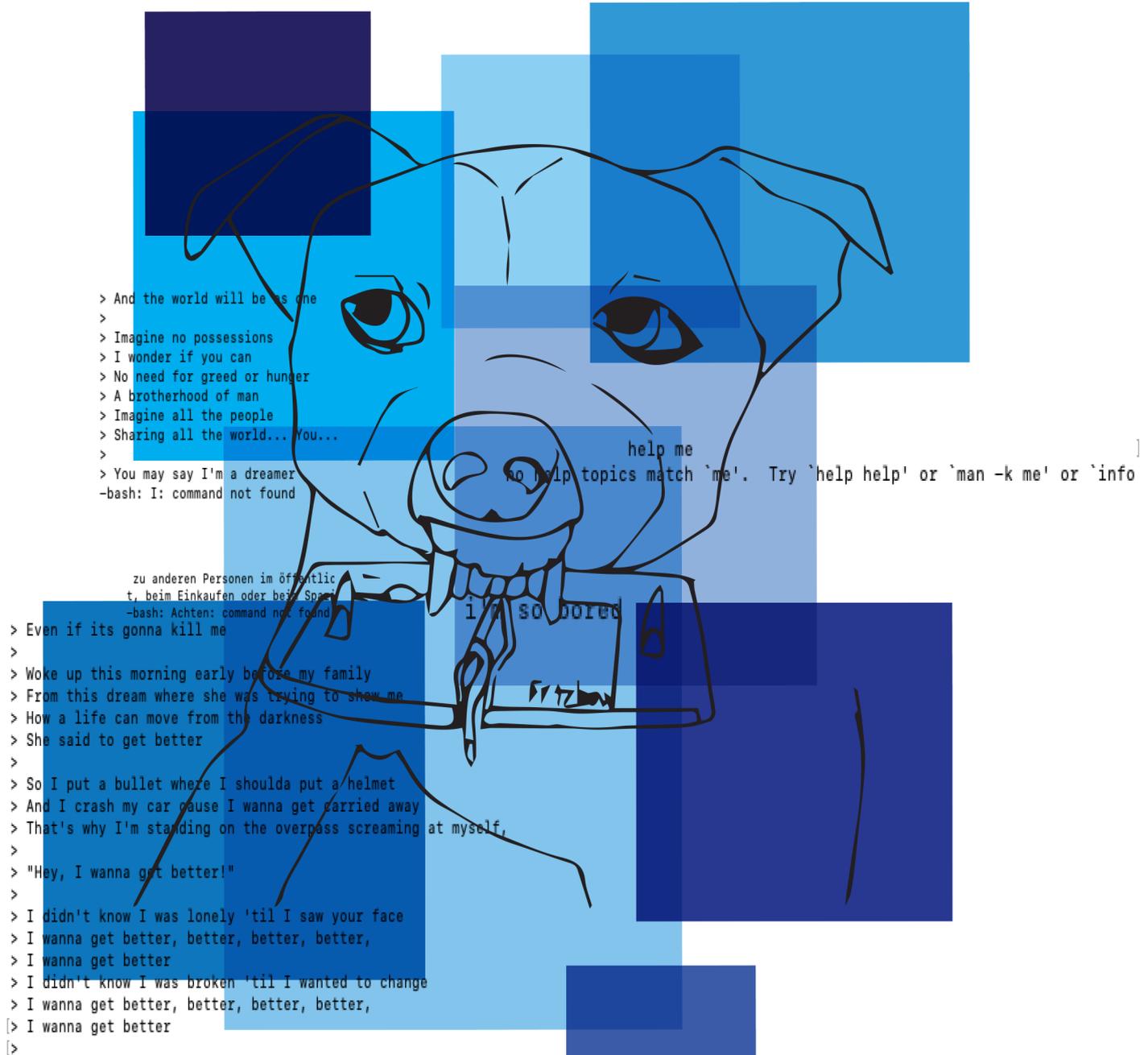


haywire

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



ISSUE NUMBER 15/ SPRING 2021:

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Publisher's Note

by Liliana Walker, 12d

Producing Haywire this year appeared at the start a near impossibility. Not only were a lot of us drained and dejected after now over a year of fear and isolation, but we didn't have most of the tools Haywire usually depends upon. Unable to meet in person for most of the year, we were limited to what we could come up with on our personal computers. Even so, we set out to try and make something that represents, in some way, the spirit of Haywire while working with our modern conundrum. Our cover this year well represents the process of making this issue, an amalgamation of creative ideas thrown together amongst all the distractions of working from home. That's what this issue is: a sign of the times.

If you look through the works we've included, you may observe that the designs seem disjointed, like we were on entirely different pages while putting it together. And you'd be right! To that I can only say that it seems quite representative of the year we've all had. This issue is diverse, colorful, chaotic, and always

enthusiastic. And beautiful. A lot of our work this year focuses on identity, on confidence and anxiety, on who we used to be and who we will become. A lot of it also probes imagined situations and distant memories, as we all certainly had the desire to escape the here and now. There are a few unique things isolation has

afforded us, and this artwork reflects the value students found in rare time for self-reflection, imagination, and the monotony of our bedrooms.

I couldn't be more grateful to have had so much fun making art in Haywire, or prouder to leave JFKS after putting out such a beautiful

confusion of an issue—it certainly feels how high school felt to me. As always, many thanks go out to the artists and writers at JFKS who fuel Haywire with your fantastic submissions. Thanks to our readers, too, for taking the time to appreciate art and creative expression by young people. And my unending thanks to the Haywire members and all of your unyielding commitment to figure it out somehow.

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



UNTITLED

Warning: Mention of murder and domestic violence (Not described in detail)

by Kai Lee, 9e

Based on a true story. This is a story about a man and a woman. I know it sounds like it would be your cliché love story. While that'll be how it starts, this definitely is not your usual love story. This is a kind of a cataclysmic story. It begins in a police station, Delilah had gotten in trouble the night before for drinking and driving. She saw David across the room from her. Although his height was surprising, what caught her eye was his brown eyes covered by his bushy eyebrows and his collared deep blue shirt. She was too distracted by this mysterious man. She decided to go up to him and start a conversation.

She walks up and introduces herself.

“Hey, I’m Delilah, what’s your name?”

“I’m David. What is a beautiful woman like yourself doing at the police station?” He notices all the holes in her white V-neck shirt clearly from cigarettes. As he is busy admiring her beauty she explains,

“I got caught drinking and driving. What about you?” Trying not to scare her away, he lies and says,

“Same here. Do you wanna hang out sometime?”

“Yes, of course! Here’s my number,” then proceeds to write down her number.

Around four days later Delilah's phone dinged. She quickly picked it up and read the text from David asking if she wanted to have lunch the next day at 12:30 at Yashi Sushi. She texts him back and agrees to it. She decides to wear the same thing she does every day. After all, that was how she was most comfortable. As the time approaches to meet David she starts to worry he won't show or will cancel. When

it's time to go she walks out to the living room where her parents are sitting on the couch watching FOX News. She tells them she's heading out and grabs the car keys running out the door.



Artwork by Emma Flint, 12a

A few minutes later she arrives and waits for David to arrive. When he arrives he sits down across from her. They both order sweet tea and some sushi. As they wait for the food Delilah sits there admiring his face and outfit. As they wait, they have a little conversation and get to know each other better. The meal is uneventful, they just get to know each other better. Once they finish David pays and asks if she would like to get ice cream. They walk across the street to a cute little ice cream place, they both get mint chocolate chip.

