

BLENDED

ZINE Vol.6 Iss.1



For Teens By Teens

COVER ARTISTS

Rebecca Maxwell
Shundiina Fisaga
Dana Standridge
Edgar Cruz

SCHOOL LISTINGS

Mesa View Middle School
Tibbetts Middle School
Aztec High School
Bloomfield High School
Navajo Preparatory School
Farmington High School
Piedra Vista High School
University of New Mexico
San Juan College
Home School

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To be part of of the next issue of Blended Zine, check the submission guidelines and release form in the back of the issue.

Email blendedzine@gmail.com with questions or comments

Broken, Burned, & Buried Alive.
I'm All Alone Now, I Can Barely
Survive.

I Need You Here With Me,
Without You I'll Never Be Free.
Don't Leave Me Here Alone,
In This Empty Home.
Dance With Me Tonight,
Under Music & Moonlight.

POEM FROM A HURT SOUL

Serena Chicini
Bloomfield High School
Poetry

Autumn Breeze

The Fragrance Of The Fresh Sap Of The Oak Tree
Beside You.

Leaves Fall Gently, Like A Bird Into Its Humble
Nest.

The Sounds Of A Beautiful Bird Fill Your Ear With
Bliss.

The Sound Of A Gunshot.
Get Up And Run For Home.
Must... Get... Home...

The Gunshots Grow Louder And Louder

A Deer Runs Past, As Fast As Lightning.
Wondering What Is Going On.
The River Grows Into A Rapid Flow.
The Wind Picks Up.

A Smell Of Burning Ash Startles You.
You Look Behind The Tree.
A Raging Fire Is Behind You.
Must... Get... Home...

AUTUMN WRITINGS

Ezekiel Peskor
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry



MOONSLIDE

Sierra Stackhouse
Aztec High School
Photography

Dancing in the Darkness
Illuminating the Cold
And warming the Night
Bigger and Bigger
As Others join in
Crackling and Crackling
The Songs of Life
Time passes on
The Light dims
Crackling silenced
And the Dancing has ceased.

A FIERY LIFE

Jefferson Joe Jr.
Navajo Prep School
Poetry



Where is your heaven
Here is mine
The dew melts off the grass
From the night's cool air
The breeze gently blows the flag
Back and forth
The smell of fresh cut grass
mesmerizes my senses

HEAVEN

River Smalley
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

My heaven
The gold course
You must find yours
No matter where
Find your heaven

TRAVELER

Rebecca Maxwell
Farmington High School
Acrylic



LONESOME

Tristan Holden
Farmington High School
Photography



Insults it seems were all they could say,
To this poor girl, they considered their prey.
As I'm walking down the hall and hearing their remarks,
I'm reminded of one small fish and a malicious clique of sharks.
But no one seems to care right now,
The vicious words being ignored somehow.
Their lack of compassion was cruel and unkind,
The type of comments that go to your mind.
So I swallowed my hesitation and walked into the flame,
Interrupting the abuse of their little game.
Their glares were intense and their expressions weren't nice,
So I gave them a stare that could turn water to ice.
"If you have a problem with her then you have a problem with me,
So stop with the comments and just let her be."
With that they split up and just walked away,
It took two teams in this game and one wouldn't play.

BULLIED
Jaime Wood
Piedra Vista High School
Poetry

STRONG AND STEADY

Aleysia Archibeque
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Accused of nothing I did,
Treated terrible,
Pushed and called unnecessary names,
All because I'm not the same?

We are all different
In our own ways
Why can't we be as one,
Some must protest!
Some must say!

Why o Why,
We must try,
Keep fighting until it's made right,
Be strong,
Keep steady,
Hold your head high and fight,
We will soon make right.



DESTROY
WHAT
DESTROYS
YOU

Edgar Cruz
University of New Mexico
Digital Design

DISPARATE

We're compared to others
Never good enough
We have to be responsible
But it's never good enough
We do most things wrong
And are blamed for everything

Would it be so weird
That for once
We were the ones
Who get the praise
And we're the ones who are rewarded
For the good things we do
And not punished
For every mistake that we make

I think it's time for a change
That the firstborns
Weren't the favorite and the youngest weren't spoiled
and the middle kids
weren't forgotten.

