

# INKLINGS

Volume VII

2021-2022



Redemption

By: Tyler Le ('24)

We were too young,  
Innocent until proven guilty.  
We were either as guilty as Judas himself,  
Or as innocent as a newborn.  
I'm not the victim.  
You're not the prosecuted.  
One may have been wrong, the other right,  
But never more than the other.  
I wasn't the hero,  
You weren't the villain.  
The guilt runs through my veins.  
Shame swells my gut.  
I feel bad,  
You made me feel bad.  
There was no savior.  
No saving grace.  
It was us versus the world,  
While versing one another.  
We feel remorse,  
Bitterness,  
At the funeral of our relationship.

What is there to do now?



"Jinx"

By: David Choi ('23)



"Goju Satoru"

By: David Choi ('23) and  
Noel Choi ('23)

By: Sungho Bak ('23)



It Is Lonely

By: Hung Dao ('23)

In the yard of a monastery,  
Sits an old and weary tree.  
More ancient than the resident devotee  
But welcoming to those who come to sightsee.  
With wind and birds, the tree sounds its melody,  
Living a life so carefree.  
The daily visitors are a bumblebee  
And a gardener donning a smile merrily.

Once, a man came with his dog walking sheepishly  
While he himself ate wolfishly.  
Or when a woman sat in the shade reading "Tintern Abby"  
And exclaimed loudly, "Oh! This is just like me!"  
But these scenes are no more, sadly  
For the mass is prevented by a calamitous infirmity.  
The tree is unbothered by the plague, but feels empty,  
Until folks return, the tree rustles its leaves for nobody.

By: Sungho Bak ('23)





"Sky above the Sky"  
By: Noel Choi ('23)

Sanctuary  
By: Jonathan Prado ('24)

From desolate ruins,  
You raised my walls.  
Once castaway stones  
Now support me.

From crumbling columns,  
You carved Caryatids.  
Symbols of the  
Arts and youth

From cold cages,  
You built cathedrals.  
A temple of  
Your love.

From a ravaged wasteland,  
You created a sanctuary.  
And you consecrated  
These grounds to yourself.

From the Orchard  
By: Hung Dao ('23)

It is a good fall for apple picking,  
The September winds gently cool the skin  
Of the peppy fruit pickers carrying  
Ripened apples as precious as children.

Ruby red and round, the fruit refreshes,  
Each apple picker rewards himself so:  
One fruit for himself, one for the missus,  
Some for the lad and lass to eat and grow.

Yonder, a shepherd corrals lambs and ewes,  
Dog and herder work and play on the plains;  
More pleasing to sit on grass than the pews,  
So thinks the herder, and outside he remains.

Back in the village they await bushels  
Of the finest apples the pickers picked;  
Wagonloads of fruits came in, the town knows,  
Villagers cheer as the wagon wheels clicked.

And so ends the apple picking season,  
Efforts savored as each fruit was eaten.

"Night Forest"  
By: Noel Choi ('23)



"nFt"  
By: Jacob Zohfeld ('24)

By: Jacob Lim ('22)



Solstice

By: Jonathan Prado ('24)

The changing of the seasons  
And the darkening of days  
What is young, matures  
And dies. Its corpse,  
Left to stand the test  
Of time.

Awaiting the equinox  
The solar chariot soars  
Through the heavens.  
The gamble of surviving  
Through December.  
I am no evergreen.

Façade//The Fire

By: Tristan King ('25)

The façade is falling,  
The act is ending.  
People are starting to see through the now shattered one-way glass,  
And its pieces lay soulless on the cold, patterned tile.

The red silk curtain is slowly burning,  
And lighting the nearby surroundings aflame.  
This irreversible fire is rapidly growing,  
Its casualties and injuries are rising by the second.

When will people realize how much this fire is growing?  
How long until people inspect what's on the other side of the glass?  
Until then, I must continue this act of perfection,  
This seemingly endless show must go on.

