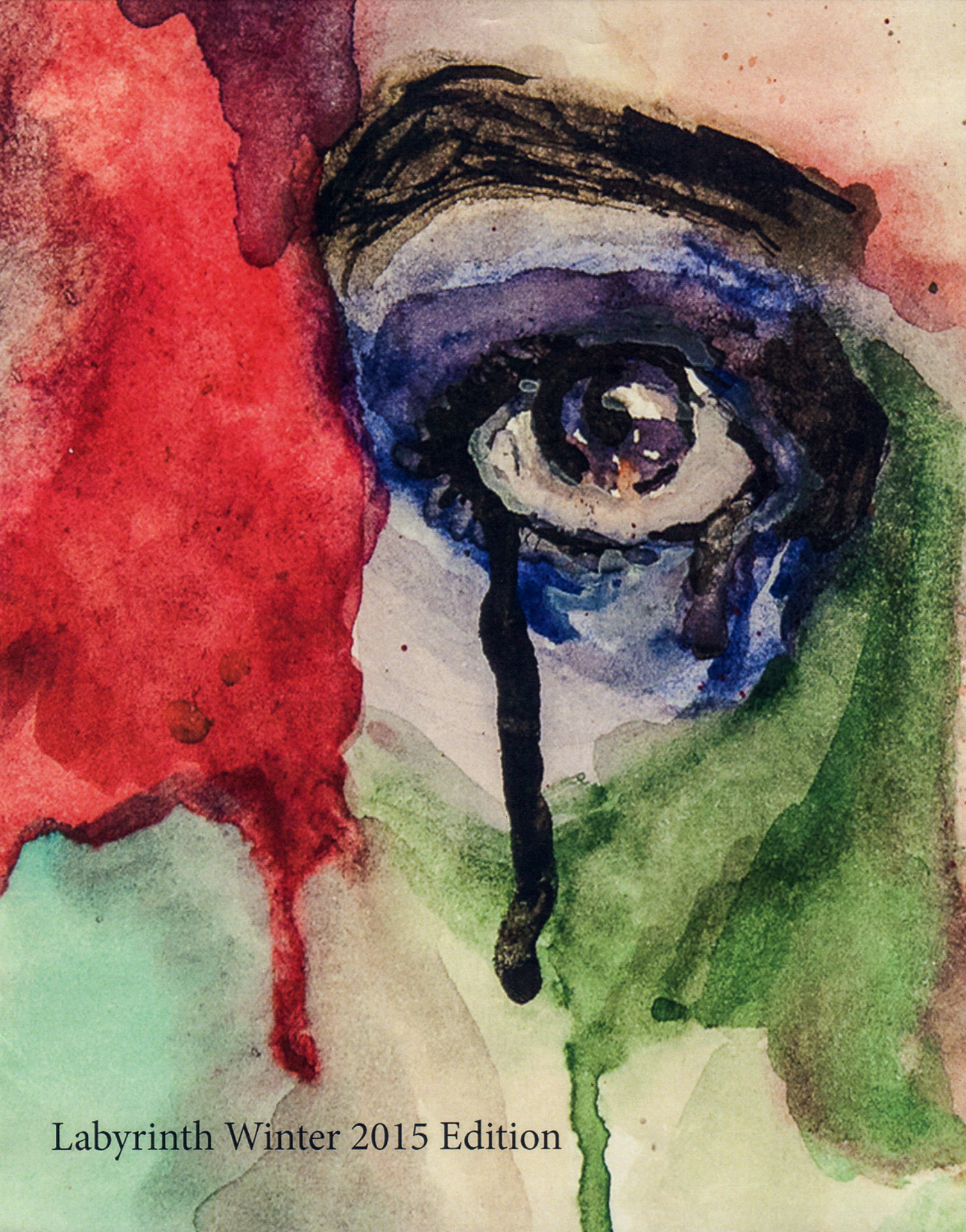


A surreal, low-angle photograph of a person in a dark forest. The person is silhouetted against a bright, glowing light source, possibly a flashlight or a small fire, which creates a strong lens flare. The person is holding a camera or a similar device. The background is filled with the intricate, dark branches of bare trees, creating a complex, maze-like pattern. The overall color palette is dark, with shades of blue, purple, and green, and a bright white light source. The title 'LABYRINTH MAGAZINE' is overlaid in a bold, white, serif font.

