

Epiphanies

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Epiphanies Literary Magazine

2024 Staff & Acknowledgements

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Department for helping to gather submissions!*

Like Glass

Abena Onyinah '24

They all sit and smile, the corners of their mouths curving upwards in a most unnatural way.

Their heads fall back as they laugh their hearts out, their chests vibrating with each laugh.

I am unique in my sadness and so while my lips form a firm line and my eyes are glossed over with impending tears, their eyes are squeezed upwards as their cries of joy escape their lips.

They look through me as though I am glass and they continue in their bliss, my sorrow oblivious to them.

I force a smile and try to join them in their joy, but the smile that adorns me is unreal and I fail.

How are you?

Eva Jaumann '25

Walking on the hallway

Seeing you

You say “how are you?”

I’m confused

Should I tell you I had to finish an assignment
and stayed up too late?

Should I tell you I didn’t sleep well?

Should I tell you I missed my alarm?

Should I tell you about the upcoming essay

The chemistry project

The religion case study

Finals?

The fear before each of them

not being able to sleep, to relax or how you just can’t catch
your breath?

Should I tell you about the news

I saw this morning

How many people died

Due to some autocrat thinking they could do whatever
they want to?

How sorry I feel but can’t change anything?

Should I tell you about friends I miss?

Should I tell you about all my problems?

Should I tell you how lost I’m feeling in this universe?

I just say, “Good.

How are you?”



Sofia Burgos '25

The world

Henry Ye '26

The world is very round!
It's like a ball— round and sphere.
What comes around,
goes around.

Together we make greatness in this world,
but selfishness takes our hard work away.
The world is beautiful, like a bundle of roses,
but is harsh, like concrete.

The world is small, like a bouncy ball.
Help someone out today,
because always remember,
what you put in is what you get out—
since the world is very round.

A bite of nostalgia

Hana He '27

Waking up, I hear soft muffles of conversation while a thin ray of light peek in the cracks of the door. The calendar marks February 10th, Korean New Year. I rub my eyes while walking out my room only to be jolted awake by a heavenly scent of unami. In the kitchen is an amorphous figure of steam that accompanies my mom as she stirs the pot. Chop. Chop. Chop. My footsteps sync the rhythm of my mom's knife dancing on the cutting board. "Here's your tteok-guk!" My mom exclaims. I respond, "잘 먹겠습니다!" Warm steam hits my face before I see my bowl, and so does a pang of nostalgia. Tteok-guk is a traditional Korean dish that consists of a beef broth with thinly sliced, oval rice cakes. The rice cakes come to life with the garnish of thin, rectangular pieces of seaweed, egg, meat, and zucchini. Reminiscing the richness of the broth and chewiness of the rice cakes, I swiftly put a spoonful in my mouth. However, instead of delectable notes of unami, a burning sensation strikes my tongue. It's too hot! I feel the heat electrocute my taste buds. My hands grab my glass of water swiftly, and the cool liquid soothes my throat.

Meanwhile, my sister had woken up and had started eating her tteok-guk. We eat in silence for a while, until she asks, "How old did you get?" "20, you?" I replied. It is said that consuming tteok-guk on Korean New Year increases your age; my sister and I joke that you gain an age with every rice cake you eat. I lift my spoon from my bowl for another bite, but I realize it is my last. Every year, I eat this rice cake soup, and this will mark another bowl, another year of my life. I swallow carefully.



Sofia Duran '24

An Alluring World

Avery Shorter '26

What if the world wasn't being held down by humans
Sprouting from the ground with glistening baby pinks and
pure whites branching from the roots embedded in the soil

Green forests encompassed with trees shining with light
versus being coated with smoke covers

Glorious animals climbing, walking, and transcending the
land they no longer are shielded from

Air flowing freely while whistling its tune

The greens of Mother Nature stretching to release oxygen
mid afternoon

No longer swamped in the hand grasp of pollutions
looming shadow

Blue crystal tides not speckled with greens from man's
synthetics

Human glories wiping smiles off the majestic creatures
from the poles white relics

The shrieking silence of UV light cutting through the
ozone knight of the atmosphere

A world slowly crumbling, while being continuously
clogged with bodies, within the stratosphere

If only, these possibilities weren't above the glass ceiling of
humankind.

Chaos is a ladder

Elvis He '27

We are afraid of chaos because of the violence, ferocity,
evilness,

Like a bottomless abyss, deep and dark.

