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The Bird Who Had His Plane

By Sebko Vrazda
1st Grade

Once there was a mother duck and she gave birth to five tiny eggs, and it took a long two months for them to hatch. Day by day went by, but finally one hatched and another and another until all five had hatched.

The first learned how to fly in a month or so, the second in two and the third in three. And so on, but not so on. The fifth did not learn how to fly.

“Please, please, please” he begged. “Can you teach me how to fly?” “No!!!” the parents said sternly. “Okay, I’ll find something or someone else to help me fly”. And he jumped from the tree and ran away.

He walked, and walked, and walked and he saw a swan. “A swan can’t teach me how to fly. A swan is a swan and I’m a duck named Vixon” he muttered. But just then Vixon walked into a barn and there it was!! – hanging – a plane! “But how to get it down?” he asked the swan. “Well, I just fly up there for you and push the plane off its hook. Now you get the old mattress over there, so when I do, the plane does not get broken.”

So Vixon moved the mattress over the plane and the swan slowly, but surely, he carefully moved the plane off the hook and the plane fell. It fell and it fell right in the middle of the mattress. “Hurray!” Vixon shouted. “Hurray!” the swan shouted. “But it sure needs cleaning.” So, they cleaned and cleaned until the plane was sparkling. Vixon sat in the pilot seat, he turned on the engine, the props spun, he was taking off!

Vixon was going faster and faster. He was going to take off. He pulled the yoke closer to himself. He began to go up. Up, up, up. Vixon leveled off the plane. He checked the air speed and the artificial horizon. Just the moment after, Vixon checked all those things, he realized he was flying. “Wow, this is so cool, me flying in a plane!” Vixon said.

But where did he want to go? He just thought he'd land right here. Vixon pushed the yoke forward, the plane started to go down. Dow, down, down. He was going to flare. In a second, he pulled the yoke to himself and quickly pushed it back in place. He flared. Vixon was on the ground!

He got out of the plane and went to bed with the swan. The next morning, he went to fly again. He turned on the engine, he pulled the yoke, the plane went up. Vixon leveled off the plane, he did not check anything. He did not even look at the windshield! Vixon crashed into a tree, he even fell out of the plane! Vixon spread his wings, he glided down He landed softly. In two seconds, the plane fell, only there was no mattress. Nothing was broken on the plane, so Vixon took it home with the swan.