# LABYRINTH MAGAZINE



Labyrinth Winter 2015 Edition



Cover Photo by Luis Reyes, First place winner!

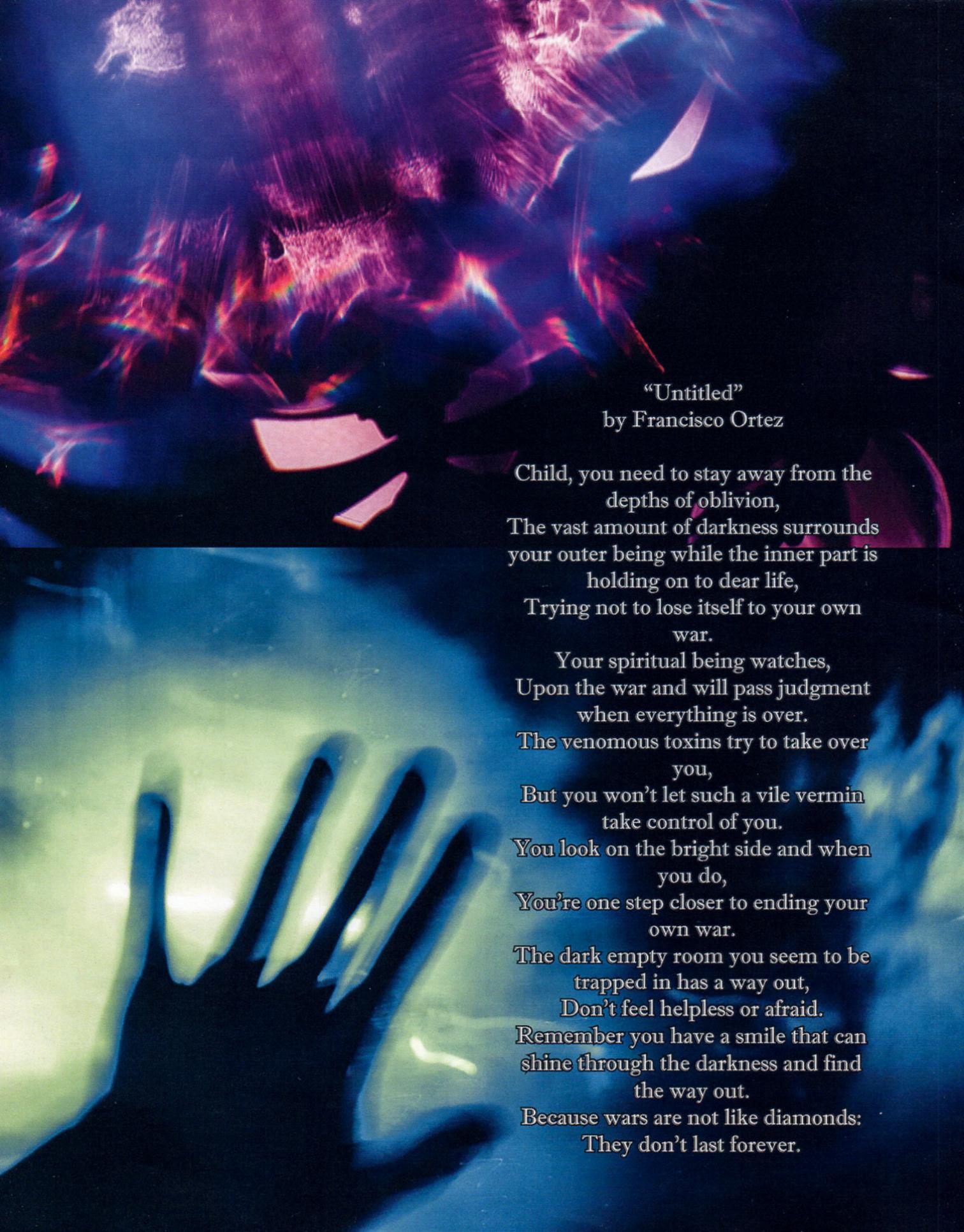
Art Spread By: Amelia Bender

**"Creativity is contagious, pass it on."**  
-Albert Einstein

Labyrinth encourages T.C students to pass on their creativity.  
With your submissions we are able to keep the artistic energy  
of our school alive!

Keep submitting to Labyrinth.

Email us your work at: [labyrinthmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:labyrinthmagazine@gmail.com)  
or drop it off in room C205



"Untitled"  
by Francisco Orteza

Child, you need to stay away from the  
depths of oblivion,  
The vast amount of darkness surrounds  
your outer being while the inner part is  
holding on to dear life,  
Trying not to lose itself to your own  
war.

Your spiritual being watches,  
Upon the war and will pass judgment  
when everything is over.  
The venomous toxins try to take over  
you,  
But you won't let such a vile vermin  
take control of you.

