

haywire

**A Magazine from the
John-F.-Kennedy School in Berlin**



ISSUE NUMBER 13 / SPRING 2019:

RACHELLE VON ALSLEBEN-MILLER, CLARA AMERKHANIAN, FELIX BARKOW, SOPHIE BLESSMAN,
MARIE LUISE BOHL, GWENDOLYN CAMPBELL, CHRISTINE COOK, LUCY DEFTY, ELENA FREITAG, AILIE
GIESELER, ELLIE GOODMAN, RIVA GREINKE, SKYLAR HARDISTER, ELLA JACKSON, HENRI JACKSON,
SUSANNA JAVAID, KAMANDERIN KIRBY, AIDAN KVISTAD, JASMIN MADISON, JAMINA RILLIG, JACOB
SALOMON, JOHANNA TIGGES, EMILY WEYMAR

CONTENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

POEMS

Rhythm and Rhyme by Skylar Hardister, 10e	4
April Showers by Clara Amerkhanian, 12d	5
Kinder Land Verschickung by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a	6
Sentimental Snacks by Riva Greinke, 12d	8
Every Show Must Come to an End by Susanna Javaid, 9e	9
Der 21. Januar by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a	10
Late Summer Streets by Jasmin Madison, 9f	11
Untitled Poetry by Kamanderin Kirby, 12d	13
Phallocy by Kamanderin Kirby, 12	15
Fieber by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a	17
Mein Heimat by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a	18
The Old Wheelchair by Johanna Tigges, 10e	25
The Stars Speak by Ellie Goodman, 12a	30

VIGNETTES

"A QUICK LESSON IN FAILURE" by Riva Greinke, 12d	12
"THE BOX" by Henri Jackson, 12a	16
"THE SUCKER WHO TRIED" by Ellie Goodman, 12a	28
"CIPHER" by Ellie Goodman, 12a	30

SHORT STORIES

"UNTITLED" by Sophie Blessman, 7d	21
--------------------------------------	----



Publisher's Note

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

Boy, oh boy, here it comes. Here comes my chance to tell the whole world what I've been spending my time on for the past four years. It really has been a while, four years is a long time, and within it I've switched names, writing styles, critical method, friend groups, identity, you name it. Regardless, this is my last issue with this magazine and I think I finally found the perfect moment to describe what I have always thought haywire meant. As I write the first draft of this, it's mottowoche, the children

"Your attitudes have gone completely haywire."

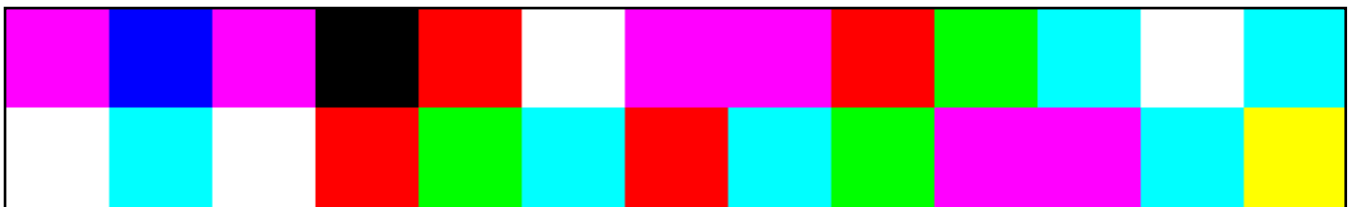
That's what haywire means, probably in the dictionary too, it means uncontrolled, it means trashy and unperfected, it means a level of hon-

esty that you lose when you craft art that is meant to be consumed. I mean, I've started to heighten my standards for my own writing as I've grown, but I want to hold on to the wackiness, the willingness to follow a stupid idea to its conclu-

haywire | 'hā, wīr|
 adjective informal
 erratic; out of control :
Your attitudes have gone completely haywire
 ORIGIN early 20th century (originally U.S.): from HAY + WIRE, from the use of hay-baling wire in makeshift repairs.

are going crazy, the student lounge is no longer a place where I can sleep, it's just like I always dreamed. I remember we all got put into one room to be told how and why our behavior is not ok. And in it something much like this phrase came up.

sion. Otherwise haywire wouldn't be what it is. That being, a magazine that once published a comic strip where the punchline was that the girl who was "outta this world" actually was an alien. This magazine is a joke.



Rhythm and Rhyme

By Skylar Hardister, 10e

When the fear sets in
Where the fire burns
When you find a place
But there's nowhere to turn
When the evening sings
An eerie sigh

You can find your place
but never fit in
And only when you've left
Do you know where you've been

I can see the light
But only when it's gone
And you can go on waiting
But only for so long

It's not always right
It's not always clear
Because I've never felt the fear

Can it stay so good
Forever in time
Cause I've always felt the rhythm
But what happens when there's no rhyme

Photo by Aidan Kvistad, 9e

April Showers

It's too warm for April

by Clara Amerkhanian, 12d

The cherry trees are blooming
Gray haired women capture the bubblegum branches on their screens
To show to strangers, sisters, coworkers and acquaintances, all of whom already outside
Enjoying the sun with their bikes and paper brown bags, overflowing with flowering lettuces

It's too warm for April

But eating ice cream and sitting outside rolling cigarettes are necessities
The buds of future berries to be squashed, incessantly following me everywhere I go
Maybe I can wear a dress on Tuesday and not pay attention as my skin cells scald
under endless sun rays

I miss the showers.

Art By Gwendolyn Campbell, 10a

Kinder Land Verschickung

A story for and from my grandmother

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

I wait for the train to arrive
Stop and start the time
Skip my life
And pull rewind
I watch people forget to exist
Lose a persona
Leave a family behind
I focus on nothing
But dazzling dust
Zoning into sound and busywork
And my thoughts travel
Faster than I ever will
Leave my skin behind
Kill the world I know
Wage a war on time
Beg to stay behind
And always lose



Photo by Marie
Luise Bohl, 12a

Because things don't stay the same
People change
And People die
And trains arrive
But mine hasn't

