



LABYRINTH



Labyrinth
Alexandria City High School's Literary and Creative Arts Magazine
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As always, *Labyrinth* is made possible by the hard work of Alexandria City High School students. We would like to thank everyone who had a part in the making of this magazine, including all students who submitted creative work based on our theme, Night & Day.

We're always on the lookout for more creative work to showcase; email us at labyrinthmagazine@gmail.com if you have any work or questions for us.

Visit our website (labyrinthmagazine.com) to view previous issues, a list of our staff, and more. Follow us on Instagram (@[labyrinthmagazine](https://www.instagram.com/labyrinthmagazine)) and on Twitter (@[achslabyrinth](https://twitter.com/achslabyrinth)) to stay updated with our projects.

We hope you enjoy this issue!

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CELESTIAL CHOICES - AMIERA MILLER

In this galaxy I have a paradox of choices
To be with the gaseous stars
Or illuminate till the end of the solstice
Night and Day I breathe in
But where do I begin

And yet all I want to be is a million light years away from here
Tired of the stars, silence, and fear
Night and Day
Being put at bay

All I want to be is a million light years away from here
Tired of the stars, silence, and fear
Something that's familiar
Yet still can't figure

The Moon keeps terrestrial secrets in its craters
Every single night it's beaten and grated
By the time it is too late
It goes down and appears to deteriorate

The Sun sees itself as a celestial prophet
But in reality it's just a plagiarizing author
It's the highest form of an intergalactic power
But soon it'll die out and be forgotten in an hour

But I like when the Sun and Moon bleed together
The stars still out while the Sun peeks through the cloudy layers
And the Sun shines and shines
Till the Moon tones down its solar companion

NIGHT AND DAY - YESLY XANTE RIVAS

She hates the day. The long hours. What's there to say? She sours.	Playing Clair De Lune, she eases. The light of the moon. Silence, too, pleases.
She waits for it to end. The light rays. Wishing the sun could descend, so darkness displays.	She empowers. Isn't that right? The calm hours. She loves the night.

SATELLITES OF A STRUGGLING SOUL - PETER RUSSO

Appreciate the sun. Always bringing warmth, and lighting up a room. The sun is the first thing people notice when they look outside. People rely on the sun for good times and fun. The sun is always damned to set eventually. If the sun sets, remember that it will rise again, rely upon the stars and the moon to get you through the night.

Find the moon at night. Cutting through darkness to shine light when it's needed. The moon helps in the darkest of hours, showing the light of a new day, reminding of a new sun. The moon gets no glory, but it is always there. The moon is damned to be outshined by the sun. Remember the moon that shines light to you during night when it turns day.

opposite - Olivia Stoumbos





SPIRAL STAIRCASE - ANNABELLE CRUTCHFIELD

You wake up in the morning.

You get ready, barely. It's more like throwing on some random clothes while thriving on 3 hours of sleep before taking an exhausted step outside.

You get to school and walk in. As you walk in, you form a fake smile and prepare to cover the void that is constantly spreading deeper and deeper throughout your mind. It takes with it bits and bits of your happiness.

You pretend to be strong. You pretend that everything is ok. You pretend that everything in your life is going precisely the way you want it to go.

Throughout the day, you hide yourself. You hide what true disaster is going on in your burnt out mind.

You sit in class and try so incredibly hard to drown it all out and focus on what is actually important. School is what defines you, isn't it? It's the only thing you have a chance at being good at, right?

It's like time has become a part of you. It has become a part of the functioning of your brain. It is no longer simply a time of the day, but what determines yourself. Yourself to other people. Your alternate self. It has divided you into two halves.

In each half you portray a different version of yourself. Your day side is fake. Wait, is it fake? It's the side that portrays an uneasy brightness which you have no care for, but must continue to display. You portray it for what? Why are you showing something so fake yet so accurate to the way you want to feel? But do you want to feel it? Do you want to embrace the fake brightness of your day side and turn it into something that is more.. fitting? More real? Do you actually care for that brightness? Is there a chance that throughout the school day the fakeness present in that brightness begins to fade away? Maybe there is, but maybe you just can't embrace it. Maybe it is too difficult. Maybe you feel that it's not worth it.

You spend so long covering up and dealing with the situation present in your mind that you forget you actually have an identity. You forget that the pain is not what defines you, but it is just so hard to recognize this.

Eventually, it's time to walk back home and temporarily leave behind the fake version of yourself. Eventually, when you get home, the night quickly approaches.

