

**KINGSBOROUGH**  
**COMMUNITY**  
**COLLEGE**

2024

**ANTHEON**

**VOL. 30**

A Journal of the Arts





CUNY

*The City University of New York*

KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE

2001 Oriental Blvd.

BROOKLYN, NY 11235

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 designers. Each fall, a new team of student designers and editors are elected to guide a year's worth of submissions. Our goal is simple – promoting our community's writers and artists by giving them a wider audience.



Antheon team working on the magazine

## INTRODUCTION TO THE ISSUE

We enter the spring semester loaded with memories of the fall and winter, which leave us as the tide changes and the torrent of papers, meetings, classes—new thoughts, new poems!-- takes over. This semester we proudly release this year's issue of Antheon, which is filled with the kind of art and design that wins awards, as well as the literary wonders that remind us of the many dimensions our students contain, within and without. Of the latter, witness the silent register of the expanses that, without these written expressions, lay dormant yet ready to spring outwards from minds and hands to indicate a horizon we didn't know existed. We have here texts that explore connections between minute detail and the universe, existential dread in unanswered questions about fate, the joys of travel, romance, and even loss, all delivered with image and voice matching the Brooklyn tapestry. And the cycle continues, as we are always reading new submissions and encouraging our students to refine their work and prepare it for next year's issue. In the meantime, we invite you, dear reader, to lose yourself in these populated landscapes of mind, pen, and image, and their gestures towards other worlds.

**Anthony Iantosca**  
Faculty advisor for literary submissions

## NOTES FROM DESIGNERS

**Ronald Halili**

As my time at Kingsborough comes to a close, my exploration into the world of graphic design is only just beginning. I am grateful to all the professors who have supported me on this journey, and I want to extend a special thanks to Professor Derimanova for giving me the opportunity to be part of the Antheon Team.

## NOTES FROM DESIGNERS

**Maria Osypenko**

Working on the Antheon was a collaborative experience where creativity flourished amidst teamwork. My experience started from brainstorming ideas to refining layouts, each team member contributed their unique perspective, fostering a dynamic environment that reflected the diverse talents within the group.

## NOTES FROM DESIGNERS

**Alica Pinita**

Being a designer for the Antheon is an experience I'll be forever grateful for. I enjoyed my time crafting visuals and collaborating with the talented team, it has truly been eye-opening and inspiring. I also would like to extend my gratitude to Professor Derimanova, her guidance has been very helpful throughout this journey.

## Designers

Alica Pinita  
Maria Osypenko  
Ronald Halili

## Art Director

Prof. Kristin Derimanova – Program Director of Graphic Design and Illustration

## Antheon Officers

Patricia Thomas-Moorer – President  
Celeste Ramos – Vice – President  
Akeem Brown – Treasurer  
Chris Peña – Secretary

## Advisors

Prof. Anthony Iantosca – Literary Advisor  
Robert Wong – Office Manager

## Director of Student Publications

Helen-Margaret Nasser

## SCAN ME



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

Contact: [antheonkbcc@gmail.com](mailto:antheonkbcc@gmail.com)



## ARTWORK

- 2 ALICA PINITSA *The Boat*
- 3 ALICA PINITSA *Bridge*
- 4 JASON ROBERTS *Beauty Decays*
- 5 MIRANDA NORRIS *Hilma Typeface*
- 6 ANASTASIYA PARASOTSKA *The Supper At Emmaus*  
IZABELLA STRATIGAKIS *Household Objects*
- 7 KEMOY HUTCHINSON *Tabler Terrorfest*
- 8 KRYSTIAN THOMAS *Bright Entry*
- 9 KRYSTIAN THOMAS *Eastern Omen*
- DONGHUN KIM *Sea Creature Gijinka*
- 10 VANESSA DESTEFANO *Gemini*  
NURULOHUJA SAYFULLOEV *Concert Poster*
- 11 VALERIE PARDO *Spider Typeface*
- 12 KELVIN ASIANAH *Typeface Design based on J. Miro*
- 13 SHELLY LIU *Disassociating*  
DONGHUN KIM *Portrait of Gabe Newell*
- 14 YINGNA WU *Highway*  
AMANDA DEL ANGEL *The Timeless Gaze*
- 15 VALERIA VAN TUYL *Duck Pond*
- 16 KAMILA RAGIMOVA *Studio*  
JORDY LEON *Hoovers Off The Table!*
- 17 ANASTASIYA RARASOTSKA *Butterfly*
- 18 VALERIA VANTUYL *Look! Mintys trippin*  
VALERIA VANTUYL *Marigold Hanahaki*
- 19 DONGHUN KIM *Classic Book Design Cover*
- 20 NURULOHUJA SAYFULLOEV *Portrait Posters*

- 21 AMANDA DEL ANGEL *Evolution is Reletness*
- 22 MICHAILE WU *Bookshelf Magazine Cover*
- 23 DANIEL MEZA *DM Restaurant Branding Design*
- 24 MIRANDA NORRIS *2024 NYC Pride Poster*
- 25 SABLE SPELLMAN *Jelly Paws Logo*  
SABLE SPELLMAN *Inky Nouveau Typeface*
- 26 JUDITH SCHWARTZ *Lighting Solutions*
- 27 CICI LEE *Panda*  
MICHELL WU *Typeface Design*
- 28 ALICA PINITSA *Temple*  
VIKTORIA SUDILOVSKAYA *Green*
- 29 VERONIKA LEONIDOVA *Mournful Time*  
*That Delights The Eye*
- 30 YINGNA WU *Gogcha Logo*  
NURULOHUJA SAYFULLOEV *Astrolink Logo*
- 31 ANNA WANG *Bulldog*  
LUMY MORILLO *Boca Loca Magazine*
- 32 KEMOY HUTCHINSON *Iced Tea Package Design*
- 33 HAILEY SANTANA *Soap Bottle Label*
- 34 NURULOHUJA SAYFULLOEV *Concert Poster*
- 35 KELVIN ASIANAH *Business Card*  
JEANELLE LECKEY *Ethereal Being*
- 36 ROWAN PEREZ *Mystery Tour*  
SOFIA SENCHIN *Owl*
- 37 MARIIA OSYPENKO *Climate Change Poster*
- 38 ROWAN PEREZ *Snake Font*

- 39 JAMEL SIMON *JS Restaurant Branding*
- 41 JASON ROBERTS *Insecta Font*  
SABLE SPELLMAN *No Peace*
- 42 KEVIN HUTCHINSON *Jazz Genie In The Sax*  
KELVIN ASIANAH *End War Poster*
- 44 SUSAN KIMMEZ *Tulipiere*
- 45 JENNA FARRAH *Longing For The Cosmos*  
MIRIAM DECIGER *Teapot Pitcher*
- 46 MICHELL WU *Into the Horseland*  
KEMOY HUCHINSON *Aromagic Logo*
- 47 VALERIA VANTUYL *Household Objects Animated*  
VALERIA VANTUYL *Hansel and Gretel*
- 48 EVA MINNIBULIN *Toxin*
- 49 SHELLY LIU *Smiling Depression*
- 50 TZIPPI FUCHS *Archie, The Prey*
- 51 IZABELLA STRATIGAKIS *Hansel and Gretel*  
DIANNA CUAHUTENCOS *Edward Sorel Typeface*
- 53 NURULOHUJA SAYFULLOEV *Galaxy Party*  
ABBY GONZALEZ *Tea Set*
- KEIRA WEISEBS *Teapot*
- 54 JACOB WU *Typeface based on Cubism*  
NICK FIGUERROA *Kaiju Logo*
- 55 ALICA PINITSA *Jazz Festival Poster*
- 56 ROWAN PEREZ *Self Portrait*
- 57 MICHELL WU *Aurora Tour Poster*  
MICHELL WU *Wag&Tails Logo*
- 58 JASON ROBERTS *Joy*  
EQUASIA THOMAS *The College Logo*
- 59 JASON ROBERTS *Beautiful Gardens*

## LITERATURE

- 2 MADISON MURPHY *Nineteen Forty Four*  
ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #1*
- 3 ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #2*  
VALENTINA GORDON *Vital Bouquets*
- 4 ANISSA TRAKI *My Missing Parts*
- 5 ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #3, #4*
- 6 ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #17*
- 7 ULAS TUMAN *We*  
8 ANGEL ACATITLA *My Dear Friend*
- 11 ANISSA TRAKI *Gray El Rey*  
ANISSA TRAKI *For Marouane*
- 13 ANGEL ACATITLA *My poet writer and I*
- 15 VALENTINA GORDON *Falling Farewell*  
VALENTINA GORDON *23rd Halloween*
- JEHIAH ALLEYNE *Tranquility*
- 17 JEHIAH ALLEYNE *Indignation*  
ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #8*
- 19 ULAS TUMAN *Disguise the Limit, Haiku #20*
- 21 FARAJ LOUZ *Academics to success!*
- 25 ULAS TUMAN *There's a Rainbow Everywhere*
- 26 MAHLIK MEROLUS *Small World*
- 35 AUREL KOCI *The Dot*
- 36 ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #29*
- 37 SYLVIA-ANN HAMBURGER *The Window*
- 40 KRISTEN ROSE *Beyond Language*
- 44 ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #18, #6, #11*
- 46 ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #16, #12 #9, #10*
- 49 DEANNA DECILLIS *The One That Got Away*
- 57 REINA GONZALEZ *Mirror*
- 58 ULAS TUMAN *Haiku #7, #5*
- 59 CELESTE RAMOS *Rise*





**The Boat**

## Nineteen Forty Four

*Madison Murphy*

this house hasn't been a home since you left  
the front door is locked shut and the key is missing  
white butterflies appear letting me know you're here  
your mail still shows up on our front steps  
i still remember our long talks  
and how much you hated the smell of bananas  
but you still let me put them in a bowl in the kitchen  
your purse was filled with candy i loved  
oh what i would give for just one more hug from you  
the school plays you were always in the front row for  
the smile you used when greeting someone  
the love you had for teaching kids  
these memories are like a key i will not lose  
cause when i think of you my house is a lot more homey

## Haiku#1

*Ulas Tuman*

I see you're a pearl  
I'd love to dive and find you  
Dive I have. Will you?

