

A photograph of a forest floor with sunlight filtering through the trees, creating a bokeh effect. The ground is covered in green grass and fallen leaves.

STEPHEN T. MATHER HIGH SCHOOL

Carpe Diem 2021
The Update

THE MATHER LITERARY JOURNAL

stay with the moon

I'd rather stay with the moon
The sun is good too
But the moon is reachable, tangible
And the sun burns everything that comes close to it.
She may not be as bright as the sun
But in darkness her light is what comes through
Lighting the way, even if dimly.
During the day everything is light and fun
Peachy and delightful
During the night its mysterious and unknown
True emotions can be let out and shown
Everything that hides in the day comes out and plays
She pushes and pulls the tides
Quietly and serenely
Knows all the hidden secrets and all the creatures that
lurk in the dark And protects them in her darkness
Wouldn't you rather stay with the moon?

Anonymous



Annabel Lam

*Elzia Garcia
Calderon*



Unravel

Andrea Ramirez

Who am I?

My name is Andrea Julieta Ramirez

"Strength and power." My mom said.

My name is like a puzzle

That I'm still trying to unravel its meaning.

It is a black hole

With no source of light.

When I've looked in the mirror,

Compared myself with pictures,

When I was drowning in discouragement,

It's overwhelming

This voice I'm constantly hearing is suffocating

The sound of constant critique,

Comparing,

And disgust.

The people whose voices I've let identify me.

The power I've given to my past,

Mirror,

And surroundings.

It's like a book of truths,

To discover who I really am,

To uncover truths and journeys.

Unraveling my name and letting only myself identify who I really am.

My name will stay with me forever.

The power to unravel my name.



Kainat Ibrahimî

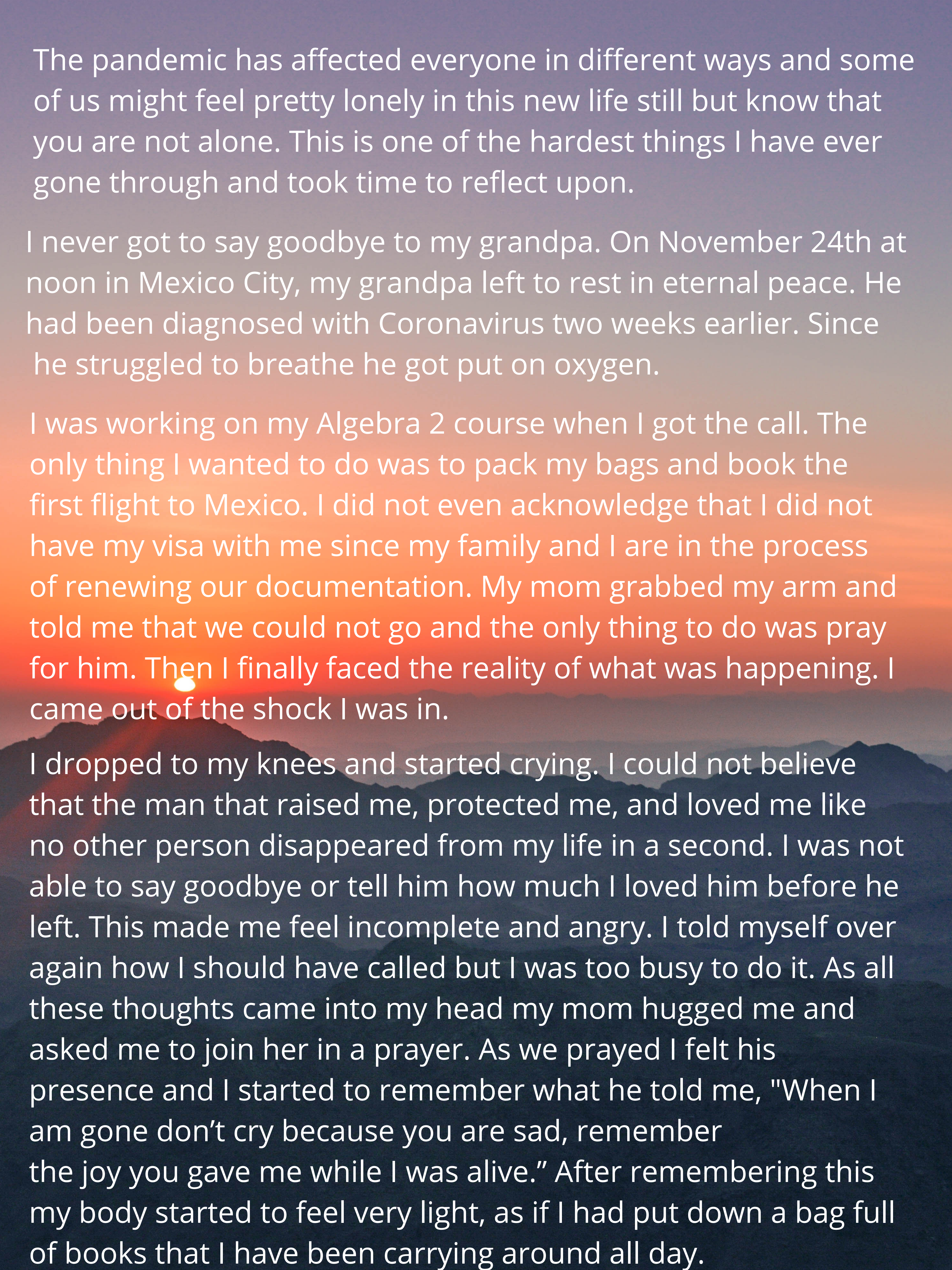
**So much depends upon
a lonely shoe rack
it holds the shoes
and does much more**

