

# The Blue Guitar Jr.

*Featuring  
literature  
and art  
for youth*

*The 2020 edition*



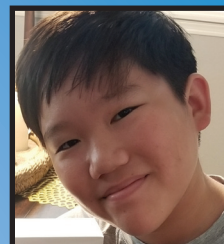
# Fiction

Lysa Cohen — “Fall Leaves and Pumpkin Muffins”.....Pages 8-9

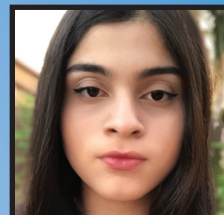


# Poetry

Mingyu Kim — “Corea Ura”.....Page 3



Alina Chisti — “Becoming liberated,” “My Reflection”.....Pages 4-6



Sara Kil — “The Secret Garden”.....Page 7



## The Blue Guitar Jr. Staff

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The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine is a project of the nonprofit The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information about The Blue Guitar and The Blue Guitar Jr. magazines and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites:

[www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org) and [www.artizona.org](http://www.artizona.org).

“Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar.”  
— Excerpt from Wallace Stevens’ 1937 poem “The Man With the Blue Guitar.”  
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# Corea Ura

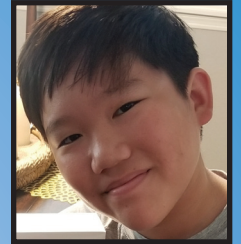
## By Mingyu Kim

As I walk through a city, I think it queer:  
That there is such a place with nobody near,  
For this empty area was once a home  
That people would come back to, this city here  
Was once happy; but now it is drenched with fear.

A culture now suppressed; its voices ring out,  
Against the foul invaders they cannot rout,  
The invaders who crushed them like they were foam;  
On March the first, they gather to give a shout  
For their fallen country, as they walk about.

Suddenly I see something white on the ground,  
It is ripped and tattered, this object I found,  
Painted, there is red in the shape of a dome.  
Underneath the red there is blue also round,  
Last, there are black stripes that lay here without sound.

Afterwards, this country got its liberty  
And were not under oppression; they were free  
For freedom, no longer would they have to roam.  
I love Korea, and I hope you agree;  
To be Korean, I am very lucky.



Mingyu Kim is a sixth grader. He's been a Boy Scout for about nine months. He likes reading, video games, swimming, and writing. He has also been published in Bear Essential News and Scribbler Arts and Literary Magazine.

# Becoming liberated

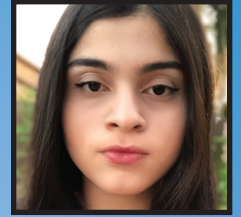
## By Alina Chisti

Writing is a way to let go  
To stop thinking in perfect squares  
To stop letting thoughts weigh you down  
The words in your mind no longer have to be chewed on, spit out, and regurgitated in your  
frying mind                   over  
                                  again            and  
                                  over

There is pain in your sinking heart that slowly comes back to shore  
with every word written down

I'm afraid this notepad is the only place where your voice isn't louder than mine,  
or where your thoughts don't dominate my own

You say you aren't shallow, but it's hard to believe that when all you value is your physical  
appearance and comments from strangers  
You pretend you don't care about a perfect reputation  
But I know you do.  
Do I hinder it?  
Just leave instead of standing there acting distant and embarrassed  
I hate that you make me this insecure  
You shouldn't be capable of inflicting this upon me  
I'm the most confident and the most insecure with you at the same time



**Alina Chisti is an honors student at Hamilton High School. She is also the managing editor of the Ink and Feather Teen Literary and Arts magazine. She is an avid writer, theatre student, stress baker, and photography geek. In her free time, Alina loves playing guitar, learning the ukulele, posting on her makeup artistry Instagram page, and shooting arrows with her compound bow.**

**Continued on page 5**

**Continued from page 4**

If I made a list, you'd seem ideal  
But this feeling wouldn't exist if your presence didn't daunt me  
If I didn't hear your nagging  
voice in my head all  
                                  the  
  time

Making me feel like I need to change my everything  
There is no doubt that you've made me change  
Some say for the better  
Some are indifferent  
But I shouldn't change for you  
Nor tie my self worth around your approval  
I don't need your forceful hand on my shoulder guiding me in the "right" direction  
          I'll carve my own path  
The one that's right for me and under my own terms and conditions  
That's the only right way I know  
I'm bound to mess up on the way  
But I'll be the sole one accountable for it  
I'm not holding you accountable for any part of my life  
Not for my failures and certainly not for my successes

I know I'm not perfect  
But I'd rather be me than what you want me to be

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# My Reflection

## By Alina Chisti

“You can’t run from yourself,” she snorts.

