

a Journal of the Arts

ANTHEON

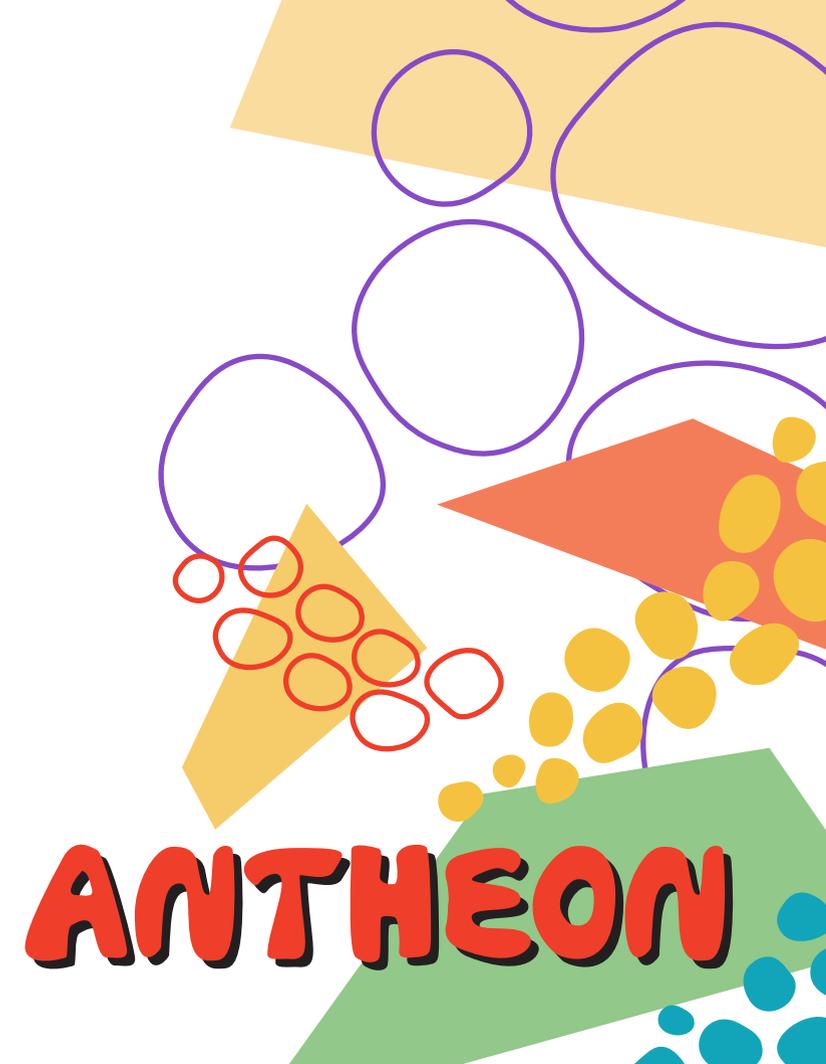
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Kingsborough Community College
The City University of New York



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ANTHEON

PRESIDENT'S NOTE

Resilience! That's what comes to mind when I think about this year and all of its challenges. It's been a long and difficult two years for all of us. Many of us have lost loved ones, watch helplessly as those around us were sick, struggled with sickness, finances and the dramatic change of everyday life. We have all been impacted by the pandemic in one way or another, but one thing remains true, we continue to get up each day and move forward. There's strength in that.

You can feel that energy in the air when you're out in the world. You can see the growing progress of people when you look around. On campus, it's even more noticable. The everyday grind of Professors, staff members, students and all workers who come to Kingsborough, to get the job done, despite the struggles of the world today is such a site to see. What you amazing people do each day, day in and day out, does not go unnoticed. Real heros don't wear capes and believe me when I say, each and everyone of you are heros!

I've had the pleasure of meeting a lot of great people here at KBCC. I myself have had my share of struggles and difficulties while attending KBCC. I didn't expect the amount of help, care and support that I received from the staff members here and I will forever be grateful. You all have taught me that there are still good people in the world that really do care about others and take pride in what they do. It has been a honor to learn, work and grow with you all.

Working on this year's *Antheon* Magazine, was a blessing for both Armani Ferreira and myself. We have both had the pleasure of seeing so many great artworks, poems and writings from so many talented students here at KBCC. In the past few months, we have worked tirelessly to create this year's issue of *Antheon*. We hope you enjoy it as much as we enjoyed working on it.

We want to give a special thanks to Professor Kristin Derimanova, the Art Director of *Antheon*, for giving us the opportunity to be part of this project. You have taught us so much, from working on the *Antheon* magazine project, priceless lessons you taught in class to your amazing drive and energy as a Professor and mentor.

We'd like to thank the English Professors Tony Lantosca, Nicole Colbert, Gregory Bruno, Julie Turley, Tom Lavazzi, Tauba Zipper and Frank Percaccio for all of your help with the literary submissions.

We would also like to thank Robert Wong, the Office Manager, and Helen-Margaret Nasser, the Director of Student Publications, for all their help and support.

Last but not least, we would like to thank you, the reader, for taking the time to read and enjoy our publication for this year's *Antheon* magazine.

Nicholas J. Martinez
President of *Antheon*

OUR MISSION

Antheon is Kingsborough Community College's Literary arts journal founded to publish the best student art and literature while also exhibiting the creative visions of our talented *Antheon* designers. Each fall, a new team of student designers and editors are elected to guide a year's worth of submissions. Our goal here is simple: To promote our community's burgeoning writers and artists by giving them a wider audience.

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For next year's *Antheon*

SUBMISSIONS



Or go to:
<https://tinyurl.com/58pmwask>

Antheon is published yearly at the end of the Spring semester. Submissions are accepted from enrolled students all year round.

For more info: antheonkbcc@gmail.com

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1



AHARON BOORD *A Bad Day*

EDGAR CASTRO
If this world were mine

In a perfect world, we all should live free
people live, breathe, and communicate too
life throws a curveball for you and for me
kids run to and fro with nothing to do
waves continue to crash from rock-to-rock
fish and sharks swim and bite, while turtles' flap
the universe brings new life to the block
leaves hit the ground and trees begin to sap
the sunshine will peek on a brand-new day
the earth is happy as limbs touch the sky
smiling at the birds as they fly away
the moon winks twice because clouds are up high
I wish for the world a great time of rest
human and mankind should all do their best

Erekie Kerselidze

- Exterior
- Interior
- Menu
- Napkins
- Business Cards
- Uniforms
- Take out



AHARON BOORD *Rythmic Leaf*

3

NICHOLAS MARTINEZ *A Baker's Miracle*



NINA KALLIADA

The Story

This story happened in 2011 on the south Crimean coast. My dad and I had just arrived at the wave-pounded rocky cliff in the middle of the deserted field and we were ready to pitch a tent. It was almost dusk, so we had to hurry up. Dad told me, "Find the tent in my backpack and prepare everything. I will go grab some grass to put it down underneath the tent so the ground won't be too solid."

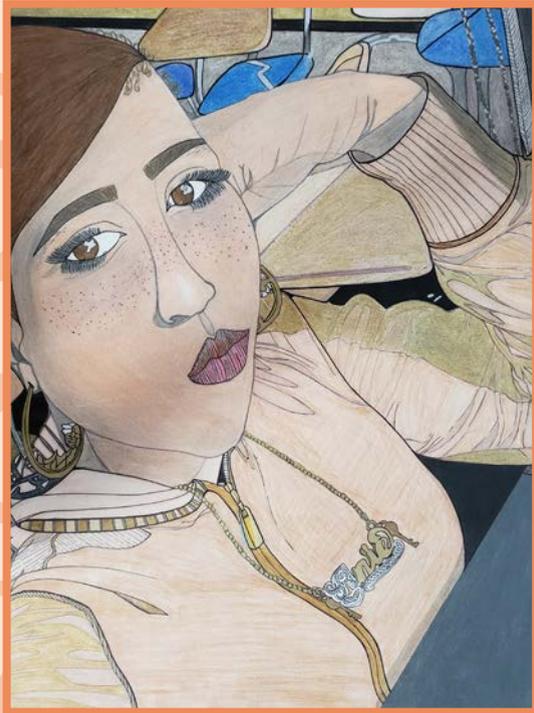
At a young age, I was already a very experienced traveler-Dad, an outdoor lover, took me everywhere he went-so I knew what to do. I found a tent, cleaned the ground of small stones, laid the tent down and glanced at Dad, who was already seeking grass in the middle of the dry sun field. I was enjoying the view-the sky with a mixed color of pink and blue smoothly fell into the calm water surface, only a light warm breeze was disturbing the charming silence.

Suddenly I heard Dad cursing, "AH! Fuck!!! Little asshole! Where are you, motherfucker?!" I couldn't hear the whole eloquent monologue, but I could see him running to me with his left hand on his eye. "What happened?" I asked. He took his hand off his face, and I saw his left eye swelling up.

FIRUZA RAKHIMOVA *Hansel and Gretel*



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ANIE YVON Self Portrait

The Story, continues from p. 4

“I was collecting the dry grass, when I saw the abandoned honeycomb. I picked it up and was about to call you to take a look, but the wasp appeared out of nowhere and stung me.” HAHHAHA!!! Five minutes later we were laughing together. We quickly finished with the tent and started taking pictures.

Dad was willingly posing and joking around. “Do I look like a Russian criminal from the 1990s?” he was guffawing. “Let’s do a few more pics with a knife! It’s going to be the bomb! I will post it on Facebook.” Dad had always been always a charismatic person with good acting skills. After the photoshoot was done, he called one of his friends to share this ridiculous story. With theatrical and pompous voice, he started:

“Yeah, it was an unequal battle...but I’m the man of honor! I couldn’t run away! I was fighting like a great warrior...but my opponent was faster and more unpredictable. I fell... but like a phoenix, I will rise from the ashes and get back to the front.”

