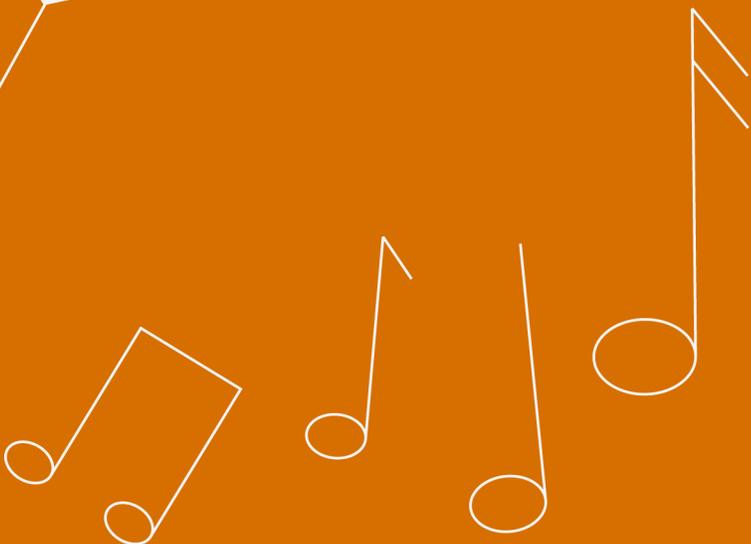
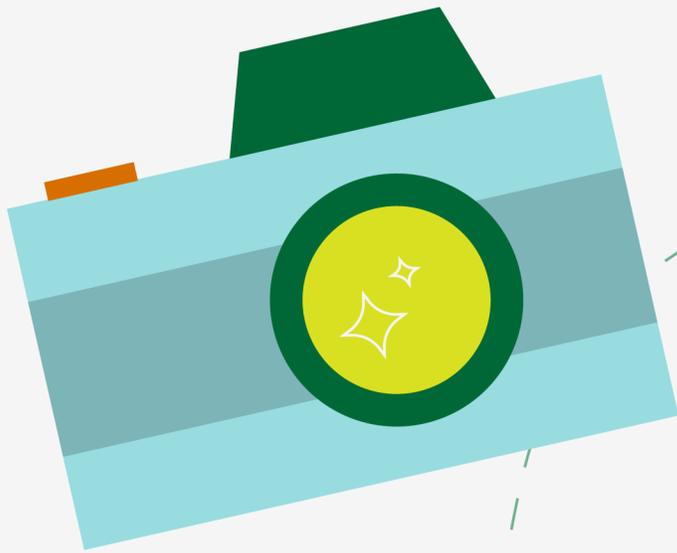
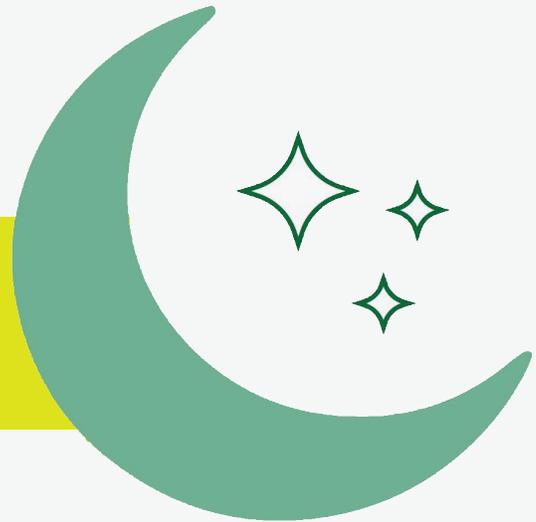
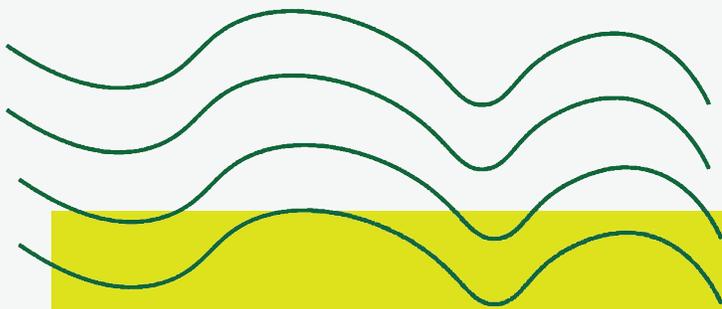


oracle
lit mag 2021





lit mag

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

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

featured music:

▼ Thadeus Wong, sophomore

La Campanella

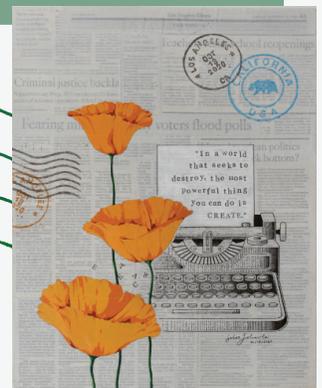
<https://tinyurl.com/litmag-lacampanella>

lit mag team

hannah adams
jade bahng
cassidy chang
cathy chen
danielle chow
sky jung
amy kim
david kim
miseok kim
lucas santos
sarah son
amber wang
kathleen zhang

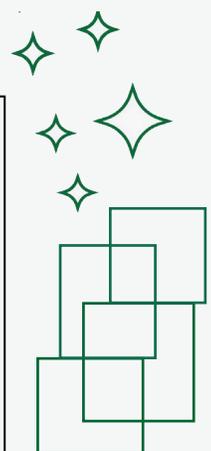


Create



Sehar Lohawala, senior ▲

website



troyoracle.com/litmag

Visit our website for digital mediums and additional artworks not featured in the Literary Magazine.





