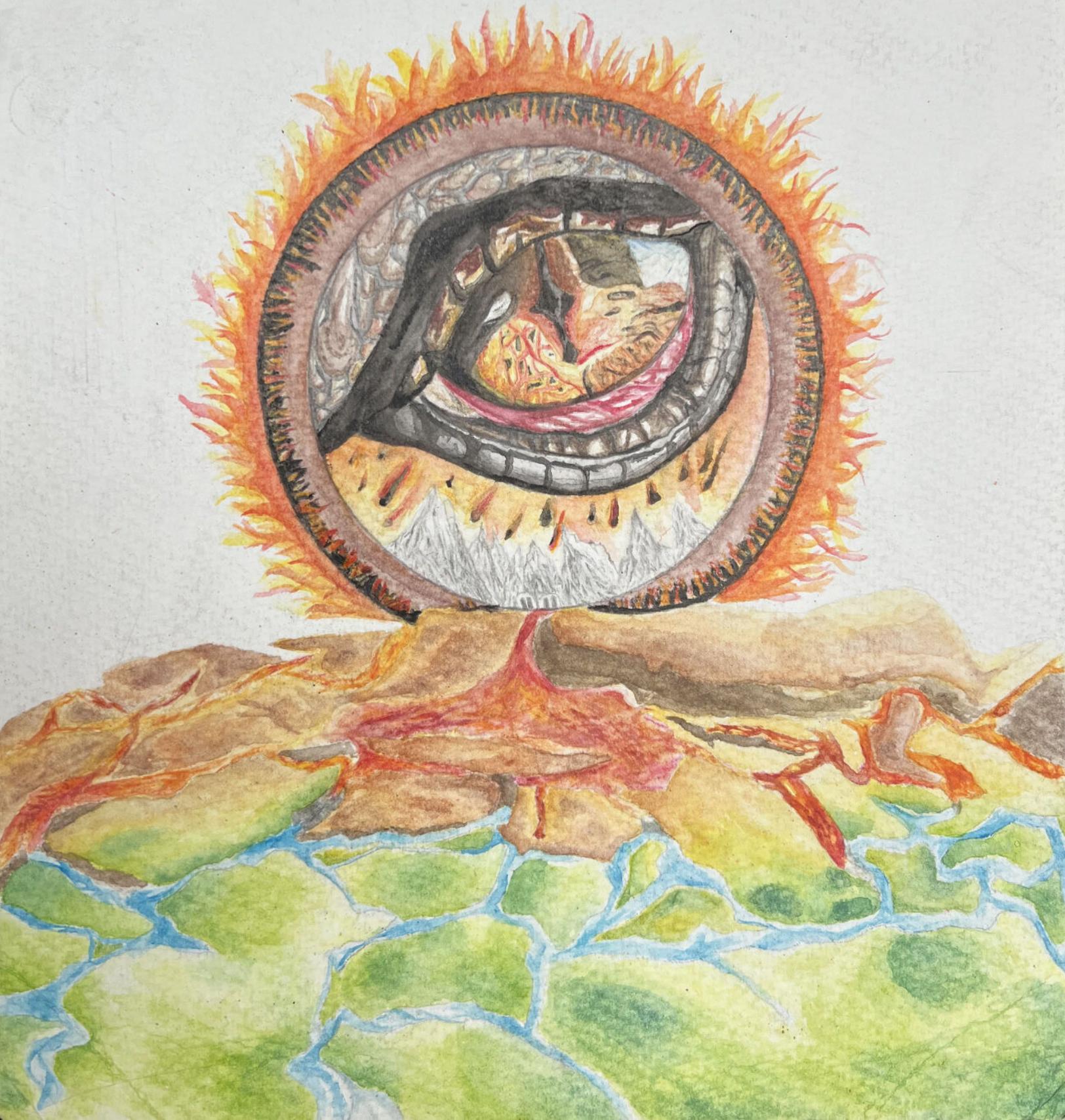


# INKLINGS

Volume VIII

2022-2023





"Marilyn Monroe"  
By: Noel Choi ('23)

Durante's Sonnet  
By: Hung Dao ('23)

I wish to wed thee, lovely lady! Thee!  
Those words my heart does hold, but love does sting  
And never speak it. Thus resolved—no ring.  
Her name is blessed! Yet curse distance she.  
O Time! O Circumstance! Reduce that sea  
That maybe th'other we shall meet this spring,  
For twice is not enough for conferring.  
Her name is blessed! Devil's destiny.

