

# *Daphne*

VOLUME 01 ■ 2015





# *The Editors*

**Franklin Peerce**

**Beatrice Brice**

## *Editor's Note*

**Dear Readers!**

**Thank you for everyone involved in putting this together. A special shout out to Khat! Our inaugural issue is a small but potent mix of inspiration, aesthetics and skill. Please bear with us as we put the final touches on our site! Stay tuned for more!**

**Best,  
Beatrice**

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# *Anne Harding*

Anne Harding is a Senior at Willamina High School in Oregon. She learned fly fishing from her grandfather and wrote a short story about it. Her writing has been published in Parallel Ink.

## *In That Forest*

In that forest once she shook the tree  
Down fell the apple and she wanted to know  
The puzzle fell before her and she asked the puzzle  
Solved the puzzle but is changed

Before the tree was The Word  
Before The Word was That Forest  
Closed gates on them and she locked the gate  
Opening the gate he, he approached the tree

There they met, in That Forest  
There they shook  
There they saw

# *Chris Ahn*

Chris Ahn is a writer and poet, finishing his final year of high school at Northfield Mount Hermon. His work has been published in Oolong, The Claremont Review and Parallel Ink.

## *Armor and Wings*

To live under you  
Your armor is black  
You've hidden your face  
I cannot see you  
Anonymous man  
I will run away

I will work only  
For those who have wings  
Who will enlighten me  
For I am Human  
A race of weak nature  
For knowledge and future

Eternal stupidity  
For a potential man  
To be stuck in armor  
Always remember  
While armor provides  
It does not allow  
Wings do otherwise



*to Trip*

lightheaded.

A spasm of hysteria  
A fear of all your philia  
Dashing to dysphonia

dumbfounded.

Your TV's still running  
Static is enveloping  
your head.

Might as well just die on us  
They won't let you stay standing  
you're dead.



Blame the maddening exterior  
The saddening ulterior  
Your inferior superior  
A noose in the interior

Battered dolls and fallacies  
Broken dreams and memories

But none of that matters anymore.

# *Kerry Koane*

Kerry Koane is a sophomore at Lima Central Catholic High School in Lima, OH. She loves dogs more than cats and poems more than poetry. Her work has been published in Canvas, The Adroit Journal.

## *Pottery*

Spread out ahead  
black sprouts of lumped hair  
hair on weathered skin

flat nails  
    crusted ivory  
    crushed plates

tense tendons  
poised power

Pulled slowly  
back to swing  
swing long  
swing wide

Molded black  
hands whose palms  
molded clay once  
clay pots  
    full of fear  
    fire and cold

Hands once again  
treat its clay  
I harden as pots  
harden to stone



## *They See*

Adults see, they see cowered  
See cringing  
See wondering  
    What's wrong

Dragging  
Their hard questions  
Stone embraces

Receding into walls  
Uniting with plaster  
Their questions  
Their queries

Blank stares  
White walls  
Black canvas  
Dark faces

## *About the Cover Art*

The cover art is by Jenn Moon. She is a rising Senior at JSerra Catholic High School.

She enjoys listening to music, creating short movies on her laptop, and drawing celebrities or characters from animation films, such as Monsters, Inc. and Frozen. She loves to use prisma color pencils and pens. She also likes to work with charcoal because it gives a wide gamut of shades by smudging. She hopes to major in communication art or fine arts in college, and work as an illustrator or a curator.

