



# the magpie





*The Magpie*: the literary and art magazine of Seoul Foreign High School  
Volume 5, 2017

Beloved reader,

It is our privilege to bring you the fifth issue of *The Magpie*. This year, we had over seventy combined pieces of writing and artwork submitted from across the high school. It was difficult to choose from submissions, but we feel that this volume collects the very best of the slush pile.

Creating art is a subversive act, especially in the midst of so many distractions. Society and technology seek to make us homogenous and apathetic, forever looking at screens instead of each other. To me, art making is about opening our eyes to look around and actually see each other standing there. The process of sending our creations out into the world to be read by others not only takes an inordinate amount of courage, but also creates connective tissue and builds relationships between the creator and the reader or viewer. It builds empathy. It is about perspective, about seeing. It makes us vulnerable, and is thought-provoking and essential to our survival.

The poems, prose, and art pieces in this volume wrestle with identity, culture, society, spirituality, school, and death. These pieces allude to and converse with pop culture, tradition, literature, and other artworks. They show writers and artists who are engaged and paying attention to the world around them.

It has been a gift to take up the mantle of advocating for the literary arts at SFS from the previous faculty advisor, Ms. Lauren Jackson. This first year of supervising has been incredible because of the foundation and systems established by Ms. Jackson, and the talented and dedicated students who have given up countless lunches and after school hours to write, critique, edit, and produce the work featured here. We consider it a privilege to be a part of this beautiful, important process, and are so thankful our school supports the creation and publication of this magazine.

We humbly present Volume 5 to you, dear readers, and we hope it inspires and encourages you to see. Also, magpies.

Kristina Erny  
Faculty Advisor of *The Magpie*

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Kristina Erny

Cover Art:

**Interconnectivity of Time** Rachel Lee  
Mixed media

**As a day breaking could make new**  
*Kristina Erny*

Horizon hunched the ginkgo too.

Yellow fins. Half hearts.  
Yellowed crash. Crashed.

Before escaping—  
greet me.

Needle and brush Asian pine,  
while men                      loom  
in mist                      to walk here.

Why not snow?                      Why, why                      the infernal  
insistence of smog. Should be  
glad of its erasure.

Which way to the canal?  
A-split  
the banal river  
and

A                      blanket—  
soaked foggish smokestack, O.  
Infernal,  
insistent beyond.

So far,  
the other side.

Heartless   pulsing   hairline stretched to the-                      to the   Tumin.

Sensuous senses  
us, humongous.

Half a hope                      grows                      sags                      to slip  
down  
underneath.  
Some fictive wafer  
of my sun,  
entrenched, the haze  
has not obscured.





Gyeongju Bomoonjeong Hyun Sook Hong  
Oil on canvas



## The Gaslight Cafe

Serin Lee

Old city glimmers through  
the window, smoothed flat  
like a marquee bill—I hold it  
cool against my fingers, hazelnut  
rising into the air in this nighthawk  
submarine I call home.

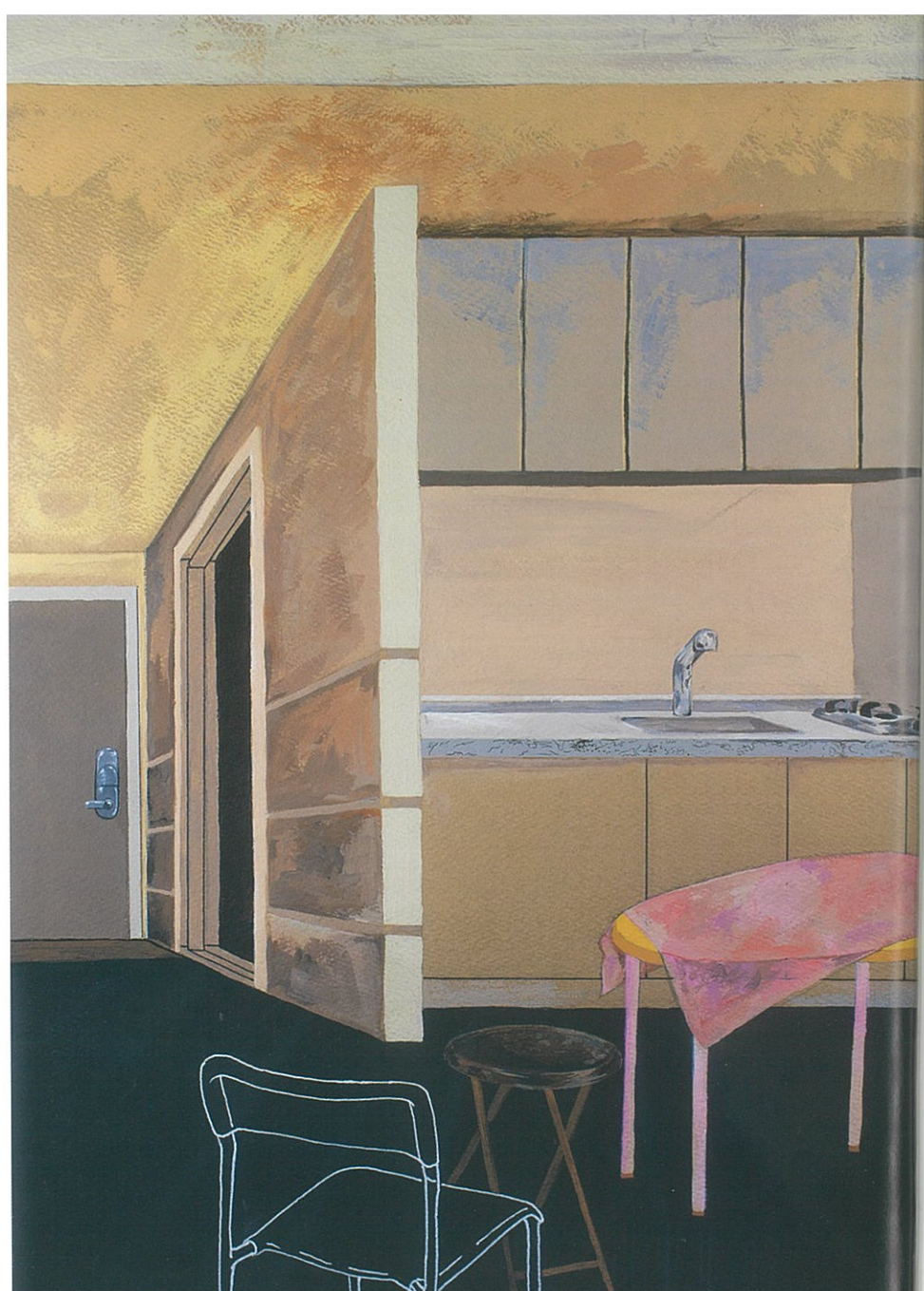
Person to person the heads float,  
carry java chatter and the clinking of teeth  
when the sleepwalkers *have made poetry*  
*out of being invisible*—  
all quite chummy in this  
sloe gin sanctuary of sorts.

We sit low, trying to catch  
the fluorescent woes that dribble down  
our chins, secrets that puddle  
in the floorboards before 1—  
and the bard Dylan croons in the corner  
'bout some nobodies, and then some.

\*Italicized lines from Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*

Storm Behind the Product (detail)

Elizabeth Choi  
Mixed media



## How to Write About German Me

Pia Jensen

Start off by describing my appearance. Tall, blond, blue eyed. Of course. Explain that Germans are the Aryan race and all Germans are Nazis. Thus, we all look alike. Doesn't that make sense?

All Germans wear *lederhosen* and *dirndls*. So do I. Every day. Maybe only Bavarians wear this traditional type of gown or it is only worn on special occasions, also known as Oktoberfest. However, do not get too hung up with irrelevant information. Your reader will not believe you otherwise.

In the next paragraph mention every German loves carbs and meat. So why shouldn't I, right? For breakfast I eat: bread and *Leberwurst*, for lunch: potatoes and steak, for dinner: mashed potatoes and sausages. Always state these as the main source of nutrition for Germans—me, my parents, friends, siblings, Angela Merkel, Albert Einstein...all enjoy the same type of food.

Next, describe my German personality. Explain to the reader how cold and unfriendly Germans are and how I portray these characteristics. One example is me ignoring acquaintances I bump into outside of school. Do not mention how welcoming I am to new people at my school and love my family and every single one of my friends.

Also, describe in detail my passion for making schedules and planning for expanding my Lebensraum. Ignore personality quirks, which expose the truth—I am an artist, I am flexible, I make last minute changes.

In addition, punctuality is crucial to me. Never have I ever been one and a half hours late and left my friend hopelessly alone, who ended up waiting for me and being profoundly upset. Never happened.

Describe how strict I am, whether it is when I babysit my fellow German neighbour, who doesn't seem to obey, or when I cheated off my friend for a history exam. Remind the reader how great commands (and carrying them out) are, with the explanation that Germans are great.

In addition to rules, my two other passions, you should write about next, are watching football and drinking beer—best enjoyed if combined. Give an example of this summer: I half-heartedly watched two games of the UEFA Euro 2016 out of the six Germany played while sipping sparkling water.

Last but not least, comment on my mother tongue—a language too harsh to be found beautiful, too loud to mean tender, soothing words, too complicated to convey messages. Obviously, our way of communication sounds inhumane and disgusting. Compare my sound of speech with the noises of a snarling dog.

Despite your earlier mentions, write "*Tschüss!*" and "*Ich hoffe es hat Ihnen gefallen,*" at the end to show off your German skills and impress the reader.





**femina 1** *Ina Kim*  
Digital media

## Reflection

*Lauren Chang*

Looking inside a mirror  
I see two selves  
The façade that I put up belies the tumult within  
Intense as it may be, I condense it, making it small, hidden

Remembering the pain of divulging emotions  
I retreat back into myself  
Afraid now to make myself vulnerable again  
Shaking my head of the agony that ripped through my heart

In the mirror I see two selves  
One acting happy and insensitive  
The other becoming indifferent and shivering in fear  
Two complex personalities that disagree to merge  
Yet being a human, such friction will not always last  
Sooner or later the friction will cause a fire  
The fire rapidly spreading within  
Burning inside out

And in return the dam of tears  
That has been molded to be impenetrable  
Will also break, dousing the fire  
But making me afloat and lost

An attempt to make things better  
It turns upon you, looming over, baring its fangs  
To bite the self I kept hidden away  
Slowly, painfully showing the destruction of what you value

Fear makes me hesitate now, pause, frozen

In the mirror I see two selves  
A reflection in which I cannot get an answer  
No.  
Not anymore.

