



YOUR

MIND

Atlantis Ablaze Literary Magazine
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A NOTE

FROM THE CO-EDITORS

Silence is a dam, but your voice is a flood.

We spend our days tucked into desks, swallowing our ideas to keep peace, but Speak Your Mind is where the current of thoughts can rush freely.

Inside, you'll find a sea of ideas, bold truths, and voices that refuse to be silenced. This isn't just a collection of poems and stories, it's a tsunami, a wave of ideas finally set free. We've collected your art and words to speak for you when you can't, for your message to rain down upon the masses.

Read it loud. Say it loud. Let the volume rattle your teeth.

Yours in creativity,
Amy Flores & Caitlyn Lungstrum
Co-Editors, Atlantis Ablaze



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What's worse? Wanting
to see me and not being
allowed, or being able to
see me and not wanting to?

Nika Smith

The Little Things
Olivia Hill

Nobody mourns the death of an Ant,
It's too little.

The beautiful dewdrop on a leaf
May never be seen
Intricate patterns of a spider's web
Will soon be taken away by the wind,
or destroyed.

But what if you're alone in the end?
In tears?
Turned away?

We're little things too.
But nobody should be a little thing

We all should be seen
Every single one of us.

doodle to the poetry



Puerto Rico

Samantha Markulin

Isle of Enchantment, my heart beats
Puerto Rico, land of my love
Palms sway in the gentle breeze
Chests filled with sugar, coffee, and sun

The streets of Old San Juan,
Wandering through them
La Fortaleza stands tall,
guarding history

My people dance to the beat
Of plena and bomba;
hearts overflowing with joy

In the mountains, El Yunque
Rains
My land-a treasure in every vein
From Fajardo to Ponce, its beauty shines
Puerto Rico, my island--divine





Puerto Rico
Samantha Markulin

Isla del Encanto, mi corazón late
Puerto Rico, tierra de mi amor
Las palmeras se mecen con la suave brisa
Sus pechos llenos de azúcar, café y sol

Las calles del Viejo San Juan, vagando por ellas
La Fortaleza se alza imponente, protegiendo la historia

Mi gente baila al ritmo de la plena y la bomba,
Con los corazones rebosantes de alegría

En las montañas, El Yunque llueve
Mi tierra-un tesoro en cada vena
De Fajardo a Ponce, su belleza brilla
Puerto Rico, mi isla... ¡divina!



w e x p r e s s i o n g m a s
u v q f v x r i m b z f e e p
a t l a n t i s a b l a z e r
z x a c x w y s h x i z l b o
f n o q h w a p p i g z x h s
a n w u r o p e f p a d v g e
u v y z b r q e t d a k c m b
p y e b p d o c f o r r l g c
o a e u l s t h f q x s o s q
o s b e w p w p h c r t v j b
r p a n v d w w j z d o c l m
l i t e r a c y d e o r z q e
o p i n i o n q o a u i u b m
p o e t r y y v c i y e j g n
s c t j h k p h x w v s p y l

Atlantis Ablaze

Stories

Poetry

Literacy

Opinion

Words

Expression

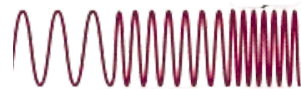
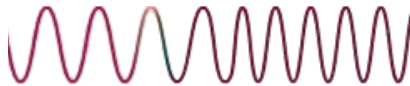
Speech

Prose

Childhood Silence

Andre Hernandez

The radio screams a saddened tune,
Kid sent down underestimated a fool,
Why am I a tool
Only because I'm newer than the ones in charge?
So then I cannot be part of something large?
So, let's be real not sugarcoat it
I'm sick of the blasphemous assumption
Eruption at adolescence
For only prepubescence
Is that any better than segregation,
Are we less then because we do not have the indication,
Is 18 a limit,
Why should that be where my voice starts,
Is 18 the limit?
To make real art?



A Mad-Lib in the Park

(NOUN)

It was a(n) _____ morning, I was _____
(ADJECTIVE) (VERB ENDING IN -ING)
through the park. A beautiful _____
(ANIMAL) (VERB ENDING IN -ING)
in the sky. The sun _____ down on me. Many would
(VERB ENDING IN -ING)
call this a(n) _____ day, but I can see the
(ADJECTIVE, SINGULAR)
_____ of the scene. The world is _____,
(ADJECTIVE) (ADJECTIVE)
away from all of life's troubles. Nothing can _____
(VERB)
the sight; nothing can _____ away from the beauty.
(VERB)
Will I have to return to a world of _____, where
(COLOR)
every look and word carries too much _____? Or
(EMOTION)
will I be able to stay here in the world of color, where the
air is light and life feels _____.
(ADJECTIVE)

Life

Zaynab Daqidiq

Time changes, and so do we,
Your first step feels like yesterday.
Next thing your at school,
Mom is taking pictures,
And you are looking your best.
Next thing is middle school,
Trying to find your way
Moving through the halls is chaos,
Once you find your way its fun.

