Metro Tech High School

Literary Magazine
5 Seconds

I had 5 seconds to stop myself,
5 seconds to stop and think about what I’m about to do
I didn’t take those 5 seconds
In 5 seconds, I saw the face of regret
Towering over me from the throne it sits on
It took 5 seconds to humiliate him
5 seconds to reduce him to nothing
5 seconds to realize what I’ve done
5 seconds for pride to chain me to the ground
5 seconds to apologize
I didn’t
The 5 seconds I can’t take back

Kazandra Zelaya
A Past no Longer

A night full of thoughts and I lie awake.

My dreams show happiness
My reality full of pain.
A past full of pain, a present full of anger
a future full of hope.

It’s a constant reminder like a daily memo.
Remember your past! Remember that face!
Your family dare speak your name around me
Your child passes looks of hatred my way
I’m left to think this world isn’t so pleasant.

I’m left to feel as if I’m hopeless.

But then I dream, and I dream of happiness.
A whole other world one wishes to stay.
Confidence and hope in a world so distant.
A world full of love that I so long for.
I sit and think, “How did we get this bad.”

“Oh why must we be so distant?”

“Why let this monster change who we are?”

I sit and think, yet given no answer.

I sit and hope, yet given no reason.

I sit and think, “Let’s just change and continue on.”

A past no longer.

But a future full of hope.

Arianna Duran
Black, White and Grey

We are not absolute in good or evil

We are both in one

But only one is bearer than the other

Only one shows more than the other

We are both God and The Devil

We are both Angels and Demons

We are both Ying and Yang

We are both Gentle and Cruel

We can be the greatest of Good

We can be vilest of Evil

But we can never be absolutely one.

We are not Black or White

Instead, many shades of Grey

Esteban Espinoza
Bungee Jumping

Shouts come from below
A fresh breeze startles me
Making me feel as if it can throw me over;
   Nonsense.
Butterflies dance inside me
   Terror
   Regret
I feel and hear the overwhelming hum;
Beneath me, around me, surrounding me
There’s no going back down
   The tight harness
   Makes me uncomfortable
Balloons, flags, heads, tents, colors
   They blur
They’re slipping from my grasp
I tighten my grip on the rail
   Palms sweaty
   rapid breathing
   Heart thrumming
Suddenly, the world spins
   My stomach drops
The wind, the colors, the calm periwinkle blue sky
   They’re indistinguishable
   I’m falling
   I’m disoriented
Up feels down and down feels up
Gravity keeps pulling me back
   I feel a yank at my feet
   The wind stops
   I’m hanging
The world keeps rotating on its axis
   Time keeps ticking

Denisse Arellano
I Stand

Why it that I stand surrounded
By all humankind
But feel the need to hide?
I stand aside
With the weight of blue, brown, hazel, eyes on me
I stand hearing the whispers
From one ear to another
I stand isolated
Against the crowd
But why is it I can’t look up at ones eye?
I stand with the fear of taking a glance back
An echo of laughter and gossip follows my shadow
Why is it that I fantasize about a world against me?
I stand but wish to deflect from the crowd.

Faviola Luna
I See Her

I step in the room
Look in the mirror
Guess what I see?
I see her eyes
I see her lips
But I do not see her

I wonder what she thinks
how she feels
because when I look in the mirror
I only see her hair
I only see her nose
I do not see her

She has that wall surrounding her mind
to let no one know
how she feels inside
I try again
I look in the mirror
I do not only see her eyes
her lips
her nose
or her hair
I see her

Jennifer Roman
The Change of Scenes

Adrenaline
Rushing through the air,
Fear and determination here and there.
Actors running
To their spots,
I feel my body
Getting hot.

I see the curtains
Rising up,
The crowd is loud,
The lights are off,
Seeing my parents
In the crowd.

I ask myself
What if I don’t do it right?
But it’s too late.
It’s my turn!
To go in the light.

Jazmin Garcia
Never Grow Up

Your little hAnds wrapped around my finger,
Your eyelids flutter because you’re Dreaming.
   To you eveRYthing is funny.
   You liVe with no regrets.
How I wish I could mAke it all stay at two.
   Just for you to stay inNocent…

Your nine now, and popuLarity reveals itself.
YouR now embarrassed to be seen holdIng mommy’s hAnd.
   God forbid aNyone see daddy tuck you in at night.
You no longer want toys, but these high tech gadgets.
   How I wish you stAyed innocent…

Sixteen comes around, and trouble is near.
Boys, Relationships, School, Friends, FaMily
   All mix and demAnd youR attentIon.
Life never seemed so hArd and overwhelming.
   How I wish I could still be innocent…

Twenty-Three and a new life iS in your Arms.
   You smile at the beauty and promise her everything and aNything.
It’s no longer graviTy holding you to earth, now It’s thAt bundle of joy.
   You realize nothing will ever be the same anymORE.
   Nothing will ever be easy anymore.
   How you wish she stays innocent…
Four Different Souls,
   All are still INNOCENT

