

CHAOS

A photograph of a street at sunset, with a sky transitioning from orange to purple. The street is lined with utility poles and power lines. On the right, there are buildings, one of which is dark blue. White geometric lines are overlaid on the image, forming a perspective grid that converges towards the horizon and a large, complex shape on the right side of the frame.

VOL 15
DEEP RUN HIGH
SCHOOL
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INCITE INSIGHT

"CHAOS"

VOLUME 15

DEEP RUN HIGH SCHOOL

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The Deep Run High School 2016-2017 Literary Magazine was produced by the Literary Magazine club at Deep Run High School in Glen Allen, Virginia and printed by Wythken Printing. The group was sponsored by Emma Alcazar. Staff members include Editors-in-Chief Brooke Biastock and Hadley DePue. The cover was designed by Jason Sanchez-Navarrete. The pages were printed on white lynx paper, using 4 color processing ink. All body text was in 12 pt. font, captions were in 11 pt. font, titles were in 14 pt. font, and all authors' names were in an 11 pt font. 1000 copies were printed and distributed to the students of Deep Run High School.

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.

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Massacre of the White Flies

Andriy Mulyar

Frozen, lifeless
White Flies fall.

The cohort - in unison
with no resistance,
puppets to life's wind
Make impact

Bodies blanketing the undergrowth
Patiently waiting for warmth

Then - as one - melting into oblivion



Snow

Anonymous

blank

white

and fresh like clean linens

waking up and it's perfect just one little step and perfection is destroyed

contemplating the similarities and differences between people and snow

our humble beginnings and our inevitable imperfection isn't the whole idea to play in the snow and destroy its flawlessness

a similar concept applies to people and their similar traits to enter this world blank and seemingly untouched by negativity and simply spotless

and exit looking like a slosh of black sewer water mixed with a crushed ice mixed together with a spoon someone neglected to wash before its return

only difference I could see is that I'm almost positive I didn't fall from the sky

because I'm positive if I had I would have landed in an entirely different life

and I would have drifted through the air to somewhere less lonely and a tad bit warmer

but I'm stuck here freezing in the snow wishing I could dive into the frozen shores and float off to something different

The Struggles of a Bilingual Girl

Maggie Liu

如果全世界我也可以放弃, 至少还有你值得我去珍惜

(If I could give up the whole world, I would not want to give up the you whom I treasure most)

I would give it all up, you know. I would leave all this behind and fly to that place over the rainbow. I want to not care about anything, but I suppose that is why I care too much. Because I can't bear to leave behind the people in my life. And, I suppose, I don't want to be forgotten. Well, everyone is eventually forgotten, but I still hold a naïve hope that, after I die, I will be remembered for a long time for the person I was.

不过无所谓 (But it's okay)

It doesn't really matter in the end, does it? Not when we'll all be forgotten. If we all end up in the same situation, all there's left to do is laugh.

Maybe this was fate. Maybe it was destiny, but whatever it was, it was good. I wouldn't change a thing, even if I did get hurt. 两个人的命运线, 幸福握在交叉指缝间 (two destinies interlace, happiness clasped tightly between fingers)...

What will happen to us, I wonder? Where will you end up later in life? What will I be doing on nights such as this?

What would we have been, I wonder? Would we have spent our lives together? Would we have separated regardless? Would we have made it through our mid-lives?

关掉心痛, 祝福这一分钟 (End my heartbreak, just for one minute) ... Yeah, of course I miss you. Why would I not?

You gave me all that I have, all my memories, all my joy. Of

course I want you back, but things will never be the same again.

We can fly away... What do you say? Do you want to run away? I've heard that the underworld is a nice place for lovers like us. Lovers trying to stay together, even through death. One desperate girl trying to keep her lover from leaving. All the same, right?

But it's okay. It's okay because I've let you go, and isn't that the most important thing? Sure, it tore me apart to do it. Yes, I cried until my eyes threatened to bleed. Of course I took it alone. Who else would have cared?

I don't have the energy to be sad anymore. I don't want to be mad any longer. It hurts. I just want it to be over.

As I say that, I'm sure you've realized that it is definitely not over.

吹一样的风 (Blowing like the wind)... I'll likely burn this. I will finish this, and then I will burn it. I will light a candle, one of those that smell good, and I will touch the corner to the flame.

I will watch my pain, our history, go up in flames. I will watch our relationship crumble to ashes once again, and this time, maybe I will be able to bear it.

