

In Big **RED** Letters

LAKEVIEW-FORT OGLETHORPE HIGH SCHOOL



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2.2: January 2019



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From the “Tiny Warrior” Blog

Feather’s up, Y’all!

I know Christmas is over, but that doesn’t mean we should stop thinking about GIVING.

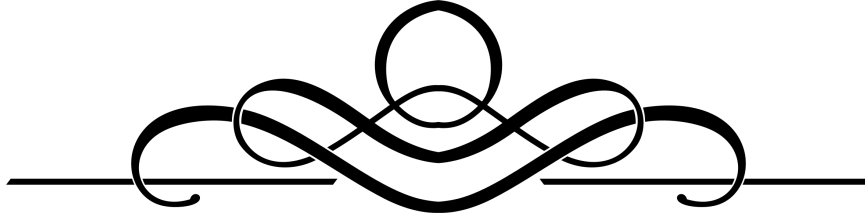
Many of our students are economically disadvantaged, but they still give because they understand more than most what it feels like to do without. Generosity and thankfulness come from the heart, not the purse.

Many things we give do not cost money. In fact, the best gifts do not cost money. So, everyone can give great gifts and everyone has much to be thankful for. Look at me, I’m may only be two apples tall, but I give and care like I am two mountains tall!

Alright! So! Be giving! Be helpful, and remember:

Warriors are strongest when they are united. WE are strongest when we support each other every day, all the time. Give each other STRENGTH!

#Feathersup!!



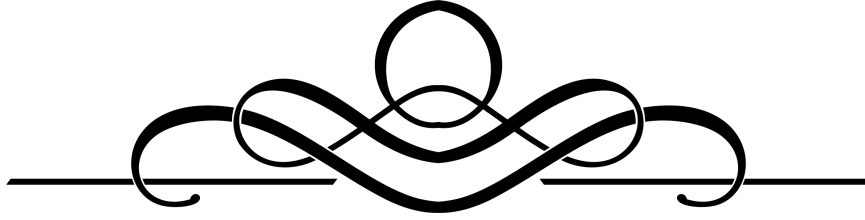
BLEEDING SPEECH

BY BENJAMIN SPRAYBERRY

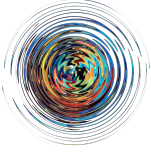
I SEE A THOUSAND CAGED BIRDS
IN CAGES OF A MILLION CAGED BIRDS' MAKING.
THEIR BEAKS STAMP'T SHUT BY UNWRITTEN TEXT
I SEE MEN AND WOMEN, PIERCED BY LONG, THIN, BLACK SPIKES.
THEIR MOUTHS SEWN SHUT HALF SHUT BY THEIR CO-WORKERS OF
STRING
NO VOWELS HERE, ONLY CONSONANTS
AND AS MAN SLAVE TO MAN, WOMAN SLAVE TO WOMAN
WHITE SLAVE TO WHITE, BLACK SLAVE TO BLACK
YOUNG SLAVE TO YOUNG, OLD SLAVE TO OLD
INTELLECT SLAVE TO INTELLECT, AND ESIWEKIL,
SHELLS ARE LEFT, NO TURTLES TO BEAR THEN
VESSELS' VESTIGES, ROCK TO ROCK
SLAM TO DAM
AND DASH, CLASH, CRASH IN THE GLORIOUS, GRUESOME SILENCE OF VOID



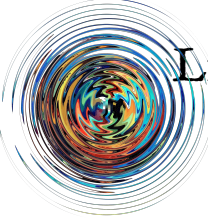
CLIPART BY GDJ FROM OPENCLIPART



BALLAD THING
BY JASPER SARGENT



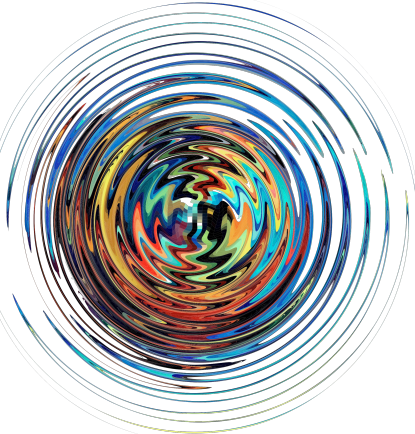
ON THE SHORE A MAN LAY MELTING
PONDERING HIS BYGONE YOUTH.
LISTLESS, PRAYING TO GLEAN A VERSE
A TEMPEST'S SONG OF TRUTH



