

The Muckraker's Independent John F. Kennedy School Student

QVARRANZINE

Week Five: Confession

Bless us, Reader,

For we have sinned. It has been a week since our last confession. This week your peers have spilled the tea, let the cat out of the bag, and raked up all their personal muck for your enjoyment. What scandalous revelations, heartfelt proclamations, and stramineous bombshells await? Only scrolling down will tell. Maybe these confessions will inspire your own creative exposé for next week's issue. Until then, we hope you give thanks to the Quaranzine, for it is good.

June Gromis



Brooke Betten

Kein Liebesgeständnis

Ich möchte dir nicht meine Liebe gestehen
denn nach meinem Verständnis
kam ein Geständnis
immer durch eine Art von Vergehen.

Doch meine Gefühle sind keine Sache der man
sich jemals schuldig machen kann
Außerdem sind sie - das ist das geheimnisvolle -
vollkommen außerhalb meiner Kontrolle.

Würde man mich also einer Straftat anklagen
könnte ich keine Verantwortung tragen.
Und mal ganz juristisch gesehen:
Existiert kein Verbrechen, kann man auch nicht gestehen.

Darum gestehe ich hiermit nicht:
Ich
liebe
dich

Next theme: *Lovely*

What does that mean
to you?

Let us know.

come clean

take me to church
& dip me in some holy water, will ya?

or don't

ultimately you gotta deal with the corpses
rotting, decomposing in the basement

come on, shake em' up a little
play dress up with em'
wash out the stains the white lies left

then close their eyes
carve their gravestones
put em' to rest

just beware
whatever you do
don't leave them unattended

because eventually the stench
will creep up the stairs

and once it's airborne
you'll never hear the end
of the time your lies caught up to you

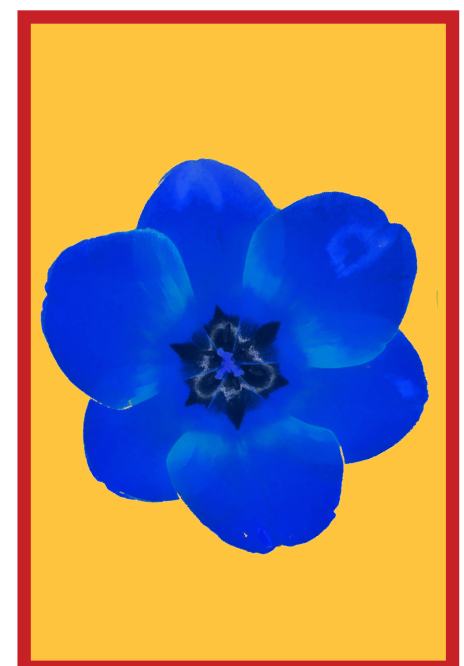
Johanna Tigges



Skylar Hardister



Brooke Betten



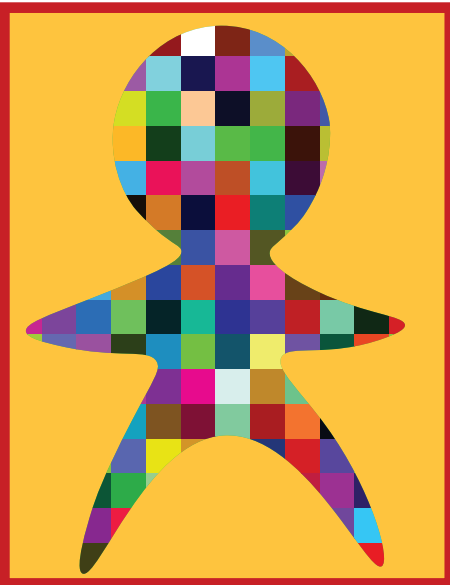
Get it over with
Seal the cracks of my trembling heart
With the soft concrete of closure.
I'll never know how she feels unless I lay bare all the
immature details of my ridiculous infatuation.
The answer never changes
I've made peace so why not
validate how absolutely ridiculous this was
Or be surprised
Does it matter?
Do I want her to feel the same way?
I don't think the world is ready for a love of that magnitude
Because I'm fucking not
Sometimes I wonder if I yearn
Just so I have something to write poetry about
But when I feel softly, the pulse of my disposition
Roses are in bloom
And things just aren't that easy

I confess
 That in the dead of night
 amongst the resting trees and dancing flowers split from the concrete
 I ran
 my feet traipsing the deadpan streets
 because the sidewalk would not do
 To Mother Lake,
 wailing in the moonlight
 lamenting how her children had abandoned her.
 I could not in good conscience let the poor woman suffer
 So, I sang her the Song of the Family
 pouring dulcet tones of warmth and safety into nocturnal dissonance.
 Now I see Officer
 how my neighbors could regard this as an unwelcome disturbance
 but would they not afford their own mother the same devotion?

June Gromis



Brooke Betten



I should tell you
 I haven't been myself
 cause I've been everyone!
 I'm a superorganism
 and I've got a piece of you, too

and in my fingers and my toes
 and in my head and in my bones
 everyone who ever lived and loved before
 leaves granules of their "I am"
 for me to build myself with

Liliana Walker

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 zine!). The opinions expressed here in no way reflect
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