

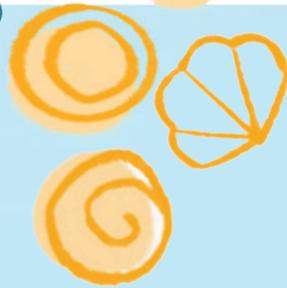
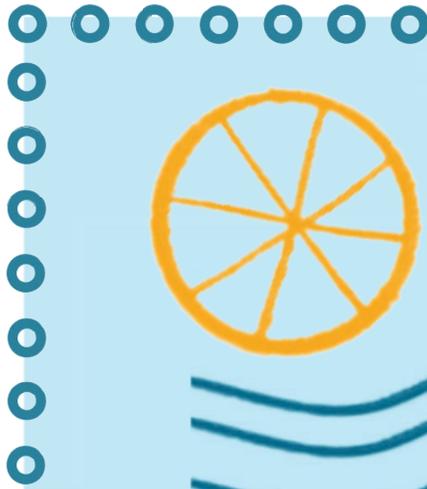


ORACLE

LIT
MAG

2022

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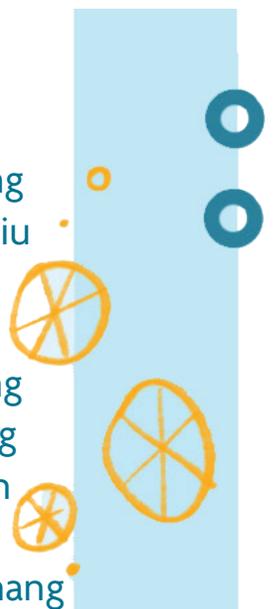
▼ Morro Gulls | Cheryl Wang, junior

featured films and music



lit mag team

cathy chen
coco gong
vivian lee
isabelle liang
jacqueline liu
diya patel
kaila perlas
andrew sung
amber wang
sean warren
pearl yoon
kathleen zhang



covers by pearl yoon and kaila perlas

The Oracle thanks all contributors for submitting their work to this year's Literary Magazine.

Due to the volume of submissions, we were not able to publish all the pieces received.



▲ Sabrina Yeh, junior

in the spotlight



▼ Tang Dynasty Big Bear | Ivy Yao, senior



silent city

▼ Anna Wu, sophomore



Back in the hallway, its color red now, red and rotting-black, my own hands numb and invisible through the thick night fog. The greens and browns of a park smile from under a blanket of blood, and limp, small shapes, high in the air, lie impaled so still and forlorn upon the zeniths of barren trees and the handles of rusted playground-ramps.

I call for Eternitia. She must not lose herself here. Must not, must not, do you see the drowned shapes rippling gently in these red rivers and lying lifeless and bloated where they are dry? Must not lose yourself here. This is not a safe place.

A mauled face still watering crimson after its separation from its skull pouts down at me from a tree. Go back, it says, and the words rattle in its tongueless mouth. I halt, and my breath catches in my throat. This is not the Voice. No. No. I do not hear. I promise to gods I do not believe in that I will return if it stops.

Here there are only dead things, it says, quiet and young and sad.

It says, go back to your clean fantasy-land with pretty stars and bells and refuse to awaken from the slumber you have forced upon yourself. It says, you will die in that room as I did, with those paintings intact - and you will die waiting.

It smiles, and the limp shapes scattered in the park twitch all together like marionettes.

You wish for me to speak to you. Here I am, now. Face me, Mother. Wake.

