

EDSEL FORD HIGH
SCHOOL
PRESENTS:



THE TALON

LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE
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VOLUME 1

Dedicated to the graduating class of 2020

THE TALENT

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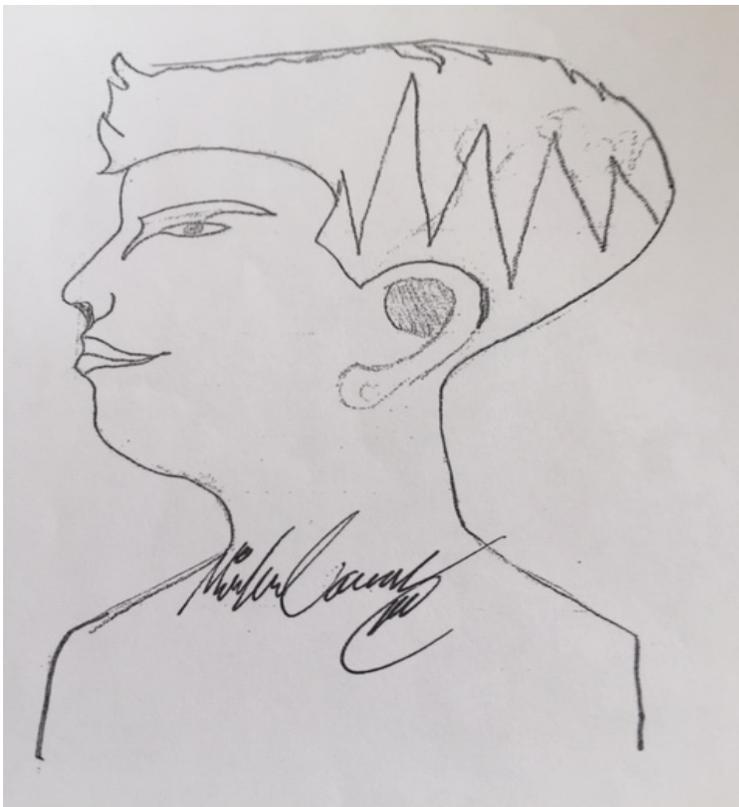
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Us

They radicalize our feelings
call them complex
call us dysfunctional
call us psychotic
they say we are not obtainable
we will never be desired
the brains behind their pale faces
will never know what its like to be us
the way they treat us
the way they resent us
Them, always so full of disdain.
We've remained calm for so long,
that we've become worn.
They will get obese as they eat the
chestnut that is our heart.

