

FRONTIER

HHS

"DUALITY" | VOLUME 1 ISSUE 1

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DEAR VALUED READER,

In the next few pages, you will find the contents of the first issue of Frontier, Homestead’s literary magazine. Our members have worked long and hard to produce their work.

If you have any comments or questions, please feel free to email hhsfrontier@gmail.com.

Sincerely,

THE FRONTIER BOARD

Editor-in-Chief	Miranda Chen Lori Zhou
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“DUALITY”

EUNICE CHAE

two things
conflicting in beautiful harmony
diminished, 13s, stevie morris chords
is i.

walk up to the mirror
or just a quick hair flip into a glance
i’m caught by surprise
My God, I’m asian
For some reason, I thought, I expected to see a
white girl
Or a nothing face, magic dough doll
I’m Korean and I’m asian and I’m white...
oops, I mean American
Born and raised, carried to the Korean baptist
church via belly
lost my parents’ native tongue
the foreign me to the motherland and ..this
place,
my homeland
America
They say kimchi is stinky
But hey, it saved us from SARS
And those caucasian boys singing ching chong
in this liberal place the silicon valley south bay
california SUNNYVALE in a neighborhood
where there is more than a few families who
have ancestry from what the west sees as the

east a town in which the asian demographic is
at 40.9% i see on Wikipedia it’s more on the
census site guess those boys were wrong, left
I mean we all can be ignorant make mistakes
yeah?
(BREATHE)
I’ve got to let go
I’m not nearly Korean enough
But I’m not white... so i ain’t no miguksaram,
rite?
dilemma like mixed children? that shit must be
tough
I change preferences to cultures when I feel like
it
like how I write my poetry
It’s a blend, jamba juicin
and i am living
as a person in this world
lots of regrets, I wouldn’t change nothing
not the trinity, but
two in one.

think what you will
ima keep writing about
Me
Identity and
Shit.

DUALITY FRONTIER

INSIDE MY MIND

CASEY BISTED

She was born two days ago. It wasn't a conventional birth with blood and pain and ear shattering screams. She was born in the quiet in that dull, senseless doom. She has no name, but why would she? We know each other all too well. Her hope. My sorrow. Together become one. Yin and Yang. Light and dark. Together-ness.

She was born two days ago. I don't think she was with me before. I don't think she was conceived. Maybe she was, but with all the pain, I can't remember. I just remember her coming. She popped out of me in a wave of beautiful, horrible light. I remember the steady rhythm of her inside me pushing to get out. It almost drove me mad. I think I am better now.

She was born two days ago. It is all a different hazy memory stored away in a library on a distant planet. I wish I could remember life before this. I wish it was easy like that. I could live and love and learn. Yesterday she said to me Semira should run away from the past, forgive, and forget. I replied by saying why should I do that? Semira should learn life goes on, and she will be happy. I couldn't see her face. It was as if a body was speaking, but from the neck up a horrible black fog was masking her features. Nothing could be seen but a blank canvass.

Words were coming from somewhere. They were telling me what to do. They were comforting and enraging at the same time. Why should I listen to someone whose motives I couldn't see?

She was born two days ago. Her optimism is endearing. She is the opposite side of me. My offspring wild and optimistic, giving me hope. I don't know how I could have produced such a happy innocent being, but it makes me sad. I was like that once before the hurt, before the sorrow. I think she is trying to be my therapist. She's trying to be a comforting light in the dark, but I can't go back to who I once was, not after Jimmy. Not after the birth of his stillborn child. I was a sweet person before the death of my emotions.

She was born two days ago. She was born in the hospital that was and still is my mind, with her midwives my thoughts, and her wet nurses my sadness. She is a person of my own imagination. I think she wants to take us over. I think she wants this body to be hers, so she can be painfully optimistic. I think she wants me dead. I think she thinks I'm insane. She will take over, and I will be gone forever. I will be *Hello world. It's great to be out in the open. It's great to be free.*

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THE CHOICE

CECILIA DENOME

They were called shanty girls and they were poor. She was the oldest of the bunch, although she hadn't a clue of her actual age. The beautiful of the city beyond her home on 7th Avenue called to her whenever she went out to work. Every night, she hesitated to go back, fearing that something would kill her in her slumber and she would never see the shining glamour of the rich district again.

