

Centennial Edition (1922-2022)



Montage brought to you by:

Lea Hatley- 10th Grade

Equinox Winkler- 10th Grade

Rowan Gibb- 10th Grade

Sana Jindal- 9th Grade

Verity Poisson- 9th Grade

When I See You Again -Lea Hatley Companion piece to I Did

“When I see you again”

That’s what you said to me that day in the hospital. You, my best friend.

“When I see you again, I’ll tell you all about high school. I’ll write down everything and then when you get there with me, you’ll be caught up already!”

I thought that was a great idea. After this was all over, we’d be back together.

Two inseparable friends.

Time passed slowly. I wrote a letter to you every day. You texted every few days. Then every week. Month.

It’s fine, I said. You’re just busy having enough fun for both of us.

Then I finally got released. I told you to meet in our old spot, I had something to show you. I brought all the letters I wrote in the hospital, but for some reason never sent. I brought them all to our bench, the one with our names engraved on the back. I sat there and waited.

And waited.

I decided that you were simply busy that day, so I came back the next day. And the next. Waiting.

Waiting for that moment when I could see you again. I’ll wait as long as it takes, I said.

I wrote more letters while waiting. The same spot day after day, week after week. Month after month, year after year. Everyday.

I waited for you through the brightness of spring and the cold dark of winter.

You hated the cold. I loved it.

Years passed. Yet still, I waited.

Until I got sick once more. I suppose it was from all that waiting. Back to the hospital, back to the bed. Still, I wrote letters. I scrolled through your feed. I liked every post.

Nothing about me.

That’s when I realized you weren’t coming back for me. You stopped waiting. And I just couldn’t see it. That’s why all my texts were left unread. Why my phone calls never got through. Why you never came back to meet me at our spot. Still, I cared for you. So my last wish? To send you every single letter I wrote to you. All those letters I wanted to show you. All of them.

They sent.

I guess you got them. I hope you did. I hope you read them all, one by one, pouring over my words to you. I hope that after reading them, you remembered me. I hope you ran to that spot, even if it was raining, only to find that it was finally empty. I hope you rushed to the hospital where I was and asked for me.

And I hope you cried when you found out

I was already gone.

You - Leila Smitley

You.

You are my lover.

You hold my heart in your hands,
A deadened beat warmed by your touch.
Under the willow where we met,
It aches for you.

You.

You are the reason I am here.

The day I found you I was formless.
A shell of imagination whose purpose is solitude
Now living, breathing, suffering, rejoicing,
Alive because of you.

You.

You are the reason we exist.

This form, this place, only a figment before you came.
In such a short time, you have created worlds
A place once devoid of life,
Now a paradise just for you.

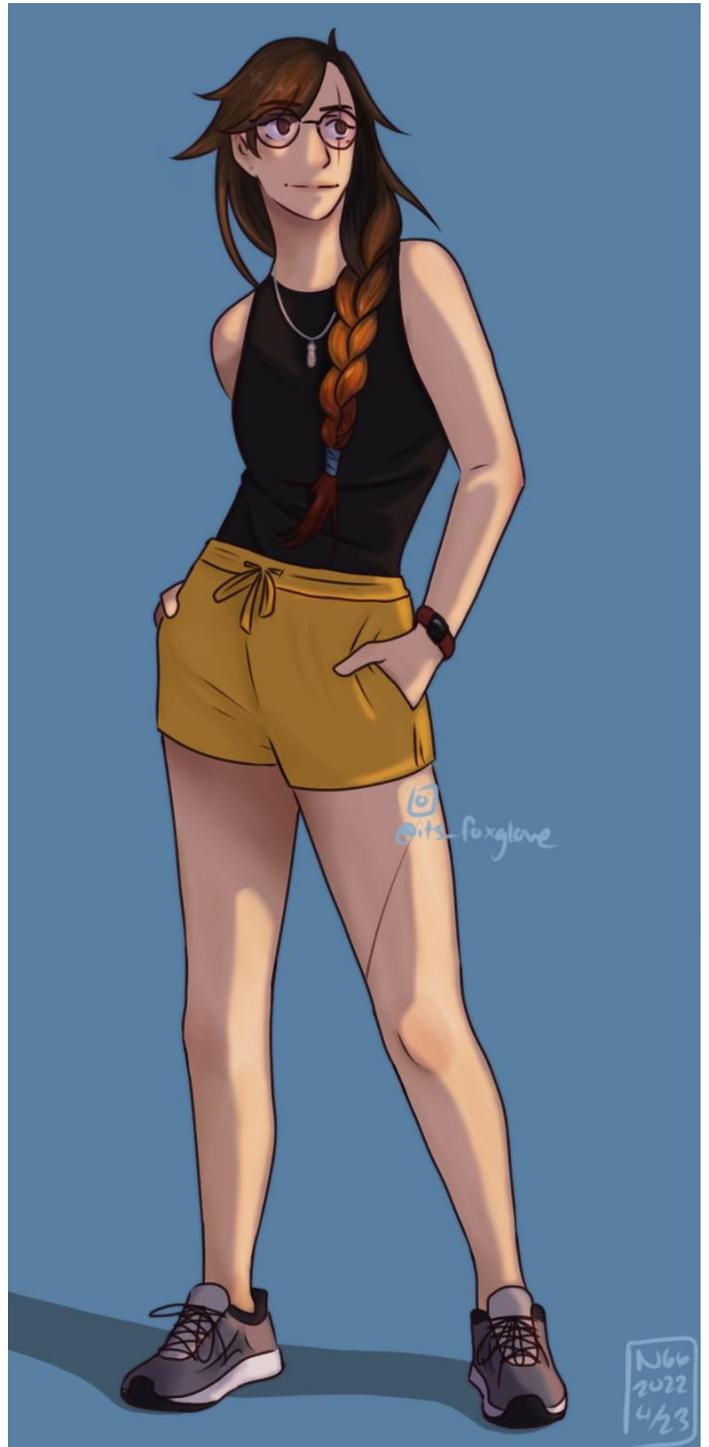
You.