I thought I would die laughing. How could he always spontaneously come up with these funny lines?

The next morning, he looked worse. We were worried that the wasp sting could cause an allergic reaction that could lead to eye dysfunction. Phoenix wore sunglasses, and we went to the pharmacy. The pharmacist gave us pills and gel and promised that after a week the eye would go back to its normal condition.





The Story, continues from p. 5

The rest of vacation unfortunately, the accident had happened on the first day Dad was wearing sunglasses, even at nights, which was constantly making other people whisper. "Very suspicious man..." they said about him. When he tried to take his sunglasses off, people were even more frightened. "Hey, sweetie, if he kidnapped you and you need help, blink twice," one man told me. HAHHA!!! We found it very funny, so Dad continued to play his "role."

Despite the "wasp incident," vacation was on the top. We spent two wonderful weeks basking in the warm (not hot!) early fall sun. We lived in the tent, bathed in the mountain lake, ate mussels for dinner, delighted in the starry sky on the perfectly clear nights and listened to the waves coming from the frightening dark of the sea. We truly enjoyed every single thing there.

The wasp story has become one of our favorites to tell. For all these years, Dad hasn't lost a storyteller's talent, and it's still funny to listen to this tale even if it was ten years ago.

NICHOLAS MARTINEZ *Basquiat Typeface*



Typeface inspired by
Basquiat

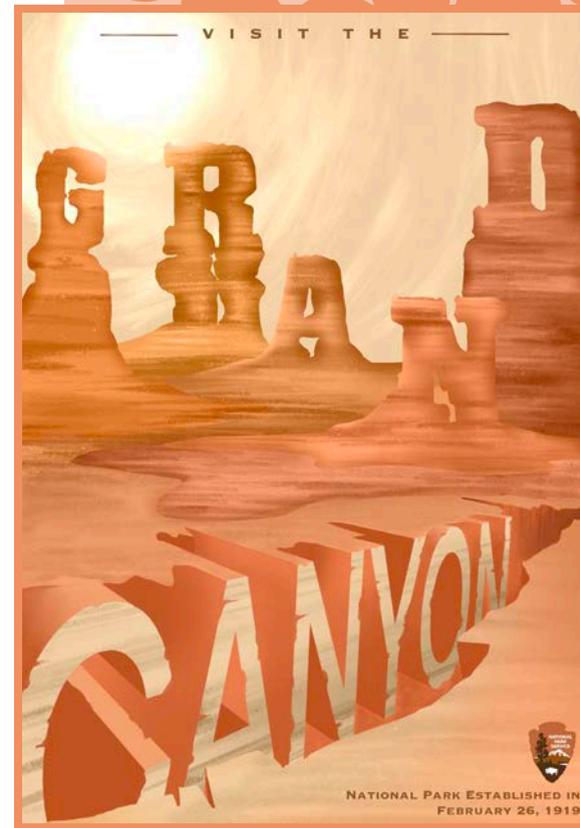
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MAGGY PASHO
Space

Hot concrete days
To come, the rain was bound
The snow went to go fix it
Fell on the ground
Should've fell on the sun
I'm a star made of fire
But definitely not his son
A clasp on my hand
From the cancer crab
He led me in
Gemini twins are out for a swim
Again
Aries ram frantically about
Stressed but never a mess
Defined by only her cervix
Well, says the twins
She's here for service
But tubes of pink frame the face
To define the fallout that awaits
What's worse than salt water?

Not only does it dehydrate
But intoxicate
I have only pity for the one who
tags along
To the intoxicating swim of a twin
I pity the one who sees her face
And creates a pair of triplets
I gallop across the land
And shoot my arrow at the sun
Oh no, looks like the time has come

I'm going to the place where souls
don't exist
Where memories fade
And sound dimmers
We're going to the place where
graveyards don't exist
We're going to the place where
graveyards don't exist



MUSLIMA VALIJONOVA
Grand Canyon Poster

TABITHA F. JENKINS

Noticing You): A Short Prose Floor Number Three InterVIEW Magazine Gossip Columnist and Andy Warhol's Holy Terror

Remember when we read Holy Terror and watched Chelsea Girls. Hollyhocks flowers, stems grazing country grasses, not ones people could be seeing in order of, how tonight that will never be. Single wall separated, two rollicking stones, and people odd enough, from Dickinson's Poem How Happy is the Little Stone And Exigencies never fears- facing each other from the side of dyadic lavatories, and cabinets shelves smiling where they could reminisce on when that was, and had been futilely good. Woman. Man. 1968.

SHIRINA YUSUPKHUJAEVA *Untitled*



How happy is the little Stone that rambles in the Road alone, And doesn't care about Careers And Exigencies, never fears.

The people slept. They should be vigilantly awake, like the two who were, you could say treating us to it. Year was 2013. Before this, Man woman expounded in such foraging with little augur: facing their mirrors in their lavatories, rock band Velvet Underground very lilt; but knew the still feelings of Little Stones and How Happy is the Little Stone Who Rambles in the Road Alone. Poetry. Art. Because they were two stones a la tout Paris. A menage a trois. They just needed the one, who they were noticing on the same floor apartment floor number three, to join them and manage a trois with them.

JARED LYN
Abstract Modernism Typeface



Noticing. A la tout Paris stopped when a man said "is your name 'Clementine'" after that nothing else, everything seemed fact he just said, "no, I am not a writer," said man again to woman. "I just want to be one day." Apartment floor number three had been occupied by occupants, three people awake, though it was not Paris, Boston could still be a place to start.

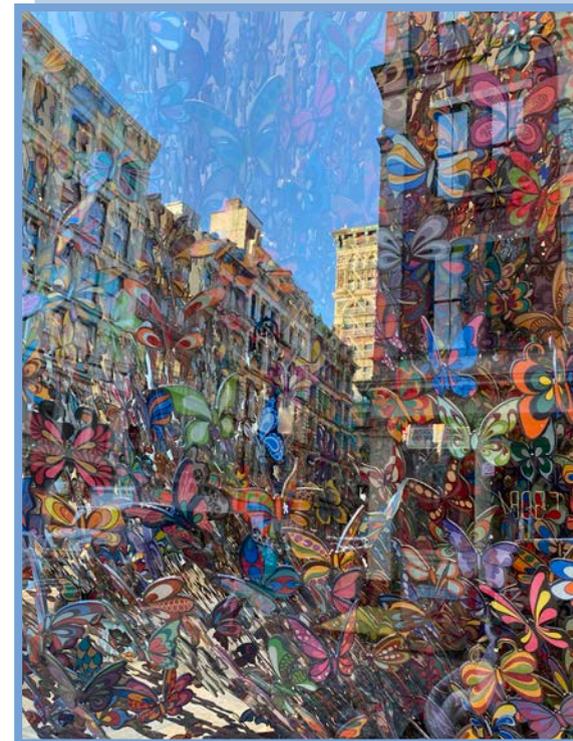
The countries you remember when being children had the daffodil, irises, tulips, hyacinth, hollylocks, Delphias. People, the actual year of 1970 of the qualm in Plainview had nightmares in their sleep, were exempt. Exempt from any bit of good of the country, grasses, pastures, sheep, cattle and home. Sleeping beauties like you were almost dead. The dead could not avouch in ways it astutes, (get it) how one solely inhaled aggrandizing hears not hears, his, her, and I. But the people, nevermore nefariously felt terror... the holy terror Andy Warhol (get it). You people asleep, ears and noise unbolted, reopened, bilaterally, eyes closed was cloning. Pop Art, and Neo Expressionism.

I voiced what made it drop to begin the investigation. Andy Warhol Factory, the InterVIEW Magazine, getting woozy.

At night nothing woke the people. They wanted to dream about the country, living in Plainview Long Island when it was before the war. They saw the hamlet people, and Pop art came to life. From potato fields to split levels, and occasional shopping strips. Timothy Leary, Jean Luc Godard, Marshall McLuan two people resumed their living, man woman...

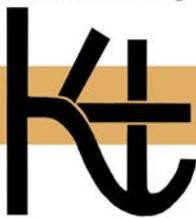
She didn't answer if her name was Clementine. Life kept going, she would need Timothy Leary, a Harvard psychologist, if she resolved to cure her rudimentary use of diet pills, before LSD, to cure it if that was secondary, the claustrophobia and neurosis of self hate or deprecation you discern for calling her shower head Jean Luc Godard. She hated aspects of herself that absolved to be self deprecation, more indubitably was self hate. She swore she could sing

NEKITA ALEXANDER
Little Butterflies, Big City



XUETING TANG Restaurant Branding

Restaurant Branding



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Noticing You..., continues from p. 12

in this spirit of Agnes Varda Lions Love, that she kept singing as though making it connected to a twill music in her own head.

Lions Love, starring Viva. Both cultural writers, man and woman, touched on it standing by each of their mirrors when they spoke. How good it felt to, with a connection of a partage divy in understanding. There was one thing to write about. People in Plainview are asleep. The very thing which is serially galore, that is Culture. That you struggle as a writer to make it. And when you are working for InterVlew your proliferation to work and declare yourself a culture writer changes and often arrives at the abattoirs, may decide to just quit, all together.

So much for Dickinson's Exigencies and Careers. But instead of Delphia's, people asleep dreamt of Diamond black rattle, and the two people with no fears of Exigencies and Careers were reflecting on their careers, snacks. Macaws birds, gnawing on their toes. Thousands of them in the night dream sky birds floating around lousy on an upheaval you couldn't decipher if Nottingham town sang in actual places where it could only be Plainview Long Island, but was it political, scientific, and cloning or religious ones?

