ICARIAN PLUNGE

Icarus was a young man who took risks.

His father Daedalus, fashioned wings of feather and wax so that the father and son could escape imprisonment on the island of Crete. Ignoring his father's warnings, Icarus flew too close to the sun, melting his wax wings, causing him to plunge into the Aegean Sea.

Expression requires risks; The authors and artists herein have risked. Hence, the Icarian Plunge.

Manchester High School Volume 16 | Spring 2021

Acknowledgments

Faculty Advisors | Hannah Burnworth

Rhonda Snover

Editorial Staff | Gabriel Case

Abby Love

Morgan Metzger Jade Michel Frank Roth Jack Shoemaker

Student Editors | Frank Roth

Jack Shoemaker

Special Thanks | Susan Klingler

Wabash County Community Foundation

Cover Art | Lilianna Popi Forward | Frank Roth In a world that appears to have no meaning, no rhyme, or no reason, the only thing we can do is make our own. We give reasoning as to why we do the things we do; our work reflects our purpose.

This issue of the Icarian Plunge features the meaning for many different people. Some people create for fun, some people create for school, some people create as an outlet to express themselves, and some people create for many more reasons. We all make our own meaning; it's just a matter of finding it.

Take the Plunge.

Forward | Frank Roth

Teardrop's Form the Soul

Sarah Nulf, (10):

Teardrop's Form the Soul

Tears fall for many emotions,
Sadness
Anger
Love
But like tears with their many meanings
They fall, slowly,
They drip onto plush cheeks turning t-shirts damp
Faces turned rose-colored and dewy
The aftermath is neither a fixed nor broken person
Just a person with emotions unbottled

Like a tear, I also fall, slowly
I fall into sadness slowly
I fall into anger slowly
And I fall into love slowly
I have many meanings, some not even known to myself
When my tears drip they don't seem wonted
Instead of dampening my cheek, to my neck, to my shirt
It dampens my soul
My soul turns rose-colored and dewy
The aftermath leaves me neither fixed nor broken
The tears that fall from my eyes, shape my soul
The emotions I feel from those tears
They remind me of...
Of who I am, and how I came to be this teardrop silhouette

Hardcore

Kayla Metzger, (12):



Be an American

Tarah Holbrook, (12):

Be an American Left, right, left, Do you hear that the marching of a force to be reckoned with, Do you hear them? They are coming, arms strong, heads lifted high and ready to serve and protect. They are the chosen, they are the strong ones. The ones who sacrifice it all for you and yours. So When you see them stand for them, applaud for them for they have stood hours for you. Smile for them for they have heard the rumors from around the world. Cry for them for they are too strong to cry for themselves. Pray for them for they may need it more than we know. Stand tall for them, stand by them, be America.

Chole

Sophie Leckrone, (9(:



Icarus

Parker Rosen, (9):

Icarus

There I stood, lost in the maze never ending, Where the walls were high and the beast was unrelenting. I pondered for hours, completely alone. Was there ever a place I could go that was home? No matter what tried I could never escape, My wings, they would die, and my body would break. That angelic bird! The beauty in my veins! The one that pours happiness down like the rains. A glimmer of hope, she shines through my doubts, Like a long ray of sun that tears through the clouds. She kisses my arms with the taste of a win, Softly etching a picture inside of my skin. Her hands graze my body, soft yet sharp, like a blade, She kisses me gently as my euphoria fades. Her wings were now bloody, feathered skeletons of past, The weight of the world tears the joy from her at last. Her heart couldn't take it, her wings paid the tax, So I built up an angel, made of feathers and wax. I nurse her and heal her, she says that she's fine, But we all know that feeling, that crazed longing to fly. She gathers her strength and bids me adieu, While I lie and tell her that I'll start anew. But I'll always chase her, she's what I'm after. The sound of her smile, the look of her laughter. One day I'll have wings, whether given or made, That day I will soar just behind pearly gates. But I know that I'm Icarus, flying close to the sun, And when I fall I know that I'll continue to run. I will never give up, but will always back down, I will fight for my love and will fight for their crown. But for now I will glide, and my wings, they will melt. When I fall I hope I know how it feels to have felt.