You are the cosmos.

Stunning supernovas and sparkling abysses.
Endless galaxies pale in comparison
So I smile, content, as we sit,
Because under the willow where we met,
I hold the universe in my arms.

Summer Fit

Art by Natalia Gomez Godoy



To Love

Poem by Adelaide Kauchak

Sure, I'm a nuisance, but it's all love.

I'll take your clothes out of the dryer, wear them, stain them, stretch them out.

I'll leave my hair ties everywhere, your car, your house, your backpack, your wrist,

And when you ask if I want them back I'll tell you I have more at home.

You'll forever be rearranging cabinets, drawers, and closets because I never seem to put things back the way you like them.

You'll walk around the house, turning off the lights, closing doors, closing chips bags, and sealing containers.

We'll talk through the movies and never stay for the end credits.

We'll disrupt the college students attempting to study at the coffee shop, we'll laugh too loudly in libraries, and we'll take up the whole sidewalk.

It's all love.

I'll chew with my mouth open, breath loudly, and walk slowly.

And when you tell me to stop I'll do it again just to tick you off.

You'll forget that I don't like berries and buy me chocolate-covered strawberries for Valentine's day.

I'll eat them anyway, because I love you.

We'll fight, slam doors, cry, but we'll always makeup.

It's all love.

I'll steal the covers and leave you freezing.

You'll use my toothbrush and never tell me.

We'll break umbrellas, picture frames, vases

But we'll always try and glue it back together.

It's all love.

When you love someone with your whole heart, it's messy.

Hearts aren't pretty little shapes,

They are unsymmetrical, bloody, and they don't always work right.

But if you want it to work right, you've gotta put in the work.

Eat healthy, go to the doctor, and force yourself to the gym.

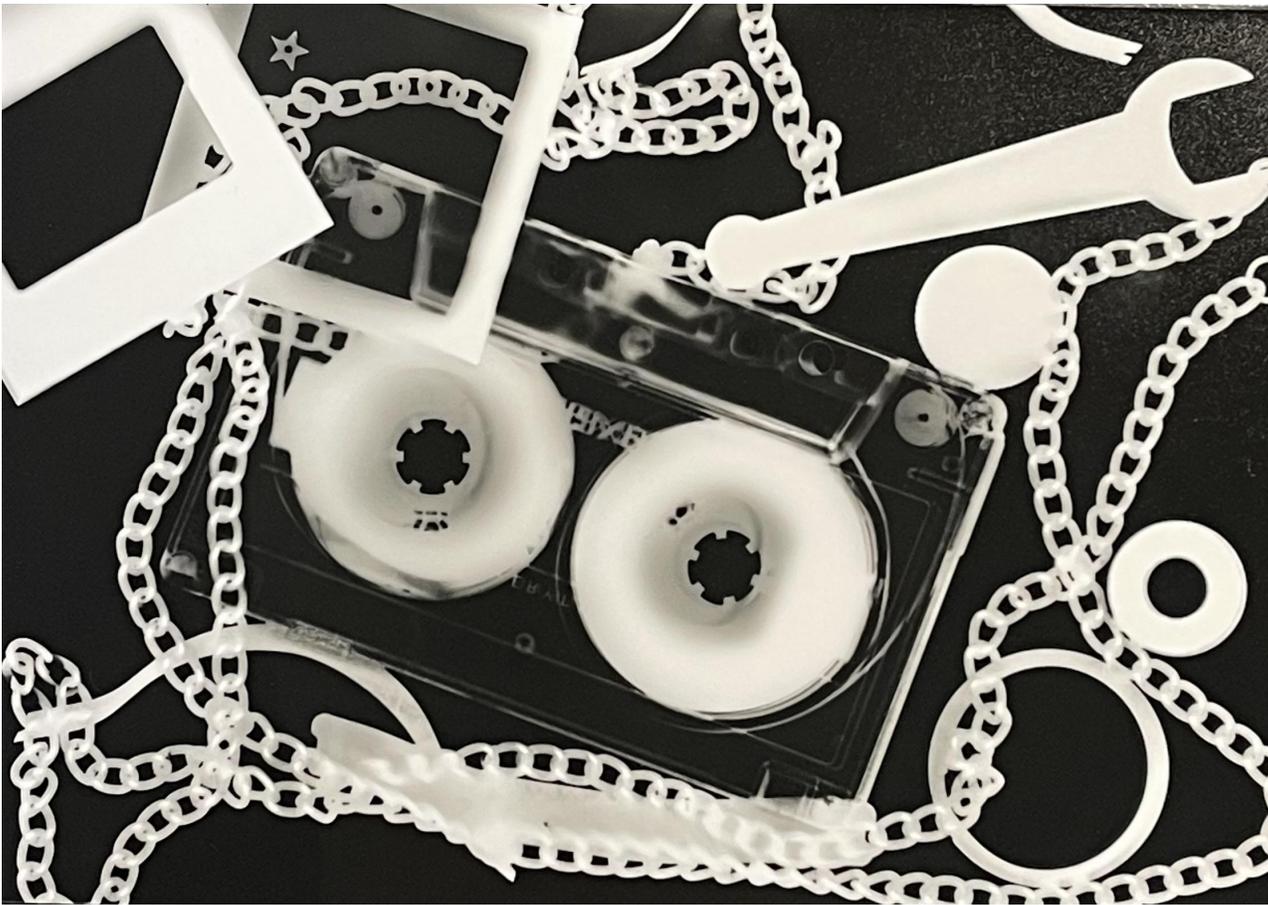
And one day, despite all the care you've given it, your heart will stop working.

