

For Teens, By Teens

BLENDED

Vol. 1, Issue 2

May, 2008




The Blended Staff



From left to right: Melanie, Mike, Jake, Morgan

www.blendedzine.com



Siddhartha listened. He was now all ears, utterly engrossed in listening, utterly empty, utterly absorbing. He felt he had now learned all there was to know about listening. He had often heard all these things, these many voices in the river, but today it all sounded new. He could no longer distinguish the many voices, the cheerful from the weeping, the children's from the men's: they all belonged together. The lament of the knower's yearning and laughing, the screaming of the angry, the moaning of the dying—everything was one, everything was entwined, was interwoven a thousandfold. And all of it together, all voices, all goals, all yearnings, all sufferings, all



Dove Suzi Lawing, PVHS



Blended is an art and literary zine created to showcase the diverse, yet uniquely blended cultures of San Juan County through the eyes of teens. In order to help teens express themselves, the **Blended** staff invites people ages 13 to 19 to submit their work for publication twice a year.

If you want to be part of the next issue of **Blended**, check out the submission guidelines and release form in the back of this issue.

If you want to see more issues of **Blended**, please visit www.blendedzine.com and take a brief survey to let us know what you think.



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The **Blended** Staff

Morgan McPheeters, Editor (Senior, PVHS)
 Jake Mayfield (Junior, FHS)
 Mike Winer (Junior, PVHS)
 Melanie Leeson (Freshman, SJC)

Cover art by Jared Engels, PVHS

School Key: Aztec High School-AHS; Farmington High School-FHS;
 Farmington Municipal Schools-FMS;
 Kirtland Central High School-KCHS; Mesa View Middle School-MVMS;
 Piedra Vista High School-PVHS; Shiprock High School-SHS; San Juan College-SJC



THE EYE Justin Smith, FMS

What I Want

I want to forget the past and pain
The suffering that life's mistakes have cost
I know I've messed up; still there's time to gain
Hoping they'll realize the chances they've lost

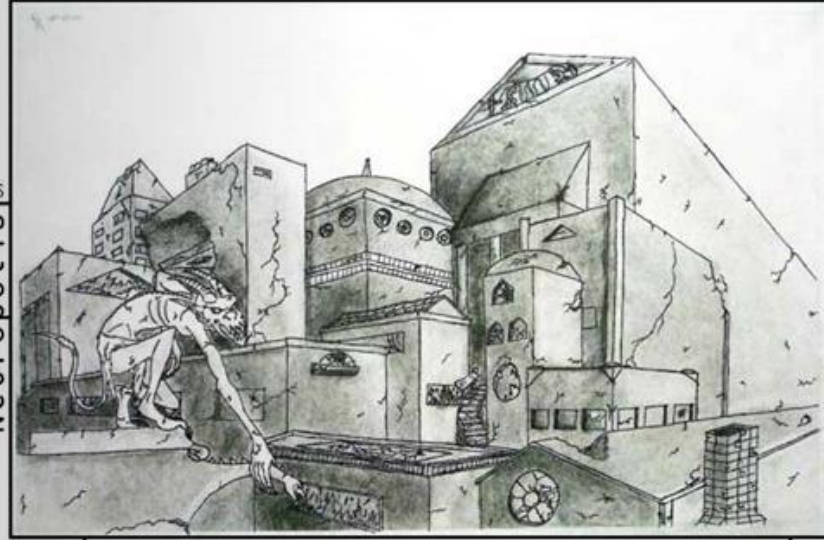
I want to forgive the hurt that they've caused
Every dream that has been lost or stolen
I'll try to forget those times that are paused
In my mind playing again and again

I want to let go of those who are gone
How many more is He willing to take
From the young who don't deserve what they got
Don in the innocence of the child's sake

I want to find love enclosed in warm arms
To be safe from tears and eternal harm
Riccie Shipley, PVHS

Christoffer Montanari, AHS

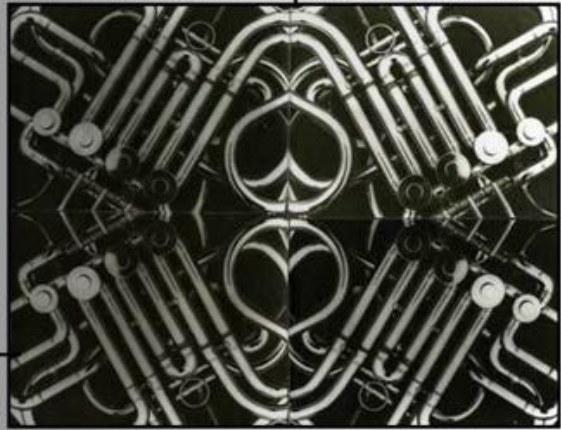
Necropolis



The Hunt

Christoffer Montanari, AHS

kaleidoscope Elizabeth Hunter, PVHS



Suzi Lowing, PVHS

SHE TURNED ME INTO
a NEWT!



ORGANIZED MADNESS

Suzanne Fortner, FHS



GREY SCALE

Morgan McPheeters, PVHS

JOY



Kiki Cordova, PVHS

UNDONE

Britney Fogo,
PVHS

I don't get this
Does pleasure always come with pain?
I have this feeling of sadness
That I can't really explain

I just don't understand
Why every night I cry
Why do I wake up praying
For God to help me get by?

