

EPIPHANY

VOLUME III

North Augusta High School
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North Augusta High School
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(Cover, Untitled by Sherry Kong)

Made of Dreams

By Lilly Smith

Sometimes I feel like I'm so close to the edge.

The fine line between balance and chaos.

Life can feel overwhelming at times.

So don't get lost in the storm.

Keep pushing through.

I didn't come all this way to turn back now.

Sometimes I think I'm made of dreams.

I know where I want to end up.

I just don't know where the road of life is taking me.

None of us do.

So when life gets hard and the dark clouds come rolling in, I remember: I'm made of dreams.

I can't give up, not here, not now.

And neither can you.

We are all made of dreams.

So even in the darkest nights, follow the light of the stars.

Of your dreams.



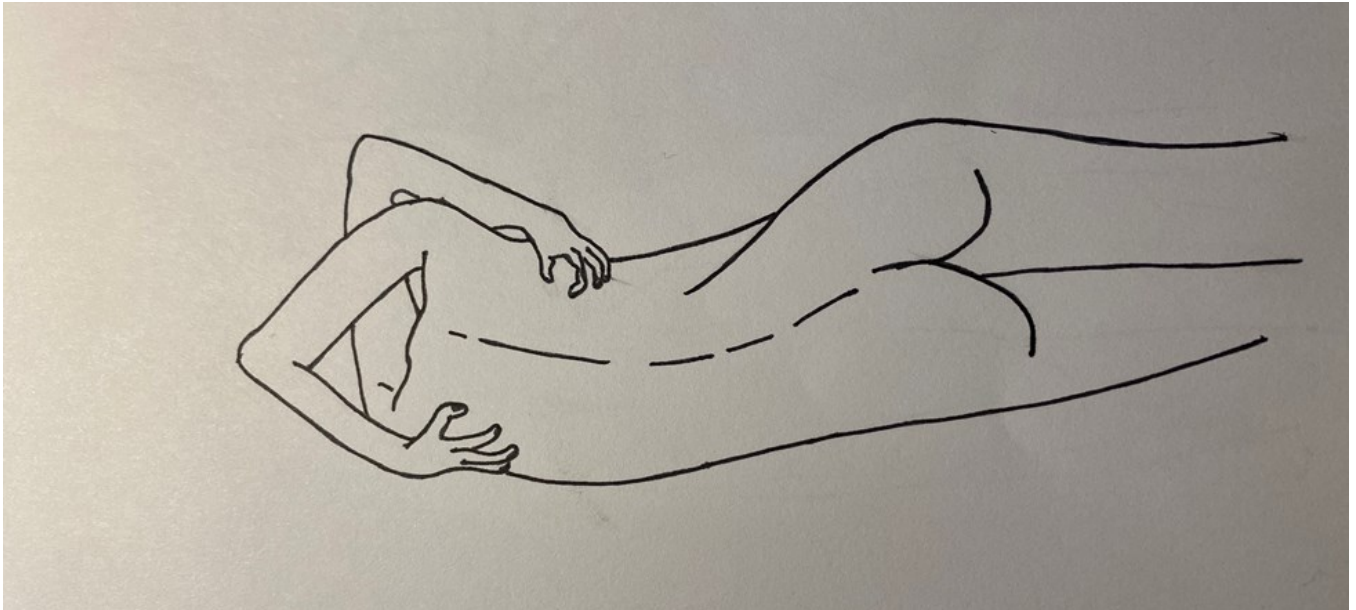
Untitled by Udorji Oji

Empty Space

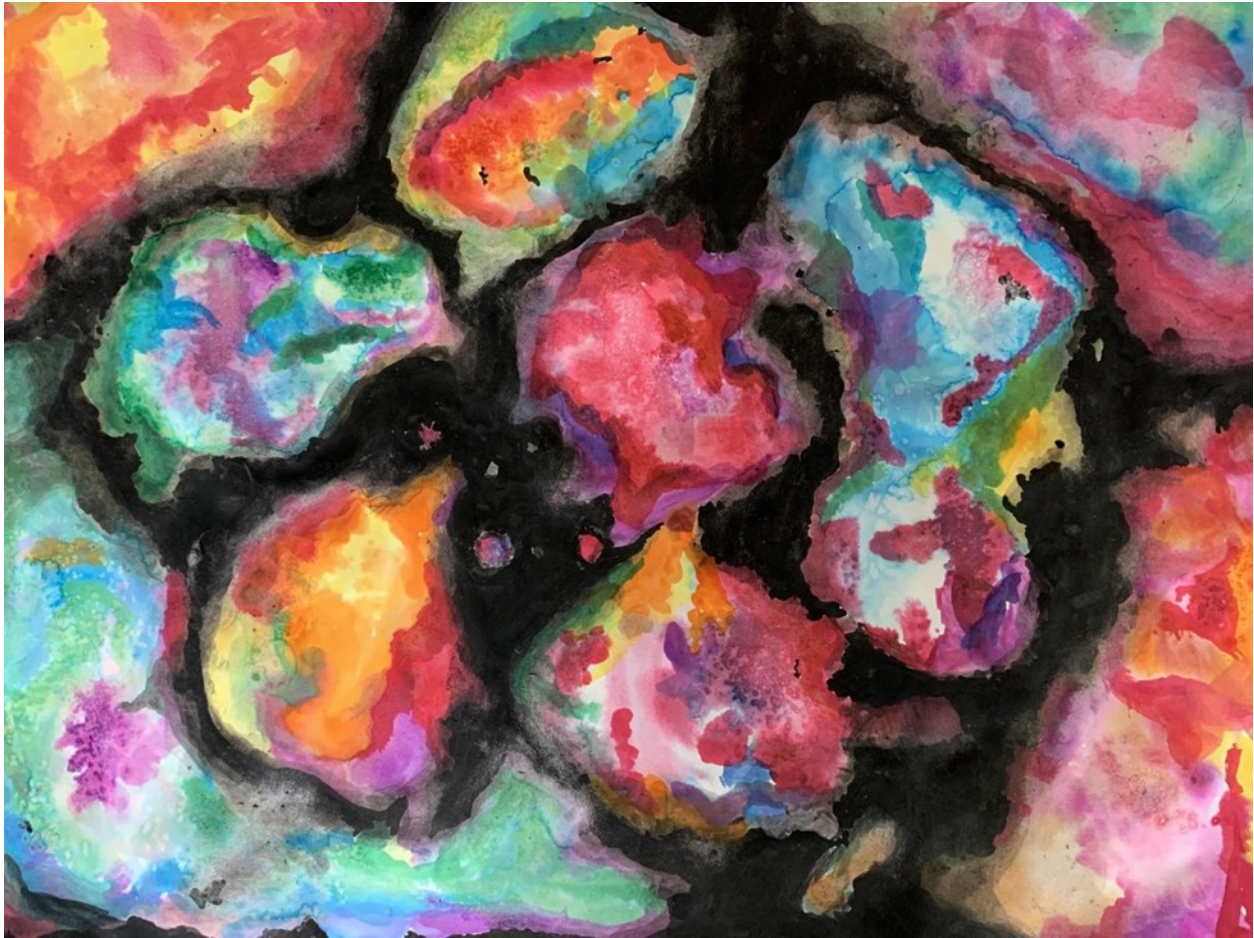
By Emma Cazorla

There is an empty space inside of me
Not physical but mental
I don't know what it is
I just know that something is missing
It seems important
But I can't fix it
I feel like I'm unable to move
Like ice,
frozen,
cold,
and helpless to change
Without the sun's help
Inch by inch
What was once so thin
Cracks open

I don't know what's going to happen
Or what's coming next
Ill ride the wave until it ends
And then,
I'll pick up another one when it attends