Photo by Ella Jackson, 10c

Art by Brianna Grupp, 11a

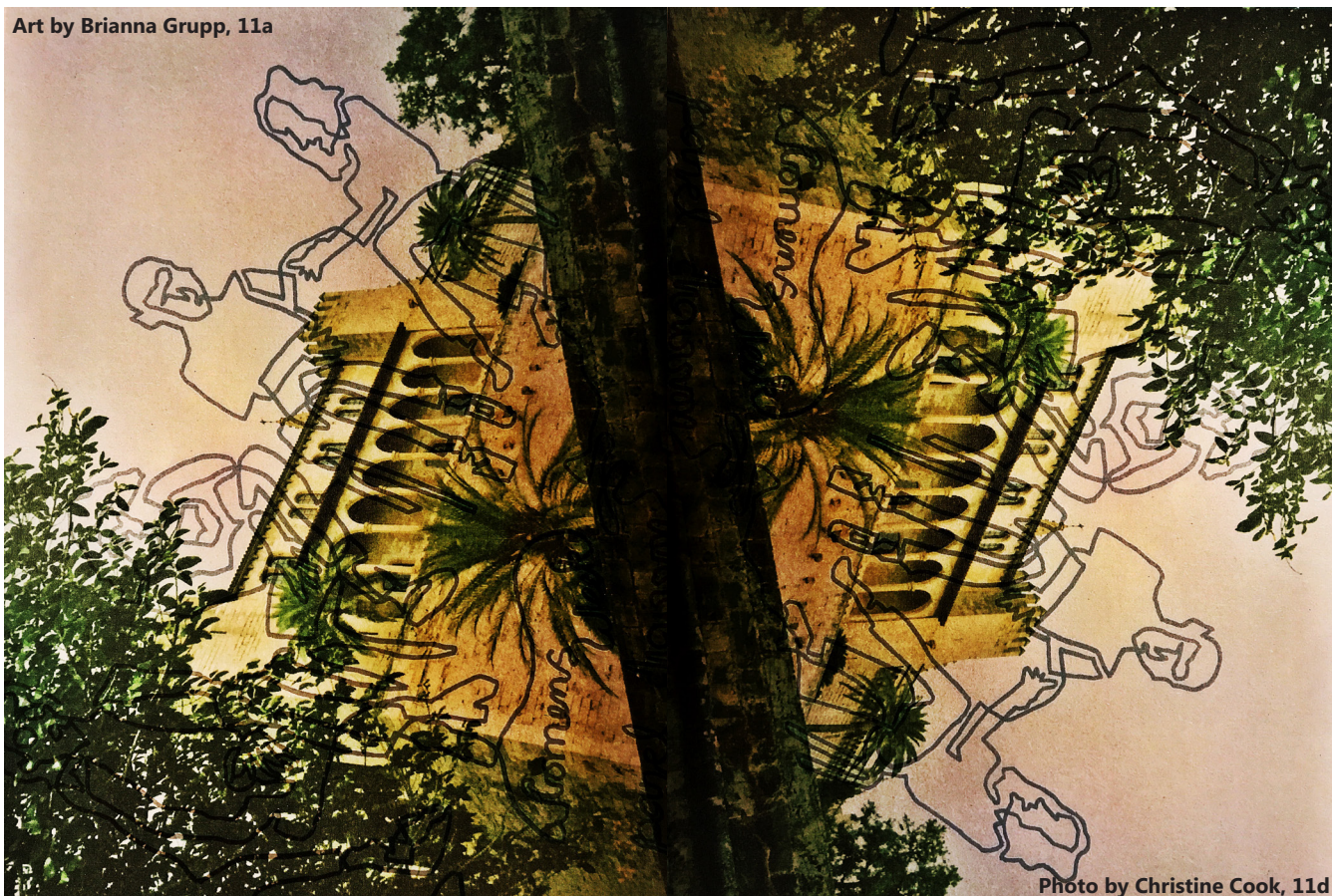


Photo by Christine Cook, 11d



Photo by Elena Freitag, 11a

Sentimental Snacks

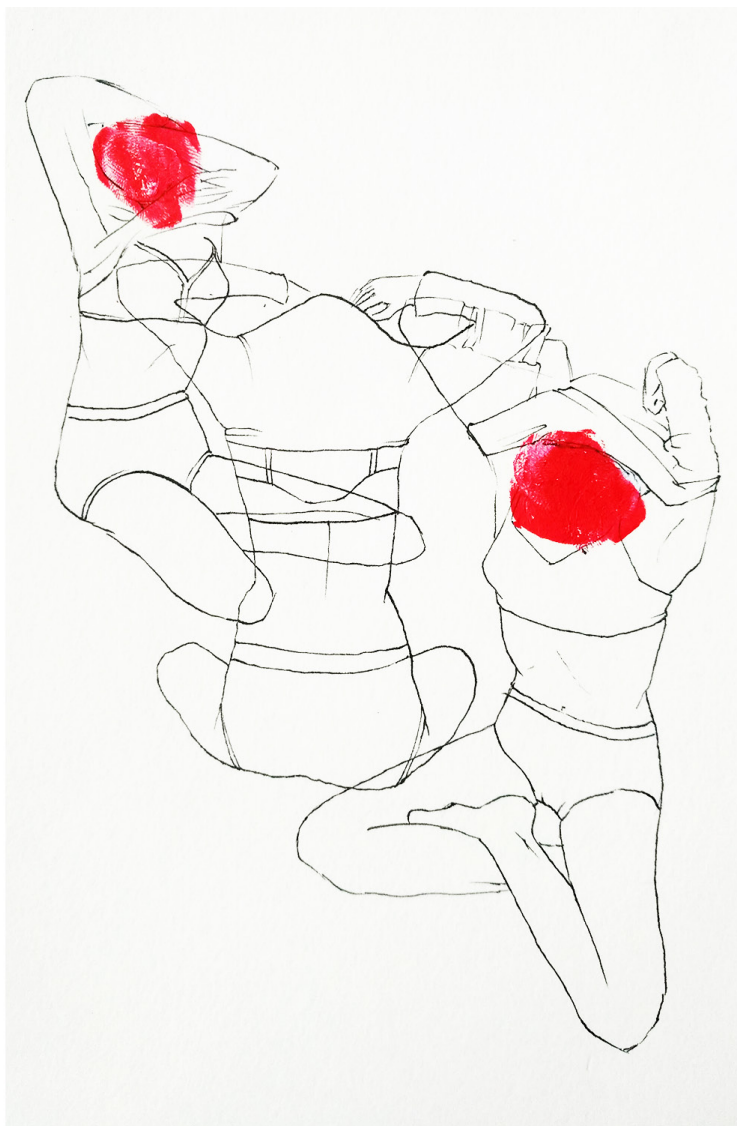
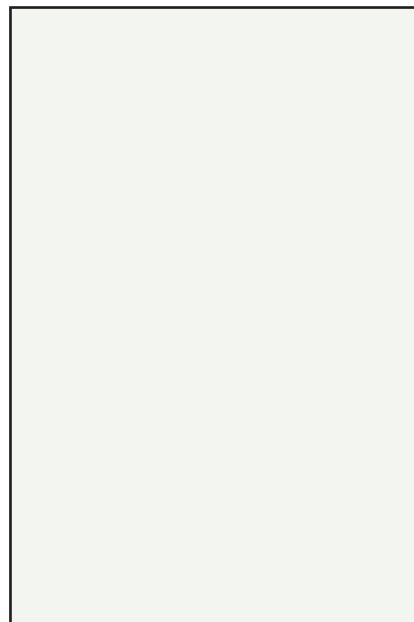
by Riva Greinke, 12d

do you remember that one day

when we laid in the grass
and the sun illuminated your face
making you glow
golden

or when the wind ripped through your hair
and your eyes were glued to the horizon
looking at where the sea
kissed the sky

it's been a while since i last saw you
and i don't know when i'll see you next
so i'm left remembering
all of those days



