

EPIPHANY

VOLUME IV



North Augusta High School
2021 Poetry & Art Magazine

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North Augusta High School
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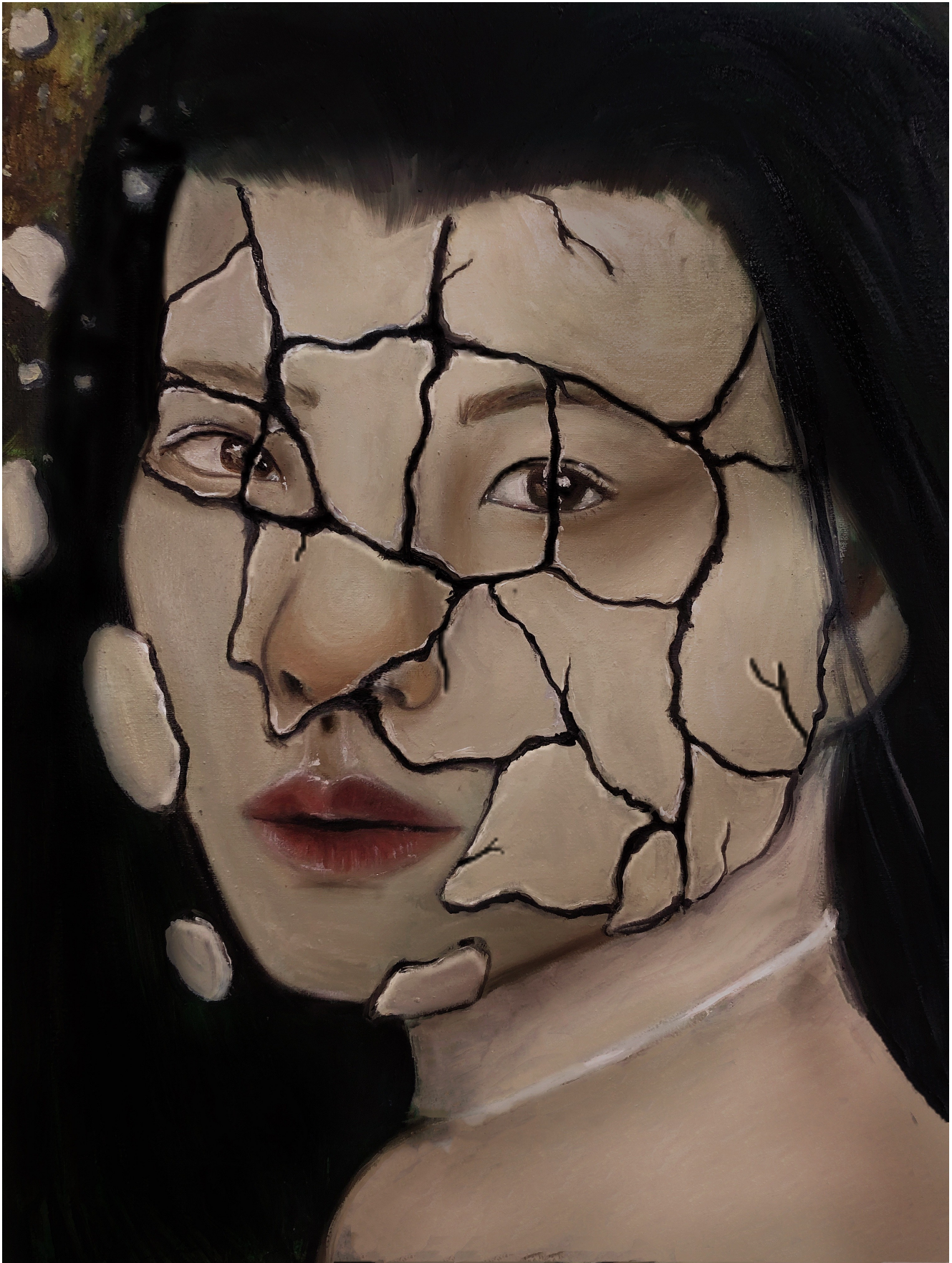
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(Cover, “Stolen Beauty,” By Kayla Smalley)

March

By Kelly Herring

came out of the shop reeking of sage and rosemary
hair tinted with the smoky aura
counting the days until summer
tulip trees constantly confused on whether to bloom or to drown in the cold
water glistening with the only warmth of the sun left
turtles basking in the melody
do you see her?
do you really see her?
how often does she cross your mind.
how often is she running miles around your frontal lobe.
do you really see her?
the dry air has crept into the corridor
but the mold still remains.
the garden outside has been overrun with weeds
the faint melody of a mockingbird keeps you company
grandma's quilt keeps you warm during the nippy nights
yet, the sun is still too bright
too warm
do you hear the bees starting to swarm?
she is there, under the tulip tree
doused with pollen
waiting for you
simply
waiting
she is a woman of simplicity
don't you see?



“Effects of Chinese Beauty Standards” by Sherry Kong

Butterfly Wings

By Shylah Phillips

May I be blessed with butterfly wings
Or feathers to flap like the bird who sings
For I must escape this prison cell
Break these chains connecting me to Hell
May I grow scaly wings and breathe fire
Or become an angel and ascend higher
Take pity on me, oh Free Spirit
My one request, please hear it

You see, my dear, you are not the same
As these creatures whose wings you wish to claim
For you are not free enough to fly
Each day I watch a new part of you die
And with the world on your shoulders so
You will stay tied to the only life you know
Forever you can drag the ground
Gaze longingly to the clouds
But to be elevated spirit, mind, body, and soul
You must first learn to make yourself whole



“The Fresh Prince” by Zach Hooks

Death On Wheels

By Reagan Dean

A single crow cries
to signify
death is driving on by
Will he hit you with his truck
or pass you by

A Sibling

By Elijah Smith

My Brother who is more trick than treat
Has come to meet his defeat
Sitting down to play some game
He was once good, is now shamed
He has now turned for a quick retreat



“Tiger Eye” by Athen Lyse

Ode to Music

By Allison Pawlowicz

You've always been my escape,
From the music of my past,
To the music of my present,
You'll always be in my heart.

