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CROSSCURRENTS



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SPRING OF 2023

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Birds



Solis Perez-Armendariz



Drawing By:
Betty Sandgren

Ode to Hummingbirds

By Mia Pulido-Vila

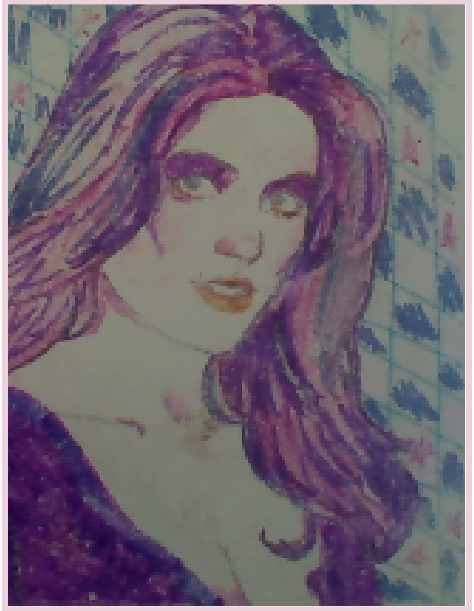
Out from the balcony
Across my window
Summer sage swaying in
sunlight
I hear chirps

They're like the wind,
So familiar
I hear it
I know it
But I can't see it.

Suddenly,
The hummingbirds whoosh out!
Two colorful hummingbirds
That come
Every day
Into the balcony
Circling the water fountain
I can't tell
If they are happy
Or maybe upset
Flying blindingly fast
With rage

I reach out
To grab my camera
Struggling to put on the lens
It slips away
And I fear of missing
That beautiful moment

But I come back,
And they're gone
Away
Into the sun
Until they come
Again



Drawing By: Zoe Metcalfe

Foods

Ode to Fried Chicken

By Sam Hafstrom

The crispy chicken thighs remind me of sunny skies,
So tender,
So juicy,
So crispy,
And most importantly heavenly tasting.

I would try different foods,
but I know now, nothing will
ever be as good
as the chicken sold in my
neighborhood.

For I condone only fulfilling
the cravings of the white
tender meat,
For this flavor is impossible
to beat,

For when the excitement
inside of me takes over,
As I hear the tender meat
rover.

Inside of my heart I find,
That the incline of the beautiful, tender, strip line,
Is a sign that maybe it's time to eat more fried chicken.
As my arteries are clogged with grease,
I can only think of that one last piece,
And how, if I do not stop,
I may become deceased.



Drawing By: Casey Lewis

Ode to Balsamic Vinegar

By Frankie Thomas

The tang
The sour
The sweetness
Is only for
The articulate taste buds
The pop
The opening
Of the lid
The glass bottle
The
Glug
Glug
Glug
Of
The delicacy
The happiness
The joy
The satisfaction
It is simple really
To create the perfect dressing
For a perfect salad
The mustard
The balsamic vinegar
The olive oil
Simple
Yet extravagant
Oh how I love
Balsamic Vinegar