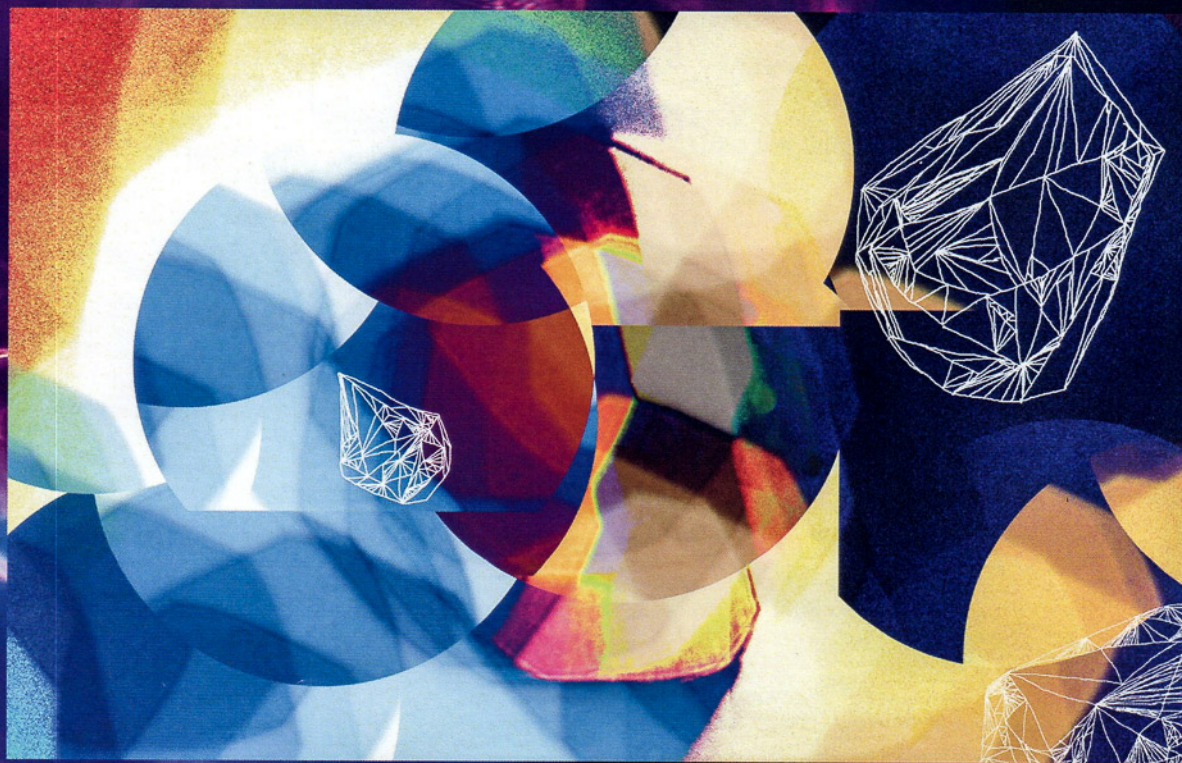
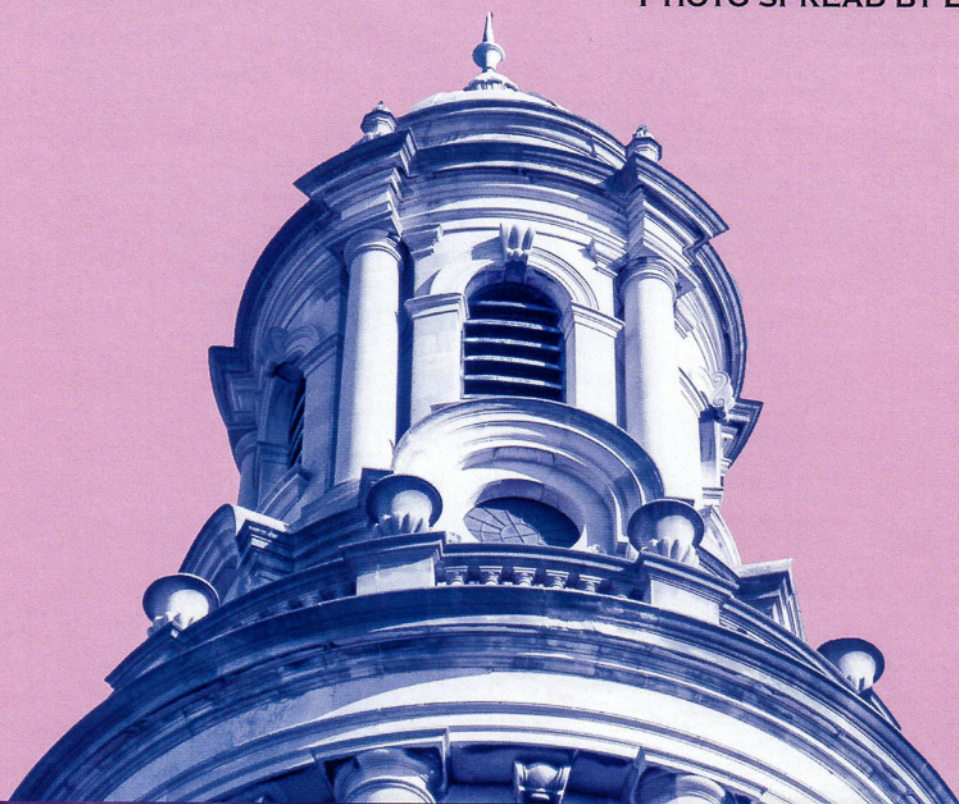
You look on the bright side and when  
you do,  
You're one step closer to ending your  
own war.

The dark empty room you seem to be  
trapped in has a way out,  
Don't feel helpless or afraid.

Remember you have a smile that can  
shine through the darkness and find  
the way out.

Because wars are not like diamonds:  
They don't last forever.

PHOTO SPREAD BY LYNN STEVENS



"The Abyss" – Nashae Bates

Into the Abyss,  
The deep dark treasures of your unconsciousness,  
Bottled up emotions of past pain, a jarful of menaces to society which in actuality are harmless,  
Demons spilling out from depths of your soul,  
Hidden under all that makeup is a rough draft of you,  
A non-revised version of your mental being,  
Playing the game.  
Notice that you are just a pawn in the world we live in,  
Taking laws and rules and morphing you into the person you are,  
Hiding the real you from yourself so deep that you wouldn't even know it was there,  
Where, you ask?  
In the Abyss.  
A collection of dreams, hallucinations,  
The porn of your mind, I may add,  
Your wants and needs that you may not fulfill.  
In the Abyss lies a creepy critter with demon eyes and red hair,  
Horns of the Devil, ears of a monstrous thing but yet no mouth,  
Hands tied behind its back ready to break free,  
But the hold society has on us won't let us see,  
The Me, the You, the Real,  
Experience what its like to be free.

