

Inklings



Volume IV
2017-2018



“Fading Innocence”
By: Jae-Suk Lee ('18)

This War of Mine
By: Alejandro Flores ('18)

What do we do in a time of war?
When all that you knew was simple peace.
The world around you, hardly recognizing life.
Seeing that everyone is full of despair.
But not I – I am filled with a fire to rebel.
To bring in the light, to give out hope.

I shall be the one to dish out hope.
To fight this burden that is called war.
For this is what I am, a rebel.
For I want to see the world at peace.
I will eradicate the despair.
To give those suffering a shot at life.

For this is my purpose in life.
Doing this is what brings me hope.
Without it I myself am filled with despair.
For failing results in me losing the war.
Losing what I have yearned for, peace.
The one inside me won't lose, the rebel.

The determination of a rebel.
This is the major factor in my life.
For only then can I myself find peace.
This is what help creates my hope.
Along with ending this long war.
If I have to, I will carry the despair.

Nothing good ever comes out of despair.
It was the reason I became a rebel.
It was also what caused me this war.
Which is why I never had a good life.
But this is about giving out hope.
So others may know something I didn't, peace.

This is all I have ever worked towards, peace.
That others in the future may not know despair.
So all that they can look at is their own hopes.
That nobody else may become a rebel.
That from then on they may lead an easy life.
Never again fighting in these wars.

Until then the war goes on with the despair.
I can never achieve my hope of peace.
Until I finish my life as a rebel.

The Mask
By: Josh Prado ('20)

When we wake up each day
We put on a mask that represents “us”
That mask shows who we think we should be
Not what we know we are

The mask shelters us from the world,
The one in which that so many of us hide from
This mask covers our insecurities
Letting us “run free” and “be ourselves”

We think the mask helps us find our way
When in reality,
it just gets us lost.
Don't lose yourself
Don't lose yourself to your mask

It is hard to take off that mask
To be exposed to the real world
Can be
Healing yet
Harmful
Frightening yet
Calming

Just as the ocean calms and rages,
So do the people around you

Take off your mask
Find the people you love
And show them who you are

Never let go of those people
Those people are more than just friends
Those people become a part of you.



By: Josh Prado ('20)



By: Josh Prado ('20)



"Anthropomorphic"
By: Jae-Suk Lee ('18)

Noose

By: Ben Quiroz ('18)

The rope was secured around the branch
I pulled it taut to make sure it was tight
The end of the rope hung over the branch

An open loop followed by thirteen persuasive wrap-arounds
I stood upon my bucket with my little, thin thirteen-year-old legs
I exhaled and inhaled slowly, preparing to never take them again, and then....

A cry, a bark, I heard from afar—near the river
I paused a moment in hesitation, thinking it was just my imagination
Throwing the thought away, I brought my left foot back, readying to push forward....

Then again, a bark, a whimpering of a dog, crying for help
This time I knew for sure this was real, a pity in my heart I did feel
My reasons overcoming my emotions, I decided to see the dog whelping

To the tall cliff near the river I approached
The small brown pup laid almost drowning, holding onto a trunk drifting away
Without thought, I went back for my rope, running, keeping the knot of the noose still hanging

I returned from the dark shade of the trees and into the brightness of the sun of the tall cliff
Weary my eyes were, but they went back to focus as the pup screamed out to me
I threw the rope as accurately as I could, and luckily it landed on the pup, next to the wood

I pulled hard and steadily, the pup swayed and dragged but held on and pedaled forward
The pup was now floating on the wall of the river, rustling with waves, quivering his body, so
Carefully on my stomach I laid on the edge of life and death, pulling the pup up ever so slightly

Tug by tug, pull by pull, my heart beat with vigor and soul,
trying to save the pup from the grasps of the raging waters
close enough, I pulled his paws up...

He leaped on top of me as I fell back on my butt
He whimpered lovingly, wagged his tail, and gave me kisses
I couldn't help but crack a smile, he licked my tears and we laid down in an embrace for awhile

We then stood up and walked home, and built a beautiful friendship that I have never known
And I kept that noose there on that ledge, saving me from death and bringing me new light
It stood as a reminder to me – that no strife in this world is worth taking away your own life.