Ode to Candy

By Duke Loniak

Candy

Different flavors but always sweet

They crunch, sometimes they

pack a punch

Almost always fun to munch

Giving me that gush

of sugar rush

After this I'll have to brush

Sweet & sour

Eat or devour

I bought candy,

rock candy

handy on the go

Sparkly overflow

Pleasure won't plateau

Chewy, gooey,

I believe I'd go ka-blooeey

without that sweet

delicious

candy

Bread

By Teddy Forrer

So simple, comforting

Like people it comes in all shapes and sizes, not perfect, but still beautiful

Although it is simple, it is a blessing,
food, warmth, comfort

To me it represents family

Eating laughing talking

It is a warm blanket on a winter's day

Have you never craved a slice of bread

Melted butter on top

To just sit and eat and talk

It doesn't need to be flashy

It just needs to be

So versatile just like us

Bread is everyone's friend

Pair it with butter, cheese, meat

Once a simple object can become a
wondrous spectacle of flavor

It evolves, has many shapes and forms

Sourdough, pita, to name a few

All different, but still special

Still important

A staple to the people, the meals, the
families

What started from humble beginnings
grows branches out, making amazing creations

Bread is the backbone, the building blocks of meals

Pizza would just be a mess of cheese and tomato without it

Bread is like people

Many different types

All unique and different

Helping each other rise up to create new inventions

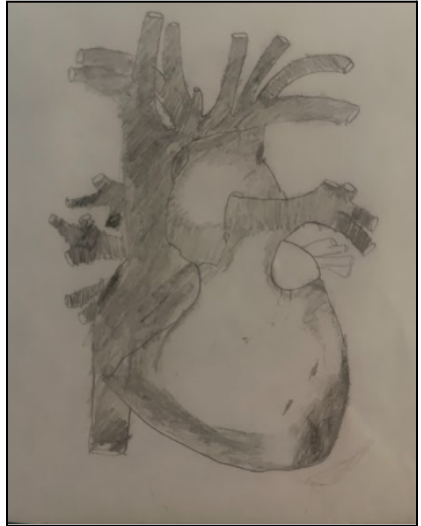
Pairing, cooperating to create stunning new advancements

People undervalue bread

It sits in the background

Happily doing whatever tasks you ask it

But bread was there first



Drawing By: Jack Wilson

It has survived for centuries
It was used by the first civilizations
So even if it's not in the foreground
Even if it is not being recognized
It knows you need it
Bread is a simple blessing
Bread is the foundation of our meals
Bread is the quiet protector of our kitchens
Bread is the warm buttery gift that comforts us
Even if we don't realize we need it
Simple, resilient, comforting
That is bread



Drawing by: Cecilia Fierro Feinstein

Ode to Pizza

by Xavier Mollo

A food for the picky and the adventurous
everyone likes it a certain way
Its presence at all parties and events
Many changes it underwent
Cheesy fruit bread at its core
Yet popular
Leaves them clamoring for more
Pineapple shall never be accepted
Customize how you like it's all the same
This never ending hall of fame
But when all is said and all is done
Pizza's not for everyone



Environment

My Cactus **By Charlie Cohen**

Your prickly exterior belies what's within,
You, my cactus, my friend, so full of grace,
You are silent yet make your presence known,
You are the reason I can come home.

With your unique shape, you are truly a sight,
A burst of nature amidst the city lights.
When life feels rough, and troubles come my way,
I take solace in the fact that you're here to stay.

A symbol of hope until the very end,
A soothing sign of relief from a workload not so fine.
Your steadfast spirit, steadfastly stands,
A shelter for my soul, in my hands.

No rustling sound, no fuss, no fray,
Just stillness and peace, in your quiet way.
And though you're gone, I still recall,
The quiet comfort, standing tall.

You, my cactus, my source of light,
A symbol of hope, that shone so bright.
May you thrive, in the world above,
A beacon of joy, to those you've loved.
So here's an ode, to you, my friend,
A memory that will never end.
May your shimmering light, forever live on,
In the hearts of those, whom you've shone upon.

But with your rotting corpse and foul stench, it's you I had to kill,
You belong in the desert, not the windowsill.

Ode to the Sunrise

By Ariella Castillo



Oh, how you bring a glimmer of hope to a new day.
You bid a “Good Morning” to the humans, animals and plants of the universe.
As you wake, they awake and you are the indication of being alive.
Your warm colors; Orange, Yellow, and Red
cannot convey anything (nothing!) less than comfort and opportunity
The sounds you bring
include the *chirps* of birds,
the *murmur* of the wind,
and the *cock- a- doodle -doo* of a rooster.
Oh, Sunrise.
Like an idea lighting the sky,
With rays growing thin to thick,
You changed the dark to light for my eyes.
You branched out like a tree and influenced the schemata in my mind.
It is without a doubt that you are not a human, animal or a place to go, but
without you I wouldn't know.
A Week?
A Month?
A Year from now?
The possibilities are through you
And through you I ponder time
‘ Now? ’
‘ Today? ’
Space, travel, sleep and wake?
Will you sunrise speak to me someday
Sunrise,
Oh, Sunrise
That at noon lights the horizon right.
That like a clear idea still in your mind you are up in the sky.
I, like the sunrise,
Am warm for life.

The Nightmare

By Mariam Yebalih

My grandmother hasn't changed much, she looks exactly as I remember. The soft brown skin forms into a dimpled smile. I hug my grandmother, as she tightly embraces me. To my surprise, she still has the necklace I made her back when I was in 3rd grade. Her skin withered, and bent into a thousand little folds that gently grip onto her face. Our mouths both spread into a half smile, apparently she was also surprised to see me.

“Bella?”

“Yes, it's me.”

