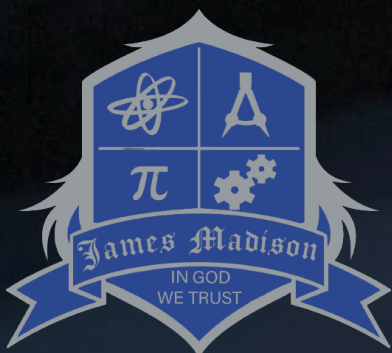


Volume IV

IGNITE — 23

A JMPHS ANNUAL CREATIVE ART AND LITERATURE MAGAZINE



Editors' Notes

It's been so fun working
on the Newspaper with
such creative people!

- Hafitha Ayyad

This year has been a
great time working with
a team of committed
individuals - Kiley
Malone



I am so grateful for the
opportunity to work with the
JMPHS Creative Team on this
years newspaper and IGNITE
magazine. It has been an
incredible experience and I
can't wait for next year!

Dixie Phillips

Facilitator's Notes

It has once again been a privilege to work with such an amazing and talented creative team. The following works are a small portion of art and writing from the many creations of the JMPHS students. It is my hope that we can continue to ignite a fire in each student's heart to find their creative outlet in life. I would especially like to thank the assistance of Hafitha Ayyad and Dixie Phillips for their outstanding work on this edition.

