

# haywire

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John-F.-Kennedy School in Berlin



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# Publisher's Note

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

Boy, oh boy, here it comes. Here comes my chance to tell the whole world what I've been spending my time on for the past four years. It really has been a while, four years is a long time, and within it I've switched names, writing styles, critical method, friend groups, identity, you name it. Regardless, this is my last issue with this magazine and I think I finally found the perfect moment to describe what I have always thought haywire meant.

As I write the first draft of this, it's mottowoche, the children

are going crazy, the student lounge is no longer a place where I can sleep, it's just like I always dreamed. I remember we all got put into one room to be told how and why our behavior is not ok. And in it something much like this phrase came up.

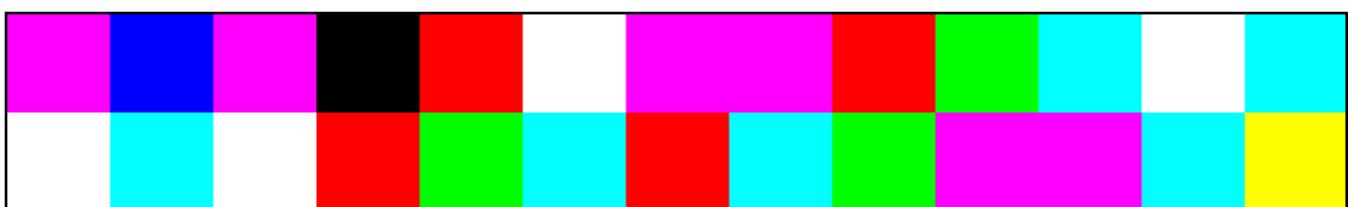
"Your attitudes have gone completely haywire."

That's what haywire means, probably in the dictionary too, it means uncontrolled, it means trashy and unperfected, it means a level of hon-

esty that you lose when you craft art that is meant to be consumed. I mean, I've started to heighten my standards for my own writing as I've grown, but I want to hold on to the wackiness, the willingness to follow a stupid idea to its conclu-

**haywire** | 'hā, wīr|  
adjective informal  
erratic; out of control :  
*Your attitudes have gone completely haywire*  
ORIGIN early 20th century (originally U.S.): from HAY + WIRE, from the use of hay-baling wire in makeshift repairs.

sion. Otherwise haywire wouldn't be what it is. That being, a magazine that once published a comic strip where the punchline was that the girl who was "outta this world" actually was an alien. This magazine is a joke.



# Rhythm and Rhyme

By Skylar Hardister, 10e

When the fear sets in  
Where the fire burns  
When you find a place  
But there's nowhere to turn  
When the evening sings  
An eerie sigh

You can find your place  
but never fit in  
And only when you've left  
Do you know where you've been

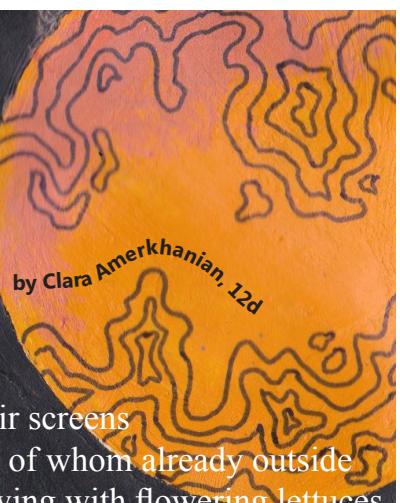
I can see the light  
But only when it's gone  
And you can go on waiting  
But only for so long

It's not always right  
It's not always clear  
Because I've never felt the fear

Can it stay so good  
Forever in time  
Cause I've always felt the rhythm  
But what happens when there's no rhyme

# April Showers

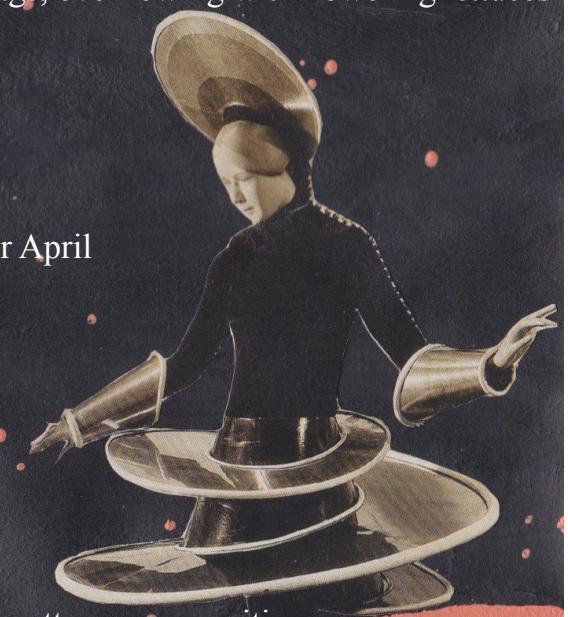
It's too warm for April



The cherry trees are blooming

- Gray haired women capture the bubblegum branches on their screens
- To show to strangers, sisters, coworkers and acquaintances, all of whom already outside
- Enjoying the sun with their bikes and paper brown bags, overflowing with flowering lettuces

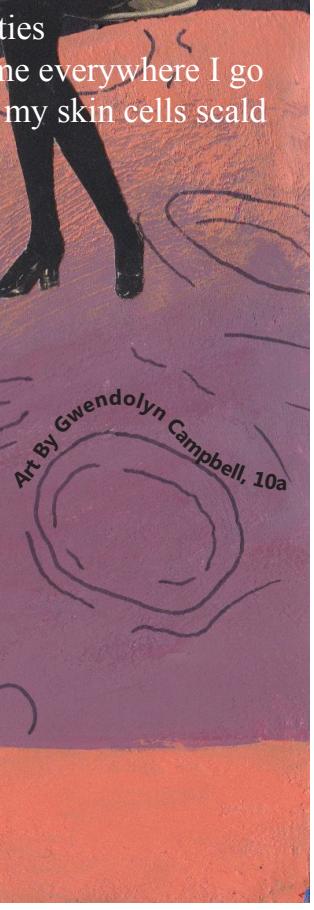
It's too warm for April



But eating ice cream and sitting outside rolling cigarettes are necessities

- The buds of future berries to be squashed, incessantly following me everywhere I go
- Maybe I can wear a dress on Tuesday and not pay attention as my skin cells scald under endless sun rays

I miss the showers.