Verse for Home and Verse for School

By Avyaan Rangbulla
2nd Grade

Verse for Home

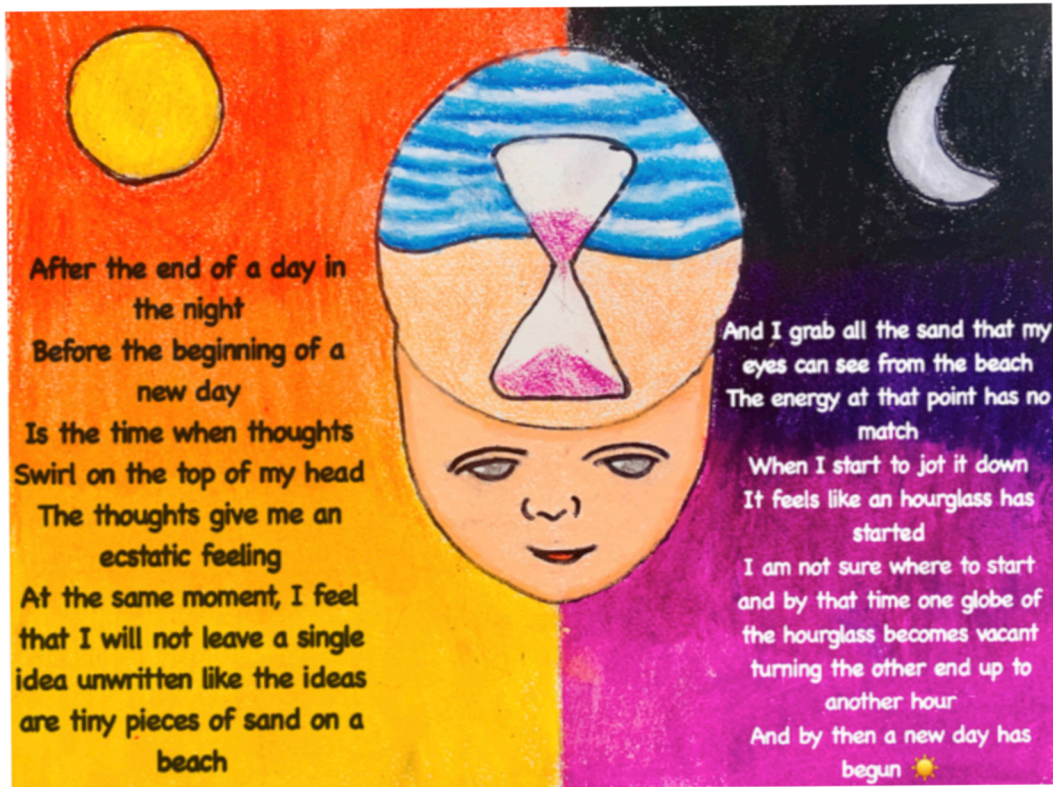
At my home
In my bedroom
I saw my Dad's phone
It rang
And rang
And rang
And rang
Ringing once
Ringing twice
And then my dad wanted chicken soup with rice!!

Verse for School

At Oak Tree School
I wanted a pool
Which would be so cool
I would splash
And dash
And splash
Splashing once
Splashing twice
And then I would get hungry
And have chicken soup with rice!!

Ideas

By Arlene Nayak
3rd Grade



Two Peas in a Pod

By Siaansh Singh Bhadauria
4th Grade

DRUMMMMM!

DRUMMMMM!

DRUMMMMM!

I was surrounded by strangers like a purple and green checkered bed sheet, a very girlish pink and magenta unicorn top, and a sundry of others: underwear, vests, pillowcases, and jackets. I was surrounded by hot air made by the mechanical whirring like a summer heatwave. I was surrounded by loneliness, anxiety, and missing love.

All I could think about was my sibling, Teriyaki, though annoying and, most of the time, unfunny. As I moved up and down, my world swirled and then turned black. What kind of an alternate reality was this?

Hi! I am Miraki. I am a sock. Yes, a sock. A bright red and midnight black sock. My sister and I were made in China. Salim, not my owner but wear-er, had initially bought us from a store called Walmart. There, I was stuck with my twin, tied together by a tag. We were together with other unfriendly pairs of socks. Despite the hard times in that shop, to be worn repeatedly just to be given back to the shopkeeper and put back in the same rough patch we were in before, we braved through the trauma because we had each other. And then, we found Salim. He was a blond-haired boy with brown eyes.

“Mom! I want those socks, those red and black ones!” Salim shouted.

“Ok, Salim. No need to shout.” His mom responded.

And I was giddy with delight. We were finally going to be bought. I wondered what awaited us. I passed the news to my sister sock, who was as rapturous as I was. The mom took us to the checkout counter. It was \$23.56. I wondered how could we be worth

so much. As soon as we entered my new home, Salim put us in the laundry. This was going to be a daily routine for us. Every two days a week, we would be in the laundry making friends with other socks, t-shirts- and pants. The next day after he bought us, he wore my sister and me to school and showed us off.

He said that we cost \$10.99. But why did the cashier say 23.56? I have to catch up with my own studies. Everyone gawked at us since the cost was so much. These kindergarteners think they are millionaires when they only have one dollar.

We also had fun going to soccer practice with Salim, and returning home releasing the worst odor we could. It was so funny when his mom had to spray perfume to make the house smell better.

