



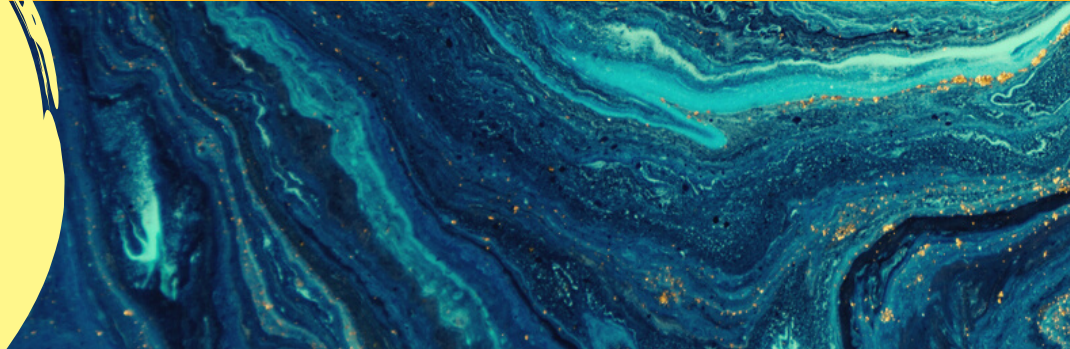
FALL 2021
FIRST ISSUE!

MPL TEEN ZINE

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Lights, Camera, Action!

by Jessica Slocum




Lights, camera, action, let's do this now,
To perform on stage is a dream come true,
Playing a character is worth the vow,
Especially when walking down the queue.
Reciting lines with confidence and skill,
Expressions and emotion play a part,
In acting success which sends a deep thrill,
Down my back making me love the art.
But I am also inclined to singing,
To sing sweet tunes is a hobby I love,
Just being in the moment is living,
In acting on stage to the gods above.
Where I am lucky to perform for you,
So, thanks for the chance and this is my cue.





Sickly Seas and Solace in the Stars

by Zariah Haque



There stood a girl
atop a beach
with the night sky
and its misty clouds
accompanying her;

She could feel
the wailing whoosh of the wind
pinching her fingertips

She could taste
the bitter brine of the breeze
souring her tongue

She could smell
the rotting reek of ripples,
clogging her nose

She could hear
The prickling patterns of the puddles,
stinging her ears

And she could see
the sickening scene
of a saline sea

The girl rocked back and forth
a bittersweet nostalgia
plaguing her thoughts;

Her arms trembling,
Her breath shaky,
she turned to the night sky
and its misty clouds,
and untensed her body,

She could feel
the whimsical whoosh of the wind
easing her fingertips

She could taste
the benign brine of the breeze
romping her tongue

She could smell
the remarkable reek of the ripples
tickling her nose

She could hear
the pleasant pattering of puddles
alleviating her ears

And she could see
The soothing scene
Of a shimmering sea,
now kissed by the light
of the stars
That loomed above

The stars that shone
through the wind,
through the breeze,
through the ripples,
through the puddles,
and through the scene
of a bittersweet sea

Now covered by the solace of the stars
that hung high,
accompanied by
the night sky
and the misty clouds
accompanying her

Butterfly's Broken Wing

by Elizabeth Arnold



I. The end is always foreshadowed.

falling,
carefully
to the ground
I tripped over my own feet
(that's a first)
a thwart of pain pulsed
in the middle of my chest
as my arms tried to catch up to my the rest of my body.
but failed only half a millisecond before I reached the ground.
and beneath my boney bruised knees,
now lays
the shredded wing of once bubbly blue butterfly
next to its former body.
I quickly crunched the dirt around me
into my skeletal fist
as I stood once more
and noticed the delicate creature's life
oozing out of its once lively
and carefree body
-the death of a butterfly



II. *When our end comes, the mind
learns to understand.*

for unknown reasons,
I got back on my knees
like I was praying to god
and picked up the innocent thing
as the last bit of life
the butterfly seemed to cherish
has now completely perished.
tears rose from the depth of my soul
like a reasoning to my madness
had finally come about
the simple homicide
of a small butterfly
caused a new thought
in my mind of murder
-realization

no,
no,
no.
I cannot be its demise.
droplets of salty tears dripped
quickly,
and gracefully,
from my chestnut eyes
that had been deprived
of a life worth living.

