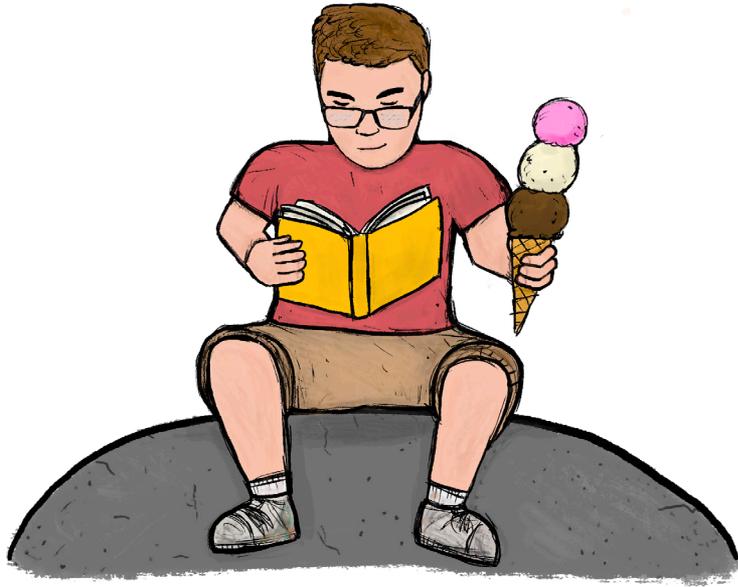


# SUMMER

LITMAG 2021







# LitMag

BCA'S ONLY  
LITERARY AND ART MAGAZINE

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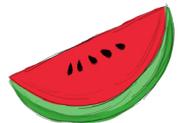
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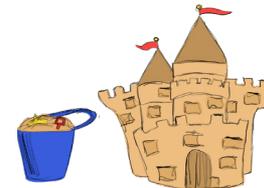




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# Words

Ellie Ushakov

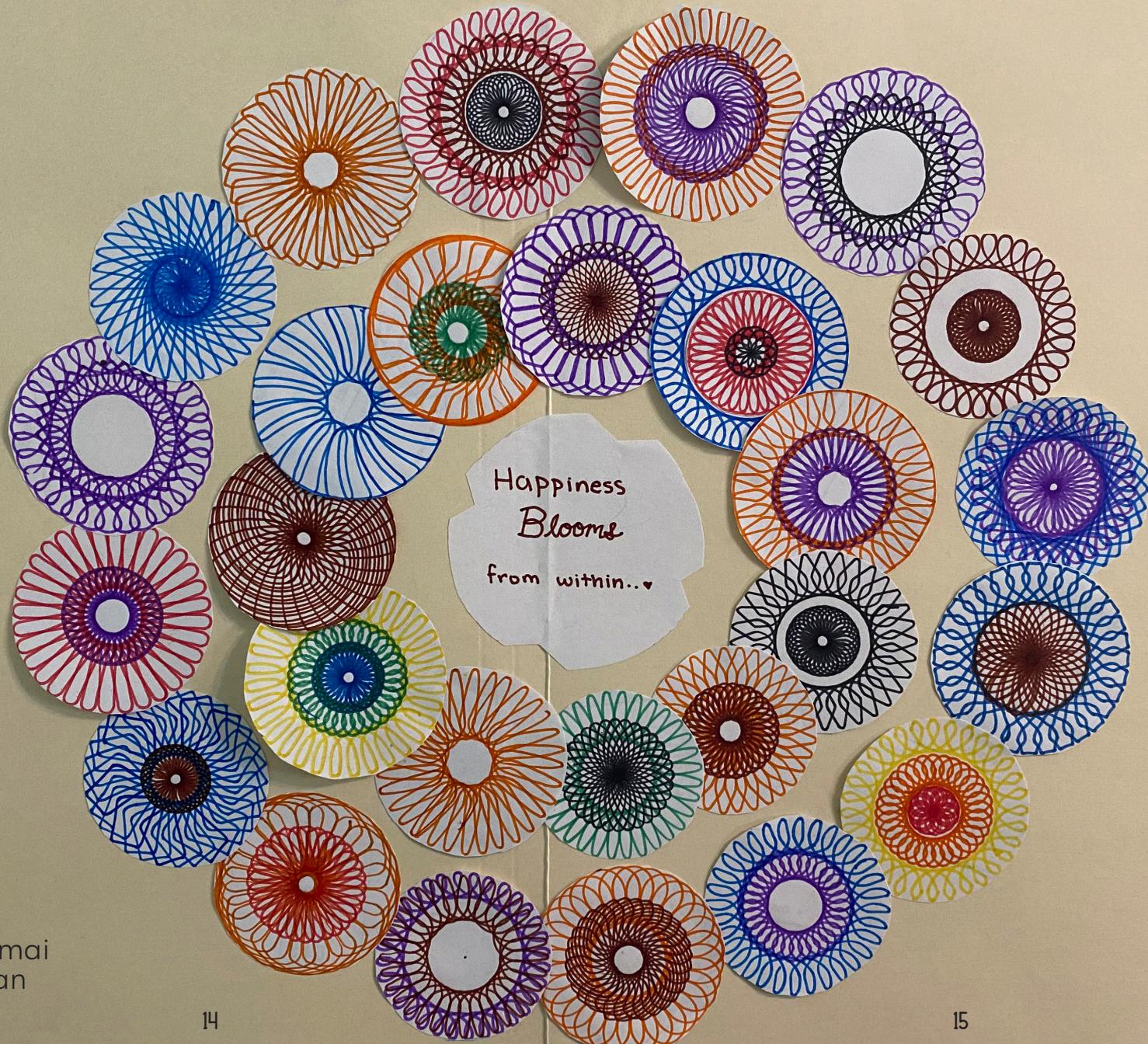
If only I could bring to light,  
the trees that line my field of sight.  
The vibrant colors, blue and red,  
that paint the blooming flower bed.

