

The Muckraker's Independent John F. Kennedy School Student

QUARANTINE

Week Six: Lovely

Dear Reader,

Love is in the air and it's time for you to bask in the sweet sweet loving of your peers' lovely contributions. It is in uncertain times like these that we should share our admiration for a special someone or something that brightens up our lives. If you catch the love bug or get hit by Cupid's arrow, why not submit to next week's final issue and share your work with the world? We hope you have enjoyed Quarantine's short yet spunk-filled run so far, and that we've improved your time of isolation.

June Gromis

Next (and final) theme: **Endure**

What does that mean to you?

Let us know.



Lovely ist ein schönes Wort

Ich kann keine poems auf English schreiben
Irgendwie muss ich trotzdem beim Thema bleiben
Google Translate sagt lovely heißt schön
Das soll einer verstehen.

“Lovely” konnte ich nicht übersetzen
Was von der Besonderheit des Wortes spricht
So schreibe ich jetzt in allerbestem Denglisch
Ein deutsch-englisches Gedicht.

Im Englischen sag ich in einem fort
lovely, denn es ist ein oft passendes Wort.
Lovely potatoes und lovely day
Why, don't you look lovely today
Grad hab ich ein lovely Eichhörnchen gesehen
In Dahlem sah ich ein lovely Haus stehen
Lovely - das heißt manchmal fantastisch,
Manchmal meint man es auch sarkastisch:
Lovely,
Ich hab meinen Schlüssel vergessen
Lovely,
Ich hab auf einem Kaugummi gesessen
Lovely.

In any case, lovely passt eigentlich immer
Und das macht das Ganze leider schlimmer.

Denn so ist Lovely ein ambiguous Wort.
Ohne Zeit und ohne Ort
Steht das Wort nur so allein
Es kann nichts und alles sein.

Dieses Verständnis
Brachte die Erkenntnis:

You thinking that I'm love ly
Not always means you love me

20 April 2020

Dear Spring,

You hold my cheek in your palm and I stare into you, curious and desperate. Oh how gently you react with the elements and grow! Why is it then that I don't blossom, too? Like you, I endure the Winter days. I wait patiently as the fog lifts, the rain stops, and the sun shines, for that same life that becomes of you.

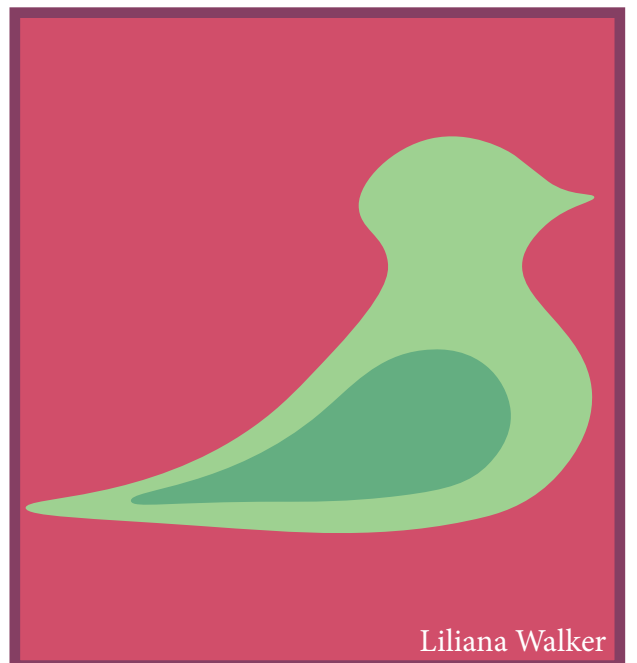
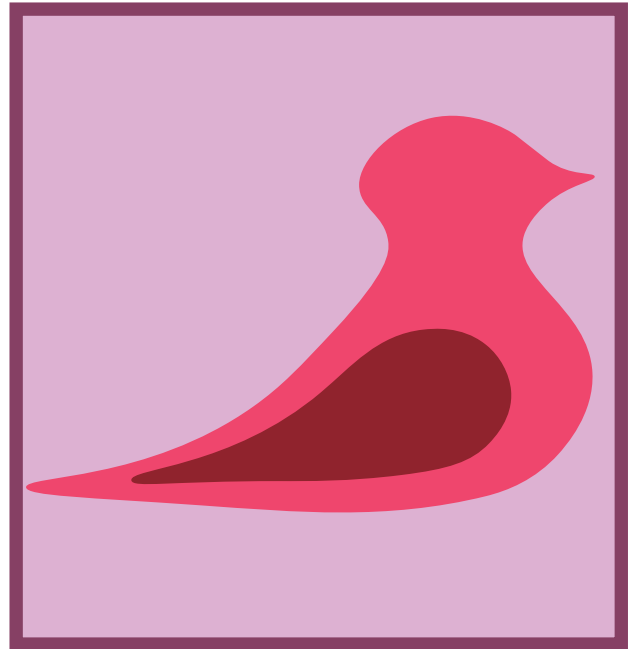
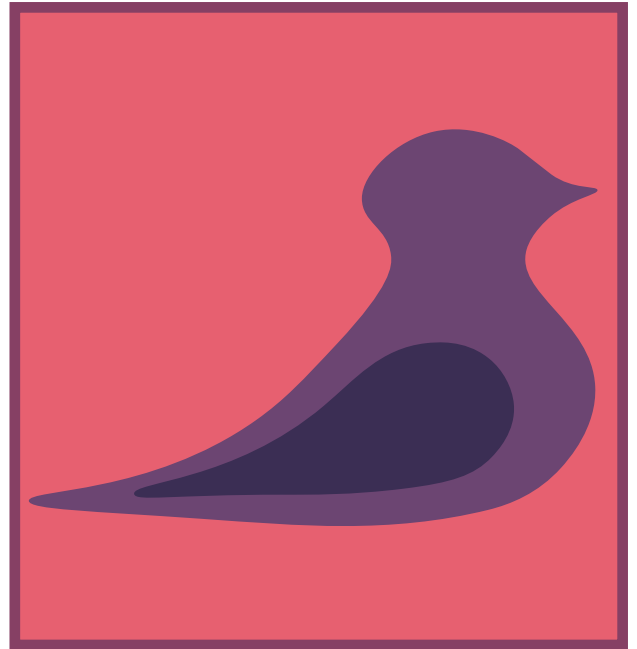
Oh, Spring, I'm sorry. Please don't let me wilt your beautiful petals. Thank you for your consul and gentle touch. Each moment I am with you, my lingering chill subsides.