One way or another it has to end.

But you'll look back.

All that work you did, pays off in the end.

It's all love.



Here and There - Sana Jindal

Me, you. - Sana Jindal

I was sitting here alone. You were out, talking to her.

I waited. You were still over there. Maybe you were busy. But, I thought you'd come back to me.

I miss your sweet smile. The brightness in your eyes.

Always managed to take my breath away.

I tried to catch you walking by. Tried to text you, but no reply. When I called you, straight to voicemail. Every single time.

Wonder when I will see you again. Just walking by past you?

Then the day came when you finally realized you were missing your friend.

You tried to catch me like I tried with you.

But then the days came when I finally gave up missing you.

Now it's my turn to ghost you. Make you realize you lost someone special.

I hope the day comes when I can forgive you.

Aphrodite

Worship her, they say,
For she is jealous and easy to anger.
They tell the tale of Hippolytus,
Who scorned love,
And swore loyalty to Artemis,
Setting her on a vengeful rampage.

Never harm her children, they say,
For her love for them knows no bounds.
They tell the tale of Psyche,
Who broke her son's heart,
And was forced to do impossible tasks in penance.

Do not expect her to follow your rules, they say,
For her domain is vast and she is ancient.
They tell the tales of Hephaestus and Ares,
Brothers who competed for her heart.
She dated one and married the other,
never choosing between the two.

Be wary of her, they say,
For she is powerful and ruled by emotion.
They tell these tales so you know what happens,
When you mess with the Goddess of Love.

Poem by Verity Poisson

love letter to a supernova - Candace Williams
remember when we orbited each other like planets,
caught up in the gravity of our own innocence?
i could tell you that your eyes were like nebulas,
your heart as rapidly expanding as a galaxy,
your smile a streaking comet in a sea of darkness,
and all of it would be true
and yet not enough to describe you.

because, darling, you were my universe.
i could never know every part of you
but that never stopped me from trying,
from learning you, from loving you up until
you ignited in a spray of self-destruction
and my heart collapsed in on itself.

we stars are not meant for love.
our tales are only ever tragedies,
for one moment of brilliant, burning passion is not
enough
to illuminate the endless dark.



Fantasy Jewelry - Chloe Smith

The heat of the stovetop
The sting when the oil pops.

The aroma of fresh baked bread
The fragrance of steamed broccoli head.

The water beginning to bubble
The noodles becoming malleable.

The simmer of the fried rice
The whirr of a blender pummeling ice.

The savory sharpness of swiss cheese
The delicious harmony of a soup of split peas.

A Poem About Cooking
- Anonymous

Take my golden honey sunsets.
Take my thunderstorms.
Take my cloudless cerulean skies.
Take my song and laughter.
Take my last summer.

My final summer is like silent thunder,
and rain that tumbles ever down.
Like steeping tea and fluffy blankets;
old books in the window seat.
Escaping to other worlds.

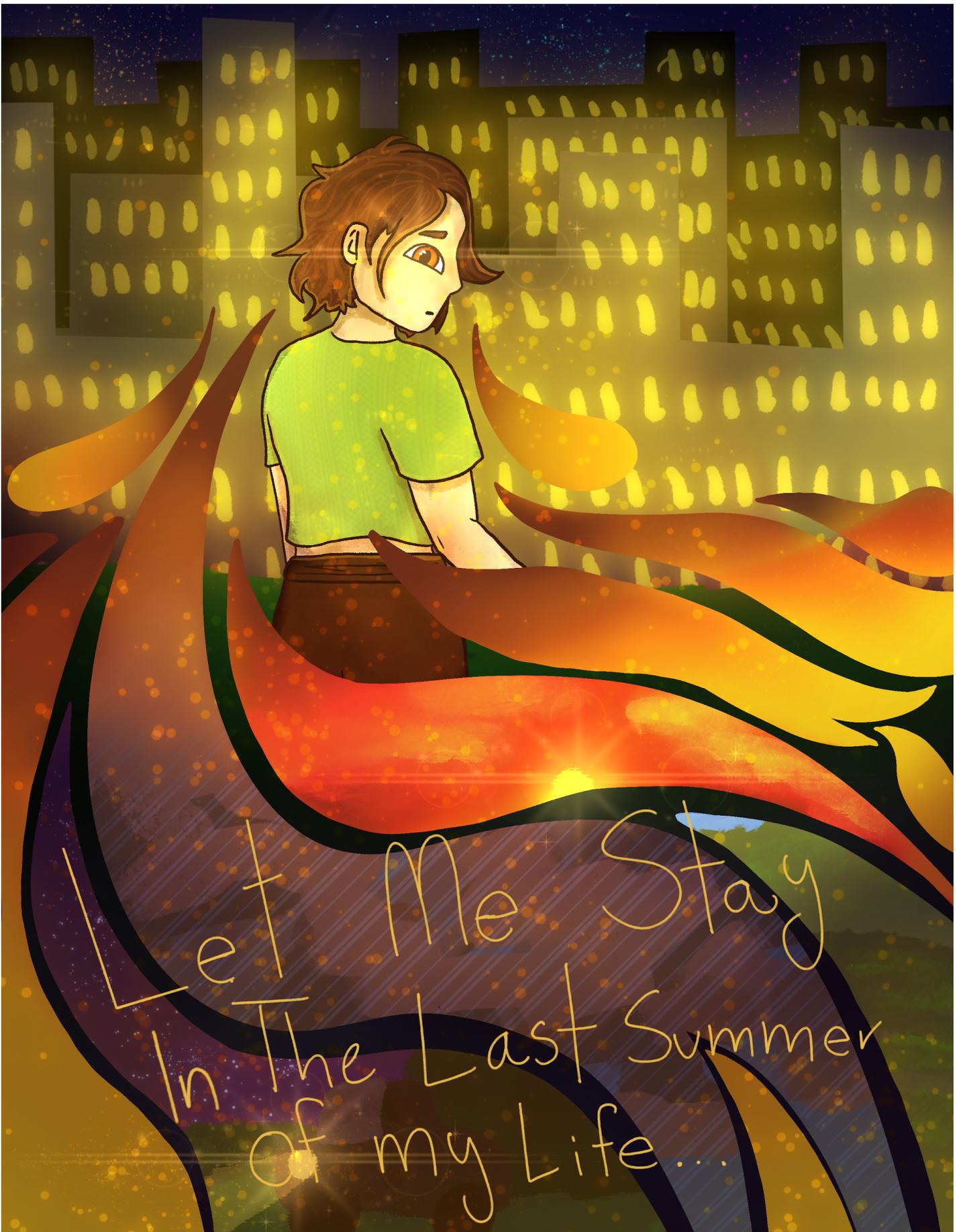
My final summer blows like wind,
gentle breezes through the hills.
Ripples in the earth and life;
stretching through the ocean of the world,
to each horizon and back.