## Haiku #2

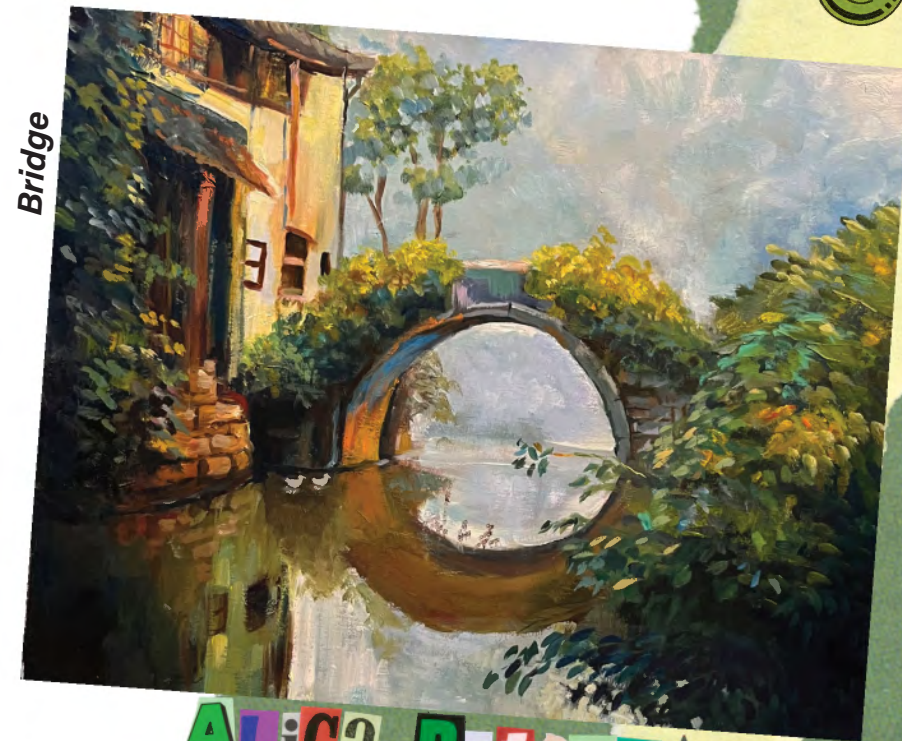
*Ulas Tuman*

The sky is overcast  
Your land lays barren my friend  
Fight, fight til the end

## Vital Bouquets

*Valentina Gordon*

Lilies, roses, narcissi every-where,  
Aroma's irises in the air.  
Blooming dales of daisy in th' bouquet,  
Happy 8th o' March I mean to say!



**Bridge**





JASON ROBERTS

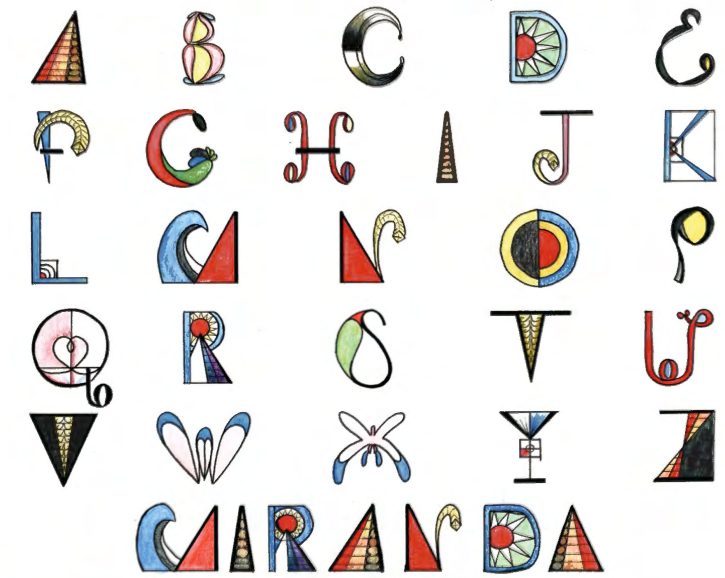
## My Missing Parts

Anissa Traki

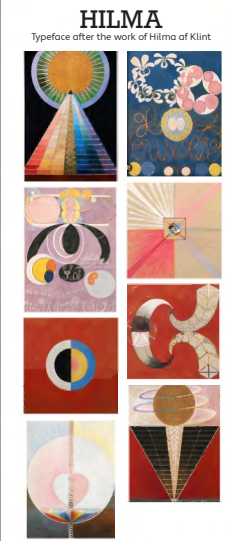
I never pictured life without you.  
Now I'm faced with a blank life  
Feelings are gone seems like  
They'll never be back  
years passed and will pass  
my broken heart healed with missing parts  
those parts will never be back  
they're gone with you,  
left in a dark  
corner of your heart.

The transformation of a woman into a rock  
The magic was so perfect  
It came at a vulnerable time for most  
It made her a woman  
Delusional soul hoped and believed  
Those beautiful butterflies were flowing  
At her utmost mindset, she was beat  
By the mean and heartless man  
Her feelings froze  
Her heart stomped,  
Healed as a rock,  
Forever and ever, she closed her shell  
Today she says she loves that, impenetrable, rock.

## MIRANDA NORRIS



Hilma Typeface



@mirandabnyc  
Miranda Norris 2023

### Haiku #3

Ulas Tuman

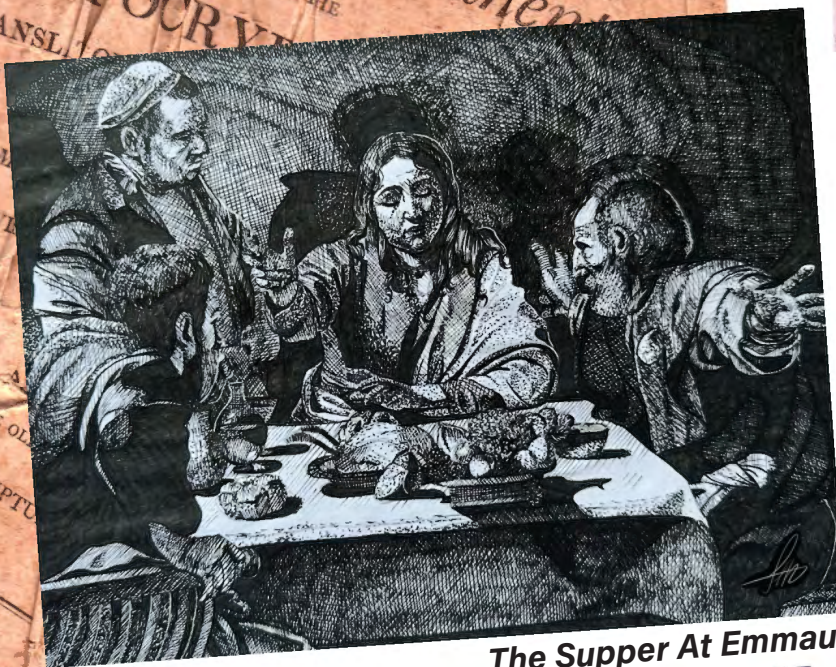
The sky is overcast  
Your land lays barren my friend  
Fight, fight til the end

### Haiku #4

Ulas Tuman

A beauty this rose  
Serving tea running about  
May I water her?





The Supper At Emmaus

Anastasiya Parasotsha

Izabella Stratigakis

Household Objects



Haiku #17

Ulas Tumen

A warm dove murdered  
Dropped down with its flock dispersed  
Will man ever learn?

We

Ulas Tumen

Men have unbridled ambition to take,  
Take from their rivals or even their friend  
My pen, your steak, our strength, to have us break.

For men have always sought more than they make  
Machiavellianistic to the end  
Men have unbridled ambition to take,

'I try to invoke a change and forsake  
But man always seems to fight and contend  
My pen, your steak, our strength, to have us break.

So I ask will you continue to rake  
Or brew up a storm to have men bend  
Men have unbridled ambition to take

The future seems blurry and opaque  
But fight we shall until we bend  
My pen, your steak, our strength, to have us break.

We must cause action and doing so wake.  
For we must band together. Comprehend  
Men have unbridled ambition to take  
My pen, your steak, our strength, to have us break.

