



# a new leaf

2020 fall art & literature magazine  
timber creek high school

flight



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1 change by jessa warren

4 desert by jessa warren

the creature by gato

5 balance by jazzy adams

7 the frosted lady by elijah poile

dance on the moon by kiana sosa

10 waxing and waning by augustus prune

blue moon by amberlyn barrera

11 blue watchers by aiden angelle

14 the wanderer by luca

waves by augustus prune

15 whispering trees by eric lorde

untitled art by jaye bond

table of  
contents

# fall

art & lit  
magazine

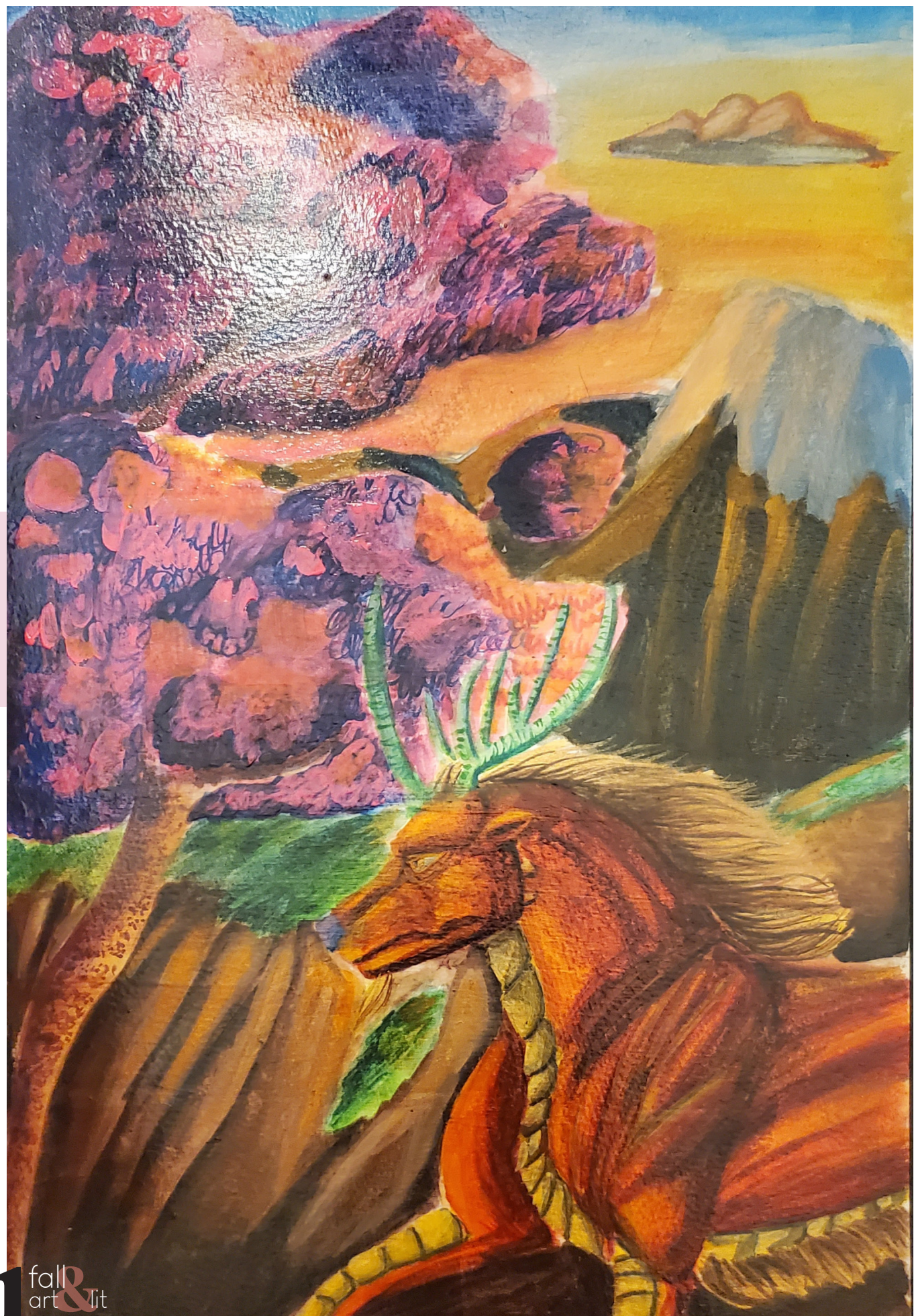
fall

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- 17 the cycle of change by megan uvaney  
19 temporary bliss by john zey  
22 shifting by alexa lugo  
    lamp by augustus prune  
24 ghosties by jazzy adams  
26 change in democracy by lilliann nunley  
27 overlooking the field by jazzy adams  
    flip phone by julia elliot  
30 cat by jazzy adams