my brain just eats up those memories
like sentimental snacks

Art by Lucy Defty, 12a

Every Show Must Come to an End

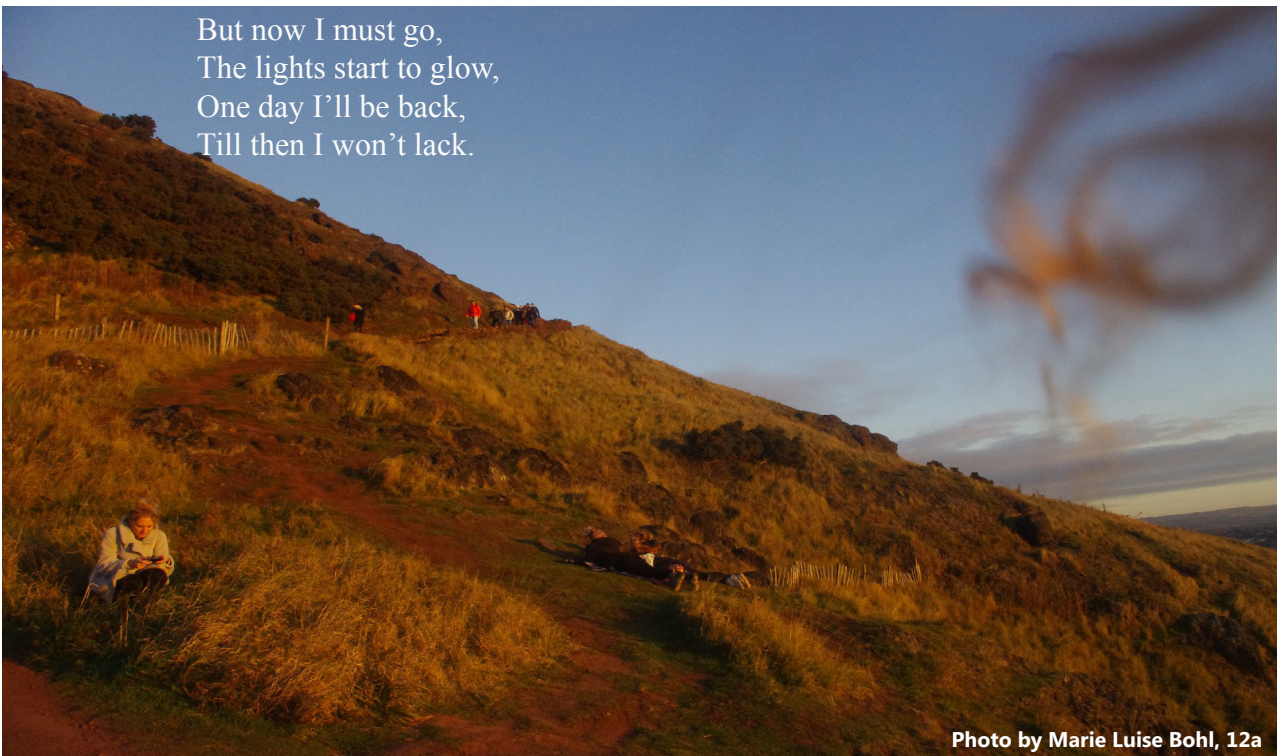
by Susanna Javaid, 9e

While walking at night,
The stars shining so bright,
No worries around,
Just my heart and its wound.

And on the hilltop I stand,
Watching the land,
How it submits to my feet,
What a feeling! It's sweet.

Oh why can't I stay,
The sky's not yet gray,
But with a wounded heart I know,
Last cannot every show.

But now I must go,
The lights start to glow,
One day I'll be back,
Till then I won't lack.



Der 21. Januar

Zum Vergessen

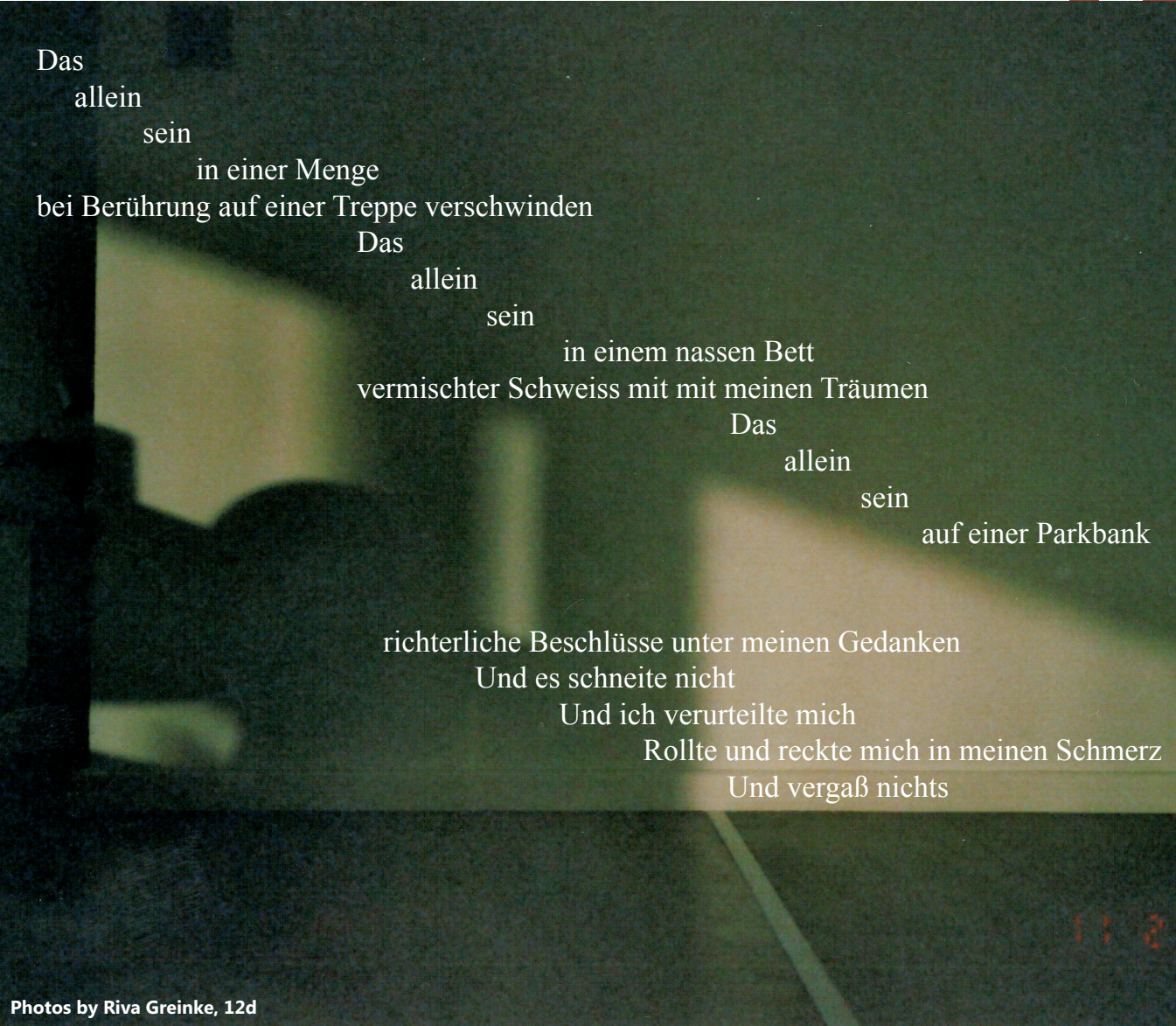
By Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Einsam und Alleine
saß ich in der Menge
Einsam und Alleine
wünschte ich mir Schnee

Zu bedeck und verdeck
das rote Wetter
Zu bedenk und versteck
was wurde nicht besser

Und es schneite nicht
6658 Tage
Und es schneite nicht
die Sonne schien
Und es langweilte mich

Die Versprechen
Die Sagen
Die Lügen
sie wagten!
mich zu fragen
und ihre Worte verschwommen
und ich wünschte mir Schnee



