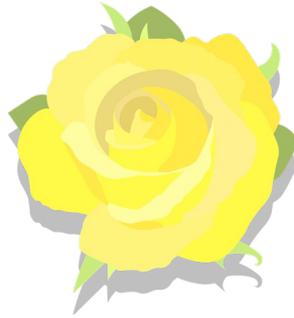
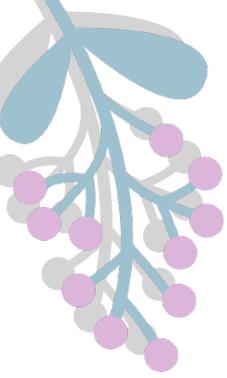


YOUTHBEATS PRESENTS

EQUINOX

BLOSSOM



EQUINOX

April Edition

JW Mitchell High School

2323 Little Road, Trinity, FL 34655
727-774-9200

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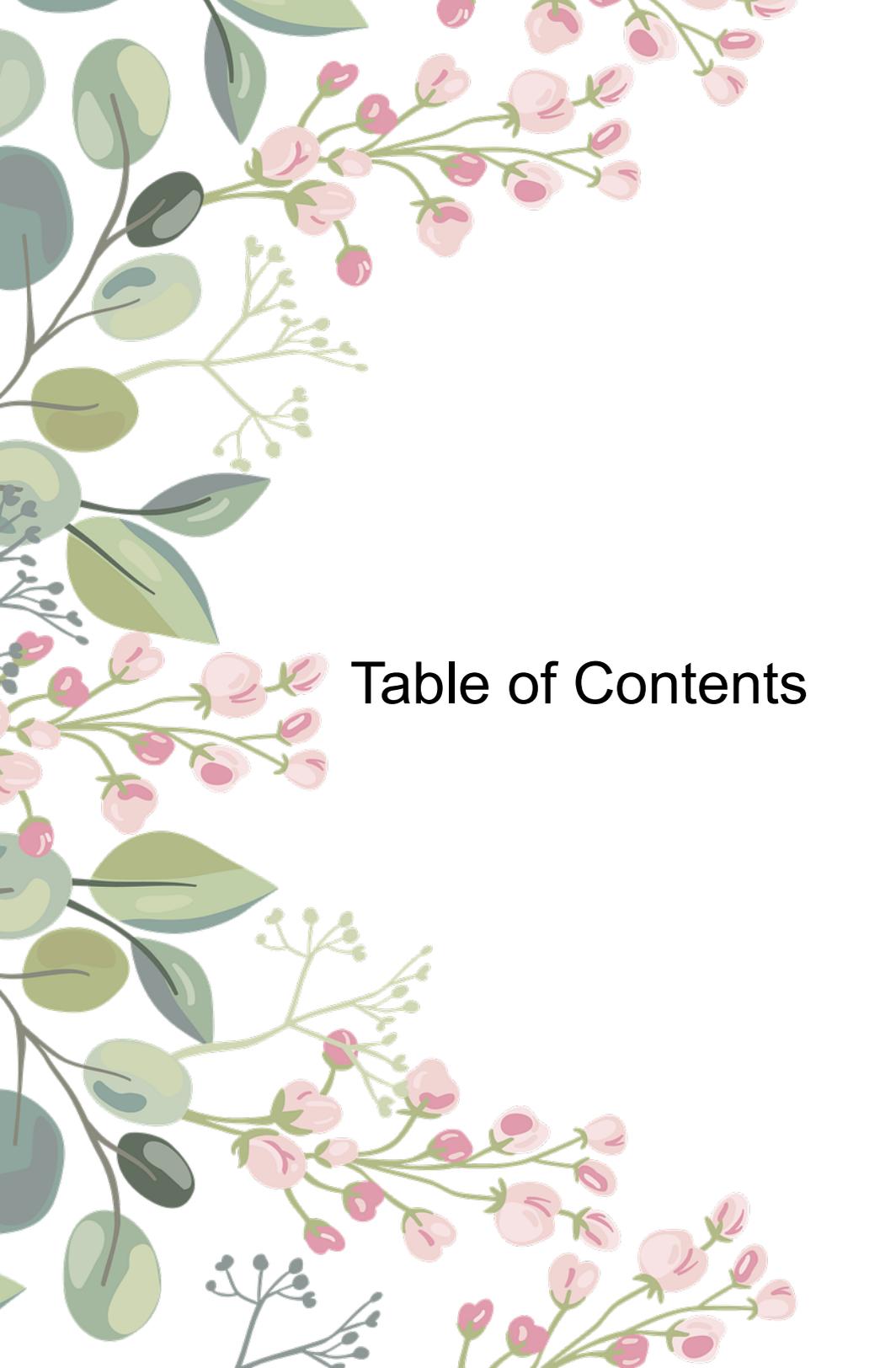
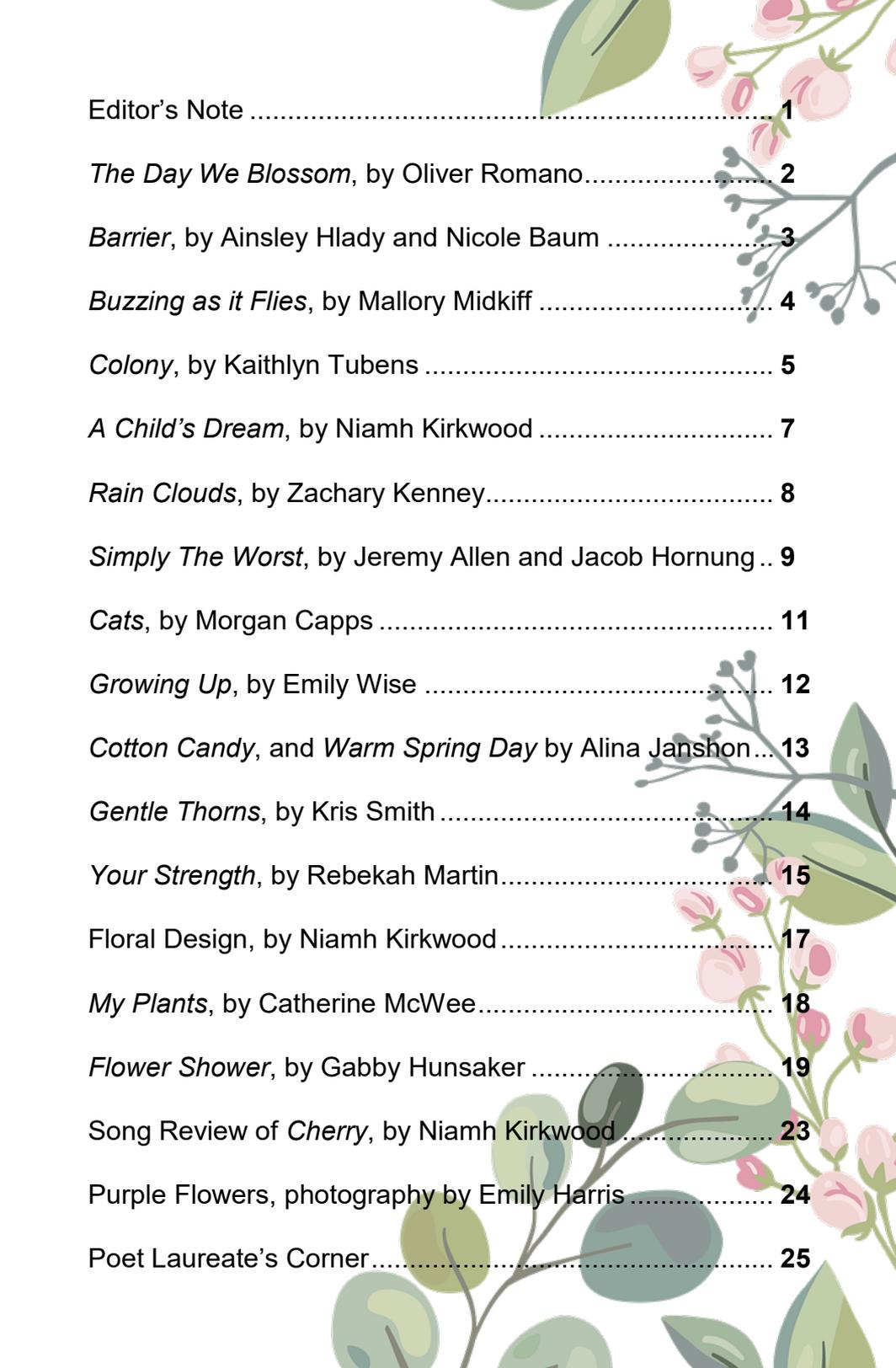