It is just that, sometimes when I see you, radiant and full of life, I become a bit cynical. Because I am waiting so patiently! I endured the Winter days! Every day, I never lose my will to grow! And for what?

Then again, your life is much shorter than mine. Relatively speaking, it is as if you are Spring and I am late Winter, when the sun and the rain split the week. Luckily, the vernal equinox is nearing, which means my days will be brighter and soon my roots will flourish into a tall, nectarous flower in the garden of our life. Rainy days will still come. But like you say, they serve a purpose.

My dear Spring, you are inspiring and reliable. I imagine the Winter days were not easy for you, either. I am so sorry. Thank you for showing me what will come from patience, nourishment, hydration, and sunshine. I am the luckiest girl in the world to have you as my mentor.

With Love,
CC



Liliana Walker



Brooke Betten

cinnamon smoke wafts through the apartment
the living room is bathed in sparse sunlight
her body sprawled on the couch:
dirty tee, messy blonde curls, and resting cat
staring at the ceiling:
worlds are born and collapse like spoiled flowers in her mind
she lives in a wild forest:
leaping and bellowing like a primal queen
picking berries, wrestling with the bears and cleansing in the cool, dark lake
the sound of her phone takes her out

another apartment
bedroom, ze beneath the covers:
knotted hair, monster hoodie, *The Conquest of Bread*
eyes closed:
only her
from across a room
from across a garden fence
from across an abyss of sensibilities that made hir weep
ze would play catchup and pluck a million petals off a million roses
but while she was the empress of many worlds,
ze pondered her figure alone.
Galaxies of the same complexion,
the same bittersweet voice,
and hir promise to suffer in silence.
For hir heart lay rattled
and ze could not stand another laceration.