HyperLands

Sean Son, sophomore ▲



Morgan Cheung, senior

Ethan Huang, senior ▼

Crimson Dragon

A century the dragon slept.
Ignorant peace kingdoms kept.
On dragon's wealth kings relied,
Until they grew old and died.

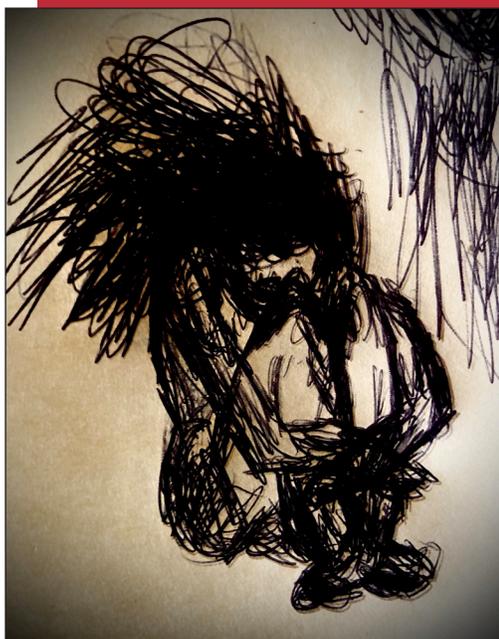
As generations passed on,
The dragon's wealth soon was gone.
And the people were afraid.
Humanity cried and prayed.

The dragon awoke from sleep.
His crimson flames emit heat,
As his roar is heard for miles,
All across the lonely isle.

"My wealth is for you to have,"
The dragon told with a laugh.
"But you must kneel to me, friends,
And your kingdom will not end."

They lived in prosperity,

But lost all their dignity.
Humans lost all their freedom.
"Traitors," lost to the demon.



◀ Anusha Sapre, senior

Ember

▼ Alicia Lee, junior

O' anger, where have you come from?
Have I birthed you, or have you birthed me?
You have been seething for years
to the point I've shed tears
but it is not you I fear
I simply have been burdened for years.

O' anger, why are you here?
I am angry at you, but you are angry at me.
You echoing screams bother me so
could you not just let it go?
Though I say this with much woe
without your fire I know I'll feel cold.

O' anger, are you lonely from being alone?
Or are you alone because you're lonely?
Forgive me for scolding
even if you did the molding
of the ember my chest is holding
But I can feel myself unfolding
and revealing all I've been withholding.

And it's you.
Your beautiful crimson in all its glory
Although the carnage may be gory
from your bloody story
I've risen from purgatory
to face all of those who are accusatory
because you are a familiar territory
You are part of me, as I am part of you.

