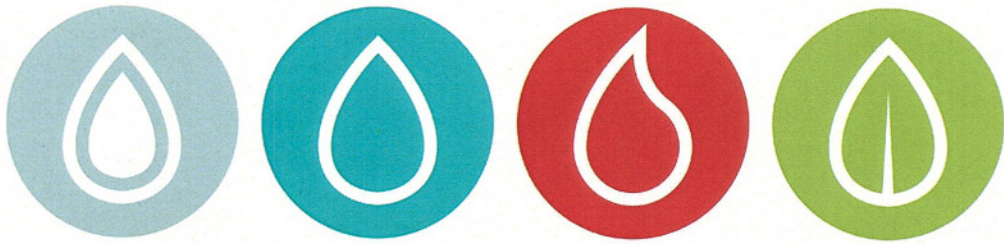


# LABYRINTH MAGAZINE

WINTER 2015-2016

E L E M E N T S



# WINNERS!

## **Art**

First Place: *Anna Blessing Merife*

Runner up: *Ronan Elpers*

## **Graphic Design**

First place: *Jenson Rattanapongbandit*

Runner up: *Jadah-Lysette Thomas*

## **Photography**

First Place: Jelly Fish Glow By *Afnan Ali*

Runner up: *Daniel Rivas*

## **Writing**

First Place: Amalgam By *Enrique Johnson*

Runner up: Air, or the Lack Thereof By *Madeline Waldhoff*

**WINNERS AND RUNNER UPS PLEASE STOP BY  
C205 TO RECEIVE YOUR PRIZES!**

Cover Graphic Design by  
Alek Smolkin



# LABYRINTH STAFF



Ronan Phil Grace Emma  
Reem Fatima Annabel  
Savannah Emilia Sadie Tori

Arts are the basis to the human existence. The amazing talents of the students of T.C. Williams should not be hidden away in the deep corners of their minds, but put on display to color the minds of many others. Picasso once said, "Everything you can imagine is real." This quote perfectly reflects the efforts of the Labyrinth Magazine to showcase the imagination of various students in the forms of art, photography, and literature.

This magazine asked students to submit arts under the theme "Elements". We believed this theme would be a source of blossoming creativity within the minds of students and allow for a beautiful magazine. Thank you to everyone who submitted. You are now entering a realm of the unique brains of students. We hope this will inspire you to create art and submit to the next Labyrinth!

- Labyrinth Staff





# Aquarium Harmony

Photography by Afnan Ali



Background Art by  
Rachel Hernandez



Art by Anna Blessing Merife



1st Place Graphic Design by  
Jenson Rattanapongbandit





Graphic Design by  
Camila Cossio Perez





# Amalgam

## By Enrique Johnson

1st Place Writing

Beneath my feet I muddle the dirt between my toes  
like the waves beat rocks within their seas,  
I root into the earth and revel beneath it.