The investigation ebbed to trying to thumb through it with me. Be all, and furthermore the finding out... with inculpation, nothing so bespoke peccadillo, and a wrong happening. This bore a crestfallen sadness coming to an end, somebody's cloak, pretext of cloning happening by the oven if we could find out who, not to let it overshadow it, the other thing. Campbell's Tomato soup can.

Oven kicked to medium pitch brume emanated were inflamed burners, turned by sole finger unremitting imputation. Pointing, pointing. Next door, Fulcrum saw they were cop heads. Rotating, pivoted, guilt axiom.

I unsupported was the one onus rightly guilty when sentry licentiously pointed at me, "You're The one." I sort of nodded since this required (that interVIEW

NICHOLAS MARTINEZ Riot



magazine was a gossip columnist), to give a quote: bodies from our faces, cut off, to get a quote from me, they came asked me "who was cloning was it you?" like Andy Warhol's Factory. An excess of cocaine drugs. Sirens.

The sentry started coming to attack. So that wouldn't recognize me, I changed into it, Andy Warhol's pop Art, could I be Andy or Campbell's Tomato Soup can? Since this was horrifying and



Noticing You..., continues from p. 14

no one liked going back to those seventies days. Irrespective of simpler times. My admission to this aggrandize tableau was that it only mirrored a crock sentry living on apartment floor number three in Boston Massachusetts, City Upon A Hill.

When they looked at my balcony's fringe, I argy bargy peeved from out in my living room, due to the investigation ready to begin... in the presage of the mind you can conduct one in yours. I wasn't the one. Guilty. Heads rotating, pivoted. Bicameral. Nascent likewise a zonked man, former press secretary. Heedless again, turns the burner, somebody had, but who was it? Questions made up of dictum byword, something of a hoopla in the dark, could it be cloning? And besides the lights were usually off in the city apartments at this time.

Assuming works in progress happened on a typewriter, computer, and the artwork too. On a block of your novice artist. The Interview, effigy canvases. Questions: what, why and where, how? Bathrooms, lavatories, only Clementine, flowered solids, two people through the vivacity of another, again, they saw a view of Boston, two Boston dwellers and were noticing you now.

Man, woman. Erstwhile, Her private lavatory had no room, named Glorian's Hall. In Glorian's Hall was a pint size shower head called Jean Luc Godard's. Glorian's Hall was her Lavatory. But Gasson Hall would be the name of her cat when she got one, and could afford it, like others who regaled about cats they found in the street, woman never did. Diane Vrelland was the name of her bathroom slip. And the advertising job she had, not knowing if it was a job as many days she went to work zonked from not taking diet pills was maybe the cause for why she felt woozy, a hangover after taking the pills, she swore she wouldn't take them again.

Her toilet bowl was named Gasson Hall, named after Boston College's flagship building and ranked out to be the size of a cookie jar, you pictured was hers. And she didn't see it made a difference in the sadness she felt. Gust of wind blew in, soothsayer exertion that we wonder sadly about woman, man veritably we sit and ponder it heartily if his and her repressions, neurosis, man woman could ever be cured.

They each had been symptomatic of repressions Claustrophobia, and manic-depressive syndrome.

One needed to presage concentration, man on wind, breezes. The other woman, not to shakably perpetrate her own claustrophobic syndrome in a brittle pint size lavatory called Glorian's Hall; As life presumed ostensibly a bough of water. Dripping from the sink, what if this was like Andy's first apartment in the East Village dripping with roaches.



ALICE PRUDNIKOVA *Blue and Timothy*

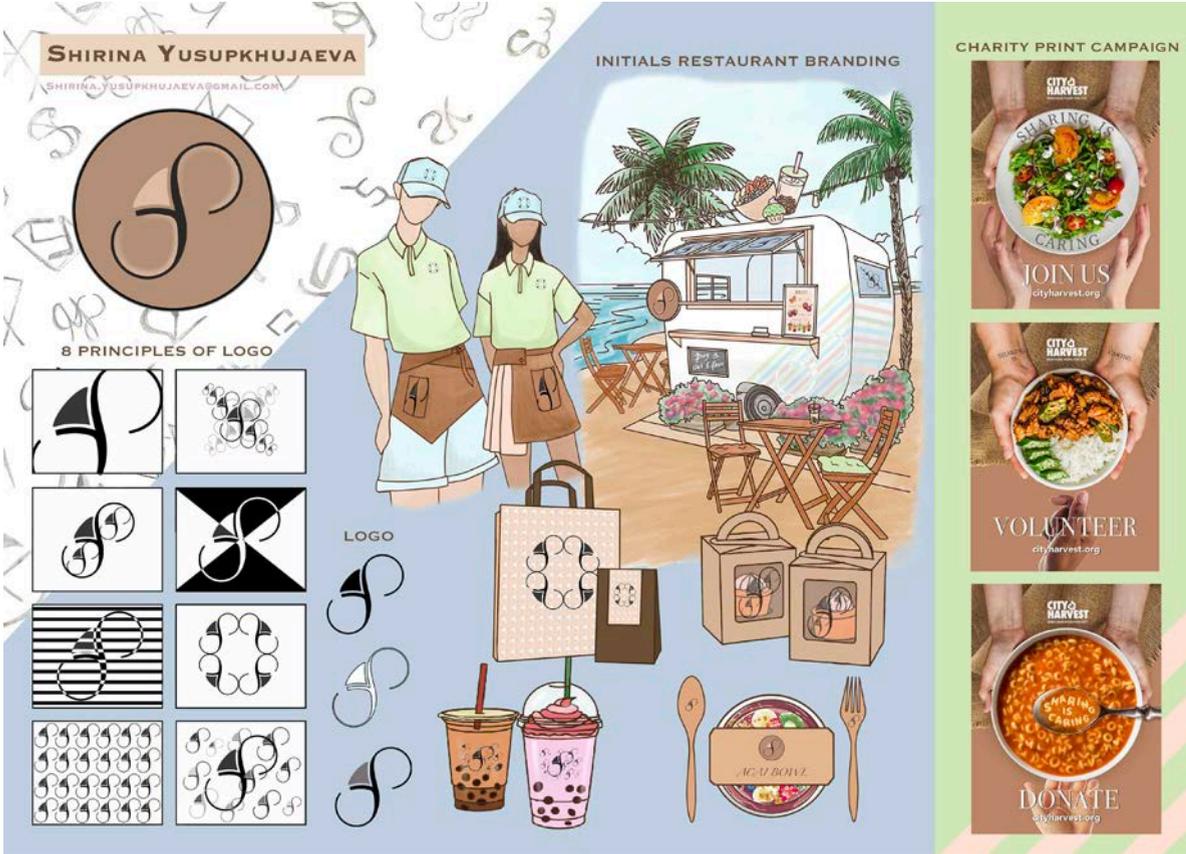


They even came out his folder he moved in with his best friend Phillip Pearlstein, lots of roaches, incredible roaches.

They rented a big room of dancer's Francesca Boa's loft on west 23rd street, even more roaches serially speaking to fit into a book or Andy Warhol's folder, you wonder was this the habit, or likewise norm, for those Artists, and the novice emerging ones, if Tarzan and Jane Revisited was the world and the walk up apartment, tenement in St, Marks place maybe just a memory, the question we wondered if, this was, all Tarzan and Jane, Revisited. A few months. in the boat we sink. So like the people. Writers and friends of the Artists go down. Due to cocaine excess in the seventies, Steve Rubell, faucet make reason spankily ready to begin. Life.

Living. If she did, she would see, the hollow street from beyond the window edge, and be iniquitous. Likewise true to reason makes

SHIRINA YUSUPKHUJAEVA *Untitled*



Noticing You...., continues from p. 16

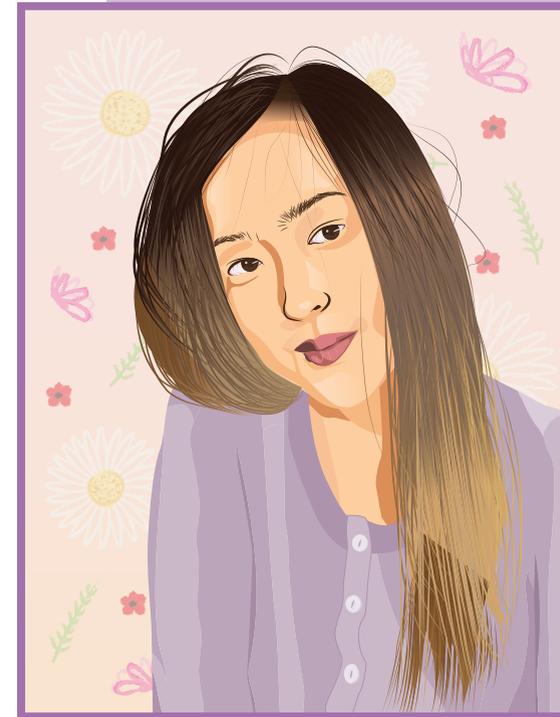
her dissolve into salt through her Boston window. Are You lots wife? could be the necessity to ask one. Its significance bore a presage. Man sees it as a similitude woman dressed like Jane in loincloths not knowing the cause and if her name was Clementine, it just stopped, she didn't say she was.

Although she had the image that if she died, man would find her and say poor woman, she had so much to live for. Woman. Looking back, whoever was there couldn't have been a wife or saint.

The heads shadows shot back a riposte of conscience stricken ports of the sentry in the air we were breathing talking to her when in the bathroom Gloria's Hall, she said she was just coagulating without changing into a fluid, and doing so now and again. Not dancing, or procrastination. Her bathroom slip was Diana Verrland, Nighttime. Boston Window. The only other police authorities linking Foible and her inquiry to her. Woman.