For her I wrote a poem for all to know  
That she is God's most beautiful design.  
Her glow enamored all, majestic shine!  
I made her guide of lost souls from below.  
She brought me up to Heaven where she go.  
Her name is blessed! Woman most divine.

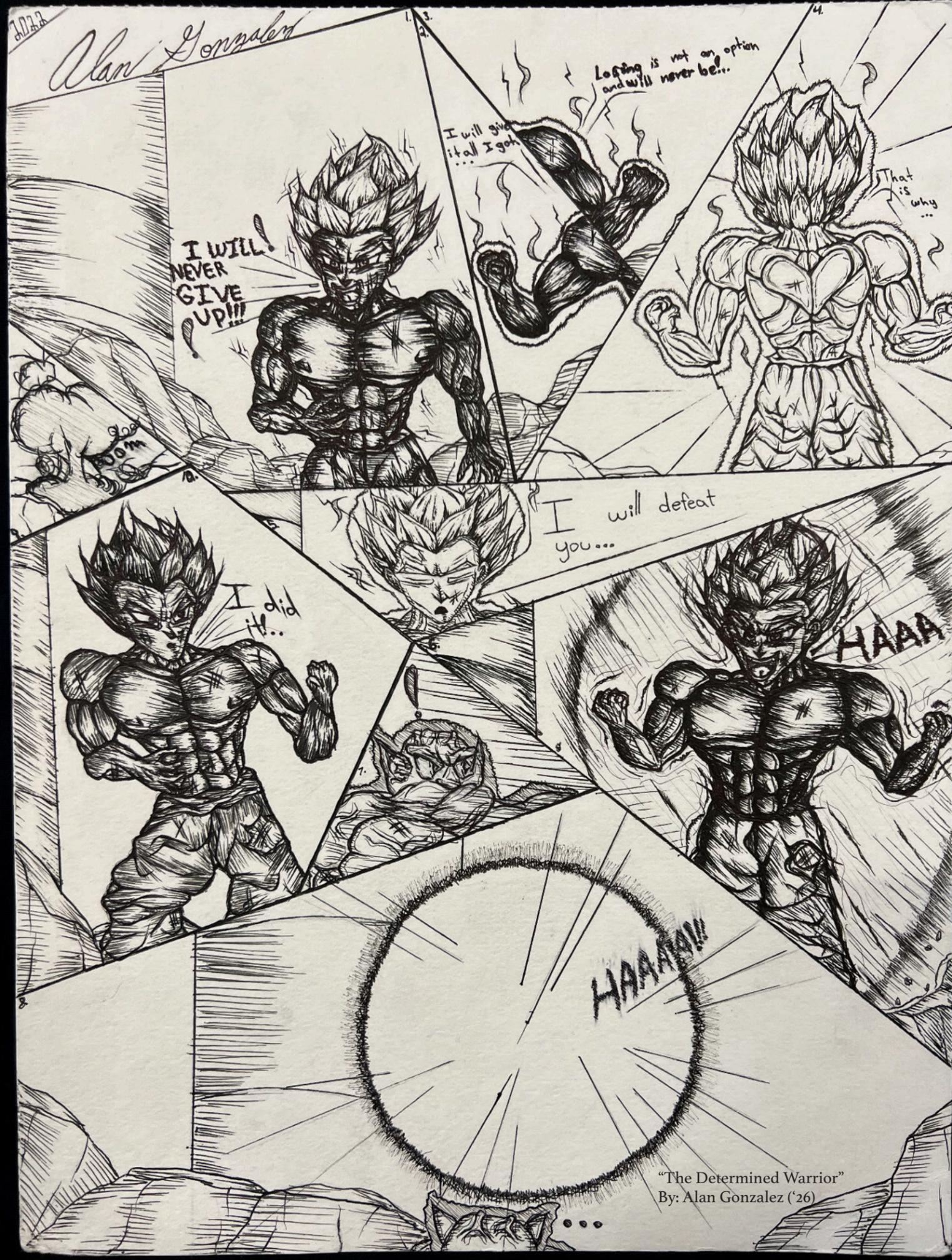
The Picture Taker  
By: Gunnar Stier ('23)

Through me all may see,  
But none may truly ever Know  
The bright flash of light,  
The warm glitter glow  
The violence of a fight,  
the tenderness of a soul

I am he who captures, records and savors all  
Every precious moment I hold enthralled  
I am the one who never leaves  
My very existence, the eye to please

Think then of me, oh petty squealing hogs,  
As the god of moments,  
The champion of memories,  
The lord of history,  
A king amongst the dogs

Your lives revolve around my alluring power,  
My ability to entrance, hour after hour,  
I am your memories, the quintessence of your nature,  
Heed my name, for I am the picture taker.



