



THE TRIDENT



The Final Edition of the 2021-22 School Year

The Deep Read

By Otto Redlien and Natalie Perry



May 15th, 2022—Last Saturday, a resounding performance by skillful drummers beckoned readers, educators, and students alike as they traveled to celebrate the completion of the 3rd-ever annual UCSC Deep Read. This event took place on a pleasant spring afternoon at the nature-rich Quarry Amphitheater to discuss this year's book, *Transedcent Kingdom*, with the Author, Yaa Gyasi. The Deep Read is a four-week program created to influence group reading and the deep analysis of literature with the assistance of UCSC Scholars; this year holding an in-person discussion with novelist Gyasi and Karen Tei Yamashita, UC Santa Cruz Professor Emerita of Literature.

Readers received the opportunity to ask the author questions as she went into depth about the themes of the book, her process, and her first work, *Homegoing*.

UCSC offered 1,200 free copies of the book and invited Santa Cruz High School to get involved in the event; The Literary Society met each week to discuss the book, following the emails provided by the program.

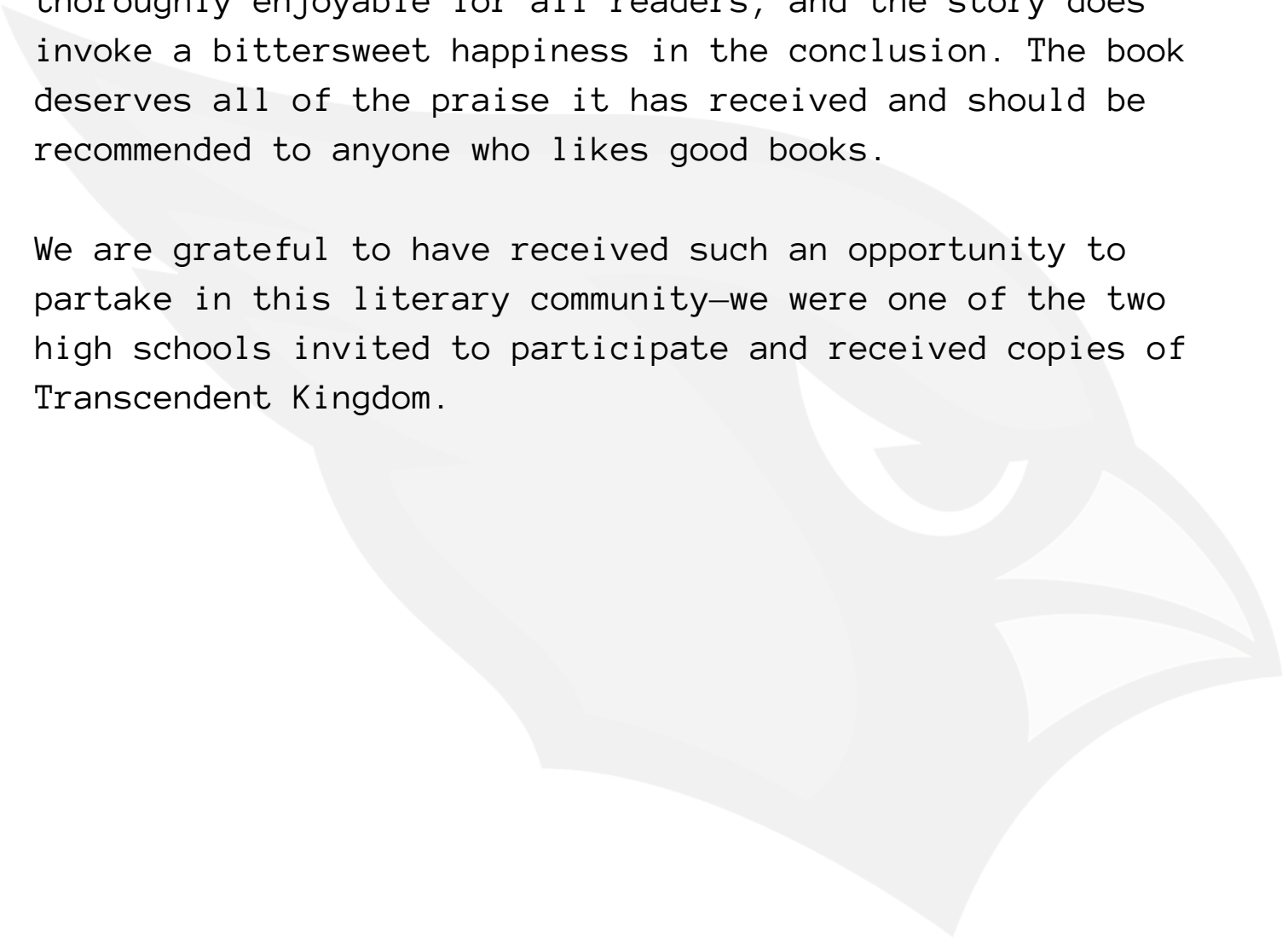
The book is about Gifty, a neuroscience researcher studying “reward-seeking behavior” through trials on mice. Her interest in the research comes from her childhood experiences dealing with her brother’s opioid addiction and her mother’s depression. The story begins with Gifty picking up her mother from the airport, in the beginnings of another depression spiral.