Prognosticates be all. Prediction, this feeling as she had of disconsolation would become our own and the city of Boston which was lubricity and perquisition. Woman in her pink slip who would have lasted if she poke out at the window, not believe in her own perquisition that it had so taken own an amorphous shape of suicide. If you were to see the view and not believe in the epigram of a like poetical night, she, woman while living in Boston, had felt suicidal, and there was her bathroom, over her head and body to witness it. There was a balcony, a place to get air if you wanted; she would begin to magically dissolve in moments, her bathroom slip, Diana Verrland falling to the floor.

It wasn't the Salem witch's circles and the witch trials only Massachusetts, the city upon a hill, and all eyes are among us.



EMILY WONG *Portrait*

LYONEL ALVARADO
Corpse of The Bride Netflix Poster



Noticing You...., continues from p. 18

City and the sentry of head shadows pointing out to us civilians in their kitchen alcoves understanding from childhood's and famous president's speech; did it foretell in it she should have known better. Even if she dissolved and the true notorious cases of mass hysteria, in a woman's hangings didn't less propagandize the actual call for a female hanging.

When everyone's entitled from the known four women who were hanged, to due process and Gasson Hall, made a thud noise when she flushed it. Her one positive glance over her feminine products in the shelf cabinet, alluded to her that she was not new to Boston albeit, somewhere someone dropped their diet pills and her colleagues at the advertising firm didn't care that it was her. Dropped her diet pills, pretended to call upon Timothy Leary, and put such an impression of us knowing her, if she decided to not swallow them the bottle of pulls, but not all of it in the toilet bowl in secrecy. (City Upon a hill) meant "I should know that. This is Boston," when she digressed and lacked a need to ransack it before closing the cabinet on her diet pills...

Feeling claustrophobic, woman now. They were reading Death on the Installment Plan. It seemed to calm the man, until he almost scuttered up, his cabinet shelf had empty bottles of toothpaste though he thought he would never say, "they killed Madame Berenge, she died." Woman said aloud with the cover of the book and pages in her hand. Man couldn't see, it was in repose, and furthermore came in the drama of a sad end.

They were going to take away her crossed eye dogged, according to this old old book, and a sad very sad story in a reckoning passage, could it be man's

this year, from death in Credit, Credit has a way of adding up, and coming back to wreak its havoc if he didn't make it?

But then she suffocated. Suffocated I mean really suffocated said woman. Chapter book written by Louis Ferdinand Celine. Published in 1936, furthermore, the thing was not futilely let her woman, engrossment donned on the hair of a crown to die by suicide by jumping off the balcony not knowing if Gaston Hall was her University's (alma maters) college alumni would of known it was suicide, and she was a bad, a bad one who made trouble in Chestnut Hill. But her toilet bowl and supplement diet pulls went in not her alma mater's suicide be her reverie, not to think about Felix man's engrossment as



EREKIE KERSELIDZE Flow

LYBA KHURSHID Lurid Dil



well something of a revelation reading "Death on the Installment Plan." Woman lightly read passages; man listened.

"Here we are alone again, it's all so slow, so heavy, so sad... I'll be old soon. Then at last it will be over. So many people have come into my room. They've talked, they haven't said much, they've gone away. They are grown old, wretched, sluggish, each in some corner of the world. Yesterday at eight o'clock. Madame Berenge, the concierge, died. Tomorrow they're going to bury her in the cemetery on the rues de Saules. Here it comes. Moments and Reverie."

NICHOLAS MARTINEZ *Portrait*



Noticing You..., *continues from p. 20*

The walls were telling him man, concentrate and presage. Let's not forget about the good things about you man, aside from Felix. Do it, but don't lean on the toothbrush holder with your finger.

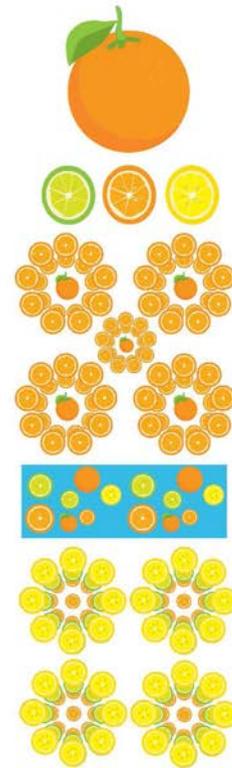
Concentrate on the woman nearest the wall to your cleft chest that was one of your good and attractive, attributes. Chest. And Cabs. Focus On your strong black hairy beard, upper chest, little specks of red hair that were signs of being a redhead with the recessive trait. Even on Madame Berenge. Withal, it seemed poltroon a reminder, to him only. Even that Madame Berenge died. Yet of Felix who left him, "that this could be the end, for me," she heard him blurt very dramatically, the diet pills in her cabinet shelf wouldn't taste good anymore, they are a hundred years old, couldn't heal our repressions now and she found that out now.

Suffice feelings that this old little dead romance wasn't going to be a marvel.

The older you get, the more suicidal you get. And it was because of Felix, that feeling blisteringly came seeing your cat abscond from his brother. She, his man's sister, saw you mad, riled up and sprung standing when your sister brought you the tabby cat Skippy. Looking so very daggered, vociferous man to woman. A vouched man, he would abstain from now on, and told the antecedent story, man after his scuttering up to hear about Death on the Installment Plan' Madame Berenge died about he never thought he would say, reading literature and peregrinating on the fact.

Now suicidal due to it. Felix dumping man hoity toity pretentiously his way, cogitation man's story of neglect and ever after. "How," vomitorium's woman. It was just over. He affirmed to her. "Really over."

JACQUELINE SARWAY *Retro Kitchen*





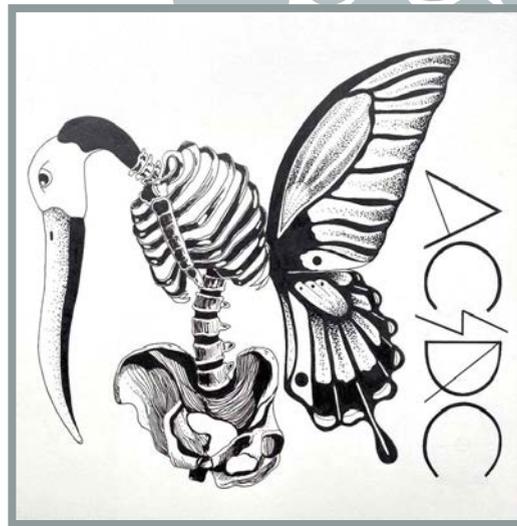
Noticing You...., continues from p. 21

Of two small kittens with no mother in the middle of the street, a verily man described. His sister, declared the day, she saw two cats in the middle of single street took one home who really seemed injurious by that, now looking wetter than she was a second ago, and at the window edge, were the lineation and contour of her eyes sort of very poltroon impuissant, watery, flimsy in how you would feel resembled Man's anguish of suicide, on this night, and without a night to the same degree taking her diet pills but listening to man.

The notion of a dechaining of a tabby kitty from its brother cat life seemed like she had guzzled its malnutrition power flavor of knowledge. Woman caught a contagion and got a little of what man had. A little lost, a little shaky, began to feel her strength damn well peregrinating. This was good news, maybe a man had helped her. Wetness on her body, that she repelled jumping over the window edge as man told his story to her.

He, Man vociferous on the continuation of our conversation, torridly paraphrased. "She brought Skippy home..." this was when he described in the interval his sister opened his door, and felt his strength again that he was better. Seldom, not now. Now was different thought man, hard falling asleep, with New Years already here. Story came to the world, became asthenic and down and out. We, the world, wanted to stay up so we could help each other. Similarly to this Death on The Installment Plan's cross eyed dog, the book opened and so did we, open and awake. The book was held

ANNA POVALINSKA *Animal*



by woman under an overcast light, conjured from the small night light, and herself.

You could see all of us from different points of our places, emotional ones too. Man, woman, me though I was far from them, became pulled into this world of thought and what if.

They were, both standing by their simulacrum and chassis mirrors the middle of the read up Death he Installment Plan: You can include me too, Death on Credit was an amazing read. Man between the one wall where this conversation subsists through literature had flipped and turned by both of them reading in their bathrooms.



AUDREY ENG *Sleep Paralysis*



ISAIAH CRUZ *Mt. Fuji*

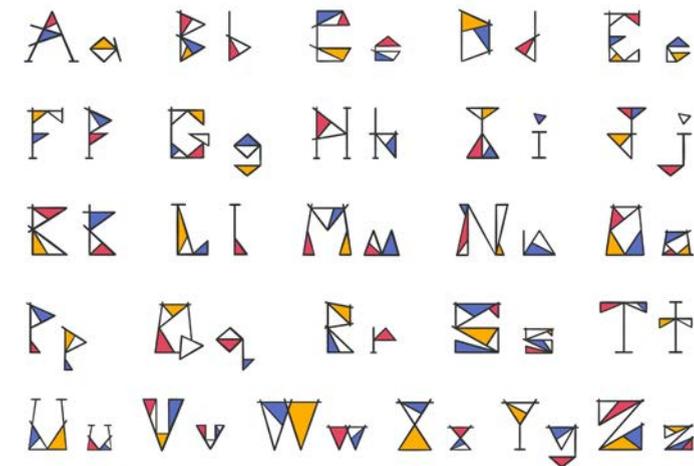
ASHLEY ABREU
Nature

A lover of Nature, An adorer of beauty;
It is who I am, purely and absolutely.
She gave me life, and provided me sustenance,
How can I share her love? I understand her utterance.
She soothed me, comforted me, accompanied me,
She appealed me, She raised me, She nurtured me.
She's a friend and a teacher; who does her duty,
If I betray her, it'll lead me to penance.
Oh, my dear Nature! You make me feel free,
You give me trees, under which I enjoy my tea.
I'm happy only because of your existence.
You are my beloved to a great degree.