I used to always say
That no guy was worth my tears
Then I fell in love
And that became the least of my fears

He hates to see me in pain
He'd never do that to me
He's always tried his best
To make me happy as can be

And now as I sit here
And watch the sun rise
I'm beginning to feel stupid
For believing all of their lies

I know he loves me
He says it in his eyes
All the things he's afraid to say

Why is he afraid
I really don't know
And after all that he's been through
I'm surprised he doesn't just go

But they don't want us together
Because of all his little games
And I don't think they believe
That he can actually change

They think I've moved on
And it looks like I've walked away
But locked inside my heart
Are all the words I don't have guts to say

I told him I loved him
But didn't hear it in return
And it's always at night
When my heart feels the burn

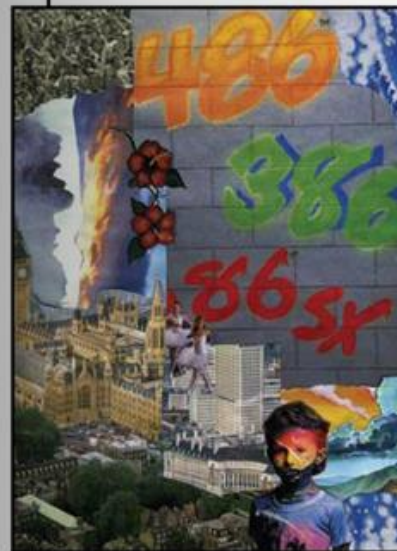
It's eating away at me
And it's tormenting my soul
I'm trying to play it cool
But I'm really losing control

And it's late at night when I cry
But I refuse to tell anyone
I'm faking each day with a smile
But I'm starting to come undone

Summer Skin



Morgan McPheeters, PVHS

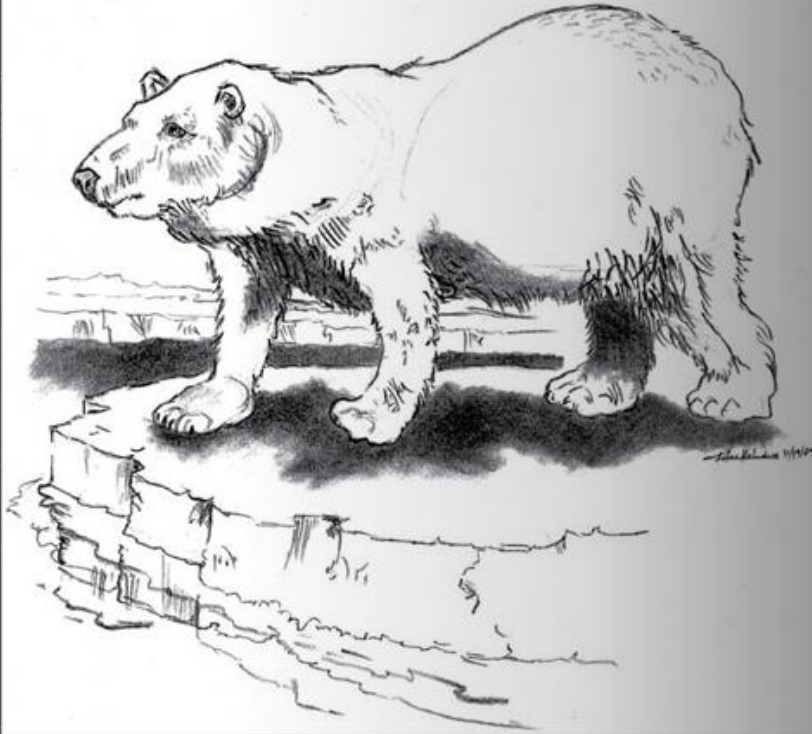


WICKEDNESS NEVER WAS HAPPINESS

Taniith Stradling, PVHS

Tyler Holiday,
FHS

POLAR BEAR



BETTER OFF WITHOUT ME

From the moment you gazed into my eyes,
You were in love, there could be no disguise.
Although you were, I was not
Love at the time, was nothing I sought,
I stayed with you, hoping I would fall with time
I never did and never will, but this is not my only crime.
To me you were always good,
And being this way I never could.
During the night you slept,
While through other men's arms I crept,
For all this time you were trusting,
While for others I was lusting.
During our conversations you would never realize,
The words I stated were all lies.
For everything I have done to you, I apologize.
Never to see or speak to you again would be wise.
Move on with your life, you are a great man,
And be with someone who will love you, like I never can.
Goodbye my friend,
And I wish you happiness to the end,
For without me
At this you will succeed.

Jane Fleming, FHS

I WILL FIGHT
AARON FAIRBANKS,
FHS

I can work,
I can strive,
I can keep myself alive.
But when you expect me to run through a brick wall
And don't give me time to recover,
I will always wish I was another.
Tell me where to run,
I can make it fun,
But when you push and shove me down,
When I try your task to overcome,
I will always come up fighting you.



The Aggressive Side
Kailani Campbell,
SHS

METEORS OF MALICE
HANK COSTNER,
KCHS

Their flaming arrows plummeting toward her
Fireballs burning her alive
Smoke extending its unavoidable arms
And wrapping its pitiless fingers around her neck and squeezing,
Melba flails in a desperate attempt to escape unscathed
In the dry heat of the furnace
Throughout her blinding panic
Amid the threatening jeers
Despite the ruthless scorching of her body
As innumerable fiery darts consumed her.

Hell.