# Kinder Land Verschickung

## A story for and from my grandmother

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

I wait for the train to arrive  
Stop and start the time  
Skip my life  
And pull rewind  
I watch people forget to exist  
Lose a persona  
Leave a family behind  
I focus on nothing  
But dazzling dust  
Zoning into sound and busywork  
And my thoughts travel  
Faster than I ever will  
Leave my skin behind  
Kill the world I know  
Wage a war on time  
Beg to stay behind  
And always lose  
Because things don't stay the same



Photo by Marie  
Luise Bohl, 12a

Photo by Ella Jackson, 10c

Art by Brianna Grupp, 11a

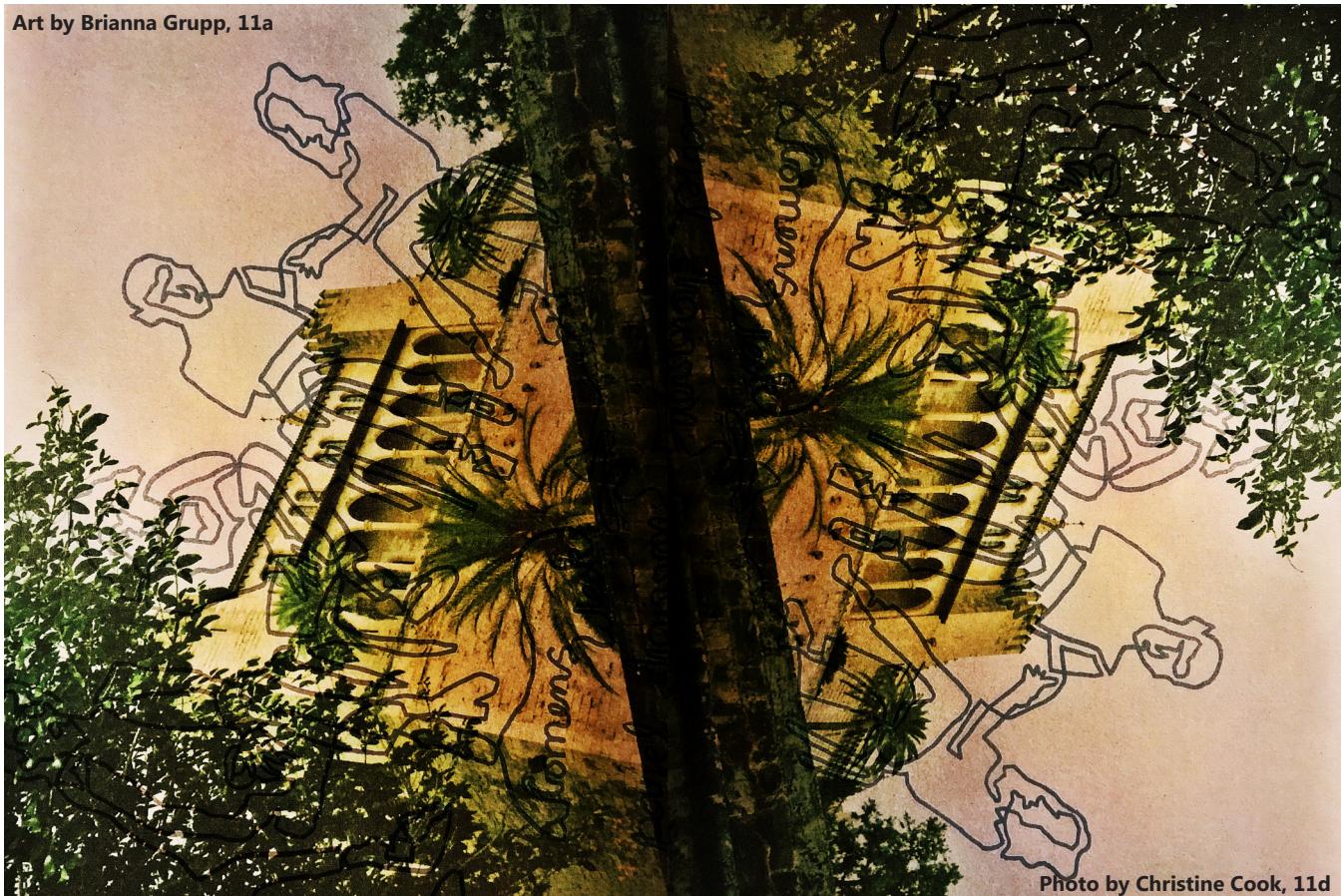


Photo by Christine Cook, 11d



Photo by Elena Freitag, 11a

# Sentimental Snacks

by Riva Greinke, 12d

do you remember that one day

when we laid in the grass  
and the sun illuminated your face  
making you glow  
golden

or when the wind ripped through your hair  
and your eyes were glued to the horizon  
looking at where the sea  
kissed the sky

it's been a while since i last saw you  
and i don't know when i'll see you next  
so i'm left remembering  
all of those days

my brain just eats up those memories  
like sentimental snacks



Art by Lucy Defty, 12a

# Every Show Must Come to an End

by Susanna Javaid, 9e

While walking at night,  
The stars shining so bright,  
No worries around,  
Just my heart and its wound.

And on the hilltop I stand,  
Watching the land,  
How it submits to my feet,  
What a feeling! It's sweet.

Oh why can't I stay,  
The sky's not yet gray,  
But with a wounded heart I know,  
Last cannot every show.

But now I must go,  
The lights start to glow,  
One day I'll be back,  
Till then I won't lack.

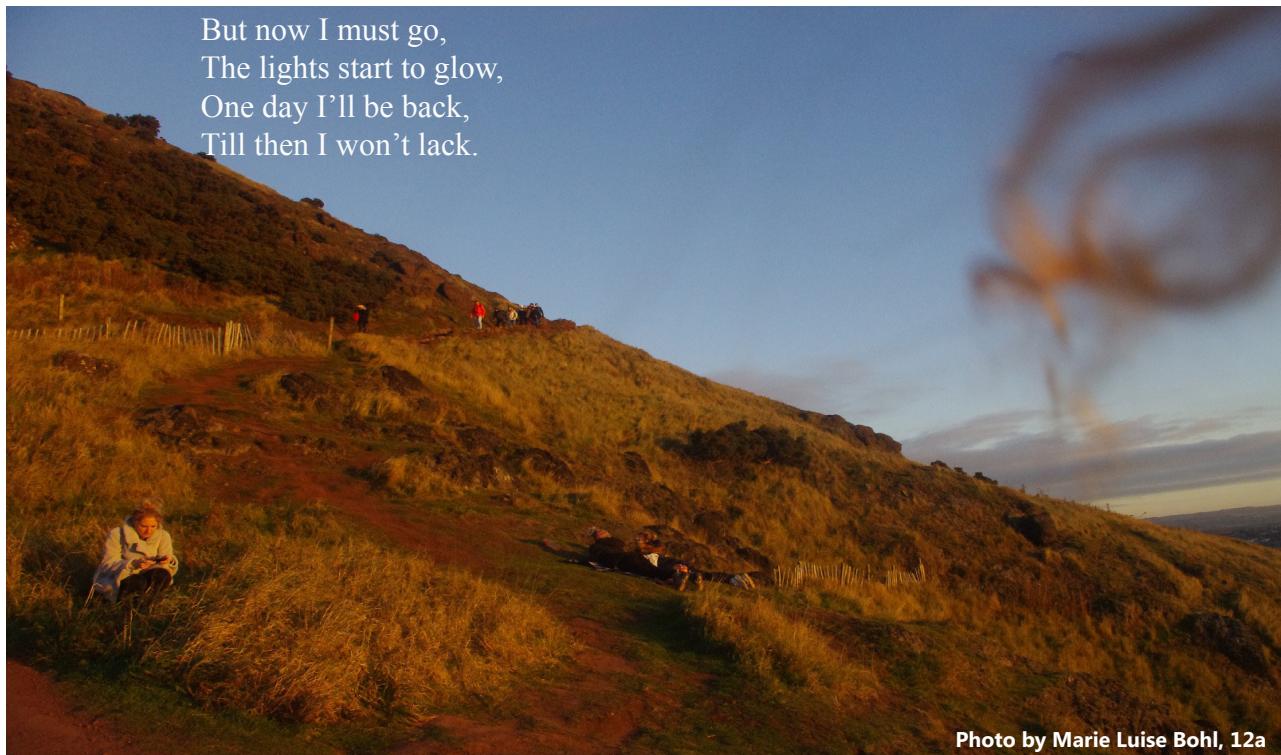


Photo by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

# Der 21. Januar

## Zum Vergessen

By Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Einsam und Alleine  
saß ich in der Menge  
Einsam und Alleine  
wünschte ich mir Schnee

