

# *The Tenth Muse*



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# Advisor

**Mr. Townsend**



## The Literary Magazine Club Members

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***The Tenth Muse* is dedicated to  
The Class of 2020**

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# Time

By Hasani Kates

The hands had raised so they could reach the top;

Not mine, as I was not able to move;

The things around me all came to a stop;

The beating of my heart I could not prove.

If I could change this state with just my will,

I would not think about how things have been,

As all the people lie around me still,

I realize that they are mannequins.

In stillness, I find solitude and peace

And quickly notice what this can reveal,

A tender moment, here as soft as fleece,

It dawns on me that this is now what's real.

The halt of frights creates new kinds of fear,

The pointlessness of all is truly clear.

# Fortissimo

By Jayleen Rolon

His fingers glide without ado along  
The keys that help to light his world on fire,  
A love for art through sound that is lifelong  
As if the music grants every desire.

My eyes follow the dance of his body,  
Entranced by how the sound can lift me up,  
And wondering if my loud pulse will be  
Disturbing the magic or will corrupt.

His voice accompanies the instrument,  
Serenading the room with its divine,  
And to my heart it is an ornament,

In this moment where our two souls combine.

And as the show does come to a sweet end,  
My love is all I can now comprehend.

# Cold

By Yasmeen Carneiro

The sun has died its temporary death,  
In its wake silence is left down below;  
Unworldly is the quiet; not a breath  
Uttered for fear of interrupting snow.  
All the eye can see is a blanket white—  
Numbingly frigid, wanting to be touched,  
Contrasted only by the dark of night;  
With siren calls, its viewer it clutched.  
The awed edged out of warmth, it tried to chase,  
But heat retreats at hint of frost. Fingers  
Reached to hold white that glistens; beauty faced  
Never before hides danger that lingers.

Too frozen to feel, not ever to warm again,  
Truth is that the cold was not made for men.

# The Ride

By Sarah Bernard

When I saw you, I felt nothing at all,  
But now, my infatuation will last;  
I can sense it will stay for the long haul;  
My need is growing rapidly too fast.  
“Not a good idea,” my friends would say,  
But I’ve made up my mind, I must have you;  
Revvng through the streets and on the highway,  
Fiery red paint, quite a beautiful view.  
Helmet in hand, jacket on my body,  
Mounted from the left, and raised my kickstand;  
Adventure is something you embody,  
So I ride off, destination unplanned.  
No matter how much time or money spent,  
My motorcycle was worth every cent.

# Nena

By Domenica Bueno

It has been so long since I last saw you;  
Every day I try to be stronger,  
And not being able to give you one last bijou,  
I wish we could have known each other longer.  
I didn't say this often, you were my best friend,  
Who sat beside me when I could not rest,  
How sad that our story had a bitter end,  
I try to tell myself it was for the best.  
I am so sorry that we let you down;  
I was aware that we were all you ever knew,  
Yet, after this we would never be around,  
I am for the pain we put you through.

It has been a while, we are better now,  
I truly hope we meet again somehow.



# Wolves

By John Paul Harris

Amidst the moonlight that two wolves do show,  
Crawling back, barely with the slightest sleep,  
With their pack leaving them a while ago,  
Brothers are at all odds to make ends meet.  
Devils want Earth's finest to be suppressed;  
Justly, they must live in eternal flame;  
How then do wolves live if they're deemed unblest?  
What did they do for treatment much the same?  
For fate's twisted scheme, must they always bleed?  
Distorted by the Fables of Aesop,  
A life is robbed amid the need to feed;  
We men make their souls too soon to stop.  
When it has but no one else to fend for,  
Wolf howls as his old life he can't restore.

# Heaven Wrapped in a Banana Leaf

By Shirley Lopez

The smell of chiles does pervade the air  
As the banana leaves are set aside;  
Tamales are great, no food can compare;  
Culture celebrations fill me with pride.  
The rich sauce keenly meets the filling dough  
To dance into perfect tang, spice, and zing;  
Add peppers and meat, tamales do grow,  
Like my heart, hearing that stove timer ding.  
The pot lid lets out an exhaust of steam  
And a fresh incense of green herbal soul;  
I unwrap to reveal treasured cuisine,  
Ready to devour this tamale whole.

Tender feelings of heritage and home,  
From my ancestors' recipes they roam.