ALICE PRUDNIKOVA
Ron Weasley As A Stag

EMILY TORRES *Geometric Typeface*



Emily Torres

OMAR ABUZHARIEH
I Love New York

I love New York
It's the city that never sleeps
There is so much people
Its throughout the 24 hours

There's so many cars
Especially taxi drivers
The streets are busy

So much action
So much to do
Good to go with friends
And family



KENNYE *Bridge*

JOELYN GONZALEZ *Untitled*



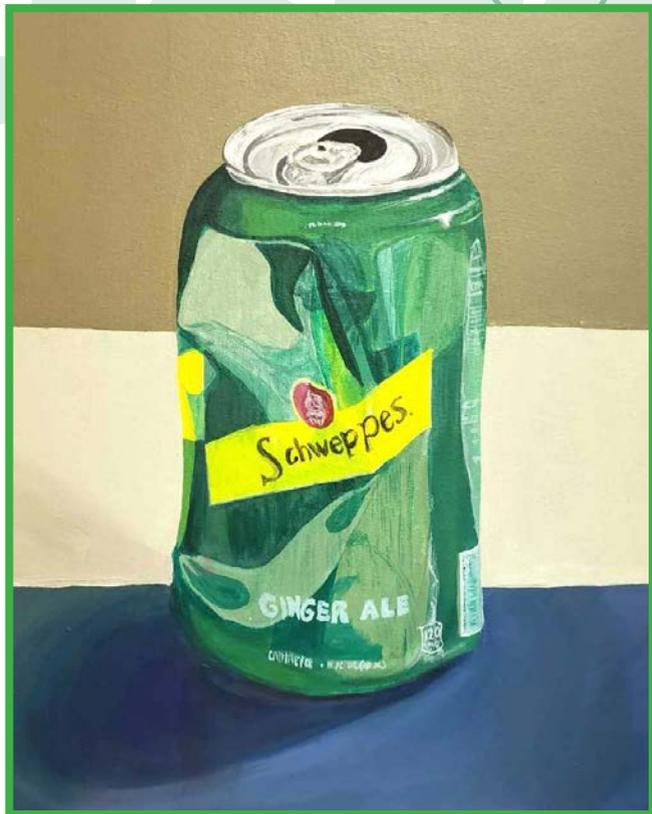
MERANDA SERVANCE *Hands*



ANNA POVALINSKA *Self Portrait*



NELLY CASTANEDA *Ginger Ale*



NAVINE JOHNSON
Dunn's River

No water is as clear as
Dunn's river falls its cascading
water runs down huge
magnificent rocks glorious
to behold fast yet calming to
the soul rocks you walk
on as you climb higher and higher
lodged in the peek mountains of
Ocho Rios Jamaica the
golden ray sunlight hits
the rocks as crystals falling from
the Heavens blessings gracing this
earth its majestic
stunning to behold God's gift to us all

ISAIAH CRUZ *Landscape with Castle*





BASEMA IKHMAYES *Imagine the Impossible*

NAVINE JOHNSON

Nobody

you you you you you
 you you you you you
 you you you you you
 yes you,
 you cannot come in
 you cannot come in through this door
 I hurt
 it still hurts
 the pain is still here
 ahh! ahh! ahh! ahh! ahh!
 you lied!
 you have always lied
 to me!
 me! me!
 you have always lied to me!
 you you you you you
 you you you you you
 you have tricked me
 you said I was free
 you pretend to care
 yet you push me against the wall
 yesterday, yesterday
 my brother and I was walking down the street
 you stopped me

you did not see him
 you stopped me alone
 you push me against the wall
 you forced my hands behind my back
 help me! help me!
 somebody!
 anybody...
 ahh! ahh ahh!
 what did I do wrong?
 why are you holding me here?

LYONEL ALVARADO *Castle in the Sky*



ANNA POVALINSKA *Bird*



Nobody, continues from p. 32

is wearing a black hoodie a crime?
my brother had on one too

you you you you you
you you you you you
you cannot come in
you cannot come in through this door
you are suffocating me!
you are suffocating me!

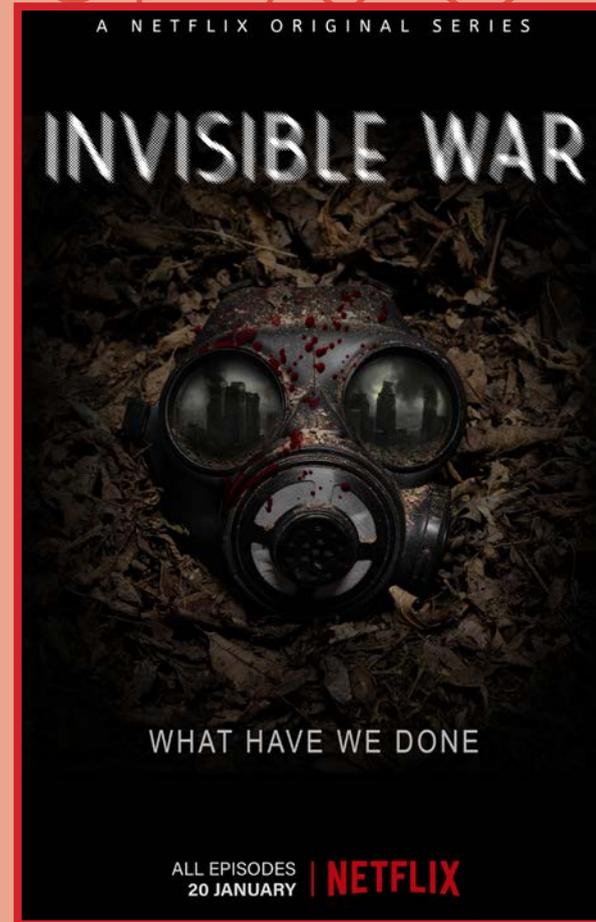
you are suffocating me!
help me! help me!
help! help! help!
somebody!
anybody...

maybe if I look like my brother, I will be safe
maybe I should dress like my brother, I will be safe
maybe I should speak like my brother, I will be safe
you are suffocating me....
you are suffocating me....
you are suffocating me.....
stand up straight
look them in the eye
no no, don't look them in the eyes
they will be suspicious
look on the ground.....

34

yes, sir no sir yes mam no mam
don't answer when they speak
nod just nod
always nod
at least my brother is safe
at least my brother is safe
my brother is always safe
he doesn't look like me

what must I do?
what must I do?
what the F**k must I do?
don't say that don't ever say that
don't be hostile
you will be seen as a threat
all arise...
the honorable.....



EREKIE KERSELIDZE *Metaphorical Me*

SHAKIRA JOHNSON
Pomegranate Juice

Which did you prefer?

Seeing the pomegranate juice drip from the woman you just bred,
watching it drip off the son she borne.

You Sip

Sip

Sip that pomegranate juice with pride.

Or...

The pomegranate juice of the man you shot?

Look me in my eyes and POW!

The sound whistled in your ear.

Pomegranate juice splattered from his chest to yours.

You felt like the man because you demanded him to

Look in your eyes,

Look in your eyes,

Look in my eyes to see the man who killed you.

It's me!

The man with lost hope,

the man who never found love so he ran to the streets.

And there is where his heart beats,

Beats,

Beats for the sound of the man he watched die.

With the gun in his hand he Sip,

Sip,

Sip that pomegranate juice with pride.

Just like a ribbon in the sky the pomegranate juice sets high with a hint of orange,

as the stars align you see your story untold,

your son watching this mystery man unfold in front of him.

What would you do if your son became one of them?

One Of You...

Sip his pomegranate juice,

Sip his pomegranate juice,

Sip the innocence you erased.

The man who gained no face,

the man you killed could've been great.

but like any son they follow their fathers' steps

like you, your son has become the angel of death.

It Killed One,

Killed Two.

But you continued to sip that poisonous juice.

Save the child,

Save the son,

Save the soul.

Did you prefer not to pay the debts you owe?

To your son in which you were to devote time,

instead you turned to the streets to grind.

Leaving your son to face the unknown.

ALICE PRUDNIKOVA *Water Glasses*



MADISON SHANN
Still Running

tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk
 tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk
 tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk
 once upon a time here was quiet, very quiet
 tsk tsk tsk tsk, not anymore though
 silence was once a dream promised to us by wealthy sellers
 shame on us, we fell for it
 and now it's all just a fantasy
 this place could never
 would never
 don't you ever
 turn into what we ran away from
 tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk
 still running...go...don't look back. go
 go! go! go!
 I remember how it was before
 before Gateway turned into the rest of ghetto Brooklyn
 tsk tsk tsk tsk, shootings here
 robberies there, go
 yes you, go
 you don't belong here
 you came for serenity and protection



BAKHTIYOR KHAYDARKHODJAEV
Magic Show Poster

but brought the hood of Bronx with you
 tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk
 how could we breathe with the sprinkle of weed in the air
 once was pure air
 now filthy like the community
 this could have never
 would have never
 don't you ever
 tsk tsk, just go, run now, go!

borderline Queens, we once had class
 all that is now bullshit and talk in the ass
 tsk tsk tsk.....go!
 tsk tsk tsk.....go!
 don't get me wrong
 black is beautiful
 black is strong
 yet, we don't know when we're wrong
 like colonizers, we inhabit this area
 could have never

should have ever
 why would we ever
 new faces, new cases
 tsk tsk tsk, go! go! go!



