

# INKKLINGS



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Photo By: Marc Vargas '18

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### Never Truly Alone

I made my way through the noisy city in fear.  
Walking quickly on the sidewalk, I saw many faces  
Whom I could not see in the rain.  
As hours passed, I sat on a bench waiting,  
The light overhead turned off,  
And I was alone.

“Excuse me sir, but why are you alone?”  
A voice suddenly made me grow in fear.  
Something, or someone, tipped me off.  
Quickly I stood up and saw no faces.  
How long have I been waiting?  
The entire city was noiseless, except for the sound of the rain.

There was something evil lurking around in the rain.  
I knew that I was not alone.  
Something was out there waiting,  
Waiting for me to come out and show fear.  
I will not show any faces.  
I saw the endless street down low and walked off.

It was following me, but its movements were off.  
I could hear footsteps in the rain.  
I quickly turned around and saw no faces  
Shadows were peering out from left and right... It wasn't alone.  
I was trembling in fear,  
My mind predicted danger if I kept waiting.

I have had enough. There will be no more waiting.  
My only choice is to kill them off.  
But how can I say such things if I show fear?  
I cannot concentrate on such matters with this rain.  
The shadows emerged from their abode, and I alone,  
Will have to endure their horrific faces.

Moving slowly towards me, their faces  
Were bare. I have kept them waiting  
Long enough. It's time to face them, alone.  
Alone not knowing how to fight them off.  
I wondered whether or not the presence of this rain  
Had something to do with their apparition. I'm clouded by fear.

I closed and reopened my eyes to see friendly faces.  
“Are you all right? You've kept us waiting.”  
Their worried and welcoming faces made me realize I was not alone.