“Feeling” by Emma Cazorla



Untitled by Maggie Johnson

Malfunction

By Hedley Young

Frayed wires lie in shambles across the cold floor,
sending out showers of sparks,
lighting up a dark room
in which a heart frantically pulses like a dying neon sign.
Shards of glass litter the floor from a screen broken long ago,
where colors now dance frantic,
lonely and desperate for a breath of fresh air;
something they can't begin to comprehend.
With pain shooting up your spine and through your skull in electric pulses,
you're a faulty machine
too expensive to be thrown away yet too defective to have a purpose,
sitting in a musty spare room, just a home to infestations
and fading memories of something sweeter than this.

The Cherry Blossom Blooms in Silence

By Madison Noyce

The moon rises over melancholy hills
Them themselves lost their wills
Paths scorch their beautiful grass
Criminals paving being quite crass
Left one single tree
Slicing three thousand and three
The cherry blossom blooms in silence

Mountains in distance loom nearby
Their faith destroyed, they look to the sky
Its glow giving no reassurance
Mountains cry and are bound in durance
For this fateful day
Blows their hope away
The cherry blossom blooms in silence

The clouds look down on the terrible scene
The poor hills once luscious and ever so green
Died with feet haven trodden
Till only left are dark and sodden
But eyes pulled away
They were held, made stay
The cherry blossom blooms in silence

