

LABYRINTH





Labyrinth
Alexandria City High School's Literary and Creative Arts Magazine
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Dear Reader,

This issue of *Labyrinth* - like all other issues - has been put together through the creativity and hard work of Alexandria City High School students, both those who are on the staff of the magazine and those who created and submitted work inspired by the current theme, "Dream." The magazine staff thanks everyone who made it possible for us to accomplish our goal - our dream - of promoting student creativity as much as possible, not only through this publication but also our website, labyrinthmagazine.com, where we are highlighting additional examples of student creativity, and our other projects, including aiding in the publication of the annual Alexandria City Public Schools Poetry Anthology. Go to our website to see a magazine staff directory, an archive of past issues, and more; follow us on Instagram (@labyrinthmagazine) and on Twitter (@achslabyrinth) to stay updated; and email labyrinthmagazine@gmail.com to contact us. Enjoy this issue, be on the lookout for our upcoming projects, and keep dreaming!

—Alex Radt, Editor-in-Chief

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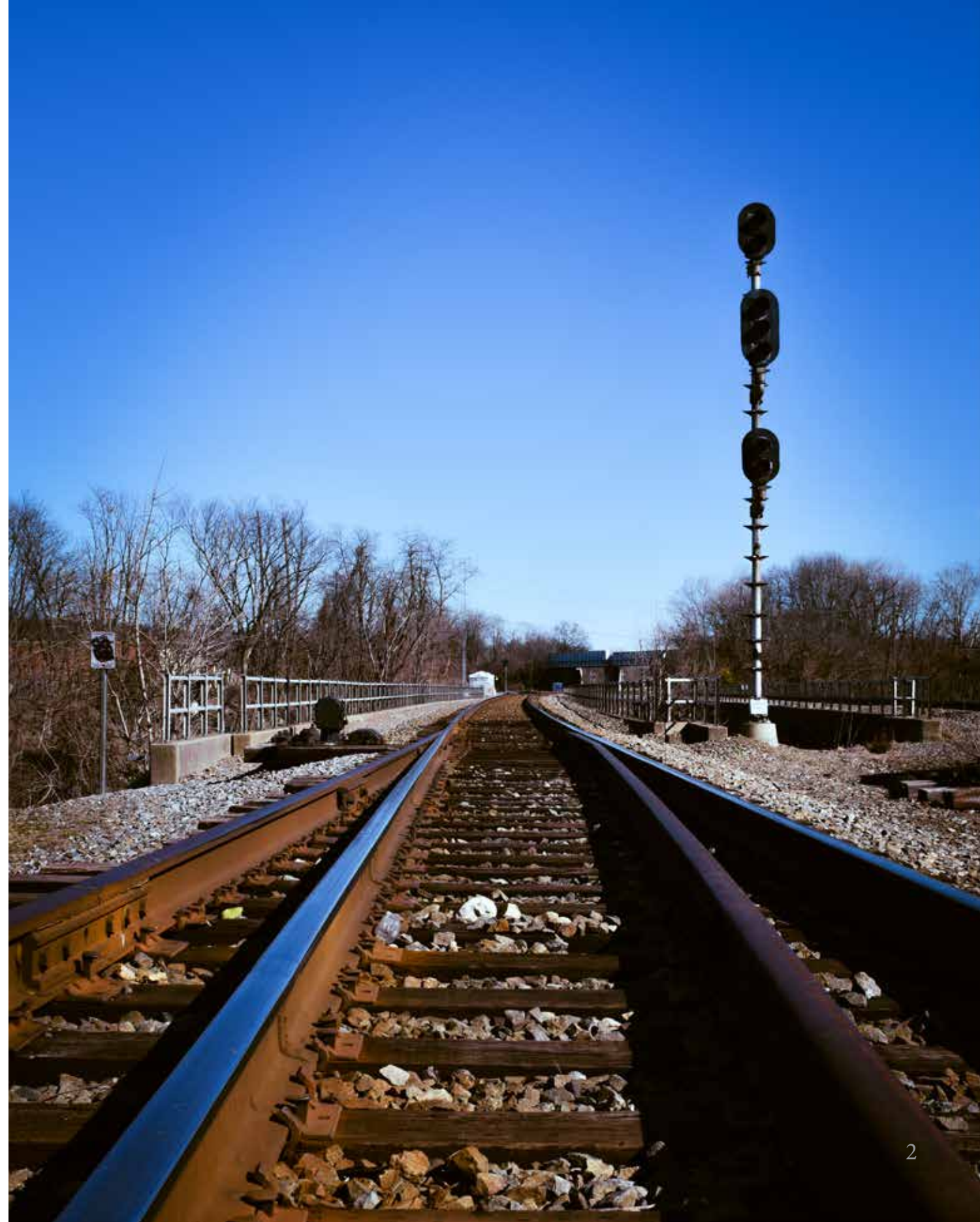
DREAMS

Can you see them?
Do you hear their laughter?
Their voices?
Can you see what I see?
The little girl in pink running with the wind,
Or the woman standing in the distance,
Do you see them too?

