

SDSCPA Lyrical
2019 - 2020 Publication
Volume 5

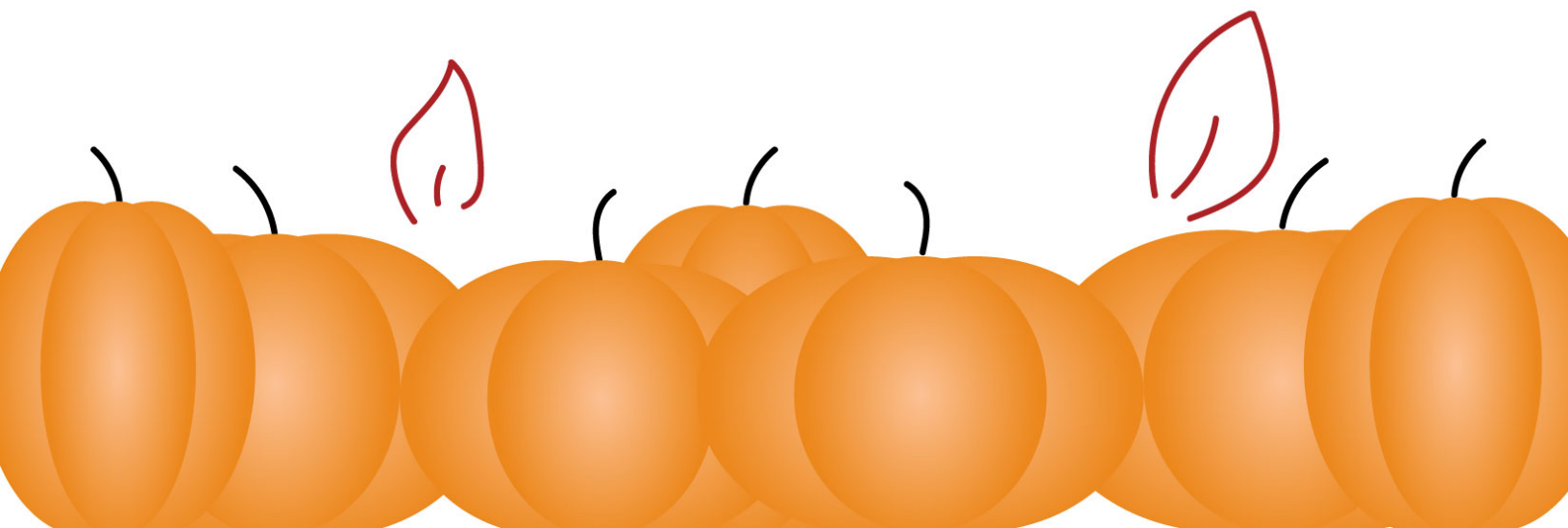
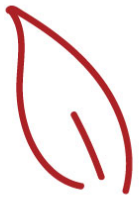


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NEVER FORGET

BY DEONE MAYS

You said I was your life
You said I had it all
And now I am here with a knife

I was your wife
Now you make me feel small
You said I was your life

I used to strive
You made me fall
And now I am here with a knife

So long ago I was alive
I was high up, I was tall
You said I was your life

Why didn't you apologize
I will now stand in your hall
And now I am here with a knife

Me, in the afterlife
I am in your walls
You said I was your life
And now I am here with a knife

BILLY

BY GARCIA GONZALO

Billy was found in his bed
Everyone thought he was asleep
But no one knew he was dead

Billy's favorite place was our shed
He had a pet grey sheep
Billy was found in bed

Next to Billy, there was red
His mom began to weep
But no one knew he was dead

Billy really loved bread
He didn't make a peep
Billy was found in his bed

Billy owned a sled
His room was basically a trash heap
But no one knew he was dead

Billy had a long head
He likes to oversleep
Billy was found in his bed
But no one knew he was dead

WEAK

By Lyka Luzano

Sometimes, I felt like I was being held
Down underwater, looking down at my
Mistakes that I made in the past.

My past constantly latching onto me,
Attempting to ruin my the thing that
I called my everything.

Oh, how I wished I had enough courage
To look that creature called Mistakes in
The eye and want to punch it.

Yet every time, I try to confront it.
I feel myself slowly shrinking back
Into that fearful state.

I call myself a coward, because I'm
Afraid to fight back. I call myself
Stupid, because I can't realize how toxic it is.

My thoughts began to cloud with specs
Of hate. Like a granite table, you could
Easily see the specs of the design.

I open my mouth to scream out
But nothing escapes. It's a burning feeling
Each time I force myself.

It's painful, feeling like my vocal cords
Was ripped away from me to make me
Keep that secret.

I wish I wasn't a coward. I wish
I had the strength to fight back like a boxer.
But I was too weak.

