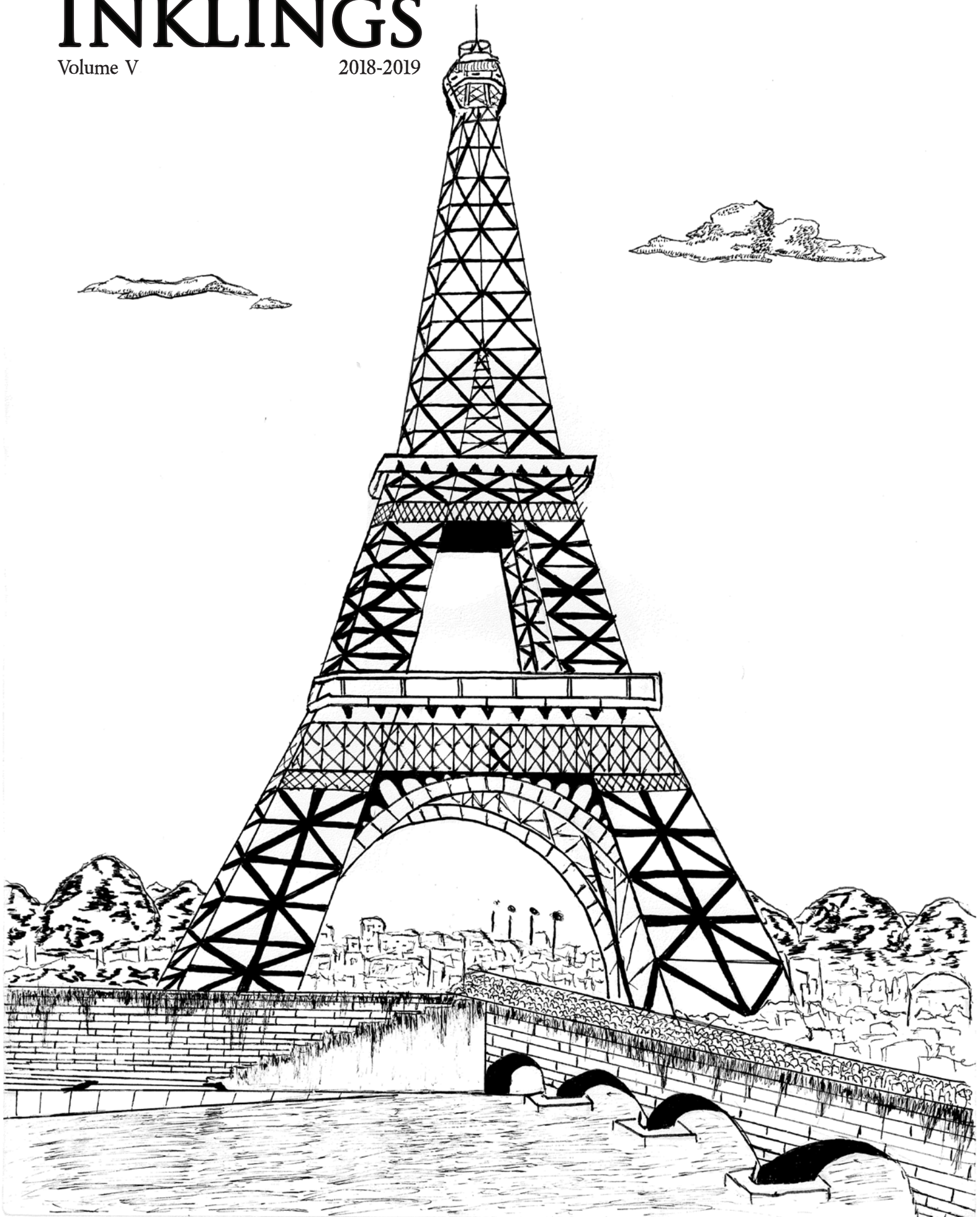
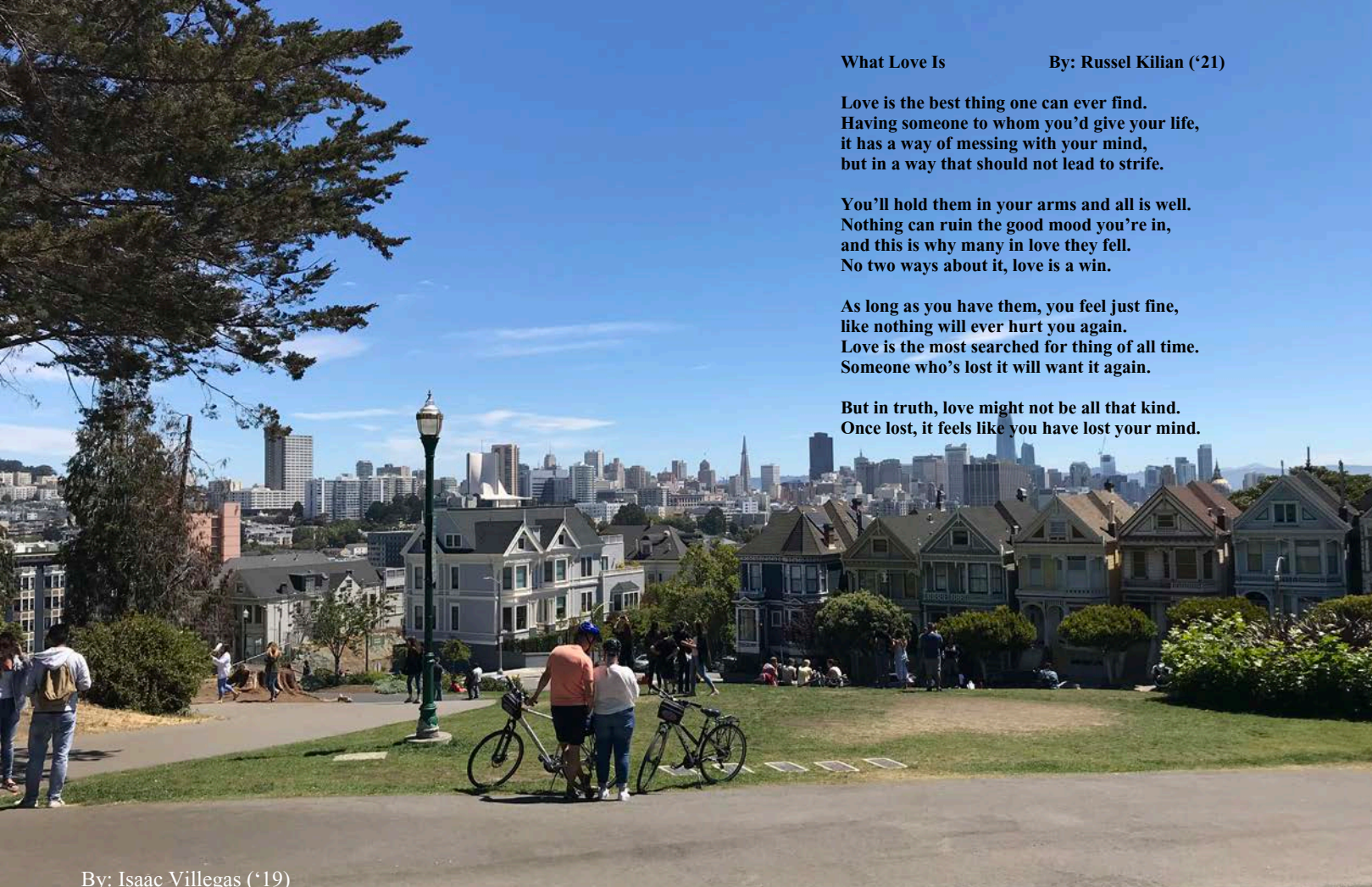