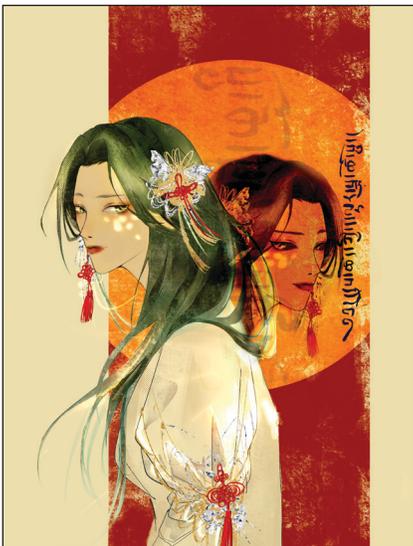
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▼ Ivy Yao, senior

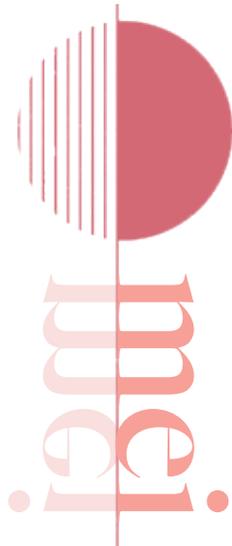




▲ Peter Tumali, senior



▲ Ivy Yao, senior



▼ Cherry Blossom Nostalgia | Chloe Ng, junior

cherry blossom

monkshood

beware! a deadly foe is near
a pot of fears it brews
you cannot hide because it's here
the deadly foe is you

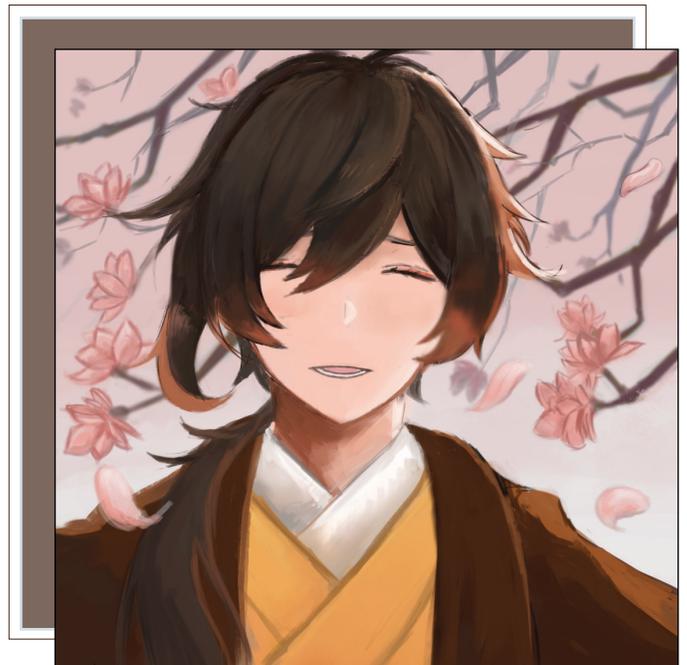
you are your own worst enemy
you know where you hurt most
you battle yourself daily
and you've become a ghost

don't hold a sword to your own throat
do not despise the mirror
stop trying so hard to stay afloat
on a boat that thinks you inferior

dive into the sea and set yourself free
swim away from the toxicity
fly into the air and spread your wings
don't mold to their simplicity

be anything you want to be
not everything they want to see
be happy, sad, be angry
but be you, always and only