The tree stood tall against the blaze
Difficult struggle, determined, unfazed
Though within a landscape darker than hell
Produced this long and faithful knell
The change was there
Caught swift in the air
The cherry blossom no longer blooms in silence

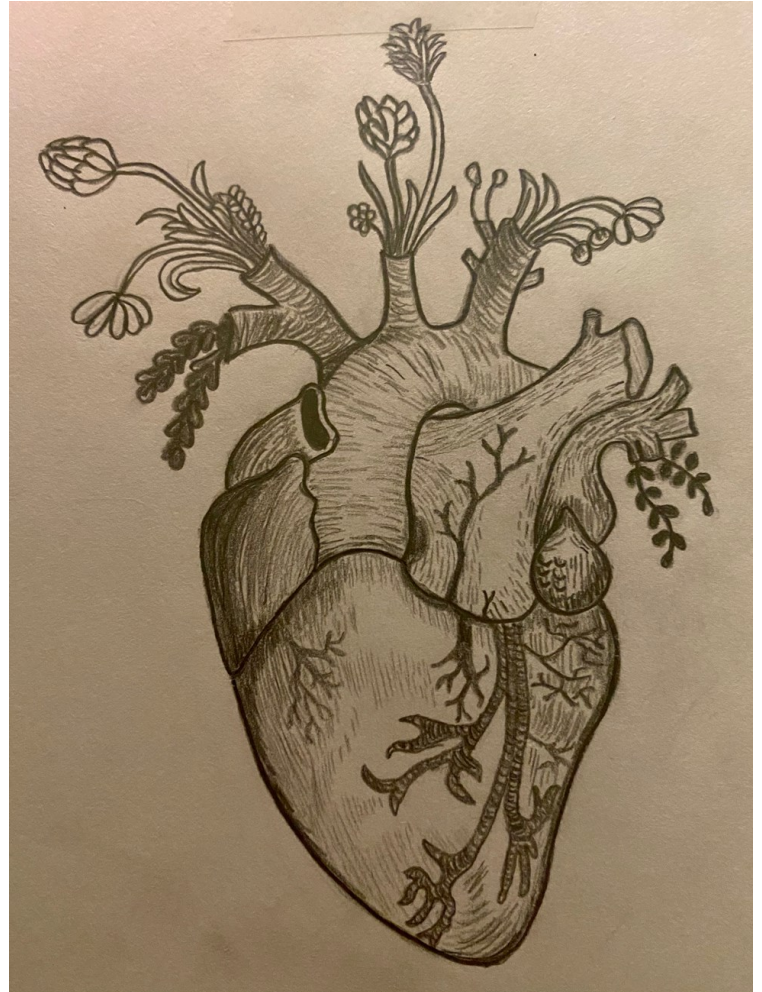


Untitled by Udorji Oji

Fear is a Hunter

By Devin Watson

Fear is a hunter,
It watches with golden eyes.
It knows your secrets,
It knows your lies.
Anything it finds, it breaks,
When it strikes, your heart always aches.
Fear is a hunter,
Laying traps for your demise.
A black beast that chases, searching for your cries.
Fear is a hunter,
But, so am I.
I protect those who it finds,
Save them from fear's eternal binds.
I destroy its traps, I heal victim's minds.
I am a hunter,
I watch with hopeful eyes.
No more secrets, no more lies.
I stop the beast dead in its tracks, and stare in its
golden eyes.
Some call me strong, others think me wise.
Some think me impossible, some think me fear's
spy.
I assure you I'm real, although I may seem very
surreal.
Some may call me courage, some may call me
honor.
You can call me hope.



“Peculiar Heart” by Emma Cazorla

Seas

By Evelyn Hayden

Salt water wounds
In my dark damp heart
 Make me miss
The warm beach sand

 Under the stars
 i search for shells
And past memories of
 You

i wonder if the moon
 Will ever come
 Back

Death

By Emma Cazorla

It sometimes feels like death
Running up and down my veins
Wanting to take me away
Like a labyrinth stuck in my head
Hanging on to a tiny thread
Hearing the screams and yells
Feeling like I'm never ringing the bell
Very dark walls keep pushing in
Until I see the trees
And light,
And a future where I can clearly have a key
To my decisions in life
And have this knife
Stop following me around in my life