why must the universe punish me?
for I tried,
so hard,
to live the way my destiny foretold
the sinister,
unfair,
heartbreaking destiny.
as of now,
my outdated destiny lies unfinished.
-my own fate, the one I created for myself.

my innocence had
been stolen long ago
with every cut and bruise this
world has brought upon me
why do they blame me?
somewhere, deep
in my shrunken cracked heart,
there was still a glow of purity
still something other than
desiring to harm
that kept me alive
and now,
I have taken every ounce
of innocence
from this creature.
(just as innocence was ripped from me)
what is the point of continuing?
-unfair

III. *As doom awaits, we sit in peace to defeat fear.*

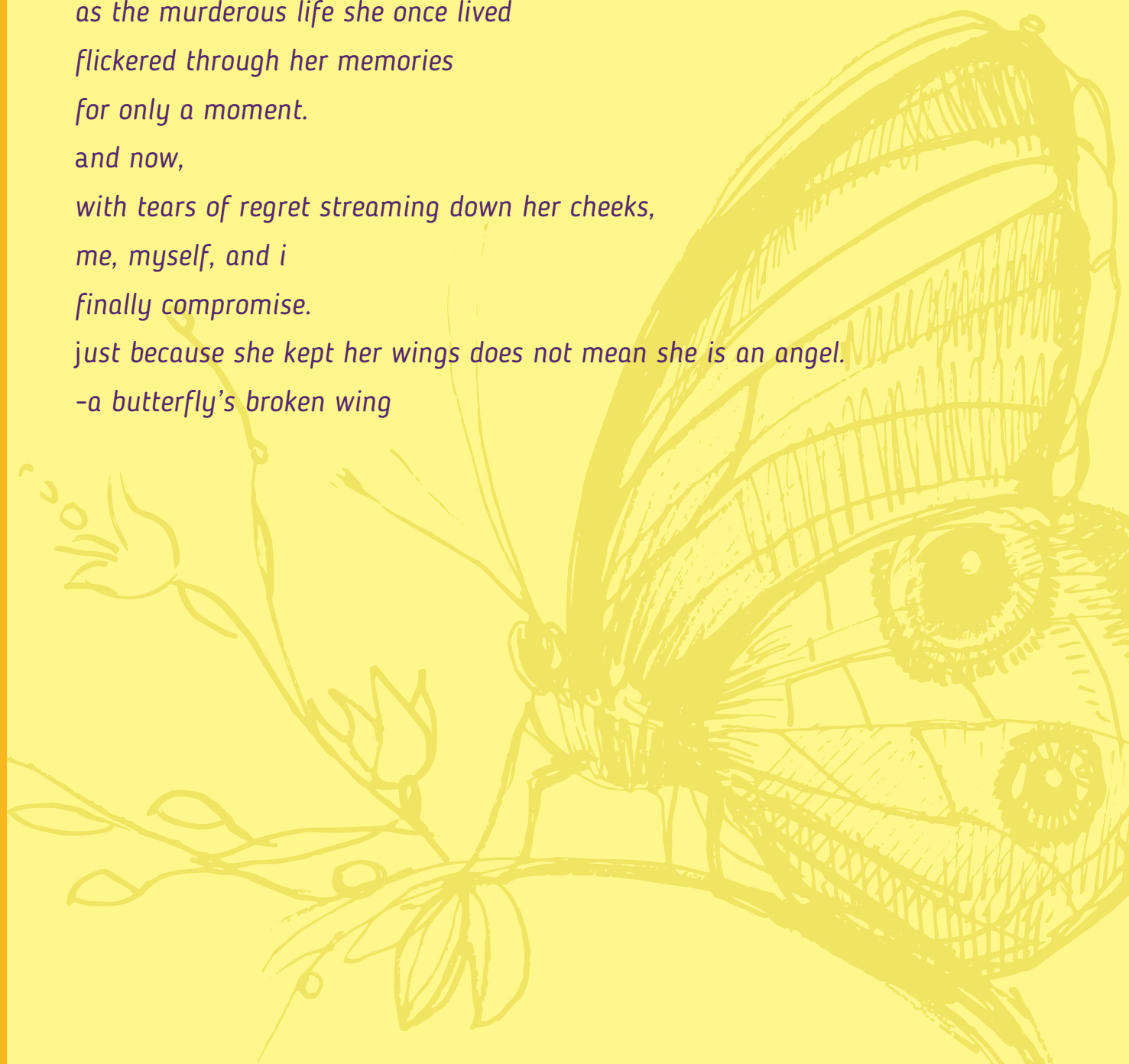
*now she listens to the sirens
that insure fear amongst the wrong-doers.*

