

# JAGZINE



*Poetry*  
*Creativity*

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1

The Violinist

by Mercer Hanau

His very soul was engraved in the grain of the violin  
With every heartbeat  
the notes sailed  
and the wood sang

So long had they been friends  
time was forgotten  
and only the moment existed

The master was neither the man  
nor the violin  
They worked as one

Frail fingers touched the ever-humming strings  
Such a sensation did the melody create  
thoughtful and knowing

The old man doesn't play  
he joins.

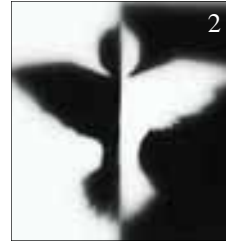


Mercer Hanau

# *Fly*

*by Carlos Rex*

*Look at me; I have always wanted to fly  
To jump and soar throughout the sky  
What I search for always, but never find  
I cannot lose what I never had  
I wish to fly, within the sky  
Free of cares, and worries  
To be a bird, on my white wings  
Flying through the sky  
But I stay grounded  
Too heavy to fly  
Bound by weights  
Weights of anger, fear and sadness  
I am too heavy to fly,  
Burdened by problems above me  
To fly, you must cast them aside  
Close your eyes  
And fly*



## A Moment

by Krystal Shillingford

A moment is all we need  
we make choices  
we say things  
it all counts in the end  
every word  
every action  
means something new  
you can say it a thousand times  
I know what it's like to be alone  
to stand out  
to have everything go away  
but so do you  
we have a day where the sun shines  
then one where it's dark and sad  
a tear drop  
an angry fit  
you're mad, yet sad  
everyday counts  
and so does every word  
you can say things and most hurt  
you can't take anything back  
I wish time would stop at points  
I want to feel like the sun is shining  
to feel it on my back  
we all need our time  
and sometimes it comes in a moment...



(From the top down)  
Pictures by:  
Maddy Miller,  
Mika Fukanaga,  
Maddy Miller.

CEREAL

by Emma Fredgant

Cereal is the food of fools,  
an idiot's caviar,  
the screaming of a thousand lost souls,  
the wicked keening of a banshee.  
If you know how to pour milk into cereal,  
you are instantly a master chef:  
People will scream for a table at your new restaurant,  
The Land of Milk and Honey Bunches of Oats.  
But only those with wisdom and taste know the idiocy  
behind those crunchy flakes, dry and lifeless like shaved bones.

Cereal tastes like bad grades  
and endless disappointment.  
It feels like all of my bad memories have gathered  
and hidden inside a box.  
Cereal smells like every rotten day  
and relationship gone sour  
has been left to ferment.  
But the sound...  
The cracking of ribs between a dog's teeth can't compare.

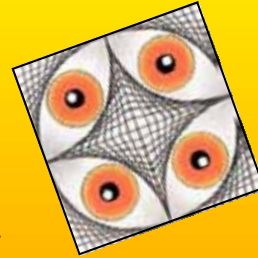
Cereal is the refuge of the thoughtless,  
for who could hear their own thoughts  
over the mind-numbingly obnoxious  
crunch  
of toasted flakes or popped rice?  
The mere mention of cereal  
makes me grimace and twitch.  
I would rather look at someone dying of the Black Death  
than taste a Cheerio.

I don't like cereal.

**(Untitled)**

by McKinley Rodriguez

Books,  
 minds,  
 Burned,  
 blown,  
 shredded,  
 by the expansive winds of time.

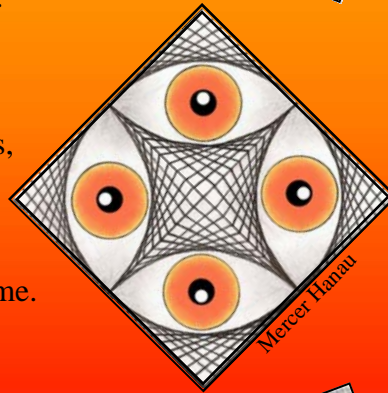


"Close your eyes,  
 open your ears,"  
 they mutter within the relentless push of  
 innocence.