“Self Portrait of Happiness” by Emma Cazorla

Once A Gem

By Madison Noyce

Rushing Water, Brushing Sand
Gentle Coast meets surly land
Land keeps out the water peaks
But water zealous jealous seeks
Draws in closer to the heart
Land jumps back a fearful start
Tremors shake and quake in fear
Still tide grows in ever near
Land repels loose cannons fly
Shooting ash into the sky
But saline warrior presses on
Glazing over neat cut lawn
Land is pelted, melted still
As rain pours down near every hill
He shouts "Stop! This is enough"
She returns in a voice quite gruff
"Everything will soon be mine
I've sent my letters, waved my sign
But by your children I have grown
Time to reap what they have sown
Soon they'll all be washed away
I hope for their return someday
Alas it is too late for them
They've dirtied you, once a gem"



Untitled by Maggie Johnson

Noctuary

By Hedley Young

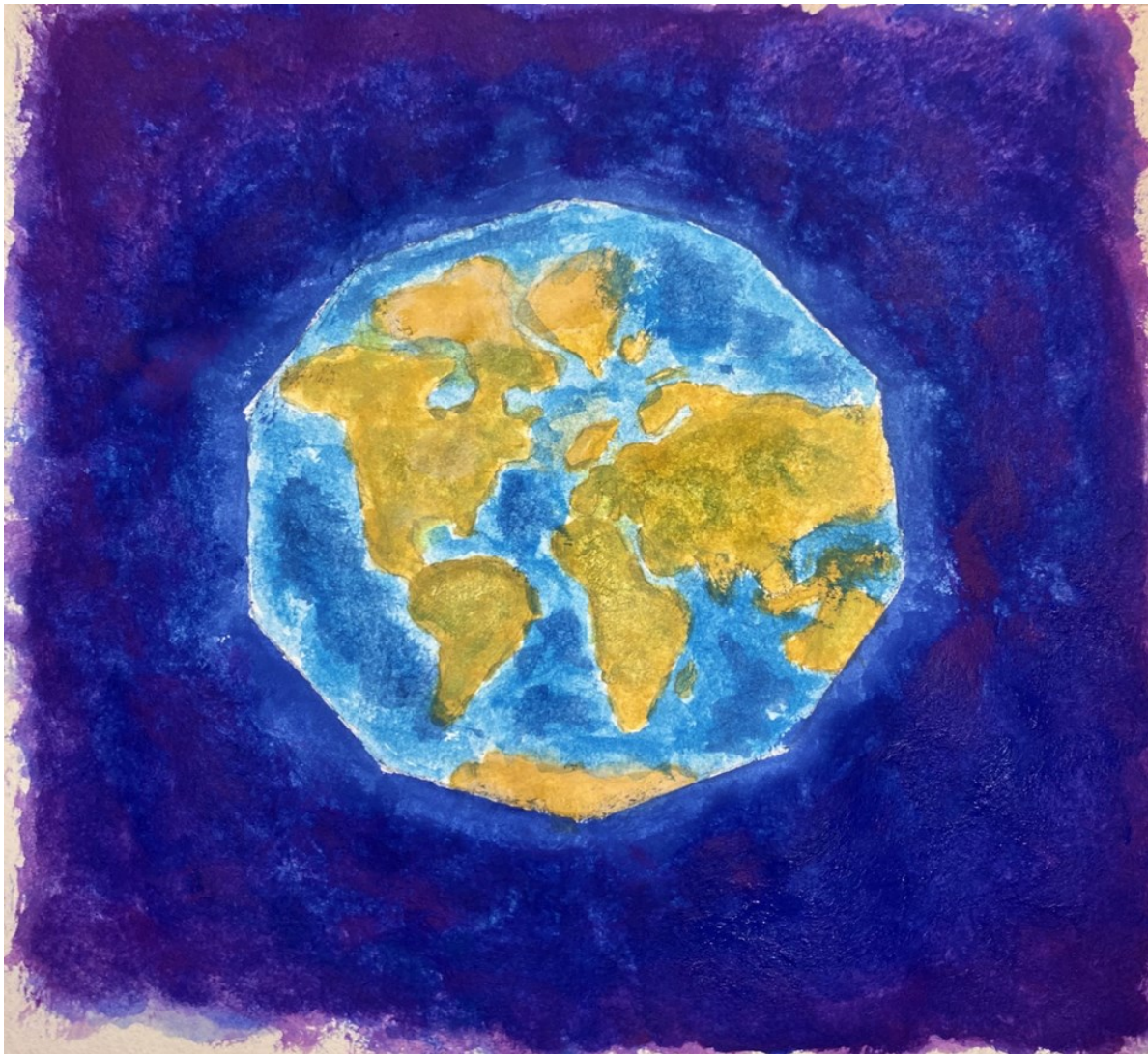
with eerie humid humming filling the air,
you set out onto the dusty road
with your heart gripped tight in your hand.
words slip seamlessly from your lips,
and you can't bring yourself to care
about the oppressive blinding lights
burning hate into your skin.
instead you laugh and keep moving,
knowing that someday it'll be darker,
and you'll sleep soundly eventually.

