



BLENDED ZINE

VOL. 5 ISS. 1

FOR TEENS BY TEENS!

Cover art by:

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Thanks to all the
teen artists who
submitted!

School Key:

Aztec High School

Bloomfield High School

Farmington High School

Homeschool

Kirtland Middle School

Mesa View Middle School

New Mexico State University

Navajo Preparatory School

Piedra Vista High School

San Juan College

University of New Mexico



All selected pieces in this issue of *Blended*
Zine were chosen from a pool of over
200 submissions

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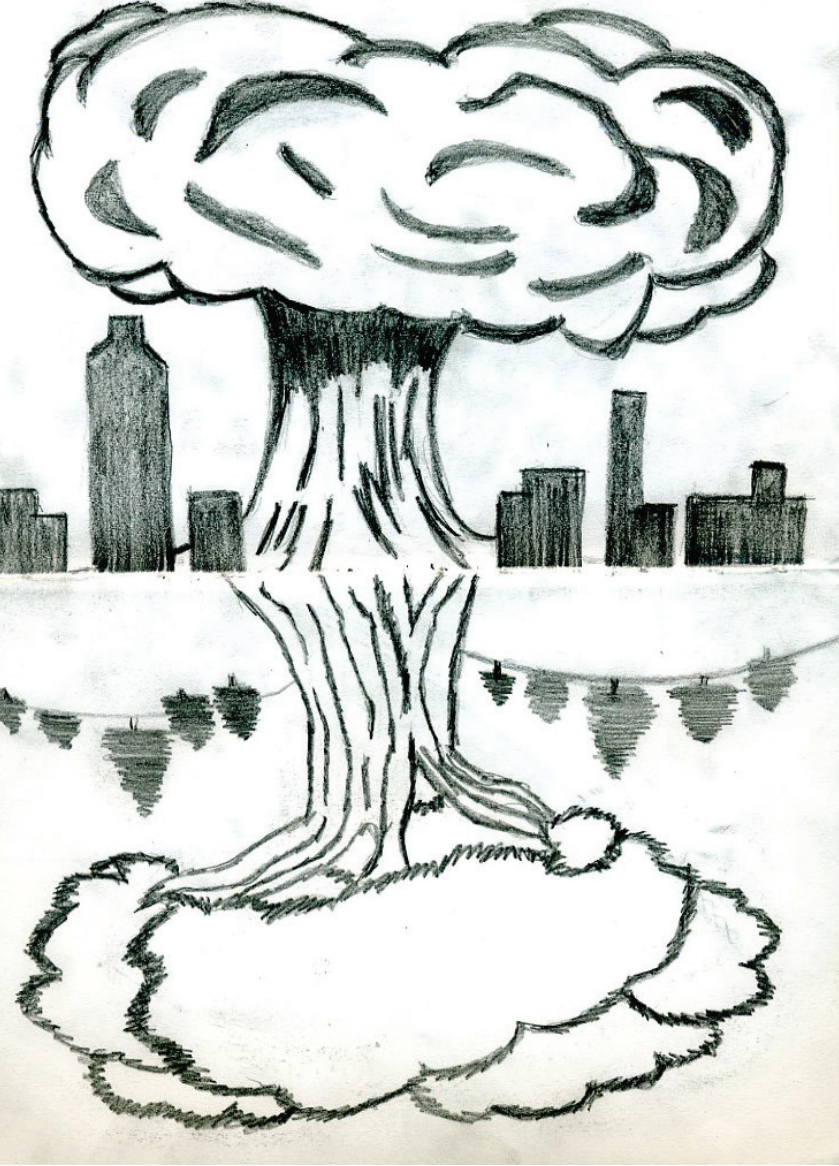
General Staff- Isaiah Begay

Supervisor- Melanie Leeson

Deadline for Spring 2012 submissions:

March 2, 2012

Email blendedzine@gmail.com with questions or comments



Atomic Tree

Isaiah Begay
Farmington High School
Pencil

C70SE

Joshua Himes
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

I am always close
You are always near
As our love unfolds
We have nothing to fear

We are never too far apart
I will be with you forever
You will always be in my heart
For sure I will endeavor

Now you can see
That I'd hate to impose
And you mean the most to me
Don't ever worry, I will always be close



You Are

James Ryall
New Mexico State University
Poetry



Coffee Table

Rebecca Boddy
Farmington High School
Painting

You are my dawn, you are my dusk
You are my happiness, you are my sadness
You are my waking, you are my dream
You are my everything, you are my nothing
You are the beginning, you are the end
Most of all you were the one I love
But time has changed I can see
You have changed, can't you see?
You see me as nothing but a memory.
Thus you were what I once adore.