What is a dream?
Is it an escape,
A reason to leave reality behind?
Or is it a nice pastime,
Something to think about when you're bored.
Are the people there friends,
Or are they strangers?
Are you running or laughing?
Hiding or dancing?

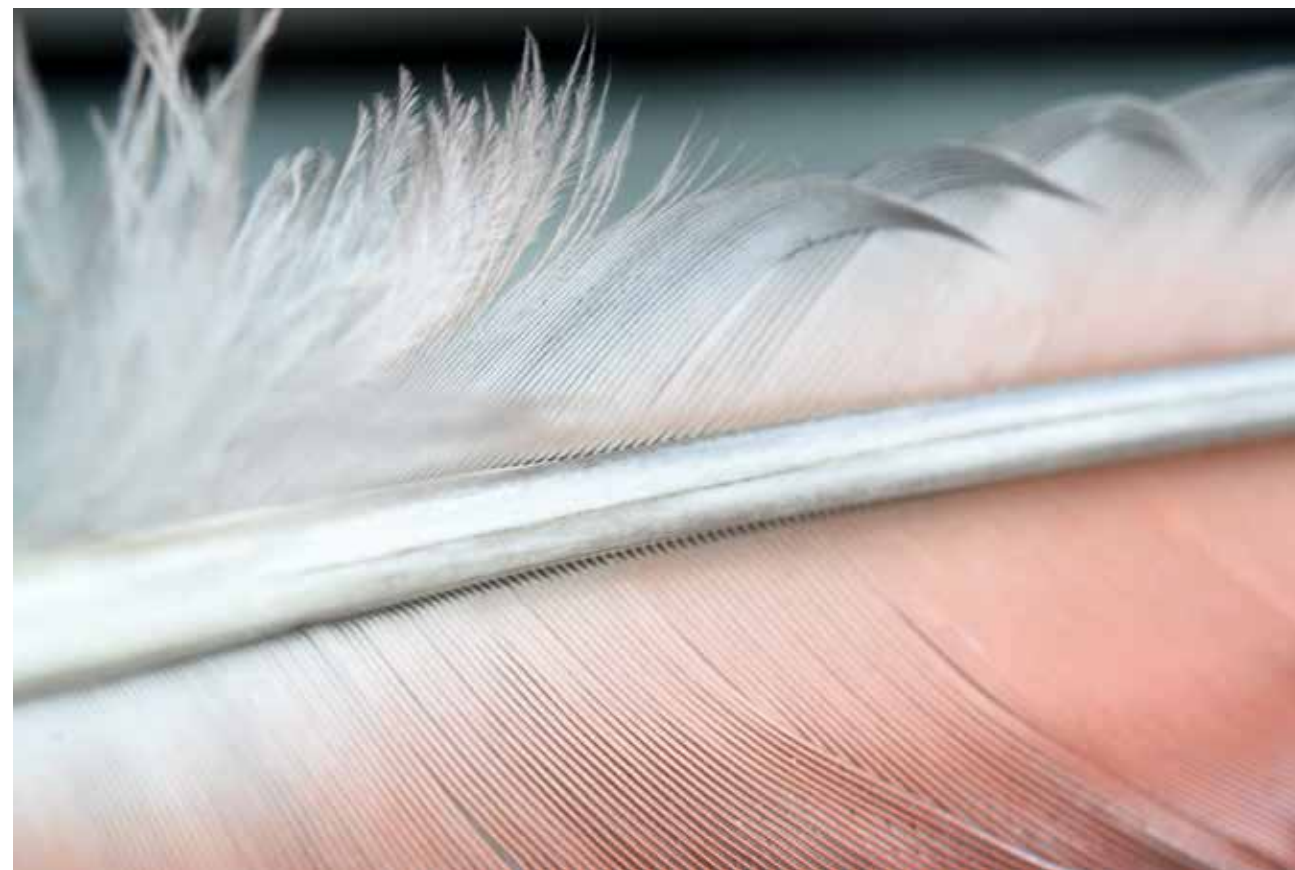
Does the girl in the distance wait for you,
Or is she wanting you to leave?
Does it hurt when you wake up?
Nobody else would have to know.
Such is the wonder of the mind.
When you hear me speak,
Do you see what I see?
Do you hear their laughter,
Their jokes,
Their stories?
Do you see me as I do,
Or as the mirror says I look?
This is my home,
The home that only I know exists.
And you cannot judge me here.