Gyasi tells the story through a series of flashbacks to Gifty’s childhood, her experiences with Ivy League academia, and the present—her research and her mother. One of the most well-written parts of the book is how well Gyasi contrasts between Gifty’s present and past, connecting the two seamlessly and keeping the reader engaged in both plotlines.

The center of the story is the relationship between Gifty and her mother, and how their numerous, traumatic experiences have shaped it. One of the things Gyasi spoke about at the Deep Read was how silence especially affected their relationship, the silence about Gifty’s father and Nana. One of the most moving passages was Gifty speaking about how her brother’s death showed her that her mother was her own person with her own identity, outside of being Gifty’s mother.

The passage encapsulates the entire tone of the book. It is incredibly reflective and potent, and the writing is absolutely beautiful. It's difficult to call the book wonderful because it is so intense and emotional, and it certainly isn't a happy book. Gyasi discusses the racism that Gifty experienced in her church, in her different schools, and her own internalized racism as a result of growing up in those places. Despite this, Gyasi wrote the book to be thoroughly enjoyable for all readers, and the story does invoke a bittersweet happiness in the conclusion. The book deserves all of the praise it has received and should be recommended to anyone who likes good books.

We are grateful to have received such an opportunity to partake in this literary community—we were one of the two high schools invited to participate and received copies of *Transcendent Kingdom*.



Anonymous Poetry

This last month, The Literary Society decided to form a section of the Trident dedicated to the art of poetry. Students were allowed to submit their poetry into an enclosed box last week. Anonymous poetry gives individuals an outlet to represent themselves creatively without any constraints.

Talking to him,
he was a closed
door
 Those sounds
I heard behind that
door were rumors
 Anyone behind
that door was
a myth now

Trampoline Spring

you are the meaty
green flosser stuck in
the coin-holes of my teeth,

you are the stork kiss
lettered on my
kosher neck,

you are the constant sigh of
my arms flying, exasperated,

and the weeping eyes on
my lantern moon palms

you were the light escaping
under my basement door,

but now our cold static
entrance is locked,
double

and you are left out
in the arms of the cold

the bladed vines and pads
whistle songs as dirt hails
beneath the natural wall

and your only friend is the comatose sky;

the flat air hops
side-by-side with you,
down the narrow eclipses
of leftover's childhood.

Maladorital leeches repulse visceral cataclysms
 Whilst decrepit jurors curdle taxes
 And sumptuous sylphs
 Pristinely maintain their effervescence
 Two worlds belonging to one
 One being accepted; both understood

a mattress for a body of one

Night reads like candlelight
 when caught in a decorticated
 storm;

 Ghastly precincts hung
 eager above the pendant gleam
 cradle.

True solidarity,
 true lonesomeness
 is hearing the suspires of your
 epidermis;
 it is knowing the precise colors
 of death's waiting room;
 feeling the falsehoods of
 sleep.

Dreaming knows no earthbound.
 dizzy spelled sweep the overt
 filaments,

Lining the derisive
nakedness in a
blistered-bruise mattress

Elephants are like grave-markers
Never ticking time-bombs
Exploding everywhere but here

there's a shrill screech,
the rusted knobs turn
with arduous effort

mud-crusted gears spin like a
weeping, cat-scratched record
defying the decades of dust
that fight to cement them in time

the decrepit machine slows
with a senile hesitation,
an eccentric manner of arrest

but the machine can not stop
its low hum drones on
until eventually it is permitted
to retire

The marias of the moon are incomparable
Optics more vibrant than that of the bluest seas
Smile mending a different broken part
With every slight glance

A temperament brighter than the sun
And a laugh out above the rest
With the gracefulness of a glasswinged butterfly



in this, solitude
birds warble a twisted song,
and droplets dance on verdant grass blades

in this, solitude
the wind blows a secret into the clouds,
golden leaves carry consonants between
their venules

in this, solitude
the rustle of an oak, arms outstretched
towards the dimming sky
the babble of a stream, a voice carried
across mossy plains

in this, solitude
kiss me for a moment
shroud me in quilts of light
take me to where the mind wanders.



Naked Tree

naked
 tree, why
 are you stripped
 of your bark?
 naked tree,
 who made you this way?
 were you always shaved
 so smooth?
 you stand so tall;
 so proud,
 and for anyone to see.
 something I could never
 do,
 at
 least
 not
 naked.

^^



About the Trident

We are a group of students that admire literature, and writing, As well as members of the literary society club, meeting Thursdays at lunch on the deck.

If you are interested in joining us, please contact Otto at oredlien56@sccs-stu.net or Veronica at veronicazaleha@sccs.net.

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