

SAIL



**VOL 13
DEEP RUN HIGH
SCHOOL
2014-2015**

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The staff members of Deep Run Literary Magazine do not disqualify entries on basis of race, gender, or age. The authors and artists, however, must be students at Deep Run High School at the time of the magazine's publication. After this first barrier is passed, the entries are then selected by quality of submission and/or relevance to theme of magazine.

SAIL

VOLUME 13

DEEP RUN HIGH SCHOOL

2014-2015

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The Mailman

Clare Carter

The store is small. I've never been to this part of town before, but I mean, the place I'm standing in front of looks interesting enough. It has a small door but a big sign, a lame name but the windows are pretty elaborate. Like, blue shutters and all of these red designs painted around the edges.

I'm definitely intrigued enough to go inside.

Its bright, colorful lights hanging from the ceiling on thin gray cords. It's a very long store, not too wide but deep, with various sections. I see stairs off to the left, clothing racks, and glass displays.

There're not many people in the store—a sales person with a nose ring and an eyebrow piercing stands in the middle, four counters trapping him in a small box with a cash register and a computer. There's also a mom and her son going up the stairs, and a girl in the back of the store looking through the jacket section of the clothing portion of the place.

I slowly walk over to her, because, well, I like cool, old jackets too, even though I'd prefer if I was looking through them by myself.

They're divided into two groups—on the left side of the rack are the vintage coats, real, authentic, old ones that people have turned in for a ton of money, and a new side, where much cheaper jackets that look like the real, authentic old coats hang.

The girl is average height, with straight brown hair that's cut short, coming to a stop just under her chin. She's wearing purple skinny-jeans and a plain black t-shirt, along with three silver rings on her right hand. She glances at me and gives me a small, toothless smile. "You looking for a snazzy coat too?"

I quickly look through a few jackets as I shrug, a blush already creeping up my neck. I never talk to someone I don't know unless I have to. "I've never been over here. The store looked interesting."

"Well, you chose the right store." The girl pulls out one of the old jackets; it's black with big golden buttons that look like they're on their last legs. "Sometimes the coats come with a card that tells you where they came from, or as much as the owner knows about them, but sometimes the people that turn them in don't know anything, or don't wish to disclose that information."



She looks around the coat for a tag, opening it and peeking up the sleeve, but from what I can tell, there isn't any except the one that names the price. "Like this one. But I think they're more mysterious this way."

She tries the jacket on and shows it off for me. She's petite, so the coat is actually pretty big on her, but it suits her too, somehow.

There's this feeling in my stomach, and my blush recedes as I raise an eyebrow challengingly. I search through the vintage coats and find a big gray one with a huge collar and buttons and pull it on over my frame.

The girl whistles. "Nice. But not as good as this." She gestures to herself and her black coat.

So, suddenly, I'm in the mist of a giant coat competition with a stranger in the middle of a store called *Oldies*.

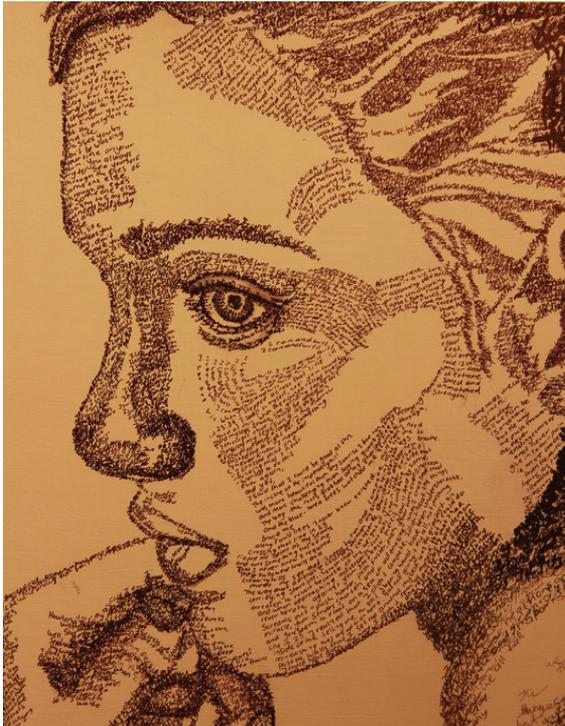
Art Credit: Patrick Williams

Which is the weirdest thing ever, because I'm the most shy, introverted person on the planet. There's just something about this whole situation and this girl that's making me weirdly confident.