The few songs I've written were
inspired by you.
All the dance parties and karaoke
happened because of you.

I've fallen in love with the music
I am given as I connect to them.
Everything I know about love and
heartbreak comes from you.

Continue being my escape from reality
And never stop playing your beautiful songs.

My Best Friend

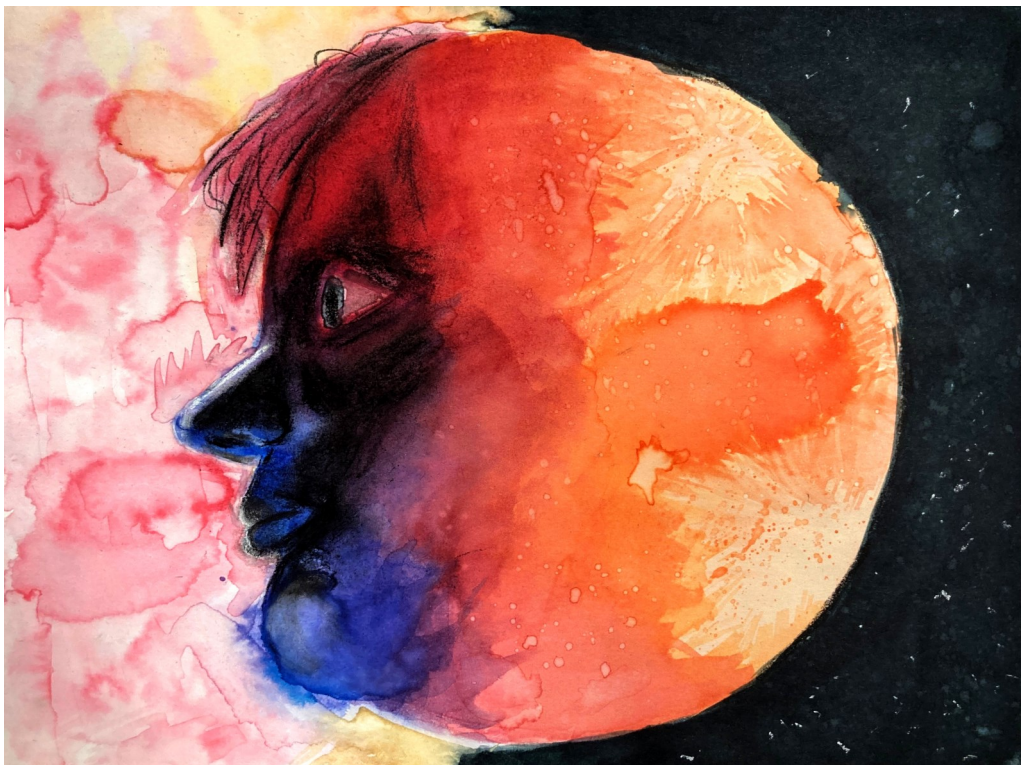
By Denia Raudales

From the very beginning
We sat down to each other
I knew one thing for sure
We're going to be the best of friends

The quick glances at each other's work
Quiet giggles and jokes from you
The loud laughs at lunch
You're a beautiful soul to be around

And to this day we're still friends
You've been with me since day 1
You helped get through a lot for one
I'll never forget the day you spoke to me in band

Even though one day we'll stop talking
I'll never stop loving you



“Kyron” by Jaivin Heera



“Reflection of Stars” by Udorji Oji

I Am Angry

By Christopher Lucas

Because it wasn't till I was five that I realized I was an inferior to a white boy's eyes. I cry because a man told my mother that I could never be President because of my pigmentation. It's hard to stand for a nation when part of it treats me like I'm not a creation of the most high, like my blood doesn't bleed red or that I speak for the brothers and sisters who were muted with a bullet to the chest, a knee to the neck. I am ANGRY, because you assume I'm a threat when I'm a young black man who's nerdy and artistic and my name will be on your hit list. How long do I have to live like this? I walk free, but there's still shackles on my ankles connected to my wrists.

Fear

By Vivica Williams

Fear is such a funny encounter
You could be scared of many things
Still it doesn't matter
What are you doing with the fear
That you feel?
Are you holding it in and marking it with a seal?
Running from it until it over takes
It's coming fast there seems to be no breaks.

The real question is how do you get rid of this fear?

