Ink & Feather

*Literary and Arts Journal*

*April 2020 - Issue Four*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Alina Chisti

MANAGING EDITOR
Surabhi Sajith

EDITORIAL TEAM
Jillian Bartz
Isabella Ferrero
Ava Kim
Rachel Woosley
Table of Contents

Table of Contents ............................................................................................................. 2
All Rights Revert to the Author ....................................................................................... 3
All She Knows ..................................................................................................................... 4
Dead of Night ..................................................................................................................... 7
The Boy ............................................................................................................................... 9
Fence Post View ................................................................................................................ 10
The Wish Messenger Butterfly ......................................................................................... 11
From the Upside Down ..................................................................................................... 13
Elegy for Bailey, The Best Dog in Romeo ......................................................................... 14
Up Above .......................................................................................................................... 15
A Beauty Within the Beast ............................................................................................... 17
WISH ................................................................................................................................. 18
Same ................................................................................................................................. 19
The Light in the Abandoned Mill ...................................................................................... 21
Machine ............................................................................................................................... 22
Rusted Chain ..................................................................................................................... 23
Lily, Rosemary, and The Jack Of Hearts ......................................................................... 25
Regrets ............................................................................................................................... 26
To Win ............................................................................................................................... 27
Illusion ................................................................................................................................. 28
The Air was Sweet and Cold ............................................................................................... 29
Can we just . . talk? ........................................................................................................... 33
Crocodile Tears ............................................................................................................... 35
Toolbox ............................................................................................................................. 36
Behind the Chivalry ......................................................................................................... 37
Fandom ............................................................................................................................... 39
The Message of K-Pop ...................................................................................................... 41
Bicycle ............................................................................................................................... 43
Things to Do During Self-Isolation .................................................................................. 45
Contributors Biographies ............................................................................................... 47
Editorial Staff .................................................................................................................... 49
Editor’s Note ....................................................................................................................... 51
Submission Flyer .............................................................................................................. 52
All She Knows  
By  
Jeselle Enriquez

552’s back gate has wooden panels, and a ceramic owl guarding the entrance, as well as copper hinges that won’t let the gate completely close shut so that when the owner goes to take out his trash, he is always fuming with the metal bar. 551 has long ago given up on a picturesque patio, and instead, opts for various shrubs and cacti. A fold out chair with two cup holders is haphazardly placed near the house, and deceivingly tall bushes hug its walls. 554 has four folded newspapers, all wrapped in pink plastic bags, in varying states of disarray in the drive-thru. Left-over bricks form a makeshift divider from the adjacent house and cracked slabs of stone litter a barren expanse of dirt. Amid the rubbish is a small orange tree, but even its leaves are long overdue for a trim.

She takes all of this in with disinterest.

552. Owl.
551. Bushes.
554. Newspapers.

As her feet drag across the sidewalk, she thinks of the nicotine laced man living in 552, the aged widow in 551, and the girl in 554. A brief whisper of heat rushes to the tips of her ears when she realizes all she can remember are bits and pieces of faces and not their names. Imagining a brief encounter with any of them has her rushing to the mailbox, sandals clapping against pavement. The mailbox itself is unappealing, grey and short, but somehow it gives her a sense of comfort for just being there. It takes a few more attempts than acceptable for the brass key to give and inside she finds a few free subscriptions to obsolete magazines, an overdue bank notice, and a university information session. Nothing for her, as usual. She closes the box with more force than necessary, regrets it immediately, and catches herself from apologizing to the inanimate object.

On her way back home she makes sure to count the drive-thrus, just to make sure they’re all there. Looking up, she’s gently surprised by the mix of oranges in the sky as if someone had set the clouds in a fiery mist of fire. She passes 552 for the second time and doesn’t have to look to make sure the owl is still guarding the back gate. She imagines the man alone in his house, surrounded by a cloud of smoke and reeking of cigarettes. He’s fifty-six with two kids, one son that visits on the pretense of family obligations but finds himself subjected to chores and a daughter that hasn’t shown up in years. She’s the smartest in the family. He has two dogs that she figures are his attempt at replacing his kids and an obscene amount of cardboard boxes stacked in his garage, filled with valuables, memories, but mostly junk. In 551, the widow is rearranging her cabinets so that the plates and bowls all line up like soldiers. Her hands are covered in sun-spots from hours of gardening and soaking in the sun and blue veins that crawl all the way up to her arms where skin, once firm and smooth, is now weathered and sagging. She absentmindedly twists a wedding band around her finger and walks to her bathroom which has
more porcelain dishes with lemon soap. The widow removes the wedding band, stares at the white, bare outline that remains and cries into a towel.

554 remains empty except for a girl who sits hunched at an oak desk. Her feet barely brush the ground and the chair makes horrendous squeaking sounds with each hasty jerk of her hand towards her face. Tears. The motions are sloppy then purposeful, gaining fervor when a throaty gasp leaves her mouth. She bites the insides of her cheeks and tastes blood, afraid someone might hear her. Of course there’s no one there. There never is.

