

# 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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Salem High School  
219 Walnut Street  
Salem, NJ 08079

Mr. John Mulhorn  
Principal

### Contributors:

Kaiana Hickman  
Shalayby Parsons  
Samantha Ranieri  
Emma Boggs  
Elijah Torres  
Janiyah Harris  
Jennifer Cano Rosales  
Anonymous  
Anthony Robinson  
Anna Pope  
Liajane Rosario  
Ashanti Wright

# On the Block By Kaiana Hickman

I'm on the block, I milly rock,  
In some high socks.  
Watch my pose, what are those.

I'm in a lex, watch me flex.  
Cause I'm better than your next,  
Where you from and where I'm from, we can never  
be the same.

Y'all lames always want to play games.  
So watch me walk, and you can talk.

Cause I am not a lame, you can't compete with me  
we ain't the same.  
You can't talk that talk, I know the game.

You can't stunt on me, I got the brains.  
So grab your books, and your chains cause I'ma  
teach you a couple things.

What you want to learn from A to Z, cause baby  
you know you can't play with me.  
That's why I'm on the block and I milly in my Nike  
socks.  
Watch my pose, and what are those.

**17 billion**

By Shalayby Parsons



# Autumn by Samantha Ranieri

As the leaves start to turn, and the wind beckons my  
name

A leaf in the distance is torn from its home,  
once again wishing it wasn't departing so soon.

The leaves dance and sing for joy, as they escape the  
captive trees,

Following a path no one knows.

The wind sweeps the leaves off to a land, no one wishes  
to journey.

Some leaves carry on their life, as do I.

As the year comes to an end, another chapter of a story  
begins.

Autumn slinks in, as the frost grips the land.

The chill of the eve, blankets the land, as if it trumpets  
"Autumn is here once more".

The leaves wear coats of green, red and yellow as far as  
the eye can see.

Departing from whom they wish to be.

Morning brings frost upon the land, as the sun arises for  
another day

I am like the leaves, changing as the seasons roll  
through.

Seeing life's road go on, as the everyday journeys  
around me continue.

The leaves bid adieu as they departed from the warm  
weather that comforted them so.

## Autumn (cont.)

Crows caw that there's no more corn to steal.  
The land is barren from autumn's harvest.  
Forlorn, they search on for another meal, once more

Lands covered in bright orange pumpkins are emerging  
from the rapidly chilling fields.  
The lands, colored of joy, grow with their weight.  
Pumpkins await their next path.  
As children run through the fields, laughing and  
squealing with delight  
"Autumn is here, Autumn is here!"  
Hallows eve is slowly rolling through  
And pumpkins are expectant of pies and frightened  
eyes.  
As children's eyes gleam with excitement.

Pumpkins squeal, as the hollow of eves slowly come  
round.  
Mischievous makers lurk in the shadows, awaiting their next  
chance  
To cast their deed upon an unlucky soul.  
Soap in hand ready for an unlucky window.  
Sneaking, running, and laughing.  
Throughout the night, the giggles continue.

Ghosts lurk the shadows, like a misty rain on a spring day, wallowing in the dark.

Black cats, blend into the night, as they spread bad luck, amongst the treaters

Porches! Decorated with glowing oranges faces, ghouls in the dark, frightening the youngsters.

Whilst they come up the steps, they are greeted by zombies and witches.

“Ahwoo”! A wolf’s lonely cry thrills the spine like an icy shower on a cold winter’s eve.

Scream! Chest clutching fear!

But

As chilling as this portrays, it’s merely a trick before the treater’s eyes

On the streets, witches, princesses, strongmen and superheroes mingle together.

For delicious sweet candy, they traipse, from house to house, till exhaustion takes hold.

Hallows eve comes and goes, once more

## Autumn (cont.)

Autumn deepens, no longer is there chill in the air, but previews of winter's grasp slowly creep.

Turkeys become nervous, worried for their necks.

People think of their families, their childhood homes and what mom might make for desert!

Pumpkin pie? Apple? Her special cake?

The suspense is worth the wait!

