

ODE
TO
ISOLATION

Pacific Grove High School Literary Magazine, 2020-2021

Cabin Fever Dreams

Owen Meade

Stuck here to protect everyone
And now I can't tell the moon from the
sun
It seems I left time so long ago
I breathe in air from a lost tomorrow



The Unrealistic Ocean
Erika Williamson-Ledin

Recycled like nostalgia for
comfort
I'd blow a kiss but my mouth
is covered
I resent the windows for
what they tease
The animals too for they do as
they please

Social creatures
An engine lost in a blizzard
Our brains will soon be
Decaying then become
withered

Being of lights once dance on
eyelids
Now they're here with me on
this island
I grabbed onto the vapors of
friends
Crushed with a rose to turn
into a lens

Protect me from cataract
Filling in with the wrong
letters
Self-taught doublethink

And I'm scared it won't get better

Sleep's useless now that the unreality is
free
Free from the un
Free of cannot be

Terror

Alexandra Blackwell

Is it reasonable to hate terror more than
what causes it?
It twists and turns you
It's a horrible pain
The times when you worried about
being sick
The waiting for something that
may never happen
Sometimes worse than
the events themselves
Terror leaves you frozen
Terror leaves you aching
Sometimes more than what
I'm oh so scared of
Nervous stomach aches
An aching throat from
a scream
Terror is horrible
Terror can keep you alive
Terror can make you want
to die
Terror flips you upside
down and turns you blind
Terror shoves you out of
the way of the moving car
Terror is unreasonable
Terror is normal
Fear scares me in of itself
The idea of pain worse
than what I'm scared of
To answer your question
I think it is perfectly reasonable.



Damien's Room
Janica Soro

SYWD (This is Us)

Owen Meade

Here we are staged to close the curtains

With thoughts that began to resurface

I know when I see you, I see a smile

But it goes away after awhile

I wonder if you were ever happy to see me

A cycle of amnesia and apologies

Closure never came to our front door

I'm here at the window, waiting for more

I'd still eat the cancer

That poisons our hearts

And tears ourselves apart

I'd still share with you,

the pain we call age

If only to prove

That we are meant for change

The soul of yours

The heart of mine

Sometimes I feel like the naive little brother

Completely unaware as we're ignored by our mother

So you, the eldest, decided to go the distance

To run away and discard this feeling of indifference

I'd still eat the cancer

That poisons our hearts

And tears ourselves apart

I'd still share with you,

the pain we call age

If only to prove

That we are meant for change

The soul of yours

The heart of mine

A picture framed limits the scene

I want you to remember all of me

I want this one run to last long

Sometimes you gotta go left to right your wrongs

And you ask why I want to go

And though I know we're broken, minds like misspoken

We're little droplets falling from the top

But what's an ocean, but a multitude of drops?

I'd still eat the cancer

That poisons our hearts

And tears ourselves apart

I'd still share with you,

the pain we call age

If only to prove

That we are meant for change

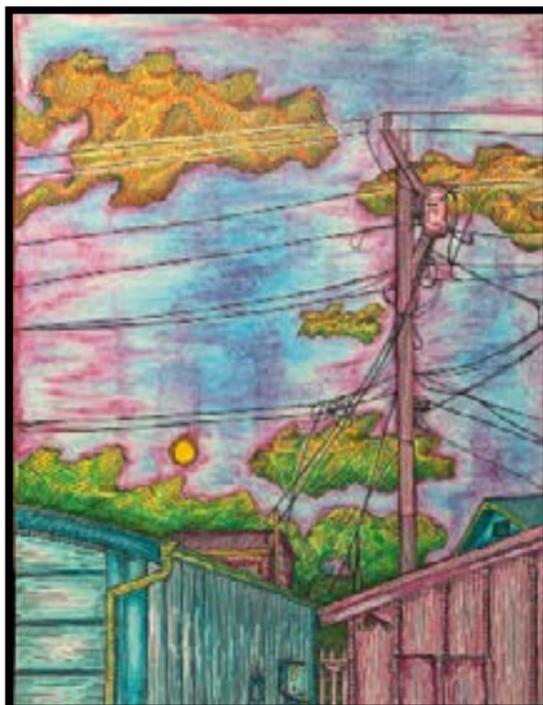
The soul of yours

The heart of mine

The soul of yours

The heart of mine

Will create a love that never dies



Dreamscape on 20th Street
Rob Englehorn

She Didn't Drink Coffee

Maria Elena El Moore

She didn't drink coffee until she was sixteen.