By: Aaron Villegas ('21)



By: Alejandro Reyes ('20)



By: Matthew Mortell ('18)

Prison

By: Dominic Dy ('18)

We walk the streets of lifeless life,
I am Trying to find my me,
Knowing that I don't know
The emptiness of a full glass
What happens next?
What happens after I am done?
Do we start anew?
If so we are never truly done.
When a flower blooms it then fades,
When will we fade?
Do we die before we are dead?

He is trapped in a prison.
One he carries around with him,
One I cannot break,
One I cannot see,
One I cannot know,
But does he know?
That I know.
Does he care?
That I care.

I am nothing.
You are nothing
We are as specs
This I do not know
But when do we truly die?
When the fire within us is put out?
When our soul leaves this world?
We are forever us.

I am forever me.
I will not truly die,
You light the fire that lights me.
This I know.
I am as a spec on this earth,
I am something,
You are my everything.
It gets worse before it gets better,
I will make sure it gets better.

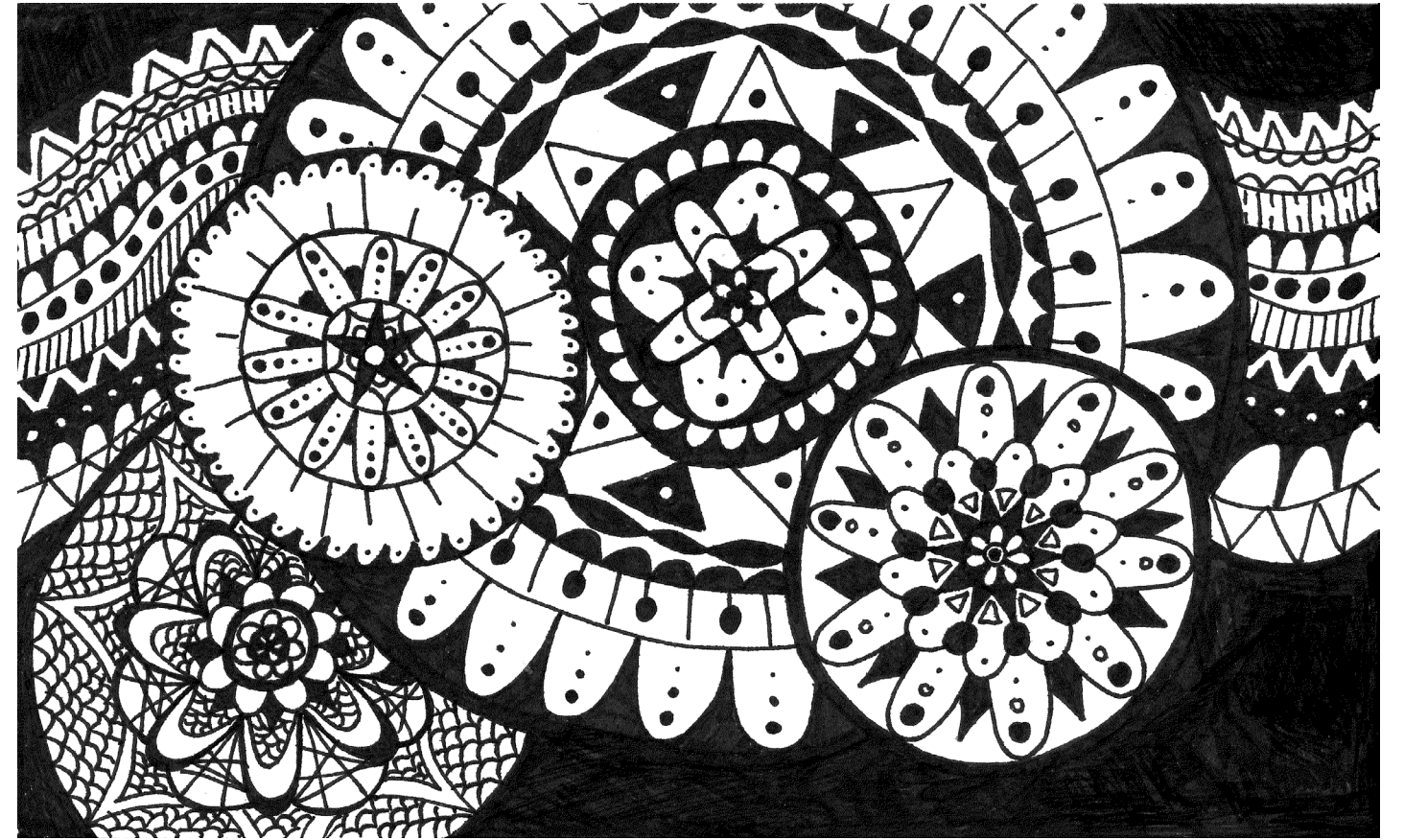
Everything gets better for a time,
Then it gets worse.
I know this from experience.
We are trapped in a prison
One we cannot see.
One I know.
One we cannot break.
The more we shield ourselves
From the reality of us,
Our filth,
Our violence,
Our ignorance
The more we lock ourselves up.
I may not know who or what I am.
I may not know why you see me as you do.

