



# Voices

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Cover Art: "Faded" by Jaylah Moore-Ross

## Untitled

What does she have that I don't?  
Is she there during the good?  
Will she be there during the bad?  
Does she hold you at night, when you turn your back on her?

What does she have that I don't?  
Does she draw a rainbow in the sky  
When the rain has come for you  
And you don't have a response?

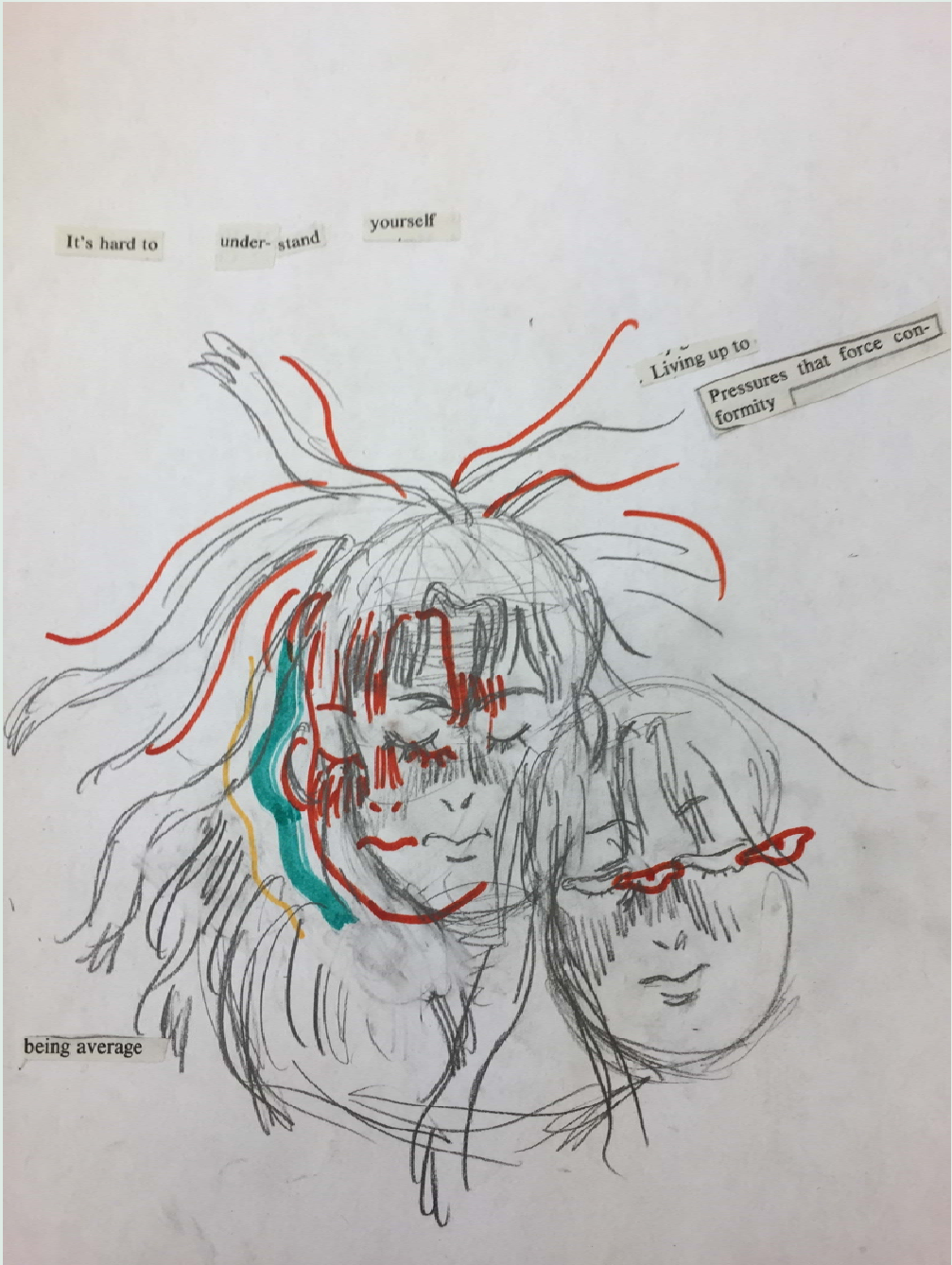
Tell me, isn't it weird?  
You came when the rain fell over you.  
Tell me, isn't it weird?  
I dried you, hugged you,  
And then you left.