FORGOTTEN

Rebecca Rodriguez
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

NITE AND DAY

Shawn Bonnie
Farmington High School
Poetry

Each nite and day I think of you, wondering what you're doing,
missing you everyday.

Thinking about all the good times that we both had,
especially when we were together.

I miss they way you held me
when I was cold during the nite.

And always saying, "I Love You" into each other's ears
and smiling about it.

You're still the one that I'll always love and will not stop thinking
about you.

I miss the conversation that you and I always had each time we
met...

I miss the way we kissed and held each other at nite til
the morning or day.

But I'll never forget the memories that we had.
You will always be the first girl that I loved.

CONFESSIONS OF A BROKEN HEART

I'm tired of depression
I'm tired of heartache
I'm tired of this feeling
I just can't seem to shake.

I'm tired of sad poems,
I'm done with love songs too,
I'm sick of them telling me,
I'll find someone like you.

I dread the thought of night,
Where restless nightmares await,
But I'm tired of suffering in silence
I want the world to know my pain.

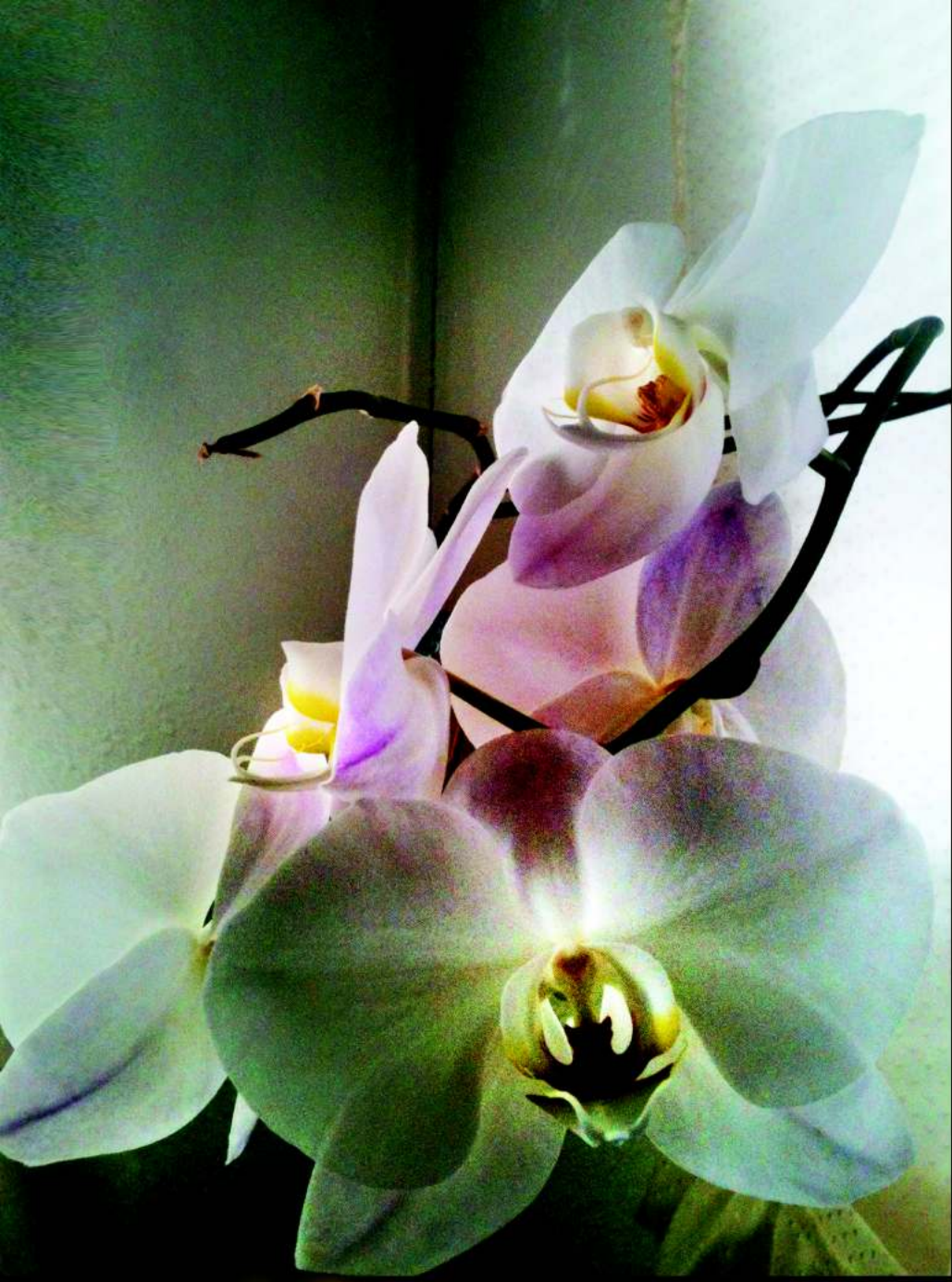
I've never held a grudge towards you,
That chip on my shoulder amiss,
But now your regrets grow long my friend,
Just another to add to the list.
I promise you won't forget this,
The thought is sinking in,
Just know that I'll remember,
Your count of rising sins.

