

inklings





Lord, walk with me. Carry me!

Lord, teach me, reach for me, guide me...

Save me, watch me, support me...

Lord, I ask that you strengthen me, free me and accept me!

Lord, keep me in your gaze,

Accompanied, I am. -Amen.

By: Marc Vargas ('18)

Photo By: Marcial Perez ('16)

A Clock

Every day I run.
Many people glance at me when they walk by.
After looking at me, some people suddenly run away.
Every night I run.
Even when everybody goes to sleep.
But I am always in the same place.
Sometimes, when I scream at them and shake my body to move,
they strike me and I just shut my mouth.
I have two hands, but I don't use them to stand still
Because one of my hands is shorter than the other.
Some of my friends have three legs.
(By the way, mostly younger ones have no legs
but they shine at night)
Luckily, I got to stay on the ground
but some of my friends were hung.
Oh, I don't think I am good at math.
I only can count up to twelve.

By: Sang Jun Ko ('16)

Mystery Chemistry

I do love alkali metals
They give electrons as rentals

Silver is cat ions
Fluoride is anions

Cl stands for Chloride
I, stands Iodide

Yes, I love oxygen
As much as a pigeon

As I write how much I love Zinc
My purple pen runs out of ink

What is the Praseodymium?
I don't know. Is it like Helium?

Can we make gold?
No, I've been told.

By: Sang Jun Ko ('16)

Uniqueness

By: Marc Vargas ('18)

God wants for all to be different
Why?
Simply to carry his message of love differently
If we are all the same, then all is dull and there is no change in heart
All we see is an unclear image of love
Love will not have meaning because love is different and unique
It revolves around the same concept yet has no definite impact...
We are made unique because He loves us...
He loves us so much, he had the time to make us different!

What has Ever Happened...

By: Ricardo Diaz ('16)

I look out into the dark night,
I see nothing, not even light.
Overpowered by the darkness,
What has happened to Earth's brightness?

The world is in devastation,
I'm in search for motivation
To help me conquer the darkness.
What has happened to Earth's brightness?

Should I just leave, and walk away?
And possess the feeling of dismay?
Who will help me conquer darkness?

What has happened to Earth's brightness?