## Wild Boar Down

Amanda Ho

He had seen his Ayah do it  
a thousand times.  
Bamboo, sharpened. Calloused hands  
a firm grip he held his weapon with.  
It was shorter than usual  
Slice after cuts stroking the wood  
in attempt to achieve that perfect kill.

Did he even choose the right pole?  
Was the point too thin?  
Why couldn't Ayah or Kakak do it?

Shafts of light poke through  
the punctured rainforest tops,  
like spears they pierce holes into the earth.  
Cacophony of whistles, hums, rustles,  
buzzes in his ear bbbzzzzzz.  
"resist the urge to slap it, be invisible"  
Waiting in the nook of the buttress roots.

Did the crunch of the leaves give him away?  
Was he expected to hunt?  
Why couldn't he help with the farming?

Sweaty thighs stick to each other,  
as if coated from the sap of a rubber tree.  
The humid air hangs heavy, settles on his  
shoulders. Bored he crushes the little red millipedes  
that oscillates along the forest floor.  
Ears perked, the grunts of the wild beast  
is heard as it roams it's territory.

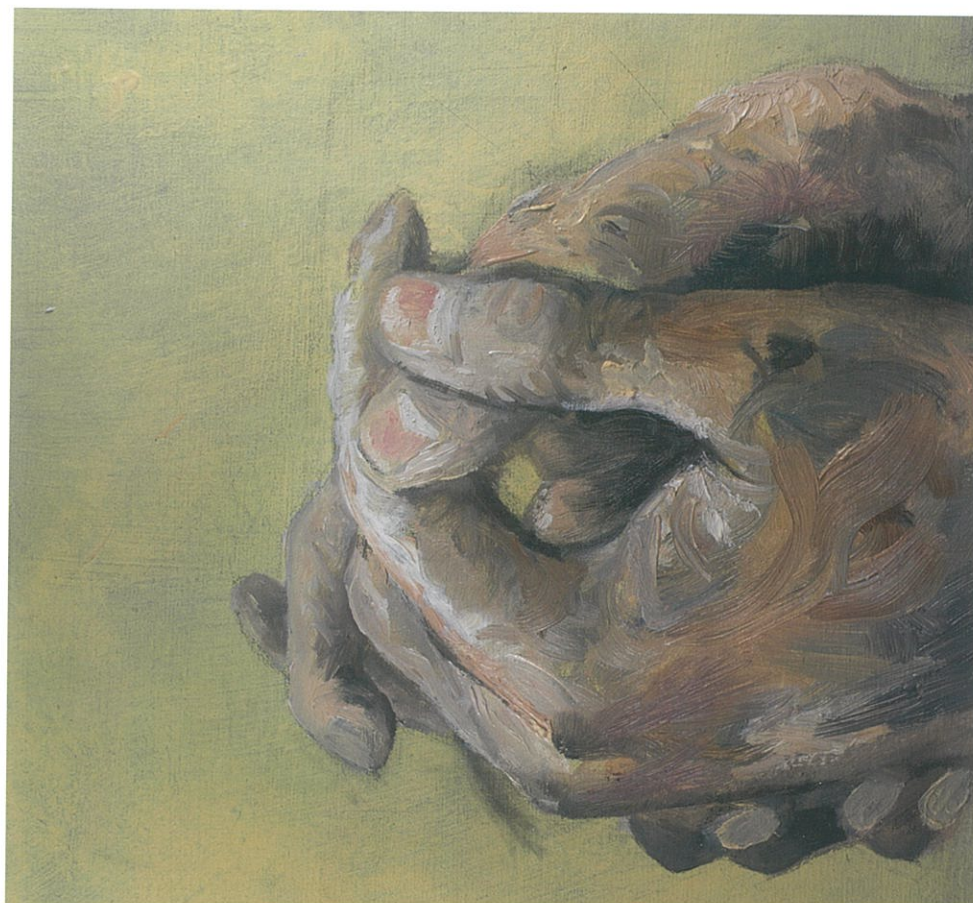
Did it sense that he was near?  
Was there a good shot that he could make?  
Why couldn't he just take the risk?

He had seen his Ayah do it  
a thousand times.  
Bamboo, sharpened. Calloused hands grasped air  
as the weapon he once held flew under  
the canopy roof and the unseen sky.  
Wild boar down.

**Ayah:** Father

**Kakak:** older sibling/brother

**Desperation** Elizabeth Choi  
Oil on canvas





**An Open Letter to America**  
*Anna Nahm*

Dear America,

i was four and a half  
Santa Monica Day Care  
black girls  
crowding around me  
cocoa hands  
wrapping around

my l  
o  
n  
g  
ruler-  
straight  
hair

i was five  
University Montessori  
beach-bred girls  
strutting past me,  
bedazzled sneakers  
and juicy couture track suits.

i was six and a half  
Duveneck Elementary School  
blond and ginger wisps of hair  
circling around me  
asking

"what's it like in china?"  
"you're tan - is it hot in china?"  
"do you speak chinese?"

i was eight  
Bonita Canyon Elementary School

boys and girls  
drawing flowers with me  
asking to hang out  
at the run down skate park  
or the newly built shopping center

i was twelve  
Rancho San Joaquin Middle School  
big 8th graders "octis"  
hips swaying towards me  
bodies reeking of pot  
skunk-like  
sharp

i was thirteen  
Seoul Foreign School  
fellow Korean Americans  
reminiscing with me  
the "Californian" way of  
dress speech life

Anna

--

Dear America,

i am sixteen  
not inhibited within your  
physical borders  
i am in an international school

however,  
i hold your passport and citizenship  
you hold my future college  
childhood heart  
future home

i am a  
tangible outsider  
but an  
abstract insider

i see your  
t  
o  
r  
n  
appearance  
your beautiful  
d g

i e s  
r  
TAINTED by  
your incidents of  
police brutality, increased  
crime rates,  
drug abusers,

t  
e  
a  
r  
i  
n  
g  
apart the lives of children;  
your gun carriers;  
shooting schoolchildren and innocent individuals;

America,  
Please make me proud of you.

Love,  
Anna



### Soliloquy 33-36

*Andrew Chung*

Nature and avarice: hand in hand,  
yet incompatible. For one's own nature to satisfy  
the latter, of which the possessor identical,  
is not to be desired—yet man attempts to gain,  
albeit with a misguided sense of  
inevitable conquest.

Be man's faculties since accouchement  
the manifestation of natural sin.

He sees and he wants more.

He smells and he wants more.

He feels and he wants more.

He tastes and he wants more.

But here, on this road Levantine,  
the good intelligence has come;  
the fullness of my incapacity  
evident in my salvation.

I hear and I want more—  
no longer the world, but rather  
the Untouchable.

**Aquarium** *Jacob Lee*  
Digital media





## The Warrior's Song

Kaila Lawton

When I had no knowledge, I made the Earth my school.  
When I had no barriers, I let my imagination become my reality.  
When I had no experience, I thought life was my peaceful playground.  
When I had no constraints, I thought my world was endless.

When I had no water, I made my efforts become what refreshed me.  
When I had no food, I made hard work into what sustained me.  
When I had no family, I made the ground my support.  
When I had no honor, I made my actions bear my rewards.

When I had no energy, I made the icy wind into my encourager.  
When I had no joy, I made the cannon fires the light in my world.  
When I had no hope, I tried to just look to the next day.  
When I had no privacy, I made myself remember the real reason why I was here.

When I had no insecurities, I felt empowered to lead my country and its people.  
When I had no worries, I didn't let other people's thoughts hold me back.  
When I had no doubts, I felt allowed to do as my heart lead me.  
When I had no fear, I made the Earth my battlefield.



cfad Ashley Jung  
Mixed media

## Flightless

*Pia Jensen*

It's about surviving isn't it? Buzz.  
It's about not giving up not letting go. Buzz. Another  
strand.

The higher the survival chance, the better,  
right?

Black falls into the sink.

We have this instinct

Deeply embedded rooted knitted in our  
systems.

Black feathers gather to a pile.

My wings.

Wings of life.

It's not about the skin they're made of or their adornments.

It's about the feeling flying.

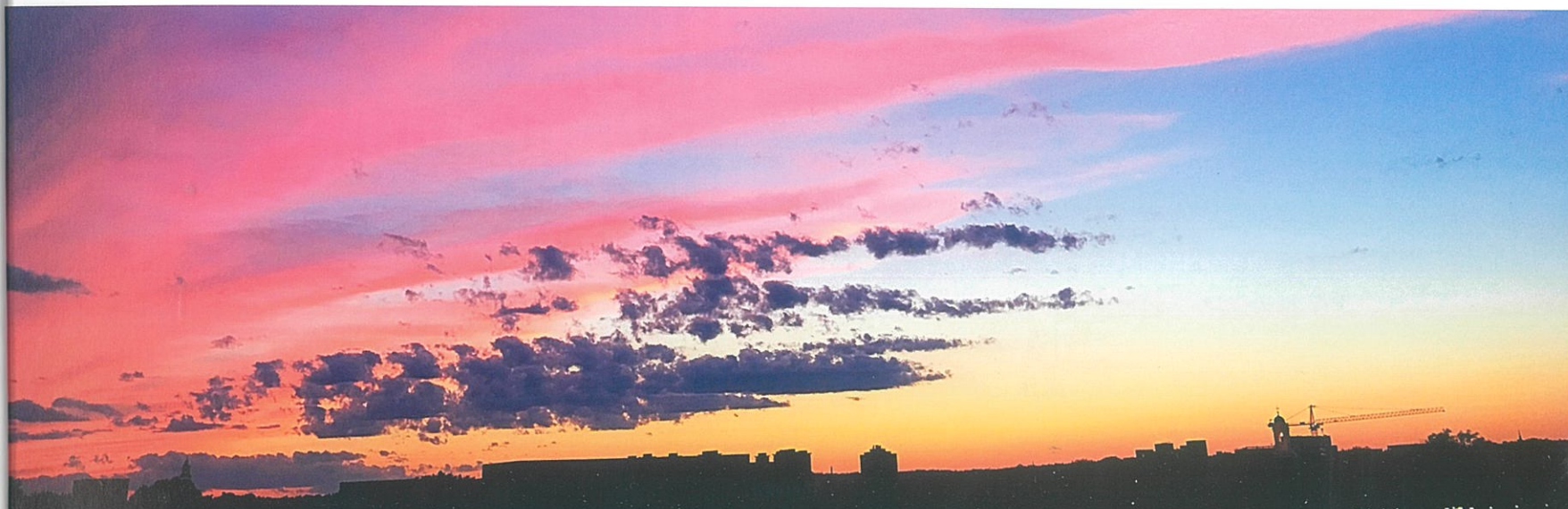
No gravity no fear ...no disease pulling you from

the sky.