She Drenched it in sugar,

And Drowned it in cream.

He met her at the shop where he took his

coffee bitter.

He used no honey,

And he mocked her with a snicker.

He fascinated her with his own maturity.

His taste was sophisticated,

And he enjoyed his intellectual superiority.

He pushed her to renovate her tea-tray.

He insisted on paying,

For she can't buy it anyway.

He pushed her to drink it straight - no

chaser.

His order was forceful,

And whiskey had a burning flavor.

Her sugar was lost when he followed her

back.

Her mocha left cold,

And her tea turned black.



C2
Sophia Ripke



Taking Flight
Evelyn Schulze

The Escape Will Lead Us On

Norah Schramm

Like the wings of a bird—
Soaring over the sea—
Flowing as the written word—
Can someone hear my plea?
Deep in the mountains
Quiet and full of life—
The echo of the caverns
From the quarantine.

The heart and soul of the nation
Fits into a cage;
The courage needs an escape,
From the fear we have made.

Down in the forest of deep desire,
Our better angels left to guide,
We must hire
Imagination before the tide.

Sea glass shattered
And wind battered,
Rounded by the tempest
A North pointed compass—
For the escape will lead us on.

Out at night to watch the stars—
Crawling across the vines—
An echo of our soul—
Sleep deprived but survived.

Out across the endless night,
Where dawn turns into day,
For it is there
In the unconscious—
The best and glorious place.

Blue tinted screen—
White painted house—
A fragment of our past—
Like a shell upon the shelf.

What would we give to pounce like a
cat?
To charm our way out of the storm,
To leap across the world like a
raindrop,
Or skip across the road like a stone—

To be as tall as a tree—
Wise as an owl—
Beautiful as a butterfly—
Loud as a canyon.

It is in all of this,
The escape will lead us on.



Asilomar
Ronan Nardone

Ode to Grey

Maria Elena El Moore

Grey has a salty smell.
It creeps in-
On a Hot Summer's day.
It darkens the sky
And dampens the air.

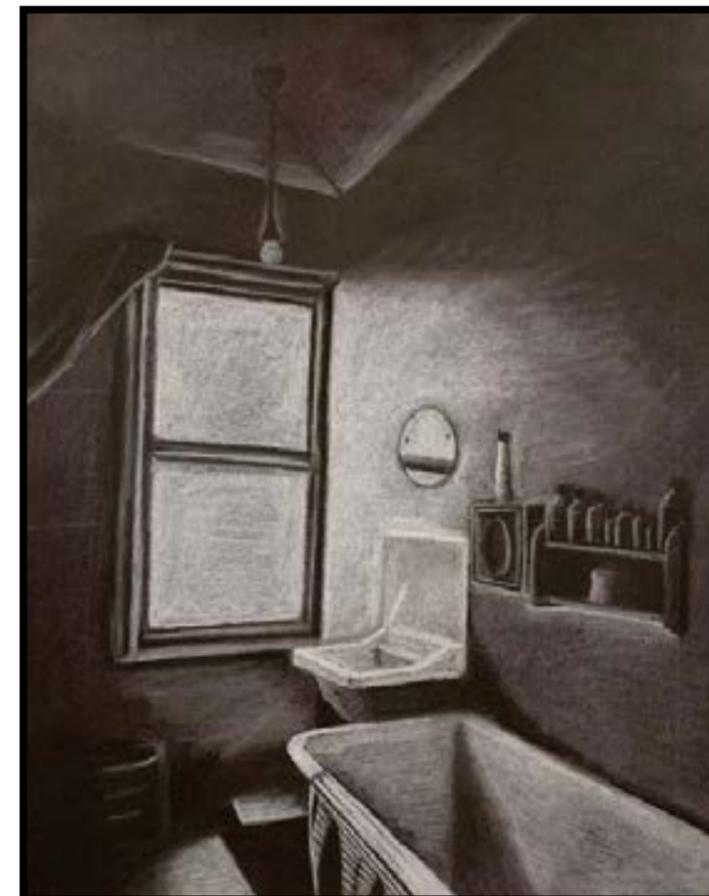
Grey sounds like the melody-
Of a seagull's cry.
Waves crashing
And Sea Lions lamenting.