▲ Julie Liu, freshman

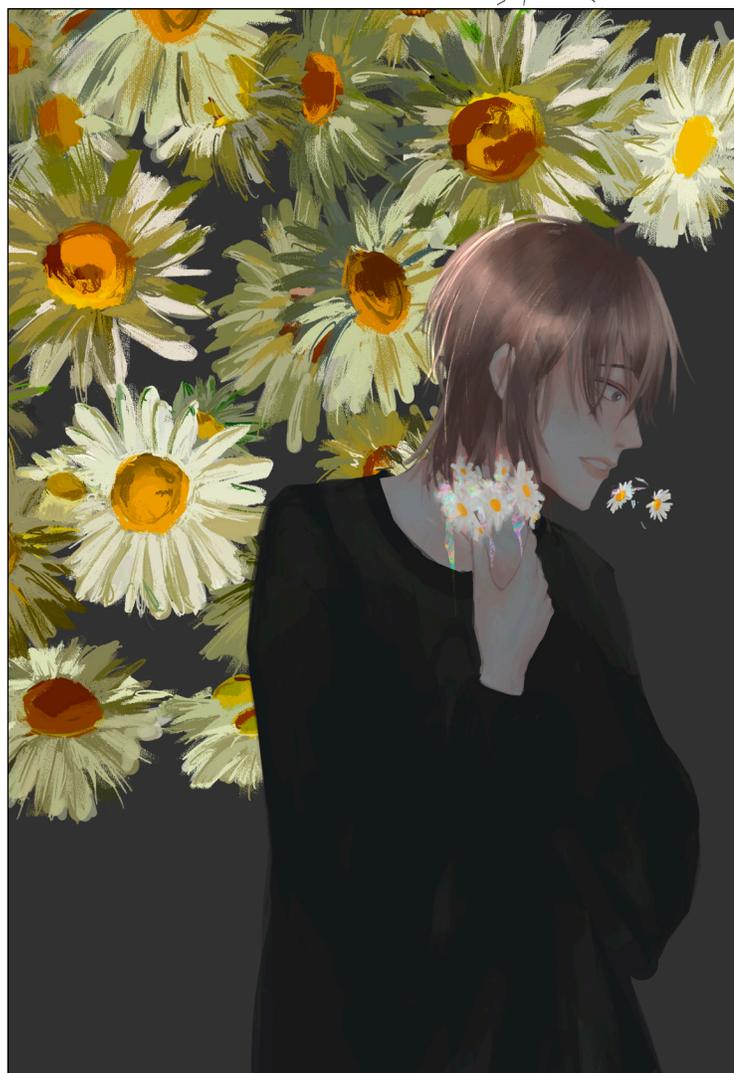


Shuttlecocks



▲ Kyle Pak, sophomore

Hua Luo



▲ Ivy Yao, senior

Nautical Dawn

Nautical Dawn
Glistening,
A gleam of hope,
Anticipation thickening,
Through all I've coped,

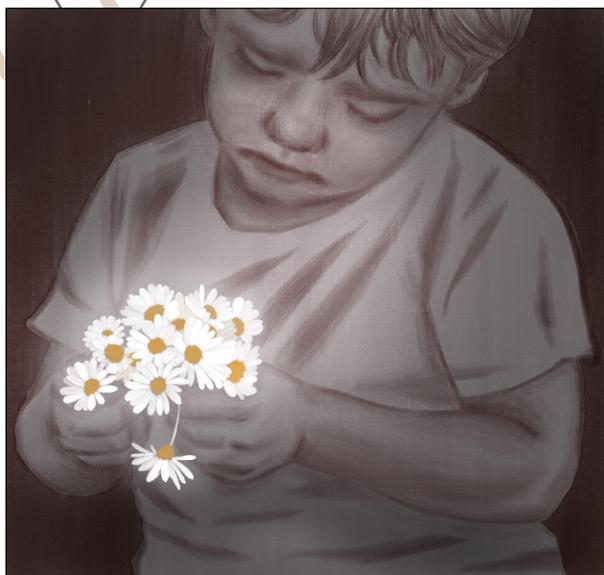
All the wait,
Prosperous fate,
It twinkles in the twilight,
Is it love?
Is it joy?
No but it's everything and more,

Twinkling in my eyes,
Gleaming,
The awe and raw power,
Blinding my eyes
Angelic touch,
Angelic kiss,

Pure bliss of hope
Pure source of joy
Pure fruits of health

The light begins to grow,
Is it end of the beginnings?
Or beginning of ends?
Alas,
I see the dawn of my new life