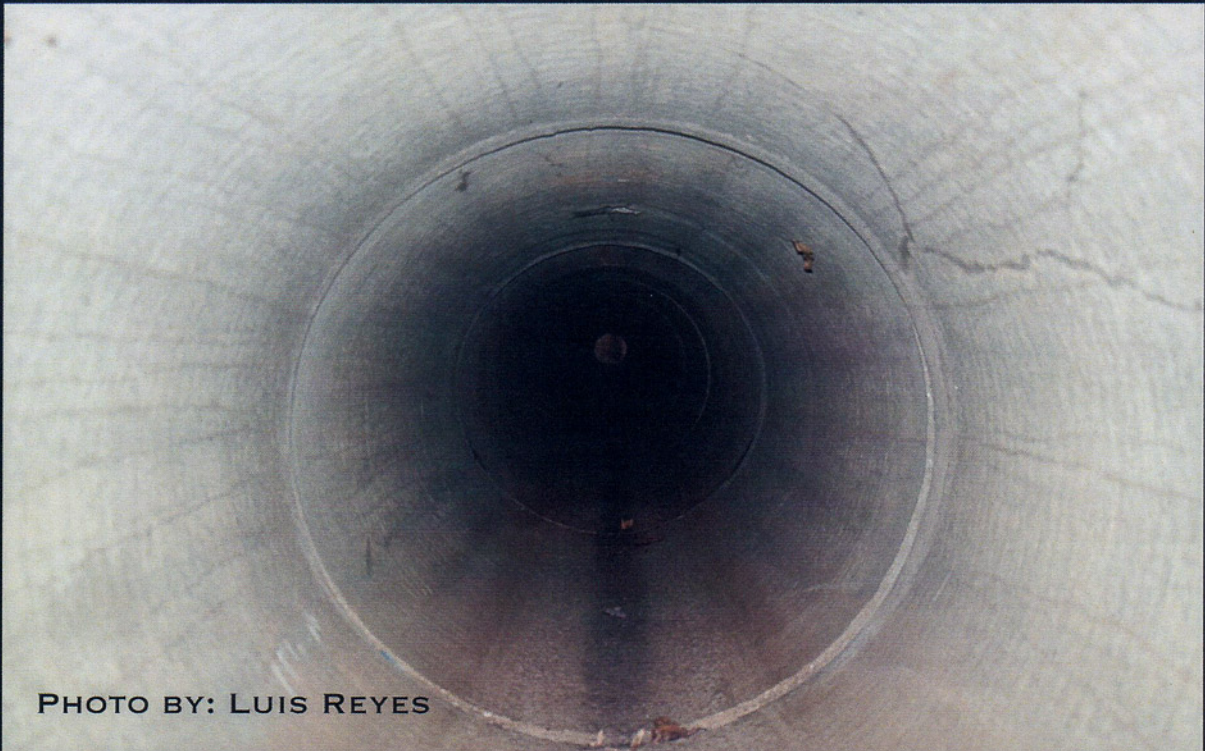


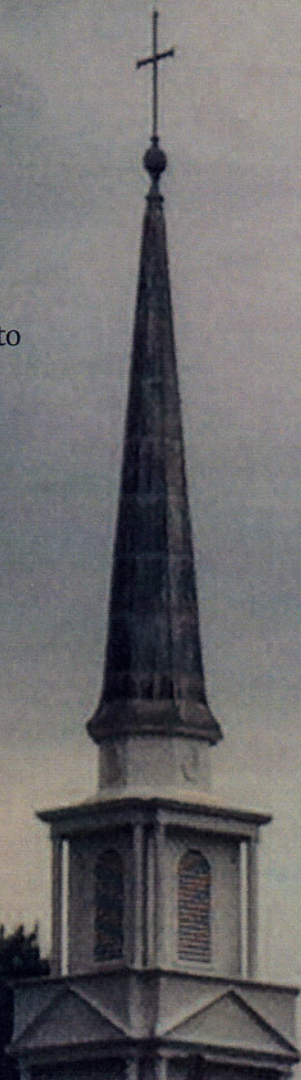
PHOTO BY: LUIS REYES

**"Stranger" - Jalisa Ortellana**

**FIRST PLACE WRITING WINNER!**

I keep your pictures on my windowsill,  
'Cause after all, your good mornings and good nights were always my favorite.  
It's been a year,  
And I keep forgetting what you look like.  
I can't remember the vibrations of your voice or whether or not your eyes  
shriveled a little when you laughed.  
I've forgotten more about you than I am comfortable with,  
My heart wedges open a little more every time I confuse stories of "we",  
Each memory used to be so distinct,  
They would all play like movies,  
Film rolling when no one asked to press play.  
Now, you've become an old collection of VHS's.  
I haven't seen you in my dreams lately, either,  
If sleep is the cousin of death, why haven't you and I been made kin again?  
Why has your name become taboo?  
Why have all your t-shirts stopped smelling like you?  
Why do I feel guilty every time I can say who you are and it doesn't hurt any-  
more?  
I am no longer in the solar system,  
Sometimes it feels like a black hole has found home in my lungs has found  
home in my lungs and each breath only aids its growth.  
Other times, you are the wood fueling the fire in my core,  
The motivation and the passion that drives me to do whatever in my power to  
not live in vain.  
Your absence has caused an avalanche of confusion,  
And quite frankly, I am running out of ways to say I miss you.  
But you will always mean more to me than a picture on my windowsill,  
So don't be a stranger.

**PHOTO BY: PAIGE VONDENKAMP**



"Lionhearted Girl" - Amara Edwards

Her spirit cannot be contained within the boundaries of the world;  
She is unattached to society and runs free in the wilderness,  
She runs with the stallions and leaves fiery trails as her orange hair  
flies behind her—

This girl who stands among lions and shows no fear.  
Her eyes are fierce and shine like diamonds as they look  
upon the horizon,  
Knowing she is one with the land.  
She is not bound to the etiquette of pop culture  
But her savage appearance shows a rare beauty,  
And her inability to be restrained exudes fearlessness.



ART BY:  
PAIGE VONDENKAMP  