We hug again and I catch a glimpse of us in the mirror. As I look in the mirror my face widens in horror, and I look at my furrowed face creasing into a thousand little folds as a scream. To my horror, the person in the mirror hugging me is not Gran. It's me only as an old person! My old self plants a kiss on my forehead and says, “Happy Birthday, Bella!”

I was aging, my face wrinkly and creased. I screamed in horror. This is all a dream I remind myself. I'm dreaming this is not actually happening. And that I wasn't all of a sudden getting wrinkles. My breathing increases rapidly and my heart rate accelerates. Suddenly, I'm

in bed. I jump out of bed and run to the restroom. As I look in the mirror all I see are a few lines on my forehead from raising my eyebrows. I am sweaty, breathing so hard that I felt like my lungs were going to burst. I realize this must have been a dream, because my grandmother has been dead for 8 years now.



The Arts

Ode to Books

By : Shane Akahoshi

Information and Imagination swirling like a storm,
From mind to paper with just a whip of a hand,
Following a guide and plan the words conform,
With description for man to understand.

They go out into the world and sit on shelves,
Tightly compressed and stuck with friends,

People look for who they are, and don't always look for themselves,
Those who look for their excitement
sometimes take them to see the
ends,

As man looks at
the depths of who
They notice that
his eye while
There are parts
and seem to give
But when they
happy for all that
constant dreading.



them and explores
they are,
man has a shine to
reading,
that make man sad
man a scar,
reach the end he is
has come but has a

Drawing By: Zoe Metcalfe

The day arrives and man counts every last-word like a doomsday clock,
He's done and doesn't know what to do and keeps them on his lap,
He thinks and ponders until something in his mind unlocks,
He puts them in his bookshelf and rustles around the house and takes a
nap.

The End

(P.S. Based on a real story)

Ode to Music

By Zoey Jaffa

The sweet serenade of a simple tune.
How its creativity can make a blossom bloom.
To the powerful beat of a marching band.
That makes me cheer and clap while sitting in those stands.
Or to musical theater how it makes me feel free
Like I can finally express who I am and just be me.
Playing an instrument can sometimes be tough.
Remembering all of those fingerings and such.
But when you come together with everyone as a whole.
Nothing else can fill your soul
As complex as music is, it truly is a simple thing.
Forget about the harmonies and melodies
It's about people and true love
Soaring high like a turtle dove
You don't need talent to be a musician
You need passion and ambition
And the willing to put yourself in a position
That you know will suck in the moment
But you have to just keep on going

Like a wave in the ocean

Flowing and flowing.

See, music is a simple thing.

Just trust it and I guarantee

That you'll find love, just like me.



Drawing By: Alisa Fox

Sports

The Game

By Aston Sethi

This game is a pain to play,
even though there is no delay,
but today my team is so bad,
they can't even add,
with their bad aim,
they look so lame,
like they don't have a brain,
now I am the only one who remains

The game is sometimes fun,
so then we start to run,
to begin our journey,
to beat the others in this journey,
in this journey we call life,
so we may have few strifes,
when achieving success,
but throughout the process,
we face many hardships

The game is sometimes a place to cope,
a place to recollect our hopes,
a distraction,
from our past actions,
a calming place,
when our mind feels like a maze,
a place to procrastinate our stress,
where there is no need to second guess,
because our problems seem to disappear like smoke

Ode To Baseball

By Grady Maynes

Baseball, a sport that's hard to hate,
It's known worldwide, and boy it is great,
Baseball makes me feel confident, like there's nothing
in my way,

There is nothing I'd do instead, than play baseball all
day.

The *crack* of the bat, and the *pop* of the glove,
Baseball is something, that I will always love,
The memories with the family, the nostalgia in the air,
When I'm playing baseball, there's no other care.

Watching from the stands, enjoying the game,
hoping that someday, I'll be in the hall of fame,
being in the big league, is a dream of mine,
baseball is on my mind, all of the time.

The love and passion for baseball, is something you
can't outmatch,

And the feeling of watching a player make the final
catch.

Reset

By: Frankie Thomas

No one really knows what happened, but sometime around a century ago, Earth went into an ice age. Prior to this ice age, “crazy” scientists had predicted a catastrophic natural disaster that would wipe out the entire human population. While most of the world refused to believe such theories, a select few decided to join the scientists in a pod that would protect them from any and all disasters that came their way for 20 years. One of those select few people is me. Now, what these scientists didn’t predict was that it would wipe our memories and reset us to the physical and mental state of babies. Yep, when the capsule opened a mere 20 years after it had been shut, there were just a couple of innocent, little babies. As a result, all technological advancements and historical records of our time were lost. Out of the 50 of us, only 20 survived the harsh conditions of modern Earth. Over the next forty years, we grew our population and created three clans. I became the head of the Freya clan, one of the most prosperous and powerful clans.