We find top hats, scarves and crazy glasses. Soon it's almost like a fashion show, and she's rushing into the dressing room to change into long black pants and crazy shirts and vests that remind me of my father. She always looks great, but when I change into something else and she tells me I do too I think she's lying for my benefit.

When she's back in her regular outfit, except for a thick blue coat with a black scarf and black top hat, and I'm wearing a full-blown tuxedo, along with a top hat of my own and golden rimmed glasses with a pink hue in the lenses, the guy that was behind the counter approaches us with a smile.

"You two are, like, the best customers I've seen in a long time." He points at the girl. "You've been in here before, right? With the big fellow?"





She nods, holding out her hand. “I’m Shay. The big fellow’s name is Jefferson, but call him Jeff because he hates it.”

“It’s nice to meet you. I’m Jack.” He turns to me expectantly.

“I’m Grayson.” I want to say something more, a funny remark or something like Shay just did about her friend, but I can’t think of anything, so I just shake the guy’s hand.

Jack jerks a thumb towards the door, raising his pierced eyebrow. “Hey, would it be okay if I take your picture in front of the door? For advertisement purposes and stuff? You don’t have to show your faces or anything.”

Shay beams. “Yeah! Sure!” She looks up at me.

Do I want my picture taken? I’ve never found myself anywhere near attractive; I have musty blonde hair that I can never style right so it just ends up long and ridiculous, and a tan, freckled face with too many scars. But looking at Shay, who looks like she was just given the moon, how can I say no?

Jack takes us outside and positions us next to the door in front of one of the windows with the blue shutters and red designs. He tells Shay to look down and put a hand on the rim of her top hat, like she’s saying hello to someone across the way.

“Grayson, I’d like you to just look at the camera and smile, all right? Your glasses should do all the work in protecting your identity and stuff.”

I do what he tells me too, but I blush the whole time.

I’m too shy for this.

Art Credit: Kayla Bridges

What I Remember of Food

Biz Rasich

I still remember that

I ate a Spongebob ice cream bar
on a stick and I sat on the cracked brick
front steps of my house to lick around
two gouged gumball eyes that were slowly
dripping down in two black trails

and that

I drank a CapriSun at the practice of
my fifth grade trivia team and I let the
fruit punch flavored liquid glide down my
throat drop by drop as I answered questions
about Greenwich time and Roman numerals

and that

I found a letter my friend never sent to the
American Girl magazine and it asked them
how she could politely convince me to stop
eating all of the grapes in her fridge

and that

my grandparents took me to a
house party high up on a hill and I spent
the evening eating watermelon slices and
stomping on ants while kindly old women tried
to tell me that ants have families too



Anchor

Sam Taylor

Submerging
Deeper into abyssal sea,
Twilight engulfs my inanimate body

Breathlessness
Consumes me, taking rein
All to keep you stationary above

Iron chains
Have me welded to your heart
So that we always move as one, synchronously

Latent truth:
I will always be by your side
Until my decrepit chains rust away

In the abyssal sea
I will eternally sleep
Yearning for the rhythmic beat of your heart

Art Credit: Sabrina Porrata

Love Yourself

Emma Topp

I think the hardest person to love is yourself

You know your deepest thoughts:

Whispers of what might have been, what could you have said?

You dwell on flaws, why can't you change?

Your mistakes haunt you, what could you have done?