After passing a man, a woman, and a girl, she climbs up the steps of her own house leaving the burning clouds behind her. She keeps one of the magazines and the bank notice but throws everything else away. Tomorrow, she’ll walk to the mailbox again and pass an owl, some bushes, and newspapers; as for the people, maybe the man won’t have dogs, the woman will still be married, and the girl won’t feel so alone but she’ll pretend either way because that’s all she knows.

----------------------

Unbeknownst to the neighborhood, the girl alone in her house is in fact real. She likes to believe they know she’s there and if for some reason she isn’t, red and blue lights will flash at her window and all the neighbors will come out of their houses looking for her.

She is the type of girl who used to think birthdays were special, that if she wrote a good enough card and found an appropriately priced gift, someone would remember the gesture because she had remembered. Until one day, she had baked a cake, mediocre at best with pink frosting and sprinkles, and brought it to share. They were all surprised at first, most likely for the unconventional switch in roles, but she was happy enough to pass around slices and hear snippets of praise through crumby mouthfuls.

One of them had asked, “why’d you make this?”

And in that moment she had stared at the plates with perfectly cut corners and felt a familiar sensation, that feeling when someone is standing behind you and all you can do is stay perfectly still and just listen for their breathing.

“Just trying a different recipe.”

She had then cut a slice for herself and raised a fork covered in pink frosting to her mouth. Her birthday cake had tasted like gravel and chalk.

Here she is again, body numb for the first time in years, and she won’t know what to call it until she is older. She also doesn’t realize her body will feel numb for a second time, and soon. A case of heartbreak, for the fanatics, without a household remedy and tearing through the seams of her consciousness. A pinching sensation burns the inside of her nose and makes its way up to the corners of her eyes, leaving a sweet trail across the curves of her cheeks. Not like this she thinks. Not again. But for whatever ungodly power in the universe, another bout of bad luck has graced her. She takes the inside of her hand and tries to wipe her nose, but calms once the running has abated. A deep silence settles within her and all she can think about is that day on a concrete ledge, where two people had said more than they could do.
Peals of laughter resonate from the outside benches. A dark-haired girl in a blue sweater sways her legs from the side of the building with her friend precariously stretched out on the concrete block. They easily ignore the sun’s brilliance and its heat slowly seeping into their jeans. None of what they say seems important, or coherent for that matter, but they still take pleasure in the ease that comes with acting childish, which is a funny way to describe the pair when they are still in fact children, naive and recklessly hopeful to the world.

“I don’t want to stay here anymore,” the dark-haired girl whispers. She tugs on the loose threads of her sweater.

Her friend's laughter slowly fizzles out as she sits up. Sweat starts to form on her brow. She doesn’t have to listen to know that anything she says won’t be heard and anything she hears won’t sound good. She’ll ignore the hopelessness of it now and make the promise anyway, *we’ll stay in touch I promise*, not quite believing it will hold.

And now here she is, nearly a year later, with the words *I promise* mocking her, but they harden her resolve, making it easier to forget it ever happened, or all of it. How fast can someone take a year’s worth of time away? Faster than she thought possible. Her phone lies within reach and she feels the sudden urge to talk to someone, as if the forced messages laced with rushed humor will somehow ease her aches, but she stops her fingers from sending anything, knowing that on the other side there is no one there. With this in mind, she picks herself up from the desk, another squeal from the chair piercing the silence, and slowly clambers to the safety of her bed. Absent of a comforter, she wraps herself in a heavily-used blanket with its edges brushing up to the tip of her nose. When she can hear the steady thrum of her chest, she lets sobs wrack through her body and lifts the blanket to cover her entire face. Shrouded in darkness, she breathes into her pillow and slowly takes in measured breathes, still afraid of anyone hearing her. Silly girl. There’s no one there. But she wishes there were.
You never know, your death is never certain. Only the portrait above the head keeps you safe. With this sort of life, dreaming for the fantastical—how are you certain that apathy hasn't gripped you. The back of my throat is perennially ticklish, a handkerchief choker kindly tied around the throat. It fluctuates and changes, shifts shapeless form. It will be the closest thing I will ever give, love.

The train that takes them to Mababdo is quiet. It runs on nothing but empty dreams and breath. It's obscurity makes it shy during the day—my friend rode to Mababdo and I cried during a band concert. Even though Mababdo's departure was many years, I still continue to wallow and fester in regret. Black dressed men with gaudy brass instruments. I hear every single misplay while my tears flow.

If only a specific sort of savior would appear, break the dull of life from the molding breads. So that the fools and the wise may wearily trust that the dead would again be set to rest. Prayers that go nowhere but only in empty echo. Preacher's heartless words dragging down my ears. What does all my awareness do if I do not use it; my lack of action to prove my complacency.