Tania Dragan

## Nay, No Sleep

Tonight again I go  
To my somber bed,  
Chilled as fresh driven snow.  
Cold not from the great chill  
That bleeds through the pane,  
Nor some mischievous gust from Jack Frost  
That kneads its way inside  
Through some secret visage.  
No, this cold comes from my soul.  
Where once hot blood whipped and riled through my body,  
now lay a slush stream, flowing slow under it's icy burden.  
My eyes, once a flame with their hazel light are now but two  
orbs of dull glass.  
Alone sits my heart on a throne of iron,  
In a castle a thousand leagues long.  
Before it dance cruel demons of the past.  
To it, time has no meaning, nay no effect at all.  
Of my back, only the great chasm of betrayal can be seen,  
and the shards of the countless blades used in it's creation,  
each with a little heart etched to the hilt.  
If I should dare to dream it will be of a great fire.  
A blaze that shall consume either myself or my nightmares,  
chief of which is you, my beloved tormentor.

Renoir Dawson-Finan



## His Reason

She dances free from her dreams,  
He's tied down with no key,  
She's a free bird flying in the breeze,  
While he's in a cage trying to break free;

Her voice is loud and proud,  
He can't utter a single sound,  
She'll swim above the waves,  
He'll drown in the cold dark maze;

She's his life raft,  
The reason he never drowned,  
The reason his future is vast,  
And because of her, he can now utter sounds.

Olivia Kreutzer



## Boxes

Society gives us boxes,  
Boxes to check,  
Boxes to organize ourselves into.  
We've all seen them.  
On applications. Check,  
Here if you are black. Check,  
Here if you are white,  
Check here if you're Asian, Hispanic?  
Check here if you are other.

Society also hands out privilege.  
But not as generously as they do boxes.  
There are some who say that white privilege does not exist.  
That all races are given equal amounts of privilege.  
Well let me tell you about black privilege.  
Black privilege is having to answer for your entire race.  
Black privilege is the unseen ghost that hangs in a room.  
Black privilege is being so unique that God won't even look like  
you.

I could go on and talk about other types of privileges,  
But I won't.  
I'll just say this.  
Privilege is powerful and can  
Outshine the sun.



It shines so bright that those  
Standing on a pedestal  
Of melanin and opportunity are simultaneously blinded and  
Engulfed by its magnificence.  
It shines so bright,  
That those who crouch at the foot of the white man's pedestal  
Can see the privilege that hangs over their head,  
Out of their reach.  
Yet It shines so bright.

But you see,  
They didn't want to be down there.  
They were stomped down there by the great boot that is racism  
and  
Fenced in by the barbed wire that is society.

Society  
Does so much for us.  
Society taught me to be black just like it called you to be whatever  
you call yourself.  
See I wasn't born saying "Hey everybody I'm black",  
No, I was taught to be black.

Society taught you to view me as black just like it taught me to  
view you as whatever you call yourself.  
Society makes us wear glasses that skew our vision.  
Society affixed heavy loads onto our backs from the time we could  
walk.

Over time these loads became labels.  
Over time these labels became weapons.  
Weapons  
Sharp enough to slice skin,  
Strong enough to break bones.  
No!  
Race is something that's supposed to make us shine,  
And not something used to start fires.

Just look at it this way.  
Our skin  
Is nothing but a casing,  
A heavy winter coat to protect us against the elements  
society keeps throwing at us.  
I just have the black edition.

Sometimes I wonder,  
If the oppressed could rise and meet the white man,  
Would privilege shine on them too?  
If we could pry the foggy glasses away from our faces,  
Would we see people differently?  
If we could wrap the labels off our backs.  
Who would you be if society did not give you  
A box to check?

Axelle Wouappi

## Once Upon a Time

Once a upon a time  
A girl feared the journey ahead  
The ups and downs  
The highs and downs  
The smiles all gone  
Replaced by forced laughter.

She feared the in-between  
The hot and cold  
The trust and distrust  
The gains and losses  
The chase and thrill  
Thrill of youth.