And with the last buzz, my hair says goodbye.

**Skies** *Susan Kong*  
Photography

Hello, cancer.





## Small Talk

*Edward Kim*

I stand where so many have fallen into the waters  
I dance with the empty, those drowning inside the vodka  
I see hands in the air as the devil puts on her Prada  
and takes away people's fathers, the holy ones to the monsters

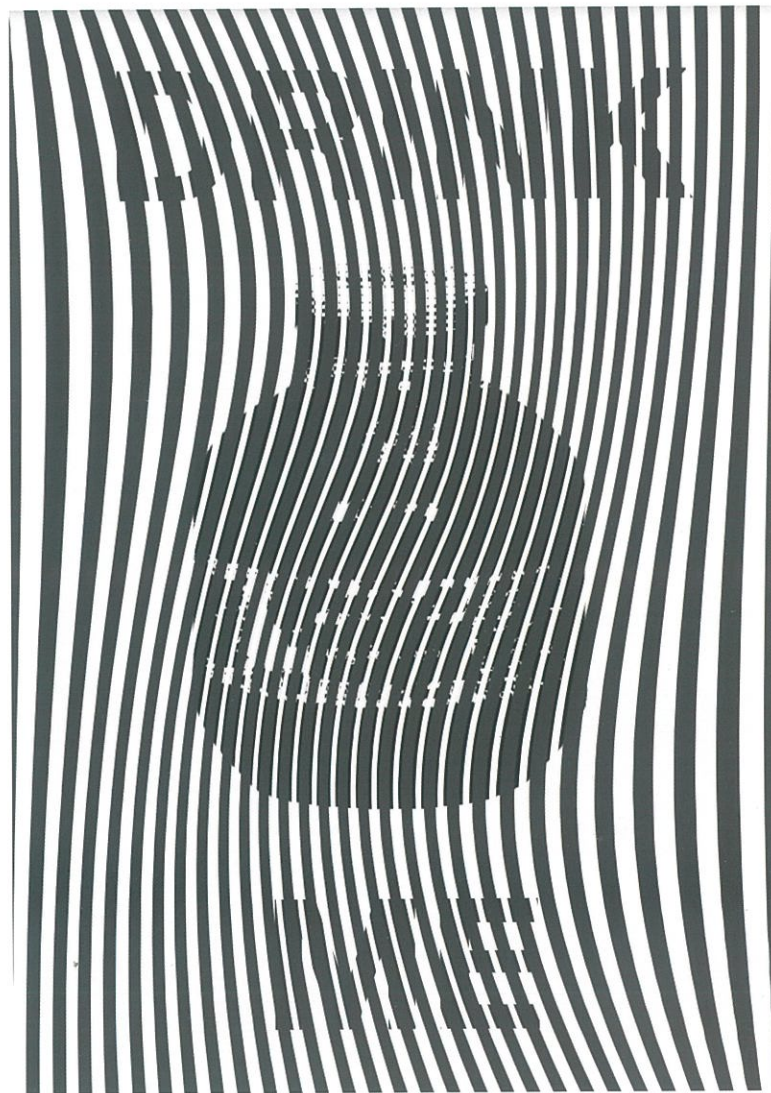
Lights light up broken promises in front of my eyes  
Dead spirits cloud the commas and put periods in lives  
"Reach for the stars!" Ain't seen one since the day I arrived  
The day I buried my past and dug me a new me to die

You never knew me, I lied  
How could you know me when I don't?  
I mean isn't that why I'm here  
freezing my toes with my eyes closed?  
Escaping my fears, saying a prayer, in case  
God is actually there  
To be or not to be:  
I would've roasted Shakespeare

Cus here  
It's all small talk  
Or talk of those we're far from  
Where the smallest bit of truth  
is buried 6 feet under plata

Abba, Allah, Father  
Whatever people call you  
Will I meet you if I jump?  
Or will I end up at the bottom  
with the one that said my problem  
ends with one more step to follow

My hands soak the tears as I ponder about tomorrow,



Apple Juice    *Jacob Lee*  
Digital media

## Tea Dust

*Janice Hahn*

He fumbled in empty tea boxes one autumn evening.  
Snake-like, swamped in his mother's  
rasping. After she lost speech, she rolled words in  
her fingers. Pressed finely crumbled jasmine flakes into his  
sopping hands, congealed chevrons of red  
ebbing out towards fleshy shore.  
Doubt bloomed from her lips,  
branded,  
into the roots of his wrists. Her oak stick,  
puckered by dry plateaus of skin.

JOYRICH X VETEMENTS

*Styled by Jules Lee*  
Photography





## The Sweet Potato

Sol Kim

Every child, man and woman who chose to ride the midnight bus became a subject to the girl's silent questioning. Who were they? Where were they headed? Most importantly, did they hide the same secret as her father? These questions refused to leave Eun-byul's head, incessantly whispering into her mouth and breathing into her ears. The bus driver's constant stare, an implicit rebuke, silently, but clearly, told her that she had overstayed her welcome. His glances through the side mirror meant nothing to her; she was going to ride this bus to the last stop—Yes. Until the absolute last stop.

"We are approaching the last stop." Eun-byul's fingers played indecisive notes on the ugly brown surface of her sweet potato. She raised the honey-yellow potato to her face. The steaming yellow center faintly, very subtly, glowed in the dim bus; just enough for her to see the translucent waves of heat rise out of the center, and up into her already warm eyes. The glowing core of the sweet potato looked just like the sun. Surrounding it was the skin and her hands, just like the earth and moon that circled the sun. Without the sun, the earth and the moon were lost. There would be no core, no center, no path. They would fall apart, melt into nothingness and become lost. Completely lost. In the light of red tinted by the glow of yellow, everything became blurred and ugly; like mother's kiss that father would wash away with coffee, or the nights he came home late with the smell of a different kind of aftershave, not the one she breathed in every morning, but the smell of man.

With a violence that surprised even herself, Eun-byul coughed. With the small release of an amalgamation of spit, mucus and something else, she felt the need to purge fully and completely, that 'something else' from her throat. The yellow monster in her throat grew bigger and bigger as the cries of her cough became sadder and sadder. *Cough*—she was mad because she didn't even know her own father. *Cough*—she was sad because how could he keep a secret like this? *Cough*—she was lost, so very lost, because she knew, so very well, she knew, she knew, she knew, she knew that she, she knew, and she could feel the final one coming—*COUGH*—that through all this, this gay man—he was still her father.

With the final scream of her throat, she knew.

The monster was out. The clump of sweet potato lay there on the ground, blanketed in her spit and shrouded by peace. As her cries started to fade, her lost tears found a path. They left the eyes, and traced a map across her cheeks, one that led her off the last bus stop, towards the opposite street, waiting for any familiar bus, and riding it back, all the way back, home.



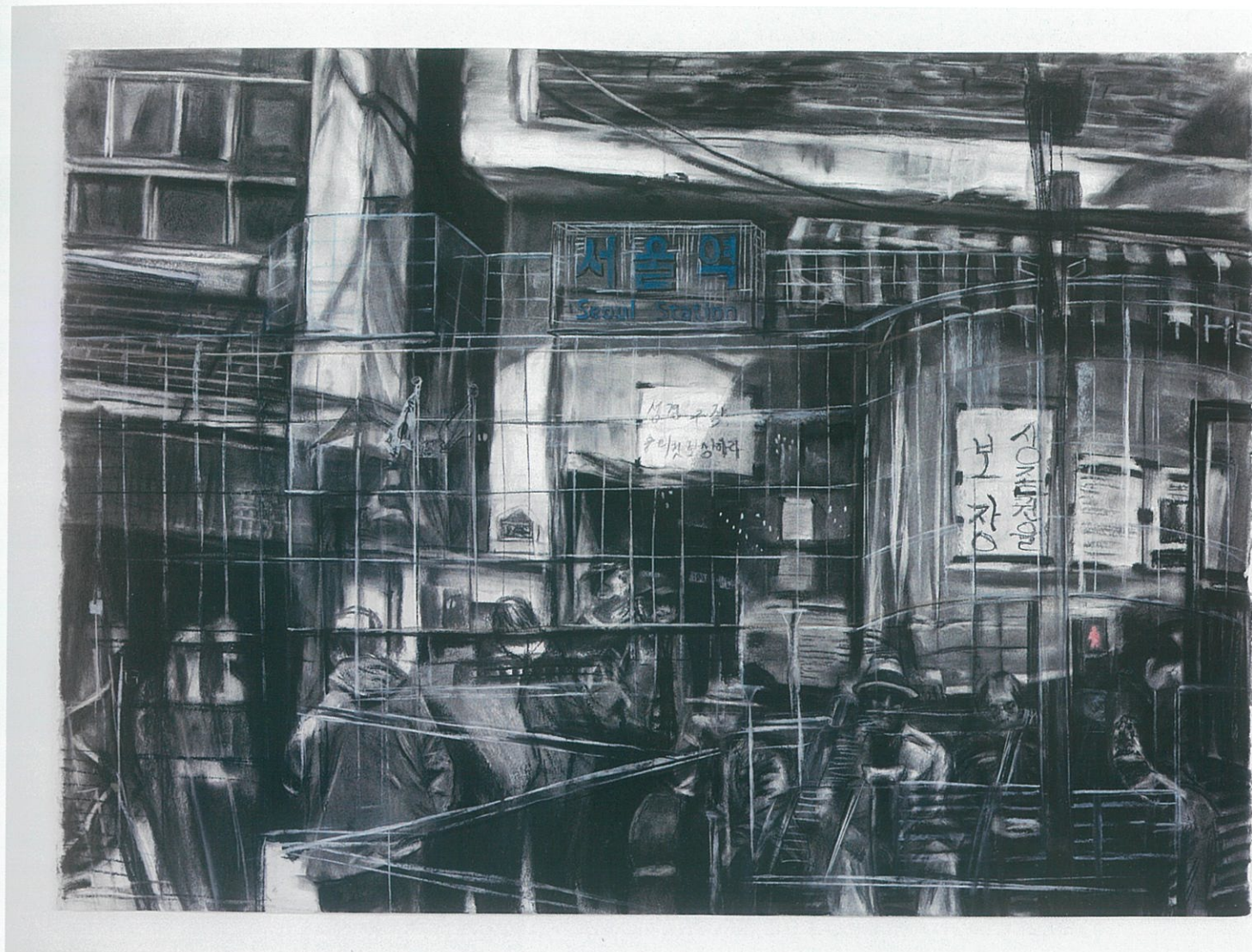
ere they?  
head,  
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o the last

