

THE IDEATE REVIEW

ISSUE 1 | SPRING 2018



ABOUT
THE CAR SEGMENT

The New Package of
the car segment

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers –

Welcome to Issue 1 of *The Ideate Review*!

Our magazine's theme—global issues and identity—calls for emerging writers and artists to explore their unique backgrounds and opinions on the current world, where representation matters more than ever. I would like to take this opportunity to celebrate the talents of our contributors.

I hope you enjoy our selection of short stories, poems, and artworks and continue to support our magazine.

Jimin Lee
Founder & Editor-in-Chief
of *The Ideate Review*

CONTENTS

Burglary <i>Lyme Cho</i>	3
Sticky <i>Mei Cheng</i>	5
Ourmerica <i>Camden Lee</i>	6
Abortion Is A Right <i>Li June Choi</i>	8
Humble <i>Paul Kim</i>	9
Conformity <i>Claire Kim</i>	11
Oil <i>Yunchan Kim</i>	12

BURGLARY

LYME CHO

It is dark and gloomy,
The streets are anything but roomy,
Street lamps flickering,
To us very welcoming,
Trees stretch their spiny fingertips,
I stretch to see any kind of eclipse,

Shadows lurk,
I smirk,
At the darkness of the windows,
At the oblivious foes,
Shadows perform their magic,
Knowing it won't be so tragic,
If they,
Tear away,
As fierce as a horde of ravenous beasts,
As fast as lightning strikes the East,

I am cold and emotionless,
I stand tall and fearless,
Against the walls of the prey,
Careful not to stray,
From the wickedness of the streets,
From the unfair peace,

A low whistle sounds,
Making my heart pound,
With bitter happiness,
With sheer madness,

Evil shadows,
Prance out the windows,
Like a sly fox after its trot,
Like a puckish pen after its jot,

They are hunters of the night,
Legalizing their own deplorable rights,

As we blend into the cracks within walls,
Midnight falls,
I realize,
Evil is merely a disguise,
For when hunger rises.

STICKY

MEI CHENG



OUR AMERICA

CAMDEN LEE

The land of the free.
The home of the brave.
The American dream.
But, who are the free?
Who are the brave?
What American dream?
Where is the acceptance?
Where is the tolerance?
Where is the equality?

We ask ourselves.

What does it mean to be an American?

What does it mean to be a human?

What does it mean to be a moral being?

We question ourselves.

As a free-born American,
I was taught to embrace.
I was advised to listen.
I was educated to accept.

But when I acted upon my edification,
Society did not give its share of reciprocation.

Instead, they returned with bigotry.

They returned with ignorance.

They returned with prejudice.

This cannot be the land of the free.

This cannot be the home of the brave.

There can be no American dream...