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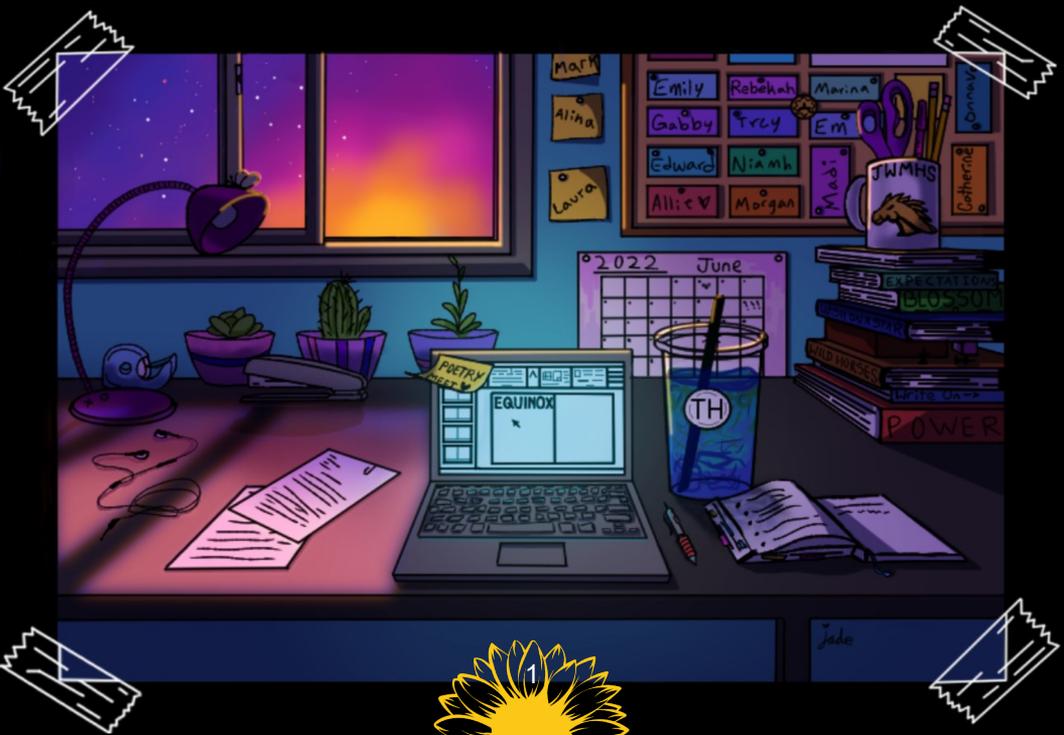
Equinox

Editor's Note

In true fashion of this *Equinox's* prompt, Blossom, the decisions our editing and production team made for the direction of this literature magazine have helped us grow to new standards. We had initially planned for this *Equinox* to be released the Friday before spring break as a special, online only edition. That said, we didn't feel right letting this be our only semi-published edition this year, and decided to merge our future April 'zine with Blossom, making something we could dedicate more time to finalizing. We are excited and proud of what we have made and hope you enjoy it as well.