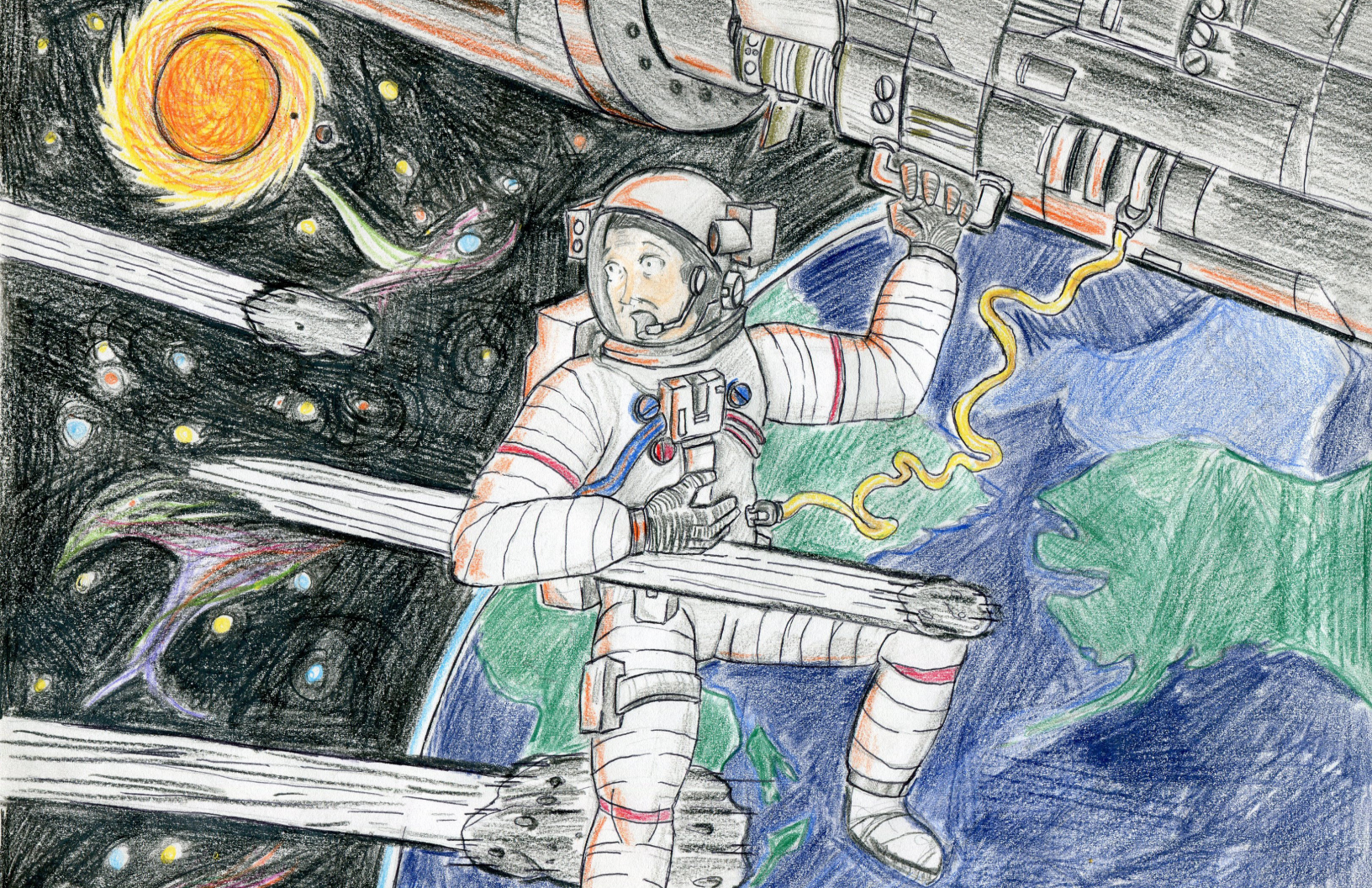
A Lost Letter

To whomever finds this letter in my old, broken-down drawer.
Pay special attention to what I am going to tell you.
You think this might just be a typical letter "Q"
That consists of a greeting and a farewell,
But in reality, it is the complete opposite.
What I am about to tell you is something really important.
Nothing like this has ever been shared.
Anyways, whoever finds this letter,
Deep in my old drawer, should feel honored.
Although I am not famous,
You're here looking through my belongings,
Seeking for something of worth or value.
Sadly, the only thing of value that I possess
Is this letter. I am a man of few words,
So don't be anxious, be patient and I will tell you
What I believe is very important.
Although you might disagree with what I am going to say,
Please, don't let anyone else know of this
Very dark secret of mine.
If you dare tell anyone about this, I will come for you.
But, you know, be a good person and keep your lips sealed,
The world is a better place when everyone keeps their mouths shut.
As for me, what I have anxiously wanted to tell you is that,
I am, Frederick David Henry Luis Theodore Smith,
A vegetarian!!

By: Ricardo Diaz ('16)

Photo By: Jungho Moon ('16)

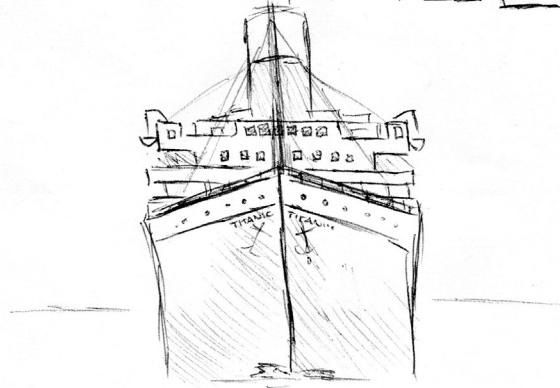




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By: Jae Suk Lee ('18)