You have torn to the insides, like a raging storm you have torn.
You emptied what love was there and filled it with tears
You have moved on, I can see. But I hold dear, can't you see?

Now I can see this is me and my eyes are free;
I begin with what you are to me.

You were my dawn, you are my dusk
You were my happiness, you are my sadness
You were my waking, you are my dream
You were my everything, you are my nothing
You were the beginning, you are the end
Most of all you are the one I loved.





Crazy Purple Chocolate

Raymond Flores
Farmington High School
Colored Pencil

Find peace in music
Let it soothe your aching soul.
Find love in the music,
Let it warm and make you
whole.

Tranquility

Elizabeth Foutz
Farmington High School
Poetry

Hear the roaming melody
Smoothly calm with grace.
Feel the sweet serenity
Soft- caress your face.

Let the music become you.
Let your heartbeat speak.
Dry those crying eyes,
The world is not so bleak.



Erica Brown
University of New Mexico
Mixed Media



Teshawna Begaye
Bloomfield High School
Poetry

SALTZY

My heart just can't let you go

Every night, I stare up into the sky, looking at our star
How you treated me and the ways you had made me cry hurt me so bad
When you walked out of my life, I still picture the one sad day
My emotions suddenly changed, when I had nothing else to say
So now it has to be said, out loud, because that's when I let it out
The hurt and sadness will drop, just go away
Tears falling, down my face, just wouldn't stop
You decided not to care, you watched me cry out tears
You got up and left me there, crying
Crying as the day you had said goodbye
When it comes to the word, "falling in love"...a flashback
Comes to head, thinking of the couple we could've become
Running from a guy who makes me feel protected and safe
One thing I always wanted you to do for me
Your love was something, no lies could replace
Arguing and fighting just turned into a big mistake
Clear inside my mind the memories of us won't disappear
Maybe one day we will be together again, even if you don't apologize
But just know, I love you, still hoping that you know
You stay inside my heart, I'll never let what we had go





Red Stream

Maddie Ridgley
Kirtland Middle School
Photography

The Old Tree

Watching as I run out
of the house,
To go to the old tree,
Climbing up the
branches,
That could snap at
any moment.

I miss that old tree,
And thinking of that
movement,
That I thought I loved
it,
They broke its heart,
And broke mine too.

Katie Mead
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry



A View Well Worth the Hike

Nicholas Doherty
Homeschool
Photography



Natural beauty

The slow current,
Peaceful and calm.
The glimmer of mid day sun,
Reflecting like sequins.
A plateau of water,
Gliding by with minimal sound.
The distant churning of downstream
currents.
The only sound, a natural sound.
Chilly water says winter is near.
Early. But not surprising.
The vibrant leaves of fall will be gone soon.
So I will sit here,
Enjoying the natural beauty.