My bridges burned in a fire,
Set ablaze by separate sides,
An empty void of almost
Is our bitterly hollow divide.

That knife in my back will stay there,
The pain almost unbearable,
My tears will flow in remembrance,
To Niagara Falls; comparable.

Just know my heart will always have,
A spot for you in save,
But not knowing if it's love or hate,
Do you really want to stay?

Haley Parson
Piedra Vista High School
Poetry



CURVACEOUS ENDURANCE

Norma Chacon
San Juan College
Photography

I always have your back
I will never leave you
I shall never betray you

My loyalty knows no boundaries
Mystery walks in your mind, as I follow close behind.
My life depends on you, as yours does mine.

I can't be replaced
Neither can you
A shadow is, what a best friend is
Irreplaceable, always by your side, and has great loyalty to you.
Consider your best friend a shadow... Or at least what they should be.

SHADOWS

Jett Fuller
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Lahda doo t'áá íiyisí yá'át'éehgo 'ádaa
nitsískees da.

Ndi ła' ádaaniig o éí "Ha'át'ish biniyé
'áníníninigíi bąąh níni'?"

"Niyee', 'ayóo naa dzólní!"

Éí dooda'í "'Ayóo 'ádaa dzíínídlí!",
dashíłní.

Diné kódashíłnígo, t'óó dadiigiisgo
yádaałti' nániisdzjįh.

'Áko haash yit'éego bił béeedahózin?

Da' shinitsíkees dóó she'iina' bił

béeedahózin?

Ndaga'yee'.

Diné díí bee bił hójilne'go, t'óó hach'į'
bánidahachjįh

"Ha'át'íi lá biniyé díí bee shił

nááhwíínilne'?", náádahałniih.

'Áko t'óó t'áadoo biniyéhígóó shik'is
daniłj náájiniidzjįh.

Díí bik'ee tihooshniihígíi, Diné

yik'ida'didootjįł

ch'ééh nisin ndi 'ákondi Diné t'ah ndi

doo yik'ida'diitjįh da.

'Ákohgo, haalá yit'éego t'áá íiyisí 'ádaa
nitsídzíkees łeh?

Derek Nakai
San Juan College
Poetry

Sometimes I do not think well
about myself
But some say, "for what rea-
son are you worried about your
looks?"

"You, you're very handsome!"
or "You're very arrogant," they
say to me.

When people say this to me,
I think they're talking crazily,
stupidly

So how do they know?

Do they know my thinking and
my life?

No.

When you tell about this to
people, they only get upset to-
wards you.

"For what reason did you tell
me about this again?" they say
to you.

So they're just my friends for
no reason, you think again.

This thing I am suffering from, I
want people to understand
but however people still don't
understand.

So how is one really
supposed to think about
themselves?

THINKING OF ONE'S SELF



TEAL ON WHEELS

Hallie Payne
Mesa View Middle School
Photography

A rusty colored bridge that is carrying many people
A park in the distance with kids playing on it
Golden and green leaves as they fall in the river

Hard rocks touching me
Gentle wind keep me cool from the blasting of the sun
Cold water flowing gently far out of sight

Rustling leaves as the wind blows them all together and
apart.
Ducks squawking, trying not to get hit by rude people
throwing rocks

Tasting water as the rain passes by
Watered dirt as it smells, so fresh

Tasting nothing fills my empty fry mouth

NATURE

Stephen Graven
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

ONLY A NARROW STREET

Brittney Ned
Tibbetts Middle School
Poetry

The red and yellow leaves were falling from the trees lined along the narrow path.

