

"SPILLS MASTERPIECES. SPILLS LIFE"

INK SPILL

VOLUME 12

A person wearing a white hoodie is centered in the frame. Their face is completely obscured by a thick, horizontal yellow brushstroke. The background is dark and textured, resembling a splatter or ink spill. The word "CONCEAL" is written in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters across the yellow brushstroke.

CONCEAL


THE OFFICIAL LITERARY FOLIO OF THE TECHNOLOGIAN STUDENT PRESS

Letter from the LE

Controlling emotions, for some, was difficult. It's either they depict that they are enraged, depressed, or opt to conceal their true feelings. Some, if not all, wanted to stay in their closet as they believe that they can't harm anyone or be a burden to anyone through hiding. But, isn't it tiring?

Concealing was the generation Z's expertise. This generation was built differently. But are we merely referring to their outward appearance, or is there something deeper?

As you delve into the pages of Inkspill Volume 12, be ready to navigate your own emotions and judgments as we explore their Silent Journey and discover the multifaceted theme of "Conceal" through the voices of different writers.



Hannah Baldado
Hannah Baldado
Literary Editor

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BINARYN'T

by Styx Harper

Genders aside, ponder well,
Just a Homo sapiens, nothing else.
Yet can still love and live,
Have the right to earn respect.

Veil of amiability,
Genuine emotions lie beneath.
Terrified to be shunned,
Compelled to act as what society demands.

Creator creates complex cosmos,
Diverse weather, varied phenomena.
Humans are not exempted;
Everything is on a spectrum.

ART AS LOVE

by Christian Gulle

Love is an art, a masterpiece,
It's painted with care, not with haste.
Every stroke is important, every color counts,
It's a canvas of emotions that never runs out.

Love is a symphony, a harmony divine,
A melody of two hearts that forever intertwine.
It's a music of passion that ignites the soul,
A rhythm of love that makes the heart whole.

Love is a story, a fairy tale of two,
A plot of ups and downs, that always rings true.
It's a script of laughter, and tears of joy,
A tale of love that no one can destroy.

Love is a sculpture, a work of art so fine,
Carved with patience, and a love so kind.
It's a masterpiece that stands the test of time,
A beauty of love that never declines.

Love is a garden, a place of growth and bloom,
A seed of hope that flourishes with room.
It's a bed of trust, and a tree of care,
A garden of love, that's always there.

Love is a star, a light that shines so bright,
A guide in the darkness, that brings forth the light.
It's a beacon of hope that never fades away,
A star of love that forever stays.

The art of love, is a beautiful thing,
It's a dance of hearts that makes us sing.
It's a journey of two, that lasts a lifetime,
The art of love is divine love.
It's not just a feeling, but a choice we make,
To give our all, and never hesitate.

RESILIENCE

by Loui Jay Codera

Amidst the ruins of a fallen land,
A lone survivor makes a stand.
The world around her is bleak and bare,
Yet she perseveres, with a fierce stare.

The fragility of life is all around,
As death and destruction abound.
But she fights on, against the odds,
With a strength that defies the gods.

For survival is her only goal,
As she navigates through the endless toll.
Each step she takes, each breath she draws,
Is a testament to life's fragile laws.

She remembers the ones she's lost,
And the price that survival has cost.
But she soldiers on, with a hardened heart,
Determined to make a brand new start.

She faces the challenges with a will of steel,
And the scars on her body she wears with zeal.
For she knows that life is a precious thing,
And to live it fully, is the ultimate win.

And so she continues, day by day,
Fighting to live, come what may.
For the fragility of life may be a curse,
But survival, in the end, is the ultimate verse.

THE RED AFTERMATH

by A.K.V.

Crashing waves and
their silent snores,
I still think about that day,
and my body's still sore.

At 3 a.m., he said to us
he couldn't sleep,
and looked for his wife's
treasures as he swept.

Maybe it was fear or guilt,
mixed with relief and regret,
Wishing we could turn back
time, memories still kept.

At 8 p.m., she told us
she wouldn't sleep,
Unless it was her home
as she silently weeps.

Darkness was terrifying,
yet red was still we see,
Oh, how can we move on
from this tragic memory?

THE SILENT JOURNEY

by Christian Gulle

I feel the weight upon my chest,
The fears that never let me rest,
I'm searching for a ray of light,
To guide me through the darkest
night.

My mind is filled with doubts and
pain, I wonder if I'll smile again,
But deep inside I hear a voice,
That tells me I still have a choice.

I close my eyes and breathe in
deep, The promises I want to
keep,
I know that I can face my fears,
And wipe away my own tears.

The sun is rising in the sky,
I feel the warmth, I wonder why,
The darkness fades, the colors
glow, A sign that I can start to
grow.

I take a step, and then another,
I feel the strength, the power, the
wonder, I know that I am not alone,
And I can make this journey my own.

The road ahead may be unclear,
But I won't let my doubts and
fears, Conquer me or hold me
back,
I'll move forward on my track.

I know that life is not a breeze,
But I am stronger than I believe,
I'll face each challenge with my
might,
And I will shine with my own light.

