The background features a vibrant yellow field with several large, overlapping circles in shades of pink, teal, and light blue. A complex network of thin teal lines connects various sized circles in pink, teal, and yellow, creating a web-like pattern across the entire image.

Antheon

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A Journal OF The Arts
Kingsborough Community College
THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK





DEAR READERS,

It has been two amazing years since I first stepped into the Student Publications office and joined *Antheon*. Since then, this magazine has become a second home to me; its staff — a second family.

Antheon is a place for many to realize ones' abilities, talents and their passion. I have witnessed many fellow students become conscious of their full potential upon gazing at their published work in the magazine for the first time. I must say that working behind the curtain (or in this case computer screens and pages) have been quite the similar feeling of fulfillment.

Being a Nursing student, it's often unlikely for one to venture into the world of art. However, organizing and curating the works for this magazine was a new and enthralling experience that had not only quenched a thirst for arts that I've had for some time, but also ignited a fire to pursue new projects akin to *Antheon*.

Organizing and collecting the work, showcasing some of Kingsborough's best pieces of creative writing and artwork, and being part of the driving force behind collaboratively producing this magazine was simply a privilege.

I have worked with some of the most amazing people that I would have never otherwise met in my life. The friendships that have been made in *Antheon*, I will cherish forever. The journey that led to the publishing of this magazine has been a long and arduous one. However, I couldn't be prouder of the outcome. We have all worked very hard to produce what we believe to be one of the most outstanding issues to date.

I want to thank everyone who was part of this journey with us. Without the time and dedication from each and every member of *Antheon*, especially the designers and the editors, this magazine would have met quite a different fate.

Also, this was possible due to the generous help of all of our advisors who not only had the patience with guiding us through this process, but were also remarkable role models to help us see this project to its completion.

First and foremost, I would like to thank Levy Moore, Student Publications Advisor, without whom there simply wouldn't be an *Antheon* magazine. His efforts at the helm of Student Publications and his overseeing of all of *Antheon* have been invaluable throughout the year from the magazine's conception to publishing.

Also, Rob Wong, our Office Manager, thank you for everything that you do for us at Student Publications. Kudos to you for handling all the administrative work that we would have no idea what to do with otherwise.

Thank you Professor Brian Katz, *Antheon's* Literary Advisor, who was one of the key players in the production of this magazine. From the initial construction of the team, to collecting all the work and meeting with the editors, to ultimately finalizing the content, Professor Katz provided exceptional guidance. It is his work with the students in *Antheon* that made a difference in this issue.

A special thanks to Professor Kristin Derimanova, *Antheon's* Art Director, who was one of the most vital parts of this production. Along with her team of designers — Avivit Kasberg and Ksenia Bodnarchuk, Professor Derimanova helped us achieve the artistic vision of this magazine. Working with her — from scanning the artwork to the meticulous selection process, her expertise on the field was not only essential, but also taught us, in the editorial board, a substantial amount about art.

In addition, thank you Professors Amy Karp, John Keller, Eben Wood and Tom Lavazzi for your assistance and support throughout the production this year.

We are also grateful to the KCC Association for the funding provided for this issue. This magazine would be not possible without their continuous support.

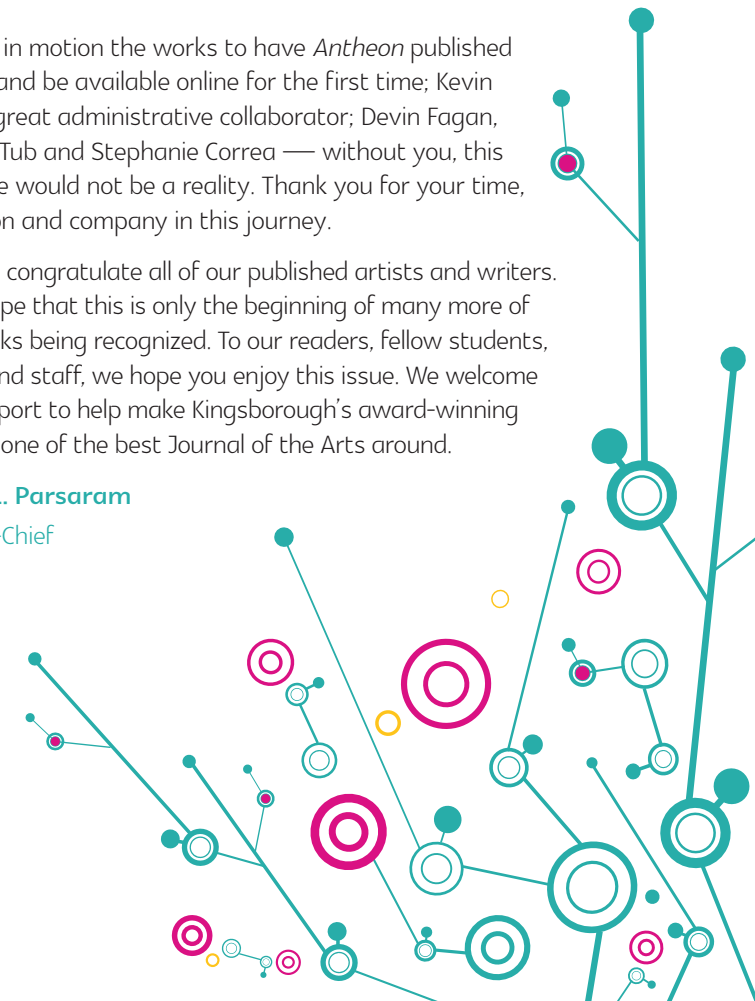
Last, but certainly not least, my team of editors — Niaz Mosharraf, who was an instrumental part of this magazine,

have set in motion the works to have *Antheon* published digitally and be available online for the first time; Kevin Jiang, a great administrative collaborator; Devin Fagan, Tatyana Tub and Stephanie Correa — without you, this magazine would not be a reality. Thank you for your time, dedication and company in this journey.

I want to congratulate all of our published artists and writers. We all hope that this is only the beginning of many more of your works being recognized. To our readers, fellow students, faculty and staff, we hope you enjoy this issue. We welcome your support to help make Kingsborough's award-winning *Antheon* one of the best Journal of the Arts around.

Ashley L. Parsaram

Editor-in-Chief



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Zachary Levy

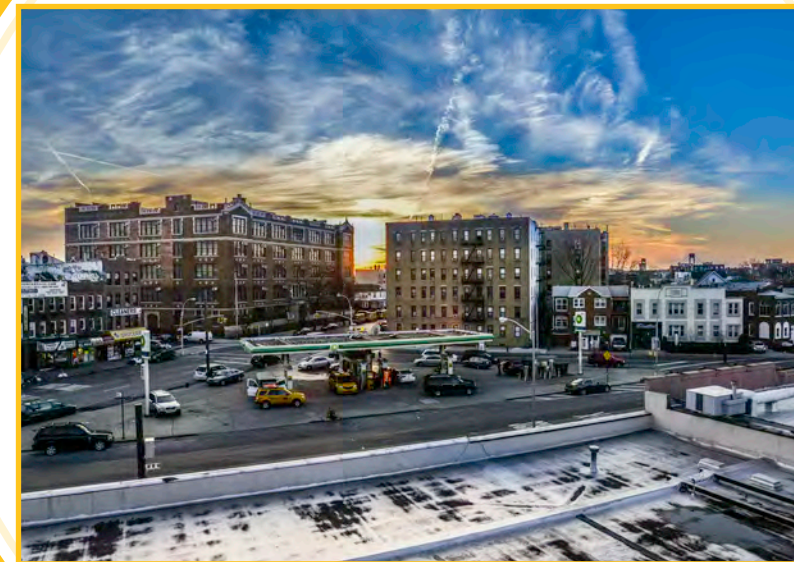
AMERICA

america, a country of dreams or a land of fiends?
once you get here, 101 distractions by all means
america, this place in fear, what happened to the
patriotism, loyalty, uncle sam and his beard?
the poor get poorer the rich get richer, come messiah
help me out this ditch
you think you living? eh you ain't, he got the drop top
you cruising the MTA
jewish christian muslim we of all faiths, only thing that
matters is we belong to one race
the race to the top, stomping the one below, stumbling
up the ladder, for that piece of gold
it's either be a lawyer or a doctor, if not one of those you
better be a mobster
if you ain't none of the above you poor, i.r.s. and
collections knocking on your door

i don't care you black you white you spanish you asian,
fact is we all get brainwashed by the same agent
the phone is tapped, t.v. got you thinking, they even
showing you what's best to be drinking
they in your head, you speaking their lingo, we just a
bunch of dummies that can't let it go
but not me, i'm gonna make it through even if life chokes
me leaving my face black and blue
the high is great, the clothes are better, the shoes are
fantastic, her lip gloss looks wetter
you're wearing glasses, i'd not know who you are, your
outerwear is in but the soul flew away too far
make our own decisions, we ain't brave to do that, we
just robots who eat, sleep and smoke our own crack
ya money ain't shit, ya gangstas ain't, scary we all just
alike, don't that seem a bit leary

Christopher Cook

FINAL PROJECT



Damir Karimov

AVE P



Avivit Kasberg
ZODIAC



Orli Khaimova

LONELINESS

I like being alone,
 It gives me time to think.
 I like being alone,
 For I am away from everyone.
 I like the long train rides
 Full of strangers
 Coming and going,
 Each one with a different story.
 I listen to the rhythm,
 Da-ram-tam-tum. Da-ram-tam-tum.
 I like the long walks,
 Walking through the crunchy leaves-
 Admiring the world around me.
 I like being alone,
 The lonely train rides and the long walks.
 But I still long for your touch
 Just one last time.