# At the Concert

By Andrew Milton

The silence breaks with tones of F's and C's  
As voices tune to match the shifting air;  
With curtains drawn the voices do now freeze;  
The wand appears, commands the voices' flare.  
The clarinets and flutes begin their dance,  
With gracefulness they rise above the sound;  
Percussion marches steady to advance  
The noise of brass with which the piece is crowned.  
The wand now slows, percussion takes a stroll;  
The clarinets now waltz, the flutes now waver;  
The crown of brass now plays a sullen role,  
A lonely horn, its solo left to savor.

And now the music breaks with silent tones,  
But nothing felt, for all were on their phones.

# Nature

By Temitope Ogundare

Loving nature, to me, comes naturally,  
Why wouldn't you love the sun that shines down,  
Putting on all a pretty, golden crown?  
Staying inside puts me in agony;  
Even in rain, can't think rationally;  
Prepared to go outside, dance like a clown,  
All while jamming to the sounds of Motown;  
Glad to be in the Milky Way galaxy,  
Until those life-threatening thunderstorms hit!  
Gaea is angry and gives birth to storms;  
Furious fires blaze through, destroying lives,  
Tornados come through cutting like drill bits;  
To consume cities, virulent seas form;  
We'll save the sun for our afterlives.

# A Sonnet for Reggie

By Naomi Groeger

There sits a rooster on a teacher's desk;  
He's perched there in his regal majesty.  
"Well, what's this fellow's name, then?" you may ask;  
Though to know that, you must hear his story.  
His journey started in a distant land;  
Sat patiently, he waited in a store,  
Until a traveler put his form in hand,  
Exclaiming, "Here's a gift that will not bore!"  
Put in a bag and flown across the sea,  
The rooster woke up to a man that said:  
"Why, thank you for this gift!" with lots of glee,  
And some confusion on his face displayed.

The teacher came up with a name for him;  
He named him Reggie...at least it's not Jim.

# Loving Music

By Amele Divo

The love I have for music gives me glee;  
The voices of the people make me tear  
With happiness and joy; it makes me free;  
Without the sounds of beats, there's nil to hear.  
I work on my voice to be terrific,  
So when I sing to someone they'll be glad,  
To hear my voice and not say horrific,  
And I won't have to go home and be sad.  
Beautiful is the music from the soul,  
Lyrics are sweet in the mouth like honey,  
Crushing sadness and depression in whole,  
It is all soft and sweet like a bunny.  
Music is so good and really clever,  
That I know that it would last forever.

# Failure

By Philippe Marques

We flew out to play in a foreign land,  
And we played our hearts out for one another;  
We were here to complete what we had planned,  
Banded together like we are brothers.

We wanted to honor our mothers,

We had to fight for our season;

We promised them that we would go further,

Our mothers gave us every reason!

We gave everything we had, but we lost,

The looks we had shown nothing but regret;

The hopes and dreams we had were tossed;

Never forget the brothers that I had met.

For we had grown on each and every one,

And this was just a battle we had begun.

# A Struggle in Finding

By Joel Florim

Loss of words, I do not know what to write;  
My mind astray, it refuses to align,  
Like a fisherman whose net retrieves not one bite,  
While the fish swim around the fishing line.  
Time passes, and yet no idea comes to mind,  
Seems like I can see it, so far and distant,  
Yet when I approach, my eyesight goes blind,  
As if my brain has gone inconsistent.  
Instead of giving up, I stay persistent,  
Moving along from one thought to the next,  
Losing not hope, but being resistant,  
To find a topic that is deep and complex.  
By the end of the day nothing is new,  
So my struggle in finding instead will do.



# Desperation

By Brian Neals

I went to leave my house one Sunday morn,  
For I chanced at a sight outside my home,  
Where there was a lame soul lost and forlorn,  
The back alleyways, they slumber and roam.  
That man's world seemed to appear monochrome,  
With outstretched hands he held an empty dish,  
Upon it dripped from his mouth a white foam,  
Like a bear that goes a week without fish.  
Be that as it may, his most humblest wish,  
A morsel for eating by the pyre,  
So from my bag I let go of a knish,  
Since his hunger was all the more dire.

If my life was filled with the same dreary,  
Wouldn't I beg too, hungry and weary?