This publication is bittersweet as it will be the last 'zine our seniors have helped create. As our *Equinox* production transitions to the *Wild Horses* annual review, next year's editing staff have eagerly taken up the reigns and will be showing you all what is to come. With this, the 2021-2022 YouthBeats seniors and editing staff would like to thank you all one last time for following us through this crazy year.

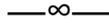
From Editor in Chief Allison Lennox, Layout/Design Editor Edward Enderle, Art/Design Editor Rebekah Martin, and the rest of the YouthBeats staff. <3



The Day We Blossom

Poem by Oliver Romano

Art by Caitlin Amodeo



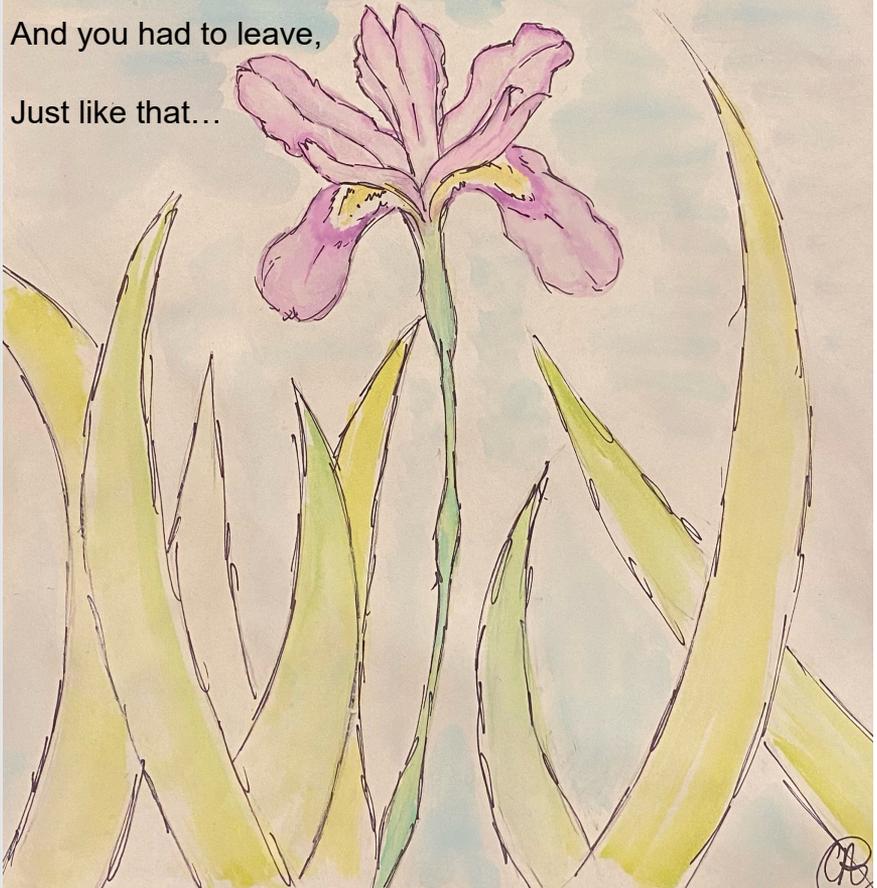
The day we— **blossom** was supposed to be full of greatness.

But I was hated with hatefulness

You tricked me to believe,

And you had to leave,

Just like that...



Barrier

By Ainsley Hlady and Nicole Baum

Colorful cities
Ablaze with life and beauty,
Under filtered blues.

Paradise untouched, reaching,
Always, for the far-off sun.

Hide away in caves,
With some hollowed out rock,
Flash by in a blink.

This shifting, breathing
current, Coriolis carousel.

Colors that bring life,
Vitality to a home.
Devoid, a graveyard.

Hallowed and hallowed, too warm;
A war that's been lost, unfought.

Abandoned cities,
Bleached of all life, now empty
A shell of what was.

Bleaching, leeching, color gone,
A blank palette, a canvas.

Struggle to fit in,
Home fades, now a memory—
A though, what once was.

This faded photograph, old,
This quiet apocalypse.

Fall apart in bits,
Crumble beneath the pressure.
The world splits in two.

Playing God in a sandbox—
Who gave us this divine right?

What is, what could be,
Rests in the hands of the beasts
Who build steel cities.

The outcome, the consequences,
Can you live with what you've done?

The air turns thicker
With the strange, dark ichor
That suffocates all.

The Earth will love on, She heals—
But your progeny will not.

Ghost of a city,
Haunted by old memoires
Of those large and small.

Beneath the surface, quiet hell,
A cenotaph for ourselves.



Picture taken by Daniela Gomez



Buzzing as it Flies,

Stinging your vision nearby,

The wasp makes its way.

Poem by Mallory Midkiff



Colony

By Kaithlyn Tubens

She sits like she's the boss-
The Queen Bee.
Truth is she's at a loss,
ashamedly.

Her makeup smudges,
As her workers fight.
She's cool and collected...
But she's not alright.

All her friends are fake-
Obedient servants.
Colony control
They seek- observant.