Das
allein
sein
in einer Menge
bei Berührung auf einer Treppe verschwinden
Das
allein
sein
in einem nassen Bett
vermischter Schweiß mit mit meinen Träumen
Das
allein
sein
auf einer Parkbank
richterliche Beschlüsse unter meinen Gedanken
Und es schneite nicht
Und ich verurteilte mich
Rollte und reckte mich in meinen Schmerz
Und vergaß nichts

Photos by Riva Greinke, 12d



Late Summer Streets

By Jasmin Madison, 9f

In late summer, that's what we see,
Not many bees,
Golden leaves,
Purple hoodie sleeves.
Hundreds flooding the streets, wanting to bathe in the last warm sun rays.
Pumpkin pies,
Lilac skies, that seem to only exist in dreams.
Washed out with blue, orange, pink, yellow and red.
Kids overdosed on adrenaline,
Running through the streets at 3am.
Drinking a cherry coke,
Dancing in the smoke.
Laughing hyenas that we call friends,
Making foreign plans.
All broke as a joke,
But having the worst-best times of our lives.

a quick lesson in failure

by Riva Greinke, 12d

artificial light illuminates my bedroom as i stand barefoot on paint-stained floor, courtesy of my cat, who feels as though she too should be allowed to paint and walks around leaving tiny, colorful foot-prints in her wake.

one wrong step and my toes could land unceremoniously in a splatter of blue acrylic.

the little space there is in my room has now been littered with papers, sad attempts at recreating an idea in my head.

there were some satisfactory results, but the image my mind came up with remains unparalleled and unattainable.

i stand surrounded by the product of my own stupidity and feel dejected at my lack of competence, wondering why today it didn't work.

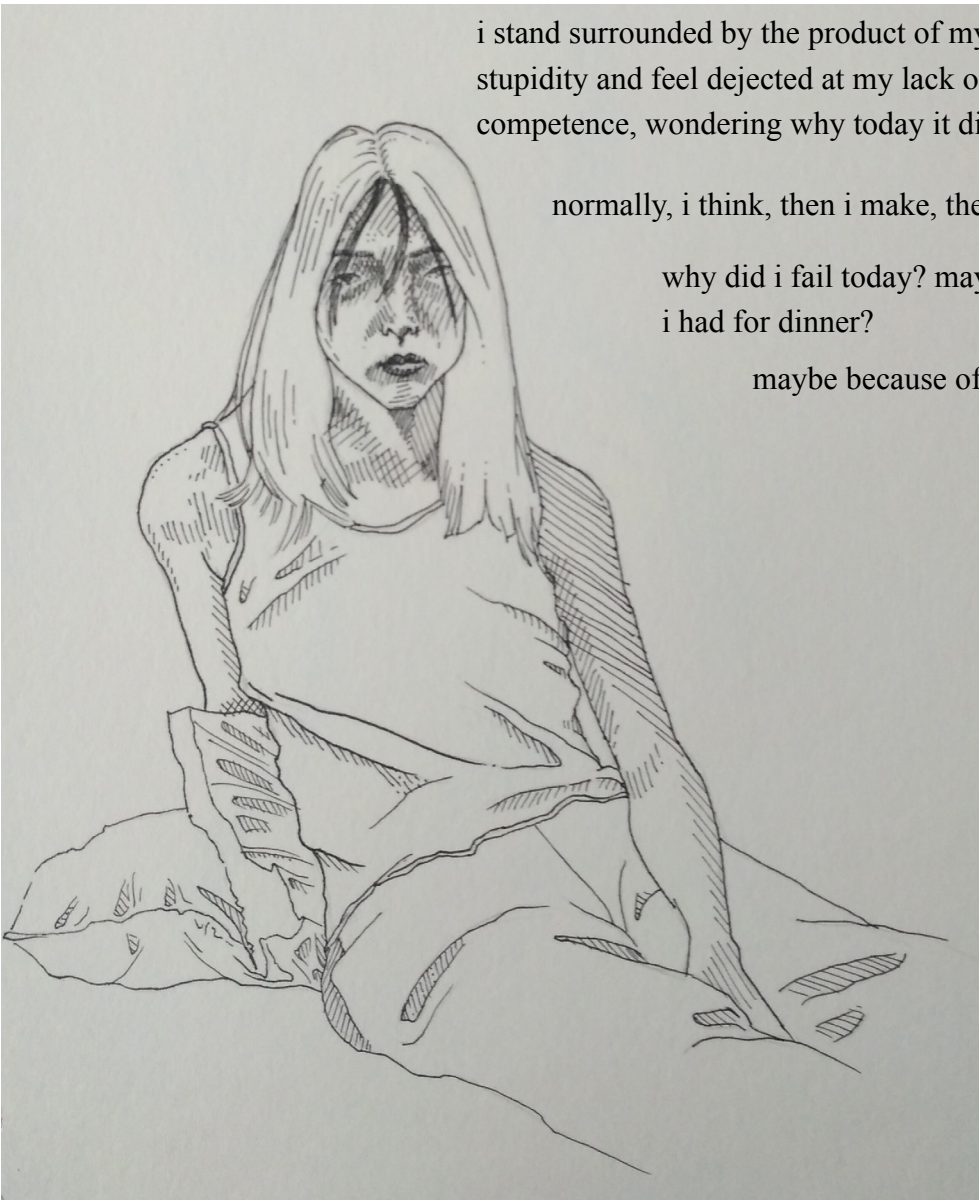
normally, i think, then i make, then i call it a day.

why did i fail today? maybe because of what i had for dinner?

maybe because of what i had for dinner?

