



# The Daphne Review

Fall 2019

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## *Outcast*

Why do I feel I am made different from the rest?  
Billions, billions of souls, already know what's best.  
Is there something others have been told, that I've not?  
Or a crucial understanding I've not got?  
The strange interests, strange actions, strange goals in my heart,  
The odd soul, odd life are what set me so apart.  
The way in which I slightly isolate myself,  
In my bubble of comfort, is what breaks my shelf,  
And makes tough the process of tearing up my shell,  
When the *need* comes forth, and I must mix to do well.  
At times, it's not the *need*, but the sudden uproar,  
From one man, who hurtles chills down my spine, throat, core.  
It seems small, yet my brain thinks it's the end of me.  
Making me long for someone, not an enemy.  
One mistake and the world's against me, one mistake,  
And my life is over, one mistake, for god's sake.  
I feel the ocean attempting to trickle down,  
Out of my sore eyes, that are confused and worn now,  
Trapped by the dam of my conscience, and teased to death,  
Teased to death by a colossal stone in my neck.  
I understand that everyone has complex lives,  
Just as intricate as one's own, and more, sometimes.  
But I can't help but feel that I am more pronounced,  
My difference is more visible, more sharp, less round.  
Whereas theirs, more sweet, subtle, and better hidden.  
I feel cut from a different cloth,  
I feel carved from a different clay,  
I feel outcast.



*Ignorant Monsters*



*a cheesy kind of love*

kiss me in the places  
where the sunlight forgot  
to bless me with its holy touch

caress my hand and let the wrinkles  
shadowed on my face slink away  
into the night

remind me why you love me  
even though i never forgot

*Mother and Child*



## *Poisoned Seed*

The bloody tone of the sunset rapidly darkens above me as I begin my walk home. Stubby oaks and tortured elms throw themselves out of the poisoned ground, their branches curling around me into the shape of claws. The streetlamp gives a gloomy, faint light and the wind whips itself around me, whispering into my ears. I turn onto the steps of my house, when I hear it.

It is the faintest of sounds, a tiny scratching noise. At first, I am convinced it is nothing, merely a tree branch scraping the walls, but then I hear the scratching sound again. This time it sounds like sharp fingernails being dragged across the window pane. I sit perfectly still, staring through the darkness of the murky, cracked window where a little bit of light from the streetlamp is able to wiggle in. The curtains are no more than dusty rags with great rips in them. Just beyond them, the shaggy bear-like fir tree leans again towards the house and taps angrily on the window, trying to burst the cracked pane, trying to reach through to me. Darkness and drafts gusts around my rigid body. My heart pounds, a painful thumping against my chest.

*Oh God, what if it's her?*

I begin breathing rapidly. A draft of freezing air hits me suddenly, although there are no windows. It is *so, so* cold. Why it is, I do not know. All I can think of is *her*, who I had thought of everyday since it had happened. She was coming back -- I knew it, I *knew* she would come back to find me, to *end me*. In fact, I can feel her, I can see her, lurking there in the corners, ready to jump out at any moment and end me.

From the moment the thought crosses my mind, I see shadows and darkness all around me. Every sound I hear, every noise, is a creature watching me, looming over me, coming closer -- *closer!* Paranoia engulfs me, as I struggle to fend it off.

I know what people may think, that I am unhinged, delirious, insane; however, they would be wrong. I know it is real, not simply delusions. I know that she is tormenting me, keeping me in agony. And the air, *oh*, it is suddenly unbearably cold. Involuntary shivers travel down my shaking spine.

The cold air blows whispers into my ears, the words quiet, almost intangible, and I can scarcely make out the words. "*It's her, she's coming, coming, coming.*" Each word sends another stab of fear and ice into my heart, driving the pain deeper and deeper.

