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*GHS Voices*

Literary  
Magazine

**SPRING 2018**  
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# GHS VOICES



**PHOTO: DALTON BARNES**

Writing thoughts on a random notebook page makes me feel connected, at home, peaceful. My place makes me feel as if I belong, as if I was designed for this specific purpose. The desire to belong gnaws at each and every one of us. Always revising and editing our daily actions in hopes to get it right, so that we can feel as if we belong. A pat on the back, a high five, the acknowledgement we seek. It's not like that at my place. Acceptance is not dangled in your face and then snatched back faster than you can say respect. My place respects my thoughts and allows my voice to sing as high or low as it possibly can. My place is motivation, my rock, where I make connections, where epiphanies aren't foreign. My place is in my head; thoughts written out as words, strung into sentences that speak louder than my own voice. The power of place is so magical that it can lead you anywhere - near or far. The power of place can lead you home.

**TYUANNA WILLIAMS**

# TRAPPED

## TYUANNA WILLIAMS

I'm stuck in this place, between good and bad.  
I know right from wrong, but temptation awaits  
at every corner,  
beckoning me without making a noise.  
The temptation is intoxicating,  
so I hold my breath to refrain from breathing it in.  
I look to my left, to my right, then to my left again  
and notice temptation in every pathway.  
I try to fight, but it blocks my every move.  
I'm stuck in this place filled with temptation.  
I'm trapped.



**PHOTO: SAVANNAH LEWIS**



PHOTO: ASHTON PORTER

# Y'ALL

**ASHTON PORTER**

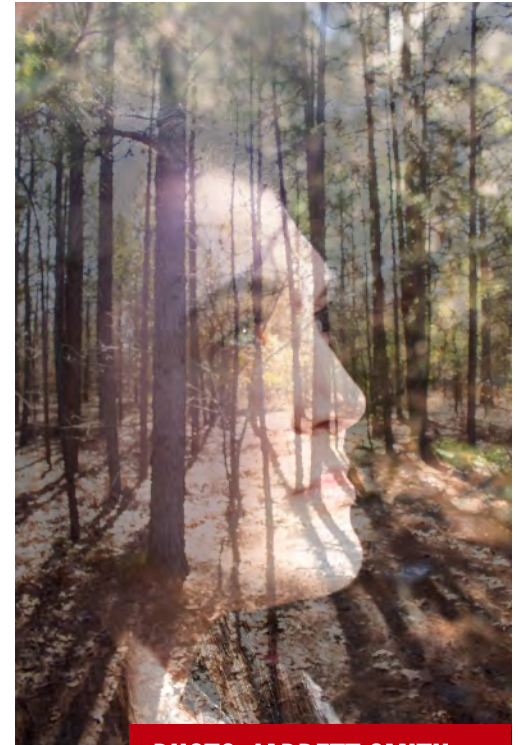
For most people, "y'all" is just a Southern term for "you all," which is the proper way to say it. But in the South, we use y'all just like "gonna," "ain't," and "pickin'." (In the South, you shorten your words to get more in while talkin' to kinfolk.)

Growing up in the small town of Gilbert, I ran through the goat pastures without shoes on, played with trucks, and climbed trees in the front yard. Watching people go 25 mph in a 45 mph zone because they are stuck behind a big green tractor.

The community of Gilbert is a family, even if we aren't blood. It has been my home for 18 short years, but now it's time to make a new place home. I'm off to college and will soon get to call Newberry home. The place where I will sit down in class and say, "Hey y'all, my name is Ashton."

The scenarios in my head  
are real to me  
and I try to avoid them.  
They're like movies  
in my head  
and I'm the director.  
No wait.  
That could never happen.  
Yes it could.  
Don't stand too close to the fire.  
You'll trip and fall and burn.  
I can see what my face looks like.  
Keep checking out the window.  
You'll flip the car  
and we'll get hurt.  
You don't answer the phone.  
Oh no, you're with her.  
You're dead.  
What are you doing?


Keep checking the  
seats behind you.  
Find the exit,  
make a plan.  
I see the shooting  
massacre.  
The scenarios in my  
head are no joke to me.  
They make me think  
something's wrong.  
They're like pictures in  
my head  
and I'm the photographer.  
Where will my mind  
take me next?



