STUCK IN A FLUX

ISP LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE

FALL 2014

VOLUME 12
Announcing the Logo Contest Winner!

Adults and media have many words for describing teenagers. Sullen. Rebellious. Uncommunicative. Moody. Yet *Stuck in a Flux* presents a different set of words. Thoughtful. Colorful. Reflective. Full of life. Purposeful. This latest Fall 2014 edition of *SIAF* shows the wealth of ideas ISP students have about life and love. The cover art and layout also was created with plenty of color and movement, which is meant to artfully show that we are more than what the media paints us to be. This edition doesn’t just show student submissions but also includes a poem by Gary Turk, a spoken-word poet that inspires us to be more than the status quo.

This year, we have undertaken many projects. We have involved students in a couple of spoken-word poetry and performance projects at the Arts Fest, and our staff has been very active at gathering submissions, voting, fundraising and appreciating poetry and art in the real world.

To this end, we are excited and proud to announce the winner of our logo contest. We asked students from Nelson Hackin’s graphic design class, as well as any other student willing to participate, to collaborate with *SIAF* to create an original graphic logo that reflects the spirit of our magazine. The new logo was selected by votes from the *SIAF* staff—the same staff that votes on all of our submissions. This logo will be used as our gmail signature for communicating with submitters as well as on our Facebook group page.

Congratulations Dixie Waigel! Your logo embodies everything we want *SIAF* to be!

With love and pride,
Ms. Anna Ayala

Faculty Advisor of Stuck in a Flux
DEAR READER,

It’s been amazing so far experiencing *Stuck in a Flux* grow and strive to become something more than just a high school literary arts magazine - it has become a part of our lives, allowing each and every one of us to express who we are through a creative outlet. The cover of this edition portrays adolescents engaging in different activities and hobbies; our purpose is to show that everybody is different and has a story to tell. We all have a voice that desires to be heard. As the editors, we are proud to say that SIAF has received the most publicity than ever before. We are thankful to everyone who makes an effort to contribute to this magazine. We have received amazing submissions and discovered great talents from many of you, and we hope that your creative power will only continue to expand.

Sometimes, life passes by so quickly that we forget to take a step back and appreciate our experiences and what we’ve accomplished. Throughout this twelfth edition, allow yourself to look around and acknowledge the different forms of expression, and most importantly, let that inspire you. In no other place have we ever seen students who are able to create such beautiful art. *Stuck in a Flux* is here for you to embrace your talents, not hide them! After all, the nature of a flower is to bloom.

*Stuck in a Flux* brought out the best of us - a part of us we have never seen. And it’s all thanks to you.

WITH GREAT LOVE,
MEGHNA BELLANI & ISABELLA HO
EDITORS IN CHIEF
HELPLESS HOPE

BY
DANIEL LONDOÑO
GRADE 11

ARTWORK BY
ISABELLA SETTA
GRADE 11
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JULIE PATSALIDES
GRADE 12
"THE WORLD IS dark AND light IS PRECIOUS.
COME CLOSER, DEAR READER.
YOU MUST TRUST ME.
I AM TELLING YOU A STORY."

- KATE DICAMILLO, The Tale of Despereaux
Pertinent solitude paints an image,
Of long forgotten art, of futile expression
Silenced by piercing words of speechless digression,
An oppressed town, a dreary lone village.

Quenched the thirst of mere artistic hope,
Thrown away, the brittle brush that once created
Within the blank canvas of remorseful thought
As the prolific spark of the heart incinerated.

The confined fear, smudged by sorrows,
Unwound perplexity that severs the art,
Finding regression in drawings as hollow
As the stencil of prospect that was torn apart.

Ignorant colors faded away the soul
That roamed vividly with incarcerating divinity
Across the blood-stained and ash-tinted coal
Distorting her memory through restless infinity.
Some people are beautiful because they smell like roses or look like art or feel like the warmth of a hot summer’s day.
You are beautiful because you taste like blackberries.

You are the darkness that hides its sweetness. The bitter after taste of cigarettes. You are this icy night and this black forest.
And you are Beautiful.

You are the heavy breaths of children when the crying is over. You are the rain clouds and the lightning that slashes the air between them. You are the bare winter trees creeping in the night.
And you are Beautiful.

You are the fall of autumn leaves. You are the distant sound of parties lighting up the night. You are the last breath puffed out of a dying man’s lips.
And you are Beautiful.

