



This literary magazine was created by the Willits High School students of Ms. Walton's creative writing class during the spring term of 2020. We were only in class together for two weeks before we were all required to shelter in place and school was closed due to the pandemic of Covid-19. Many of the poems and stories you read here are a reflection of our students's anxieties and fears, and what they have all experienced and endured. Here, we celebrate creativity, accomplishment, and perseverance.

Bravo, WHS Class of 2020!

Cover art by Jessica Brown



Covid-19's Death Grip by Tyler Bailey

Opie The Corgi

By Paul Quintero

Glistening golden coat
Curiously cute corgi
Lovable little legs
Beautiful brown eyes
Fuzzy flowing fur
Tall taut pointed ears
Bold brave bark
Long slim body
Perfectly placed white spots
Life lifting lover
Seemingly ceaseless searching
Finally found Opie

Covid 19's Touch

By Paul Quintero

It feels so surreal
Seeing the impact it has
All changing so fast

Yearning Interaction

By Paul Quintero

Too much time alone
Wishing to see closest friends
Missing them, it hurts

Baseball Poem

By: Eric Colvard

The color of dark green grass, like the dark green on
our helmets
As I walk up to the home plate
I can hear my family chanting my name
Gripping the cold metal bat in my hands
I can feel the sweat running down my face
As the sun shines down on me
Turning my cheeks red like a rose
I can see the laces on the baseball coming at me
As I see it getting closer I take a step and swing
Next thing I hear is the bat making contact with the
ball
Everyone started yelling Home Run
Over the fence the ball flew
As I ran across home plate to celebrate with my crew

Working Man's Poem

By: Eric Colvard

Waking up at sun rise
Driving to the job o my choice
Grabbing all the tools I need for work
The smell of grease and oil on my hands
Taking tools to fix cars
Gives my hand a lot of scars
Listening to my boss as we work
I make sure I do it the right way
As I wipe the grease with rags
I can feel the blood running down my hands
As the day comes to an end
I drive home in my big red pick up truck
To get the rest I need to start back up again tomorrow

Haikus

By Ethan Ferguson

Stuck inside often
Trying to leave everyday
This needs to end now

Feeling paranoid
Washing hands to prevent this
I would like to leave

Where I'm From

By Ethan Ferguson

I am from a baseball glove, from Wilson A2000 and love.
I am from the corner of a terrible neighborhood, a lovely home where
people are great to each other, and a beautiful place where you can smell
the flowers.

I am from the rose bush that is always putting a thorn in my mom's side,
the lavender my mom takes care of so well.

I am from Ferguson christmas sweater party and having big ears that can
get FM radio, from My dad and grandpa Michael Ferguson and James
Ferguson and the Ferguson family

I am from the alcoholics on one side and drug addicts on the other.
From my family coming from terrible childhoods and my dad breaking his
arm swinging out of a tree like a monkey.

I am from no religion, but my family believes there is someone looking
above us.

I'm from Ukiah, California, Texas, and Ireland, the Ferguson salad which is
mayonnaise and lettuce with pickles, and spam.

From the time my great grandpa shot another man so he could be
with my grandma, the guy who came and stole my great grandma's heart
after her first husband died, and the time my great grandpa Ferguson
faked his death.

I am from a brick house in Grass Valley, California, the money hidden in the
backyard of the brick house, the firefighter bag I have from my great
grandpa.

Cherish the Rare Flower

By Joscelyn Beebe

I am opening up again,
like a flower in bloom
at the height of a dry spring.

Little bee, little one,
Try not to take all my nectar
at once, it is sweet but not permanent.

Don't touch my petals with a mean thumb,
or they might fall off
my beauty will be just a memory.

Quarantine

By Joscelyn Beebe

It is dinner time,
or maybe it's breakfast again and I've
lost the time.

The days mash together
like potatoes in thick soup
And I count the hours -

I still can't find myself.
Lost in the continuum
gripping handfuls of sand.