If words could wrap around them all,  
relay the blackbird's dismal call,  
then nothing would be left to say,  
and no one else could live that day.



## An Ideal World

Kannammai Pichappan



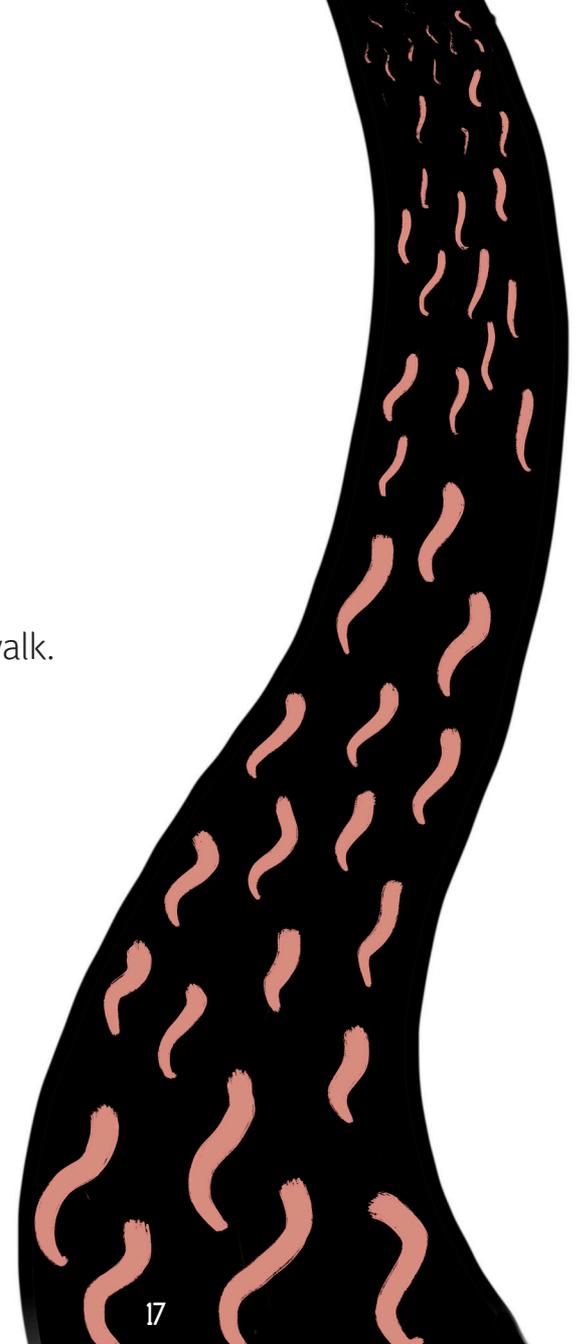
Happiness  
Blooms  
from within..♥

# Gummy Roads

Hayun Jung

I watch as the sky cries,  
the party screams: its tears bass to the crowd.  
Its audience fills the black concrete: a sea of pink that dances with ecstasy.  
Wiggling till they drop,  
I fear a death parade of a dance of no tomorrow.  
The flowers laugh, bobbing their heads up and down daintily,  
spreading pollen, against the sight of disgust: the streets full of corpses, which I walk.  
Squish the bodies compressed,  
the pink bodies splutter out,  
with some even whitened like gum against the floor.

I see the survivors wiggle,  
helplessly under the Sun's wrath, yearning for life.  
Elegant Janus bluebirds swoop close to the ground, tauntingly, searching.  
Piercing eyes skillfully locate the pitiful ones,  
gobbling them without pity,  
their lives are gone in a blink.





# Bull

Sera Hamilton



# Blue

Naomi Shi

# Carousel

Veronica Baladi

I watch the horses gallop up and down. They are not fully real, my mother tells me, but I think they are. Use your imagination, she insists. She takes my hand as we loop round and round. As we stumble off, my silly head spins a few orbits around the sun. My pigtails hurt my head, so I rip the clips out of my fine hair.

The ferris wheel completes another rotation

The place is infested with pouty little kids, so I ditch it this time.

The ferris wheel completes another rotation

I observe the prancing of the horses, elephants, and swans alike. Today, I am accompanied by a moderately handsome stranger whose name I don't recall. However, I do know he just graduated from Cornell with a degree in Animal Science, and this is our celebration. He laughs and takes me by the hand. The ride begins its course, and I examine his picture-perfect smile. He brushes my hair behind my ears and tries to wipe the ice cream off of my cheek. I let him for a moment, but my head somersaults again. I leave.

The ferris wheel completes another rotation  
I gleam as I take her onto the carousel for her first time. I tell her how lucky she is that she's now tall enough to hop on. She laughs and smiles. My very first smile follows. Her mouth glitters from ear-to-ear, until I gently undo her pigtails.

The ferris wheel completes another rotation

I waddle off of the ride after she picks the prettiest pink horse. My head cannot take any more orbits around the sun. Dizzy. She's all alone.

The ferris wheel completes another rotation

The carousel keeps going. The ferris wheel will rotate again-- it's a very well-oiled carnival. I'll give the organizers their due credit, it was a thrill the first few times. Everyone gets dizzy eventually, and has to leave the carousel before the carnival ends.

The ferris wheel completes another rotation

The ferris wheel completes another rotation

The ferris wheel completes another rotation

The ferris wheel completes a whole lot of rotations  
I watched the horses gallop up and down. They were not real, of course, but I once thought they were.



## Cherry Blossoms

Ryan Ng



## Washington's Wreath

Ryan Ng

# Lemonade

*Anonymous*

I watched as his hand  
effortlessly slipped into the space between the handle and  
the glass pitcher,  
making a fist around it,  
carefully lifting the spout  
as the not-so-crystal clear lemonade swiftly dripped into  
the glass  
that he held in his other hand.

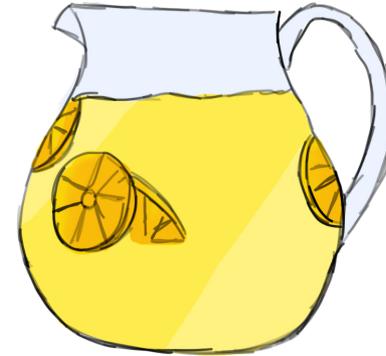
*The hand I wished to hold.  
The hand I wished would wipe my tears away.  
The hand I wished would caress my arm and tell me every-  
thing was going to be okay.*

The hand that was now offering me a glass of lemonade.