You are the second before the roller coaster plummets. You are the whispered secrets in empty hallways. You are the black crow that stares from the trees.
And you are Beautiful.

You are the darkness that makes light possible. You are the 2 am confession that brings strangers together. You are the tingles on their lips at the end of the night.
And you are Beautiful.

Some people are beautiful because they smell like roses or look like art or feel like the warmth of a hot summer’s day.
You are beautiful because you taste like blackberries.
ARTWORK BY ISABELLA NUCCIO
GRADE 12

TECHNICOLOR
BY ISABELLA DERLON
GRADE 11
SNOW WHAT?
BY MARCELLO BRITTO
GRADE 12

CRYSTAL
BY YOOLERN KIM
GRADE 11

RESTING PLACE
BY YSABELLE YU
GRADE 11
Hatred is a good drink, a real seriously buff alcoholic beverage.
A little sip is accelerating, burns your throat a little.
You might be repulsed by it at the start.
Yet, millions of alcoholics are certain that this thirst quencher will erode through you.
This magic alcohol will erode a river through the sturdiest stone.
It shall form an ecosystem in you that revolves around it.
This creek of spite will be the life source of you.
It will feed all the beasts that reside hidden in the forest of your psyche.

When the river becomes an ocean, it will have to spread and drown those around you.
You will begin to hate people for no reason.
They might have sprinkled you with some mistakes, but your drunken hate, oh.
Your drunken hate shall create a tsunami.
A titanic wave that will consume the sincere reasons and apologies.
Of those who wrong you.

And when all that is left of your social life is a miserable wreckage.
When all that is left is debris composed of happy images and memories.
That’s when you will join the emotional AA, called apologizing.
At first, attending to an apology session is more repulsive than that initial sip of hate.
Yet, these sessions will also cumbersomely rebuild what once was an amazing city.
A metropolis with skyscrapers of friendship.
I have 422 friends, yet I am lonely. 
I speak to all of them every day, yet none of them really know me. 
The problem I have sits in the spaces between 
Looking into their eyes, or at a name on a screen. 

I took a step back and opened my eyes, 
I looked around and realized 
That this media we call social is anything but, 
When we open our computers and it’s our doors we shut. 

All this technology we have, it’s just an illusion. 
Community companionship, a sense of inclusion. 
But when you step away from this device of delusion, 
You awaken to see a world of confusion. 

A world where we’re slaves to the technology we mastered, 
Where information gets sold by some rich, greedy bastard, 
A world of self-interest, self-image and self-promotion, 
Where we all share our best bits, but leave out the emotion. 

We’re at our most happy with an experience we share, 
But is it the same if no-one is there? 
Be there for your friends and they’ll be there too, 
But no one will be if a group message will do. 

We edit and exaggerate, crave adulation. 
We pretend not to notice the social isolation, 
We put our words into order and tint our lives aglistening. 
We don’t even know if anyone is listening. 

Being alone isn’t a problem, let me just emphasize. 
If you read a book, paint a picture, or do some exercise, 
You’re being productive and present, not reserved and recluse, 
You’re being awake and attentive and putting your time to good use. 

So when you’re in public and you start to feel alone 
Put your hands behind your head, step away from the phone. 
You don’t need to stare at the menu, or at your contact list, 
Just talk to one another; learn to co-exist. 

I can’t stand to hear the silence of a busy commuter train 
When no one wants to talk for the fear of looking insane. 
We’re becoming unsocial, it no longer satisfies 
To engage with one another, and look into someone’s eyes. 

We’re surrounded by children, who since they were born, 
Have watched us living like robots, who now think it’s the norm. 
It’s not very likely you’ll make world’s greatest dad, 
If you can’t entertain a child without using an iPad. 

When I was a child, I’d never be home 
Be out with my friends, on our bikes we’d roam 
I’d wear holes on my trainers, and graze up my knees 
We’d build our own clubhouse, high up in the trees. 

Now the park’s so quiet, it gives me a chill 
See no children outside and the swings hanging still. 

You can watch the video here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z7DLv6FX9oY
There's no skipping, no hopscotch, no church and no steeple
We're a generation of idiots, smart phones and dumb people.

So look up from your phone, shut down the display
Take in your surroundings, make the most of today
Just one real connection is all it can take
To show you the difference that being there can make.

Be there in the moment, that she gives you the look
That you remember forever as when love overtook
The time she first held your hand, or first kissed your lips
The time you first disagreed, but you still love her to bits.