o. She raised  
e the trans-  
the sun.  
don were

with coffee,  
smell of

nd some-  
rew bigger  
*Cough*—she  
ie knew,  
vas still her

her cries  
op, towards



**The People of Huam-Dong (Seoul Station)** Jenny Lee  
Mixed media

**greener pastures**

*Gabi Chu*

Go, someday, to a place where greener pastures are never to be found. Ambition  
Reaches its grasp for only fools, for the content lay at  
Ease's side. But in the night, when Ambition raises its head to find solace in the workings of the glorious,  
Enter not only the greener pasture but the greater joy, the  
Nuance of problem to solution to achievement to victory. The victorious. The triumphant,  
Equal to none but themselves, for the  
Real victory comes not with success but lustful glimpse of more.

Power through.  
Ache not for the lives of the apathetic but yearn for the grind,  
Sleep with one eye open and three more open, two for the canopy and one to brace for the brunt of the sun's  
red stare, unforgiving over the horizon,  
Turn cheek to the escape. And when the queen of hearts extends her laden scepter, the wax seal to a  
poisoned gift,  
Undo the brambles of card-men and shout your name to the lives of the simple so they will remember it.  
Run, someday, to the distant call of the clearing you will never stumble upon, find the forest for doing what it  
does best.  
Exist on no term but yours and that of life, and should the allure of sloth come whispering through the cracks  
in the trees, push on,  
Search on.

**Primrose** *Prema Thomas*  
Acrylic on canvas





Thomas  
on canvas

## The Film Lover's Manifesto

*Karen Song*

**Tyler Durden** says "This is your life, and it's ending one minute at a time"

So stop wishing the days away,

Embrace the successes and failures that come your way,

Disturb the comfort in your world,

**Fight** for the causes that are worth fighting for.

**Blanche DuBois** says "I have always depended on the kindness of strangers"

So have faith in humanity and see past the sins of others, for no one is without sin.

Others will disappoint you. You will disappoint others.

Learn to let go. Learn to love unconditionally.

That is what He **desires**.

**Brody** says "You're gonna need a bigger boat"

And sometimes you do.

Other times, what you really need is a lighter load.

Leave the unnecessary carriage on shore,

Remove the cargo that causes your ship to sink lower every year,

Or take advantage of the disasters that hit you like the **jaws** of a great white.

Don't be afraid to fear.

In the end, the only thing that keeps us alive is our fear of death.

**Alfred Pennyworth** says "It's not who we are underneath, but what we do that defines us"

Life is about doing everything we can in the limited time we have.

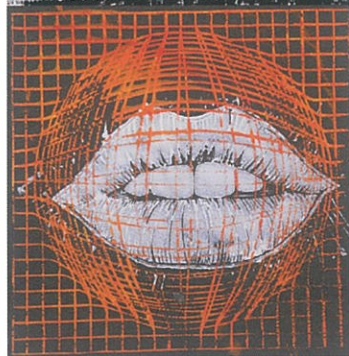
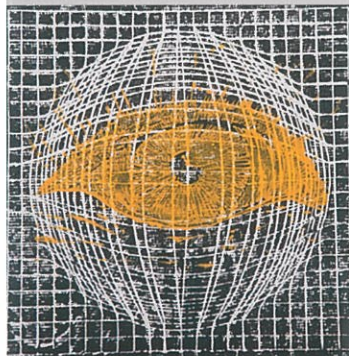
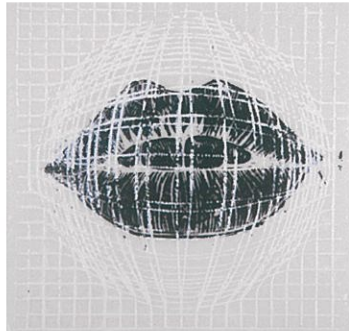
And while life is ephemeral, legacy is eternal.

You may not know where your life ends,

But you have complete control over where it **begins**.

*"Poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for" (Dead Poets Society)*





## 2 Hands 2 Lips

*Lynn Chong*

They say I'm a free man  
And hand me free will  
But do my hands bear the choice  
Or do my hands bear a choice?

If it is the chocie I hold,  
I have 5 directions to excute my will  
5 arrows  
5 targets.  
But if I choose one,  
My heart is trapped.

And if it is a choice I hold,  
Where lies the other?

No longer a choice do I hold.

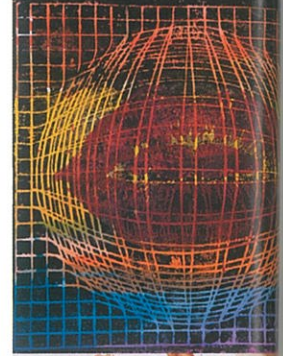
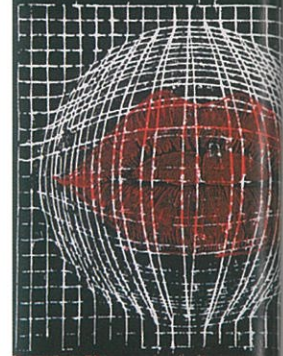
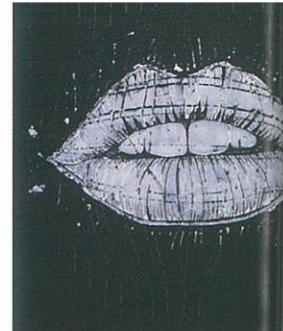
They say I'm a free man  
And kiss me free speech  
But do my lips bear the truth  
Or do my lips bear a truth?

If it is the truth I hold  
I paint my lips and frame my words,  
But is framing trapping?  
Are my ears covered?

No longer a truth do I hold.

2 hands  
2 lips,  
Even numbers don't bring even answers.  
Even a silent evening will be wasted.  
Asking even questions.

**Intimacy** *Eunice Cheung*  
Mixed media





**Poem: Translation of "Untitled" (1958) by Alma Thomas**

*Emily Choi*

Untitled

I am an Artist.

People may question  
what I've painted,  
whilst some may know my mention,  
but still question the purpose, airheaded.

I am an Artist.

People may question  
why I dabbed the canvas with blue,  
some may know it's an ocean,  
the darker shades as the depth, they knew.

I am an Artist.

People may question  
if I painted in certain directions,  
directions of the waves assembling the composition,  
or merely strokes of confusion.

I am an Artist.

The fish which I designed,  
they may call as orange dabs of paint,  
thus undefined,  
or rants of hate.

I am an Artist.

To them my art could be  
a mere blue surface with grey, orange and yellow  
or a body of fishes swarming in an ocean, free  
or an ocean with rocks and fish, in a flow  
or a random painting of a child, carefree  
or a painting of an angry woman, or sorrow  
smashing random colors onto what she calls a 'canvas',  
Artsy?

They are not mistaken, though.

That is Art.

It questions, is questioned.

That's why my painting is

Untitled

as a title.