FIRST PLACE ART WINNER!

"A Letter To Myself" – Yonas Araya

You stand in front of me,  
What was once a skyscraper boasting it's valiance to the world  
Is now a hill of toppled bricks that couldn't quite hold under the pressure.  
What happened to, I haven't seen you speak this sincere since grandma died,  
Your eyes,  
Red with lies,  
Pupils dilated,  
Behind your shades they hide,  
That extra drink you shouldn't have downed  
and your attempt to balance it out with the chill of snowflakes,  
You are living inside of a trip, so I know my words don't matter to you,  
They can't climb up the ladder of your attention span,  
They fall down the tunnel of your eardrum into the abandoned subway  
where the old you was noosed to the back of a train  
that would never stop... you are not a man,  
You are a hypocrite.  
I hope you know that I hate you.  
Why do you play with her heart?  
She is not your piano,  
Your father was absent from your upbringing but you sure did build yourself in his image.  
You preach drugs are bad while you're seeing doubles,  
What happened to you?  
You stumble as you walk,  
Parading through the streets of rebellion knocking over everything in your way,  
Everything you say you trust,  
You say people are unreliable but you are too,  
You say to put your trust in someone is strictly taboo because like old Miles said:  
"Best friends come and go like tides,  
But cigarettes stay 20 in a pack,  
Burn straight overtime."  
So light another death wish,  
Burn it down to the excuses,  
Pick your poison for tonight,  
Make it anything,  
But useless.  
What are you proving?  
That you are in some way better than your father and his father?  
No, you are a liar at best.  
Your old man had a woman in his closet when your mother came home,  
You have a love poem in your back pocket from Karen,  
Texting sweet nothings to Maria,  
While you're lying next to Connie.  
You cling to the things that separate you from him,  
But everyday the lists gets shorter,  
The space's smaller,  
You don't have to be the sequel to his-story,  
You have become everything.  
You said you would not and I hate you for it,  
You stand in front of me, my yin, in a reflection,  
I only hope my yang is strong enough to balance you out.