Leaving My Life

Anonymous

Watching my life leave
Only to be forgotten
Memories are gone

Leaving home is wrong
My future is fading still
It continues to

Scared of the virus
My life is no longer mine
Inevitable

They do not value me
Value my obedience
Or fear the outcome

Home Is Where The Soul Is

Anonymous

Do not go because I ask you to
Instead go where the wind takes you
Enchant yourself with her
Until you feel yourself losing her, you'll feel me
And i liked it

Do not go gentle into the wind
Burst through with hope and agony
And i will praise you for your admiration
Of finding someone who was not looking for you
And i liked it

The night is dark and humble
Although humble and dark soon turn into toxicity
And toxicity is not to be taken lightly
But i lightly took yours and mistaken it for love
And i liked it

I do not blame you for hurting my soul
But rather hurting it twice
And knowingly creating havoc in my home
Home is where the heart is they say
And i liked it

Poem #1

by Dillon Longmire

I turned to Country
Letting the sun dry the mud on the truck
And going down the bumpy roads
I turned to the music
The music that has pumped up acoustics
And slower ones that are therapeutic
I turned my clothes to match
Blue jeans and boots became attached
And my jeans often needing a patch
I turned to loving all of it
And never getting bored
But never wanting more

Poem #2

By Dillon Longmire

Graduation is almost here
And life seems so near
Future plans flood my head but its not clear
I'll be happy to see everyone soon
So many memories in the little time here
But I wouldn't have it any other way
Because if i'm being honest it's been the best time of my
life
Meeting new people and experiencing new things
The future is coming fast
And all I can do is be ready
Because no preparation can prepare me for life
And life hits hard

Color

by Zoe Grimm

An official and permanent bond,
Long overdue and late
Venom in both scaly tails
A salty recycle with no immense emerge
Like siblings with the classic line of
"Well, they started it!"
Fighting fire with fire
Two wrongs don't equal a right
Put two innocents together
What do you get?
Laughs, Love, the next step to recovery
Nobody came out with a suggestion

Location of Happiness

By Zoe Grimm

Humans yearn and crave another
Expecting to receive more than give
Given examples and a false promise
Resulting in false happiness

The need for another
A mistaken requirement formula
In order to be content
In order to enjoy our cycle

At the end of the day,
You are your biggest supporter
Live life to your content
And endless comfort

Rabbits in the Night

By: Jasmine Wear

Long nights, less sleep.
The blankets, bats, and black beyond.
Eyes, they shine bright in the night.
A bite they might, I must watch.
Leave him be, let him see.
Hops and flops my rabbit tonight.
Protect you I must,
I will not rest till dawn.
Maybe I will, maybe I won't,
Run into those who want to hunt.
I will stay up, I hope you know.
You will not become the raccoon's lunch.

Coronavirus Stew

By: Jasmine Wear

Houses instead of pots
Wifi instead of heat
People instead of beef
Phones instead of carrots
Pets as potatoes
Don't forget to add the bat
Oh wait we have a cat
Maybe it will leave one on the mat
So we can make sure
To put some in
Our very delicious
Coronavirus Stew!

My Roots

by Aleen Hernandez

I am from a minuscule town,
hidden in the meadows of Mendocino County,
I am from the vividly decorated walls of my home,
which have witnessed me grow from an infant into an
adolescent,
I am from the immense, ancient, mysterious, and powerful
redwoods surrounding me,
I am from the posadas and welcoming families,
from Maria Moreno and Dalila Guzman Rivera,
From "work diligently" and "always lend a hand to those in
need,"
I am from the crucifix, in which Jesus, our savior, died for
the sins of the world,
I am from the ancient bridge of Chamacuaro, Guanajuato,
to the abundance of avocados flourishing in Uruapan,
Michoacan,
I am from the paper dahlias to the smell of wet earth,
To the chilaquiles, mole, and elotes,
I am made up from the galvanized steel trampoline and
tree swing in my backyard,
To the board games and card games inside of my
cupboards,
I am from those moments of the Hernandez and Gonzalez
families.