“Stop foolishly chasing after what you can never be

“You are me, no matter how much you pretend.”

*I’m not pretending*

“You can convince yourself of change, but that’ll only be a mere illusion.  
A mere illusion of who you really are deep down . . . and that is me.”

People ARE capable of change

“People are only capable of convincing themselves that they’ve changed.  
I’ll always be you in the same way you’ll always be me.”

*NO.*

“Misery likes company,” she says, giving me a subtle bittersweet smile

But I don’t want to be you

“But you ARE me,” she taunted.

*I don’t want to be me or you*

*But I can’t run from myself–*

“I’m not running from myself, just from you,” I say as I fall back and let the ground swallow me  
into its burning abyss.

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# The Secret Garden

## By Sara Kil

The princess walks into her secret garden to see the king, to speak to him.  
The princess has a secret garden where no one knows,  
where she brings all her fragmented dreams to be mended by the king.  
She exchanges pleasantries with the king, wearing her flower crown,  
where she finds rest and comfort.  
She finds the strength to continue to fight the good fight.  
She stands still and breathes for the first time.  
Walking together hand in hand with the king in the cool of the day, comforted by the breeze,  
new dreams are being awakened, flourished in her soul.  
She is best friends with the king, showing her secret garden,  
the wind running through her lovely hair, flower petals in her hair.  
And he knows her name, the princess of the land.  
The little light in her soul shines brighter.  
She has butterfly dreams and a happy heart  
because she spent time with the king in her secret garden.

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David Sohn

The author writes: "My name is Sara, and I write stories about faith, life, and community. Also, I write Poetry. I'm part of the Fashioned Magazine and West Angeles Church Blog. Check out my blog, [kilsara.blogspot.com](http://kilsara.blogspot.com), and my other writings on [fashionedmagazine.blogspot.com](http://fashionedmagazine.blogspot.com). Please contact me at [kilsarablog@gmail.com](mailto:kilsarablog@gmail.com)."

# Fall Leaves and Pumpkin Muffins

By Lysa Cohen

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“Look Ollie!” Abby exclaimed, bursting into his bedroom early one Saturday morning and running to his window. She pressed her nose against the cold glass. “It rained leaves while we were sleeping.”

Ollie rubbed the sleep from his eyes and blinked several times, trying to wake up. “It can’t rain leaves,” he said.

Abby sighed. “I know that it can’t actually rain leaves, but with all the leaves on the ground, it looks like it.”

Ollie pushed back the covers and joined Abby at the window. The entire front yard was covered in red, orange, yellow, and brown leaves. “Wow. That is a lot of leaves,” he said.

Abby opened her mouth to say something, then stopped. She sniffed the air, then grinned. “I smell pumpkin muffins!”

“Auntie Stella must be baking,” Ollie said, smiling. “I love pumpkin muffins.”

“Me, too!” Abby agreed. “And warm apple cider!”

Abby and Ollie rushed to get changed and brush their teeth. As they ran downstairs to the kitchen, the spicy scent of pumpkin muffins tickled their noses.

“Good morning, kids,” Aunt Stella said, stirring a big pot on the stove.

Their dog, Sophie, was sleeping in front of the back door.

“Good morning, Auntie Stella,” Abby and Ollie said, petting Sophie and then sliding onto chairs at the kitchen table.

“It’s a little cold out this morning, so I made oatmeal for breakfast,” Aunt Stella told them, scooping the hot cereal into bowls before adding a little honey and milk.

“And pumpkin muffins?” Abby asked hopefully, looking over at the oven.

Aunt Stella laughed as she set the bowls of oatmeal in front of Abby and Ollie. “Yes, and pumpkin muffins for later.”

“And apple cider?” Ollie hinted.

“Yes, and apple cider. I need to rake the yard today and was hoping you could help me,” Aunt Stella said, sitting down at the table with her own bowl.

“Okay,” Abby and Ollie said, tucking into their bowls of oatmeal.