The Great Pumpkin

BY ELIJAH RAPAYRAPAY

Out from the patch, a pumpkin arised
It looked like a warrior and had bright orange eyes
How glowy it was and a brain it lacked
It was no ordinary pumpkin, and that's a fact
The pumpkin was here to murder it's victims
There was no cure for any of his symptoms
He will be there to make your heart stop pumpin'
For there is no running from the Great Pumpkin

The Dreams and the Nightmares

BY JESSE BADIANG

At night we sleep away
Dreams are like a song
Nightmares come to play

They will haunt us everyday
Nightmares come it all goes wrong
At night we sleep away

When we lay
At times the dream might take too long
Nightmares come to play

Do not frey
This isn't where you belong
At night we sleep away

Dreams smell of a good bouquet
Can't sleep all day long
Nightmares come to play
You have to wake up today
But dreams and nightmares just come along
At night we sleep away
Nightmares come to play

Fear

BY KAYLIN DILLARD

I was 12 years old in only 7th grade when I felt absolute fear for the first time. It was Halloween day and I went trick or treating with my sister and a big group of people who she's not even friends with now. Even out of all of those people, I was the youngest one there. It was all okay at first. Everyone was having a good time, which usually does happen on Halloween and everyone was happy getting candy. I mean what can top that and to top it all off, it was a school night so who was really thinking about school the next day am I right? We were walking everywhere around that neighborhood but I mean like I said who really cared? I never really ever got scared as long as my sister was there and I've always been with my sister for the scarier things in life. It's about like eight at this time and we started walking to this Ralphs that was close by because some people in that huge group wanted Starbucks. We kept on walking after that. As we were all walking, I heard shots. All I can do is run at this point. I ran so fast that day it was literally like I was running for my life. I hear my sister yell "Kaylin don't run, don't run it'll make it look like it was us who did something don't run." I didn't care, I ran and the next thing I hear is police car sirens. They all get us and make us sit down on the sidewalk curb, mind you it was like twenty of us. The police had to write down all of our names, birthdays, how old we all were and what grade we were in. I was so scared like I was shaking and not just because it was cold outside. I made sure they knew I was the youngest one. Long story short it wasn't even a gun. It was stupid firecrackers that these people thought was so funny to mess with us with. The police ended up taking me, my sister and her friend back to our house because we were scared to walk back home and our house would have been a far walk back, even though we could have just called my mom. Till this day we still never told our mom what happened that night.

Orbit

BY CHELSEA SANCHEZ

all things considered, it is only recently that I have cared
about myself—the stuff that encompasses me
rather than about the ones in my life that I’ve placed
upon several pedestals higher than me more often
than I’d truly like to admit,

for thinking about caring
when I’m trying [not to]—
when I’m trying to “care”

means I must think of

those silly beginnings
of the past’s stupidity
with things I had gained
from anxious feelings
and the excuses I made
about how all was well

and forlorn endings
lost between the pages
underneath the weight
of faded uncertainty
whilst lying to myself
when I shouldn’t have.

Stars in Your Eyes

BY JULISSA VERA

Shooting star fly across the night,
Little children hope for a wish to come by,
Waiting for a swoosh of light

Joy comes at first sight,
Maybe a kid will wish for a plate of pie,
Shooting star fly across the night

The star can shoot left or right,
Make a wish with a happy sigh,
Waiting for a swoosh of light

Chanting I wish I may I wish I might,
Wish for a friend to say hi,
Shooting star fly across the night

Saying have this wish I wish tonight,
Wish for new shoes to tie,
Waiting for a swoosh of light

Up in the sky are stars and a moon of white,
Asking for the truth and nothing is a lie,
Shooting star fly across the night,
Waiting for a swoosh of light

Joy

BY DYANNE DILAYRE

Joy is here,
It always was
The sound of it is oh so dear

Laughter will leer
Within us
Joy is here

Joy is clear
Joy is you, thus
The sound of it is oh so dear

Just one smile, our problems disappear
All because
Joy is here

Laughter is like music to one's ear
Carefree and to me there is no flaw
The sound of it is oh so dear

But if you're sad just know joy is near
In fact it is within you and me, within us
Joy is here
The sound of it is oh so dear

The Gravestone

BY ERIN GONZALEZ

A solemn sky looms over me,
Like a blanket full of tears,
As each drip down the face of me,
My letters read more clear.

Six feet deep my story lies,
A breathless heap of bone,
I cannot cry, I tell no lies,
This graveyard is my home.

Over there, my brother stands,
With our cousins in a row,
As others bow, we can only stand,
Our sentence we all know.

I watch as all the passersby,
Leave gifts of green and red,
But for each and every passerby,
Lives beneath me one more dead.