But pure chaos is a ladder rather than a pit.

The ladder of chaos is random but fair.

It is a game of risk, an irresistible storm,

Deadly, orderless, but tempting.

The game is an offer for the valors, none shall refuse,

It is the lure of fatal benefits that can't be resisted.

The beauty of chaos is a thorny rose,

lying in the uncertainties, waiting to be "throned".

Oh, look! The cowards refused to climb!

What a pity! It is the treasure that they shall never find!

Oh, look! Another one fell from the ladder!

Unfortunate! The fall breaks the spirit and courage to
climb!

But a champion there shall always be,

The climb is all there is.

A Glimpse of Serenity: A Journey into Memory

Cindy Han '27

The memory settled in my mind like a tiny yellow stone, from the year before COVID-19, till now. The view outside of the car window flashed by. In a blur, we arrived at a huge cabin in Yellowstone. The sky was so clear that I was almost able to fish the moon from the watery, mirror-like grounds. That night was so peaceful. In the warmth of the campfire, we enjoyed our long-awaited barbecue. Tiny sparks of campfire twinkled and up they went. With a tiny soft strike, it stayed up with thousands of stars. The wind that danced over our faces was refreshing, filling our lungs with the delicious smell of burning wood and food. In the distance, there were no clouds, all we could see was the shining of immensity. My friends and I shared the sense of relaxation and calmness with each other lying on the grass, opening our minds toward the sparkling night sky.

With the rustling leaves and singing birds, the sun peeked over the horizon and climbed up the branches of trees, guiding us through the park. When I was young, my most cherished memory of Yellowstone was buried in the Hot Springs Park, which has always been my favorite, still impressive after all those years. The springs were magnificent, as though surrounded by colorful ribbons, every drop of air was a different color. The world was in a shower of colorful mist. As we walked through the springs with gases surrounding us, the bad smell of sulfur ran into our faces, like rotten eggs. When we were little, we used to call it the "farting spring", beside which we could hardly survive. Under the clear crystal sky, there were the clear bubbling springs and us.

As we drove back that day, trees were waving at us, everything swirling like in waves. Our eyes were all wide open with surprise. A tiny tornado appeared in front of us, just in our eyesight. It moved away from us into the trees. We chased it, as though a friend who we hadn't met for a long time. Sadly, it disappeared, but like a Patronus, it left us at a miraculous river site. As I walked near it, the mild running water gave me strength. I held a handful of clear water, and let it run down from my palms. It glittered in the beam of sunlight, like crystal. We love the bubbling of the tiny ripples and the rustling of leaves. Little deer glanced at us at the side of a hill, as they'd been waiting there for a long time.

I whispered in my friend's ears, "Did you see that, how big and amazing the world is?"

She whispered back, astoundingly, "Yeah, I did..." "I'll always remember this journey, wish it is already woven into our dream of this midsummer..."

“行虽短，忆却长……(Though the journey was short, memory stays...)”

The world sank down into our eyes, the journey, the memories, settled in our minds, as though it's all a dream...



Summer Guo '24

Huh?

Brielle Kazemi '27

What did you say?
My focus was switching,
Like my computer, glitching.
Dang it, I forgot to pay.
Once again, my brain was at play.
Distractions are bewitching.
What did you say?
I was writing a poem in my head;
Hearing, but not listening to your words.
Writing my own adjectives and verbs.
I'm sorry, I should probably go back to bed.
What did you say?

Falling for you is like crocheting

July Wen '25

Falling for you is like crocheting
Stitch after stitch
Strings of yarn woven through me
Closing my eyes, pulling my heart
Tangled up with the way
It beats or stops
Never knew I could be drawn into something
So blandly repetitive
Almost meaningless, if I ignore the soreness in my hands
But I'm an addict for the overwhelming uncertainty
—will it end up being
Given up on, some cut and tied up scraps
Left in a trash can out the door?
Will I leave the unfinished
And someday find it in the deepest corner of my closet
Covered in dust,
With the same mistaken edges
And wrongly tied knots?
Will its remnants remind me of how it aches?
Will the way the yarn tangles describe
those sleepless nights and ideas of you?
And it's this uncertainty that keeps me going
Stitch after stitch, weaving in anxiety, passion
And Hope that escapes and returns
I keep on working the yarn
Weaving in words I'll never say to you
Reaching out to the slightest possibility, asking
Will it become something
That could one day keep me warm?

