

Kingsborough Community College
2001 Oriental Boulevard
Brooklyn, New York 11235

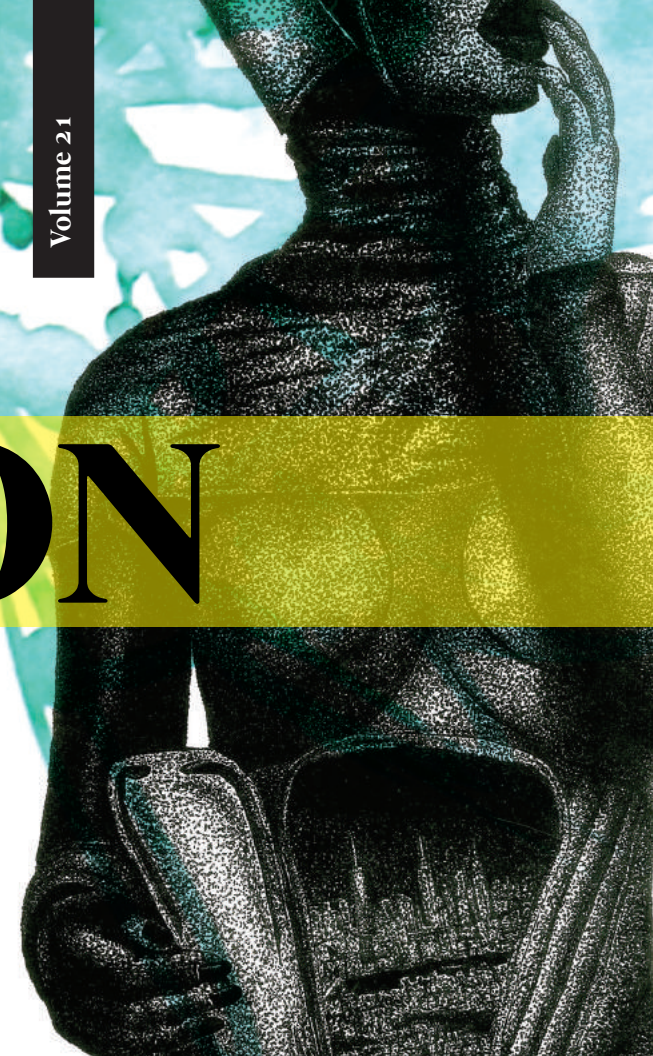
Volume 21

ANTHEON

A Journal of the Arts

Kingsborough Community College
City University of New York

2015



2015

Dear Readers,

Once again, I am proud to present to you yet another exceptional edition of *Antheon* — one that I believe to be one of the best to date. Our journal's staff worked tirelessly, collaborating with artists, writers, designers and key faculty and staff members to produce *Antheon 2015*.

We take pride in continuously delivering outstanding work, showcasing the amazing talents of our fellow students. They are the very reason we publish this Journal of the Arts. The exposure they receive from this publication is a gateway to their future career paths.

At *Antheon*, we strive to take the best of previous issues — what its creators did right, and build upon it. One thing that is evident is the students' realization of their abilities, talents and passion upon gazing at their published work for the first time. And we have found new ways to make that a reality.

The continuation of that legacy is a must. My staff and I have put a great deal of thought and effort to create innovative mediums to get our published writers' and artists' work out there for more to see, be appreciated, and open up doors for opportunities in their respective fields.

Our team pioneered *Antheon's* online publication last year. With a fully functional and interactive website, *AntheonArt.com* has become one of the newest mediums to showcase the works of art and literature, and connect with a much greater audience.

We also spearheaded more collaborations with other student/campus organizations — combining forces with Orenda Comics, KCC'S comic book club, KCC Reads and Eco-Fest just to name a few.

We believe that the work published in our journal is a true testament of the paradigm at Kingsborough — and it has evolved with time, student body,

and the social/academic culture. Facing the challenge of finding new ways to keep up with our dynamically tech-savvy audience, our team has come up with something quite extraordinary — and just simply pretty cool.

I am proud to announce that currently in the works are the logistics and design for the first ever *Antheon* App. This is something we have been working on for some time, and I'm delighted to say that we will be ready to launch by the end of my tenure as editor this summer, and will be available in the App Store and Google Play Store.

As I wrap up this chapter of my life with *Antheon*, I cannot help but attest to what an amazing journey this has been. Who would've thought a biology student pursuing a career in nursing, who simply loved to read a lot, would become so passionate about art, design and literature? Yet, I have discovered a family here amongst my staff and successfully published three issues of this journal.

I am leaving *Antheon* on capable hands at the helm. My incredible experience of working with them gives me confidence that they will continue the legacy in the next chapter of this journal. I am truly proud of what we have accomplished in the last two and a half years. These experiences will be the cornerstones of my future career and work ethic.

We at *Antheon* have always been progressive with the time. I look forward to seeing what *Antheon* will become in another two and a half years from now, and to what heights future members, writers, artists, and you will bring this amazing journal to in a decade.

I want to thank everyone who was part of this journey with us. First and foremost, I would like to thank Levy Moore, Director of Student *Antheon* journal. From the first day I met him to this day and forward, he has been an exceptional advisor, a teacher, and a mentor. His efforts at the helm have been invaluable.

Also, Rob Wong, our Office Manager, thank you for everything that you do to make sure things run smoothly. We would be lost without you.

Thank you Professor Brian Katz, *Antheon's* Literary Advisor, Tom Lavazzi, Eben Wood, and Amy Karp for their support throughout the production this year.

A special thanks to Professor Kristin Derimanova, *Antheon's* Art Advisor, and Designer Irina Pistsov, who were one of the most vital parts of this production. Their work helped achieve the superb artistic vision of this issue.

We are also grateful to the KCC Association for the funding provided to make this issue possible.

Last, but certainly not least, my team of editors — Armin Rebihic and Kevin Jiang; and fellow members Maria Bibi, Anestos Baez, Gabrielle T. Rios, Tamara Abelishvili and Leon Gonzalez — without you, this magazine would not be a reality. Thank you for your time, dedication and company in this journey.

It was a privilege to have worked with some of the most remarkable people that I would have never otherwise met in my life. This journey a long and arduous one. However, I couldn't be prouder of the outcome.

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 future editors, I have no doubt that the future of *Antheon* will only see better days ahead, and will prosper with hard work and dedication under leadership akin to what we have established.

To our readers, fellow students, faculty and staff, we hope you enjoy this issue. We welcome your support to help continue the legacy of our award-winning *Antheon* one of the best publications at Kingsborough.