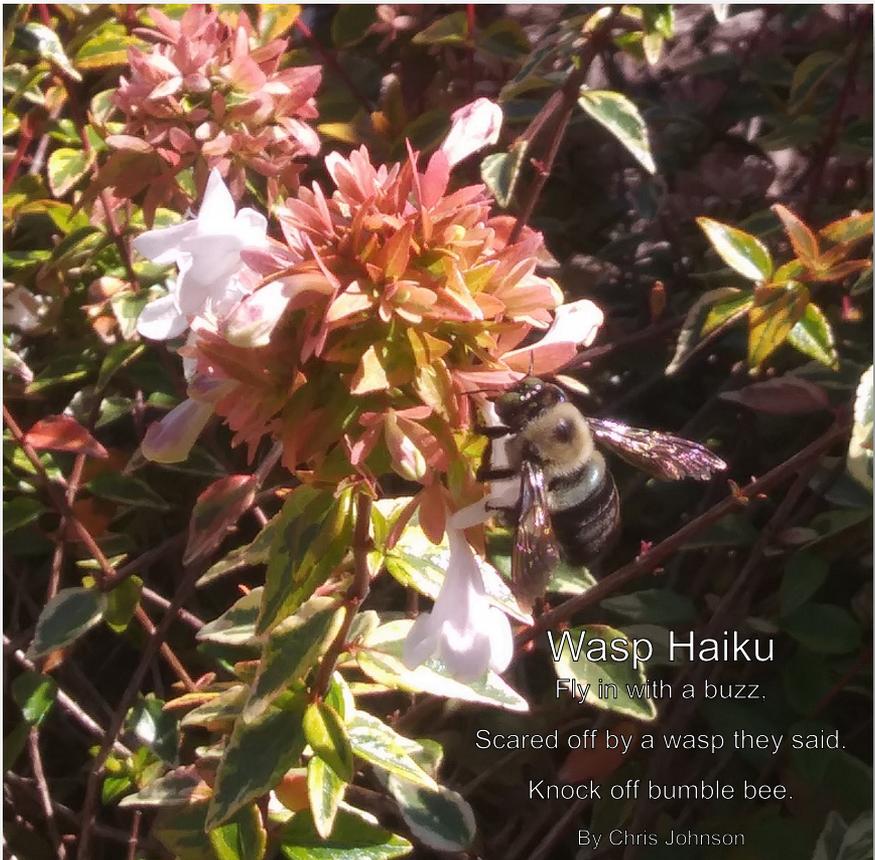
Her stripes do outshine
Her brittle, weak wings.
Drones follow her now,
They like shiny things.

Her beehive enclosed,
The bees blue and grey.
The Colony walls
Collapse from decay.



Yet- the Colony works
As it always had.
“Produces sweet honey”
Though the Queen- sad.

She sits and she’s the boss-
The peak Queen Bee.
Though she’ll always live
Miserably.



Wasp Haiku

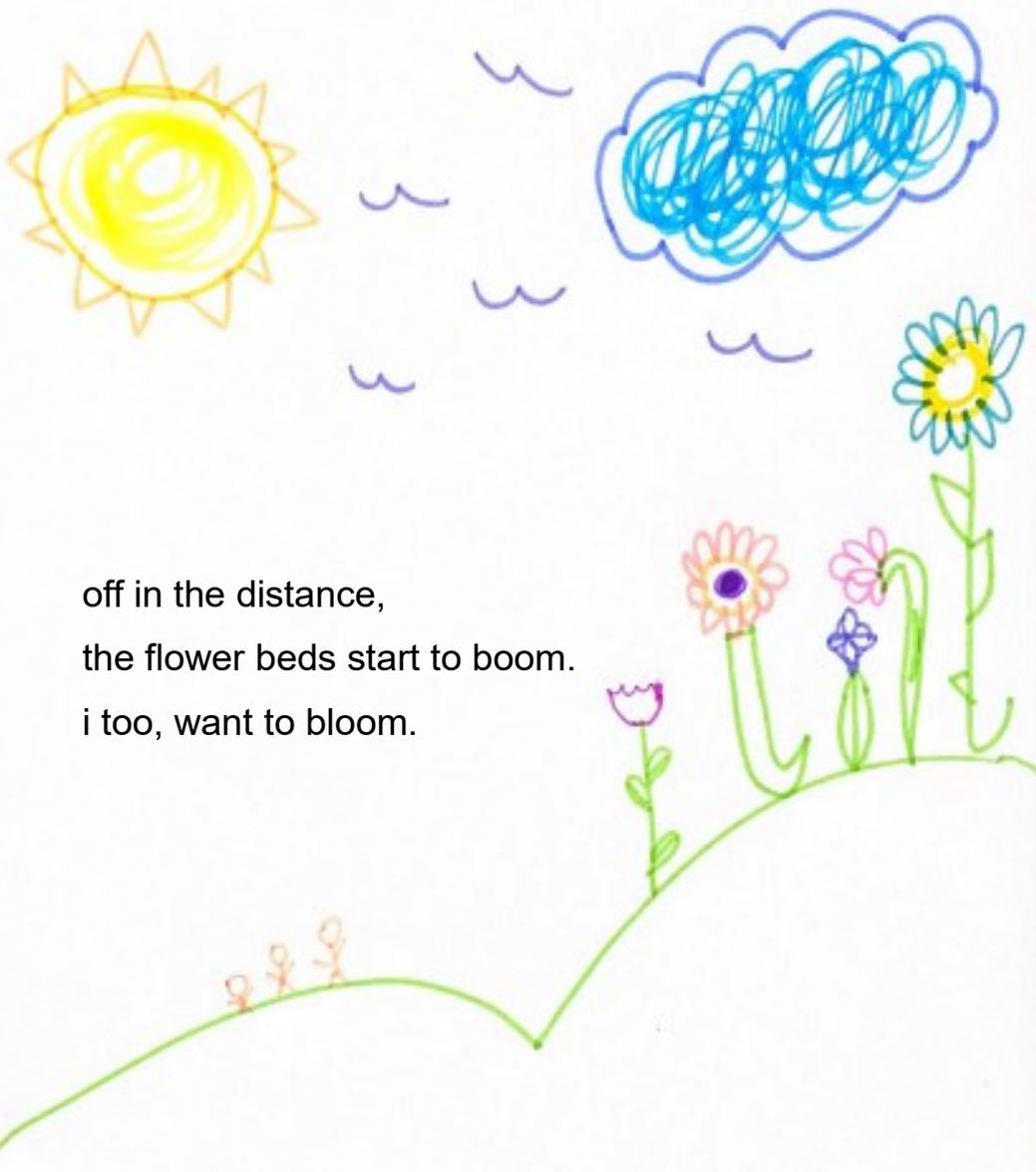
Fly in with a buzz.