Dreaming, falling, gone.
Laughing, calling, dancing, clouds.
Do you see me now?



THE STUFF OF DREAMS

Might it be –
Mere fantasy
That such a moment
Become beholden to me?
A split second for which
With all of me I wish
Every delicate detail
To be recorded, luscious and rich.
Every sense–
Sight, touch, sound, scent
Time and reality willingly
For this moment bent
It lay in my mind –
Shimmering, ethereal, iridescent
'Twas magic – such curious fragility
To reach out and touch all that could be
The future,
Unburdened possibility..
So perfect that it mustn't be as it seems
Enchanted I am by such twinkling gleam
An instant forged –
From the stuff of dreams.





ORBITING

You're going to leave me behind. This is a fact.
How do I know this, exactly?
You've got stars in your eyes and your feet no longer touch the ground,
And I think I've been left behind like this before.

I've never felt the need to prove things to others like you;
Content to float along, while your plans are stacked in alphanumerical order.
You stay up late, fingers typing furiously,
And I'm left to contemplate this all alone.

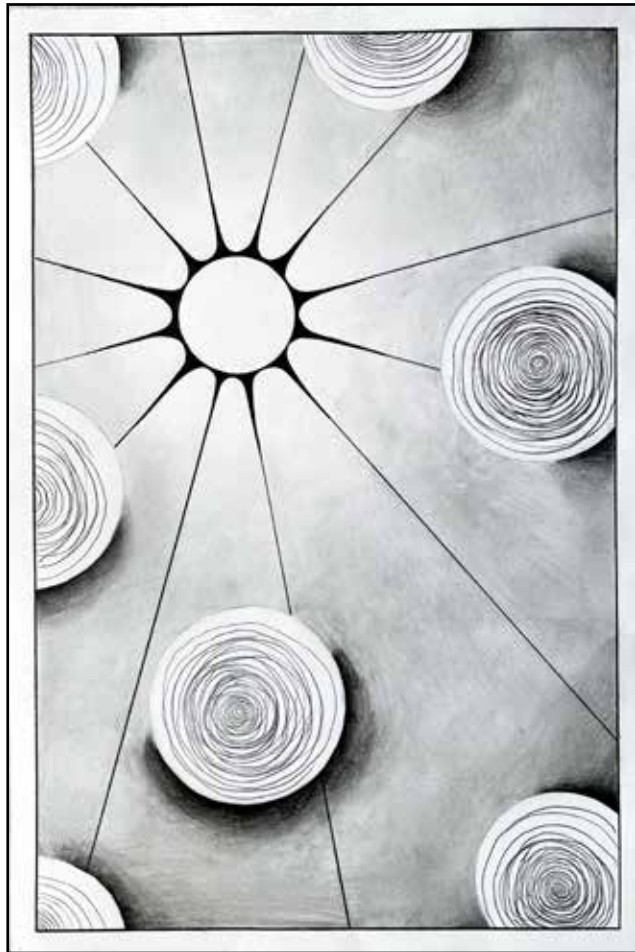
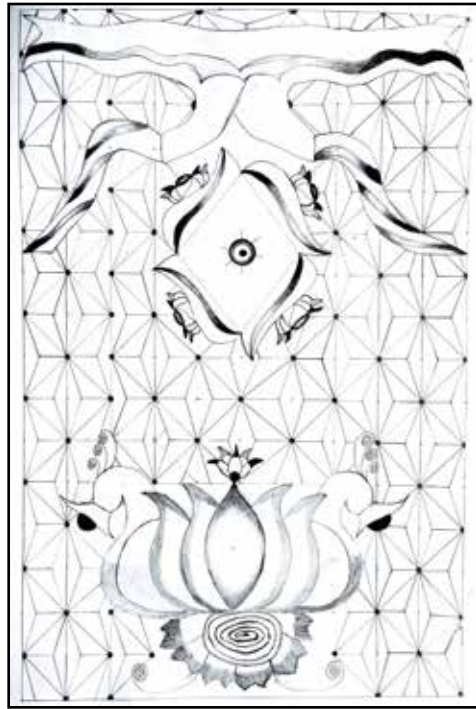
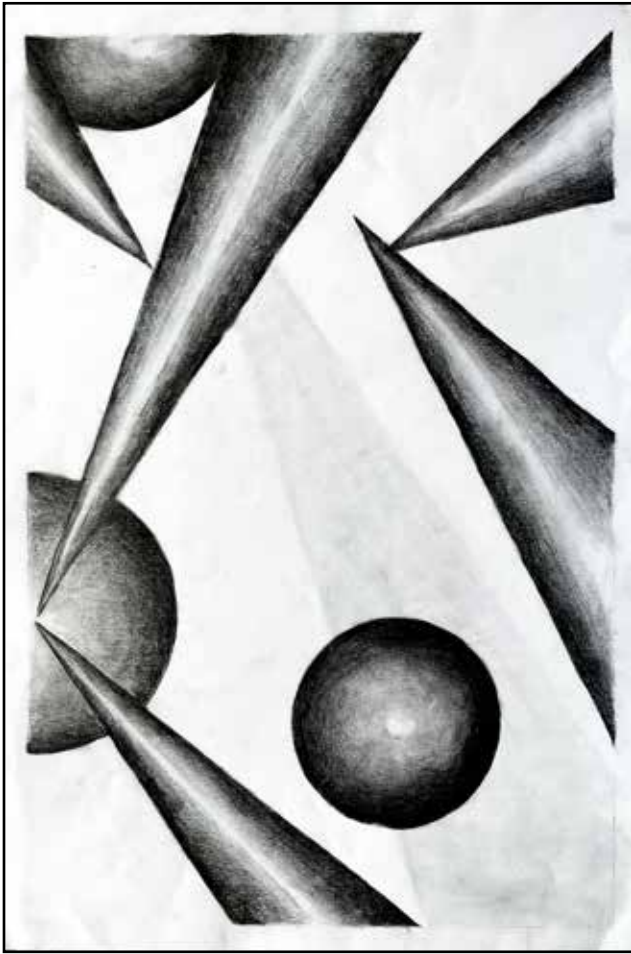
You've always been miles ahead, you know.
You've always seen the way the pieces fit together,
While I'm stuck here chasing after you
To pull you back down to the ground.