Something you've been dodging every day of the year

Dig deep down and fish it out swimming
In whatever it can hold on to.
Insecurities, lies, mental battles
It lies in those shadows.
But those fears you must confront head on
Then come to a realization that the things
You were most fearful about
Is the very thing you needed to be free.
Release what doesn't serve you so you can soar.
Let your inner lion roar,
Because now you feel it in your core
The rush of freedom
Now you're craving more.
But fear will always knock at the door
But it's your choice to let them in.
Because fear knows the truth

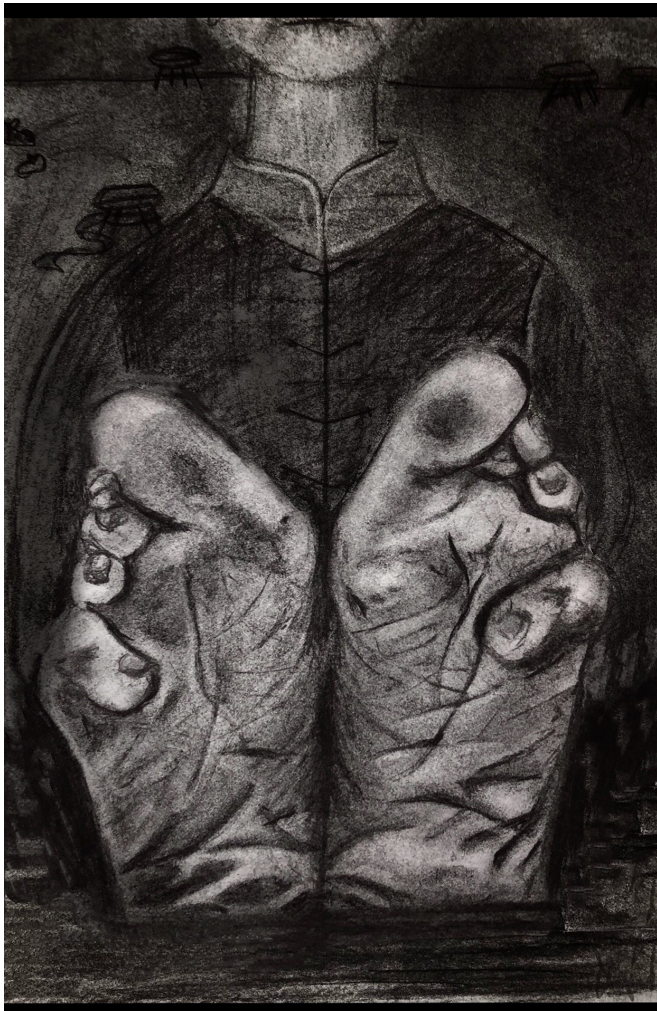


“Zendaya” by Athen Lyse

Burn the Fairy Tales

By Rebecca Noyce

Burn the fairy tales
Destroy the dreams
Cut out imagination
Where fantastical teems
Get rid of the creatures
And other worlds
Adult life doesn't feature
Such whimsical whorls.



“Foot Binding” by Sherry Kong

Realization

By Lizanne Coulibaly

no, I can't trust you
not after you broke my heart in two
I had to slowly learn that the things you promised me
are burning like the embers of a thousand willow
trees

I trusted you with my body
and then things went quiet oddly
I can't trust you when you made me blue

you made me not trust myself
put the person I was on a shelf
hid my pride
and put the person I was aside

Your Eyes

By Rebecca Noyce

Your eyes,
in the moonlight.
Brighter than stars.
This place,
in the moonlight.
Will forever be ours.

Tainted Love

By Abigayle Miller

Our love, it was perfect
That's what others thought
We did love each other so so much.
We fought
Our love was somewhat lenient, but also wrecked.

We'd do everything together
Tell what I could and couldn't wear
But it's okay
Cuz our love was still in the air
It would never tether

He told me I couldn't live without him
It was true
But he couldn't live without me either
We always felt blue
I found out we both thought our skin needed a little trim

We loved each other so much
We thought it was perfect and normal
It is, right?
It was nothing formal
Our lives were in our clutch

"You're stupid and ugly, I say this because I love you."
He was just looking out for me
Yelling got worse, our silent cries for help louder
My friends said I should- no need to flee
We loved each other, even if we were still blue

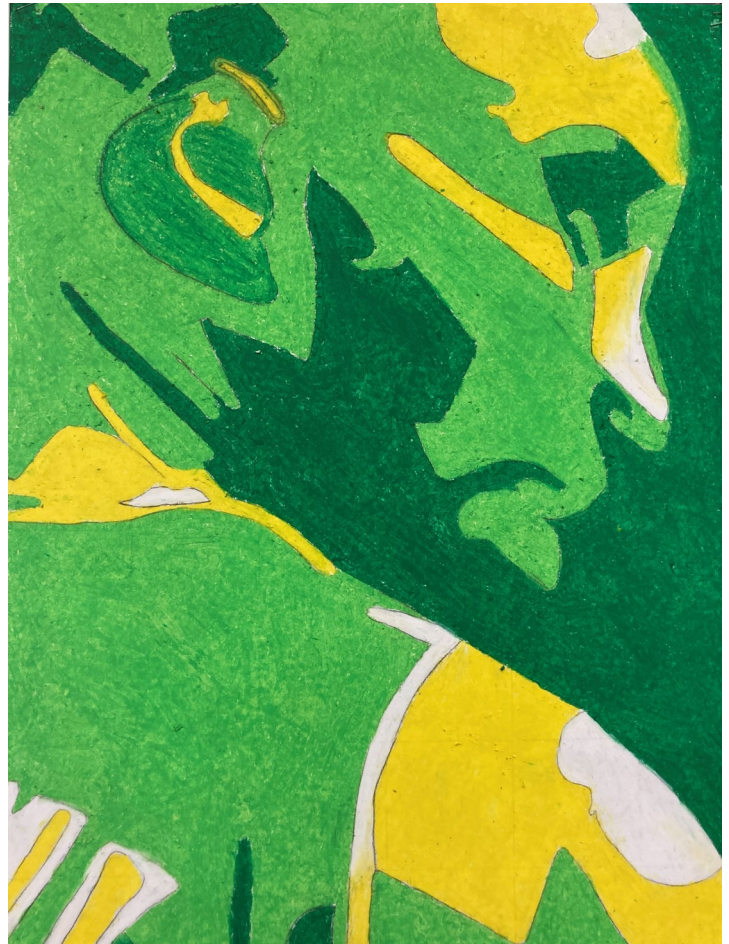
It got louder, but also quieter
Things could get physical, and they did
But we loved each other
We started to drift off the life grid
Sometimes the yelling would make me feel like I was a rioter