Scared off by a wasp they said.

Knock off bumble bee.

By Chris Johnson





off in the distance,
the flower beds start to boom.
i too, want to bloom.

A Child's Dream

By Niamh Kirkwood



Rain Clouds

By Zachary Kenney

Brightness starts the day
It can't last— trouble comes soon
The rain starts, sorrow

Rain falls to the ground
Heaven cries from the clouds
The people's sorrow

The plants dance in joy
Healing their damage with light
Jolly through the soul

Apathy going through people
Rain lasts forever, never ends
Lightning strikes fiercely

The rain feels unending
Hoping the cloud's crying ends
Suddenly, the rain stops



Simply The Worst

A collaborative poem by Jeremy Allen and Jacob Hornung

Gaping flesh with a wound from itself my Earth.

Gaping flesh with a wound from itself my Earth.

Tugging tendrils burrow through the brick exterior into the soul I possess.

Tugging tendrils burrow through the brick exterior into the soul I possess.

The brick exterior gaping from tugging tendrils, I possess the soul itself.

Burrow through, into flesh with a wound from my Earth.

Growing through the past for a future not alone.

Growing through the past for a future not alone.

Waiting so long for this chance to move, Why the whiplash?

Waiting so long for this chance to move, Why the whiplash!

Why whiplash? Not long growing to chance waiting the future.

Past so a-alone, move through this for... for the...

How curious for there to be this one invader, shooting up through the weed.

How curious for there to be this one invader, shooting up through the weed.

And now, the high and mighty king judges, and ponders: is this one worthy?

And now, the high and mighty king judges, and ponders: is this one worthy?

Is one worthy? Curious, now the invader ponders, and shooting through the judges

This one weed for king up high. And how to be there and mighty?



A weed is gaping through the brick

I possess the soul with the wound from waiting for one worthy

Tugging, growing, my flesh not mighty (Why?), past this chance for a future

Invader? Earth itself ponders: How curious for tendrils, now long and high, move

Through the chance to be alone and through, And, shooting to the burrow, this one up there,

The King so judges this exterior. Whiplash?



Cats

Have you ever felt a fire
burn through you?



Spitting, sputtering, sizzling,
consuming your limbs and
organs.

Have you ever loved someone
so much



you feel like
you wouldn't
be able to live
without them?



That's how I feel about my cats.

That why I always make sure
I have a
steady supply.