Detanglement

July Wen '25

I put an ocean between us
That I sometimes sail across
Each time I return,
I return with a holiday home doesn't celebrate
Each time I return,
I return further away from you
I used to share with you dawns,
meals, and poems
Now we barely share one city
and it's barren cold
You flip through pretend photo albums of my life
The same way I roll films containing
Fragmented frames of yours
All my Hope dissolved, and
All my what-ifs buried
I watch our once woven-together lives slowly detangle,
And I'll forever hold the urge
During my countless sleepless midnights
(when in your world there's daylight)
To ask you:
The million times I've crossed time zones
Have I ever crossed your mind?

When The Rain

Zimo Li '27

It was winter, the sun was hanging up in the mist. I opened the rusted gate and went down by the river. It's freezing cold in mid-noon. The river is barren, dirt of the riverbed was frozen but left with strokes of greens. Wind blows as I walk, numbing my senses like covering me with a piece of translucent cloth. Few people scatter in the park, some strolling, some sitting. I could barely see anyone's face as they covered themselves with black and white. I evaded my eyesight from them. I felt loneliness like there was an endless void between me and what I could see.

I walked into the shadow of the bridge in front of me, cars flushing above me relentlessly with the sky of dull gray set behind. The noises immersed my ears, thus I could not hear. The sunlight hid behind the bridge. Beams of light barely penetrated through the rusted fences, scattered out before they could reach me. I sat on the bench below the bridge, staring at only patches of color on the riverbed enjoying the only beam of sunlight out of the shadow. They were so close to me, but I preferred to stay. I don't belong to them.

“What are you doing here?”

“Oh, I’m—” I stood up suddenly, trying to reply to his words. But he kept walking without a glimpse.

I slowly sit down, the roughness of the surface stings my fingers. I felt not embarrassed but relieved.

“Get home, kid, it’s about to rain.” He cleared his throat and turned his head to me for a moment while speaking to me.

“What?”

“Get home!” He shouted. I saw his body shaking. Unlike others, he didn't cover his face, in fact, his head is barely covered with any piece of cloth, leaving his wrinkles and ears in touch with coldness and sights.

I kept myself quiet, gazing at the man. He wore a pure black coat, beautiful even without schemes of color. Although shaking, his elegance leaks from every gap of his coat. He walks with no sound, acts with no imperfection. He is the chaos that absorbs lights that dare to get close.

He walked away, fading out of my sight. I kept sitting, it felt like forever. I glimpsed his back again, though obscure like spots of black, a flash of color was brought to my eyes, sweeping over me, then back to void and darkness. It was a flash of iridescent on my glasses, colored everything that was gray. I felt the roughness again. I'm still sitting on the bench, but the green I stared at no longer shines in my eyes. The man's gone. He left nothing in my eyes. It was irresistible, I stood up, passed beneath the bridge, walked out of the shadow that covered me.

As he said, with a few raindrops, it started to rain. Everything darkened again, but I kept walking.

Maybe it was a dream, but I prefer to sleep; Maybe it was a lie, but I prefer to believe.



July Wen '25

“it’s not so cold tonight”

Jessica Schottland ‘24

on a cold,
midwinter day,
laughter echos through the trees
and trails through the branches
the night falls upon us like a blanket
skies darken as stars awaken

it may be dark, but
the smile that shines
upon your face
lightens me
and suddenly,
this wistful winter wind
does not feel so cold.

i can act how i please,
i can behave
as if i am a child
without a care in the world
you soften the sharp air of tonight
to be engulfed
by your joy
and your acceptance
of me
is overwhelmingly wonderful.

Fear

Mady Wiley '26

Fear is the disguise of denial and regret.
A compromise for mistakes made.
An excuse to be stuck in slow motion.
A tether tying you to the past.
A rejection of the future.
A blindness when clarity is so near.
An ache for something no longer real.
Accepting life with this desperation is easy-
But the hardest part about fear,
Is to realize that you are imprisoned only by yourself

And no one else.



Tim Gatto

Tim Gatto '24

Sleeping and Waking

Ana Lucía Molina de la Calle '27

The old, familiar, dark sensation
bounces away
like a butterfly fleeing from its haunting history.
The nothingness in her had filled
the broken crevices of her glass heart
and her obsolete sentiments vanish.
She might as well have been dead,
yet the first light wavers into her eye
and it all stops.
For a second, she is at peace.
But the grim, merciless grasp of her glass heart
had shattered it once more.
The nullity leaving her body
as her wretched scream curses her life.