And though the journey may be long,
And sometimes the path seems
wrong, I know that I can persevere,
For I have hope and I have no fear.

PERHAPS

by i.write.what

Perhaps,
I'm a thought swallowed by oblivion
A wreak havoc gremlin halcyon
in this world of incessant strife,
Seeking for silver lining, a newfound life.
A chance to be free as parakeets from all the pain, and
to thrive in the wilderness where I can begin, again.

Perhaps,
Something more is what I'm looking for,
A golden key to open up the door.
A door to a solace place kinder than before,
Somewhere I can hold my head high and soar.
But with the labyrinth in my brain,
Could I somehow breeze through even an inch closer,
again?

Perhaps,
I'm just a desperate seeker for a fabricated sign, To
spark light from my optimism to thine,
To color over the reality and heal this wound.
"Goodbye, I cannot bear it anymore," I crooned,
And cried out loud in the Pine Barrens over the rain

A BIRD SO YOUNG

By A.K.V

Heather! Such beautiful wings.
Enamored by these little things,
Look at her go, youthful and free.
People's eyes are surrounded by envy.

Miles and miles she has to travel,
Entering a city, so much to unravel.
In there, she climbs a pristine tree.
My, my, that was her destiny.

In the life of a bird so young,
Now, so eager, as she sang.
Pitter-patter, again they go.
Another wind she has to follow.

Indescribable feelings, twisted by they,
Nickel-and-dimed till this day.

LIKE THE EAGLE IN THE SUMMER SKY

By Koteikaru

Two different people in two different towns,
Can love break through beyond the bounds?
The day came when our paths met across;
Then something ignited the ember—an unknown
strong force

We talked, laughed, and loved;
Is this heaven on earth from above?
We lied, cried, and tried,
Yet our love refuses to subside.

Then it came to pass,
We sang our hearts out,
Because people are against
In something they don't understand about.
But then the melody of love played in our heartstrings,
Ending up our names engraved on golden rings.

When we sat on the shore under the luster of sunset,
We kept at bay our misery, bleakness, and regrets. We
wished to be as free like the birds and fly,
Just as we witnessed the eagle in that summer sky.



SATIRAL SUFFOCATIONS

by idkwho

Let's cut and paste
pixelated papers without restraint
disregarding the traces of stains
of red colored ink that rains

The ink stained fingertips covered in black
filling colors from a paper that lack.
carelessly scribbling words like paintings
of muted thoughts and sayings.

We may be build from ruins,
emotions may have harden
but, at least, we blended this
white blue canvas filled sky
as we walk on thin ice and still try.

WHEN THE PARTY IS OVER

by Seraphinite

When the party's over
don't go finding for me
done with drinking whiskey,
let me replace it with tea.
when the party's over
stop chasing for that girl

On a fancy magazine cover-
just don't even bother.

The house is quiet
when i am all alone
these four walls around
shuts down all the tone.

Leave me be
for this moment
of little tranquility
with the absence
of everyone's presence
of masked fidelity.

I hope
you enjoyed
how each balloons
represented different colors
of everyone's vanity,
how each of the disco lights
gave way for their insanity.
because, eventually,

it worked for me.

And yet, when the party's
all over,
it's time to go home
if ever there is a home.
since there's only
cornered buildings
trapping you
inside the hallways
of your mind
the chains on your neck
reminding you
of being bind.

The echoes reverberating
through the walls, shouting
the mess of a person
you still are,
engulfing you
of its coats painted blue.
when the party's over,
don't find me.
you might see
the entangled pieces
I wasn't
supposed to be.

(Don't ring, don't call, save it
for another
concealed party we call our
own.)



SECRET ADMIRATION

by Christian Gulle

Her heart was a fortress, impenetrable and grand,
While mine was a humble cottage, built upon love's sand.
Enviously, I watched her dance in another's arms,
As my heart shattered like a vase, broken into shards.

I see her smile and my heart aches,
Wishing it was me she embraced.
But I know deep down it can't be,
So I love her from a distance, silently.

Loving you from afar, my sweet desire,
Knowing I can't have you, my heart's on fire.
I'll keep on loving you, even if it hurts,
Silent devotion, until the end of my days on earth.

My love for her is like a rose,
Beautiful, yet painful to hold close.
Her love for another, a thorn in my side,
But I'll love her still, with nothing to hide.

I see her laugh and my heart weeps,
Wishing it was me she seeks.
But I know deep down it can't be,
So I love her from a distance, silently.

Maybe one day you'll see,
The love that's always been in me.
Until then, I'll keep my love inside,
Silently loving, my heart opens wide.

Loving you from afar, my sweet desire,
Knowing I can't have you, my heart's on fire.
I'll keep on loving you, even if it hurts,
Silent devotion, until the end of my days on earth.

ENDS

by *Loui Jay Codera*

A fire started with a spark,
It grew to a steady flame.
Little by little, it illuminates the dark.
It warms the hearth, the soul, tame.

Even the calmest of waters,
Is disturbed by the tiniest pebbles.
The heart waivers, it trembles.
The mind breaks, it shatters,

Every mood changes,
Highs and lows, elated and drowned.
And with every turn of pages,
A story starts or ----

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