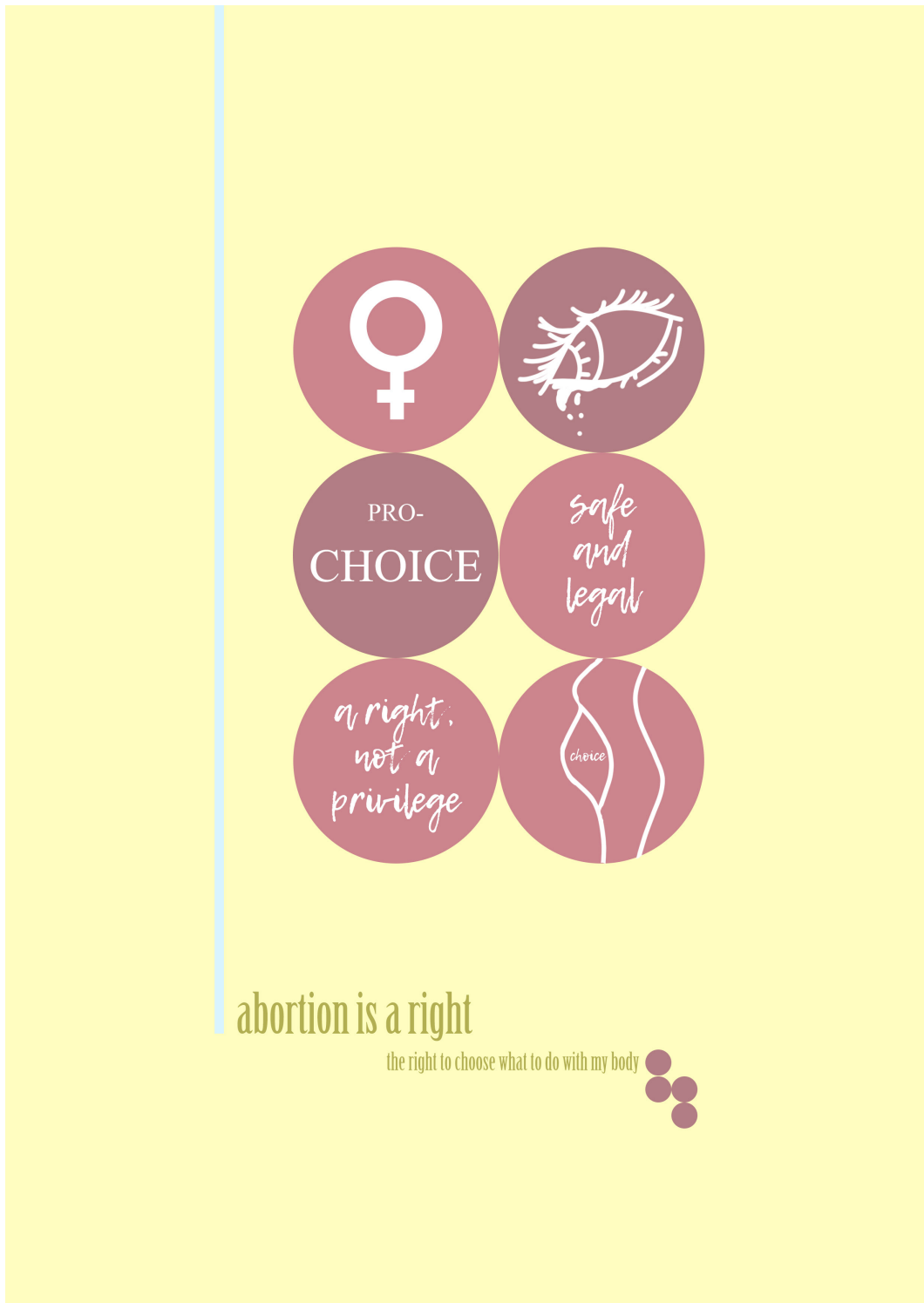
Unless...

The boundaries disappear.
The boundaries between male and female,
The boundaries between black and white,
The boundaries between Asian and Hispanic,
The boundaries between immigrant and native,
The boundaries between rich and poor,
The boundaries between religious and atheist,
The boundaries between gay and straight,
The boundaries between us and them,
The boundaries between yours and mine.

This is not Yourmerica.
This is not Mymerica.
This is Ourmerica

ABORTION IS A RIGHT

LI JUNE CHOI



HUMBLE

PAUL KIM

I don't know what it's like to be oppressed yet.
Maybe because I haven't gone outside of Asia yet.
I can't relate to half of the articles CNN is uploading yet.
rumpcare, DACA, tariffs, welfare, nothing appeals to me yet.

Yet.
And yet.

I feel the fear that is bound to be down on me.
I feel the shadow looming all over me.
I feel the pain and depression I've never felt on me.
I feel the feels that sends me to reels on me.

I'm going to bluff it out and say that I'm all ready.
I'm going to bluff it out and say I know all those things.
I'm going to bluff it out and pretend like I know everything
That's bound to strike once the clock strikes the time.

But I know it'll be the death of me, and I'll just remain numb
But I know what I've seen and heard is nothing close to wrong
But I know my skin, my eyes, my body, my ties will say I'm done
But I know they will all laugh at me and say that I'm just dumb

Because that's how society works. No one is true good nor evil
Because that's how society works. No sugarcoating in all decile
Because that's how society works. No pax americana
Because that's how society works. No peace and freedom for all

People get shot down. Stepped down.
Laughed at. Thrown at. Jumped at.
Mocked at. Jeered at. Chewed at.
Pulled back. Tied up. Hung up.
Heck, they even get killed in public.

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Laughed at. Thrown at. Jumped at.
Mocked at. Jeered at. Chewed at.
Pulled back. Tied up. Hung up.
Heck, they even get killed in public.