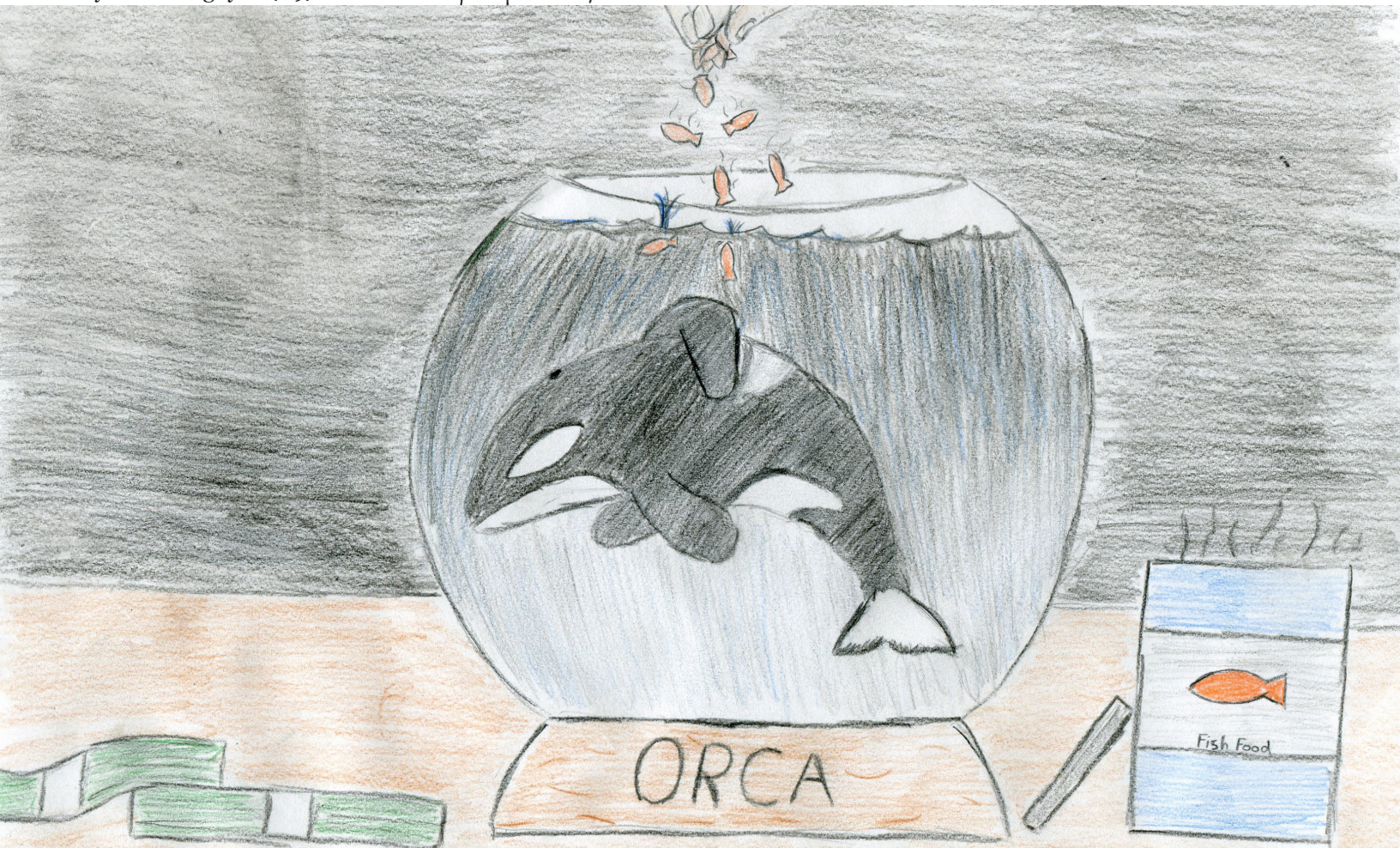


MAIDEN VOYAGE



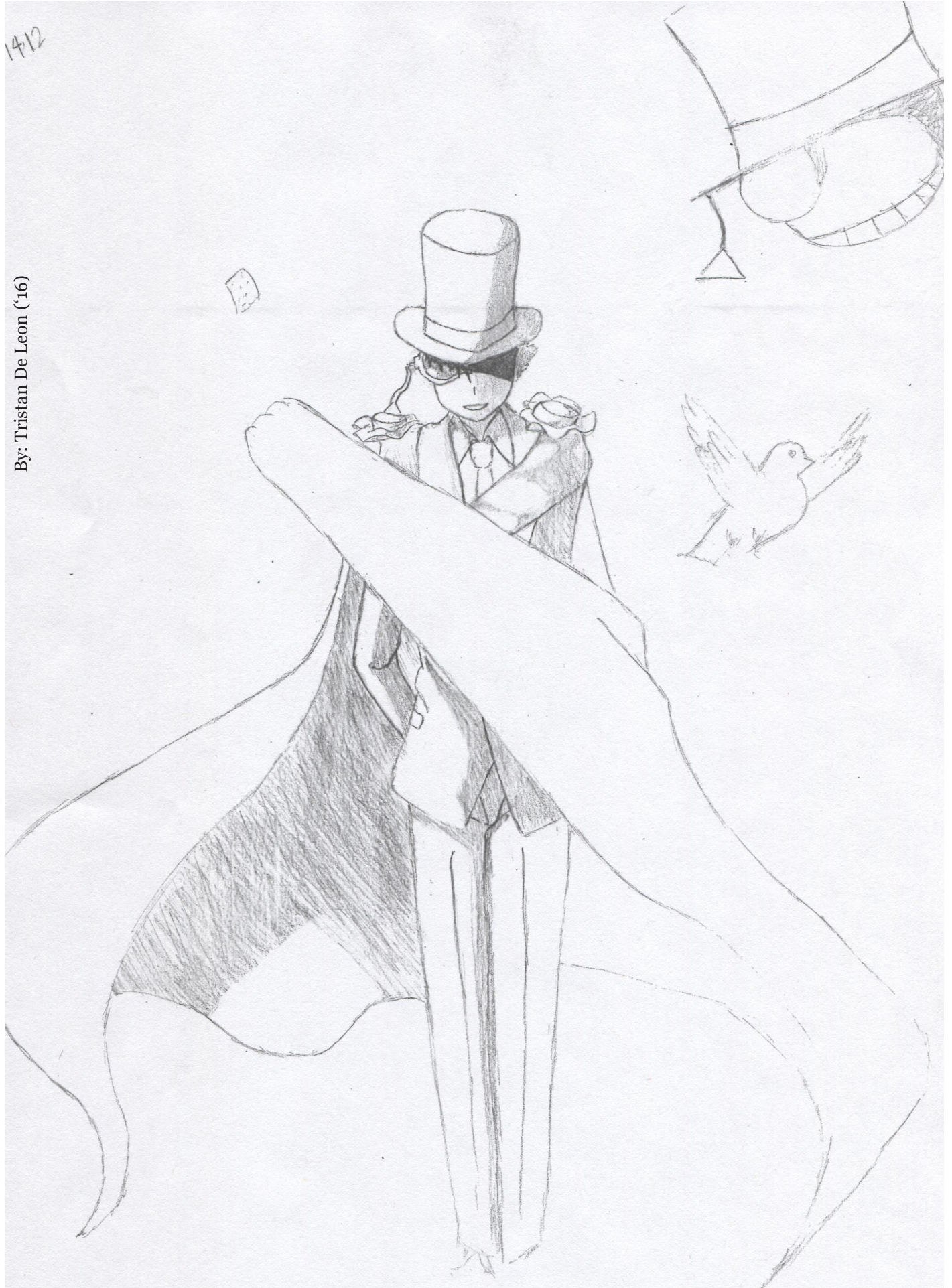
By: Alejandro Reyes ('19)
By: Ethan Nguyen ('19)