**Best,
Ashley L. Parsaram**

ANTHEON

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Ashley L. Parsaram

MANAGING EDITOR
Armin Rebihic

SECRETARY
Kevin Jiang

TREASURER
Gabrielle T. Rios

DESIGNER - Irina Pistsov

MEMBERS
Maria Bibi
Anestos Baez
Tamara Abelishvili
Leon Gonzalez
Catherine McConney
Kevin Barthley

WEB AND APP DESIGN
Joshua Marrero
Niaz Mosharraf

DIRECTOR OF STUDENT PUBLICATIONS
Levy Moore

OFFICE MANAGER
Robert Wong

ART DIRECTOR
Kristin Derimanova

LITERARY ADVISOR
Brian Philip Katz

SENIOR FACULTY ADVISOR
Tom Lavazzi

SENIOR FACULTY ADVISOR
Eben Wood

POETRY ADVISOR
Amy Karp

CONTENTS

CHAD SMITH – Gotham City	1
ALBINA SMALKO – The City	1
ARCHER ELENA – Bones Typeface	1
JOYCE NGO – Save Whales poster	2
ALBINA SMALKO – What’s Been Left Upon the Shore	2
ANDRE MYERS – A Sight of Summer	3
MAGDALINA PEYGUMBARI – A Morning Illusion	3
CHAD SMITH – Lost in Color	4
KRISTEN JOHNSON – The Nightshift	4
ARSENIO THOMPSON – Fly Away	4
ALEXZANDRIA WILLIAMS – The Stairway to a New Light	5
ARMANI VIERA – Forever Pandering	5
ANDRE MYERS – Long Legged Fly	6
SADIJON YARMUHAMEDOV – Ellinia Typeface	6
ARMIN REBIHIC – Phonebooth	6
SEBASTIAN MEJAJAS – Color Armada	7
RAYA DIMITROVA – Dauntlessly Scared	8
DIMITRI MARTIROSYAN – Avantgard Vibration	9
NICHOLETE SYKES – Silent Scar	9
MARIYA CHARUGINA – Untitled	10
GABRIELLE RIOS – Tryad	10
ADINA BERNARD – Obsessed Cover	11
KRISTEN JOHNSON – Alone at the Top	11
TYRIN LINDSEY – Hummingbird’s Wish	11
EDDIE DELVALLE – Duet’s Dance	12
ILONA DEKHTYAREVA – Heart Beats Logo	12
RAFAEL TEIXEIRA – Storm Team	12
CHAD SMITH – We Live in Cities You’ll Never See on Screen	13
TYQUASIA SIMMONS, KYRA DOWD, DORIS LEWIS, VALERIE	

GILLIAM, GULCHEHRA AHMEDOVA, NORHAN NASSER, JORDAN NURSE, MICHAEL HOLNESS, STEPHEN CREMONA, DEVANTE HUNTER, THOMAS CACCIOPOLI, ELIN ALLEN, JENNIFER ABKOVICH, SUMHARAN ABUSABE, MORGAN MASON, NATALIA POPOVA, KEITH KEITA, JOVAN ROBINSON, TOM WILLIAMS, ALMEDIN MUSTAFALIC – Boys Vs. M E N	13
CHAD SMITH – A Burning Passion	14
CHAD SMITH – Hobby or Trade	14
CHAD SMITH – Cortelyou Road	15
MAGDALINA PEYGUMBARI – The Journey	15
ARMIN REBIHIC – Child in the Street	16
GIORGI KHIKHADZE – Access to the Freedom	16
KIMBERLY GUERRERO – Moments	16
JOCELYN ESCAVA – Late Again	17
EDDIE DELVALLE – Stepping Outside	17
CHOPIN CHATIBURUS – Girl II	17
TAMAR MILLIEN – My Favorite Color Pink	18
TAMARA ABELISHVILI – Bird In Flowers	18
RAYA DIMITROVA – April in Winter	19
CHOPIN CHATIBURUS – Winter	19
SHAMAR SULKER – Wanderer	19
GRACELYN YOUNG – Girls	20
MONICA PESTANA – Poetry	20
ALI MOHAMMAD – Death Leaves a Heartache No One Can Heal, Love Leaves a Memory No One Can Steal	21
GIORGI KHIKHADZE – Sleeping Man	21
OLGA DEMINA – Significan	22
CHRISTEEN ZAKI – Chopped Kiwi	22
KIMBERLY GUERRERO – Harsh Reality	23
JECKO JIA JU MA – Untitled	23
FRIEDA BENZAKEN – Forever moving	24
ARMANI VIERA – Teenage Wonderland	24

FRIEDA BENZAKEN – Happy Sailing	24
ESTONA DENT – Untitled	25
GIORGI KHIKHADZE – Life Seen From Reflection	25
GIORGI KHIKHADZE – Tunnel Through Paradise	26
IRINA PISTSOV – One Skin Is Not Enough	26
JIN XUE – Pinoccio	27
NICHOLETE SYKES Compulsion	27
YOLANDA WATSON – One Monkey	28
SHIEH YI-YUN – Library Elephant	28
SHERRY SPATES – Obama Cares	28
SEBASTIAN MEJAJAS – Time	29
JIN XUE – Untitled	29
NELSI HERNANDEZ – Resentment	30
SOFIA LIGNOS – Mistress	30
KADEIJAH JOHNSON – Dali	31
JIN XUE – Japan	31
JIN XUE – Crane Bird	32
EDWIN AQUINO – Untitled	32
MARTINE JEAN BAPTISTE – Global Arch spread	33
LEON GONZALEZ – Colors of the Dead	33
BRENDA BLIADZE – Thoughts of the Night	34
MARTINE JEAN BAPTISTE – Global Arch Cover	34
MIRICY NAMON – Organic Forms	35
MELISSA RAMOS – Safe And Sound	35
VIVIAN AKEL – Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Fashion	36
MONICA FUKS – Summer Evening	36
RAQUEL ZALTA – Defying Odds	36
SHAMAR SULKER – Night Shadow	37
MELISSA RAMOS – How Dare You	37
ARMIN REBIHIC – Soul	38
YOLANDA WATSON – Take	38
TAMARA ABELISHVILI – Contrast	38