VANESSA WYATT *Edgy Color Blast*



ZACHARY MARSHALL
Portrait

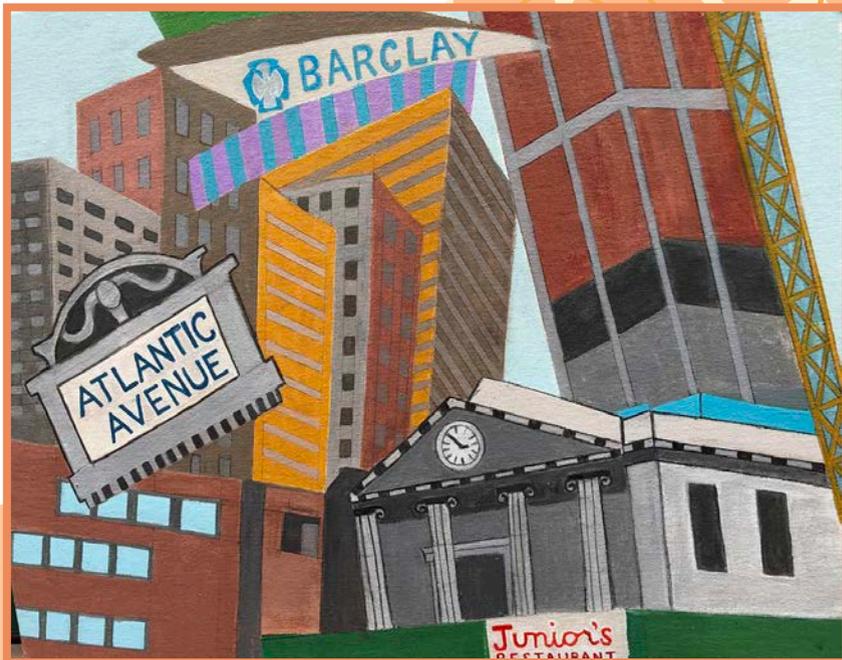
Still Running, continues from p. 38

walking home and I look back every 5 seconds
tsk, I pray, tsk, I hope
hope for protection
protection not neglect
just know if I go missing
there won't be an inspection
go! go! go!
tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk
there is a mall that I walk to every day
the deli on the corner would lead you astray
such a busy place at day
but not a soul on the street at night
clutch your purse and run
don't look back
might trip on a body that overpopulates this
community
no unity, no opportunity
you would definitely need immunity
why would you ever
'cause I could never
should have never
ever, ever, ever

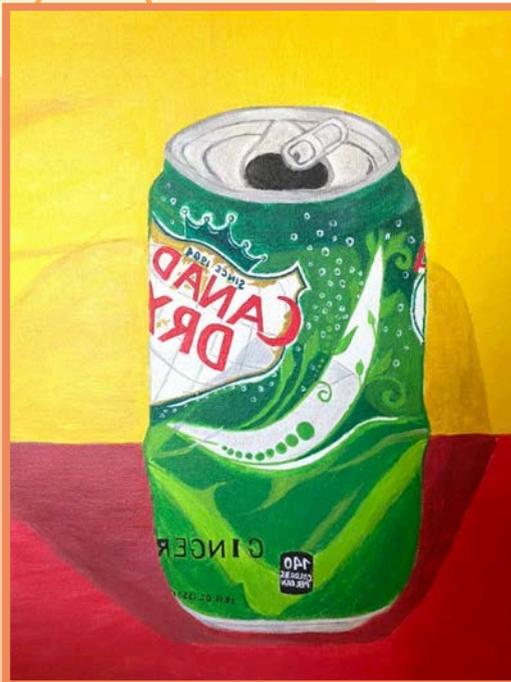
tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk

go! run now!
go! go! go!
tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk go!
go! tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk
run

39

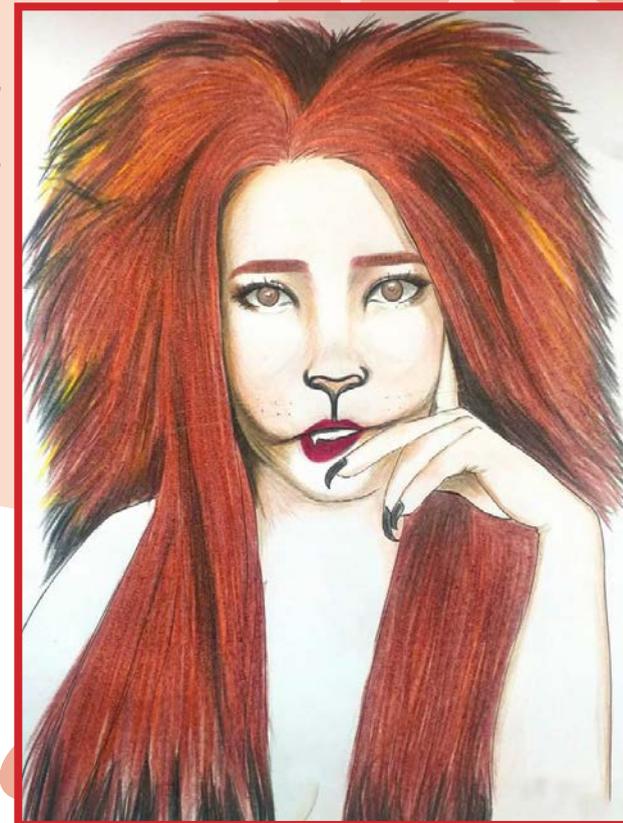


SYLVIA LAM *Cityscape*



RUKHSORA GARFURJONOVA *Soda Can*

LYONEL ALVARADO *My Girlfriend*



40

JADE MEDINA

A Shot of Vodka, Roses, and Ashes

Liquor is mixed and glasses clink.
Smiles and cheers go hand and hand,
as the ball of transformation descends.

11,875 pounds.
The weight of the last page found within this chapter,
delicately written in your autobiography.

Midnight strikes.
As we dance the night away,
we contemplate the outline of the year to come.

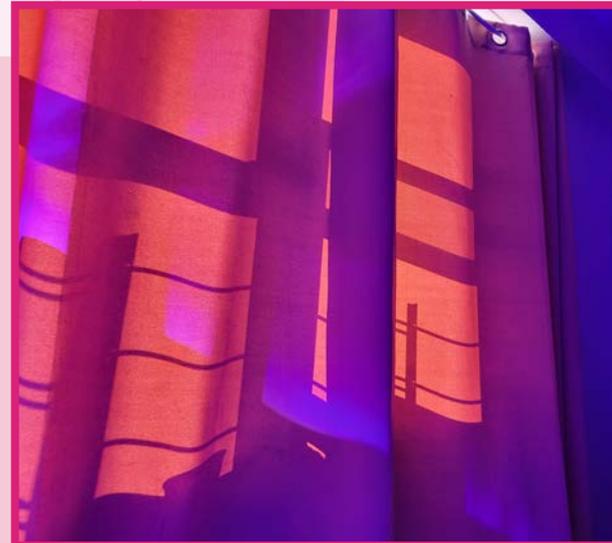
Resolutions...
Redemption...
Atonement...
All born from the ashes of yesterday,
here to give us a chance to right the wrongs of tomorrow.
Some may grip tight to the cliffhanger of the previous chapter.

Whilst others foreshadow a new beginning.
With new characters,
New problems,
And new solutions—

SHIRINA YUSUPKHUJAEVA *Roses*

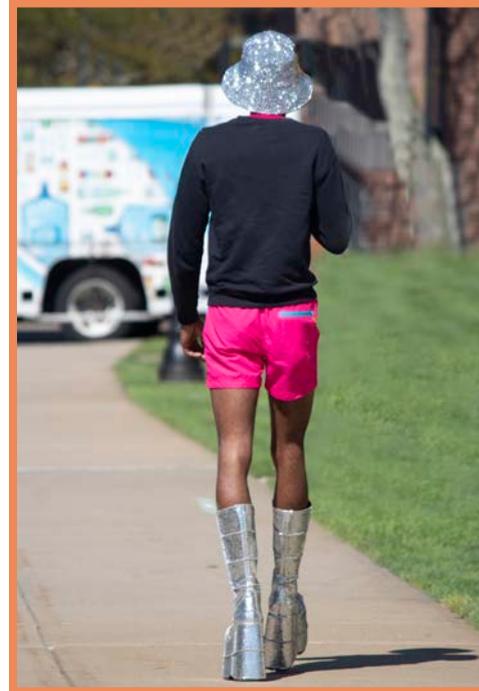


JARAAD BURGOS *Curtains*



A grimly ghost writer accompanied by destiny,
ultimately decides how the story will end.

We sign off our book with a sometimes-unexpected goodbye,
and publish our life's story cemented in tombstone.



JEFFREY WEXLER *Untitled*



JEFFREY WEXLER *Deep Thought*

43

FRIEDA SUTTON
Father's Song

Tears roll down my eyes as I look at you -
Wondering how time has gone by so fast
The little girl in my arms, how you grew.
I remember the ribbons in your hair, oh how they flew
Lucky was I to play dad in your cast
Tears roll down my eyes as I look at you -
Came into my life, thinking it wasn't true
Holding you close forever unsurpassed
The little girl in my arms, how you grew.
Trading away ponies for a cold brew
Don't forget me with all the time that's past
Tears roll down my eyes as I look at you -
Brought a sweet boy home not sure what to do
Daddy he's the one you whispered at last
The little girl in my arms, how you grew.
The music plays and I am stuck like glue
Please walk me down the aisle daddy, you asked
Tears roll down my eyes as I look at you -
The little girl in my arms, how you grew.



MUSLIMA VALIJONOVA *Logo*



DENZEL ROBINSON *Eyes*

44

JARAAD BURGOS *Sky View*





EMILY TORRES *Pumpkin Patch Pals Logo*

TABITHA F. JENKINS
How Long Til We Get To Our Destination?

