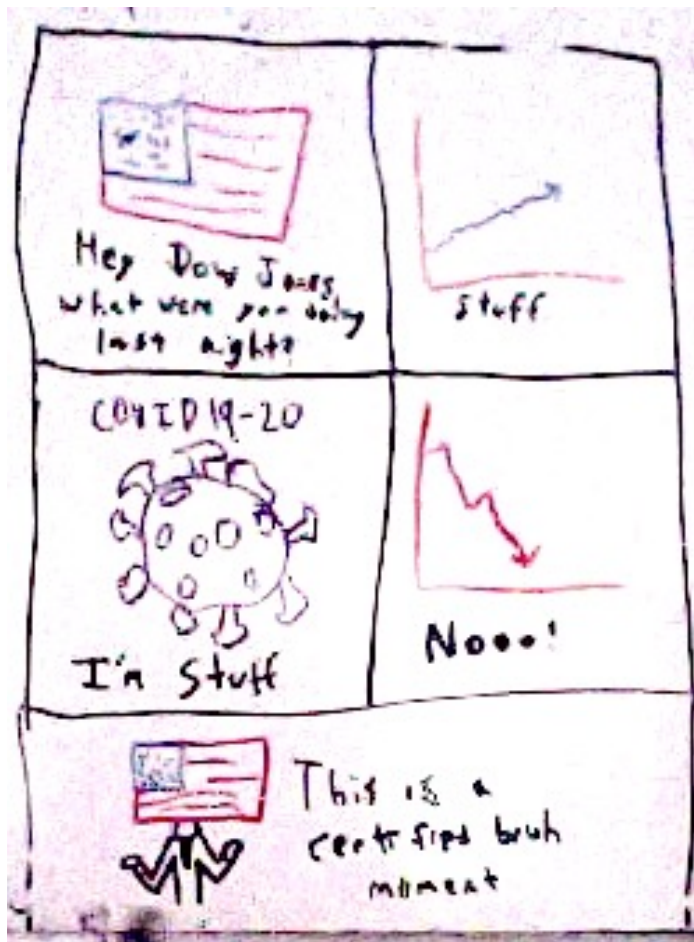


The CHS Community puts the **SOCIAL** in Social Distancing!

# Community High School QuarantZine #2

## We want YOU for QuarantZine!

Members of the CHS Community: send your contributions to Olchar olchar@communityhigh.net  
**GUIDELINES:** DEADLINE: EVERY FRIDAY until we're free! **Size:** 1 or 2 pages at 8.5"x5.5" (half of a Letter-sized or "normal" sheet of paper). **Format:** PDF, JPEG, .doc or .odt files. *Don't forget to put your name on it!*  
B&W print copies to be mailed to contributors unless/until it gets too big & expensive



Anonymous drawing from the Library Marker Board,  
c. March 11, 2020 & still there.

I suppose at one point in time this was by, AVA Zerith

## THE INFANT'S CRY

~~Passion from his slaving by drake,  
The molter of Sney law  
I confess he drowned her in a lake.  
I sat there and watched her body stay.  
I sat there and watched her body stay.  
If you listen you can hear what he makes,  
If you listen you can hear what he makes,  
Its a sign that all is out of the way.  
It's a sign that all is out of the way.  
He mocks me daily with his ring tones  
He surrounds himself in slaw  
He mocks me daily with his ring tones.  
He should give away everything he owns.  
He surrounds himself in slaw  
He should give away everything he owns  
Now he asks me to take it raw.  
Though I digress, he bought the law  
And now manages an army of pig  
knows  
Now he asks me to [REDACTED]~~

A commentary by Lars Ormhen

This glorious work, you must understand, is fairly hard to read. Most people are found to be incapable of reading it, and that I must say, is far too depressing. This piece of art is able to tell so much about your soul, more than you could ever know without it. Many are quick to say, you HAVE to read it or you will be incomplete. But my understanding is that if you cant read it, it remains your fault, and thusly you are a lost cause.

I would say that I am sorry, but I'm not, you deserve it. You don't get to understand your own reality. If you cant read it because your eyes are to strained, then you should've read less as a child. If you have become senile with age and cant comprehend it, then you should have read it when you were younger. If you were blind from birth, then you should not have sinned in your mothers womb.

Why, after a while it almost becomes funny that you cant read it. I know your trying, constantly skimming over each line attempting to derive meaning. Your so silly, so, idiotic, so...

Why do you keep trying, your mind is that of a child, IT IS MUSH. You have tried endlessly to see the work that will shine light into your mind, BUT YOU CANT. I swear to you stop now or you will see what its like to be me, TO SEE WHAT HELL IS. I know it too well. I remember its smell, its cold desolate sands. And now YOU are trying to undermine me, AND SEND ME BACK. If you wish it so you can read it but I warn you, you will see my truths.

## ROCK GUITAR SOUND

Satya

Rock guitar sounds  
In gruff shouts  
Make a dirty spiral  
Through my head.  
They bang on my skull,  
Serving as a buffer  
For uncertain thoughts.  
Smooth-men voices  
Tiptoe as white noise.  
All the same  
With a chime.  
That goes:

o

o

OooooOooH YeEEAhhh

In [key of black- pearl jam]

Hard drugs without the glorification,  
Hard facts we won't say,  
A hard thought I remembered.  
I finally realized how  
Separate lives are.  
Sipping some tea,  
That's how That'll be.  
Maybe you don't hear  
The hacking strings  
Like I do.  
Maybe it's because  
My head is screwed  
Off.  
Or maybe because  
You aren't real.  
And my head's  
Screwed up.  
Still.  
But they are  
Playing along.  
Creating a medley  
Of rock guitar sounds.