The day has gone bad quickly. The sunlight swallowed by the dead of night—As I sit here with a burning cup of yellow tea, Even gone, the flesh grows ever so slightly. The sudden thumping of machinery startles—

This mundane simplicity is a strange luxury, a night I am alone thinking of foreseen loss, The bathroom sink has my blood flecked with spittle. The sickness which feeds, medicine refuses. I am unsure if it will kill me, but the blood is red, I am certain of my uncertainty that brings me dread

Working at day and sleepless at night. On my deathbed I'm sure, nobody will be there next to me. Even as I stood above them all, the ants have each other. Will I ever grow up from this miserable shell. Sitting here while the night crawls by through stars, the quickly revolving world falters and tips. Sadly begging anyone for pity and love. The promise of sleep does not come tonight.
The Boy
By
Katherine Wei

The medium is acrylic paint and the date that I did the piece was January 2019. My artist statement is: This painting depicts a young boy. In essence of his childhood years, this portrait captures the innocence of being young and carefree.
Fence Post View
By
Marie Grace

I brace myself by the crook of the elbow,
my legs dangle in front of me-facing the gravel below.
The fence rocks beneath me. But I’m completely steady.

Up here I can see it all.
The world is a snap-shot left in the sun too long.
Nothing but a heat-soaked landscape.
To my right a horse paws in his temporary jail-cell.
His rider is a dark shadow, rusty hinges, and a low hung hat.
The box screams open, and a steer comes racing out.
The cowboy follows, his beast’s hooves digging tight into the dust.
The horse is a storm-crackling lighting in the eyes.
Rain soaked hide and
thunder crashing along every fierce stride.
The rider tightens his grip, I can hear the leather creak.
He lengthens the halo above his head. Reaches,
And captures the horns. He’s caught his whole world.
And he turns it his way.
The Wish Messenger Butterfly

By

Nevyn P. Haque

This photo was taken when me and my parents visited Butterfly park in Bali, Indonesia. Butterflies were flying around us as if they were playing hide and seek. I have grown up listening to butterfly myths from my mother. One was a Native American myth. It said that if you catch a butterfly or a butterfly sits on you then whisper your wishes to a butterfly, the butterfly will directly go to the Divine and your wishes will be granted. I saw this butterfly sitting quietly, and it was not flying but rather resting in a spot. The spot is difficult to notice if you don’t look closely. I wanted the butterfly to come near me, so that I could whisper my wishes. I took a
photo of the butterfly. I waited, but it stayed there. I hope someday a butterfly will come just to me, so I would be able to whisper my wishes. It is my dream, which is why the picture is in black and white.
Due to the global pandemic, the streets, parking lots, and parks were vacant. The playground was boarded up with chain linked fences and locks. I looked at the empty lot and field from a distance. Everything was silent. And I found serenity in the silence.
Elegy for Bailey, The Best Dog in Romeo

By

Gabriel Stark

The world would beat on me
I would get off the bus stop and roam
But once I saw her face
We would start to walk home

See your wagging tail
Until you see the comb
We would go for a walk after
We would walk right back home

After we finished gardening
You would come out and dig the loam
But after that fateful day
We couldn’t continue to walk home

We didn’t know what was wrong
The world crept in a strome
I knew we would always get along
But now you can no longer walk home
Up Above
By
Alina Chisti

I passed by a large oak tree. I had never looked up, only saw the world from my level and line of sight. I felt overwhelmed by the expanse above me. The universe of the tree consumed me for those few moments.
A Beauty Within the Beast

By

Nevyn Haque

This photo was taken when me and my parents visited Kintamani Volcano in Bali, Indonesia. I was speechless to see such sublime beauty. I felt like I was looking at a massive painting from a distance, I took the camera and captured it. Local people were telling us that near that volcano no match box was needed. One can light with a stick just by scratching the earth. I felt something different then. I realized that there is a volcano and sometimes an eruption causes death. So, I edited the photo and turned it into black white image. It looked like a beauty and the beast to me. A beast hiding inside a beauty. They are inseparable.
WISH
By
Ava Kim

If the sickly wisteria is floating down, pink tears in a tumultuous crowd;
Bury your children, bury your elders, bury it all. The sickly feed on the great burden, war.
She loves it when they're flawed-heartless-alone. But she leaves the lonely marked afar.

Leave the bloating lands known for sleep, he only visits dreamless deep, cigarette smell lingerers.

The corner of the eye lurking in grey shrouds-wedding gowns. At night across the bedroom wall, consumed all light
Whispering ill omens, faultless, clean. It isn't the abomination that is to blame, but the bringer who wore it. These days a river of people wearing black, and for swords a bouquet of white lilies.

Forgetting is too harsh, forgiving too easy, when it numbs my throat at night-
Even in dreams it fades much like every year
Curse the war not your fate, curse the people not their legacy. She sighs for you as the marching starts.
There are people in those uniforms, you know

I don’t think you truly know until you see them die in front of your eyes.
And the blood a warm reminder,

The sickly wisteria knows it'll die
Bodies of children and elderly cannot sustain it for long.
SAME  
By  
Ava Kim  

The misinformed roiling masses,  
Terrifying malicious destruction in  
Ignorance.  
It's the same! The same! The same!  
The problems are the people the people-  
Your ignorance,  
becomes you.  

The cruelty which permeates this land,  
Frolicking subconscious  
of violence.  
The roots which built this land are unique.  
The ignorance is the same.  
Great great,  
viole ne,  
Will bring us change will make us the same.  