# Let Faith Overcome Fear

By Brenda Aillon

The feeling I get when I am alone,  
I have lost myself, where did I go wrong?  
I lie in bed just thinking and I groan;  
How I wish once again I could be strong.  
I get this fear, I feel it in my bones;  
This fear I have of change in the unknown;  
Oh, the burden I carry, like a stone,  
All my dreams, my wishes, they are gone, all blown.  
My heart turns cold I have fallen again,  
I can't look ahead, my body won't let;  
This time it's different, I feel no pain;  
No pain, just numb, I just want to forget.  
He came down and he said, numb is not good;  
I felt his hand and gripped it, there I stood.

# Beyond the Better Days

By Kevin Bonilla

Let me take you on a trip far away,  
Though this path is not for the faint-hearted,  
Exploration and love through the gateway,  
From the real world your mind has departed.  
A scene you cannot see with normal eyes,  
Where dreams and our reality combine,  
Where your soul and body will synchronize,  
And your life is now free to redefine.  
A mind is sacrificed when tested true;  
In a timeless time, my age increases;  
With pain and great loss, I have made it through,  
While society remains in pieces.

And they neglect our own divinity,  
Closed minds reject the true infinity.

# Music To My Ears

## By Tariq Alexander

“Boom Boom tap,” what is that that I hear?

The chords, the melodies, the drums,  
Melodies to the front, drums in the rear,  
But too much bass might leave your ear numb.

Listen closely to the rhythm of the beat,  
As the speaker creates a low hum,  
That’ll get you up and tapping your feet,  
While snapping your index against your thumb.

It’s something about music that keeps me at ease,  
Like it takes me away from my problems to another place;  
I close my eyes, kick back enjoying the breeze,  
While bopping my head to the beat of the bass.

Now I open my eyes, I’m back in my bed,  
Still hearing the music in my head.

# A Guilty Face

By Kaiel Maynor

There lies a print in the blood stained sidewalk,  
The owner was a derelict yeezy;  
The officer stares, but he dare not talk,  
Cause solving this case just won't be easy.  
A brainless boy could surely solve the case  
Of fault this criminal won't be ridden;  
The truth is like a scar right in his face,  
Seems they want the truth to remain hidden.  
His shining ebony skin has lost its glow,  
Alone except for clothes upon his back;  
They see the officer's skin pure as snow,  
He'll be released because the boy was black.

Agape his mouth at most for need to breathe,  
He stares and thinks, "The murderer is me."

# Black Mothers

By Christal St. Clair

Heavy her back is with troubles of Earth;  
She is responsible for all their tears,  
This does not just include the ones she birth,  
But she must protect them all from their fears.  
He works four jobs to keep them all breathing;  
His back hurts, arms pain; there he goes again;  
He's out the house while they're still dreaming;  
He returns every night baring his pain.

The Black Mother sacrifices her all;  
When is the last time you grieved over her?  
He dies with every child that he sees fall;  
Their bodies pile up; her life is over!

The painful life of our all Black Mothers;  
Our love keeps them strong, sister and brothers!

# The Picture

By Thanalini Sivanesan

A brown woman in a yellow sari  
Is youthful and smiling uncontrollably;  
The camera captures students cheery,  
Kids who accepted her openly.  
Little brown girls with bright red ribbons,  
Little brown boys with bright red ties;  
Soaking up all that they were given,  
Leaving the entire nation mesmerized.  
The brown building with Tamil lettering  
Challenging educational norms,  
Teaching for the purpose of bettering,  
Showcasing brown boys and girls outperform.  
The woman saw the picture accomplished,  
She had done exactly as she promised.

# The Drought

By Imani Rivera

At this moment, I desire the water,  
My throat, aching and sore, it's so dry;  
Unexplainable pain, I grow hotter,  
Unsure but soon I will be left to die.  
What I yearn for, I have yet to receive,  
Undergoing resentment during a war;  
The water that most traveled to retrieve,  
Such longing and pain felt within the core.  
Water sits as one is left to reflect,  
Known as Aquafina and Poland Spring,  
Quenching and adjusting what was once wrecked,  
New beginning it has the chances to bring.  
To achieve what I rightfully deserve  
Proves the motive and desire to preserve.



# Loving Dance

By Amarachi Onyemaobi

Dancing to the beat of sounds is my drug;  
The sound controls my body and my soul;  
Dance moves all over me like a strange bug;  
Without the beat, I will never be whole.  
All the late nights and the hard work practice,  
From bus to train to the sleepless city,  
Pushes me forward to change my status,  
Brooklyn dressed in beautiful graffiti.  
Hustling to make my big dream come true,  
I study known dancers around the world;  
It may take days, weeks, months, or a year too,  
Making sure my dreams do not end up furled.  
Praying that it will manifest some day,  
I will keep working and not lead astray.

