

haywire

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



ISSUE NUMBER 20 / FALL 2023:

2008B_GX9000, ANIMAL, RONA BUSCH, DEAR, LILLIAN GOOD, RAY GROMIS, AMONGST HALCYONS,
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Publisher’s Note

by Rona Busch, 12a and Moss Fernandez, 12d

Haywire is proud to present our 20th issue of this art and literature magazine.

Throughout the process of putting together this magazine to present to the public, we wrestled with the concept of balance, both thematically and amongst our fellow Haywire members.

Haywire suggested that students create works about **the struggle of finding a balance between genuine creativity and an artificial world**. Where and how can we create spaces for ourselves and our art in a

world that seems intent on discouraging us from putting our energy into anything less than pure advancement?

In a world completely focused on progression and development, how do we take a moment to simply breath and create something for ourselves?

The wonderful artists and writers of the student body provided us with a variety of works which spoke to this theme. Some spoke of integration, some simply voiced their fears concerning a world that wouldn’t allow them to create space for themselves. With this in mind, Haywire would like to wholeheartedly thank all of those who contributed to Issue 20.

Our struggles with balance surpassed a simple thought experiment, though. We, the editor and designer in chief, quickly realized that a balance is necessary when sharing leadership.

Where our strengths differed, we made sure to support each other. We ensured that, where perhaps one person was lacking, the other was quick to pick up the problem. In that way, we were able to stabilize the burden (admittedly, a very fun one) that is running the Haywire club.

In our final words of this publisher’s note, and we won’t blather on for too much longer so you can enjoy the wonderful collection of art and literature we have amassed in this issue for you, we’d like to

sincerely thank Mr. Beckley, our supervising teacher.

He has been a great guide as we navigate the process of creating a magazine, while simultaneously providing us with the room we need to grow on our own.

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

We’d like to thank, one last time, all of the students who submitted their works to us. And finally, we would like to give our biggest thanks to the wonderful students in Haywire, who have worked diligently to create this magazine and have made our weekly Wednesday meetings not just a place where we can create something, but somewhere we can enjoy ourselves and have fun. Thank you.





2008B_GX9000

Photography
by Andras
Koval

THE NIGHT

TSK

Life feels strange at times, like I'm floating, like the whole world could end and I wouldn't notice. Once the moonlight kisses the ground, and the stars twinkle and shine, all the stress and pain inside of me simply dies. No one expects anything from me, there's no pressure to succeed, only the



vast, infinite darkness and the wind through the trees. Sometimes I hear you out there, through my window, on the breeze, your beautiful voice a melody, **in the silence,** to my ears. I wonder what went wrong, how it all changed so fast, how the love we thought would never end simply didn't last.



Goodbye

I have never been the person to cry at goodbyes. Or that's what I like to tell people. Once upon a time I did nothing but cry, at every little issue a tear would start rolling down my cheek. At every insult, every inconvenience, I would break down.

So I built a wall.

Willingly or not I built a wall so high that now I only cry at movies, or books, alone in my room. Once upon a time people called me a cry baby. I almost miss it, because when my friends began going off to pursue their lives after graduation, every time we said goodbye, I couldn't cry. I had to stand there, empty, looking on as others shared tearful hugs. I almost felt bad, what if they thought I just didn't deem their leaving worth crying about? Some of my older friends still know me as that scared little kid with more tears than the Atlantic could hold.

I like to think about what it would be like if I had never built that wall, if I had never unlearned how to cry. Maybe someday I could relearn it, like riding a bike. But let's be honest, nothing in life is ever really as simple as riding a bike. I mean even riding a bike wasn't simple for me, I still can't do hand signs. I digress, even though I couldn't cry when they left, a few weeks after they did, I couldn't seem to stop.

I mean, nothing would ever be the same.

No more careless nights playing Mario Kart or one of the various board games stashed in my friend's living room. No more lying down on a usually busy street at 3am and just stargazing. No more chaotic car rides being stuck in the middle seat... the kid's seat as they liked to remind me.