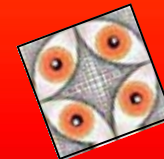


"Listen to the gentle beat  
 that pounds within the Earth.  
 It's a hamster on a wheel,"  
 they add.

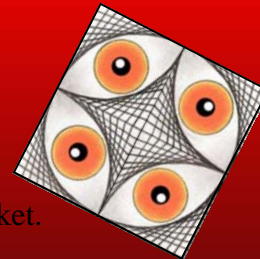
But this hamster is the birds' eyes,  
 crocodiles' snout,  
 lizards' scales,  
 and the rhinos' ears.  
 It is no more rodent than you or me.



But it has been covered  
 with the greasy,  
 concealing oil of time,  
 so that its feathers will shed water,  
 like the truth once known,  
 while others are left to drown in the monsoon  
 that must come.



Burned to a crisp.  
 The pages of a book at 451 degrees.  
 Peripheral vision is lost in the massacre,  
 yet the mourners are invisible,  
 like the money that rests in your pocket.  
 Perspective must perish as well,  
 following the lead of truth,  
 consumed with the wind of life.



## **The Kraken**

by John Hanifin

In the great blackness he slumbers,  
Awaiting a ship to pass by,  
More evil than a thousand killers,  
His soul burns to make all good die,  
The Kraken sleeps,  
Out of the blackness,  
Out of the deathly blue,  
The Kraken senses his prey,  
Sailing on with winds true,  
The Kraken awakes,  
From the great beyond,  
From the terrifying Abyss,  
The Kraken reaches for the surface,  
To null his unnatural hunger,  
The Kraken Arises,  
Norse Vikings are sailing,  
What imbeciles,  
To cross over the kraken's nest,  
Is to have a death wish,  
And the Kraken shows no mercy,  
The Kraken Attacks,  
From the calm of the ocean,  
Rises tentacles that touch the sky,  
Than with the force of ten thousand avalanches,  
He strikes,  
The Kraken feasts,  
Smashing the ship to splinters,  
Watching all the sailors die,

The Kraken swallows them whole,  
One by one,  
His hunger sedated,  
The Kraken observes,  
From the corner of ship,  
The Kraken hears the captain cry,  
“My ship my ship it is gone,”  
And the Kraken is pleased with what he has done,  
The Kraken descends,  
Falling back to the great abyss,  
Kraken enjoys causing things amiss,  
Falling back to the deathly blue,  
Falling back to the things he once knew,  
The Kraken drowsed,  
In the great blackness he slumbers,  
Awaiting a ship to pass by,  
More evil than a thousand killers,  
His soul burns to make all good die,  
The Kraken sleeps.



## Amaroq the Great Warrior

by Lindsay Swanson

Amaroq, the great warrior, silvery, sparkling coat by day,  
gleaming, silky frost white by night, has left our world, and  
has gone to live in the stars.

And while the sun still rises, and falls to the moon, there is no  
point, for they can no longer grace the shoulders of him.