That night, after Salim returned from soccer practice, we were as stinky as skunk's spray, so we were put in the laundry. We knew what a w-a-s-h-i-n-g m-a-c-h-i-n-e was but not what a d-r-i-e-r was. Salim's mother preferred air-drying the clothes. The most memorable time was when we spent an entire night under the starry sky, me and Teriyaki, close to each other, feeling the soft September breeze. Little did I know that I would be facing one of the worst experiences in my life.

I was in the washing machine with my sister, happily chatting as other familiar t-shirts, pants, and other socks spoke with their own kind. The smell of the tide calmed, rejuvenated, and made me smell fresh. Then the water stopped coming, and the machine stopped. I heard the awful sound of the water draining. It was like a monster burping after eating 1000 humans. The door opened, and I saw Salim's mother coming to take out the clothes. She stuffed the clothes into the laundry bag, including Teriyaki. I thought I was the last to go. But she closed the door with me left inside. She didn't look carefully enough; otherwise, she would have spotted me. I tried to scream, but she was on her phone, too deeply immersed to listen. I saw my sister trying to scream, but she was given the cold shoulder. I sighed; human beings and their phones, I must say. Though remorseful, I accepted my fate and, overcome by lassitude, limped off to sleep, hoping that Salim's mother would come to retrieve me from the community washer.

A few hours later, I woke up to the familiar whirring of a washing machine. I was surrounded by unfamiliar people, including a white and black pair of socks, happily

chatting with each other. I wondered if this was a dream. Maybe if I woke up, I would be found by my sister and Salim. I shook myself as hard as I could despite the spinning washing machine. But it turned out I was awake!!! I knew these couldn't be Salim's. Salim didn't have such big pants or shirts. I was in someone else's pile of -being washed- clothes. I was yearning for my sister. Where was she??!! I wondered if she was as scared and missed me as much as I did. Then, the sound stopped, and I stopped too. To my surprise, the door opened, and it was our next-door neighbor who had a baby and a dog. I wondered what other events would befall me. Who knows. She stuffed me and the other clothes into a basket and headed toward a new different machine. When the other clothes spotted me, they abused and alienated me. I wanted to cry.

“Who are you!!!!”

“You are so tiny!!!

“HAHAHA!!!”

“Get out of here!”

“Move it, shrimp!”

We were again stuffed into something called a d-r-i-r.

DRUMMMMM!

DRUMMMMM!

A mechanical whirring started, and my world was suddenly round. I missed my sister. I couldn't stop thinking of her. Hot air blasted me, and I took it as the only time to escape from the bullying.

When we reached home, all the clothes and I were dropped into a pile. I was on the side of the pile, waiting to be put in the closet.

Suddenly, I heard a loud and jarring cry. It gave me goosebumps. It was the baby with a bald head and teal-blue eyes. He crawled toward me with a murderous look on his face. I tried to move, but it was too late. He dragged me out of my place and wiped his snot on me. Yuck. But I had to live with it for another hour until a bark came running into the living room. OH NO! I thought. The dog dragged me (again) out of my place

and chewed through me. I yelled in pain as my fabric was partially ripped apart. But I had to live with that terrorizing pain for another day until the woman of the house came to hang the clothes in the closet but then noticed me. As she cleared the pile, I faintly hoped to meet my sister. I thought about my sister and realized that love is unpredictable. You never know when you'll lose someone close. As my worry grew, so did my fear of my life ending. When she tried sorting the socks, she couldn't find a pair for me. She called her son and asked, "Jhonny, where is the other sock of this??"

Hope burnt in me. My sister. Could he know where my sister is???!?

He responded, "I never had a sock like that. You can discard it."

"OK."

And my hopes were extinguished.

So I thought that was the end of my life when she carried me in a gray trash can with empty diet coke bottles and pizza boxes. She then dumped me in the community dumpster. The odor was more disgusting than when Salim returned from his soccer practice. PEEEEEEEEEEEEEE UUUUUUUUUUUUUUU! I then suddenly heard a slight slap. I scanned the dumpster. I saw a shiny red and black sock.