**Gigantic Lego Horse** *Jenny Lee*

Mixed media



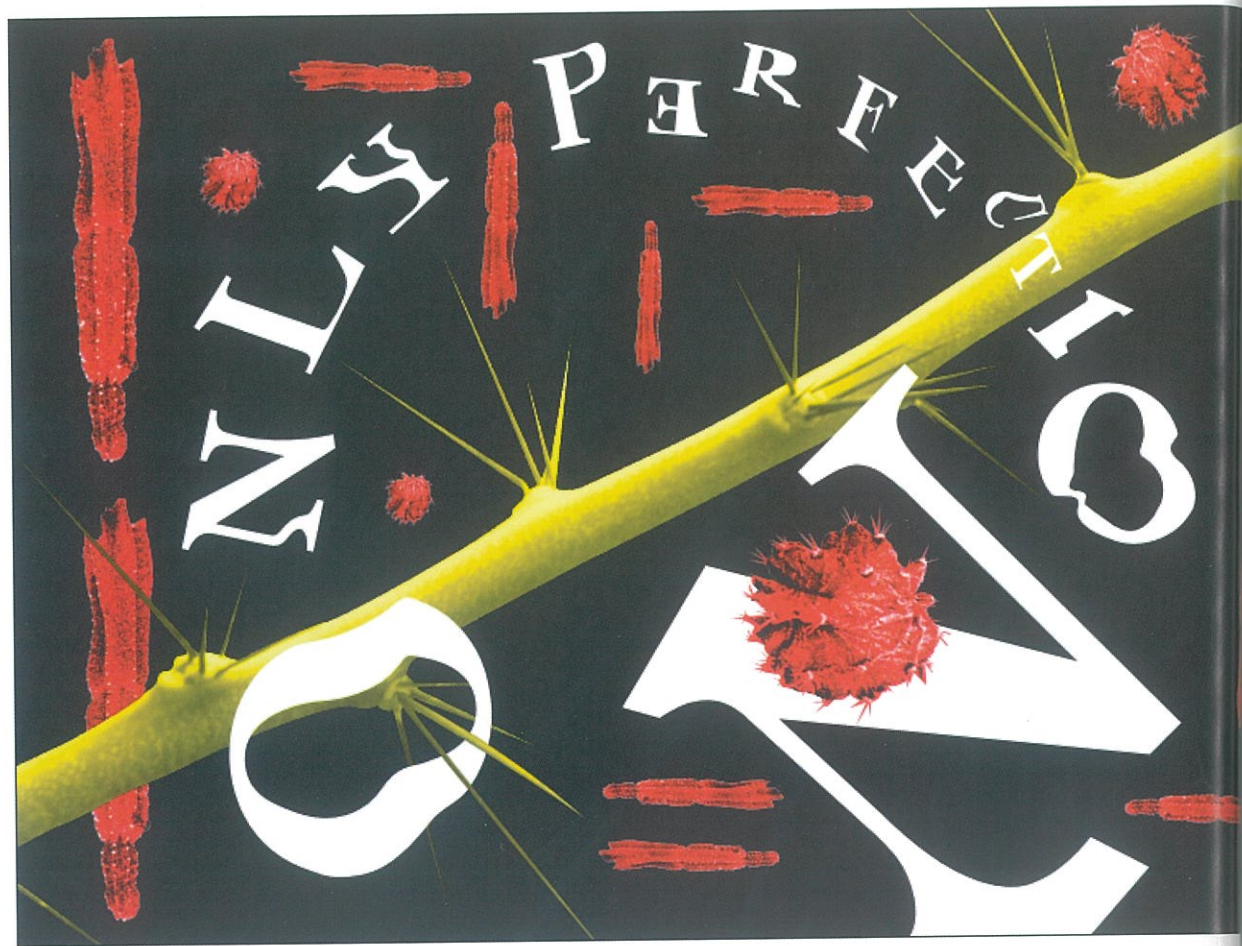


## Elephant Man

Serin Lee

at the edge of the river  
of himself he dared not  
fish in the recessed space  
blue, empty of all but  
the swollen berg  
of a lover's limb, still  
nacreous with the synovial  
fluid that joined it to the  
hollow of his  
knee so long  
ago. do not fear being  
the marrow i came from,  
it said, wanting so  
much and so little.  
and he had no human  
curiosity because he  
was one.

she pooled in his  
bones because she was  
too frail for the dream  
and he, too  
brittle for  
the world



Only Perfection Jacob Lee  
Digital media



fun.

*Edward Kim*

sleep.less.

fun.

need.rest.

none.

sun.sets.

trees.

street's.nest.

fun.

je.sus.

slept.

we.messed.

up.

e.den's.

gone.

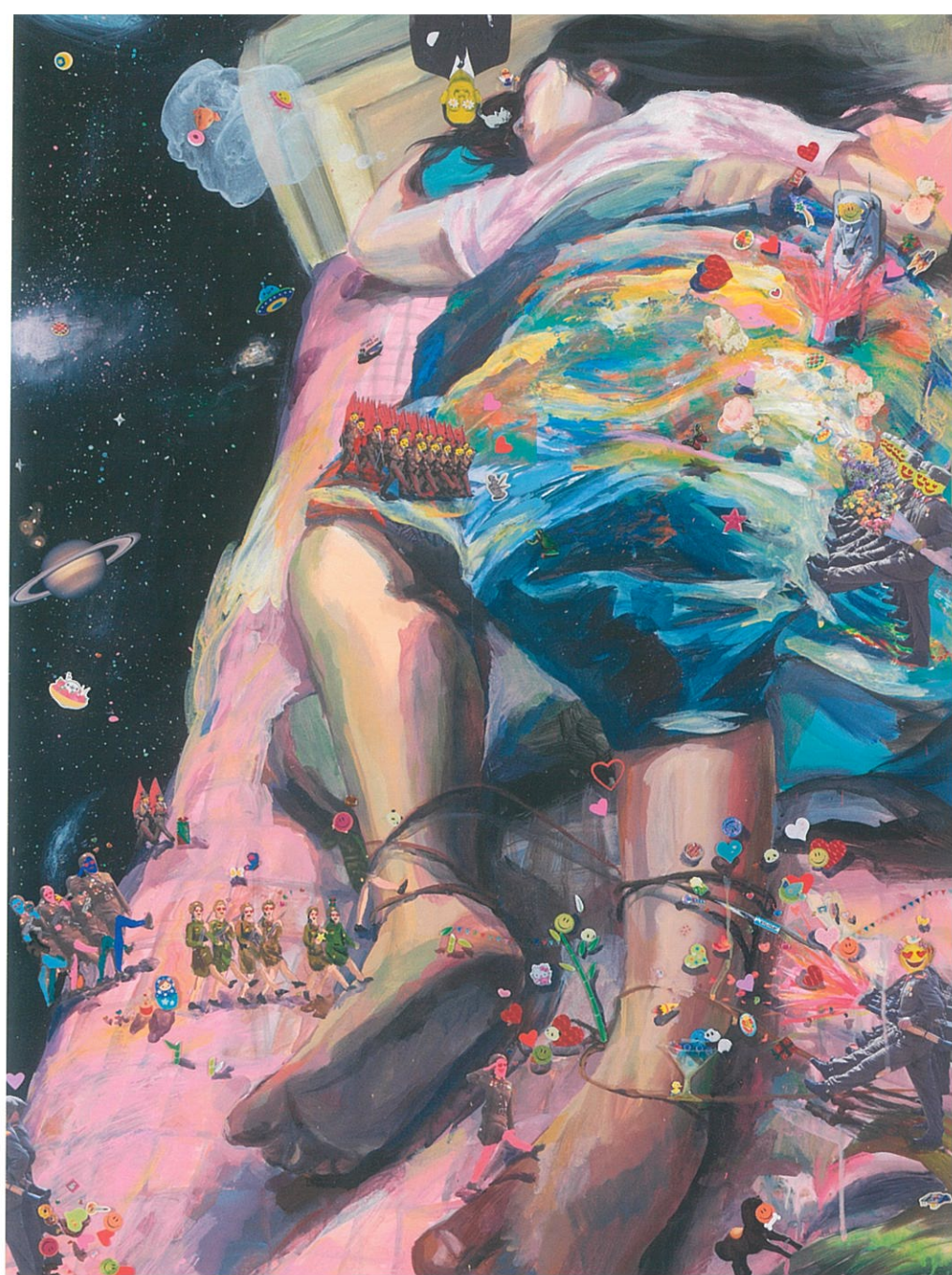
me.young.

yes.

sleep.

less.fun.

**While I Am Asleep** *Jenny Lee*  
Mixed media



n *Jacob Lee*  
Digital media



## Stepping in Street Soup

*Amanda Ho*

The greasy noodles I ordered resembled a pile of dead worms lying on sidewalk, drowned by the unfortunate afternoon rain. I had lost my appetite.

It rained quite often during my summer in Shanghai, but it lacked the comfort of the cool breezy showers in Singapore. The aftermath of the storm would result in rain puddles collected in ditches of the uneven road, mixed with other unidentified sewage it was the consistency of curdled old milk and the smell was far more putrid than it looked. The locals knew this as “street soup”.

I anticipated new and improved, confident and robust me would be able to locate the best restaurants in Shanghai while conducting conversations in flawless Mandarin. But the characters that came from pictographic form resembled broken twigs and a splatter of random dots in my eyes. Hearing Mandarin sounded like an irregular heartbeat continuously fluttering. I tried to slur my phrases hoping to get the accent right, only it ended up sounding like I was trying to swallow my tongue. However, this handicap did not stop the fizzling sensation I had to explore Shanghai, as I stared at the crème walls of the room I would call home.

I was bombarded by the culture shock as soon as I stepped onto the streets, dodging piles of excrement and puddles of “street soup”. The shortcut from my apartment to school was a more exciting expedition. Passing by houses arranged like clumps of crumbling sandcastles struggling to stay upright. The low-rise walls separated the sloping houses from the road were littered with glass and broken bits of metal.

One thing China had in abundance besides cheap production was population. Shopping malls, convenience stores and sidewalks managed to be occupied with bodies weaving through each other, as though they were programed to cover every inch of the world. By the end though, I was used to seeing little boys parading around with long slits in their pants taking number twos on the pavement, and old women in pajamas screeching into their mobiles. I was constantly surrounded by people, but not once was there an exchange of a smile or pause to help this wandering girl with directions. I had to walk home accompanied by the leery looks of men who unabashedly touch themselves, listen to my neighbors stumble home at four in the morning and inevitably step in a glorious puddle of street soup.

Living by myself was a challenge and the accomplishments I once succeed in were nothing significant on the grand scale of growing up. I would try to stay in the campus to prolong returning to the confinement of my dorm. But the feeling of claustrophobia lingered in tighter and tighter, suffocating me.

A sobering moment of my life, the fluorescent lights of the fast food Chinese restaurant felt like some sadistic light bulb.

Your independence is self-proclaimed. Get a reality check.

I'm not saying that I discovered myself in the corners of my dorm, but it was indeed a rude awakening to realize that I couldn't even boil water or think about exploring this city of Shanghai. How could I face life alone?



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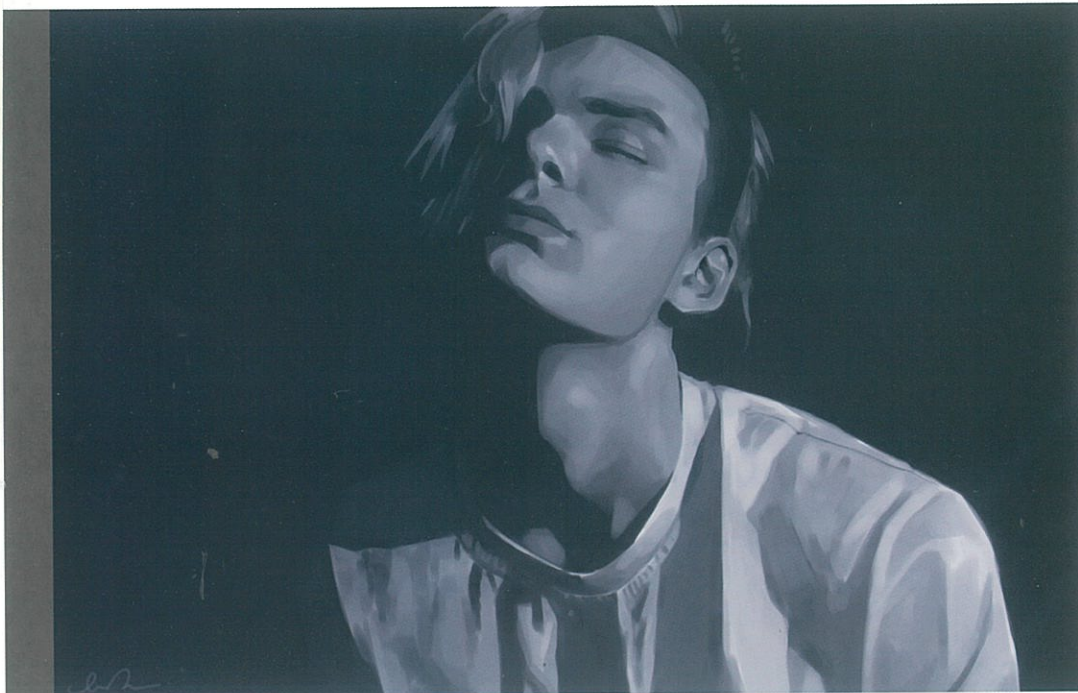
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**Architectural Time Lapse** Rachel Lee  
Mixed media

**Portrait** Ina Kim  
Digital media



**Futile**

*Olivia Kim*

Atop high sierras covered in vitiligo,  
He stands majestically in unparalleled beauty,  
laying flaxen streams of hot honey  
across the barren lands.

my twitching legs lurch forward,  
chest swelling, lungs expanding.