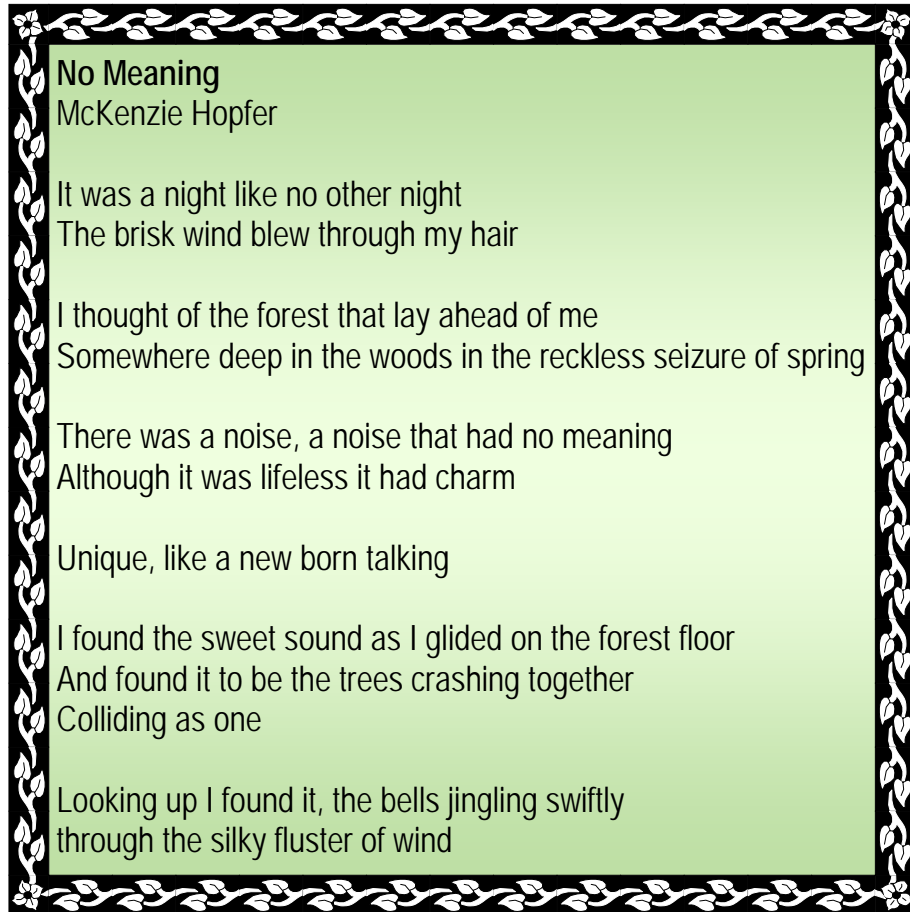
The Arctic world has ended no longer having a purpose, for the  
son, father, and leader, is gone.

But there is still hope in little Kapu, so young and playful, but  
injured by a small but deadly spherical piece of metal, capable  
of awful deeds.

And though he lives among the stars, his spirit is always with  
us. For the little wood carving now means so much, as it holds  
a powerful, sleek and agile wolf.

And Julie must now hold the wolf in her heart, instead of in  
her gaze. But the fire is not gone, for Kapu still lives on! Ready  
to follow in his fathers footsteps.





### **The Howling Night**

Dechen Yehshopa, Grade Two

Coyotes shrieking up above,  
 Trees swaying through the woods,  
 Kids tucking themselves under their covers,  
 And parents whispering to their children  
 "Don't worry my dear you'll be ok"  
 The moon makes itself  
 a crescent moon.  
 because the howl is telling the moon  
 "that I will jump over you!"

### **Yard Debris**

Spencer Machinski, Grade Two

leaves fall all around  
 make a pile outside your door  
 kids come and jump in  
 make another one in the backyard  
 the wind boy blew the leaves up in the sky and dropped them  
 sweep up them put them in a tub haul them on the curb,  
 "pew" you're right on time for the yard debris truck to come  
 wait its not my day for yard debris uh  
 now I have to haul this to the garage again

### **Falling Star**

Molly Sickler, Grade One

I looked out the window  
 I saw a falling star  
 I crept down stairs  
 The star was a light  
 It was so bright I fell down  
 It hurt my eyes to look  
 I covered my eyes and  
 turned around  
 I went up stairs  
 I looked out the window  
 The star was still in sight

## **The Rope Swing**

Kayla Robinson

As I climb up the steep steel steps, my small right hand tightly clutching the cold gray railing, I can hear the trees faintly rustling in the cold September breeze. As I near the big blue rusty giant, my heart starts to beat faster than the speed of light, and I can feel the cold biting into my thin purple windbreaker and pink scarf. I climb up the steps as fast as my 7-year-old legs can carry me, and feel solid ground as my left foot hit the tops of the jungle gym and stumbles slightly. Right there in front of me is what I had been waiting for since I laid eyes on it. The rope swing.

The tightly braided brown cord hung there, taunting me, swinging back and forth slight in the breeze. As I made my way toward the rope, my light-up Barbie shoes reassuring and guiding me the entire way, I came to the ragged blue edge and wrapped my chubby fingers around the rough twine, the ice melting and crackling in my little hands, I propelled my body off the jungle gym, and into the air.

