

THE ANOINTING

Volume II

**Western International
High School**

SPRING 2019

Dark Blue

BY JACQUELINE PEREZ ASTORGA

My favorite color is dark blue.
Blue like the depths of the ocean
where the fish dance against the currents.
Blue like the sky where children's broken dreams fly.
Blue like the monster that
haunts your sister's dreams every night.
Like the sadness that seeps through
the caves of darkness.
Blue like the water that is frozen and cold
as your enemy's beating heart.
My favorite color is dark blue.

In My Heart

BY JAIR OLGUIN

If my heart was fire, no one could stop me.
If knowledge was my passion, no one would doubt me.
If my words were a river, they would give the thirsty sheep life.
If my hands touched the heavens, my face would shine.
If the anointing in me was as clear as a glass,
I'd be easy to follow.

The Biggest Tower

BY JEAN ALONSO

After a long day of working, full of cuts from the thorns
of plants, I come home drifting, tired, and helpless, but my mother,
waiting, takes care of me, curing the cuts. Her being
the ruby, a very valuable stone to me and, of course, the whole family.
She is one of a kind, just like the biggest tower.

A Key That I Don't Have

BY JEAN ALONSO

My brother is so joyful.
We orbit around him while he's in the center to illuminate us.
But there were days where the sun wasn't up in clouds of grey.

Within me is the skeleton made up of the struggles and hard work.
Within me are my parents' hopes and dreams on an anchor trying to not let go.
Up where my brain is supposed to be, there's a library with books
that are locked with a key that I don't have.

Directions

BY JESMAR LOPEZ

I'm at the beach playing with the sand
and my mother appears behind me like
the sun shining on everything.
She grabs me and folds me
into her arms.
I feel warm; her presence changes
my frown into a wide smile.

The hands that make me feel better are the
hands that catch meteorites. When the
winds around her seem like the end
of the world. The winds open her heart,
spreading warmth like books spreading knowledge.

I Want

BY ARON MALAVE

I want the truck to fly in
the air when it passes by my
house in the night.

I want to go play basketball.
I shoot and the ball hits the stars.

Bandages

BY ARON MALAVE

My father went to the store for
bandages
because I fell off the swing.
He never came back.
Three years later, he called and
he lives in LA. He finally got the
bandages.
I was still bleeding the whole time.
My blood was as red as an apple.

Fire Alarms

BY AVALON JONES

Fire alarms,
how loud my heart felt at night.
Constant hail,
the physical feeling of my heart.

Strange Awkward Feeling

BY BRIAN FERNANDEZ

A very strange awkward feeling
almost like
I am on my guard all of the time,
since this person is very manipulative.
Her mouth feels like a loaded gun
ready to fire lies at every given
second.
She is not trusted.

She Is An Angel In The Star

BY CLAUDIA VASQUEZ

Her image is infinite
as a shooting star.
She is an angel in everybody's heart.
Her soul is a glowing rose that
lights everybody's soul.
She is an innocent soul with
a gold heart. Tries to help everybody
that crosses in their life.

I Want More Nature

BY DAIMI MORALES

I want more nature
to explore and adventure,
watching monkeys going tree to tree
as fish swim free
when I'm running.
The sun is stunning
butterflies in the sky.
They're beautiful, no lie.

I had a pug.
We would always have fun
until I saw he was gone.
I fell to the ground,
couldn't talk to no one,
wanted to punch walls.
I was done with everything overall.

Five Directions To My House

BY ELENAMARIE PENA

Follow the trail of glowing fireflies.
Walk through the bright yellow sunflowers.
Walk into the cornfield and find a golden key
hanging onto a corn stalk.

Jurassic Park

BY ELENAMARIE PENA

Jurassic Park.
The grandmas outside on their porches shooting
at the dinosaurs.

Stop crying before I give you somethin' to cry about.
Because I said so.
Let the kids be kids

I Press My Ear To The World

BY ELIZABETH LUPERCIO

I hear the birds sing in the morning.
The stove whistle as it turns on.
My mom's slight humming.
The eggs sizzling.

Directions Home

BY ELIZABETH LUPERCIO

First, you step on a trail of broken window glass.
Walking as the glass shards seep into your feet.
Then you pick up a reflective shard.
You see yourself, but you're detached.
You walk through the shard,
I see my old house.
Home is where you hear the cars honking.
You can see the city light up.
Home is where my family is.
Seeing the light shine upon their faces, even in the dark.
Step out the glass.
There is no light here. This is not home.
Walk into the small house.
That is not your family.

I Want

BY ESTRELLITA PRECIADO

I want water to turn into
lava and kids to jump in it.

I want money to fall from
the sky when it rains.

Make Sure Your Mom Troubles You

BY ROGELIO LARA

Stop crying until I gave you something to cry about.
That's how you know your mom loves you.
If she does not bother you, she doesn't love you.
Make sure your mom troubles you.

I Want

BY ROGELIO LARA

I want pointless bullets to
disappear.
Every time a gun shoots it gets rid of
sadness and fear.
I want tougher skin to appear
when you get injured.
I want to see weapons and
feel secured.
I want soldiers to be learners
and cure diseases.

Inside of Me

BY STEPHANIE GUTIERREZ

There are flowers that have withered
since no sun has appeared.
Few strings that hold it all together
but the ocean still fights hard
to keep everything going.

Glass

BY STEPHANIE GUTIERREZ

I want glass to shatter on those who haven't
learned what it means to be broken.

Broken glass, broken hearts, broken people.

I Press My Ear to the World

BY VICTOR GARCIA

I hear the birds chirping hi to their mother.
I hear the desperate need of help in Mexico.
I hear the wars raging on in Afghanistan.
I hear my mom screaming in rage.
I hear the bell ring as school ends.