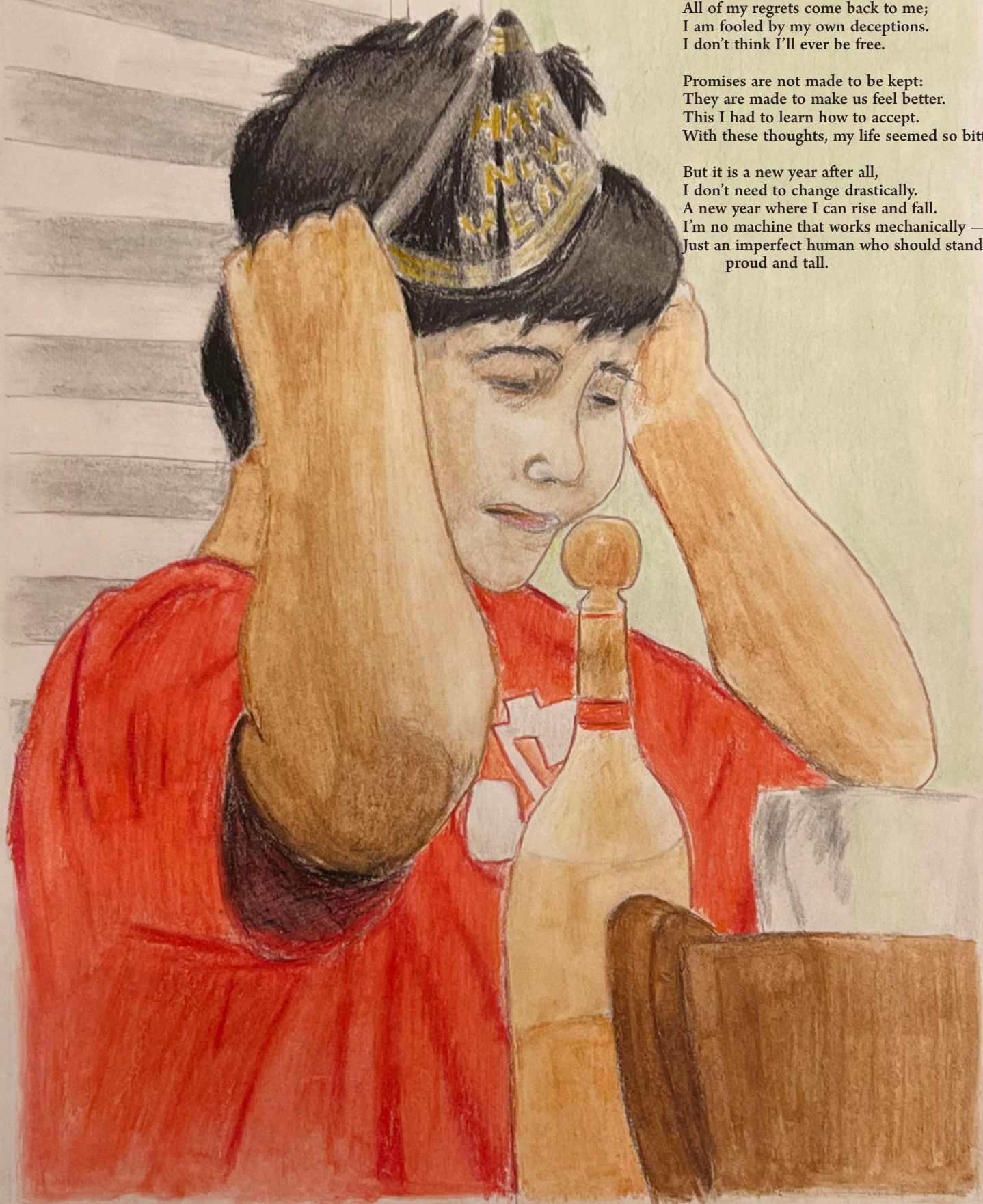
The water grows cold  
The sand is frozen solid  
Snow falls on the lake

By: Joseph Hall ('22)



By: Yair Rivera ('22)

“New Year’s Post Party”  
By: Rem Quintin David ('22)



New Year, Same Old Me  
By: Rem Quintin David ('22)