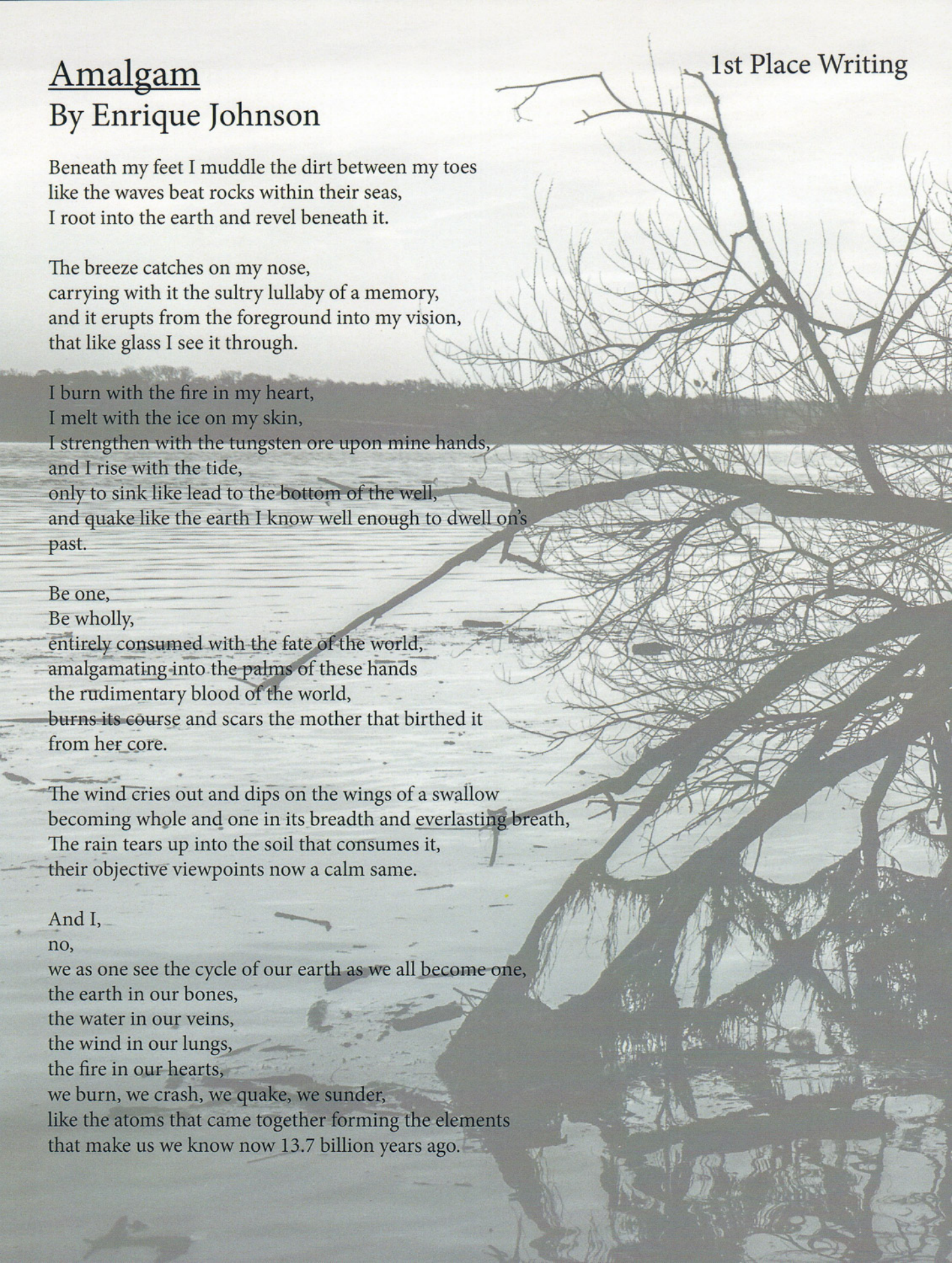
The breeze catches on my nose,  
carrying with it the sultry lullaby of a memory,  
and it erupts from the foreground into my vision,  
that like glass I see it through.

I burn with the fire in my heart,  
I melt with the ice on my skin,  
I strengthen with the tungsten ore upon mine hands,  
and I rise with the tide,  
only to sink like lead to the bottom of the well,  
and quake like the earth I know well enough to dwell on's  
past.

Be one,  
Be wholly,  
entirely consumed with the fate of the world,  
amalgamating into the palms of these hands  
the rudimentary blood of the world,  
burns its course and scars the mother that birthed it  
from her core.

The wind cries out and dips on the wings of a swallow  
becoming whole and one in its breadth and everlasting breath,  
The rain tears up into the soil that consumes it,  
their objective viewpoints now a calm same.

And I,  
no,  
we as one see the cycle of our earth as we all become one,  
the earth in our bones,  
the water in our veins,  
the wind in our lungs,  
the fire in our hearts,  
we burn, we crash, we quake, we sunder,  
like the atoms that came together forming the elements  
that make us we know now 13.7 billion years ago.





Photography by  
Daniel Rivas

All of this,  
is just a faint memory of how the elements will shape us  
in their heathen wonderland,  
as we,  
I, see this cycle of burning,  
this cycle of reform and reprise,  
this cycle so subatomic going barely unnoticed,  
but duly less than rarely seen.