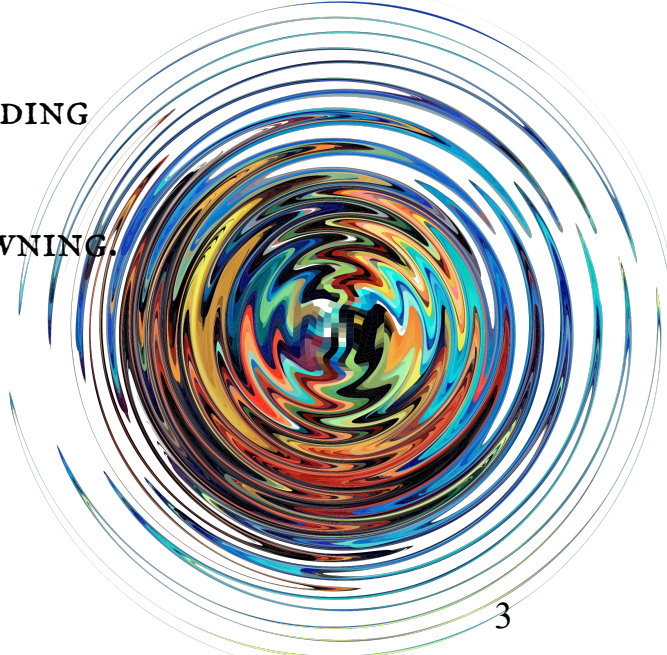
HE STARES THROUGH WIND-WHIPPED SKY
SEES NO DIVINITY ENTHRONED
LONGS FOR, GRASPS AT KNOWLEDGE
CRAVES CONSCIOUSNESS BEYOND HIS OWN

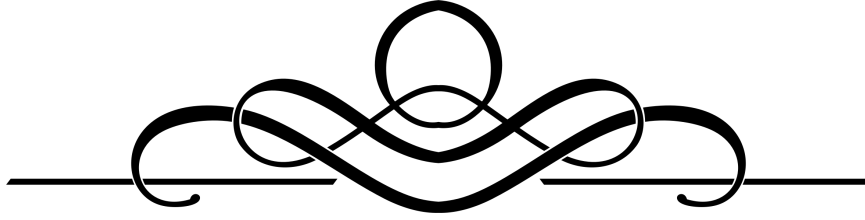


FLINGING HOPES SEAWARDS, HE
STOPPED TO BEG FOR TRITON'S MERCY
BUT WAVES CANNOT GROUNDS SOULS
ENRAPTURED BY OBSCURITY



SO CAPTIVATED, TOO,
BY A DISTANT DEATH BELL'S SOUNDING
AN ANGEL'S WATERY CLAW
WENT UNSEEN AND SENT HIM DROWNING.

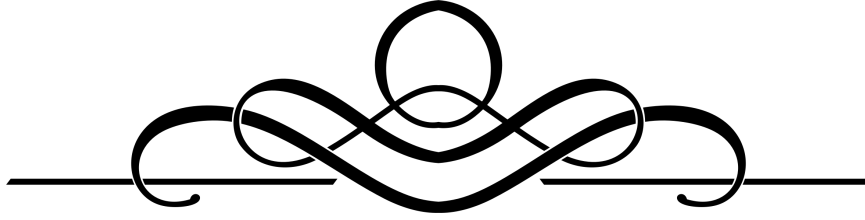




NOT A POEM

BY BENJAMIN SPRAYBERRY

IF YOU WOULD READ ME,
LIKE A PERSON, NOT A POET,
LIKE A WORD-SET, NOT A SONNET
LIKE A CHAT, NOT A BLANKET,
I DARE SAY YOU WOULD FIND
AN ESSAY, NOT A SONG,
THAT IT'S POINTLESS, FAR TOO LONG,
THAT IS WRITTEN, JUST ALL WRONG,
AND CAREFUL EYES WILL FIND, HERE,
THAT NO CONFINE OF STRUCTURE,
NO PLOY OF SOUND OR RHYME,
CAN GIVE THIS WORK SOME VALUE,
NOT EVEN AS A DIME,
SUCH IS THIS POINTLESS LINE.