"Teriyaki, Teriyaki is that you!!!!?"

It was my sister! Oh My God. I thought I would never meet her again.

"Miraki !!!! ARE YOU HERE!!!!" She also scanned the trash can and spotted me. We cried out and limped our way toward each other. We rejoiced like a family reunion. We hugged and cried and finally calmed ourselves down.

She shared how she was harassed and thrown in the garbage by Salim himself since he couldn't find me, and I shared my journey around the neighborhood. In the end, we both didn't care where we landed up, whether it was in the garbage or a seagull's belly, all we cared about was that we were together again. And humans, we had realized, are like avocados; the moment you think their love has ripened, they start to spoil. Oh! Yeah. And their phones, I must say.

My Colored Life

By Aisha Baradia
6th Grade

My life is made of light.
Some colored, so bright
Some sad, and old
Faded, and retold.

It follows me around
Begging to be seen
Understand the dreams
And forgive the schemes
To go on in peace
For the first time,
I cave.

I run my hands though a bold red.
The color so bright, so powerful.
It's popularity,
Money,
A kingdom
That bows down to me,
Until it sees
That we're all the same.
I'm just vain.

I trail my finger through orange,
And feel,

A craziness, to bring,
Joy.
An understanding, to bring,
Love.
And a freshness, to bring,
Life.
An exhilaration
That I will never feel again

I eagerly touch yellow,
Only to get a sour surprise
A welcoming bright color
I now despise.
It's deception
In it's purest form
Evil plans,
broken friendships,
And the guilty sins.
A true manipulation.
But it also is a chance to reform.

I reach to the green,
An emerald sheen
Feeling a soothing rush
A calm sense of serene
Trees sway in a gentle breeze,
And grass bends,
Bowing to it's knees
In sympathy

I swirl my finger through blue.
An icy puddle of water

Reflections and tears drip through

Gray pallor

A black scene

No savior

For the somber

I tentatively touch purple,

A stormy cloud

But as it clears

It reveals something oh, so profound.

A family.

A life beyond the blues.

A life lived happily,

Restored, if not new

A glowing sight.

A new height.

Ending the glows,

Of my colored life.

Goodbye, Sister

By Ava Bogard
6th Grade

The dreaded night
Too-bright tail lights
An empty room
She will be far away soon

I knew she couldn't stay
She always visits a meager two days
Off to the airport she goes
To leave us in woe

Our age gap is simply too much
The reason for the mere memories I clutch
Only a couple years I had with her
Before her restlessness occurred

My sister's visits are fickle
Unlike the tears my eyes trickle
Even though your absence is true
I will always love you

Luminous Whispers: A Symphony of Eloquent Verse

By George Fritz
6th Grade

In twilight's gentle embrace, shadows unfurl,
As celestial tapestries adorn the starlit world.
A symphony of silence, a whispered psalm,
Unveiling mysteries, in ethereal calm.

With quill in hand, I delve into depths unknown,
Crafting verses with the lexicon I've honed.
Words, like jewels, with brilliance and grace,
Illuminate the darkness, leaving no trace.

Across boundless realms, my verses traverse,
Unveiling truths in elegant, lyrical verse.
With eloquence, I conjure poetic spells,
Weaving enchantment, where meaning dwells.

From verdant valleys to mountain peaks high,
Nature's splendor, a feast for the poet's eye.
I paint landscapes with strokes of vivid hue,
Capturing essence, imbued with life anew.

In the labyrinth of emotions, I do tread,
Exploring passion's fire and sorrows widespread.
With eloquent phrases, I navigate the heart,

Revealing depths concealed, like a hidden art.

Through sonnets and odes, I chronicle time's flow,
Celebrating love's triumphs and trials below.
With sonorous verses, emotions ignite,
Binding souls in a melodic delight.