My final summer is spent in an old car;
windows down, the AC doesn't work.
Humid air blowing away worries,
and through our hair
(while a sad song plays on the radio).

My final summer is one long golden hour
in the moment when the sun glows the brightest.
More blinding than any rose-colored lenses.
Nothing is darkened by shadows, they just exist
like in a perfect gilded world.

My final summer is like standing on the lip of an edge,
about to take the plunge into the water.
Waiting for the cool bliss of the fall,
and the plunge.
And I hope that someone remembers
the melancholy of my last summer.

- Rowan Gibb



Art by Rowan Gibb

Horizons

Show me the horizons
that's what we decided
on the first day we met
we promised to never be divided

I'll show you the horizons
space stretched out above and below
stars as far as you can see
paths further than we could ever go

We could visit the horizons
just the two of us
friends forever
with so much to discuss

You said you'd show me the horizons
together we'll watch the dawn
perhaps that won't happen
now that you've gone

I won't visit the horizons
I will never go
the stars shout your name:
a name from my past long ago

One day, I'll paint the horizons
I'll try something new
I'll use obsidian ink to share memories
and I promise to never forget you

I still think of the horizons
and the places we could have been
someday, somewhere
I hope I'll see you again

I walked to the horizons
thoughts of the past filling my head
when I bumped into someone:
You
your face, your eyes, your smile,
my tears, my happiness, my heart
your voice, your laugh, your joy
our lives, our memories, our friendship
You hugged me and said

Today, I give you the horizons
my true and dearest friend
and I promise you that
I'll stay with you until the end

- Equinox Winkler



By The Shore - Sophia Herr

A garden so vast it eats up the sky
A garden so gorgeous it belongs in heaven
A garden lovers get married in
A garden kids keep as a memory
A garden of peculiarness

How do the flowers shine so bright?
How are there so many different kinds?
How did you pick out their names?

A garden deserves the best care
A garden should be a sight to share
A garden deserves anything
A garden's soil is what matters most
A garden's soil is what gives it such a natural glow

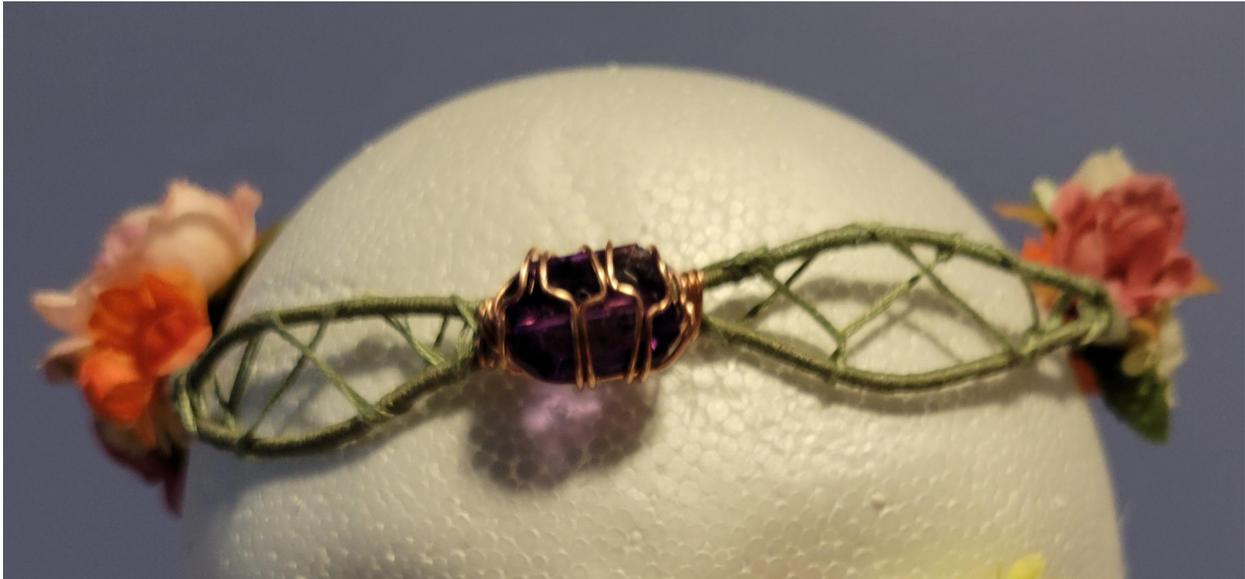
Under the garden dozens of bodies bloat
Under the garden a gaggle of beauties decompose
Under the garden are only the most perfect
Under the garden they are the flowers that grow

A garden nobody understands
A garden where beauty never ends
A garden where the best looking get to stay
A garden where beautiful people meet their end always.