**PHOTO: JARRETT SMITH**

# SCENARIOS EMILY DRAFTS





My South is a small town,  
where everyone knows everything about  
everyone;  
the start of a tractor is a familiar sound.  
My South is pride in accomplishments,  
where no one is just another face in the  
crowd;  
everyone is treated with the respect they  
deserve.  
My South is summer nights,  
when you hang out at the lake with no  
worries;  
you can lay on the boat and watch the  
stars all night.  
My south is homemade,  
where duct tape fixes everything;  
your own hands try hard to make  
everything from scratch.

# MY SOUTH

Britt Jennings

PHOTO: ASHTON PORTER



# GILBERT

## CAYMAN DUVALL

Driving to school in the morning, smelling the fresh morning air. Then driving home after practice, seeing all the beautiful colors of the sunset, and smelling the pungent mustard and collard greens. Feeling the bumps on all the back-roads I take to avoid traffic - that is my home.

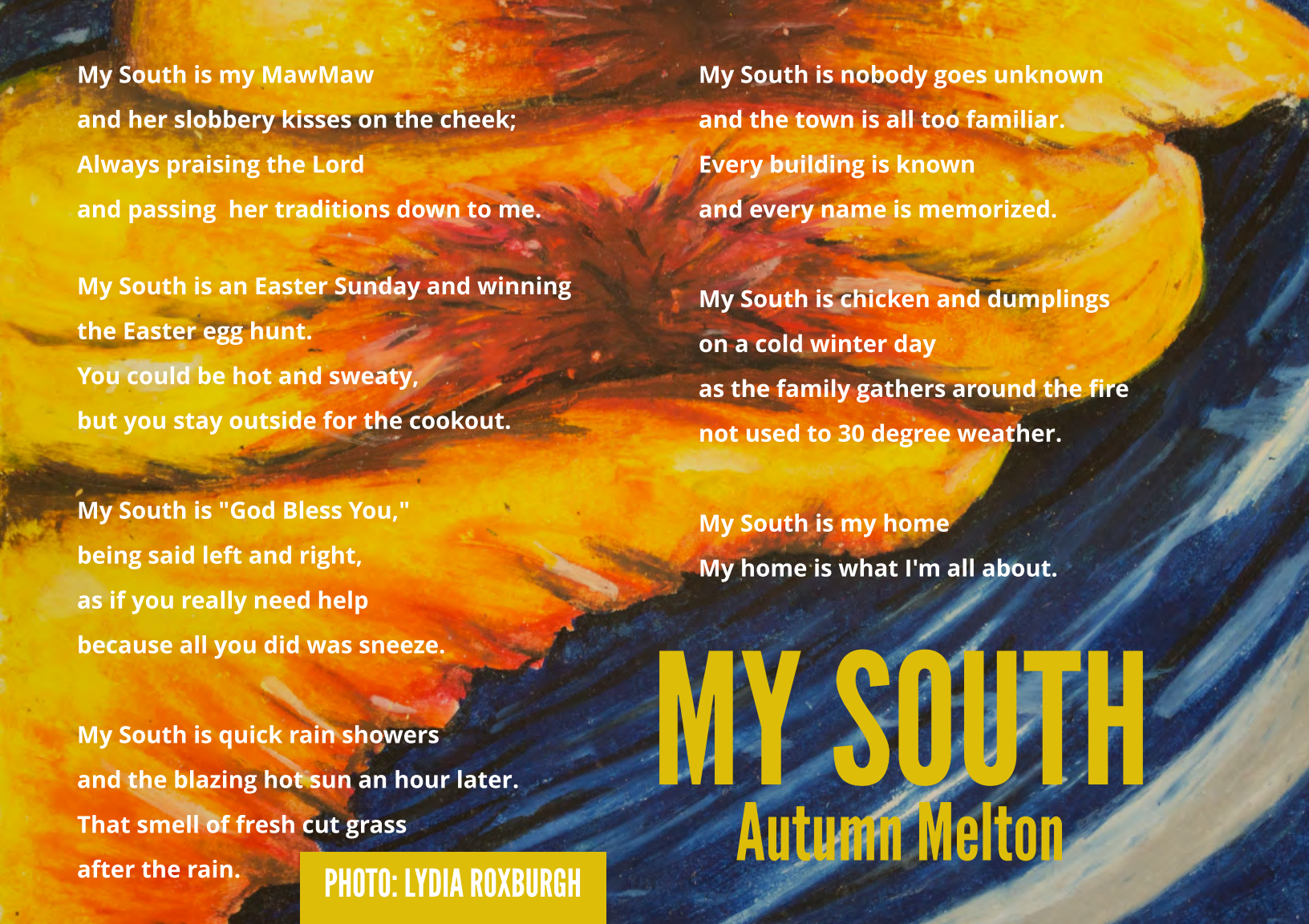
Practicing long hours in the summer in the staff parking lot surrounded by 50 of my equally-tired friends. Working hard on the field just to hear "Gilbert High School" announced at competitions. Getting reprimanded by my teammates when I do something wrong, to prevent me from messing up again. Mr. White yelling into the microphone at 6:30 p.m. - that is my home.