By: Alejandro Reyes



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By: Tristan De Leon ('16)



I'll... never forget my poker face! - Kuroba Kaito

Sink

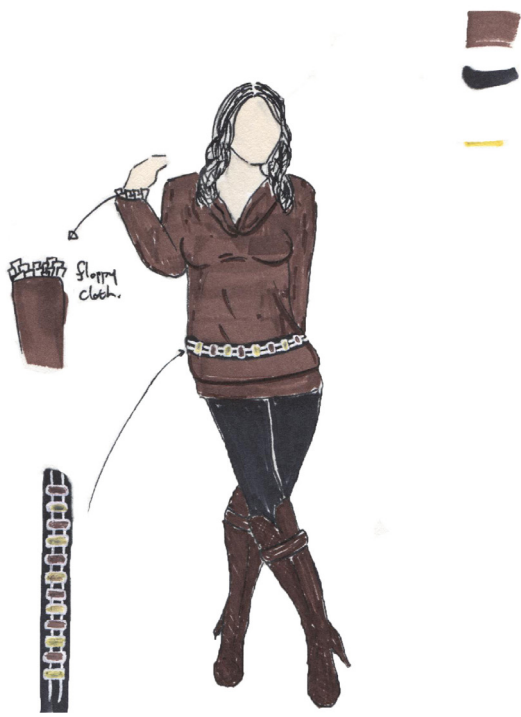
The Pain that's
Running through my veins
(Circulating like blood-flow)
Is insane
It's time to be at peace
And unleash
What's been inside of me for too long
I've come too far to be at war
With one
I'm getting panicky
The thoughts inside of me are kinda hectic
My heart is feeling rejected
I want it to be done and over
I begin to care less
And shrug my shoulders
I'm at war with one
One called depression
But is it really a war?
Because depression is fighting
But I'm giving no retaliation
Depression has been winning
Since the beginning
I haven't been fighting
The feeling
That's been killing
And deteriorating me
S-l-o-w-l-y,
I'm **one** at war with depression
But depression is **one** at war with
One-Billion,
The worst part is that
It is winning.
The pain stopped running through my veins
I'm brain dead
But my spirit is finally free
From the feeling that's been burning
Like hell inside of me.
This topic is kind
Of hard not to mention
Just like mine,
Many of your lives
Will sink
All the way down to...
....Heaven

By: Danny Rico-Sanchez ('16)

Fight

To jumble and tumble
On an idea that's so humble
I'm a wounded soldier
Who should've been bolder
But Satan's heart is colder
Than anything ever seen before
Six-six-six
He's a joker full of tricks
And I'm falling
But I listen to that calling
That inspiration that tempted my motivation
To write on this supernatural creation
We call
Earth
And to this very dirt I have been created
I've been hoping for the best ever since
Everyone's hoping for the best
But only a few are rewarded
So what happens to the rest?
Life's a mess
Benevolence lacking
Malevolence overflow
Life's a test
Experiences you'll never know
Death overload
Life's a puzzle
Massive and subtle
And what happens when the world begins to tumble
Don't re-think to think twice about thinking twice
What I'm saying is
Don't second guess... Yourself
Go with your gut instinct—
—Go with the flow
But how much more can you withstand
Before you can't stand
When you've gone through so much
And you're done
But what happens when in actuality; you just started
As hard as it may be
You're off to round two—versus
The improbable—unbeatable—unpredictable
But with this ink that I write with I will do the unthinkable
Here we go
To fight a war; against the impossible
Call it life
And although little of it, keep your **might**
And remember
When life knocks you down for a hundred reasons
Give it a hundred and one to get right back up.

By: Danny Rico-Sanchez ('16)



JaeSuk



Patterns



A dark, snowy night scene. A glowing street lamp is visible in the upper left, casting light on the falling snow. In the lower right, a snow-covered bird is perched on a dark, rectangular pedestal. The background is a deep black, filled with a dense field of white snowflakes.