Maybe I can help you.

How can we comfort each other?
Knowing this.

Maybe if we help each other,
We can free each other from our cells,
We acknowledge,
Our filth.
Our violence.
Our ignorance.
Who said it is simple?
It simply isn't.

If this means so,
I'm glad to get worse,
With you.



By: Kelly Paulsen ('18)



Untitled

By: Alejandro Reyes ('20)

I wish I could share with you just this piece
of red twilight
dying like the ember of fire,
hidden in ash,
strokes of the impressionists' steel and sky
Take it in your palm,
feel the same warmth
that forged the coin of gold
burning in your hand, as it does mine
Lighting my soul from the gray and bleakness
In colors of pink and silver



By: Bryant Nguyen ('18)

Broken But Content

By: Ben Bartlett ('21)

I stare into a mirror, it shatters
Cracking and singing a tune as sharp
As when you dropped those plates
A whole stack, embracing whitewashed tiles
But couldn't handle the pressure
So they went in every which direction
Pieces spread like they were skating
On a lake, sliding straight under
Chairs and counters, gliding smoothly

That was the day I announced our divorce.
After Plates' opening note came a barrage of words,
Thrown like daggers and shot like pistols
Spitting curse after curse as if we were exchanging
Love for hate
Lust for war
Sex for death
And more and more, an unending torrent of
Unexplained arguments and our "true feelings"
We seemed to only share after my first retort
After a single, solitary sentence, lingering
Like smells of festering meat, persistent
Setting up permanent residence, kicking out the landlord
Hovering over, reminding me of past mistakes
Letting me know I screwed up somewhere
Letting go of an element cherished now rejected
Letting something else take control, now intended
To say goodbye