Haley Parson
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

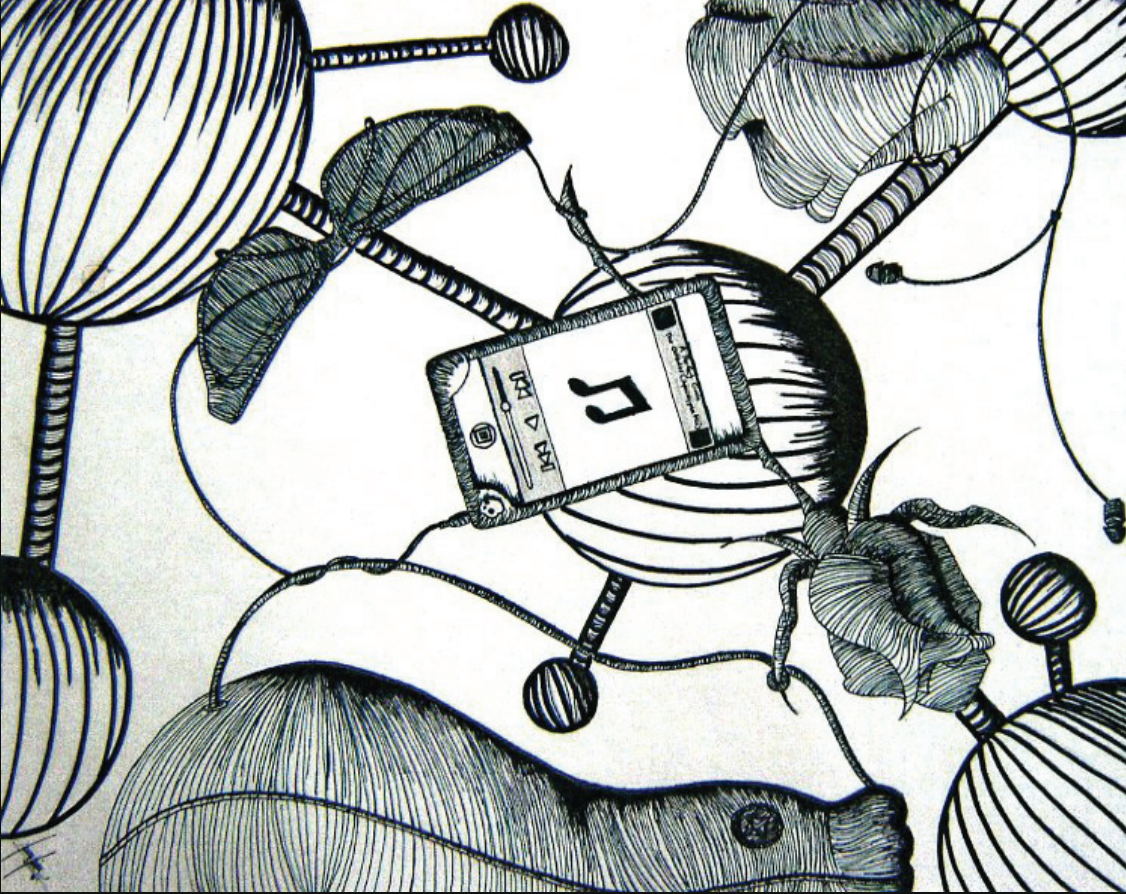




Mackenzie
Pavlik
Farmington
High School
Photography

Under A View of Paris





Jeremy Jimson
Farmington High School
Marker and Pencil

Space

Fruit of Temptation

Haley Parson
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Don't fall for the trap,
The starving man stares
At the apple on the table.
Beckoning you closer, closer, closer.
It is too hard to resist.
It pulls you into its orbit.
You grow closer, closer, closer.
You cannot deny the over whelming feeling
Rushing over you like a wave.
You have gone too far
And now it will win,
As it draws you closer, closer, closer.
You have no will,
So sense is no intangible.
The hand outstretches before you,
Pulling you closer, closer, closer.
And as you come nearer,
You shiver. You realize
You have become another victim of
The Fruit of Temptation





Teen Choice Winner

Touching Your Dreams

Jensen Litke
San Juan College
Photography

Love is Special

Taylor Donahue
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Love is an inspiration
Like sunshine in the morning
Looking at the ocean
Loving your life
Living your dream
Liking yourself
Looking at the world
Especially for the first time
Like looking into the eyes
Of a new born baby
It truly is special

And special things are important to have in your life.





Perfect Symmetry

Mackenzie Pavlik
Farmington High School
Photography

Rethink

Tami Chapman
Bloomfield High School
Poetry

How did you fall
When earth met thunder
Struck deep and black asunder
And yet you think deeply drink demand
Sipping blindness by the hand
And eyes that turn
To strike ones fear
Yet a change begins to render here
Be wise to pulse
Be true to think
Don't let despair
Make you sink
Rethink this state
Re-look about
Don't make me raise my fists
And shout
For who is the one who resides in shadows

Tis I tis I
The one who matters
And love is just a word to sing
Unless you are the one who dreams
But always do we think by others
Is it our heart that emerges the thunder?
Are you the one who knows inside
Little problems
Little fights
I raise my eyes
Then hide them away
I'm afraid of your pulse
I would always stay
But why would the wanted
Sit in wallow?
When there is no invitation to swallow....





