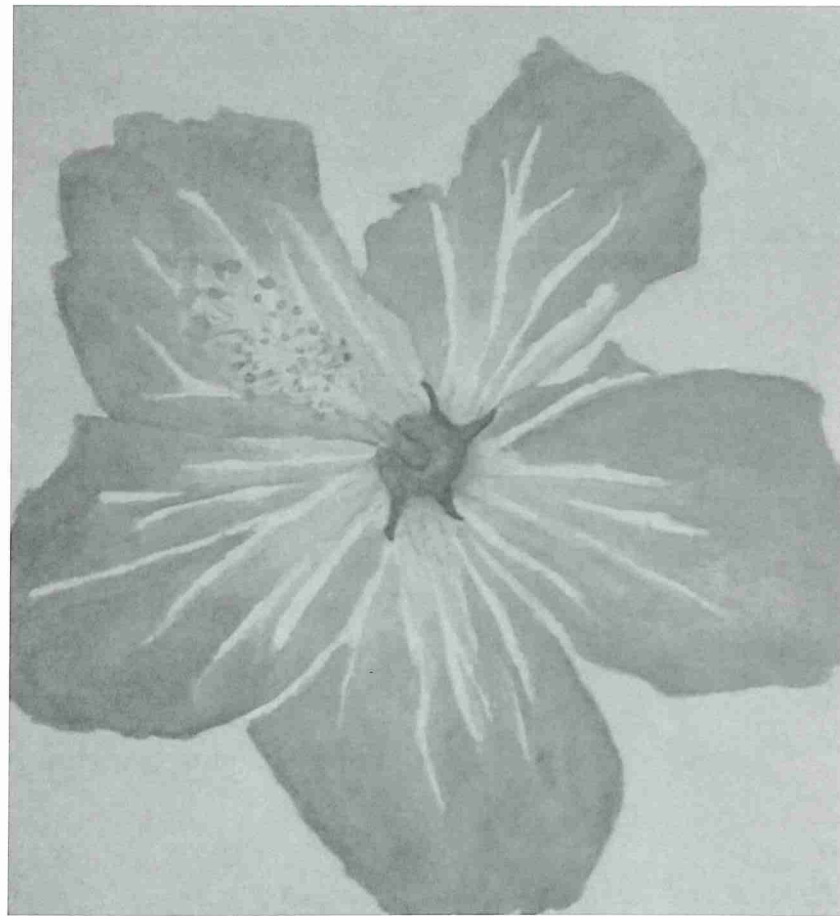


## Summer

Sweet flowers begin to bloom, greeting the sun,  
Under a brilliant cerulean sky, birds and bees sing,  
More and more join in, and something has begun,  
Making the whole world start to take wing,  
Every cold wind replaced with new life,  
Raining rebirth 'round this sunny afterlife.

*Anna Surovic*

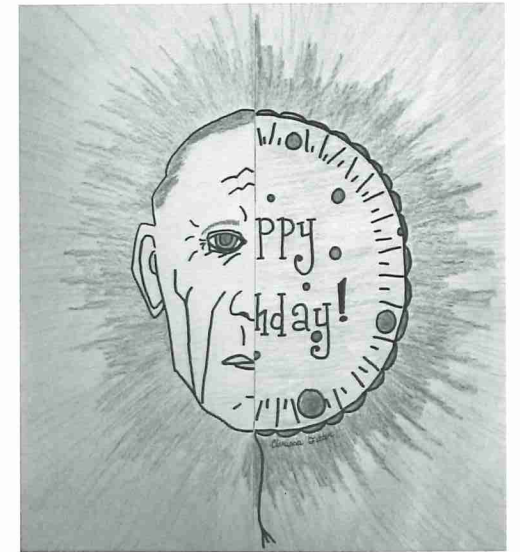


*Lucia Follman*

## Twenty Years Older

Remember back in school  
When we were a lot younger  
My head was full of the judgement  
And opinions of others instead of my own  
Physically stronger but mentally weak  
Able to run farther but not able to speak  
Courage ran thin in my fragile blood  
Maybe if I told you, things could be different  
Maybe it would be you by my side today  
And I wouldn't feel guilty because  
I was thinking of you instead  
And maybe you were thinking of me too  
But we're both as lost and clouded  
In the unknown as the other  
Both keeping our risks hidden from view  
I chose to keep silent, to hide  
My heart begs to cry out to you  
But my mind reprimands it  
It's better that way  
It *was* better that way  
But now you're the only thing in my head  
What a mistake I had made  
And how I want to go back  
And redo those old school days

