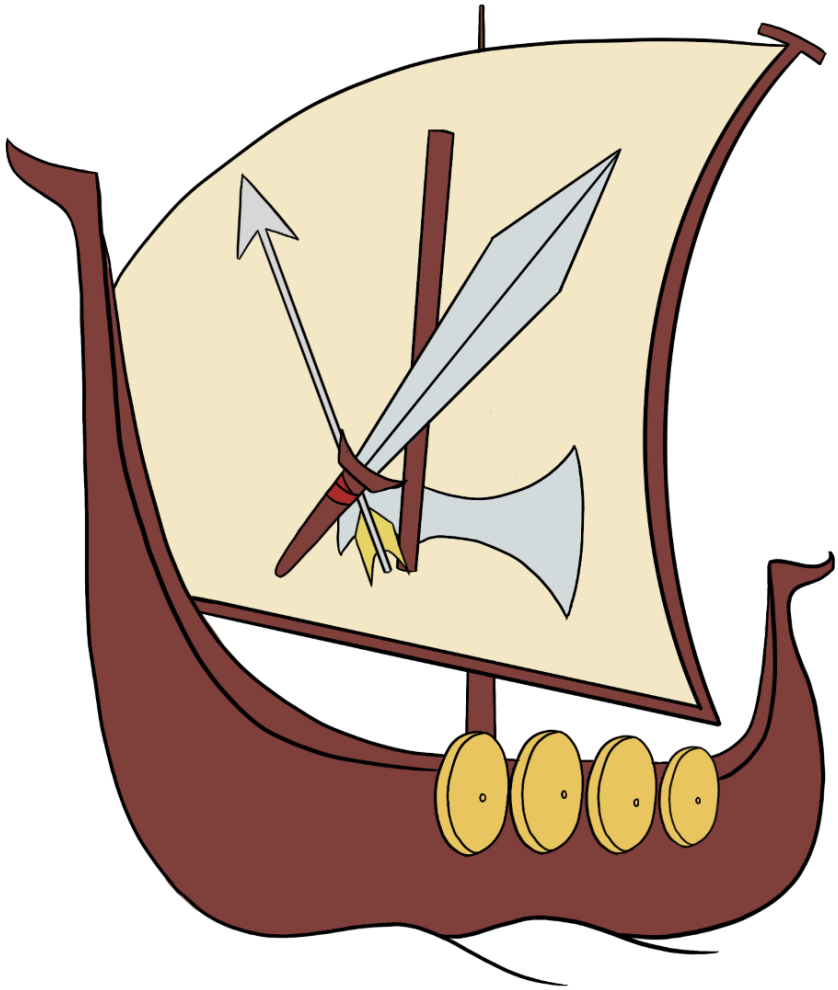


# VIKING LEGENDS



VIEWMONT HIGH SCHOOL'S  
LITERARY JOURNAL

VOLUME 4

*Viking Legends* is an annual literary and artistic journal that features various writers, artists, and photographers from Viewmont High School.

Special thanks to Daniella Arroyo and Mr. Michael O'Connor for their help with the logo and cover. Another special thanks to Carly Maloney for help proofreading.

Viewmont High School  
120 West 1000 North  
Bountiful, Utah 84010

This work is available online at:  
<https://vhs.davis.k12.ut.us/activities/student-publications>

Copyright © 2023 retained by the individual authors and artists.

Viking Legends ship logo design by Daniela Arroyo.

# EDITOR'S NOTE

*Viking Legends* has been on a bit of a hiatus since the last issue came out in 2020, and it's weighed on me heavily. Although it always felt like I had good excuses, the longer I stayed away, the worse I felt—and the more daunting coming out with a new volume seemed. But I knew I would have to do it eventually. There is just too much talent in this building to not immortalize and share it with the world.

In the meantime, *Viking Runes* has come out in (more or less) regular intervals, and many of the amazing pieces featured in that monthly publication have found their way here. Perhaps because of the long absence of this journal, student interest seemed tough to drum up this year. My hope is that the incredible work in this issue will rekindle in the hearts of many Vikes the dream of seeing their hard work preserved for all to see—the dream of becoming a legend.

If you have any desire to share your work with the world, please consider submitting it via the “Student Publications” page on the school website.

Sam Bartholomew, Editor





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>Editor's Note</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Table of Contents</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Legends</b>	<b>6</b>
James Bernhisel	7
Lizzie Hardy	8
Brynn Patterson	13
Mia Clark	14
Peter D.Naylor	15
Kayla Huffaker	25
Jane O'Berry	27
Megan Stephens	28
Leah J. Keyes	29
Krystal Parker	36
Tavi Engberson	38
Zach Clayton	40
Caden Kister	49
Austin Bresee	50
Jordan Davis	51
Andrew Kennison	52
Elliot Anderson IV	58
Sadie Perkins	60
Angela Salas	65
Gail Stokes	70
Ariel Whigham	75
Recker	83
Bethany Roberts	88
Izzy Snyder	96
Ryland Carter	98

# LEGENDS

# James Bernhisel

Untitled

Down in the deep dark,  
I am the only one who's  
smart.

Down in the deep dark,  
I will have a pet shark.

Nobody to care and nobody to say,  
You can't do that, that's not ok.

Down in the deep dark,  
I will play my part.

Down in the deep dark,  
I will never speak only bark.

Nobody to care, nobody to say,  
I can't stay here all day.

Down in the deep dark,  
I can open my heart.

Down in the deep dark,  
I will stop and I will start.



## Lizzie Hardy

I'm Vice President of Sound Ideas, the senior-level women's choir at Viewmont, as well as Chorale, our junior-level SATB choir.



Wednesday's child  
by Lizzie Hardy

Wednesday's child is full of woe  
Much like the poem we all seem to know  
But no one asks why or cares to understand  
What plagues the land of where she stands

Could it be clinical could it be a curse  
Or could it be the work of a broken heart  
Or the fact that she never felt cared for or worse

Wednesday's child always overlooked  
Forever misunderstood  
Forever alone  
With no one to love and nowhere to go

Macbeth's lament  
by Lizzie Hardy

Dawn reveals Silver skin on a floor painted in  
the gold of royal blood. Betrayed by a friend,  
someone whom he loved.

Unarmed, a lady with red hands dressed in  
grays, wishing to be draped in purple until the end  
of her days.

Nay, see a man insane by the acts he hath done,  
pray he wishes this was the last one.

Caged his mind in the prison of his deed.

A sleepless night for one, no ocean could take  
his sins. A little water for another, welcoming the  
devil in.

Nation passed to another, a promise from three.  
But upstairs a friend will sleep forever, eternally.



Lizzie Hardy



Lizzie Hardy



Lizzie Hardy



## Brynn Patterson

### August rain

The air sits on the back of  
my neck like a wet pair of jeans.

Moss reaches up and soaks  
my socks

While clouds cover the  
horizon.

The smell of rain used to be my favorite

Now all I can think of is the BO of the stranger  
sitting next to me on the bus.

August was light, hazy, nostalgic.

She tucked me into bed and blew out the candles for  
me if I ever forgot.

She threw my towel in the dryer while I showered,

And kissed me goodnight with lavender-scented  
lips.

Now, all she does is wake me up from a long,  
summer-filled dream.

She steals all the hot water in the morning and  
forces me to shower in the cold.

She rains, and rains, and rains.

The kind of rain that chafes your legs and gives you  
no relief from the heat.

The kind of rain that boils you alive.

August is no longer a friend of mine.



# Mia Clark

Two Months

There's a constant ache in  
my heart.

I will miss the way we all  
laugh at the table,  
the way we used to spend every day together.

