

Irmo High School



**Lagniappe
2019**

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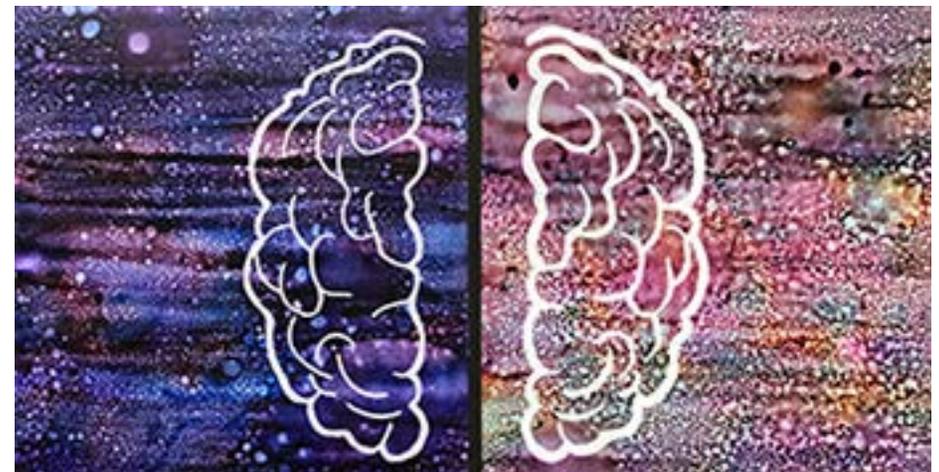
Early Morning by Hayden Scudder

Bright yet weary eyes crack themselves open
Orange rays of sunlight hit her colored hues
Sleep ridden eyes land on him and again she's roped in
As soft breaths leave plump lips, content to snooze

A delicate hand reaches out and landed on his face,
Her thumb smoothing ever so gently over the soft skin
A smile pulls at her lips that speaks of fondness and grace
And her thumb trails its way over his chin

By the time her thumb has reached his jaw,
His eyes are fluttering
And her hand stills so it's skin resting on skin
His eyes open and he smiles, then suddenly she's flustering
And then his lips are on hers and she feels her head spin

They both smile into the kiss
And suddenly there's a feeling of bliss



Katie Weber

Analeese
by Sydney Stewart

She walks in white with cloudy skies,
Singing rhythms in the light
Her lovely eyes hold nothing wise,
Until she screams in pure delight

Swimming with the stormy seas,
She sees something strange underneath
It grabs her from under the knees,
We say goodbye to Analeese

Here we are, all dressed in black
We stand here crying, please sit down
I'm praying that she won't come back
But as I stand here with a frown

Her eyes are open
Emotionless...
The ocean



Ryan Olson

Tree in the Making
by Corey Corley

And the seed fell from the pod
And fell down to the ground.
The soil, its roots did prod
All without making a sound.
And the seed did sprout from whence it came
The seedling turned Juvenile.
It loved to dance through wind and rain
Its leaves feel down to piles.
It longed to run free, the little, young sapling
Ready to break from its earthen base.
And it's childhood, it had been grappling
Before its roots stuck it in place.
Why must the sapling turn into a tree?
Why must the young bird jump from the tree?



The Mermaid
by AnnaGrace Jeffcoat

Oh the ocean waves may
roll,
And the stormy winds
may blow,
While we poor sailors go
skipping aloft,
And the land lubbers lay
down below, below, below
And the land lubbers lay
down below...



Ken'Dazia Turner



Madison Puente

Golden
by Sydney Stewart

The day he became a boy, he became a man.
Blood to gold.
Born from blood.
The day he became a man, he became a warrior.
Sword and shield.
Protector and rock.
The day he became a warrior, he became a lover.
Man and wife.
Lover and friend.
The day he became a lover, he became a father.
Daddy's little monster.
Daddy's biggest motivation.
The day he became a father, he became a fighter.
Heat and fire.
Liquid motion.
The day he became a fighter, he was bathed in blood.
Burned in the liquid of motivation.
He lost.
Covered in a blanket of ash.
Gone.

In The Process of Making Silk

by AnnaGrace Jeffcoat

Just a regular, boring Tuesday afternoon at school. The hustle and bustle of the entire building moving from class to class, like little tiny ants in a colony doing their job, well most of them. One person did stand out though, not like a sore thumb, but more like the one thing that was calm. Ezra Buckson, the glister in her eyes while she was heading to the library, the one place that was a tiny bit quiet. She showed a little grin because she was ready to talk to her friends. Finally, she squeezed out of the thick crowd, which was already impressive that she hadn't been trampled yet by someone not paying attention. She signed into the library, you could see the relief on her face not having to do heavy schoolwork for maybe just a second. Scanning the crowds, trying to find her friends, she finally pinned them down with her spotlight eyes.

"It's finally good to get out of class and just relax now," she said with the soothing tone of her voice.

"We have been dying to talk to you about the latest stuff happening!"