Afterward, they go their separate ways. Delilah gets in her car to drive home, but she decides to call her best friend



Lillian. She tells Lillian about David and how much she likes him. Lillian, being her overprotective best friend googles him. The man Delilah described comes up immediately, David Shaun Corson, convicted for murder in Augusta, Maine.

“Did he tell you where he is from D,” she asks, beginning to worry.

“Yeah, he was born in Augusta, Maine, he moved here because of a new job. Why do you ask?”

“Delilah this guy was convicted for murder in Maine, he murdered his ex.”

“Lillian, I’m sure he has changed. If he hadn’t he would probably still be in jail. You are being too careful again,” she reminds her before hanging up. When she gets home her entire family is there waiting for her to go out.

Ten months later

David has temporarily moved in with Delilah’s parents. They all decide to have a bonfire in Ann and James’ backyard. The whole family comes. They are all drinking and having a good time while the kids roast marshmallows. They are sitting on stone benches David, Rose and Marie made. After a couple of hours of hanging out everyone has to head home. The whole family knows this is a night no one will ever forget. The next day after work Delilah calls everyone over again to tell them she and David found an apartment. They can move in next month.

After Delilah and David move in Marie starts to notice Delilah acting a little differently and wants to ask why but she isn’t sure she should. She tries to ignore it but as time goes on it gets worse. Eventually, Marie begins to notice

Delilah limping as well as some bruises on her arms and legs. She brings it up to her parents, but they say she probably just fell down the stairs. She tried to forget about it but she still thinks something is going on so she tries asking Delilah.

“What are these bruises and cuts on your arms and legs,” she asks her aunt.

“Oh it’s nothing, I just accidentally hit my thigh on my dresser.”

The week Delilah and David move Rose and Marie are going to a camp at the YMCA and are therefore staying with their grandparents who drive them every day. Tuesday morning Michael, their father woke them up at 6 a.m. Which was strange because their grandparents were supposed to wake them up. When her father woke her up, he told Marie to go into the sewing room, right after opening the door she saw her mother sitting on the bed crying. A minute later Rose and her father walk in.

“Well a little issue came up with your aunt’s move into her own apartment with David,” he manages to gather his voice together and finish his thought.

“Last night David stabbed Delilah with a knife, then ran away in her car.” Both the children burst into tears. They say in unison “w- what?”

He repeats himself. Although they have gotten some terrible news they still have camp. They both get dressed. After they have gotten ready their grandmother drives them to the camp. They both start crying when they see the Gate station she worked at. All-day at camp they are holding back tears.



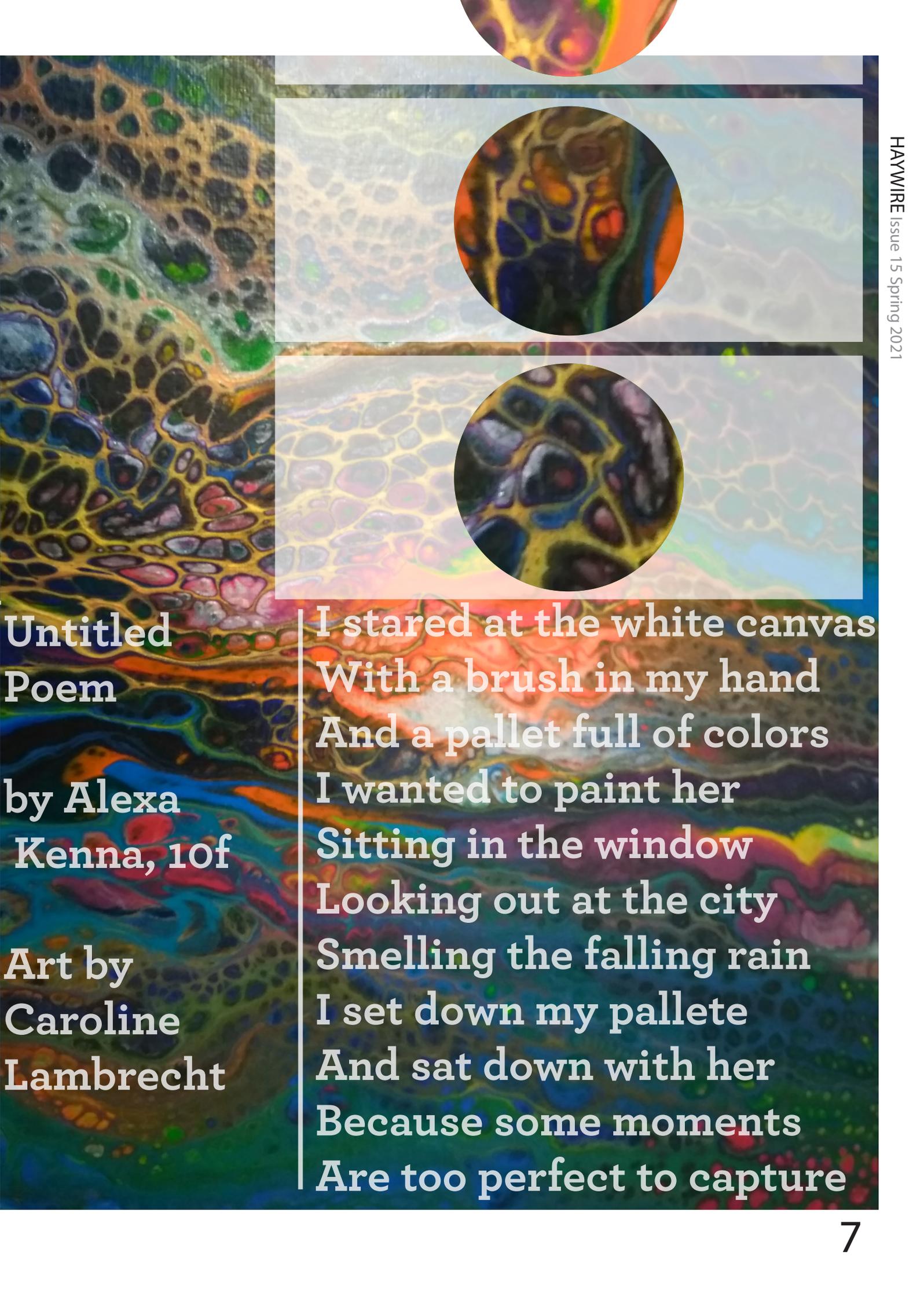
On braver nights I might have waded through
the faceless, unsuspecting crowd
of animated bodies glowing with jubilation

On braver nights I might have forgotten
the careless hands which wander the room
will also graze my skin

On braver nights I might have forgotten
seeping repulsion that creeps across my body
O why must a simple touch be so cruel
and seldom times so sweet?

On braver nights I might have waded through
the faceless, unsuspecting crowd
and been imbued with a lighter heart
and a harder shell

Untitled Poem
by June Gromis, 12a



Untitled
Poem

by Alexa
Kenna, 10f

Art by
Caroline
Lambrecht

I stared at the white canvas
With a brush in my hand
And a pallet full of colors
I wanted to paint her
Sitting in the window
Looking out at the city
Smelling the falling rain
I set down my pallete
And sat down with her
Because some moments
Are too perfect to capture



Oliver Wiesmann, 10e

Our Time

Isabella Ramsey, 9e

The time has come my friends,
To take over the world.
We see the faults they don't,
So let's all get rid of the old.
We may be young,
This may seem new,
But we'll get it done,
We'll see it through.
All that's wrong,
We'll set it right.
They won't think to resist,
They won't put up a fight.
The kindling is ready,
Let's ignite the fuel.
The time has come my friends,
The world awaits our rule.