INKKLINGS

Volume V

2018-2019





What Love Is By: Russel Kilian ('21)

Love is the best thing one can ever find.
Having someone to whom you'd give your life,
it has a way of messing with your mind,
but in a way that should not lead to strife.

You'll hold them in your arms and all is well.
Nothing can ruin the good mood you're in,
and this is why many in love they fell.
No two ways about it, love is a win.

As long as you have them, you feel just fine,
like nothing will ever hurt you again.
Love is the most searched for thing of all time.
Someone who's lost it will want it again.

But in truth, love might not be all that kind.
Once lost, it feels like you have lost your mind.

By: Isaac Villegas ('19)

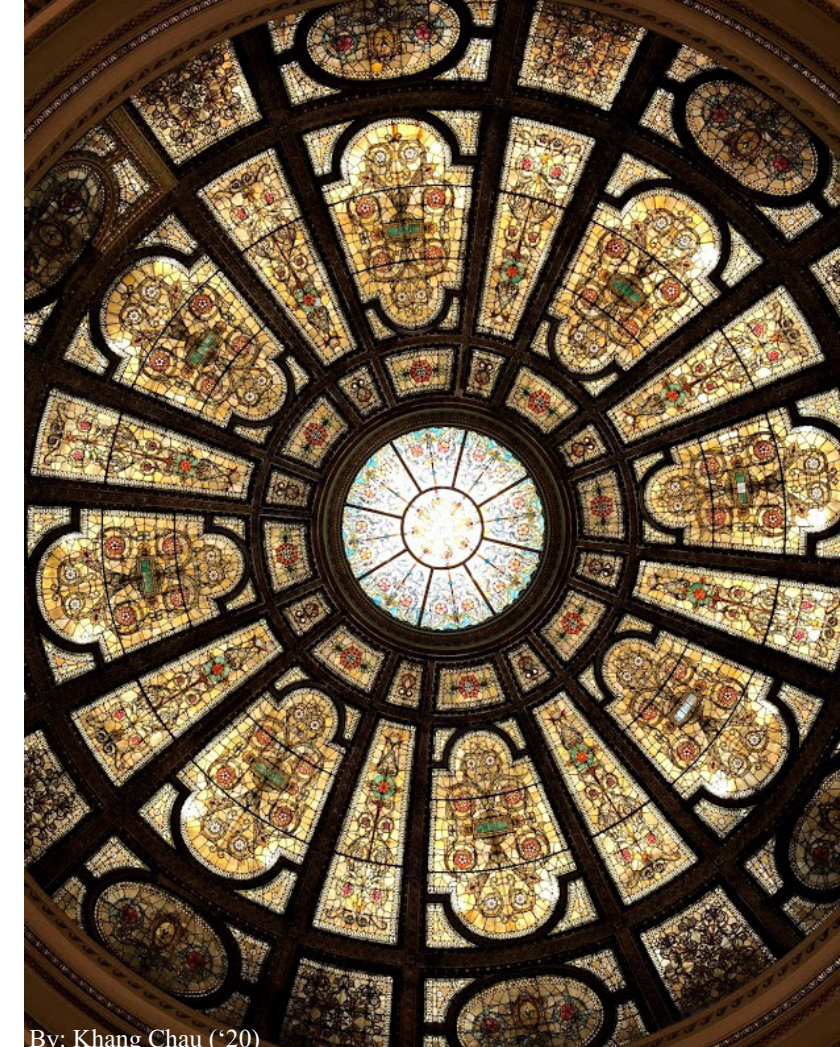
Good Faith
By: Russel Kilian ('21)

Sadness, broken hearts, even misery.
You tell me that your life is made of these.
You showed me proof, so that I, too, might see.
I saw, and on my heart I felt a squeeze.