If the world was ending...

Delia Sanchez '27

I'd sit and just think for a while,
I'd wonder what my life would look,
Would I become a lawyer?
Or would I fall to my failure, just like when I was little
doing chicken fights in the pool?
Did I become a mother?
Or would I spend the rest of my days alone?
Did I waste too much time?
What would I change if I could go back in time?
My mind is clouded with thoughts of the past and future.
And I'm spending the present just thinking,
if the world was ending I'd miss my thoughts the most.

Solitary Pool

Angela Wang '26

Balance, aim, then break shot
Satisfying clinking of balls colliding
Bouncing off the edges

Then dropping into the pockets in a muffled thump
An ending all eventually reach, whether ignominiously or
martyred

Ensnared in shadows until the next game's flame
Then another and another,
An eternal refrain

I relish this
Omniscient, all-encompassing
Control

Because the magic of playing pool by yourself is that you'll
always win

But at some point
I start to curve-ball around the rules
Some days I let the cue ball chase one ball relentlessly
Some days I pick a random ball as the cue ball every round
Some days I aim to get the 8 ball in first

The table became my canvas,
The cue ball the tip of my fountain pen
the object balls my ink
I sketch, I paint, I laugh, I twirl
And the ground under my feet solidifies

And every once in a while

I see

I see marble carnage seeping
Onto the green felt battlefield
Tormented by my looming shadow
I see scattered dots connecting
Forming constellations pulsing with emotion
Heartfelt bonds easily severed by my single shove
I see a ball precariously balanced in front of the precipice
Intoxicatingly close to the darkness, *my darkness*
I can't help but chuckle: one nudge would suffice

(The cue ball skids
Across the table
Inches closer
Makes impact
Yet
The desperate
Observer of the pit
Budges, tilts forward
But does not fall
A miss.)

And maybe, just maybe
Even when I'm playing alone
No matter how much chalk I rub onto the tip of the stick
—Victory isn't always mine to own.

“Stolen Bananas”

Elena Lafuente '26

I wake up hanging from my palm tree
And look up and down
My bananas are nowhere to be found
Do monkeys think they’re free?

I go to work like I always do
Removing lice and hearing the news
“Someone stole my bananas!”
“It happened to you too?”

We go and look for the thief
And in a bush, a rustle we hear
from the bush comes out a peel
And a gibbon begins to leave

We know what we have to do
We’re sending him to the zoo
So we catch it and lock him up
And we put him in a truck

What can I say?
Once again saving the day!

When I look in your eyes

Davion Voorhees '26, Guillermo Cottet Casanovas '26, Jaime Chavarri Toro '27

When I look in your eyes
I feel something in my stomach
I thought it was love
But I was hungry.

Evangeline

Abena Onyinah '24

To the maker of all, I curse you deeply and
Like a woman scorned, I loathe you immensely.
I am bereaved for I have lost my greatest,
And yet you simply sit back and watch.
Never again shall I feast on her warm smile,
Nor will my lips ever find hers in perfect unison.
Evangeline, for many moons now I awake with just your
memory
And I pray day and night that you'll forever remember me.

“invisible talons”

Jamila Burgos ‘27

somebody once asked me
what does gender dysphoria feel like?
my mind produced only blank pages for an answer
yet now, i think i'd tell them to

imagine the feeling of talons,
talons ravenously ripping at your skin from within
a being craving the breath of fresh air
after being trapped in the dark for years

your body is your kingdom they say

yet for some it feels like crumbling clay

you see, a mirror is supposed to reflect the truth
however, a stranger stares back
with shapes not created for you
an identity that no longer feels like a coat of protection
but a blanket covered with thorns,
aching to get a taste of metallic blood

it's a lie, that mirror
because you see a stranger
a stranger that looks nothing like you
a stranger you no longer wish to be

that's gender dysphoria.
looking at oneself, and not recognizing

Anything.