Then, who knows what I'll do? Maybe I'll write another letter. Maybe I'll cry. Maybe I'll finally talk to someone.

Or, maybe, I will go to sleep.

如果全世界我也可以忘记, 就是不愿意失去你的消息

(If I could forget the entire world, I wouldn't want to lose you)

#1 Unnamed

Grace Leonard

Step a little closer,
Back me up against the wall,
Build me up with expectations,
Just to watch me fall,
See me crack, fall to pieces,
And try to build again,
Chaos all around me,
All I can do is pick up a pen,
Your efforts unrelenting,
And mine just as strong,
But I don't remain unshaken,
I won't last very long,
The big thing to remember,
About people just like me,
If you fight me with a storm,
A storm is what I'll be.



Windows - Brooke Biastock
facing page: Stormy Bridge - Catherine Shen



Pink Specks

Mary Elizabeth Polen

Pink specks float slowly down upon me with the afternoon light. I feel the velvety petals brush against my skin and the soft sunlight envelope me with its warmth. The rose-like blush of the sky glows as it begins to die. The musical nature with its highs and lows enchants me towards comfort - a relief for which I yearn.

Nature plays me its music, shows me its picturesque sky, and encapsulates me with beauty beyond compare. The sight - the moment - easily dazzles, but even the handsomest scene cannot eradicate my memory.

I lean against the tree full of pink flecks which look to have been spattered about the limbs' edges. The tree appears jovial and alluring as if it was holding out its limbs to invite you to climb up.

Higher and higher you climb.

Farther and farther until you can brush the soft clouds of
the rose colored sky.

 Closer and closer to the sky.

 Sooner and sooner before you reach the
 top.

 Faster and faster until your fingers
 slip and lose their grip.

 You fly, but you fall.

 Lower and lower you drop.

 Farther and farther until you can feel the
 branches breaking around you.

 Closer and closer to the earth.

 Sooner and sooner before you reach the end.

Faster and faster until the ground catches you.

Nature invited her to climb, but turned its back when she fell.



Tornado

The countryside is in ruin.
Humanity is ripped to shreds.
It draws closer and closer.
Sirens blare off in the distance.
I can hear it.
I run faster and faster.
I'm scared.
I hide.
Its roar is closer than before.
My ears ring.
It finds me.
I hear screams.
They may be my own.
I stare up at it.
It consumes me
Everything's a blur.
I can't think.
I can't move.
I'm gone.

by Elena Keeler

My Life in D Minor

Maggie Liu

Life is never just black and white and gray, and whoever tells you that deserves to be kicked. They deserved to be kicked all the way back to before their conception because they don't deserve to be born because they're wrong.

No, Life is never just simple grayscale; it's an abstract mess of red and orange and blue and green, and sometimes you'll find a bit of purple mixed in too.

This truth becomes self-evident as I enter high school. Every single day seems dull and gray, but in reality, Life enters with its bucket and brush, flinging drops of color, whether red or blue or green or yellow, onto the monochromatic canvas that is my life.

Such color, like ink, bleeds into my life and stains my days bright. Such yellow that flashes before my eyes as we laugh together, what purple weighing down my heart in times of sadness, and red, bright crimson red, blood from my heart as it rips apart in many different ways, many more than just one implication, one rejection.

And amongst this splattered mess of color, I touch the keys that are black and white – because truly, what in Life but piano keys are so clearly defined? – and I play a scale in A minor.

Blue, navy blue, too much blue. A mix of blue and purple, perhaps a periwinkle. Melancholic, sad, but not nearly enough.

I watch the time trickle away, light beige as the sand in my hourglass, and my pens on paper are blue on white, black on white, red on white, and the numbers flash across my eyes,

merging into the words that spell out my mistakes. I lay down my head and inhale the scent of paper, of light green and parchment intermingling.

I walk the hallways colored black, as cold as the air that flows through them, the air that sleeps around me. The darkness presses in and threatens to consume me, and I want to give in. I want to sleep and stop, stop and sleep, and I want to disappear.

But Life does not work as such, and I play my scale in E minor. No, dark blue, denim blue, much too dark. Not enough to light my soul and show me the way, and not nearly enough hope.

I struggle through seas of tears and rivers of ache, but still I cannot find my direction. The ugly shade of teal-based blue empties me hollow, and I cry until I have been cried dry, but that never does happen. There is always more to cry, always more to cry about, always more to hurt.