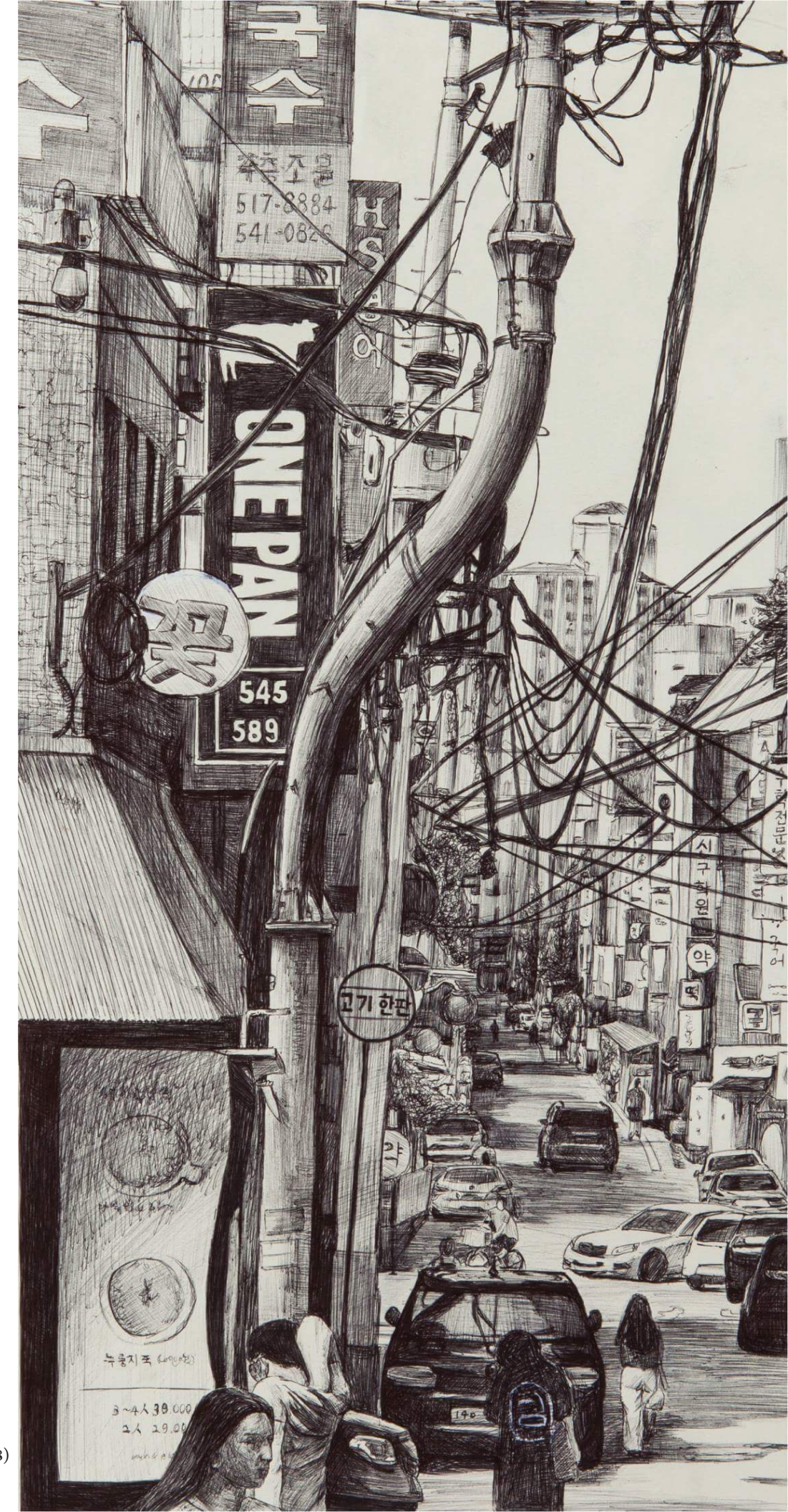
And it shatters,
Peering into the confines of its vaults
Unlocking and finding the secrets stowed away
Seeing unblemished skin reeking lost innocence and vanity
Undeniable pleasure inside as I bite my lower lip
Eyebrows furrowing in defiance, quickly winning the battle
Shoulders clad in white, strong in victory
But the eyes – yes those melty brown eyes – told the most
Holding tales kept close to heart finally revealed
As I stare at my poor, poor body unwillingly
Denying its loss, denying its broken pride
Lying to itself that it can mend this wound again
And so shatters the soul-saving mirror

I grasp my painstakingly clean sink like it would be
The last thing I would hold in my scarred hands
Coating it with impure tears, letting loose my lopsided feelings:
Revered divorce and unbreakable emotion
Desired to leave and easily let go

Personally pleased to say goodbye to what we had
Seemingly no true answer to how I fix myself
As I open the inaccessible chest inside
The mirror broken in my tarnished wake
Leaving just me, myself, and I to contemplate
When nothing stands by to fight my feelings anymore
Not even the all-forgiving, righteous hope

Hope lets you see yourself in a new light
Giving you a second chance before everyone else
A driving force as strong as ten oxen
But as soft as a lamb's wool, freshly shorn
It accepts anyone and everyone,
As it is told by those who spin lies and falsehoods
Teaching optimistic fables, creating fake promises
I fell into their snare like the rabbit I was
Searching for mythical beasts such as True Love
Instead, stewed in a pot of boiling joy and happiness
Swimming amongst self-centered buffoons who only thought
Untruthful statements and carefree thought,
Blinded by ignorance, ignorance never bliss
While I learned they were scapegoats
Escaping the confines of that revolting soup
Stumbling upon truth in facts I never thought of:
Relationships are never true,
People for personal gain and only gain
The last man is the best man
And cheating and manipulating results in victory
Just for me