After breakfast, Abby and Ollie helped Aunt Stella clean up the kitchen, then donned their jackets and scarves and went outside. Sophie ran along beside them,



Lysa Cohen is the author of numerous short stories, poems, and nonfiction essays. She holds an M.A. in English, an M.Ed. in Education, and is working on a Ph.D. in Curriculum and Education. Cohen is the Founder/ Editor-in-Chief for Scribbler Arts and Literary Magazine and the Founder/ Advisor for Ink & Feather Arts and Literary Journal. She is also the author of the I Can Illustrate My Books series, [icanillustratemybooks.com](http://icanillustratemybooks.com). Cohen has been an educator for twenty years, teaching Creative Writing, English Language Arts, GED, history, study skills, and test preparation. She lives in Arizona with her three cats and new puppy: Abby, Oliver, Sophie, and Stella.

Continued on page 9



**Continued from page 8**

leaves crunching under her paws, excited to be out in the cooler air. Inside the gardening shed, Aunt Stella handed them smaller rakes, while she took a bigger rake.

Before leaving, she picked up a large pile of brown sacks.

“Okay, kids,” Aunt Stella said. “We need to rake all of these leaves into piles and then put them in these burlap sacks.” She set the sacks down next to a tree.

Abby and Ollie set to work raking leaves into piles. While they worked, Sophie ran around the yard barking and running through the leaves. It took them a long time, but finally they had four giant piles of leaves.

“We can fill the sacks now,” Abby said, running over to get one.

Before Abby could get back to Ollie, Sophie raced across the yard and dove into one of the piles of leaves. She shook off the leaves and then ran through the other piles, scattering leaves all over.

“Sophie, no!” Ollie exclaimed, looking around the yard in dismay. “We just raked all of those leaves.”

Laughing, Aunt Stella pulled an orange leaf from Abby’s hair. “I think Sophie wants to play a new game.”

“It took so long to rake all of those leaves,” Ollie sighed.

“It’s okay,” Abby said. “We can make more piles, but I think Sophie’s game looks like fun.”

“I agree,” Aunt Stella said, nodding her head.

Ollie looked at the leaves for a long time. “Okay,” he said, “I guess we could try it.”

Abby, Ollie, and Aunt Stella raked the leaves back into piles. When they were finished, they set the rakes against a tree.

“Now what?” Ollie asked.

“Now we jump!” Abby raced across the front lawn and leaped into a large pile of leaves. She giggled as leaves exploded into the air.

Ollie laughed. “That looks like fun.” He ran across the yard and jumped into another pile, with Sophie chasing after him.

For the rest of the morning, the kids raked the leaves into piles and then scattered them all over

the yard again as they played and laughed.

“Sophie, that was a great new game you taught us,” Ollie giggled.

When they were finished, they worked together to rake the leaves into the burlap sacks and Aunt Stella helped them line up the bags next to the house. They put the rakes back into the garden shed and ran back to the house.

Pulling off their scarves, they rushed into the kitchen. Aunt Stella washed her hands and put a pot of apple cider on the stove. She added cinnamon sticks and stirred.

“Don’t forget to wash your hands,” Aunt Stella reminded them, putting pumpkin muffins on plates and warming them in the microwave.

“We won’t,” the kids said. Abby and Ollie crowded around the kitchen sink to wash their hands before going to the kitchen table.

Aunt Stella had set a mug of cider and a pumpkin muffin on a plate on each placemat.

Sophie lay down under the table hoping that one of the kids would drop a few crumbs.

# A Call to Writers for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who write  
and to adults who write  
for children and teens

**T**he Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks literary submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who write for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2021, in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction — all geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Writers must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at [rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org). For additional information, visit [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org).

# A Call to Artists for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who create art  
and to adults who create art  
for children and teens

**T**he Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks art submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who create art for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2021, in all media geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Artists must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the artist must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple mediums; up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name, contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Please include your name and the best way to contact you. To submit or for more information, e-mail Editor Richard Dyer at [richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org). For additional information, visit [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org).

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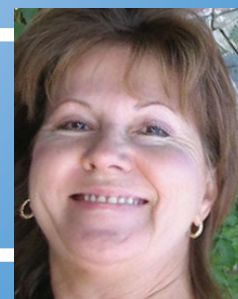
**Elena Thornton, publisher:** Founder and president of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Elena is an educator, artist and poet and lives in Phoenix. Reach her at [info@artizona.org](mailto:info@artizona.org).

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**Marjory Boyer, cover design artist for The Blue Guitar Jr.:** Marjory, of Scottsdale, is an award-winning artist, muralist and an acrylic-painting instructor. Her biography and contact information are available at [mboyerart.com](http://mboyerart.com).





*Blue Guitar Jr.  
will return in  
2021!*

*“Things  
as they are  
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