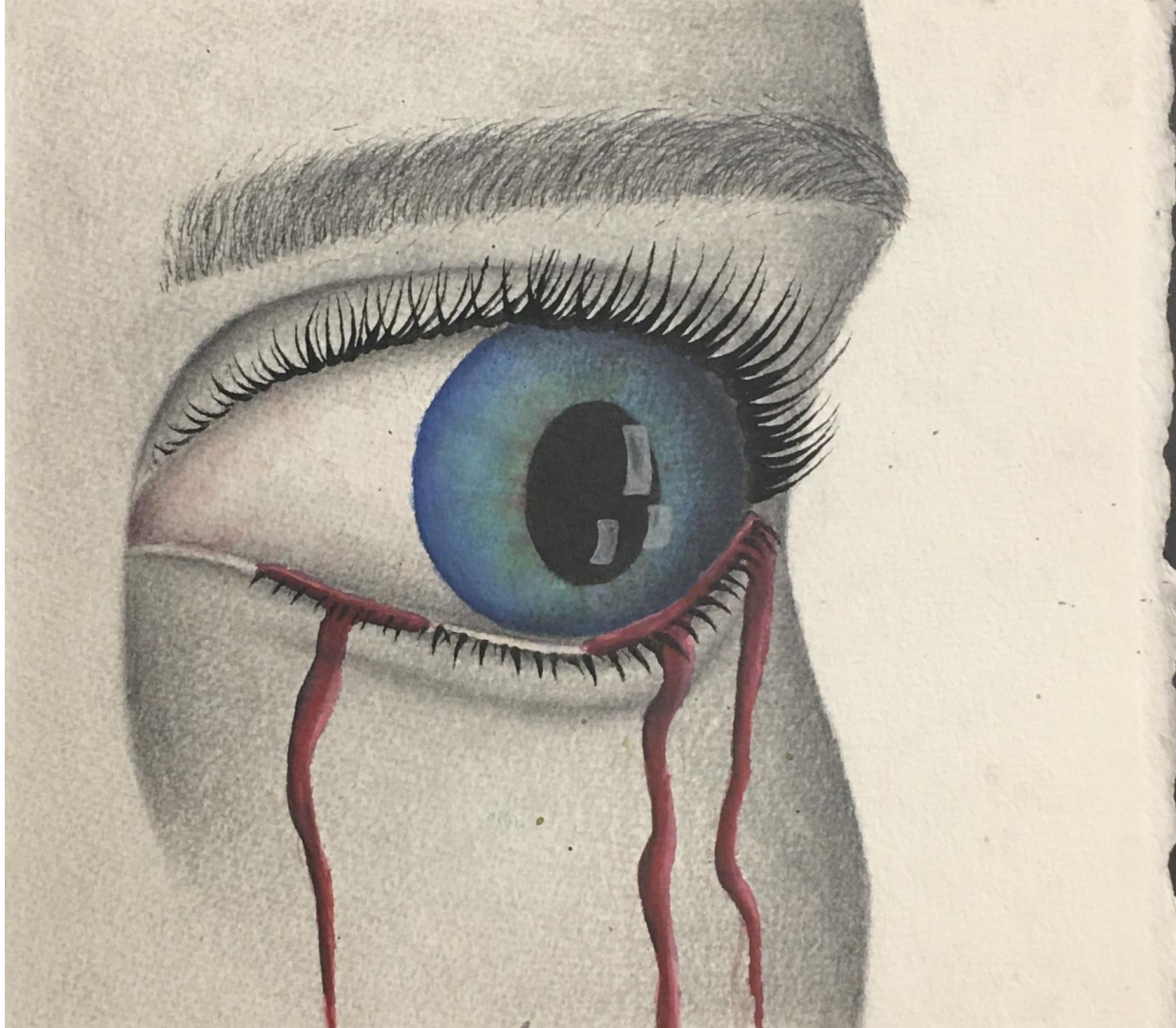
We all come together, sitting around the table, in the glow of family and good food!

It's Thanksgiving, let's give thanks.