Dark Light

MIGUEL CARTAGENA





Jaineba Chang

THE THINGS SHE CAN'T SEE

She can't see all the stale dead hair in the corners of her room. The spiders are building webs out of them and the mosquitoes are getting caught.

What a shame, everyone says: her first grandchild and she can't see him.

Why see the wrinkled flesh of the baby, the drool and vomit on his bed. No judgment. She can't anyway. So she feels the smooth folds on his plump body and hears his laughs. Tiny hands feeling the grooves of her face. Babies are as blind as anyone. Blind to blindness.

She can't see the white dog jumping on to her lap. The red dirt staining his feet and his snout.

Hey she calls, is the bathroom clean? I tried my best to clean it. I look around, a little lime scale on the pipes, a little fuzz on the sink. It's fine Mom, I say. When she leaves I clean it over. She actually missed a lot, the globs of toothpaste stuck in the sink and the soggy, smashed pieces of soap in the bottom of the tub.

A dirty mirror. No need for it anyway.
The mold on the bread. The blood in the eggs.

The things she can't see are the things I don't want to see. Though I want to see the blackness and hear the noise. Really hear the noise. Wrap into it.

The yellow spots on the wall. No one knows quite what they are. So we are blind to them. We don't tell her or she'll want a description of where and the shape.

What color are the parrots?
Ohhhh, pretty girl, what a pretty girl!

What color? Green with yellow heads. Little red in their wings. Wow, they sound beautiful. I like birds. She spends hours by the rusting cage. The parrot licking her finger with his leathery tongue.

She laughs. Your tongue is so soft! What a soft tongue, pretty girl!
"Soft tongue pretty..."

"Soft"? "Soft?"
Yeah.
A black tongue.
Beautiful.

Rojas Cindy

TITLE



Damir Kamirov

SEASERS BAY



Denise Montesdeoca

QUICKSAND

Dirt autumn leaves
Ocean of colors
Hard crunchy and steady

Tripped and stumbled
Quickly I'm sinking
Weightless and hopeless

Body is heavy
Quickly I'm giving
Ocean of colors take me

8



Miguel Cartegena

VICINO

Tsering Dolker

GOOD RIDDANCE

Death speaks to me,
as how one would imagine death to be.
Whispers sweet nothings,
seductively it calls
Lady! My Lady!
Death is my creation;
the monster of my greed.
I admit to my mistakes,
if only to be rid of the screams.
Silence is long gone,
along with my humanity.

Should I to be blamed?
The Eve to the Adam,
The Lady to the Lord
Death beckons me forward;
Death shows me the path,
my eventual death.
I am resolved.
The dagger appears in my hand,
Bloodied from the previous kill.
Death has come
to take me away.



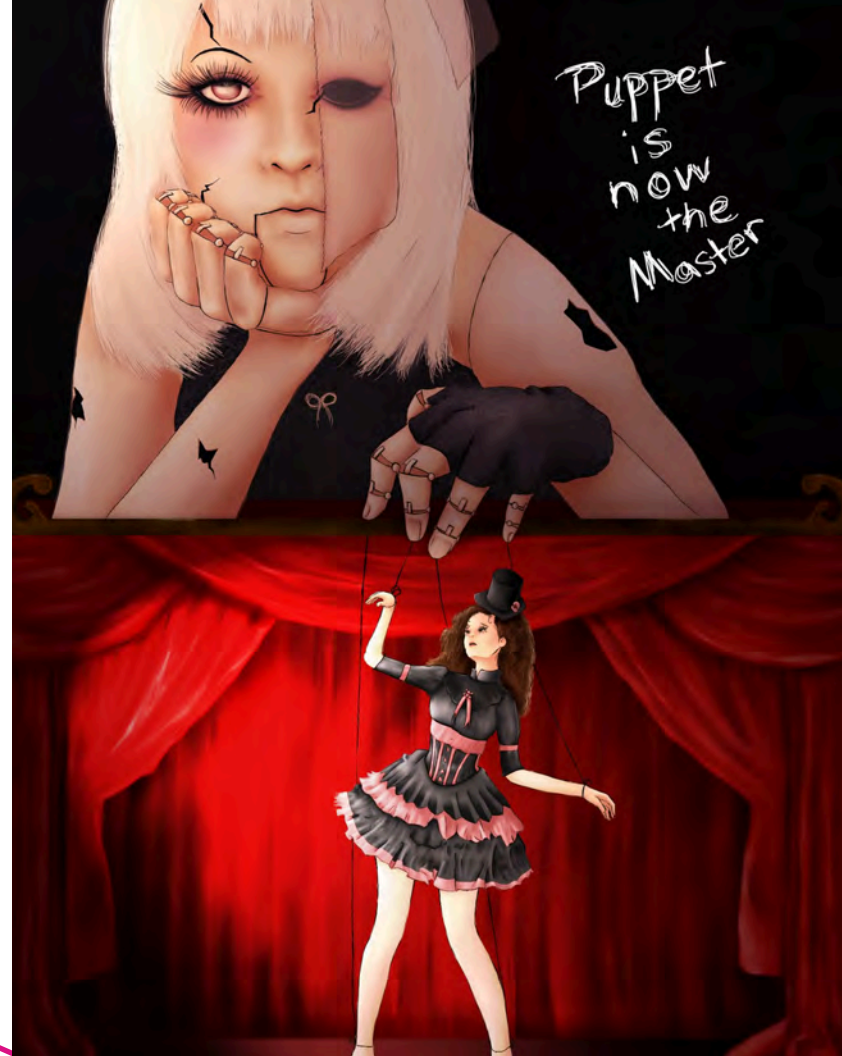
Isander Garcia

GIRL SHOES



Maria Cohetero

SHOES & TEE



Merlinda Liharevic

HEAVEN IS HERE

The dolphin's skin draped
Over my fearless body
Just as the sky
Covers humanity
With its alpaca marshmallow fluff
The gigantic coffee-colored
Worn-out hoodie
Puts me to sleep
Just like a mother's arms
Comforting her child
Aroma of sweet pomegranate
Wanders through the air
Calling me
Telling me
Heaven is here

Leigh Davis

MARIONETTE

Chantel Richardson

A GIRL



What is a girl changed? Can she bloom in a dark room? Or does she fade away like broken dreams? Casey was a girl. School, gymnastics, and home were all she knew. She had a brother and lived with her parents in Saddle River. Casey was tired of being the trophy daughter, and everything seeming like it was so perfect. “Snow globe,” she thought, I’m the snowman. How can I escape? Just as she was in mid-thought her mother called her down for dinner. Casey slowly crept down the steps, careful not to make a sound so her dad wouldn’t wake up. She hated her father and he knew. He hated her too. He just wanted her to go to college, and to be out of the house. As she sat at the table she noticed her arm, she looked at the mark and it reminded her of the blueberry pie her mom used to make when she was little, “When times were better,” she whispered quietly. Black, blue and it felt crusty. She noticed her skin was peeling from an earlier burn. Her mother came in just as she was pulling her sleeve down. Her mom continued on like she didn’t know, but she knew and she did nothing to stop it. Her mother placed the chicken down gently, and Casey and her mom began to stare awkwardly at each other. Her mom sighed loudly and then pasted a fake smile on her face. The thing about her mother’s smile is that she always looked