By: Alexander Pizaña '17

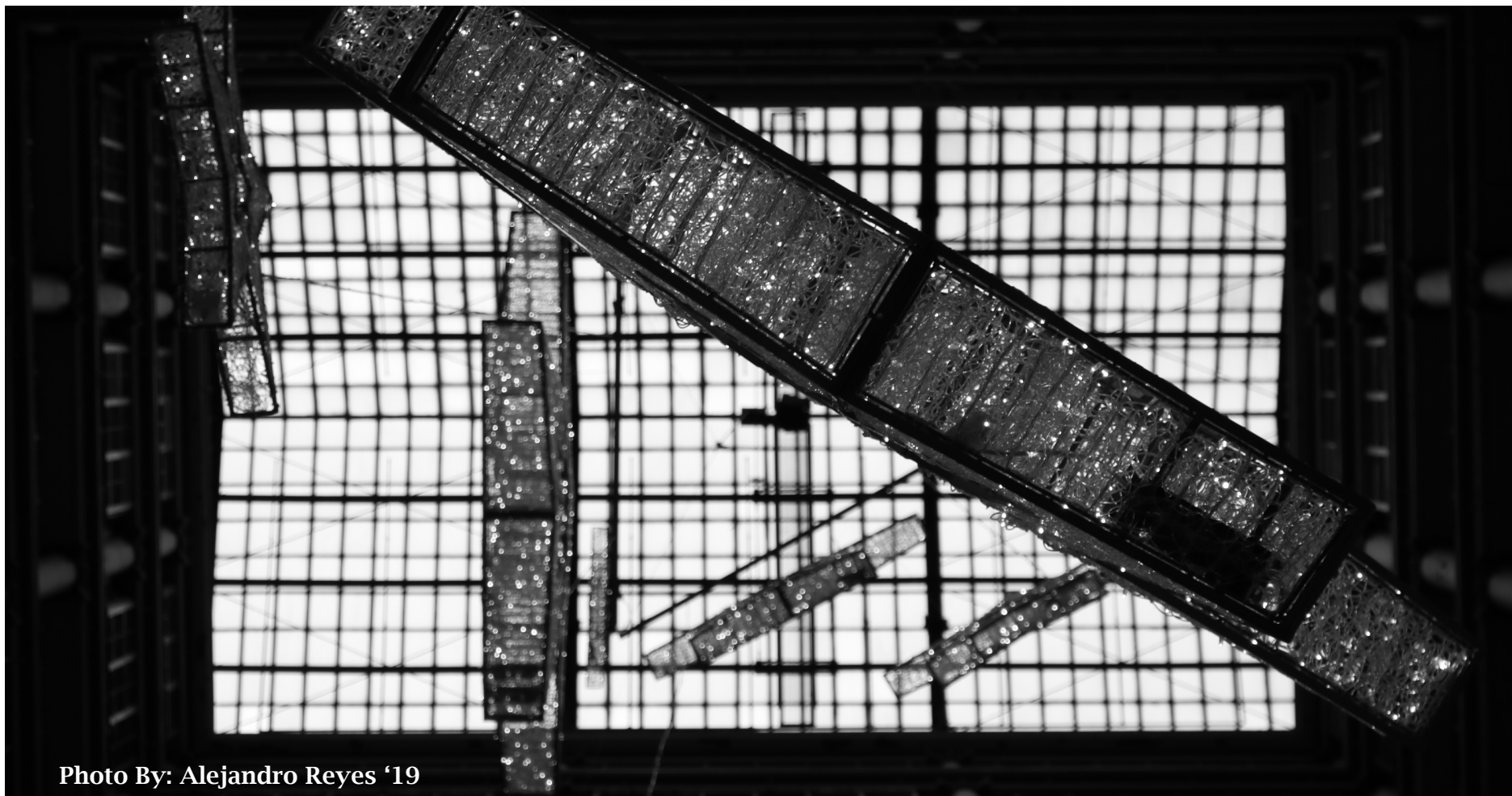


Photo By: Alejandro Reyes '19

## Whose Mans Is This

Home—  
under any bridge  
can never be a place to live.  
Smear the fear through the kids' ears:  
“Scrubs don't belong near here in this sphere.  
Crazy chaotic creep calling for coins? Keep closer.”  
Multiple million men, think what they thought back then.  
Does anybody, anybody at all, know whose mans is this?  
A fireman couldn't be saved from the heat of bankruptcy.  
A veteran keeps dying on the corrupt battlefield of greed.  
A husband loses his wife after working to be her Gatsby.  
A convict has never found a livable job after being freed.  
The beggars are like you, but they have been hit by stress.  
You cruise, ignoring the man, and dream of your success.  
Look at you and look at me. Now tell me, who's jealous?  
“Please, sir, just a dollar. You have more and I have –less.”

By: Princeton La '17

## Star

A single, lonely Star,  
A Star that once twinkled  
Like chimes in the afternoon,  
Can hardly shine for the world  
To see Her beauty and gaze  
With thoughts that could only  
Wonder at the very thought  
That a shattered Star fading  
Could still be beautiful  
Yet so painfully sad

And those eyes, those of a child,  
Will continue to gaze  
Because every star flickers  
Every sun is smothered by a cloud  
Yet this Star will shine brighter than any other!

By: Mike Perez '17



Photo By: Alejandro Reyes '19

## A Typical Rainy Night in a Fantasy World

A man strode through the darkness as thunder cracked and lightning streaked across the sky. He never turned, never moved faster. In the flashes of lightning he could see them, they crawled all over the woods as they followed him. He knew that they took their time when they hunted, so he will take is time to kill them. He put his hand on his sword, waiting for the opportunity. There was a shriek, they sprang out of the woods, all reaching him at the same time. He drew his sword, as he did he ducked under one of their hooked claws. It whistled over his head; with a shout he drove himself forward hitting the first creature to the ground. It lay on the ground shrieking in pain. He quickly disposed of it. As he turned around, one of them rammed him in the back; he grunted in pain as he fell to the mud, losing his sword. he looked behind himself to see three of them advancing towards him. He found his sword and drew it from the mud, when he turned to face his opponents, there was nothing. Wiping his eyes from the drenching rain, he peered into the darkness and saw nothing. More wary than before he continued to his destination, a small inn a few miles ahead.

The door creaked open as he entered. A hushed silence fell over the room when he entered, men at the counter stared at him with an accusing eye. He glided over to the far side of the counter, not making a sound.

"I'll have a pint of ale," he mumbled. The caretaker looked at him.

"We're out," he replied flatly, staring the stranger down the end of his long, hawk like nose.

"Whatcha got then?" he asked looking to his left. The men whispered to themselves in low tones.

"Just wine, plus water from out back from the spigot."

"I'll take the wine, the strongest you got," the man said. The caretaker raised an eyebrow.

"That'd be Wolfsbane, very strong indeed," said the caretaker reaching under the table and grabbing a black bottle.

Pouring a glass for the strange visitor, they sat in silence as the storm rolled on, ten minutes... twenty minutes. He heard them coming. They had surrounded the inn for some time and were waiting for something.

"I'm sorry for this," the man said rising from his seat and drawing his sword.

"What are you doing?!" the caretakers yelled his face paling. The door burst open, two of the creatures from on the road bolted in. The stranger threw his sword, striking the first monster in the face, the second came charging towards him. Defenseless, the man grabbed a chair next to him, he heaved with all his might and smashed the chair into the last creature, it howled in agony as it slammed into the opposite wall. Retrieving his sword, the man slowly advanced on the creature. It squirmed and attempted to run, but it's spine was broken. He grabbed its head and, wrenching it back, drew his blade across its neck. He dropped the creature's head with a thud, and began to leave the inn.

"W-Where are you goin'," the caretaker asked peering from behind the counter; the other men also began to show themselves. The stranger looked at them one-by-one.

"Go back to your homes, lock your doors and wait till dawn, then you will all be safe."