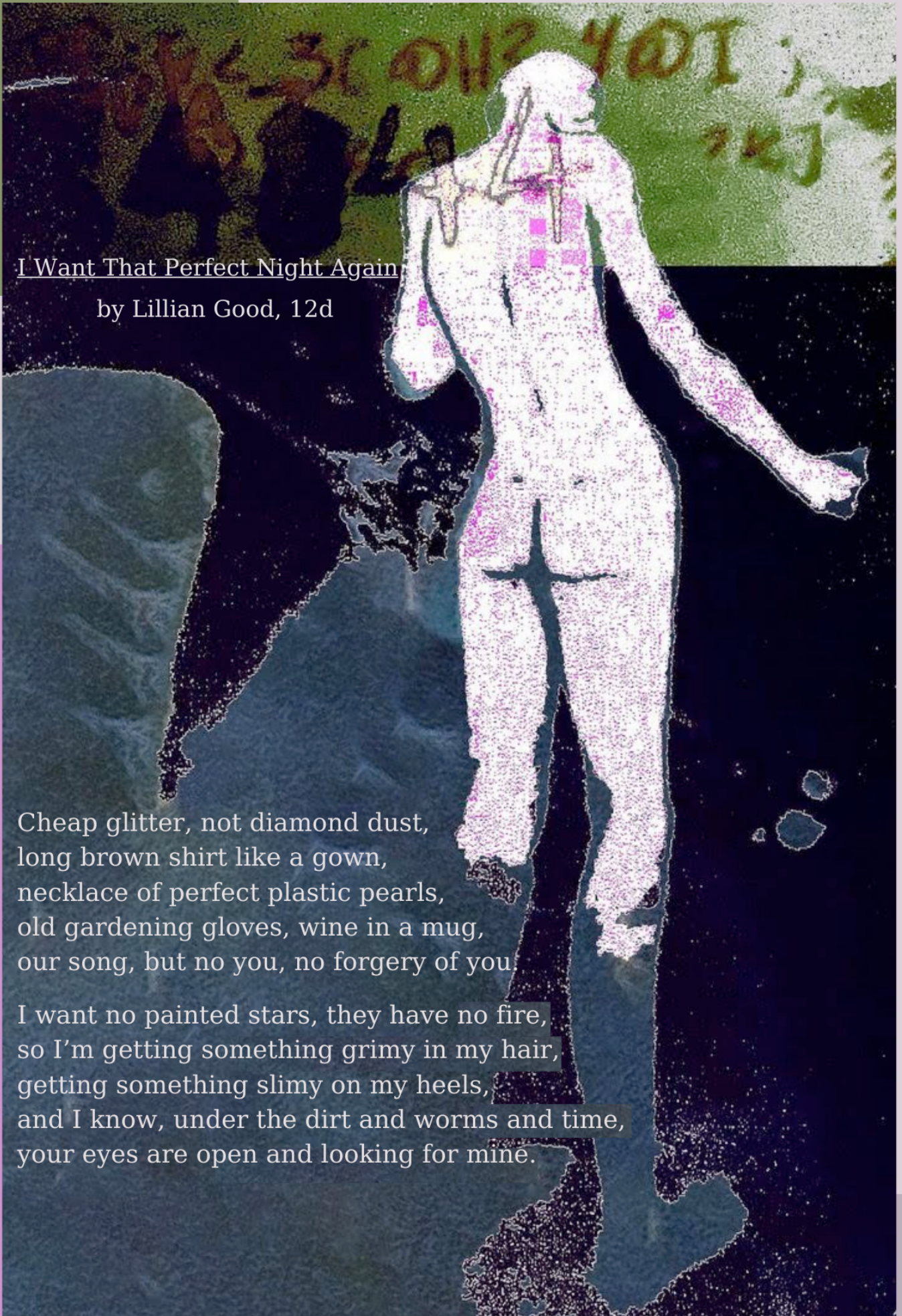
I will forever be the baby of the group, but then again, babies are meant to cry. And so as they all grow into adulthood, I'm stuck, stuck in school, stuck at home, stuck crying on my own.