Coplan Maley
Bloomfield High School
Acrylic

Oblivion

Blinders on
he's all you see
who's going to be there
when he's long gone,
surely not me
master of persuasion
I'm just your friend
I don't want confrontation
but why try
when these blinders shield your eyes

Anonymous
Poetry





Nature's Beauty

Raquel Salazar
Bloomfield High School
Pencil

Silent and peaceful
Crickets singing
Dragonflies flying

Sparkling waters
Pondering fish
Hungry ducks

What You Find In a Pond

Roxana Cereceres
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

Cat tails swaying
Cool breeze flowing
Hot sun beaming

Silent and peaceful
What do you do
When the world is loud
But the pond is quiet





DISTINCT

Chenoa Franklin
Navajo Preparatory School
Photo Manipulation

How I Love

All my love
Love so amazing, amazing to see
See you just gazing To see your smile
Smile to blossom
Blossom into a pile
Pile of rose Gazing in your eyes
Eyes that meet mine Mine to hold
Hold forever All of my dreams
Dreams of you and I love my dreams

Dreams that meet eye to eye
I wish I could last Last with all of you
You seem to be moving too fast
Fast enough you could've flew
How I love
Love that meets love
Love from up above
Above I shall love.

Latisha Herrera
San Juan College
Poetry



Creation

The creation of creation
never ceases to exist
The second one thing is made so another

Anyone can do it as long as they try
And always stick to it

But so many times one simple trial of faith
Stops the man from trying more

But as long as they stick to it
The greatest creation is made

Hopefully one day everyone will create
Something amazing and deep

For creation is not what you do
it's what you feel deep inside
and bring it out.

Dallin James
N/A
Poetry



I SEE YOU

Martell Fowler
Farmington High School
Ink



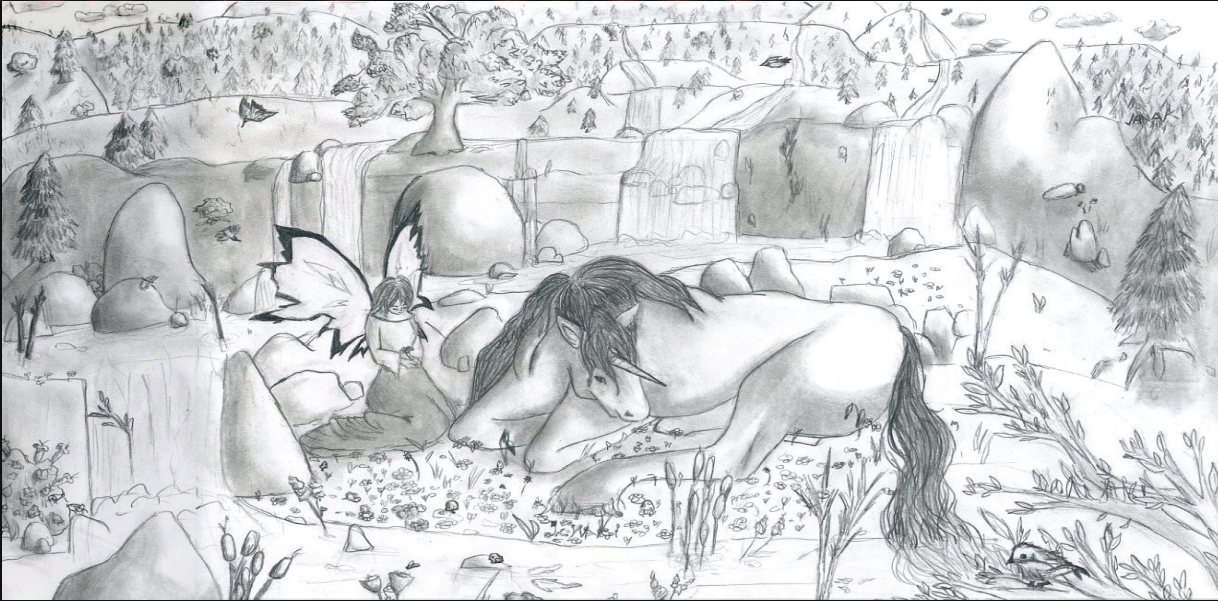
Promise

Katalina Valdez
Bloomfield High School
Poetry

Friends forever.
That was the promise we made.
Now I sit and wonder
Is our friendship starting to fade?
Things change, I know.
Every day brings something new.
True colors start to show.
And I end up losing you.