Darkness

The night is full of darkness.

But isn't darkness

A new light?

Us.

Nowadays I don't think much about you
But I remember a few things.
I remember how your hair used to droop down to your eyebrows.
I remember how you always used to take pills for your hyperactivity.
How you always ran everywhere in search of sticks and branches
And how your eyes would widen the way a baby's would.
How you would bend your hands like a mantis and collect
 Fish, lizards, turtles, bugs and worms.
You collected everything! Prodding your fingers into the ground the way
 an exuberant preacher would wiggle his in the air.
You saw nature for what it was, and you tried to capture it in your hands to show others.

Then I remember when you were stepped on.
 When your curiosity made you a freak.
When people shunned you because you weren't like the others.
When your parents were disappointed in everything you did.
I remember how you held your emotions in when the world tried to force them out.
 How the wonder turned into fear, and the beauty into pain.
When the lightning struck and you refused to pray,
 And when those fingers stopped crawling through the mud.
I remember when you trapped yourself.
When you shut your mouth and hid behind a curtain.
When you tried to create a world you could hide in.
I remember the day a knife was held to your chest because it was the only way to stop the screaming.
The day when you lost what made you YOU.

And then I remember the day I came into your life.
I wasn't fully born yet, but you could see my eyes.
The day I tried to pull you out of your world so that you could see things through my eyes.
The day I took your fading eyes outside to show you the
 Wonder.

 And the Beauty that never left.
The day I opened your mouth and your eyes.
When the silver lining on the horizon began to creep over a hill.
And when you noticed how my hands weren't fully formed yet.
I remember the day you shaped my hands with yours, and told me to look away towards the horizon.
The day you took the knife and stopped the screaming
 The day you put the knife into my hands and drove it deep into your heart.
The day I saw color. The day you told me to live without you. The day you showed me what to do
 In a harsh and beautiful world.
Nowadays, I try not to think too much about you.
 About your worries. About the lingering memories and the vestiges of fear you hid from.
Nowadays, I just try to do what you told me
 To Live
And enjoy the world Us two have forged together.

By: Timothy Nguyen ('17)
Photo By: Josué Mota ('16)





Me & You

I am all alone here in this empty home,
Which once housed many, but now, only me.
They all left, abandoned me, even you.
You were the one, the one who promised.
That you would never leave, but now I'm alone.
Left to sustain the dream, our dream...

But, if I'm alone, is it really our dream?
I, who sits here, with no one in this empty home?
But, you know, it's hard sustain dreams alone...
To keep the dream alive, no you, just me.
I remember the promise we made, our promise...
But, am I the only one who does? Do you?

I really hope you remember, because you...
You, were the one who brought life to our dream.
I did nothing but, you, that's why the promise...
That's why it meant so much to me, and our home,
Our home, so warm, so full of life, and it wasn't just me.
Was it? If it wasn't, why did you leave me all alone?

But, you did leave, and here I sit, alone.
I think of you every day, it keeps me going, you.
Funny, huh, the one who abandoned me,
Is giving me the most strength, to sustain the dream...
Though this house is empty and cold, it is my home
This is where it was born, the dream, our promise...

You will be forgotten without it, that promise...
Yes! With—Oh, oh... what's the point, I'm all alone...
Just writing to myself in this hollow, cold home.
I'm just trying to hold on, to that happiness I had, to you.
I know my time is short, and you are gone, but that dream...
It wasn't for nothing, You were here, right? Was it just me?

Of course, without you, it would all just be me...
That day, that promise, there never was a promise...
And your dream, our dream, was it all just my dream?
There never was a you, just a me, all alone...
I alone had fabricated the idea of an us, of a you...
So that I could keep living, in this cold hollow home.

Your, our dream was created by me, and only me,
All alone in this hollow home, with a hollow promise...
I am all alone, I have always been alone, there never was a "you"

By: Andrew Gumienny ('16)

Love

Do you remember a time when you loved
a very special person with all your heart?
It is very difficult to say farewell
and think of moments you've enjoyed—with regret.
Deep into sorrow, you will always hate
yourself for leaving those who made you happy.

Live in a world believing you are happy.
But in truth, you are not, since the person you loved
is gone. With the nostalgic memories you hate
is bounded with a sorrowful and painful hurt.
Haven't you figured out that you regret
not saying a simple, effortless word—farewell.

Crying all your heart out, without saying farewell,
made you a person who did not know happy,
joyful moments. Instead it made you regret
leaving the one person who you so loved.
There is only one way to go. Open up your heart
so that you will not be a person who will hate.

Loving someone without the feeling of "Hate"
is the same moment when you say farewell
to your miserable, gloomy, and depressed heart.
Now, do you feel the strong bond of happy
relationships with the people you loved?
There will not be a time again when you feel regret.