Living in the Solitary

by Aleen Hernandez

All sheltering home
Isolated from the world
Missing our freedom

Epidemic Domination

by Aleen Hernandez

Pandemic outbreak
Fear unleashed among us all
Whole nation shutdown

Betrayed

By Eddie Llamas

Warm up summertime
A fragile flower dances
Betrayed by the sun

At Night

By Eddie Llamas

Unusual night
For an olive, dark trees screams
Before the whispers

A Darkness

By Eddie Llamas

Deep into that darkness fogging
In there stepped an insecticidal black
It threw its ghost against the sheep
And the stillness never washing
The hush humanness hushing
With such a passion for crushing
The shadows came brushing
And the duskiness was rushing
The blackflies came slushing
Shaking and shaking with their
naturalness
There stood a negroid flushing
Only this and a rain

'Til We Meet Again

By Isabella Nunez

To the one I miss dearly,
buried in the ground.
The right direction is where you steer me,
although you're not around.

Your smile was like a ray of sunshine,
which always comforted me.
We didn't have a long timeline,
but I enjoy the memories I see.

What I'd give to talk to you,
or get one more hug.
To hear your coffee brew,
and be all snug.

What's it like to be free?

By Isabella Nunez

Being stared at and afraid,
cameras flash while ice cream is being made.
Children smiling and pointing at me,
What's it like to be free?

I growl and put on a show,
but there is so much that the people don't know.
Stuck inside this cage and behind the glass,
What if I'd rather fish for some bass?

My roar is music to your ears,
yet you keep me here for years.
You call me the majestic cat,
do you know where my real home is at?

Where I'm From

By Micah Stamps

I'm from the glistening seas and enchanting screens,
I'm from the towering trees and bustling cities,
I'm from the sleepy back seat of a red Toyota Camry,
I'm from patience and "yes please."
I'm from the making friends in constant new places,
And from the finding the best in all situations,
From the sprawling forest to the end of a street,
I call it my home,
For I cannot with reason claim one place alone,
Each new land has taught me a lesson,
From the Bay of Alameda,
To the Willits valley basin,
So when asked where your from,
Think of where all you have been,
For each new travel expands your home,
As well as your kin.

To Practice Lonely Poetry

By Micah Stamps

To recite a poem to oneself is a special form of soliloquy,
Isolated to hear only the inward inspection,
The brain bogged by both speaking and listening,
Your stage surrounded by self doubt,
Conjuring cumulus clouds of judgment,
As you open up your soul,
Aspirations and obligations fill the room with
condensation,
Words pour from your persistent lips,
Like a rolling river the words pour beyond your
fingerprints,
Bouncing off the silent walls,
Your inner voice hears it all,
A slight inflection, error or mistake,
It all sends you back to first base,
This is how it feels,
To practice lonely poetry.

The Lonely Bed

By Maira Trujillo

Here I sit on the end of the bed
Cold, lonely, and thoughts running through my head
Nowhere to go for comfort
Nowhere to lay for warmth

Today like every day I sit on the bed
I wait for you, with the tears I shed
Nothing but the memories replay
But you just didn't stay

Now I close the door behind this lonely bed
To walk away from my own head
There was never comfort
There was never warmth

Bird Cage

By Maira Trujillo

This quarantine has me feeling like a bird in a cage
Nowhere to go nowhere to escape
As I see the sun set and the moon rise
I hope that this will pass at a blink of an eye

Being alone, and the moon shining bright
My mind is lost with nothing in sight
Tonight will be the last day alone
No more night alone

No more days shining bright
Let's hope that this will leave the world soon
No more sickness and no more gloom
Today will end I know for sure

The Last Time I Raced

By Drake Wisdom

It was hot and dusty, sweat was running down my face
Everybody came, it was double point race
I came to get first place
I was nervous, but didn't let it show on my face

I lined up on the gate, waiting for the green light
No more wait, down went the gate
I wasn't a second late
I was in first, it was fate..