The Snow's Ashes

BY CAMILLE SANGALANG

Was this moment really true?
Fleecy clouds were setting low
Would my life carry though?

I spaced off in the beauteous view
The snow would glow
Was this moment really true?

Oh, I wish I was able to pursue
But my foolish hopes would get low
Would my life carry through?

My mother's final grey ashes flew,
Dissolving into the glowing, white snow.
Would my life carry through?

She never had her last clue.
Everything was becoming slow
Would my life carry through?
Was this moment really true?

A Dangerous Burn With Ice and Ease

BY ARIANA HALL

The ice has been in a deep freeze
As the fire began to burn
Both may be dangerous but can be put to ease

The fire can vanish with the strongest breeze
Before it lights all the fern
The ice has been in a deep freeze

With ice around we can go on our skis
And with fire it may not be a concern
Both may be dangerous but can be put to ease

If fire is around the room it will be about seven hundred degrees
Ice we will have to earn
The ice has been in a deep freeze

We need the ice to stay so please
We can't let global warming and fire take their turn
Both may be dangerous but can be put to ease

The fire has finally ignited all the trees
There must be a lesson we will all learn
The ice has been in deep freeze
Both may be dangerous but can be put to ease

Painted Imperfections

BY JOANNAH JUGALBOT

My hand performs a dance,
Strokes splatter a color of waves,
I can't help but glance.

A Canvas now enhanced,
Now there's a stroke I cannot save.
My hand performs a dance.

Will this advance?
Maybe, but I have little faith.
I can't help but glance.

I've performed a mischance.
But you don't see me as a disgrace.
My hand performs a dance.

You gave me a chance.
Even when I was at my worst, you forgave.
My hand performs a dance.
I can't help but glance.

Yearning for Freedom

BY ARIELLE SANTOS

I want to taste the air of European cities
and lean on the tallest trees
pack my bags and fly into the sky's blue
all while locking fingers with you
release the weight off my shoulders
and feel lighter than I have ever before
to go places where the stars eternally glisten
whether it's in the night or your twinkling eyes
I yearn for the day I can truly be free
and dawn my soul anew
and I hope you're there too

A Winter Day

BY KAYLA CEA

That one cold winter morning
Where you can stay
Home and relax while it's snowing

When it snows I get so happy and just sing
That means it's only a few days away
My favorite holiday, christmas and I can just hear the bells ringing

I love being by the fire place and pouring
Myself a glass of hot coco wanting to watch movies all day
Home and relax while its snowing

I can hear the raindeer calling
And them just saying ney
My favorite holiday, christmas and I can just hear the bells ringing

Wait if raindeer are here that means santa is too riding
With the raindeers in his sleigh
Home and relax while it's snowing

Ok good night its time to be sleeping
Before it's christmas day
Home and relax while its snowing
My favorite holiday, christmas and I can just hear the bells ringing

Your Smile

BY ELLA COPE

I used to love what your smile brings
But all just in a blink
Everything just begins to sting.

Lost in a nightmare that's not what I think
Losing my sleep, crying for weeks
I used to love what your smile brings.

I'm really not a personal fan
Why do tears still stain my cheeks
Everything just begins to sting.

You ruined my entire plan
Do you want all of me, or just one part
I used to love what your smile brings.

I never had a real clue
There you go again, breaking my heart
Everything just begins to sting.

All tattered, all torn to these wings
No longer feeling free, I'm burning
I used to love what your smile brings
Everything just begins to sting.

My Boy

BY SAMANTHA PEARCE

As your tall structure makes me look up at you,
i look into your hazel eyes and become mesmerized.
They were like pools of honey and I was willing to drown.
The gold around your neck and wrist reflects your light eyes,
and your baby face is my favorite type of eye candy.

Once I am able to hear your voice, I feel safe.
Your smooth, sweet voice puts me at ease like ocean waves.
Whenever “20 Min” or “Weather” comes on,
i instantly imagine us cuddling, cherishing the little time we have left,
or reminiscing on old but joyful memories.

Your big rough hands mimics sandpaper,
but when my soft, small hands are laced with yours,
it feels like it was supposed to be there; like home.
And when you run your thumb against mine as we are holding hands,
I picture my whole world being complete.

SDboba was our favorite place to go to.
The milky, sweetened black iced tea was our drink,
along with the chewy pearls coated with brown sugar.
Sweet sticks of cocoa with almonds spark our taste buds,
reminding myself of those lovely times.

Whether it would be a warm, tight embrace,
or I wear your hoodie for the first time in a while,
my nose is filled with your unique scent.
I say you smell like boy, you say it's the Chanel Bleu Eau De Toilette.
Though your smell is expensive, my love for you is priceless.