▼ Morgan Cheung, senior



Ash

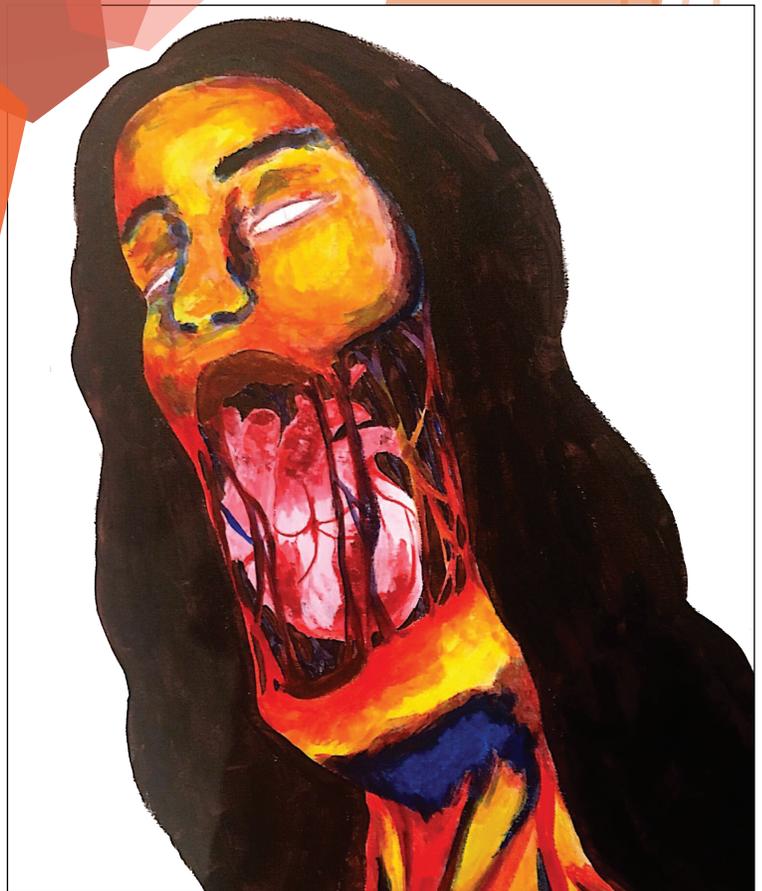
Mexicanus



Anonymous ▲

Heart in Mouth

Shreeya Jayabharathi, senior ▼





Rain

▼ Anusha Sapre, senior

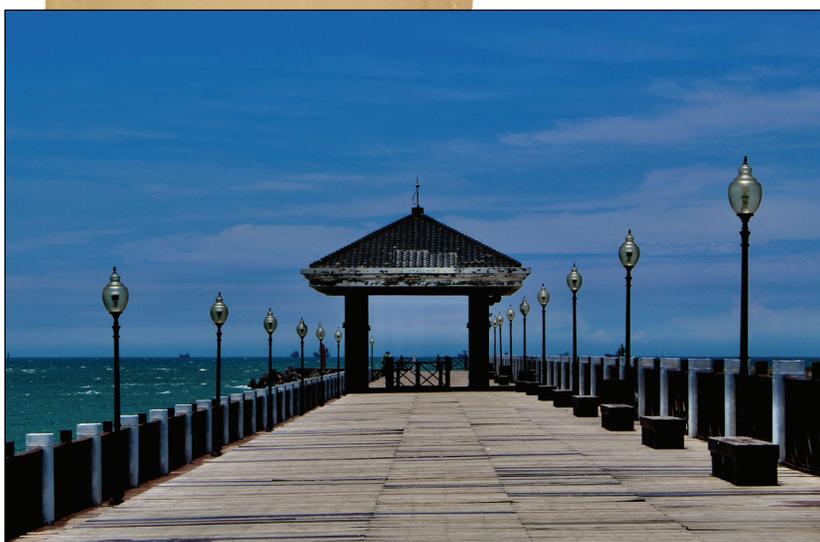
Rain,
 The drops can take away my pain,
 It comes on a cloudy day,
 I wish it would stay,
 Longer,
 And make me feel stronger,
 Rain,
 Take away my pain,
 Wash my troubles away,
 Make this day,
 Better,
 Together,
 Rain and I,
 We see eye to eye,
 Hiding from the sun
 Always on the run,
 Forever,
 Whenever,
 The rain,
 Takes away my pain,
 It takes my breath away,
 There are things it does not have to say,
 Just its presence,
 Its true essence,
 Lets me know that I am not alone,
 And that I have someone,
 To talk to,
 When I need to,
 So rain,
 Relieve me of my pain,
 I am begging you,
 And that is all I can do.



▼ Katrina Mizuo, senior



▼ Lance Yeh, sophomore





Cozy Winter Anonymous ▲

The Soul as its Own

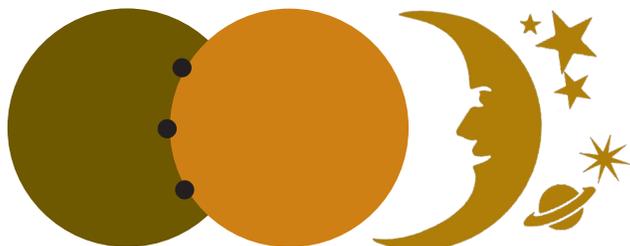
▼ Jun Chiang, junior

The soul on its own is but a mere being,
To cause her own comfort or cause her own bleeding.
The cause of her shelter handpicked by herself,
The picking of company before it is known.

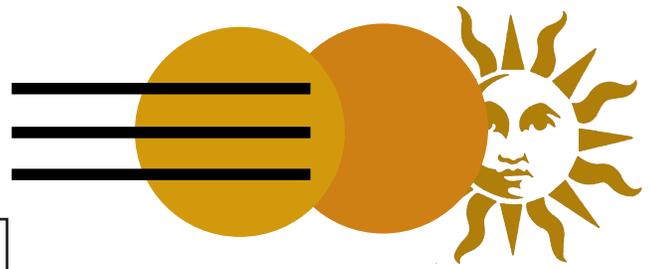
The internal hierarchy of self reliants,
Fortified, loyal -
Forever unending -
Forever her sovereignty...

The soul as its own, although kingly as herself -
Yet purest of enemies is none other but her own.
Her own standalone; unmoving; untouched.
Sedition unreachable, isolation inevitable.

Unphased by the hardships that she brings on herself,
Unmoved by the thought of her undoing her own.
Holding dearly to herself, the physicality of her image.
The direction of attention-
The beknowing of others-
The path to herself -
Herself as her own,
The soul as its own.