Perfection

Eva Davidovitch, 10c

Shivering I sat there, thinking. The stinging cold crawled through my window, making its way around me, holding me in its suffocating, entombing embrace, its ghosting fingertips slowly making their way up my arms, my legs, my torso, my neck.

It stopped.

It hurt.

I couldn't any longer.

The choking grip tightening around my neck. I heard the screaming, the crying, the beating.

Is it supposed to be like this? Yes, apparently.

I lifted my body, the weight making it seem impossible. Elevating my lead like mound of flesh, I picked up my distraction. Its screen lit up, waiting to show me what life was supposed to be like.

Perfect.

The absence of meaning this word entailed is what made it truly perfect. 'I wish my life were perfect.'

What does that even mean?

Absolute irreality. That's what it truly meant. An unattainable aspiration swirling in the wind, like a feather.

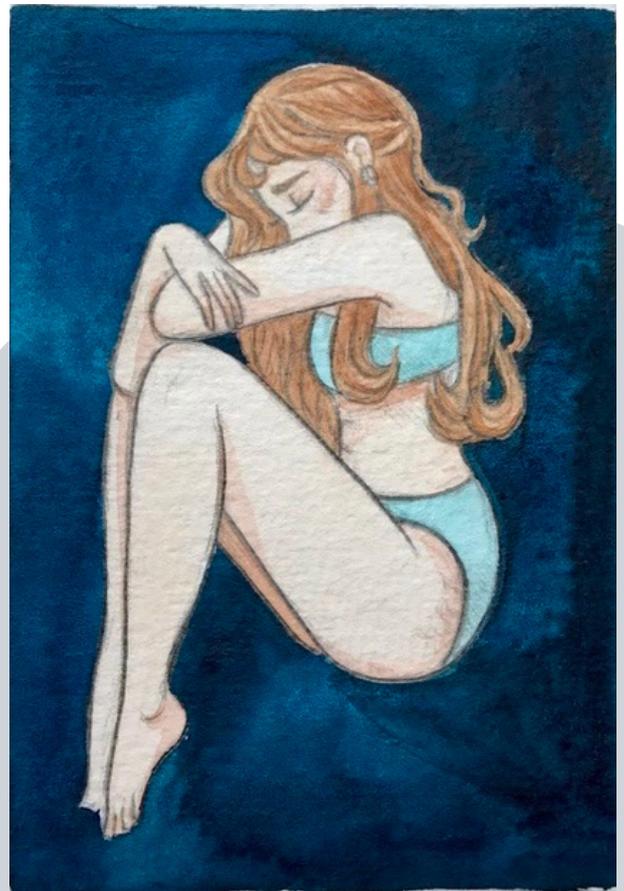
People trying to grasp it, without any realization of their surroundings, throwing others aside, using them to get higher, piling them onto the accumulation of rotting corpses, not discerning until it's too late, until you yourself were reduced to that decaying state.

The nonexistent feather fed on hope, on faith, like a jackal praying on the dead, driving the illusion of its existence.

The moment you managed to grasp that feather, the moment you felt that sense of accomplishment through success, when you sacrificed everything to get there, is when life spits you in the face, mocking you, ridiculing you; the feather slips away.

But that unattainable idea of desire is what recommences your ridiculous, senseless journey, it is what enslaves you without you fighting it.

I am a slave to perfection, we all are.



Mathilda Gross, 11a

L I G H T

by A n o n y m o u s

I bake in the sun and I think to myself: I want to drink sunlight. Let the golden, godly drink slip down my throat and warm my heart. Breathe the sweet warmth in and out, waiting for the moment I can't take anymore. But that never comes. Because I can't breathe sunlight, nor drink it, only feels it's light on my skin as if it's coming out of me. But I don't want to give the light of the sun on me away. I want to take it for myself. You can never feel satiated when you are craving sunlight. It smells like daffodils and the purr of a cat. Take too much of it and you will become hot red, a paper ignited by a flame until nothing but ash remains, but too little and your soul will shrivel away into nothing, remembered by none.

Artwork by Cade Beckley, 10d

Potatoes
Jessica Larsen, 7e

Potatoes
people think they
are simple
But really
They are much, much,
more



They can be made
into French fries,
mashed potatoes,
sweet potatoes,
potato pancakes,
curly fries,
baked potatoes,
and regular plain potatoes



I could go all day
no?
OK
I won't
let me just say, ...
I love potatoes,
Potatoes

and ...
(take a deep breath)

Air Fryer crispy potatoes,
loaded slow-cooker potatoes,
perfect mashed potatoes,
(LOL)

potato casserole,
Fried mashed potato balls,
Garlic smashed potatoes,
German potato salad,
Oven-fried pickle potato
chips,
potato chips,
salty potato chips,
Garlic potato chips,
Sour cream and
onion potato chips,

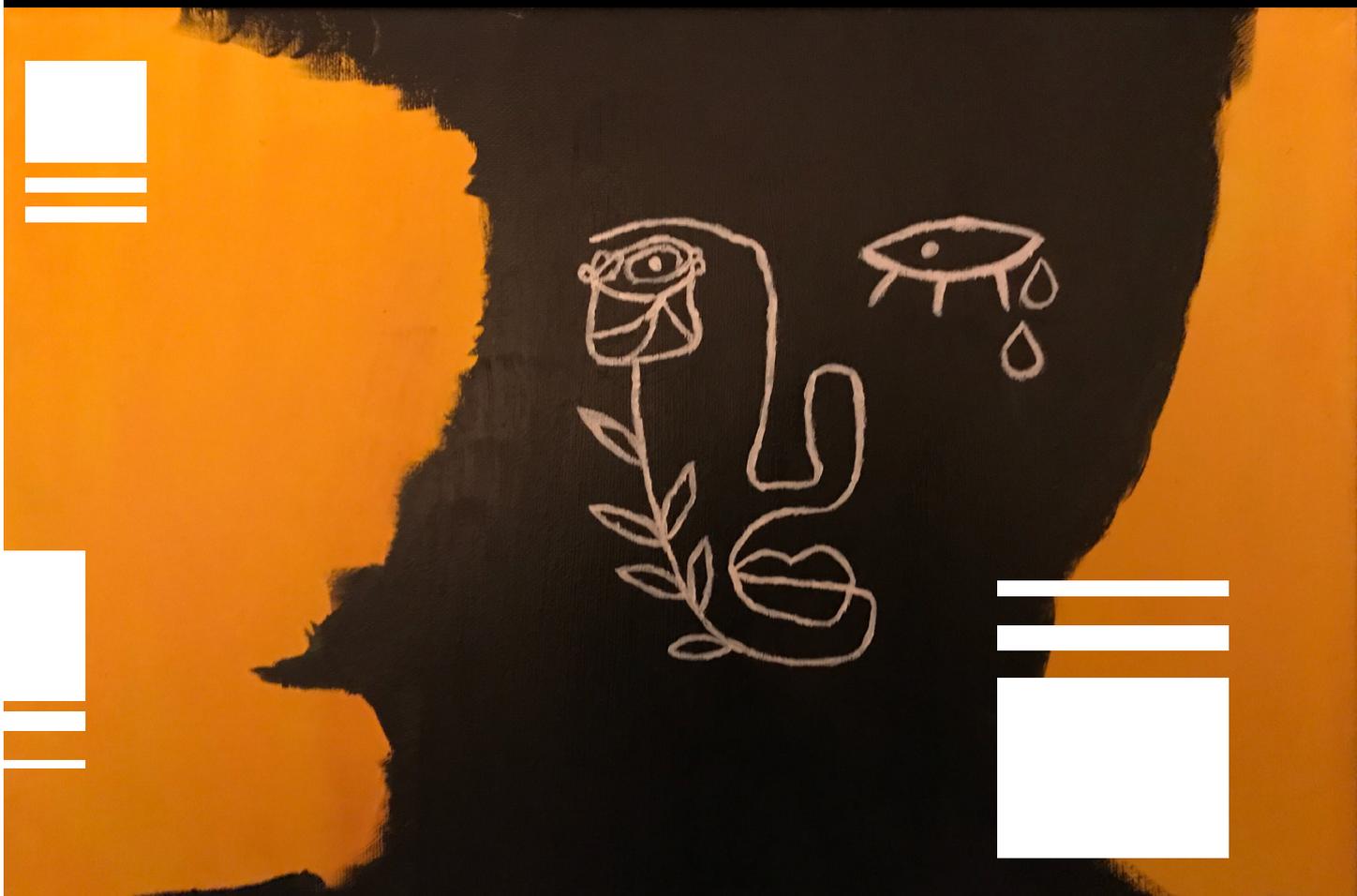
and on ...
and o n ...
and o n ...