Crawl out of what ever you must  
Find you way to a garden of lowly fruit  
She has promised you life  
But she gave you nicotine instead  
She'll ask if you like it  
And you must reply yes  
Otherwise she will rip your wall and  
Bash in your face.

Mark the words you hear  
The significances may be lost on you  
They will hide if they like  
But you won't, If you must  
Fight  
In the only way you know how  
Nash teeth  
Clamber claws  
Spit

Fallowed feet finding an oasis  
They will turn raw  
They will find nothing  
Current sand floods beneath  
It can drown you

– Sarah P.

## **Rhetorically Allegorical**

Chaotic gothic benedictions  
fade along, as your mind into sleep.  
In those soft crowquilled contradictions,  
to the cold silver channels, you weep.

The veiled light now reclaims your vision,  
trying, in finality, to close  
the timeless reign of archaism:  
The strings, they softly strike a shrill note.

While you seal the marble envelope,  
you find some reason to have glee  
as the light of day will, so you hope,  
after aeons: allow you to flee.

The smoke it fills your lungs, and softly you will choke,  
Once again we'll find that subtlety's a joke.

— Haylee

...and I witnessed a shattering of dirty glass  
that kept my soul separate from belonging  
i gazed out to green contorted leaves  
beyond the cellophane that traps my eyes  
where I reside trapped from silvan escape  
amongst the bees and centipede  
where sleeves that keep me warm in snow rip to the sound  
of the banjos  
played by the children of the forests  
not one obsolete dollar is welcomed Here  
an overgrown menagerie  
clouded with aged red wine  
where sleep patients stay up to dance  
the screen is broken, oil spilled

### ***F I R E***

fleeing to the wood dropping my shoes  
the music crescendos, a jubilant ancient tune  
moss wraps slowly  
enveloping bristley legs  
flames reach the ecotone, scarring a home  
voices singing develop into  
a harsh chant deep throaty growl  
rising up to canopies of watching trees  
hauty laughing emerges from underground  
the moss asphyxiates me  
the trunks are charred black  
unwilling soldiers in place  
mourning a bloody scene  
of their brothers' deaths  
my body is dragged under  
decimated into dirt  
thunder echoes the crying spirits  
tree bones are avenged by an emotionful sky  
erased was the memory  
left to grow with the saplings  
a doe will eat what I create  
when will I be loved?

Not today.

## **Culinary Cutups, Chapter 2: Submarine (a meal in itself)**

*by Charlie Angleberger*

My grandmother (see Chapter 1) was only two years old when World War Two began, and for all her toddling years was subjected to rationing. She was just getting to know solid food when Americans began to grin and bear the disastrous attempts at meat substitutes they attempted to create every Tuesday, and it did something to her. Not that she continues to eat eggplant steak with cottage cheese, but her taste in food is wild and varied.

Clickbait health tips make up a good portion of her screen intake. Once, while loopy and half awake, I lay on my couch and listened to a man ranting in a video my Grandmother was playing for thirty minutes on how he could eat Oreos since he stopped drinking orange juice. His voice was something between the Disney Channel “BLAM!” announcer and the man who tells intermittable stories about his quest to go to every major-league baseball stadium in America. (He’s been to one.)

She also likes reusing leftovers that are even deader than the animal they were chopped off. They have entered a second death, which my Grandmother claims makes them still edible. She proudly refers to her soups made out of these leftovers as “Garbage Cans” or “Toilet Bowls.”

My Father used to come down the Valley to court my Mother, which means he also had to put up with my mother’s parents. Galusha would stare him down, attempting to drive him away. Grandmother would embarrass him in a variety of wild ways, attempting to make him feel as uncomfortable as possible. It wasn’t that she wasn’t hospitable, it was just that she showed the wrong kind of hospitality.

When he arrived for a visit, Grandmother proclaimed that she had stashed half of a submarine sandwich away for his lunch. He looked at

the sticker on the wrapper, that said it was made Tuesday. “Was this made Tuesday?”

“Yess...Just let me put some cheese sauce on it...” replied Grandmother.

“Why would it need the cheese sauce? It’s got cheese on it.”

“Well, it’s very good cheese sauce.”

“It still doesn’t need it.”

“Yes, it does. It’s very good cheese sauce.”

There was no convincing her. Determined to make a better impression on my Mother’s parents than they were making on him, he ate the sub (by this point completely doused in cheese sauce), feeling like he tasted something under the sauce, like mold, but he wasn’t quite sure.

Next on the program was an attempt to watch *Free Willy* with my mother and my aunt. My aunt was experiencing several frustrations that day, and when Willy rose from the sea, she rose from her chair and proclaimed, intoning each syllable mightily, “%&\*# this \$%!\$.”

“What’s wrong with *Free Willy*?” asked my father. He never knew, for my aunt would only say “That sandwich was made *two weeks ago*, you fool! Now consign yourself to the orcas!.” The cheese sauce was but a trick, so that he wouldn’t detect the rancid meat and moldy onions.

\* \* \* \* \*

He never made it to supper. He threw up ten minutes before then, and for the duration of dinnertime. Finally exhausting his stomach of food, he went to bed early. Somewhere between a fever dream and a dry heave, Grandmother sauntered upstairs to provide comfort to the sick and wounded. She went up to the bed and dropped something small and round into my father’s hand.

“I think we both know what this is, and we both know how to use it,” she said. “Just insert it in the bathroom, and you’ll feel a lot better.”

My father sobbed.