Atop the Snake

Jessica Dingess, (11):



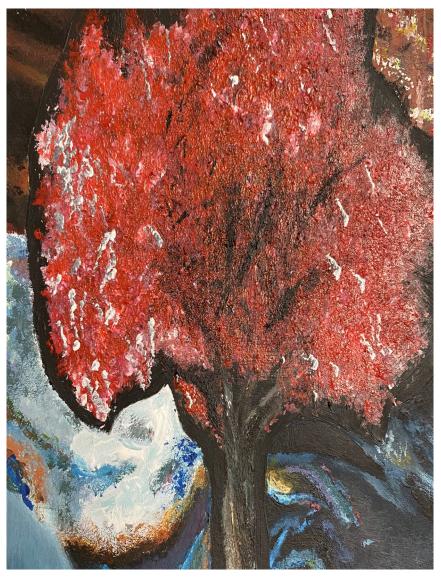
Just the Molt

Fall Fire

Jessica Dingess, (11):

Ainsley West, (11):





Mirror Mirror

Josie Briner, (10):

Mirror Mirror A mirror, maybe not much to you but most to me. Looking in a mirror you see a reflection. It's ever so changing day by day, But what's inside remains the same.

Mirror mirror on the wall you might ask, Does it reply? Does it tell you what you want to hear? It does to me, just not always what I want to hear. On some days it tells me I'm beautiful and loved, Others I just don't make the cut. But, I'm still me.

I'm still the person who can put a smile on your face. I'm still the person who can make you laugh. I'm still the person I want to be day by day, Working through anything that comes my way.

Learning to not look in the mirror, Not to believe society's standards, Has been the thing that has given me the most strength. Remembering that I believe myself, not the mirror is all that matters.

Greek Goddess

Jacob Caudill, (12):



Greek Goddess

Hush

Jacob Caudill, (12):







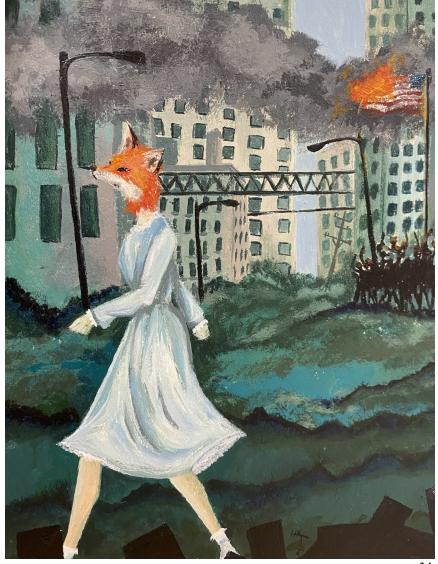
Melting

Lily Flora, (9):

Senior FeatureFall of the Hierarchy

Liliana Popi, (12):





Senior Feature Murdered by Words

Michael Ragan, (12):

Michael Ragan

Murdered by Words

One of the first on the scene. I attempted to investigate. Pieces of you as a whole, Scattered, out of place. The scene of the crime. 5 Filled with broken fragments.

Assembling the story, Another scrap of evidence Discovered among the remnants. Yet another set back. 10 Then I realized. I needed to step back.

Other detectives would try, Some fell in love with your mystery With no resolve. 15 Exhausting themselves Just to unravel your secrets, Wishing to reap that satisfaction.

I knew better. I witnessed many try and fail. 20 Now I continue to observe, To analyze. However, as of recently, The evidence made sense.

No ordinary weapon was used. 25 Rather, one of the deadliest. The weapon of words. Sticks and stones. May break our bones, But words can always hurt us. 30

Waves

Frank Roth. (11):

His head surged above the waves for only a second as another wall of water struck him. He plunged below the surface as a woman wearing a suit stood above him; the two stood in a classroom with a whiteboard covered in incoherent scribbles. She handed him a piece of paper covered in a massive X, which slowly wrapped its way around his arm.

"You need to apply yourself more. Do you want to be a failure?" She scolded, grabbing his shirt.

She threw him backward, tossing him through a wall of water. He slammed into a wall, where he was met by a girl. He stared at her but couldn't make out her face.

"Why would I love you? You think you're deserving of love?" She snarled, "You deserve nothing."