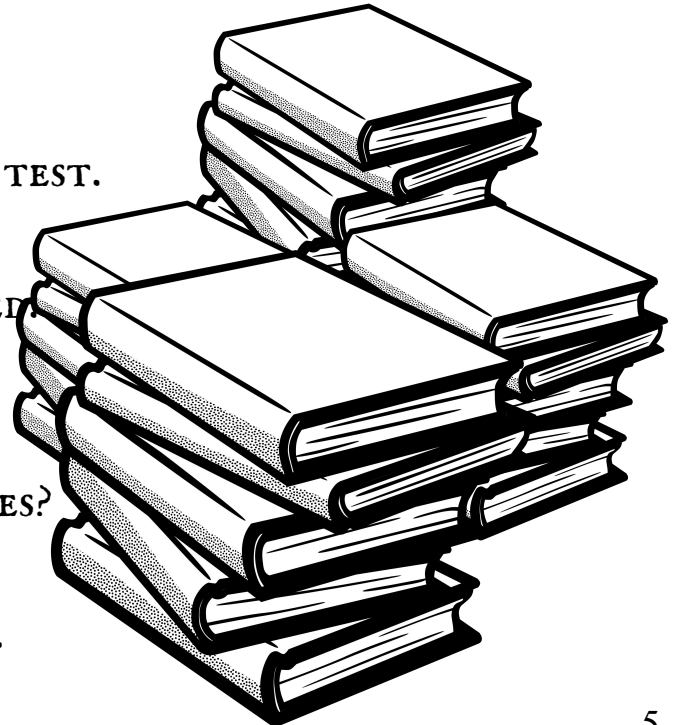
BY ABBY FRIEDMAN

PHOTO BY [VICTORIA HEATH](#) ON [UNSPASH](#)

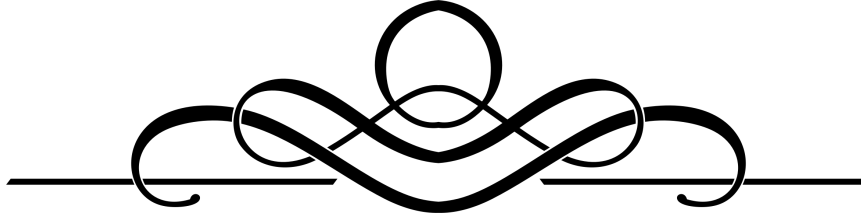
IT'S 3 AM, I STILL CAN'T SLEEP
TOO MANY PAPERS, DEADLINES TO MEET
WILL I MAKE IT? I HAVE NO CHOICE.
TO GET YOUR DIPLOMA, YOU HAVE NO VOICE.

CLIPART BY FRANKLES FROM OPENCLIPART

ACTS, SATS, ALL OF THIS STRESS
MY FUTURE COUNTS ON ONE STANDARDIZED TEST.
ALL OF THESE YEARS TO REACH THE TOP,
YET IT'S SENIOR YEAR AND IT HASN'T STOPPED.



ANXIETY, TEARS, ALL FOR A GRADE
DO TEACHERS EVEN CARE WHAT TOLL IT TAKES?
WILL I MAKE IT? I HAVE NO CHOICE.
TO GET YOUR DIPLOMA, YOU HAVE NO VOICE.