Zu bedeck und verdeck  
das rote Wetter  
Zu bedenk und versteck  
was wurde nicht besser

Und es schneite nicht  
6658 Tage  
Und es schneite nicht  
die Sonne schien  
Und es langweilte mich

Die Versprechen  
Die Sagen  
Die Lügen  
sie wagten!  
mich zu fragen  
und ihre Worte verschwommen  
und ich wünschte mir Schnee

Das  
allein  
sein  
in einer Menge  
bei Berührung auf einer Treppe verschwinden  
Das  
allein  
sein  
in einem nassen Bett  
vermischter Schweiss mit meinen Träumen  
Das  
allein  
sein  
auf einer Parkbank

richterliche Beschlüsse unter meinen Gedanken  
Und es schneite nicht  
Und ich verurteilte mich  
Rollte und reckte mich in meinen Schmerz  
Und vergaß nichts

Photos by Riva Greinke, 12d



## Late Summer Streets

By Jasmin Madison, 9f

In late summer, that's what we see,  
Not many bees,  
Golden leaves,  
Purple hoodie sleeves.  
Hundreds flooding the streets, wanting to bathe in the last warm sun rays.  
Pumpkin pies,  
Lilac skies, that seem to only exist in dreams.  
Washed out with blue, orange, pink, yellow and red.  
Kids overdosed on adrenaline,  
Running through the streets at 3am.  
Drinking a cherry coke,  
Dancing in the smoke.  
Laughing hyenas that we call friends,  
Making foreign plans.  
All broke as a joke,  
But having the worst-best times of our lives.

# a quick lesson in failure

by Riva Greinke, 12d

artificial light illuminates my bedroom as i stand barefoot on paint-stained floor, courtesy of my cat, who feels as though she too should be allowed to paint and walks around leaving tiny, colorful footprints in her wake.

one wrong step and my toes could land unceremoniously in a splatter of blue acrylic.

the little space there is in my room has now been littered with papers, sad attempts at recreating an idea in my head.

there were some satisfactory results, but the image my mind came up with remains unparalleled and unattainable.

i stand surrounded by the product of my own stupidity and feel dejected at my lack of competence, wondering why today it didn't work.

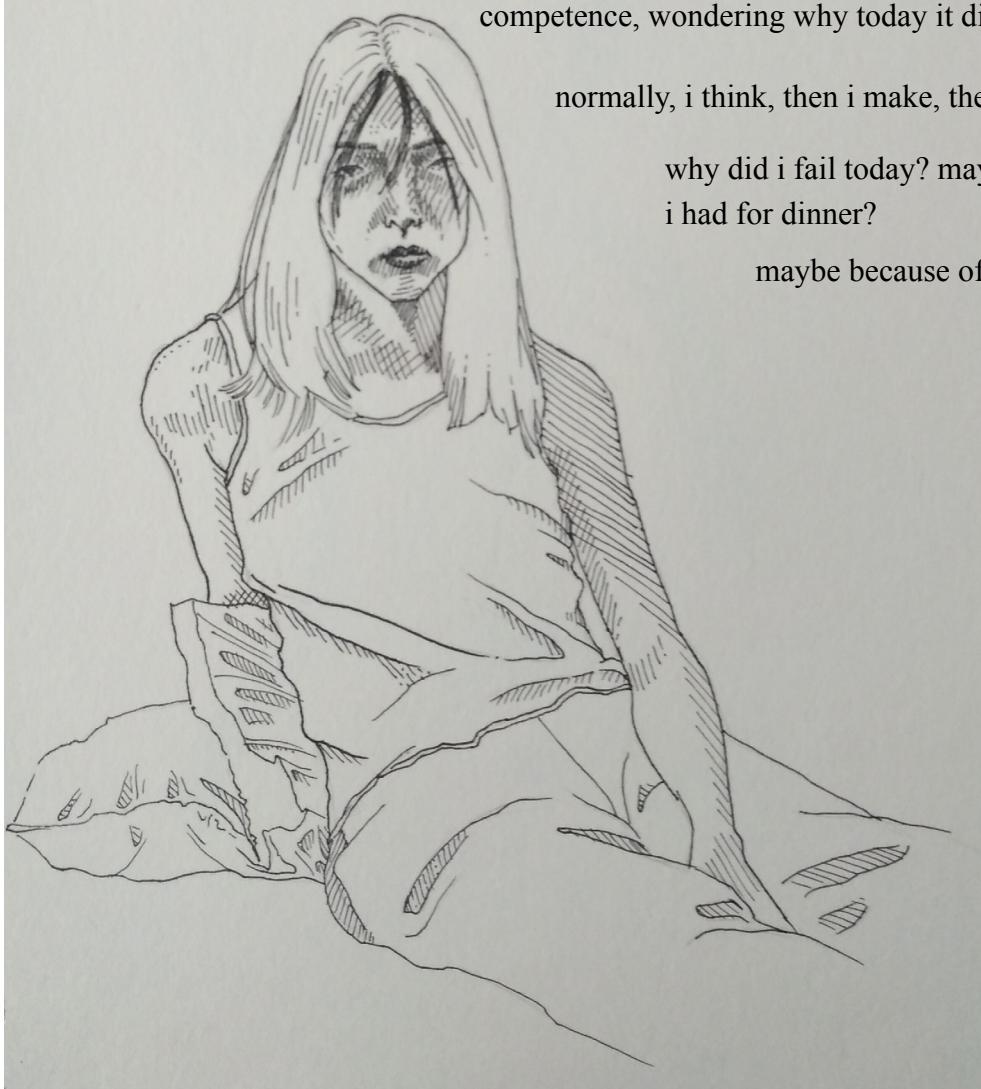
normally, i think, then i make, then i call it a day.

why did i fail today? maybe because of what i had for dinner?

maybe because of what i had for dinner?