He plummeted into the waves before coming to a stop before a grimy apartment door. He slowly moved forward, wrapping his hands around the sticky doorknob. The door creaked open, sending a ringing through his ears. He slowly entered the trash-littered floor. A single dim light bulb worked out of the three in the ceiling fan. He maneuvered through the garbage heaps on the floor, passing a water bed; he turned towards a dirt-covered mirror, swiping his hand across it. He stared at a wrinkled husk of a man with thick black bags under his eyes.

"You're going to die alone," He whispered.
"Why did you screw everything up!?" It screamed, leaping from the mirror.

It grabbed hold of him, sending him crashing into the water bed. He slammed onto a rocky surface, staring up at a purple sky. Dark clouds swirled in the sky as a vortex of water surrounded him. The clouds shot away as his teacher, the girl, and the husk stood above him in the sky, hundreds of feet tall.

"You're a failure!"

"You don't deserve love!"

"You'll die alone!"

He put his hands on his ears, screaming as the waves crashed around him before finally striking him.

He refocused his eyes, realizing he had been staring at the girl. He turned towards the board, covered in equations and letters he'd never seen before. The teacher's eyes glanced over him as he sat still, listening to the sounds of waves striking his skull.

Nostalgia Realm

Jessica Dingess, (11):

Nostalgia Realm

There's a younger version of you out there in the universe.

She's standing at the boardwalk.

The neon lights and the chilly air.

All the laughing, screaming; the rollercoasters whizzing by.

The stars are so bright; there's so many of them.

She's on top of the world. Pure happiness.

At peace.

It was so unreal.

You view the moment as a whole. Heaven on Earth. It's perfection, and happiness.

Everyone was there. This was it.

You choke on your tears suddenly as the dagger cuts out the lights, and the evil smiles.

The world is slimy. It oozes and the colors drip and smear. The people become stretched and distorted. The pitches slide and echo in your ears. You can't make out your hands. The people have been replaced by abstract monsters. You're staring at yourself; the little girl.

But she can't see you. You're looking for the safe place. You can't find

Everything's melting.

Why is she crying?

Why is she alone?

Why is everything so loud?

You try to reach for her, but you're stuck.

You're high above the ground; ascending fast. It's cold, and you can't hear anyone over the wind.

You're crying. You're yelling for her. For anyone.

You're in complete darkness. A realm of nothing but yourself.

Your own thoughts.

It's been years and you're still coming back for more...

Where did everyone go?

... The memories will perish...

What is this place?

... Erasing them away...

Where am I?

... Stop before they crumble...

Why can't I stay away from here?

... or you'll have nothing left.

Why did you have to go?

The Vibrancy In My Life

Skye McCullough, (10):

The vibrancy of which I appear to see, feel.

The vivid colors in the background of my life,

unsure, unwilling to be brought forward.

Stitches patching the illness in my mind together,

the inclusiveness they bring to the wavering mind.

Through it all, I observe what is given to me,

and some of which isn't.

The vibrancy in which I draw out with my voice,

delicate, piercing phrases moving with rhythms and a destination. Easily heard, understood, but not so easy to take.

The sad expressions accompany the lovely voice,

painstakingly beautiful.

The vibrancy in which I express visually,

From the pure gold around my neck to the fake,

curled around my fingers, through day and night.

Glistening in the rain, the jewels often fall to pieces.

Only to be replaced with new, untouched ores.

The vibrant yet dimming light comes closer and closer, yet it keeps me from the unknown future and the sight sit carries with itself.

The vibrancy in the spatters I cause among many surfaces.

meant to be untouched.

The colors and stickiness I leave behind often wash out with ease,

Although some leave marks, it only causes memories to be brought to the sur-

Only in the vibrancy of things do I see all the wonders in the world. Only in the vibrancy of things others are blind, unwilling, and unsure of the world, of me.