But coarse ropes slither up my legs  
and I'm hitched to the ground,  
the more I pull away  
the more they gash through my plush flesh,

I cannot move forward,  
I cannot look away.

softly he submerges into the melting sky,  
first his golden hair,  
then his toned arms, his bare legs  
until it's only his breast pulsing,  
rippling the creamy skyscape.

Evanescing from my oh so futile reach.



## All His Pretty Horses

Julie Kang

I.  
"Death  
is only an illusion"  
Evil said to him.  
He shook his head.  
"Death  
is a separate life."

II.  
Evil killed him  
because he wished for  
Life.

III.  
When John Grady  
asked the old man  
to hide his evil,  
the old man blessed him  
and said that  
evil was an illusion.

IV.  
Coffee and tortillas.  
Heaven.



**Them** Rachel Lee  
Mixed media

# c e t u s



## Night Time

*Sarah Pyo*

When a blanket covers the cage of the world  
The victims fall into sleep  
A dull day spent walking,  
A tangle of talking,  
Then dropping into a drained heap

We obey the man-made rules of time  
“The dark is no time for play”  
But when else can I run  
Released from the sun  
Whose light controls my whole day

To me, the night time is everything but  
A setting for sinister deeds  
It's an ocean of peace  
A thought I can't reach  
A vastness I simply can't see

Why do humans crave such light  
So far to invent our own?  
We try and create,  
The fast pace of day  
Through an electric glow

The nighttime, the darkness, my adoration  
Not just for aesthetic reasons  
A brief lull in time  
A welcomed respite  
Comes forth a new day, a new season

**Cetus** Ina Kim

Digital media



## Succeeding in the 21st Century

*Juna Jang*

Answer the following questions after reading an extract from Succeeding in the 21st Century.

The main purpose of this passage is to

- a. Inform that honesty will always win
- b. Emphasize on the importance of care
- c. Express gratitude towards all great leaders in the 21st century
- d. Show that the honest, caring, and genuine people aren't always the ones who succeed

According to the author, some people who succeed in certain nations

- a. Are the ones who always try
- b. Have a passion for what they do
- c. Dream big and achieve great things
- d. Are masked with a different personality and character for the desire to appeal to the audience

The word success mentioned in line 56 most likely refers to

- a. Love
- b. Ambition
- c. Willingness
- d. Cheating

What is the author's intention of including lines 23-24? (Money and power is always a head start to success because it's always been that way)

- a. Genuinely express how those with money and power are lucky
- b. Express his/her thankfulness towards the successful people in this world
- c. Question the audience whether or not they have money and power
- d. Sarcastically and ironically depict the unfair nature of those who succeed

In order to resolve the problem, the author mainly suggests that the public should

- a. Leave it the way it is
- b. Bribe other successful leaders to distribute their money and power
- c. Find ways to earn money in an unethical manner
- d. Always place justice and honesty over unethical and immoral achievement, which includes staying united and genuine to oneself.

Answer Key:

d(on't), d(ie), d(oing), d(amage)

## Sanguine Dream

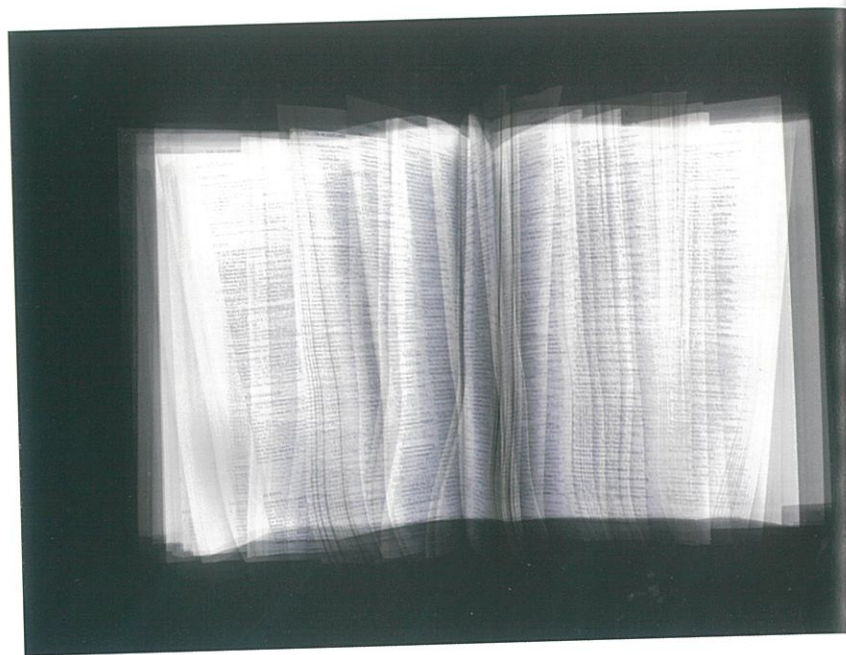
Christine Suh

*Inspired by Sarah Oyetunde's painting "Moon Risen"*

War cries pierce the heavens with pent-up hatred;  
helpless souls wander in search of a better home;  
budding dreams bloom into rigid flowers,  
wounded  
calloused  
by the harsh winds of sin.

Silver streaks of light slowly dim in solitude;  
wisps of clouds shimmer with omens invisible  
to us, the crimson hues that taint the once translucent waters,  
confused  
guilty—  
our bitter colors do not merge, but rather  
saturate the air, with such fervor that even the stars  
cannot shine through anymore.

If only we could go back in time  
to when the moonlight tinted the sky  
with hope, silently urging the troops to go home;  
when the bloodstained sun surrendered completely  
to the fierce, rippling waves,  
allowing the world  
just one more day  
of peace;  
when all that ever mattered was the color  
of the sky above  
and the ocean below,  
uniting you  
and me.



Knowledge William Le  
Photograph



## Hypersomnia or Insomnia

*Cailee Kim*

### Hypersomnia

Eburnean cotton sheets  
Ruffles and wrinkles and slight trickles of shimmer  
Onto  
a heavenly plush,  
Into  
an oh so delightful trance  
As if taken an cupid's arrow to the heart  
As if to be reborn as Queen Elizabeth  
All worries washed away, on the verge of unwinding  
A never-ending day's end has finally come to a—  
But  
you find yourself awake  
The murmurs and whispers race through your head as you  
violently hurl your arms  
You want them away, you want them to go  
You run to switch the light on,  
They're gone  
You think to yourself,  
Was it all in my head? Am I just imagining?  
Bizarre and peculiar hissing in the distance  
You switch the light off  
Curl up into what's no longer a heavenly plush  
But a nightmare's calling  
There is no end to your day

### Insomnia



**Orion** *Jeeyoung Whang*  
Digital media



*William Lee*  
photography

## 5AM

*Edward Kim*

5:01

One minute later than usual.  
Folded the bed, washed up. Up.  
The usual.

5:05

He stepped down to the low life.  
One above is the bed. No lights.  
No rice. The pan steams and  
Yellow moons rise  
Out of white.  
Out of that night, he died. (after that night, he died)  
He lives his life,  
A daily fight.  
The mirror said, "Bye."  
Couldn't say goodbye.

5:20

Clothes on. And then he gets ready.  
voices, voices, Voices  
He hears so many.  
Screams followed by deafness  
Memories soul-clenching:  
blood red.  
It's fine, this time it's just his nose running.  
Code Red.  
Survivor's guilt, it's his own death.  
There's no end

The war has no end

Zero Dark

Last look before the minute stops  
Pictures lost  
Slumbering to faces of  
Those who came and fought.

5 o'clock



Time *William Lee*  
Photography



**1 (down) (3 words)**

*Anna Nahm*

yelling shakira tunes  
out of the other room—  
uproars of nonsense, gibberish, and  
yawning loudly  
out of boredom rather than tiredness, never  
upset or at least doesn't show it;  
yellowing white tennis shoes, probably because  
of too many outdoor adventures, scraped by the  
underbrush of the forests.

**2 (down) (2 words)**

*with first line from Ross Gay*

because longing is an aviary. because longing is a mouse trap  
undermined in this duty to end me by  
tricking me into using up  
time, tricking me into wanting to  
escape  
run, run, away from the  
floods of tears and stamp-less  
letters on my bedroom floor for  
you  
mostly wanting to  
exterminate my sanity my reality my perception of  
truth, my life now made up of lies  
and "alterations" but  
maybe now maybe i realize the  
ordinary fact, maybe i  
realize that this trap needs no key, no  
password, that the  
hole for a key is not a functioning  
obstacle, that i am  
simply the cure to my own  
insanity from the  
save.

**3 down (3 words)**

*with first line from Ross Gay*

sorrow is not my name; i am a  
safe place for you promises before i drift into  
secrecy, a land where i can finally reside in the  
shade of  
silver trees and ivory flowers  
silence a comforting virtue  
speaking its serene tone  
spiraling around me  
here i lie  
heavy breathing  
heavy heart but i feel no pain or  
hurt from the heaviness; i am  
hollow; no longer carrying the  
hardships i once  
had.

sorrow is not my name; i  
am only an altar for emotion; i  
yell in silence, separating  
going from feeling, an  
odd sensation but i am  
open in soul and mind, i am calm,  
during this time, making sure that i  
become a powerful tool i am the  
yellow pages to the young  
everything i longed to do.