Grey tastes like the
Dry feeling in your mouth,
After spending Hours
Splashing in waves.

Grey feels like a Cold Hug
It wraps you In a
Dewy blanket and places
Soft kisses on your cheeks.

People say they hate the grey
For it takes the warmth away.

But Grey pushes past
The filtered air of the night
And brings the Salty, Fresh
Air of the morning
That rises from the Tides.



Psychological Space Drawing
Sophia Ripke



Frontline Worker
Olivia Pearman

Ode to my Friends

Owen Meade

Hello Hi Hey
Ain't this a little strange
The adults finally admit that they're
afraid
And I think I'm using that as an excuse in
a way

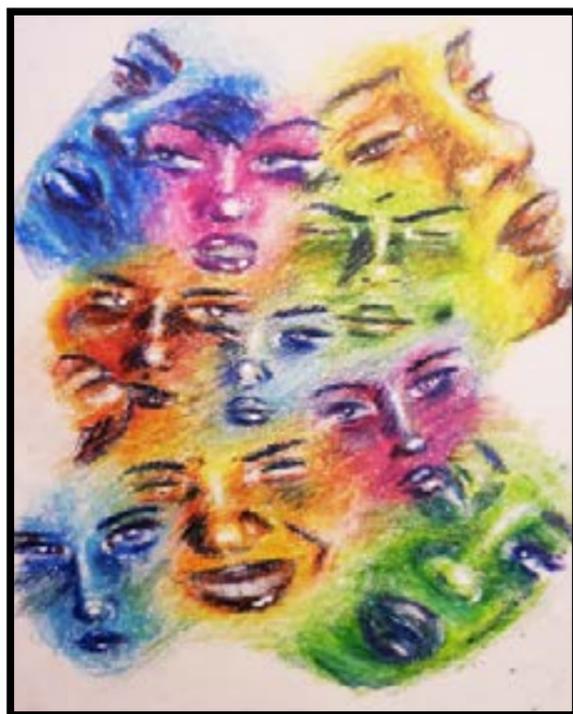
I want to apologize for being an
accidental haunting
Thoughts become daydreams where
we're actually talking
I feel like my hand in the ironies as it's
becoming molten
It's a pain I know too well but I no longer
burn so it's compulsive
And I think about you all the time yet I
never make the call
Instead of reaching towards your hands,
I always take the fall
For this broken part of my photograph
that hates the rest
Shuts down the functions that let my
love for you be expressed
So technicality make it so that it's really
not my fault
But I would give myself some wounds so
I could bathe them in salt

So now these words are in a way a sign of
desperation
This bottle's a last attempt at
communication
PS: Tell me everything that you are owed
I buy it all by the end of this ode

You are artists making these worlds come
to life
You make these ghosts of giants envious
every night
They're so far away and you're here
putting on a show
When you're all on, the past becomes like

tomorrow
When were all together there's this
unique energy
That makes me so happy when it enters
me
And you were the reason I was able to
find myself
Lost in the woods, finally found people
like himself
I'm glad to see you gain the heights you
deserved
I keep on cheering even if I seemed
reserved

I hate this disease picking at my brain
And now what stops me is this guilt
and the pain
I mean how am I supposed to fix this
disastrous mess?
It feels so one sided, so I just keep on
adding to the stress
I'm scared to talk to you and simply
confess because
What if your eyes reflect the same thing
that my mirror does?



