



## Winter Poems 2017

# A Thought

*By Melody Xiao*

After I die,  
I will wander the world  
the way I've always wanted to,  
see the cherry blossoms in DC  
and the broken ground of the Berlin Wall  
and the barren earth of the DMZ  
where the voices but not the souls of the others gone  
linger.

And eventually  
I will tire of the earthly things  
that tower but do not speak.  
Somehow I'll find my way back home,  
where I'm sure my grandmother will be waiting  
sunlight warming the joints that no longer ache  
watering her aloe plants  
and a bowl of my favorite fried rice on the table.

Melody (Mel) is a high school junior from New Jersey. She has been writing poetry for about two years and has won a number of awards, including bronze in the NJCTE competition and a gold key in Scholastic Art and Writing. When not procrastinating and worrying about her upcoming exam, Mel reads, sings, and volunteers in and with her school (PS: her favorite ice cream flavor is Ben and Jerry's "The Tonight Dough with Jimmy Fallon).

# A Note to my Collarbone Loving Sixteen-Year-Old Self

*By Emily Wolst*

How pathetic is it

I think over black coffee taken alone

That I belong to perhaps the only sub-culture

Of the Homo Sapiens species

That begins to cry when I catch a glimpse of my sun-tanned chest in the car mirror

Because my collarbones no longer protrude like some injured wing of a broken songbird

But are now hidden, more soft, the angularity more subtle under a layer of cushy flesh

Why is that I find magnificence in the sharp lines of the combination of collagen and calcium

Which very protrusion I find sickening on the stray mutts that wander the street

How repulsive is it

That I find strength in what nature intends as a symbol of human weakness

Emily Wolst is an undergraduate English student at Lakehead University in Orillia, Ontario. She enjoys writing poetry and short creative fiction pieces. Her work has appeared in several local newspapers. She works part-time in a public library and spends her spare time reading both fiction and non-fiction and drinking hot coffee.

# Riverside

*By Peter Beattie*

Humming at the riverside, city across the waves hanging low

Lights stabbing across the thrashing water to slip shadows under our feet

Where they, teacher-eyed, observe our dancing and stalk us

We cause sand to leap out the way, feet stomping manic

To the intense chorus of acutely heated wind down wine bottles

Smoke couldn't keep up with us all night and so wanders home

Some bearing a distinct scent that sends trees tutting

Ash diving to the sand where it rests, unfolding into nothing

Bodies sprawl on rocks and sand and blankets, floating

Burning so vital, those webs of pounding flesh and sounding veins

Throbbing, afraid of skin that might scorch them, but adventurous

Those ungifted with a human crutch wobble on,

Sticking to the corners in defensive huddles, cackling

Arms building platonic shields to avoid repeated scars

Moon attacks with full frontal nudity, no clouds-modesty is dull

As stars hang back at the dancefloor's edge, drinks sipped tenderly

Humming at the riverside, we beat a clunky tune into the ugly hours

We are a nuisance, attacking the sea as it tosses and turns, trying to sleep

But summer brims over and we are sipping from the cup

Which floods so sticky onto our vibrant skin

Peter Beattie also goes by Moth,a product of their gender identity crisis.Crises,usually self-caused,are a recurring theme in their life and work,of which this is the first published example.

# Nesting

*By Moira Armstrong*

Almost 20,

Baking pasta into

Zucchini

Gracefully

Moves through the kitchen, a bird

Of glasses and spoons

Newly 16,

Helping her wash the

Silverware

Carefully

Stands at the sink, a cricket

Of dreams and questions

I have these

Thoughts-unfathomable

In this kitchen

(It'll be okay)

You've seen the world and I-well

I've seen Hamilton

You've never

Minded naivete

Wondering

Anything

I wear like blazers. I have

Always been your child.

Moira Armstrong is a junior at Howland High School, where she enjoys stressing over honors classes and extracurriculars. Her favorite is the speech and debate team, where she competes in original oratory and serves as president. In her very limited free time, she likes to volunteer, color, and, of course, write. Her work has also been published in the Power of the Pen Book of Winners and Creative Communications Poetry Collection.