▲ Desiree Lepore-Mendez, senior



▼ Jacqueline Liu, senior

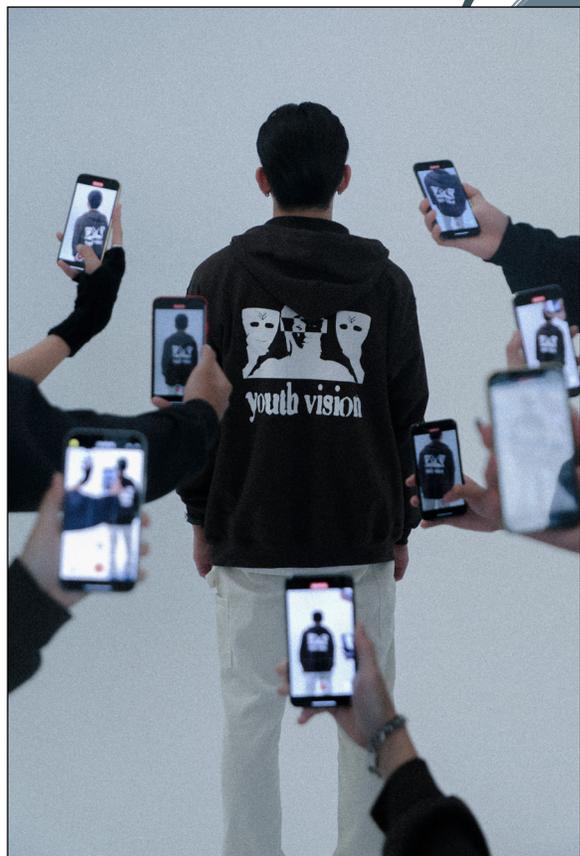
Blooming Hope

I lost it,
 Where I put it, I'm not sure,
 What is it, I am not sure,
 Why am I searching, I am not sure,
 But it's gone,
 It's never coming back,
 I can feel it in my soul,
 My head,
 My heart,
 My veins,
 My blood,
 Signature is obvious,
 The cruel marks left behind,
 The ugly scars,
 The broken heart,
 Tread carefully, I will,
 Before I look for another thrill

Missing

▲ Desiree Lepore-Mendez, senior

Pirate | Ivy Yao, senior



Youth's Vision

▲ Nathan Cho, senior

Past Reflection



▲ Amber Nguyen, senior

flowerbed

Joelle Cheeseman,
freshman

Skaldic
Epic

▼ Zoey Bahng,
freshman



▲ Sophie Chen, junior

Tokyo Cherry Blossoms

▼ Chinese Venice | Ivy Yao, senior



Vulnerable and cold,
my naked paws prod the stiff stone.
Arms tight on my shivering body,
as if I'll fall apart if I don't hold.

Arms rippled like the flesh of poultry,
I inhale courage and trigger the switch:
instantly, the cold I knew was no cold at all.
Raw blizzards whip my bare back and "OH YOU B—"

Icicle daggers jabbing with unforgiving fervor,
I frantically wrestle to undo the pain.
With an urgent jerk, thunder into rain.
As I face the warmth like a gentle embrace,
sweet damp air fills my lungs once again.

Eroded by joyful tears from a frigid avalanche,
My roughly freckled skin smooths like river stone.
After winter follows spring: a perfect season of bliss.
The calm air fills with sweet scents, gifts of Persephone on
her throne.

But short is my delight as spring rages into summer.
The gauge's needle rattling frantically in the red.
With barely a touch, my body's stained scarlet,
Initially an oasis, it's the devil's broth instead.

In my agony, I fumble around;
I writhe and twist into an inhuman shape.
The system must be terminated if I wish to escape.
Scalding and steaming, I land the final blow
and throw open the veil. The fog dissipates.

Pitter patter, water drips on the plush mat.
Hair toweled in a swirl, I wring out oceans.
Two dots and a curve with a tongue sticking out:
I graffiti the dewy mirror with swift, seasoned motions.