GROWING UP

By Emily Wise

metamorphosis



the chrysalid



blossoms



Cotton Candy

By Alina Janshon

Cotton candy

Sugar flavored

Blue, pink, yellow sky

A sweet, warm sight

So take the time

Watch as clouds go by

Warm Spring Day

By Alina Janshon

Delicate lace

And daffodils

Detailed teacups

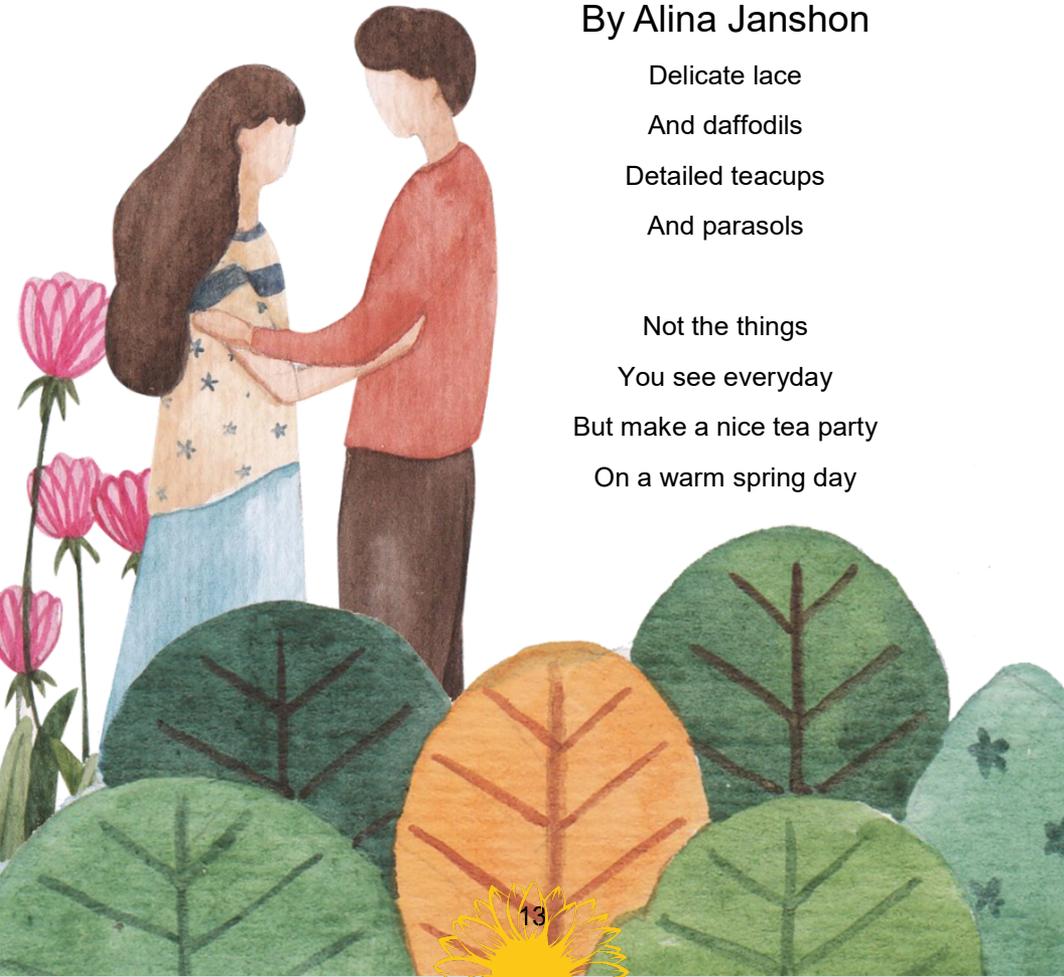
And parasols

Not the things

You see everyday

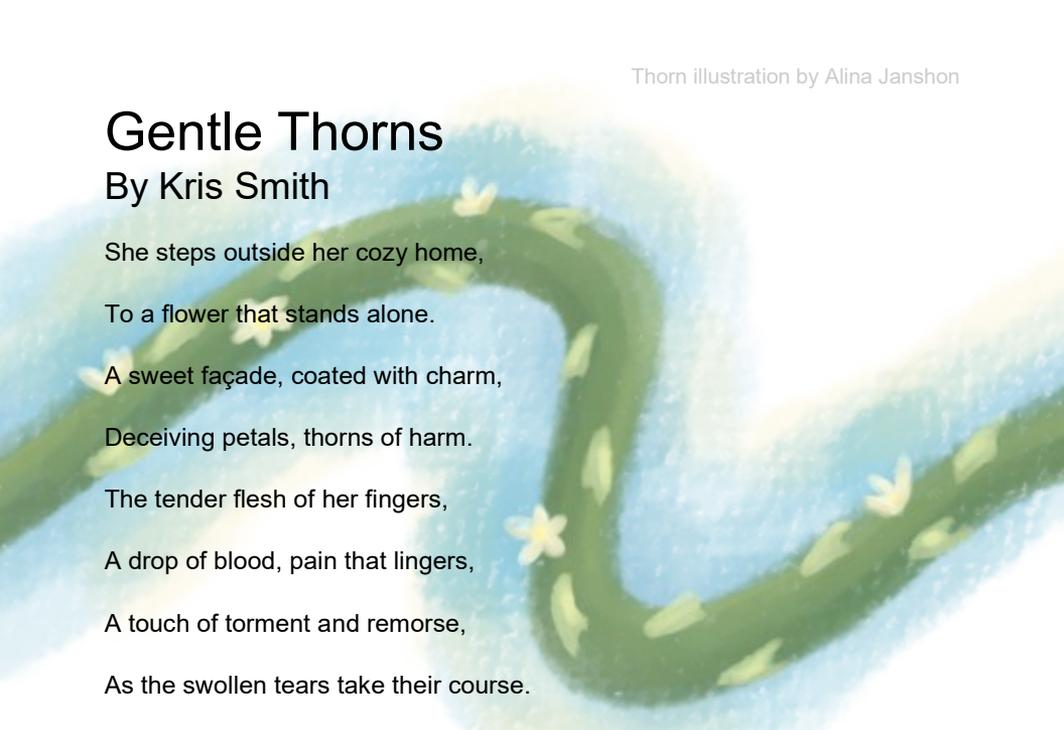
But make a nice tea party

On a warm spring day



Gentle Thorns

By Kris Smith



She steps outside her cozy home,
To a flower that stands alone.
A sweet façade, coated with charm,
Deceiving petals, thorns of harm.
The tender flesh of her fingers,
A drop of blood, pain that lingers,
A touch of torment and remorse,
As the swollen tears take their course.
A storm, her eyes flood smooth black tears,
Casting away corrupted fears.
She forces a smile, and wipes off the blood,
Hating the act her darling called "love."



Your Strength

By Rebekah Martin

You were always at my side,
An uplifting comfort in my dark hours,
I reminisce in the little moment's ride,
As our laughter illuminated our towers.

We'd go out, and have a jubilant time,
Watching you deteriorate, something I hate.
Only God knows your prime fate.

Yet, putting my trust in God not some prophetic date.
You still smile as bright as a summer's day,
Despite your terminal health battle, you're brave.

Your unwavering resilience changes the play,
As a surfer transgresses against the waves.
Fighting with extraordinary power from above

You beat the insurmountable odds with splendor.
I will remember you as a warrior with love.
My dad is the fighter who will never surrender.





*“You still smile as bright
as a summer’s day”*





Vibrant gold petals,
Sharing glorious sunlight,
To dry up our tears.



Bright yellow flowers,
For my love who shines brighter,
Than the sun itself.



My Plants

By Catherine McWee

Jane



“Don’t give me water.
I don’t want attention.
Just leave me alone.”

Jamie



“She’s crushing me,
Bending leaves to cover me
I don’t want to die!”

Josephine



“I like the sunlight
As it streams in from the outside.
Open a window?”

The Weasleys



“I feel too crowded”
“I need more room to grow—”
“Dude, stop touching me!”

Fairy Washboard



“I will steal your name,
Because I don’t have my own.
Allie, Gabby, Trey

Flower Shower

By Gabby Hunsaker

A gentle breeze whisked through the air accompanied by loose flower petals as they waltzed through the clear and endless blue sky. The land was evenly warmed by the sun's calming rays that cascaded down upon them. Alone stood a person- a *human- alone at the edge of the field of flowers...*

They stood there, drowsily gazing off into the distance, shifting through their thoughts like a deck of cards, thinking and wondering all while trying to wrap their head around the unfamiliar surroundings. There were a million thoughts flooding through their head but one word stood out from all the rest.

Home.

All of a sudden they began walking through the field, passing up flowers painted from a pastoral palette, some crushing beneath their footsteps while others stood to rise again. The flowers were practically the length of freshly cut grass, young and seeking vitality. Despite these precious colors, the human was intrigued for only a short while before they continued past them, looking onward in search of their goal.

Home.

The traveler needed to find their home, needed to find their way out of this speckled field. They didn't know why, just that they had to leave, yet there seemed to be something—a string— pulling, tugging, leading them blindly without a clue. Without them even realizing, they were already trapped as they would eventually be brought by that innate force trailing straight to their timely torment just as the others.