We never realized how both our skins began to scar
Who knew that's what would lead us to a compromise
Our lives began to leave our clutches
We did have one thing in common, we loved a sunrise
It was our favorite scene by far

Soon, we stood on top of the building as we saw our sunrise
Hands holding tight onto each other

He smiled, it was genuine, with sadness- maybe regret in it
But it's okay, our last moments would be together, there were no cries
But it was all okay in the end, because we loved each other, right?

An unhealthy, manipulative relationship between an almost one-sided relationship. The young lovers suffering the same problems, come to a compromise and a leap of faith. To be together forever in hopes of no more yelling, sadness, or even hatred. Everything's okay in the end though. Why? Because they loved each other dearly, right?



"Kobe" by Seth Vaughn

Canopy

By Rebecca Noyce

Leaning trees
Brought down by moss
Unbeknown
To aching loss,
They bathe in light
Photosynthesize,
They live in beauty
Covered guise,
For down below
Neath the giants,
A single flower

Oozing defiance,
“I will grow tall
Large and grand,
I’ll reach the top
Of this harsh land,”
And so it grew
Gaining strength
On solely dew,
But alas!

Water is but one need,
And the reason
The flower was the only seed,
And so it wilted,
Without ever seeing the sun.



“Butterfly” by Chasidy Williams

Devil May Cry

By Reagan Dean

The devil may cry if you look him in the eye and call him what he's never been called before.

A term of endearment you whisper in your loved one's ear as you hold them near.

He lacks the words to say a reply, because these are words he never hears.

His mouth runs dry, the sound of his heart beating makes him think he might die.

The mask he wears with the slight devilish grin broken to reveal the sorrow within.

Breath

By Reagan Dean

They live in your every movement

your breath makes them want to breathe

but without your breath their mouth would hang wide waiting willing to suffocate

watching just so they can finally gasp for air that once was yours

but only if you give them permission to breathe



“Fether Away” by Stephen Sullivan

Ode to Dance

By Evelyn Curtis

Five years old hopping around the room every day after school
No mindset for anything but dance
Mom put me and my sister in ballet and tap.
Toes of steel were not for me as I stuck with
Corp De Ballet

Left alone in my class for three years.
I decided to quit.
Six years later in a new type of style
Hip-hop, I started loving dance again
Next year added one more class, the next after that , added two.
“Try your best” they say, “Have brighter emotions.”
I had fun, but I was stuck in the dark
Taking six classes along with competition
Trying my best and having fun, but also succeeding.

Next year I take eight classes.
Each so different.

Modern emotions showing through your moves,
and flowy skirts to make you look thin.
Bouncing, hopping, keeping strong,
Knowing when to stop.

Street moves to stay slick.
Again, the steel toes, loud as can be as fast as you can.
While staying in time.

Ballet is my hardest accomplishment.
Keep your head up, follow your arm.
Always stay tight!

Modern, Lyrical, Hip Hop, Street Jazz, Tap and Ballet
Competition teams
My classes I love,
For now, and Forever

Bloom

By Rebecca Noyce

A single flower
Rises forth
Brings with quiet
Strong retort
For it doesn't know
That it is new
And it barely tasted
Moring dew
So it grows
Into a vine
And up a tree
It does climb
Until it reaches
Forest top
Does it realize
It must stop
The sky above
Holds no purchase
A lack thereof
No viable surface
And so it festers
Anger growing
Till physical signs
Began showing
The tree it climbed
Withered softly
It was its time
Survival was lofty
The vine, still raging

Watched in anguish
Promised on waging
Towards that which vanquished
But through tight locked lips
The tree did say
It was the vine's arrogance
That ended it this way
With those final words
The tree, it was felled
And the vine could not change it
No matter the amount it yelled
So in the dark it slipped away
Finding a new home
Lost and astray.

A small sapling emerged
Bright-eyed and new
It thought it knew exactly
What it was meant to do
It grew tall and strong
It touched the top
The canopy, however
Was not where it stopped
It wanted to grow larger
To reach brand new heights
To rise and mingle
With a dark starry night
But as it grew higher
A voice reached its ear

It whispered,
“Arrogance of youth
Is something to fear.
Be content with yourself
You needn’t go higher.
You have no idea
Of the pain it requires.
But if you must
With you I will stay.
I will not allow you to end this way.”
The tree looked down
At its base
And had a feeling
Of vague distaste
An old, decrepit vine
Was growing there
It fixed him with
A righteous stare
And so the tree grew
With the help of the vine
Learned the world
Given time
When it stopped growing
It did not despair
Because the vine had showed him
Life had more to share
And when the vine died
The tree felt a loss
Until one day a new vine happened to cross.

A new bloom
Determined to succeed
But without the knowledge
It most certainly needs
And so to them
The tree
Began to teach
About what the vine
Would be able to reach.