Your tale was truly very saddening.
Oh, how I wished that I could mend your scars!
I wish that I had given you something
on that night when we looked up at the stars.

You said you're sad, even when most are not.
I saw you leave and worried about you.
I very nearly shed tears, wet and hot.
How I wish you saw from my point of view.

Whenever we chat, joy comes to my heart.
You make me feel loved, although we're apart.

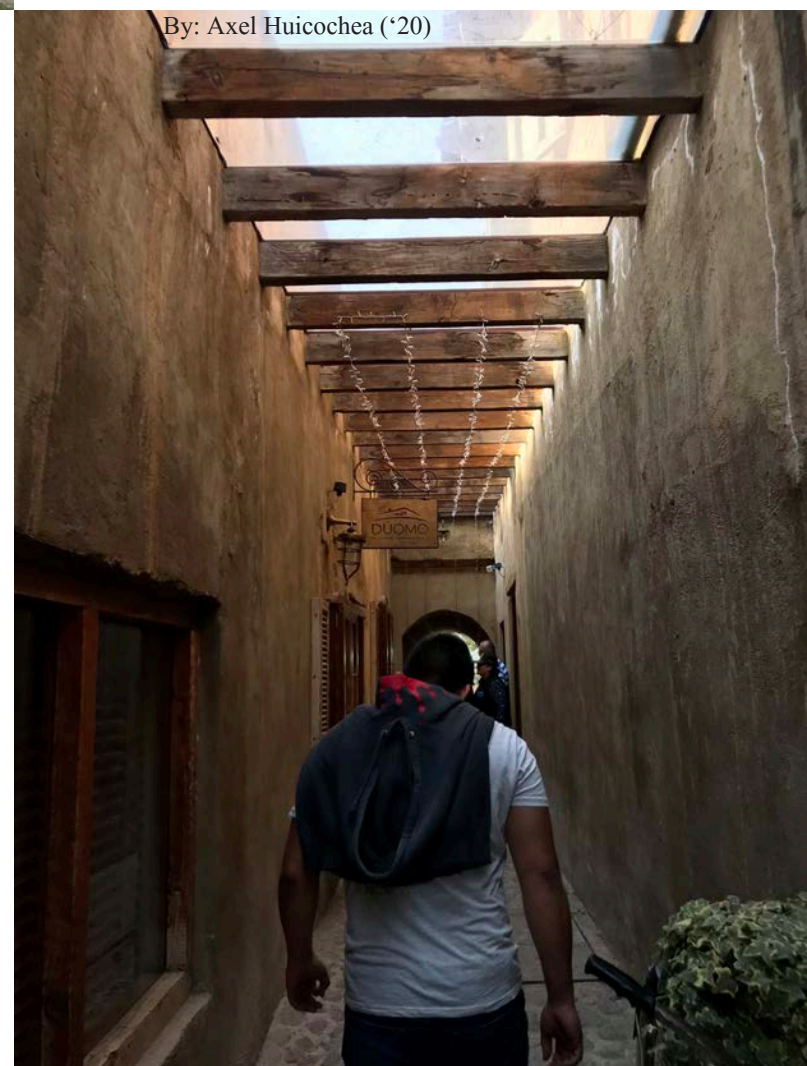


By: Khang Chau ('20)

WORDS
By: Julio Perea ('20)

I want to say something
but I can't.
all of the usual words run through my head:
lovely, heart-warming, amazing, all I ever wanted
the list goes on and on, and on
and maybe one of those words fits the description,
but not for you.
those words are too cliché
too mundane
See, how can I describe you with a word like beautiful
1 word, 4 syllables, 9 letters
Isn't enough to begin to even describe your imperfections
See, I have all these words at the tip of my tongue,
But it feels like slander to call you any of them
I have these words at the tip of my tongue
Using any of them would be like dissing you
Love
*Is but a word.
To define you
I'd need more than just that,
Until I find out how though,
I'll just call you pretty.*

By: Axel Huicochea ('20)