I watched as her hand  
gracefully slipped into her ever-so-slightly tangled almond  
hair,  
painted fingers brushing through the strands,  
pulling them apart  
until it was placed back down on her other hand,  
adorned with rings of gold and diamond.

*The hand I wished to hold.  
The hand I wished would wipe my tears away.  
The hand I wished would caress my arm and tell me every-  
thing was going to be ok.*

The hand that was now taking the glass of lemonade I  
offered.





# Heart of the Sea

Hafsa Ali

# flip flops

Rori Stanford

remember when  
summer began in july?

when you took me to the sea,  
and we went  
down to the shore

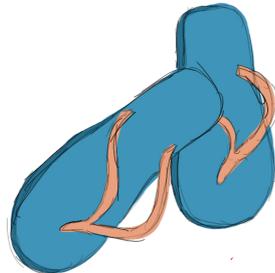
you said i should  
bring my flip flops

so we could dance  
on the dock,  
like the stars

remember  
the shapes in the clouds  
and the tide coming in  
and the glimmer of the daylight sun?

i never thought we'd say goodbye—  
until we did.  
of course, nothing lasts forever

so i put away my  
flip flops for another day.



# The Seas of My Past

Trinity Hansen

A salty breeze fills the air,  
Bringing back memories of a past time.  
The grit on my toes and the feeling of warmth,  
Bringing back memories of peaceful moments.  
The sun on my back and the burn of my skin,  
Bringing back memories of childhood simplicity.

But, what's missing from my past...  
The question lingers in the air.  
What piece of my heart,  
Missing and never to be seen again?

Those once-blue waters with foamy white peaks...  
Gone forever more.  
Replaced by a dull, brown slush,  
Sloshing against the shore.  
My once beautiful salvation,  
Polluted and destroyed.  
All because humans care no more.