Know Know



Knowledge is a tree,
 Bearer of the leaves
 That flutter up high
 or wither and die,
 Histories from the memories
 left behind.
 Knowledge is a rose.
 It perennially grows
 when we yearn to know.
 The beauty one seeks from it
 is far from meek,
 but the truth may prick like thorns.
 Knowledge is a vessel
 Caught between rogue waves
 That pull at either side.
 But at the end of the day,
 Knowledge is a our striving to learn,
 And how we learn to strive.

▼ Iman Babiker, freshman

Invasion

▼ Kyle Pak, sophomore



▼ The Other Side | Kayla Sim, senior



▲ Kyle Pak, sophomore

Plumeria

Love

Heartbreak, I fear,
 Yet I've shed so many tears,
 Until I met him,
 Eyes glistened in the twilight,
 He felt safer than my old nightlight,
 We danced, we sang, we laughed until,
 Until suddenly it was gone,
 All gone,
 Lost and fearful, alone and heartbroken yet
 again,
 Anger and frustration, deadly temptations,
 Calm,
 Quiet,
 And suddenly it was gone,
 Pistanthophobia,
 Philophobia,
 And the cycle begins again



▼ Desiree Lepore-Mendez, senior



Butterfly of Hawaii



▼ Josephine Idanawang, freshman

▼ Ataraxia | Isabelle Liang, junior



▼ Sunday Night | Nathan Lim, freshman



▲ Audrey Na, junior

Blooming

▼ 24:66:13 | Nathan Cho, senior



The Boy

▼ Lynn Sunwoo, junior

Heavenly unfair for his hair
Blissful lies for his eyes
Blessed isles for his smiles
He is everything I have ever wanted

His soft locks that strike
The distance between us I dislike
He is everything I have ever wanted

Oh my God he has the prettiest eyes
I swear, that pair is going to be my demise
He is everything I have ever wanted

Glossy, shiny, I imagine his skin
Gently, slowly, my fingers grip his chin
He is everything I have ever wanted

What I would give to be with him right now
"For all of eternity," he vows
But by a shadow, I am taunted
Am I everything he has ever wanted?