The sky was pink and orange from the setting of the sun.

I could hear nothing, no living soul was around this street at this time.

Then, I could hear footsteps from behind me.

I turned around by one of the orange trees and saw no one.

I turned back around and started to walk.

I didn't get far when I heard the footsteps again. This time,

I was certain that someone was behind me. Following me.

Maybe I was just paranoid. Just keep walking,

I told myself. There's no reason to be scared. Tons of people walk down this street everyday.

If someone is there, just ignore it, I told myself again.

I walked a few steps forward and stopped.

I turned around so that I could see the path of stone sidewalks behind me. Again, no one was behind me. I was almost to my home, just keep walking.

I turned back around and started walking like I told myself to do. I was at the end of the stone pathway so I crossed a deserted street, not used in years.

I heard the footsteps again. Instead of turning around and checking, I just kept walking.

The sound of the footsteps got louder and faster, like someone was chasing after me.

I started to jog down the street with little breath.

The footsteps suddenly stopped. I sighed with relief and started walking again. I was a few yards away from my house.

I was going to go inside and lock all doors. It was all going to be okay.

I was at the door now.

I pulled out my keys and opened the large brown door.

I was halfway through the door when two hands grabbed both sides of my waist.

I was pulled away from the door. The last thing I saw was a pair of old, wrinkled hands and a rope.

To this day, I still don't know what happened to me. I can't leave this tree or she will hurt me. Worse than she did before...

She's not the prettiest,
And not the smartiest,
But what she is,
Is the best she can be,

She may not have the best friends,
But they make her happy,
And, yes, she does have those days where she is not
in the best mood,
But she tries to make the best of it,

Her family isn't the best,
But she loves them and nothing could change that.
She can try to change,
But nothing in the world could change her,
She is real.
And in the world right now,
We need that.

It's all about makeup,
Clothing,
Hair,
And, of course, boys,
She's not interested in all that,
All she cares about is,
Friends,
Family,
School,
And sports!
This is for me!
And I'm different!

OUTCAST

Allison Schroth
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry



HIGH ABOVE

Maddie Ridgley
Piedra Vista High School
Photography

ALIKE

Shundiina Fisaga
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Blonde Heads
everywhere I look

Jet Black hair
Nowhere in sight
Except in my life

I wonder do we
Both think the
Same about each
other?

Red cheeks full
Of laughter

Tan cheeks with
Nothing to say
Walk by

I wonder would
I do the same
thing?

Blue eyes looking and
staring
At the brown eyed girl
Who is different

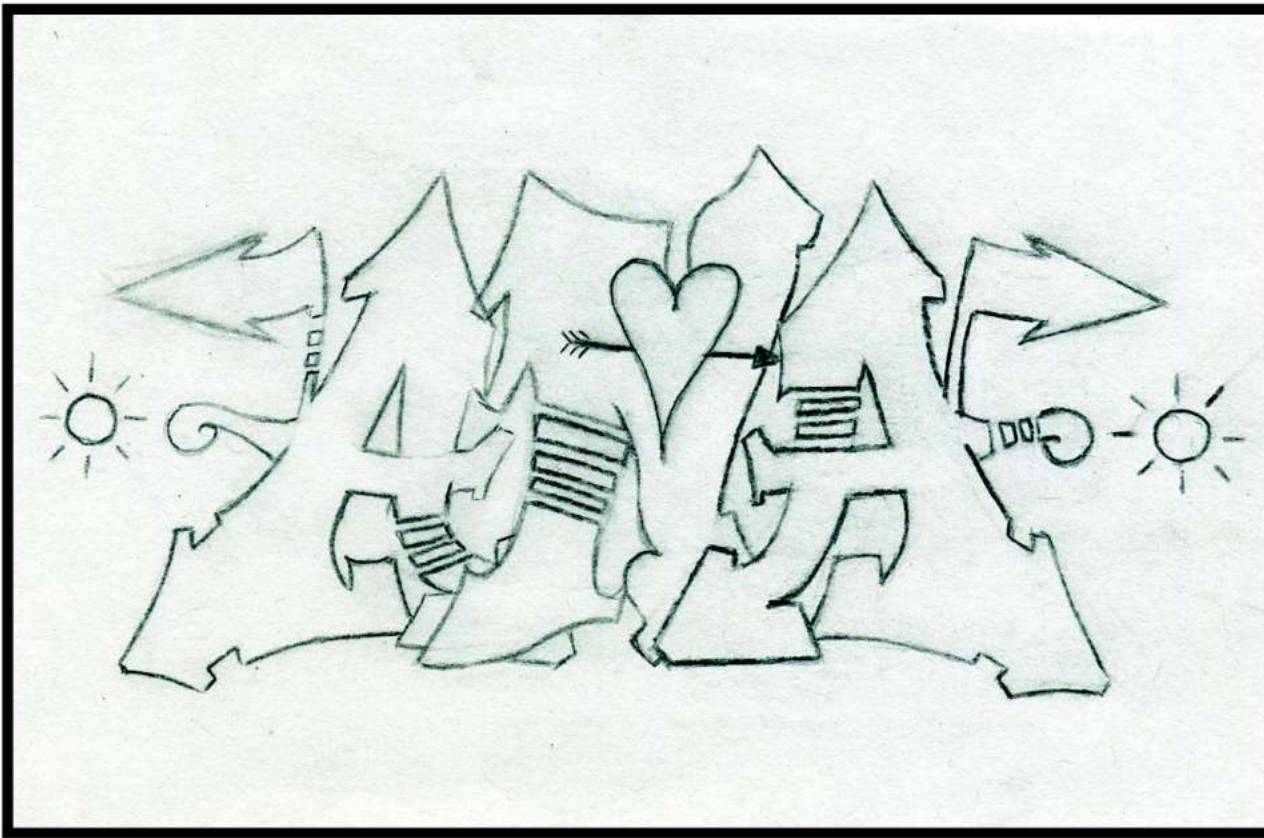
I wonder
Do we cry the same
color?