In whispered solace and mournful lament,
I give voice to the woes of lives misspent.
With poignant phrases, I breathe life anew,
Reflecting on the human condition, through and through.

With meticulous precision, each line I weave,
Crafting a symphony, where words interleave.
Metaphors and similes dance in harmony,
Conveying truths beyond mere clarity.

Oh, language divine, a fountainhead of might,
From celestial heights to earthly delights.
In these thirty-two lines, a world unfolds,
Where the power of words, their stories are told.

So let this poem linger in minds and hearts,
A testament to the beauty that language imparts.
For in this tapestry of words so grand,
Meaning and emotion forever shall stand.

Can't Beat the Waves

By Vivian Rawlings
6th Grade

The flower is glorious and colorful,
It smells pure, fresh, and newly brought to life.
It is bright and brings great cheer;
The flower shows light and definition.

The flower is an example
Of a glorious being of life.
The flower feels smooth and delightful;
It makes the world seem like a better place.

When adding a natural being
Life is distinctly brought into the world.
Spring is clearly approaching closer;
The essential thing is bringing lightness.

Something We Call Love

By Phoebe Cummings
7th Grade

The fall air is icy and makes our noses red
Yet, we are not cold
For our interlocked hands
Warm our hearts
The leaves fall around us
Nature's confetti
A blissful scene, us two

The stone bench is frigid underneath us
We are silent
But a thousand words are spoken
When you are quiet, you begin to notice the other quiet things
I hear the birds, singing
I hear the wind, joining in on the chorus
I even hear the leaves falling, a gentle, abstract beat.

We exist together in this moment
Although it is just a moment
But time and time again
I return
I remember
Our young, frail hearts
Intertwined
In something

Something We Call Love - Phoebe Cummings

We call
Love

Hang Tight

By Amity Doyle
7th Grade

When all is lost,
hang tight.

a little flame will light
guide you through those lonesome nights
hold you close
with all its might

When all is lost,
Do not fear.

it's all right to cry a tear
to have somebody pull you near
even when shadows leer
it's all right to feel some fear.

When all is lost,
Let go.

say hello to your foe
if you're sad, just let it show
all while looking for that
little glow.

Hang tight.

Human

By Peter Craft
8th Grade

To be proud or to be ashamed
This is the question that faces us all
As a species that has done so much
It is truly something to ponder

Millions of lives taken
Environment consumed by greed
Our vices dominate us
Masters of destruction

Medicine saves billions
Communities devoted to service
Parents provide unconditional love
Art that touches the soul

Yes, it is a complicated case
But in the end, these crimes are undeniable
However much we want to change the past
Our evils are irreversible

We thirst for the gratification of doing the right thing
Yet we succumb to our own devices
Time and time again
As we wallow in self-pity

Human - Peter Craft

We are all infected

Accept it or not

You are human

And it is terminal

The Pine

By Indira Dosch-Mazure
8th Grade

My feet lightly touch the snow-filled forest floor.
I see my breath frozen in mid-air.
The soft song of winter birds fills the brisk air,
completely drowning away the highway in the distance.
I glance down to see footprints in the snow.
There seems to be two sets of tracks next to each other,
eventually overlapping.

I gently follow the tracks through the cold melting snow.
After walking for maybe a minute I came across a pine.
She has a perfect stance, with bravery and strength.
I wonder how She lives through the cold, evil winter alone?
Her green, a relief from the glistening white.

I slowly slip my glove from my hand dropping it to the ground.
I run my hands up her rough bark, it relaxes me,
and for that moment of time I feel comfort, kindness.
It feels that we are the only ones alive.

But eventually the moment is over.
I bend down, grabbing my glove and slip it back onto my hand.
I start following the tracks back to the path,
About ten paces north I glance back to the pine.
My friend for only one day and it's as if she smiled at me.

Through her rough bark and branches, I know that she smiled.

I went back that summer only to find the memories we had,
as I sat on the stump where she used to sit.