A Winner and a Loser

BY RUTH LUBAO

Every day the voices get louder, echoing more and more,
Between my mind and soul, it has been a cold war,
I sink lower into the floor, vanishing from the real world,
Entering into a dark one, in the corner all curled.

The throbbing of the heart as each second it makes a beat,
Something inside me is making me feel incomplete,
Racing in my head to figure out what I can do to make this go away,
It really has come and stayed with me to play.

Talk is overrated, so I shove all who come to comfort me,
At times I wish maybe I can dissolve away in the sea,
Perhaps life could be better, for me and those around,
If they had to watch me slowly get lowered into the ground.

How will you all remember me once I am gone?
Though I doubt I'll stay in your minds by dawn.
Life continues as one leaves the earth and another comes in,
One is a loss but the other shall be a win.

Into the Mist

BY NICOLE PRON

I'm lead through the mist
By the milk lighted moon
All that is lost, is bliss

My long bygone burdens is
Only a mere echo of the spring that soon,
I'm lead through the mist

But why do I insist?
Because if dreams hadn't won
All that is lost, is bliss

The howl of the gentle wind's kiss
As it beckons me on
I'm lead through the mist

As I face the path's twist
Into this land, such a sight, such a tune!
All that is lost, is bliss

Oh, how I wish to stay forever like this
Where the night softly croons
I'm lead through the mist
All that is lost, is bliss

Good

BY TENAYA GIBSON

Happiness makes me feel care and bright
I have friends and family who love me
I will fight for the greater good and the light

I feel at my height
I am so free
Happiness makes me feel care and bright

I have my leap of faith and my flight
To be bad is crazy
I will fight for the greater good and the light

I feel just like a kite
Life is like a ride, wee
Happiness makes me feel care and bright

I am stronger than mite
I am good and the world will see
I will fight for the greater good and the light

Happiness is my path I am drawn to white
Life is my path and it will set me free
Happiness makes me feel care and bright
I will fight for the greater good and the light

Over Time

BY XARENI ZAPIEN

When my aunt passed away I had hope,
But i knew it was for the better,
I could never forget to cope,

I felt like I was tightly holding a rope,
And I had a fetter,
When my aunt passed away I had hope,

I had found an old envelope,
She would always jetter,
I could never forget to cope,

I had to try and wash the pain away like with water and soap,
Then I remembered she was always a trendsetter,
When my aunt passed away I had hope,

I'm trying to reach her by a scope,
When im alone I get so cold I need a sweater,
I could never forget to cope,

My aunt overall was pretty dope,
She was always an upsetter,
When my aunt passed away I had hope,
I could never forget to cope.

The Joy Of Hot Cheetos

BY JAMES WHITTENBURGE IV

Don't you love them?
Not that lame oven baked kind.
The one with the nice crunchy texture
and the dust that covers your taste buds.

Maybe you prefer a bit more flavor to your chips,
where the lime adds to the spice
creating a dynamic duo of flavors.

Or are you a cheeto puff guy?
The same taste but softer texture
making each bite feel so effortless.

Let's not forget the hot fries.
The thinner chips,
with a softer quality than the puffs.
You can't go wrong with these.

But whichever one you like
You'll still make it to the store with your three bucks,
and end up buying a bag of these beauties.

The Last

BY ALEXANDRIA RAMOS

Stained sheets, impure body.
Pure soul, stained innocence.

Silence by force, nothing to say.
Fear and hesitation never fails.

Cover ups for his slip ups.
Slip ups, too frequent.

The first is always a mistake.
Ones following it, too.

I wasn't the first,
but I'll be the last to have

Their sheets and body stained,
Souls and innocence altered

From someone
as horrid as you.

The Trapped Flower

BY KAYLANII CAPLE

Big, Beautiful, and Bright
Plated in the Ground and can Never Leave
Survives Off of Water and Light

Wants to Fly Like a Kite
Sways in the Slight Breeze
Is a Beautiful Sight

Wants to Take Flight
Just Wants to Flee
Survives Off of Water and Light

It's Roots are Tight
Wants to Rome With the Bees
Is a Beautiful Sight

Is Always Alone Overnight
Still Believes
Survives Off of Water and Light

Has Never Gotten an Invite
Just Wants to Free
Cannot Stand Upright
Survives off of Water and light

Nature

BY NICOLETTE FERRARO

Bunnies can hop
Squirrels can run
Trees are big
Flowers are small

Snails have shells
Slugs do not
Water is clean
Air is not

The sky is blue
And clouds are not
Nature is nice
And so are you

What Is Hate?