Can't you just imagine it now, spoken on the lips of blind preachers and false prophets? Imagine the flames they so lustily describe rising higher-higher-higher! An inferno of torment-of deceit-of hypocrisy-eating away at your sinners' flesh until there is nothing left but the very essence of the pain we were born to suffer.

A truly delicious scene of mortal agony, is it not? A thousand voices raised into the highest pitch as Satan spreads his burning wings – smiling through the trail of tears.

Here it is, laid bare, humanity's mortal fear:

Heaven.

Hell.

Death.

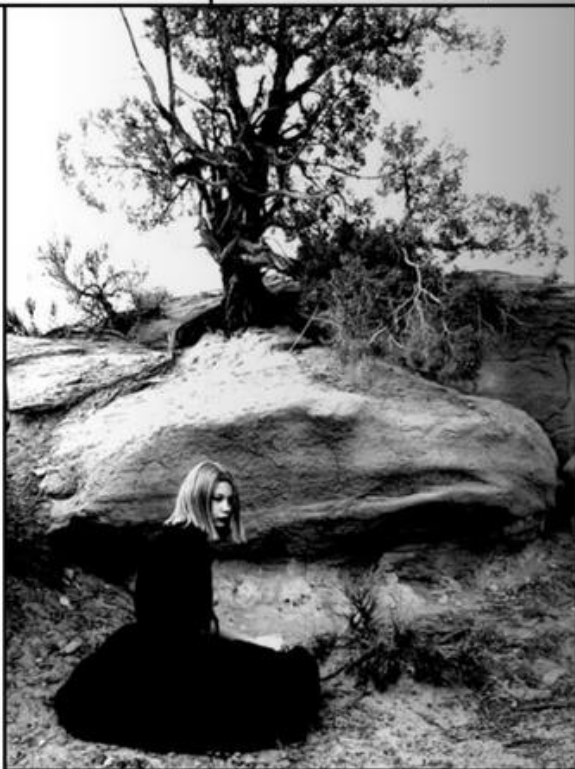
Anonymity.

But if the fear did not exist, then how would we know what to trust? What to embrace?

What to love?

Marianna Kleiner, PVHS

Melanie Pimentel, FHS



Wilderness



Open Mind, Heavy Soul

Elizabeth Hunter,
PVHS

Jake Mayfield,
FHS

CONVICTION

Like a scar without pain.
A brush against something stronger than me
I am left with a lasting stain.

Like most, they should be chained by life,
But their will is strong and free
And so I see possibility through all the strife.

I am left with something new
A memory of conviction
And the only thing that now seems true.

GREY GOOSE



Jared Engles, PVHS

RED FACE



Seth Decker, PVHS



BLUE FACE

Joseph Blackwood, PVHS

LIPS LIKE MORPHINE



Suzi Lawing, PVHS



CREATOR

Ryan Yazzie,
KCHS

MUSIQUE!



Kailani Campbell,
SHS

**Riccie Shipley, PVHS
Footsteps and Memories**

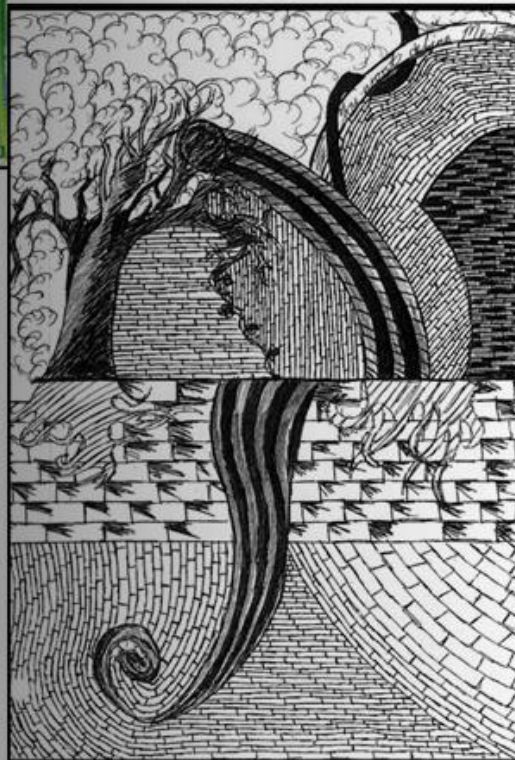
Treading lightly across the muddy ground
Leaving a path of footprints behind me
Memories fading with fight or sound
Memories I will never see again

Many more footprints of those who are gone
Hidden under times merciless greed
Their memories all erased and undrawn
Every mistake, victory and good deed

The ground softens and pulls me further in
Fighting out I leave empty holes behind
Memories of many undying sins
Their grip on your soul so harsh and unkind

As for those clear footprints that do not fade
Happy memories were glad they stayed