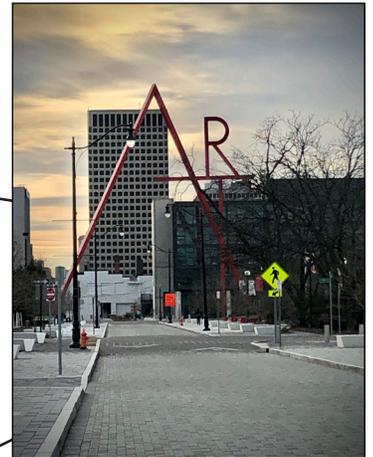


▼ Alicia Lee, junior

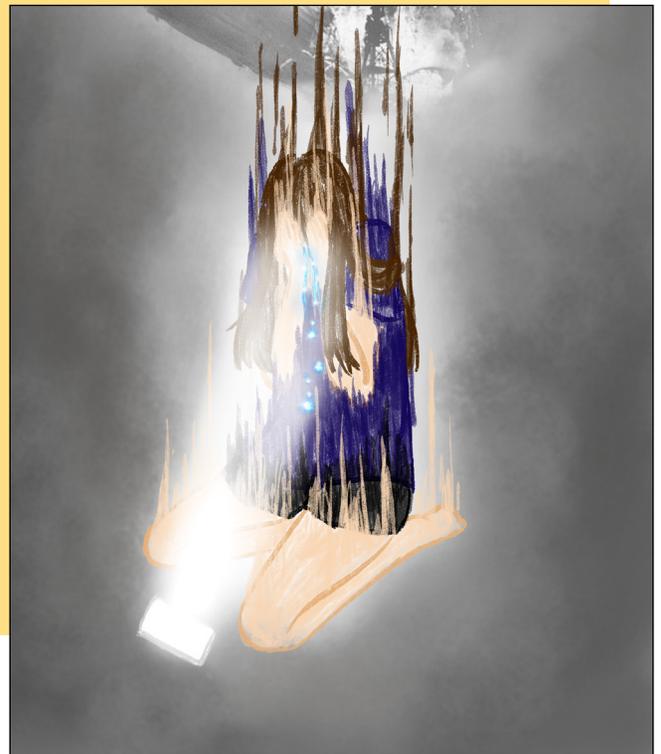


▼ Elizabeth Shum, sophomore

Art



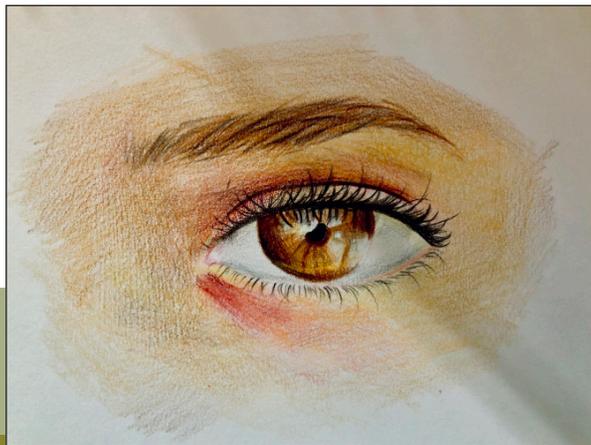
The Wreckage





▼ Reena Choe, freshman

peering



▲ Manal Ahmed, sophomore

shattered gold

▼ Susanna Cao, sophomore

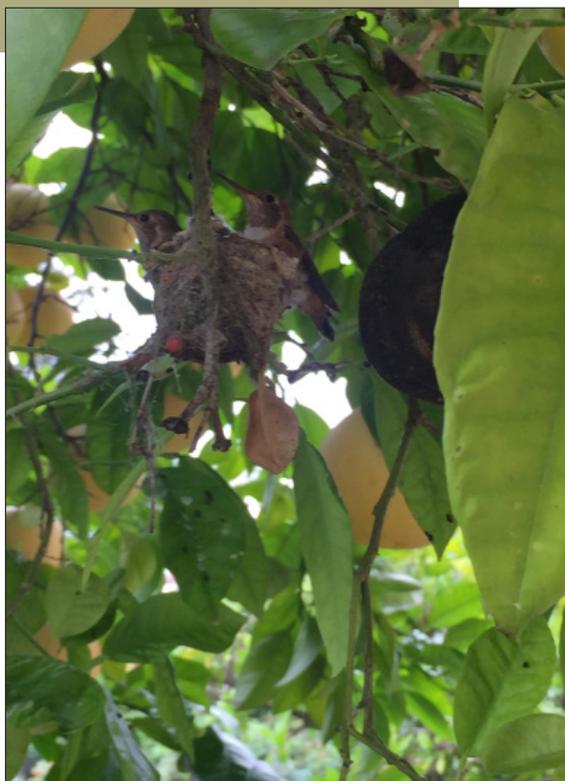
I stand above my glory proud and tall,
Yet blinded to the cracks within the wall.
A crown of gold upon my waiting head,
While clay is baked on feet in my shoe's stead.

The sun is bright and, on my eyes, it gleams,
Though blinded, I'm as joyful as can be.
My life has peaked, where else is there to go?
Well, I'm above and you are far below.

The tip of Evr'est, shaky, it must stand.
A simple quake and I will tumble down.
And so, it comes and Babylon of mine
By burning angel, tow'ring tree shall end.

And now this rule must expire.
A fool I must be as I graze.
For hardened heart and fading mind
I lose my grasp.
Back to the fields I crawl.