She cleaned dishes in a fancy restaurant near the governor's mansion. Out the window in the upstairs kitchen she could see the hovercars floating down the roadway. Sometimes the chef would let her take the garbage to the dump on his bicycle. It was a thrill riding, even if the true patrons of the streets would stare at her and scoff.

Each night, though, she came home to care for a shack full of children. Her father was dead from a gas raid and her mother had been broken by this. Her brothers were off fighting for the country. Even the oldest of the remaining children could not help much. So she lived, divided between abject poverty and the rich illusion of a servant's life.

There was Joshua, who loved her and whom she loved back. His father was rich and so he could have anything from finery to a life ruling over scum like her. He did not care for that, though. She did not know what he saw in her but she let

him buy her sweets or jeweled hair ties which she tucked into her pockets to take home or to hock on the streets.

One day, Joshua met her on a dump run. She was a sight to behold: crawling with parasites, hair splattered with mud, her apron so ragged parts of it tore off as she pedaled. He smiled at her, despite this, and called out her name. She approached. He held out a perfect silver ring, a silent marriage proposal.

She stopped. Joshua and she, they were lovers. If he had been a shanty boy, she would have said yes. If she was a rich girl, she would have said yes. She knew that if she agreed she could stop washing dishes just to bring home a bit of old bread, for 7th avenue would no longer be her home. He stared at her and she considered it.

And she remembered her father, killed trying to rescue people in the gas raids. Her brothers, dead on the battlefields. She saw her mother's serene face as she died the night before of a broken heart. Poverty killed her family. How was it fair, then, for her to escape its grasp so easily, to leave for a life of pitifully smiling at shanty girls?

He took her in his arms as she sobbed. "Please say yes. Please." She lifted her head and wept harder, torn between all she had ever wanted and all she had ever known.



SHATTERING GLASS CRYSTAL CHEN

something stirs under the surface of the old lake
for years and years, nothing has ever moved
in this still, still forest
grandfather time has walked a long way
a songbird swoops down and takes a drink
the stirrings grow strong and a spark was lit
a glow pervades through the depths of the dark
the old lake, too tired and too shy
sweeps with a wave of it's fluid hand
over the little flicker of light
only for it to rise and shatter
the clear glass of the surface
surprised, the old lake parts
majestically, as the fire bursts out
and spreads its billowing arms of flame
into the clear blue sky



GOOD VS. EVIL DEBORAH RAMOS

For years, there's been a war	ness
Between the forces of virtue and	With hate in every evil deed
sin	
This is no battle of blows	As soon as the world began
But a battle of the mind within	The entire world was at peace
	But a bad decision has been made
One fights for the will of morality	Allowing sin to spread like a disease
Encouraging truth, justice, and	
love	Since then, war has begun
Teaching the values of kindness	Taking place in the human mind
and chastity	Although invisible to many eyes
Making hearts as pure as the white	It will decide the fate of mankind
dove	
	The battle is still on today
Its enemy however, is most vile	This war is no art of pretend
Poisoning minds with corruption	The side that will be victorious
and greed	Will be determined when it comes
Delights in the wonders of wicked-	to an end