Now we are grown up,  
with responsibilities piling taller than we are,  
and I can see the light fading slowly in your  
eyes.

The bond we all shared at the hip is being  
ripped off like a bandaid,  
but the kind that's ripped off slowly,  
and your skin burns.

I find myself playing tug-a-war, letting my  
emotions pull me over the line, threatening to push  
me away faster.

With every bone being sealed, and my paper in  
hand, it's time to take the bookmark out.

But what if I can't?



## Peter D.Naylor

I'm the type of author you can find in a dark basement with deep bags under their eyes throughout the night. I am never without music blaring in my ears, and I turn everything I experience into artistic inspiration. Weird, weird, artistic inspiration.



### "Ellipsism (Abbreviata Versione)"

The story of Ellipsism is a long one. It is a story with no happy ending, with nothing but great turmoil accompanied by nothing but the most trivial of levities. However, what you gaze upon now is but the beginning, a glimpse into the life of...

Victoria. If you think you know her, this is a different Victoria. She is only 9 years old, but she is already alone in the world. Many individuals are faced with adversity in their lives: trials, tribulations, and misconduct. Many individuals too learn to make use of these terrible things bestowed upon them contrary to their will. They become stronger. Eventually, they forge their own path. Victoria is not one of these individuals, for at the end of this story, she will die, with the company of none but herself. Her final wish as she died,

never having seen her much-anticipated tenth birthday, was that she be seen by the universe. And so, in response to her call, a tale was woven to bring to light the circumstances of her untimely demise. This tale lacks the support of a fairy tale or any other folk legend, as those have powerful, stone structures. She was never born to be a protagonist, so if you wish, eyes of the universe, you can turn away. See something else in the infinite expanse you call your own. Or you can stay. Stand by her side without her knowing. Remember that the end is coming without her knowing. Then carry on. Without her.

Knowing.

But before we get to know her, we must know the Wells of Tupp.

William Wellerman Tupp was a rich noble. His name spread throughout the land as quickly as it would eventually dissipate. And, in his days of fleeting glory, he named a newly established city after his lucky family, carving its name into history; even if it would quickly lose its meaning.

Initially, the colony was labeled "William Wellerman Tupp", as was the name greatly enforced. However, one day, Tupp himself choked on a rather large grape, and the enforcement came to an end. At unrest with the verbose title, the people of the colony began referring to it as the slightly simpler, "W. W. Tupp".

Then the people of the town said, "Wellerman Tupp."

Then the people of the city said, "Wells Tupp."

But one day, some unfortunate fool must have misconstrued the area to actually consist of wells, and thus began to spread the name, "Wells of Tupp."

And now, today, the city is known as such. The streets are free of crime, supposedly, and any copper carried over the city borders is transformed into shimmering gold, supposedly. Much to the dismay of any unsuspecting radio salesman looking to capitalize on the masses.

However, even beyond such fantastical rumors, the city is a wonder to behold. It is likely the world's largest center of travel and trade.

And travel and trade K. K. Mill did. He was a merchant and the jellies of the bunch. He talked hard and fast, but still made time to smell - and sell - the daisies.

However, a well-known fact about K. K. was that he hated exposition.

"Strawberries! Red ripe delicious! Strawberries!" K. K. shouted jovially from the sidelines, where pine needles filled the dirt between blades of grass. There were no pine trees in the area, the needles had simply failed to sell. Well, well.

"Strawberr- heys!" K. K. gave his mobile stand a hard pull, getting the wheels spinning and getting a relevant little girl swept from her feet and onto the

piney earth. "And just what do you think you're doing, little girl? I haven't seen a cent out of you, and yet you act as though these delicious, refreshing strawberries are your own!"

The girl looked up from below, cheeks coated in ash, and handed over her reply, "I'm sorry, sir. My name is Victoria. If I do not have a spot to eat, I will likely die."

K. K. blinked, and then blinked again. "How undesirable!" He commented. With a rub of his chin he concocted a solution, "Say, tell you what, girl, I'll make you a deal!" He squatted down low so that his slender legs crept out to either side, reminding Victoria of the wings on a butterfly, "You can have these filling, desirable strawberries. Every last one! And without costing you a penny, either!"

"Really?"

"Yes! After all, we rich give to the poor!" He stole a wink at a female passerby, then returned to the dealing at hand, "All I ask is that you make a little gamble!"

"What is a gamble?"

"It is a game, where those smiled upon by God are showered upon with gifts!" Sliding a pack of cards from his sleeve and dealing a hand, he continued, "Pick one of these cards. Any card, really! If it is not the joker, you get the entire cart!"

"But sir, I want the strawberries."

"Ah yes, I did not finish! If you DO pick the joker, girl, you get every one of these wonderful, awe-inspiring strawberries that is not sold by the new

moon! And too, will you help me sell the strawberries until then? And if you direct your attention upward, our moon is waning into a fine crescent. Not that I'd know anything about that!"

"I do not understand!"

"Then pick a card. Who's to say if the Joker is even drawn? I've a full 52'er!" He fanned six cards out before her, "Go on! Pick!"

She looked along the cards confusedly. Left to right her gaze went. This made her think of a grandfather clock. Left. Right. Left. Right...

"Tick tock, Victoria." K. K. reminded.

"That's right!" Victoria smiled, impressed.

K. K. frowned uncomfortably. "Do feel free to pick a card."

Victoria snapped back and once again saw cards instead of abstract shapes. She reached out a hand toward the hand in K. K.'s hands, plucking a card and staring at the patterned face of it. K. K. generously flipped the card with two fingers so that she could see the unique face of it.

"...It has a picture of a Clown!" She remarked.

"Indeed, it does!" K. K. took the card back with venomous grace, wiping the soot off on his coat tail and then wiping his coat tail off onto his glove.

"I pick a different one!" Victoria picked a different one, flipping it herself to see another Clown.

K. K. was wiping his glove off on a handkerchief, "Aw, your luck has turned sour, hasn't it-!" He was cut

off with a breathy hiccup as a large man bumped his back, giving him a stumble and sending the cards all falling to the grass. It was now shown that every card was a Joker, and passersby scoffed disapprovingly.

Victoria looked down at the vibrant display momentarily. "...What does my card mean?"

"Why... you picked the joker, girl!" K. K. began hungrily snatching up his deck from the tendrils of the earth, "That means you must sell strawberries with me until the new moon!"

"But... they were all the same!"

"Well, I never said it was a standard deck! You took the gamble, for all you knew, girl, the deck WAS all jokers!"

"That isn't fair!" Victoria protested meekly.

"Ah, yes, but what's fair in love and war?"

Victoria was lost for a reply, and so instead opted to avoid confrontation and simply do as she was told. K. K. had her hold his sign as he called for the people of the Wells of Tupp to purchase his goods. The company seemed to do him good, too, as more sales came in now than before she had come to his aid.

"Well, girl, the sun rises!" K. K. mimed blocking the sunlight with his hand above his eyes, "This means we pack, and make off for the next city!"

"But sir," Victoria furrowed her brow, "this is where I live! I have lived here all my life-"



"Yes well, Victoria," K. K. once more knelt down in the way that he did and placed a gloved finger over her lips, "A well-known fact about me is that I hate exposition! So come, we will take turns pulling the cart!"

And at first, they did, until K. K. tired of the fluctuations of their pace, especially in the slower direction, whenever Victoria was the one pulling the cart. And so instead K. K. took the responsibility all to himself, as he always had in the past; and he didn't let Victoria sit on top of the cart.

They walked the hills.

The Wells of Tupp grew further.

They walked the valley.

The Wells of Tupp were gone.