# AN INTERVIEW WITH LABYRINTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

**THE  
PHOTOGRAPHER**



**THE  
ARTIST**



**THE  
WRITER**





## **LYNN STEVENS:**

“I got my first camera when I was probably in the 7th grade.”

Lynn originally began wanting to work with media such as pencil and pen and do sketches, but photography is what really stuck to her and has carried her for a long time. She has been taking photos for years now, and they're all quite special. Some of her pieces are standard, incredibly breath-taking shots, while others are insanely trippy and mind-bending! At first, National Geographic seemed like a fitting job for Lynn, but she has other aspirations. “I'd like to be a photographer for microbiology because it'd be cool to take pictures of cells and such under the microscope and make them into art. You don't see that much at all, do you?” No, we do not.

## **MOHAMMAD HADARI:**

“When I was seven years old, I started calligraphy.”

Before Mohammad became a master of the paintbrush, he was a master of the pen. Calligraphy opened the door to the art world to him, and eventually, it brought him to his landscapes and portraits. His style is somewhat similar to Claude Monet, an impressionist painter, and he tells us, “I saw this huge picture of ‘Water Lilies’ by Monet, and when I saw that, I got such a good feeling that I can't even explain. I became such a huge fan and I said, ‘I may want to go one day and paint this painting,’ and ever since, I was looking forward to becoming a painter.” He's strong with the style of impressionism, but he hopes to create his own art form one day.

## **YONAS ARAYA:**

“I've been writing songs and raps since I was about six years old...”

Known for his phenomenal poetry, Yonas has really gained much momentum from his words. Taking him from the 2014 Hyper Bole poetry slam to the White House, writing has helped him affect the ears of all of his listeners. “I remember saying my poem - first time - in front of random people and people genuinely liked it and it affected them and I was thinking, ‘Wow, people actually feel what I'm saying.’” And that, they have. From T.C.'s auditorium to the Luxemburg Embassy, Yonas has always kept the mindset that though getting the opportunity to see these places is fantastic, it's not what he's after. It's mainly in the experiences and the growth and development he's undergone as a person courtesy of the spoken-word.