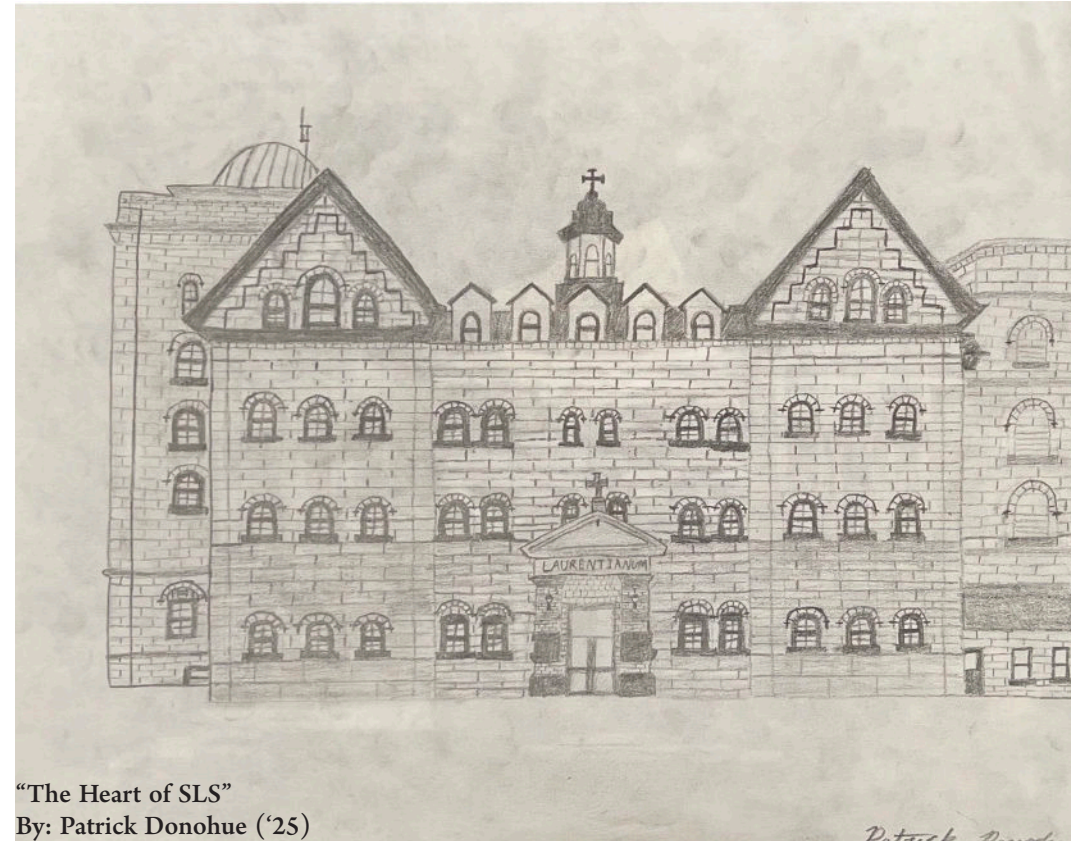
Five, four, three, two, one — Happy New Year!  
I've been waiting for this night to come,  
Spending the time with those I held dear.  
Maybe this year I won't be a bum.

So many hopes and resolutions.  
All of my regrets come back to me;  
I am fooled by my own deceptions.  
I don't think I'll ever be free.

Promises are not made to be kept:  
They are made to make us feel better.  
This I had to learn how to accept.  
With these thoughts, my life seemed so bitter.

But it is a new year after all,  
I don't need to change drastically.  
A new year where I can rise and fall.  
I'm no machine that works mechanically —  
Just an imperfect human who should stand  
proud and tall.

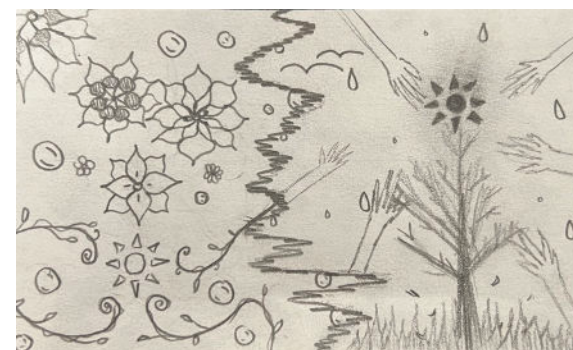
Rem



“The Heart of SLS”  
By: Patrick Donohue ('25)



“Warped Realities”  
By: Tyler Le ('24)



“Sanctuary”  
By: Tyler Le ('24)

“Attack on Titans”  
By: David Choi ('23)



David Choi  
06/23/2021

"Mother's Day"  
By: Ricky Conlin ('22)



Ricky Conlin

The Man and His Bench  
By: Joseph Hall ('22)

I see our bench and sit  
To rest my weary bones  
That have carried me through life,  
Both the thick and thin

You are here next to me  
The trees rustle and sing around us  
The birds chirp in time  
My hand brushes yours

The orange leaves  
Are in the prime of fall  
Your favorite time of year  
You love the smell, you say

The ring that I gave you on that day  
Glow bright on your finger  
Of that hand I love to hold  
So long have you known me

Many years have gone by  
Yet you are still here with me  
Still here to love and hold  
Still here with me on our bench

Then I open my eyes and you are gone  
Gone are the trees, the birds  
No more song  
Just rushing rustle of nurse's feet  
On the cold floor.