Anonymous

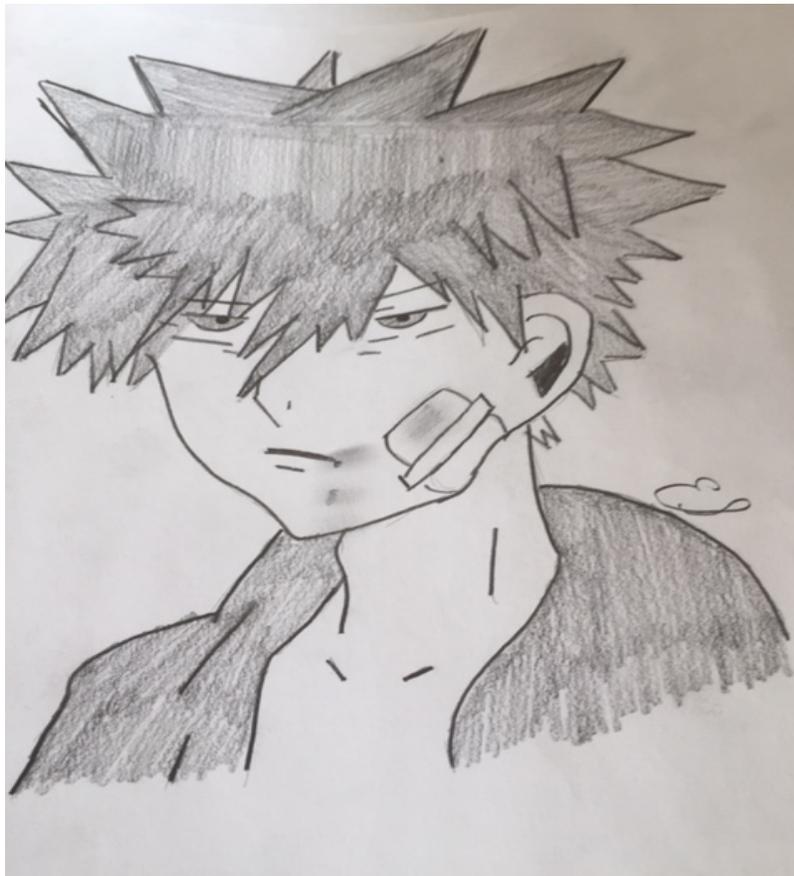


Artwork by Michael Cannon

The Revolution

We don't lack the courage anymore,
We don't lie awake
and hope that all of our problems will drop.
We've decided to take initiative
And that, we will do.
Let's deny all of the implications they pin on us
And show them who we really are.
Let's give their *minimum* our maximum,
and show them we are a force to be reckoned with.
We have creatively expressed our injury,
in order for us to heal.
But now it's time to fight.
Our music, films, books, photography, art,
are just the beginning of the revolution.

Anonymous



Artwork by Erica Sasanans

Where Dejection Lies

-by Anonymous



More Than an Apple

Inspired by the painting *The Son of Man* by Rene' Magritte

Five o'clock in the listening room,
harvest time.

Apples, ready as poppies are dropping from the sky.

Outside adjacent to the balustrade the Son of Man isn't stowing away.

He is thinning on top.

Hi.

We move to Philp Glass.

The visually impaired god lies saying, "This is not an apple."

Joy is here.

Take it.

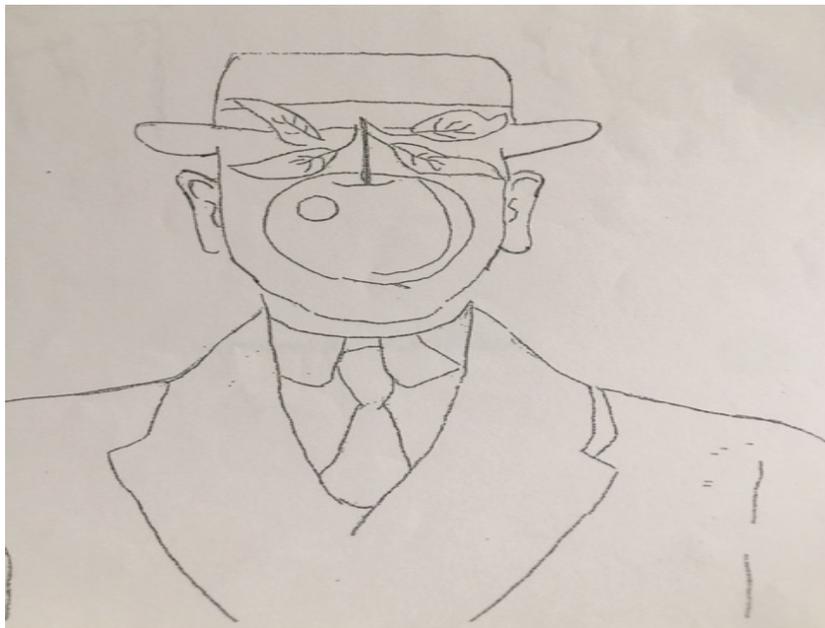
This is the place that god failed to understand the situation.

This is the place the son of man removes his veil-

It is not the apple of desire or allureament.

It is only an apple, center, seed and core.