# Nature's Beauty

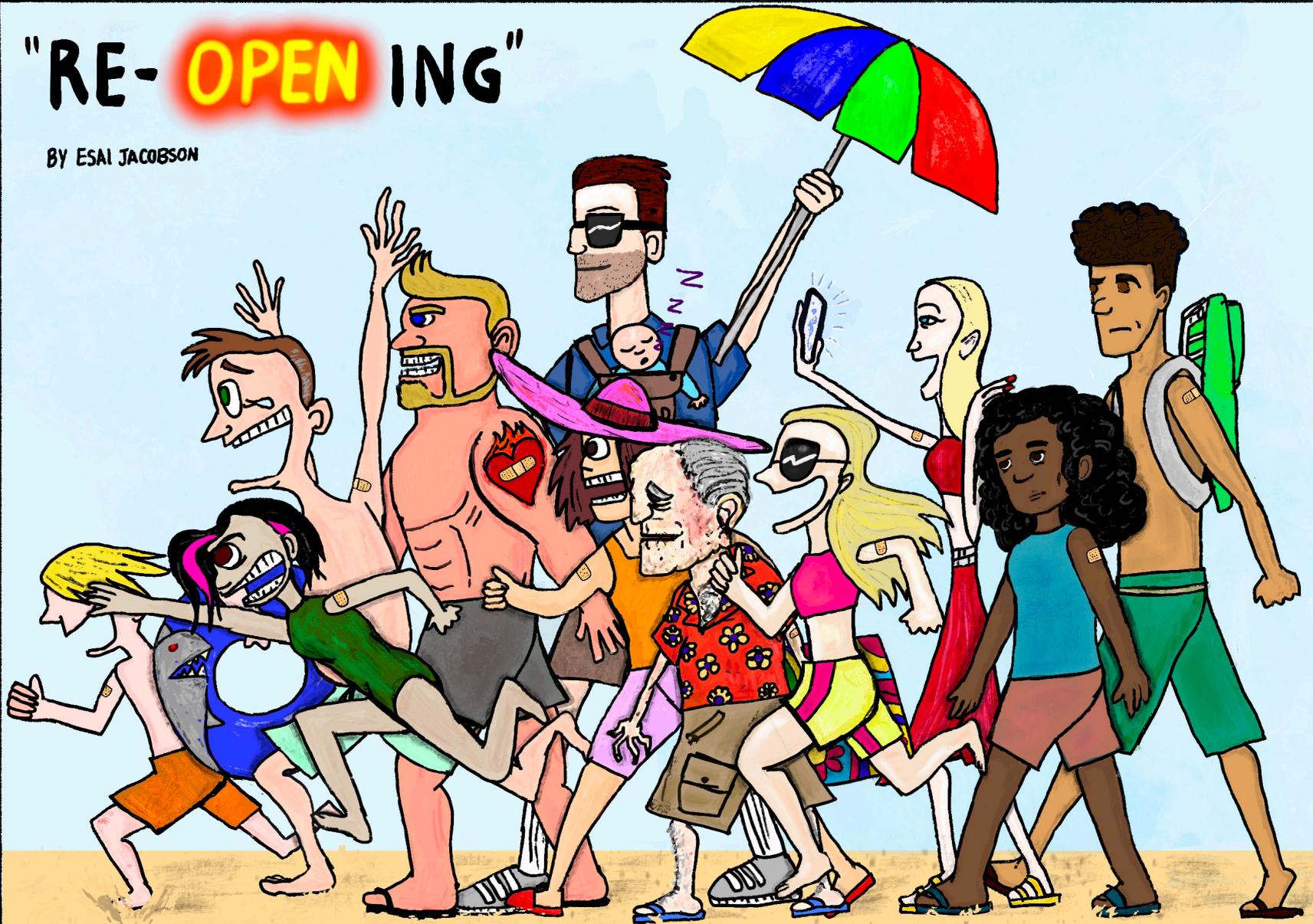
Mariam Ali



**Vitamin Sea**  
Marian Ali

# "RE-OPENING"

BY ESAI JACOBSON





III

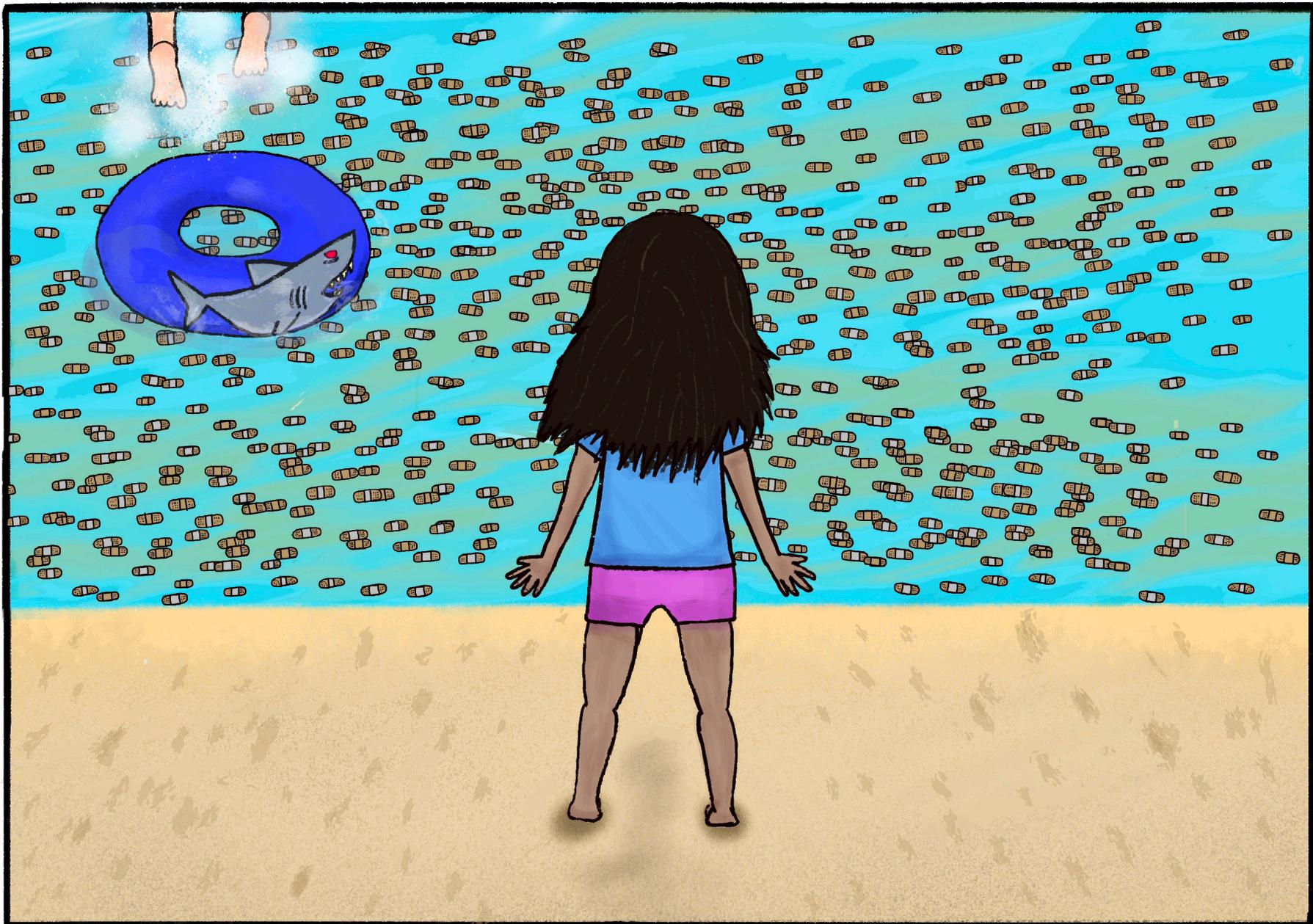
IV



V



VI



# WARHEADS

Erol Sonmez

You know warheads, those sour hard candies that make your mouth pucker up and your face go red, so obnoxiously yellow you might think they're radioactive?

I hate those.

No, I *abhor* them. I've despised them since the first time I got them at six years old from the corner store where Pop worked. I've loathed them every year that old ladies stuffed them into my candy bag at Halloween. I see no reason any sane human being would choose to eat them — not of their own free will, surely, but maybe if they were forced to. When a few of those yellow rat poison pellets are slung onto a linoleum countertop, with a pack of eyes staring at you, coaxing you and teasing you, there's not much else to do but to pop them into your mouth and don a smile. And when and they start to fizzle and your eyes begin to water and your tongue feels numb and you hate the