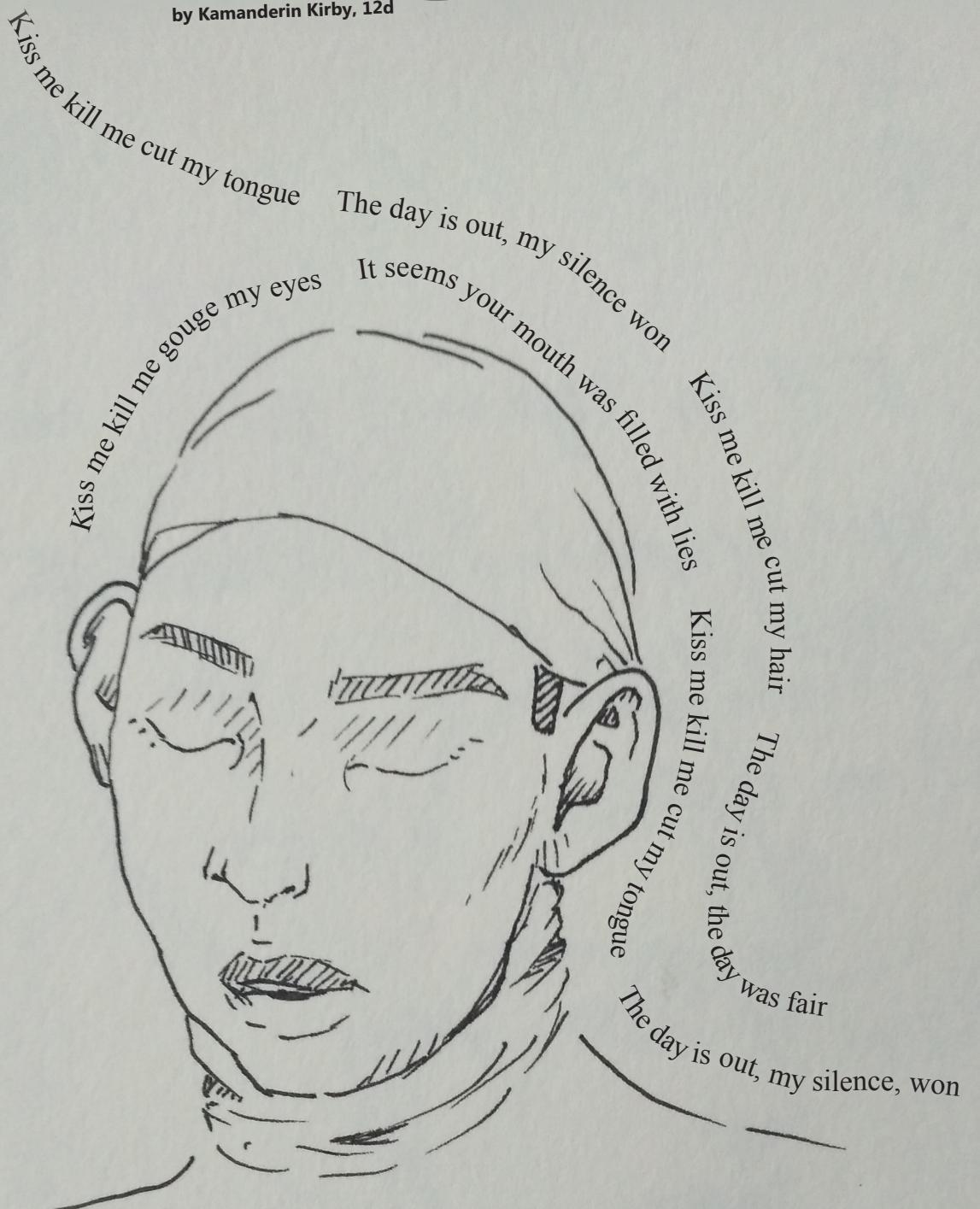
or the weather?

Definitely the weather.



# Untitled

by Kamanderin Kirby, 12d



Art by Lucy Defty, 12a



## Untitled

by Kamanderin Kirby, 12d

A friend of a friend found my heart in the end  
The meaning was pulled from a stone  
Green grasses wept at the place it was kept  
The crowd nearly left me alone

Adrift on an ocean where sharks surely swim  
I waited for someone to sing  
The melody floated along on the breeze  
I sank farther into the sea

A friend of a friend loved me more in the end  
Enough to swallow the sky  
The water rose up and emptied my lungs  
The pressure loss forced me to fly

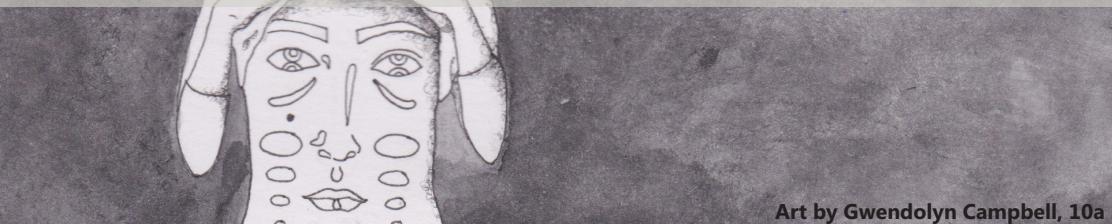
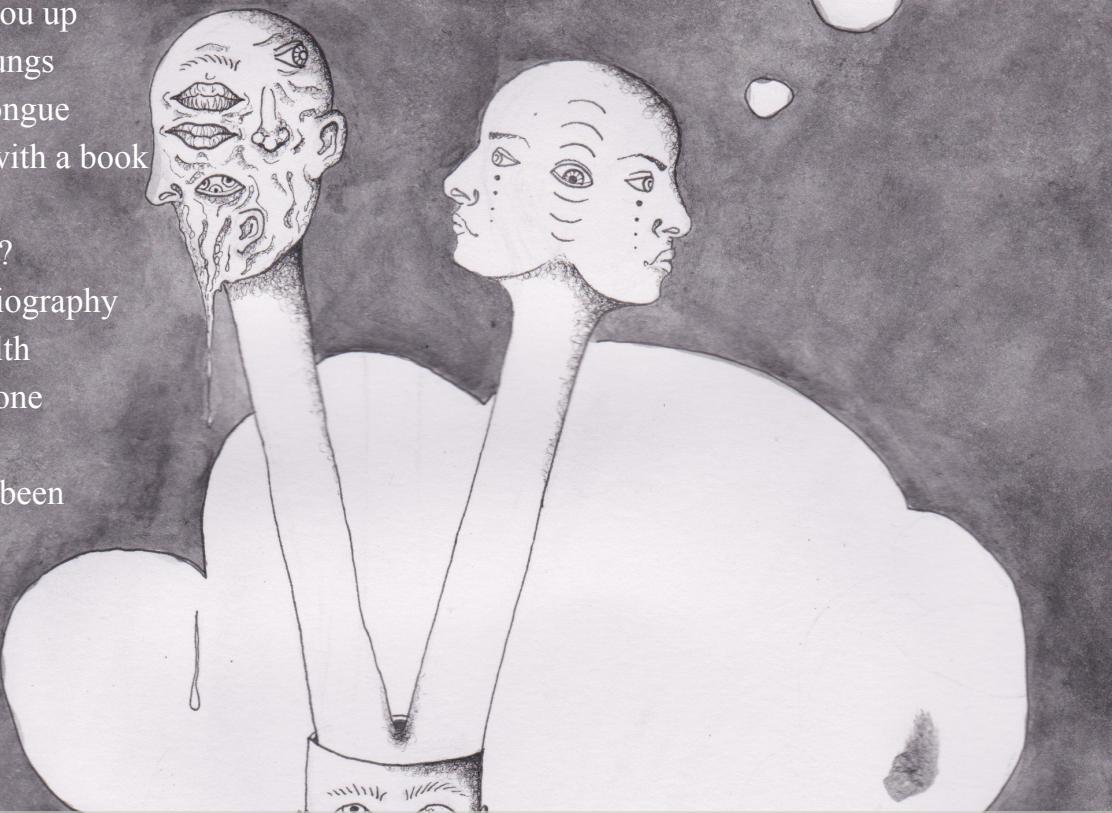
Adrift in an ocean where birds surely call  
Love has no meaning to me  
I flew and I fly and I drink up the clouds  
The friend wondered who I would be