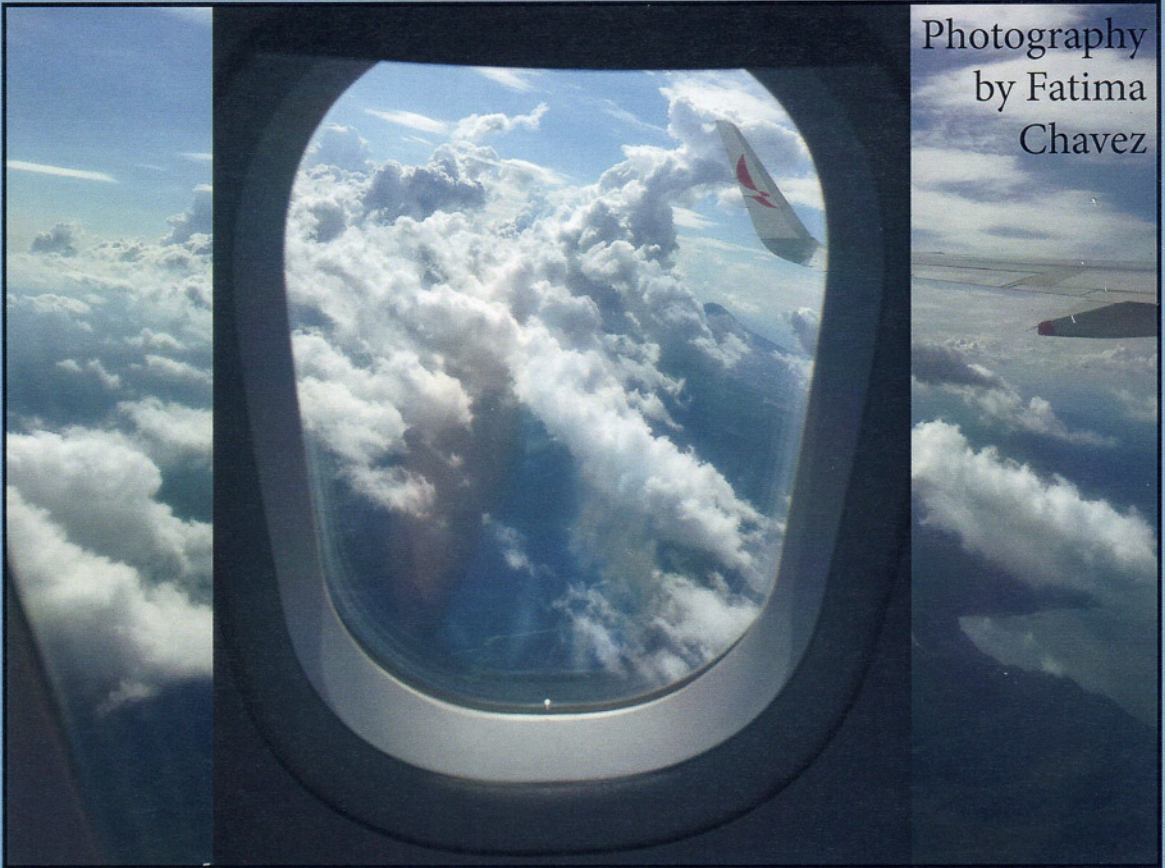
Fire burn bright the hearth of the heart,  
Wind blow south the fear of sovereignty's will,  
Water spring forth from eyes in the wake of beauty,  
Stone harden the frames flesh will bare to hang from notwithstanding the particles of this world  
fill the next.