Faces
Kayleigh McCullough

Perfect People

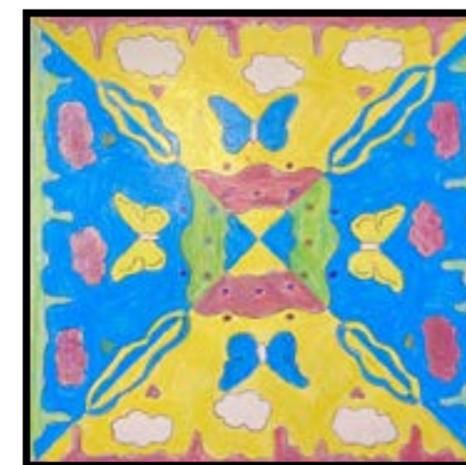
Taylor Castellon

I believe humanity is stuck inside a
maze.
Walking around in a dreary-eyed
haze.
As if the world ends just beyond their
comfort zones,
In their perfect little towns and perfect
little homes.
These narrow-minded people
With their narrow-minded ways,
Couldn't fathom a world
Where they wouldn't stray.
From their perfect little houses
In their perfect little towns,
Where everything is either
Left or right or up or down.
They think if everything's so perfect,
Why would you want to leave?
But freedom of a chosen choice
Isn't really free.
But stay inside your box
And let yourself drown
In your perfect little houses,
In your perfect little towns.
There's a better world out there
To see and to feel.
But you refuse to touch it
Or acknowledge that it's real.
Colors and Vibrance and experience,
Outside your freshly painted white
picket fence.
There is greatness out there,
Just give it a try.
Cause what's the point of living
If you only live to die?
I know this world is different
And I know this world seems odd,
But just because it's different
Doesn't have to mean it's wrong.
This is truly living,
If you know what I mean.
Cause the definition of living

Is living to be free.
It's a life full of love
And a life full of loss,
But the rules here aren't set,
So give the dice a toss.
A magnificent world
If you just reach for the sky.
Outside your perfect little houses.
And your perfect little lives.



Love and Beauty
Sophia Rudoni



Bullseye Design
Melissa Trinidad-Bernardino



Colorado Ravine
Reilly Deegan

The Pattern Bryce Smith

To Reputation:
I swear you are a religion,
But no one would thrive
Without a doubt of it

And Karma,
I don't want to write about you,
Because I'm afraid
Of what will come out of it

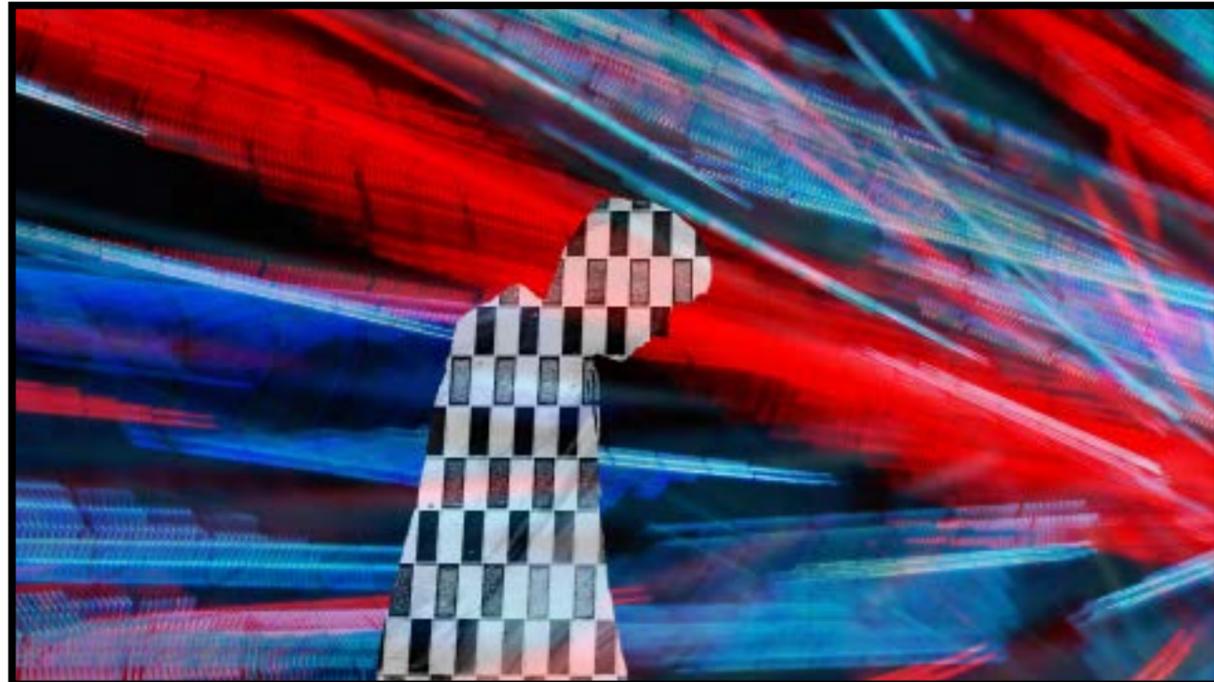
And Doubt,
You're annoying
Just leave me alone

