

# **LABYRINTH**





# **LABYRINTH MAGAZINE**

volume 54 • no. 2 • winter 2017

# MASTHEAD

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# SOIXANTE-HUIT DEGRÉS

Le soleil s'infiltré entre les fissures de mes volets, par ma fenêtre dérive une brise légère.

Le réveil, le chant des oiseaux. 68 degrés.

Les arbres se balancent, regardant les gens qui vaquent à leurs occupations.

Se sentir à l'aise, 68 degrés.

L'air froid remplit mes poumons, la terre chaude apaise mon cœur.

Un instant, en passant par quelques heures qui me restent à saisir.

La nuit fraîche envahit le monde, attendant un autre jour de 68 degrés.

# SIXTY-EIGHT DEGREES

Sun seeps between cracks in my shutters, through my window drifts a slight breeze.

Waking up, birds singing. 68 degrees.

The trees sway, watching people go about their day.

Feeling at ease, 68 degrees.

Cold air fills my lungs, warm earth soothes my core.

In an instant passing by, few hours left to seize.

Cool night engulfs the world, awaiting another 68 degrees.

MICAELA DESIMONE













*Lily Morton*







# REMINISCING

Take me back

Back to the days when you couldn't get enough of me  
The days where every second we were consumed with each  
other's presence

The days that were filled with good times

Take me back

Back to when you were infatuated with me  
Back to the days when you craved me as much as I did you