Changing yourself can always help overcome regrets
with little or no effort since regret and hate
can never win someone who will be loved.
Hence, love will force you to say farewell
to your emptiness and become happy.
Renounce hatred and sorrow with all your heart.

With this new, faithful, and loving heart,
become a person who will get rid of regret.
Live a life where you lead others with happy,
everlasting joy. Help those who are blinded with hate
and make them people who will say farewell to
all the melancholy moments and become loved.

You will be happy when you love with all your heart
and be loved without having regret.
Your hate will no longer exist, but leave by saying farewell.

By: Jae Beom Lee ('16)

Piano

Starting as a flutter,
a sole bird floats down from the white sky
above,
my hands touch the keys, the light of the
stage flows over the piano.

It pecks the soft earth and hops from side
to side, softly,
my hands begin to play, drifting, dancing,
from side to side, softly.

A second, a third, two more drift down,
soundlessly,

The tempo increases, the image of that
spring day dances through my mind.

You sat there. Surrounded. The birds had
always loved you, just as I had.

A storm, hundreds of birds fill the sky and
earth. The sole is now lost,

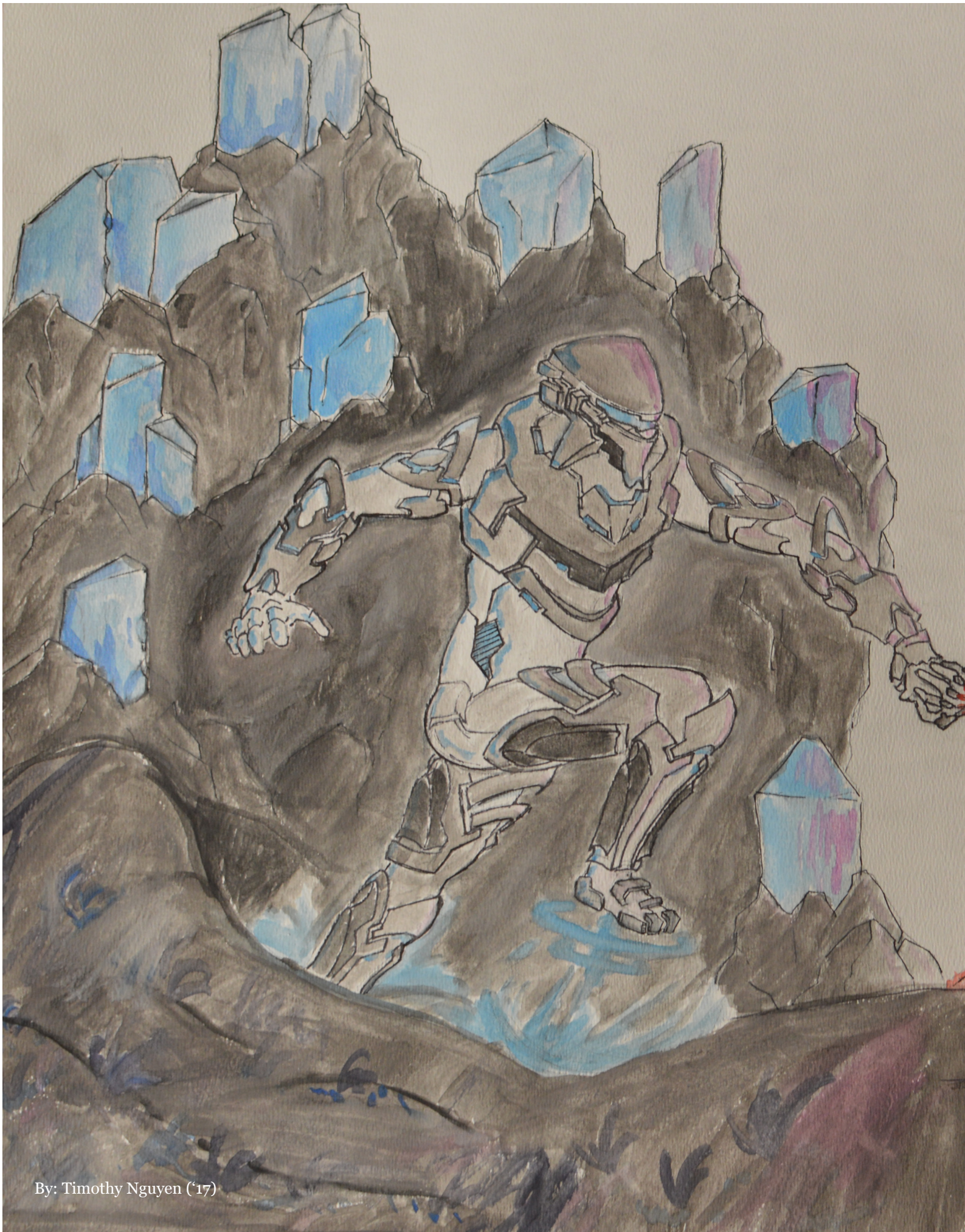
the sound of the piano rings throughout
the hall, its notes speaking of that day.