Fear engenders itself in my heart, a poisoned seed. Waves of freezing air jolt through my body. *Where was this wind coming from?*

*"Coming, coming, coming."* The words are louder now, more forceful, pushing themselves into and through my mind. I grasp my head, my face contorting in blind agony. Trembling uncontrollably, I fall backwards, my head hitting the stone cold floor. The cold vanishes, as quickly as it came. Shaken, I take deep shuddering breaths.

Soon it comes back. She is torturing me, I know it, sending drafts of frigid air towards me, to drive me insane. The whispers are rapid, becoming stronger and stronger. I can feel myself falling into a dark madness, and I struggle to keep myself afloat. I writhe on the floor, whipping my head back and forth to clear my head of the hysteria. *"She's coming, coming, coming."* The whispers of the wind, whipped into a frenzy, float around me, enticing me into madness. I can't give in, I *won't!*

I stagger outside my house, sweat dripping from my face even though it is freezing. Surely, I have become frozen! My nose stings in the blistering cold air, and the wind shakes the elms and oaks, their arms swaying in a mad dance. Everyone, everything is against me, trying to lure me into insanity. As the bitter cold seeps under my skin, into my bones, a broken record plays in the back of my mind, showing her again, again, *again*. Oh, I would do anything, anything at all to vanquish these thoughts!

My anger erupts out of me in the form of hysterical laughter, involuntary giggles forcing themselves out of my mouth. The scratching, the cold, they're all signs of the madness that is to come. Insanity opens its gates to me, gracious arms outstretched in invitation. I fall to the ground, the manic whispers flying past me. *"She's here, here, here."*

I sink to my knees. I see *her* one last time, jeering at me, as a final burst of icy air spreads through my body. I shudder and collapse on the floor, my will finally broken, shattered. I am empty, a hollow shell. I open myself to the creatures, the shadows -- and they come. I let the coldness envelop me, as the darkness fills my emptiness.

I see insanity, and it walks towards me. It's blinding, warm glow melts the coldness. It's stunning, *beautiful*, and I squint my eyes. It stops just at the edge, the barrier, waiting to be let in. I let it come.

And *oh*, does it come.



*Reflecting Glass*



## *The Star Gate*

There's a man working at The Star Gate,  
By the edge of the road on Highway 68,  
He doesn't get paid but still he stays,  
For a room with a bed on which he lays,  
On which he lays, quietly.