So I embraced my broken body
Picked it up and became one with it
Siding with the old skin over new mind
Ignoring possible metamorphosis
Despising true love I once had
Utilizing sadness and fear as motivation
Pushing it as a means of pity and remorse
Changing and molding it into a weapon
Equipping hatred and flirtation as others
Knowing the world is my oyster
Everything can be successful for me
Killer for others, as they wonder
How I dropped them so low
Like a comet blazing and crashing into Earth
I am all powerful, all manipulatory
No one can stop me



Untitled
By: Jae-Suk Lee ('18)



By: Gerard Fernandes ('18)

A City Farmer
By: Jeff Diaz ('18)

There is a farm of evergreen in downtown
How so? He expresses with a frown
There are no hills, cattle, or crops laying around
I see monuments, sky scrapers, and a beat-up playground

Do not fantasize life in that fashion
In my apartment, lies chicks of huge ration
In my garden, strawberries grow with passion
I strive to become a city farmer of great compassion

Just move to the rural side
With that carry your pride
Of being a city farmer, alright?
I looked at him and denied
Why stop my joyride?
Dreams of a city farmer, never tried

Big Easy
By Joshua Tran ('18)

No other city quite like it on Earth's face
Every culture, every race, is welcome in this rare place
We don't have humongous skyscrapers that make us unique
Or famous names engraved on a sidewalk underneath our feet
Rather, we have something else that makes us special
Locals that love to meet and greet you, sunshine or rain
Eateries with history, flooded with locals and tourists from night to day
A strong city not defined by a storm or an exploding, floating vessel
New Orleans is a beautiful city full of love, culture, and community
See, what truly makes us unique, is our belief in family and unity



By: Bryant Nguyen ('18)



“The Blessed Buffalo Spirit”
By: Peter Lim ('21)

Melanie's Sonnet

By: Russel Kilian ('21)

How great you make me feel my dearest love.

Having you with me, all eternity,

I feel like the luckiest man alive.

All because I love you, and you love me.

In Autumn, you found me, and I found you.

You helped me through a Winter of Strife.

Come Spring we fell in love, one became two.

That Summer was the best time of my life.

I truly would have loved you forever,

and you told me that you felt the same.

Given some years, and you, still my lover,

I would have proposed, for love is my game.

But alas, it was not a love to stay.

You left me on earth, while you passed away.



“Watson”

By: Daniel Zavala ('18)