In the summer at the park with my friends, skateboarding down the sidewalks and hearing laughter and crying of little children. Laying in the back of my Jeep with the trunk open looking at the stars with my five closest friends - that is my home.

Trying to avoid bees and horseflies by hiding underwater in the pool. Blowing water on my Mom's head through a noodle and then getting in trouble for it. Waking up and going outside just to be attacked by pesky mosquitoes and gnats - that is my home.

**PHOTO: LYDIA ROXBURGH**





My South is my MawMaw  
and her slobbery kisses on the cheek;  
Always praising the Lord  
and passing her traditions down to me.

My South is an Easter Sunday and winning  
the Easter egg hunt.  
You could be hot and sweaty,  
but you stay outside for the cookout.

My South is "God Bless You,"  
being said left and right,  
as if you really need help  
because all you did was sneeze.

My South is quick rain showers  
and the blazing hot sun an hour later.  
That smell of fresh cut grass  
after the rain.

My South is nobody goes unknown  
and the town is all too familiar.  
Every building is known  
and every name is memorized.

My South is chicken and dumplings  
on a cold winter day  
as the family gathers around the fire  
not used to 30 degree weather.

My South is my home  
My home is what I'm all about.

# MY SOUTH

## Autumn Melton

PHOTO: LYDIA ROXBURGH



# HEY MANNY BRIGHT

All my years in school were terrifying for me until I got into high school. The simple word "hey" was too much for me to say. A student would walk past me and say "hey;" I would blush and start to run. I was very shy and didn't know what to say back. So, I kept my words to myself. I didn't know how to use my voice at times. I was afraid of girls. Not kidding, I was petrified. Girls made me so uneasy when I was younger. Like how can someone be so calm when talking to others. It was like they always knew what to say to everything and I didn't get that. Talking to my guy friends was easy, and I did it without thinking. But girls, on the other hand, not so much.

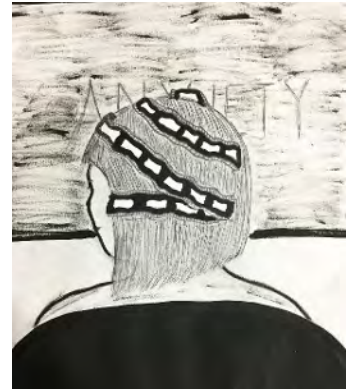
As time went on and I got older, so did the girls. My problem got worse. The girls matured faster than us boys, so I was still just a childish, playful kid. Middle school came around, and I actually felt comfortable around girls. But I still never talked to them until one day a girl named Christine said "hey." Scared and nervous, I thought of things to say, but never said it. All I did was wave.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Manny," I said.

Although shaking and sweating at this point, I felt good about myself. Later that day she asked me to the school dance. I was shocked. She was so pretty, and to choose a guy like me, she had to be on some form of a drug.

The dance came and we held a full conversation. Then we danced. After the dance was over, she texted me and said that it was nice to get to know me. Our date happened because of a simple "hey".



**PHOTO: EMILY DRAFTS**



PHOTO: ASHTON PORTER

# YOUR IMPACT

## ELI BETANZOS

I feel like in life you go through many things. Different sets of emotions, activities, and individuals, that add to life. Making it unique in a way. The places you go contribute to your being and any place you go, you leave a part of you.

Everywhere I've been I think that I've left pieces of me. Maybe not tangible things, like paintings or forgotten hair clips, but the manners and ways I've treated someone.

Sometimes the part of me that I leave is not a positive one, but a negative one. And sometimes that's okay, but it's important to always try to make some situations brighter than they are.



**PHOTO: ALLY BUSBEE**

# **MEXICO**

## **IVETTE OLVERA**

Never shall I forget that warm summer in Mexico.

Never shall I forget the happiness I saw on my family's faces when I arrived.