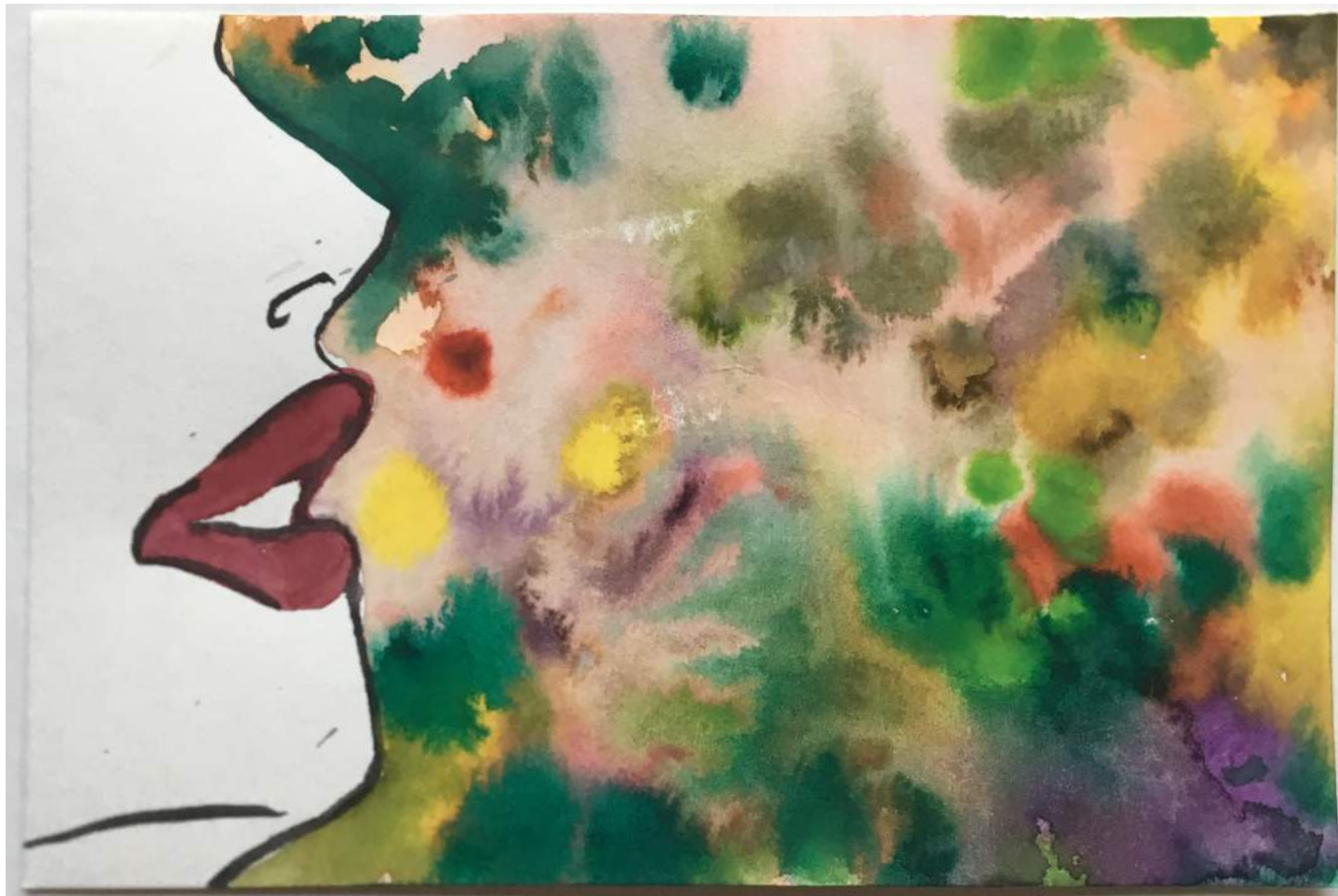
So little boy, what do you see?  
Could that old man really be me?  
The one with the face that never laughs,  
And a bed-- the only thing he has-- the only thing.

Sometimes I wish I could go back in time,  
To see what would have happened if I tried,  
Sometimes I pray I could try to change today,  
And see what would have happened if I tried.

What can you say when you want to go,  
And you try to break away but you don't know  
How to pay the cost of leaving home  
When there's nothing left to believe in.

There's a man working at The Star Gate,  
By the edge of the road on Highway 68,  
He doesn't get paid but still he stays,  
And says that maybe someday he'll try to change. He'll try to  
change.

*(Untitled)*



## *To Dad, Through Our Necklace*

It's my eighth time calling everyone you left behind,  
And I'm scared they're starting to forget.

I'm scared I am too, Dad.

Last year, I took some standardized test today,  
And sent Grandma straight to voicemail, and my neck burnt  
Until I called her back.

I used to think I was allergic to the nickel in the chain,  
I wouldn't wear it for fear it might burn.

But I've only had it for eight years, Dad,  
it had you for thirty  
And how is that fair, Dad,  
That it knew you better than I did?

I'm sending you an invoice, Dad, for everything you've missed:  
For the birthdays and Christmases, sure, but for the summers  
And shouting matches and the tearful honesty we'll never share,  
too.

It's been eight years, Dad, I only knew you nine.

By the end of eight years, the body you live in is a new one.  
All the cells that saw you  
Are gone  
All the hair you rustled,  
The skin you touched.

# William Leggat

I'm beginning to forget, Dad.  
And I'm scared,  
And I want you to tell me it's alright even though we both know it  
won't ever be, because  
I want that lie, Dad, that  
Awful, comforting lie  
And Dad,  
I want to remember your face without a photo,  
I want to remember your voice so I can change mine to match it.

