

# The alen Zine



Podium Student Writing  
Richmond Community High School Zine Vol. 1 Issue #1

Join Podium student writers in their love of the  
written word



Love/Love/Hate  
Kathryn Barnes-Mealy

Love; something inexplicably complicated  
something unfathomable  
something honest  
something that will rush all of the air  
out of your lungs before you even take a breath

Love; something antagonizing  
something that rises quickly, but slowly at the same time  
something that can make your insides burn with anticipation  
and dread  
something that will tear you down and build you up at the  
same time

Hate: Truthfully, I despise you. You make me feel inferior  
even though intellectually, I'm far ahead of you. Hate is too  
nice.

Fifteen People  
Jonaé Crump

You were the person I looked up to.  
When no one was around, you were there.  
You helped me with my problems  
and gave me hugs when I was sad,  
but now you're angry  
and I don't like the person you have become.  
I thought our bond was stronger,  
but maybe I was wrong.  
Could I be?  
I just hope you come back to who you were.

You heal me.  
You relieve me.



You surround me and block out all the pain,  
suffering, and hurt that I feel  
in my everyday life.  
You being you is all I need.  
You are so amazing, so colorful.  
So weird and so unique.  
Oh, how I love every season  
for every reason you give me to visit you.  
You make me sane again.

So I thank you from the bottom of my heart.  
Your pink color excited me.  
You wrap your arms around me and we snuggle.  
Oh, your cuddles. They are so warm.  
I feel relaxed when you come around.  
I wish I could lay with you all day.  
We are fighting right now, but I still miss you.

You are like my sister. I wish you would call,  
because I don't have the strength,  
or I have too much pride to.  
I'm so sorry I blew up over one petty issue.  
You cause so many distractions in my life,  
but I can't put you down.  
You also heal.  
The smooth remedies of music flow  
and carry me to another world.  
I love you so much.  
Your voice speaks what I long to get out.  
Your touch, your feel, is all I can see.

My little bundle of joy.  
You have been there from the beginning  
and will be here till the end.

I ate you today. You were amazing.  
My mouth loves the way you taste. I long for you again.

Stop being a monster  
and please just love me like you did  
when we first got together.  
I miss the old us. My churver, my loving bro.  
What the heck happened between us?

I wish you all the worst.

SO  
Jonaé Crump

A constant cycle of everlasting pain  
We play ring around the suffering  
looking at the broken glass crying  
shaving apples like you shave me  
stomping flies like you stomp me  
    A beautiful daisy devoured by darkness  
    A broken heart, heals broken souls

Anonymous  
Nakhi Finch

Dear Anonymous (1)

I used to be so infatuated with you. But that's the problem. It was just infatuation, not love. It was temporary. Like a kid is infatuated with his blocks until he grows up and becomes infatuated with his phone. Infatuation isn't permanent enough for me to hold on to what we had. I still like you as a person. We didn't water the seed of love enough for it to bloom. It grew into a sapling, but with no more nutrients being provided, it wilted. I understand that you might not feel this way. However, I must let you know I cannot continue

lying to you, telling you I still want you when in reality, I do not. I apologize for any pain I may have caused. It was never my intention to hurt you. Please understand and forgive me.

-Anonymous (2)

One-Sided Love  
Desiree Green

Love is poo.  
Especially if you like someone more than they like you.  
You think about them, maybe, once a day  
And they think about you, maybe, if you ever say hey,  
But you're too afraid to say hi.  
You are way too shy.  
You're afraid to talk to them at all.  
But they're on your mind all winter and fall.  
Not even mentioning summer,  
which is such a bummer.  
You don't see them until next school year.  
Then comes back, the cycle of fear.

A Need  
Desiree Green

Is this really a deadly sin?  
It's so innocent and childlike.  
Everyone has to do it.  
In fact, it is a necessity of life.  
So why does it result in being criticized by being by every-  
one?  
Maybe that's the reason you ended up like this:  
You were just trying ignore to the harshness of society,

and take a pause from reality.  
You put your head down,  
and body to rest.  
Your mind is on a vacation  
No longer caring about things that bring you stress.  
You took a break  
from this hate-filled world,  
and wake up in a fiery hell.

A Time I Failed  
Destiny Hall-Harper

I tried to be someone I'm not.  
I gave in to everything that my peers did.  
This was middle school, now I'm in high school.  
This ever so majestic open field  
filled with the openness of a new life.  
Free to be me.  
I give you a round of applause, RCHS.  
You have helped me find me again.