As Autumn comes to a close

# Tears of Red

By Emma Boggs





# Fault in Our Words by Elijah J. Torres

Such as the night falls, so does my head follow  
As others lay to sleep, I lay awake writhing in anguish  
Others have dreams of candy and sun and time with  
those loved  
I dream of a world on fire  
It burns and destroys all in it's sight  
It is unstoppable and it only grows in power  
We fear it, and wish it would cease  
But what we don't realize is we are holding the match  
that started it all  
We are standing in the eye and are reaping the fruit of  
our sowing  
The flames of our ignorance consume us in the end

As the fire burns, so does the double edged sword  
pierce so deep it wounds the soul  
The sword within the sheath of our face  
It has the potential to raise up mighty warriors and build  
up flourishing kingdoms  
All too often, it is used to hack down those who we call  
brethren  
We claim to love them, and in the next instance the  
blade breaks through the flesh  
Whether a trial or a tribulation we are quick to draw  
Removing the sword from its resting place with intent to  
harm  
After the sword has served its purpose it is withdrawn  
We arise from the daze and come to the realization of  
the destruction we've caused  
When grief visits and regret settles, we have already  
gone too far

# Fault in Our Words (cont.)

Swallowed up in the depths of the ocean are those who  
lay in the path of destruction we have caused,  
imperceptible to the naked eye  
Below the majestic waves floats the persecuted  
They fight to reach the surface yet the weight of  
insecurities pull them down further  
We watch in terror as the victims of our words attempt to  
breathe, but our persecution fills their mouths  
Few of the oppressed do reach the shore and return to  
their "life"  
Others surround them passively as if nothing has  
happened  
It is on the inside  
The pain that is not spoken of  
In the water that still remains in the lungs  
Suffocating the very breath of existence by our  
damaging words

It is the tongue  
As in the scriptures say, it holds the power of life and  
death  
We are quick to speak and act out giving no  
consideration to the troubles we might cause  
We raise our voices and point our fingers and throw our  
head back in ridiculing laughter  
It's the words we say that burn like fire and cut like a  
sword and are untamed like the waves  
We have potential to build up those around us and help  
them thrive  
Why is it we chose to tear down their self-esteem and  
confidence instead  
Why do we feel it is necessary to point out the flaws  
This is the nightmare that haunts my sleep  
It is the fear of the darkness that is spreading and the  
fear of it consuming us all in the end

# Underwater

By Emma Boggs



# Welcome to America by Janiyah Harris

Welcome to America

Land of the free, Land of the brave

They claim we're all equal, but it's actually the man and his slaves.

The man's quick to help his allies but won't help his own

Why are we struggling in our own home?

All females are force to have kids they are not ready for, while men walk free

All people of color drive around scared, while fair people have a face full of glee

America is seen as a place to be free

But America is just sugar-coated abuse and captivity

Welcome to America

Land of the free, home of the brave

They claim we're all equal but they cater to the man, not his slaves



## **S.A.D (Social Anxiety Disorder)**

**By Jennifer Cano Rosales**

This painting portrays the head of a person exploding into pieces. This deals with the feeling of social anxiety tearing someone apart from the inside. Social anxiety is the fear of being negatively judged by others.