Take me back

Back to the days when things were *simple*

LAUREN STACEY





Beck Moniz

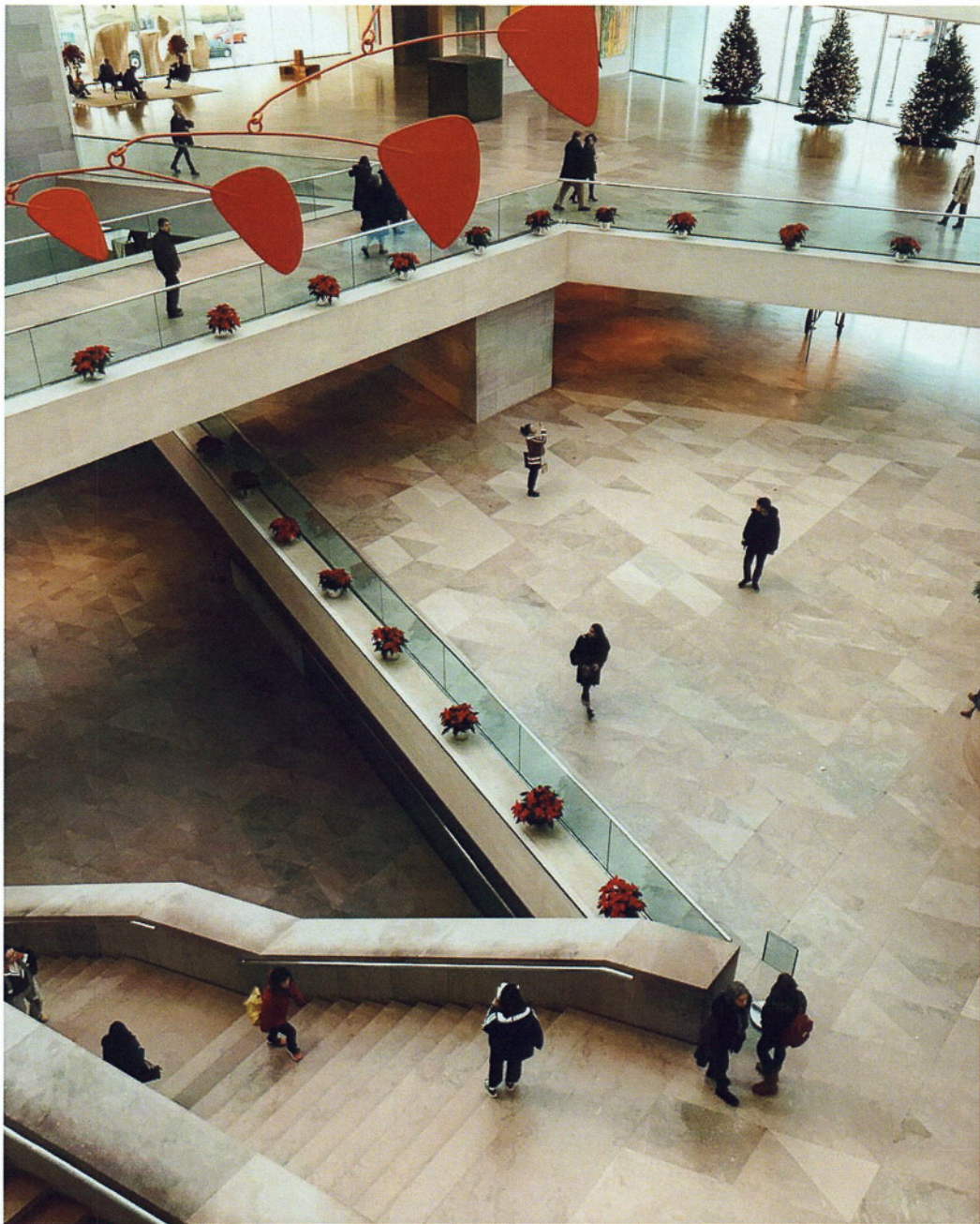












*Ira Siweki*





*Abegael Admete*



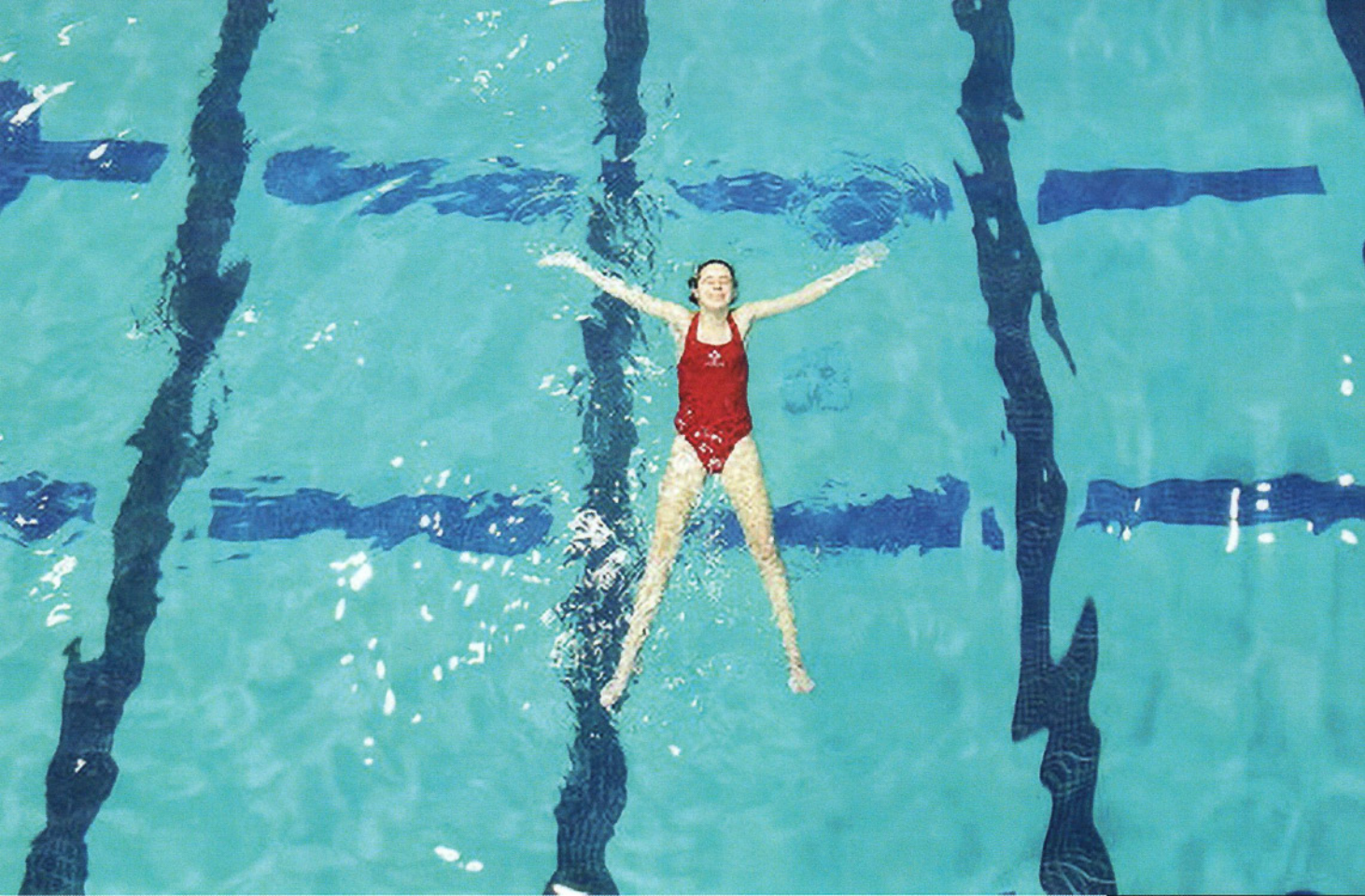


# BLOSSOMING AFFECTION

Dost thou know of thine own honest  
beauty?  
Lest I thankful, for thee hath a strong  
fancy for the judicious.  
Cometh to me mine love thee wilt see,  
I fancy for us to beest the most egal and  
prosperous  
from thy blessed smileth to thy quaint  
visage; lest I enchanted  
for thy lodging in mine heart remains  
still, yet groweth at each moment.  
For mine heart, of all loves, may I never  
take thy love for granted.  
Thy enticing clandestine aura employ to  