The sound of air rushing in my ears was deafening as I raced down the cord holding the rope in the air. The trees in the park raced by as I soared through the sky. I felt more alive than I ever had. I could feel a scream bubbling up from the depths of my soul and let it pierce through my teeth and into the air. It filled my ears with excitement as I neared my final destination. At the end of the track there was a giant yellow tree. It loomed in front of me as I braced myself. 1...2...3 JUMP! The ground was suddenly under me as I rolled on my back, and looked up toward the sky, smiling the biggest smile I had ever smiled in my life. My mom quickly rushed to check me for scrapes, and embraced me in a giant hug. As we were leaving, we happened to pass the rusty giant, and I ran up the steep steel steps once more.

Over the course of my life that happened to be the first, and last time I got to go on the rope swing. I will always remember the day that I swung through the air and became the queen of the swing. The rope swing might not be there anymore, but it will always be in my heart.



Kiely Berg



Kiely Berg



Kiely Berg

(Untitled)

by Mercer Hanau

Shadows shroud the forest  
of things I have yet to discover  
and fog questions any light  
that dares to illuminate my soul  
in the dawn of my imagination.

What is real  
and what is not  
is seamless in time's reflection  
on the water's edge.

My mind swirls  
like cool air currents  
and picks up the seeds  
of what Earth has to offer.



David Wierth

(Untitled)  
by Mercer Hanau

I knew.  
I saw both futures  
laid out before me like some sort of mug shots.  
My compassion  
would not be worth its weight in gold  
or volume in blood.  
My choice  
would end badly in either vision.  
To try in some crazy act of bravery  
but risk the tears of guilt  
and disappointment.  
Or accept my own greed  
and dismiss the soul of all who come to me  
to save myself.

The mug shots stared at me.  
Pictures within pictures.  
Examining me  
Expecting me  
for once  
to think.

By Valerie Underwood

Writing seems too complex this moment  
 My mind strikes at the thought  
 And prefers to rest in visuals  
 Colors, patterns of another time.  
 Thirsty, unsated blotter on  
 Haunted visits with the  
 Antiqued clutter of souls  
 Caught between lace,  
 Lumber saws and chinaware.  
 No storying will come, not yet  
 Not yet. Immersed in a blur  
 Of tangled webs  
 Jeweled by signs of that times.  
 Come whisper me your lives  
 When cherished or hidden  
 In the silt of years.

Kindred  
 by Valerie Underwood

Womanly, whimsical and wild  
 With ringlets of escaping auburn wisps.  
 Dance booted in your swashbuckling  
 Skirt, petticoated with lace.  
 High collared and brooched  
 With second-hand castoffs and drapery rings.  
 Free as a hawk  
 Sing a guttural piercing cry.  
 Given a gift for glimpses  
 Of fairies and goblins in secret  
 Overgrown garden beds.  
 Play at words caught in your fancy.  
 Nest in a frenzy with scraps of nothing  
 Found about the city, house and forest.  
 Birthing new spirits to join  
 The Others who guard your windowsills and heart.

## Terre

by Valerie Underwood

Chrysanthemum hair, air autumn crisp  
Pale clear rose skin, many petaled  
Elf maiden  
Collector of weeds and pods  
Pebbles and pinecone smells.  
A lone wanderer,  
Trailed by a small tribe  
of children.  
Walking the wonder  
of the  
Great Circle Route.



Jackson student

## Ripples

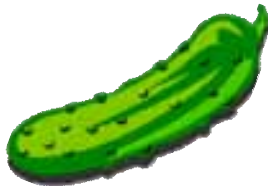
by Donald Rose

The stillness of the lake  
Serenely quiet,  
although I can hear  
My heart beating,  
So loudly  
that I can try to forget  
Her  
And the way she made me feel  
In times of emotional distress  
Beauty is dulled by the gray lenses  
Of melancholy shades  
The whisp of the clouds appear tangible  
But my hand grips and vanishes  
leaving  
Only the damp and lonely cold  
Ripples on the water  
From her callous grip  
on my heart  
as she skipped it like a stone  
and it finally  
Sunk into the depths  
Twirling down to the bottom