like she was on the verge of tears. “Your father...” her mother starts but can’t continue because Casey can hear her choking back tears. “Your dad will be home more often, we can be a family again.” Her voice cracks, and Casey notices it almost immediately. Casey hears her heart beat out of her chest and she swallows hard. She looks down and mumbles quickly, “Great mom,” and she puts on a half-smile. As she finishes her smile, she hears large footsteps coming down the steps. She suddenly cannot breathe. As the steps get harder and seem to be approaching more quickly, she starts hyperventilating. When she sees the figure she notices that it’s her older brother, Jackson. She sighs in relief--she didn’t know he was home from college. She runs and jumps in his arms. He’s the only one who keeps her safe. As her happiness begins to start up, she turns swiftly and is eye to eye with her father. Her smile fades. Jackson turns and smiles, “Sorry Dad, did our little celebration wake you?” He nudges Casey playfully. Their Dad can’t help but smile. “Aw, of course not Champ,” and with that he lets out a big, hearty laugh. They all move towards the dinner table, until Casey is stopped by her Dad. “You better get it together you little brat. The school called me at work today and told me you got a C- in Chemistry. My Job! I was in the middle of a meeting



with potential investors and I had to stop my meeting to make sure my connections in Admissions would still accept you! Your mom and I went to Brown, My Alma Mater! Now Jackson goes. Damn it! If you start slacking and mess this up...” His voice trails off when he notices how hard he’s gripping Casey’s arm and how she’s crying. He lets go swiftly. “Go clean yourself up; Jackson doesn’t need to see this crap. At least one of my freaking kids makes me proud,” he says in disgust. Casey goes to the bathroom and begins to sob. “All I want to do is go to SUNY Fredonia and become a teacher,” she says between gasps of air. Casey looks up quickly and sees herself in the mirror. When she does this she sees a different side to herself. She sees a strong Casey and a side of her that would stand up to her dad. She wiped her eyes and nose and stormed out of the bathroom. She screams her dad’s name to get his full attention. “Bill!” She felt stronger and even felt her voice become a little louder than before. Her dad turned around in mid-bite of his chicken, and he dropped his fork and got up, sinisterly smiling. He knew she was afraid. He could smell her fear. He inched closer and closer, but Casey stood in her place. He moved

Masha Yukhananov
GIRL AT THE WINDOW



and screaming for her mother like she usually did, Casey moved toward him, and as she did she felt a change, a transformation, she was not the little lamb anymore, she was now the Lion! “Dad, you’re done treating me this way! I’m gonna do whatever the hell I want from now on and you can’t stop me!” She yelled in such a strong voice she shocked herself. Her brother and mother looked on, shocked. Her father, taken aback, looked smugly at her. “Ok Casey.” As she turned victoriously she felt a hard, swift blow to the back of her head. In this black world Casey found her true self. She was happy and misfortune seemed to wave the white flag. It was finally over; Casey had found her true peace. “Casey....” “Casey.....” The sound of her name grew more and more faint. It sounded like her Dad’s voice in a panic. Did he actually care now? Or was he afraid this hit would be his last? That he couldn’t blame his problems on her anymore? That he finally hit her so hard that...that it broke her ? “CASEY!!!!...” She began to drift away. When Casey awoke she saw a bright light shine in her face. “Casey.” She heard the calm voice of her brother, his warm hand on her head. “He won’t be hurting you anymore.”

Masha Yukhananov
BETWEEN TIMES



Cassandra Cessant

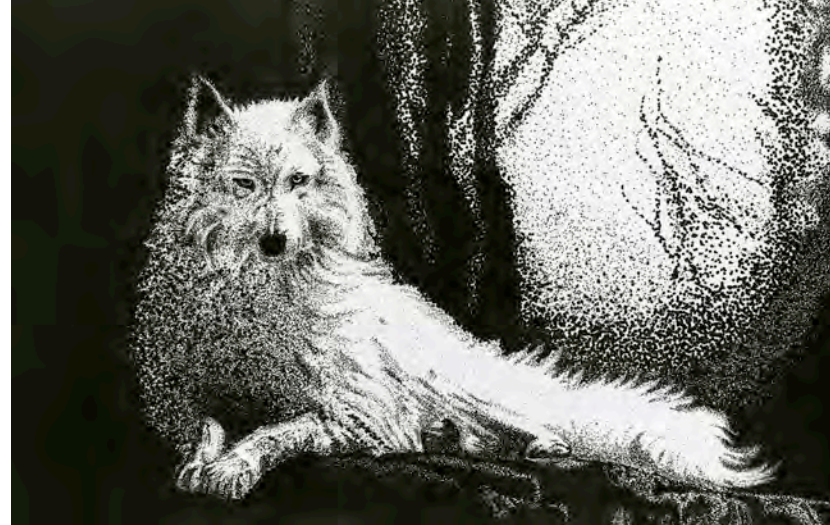
MY SPLENDOR

My guiding light
Yet here on Earth
Whether it be squeaky clean
Or drowning in a cloud of dirt

Share your last piece of pie
Told me I can reach the sky
For you
I told you I would die
And I meant it

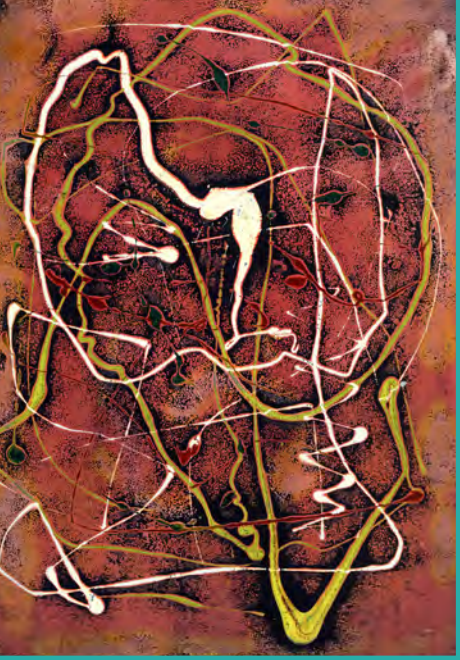
Loyal as a Labrador
I never could understand it
So proud to be a part of you
Never will I take your
love for granted

An absolute intimacy
Any other cannot grasp
I will fly with you for eternity
The mate of my soul
My only
The one who knows my heart
Because you share it
My sister.



Tessa Williams-Tirado

WHITE WOLF



Clinton He

BROKEN LEAVES AND LAST GOODBYES

Broken leaves and last goodbyes
 Restless nights and lullabies
 Help to make this pain go away
 I realize I let you down
 Told you I would be around
 I just want to say
 I am sorry
 For breaking all the promises I made

This time is the last time I will ever
 beg you to stay
 But you are already on your way
 Feelings change
 Memories don't



Michael Camacho

FLIGHT

Long runway
 Lift off soon
 Sun bright I glimpse
 a bird in the corner of my eye
 missing a wing, unable to move
 its memory haunts me as we become
 airborne
 with a group of birds, flying together
 I swear that lame bird joined them too
 At the moment I realize the beauty
 That birds can fly too



Shannon Belozero

COASTAL

Dina Abdeldaiem

ILLUSION I

Dina Abdeldaiem

ILLUSION II



Kimberly Guerrero

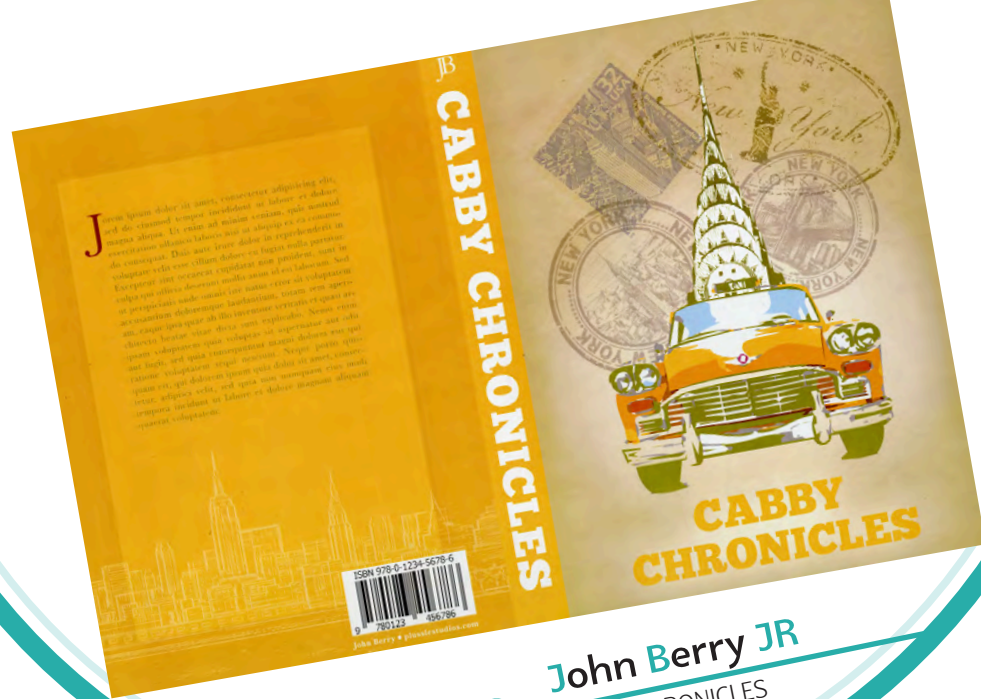
THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN IS MY HOME

The streets of Manhattan are my home
 That's the rooftop of my dome
 I have nowhere else to go
 Living the lifestyle like the water in the hose
 The fast pace
 Won't give you an official base
 School too expensive
 Jobs hard to find
 The park is where I whine and dine
 People look at me like I'm lazy

While I look at their lives and say
 "They're crazy"
 A question I ask
 Where is the love?
 The poor dressing rich
 While the rich are dressing poor
 There is no equilibrium
 My eyes are my teachers
 My books are my preachers
 I am a rebel
 But society looks at me like I'm the devil!