let me just say, ...
I love potatoes,
Potatoes





Art By Cade Beckley 10d



Bring Me the Keys
by Sophie Meissner, 11d

I leave the keys behind the door
it's been a while since I've done so
and when a fist in the morning
becomes a palm as the day opens up
i press in the bell

it's funny when he greets me
he's more tired every time
he's probably fed up. I might be too.
he's been asking me to bring keys since the creation
ever since there was to be light

and one day i did

but the palm was dry and cracked when i put the keys into the door
the absence of bell filled my mind
i tried to turn the knob but my wrist got stuck
and the light above my head i couldn't find
but what's worse, what saddened me the most

he didn't come back to see me

don't get me wrong, soon he'll leave, he'll be gone
and there won't be a bell left to ring
and when he is gone, only thoroughly gone,
i guess it'll be time for me to bring the keys

but the mark of adulthood that comes with the keys, that's something
that I don't need now

so i'll forget once again,
for just one day more, and bury the truth in my brow

yes i won't bring the keys, if it lets me see him longer
ill buck up and say i forgot

so once again i knock
i turn to ring the bell
the buzzer beeps, the cover keeps

behind the door wafts a familiar smell

and he's there to greet me.

I Don't Want to be Another Statistic
Anonymous

My name is Olivia.
The volume and brightness of my vibrant, red hair matches my personality. It bounces up at every attempt to comb it like a stubborn spring. I have this thing when I'm anxious where I have to jump up and down up and down up and down up and down. It's my own funky dance that releases the nervous energy that keeps piling Up up up up.

I can't help it. Even my laugh unnerves people. Sudden and loud and inappropriate and too frequent. I seem to propel people away with my authenticity. A helicopter that seems normal until you come so close you turn away because the wind is too strong.

So, that's me.
I was called odd my whole life until I was 18, then I was odd and diagnosed. It took so long because as a female, there is no criteria for the illness. You are judged by how male you are. I've been single for... what's the date? Oh yeah, my whole life.

95% of people with ASD* end up alone.
I don't want to be another statistic.

*Autism Spectrum Disorder

Art by Liliana Walker

by Mathilda Gross, 11a

Recently I haven't been able to write.
 I have no words for the dull aching in my chest.
 I start to cry - but the tears don't come. I am too exhausted.
 No, that's not it. I am too exhausted by my constant pain.
 I don't want to be sad.
 But I can't stop myself because I never fully let myself grieve.
 Grieve for myself. Pity.
 Going outside is scary.
 My face feels naked without a mask
 but I long for the days that I can inhale the autumn air
 without the industrial smell of terror clinging to the fabric of my mask.
 After so long in isolation, all I want
 is to remain in my safe space - literally.
 Everything is so different and yet everything is the same.
 My mind bullies me into oblivion,

I waste my life and energy on meaningless stress and I go quiet with each passing hour.
 I feel as if they are whipped away from me, like a child burning in my arms, extinguished under
 meters of sea.

I live in my nostalgia,
 in my inception of what time is -
 what is deserving of a memory.
 It is barely fall and I already feel the year is over.
 It is barely fall and I think - another season not lived.
 It is barely Fall and I am lost.
 Just another crumpled leaf
 falling to the ground.
 Questioning everything.
 And hating myself
 for not seeing the wonders of my time that soon will be molding into memories.
 I am in the present, but I live for the past.
 I am stuck.
 I see my future, always longing for what is past and never really there -
 failing to notice
 the life
 that is breathing into my neck
 and urging me on.

Dead Plants

I fear my plants are dying and I don't know why. Their once proud green leaves sag in shame.

They cease to grow. I don't know what's wrong with them, I think I want to know. I should probably research. But I have too much work to do and I will still have time to heal them next week. More water should suffice as a temporary treatment. The roots are probably just a bit dry. But that doesn't explain the festering smell slowly crawling out of the earth. But I don't have time to think about plants. There are more important things. Certainly the roots are slowly decaying under the peaceful earth. I don't have time to think about that, I need to focus on my future. I know they're dying. I'll find a way to heal them. Next week.

Vignette by: Anonymous
Art by: Cade Beckley

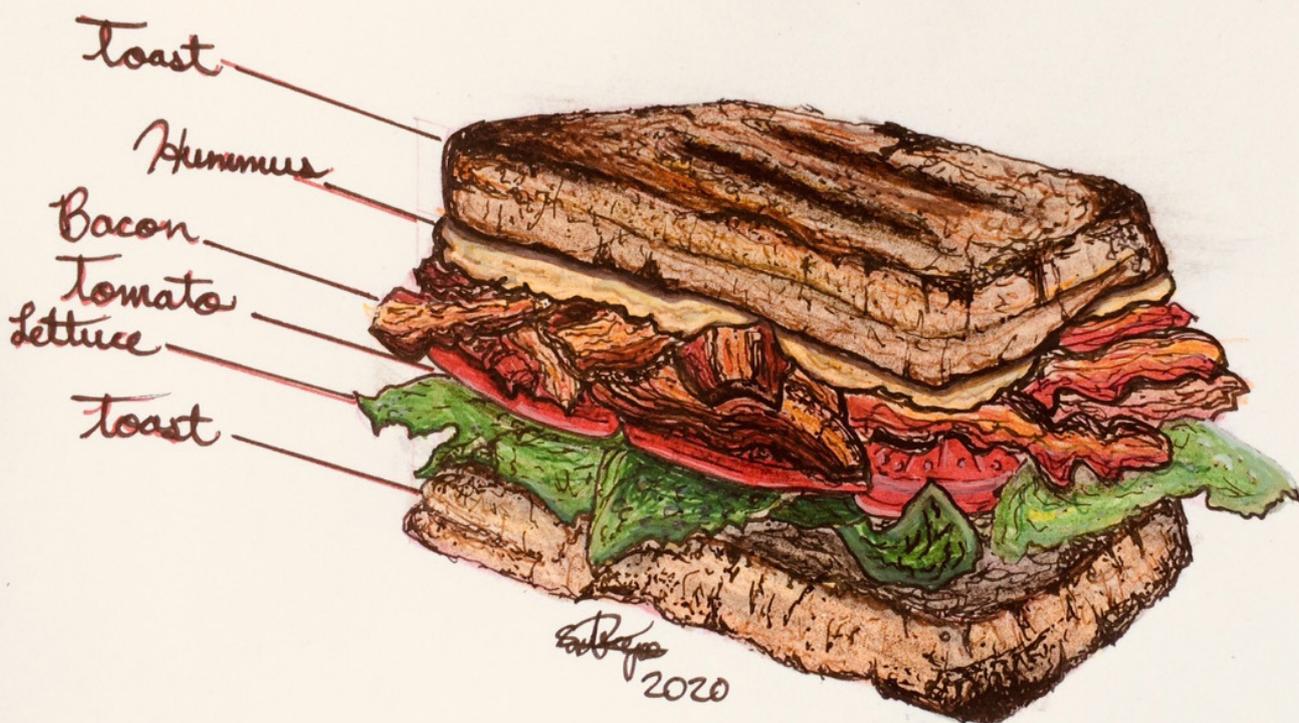
A tender landscape lies beyond my cottage
wildflowers and jumbled blades of grass
soft and regal, bathing in the morning dew