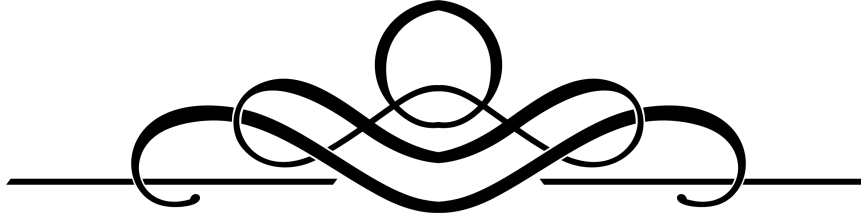
ALLEGORY

BY BENJAMIN SPRAYBERRY

SHE WOKE UP ABRUPTLY, PUSHING THE RED AND WHITE STRIPED COVERS TO HER SIDE AND GETTING DRESSED AT ONCE, WITH THE ASSOCIATED APPLICATION OF MAKEUP AND MAKING OF HAIR. SHE MADE QUITE THE EFFORT TO LOOK GOOD, IN SPITE OF HER WEIGHT AND THE TERRIBLE ACNE THAT RESTED MOSTLY ON HER BACK AND SHOULDERS. “GOOD MORNING.” SHE TOLD HERSELF. IT WAS A NASTY HABIT OF HERS, BUT SHE COULD HAVE BEEN MUCH WORSE OFF THAN HER FREQUENT SOLILOQUY, OCCASIONAL LAPSES IN JUDGEMENT, AND SUCH. SHE LOOKED TO HER BED, SHEETS STREWN, AND DECIDED AGAINST WASHING THE AFOREMENTIONED ARTICLES, OR MAKING HER PLACE OF REST ORDERED. “I CAN ALWAYS DO IT LATER.” SHE HAD TOLD HERSELF THIS FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW.

SHE MADE HERSELF SOME BREAKFAST, THE LEFTOVER APPLE PIE FROM LAST NIGHT, WITH COFFEE, AND AS SHE ATE HER BREAKFAST AND HAD HER COFFEE, SHE WATCHED THE LOCAL NEWS. SHE CONSUMED AN EGREGIOUS AMOUNT IN HER TIME BEFORE SHE HAD TO GO, OF ALL THE PRIOR SUBSTANCES. SHE HAD TAKEN A LIKING TO THE NEWS BECAUSE OF THE TRAITS SHE SHARED WITH IT. THOUGH SHE WOULD SELDOM ADMIT TO IT, SHE LIKED TO HEAR ABOUT DISASTER AND DRAMA, AND THE NEWS LIKED TO REPORT IT. IT WAS THE APEX OF MUTUALISM, OR PERHAPS IT WAS PARASITISM. “OH, THE POOR SOULS.” SHE WOULD SAY, BUT IT GAVE HER MUCH PLEASURE TO KNOW THERE WERE THOSE WORSE OFF THAN HER.

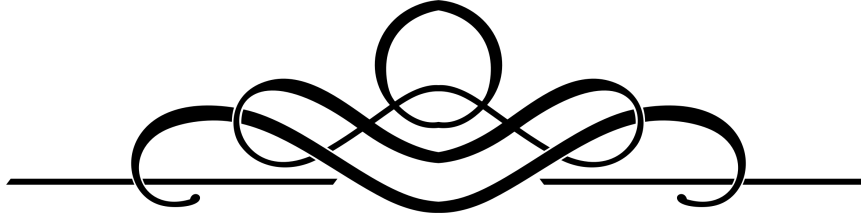
ONCE SHE HAD TO WORK, SHE DID SO WITH AS LITTLE EFFORT AS REQUIRED. SHE WAS IN DEBT, AND SHE HAD NEGLECTED TO PAY IT OFF FOR SOME TIME NOW. HER DEBT EXCEEDED HER ANNUAL WAGE, BUT SHE WAS OKAY WITH THAT, OR HAD AT LEAST COME TO TERMS WITH IT. SHE WOULD PAY IT OFF EVENTUALLY, SHE WAS SURE. SHE ENJOYED SHOPPING A BIT TOO MUCH, TO WHICH HER CREDIT CARD COULD ATTEST, BUT HER CREDIT WAS, REMARKABLY, INTACT, FOR NOW. SHE CARRIED, AT WORK, AND EVERYONE KNEW IT. SHE WAS ONE OF THE FEW WHO SHOWED OFF HER GUN, SUBTLY, BY REGULARLY KEEPING IT WHERE PEOPLE COULD SEE IT. IT WAS FAIRLY INTIMIDATING, BUT SHE WAS NOT ANGRY ENOUGH AT ANY OF HER COWORKERS TO HURT THEM, ALTHOUGH SHE WAS CERTAINLY RECKLESS ENOUGH.



SHE WENT THROUGH HER DAY AT WORK MOSTLY BLIND TO ALL AROUND HER, WHICH IS FINE, AS HER LINE OF WORK DID NOT REQUIRE ANY ESPECIALLY PERCEPTIVE ABILITIES. HER LAST JOB, AS A POLICE OFFICER, DID REQUIRE PERCEPTION, AND THUS SHE EVENTUALLY FAILED TO PURSUE THAT CAREER. SHE STILL FANCIED HERSELF AN OFFICER OF SORTS, BUT WAS NOW FAR TOO LETHARGIC TO DO ANYTHING UNLESS SHE HAPPENED TO BE THE WRONGED PARTY, AND SIGNIFICANTLY SO. ONCE SHE WAS DONE WITH WORK, SHE WENT TO HER MOTHER'S HOUSE. HER FATHER HAD BEEN DEPORTED, AND WAS SLOWLY WASTING AWAY WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER. SHE COULD NOT CARE LESS, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT THE HOUSE SHE NOW OWNED WAS HIS.