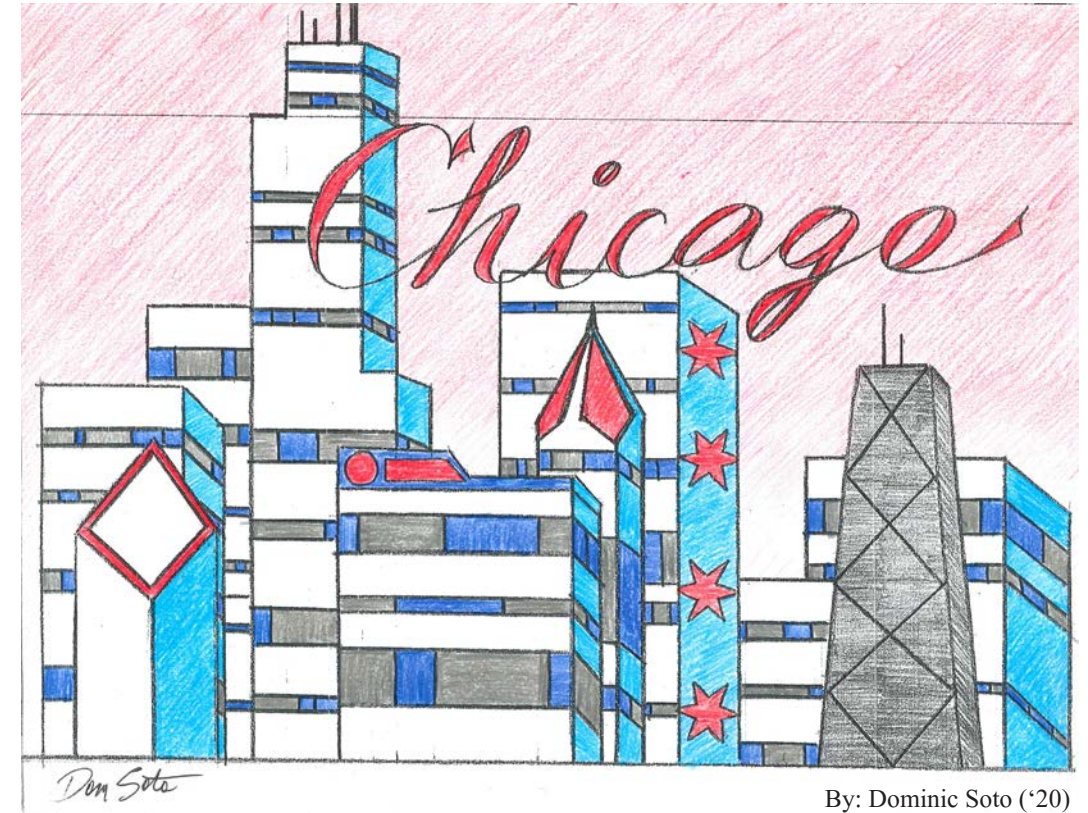


Peppermint Chocolates
By: James Chavez ('21)

The things I used to care about don't matter anymore.
And the stuff that had no importance are now my first priority
Why is everything so different?
"Friend" used to be a simple word I told everyone
But now it's a matter of knowing who to trust.
Why is everything so different?
There was a time I looked everybody in the eye
But then I realized not everyone deserves it
Why is everything so different?
Everyday used to be an adventure
But now I'm lucky if I even have a good day
....

Maybe it's me who's different
Maybe it's my fault everything is changing
But the only way I could have changed is if someone
made me do it
So maybe it's your fault everything is changing
You have all the lies and broken promises to prove it
I was so blinded by the fact that you were behind it
I understood that you had your problems, but I didn't mind it
Instead of trying to change yourself, you changed me
I didn't know why things were different
But now it's plain to see.

"Woman of Branches"
By: Claiemore Tango-an ('20)



By: Dominic Soto ('20)

By: Jesus Ortiz ('20)





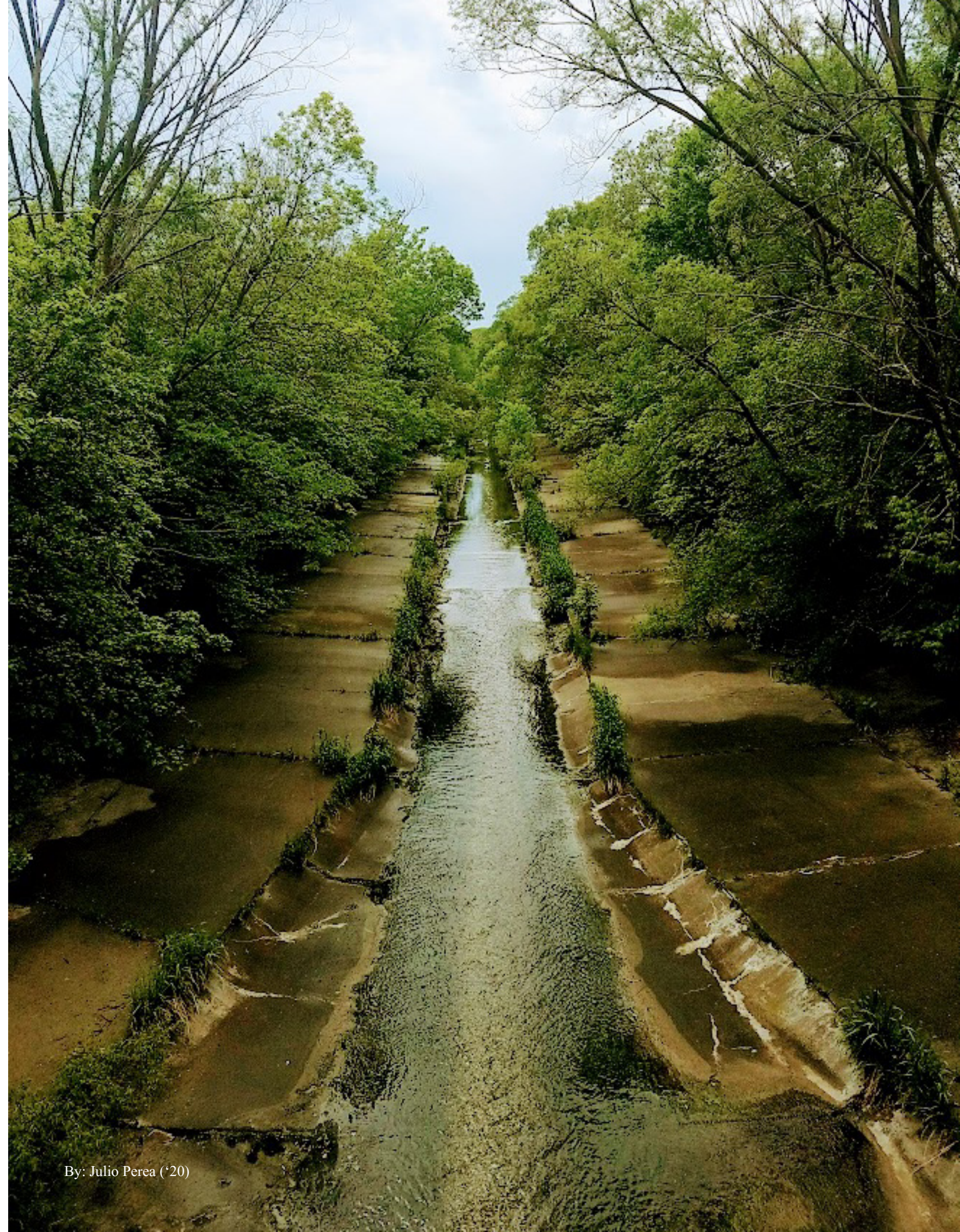
By: Marcos Pedroza ('19)