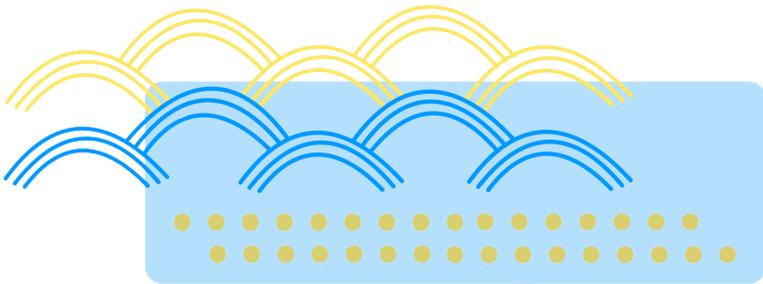
▼ Ethan Huang, senior



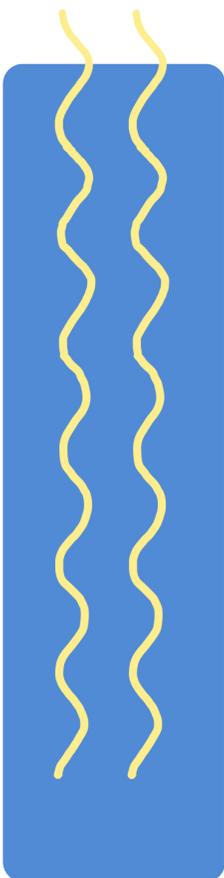
First Peek of the

Outside World



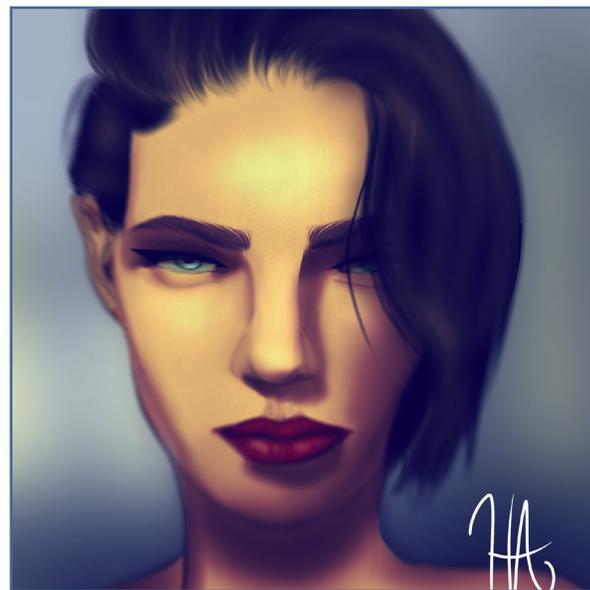


▲ Alicia Lee, junior

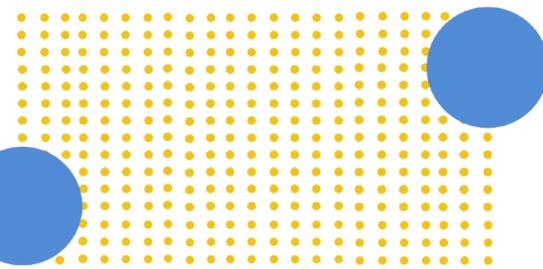


▼ Hsu-Hsiang Tsao, senior

Confidence



▲ Hannah Adams, senior



click ●

In
a field of golden
wheats,
Where I stand and where I live,
Warm waves of air raised and breezed,
But with no flesh, I couldn't feel the heats;

In the field of auric sheets,
Where my serenity exist,
A flock of ravens fly and flee,
Left me with solitude and pleas;

In the field of golden wheats,
Where I will soon decease,
I have prayed with all my beats,
That one day I will be
appeased.

The Golden Field



▲ Anonymous

White Mountain



▲ Anonymous

A Flower in Winter

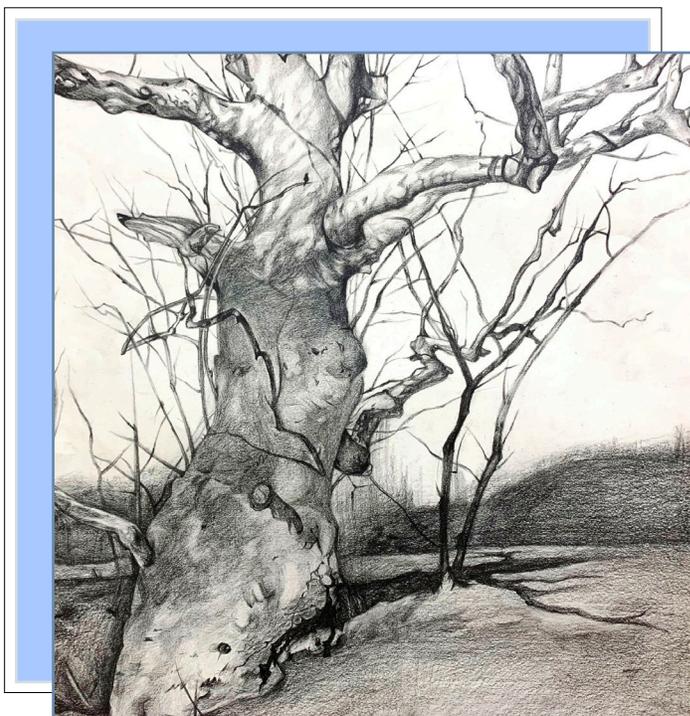
It's a flower in the winter,
That shines brighter than no others.
No matter how the present may be seen
bitter,
Nothing can seem to dim its glimmers;

It's a flower in the winter,
That shed lights to the withered.
It is the gentlest grace giver,
But where exists its saviors?

It's the flower in the winter,
That brings the weakest the greatest
powers;
Yet, it is the heaviest whipper,
That left a man in whimpers.

It's the flower in the winter,
That makes the mind of man lingers.
Can't resist the urge to become its shelter,
It is just mere human natures.