Anonymous





Anonymous



The pandemic has affected everyone in different ways and some of us might feel pretty lonely in this new life still but know that you are not alone. This is one of the hardest things I have ever gone through and took time to reflect upon.

I never got to say goodbye to my grandpa. On November 24th at noon in Mexico City, my grandpa left to rest in eternal peace. He had been diagnosed with Coronavirus two weeks earlier. Since he struggled to breathe he got put on oxygen.

I was working on my Algebra 2 course when I got the call. The only thing I wanted to do was to pack my bags and book the first flight to Mexico. I did not even acknowledge that I did not have my visa with me since my family and I are in the process of renewing our documentation. My mom grabbed my arm and told me that we could not go and the only thing to do was pray for him. Then I finally faced the reality of what was happening. I came out of the shock I was in.

I dropped to my knees and started crying. I could not believe that the man that raised me, protected me, and loved me like no other person disappeared from my life in a second. I was not able to say goodbye or tell him how much I loved him before he left. This made me feel incomplete and angry. I told myself over again how I should have called but I was too busy to do it. As all these thoughts came into my head my mom hugged me and asked me to join her in a prayer. As we prayed I felt his presence and I started to remember what he told me, "When I am gone don't cry because you are sad, remember the joy you gave me while I was alive." After remembering this my body started to feel very light, as if I had put down a bag full of books that I have been carrying around all day.

I was able to calm myself down. My grandma called me and told me to expect something in the mail. "It is from your grandpa," she said. One week later a box came with my name on it. When I opened the box, I saw a beautiful jewelry box. I opened the box and I saw my grandpa's rosary which had also once belonged to his great-great grandma. I was not expecting to be the grandchild that would receive it. It had just been cleaned and washed too. It is a great honor to keep this rosary around my neck. It was such a struggle at the beginning but now I finally found peace within myself and accepted that my grandpa is not physically here anymore. When I go back in Mexico during the summer I will be able to pour my grandpa's ashes to the ocean in Nayarit, Mexico as he asked us to. Losing my grandpa has been the most challenging thing I have gotten through but as he watches over me I will continue to make him proud.