Jack Durant



Artwork by Tia Phifer

Tender Trove

Lack of rest but I cannot guess- the blessings I beheld,
Implication of my emotions swell,
Like an injury in the night, I yelled.
Dropping my lonesome feelings down a well,
Concluding all of my conflict began in my head
Deep darkness complimented by gentle rain spread.
Instead of being misled by dread, I fled the shed,
for it caused pain widespread.
Concluding that I must run away from my bed.
Sadness of failure and loss made me want to quit,
Until I found something else to help me commit.
Photos of the world all pretty and lit,
Boosted my compassionate grit,

I permit my wit of a sunlit grove,
Calling it *tender trove*.

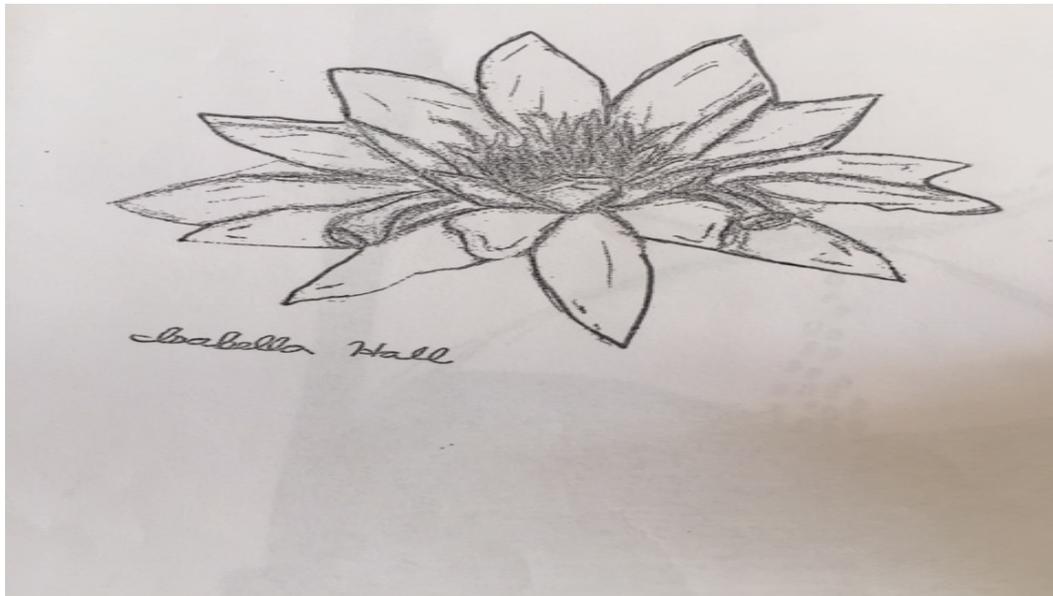
Isabelle Pertee

Aphrodite

Inspired by Sandro Botticelli, The Birth of Venus

From the seed of the sky
From the belly of the sea
Among the bluster of the gale
Amidst the swash of the shore
With the scallop as her guide
Out she came, risen from the foam
The protector of sailors
The goddess of love
Spring waits to cast upon her a cloak
On the island of Cyprus, her journey begins