Mandy Bergeron

Ignite Facilitator

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Youth and Longevity

Des'Tanee Smiley

I can't wait to be a big kid so I can ride the bikes like them

If only you knew

I can't wait to get in high school so I can be cool like them

If only you knew the hardships you face there

I can't wait to get my own job so I can have money like them

If only you knew what came behind it

I can't wait to get out of my mom's house and be grown like them

If only you knew how it feels to be without her

I couldn't wait to finally graduate high school to be an adult

If only you would've realized your youth was beautiful until it wasn't

You couldn't wait to leave your teens because it seemed so exciting to

feel grown until it wasn't

If only you would've lived a bit longer, life could've been easier but it

wasn't



Golden Fields, Sarah Androski

Summertime

Dixie Phillips

Before we know it, the days stretch long

Soon my feet will be bare,

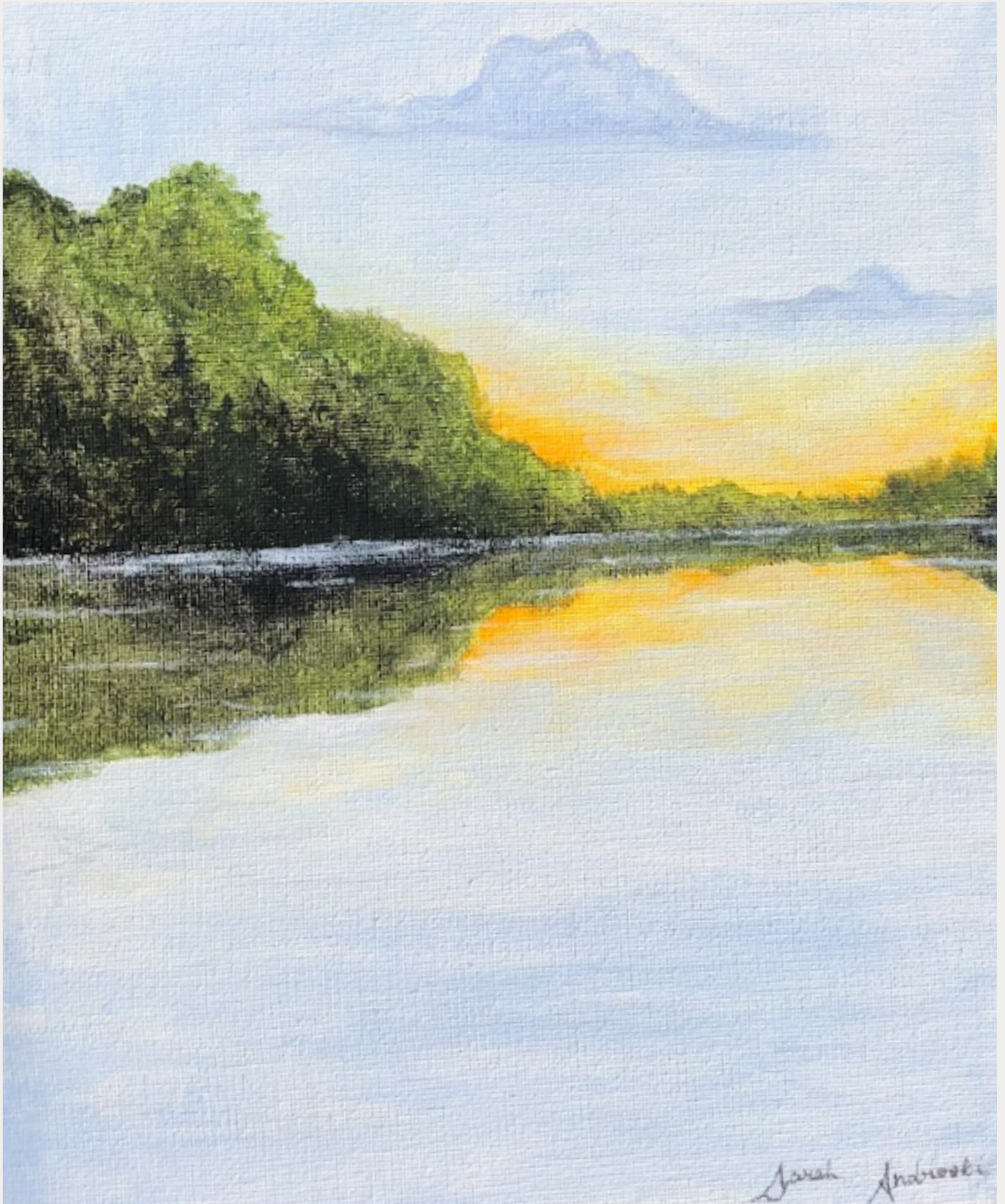
my hair coarse with salt

We will return to our best state

Sun-kissed skin and warm eyes

Wild and free,

chasing the melodies of summer



Sunset on Glendale Lake, Sarah Androski

Looking in The Mirror

Savanna Freeman

If you look in the mirror, what do you see?

Do you see you or do you see me?

My eyes deceive and show me what I want to believe.

Sometimes I see nasty and others I see nice.

Looking in the mirror I hate what I see.

I am not the person who I used to be.

Looking in the mirror I want to break it

But I know I can't, so I continue to look at the girl who was taken.

When I look in the mirror A reflection stares back, me just hoping it'll
go away.

It won't go so I just turn off the lights and walk away.

When I am looking in the mirror I see a person I wish wasn't me.

Putting on a smile, I fix my reflection.

Although the anger and hatred still remains

I can pretend to be the girl that I never hate.

The sorrow settles down until tomorrow where I can no longer hate the
human I see

in the mirror looking back at me.

I can't hate that girl I see because the girl that I see looking at me in
the mirror is me.



