

"
Emotions
Are What Make Us
Human"
"





The following zine is a collection of poems, writings, and art created by students in Howard County. We aim to destigmatize mental health by sharing feelings and thoughts through various art forms. We hope you enjoy the students' work!





January Feeling

Today I woke up with a feeling of January.
I walk around with legs of frozen ice.
Whenever it happens it feels quite scary,
But after a while it feels very nice.
It won't last forever is what I have learned,
And the friends all around give me comfort.
Because this January feeling, it comes and it goes.
But when it ends, and the sun comes through,
We'll all have a laugh and I'll be back with you.

- Carter Nierle, 17

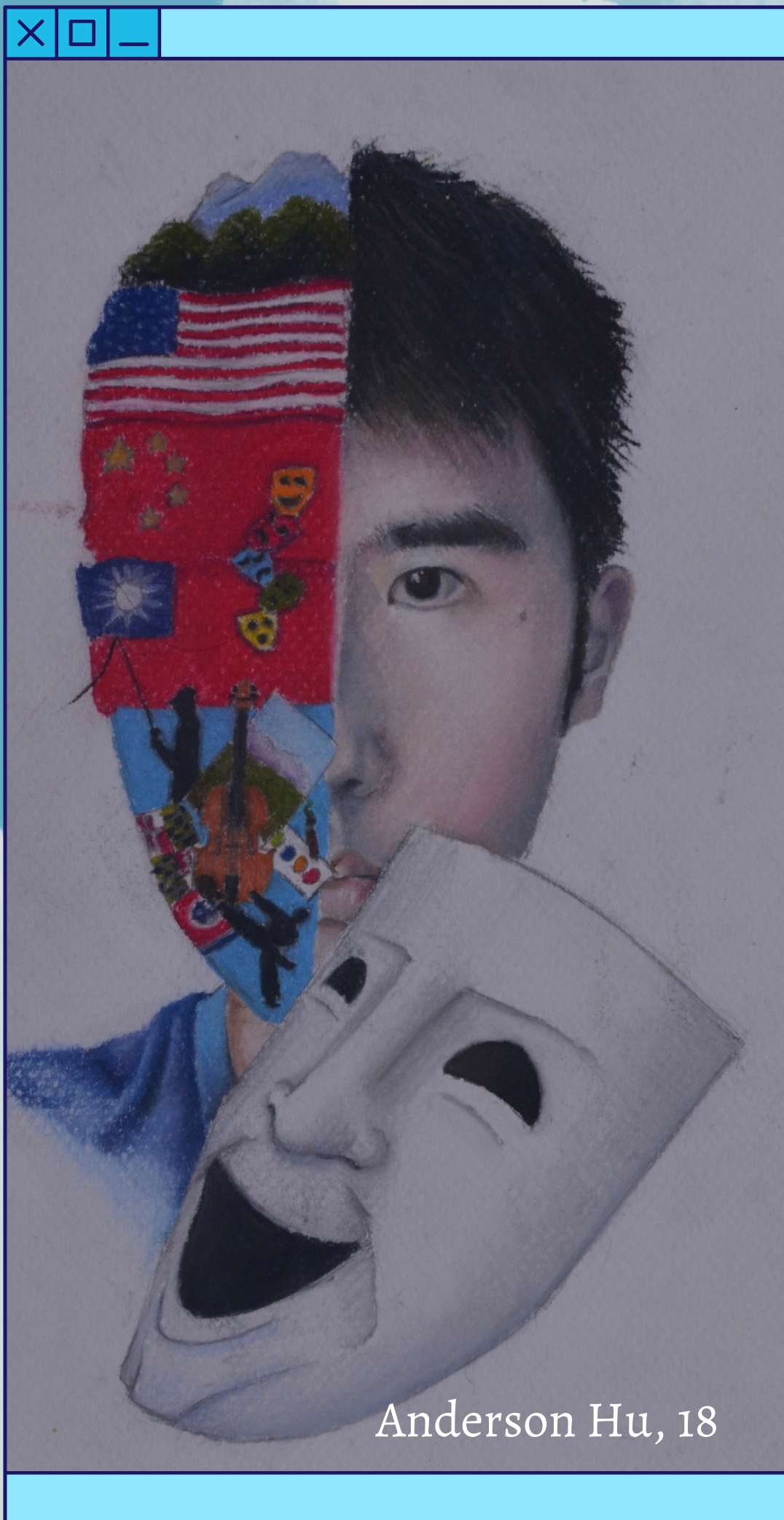


Internal Struggle

Crying every night
Emotions flying so high
Always let it out

- Matthew Choi, 16





Anderson Hu, 18



A stone wall thousands of feet high
Indestructible, impenetrable,
nothing in or out
Lonely, tactless, cold
Distant, inhumane
Cracks, foundation breaks
The wall crumbles down, years in the making
Sunlight shines in, a flood comes out
Abundance of colors creeps out
Accepted, loved, open
Humane

- Srihita Mylavarapu, 18





Sluggish

Today I feel sluggish,
Sad, and unsure.
I don't know what to do
But I want to do more.
I want to read,
I want to write,
But I feel so demure.
Though it may not feel like it,
This feeling will pass, I'm sure.

- Carter Nierle, 17



Brewing

There were magnificent clouds today
Of bright pinks and oranges.
That was kind of odd to me.
But the real truth of it is
They spelled doom for later.
I knew it was coming.
A storm was brewing.
I forgot my umbrella,
And of my own doing,
I got caught out there.
My whole body was soaked.
The signs were ignored
And I felt like a joke.
But then the storm passed,
And the light came back through.
I dried myself off
And went back to you.

- Carter Nierle, 17





I

cracked glass spreading webs over porcelain faces.

cuts on skin. cracks on faces.

all the same.

like russian dolls lined up growing smaller.

smaller.

smaller.

the same.

its all the same.

the same blood coursing through their porcelain veins. the same in yours. the same in mine.

the same skin made of the same arteries of the same blood with the same heart