Driving into Aberration

By: Eric Howard

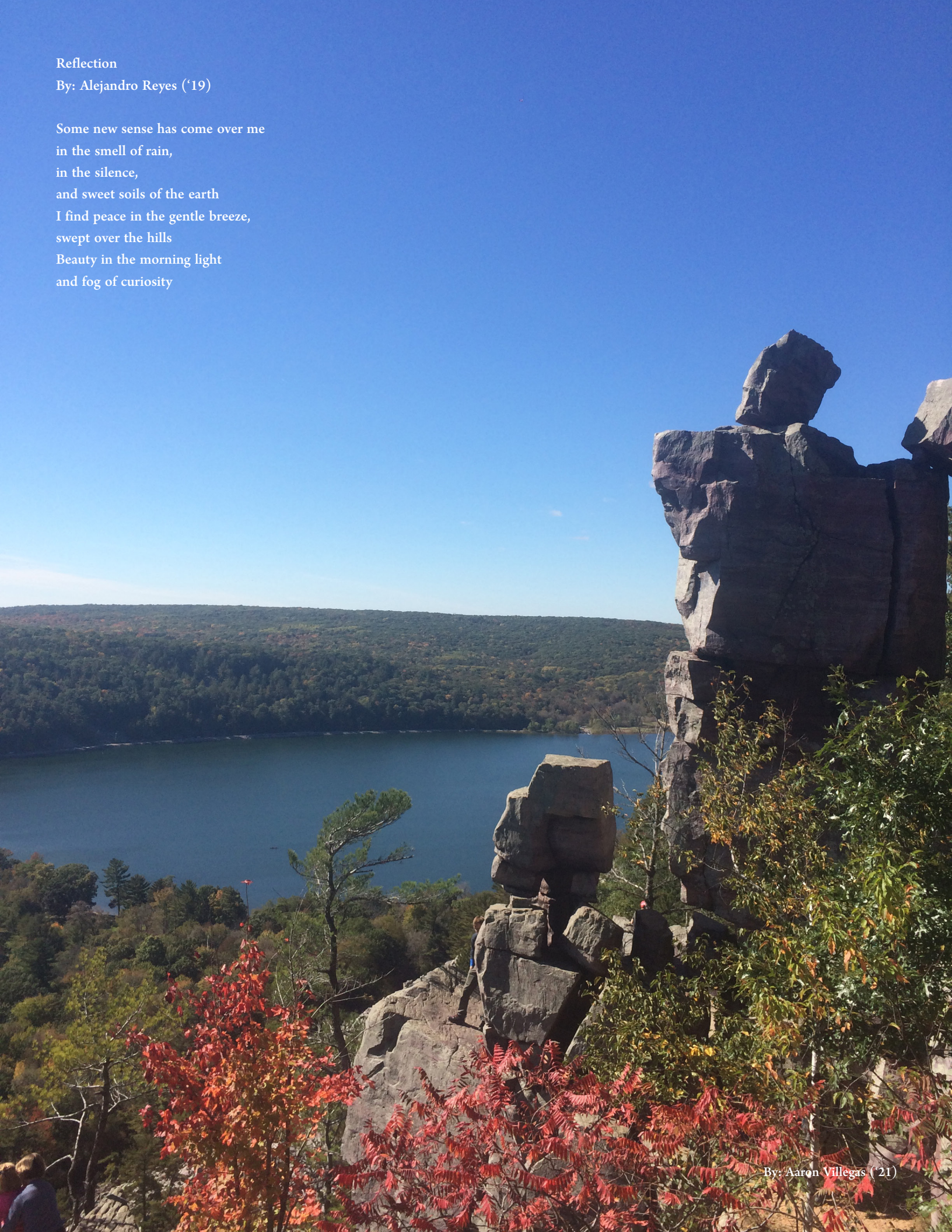
Growing up, I would always run errands with my mother, exploring town to check the boxes off of my mother's checklist. For as long as I can remember, my life has always revolved around completing daily missions in a 2003 Chevrolet Suburban. Though, my incentive to come aboard on these expeditions was not the places or the sights that I would see, rather it was the music. My mother, born in the year 1967, spent most of her late teen and young adult years during the 1980s listening to hit singers like Stevie Wonder, Madonna, Elton John, and Prince. My mother's music simply fascinated me. It was the bridge that connected the generation gap of the Baby Boomers: my mother, and the millennials: myself.

Though, when I would run errands in my friend's vehicle, I would always be confronted with questions dealing with the latest hits. Often, I found myself searching for the answers to these questions because my mother's music took me on the magic carpet ride to her childhood. And these interrogations led me to believe that society plays a dominant role in affecting opinions and ideas. Too often in this day and age, we are sucked into the black hole of society. In this oblivion, our ability to think on our own is eclipsed by others' opinions. We are afraid to leave our cloud of comfort and delve into the unknown as if thinking on our own has become a rarity. Our sheer laziness has prevented us from using our morals and values to fashion our own ideas. For when we generate our own opinions, we cower at the possibility of judgment. It is impossible to achieve excellence if we do not risk ourselves by venturing into and through the forest of discomfort. Pop stars did not receive their acclaim for doing the same things as their predecessors. They utilized their creativity to deviate from the social norm. They choose to be themselves, instead of society choosing for them. Even though we may not turn out to be pop stars, we should strive to speak and sing our opinion just like my mother voiced hers.