In the Forest



Alyssa Present
Farmington High School
Pencil

Dear Father

Dear Father,
You were sick and feeling lonely
All the while I'm here living so called happily
Slowly your days pass
While mine move fast
My days are filled
With never-ending guilt
You should be here with us
Maybe I should have spent more time with you
I wish I would have done a lot of things
Although there were a lot of good moments.
This despair constantly hangs over my Dear Father

Kachina Ganz
Piedra Vista High School
Poetry



Vivid Life

Raquel Salazar
Bloomfield High School
Photography



I lie on the grass in the center of the field
No one is around and I am alone.
The only sounds are the tree's leaves
Fingered by the breeze

And its lullaby seems to put me to sleep.
I let my eyes close though the world around me is perfect
and I love to look

And just before falling into a nap of sweet dream
I hear footsteps coming
I am afraid to hope it's you
But I do it anyway because I can't help it.
I hear my name whispered and my eyes flutter open

And delighted butterflies dance in my stomach.
I smile as I greet you and you lie on the grass beside me.
We sit there, two friends dear to one another
Saying nothing because the sweet company is enough
Because we could tell each other anything in the world but
don't have to
Because the quiet is really a hushed "I love you."

Silence on the Grass

Aubrey Burbank
Homeschool
Poetry



Sparkling lucent and bright
Smooth wind blowing
Cool and pleasant
Hear the flowing of water on rocks
Surrounded by tress, green with life
Who would have thought
Of a world so quiet and majestic

Rushing water crashing against rocks
Current flowing with not a thing to stop it
Sunlight beaming against my skin with a cool
breeze
Fishes lurking around not caring about above

Bugs swarming on the water
Do they see food
Or just fooling around
You will never know
What goes on

Stranger

Roxana Cereceres
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry



Lake Las Vegas

Allyson McGuire
N/A
Photography





Native Dream

LaKiesha Benally
Bloomfield High School
Colored Pencil

Cops getting closer and closer
While I hide
Scared of what would happen
If I get caught across the border.

Sirens getting louder
As I run,
Run from those who want me out,
Out of this country.

Scared as I fall asleep at night
For I wonder
What will I
Do to support my family.

Sweat running into my mouth
As I run from my troubles
The troubles of not knowing what to do
While hiding in this country.

A dark alley
Is the only place to sleep
For no one will sell us a house
Rejected, forgotten, scared, troubled.

Where Will I Hide Tonight

Davis Gurley
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry



I wanna slow down
feel the dew on the grass
as we watch the stars
the fire flickering

breathe in the summer air
all our problems behind us
nothing but love
our hearts intertwined
like your fingers
and our souls