BY AZALEA MARTINEZ

Hate is only seeing the flaws of a person
Seeing any beauty leaves you uncertain
It's a challenge to see any kind of their beauty
Therefore, seeing that person gets you moody
Seeing them gets you full of disgust
And gain negative trust
Hearing their voice gets you shivered
Which makes the hatred become bigger
And if they sit next to you?
You're hatred and anger has now grew

Hate is like wishing that person was never born
And giving them all of your scorn
You would do anything for them not be in your life
You have thoughts of major strife
You'd be happy not to see them
The more longer you think that, the longer the stem
It's like not seeing someone's color
It's like seeing them along with discolor
Looking at them gets you pissed off
You want to turn on their back and scoff

Libertad

BY NOOR ZAIDAN

I am a Mexican because we have a day that celebrates the dead, and we set alters with marigolds and sweets, because of all the leftovers after Christmas, which we eat the next day, because the smell of churros, tamales, and enchiladas luring our noses, because of the mariachis singing to families at restaurants, because the sound of kids are playing soccer in the street, barefoot, because of the tangy flavor of ceviche melting in your mouth, because of all the people that party until the crack of dawn, because the graffiti all over Mexico tells a story, because everyone treats each other like family, even though they don't know each other, because of people screaming the word --liberty. I didn't know exactly what this word meant, but my heart was telling me it was important. As it turns out, "liberty" does have a significant meaning in my culture.

Insecure

BY KENDRA CURTIS

Kendra with skin the color of chocolate, Kendra, with the hair braided down to the floor and jagged teeth, whose name the teacher can't stop yelling, is a girl who doesn't want any friends, runs to a broken home, lives in a ordinary neighborhood where nothing ever happens, sleeps in a comfortable bed shared by her mother, just down the hall stands an empty room, a room that used to have occupants, occupants that have since passed but to her, it's like they're still here.

Kendra always late, never early, arrives prepared with all materials in hand but nothing in her head. Tries to help her hard-working mother but never seems adequate enough to do anything. Speaks her mind, but only at school as she can't bring herself to speak up at home. Kendra, with a mom who tries her best to connect to her and a dad who wants the best for her but doesn't even know her.

Kendra, inside there are two sides, one who knows when she has to be quiet, one who allows her voice to get stronger, inside the one-hundred-forty-pound girl with a sea of skeletons, a history of pretending, inside the heart too small for her body, inside the brain constantly on guard, constantly afraid, inside all the emptiness, is a girl like any other, with all the same insecurities she doesn't want to admit that she has. Collects her things at the end of each day, dashes to an empty house, does her homework to the best of her ability at the time, and waits, waits for her mother to come back home. When she does, the loneliness is quick to fade away.

Realization

BY JONATHAN MACHADO

I have ideas
I know what to write
My confidence increases

A great idea
I will put up a fight
I have ideas

I'll share it with a group of people
Some others I might cite
My confidence increases

I put cool topics in different areas
To be creative I have a wright
I have ideas

I'll write about the police or a pizzeria
Creativity is like a shining light
My confidence increases

You see what creativity does to us
I know my ideas are not finite
And when I have ideas
My confidence increases

Gray Sweatshirt

BY MEREDITH LANGE

Though washed many times,
The memories of you still remain
In my gray sweatshirt.

Not that trying to forget helps
It seems to only make it worse,
The memories of you still
Stay in my gray sweatshirt

At this point,
I've given up, the
Sweatshirt is long gone,
Away from my desperate hands.

Small Ideals

BY SARAH ROMAN

Saturday. Sunday.
A time to slip away from reality.
The duvet covers cuddle against your body;
The feeling of warmth and coziness
Compliment each other oh so well.
Eucalyptus mint adds to the scene's serenity:
The sun rising up from its resting place,
The moon and stars end their shift,
And time pacing itself throughout the day,
As you rejuvenate yourself
For the start of yet another week.

Jay

BY ANDRES HERNANDEZ

Oh poor little Jay
He was such a good boy
Now he's gone astray.

Much to my dismay
He brought me so much joy
Oh poor little Jay

I searched and searched all day
From Tennessee to Illinois
Now he's gone astray

He was special in his own way
Although sometimes he would annoy
Oh poor little Jay

I hope he is okay
He liked to eat bok choy
Now he's gone astray

He made me say yay
And sometimes a Ahoy
Oh poor little Jay
now he's gone astray.

Books

BY HILARY HAUPTFELD

Books, so fun to read
covers glossy shine
they are interesting, it is agreed

Books are something I always need
their beautiful cover design
books, so fun to read

Books may make me worried
books can make me cry
they are so interesting, it is agreed

I can't share my books, I'm full of greed!
I can't help that they are mine
books, so fun to read

Cover to book, accompanied
they are perfect when combined
they're so interesting, it is agreed

The ones with nice books, im full of envy
I want the books to be mine
books, so fun to read
they are interesting, it is agreed

What Am I?