*Paloma Holub*



*Clarissa Fetter*

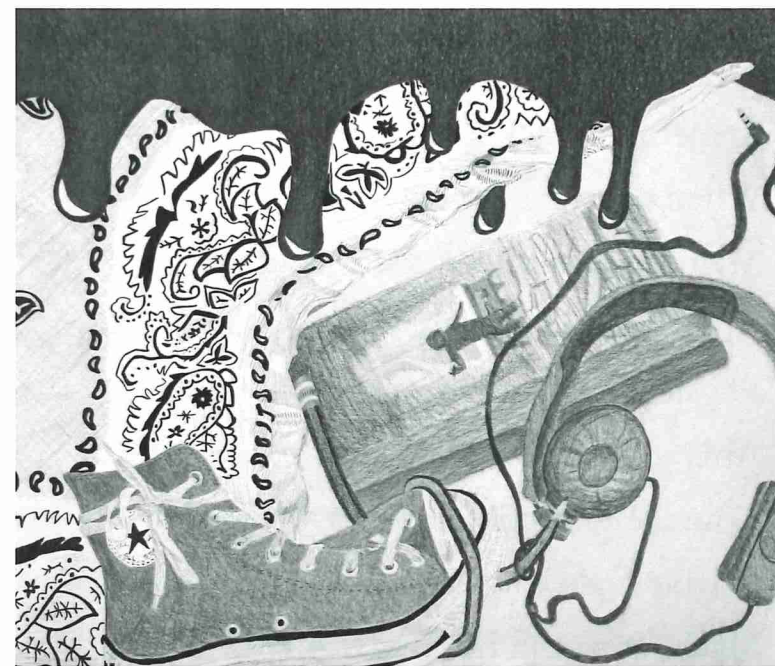


*Bella Roberson*





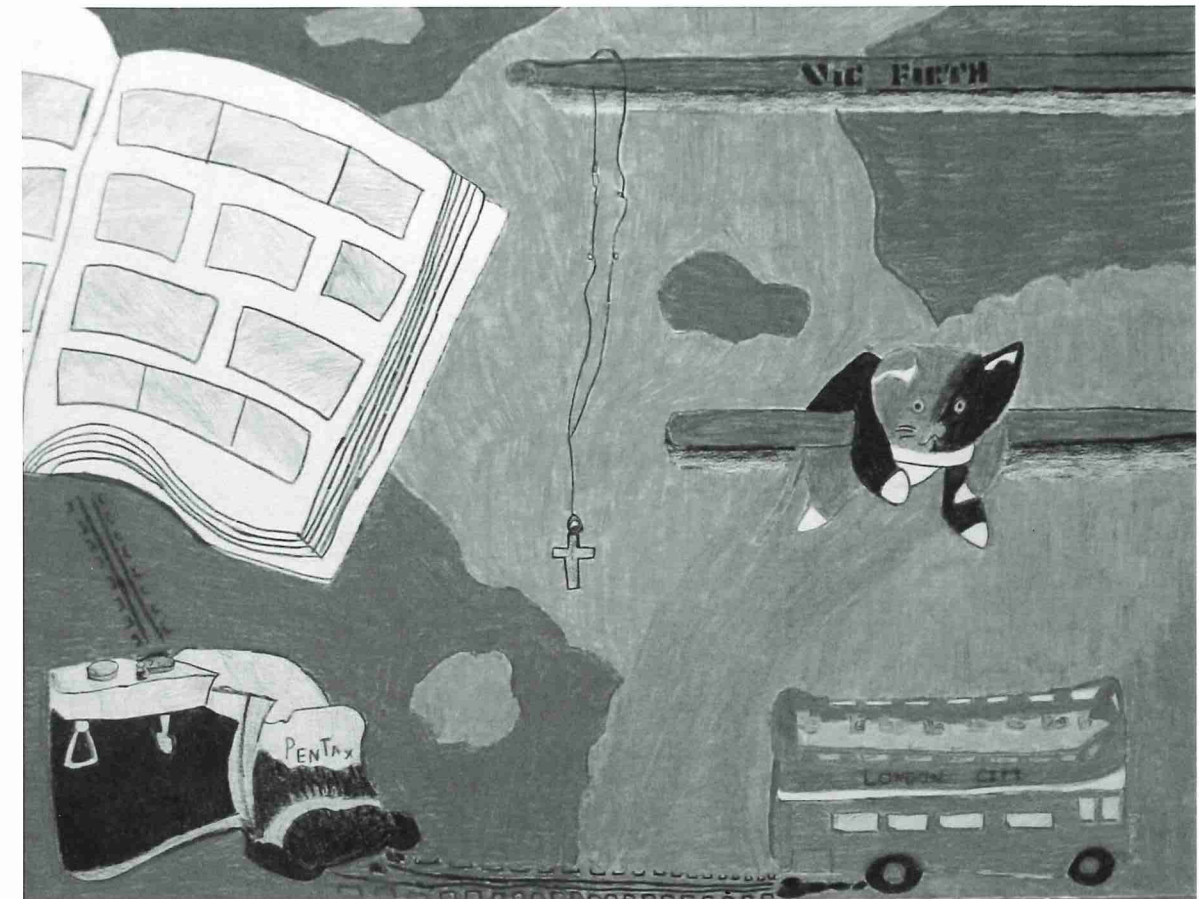
*Alexandra Morales*



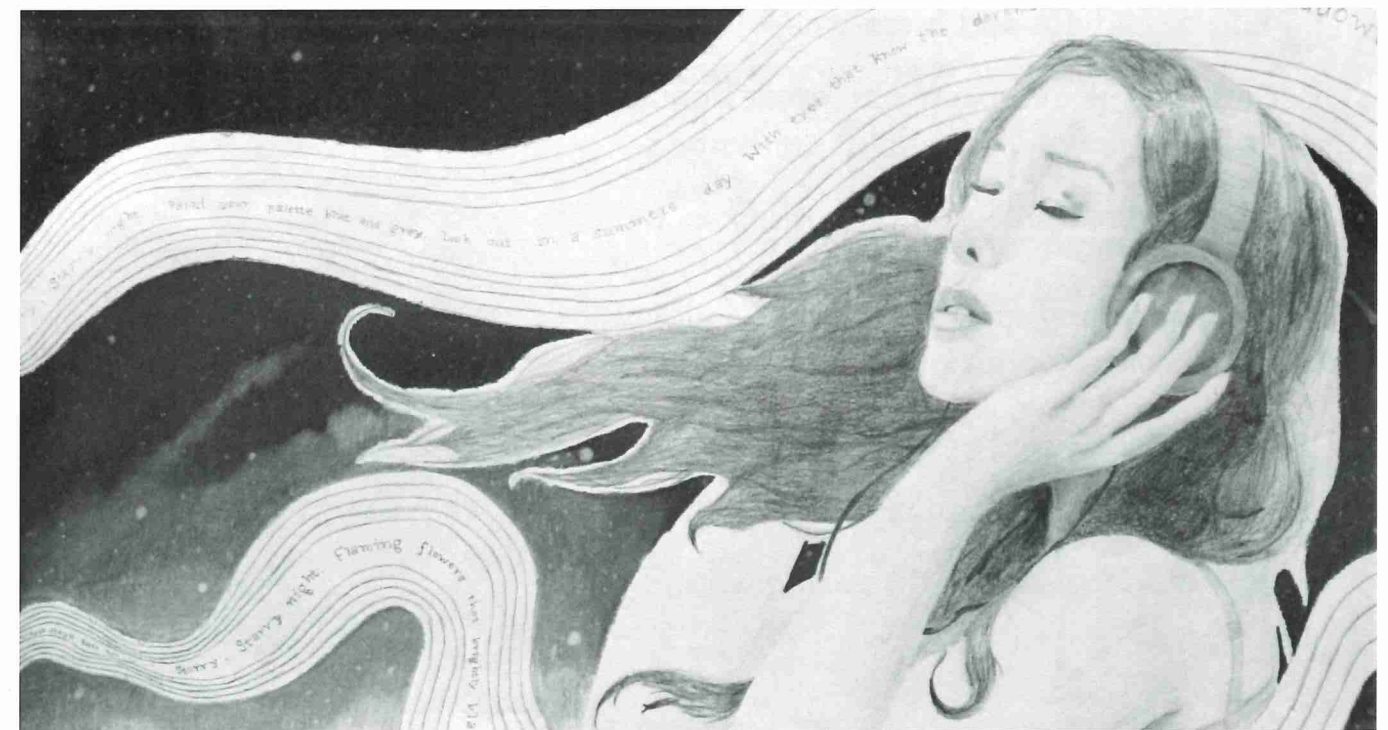
*Hayley Rodgers*



*Bella Roberson*



*Paloma Holub*



*Victoria Knodell*



## A Poem for Maya

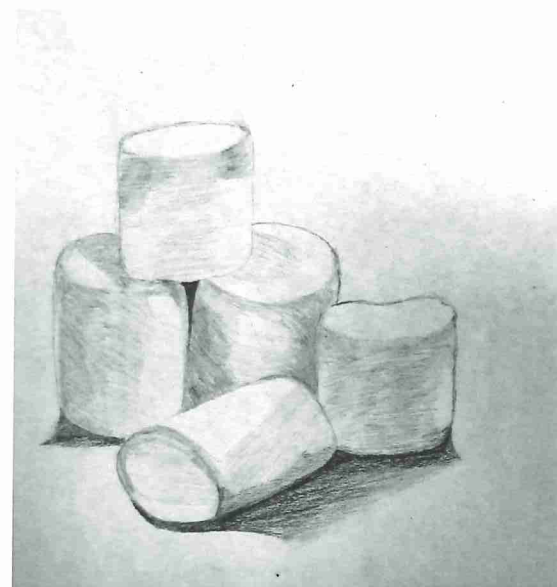
I gape at you running and playing like I once did.  
How has my time gone so quick, like I'm trapped in a closed lid?  
Your spirit is free like fireflies escaping a glass jar.  
I wish to be free, running and playing just as you are.

I envy the way your life is fresh and new.  
But it's also one of the many reasons why I admire you.  