Piercing voice
screaming at me
because I'm
different

I wonder
do we feel
the same way?

White skin
far beyond my colored eye
can see

Brown skin
only me



GRAFFITI APPELLATION

Fabian Ramirez
San Juan College
Pencil

Kassy Dalton
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

DON'T LEAVE

You broke into my guarded heart
You make me feel like I'm in love
When I know I could never love
again

But now you have to leave,
Leaving me in land of despair

I have to keep these feelings deep
inside
Keeping you from seeing what's
inside
With all these tears I have cried

So you can leave
Just please don't forget about me

SILENT ROOM LOUD ROOM

Hector Murrieta
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Everything Quiet, nothing to be heard.
We were all sitting on the floor.
Wondering who was on the other side.
I was more scared than everyone else.
All of a sudden there was a bang at the door!

I was going in to the class.
I open the door with a kick.
I yelled at the class and shot them.
12 of them dead, the rest injured.
The teacher tried to calm me down.
I shoot him too.

The SWAT team arrived at the school.
We got out with all weapons loaded.
Everyone ran towards the screams.
I was the first to find the room.
Inside I saw the killer.
He threatened to kill everyone if I entered.
But I was ahead of him by one step.
Outside was a team member aiming at him.
Bang!
The window broke, the bullet entered his head.
He was dead. The rest were safe.

BERG PARK

Xavier Torres
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Fluttering yellow
Golden leaves floating
Behind the glistening water

Chirping birds
And the splash of a graceful duck
Landing in the middle of the river

Fresh water
And the grateful aroma
Of a freshly grown sage brush

My tongue, hydrated
From the cool water I
had with my lunch

Cold water touching
My skin while the wind
Blows across the graceful river

Wonderful

When you actually think you can ask him
Shock
Regret
Shame.

When you think you can stop something
Strength
Confidence
Shame.

When you think you can succeed
Hope
Mourning
Shame.

When you think you have friends
Love
Laughter
Shame.

