

Ink It

The Magazine of Unheard
Aptitude

Editors

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Autumn Billie

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Special Thanks To the contributors

*This magazine is meant to illustrate the talents of the
students of SFIS, the children of Native America.
It sets forth the products of our creativity and our
mighty spirits.*

-Ink It

MY FASCINATION

I always liked to draw, but not as much. When I first saw my cousin's way of drawing, it was different shapes and colors. I had a great fascination with this foreign art. So I later designed my own. I have practiced my colors and shapes in these foreign ways. Now I have gone on to ways that include languages beyond English.

This is not 'vandalism' but an art. It is merely misunderstood, its ability to go beyond the notebook and plastered amongst the public's views. They are threatened in society only because society fears this silent fiend in the night. These artists have been labeled as misfits and corrupted minds; they are not corrupt.

When I was little, I was fascinated with the stars; the myriads of multicolored, shimmering shards. Does this describe my fascination with explosions? Yes. It gives off the same emotional ideal that can bring a tear to my eye.

View these marvelous, misplaced colors. Misplaced and misunderstood, they are. This is the reason for society's fear. Many artists were rebels, and some have revolutionized what society has called 'art'. Some were shunned and denied because of their work. "It's not always on a wall." So therefore it cannot upset the world from the inside-out.

Fire, why a fascination with destruction, yet this life.

Why do I like these bright chemical reactions?

Now by studying chemistry, I can bring forth my own renewal and start my own life.

Now I stay within my lines of blanks collected by a shiny spiral.

Blanks, to become lead stained and vibrant of neon and foreign literature not many people in this world will understand. I will create; I will continue this path of light until I collapse of darkness within my own MIND.

Why do these artists have to stay in their blank pages?

All they want are opinions, not whether it is to be feared, but..."Do you like it?"



Silenced Cries

Pencil to paper, words spill and pour limitlessly with no specific meaning.

Words with unusual meanings and pictured thoughts fill empty minds.

Who else can do this better than an isolated person? They write... write a little more... and keep writing.

Whether it's poetry or stories, they speak out. Speaking loud and freely, they live.

I just want to be... to be? The person that my people's creator let me be, a native writer.

The girl that he has given life to.

The young lady in which he gave a specific voice. I want to be heard.

Boards, walls, papers. Ink runs over them, flooding every speck of white.

Showing no sign of ever being clear. Words are being created. Twisted and bent is the way they like to be. Combined as one, but still as them. Creatively they are shouting out. Grabbing at our eyes and minds.

He sits there and thinks. Words, names, feelings. How will he fuse them to generate one strong flow of energy, one sight of meaning? He pieces them as one and got tagging. He just wants to be heard.

She's stuck. Drip, drip, drip. Paint glazes off the brush. Line here, line there. How could she express herself freely without putting certain things? "I need this. I can't go without that. This just won't make sense." Limited by people who think they know what's right, she becomes frustrated. With less care she begins what she knows is true and needs to be seen.

Timid and scared, she needs a way to speak out. Her mom's pens and dad's brushes lie around. Paper sits blank, untouched. Thoughts build up and she lets it flow through her.

Pictures and colors create her life and feelings. She just wants to be heard.

Girl, boy, me. We all just want to be heard. We have our ways of speaking out. Then our cries are silenced by your knowledge and beliefs. We can respect that, but we want that to be returned. Whatever happened to our freedom? We are people just like you. We have ideas and voices, too, but they get denied. Just let us be heard.

• Mireya Natonabah

When

When you can keep your head on straight when all others are losing
theirs and putting the blame on you,
When you can believe in yourself when all people doubt you but you can
make concern for their doubting too

When you can have the patience to wait before everything is too late,
When you can be dedicated, demarcated, and demonstrated,
When you don't worry about your appearance,
And not make your mouth bigger than your words

When you can dream and make them come true, but not your life,
When you can think more than your thoughts to make life easier,
When you can meet with excellence and calamity,
And treat both imposters without tragedy

When you can hear the truth that you've spoken be twisted and created
as a trap for fools, who are unwoke,
And watch the things in your life be broken, but build them back up with
worn out tools

When you can have the courage to put all your winnings at risk, but lose
it all and start your excellence all over again;
And not talk nor reminisce of your loss

When you can take your heart, nerve, and sinew to serve you long after
you have disappeared,
And stand tall when you are at your weakest, except the will which
always stands reappeared

When you can talk with people and keep your peace,
And walk with queens and not lose your ease

When neither friends nor foes can hurt you,
When all women count with you, but not too much,
When you can fulfill your merciless will without having to say I do

When you have the earth and everything that comes with it
When you believe in what you're taught and lessons learned
When you can watch your life grow from the people we miss
You'll be the kind of woman your mother is.