Sweet Corruption

By Shylah Phillips

Sweat stinging in my eyes
Taste of blood tainting my lips
It feels like this every time
Blind as a lunar eclipse
Reminding myself to breathe
Because I'm standing stone still
I can't pick up my feet
There's no power left in my will

I'm a stone cold statue
I'm my own legacy
I'm a constant reminder
You're not who you want to be
I'm a fossil from the past
I'm a warning for the future
Only persistence can last
Just the few souls who remain pure



“One World” by Emma Cazorla

Broken Clocks

By Bethany Bookard

Time... it doesn't have boundaries.

You can't make time bend and conform to your needs.

So, when do you know when to accept that no one has forever?

Do you ever just sit and wonder when your time will be up?

Always thinking the worst of every situation, not being able to accept something for what it is.

Wondering why your loved one's timer ran out.

Asking yourself what you could've done differently to save them, but really there was no alternative, asking could you have given them a few minutes of your time

You eventually imagine yourself falling in a dark pit lost in open space losing time...

You wonder will forgetting ever ease the pain of "guilt" and hurt

Losing your religion due to depressing thoughts wondering why He would stop their timer

Hearing the loud ring not being able to silence it, wanting to press the snooze button

Not really knowing He puts us through things to show us how strong we are

Showing Him we have the strength He knows we have. Truth is

No one knows how much time is on their clock

Don't waste it



Untitled by Maggie Johnson

Quarantown

By Emma Cazorla and Tyler Imhof

I'm waiting here in Quarantown,
And they're closing all the restaurants down,
Out in Washington, they're killing time,
Filling out forms,
Keeping us in line,
Wishing we could just rhyme.

Well our parents lived through the Cold War,
Three weeks and maybe more,
This whole thing is kind of a bore.
Asked them to hang,
Only with a group of four,
Six feet apart,
Can't even open the door.

They say this isn't a big deal,
Papers and news don't show it's real,
So just look at all the dead people,
They simply cannot heal!
They are multiplying every day,
Going out is not safe, no time to play.

The kids make jokes because it doesn't affect them,
But if you get to the root of the problem,
The weekly income is far for some,
Without these people, we cannot blossom!

President calls it the "Chinese Virus,"
Yet he cannot supply us—
Racist remarks, and shots in the dark,
Are sure to leave a bloody mark.
And we're living here in Quarantown,
Hoping someone cures these bedridden frowns. :(



Untitled by Maggie Johnson



Untitled by Maggie Johnson

Rose Petals

By Patricia Jones

Her skin is as soft as rose petals. The Luxurious feeling of her soft skin against mine makes me smile and feel like I'm in a field of soft luxurious bright roses. Her eyes Glisten like the stars at night. Hand to hand in mine we lay in the peaceful sounds of the wind. Her hair so long and smooth as if it's full of life. Her gaze meets mine and she smiles oh her smile so beautiful and soft like a rose petal. She's so Elegant as though she's one with the rose petals of a rose that sways in that field. We dance like the roses and fall like the petals till we can't no more. Oh, how she smells so nice when she looks at me, I melt like ice. She is my rose.