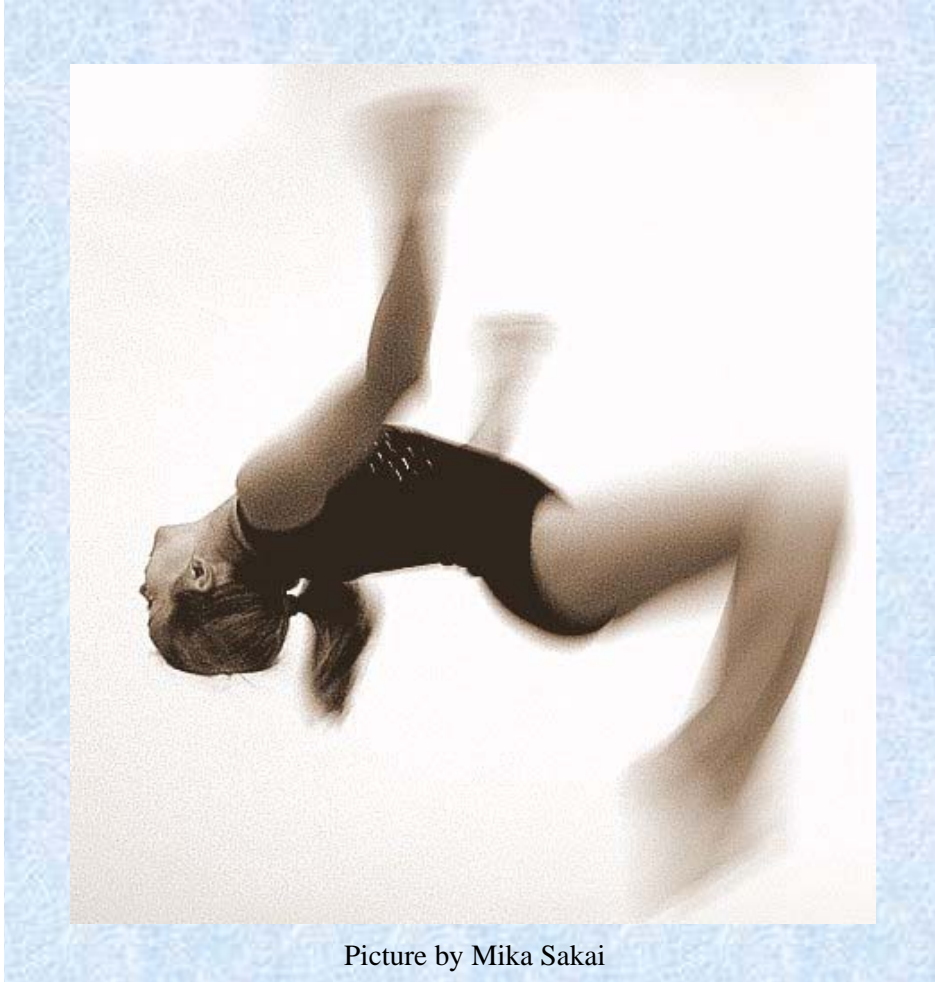
## Edo to Pickles

by Kendall Kracke

Pickles are revolting pesticides crawling over my body  
slimy sluggish slop cackling as each crunch floats into the  
atmosphere  
the salt caked specimen  
that I would never punish my taste buds  
by stuffing it down my unwilling esophagus  
the aroma of dead fish and squished bug  
are far more pleasant then the muggy salted air  
that floats into my suffocating nostril  
pickles smell like blood and algae mixed in a bowl made of  
gasoline  
pickles haunt my nightmares  
and send me bolting up at 3:00 A.M.  
they are a new book torn in half  
I would never be cruel to my own body  
by feeling the slimy lump slide down my pleading thought  
and sit indigestible in my stomach  
pickles sound like aliens invading  
and rotten eggs  
and I am flabbergasted  
that anyone would succeed in finding any sort of pleasure  
wedged inside that green bubbly pit of despair







Picture by Mika Sakai

## **Ocean Story**

by Michael Lang

As I headed out from the warm sand, I noticed the shiny pebbles shimmering at the water's edge. I stepped onto these rocks and reminded myself not to land on those upon my return. Looking up, I saw a flock of slow-moving pelicans laboring over the waves working the contours of each swell. The water reached my calves and was not warmed by my body enclosed in my wetsuit. I stood for a while to allow the water to warm before braving the shore break. I felt the sting of the salt water from the scrape from unloading my board from my car. I like the air because the salt helps my breathing as the anxious excitement speeds my journey over the briny sea.