Dad it's been  
Eight years, and  
Eight years I've tried to be you, and  
Eight years it's gotten harder because  
Next year I'll have known your memory  
Longer than I'll have known you.

And I have no way of knowing  
If that's better, or not.  
Because, for all I know, you were an asshole.  
And I've been better off without you.

But all I have is this memorial in stainless silver,  
And it's cold  
And it's lifeless  
And I don't even know who it belongs to anymore.

God, Dad, it's been  
Eight years.

And I'm running out of things to say to you.



*The Illiterate*



*Concentric*



## *Permanent Marker*

It was her fifth birthday party, and even more exciting than the previous four. Her favorite aunt, the artsy one from Chicago, could finally make it down to attend it in all its Disney Princess and pastel pink glory. She handed her niece a small gift wrapped in newspaper and printed ribbon. She snatched it up happily and tore it open with all her childlike glee. To the surprise of her and her parents, she found a colorful set of 24 Sharpies. She instantly fell in love with the bright tips and thick handles, and so her parents reluctantly let her keep them.

24 markers seemed endless to a girl so young, so she took one everywhere. Toys were adorned in baby blue doodles and playground posts marked with her first letters, big and blocky. Everything was a to canvas her, so she tried her best to mark them all. Every surface was covered. Every color was used.

On her tenth birthday, after her party was well and done, she sat in her bedroom with a red marker uncapped and pressed against the wall. She drew a tall man, boxy and thin, and to his side a small, square house. As she traced the outline of a woman on the other side of the first figure, the sound of screaming in the other room came through the paper-thin walls. Strained voices, male and female, roared through her canvas. She went back in, going back to the drawing on her little corner of plaster and paint as she heard her mother begin to weep in the other room. It was as she was almost done, almost finished with her three little people, that the final slamming of a door reverberated through the walls, and in her startle and in its force, the mouth of the little girl turned sharp, hustled, and downturned. Her mother wasn't the only one crying in the house. She got up and ran out her bedroom.

When she was thirteen, she heard her mom crying again in the living room. She grabbed her marker, eager. She found her on the couch, tear-stained documents on her lap, on the table, and strewn across the floor. Her eyes were puffy, and bits of her checkbook lay ripped and tossed about like the dust of long dead leaves in the cold wind. She sat next to her mother and held her arm, the time-worn

woman turning back to her with the most tired, worried look her daughter had ever seen, and in it she knew what was going on, and so she clutched tighter. She pulled her marker from its cap. Its felt tip traveled from her pocket all the way to the patch of blanched skin now held taut with her small fingers. She traced the outline of a rectangle with numbers dotting each corner. Finally, she carefully drew a big smiling face in its center, and as she looked up she saw her mother's smile grow to match it. They embraced as close as they possibly could, smiling faces strained with understanding, faintly trembling in their fear.

Sixteen: anxious, but not eager. The eve of her birthday overcast by the looming shadow of eviction day, she stood on the curbside with a scowl. For a home filled with so much memory and so much emotion, she could only fill one suitcase, and for all the tears rolling down her face she could not bear to move her mouth for fear of weeping. She rested a hand atop the handle of her belongings, but in her other she clutched the familiar handle of a permanent marker. She remembered the day in that house she received all of them, lined up in two little endless rows of color. She remembered the cool gust of wind entering the house on that cold night the door was slammed shut so hard it cracked the frame. And most of all, she remembered the nights she spent huddled in her mother's grasp.

She let go of the handle of her luggage, and began to walk towards the back of the house. A walk quickly broke into a jog, and then a sprint. The freezing wind beat upon her face, stinging like a million tiny needles by the time she made it to the back. She knelt in front of the corner of the old outside walls, the splintered wood whistling, shivering. She pulled her marker from its sheath, and she pushed it against the peeling paint. The chapping felt and ink and color sliced through the harsh, brisk air. She signed her name in the corner of her home, her old corner of her old home, the bright orange ink giving way to a pale sheer tint with the final A of her name. Clara dropped the Sharpie as she stood up. 24 was not infinite.