advantage my temperament  
Mine fixed gratification over thy  
congenial personality overwhelms me  
At which you enter, coequal those of a  
higher social jurisdiction may be filled  
with delight.  
Thy endearment and consideration for  
mine wellbeing and condition is key.  
Wondrous blue eyes with an exciting  
affect; undoubtedly making mine days  
feel bright.  
With the power and love that I carryeth in  
me I can promise to thee,  
I'll beest true to thee, and I desire thee to  
me.

*D'SHON WASHINGTON*





*Ira Siwecki*

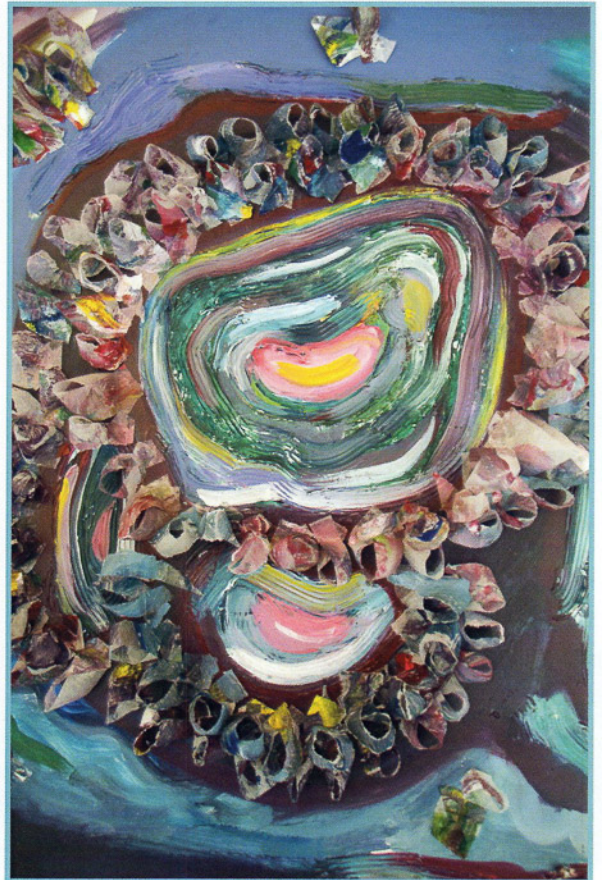




*Fritz Eastman*













# NEW NATURE

Stepping stones turned into white striped tile  
Flashes of green grass beneath my feet running through my brain