Never shall I forget my grandma not letting me leave the house in the morning unless I ate breakfast.

Never shall I forget my grandma's love for me.

Never shall I forget running in the rain with my sister, because we forgot an umbrella.

Never shall I forget the tears that ran down my face when it was time to say goodbye.

Never shall I forget knowing there was more to discover.

Never shall I forget the feeling of being on fire.

Never shall I forget these things as long as I live.

Never.



# SWEET TEA

MATTHEW TAYLOR

There's nothing like a fresh brewed glass of sweet tea on a hot summer day,  
or even on a cold harsh winter day.

No matter what time of year it is,  
there is always that need for a glass of sweet tea.

Down here in the south, our tea is real sweet.

But if you go up north and order it,  
they act like they don't know what you're talkin' about.

Down here in the south, we appreciate our glass of sweet tea.

PHOTO: ASHTON PORTER

# WHERE I BELONGED

## HAILEY BELL

Where I belonged in my life, my true place, was not in the city nor the country.

Not completely surrounded by people nor in solitude.

Where I belonged was not black nor white, loud or quiet.

Where I belonged was wherever you took me.

One night, it was a concert, the music so loud it vibrated through the floor, into our feet, filling us completely with adrenaline.

The next would be a quiet park, with the soft gurgling of the nearby stream filling us with calmness.

Where I belonged, where I was meant to be was neither here nor there.

Where I belonged was next to the crystal-like blue eyes, and the long, dangling arms that always managed to find their way around me.

Where I belonged was with you.

A photograph of a woman from the waist up, wearing a vibrant red, short-sleeved dress with a black zipper running down the center. She is also wearing a wide-brimmed, light-colored hat. Her hair is long and brown, and she is looking down and to the right. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

**PHOTO: BROOKE BUSBY**

# SANCTUARY

## TREY AMICK

We headed out early in the afternoon.

The sun rested in one place high in our fall sky.

I met someone new while she met someone missed.

Through a curvy road full of turns we drove while the lake passed beside us.

We were so young, yet mature from the things we endured. We needed a place to call home.

We parked our car and began walking up the driveway that was never there.

A gate that was broken lay against a wall of vines and briars; the door was always open.

We walked in the room that didn't exist and painted on the walls our thoughts and advice.

We sat by the pool that no one could swim in and sailed on a boat that was already sunken.

We could never show anyone outside this place, for it is our sanctuary in a world of madness.

If you were to read all the walls and venture the stalls, you'd see someone's journey from sadness.

He got on the roof that was missing and said to us all, "Welcome home, this is always here for you!"

Many more times we'd visit and add to the walls where we wrote such melancholy quotes.

Happier they'd get and more covered our outside house became.

With a grin on my face, I'd write on this place, "Welcome to sanctuary, in this place we're all the same."



**PHOTO: BROOKE RISINGER**






The wind whips through her long wispy hair as she stands on the edge of a winding hillside. The ongoing fields roll on in front of her. Whispers of the warm summer days echo into the setting sun. The wind whisking scents of sweet smelling lavender a few hillsides away. Hers arms open wide, welcoming the warm embrace of that sweet summer wind, gentle enough to caress her cheek but strong enough to push a summer's storm to shower the land with replenishing rain. At night, the wind soothes her to sleep. Then, the wind settles, ceasing to exist until the next day, when it commences to provide release of the harsh summer heat. That soft summer wind.

**PHOTO: CAYCEE SHEALY**

**TRISTA KNOP**  
**THE WIND**



My South is my MaMa,  
Always caring and sharing  
She always made me breakfast  
and made those pancakes round.

My South is on Sundays  
My parents waking me from  
slumber with their smooth  
piano playing.

My South is ice-cold lemonade  
with my Grandma's Sunday dinners  
I chat with family until we  
leave nothing on the table.

My South is sweet.

JONAH HARDEN  
**MY SOUTH**

PHOTO: SAVANNAH LEWIS





Where I belong is a place where I feel I can be me - not who people make me out to be; a place where if I do something weird, everyone just blows it off and says, "That's just Jamie."

Where I belong, it's not weird to want to work for a living, where getting covered in grease or sawdust is a normal, everyday thing, and where you are not looked down upon.

**PHOTO: ASHTON PORTER**

# **THE PLACE**

**JAMIE ANDERSON**



# CHURCH

WILLIAM CRAWFORD



PHOTO: EMILY JOYNER

I can remember the old Baptist church of my great grandparents.

