



Labyrinth magazine

TC Williams
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FIRST PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
RICKY NEAL



KAYLYNN MAJORS



**SECOND PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
ARI HARBIN**



Kelly Dervarics




Cindy Ramirez
Second Place Art



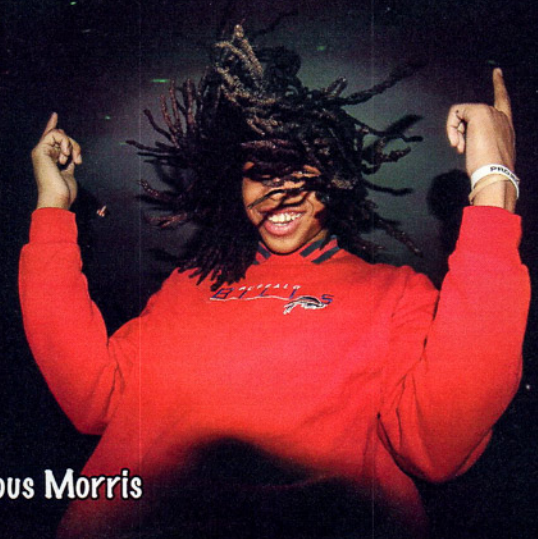
Brendan Kerwin



Gabi Foster




Ricky Neal



Tyrous Morris



Alexis Judd



Stephanie S.



Simran Khadka

Dive

by Sarah Paez

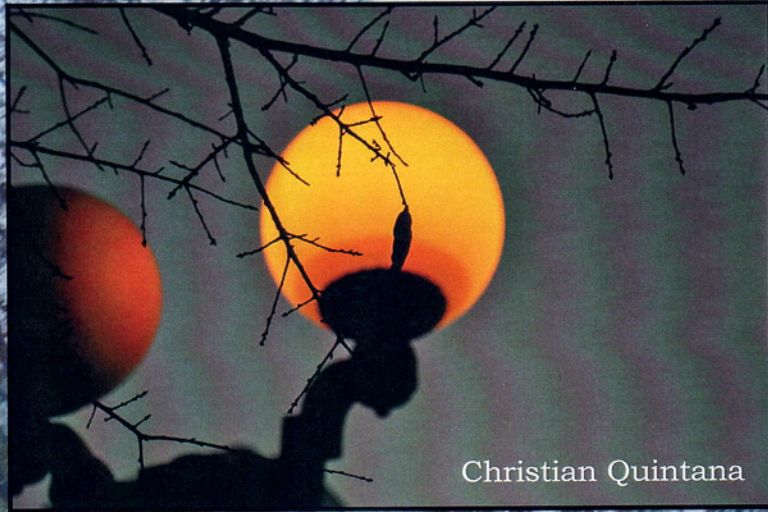
The walls bleed
Seeping visceral slime of knowledge
Outside, flowers bloom
Deep red poppies
Staining my retinas
Like the cataclysmic
patterns
latticing
Across the floor
As if you were
Climbing on a garden trellis
But instead
You sliced a chasm
In the water
Watched it glide
Through your conscience
We became an entity
Shrouded in cotton

Walled in
So we clawed our way out
The sun just
Dawning upon our backs
Noses turned up to the
World's gravity
That anchored our minds
But we tore off our clothes
And soaked in ultraviolet
Radiation
Crescent moon smiles
Upon our fiery lips
Igniting the dusk
and the murky labyrinth
Echoes of our once-lost thoughts
Now brighter than crystal-studded
Caves
Brilliantly
We escape from our graves.