- Madilyn Crampton



Fantasy Jewelry - Chloe Smith



my dear dandelion

my dear dandelion blooming yellow like the sun
if i were noah picking a flower for the arc you would be the one
they call you a weed a pest but i think you are lovely
and you bloom anywhere from pavement to beaches by the sea
my dear resilient little dandelion sprouted from concrete
when you turn white and blow away i find it so bittersweet
but you are a phoenix rising from the ashes of your floating ballerina seeds
and you grow out of a crevice in the wall my expectations it far exceeds
with you goodbye is never permanent my dear sweet dandelion
you could defeat even heracles for you are stronger than his nemean lion
my dear dandelion you always come back
through every chink and every gap and every crack
you are more resilient than any virus like hate
you are the one i desperately wish to emulate
my dear dandelion

- R. Hallett

I Wonder

Poem by Sana Jindal

No one understands
the voices in my head
spiraling day in and day out
to what seems like a bottomless pit.
The pressure weighing me down;
feeling trapped with no way out.
Is this a losing game?
Designed for no one to win?
Constantly prickling my skin.
I wonder.
The fate is set.
The second you were born,
since then you were warned
everyone ends at the start
can't beset apart.
I guess It can be delayed
but it ends all the same.
With no one to blame
we are mortals after all.
Upon us so small
this thing called life.
So fragile so young,
the point of it,
I wonder...
They say its a circle,
the circle of life!
Goes on and on and on,

does it ever stop?
Maybe it's like a game
with no aim,
that the universe loves playing with us.
No point in a fuss.
We are the pawns
their medals of bronze
and they decide what to do.
Keep us in their crew
and dispose of us then they are through.
They decide
what our meaningless little lives will lead to
our fate.
Sounds more like a bait.
Pulling us in
laying it out oh so thin.
I wonder...
And then,
What after we end?
how do they comprehend,
the billions of people
and how they will end?
With all their deeds,
the good the bad,
the evil the nice,
do you float in between?
Go up above or down below?
I wonder...

Monsters - Sana Jindal

Monsters under my bed
But the only monsters are the ones in my head.
Haunting me every second of the night.
Making me wonder if there's any way out to the light.
These Nightmares coming back to me.
The evil ones projecting, laughing in glee.
All the what-ifs circling back,
taking me back to my past with a snap,
Making this whole night feel like a trap.
Feels so long, still lying in my bed.
Trying to sleep, looking straight ahead.
But the fear of the monsters,
and my mind still wanders.
Looking for a way out,
Feeling trapped, weighed down with all this
doubt.
Still trying to sleep, have I lost the power?
Passing by all the hours.
Feeling restless, can't let go of the stress.
Popping up, all the regrets.
Yet the clock keeps ticking.
And my mind keeps picking
old conversations,
Questioning all my relations.
What else could I have said?
All the promises I have in debt
it fills me up with dread
it's all spinning in my head.
New day? New possibilities
Also new responsibilities
All the things I have to do weighing me down
Is this gonna be my new crown?
I don't want to drown.
Swimming in all the darkness inside of me
feeling like I'm in some kind of a deep dark -sea
here with no one to hear my pleas.
Shouting and screeching in my mind
I've been tied into a bind.
Blind to all
The monsters still creeping in
Am I gonna let them win?
Finally, it hits me.
Like a buzzing swarm of bees,
the sting so loud
I cant feel a thing.
Time passes by...
Still searching for the monsters all this time.
Wondered what I could never see.
I have finally found the monster, it resides in me.



Roar - Natalia Gomez Godoy

The walk I think it's called.
It's not a long walk, not by any means,
Not one where red seeps through the cuffs of one's jeans
But one where the cuffs are stained the faintest of yellows.
I am not forgetful, but I get caught up in moments of warmth and light,
Then I am forgetful.
- Lukas Price



Fantasy Jewelry by Chloe Smith

Anxiety

I wish they could see that
There's so much more to me than anxiety

So just don't get overwhelmed
Oh ok why didn't I think of that?
Just ignore the voices in my head, I'll get right on that
Just pretend all your fears and stress simply disappears

Ya, like that ever works

Don't think I'd have tried that if I could?
Don't you think that I wish I would?
I would love to, let it all evaporate
But no matter how hard I try, it still stays

No matter what I do,
They never see me for me
All they ever see from me,
Is my anxiety
But there's so much more to me
Then anxiety

Only got two choices
Either bottle and hide how you feel all the time
Or tell what the voices inside are saying,
And get blamed for being dramatic

Either you're fine,
Or you're fake.
No one gives you an in-between.
Either you hide,
Or people toss you aside,
No one lets you just be free
No one lets me just be me
Cause of anxiety.

- Anonymous

"Static"

By: Gretchen Lepley

The sun sets.
The couch hugs my body.
Ease's my pain.

I lay there restless, alone.
Days go by.
No one calls me anymore.

The TV runs.
Switching through channels till static.
The sound echos.

But the silence is loud.
No dogs barking.
No street cars driving by.

All just static.
Tears rolled down my face.
I feel alone.

But I am not alone.
I have friends,
I have my family as well,

Loneliness haunts me.
Wherever I go it's there.
My thoughts echo.

Just like the static television.
It never ends.
What is wrong with me?

I miss you.
This was all my fault.
Was I enough?

Or did I disappoint you?
I won't know.
Because you have gone up.

Gone from here.
Gone from my love forever
All that's left,

Is the sound of static.



Japanese traditional

-JB

They called me bright, called me smart, called me gifted.

I was needed, I was wanted, I was loved.

Now I'm no longer smart, no longer bright, no longer gifted.

So there's only one thing left to say.