My tears fall onto my B minor, and it's much too orange, much too earth-toned. There is too much joy in this B, much too responsible, and I cannot deal with it.

But I get through.

I push through the time, I cry, and I live. There is no more to cry about, and there is no more to cry for, and I live for the sake of living. There is no point, but I suppose that, if I am still alive, there must still be some purpose left.

I must be more than just a ghostly gray shell.

And I know that I am.

Because I play a D minor, and I have finally found the right one, because it's just a right balance of blue, a deep blue as the sky right before the sun fully sets, red, the transparency

of golden sunlight through wine, and a gray, the mist of Life that surrounds everyone and everything.

And how it happens I don't know, but four years fly by in a blur of dimly-lit late nights and angry heartbreaks, and suddenly, we are standing in a stadium full, filled to the brim in butter-yellow pride, listening to someone speak about our future in royal purple, and we are adults.

Tears stream down our faces, and we know we will never see each other again, and it's pink in the sense of sorrow-sweet, but in the end, it's all okay.

It's okay because we're all just lost in blue and purple lonely, and we'll make new friends in cherry-blossom pink, and we will never forget each other in the light blue sky, and Life turns and smiles in lavender and ultimately goes on, and- And for the final time, in the distinct black and white of a nostalgic D minor, we will be okay.





Renewal

Kathryn Williams

A warm breeze kisses my cheek,
golden light sweeps through the branches,
and I can't help but to think,
that we all need second chances.

If you ask me how I'm feeling,
I'd tell you I don't know,
for my mind is always reeling,
with thoughts that never slow.

I know that I feel better now
than I did the day before,
I'm still here, and I'm not sure how,
but life is no longer a chore.

A Natural Nomad

Brooke Biastock

I am no natural nomad
I guess the "wanderer" trait skipped a generation
I grow roots deep
wherever land meets my feet
I don't know why every
street corner between
me and the ocean looks like a home
I settle in the cracks between
the floorboards
I am rigid and I resist change
with every non-nomad fiber of my being
Everyone else is sand blowing in the breeze
settling onto any beach
I'm a stick in the mud
a pesky no go weed
Good luck pulling me
Every movement means
planting a new seed
just for it grow into another like me



Untitled - Storey Reynolds



never

mind

Where my Poetry Hides?

Shravya Shetty

Evolution sitting on my hands,
Feeding me with a new energy source.
YouTube videos seeping into my glands.
Amazon products enlisted in my pores.
Muffin Knight games recorded in my head.
Instagram hate comments printed in my eye.
Spotify music making my ears red.
School space on the side asking, "why?"
Homework sitting on the ground, unfinished
Feet up in the air moving with freedom
The big world diminished
A bag of chips beside me eaten
Laughter of joy filling the air,
Or tears of despair snaking across the cheek
Staring at the beautiful and fair,
Or stalking the ungrateful and weak
This is the new generation in my hands
A place where my poetry hides.

Adam

Jonathan Selby

Adam collapsed, a myriad kaleidoscope of infinite potentialities sifting through his clenched hands like grains of sand. Adam wept, leaning over the minute and eternal shards of broken glass which now lay strewn out across the celestial plane, sparkling tears rolling down the ephemeral youth's face.

Ornaments, gifts, artifacts exploded on an empty, truly empty floor.

Adam paused for a brief moment of eternity, opened what constitutes eyes, registered the chaos around him.

A floor flooded with sharp translucent shards, stretching off beyond what eyes could see.

Adam looked around, to the endless room around him, room?, to his knees, embedded in the broken glass.

Adam bled, a deep black crimson marking its stain in the cracks between glass, spreading and dispersing.

Bright glass shards as scales, bricks, the sanguine glue binding it all together.

Adam cried as more ornaments fell and shattered, engulfing him. Cuts of glass brought him from a cohesive existence to a similarly diffuse one. He was no longer, now a consciousness spread so thin that any thought ceased to form.

Adam was.

Adam was, for a long time.

Glass shards rolled and bent and coalesced and coagulated within that room, within Adam.

Chaos was brewing, the ebb and flow of this mixture of celestial essence and solid matter churning drastically, uncon-

trolled, unbound in solid structures, no careless caretaker left to tend it.

Friction melted glass in places of extreme duress, and the fractures welded together. More splinters and shards ground against each other until most of the glass had merged into isolated spheres, neutrally buoyant, floating in the ocean which had once been Adam.