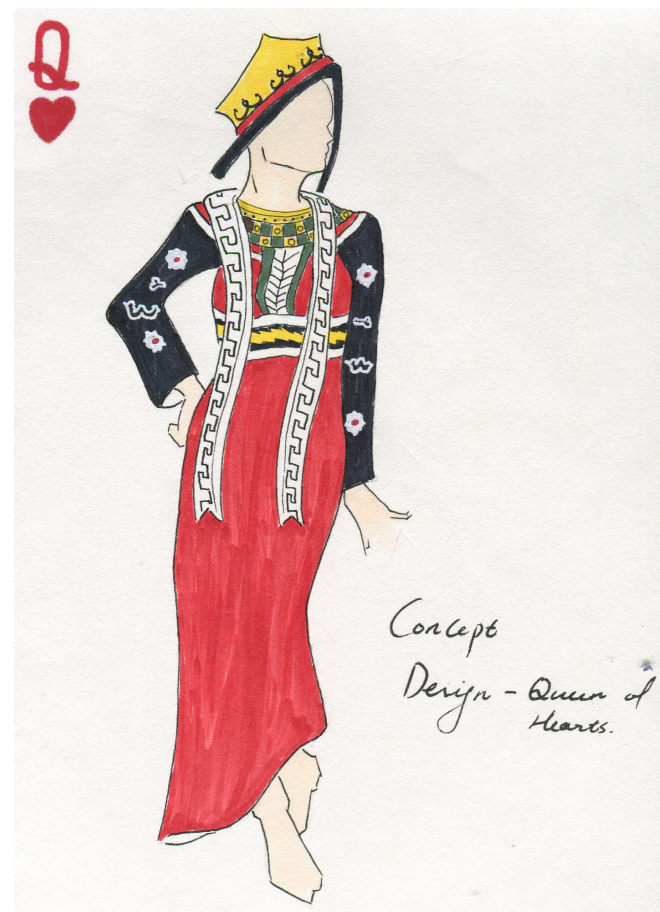
"What 'bout you?" asked the caretaker.

"GO!" the man yelled. They all bolted for the door; he turned and sat down at the long table again, pouring himself another drink.

He could hear them moving outside, they did not care for the men that just left, only him. They broke through the walls and through the ceilings. He stuck his sword first into the one on his left, spinning wildly he ducked and stabbed the creature on his right. The two screamed and fell to the floor, dead. The remaining three ran circles around him, trying to confuse and him, but he was not confused. He slid to his right and swept his blade low. He felt the blade cut through flesh and bone as the two halves of the monster flew over and under his blade. He then turned to meet another head-on. His fist shattered the thing's skull like a paper masque. He knew it waited for him, he knew all this was going to pass, and he knew what would happen next. He waited... a pain lanced through his chest as he fell to his knees, the beast's claws protruding from his body. Its icy eyes came into focus; its sleek black skin clung to its body like water-logged clothes. He looked out the window, as the full moon burst out from the clouds for a split second.

He felt the change happening as he began to grow taller and fur grew all over his body. His hands doubled in size and his nails grew into claws. His nose and ears grew as well; his eyes turned from a light brown to dark yellow. He let loose a howl as he turned and struck the creature with his massive paw. The thing smashed into the long table, its head snapping back. He bounded towards where the monster laid and took it in his mouth and slammed it on the floor, which splintered all around the body. He let loose another howl as he bounded out the door running into the dark, moonlit night.

He wandered until morning as the effects settled in and he changed once more back into a man. He looked for a place to rest, which he found in the hollow of a tree. There he slept all day and the following night. The next day he awoke early; the birds sang and dew covered the grass in the forest. He looked to the east, towards a new life, away from the one he had left long behind.



Artwork By: Jae-Suk Lee '18

By: Matthew Mattes '17

## Tea Time

A blind, gentle finger wades through the warm liquid  
Carefully testing the temperature  
In the same measured way, you always did.

Your gentle smile glows as it shatters  
The honey sunlight rays that intrude  
On the territory that you inhabit  
Of this small room we share.

The blue of your eyes are the very sky above  
So very perfect and beautiful  
Yet hollow and unseeing  
This still does not stop your love  
From overflowing

This love spreads until it covers the fields  
With the gold of happiness that we share now  
This love infects me as we embrace  
This unseen love is welcomed to my broken heart

Somehow I felt free  
Happy even  
Sharing some of the beauty that I could see  
And you could only imagine

Yet it wasn't enough  
I had to be dropped back to earth eventually  
And I hit hard  
When I came to, you were leaving  
But the love we shared pushed me forward

I fought against every rational part of me and I...  
Chased you  
But my broken heart was too weak  
And I failed

But you were there when I woke  
Crying my tears, sobbing my sorrow  
While you pleaded for me to stay  
And you begged to cry my tears  
And sob my sorrow

As I hold these fingers,

The ones that so carefully tested my tea  
And tested my broken heart  
The ones that caressed my hands on walks  
And clung to my tear stained shirt,

I don't regret stumbling into that tiny room  
Filled with only a small tea set  
And your gentle smile.

By: John Zampino '17

## Remember?

Do you remember how it was to Feel?  
To want to throw logic through your window?  
Wanting only to cling with such a passion,  
That you forget to cry when it hurts?

Do you remember how to Laugh?  
To want to hunch over in painful happiness?  
Wanting only for the moment you're sharing,  
To last until it's impossible to continue?

Do you remember how it was to Cry?  
To want to weep until you fell asleep?  
Wanting only for the pain to go away,  
And never again disturb the Sanctuary of Sleep?

Do you remember how it was to Yell?  
To want to scream at the top of your lungs?  
Wanting only to get your point across,  
No matter how little it mattered?

Remember how to Love?  
How to plan for a future with that person  
Even though it was always too good to be true?  
Trying to figure out how many moments you had together,  
Until that counting turned into clutching onto smoky wisps

I'm Remembering how to do it all again.  
I'm trying to fight all of my fears,  
Like losing someone like you again.  
To put it plainly,  
I'm Remembering how to Trust

By: Miguel Perez '17



Photo By: Alejandro Reyes '19

## Dandelion

Coarse, wild grass with yellow dotting throughout  
No one comes here,  
Only the two of us here together.  
This is a place where words and time don't matter  
A place where the flowers sleep until they  
Turn into who they truly are.