Santiago Pasquale

Dylan Tenorio



Angel in School

She sits in a room full of teenagers,
She's an angel in disguise; she glows from heart to soul
The teachers wonder, but don't ask
A+, A+, B+, A+, B-, A-, A she earns

Angels... Come sit down beside me
A call distracts her... calling all day
Every child in this school calls her to their soul
Angel... Angel... Angel... Angel... Angel!
She flaps her wings ever so lightly, soothing the teenage students

A human she must be, to care for such inadequate students
Living with mortal parents, no other fallen angel
I'm alone... God, My Father, I'm helping these troublesome children
I've received pain, it scorches feathers from my flesh
Hate toward each other dimming my halo

Angel... Angel... Angel... Angel... Angel!
Student by student, I heal each one,
Together they come; together they heal each other
Together they become one, together they become
They become better than me, better than an angel

A true child of an ANGEL, of God, the children with enough HOPE to light the world
Children raised, taught, given the chance to make A BETTER USE of what they have

Again... Another school year, another day to help teenagers
Again... They call to her, ask for forgiveness, and help
ANGEL...ANGEL...ANGEL...ANGEL...ANGEL!
Father I am helping, I am Angel in School, being taught, being a True Mother

• Mariah Natonabah

"Sanity"

Writing is my willing slave conquered
by my thoughts.
My master overpowering my happiness
and sadness,
but it's not the only god I know.

A self-infliction that leaves me bleeding
of emotions and dreams.
I know these wounds won't heal;
every word is soaked into the paper.

The tyranny of anger and hate loses
control,
running through my veins trying to eat
away at my soul.
Writing gives me reason to tame those
thoughts of meaningless aggression.
To keep me from falling graciously into
everlasting sorrow and midnight silence.

It's my time to tear myself from the skin
to create my new self.
With a vengeance, to prove I am still
breathing.

Often torn by its strength and
intimidation,
always in awe of my creations.
My dreams and prophecies come to life;
I am not in pain anymore.
Divinity comes forth through screams
and metaphors.
Writing is everything in its place.

• Daphne Coriz



Mario Powell

Love & Education

I want to tell you a story about a girl and a boy;
You see, she was a girl with no parents;
And he was a guy who had everything;
Neither knew that each other existed,
Yet their souls called to one another

She was a senior who studied like a good little girl, yet she had a problem,
He was a senior who loved sports, cars, and his education,
You see, she had a condition; she had to go to the doctor every week,
He had nothing to worry about, almost as if he were perfect, through her eyes
They both tried hard to be normal, to be accepted

She got sicker and sicker; she had not been wealthy
He was just fine; he was a millionaire, quite the opposite

She knew her time was running out, so she decided to attend her school's football game
This was his last football game, the last time to be a Warrior/a Brave
She watched and cheered as if she were a cheerleader
He played like a hero, ready to save his team: then... he heard it

You see, she loved to sing... at the football game she sang to the Warriors
He stopped, an angel's voice filled the air, then... there she stood, innocently
It was cold, her fingers froze with frost, her home was quiet as a ghost
Alone... the angel was leaving; that voice; its soothing note

School... lecture... homework... lunch... lecture... homework
She changed; her hair short as a ruler, her face angel-like, she was being seen
He was lost, the angel's voice; he needs to find it, her... who was she?
Soulmates call to one another;

She sang... he heard... she stood vulnerable... he stood elegant...
Together they stood face first... A ribbon, hard as steel, gold as god's hair, intertwined them
Angel glow so bright, I call you here tonight; Your voice as soft as a feather;
Your beauty is heaven

• Mariah Mutunabeh



His Song Still Plays... by Autumn Billie

We pretended your life was a happy song,
Not the slow jam stripping down everything except sadness, anger,
cloudy days. Awful lyrics were hurtful memories
You covered away hiding at the bottom of every bottle
In the taste of blood, whiskey, and failure
Depression was the repeating chorus

Lips tried so hard to forget liquor
You tried so hard resisting this guilty pleasure
Remember that November night
God wanted your soul to dance to a new tune
But your body was too drunk
You drove off the road. Your Mustang flipped belly-side up
Red paint dripped from your head
Moonlight masked glass shards as diamonds

The last beautiful thing you witnessed were concerned brown eyes
And a sword on an Angel's arm, a renegade saint ...
She summoned you back to life, to hell
carrying your half dead body towards Holy Cross Hospital
She held your hand when strapped to a gurney, morphine injected