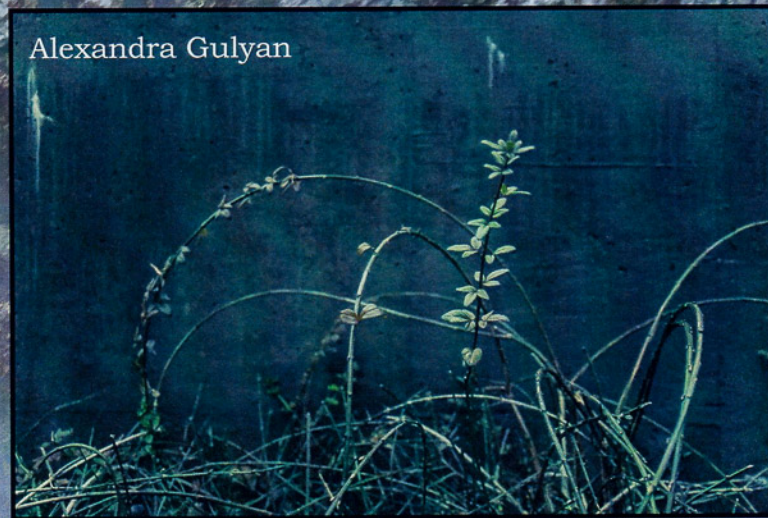
**First Place
Writing**



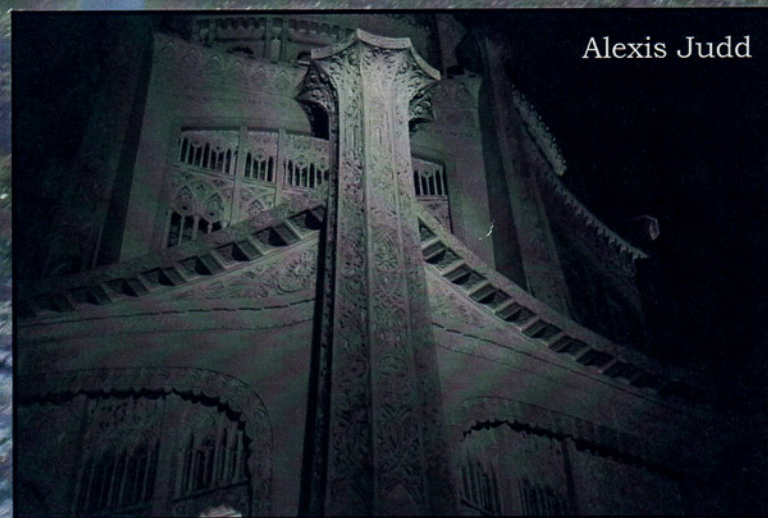
ALEXANDRA LEMKE



Christian Quintana



Alexandra Gulyan



Alexis Judd

THIS IS WHY I WALK IN WINTER

BY HAYDEN ARP

In the daytime it's nothing. Just some trees, a subtle descent; a gray, traffic-jammed highway sits in the distance. People walk by the overlook. They keep walking. People don't stop during the day, because in the daytime it's nothing.

It is in the night when it's something. Winter has pulled the leaves off their branches, just as dinner and sleep have pulled the people back to their houses, and whether looking up or down from this peak, all I can see is stars. Cars fly and blur. Thousands of street lamps sitting, flickering into the distance. I stand still. I breath. I widen my eyes. It is in the night when it's something.

In winter it's everything. This is where I come when I feel the cracks. This is where I come when a friend passes. This is where I come when bridges burn. This is where I come when cold surrounds. In winter it's everything.

It is never warm. Sometimes I wish it was. We come here in winter, expecting these lights, these stars, these tiny balls of fire to provide at least some hint of heat. But they're distant. Whether swirling balls of gas or aging bulbs of glass, their beauty blinds when near. It is never warm.

This is why I walk in winter. This is why I like the cold. When the world says hibernate, pray for spring, I don't. I don't close my eyes. I love the leaves. I love the sun. But standing here, looking out through these branches, looking at the lights, looking at the sea, watching as the universe is reflected below my freezing toes. This is only possible when leaves have fallen. This is why I walk in winter.