And you, too,  
You wait for the time when you bloom  
Until you are strong enough to Change  
Until you find what you are looking for  
Whatever that may be

You continue in your search for Change  
With overalls dotted with paint stains  
That reflect the tests of perfect hue  
And dark, sleepless nights crowded  
With so many ineffable thoughts.  
Thoughts that no one could truly understand  
Let alone me.

A broken girl who was never whole to begin with

You destroy yourself  
We destroy yourself  
As we dream of a world that isn't quite here  
A world that only you inhabit  
And watch the cigarette smoke rise to the stars

We don't know what drew us here  
We don't know what we are doing  
We don't know what the future truly holds  
We don't know what we are looking for

But I've always worried too much  
I never understood what you meant with your simple question  
Maybe you never did either

It was so very like you to ask it  
In this field of yellow-now-white flowers.  
While words always tasted funny to you  
These rang sweet.

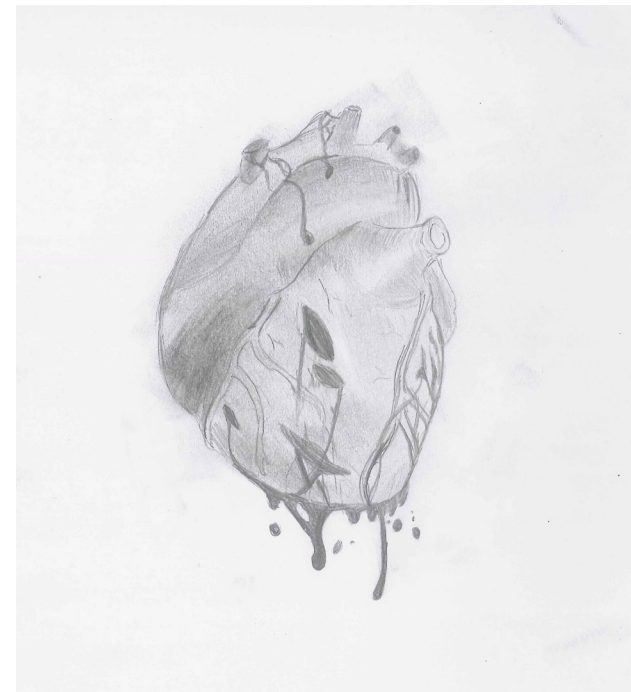
“What's a word for when it feels inside your heart  
That everything in the world is all right?”

By: Miguel Perez '17

## Valentine's Poem

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue  
But how can all these flowers,  
Be compared to you?  
I guess people misunderstood  
Your kindness, and sweetness.  
Just as violets are blossoming purple,  
Not darkening blue.  
I am the cyclone, roaming wild and free  
But you're like my flower,  
Always staying by me,  
Your glory glows bright in the shining sun,  
Just like these flowers, bloom by the moonlight's sky  
Although nothing can ever be compared to you,  
I hope these flowers do, just because I love you.