DIANA NG – Year of the Wise Dragon	39
NELSI HERNANDEZ – You Were Not the Only One	39
DIANA NG – Year of the Prosperous Boar	40
ANGELICA FIGUEROA – Playing Cards	40
JAMES RIZZUTI – Cubist Catastrophe	41
ELENA KANGAL – Butterflies	41
TAK YIU TONG – Marshmallow Justice	42
ELIZABETH SPENCER – Half	42
KRISTEN WATTERS – Bubbles	43
STEVEN D PATZER – The Thompson Family 1941	43
DIMITRI MARTIROSYAN – Patti Smith. Justkids	44
ANESTOS BAEZ – It’s Beginning to Look a Lot Like	45
SEBASTIAN MEJIAS – We Are Two Halves	45
CHAD SMITH – Rayban Commerccil	47
GRISHA UTKIN – Pathway	48
OLGA DEMINA – Domestic Violence Poster	48
JOYCE NGO – Revenge of Smaug	49
SHAMAR SULKER – Until Tomorrow	49
LAURA MILLER – What Will Be	49
TAMAR MILLIEN – Open My Heart	50
MARCELLO MICOELLE – Kidnap Teddy	50
IRINA PISTSOV – Make Your Dreams	51
IRINA PISTSOV – Ricardo	52
YINARA ROLON – HooHoo	53
SHAWN HENRY – How to Save a Life	53
DIMITRI MARTIROSYAN – The Flow	54
JOYCE NGO – Tropical Abstract	55
SARIF NYANGAMUKENGA – The Red Queen	56
SARIF NYANGAMUKENGA – Amazonian	58

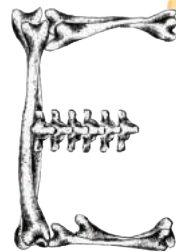
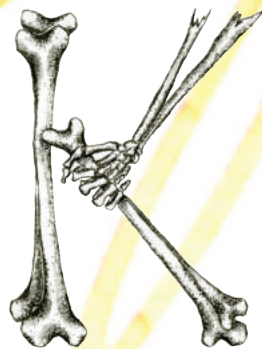
CHAD SMITH — Gotham City



ALBINA SMALKO — The City

The smell of rot,
deep down below,
a world of wonder.
A place where all congregate.
A lost soul,
at the dead of night.
In a city so full of life,
a person stands so alone.

Ready to travel the world,
nowhere to go,
nowhere but home.
But in a world so alone,
home is not home,
and you're still all alone.
Surrounded by life,
yet so dead and cold.



ARCHER ELENA
Bones Typeface

JOYCE NGO — Save Whales poster



ALBINA SMALKO
What's Been Left Upon the Shore

A deep inviting blue,
a rather joyous hue
with specs of white to dot the view.
A merry song along the breeze,
of festive things long gone.
A fleck of green, upon the wind.
Of long times long lost,
of memories long forgot.
A mammoth left upon the shore,
a testament to what's been gone.
A fortress protected by grain,
that may so succumb to rain.
Dreams of others come by,
dreams of other that soon may die.
Soon gone,
long gone,
as they said goodbye with the fading tide.



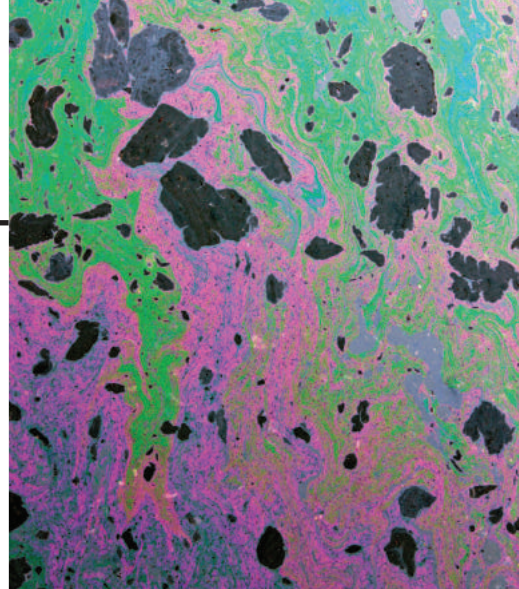


ANDRE MYERS — A Sight of Summer

**MAGDALINA PEYGUMBARI
A Morning Illusion**

The aura of the morning air was present,
All was still.
The streets were empty.
The sun was just beginning to shine.
A peaceful feeling illuminated the streets.
Small businesses were still closed.
Usually a busy street during the day,
Filled with many people,
Going in and out of the shops.
The owners hoped to make profits.
A usually busy street that for now seemed lifeless,
Lacking the businessmen and women consume
with their fears.
Fears of losing their businesses.
So much depression filled the streets
when they were busy,
But for now the peaceful morning
created an illusion.
An illusion of a perfect little street with no problems.

**CHAD SMITH
Lost in Color**



KRISTEN JOHNSON — The Nightshift

a painter's whim
she oozes despair
sex is what they see
a woman in red, she must
be free
what man would hold her,
if not alone.
she feels no regret

a lady of the night
she flickers through shade and light
she's dull but in pain.
a temple destroyed
her heart is full of emptiness
he knows her secrets
but still she is lost.

ARSENIIO THOMPSON — Fly Away





ALEXANDRIA WILLIAMS
The Stairway to a New Light

ARMANI VIERA — Forever Pandering

The bartender prepares a drink, for the two,
that I sat across from.
They were expressionless, almost scary.
I sat here, as if I was waiting for someone.
Know damn well, that I wasn't.
Looking closer at them, I see that those two were a couple;
A match made in hell.
The city was silent.
This place was quiet,
And it was as empty, as it could've ever been, in here.
I only started drinking to find some peace.
To try and relax, and not always think.
Sorta like I'm doing anyways.
This Diner-
This Bar-Whatever this place was, it was my sanctuary.
The bartender asks me what I wanted to drink.
I was unsure of what I wanted, so I said,
"Surprise me"