David Wierth



Picture by David Wierth

*Traitor*

by Carlos Rex

I fight for falling angels with bleeding wings  
and the kite caught in a tree  
for children in their broken homes  
and others, that will never be free  
I fight for those with no place to go  
the runaways with nowhere to hide  
for people who want their body killed  
to match the dead soul inside  
I fight for the sinner too damned for hell  
her fall from grace so far  
for the love that cruel death chose to end  
and the love that never got to start  
I fight for the shattered who are defiant still  
who let no one see them cry  
both for those who have given up,  
and for those who continue to try  
I fight for the veteran with battle scars  
and memories haunting his brain  
for his compatriots, the ones who live still,  
and the others, who died in vain  
I fight for the people who've gone insane  
succumbed to the madness we all fight  
for the silenced, who look on with empty eyes  
too cowed to say, this isn't right

I fight for those who scream angrily  
from alcohol, their speech slurred  
and for their loved ones, who sadly walk away  
by tears, their sight has been blurred  
and for the ones that hear these perfect words  
and are broken by them, anyway  
I fight for the liar who tries not to hurt  
who always knows what to say  
I fight for those who achieve the great  
though in this game, they're only a pawn  
and for those they easily leave behind  
not knowing what they have 'til it's gone  
I fight for the dreamers who are broken  
who watch their hopes be smashed  
and also for the malicious devil  
who destroys them with a laugh  
I fight for the ruling king  
the sun, when he's shining bright  
but when his empire's overthrown,  
I serve the moon, in her realm of night.

## Others Live In Two Worlds

by Saba Zewdie

Others live in two worlds  
Never totally enjoy this time  
This place  
We reach out and are shoved away  
But we must keep loving, which is the best gift of all  
As we slowly bait  
Them out of the dark  
We are thankful we kept trying  
What would the lonely hearts  
Do without open ones?  
Every troubled soul has its match  
That keeps on trying  
And loves  
And keeps on trying  
But now I am troubled  
And in the dark  
They now reach out to us  
They now reach out to us  
Because they know how  
To love and keep on trying



Graeme Montgomery





**The Orchestra**  
By Kendall Kracke

The silence is thick in the air  
The faint voices of flutes nervously play  
Deep clarinets tell them to go on  
The snare drum pits and pats like rain

Cello's boom confidently through the atmosphere  
The faint voices of the flutes nervously play  
The sax' don't want to miss out on the fun  
The snare drum pits and pats like rain

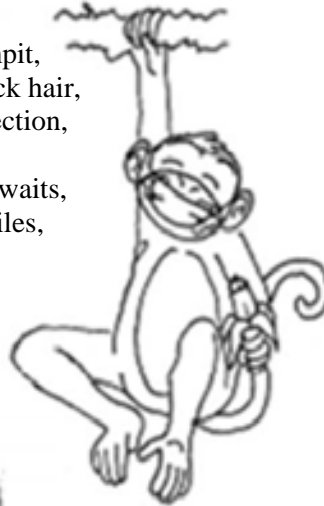
The wonderful noise vibrates through my blood  
Cello's boom confidently through the atmosphere  
The conductor proud and happy starts the grand finale  
The sax' don't want to miss out on the fun

Deep clarinets tell them to go on  
The wonderful noise vibrates through my blood  
The conductor proud and happy starts the grand finale  
The silence is thick in the air



## Happy Monkey

Euphoria,  
The scratch of an armpit,  
The pick of another's neck hair,  
A salon of love and affection,  
A banana peel,  
Enclosing the joy that awaits,  
A yellow mush of smiles,  
Perky monkey



## Sad Monkey

Flourishing in pain,  
Hand covers the face,  
Drone,  
A serene state of morose,  
Laughs start to roar,  
Sorrow begins to soar,  
Quit, ashamed monkey