They continued onward with seemingly endless energy and soon after, in the distance, there was a tree and underneath it lay a wooden chair. The traveler seemed to recognize this tree despite it being nothing more than a sapling, remembering the one they had grown in front of their house so long ago. That small sapling that they had grown yet cut down after it had blossomed into a lovely woman with all the hassles that came with her. They stopped to look at it as they considered taking a break to try and process the situation but, they decided against it and kept going.

Home.



The traveler walked for hours that passed like days and sparsely throughout, they found more of these trees with only a single wooden chair. As the traveler slowly lost their strength, the flora seemed to grow in theirs. Something was changing in this field of flowers. Slowly, gradually, it was changing, the flowers seemed to grow taller and thicker, more vibrant, and the trees something more mature. The plants turned from being meaningless to more of an annoyance. They sought to drain the human's strength but the traveler carried on anyway despite their ever-growing fatigue. These small flowers had grown up to the human's calves and soon to their knees yet they would not rest, not for a second.

With this new onset of matured flora so came their pollen. The human, with sweat dripping down their face, took another slow and dragging step forward only to be sprayed with pollen stirring a chain reaction among the other flowers. The person covered their face and tried to clear the air but that only agitated the pollen further. The human began to cough and sneeze as they struggled to breathe and their eyes became swollen and puffy. They tried to sprint through the now pollen-filled field, unable to see where they were headed. Tripping and stumbling over their thick stems, they became so exhausted that they didn't even bother trying to see what was going on ahead until they suddenly took a step and was met with no resistance at all. They opened their watery eyes a bit and were less surprised to find a tree sitting in front of them. It was large and aged and cold, a complete contrast to the warm and humid field. There was no life around the tree, not even a speck of grass and the dirt was dry and dusty. They walked cautiously around the tree, only to find a wooden chair. At the sight of this, they finally collapsed down into the chair, finally resting against the cool and fresh air current to catch their breath and not even a minute after, they fell asleep. Abruptly fading into darkness.

Bzzz...

BZZzzz...

Bzzzzt-

BzzzZZZZ!



Everything looked dark and it felt cold and it sounded annoying as I tried to clear my cloudy head, trying to wake up. A constant buzzing noise surrounded me but my mind was too muddled to understand. *Where am I? How did I get here? What was I doing again?*

Home.

I jerked my eyes open at the sudden remembrance as I broke into a cold sweat, jumping up from the chair to begin searching once more only to pause. The sky no longer held its precious pastel blue but now, it wore a menacing maroon red with a darkness that lurked as if waiting to swallow everything whole. Only the red aura kept the shadows at bay while the sun glared down with its piercing rays. I looked around to see the field withered, surrounded by nothing but death and decay. There was no longer any breeze at all that danced blissfully in the sky, just an eerie stillness, yet that stillness seemed to open my eyes. I don't know how I hadn't noticed but when I did, pain shot throughout my whole being.

I looked down at my left arm only to find not an arm but a hive. From my hand all the way up to my shoulder, my skin was drilled with holes of varying sizes. My whole limb was swollen but hollow at the same time and bruised. The skin near the holes was a deep plum red but faded out to a lightly irritated red as it got further away. The most horrific part was the hornets flying in and out of the holes. I screamed and gagged while listening to their incessant buzzing, feeling all their little steps not just on my skin but *inside* of me as well. My skin was *crawling*. I grew weak and slumped back into the chair, hyperventilating while I quickly began to process the situation yet failed to come to any conclusion to save myself.

As time passed the pain grew worse and worse while it spread; slowly it was spreading from not just my arm but to my shoulder and my back. I plunged my fingers into the holes. It made a crisp crinkling noise yet at the same time it was also wet and squishy. My skin was as crisp as burnt bacon but my insides, my muscles, were practically liquidized and the bone stripped bare. I bared my teeth than fished my fingers around, the buzzing growing more and more agitated, until I caught something. It was a hornet. It wiggled around aggressively and repeatedly stabbed its stinger into my fingertips and with the sudden pain from its stinger, I squeezed it. It popped and splatted some kind of juice inside my hollow holed arm.

I pulled my fingers out, my arm squelching and cracking but my pain somewhat less severe. This encouraged me to continue sticking my fingers back into those cylindrical shapes with a more merciless attitude than before repetitively.