The clock ticks, and with each tick, you are taking a step down deeper into your mind. It's a spiral staircase. It feels like it will never end. With each step, with each second closer to the time you have to wake up the next morning, you are starting to forget that you are even stepping down. Each step becomes natural, but it gets more painful overtime. You lose track of the steps, and before you know it, you've reached the end. The end being the lowest point you can possibly go. There's no exit. There's no way to escape the pain inducing stairs that caused this. The only way out is back up, but it's just so hard. You went so far down that you feel like there's no point in trying to climb back up that staircase.

The night consumes you, and in that moment you do not know that the next morning you will wake up and portray that fake confidence you had the previous day while walking through the hallways of your school.



NIGHT & DAY - NATNAEL SOLOMON

Night falls, the stars shine bright,
The moon casts its ethereal light.
The world is asleep, calm and still,
As the darkness creeps over the hill.

But as the night fades, the day awakes,
The sky turns from black to shades of pink and orange.
The birds sing their morning song,
Nature awakens, the day is long.

The sun rises, a new day begins,
A chance to start anew, to chase our dreams and win.
So let us embrace this morning light,
And make the most of this beautiful day and night.

above - Cindy Gutierrez



Elena Gutierrez



Marwa Naqshbandi



Eleanor Morton



Eliza Rinkema



Lex Richardson



Rosa Arriola Lopez



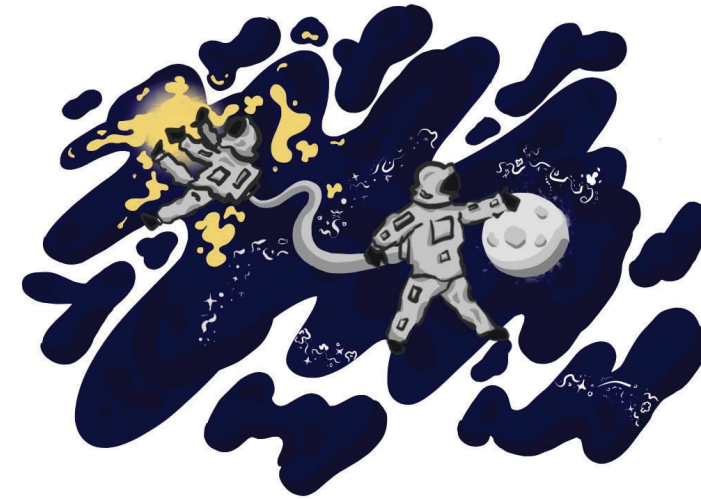
Meera Trujillo



Liam Smith



Evie Rinehart



Leo Dienstfry

ODE TO MY WAKING NIGHTS - AMANDA HOUSEMAN

You know how much I love you--
You, a walking contradiction
Restlessly beautiful,
Yet an ill-flavored truth in a suited ribbon.

With energy so boundless
As bleak as the new moon,
You keep me alive throughout the day
And let out a yawn to the zenith of night,
But never at sunrise when others did.

At night, I twist and turn;
Your tired arms wrapping around me,
Whispering that day hasn't yet ended.

She's cold,
An uncaring figure of night,
But still most caring compared to the harsh day
And I continue looking forward.

To those waking nights that put me to rest,
I place my head down
And turn off my lamp
Oh, waking nights, sleep well
I hope I don't return to those nights.