Oblivious Nicole Patton, PVHS



Caitlin Berve, FHS
Expression

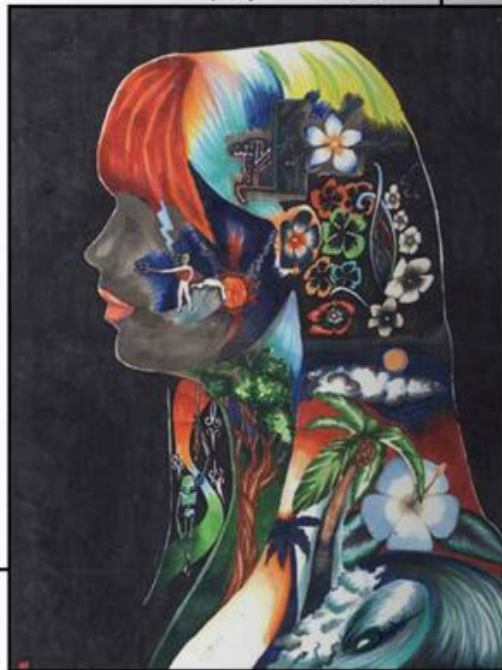
A sense of terror and danger
Created by the low brass
Fills the room with dread,
So the audience holds their breath,
Hearts race
As the tension builds,
Yet sweet relief floods all,
Once the climax is reached.
Tranquility and peace
Spills from the woodwinds
With an undertone of sadness
In the form of expression
The choral is expelled by the high brass entrance,
Excitement and hope
Accompany a change in tempo
Steady and supportive
Performs the percussion
Always present,
But never overpowering,
A jazzy number
Brings everyone to their feet;
Smiles and dancing
Breaks out across the room.
The overall mood changes
As the style morphs,
And a new theme emerges
With the smooth entrance of the soloist.



Come Together

Riccie Shipley,
PVHS

Suzi Lawing, PVHS
Who I Am



GOLDEN GIRL



Meagen Yazzie, PVHS

GUSTOQUIA

Anna Doherty, Homeschool



She sits there every day
Never says a word
Though she has so much to say
She's afraid to be heard

He always leaves her with bruises
She just wants to yell
She always makes excuses
Because she's afraid to tell

She's hurt on the inside and the out
She wonders why if has to be this way
She wants to cry out
But all she does is pray

Then one day when he gets mad
The wall meets her head
Because of her dad
She is now dead

Jessica Culbertson,
MVMS

Silent

Here I am thinking again,
It's like this is all I know.
Envisioning my future
But not knowing where to go.

My Thoughts

So many things I'm thinking
Not knowing what I should do.
So I'm constantly worried,
Wondering what will come true.

Are you out there listening?
Do you really even care?
So many things on my mind,
Will someone help me out there?

Bring all my thoughts to an end
No more can I comprehend.

Laurel McBrown, PVHS



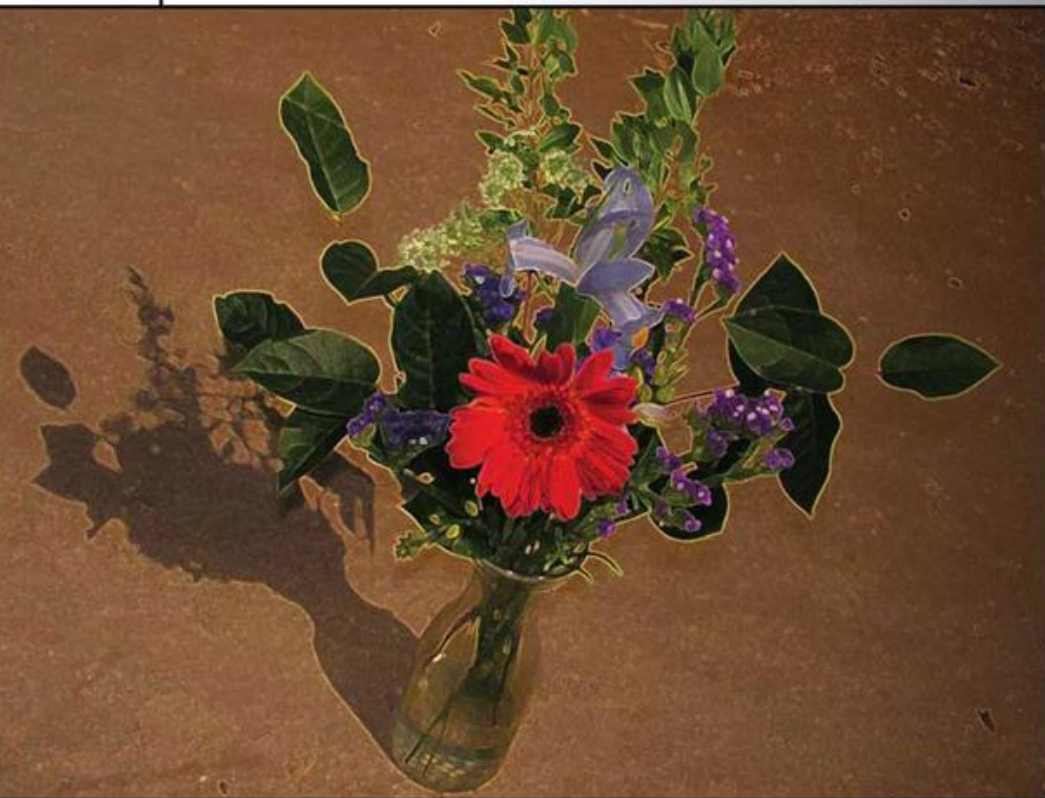
Waterfall Tears

Melanie Leeson, SJC

The feeling of end has come for me
Memories of my life are all I can see.
I do not wish to go alone
To where our creator sits on her throne.
Stay away from darkness before my eyes,
Do not diminish my life in size.
What drives death to take?
Is it what of our lives we make?
But that cannot be reason,
Innocent souls are taken every season.
Death's conscience must have gone long ago,
For if it was still there, people may not despise it so.