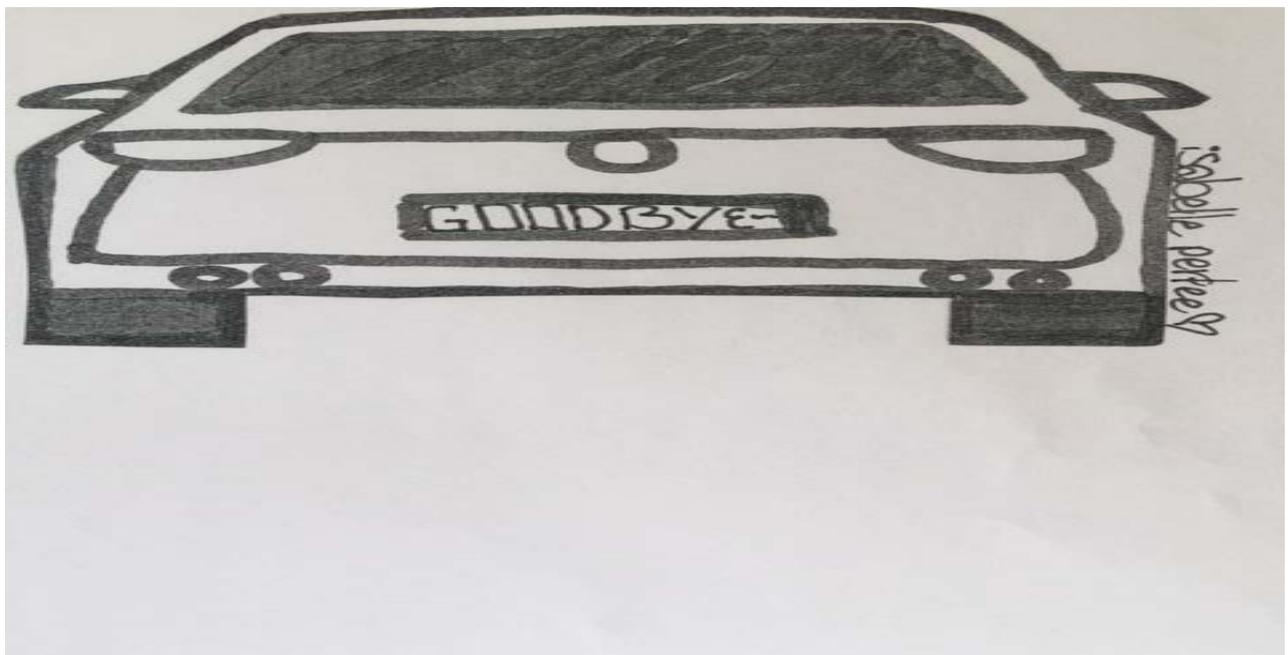
Tia Phifer



945 Miles Away

Thank you and I know it's going to be ok. It's not like I will never see you again.
Whatever you do don't come to me and Sarah
Because I couldn't tell Calee
The blue in her eyes was the prettiest I've ever seen
You're welcome sweetheart
Currently crying now
Don't work yourself up sweet pea
December has ended
Goodbye

Emily Smith



Artwork by Isabelle Pertee

Lemon Boy

Yellow is the color of your hair
like honey brushed in the morning sun

Yellow is like dandelions
crushed under your feet in Summer time

Yellow is the taste of your lips
like a freshly squeezed lemon

Yellow is like bumblebees
that swarm to you like a moth to a flame

Yellow is the way you smell
like a newly bloomed sunflower

Yellow is you-
childish and sour

Tia Phifer



Artwork by Isabelle Pertee

Now

I don't mean to stir the pot,
but sometimes I can't help it
sometimes it gets too hard
sometimes I feel too much
To stay quiet
I know people should be allowed to
comfort their own opinions in privacy
But too much is happening to bypass the ignorance
and to be called "radical"
and to be told I'm just "in a mood"
It is the reason why we are where we are
Every piece of me
Every fiber of my being
has held me back for as long as possible
But now they've relinquished
realizing that we can meet our expectations
and make them a reality if we fight for it

To change people's minds
To lessen the gap between us all

It's not radical
It isn't for show
This isn't a theater
It is for change.
Because ultimately,

People's lives are at stake

Anonymous

Mask

Queen of shadows
Completely dark
A raisin in the sky
Icy and sluggish
Her red hair, pale skin
Something that had been tightly coiled in her chest
Loosened
On the fringe
She fought the shudder
That t r e m b l e d through her