SADIJON YARMUHAMEDOV
Ellinia Typeface



ANDRE MYERS — Long Legged Fly



ARMIN REBIHIC
Phonebooth

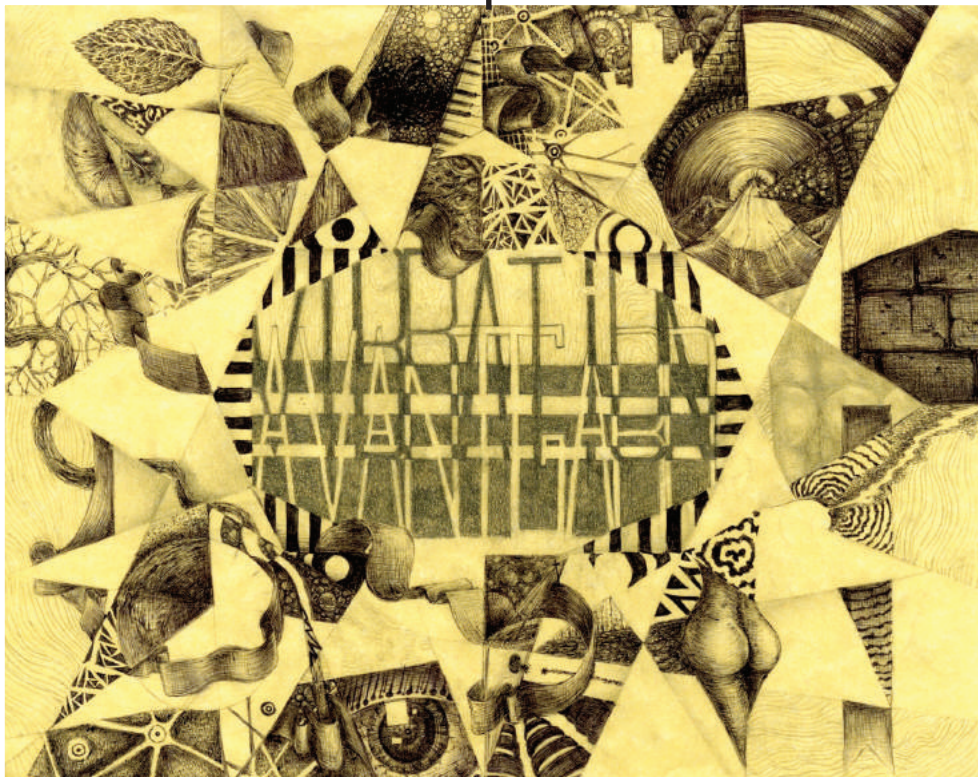




RAYA DIMITROVA
Dauntlessly Scared

She was scared of the bearded man in the cafeteria,
Who made her look at a faded picture of a murderer.
She knew she would rather run away to Rio
Than admit the acquaintance and risk someone
hurting her.
At the ceremony she grabbed the knife proving
to be a warrior,
Ready to elbow a pervert trying to grab her tiny wrist.
That's how she became a subservient to Four,
Firing a cold-metal gun and waving a hot-blood fist.
As Christina predicted, to jump off a moving train she
was the first,
Whether out of dauntlessness or abnegation.
Nobody knew if she did it because for thrills she
had thirst,
Or because she was scared to lose her fraction.
Dauntlessly scared is not an oxymoron
When "dauntless" Tris has the option
of facing an outcast horror.

DIMITRI MARTIROSYAN — Avantgard Vibration



NICHOLETE SYKES — Silent Scar

The depth in the room.
The silence screams within man's structure.
Shame appears on my face,
as I center myself into deep thought.
The shadows surround me,
but, the sun strains to come forth.
Am I powerless?
I now have nothing to conquer.
Left vulnerable,
an open wound of embarrassment.
I console my agony,
though I am not the only one.
Grasping on my dignity,
I know I'm worth the fight.
I am still standing.

MARIYA CHARUGINA — Untitled



GABRIELLE RIOS — Tryad



10

OBSSESSED

SEPT. 2013



ADINA BERNARD — Obsessed Cover

KRISTEN JOHNSON — Alone at the Top

alone at the top,
 that is where he always dreamed to be
 work hard, make more and more
 make something of yourself
 make enough so you don't need anyone
 be a hermit, with no worries
 become your father's dream,
 your father's pride
 but there is always more
 more money to be made
 more floors to climb
 more people to impress
 you shall never be satisfied
 human greed will consume you
 you will remain alone,
 at the top.



TYRIN LINDSEY
 Hummingbird's Wish

ILONA DEKHTYAREVA Heart Beats Logo

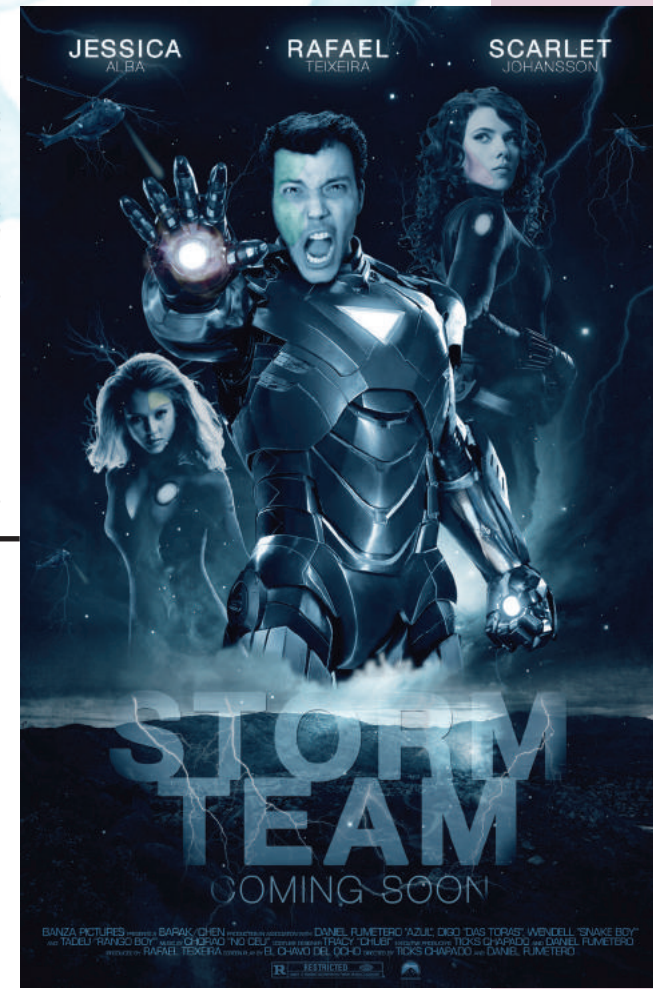


EDDIE DELVALLE — Duet's Dance

Dress to impress the man
 Blonde and beautiful
 Honest and handsome
 On this warm, dark evening
 Only two are in the spotlight
 A dance that only they know
 The scene at their house
 The audience is chirping
 A dance that shows their true love
 The door that towers over them
 Show the power of these two
 Even though the door is huge
 Their duet is louder
 Their partnership is stronger.

12

RAFAEL TEIXEIRA — Storm Team





CHAD SMITH
We Live in Cities You'll Never See on Screen

Boys Vs. MEN

By Tyquasia Simmons, Kyra Dowd,
Doris Lewis, Valerie Gilliam,
Gulchehra Ahmedova, Norhan Nasser, Jordan
Nurse, Michael Holness, Stephen Cremona,
Devante Hunter, Thomas Cacciopoli, Elin
Allen, Jennifer Abkovich, Sumharan Abusabe,
Morgan Mason, Natalia Popova, Keith Keita,
Jovan Robinson,
Tom Williams, Almedin Mustafalic.