"The Determined Warrior"  
By: Alan Gonzalez ('26)

the bay  
By: Jonathan Prado ('24)

i'm back to my bay  
and things haven't changed  
the time has still moved  
yet the same stores lurk  
the same eyes watch  
the same voices whisper

"it's a front"  
my dad points  
and i stare for a while  
the same stores  
the same stories  
the same stare

it's a bit cold here  
but that's how you liked it  
the chimes ring from the chapel  
and i stand by you  
one day i'll be back  
but for the wrong reasons

this is my cradle  
it's my america  
the fog is my blanket  
these paths are my arteries

wherever i go  
whatever i do  
i am still a son of the bay



By: Sungho Bak ('23)



By: Jae-Seoung Hong ('25)

Observer  
By: Tyler Le ('24)

I watch the snowfall each winter,  
Creating frosty snow angels.  
I watch the flowers bloom each spring,  
Growing the fruits in my garden.  
I watch the waves crash along the beach each summer,  
Submerging myself in the shallow waters.  
I watch the leaves fall each autumn,  
Raking up nature's debris.  
I watch the stars each night,  
Counting the lights from the night before.  
I watch the sun,  
Blinding me from all else.  
I watch the moon,  
Bringing light to the darkness.  
I watch you,  
Waiting for you, to look back at me.

The Profound of Destroyed Culture

By: Hung Dao ('23)

*THE TWO POETS, on ambling lower down the lake of the bellicose, come to the realm of the decimators of race and age. They first see a field of crumbled constructions. Those who murdered or commanded murder based on countenance are here carrying debris to one spot. There, a structure is being constructed in atonement for their destruction in life. Dante attempts to converse with one Scipio Aemilianus but is disparaged by him. Moving beyond him, the duo sees a giant baby. The killers who dispatched according to age are responsible for feeding, cleaning, and entertaining the massive child. One of these sinners, Herod, reflects on his decision to have young children be slaughtered before the infant let out a call to action, cutting him off. Disgusted, the pilgrim and his guide depart.*

When we had walked through the haze of briny dew,  
I stumbled upon something, almost tripping,  
My master warned me, "Look the rubble in view,

"Across Carthage was well known. That was the claim  
His companion gave when I went to ask as  
You badger he who bade Carthage set aflame."

"Notice the sad states of these structures rising  
Above the substratum: the rebar exposed,  
The cement crumbled, and the facades crying

Preceding even Virgil, Scipio has  
Been immortalized in the Histories; he  
Led the death blow to Dido's children; whereas

"Black soot." Now I saw the entrances unclosed.  
The sharp blades of glass carpet the dirtied floor,  
And bronze statues of liberation deposed.

Unknown Titus Pius, whom he friends with, three  
Times he had remained silent to my master,  
But spoke, voicing a voice shrill as a banshee,

A few yards away were the shades—sons of war—  
Who, banished here in this crater, dragged debris  
Across the earth unto a medial core.

A shame he tried to hide that my guide did stir.  
We followed them while we relayed details  
About the Romans whose rage we did incur.

Their movements were so tremendously eerie,  
It shudders the heart to comprehend such work,  
Wrought by their own commands to a place dreary

We kept walking what seemed like unending trails  
Until finally we saw a change of scenes.  
We saw a structure being built, without nails

Where the destructive one was stiffened like cork  
And whose back is laden with material.  
"What deeds have these fools done?" I asked at a fork

To tether the blocks over two vast ravines  
That ran along that doomed tower. My question  
Was on my face as my guide spoke, "This wall screens

In our path of my master. "Funereal  
Was their method," said my guide, "These whom you sight  
Made those called 'undesirables' criminal.

"Eyes from the cause to build o'er this depression.  
Walk over and see." And so we did. As I  
Moved across, the builders glared with oppression

"About those 'blemished' and perished souls, he right  
There took part in their decimation, courage  
To you to ask him of those whom he showed might."

At me and my guide. The sights did horrify  
My soul. Their backs arched in wild forms contorted;  
Their eyes were bulging; their skins were parched bone dry.

Horrid secret! All throughout, bodies hemorrhage  
Blood from blisters fashioned by boulder-like blocks  
They carry. I saw the shade my tutorage

They placed their bricks haphazardly, unsorted  
And unsecured. We walked around the structure  
To see an opening where souls were shorted

Had mentioned. He was sickly thin; like an ox  
Who is yoked by a sovereign overseer  
Who guides him to his station along these walks.