But in the end,

The easiest person to love is yourself

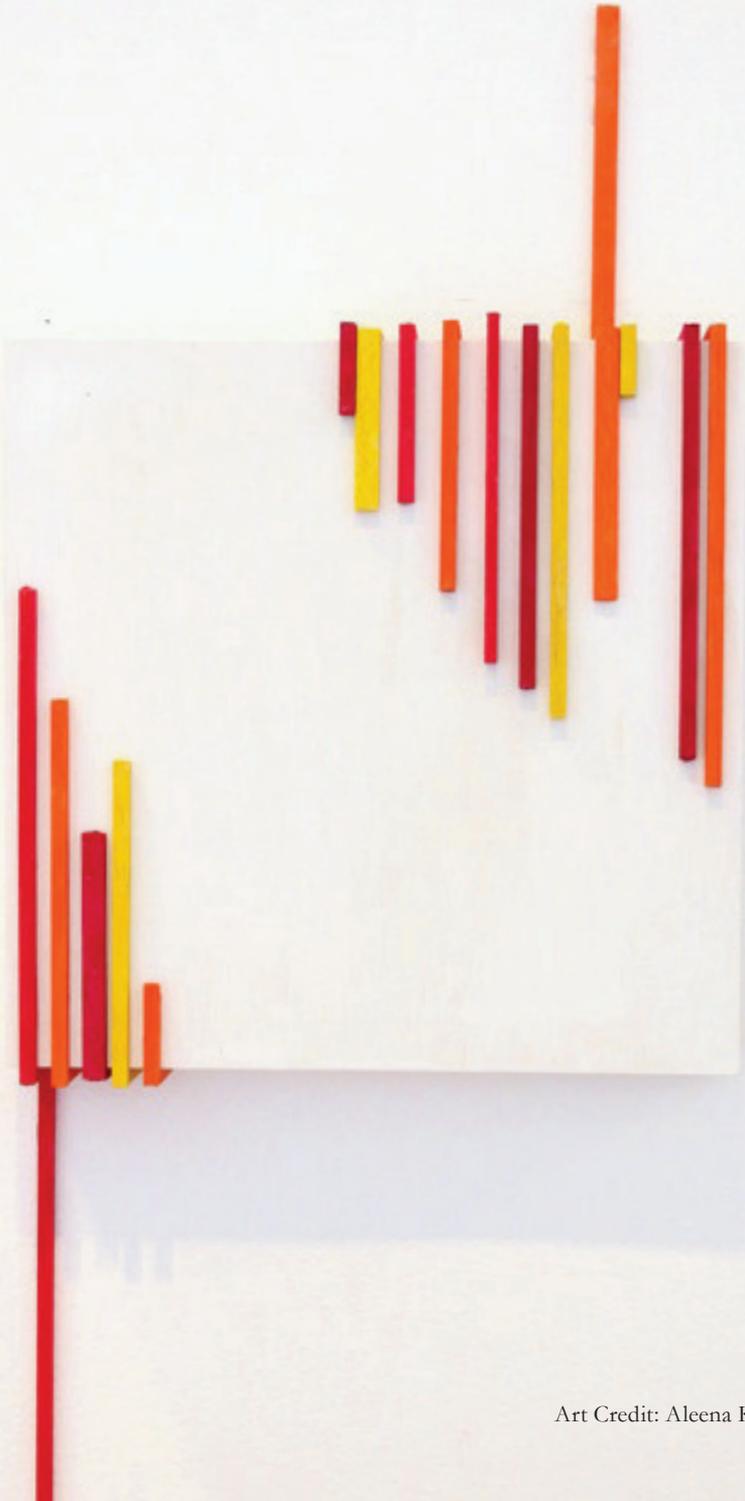
You know your deepest thoughts:

Think about what you have done, and what you've accomplished

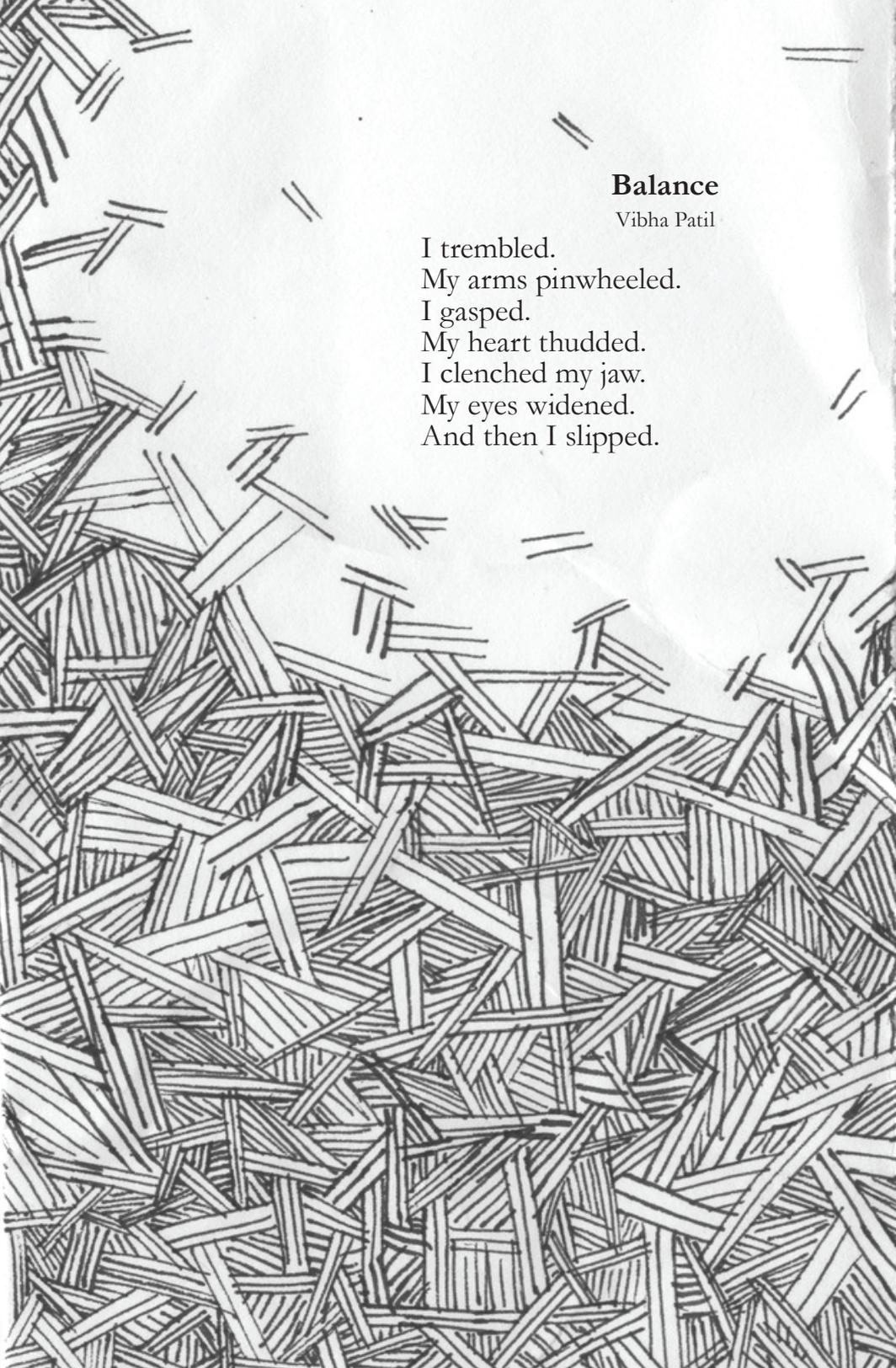
You love your perks, and think others could too

You know your best qualities, and you should never change

But if you don't love yourself, how could anyone else?