Flourescent lights burn my eyes in their attempt to mimic the sun's rays  
The warmth of the star hidden behind cement bricks and dusty white  
drywall

I try to remember, to imagine myself walking across a field  
The yellow flowers reaching up above my head, the dark dirt cold and  
inviting between my toes

I picture trees that try to reach the stars encasing me in a wood of soft  
mosses and hushed critters  
As curious to my presence as I am to their being

But that is all that remains  
A memory  
A thought

I open my eyes to the reality of buzzes in back pockets and screens with  
harsh glows  
Every unconscious soul fixated on a metallic box instead of the hearts that  
beat around them

No one is as curious as the creatures in the wood  
No one cares for the world like they do

But with these thoughts I find myself to be the odd one out  
The one that fears this cold and electronic norm arising for some unknown  
desire of progress

I yearn for the silence of every text tone  
If only to be replaced by the constant hum of the natural energy that charges  
us all

I find myself afraid of the technical utopia we attempt to pull forward with  
every waking second  
Afraid of our new nature

COURTLAND DORRIS

















*Meredith Lemke*



*Mary McCoy*



*Shelby Militzer*





*Cleo Lewis*





*LaShae Gregory*



# RING OF FIRE

Hurting and dying  
I lie here awake  
Cares not for my crying  
I stay here and shake

Wind rattles the windowpane  
Rain knocks on the door  
Tears drop to the floor  
This pain will have me done for

Fear creeps down my spine  
He slithers like a snake  
Torture of his design  
Burning at the stake