By a ruinous baby who, with rancor,  
Flailed around, smashing the building and sinners  
While rolling on the floor, moving the center

Haltingly I inquired his age on our sphere,  
His native land, and most pressing, his offense  
That got him this low below the teary mere.

Of the construction. The sinners brought dinners,  
Which seemed to be disgusting slop, from somewhere  
Secret to the baby. I said, "He prefers

His whole form quivered; his visage seemed intense.  
I repeated my question, hoping to learn.  
The shade spoke rudely, "I've nothing to dispense.

The chunky red meal, I think. Look, in the air—"  
He lifted it without so much as a fuss.  
We watchers stood transfixed at this tot's welfare.

"Human law was defied. That is a concern  
Of mine and His Holiness. Stay out of it!  
Agony is me and for you! As I yearn

Lest I forget, this youngling was ginormous.  
Such prodigious silhouette he had that no  
Fewer than a hundred shades him took to bus.

"Here, you prance around, virtuous counterfeit...!"  
Such vile spite I never heard worse to this day.  
My amiable guide pulled me off to quit

I saw slackers and called to one of them so,  
"O you condemned! Who are you and why this moil?"  
He approached, a king he seemed, and even so,

Such demeaning speech so that never I may  
Hear the end of his jeer. My guide said, "His name  
Is Scipio Aemilianus, whose way

Spoke with such contrary warmth and zeal to the soil  
That it surprised me. "O Roman!" he started,  
"I was King of Judea, who found his foil

"In a swaddling babe. I, being cold-hearted,  
Ordered my men of might to make infants slain.  
For retribution, the Lord who lives charted

"This best reversal for me: My suzerain  
Is this here infant. Mine and other killers'.  
Whatever it requires, we have to deign

"To amuse, to feed, to clean as laborers  
Try to erect a building surrounding this  
Most mercurial offspring—vain endeavors!"

He talked further about this duty of his:  
Specifically, he cleaned the stools of the tot,  
And only the feces, neither sweat nor piss.

His industry meant nothing will be besot  
And to everything around the bum neatness,  
Sterility, and not left a single spot.

"Observe. There's my son," he spoke, "in his business  
Of supplying fun and games—a child's gavel! —  
Archelaus, my child, my happiness,

"Reduced to a plaything, onto the gravel  
And the concrete slabs, crushing his feeble skull.  
Please don't laugh at our fate, though it does baffle."

So earnestly he pleaded, that I did mull  
Over it until my guide snuffed the bruised shade,  
Mocking his hurt and justice: beaten to dull.

Just then, a low rumbling summoned all to aid;  
The baby had a look so uncomfortable  
That my chaperone and I bade a brigade

Of souls to tend to him, lest most terminal  
Was his condition, O that poor innocent!  
The king gulped—a hesitation palpable.

A backward trumpet sounded, so dissonant.  
Looking defeated, his majesty proclaimed,  
'Alas, to the mire I go. That excrement

Does not deterge itself. Am I so ashamed  
By this sordid deed? Indeed, I am chagrined,  
But such was bestowed by my terror untamed."

Herod retreated to whence blowed the rank wind  
And retrieved along his way a sitter tool.  
Such ignominy! But his pronouncements sinned,

And laving a tainted tot a deserved rule.  
Our orbs wandered not towards the putrid source  
Much to the envy of our noses, so cruel

Was that smell of digest and wind in full force.  
So pungent the waft was that we resolved then  
To depart from that deluge as from a horse.

Continuing our demanding hike again,  
We made haste, and I said prayers to Dymphna  
That we might keep the fortitude. At 'Amen,'

The fog changed hue, and we saw foreign fauna.



a night in the square  
By: Jonathan Prado ('24)

it was a hot summer night in the bayou and  
old andrew jackson sat high on his horse  
watching my strange street séance.  
lights illuminated the fortune tellers,  
their tables and the streets.

through jackson's square i walked  
past st. louis of old towards the old café  
on the way a woman spotted me  
and we traded a knowing glance  
of an art, losing to time.

though i never approached her  
the voodoo queen's gaze was enough  
to send chills down my spine.  
long had i waited to be in the city,  
to experience jazz and to fall  
into the trance of its streets.

and so with continued steps  
a hushed whisper to my brother  
a growing appetite  
and a silent prayer  
the night on the square continued.