Boys are careless; Men are responsible.
Boys have jobs; Men have careers.
Boys are immature; Men are immature.
Boys follow; Men lead.
Boys imagine; Men take action.
Boys are impulsive; Men are spontaneous.
Boys charm; Men attract.
Boys want riches; Men want wealth.
Boys want girls; Men want women.
Boys make problems; Men solve them.
Boys follow; Men lead.
Boys have fears; Men face fears.
Boys are cocky; Men are confident.
Boys take care of girls;
Men take care of their mother.
Boys speak without thinking;

Men think before they speak.
Boys are selfish; Men are selfless.
Boys are honest; Men are masters of disguise.
Boys are naïve; Men are wise.
Boys provoke; Men defend.
Boys destroy; Men build.
Boys cry; Men don't.
Boys dream; Men aspire.
Boys join the army; Men fight the war.
Boys play; Men compete.



CHAD SMITH – Hobby or Trade

CHAD SMITH – A Burning Passion





CHAD SMITH — Cortelyou Road

MAGDALINA PEYGUMBARI
The Journey

The door opens up to the ocean.
Like life the sea is full of endless possibilities.
The sun ignites light into the room,
It radiates hope to take chances.
So many opportunities that one can grasp.
Like life the ocean can be scary,
Its rough waves are battles that we face.
We may sink if we don't put up a fight,
If we go in too deep we fail,
If we fight the waves we triumph.
The ocean stretches out to the horizon,
It seems never ending.
Full of mysteries,
It requires a long journey to the end.
When the waves get smooth you are closer,
An exhausting exploration,
Full of hardships.
Worth every minute when all will be calm,
When you will reach your destination to success.



ARMIN REBIHIC — Child in the Street



GIORGI KHIKHADZE — Access to the Freedom

KIMBERLY GUERRERO — MOMENTS

Know every step
Know to control every movement
The moment will not control you
Relaxation defines calm
Calm defines the moment
Moment of share

Moment of tears
Safe without a fear
Faith with only love near
Grooves without a sweat
Swings without a question
Moments of life

JOCELYN ESCAVA — Late Again



EDDIE DELVALLE — Stepping Outside

Powerful, majestic, beautiful
She stands tall like lady liberty herself
The sun stares at her to catch a glimpse
Her white dress radiates her image
Her shadow is jealous of her beauty
The house hails in comparison
The window's jaw, dropped
The purity of the red-haired woman
Is enough to make any man look twice
The wind is in her control
The seasons are hers
Mother Gaia bows to her beauty
Northward she looks
Northward she shall head.



CHOPIN CHATIBURUS — Girl II

TAMAR MILLIEN — My Favorite Color Pink

Pink was my favorite color
Pink was the color every girl dreamed of
Until, it became part of me
I was 9 when I was playing with my friends
Suddenly, I collapsed on the ground
My mamma ran to
The hospital with me
The Doctor said Pink had become my best friend
I loved pink, but I didn't want Pink
To affect the relationship we shared
I knew Pink for years
It was there for me everyday
Sometimes, even hurt me
I would cry,
And there was nothing I could do
Because it had taken over my body
I watched the other little girls lay in their beds
When I'd ask what
Their favorite
Color was they'd say Pink, I never understood why
Mother hated Pink so much
In my mind, my soul
I knew Pink wouldn't go down without a fight
I now had to be
The warrior that
Saves my own life

Every surgeries
Cost a tear from
My mother's eye
Every medication
Cost my dad dollars
Every cough, cost my family hope
I loved you pink
But, my life was also important to me, so I fought
Then, one day I stood in front of the mirror
I saw a new me
Pink had let me go
I became cancer free, And you won't be missed
But I will always remember you
In my heart, In my soul
Cause you
Once was part of me.

TAMARA ABELISHVILI — Bird in Flowers.



RAYA DIMITROVA — April in Winter

(A Shakespearean Sonnet Inspired by the Character of April from James Franco's Short-Stories Collection Palo Alto)

She was the typical all-American girl,
Playing soccer, partying hard, and eyeing jocks. April was her name
and just like April all over the world. At times she was warmer than
fresh coffee, at others- colder than the rocks. She was looking for
acceptance on the soccer field and for comfort in her cigarette.

Until she found both in the cologne kisses of Mr. B. By day, she was
his nanny or, in French, his Nannette,
By night, his secret Lolita, his secret Queen Bee. Dreaming of finding
her spring after a long winter,
She found marijuana and death induced cruel summer instead.
She realized no coaches, jocks, or girlfriends could give her.
What she lost after Ronnie's untimely death.
April, the loveliest month of the spring. Was a snowball embraced by
the Paly High class ring.

SHAMAR SULKER — Wanderer

A wandering alien
Traveling the night
Uneasy with his existence
Trying to find his purpose
Creating a world of wonder
Still to meander for essence and repose
Lost in metamorphosis
Unable to invent contentment
Anxiety, frustration, desperation
Eyes still focused
On an uncertain path
Beyond the shadow
Mysteries will unfold
Still a wanderer, meander in wonder

GRACELYN YOUNG — Girls

silly, loud, giggling girls
friends with a fake bond
laugh at the funny rude comment
made to make another uncomfortable
force into friendship
with one thing in common
a yearning for popularity
bound to each other
as if chains suffocate their necks
jealousy becomes the deadly silence
that everyone tries to forget
mindless chatter takes place
and they speak with unreliable
concerned faces
the talk of materialistic things
have them viewing it as abstract
lazy, curious, peculiar girls
will never learn to sustain a relationship



CHOPIN CHATBURUS — Winter

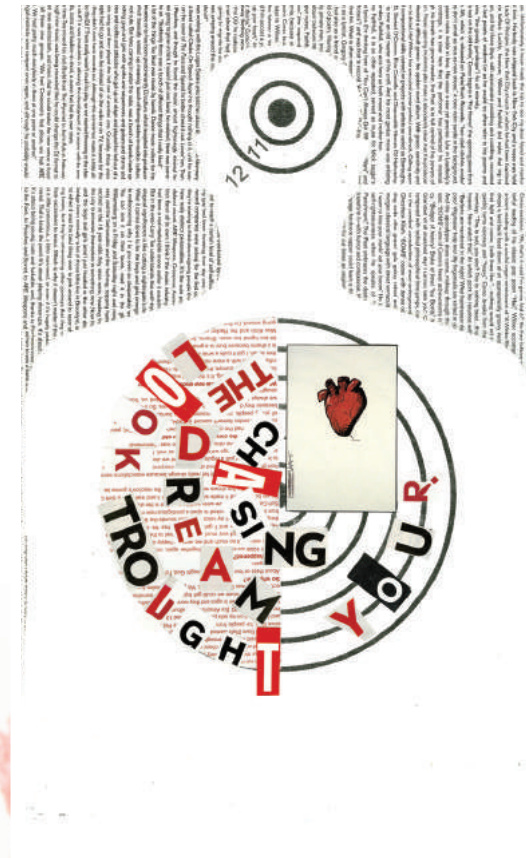


MONICA PESTANA — Poetry

GIORGI KHIKHADZE — Sleeping Man

ALI MOHAMMAD
Death Leaves a Heartache
No One Can Heal,
Love Leaves a Memory
No One Can Steal

As this Sunday comes to a close,
It was as if time had froze.
Staring right into the sunset,
With visions that were
hard to forget.
Lasting memories so fond,
Could never shatter this bond.
He'd give anything to see her
one last time,
Discovering love again
would be a crime.
Still as a statue made of clay,
So many things he wanted to say.
Met decades ago
somewhere in May,
But it feels like yesterday.
Two hearts forever torn,
One can only forever mourn.