More Than Alive

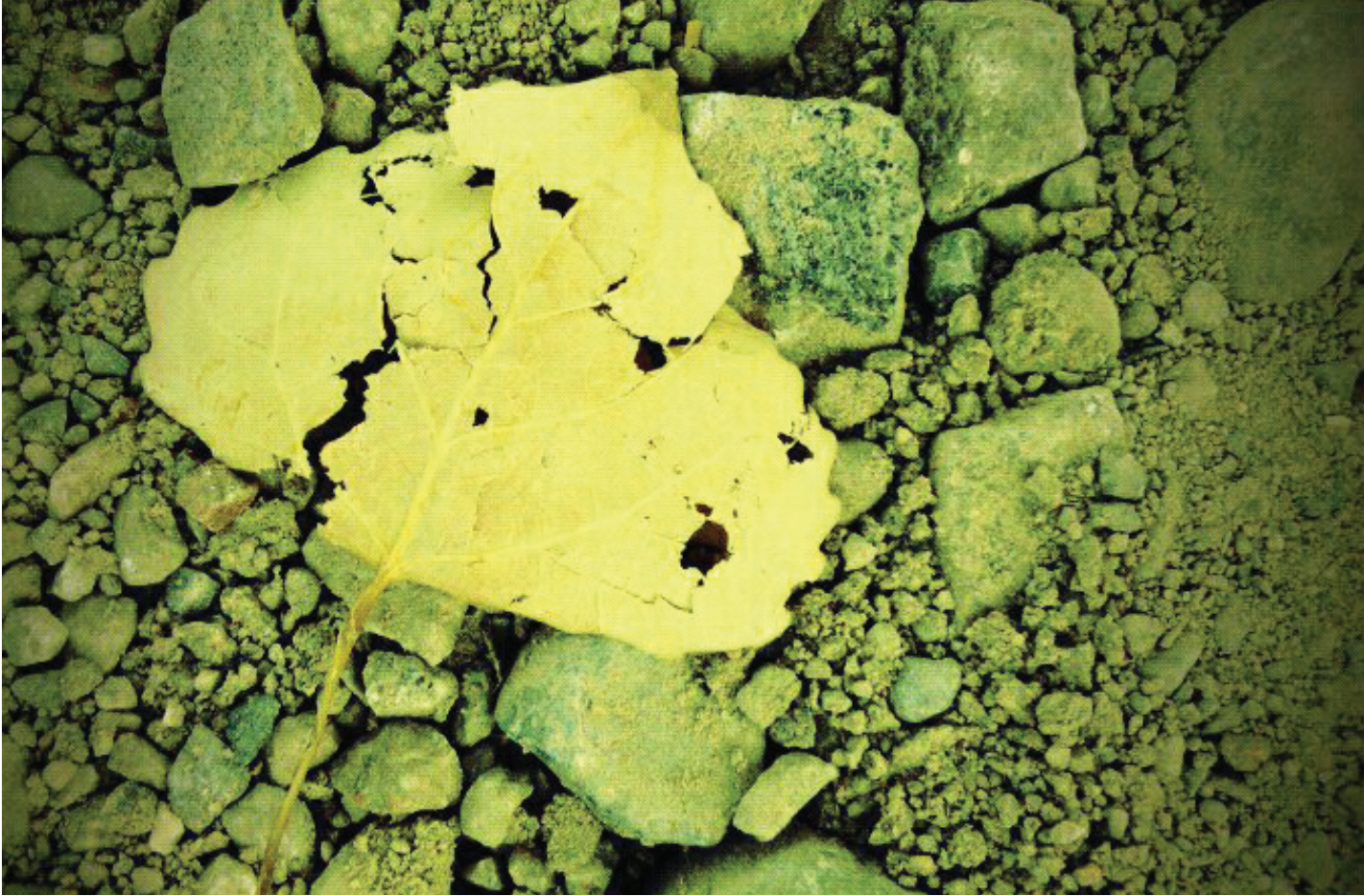
Kylee Greider
Bloomfield High School
Poetry



St. Michael

Tony Cordova & Alex Valdez
Bloomfield High School
Acrylic & Oil





Broken

Kelsey Rahm
Aztec High School
Photography

ARTISTS

Nicholas Doherty
Homeschool
Poetry

All is weariness
All is madness
All is noise
All is sadness

No birds are flying
Men are dying
No-one loves
The people (They all) are crying

They think only of themselves
and their work
They build their own worlds.

But for others

All is clean
Bright and fresh
Nature is seen
in simple dress

Birds are flying
Men are dying
And Yes they love
The people crying

As they lie thinking of everyone
The make their small creations
reflecting the most colourful mural
...the world...
far too beautiful for words.



All Alone

Lane Staley
Farmington High School
Sharpie



Amberline

Sera Fuller
Kirtland Middle School
Poetry

Just take my hand
I'll lead you to
a secret land
by the name of Amberline.

It's not too late
to run away
from all the trouble
all the hate.