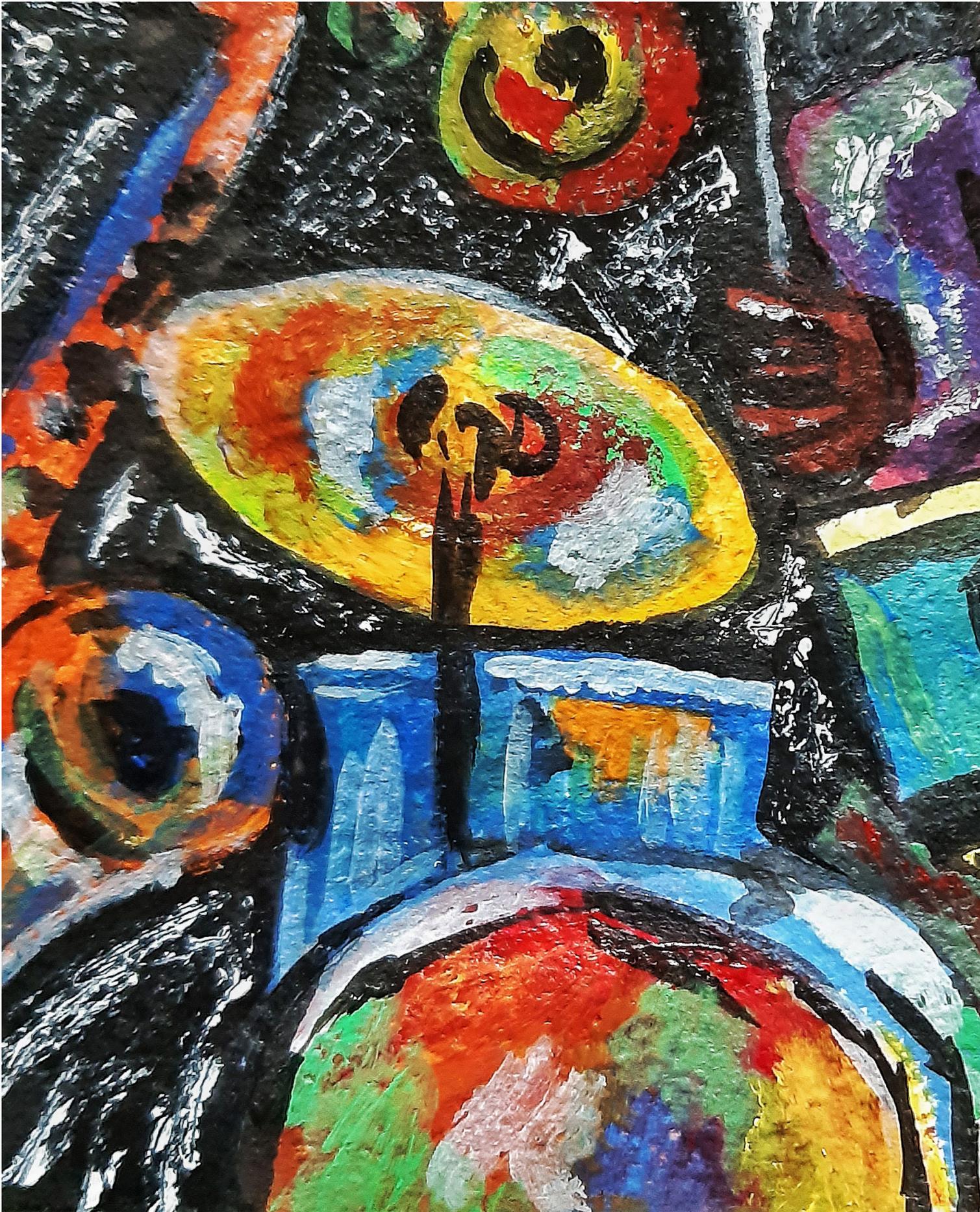
As a young girl I would run through those fields
fueled only by a thirst for the unknown
yet the fields repeated themselves

Years would pass before I understood
a mundane nature does not discount beauty
there is beautiful symmetry in the normal

The calm is everything
so is the passion that lies beyond it
which remains unspoken but gradually unravels
and culminates in violence

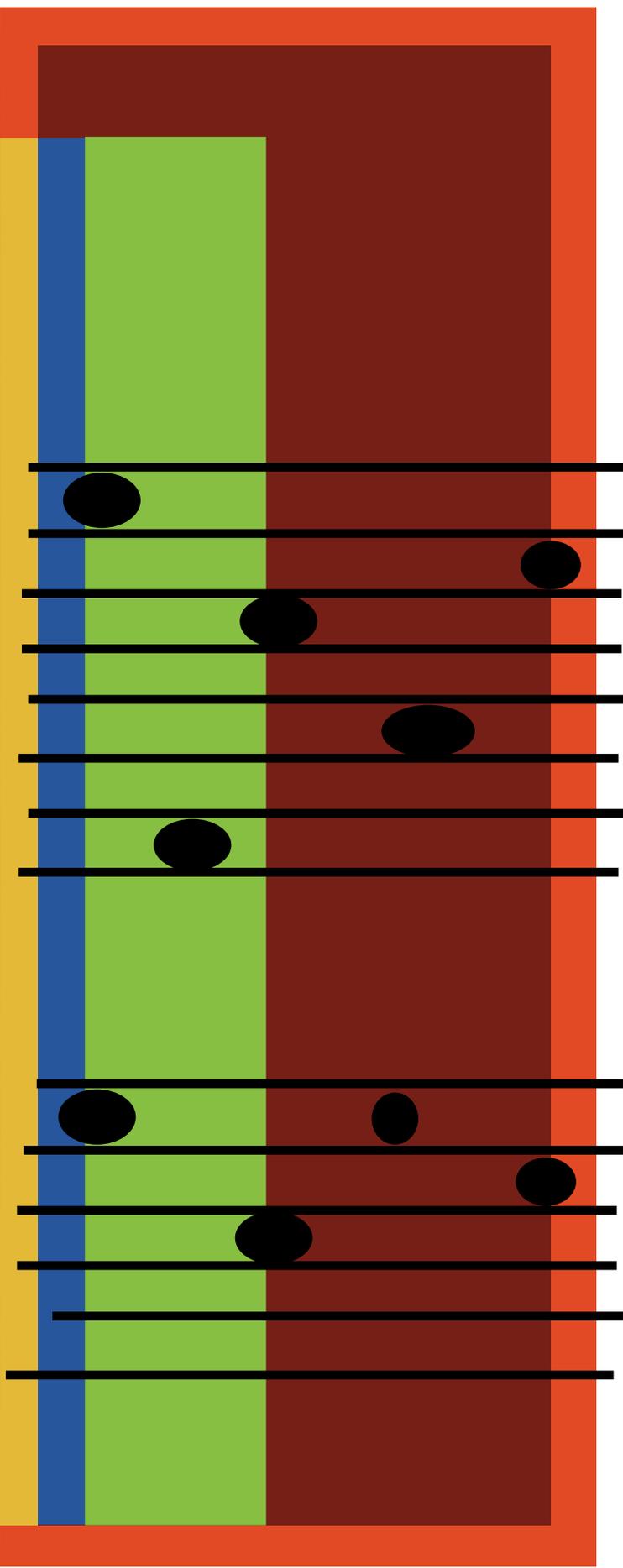
Poem by June Gromis, 12a
Art by Santiago Rivera, 10f







Art by Ella Jackson, 12a





Art by Felix Barkow, 11a

It hurts to breathe.