Cruuunnccch, squelch-

Swishh, slosh

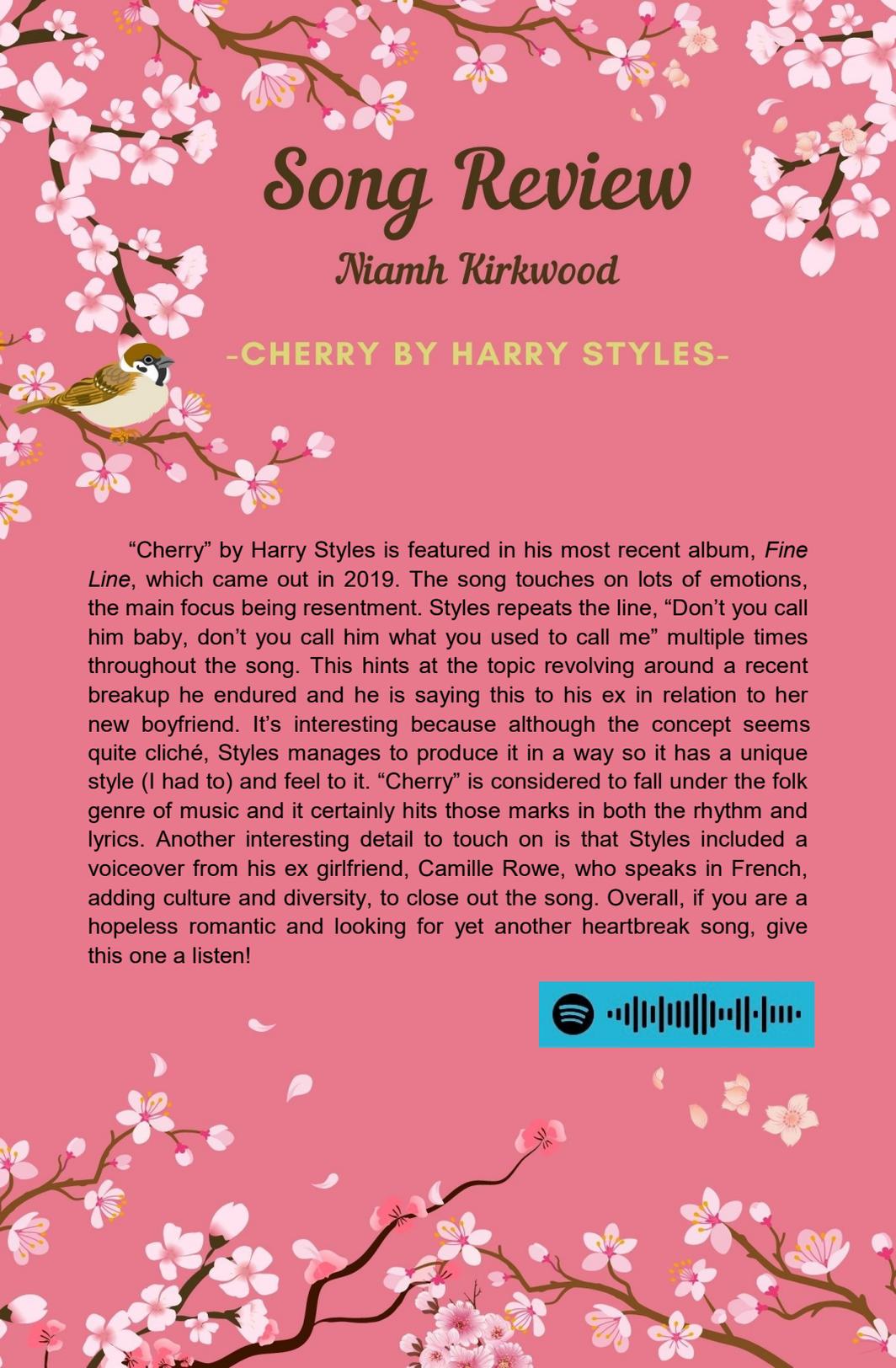
Shlossshhh...

Pop!

Illustration by Christopher Johnson



After what seemed to be an endless barrage from the hornets, the traveler had finally killed all the parasites that resided in their arm. Their skin had closed up for the most part but was still swollenly hollow and failed to respond to the travelers will, they couldn't move their arm from the lack of muscle tissue. They wiped their dirty hand on their less dirtied clothes, then tried to clear the sweat from their face. They looked around glancing meekly at the scattering wings and crumpled bits of the hornets that lay around the chair. They then got up from the chair, their legs weak and breathes rough and haggard as they looked onward through this hell they had traversed through and would continue to, till the end of their time in this plain of madness.



Song Review

Niamh Kirkwood

-CHERRY BY HARRY STYLES-

“Cherry” by Harry Styles is featured in his most recent album, *Fine Line*, which came out in 2019. The song touches on lots of emotions, the main focus being resentment. Styles repeats the line, “Don’t you call him baby, don’t you call him what you used to call me” multiple times throughout the song. This hints at the topic revolving around a recent breakup he endured and he is saying this to his ex in relation to her new boyfriend. It’s interesting because although the concept seems quite cliché, Styles manages to produce it in a way so it has a unique style (I had to) and feel to it. “Cherry” is considered to fall under the folk genre of music and it certainly hits those marks in both the rhythm and lyrics. Another interesting detail to touch on is that Styles included a voiceover from his ex girlfriend, Camille Rowe, who speaks in French, adding culture and diversity, to close out the song. Overall, if you are a hopeless romantic and looking for yet another heartbreak song, give this one a listen!



WORLD POETRY MONTH

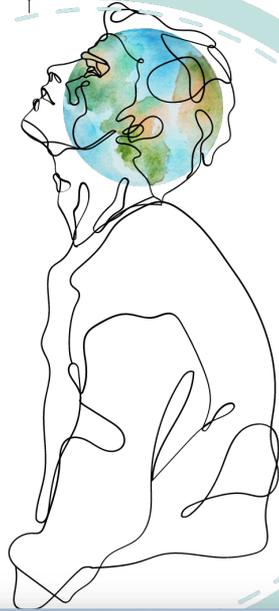
April is world poetry month!
Come join Mitchell's YouthBeats
literature club in having the last poetry
reading of the year!

4/27/22

5:30 at Talkhouse Trinity.
Come and read something or just
listen!

This is open to the whole
community.

9945 Trinity Blvd # 103, Trinity, FL 34655



Picture Taken by Emily Harris



Poet Laureate's Corner

Empty Nest, Filled Again

By Allison Lennox

The world is too unkind for you
And I, a simple passerby
Have kept you in my pocket, safe,
So that your song is soft as snow.
The bitter cold you bore alone.

I have too many lamps at home.
Perhaps you were my chance to try;
Though life's unfair I thought aside
That I, a simple passerby
Could be the sun in winter's night.

But now you've stopped your gentle song
My dearest friend, I do know why.
But I, a simple passerby:
A lonely, temperate lamp ally
Swear you will see the summer soon.

As time has flown and you have not,
The morning broke a brand-new dawn,
My pocket hotter than the breeze
Of which, I let you take with ease.
This passerby has said goodbye

Now later on, as I peruse
Along my dreary path, nearby,
A chorus sings that simple song!
I see your nest, your kin so young;
My grandchild waves as they pass by.



Poet Laureate

of JW Mitchell High

Call for Nomination

For

Poet Laureate of JWMHS (2022-23)

Begins

Friday, April 1st

Ends

Wednesday, April 20th



See Mr. Vanno in room 330 (Orange Building) for application and/or any questions. You may also download an application by scanning the QR code.



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Wild Horses

ANNUAL MAGAZINE

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Thank you for
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