Don't they scare you?  
Isn't it troubling,  
Everywhere in the boiling toiling masses,  
The same reflection either way.  
Of coal stained faces of red silk laces.  
I cannot stand the immense rot of,  
Ignorance.  

Bring me cruelty bring me understanding,  
Sensitive topics,  
Carefully eaten around in.
They know the meals are filled
With rot.
They know don't they know how should,
They know.

How deep their,
Ignorance
Goes.
The Light in the Abandoned Building
The building was built in the late 1800s. In current day, it stood at the end of a street in a decayed form. It was dark and dusty inside; everything seemed to have lost its functionality. But under the cobwebs, there was still one light that shined bright.

Machine
Cobwebs covered the handles of all the machines. They all formed various patterns from different perspectives. They were all part of an intricate function. What that function was? I couldn’t even begin to deduce.

Rusted Chain
The wood was textured and rotting from the old water pipe near it. The chain was rusted, covered in a thick copper colored soot. They both held a heavy contrast with the smooth white brick wall in the background. Outside the building, the air was wrought with pollution, poverty festered, and graffiti covered the walls of every street.
Lily, Rosemary, and The Jack of Hearts

By

Aishling Kelly

The piece, *Lily, Rosemary, and The Jack of Hearts*, was inspired by one of my Dad's favorite songs by Bob Dylan. The song is a very moody ballad where key characters, Lily and Rosemary are vying for the attention of The Jack of Hearts. This piece was done with acrylic on canvas.
REGRETS

By
Ava Kim

Do you remember Barry?
The guy who gave you your jacket when you were Cold?
When you kissed,
He asked for more
You said no.
He left.

Work hard, or else you'll go nowhere.
Work hard, or else you'll get nowhere.
Work hard or else-

But I worked hard.

I'm here.
And I'm losing everything.
It's too late,
To work hard.

Look at the people around you.
My friends,
No not them.
They aren't friends,
Because, in ten years
I'll never see them
Again.
She has a big heart,
To Win

By

Katherine Wei

A large propensity to care
Even when it will hurt herself.
She grins when her heart falls apart;
She just laughs as if it’s funny
As if she’s okay with all the harm
But her smile is so genuine and pure.

Sometimes she stands up for what she wants;
Sometimes she realizes it’s not fair.
Sometimes she falls down when it gets tough,
But every time she gets back up.

She has a hungry mind, craving knowledge.
She wants to know the world,
Every single inch of it—
Especially the boundless infinities.

She dreams passionately
For a better world.
She cherishes
All the defects and flaws.
She wins
In the war called life.
Illusion

By

Aishling Kelly

The first one, *Illusion*, was done with acrylic on wood. This one was a lot of fun to make because it was my first time painting on wood and encouraged me to try new types of media
The Air was Sweet and
Cold

By

Marie Grace

She was tumbling away from her future. Going full speed down a hillside, she became

entangled in the smell of the earth, moisture soaking through her coat, brambles of branches
caught tight in her curls, while leaves went down the front of her shirt along with little pebbles
and stones that cut at her pale flesh, leaving ribbons of scarlet streaming from her and into the
darkening earth below, the soil soaking up every drop.

She went head over feet, crumpled up and rolling down a slope, every bump became a
developing bruise, and the world was flashing by faster and faster and faster. Her breath was stuck wherever it was that fear was stored, and nausea took its place.

She stopped. On her back, she was suddenly staring at the blue sky. In the distance, a car honked and people shouted. Birds called above her, dancing through the streams of sunlight and cloud wisps.

Then a hush.

And a single raised wail fell over the world.

The corner of her eyes burned, her insides constricted. A whimper rose through her gut
and came out as a cry.

She turned on hands and knees, crawling; she painfully pushed herself up. She was whiplashed and lacerated. She stumbled her way along and fell into a limping run across the forest floor, wishing she could hear the outside world again- wishing she knew which way to go.

Which way to go?

The ghoul called her name, cried for her from the burnt shell of a house it dwelled in.

She tried to go a little faster, her body working against her. Ligaments pulling and convulsing in her leg.

Her vision went white, and she came to a stop as she blinked away the panic from her eyes. The air was sweet and cold. Something high pitched rang through it, like the echo of a Scream. The beast called her name, calling closer, ever closer

Dizzy, she swayed.

“Mallory...” the siren called, voice high- like a child humming a lullaby.

She blinked again.

Wrapped in red, the phantom stood before her. It reached out and grasped her hands in a bruising hold.

Fear paralyzed her.
It had her eyes- the same deep brown. It had her mouth and arching smile. It had her long pointed nose. The more she looked, the more she saw herself in the ghost. It was like staring at a faded portrait- water stained, and sun marked.

But it was still her.

She screamed.

Until her throat was raw.

Until everything was black.

“Mallory?”

A simple whisper in a sea of dark.

“Mallory?”

Something stirred in her, some sort of recognition. She pulled herself to alertness, and blinked away the stars. No, they were still there. Night had fallen.

“Mallory?” His voice was urgent.

She placed her hands to her head, there was a dull ache there.

“Mallory?”

“Dad?” She croaked, voice frail.