I Want That Perfect Night Again

by Lillian Good, 12d

Cheap glitter, not diamond dust,
long brown shirt like a gown,
necklace of perfect plastic pearls,
old gardening gloves, wine in a mug,
our song, but no you, no forgery of you.

I want no painted stars, they have no fire,
so I'm getting something grimy in my hair,
getting something slimy on my heels,
and I know, under the dirt and worms and time,
your eyes are open and looking for mine.



Art by
Rona Busch, 12a



Conversations Between Death and a Child
by Sam, 11a

HAYWIRE Issue 20 Winter 2023

There is no beauty in carved mountains
There is no beauty in starved bodies
There is no beauty in the tamed wild
There is no beauty in that what we aspired

Beauty is cruelty, unconquerable judgment
Why did people say things about it
So much? Speak to me please. Why did they?
They were all empty. They wished the pegs to fit and stay
But cut away to do it.

My dress fits me though. Is it
Not beautiful? Should I not like it?
Silence holds the beauty for a moment.
Say something. Would you?
Now or I leave. Death?

You're not a power for me, anymore
than you buy money in a store
You deplored that which you sought
I fought and fought.
You swept your black tattered cloak
Your scythe razed that light when you could
Only be the one to see it

Child, no.
Your happiness is beautiful
Not even that dress is beautiful though



What is love?

by Maya Tabachnikoff, 12a

Is it the heavy heart I have every time we wave goodbye?
Is it the flutter in my belly when we shout hello?
Is it the way the slightest slight from you makes me cry?
Is it the fear, the feeling you could look at me and know?
Is it the magnet in my feet that points toward you?
Is it the shine in my eyes when you grin?
Is it the calming of a lonely wind that once blew?
Is it something I have or something I am in?

Is love a miracle or a curse?
Is lying better or making it worse?
Is this a phase or is it forever?
Is this fate or a fool's endeavor?

What is love
If not this?



Art
By Merle
L. Vogel
12a



Art by Alessandra Heidler



Art by Jasmine Yvonne Scribner

Sweet

by dear

How is it that you've stayed so sweet?
The bears have eaten the remainder
Of the honey from the combs.
The butterflies have picked
The orange-flesh clean from the rind.
When every gram of sugar seems
Stripped from the world,
You enter with your eyes and hands,
And words that taste of strawberry
In the heat of summer,
The only relief from this unforgiving
Sun, which would have melted the
Icing on a cake. And yet,
You stay sweet.







Art by 2008b_gx9000

Dove

by TSK

TW: self-harm, death

Higher expectations than my
parents ever had for me,
The only one I ever killed was the
boy I used to be.
Cut him from my skin and burned
him from my flesh,
Carved your fucking name into my
leg, a bloody mess.
Watched as I unraveled with my
skin under a knife,
People laugh and point at each and
every fucking slice.



Look at what you did to me
My darling, dove, and demon,
Every time I look at you my mind is just sent reeling.

Caught in this web of shattered glass,
A fragment supernova.
I lie to you and lie to you, over and over and over.
And as I bleed out on the floor, my note splattered red,
My final wish to see you runs through me
Like the bullet through my head.