Vivian Chin

SUBWAY POSTER



John Berry JR
CABBY CHRONICLES

William Jones JR

SOARING TO HIGHER GROUND





HOW MUCH ABUSE ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE TO SUFFER BEFORE YOU MAKE A STAND? SILENCE ONLY HELPS YOUR ABUSER. **YOU ARE NOT ALONE.** Don't suffer IN SILENCE. If you can't tell the police **TELL SOMEONE** IN EMERGENCY ALWAYS DIAL **911** OR CALL **0808 200 247** FREE PHONE 24 HOUR NATIONAL DOMESTIC VIOLENCE HELPLINE Run in partship between Woman's Aid and Refuge **YOU CAN CHOOSE TO STOP THE ABUSE**

Ksenia Bodnarchuk

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

Gulsum Irgasheva

THE HARSH REALITY

Just walking to work without paying any attention
To anything that was going on around me
Without a worry nor concern in my mind
You caught me by surprise
With your own hands you opened the doors of my heart
I walked past you pretending not to notice
As my mother had taught me not to talk to strangers
But I was older now, eighteen years old
Why listen to her?
Charming words were all that I heard
I felt things strange that I never known of before
Couldn't focus on anything else
My world became a fairytale
But all fairytales have an ending
So did mine.
I found out who you really were
A master of disguise, fooled me many times
I found out too late, my heart was scarred
You put in the palm of my hands, bleeding
And it never was the same.

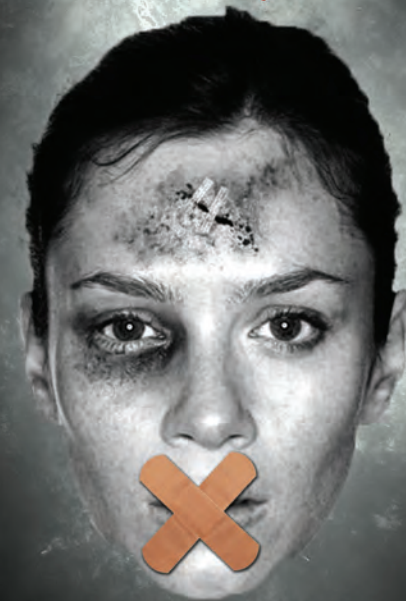
Dalia Restrepo

WHO IS TO BLAME

Who is to blame?
When you are left alone in the world?
Who is to blame?
If I feel empty and angry
At such an early age
The age were everything
Should be like petals
Laughter and games
Instead is filled with emptiness
Anger and Loneliness
Left there alone
Not understanding why
They abandon you
Why if they loved you
And promised to be there for you, they turn their heads
And walk away
Until they are non-existent
And non-reachable
As if out of nowhere
You are left behind
And someone turns the light off

Kirseay Friedman
DOMESTIC POSTER

STOP
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE





Leigh Davis

CAMELOT FIN

Patrice A. Harvey-Livingston

LADY CREOLE

None of them would allow her to attend Grandpa's funeral.

I took his memory to her instead. Oh! How my heart thumped in fear. Tiny fists tapped death knocks on a door, that slowly opened by a challenged faded beauty, in a shabby house dress. Grease matted, dirty blonde hair framed her greenish-blue eyes that bulged at the sight of me. I whispered, "He sent me here, he's gone Hatee." With puckered lips blew her a kiss. On tip-toes I touched her sad flawless face. Fingers got drenched in salt water. Without warning, she protruded her neck and torso in regal fashion. Her beautiful frosty irises glistened with pride as she stepped back and slammed the door in my face.

Out in the cold, I felt the pain as she had all her life. Though no fault of her own, she was neither needed, nor wanted, not by anybody, not anymore, not ever.

Victor Kosman

IF I ONLY TRUSTED YOU

If I only trusted you, then, maybe I would let you choose for yourself. Your mind has not experienced enough tricks and pains to know the true difference between want and need, right and wrong. Your young mind is a mind that would swim towards the shiny object, yet still aware of all the warnings and distress that will come once you reach it. Your goals are shrouded by your need for what you want, when you should really want what you need. You sacrifice so much for the wrong achievement just to later look at the right path in doubt. I have walked in your steps and made your mistakes. I am your scapegoat, your trail session to life. Still, you choose not to use me or to listen but to experience what you don't have to. You have the opportunity to make mistakes I have never thought of making and experience things I could not have dreamed to experience. Then and only then I would trust you, if you only walked your own path and not the path I have once strolled on. I wouldn't be able to push you or advise you, you would be free. Then you can lecture your son, push him, lead him down on a better path.

Leigh Davis

WHITE DRESS



Leigh Davis

LOST CARNIVAL BEAR



Lin, Shu Yan

LONELY MAN

The dark is coming.
Where can I go?
Go Home?
No! That is not a home,
It is just a place I can live.

That place does not have people
waiting for me.
I walk on the street, a quiet street.
All around is dark.
Where does the light come from?
Oh, from the little bar in the street.
This time, everyone is asleep.
Yes, sleep, forever.
This small city is death,
Look around, it is dark, dark.
I sit on the bar, far away from the
two people,
One red woman, one blue man.
I just look at them, just look.
Why do they have partner?
That is what I was looking for.
I ask myself,
What do I have in this death city?
Loneliness, desolateness,
This is all I have.
Yes. I'm a lonely man.

Michael Calabrese

IN THE FUTURE, HEARTBREAKING NEWS
SPREADS BY TEXT

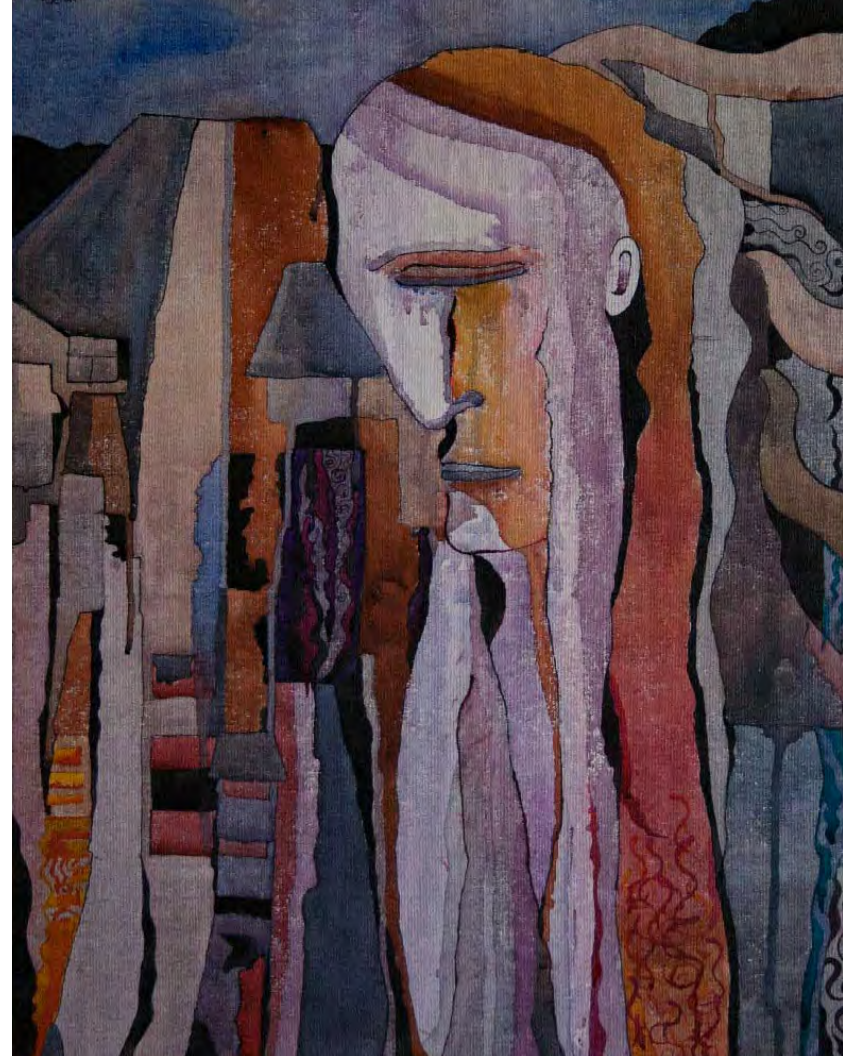
Dead twins
Her fault or his doesn't matter
What kind of life anyway
Father in a methadone clinic
Who cares if he has a job now
Can't help but think
They got lucky