I could see the finish line, im almost there
But my chain snapped it wasn't fair
My bike and I went flying through the air
I didn't win and that was the end

Where I'm From

By Drake Wisdom

I am from a basketball hoops, from Nike and Adidas
I am from an old chain net.
I am from the apple tree my grandma grew, the walnut tree in my yard.
I am from camping in the summer and busy people, from aunt Kim and Uncle Dennis and Grandma Mack.
I am from good luck and bad timing.
From I brought you into this world and I can take you out and always be safe, respectful and responsible.
I am from a Christian mother, I lack in religion, I do not have strong beliefs
I'm from Willits and Vacaville California, Mom's oreo fudge and rainbow jello.
From the street sign that gave me stitches on my Grandma Mack's 90th birthday, the fishing trips with my dad and Uncles Dale and Dennis, and the garden my family grew.
I am from the trips to UCSF for my little brother and the visits to San Diego's Camp Pendleton for my brother Dillion.

We always smile but there are always tears
We all have high hopes, that eventually slow
For a new start there is always an end
Every hello can be a goodbye
All hugs are always cherished
As long as it is as good as a cherry
For every fall there is always a blockhead
For every person there is always a past
People keep their thoughts out in the open
Instead of keeping it deep inside
For every win there is a lose
Everything comes with an action

By Rachel Woods

Sunday morning bright as can be
Birds are singing in the wavy trees
I look in the field as far as I could see
The strawberries are growing as big as could be
The blueberries are plumped as blue as the sea
The rabbits are running all over as I can see
The birds are now flying away from the trees
Up to the berries the birds will be
The only sound in the air are the buzzing bees
They love to go flying from daisies to the trees
Collecting the pollen that helps the fruit grow
As I said Sunday mornings make me happy as can be

By Rachel Woods

*The cold is as cold as night
We try to survive and fight
The longer we wait
The more they will take
Like a blight draining our humanity
It is as if we are constantly losing our sanity
We must try to hold on
Or our lives will be less than gone
Like a creature reborn
Our limbs and insides will be torn
This life is not worth surviving
As I would like to live before dying*

~Anonymous

The television went static
Words of despair filled my head

Death
Emergency
Catastrophe
Fear

Pounding in my head
Golden spring morning

The sweet birds sang
The bumble bees hummed

Calm and happiness
I am at peace

~Anonymous

High Tense

By Angel Jacinto

The wave of nerves flowing through my body
Each step getting harder and harder to take
Heart racing out of my body
Stomach twisted up the urge to throw-up coming

The whistle blows I jump up
The team gets together focused on the game
Voices cheering and quiet to hear the team
Running to position fueled with passion

Goalie makes a save the crowd roars in excitement
On the ground not getting up
Pain flowing through his finger
Voices worried angry saying don't give up

The crowd is quite anxious with the game being tied
Steam flowing off players heads
Last play the ball rolls in the net
Home team on their knees crying from disappointment

The First Time

By Angel Jacinto

Soccer was the sport
The first time I played a game I fell in love
Running across the field feeling the wind hit my face
Shooting the ball into the net hearing it whoosh

Competitive competition felt great
Anger, angst, the sadness came with the sport
The position I played was goalie
But I was big strong quick
I was put into midfield

The first loss was huge
I threw a tantrum
Anger flew through me because we lost
Sadness came out because I was crying
Throwing anything in my way

Poem 1 by Matthew Licea

See the Chirping of the Birds
I think he's angry at the weasel's words
Who is that flapping near the House?
I think she'd like to eat the other mouse.

She is but a deep Snake
Admired as she sits upon a stomach ache
Her car is just a kangaroo,
It needs no gas, it runs on ado.