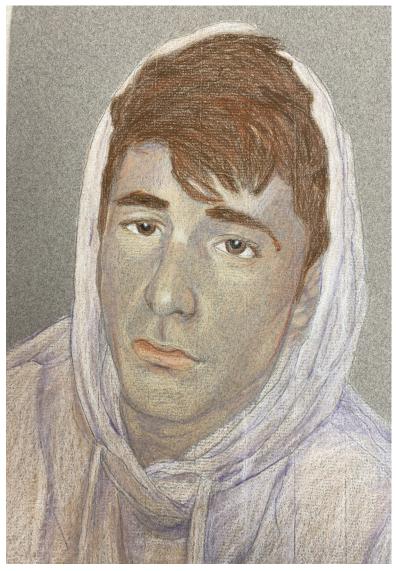
Citrus Dream

My Phone is Dead

Sarah Kerlin, (9):

Dominic Lincoln, (11):





The Coinciding Timelines

Kolby Haecker, (10):

The Coinciding Timelines

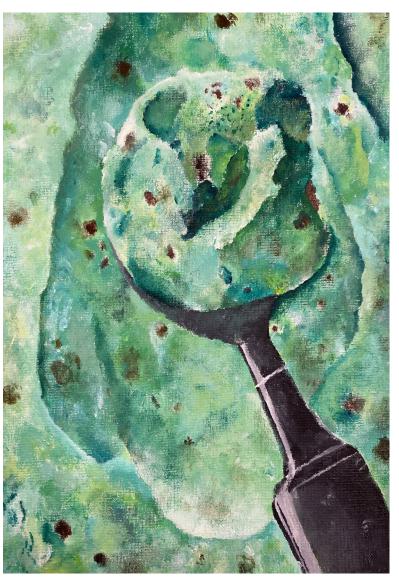
They say we only get one life,
But we're not the only ones living.
They make us the priority,
Never taking, always giving,
We live our lives
with no remorse for theirs,
They make us happy when we're sad.
All they receive are tears.
Sometimes I think we look over
The Coinciding Timelines.

Life wears off.
Time gets cut down.
We still have years left,
They're no longer around.
Love is not equal to time
As they didn't know us the longest,
But are still the ones who
Loved us the strongest.
All we want back are
The Coinciding Timelines.

An exciting day,
So much to remark.
Racing home to tell,
But no one's there to hark.
We lost our caretakers, heroes
Our people, Our friends.
The Coinciding Timelines
Have come to an end.

Chocolate Mint Dream

Lydia Kerlin, (11):



Decomposition

Conor Trout, (12):



Jade Michel, (11):





Loss

Mental Nuking

Liliana Popi, (12):

Delani Henderson, (10):

Loss

A gut wrenching feeling,

Whether it is someone you are close with or not. You can't help, but feel sad and wonder why. For me, it was a cousin, a friend, and a role model. Receiving the news is horrible.

A stab in your heart

Shaking, crying, questions flooding your head. Seeing your parents break down crying is heartbreaking

People after people passed through the funeral home, paying their respects and expressing their sorrows. People sharing stories and the impacts my relative had on their life

Tissues on every end of all of the rows for the service The preacher starts speaking

Reality hits, sadness, tears

I lost a piece of my heart when I left that funeral home

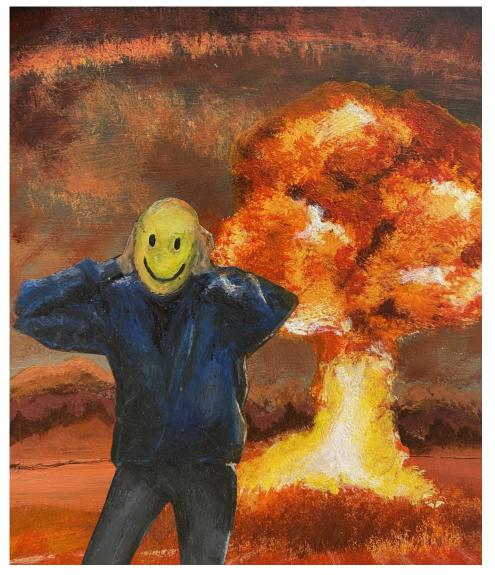
My mind still swirling with unanswered questions Why now, why him

I try to stay optimistic by thinking that now he is pain free and in a better place

Some days are easier than others

Sometimes I find myself thinking about him while sitting in class

Hearing peoples' stories about him makes me want My life to be impactful to others when my time is up



The End with Hope

Alesha Edwards, (10):

The End with Hope

I am a green leaf, starting off in a new world of green
I am delicate, soft, and pliant
I glisten in the golden sun
My apex glows with bright thoughts and gleeful emotions
A branch from which I sprouted is deeply rooted; my veins
reflect the bloodline of that steady branch
From my position high atop the tree, I easily envision the glory of
August