**Background photo BY LUIS REYES**



EDOM TILAHUN



RACHEL LECKMAN



CYNTHIA BOAT



CHRIS RIDDLE



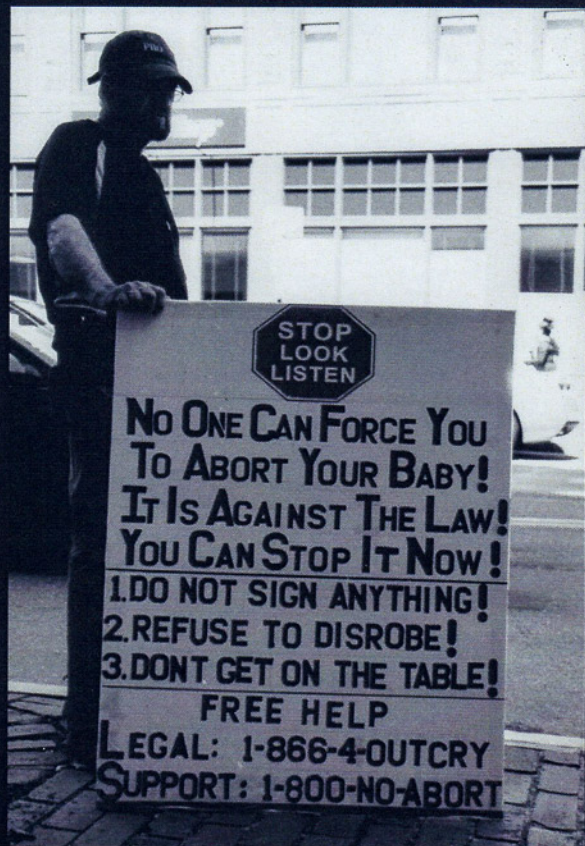
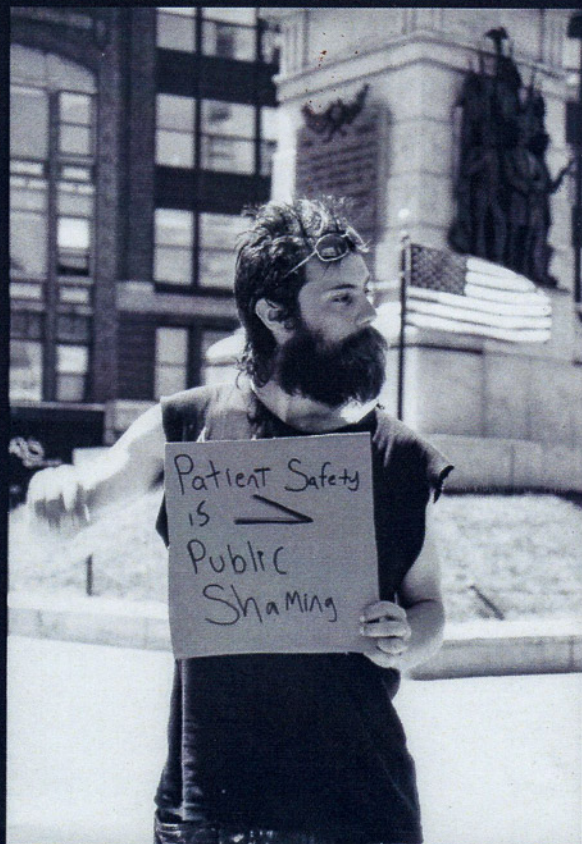
AMIR SHAREAK



KIM KELLY

**"UNTITLED" — ELAINA URBAN**

MY MIND IS STUCK  
IN A SLINGSHOT ORBIT,  
BETWEEN BE THE CHANGE YOU WANT TO SEE  
IN THE WORLD  
AND IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM.  
EACH IS OF SIMILAR SIZE,  
SO MY HEAD WILL SPEND  
AN ETERNITY FLYING BACK AND FORTH,  
IN A SCHEDULE THAT GETS ME CLOSE ENOUGH  
TO  
PEER INTO THE ATMOSPHERE OF EACH,  
ONLY TO FLING ME BACK INTO DARKNESS  
AND ALLOW THE CYCLE TO REPEAT;  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM RIGHT NOW,  
IN MY LITTLE ORBIT,  
SO I SUPPOSE I'M STALLING,  
SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE AGAIN:  
I NEED  
CHANGE  
TO FIND MYSELF PEACE,  
AND THE  
IMMUNITY OF PEACE  
TO FIND MYSELF CHANGE.



**PHOTOGRAPHY BY: KIM KELLY**

"Friend"  
by Betelhem Demissie

Congratulations my friend,  
You are finally in.  
In with people you hate but crave to be like them within.  
I see you change like a leaf in a tree.  
One moment, there and gone slowly.  
They hate what you do, and they despise what you say.  
Why did you leave when I was here?  
You should have stayed.  
Saying things you don't mean when you know they are false.  
You changed yourself for the people you hate the most.  
They tell you what to say and do.  
Yet you are blind because you think they can't control you.  
They make you hate yourself deep within.  
Make you wish you could change your own skin.  
They show you things they know you will never become.  
Make you hate your smile and make you their victim.  
The friend I once had, is someone I don't know.  
Because she left me, for those she hates the most.



ART BY:  
MOHAMMAD HAIDARI



ART BY: PAIGE VONDENKAMP