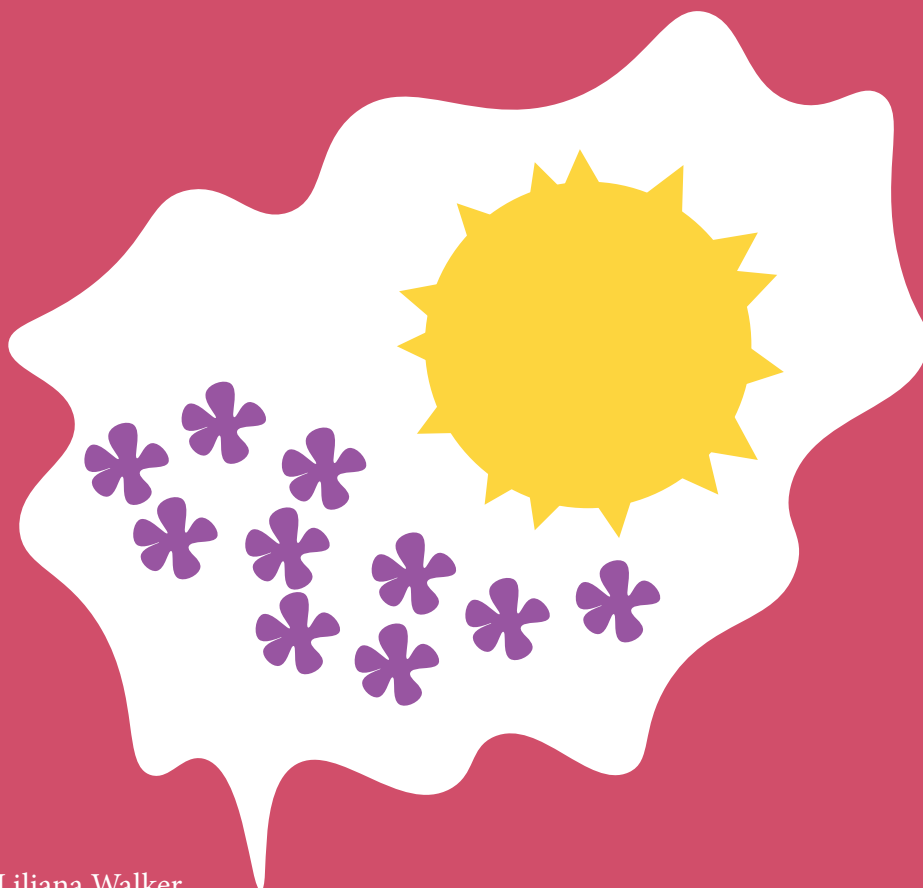
June Gromis

"That's lovely" – The importance of appreciation

With the Coronavirus still looming over the world and the school year being essentially over for some, it is easy to see why many people are simply bored and unmotivated. I won't pretend to be on some ivory tower, the situation affects me in much the same way, but according to many contemporary psychologists and sociologists, this is a dangerous development for our collective mental health. The side effects of boredom have already been outlined in numerous articles and studies, so this will not be the focus of this article. Rather, I would like to propose and discuss a solution, or a cure if you will. Overwhelmingly, psychologists examining the Coronavirus seem to be unable to overstate the importance of appreciation. When thinking of all the stuff going on in the world, it is very easy to fall into a deep cycle of reminiscing on how messed up everything is. Rather than this, however,

the psychologically prudent thing to do seems to be to reminisce on what you have, and how well the situation is going for us. See, in terms of crises, this one is relatively mild if we look at the impact on the general citizen. The precautions we have to take can be isolated to isolation. As boring as it may be, generally, we are in a pretty good position. This is not to say that the crisis is not a threat, it absolutely is. The economy has taken a massive hit and the general infrastructure is somewhat compromised. It's a problem, and it deserves to be recognized as such, but there is no need to panic and fall into a cycle of depressive thought. So please, take care of yourself and make sure to find joy and appreciation during these confusing times, as this may very well be the key to remain sane in the next week.

Jakob Reuter



Liliana Walker

illusions of loveliness

watching my skin go from pale to golden
seeing bright colors mix with green in the meadow

a lovely bubble

when just some longitudes and latitudes away
lovely has long been ripped out of the dictionaries
tossed out and burned, the ink slowly melting away
along with security and comfort
replaced with uncertainty and helplessness
unfolding right behind sterile plexiglass

call it pessimistic
but currently it's hard to write
about things that are lovely

Johanna Tigges



Staff

Project Leader: June Gromis

Muckraker Editors:

Jakob Reuter, Liliana Walker

Contributors: June Gromis, Johanna Tigges,
Liliana Walker, Brooke Betten,
Christie Cook

Layout: Liliana Walker

Contact Us: themuckraker@gmail.com,
muckraker.now.sh

Join Us: The Muckraker is always looking
for new contributors. Contact us online to
share your ideas or for more information.

*We are an independent student newspaper (and
zine!). The opinions expressed here in no way reflect
those of the John F. Kennedy School.*