The Glade's Wolf
By: Joseph Hall ('22)

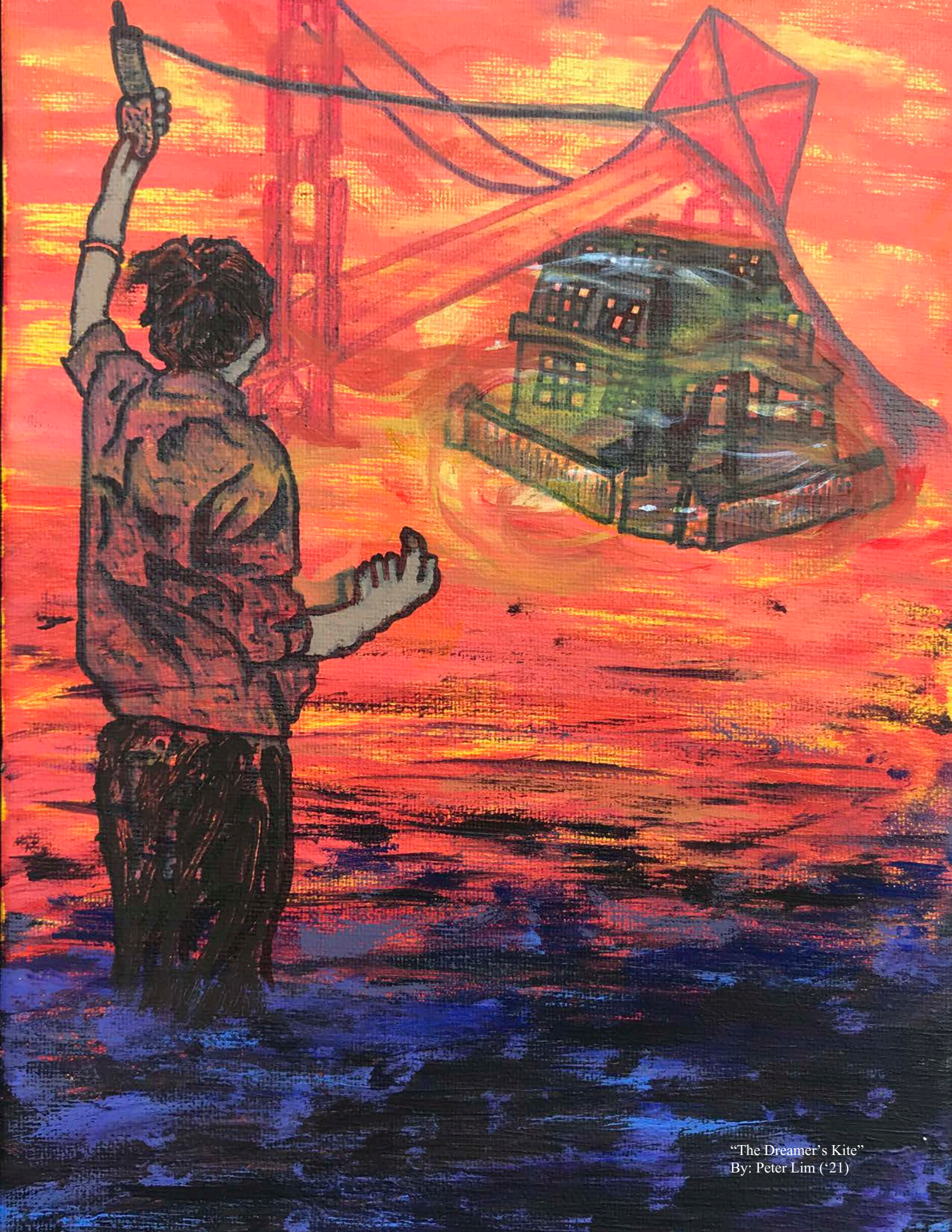
Gently slipping through the glade
Of a man I do not know
Comes the hunter, cloaked in shadow and shade
His fangs as white as snow
Paws tread silent on the ground
Covered in the leaves of a bitter Fall
Never does he make a sound
He sends fleeing every creature who can crawl
The moon breaks through the clouds o'er head
And his fur glints cold as the wind-whipped sea
Like a warning where not to tread
Like a sign it is time to flee
A sign that I ignore
I stay huddled in the dark
But I am concealed no more
For he turns toward me like a bowman picking his mark
He tenses, then surges into the night
Leaving nothing in his wake
I am left with only the memory of the sight
For the chance to see him just once again, my heart begins to ache
But now it's time for me leave
To leave the glade of a man I do not know
Through the wood I begin to weave
Just as it begins to snow

Untitled
By: Khang Chau ('20)

beautiful baby birds,
careening carelessly over the coast
definitely making dumb decisions
ecstatically and eagerly



By: Julio Perea ('20)



“The Dreamer’s Kite”
By: Peter Lim (‘21)

Lesser Social Status
By: Angel Pagan (‘21)

*Soldier steps on to the beach
He watches as his fellow men fall around him
But no matter how still he is, he is never shot.
He let everything fall around him and stood in it all.*

At the moment I can’t care for anyone else.
My mind is clouded by facts that don’t matter.
I would rather see things through than to see you again.