BY JAYDEN SERA

It can follow you
Only in the bright hot day
No more in the night

A Spring Day

BY DESTINY CLO-TROMBLEY

The rabbit lays in the flowers with the bunny
They are satisfied and they eat grass
The grass is warm and the sky is sunny

The bunny is as sweet as honey
Water from the steam I drink in a glass
The rabbit lays in the flowers with the bunny

I eat homemade sandwiches that are yummy
The utensils are made out of brass
The grass is warm and the sky is sunny

The rabbit plays with the bunny which is funny
The bunny and the rabbit run so fast
The rabbit lays in the flowers with the bunny

I ate so much, I hurt my tummy
Guess that means the picnic is over, alas
The grass is warm and the sky is sunny

A day so great you can't buy it with money
As I walk past
The rabbit lays in the flowers with the bunny
The grass is warm and sunny

I Used To Climb Mountains

BY ZAHRA LINSKY

I used to
climb mountains.
/ ten mile hikes, I trailed
far behind my family / nobody
believed the burning in my feet / or
how my ankles twisted and turned / I broke
myself every sunday / so my family would be satisfied
/ up north fortuna, down south / cowles, cuyamaca, rockies—
hours wishing for pain to end / I lived in another world / ignoring the
burning was easier alone / distraction and growing tired, / I stared at the
ground / the peak was just up ahead. I had to make it— / it wasn't that
far away. my family waited / a year and a half after diagnosis, / the pain
grew worse and even my family couldn't ignore it / in edina, coronado,
balboa / I lived in a knee scooter, wheelchair / maybe I should have tried
harder, worked harder / CRPS shouldn't have ever happened / I shouldn't
have been trapped in bed / with legs like icy-hot, I held back my tears / I
shouldn't be on fire in creative writing / and unable to focus on my short
stories and poetry / I shouldn't have to stay up late / wonder what my life
will become / I'm young. I'm lucky. they tell me / I could recover. maybe.
hopefully / but I used to climb mountains / I won't be able to do it again.

Contributor Profiles

DEONE MAYS

Deone Mays, sixth grade visual arts major, wrote a poem about love and hate. This piece has demonstrated Mays as a writer because she likes to express her creativity about views on certain subjects through the art of writing. With this poem, they wished to show the reader that love and hate in a friendship or relationship can do different things to people so it is important to convey the right message wisely.

GARCIA GONZALO

Gonzalo Garcia, is a sixth grade visual art major who currently takes a creative writing class. Garcia wrote a piece that talks about a kid who has died and chose this topic because he thought it was cool.

LYKA LUZANO

Lyka Luzano is a senior creative writing major who wrote a piece called 'Weak', which explains the struggle of things that happened in the past that bothers her. Her inspiration was thinking about past situations that she felt embarrassed of or that she felt that she messed up in. The message she wanted to convey was, "sometimes our past comes back as well as those memories, and it can drag us down the more we think about it."

ELIJAH RAPAYRAPAY

Elijah Rapayrapay, eighth grade creative writing major, wrote a piece that explores the topic of Halloween. Since this piece was a halloween tribute, Rapayrapay decided to think of aspects that are associated with Halloween such as pumpkins and scary themes. Rapayrapay believes this demonstrates his creativity by combining two topics together.

JESSE BADIANG

Jesse Badiang, seventh grade creative writing major, wrote the piece “The Dreams and The Nightmare.” Badiang chose this topic to talk about how rare sleep and dreaming is. Badiang’s thought process came from writing about a personal experience to go back and look at it, wondering why it was written. Badiang wanted to convey the message of, “dreaming is a luxury, you can feel that your inside your dream and being able to change the outcome.”

KAYLIN DILLARD

Kaylin Dillard is a sophomore creative writing major. Her piece is about fear. Dillard believed writing about a story where she experienced fear would be more in her comfort zone for writing. Her thought process while writing this story was exciting and fun. She is proud of how she constructed her plot of the story and how she was able to execute it properly.

CHELSEA SANCHEZ

Chelsea Sanchez is currently a senior, majoring in creative writing. Her piece portrays a state of constant overthinking. She was inspired to write this concept in a different artistic style than what she is used to. Sanchez believes this has showed her inventiveness because she was able to expand her boundaries on how she creates her pieces.

JULISSA VERA

Julissa Vera, seventh grade fine arts major, wrote a piece that captures the topic of children wishing upon the shooting stars. The thought process of creating this piece was thinking about how joyful children get whenever they see a shooting star. Vera’s inspiration was their own experience of seeing a shooting star. Vera’s message was to show “how much joy a child can have over a simple thing.”

