

# Walnut Street Journal

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The Walnut Street Journal is the literary magazine composed, edited, produced, and distributed by the students of Salem High School.

Advisor: Sally Lamont

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There will be one more edition of the Walnut Street Journal this school year. If you have something to submit, please email me at [lamont@salemnj.org](mailto:lamont@salemnj.org).

If you have submitted something, but have not seen it in either edition, please email me and let me know.

# Through My Eyes

By Jada Lee

Walking down the hall everyone stares at me.

I wish they could see what I see.

But instead they see right through me.

Laughing and joking everyone stares at me.

Following trends, Reflection is key.

I am now the image of what everyone else wants to see.

My untamed kinks elongates into straight flowy hair.

My glasses turn invisible as well, as the pimples on my face.

I am now the image of what everyone else wants to see.

Walking down the hall everyone notices me.

They finally see what I see.

Laughs die down as everyone takes note of me.

If only they could see the real me.

Artwork by Kaelyn  
McKinney





Photography by Courtney Wilson

Something about you I can't get out of my head.  
Something about you makes my face red.  
Something about you makes me smile when I'm  
upset.  
Catching feelings is my mindset.  
You caught my eye when we first met.

I'm not like them, other guys. I'll treat you right.  
I'm not the one to be putting up a fight.  
Give me a chance. I'll take you out for the night.  
I don't commit, but this time I think I might.

When you're around, I think I'm in the clouds.  
I'll treat you like you wear a crown.  
I'll post you up 'cause I'm proud.  
We will party like it's rolling loud.  
But my focus is on you. I tune out the sound.

You're the only one I want.  
I haven't felt this way in months.  
I try to get your attention doing stunts.  
You have me going crazy like I'm on the hunt.

Something about you I can't get out of my head.  
Something about you makes my face red.  
Something about you makes me smile when I'm  
upset.  
Catching feelings is my mindset.  
You caught my eye when we first met.

By Justin Hill



Let There Be in Salem  
Let There Be in Salem  
Let There Be on Earth

Let There Be Peace  
Let There Be Peace  
I Just Want Peace  
Let There Be Peace

I Am So Tired of Fighting  
I Just Want Peace  
I Just Want Peace  
Let There Be Peace

I Am So Tired Of Crying  
I Just Want Peace  
I Just Want Peace  
Let There Be Peace

I Just Want Peace  
Let There Be Peace  
Let There Be Peace

~Destiny Jackson



Photograph by Courtney Wilson

# Contamination by Anthony Reed

The rash was spreading, pulsing, hurting, something was happening to me. I tried everything to cure whatever this is. No one is around and the world is empty. I can't do this. My mind is at a horror and the rash is getting larger. My pulse is elevating, and the color of my skin is decaying. I can't do this. I'm searching my home for medicine, a cure, anything. Time is running out. Only a short amount of time before I turn into the others. Time is out and the rash is spreading, pulsing, hurting. I can't do this!



## **We had this storm 2 days in a row**

We had this storm 2 days in a row.  
It got me thinking how her and I are alike.  
The scary booming thunder is our anger.  
The ear-deafening wind is our helplessness.  
The endless rain that floods streets is our tears that we  
cried.  
We both let loose at night.

The storm is us.

The storm represents our emotions.  
How they can get out of control.  
How it feels like it's closing in on us and we can't  
escape.  
The chaos and the fear is our anxiety and depression.  
Our panic attacks and our demons.  
Never ending running to find a solution.

**by Justice Iverson**

But it can stop for a moment and everything goes quiet.  
For that one silver moment everything is at peace.  
When we can finally breathe.  
Until it creeps back up again, swallowing us whole.

Suffocating us.

We knew what to expect and even so we wish we could  
have that blissful moment back.  
Where we finally felt whole.

The storm is us.

The storm is me.

# Lonely Nights by Amelia Jae Montgomery

I knew I was next. My skin was peeling and everyone in my house was gone now. If only we never went on that trip. Everyone would be here still; everyone in the town would be alive. Nobody knew it was us who brought the virus here and never again would I show my face. It had been two months and I hadn't had contact with anyone. I was alone, dying, and all I wanted was my family. I never thought anyone would find me, until one night a man stood over my body yelling, "She's in here. Hurry!"

Strong students.  
Amazing academics.  
Lively laughs.  
Empathetic embraces  
Mighty men and women.

Robust rams.  
Accomplished achievements.  
Magically memorable.

Salem Rams

~Aeron