Huda Omar

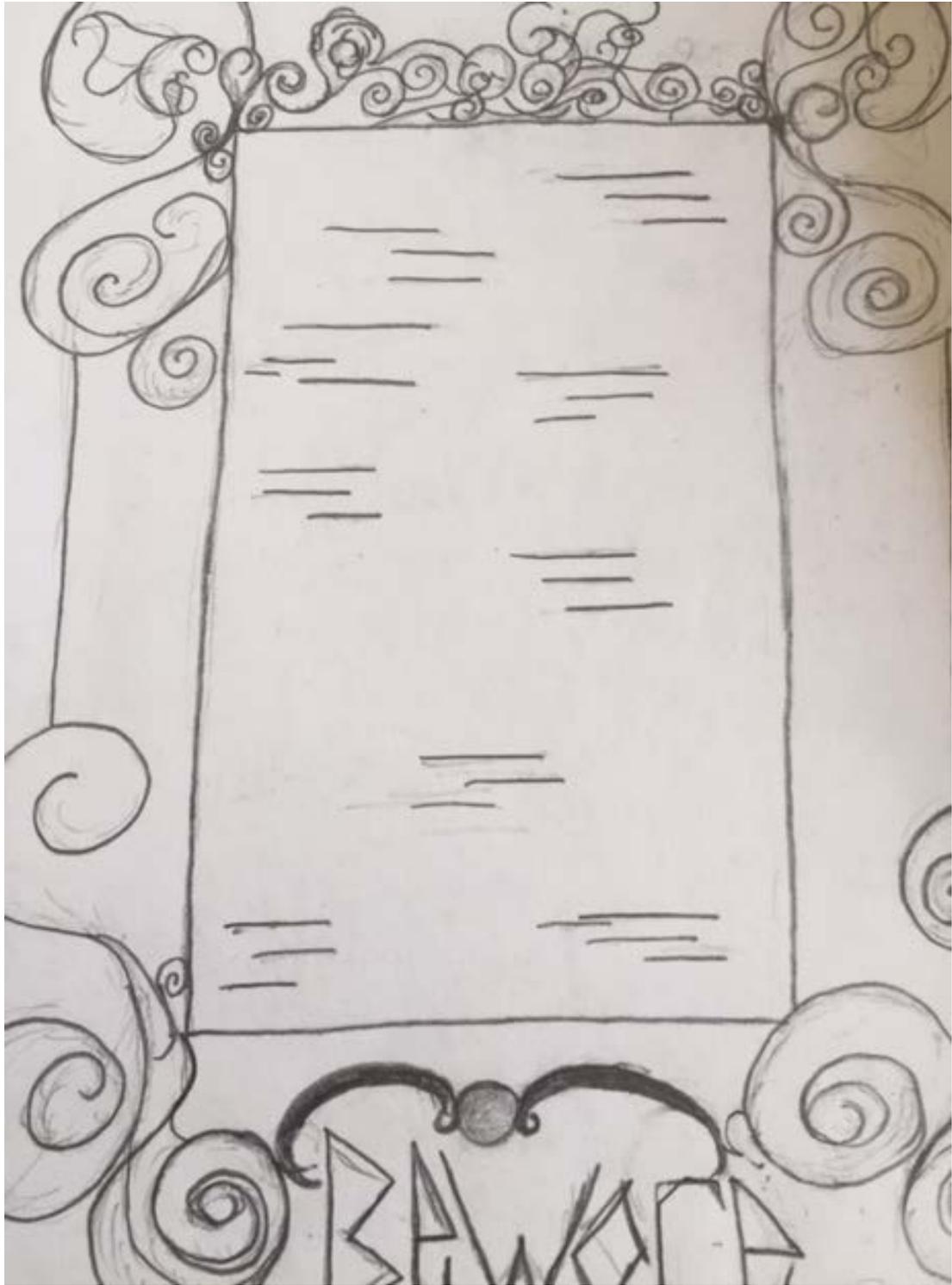


Artwork by Michael Cannon

Beware her Mirror

Her mirror, her mirror
Standing tall and pale
A dark call
With her tale
Once you look
Upon the her frame
Nothing else will
Remain
Once you find where
Your eyes have fallen
Upon her icy
Realm
Her tall
Her call
Will have you fall into her menacing gaze
Where you'll always remain
No escaping her fate prison
Within the mirror realm
Now you're trapped where she sat on her icy throne
Now your wait
To change your fate
With the one
Who did you wrong
They'll find, they'll sign
Away there line
Finally you'll be free
From me
Your dark
Destiny

