



Vikings Runes



Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — December 2022 — Issue XXII

Madam Academ- GENTRY Diamond

As a child we sit in a pool of vibrant
happiness not a care in the world.
We are like a box of fresh crayons.
Label free of tears
tips still sharp
ends not broken or dull
but at a certain age we get set in a lonely corner of a
blank room.
Floor to ceiling carpet
fluorescent lights buzzing in our ears
similar to the fly buzzing in our empty heads.
Meaningless dialogue from a textbook crammed into the
void where
my brain should be
it hurts.
I cough up black inky letters that I don't quite
understand
it tastes like graphite
yet they still slap a badge of honor on my sleeve.
I look over to see my peers' crying tears of dazzling
colors and shapes
why are they crying?
I then noticed the corner of their mouths
no ink present
surrounded by dark shadows
I hear whispers.

"Pay attention"
"Put your pencil down"
"you'll never make it with this nonsense"
I pull myself away from the quiet voices
noticing my face is now wet
I rub my eyes.
No!
No!
I thought it was all gone.
Colors of vermillion and sapphire flood down my face
I see a tall figure walking towards me



I wipe my eyes, but the colors won't stop flowing
I know they will take me away
for a talking to
At least that's what they say.
I choke out the words trying to make up for my tears
because Madam Academ would rather see a bland and
reused thought
force its way out of my mouth then see the gentle tears
of creativity
and art sparkle on my face.



Let it snow - Lily Ellsworth



Nymphalis Antiopa – Ryland CARTER

There is a species of butterfly that can
live up to 12 months. It is called the
Nymphalis Antiopa,
also known as the Morning cloak.



Recently I've had a to think about
things,
emotions that are plaguing my mind
I'm unable to figure out what they are and yet
it's like I already know,
and it won't stop
The butterflies in my stomach

Every time I see it my face heats up
I can't think straight, and I start to feel numb
time slows to a stop
The butterflies in my stomach

I want it to stop but it won't
My throat burns as my mouth gets dry
my arm gets carefully caressed by my clammy hands
I mumble so many muddled words making me
melancholy
The butterflies in my stomach

I cry out at night hoping it ends when I wake up
The butterflies in my stomach
I distance myself afraid of what might happen
The butterflies in my stomach
Pain infiltrates my mind worsening every second,
The butterflies in my stomach

I question every move I make
Did I say the right thing,
Should I stop talking,
Am I being annoying,
I wish that arrow never hit me.

It's exhausting.
And so costing.

I feel all these emotions,
Knowing it will never be returned back
To me
The butterflies in my stomach

But I pray it will stop,
It's been 7 months now after all,

only 5 more to go,
until they die
The butterflies in my stomach

VIKING RUNES, December 2022

English – Zach Clayton

When students a many go to school,
From September to may, year after year,
They often dread a certain class,
One that makes them think thoroughly
(Which they hate to do).



This class is called English
And many hate it so,
But that's because they haven't had it
With Mr. B and the crew.

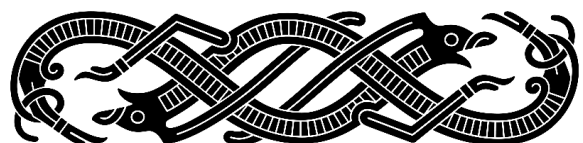
Every A-day's a joy
When I walk down that hall,
To be greeted by the man himself.
I whip out my badge, and scan in like a timecard.
It's often a race between me and my friends,
To be first to sit down.

After the glorious bell rings,
We are restless like babies
During morning announcements.
We go through reading and study time,
When the lovers are loving,
And the world has gone quiet,
And you get lost in a book.

Ding
Mr. B's rung the bell,
To celebrate a good response,
As we analyze a poem,
From our famous poet.

Then comes the crucible,
Where we watch and take notes,
And Mr. B shouts out,
AMONG US!
At simple dialogue.

Then after all is said and done,
We pack up and leave,
And look back longingly,
As we are loved in an appropriate way.
Until next time, we return to English.