Mommy

by Jolie Morgan, 12a

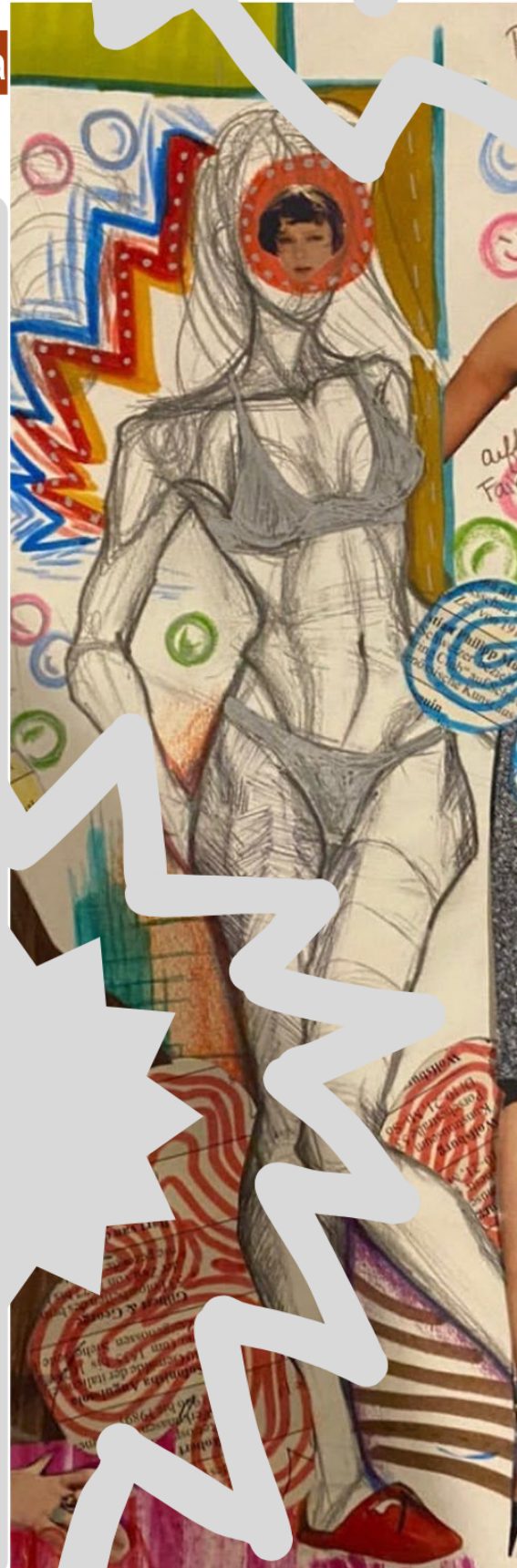
What is this poem, is it prose?
I said, you picked your little nose
Don't do that, said I with little hope
To her, in her eyes, I rarely spoke
She will, she shall, she'll always do,
But at least I tried, I told her no.
She sits so classy, arms bent,
Enticed by her little lady scent.

Have kids, they do encourage you,
To be a better human too.

She walks, body bobbing, hand in mine,
The clips in her hair reflect sunshine.
I was so proud and jealous when she presented
her acquired skill

A week later came the internet bill.
I adore her when she wears dresses I choose,
I cry, I compliment, I make her confused.

Have kids, they do encourage you,
To be a better human too.





She wants to do ballet, I drive her to lessons
 Even though I can't quite grasp her monthly obsessions.
 Last month it was volleyball, the one before skating
 Her thoughts are surely quick with the way they're
 updating

But you're smart, I think, I should probably know,
 I talk, you're mute, I chug my merlot.

I've also noticed the way you do things,
 Your devices always near your body, your limbs.

Have kids, they do encourage you,
 To be a better human too.

Lastly, I would like to confess,
 The woman in the screen, she wore that dress.
 The woman in the screen, I'm jealous of her,
 She holds my baby, so tight as we once were.

I think you're queer, the way you always look at the lady,
 You never lift your eyes, If I were her, would you maybe?
 I am your mother, I should teach you the way to do hair,
 But she has replaced me, life is not fair!

You're easily influenced by all the sports the lady does,
 I mean, I can't complain, other kids influentially do drugs.
 Maybe I'm dramatic, melancholic maybe,
 Except what should I do, that woman possessed my
 baby!