Every breath a wheezing battle that I know I will lose,
I push myself.

Away.

Just farther.

Laps around a park, getting nowhere with the sense of
motion

suspended

in my

steps.

You only run when both feet are off the ground at the
same time.

They told me that.

Both have to lift off to equal a motion.

A simple cooperation, two limbs flailing in the air only to
hit concrete; pushing back to move forwards.

It feels like I have been running for months,
a subconscious time lapse evolving around me,
pushing through time. Always in motion. But never
moving.

Every last whisper of winter is gone.

The little buds shake their frail green fists at me, curling
slim tendrils into the air to reach for the light they will
never touch.

And I, much like them, run for the distance I will only
ever be
granted in my mind.

Clarity unveiling itself like a toddler behind a mosquito
net.

My brain only making sense when the rest of my body is
screaming in pain.

The little voice in my head is finally drowned out.

And I

can run

in silence.

Poem by Mathilda Gross, 11a

June Gromis, 12a

Sex is in my face

and I don't like it

HAYWIRE Issue 15 Spring 2021

what clarity among the
tumult can be provided by
pleasure?
when confusion and conflict
give way to elation?

everything seems a whole lot
easier for those involved

no wonder its so heavily advertised, at every street corner
the marketing world appeals to our desire for that special kind of performative
what our favorite characters do on the silver screen, salvation

enveloped in perfume
and silken sheets
and erotic music that scores the act in all

its rhythmic procedure
what a tired play.

I have seen it so many times yet many times I see nothing.

sex is in my face and I don't like it

while others climb
the nimble stairs

of lust
to that layer of intimacy
so freely ascending

where bodies are intertwined and inseparable

I find the rain upon my skin illuminated by the streetlamp
in the darkness of night destructive

enough in its
passion.

what potential lies dormant?
is it but a hoax, a fluke that I feel unreceptive to this concept?

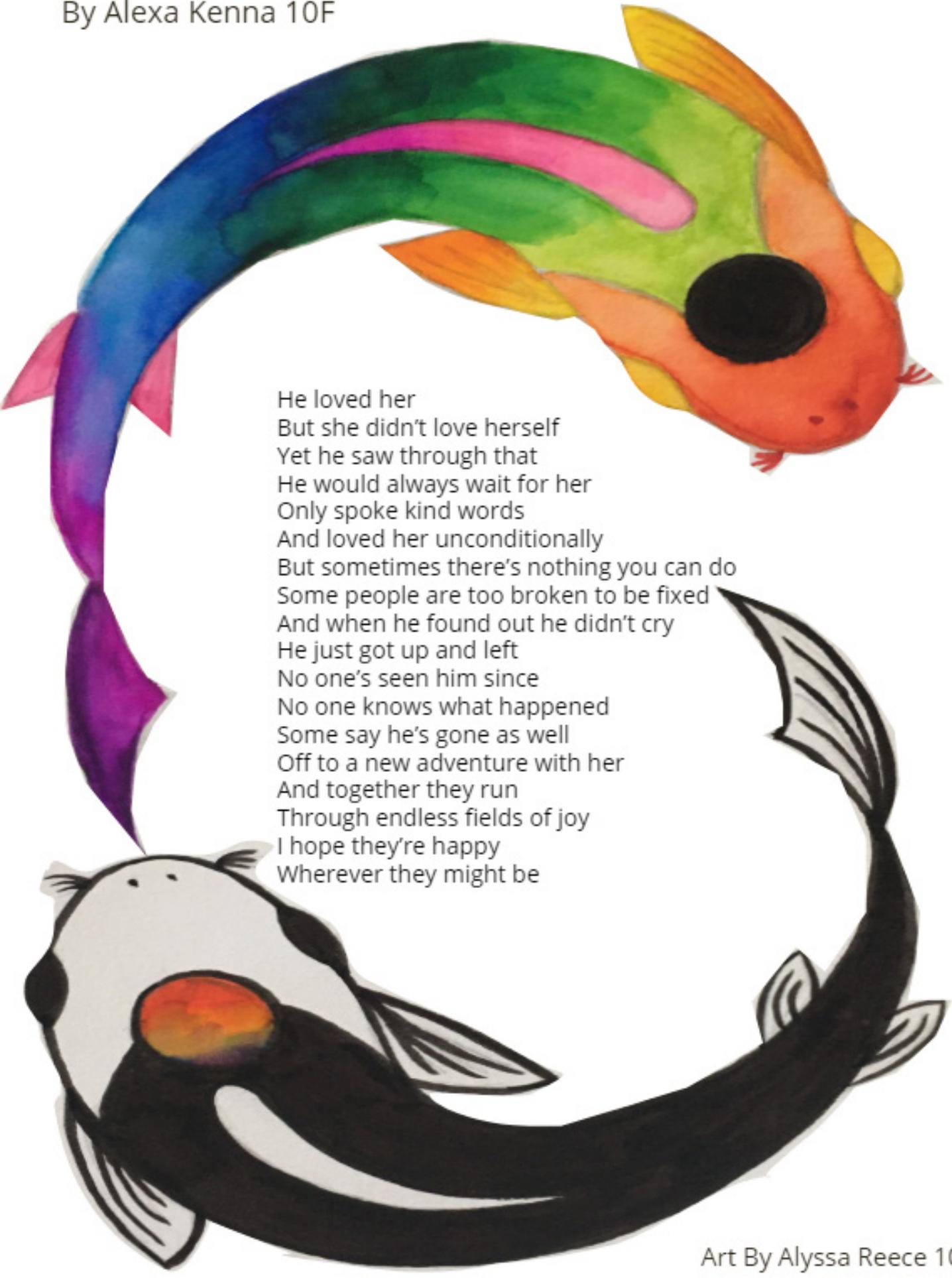
is there a messiah who will take me into her arms and make me horny?
or will it always seem mindless to me

an exchange of affections by those who are able to exchange
satisfaction haunts me -
what will there be to satisfy in love beyond lust?

I see how barren the landscape of my desires is now,
I really must be missing out.