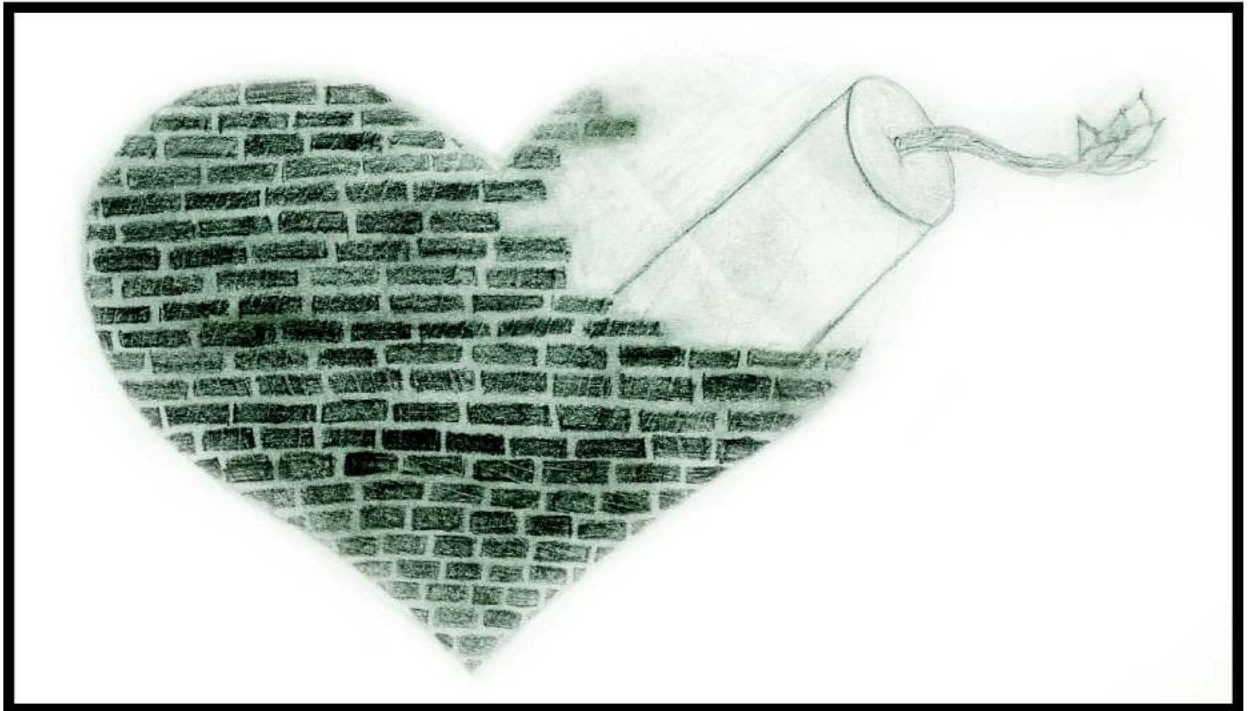
When you know you're going somewhere
Power
Faith
NERVE.

THAT FEELING YOU HAVE

Mary Johnson
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

BREAKING DOWN MY WALLS

Halee Isbell
Home School
Pencil



GUNMAN

Caleb Kuhl
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Waiting, watching, wondering
Confusion all around.
Everything became quiet
It was like the whole world was silent...
I wanted to shout out for help.
Suddenly, gunshots
As loud as an explosion.
I heard screams,
Then more gunfire.
I wondered what would happen next.
As I sat staring at the door
The room seemed to get darker
It was like I was trapped in a nightmare
Waiting forever.
Noises getting closer
Footsteps approaching
Is this the end?

Passing room by room,
Listening for the slightest noise.
A small sound on my left.
I stop and walk to the door
Standing there waiting.
Somebody inside is crying.
I take out my gun and start banging on the
door.
Screaming, shouting, shrieking.
The door wouldn't budge.
Time to improvise
I quickly set a small explosive at the door
and I ran for cover.
A deafening boom and the door was open.
Running inside aiming my gun
The teacher begging me to spare them
One shot,
She falls to the ground.
A few more,
Students join her .
But I'm not finished.

23 dead,
4 wounded
How much longer will this go on?
Tracking the killer was difficult,
Until we heard an explosion from
the seventh grade hallway.
My squad ran that way,
Up the stairs and into the hallway.
There he is.
Bullets fly all around me.
I run for cover and open fire
My squad does the same.
A grenade rolls over me
Boom!
Everything goes blurry,
Ear ringing,
Body hurting.
Recovering a bit
I observe my surroundings...
One man down,
The others fighting on.
I hear a helicopter.
It appears through the window
Behind the gunman,
A sniper crouching in it.
A few more seconds and...
It's all over
Gunman dropping to the floor.
Relief.
Like a weight had been lifted off me.
It is done.