Currently,  
She's hundreds miles down that road  
Towards her destination she makes her journey  
For she has walked the walk  
Experience the in-between  
Enjoy the thrill  
The thrill of life.

For she learned that the destination is worth the journey.  
And although her journey is still long  
She knows that soon it will all be  
Once a upon a time.

Tyrina Moore



Photo by Katelynn Hodge





## Time Sails

Shall I compare thee my sweet to a devil spawn?  
Slowly poisoning my body and mind with lies.  
Wanting it to last until the peak of dawn  
Advice and truths all slowly fades, dies.

Beginnings and ends plays endless chimes.  
Places and its memories ruins my sight.  
Generous laughter and gestures ever so prime.  
Friends, acquaintances and small talks seem right.

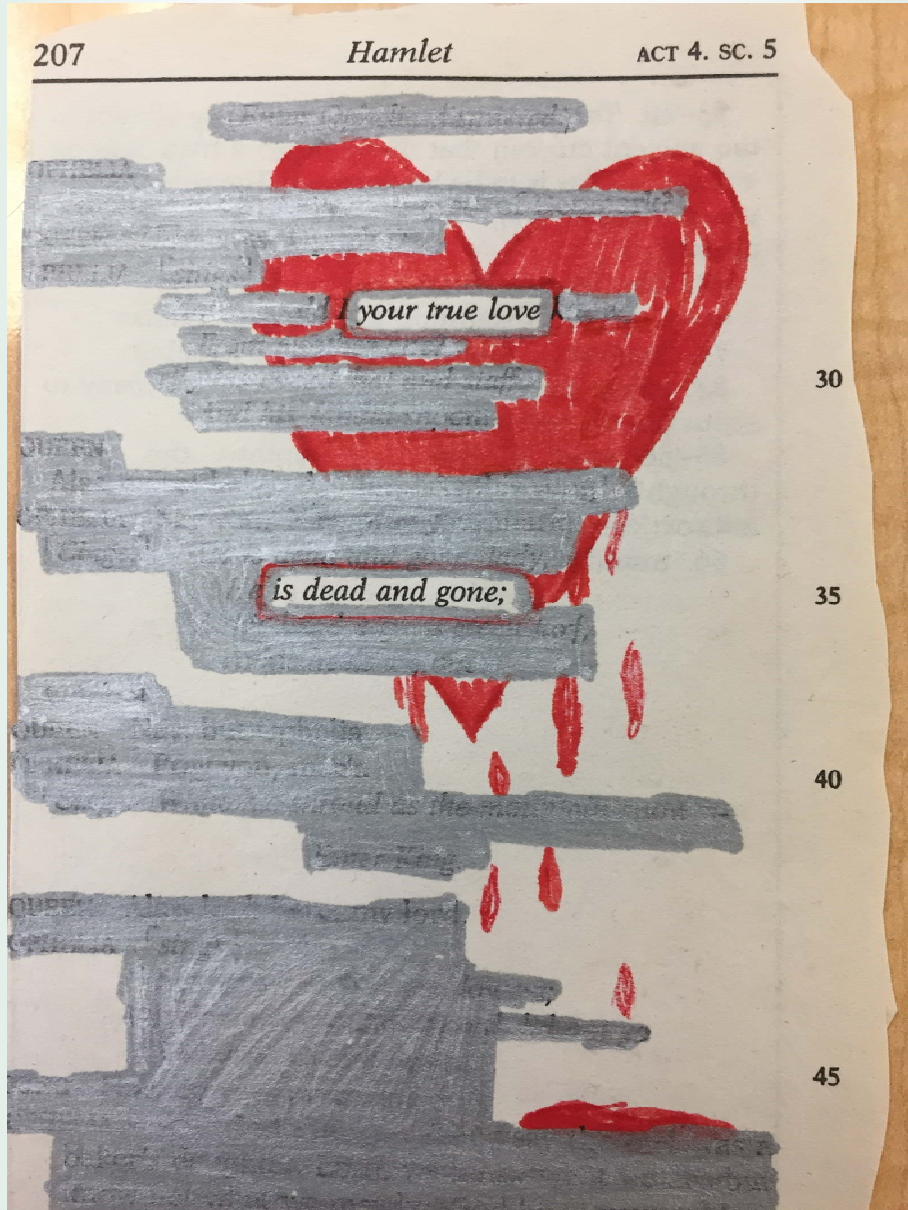
Favorite food and flavors seems like favors.  
Emotional stirs and moments rue disgust.  
Hugs and kisses mildly forgot its savor.  
Reality surrenders to hopes with combust.