DYANNE DILARYE

Dyanne Dilayre, eight grade creative writing major, chose to write a piece using the topic ‘Joy’. Dilayre chose this topic to remind everyone that there is happiness around the corner. When Dilayre started writing, the words began to flow onto the paper. The piece conveys the message that “joy is always here, it never leaves.”

ERIN GONZALEZ

Erin Gonzalez is a sophomore, majoring in creating writing. Gonzalez wrote a piece called, “Duty and Remorse.” This piece demonstrates Gonzalez as a writer by showing his ability of processing human emotions into an inanimate object. His inspiration for this piece was due to the fact that a friend of his had recently died and the writing prompt in one of his classes was to give an inanimate object, so he decided to make it about death. “I was trying to convey the intensity of emotions and the complexity of death through the lenses of something whose sole purpose is watching over death.”

CAMILLE SANGALANG

Camille Sangalang, sixth grade jazz musician, wrote a story that revolves around a young adult woman who wore her mother’s wedding dress, believing that she would never find love, but instead falls in love with the ocean. The message that Sangalang is trying to convey is that many kids go through bullying everyday. Thus piece is telling that they aren’t alone and that there will always be someone there for them.

ARIANA HALL

Ariana Hall is a sixth grade musical theater major. She wrote her piece about fire, ice and the essence of climate change. The amount of times people have conversed about climate change has inspired her to write about the important issue. She wanted to convey to the audience the beauty of fire and ice, so people can understand that we all need to start taking care of the Earth.

JOANNAH JUGALBOT

Joannah Jugalbot is a sixth grader majoring in orchestra. Jugalbot chose to write about feelings. Jugalbot's imagination and emotions inspired this piece and trying to be in the perspective of a person that could be going through these waves of emotions. "I was trying to show the audience how it feels to try so hard for someone or something but they just don't acknowledge it."

ARIELLE SANTOS

Arielle Santos, senior creative writing major, created her piece relating to her desires for the future and her hopes for freedom and travelling the world. She wanted to maintain her focus of the future being something to look forward to and on aspirations in the beauty of life. Connecting to her piece, Santos explains how she has always desired to go to Europe and Paris as well.

KAYLA CEA

Kayla Cea is currently a sixth grader majoring in visual arts. Cea was sitting in class one day and spotted a tree that looked like it had snow on it, which sparked her imagination. Cea began thinking about what a winter day would be like and proceeded to write about it. "I was trying to lead my audience about what a winter day would look like since it doesn't snow here and many people have never seen snow before."

ELLA COPE

Ella Cope, sixth grade creative writing major, chose to write a piece about "heartbreak" to explore a different style of writing. Cope decided to approach this topic in a way that readers could relate to. The goal of this piece was to make the audience feel those emotions of what it's like to have their heart broken to show that those people aren't alone.

SAMANTHA PEARCE

Senior creative writing major, Samantha Pearce, wrote a piece about her lover. She used sensory language to explain what she admired the most about her partner. Her thought process consisted of thinking about many ideas and memories they made together.

RUTH LUBAO

Ruth Lubao is a current senior and creative writing major. Her piece, “A Winner and A Loser,” is about the inner battle a person has with trying to power through an overbearing sadness taking over the mind. Lubao chose this topic because she wanted to write in the perspective of a person who is struggling with their emotions. Her thought process was to be as realistic and relatable as possible to her audience who have these emotional struggles.

NICOLE PRON

Nicole Pron, seventh grade creative writing major, decided to write a piece with the theme of “being lost.” In this piece, Pron talks about taking that situation to their advantage to make their own path in life. This piece helped transpire the ideas that Pron had by telling readers to appreciate life while we still can. Pron stated, “Sometimes, we just have to appreciate what’s given to us. Life depends upon our point of views, so if you are at your lowest in life, stop and try to change your point of view.”

TENEYA GIBSON

Teneya Gibson, seventh grade creative writing major, chose to write about the idea of darkness and light. Gibson chose this topic because the amount of people who commit suicide in this society and the fact that students have suicide prevention numbers on the back of our school I.D’s is really heartbreaking.

KAYLANII CAPLE

Kaylanii Caple, sixth grade visual art major, talks about a free flower. Caple's thought process began when they were writing about a beautiful flower. Caple's inspiration came from a classmate who assisted Caple with ideas to make the poem. The message Caple wants to convey is that there are two sides to every story.

NICOLETTE FERRARO

Nicolette Ferraro, sixth grade creative writing major, wrote a piece that talks about nature because Ferraro loves nature. Ferraro was inspired s family member who enjoys writing.