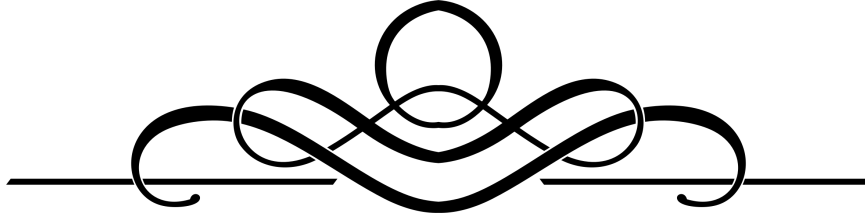
SHE AND HER MOTHER HAD HAD A TUMULTUOUS RELATIONSHIP, IN THE BEGINNING, BUT SINCE SHE MOVED OUT, HER MOTHER HAD FOUND THAT SHE COULD NOT CONTROL HER ANY MORE. EVENTUALLY, HER MOTHER JUST GAVE UP, AND LET HER HAVE HER OWN LIFE. NOW THAT SHE HAD MATURED, A BIT, THE TWO HAD COME TO HAVE A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR ONE ANOTHER, THOUGH THE YOUNGER, AS IS TYPICAL OF THE YOUTHFUL, OFTEN FAILED TO LIVE UP TO HER MOTHER'S STANDARDS IN ALMOST EVERY RESPECT. HER LACK OF HYGIENE, COURTESY, EXERCISE, AND SO FORTH WAS "INEXPLICABLY THOUGHTLESS" AND HER MOTHER INSISTED THAT "I NEVER RAISED YOU THAT WAY."

THEN, SHE WENT HOME, SPEAKING TO HERSELF THE WHOLE WAY ABOUT WHAT HER MOTHER HAD SAID AND WHAT HER COWORKERS HAD DISCUSSED, BEHIND HER BACK OR OTHERWISE. "AND WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS, EXACTLY? HOW CAN SHE LECTURE ME ON HOW TO KEEP MY HOUSE CLEAN, WHEN HER HOUSE IS SO MANY TIMES SMALLER?" IT WAS TRUE, SHE HAD THE BIGGER HOUSE, BUT IT WAS ALSO TRUE THAT MUCH OF IT WAS FREQUENTLY IN DISREPAIR, OR IT WAS AT LEAST UNORGANIZED. "SHE THINKS SHE'S SO PROPER, WITH HER TEA CUPS AND FANCY DINNERWARE!" SHE WAS NOT REALLY ANGRY AT HER MOTHER, BUT IF SHE WENT WITHOUT SOMETHING TO RANT AT, SHE MIGHT REALIZE HER OWN DEPLORABLE STATE.



SHE WENT INTO HER HOME, OR RATHER BEHIND IT, TO HER BACKYARD, AND PLACED FIVE CANS ON A TREE STUMP THERE. SHE STOOD AT A DISTANCE OF ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET, AS HER LARGE HOUSE TOOK UP MOST OF THE BACKYARD, AND BEGAN SHOOTING. "I'M A CRACK SHOT." SHE REASSURED HERSELF, AND SHE WAS CERTAINLY GOOD. SHE EXHALED, AND SAID, "FIVE FOR FIVE." BEFORE HEADING INSIDE TO RELOAD. ONCE SHE HAD DONE THAT, SHE WATCHED A BIT MORE NEWS, ATE DINNER, AND TOOK A SHOWER. IN THE SHOWER, SHE PAID SPECIAL ATTENTION TO HER FACE AND HAIR, NOTING THE BLACKHEADS SPOTTING HER SHOULDERS PASSIVELY, AS DEAD BLACK SURFACE MINES IN A DESERT. "REMINDS ME OF BLACK SPOT." SHE THOUGHT ABOUT GOING THROUGH AND DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THEM, BUT DISMISSED IT. "THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOME I CAN'T REACH ON MY BACK, AND BESIDES, MY CLOTHES COVER THEM ANYWAY." SHE DID NOT CARE MUCH FOR HYGIENE, BEYOND THAT WHICH IMPROVED HER APPEARANCE, SO SHE ONLY PASSED OVER HER ARMS AND LEGS BRIEFLY. "THEY AREN'T GOING TO FALL OFF FOR NOT BEING PAID ATTENTION."