He pulled her tight against him. Engulfed her in his arms, for one second she felt safe. “I told you not to come here anymore.”
And then she was cold. “I had to, I had to see her.”

He pulled away, stared at her, worry etched into the lines around his eyes. “Her?”

“I could hear her calling,” She gripped her hair tight. “Everyday, every night. She calls.”

He sounded stricken, sick to his stomach and regretful. “When was the last time you took your medication?”

She turned away. Eyes hiding away from him and his question. Because she didn’t want to answer that.

“When?

“Two nights ago.”

He forced her gaze to his. But, his voice wasn’t unkind. “Your mother... she’s dead. You know that, and everything that you’ve seen, everything you’ve heard- that was just your brain filling in the gaps that grief creates.” He recited the information as if it was coming straight from her doctor’s mouth.

She wanted to believe him.

She wished she could believe him.

Why couldn’t she believe him?

But every time she closed her eyes, she saw her mother grasp her wrist, and could feel the weight of the hold. She knew not even her crumbling mind could make that up.
Can We Just... Talk?

By

Rachel Woosley

“Reliquary”, a container for precious objects. Set in a hollowed pine box, my piece features two plastered hands reaching for each other, though locked in an eternity of separation. Behind the piece is a printed digital art piece with pixels that form the words: Can we just... talk? The meaning behind, not just the words, but the whole piece itself is a commentary on the inability of family members to truly connect and communicate with each other. For this piece, I was inspired by the artist Noive Trump and her reliquaries. This piece has a symbolic relationship to reliquaries and the treasured connection between me and my loved ones.
Crocodile Tears

By

Katherine Wei

We were friends; acquaintances now.
It’s these things—
These permanent things:
Broken dishes, ash, death,
Your broken trust.

Unwanted tears stream down your face
Hiding a cascade of faults and jealousy.

I’d rather have crocodile tears.
Toolbox

By

Alina Chisti

I’m your favorite tool for behind the scenes deep thoughts and mind reads
You tell me everything, even the unnecessary details

The good and the bad
The beautiful parts of you and the ugly parts of you
Your naïveté and your cleverness
Your selfless heart and your selfish heart
The real you and the artificial you

I know you think I’m impartial to it all
Unfortunately, I’m not a sea that can forever accept your pollutants
And I’m not your best friend to endlessly provide advice
Nor am I your mother who can unconditionally love

You should’ve thought before you revealed everything
Maybe I could’ve been happy with sugar coated poison, fake smiles and masked intentions

It’s funny because you’ve always been open with me about your ploys
You’d be foolish to think that I wouldn’t find out that I’m a part of your ploy too
I’m still a chess piece in your game, even if I’m your favorite piece
But now that my eyes are fully open
I’d be foolish to walk away
Because I need to run
Behind the Chivalry

By

Alina Chisti

You walk through the door, acknowledging everyone from the doorway
Most of them are already familiar with you because you were the one that opened the door for them
You like their gratitude in the same way you like their praise
Your intentions aren’t crystal clear, but your actions make them have no fear
You take the extra minute to know the name of everybody in the room
You even bother to shake everyone’s hand

You shake hands a little differently though
You look into their eyes and linger for a moment
You’re not looking for a human connection
You know exactly what you’re doing; you’re quickly turning all your competitors into your biggest fans

When it’s your turn, you walk up toward the center of the stage
The spotlight is your sun, isn’t it?
I think you’re a great actor nevertheless
It makes me wonder what else about you is a pretense
You know exactly what humans crave for, don’t you?

I think you’re perfect on paper
I know you think that I’ve fallen for you
It’s true that it wouldn’t be that hard
A five second illusion
But if I stare into your eyes for a moment longer, I’d see myself
And I’d cease to feel anything
In the same way you can’t feel a damn thing
Fandom
By
Alina Chisti

You don’t like me anymore because I don’t worship you like the rest of your friends

Or should I say, your fan club

And if that’s what it takes, I’d rather you hate me

I’ll never worship you, or anyone else for that matter

I’ll never be that voice to solely serve to praise you

I’ll never lower myself to make you look like you’re on a pedestal in comparison

I was not made to inflate your deflating ego or be your cheap boost of confidence

If that’s what you’re looking for in me, you better look in the other direction

Because you’re not getting any of it from me
The Message of K-Pop

By

Nevyn P. Haque

K-Pop nowadays is seen everywhere. Groups such as BTS, BlackPink, EXO, and Twice are popular worldwide. Today we will talk about the group that broke the language barrier and gave the world a meaningful message, BTS. They come from Seoul, South Korea and they have fans from Korea and worldwide.

BTS is a seven-member boy group that debuted under the company, Big Hit Entertainment, on June 13, 2013, with the lead single, “No More Dream” on the album “2 Cool 4 Skool”. The members are RM, Jin, Suga, J-Hope, Jimin, V, and Jungkook, with RM as the leader of the group. Their group name BTS in Korean is 방탄소년단 (pronounced “Bangtan Sonyeondan”) meaning “Bulletproof Boy Scouts”, and in English, it is “Beyond the Scene”. Their fans are called ARMY meaning "Adorable Representative M.C. for Youth". It has a deep meaning that "Army" is associated with the military and body armor, those two things are always together, so the fandom name basically means that fans will always be together with BTS.