I can't shake the fact that I'm getting older.  
I want time to freeze and get colder.

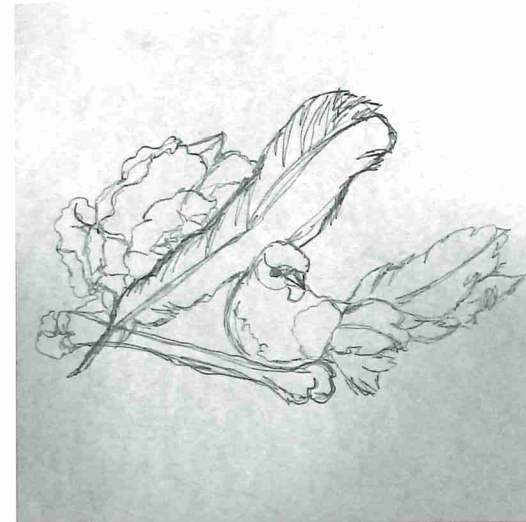
I shouldn't complain too much.  
Soon time may slip from your clutch.  
So take my advice and listen well,  
Because this is the truest statement I could ever tell.

You are young, beautiful, and loved.  
Keep your young spirit on you like a glove.

*Juliet Alanis*



*Gaby Guajardo*



*Alejandra Esparza*

## Live to Sing

Look at you, a beautiful thing:  
Feather by feather, you take to the air  
Power to place clouds under your wing.  
There was a time when they'd say, "It's not fair!"  
For the envy of your ability they'd cling.  
But the ability you cherished had no sight  
For the blind would easily hear its ring.  
To pierce the air with all your might,  
For nothing brought greater joy than to sing.  
If only to tell the world you were there,  
You'd attack the notes like scorpion's sting.  
To perform in the open, only you would dare,  
For danger the open would often bring.  
And as you sing your song with soul,  
Something follows as a feline to string.  
You seem to know its single-minded goal,  
Yet ignored it as if never seen.  
You let it happen, even though instincts foresee  
Even so, let it hit with a disturbed *ping*.  
Let me keep singing: that was your plea.  
For even in death, your life was to sing.