What it Means to Fly

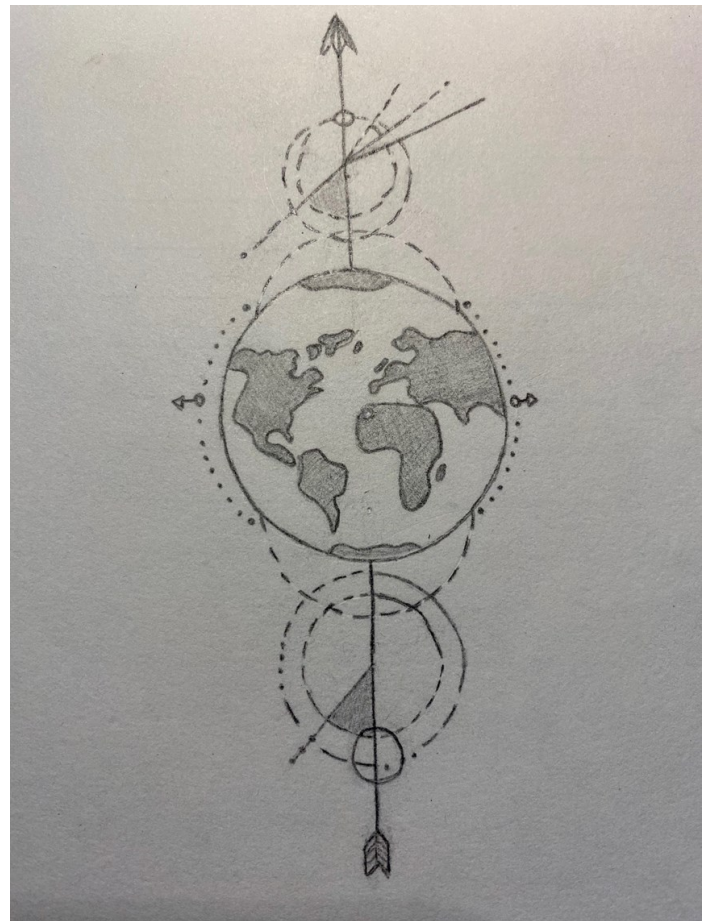
By Madison Noyce

Soaring high above
Wings strung with love
Each beat brings height
Reaching toward the light
Closer and closer you draw
Breaking physical law
But sharp pain graces your back
Defenses lowered 'fore attack
Feathers plucked one by one
"This dream no, is good as done."
"Dreamer and young,"
Wings are rung
"Not ready for this,"
Wings sing and twist
"Be like me, be like me."
You strain to see
The burning mold
Feathers sold
Wings clipped by the grip
Of a dream that isn't yours
That is what it means to fly

Primula

By Hedley Young

feeling shaded-up under your hat,
your fingers shakily feeling for its rim --
a rare moment of vulnerability,
you stare up at the ominous blue star in the sky
that's followed you all your life, taunting.
instead of letting it dig away at your soul
as it had done oh so long ago,
you resolve to die standing up this time,
instead of opting to just lay down and bleed.



"World" by Emma Cazorla

people of the night

By Kelly Herring

moving around so subtly as if never there
picking up their drinks for the night
to drown away their sorrows or losses
celebrations maybe
people of the night
existing in silk and cotton
smelling of roses and tobacco
crossing between the life everyone lives
dreaming of the life you will never lead
sipping on wine and taking in infants thoughts
filling themselves to the brim
high on information
smoking pipes of love
taking advantage of the souls surrounding them
gently fingering the brains of the toxic
people of the night
slipping in and out of reality
the ultimate masters in disguise
let them haunt you

Fire in the Rain

By Madison Noyce

A man stood alone
In the cold
In the rain
Staring across the blue ocean plane
Umbrella now raised
In the sand
In the sky
Screaming the question plaguing him, why?
His coat went ablaze
In fury
In spite
Of the gentle mist grazing land that night
And so he stood
In the cold
In the rain
As he slowly burnt away, bearing the pain

Untitled by Harper James





“Distance” by Emma Cazorla

The Light

By Chris Lucas

They say that the light shines in the darkest moments but no light has been shined on me but a black light revealing the stains that I could never get out the tears that never dry and and whatever I had in my past

The light shines in the darkness but the thing is that the light shines on my flaws and my screw ups it would rather show disappointment than guide my way out so I can come up

The light shines in the darkness I know that life is heartless we've all heard this but let me ask you this. when the light shines on you will it show your wins or you losses?

Normal

By Emma Cazorla

I wanted to be normal.
Just you and I,
In the summer light.
Study dates,
Making wishes on cakes.
Kissing under the bleachers,
Screaming 'I love you' over the school speakers
Making everyone around us know you're mine
Knowing that you are my lifeline
Driving around, jamming out to music
Not following some dumb love rubric
It's stupid to make these wishes
But someday we will cross these bridges
Until we meet again
Maybe the next Big Ben?

The Sun Will Shine Another Day

By Madison Noyce

Single tears from single pain
Whatever then do you call rain?
Sadness culminating mass
Sunny symbol feelings pass
But sunny days are few between
Clouds are hiding beauty scene
Covers soon will go away
The sun will shine another day



Untitled by Emma Cazorla

If I Had One Hundred Dollars

By Jeffrey Moody

If I had one hundred dollars, I'd buy some new toy trucks.
I'd fill my bathtub to the brim with yellow rubber ducks.
If I had one hundred dollars, I'd get a dinosaur.
Go camping one time in the woods and even roast a s'more.

If I had one hundred dollars, I'd get a teddy bear.
I'd buy my friends some tickets for the newest local fair.
If I had one hundred dollars, I'd get my sister a doll.
Maybe spend a bit to go and see some basketball.