SHE FINISHED HER SHOWER AND CAME OUT TO HER MAIN ROOM, LOOKING BLANKLY OUT THE WINDOW THERE, AND SHE SAW THE RAVEN SHE SWORE SHE WOULD SHOOT ONE DAY. IT WAS STILL, IN HER FRONT YARD. SHE, DESPITE HER ACCURACY, HAD NOT YET BEEN SUCCESSFUL, AND SHE DEFINITELY WAS NOT GOING TO SHOOT THROUGH HER WINDOW FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY. THE WINDOW HAD LONG LET THE LIGHT INTO HER HOUSE ON EVERY MORNING, AND IT WAS NOT SOMETHING SHE WAS WILLING TO SACRIFICE. SO SHE TURNED ON IT, PLACING HER GUN UNDER HER PILLOW AND SLEEPING IN THE SAME FILTHY BED AS BEFORE, AS THE RAVEN GAVE BIRTH IN HER FRONT YARD.



DEDICATED TO THE LOSS OF A FATHER
JUSTIN YOSHIDA

I AM GRATEFUL TO YOU
FOR STRUMMING MY CHORDS
OF POETIC MELODY, FOR IGNITING
MY MIND'S IMAGINATION INTO REVELRY,
PERMITTING ME TO LIVE BEYOND
THE CONFINING SHORES OF REALITY,
INHABITING SECRET COASTS OF FANTASY,
TO A LANDSCAPE INHABITED
BY POSSIBILITY.

I FOLD YOUR MEMORY WITHIN THESE PAGES
WRITTEN IN THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

HOW WAS THERE A TIME YOU WEREN'T
A PART OF MY LIFE'S SCRIPTURE?

I TELL TIME FROM THE LAST WORDS
WE'VE SPOKEN BEFORE I FALL ASLEEP.
SWEEP AWAY FROM OUR CONSCIOUS DANCE
TO WALTZ WITH YOU IN MY DREAMS.
EVEN THE SUNRISE STRETCHES OUT PALMS

BEARING BLOOD RED ORANGES
AND SWEET STRAWBERRIES.

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY, I SEE YOU
IN THE LENGTHENING SHADOW OF A TREE
EXTENDING ARMS TOWARDS ME
I HEAR YOUR VOICE SPEAK IN THE RHYTHM OF
RAIN AGAINST THE WINDOW PANE.

THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH YOU IN SCENTS
AND RAPTUROUS COLORS ONLY.

I AM NEVER PROMISED A MOMENT
TO SEE YOU, HOLD YOU CLOSE, NOR
HEAR YOU WHISPER INTO MY EAR.

AS I WRAP MY THOUGHTS AROUND
NIGHT'S PILLOW, I PONDER HOW ONE
SO BEYOND REACH INFUSES THE WORLD
WITH SUCH BEAUTY TO MY HEART.

I AM BLESSED WITH THE RAREST
UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE.

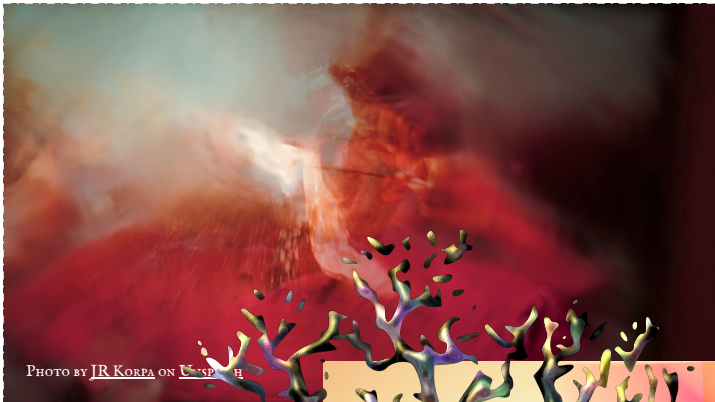


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