I stand. You stand. Against the scare.
Against the current, we swim past the dare
We stand tall when our ideals crumble;
We remain low, crawl, and get humble.

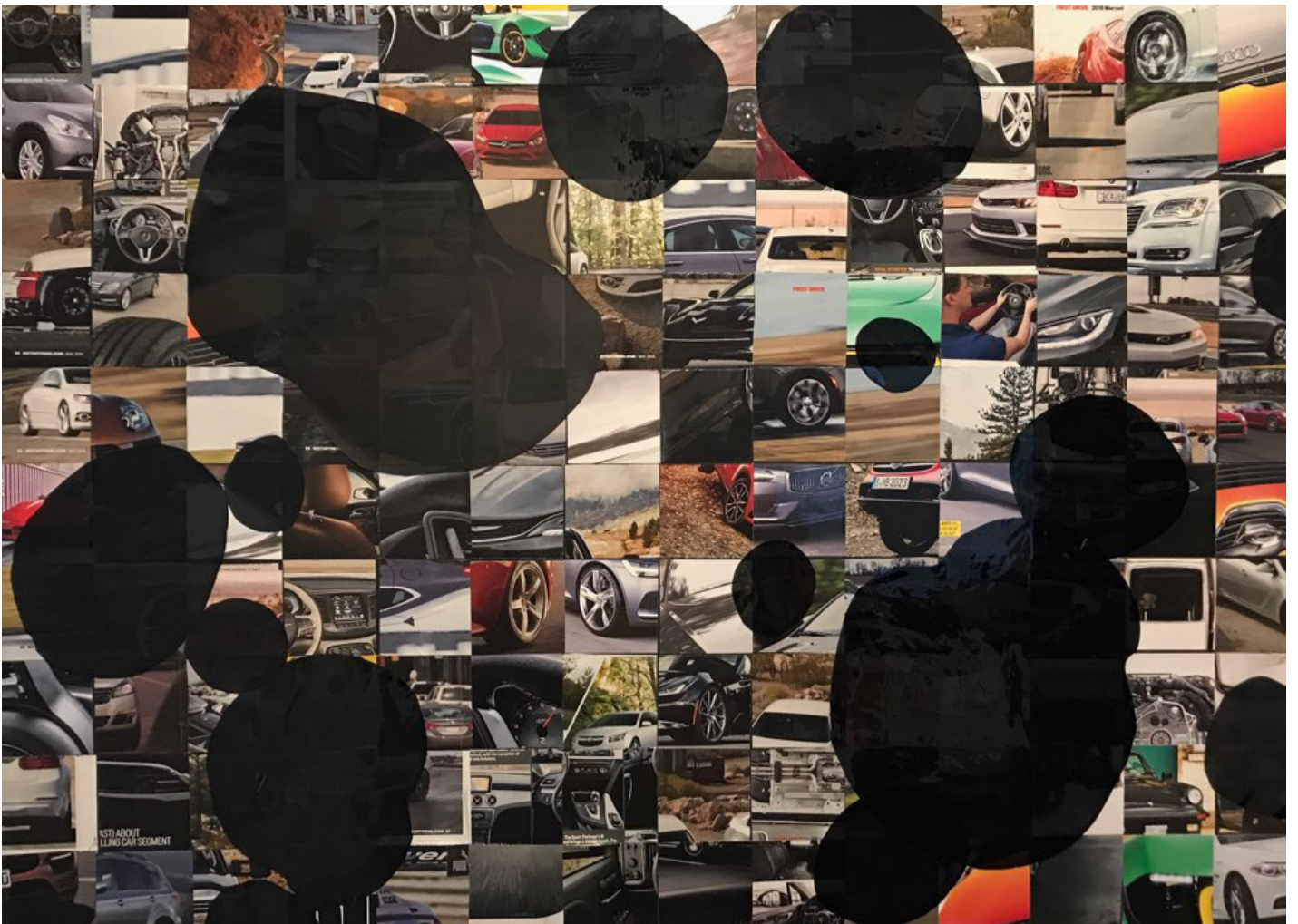
CONFORMITY

CLAIRE KIM



OIL

YUNCHAN KIM



THE IDEATE REVIEW

Literary magazine dedicated to providing a voice
for writers and artists from across the globe

ISSUE 1

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