Maria Ceniceros
I Am

I am like a book; with a wonderful story to tell but a dim cover

I have hundreds of pages to share but people don’t see the value they contain,

They see the dullness of the outside,

But not the artist that is trapped inside

I have tried to open myself and reveal the person I am but fear the judging

Someday, someone will open me

At that moment I will shine like the star I always wanted to be

Jessica Miranda
ONE CAN BE

The past days are promises fulfilled, but they don't matter anymore as those days are left behind us.  
In this world one can be anything, one can be a star seen by millions, a creator and make the latest of things.  
One can be a leader and lead many into thinking one is king, a rich person with great wealth.  
    Be a doctor and help others with their health, be a singer and be heard by all.  
    Be an artist and paint on walls, be an idol and inspire others to fulfill their goals.  
    One can be a dreamer with high dreams, a sports coach with a team.  
    One can be the buyer, one can be a supplier.  
One can be a mother or a father, but one thing is we are all sons and daughters. One can be successful or take the other road, one can be the man under the bridge asking, begging and for his needs, or one can be a man underground 6 feet down low, one can be anything in this day so don't wait so long.  
    Today's promise of living isn't yet fulfilled so don't depend on tomorrow.  
One can linger in the feelings and possibilities of later on but they don't matter if you never reach tomorrow.  
At the end of the day you’re left with sorrows, what broke you down what you could have done but you never think of what made you hold on.  
The thing is don't depend, take the D-E-P and make it an end. Consider the day a warning, one can be anything just don't wait so long, fulfill your dreams and learn of yesterday's loss.  

Crist Morillon
The Definition of Beautiful

worst battle known to mankind,
an evil, soulless demon that displays the pain for everyone to stare

a little skinny girl sits centered in a lifeless room

she sits unaware of strength and courage
the pain and suffering fills the air,

Yet laughter captures the audience.
here I was, so weak in comparison,

admiringly such a beauty.

She’s radiant.

Even without long locks of hair

bone skinny, and paler than the wall.

she’s the definition of beautiful,
fearless, careless, strong, innocent….

that little girl is everything I am not,
everything I can never be.

a true warrior that fights unknowingly.

Unaware of the fact the world is watching,
Waiting to see when her battle will end….

Maria Ceniceros
My Bubble

There you were,
Clear and beautiful, free of impurities.
You were radiant, a glowing orb of optimism and happiness. You reflected every color on the spectrum and I'd never seen something so close to the definitions of perfection, purity, and beauty.
I wanted you more than anything, more than my own life.
You were my special little bubble, the thing I most valued on the face of the Earth.
I failed, I could not keep you here by my side.
I had two options on how to keep you around and either led to your exit.
Option one, I could let you do as you wish, when you wish
Let you be a carefree, nomadic purity, like a gust of cool wind in a rainforest.
Then you'd leave me, you'd go off and find better things.
Be blown away from me and fade away from my life.
But I did not want the best for you, I wanted you mine.
And that's why I opted for option two.
I restrained you, in a desperate attempt to keep you by my side.
But all bubbles share a common trait, and you were not exception.
If I dare touched you, to try to change your mind, make you want me back.
You'd pop.
I held back from touching you, for a long time.
It was the best time of my life, you were like my ray of sunshine. My most adored item in the universe.

Then times got dark, I felt like I was losing you.

I took desperate measures to ensure our time together was eternal.

Little did I know, every measure I took was getting closer and closer to you.

Closer to popping you.

And as many say, "Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong".

Those many were right.

I popped you.

You flew everywhere, your perfection and beauty, all ruptured by the brute force I was.

Your remains scattered all across the meadow, the meadow of my mind.

I tried, oh I tried,

To piece you back together and be happy with you once more.

But I could not, you were gone from my life.

And the sun, the cruel sun, was the final existence who finished you off.

For you evaporated, like water, into thin air and faded from existence.

You were here, there, everywhere.

Without you, I am lost.

I am like a motherless calf, searching on a cliffside for the one who is no longer there, for she's fallen off.

I feel an urge to look for you deeper, in the cliff valley, miles below.

And I am ready, prepared to jump, to be reunited with you again.

To be with my most beloved bubble.

Juan Lainez Iscoa
**Black and White Keys**

Music is what I make.

A glance,

That’s all it takes.

Children, the pastor, brethren, and siblings,

All gathered around.

Perhaps playing,

Perhaps chatting,

Perhaps laughing.

I make my way up the steps

And see the black instrument already set.

The black and white keys

Are as beautiful as the sea.

I take my seat,

Barely touching the ground with my small feet.

I am nervous,

Excited and worried.

As soon as I start to play,

Music is made.
#Yolo

Smoking his cigarette at 6 in the morning.

No sleep.

A little hungover.

You told me you would quit.

You wanted to make me proud.

But this person you had become,

Is not someone you could ever be proud of.

We used to be different.

We used to be US and not THEM.

But I guess you’ve fallen weak.

You are one of them now.

Smoking his cigarette at 6 in the morning.

What is life worth?

It’s meant to be wild and free.

I guess it’s not up to me to judge.

But for you to make the change.

The pain of losing someone like you isn’t enough

Then what is?

Daisy Batista
Thanksgiving  By: Henry Monzon

Turkey and tasty food,
Happy for everything I got,
Apple pie and pumpkin pie.
November 29th is the day,
Keep in mind all the great stuff you got,
Such tasty food.
Give thanks to God,
I am,
Very thankful,
I don’t need to ask for much,
Nothing but my family to have,
Grateful hearts.