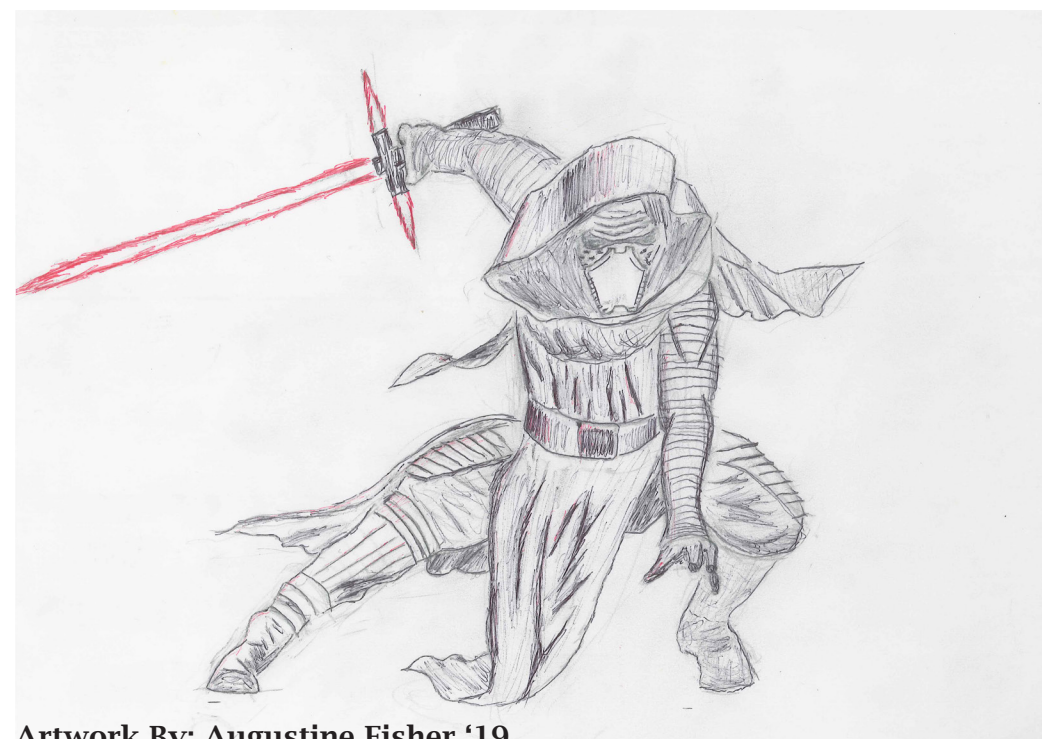
By: Daniel Pham '18



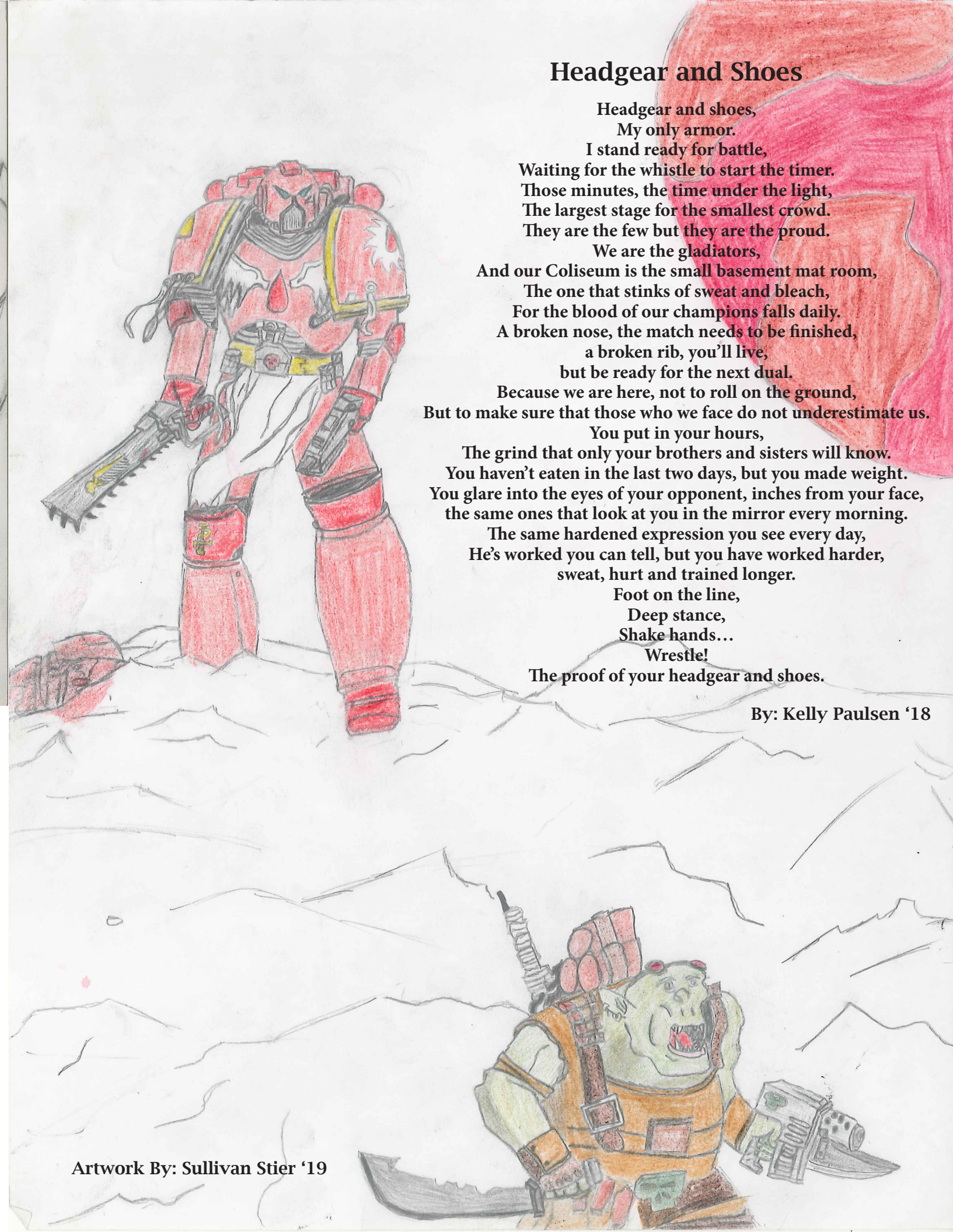
Artwork By: Ethan Nguyen '19



Artwork By: Matthew Tran '19



Artwork By: Augustine Fisher '19

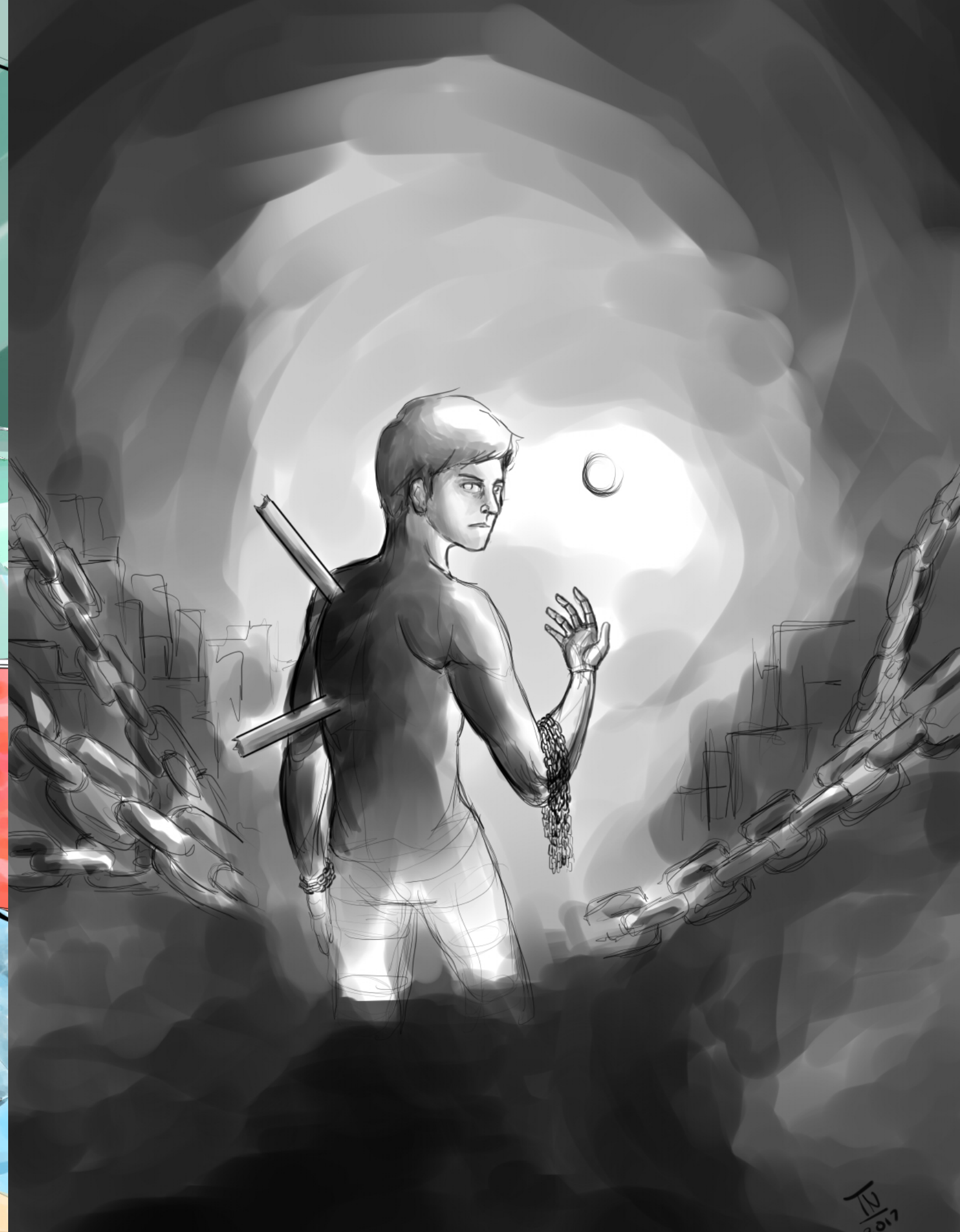


## Headgear and Shoes

Headgear and shoes,  
My only armor.  
I stand ready for battle,  
Waiting for the whistle to start the timer.  
Those minutes, the time under the light,  
The largest stage for the smallest crowd.  
They are the few but they are the proud.  
We are the gladiators,  
And our Coliseum is the small basement mat room,  
The one that stinks of sweat and bleach,  
For the blood of our champions falls daily.  
A broken nose, the match needs to be finished,  
a broken rib, you'll live,  
but be ready for the next dual.  
Because we are here, not to roll on the ground,  
But to make sure that those who we face do not underestimate us.  
You put in your hours,  
The grind that only your brothers and sisters will know.  
You haven't eaten in the last two days, but you made weight.  
You glare into the eyes of your opponent, inches from your face,  
the same ones that look at you in the mirror every morning.  
The same hardened expression you see every day,  
He's worked you can tell, but you have worked harder,  
sweat, hurt and trained longer.  
Foot on the line,  
Deep stance,  
Shake hands...  
Wrestle!  
The proof of your headgear and shoes.

By: Kelly Paulsen '18

Artwork By: Sullivan Stier '19



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2012

## In the Shadows He Walks

He walked this world over five hundred years ago,  
A shadow, which walked alone in the moonlight,  
With his powers, he stood against the greatest foe  
That this world had ever seen, and was victorious.  
He walked where others would not walk  
And protected our world, unseen.

Before he was called, he was an unseen  
Farmer, till the Master saw him. Oh, so long ago,  
When he was first touched by the moonlight.  
To go with the Master, and slay his foes.  
Where he and the Master went, they were victorious.  
And still to this day no one knows where he walks.

He keeps the way open; the lines clean as He walks  
Among the men who serve Him so faithfully, and unseen  
For the actions that they take on the battlefield. So long ago  
It seemed, since the last battle was fought by moonlight.  
They crept along, as they went through the tents killing foes.  
After that battle their morale fell and they were not so victorious.