Death

Jane Fleming,
FHS



Surreality
Marianna Kleiner,
PVHS

Better Off Without Me

Jane Fleming, FHS

From the moment you gazed into my eyes,
You were in love, there could be no disguise.
Although you were, I was not
Love at the time, was nothing I sought.
I stayed with you, hoping I would fall with time
I never did and never will, but this is not my only crime.
To me you were always good,
And being this way I never could.
During the night you slept,
While through other men's arms I crept.
For all this time you were trusting,
While for others I was lusting.
During our conversations you would never realize,
The words I stated were all lies.
For everything I have done to you, I apologize.
Never to see or speak to me again would be wise.
Move on with your life, you are a great man.
And be with someone who will love you, like I never can.
Goodbye my friend,
And I wish you happiness to the end,
For without me
At this you will succeed.



UNTITLED
Meagen Yazzie, PVHS

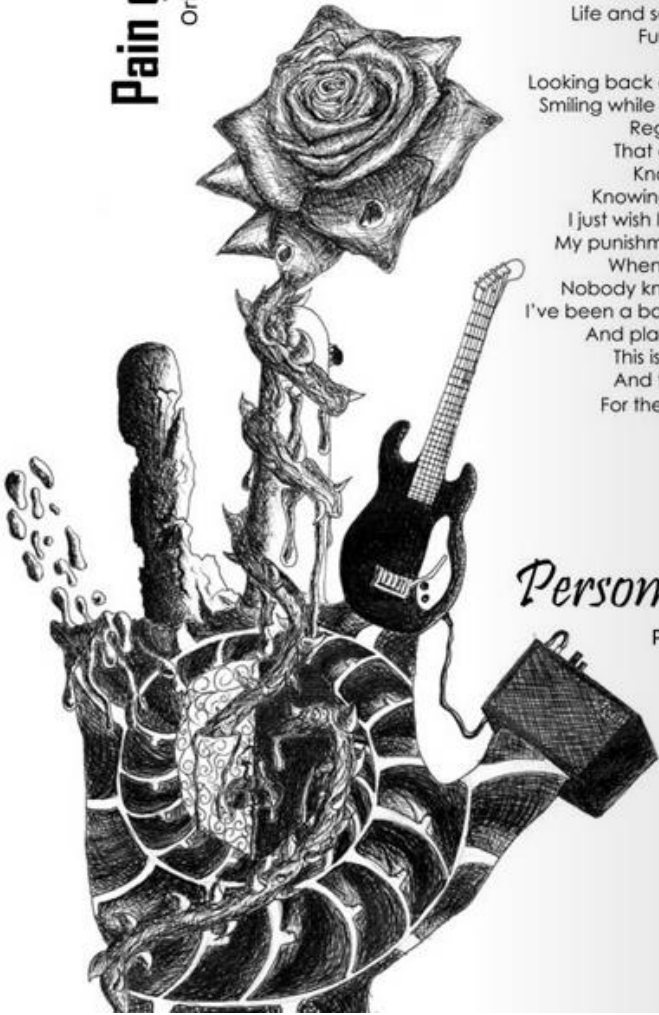


Georgia
Jamie Chavez,
PVHS

Pain of Punishment

Orlando Johnson, FMS

The life I'm living in
 Is pain of punishment.
 I can't take it any further.
 Life seems too long,
 Buried in trillions of dirt rocks.
 There I lay in peace.
 I'm going to be missed,
 My guilt, my emotions are in a lock.
 Nobody knows about my life
 Except the spirit that lives inside me,
 Can't say whether it is true or false.
 Life and sometimes love is always in the dirt,
 Full of tears and hateful fear.
 Staring at the joy of life,
 Looking back at the sad feelings I've had in the past,
 Smiling while shutting tears to the people I've hurt,
 Regretting the painful thoughts
 That are running through my mind,
 Knowing the things I've done,
 Knowing the pain I've shown to others,
 I just wish I could take things back, but how?
 My punishment is now in the coffin full of regret,
 When will I stop suffering from pain?
 Nobody knows, but looking back at the times
 I've been a bad person on the streets, home, school,
 And places you should of thought twice,
 This is my future life of punishment,
 And that's the life I got to live with
 For the rest of my dream in my sleep.



Personalities

Prince Joe, FMS



Justin Smith, FMS

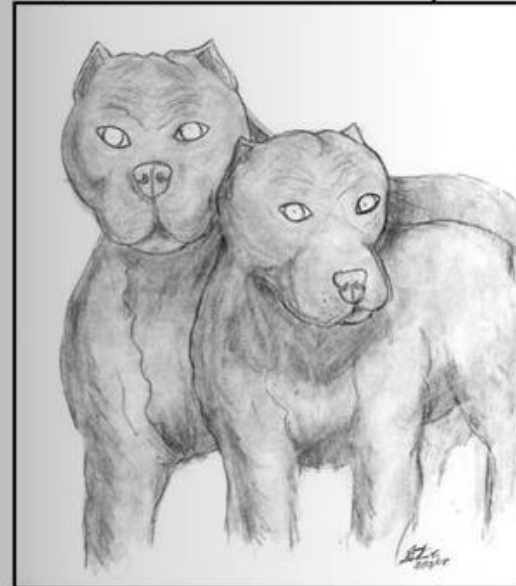
BIG CHIEF



Morgan McPheeters, PVHS

Stoic

Cody Becenti, FMS



Browny

Ghost

Don't look at me.

Unless you like

Don't come to close.

I'm lying here without disguise.