You could tell that she really didn't want to be hearing all of the gossip happening around the school but she held back, just went ahead and let them carry on. She had had multiple encounters where she truly wanted to speak up, but it was almost like her lips were zip-tide. A confident teenager, she was definitely comfortable in her own skin. She never seemed to let a hair out of place but no one is perfect. Her shiny white smile just so right, even her glasses made her look smart. Just this one flaw held her slightly back.

Power, she encouraged herself.

"What would you do if you ruled the world?"

"I don't know, I guess I would try to make it better"

She glowed with encouragement, even though she had a hard time in her life that she had to overcome.

Raising silkworms, extracting the thread, dyeing, spinning, weaving, and binding. This long and complicated process has a beautiful outcome when you finally complete it, silk. Butterflies are delicate creatures, but they are extremely tough with what they go

through. Having to survive in a world that's so dangerous and violent but yet they are still as beautiful as ever.

"I've had a lot of tough things to go through."

A glitter of calm in her eyes sparkled. Butterflies are still the most majestic, and they still manage to survive in the world! Never had she looked concerned or angry. Of course, everyone gets angry at something, but she never showed it. Silk is a hard hard thing to make. It might never turn out how you want it to but it may even be better! Blood and sweat go into making it but eventually, it's so worth it. She was in the process of being made into silk.



Rika Wegner



The Sky Above Us
by AnnaGrace Jeffcoat

The birds tweet and sore
The bees zig and zag
The water flows and falls
But the sky still sits up high

It's WWI and chaos is about
Bombs going boom
And guns shooting there
But one thing that's constant
Is the sky up above

Like black water filling up
And twinkles start to shine
The old man that once snored
Now smiles big and bright
But there it sits behind it all
The sky up above

Though time and space
Is swishing and turning
The one thing that remains the same
Is the sky up above



Rigor Mortis

by Michael Ferrell

By the time they found him it was too late; he was already dead. His body still leaking; blood painting the cold floor of the small musky room crimson with the lukewarm liquid the faint smell of gunpowder lingering in the air. The victim was a brave man; he refused to go down easy. He fought against immeasurable odds knowing he would fail and he did. However, he had managed to push back his assailant into this molding old room and despite knowing it would be his end, he lunged forward...but he didn't make it like a clap of thunder. Three consecutive bangs rang out, shaking the earth. Blood ripped forward hitting the wall with a wet slap. Watching the blood trail down the wall, eerily similar to tears, everything faded to black. It was a valiant effort if only the medics had been faster. Maybe they could have done something...It's too late now. The rigor mortis will soon set in.



Brooke Avera

Chicago Born Dreamer

by Anonymous

The Chicago Born Dreamer dreamt of many things; a life of music, a world in which he owned millions of dollars, overthrower of Queen Elizabeth, etcetera. He watched life move on and spoke with an open mind. He looked up to those who do what they love for years and years; he watched as a man fought for equality and peace during the Civil Rights movement; he watched his family walk through the games we call life and come out with scars; he grew up with no real place in mind, no real place to call home.

In reality, Chicago wasn't something of a home. Spending 5 to 6 years in and out of the bustling city, he grew to take each place that drifts past with the same, open minded attitude. In his fifteen years of experience playing the game we call life; Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Indiana, Georgia... they've all guided the Dreamer. They've shook his hand, spoke in silence, gave him both memories of sadness and memories of happiness.

They've taught him how to survive. The minds of many influencing the young minds of the dreamers. The sons of inspiration. The daughters of possibility. Shattered yet pieced together. This is the Dreamer. Loyal and beautiful should be the woman standing by his side. Smart, impressionable, moldable like putty and immune to the unadaptable. She should be able to find a solution for anything and refuses to crack under pressure. Like him, she should know the rules of the game.

The determination is what he looks for in his followers. Martin Luther King Junior, for example, a man with a dream, fought for what he believed in. His dark eyes determined and set on equality. He didn't bend for the breakable and refused to release the dreams that allowed him to fly. This man allowed him to dream. Allowed him to believe.

Once the Chicago Born Dreamer built a place for himself in a world of carbon copies, he became a thinker. "Never

apologize for what you feel," he said. "Dreams are who you are meant to be. If you never try it will never happen." His passion would sing for music and laughter from everyone around him. He knows how to make a person smile and is the best at wit. His personality smiled at the sky and the people below him screamed in bliss. "Laughter is the best medicine." His music allowed him to smile and the determination in his eyes allowed him to grow. The music he loved and the laughter he brought was extraordinary. His dreams flew into the sky, the music the birds sing bring him joy and the smiles from masked faces fill him with

determination. Jokes flew out into the air, smiles were thrown like paper airplanes and joyful eyes were beacons in the dark. The music is what moves through him like liquid ink. The happiness he feels while making others smile flew him into the sky like Peter Pan to Neverland. His dreams have yet to become a reality. The dream of becoming a music artist, making others smile and laugh and cry at the thought of his lyrics. Isaiah, the Chicago Born Dreamer dreams of many things. Laughter, music, joy, mischief, anything that comes to mind because he is a dreamer. The Chicago Born Dreamer.

