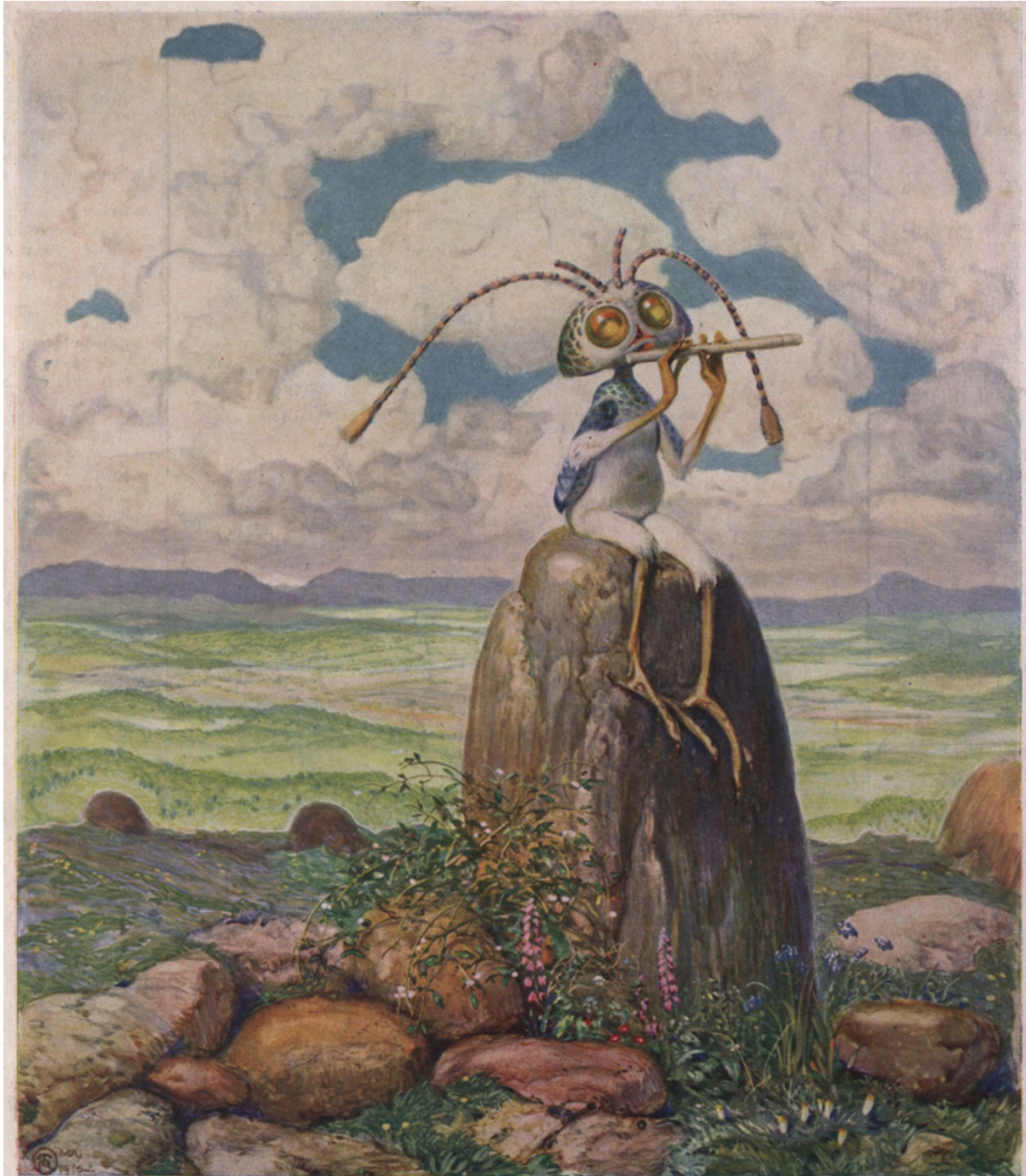


Great Books Online 2021  
East Coast

# WRITERS WORKSHOP



Illustrations by Richard Teschner for the December 1923 issue of Die Muskete

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# INTRODUCTION

**Intermediate Workshop:** This week in the Intermediate Writers Workshop students explored literary genres ranging from the unclassifiable to the classic. Each day we engaged a new craft element, expanding our repertoire of writerly devices. The texts contained in this anthology represent a week's worth of creation, edition, and polish.