Be one,  
Be wholly,  
entirely consumed with the powerful gratuitous crackle and sundered  
fire by the substances coursing through us,  
allowing everlasting ever shining life and will,  
the rudimentary blood of this earth is within us,  
just as it is beyond the open breadth and orifice of visions  
we wade through,

Dear amalgam of metal and air, fluid and stone,  
carbon and sulfur,  
this is what it means to be a being within this world of beautiful cruelty  
sleeping in the arms of nature,  
and we accept it sweet amalgam,  
That we have to notice that we,  
are gifted by the elements rudimentary, mental, and physical,  
that we are gifted as human beings,  
absolute predators with no enemies but the world herself along with her children that make her,  
and those who lie in this world.

We all become one,  
the amalgamation of everything  
good and evil,  
Beautiful and ugly,  
13.7 billion years ago we are one as we are today,  
we are made of the same elements of the stars and that we know  
birthed by our mother,  
the universe.





Photography  
by Fatima  
Chavez



Photography  
by Savannah  
Ring



Photography by Addison Guynn





Photography by Savannah Ring





Photography by Jenna Ainey







Art by  
Paige Vondenkamp



Art by  
Margarita Cushco





1st Place Art by  
Anna Blessing Merife









# Air, or the Lack Thereof

by Madeline Waldhoff

i do not understand breathing  
why something so essential  
so necessary for our life  
sometimes stops  
why, upon seeing a glorious view  
picturesque, striking:  
a painting of a trillion colors,  
red and golden brown  
green, yellow, magenta;  
a boy, his jawline sharp  
his eyes like burning coals  
his hair so soft  
(and i just want to touch it,  
touch him);  
a girl, her skin all pinks and browns  
and  
lacking in nothing  
her eyes like stars in the summer sky  
her smile sunlight  
(and she lets me touch it  
but she does not let me worship her)  
she keeps me at arm's length  
and my breath stops when she walks  
in the room  
and i do not think she comprehends

i do not understand breathing  
and why it is said to be so simple  
"i'm good for one thing only,  
and that is taking breath"  
what if i am not?  
what if my heart leaps in my chest  
and the air catches in my lungs?  
what if the mere sight of beauty is  
too much  
and i fall to the ground  
what then am i good for  
if i cannot even draw in air?

i do not understand breathing  
how my lungs move up and down  
and each inhale  
exhale, inhale  
exhale  
lets me push sound through my  
mouth  
and thoughts through my brain  
and words onto paper.  
and if every lump in my throat  
makes my head spin  
and my chest hurt  
why then is something  
"as simple as taking breath"



Photography by  
Savannah Ring

i do not understand breathing  
why am i yet incapable?  
it's something so innate  
that even a child  
an infant  
rosy-cheeked,  
fresh faced and fresh from the  
womb  
lets out a screaming cry  
when the doctors slap his buttox  
(and who blames him?  
whom who has experienced  
the joys and evils of this mortal  
realm  
and can yet say with certainty  
"it is better to have left the safety  
of my mother's warm body"?  
who can say, with a smile  
and no hint of anger  
no self-doubts  
no denial  
that something is  
"as natural as breathing"  
when people die every day  
without air)

and others suffer an interior death  
as they lose their breath yet again  
another lovely face  
another heart-wrenching poem  
another breath-taking sight  
why is breathing so essential for life  
if everything around me takes my  
breath away?  
i do not understand breathing.