The time you don't have to tell hundreds of what you've just done
Because you want to share this moment with just this one
The time you sell your computer, so you can buy a ring
For the girl of your dreams, who is now the real thing.

The time you want to start a family, and the moment when
You first hold your little girl, and get to fall in love again.

The time she keeps you up at night, and all you want is rest
And the time you wipe away the tears as your baby flees the nest.

The time your baby girl returns, with a boy for you to hold
And the time he calls you granddad and makes you feel real old.

The time you've taken all you've made, just by giving life attention.
And how you're glad you didn't waste it, by looking down at some invention.

The time you hold your wife's hand, sit down beside her bed,
You tell her that you love her and lay a kiss upon her head.
She then whispers to you quietly as her heart gives a final beat
That she's lucky she got stopped by that lost boy in the street.

But none of these times ever happened, you never had any of this.
When you're too busy looking down, you don't see the chances you miss.

So look up from your phone, shut down those displays
We have a final act existence, a set number of days
Don't waste your life getting caught in the net,
As when the end comes, nothing's worse than regret.

I'm guilty, too of being part of this machine,
This digital world, we are heard but not seen.
Where we type as we talk, and we read as we chat
Where we spend hours together without making eye contact.

So don't give into a life where you follow the hype
Give people your love, don't give them your 'like'
Disconnect from the need to be heard and defined
Go out into the world, leave distractions behind.

Look up from your phone.
Shut down that display.
Stop watching this video.
Live life the real way.
**SUMMER SEAS**  
*by Amanda Wegener*  
*Grade 11*

**GRAINS OF TRUTH**  
*by Marcello Britto*  
*Grade 12*

**SOLITUDE**  
*by Francesca Ogilvie*  
*Grade 12*
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NATALIA LISTE
GRADE 11

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARIA LORENA MARIN
GRADE 11

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
YOOLERN KIM
GRADE 11

ENDLESS STARE
BY YOOLERN KIM
GRADE 11
“Look at you. You’re young. And you’re scared. Why are you so scared? Stop being paralyzed. Stop swallowing your words. Stop caring what other people think. Wear what you want. Say what you want. Listen to the music you want to listen to. Play it loud and dance to it. Go out for a drive at midnight and forget that you have school the next day. Stop waiting for Friday. Live now. Do it now. Take risks. Tell secrets. This life is yours. When are you going to realize that you can do whatever you want?”

- Louise Flory
Falling.
We fear it and admire it.
Things that fall break, but can also be caught by fragile hands.
The sense of being lost completely or caught by someone brings hope.
Or despair.
Don't lose that.
Whatever lies ahead. Don't lose it.
People say you should hide your flaws
Under clothes, under makeup, under false impressions.
What they don't realize is the story behind these so-called imperfections.
The lines that appear when you smile
Tell of stories when you'd laugh like a child.
The bags under your eyes
When you tried to stay up all night
From chasing the sun in the moments that flew by.
That scar on your hand when you burned yourself
From baking too much cake,
Those stretch marks under those clothes
With all the love you'd give but never take.
Flaws don't make you a monster
They make you human.
It is a map of your existence and where you've been.
Cover them up and you've lost your way,
If they don't like you, they don't deserve your time of day.

"Love is a fire, but
whether it is going to
warm your heart or burn
down your house, you can
never tell."
- Joan Crawford

You don’t know what its like to be lonely
To lose all hope
To wonder when the pain will end.
You cannot see the end of the tunnel,
But you endure:
Just a little more, you tell yourself.
Just a little longer.
And then, suddenly, you're there,
You have arrived:
The promise land
But its not what you expected;
Its just a bleak, dark, world
With no hope at all
But what you allow yourself

"Love is our true destiny. We do not find the meaning of life by ourselves alone. We find it with another."
- Thomas Merton

"The Real Behind the Ideal"
By Marcello Britto
Grade 12

"Canvas"
By Ysabelle Yu
Grade 11
OPPOSITES
BY PEDRO GUIMARAES
GRADE 11

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JASON RYU
GRADE 12

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GERARDO SCHEUFLER
GRADE 11
‘I’ll be okay,’ they’ll say.
It happens everywhere yet no soul sees.
They’re out there, deadly, hurtful, a disease
Once it gets to you it hits you hard
Feeling there’s no cure, you feel wounded, scarred.

‘I’ll be okay,’ she’ll say.
“Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me,” they said.
They’re lies, all lies, the words stay in your head
They affect you, they control you, they change you, for the worse
You become its slave, you drown in the words, it’s a curse.