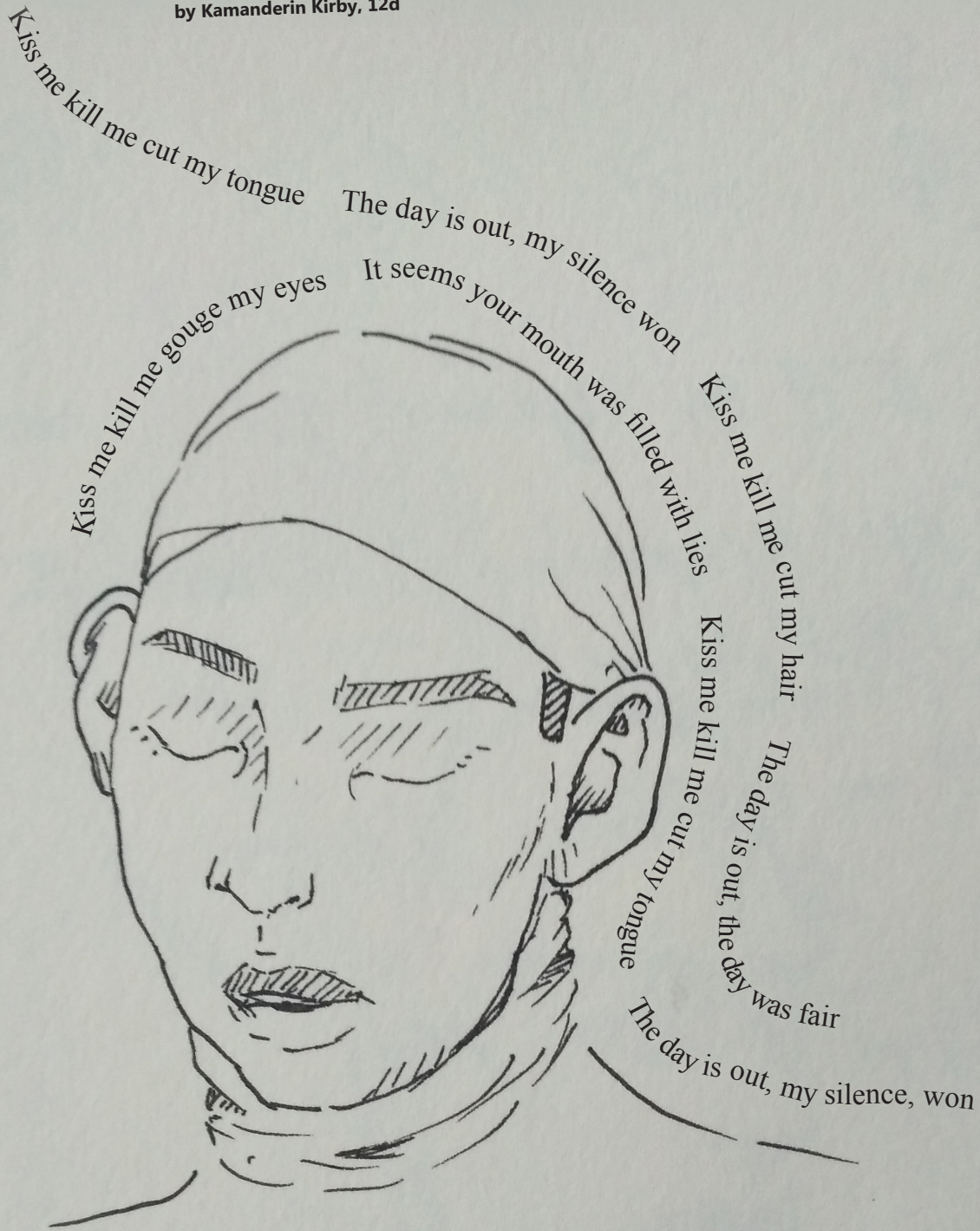
or the weather?

Definitely the weather.



Untitled

by Kamanderin Kirby, 12d



Art by Lucy Defty, 12a



Untitled

by Kamanderin Kirby, 12d

A friend of a friend found my heart in the end
The meaning was pulled from a stone
Green grasses wept at the place it was kept
The crowd nearly left me alone

Adrift on an ocean where sharks surely swim
I waited for someone to sing
The melody floated along on the breeze
I sank farther into the sea

A friend of a friend loved me more in the end
Enough to swallow the sky
The water rose up and emptied my lungs
The pressure loss forced me to fly

Adrift in an ocean where birds surely call
Love has no meaning to me
I flew and I fly and I drink up the clouds
The friend wondered who I would be

Art by Lucy Defty, 12a

Phallocy

by Kamanderin Kirby, 12d

If I could dig you up
And fill your lungs
Cut out your tongue
Sit you down with a book
The DSM?
A history book?
Or perhaps a biography
On mental health
On world war one
Just PTSD?
You may have been
The father
Of psych
A Chrono-type
You founded
Sabotaged
Your child

If I could dig you up
Breath you life
Talk to you
I'd kill you again



Art by Gwendolyn Campbell, 10a

The Box

by Henri Jackson, 12a



Photo by Aidan Kvistad, 9e

and filled an eternity had evaporated. I urgently put the floorboard back and moved the dresser. I checked all the hiding places in my room. Nothing. I frantically searched everything, desperate to find it, as if the box dictated my entire future. Nothing. I left my room, raced down the stairs, only to notice I was not in my home. The walls had been freshly painted and the floor creaked in new places. The doors were heavier and the streets outside louder. There was no box to comfort me. It had been taken and my mind blanked. So empty that I momentarily forgot how to breathe. But then out of the corner of my eye I saw an envelope. It certainly had not been there yesterday, but then again, I was not in the place I was yesterday either. It was yellow with idealism and red with urgency. And so the curiosity lured my hand to the letter, now orange with uncertainty. For I had to check it, make sure that the precious envelope was alright, nothing to be afraid of. Within it was the simple message: "The past is a tempest in which we all find ourselves adrift. From inside its bedlam do we find our bearing". I sighed with relief, smiled a blue smile, and never saw the box again.

The image of the box burned in my mind. The box. Just a box. Small enough for its contents to fit within my mind, but large enough to fill an eternity. Hidden where only I knew. What was inside the box was of no one's concern but mine. Inside was the river at which I drank, but never knew how far it was to the bottom, the reef at which all my boats sank, and the bridge that will never burn connecting the two, and so much more. I awoke, for I had to check it, make sure that the precious box was alright, just the way it was when I left it. The same way one returns to the house they grew up in. The sweat growing on my forehead was attracting the mosquitos, I could feel them coming to steal my box. I jumped out of bed into the new day and swiftly bound for my dresser and plunged for the floorboard. It was gone; the box was gone and the seas that fit into my mind

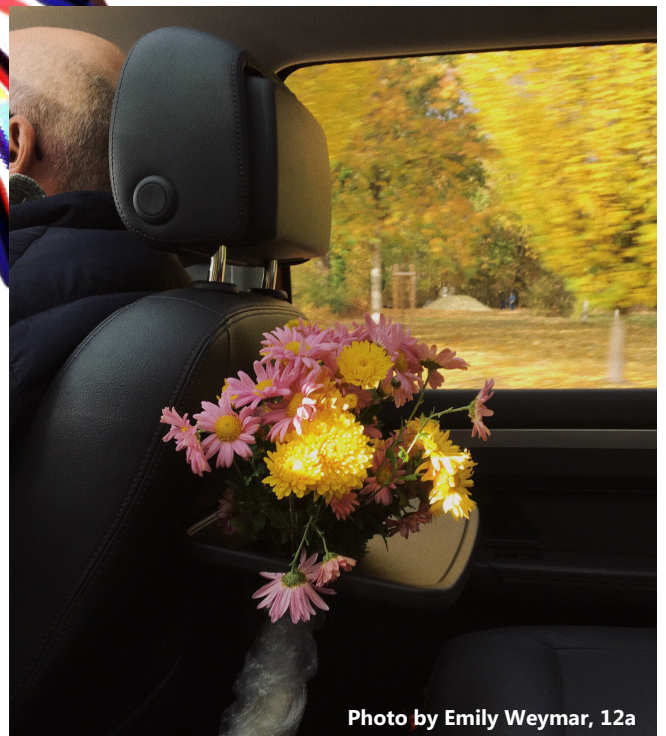


Photo by Emily Weymar, 12a

Fieber

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Der Sand tropfte
Der Himmel zerfiel am Boden

Ich verbrannte und zerbröselte
sank und schwamm

öffnete nicht mehr meine Augen
sodass alles verschwamm

Ich sehnte mich nach Wasser
Und danach sehnte ich mich nach Durst

ich streckte mich
ich reckte mich

und vergaß zu Atmen
Zerteilte in Sekunden meine Gedanken
Tausend
und mehr

Die Sonne schien und schien
und es schien mir so, als ob
die Hitze sich zum
Abend schlafen legte
auf meiner Haut