pumping, coursing, bleeding, through your soul and mine.

we are stitched together.

we are a cruel tapestry of all the wrongs in this world.

one made by a puppeteer who

laughs

at the world He made.

geppetto.

geppetto.

carve me out again,

won't you? and you.

pinocchio.

go ahead and shrink pinocchio.

you'll never

be the real one.

get swallowed up, pinocchio.

swallow me whole until i see you.

you.

you.

everywhere. you .

glass shatters.

you are.

heart swallowed.

you are.

little dolls, opening up.

YOU are.

You are.

You are.

i shatter into a kaleidoscope.

look through.

look through.

can you see?

you?

and you?

and you?

i cut myself on the glass.

shattered glass.

its your blood speckling the ground

and its your nose bleeding and

its your skin that lies under mine

and its you. its you. its always you.

i am.

(how am i to be when you are. ?.)

i am.

you.

am i

you? i am

- Trisha Tomcy, 18





II

smooth glass refracts colored lights onto waiting faces
pales on skin. darks on faces. all the same
like russian dolls lined up growing smaller
smaller
smaller, into each other, into you, into me where they're
the same. they're all the same
the same blood coursing through their porcelain veins. the same in yours. the same in mine
the same skin made of the same arteries of the same blood with the same heart
pumping, coursing, living, through your soul and mine
we are stitched together. we are a beautiful tapestry coloring this world
one made by a weaver who threads each thread
over, under, and around, pulling together
lost souls and lost strands with skillful fingers intertwining
your fingers with mine
your lights with mine
your colors with mine
until our threads tangle until hearts intertwine
until we coalesce into a kaleidoscope
of pales and darks and reds and blues and lavender hues that weave into
white light in me and in you
in refracted light. we are.
in pales and darks. we are.
in your fingers and mine. we are. don't you see how
when i cut myself on glass we bleed.
its our blood speckling the ground and it's our nose bleeding and
its your skin that lies under mine and mine under yours
i am. you (how can you not be when i am and you are. ?.)
are. me? we are you
and me. we are you and me.
we are.

- Trisha Tomcy, 18