She thought this would save him
Keep him on la diritta via
Can't help but blame herself
It was a stupid idea in the first place
But to be a mother—
Demiurge cursing the demiurge
That creates but
Does not maintain

Funny that yesterday
I saw a bumpersticker
on an SUV that said
"Real men make twins"

Masha Yukhananov

FALL RAIN COMES FROM THE INSIDE



Olga Gergel

FALL



Zenzile Davis

YELLOWS AND YELLS

Cement sidewalks coated in leaves of
browns, yellows, oranges and reds
I've always loved autumn
My cream coffee tastes even better
Since I'm old enough to enjoy that
kind of thing

The bodega door opens, the wind blows in
the leaves
Leaving the floor covered in leaves of
browns, oranges, yellows and reds
I breathe in the smell of after school
Candy
Ice cream
Soda
And Doritos
I remember when I enjoyed that
kind of thing

Coffee, warm
I found a new one
A boy of at least 15

He held a basketball
And the new 2-chainz song played loudly
Through his beats
You know 15 year olds are into that
kind of thing

With him was a girl
Of five
In a yellow shirt
Eyes bright with excitement
She grabs his arm
Revealing a honey bun
The look on his face becomes one
I know all too well

She wasn't into that kind of thing
That moment in time brought me an old one
Many years before when I was she
Eager, optimistic, innocent
Simply wanting a honey bun
A treat after a long day of scraped knees
Sweets, I was really into that kind of thing

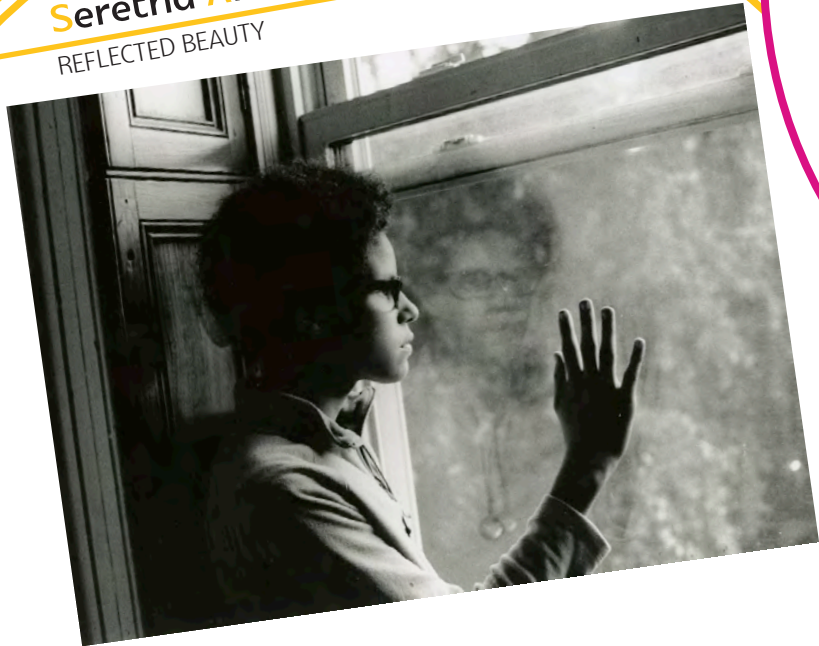
Maka Mikeladze

SPRING



Seretha Alexander

REFLECTED BEAUTY



Chris Seaok

NEW YORK CITY DETAILS



Isabel Kupchenko

AN ENDING

Measuring his life away with every glass of acrid whiskey, William couldn't help himself but continue sipping on the drink of the man. He knew he shouldn't have been drinking, as well as he knew that he shouldn't have even been awake, but he didn't seem to care. It was again that he had been rushed out of the clean well-lighted cafe and had to spend another night alone, feeling some sort of dismal emptiness. With no family beside him, except his young niece who was currently sleeping in her bedroom, William had to endure the utter silence, drunk and deaf by himself. He was sick of this repetitive cycle of drinking in the cafe and then having to go home because the young worker urged him to do so. He didn't understand William's need for the cafe, but hey, not many young people could. Old age stripped William of everything and the clean, well lit cafe was all that he had left. It was all quite sad to be honest.

Sitting calmly with his entire motionless body pressed against his brown leather upholstered chair, William stared out of his window. The view couldn't compare to that of the cafe's, but he had to make do. However, he longed to be back there in his sanctuary. The whiskey began irking his throat so he placed the glass down gently on the glass coffee table in front of him. Letting out a long wheeze, he began to stand up, balancing, dragging his weightless feet towards his bedroom. The alcohol, at this point, overwhelmed his body as it seeped through his veins.



William needed his bed more than ever. Every inch of him craved sleep, wanting to succumb into a deep slumber that would never end. Restlessly, he walked through his lavish home, thinking about much he didn't care for any of it--his beautiful floors, leather chairs, granite counters, and Spanish styled rooms. Materialism was not of importance and so they were all not worth the torture that he felt for the majority of his entire adult life. Bah, of course, to a man who came from money and worked hard for more money, none of it was desired.



Katherine Randolph

PRE-HISTORY

His thoughts filled with gruesome flashbacks; reminding him instantly of how he, at some point in his old age, wanted to get rid of all his struggles by ending his own life. Through his own halls he walked carrying that brand new gun he had purchased, while his teenage niece--terrified shitless--screamed for him to stop. "I love you!" she yelled, "you don't have to do this! I am here for you! Please Uncle Will, please!" But of course, he couldn't hear any of her cries. He only assumed that this is exactly what she had been screaming because this is what he wanted to hear from her. Overwhelmed, he recalled how he had dropped his weapon, hugged her tight and together they silently sat, staring at each other. It had been months, but the urge to pick up the gun still in fact remained. The feelings of want, harvested within him. Surely he would eventually explode if he didn't get what he wanted.

After the incident, William became the gossip of the town. Almost everyone questioned why a man like William would want to end his own life. "He is a spoiled, unappreciative brute," all the town's people would claim. In everyone's eyes, William had everything. Yes, he had accumulated wealth and was living a luxurious lifestyle, but he was never genuinely happy. Why couldn't anyone understand that money isn't everything and that love is? He lacked the love he needed and all the money in the world cannot give love.

It was well known that his wife, his amour, and the only woman he had ever loved, had died before him due to a illness

that had infected many people in their town. She also left behind two beautiful sons, who eventually got older and had forgotten about William completely. They both moved and married poor, despite their father's protests. Both attempted to never be in contact with their father again. From this, William was forever occupied with regret. His brother, the only family he had left, passed away not too long ago. His niece decided to stay with him because she saw her uncle's despair. She thought that she might be of help to the uncle who spoiled her rotten and loved her endlessly.

With his thoughts still aflutter, William sat on his bed quietly suppressing his juvenile tears. He had loved his niece, he also loved all of his family, but he was forever lost. Trying to cease his thoughts, William grasped the top of his head, thrashed, whimpering, kicking his worthless feet up into the air. "Ugh," was the only sound that came out of this deaf mute.

After a few long minutes, William regained control of himself and opened up the bottle of scotch which he always kept on his bed stand. He drank straight out of the bottle, as if he were a man who had been dehydrated for hours. The bitter scotch never tasted better. With the bottle still in his hand, William asked, "Why me?" hoping that the man above him would hear and answer back. Why did he have to bare the solitude which only drove him deeper into self-condemnation? Why did he have to be so incredibly lonely? He sighed, letting every last breath leave his lungs. With his niece soundly dreaming, William suddenly knew what he had to do. It had dawned upon him so fast that he thought maybe the man above was giving him answers or, at least, had finally listened to him.

Vincent Davino
THE GLASS





Maria Yukhananov

WATCHER

Edward Schusteff

HE (SHE) SEES US (OBJECTIVE VIEW)

The story of the superior entity in the sky;
a story of countless generations.

A divine being
that is man-made;

a creation that is found in caves and temples
all around the world

with roots in prehistoric societies
found almost anywhere.

This being watches over us;
he sees us in every stage of our lives,

when we are infants,
and when we are adolescents;

when we mature,
and when we become senile;

as we walk to the playground
and even as we shop at the local grocery store.



Time and location make no difference to him
because our presence is always engulfed by his.