Michael Cannon



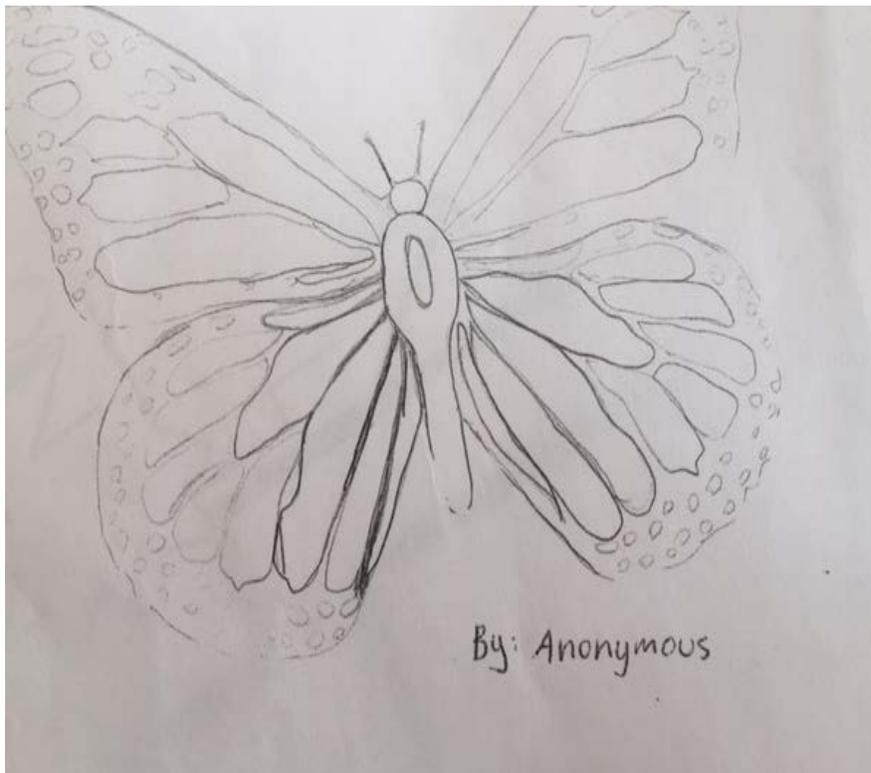
Artwork by Michael Cannon

Untitled

Leading a
Breakthrough
Built a new world
New valley
Blends color
Done searching
Never lie

Found poem

Firas Alayan



Excerpt from *Potential*

The lights had shined among the group of children who were causing commotion. They had no clue where they were and who brought them here. The area around them seemed uninhibited and it had a ghastly feel to it. The sound of metal clanging around them followed suit. The roars of the students only grew louder as the time passed, but the sounds were quickly terminated. A speaker echoing static throughout the room pierced the student's ears, prompting all of them to fall, though one of them still stood. Her black eyes stared at the speaker blankly.

"Hello? Hello? Is this thing on? Oh, it is. Hello, students of the upper class! You may not have any clue about what kind of situation you are in, which is fine! Don't worry, none of your peers will be sacrificed to some other worldly being. It's a huge game that'd all of you will enjoy, I promise~!"

The voice sounded sadistic, not normal by any means. As if, it were mentally deranged and damaged beyond repair. The speaker cut out, nonetheless. The lights slowly dimmed; the children didn't bother to speak a word as they were intrigued. The girl that had stood sinfully smiled into the speaker as it had echoed once more. This seemed strange to the large groups of children, though they didn't pay much attention to her.

"A-ah! Sorry for the quick intermission! Now where was I? Oh! So among your little group is a thing, or someone that is a thing. Your job is to figure out who it is! Your reward is your freedom, and the thing is one of you. Each day that goes on, I will open more parts of the factory. So get comfortable, though I have a feeling you won't. There is no way of actually getting out of here either unless I let you! So don't even bother trying or crying for help. For now, that's all the information you need to know. Food will be provided, though all of you will need to share and work together~!" That was the last thing that voice had said before the speaker completely burnt out, and silence filled the room. The children tilted their heads and took a few steps back to look more closely at the girl.