Sarah Hwang

*Never Good Enough*





## *Blood Tulips*

She places a red tulip  
against the metal table before them,  
down by his hand.  
The flower is shriveled,  
wrinkled almost beyond recognition  
on several of its twisted petals.  
Its color is a deep red,  
a contrast from the table atop which it sits.  
"The color," she says,  
and his eyes lift to comply.

His eyes—  
green, another contrast from those petals—  
are eyes which he has not yet seen;  
not since the drive wipe.  
Not since one of her other soldiers  
had rearranged the contents  
of him.  
The contents which *made* something like him  
*him*,  
though he wasn't consciously aware.  
There was that creeping feeling of  
*not knowing*,  
of being shut out, left in the dark  
from his own self.  
But whatever guilt,  
whatever regret had plagued his inhuman  
mind,  
had fallen away.

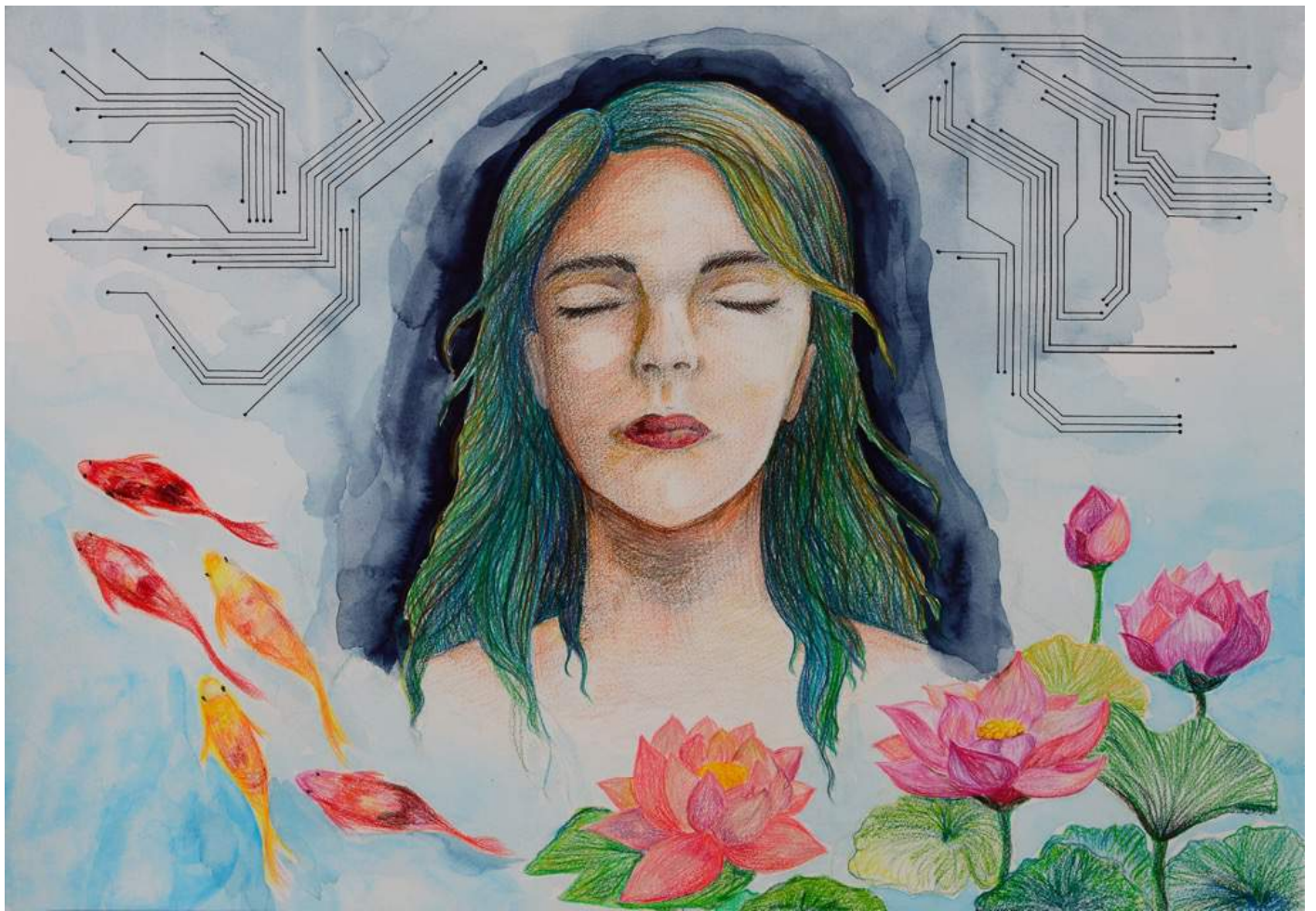
Life blood," he responds,  
monotonous, detached.  
"Like your blood."  
There's a flash of something there,  
behind those eyes;  
a something that's been draining since the  
wipe,  
but it has fallen away,  
and the last of his attachments are  
disregarded.