Art by Lucy Defty, 12a

# Phallocy

by Kamanderin Kirby, 12d

If I could dig you up  
And fill your lungs  
Cut out your tongue  
Sit you down with a book  
The DSM?  
A history book?  
Or perhaps a biography  
On mental health  
On world war one  
Just PTSD?  
You may have been  
The father  
Of psych  
A Chrono-type  
You founded  
Sabotaged  
Your child  
  
If I could dig you up  
Breath you life  
Talk to you  
I'd kill you again



Art by Gwendolyn Campbell, 10a

# The Box

by Henri Jackson, 12a

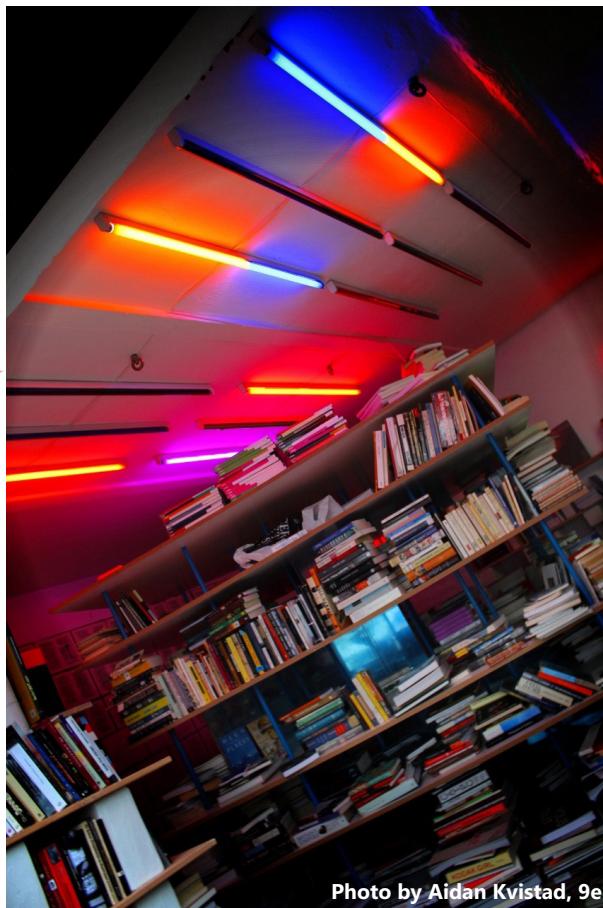


Photo by Aidan Kvistad, 9e

The image of the box burned in my mind. The box. Just a box. Small enough for its contents to fit within my mind, but large enough to fill an eternity. Hidden where only I knew. What was inside the box was of no one's concern but mine. Inside was the river at which I drank, but never knew how far it was to the bottom, the reef at which all my boats sank, and the bridge that will never burn connecting the two, and so much more. I awoke, for I had to check it, make sure that the precious box was alright, just the way it was when I left it. The same way one returns to the house they grew up in. The sweat growing on my forehead was attracting the mosquitos, I could feel them coming to steal my box. I jumped out of bed into the new day and swiftly bound for my dresser and plunged for the floorboard. It was gone; the box was gone and the seas that fit into my mind

and filled an eternity had evaporated. I urgently put the floorboard back and moved the dresser. I checked all the hiding places in my room. Nothing. I frantically searched everything, desperate to find it, as if the box dictated my entire future. Nothing. I left my room, raced down the stairs, only to notice I was not in my home. The walls had been freshly painted and the floor creaked in new places. The doors were heavier and the streets outside louder. There was no box to comfort me. It had been taken and my mind blanked. So empty that I momentarily forgot how to breathe. But then out of the corner of my eye I saw an envelope. It certainly had not been there yesterday, but then again, I was not in the place I was yesterday either. It was yellow with idealism and red with urgency. And so the curiosity lured my hand to the letter, now orange with uncertainty. For I had to check it, make sure that the precious envelope was alright, nothing to be afraid of. Within it was the simple message: "The past is a tempest in which we all find ourselves adrift. From inside its bedlam do we find our bearing". I sighed with relief, smiled a blue smile, and never saw the box again.



Photo by Emily Weymar, 12a

# Fieber

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Der Sand tropfte  
Der Himmel zerfiel am Boden

Ich verbrannte und zerbröselte  
sank und schwamm

öffnete nicht mehr meine Augen  
sodass alles verschwamm

Ich sehnte mich nach Wasser  
Und danach sehnte ich mich nach Durst

ich streckte mich  
ich reckte mich

und vergaß zu Atmen

Zerteilte in Sekunden meine Gedanken

Tausend  
und mehr

Die Sonne schien und schien  
und es schien mir so, als ob  
die Hitze sich zum  
Abend schlafen legte  
auf meiner Haut