They walked the blue sands.

The Wells of Tupp were distant.

This was an unprecedented change of pace for Victoria. She had never imagined she would end up so far from home.

Victoria looked away from the path that lay ahead and instead toward K. K. Mill. His clothing was strange in her eyes. Foreign. She had never seen anything like it. However, more so than she was intrigued by his style she was discomforted by his glare, and so she returned to her forward gaze.

"...I never imagined I would end up so far from home." She said, punctuated by a side glance to see if K. K. had responded.

He hadn't.

Victoria cleared her throat and raised her voice, "I never imagined I would end up so far from home."

"Yes, well, I never imagined I'd be selling strawberries for a living." K. K. stopped the cart, at which Victoria paused curiously. "We sleep here for the day."

"I am quite tired..." Victoria conjured up a yawn to prove her point.

"We'll sleep in bags just off the road. Here." K. K. replied, swallowing an instinctive urge in the back of his throat. He led Victoria off the path and over an insignificant foothill of brilliant turquoise sand, which created puffs of mist along the ground with the patient wind. Once they were over the arch enough that the path was rendered invisible, he parked the cart. From the back compartment, he retrieved two bags for sleeping, one quite smaller than the other.

"This bag smells like a dog."

"That is because a dog once slept in it."

K. K. draped a thin tarp over the strawberries, then he pulled a wooden mallet from the back compartment. With this, he tapped the cart so that it would sink partly into the sand. Once this was done with ease, he tucked the mallet away and locked the compartment.

The two bags were soon laid flat against the sand and inhabited by two souls, one within each. With the bright sun overhead it would be troublesome to fall to slumber, but the two would manage.

"...Where are we going?"

"We're going up-path."

"What does that mean?"

"There's up-path and down-path. One leads to an inevitable up, and the other does not."

"Oh."

And so they fell asleep with synchronized, practiced silence.

"Anguish."

Victoria stirred in her sleep.

"Pain. Disturbance. Uncouth."

Victoria drowsily opened her eyes. She saw a ball of spectral light.

"Poor. Verbose. Discourage."

In a second it was gone. She sat up disorientedly to find that she wasn't the one spouting the words, it was the thin man that had taken her out here.

"Upset. Irrational. Un-artistically-gifted."

He was lying flat as a board, his face invisible in the night. Victoria slid out of her tiny bag and began crawling across the sand, navigating the darkness to reach him.

"Horrible. Birthday, tuning, glass fear death-!"

She felt him jerk slightly at her touch.

"...It is morning, then."

"Good morning..." She responded obligatorily.

She saw his figure rise to a sit, then shift from his bag and into a stand.

Victoria looked up, "...Only stars."

"Yes, so it is."

"...Does that mean I do not have to sell your strawberries anymore?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said-"

"Does that look like a new moon to you? Why, it's simply facing us with its dark side. Any scientist could tell you that much. I find it exceedingly unlikely that this moon is any different than the one we saw the night before or the night before that!"

Victoria didn't sound any response.

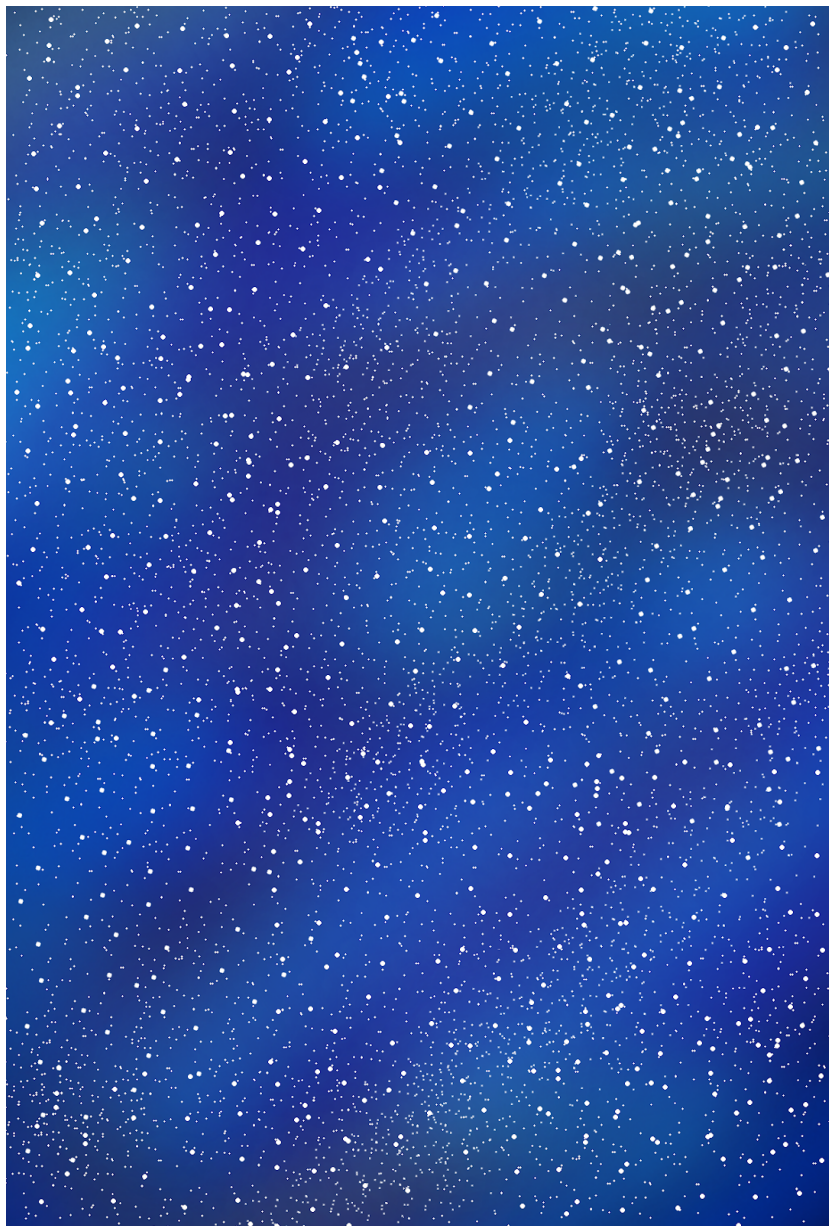
The two remained still for a time, or so it felt to Victoria. Then the man seemed to move, and the sound of wood groaning revealed the movement of the cart. She saw him walk a circle around her and then bring the luggage over the sand hill.

Treading over the hill, she made note that the sky was illuminated brilliantly by stars and ribbons of all colors, making the void behind a canvas.

## Kayla Huffaker

I love video games, otters, galaxies/space, writing, and drawing. Someday I hope to share the ideas that I get with anyone who thinks they're good.





Blue Galaxy  
Kayla Huffaker

## Jane O'Berry

### You'll Catch a Cold



Aurora took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and looked up to the sky. Her hair fell out of her face, leaving ashy skin framed by curls of flames. “She loved me,” Aurora said to the sky. “I think I should care that she hurt me, but I don't.” Head still up, she tilted her chin to meet Anne in the eyes. “Do you think I’m crazy?”

“I think you've been standing out in the snow too long.”

Aurora frowned. “Leave me,” she whispered, letting snowflakes freeze on her nose and cheeks.

“I can't. I won't.”

“Why?”

“You'd die.”

“You wouldn't let me? Even if I wanted to?” Her eyes were closed again.

Anne's throat was suddenly very dry, she found words were forming in her throat but wouldn't come out. Her eyes were heavy and her face was getting warm. “No,” she rasped at last.

“And that's the worst thing you've ever said to me. Worse than saying my own mother didn't love me properly.”