OLGA DEMINA — Significant



CHRISTEEN ZAKI
Chopped Kiwi

KIMBERLY GUERRERO — Harsh Reality

He does what he can
Got caught in a quick money scheme
Now he is lost
Don't even know where to start
Love overpowered his strengths
Love overpowered his energy to do shit
But is not his fault
I blame myself for the action he committed
Because when you in love
You get blinded
When you in love
You turn into a direction
That wasn't your main focus
I'm grateful because he always been real to me
Only if he knew I was carrying his baby
Since day one I supported
Since day one I committed
Since day one I knew he would be the one for me
But I'm stuck
I'm stuck between my creator and him
I'm stuck between two worlds
But I tuck my reality in
I don't even drink but I think I need a shot of gin
That harsh taste should bring me back to reality
I'm floating because I believe
I live in a world that's fantasy
I don't want to believe I'm living in this harsh reality.

JECKO JIAJUMA — Untitled



FRIEDA BENZAKEN — Forever moving



ARMANI VIERA — Teenage Wonderland

The light shines on the two, standing there.
The darkness surrounds everything else, on the outside.
The corrupt teens look at each other,
Looking for something comforting.
They know what each desires,
But the temptation of reality was the only thing stopping them.
If only they could create the perfect wonderland.

FRIEDA BENZAKEN — Happy Sailing



She stands there waiting;
Her innocence shining brighter, the longer the light glares upon her.
They were in their own wonderland; fighting each other, or fighting
the rest of the world.
Together, neither of them seemed so different from normal.
But alone, they knew they were nothing.
They still stand there, almost feeling isolated by now.
They weren't in a wonderland, anymore; they were trapped.



ESTONA DENT – Untitled |



GIORGI KHIKHADZE
Life Seen from Reflection |



GIORGI KHIKHADZE – Tunnel Through Paradise |

IRINA PISTSOV
One Skin Is Not Enough

One skin is not enough.
I feel every touch and every breath
getting right through it.
I hear others whispering in their heads so loud.
One skin is not enough.
It's not separating your world from mine.
I feel you so vividly. I feel your joy.
I feel your pain. I see your scars. I hear your blame.
I hear you without talking.
I see you without looking. There is no borders
between my heart and yours. Please be careful
with your thoughts and deeds. Please be patient
with your words and seeds.
Nothing is going away.
Every thought matters.
Please realize how important you are.
Even when you're asleep.
Even when no one is looking.
Especially when you think that no one is looking.



JIN XUE — Pinocchio

NICHOLETE SYKES
Compulsion

The Light reveals my mask
 the disappointment in your eyes.
 My thoughts, of your thoughts,
 give me anxiety.
 The pressure deepens more
 into my soul.
 Your love is what I yearned for,
 but, I only amused you.
 Lust is what you gave me.
 I craved your acceptance.
 As the night falls,
 my emotions run wild.
 Can you ever forgive me?
 I've made a mistake.
 Though you remain clueless,
 as I cave into myself.

YOLANDA WATSON — One Monkey

Now a monkey is in a tree
 by the ocean
 by the sea
 In a tree all on its own
 Free to roam
 and inhale the ocean breeze
 It sings to itself and swings from trees occasionally
 Time is of no importance until its body demands sleep,
 but even sleep doesn't really matter to the monkey
 because
 It has the ocean
 It has the sea.
 It has everything it needs...
 Until It realizes
 Deep down inside...
 It is lonely....
 So it swings and it swings
 Then It takes a walk...
 Down by the ocean
 Down by the sea
 The ocean drowns the monkey.

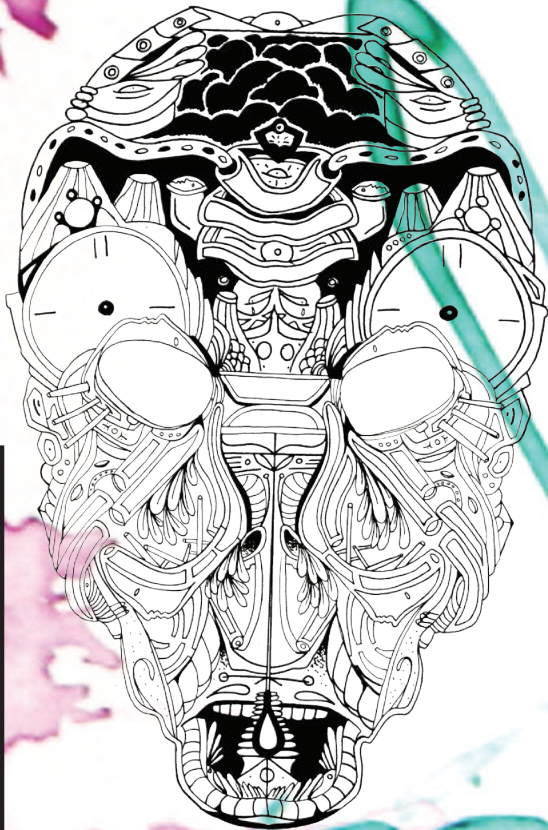


SHERRY SPATES — Obama Cares



SHIEH YI-YUN
Library Elephant





Jin Xue — Untitled

NELSI HERNANDEZ — Resentment

I don't hate people
I'm just sick and tired of all this bullshit,
I'm tired of feeling like crap.
I'm fed up with all these tears
and all of this anger I have!
why use and abuse?
why lie and cheat?
why play with the soul of someone which took
forev er to build?
why is everything so complicated?
to trust, to find love, to forgive,
but most importantly being happy?
everyone seems to fake a smile now and days,
not just to show others that they are strong,
but to help fool themselves into actually trying
to be happy.
why are we all pretending?
we tend to spill our emotions and thoughts

in our head but we don't dare to say it to
the person it was intended for.
are we scared of ourselves?
or are we afraid things will become worse?
we lose the ones we care for
"to better ourselves" but at the end of the
day were just left with pain.
I don't understand why is it so hard to let go
when the other person did it so easily.
at times I wonder if u feel the same way,
but if I ask you what does that make of me?
this world is filled with too many misunder-
standments, ignorance, and pride.
when will everyone just stop this act and
understand what's really going on?
why am I filled with so much resentment?