*Izabella Guerra*





*Xochitl Duran*



*Celeste Smith*



*Serena Morales*



*Gabriela Trevino*





## Happiness is...

Happiness is hanging out with friends,  
laughing until you can't breathe.  
Happiness is being outside,  
feeling the sun on your skin on a warm day.  
Happiness is discovering a perfect song for your mood,  
listening to it over and over again.  
Happiness is a long road trip to nowhere,  
having no connection to the outside world.  
Happiness is going to a book store,  
spending the whole day there reading.  
Happiness is going into nature with nothing but a camera,  
taking the perfect picture and making new memories.  
Happiness is following your heart,  
doing what you love the most.  
Happiness is going out in public comfortably,  
not caring what other people think of you.  
Happiness is standing up for what you believe in,  
And winning the argument.  
Happiness is spending an evening inside,  
doing nothing.  
Happiness is when you stop dreaming,  
and start living...

*Jordan Hernandez*

## Gigi

The gruff over his voice slightly covered the Canadian Ukrainian accent  
He was the famed story teller  
Bear slayer  
And Borscht maker  
A hard man who left school at fourteen to work  
In the dark forests of Manitoba he would lurk  
Trudging through the thick snow  
Never going too slow  
Working through blizzards as he shivered  
A small family of five he made with his wife  
A bright gleam shone in his eyes as his scarred lips lifted  
his slightly wrinkled face into a smirk  
As we laughed at his crafty, witty words  
Always he would make time for me  
No matter how late my calls would be  
Until that afternoon that broke our hearts  
And even though we were falling apart  
We knew he was more alive than he'd ever be  
In the arms of our Lord  
Up further than the galaxy

*Bailey Aguilar*



## King of Dreams

He was the king in his own head. All around him were fools. The nurse who routinely checked his heart beat monitor, the doctor who will never find out why and his dear older brother who cried every time he visited. He sat in his throne room, gazing silently out of his mind. They didn't know he watched over them like some guardian angel. He was still alive, breathing and dreaming.

Comint, a fairly large kingdom on which the morning frost breathes before the sun, lived the young man named Joseph. Only 13, he became regaining king when he pulled the sword out of the stone, a spectacular sight to see for his future servants who bowed before him. Immediately he was placed on the throne, a golden crown of jewels adorning his head and the lords of his land at his request. The first weeks was of celebrations and festivals, explosions of colors everywhere he went and jolly drunken men singing an old tune. He came to love the kingdom which he lived in but in a way, it gave him a feeling of depression. The feeling that all good things must come to an end.

He awoke one day to find himself not in Comint but in a land of autumn and winter, the sun painting the trees gold and orange and winter of silver. At first he panicked, his heart worrying for his precious kingdom, however it disappeared when the wind caressed his cheek, a silent cry to walk with it. He laughed with joy and gladly complied with its request. He walked among the golden trees, leaves crunching beneath his feet and the air of pumpkin and spice filling his lungs. His crown of jewels became one of leaves and holly and slowly starting to frost when he stepped in the birches of winter. A magnificent coat of fur and wool wrapped around him, bellowing behind him with every step. The snow and frost with its silver gleam melted under his feet, a patch of flowers springing out from every imprint. He was one with nature and the feeling of the end wavered.

\*\*\*

"Hey Adam, want some chocolate pudding?" asked the nurse Clary. Adam, a man of 24, paused in his steps and slowly turned around. His curly black hair hiding the dark bags underneath his eyes for a moment before he politely declined. Clary's smile became a frown. It was the same routine every other week. He would slump through the doorway, walking down the blinding white walls of the hospital, decline the kind offer of Miss Clary and then he would be on his way. Last week it was cheese cake. How many sweets did that woman have for crying out loud? Couldn't she get a hint that maybe he didn't want sweets? Either way, it did brighten his day until guilt washed it all away. Today he had to talk with the doctor. He

rubbed the back of his neck out of the stressful situation. With a soft sigh he continued his walk.

Adam waited in the room staring at the lifeless body on the blue and white bed. Flowers overdue for water on the night stand along with cards. A knock sounded on the door before opening. A doctor of 40 named Mr. Gingera cautiously walked over to Adam who was slouched in a chair. He took the seat opposite of him and gave a long sigh when seeing his face. "Adam, when was the last time you slept?" he asked. Adam started playing with his fingers and tapping his feet. Mr. Gingera didn't even need to ask. He knew. "Adam, I know the suggestion I made last month has been hard on you. But I see reason to do this. You need to let go." He calmly stated. Adam snapped his head up at him. "Let it go? Let it go? Why? It's my fault that he is like this and it's my fault that he's going to die! The least I can do is to await his return." Adam argued. "Adam, you are not helping anybody but yourself. He is going to be 20; it's his 7th year already. You're only hurting him more." Said Mr. Gingera. The room became silent. Adam gazed loving at the lifeless body. Perhaps it is time. "I'll leave it to you." And with that he left.