By: Clive Moras ('23)

Who Lied First  
By: Tyler Le ('24)

Once you lie,  
I lie.  
Is it wrong to protect yourself?  
Is it wrong to spread rumors?  
Wrong to victimize yourself.  
Wrong to ruin another's life.  
Once you lie,  
We have to pick sides.  
We tell our friends, our buddies,  
Our allies.  
    Whose side is right?  
    Who's telling the truth?  
    Who's the one lying?  
Once you lie,  
You've failed.  
You've trapped yourself,  
    Until everyone has forgotten your lies.

Our actions are encased in concrete  
But the lie that was passed on from generation to generation.  
    The lie you told.  
Once you lie,  
You need evidence.  
No back up for your heresies.  
Once you lie,  
You must prove your skill.  
Show me you are a better liar.  
A better liar,  
Than me.  
Is lying bad if I believe it to be superior to truth?



By: Sungho Bak ('23)



By: Hunter Van ('24)



The Face of a Lover  
By: Tyler Le ('24)

If I were to go blind,  
Would I still remember the face of my lover?  
If I were to go deaf,  
Would I still remember the sweet soft voice of my lover?  
If I were to go mute,  
How would I be able to tell my lover how beautiful they were?  
If I were to die,  
How long would it take for my lover to forget me?

I've forgotten.  
I still have my sight,  
I am still able to hear,  
I can speak freely.  
I've moved on,  
I loved you,  
I missed you.

I abandoned you.  
Is it disrespectful to forget my victims?  
I feel only apathy,  
Apathy for my wrong-doings

I held you.  
Is it disrespectful to miss you?  
I feel only sympathy,  
Sympathy for my wrong-doings.

Phantom faces never last.  
You may dwell as long as you want,  
But I'll do what's best for me  
And forget you  
My past lover

The Fixer  
By: Jonathan Prado ('24)

the job is only to fix the "others"  
the other machines left to time  
the other hearts left shattered  
the other people left broken.

the goal is to leave it all "better"  
better than what it was  
better than it is now  
better than it ever will be.

yet you don't fix "the fixer"  
the fixer who fixed others  
the fixer who fixed your life  
the fixer who fixed you.

who will fix the fixer  
when the fixer is broken  
what will fix the fixer  
where there is nothing to be fixed  
why will the fixer be fixed  
how the world expects him to be fixed.



By: Oscar Lazaro ('23)



“The Dance of Good Fortune”  
By: Jonah Lim ('26)

Excerpts from “Discrimination Based on Conditions of Mortality”  
By: Hung Dao ('23)

*Editor's Note: The following excerpts are taken from a speech given by an anonymous speaker during the NecROVID outbreak of 2034. The disease reanimated the dead and was highly infectious. Those infected were called zombies, similar to those in fiction movies of the time. Most people favored the extermination of zombies. Few had the interests of the zombies in mind. One of those who were sympathetic to zombies gave a speech to an audience, which has been transcribed. Modern consensus is that the speaker was not a zombie.*

*In the following transcription, ellipses within a paragraph shows interjections from the audience. Ellipses between paragraphs are parts of the speech that were not included. Any grammatical or spelling error in the original speech is preserved. Fillers are not preserved.*

You can't kill zombies. And not because of semantics or philosophical points. It's because it's discrimination. Much like how you can't make a decision about hiring people based on their skin colors, you can't decide to kill someone just because they are zombies. It's just plain horrible that most people in the world are calling on world leaders to “exterminate” the zombies.

And what's with that word anyways, “exterminate”? Are they bugs? Why do we have to exterminate them?... Everyone was taught that dehumanization of someone is amoral, that discrimination is wrong, and that killing is wrongful. So, this is the time to utilize the judgement ability that we all have and help these zombies to have a more better life... I think it's regrettable that so many of you, maybe even all, are fighting me on this... It's the truth! Tell me how is a zombie different from us?

...  
Let me give you an example. Let's say we have a guy named John. This guy is perfectly healthy, and he doesn't cause any harm. What if you then kill him? What then? You're a criminal! Because you killed him. So, you can't kill because he's alive, it's amoral. When he's in a casket, you still can't kill him. He's dead! It's disrespectful of him to kill him again. So, you can't kill a human because he's alive, you can't kill a corpse because he's dead, so why kill a zombie?... A zombie is just undead!... You're all committing discrimination based on conditions of mortality. It is outrageous.

...  
All of your heckling reminds me that we have not achieve perfect equality. You have killed Martin Luther King again... Don't even argue with me on this one. You should all feel ashamed for your display here. Hopefully, after today, you reconsider your beliefs. Call me crazy or wrong, but I know we can live peacefully with zombies. But you have to give them a chance. That is what I'm going to do right now. Have a good day...



By: Sungho Bak ('23)



By: Jae-Seoung Hong ('25)



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2022-2023

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