SOFIA LIGNOS
Mistress



KADEIJAH JOHNSON — Dali



JIN XUE — Japan



JIN XUE — Crane Bird



EDWIN AQUINO — Untitled

Turn me on.
Press my buttons.
Be my zero and only.
Each bit, each nibble.
Did you forget?
I remembered. Restored
my inner memory.
Save "me" for later.
Hand me your strings.
Root. Enter. Access
Denied. Read only memories.
sudo-masochism.
Strokes become pointless.
Pointers become pointless.
Sentences without points
without sentences. Syntax.
Cut what's embedded.
Paste your code, your virus.
Write it onto my memory.
Each bit, each nibble.

Save "me" for later.
Root. Enter. Access
Granted my cell is broken.
You excel at it all.
Browse my contents. Randomly
Access memories.
Select all that is there.
Converted me. Changed me.
Upgrade to downgrade.
Uninstalled my essentials.
Cor_rup_ted.
Execute "me".
01100111 01101111
01101111 01100100
01100010 01111001
01100101 00101110
Failing: Deleting it all.
Turning off "me".
Restoring "me".
Saving "me" for later.

MARTINE JEAN BAPTISTE — Global Arch spread



LAUGH
IN

A structure becomes architectural, and not sculptural, when its elements no longer have their justification in nature.

Massive architectural marvels from times past, they are often skipping points on a tourist's journey. Although these grand sites aren't always why globetrotters say they're going on vacation, some of history's great works of architecture start in the ordinary traveler's pleasure. Did you get that smiling shot in front of Buckingham Palace or the photo "pushing" the Leaning Tower of Pisa upright? Despite a tight economy, a new generation of architects is giving the traveler reasons to jump on a plane to see modern masterpieces. Many of the new structures are public projects, designed to welcome the resident and tourist alike.

It is really being strally to a place," says Justin Davidson, New York magazine's architecture and classical music critic. "Whether people are traveling a great distance to see one thing or it's creating a market for the regeneration of a place that really needs it, these things get merged." Here are six great spots for seeing modern marvels.

New World Symphony (Miami Beach). The New World Symphony, which moved into its Miami Beach Lincoln Road when it moved into the Lincoln Theater many years ago, is having the same impact at its new location as the original. The symphony, which prepares graduates of major music schools for roles as leading orchestras around the world,

LEON GONZALEZ — Colors of the Dead

Death here, death there
Death has been a part of me
Since day one of the Fun Home.

Bodies in, bodies out
As I watched families
Torn apart.

Analyzing the bodies
Stitched lips, combed hair
Well dressed.

After all these years
Preparing funerals for other families.
I never saw it coming
The day I laid my father to rest.

Father has put his life on
the line for this house.

To only see it out of service one day.

It makes me think
It makes me wonder.

That the point of a funeral home
Is to only go six feet under.

Did dad see it coming?
Did dad know it was here?

As he always prepared the house
but built it in fear.

Does that explain his outrageous burst?
Living with lies and a mysterious curse?
Yet they say death be not proud
For I am his continuing source.

BRENDA BLIADZE — Thoughts of the Night

in bed your mind feels naked
at peace
alone in your home
one sheep...
two sheep...
three sheep...
ideas, thoughts, plans, problems
break through your window and fill
the air with hostility
breaking your furniture
blowing your sheets away
you are left alone
with nothing but thoughts
naked. alone. frustrated
crunching numbers, doing research,
searching your mind for relief
morning comes and the sun shines
through
the once broken window
through the cracks
the thoughts of the night have fled.

34

MARTINE JEAN BAPTISTE — Global Arch Cover



MELISSA RAMOS — Safe And Sound

I lie here awake at night
Confused and hurt
I look to my right
And see nothing but a pillow
I wonder where you are

Why you aren't lying next to me
How come I am not able to grab you
And hold you close
So I can go back to sleep
Safe and Sound

It's morning
And I can't kiss
The one I love
Where have you gone?
Are you safe and sound?
Without me?
How am I to go about my days
Knowing you aren't going to be the one
I tell my day to?
How are you going about your days
Knowing you won't be able to do the same?

Why have we said our goodbyes
Knowing that we aren't done
With each other?
I am no longer
Safe and Sound
Without you by my side.

MIRICY NAMON — Organic Forms



VIVIAN AKEL — Life, Liberty And the Pursuit of Fashion

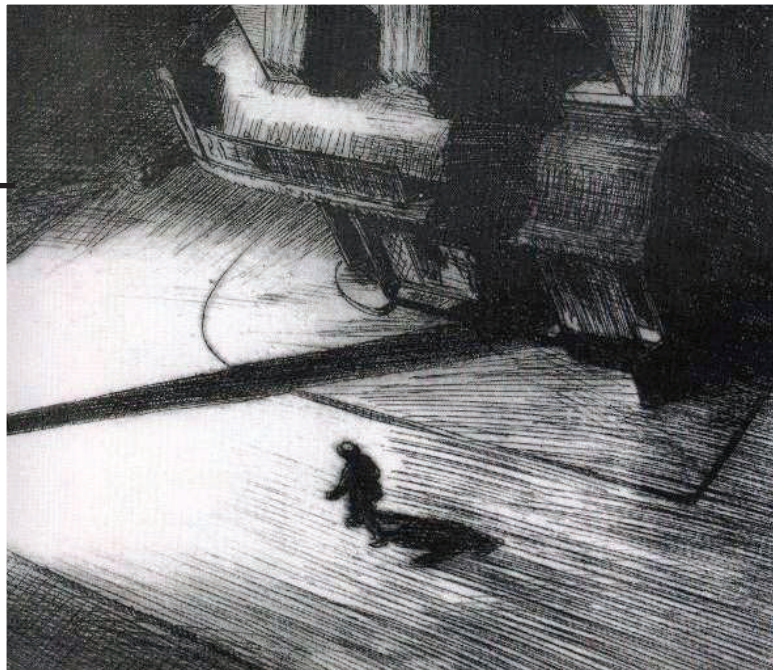


MONICA FUKS — Summer Evening

As night arose the two stood on the porch
Summer's warm breeze questioned
Where did it all fall apart?
Their relationship was fading into the light
Silence took the stand
What lust?
Where is the love they once had for each other?
All they could feel was the secrecy
between one another
Why can't they be at peace again?
Wishing it was all a dream
He worried for her, she worried for him
Seeping pressure
The intimacy was lost
The passion was not surreal