art by jessa warren



change  
change  
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change

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change





# desert

art by jessa warren

page design by bren mcdonald





# the poem by gato creature

it creeps through the space between my  
carpet and my door  
moving in the dark along my bedroom floor  
circling my chair at my desk where i sit  
struggling to work, open a new tab and pick  
from an array of useless websites i use to  
waste my time  
to distract myself from the contents of my  
mind  
but alas, i must work, failing grades at my  
tail  
i stare at rows of words and read to no avail  
with nothing to distract me my head  
becomes clear  
the creature, it creeps in my empty ears  
it fills my skull with a numbing cloud  
and every searing thought becomes  
deafeningly loud



# balance

art by jazzy adams







# the frosted lady

story by elijah poile

I was in a frozen tundra when I first laid my eyes on her. She was a teenage girl, about fifteen, wearing a sparkling white dress with encrusted jewels. They were the most beautiful diamonds I have ever seen. Her hair was light blue, cascading down her back in beautiful, shiny waves, with purple flowers pinned in them. Her nails were sharp and covered in frost. In her left hand she held a sleek metal bow covered in sapphires. Her arrows had sharp icicles on them. What intrigued me most of all were her eyes: one of them was dark blue with swirls, like a storm, and her other eye was purple, and cracked. Like if I could touch it, it would shatter. It looked like it was made from glass. Her skin was pale and fair. Her lips looked smooth and had blue lipstick.

I saw her walking among the trees and gathering berries. Her movement was smooth and graceful, like a dancer, or a hunter. Then she starts doing actual hunting. She spots a gray wolf, takes out her bow, nocks it, and lets it fly. The arrow hits the wolf's chest and it goes down. I follow her from tree to tree, trying to be as silent as possible so she wouldn't see me, but I failed and my foot landed on a twig. The girl slowly turns around and sees me. Her eyes narrow and her eyebrows raise. I brace for the worse, an arrow to pierce through me. But she puts her bow on her back, sticks out her hand, and says "come with me." I get up and take her hand. It feels cool and smooth. I feel a powerful aura come off her in waves, freezing me. I work up my courage and walk with her through the forest. That is when my entire perspective of the world changes! There is magic everywhere.



art by kiana sosa

# dance on the moon

page design by lauren graham



# waxing & waning

poem by augustus prune

you asked me to wait for you - but how can  
i?

when there is so much work to be done?  
i can't help but look down upon you  
though it's hard to see you from up here.

bathed in my light you scuttle,  
shining like the shell of the green beetle  
you narrowly missed with your foot.  
i squint at you -  
the shuttle in my eye blurs my vision  
and the stars aren't nearly enough.

i sit in the sky and i melt  
and i melt  
until we can't see each other anymore -  
and then i start anew  
changing and growing and expanding  
and you look upon me with fondness  
and i begin to feel content with waiting.

