FLiP! volume 13 was created by high school students and artist mentors at New Urban Arts in Providence, Rhode Island, 2015.

COME TALK TO US:
New Urban Arts
705 Westminster Street
Providence RI 02903
(401) 751-4556
info@newurbanarts.org
www.newurbanarts.org

CHECK OUT WHAT WE’RE UP TO AT:
www.facebook.com/newurbanarts
www.newurbanarts.org
www.twitter.com/newurbanarts

Kleo Sincere
FLiP! is an annual publication of New Urban Arts, a nationally recognized interdisciplinary art studio for high school students and emerging artists in Providence, Rhode Island. Our mission is to build a vital community that empowers young people as artists and leaders to develop a creative practice they can sustain throughout their lives.

The FLiP 2015 Team:
EmmaWohl, Artist Mentor
Tycho Horan, Artist Mentor

Cover Artwork by Elizabeth Jweinat and Tycho Horan

Extra Special Thanks to Sir Speedy Cranston
Kleo Sincere

Elizabeth Jweinat


* Elizabeth Harney * Elizabeth Jweinat * Elizabeth Minor * Ellyson Rodriguez * Emarr Baker * Emeline Herreid * Emily King * Emily Lima * Emily Riordan * Emily Rojas *
How to Break Something
Alejandra Mayorga

My first thought is to simply pick it up and shatter it to pieces by throwing it on the ground. But then I would be left with a mess that I’d have to then clean up and that sucks.

The way you break something, my mom taught me, is to split it down the middle evenly, that way both people are left with some to eat.

I was also taught to break the bud of a flower by picking it apart and removing the stems.

But when you remove the stems it is like removing a spine. It is like there is nothing left to stand by.

It is also like removing a trace that led to how it got started.

When you break something there should be a crumble. You should hear a snap or a tear.

When you break something, the hot glue will not piece it back together. It will only sit as filler, a gap or a void.

The way you break something is by making it so that whatever you are breaking becomes no longer useful.

Taking parts away and then you must refuse to glue it back together.

And this is how you permanently break something.
On the last night I was eighteen I had a dream that I was coated in ash, little caterpillar torn from the cocoon-eating liquid butterfly wings and moth balls. Choking on this carcinogenic air.

I had a dream that I was coated in blood and tears as I watch a meat grinder churn and churn-destroying flesh and humanity. As I howled at a yellow moon trying to get rid of that smell of life of iron in the wind.

The age of forever was long ago. This wicked steel has twisted and molded into towers that touch the sky-long from those years of Roman politics. Long from those years of ballads of war and concrete. Long from those years with the premise that empires last forever.

No more false kings dragging dogma through the digital age with ill intentions, their poison sweetened my tea before the leaves even steeped. My friends left before I even knew who they were. These colds night woke me before I could even dream.

As I gazed into infinity. Wishing that arms will hold me-strip me down to bone and sinew- I think about last year four thousand miles away. My dark chocolate success

The pixelated pixies throwing sulfur into the confetti. The cheesecake laced with cocaine. The pink ponies throwing up gang signs. Long from 17, long from 20. All my victories are glitter-sweet.
How to Build Something
Alejandra Mayorga

Be willing to get your hands dirty, sticky, red.
Be willing to get on your knees
and feel a little pain in your back.
First you must remove all the old, dead remainders
that were left to decompose.
Take that
and turn it into organic matter
recycled from your life... maybe.
But no matter what soil
you are using
make sure to provide it with
a well of water.
Make sure what you are growing is potted
right underneath the sun.
Remove all of the weeds around it
because I promise you they are no good.
For they will only leave your goal
thirsty and weak.
Whisper loving words and wishes to it.
Sit next to it and soak in the sun
even when there is still nothing
sprouting from the ground.
That is the catch.
While you are waiting
write songs for it:
secret love poems
about your fantasies.
But don’t be afraid to share them.
Make sure you read about it before you build it.
Ask questions,
preferably from someone with grey hair.
I am galaxy floating in space, 
hanging onto gliding stars, 
shooting for eternity, 

I am spaceship landing on earth for survival, 
I am alien coming to take over… 

my kind isn’t welcome here they say 
We are to different our planets don’t collide 
they say…

I am human loose shirt, high waisted shorts, 
black and white flannel around my waist with old dirty converse, 
Striving for something more than galaxy…

I am granddaughter the oldest out of five, 
looking up to you I did, 
ever leaving your side I stayed, and you never said goodbye…

I am big sister to 4 little ones 
will do anything for them 
trying to be all I can be for them

I am student trying really hard not to be a failure 
Trying to succeed like the rest and 
become something like the rest

I am friend goofy, 
Understanding, 
Friendly, 
Funny I think so, 
I will always be there 
Never ending friendship...

I am Alysha 
16 year old girl 
trying to find Myself in this big world 
Striving for the best

I am Galaxy~ 
— Alysha Turner

Angela said, laughing, “Typical upper class…”

The frog said, “Just because I have a top hat doesn’t mean I am upper class, hmph!”

Angela poured more tea. She was so taken aback by the frog sitting at her dinner table that her cup overflowed right onto her dress. The frog laughed as he shoved crackers and cheese into his mouth.

“That’s not funny!” Angela exclaimed.

They are always well dressed so as to give off the appearance of day well in that trying moment. Though in this frog’s trying moment he didn’t know it would be his last. As he continued chewing and laughing he felt a slight tingle in his nose. Myatt felt in his breast-pocket and again he nibbled a currant, “One of the croissants if you please, my dear.”

Angela handed him the croissants. Just then Mr. Frog let out a terrifying sneeze! He flew backwards off his chair through the window and onto a horse. And their faces were dark with dust. It was so cold that every horse in the flock was wearing a ski mask.

Angela and Myatt ran outside. They found Mr. Frog had been trampled and killed. Myatt dropped to the ground. Crying. Sobbing.

Angela stood there. She said, “I hope he rots in hell. He ruined my tea party. He deserves it.”

With that, she walked into the house.
all of space is completely silent
2/3 of the earth has never seen snow
Baby elephant will suck their trunk for comfort
all of space is completely silent
not even the loudest bang
can be heard
my mind is empty
trying to let go broken
promises
thump! thump! My heart
is racing but I’m the only
one who can hear
Bring me to space where
I am in complete silence, where
no one, not even me, can hear
this aggressive beating
Take me back to where
all is silent
SPACE
She Who Yells Flames
Jordan Moment

I was once taught love by a woman of firespecial—watching the flames drip. Feeling the smoke drip—like water from ash stained lips. Every morning the kindling cracks and smolders as the sun brushes it’s teeth with white clouds, rinsing with blue sky. Flossing with green grass. I have danced with the embers as madness dances with war—no victory just as certain as copper promoting brave soldiers. Never again will I sleep at night. This bonfire has made me a beast like—eyes piercing shadows, blurring the distance between dusk and dawn. They say wicker men are only loyal to the heat, that only change is loyal to the days, that your faith is loyal only to your God. Treason is minted like coins. And maybe we are all burned whole.