"If you're already deeming me as a suspect just because of my black eyes, you're pretty weird. I don't even know any of you," the girl said in a abrupt manor. Her frame was tall but petite, paired with glistening pastel skin and silky auburn hair. She had blackened eyes and a small silver nose ring that complemented her ominous nature. One of the teens came forward, standing next to her with a small smile.

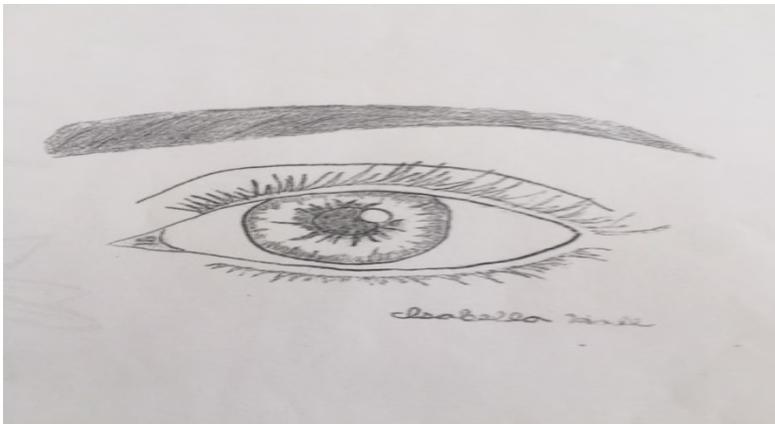
"Yes! We might as well congregate instead of isolating one another. No one would actually hurt one another here, even if they were a thing! We're rational human beings, they're shouldn't be an issue at all!"

Jabari Hogue

Terminal Five

As
Babbette
climbed
down
entry
five,
Gwen
had
intervened,
"Just
Kneel
Low," Babbette thought.
Maybe she
never
opened a
present,
quarrelling
righteously, Babbette became
suspicious
towards being
under
vultures
with
xanthic,
yellow,
zany eyes.

Jack Durant



Artwork by Bella Hall

Dear self,

I know you feel helpless, worthless and sad
This life has just broken you, you rarely feel glad
I try so hard to love you, I don't want you in tears
But you are so hurt, this pain won't disappear
Please try to forget it, and move on from here
Holding on to these feelings won't help you my dear
I know you feel stupid, heartbroken and alone
But you should never forget that you are your *home*
You deserve so much better, they don't need your love
Just look at yourself, your beauty is much more than enough
So people who don't like that, just let them be
I know someday you will realize, someday you will see
Your life will get better, good people will come
Right now, I just need you to know that I love you
and I hope that I'm enough.

Love,

Me



Artwork by Fatooh Abdali

Untitled

The woman stared at the dim screen, the bolded \$400,000 staring back at her, clouding her train of thought. 400,000. Surely she hadn't seen that generous amount of money to her name in quite some time. She could buy a house with that money, she could move across the country with that amount of money. Heck, she could make a completely new *identity* with that money. She closed the laptop abruptly, placing it on the old, aged nightstand to the left of her bed. Eyeing it, she thought, *I could buy a new one*. The woman imagines her younger self. She wondered what she would do with this money at such an age. The first and only thought to reach her mind was New York City, the place where all of her real dreams were found. The place overflowing with opportunity and talent, the place she felt was the last piece to her puzzle. She imagined herself on a Juilliard stage, the spotlights blocking her sight of the crowd as she moved gracefully across the stage, her feet reacting obediently before her mind could. The familiar feeling made her warm, and she longed to feel it again. *This is your opportunity*, she thinks, *this is what you've been waiting for*. She remembered the dreadful moments with her mother, the dream crushing words that spilled out of her mouth.