# Megan Stephens



## Early Morning



## Leah J. Keyes

Untitled



We turned the corner and flung open the door to the basement. I could feel his heart banging around as I held his sweaty, shaking hand. We were almost about to hop down the last stair when I knew it found us. We reached the other side of the room only to be positioned at a dead end. We watched heaving and panting, shaking even, as the dark crawled along the stairs. Each light bulb shattered to its ice-cold touch. I was not ready for this. There was no way in or out, for sure we were done for. I could see it lurking around the room as if looking for an angle to pounce at to get both its prey. I knew it was the end for us. I close my eyes, holding my breath ready for whatever would come.

“Hello arch angel,” a dark shadow whispered.

Stretching, I walked along the cloudy sky enjoying the time I had left before I met Willow. I was unsure what to expect when I approached him. Turning the corner I see him, his eyes looking dark and drained.

“What took you so long?” he snapped as his feathers cascaded, forming puddles of silk. I watched him as he swayed, his intimidating height became more apparent than when I knew him. His hair was obscuring his once beautiful face, now hollow and faded.

“I’m five minutes early. What are you talking about?” I replied, trying to keep a positive attitude but at the same time grabbing my wings, stroking them in an attempt not to feel the pain that I was seeing.

“What did you want to talk about?” I asked, causing his eyes to flee from my face, making sure his eyes didn’t meet mine. He smiled darkly, snatching me around the waist, pulling me in what I thought would be a kiss like he had done many times. Then I felt it. His hand gliding up my back. Warnings filled every feather on my wings. His hand gently paused at where my wings joined with my back. I glanced at his tear-filled face but before the question was even formed, he pulled. My back arched in agony as the wings were torn from my skin. Every bone crushed within my undead bleeding body. Through tears, I felt myself screaming in a voice that I couldn’t hear. He watched me writhe in pain, slowly sinking into the clouds, his shadowed face showing no guilt as he

tightened his grip on my wings. As if through a rainy cold window, I watched my wings fade to golden dust merging with his wings regrowing anew. My conscience was gone before I saw the true art of royal blood on the clouds and above it, Willow with my wings embedded in his back.

Blurred-out voices of people fill my head as I lie there. Some of them were worried, while others cursed at the scene. Every inch of me screamed, though I lay there silent and still.

“Oh my god!” a voice gasped among the other voices I couldn’t pick out. I felt the puddle that surrounded me exude from my bear arms as well as from my gashed back as a strong set of arms cradled my limp body.

“You’re going to be okay. You’re going to be okay. I have you. I’m getting you to the hospital now.” a voice whispered in my ear. The voice sounded, male maybe about thirty-four years of age, English accent. I didn’t bother fighting. Even so, if I tried, I would immediately fail due to the fragile state my body was in. At the same time, I didn’t want him to let go. I didn’t want his warmth to disappear just yet. I heard the sound of a machine I haven’t heard in years, but I didn’t want to know what it was. I didn’t want to believe I was actually here, the place I had watched for centuries. Many

other hands grabbed me and lifted me onto a bed. My vision faded to a bleak black before I saw anything else.

Gasping for breath I thought I didn't have, air filled my lungs as my eyes, wide open, examined the room. A man stood chatting with a female figure just out the window of the small room I lay in. He nodded his head and gave a weak smile to the woman as he turned the knob of the door.

"You're awake." He sighed in a relieved voice. He crossed the room to a chair right next to the bed and pulled it closer sitting atop the soft cushion. I didn't, no I couldn't move or struggle with the casts that embraced my body. He stood up as I opened my mouth and pressed his roughened but gentle finger to my lips.

"I think it would be better for the both of us if you don't talk." He whispered in a low comforting but threatening voice, his lips almost brushing my ear. His piercing hazel gaze gave me comfort but also signs of blindness to other mortals. His garnet brunette hair was just below his ears and his bangs only just grazed his nose. His hat gave no help to the light that tried to observe his face as he sat back down.

"I had convinced the doctor that I'm your brother, which means that I'll be taking you to my

place once you're healed," he said, kneading his nose between his fingers. The skin complexity along his arm that stood out due to the light was one that gave off the ambition of being embraced by them. I didn't know what to think. Actually, I didn't know anything at all about that thought. I closed my eyes trying to remember how I got here, how I was in the alleyway. It flashed like the sun to the moon. The whole memory was thrown at me with flashes of eyes, wings, and blood. I flinched, opening my eyes as the sickening imprints of the scene seemed to project on the wall.

It had been about three months since the strange man took me to the hospital. I learned his name was Hudson over the time he visited me. He visited me once a week, which gave me a lot of time to myself so I could figure out where and what I was going to do after I fully recovered. Half my bones recovered surprisingly quickly within the time I was here, and eventually, I could move more and more with physical therapy every other day. As I was here, I learned what humans were like when they were at their most vulnerable. Watching others come in with shot wounds and some injuries that we couldn't see. At the fifth month of physical therapy, I let it slip that I knew the closest rushing

gasping man in the bed was going through lung cancer and how to fix it. Resting my head down atop my hands at the end of the day almost fully healed, I heaved a sigh. The doctors couldn't explain the two deep gashes on the edge of my shoulder blades. Plenty of times I've overheard the doctor or a group of nurses saying that I shouldn't have survived and questioned how I healed so soon. I had taken Hudson's advice and hadn't answered any personal questions, remaining silent for most of my time.

The last day at the hospital approached quicker than I thought. I had done the usual schedule of physical therapy without any need to hold on to my surroundings. The physical therapist smiled and bid me adieu as Hudson walked through the front door to drive me "home."

"Home," I echoed quietly.

The rest was blurred out as he drove on. This was something I've wanted to do for so long as I've watched humans evolve. He cranked the gear stick into park as he slid out of the vehicle. Opening my door, he offered his hand to support me as we walked up to his front door. When we entered, it was like stepping into the border of a forest. Everything was nimbly carved of wood wherever the eye looked. It felt so fulfilled with the

green-tinted lights to the paintings canvased along the walls.

“This is beautiful,” I said breathlessly in awe.

“You just completed its beauty,” Hudson said as he hung up his keys. The same feeling crept up my spine from when Willow ripped out my wings. Except this feeling was more of a gentle breeze than anything. Hudson slid his arms around my waist, softly yet daringly hugging me. I unconsciously moaned as we softly swayed side to side. Snapping back to reality, I step away sliding from his gentle embrace though his arms left a host of warmth where they had been. Grabbing my sides to stop my skin from wanting more, I back up.

“Your room is down the hall left from the kitchen.” He said dropping his hands to his sides but then sliding them into his pockets, averting his eyes to the couch next to him.

“Thanks,” I said, my face warming up without me realizing it. I follow his directions stepping into a softly lit room. The walls displayed a beautiful cherry blossom tree, giving it a sweet and breezy feeling.

# Krystal Parker

## Quiet

It's unusual,  
Not to speak,  
In a room full of people.  
Being quiet makes them uncomfortable.  
When there are no words spoken in a room,  
You feel like you need to speak,  
Doesn't matter what,  
You just need to get it out,  
To fill the silence with something.  
The tangled knot of thoughts,  
Pushing and pulling,  
Begging to be let out.  
But you must hold them tight,  
Tie them down,  
Put them in a box,  
Lock them in a dark corner,  
Because empty words mean nothing.





Grasshopper  
Krystal Parker



Zeus  
Krystal Parker

## Tavi Engberson

My name is Tavi Engberson, I'm 17 and a junior. I love to dance and write, but I have especially found a love for poetry recently and I have started to write more poetry.