Maybe lies protects hearts with all fake tales  
Maybe lips true just might make time sail.

Tyrina Moore



"Night" Digital Art by Nyedi Heredia



Found word poetry by Daphne Ranti and Nuhamin Wolde



## How Is It Here?

Dark is my hour.  
Buried in a rubble of lies and mistakes  
Gasping for air that will not come.

I am like a boat at sea  
Staring down into the endless abyss  
That lay in wait, calling ever so softly.

When all is said and done  
And the axe sits poised to strike,  
Still It is there, that infernal annoyance

A tiny spark. A bulb of light in space  
Standing defiant of the Imperial Darkness  
With pride and dignity.

The Darkness beats and hammers It,  
Drown It in a wave of woe and dread.  
Yet still It persists.

I hold It in my hands.  
Through every smile and now of my head  
It shines and grows ever stronger.

So perhaps my hour is not so dark.  
Perhaps the light is not yet drained away.  
For even in the song of a single morning  
Lark  
It is sign that Hope is here to stay.

Renoir Dawson-Finan

## Dreamless

I dream of things,  
No one else does,  
Of fairies that sing,  
When no one else is;

A dream like mine,  
Is nothing but lies,  
It doesn't make sense,  
I've severed the ties;

My dreams of love,  
Of romances not true,  
Of a make believe me,  
And a make believe you;

In my dreams it was real,  
Cause dreams come true,  
But mine will never,  
For there never was a me and you.

In his arms I wanted to stay,  
For his love was all I craved,  
I never meant to fall this deep,  
The memories of us I'll always keep;

You were the center of my life,  
The only reason I never took the knife,  
I came to love your endless eyes,  
Never seeing the obvious lies;

To you who was I?  
Did you plan on saying goodbye?  
Or was I just a game?  
Another heart you wanted to claim;

The questions I have continue to grow,  
But it's time for me to let you go,  
So from your arms I walk away,  
It's time for me to find a new way.