From my soul dug out

The dark no longer flees

Or you will see

This isn't me.

No energy left.

Disappeared in the theft

I don't want to be mean

scream and mourn that

How much trouble

How much grief

I hate the sound

I hate the roads

So stay away, don't delay

But for now when

I'll lie in flowerbed

And talk to the devil

Then drift away to be alone.

I'm a horror movie.

And that's no one

Don't turn your head.

The look of the dead.

Don't stare at my eyes.

My breath reeks an awful stench

Like a demon's trench.

From me, so don't come close

The form of a beast

Drained I am.

My pride and heart

of my self esteem

But leave before I start to

I was ever born.

can one man make?

can one life take?

of my own voice.

of my choice.

I'll rise again another day.

The skin clings to the bone,

buried in stone

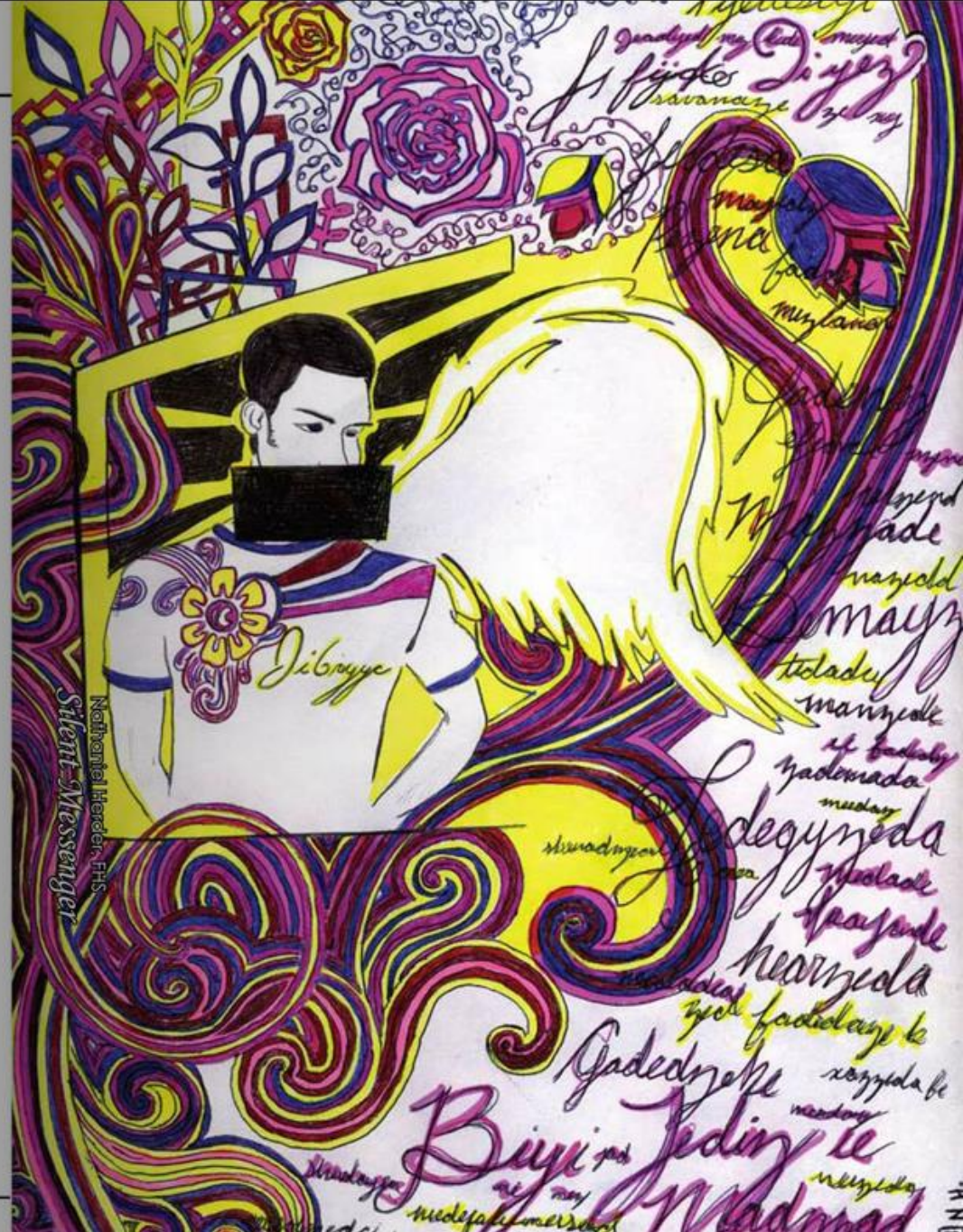
About the soul I've loaned

Don't look at me.

I'm a ghost of my monstrosities,

You could want to be.