I’m sorry if you think that you helped me.
Thinking about you in the past isn’t healthy.
Grades up and it seems all nice,
But behind the shine of those pearly whites
Was a broken you.

You broke me too.
I hated having you around.
If I see you again
I’ll have to drown myself in pills.
Drop a knife on my wrist.
And tie a rope around my neck,

Sorry, but I don’t want to see you again.
I don’t want to see your face until my fist has kissed it.
I don’t care much for your oratories,
I’d rather make my own allegories.

I’ll see it through!
You better stop me!
Oh, you can’t?
See what I see?
You are a broken ideology.

*A man crash lands a plane in a new country.
He wipes his wounds,
And wallows in his woes.
Natives to the land come to help the man,
But help is hellish to this man as he
Coughs and gargles his blood
That quickly flows through the land
Spreading disease to its inhabitants.*

Can’t you see that you are a danger to those around you?
Please just leave.

My heirs’ hellish hearings of your cries are coming
You better be gotten and be gone by sunrise.
Offspring so distorted
The sight is disturbing
I curse thee and all thy belongings.

Come again and I will brandish my sword,
And banish you again, from where you came forth.

*Man eats dead animal,
Man dies.
Man eats cooked animal,
He sleeps well.*

The intelligence and arguments are getting softer.
Isn’t it obvious that you are trial and error?
A mistake on this world to learn from.
No better.

I Bleed Thought
By: Angel Pagan (‘21)

We know one thing for certain in life
We know one thing and it isn’t alright.

I always think
I am my own shrink

One thing you know about me
Is that I think mightily.

I’ll stand on my hands
To pour out what I have in my heart
And let it seep into my brain.
It leaves me half insane!

I write what I know, but I don’t know how
Can’t get my thoughts on a page without failing somehow,

I’m just a page
Not the one you write on in a fit of rage

I watch with hopeful eyes
Trying to put off their works as mine

I’m not talented like the ones I watch
I’m not good enough to know what I want on paper
I’m only good enough to know what I want in my head
I’m not good enough to put it on a letterhead.

So bless me with your talent
Make me very gallant

I will make my writings better
I’ll pick exceptional letters

And when I’m big you’ll know it
Because my fame will show it

I will tear apart my beating heart
And pour it on a sheet because
We only know one thing for certain in life,
We know that we are thinking.

Dark Autumn Day
By: Hunter Braund ('20)

Dark autumn day
As many leaves fall down,
All of them green, brown or red
It is time for winter, and all trees to be dead
The mud, wet and brown
I heard the voices of kids behind me
Mr. Burge took most of our phones
Sad faces definitely shown
The sky was so dark, I could not see
The many secrets I had to keep
So hard it was, I fell to sleep



By: Nhat Phan ('20)



"Meta Scorpion"
By: Peter Lim ('21)

Pawn
By: Angel Pagan ('21)

The word of
Actions have died.
Peacefully we believe in
Lies, taught to us by those
Who can't even cry anymore.
At the floor I stare in wonder,
Of what happened there to
The old lady that cleaned.
The house is old and
So were her brittle bones, with folktales
And mist of old days but new days arise.

The word of actions worth a
Fraction of what has happened.
They lie in the mud and learn from
Above. The cries and newly alive, their
Education born from a different generation.
No, they have plenty to spare but mercy isn't
In their vocabulary. The greed has caused a pandemic
For those in panic. Money is gone because they have it all

The word of actions is here. We hold them dear and near to our hearts.
They tell us that money is needed to be alive. To enjoy your life and go
Marry a wife, but life was rigged from the start. Honestly, they don't want you to
Succeed, but when the moment comes that they are threatened they have you there

Hidden Fears
By: Aaron Tarpinian ('20)

Hidden among the blanket of white,
Is your greatest fear, nowhere in sight.

You only hear its mouth eating flesh,
The wind blows, and the feel on your face is fresh.

You look around, not knowing where to go,
Not knowing where to go, your soul screams no.

Then you see it, and run out of breath,
For its eyes are black as death.

There it runs towards you, you're about to scream,
As it leaps, you realize, it was only a dream.

Now that you're awake, you feel like it's near,
You will always live in a world of fear.





By: James Chavez ('21)

The Stars that Shine
By: Adrian Periera ('20)

Life in the stars is impossible to reach
but what stops us from failing to look beyond the breach.
Is it our hope or is it our imagination?
I sure think it is hope,
the hope of tomorrow, the hope of today
when we can see our loved ones,
the ones who faced the unavoidable fate of death.

So I pity thee, my young child.
When I die look me up in the stars
and hopefully that's where I'll be
shining like the brightest, twinkling in the skies,
sending you a message saying goodnight,
telling you I care and hoping the angels of God will send you a message
even if the stars fail.