# **Words for Feelings We Can't Describe \***

*By Katrin Flores*

## **Ruckkehrunruhe**

I forgot

how the hot, sticky wind of  
a hundred passing metro buses and jeepneys  
felt on the shins–  
the pleasant aching of feet  
at the edge of a crosswalk–  
when my legs were swept up  
by the velvet lining  
of a living room recliner.

I lost

the New Orleans roar–  
the steam of a fresh jambalaya  
and greasy oyster po'boys–  
caught in the fibers of a shirt  
when I stuck it in the washer

with a cup of

mountain fresh

And all the morsels of

the world I've captured in

a photograph

fade each time

I scroll past it in a

two-thousand memory

digital photo album

ruckkenrunruhe- n. the feeling of returning home after an immersive trip only to find it fading rapidly from your awareness

## **Monachopsis**

The garden holds like

the surface of water

until the gate swings open

and I,

with the careful smack of

yellow flip flops against

stepping stones,

arrive in New Gethsemane

But the crabapple tree

whispers to the bitter gourd

the mustard greens

the cherry tomatoes

the chickweeds

and with a thin, spotted finger

points

I cannot be the ant

on the ochre fence

with them—

only a thoroughbred

among them

monachopsis- n. the subtle but persistent feeling of being out of place

Katrin Flores, a student in the School for the Creative and Performing Arts program, is a junior at Lafayette High School. Besides writing, she is passionate about Jesus, hoards lipstick, plays the violin, and occasionally writes on gum wrappers when she's desperate.

\*poetry inspired by The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows\*  
[www.dictionaryofobscuresorrows.com](http://www.dictionaryofobscuresorrows.com)

# **Dismantled**

*By Rachana Hegde*

I am whittled down to eight years old: all shaky hands and  
fingers stunned numb. There's a muted street & a house

hiding behind a lamp. The gutter overflows with pre-dawn light and  
the manhole is a wound cauterized, awful in the way it droops.

A bedroom lies dismantled. I rest a hand against its underbelly,  
learning how a house moulders. My parents are cluttered, scuttling

around an orphaned home. This place looks like the still life of a fruit  
covered in soot, hijacked & rotting in the palms of our hands.

A year passes. And still, there is an awful light in my  
mother's eyes when she looks at the sky. It is different.

I know her fears intimately: contorted & swarming.

Ten years later, a pheasant couches me, in a bland sketch of

sakura trees. Cherry blossoms scale the mountains of my childhood.

I am looking through a window & seeing my parents dappled  
with moonlight. Distance is coiled in the strands of our hair.

I reverberate with antiquity;  
& each place is a second chance I will not miss.

Rachana Hegde collects words and other oddities. Her poetry has been published in Alexandria Quarterly, Moonsick Magazine, and Hypertrophic Literary. You can find her reading, drowsy-eyed, or at [www.rachanahegde.weebly.com](http://www.rachanahegde.weebly.com).

# **Ursa Major**

*By Farah Ghafoor*

“While he was hunting wild animals... he came across his mother [Callisto, a bear], who stood still at sight of Arcas and appeared to know him. He shrank back from those unmoving eyes gazing at him so fixedly, uncertain what made him afraid, and when she quickly came nearer he was about to pierce her chest with his lethal spear. All-powerful Jupiter restrained him ... and set them in the heavens and made them similar constellations, the Great and Little Bear.”

Metamorphoses Book II

The evening like a frozen bell. The silver, ghostly  
mouth of Callisto as she looks for her son. A spear  
tucked into dark, mute hair, she now hunts

the idle mothers. Warns: Carry your children  
between your teeth, your nails. When the sky veils itself,  
do not let them be moonflowers to be picked by men  
with fingers like thick wooden pipes.

Give them more than birth: This distance is as faceless  
as a beast. You will know when they become only a slash  
of heart, a blackened window. You will know

when every morning echoes a tinkling light

for what you will have lost.

Farah Ghafoor is a sixteen-year-old poet and editor-in-chief at Sugar Rascals. Her work is published or forthcoming in Ninth Letter, alien mouth, and Big Lucks among other places, and has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards. Farah is the recipient of the 2016 Alexandria Quarterly Emerging Artists and Writers Award. She believes that she deserves a cat. Find her online at [fghafoor.tumblr.com](http://fghafoor.tumblr.com).