They were initially a hip hop-based group, but their musical style has evolved into different genres. Leader RM has said they (the members) came together as they had one dream to sing, produce music, and perform. The boys’ different personalities make them loved by all. The group’s music video for their title track “Blood Sweat and Tears” of the album “Wings” made them recognized worldwide as it reached 6.34 million views in a day. It was the quickest video to extend 10 million views in 41 hours. This was the fastest boy group video to reach 20 million views in 136 hours all around the world. The music video was released on October 9, 2016. They won their first Daesang at the 2016 Melon Music Awards (MMA). The Daesang is the highest award an idol can receive, and the categories are Artist of the Year, Song of the Year, and Album of the Year. BTS made their US television debut on the 2017 AMAs with their hit single “DNA”. In the 2017 BBMAs BTS won the Top Social Artist.

In 2017, BTS launched the “Love Myself Campaign”. It is a two-year, anti-violence campaign in partnership with the Korean and Japanese committee for UNICEF. The campaign stands against violence towards children and teenagers around the world, with the hope of making the world a better place through music. The challenge of the campaign is that children and teens deserve the right to pursue their lives in safety and happiness. But some are falling victim to violence and are unable to have fair chances of a happy and healthy future. The solution is “Love myself, share the love”—this is the true meaning of love and the things we want to share with others and promote in the broader world. BTS started the “Love Yourself” trilogy in 2017 starting with the album “Love Yourself: Her” and the trilogy ended in 2018 with the album “Love Yourself: Answer”.

BTS gave a speech at the United Nations on September 24,
2018, to empower young people. In April 2019, BTS released their new album “Map of the Soul: Persona” and the new trilogy “Map of the Soul”. It is the prequel of the “Love Yourself” trilogy, and many believe it is based on the book “Jung's Map of the Soul: An Introduction” by Murray Stein. The group won their third Top Social Artist Award and their first Top Duo/Group Award. They were also invited to the Grammy Awards. They release their behind the scenes videos called “Bangtan Bombs” and their choreography videos on their YouTube channel. On December 24, the largest fan community of BTS in South Korea, BTKU, confirmed its plans to start the “BTS Translation Project”. The aim is to provide the international fans BTS related news as well as updates on the members in a convenient manner. The fan community said that the beginning of the translation is the “symbol of the impact of BTS and K-pop growing internationally”. The community will also explain the cultural context found in their songs.

I am a 14-year-old teenager who has gone through some hard times. When I was in my previous school, I used to be bullied. I complained to the teachers and told my parents about the issue. Instead, the bullies did more harm and threatened me that they would spread rumors about me. I got scared by this, and I kept quiet and thought about the rumors they would spread not just in the school but also in social media. I was bullied on Instagram. Eventually, I left that school, and was transferred to a new school. In this new school, I have friends who support me and stay by my side. Whenever I see a friend who is going through a hard time, I remind them about the messages BTS told the world. I wish I knew about BTS earlier. Sometimes I think about my experiences in my old school and wonder about the things that would have happened there if I stayed. These thoughts make me feel unhappy and unsatisfied with myself. When I listen to their music and read the lyrics of the songs, I feel grateful for what I have, and I focus on the positive things in life. BTS has spread the message that everyone should remember when they are going through hard times that make them depressed and worried about the future and think about consequences. BTS has sent out a message that can help adults, children, and teens alike. When I listen to their music, they remind me about the fact that I should focus on the positive side of life and think about the things I am grateful for. BTS has also gone through some tough times after their debut. Netizens made fun of their group name and said they will fail, and they should just enlist in the military. The songs BTS write are mostly based on the ways they ignored the hate they received and moved on to accomplish their dreams. They also tell their listeners to ignore the hate and how they should continue chasing their dreams. They have helped many people through their lyrics. I hope that they continue to spread their message to the world and remind everyone that the world isn’t a bad place at all.
Bicycle Study

By

Aishling Kelly

Bicycle Study was a still life I drew during freshman year. The background was completed in watercolor and the bike was done in charcoal on a bristol board.
Things to Do During Self-Isolation

By

Nevyn P. Haque

Due to the Coronavirus (COVID-19) outbreak, many countries are in lockdown and schools are closed. This lockdown may sound like a break time for many, but after a few days, we get bored and feel like we have nothing to do. But there are many things we can do, and we can experience new things from different activities. We can follow our previous routine by staying at home. Like after online classes following the routine which we used to follow in the normal times. I am following the tips below and you may consider doing the same. Where I live, we have a lockdown which might be extended. I’m making this list for seven days each. You can make it for five days or ten days or according to your choosing. If you have a lockdown for a longer period of time try and make a record of seven days or days of your choosing.