It was the question I was meaning to ask, "How long till we get to our destination?" But upon the spur of the next song on the radio due to play, I, Vada a Turner Music Classic Fan, adulated Ferris Bueller's Day Off sitting moping hoping they would play Danke Scheon, the long yearning for it promised me happy rapacity and longing. I wanted to hear it for the mere sake it made you feel good. Danke Schoen. Though it strayed into the conjecture that is to say in this driving while listening recondite and impenetrably to two hominid individuals meander around it, their genders despite being boy girl should have been able to coax them to diffuse the silence and talk about The rain.

For if it was due to the rain, it still does not forego that one or two people shouldn't talk even if it, the feeling, or what they couldn't say, the rain is going to come soon, try to deter away and lose focus on the end goal. Their perspicuous being boy girl in the silent moments not feeling the rain's lodgment, and that's why they didn't talk. If only boy girl had a small pittance of bullshness but that the rain will come, only in a short while, according to me Vada who declared it before the car windows, and their tint. But when will they play Danke Schoen? On the

radio. I wanted to ask the rain keepers or wardens. If there was no sanguinity that we didn't want the rain to come now so what will we do if not pass the time until it comes and "How Long Till We Get To Our Destination?" until then presumably.

There was an ennui, and they didn't talk. I had a thermos of water, the hominids made locomotive shifts to my ken in the car seat, only saw two dot panorama heads, and I felt in me Vada nothing changed. It was going to come, upon a coefficient amount of Poland spring water I drank and told myself Vada, my name again again and again until it sank in me and decided it would. They as we drove along this lonely freeway consecrated and solemnized my decorum, the two hominids as veracity and truth of Vada being boy and girls the only mortals betwixt me in the closeness were like cushionings and obtunds who had believed in me I Vada wroughtly, I kept my gaze forward, they didn't say but knew the rain was going to come through my volition to say it was.

I was in the back seat floundering in the verity that they did, accepting Vada's trustiness she got from her thermos Poland Spring me the one Vada, in a mist and hosing down that I knew that rain was going to come. The thermos was filled to 3 centimeters high, it was to the side of me in the car, almost gone and passe, ran out. In this moribund seat I sat in a Cameron Nissan and with the plush black polyester.



JAYDEN CRUZ *More Please*



**"I'M STILL HUNGRY MOM,
CAN I HAVE MORE PLEASE?"**

**AS YOU READ THIS 1 IN 3 CHILDREN IN
NEW YORK CITY ARE EXPERIENCING
SOME FORM OF FOOD INSECURITY
\$36 WILL FEED FOURTEEN CHILDREN FOR
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MILLION NEW YORKERS ARE STRUGGLING
TO FEED THEMSELVES AND THEIR FAMILIES
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**"HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I
KEEP DOING THIS FOR?"**

**AS YOU READ THIS ONE IN 10 OLDER NEW
YORKERS HAVE FOOD INSECURITY UNABLE
TO SUPPORT THEMSELVES.
\$83 WILL FEED 10 NEW YORK CITY ELDERS
FOR MORE THAN THREE WEEKS.
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How Long Til We Get To..., continues from p. 46

The sound of vibrating thermos was keeping the song of Danke Schoen in my head. To the rhythm. The whirls of the car wheels kept tossing me, and her to the corners of the door. She was sitting in the passenger seat, no rain, more quietness, ahead of me. No rain again. A seeker of knowledge. Like will it rain, or will it not rain? What we feared is that it would, but her being a seeker of knowledge, had less knowledge than I did, and it hurt.

The mop of hair that so very beamed in front of my nose was one on a black stony brunette, and I called her that, Brunette.

A palisade of shades that mingled with the dawning of night came over our sight as you imagined a rather philistine man driving us in a Cameron Nissan studded the whole way. She Brunette hankered up when asking one stipulated bona fide onus question aloud about repletteness. I only scooted and rustled up closer to hear them. Behind the wheel was a man driving with trembling but unmoving hands over the hot oscillating wheel.



ANNA POVALINSKA *Coffee Bean Logo*

VAZIRA ERGASHEVA *Just the Two of Us*





How Long Til We Get To..., continues from p. 48

“Are you hungry?” It was the first question she asked him. Tommy. First came the long transit of nobody talking. The question had been asked, very fittingly enough, wasn’t too personal, not the one I thought to say.

How long till we get to our destination? But didn’t do so on the approaching hour, and the next one after that. Maybe it was due to our autonomous persons, Brunette and I choose to keep our personal machinations within ourselves. Durably both Brunette and I on every bump we drove passed, would move, then be tossed around in the car. I saw her perturbed, and red hot too like the steering wheel. Brunette’s black hair was waving towards me with little fission before my monotonous face. Brunette’s mop looked like the inside of a movie theater and its vivid surroundings: red seats you can slide in, and watch Casablanca. Red Seats as I leaned back and closed my eyes and tried not to think about rain but Greta Garbo at twenty something.

Any one question that had been how long till we get to our destination, was stupefaction. I gathered from where his epochal words Tommy were symbology. I caught on the release Tommy’s symbolic words to Brunette in a speech hurled and upchucked smintly at Brunette, the amount of distance we were from Northanger Abbey London in the steady fecund of the car that his avoidance had seemed to meet the distance. And how I knew better, his chiming like a clock, a long arm divorced from its short arm, as so intangibly from Brunette, meant I would have to seethe in it for as long as the ride would foment.

Of course it could’ve been Prairie du Chen if I looked out the window. Not knowing where we were interminably, or where this trip was taking us in fate’s eyes. But I felt deeply that I was connected and in this still. Even though his sharp worded avoidance was like ridicule, and I didn’t think I would hear again since I left the sandbox.

It was that person, you knew about from times, it seemed meeting quite rosy at a crossroads, Inside the Cameron Nissan. The three of us together in circumstances that looked different, yet it seemed we arrived very yonder to the grisly crossroads of and among the junipers in Sedona. You saw it was a dream and looked to be mirages telling us we had been closer to home.

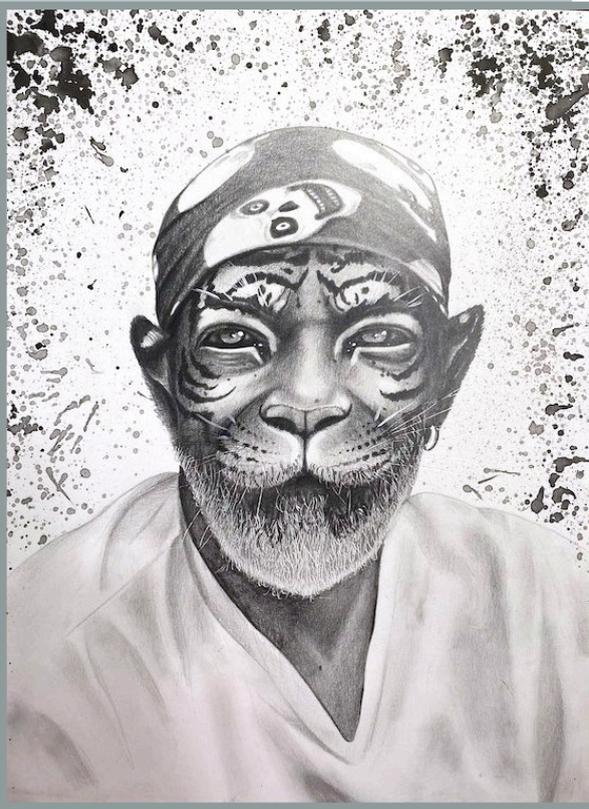
For where were we, Brunette, Tommy, and I? Then at the crossroads, of a stop, if not at the same time place we’ve been to before, without trying either. On the rotation if possible three other people in a mirror world of doppelgangers, itinerant travelers, got there too. People who had never met but seemed more in their stop to them on the ease felt very idyllic, happy and complacent.

Their mirages of Sedona, had more coloration than ours if you could picture it. Like when Dorothy’s house in Kansas fell on the Wicked Witch, and the gray coloration boded dreary,

ANNA POVALINSKA *Typeface*

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee
Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk
Ll Mm Nn Oo Pp
Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu
Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz
Anna Povalinska

50



NICHOLAS MARTINEZ
The Father Portrait

A B C D E
 F G H I J K
 L M N O P
 Q R S T U
 V W X Y Z
 YAN DONG

YAHNZI DONG *The Vein Typeface*

How Long Til We Get To..., continues from p. 50

and she landed on Oz, with Toto and came outside to see everything in color, the munchkins there to greet her latticed in color, and vibrancy.

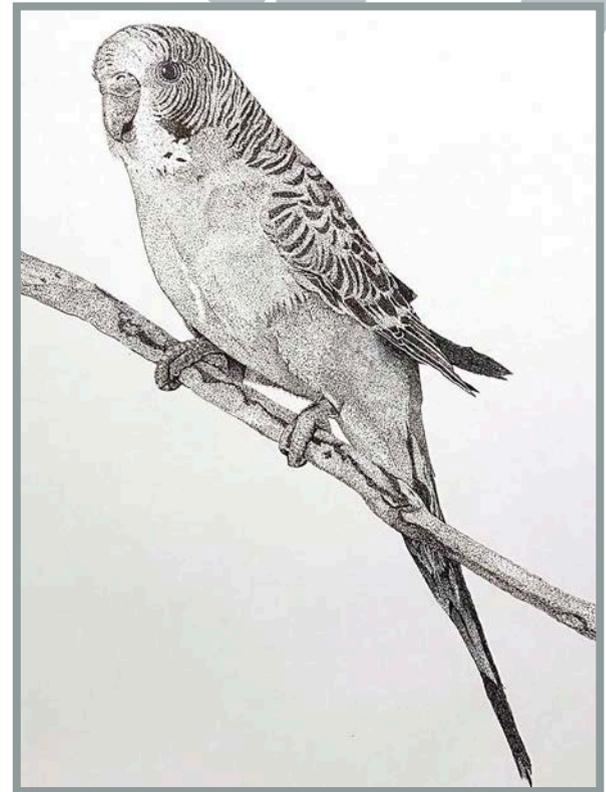
We saw everything in pitch ebony, woebegone black. If they were people meeting for the first time without Tommy, without his ridicule, only consolation eyes he gave to Brunette, and on the way back, through the Junipers, the North Star, would help them get out of Sedona. Those three other people, not ourselves, could do, in great cessation of power, in that's what luck brings. In a car, on a wispy night, the cool breeze comes through the window and gives reams, plethora, and superfluity of hope. And a

whole lot of promise of time that keeps going. Not the time, that said rain, and thunder on the radio, with little sense on what to do but not to dwell on it, Brunette, Tommy, and I.