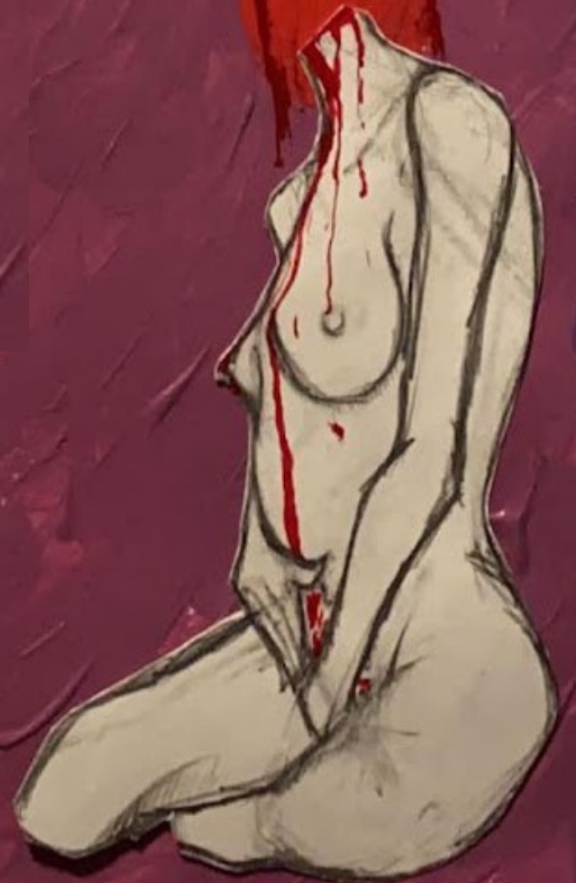
I regress back to her days without devices,
 Where unrequited attentiveness was per diem, that was
 the nicest.

But have kids, they do encourage you,
 To be a better human too.

Now I am a Woman,
And though I am young,
I feel the real world crushing me,
Crushing my dreams,
My ideas,
Even when others have none.

Now I am a Woman,
And I have learned to fight,
To keep my emotions locked away,
To keep my integrity... right?

I wish I was a girl again,
Determined to do anything,
I hope that soon they'll let me in,
I'll try to be their pretty thing.



Art by 2008b_gx9000

Untitled
by Maya Tabachnikoff 12a



WINTER

Photography by Ray
Gromis, 11

by Animal

It is winter, a cold one at that, colder than any I've felt before. The icy wind, like a ghostly hand rushing right through you, and the snow lying heavy on the mountains we call home. Far above me the mountain peaks pierce the sky, like the skeletal claw of father winter himself, reaching for the heavens, yearning to freeze over that which he could never obtain.

I stand under the cold, dead remains of a tree, atop a hill, before the mountains, overlooking the forests that stretch for miles before me. The tree sits hollow, empty and lifeless, a shell. Like me. Since you left I haven't been the same. Your heat no longer melts my pain when it freezes, and the feeling of your hand in mine fades with each passing day. Why did you leave so soon?



I can still remember springtime and summer, greens and blues, reds and yellows, fire in your eyes as the flames that consumed you. It was moonlit and starry when we stood beneath this tree, promised each other eternity, under the eyes of all that was sacred to us. Our love blossomed like the flowers and shone like the sun, it smelled of sweet honey and fresh fallen leaves, and left the hum of happiness in the breeze.

Yet time is fleeting, as all mortals know, after sunshine comes raindrops, and eventually snow. So come, love sick mortal and visit my hill, I stand not atop it, but six feet below.