1. Check on your family and friends to see how they are doing. Take special care of the grandparents, great-grandparents or elderly relatives who live with you. Talk to those who live far because they may feel lonely.
2. Be active on social media and post positive things. Post on how to prevent the virus, for example, using hand sanitizer and washing hands frequently.
3. Post to encourage maintaining social distancing.
4. As our schools are closed, study during school time, revise and read new chapters in advance.
5. Do your online homework regularly.
6. Maintain etiquette and manners during online class.
7. Keep your microphones and cameras turned off during online class as it can disrupt teacher’s activities.
8. Attend online class on time.
9. Make sure each night your apps and equipment are ready for the next online class.
10. Watch movies and TV-shows you wanted to catch up on.
11. Read books you haven't been able to read.
12. Organize your personal and school book collection and wipe out the dust.
13. Organize your clothes and own pieces of stuff.
15. Help parents and grandparents in cooking.
17. Do not panic and stay calm.
18. Engage yourself in conversation with your parents.
19. If you are a writer, reschedule your documents and plans.
20. If you have pets, do not cuddle with them for a long time, they need privacy too.
21. Do not waste the essential things in your day to day life.
22. Try to write every day about your day during self-isolation/staying home amid the coronavirus outbreak.

23. Try to do artwork and DIY.

24. If your parents are working from home, do not disturb them and help them when needed.

25. Try to bond with your parents more, learn from them and talk about their childhood memories.

26. Update your PCs and laptops regularly.

27. Make vitamin-c enriched drinks like lemonade or orange drinks and serve to your family members.

28. Be kind and try to understand the suffering of the people who are going through a terrible phase amid the outbreak.

29. Those who have passed due to coronavirus, try to think of them as humans, not as the number of death cases.

30. Be mentally prepared for the extension of the lockdown. Don't panic as it may be a precaution.

31. Be patient and confident.

32. Those who pray, add extra prayers for humankind.

33. Always think that all of us together can beat the virus.

Let us hope the clouds of the pandemic will go away and everything will be back to usual.
Contributor Bios

**Alina Chisti** is a junior honors student in high school. She has been named student of the year for her class for the past two years. She founded her own non-profit tutoring organization called A+ Tutoring. In addition to tutoring, Alina also volunteers for Hospice of the Valley, Friends for Life Animal Rescue, Helping Hands, ICNA relief, FMSC, and Red Cross. When she is not studying or volunteering, she loves theatre, photography, and writing. She has been actively involved in theatre for seven years. Alina’s other hobbies include playing guitar and ukulele, listening to music, creating unique looks with makeup, and playing with her two orange tabby cats.

**Marie Grace.** It was an insatiable love of reading that inspired the thirteen year old to begin writing her first novel, Bound in Silver, which she self-published at the age of sixteen. "I wanted to create a world of characters and adventures that an avid YA fan like myself would love to read," Grace divulged. At that time, she also discovered a love for writing short stories and poems. She spends the rest of her time pursuing the creative and beautiful things in life such as photography and the culinary arts, as well as hanging out with her family and two adorably annoying Pomeranians in her hometown of Boise, Idaho. You can find out more about her, and her work by following her on social media:
Instagram: @mariegracebooks
Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/m.gracebooks/

**Nevyn P. Haque** is a student of Grade VII in high school. She participates in the Cultural program, Science Fair, and Quizzes regularly in school. She was awarded for British Council Reading Competition in 2014 and came in 9th position of the WINGS Learning Centre 1st Annual General Knowledge Quiz Competition in 2018. She campaigned in her school to raise donations for Nepal EarthQuake victims in 2015. She used to play Soccer and enjoys reading, listening to music, painting, and chatting with friends. She regularly feeds stray cats and supports Animal Rights and Anti-bullying campaigns. She takes a keen interest in travelling, different cuisine and taking pictures.

**Ava Kim** is a junior in high school. She spends most of her time thinking in endless circles that lead nowhere. She also enjoys procrastinating, writing, and drawing. For her, the future seems very far, so she instead focuses on living today in the best way possible.

**Gabriel Stark** is 16 years old and is in 11th grade. He loves writing fiction and poetry because he can relate it to his own life and the lives of others.

**Katherine Wei** is currently a sophomore attending BASIS Chandler in Arizona. She likes to skateboard, paint acrylic portraits, and play volleyball with her friends. She is involved in a
variety of clubs at her school including National Honor Society, speech and debate, and science fair. She also is a co-founder and the president of the Phoenix branch of a non-profit organization called Alliance of Youth Leaders in the United States (http://aylus.org/branches/phoenix-arizona/). Her poems and paintings have been recognized by Scholastic Art and Writing Awards with several silver keys and honorable mentions.

**Jeselle Enriquez** is a high school junior at BASIS Ahwatukee. During the fall season, she swims for the joint Ahwatukee-Chandler swim team; she is also a part of my school's Leadership Society, which organizes annual events and promotes school spirit, and French Society. Outside of school, she enjoys playing the viola and has performed alongside MusicaNova Orchestra and West Valley Symphony. In my spare time, she loves to bake for my friends and family and read.