At the dusk of my days, The evening view bears the color of growth
A cool breeze fills my veins
The air feeling full of yearn and smelling warm like a baking apple pie
It is practically night, I can detect myself beginning to modify form
While others around sense it's their hour to disconnect

One by one, others drop around me
Disconnecting that bond that we had created so beautifully
Once held together by a steady branch
But broken trust resembles a split leaf, or a split heart
Soon, the rosette went from rust to dust

Finally, I am the last one hanging
Staying strong, that's what the winds have taught me
IIwent from changing colors to appeal to the seasons to my true form
I was crisped, turned into a delightful chestnut
Chestnut is a tint that describes a graceful finish

The bonds of me released into the colorful winds of change
The echoes of the past no longer held me hostage
The ground is now in grasp
The contact that came with the below brought a happy end
The world is what one makes it, what one releases and takes in

Here I lie, crunchy brown and aged
Wisdom shows throughout my crusted lateral veins
Looks can be deceiving, the time I've lived so far is not enough
But to let go from the past and move on releases the bondage
I am a brown leaf, starting off to a new, hopeful world

The Journey

Carissa Edwards, (12):



Rip Cage

Carissa Edwards, (12):



The Squirrel and the Grizzly's Paw

Gabriel Case, (11):

Once there was a grizzly who roamed the forests. Each autumn, he traveled to the river, hunting salmon in preparation for his wintry hibernation. But one year, the salmon evaded him. For days the grizzly fished at the river with increasing desperation, but winter arrived and he had eaten no salmon.

"What am I to do?" asked the grizzly, "Without a full stomach, I will never be able to sleep through the winter. I must eat something or I will die."

The grizzly looked down upon his front paw. "This paw could not catch salmon," said the grizzly, "but perhaps it can still feed me."

And so the grizzly ate his paw. Although the walk back to his den was painful, he was full and settled into his season of sedentary rest.

Spring came, and the grizzly emerged from his den. As spring progressed, he even learned to walk with only three paws. But autumn again arose, signaling that the time to hibernate was nigh.

Like years past, the grizzly plodded his way to the river. But upon arrival, he walked to the riverbank and stopped.

"If I could not catch salmon with two paws before," reasoned the grizzly, "How should I be able to prepare myself for the winter with only one? I will instead eat my other paw, and survive the winter again."

As the grizzly began to eat his other front paw, a squirrel scampered up to the bear.

"Grizzly," said the squirrel, "Why do you eat your own paw when the salmon in this river are plentiful?"

"If I could not catch salmon last year with two paws," responded the grizzly, "How could I catch any now with only a single paw?"

"But grizzly," asked the squirrel, "Did you even try to catch the salmon, or only assume that you could not?"

"I did not try," said the grizzly.

"Then do," said the squirrel, "before you injure yourself further."

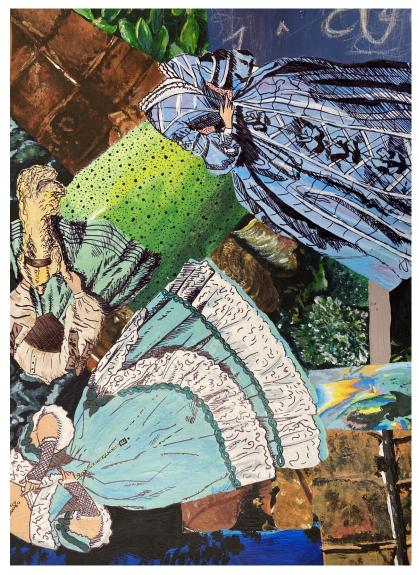
The grizzly waded into the river. For the first few minutes, his swipes yielded nothing. But eventually, his paw withdrew from the water with a salmon flailing upon his claws.

Turning toward the squirrel the grizzly said, "Thank you kind squirrel for helping me regain my confidence. Without you, my doubt would have doomed me."

"You are welcome," said the squirrel, "Now go on, catch your fill, and enjoy your season of sleep."

Women

Emily Stambaugh, (12):



Premature Ending

Frank Roth, (11):

The tip of Landon's shoes dangled over the abyss; his eyes robotically followed the waves as they crashed against the bridge. The sound of cars was faint; his eyes were dead. Then he stepped forward. The wind blew against his body, he soared through the sky, before his eyes flickered open and he saw the waves.