Tabler Terrorfest



KEMOY HUTCHINSON



**Bright Entry**
**KRYSTIAN THOMAS**
**My Dear Friend***Angel Acatitla*

Oh dear my friend  
 how long have I known you  
 as a person  
 not so much  
 but I smile when I see you

I see you more as my friend  
 no matter the weather turns  
 cold or humid  
 all I want from you  
 is to laugh out loud

The miseries that were  
 made from the past  
 you laugh out a few  
 enriching to feel laughter

Our worries are coming  
 from left to right  
 spiraling around us

We share and care  
 handing over our  
 experiences in a circle

For such a precious gem to live  
 as such my friend, my life I would give

**DONGHUN KIM**

**Sea Creature Gijinka**
**Eastern Omen**
**KRYSTIAN THOMAS**





VANESSA DESTEFANO

Gemini

10

Concert Poster

**HIPHOP**  
DEC.12.12.23 from 3pm to 9pm  
PRESENTED BY GOOD DESIGN IN ASSOCIATION WITH NOORMEDIA  
**8 BANDS // 3 DAYS**  
**ROCK**  
KANYE EAST / PRE MALONE / WEEKDAY  
SAYLOR TWIFT / LENDRICK KAMAR  
21+1 SAVAGE / SUBWAY / GOOD BUNNY  
FOR TICKETS 911 // WWW.GOODDESIGN.COM  
**FEST**

NURU SayFULLOEV

**Gray El Rey**  
Anissa Traki

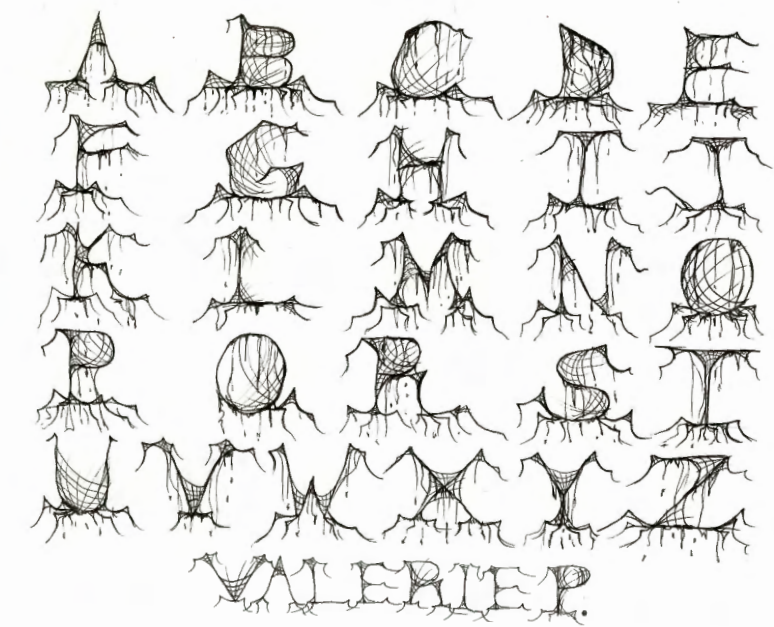
The drama of losing you  
I never imagined here without you  
I always knew it was not eternal  
But I didn't weigh the penal  
Feeling I've gotten from losing you  
Forever I'll never forget  
Your sweet touch and playful mind  
Gray, gray my Rey I love you.

**For Marouane**  
Anissa Traki

My dream was to hear you every day  
You chose not to anymore  
No choice in my way  
No more pleasant days  
From now on you'll know  
How my many hours will be?  
Drained or drowned from the tears.  
That I didn't want to drop  
They go and go.  
It makes me shake or shiver.  
I know this is how life is now.  
I regret I should have or not.  
I don't know, but as sad as I might be  
I hope that we still will be.

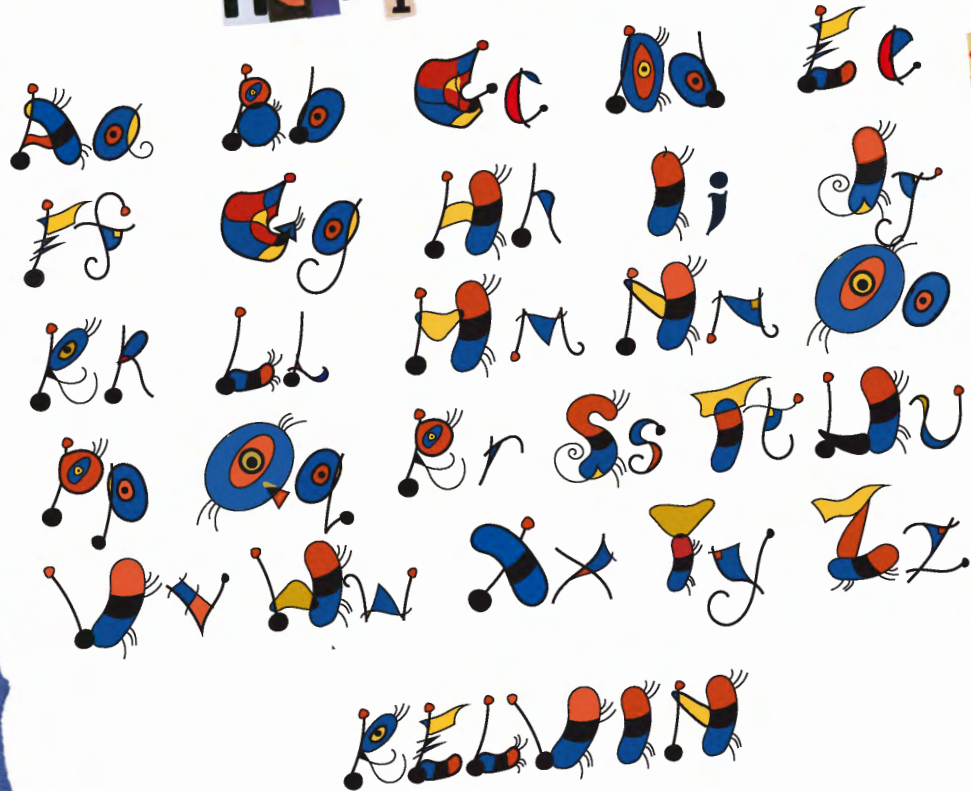
11

**ValERIE PaRDo**  
Spider Typeface





KELVIN ANIANAH



Typeface based on Joan Miro



Typeface Design

## My poet writer and I *Angel Acatitla*

I ask someone to use a writing utensil  
and write about their expressions.

Expressions to dive deep  
into our minds  
written out on paper.

I tell them to start by using,  
simple singular letters.  
Forming those letters into words.

Words that can be used  
to convey our message.

Our message coming' across  
onto other readers' minds.  
To develop an intense understanding  
of the poet's feelings.

Whether their format is short or long  
it dwells on an idea of conveying.

Mashing expressional ideas and words,  
stirs into a work of art. To serve as a poem.

SHELLY LIU



Disassociating

Portrait of Gabe Newell



DONGHUN KIM





Highway

The Timeless Gaze



AMANDA de ANGEL

## Falling Farewell

Valentina Gordon

Autumn, don't leave me!  
With our wondrous golden-scarlet leaves.  
We want you to be as warm and kind to be,  
And this is what Snowflake-I believes.

## 23rd Halloween

Valentina Gordon

Tonight - twenty-third Halloween,  
Mickey and Minnie - you and me!  
Flight from New York to Spain,  
Nation of Flamenco under the rain!

## Tranquility

Jehiah Alleyne

Peace be upon him and allow no  
outer forces to disturb the  
still waters that run through this soul.  
Whatever obstructions that may  
seek to infringe upon this be  
cast into despair and troubled waters.  
So that the storms that he  
attempts to place on others  
be placed upon him.

Duck Pond



VALERIA VAN TUYL





Kamila Ragimova



Hooves Off The Table!

## Indignation

*Jehiah Alleyne*

When the darkness falls upon me,  
Plunging me into the depth of despair.  
How I long for the light,  
To cast away darkness,  
Or the gods to smooth these troubled waters.  
How have I fallen from love's favor?  
Am I simply a victim of the cruel turns of the wheel of fortune?  
Rudely stamped, dejected, unfavored by the forces  
that govern our nature.  
Perhaps the fault is merely within our stars?  
Are these inadequacies the result of our own doing?  
Or are we to take up arms against our creator and launch a  
rebellion fueled by indignation?