God it's so hard to be good for your age.

Don't take anyone's sh*t but you better learn to behave.

Be kind, be strong, be brave, be true.

And don't lie about anyone, except of course you.

And if they find out you're not good for your age.

Then you're just. a waste. of space.

So if they find out I'm not what they say.

Will I lose. my. place?

- Anonymous



Photo by Anonymous

Dear Older Me,
When I'm older,
I want to drive
along cliff sides.
—I'll wake up
to sun rises,
drinking coffee
between smiles.
My pet retriever —
golden, like the sun —
will pose for photos
with the waterfall's
rainbow glistening behind her.
But I won't post them online.
They'll be for us to remember
that the past led us here
—that the mental battles
you fought weren't a waste.
But until then,
get your damn license,
—start saving some money,
and live your life to the fullest.
Sincerely,
Your best friend.

- Daniel Chaput

The struggle of a head injury

Out like a light
Back like a knight
If it was only that simple
The concussion was a ripple
Slowly getting worse and worse
While my thoughts do not converse
Draining the hope and life
The love I have is a strife
I've tried to relearn
But there is no return
- A Poem by Kyra Jewett

A web of lies
Cannot stand
For it takes
One curious hand
And a single, dangling strand
To unravel
A web of lies
- A Poem by Rosalina Woessner

MUD

It tastes like mold, death, and earth
waxy, yet gooey and tangy at the same time
It's not coffee or caramel, it's rotten goop
But what would you expect it's MUD

The texture is moist, but rocks are there
Grit gets stuck under each and every toenail
But the rest squishes through like mucus-covered slugs
But what would you expect it's MUD

The noises it makes vary in days
it's gargling through hoses buried in sheds
It splats on the floor from wet socks
But what would you expect it's MUD

It leaves brown stains on all your clothes
Oily and Slimy and difficult to wash off
Seeping through the knit with its creamy look
But what would you expect it's MUD

It smells like rotten leaves from decades ago
Overripe fruit covered in flies
Stinking like corpse of what land there used to be
But what would you expect it's MUD

- A poem by Fiona Doyle

241 Lamar Drive

As I open my eyes, laden with crust
I stretch my arms and legs up to the sky.
Thoughts of play turn all my worries to dust
Sunlight beams strike my dresser, pure July

Capture The Flag? Or maybe Garage Tag?
Which exhilarating game will it be?
Trying to choose but the decision lags
Each so much fun that you cannot foresee

Hide by that tree, don't get into a bind
Running on the smooth streets of Lamar Drive
Oh no, who is sneaking up from behind?
Never have I ever felt more alive

Dad calls me inside, time to go to swim
Did not hear that, I decide on a whim

- Shelby Leaf

I Live Differently.

By Alex Bryer

I live life differently, I know this to be true.
Waking up in the morning with no other ambitions except to make it through the day.
I try to see the light in dark situations, and always somehow manage.
From sunrise to sunset, I go at my own pace, fast or slow, depending on the day or a situation in the day.

Enjoying the simple things and living minimally is enough for me.
On freetime, I walk nature's local paths.
I think to myself, *"Life is too short to worry about something if it doesn't affect me or my everyday life."*

I silently take the time to observe the world around me, standin' on the corner and seeing how others live.
When observing, I think, *"Everyone is so caught up in everyday life that it seems that they almost fail to take time for themselves, and live differently."*

"The Color Blue"

By: Gretchen Lepley



Raining Stars
Verity Poisson

Your eyes were blue.
Your sentences were blue.
You always made me feel blue.
But how could someone feel blue?

It's just the color blue.
Other people could see me blue.
They could see me head to toe in blue.
But all I saw in you was yellow.

Just like the bright sun, all yellow,
And the sun flowers in the field all yellow.
The blue was covered by the yellow.
The color I painted over the blue.

I never wanted to see the blue.
It never made me feel yellow.
But I created a new you, as yellow.
Drops of tears I painted them yellow.

Long sleepless nights I painted them yellow
"Do you still love me?" I tried to paint that
yellow.
But it was all so blue.
The color blue soaked through my yellow.

The things I tried so hard to make yellow
All stained blue.

Heart-to-Hearth

Poem By: Aaron Perg

A mass of bodies in a trench
A lonely struggle to survive
The crux of all life's emptiness
And even still we strive

A guilty grave to bury love
A closed door with which to hide
Give in to yearning of the blood!
To dream and do and die!

The phoenix rises once again!
A strength beyond the strong
Impossible to quench or dim
The endless lord of song

Repent, you swordsmen fearful dark
'To merely smell the smoke is sin'
Such platitudes far miss their mark
Remiss to not begin!

In treading trails in tracks of old
(though they may far surpass your own)
You'll soar and see all of the world
Leap on, my skipping stones!

The phoenix rises once again!
A strength beyond the strong
Impossible to quench or dim
The endless lord of song

I don't care oft to be direct
I don't care oft to care contrive
Yet in this I shall not neglect
I'll write upon the skies

My children! Tell to me of ponds
Like oceans in my eyes are they
Within the fire, our glowing bonds
Write pages of today

The phoenix rises once again!
A strength beyond the strong
Impossible to quench or dim
The endless lord of song

When I am withered, pained and cold
And at long last my flame has failed
I'll look Death in his eyes of old
And smile and break inside the hail

The Comfort of Hatred

By

Lily

For hatred has forever callused my conscience for to me the safety in the scabies
of hatred have outplayed, outweighed, and out defended love.

For time and life have shown me that lower your shield, you will be stabbed.

Yet the shield is on fire and burned the soul in a way love never would.

I pray that one day evil and hatred will be drowned out by love and I may drop
the searing steel. For now pessimistic hatred feels like home, a home like hell,
but home nonetheless.