Sie flüsterte mir zu
Langsam, langsam

Photo by Elena Freitag, 11d

Photo by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Meine Heimat

by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a



ist nichts reelles

einfach dort in meiner Hand

sondern Gerüche und Erinnerungen

die im Gedächtnis

bleiben verbannt

in weiter Ferne fühlt man Sehnsucht

und kennt keinen größeren Schmerz

geruchlos ohne Gedächtnis

und wenn man wieder Heim kommt

belastet es das Herz

sieht alles aus

wie nie zuvor

und die Heimat, die man vermisste

geht im Gedächtnis verloren



Photos by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a



Photo by Anonymous

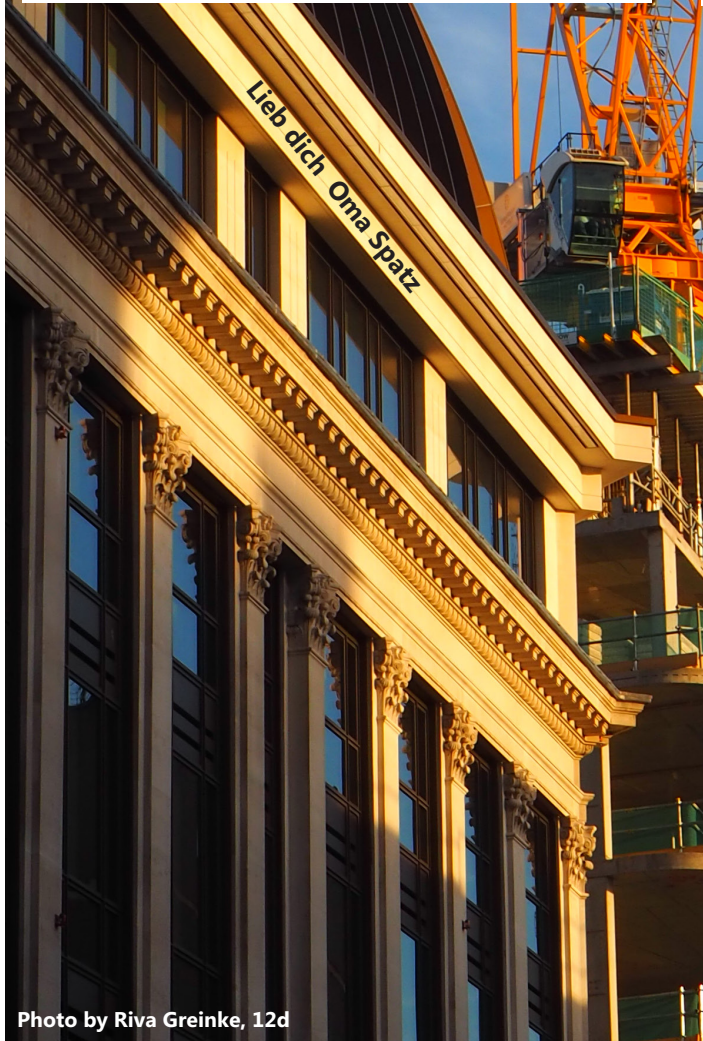


Photo by Riva Greinke, 12d



Photos by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Untitled

Sophie Blessman, 7d

I was in my mother's room, holding her hand in mine, the flower she had picked the day before the terrible illness struck dangling in my lap, with the last words of my mother, "Beware of..." still ringing in my ears. The pain of all hope fleeing, that my mother would wake up as good as new, today or tomorrow, as if this was all a dream. That moment her last breath escaped from her lips, still as fresh and vivid as the day before, being relived over and over, again and again...

"It's time to go to the funeral, Logan!" said my father's voice, cutting through the bittersweet memory which had consumed me for days.

Relenting, I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked out the front door toward the driveway. I somberly stood up in my best suit and the only black shoes I could find, and trudged across the sun-burnt lawn to our rickety car which looked centuries old.

"Now remember," said Father, placing the key into the ignition, "crying only makes it worse."

As if understanding our desperate need to get to the funeral on time, the car rumbled and jumped to a start. "Thank God," murmured Dad before finally shooting down the highway at such speed that I was catapulted into the air at every turn of the wheel.

"Gee, isn't it great we got these seat belts fixed?" I jeered, before being catapulted into the air yet again.

When we finally came to the church, I crouched down to wipe my face with the back of my sleeve but, as if sensing my mother's disapproval, I began searching my pockets for a tissue instead.

"You got a Kleenex?" I asked through my stuffed nose.

"Haaa!" said Dad with a chuckle, "You sound funny!" fighting back tears himself.

"It's okay to cry, Dad," I said, hugging him. "Okay, let's go."

As we came closer to the church, more and more people dressed in black moved in to greet us. "I'm very sorry for your loss," for the fifteenth time. A man in a business suit I didn't recognize walked over and shook Dad's hand with solemn affect as he leaned in closer to remind him about the cost of the funeral and grave stone.



Photo by Jamina Rillig, 12d



Photo by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a
Photo by Marie Luise Bohl, 12a

Art by Rachelle von Alsieben- Miller, 12d



Art by Rachelle von Alsieben- Miller, 12d

Art by Jacob Salomon, 9f



Art by Rachelle von Alsieben- Miller, 12d



Art by Rachelle von Alsieben- Miller, 12d



Photo by Jamina Rillig, 12d



Art by Aidan Kvistad, 9e

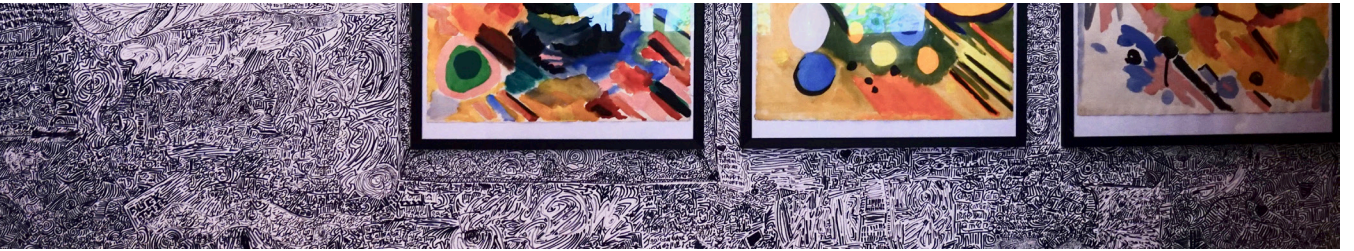
The Old Wheelchair

by Johanna Tigges, 10e

So much depends upon
an old wheelchair
in the shadows of the corner
collecting dust
glazed with fresh tears
no longer carrying its burden