No Title

By Alexa Kenna 10F



He loved her
But she didn't love herself
Yet he saw through that
He would always wait for her
Only spoke kind words
And loved her unconditionally
But sometimes there's nothing you can do
Some people are too broken to be fixed
And when he found out he didn't cry
He just got up and left
No one's seen him since
No one knows what happened
Some say he's gone as well
Off to a new adventure with her
And together they run
Through endless fields of joy
I hope they're happy
Wherever they might be

Art By Alyssa Reece 10F

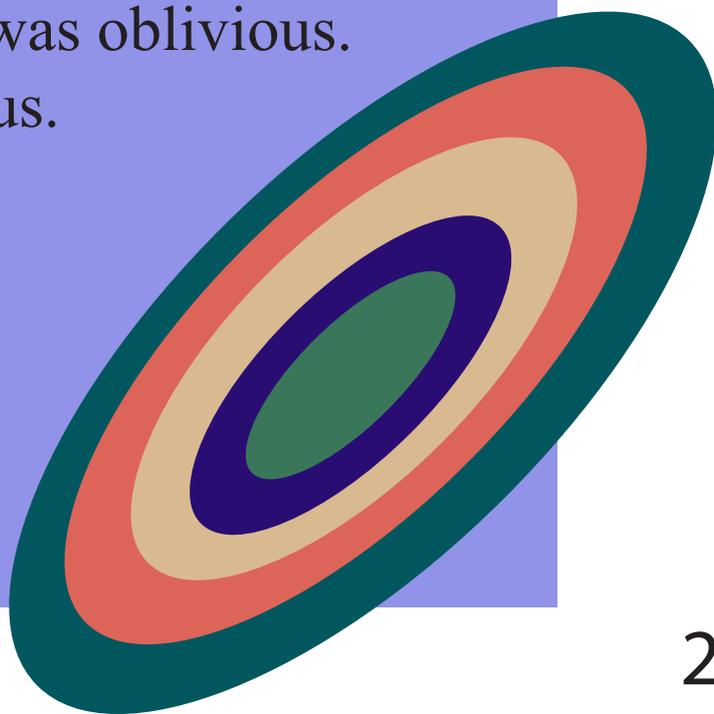
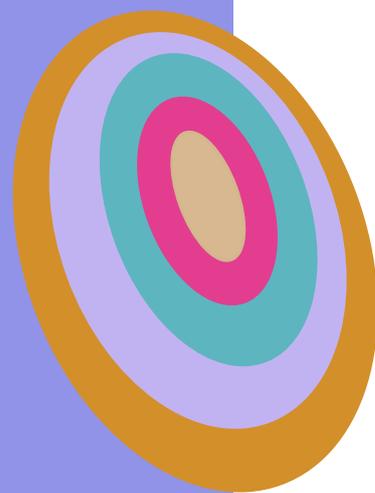
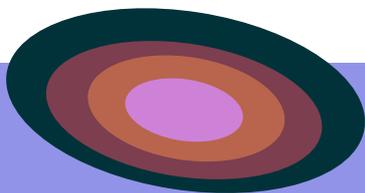


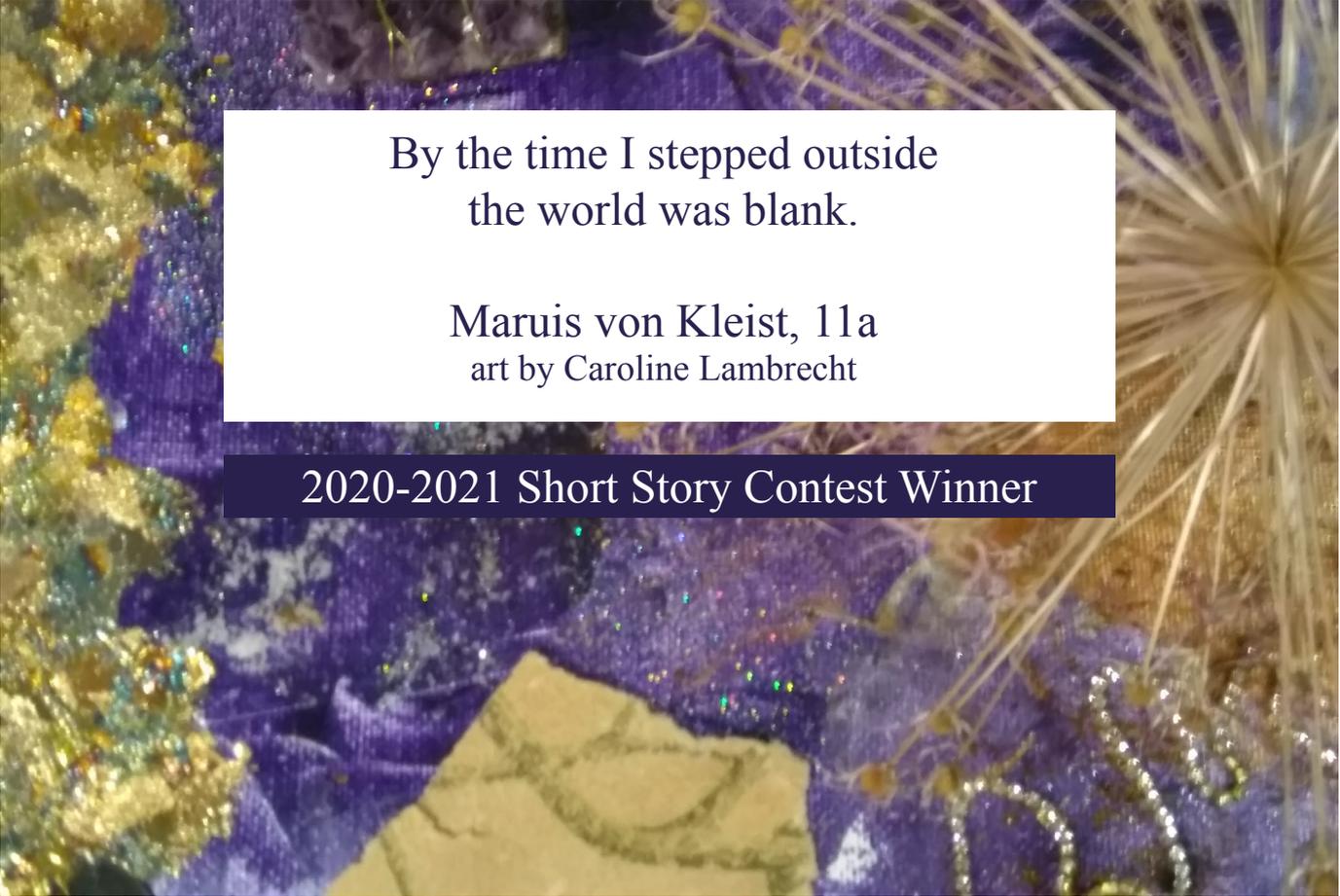
art by Isabelle Faulk

Oblivious

by Santiago Rivera, 10f

Elementary, both physically and mentally.
It made me feel like a criminal. Terminal
The authority, like a hawk,
Feeding on the “crimes” in a child’s life.
Oblivious, almost late!
Dreaded fate!
Engulfed by regret
The ‘lehrer’ was obstinate.
The piece of paper powdery,
Like flour, powdered sugar,
flat and crumbly, like a sunflower.
So young, yet the system old.
Almost like a criminal.
Almost like a criminal.
Villainous. Again, I was oblivious.
Again, I was oblivious.





By the time I stepped outside
the world was blank.