5 minutes by Allison Hilts

5

counting down the minutes watching

The hands move on the
clock attached to my wrist

4

The time dwindling faster

And faster as the
End gets even closer

3

Left on my
Only heirloom my
Father left behind

2

If only
He stayed,
He left

1

His
last
chance

0

no forgiveness



Photo by Jackson Berrios

Little girl

My *dove*, why did you leave?

My *Icarus*, you flew too close to the moon. Left me sitting on the hill watching the sunrise on a day when you no longer held my heart.

You polluted my heart, and filled me with the notion that you meant it all.

Now I'm left grappling with how true you were.

I'm the girl in the crystal ball, trapped in the mist of your lies.

Your friends peer into my cage, many distorted faces looking not at my eyes but my state of abandonment.

The magic trick failed, there is no way out of the hat.

I'm a rabbit condemned to the velvety insides of your ruse.

I was led along, the lamb you cooed to, assuring me of my own safety. The lamb that you spent days and nights nurturing. You made meals and sang lullabies.

When you got sick of your own praise, you calculated my end, marked it on the calendar.

A red *x* which I never saw.

On that day, you made sure to let me down gently, humanely.

But you can't kill with a dull blade.

Even with anesthesia, the cuts are still there, a temporary reminder of how you hurt me.

They're just interim, a placeholder for the scars that will remain forever in my head.

Memories tainted with your injustice.

Summer days and winter nights ruined with your grievance.

All the things you ruined for me, you took a sharpie and scribbled over my drawings.

Signed your own name, called it your work. And I let you.

I was a small child looking into a funhouse mirror.

You were the adult convincing me it was real.

How could I have known any better? I'd never seen our reflection in a conventional mirror.

I placed my trust in the only likeness of us I'd ever seen.

The other kids, running around barefoot, saw us standing in the mirror. Tall man, small girl.

They laughed, how could a little girl be so convinced?

Now I lay in the bed which I made.

The sheets I washed.

The pillows I stuffed. Stuffed with my own delusion of what we had.

I held it in my hands, it felt so real.

But now I'm awake.

Poem by Adelaide Kauchak

"I always wanted
TO STUMBLE INTO
Someone
like you"
- They Both Die at the End

Sana Jindal

The Ball

You hold in your hand a ball.
It's nothing much, just a regular, red, rubber ball.
When you hold the ball it doesn't move at all.
It stays still until you decide to let it fall.
From there it hits the ground then bounces
Back into your hand. It only weighs a few ounces
So it bounces back easy. Now you add some rubber bands
Not so many that it can't fit in your hands
But just enough to make it bounce a little lower.
You let the ball fall, that's all, but the ball doesn't go as tall as before.
You add more rubber bands, enough to make it the size of the palm of your hand.
You let the ball fall again, but this time it bounces away.
You chase after it, hoping to get a grip on it till suddenly you trip.
You fall, but unlike the ball you don't bounce back.
You lay there wondering how you could've gotten it, thinking "What if I?"s and "What if we?"s
And after that you get to your knees.
You get back on your feet and watch the ball bounce across the room.
To your surprise the ball has gotten larger
Taking up most of the room now.
Yet it still bounces around
Leaving a trail of rubber bands on the ground
Until finally it rolls towards you.
You try to stop it but to no avail
As the ball rolls over you, drowning you in rubber.

Nathan Kennedy

Photo by Jackson Berrios



The Graphite Mouse

The mouse sees what the god does not
A house knows not whether it rots
A hammer doesn't care for pots
Eraser! eraser!
Oh merciful divine!
of all the treasures in the world
only you are mine
Eraser! eraser!
How gallant is your role
I wonder, do you lie awake
thinking of what you stole?
a tool to use as I may please
to keep away from hands like these
can I be trusted with such power?
mistakes I make! hour by hour!
I laugh as I consign these words
~~that once, I wrote~~
I celebrate! no longer is the burden mine
~~it's merely smoke~~
Eraser! eraser!
How long you've borne my sins
yet in defeat I must repeat!
oblivion begins

Poem by Aaron Perg



Equinox Winkler
Serenity

The rose may be red,
and the violet, blue.
The world can riot all it wants,
but my heart belongs to you.

- Sana Jindal

This next work contains mention of drugs and suicide. Please skip ahead if you are uncomfortable or unable to read it at this time.

Years ago

I learned to fly.

Not in the sky,

but through a pipe.

When I get high

A part of me dies

But a part of me lives

To see the sun rise

Overdosing is hard

Withdrawals are never fun

But the days that go by

when I am not high

Are days I would choose

to not see the sun

A voice to the wind,

A call to the void,

No sound at all,

Can leave you destroyed.

When the answers aren't there

And all you have is a pipe,

There are people that care

Even if you're prepared

To end you're life

crisis hotline 1-800-273-8255

-Anonymous

someone worth saving - Candace Williams

i am the ghost, and yet you haunt me. you make
my shell of a self your shrine, your temple, your worship—
an idol of languished affections and vanished hopes.