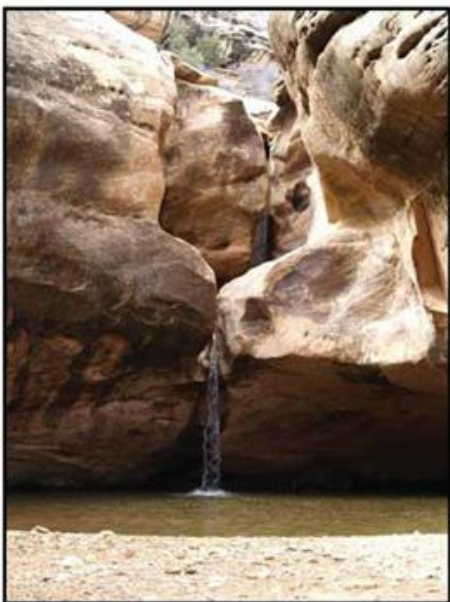
William Young, FHS



Silent Messenger
Nathaniel Herder, FHS

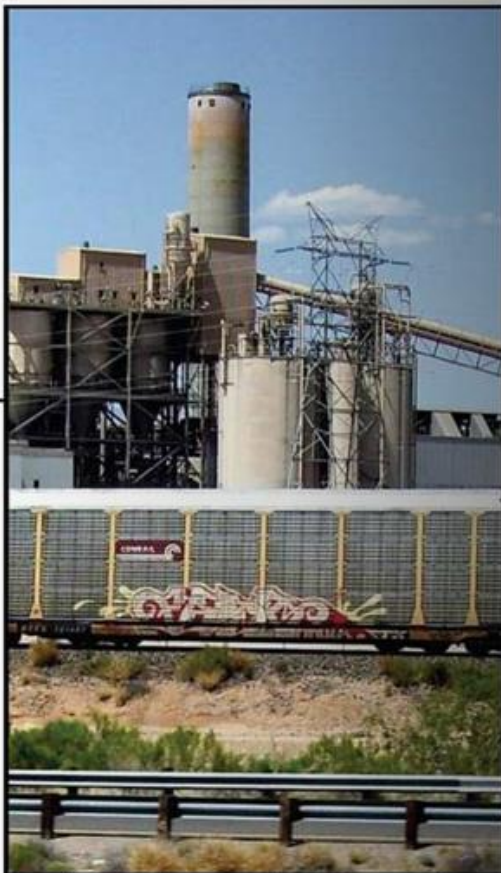
Desert Drops

Keanon Goetzinger, FHS



Jared Engels, PVHS

In the Eyes of God



Freedom of Expression

Kailani Campbell, SHS

Polly Wanna...

Keanon Goetzinger, FHS



The warm grains of sand sift between my toes
And for just one second I wish I could leave behind the me
everyone knows
I look around and things that once were so familiar now
seem brand new
I guess everything changes no matter how much we don't
want it to

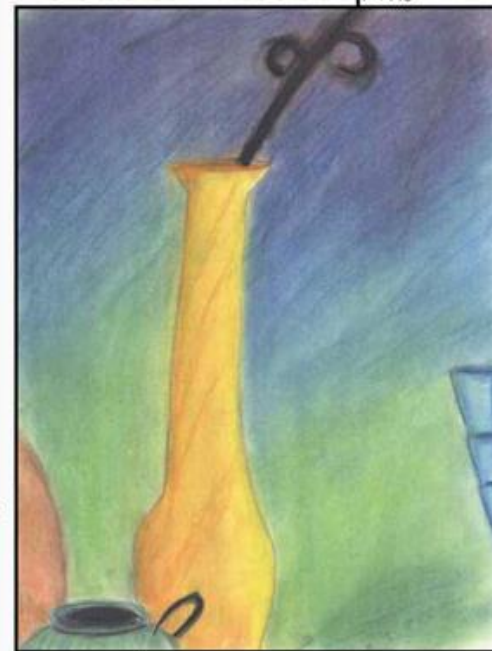
I lay down breathless on the ground
As the sound of laughing children fills the air around
I wan to go back to where the happy child was me
Back when life was simple, honest, and carefree
I know everyone grows up but I don't understand why
Because since then I've learned that life can be hard and
people can lie
I miss the days where everyone just did the right thing
And nobody liked the kids who were mean
I miss the days where the only thing that mattered was that
we had fun
It pains me to know that those days for me are done

But even though things are a lot more complicated than
they once were
Through my life, of one thing I've come to be sure
God has a plan for everyone here
And someday the reasons for things will become more clear
No one ever promised things wouldn't go wrong
Only that these things will work out and these things will
make you strong
But I have faith that in the end if you try and do the right
thing everything will work out
For the good

Growing Up Hailey Woods, FHS

GOLDEN VESSEL

Jared Engels,
PVHS





Tanith Stradling, PVHS

Amy's Got A Brand New Bag

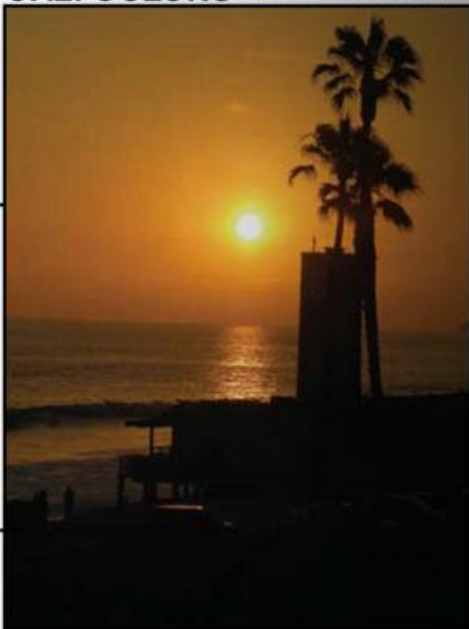
Suzanne Fortner

TRUE FRIENDS

A true friend is forever, never will they leave
 Lifting you up when there are things you must achieve
 Never will they bring you down
 It hurts them just as much seeing you frown
 They will wipe your eyes and dry your tears
 To you they will keep close through the years
 The night before your wedding day
 You will both be looking back on the memories and say
 Those were the best I am so glad we are
 Both here together today because without you I wouldn't have made it this far
 Tears of joy will run down your faces
 You realized your friendship had been graced by God's tender graces
 The years have quickly past
 We're now forty years old and yes our friendship did last
 Our children are now best friends
 And hopefully like us that won't ever end
 Our first kiss our first crush
 Our first come our first brush
 Our first car our first date
 We were there for it all and the laughs were so great
 The times we have had, have given our parents a scare
 But we knew we would be alright if we had the other one there
 If someone were to hurt you or ever make you cry
 I would hunt them down and of misery they would die
 So here by each other we will always stay
 Best friends and sisters getting closer everyday