XARENI ZAPIEN

Xareni Zapien is a sixth grader, majoring in visual arts. Her piece is about the passing of her aunt who she had a very close relationship with. Zapien decided to dedicate this poem to her due to the impact her aunt has had on her. Zapien believes this demonstrates her writing skills because talking verbally about feelings can be difficult. "I was just thinking of her and all our memories and letting my heart pour out into this piece to express myself." Zapien wanted to convey to the audience that it is okay to cry and that everything happens for a reason.

JAMES WHITTENBURGE IV

James Whittenburge is a senior creative writing major. He wrote a poem about cheetos because he thought the topic would be funny and unique to his writing style. He doesn't enjoy writing about serious things because he believes that it does not connect with the playful writing he is accustomed to.

ALEXANDRIA RAMOS

Alexandria Ramos, a senior creative writing major, wrote a piece about overcoming assault. Ramos chose this topic due to the fact that she wanted to show the speaker's experiences of being a woman and to display that things do in fact need to change in society. She believes that this shows her strength in writing realistic themes and situations. To her audience, her purpose was to showcase a woman going through tribulations then slowly overcoming it to be able to grow as a person.

AZALEA MARTINEZ

Azalea Martinez, eighth grade creative writing major, wrote from their perspective of how they see the word 'hate' using a couplet style. Martinez's has seen and heard a lot of love stories, which started her process of writing, but decided to turn the tables. Martinez stated, "there's lots of love in the world, but there's so much hate in it as well."

NOOR ZAIDEN

Noor Zaidan is a freshman creative writing major. Zaidan chose to write about family and love because that is a topic Zaidan cares deeply about. This piece demonstrates how Zaidan enjoys writing about the surroundings they are in and their five senses. The purpose of the piece Zaidan wrote was for the audience to experience the day Zaidan had in Mexico.

KENDRA CURTIS

Kendra Curtis is a sophomore and creative writing major. Her piece is about insecurities she has and surrounds the topic about her own identity. She explains how this piece shows her own unique way to connect to the readers emotionally through her way expressive writing. Her personal experiences played a big role in transpiring the piece about her insecurities for this short personal narrative.

JONATHAN MACHADO

Jonathan Machado, a sixth grade visual arts major, wrote about the idea of ‘writer’s block.’ Machado’s reason for writing this piece was having writers block at the time. The message that Machado was trying to convey is that “That writing can be difficult but when you do figure it out, it can be enlightening!”

MEREDITH LANGE

Meredith Lange is a seventh grader majoring in creative writing. Lange wrote about memories and how some stay in your mind forever. Memories have been bothering Lange quite a lot lately, which has given her the inspiration to write about this piece. Grey sweatshirts from a Peter Pan show reminded Lange of a boy she wishes to forget about. “I was trying to convey the idea that no matter what we do, some memories last, and it’s usually the ones you want to forget the most.”

SARAH ROMAN

Sarah Roman is a sophomore creative writing major. Their piece is about spirituality and they believed this topic is not too common within poems. They wanted to achieve a piece by thinking outside of the box. Roman strives to produce pieces that are able to relate to people and give them a feeling that they normally do not have. “I wanted my audience to feel relaxed and not be overwhelmed with too many emotions packed in one piece.”

ANDRES HERNANDEZ

Andres Hernandez, sixth grade band major, who wrote a piece about a lost dog. He wrote this piece to show how much he likes dogs.

HILARY HAUPTFELD

Hilary Hauptfeld, sixth grade visual art major, is currently taking a creative writing course. Hauptfeld wrote a piece that talks about books. Originally Hauptfeld thought the piece that was submitted wasn't going to be picked for the lyrical publication.

JAYDEN SERA

Jayden Sera, sixth grader, wrote a piece using a Haiku style that follows the idea of a shadow and exile. Sera wrote this piece about having the ability to let words flow without looking at the outcome. Sera demonstrated themselves as a writer by showing that when they get random bursts of ideas, it will begin to ooze onto the page.

DESTINY CLO-TROMBLEY

Destiny Clo-Trombley, a sixth grade visual art major, wrote a poem that explores the topic of spring. Clo-Trombley wrote this piece because it could be something special for someone. Clo-Trombley believes it demonstrates their skills as a happy writer and to make someone happy while reading the piece. The message Clo-Trombley wanted to convey is, "trying to make people feel happy and help them understand that it is a privilege to have life."

ZAHRA LINSKY

Zahra Linsky is a junior creative writing major. The multiple pieces she has submitted are about disability and artificial life. Linsky has chosen to focus on these topics because she explains that writing is the only way to describe her experience with chronic pain, leading up to her piece called "I Used To Climb Mountains."

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San Diego School of Creative and Performing Arts

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San Diego School of Creative and Performing Arts
2425 Dusk Drive San Diego, CA 92139

Front Cover image and design by Sandra Palasi
Editor-in-Chief: Samantha Pearce, Ruth Lubao, Lyka Luzano