She's not alone she brings a lake
a pet sloth, and lots of intake.
The sloth likes to chase rocks,
Especially one that's in the blocks.

Poem 2 by Matthew Licea

When the dog chased the man,
He had a plan.
The plan was better than,
Any other plan of a hitman.

His plan was to escape,
Then head to the landscape.
There he will videotape,
This magnificent escape.

After that he gets some rest,
So he can continue his quest.
His journey has been very messed,
But he will be home in the midwest.

Haikus by Ryan Miltimore
The trees and the lake
The stillness of the dark night
Endless stars up high

Sitting at my house
Wondering what I should do
When will this stuff end

All the stores are closed
Businesses might go bankrupt
Except for big stores

I miss Willits High School
I want at least one more day
It's not fair to seniors

Where I Am From by MaKenzie Hansen

I am from the bags full of clothes that I'd take from house to house, from curl tamer and moisturizer.
I am from the separate houses on the opposite sides of town that seem so far.
I am from the poppies growing in the most random of places and graffiti on the trees.
I am from the joint holidays, the messy wavy hair, from Carrie and Daniel but never together.
I am from sarcastic women and know-it-all men.
From the monster under my bed and the little fairies that lived in my garden.
I am from listening to bible tales when I was nine and the belief of science when I turned twelve
I am from Ukiah, turkey and rice and top ramen until my parents felt better.
From the swings my dad did back flips off, the house where my uncles grew up, and the restaurant my grandmother bought.
In a box I keep my photos, in a drawer I keep my parents photos, and in a journal I keep everything I have ever written.
I am from all those stories, memories, photos, and pieces of writing.
For those are what tell my story.

I wish I could fix the situation but it can't be redone
I know I was such a bummer
The group didn't want none
They didn't want a new comer
I wasn't in our zone
I don't think you were proud
And left you all alone
I saw a different Crowd
But I was kind of done
You were like my other brother
We were having so much fun
We showed up with each other

By Jett Seaton

Where I am From

By Jett Seaton
I am from the white clean smelling yankee candle
That is lit every time we clean the house.
From the local Rexal pharmacy stickers
I shared with my family
From difficult puzzles spilled all over the kitchen table
I am from the long cracked brick pathway
That leads to the white front door
From the wooden box in the closet
Filled to the top with secret memories
From the new family pictures hanging on the wall
I am from watching reruns of Garfield on the old broken tv
From stubbornness and anticipation
Always combined into one
I am from the glossy peaches I had everyday for dessert
From rusty brown wood clothes pins with silver wire
Holding Up the wet clothes to dry
From smelly broccoli being cooked every other night
From matching pajamas worn every Christmas morning
I am from the black fan on my nightstand
That helps me find peace to sleep at night.

A silent death looms over the people
Officials know who
But no clear weaponry
Person to person this killer moves
Religion calls it a curse
Science say plague
All become affected
No one's safe
The world in shackles
Money to dust as power crumbles
Bow to the darkness or be another figure
It kills without puncture, noise, or care

By Rachel Hageman

Haikus

By Rachel Hageman

Dry hands from the soap
Parents essential workers
Trying to save men

Bed is never made
Computer is always dead
Overwhelmed in work

Where I'm From

By Patricia Carrillo

I am from hair ties, from Pine-Sol and vanilla Fabreeze
I am from the green chipped paint on my porch
I am from the pretty succulents, the prickly cactus
I am from Sunday cook-outs and brown silky hair, from Rosa's
advice and Jesus's support and my Papa Juan's stories
I am from the "wait until the last minute" and sharing everything
From no boyfriends until you can clean and cook properly and I
love You's
I am from early church on Sundays and cold posadas in
December
I am from Nacogdoches, Texas and Guanajuato, Mexico
From rice, beans and warm handmade tortillas
From my parent's tragic divorce and the exciting birth of my first
nephew
I am from the dusty old picture album that sits under the TV
stand; holding every memory I lived