Reflection

By: Alejandro Reyes ('19)

Some new sense has come over me
in the smell of rain,
in the silence,
and sweet soils of the earth
I find peace in the gentle breeze,
swept over the hills
Beauty in the morning light
and fog of curiosity



By: Aaron Villegas ('21)



By: Eric Howard ('18)

A Thawing Heart

By: Dominic Dy ('18)

I know what I did was wrong,
But now I'm blocked from your cold, hard heart
Words or actions won't break it
Ice melts

Haiku I

By: Alejandro Reyes ('19)

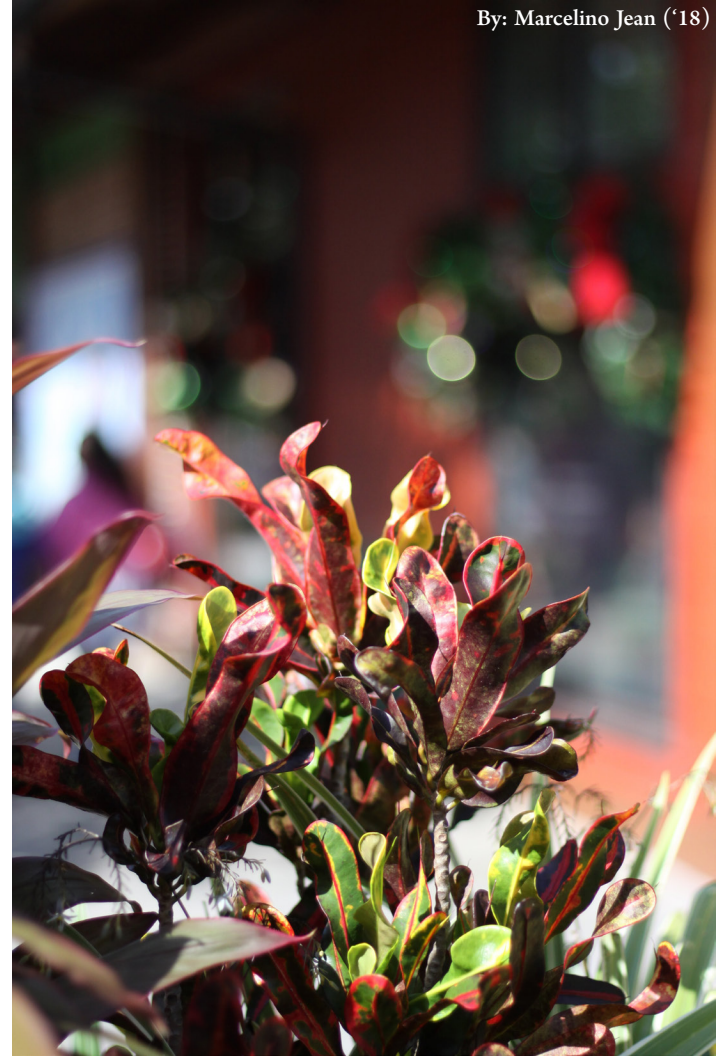
The rustle of leaves
In their undisturbed stillness
A solemn whisper

Haiku III

By: Alejandro Reyes ('19)

Peaceful is it not?
The rain, of sorrows and joy
Perhaps beautiful...

By: Marcelino Jean ('18)





"Whimsical Hummingbird"
By: Peter Lim ('21)

The One I Dream Of
By: Alejandro Flores ('18)

Not a day goes by without me thinking.
Thinking on what she is to me alone.
How she herself always keeps me going.
She's my inspiration, my cornerstone.

Though I may not know who she is right now.
Nor can I know how she looks physically.
Or hear the sound of her voice anyhow.
But meeting is a possibility.

Our activities I cannot predict.
Though I assume it will show what love is.
For only then will our world be perfect.
Concludes my mind from my analyses.

She is out there somewhere I'll keep looking
The way I will know is by my feelings.



By: Alejandro Reyes ('19)



Silence, For Beauty is a Sweet Song
By Joshua Tran ('18)

Silence, for beauty is a sweet song,
The melody of the night plays throughout the skies;
Hush, do not speak, it plays not long.

Feel the way it flows along
A chorus of crickets sing a song twice their size,
Silence, for beauty is a sweet song,

A hint of a sound seems wrong
An owl checks under its wings before it flies,
Hush, do not speak, it plays not long.

Beaming moonlight feels a bit strong,
Two mice sneak along the grass, using it as a disguise
Silence, for beauty is a sweet song.

Stars begin to sing and harmonize along
A gentle and wise sun replies with its rise
Hush, do not speak, it plays not long.

Any sound that is made seems wrong
Sunlight peaks over the horizon as the song dies
Silence, for beauty is a sweet song,
Hush, do not speak, it plays not long.



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