From Blue Skies to Purple Dreams

By Keerthi Eraniyan
8th Grade

The saline aroma of the waters gracing the Straits of Florida whips the sea wind, an ominous expanse of sea harshly lashing at the underside of the canoe. The sky is a blinding, too-happy shade of bubbly blue sporadically speckled with gentle brushstrokes of white, golden rays of sunlight seeping through the cracks. The clouds are peculiarly brushed across a light gray palette, ominous tones laying under the velvety white exterior. Ultimately, Santiago's luck is strewn across the ashen lands of the underworld. With a flourish of a pen, Hemingway establishes the great fallacy that is considered 'good writing' and brings it to light in *The Old Man and the Sea*. One of the first executions of the iceberg theory, *The Old Man and the Sea* explores simplicity and the hackneyed exterior of imagination and revolutionized the world of writing. *The Old Man and the Sea* is an iceberg. The prose lays flat on the monotonous text, the leadened tip of a glacier. Dressed with the likes of everlasting sentences and flat language, the book - at first glance - is a trail of toy soldiers marching in perfect unison, donning monochromatic uniforms of gray with humdrum hats and apathetic masks. Between the lines of flat prose is a blanket of the quintessence plucked from the purest bursts of starlight, the mass of ice that lay beneath the glacial waters.

Armed with dreams of starring in a book called "Of Unicorns and Umbrellas" and a knack for unholy amalgamation of everything, to say I was a fickle character is an understatement. My brain was a clockwork of gears, composing a raucous sonata-not-sonata with a suave bassoon-timpani solo, mercilessly critiquing a book that should have been titled "A Guide To Making Possibly The Most Unintelligent Choices", having existential crises all while making ridiculous plans to time travel in the future ("It's possible, humans are just too lazy to do it," I would whine) and hopefully, fulfill my

ambitions to grow a beard, move to 17-Century Germany, and call myself “Herr Daschund Morgenstern Beethoven Mozart-Shostakovich the twenty-seventh” while the Jeopardy theme music would be blaring on repeat somewhere in my hippocampus. I would aspire to become a violin and pipe organ soloist, attempting Paganiniana and Toccata and Fugue when I couldn’t even get through Twinkle Twinkle Little Star and thought that the pipe organ was called a cathedral (“It takes up a whole wall of a cathedral, it might as well be one!” I would squawk). I would write novels and novels filled with my ponderings and musings that were just screaming “Answer me! Answer me!” and would have philosophical conversations with my teachers about the meaning of life, existence, and predicting the annihilation of the world caused when humanity is effaced from the face of the earth.

I had aspirations to be a multiple instrument soloist, a world-renowned owner of a company, an astronaut, a chess master, and a chocolatier all at the same time. My personality was something extraordinary, the massive block of ice floating under the water. My personality was the bursts of starlight that wove through the prose of *The Old Man and the Sea*, the blanket of the moon’s rays that lay beneath monotonous phrasings and flat words. My personality was the metaphor for life pulling at you in every way possible demonstrated by the fight with the marlin and sharks, the wise-but-not-wise messages that make no sense but absolutely make sense at the same time.

The Old Man and the Sea is not much, save for the “dip and push of oars” and the “trembling sound as flying fish left the water” with lions on an African beach. The prose is as blue and cloudless as the vibrant Cuban sky, but just as tranquil. As long as Santiago’s fingers curl around the handle of the old but sturdy wooden oar, caressed with the saline wind and the ice-cold ocean waters, the marlin will be conquered. *The Old Man and the Sea* is a simple idea executed in a beautiful way, embellished and establishing ideas that seem to be true but false at the same time, imperfect but perfect, cerulean blue of the water but the vibrant orange of desert sands all in unison. The large mass of ice beneath the water is the mind of each toy soldier, chock full of ideas and colorful thoughts like multicolored sprinkles, with shots of dopamine and innovation and imagination and creativity and everything good and bad. Perhaps the first of these

curious little beings would invent a way to live on Mars, and the fifth Jupiter, while the thirty-fourth would be the first living-not-living being to time travel, even though it's impossible ("It's possible, and called time dilation! A guy's done it!" I would whine once again) and a five-hundred and eleventh who would revolutionize humanity and take over the world with robots, humans being their ultimate slaves.