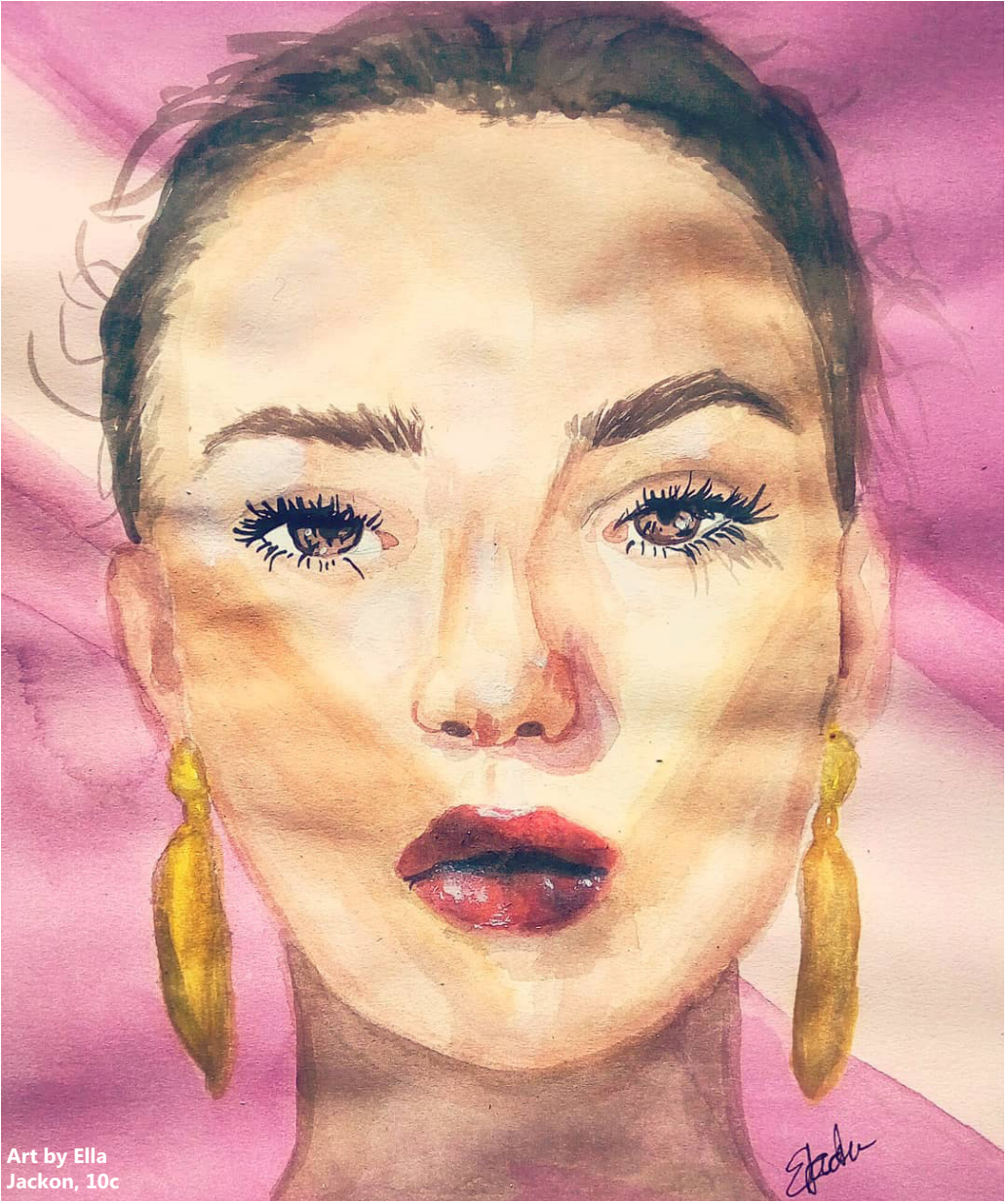
Photo by Jamina Rillig, 12d



Art by Ellie Goofman, 12a



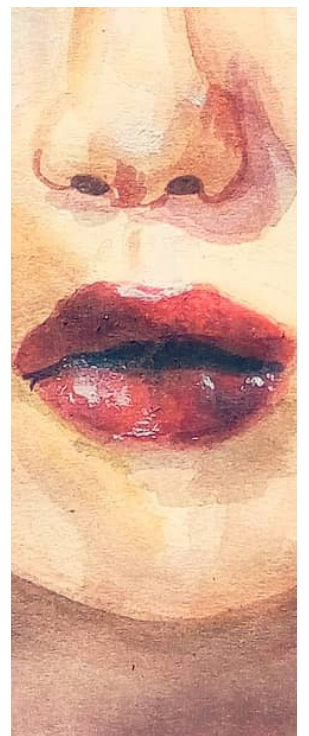
Art by Ellie Goodman, 12a

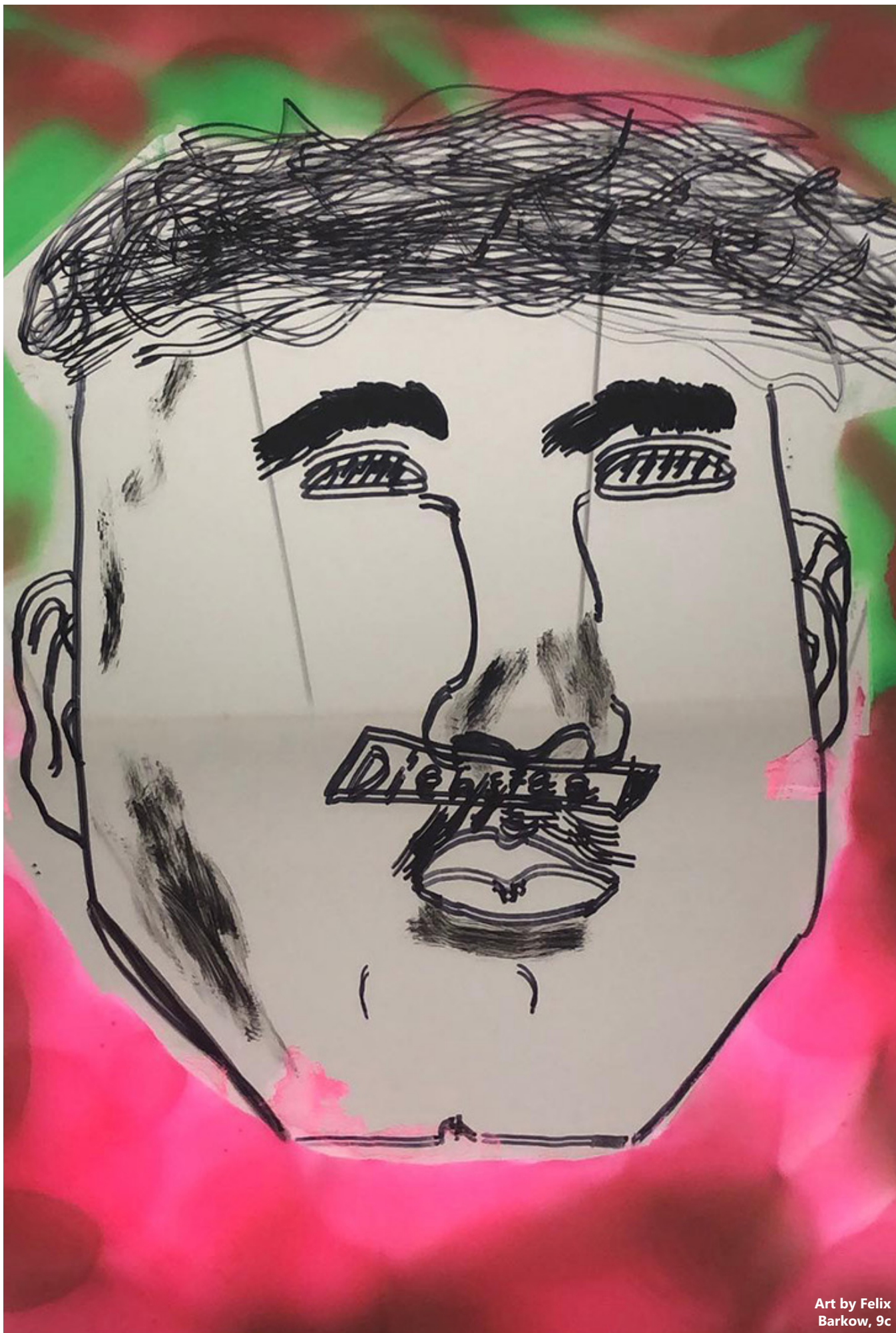


The Sucker Who Tried

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

She had the most disastrous case of artistic ability, a malignant tumor that pushes an artist to further his work, but easily pushes, like an eager depressive, the artist to the edge. This edge that cut deep brought forth an utmost respect for clean lines and well blended shadows in her, which demanded an even greater devotion and investment, and so like a bank slowly running low on funds, the investments begin to grow slower and sloppier, until the tumor spread to its fullest extent and the sickness makes itself manifest. She refused to try anymore, knowing that her investments wouldn't turn profits, she found nothing in her art that brought her joy. And thus she had become one of the worst diseased. Behold! The victim of perfection, the sucker who tried, the apathetic perfectionist.





Art by Felix Barkow, 9c

Cipher

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

“So that’s how that works,” said [Redacted].

“Huh,” I responded, “So you can type anything in there and it’ll make a series of pixels?”

“Yup.”

“And you think if I put this in the magazine people would try to solve it.”

“Yeah it could be like a competition.”

“What does ‘read through the colors’ look like?”

“Maybe we should try a longer string.”

“I don’t really care that much, I’m just trying to figure out what kinda words look cool.”

[Redacted] typed around a little bit, “how about that?”

I wasn’t sold, “Are they always boxes?”

“They don’t have to be, I can set them to be lines.”