## Who are you?

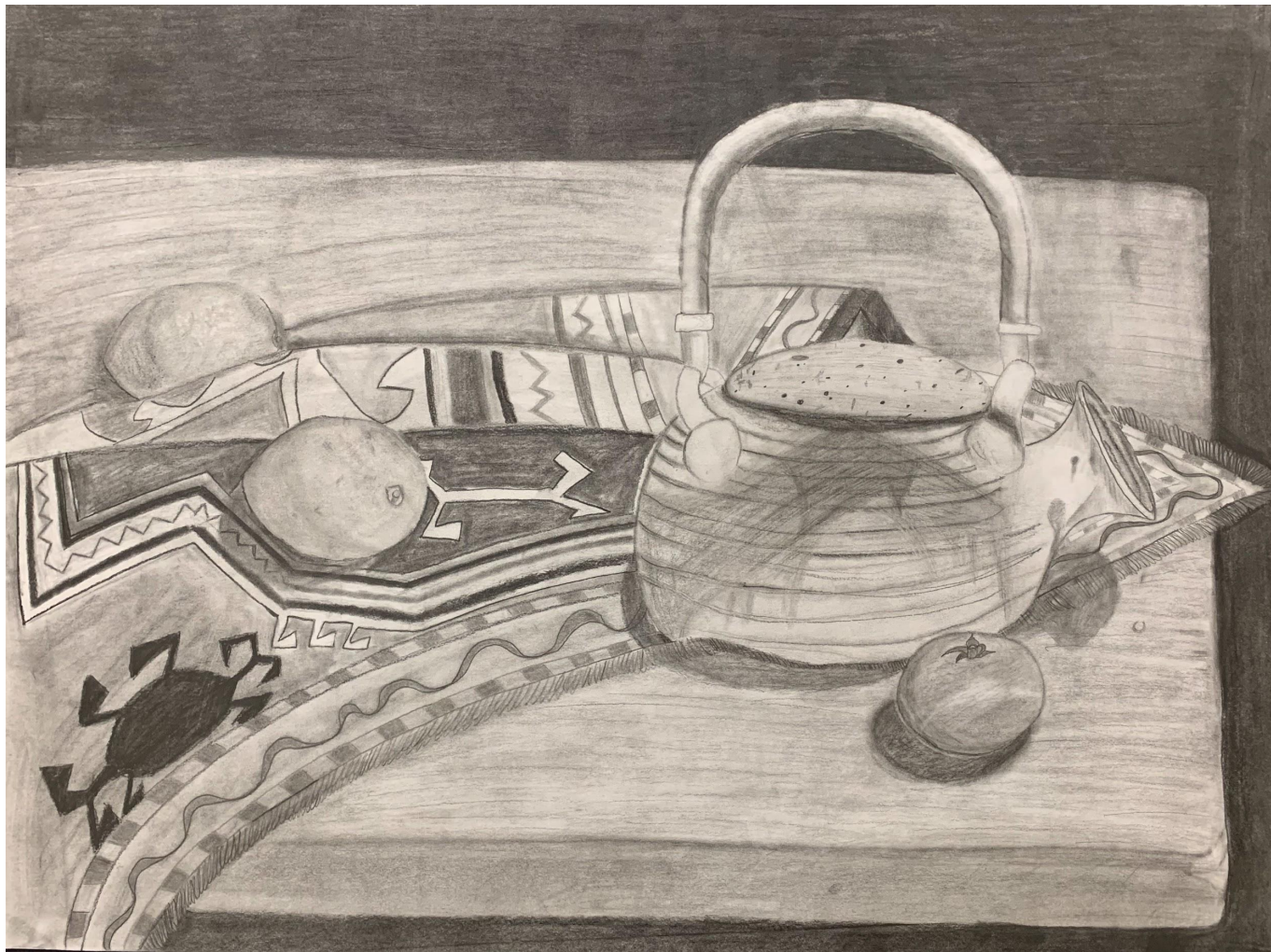
~Anonymous

Some nights just are harder to deal with then others but this night had to be the ultimate worst there was a stranger at my kitchen table but he looked very familiar where did he come from? Why was he here? Have I met him before? There was something very off about him he smelled weird and little did I know I was about to awaken something that would change my life forever I slowly approached he appeared to be sleep until I got close enough and his head turned in my direction his eyes barely open but he seemed to see right through me I knew this stranger but before I could say anything like thunder his voice roared and it shook me to the core what did I do? Confused I roared just as loud like lightning and thunder we battled He'll say some hateful words in exchange for mine then I threaten to leave hoping he will freeze and see that the problem has increased but instead of stopping me he encourages me to "leave" "get out " "get away from me " So I left I walked in the cold and in the rain tears filling up in my eyes I could hardly see but it was too late to turn back now so I cried myself to sleep cause I knew this stranger and he seemed to visit quite often and so would his anger but so would mine these battles went on for a long time but he never seemed to remember them but I did and I hated him But that smell and that bottle always seemed to appear during these nights But why ? Did u forget I am ur baby? Hey dad it's me did u forget? Don't you love me anymore? What did I do just tell me what I did wrong why are you treating me like this It's like a nightmare that won't set me free I watched you pick your poison over me and was forced to watch you turn into someone else so my last question for u is

Who are you and what are u doing to my dad?



Artwork by  
Anthony Robinson





Franz Kitty  
By Anna Pope



# Forgetting

People say forgiving is the hardest thing a person could ever do in their life but I think they are wrong  
forgiving is difficult and hard but it is something that could be done in time  
unlike forgetting which is probably the hardest thing in the world because you can't just forget  
and you can't forget over time because it gets trapped in your mind even long after you forgive that person  
you still have that thought in the back of your mind and there's nothing you can do about it

I can physically forgive but I can not mentally forgive

I can say i'm sorry but in my head I'm thinking "am I really"?

Do I even care? Why do I have to apologize ?

You have betrayed me so many times and u still laugh and smile in my face like everything is okay  
would it be okay if I did the same thing to you?

Looks like I can't forgive either ...unless....I forget

~ Liajane Rosario

Artwork by Ashanti Wright