## Angry Monkey

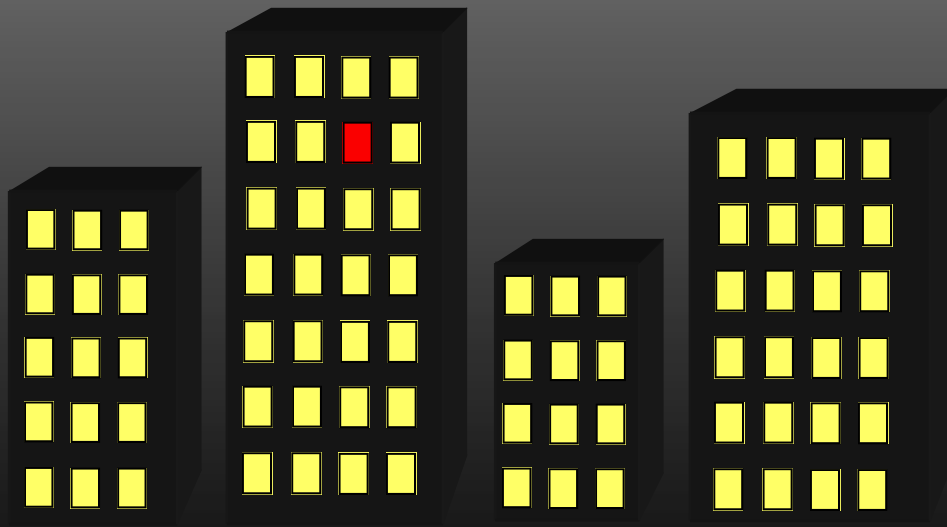
A dark shade of red,  
Tinted by the hair,  
Furry lifts,  
Depressed by love,  
Hate,  
Monkey therapy is a must,  
Help is the essential  
Anger,  
Monkey



## Painful City

by Dana Nathanson

Noises of the city stopped  
Lights flickered  
Pain poured out of a dot  
A small stream trickled down my face.  
Lights flickered  
Like busy bees people swarmed me  
A small stream trickled down my face  
My limp arm swelled.  
Like busy bees people swarmed me  
I couldn't see  
My limp arm swelled  
But I could feel an encouraging pat on the back.  
I couldn't see  
Pain emerged out of a dot  
But I could feel an encouraging pat on the back  
Noises of the city stopped.

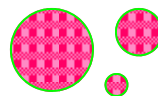


## I wonder, what am I going to be?

by Ibrahim Kassim

I am the one who loves sports.  
I wonder what am I going to be when I grow up.  
I hear the sounds I love.  
I pretend to be the best I can.  
I feel good about everything.  
I touch my heart when I make a mistake.  
I worry about my family every time when I'm alone.  
I understand what is the best for my life.  
I say no to the enemy of mine.  
I dream about what I'm going to be.  
I try to make one choice of my life but there is a lot of things I love.  
I hope I grow up fast.  
I am dreamer.  
I wish I could choose something that is wonderful for me.

## Me and my sis



by Fadumo Yusuf

She always wore a pretty pink dress with polka dots.

And when she played, she would always come back with that dress that was a mess.

And the more mess it made the less time I had to do what I wished. I would take the pink dress in to the sink and rub and rub as hard as I could until it was good as new.

## Reflected in the water

by Monica Sanchez

Reflected in the water

I saw little duck bob

And he swam away I

Cried

Reflected in the water

I saw a big smile on

My face

I'm out of the reflected

Water to go to bed

I wonder what my next

Adventure would be

For the next day

Reflected in the water

# Who we are

by Stefani Adan

We are a group of happy people.

We are English learners.

We are stars beside Mars.

We are what changes the universe.

We are people who never give up easily.

We are people who help and care about every thing.

We are humans that have open heart

We are people who at times bring joy to those who need it.

We are people who at times help one another.

We are people who understand each other.

We are people that make one another strong.

Helping each other makes us one.

We are people that help you and achieve things.

*Poetry*



*Creativity*  
*Writing*