This poem is about a love that I seem like I can't escape and he always comes back to me. We haven't been able to figure out what it is that pulls us towards each other.

## Rearranging my room

by Tavi Engberson

I'm rearranging my room.

Trying not to think of you.

Trying not to think of the hours we've spent  
talking in your Mustang, about our feelings and  
lives.

Trying to rearrange my room for change.

For the start of something new,

Trying to forget the feeling of your arms

Trying to not let my mind wander

from moving my mirror to the opposite corner.

Trying not to think of how I'm going to explain  
our talks to my friends.

trying not to think of you.

rearranging my room.

Music playing softly while I'm moving my bed.

yet, our song plays and you're stuck in my head.

rearranging my room.

Trying not to think of you.

## Zach Clayton

Hey,wassup. I'm Zach Clayton. I like to write things. I love the natural and unnatural beauty you can find in almost everything. But most of all, I love your mom.



Excerpt from “\*Ahem\* The Boys”

Zach was feeling sluggish. It was the middle of 8th period, and he just wanted to get the day over with. Josh was sitting next to him, but they couldn’t chatter because Mr. Norman was having them take a test, which Zach and Josh had both finished within 5 minutes.

Zach looked down at his watch. The red second hand seemed to be moving slow, as if time had really frozen just for this period. “I might need to get that checked,” Zach thought to himself, “Eh, I can just get another one after work, these things are cheap.”

Josh had been staring at his phone the entire time, probably playing Clash Royale again. He clenched his fist in anger and then put down his

phone and turned toward Zach with an annoyed face. He was also clearly bored out of his mind with this assignment. “How much longer we got in class, bro?” he whispered.

“Like 20 minutes,” Zach whispered back.

“Ugh, this class goes on forever; why do we even need to learn financial literacy?”

Zach suddenly stood up and snapped. Everyone in the room froze except him and Josh. He turned toward the door and exclaimed, “Financial Literacy is important for everyone! That’s why I use ‘Dasir and Co. Banking’, the sponsor of today’s episode!”

Josh stood up beside him. “Dasir and Co. use state-of-the-art technology to keep your money safe! Plus, with a premium Dasir Card, you can exchange currency with anyone, anywhere, at any time!”

A random girl from across the class stood up as well. “Dasir and Co. has helped me to save my money more, and get cash back!”

The whole class stood up and shouted, “Dasir and Co.!” and started cheering and dancing. Then the intercom came on and started speaking near unintelligible nonsense that seemed to be like the side effect announcer at the end of medicine commercials.

“Zach.” Josh waved his hand in front of Zach trying to get his attention. “Zach!”

Zach woke up startled. He looked around to see everyone was gone but them and Mr. Norman.

“The bell rang 3 minutes ago, get up!”

“Oh, sorry, I drifted off there.” Zach packed up his things and walked out with Josh. They headed toward the commons and snagged a bench. The two sat there awkwardly without conversation waiting for their rides. Zach finally spoke up, “Wait so did we just work on the test until the bell rang, or did I miss something?”

“Yeah, we just did nothing. I got a few Clash matches in though.”

“Oh nice...” They sat there for another few minutes until Zach had an epiphany. “Oh yeah, you know that sponsorship deal we were stuck on?”

“Yeah.”

“I figured it out!” Zach exclaimed. “I had a dream just now when I fell asleep last period.”

“Oh yeah, tell me.” Josh sounded a little intrigued.

“So we’ll be sitting there in class, right? And then you turn to me and say something like, ‘ugh I hate this class, why do we need financial literacy?’ something along those lines, and then I stand up

and start talking about Dasir and Co. It'll just slowly turn into one of those whack medicine ads."

"That's a thought." Josh sounded a little unimpressed. "But, it is the best we've gotten so far, so I'll consider it."

## A Loss

by Zach Clayton

Matt had tried everything. Why is nothing working? he thought to himself. He sat down on the curb and buried his head in his arms. Tears began rolling down his face as he thought about her. No matter what, she was gone, lost.

Matt sat there helplessly for hours. Onlookers drove by and could feel nothing but pain for him.

When it started to get dark, Matt finally stood up and dragged himself home.

As he approached the front door, he slowly pulled out his keys, turned the lock, and walked in. He crawled up the stairs and went straight to his room, where he curled up into a ball on his bed and just laid there for the rest of the night.

In the morning, he didn't do anything but crawl across the bed to silence his alarm. With an uncomfortable look on his face, he stared at the wall, not thinking about anything.

After an hour or so, he heard a faint scratching at the front door. He thought nothing of it until \*BARK\*!

His face lit up and he leapt out of bed. It had to be her. He rushed so fast he began tumbling down



the stairs, but it didn't matter. He opened the door as a big fluffy beast jumped at him.

“Roxy!” Matt exclaimed. Roxy began licking and sniffing every inch of Matt's body as he closed the door and hugged her for dear life. “Oh, don't you ever leave me again! You had me so worried.”

## Drowning

by Zach Clayton

I was tempted by the bubbly surface,  
Along my walk across the promenade,  
Tired on a somber summer's eve.  
Fog rolls around me as the sunset,  
So beautifully shines the last gleam of light I'll  
ever see.

Daydreams fill my thoughts.  
I haven't fulfilled my purpose yet.  
I feel the pain and anxiety of not being able to  
see her again.

The water is filled with content,  
As I struggle to stay afloat.  
The stars begin showing themselves.  
There's no hope.  
I stop trying.  
Sorrow fills the air,  
My body, floating there.

## Ode to English

by 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.

**Caden Kister**



**Welded Cube**

**Austin Bresee**

I like Frogs.



Pog Frog



Untitled  
**Jordan Davis**

# Andrew Kennison

My name is Andrew Kenison. I am a senior and a member of the Debate Team. For as long as I can remember, I have always loved stories. Hearing them, making them up, and reading them. It wasn't an immediate thing, but as I aged, I got more and more interested in writing. And it is now something I am incredibly passionate about.



Home

by Andrew Kennison

"A Dream is like life whether full of joy or pain  
it is bound like us to come to an end; lost to  
the void."

-----  
-----

The world was awash with colors as Aria walked to school. He was so used to how mundane it all used to be. He had always been a lonely boy, more



friends with his teacher Mr. Math than any of his classmates, but that year had come and gone. Now he had lost even his beloved Mr. Math. Though the man's true name had been Mathesson, Aria never learned that fact and after first grade ended so did his one friendship leaving him quiet and invisible to the adults.

But that was not today, today plants seemed to leap to see him, his face was aglow with a huge smile as he walked. He had forgotten about school and simply was living for living sake in a beautiful world just for him.

Then he saw someone, someone new. He knew her name was Ariel though she did not tell him. She simply smiled and they walked together. She liked to smile at him, a pure warm loving smile of a friend, a look Aria had almost forgotten.

Aria stopped. "I want to play a game," he said

Ariel nodded and her lips moved. "I like to play the running game, what is it called?"

"Tag"

"Yes, I want to play tag with you"

She was fast but she always let Aria catch up with her and tag her after effortlessly evading him. And though she knew the world like her own mind she never chose a hiding spot Aria would miss

when the game changed. In fact, she seemed to get joy from making Aria happy more than anything else.

They played for what seemed like an eternity, but the day did not run out and the sun never began to set no matter how much fun Aria was having.

Ariel told him about games he could not comprehend before the words left her mouth, games he could not describe to anyone who asked but when he played with her, he knew exactly what he was doing just as she did. They even played games Aria would not have enjoyed without her but today, today he loved them.

They started to talk, Aria told her about what his life had been like, how lonely he had been, something he had kept from even his parents, yet he did not feel ashamed he felt stronger.