Every morning before the sun comes up, I go on my daily hunt. Each citizen of my clan is required to provide for the entire group, no matter their rank, so it would only be fair for me to do my part. As I got up this morning and made myself a meal of crunchy snow-flakes, not one person had told me they had seen a snowstorm, so I was free to enjoy the whole morning. Well, fast forward to the present, and I find myself stuck in a cavern face to face with what looks like a person half dead, half alive after escaping one of the most treacherous snow storms I have ever seen.

When I first stumbled into the cave, I thought I was all alone. However, as I looked to the back of the cave, I saw an orange flickering light, meaning that someone or something was also in the cave. Wanting to explore further, I trudged beyond the rocky debris

and climbed into a safe nook where I could get a proper view of whatever this orange light was coming from. When I got a closer look, I could not believe my eyes. About 20 feet in front of my nook, a person was holding their hands atop a big, glimmering bowl of light. I would later learn that this bowl of light is called fire. As the light reflected onto the person, I could see that they were wearing raggedy clothes, with barely any coverage.

“They must be freezing,” I thought, as I looked upon their face, speckled with small spots of mud. As I tried to shift my sight, trying to get a better view of the subject, my foot slipped, causing a mini landslide of rocks to come tumbling down toward the person. He jumped up, and with wide eyes, he called out with a rumbling voice, “Hello? Is anyone here? Show yourself, right now.”

Quivering with fear, I stepped out of my hiding spot and innocently walked towards him, “What is that?” I asked, pointing towards the orange light, “And more importantly, who are you?”. Before I could do anything else, I saw a fist plunging toward my face and my mind suddenly went dark.

As I started to drift back into my consciousness, I realized I was stuck in a cage. Suddenly, realizing I was stuck, I pulled back and forth on the bars of the cage, desperately trying to get out, but there was no answer...the person who captured me was gone, yet the glowing haze they had lit was still alive, lighting the entire cave up. While I was looking around the cave, trying to find a material that I could use to escape from the cage, I heard a pitter-patter sound of footsteps—a light run. As my captor ran inside the cave, I sunk into the bottom of my cage, pretending to be unconscious.

“I saw you awake, you shouldn’t pretend”, he grumbled. While sitting back up, I answered, “Who are you?”

“Prometheus”

“No, *who* are you? How did you get here?”

There was a period of silence before he responded, “I’m from another world, I was kicked out”

“Care to explain *that*?” I said, pointing to the glowing flames.

“Fire, it's a gift from my previous world”

“And how does this have anything to do with locking me in a cave?”

“If they found out you discovered fire, I would be in a lot of trouble” he responded. Trying to distract Prometheus, I politely asked him to fetch me a glass of water, claiming I was extremely thirsty. After he agreed, he turned his back to me—and very quickly, the quietest I could, I grabbed the key out of the back pocket of his raggedy shorts. As he went outside to get the water, I took the key and swiftly unlocked the cage door. I had little time to spare, but I grabbed a wooden stick and transferred the blazing fire onto it. Finally, I ran for my life. Dodging the eyesight of Prometheus, I slipped out of the cave and sprinted back home, being careful to keep the fire alight.

As I entered my clan's threshold, faces turned towards me, and smiles turned into frowns and expressions of anger. As people began to crowd around me and my torch of fire, I made the quick inference that bringing this new advancement to my people was a very, very bad idea.

The End

ODE TO SCOUT (THE CUTEST DOG EVER)

BY JAXON GULKO

Oh Scout, faithful companion of mine,
Your wagging tail and barking so fine,
A bundle of cute, a heart of gold,
Your love, unwavering, never grows old.

Your fur, as soft as a fluffy cloud,
With ears that wag, up and down
And eyes that gleam, reflecting the sun,
Your beauty, shown by the admiration of everyone.

You roam the halls, chasing after food,
With hunger and excitement, for all you chewed,
Your bark, a shield, protect us from harm,
A faithful guardian, you act as an alarm.

Your loyalty, an example for all,
A bond, unbreakable, standing tall,
A friend, a mate, a family member too,
Oh Scout, our love for you will forever be true.



Drawing By: Michael Gokey



Drawing by: Lilian Minzenberg



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