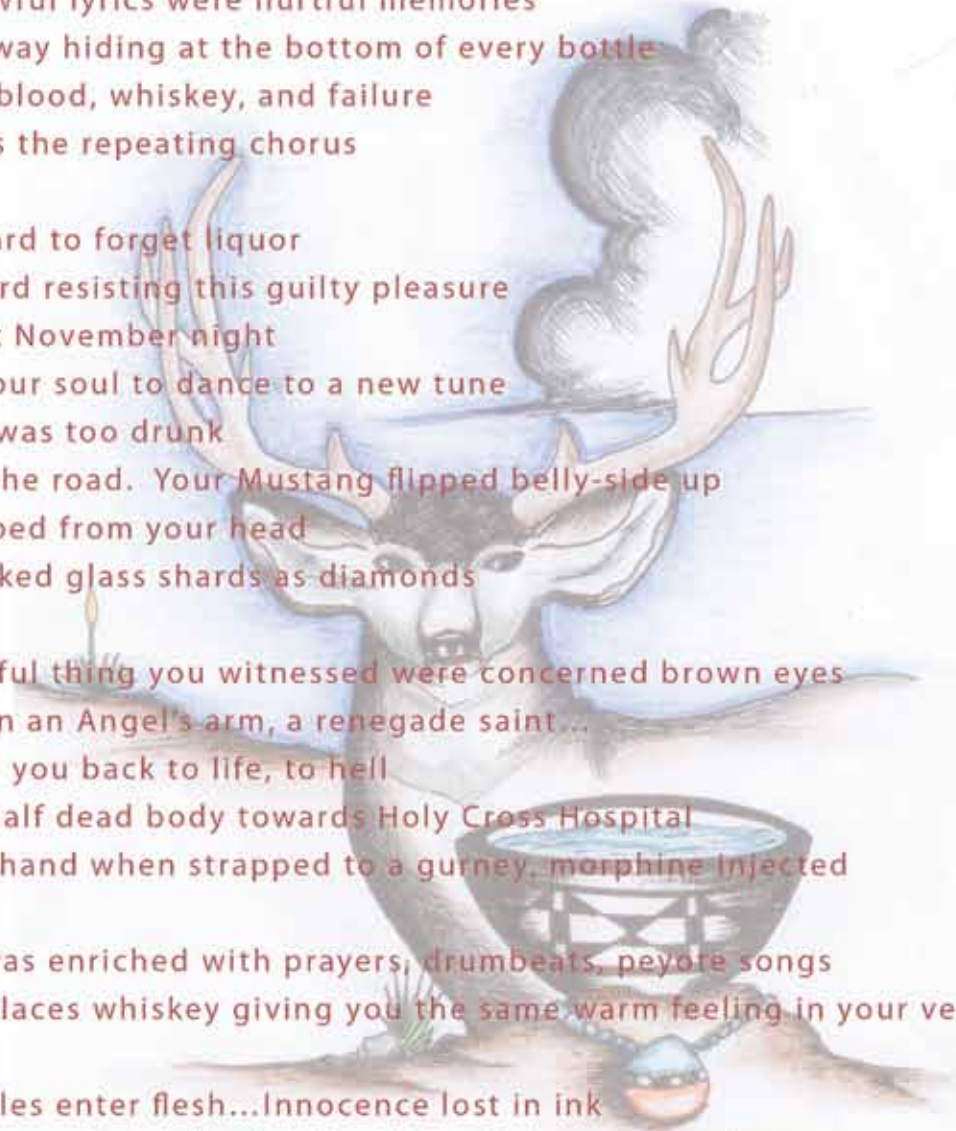
The slow jam was enriched with prayers, drumbeats, peyote songs
Spirituality replaces whiskey giving you the same warm feeling in your veins

Now your needles enter flesh...Innocence lost in ink
Eyes focused, you paint colors in skin. Beautiful scars for others to see
Your first scar was the sword glorifying your personal saint
She lifted your soul to a new song

Joseph Coriz

Unconsciously, your heart calls out to the Angel

"Let me embrace you, let me hear your song, let me thank you for saving me from myself."





Angel Abeita



Santana Shorty

Santana Shorty

A Very Shorty Story

The deep smell of juniper has never stopped mesmerizing me. I've always loved coming home after being in the city for too long. Some say that home goes with you wherever you go. I don't think that's true. I find that I feel it slip away sometimes. That it can slowly seep out of me as I stay away from it. Kind of like a rechargeable battery. My juice has been low these past five years, so I decided to go back. I decided to end the nightmares of cement echoing beneath my feet. I never liked hearing myself move all the time.