The stars in your eyes are beautiful, of course. How could they not be?
But humans aren't supposed to be celestial,
And yet I'm the only one who'll get hurt,
Because my body was never meant to be among the stars (not like yours).

DREAMING

Dreaming about you is the only thing that I got from you
You are like burnt fire
You burned me like a wildfire
Loving you is a curse for me
You are only good in my dreams
But even though it hurts I keep dreaming about you
You were the only one in the front of my mind
You were a special person of mine
You had a special place at the bottom of my heart
But you were the fire and I was the burning candle
Dreaming about you is the only thing that I got from you







DREAMS

Dreams like Martin Luther King Jr.
 Dreams like Malcom X.
 Dreams like Rosa Parks.
 Dreams like Joseph.
 Dreams like Harriet.
 A dream like Sojourner Truth.
 They all had a dream, a vision, a want in change.
 If it wasn't for them, life wouldn't be the same
 Equality and freedom for the people!
 No more fear: we gained faith,
 Power for Women: she dreamed it, and it came

 Rights, Equality, Freedom for us as a whole, hav-
 ing a better meaning for Black people. OOH!
 That touches my soul.
 Taking leadership to a new, different role.
 They dreamed and it happened.

We're still fighting, just new reactions
 We will no longer accept to be seen as less than
 We were put on this earth to be excellent;
 To make, a change

 We get these dreams and don't know how we
 should respond, so we blame it on the brain.
 They took their dreams and made a change.

 A change in the world.
 Consider your dreams a chance for hope,
 A chance for the better.
 A dream is just the beginning of us knowing your
 name.
 You have the power to decide if that dream will
 cause a change.
 A dream.

MOMENTS AND PLACES

I am from a place where it's known for its precious blood gems
 A place of fighters, survivors, and diamond divers
 I am from one of the first countries in West Africa to attract European interest.
 Places of history when my people and my ancestors were in the Atlantic slave
 trade
 A place where mothers, fathers, and children cried as they were taken away from
 their families
 A bloodline of farmers, hunters, chiefs, chieftainess, Soule believers, women-only
 societies,
 and of great African men and women who fought to restore democracy
 I am from a small country in West Africa called Sierra Leone
 I am from the memories that replay in my head
 A place of echoing voices of my people being sold into slavery
 As the evening breeze wooshed through the air
 Moments of slaves being whipped till they start to bleed
 I am from a place of fighters and survivors.
 From my "ancestors' wildest dreams"
 A dream of waves of laughter and joy as my country became free from slave
 trades
 Of families and loved ones coming home back to us
 A dream of our independence that was stolen from us for centuries
 Of children's voices filling the atmosphere with joy instead of suffering
 I am my ancestors' wildest dreams