No More Pathetic Aesthetics
By: Angel Pagan ('21)

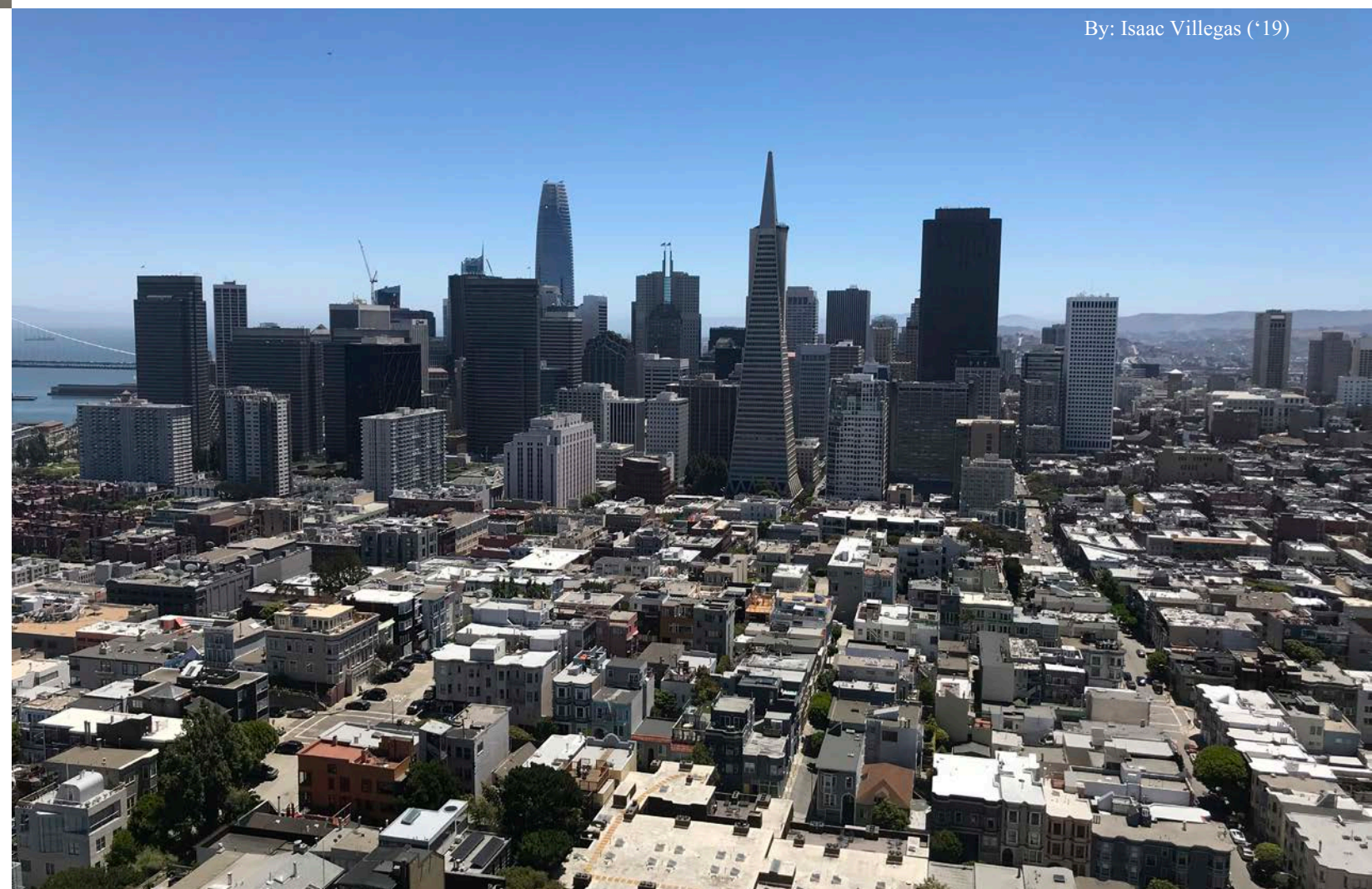
Swing sets on the breeze
Large ponds and little leaves

Great force and storming showers
Floods drain for many hours

We praise on harp and lyre
We look to something higher

And when humans fail their obligation
You must take on an occupation

Don't let nature be pathetic
Grow nature's great aesthetic



By: Isaac Villegas ('19)



“Nighttime at the Adrinao”
By: John Yoo ('20)



“An Alternate Reality”
By: Claiemore Tango-an ('20)

“Heavenly Bird”
By: Jeongbin Lee ('20)



Ode to Nana
By: Robert Little ('21)

She always told me to believe.
That was the message she tried to weave,
Into my mind.
She was always kind,
She had a great soul,
And was always there to console
Anyone who needed it.
She was quite exquisite
When she wanted to make something known,
She could not wait until I was grown.
The greatest time,
That comes to mind,
Is when she told me, "Cherish what you own,
When you're done being grown."

Ode to My Blanket
By: Benedict Wood ('21)

Cozy and warm,
Keeping me safe
From the shadows outside.
Smelling like a place
Where I rest
In the arms of love.
Blocking out the sounds and sights
Of the world outside.
Incubating me
Like I have returned to the womb.
Familiar and solitary,
But not boring or lonely.
New and engulfing,
But not frightening or smothering.
My blanket that holds me
As if I am a child
In the arms of my mother.
The cries of my mind
silenced at last.
The silence holds,
But not upsetting
Nasty
Or wrong.
Soothing
Calm
And safe.
Like the rush of the seashore
And the song of the wind.
Thank you,
My blanket.