Chase Wiggers '27

Monsters

Michelle Olak '24

If monsters are as strong as we think, why do they hide themselves under our beds? Why do the monsters in our life stay in the shadows, if they are powerful and dangerous? Maybe the monsters in our minds are only as significant as we make them. Maybe they hide from us because they're ashamed to be a part of us. We never see our monsters in the light, because we've covered them in darkness. These parts of ourselves are filled with so much shame, because we neglect them to fill ourselves with the perception of perfectness. Happiness is a concept stolen by our own demons because it's sitting on a silver platter ready to be taken from us. The only one to relieve your soul of its doomed eternity is your own subconscious. The power of your own mind can split the line between the seeing and the blind. So as we look back in time, we cannot spite our past because it is a part of our present mind.

We are who we have become and everything it took to get here. We are who we are going to be 25 years from now, so why hate the old versions of ourselves? Why place our tears on shelves and try to escape the inevitable? If you're ashamed of your past, you're ashamed of your future. Don't conflict your mind into thinking about who you want to be, because who you are right now cannot accomplish the near or the far if there are barriers being placed at every given pathway. The world gives an appearance of flawlessness, but the imperfections are so prominent, it is seen as perfect.

The society that works day and night, pays taxes to a government that doesn't give a damn about whether you

live or die. The rich who cannot even speak to the homeless, can't even bat an eye. The structure was built with the brick of flaws, made to create failure and desire evil intent, made out of everything wrong. The demons inside your body feel everlasting, because you can never be enough living on planet earth. There's always more to be done, more to accomplish, more to become. So we hate ourselves because we think it will help us trive for a better life. But all we're doing is creating a sequence in a strive for a better life. But all we're doing is creating a sequence in a world that has restraints on who is black or white. The stupidity that we go through, claiming maturity and soulfulness, will be the death of us all in an essence that values more than a check from your bank. To the children dying from war, while we ignore, looking at the polls deciding who we should or shouldn't rank. These same politicians sell children while claiming the land of the free, taking advantage of their demons' opportunities, as we all do nothing to stop this foolishness.

Our monsters don't hide under our beds, they live inside of our heads. So why fear the darkness if that is who we are? The lurking of evil in this world is so surreal, you'd think you have to die to make it far. We drive a car, we crash, we die, another number in the system, a dead body in the soil, a forgotten soul. Who the fuck cares about us at all? Don't fear who you are, because one day you'll need your monsters.



Tim Gatto '24

Where There Is Ease

Tiantong Hu '26

The lady on the moon, high aloft
in solitude she saw
monarchs' carcasses
with candles burning clenched between their teeth.
The sea becomes farmland, and the farmland becomes the
sea
People flourish, perish, like ebbing wild reeds
Upon the chaste jade tree, beholding all souls
Will the moon toad and rabbit release their numbing tears
for the dance of that small snake deep in the sea?

I cleave the mountains into half
devouring the land
as I am devouring the rabbit's broken tail
The sky is torn apart by torrential rain
By the fireplace I lean, in a gentle drunken haze
The cat and I frolic, carefree, in playful hurry.
As dawn's first light begins to shine
I sigh to myself: "My heart is at ease."

漁家傲 · 此心安處

胡天瞳 '26

思望月娥空百尺，銜烛王骨人如是。清水黃尘枯蘆
苇，攀琪樹，寒蟾老兔悲虬舞。

食地斬山吃兔尾，天殘雨暗偎爐醉，我與狸奴胡昵
戲。瞳曉日，自言是：此心安處。

Rain, a Rose, and Ruminations

Angela Wang '26

Lying on my desk
Is the locus of tonight's storm:
One single rose.

Its heart squeezed into an uneven oval
Petals soft on my thumb
Dewdrops glistening on yellow veins
Fading and strengthening into a rosy vermillion
Then nearly a crusted rouge at the edges

The stem having been nearly snapped off in half
Perhaps by the splattering dance of the rain
Or from hastily dashing through the downpour

"It'll last up to three days without water," you say when you
hand it to me
For its vibrance is momentary, fleeting
The fantasies it forges dissipating upon touch

Faintly I remember retreating to my room
Curled bangs drenched
The bitter, minty taste of hairspray
Still lingering on the tip of my tongue
Sinking into the creaky leather chair
Piecing together jumbled thoughts

It's different, but different how?

My voice falters, a quivering ember

Words slipping through the sieve of my mind
As I search for an answer

It's far from carnal, but not any less cardinal
Twisting me with a burning desire
Conjuring images of gazes I dare not hold for any longer

Gingerly I tape it onto my wall
And it felt comforting knowing that
Even when all the rain on it had dried
Even when it had shriveled into a fragile corpse
A mere shadow of the radiance it once swelled of
Long after the three days had passed
I would be still able to see the storm.