“Bound” by Sherry Kong

Ode to My Family

By Elijah Smith

Dear Family, you have always been there for me
You have been there even if I didn't need you.
We had some tough times, but we also had good
times
Nothing can replace the love I have for you

When I was small I would always get hurt
But you were there to help me when I need it
You help me get through Middle School,
Even though I would never listen you would help

Nothing can express the gratitude I have for you
But hopefully this poem can express how I feel
Family stay together even if they fight
It's the love in the family that keep us strong

Thanks for all your help continue to help
Love, Elijah

Grace

By Reagan Dean

Shuffling down the street
Hoping to not collide
But too ashamed to look
Anyone in the eye
Shifting continuously but never
Above the thigh
Looking only at the ground
Eyes locked on their laces
Like there's no one around
Heads hung low beneath
A blazing heat of a sun
They've never been
Concentrated on cold concrete.

One among the crowd walks
With a unique stride
Lacking the shiftiness of the eyes
Focus instead up at the sky
Soaking in the sun
Breathing in the light
Not fearing collision
But instead craving it with a
Great appetite.



“Shining Pride” by Max Hooper

Humanhood

By Reagan Dean

there is no such thing as anything and reality is entirely just what it is perceived to be and being able to understand or contemplate your effect on reality is to be a human in the hive of human minds to be a bee living for the same queen philosophy to be alive because of real energy with real impact to realities mass perception to know the value and weight of realization and creation reality is to be and had been to grasp the concept of being real is to be human to our perceived reality and this perceived man made time to develop a capable mind is to be a complete grown human in a species that relies and defines heavily on the capability of mind to which dominance of earth existence thus evolution did provide it's not about understanding the entirety of reality with intellect capability but to know reality is up to you to perceive more consciously thus to live consciously instead of unconsciously

The Sea

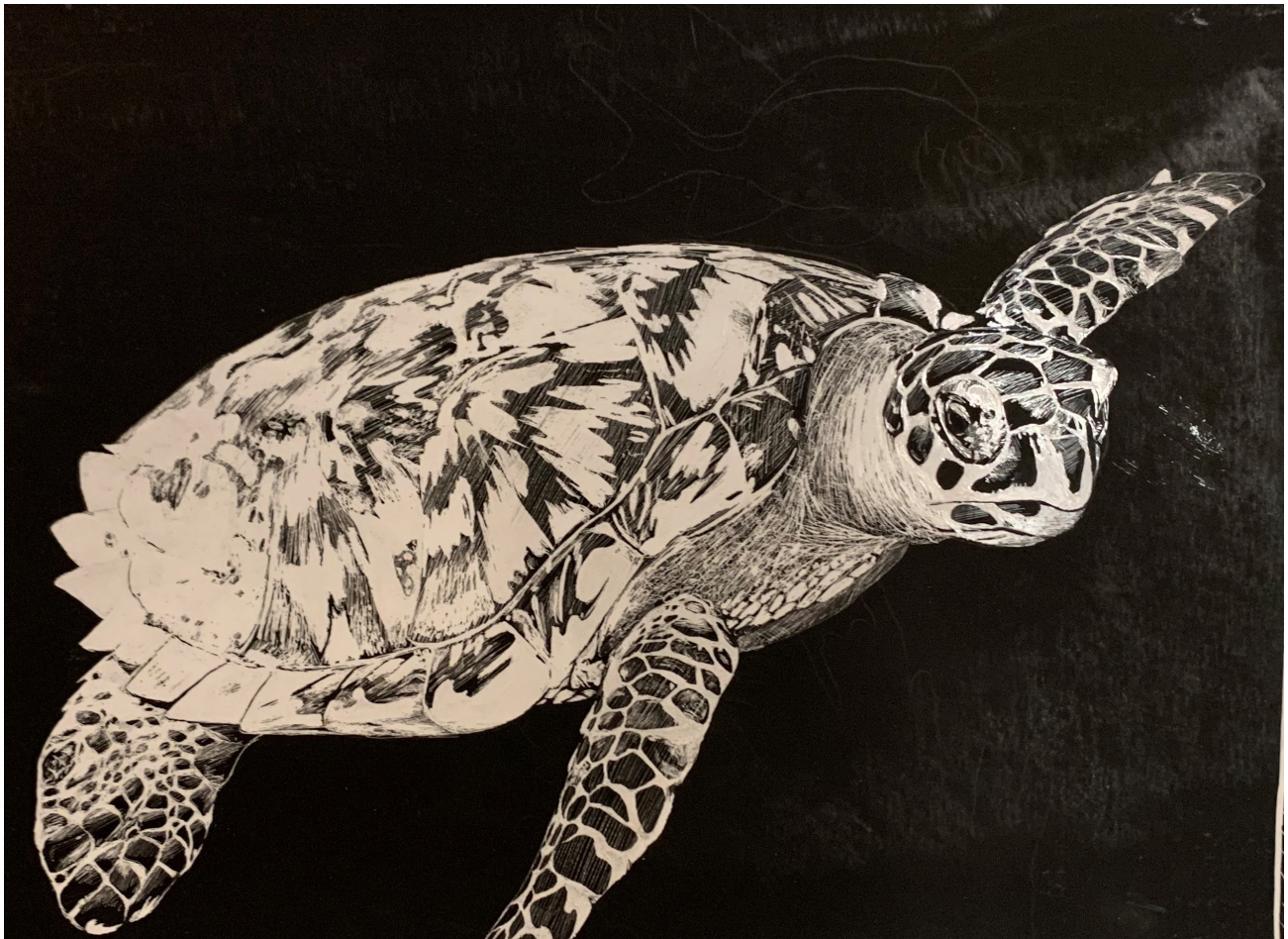
By Reagan Dean

a small hobgoblin wanders
into the sea
drowning on the water
eating its salty taste
stinging its eyes
burning its skin
seeking to see the magic
within
the sea pulls them
deeper
licking its lips
another treasure for the
abyss

Autumn

By Rebecca Noyce

As leaves turn orange,
Golden brown
And flutter softly
Towards the ground,
Do you see beauty?
Or do you see death?
For every bright color
Is a leaf's dying breath.