Photography by Andras
Koval, 12d



Perfect/Everything

By Susannah, 9

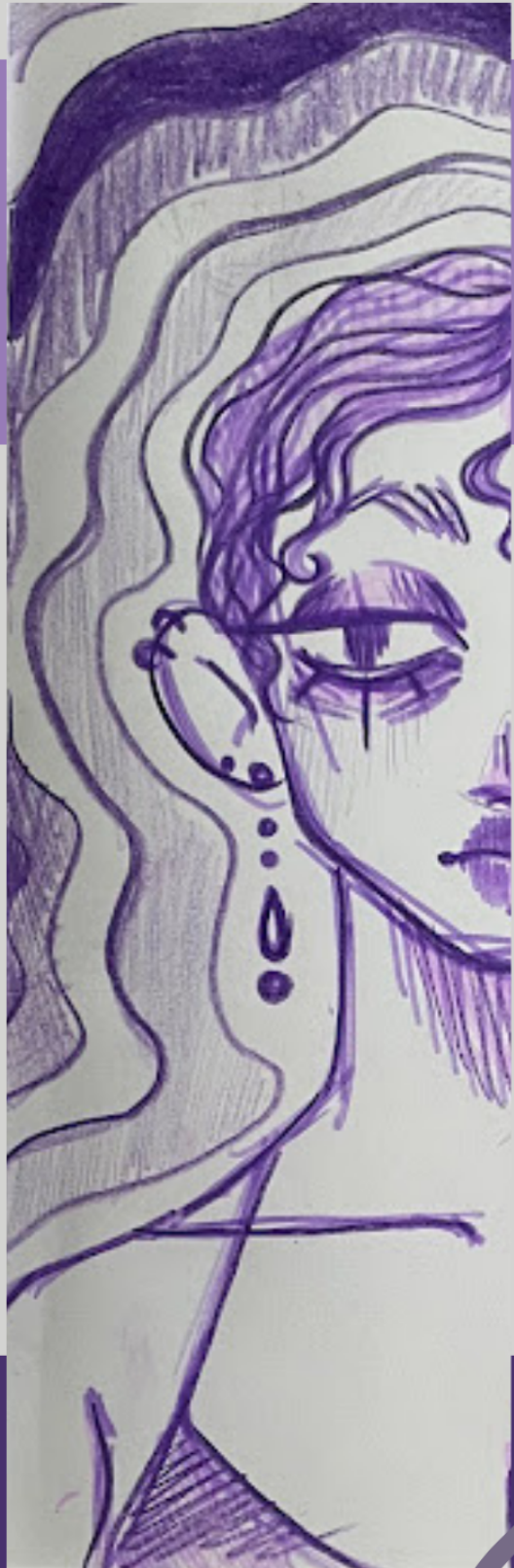
Everything. Everything. Everything matters, the way you talk, the way you walk, the way you raise your hand in class. Everything has an effect. Everything is being watched by them. Them. Everyone. People. Everything you do sends a ripple in time changing your future. Your life. Your everything. Even just taking one less step will change it. It. Everything.

Walking into class as I am now could change everything. Everyone's eyes could see something different, everyone's mind think something different. It all just comes down to me. I must somehow do everything perfectly, so that everyone likes me. Must answer everything perfectly, so that everyone is pleased. But no one is perfect. So how am I supposed to be?

I look over at Katherine. Katherine, who seems to be perfect, who can get whatever she wants. Beauty, brains, boys, popularity, anything. Because she somehow found a way to say something that will please everyone. Straight A's are always there, teachers always like her, her friends could beat any army in numbers, and she basically always has a line of brainless heart eyed boys following her around. Her parents have money, always have; she's never had a hard life, just flash a perfect smile and you'll be fine. Why can't I be like that? Why can't I be perfect? There's nothing she can't have. She must be so happy with her life. With everything. Because she can get it. She can get everything.

Insomnia

by Rona Busch, 12a





I sit down in my assigned seat. In the back. As always. My only company, the smell sneaking through the cracks of the old abandoned lockers. Back from when they used to be in the classrooms. I stare at her again, the perfect girl. She smiles again, her trademark perfect smile. Teeth white as a crisp piece of paper, no braces covering them, they're already straight as a board, framed by her perfect heart shaped lips, tinted by her cherry lip gloss.