Maruis von Kleist, 11a
art by Caroline Lambrecht

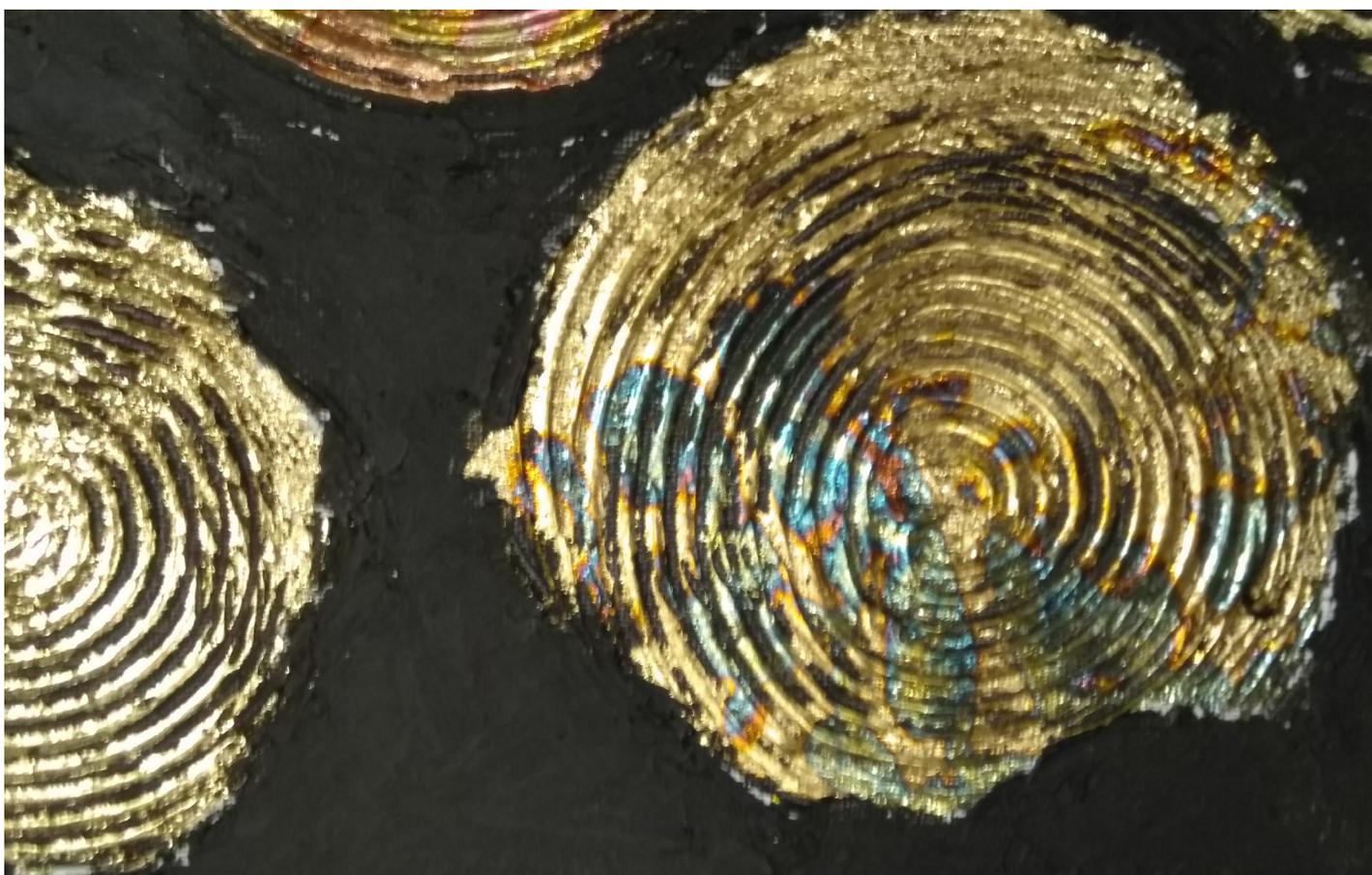
2020-2021 Short Story Contest Winner

I awake and it's dark in my burrow. Only the faint glow of the entrance far above providing the mere outlines of shadows. The air is cold, freezing and hurts to breathe. The ground feels uncomfortably hard under my soft paws, not the luscious, rich earth I am used to. As I climb up to the world above through my tunnel I can see the stunning glare of a new spring season's sun. But as I ascend I become blinded by strange white clouds forming from my mouth. By the time I stepped outside the world was blank. A strange white blanket covers all my beloved trees and flowers that should be blooming, flaunting their beauty. I hear no cheery chirping from my flying friends or the grizzly growling of a burly bear. The entire universe swallowed by the endless white. I woke up too early! I must be the first of my kind to see winter, my body, otherwise emaciated, still plump from autumn feeding. My feet crunch and sink into the ground, I jump back as it burns my palms. The cold begins to tickle itself though my fur, entering my body uninvited like a snake's venom. Slowly, it dawns on me that I am alone in this glacial hell. Without the sweet kiss of sleep I will not last

until spring. Suddenly, I hear a strange scratching sound that hurts the ear, the air becomes full with white particles as an animal with two sticks for feet rushes past leaving two evenly curved marks in the snow. Scared that more might come I decide to retreat back into the safety of my den to avoid those screeching beasts. There my family rests peacefully in their deep slumber waiting for spring. Their furry chests moving up and down in a hypnotic rhythm, but seeing them just reminds me more of my solitude. I feel ignominious, what shall my family do come spring? Who will gather food? I am failing my role as a father. Convinced not to let this blank foe get the better of me, I go back outside and venture into the nothingness to find some form of nourishment. Every step burns like stepping on stones that lay in the sun. The cold slowly seeps into my pelt, as a tingling sensation goes through my extremities. Finally I reach a hazelnut tree that stands proud against the white mounds piling onto its branches. Excitement fills me to the point where I no longer notice the freezing temperature. I dive head first into the snow desperately looking for some nut remnants.

After ten minutes of painstaking digging I had procured five hazelnuts, not a lot for a grown marmot. Beaten, I decide to return home, but on the way I hear a sound that sends shock through my bones, a sound that tenses every muscle in my body, the screech of an eagle. I run as quickly as my paws can carry me back to the willow, for I know I have no chance in the open field. My brown hide's contrast with the white ground would make me easy prey. Immediately my clawed fingers begin to dig a hole next to the willow, hoping that its branches will conceal me for a few more seconds. I nest into my crevice safe from the eagle's sight, but I can still hear it circling overhead. As I wait the piercing fingers of the cold dig into me from all sides, but I cannot move until the eagle is gone. My inhospitable hiding spot has an increasingly numbing effect as the minutes pass by. Finally, I hear one last irritated screech and then attentively listen as the flapping of its wings becomes fainter and fainter. Stiffly I crawl out of my hole back into the blank landscape. Carrying my five nuts in my jaw I return to the burrow. Defeated, I look at my bounty. Five nuts lying shriveled on the lifeless earth. One nut for each of my family. A deep feeling of melancholy washes over me

as I watch them in their lullaby of dreams. I picture the memories of last spring. Seeing my children tumble down the rolling hills, or my wife coming back from harvesting berries with blue stains around her mouth, it all flashes before my eyes. Perhaps I could wake them. Perhaps the sweetness of their voices could soothe the harsh winter. Perhaps we could all survive the winter together. While contemplating I started noticing how much of a toll the journey took on me. My paws are turning blue and I began to notice the treacherous feeling of warmth that comes after prolonged cold. In that moment it dawned upon me that the only way for my family to live on is for me to die in solitude. 3 nights more I ventured into the wasteland to gather a heap of food that could last them at least the beginning of spring. But on the fourth night my strength began to falter, the blank landscape had finally triumphed. With the moon gleaming through the burrow opening giving off a transcendental light I lay next to my wife and knew that my time had come. I would join them in their dreams. For with the snow trickling in my eyes began to shut and I drifted off into the peaceful, endless slumber.





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