In July 2002, I packed my one suitcase and cleaned my apartment top to bottom for my house sitter. I was just sweeping the kitchen when the buzzer rang. Two hours until my plane left, I was cutting it close. The security lines would be deadly. I had chosen the worst day to fly, but I was an impulse ticket purchase. Fourth of July was all Southwest Airlines had left. The buzzer interrupted my sweeping for a nanosecond. I didn't even bother asking who it was, I just buzzed them in. If it was a burglar, they could have the place. I would even give them directions to the jewelry, just so long as they didn't make me late or make a mess. Then there was knocking at the door and I jerked it open without seeing who it was. I needed to check my purse for my ticket again. As I strode across the room, broom in hand, I heard it.

"Manda."

And I froze. Her voice was thick and scratchy. She had been crying, I could tell by the grating sound of her vocal chords, without even looking at her. And now, I didn't want to look at her. To be honest, I was too scared to. She hadn't moved through the doorway yet. I kept standing with my stupid broom. I wish she had walked in when I was going out. All I wanted was the shuttle to hurry and take me away.

"Manda," she said again. Even with her tears fogging up her voice, it was so beautiful to hear. But there was no way, I could bring myself to look at her. So I did the only thing I could think of doing: I kept sweeping. I swept as if my broom stokes would fuel the plane engine. I swept as if it was my eraser to blank out the memories of her. I swept as if it was my antidote to breathing clearly again.

I didn't even hear her come up behind me. I only realized that she had moved from the door when the broom was pried from my nail bitten fingers and thrown on the floor. I heard it crack. But I kept moving, except now I was hitting her. I couldn't stop and she just stood there. I hit her until my hands stung and I couldn't see anymore. Until finally I was on the floor, broken like the broom. I cried on the floor and she stood above. I wailed profusely and spluttered tears all over her shoes. I held my knees to my chest, trying to keep myself from shattering. I kept crying until she pulled me up and walked me over to the couch. She pulled my face to look at her and slapped me square on the cheek. It didn't stop the tears. Then with the same hand, she rubbed my cheek and pulled my face to her again. She kissed me. That made me stop crying.

When she drew back, she stroked my cheek, smiled and said, "You idiot." I looked in to her juniper blue eyes and my breath caught.

She smelled like fresh rain in New Mexico summer. I remembered why I had loved. She was the Southwest sky I carried in my heart. But the sky had fallen and the pieces were too sharp to pick up. I sat there, mesmerized by the sunset glow of her face.

And then the phone rang. I sat there with her, her hand still on my face, and watched it ring. Three rings went by and I still sat there. If I answered it, then the shuttle was on its way and I would leave to New Mexico. I would take my single suitcase and leave Michèle alone on the couch we had bought together a year ago. If I let it ring and go to message, I would miss my plane and stay sitting here with her, not knowing what to do next. God help me. But Mom and Dad were expecting me. They had made up the guest room and made plans for the Lensic Theater in Santa Fe. I knew she was watching me watch the phone and reading my mind. She took my hand and squeezed it. Stay, it said. But I couldn't. On the fifth ring, I bolted for the phone, without looking at her, and listened to the shuttle driver say he would be to my address in fifteen minutes. I hung up and turned to her. Her eyebrows slanted in sadness and her gray eyes were hurt. Her hand was still where mine had been. I had fifteen minutes to figure out my strategy to keep my heart whole and leave her. She opened her perfectly sculpted mouth to speak, but I beat her to it.

"I have to go," I said. I turned from her and headed to the bedroom to get my suitcase. I stopped in the bathroom to check the mirror. My mascara was everywhere. I washed my face quickly and blew my nose. When I got back, she was still sitting there. Everything was ready to go, except me.

"Don't leave."

"I have to."

"I love you."

"I have to."

"Please. You can't leave."

"I have to."

She stood up and walked over to me, but I darted around the counter. Ten minutes. Her hands were on the marble counter and I stared at them. The ring on her left blinded me.

"You married him." I don't ask. I know. She put her hand under the counter and tried to come around the counter, but I skirted away. A lion running from the mouse.

"Amanda, please," she said. "You have to listen. You can't get on that plane. Why are you running? I don't understand why you're doing this! Are you deliberately trying to hurt me? Make me regret? I already do! I screwed up, I know! But this is stupid!"