Let Me Out

By Shylah Phillips

I'm claustrophobic
Now my world consists of enclosed spaces
I don't recognize myself
Or anyone else, just hidden faces
I'm bound by fear to my home
It's too risky to see new places
I can't ask for a hug
That'd be selfish and endanger those I love
I can't breathe, can't you see?
Why are you suppressing me?
Can't you hear me? Can't I speak?
No one's acknowledging what I think
Doing what you say isn't making it go away
You say you know what's best, but can we put it to the test?
Are these real answers or excuses I want to know the uses of the muzzles I am puzzled they're expected not recommended
But you tell me I have rights, why can you do no wrong If I fight then I am counted with the masses and the throngs
A biohazard a carrier I don't have it but the barrier is there anyway because no matter what you say you're branded a radical with only your own best interests at heart
I'm torn apart by glaring eyes when I remove my disguise because I can't take anymore tell me what are we living for?

Cracked Egg

By Reagan Dean

Humpty Dumpty was never said to be an egg
We all just assumed because it's easier to think of a cracked egg
instead of a man laying at the bottom of a wall in dismay
Unable to be rearranged

By Kelly Herring

the moonlight stretching for miles, acting as a flashlight to a hidden path
the ocean waves bear their wrath outside your window
what upset them today?
were the fish too hasty to assume a home?
the salt spray slouches through the cracks in the walls
the sand eats away at your skin
your sheets reek of dead skin
must the ocean be so loud

its 4 am
the sand is your only lover
I mean, it's seen you nude
It's seen you breakdown, cry, and of course scream
the sand has proved to be not only non-judgmental, but a loyal
companion
the butterflies, however, cannot be trusted

the various shades of the sunrise begin to dance across your skin
to a melody only you can hear
the pink sings a mellow melody
the orange sings the harmony
and the purple chimes in with a dramatic counter melody
you begin to sing along,
and for a second you forget everything

as time passes,
the sand is starting to wash away
the butterflies have moved along
the ocean increased its volume, roaring even louder
the sun hid behind the clouds
the moon is nowhere to be found

just when you felt present
you are alone
your heartbeat becomes the melody
but the sunlight doesn't dance to the harmony of your breath
salty tears begin to stain your rosy cheeks
your mind runs a marathon
and you are left there to wither away.



“Broken Words” by Kayla Smalley

Memory of You

By Reagan Dean

It's always amused me that when you only meet a person once your first encounter is the memory you have of them for the rest of time but someone you've known for years will appear to never have entered your life but just have always been there



“Breonna Taylor Tribute” by Udorji Oji

Geode

By Rebecca Noyce

Dirty,
Rough,
A rock,
Undefined.
Break it open,
Mayhap,
A geode inside!
Or maybe,
Just a rock.
For not every rough surface
Hides treasure beneath.

Lost

By Rebecca Noyce

I wander
Aimless
Through my time
Looking
Sorely
At Pantomime
Lost now
Memories
As I depart
Silence
Deafening
Grieving heart



“Ear” by Jaivin Heera

Playing Your Favorite Game

By Elijah Smith

There once was a man who was born a god.

But the things he loved were taken.

He has vowed to take revenge but first he
needs a squad

He now is taking revenge, for his love is
breaking.

After he finishes he then goes on adventures
with his son

He adventures to Jotunheim to find his true
identity

He speaks with his son which now is done

He finds out that he is a different entity

He now trains for the final battle later

With the help of his father, godly power
assistance

He now faces the danger that is now razor

The final battle awaited, is now not so distant

Once a game, fun is now put to rest.

A game that dumb is now one of the best.