▼ Hsu-Hsiang Tsao, senior



namu ▲ Ella Park, junior

Peace

Traveling to Yosemite, June 29 2020

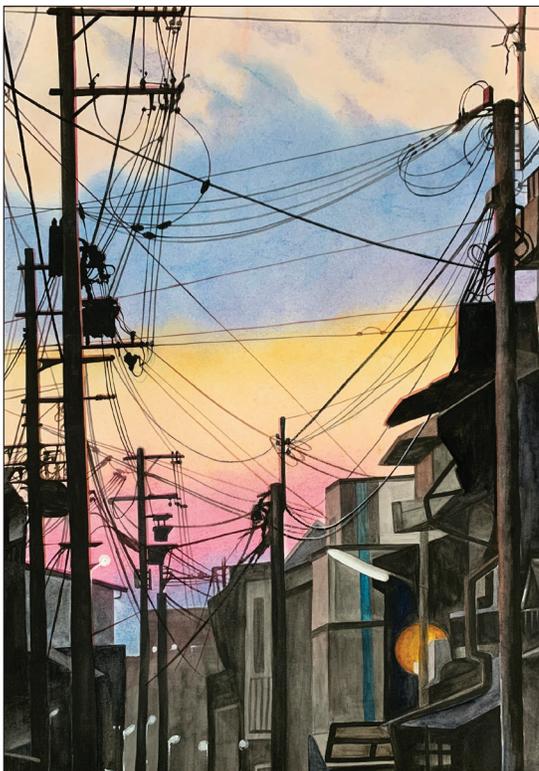
A whole year missing a puzzle piece of my family puzzle, my papa
Remembrance through exploring the place he took his final breaths
Overwhelmed by grief but at peace in the wilderness

Hiking the long, dusty, used, abused, graveled trail.
Nature swaying in the breeze yet absorbing the fiery UV rays
White water river rushes but whispers calm
Overwhelmed by grief but at peace in the wilderness

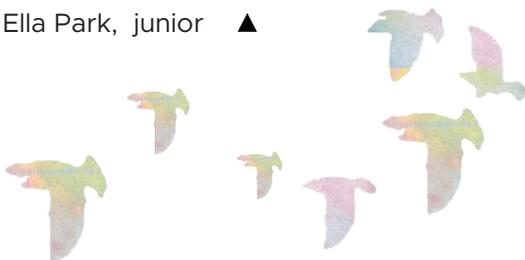
Admiring the beauty God created.

From the gorgeous trees to the simplest rock to the stunning waterfall
to the surprising rattlesnake to the fearless squirrels to the singing birds.
Yet immense sorrow made a river of tears down the trail
Overwhelmed by grief but at peace in the wilderness

▲ Alexa Ramirez, junior



Ella Park, junior ▲



▼ Alicia Lee, junior

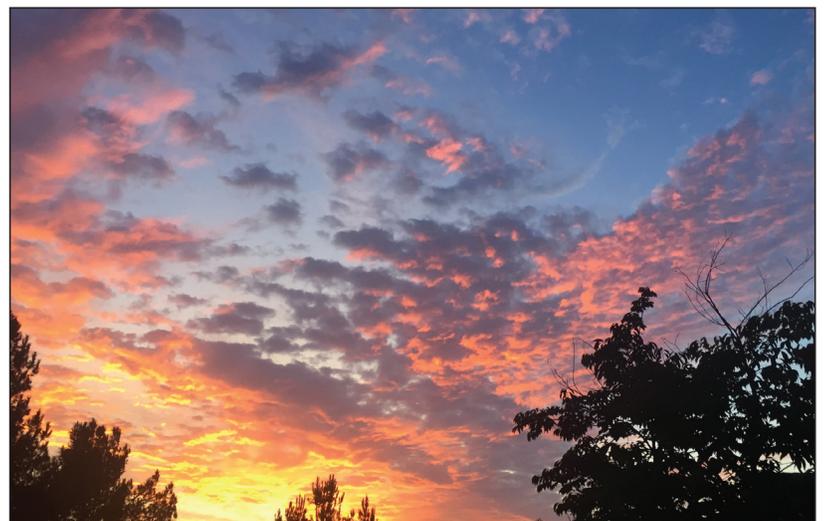


Push Through

You are like this
Life ain't a bliss
You're taking your feel-
ings out
Oh you just wanna shout
Feeling down
Try not to frown
Cause you need to be
brave
You need to behave
Can't go punching walls
Can't go storming
through halls
Gotta push through
Gotta push through
Things will have to end
You're not gonna bend
Gotta push through
Gotta push through
Keep up with it
Stick with it
You're tough
I know you are
Handle the rough
You're a shining star
Just gotta push through
You gotta push through
Get those feelings out
If you need to then shout
Gotta push through
Gotta push through
Cause I believe in you
Oh I believe in you