warheads and you hate yourself for trying them and you hate the eyes and you just can't bear it anymore then by the time you've put your feelings into words the eyes have moved onto their next victim and you can spit them out while no one's looking.

# Through a Poet's Eyes

Ellie Ushakov

Through a poet's eyes, the whole world is beautiful.

How does one person capture your mind, your heart, your soul, so completely?

It seems improbable. Impossible, even.

And yet!

So many songs, paintings, sculptures, all birthed from that wind of passion that sweeps you off your feet. But how could that possibly happen to me, whose feet have never touched the ground?

In a world that is so overwhelmingly bright, so loud, and yet so, so beautiful.

How can you live in such a world without getting pulled every which way by the current of its immensity?



*K. Jiang*  
**Running for Hope**  
Krystal Jiang

# In throat chirps pearl

Ji Echo Qiu

Why do you sing? Wild bird—  
Your chirps jangle like pearl beads.

The necklace string is tight around tenuous throat,  
strangling the breath you hold.  
The necklace string is taut around trembling throat,  
thresh and thrash upon the threshold.

Does the pearl lay heavy in your throat?  
You sing for so long,  
and I am the only one who listens.

Because the pearl tastes of bile bird in my human mouth,  
and of chipped clipped chirping wings twisting through tissue.  
Because the pearl lays dumb in my throat.

Who do you sing for? Wild bird—  
(I sing for you)



# Brooklyn

Esai Jacobson

it just occurred to me  
that I will never see you again,  
and that the time together we've spent  
has come to an end.

when we argued  
you would never bend,  
always at odds,  
our battles, legend.

*when someone's always there,  
it's easy to take them for granted  
push them aside, keep them behind  
leave them empty-handed.*

I never liked you,  
but I think you were my friend,  
I wish I could thank you  
because I will never see you again.

THANK YOU

FOR SHARING

THE SEASONS

WITH US .

- LitMag  
2020-2021



ESAI JACOBSON  
6/14/21

HAVE AN **AMAZING**  
SUMMER!



SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!