Please close your eyes
open your mind
it's not that hard
to love a place like
Amberline

Make me complete
breathe me in
As the winter here
slowly fades away

Please
Please
Hold me close
in a place called
Amberline





Majic Faces

Lane Staley
Farmington High School
Painting

Villains cannot cause pain
Evil attempts in vain
Someone comes to my side
Saves me, and makes sin hide
Each time you save my soul
Love saves me from that hole
Out of love I'd save you
For sometimes I need to
You cannot stand without
Our love is so devout
Use our love, no more pain
Righteousness is your name
Virtue, show us your way
I'll never go away

Reach for us, save us the truth was always your must
under your wing we soar evil can't see your shore

Anthony Pyers
Farmington High School
Poetry

Show us the way



Found My Way to Morning

It must have been last night
I found myself
dreaming of life among
lights, hanging
in the darkness;
stars hovering overhead,
surrounding me,
whispering their secrets
aloud.

I was one sentence
all stretched out to fit
seventeen years
and eleven months of life
when suddenly
it ended,
an ink blot unexpectedly
at the edge of a page,
blinded by empty space.

I awoke with my face
pressed against the pillow,
reached for my headphones, hoping
to wash away the lingering
fear and disorientation,
and I slowly floated
up to the shore, riding
on gentle waves of
Meiko, Peter Kater, Paper Moon.
I finally found my way
to morning and somehow
here, to this desk
in the corner of third hour,
with a paper moon still
hovering in my mind.

Kateland Harris
Bloomfield High School
Poetry

Flying

Theron Litke
San Juan College
Photography

High





Magenta Blossom

Bryan Sturdevant
Bloomfield High School
Photography

Your Place

Elizabeth Roark
Mesa View Middle School
Poetry

There is that one place where only you can enter.
Nobody else but you is the center,
Of all things good and bad.
You are the only one who can think your thoughts,
Or even tell your tales.
Just that one place that connects you with the rest of
the world.
Of course I am talking about your imagination.
You are the one in control,
No matter if it includes burying someone in your whole.
With all of this you can be,
Whatever you want, even if you choose to fell,
But those thoughts will never leave.
That place you love,
Without the peeves.
For true love's first kiss,
Will never let you part,
From that place you love,
That was started,
Inside your heart.





Norma Chacon
Farmington High School
Drawing

Grandpa

Jacqueline Jaquez
Bloomfield High School
Poetry

He's gone
In a box he lies
I miss him
His hugs
His gentle hands
Grandpa
Why did you go?
With out a goodbye
You were tired
You just wanted to rest
I know
But we miss you
We need you
It was your time
But why did you leave her
She loves you
She cries and cries for you
And only dresses in black
But don't take her with you
Yet
Give us more time with her
You will once be together again
For an eternity to come
R.I.P. Grandpa



What is Right?

Anthony Pyers

Farmington High School

Poetry

I promised I would fight
I would stand against those who caused others pain
I will not give in, for I have my might

Though some give up to this plight
Because they themselves are too weak, to my disdain
I will not give in, for I have my might

Stronger men than I have fallen to this dark, not light
Yet I stand here now, and still sane
I will not give in, for I have my might

I am here now, unafraid of the darkness of night
Here comes the darkness now, that has yet to wane
I promised I would fight

It is here now at its full and menacing height
As I looked upon it's dark form, I pictured myself slain
I promised I would fight

It is over and I will stay, even if I have lost my sight
I stay for the weak, so my friends haven't gone in vain
I promised that I would fight
I will not give in, for I have my might





Fountain of Hope

Jensen Litke
San Juan College
Photography



Robin Martin
Farmington High School
Drawing

The Grim Reaper



SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

- Deadline for submissions is March 2, 2012.
- 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 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) _____

Library Card Number: _____

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

Blended Zine

would like to thank the



for their continued support of
San Juan County artists



Look for Blended Zine artists selling their original art on February 17, 18, & 19, 2012 in the Henderson Fine Arts Building at San Juan College!

Blended Zine



Thanks Lt. Governor John
Sanchez
for displaying Blended
Zine art in the New Mexico
Round House!

- To vote for Teen Choice artwork
to be published in the next issue of

Blended

Visit our website

- BLENDED IS CONSIDERING GOING STATEWIDE FOR MORE
INFORMATION VISIT OUR WEBSITE.

at www.blendedzine.com



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