# **Mouth**

*By Arah Ko*

I.

Tonguing suckers

until the end has slickened to a sharp

edge and you have cut your mouth

over and over in search of residual

sweetness. Red dripping chins;

I do not know syrup from

blood.

II.

The park is stiff with new

cold. Your mittens hang like ruby rags

from their clasp on your coat.

Eating junk food on the bench, a dying

wasp creeps in your straw, stings

your lips, over and over; you cry

until dad pries the stinger from

your gums.

### III.

The dental students say

one tooth wants to come out.

You shrug, brave apprehension

crinkling your rosy, round cheeks,

for the first time losing fat. You leave

the office, three milk teeth in a

ziplock bag, gauze cottoning the wound

in your young jaw. Your face is swollen

but you smile at me,

over and over.

Arah Ko is an English Major in the Chicago area. When not writing, she can be found frequenting open mic nights, explaining her name pronunciation to coffee shop baristas, and contemplating the meaning of life, other than 42.

# **Family Hike**

*By Vivian Tsai*

We march out—so early I can't even see—  
till Meg has a headache and John has to pee,  
and Ruby is swearing she'll die of despair  
if another small nature bug lands in her hair.

“Now, camping’s a great way to spend time together,”  
says Dad as we groan about grime and the weather.  
“Just humor your father,” our mom chimes along,  
but none of us join in her hiking trip song.

Come noon, I discover the map’s upside-down,  
and Ruby and Meg both wear permanent frowns.  
The lunches have melted, a PBJ puddle,  
and even Dad’s beat when we do our group huddle.

On campground, we’re weary and beading with sweat  
at the peak of what Dad says we’ll “never forget.”  
He can’t pitch the tent, so we lie on the dirt

and the earth is so bumpy, our spinal cords hurt.

But the six of us match with our sore limbs and yawns  
as Mom sings and I squeeze between Ruby and John.  
We marvel together as stars come to peep,  
and I'm grateful to Dad as I drift off to sleep.

Vivian Tsai currently studies computer science and applied math at Johns Hopkins University. She spends her free time doodling, writing letters, and playing tennis with friends.

# An Impossible Rupture

*By Maya Rabinowitz*

The day after things changed

It rained buckets

Bubbles floating across mirrored puddles

I woke in grey violet

And left my dreams in a hurry

A flurry of heartbeats

Racking the dreary room

I took a drag through the rain

To count my words

To spread

Water from the

Crease of my cheek

The bridge of my nose

A silent story of sorrow

I warmed a can of  
Salty metal soup  
Til it hissed at the corners and  
Overflowed the bowl  
Cloudy liquid growing cold  
As it clung to my throat

I could not stand  
Inside my skin  
I could not stand my head  
  
Through years  
Of shifting loss  
The same prayer flags still

Drip from my doorframe  
  
Still tangle on the synapses  
That lie between wake and dream

May I never settle

May I always have a song to sing

Maya Rabinowitz is a sixteen-year-old lover of music and avid reader of anything poetic. She lives in Philadelphia, PA, in a quiet neighborhood with her two moms and her dog Ollie. She spends much of her free time writing, and her work has also been recognized

# ART

By KAREN AHN



*A fan of graphic novels such as *Fun Home* and cartoons such as “*Calvin and Hobbes*” since I was a child, I have been heavily influenced by cartooning and collage, which I have integrated into my own style of illustration. I also aim to incorporate narrative within my illustrations. In my studies in art history, I have been deeply inspired by Friedensreich Hundertwasser, Umberto Boccioni’s later works, MC Escher, and Eduardo Paolozzi and am also pursuing independent research on queer Italian performance art after having spent a year abroad in Viterbo, Italy.*

*Our lives are saturated with visual stimulation, and overabundance typifies much of the developed world. Nonetheless, crises and conflicts in climate change, technology, religion and overpopulation threaten imminent catastrophe for our world. My work is invested in*

*portraying the often overwhelming, yet minute, stimuli of lives increasingly mediated by virtual reality and smartphone interfaces, contrasted by themes of unity, acceptance and peace weaving through the work. (Karen Ahn)*