I wanted to scream at her. I really did. I wanted to tell her that she had wrecked me and left the crash scene simultaneously. That she was a snake for lying so long to everyone, including me. But she was standing right in front of me and she was dazzling. Her hair tumbled around her shoulders and smelled like fresh rain. Maybe I had unconsciously planned this because I knew she would hear and try to stop me. Maybe I had done this to challenge myself and rise above for the first time. Here she was standing in my kitchen for the first time in nine months. I wanted to keep lying with her and be in love. But I also knew it would hurt and it did.

I walked slowly over to her and gently dove into her arms. She pulled me in and held me like a boxing bag. I buried my face into her shoulder and then tilted my head up. I first kissed the hollow of her neck and then whispered into her ear. She rubbed my back and wrapped her arms tighter.

"Keep the couch." She froze and I turned, leaving mascara smudges on her silk blouse. I grabbed my suitcase and purse in one motion. Just as I got to the door the buzzer rang and I left her standing there, with a dry-cleaning bill, a \$500 couch, and an empty wedding ring.



Mireya Natonabah



Kayla Kowemy



HarveyThomas

~My Angel In Heaven~

My angel in heaven is watching over me

My angel is with the big man up in heaven

My angel is my grandfather Robert

We miss him dearly

He is one person I will never forget

He was like my second father that cared for me and my brothers and sister

When we needed him, he would come right away, even if he was at work or busy

I know he is still with us

Just because we can't see him doesn't mean he is gone in our hearts and minds

My grandfather will always be with me and my family in thoughts and prayers

He is in a better place now, and he doesn't have to suffer anymore!!

I think about my grandpa 24/7

He is my guardian angel. I will never forget!

I will always remember my papa that I Love and Miss So Much!!!

• anonymous

At A Young Age

I was strolling on the sand of a playground, and I happened to see a sweet basketball. I picked it up and asked my friend James if he wanted to play with me. He said "yeah." We were having a blast until a fruity kid named Nick stood up to me and tried to take the ball with force. I backed up and looked at him in a peculiar way. He stared at James, making me look at him, and then he tried to get me off-guard.

About five seconds later he tried snatching the ball, but I had the ball between my arms, struggling to get him off my back. Before I realized that James had moved to the side, Nick had bitten the heck out of my hand, leaving me in excruciating pain! I couldn't take it any more. As he was chewing away, I got my right fist and swung it as hard as I could, leaving him with a black eye and in a world of pain! I looked at my hand; it was bitten up and had a pinch of blood coming out. I looked back at Nick to see what he was doing. He was in the back of the baseball field, crying behind a bush.

Kayla Kowemy

My old school teacher later on saw me holding my hand (with bite marks) and saw Nick behind the bush. She called me out, yelling at me, asking me what had happened. I told her the story about what went on. I was sort of expecting an "OH! ARE YOU OKAY?"; but all I heard was "WHY DID YOU DO THAT TO HIM!"