Those spheres, by some force, perhaps a remnant of consciousness, maybe a stroke of random chance, began spinning, spinning around themselves and one another.

Those spheres grew hot, began glowing, burning.

Tiny bright dots speckled that liquid void.

Leftover shards, dust really, followed the swirls and patterns created by their larger counterparts.

This dust fused together too, into spheres smaller than those around which they orbited. This dust burned too, a more dull sheen.

Chaos brewed in this cauldron for a long time.

Order came in time, but slowly.

Dull dots floated in steady circles, the smallest and dimmest around the slightly more iridescent, those in turn around anything brighter, and so on in a hierarchical structure of concentric spirals. Order had instated simple laws on this universe, created this system.

Laws which governed motion and interaction at the basest, dimmest level of this solution, governed the greatest and brightest.

Time passed.

Order grew in its dominion, some dimmer dust specks drudging along their paths, having cooled down more from

their original luminescence, now a dark brown. Others of a similar vein became orange, or red, or a gaseous yellow.

A single speck per millions became blue.

A single speck per millions of those was green, too.

A single speck per millions still of that select group was lucky, fostered smaller consciousnesses.

More and more specks sparked up of that ilk, each a shining star in its own right. Some burned out, others ceased. There was an ebb and flow of this :life: within the greater currents of Adam's essence.

Each smaller consciousness that arose, each single bright speck among those millions and millions of cold glass marbles which came to be, created structure.

Structures of firing neurons on the scale of galaxies, each thinking dot an atom in that line, a smaller reflection itself of the greater being which was reforming. The thinkers were themselves a minute aspect of the mind they formed.

Adam thought.

Adam awoke.



When it Rains

Hadley DePue

Lately, I've been telling myself
when it rains, it pours
because I need some way
to stay grounded
when all the problems and all the discomfort and
all the sadness
come tumbling out
pouring out
like marbles
some days the marbles are just that,
marble
slabs of stone, sliding together perfectly
to make a tomb
a few extra tons piling on top
for good measure.
measure
it's all I do now.
my worth, my work, my waist
how many, how much
because when all those marbles pour out
they remind me of people
and I'm just one
of many
pouring out
to crush someone else.



Starving
Jessica Wen

The light flickered on
The metal lid pushed against my stretched hand
The glow shined on my face
The levels held heavy and light gold
The gold had many different forms
The gold had many different colors
My hand grasped one
And I shoved it into my face
My stomach grumbled with satisfaction

chatroom implications

Salwa Balla

milkyway23 said:

They were only children shaping their atoms out of clay
Clumps of molecules, ripped genes
Stains of the universe on their cells
Why did you let them fall?

unknown said:

They were remnants of a dead supernova
Exploring themselves through toy rockets
and cotton candy stars
They romped the universe like a playground
It was inevitable.

milkyway23 said:

They were growing, loving and lusting
Undergoing decadence in their own planet
Lost and nowhere to go,
Just children of the universe looking for a home