# My Friend

By Abinaya Ravichandren

As the haunting times reside apace,  
Many fall into a spiteful plight  
To turn and to see a desolate space,  
Dwelling on the once bountiful sight.  
You see, this world has many charming foes,  
Ones that smile, and curse you inside;  
Will you and I be able to know,  
The sincere two-faced walking side by side?  
In a world of recurring misery,  
There are some aspects which bring us joy,  
To make us see the hidden treasury,  
Of a world, pretentiously coy.

So why don't you take my hand, my friend?

Let us walk this journey to the tail end.

# The Car

By Andrea Barbaran

A sudden sound from the engine echoed through my house. It was midnight and I was lying down on my bed, wondering if someone was waiting for me. I tiptoed to the window, peeked through a crack and saw no cars whatsoever.

I went down to the garage and found my car turned on. My car keys weren't dangling from the keyhole. With chills running up and down my spine, I immediately scurried to my purse, and found my keys in a closed pocket. My eyes widened more with horror once I heard the engine starting again. I locked the garage door and went back to bed. The engine kept starting over and over as if it were trying

to speak or communicate. I ignored the car, believing it was a malfunction or something.

My alarm burst out screaming until I shut it off. I went to the garage and found my car off and locked. I sighed with relief and relaxed. But deep down in my gut, I knew something was going on.

I drove to Zotoya Corp. where I purchased my car. I explained to almost every worker I could find about my car. They either stayed quiet or said, “You’re tired. Just rest.”

As I was on my way outside, I bumped into the custodian. He bowed his head multiple times, saying sorry until he backed away once he saw my car keys. He started trembling with fear. He knew something,

so I grabbed his wrist and headed outside. He was terrified once he took a glance at my car.

“Excuse me...” I paused to look at his name tag.

“...Mr. Li...Do you know this car?”

He nodded.

“Do you know it turns on by itself?”

He was shocked and backed away farther. He stared beyond the car. It looked like he didn't want to make direct contact with it. He slowly walked up to me and whispered in my ear, “Be careful with that car.” Then he left. I had so many questions, questions that I didn't want to leave in my head. I left and went home. I stayed inside the car for a couple of minutes, and waited for the car to do something. But it didn't.

Scrolling down the articles of the car company, nothing appeared about cars having their own mind, it was just about how great they were. I typed Zoyota B526 on Google Search. Only one article popped up. As I clicked on it, I covered my mouth and cried. My car was the only one of it's kind... with a disturbing and tragic incident.

Zoyota B526, a car, was caught on fire and killed an innocent man and car designer named Chris Manister. The car maker, Zhang Li, was there when the accident occurred. He explained that Zoyota B526 was a secret project that he and Chris were working on to benefit their company. But the company turned it down.

Chris was furious when they rejected his very own project, but he kept working on it. He worked on it every single night to perfect it and present it again to them. On the day of his death, Zhang went to get Chris out of there since he knew the owner of Zoyota was coming. Chris was leaning on the finished car and smiled. He was proud of his new car. Zhang was at the door, yelling at him to go home. He hopped on the car, started it, and....it raged with fire. Zhang screamed and called 911. As the police entered, they found Zhang dragging Chris's dead body to the entrance. They arrested Zhang and he was released when they saw the footage. After Chris's death, Zhang continued to work on Chris's car, but he was caught.

Just as I was finishing the last sentence, the car engine started and this time, it wasn't just starting, it was also honking. I ran down to the garage and saw my car going insane. The lights were flickering, the doors opening and shutting, and the windows going up and down. I waited for it to calm down. After hours of waiting, I drove the car to the nearest junkyard.

“Uh ma'am, are you sure you want to destroy this car? This looks like an advanced one,” one of the workers asked.

“Yes, I'm DEFINITELY sure.”

The junkyard worker poured car oil all over the car and around it. He lit a match, but he threw it aside.



I snatched the matchbox from his hand, lit a match, and burned that car into flames. The car started roaring without moving a wheel.

“Am I still getting paid,” he asked awkwardly, smiling.

“Yes. Yes you are.”

I left the car there to rot away its life and I never returned to that junkyard ever again. I never bought a car from Zotoya Corp. and I lived my life perfectly fine. I relaxed, got married, gave life to two beautiful, smart boys and worked a good job. Until five years later, I saw the same exact car that I once drove with the same car model number B526 on the trunk.