BAHAMAS

Cole Cranston
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Dolphins swimming in their habitat,
People riding on their fins to the sand

Lobster on the grill,
Cooking just for me

Sand in-between my toes,
Soft as can be

Chicken and Burgers,
Sizzling in my mouth

Screeches in the air,
From the dolphins and seagulls

Relaxing

TRAPPED

Kaitlyn Nelson
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Dark, Cold, Lonely
Everyone was frightened
Waiting for something to happen
Doors were locked, windows closed

Frightening, Silent, Curious
We heard 3 shots
A pounding on the door
Did anyone get hurt?

Relieved, Grateful, Thankful
We get the "All clear"
Wait
It was just a drill.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Makenzie Miles
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

The leaves whirl
As if they were a twirl

Crunch and squish
May the leaves go whose

The plastic touch
may fade away

Pumpkin leaves bring
My taste buds gasping

The soil smell
Surrounds the dirt covered leaves



NEVER-ENDING LAND

Dana Standridge
Aztec High School
Acrylic and Charcoal

THE SOUND OF YOU

Stella Sandel
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Your calm, soothing voice
As you're running
Your fingers through
My hair
Everything will be alright
You say with a care
The loud clearing of your throat
I know I'm in trouble
Sometimes I wish
I could pop your bubble
Your feet shuffling
As you walk down the hall
Kissing me goodnight
Peeking around the wall
Being held in your arms
When you've been gone
For a while
Snuggled so tight
I feel like a child
Thank you, dad

Everyone thinks
The biggest bullies
Are the kids who walk the hall

But no one ever suspects
Who the real bullies are

Blaming you for not being perfect
Picking their favorites
Gossiping about you

No one ever suspects
Who the real bullies are

The friends they lose for you
The grades they take from you
The scares they mentally give you

No one ever suspects
Who the real bullies are

The papers they lose
Your grades will drop
The trouble they get you into
Hurts most of all

No one ever suspects
Who the real bullies are

Adriana Miller
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

WHO ARE THE REAL BULLIES

There were good times,
There were bad times
Everything comes
Everything goes
People Respect
People Hate
There's honor
There's disgrace
People are young
People are old

There are many things that run in everyday life
Some are good, some are bad
Things just cut like a knife
Which makes people sad

We must learn how to forgive and forget
And be as beautiful as the sunset
We all have a bad time and a good time
So let's all be sublime

GOOD TIMES BAD TIMES

Daniel Martinez
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

THE DREAM

Hunter Wiggins
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

I Had a Dream
one simple idea
changed everything
We Have a Dream
but not all were willing
to accept it
You Have a Dream
keep in mind
you're not alone
Men Have a Dream
created equal
share yourself
You're not alone

THE LOCKDOWN

Cambrie Jukes
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Silent, quiet, still
No sound coming from anywhere
Nerve wrecking

We had been sitting for hours
Didn't hear anything... did they forget about us?
What was gonna happen?

So much exhilaration, I couldn't think
So many thoughts but.
I was only focused on one thing...we were gonna get out ok?
Wondering clueless about others in their classrooms
Heard one faint gunshot... that was it
What's gonna happen next?