▲ Anusha Sapre, senior

My favorite color is Abendrot



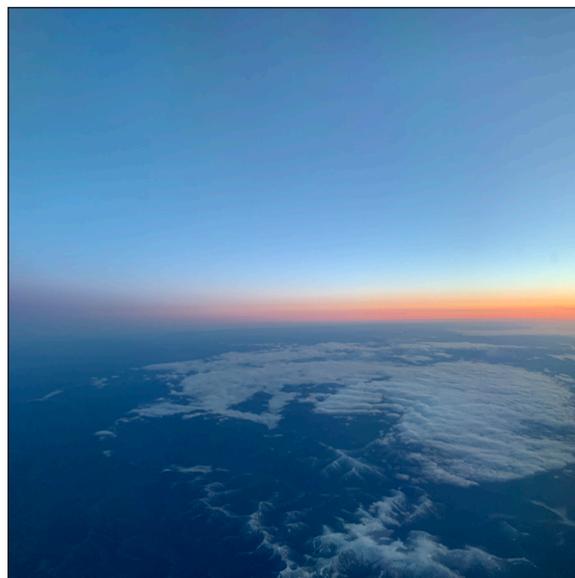
AUREUM



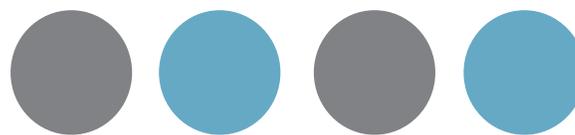
NEW YEAR'S HOPE ▲ Alicia Lee, junior

I look back south and the storm growls
 I step forth and run from the rain
 I run up to the large oak tree with hooting owls
 I look up to see and on the wind sang
 I feel a spark of hope, a hope unlike any other
 The owls flew and led the way
 I look back and watch the thunder crackle and feel the wind blow
 I run on and see the clear, as bright as a new day
 I run to the beautiful clearing full of flowers and life, hoping for the best
 I jump to the patch of colorful floral then turn my head
 I see the storm ending a few feet back, as it retreats
 And suddenly I wish for rain, but I can't go back
 I turn back forward to see the new land, and new sky,
 As I watch the beautiful scene, I excite myself over the new adventures I can take
 I look closer then stare in great horror, one flower, two flower, they all begin to die
 I look over the hill I see another patch, but as I run on I see my mistake
 The land becomes a desert, where all living things die
 I explore, tired and in pain, until I find something new I had not seen
 A plant so prickly and green, with a gentle pink flower atop, shocked
 I was this plant was not dry
 It never gave up, and evolved to the harsh conditions of the land, and stood so serene
 I felt an on-growing hope, a hope unforeseen

NOSTALGIA



▲ Anonymous



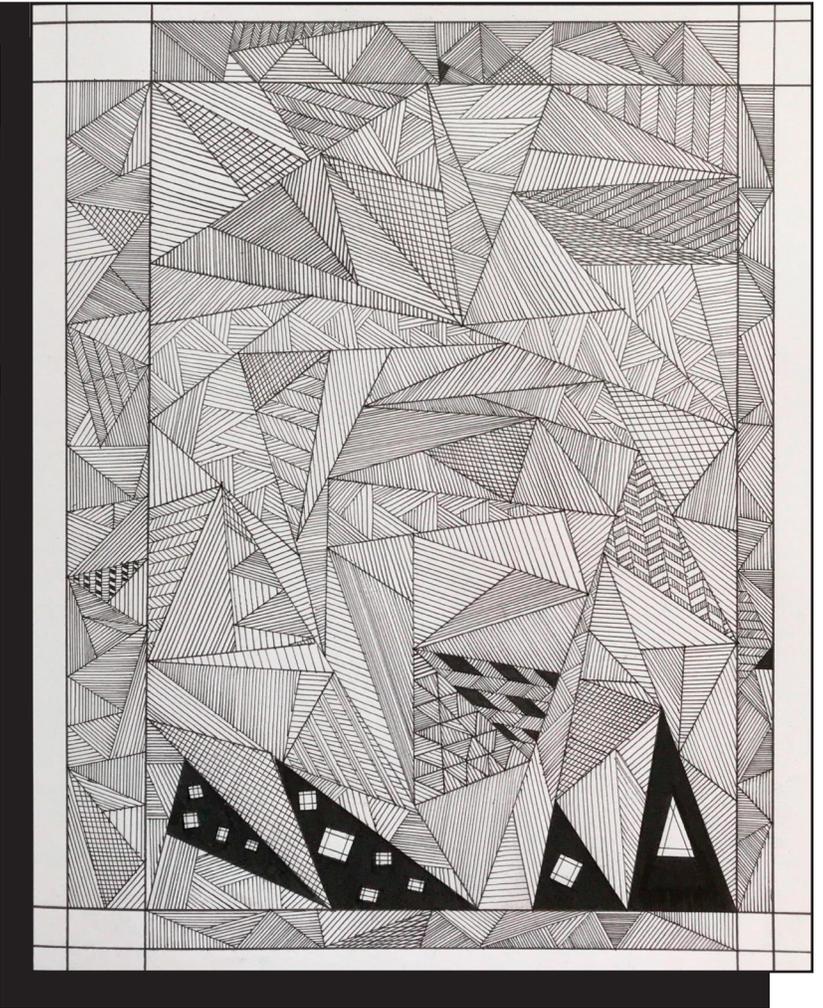
DIVING KINGFISHER



◀ Desiree Lepore-Mendez, junior
 ▲ Bella Liu, sophomore

Stress

Yehyeon Cho, sophomore ▶



Equipoise

angel of darkness
pulls me in deep
lady of the night
bring me to sleep

only in darkness
does the light prevail
good and evil
covered in a sheer veil

creatures of the night
come out to play
lost boys and girls
come before the break
of day

chaos and delight
a world made to
entice
darkness
the world after ending
in fire and ice