CALI COLORS

Taylor Bennet-Begaye



Morgan McPheeters, PVHS

Have you ever seen the cherry blossoms in the fall?
 How they float about on wisps on wind,
 Just like my love, for you...

How when I walk, I cannot help but lay my feet upon
 them,
 And they cannot help but keep me above the ground,
 As if floating, just like my love for you...

How then daintily brush along your face,
 So faintly reminiscent, of when we were close,
 And my hair would tickle your face...

How the scent holds you in its warm embrace,
 Not so different than the one we used to share
 Not so unlike it...

Now, my arms lie vacant,
 Like the striped frames of the trees in winter,
 Like a skeletons hand, cold, empty, foreboding,
 And without you...

How these blossoms will eventually shrivel, wither, and die
 They will cease, as our love has



Nirvana

The blossoms will disappear into the night,
 Not unlike you did,
 Not unlike, our love...

Like the passing of seasons, our love had blossomed,
 flourished,
 And soon after, died,
 Breather our last arduous, strenuous, breath,
 With an event not exempt from extreme anguish,
 For me at least...

But spring will come again, and love my blossom more
 Next time, I hope,
 My love will flourish and never die, never cease
 I hope, that next time my blossom will last the winter,
 And many more winters to come...

But hope, my, love, out there, maybe reading this,
 Hope is but a cherry blossom in the wind,
 At the mercy of the wicked hand of fate...

-A feeble shred of hope in the wind-
 -The frigid, fierce wind.

No Name #0043
TK

Submission Guidelines

- Deadline for submissions is October 3, 2008.
- All submitted pieces must be original.
- Entries from all mediums/categories are welcome.
- Artists must be between the ages of 13 and 19.
- Include a signed release form with submission. If artist is under 18, their parent or legal guardian must also sign. Only one release form is necessary for each artist.
- Pieces submitted will NOT be returned. If you do not want to submit the original piece, a good quality copy of your piece may be submitted instead.
- Submissions should be appropriate for publication; please keep violence and profanity to a minimum. The Blended staff has the right to deny publication of any submission.
- The Blended staff reserves the right to edit any writing submission, including, but not limited to, grammatical errors and excessive profanity. You will be contacted if the staff deems editing of you work necessary.
- Please keep writing entries fewer than 2000 words.
- You may submit multiple pieces
- Please label all submissions with:
 - Artist Name
 - Complete address
 - Telephone Number
 - Age
 - School
 - Title of Piece
 - Medium/Category
- The artist retains all rights to submitted pieces.
- Work may be submitted in the following formats:
 - Original piece
 - High-quality digital reproduction
 - High quality email attachment (signed release form still required)
 - In-text email (signed release form still required)
 - On a disk (CD or floppy)
 - Text submissions should be Word documents or PDF files.
 - Image should be in .jpg, .tiff, or .psd formats

Submit your work and completed release form to the Farmington Public Library or mail to:

FPL Blended
2101 Farmington Ave
Farmington NM 87402

Email:
zine@infoway.org

If you have any questions please call the Teen Zone at 505-566-2201

All submissions received after submission deadline will be considered for publication in the next issue.

Release Form

For Publication in **Blended**

A Release Form must be included with your submission for publication in **Blended**. Be sure to read and follow the submission guidelines before filling out.

THE FARMINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY RESERVES THE RIGHT TO REPRODUCE ARTWORK IN ANY FORM.

Artist Name _____
Last First

Mailing Address _____
Street Apt. #

City State Zip

Phone # (____) _____ Date of Birth _____

Email Address _____

School _____

Title and Medium of Submitted Piece(s) _____

I hereby certify that the work submitted to **Blended** was created by me and is original. I have read and followed the submission rules and guidelines.

Signature of Teen _____ Date _____

This release form must be signed by the parent or legal guardian of participants under the age of 18.

I hereby grant the right to use the participant's name, creative works, and visual images in the **Blended**, on blendedzine.com, on the Farmington Public Library web site, for documentary or media coverage, and for promotion of other Farmington Public Library programs without recourse.

Signature of Parent/Legal Guardian _____ Date _____

Blended is Now



Accepting Applications For Staff Positions

If you are a creative high school student in the graduating class of 2009 or 2010, you can apply for a paid position on the zine staff. For an application and more information, visit www.blendedzine.com.

STUDENTS

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The **Blended** staff and the Farmington Public Library would like to thank



ConocoPhillips

for their generous support of **Blended** and the teens of San Juan County



REAL INFO

ONLINE

ANYTIME

REALLY

CQ Researcher

real issues, real research

Daily Life through History

real living, past and present

CultureGrams

real living, globally

Teen Health and Wellness

real life, real answers

Online Resources - www.infoway.org