“Culture of Long Hair” by Sherry Kong

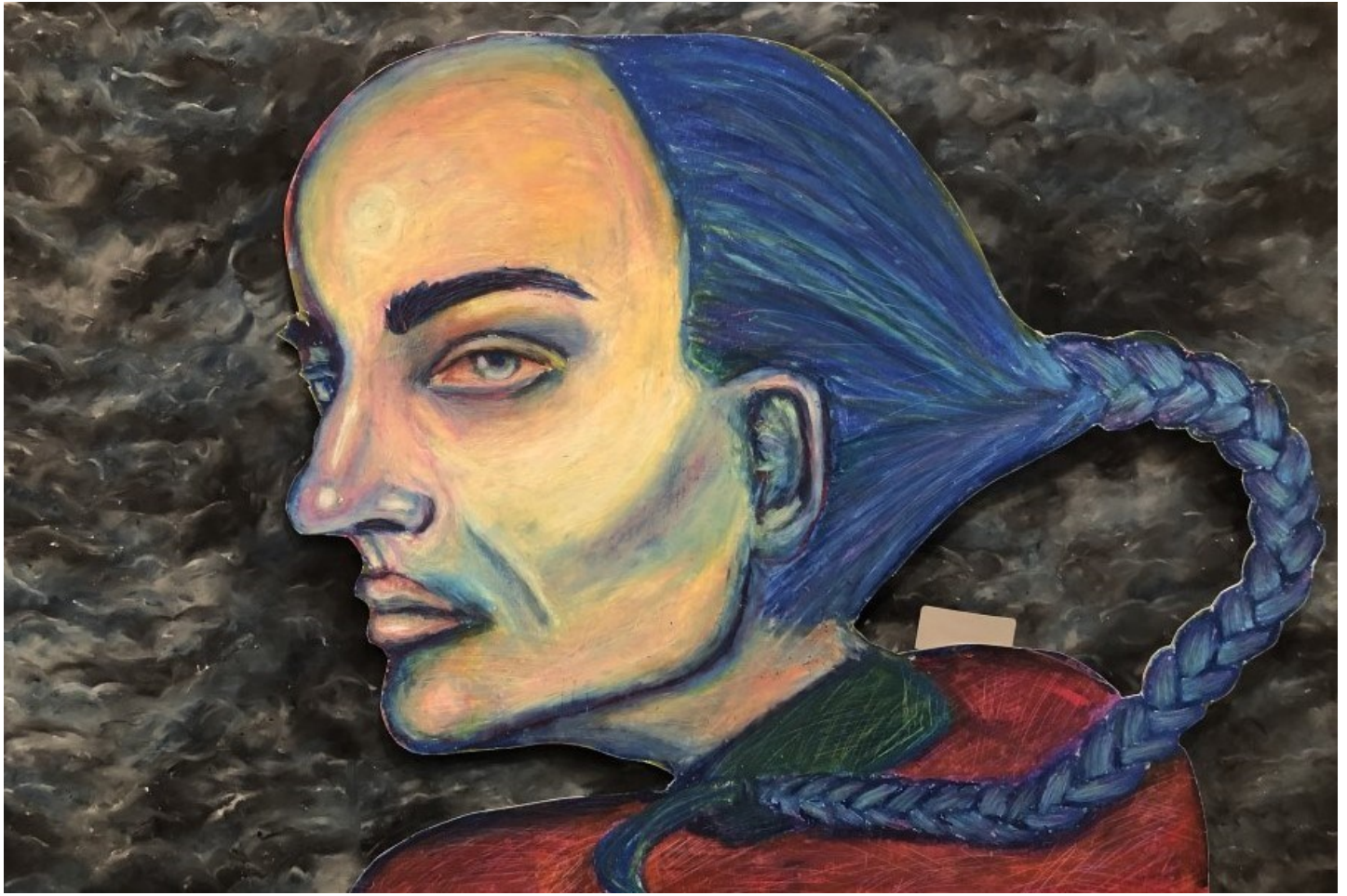
Untitled

By Reagan Dean

If I was blind
I wouldn't have seen you
Your soft face
Perfect smile
Warm eyes
Any of you
I would have never known you
Strangers
I would have never loved you
Flutters of the heart
Sweet loving kisses
Warm hands
Cold goodbyes
Rude words
Cruel eyes
If I never saw you
I would have never loved you
I wish I was born blind



“The Silenced” by Kayla Smalley



“Whip It” by Sherry Kong

Morning Musings

By Rebecca Noyce

The sun is reaching
Towards the horizon
The birds slowly wake
But me, oh yes
I am sleeping
Because of opportunities I fear to take

Teary Eyed Russian Roulette

By Reagan Dean

One drop
feels like a glock
make it stop
my tears are guns
with their chambers spun
ready to have some fun

Attention Deprivation Disease

By Reagan Dean

Look at me

Notice me

No wait, look away

Never look at me any time of day

Turn towards me

Walk to me

Converse with me

No wait, don't listen to what I say

But still don't disobey

Get to know me

Understand me

No wait, don't let me rely on you in any way

It's too late now you have to stay

Star Gazing

By Rebecca Noyce

Pinpricks of light pierce darkness,

A single streak passes by,

Your heart yearns to wander,

Through the endless, wonderful sky



“The Clock Keeps Ticking” by Max Hooper

The Fall

By Vivica Williams

ITS MANY WAYS YOU COULD DO IT

Just give them a chance and see.

Was it a drastic decision or just stupidity?
Nobody means to do it but hurt and pain it swells.

Trying to find an escape.

Entrapped in the mentality of not being enough.

Hanging themselves with their own words

Making a rope out of depression

Wonder will they ever learn their lesson?

To stop trusting others words before thine.

Forgetting they were made to be divine.

But the hatred trickles down their spine.

Like an electric shock from a wire fence

But its love that they desire.

Their own insecurities they tried to renece.

Rence with the music that they made.

While words going crazy in mind peace is what
they seek to find.

Forgetting to put themselves first.

A rope with responsibilities took.

Leaving them shook.