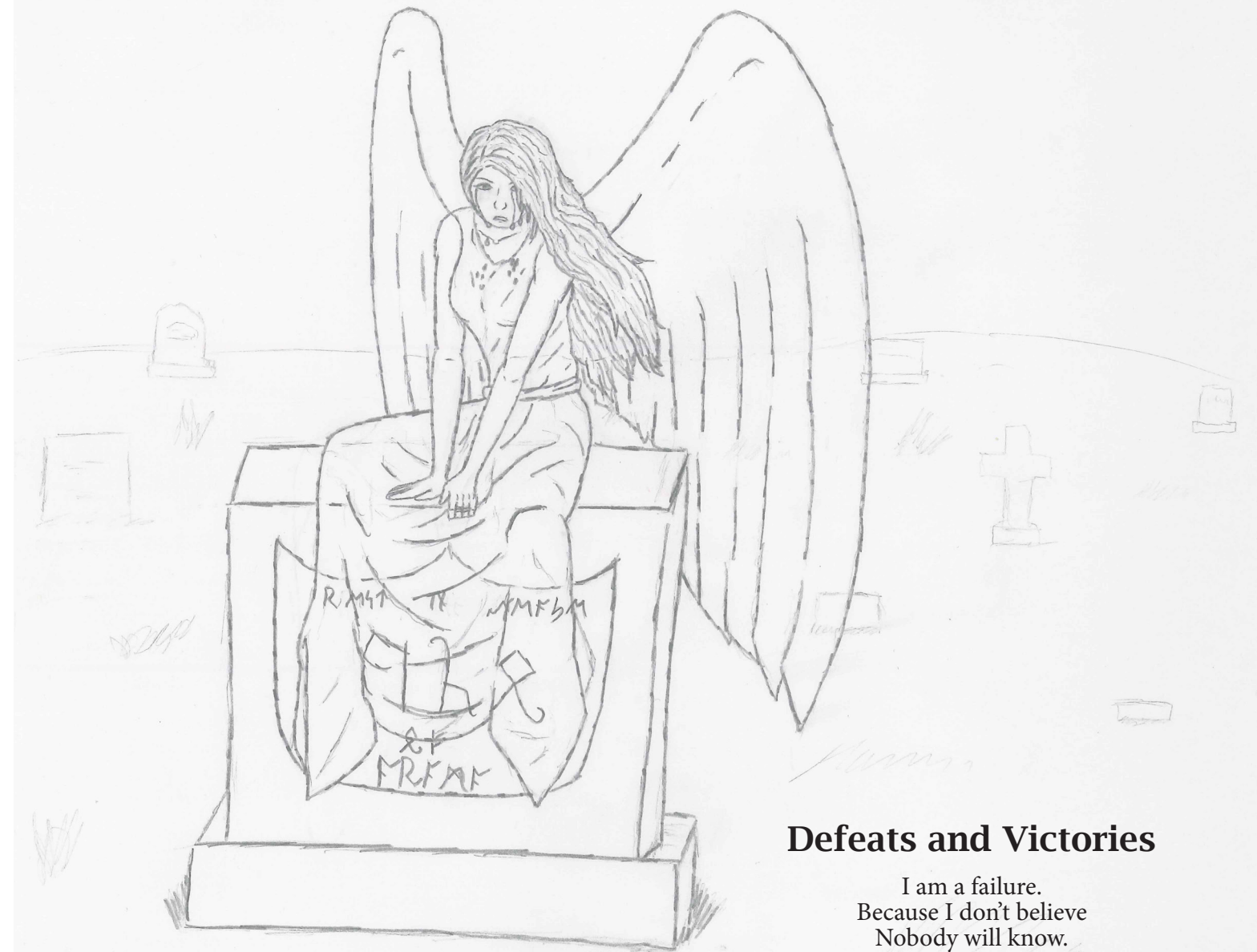
Months and years, not a single win, not a single victory,  
The people doubted him; they glare at him as he walks  
On their broken dreams of wealth and fame, the unseen  
Laugh at how far he had come to fail. A friend, from years ago  
Starts to tighten his hold on their small world, in the moonlight  
He plots the destruction of this world, and all his foes.

But no one listened to our hero as his great foe  
Took what was precious from him, and was victorious.  
Exiled, he went from city to city wandering, walking,  
Looking for anyone to help him, he even went to those unseen.  
They last talked to his race thousands of years ago,  
When all treaded unafraid of the moonlight.

Months passed as the oppressed waited. Till the moonlight  
Struck at the heart of our great hero's foe.  
As he swept through the city, he knew he was victorious.  
The battle concluded, the day was won. He walked  
Past the dead and dying, not caring for those unseen  
By his eyes. But he knew, he remembered from long ago.

Through the Moonlight he treads, through the shadows he Walks.  
Against all evil he is Victorious, he is merciless to his Foes.  
Though he walks the world Unseen, we remember his deeds from so long Ago.

By: Matthew Mattes '17



## Defeats and Victories

I am a failure.  
Because I don't believe  
Nobody will know.  
That I was a disappointment.  
I thought  
Strive to survive.  
Not  
Strive to succeed.  
When I look back, I remember  
The attempts I have made.  
Don't forget  
I told myself,  
As you see yourself.  
You are only as good  
As the world sees you.

But, I can turn my defeats into victories.