▼ With Friends | Dev Mistry, senior



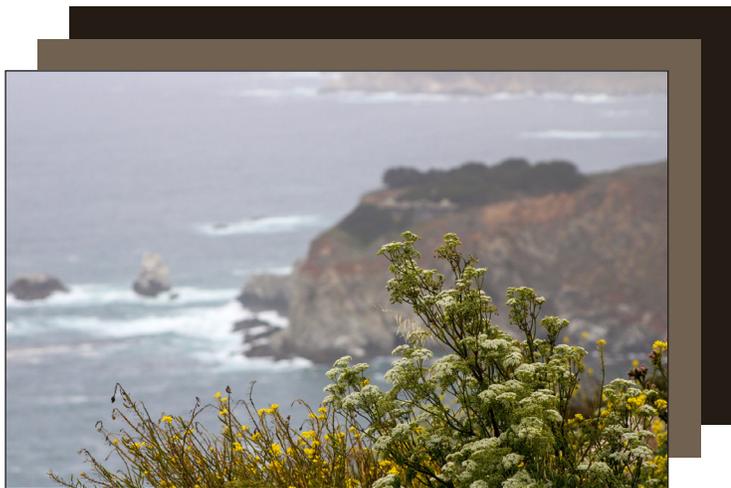
▼ The King | Aimee Bohannon, junior



Humanity



▲ untitled | Kayla Sim, senior

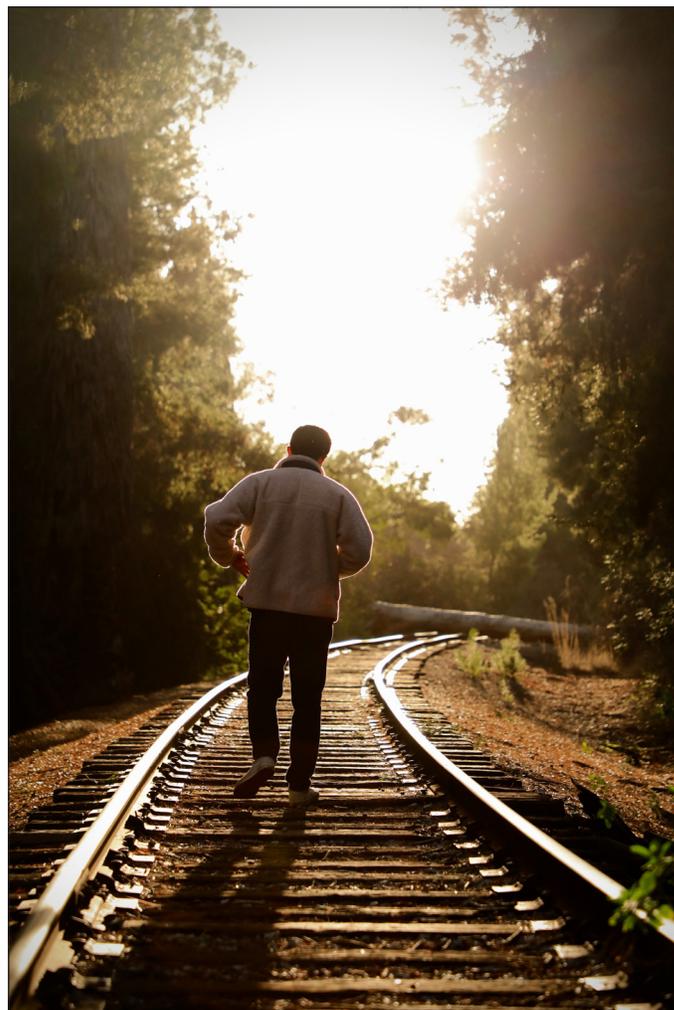


▲ untitled | Aaron Beltran, junior

Hydrangea

Corset

▼ Vanesa Gonzales, freshman



▲ on earth as it is in heaven | Nathan Cho, senior



People have come in and out of my life for as long as I can remember.

But I've never been so sure that someone would stay until I met you.

If my whole world was upside down,
I would still be so sure that you and I would remain the same.

But here I am...
upside down,
completely imbalanced but somehow still hanging on for my life.

I continued fighting to hang on for a while...
until I realized I was fighting for a world that no longer existed.

But it hurt even more to know no one was fighting with me.

Goodbye to a world that was once ours and ours only...