photo by amberlyn barrera



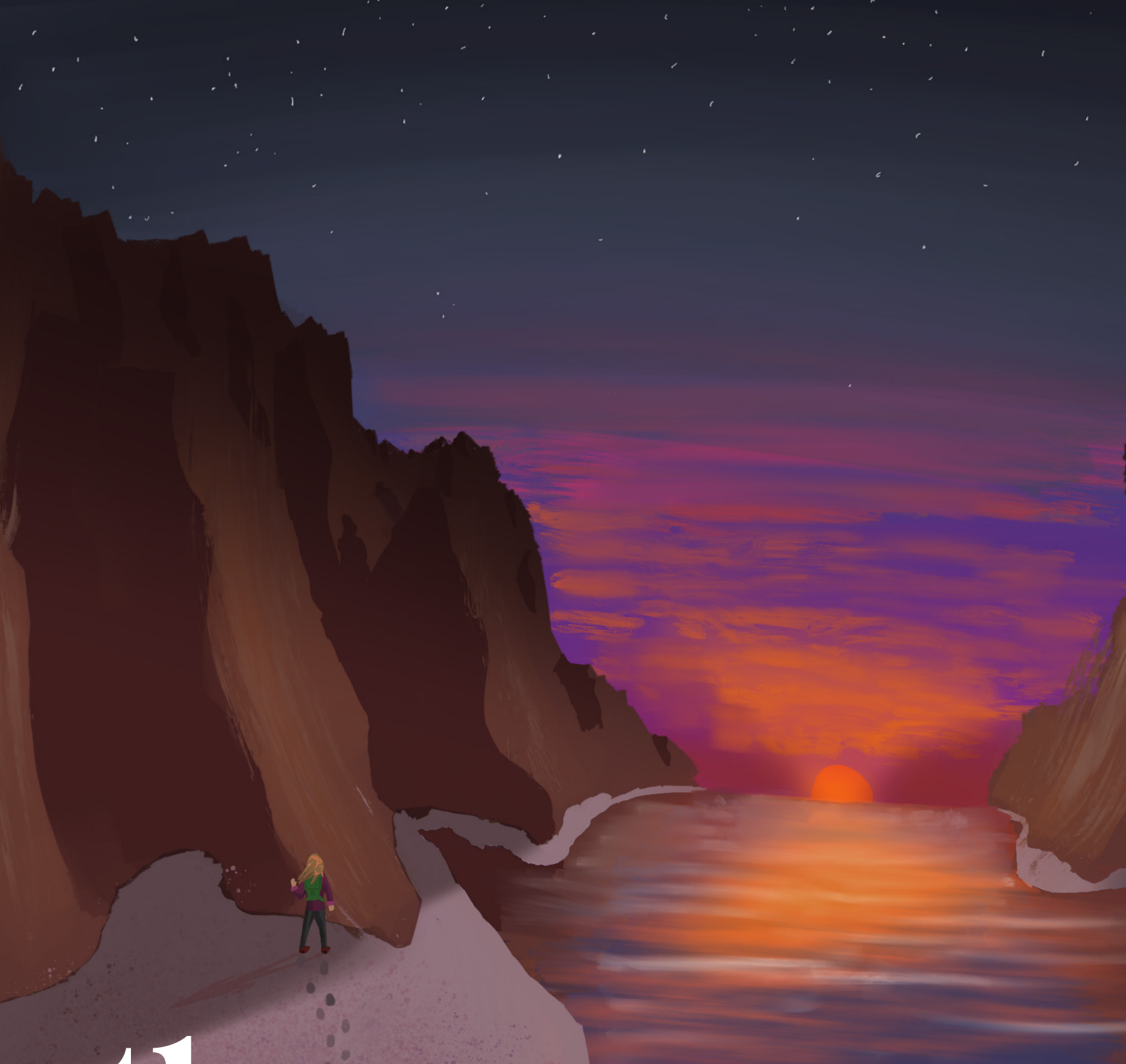




# blue watchers

by Aidyn Angelle





# the wanderer

art by luca

page design by aleena davis



# waves waves waves **waves**

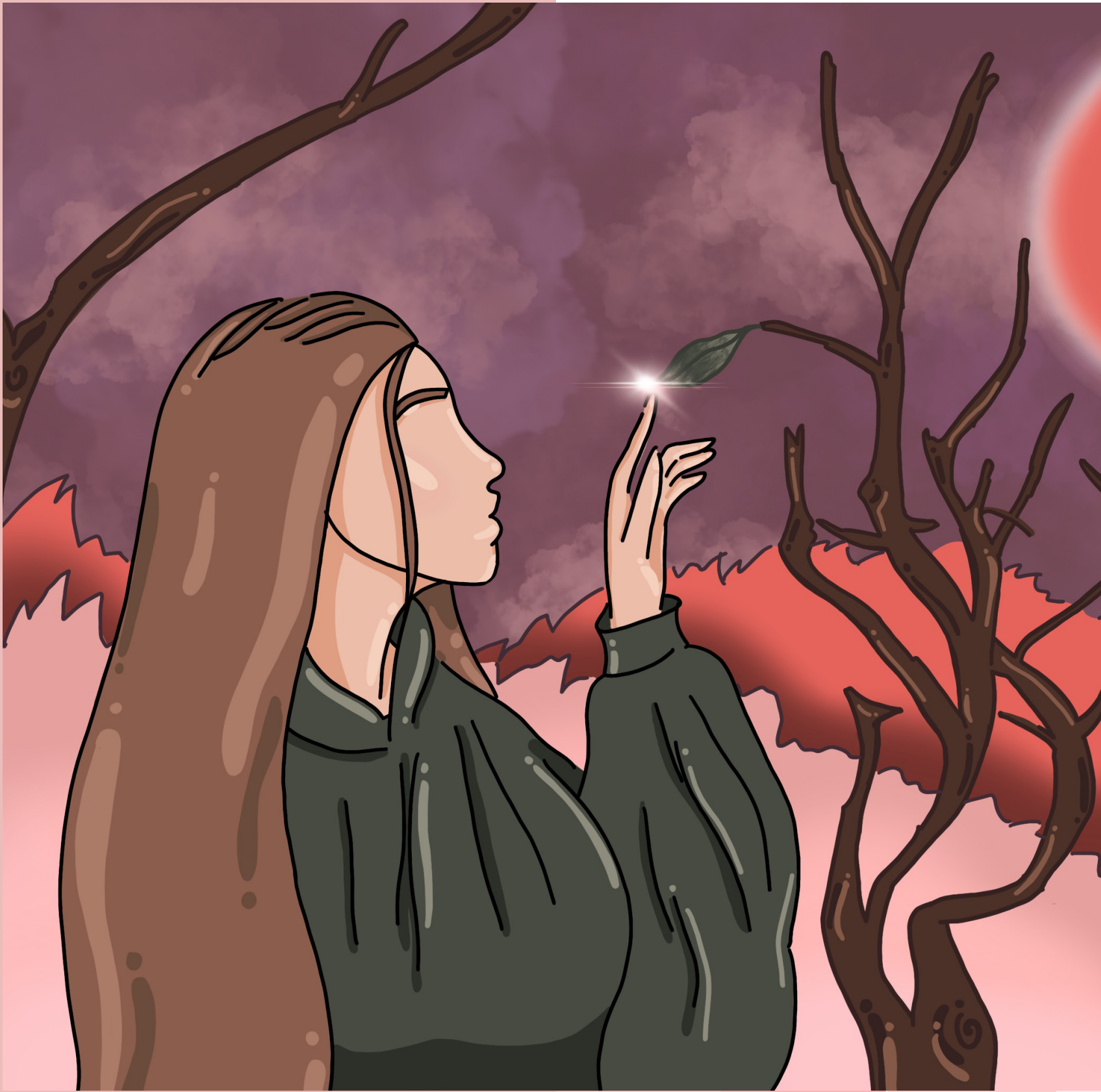
poem by augustus prune

my toes bury themselves in the sand  
tiny grits of pale pink  
cautiously - i tiptoe  
to the edge of the water

i brace for the crispness on my skin  
but instead i find warmth  
the pale blue rises around me  
so i hold my breath and let it happen

only to find, when my lungs give out,  
that i was always able to breathe.

art by jaye bond







# whispering trees

poem by eris lorde

Belligerent, irregular trunks, supporting limbs, reaching out towards the bright endless bewilderment we call the sky. Fingers flowing gently with warm summer air rushing past. They dance with the elegance of the fae but wear the masks of giants. Quiet beasts, whispering their wisdom to all those who wish for knowledge.

Old are they who carries all the wisdom of the owl, knows all the secrets of the lynx, and stands with all the strength of the bear. Drawing many in with promises of adventure. Warning all those unworthy, of stepping foot on sacred grounds, for there are many creatures dwelling within them. Twisting roots dig into darkened soil. Gripping the earth as their lives depend on it. They offer no home to those who wish harm upon them. Granting access only to those of curious nature. Though aged wood cannot guarantee they'll walk out with their lives.

They sing the songs of old and new. Haunting melodies of life and death. Warning us of dangers yet to come. Should we choose to listen to the ancient things? The whispering trees.