Her hand retreats with the blood tulip,  
and returns with one that's dead,  
blackened beyond recognition  
of its former capacities.  
"The color."

He pauses.  
The large triangle betwixt both his artificial  
collarbones  
is winking an incandescent stream of purple.  
It hits the ceiling,  
penetrating the small room's shadows,  
'till its light flickers and stops.  
"Black blood," he says,  
"Like my blood."  
And his veins recharge black.

Hyoim Shin

*The Mind of Breeze*



## *An Ode to Frida*

When your world was bleak you picked up a brush and filled it with color.  
After the crash, you rose from the dead.  
Arriving in a stretcher, coming to say, I will not let you forget from where my  
work came.  
They did not want to see through your eyes.  
They tried to silence the woman, but you painted her instead.  
You would not soften your cries.  
But now, Frida Kahlo, you seem to be dead.

Your hair left untouched.  
Affairs with women and men.  
But now, Frida Kahlo, you are dead.

The flowers that bloomed from the roots of your medula have dried.  
The cigarette smoke that lingered on your breath is dead.  
The paint on your palate has shriveled.  
Frida Kahlo, you are dead.

You are the weird. You are the wild. You are the free.  
Frida Kahlo, you are dead, but we will continue to pick up our paint brushes  
and fill our bleak world with color.

*(Untitled)*



# Our Contributors

## Mira Chiruvolu

Mira Chiruvolu is a 16-year-old, born and raised in California. She is in the 10th grade, and an avid reader. She loves to write, specifically poetry and short stories. When not writing she enjoys playing basketball and running outside as much as possible. Her writing style leans towards grander themes about life, including courage, bravery, love, loss, etc. Her portfolio is a conglomeration of stories, poems, thoughts, and pieces that she has created over the course of her life

## Srhiya Desai

Shriya Desai is a seventeen-year-old high school junior in Connecticut. Her work has been recognized for her artwork by various national competitions and has been published by numerous magazines. She is a member of multiple honors societies, and when not working in the studio, she can be found reading in the library.

## Matthew Gomez

Matthew Gomez was born in the year 2000 in the city of Dallas, Texas. Growing up during the dusk of the 20th century and the dawn of the new millennium, he got to see how technology and the interconnectedness the information revolution shaped the world around him. He plans to attend the University of Texas at Dallas for electrical engineering and will be a part of the graduating class of 2023 should everything go to plan.

## Cassandra Gray

Cassandra Gray is a sophomore at Westinghouse Arts Academy. She writes poetry and fiction, and has ten fingers.

