIFEST YOUR SUNSHINE,
BECAUSE IT MAKES YOU WHO YOU ARE,
AND WHO YOU ARE WHEN YOUR SUNSHINE IS PEEKING THROUGH
IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL YOU THAT YOU CAN BE.



ART BY: AIDAN SCHIETECATTE

NATURE

BY: KAYIA MATTHEWS

SERENITY

THE WEIGHT IS RELEASED OFF
MY CHEST

I AM NO LONGER GASPING FOR
AIR

FREE FROM THE BURDEN OF
MY OWN THOUGHTS QUITE

COMFORTABLE IN THE SILENCE
BEAUTY FILLS THE VOID

THE STILLNESS OF THE WATER
SPEAKS IN WAVES ENGAGING
WITH MY SOUL

THE WORLD IS AT A PAUSE
I AM MOTIONLESS



HAPPINESS

BY: MATTILYN BRUCE

HAPPINESS IS A BUTTERFLY.

IT HATCHES FROM ITS COCOON TO REVEAL ITS BEAUTY.

IT'S PRETTY AND COLORFUL,
BUT IT IS ALSO DELICATE AND RARE.

WHEN PEOPLE SEE IT,
THEY SLOWLY APPROACH IT, HOPING IT DOESN'T FLY AWAY. BUT IF THEY
AREN'T CAREFUL, IT WILL ESCAPE.

ONCE YOU LET IT BE,
IT MIGHT COME AND SIT ON YOUR ARM,
SHARING ITS BEAUTY WITH YOU.



BY: ALAYNA SCHROEDER

TANTALUS

BY: GARETT ROELS

WHEN I LOOK UPON THE TABLE OF LIFE, THERE'S ENDLESS FUTURES I SEE,
AN ARRAY OF GOALS PREPARED AS A FEAST. ALL LAID OUT BEFORE ME.

I GO TO EAT, BUT THERE'S A TUG.
SOMETHING THAT MAKES ME FEEL LEASHED.

I LOOK AT THE GOALS, AND I TRY TO REACH.
YET I'M PULLED BACK AGAIN, BY THAT DAMN LEASH.

WHENEVER I TRY TO CAPTURE A MORSEL.
ACCOMPLISH A TINY GOAL.
I FEEL THOSE SHACKLES, THEY RESTRICT.
THEY BIND.

THESE GIANT CHAINS IN MY MIND.

I PONDER WHAT CAUSES THOSE THAT RESTRICT.
WHY MUST THEY EXIST?
WHAT MUST I DO TO FEAST?
RATHER THAN TO SUBSIST.



ART BY: DAVID KINK

PARADOX

BY: JESSICA RIENHART

TRYING TOO HARD TO SHOW
BUT UNWILLING TO TELL,
FEELS HIS NET WORTH IS NAUGHT,
NOT AN INCH NOR AN ELL
THE LION HIS SAVIOR,
THE DOVE BE A SIN,
HE HUNTS THE WRONG BIRD
TO FIND POWER WITHIN.
(DEAF TO THE WORDS
OF FORGOTTEN KIN)
HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL,
YET HIS FOUNTAIN RUNS DRY,
AND TO ALL TRUE AQUARIUS,
HE FEIGNS A BLIND EYE.
HIS FAITH NEVER WAVERS
IN ITS NONEXISTENT STATE,
CARE MEANT NOT TO ANGER
MISTOOK HEARTACHE FOR HATE.
LEAVING RICH HEARTS BROKE,
THERE IS NOTHING HE'LL SAY.
SINCE TRUE LOVE IS UNSEEING,
HE MISSES DARKENED DAYS.
DOWN A HOLE FULL OF SAFE NETS,
HE DOES NOTHING BUT FALL,
THUS THE MAN WHO HAS
EVERYTHING
HAS NOTHING AT ALL.



ART BY: OLIVIA VORGITEN

SERENITY

BY: KAYLA MATTHEWS

SERENITY

THE WEIGHT IS RELEASED OFF
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I AM NO LONGER GASPING FOR
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FREE FROM BURDEN OF MY OWN
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QUITE COMFORTABLE IN THE
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ART BY: AIDAN
SCHIETELATTE

LOVE?

BY: GARETT ROELS

LOVE IS AN ENIGMA.
A TRICK OF THE MIND.
SOMETHING WITH A SOLUTION,
ONE I DON'T CARE TO FIND.

I LOOK AT OTHERS,
SOMEONE BY THEIR SIDE.
YET I DON'T WANT THAT.
MAYBE THAT PART OF ME DIED.
RELATIONSHIPS ARE TROUBLE,
A BOAT IN A TURBULENT SEA.
BUT I STILL HAVE A POND.
THE FAMILY AND FRIENDS AROUND ME.

MAYBE SOMETHING IS MISSING.
A LOVELESS HOLE INSIDE.
WHY SHOULD I FIX IT?
IT WOULDN'T WORK, I TRIED.

I LOOK AT MY LIFE.
THE LOVELESS LITTLE THING.
STILL IT GREET'S ME WITH OTHERS.
I NEED NO TINY FLING.



ART BY: BREANNA
BARROWMAN