Sie flüsterte mir zu  
Langsam, langsam

Photo by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

# Meine Heimat

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

ist nichts reelles

einfach dort in meiner Hand

sondern Gerüche und Erinnerungen

die im Gedächtnis

bleiben verbannt

in weiter Ferne fühlt man Sehnsucht

und kennt keinen größeren Schmerz

geruchlos ohne Gedächtnis

und wenn man wieder Heim kommt

belastet es das Herz

sieht alles aus

wie nie zuvor

und die Heimat, die man vermisste

geht im Gedächtnis verloren



Photos by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

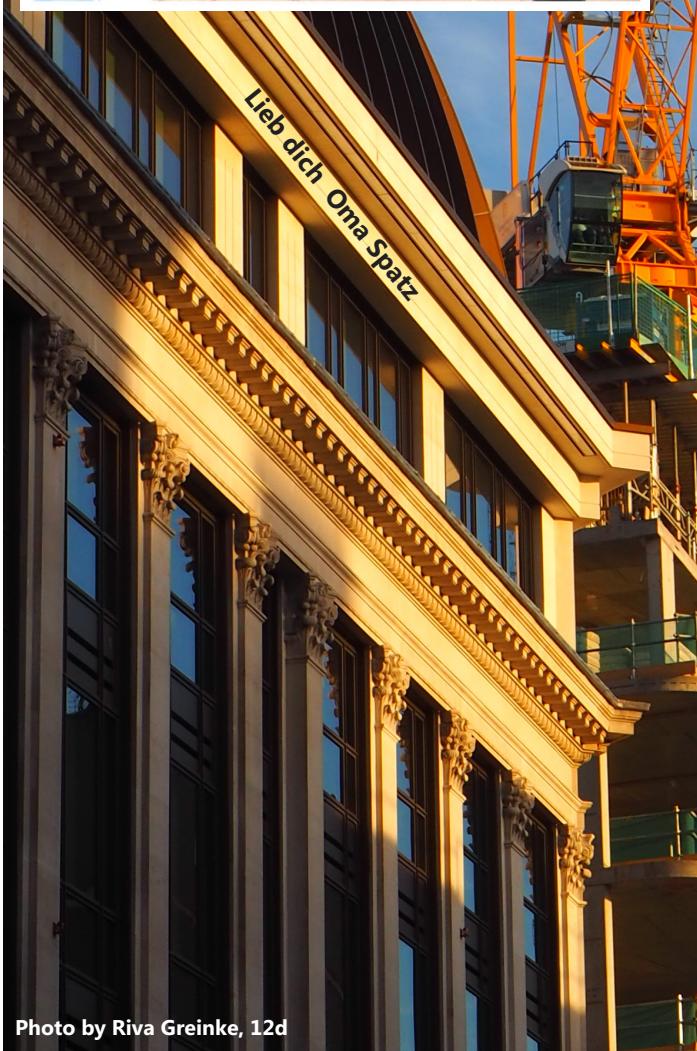


Photo by Riva Greinke, 12d

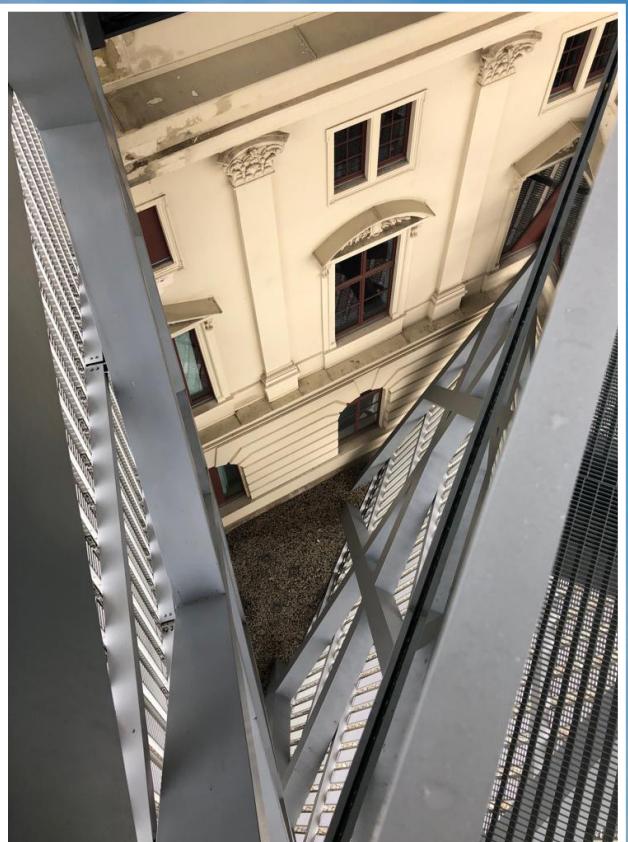
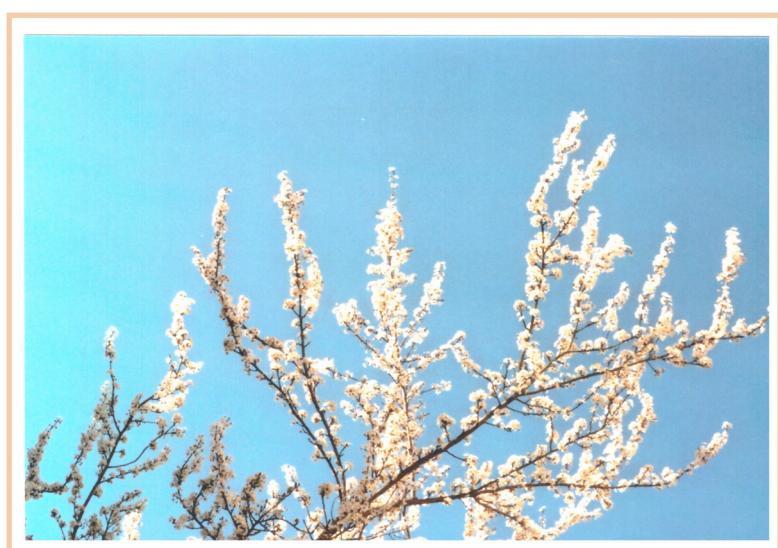


Photo by Anonymous



Photos by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

# Untitled

Sophie Blessman, 7d

I was in my mother's room, holding her hand in mine, the flower she had picked the day before the terrible illness struck dangling in my lap, with the last words of my mother, "Beware of..." still ringing in my ears. The pain of all hope fleeing, that my mother would wake up as good as new, today or tomorrow, as if this was all a dream. That moment her last breath escaped from her lips, still as fresh and vivid as the day before, being relived over and over, again and again...

"It's time to go to the funeral, Logan!" said my father's voice, cutting through the bittersweet memory which had consumed me for days.

Relenting, I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked out the front door toward the driveway. I somberly stood up in my best suit and the only black shoes I could find, and trudged across the sunburnt lawn to our rickety car which looked centuries old.

"Now remember," said Father, placing the key into the ignition, "crying only makes it worse."



Photo by Jamina Rillig, 12d

As if understanding our desperate need to get to the funeral on time, the car rumbled and jumped to a start. "Thank God," murmured Dad before finally shooting down the highway at such speed that I was catapulted into the air at every turn of the wheel.

"Gee, isn't it great we got these seat belts fixed?" I jeered, before being catapulted into the air yet again.

When we finally came to the church, I crouched down to wipe my face with the back of my sleeve but, as if sensing my mother's disapproval, I began searching my pockets for a tissue instead.

"You got a Kleenex?" I asked through my stuffed nose.

"Haaa!" said Dad with a chuckle, "You sound funny!" fighting back tears himself.

"It's okay to cry, Dad," I said, hugging him. "Okay, let's go."

As we came closer to the church, more and more people dressed in black moved in to greet us. "I'm very sorry for your loss," for the fifteenth time. A man in a business suit I didn't recognize walked over and shook Dad's hand with solemn affect as he leaned in closer to remind him about the cost of the funeral and grave stone.



Photo by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Photo by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Art by Rachelle von Alslieben-Miller, 12d