The storm vanishes, as suddenly as it had
come; only the memory remains.

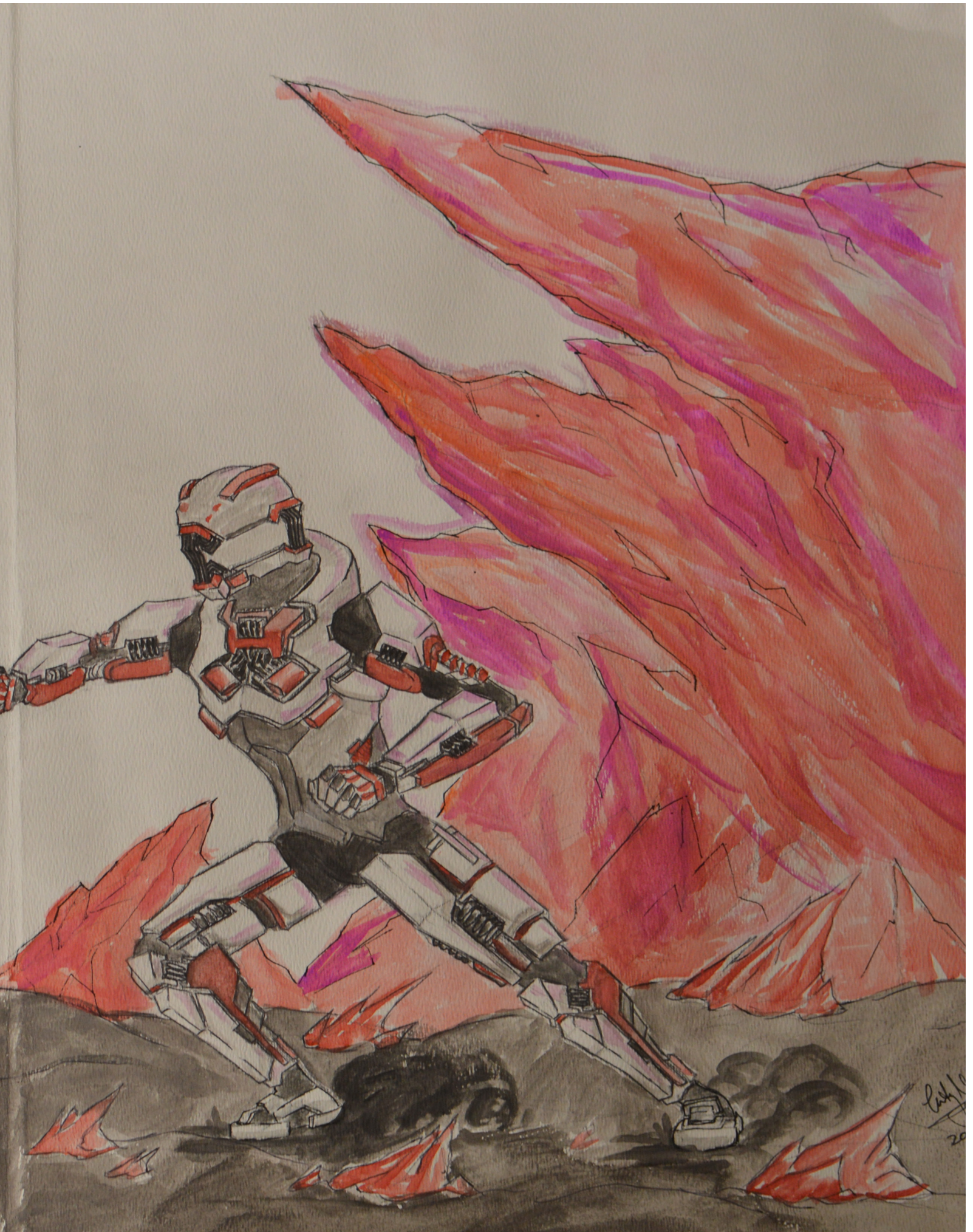
I bow and leave the stage, tears streaming
down my face,

I think of you.

By: Andrew Gumienny ('16)



By: Timothy Nguyen (17)





By: Daniel Zavala ('18)

A Sonnet to Her

When darkness covers the depths of the earth,
The light from Her illuminates the sky;
Oh, look how God created Her from birth,
I cannot touch or get near Her, I cry.

Why can't she look at me? I cannot breathe.
She works day and night without any sleep.
Her exhausted face makes me clench my teeth.
I make disaster; then I am sound asleep.

The damage is done and now she lies cold;
I have no money and I have no legs.
Your death forces me to wear a blindfold.
What now? My hourglass drains to the dregs.

I'm afraid; your light does not shine to me.
I will take my whole soul and set it free.

By: Jae Beom Lee ('16)

Estefan

It was five years ago when I met her
She was like an angel from heaven.
Her eyes were green as Santa Lucia fir
I asked her name, her name was Estefan.