My character was gargantuan, the embodiment of imagination, something that my comrades would have not agreed with. In kindergarten, I would be described as the new violin girl. In my first grade, I would be described as the random violin girl. In my second grade, I would be described as the random violin girl. In my third grade, I would be described as the random violin girl. In my fourth grade, I would be described as the random violin girl. In my fifth grade, I would be described as - wait for it - the random violin girl. If you asked an acquaintance of mine to describe me, I would be the barren tree amongst a landscape of trees akin to me, sporadically sprinkled with luscious greenery. Needless to say, I was not the main character of my movie. My exterior was the stoic line of toy soldiers clad in drab shades, the miniature shard of ice that peeked its way out of the roaring land of icy waters, the mundane phrases and simple prose which swirled into an enormous void of tediously flat, black and white language that seems like second-grader could compose it. My exterior was like being told to write an essay with at least 3,000 sentences about the prompt "What is your name?", and saying "My name is Bob" in 1,000 different variations including a 1,000-sentence report on how the alphabet came to be and another thousand sentences including the origins of the name 'Bob.' On the exterior, I was a studious, nerd-like, character and (very, very, young) woman of little words.

The Old Man and the Sea is a distinctive piece of prose, teeming with simple and tedious phrases that seem to gouge you from the inside out with pure bored-ness. Hemingway's writing is like the safe middle between good and bad, not super good with witty wording and cleverly crafted prose, but not super bad with clunky phrases and sentence-level errors. At first glance, Hemingway's writing in *The Old Man and the Sea* is the first glance of a barren landscape, a sweeping of the eyes over a drab white topography of endless almost-dead trees with matte snow hardening into ice, a depressing

view indeed. The drabby and monotonous exterior of The Old Man and the Sea is the introverted and boring exterior of me, embellished with basic wordings and simplified phrases that seem to go on and on and on, dull gray sweaters and bland-tasting vanilla ice cream that's half melted. If you look a little into The Old Man and the Sea, bursts of crystal-colored sunlight and starlight and all lights weave a tapestry of majestic-ness and magical-ness that adorns the yellow-white pages. If you look a little into my character, colorful sprinkles and crazy aspirations arise, a brain created wholly out of innovative and vibrant blue and white starlight like Cuba's blue and white skies.

Who am I? What is me? Those are the questions that I ask every day when I look in the mirror. I am the majestic mass that is an iceberg, I am The Old Man and the Sea, I am a funky philosopher with questionable career ideas and bizarre preferences and thoughts. Just like The Old Man and the Sea, my exterior is the monotonous line of grayish-black toy soldiers, my character is the magical thoughts that grace their little toy brains. Santiago sighs, his craggy straw hat ruffling in the gentle sea breeze. The palm trees sway softly, the sky whipped with streaks of white. The marlin's blue-gray scales gleam in the gentle sunlight, tinted with a light pink-purple. The sun slowly dips her toes into the roaring waters, an ominous glow left behind as she is submerged completely. She lights up the now aquamarine-slash-violet-blue horizon, with baby pinks and toned grays. Santiago's story may not relate to me, but the ideas behind it truly do.

Running

By Flora Giannoulas
8th Grade

What she liked was loud silence, and bright orange sunsets with clouds, (ones that felt like a gift just to look at, plastered like cotton candy over city rooftops), and searching for frosted sea glass on the beach, and closing her eyes mid-day; and running.