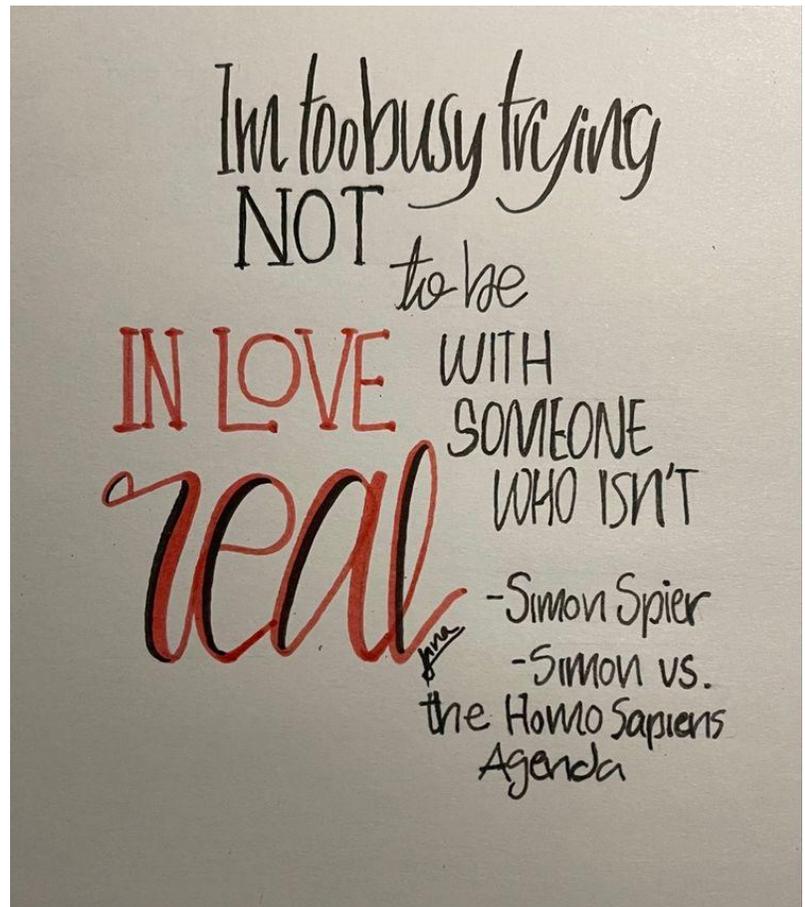
you say i damned you with my words, but you were the one
who thieved my voice from my throat. you call me sinful
but you were the one who yielded to bittersweet temptation.

how can you stand on an altar of my own bones and speak to me
of flesh? you know nothing of life. you carve your knowledge
from the marrow of my memories, my mind, my mind.

perhaps in one of your heavens i will taste redemption, salvation
sweeter than rain during a drought of love. i care not for what you
believe. you, the faithless, have nothing left but your own misplaced faith—

misplaced because i am not your epiphany. i am not your tragedy. and i am not
your victim to villainize. can you see me as someone worth saving? can you
admit that it is not me you want to save? speak. i will wait. the dead have nothing

but time.



Sana Jindal

I Did. -Lea Hatley Companion piece to When I See You Again

I told you I'd be back. And I thought I would be. I really did.

But then things started changing. For me, at least. I'm pretty sure you were still in that same bed as when I left. We still talked a lot.

Then high school started.

Suddenly everything was different. There were so many people. I felt small for once. And I didn't have you with me.

I walked alone. I texted you every chance I got. But then I met them.

My people.

I was important now. I had friends to hang out with. I didn't text as much. I felt bad, but my friends were so fun.

When I did talk to you, I made sure no one was around. I didn't want people to think I was lame again. You'd understand, I told myself. It didn't help that I didn't really believe that.

My friends thought you were lame and immature. I didn't correct them for fear of them turning on me. The first friends I made without you. You were always the talker.

They were kinda mean, but it was ok. Everyone is mean at some point right?

Well, everyone but you. You were the nicest, most loyal person ever.

The year went by. It was fun. Then you told me to meet you.

I was going to, I really was. I was about to leave even. But then my friends asked me, well they told me, we were gonna go see a new movie together. I couldn't come up with a good excuse.

After, I went straight there. You were gone. I sat there for a minute. My friends had followed. They saw me sitting on a pathetic bench, by myself, and put it all together.

They yelled at me.

I tried to explain.

They didn't listen.

They left me. Left me sitting there, in the rain now, alone and friendless again.

I blamed you. In hindsight, I know it wasn't your fault, but I needed someone to blame. I've never been good at this sort of thing. Again, it was all you. You were my better half.

I knew you would come back. I think that was your one flaw. Aside from the sickness. You were sometimes too loyal. You didn't know when to quit.

I vowed not to talk to you again. I never wanted to see you again. You took away my only friends without even realizing. I didn't think I could forgive that.

I didn't realize how hard it would be to keep that vow.

I finished my schooling and got a job. It wasn't very good, but I didn't wanna go to college, not without you. I didn't want to fulfill our dream by myself.

I made money, went home, ate food, slept. I was a robot without you. I didn't have a purpose, but I refused to go back on my word. I never did that.

Except for you I guess.

Years passed and I wondered constantly what happened to you. I hope you were ok.

One day, I couldn't take it anymore. I HAD to see you. You were my world and it was empty without you.

I got in my car, the red truck you had always wanted, and drove to your house.

I knew the way like the back of my hand.

When I pulled into your driveway, things looked different.

Of course, they would. It had been years.

As I walked towards the door, memories flooded in and I almost broke down.

But no. I had to do this. For both of us.

I knocked. No response. I knocked again. Nothing. Just as I turned to leave, the door opened. My heart fluttered.

Your parents. Not you. They saw me. They stared. Then started crying. They shoved a huge pile of letters into my hands and slammed the door.

Confused, I read them all. Right there in the truck. I read every single letter you wrote to me. All those years, all those ghostings, yet you never let me go.

I am the worst person ever. I let you go. When all you wanted was to see me again.

I got to the last letter. It was shaky with short, stubby sentences. I always cared about writing. You never seemed to. I read it.

Tears streaming down my face, I drove to our bench. In the rain like you'd said. It was still there. But it wasn't ours anymore.

Broken and beaten down, cracked and crumbling, I knew it was over. I knew we were over.

The last place I went to was your hospital, without you in it. Your doctor, treating someone else. Your bed, with someone else in it.

You told me you hoped I'd cry when I found out you were gone. Well, in my one letter, right here for you, I'll tell you the final truth between us,

I did.