Her eyes flick across the room, they drift over to me. Our eyes meet for a second, her smile still plastered on her face, I stare back, into her blue eyes, they remind me of the ocean, so deep and mysterious and at the same time drawing you in. But her eyes don't stop, her gaze keeps moving until they stop at Micheal. Of course. The biggest heartthrob of the school. Handsome, cool, sporty, everything any stereotypical movie-perfect popular boy needs. Half the girls in the school follow him around everywhere. All sitting around him in a big giggling bunch, like puppies piled up on one another just to get closer to him. Of course they might as well just start following Katherine, because he's always ten feet behind her, probably doesn't even notice the girls around him, he's too busy staring. He stares back at her, tucking his blond hair behind his ears, probably so Katherine could get a better look at his golden brown eyes.

The class starts to fill up, Katherine's friends start pooling in, like a bathtub getting filled up, I don't know how it hasn't overflowed yet. Almost the whole class can be considered her friend, Of course almost none are in the "hashtag group". The group that only contains Katherine's closest friends, the "cool" kids. he ones who have matching outfits, go on shopping sprees, have handshakes that everyone knows but doesn't dare to copy. The special ones.

Katherine's best friend walks in, Ally, her hair bleached so much that it looks like dry sticks, with heels on that are meant for adults, not teenagers, fake eyelashes ready to be batted at any boy deemed "worthy". She scares me. People like her do. The people who are brave, but at the same time, the ones who don't know when something is wrong, that can pull a prank and laugh, never to feel guilt. They have helped her climb up the standings, because if you stand up for someone, no one will join you. Even if they agree, because she has too much influence on your life, she has too much fake power. Because faking power gives you a certain amount of real power, and that's what she has. Fake real power.

She goes over to the VIP table. Over to Katherine. Over to them. Extending her hand in order to do their handshake. Katherine mirrors her hand movement. Right, up, left, up, right, right, highfive, I've already memorized it, who hasn't? I continue to stare, continue to ponder, how anyone like it could exist, no faults, everything at your service. Impossible, inhuman, how could someone have no problems, have their life already painted out for them? But at the same an empty canvas, where she can choose the painting, an abundance in paint and space, everything at her disposal.

The bell rings, it's gotten so bland, so boring, so normal. Just like the school day. Our teacher is late, he always is, never on time. Not like it would make a difference, we learn about as much with him here as without.

He hates our class, and everyone in it, except for her though, except for the angel. Her family probably paid him to give her a good grade. They have the money. She's the only one who ever gets an A in history, when no one else does.

He walks in, taking small hurried steps as he walks towards his desk in the front. The corner of his mouth dragging down his face, in a frown as usual. Bald head glinting in the cheap bulb hanging high above our heads. Without the sunlight the room would look like an interrogation room. He sits down in his seat like he's the ruler, the king, the leader. Just now I realize that our tables are formed in a half circle around him, like he is the one with power, because he is. "Your worksheets are up front, when you feel like it, take them and do them," he grunts. But no one like that deserves to be powerful. It isn't fair, why should someone who puts no effort into their leadership be a leader, a ruler? Have responsibility and influence on other people, when it isn't used correctly? Like Katherine, why does she deserve such a smooth, stainless life, when mine is a total mess? Why didn't I get to be her? Why can't I just get everything given to me instead of having to work for it?

Why is Katherine so perfect? How is there a formula for doing everything perfectly? How? In the end it all comes down to Katherine, the way she talks, the way she walks, the way she can't do anything wrong. And me, it comes down to me, how I talk, how I walk, and the way I can't seem to get anything right.

DANCE FOR THE SHEPHERD KING

BY AMIDST HALCYONS



HAYWIRE Issue 20 Winter 2023



A Literary Arts Magazine of the
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Published in Germany
Issue Nr. 20, Winter 2023
(11 January, 2024)