upside
down

▼ Jacqueline Crisostomo, junior



▲ Neon | Somya Amin, freshman



▼ Hello | Janet Kim, junior

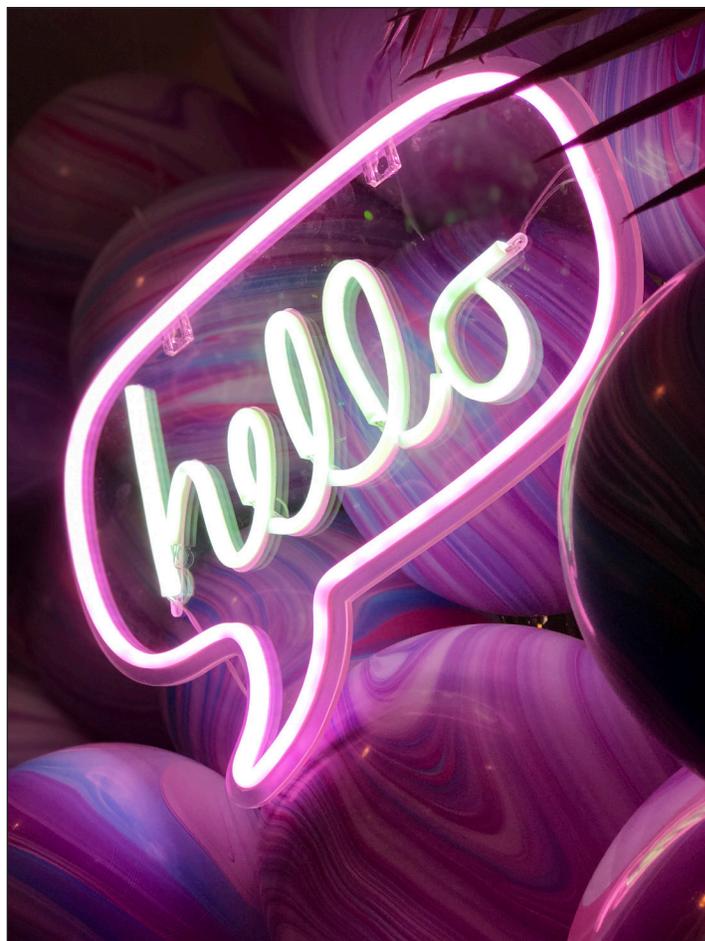
When Dawn has Awaken

Now isn't the time to withdraw our swords
Gallantly smile, stand, and march forth
In this monotonous system, we call home
Rules we were subject to, we shed reform

We are as resilient as the wind
As brave as Excalibur's tailwind
Through haziness and adversity, we bloom
As steady as the waterfall's roaring flume

Shall not stray to the siren's sounds
We walk across the forbidden, foreign bounds
Never question whether your efforts were in vain
We'll force the stars to rise for us again

▲ anonymous, sophomore





▲ Jean Wan, junior

Zephyr

▼ Coco Gong, junior

Zephyr (noun): A soft, gentle breeze.

He perched on the rooftop, quietly staring into the sky.

Vibrant reds, glowing yellows, and fiery oranges were blooming and bursting like spring flowers in the dark heavens above. An ephemeral and magnificent beauty.

How many times has he stood here, weeping tears that no one heard?

His ears were filled with festive cheers of adults and children alike. Their excited voices were erupting down below, praising the fireworks with a pure, innocent wonder.

Alone in the midst of joy, he felt a strange yet familiar loneliness in his heart.

The world was so big, and he was so small; the parties were so crowded, and his rooftop so forlorn. It seemed like the entire universe was enthusiastically welcoming the dawning of 2022, yet he was soundlessly keeping to himself.

A soft, gentle breeze brushed through his hair like the comforting hand of a mother.

No, he wasn't excluded from the new year. His sorrows, his worries, his endless nights of pain in solitude... This was a rebirth for him too, a new beginning that was just as worthy of joy.

And so, he stayed on the rooftop but joined the celebration. As the wind drifted through his hair again, he smiled a smile that no one saw.



▲ 91101 | Noah Kim, senior

▼ Kyle Pak, sophomore

Alone



Who Creates Space?

The pen draws space
Detailing the planets in place
Moons peak with earnest yearn
Waltz like the rings of Saturn

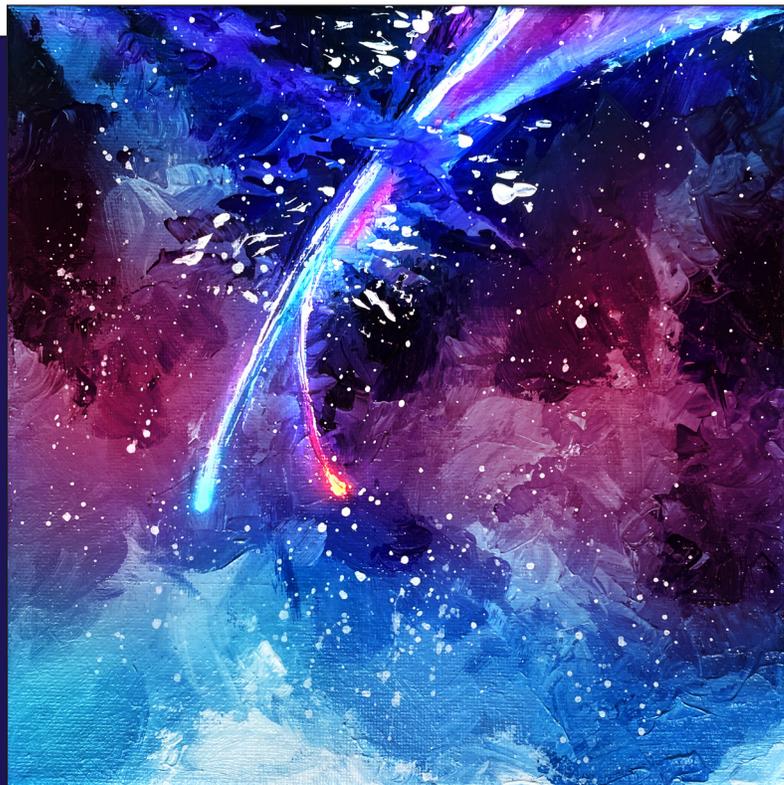
The pencil shades space
Streaking the comets in place
The wish beyond the lies
On 2020 F3 NEOWISE