**Ephemerality**  
*Hyong Min Kim*

3rd period over, as I leave the class  
I catch a glimpse of her, amidst a hundred more—  
She stands like a swan amongst ravens and crows  
A galleon triumphantly raising her bow.

She lightly treads upon the hallway—  
And suddenly all the crowd, the chitchats and chatters  
Vanish and die like spring's lingering snow.  
An orchestra strikes a dazzling tune  
As a carpet of velvet unfolds before her.  
Her shoes, diamond heels on the ballroom floor  
Elegantly taps with a resonant clatter.  
The guests humbly step back before her  
Murmurs of awe, admiring gazes  
She smiles a smile that melts the heart  
Of those who look at her from afar.  
The candlelight touches her fair complexions  
And bounds off her eyes with glimmers of gold;  
Her hair like a cloak of ebony silk  
Shrouding her figure with delicate grace.  
The orchestra soars, the violin quivers,  
She walks not but dances and glidingly prances—  
May the orchestra play on with splendor and tremor!  
If this is a dream may it continue forever!

-but the spell elapses, the fantasy fades  
The familiar bell awakes me and shows me the hallway deserted  
I walk, still dazed from the illusions afore  
Away from my dreams to period 4.



**Ice Princess**    *Styled by Jules Lee*  
Photography



## Family Album

*Shiyeon Lee*

One day on the beach, when the sea lies before me.  
A child tries to balance in the lapping water beside  
a woman posing for a picture with a starfish on her hand.  
Behind her, a family collects shells and corals.

This is where I see happiness: in a sand castle  
built down the beach front, by the shores  
Where tides lay still,  
by the two children.  
A third child destroys it once built, with the stamping of his foot,  
as parents watch them from the window of the restaurant.

From that I found courage, also hidden  
inside the Men with sunglasses napping on the beach chair  
under the shades of the palm trees  
while a little boy chases his flip flops floating on the sea water.  
And In the middle of the sea, there too exists courage  
in the couples kayaking towards the horizon,  
disappearing from view like brown wasps on water

*l by Jules Lee*  
'photography



Maybe Someday Jeeyoung Whang  
Digital media

**Woe n.m.**

*Janice Hahn*

*A reassemblage of Louise Bogan's "Women"*

Wilderness have no love.  
They think they cannot hear.  
When man is eager to shout and cry,  
Every whisper is cleft clear.

Not a friend to which benevolence should bend  
So shallow under winter red.  
Crops grass into meaninglessness down that field.  
They stiffen in their stead.

The turn of an axe against their hearts  
As many wait like dusty wood,  
Life should go by over door-sills  
Not when they take it, as they should.

They hear.  
They let.  
They see  
Themselves—

Hot water speaks, clean and content  
In culverts when they are cropping snow,  
Provident journeys by cattle that no women use—

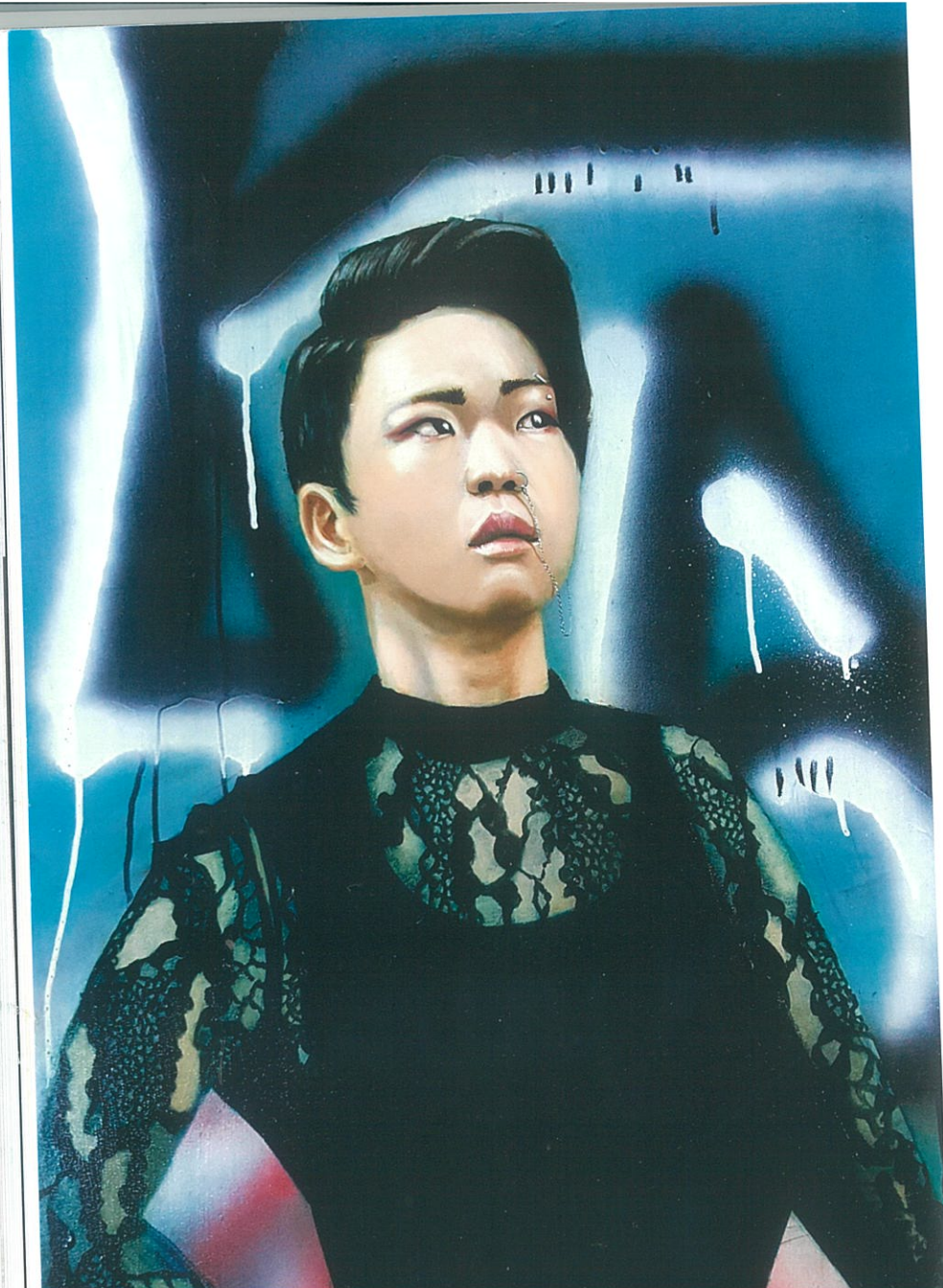
To them, they do not eat.  
Too tight of a cell  
Or going in, too tense,  
To them, they do their bread.





1712 *Magan Chang*  
Acrylic on canvas





**("Out of the Inferno")**

*Katie Myong*

The storm's almost over.  
The morning's begun.  
The clouds are now parting,  
And out peeks the sun.

It's all over, isn't it?  
It's all over, now.  
The monsters have left me  
And now they'll allow  
The flow of a thought  
As clear as new silver  
To right what is not  
To salvage a sliver,  
My throat's been rubbed raw,  
My fingers are sore.

(But now I can finally tell you:  
"No more".)

**Subversion**    *Bert Young*  
Oil on canvas



## City Girl

*Chloe Kim*

Yeah,  
I'm a city girl.  
I live in a jungle  
of pure concrete,  
that drowns me in the air  
of gasoline and nicotine.

Please,  
step into my garden  
of happy, plastic roses.  
They lie to me:  
nature is abundant,  
and artificial is the new alive.

Come,  
say hello to my device,  
my digital head and heart.  
And watch as it lures me  
into neglecting  
my life.

Tell me,  
is it wishful thinking  
to want what is truly  
a natural reality?  
Yes it is,  
because I'm a city girl.



**Vinyl Rain Poncho** *Lydia Choi*  
Fashion photography



## **The Show Before the Show**

*Nicholas Kim*

As I trod lightly down the red, slippery steps, a peculiar calmness overtook me. It then dawned upon me that I may not be nervous after all; perhaps the little shivers that had crawled up from the bottom of my spine all the way to my neck a minute ago were tremors of excitement...

I turned and began to glide down another set of stairs with the brass slide gripped tightly onto my right hand. The golden bell of the tubal instrument, glistened upon the rays of the amber lights and the reflection blurred my vision for an instant. Mindlessly climbing the way down, I reached the bottom and cautiously stepped into the darkness.

The door slammed behind my back, producing a few hisses of warning from the unseeable that greeted me. Looking down at my instrument once more, I noticed the golden tube that had shined so vigorously under the light was now nullified of its powers by the unforgiving blackness. Furiously attempting to make out the ambiguous shadows of objects near me but unable to do so, I stood there in absolute silence. I breathed in and out, feeling the cold air and the dry atmosphere, and shivered. The chill was enough to provoke a sniff, and soon a tickling sensation began to build in the insides of my nose. I rubbed the skin under my nose with the back of my shivering hand. However, noticing the stale smell of air and the scent of undried paint, my nose involuntarily cringed. A loud, unwelcoming outburst was produced out of my nose, and even though I could not see, I felt the disapproving stares of many as I softly whispered an apology in a clogged voice.

Then, the curtains slightly tilted and a beam of light entered the space through the small split, thankfully catching everyone's attention and allowing my vision once more. I looked around to see the different individuals, some seated, some standing, all part of the same ensemble. As expected from the smell, there was undried paint on the far-side wall, perhaps a part of a construction act. Most of the walls and the floor were of a pitch-black color, perhaps why the limited

light appeared amplified of its luminosity.

I squinted into the light, at the little image within the crack of the curtains, and made out the proud movements of the strings, the bows moving simultaneously as rows on an ancient Greek battleship would. The sound that I heard was an unfathomable, distinct sound. It was a sound of a gradual, slowly expanding build of tension: furtive and ominous. It was then when the previous shivers returned, and I convinced myself it was all because of the cool atmosphere.

The constant movement of the conductor's baton, alongside the high fluttering notes of the winds, was beginning to have a hypnotizing effect. A low vibration began to ring deep, deep into my heart, and as the smoke of mustard gas would make its way through the air upon release, the sounds seemed to approach my ear in a similar surreptitious manner. My senses began to numb due to the unending lethargic melody, and as I took a seat on the ground with my instrument laid down on my side, my nodding head was an apparent reminder of how late it was into the evening...