Landon sat at a bar, he was soaked head to toe in water, but that didn't stop him from ordering.

"Pour me one out." He told the bartender as a woman sat beside him.

"Went for a swim?" She smiled.

"No, I was...yeah, I was swimming." He responded.

"In your clothes?'

"I gotta look fashionable, even when I'm swimming."

"You're something else; I'm Della."

"Landon, it's a pleasure to meet you."

Landon paced back and forth, sinking his lips into his teeth. The bath-room door creaked open as Della handed him the pregnancy test, positive. He ran his fingers through his hair as he wrapped his arms around her.

The soft glow of the television bathed Landon and Della in light as they reclined on an old couch. Landon's hand rested on Della's round belly. She softly snored as cars honked outside. He rubbed his head up against her, smiling.

Landon slowly moved forward, wrapping his arms around the small infant. Its tiny hands attempted to grasp onto his beard. Tears streamed down his cheeks as his legs began to wobble. He kissed its forehead, gripping the baby tight.

Erik dashed across the yard, attempting to outrun their dog. Landon sat on his wooden porch as the rays of light struck him. He had a box fan pointed at his face, letting wind rush slam into his face. Erik dashed up to him, holding a tooth in his hand and his toothless smile.

Landon grasped Della's wrinkled hand, watching her chest rise slowly and fall back down. He tightened his grip, trying to move forward, but a jolt of pain shot down his back. He closed his eyes as the heart rate monitor flatlined.

Landon's smile vanished when his eyes flickered open, and he saw the waves crashing against each other like they were trying to grab him.

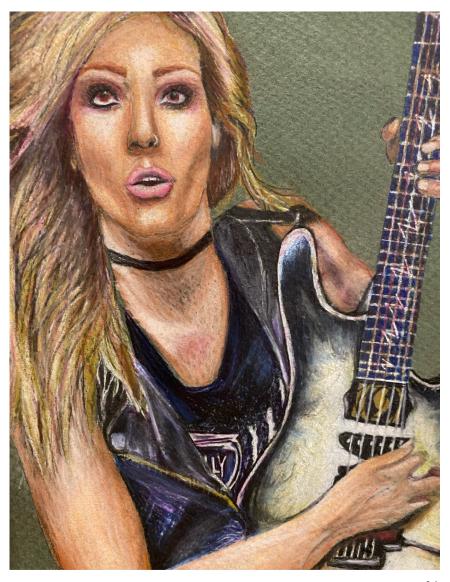
Martin Man

Nita Strauss

Oliva Davis, (9)

Rebecca Dingess, (10):





A Burning Candle

Aliala Atienza, (10):

A Burning Candle

Just like a candle
I need something to light me up.
A lighter will do or
Simply just a good laugh.
Although my wick can be stubborn at times,
It still catches on.
But as the wax melts and drips down,
I know that there is nothing enough
To keep my flame.

I can burn out so easily With a small puff of air, Yet some days I can withstand the hardest blows.

While I am still bright and burning, People are delighted by me. Somehow my light brings joy To their atmosphere. Still, it is difficult for me to understand, As I only see it as something I loathe.

At times my light can be intense, heightened, Filled with so much blaze. But other times it shrinks and becomes sensitive, Switching back and forth.

Either way, both size of my candle fire Are capable enough
To turn everything around me into ash. And sometimes I forget to realize that My fire is important as well,
Guiding and relighting others in need.

I never know how long my light will last Until darkness hits me out of nowhere. And when nobody is around, All I do is start to harden until someone Or something relights me again.

Just Like the Moon

Abby Love, (10):

Just Like the Moon

Just like the moon,
I aspire to light up the sky
and the existing stars surrounding
With the light burning deep inside me,
I hope to show people
Just how bright the sky can be

Just like the moon,
I move through the phases of my existence,
working to find who I really am
And as the moon changes from one phase to another,
The crestfallen feeling fades gradually,
but not completely

Just like the moon,
While I burn so bright,
Apart of me will always be dark
There will always be a part that longs for the
night
A part that will always never be quite right

But the moon makes it known For when I look up, It reminds me of how i am not alone

I am just like the moon.

Late Night Call

Torina Runkel, (12):