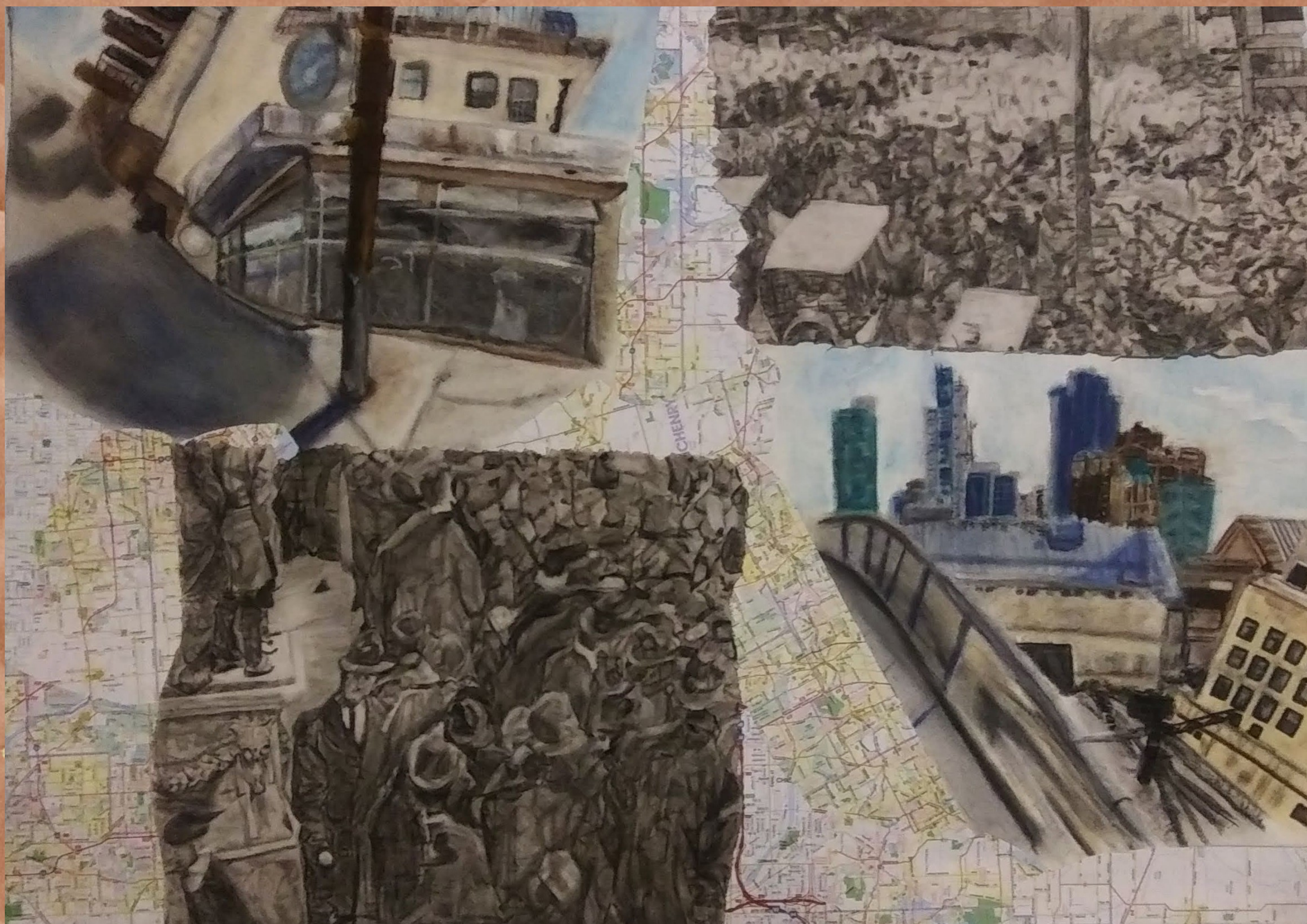
Zyanya Burgos Resendiz

Giselle Aguirre





Charles Betu



Melinda Burgin

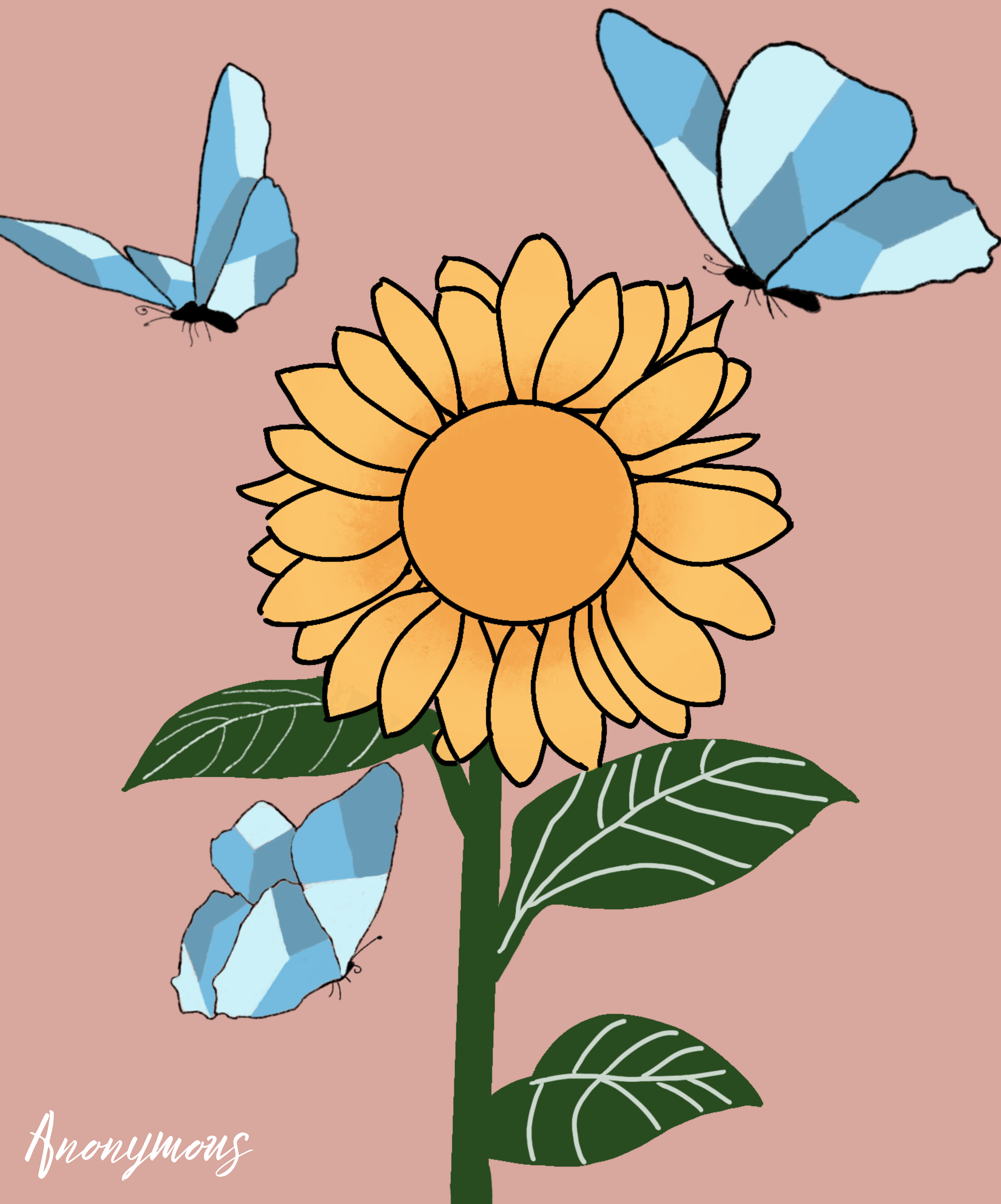
Anonymous



3:07

IT'S 3:07 AM AND HERE I AM AGAIN
TRACING THE SPINE OF MY JOURNAL ONCE MORE
WRITING ABOUT US
HOPING YOU'D JUMP OUT OF THE WORDS WRITTEN
JUST SO I CAN HOLD YOU ONE MORE TIME
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE WOULD TALK
FROM THE MOMENT WE BOTH WOKE UP
TO THE MOMENTS BEFORE WE WENT TO SLEEP
YOU WERE MY SUNRISES AND MY SUNSETS
YOU WERE MY DAYS FROM START TO FINISH
NOW IT FEELS LIKE MY DAYS DON'T END
BEFORE I KNEW IT
I WENT ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER NIGHT
WITHOUT SLEEPING
AND STARING INTO MY CEILING
AT LEAST YOU'LL KNOW I'LL BE HERE IN THE MORNING
BUT FOR NOW IT'S 3:07
AND THESE SECONDS FEEL LIKE HOURS
HOURS FEEL LIKE DAYS
AND DAYS FEEL LIKE OUR FOREVER ONLY LASTED
A COUPLE OF SECONDS

Anonymous



Anonymous



Khansa Nasir

Phi-Lan Nguyen



What it's like to be a child of a mexican immigrant , for those who don't know:

Out of place , that's how you 'll always feel. It's being taught how to care for yourself before anyone has bothered to show you. Knowing that your parents will raise you how they were raised without doubt as that's all they have ever known from the beloved place they call home. Having that necessary fear of losing your loved ones at any moment , not only because of death but something more brutal like dcfs or them blue fools. It consists of learning big words from legal documents before reading them in a book , having to help mom translate words after only one look. It's working yourself past your limits to be more than your parents could, simply because that's all they want, all they sacrificed for, the reason they chose this country and more .Living in a society seen as posing more of a threat than a gun, getting hated for "stealing" jobs while we constantly stay on the run . It's those wonderful family traditions year round that not everyone can attend but it's all worth it at the end , seeing tios and tias your primos that you ask god to watch over since these streets don't like none of us. It's learning to live with struggles not by choice but for others because family always comes first like abuelita said and you honor that up until the day you drop dead. It's having your dream quinceanera , turning into a woman while already having been objectified as one, since men see a brown skinned beauty and act like they haven't eaten in months. More than anything though it's knowing your parents have and will continue sacrificing all that they can for the ones they love, for you, for better opportunities , for change. Being the child of an immigrant is not all fun, it comes with much pain and rage but I stand proud, proud to be a chicana holding strong for the generations that follow me grasping for immunity of this promised land.

Anonymous



Anonymous

Miguel Murillo