RUBBER ROOM

BY GRACE DUNN

SECOND PLACE WRITING

Day 1

It's nice here. The food is okay, but I could go for some pizza. Nice. Nice. I'm sure you're nice too. I'm Christopher Coppen. They told me to write to someone, so I don't think too much. I don't really know what they mean. Thinking is good. That's all I ever did at college. Think. It was the end of sophomore year when I left. I think what I miss most are the books. Like ones about Vlad the Impaler. Man, he was a cool guy. All those different ways he could kill people, you know? All the fear of him. I think people are afraid of me too. They don't really look at me. They look to the side of me or through me. I always sit alone at lunch. People part like the red sea when I walk by. I looked at my reflection in the window a little while ago (no mirrors in this room). It was a little hard to see myself. Like I was going to blink out in a second. Or maybe it was the bars on the window. I have shaggy, mousy brown hair. Blue eyes. My mother never liked them much because they remind her too much of dad. He left when I was too little to know him. I'm lean, but not too muscly. I don't like those muscly types. So what is it people are scared of? I'm not exactly physically imposing. I keep getting these flashes in my head of some guy swinging a knife around. The other guy in the room looks frightened. He's kinda on the floor cowering back against a dresser. I think it's from a nightmare I keep having. I think slasher guys are cool though. They don't use guns. Guns are too fast. The guy on the floor should get it together. Why can't he defend himself? He's much bigger than the guy with the knife. Then the nightmare ends and all I see is this white light. Not in my head. I actually can't see for a second. Okay. I'm going to bed. Not much to do around here with no books and all.

Day 14

I can't leave my room. I want to. It feels almost dangerous to leave. But boring staying here. All the more reason. I want to go for a run. The kind of run that leaves me feeling so exhausted I just want to sit on the ground and put my head between my knees, clutching my throbbing chest. I wish I at least had some music or something. Nirvana. The kind of music you break things to.

Mom hasn't visited once since I've been here. I don't get why. She hasn't even written me or anything. I feel lonely. The people who bring my food don't look at me either. They smile at the floor so politely. It's insulting. Why can't someone just see me? I keep getting these flashes in my head of some guy swinging a knife around.

At night I hear scratches on the floor. I think there are rats in here. If there's one thing I can't stand, its rats. I don't want them chewing on my feet in the dark. I crawled all over the floor to find one. Maybe I could kill it. Something to do. Something else funny--I keep hearing screams. It seems like the same person. I keep getting these flashes in my head of some guy swinging a knife around. Must be some weirdoes here.

Day 30

When I was awoken this morning, one of the men in white looked at the floor in surprise. There were deep gouges in the wood. It's the rats, I told him. He smiled politely at my feet. He left the room, and I turned and stared out the window. He came back a moment later, with bandages. He began to wrap them around my hands. I didn't notice before. My nails are bloodied and my fingers are full of cuts. There's nothing sharp in this room. I don't understand. I keep getting these flashes in my head of this guy waving a knife around.

Day 45

Today I feel good. I was thinking about my dog, Ringo. I bet he misses me. We used to go hunting for rabbits together in the woods by my house. I didn't shoot them very much. I would just watch Ringo find them and tear them to pieces. Afterward I would pet him on the head and he would lick my face. Then my cheek would be warm from the blood on his mouth. I came home one time and mom flipped. She thought I'd been attacked. I just smiled. When I woke up this morning my pillow was in shreds. The mattress was pushed completely off the bed, and there were deep gouges in it. I think the rats tried to eat me while I was sleep. What did they put in my food? I couldn't have slept through that. I should leave. I should leave. I keep getting these flashes in my head of some guy waving a knife around.

I'm opening the door. The door I'm not supposed to open. I'm walking down the hall. No one has stopped me yet. No one will stop me. No one. Will. Stop. Me.

Footsteps behind me now. They're getting closer. Voices. Voices calling me to stop. I start running. Running so that my chest will throb. No, running to leave. Faster now. Faster and faster and faster. Blinding white light. I can't see. Hands on my arms. Hands all over me. Pushing me down. No.

I am waving a knife. And plunging it into one of the men in white feels good as he stops and rubies gush out of him over my hands. His white uniform blushes crimson. And there is red, red everywhere and it is all so beautiful. And I am Vlad the Impaler and I am Ringo in the woods and finally, all eyes are on me and *I am seen.*

Background Image: Stephon Beamon

Stephanie S.



Abraham Lamin



Mac Dickson
First Place Graphic Design



Lia Niebauer



Jorge Cruz



Raphael Thomas
First Place Art



Background Image:
Ari Harbin

FAMILY

BY ALEJANDRO CRUZ 

Does anyone here know about dream interpretation?