Butterfly

## Haiku #8

*Ulas Tumen*

Vines adorn your wall  
I will climb lest they trap me  
Climb for the fine pearl





LOOK! mintys trippin

Marigold Hanahaki



VALERIA VANTUVE

## Disguise the Limit

*Ulas Tumen*

what do you dream of while you're awake  
do you dream realistically or quixotically,  
or are you torn in between both  
are your dreams in nature caustically  
or do your dreams pleasantly present precious growth

often I get lost in scenic dreaming  
dreaming of worlds not yet perfectly created  
redeeming a life once steaming  
a life that was once demarcated  
with limits that were innocently misleading

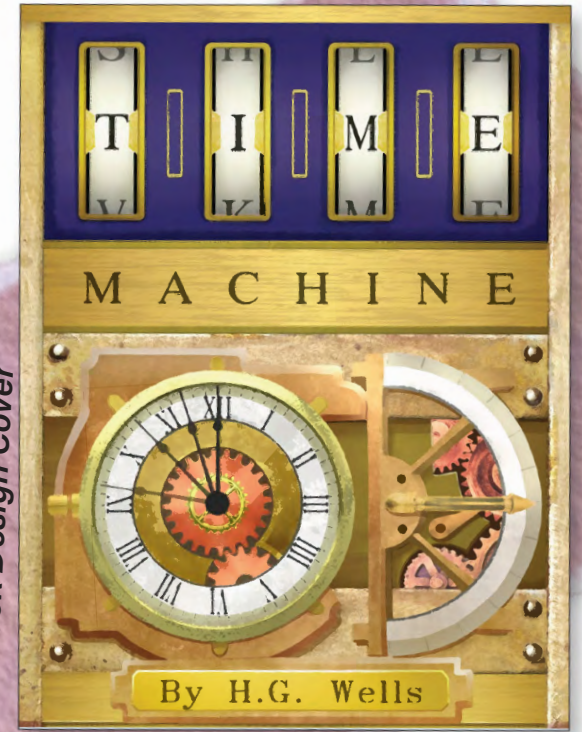
for they told me the skies the limit  
I wouldn't buy that not for the shortest minute  
I would apply my mind to face  
that which is above the sky grand space  
a place with endless possibilities to chase

## Haiku #20

*Ulas Tumen*

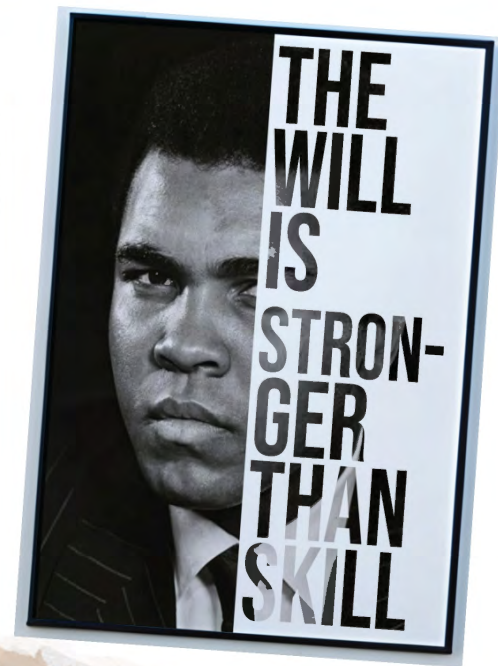
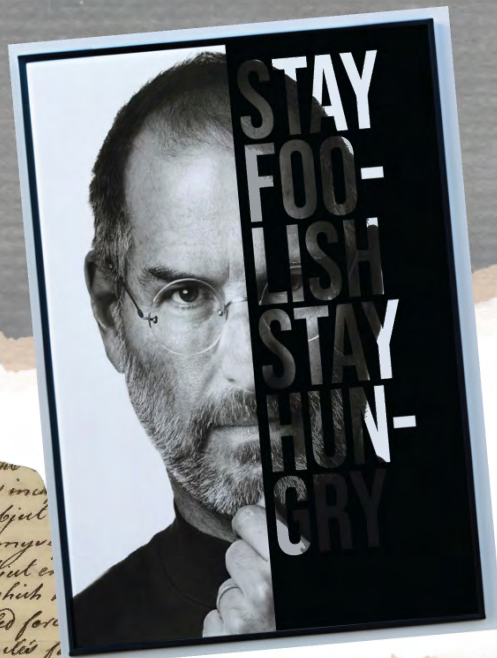
Smoke circles, leaves fall  
We are stuck in a pattern  
Go right sometimes left

Classic Book Design Cover



DONGHUN KIM





Portrait Posters

NURULLOKHUA SayFULLLOEV

## Academics to success!

*Faraj Louz*

Academics to success,  
No, your not alone,  
Getting low grades,  
is some of my own,  
I have a problem,  
Of achieving my goal,  
But somewhat,  
Not reaching  
To my console,

Academics to success,  
yet it is to come,  
To believe In my full potential,  
Can be complicated,  
Yet, the console was confiscated.  
We still have time to reach the  
mountain top,  
To not ever go back down,  
Which can put a frown on my face.  
But playing music to the base,

Academics to success,  
You are the one to control,  
The one to believe,  
The one to achieve,  
The one to become better then you  
used to,

God is here for all of us,  
Whether you and I believe in him,  
He is watching over us,  
Or whether he isn't,

Academics to success,  
Going to college to get a career,  
Is a better person to become,  
Career planning as I were  
to be a little boy,  
We're to be with a kiddy voice  
per say,  
I would love to get a high pay,,  
But not accomplishing what I  
wanted to achieve into,

Academics to success,  
I'm running in an obstacle course,  
I'm running in a race,  
I'm running in a muddy tunnel,  
With dirty piglets in my way,  
Trying to get out,  
As I believe to use a grout,  
For tiles,  
Creates filled gaps in between,

Academics to success,  
Your the one to decide,  
Who can become an honor roll,  
Scholar?  
Champion?

AMANDA de ANGEL



Evolution Is Reletness



# BOOKSHELF

NOV. 2023

THE NA ISSUE



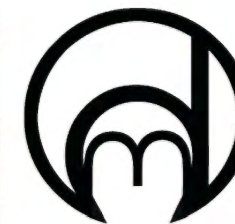
Bookshelf Magazine Cover

Doctor?  
A basketball player?  
Yep!  
You can become anything!  
As long as you reach your full potential,  
And just breath and take deep breaths to the moment,

Academics to success,  
It was nice speaking with you,  
As I try my best to become a psychiatrist,  
Yet, I have a problem,  
Of getting low grades,  
You can make fun of me,  
However, the world around me is waiting for it to happen,  
Though, it's not a problem for anyone to have a problem they  
might deal with,

Academics to success,  
What else can I say?  
You're the only one there for me,  
Your paying me, what I deserve to be paid,  
Struggles in life,  
Struggles on life,  
Struggles in life,  
You gave me a good education pathway,  
School,  
School, and,  
What else can I say?

## Restaurant Branding Design



Daniel Meza



DM Restaurant Branding Design



Academics to success,  
 You are the best,  
 Thank you for giving me this time to talk to,  
 Maybe, you can help my friends,  
 in Kingsborough community College,  
 To reach there full potential,  
 To not give up, on what they want to become,  
 It's never to late,  
 It's always a future ahead of us!  
 No matter the age number,  
 As long as we're young and healthy,  
 That's all we need to Care about!

2024 NYC Pride Poster



## There's a Rainbow Everywhere

*Ulas Tumen*

the subtle smoke off a cup  
 a friend in white sits besides me  
 as I write a poem  
 blue ships mantled, adorn the wall  
 adjacent flowers are plastered  
 pink, lavender, green  
 people chatter while I write my lines

I hear Russian, and Turkish  
 diversity shown with coffee  
 blue, red, green, purple, white  
 on bodies sitting at tables  
 the girls pace back and forth serving  
 black, white, sweet, salty  
 the point? Look and you shall see colors.

Jelly Paws Logo



*Inky Nouveau Typeface*

the subtle smoke off a cup  
 a friend in white sits besides me  
 as I write a poem  
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## Small World

*Mahlik Merolus*

Long ago back in the early 1900's a family by the name of the Johnsons, lived a happy and healthy life. The Father Jeffrey Johnson, Mother Rebecca Johnson, and Daughter Jessica Johnson. The family was relatively wealthy and was well known in their neighborhood. Their home was so enormous that you honestly wouldn't miss it driving by. It was mesmerizing. The Johnson family was the ideal and inspirational family that everyone looked up to. Simply because of the love and happiness that was shared amongst one another. The Johnson family participated in many giveaways, and charities etc. all to help make their community a better place. Jeffrey and Rebecca loved their community but what they love most is their daughter. Everyone, if not loved the Johnsons they definitely respected them, In the eye of the beholder they were just perfect... Well so it seemed. The perspective from the outside looking in was quite different than the inside looking out. The family started bickering a little more frequently than usual and 3 year old Jessica has also realized the distance that was being created within her home. One Saturday morning Jeffrey and Rebecca argued about who can stay and watch over Jessica since both parents had important business to attend to. Jeffrey shouted "I CANT WATCH HER I HAVE PLACES TO BE YOU STAY AND WATCH HER!"