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JEKYLL

GABI SOLEIMANIPOUR

I am not a madman. The unoriginality of this statement may amuse you. I assure you that it is true. Quite true indeed. I say that I am not a madman, and I mean it with all of my heart, whatever that heart may be. No, it is he who is the madman. The other man. That distinguished doctor, with his manners and his quaint politeness, who is so mad as to somehow take my carefully formed persona of anger and cruelty and transform it into something else entirely. Yes, I call it carefully formed. Personalities of brute force such as mine take cultivation, though you may not think it so. Just as one may develop an exquisite taste in social skills by means of constant practice and repetition, so do I develop this demeanor. This demeanor, which I have cultivated so perfectly, by which you deem me to be mad. I assure you, sir, I am not a madman. I see you are amused. Let me tell you of him, then. Of what he has done. To me. To others. He terrifies them, I am quite sure of it, though perhaps they do not show it in ways you would understand. He certainly does not. I cannot reason with him. He takes away my power, makes me weaker and forces me to become hidden. Hidden away in some dark recess when I could be free and wild and strong. The good doctor fears my strength. He says it terrifies him, but I say he lies. He needs my strength. Let me tell you of him. Of one day on which there was a meeting, of a sort. Of yesterday. I woke up, in the middle of the room. Breathing

heavily. Heart racing. Out of excitement, not panic, I assure you. I am not a nervous man. No. Not nervous. It is the good doctor who is nervous, whose nervousness contained him in his lab and shielded him away from me. But, as I say. I awoke, dressed - a dark cloak and hat, a walking stick. I do enjoy my walks. They are necessary for my health. You understand. The good doctor neglected to do so, though he above all should have understood the necessity of good health. I left the apartment and wandered down the street. Someone ran into my path. An old woman. She looked upon me in terror. I know not why. I am assured it must be the good doctor's fault - see what he has done? Spreading lies and rumors and whispers - though perhaps I am at the same time indebted to him for allowing me my freedom. So of course I followed the only logical course of action. Brute force solves many things. That woman will be terrified no longer. I leave the details up to you. There are sensitive ears here and the good doctor would not want this story told. He is returning now, you know. He stirs. I see you sigh with anxiety - it could not be with anything else, surely - but do not worry. I shall shortly return. It does not take much to put him back to sleep, though he resists. Someday I shall have him, that good doctor. That good and wretched doctor. Jekyll.

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THE HEDGEHOG

SHIRLEY SHAO

He was the most beautiful hedgehog in the world, with fifty-three bristles poking out of a flattened white dome. There was a little purple ball caught on the tip of each perfectly straight bristle, and a long, rigid tail trailed behind him. The hedgehog lived on a polished slab of marble that was dappled gold and dark gray. He sunned himself when he could. Sometimes a warm fog drifted through his bristles and left little droplets clinging to his back; a spring nearby periodically shut on and off, and occasionally a few larger droplets splashed onto the hedgehog's tail. One day, the beautiful hedgehog woke to a clamor. (Some mornings were like that, unfortunately.) The hedgehog sat patiently, waiting for the sound to die down so he could sun bathe in peace. "Hurry up, it's almost eight!" The hedgehog sat quietly as the spring was shut on and off. He suffered the commotion patiently, until a dollop of something green and goopy fell from the sky. The glob caught in the hedgehog's magnificent bristles, and the hedgehog, who found nothing more enjoyable than basking in the sunshine, disliked the cold feeling that the dollop impressed upon his bristles. "Oh, ew! Clean that, now." "No." "Dude, now I can't brush my hair."

"That's YP, not MP." "What?" The dollop began to ooze from the purple tip of the hedgehog's bristles and plopped onto his back. The hedgehog frowned. "Your problem, not mine!" "Uh, you caused the problem. Clean it, before I count to five." "No." The hedgehog sprang up from his position on the stone slab and lunged at the aggressor who had caused the disgusting dollop to fall from the sky. His dirtied bristles raked across a patch of short black brush - there was a shriek - and then the beautiful hedgehog was flung through the air. He landed on a creamy white sheet of smooth stone and stayed there as the shrieking continued. "And that's YP, not MP." The springs roared noisily, and water droplets pelted through the air. Grudgingly, the hedgehog moved towards the spring. Water flowed through his bristles, and whatever goop that had not been caught in the short black brush was washed away. The hedgehog shook himself, and rolled through a section of longer black grass before once again settling on the gold and gray marble. The clamor died down and the springs quieted. Content again, the hedgehog resumed sunbathing.