It's tall brick towers in the fresh Saluda air and beautiful in the fall.

The week of Bible school to kick off the summer.

It's hard to describe it.

But where I go to church,

it feels like I can breathe again.

My church looks much different than that of my great grandparents.

But, it has the same friendly atmosphere and sense of home.

It allows me to breathe, and I think back to that old church in Saluda.

# GRANDMA'S YARD EMILY DAVIS

Grandma's backyard holds a very special place in my heart. The black-stained trampoline, "Fairy Town", and the huge slide I was afraid to go down. The black-stained trampoline was where I spent most of my time at Grandma's. Where I learned my first cartwheel, where I took my first fall, and where many tears were shed in defeat.

The slide in Grandma's yard stood taller than the trampoline net. Until I was around five I didn't want to go down this slide. No matter what anyone said, I didn't want my skin to burn against the metal surface as I raced towards the bottom.

"Fairy Town" was where I spent time with one very special person to me, my cousin Elizabeth. We cleaned up that little nook in the woods till we saw fit, painting bird houses and hanging chimes so we could be friends with the fairies that lived in the woods from our children's books. We would protect our fairies from bad men that wanted the fairies killed. We stayed until it was so dark we couldn't see our hands.

Every single memory of Grandma's yard is one to remember. Every single one has a place in my heart. Thank you, Grandma's yard, for teaching how to enjoy being a kid.



**PHOTO: ASHTON PORTER**

# CONNEMARA

## KATIE JOHNS

A house on a hill -  
spacious grounds filled  
With flora and fauna.  
Bamboo, forsythia, and  
spruce pines.  
Goats and roosters and  
winding vines.  
Mountain home.



**PHOTO: DAMIAN THOMPSON**



# THE OCEAN IS A DANGEROUS PLACE

**OLIVIA TEDFORD**

For you are the ocean:  
Your love is the waves-  
Moving in and out-  
Taking the shore piece by piece  
every time you leave.  
Your anger is the storm-  
Ripping nail from board-  
Not understanding the  
damage you're causing.

Yet, the memories you leave-  
Clear blue skies with a  
warm summer's breeze-  
Are the only tangible remains  
left from you.  
But they're all I need for  
My heart to keep giving  
Itself to you.

**PHOTO: REBEKAH SHAW**

# GILBERT

## STEPHEN SMITH

The place where I was born and raised.

The small town that I live in, still to this day.

Experiencing all four seasons in a week,  
for better or worse.

Town folks either help one another or  
drive neighbors crazy with the dust

From riding on dirt roads using trucks,  
or four-wheelers and golf carts.

The water is great for fishing, well, if you are  
not trespassing.

The place I'd like to stay throughout all my days -  
Gilbert.



**PHOTO: HANNAH DUKES**



PHOTO: ALLY BUSBEE

The lush green grass is so vibrant.

I look in the sky and see the beautiful baby blue sky with white clouds.

I hear birds chirping, the dogs barking.

I look at the flowers growing by the house, how delicate they look. I inhale and smell freshly cut grass from a distance.

The breeze cool and refreshing with the sun shining bright.

My eyes close and I soak up the sun's rays.

This place keeps me calm as I listen to music or play with my dog.

This place is my backyard, where I grew up and picked pecans off the pecan tree,

where I walked the dogs and jumped on the trampoline.

# BACKYARD

## AMBER CLAMP





PHOTO: ASHTON PORTER

An old farm tractor,  
the first thing that I learned to drive.  
It's what taught me my way of life.  
I spent hot summer days riding around on  
that worn, rusty, green John Deere tractor.  
The tractor may get a flat  
and the moment you put air in it, the hay  
baler jams.  
That old farm tractor,  
taught me that nothing in life comes to you  
without hard work.

**VERONICA FULMER**  
**OLD FARM TRACTOR**



Dark water vapor blankets the painted night sky,  
releasing Mother Nature's cold life-giving tears.  
The relaxing sound of water droplets hitting the  
leaves of the trees and the asphalt of the streets  
sends me into a trance.

That is until I look up at the sky once more,  
only to watch as it shatters  
and then pieces itself back together  
again in a flash of blue-tinted light.

It is frightening.

And yet here I am again, walking the same path  
to the same old abandoned home, into the same  
terrifying fate as I always do.

PHOTO: KATELYNN TERRELL



# GINA PRICE REPETITION

# GHS Voices - Spring 2018 - Vol. 1

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