**Aishling Kelly** is a junior at BASIS Ahwatukee High School. In school, she is involved in Climate Action Club, Journalism and Spanish Honor society. Outside of school, she enjoys taekwondo and painting. As well, in her spare time, Aishling loves dog training and gardening.
Alina Chisti, Editor-in-Chief

Alina Chisti is a junior honors student in high school. She has been named student of the year for her class for the past two years. She founded her own non-profit tutoring organization called A+ Tutoring. In addition to tutoring, Alina also volunteers for Hospice of the Valley, Friends for Life Animal Rescue, Helping Hands, ICNA relief, FMSC, and Red Cross. When she is not studying or volunteering, she loves theatre and script writing. She has been actively involved in theatre for seven years. Alina’s other hobbies include photography, cooking, hiking, guitar, ukulele, listening to music, spending time with her family, creating unique looks with makeup, and playing with her two orange tabby cats.

Surabhi Sajith, Managing Editor

Surabhi Sajith is a junior at BASIS Ahwatukee. She enjoys pursuing the creative arts through different forms including dance, music, and writing. Surabhi has worked to raise money for charity events through her dance performances, and continues to give back to the community through peer tutoring and volunteering with hospitals, low income communities, and Tempe City facilities. She spends time working with youth in organizations such as Chinmaya Mission Phoenix and Arizona’s Interfaith Community. She’s involved in clubs at school, such as NHS, Speech and Debate, and the French Honors Society. In her spare time, she likes to write for her blog and hang out with her friends.

Staff

Jillian Bartz is a senior in high school. This year she is her school’s DECA president and French Club treasurer. She is also involved in Thunder Buddies, Link Crew Administration, and FBLA. When she is not studying or editing, she enjoys spending time with her two cats and sleeping—she really likes sleeping. In addition to her rest, Jillian also has a passion for working out, doing daily meditation practices, and playing video games. After graduating from high school, she plans to attend the University of Colorado at Boulder to study Finance and Real Estate.
Isabella Ferrero is a junior in high school. She is President of the Tri-M Music Honors Society which brings music to the community through volunteering, and is involved in multiple bands outside of school such as the Harmony Project's Latin-Caribbean Orchestra where she plays trumpet. Beyond music and school, Isabella spends her time dreaming up characters and using her life experiences to create stories. In her spare time, she plays ukulele, sings, spends time with family, bakes, plays with her dog, and tries new makeup looks. She loves to create memories with her friends and bring smiles to their faces. Isabella plans on being an author. You can find some of her work on Instagram @isaferwriting.

Ava Kim is a junior in high school. She writes in her spare time and has published multiple times for this magazine and Blue Guitar Jr. Her future goal is to publish a book one day. You can find her artwork on Instagram @disnstq.

Rachel Woosley is a junior in high school. For 2 years she’s been in Visions, an honor's arts program that allows 7 students to workshop with various artists around the state. At the end of the program those 7 students submit a piece for an exhibition that goes up in the Scottsdale Center For The Performing Arts. Rachel keeps cooped up inside but stays busy reading and learning about her favorite subject, psychology. Some other hobbies she enjoys is drawing and writing, while throwing a dose of craziness and social awkwardness into the mix. Her short stories and poems have been published in The Blue Guitar Literary and Arts Magazine, and Blue Guitar Jr.

Founder/Advisor
Lysette Cohen holds a M.Ed. in Education from Northern Arizona University and a M.A. in English and Creative Writing from Southern New Hampshire University. She is currently working on a PhD in Curriculum, Assessment, and Evaluation. She has been an educator for almost 20 years teaching ABE/GED, English/Composition, Creative Writing, and American History. Lysette has traveled extensively, but currently makes her home in Phoenix, Arizona. Her nonfiction essays, short stories, and poems can be found in Page & Spine, The Penman Review, The Scarlet Leaf, Unstrung, and The Blue Guitar Arts and Literary Magazine.
Salutation,

Our lives have been changing right in front of our eyes due to the unfavorable state of our society. With these unforeseen circumstances, the world has begun to feel cold, lost, and disconnected. The Spring issue of Ink & Feather shows how brave and resilient our generation has become. The art, prose, and poetry displayed in this issue is not just color and words, it is a form of personal connection. A connection with the world and a connection with you, the reader.

During hard times, the brain’s first instinct is to go to a safe place— whether that be constant napping, binge watching, or any other guilty pleasure. It is hard for the brain to leave that place once it is there. Our community of contributors have proven their strength to leave their safe place through their transparent and creative pieces submitted to us. These stories, poems, and art take us away from the hardships we are currently facing and deliver us to a land where our wildest dreams can be fulfilled.

Please take note of the passion-fueled pieces we have in this 2020 Spring issue, and connect yourself to us and what you truly love.

Wishing you love and light,
Jillian Bartz
Editor
Open Call to Artists and Writers

Ink & Feather Literary Journal is seeking prose, poetry, and art submissions by youth writers and artists (ages 13-17). Submissions are open to all genres—fiction, creative nonfiction, poetry, photography, and art.

Details:
- Deadline for submissions is 7/1/20.
- There is no charge to submit.
- Writers and artists may submit in more than one genre.
- Please review Submission Guidelines at http://www.inkandfeatherliteraryjournal.com
- Email your submissions to inkandfeatherliteraryjournal@gmail.com