(Re-read poem from bottom to top)

Artwork By: Lawton Stier '17

By: Martin Vu '17





Photos By: Matthew Mortell '18



Photo By: Carlos Núñez '19



Photo By: Mikey Jimenez '18

## Simplicity of Life

One Above All  
To Be Called  
Spirit Within  
Roaming Freely...  
All Powerful  
All Creative  
From Idea  
To Creation  
Breath Of Reason  
Curiosity & Innocence  
Above All...  
Spirit Filled  
With Purpose  
With Soul  
With Desire  
With Heart  
Simplicity

By: Marc Vargas '18



Photo By: Matthew Mortell '18



Photo By Bryant Nguyen '18



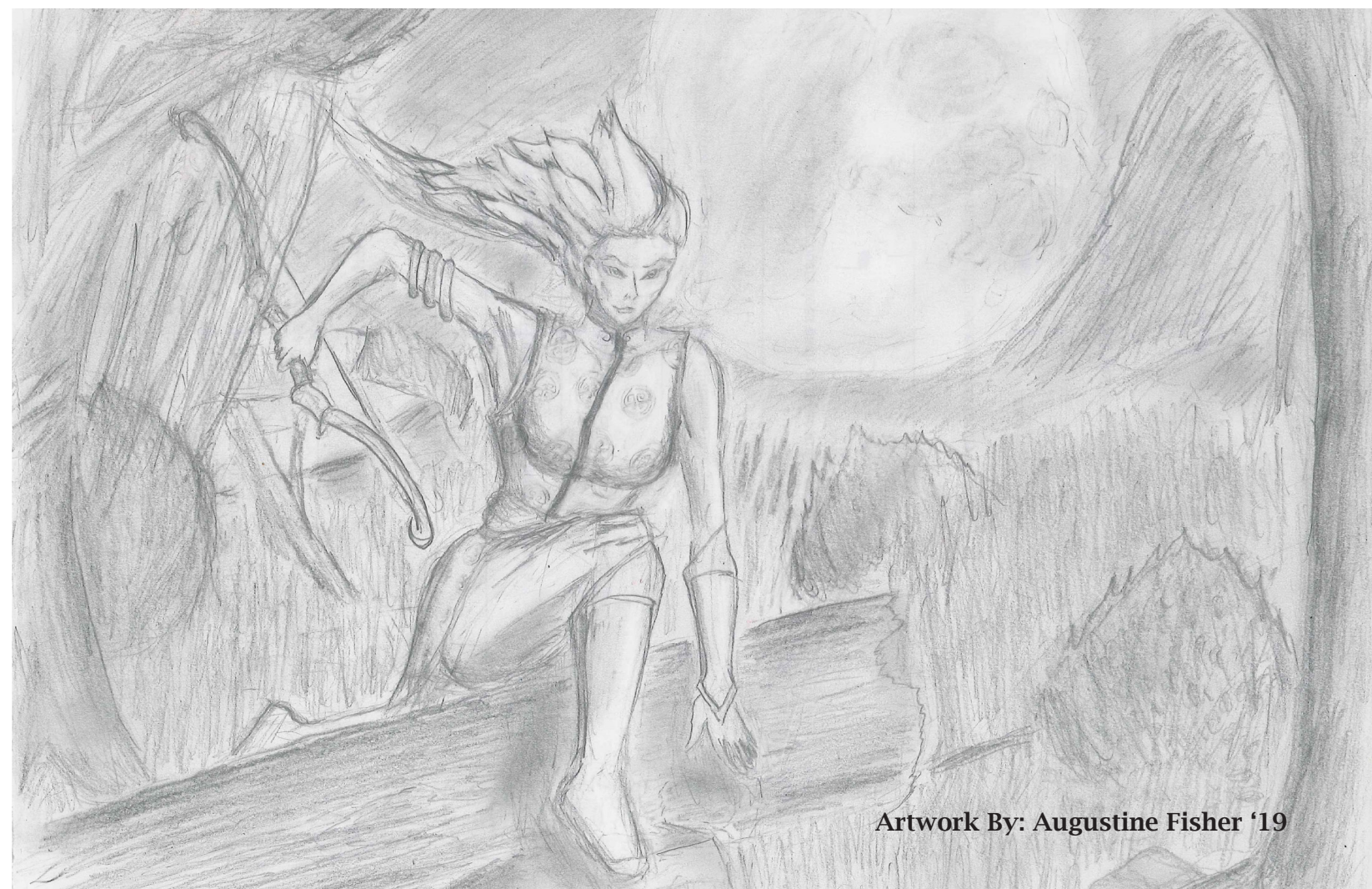
Artwork By: Lawton Stier '17



Artwork By: Alejandro Reyes '19



Artwork By: Jae-Suk Lee '18



Artwork By: Augustine Fisher '19

## Lost in Memories

What do you see with those eyes  
the eyes that stalk you every day  
what do you see when you gaze in that forest  
the one in which we used to play  
what do you know about your past, about his path, intertwined  
what do you seek, your past, do you find?  
Walking though that forest, what do you feel?  
the past that was lost or the fates that combine  
what do you seek to find?  
will that path lead you to him  
or will it make you  
...a woman?

By: Daniel Pham '18

Photo By: Jonathan Vo '20



Photo By: Jonathan Vo '20

## Air

I tread the oceans, making them leap.  
I run by the trees making them shake.  
I am he, who ambles high up in the clouds,  
Who pushes them along every which way on my very whim,

I sigh in anguish as I am pulled here and there,  
I bellow with ecstasy on the highest peak.  
I rest at evening, and all is silent.  
You listen for me to whisper in your ear, and hear nothing.

My voice roars with the thunder as you bow to me,  
I breathe,  
I wriggle and twist into holes.  
No one can hide from me, for I witness everything.  
You wonder how I dance so gracefully,  
Yet I wonder if I will ever dance like you can, with such vitality.

By: Matthew Mattes '17