Dance is not a career, it's a hobby. You need to start thinking about medical school, don't you think? You can't keep thinking this silly forever, you know. You can't be successful in the performing arts, maybe a lawyer? Dance may make you happy now, but you will regret it later on. The whole family has successful career paths, so can you.

She grabbed her computer and immediately typed "New York City apartments for rent" into the search bar. She scrolled and scrolled, bookmarking potential apartment buildings and websites, calculating rent estimates. *Am I really going to do this?* She pondered the thought with the realization pouring into her head. This could be a once in a lifetime opportunity, a *miracle*. And with that, she entered the first number of the first apartment building on her list, and pressed call.

Donya Younes

My Life's Idee Fixe

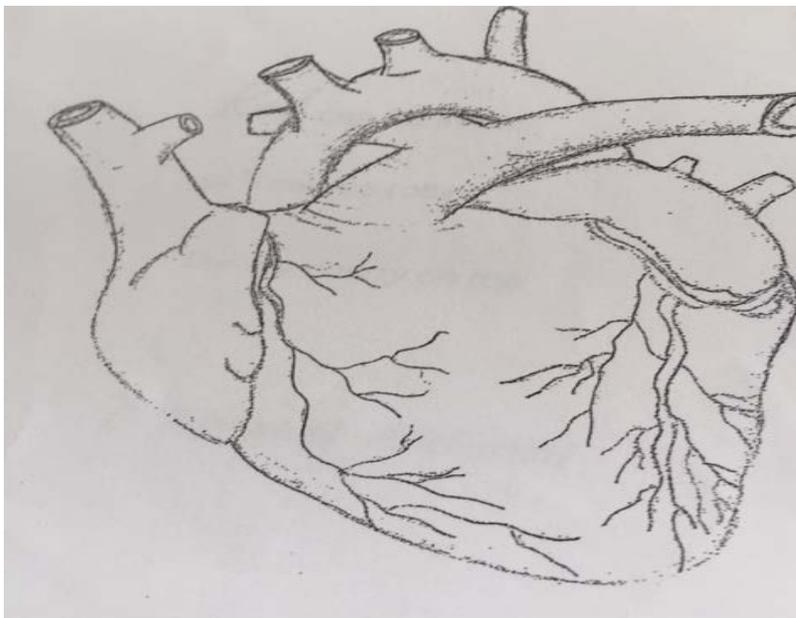
*My darling, my sunshine, my love, my world.
I shall miss you as I pass through our old town with you in my mind,
as no flower has the same scent as you.*

*When your voice hits my ears
My face perks up with the hope of seeing you,
only to realize it's your voicemail*

*Though the distance between us unsettles me,
We shall be together sweetheart,
You don't need to worry*

I will be gentle in your demise.

Isabelle Pertee



Artwork by Helena Salliotte

Listen

Secret **lace** *lake*

Pale moon *mist*

Spark **night** *gem*

Drift *sleep*

Mind *flash*

River

Spiral

Brianna Crandall

Lost:

What inspires
Great pain
Always breaking them
Dreaming big things
Troubled romance
Damaged Skins
Lost instinct
Breathlessly secret

Helena Sallote



Artwork by Kari Leon

ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS DANCE

Attitude
Ballerina
Choreography
Demi
Elevation
Fifth position
Giro
Headspin
Ibo
Jete
Kabuki
Leotard
Mambo
Number
One Step
Point Quick Step
Relieve
Second position
Timing
Upbeat
Vascular syndrome
Walk
X-Ray
Young
Zumba

Deborah Masters

About this publication:

There was a lot of hard work and effort that went into this publication. Students not only wrote and illustrated many of these pieces, but they also helped put it together. We wanted to bring this literary magazine back after many years to highlight the tremendous amount of talent at Edsel Ford High School.

Many seniors have also included their work in this. We dedicate this "virtual" issue to the graduating class of 2020. We celebrate your successes and are proud of your many accomplishments during your time at Edsel Ford.

Mrs. Diem

"Go forth and set the world on fire."

St. Ignatius of Loyola