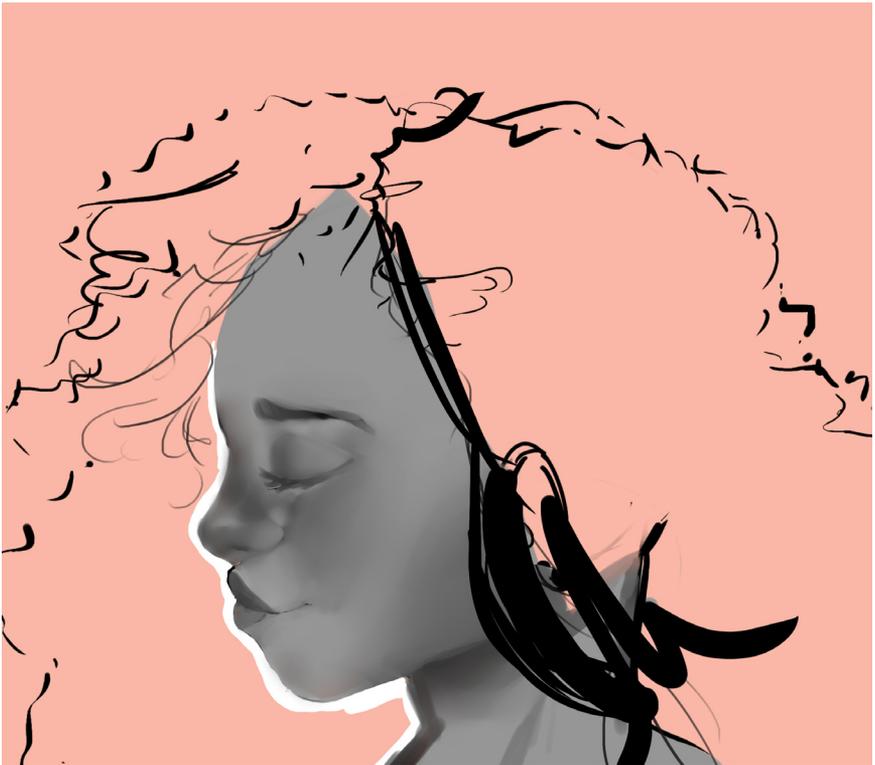


Crybaby Boy - Andrea Palmer

Contradictory

Brooke Biastock

The birds and the bees
A lick of honey worth a sting?
Cheery chirping as they clean
Up the death of winter for the spring
Smell those flowers sickly sweet
Watch them wither somberly
Pluck their petals as you sing
Whistle to the beat of the fallen trees
Cut the roots and watch them bleed
What beautiful carnage are the fallen leaves



Pinky - Sheyi Faparusi

Echoed Notes

Abby Woodard

Inspired by "Where is my Mind", by Maxence Cyrin. I suggest listening to it while you read.

It drowned everything out. Why couldn't they hear it? So loud, and yet quiet, drawing me in. Can you not feel it? It sings, sings to my very soul. Oh, the things it tells me to do. And yet, I can't find it in myself to argue. Neither would you. It's so hard to think, all I can do is hear. Listen. Feel. And, in the end, do. Where is it pulling me? Why must I go? It's like I don't have a will of my own anymore, but such a thought doesn't seem to bother me. It probably should. If only I could make you hear. Then you might understand. The notes echo in my head, loud. Too loud. Everything feels numb, heavy. The ground is hard and cold under my feet, but all I hear are the notes in my head. Over and over again, never ending. Taking over, leading me somewhere I do not know. Why can't they hear? Can they not see me in front of them? Why aren't they reacting? I've become mute, my arms like lead against my sides. I want to stop. I don't, can't. Just follow the notes, the whispers in your head. Trust them. It doesn't matter, trust them and you'll be fine. Safe. They don't matter. Just listen. It drowns out my thoughts. Nothing but the all enveloping cadence, speaking to me. I can't think, only feel. Feel the cold air getting ever colder, feel the rough concrete turning into wet grass beneath my feet. Feel the fading of voices in the air, feel the twigs under my toes, feel the pull of the false lullaby. The tug to go, to walk. The pull to trust, to listen. Any once-brief thoughts of resistance have faded now, leaving noth-

ing. Everything fading. We know what's about to happen. You know. But you can't stop, can't think, don't want to think. Not when such a pretty tune floats through your head, whispering of safety, fulfilled promises. They should have heard. You're far away now, almost faded to nothing. You can see the end of the trees, the end of the ground. All you can hear are the notes. Your attention catches on the wind for the barest of moments before returning to the alluring call. Beautiful melody. The sound of waves crashing registers briefly before the notes soothe it away. You've stopped now, toes curled over the edge. You don't look down. No, just straight ahead, out. Never ending blue, like the never ending song. You don't know if it's night or day. It was day before, before the wordless lied . Was there ever a before the lied? You can't remember. Your eyes are closed now, nothing but the tune and dirt covered stone beneath your feet. And then you step forward. Then, there's nothing. Nothing but the notes. Why did no one hear?

Note: Lied here is used in the German form meaning a type of classical piano accompanied by a solo voice, typically singing a poem.

Overgrown

Brooke Biastock

Self-destruction is an art form
In my tipsy-topsy view
I'm a masterpiece in the making
A vision of black and blue

Inside these feeble hands
I don't recognize the hue
Finger prints aren't as distinct
As the crimson seeping through

I'm dripping out on these floorboards
I let my colors run
My legacy will be the flowers
Which grow without the sun

What a waste of a body
Just to watch it wilt
But I've cut down many flowers
Without an ounce of guilt

Like those withered flowers
My body will grow into the ground
If I'm felled by Mother Nature
Will I still make a sound?