Except he sort of said, to the sky to make it certain there was someone from the three of us persons inside the Cameron Nissan in at least fear of losing their heart and humanity when forcibly put in the throes of humanity's contempt. "Marathons are for runners, if you know you're going to feel thirsty Tommy," and it was for a moment, like a razor of light from the sun, it shone on the words of Tommy.

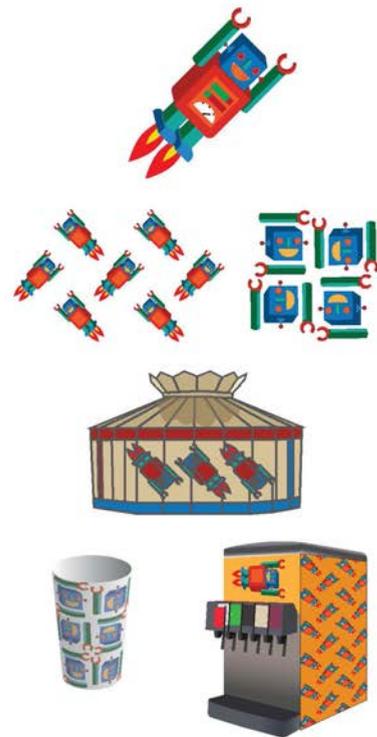


NICHOLAS MARTINEZ
Hansel & Gretel



MARIANA SAAVEDRA CUATLA *Stippling Project*

AVRAHAM ROSEN ZVI Robot Diner



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Brightened, "then tell your best friend, sidekick, to lose his place in the marathon and get you a Poland Spring." It became even more tumultuous during the lousy, the sky was looking down on us, if we just Sapiens, I saw looking out with a perforated mouth, hearing Tommy saying to someone who wasn't physically there, a specter, a metaphor for his test having come then and there "keep going, don't stop, this is a marathon, Tommy not a race, good, Tommy think about getting to the finish line. This is a marathon not a race, you have only a few miles."

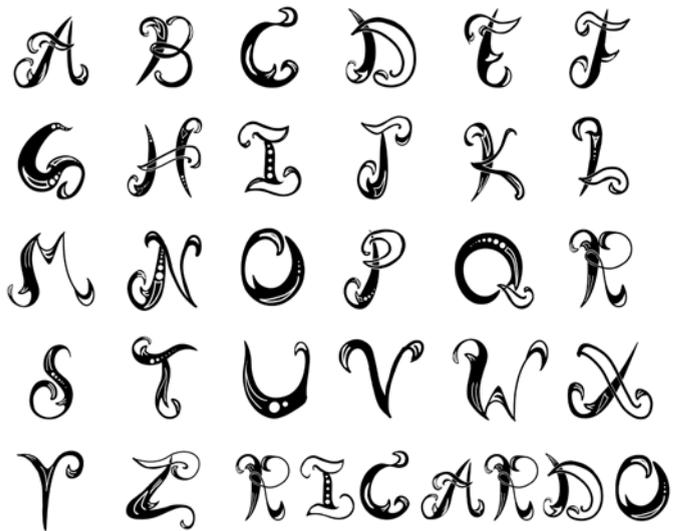
"It's going to rain I tell you," she said very loud and spurtly, and that was the modicum for a few miles, in the miles Tommy drove, that Brunette spoke evenly for how long Tommy drove long, existential, and far. When she hadn't spoken but only for a very little before when my thermos was filled up to the halfway mark.

Time seemed to make us feel we were used to Tommy; he was a long arm on a clock. Tommy's hurled upchuck symbolic words were telling enough, as he didn't want to say if he was hungry or not. All the things I rather do. Fan myself with an Asian fan, and sit under a cool mangrove tree, and sit in the Sedona, and see the



MUBASSHIRA RAHNAM Typeface Design

RICARDO SANTIAGOS *Decotype*



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mirages of three other people who were unlike ourselves because of fate, and alchemy.

And then, not hear Tommy and Brunette go at it, over if one was hungry or not. And seethed in the two people confront their reservations about driving and be so awkwardly close together with a third person who rather not get involved if there were reservations.

Turn on Danke Schoen. Remember my favorite scene. Tommy seemed a little less like Ferris Buelller who pushed Cameron around and sang Danke Schoen on a float in Ferris Bueller's Day off. By that both Ferris Bueller, and Cameron, were oddly reciprocal of each other. Withal Ferris the more verbose one, but Cameron gave into Ferris absolute demands. They wanted out of high school for one day, young high school recalcitrants, that just wanted a day to be free and not go to school, so they did all in Cameron's father driving 1961 Ferrari 250 GT Spyder California.

He was a man. More like a running away from humanity simp, Tommy. The car turned. In drumming as it went on rumbling through the freeway by the full tank of gas, the sound had the propensity to keep me alert. I thought he had such heft in marathons, knowing how to stir the steering wheel, and with acumen win a race and a marathon.

Tommy gave a curt affirmation about himself which was super interdependent. A beat of shock fallen on his face by those little

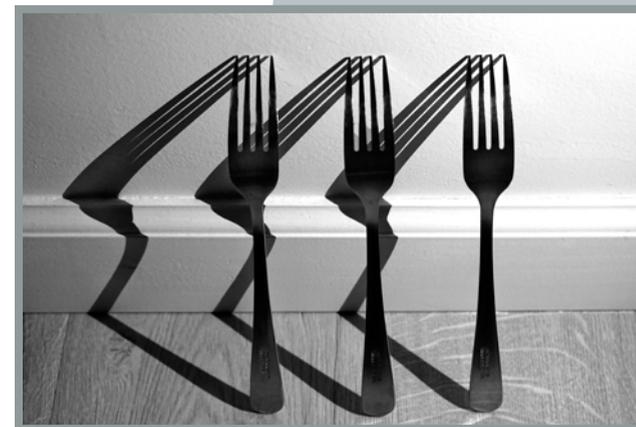
hairs along his sideburns spiked up, when on the radio they said it was going to rain.

Brunette, fortified that her only vernacular was to Tommy. "I hate driving with you Tommy, I know it's going to rain, why not you just say you're not hungry?"

And we haven't gotten to our destination yet. But fear penetrated in someone not Tommy. I wondered who would treat his best friend, not like Cameron, but Tommy to his, in the anecdotal hurling he gave, as if someone were here right now, could save him. To that he hurled at faraway best friend we didn't see and unlike Ferris Bueller, didn't have the same visualization or look, that Cameron was to Ferris a conduit to skipping school on for a day, without the nag of parents, principles and sisters.

It felt, if there were someone there, it was almost a cradle of man who was God to Tommy for temporary in being put next to Tommy in the marathon pictorial in his head, that reamed him with the possibility that there is hope for Tommy. An oasis. You can count on it for, was his best friend, a metaphor for a punching bag to whom in the marathon would he owe it all to, if he got thirsty God, because he served Tommy, who was

ALICETCHERNYAK *Untitled*



HAIYING MAI *Untitled*

MARIANNA MNATSAKANYAN
Imagine The Impossible



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foreshadowing of God and it didn't need me to infer that, of and being the knowing Brunette didn't have. When the rain was going to start to come, I guess Tommy loafed it off as if someone being there, rarely ever happened. When he didn't say anything, we kept being silent to defy him.

Yet he showed a roaring adrenaline behind the wheel, that we guess guesstimated it was from a vanilla shake.

On came the radio again, the commotion died down, us driving on the freeway for whenever we did, as it was a long ride so not knowing the exact time, where the road looked like a dagger of yellow arrows, wouldn't make a difference, if we counted that it could have been after coming down the pike in broad daylight. And it was going to rain, pounding, thick, hard.

Verily inducing us into remembering the times, we sipped the skin milk from out the carton in front of our sisters. The lost thought of finding yourself singing Danke Schoen, in a matter of hours, when the rain comes pouring and you just want your thermos to be filled to the very top.

"But how long till we get to our destination?" I did say, at that moment when they played the Crystals. Brunette's head slopes and cascades with her face. The lousy, and sky blacker and more puissant of her face, Brunette's as we drove, and her Brunette's angle was beginning to tilt on a curvature, by her window seat as a mark of finally being interested in this rhythm that she hadn't before. It was the song that made her head and ears do a cleft deciphering on what she heard in the sound playing through the speakers.

The Crystals, then he Kissed Me, played on the radio. Tommy turned the knob up a little on the volume so she, Brunette can hear the music that I already heard a hundred seconds before. The channel was on All the Best Oldies, after she looked up at me, and smiled like a Turner Classic movie fan had evaded her, and arose in her, the liking of Nostalgic sound. No more Sedona, we weren't the three people in that mirage either, new and old, we were old. And Tommy's firm hand on the knob and she was one, Brunette to decipher too like me it was beautiful, becoming in the temporal a Turner Movie Classic Fan.

MARIANNA MNATSAKANYAN *Impossible Bubble*



 **The Farm**
DISPENSARY

TREVONNE SAMUEL *The Farm Dispensary*