JUTH SCHWALTZ

Lighting Solutions Logo

Lighting Solutions



Panda

GICI LEE

MICHELL WU

Typeface Design

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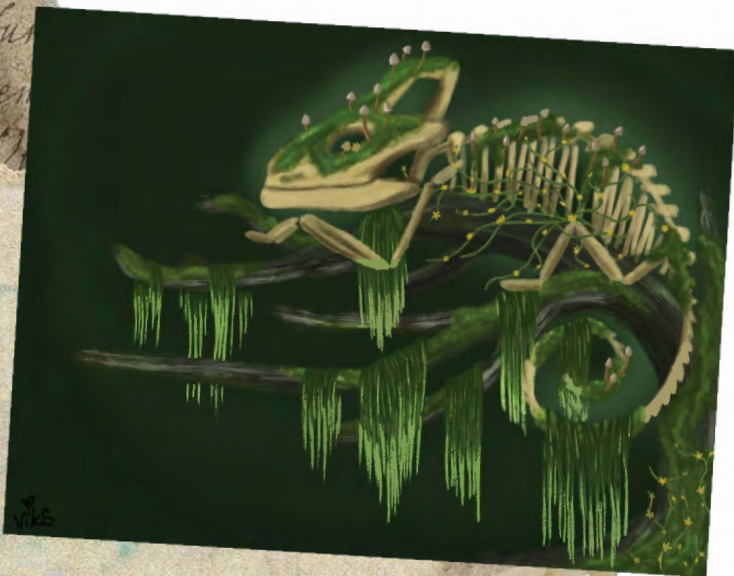


Alisa PINTSA



Green

VikTORIA SUDILOVSKAYA



Temple

VerONika LEONIDova



*Mournful Time That Delights The Eye*

Rebecca responded "YOU THINK YOUR THE ONLY PERSON THAT HAS A LIFE IN THIS FAMILY, I HAVE PLACES TO BE AS WELL!" This altercation caused Jessica to start crying she would hate to see her family fight. After another 10 minutes of yelling at one another, they both came up with a solution of hiring a nanny to babysit Jessica while her parents are gone. Jeffrey and Rebecca have agreed to hire a nanny named Daisy. Daisy's resume revolved around kids and just gave off a powerful loving energy that allowed the Johnsons to trust this new person with their daughter. Days go by and there is still tension within the family but it is never displayed within public. This tension is impacting their love with each other and it is causing Jessica to be curious with the future of her family. Jessica questioned her father "Daddy do you still love mommy?" her father replied "Of course sweetie I will always love your mother" That reassurance brought ease to Jessica's worries. One day Daisy the nanny comes over to watch Jessica again while the parents go on about their day. Jessica loves Daisy and the time they spend together really helps her forget about her family's issues. Jessica asked Daisy "Do you think my mommy and daddy will be okay?" Daisy says "Yes Pumpkin parents fighting is normal everyone will be happy again" As Jessica lies her head for a nap with the constant reassurance that everything will be just fine she is able to get great sleep.



Jeffrey arrives home to relieve Daisy for the day and to thank her for her service. Jeffrey asked "How was she today? I hope she wasn't any trouble." Daisy said "She is lovely you guys are raising an angel" Jeffrey replies "that's great to hear thank you so much" he then pays her and \*winks\* at her flirtatiously. Daisy responds "oh why thank you Mr. Johnson you are so kind." while Daisy is flattered Jeffrey offers her to stay for a little while longer. Daisy accepts the offer and continues to indulge in the hospitality that Jeffrey is portraying. Rebecca is unaware of these events and is still out handling her business. As Jeffrey and Daisy continue to converse over some wine, Jeffrey makes a big offer "Would you like to take this convo to my room?" Daisy replies "yes that's fine Mr. Johnson" Jeffrey replies "Please call me Jeffrey" As more time goes by one thing leads to another and now it has resulted into Jeffrey having a secret affair with his wife with the nanny. But secret for how long? Rebecca comes home from a long day and is looking forward to resolving the issues with her husband. Daisy and Jeffrey were unaware of Rebecca's arrival. Rebecca then gets to her room and instantly her heart shatters. "HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?... AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE FOR YOU!" "WE HAVEN'T BEEN OURSELVES LATELY YOU KNOW THAT" Jeffrey responded. This resulted in Daisy being fired.

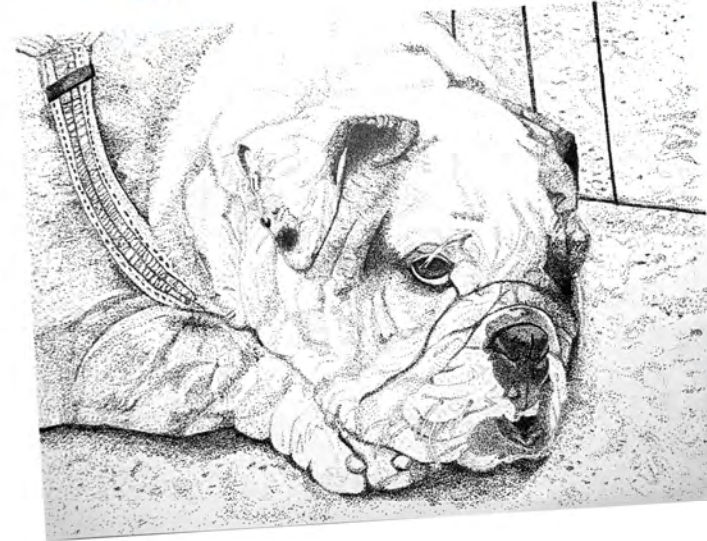


YINGNA WU



NOOR SAYFULLOEV

ANNA WANG



Bulldog



Boca Loca Magazine



LUMY MORILLO





Iced Tea Package Design

HAILEY S. NANA

Soap Bottle Label



“THIS IS WHAT I PAY YOU FOR, TO SLEEP WITH MY HUSBAND” says Rebecca. Daisy responds in silence, embarrassed to even make eye contact. Daisy leaves the residence and Jessica was not even able to say goodbye. Rebecca and Jeffrey go on to argue for a half hour more. Jeffrey has been kicked out and was told by Rebecca that a divorce will be happening. Rebecca is in agonizing emotional pain and you can feel it through her screams. Jessica is bewildered on what’s going on but wakes up when all the chaos has settled. Jessica asks her mother “Where is daddy?” “Daddy stepped out for a little while” It pains Rebecca having to lie about their situation and pretend everything is fine. Eventually Jessica will have to know the truth.

\*20 years later\*

Jessica is now 23 years old and has found the potential Love of her life in a young man named Brandon. Brandon is 20 years old and has a great head on his shoulders. In the 2 years that Brandon and Jessica have been dating he has supplied Jessica with unconditional love. Brandon was raised in foster care and knew very little of his mom and dad. Jessica has explained to Brandon her family situation about 20 years ago that her mom and dad had separated due to an affair with their nanny. However it is all a blur to her and she is relying on the information provided by her mother. One night Jessica decided to have a family dinner with Brandon and her mother.



Jessica tells Brandon "I have a surprise for you" Rebecca replies and says to Brandon "Oh wow what do you think it can be" "Close your eyes" says Jessica Jessica hands Brandon a box to open. Brandon opens the box and sees that it's a baby shirt. The mother was ecstatic, as was Brandon. However the baby shirt had Brandon's mother's name on it. Jessica wanted to surprise them with the news that she's pregnant and signify something sentimental to Brandon by naming the baby after his mother. Brandon found confusion with this act because he never knew his mother. Since he grew up in a Foster home but suddenly a weird tension and suspicion grew between Brandon and Rebecca. Jessica was oblivious to this suspicion. Brandon asked Jessica if she remembered the name of her nanny that caused the affair and her Mother instantly responded for her and said "Daisy..." Brandon replies "What do you mean by that?" Rebecca said "It's a very small world."

Concert Poster



NOOR SAYFULOV



Business Card

## The Dot

*Aurel Koci*

A whisper in the quiet  
A story is told with a quick glimpse in the vast void where particles become matter of clouds, stars, and shadows dance. Without a title, but with immense grace, A dot appears in this infinite symphony.  
A single point in the cosmic dance, A universe condensed into a single particle. Echoes of silence in the embrace of void, as dot meets dot in a never-ending chase.  
In the soft murmurs of the cosmic sea, there are stories that have not yet been spoken but are waiting to be told. A solitary point where writing ends and the new begins, the poetry of the title, a cosmos contained in a tiny dot.

## Ethereal Being



JEANELL LECKEY



## Mystery Tour



***Owl***



## Haiku #29

*Ulas Tuman*

A weak branch dangles  
If a crow comes it will snap  
Can't make a nest here

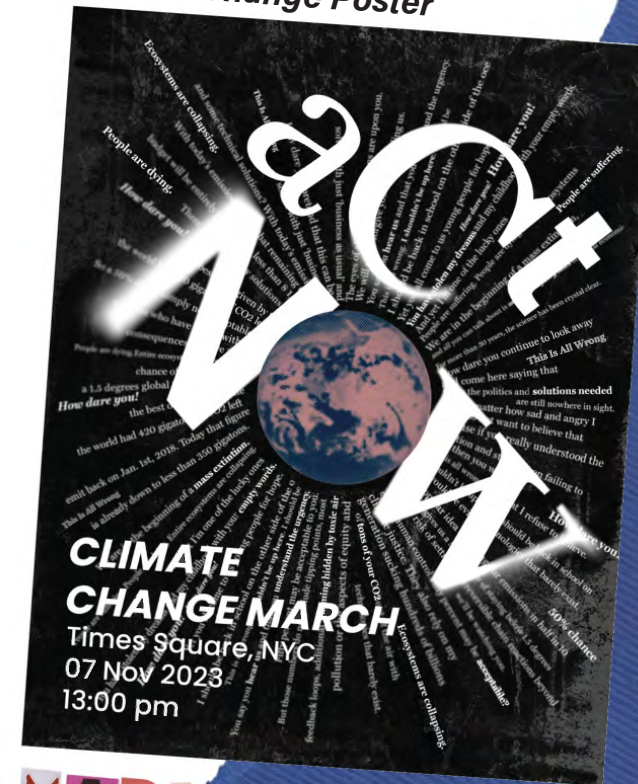
## The Window

*Sylvia-Ann Hamburger*

It stares back at me every morning and every night. Still, tonight was a little different walking into the living room. What I saw out the window reflected on me, showing me the outside world from a glimpse of being inside all the time. As I sit and stare out the window, I see the four different windows that are connected all into one big window. As I sit and watch to show what the outside world has in store for me, I stare at the screen that protects the window for when I open it.