Somewhere in a far off city, an old newspaper fluttered by. It read:

Train accident with all dead except two: The twin brothers who escaped certain death.

Adam returned the next day and once again declined the offer of Clary, this time it was cupcakes. Cupcakes were *his* favorite food. He entered the room and stalked over to the bed. He placed his bag down beside him and pulled out headphones and an iPod. He plugged in the cord and settled the headphones on a pair of ears identical to his. A song came on, one from their favorite show, Howl's Moving Castle merrily go round. He tasted salt on his lips, not realizing he was crying. "Sorry little brother." he grasped the hand of Joseph and ran his finger through his hair. He tried to hold his sobs but he couldn't. "It's time to go."

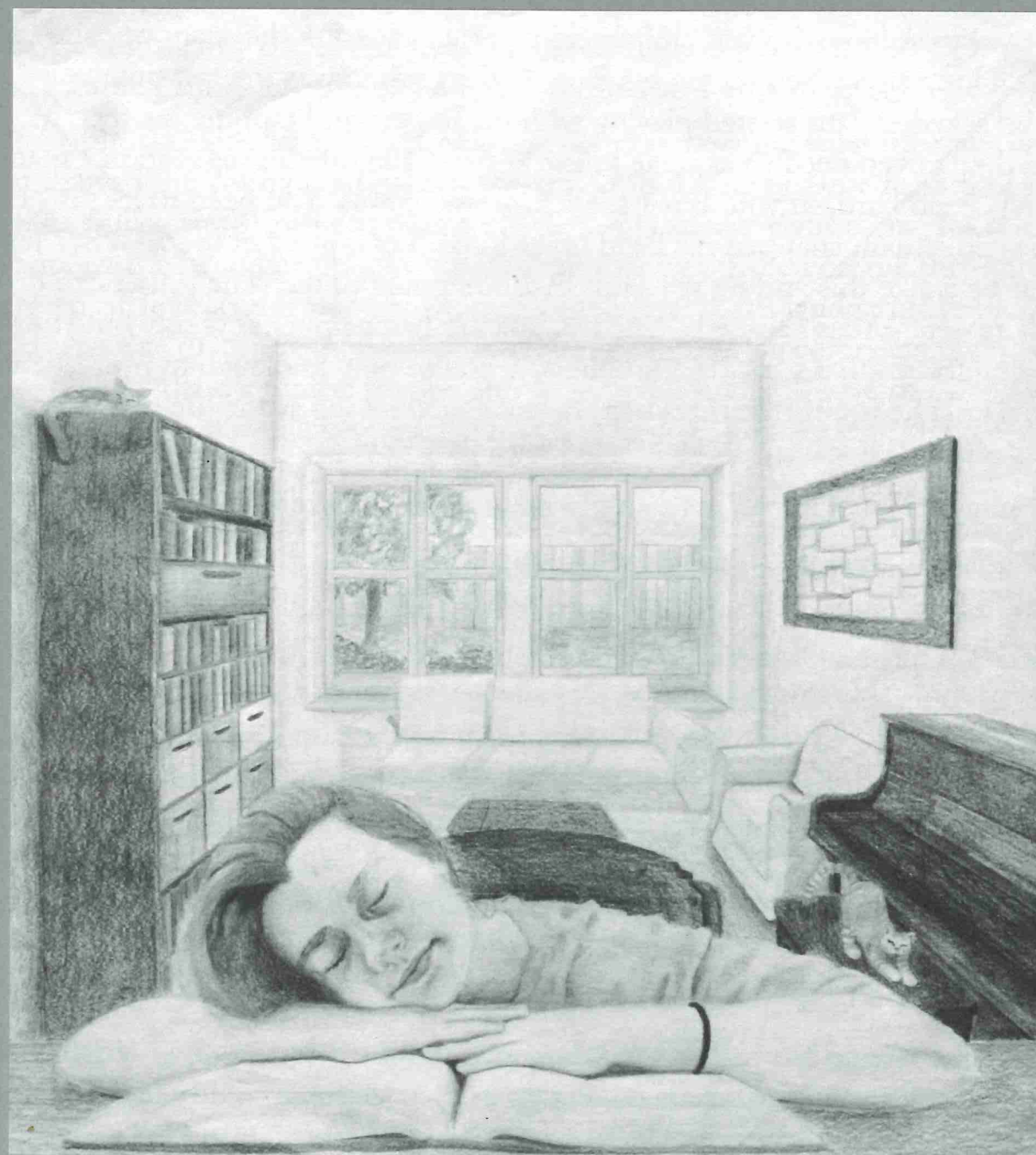
He called for Clary to come in.