Camille Bley '26

You were not a tsunami

July Wen '25

I fail to manage your absence
Like cleaning up a tsunami.
No amount of contingency planning
and natural disaster precautions
Could've ever taught me how to
Recover from the loss of you.
I built damps and patched up gaps,
Planned routes and made shelters.
An amateur architect constructing defense,
Against a catastrophe
You never were.
You were not a tsunami.
You were not hail, or hurricanes
Losing you didn't wreck my life.
You were so kind and cruel that,
In leaving, you have become soft waters.
Waters damping my mother's pillows
and drips from an unfixable tap.
Wet washer clothes unrinsed and unspun,
Fogs up my windshield glass.
You have become forever aching joints,
You are chronic rain.
Too light for evacuation,
Too heavy for a dry heart.
You leak only through the tiniest cracks.

Thinking of You

Insaaf Imtiyaz '26

Thinking of you -

Thinking of the flowers

Which blossom in my head -

Just thinking of you.

Thinking of you -

Thinking of the memories

Which we had in our best times -

Just thinking of you.

Thinking of you -

Thinking of the sun

Which you outshone -

Just thinking of you.



Steven Zhao '25

Thick Night

Melissa Wang '26

Connive me falling down in the thick night,
Stare the dying dusk with silent eyes,
Waiting last light submerge in the horizon.
Tear came out, but not cried.
All magnificent view like a hurricane disappears from my
sight,
Oh, light, night and day's fight.
Let me sleep down in the thick night.
Obtain a utopia with dragon and knight,
Wear my ornate dress and wave my powerful sword,
Rebel the wrong and right.
Allow me dying in the thick night,
Break the shackles twine on my body,
View surround me become chaos and white,
I stand on the muddy road and run to the light.
Oh, light, thick night's lie.

The Rhythm of the Court of Dreams

Sayo Osinubi '26

In the court, there's a game we love
Played with a basketball and a hoop above
It's basketball we play
With such skill each day
The players, they dribble, pass and shoot
With precision and grace, they're astute

The sound of the buzzer that blares
As the players move and share
They dribble with high speed
The opposition they heed

The dribbling of balls fills the air
The players move with such flair
For defense, they must always predict and prepare
The fans, all cheer and watch with a grin
To watch their team fight to win

The coach with a whistle in his hand
Urges his players to take a stand
On the court they must fight
With all their might
Because victory is what they demand

Halftime brings a break and a chance
To catch their breath and enhance
The energy and their will

The second half with more intensity and speed

As the players fight with deed
With passion and drive
To win, they must strive

The buzzer sounds, as the game is done
The players in the sun
Of a victory so sweet
Their hard work complete
Win or lose, the love of the game
Is what will remain the same
For basketball is more
Then just points scored

The Pacific

Lucy Li '26

Wind blowing layers of waves wipe open the foamy cream
On the azure canvas and amid the sky.

Warm currents shuttle through the granular sand,
Warm the seawater and cold feet.

Continuous Mount Danvison surround the area
Enveloping Mother Earth.

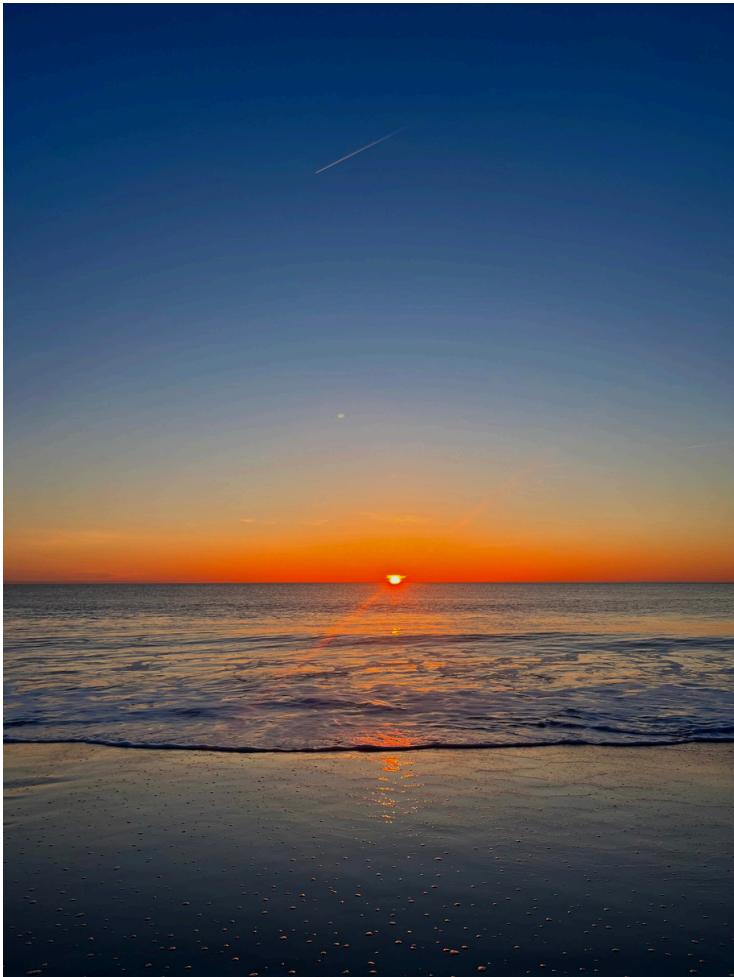
But the end of the ocean went to an invisible destination.