“I’m sorry about your old life.” Ariel paused. “But we don’t need them anymore; we just need each other.”

She was right. They ran like a great dance and Aria never grew bored or sad appreciating the world with a new light.

Though the day seemed to last longer than any Aria could remember, it did begin to end. The sun did not set; it merely began to fade and the light faded with it.

Aria knew this was wrong.

He looked in confusion at Ariel who simply said.

“The sun sometimes does that here; it’s nothing to worry about.”

Something about her face held mistrust to Aria’s eyes.

“Here?” he said with a voice unfitting of his age.

She paused. “On beautiful special days like this,” she said in a gentle tone. “Everything is different, that doesn’t mean it’s bad,” she said quickly, her voice beginning to break.

Then an unmistakable thought filled Aria’s head.

“Wake up,” he said, though he did not mean to speak.

For a moment a look of unbridled terror filled Ariel’s face before she once again smiled less joyfully than before.

“Aria you are awake.”

“Nothing’s right here, nothing’s the way it should be.”

“Aria, here we are together here, we can do whatever we want.”

“I want to wake up”

She was silent, closing her eyes with a blank expression on her face. She stood motionless for so long staring only into the blackness of the world within her eyes Aria almost began to fear her.

Eventually, her eyes opened and she had a desperate pleading look.

“Aria please if you wake up, I’ll be gone, forever I-I want to live...I want to make you happy.” Ariel began to cry and the world around them began to shrink.

Aria cried as well but he knew....he knew he had to wake up. He hugged Ariel and she hugged back. But it would be the last warm moment he would get from her. As the world around them began to fade, she whispered, “Don’t forget me.”

-----  
-----

“Margaret it’s been years, I don’t think he’ll get better and you need to accept that.”

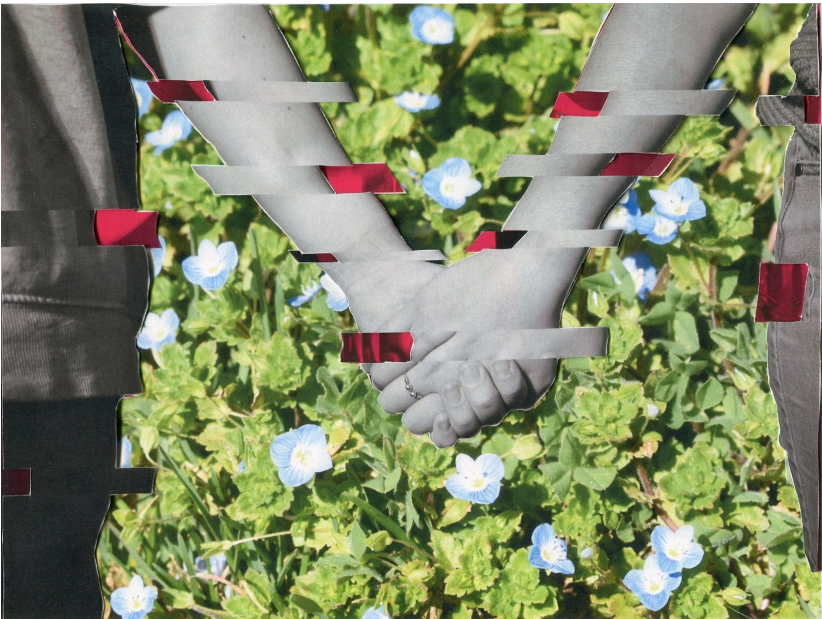
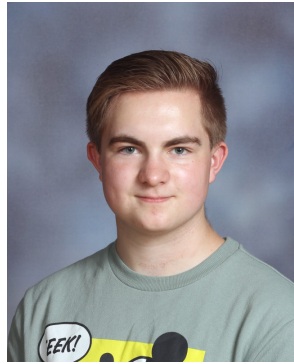
At first he could only hear but then slowly the darkness around him broke and he saw his mom sitting next to him watching him intently. When he looked up at her she began to cry holding him.

“Oh, Aria! I missed you so much.”

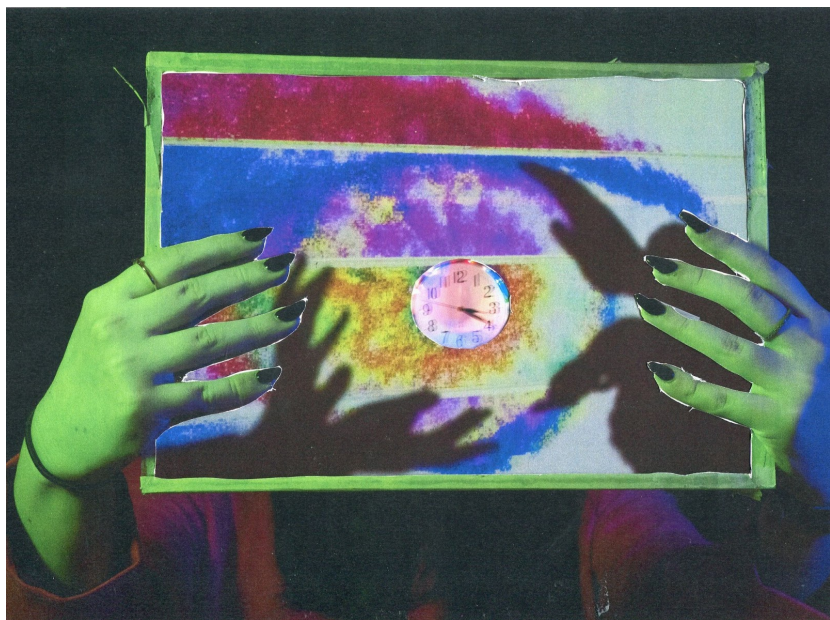
He sat up, he was not in his room, he was in a white room in a bed he did not recognize, but he was home again.

## Elliot Anderson IV

I prefer to do written forms of art (books, stories, etc.) but took AP photography and really like what came out of that class.



Corrupted Graspin' FANGERS



Mirrored Time

## Sadie Perkins

I like drawing. I like writing.  
So I make art for my stories.



Ophelia  
Sadie Perkins



## Untitled

by Sadie Perkins

The house used to be loud  
clanging, banging, screaming.  
No room left untouched.

New house, same people  
same sounds, different feelings,  
the tension in the air is thick, it's quieter.

New house, less people.  
Less sounds, less feelings, he's gone.  
she's happy, but she doesn't fill the space he left.

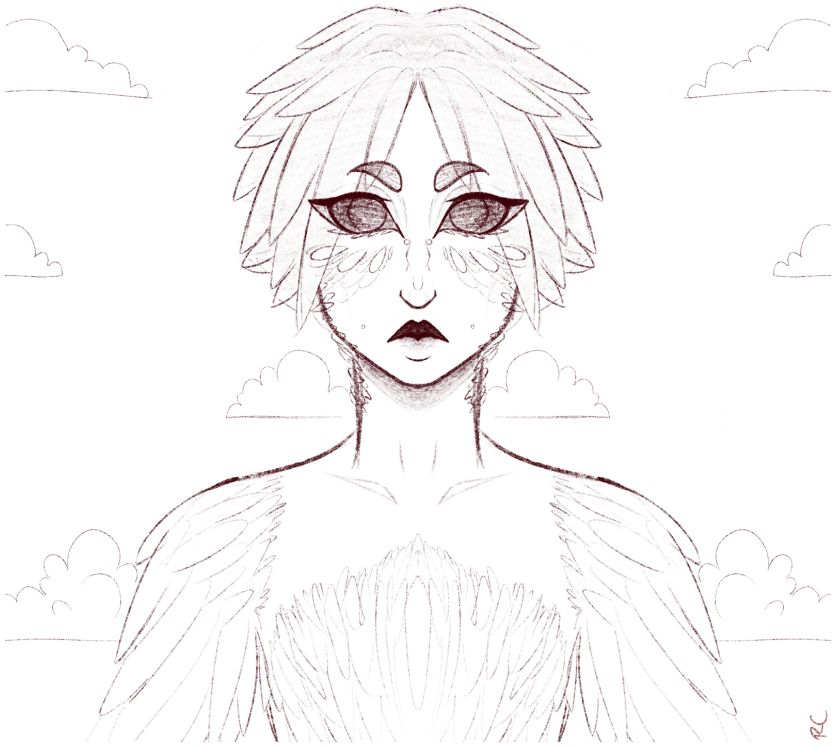
New house, just four here  
Time moves too fast, he's grown up.  
He leaves more space behind, no one can fill.