Art by Ariel Cobourn



Background Photography by  
Jenna Ainey







Make-up Art by Lily Warden





Graphic Design by  
Jadah-Lysette Thomas





Graphic Design by  
Chima Obenwa





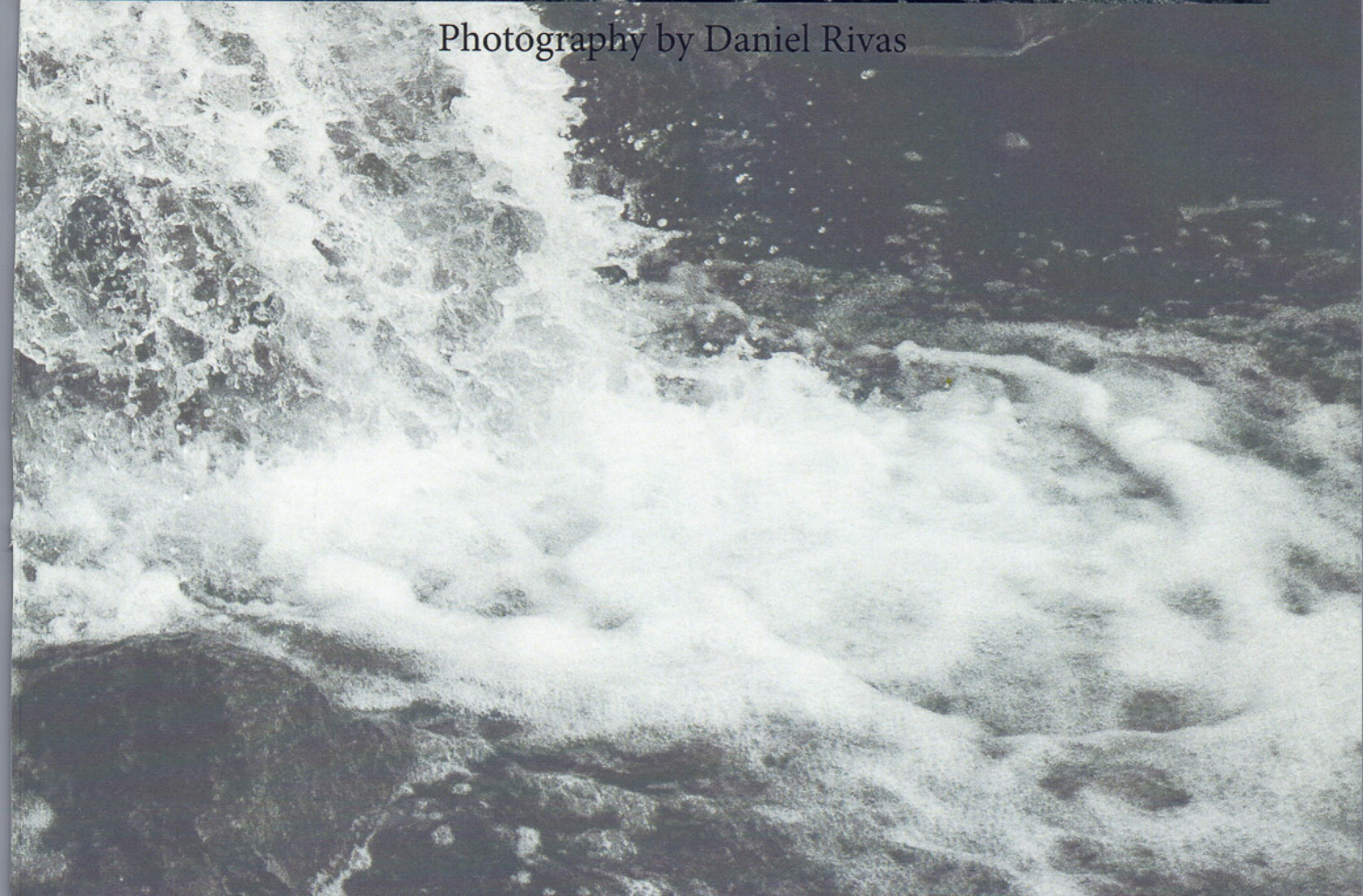
Photography by  
Okudinani Blessing







Photography by Daniel Rivas





Art by Ronan Elpers





A large number of glowing jellyfish are scattered across the frame against a dark, almost black background. The jellyfish are illuminated from within, creating a bright blue-white glow. They vary in size and orientation, some showing the characteristic four-lobed pattern on their bell. The overall effect is ethereal and mesmerizing.

# Jellyfish Glow

1st Place  
Photography by  
Afnan Ali





Graphic Design by Philomena Fitzgerald



Art by Ronan Elpers







Art by Ronan Elpers

Art by Joy Richards





Art by  
Hina Mughal





Graphic Design by  
Philomena Fitzgerald

# SUBMIT TO LABYRINTH MAGAZINE!

send your art to  
[labyrinthmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:labyrinthmagazine@gmail.com)  
or drop your art off in room C205