*she turns her head
as the murderous life she once lived
flickered through her memories
for only a moment.*

*and now,
with tears of regret streaming down her cheeks,
me, myself, and i
finally compromise.*

just because she kept her wings does not mean she is an angel.

-a butterfly's broken wing

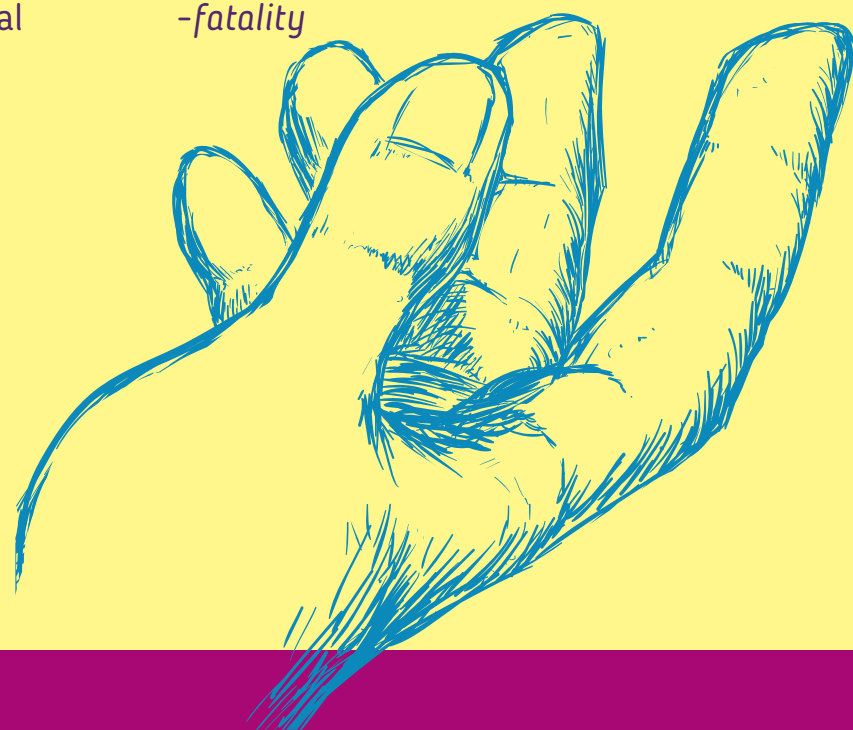


What I Forgot

by Elizabeth Arnold

I adore impressionist art.
I can't paint,
but I praise those who can.
I've tried to express my love
by sketching my hands.
people say it's difficult,
drawing hands,
and it was.
I'd spend a good thirty minutes
erasing, perfecting,
erasing again, starting over.
and now I can't stop
twisting my wrists,
bending my fingers,
and trying to find any original
pose I can create
to make a sketch of.
It just took some time.
-everything gets better

loss after loss,
the whirlpool of wretchedness
sucks me in,
as the confusion
and blurred lines between head and heart
toss me into despair.
was I to blame for my constant
setbacks?
sadness?
lack of morality?
it took so much energy to learn
being able to understand why
doesn't mean I can cure
a disease within the soul.
-fatality



I try to appreciate now
the things I forgot of
while I spent years
letting myself become ill
because it would protect
someone I thought loved me.
the agony kept me alive, though
it filled my lungs with addictive pain
yet comfort lies within my tears.
safety is familiarity,
and my safety was sorrow.