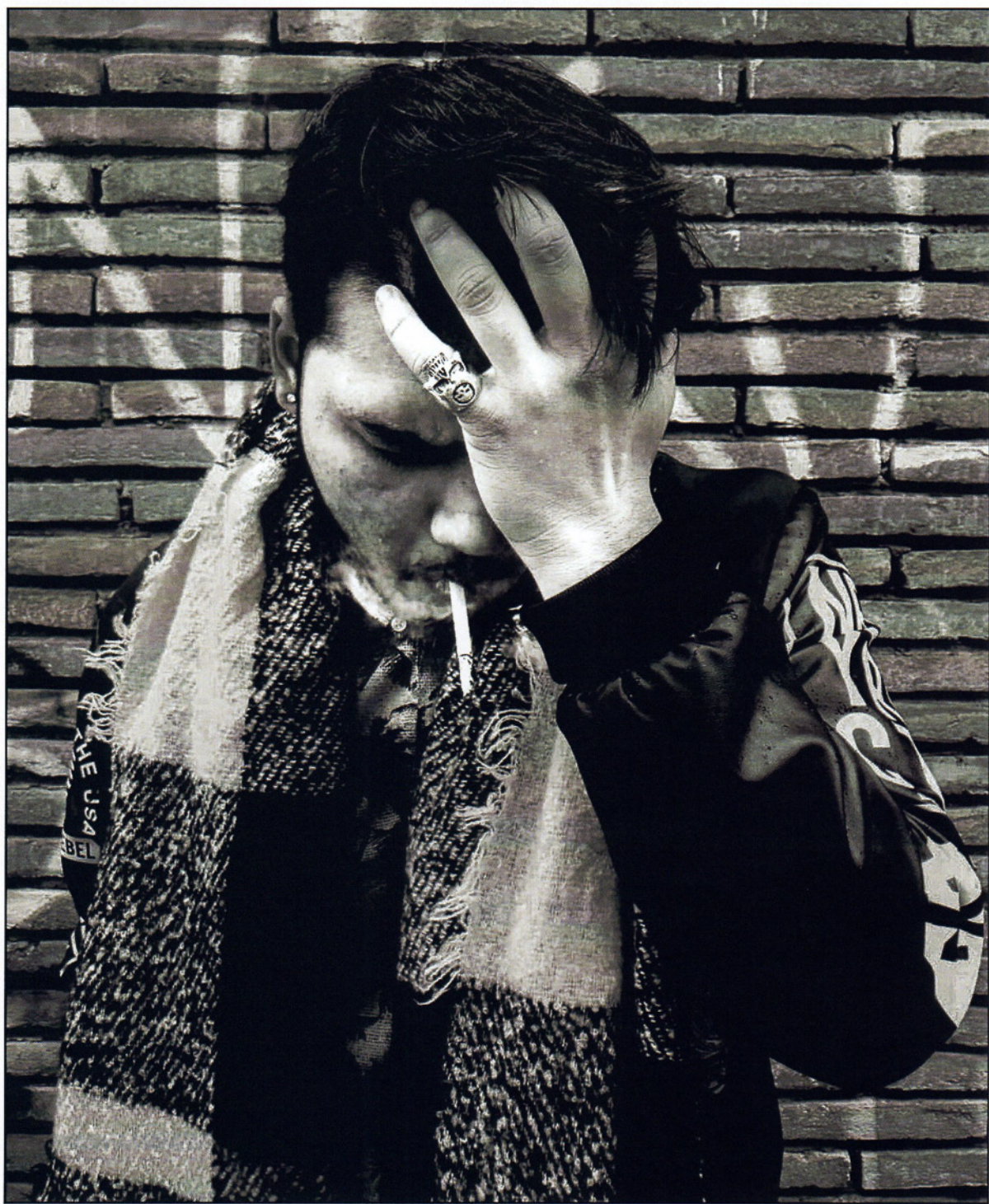
Fire crackles, fire bites  
Can't escape these dreadful nights  
Can't run, can't hide  
It burns all inside

Wind rattles the windowpane  
Rain knocks on the door  
Tears drop to the floor  
I feel pain no more