# *the cycle of change*

by megan uvaney



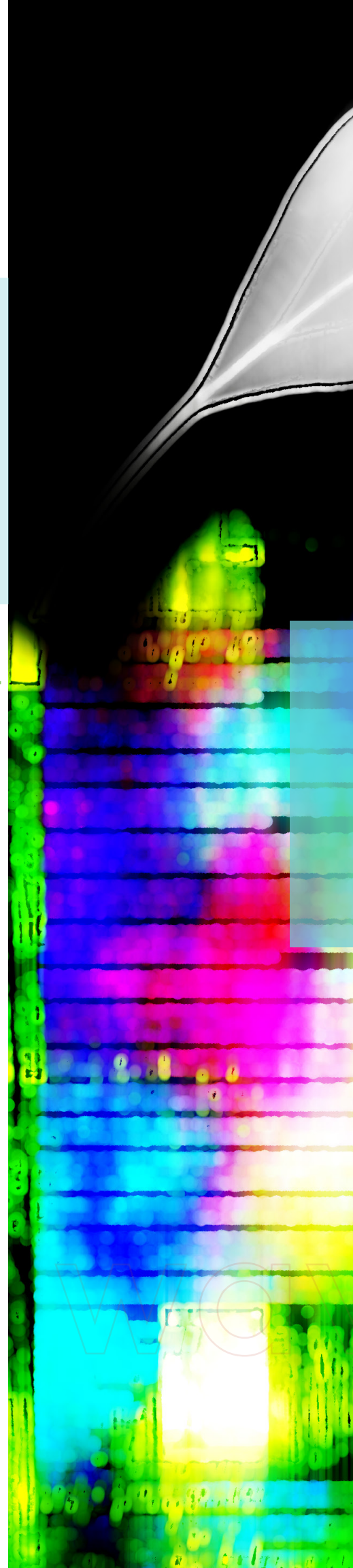




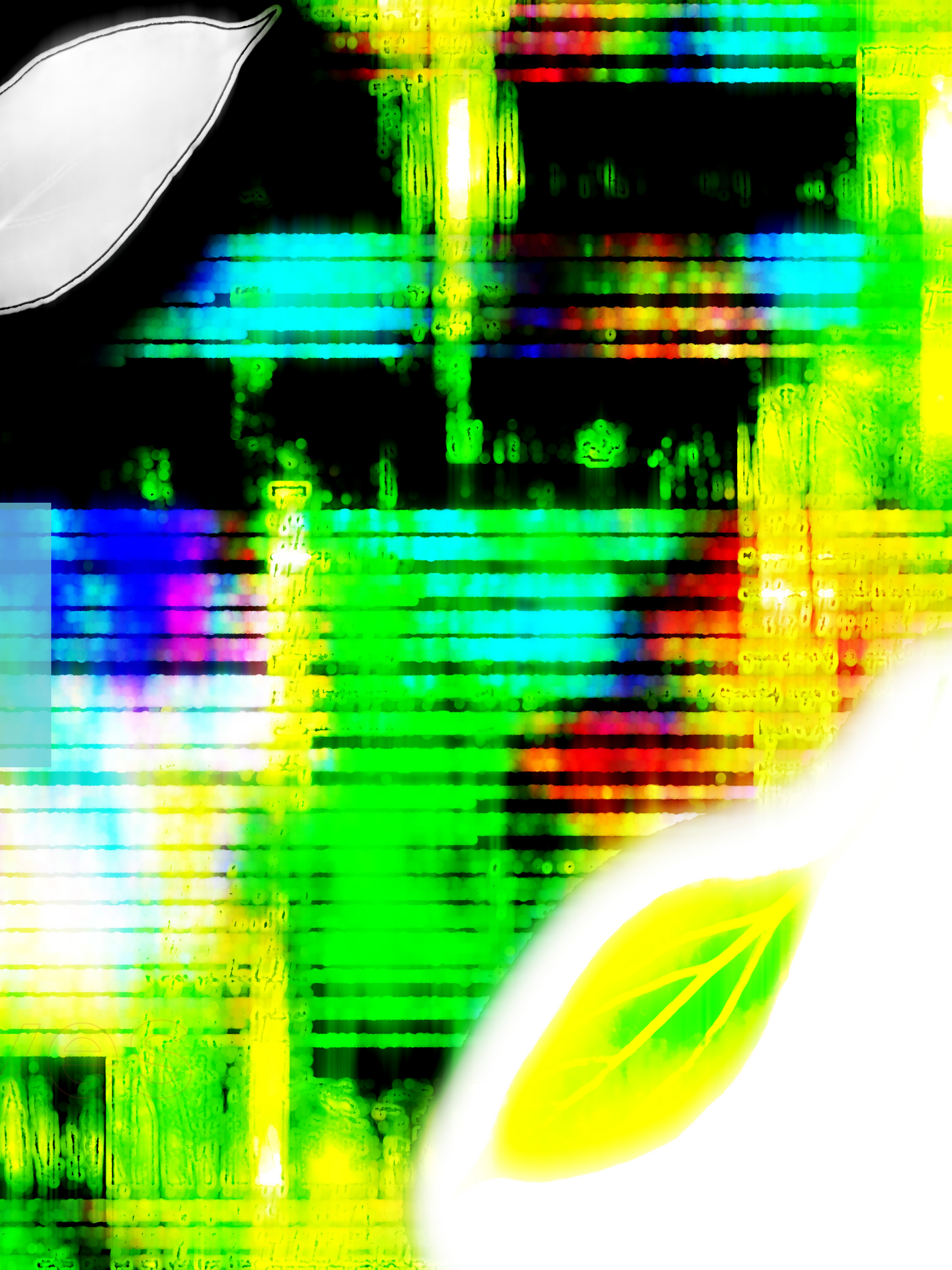


# temporary temporary bliss

art by john zey







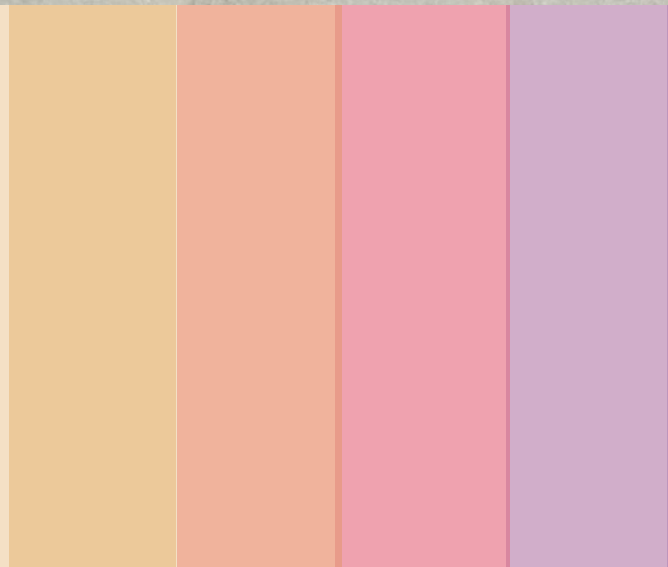





# shifting

art by alexa lugo

page design by peyton lea







lamp

poem by  
augustus prune

# lamp

a moth to a ceiling light  
i flit around you, unwanted  
i ignore attempts to shoo me  
because i cannot ignore you  
though i know that you are not my  
sun.

my wings slow  
as i descend up?  
my bare feet tinker along  
your warm translucent surface  
and you are generous  
though i know that you are not my  
sun.

i am bathed in warmth  
the orange light you emit so  
effortlessly  
has left me awestruck  
i cannot bear to leave you  
though i know that you are not my  
sun.

i cannot see the rays on the horizon  
i race to you instead  
i want to embrace you  
you, for a moment, flicker away  
and i know that you are not my sun.

i know that i must leave you  
i know your deceit will be my  
downfall  
and yet i will find myself here  
tomorrow  
lying, still, on my back.