Art by Rachelle von Alslieben-Miller, 12d



Art by Rachelle von Alslieben-Miller, 12d



Art by Rachelle von Alslieben-Miller, 12d

Photo by Jamina Rillig, 12d



Art by Aidan Kvistad, 9e

# The Old Wheelchair

by Johanna Tigges, 10e

So much depends upon  
an old wheelchair

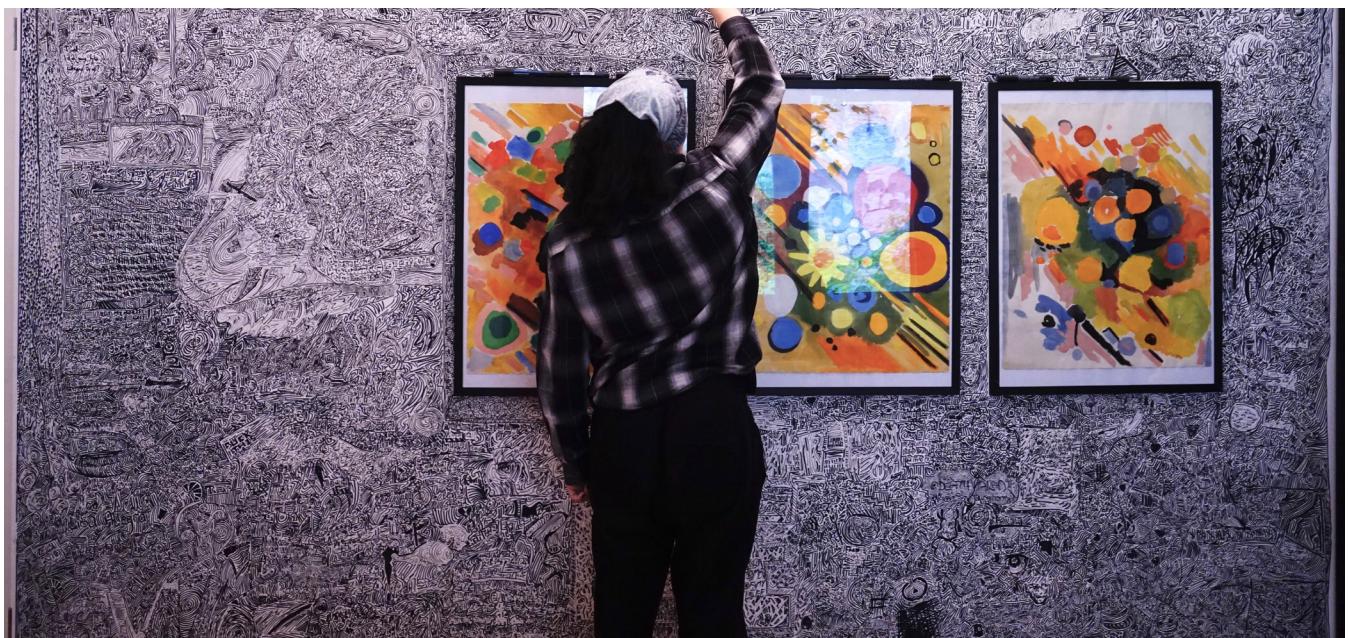
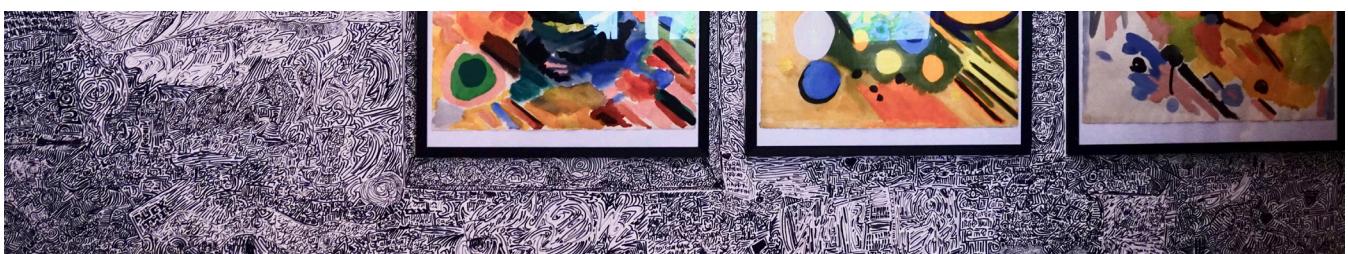
in the shadows of the corner  
collecting dust

glazed with fresh tears

no longer carrying its burden



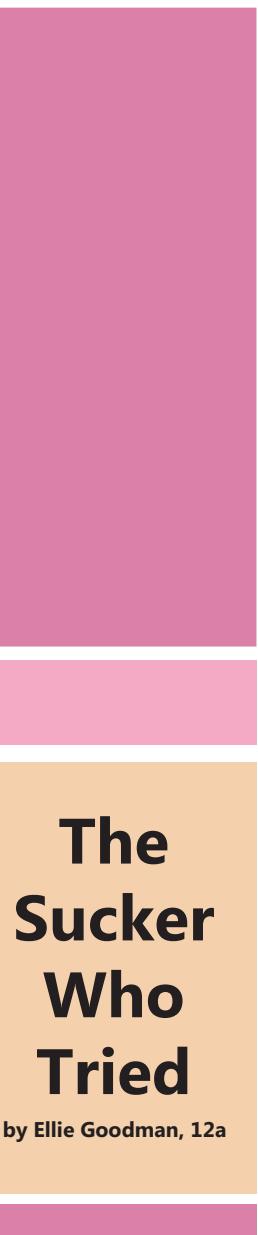
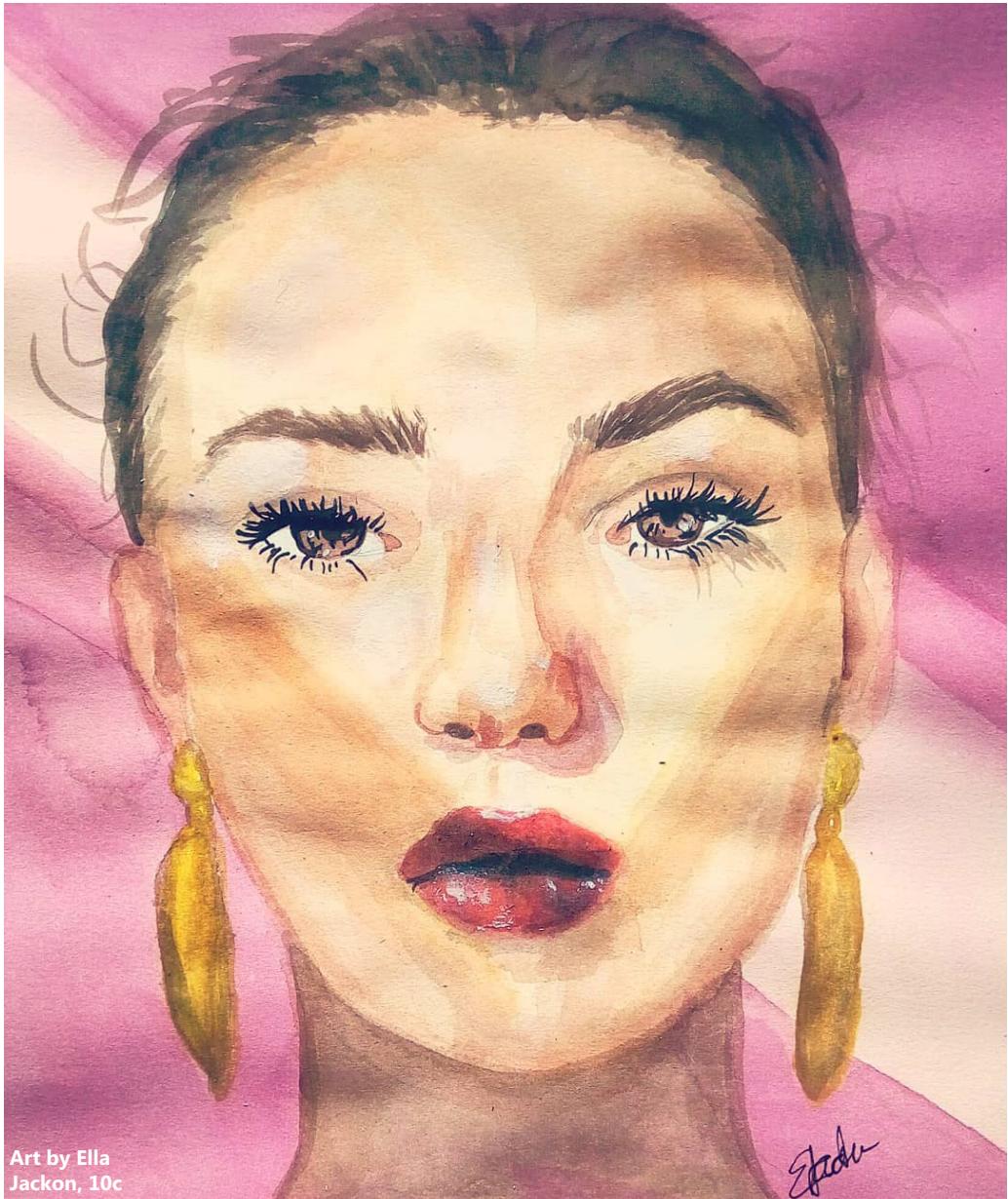
Photo by Jamina Rillig, 12d