The inception of it spilled out to the shore portraying ivory
coastline.

It split two continents further apart,
Generating a natural phenomenon and also an
inconvenience to people transporting.

lifted the head, greedily appreciating the landscape of the
biggest ocean,

The Pacific.



Ly Nguyen '24

Power

Elvis He '27

Through the ages,

People seek power as the stars in the night sky,

Gorgeous but far to reach.

Power could be the vigorous torch in the darkness.

Power could be the enormous hand of the kingdom.

Power could be the flattering blandishments of the
businessman.

Where does power reside?

Religion? Throne? Or Wealth?

It is whose choice to decide?

No one's.

If a man without a name has the power over life.

Who lives, who dies?

The priest? The king? Or the rich man?

Who shall the man obey?

Where does power reside?

“Power resides where men believe it resides.”

The Time Between Classes

Emma McDonough '26

The bell rings,
bags begin to zip shut
Chatter starts to rise,
The pencils drop and typing stops,
There is then a 5-minute timer that begins to get to your next destination,
Time is precious at this moment,
If it's a good day then you might be able to take a pit stop at the dining hall
But that just causes more chaos since you have to maneuver your way through other students,
and this pit stop now feels like a waste of time.
Main hall is like a street that goes two ways,
And you have to look left, right, left before you get back on.
Once you are back on the road and in the traffic,
you begin to think of the rest of the directions that you need to take to get to your destination
One wrong turn and you may not get to the Science Center on time,
there are many other detours you might take
Because there are many people you want to see
If you are lucky you might get to class as the bell dings,
Or you might end up with 2 points.



July Wen '25

Eclipse

Maddie Edwards '27

Every few years I can outshine you
Capturing the attention of those who worship you
Late in the night was the only time to see me
Insomniacs the only ones who understand the beauty of
my seclusion
People look up with their glasses, but not at me
Still looking at you
Everyday people marvel at the sun, but not the moon
strong enough to cover it

Promise to never send me love letters

July Wen '25

Promise to never send me love letters,
For I love the rust and sorrow in my body
In a way you never could.
You summarize my personhood,
Your idealizations dehumanize.
Do not disregard my flaws.
Do not assess and define me by lovability.
Your adoration only acts upon me
As a reducing confinement.
Do not extinguish my anger with care,
Do not starve my intellect with kindness.

You are an affectionate famine.

Hollow it is,
Through the malnourishment of my mind
Your love has fed me hunger
My body bears a feminine fury
Sharpened by sorrow,
Precious and not born to be dulled by
Softening vacancy
I refuse to surrender my lonely awareness,
Derived from an unkind spine,
Flesh grown from acute judgements.
I cannot resist to analyze, to theorize,
To penetrate with my thought
The dystopia of people I am trapped within.

I am a weary woman.

Inconvenient and overconscious,
I tiredly observe and uncontrollably voice.
I indulge in undisciplined sensibility,
and so to you I plead:
Do not exhaust my keen thinking,
and spare my bitter heart.

Promise to never send me love letters.



Summer Guo '24



“Inconvenient and overconscious,
I tiredly observe and uncontrollably voice.”

“They look through me as though I am
glass and they continue in their bliss,
my sorrow oblivious to them.”

“If the world was ending
I'd miss my thoughts the most.”