New house, three left, silence creeping in.  
The house smaller, but it feels larger.  
No one to talk to, the one I trusted most is drifting.

Another house, Just two  
silence overwhelming, inescapable.  
It's filled with tv static, taking over.

Last house, still two, soon to be another.  
She's trying to fill the spaces where silence lingers.  
For the first time, the one leaving, is the one who  
wanted to stay the most.

Drowning in the silence of the ones who left.



Untitled  
Sadie Perkins



Untitled  
Sadie Perkins

## Angela Salas

I know you

Oh my danged ways

She looks so happy, I shouldn't stick my nose  
into this

A few minutes at her side and I'm an expert

We share a gaze and I feel like I know her

The desire to hug her grows more than it should

I see you, I swear

Does she even like hugs?

I'm sorry, but I need to know if you are okay,

but truly ok, not that "I'm fine" and change the  
conversation

How rude, what right do I have to ask

I only have what I assumed

But her moves felt familiar

The smile that doesn't die betrays her

Those compliments saving others

The way she scans me, watches everything

Those freaking danged cuts in her beautiful  
skin, they

take me back there

When I did not care either

Oh dammit, I hope you are ok

You again?

by Angela Salas

I love you, but not what you do

I want you, but you do that too?

You claim me, but you so go fast

You are not there, unless we do that

Is only you that matters, I pray for that to be a  
lie

I cry loudly, but you just don't hear it

The time I spend is never enough, do I ever do  
something that is right for you?

Though you care, I can't be sad if I am with  
you?

I'm getting tired, if I'm even allowed to do that

I want to stop, but you are the only thing I have

## Cake

by Angela Salas

She doesn't drop the question, I already  
answered

She doesn't drop the excitement, which I  
already abandoned

She doesn't drop the trying, I'm already tired

She doesn't drop the asking, I'm already  
overloaded

She did drop my invitations, did I really deserve  
it?

She did drop my dreams, were they really that  
ridiculous?

She did drop my efforts, I swear I really try

She did drop the cake, she keeps asking why  
I don't like this day

# Untitled

by 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

## Gail Stokes

Hi, I like to read, write, and play D&D. That's it. That is my whole personality. There's no more. That's how I've chosen to be immortalized in this book.



### Catharsis

by Gail Stokes

Pounding head, empty heart  
Endless streams of hollow tears  
Unnecessary meaningless catharsis  
Purging the endless that isn't there  
Cracked masks just falling apart  
The void of water keeps rising  
The mask barely hanging on  
Water seeping through each crack  
The strings snap, the mask falls  
Catharsis heals, right?



Untitled  
Gail Stokes

4 AM

by Gail Stokes

Not a living soul in sight,  
Stare out the window  
And let the time fly.  
So dark, yet so freeing.  
Seeing the world paused  
Still and silent and peaceful  
Staring at the stars in the dark  
Left to my own thought finally  
My thoughts aren't so happy  
So, I stare out the window  
And just let the time fly.

Growing Up  
by Gail Stokes

Little girl in a yellow dress  
Sitting, crying on her doorstep  
Drowning in her foggy tears  
Floating through broken years  
Disappointing days, lost nights  
Sitting on the steps, ignored fights  
Staring at the stars through the rain  
Looking at the stars despite the pain  
She memorized the cycle of space  
Summers sitting in this same place  
Steps that have long lost their pep  
All grown up in a yellow dress

The Man Who Cannot See  
by Gail Stokes

The man who cannot see  
Saw everything inside me  
Felt the pain of each cut  
Every hollow starved gut  
The woman who cannot speak  
She listens to each tortured shriek  
Silent, she sits and comforts souls  
She helps achieve ambitious goals  
The god who will not hate  
Cares about every trait  
There is no lesser degree  
This is what god should be.

## Ariel Whigham

My name is Ariel Whigham, and I'm a junior in high school. I've always enjoyed writing (specifically freeform poetry)



since I was young. My favorite poets are Blythe Baird, Ocean Vuong, Rudy Francisco, and Sylvia Plath. I hope to give others a sanctuary for any unwanted thoughts or feelings with my writing. (:

by Ariel Whigham

The woman that blooms  
Has been strewn  
Fraying and decaying  
A joyless loom  
She's built  
Only to be broken down again

Her smiles faded  
The glint in her eyes  
A little paler than before  
But the indents beneath that steel gaze  
Proves otherwise  
With its smile lines

She's capable of sustaining life  
And crafting, constructing  
Being from the ground up  
Abstract into concrete  
She turns her feelings into art

There the ballerina is  
Dancing, leaping  
Her brave, tenacious amber feet  
Twirling with the howling wind  
That braces up against



Its limber form

It prances down her hips  
And sprawls out onto thighs  
A constellation  
Birthed and bred from the night sky

A guide for lost travelers  
Who took more  
Than they could give  
There she lands  
Disrupted  
In the sandy pits  
Of her hollow heart

Wondering where things went wrong  
Which part of her  
Managed to crumble  
Under the weight  
Of something

Unmanageable  
Before her mind  
Had given the invite to  
Be vulnerable

A tool  
Her body scooped out  
And hollowed

Of its sweet nectar  
In search of a meaning  
She became the negative space  
Of a question mark

For mankind  
To dig it's greedy roots into  
The 7 wonders  
Of the world

It's magma  
Became the viscosity  
In our blood  
The expectations  
A hot and eager core  
Suppressed  
Into aching capability

It's potential  
The push and pull  
Of the tides  
That lulled  
The earth  
Into ease  
A part of her

Is inside of you  
She kisses and cries

Lungs open  
Mouth wide

Her emptiness fulfilled  
Her deepest cravings  
Quenched

After the gutter water  
Run too rancid  
For her liking  
She opened up palms  
To the sultry clouds  
And brought  
The earth  
To her knees

And god is she beautiful  
So powerful  
So raw  
So much potential  
In the air she breathes

I want to hold her tight  
Feel her needs  
Burrow deep  
Wake me up  
From these hopeless fantasies

So I can turn on the light

Stop attempting to make  
All these wrongs 'rights'

And just be  
In her essence  
Pour  
With her hurricane  
Swirl  
In her eddies  
Breathe  
Breathe  
Breathe

by Ariel Whigham

The time settles uneasily into the clock. The numbers, only a figment - a solidary hum, an ominous pitch. In the buzz of an ordinary TV screen. Your mind is one gray patch, a murky melancholia, an angel's halo.

What is it the morning brings? A gentle, heavenly warmth- springing about your skin? But, That whistle in the wind. Fiddles, weaves, intertwines its way through your intestines. Inflates your diaphragm as if it has been lurking there, in all this time. Even when the sun-soaked fields you rest your worn body upon made love to the breeze.