• Dustin Nelson

I am Pisces

I wonder what it will be like in a hundred years

I hear wonderful birds singing

I see joy when I look into my family's eyes

I want peace in the world

I am Pisces

I pretend that hatred does not exist

I feel rose petals

I touch with love

I worry if I will live the next day

I cry about things that hurt me really badly

I am Pisces

I understand the undercurrents of life

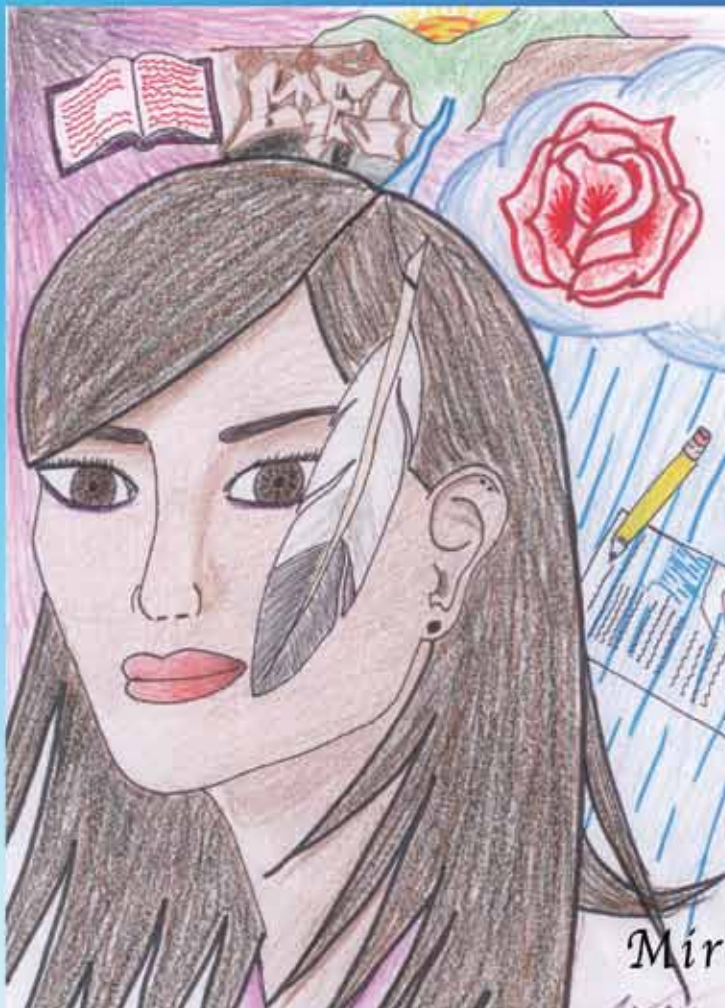
I say true things, not lies

I dream of big things to come

I try things with the best of my potential

I hope one day I can do something to change the world

I am Pisces



Mireya Natonabah

Beautiful Soul

I am a beautiful soul
I wonder about my future
I hear everything around me
I see the flowers blooming in the spring
I want another chance to make things better
I am a beautiful soul

I pretend that I can fly
I feel scared
I touch the water in the sea
I worry about my kid's future
I cry from all the pain
I am a beautiful soul

I understand the way of life
I say we are the future
I dream about my kid's future
I try to do my best
I hope to live to see my grandkids
I am a beautiful soul

Martina Montoya



Santana Shorty



Dylan Tenorio

Touch of Love
By Faith

As I stare into the eyes of the one I love,
I feel his gentle touch.
I feel the warmth of his hands
As he sends his love from his heart,
The feeling of his touch brightens the dark
Of my days,
Touch of love is hard to find,
When the wind blows, his heart starts to shine.
The touch of love is precious to the heart
Of mine.
But when that touch is gone,
You will never find one that was once one of a kind.
So hold on to the love of touch.

First Grade

Back in first grade, I was one of the kids who knew a lot, but that caused me to be an outcast. Josh, Edward, Cody, and I were advanced students. I was a big baby, but also a tough girl. I was easily picked on, yet easily defended by others. See here, this was me, well back about nine years ago.

Sixth Graders... Bullies... Yet Pretty Awesome Students....
They were seniors, in an elementary kid definition.

A sixth grade boy I remember always made fun of me. Maybe he was related to me, which had encouraged him to come up with an idea to always pick on me. He was the same grade as my little auntie, "Gene The Bean Green Machine," as we called her, and of course they were elementary seniors.

He called me names, pushed me, and tickled me, anything to get me angry. I stayed in class after school, waiting for my grandma Alice. I was sitting on the dark carpet playing with Jenga, no one else but me in the room. He walked by, barely a glance through the door, and retreated to get a good look at me.

Walking toward the door and peeking in, he looked in the room and saw that I was alone. He came toward me. Of course he was smiling like the devil himself, and I sat there knowing my fate would not be what I wanted. I looked down like a little kid who knew they were in trouble, only my look probably looked like a child looking sulky and sad.

He came like a predator catching his prey; he picked me up, walked toward the waste basket and dumped me in the trashcan.

He started laughing while examining me, and then walked out of the room to catch his bus. I sat there for a full five minutes, waiting for him to come back and do something more to get me more pissed off.

After making sure he would not come back, I looked at what was wrong, snapping back to reality. I was small enough that my head could barely see over the trashcan, my body easily folding over, so that I was folded in half. I didn't have the strength to haul myself up, nor did I know how to tip over.

My teacher came in. She looked at me like she had not ever seen me or rather never seen anything like this before. She got angry, asking too many questions for my mind to process. Vida, that was her name, helped me out and asked what had happened, then stood listening to what I had to tell her.

Of course, the way many teachers are, she was stubborn and not fair, and sought to believe that what I was telling her was a lie.

She said I had better not be lying, when I was telling her the truth.