SARA RIDER & AL PITTERLE







*Angel Reyes*





*Kristian Schiller*



*Prova Zaman*

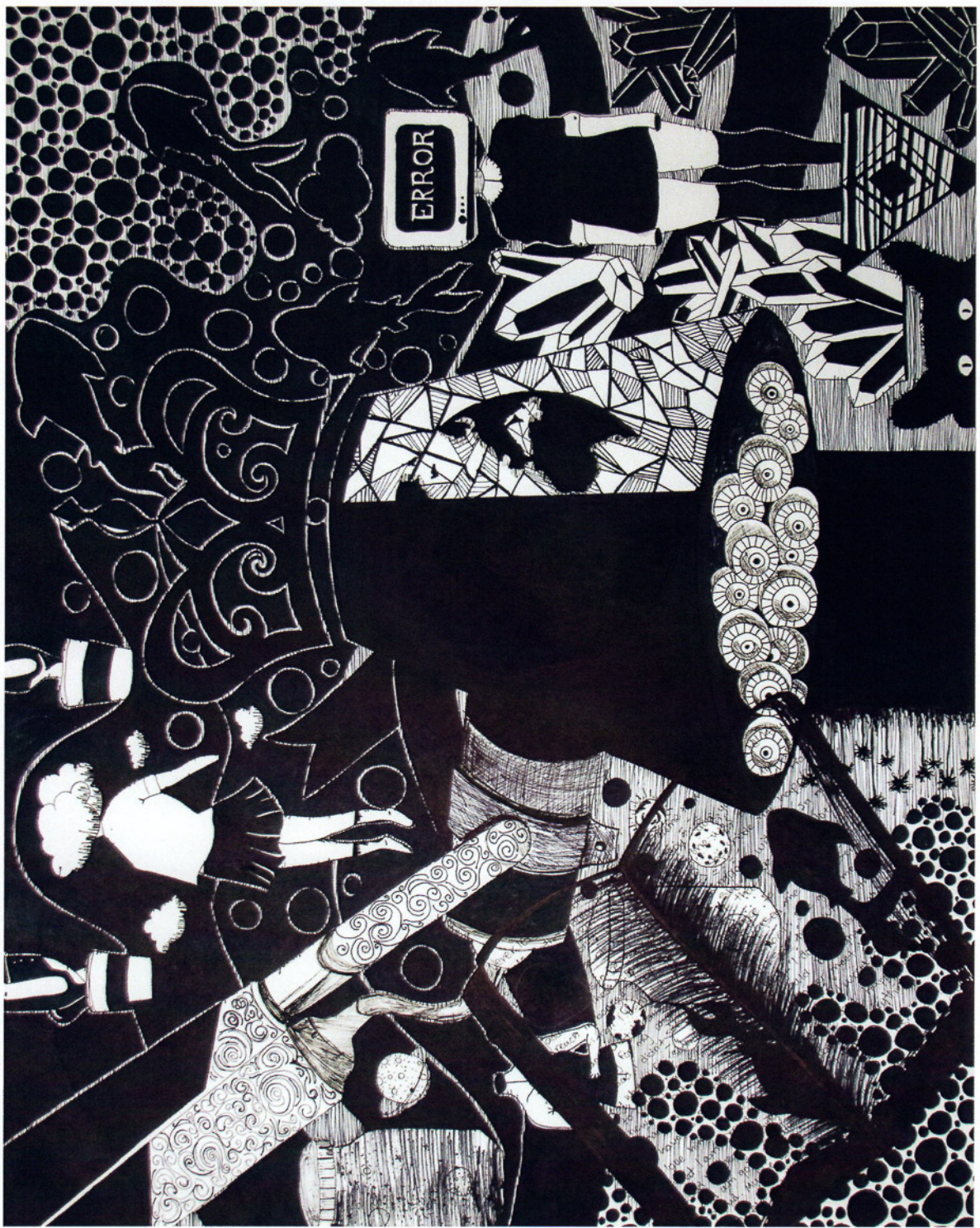






*Ira Siweki*





Sara Risom



# GAMER FUEL

I saw him in the mornings and the afternoons as well,  
But even from afar I seemed to whiff his potent smell.

In mathematics I espied his greasy gorgeous skin,  
With awe I viewed the hairs upon his nonexistent chin.  
A man of strength and courage, neckbeard shining in the light,  
to be my sword and shield, Fedora dazzling in the night.

I'd fantasize that we'd meet in an alley very shady,  
He'd turn and look me in the eye then softly say "M'lady."  
We'd chat and stroll and loiter round for 'bout an hour or two  
A gaming duo we would be whilst divvying up a "Dew."

I fantasized until one day my wish came to fruition,  
The two of us alone at last, fulfilling my ambition.

In a chat room he and I had started to pow-wow,  
Since he loved Farm Simulator, I'd be his humble plow.  
A luscious meadow I had asked him plant in his abode,  
To my shock he typed, capslocked, "YOU CAN'T GROW THAT IN THIS MODE!"  
And with a hoggish grunt laboredly turned on his webcam,  
His schlubby, furry body looked like 30 year old SPAM.  
Berating, paunch gyrating with his condescending tone,  
His flab filled up the tab I had opened on Google Chrome.  
From the midst of slurs I heard "you girls are all the same,"  
More gibberish and spittle: "frickin normies, super lame!"  
Before he could continue I shut off my laptop,  
His unchivalrous behavior had caused my crush to stop.