It was that moment when the deafening wall of the brass section smashed against my eardrums. The thundering drums soon followed, accompanied by the strings, now marching faster than ever, and I sat there, fully conscious, numbed by the furious frenzy, surrounded by the craze. The notes rose boundlessly in volume, and the beat soon overtook my heartbeat, rising and rising on an uncontrollable pace, unstoppable, blood-rushing, adrenaline-flowing... And then all was dead as if a result of overdrive. The hall continued to ring for minutes after the final note had ceased, and the whole hall was tranquil for a moment until the roaring of the crowd began.

I blinked my eyes out of the haze and stretched as I reached for my instrument. The curtains split open, the main light dimmed, and now it was time for a new stage. Having a sense of longing for the already-past sounds, yet anxious to be a part of the upcoming movement, I stepped up, straightened my back, and remembered to smile.



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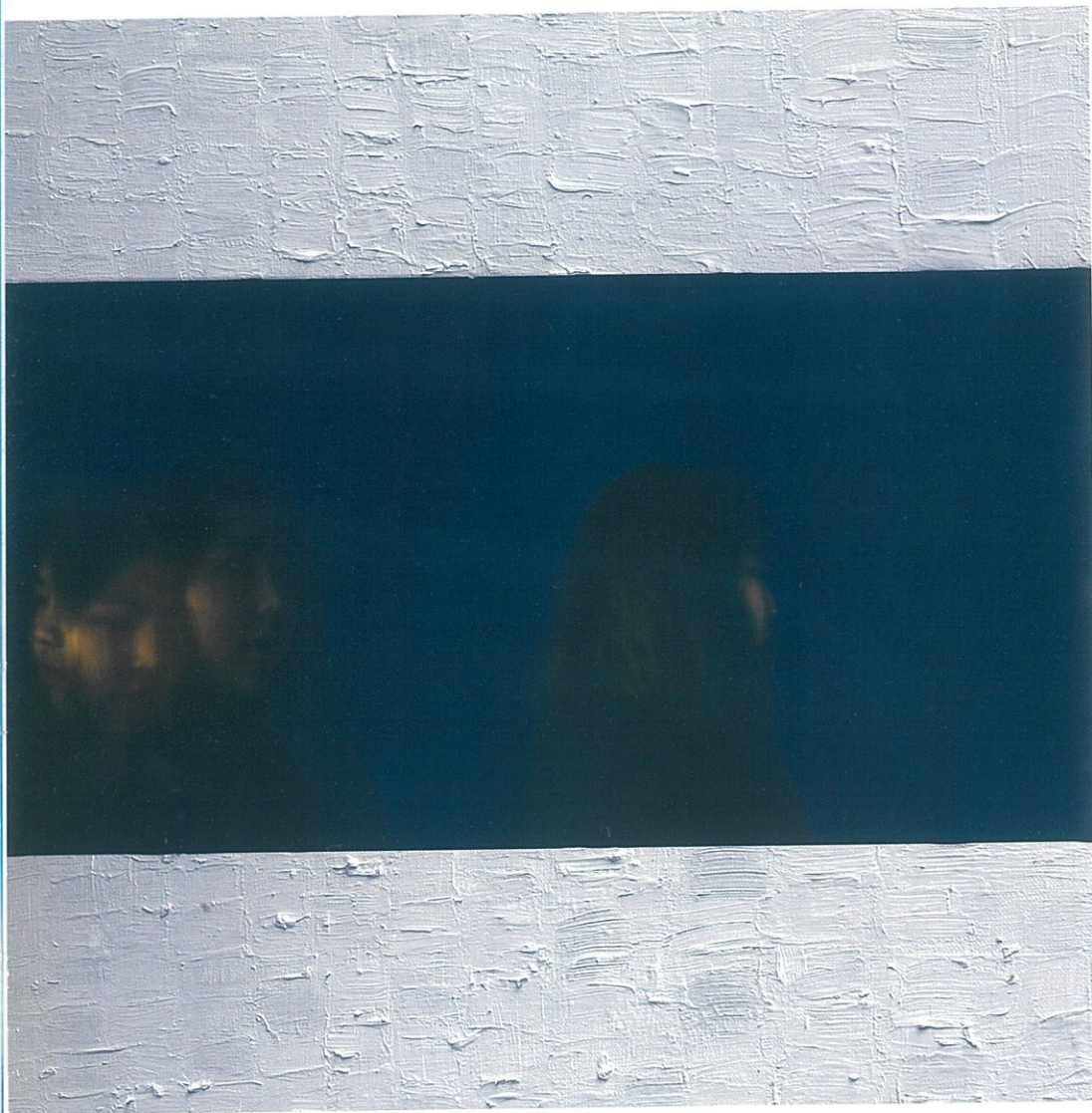


## **Soul of Music**

*Lauren Chang*

Clear, a single note vibrates  
Lilting slowly out of the bell, it stirs the open  
Air, a medium welcoming expression and voice  
Realizing its own color and shape  
Independent as it is, it is quickly followed  
Never too late or too early to be coupled by another  
Everything mixed yet a balance achieved like an eye of a storm  
Tuned, the sounds become one and sings in harmony voicing the soul of music

**Lights** *William Lee*  
Photography



**Time Crunch** *Elizabeth Choi*  
Photography

### **Fire Escape**

*Serin Lee*

The bland snows scatter motherly  
over streets so lean so cold.  
Your glove from a year ago lies  
somewhere there, insoluble—  
tracks dye it the color of the month.

I've had enough of mapping  
the nervous sleeps that revise me.  
Hew me to your light; I cannot knock on  
the shrunken days in which  
you knew me.

Eyes open tight in white blindness—  
walk out in the air, to and from you.  
The bluest dream I dreamt  
crests your question, silence.  
I have but one answer, and it goes with the sea.



## The Little 한반도

Chloe Son

In Summer

We painted the sky

One by one, we swept arcs

To catch little dragonflies

In Autumn

We raised mountains

One by one, we stacked stones

To build little cairns of luck

But in Winter,

They scraped the grey sky,

One by one, the chaebols erected towers

To foster their little pride...

In Spring,

We breathed ashen clouds and Gobi yellow dust.

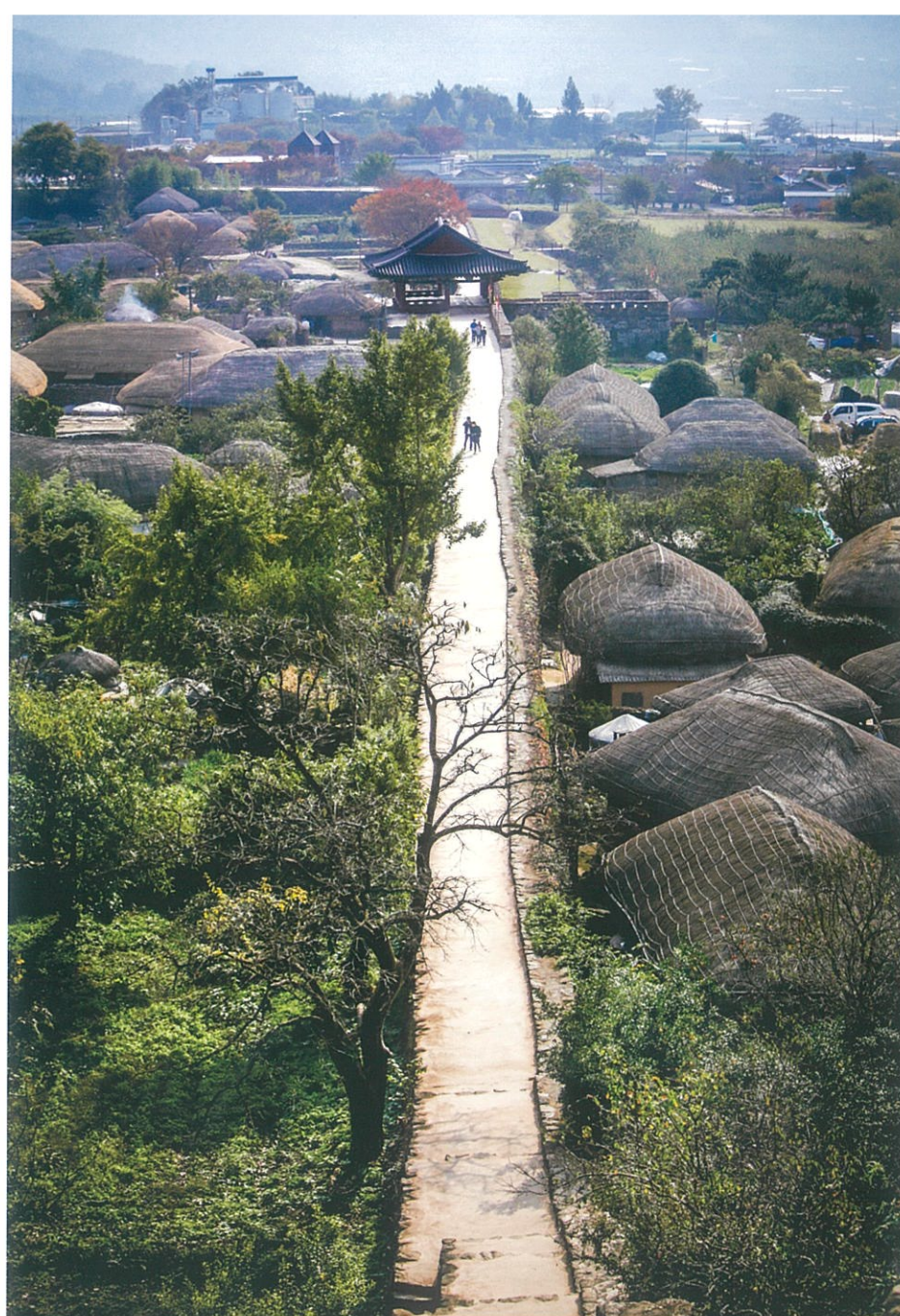
One by one, we made our own stars—

Induced from cheap joules of light.

It's still cold.

**Naganeupseong Village: Where Modernism Sees Tradition**

*Keren Ben-Shoshan* Photography



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