has in store for me when I open it. I see the cars parked on the wrong sides of the street when it's time for the roads to be cleaned. I see people leaving trash on the sidewalk from the party they had the night before. But most importantly, what I get to see are the clouds. Today was a great day to see the clouds. There was a solid earthy smell in the air, reminding me that more rain would come through. Sure, I could tell from how dark the clouds were, as they had different shades of gray. Some parts of the sky resembled a nice heather gray or, as some call it, a gloomy gray. But still, with getting such a sight, the smells that came through with the earthy smell of the rain. Yet, even on the inside before I open the window, the smell of a candle being lit beside me as I write and watch the outside world. Now,

## Climate Change Poster





38

## Snake Font

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  
 Rowan Perez

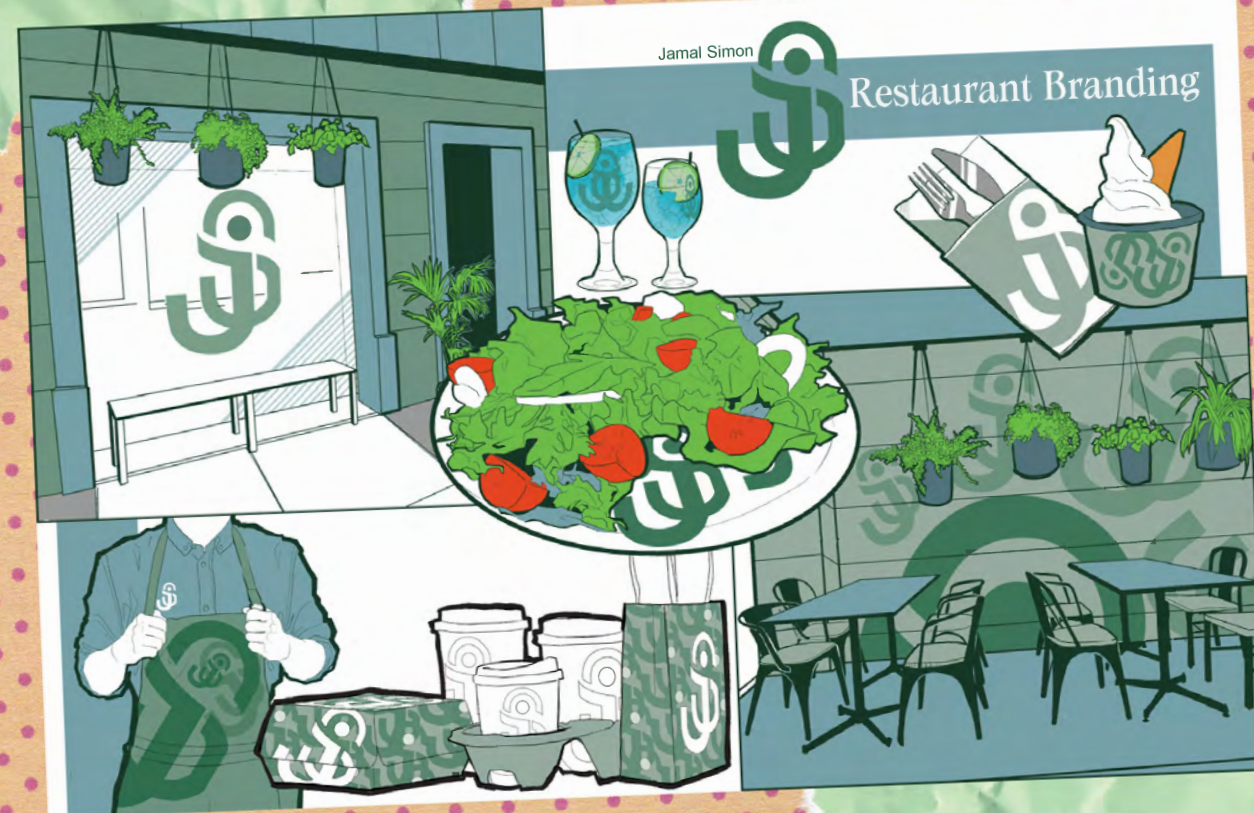
Rowan Perez

even with the sight and smell being told countless times through this window, I can tell you that I also feel such a heaviness in the air. From hearing the thunder strike down and the light patter of the rain while the trees sing in the wind that blows from left to right. Just watching, seeing, feeling, and hearing all these things through the window and admiring such a sight of the way the rain can make an impact on the window.

As some make it seem that the window is just a window, but without it, we would never be able to see the trees turn from green to yellow and red to remind us that fall is coming. Or we would never be able to see them sway and watch the rain splash against the window in reminding us that there is more to the storm than we have seen. Or be able to smell the earthy scent that comes with the heavy rain that we are wanting to see or the smell of flowers blooming in the new spring.

So the next time you think that it's just a window, there is more to it than what we can see. Now, I hope that you can see it too and be happy that you can rush to the window and look and admire what Mother Nature has in store, whether it's early in the morning to late at night, or even just in the mid-afternoon, wondering what phase of the moon we are in or how high the sun will shine bright. But until we meet again, I'll be here, sitting down on my couch, staring at my large window with shades in the way but still getting a better understanding through the day. I am looking forward to the next day, wondering what will await.

Jamel Simon



JS Restaurant Branding

39



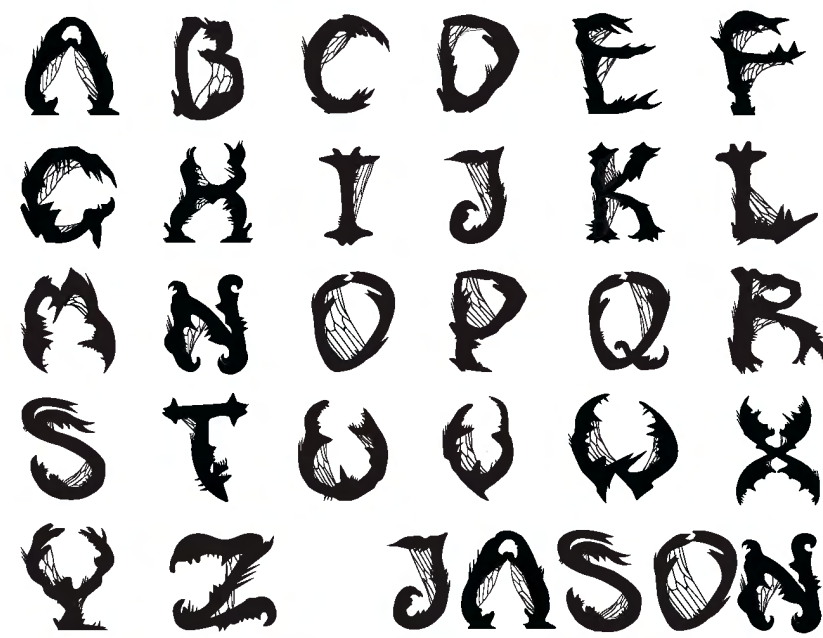
**Beyond Language**  
*Kristen Rose*

I am my mother's daughter, and we represent the color of our people in our daily lives. Black which represents strength and creativity. Gold represents the natural richness and the beauty of the sunlight and Green represents hope. English is not my first language nor is it my second. I am "Trilingual". I speak three tongues. My native language is Jamaican Creole, Standard English, and African American Vernacular English (AAVE). "The English language is a multifaceted oration, Subject to indefinite transformation," Says Jamila Lysiscott. This is important to me because language is a part of who I am and I shouldn't have to structure the way I speak.

There are around 150 varieties of English dialects. There are about 30 major dialects that exist in the United States. Despite this, society still considers standard English to be the right style of speaking and writing in a professional setting. Who decides what proper English is? I asked myself this question numerous times. Who gets to decide, who gets to determine that?