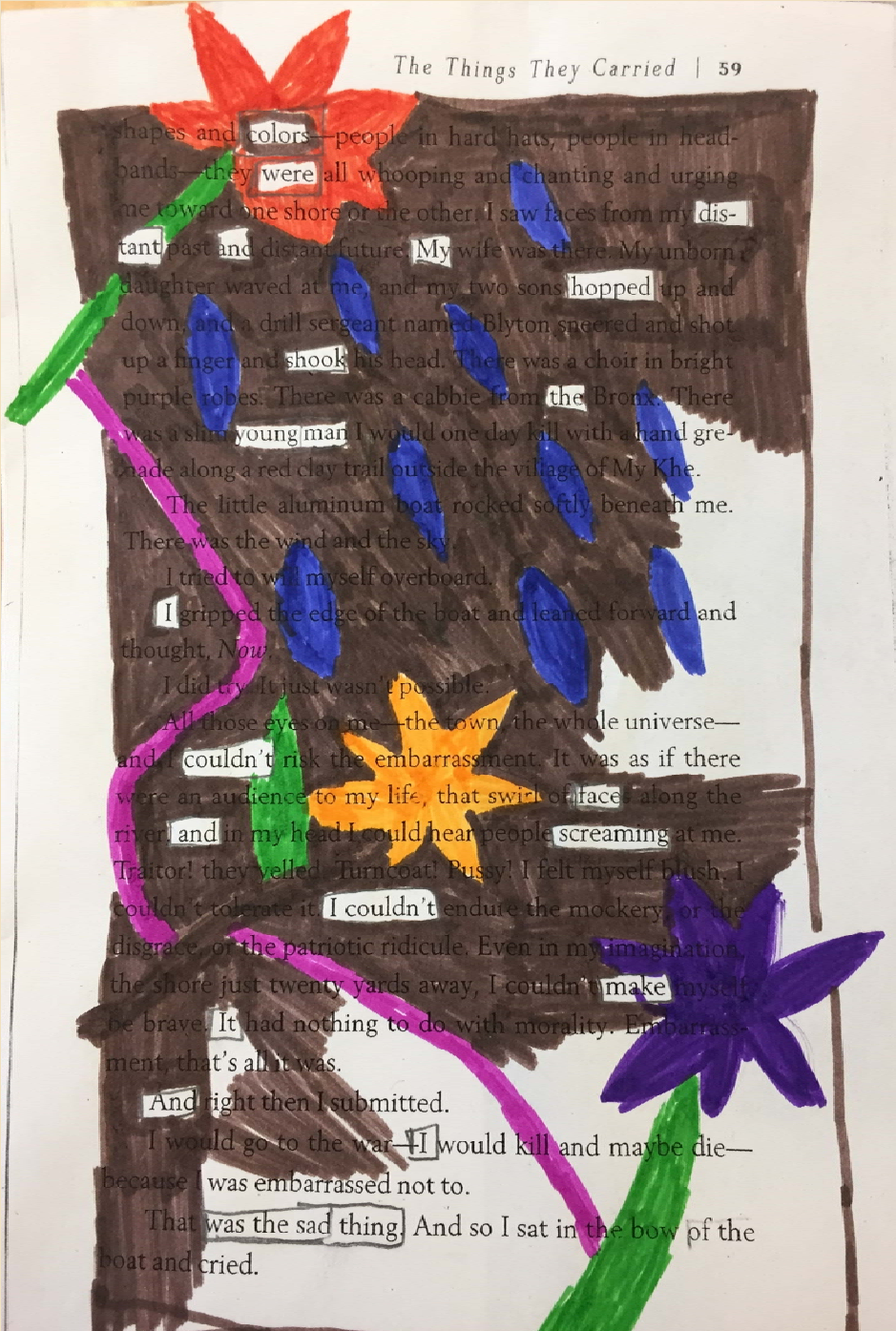
Olivia Kreutzer

size a particular word, sometimes to give a character his or her own speech patterns or to allow the character to speak in a special way. Again, when we attend a good performance of the play, the actors will have worked out the sentence structures and will articulate the sentences so that the meaning is clear. In reading for yourself, do as the actor does. That is, when you are puzzled by a character's speech, check to see if the words are being presented in an unusual sequence.

Look first for the placement of subject and verb. Shakespeare often places the verb before the subject (e.g., instead of "He goes," we find "Goes he"). In the opening scene of *Hamlet*, when, at line 73, Horatio says "So frowned he once," he is using such a construction, as he is at line 91, when he says "That can I." Such inversions rarely cause much confusion. More problematic is Shakespeare's frequent placing of the object before the subject and verb (e.g., instead of "I hit him," we might find "Him I hit"). When Horatio says, at 1.1.78, "In what particular thought to work I know not," he is using such an inverted construction (the normal order would be "I know not in what particular thought to work"). Horatio uses another such inversion later in the same scene when he says (at lines 170-71), "of the truth herein / This present object made probation."

In some plays Shakespeare makes systematic use of inversions (*Julius Caesar* is one such play). In *Hamlet*, he more often uses sentence structures that depend instead on the separation of words that would normally appear together. (Again, this is often done to create a particular rhythm or to stress a particular word.) Claudius's "which have freely gone / With this affair along" (1.2.15-16) interrupts the phrase "gone along"; Horatio's "When he the ambitious Norway combated" (1.1.72) separates the subject and verb ("he combated"), interjecting between them the object of the verb ("the

Found word poetry by Tania Dragan



shapes and colors—people in hard hats, people in headbands—they were all whooping and chanting and urging me toward one shore or the other. I saw faces from my distant past and distant future. My wife was there. My unborn daughter waved at me, and my two sons hopped up and down, and a drill sergeant named Blyton sneered and shot up a finger and shook his head. There was a choir in bright purple robes. There was a cabbie from the Bronx. There was a slim young man I would one day kill with a hand grenade along a red clay trail outside the village of My Khe.

The little aluminum boat rocked softly beneath me. There was the wind and the sky.