If I had one hundred dollars, I'd buy a ton of sweets.
Fill my dinner plate with a variety of meats.
If I had one hundred dollars, I'd buy a brand-new game.
But, in the end, my life would basically be the same.

If I had one hundred dollars, I'd make it something more.
Do something to help the world, like giving to the poor.
If I had one hundred dollars, I'd make the whole world smile.
Although, a hundred dollars only lasts a little while!



Untitled by Maggie Johnson



Untitled by Maggie Johnson

Roses at Midnight

By Evelyn Hadden

In these late hours
i find myself
Craving the soil
From which roses grow

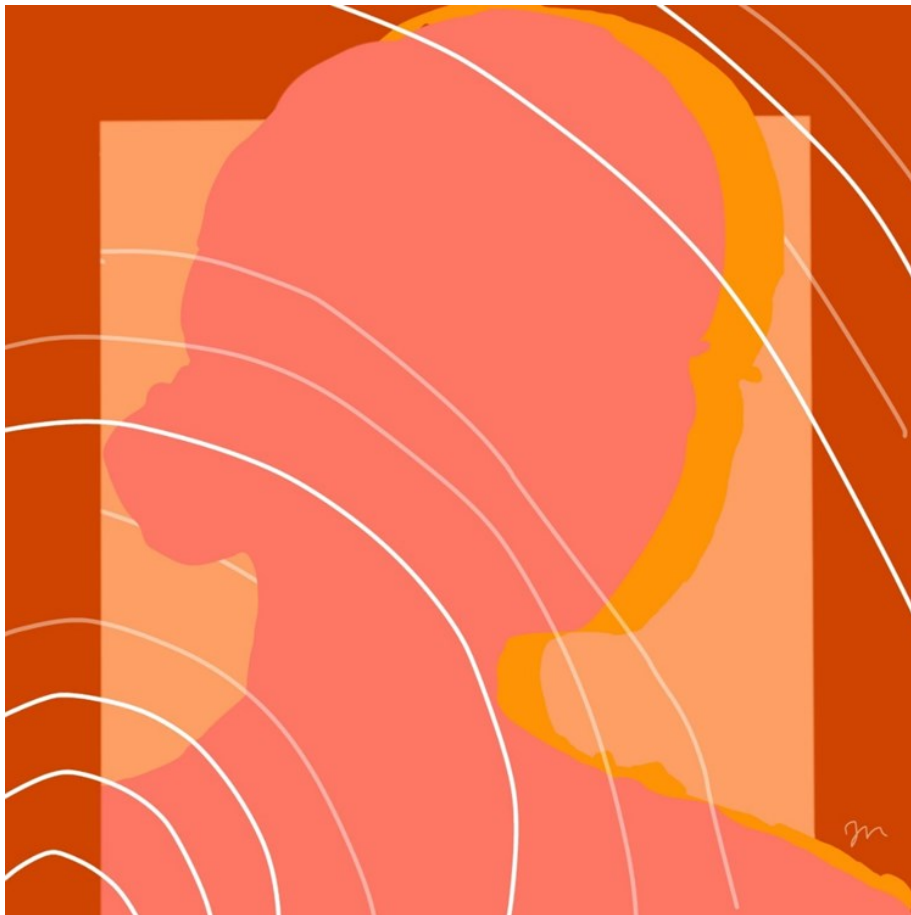
i need to bury myself
In feelings of love
Not of others
But of my own blood

The prick of a thorn
Could never match
That of a heartbreak

Without You

By Emma Cazorla

The excitement.
Don't know what it means.
Tracing my feelings.
I can't get enough,
And I'm not so tough.
I need some space.
My brain hurts,
unlike a desert,
Full
Like a pool
A fear of your reaction
Because your subtraction
Makes me weaker,
As if I were a beaker.
How do I feel so lonely with you by my side?
I cried,
And lied,
And got ripped off my pride.
But at least I tried.



Untitled by
Maggie Johnson

Gone

By Bethany Bookard

How can you be gone?
The pain in my heart is unbearable
You left me here alone
I am lost
You very so young, so vibrant, so you
Till that vicious disease came and took you
Why did you have to go?
You left me here alone
I spend my days wondering what I could've done
If I had just walked 20 steps to see you
Maybe I could've saved you, but maybe I wasn't meant to
You knew all along you were leaving
You left me here alone
You didn't want to scare us, but you were scared yourself
If only I had a few minutes to tell you goodbye
You left me here alone
My best friend, my angel, my dad
I know you hurt to see me cry
Don't worry I'm fine
I'm just so alone, but I just have one question
How can you be gone?