You  
Destiny Hall-Harper

I call you a brother, because you act like one to me. Though a mutual connection pulled us together, you are still close to me. Your wit makes me laugh everyday. Your M&M swag is sure to attract the right female someday. That will be your someday. When you find the right person. I smile when I look at you. Just the thought of us meeting, it gives me

hope. I saw you today again, I just had to pick you up. You are irresistible to me and you taste so good. I just can't help myself! From your cold exterior, inside is a heart of gold. You taste so sweet! I love you! You open so many new doors for me! Promise me, you won't leave me. You are my world. Without you, how could I get fried chicken? Or Invader Zim® merch? My ideas are endless possibilities. Pages and pages never-ending. Ideas that may just remain there forever. Ideas that could stick with me for lifetimes to come. Your fire gives me life. I breathe in your essence and I'm left begging for more each and every time. Your zest fulfills my being. If only you could last forever. Always enriching my life. Light caressing and gentle touches. That is how I see you. Always there to detangle my stresses. You are always an arm's length away when I need you. You are my motivation to go on. You are my world. Without you, I would crumble to pieces. I promise to love you always. Always there to greet me with a warm welcome. Open arms and a bounce in your step. A very happy companion indeed. Your juicy splendor, I can't get enough. I love you! You will always be main!

Six Word Stories  
Fletcher Harrell

Food, always there and forever tasty  
Netflix, why are you so distracting?  
The last soldier slain, tears fall  
Just like a brother, always there  
Finally broken, she just gave up  
Netflix, of course I'm still here  
Allies turn to enemies without respect



## Resolutions Scout Irwin

On December 31st, ol' Leroy Brooks was still coming up with New Year's resolutions. He came up with two; going to the gym and applying to college. Now, we all know how the gym thing works. It doesn't. So, Leroy might as well cross that off his list. But the other one: Going to college. Now Leroy was a senior (almost) at West Green High. He dreamt of going to Yale. But as I said, New Year's resolutions always fail. And that application to Yale sat on his kitchen counter forever. Until one day, he was cooking some food on the stove and the application caught on fire causing Leroy's house to burn down. Poor Leroy! And unfortunately Leroy had the last application to Yale. After this, no one could apply to Yale and it closed down. After this, people saw no point in going to college and all of the colleges closed down. The jobs that needed a college education stopped, and the world's businesses closed down. The people got poor and lost all of their money. Everyone died of starvation.

If only Leroy applied to college...

## Fulfill Scout Irwin

You're the chatterbox who talks through their sketchbook, trying to connect the lines, you make me feel complete and though I could probably live without you... I know I can't. My life is too dependent and every time I try to pull away you make me more complete.

You fill my anger with fire and sorrows with a river.  
You know how you make me feel  
and still don't leave me alone: Something I've never felt

before.

Hate.

When you're absent, I don't miss you

I just notice you're gone.

You used to tease me before support  
and now you're out of reach.

You fill me with fear  
you'll cause problems again.

I stare at you and you stare back.

You never leave me feeling empty,  
you're always by my side.

You're a little ball of annoyance  
that digs under my skin that ends up cuddling  
my heart.

You're so close to me even if we never talked,  
never made contact, I still keep you close.

We used to be closer but now I have to reach.

You play me like a fiddle,  
but still say you love me.

You never let go, too afraid to let go.

Last year you tangled with my heart strings  
but now you mend them with laughter.

You fill me with fear and joy at the same time  
and keep me going.

Make me feel special and pull me in like a magnet  
but repel me from others.

Sunken  
Sydney Vick

My Friend,

I apologize for pushing you away,  
but as hard as it may be to believe,  
there's only so much that I can take.

Because you are the slithering snake  
with the viridescent skin.  
And no matter what I do,  
your words always sink in.  
And though, though, I ask you not to,  
you seem to understand.  
Because your head is so high,  
my words never sink in.  
And I understand you're broken,  
Whether you admit it or not.  
I can tell by the way  
you overexert.  
I can tell by the way  
you congratulate me through belittlement,  
but we're all human  
and I'm no better than you.  
So what's to envy?  
I'm broken too.

Almost Out  
Sydney Vick

I wish I could tell you. I mean, it's not that I don't have opportunities to talk about it, but I just can't seem to get it out. Just the other day, you asked if this was the case, but I choked on my words and told one more lie. I don't like to lie. I don't want to lie. But how do you come out of the closet to the person who pushed you back in it? I hate keeping secrets. Besides, it's not even that big of a deal. I wish I could tell you, and that you'd understand. But I guess right now in life just isn't the right time.

Love you,  
Syd-Syd