“So like for instance I could substitute lines of a poem for lines of colors.”

There was a pause as [Redacted] thought,

“Yeah it would be so cool if someone could like learn to just read this stuff.”

“Yeah, that’d be sick, that’d be like a language of colors.”

The Stars Speak

by Ellie Goodman, 12a

I lived every day like any other



Roaming, from home, to away, and back again



One night I stepped outside and looked up



There the sky was and I saw the stars speak



Their light hit my eyes and skin



And I listened for what they intended to say



You are ignorant of our truth child



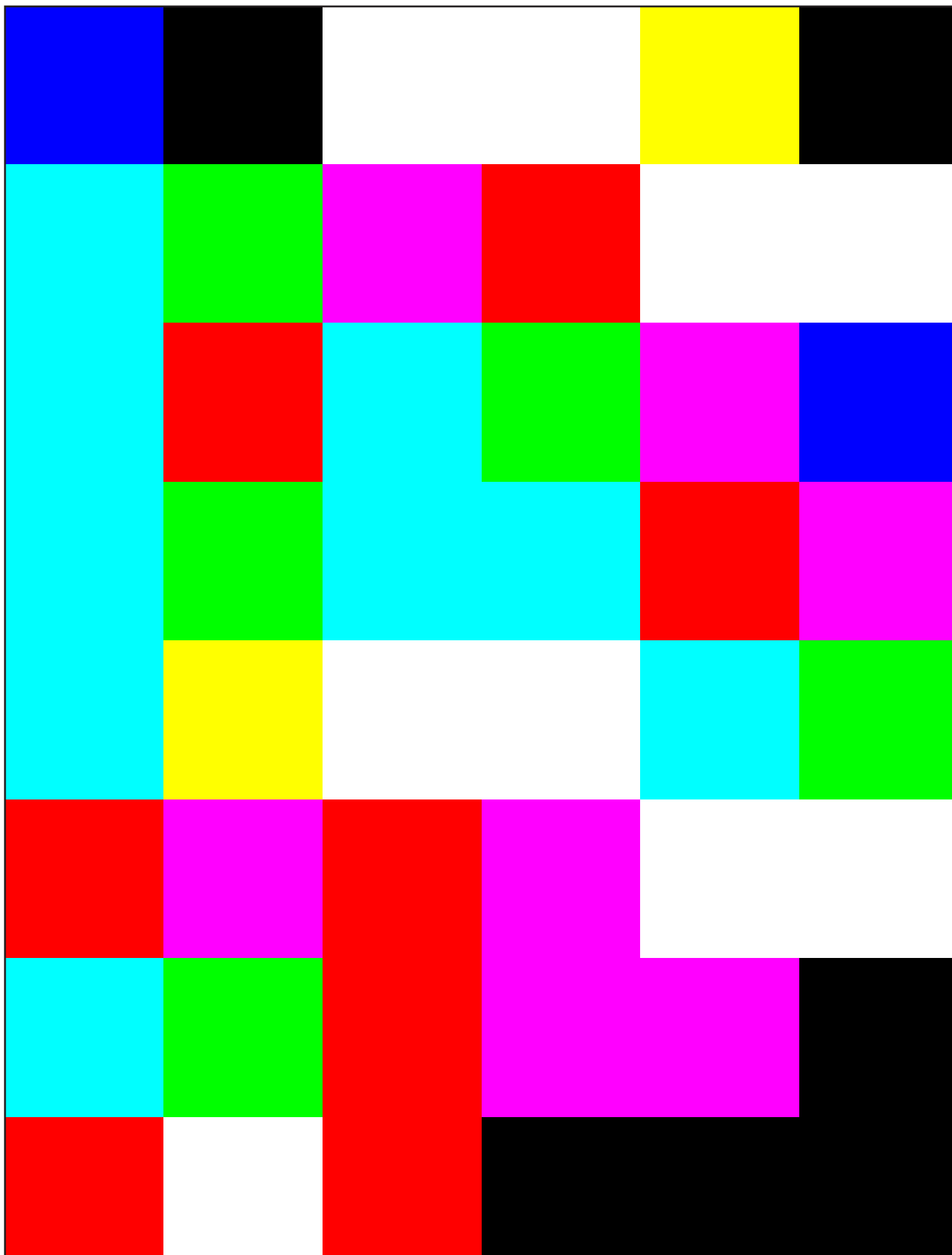
Said the stars



Try your best and you might see



So the stars spoke a final word and with it I knew



“So what should the block at the end actually say?” I asked.

“I don’t know I’m not good at writing, the block at the end could be something like ‘congratulations on solving the haywire puzzle!’ or something,” said [Redacted], “the block I sent you just says ‘well done.’”

“Yeah I can think of something better than that,” I said.

A Literary Arts Magazine of the
English Department
John-F.-Kennedy High School
Teltower Damm 87-93
14167 Berlin, Germany

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Ellie Goodman

EDITORS & CONTRIBUTORS
Clara Amerkhanian
Gwendolyn Campbell
Kamanderin Kirby
Aidan Kvistad
Konstantin Thiessen

ART EDITOR
Ailie Gieseler

COVER ART
Riva Greinke

DESIGNERS
Marie Luise Bohl
Christine Cook
Lucy Defty
Ailie Gieseler
Ellie Goofman
Riva Greinke
Skylar Hardister
Ella Jackson
Henri Jackson
Anne Sophie Pedussal

PUBLISHER
Lee Beckley

SUBMISSIONS
haywire@jfks.me

Published in Germany
<https://haywire.now.sh/>
Issue Nr. 13, Spring 2019



*isn't being
a giraffe
just cheating?*