I tried to will myself overboard.

I gripped the edge of the boat and leaned forward and thought, *Now*.

I did try. It just wasn't possible.

All those eyes on me—the town, the whole universe—and I couldn't risk the embarrassment. It was as if there were an audience to my life, that swirl of faces along the river, and in my head I could hear people screaming at me. Traitor! they yelled. Turncoat! Bussy! I felt myself blush. I couldn't tolerate it. I couldn't endure the mockery, or the disgrace, or the patriotic ridicule. Even in my imagination, the shore just twenty yards away, I couldn't make myself be brave. It had nothing to do with morality. Embarrassment, that's all it was.

And right then I submitted.

I would go to the war—I would kill and maybe die—because I was embarrassed not to.

That was the sad thing. And so I sat in the bow of the boat and cried.

Found Word Poetry by Samuel Penate Vasquez

Think of the light but remember the dark.  
Let the sound corrupt the silence but don't let the sound out-  
draw the stillness.  
If fire burns bright then let the ice burn alongside  
revealing the strength in both because the weak can be  
strong and the strong can be weak  
but when they're together they can be powerful.

## Tatiana Quintanilla



Digital Art by Nyedi Heredia

## The Moment I Realized

Depression. A mental condition characterized by feelings of severe despondency and dejection, typically also with feelings of inadequacy and guilt, often accompanied by lack of energy and disturbance of appetite and sleep. The moment I realized I didn't want to know anymore was when I started developing depression and experiencing the internal/psychological consequences of it. Since I was a kid, I had trouble trusting people and fearing abandonment by those who were close to me. I only felt that way due to my self-conscious need to be likeable and interesting and avoid anything that would make me otherwise. This caused me to think very lowly of myself and alter my self-perception, resulting in hating myself strongly.

I wish I didn't realize how dark and scary it is to fall into a deep depression after a good day, week, or month. It feels like your progress and consistent happiness feels like a novelty item rather than a necessity or a default. Happiness to me is that relatable feeling of having a new Chapstick tube for a couple days and then realizing you've lost it and you can't ever find it, so you find a way to replace it with a new one. In which the replacement is some really pathetic distraction that doesn't even last that long- like another Chapstick tube.

I realized I didn't want to know when I would stay up late at night multiple nights in a row thinking about how I could never find any motivation or courage to achieve or amount to anything at life because of my need to be shut off from the world due to low self-esteem. Waking up in the morning, I didn't want to get up and assimilate with society. I just wanted to stay in bed and sleep or do literally nothing all day- just like stare at the ceiling or something while listening to really sad Radiohead music play in the background. Nothing seemed important, even if

were urgent, fear still didn't feel like enough motivation for me because my brain had tricked itself into thinking that I should just accept my failures and the consequences of it since that's all I really was, was a failure. I realized I didn't want to know when I couldn't hold onto platonic relationships for very long because I felt that I was only their friend due to sympathy through how much I seemed like a wallflower, and even those who I have held onto for so long or people that I've come around to deeply trust, I feel like I am only desirable when I try to be a loud or outspoken person with a questionable but alright sense of humor about how "Aha, death is inevitable am I right," or "Yeah, man I had the most intense depression nap yesterday."

Even though as time has passed, my attitude toward life and how I lived it changed to be more positive, I still feel myself fall into that deep dark hole from time to time, scaring myself because I think I'll get rid of what I've worked on for so long. It doesn't seem very fair to me that someone can just see me sitting with my earphones in just staring blankly into the distance, and then have that said someone ask you, "Hey, are you alright?" and you're forced to respond with something like, "Oh, yeah, I'm fine," or "I'm just really tired," because no one wants to hear you say, "No, I'm not, I feel really useless and I'm questioning my existence on this Earth, thanks."

And if you feel bad, then please don't, I'm fine, I just want to be able to say these things without having to walk on eggshells. However, as someone said in *Donnie Darko*, "I hope that when the world comes to an end, I can breathe a sigh of relief, because there will be so much to look forward to."



Digital Art by Nyedi Heredia

Tell me, if I catch you one day  
And kiss the sole of your foot—  
Wouldn't you limp a little,  
Afraid you're going to crush my kiss?

Tania Dragan

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