By: Isaac Villegas ('19)



By: Aaron Villegas ('21)



By: Josh Prado (*20)



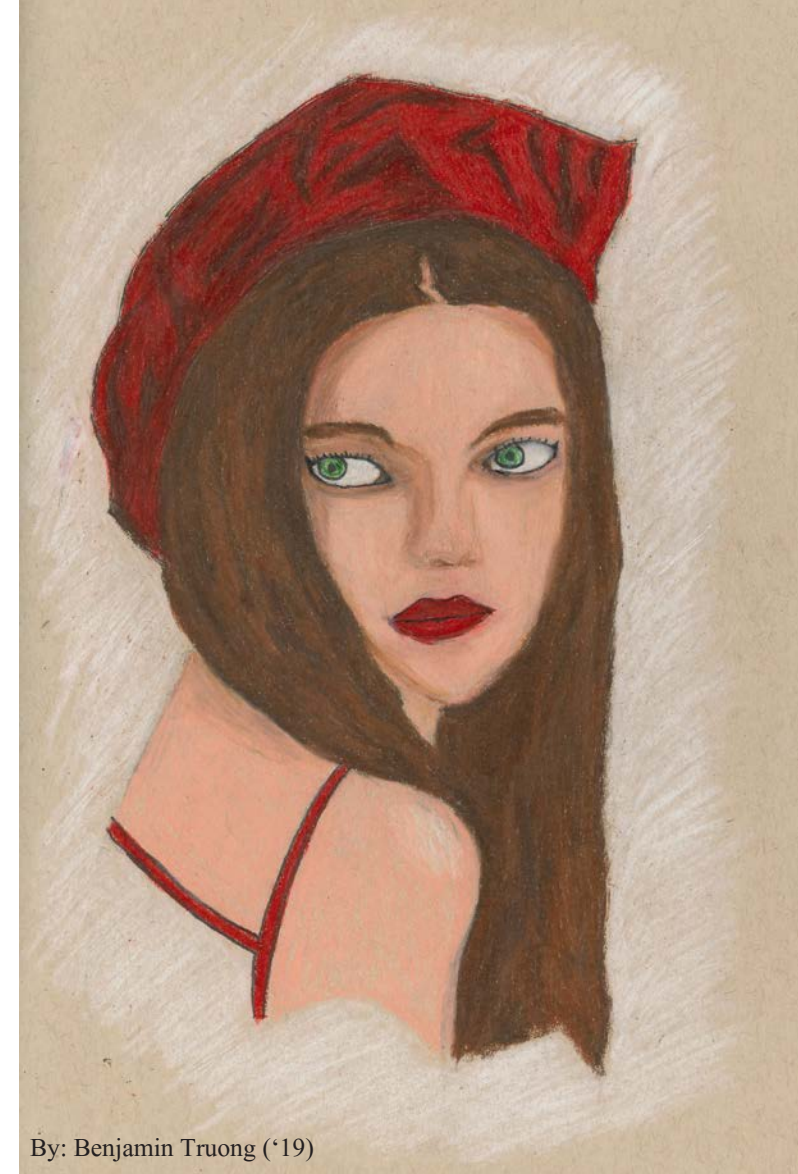
By: Josh Prado (*20)

By: Benjamin Truong ('19)



A Kiss
By: Ben Bartlett ('21)

I never understood a kiss
I get that it has some bliss
But something always seemed amiss
Or I guess the point just missed me
Or it skipped a beat
Playing different music then what's on my sheets
A way to cheat my understanding
My flight of love ending in a crash landing
An unnecessary, unexpected reprimanding
And now I can't tell if you love me
If we're two doves or if you're just a crow
There to steal my shiny valuables
Leaving me dull with wounds that won't heal
A heart that has no color or zeal
You kiss me
I don't know if that bliss enters or leaves
We stare
The hairs on my arms stand up
I can't bear much more of your eyes
I probably shouldn't stare, but it's hard to stop
It's hard to stop something you started
With no intention of stopping
She thinks I superficially segregated myself from her
Staring at me like I'm on psychedelics
I'm so confused
So I simultaneously open myself to her
Through that segregation
Staring deeper
Staring harder
A circus of raised eyebrows and nonverbals
Love only good for ravenous gossipers
I close my eyes
Thinking of kissing her when she closes hers
But there's no point in this romance anymore
Waiting to see if she picks up her phone
While I wait at home
All alone
Wanting this to roll smooth like a stone
But the gravity of it has got me down
My depression is too heavy
And I sit there like a stone that's impossible to move
All I have set in front of me are her feelings
Her comments
Her wants
Her needs
Her desires
She knows that I love her
And I know she knows
She doesn't know that I know
I don't know if others know
Of course she knows
And I don't want them to know



By: Benjamin Truong ('19)

No.
No.
No.
These Nos sit on my tongue like birds on a wire
I flick out my tongue and they fly
Passenger pigeons with an extinct message
Because they all know now
We all know now
But I can't stop picturing her with your eyes closed
And she's won
I'm too weak to say no
I'm too weak to do something rash
I'm too weak to hold myself together
This gossip turns on the faucet in my head
I'm thinking of when I'm dead
When I've done and said all that was to do and say
If she'll remember me
As the woman who broke my heart

Literary Magazine Staff

Benjamin Bartlett ('21) | Tam Le ('21) | Peter Lim ('21) | Angel Pagan ('21) | Benedict Wood ('21) | Roberto Zuniga ('21)
Gabriel Aidoo ('20) | Franklin Fisher ('20) | Axel Huicochea ('20) | Jeongbin Lee ('20) | Robert Little ('20) | Lalo Martinez ('20)
Dominic Nguyen ('20) | Nhat Phan ('20) | Josh Prado ('20) | Fabian Rico-Sanchez ('20) | Nick Rodriguez ('20) | Daniel Trinh ('20)
John Yoo ('20) | Philip Zampino ('20) | Michael Nguyen ('19) | Daniel Reyes ('19) | Benjamin Truong ('19) | Isaac Villegas ('19)

Advisor: Mrs. Katie Daane

Front Cover Art: Benjamin Truong ('19)

Back Cover Art: Claiemore Tango-an ('20)



Christina Johnson

Dec. 22, 2017