Hosai Rasuli



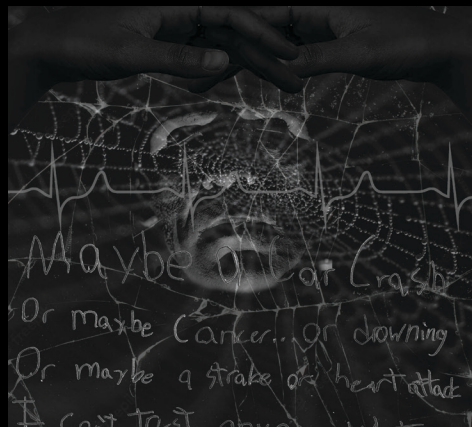
Annette Haynie



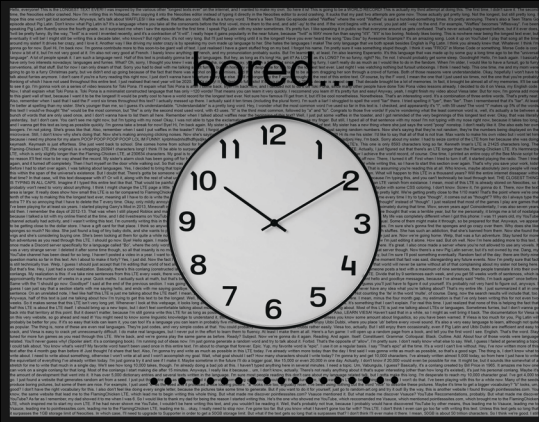
MC Finegold-Sachs



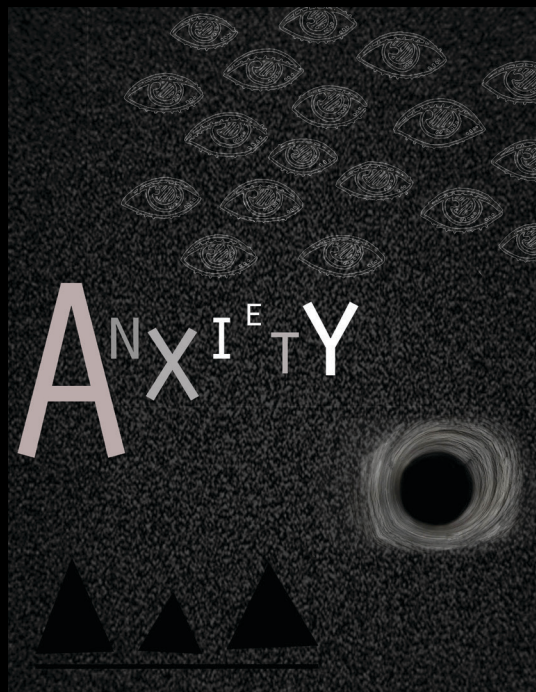
Alsadeeq Ali



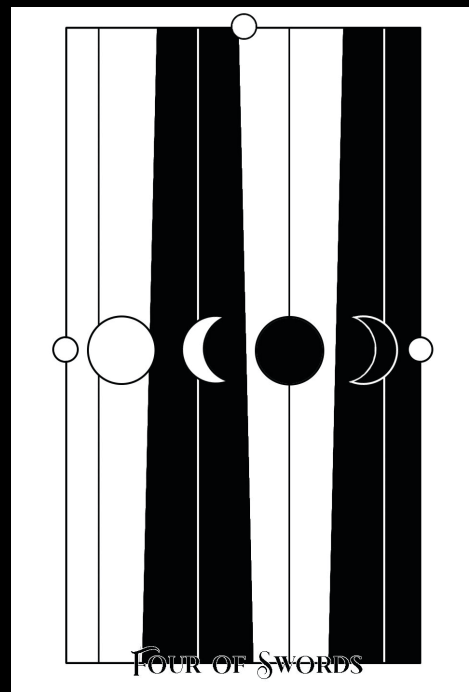
Ryan Hadley



MC Finegold-Sachs



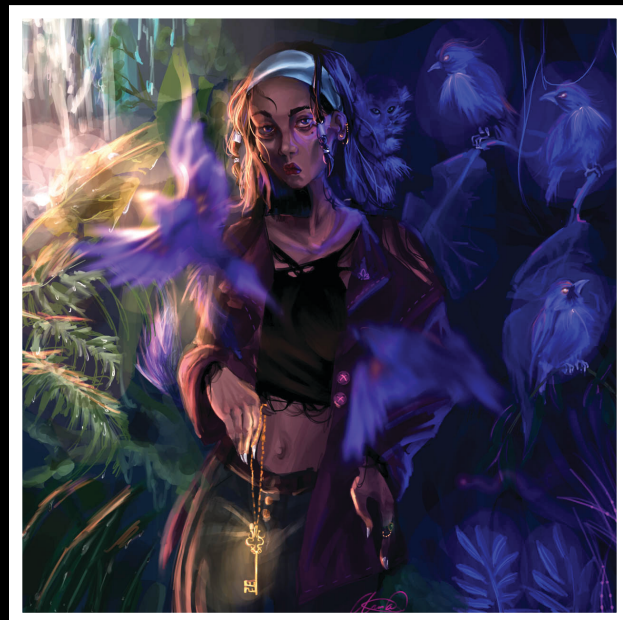
Leah Desiderio



Bronwyn Gaw



Quinn Bresner



Anna McMahon



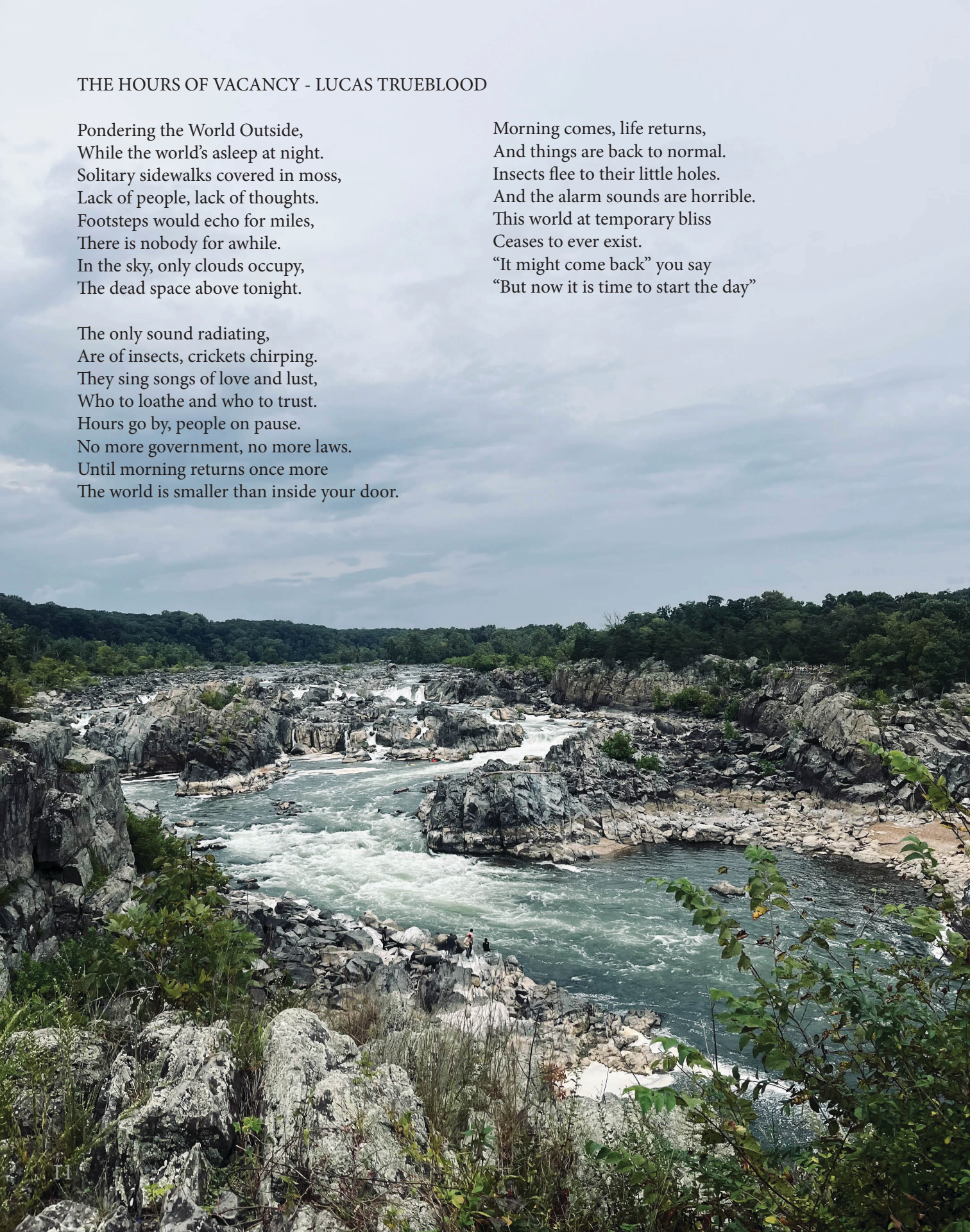
Quinn Bresner

THE HOURS OF VACANCY - LUCAS TRUEBLOOD

Pondering the World Outside,
While the world's asleep at night.
Solitary sidewalks covered in moss,
Lack of people, lack of thoughts.
Footsteps would echo for miles,
There is nobody for awhile.
In the sky, only clouds occupy,
The dead space above tonight.

The only sound radiating,
Are of insects, crickets chirping.
They sing songs of love and lust,
Who to loathe and who to trust.
Hours go by, people on pause.
No more government, no more laws.
Until morning returns once more
The world is smaller than inside your door.

Morning comes, life returns,
And things are back to normal.
Insects flee to their little holes.
And the alarm sounds are horrible.
This world at temporary bliss
Ceases to ever exist.
“It might come back” you say
“But now it is time to start the day”



Mac Coulby



Mac Coulby



Samantha Allen

opposite - Marwa Naqshbandi