-bewildered

old car air fresheners and cold
Starbucks coffee.
she is ancient like latin,
but new like a freshly born star.
feminine eyes and long lashes,
she likes her music loud
and her breakfast sweet.
we were the type to put extra icing
on warm cinnamon buns.

our friendship like first graders,
we pinky promise to keep secrets.
no matter where I go, I will always know
that nothing will ever be
better than the times you spent with me.

-sister

strawberries stain smiling sunny skin.
it burns like fire, but we welcome it in.
hour by hour, summer by summer,
we play in the sea not worried about a thing.
a warm breeze thrills me,
as we run with sand in our hair across the
beach
the stars sprinkled on our cheeks,
there is nothing else we need,
right here,
right now,
just you and me.

-chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla



I don't know why I cared for you,
but I did.
and with that
came forgetting the importance
of everyone else around me
including myself.
I don't know why I cared for you,
but I do know this.
I hope no one ever
reminds you of me,
because I never want to remember you,
and I hope you don't want to remember me.
-let me leave

every autumn I miss the one before
I don't know why,
but the feel is so distinct.
the smell of the dying leaves,
the cool air that turns my breath white,
I crave what is long gone.
I hate when I lose things from the past,
because when I remember them
I love to look at it, feel of it what I can.
whatever it is, this thing is an artifact
from all of my memories I attain.
I love looking back in time
and placing myself in something
so familiar,
yet I have never experienced it.
I don't know why I long
for essences of the past
(especially a past that was never mine)
-I really hate change



Quote the Angst

by Rim Parker

10

Maybe someday they will know how I feel,
And then they will pull me in like a reel.
I sometimes forget all the questions I ask,
My mind just takes it on like a task.
Pardon me, I have a few concerns I must share:
With what shampoo do you wash your hair?
What strategy do you use to relieve your despair?
What do you think about on an empty mind?
If I looked deep inside you, what would I find?
Do you fiddle with your fingers during your class?
When you have to present, do you talk fast?
Are you constantly wondering, fretting?
Over the little things, such as your bedding?
When someone says something, do you just brush it away?
Or does it leave you searching, broken, or in dismay?
Do you stare up at the star, possibly as far as Mars when you try and sleep?
Or do you drift off all of a sudden, and not make one peep?



Alberta

by Rim Parker

Her heart was not smart for letting itself down,
Although it was intelligent enough to know he
was not right the first time.
She fell for him,
Even through the chances of them making it out
were slim,
Which ended up being the case.
She became familiar with the pattern of their
ways,
House he would always leave,
Yet she would always stay.

He had her heart in a million places at once,
But with his, hers stayed.
She watched all the couples having a good time,
eating each other's ice cream at the city fair,
When all along she was not even there.
She plotted her revenge in a scheming sort of
manner,
Although he was not as intelligent,
He could banter very well.

If Einstein was a girl, he would be labeled Alberta,
Which could never be for certain.
She was intelligent in that she decided to end it,
But not so smart in her attorney.
If the blood spatter was on the ceiling,
How much of that would take away this empty
feeling?

Although she is not and never will be a threat
to society,
She awaits her demise in a cold, dank cell,
Watching from Heaven at her burning Hell.
She missed the way the loop went around,
Only when she felt safe and sound.
Right away that would turn into a ghost,
Just like the many nights he left her alone.

She may never meet the bail quota,
Oh, this sweet and intelligent, young Alberta.

the demise of difference.

by Rim Parker

All of us are small, just like a penny of a loan.
Merely a grain of sand that makes up the stone.
Like a small stain of honey on a bee,
Never just on their own
Never forgetting what it is like to be "me."
No more would they drown but have water up to their knees.
At least, that is how they wear the crown.
With other's courage you could become a sir,
No more would you be called a slur.
That you may know your worth,
Yet share your turf,
Every single one of us deserves our own shrine,
But we need everyone else to glimmer, so that we can shine.