

Lone Doughnut

Literary and Visual art E-Magazine

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Maelee Greenwood

Mission

Statement

In these pages, we shall introduce the masses to the artists and writers that walk among them.

We will give these creative souls a voice and let them be heard.

Baader
Akinobote

Cruz

DeThomas

Mitchell

Greenwood

Madsen

Raymond

Rodriquez

Robinson

Sobbe

McDogle

Moore

Popp

Sierra

Morgan

Salazar

Drifting from the Mind by Joshua Cruz Inspired by Wallows.

When you begin to fall asleep, **will**
you ever wonder about the moment that made **you**?

Or will you only let time **tell**?

Sometimes the best option is **the**

ladder, as the **truth**

can only ruin yourself and make the moment dull, **so**

let destiny reveal your secret, as **I**

can only tell you the do and **don't**

of life. But when the time comes, you **have**

to eventually accept what is wrong may be right **to**

you. And what the public sees as right, you may see as a **lie**.

Dark Days

by Dyannara Franco. Inspired by Kali Uchis

Sometimes dark days can be tough,
if you need someone I'll be there,
you need to see life may be unfair,
I need you to always see the positive side,
A random shouldn't be able to break your pride,
a hero always lies within you, just
believe in yourself even in the dark times,
Look at yourself as the star, even in
the most difficult situations, you're the
most beautiful person in the mirror.

The Dragon

by Ethan Popp Inspired by Katy Perry

There is always something you can do,
a way out that can help you and many others tame a
burden so fierce.
Or there is a different way. A way that allows a de-
structive dragon to take so many people.
If this is the path you choose, you're making a terri-
ble mistake. Silence falls.
The dragon continues, not intending to stop anytime
soon. Why are you so afraid to combat this beast?
Step up and say something to stop this tyrant.
We must win this fight.





Fights for Equality

By Alexander Rodriguez. Inspired by Tariq Luqmaan Trotter (Stage name: Black Thought)

With this repeating idea of oppression, in America, **My**
 People, and many others, fight to be an **Instrumental**
 Part in this country's movement forward. Where **The**
 Members of society fight for the hopes of a modern day **Renaissance**
 Which is to bring true equality, but many feel as if there is **No**
 Progress being made. These fights for equality have a **Resemblance**
 To that of the Civil Rights Movement that worked hard **To**
 Unite everyone. Now, everyone is pinned against each other and it seems **Nothing**
 Can be done, but for **You**
 To watch different groups separate themselves even more when they should just **Come**
 Together. While untied they can attempt to spread the idea of equality, not only **Across**
 The country, but across the globe. Where we value those who preach in a **Lyrical**
 Manner instead of those who spread hate and discrimination similar to that of the **Holocaust**.



Bottom of the Top **By Duncan Baader. Inspired by Jorjah Kwame**

Failure is something you dread, and we all absolutely can't afford to take that dreaded risk but often those with higher chance of falling are those who brush their whole life off because of your one focus is your desire to maintain your throne.

When it comes down to things like love, or anything else that we are told is of some greater importance, it becomes something taken for granted as you think it's what's best for you, but when we don't value these things in our life, the balance is not even, and way deep down, that is something all at the top know.

Sin

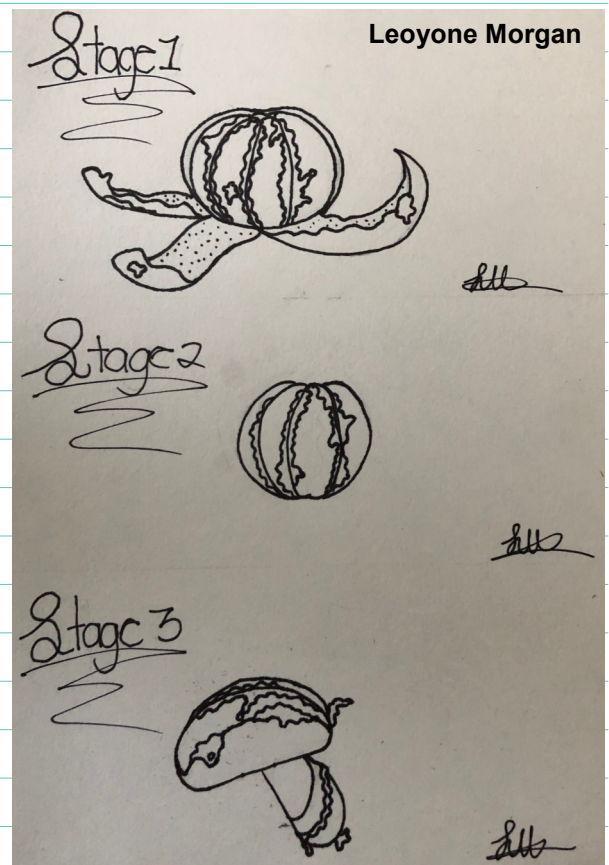
by Amanda DeThomas Inspired by Hozier

Walking through church pews ready to be cleansed of “sin,” I thought of how this was the normal. It’s uncomfortable, was this how we’re to be programmed? This was not how I was born, You say the higher power loves all but the hypocrisy is sick.

I can’t come into the church because I don’t fit the standard, but the rest of the judgmental are “holy.” Why shouldn’t I be proud of who I am? Here, I feel ashamed for who I love.

Can’t we change? Or should I ignore it? Go back and ask Him what to do, command that He would fix me. Even if the rest of His followers hate me.

Hope that I still get into Heaven, and go back to the so-called “normal.” I want to be myself again and feel like I can know my identity well.





**The Beautiful Game
By Bernard Akinobote**

Fitness is a prize,

We need it to compete:

**we wear the kits of fine threads and design,
grins of motivation can be read on the whole field.**

Our captain, with high tension on his face,

and an appealing heart,

tells us “give your best,”

And I jump with determination,

as my cheeks flap with joy.

Then we smile.



Grind, Focus, Repeat

By Matthew Lopez Inspired by Gym Class Heroes

Where are you going to be standing In 5 years from now?

Work or in a job, you need to work hard and get where you want to be.

Be the greatest that you could be. Don't get to caught up in roaming the hall

Because you'll get stuck in that cycle. You'll be one of

The greatest in the world. Don't do it for the fame

Do it for the passion and get your mom that car that you promised her.



The early mornings, the late nights will be worth it. Be the worlds

Greatest, be different and stand out.

Your not going to look back!!!!

Make past mistakes your motivation. Let everyone you know you love them.

Do not look back, leave your past in the past.

Make a name for yourself. I can, I will cause I will work hard.

Whatever you want it's up to you.

I feel all the burn

But I won't stop here. You could either be with

Me or see me succeed?

Unleash the Lion in you. Get out of your comfort zone.

Be the brightest Star!!!

Focus so at the end you could spit flames!



Brielle McDougale



Aniya Moore



Luis Salazar



Angel Sierra



Dysphoric
By Alex Robinson Inspired by Eating Poetry

Ink colored pink she is he..he is scared he

Runs and yells but is not heard

From pits of hell

The girl he use to be so sweet never cut

Corners it was never less I am made up

Of lies and untold truths that spill out of

My mouth the truth is told and my

Mouth falls dry honey slips into my voice



There no more left to be said there

Is no one to hear my cries

No one to hear me and prays my

Happiness decays and

Like a flush of a hurricane in a body not

Mine for god has chosen who I've become

I am a biological girl that wants to be a boy

Have you've ever seen someone like me

Been eating more to cover up my sores

Eating is a way to cope with this

Poetry I hope that one day I may not waste away into what I once was.