Rainy Day, Sarah Androski

Portrait, by
Olivia Escobar

kan Reka

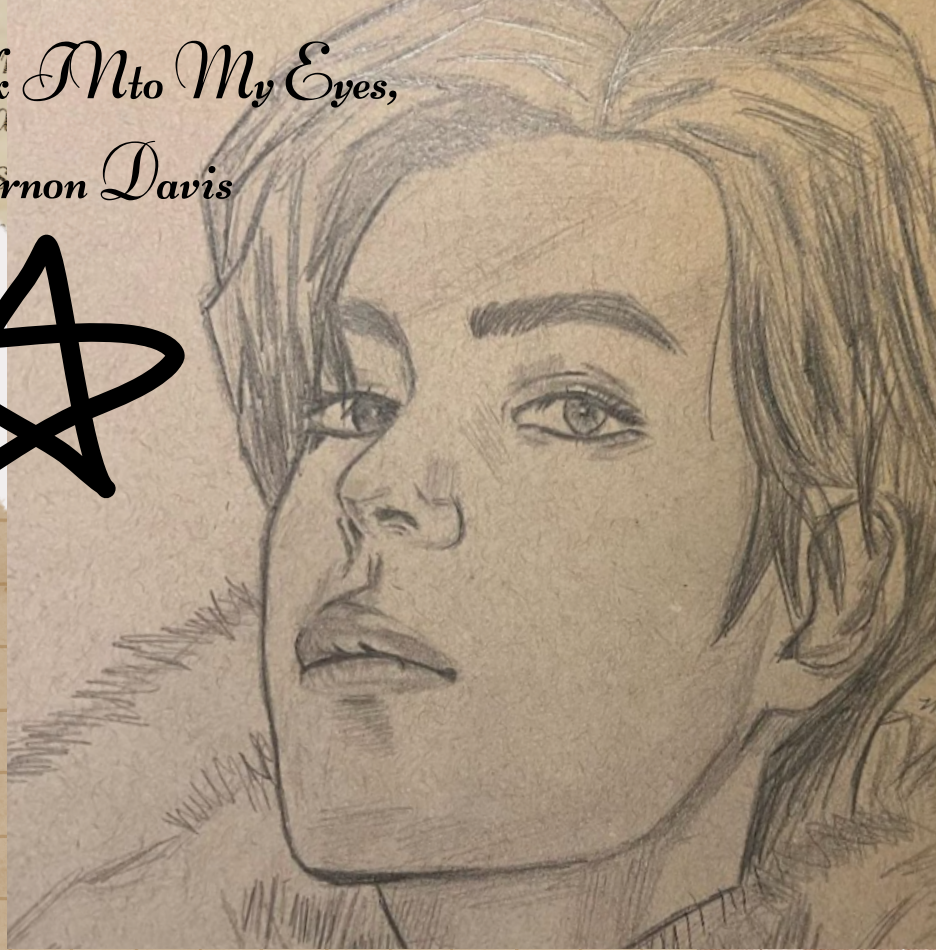
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Look Into My Eyes,
by Vernon Davis



Peanut Butter Thief,
by Sarah Androski



Fire-Holding

by *Alana Ortiz*



Regret You

Hafitha Ayyad

I don't know why I was hoping
I was soaked in the rain
You kept calling my name
It sounds different, strange
Do I regret you?
It's my worst fear

I don't even know what to think
It just feels like I can't breathe
plastic wrap on my face
It's such a disgrace

The more you say
The less I know
You want me to take your hand

A Man in White

Casey McFall

He was timeless. A painting made for the eye of beauty. A man of etiquette in a society whose only goal was to watch the world burn. The eyes of a man who's seen so much more than he's heard. He held everything, like a vase that was made not to crack. Painted to perfection and sold into the world of subjugation for much more than he was worth. Touched by every part of the earth, but not loved. He was a subject of a cruel society that he was thrown into. A man who dresses in white. A man whose goal was to bring purity and love, to be cherished by human kind. But instead he was painted by the ways of the barbaric nature and thrown into the casts of a raging sea.

They asked for so much from him. He always had nothing to give, but gave anyway. His lungs, his kidneys, to be sold off somewhere and never seen again. He gave them everything. He never asked for anything in return. A man who was torn apart limb from limb by the gluttonous hands of the people who he wanted to help so dearly. Beat and thrown to the side, made to watch as the merciless animals rend the brushes he was created from. The once soft silk brushes were now smudged with unjust tyranny. They painted him with unsightly colors, tore apart his white clothes and stripped him of his nature. But no matter how much they tried, he was still perfervid.

Angry that he had what they could not, they locked him away. Shun from the eyes of the merciful and thrown into the slanted society they called a democracy. Forced to watch the vile from the same people who created him from nothing more than a brush. The same people who molded him into shape.

He was so fragile from the start. The man in white who could dirty from a gush of wind. They spit on him and abused the air he breathes. Threw him into the eye of the storm and told him to swim. They gave him nothing more than a life he never wanted. Nothing more than the unjust ways of the party he never wanted to be a part of. Nothing more than the repulsive stares of the same sins who created him. But he still stayed. A man whose purpose was to make the unsightly scene displayed into something beautiful. He was still covered in the ugly paint they smudged so sickly on him. His brushes still coarse from the scarring they so cruelly put upon. But they still could not touch the gold frame that he so dearly took care of.

A man in white. Wellness, innocence, goodness. He was taken advantage of in the most heartless way. Grabbed by the hands of the power-hungry animals and thrown into a wrathful society. A society who claims that all they need is force. A society who calls themselves a utopia in the most dystopian way. One man took upon the heartfelt task, but they still claimed foul arguments.