Art Credit: Aleena Khan



Balance

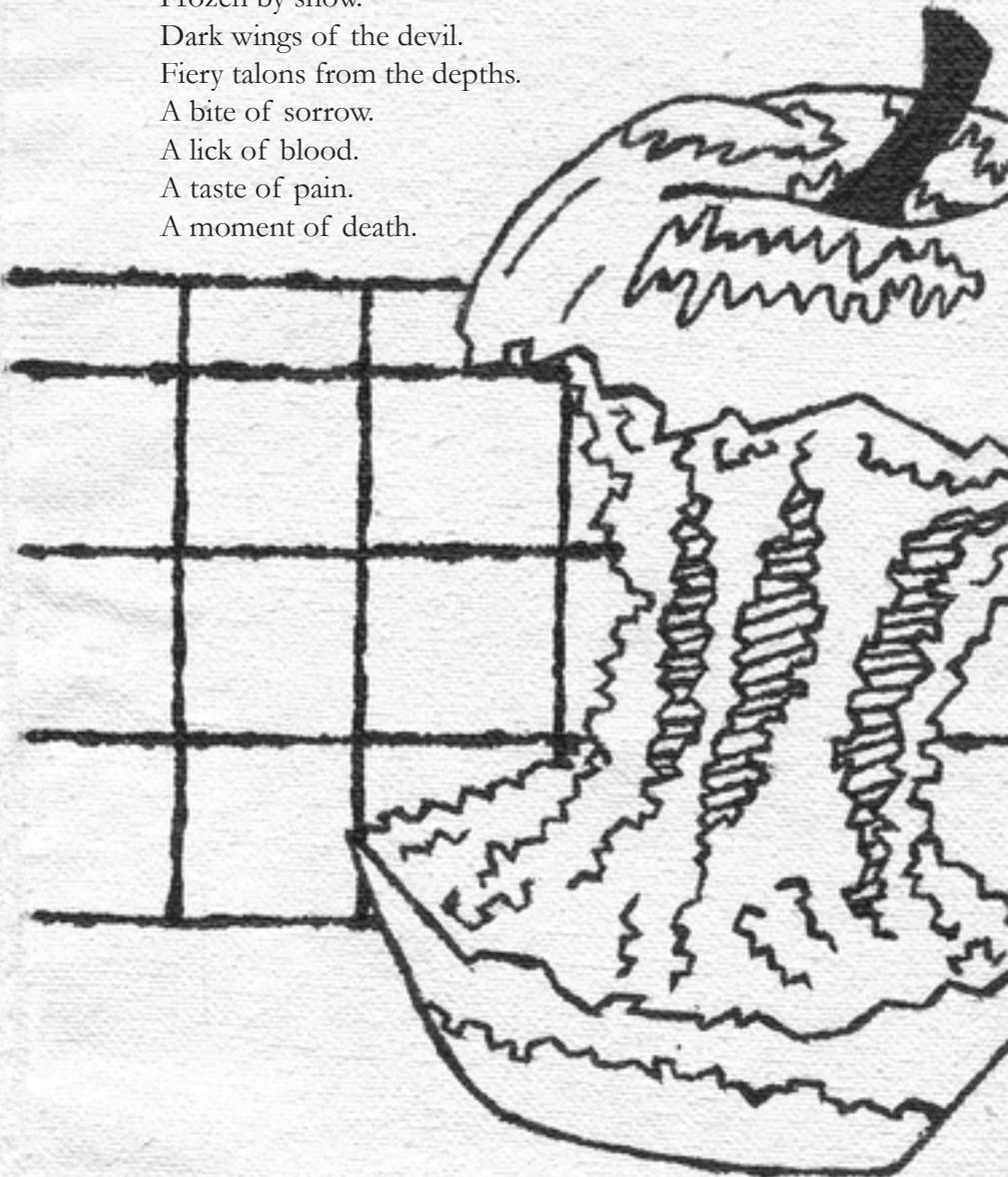
Vibha Patil

I trembled.
My arms pinwheeled.
I gasped.
My heart thudded.
I clenched my jaw.
My eyes widened.
And then I slipped.

Death

Vibha Patil

Withering away.
A black wilting rose.
Yearning to stay.
Frozen by snow.
Dark wings of the devil.
Fiery talons from the depths.
A bite of sorrow.
A lick of blood.
A taste of pain.
A moment of death.



Art Credit: Hunter Hastings

Death's Breath

Brooke Biastock

The rise and fall of a measly chest
As passes through a wispy breath
One day shall it cease in the throat
Causing the reedy gullet to choke
Life fading from the glossy eyes
That once held a child's light
Rigid immobility shall befall the frame
Yet not a tear to shed in the tranquil state
The dreary serenity will settle in
Giving way for the ensuing phase to begin



Art Credit: Tori Pollard

Out to Sea

Hadley DePue

The sun is setting when I leave Charlie's, the bar's neon lights turning every puddle into a softly glowing disk that shatters with my step. A cold wind blows from the wharf and plays with a delicate strand of my hair. I hug my damp overcoat around me, breathing in the smell of wet wool and smoke and ocean. A sudden gust rips my scarf from my neck and I run to grab it, chasing the scrap of red down the pier. Finally, it catches on a piling and I walk to retrieve it. As I wrap the scarf back around me, I hear something.

My blood runs cold. It's a song, piercing and icy. It fills my ears and freezes my heart and makes my body shake, but it is beautiful. It's coming from the sea. It's calling from the sea. I drop to my knees on the damp planks, trying to crawl back to shore. I know I have to resist the pull, to move back to what is right and real and holy. The song grows louder, the pull gets stronger. I add to it. My mouth opens and I scream; I scream back at the need of the ocean. I know I'm gone now. I stop fighting. I stand, shaking, and let my coat fall to my feet. Where I'm going I won't feel the cold.

With slow, measured steps I walk to the edge of the dock. The wind whips around me, finally taking the scarf that it had tried so hard to claim. The song is flowing through me now, a strong, pulsing part of my soul. My life, my fears, my needs and my wants drop away to be replaced with one thing and one thing only. As I plunge into the water I hear his name escape from my lips; the last scrap of my humanity surrendering: Cthulhu.