**Senior Poetry Workshop :** This poetry workshop examined "the universal laws" of poetry in an ante-formal setting. We examined poetic forms to invent our own "found / mutant / concrete / mythic / erased poetic forms."

**Senior Fiction Workshop:** The fiction workshop moved through several core craft elements of prose this week, including point of view, style, the play and pause of time, and forward momentum. Students workshopped stories and excerpts from novels, providing feedback to others and leaving the week with ideas on how to revise their own stories.

**Senior Nonfiction Workshop:** Drawing on the work of feminist and Indigenous writers this creative non-fiction session explored the relationship between writing and the body. Students engaged with sense, embodied memory, relationality and interconnections within the natural world to craft writing about the way they inhabit and experience the world.

## Love is Not Always About Romance By Mckenna Graf

It's summer. The birds are circling. The sun is dying. I think I could hold its lingering sunlight in my hand if I reached out and touched it. Others have crossed that small stretch of air between land and sun and held it, why can't I? But all those who did never seemed to return once their feet left the ground and they felt the sun. We were all so utterly entranced with the sun. Graced by its close presence to our small town. I often lay awake wondering what it would be like if I touched sunlight. It would slide off that ball of fire like the sweat off my face and light me up until there was nothing left. I would never return to this bed I lie in, just like everyone else who had dared touch the sun. But to feel the warmth of the sun in my hand like an embrace after isolation is everything that I want. I would risk it all just to touch and be held for one moment. But the sun is dying. There won't be any sunlight left to do that with because my mother touched it. I saw her. I was jealous. But she thought sunlight was *her* answer. It had ruined everyone else but she thought it would improve *her*. That it would kiss her cheek, smell like roses, taste like a beautiful spring day and make everything better for her. Like everyone else, she died at the hand of the sun. But she tried to take from the sun, not touch and worship it, and now it is dying itself.

My mom's funeral is next week. She was the last one to try and touch sunlight. I don't know why we were never warned that sunlight could kill. It looks so beautiful from afar. Demanding to be touched. How could something so beautiful have a capacity for such destruction? All my life I looked up at it in the sky, in its yellows, oranges and reds; I thought this, this is what it feels like to love wholeheartedly. I love every part of it. Its beautiful simplicity and even the way it kills. I yearn to be burnt by its beauty like so many before me, just for the one moment when everything would feel on fire with love. But though it burns and kills, it dies. It dies and it's leaving me.

The sun is a shade of purple and blue now. Sputtering out its life every hour, every minute, every second. But I will remain at the end. The sun will die but I will remain

like a statue that never falls. Like an immortal god. It will seem as if I'm living forever. Feel like I'm walking through water, like I'm walking through snow with heavy clothes on trying to get to an end I'm not even sure exists. But you, sun, you will meet that end. You've been here since the beginning of time but it seems I'll be the one to make it to the end and have to mourn the loss of the only one I ever truly loved. My mom stripped away your life with her desire to steal your goodness. My love for her was buried along with her body in the grave. My dad was the first one to leave me. He chose not to love me so why should I love him back? But you, sun, are my other half. You are the one who gives me a greater life. Can I give you my heart full of love for you, so that you may live on, just like you gave me your light to survive life on the ground?

I'm going to reach out towards you. From this balcony I'm going to search for the one I love like Juliet did Romeo. For you are the only one I could ever love in this life. Without you I am nothing. I can feel the power burning from you now. Seeking out for me. I'm reaching out a little bit more and now I'm doing exactly as so many did before me. My arm outstretched, feet barely touching the ground, and head hung back looking at you. I am now what people paint. An image one could only wish to create. I touch your purple and blue but unlike many times before, sunlight explodes. It drapes down over me like a warm blanket straight out of the dryer. The love I always wished to feel, that I always knew you could give to me, is whispered into the sunlight and hums throughout my nerves. My soul is pierced and body split open with the rays of sun falling out of every part of me like the petals off of a flower. My perspective of the world is reversed. I am the sun. Burning and bright, steady as a heartbeat that will never stop. You are me. Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. I think I understand love now.