## Anna Frankl

Anna Frankl is a 16-year-old attending an international school in Seoul, South Korea. Her other hobbies include jiu-jitsu and researching random medical facts late into the night. Next year, she plans on attending a university in America to study studio arts.

## Sarah Hwang

Sarah Hwang is a senior at Seoul International School in Seoul, Korea. She has found that the fields of art and science rarely intersect but feels that many aspects of science can inspire art. In particular, she has always been fascinated by the mysteries of life, especially what cannot be seen by the naked eye. Through her art, she tried to express the great beauty that lies in the wonder of life itself.



## William Leggat

Will Leggat is a writer and student at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, where he is a prose editor for his campus literary magazine The Courant. He has previously attended the Iowa Young Writers' Studio, and his work has been awarded Gold and Silver Keys by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards. He lives in Brooklyn, New York, and enjoys long trips on the Q Train.

## Angie Kim

Angie Kim is currently a high-school student with an avid interest in the arts. She hopes to continue to foster her passion for painting in the future by becoming a highly-esteemed illustrator.

## You Young Kim

You Young Kim is a student at Seoul International School in Seoul, South Korea. To Kim, art is the most personal form of self-expression because there are no defined rules to follow. She pours her thoughts on canvas freely and often comes to unexpected revelations about herself in the process.

## Wonyoung Park

Wonyoung Park is a rising senior attending Avenues the World School in New York, New York. He's received two gold key awards from the Scholastic Art and Writing competition and Honorable Mention from the Bow Tie gallery competition, among others. He enjoys watching anime, playing piano, and drawing in his free time.

## Stella Prince

Stella Prince is a writer and poetess. Her articles have been published in magazines such as "Seshat Literary Journal", "Amazing Kids Magazine", and "Good Life Youth Journal"; her poems have been published in "A Celebration of Poets: A National Anthology" and "Adelaide Literary Magazine."

## Anushka Ravindran

Anushka's poetry resonates with the theme of identity and change. She feels that curiosity fades away as we grow older, thus making identity more static. She feels that not everyone can blend into a crowd, resulting in stages of loneliness for many, and she feels that finding true passion is so important, yet there are always those who realize too late.

## Emma Schwartz

Emma declined to provide a brief biography.

# Our Contributors

## Hyoim Shin

Hyoim is a seventeen-year-old artist living in Seoul, Korea. She enjoys experimenting with various materials in her work. She has previously been recognized by the Scholastic Arts Competition and Celebrating Art Contest. Besides art, she loves ski racing. Drawing and painting always gives her a peace of mind after stressful races.

## Katherine Wang

Katherine Wang is a 17-year-old artist from San Jose, California. She is a holder of 5 scholastic keys and enjoys experimenting with different mediums of art. She currently takes art classes at her school and at a nearby studio and makes art in her free time.

## Patrick Wang

Patrick Wang is a junior at Northview High School. He can always be found with a book in his hand, and he is a coffee addict. He is particularly inspired by his AP Language class and the unique themes that literature presents. When not reading, Patrick is either drawing or binging ungodly amounts of Netflix.

## Sophie Jihye Yang

Sophie is currently rising senior at Seoul Scholars International in South Korea. Her favorite artists are Claude Monet and Vincent Van Gogh, and she loves the Neo-impressionism era and the Rococo age.

## Sarah Zhang

Sarah Zhang loves writing poems and stories about unexplored topics. Her works have been accepted in Eunoia Review Literary Journal, K'in Literary Journal, and the Heritage Review. In her free time, she plays tennis with her sister and likes New York style pizza.

# The Daphne Review



Founded in 2015, *The Daphne Review* is an arts and literature magazine that features exceptional work by today's high school-aged artists. We accept original written submissions of any format (essay, interview, poem, short plays) and artistic submissions in any media on a rolling basis throughout the year. Share with us what you can create, and we may share it with the world.

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For more information about *The Daphne Review*, including the submission guidelines and process, please visit:

[www.thedaphnereview.org](http://www.thedaphnereview.org)

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