“Movement of the Waves” by Emma Cazorla

Untitled

By Landon Wood

Home is a pain. Home is a place where reality continuously collapses upon us forcing its weight to capsize our self-esteem. Sinking into the cold waters our mental stability crashes deeper and deeper as home brings into the light our day to day stress; this allows insecurities and stress to freeze in place never halting make us realize just how cruel the cold shackles of home are. The icy clutches of home stick us in this block of ice where we are seen but never truly heard only letting us live within a set parameter, but this only proves home is pain



“Farming” by Emma Cazorla

Windows to the Soul

By Madison Noyce

Foggy mirror wiped away
Droplets forming 'out delay
Looking deeper, crystal clear
Drawing faces ever near

I gaze thoughtfully
The mirror
In my own eyes
Windows to the soul left no disguise

Lyssa

By Hedley Young

With muscles tense
and foam dripping from between sharp,
snarling teeth,
your flesh on fire and pulsing in paranoic
intervals,
parched yet repulsed by the idea of
quenching it,
you are a rabid dog
and your mind is no longer yours.



Untitled by Maggie Johnson

Heart Coffre

By Madison Noyce

How much alone can one's heart break,
How much alone can one's heart take,
Watches enamored from afar,
Heart contained in metal jar,
Feelings tucked deep far away,
Hoping for slight return someday,
But alas! How is one to know,
If the feelings themselves will never show,

Doves slip away from dark gray hands,
Tiny grains of tiny sands,
Fleeting glimpse of what could be,
If heart coffre lies above the sea,
Serenading them with songs so sweet,
Whilst sirens gnaw anxiously at feet,
Hearts sink fast to avoid the pain,
Of seeing love wrenched away again.



Untitled by Maggie Johnson



Untitled by
Maggie Johnson

They Say

By Emma Cazorla

Under water
Holding my breath
Kissing your neck
This could be a wreck
What about death?
It's a sin they say,
But the area is very gray
We are not strays
They don't have to carry our weight
But they do anyways
How can I live this life
When it feels like I get stabbed
with a knife
Every night?
I write
Under the light
Wanting to someday
Take a fight
I just wanted to bite
Your lip
In the dark
And leave a mark
Because I know we have a spark,
But the sharks
Attack us hard
So I gotta keep my guard
As if I were a church-yard

Today

By Emma Cazorla

In a world such as today
There are a lot of hardships and mistakes
Girls are being raped
Kids are being slaved
And women are being unequally paid
In a world such as today
There is discrimination
Too many untreatable diseases
And a man on a mission to hurt people
In a world such as today
I shouldn't be afraid of injustices
Of being asked if I need assistance
Because I AM a woman
In a world such as today
We worry about no not meaning no
About not having our own voice
And being hurt by those who "love" us
In a world such as today
No one should worry about their visa
Or being called an "illegal"
Because Alexander Hamilton once said
Immigrants get the job done
In a world such as today
We let our ideals blind us by reality
We compromise by choosing sides
And we never let the peace talk cease

Rantipole

By Hedley Young

things have been worse;
you used to be afraid of everything,
alone and longing for something you couldn't
comprehend.
now you've grown;
not quite arcadian,
terrified of being alone again,
and still plagued by a fear of your own home
and of being too much yet not enough,
but despite it all,
you understand now: "it'll be better",
and something in you that you thought you'd
lost
glows a soft marigold hue.

An Escape

By Emma Cazorla

I want to escape this world we call reality
Read?
Write?
And self-harm?
Nahh
More like Neverland
See Peter Pan
Kids with furry costumes
Acting like batman
The girl of my dreams?
Nope
She is not there
Because she is stuck in my head
'Get out' I yelled
She did not hear me in distress
As I gathered myself I realized
I don't want her there
In the corner she went
Where all my childhood toys were



“ND” By Emma Cazorla

Flame

By Emma Carzorla

Far away in the land of the free
Drums and church bells sound like glee
In harmony, they unite together
In perfect weather
The two leave as a pair
No money, no millionaires
Just their love
As if it came from above
After years of waiting
And dating
The time came
And the never-ending flame
Helped them once more
And become stronger than before

Redamancy

By Hedley Young

though i desperately wish that there was
so i could tell you how wonderful you truly are,
there's no words to describe you exactly;
pulchritudinous, and the most wondrous
person,
though neither are particularly eloquent,
though whenever I think of you
I can never seem to form a coherent
thought.
with every word you speak to me
I feel more hopeful for the future
and I'm so grateful i have you in my life.



Untitled By Emma Cazorla

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“12:00 Fever Dream” by Aria Ekre