Breathing Underwater

Brooke Biastock

Brisk water enveloped me in an icy embrace. Shivers crawled up my torso and onto my cheeks. My hair danced around me in the bottomless cerulean water. I had no time to think about the blue in my fingertips or frost on my heart as I dove in and out of the pulsing water. The monstrous beast tousled me about. I fought the water with all my might and every breath until my limbs were sore and my heart weak. I wriggled and thrashed around the water with intense necessity. I could not gauge the amount of time I spent in this enormous discomfort and unrest. Creatures with scales and gills swarmed. They passed by in an elongated breath. They moved like a beautiful threat. I could not fight the force of the swaying giant, so I gave into the sea and rose and fell with the tides and breathed with the water instead of against it. I didn't care how long I had to swim to escape the wrath I faced on the land filled with beasts much more ferocious than the enormity of the sea. Time escaped my mind as I floated across the vastness of the tumbling waves. I gazed at the coal black sky dotted with sparkling specks as I was gently caressed by the cool waves touching my dampened skin. I let my mind drift into the vastness of the stars, the sky, and the sea. Thoughts slipped into my mind about how simple the sea was. Creatures of the deep were neither friend nor foe, only predators and prey. The dark fish did not have messy feelings. They just swam and swam, nothing between them and the water, no resentment or bitterness. I wish I could just swim all my thoughts away. I wished I could become a fish and forget. But no amount of water could drown away my deep and unsatisfying melancholy. The feeling was as if I had not seen a bed in weeks, yet when presented with a lavish place to rest was overwhelmed with insomnia. The ocean is a solitary being. And I was near drowning in its isolation.



Sailor

Jessica Chambers

The rough, salty waves
Carry bittersweet reason
Into her cruel caves

Ending sanity
For each and every sailor
For eternity

Art Credit: Brandon Shallop

Marion's Song

Rachel Applebach

The nose you hold is a little too big
But I like it because it tells me you are noble and good,
like a storybook character who I love to read about.
It murmurs softly into my ears
that you hold your head high
even when it seems like a concrete weight,
horrible and grasping, just gagging to drown you.

The hands attached to your arms are long and graceful,
reaching and loving and so, so sweet.
They are not quite strong, because hands like yours
are a call and not a beating.
They are hands that painstakingly piece together
those souls that ooze blood and mud and awful nightmares
And you wait and hold them together patiently until
they can glue themselves back together.

I love the eyes on your face, the handle to your blue insides,
because they are not the window or the door to your soul,
but instead the doorknob that you turn slowly to peek out of,
when you check to make sure the coast is clear.
Your eyes speak in whispers and sweet blue cotton candy,
and even though you always told me your soul was purple,
when you turned the knob to show me
I saw shining silver and feather white and dusky blue.



Art Credit: Colleen Cabugson

Songs I Sing At Home

Asad Ali

A system was overridden today
when a frost covered him, and he coveted
Accordingly.

Walk outside and pace around
If neighbors aren't looking, please remember me

She'll enter my prison cell,
and cut open our wounds;

If neighbors aren't looking, she'll remember me
grasping, gasping for constellations

A whiff of smoke
and she'll unlock the cellar, waiting for the sphere who enters

Confined in an unfamiliar suburban field –
when neighbors aren't looking,
the pool of our memories dissolves

When you aren't looking,
I look at you with a kind of
negative space in my eyes

When You aren't listening, it's like how
Sometimes I turn on the humidifier because it still
sounds like stillness fractured outside