Running, *noun*. - to go quickly by moving the legs more rapidly than at a walk and in such a manner that for an instant in each step all or both feet are off the ground.¹

That definition referred to a motion, a sport; an action devoid of the intensity and vehemence she attached to it. It wasn't as much the movement of running itself, but rather the mental escape which running provided for her. As if, while gasping for air, she was able to control her breathing, her heart beating like the wings of a hummingbird, wind whistling past her face and plastering strands of hair to her cheeks. And she was always rushing. It was in her ardent nature, she supposed, to scorn wasted time in transitions, trying to move toward each next thing a little quicker, unclear of which finish line she was endeavoring to cross. A brief flight away from the race of life: that's what running was for her. Hurtling towards the finish line, feeling both weighed down and as light as a feather. The neon shoes of runners ahead seemed to jump out and taunt her to push a little harder. Each spiked foot pounding harder into the bouncing track, electrons buzzing, rushing towards the finish line, so tiny, so insignificant. But it felt so immense. The ability to achieve something so simple; a loop around a track, yet to have the clarity of knowing what was at the end of this scorching vermillion circle. For there to be meaning; for everything to have intrinsic and clear value, this was what she desired. It was what made her stay up, late into the night, gazing at the carpet of bright stars that stretched to infinity. It was what made her wonder, obsess over every decision, what

made her try to squeeze herself into boxes, if only so she could check them off. She struggled with the indefiniteness of life (and afterlife?), but she knew that there was deep beauty in not knowing. Trying to piece together the fragments of life into some semblance of a whole was what kept her moving each foot in front of the other, rapidly, until she was running.

¹ Run - definition & meaning | Dictionary.com

A Solitary Lilt

By Ananya Kharade
8th Grade

1. Alone

They think that she was lonely,
She was not; she was just alone.
For she loved solitude,
And silence she had best-known.

Books were her lovers,
Poetry was her friend,
Words were her bloodline,
And so, she wrote obsessively to the end.

2. The Writer

She battled all the storms,
She rebuilt every wrecked ship,
She had monsters succumb to her,
Without a quiver of her lip.

She made warriors shake and tremble,
By her mere sight,
She helped the dawn escape,
From the prisons of the night.

Her mind held all the answers,
Her heart had heard all things,

She knew of enchanted mirrors,
And worlds where horses had wings.

She had the power and the passion,
To create worlds out of her pen,
She composed several works,
Admired by all men.
...Because she was a writer.

3. Within

I wonder if you do know,
That there is a world beneath my skin,
And it's wild and wicked,
Growing cavernous within.
I wonder if you do know,
About the mountains of my pride,
Standing tall and glorious,
In the land they reside,
Or about the stars of my ambition,
Exuding a sweet spark,
Reminding once again,
That there's an allure in the dark.
I wonder if you do know,
About the path of my spine,
Or that my heart contains,
One of the holiest shrines.
You might not know,
About the rhythm of my lungs,
Or the throb of my blood,
The liveliest music sung.

A sea of my thoughts,
Deep, placid, and still,
And an ever-growing forest
Of prowess and skill.
But best of all I know,
My world is a home,
That you always feel warmth,
No matter how far you roam.

4. The Song

The wind carried the song,
Of the sea touching the shore,
But she heard nothing all along,
In the wait for something more.

Li Bái

By Kaitlyn Phan
8th Grade

The sky the night you
died welcomed you
with open adoring arms.

The inky clouds
trickled down tears
of joy.

You were too full of the light of the moon
to exist on the dirt of the earth.

The rain held a vigil in your honor,
and the waves enveloped you
to deliver you to
a star-scattered tomb.

Was it the light or the drink that
drowned you that night?
Were you star-drunk and stumbling into love?
Half-insane and intoxicated on moonlight,
swollen from
feasting on your own heart,
and quenching yourself with
the light on the water.



Upcoming Issue

Submissions are now accepted for CYWR's upcoming issue.

We're very excited to see all of your short stories of any genre, personal narratives, poems, song lyrics, as well as screenplays, scripts, and book excerpts. To read the submission guidelines and submit your writing for publication, go to:

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