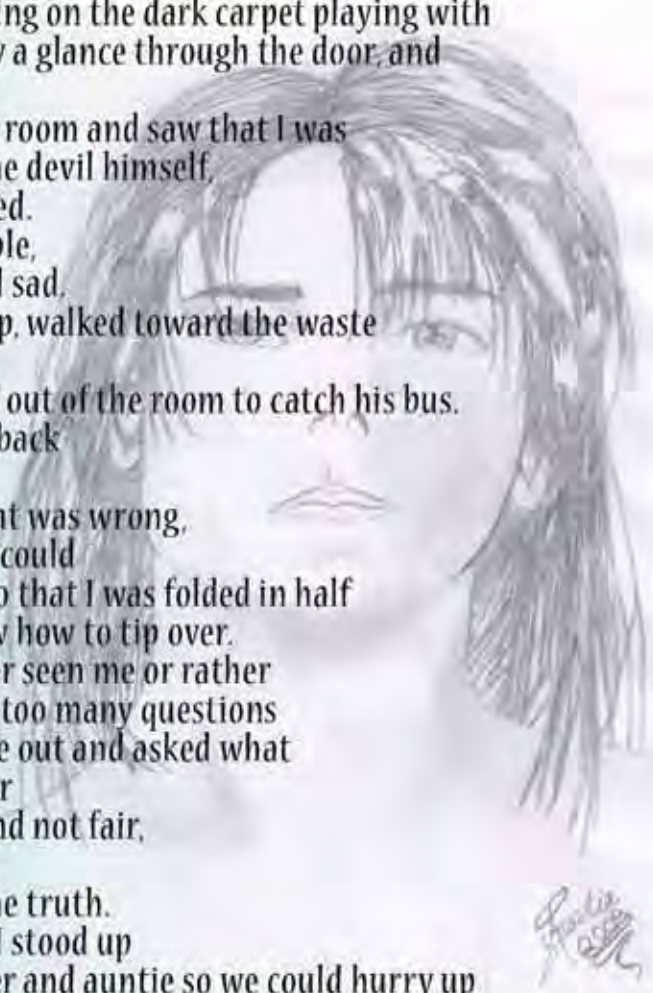
She was rather strict, so I knew it would be very unwise if I stood up against her. After that I had to catch up to my grandmother and auntie so we could hurry up and go home.

Home...

Home seemed to be a very good idea right at that moment. My dog, "Big-Foot," was wagging his small tail happily, and that sort of took away most of the heartache in my chest.

We walked under the shack and sat in my little sand box. It was a pretty cool day, cloudy like it was about to rain. My best friend may have been a dog, but he was always at home waiting for me to return from school.

He was a friend who not every child had. He was a dog that I had from when he was born to that moment six years later.



Handwritten signature

Mariah Natonabah



Romario Powell

Falling Tears

The tears fall off my face onto the pillow that I cry on
As the pain grows, more tears fall
I feel the pain more and more
Till my heart stops and I can't feel anything anymore
My heart has fallen to the ground.
My heart is in pieces, the pain and sorrow is gone.
Everything has ended.

Martina Montoya

Routine

Every day I wake up doing the same routine
Shower, Get Ready For School, Homework
I cover my face, take away the scars, the pain
Throw on a happy face and leave
No one sees it in my eyes, wait...
One does see what must be hidden
We pretend to cover our faces
I laugh... pretend... to be happy.

He sees through my shields
This he can do, hidden or not
I'm sure he sees; he tries to speak
Nothing comes out, RED,

He tries waving, smiling, talking, staring
Fear; Fearing he'll ask about it
Pain, pain is my fear hidden within
Fear of letting him get to me, breaking my glass heart

It is broken in pieces
Shines like the sun; my chest protects
Organs, bones, all protected to stay alive
Like glass, very fragile, ready to break down
Break apart, to break my heart

The day cries; its tears turn frozen
Something isn't right. Wait...
He stands next to my seat, waiting
No... what does he want? I don't want to face him
Every day I wake up doing the same routine.