▲ KayIn Nguyen, sophomore



The Next Chapter

▲ Anonymous



EMERSON

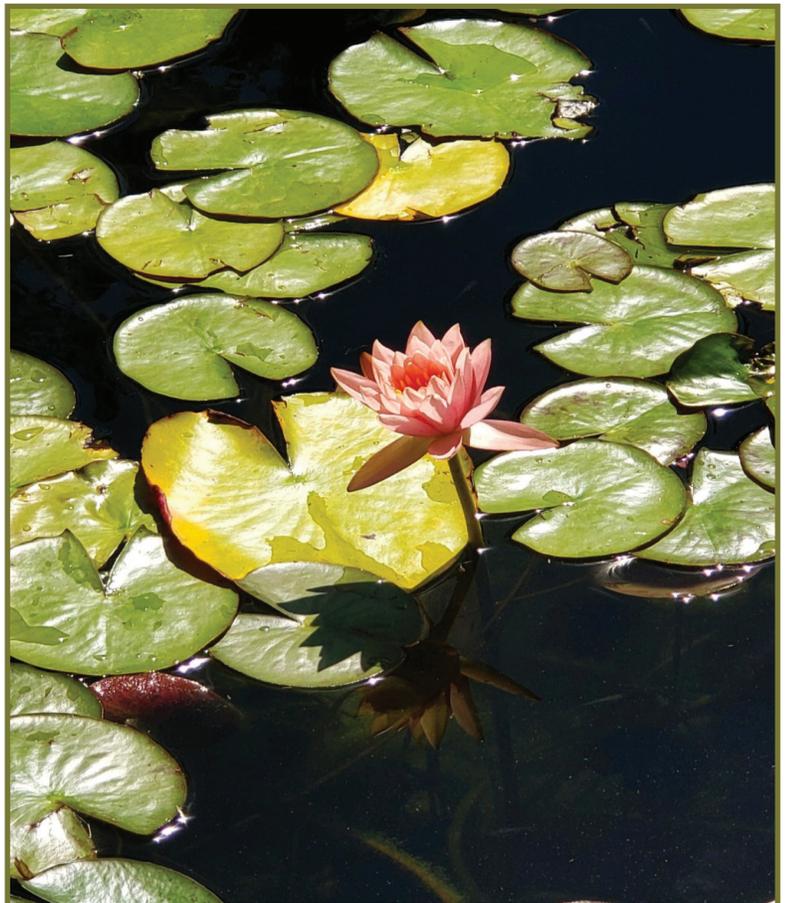
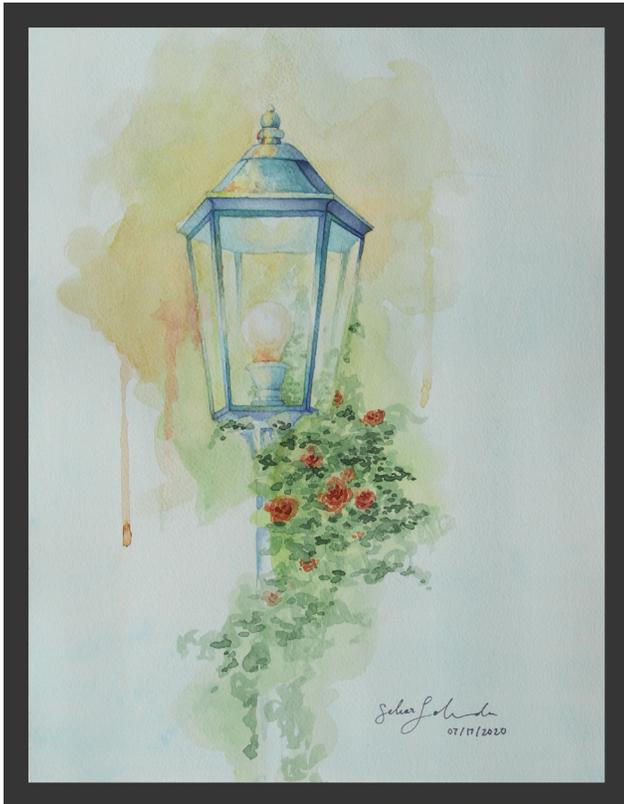
▲ Brian Ni, sophomore



BLOOMING
PINK



▼ Reena Choe, freshman



THE LANTERN

▲ Sehar Lohawala, senior



llllllllll
Quiet Nature



▼ Anonymous

To Treasure Life

Today, I woke up and death was upon me,
I mourned and watched the happiness around me,
And I wondered how,
My grandfather dear, the one I mourn
The hardships feel heavy
I learn to mourn and to cry
I lose my energy and my hope
And I feel myself running down a hill of thorns
I woke another day
A year is gone by then
And I see my family near, I learned to smile again
I learned to treasure happiness,
To treasure life,
To treasure family,
To treasure love,
To treasure hope.

▼ Hannah Adams, senior



▼ Desiree Lepore-Mendez, Junior

The Reward of the Struggle

A man has been struggling. He has been working hard to put the world back in its place. The people have made fun of him and make his job worse by dumping trash and pollution. But he has finally done it. The world is now clean and everything is lively. The reward has come. No climate change.

▲ Joshua Lee, sophomore



One in the Same

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