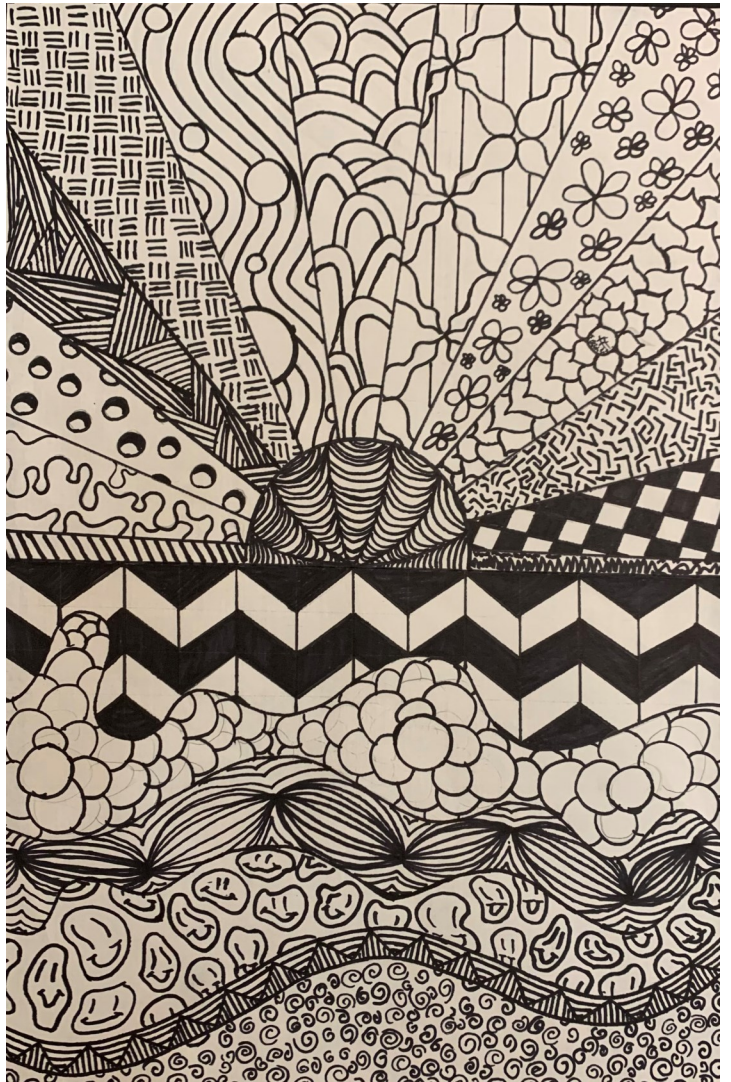
Nobody's around while they hit the ground.

The rope snapped and now you're found.

You found your peace of mind.

Your mind is now clear, no longer consumed in
fear.

Remember to put yourself first, for the time is
here.

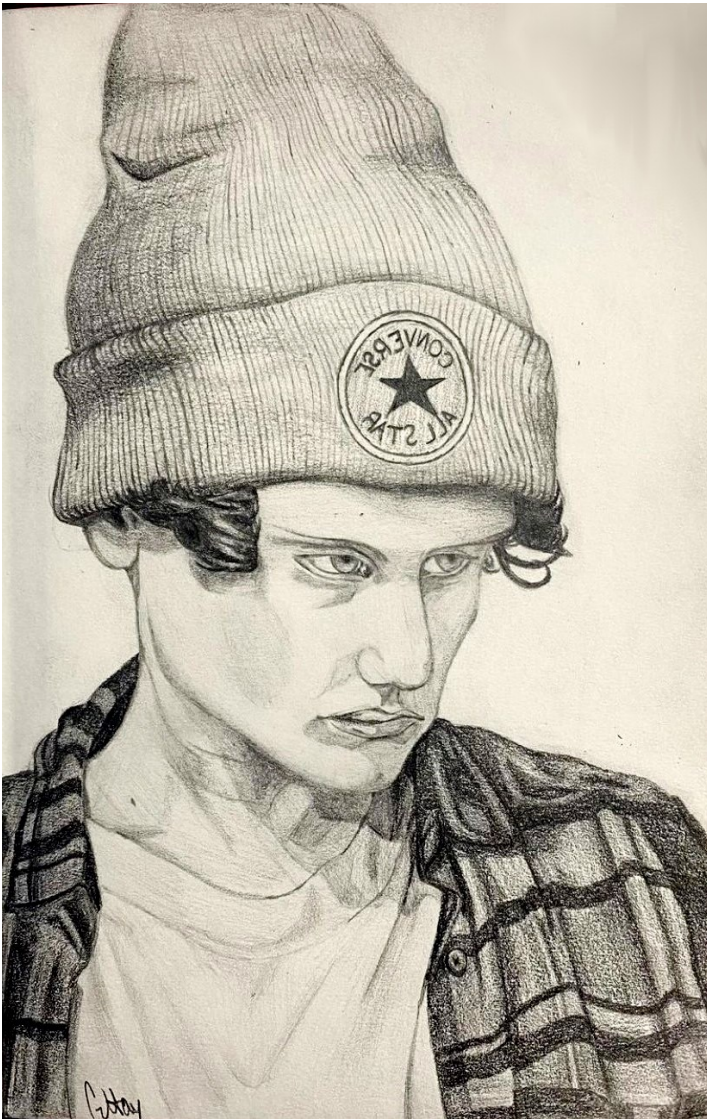


“Sunset Over the Water” by Katie Kitzman

Remembrance

By Rebecca Noyce

When I die,
Adorn my grave not with flowers,
But with stones.
So that I might be remembered
For longer than a flower takes to wilt.



“Self Portrait” by Gavin Hay

Track

By Kori Moore

From the first day I thought about running,
I started thinking about medals.
Once I figured out that I wanted to run I did.
I was running up hills until the season started.

Once the season came I was motivated.
I began going to practice every day,
Kept pushing even though my body was hurting.
Sometimes I wanted to quit but I kept going.

It became time for my first track meet,
I was more nervous than I had ever been.
I began walking down when my event was called,
I checked in and began walking to the starting line.

The race was beginning ON YOUR MARK, GET
SET, GO,
100.. 90.. 80.. 70.. 60..50.. 40.. 30.. 20..
Last 10 meters I gave it all I had.
Finished in first place in the 100 meter.



“Caution” by Udorji Oji

Walk

By Reagan Dean

You slowly walk to your destination
as if begging for something to stop you in your way
You walk so slow as if to suggest you already know the way
like you can see ahead to a worse future
so you take your time in the walk you take
You walk so slow taking in everything you see
as if the walk is more important than the destination to thee

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“Peter Parker” by Ashley Truesdale

