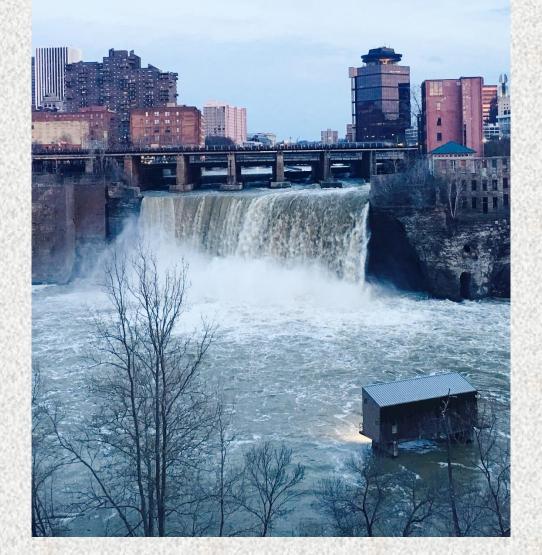
Namer Beauty



Wilson High School 2016-2017 Literary Journal

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Cover Photo: .Carmen Alcantara

Back Cover:Devin Gray

Staff Adviser: Mr. Burns

* Created from a 'found poem' assignment based on Eugenia Collier's "Marigolds"



The Master of Ballantrae. Not buried " said I; and then, taking up fourage ast, "Sir William" sald I "unless I were to tell you a long story, which much concerns a noble family (and myself not in the least, it would be impossible to make this matter clear to you San the word, and I will do it right or wrong. And, at any release, will say so much, that my lord is not so crazy as he seems. This is a strange matter, into the tail of which ve was unhappily drifted. I desire none of your sales replied Sir William; but I will be plain at the hisk of incivility, and confess that I take little pleasure in my present company." "I would be the last to blune you, said I, "for that. I have not asked other for your cosure or your praise sir returned Sir William II desire simply to be quittor you; and to that effect, it put a boat and comple of men at your disposal. is fairly offered," said I, after reflection ust saffer the to say a word upon the the The matter or not are man has go on his master's grave, his ite at least, if in gi Can, to save of There is not circumstance had some e qualities

The brown, crumbly dust of late summer

Is what I remember, it was a bummer

Whenever the memory of marigolds flashes across my mind

I feel nostalgic and I stop feeling happy because it was such a destructive time

Time and time again the vision of Miss Lottie's marigolds haunts my soul

I always thought I had a purpose, a goal, for destroying the marigolds, but now my heart has a giant hole









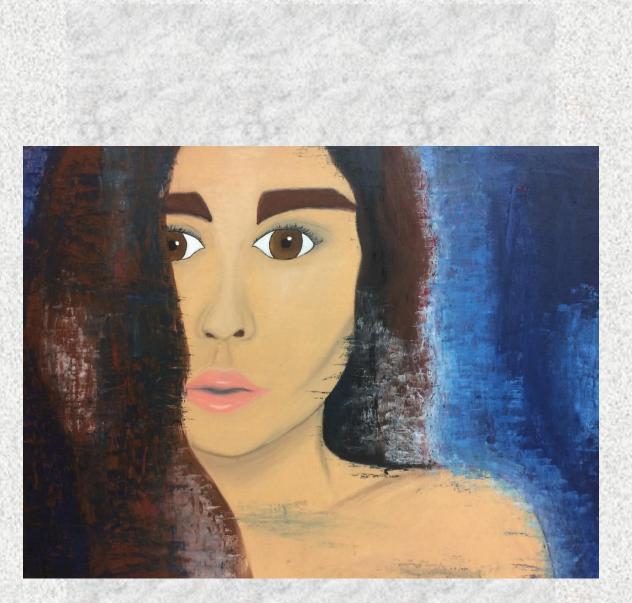


Remembering Hope

Truth was that we were becoming tired
We wanted and we wanted
But God was chary with miracles
Perhaps we wanted for a miracle
I don't know what it was that we were waiting for
I was suddenly more woman than child
I feel again the chaotic emotions of adolescence
A brilliant splash of sunny yellow against the dust
I was still child enough
But old fears have a way of clinging like cobwebs







I remember

When I think of the hometown of my youth's all that I seem to remember is dust.

I remember the dry September of the dirt roads and grassless yard of the shantytown.

I remember in those days everybody we knew was just as hungry.

I remember poverty was the cage in which we all were trapped and our hatred of it was still the vague.

I remember the two babies have been sent to the relatives who might care for them better than we.

I remember running together and combining like a fresh watercolor painting left out in the rain.

I remember the boards that remained upright from leaning together like a house that a constructed from cards.

I remember the squeaky rocking chair that Miss Lottie's son sat in.

I remember storming the flowers and laughing wildly and senselessly at Miss Lottie's impotent rage.

I remember I was running as if the furies were after me as perhaps they running silently and furiously until I came to where I had known I was headed to Miss Lottie's yard.