His existence is questionable for many,
but one thing about him is certain:

he lies in the human desire
of uniting with something bigger than ourselves.

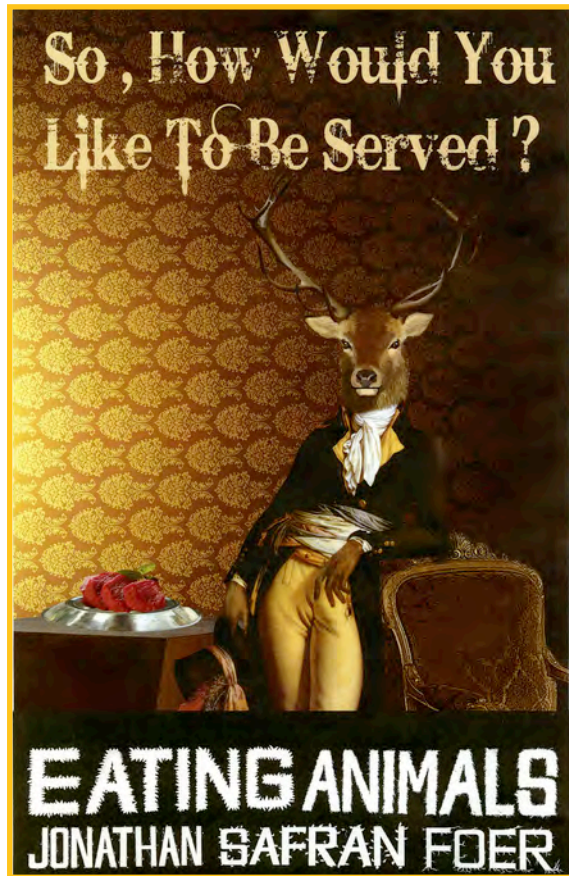


Maka Mikeladze

CATFISH IN SPACE

Lydia Juarez

MASK



Dina Abdalrahem

SO, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SERVED?

Kimberly Guerrero

THE MAN I THOUGHT HE WAS

Why is he doing this me?
 This isn't the man that I expected him to be
 He cursed my destiny
 I knew him, but now he is a mystery
 I fought for this love
 Together with no balance
 He grabs my wrist
 Prints my face with his fist
 He took away my freedom!
 He took away my life!
 I will remain strong
 Continue to survive with all my might
 I'm tired of going to sleep mad
 And calling it a night
 I don't want to look for love in the wrong places

A wise man told me
 Love yourself before you love others
 I should have known the problems that I will be facing
 He always thinks I'm cheating
 His footsteps he be tracing
 Throughout this relationship I been through pain
 With enough abuse, that my brain is stained
 Is time to make a difference in my life
 And cover my anatomy to love thyself
 I'm tired of this roller coaster
 Having to go up and down
 He got enough anger that will space up the whole town
 I will become a strong woman and defeat this clown
 Just watch

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Amanda Cuevas

HART OF PRINT





Judith Fliegenspan

CAESAR'S FEET

Chantel Richardson

THIS HOUSE IS YOURS

The table, the chair
The kitchen, the bed
Just come in and rest your head.
Eat until your heart is content
And your stomach says "no more"
Come lay until all your troubles sink away.
The room where you walked in and called
it your own
Basement, come get lost.
Sheltered from the outside, this home
keeps you warm and kept.
Closet, can you hide?
Or are you just barely showing?
This home, you grew up in but now
you are leaving
Can it still be, will it still be,
should it always be?
Is it yours?

Michael Calabrese

CORNY CORNUS , BRO

Charging Bull that reaches back
to before the urbanesque agglomerations
that became the hoyuks of Anatolia,
indeed, beyond our neolithic forebears
to that nethertime when H. Sapiens
had become artists but were not yet Kings
(but were probably already priests)

Auroch:
first for nothing,
then animated with animus,
and after apotheosis, a god.

Power:
Totemic, magical, nigh religious.

Markets true as Baal to Qart'hadast:
Ballerinas contort fine motions
on the back of the bronze beast,
flanked by the blue guard of Nea-Neapolis
who try to keep it from anarchonoclasts
who would destroy it with the fervor
of zealots against any idol.

Jubilee not forthcoming,
they have honed their craft
and no longer fear us,
our time is a line and
our latter-day kingship
needs not the nod of a god,
so the bull that once
gave holy sanction to
restoring the land
forgiving our debts,
and forever creating all anew,
instead tramples us,
leaving our broken bodies
strewn about the fields,
our own spilt blood
nourishing the soil,
preparing for another harvest
whose yield we will never taste.
We wait for the animal to die,
to exhaust itself and the world,
and look forward only to an end,
and never again a rebirth.

Luis Grimes
ACHINESE NEW YEAR



Dalia Restrepo

WHERE TWO STREETS MEET

Where two streets meet
Where confessions and confusion exist
I witness a betrayed broken heart
Dress in red as if passion still exists
Endless talks of who to blame
Pointing fingers towards an
empty space

Of who did this and who did that
Filling her heart with anger and pain
Hoping to find courage to keep on
Promises to change and never go back
To what once broke her heart



Leigh Davis

SQUEEZE

MARIUSZ ZUBROWSKI

POLISH DRAKE

I finally watched Being John Malkovich last night; is this Dunkin Donuts like the door John Cusack finds behind his filing cabinet, but leading into Drake's brain? The romanticism's paralyzing here. I'm compelled to compare Jordana's brown eyes to cheap coffee; the slight redness to her face—apparently an allergic reaction—to the jelly munchkins I haven't had in a year. Damn, that's corny. Aubrey, she's vegan and a writer; cheesy comparisons to junk food won't impress her like they do community college chicks.

She's perfect. On second thought, that's too cliché; maybe she isn't. Socrates believed perfection was an idea we carried over from some past existence, and while nobody's really seen it on Earth, it's a concept people chase because our souls have been exposed to it

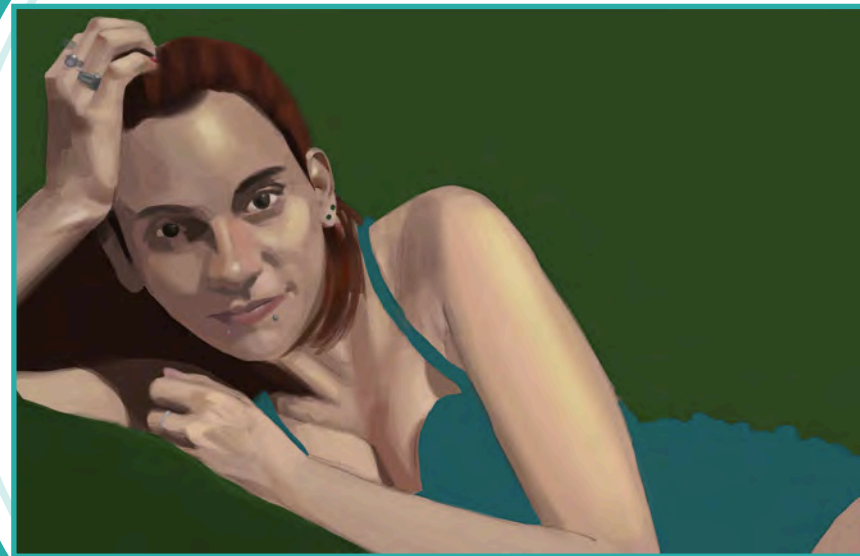
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somewhere. Aubrey, however, calls every girl beautiful, usually never explaining why. What if the feeling's indescribable? Honestly, I don't know why Jordana's perfect; I might just be sick of staring at myself in the mirror, plucking at my loose skin and loathing how quickly I lost those one-hundred-twenty pounds.

For a story about her, this is becoming strangely narcissistic. Despite "Hold On, We're Going Home" coloring the airwaves, I could as easily be in Kanye's brain. Wait, even if this is Drake's consciousness, why would he only narrate my thoughts? Sitting across from her, I realize I'm completely unprepared for my first date since last summer; does she notice? "It's hard to do these things alone, just hold on we're going home" might be Jordana reassuring her standards, hoping they don't leave without her.

Jose Hernandez

DEMAIO





Masha Yukhananov

TOGETHER

Cassandra Cessant

CLARITY

Each one must pick their poison
We mustn't judge this act
If you're right
And they are wrong
Who is to determine this is fact?