Art by Ellie Goofman, 12a



Art by Ellie Goodman, 12a



She had the most disastrous case of artistic ability, a malignant tumor that pushes an artist to further his work, but easily pushes, like an eager depressive, the artist to the edge. This edge that cut deep brought forth an utmost respect for clean lines and well blended shadows in her, which demanded an even greater devotion and investment, and so like a bank slowly running low on funds, the investments begin to grow slower and sloppier, until the tumor spread to its fullest extent and the sickness makes itself manifest. She refused to try anymore, knowing that her investments wouldn't turn profits, she found nothing in her art that brought her joy. And thus she had become one of the worst diseased. Behold! The victim of perfection, the sucker who tried, the apathetic perfectionist.





Art by Felix  
Barkow, 9c

# Cipher

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

"So that's how that works," said [Redacted].

"Huh," I responded, "So you can type anything in there and it'll make a series of pixels?"

"Yup."

"And you think if I put this in the magazine people would try to solve it."

"Yeah it could be like a competition."

"What does 'read through the colors' look like?"

"Maybe we should try a longer string."

"I don't really care that much, I'm just trying to figure out what kinda words look cool."

[Redacted] typed around a little bit, "how about that?"

I wasn't sold, "Are they always boxes?"

"They don't have to be, I can set them to be lines."

"So like for instance I could substitute lines of a poem for lines of colors."

There was a pause as [Redacted] thought, "Yeah it would be so cool if someone could like learn to just read this stuff."

"Yeah, that'd be sick, that'd be like a language of colors."

## The Stars Speak

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

I lived every day like any other



Roaming, from home, to away, and back again



One night I stepped outside and looked up



There the sky was and I saw the stars speak



Their light hit my eyes and skin



And I listened for what they intended to say



You are ignorant of our truth child



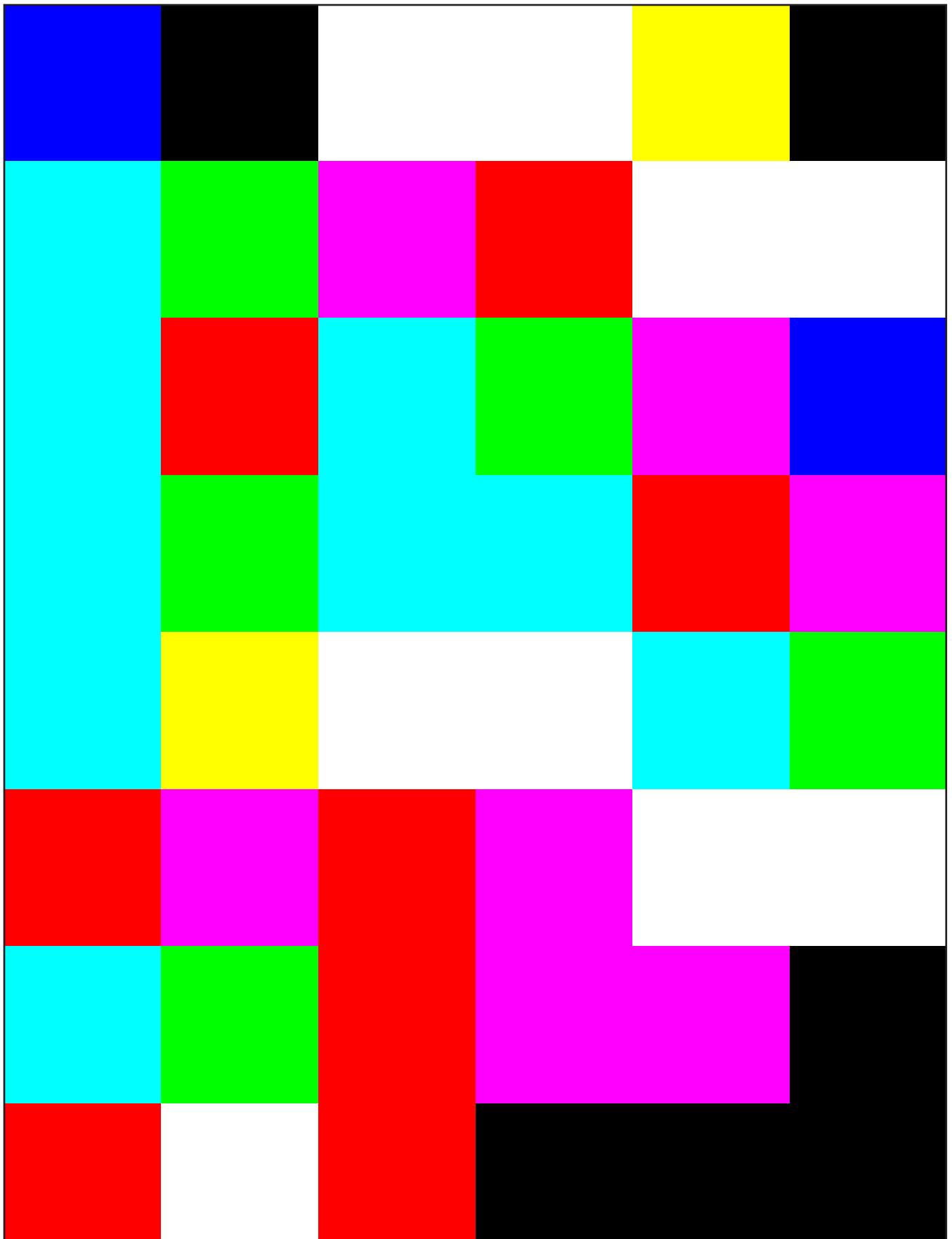
Said the stars



Try your best and you might see



So the stars spoke a final word and with it I knew



"So what should the block at the end actually say?" I asked.

"I don't know I'm not good at writing, the block at the end could be something like 'congratulations on solving the haywire puzzle!' or something," said [Redacted], "the block I sent you just says 'well done.'"

"Yeah I can think of something better than that," I said.

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*isn't being  
a giraffe  
just cheating?*