Poem by Hanna Corey

2020 The year I was supposed to graduate
Friends and family gather around
They watch as you walk
But before that you experience so much
Or at least you are supposed to
All seniors are supposed to have a ditch day
All seniors are supposed to have a senior prom or sober grad
All seniors are supposed to have a senior prank
But class of 2020 they don't get that, any of it.
They don't get to have the last few moments of school sitting
in class just waiting for the bell to ring
But now we just wish that we could go back
hear the bell and have the last moments that we will never be
able to ever again
Even
Class of 2020 I have the fullest of hearts for you all
Caps in the air to all of you

The tides turn as the lockdown begins
The world panics once again
As the virus spreads the old perish
Now the new generation can cherish

We fall to those above us
But when we rise we shall cuss
As if the rockets above us bust
The ground under us rusts

As the sky falls and the fires burn
The ladies in the lake learn to churn
The fires wash away and the world is new
As new life sprouts from the residue.
By Joseph Denier

Where I'm From

By John Foucault

I am from toy light sabers, from Pokemon cards and Lego
scattered on the floor.
I am from the numerous potholes in the street.
I am from the clear blue skies, the grey cloudy days.
I am from the Christmas eve dinners, from Kyles and Jacks,
from Pinsons, Form Foucaults
I am from firefighters
I am from money not growing on trees and my sister
having a tail
I am from the ignoring of religion. We do not talk about it.
I am from Fort Bragg, garlic bread, and prime rib.
From my brother thinking "Porkn" was a word even though
it's supposed to be pork n' beans.
I am from the photo album lost in the garage
From the time it has spent collecting dust only looked at
by me searching for something else

My Life

By Carson Miler

I am from BBQ coals , from Engine Oil and Grease.
I am from the Beautiful, Comfortable, it's so reflective it blinds
you.
I am from the Tall Oak, the Big Bush which I can remember I
couldn't wrap my arms around.
I am from Secretive and Shorties, from Dani Campbell and
Kristin Campell and Robert Campbell.
I am from the jokesters and the Animal Lovers.
From being told to do what I want and to always stand up for
myself.
I am from (representation of religion, or lack of it). Further
description.
I'm from Arizona and am Greek, Gyros and grilled meat.
From the story about my grandfather on my dad's side, the
cruel things he did(another detail, and the way my Father
lived.
I am from the family pictures above my head, so many faces
all brought as one, delicate to the touch.

The Ocean

By Cheyanne Paulson

The sun sparkled over the speckled sapphire sea
I look down, in the depths to see a dolphin
Swimming in the sea
On the other side an octopus
In the shadowy, salty sea
As I reach the beach I bash the boat
But slowly I step out to the sea
I want to be apart of the sea
I stood still and stopped
As the sand seeped between my toes
I am free, feeling as happy as can be
The sea sets sights on setting me free

Bird Cage

By Maira Trujillo

This quarantine has me feeling like a bird in a cage

Nowhere to go nowhere to escape

As I see the sun set and the moon rise

I hope that this will pass at a blink of an eye

Being alone, and the moon shining bright

My mind is lost with nothing in sight

Tonight will be the last day alone

No more night alone

No more days shining bright

Let's hope that this will leave the world soon

No more sickness and no more gloom

Today will end I know for sure

Haikus with Patrick Turner
during Corona

Sitting with the plague
Never go six feet near it
Isolation sucks

With all this time I
Can do so much around me
Will you please join me

Prayers

By Pablo Avalos III

Please, take care of my dear ol dad

Without him my wonderful world wastes away

I pray that his soul sleeps in safety

I may have made a mistake

For I am barely woman and have birthed a boy

I pray that you send the strength that I desperately seek

He softly suffers when he sleeps

Longing love from littles that he cannot see

I pray for my partner who is pained by his past

Tough time for my troubled tots

The world cries as cases of corona climb

I pray this virus vanishes