Ego-Addison Raines

What is it that you want?
May I rip a slice from my head or heart, wrap it In a box
with a bow?
or can I serve it to you on a bloody plate? What's
preferred
Don't ask for water, that would be too much.
Never enough
Now that's too much
An empty room wrapped in silk
Beauty and misery
Flooded
Compliments as body bags
Still, I chose to wake up and share my silence,
'what's the matter?'
Is there no more room for your thoughts to blend with
mine?
What is it that you want.
I'll tell you what I want,

I want to be engulfed by the sheets, only leaving room
for the light.
hold me again, having my heart in tight grip.
dancing between moments of pain and pleasure
wrap me up , leave me within these silk sheets of
ignorance

GIRAFFE BOY INCARCERATED – DianDra ParTey

His scaly neck and beautiful face
Legs run, he'd win in a race
Giraffe boy escape to space
To Neptune stretch your neck out with Grace
They keep you in chains
For their own personal gains
Giraffe boy I want you to know
The stars shine as your neck glows



Not Prodigy – Thatcher Peterson

They say that the prodigy
Knows almost from birth
Their talents and specialty
Their value, their worth



I sadly, am not prodigy,
And seeing the prodigy fly by,
I shoot for the stars!
But don't get very high...

A few feet if I'm lucky,
A mere inch when I'm not.
I have much to learn
To become the best of the lot

I hope that I can conquer
The inner demon: my powerful foe
To reap the rewards
Of the good seeds that I sow.

I practice every day
To be better than my past
Hoping my faith and my whit

Will help me to last

So I may not be prodigy
But so what? Big deal!
I'll complete the impossible
While I'm at the wheel.

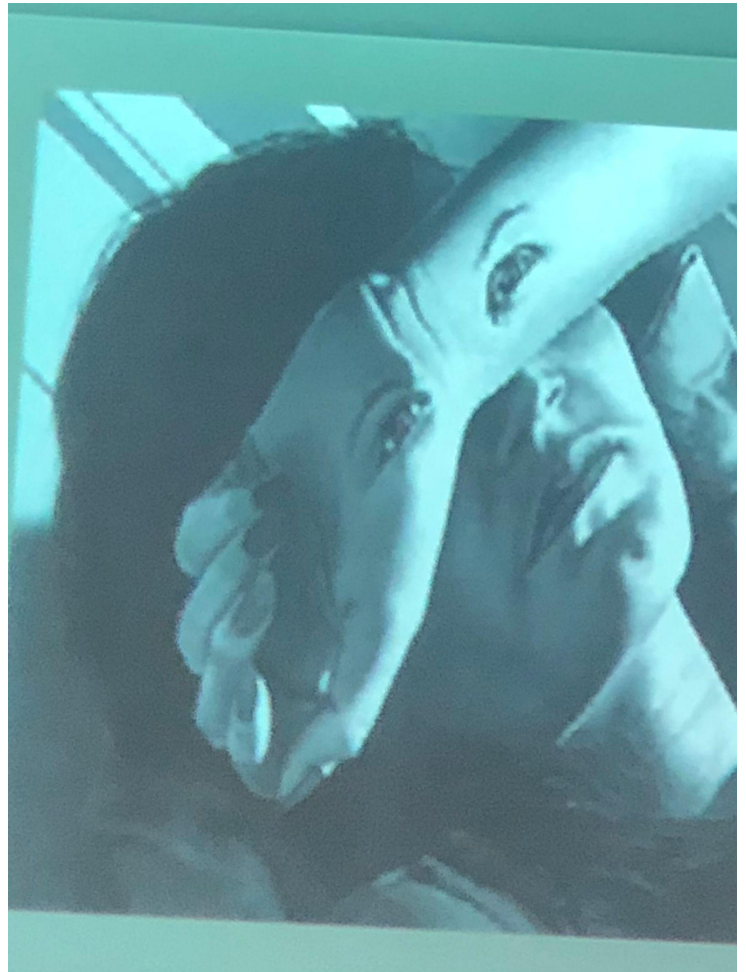
Come Back – Isaiah Kimball

Don't stay away
Don't stay away from me for too long
How I feel long forgotten
Tossed aside
Like you don't give a damn about me
Though you are the one I love
I want to fight your cortisol demon
So, you don't shut me out
So, you'll come back to me
I don't want you to drift back to the seas that are the
world
I'll always love you
Just, come back



Uncited – Angela Silas

i don't even know you
i see you in the corners
i see you with your friends
you look so cool
Can i join you?
You say to me two sentences
you make my day with the more simple sentences
"You were awesome, i love how you do it"
Why did that feel so good?
Why did your compliment feel like that
Like i won the best reward
You mean it?
The others say that too
But you were the only one to move my entire world
Can I trust you?
You never tell me your name
I never tell you mine
Will we talk again?
But if we don't, will you do it again
look at me like that
Like i am the best thing in the world
I'm that to you?
Give that look one more time
i want to deserve that again



The Eyes of God – Brykynleigh

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