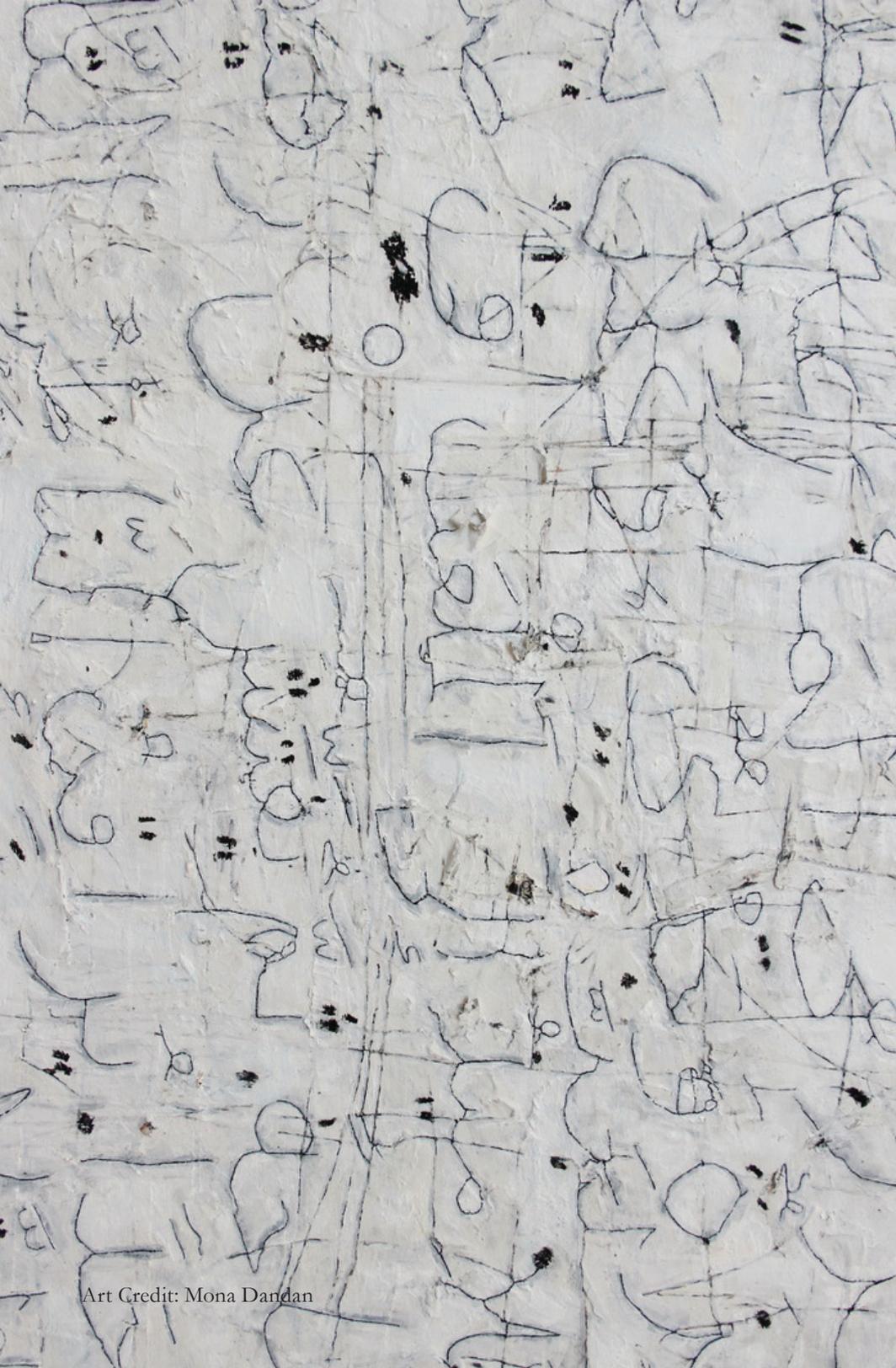
When the commissars are grieving –
When your streets are empty, and you
Have congealed

Call for me, ask for me;

Because in winter nights like these,
The tap dripping, the floating urchins

Keep me awake, and the sedentaria
you; as well as everyone else?

Everyone is dreaming.



I Could Be Good At This

Emily Kontos

When I stepped across that line
in 23:39

I said to myself,
hey-

you could be good at this.

When the nausea rolled over me in waves
and my legs shook like grinding tectonic plates

I thought that

I could be good at this.

The way my legs sung

as the pain flickered and flared in my marrow

pushed me to fight for something I never knew I needed.

I crossed that line,

thinking that I never wanted to do this ever again,

and yet,

I said that I could be good at this.

The incline of the impending hill

was more beautiful than any sunrise I had run through

and more challenging than saying goodbye to my memories.

The way the roots grabbed at my gnarled feet

and the blue-hued trees watched me stumble through,

broke me

along fault lines I never knew existed.

Crossing that line in

25

ripped me apart at my seams

and tore something out of me

that I never knew I required.

These hollowed trails and

creaking hills

made me see that

I need to run and compete

more than I need to breathe.

Why even try
if you know you'll never be good enough?
Instead of answering,
I succumbed
and
let my monsters win.
I should have dug in,
pushed out the kick waiting to be set free,
let my feet pick up and beat across the sheets of
folded soil.

I should have remembered that
not every meet will be a feat of
sure brilliance and
not every day will I
be more than human.
Somedays I will be
less than what I think I can achieve
and give in to the weight of
these surging responsibilities.
Somedays will be utter hell and
filled with these damning defeats
but they will not define me
nor my abilities.