Chaos isn't always bad

Next thing, your walking down the stage,
Tassel swinging left to right
Life is finally complete

A Gift Not Cared For

Gabriella Gooden

The sun is shining brightly, making the fish's scales shimmer and the cheetah's fur luscious. Creatures of all kinds worship the sun, from the small grasshopper to the giraffe, singing and swaying to the old bird who stands proudly on his log. The moon furrows her brow—why don't they treat her like that? Do they not get sick of it? The same weather every day, the heat sometimes getting so hot that the water from the pond evaporates.

The humans are frightened by her. Once the sun sets, they gather their children and shut the doors; never giving her a chance to say hello. She gives them sweet sleep so they can be rested to go to their insignificant job, all the while ignoring her job that has no end. Tears fall from her, but neither animals nor humans are concerned about her, only bothered that their quilts and outings are "ruined," blatantly ignoring the fact that the crops' lives are now replenished. Yet, of all the various plants, only a handful are grateful, and only a few bother to look up at her.

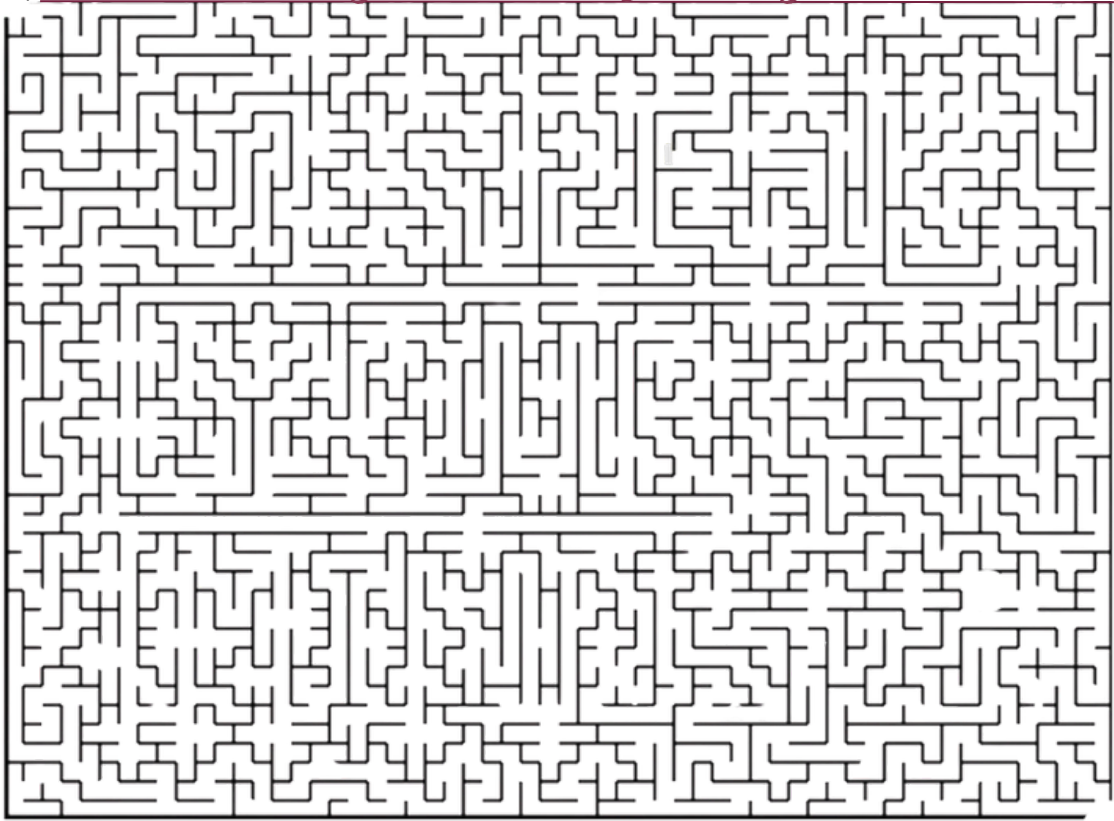
Then one day, the moon decides to disappear—no sleep, no hunting, and no more crops.

The humans drop like flies, most die from exhaustion, others from an empty belly. Blood is all that is seen from the east valley to the end of the rainforest. Animals cry out—begging for the moon to come back. Flesh is torn—they call out to the moon. No response. She no longer has the light of the sun to warm her heart.