The highlighter illuminates space
Dotting the stars in place
The myths they carry
The victories of Aries

The paint mystifies space
Filling the black holes in place
Brush it with singularity
Tangling the polarity

Who creates space
Adding the unknown in place

▲ Cheryl Wang, junior



▼ Comet Tiamat | Claire Lu, senior



▼ Adele Novak-Sandner, senior



▼ Dev Mistry, senior

GHOSTE IN THE ATTIC

Maybe the stars aligned one time
Maybe for us they shone
Maybe their brightness since has dimmed
Maybe forever on

Yet I am the prodigy of hope
Of love and joy themselves
So maybe the light has only hid
Amongst vampires and elves

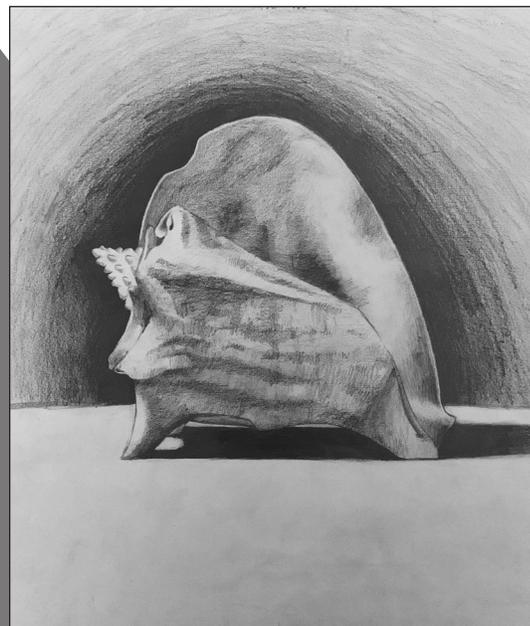
I know my voice is loud and harsh
My laughter it is too
Yet still I spring on fairies dreams
Of long nights with my boo

So stars be damned, screw all the signs
The path is ours to make
For future's just a day away
With love's shine in its wake

what if i want to be single spaced because i have a lot to say
but there's no room on the page
overflowing with comic sans size 16 to 19
black is a caricature of comedy in the absence of white
instead my suggestions are rejected in favour of the socially accepted
instead i strike through the spaces in between

sometimes reading between the lines feels like reading with one eye
in hindsight our eyesights aren't what really make us blind
we don't "see color" so we don't highlight what's right
we only bold what we like and italicise when we want to add spice
i trace the underlines on nearby phrases that apparently mattered
more than mine
they form a line to the spaces in between
where i belong, where i'm meant to be

not in the title
the introduction
the thesis statement
the body paragraphs
the conclusion
or even the cited works page
individually placed one by one onto a white center stage



▲ The Cönch | Hailey Chan, freshman



▲ Untitled Document | Bethania Dagim, sophomore

▼ Jacqueline Liu, senior

▼ Kayla Sim, senior

..... The Abandoned