I don't do drugs;
We're not all thugs,

They shout, "Go back to Mexico!";
They never seem to let go,

I'm not a "border-bunny,"
Yes, I have money,

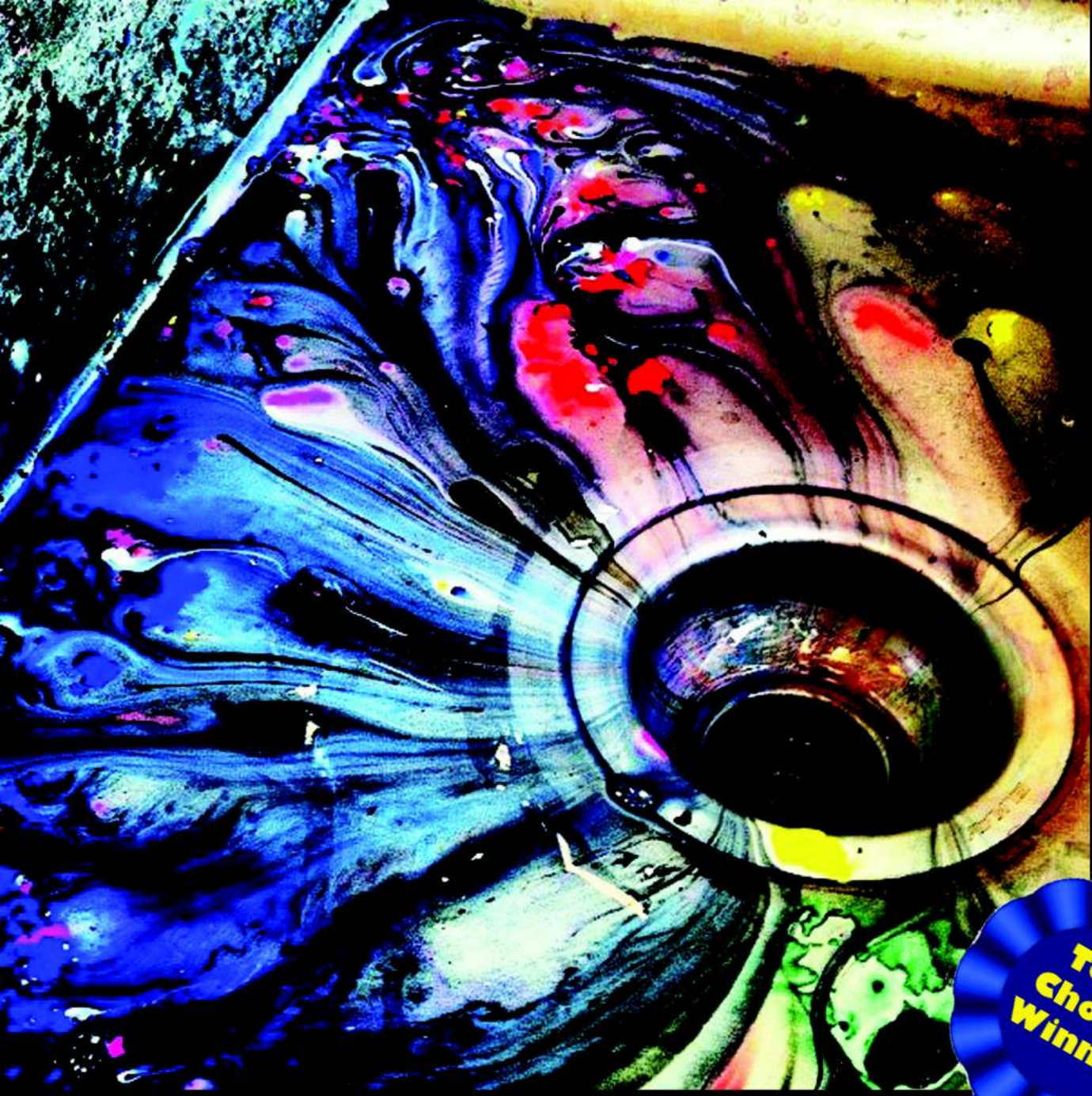
No, I'm not a "wetback,"
There's nothing illegal in my backpack,

Our names are not all "Juan;"
We shouldn't be mowing lawns,

I'm not a "beaner;"
But rather a cleaner...

THROUGH MY EYES

Nolan Dominguez
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry



**Teen
Choice
Winner**

COLOR AFTER MATH

Kelsey Rahm
Home School
Photography

Blended Zine

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

- **NEW Deadline!** Submission due by March 1, 2014.
- 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.
- 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.
- Submissions must be picked up at the release party and no later than two weeks after the release party in the teen zone. SUBMISSIONS NOT PICKED UP WILL BE DESTROYED.
- The Blended staff reserves the right to edit any submission, including, but not limited to, grammatical errors and excessive profanity.
- 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
- 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
 - ➡ Text submissions should be Word documents or PDF files in Times New Roman.
 - ➡ Image should be in .jpg, .tiff, or .psd formats.

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

Blended Zine
2101 Farmington Ave
Farmington, NM 87401

Email:
blendedzine@gmail.com

If you have any questions please call the Teen Zone at 505-566-2201 or visit our website at www.blendedzine.com.

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

RELEASE FORM

FOR PUBLICATION IN THE ZINE

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) _____

Library Card Number: _____

I am interested in receiving information to sell my art at Art Festivals

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

Thank you Lt. Governor John Sanchez New Blended Zine artwork in the New Mexico Round House



Blended Zine would like to thank the following for their support of San Juan County artists:





Madison
Ridgley



Edgar Cruz
Editor



Norma Chacon
Asst. Editor



Halee Isbell