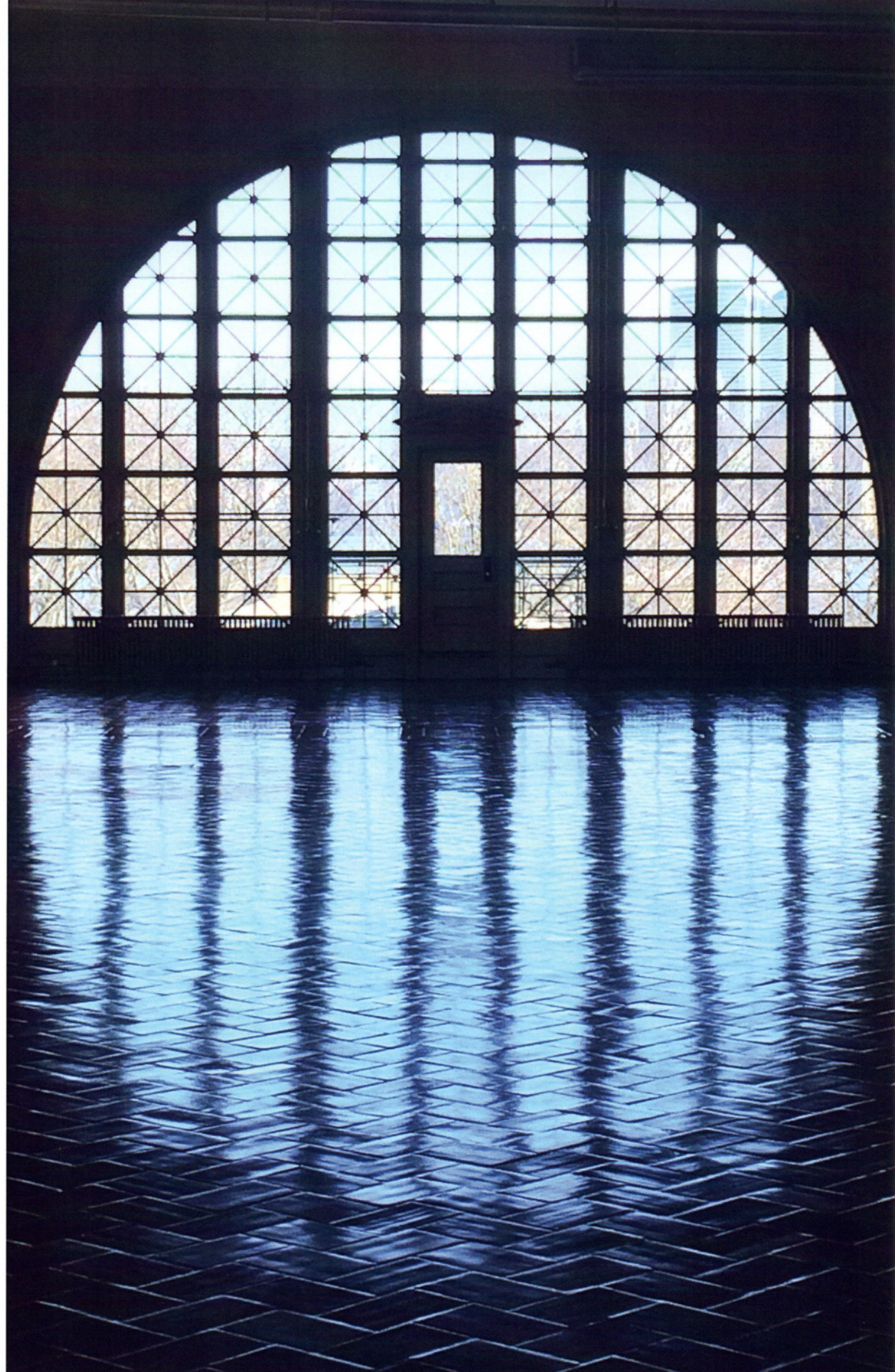
So let this be a lesson to you friends, please do not err'  
Avoid the creepy neckbeards lurking always in their lair.

*AMI FALK & KELLY JONES*











## LABYRINTH MAGAZINE

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] how convenient it was to have [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the summer. An antique colonial—

[REDACTED] a quiet street

[REDACTED] both of us [REDACTED]

in New York City [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] could begin life [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]



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