And Fear
Is the devil who
Just sat on his throne

I hope that The Pattern
Won't haunt me again
It shows up like
Black and white on my skin



Surrealistic Eye
Drawing
Isabella Hoang



The Pattern
Bryce Smith

New York City Maria Elena El Moore

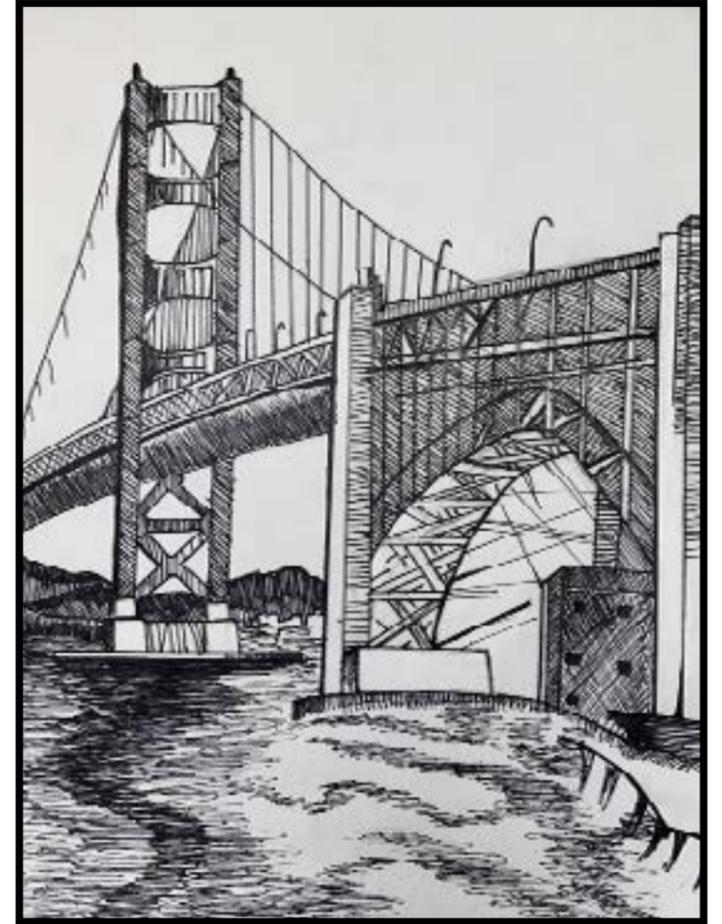
New York City: A city oozing with life.
A Place where life cracks and bursts at every seam-
A place where you look two feet behind and three feet
ahead.

A clashing, clanging of clustered
cars,
Which come crawling down the
street.
Where stop lights are optional for
pedestrians fleet.

The Wondrous warm Joys of
Central Park juxtaposed
Against the cold harsh steel
buildings.
Where a screeching train
accompany an unknown Talent--
A city where fashion lives and art
reigns king.

New York City: the City of Dreams
and shiny faces,
And streets filled with people who
never got a chance to make it.
Where the rush of sound and
whirling noise
Create an anticipatory roar excited
and unexplored.

"The Big Apple": A perplexing metaphor.
Instead, see the city as a subway car, always on the go.
With the daily exchange of people both new and old-
The city lights always flickering like the trains below.



Key to the Golden Gate
Tayla Navarro

Excerpt from Candle Queen

Josephine Jenner

I was pissed off. She had really done it that time.