‘I’ll be okay,’ he’ll say.
They said a rainbow comes after the rain,
But all I see is the mud left behind, scurrying into a drain,
Filled with nothing but more pain.
Yet there’s nothing you can do
It will come and hit you, too
And life will get tougher
And you will suffer
And you will cry
And you will want to die.

‘I’ll be okay,’ you’ll say.
But you know the bruises won’t fade away
The victims out there are drowning
And they won’t show their struggle
They never do.
Because nobody notices, nobody glares
No one reacts, does anyone care?

Every thought will be a battle,
Every day will be a war,
It will be hard, you will bleed.
But promise me one thing, please.
Whatever you do, don’t let them win.
Never give up.
You’ll be okay.

"MONSTERS ARE REAL. GHOSTS ARE REAL, TOO. THEY LIVE INSIDE US, AND SOMETIMES, THEY WIN."
- STEPHEN KING

"SOME PAINTERS TRANSFORM THE SUN INTO A YELLOW SPOT, OTHERS TRANSFORM A YELLOW SPOT INTO THE SUN."
- PABLO PICASSO

"IF YOU’RE TRYING TO ACHIEVE, THERE WILL BE ROADBLOCKS. I’VE HAD THEM; EVERYBODY HAS HAD THEM. BUT OBSTACLES DON’T HAVE TO STOP YOU. IF YOU RUN INTO A WALL, DON’T TURN AROUND AND GIVE UP. FIGURE OUT HOW TO CLIMB IT, GO THROUGH IT, OR WORK AROUND IT."
- MICHAEL JORDAN

- Anonymous
“Try to imagine a life without timekeeping. You probably can’t. You know the month, the year, the day of the week. There is a clock on your wall or the dashboard of your car. You have a schedule, a calendar, a time for a dinner or a movie. Yet all around you, timekeeping is ignored. Birds are not late. A dog does not check its watch. Deer do not fret over passing birthdays. Man alone measures time. Man alone chimes the hour. And, because of this, man alone suffers a paralyzing fear that no other creature endures: a fear of time running out.”

- Mitch Albom, The Time Keeper
Take a piece of paper, crumple it up, stomp on it hard but don’t rip it apart. Now try to unfold it, smoothing it out, look at the mess, at the dirt, at the scars. Say that you are sorry, say that you are sad, but in the end, will it change the pain in my heart? Say that you are sorry, say all you want. Your words in my hands and knives in my heart, do you even realize what you have done? Say that you are sorry, say that you are sad, it doesn’t matter, I’m breaking apart.

Toxic. Poisonous, deadly, noxious. Most of the time it causes pain, eating your insides until you are no more. Some say love is like that. The more you love someone, the more delusional you get. It blinds you, it frightens you. And yet, you want more. It gives you great elation. It brings you ecstasy. But my dear, love is a drug. It's fatal, It's deadly, It's poisonous. Love will eat your insides out, until you are no more.

Forget my voice, the words I spoke; Forget my laugh, and leave the smoke; Forget my eyes, there is no return; Forget my smile, and let the letters burn; Forget my smell that you once loved; Forget my name that’s in your heart.
What Will Matter

“Ready or not, some day it will all come to an end. There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours or days. All the things you collected, whether treasured or forgotten, will pass to someone else. Your wealth, fame, and temporal power will shrivel to irrelevance.

It will not matter what you owned or what you were owed. Your grudges, resentments, frustrations, and jealousies will finally disappear. So too, your hopes, ambitions, plans, and to-do lists will expire. The wins and losses that once seemed so important will fade away.

It won’t matter where you came from or what side of the tracks you lived on at the end. It won’t matter whether you were beautiful or brilliant. Even your gender and skin color will be irrelevant.

So what will matter? How will the value of your days be measured?

What will matter is not what you bought but what you built, not what you got but what you gave.

What will matter is not your success but your significance.

What will matter is not what you learned but what you taught.

What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage or sacrifice that enriched, empowered or encouraged others to emulate your example.

What will matter is not your competence but your character.

What will matter is not how many people you knew, but how many will feel a lasting loss when you’re gone.

What will matter is not your memories but the memories of those who loved you.

What will matter is how long you will be remembered, by whom and for what.

Living a life that matters doesn’t happen by accident. It’s not a matter of circumstance but of choice.

Choose to live a life that matters.”

- Michael Josephson

Learn more about Josephson here: http://charactercounts.org/home/index.html
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