But she said, she does not like fat people
And I told her I am just a chubby boy.
She called me a Colorado Beetle
That is not true, I am from Illinois.

The next day, she was nowhere to be found
Dad told me, she moved away from this place
And I waited for her to come around
Tried not to erase, tried not to erase

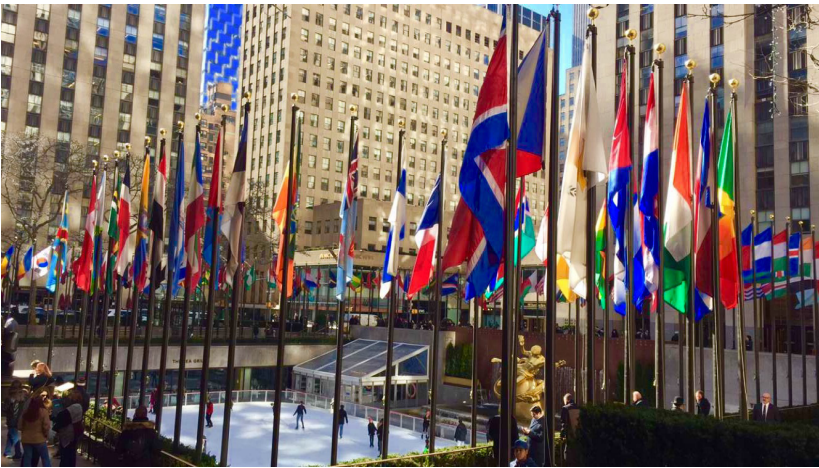
After she left me, I saw a new girl.
That girl was so beautiful, like a pearl.

By: Sang Jun Ko ('16)

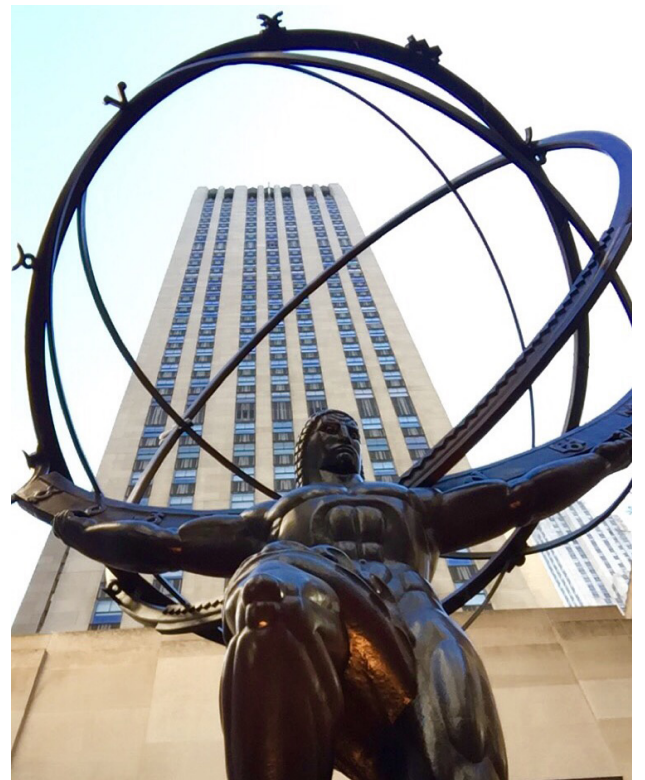




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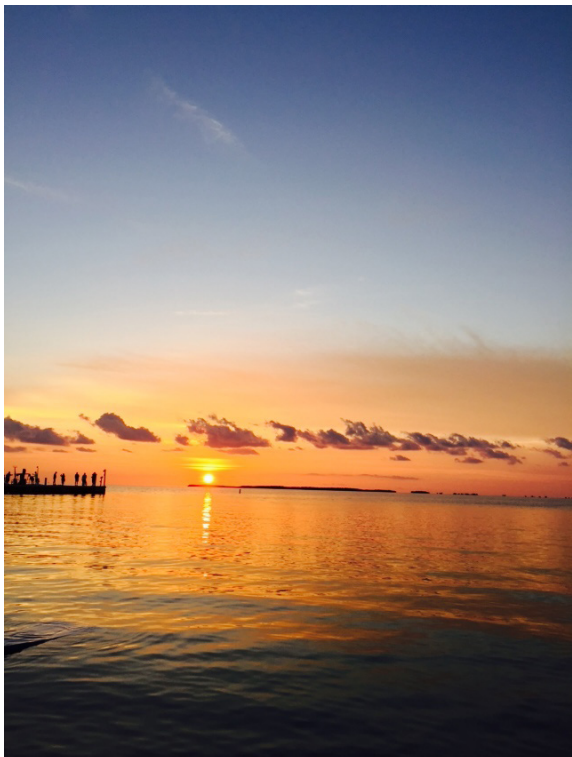
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