mp  
mp



# ghosties

art by jazzy adams

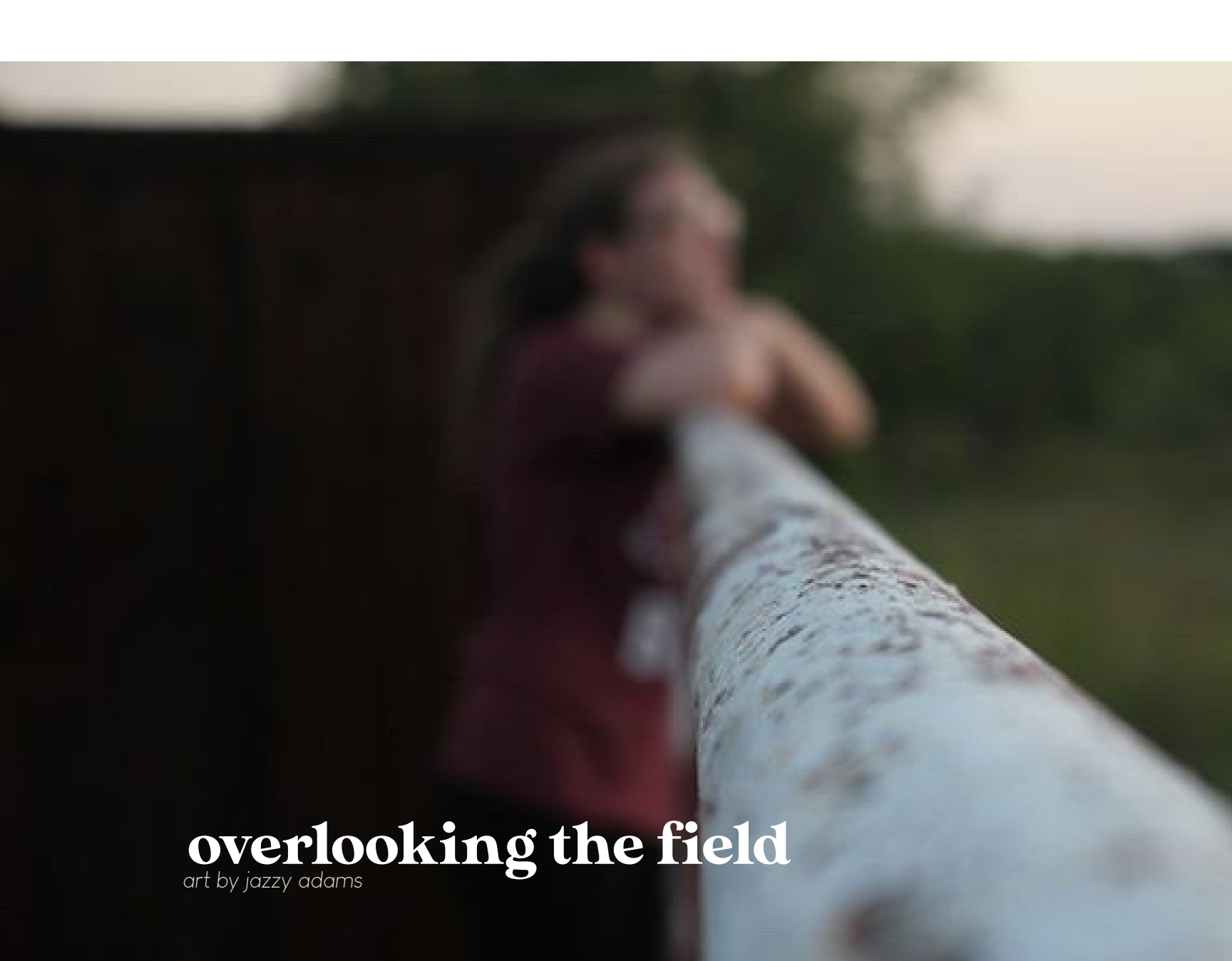






# change. democracy

art by lilliann nunley




## overlooking the field

art by jazzy adams

# flip phone

story by julia elliot





I'm gonna sell my things and buy a flip phone,  
save three numbers—be on my way. No sense of  
obligation to hold me here, nothing to grab on and  
beg me to stay. I'll pick a suitcase and lose the rest,  
rebuild myself from the ground up. The parts of me  
that return with ease will be the ones that were  
always there, with no baggage or people who knew  
me, the Julia I create will be of my volition.

I'm gonna chop my hair and sail across the ocean,  
never mind that I'll get sea sick, fresh off the boat—  
somewhere remote, and immersed in a culture not  
yet mine.

There's something appealing about ignorance,  
the fear and excitement of being behind, I wanna  
throw myself into a foreign feeling—the feeling of my  
feelings being mine. I'm ready to have a set of traits  
that are organic...not the product of other people.  
I'm ready to have answers for small talk that I don't  
have now. "What are your hobbies?" And other  
questions, I hope one day I'll have an answer.

I wanna be something untraceable, a scattered  
thought on someone's wind. I want to change my  
name and buy a sailboat, to be lost and never heard  
from again.

It'll all be thanks to that little flip phone, that forced  
me to cut ties with what I've lost. But I'll be lighter for  
it, and kinder, too—it's easier to be with less shadows  
on my face. I'll live to be one hundred and pass down  
my wisdom on someone who I see myself in, and  
when I get to wherever I'm going, I'll say I was happy  
in the end.

cat

cat

cat

cat

cat





art by jazzy adams