I would check online but I'm kind of weary of their vague "accuracy." That and I guess I would prefer some human insight...

There has been one reoccurring dream that has followed me throughout my childhood. As a New Year's Resolution, of sorts, I'd like to make some sense of it, rather than just putting it out of my mind like my father tells me to. He says dreams are just bursts of random sensations and that they hold no weight in the world around us. I want to believe he is right, but my dream seems too structured to be ignored. It frightens me and leaves me with unshakable feelings of apprehension and premonition. I would greatly appreciate anyone's help to make sense of it all.

Before I begin, I think it would be appropriate for a little background as it might help you understand why my dream is so strange.

I am an only child. My mother died in childbirth; this left my father the sole responsibility of providing for me. God, I wish I had known more about her. According to what my father says, she was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman he had ever known. He says I have inherited most of her features which probably explains why I look almost nothing like him. My father is a very big man and the strongest person I've ever known. I have a faint memory of him pushing a tree down with his bare hands, though looking back now it was probably the product of a young and overactive imagination. Sometimes I have a hard time telling the two apart, dreams and memories...

My father is actually a very affectionate man. He often holds me like he did back when I was young. This may seem a bit weird to some, being that I am now 18 years old, but I never really saw anything strange about a father still wanting to cradle his child. I guess, in his eyes, I will always be his little boy.

He is also very overprotective of me. He limits where I go and how long I stay there. The fact that I am seldom allowed to spend time with friends causes any possible relationship outside of home to fade quickly. When I ask about my cousins, aunts and uncles, my father's responses often vary from "Oh, we lost contact." to "Who cares?" depending on whether or not he's sober at the time. Needless to say I was often very lonely growing up. Maybe this is what has led to the crazy thoughts I've been having lately.

The dream in question has been around for as long as I can remember. Initially, it would resurface every now and then but its frequency has increased throughout the years to the point that it is all I dream about. It always starts out the same. My bed dissolves and I plunge into the darkness of my eyelids. This leaves me with an uncertain sensation of falling, floating, and rising all at the same time. After a few minutes of being suspended, my body shivers and I shrink smaller and smaller until...

I'm a kid again and I am alone in bed, in a room that feels strangely familiar. Everything is fuzzy. Sounds resonate as if I were inside of a bubble. I hear footsteps coming from down the hallway and smile to see a man and a woman at the door way; people that I never remember meeting. The woman is beautiful and has long and wavy brown hair like me. The man has a kind face and has short black hair.

The man beckons me to run to his arms and I do so excitedly. I can't explain it, but I know them. I feel like they could be some forgotten close relatives or something. I smile in the man's loving embrace.

The hazy reality around me stabilizes and even sharpens its details, colors brighten, and I come to the realization that this woman may be my deceased mother but my father is nowhere to be seen. Seeing my mother alive is very puzzling. The dream then flashes to a brief scene of me in my backyard playing freeze tag with some kids while a swarm of adults sit nearby talking and drinking. It is there, far in the sea of faces, where I see my father almost out of sight, standing behind some trees at the opening of a forest. He is not laughing like the others. He looks like he is hiding. He's concentrating hard on something. I pinpoint his gaze and realize that he is staring at the woman who could be my mother, who is now dancing with the man from before. I hear my heart pound from inside my chest; it beats much like a ritual drum, faster and faster until I pass out. There is a period of silence.

I am back in bed and it is dark. The ceiling fan whirls around my head. It is then when I hear creaking in the distance, creaking, then, footsteps. My father emerges from the blackness and takes me into his arms. He smiles with both eyes closed as if he is in bliss; then quietly carries me back out of the room. His arms strengthen their grip tighter and tighter until the darkness once again greets me, smothers me in its cold embrace. It is there where my dream ends.

It is probably nothing, but I'd like to know the significance of dreaming of something that couldn't have happened.

Please get back to me whenever it is convenient for you, I have to leave for a while but will be back soon.

My father wants to take me on a trip; I am not sure where we are going, but I'll try to check back every now and then. Until next time my friends.



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