These acts are proven innocent
Until guilty we become
So much occurring externally
Yet inside we are numb

Bite the hand that feeds it
Thinking you'll never need it
Don't burn the bridge
You must climb
If it lays crooked
Don't try to align it

What is each of our purposes?
We will never know

If our own way we do not go
Outside looking in, it's always a good time

Bright lights, big cities, and dimes
It may not be your time

Or mine
But that doesn't determine
Who's scum or may be vermin
We pay attention to the bright lights
And whoever stands behind them
Those deemed to be deviant
Are the one who can't align them
Selves with what this world
Has created for us
A social reality
Filled with the moral unjust

Take a look deeper – take a sigh
Let it breathe
The unexamined life must not be lived
It's like a basket with no weave

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Ksenia Bodnarchuk

ALPHABET



Taurean Morrell

VERTIGO TWINS: THOUGHTS AT BREAKFAST

Awakened by the smell of burnt toast,
It flooded the house like a tsunami.
My twin sister making miracles in the kitchen
For our younger siblings. On a rainy Sunday
Little Bobby drags his teddy bear on the ground while
Rubbing his tired eyes.

Rain, Rain, Rain has fallen a lot since we lost
Mom and Dad. The little ones seem to be moving on so
that makes us glad.

I held back tears thinking about the life we once had.
My sister and I want to bring these children the sun,
The moon, a spring garden where red roses bloom,
Yellow sunflowers and blue violets too...

The crackle of frying bacon interrupts my fantasy.
Ginger pours me a glass of orange juice and Miles
Hands me the Sunday New York Times.
I'm a book junkie so I find the "Book Review" quite divine.
We sit at our brown wood table, Bobby, Miles, Ginger and me

Cutting through what my twin sister calls "scrambled eggs,"
I may have said that too loud because she hit me in the head
"Like you can do any better Jerk!" She said
My younger siblings laughed and Wendylyn pouted
But soon joined us in laughter.

I felt my neck hairs stand up, as if we were in the presence
Of a spirit...
I heard my mother laugh, then father.

That was when the rain finally stopped.



Mohsin Iqbal

NYC

Rafael Herrera

FIRE EATERS VISUAL IDENTITY



Gulnoza Sultanova

BRILLIANCE IS POWER

HI MY NAME IS

ALBER+
mC²

AND I AM BRILLIANT



Maka Milkeladze

MODERN CULTURE

Inna Dulchevsky

OH, PAIN! OH, JOY!

Oh, pain! Oh, joy!
You are the same
My sisters, mothers, goddesses.
You lead the life of the mind,
Of feelings, of emotions, of all
That locked me in a tiny body.

What is the purpose of my life?
I beg again, I cry for knowing,
I am willing to give away
My sleep, my logic, reason.

I ask my home again
To open the door for me,
And let me go ahead.

I ask the light to protect me
From never turning back,
From never coming back,
From never wishing to come back,
From never knowing I was back,
From memory of pain and joy,
My sisters, mothers, goddesses.

Jessica M. Torres

DON'T DISTURB THE DRAGON



Donald Liu

WE STEP OUT OF THE BUS,
SOLDIERS ON DUTY

The summer heat salutes us
Intricate architecture announces our arrival
We're here, a jungle gym of metal and tracks
The sun turned on high, playfield a blast furnace
Sweating, we greet those who manage the engines
We lock ourselves down, hands clasping tight
The sky comes within reach
We're birds taking flight
Landscape comes rushing back,
We're worms again
Fireworks fired, only the ash remains
Dusk falls, insects swarm and form dark clouds
Thunder declares the end of our night
Lightning presents a closing ceremony
We're ants, lined up to go home
Only he and she are awake, two bats
On a bus of sloths



UNTITLED

Karen Huang

Liana DiCamillo

ROSE

“One... two... three notebooks... the paper is in the folder... okay... pen and pencil... ID card... where are you ID card?... in my hand of course... okay bag is all packed lets try and sleep.” After finishing the conversation with herself, Rose put her book bag in the hallway of her house, locked the door and dropped the keys. The loud smash of the metal against the granite made her wince; her clumsy nature would wake her whole family up at midnight. She quickly picked up the keys, shut the kitchen light and ran to her bed. As she lay down, her thoughts immediately began to spiral out of control. The review sheets she made for the history, math, and Spanish tests began to overwhelm her brain and her stomach began to grumble. She tried to rid her brain of the chaos and began to pray. She prayed with her heart for strength, guidance, help, and her mind eased slightly. She checked the clock, 12:30 a.m., and she was wide awake. She put her ear buds in her ears, hit shuffle and as the guitar began to soothe her, she closed her eyes. Rose would finally enter slumber at around 1:30 a.m. This was a good night.

“Stupid alarm clock. How can it be six o'clock already?” she thought as she climbed from the top bunk and walked to the living room. She fumbled for the off button in the dark and

after five tries successfully ceased the annoying beeping. Rose's eyes were fire as she entered the bright kitchen; her lack of sleep made her stumble over the small step that connected the dining room to the kitchen. Her father kissed her forehead, “Good morning. Good luck on your tests. Eat something that will keep you full so you can focus when you take them. I'll see you tonight,” and he shut the door as he left for work. Rose immediately felt rage. “Eat something... why do I need to eat? I'm fine. Food is what makes things worse. He doesn't know what he's talking about.”

She skipped breakfast, as always, and made the lunches. Four of them, one each for her mother, brother and two sisters; there should be five but she doesn't make one for herself. She gets ready for school. She weighs herself, as always disappointed, “114 pounds. Still too much. Maybe I'll skip dinner again.” She irons her too big jeans and shirt. Nothing should be tight fitting or flattering, she'll look fat. As she gets dressed she see's her ribs and her spindly hips -- but she only sees blubber. Looking in the mirror is just painful; avoiding her reflection she gets dressed and does her hair, brushes her teeth and waits for her ride to school. “Good morning,” she repeated as everyone came into the cafeteria. Her review sheets sat on her lap. She crammed her notes trying to refresh her memory, but her head ached. The aroma of the school breakfast filled her nostrils. Her stomach

was tight, empty; she drank water to fool it and fill it. Her peers were there discussing something that was on, a new show, a stupid movie, something she didn't have time to think about. Rose tried to tune them out, “Don't they realize that there are three tests awaiting them?”

The loud whistle blew, everyone mobbed the staircase to shuffle to their classes. As Rose rose from her seat it happened -- that all too familiar feeling. Everything begins to slow down, everyone seems to be so far but yet she's bumping into most of them. Mentally she isn't there. Physically she is sure she looks blank, emotionless. She knows it's from not eating but this is ordinary. Five years, the same feeling that she just learned to cope with. The same feeling that is spontaneous, uncontrollable and it just is necessary in order for it to be a normal day.

She finally got in the car. The feeling wouldn't go away, class felt longer then usual. Her siblings and mom were talking about their day and her focus drifted to the window and the scenery of Bay Parkway streets.

“Rose!”

She jumped, “Yeah Mom?”

Maria Conetero

UNTITLED





JORNEY
Maria Charugina

"Yeah."

"She's lying Mom; I only saw four lunches today. I only ever see four lunches."

"Shut up! Don't listen to her, Mom, I pack my bag early and put my lunch away so nothing gets confused. You know that."

"No, I know that you're lying. You don't think I can see this little game you're playing?"

They entered the garage and everyone filed out of the car. Rose slammed the car door, and attempted to avoid answering her mother's question.

"ROSE! GET BACK HERE NOW!"

Rose turned to her mother, "Why? What is it? All you're going to say is 'You should eat!' But I don't want to eat! Do you understand English? I DON'T WANT TO EAT! Look at how much weight I've lost! I NEED to lose more!" Her mother grabbed her, hugged her and tried to calm her daughter down. Rose felt humiliated as she began to cry. "Seventeen years old and still crying in her mother's arms, what a loser I am, a worthless child," she thought.

"When your father comes home we're going to talk, you need help."

"I don't want to talk, I'm fine Mom, and I'm still breathing so no need to worry."

"Why are you ignoring me, is everything alright, you seem upset, you look drained."

"I'm fine, tired from studying, worried about homework."

"Well of course you would be you haven't slept at a decent time in a week, what is the good of studying if you aren't awake for the tests?"

"I'm awake Mom."

"Did you eat or drink today?"

"I will worry, you will talk and we will help you, now go relax you can finish your homework when you feel a little better."

Rose listened to her mother. She felt she needed to escape and gather her thoughts. She grabbed her iPod and speakers and took a scolding hot shower. She let the steam thicken and fill the bathroom. She let the hot water pour over her. The words of her mother replaying in her mind. She felt rejuvenated, cleansed and awake as she finished getting dressed and encased herself in warm fleece pajamas and socks; it calmed her, the feeling of the soft fabric.