Because even when I cross that line in
25

I need to say that
I could be good at this.
The way that
adrenaline courses through my scraping veins
as we toe the terrifying start line
is a rush that can never be duplicated.
When your legs threaten to revolt because of
the weight of your worry and weariness
and when approaching adversaries' aggressive foot falls
echo in your ears and
reverberate against your bent back,
there is something inside that screams out

“push harder
push faster
push
now.”

And by some miracle,
your strides shorten and
your turn overs increase and
you seem to float on a sea of adenosine.
When I crossed that line in
25

I realized that I didn't compete.
I didn't beat the things inside of me
telling me to quit.
Stopping would have been understandable-
relinquishing was an option here.
But not giving it all,
not pushing past the walls that I set up around myself
was the greatest sin I could have given.
The way I didn't remind myself
that I could do this
pressured me to release
any responsibility I had pressed on myself.
An inner demon whispered to me
Why compete
if it'll just hurt?
Why push past and break through
if all I will accomplish
is a substandard performance?



Lightless

Elena Keller

I try to laugh in the face of evil, but I am too weak. The constricting desire to give in takes hold of my heart and injects it with poisonous defeat.

I have let my guard down.

I have let my light go out.

I get my strength from the sun's rays and without them, I am almost as non-existent and feeble as a fly. I'm a fae, meaning, I must keep my light bright and strong during the devilish hours of night. This time I have failed. I have done something utterly stupid and forbidden. The darkness draws me into its dark mouth and swallows me whole. I become nothing more than a duskdrinker; a faerie like creature whose only purpose is to shorten the days and lengthen the nights. Terrifyingly heartless, these creatures conjure the cold weather that fae loath. Duskdrinkers are cackling annoyances that bask in the moonlight whilst jabbering on and on about how maleficent they are.

My almost lifeless body drops out of the sky like a heavy, sorrowful tear drop. I plummet, I shriek, I shiver, and I squeak. I am too weak to keep my wings fluttering, their power gives way and I usher up one last downward motion. It is just enough to lessen the impact on the ground. When I hit the cold and hard earth, I ache. Not only a duskdrinker am I, but the most retched and despicable thing in existence. I am a flightless duskdrinker. If others catch a glimpse of me at my current state, they will to cut off my wings, and burn them. What terrifies me the most is that wings don't grow back. Ever.

I cry and shake. I feel utterly awful. Is this what it is like to be a duskdrinker? Fae don't know much about them, but I am fae no more.

I try to stand on my two feet, but I am not used to supporting my own weight; no winged creature is.

My ankles knock together, my knees tremble and I topple into the ground. If some creature were to snatch me up in my current state, I would be as good as dead. Mustering the slightest amount of will, I crawl underneath a rotting log.

When I wake, a bright light is before me. Around me the air is hot and moisture clings to my skin. I can make out a blurred face. The Fae Queen: her royal highness of light, of dark, of day, of night, of the sun and of the moon. She is the ruler of everything that there is to know about. A glint of disappointment is trapped within the cages of her eyes. The Queen looks frightening as though she is unaffected by feeling.

A slight discomfort emanates from deep within the flesh of my shoulders, it grows harsher and harsher into a sizzling pain. The smell of smoke fills my nostrils. The fingers of the flames reach around my body. The world come into focus. I snap into a harsh reality.

They're burning my wings.





An Esoteric Confession

Biz Rasich

it came upon me very slowly
how much i loved being around
you, the ease with which i slipped
into the spot next to you making
the transition easier perhaps because
i have never laughed this hard
at *Finnegan's Wake* read aloud to me
sitting crosslegged on a boy's ragged
bed and catching his sideways glances

i think too much about the fact
that the smell of your car, which
you did not clean up for me,
is the same as stale Christmas,
and the way you say here goes
nuthin when you're scared
and the way you tap
your fingers on my body
when you're thinking about
Jeopardy or Cuba
lingers on

the way you make me feel like
i'm a floating handful of balloons
or bubbles spilling over root beer
is almost as good as being able
to laugh against your lips and
tasting the salt of extra crispy fries
eaten next to a bird which tilts its
head at the two of us, wondering,
just like i am,
how i am hiding the fact that i spilled
water on my sweater, and biting my
lip because i am trembling for
no good reason except that you make
me weak somehow