The sun beat down on the market street, and I stood in the middle of it. Shifting foot to foot on the dirt, arms crossed tight over my chest, locked in a staring contest with the stained glass window above the big doors of the brick church. I didn't want to start a fight in front of the house of God, but I would if I had to.

Behind me down the market street, I could hear the men commanding in their loud voices as they made their workers set out their vendor's goods. I could hear the wagons with their creaky wheels pulled by trudging feet, owned by people with only one white scar on each of their wrists. Somewhere behind me the people chattered while they put out their food and clothes on wobbly wooden boxes to be bought once the hour was out. I just knew the loud men and their workers were shooting dirty looks at the back of my head.

I picked at my nails with my thumb and scowled at the two sets of scars shaped like plus marks on my left wrist. The sleeves of my baggy cotton shirt slipped lower on my tan freckled arms.

What-ever, I thought, because the men weren't the only ones watching me. From the bushes around the church and from the dark alleyways, sets of eyes peered out at me.

I practiced my mean faces as I looked ahead, scrunching up my nose and making my face wrinkle. I'd tied up my dark waves that day, too. I kept my hair in a tight bun like a boy's because *she* didn't deserve to see me looking ladylike.

Ding dong. I averted my eyes from the grain of the doors to face the sky. The big metal church bells started ringing back and forth. My squeeze on my sides loosened up when the doors swung open ahead of me.

The men and women flooded out of the stuffy building into the sunlight.



Molera Marsh
Laurelle Jenkins

They avoided me like I was an immovable rock in a river, and I sure felt like one. I didn't have to look at any of the faces passing me, because I knew the one I wanted to see would be right in front of me. She wouldn't dare walk by me that day.

What do you know. *Lavender*.

Right when the church doors slammed and the crowd split at the center, there she was. She balled up her gloved bronze fists at the sides of her white dress. Her smooth black hair had been plaited and reflected the sun. She screwed up her pretty face at me. I couldn't wait to sock it with my fist.

"What do you think you're doing here, shorty?" She demanded, in a sharper voice than she usually used with me.

My face reddened. She was asking for it.

She added, staring down at me.

"Aren't you supposed to be off with your other friends? Like you always are?"

"I told you, you're apologizing today," I snapped. My frown grew a little wider as I did. "Or we'll have problems."

She rolled her eyes at me.

"I mean it, Blakley. I'm not taking back what I said. They are immature, stupid, why do you care if I hate your degenerate little gang?"

My voice rose, "Cause they're my friends! I'm picking them over you, anyway. You're gone, what-ever."

I turned around and faced the crowded street because I knew it would make her mad.

She stamped her foot.

"You can't do that! You're supposed to be *my* friend."

I spun back around on my heels and tilted my head.

"I'm nobody's friend."

Then Lavender stood still. She scoffed at me.

"Well, fine, then. Did you forget my parents are sanitarians? I'll get you all arrested, I've seen your thievery--"

--That was one time!" I shouted over her. I stepped forward and so did she. "You shouldn't be talking like that when your mommy and daddy aren't around to help you."

"Go away," she grumbled. She swung her arms and hung her head as she walked. Then as she passed by, she smacked the side of my cheek with her shoulder.

I swiveled right around and grabbed her by the hair with both hands. She shrieked angrily and stumbled forward. She tugged her braid away but I held tight to her white ribbon and it came loose in my grip.

She shoved me square in the chest and I almost tripped over myself. I thought to myself, *hit her, hit her*, but I just stood still. I wasn't sure why I couldn't raise my fists.

The Pacific Grove Young
Writers' Club Presents

The Literary Magazine of
Pacific Grove High School

Spring 2021

Josephine Jenner

EDITOR AND GRAPHIC
DESIGNER

Alice Romano

COVER PHOTO

Karinne Gordon

TEACHER ADVISOR

Sponsored by the Pacific
Grove High School Young
Writers' Club

Written permission from the
editor is required to reprint
the contents in part or in
whole.



The Roaming
Janica Soro

PGHS Young Writers' Club
615 Sunset Drive
Pacific Grove, CA 93950