When her father arrived home, dinner was finished and on the table. The steam from the pot rose in swirls as the light caught it. "Rose honey, dinner is ready." Rose felt a pain in her chest, she contemplated the fact that the food was so enticing in aroma and she was starving but she just was too scared to eat. Eating led to her fear of being overweight, to her being unattractive, ugly, hideous, out casted. "Okay Mom, one second!" She walked over to her mirror. She studied her gaunt reflection. Strawberry-blonde hair, green eyes sunken in with dark purple bags under. Her pale skin translucent, her lips almost white. Her jaw and cheek bones prominent. Her arms and fingers long, bony, frail. She turned to the side and saw her stomach concave, like a capital "C." It hit her. "I'm sick...I look like a walking skeleton, like the life has been sucked out of me. What have I done?" she thought. She began to cry.

"Help me please?" she begged as she choked on her tears.

Her mother coaxed her as she guided her to her chair and placed food in front of her. "We will help you, but you need to stay open minded and willing to change, to transform to a healthy girl". Rose wiped her face with a tissue. She picked up her fork and slowly began to eat. A smile crossed her parents' faces and together as a family they ate. "Thank you," Rose said to no one in particular, as she finished her meal.

"Thank you."

Irina Nosova
NARCISSISM





Rafael Herrera

SPACE FLAKES

Shannon Belozero

THE HOUSE

The house is yours
Sometimes a shelter
Sometimes a cell
Provided hospitality
Yet limiting independence
There stands your bed
It soaks up your tears
As well as your will
To do anything
To do nothing
There stands your mirror
In front of which
You teach yourself to breathe
In front of which you see
everything that you are
everything that you are not
Everything that could become of you
The home is yours
It is yours

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Ms. Raya Dimitrova

LIFE IS AN UNSCRIPTED MOVIE

Life, unfortunately, is an unscripted movie...
Not every Rose finds her Jack
In an empty car of a stalled subway
And escape with him in the mystic tubes
While her investor of a boyfriend smokes Cuban cigars.
The five foot-eight police officer at the corner
Doesn't possess the mighty touch of Spider-man
To paralyzed predators masquerading as Venom
and the Lizard
Who are more dangerous than a reptile-turned comic
book hero.
The accountant father and philanthropic mother
of a white girl
Will never, in a million years, guess
That the gentleman caller coming to dinner
Might be a black boy with a dead brother
and a jailed father.
...Life, like it or not, is an unscripted movie.

Elizabeth Kashavoff

HAPPINESS OVER STEREOTYPE



Olga Khafif

DR. MARTINS



Yuridia Vasquez

DRIFTING MYSELF THROUGH THESE HALLS

quiet and lonely
I can hear my steps
how the wood floor complains from
my every step
I can hear the wind blowing through
the windows
smell your essence
you have never been here, have you?
I take myself across the room
still feeling the dust of the furniture
on my fingers
I take a seat right on the same sofa
we shared not long ago
The cool maroon leather
The darkness of the night
seems appropriate, my soul needs
no light
and you, you still here
I keep you here
sitting right next to me
keeping me company
but you don't say a word

just there like the last time I saw you
I still remember those words you said
the day you were not here
I reach out to you
my hand goes through your body
like sand between my fingers
you vanish
and I still see you
I see you every day
we speak constantly
about those times we never met
I still wait for you to appear
inside the body of anyone else
to come and wake me up
to bring me back to life
the life I had in this little house
that now is too big without you
come to help me
help me recover those memories
from a past we don't have
and convert them into the present
I know we still don't share



Dan Fen Li
FLIP FLOPS



Johnny Soriano

LONER

Zana Nastassia Parish

THAT LITTLE GIRL

I heard this little girl speak,
And her words reached
Deep into my soul
And shook me up—her words were bold

I heard this little girl sing
With the power to bring
nations to their feet
and armies to halt—her voice was sweet

I saw this little girl dance
As she took up her stance
On center stage
She twirled and she twirled—such beauty
and grace

And I saw this little girl die
The sparkle leaving her eyes
The passion to make a difference
I sat back and watched it subside

I sat back and let her forget her purpose
Witnessed with closed eyes—
too busy to open and focus
Too busy to stop and see
her confined to a broken reality

Then one day I opened my eyes
I took a breath and I realized
That little girl I used to see
That little girl that died was me

Linda Novo

7 VS. 17

Makeover time

Cheeks rosy

Lips pink

Earrings hoop

Nails glittery

Ponytails innocent

Makeup time

Cheeks bold

Lips red

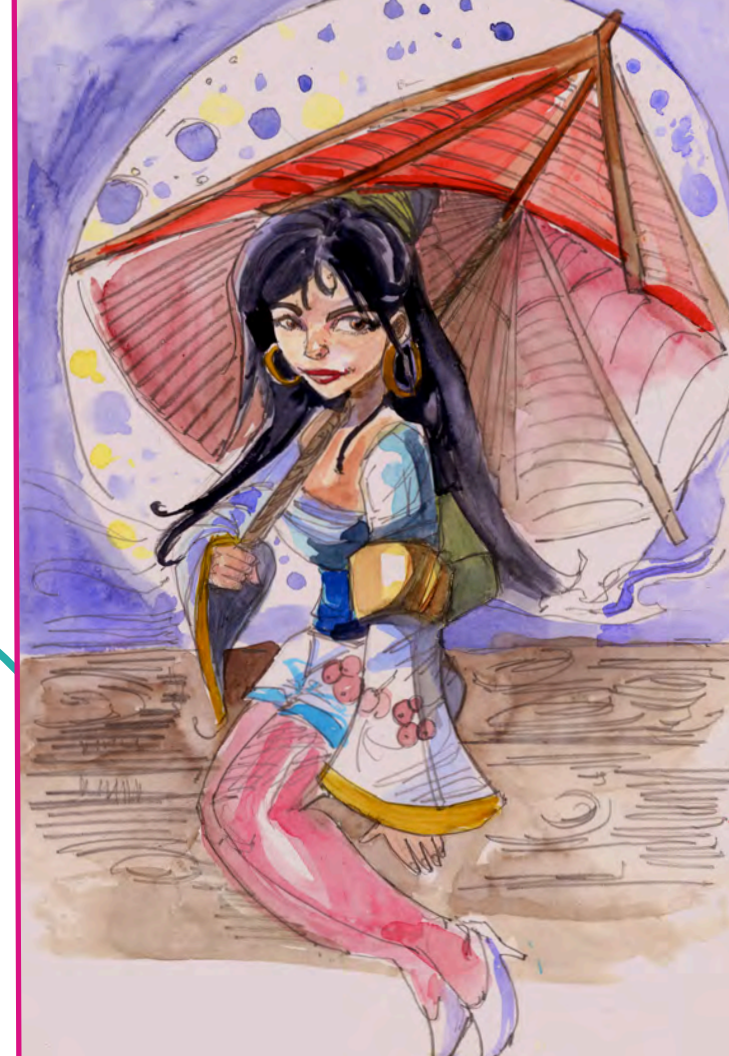
Earrings diamond

Nails french

Curls fierce

Marshall Graham

SUMMER LIGHTS



Olamide Taiwo

THE IRO

Sleeping upon my mother's skin
Overwhelmed by the Nigerian spice
Colorful as Ankara
Bigger than a Chief's palace
The scent of the African culture
Sewing us together

Bradford Roberts

B FOR BEAUTY



William Jones JR.

STAMP

Krystal Zayas

YOU WAKE UP AND HE'S ON YOUR MIND

You wake up and he's on your mind.
Another subject, you can't find.
You used to think it was just a bluff.
But now you realize, you're in love.

You see him and can't help but smile.
Think of him for miles and miles.
Weak in the knees when he comes through.
You know his eyes see right through you.

You don't care what people say.
You want to be with him all day.
Seeing him you can't get enough.
And you can see that you're in love.

Louis Grimes

CLASSIC BUST



Rafael Herrera

GIO'S CLOWN SHOE



Tatyana Tub

INTUITION

It always has been right so far, that other sense I've got
It tells me there should pass a car around this very spot.
The car, familiar and dark, should now be blocks away
But moving towards where it will spark a miracle today
It's raining hard, this wind will pierce for I don't know

how long

Just minutes till the car appears - or possibly, I'm wrong.
Each time I check, my yes will squint, far down the block

I'll gaze

Not spotting any single hint of what should soon amaze.
I'll see a zap of lightning spark, I'll think of going back,
Especially since now it's dark and all the cars look black.
Amazing that I still believe that here, we're meant

to meet

Afraid the second that I leave, the car will pass
this street.

This intuition made me go, not question and agree,
Stand in the rain, as if there's nowhere else I'd rather be.

Paulino Gomez

DEADLINES

Some more important than others.

Whether on time or late progress is made.
If one is more flexible than another,
then one can be met another day.

Time is usually a factor.

Factors are usually varied around time,
But this time factors and time didn't matter.

As a matter of fact, the more time I spend on
explaining factors and time,
the more progress I have inadvertently made.

Observation can suggest what progress is.
Whether progressive or not
one thing is for sure this deadline is met today.



Talius St. Clair

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