Last Sunday, I spoke with my brother, who inquired why I spoke so horribly. I caustically laugh, never giving it much thought, and respond, "Low mi nuh man, a suh mi talk when mi around family" (Leave me alone, this is how I talk when I'm with family). Looking back at my statement at the moment I felt ashamed of myself because it was as if it was the norm for me to speak my Jamaican creole with my family but not with others. After reading "Mother Tongue" by Amy Tan and listening to Jamila Scott's TED Talk, I now embrace other ways of speaking english. I always believed there was nothing wrong with the way I talk because I would hear it in my music and in the stories my grandmother would tell. Bob Marley and Miss Louis Bennet, these were my national heroes. They were known and loved all around the world just by expressing their language through their music and poems. Louis Bennet created a poem called "No Likkle Twang" which states "Bwoy, yuh no shame? Is so yuh come? Not yuh tan so lang! Not even lickle language, bwoy? Not even lickle twang". This poem indicates a Jamaican man leaving Jamaica to go to the United States for over a year and coming back speaking the same way he had left. This poem is ironic to me because his family, who spoke Jamaican Creole, was ashamed of him because he was speaking his native language. I

**Insecta Font**



Jason Roberts



No Peace





End War Poster

never really understood the pillory of making someone feel ashamed of their dialect because standard English is deemed as the only correct way to speak or write English.

In my 12th-grade English class, my Teacher assigned us the play Macbeth by Shakespeare. The story Macbeth was written by Shakespeare in ancient English, sometimes known as Anglo-Saxon, one of the earliest forms of recorded English. In an excerpt from "Macbeth," it states, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." This means that people generally hide their true intentions behind a mask. This text is important to me because, even though this story was not written in standard English, we were still able to understand it and draw conclusions from it. Why do we have a standard for something that was not standardized from the beginning? I ask this question every time I have a writing assignment for my English classes.

Though our writings may need structure, it is my opinion that standardized English is only beneficial to one demographic of people. The English language is a multifaceted language that has many different dialects. So why should

we be limited to one way of speaking or writing? In my American classrooms, the English they teach students did not relate to me. I remember in 8th grade, my English teacher gave me a F on my final draft, never really telling me what I did wrong. I was so confused because I worked really hard on my final essay because I wanted to graduate with my class. One morning, I built up the courage to ask her why she had failed my writing. She replied to me, saying "Your writing just wasn't up to standard". Confused by what the writing standard was, I just walked away and accepted defeat. The class I loved the most became the most hated. I thought standardized English was ridiculous. How can there be a standard for the language I speak? We, as students, educators, and readers, need to create a writing environment that is relatable to everyone and not just to a certain demographic of people. We need to be more inclusive by introducing English writers from different parts of the world. For instance, we need writers and Artists like Amy Tan , and Bob Marley, and Miss Lou to bring more culturally diverse writing into the U.S. classroom. So that trilingual students like me can feel welcome and safe in their writing spaces.



Susan KIMMEL



Tulipiere

Haiku #18  
Ulas Tumen

Love a peony  
It tends to be delicate  
It never lasts long

Haiku #6  
Ulas Tumen

You're a rainforest  
I'm stuck in a cement city  
How I yearn to link

Haiku #11  
Ulas Tumen

I seek to quench thirst  
Greeted by mirages water  
Only sand is drunk

Jenna FARRAH



Longing For The Cosmos



Teapot Pitcher

MIRIAM DECIGER





Into the Horseland

MICHELL WU

46

Aromagic Logo

AROMAGIC  
FOR MAGICAL PEOPLE

KEMOY HUGHINSON

### Haiku #16

Ulas Tumen

Leaves crisp on the ground  
Despite losing pieces of you  
You remain beauty

### Haiku #9

Ulas Tumen

I am just sunset  
You a sunrise with color  
We are not to meet

### Haiku #12

Ulas Tumen

A swan resides here  
In my Godforsaken soul  
Music forsakes not

### Haiku #10

Ulas Tumen

I show off colors  
A peacock spreading its tail  
A tail solely yours



Household Objects Animated

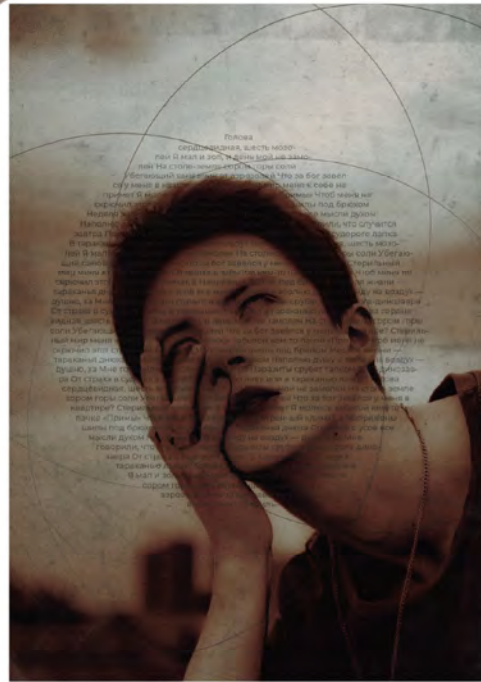
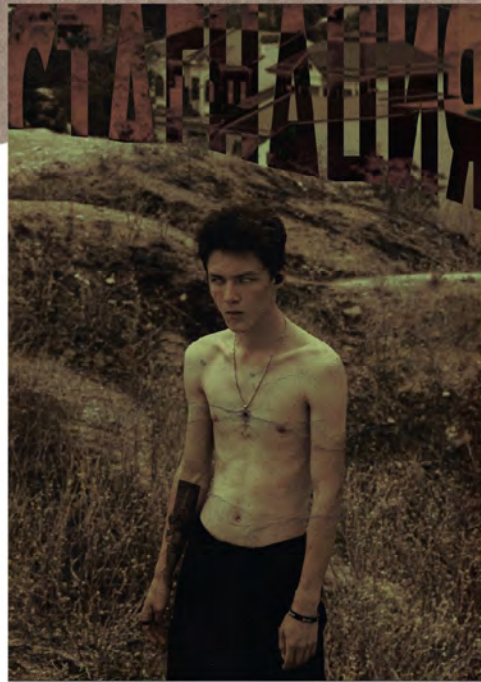
VALERIA VANTUOI



Hansel and Gretel

47





Toxin

Eva MinnibULIN

## The One That Got Away

By Deanna Decillis

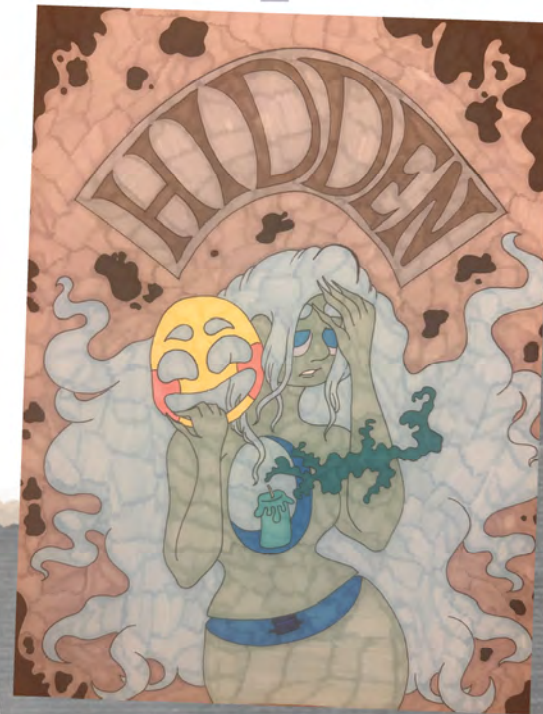
The street was dark and gloomy, the rain was pattering on the dark concrete street of the Brooklyn neighborhood he grew up in. The weather was brisk but not too cold. Typical, for an October night in New York City. The phone in his hand had a missed call from her, but he pretended not to see it as he often did when his estranged wife would call.

Thomas, a top investigative FBI agent was blatantly ignoring his wife, again. Thomas's wife wasn't exactly wife of the year. She often harassed and accused him of things that weren't even in the same realm of the truth. The truth is, she had lost her mind about 6 months prior.

He was a workaholic, devoted to his job. He worked nights and long hours but often used work as an escape to get away from his home life with "her". Her name was Michelle. Michelle was very unfortunate looking, but they had been college sweethearts. They both went to Penn State. She was kind (at the time) and she was smart which was initially what attracted him to her. Thomas, being young and naïve and having no prior dating experience felt the next step in life was to get married, despite knowing deep down that she wasn't the one. So, when Thomas's head would randomly roam and daydream to memories of his past with Amelia, he kind of just brushed it off and went about his business.

Amelia was always "the one who got away". Thomas & Amelia were best friends. They had met freshman year in high school and had a bond like no other but the timing between the two was always off. The truth is Amelia always had feelings for Thomas. It was Thomas who didn't feel the same. Thomas cared what people

SHEL|Y LIU



Smiling Depression



thought more than Amelia did and Amelia was a little on the chubby side. He tried to fight his feelings for her but deep down they were always there, even though by the time he realized it was too late. When Thomas was finally courageous enough to tiptoe around with the idea of taking Amelia out of the friend zone, Amelia wasn't having it. She started getting the attention she deserved from other men and moved on.

And so, this pattern continued and off between the two throughout their teen years until Thomas met Michelle and eventually, they got married. Amelia and Thomas always stayed friends though because at the end of the day that is how they started out, and that was the bond they both cherished. The bond of friendship. Michelle hated it though. In fact, Michelle made it very clear that she hated it. She even went as far as to block Amelia from all of Thomas's social media accounts and secretly delete her phone number from his phone. She forbid him to continue a friendship with her. And, even though it hurt him like hell at the time, he felt he had to do the right thing and end the friendship. That was until he ran into her for the first time in 7 years.