I stand and go back to my room  
To lay down and sleep.  
To lay down and sleep.

"Iceland"  
By: Joseph Hall ('22)



A Death  
By: Hung Dao ('23)

How the bell knells here where mother dwells,  
The casket is haunting, oh so terrifying!  
Mother doth lay there resting under deathly spells.

Night and day watchers stand guarding, how tiring;  
Little Alan is scared of her box, he bawls:  
The casket is haunting, oh so terrifying!

The tears and cries of mourning echo the halls,  
The loudest be her wailing widower,  
Little Alan is scared of her box, he bawls.

Father Andrew came to say Mass for her,  
An intense sadness affected the mourners so,  
The loudest be her wailing widower.

A body never clears dust or bakes dough;  
Father and child can never be joyous again,  
An intense sadness affected the mourners so.

The clock hand, going ever slowly, struck ten;  
How the bell knells here where mother dwells,  
Father and child can never be joyous again,  
Mother doth lay there resting under deathly spells.

"Flowers and Fluff"  
By: Rem Quintin David ('22)





By: Diego Orozco ('23)



Right of Way  
By: Tyler Le ('24)

I sometimes enjoy traffic,  
A stop at a red light,  
A place to calm down,  
And relax.  
We were both driving,  
Same speed,  
Side by side.  
I saw a red light up ahead,  
Expecting us to stop together.  
But your lights and sirens blared in the silence,  
And you drove past the light,  
Gone from my panorama.  
I was willing to wait at the red light,  
Committed to being with you.  
But you're a firetruck chasing fire,  
Ignoring the traffic,  
Unable to stop at the red light.  
You disregarded the trip we had together,  
Turned a blind eye to my effort.  
Scared to stop.  
Scared of commitment.



By: Diego Orozco ('23)

By: Samson Mathew ('23)



Before

By: Joseph Hall ('22)

O, how I long for the time before!  
A time when all was easy and clear  
When I read old books upon the floor.

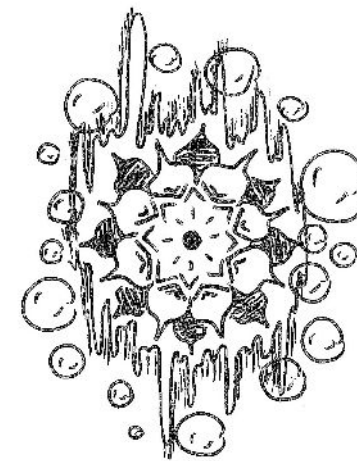
All my worry was to please the mother I adore  
We had fun and laughed through the whole year  
O, how I long for the time before!

It was fun and games and never a bore  
I had my siblings and nothing to fear  
When I read old books upon the floor.

I would finish my hot cocoa. More!  
Look outside and see a snow-covered deer  
O, how I long for the time before!

I'd stretch on the couch and read of old lore  
Never knowing the end to it was near  
When I read old books upon the floor.

These are the things that formed my core  
Memories of good times and good cheer  
O, how I long for the time before!  
When I read old books upon the floor.



"Dimensional Shiver"

By: Tyler Le ('24)

An Old Man Walking the Streets of His Birthplace  
By: Hung Dao ('23)

The sun still rises in the East,  
And the great magnolia tree still blooms  
In front of old Mrs. Tanner's house  
Even if she has passed.

The old cobble way gets me in a mood  
To play hopscotch  
Despite my old bones  
And poor balancing without a cane.

I see the street light in front of O'Sullivan's bar,  
And it is a bright white light  
As opposed to none, for it was broken  
From my birth until I left for the front.

The empty lot next door has been built up,  
Burying beneath its grounds  
Games of cops and robbers,  
Played by pupils of Birch View Elementary.

The renovations never got to Major St.,  
Where Missy Cecilia ran her kindergarten,  
Teaching youngins how to count and spell  
And to say her name correctly.

Petersons' and Smiths' stores still put up signs  
Criticizing one another,  
Though I hear it's for fun raillery now,  
Instead of the bad blood decades ago.

Changes schmanges are nice and all,  
But now it's hard to differentiate  
Between the façade and the face of my beloved town.  
The old grumpypants and goody two-shoes are gone,  
They moved to other towns and cities,  
Trading soul for gold and living better lives.  
The name-known establishments are closed or rebranded,  
Trying to lure unknowing tourists.  
So, is this Birch View,  
Or its bastard?



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2021-2022

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