Plants and animals learn how terribly crafty humans can be. They witness rocks being carved and then put on sticks. The fire they all used to gather around and tell stories of when the sun and the moon first met; how they made a world around them safe enough and strong enough to support their children. The fire is now being used to destroy huts and separate families. The fish cries; another one of his brethren had been taken and consumed. How the animals wish they could go back to simple times of peace and happiness where they could sing and frolic without care. How the humans wish they could sleep, go back to a time when their limbs hadn't felt like lead and their eyes didn't bleed.

The only ones who showed remorse, however, were the plants. They knew what the moon had done for them and ignored it. The flowers wilt and will never show their buds again. The tree roots retract, the trunks go deep into the ground, and the only clue of their existence would be by mouth, mouths that have dried up from lack of water. Yes, even the mighty Sun—who had dismissed his counterpart. Only to appear brighter, hid his face. Ashamed of what his children had done, and wondered what could have happened if he had not been too ashamed to have spoken out.

Start your poetic journey here



Happily ever after

The Pledge

Valerie Gutierrez

I pledge allegiance to the flag of MY PEOPLE
We stand up from our chairs to begin the Pledge
Hand over our heart vowing lies
They say it is disrespectful to not say the Pledge
That it's for the people who have died defending this country
But the truth disrespect is not sticking to the pledge's words
It says things like one nation, indivisible, and liberty and justice
for all
But that's far from the truth
The sound of doors being slammed shut on hopeful faces
The sting of a slur
People getting discriminated by the color of their skin
People being stripped from their family's and killed
People being called animals purely based off
their skin tone and culture
Does that sound like justice to you?
The flag woven for bright futures
Only lead to empty promises
Last time I checked native Americans were here first
Stand proud for your culture and rights
Not for the lies that come from red, white, and blue
We thought we earned equal rights years ago, but we didn't
It's not even hidden in plain sight
It's standing right in front of us
We trained ourselves to look the other way
We have learned to ignore it, that it's normal
But it's not
It's wrong and unjust
So next time I stay seated this is why

Brainstorm Your Next Great
Idea!



Carefree
Gia Rivero

The sand was as hot as amber
The sun was as bright as day
The waves hit hard as thunder
The clamber broke it away
The palms swayed in the breeze
as the clouds darkened the sky
Me and my sister bite the bullet
Said goodbye to the dry
The ocean was a battlefield
The water splashed and slammed
The waves dragged us under
The force had us jammed
The disturbed water dispersed downwind
We swam out of the sea
Our limbs were tired
Our skin was burned
We remained carefree

Too Much or Never Enough
McKenzie Lungren

They think I'm always looking for a fight,
like my words are dynamite
meant to explode their perfect little world.

If I don't say a thing,
I'm cold.
If I speak my mind,
I'm loud.
If I laugh,
it's fake.
If I cry,
it's too much.
If I hold back,
it's betrayal.
If I stand up, it's rebellion.

Every move I make
is measured against their expectations,
and somehow,
no matter what I do,

It's never enough.

They want me to be what I'm not.
Pick the version that makes them smile.
Step into the role they wrote for me.
Choose the tone, the word, the smile, the silence.

But I am not a performance.
I am not a character
for your convenience or your amusement.
I am a person
With thoughts, feelings, and a voice
that refuses to be quiet just to make you comfortable.
I stand, I speak, I hold my ground-
and somehow that's betrayal.
I laugh, I cry, I live-and somehow that's a performance.

I will not shrink to fit your frame.
I will not apologize for existing.
I will not apologize for speaking,
for loving,
for feeling too much or not enough.

So here I am.
Not a pick-me girl.
Not a drama queen.
Just a person tired of performing
for a crowd that can't see me
even when I'm standing right there.

I am here.
I am loud when I need to be.
I am quiet when I need to be.
I am me--
and that alone is more that you bargained for

Fear

Sofia Lugo

Spring break started with nervous thoughts
in my head

I went to the parks even though I was
scared instead

It looked like a glowing train in the dark
And it felt like a wild, roaring spark

I was scared, but I did it anyways
My heart was beating fast the whole day
The drops felt like falling from the sky
But I kept going determined to at least try

My fear was a shadow that slowly faded away
As I laughed and enjoyed the rides that day
Fast, fun, and fearless feelings filled the air
With big, bold, brave moments that showed
I could dare

Acrostic Poem

By: _____

S

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A

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LET YOUR WORDS
FLOOD
THE WORLD



@ocsatlantisablaze
@ocsacrw

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