What infidelity is this?

Expel! Expel the devil that rises in your lungs and feasts on the cilia of your soul!

Don't lie to me. Did you swallow the shadow and give it home to lie in? Shelter to reside in? Oh love, I thought one bald, blinding glimpse of burning was all it took to turn your head away.

But here you are, flirting coyly with steamy bathroom mirrors. Playing with the strained laces on my shoes. Each dawn of cornflower submerges to skin- like corpse to water.

Your toes have squirmed into the soil like worms  
that take and give and give and give-  
Because it's what you learned- to bloom yourself.  
And grow.  
That little, beating seed-  
A pulpy concoction for the crows to feed.

## **Recker**

Hi, I'm Recker. I'm currently a senior at this school. I'm also a trans man who expresses myself through my poems. I have been writing since I was 13 years old. My poems often express my emotions, thoughts, and feelings about being me. I write for myself, but I've recently noticed people do like my poems and sometimes relate to them. I just want to say that I thank you for reading and listening to me in my true self.

Him

by Recker

The man looks at me,  
Wanting to be free.  
He knocks at the glass,  
Hoping he could pass.

I can hear his cries,  
Especially at night.  
I can hear his plea,  
When they call him she.

I try to let him out,  
But he angrily shouts.  
I try talking,  
But he keeps bawling.

I saw him again,  
Realizing he was my friend.  
I held my hand to him,  
His eyes were no longer dim.

I felt the cool glass hit my hand,  
As he looked at me to understand.

I looked closer to see,  
That he was me.



Pur-Say-Es  
by Recker

Persais  
Who is she?  
What is she?

Persais  
Where are you?  
Don't you feel this too?

Persais  
Why do you let them call you she?  
When you know I'm he?

Persais  
Why are you crying?  
Won't you stop denying?

Persais,  
You're the girl everyone knows,  
But I'm the boy, the one they don't.

Persais

Our Heaven  
by Recker

The night falls like Heaven,  
Our bodies entwined.  
The moon on skin,  
Your features defined.

Shooting stars lie,  
In the lights of your eyes  
This is the last time,  
We'll ever get to shine.

Youniverse  
by Recker

Your eyes are stars,  
The loveliest sight.  
A heart bigger than Mars,  
Loving with all its might.

You're my one and only Earth,  
So full of life.  
You're richer than any universe,  
My only sun of light.

Roll of Sweet Heaven  
by Recker

The roll unfolds,  
Wrapper falling to the floor.  
The pink and white mix,  
Forming a beautiful color.  
One bite away,  
Finally, my sweet Heaven.

## Bethany Roberts

My name is Bethany Roberts. I have lived in Utah my whole life, and I love the mountains. My hobbies include writing, drawing, painting, sculpting, composing music, photography, videography, sewing, and cross-stitching. I love being outside, and I get most of my inspiration from nature. I like writing short stories and poems, and drawing comics.



# The Kraken

by Bethany Roberts

Deep in the ocean,  
Light is just an echo,  
Of cyan bioluminescence,

The silence is an illusion,  
A world that is hidden,  
Frozen,  
The sunlight cannot reach far enough,

But something breaks the pattern of endless night,  
A glowing cluster of stars,  
Aquamarine light pulsing with the ocean currents,

An eye opens,  
A luminous deep-blue anemone flower,  
Staring at nothing,  
And yet looking at me,

The creature bolts,  
Tentacles swaying in rhythm,  
It disappears in a flash of lightning,

And the silence has returned,  
Light is just an echo,  
A fading glow,  
And swallowed by the night.



Kraken - Bethany Roberts

## Heart of the Forest

by Bethany Roberts

The faint light of fireflies filled the air. They danced like stars under the leaf canopy. The trees swayed and plants shivered, wishing to join the dance. Occasionally, small, unrecognizable pawprints disturbed the forest floor. A city, not of brick or stone, but of trees, vines, and all types of plants.

Even though unseen, the echo of the moon's light reminded the forest of its presence. Glow mushrooms guided a path around the trees. The maze of plants could go on for miles. Walking for hours could get you no closer to the ocean, fields, or cities; the forest was the heart.

The cool air relieved the earth of the burning, summer heat. The trees preserved this perfect environment, like a lid on a jar. Yet, summer is the reason this forest survived, existed, and thrives forever.

A bird's eye would never know the beauty that hides beneath the blanket of trees.

A Friday Evening  
by Bethany Roberts

“It’s time to leave”,  
Mr. Orb-weaver said,  
“Have a wonderful weekend”,  
As he stopped spinning his web,

The workers all glanced,  
At the clock one last time,  
Finished their work,  
As they heard the seven-o-clock chime,

Spiders stopped sewing,  
Their hand-crafted sweaters,  
Knotted loose threads,  
On their silk crochet hats,

They climbed out of the knothole,  
In the old, time-worn tree,  
Down skillfully carved stairs,  
Created by a carpenter bee,

In an outside theater,  
Made from oak wood and vines,  
A peacock spider tap-danced,  
And sang a poem that rhymed,



The three judges watched,  
And gave him a score,  
And soon they had decided,  
Who would receive the awards,

Just around the corner,  
Sits an old cardboard box,  
Being re-used,  
As a new candy shop,

“Come get them quick!”,  
“We’re just about to close!”,  
The candy shop beetle calls,  
Holding four lollipops with bows,

Insects and arachnids,  
On this Friday night,  
Enjoying the evening,  
Under the sunset-painted light,

Millions of fireflies,  
Light slowly pulsing,  
Dance in the cobalt sky,  
Green stars softly shining.

## Looking Glass of Life

Anonymous

Every time I wake up from my Dreams.  
The wave of Reality rushes in and washes over me  
like a tidal wave.  
Every now and then I think of them.  
I write them down, hoping to remember them.  
The words on the pages jump out to me.  
I start to cry, because of the memories.  
That brought me burning happiness.  
Oh, those times that I miss.

Looking back on the Past, how long should it last?  
The memories wrap around me like a cast. Wishing  
that what happened could come back.  
Moving through the moment, they call the Present.  
They say it's up to you to make it pleasant. That you  
must live in the moment. Trying not to become  
dormant. The Fear of the future hangs over my  
head. Constantly fills me with dread. Wondering  
what will happen next. What mistakes I will make,  
the relationship that could be made or might break.  
The choices that lie in front of me.

But now I tell myself, whatever happens.

I should Remember the good and bad times of the past. To study and learn from other people's triumphs and mistakes. To prepare and be aware of the coming and possible future for me. But, not to forget that the Present is the most important thing happening to me. While I turn my Dreams into a Reality.

## Izzy Snyder

Hands (Or, evolution bathes  
us in beauty)



Did you know that when  
we hold something--

Be it a tool, a pencil, a  
sponge--

It becomes apart of us? Our hands, our fingers,  
Perceive this item as an extension of our hands.

When we hold something, it is not just an  
object.

When you hold something, you become it, as it  
becomes you.

And this simple, yet almost unnoticeable  
change, is wonderful.

How humans have evolved, have changed, have  
lived,

To hold, and to feel.

Death; the cessation of all functions  
by Izzy Snyder

I am not afraid of dying--  
To be embraced by the cessation  
Of all functions.  
Nor am I afraid of being  
Forgotten, lost to time--  
No, what I am most afraid of  
Is the stories I carry being  
Forgotten; eaten away by  
Time. I am most afraid of  
The people I love being  
Forgotten. I am most afraid  
That the anecdotes, mistakes,  
Heartbreak, loss, death and all  
Will be erased by the sea.

# Ryland Carter

## Nymphalis Antiopa



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 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