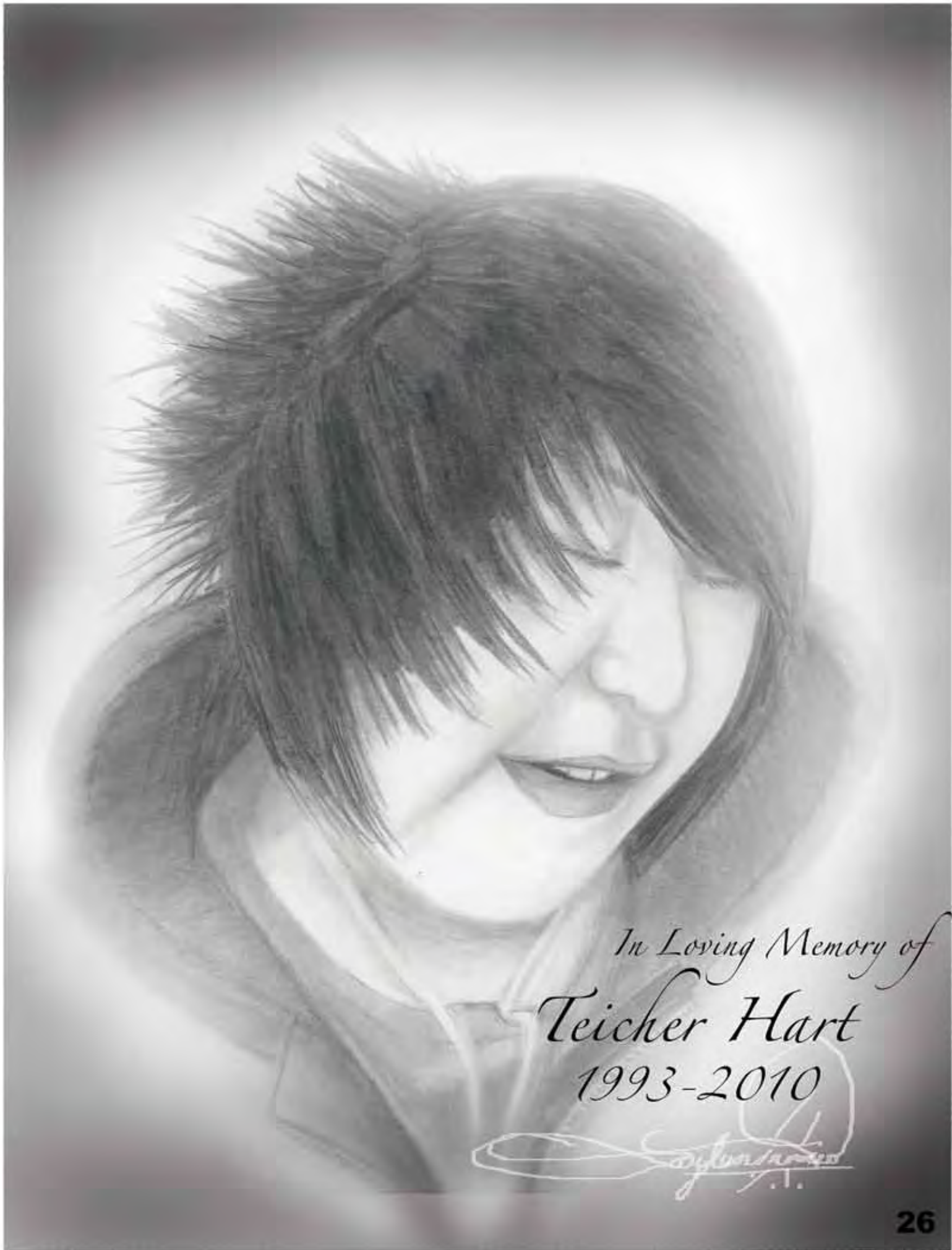
• Mariah Natonabah

Untitled

Stomped on, crushed and broken
Plastered on the ground is where you left me
Shattered and torn is how you left me
Lifeless expressions dwell in my eyes
My heart forever sore
My soul forever cold
My mind forever clouded with sorrow and pain
You built me up just to break me down
You picked me up each time I fell, then you shove me down to the ground
I got up each time to show you that I was strong and that I could take it
You admired me for that; you said it will make me stronger.
When you were taken, I felt a sharp pain
I wasn't the same and I never will be
You were there for me for each broken heart, you caught every falling tear
You welcomed me with open arms
I couldn't wait for the day you would come home
I wrote words of encouragement and love
You wrote words of strength and love
You told me not to worry, that you would be home soon

I remember going to my mailbox
Every day I would get a letter from you
Then it was every other day - till finally never.
You don't know how much it hurt to see everyone else receiving a letter except me
Your lil' sis- the one you said would stay close to you and in your heart
I look up to you; I cherish you; I saw you as my second father
I wept for joy when you finally came home; I was ready to be embraced back in your loving arms
When you came in the door, you walked past me; as you were walking
- you said "Sup Sis"; those two words pierced my heart
I knew that prison would change you, but I didn't think it would change the love you had for me
I love you, the blood that runs through your veins is the same as mine,
together we are one; those were the words you spoke to me
You told me that nothing could ever tear me away from you
But you were wrong; the thing that tore us apart was you.
I'm still waiting at the same place where you left me- Waiting for you to pick up the pieces that you broke.

Fallen



In Loving Memory of
Teicher Hart
1993-2010

Signature