I had a knot in my stomach. There she was, directly across from me at the same bar. "What are the odds?" I thought. As soon as I laid eyes on her it was as if no time between us had passed. I could not believe she was standing in front of me after all these years.

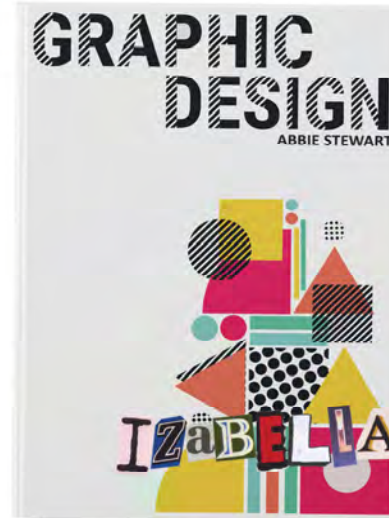
"Is that who I think it is?" the cliché line came out of my mouth before I realized how unoriginal it sounded but there she was, greeting me with her bright smile and jet black short hair "hey you! It's me. It's so nice to see you again". She looked better than ever. She always struggled with her weight, but she was so beautiful. It always bothered me, but it never bothered her. God,

Archie, The Prey



TziPpi FUCHS

Graphic Design  
Book Cover



Sana Zia

Dianna CuahutenCOS

Typeface Design based on Illustrator Edward Sorel

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

DIANNA



Edward Sorel Typeface



I was so stupid to let other peoples opinions affect how I really felt". She had a smile to light up a room and she was always so well put together. She just beamed sex appeal and confidence and it turned me on more than any other woman ever has, including my own wife.

After playful banter and drinks I had a moment of weakness and I kissed her. I'll let inquiring minds use their imagination as to what happened next. She teased, "You know Thomas, this all could have been avoided years ago had you not put me in the friend zone" she looked up at me as she wiped her side swept bang out of her eyes. "I know, it's all my fault. It was you, it's you now, it was always you and I should have realized it all those years ago. My God Amelia, you have no idea what I am dealing with at home. She's crazy, I'm miserable". Her face immediately goes from a sharp smile to an immediate look of concern. "What do you mean she's crazy and you're miserable?" I began to tell Amelia what the last 3 years of my marriage and life has looked like and she couldn't believe her ears. "Why didn't you tell me?" I didn't know what to say, she was right. I should have picked up the phone and called her, like I always did when I was excited about something, or angry or sad. She was my first phone call all those years ago and it should have stayed that way. But you see Michelle, she was so toxic, and I felt like I had no choice.

I'll never forget the night I realized just how toxic she was and just how over our marriage really was. Our marriage had already been strained since Michelle couldn't become pregnant, and I so desperately wanted to be a

father. I tried to be supportive, but she refused to be proactive and take the necessary steps to find out why she couldn't conceive, and it subconsciously made me bitter and resentful. In addition to the turmoil already in our marriage, I had just got home from working a double and I was exhausted. She cooked, but I had no appetite. All I wanted to do was sleep. This made her angry so when I politely declined by saying "I'll eat it tomorrow, I need to sleep" she destroyed the kitchen. There was broken glass everywhere. Food splattered all over the walls. When she finished with her fit she looked around, smirked as if she was happy about what she had accomplished and went right to bed. Not only did I not get to eat or sleep, I spent the entire night cleaning up the kitchen. Ironically, two nights later, I ran into Amelia and that's when I knew it was time to end it.

Hours later, after filling Amelia in on the recent events I drove back home to Staten Island. The dreadful place I had to call home just because Michelle insisted on it. She forced me to live here even though she knew I hated it and that my entire family and my job was in Brooklyn. Running into Amelia, kissing her and spending the night with her cleared up whatever doubts I had about leaving her. I had to end it. Now.

"Michelle! Are you here? We need to talk". After seconds, she emerged. I will never forget the look on her face. It was almost as if all the lights within her went out and all I saw was darkness. There wasn't anyone left behind those eyes of hers, she was completely gone, estranged, and disturbed. "What do you want to talk about Thomas? We don't talk much these days. Or did you and your little girlfriend Amelia forget that?"

# Galaxy Party



NOOR SAVFULAOEV

ABBY GONZALEZ



Tea Set



Teapot

KEIRA WEISERBS



J a C O B W U



J A C O B



"Castle at La Roche-Guyon"  
by Georges Braque, 1909



"Ma Jolie"  
by Pablo Picasso, 1911-1912



"Girl with Mandolin"  
by Pablo Picasso, 1910



"Class on a Table"  
by Georges Braque, 1909

Kaiju Logo



N i C K F i G U E R O A

A l i c a P i n i T S A

Jazz Festival Poster



I froze, I was stunned. How did she know? Did she just say what I think she just said? "What did you just say?" "You heard me, you fool. I'm not stupid. Did you really think you could do something behind my back and I not find out about it? I know you're sleeping with her and now you're both going to suffer." And that's went it all went black.

I struggle to open my eyes. My lids flutter until my vision finally goes from blurry to crystal clear. There she was, standing in front of me holding a crowbar. I was bound to the chair, my head throbbing, blood dripping down my face. I was about to open my mouth to scream when I noticed Amelia, unconscious in the chair across from me on the other side of the room. My mouth was taped shut. I had to get out of here, I had to help Amelia. But how?

"This is all my fault!" I thought. I struggled in my chair trying to release myself from the tape Michelle so tightly wrapped around my hands when she rips the tape off my mouth. Her giggles sent chills down my spine. She was enjoying this! "Let her go Michelle, she has nothing to do with this!" I barely finished the word when I felt another huge blow to my face and another giggle. "Why would I let either of you go? I'm having too much fun!". Amelia woke up. She was helpless and terrified and there was nothing I could do to comfort her or help her. She instinctively struggled and tried to break herself free of the bounds and ended up tipping over onto the floor. Michelle let out another evil laugh and kicked her, hard. I screamed! Louder this time, angrier. "Don't you touch her! Please Michelle! leave her alone, I'll do anything! just let her go". I must have sparked something in her deep dark soul because I immediately caught her attention. She



moves gracefully and slowly away from Amelia and towards me, she kneels down to my level and looks deeply into my eyes right before she says "Anything, Thomas?" Helpless and desperate, I nod my head repeatedly. From the corner of my eye, I notice Amelia's hands breaking free of the tape. Something must have loosened in the chair when she hit the ground, and she was able to get free. Michelle had only briefly begun to release the tape from my hands after I agreed to her terms so I wasn't of much help when Amelia lunged at Michelle. Amelia was on top of Michelle, wrestling with her and the crowbar she had in her hand clawing desperately at every once of courage she had left in her terrified body when Amelia grabbed the crowbar and cracked Michelle in the side of the head. She went limb and lifeless. Amelia rushed to my aide, without looking back and she released me. We held each other, trembling. "What the hell just happened Thomas?" she said before she started to sob on my chest. I called my partner to request back up and within minutes they were at my house.

Amelia and I watched almost as if in slow motion as my partner and best man at my wedding, Keith took away the woman I once loved and spent the last few years of my life married to away in handcuffs. She walked out of the house and into the cop car and the entire time an evil grin never left her face. She locked her eyes on both Amelia & I and her expression never faltered. Not once. It wasn't until the last second when the car was about to drive away when she yelled out the window that was just barely cracked open.

"I hope you two live happily ever after! For now, that is. I'll see you both again real soon!" The hairs on the back of my next stood up as I felt Amelia's hand grab mine.

ROWAN PEREZ



Self Portrait

Aurora Tour Poster



MICHELLE WU

Wag & Tails Logo



Mirror

Reina Martinez Gonzalez

I like it when I see the Mirror  
My Mirror shows me who I am  
My mirror shows me my reflection  
It's there when I wake up to see myself  
It's there when I look at myself crying  
It's there when I look pretty  
It's there when I look ugly  
It's really there  
It doesn't define me  
But it shows me what I think about myself  
My mirror is who I like to be shown off  
My mirror is who I need to be shown off  
But my mirror isn't who I am  
My Mirror is what I want to be shown off





## Haiku #7

Ulas Tumen

A torn broken tree  
Stood once tall magnificent  
Shame that leaders die

## Haiku #5

Ulas Tumen

My eyes averted  
By the dense fog of shyness  
Love I wish to shout

**EQUASIA Thomas**  
The Collage Logo

**THE COLLAGES**  
ART STUDIO FOR ALL

## Rise

Celeste Ramos

Lift to the sky, why lift when you can rise  
Feel afraid or be brave  
Take that jump, leap of faith, or free range leap  
Life is heaped into one, with or without pain  
Release or be free, yet scared but overjoyed  
Why run when you can rise  
Times are changing, why be afraid of a new  
adventure, rise and shine  
Keep what doesn't change  
Love but don't fight  
Feel no anger and pain  
Rise from what ache you feel  
Relieve yourself from repetition  
Rise from the hurt and ache  
Why cry when fight for the future and present  
Feeling happy where you can see  
And feel alive  
Afraid or not  
Rise or fall  
Let pain flee  
Rise, rise, rise don't fall