Joseph felt sand beneath his toes and smelled the salty air long before opening his eyes. The cerulean blue ocean expanding as far as his eye could see, glistening glass boats sailing on the waves. His heart leaped out of his chest. He's never been to the ocean! With a great cry of excitement, he jumped into the pulsing waves and ran. The wind ran its fingers through his brown hair and the sea mist clung to him. He never wanted to leave. The evening sun started to set before long and his body grew tired, sleep lulling him away. In the distance he heard his favorite song. Merrily Go Round of Life. Even in his haze of deep slumber did he understand. It was the end.

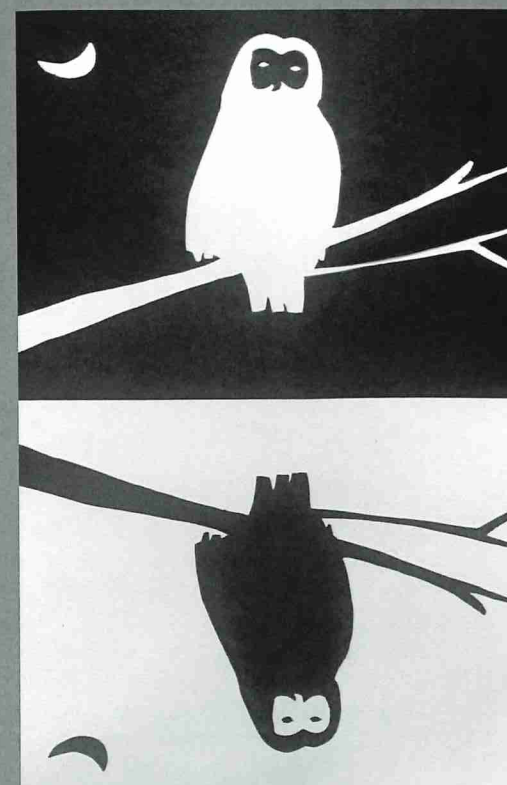
The dreaming was dead.

*Mackenzie Siller*



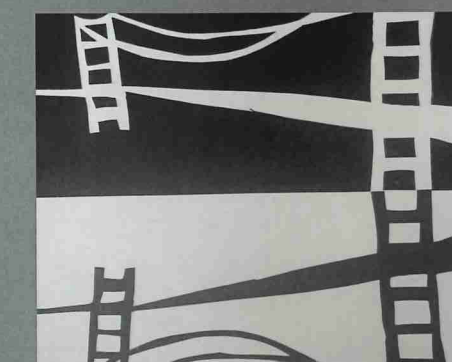


*Victoria Knodell*



*Clare Eastman*

Special thanks to art teachers, Ms. Tess Martinez and Ms. Claire Ramirez, and to English Department Chair, Ms. Rachel Sakai, for making our Garden of Dreams so beautiful!



*Caroline Medina*

## *The Plaid Skirt*

## *Garden of Dreams*

*Editors:* Gaby Guajardo, '17

Morgan Huth, '17

*Assistant Editor/Tech Wizard:*

Abigail Calpito, '19

*Faculty Sponsor:*

Ms. Janet Lease

*Staff:* The Creative Writing Class of '16 - '17

Juliet Alanis, '17

Jacqueline Faz, '17

Izabella Guerra, '17

Heribertha Herrera, '17

Mia Sanchez, '17

Hannah Sasser, '17

Esperanza Alatorre, '18

Jordan Hernandez, '18

Sarah Hernandez, '18

Jazzmyne Williams, '18

Rebecca Carillo, '19

Clarissa Fetter, '19

Paloma Holub, '19

Izabella Lopez, '19

Amanda Salazar, '19

Anna Surovic, '19

Bailey Aguilar, '20

Mackenzie Siller, '20