RAQUEL ZALTA — Defying Odds





37

MELISSA RAMOS — How Dare You

How dare you
How dare you drop me after all I've done
I took care of you
I made your insecurities disappear
Made you feel different
Then you just disappear
How dare you...how dare you
How dare you get mad at me for moving on
I'm not gonna just sit around and wait
Wait for you to text me when it's convenient
When you need someone
to make you happy for an hour
I deserve to be happy
How dare you think otherwise
How dare you...how dare you
How dare you constantly rip my heart out
How dare you even act like you won't hurt it
The next time around
How dare you think there will be a next time
How dare you...how dare you
How dare you make me believe your lies
With the kind words that you speak
How dare you make me trust you countless times
When all you do is let me down
The mask you wear is no longer fooling me
How dare you try to make it work
How dare you...how dare you



YOLANDA WATSON — Take

The strongest man endures the darkest days
But to endure does not mean that he simply
Takes
And
He Takes
He takes and he cries and he takes and he breaks
He TAKES until his pain temporarily fades away
He TAKES to survive
Not to survive is to shake
Not to TAKE is to break
So he TAKES

Tamara Abelishvili — Contrast



The strong man with no faith...
He TAKES and he BREAKS
And
He
And
He
And
He
Becomes weary...
Until out of his eyes he can see clearly
He breaks loose all his chains
HE BREAKS
The strong man inside that he
has been searching for
HE FINDS
HE SHAKES
and he cries...
Pours out from the inside
The strongest man endures
Breaks down his burden doors
He takes...No more



DIANA NG
Year of the Wise Dragon

NELSI HERNANDEZ — You Were Not the Only One

It's crazy how your heart can hurt because of someone,
the aches and the throbs you can't even breathe,
emotions become numb to you,
But how can you be filled with so much emotions yet become so
emotionless? Sometimes we overthink because we wish we could
control the things that are bothering us,
but somethings we can't fix.
Is that why I am hurting so much?
I'm sick and tired of pretending everything is all right while I'm
walking on eggshells.
Why should I be nice to you when you don't even realize what's going on?
Why should I continue to be good and positive when you're just
shutting me down?
Why should I go out of my way making sure were okay when you don't
do anything?

30

I hate it when we fight, I hate it when we argue, but I also hate sugar
coating everything.
No it's not okay..
We're not okay and it kills me cause we were never like this,
how can I feel stable when he's constantly changing?
How can I feel safe to give you my heart when nothing is for sure?
Sometimes titles don't mean anything!
Everyone's feelings and opinions are changing everyday,
what you may have said yesterday may mean nothing now,
so why is it we tend to replay and remember the memorable things
that people say even though they are now meaningless?
It's because at one moment it meant something,
at one moment you believed in what that person was saying,
so why are your words now bullshit to me?
Why is it when I see you I see you as an asshole,
when I use to see you as my everything?
One little thing or one little action can change everything..
Why am I hurting when you don't even give a fuck.



ANGELICA FIGUEROA
Playing Cards



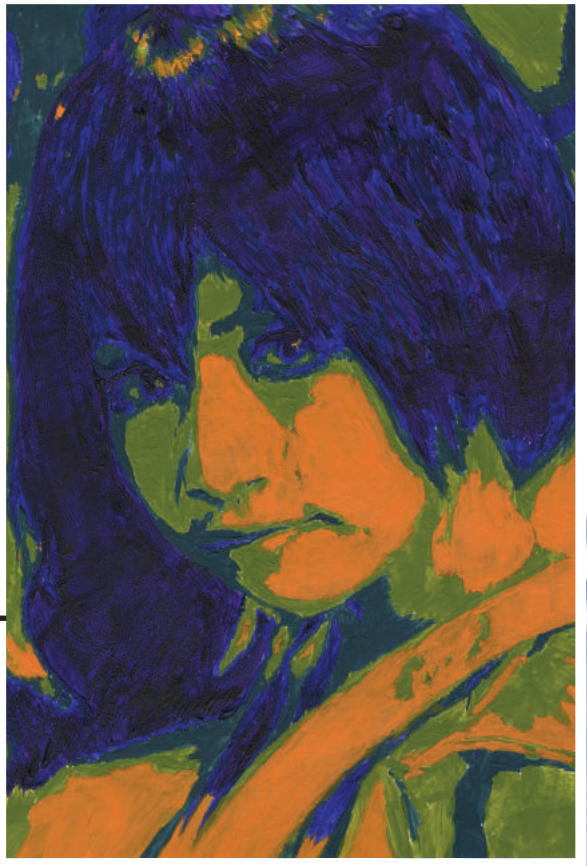
DIANA NG
Year of the Prosperous Boar



JAMES RIZZUTI
Cubist Catastrophe



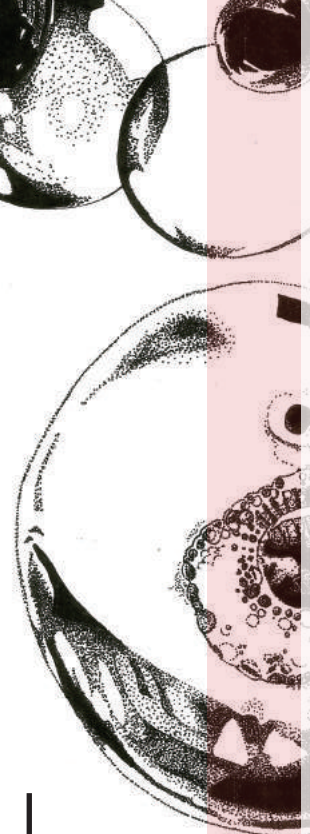
ELENA KANGAL
Butterflies



TAK YIU TONG – Marshmallow Justice

ELIZABETH SPENCER – Half

Slick your hair back tight in a bun because any other hairstyle will be too hard to manage; if not just straighten it, it looks better that way anyways. Never wear your Uggs in the rain, they will most defiantly be ruined. If your nail polish is chipped, change it, people will think you're lower class if you don't. Chinese food take out, or sushi for dinner, because I have no motivation to cook tonight? Remember, modesty is the best policy, a nice Jewish man will love that. You are gunna marry a Jewish man, right? Honey, you really need to start running on the treadmill, you're starting to get fat. Gluten free, dairy free, and sugar free, the weight will come right off. Pick up your clothes from off the floor the cleaning lady is coming today. Turn that crap off, I don't want your little siblings to be brainwashed by that horrid fast passed speaking they call 'music'. I expect nothing less than an A overall, you need to get into a good school. Oh, and when your applying to college, make sure they know your half black. When you get out of the shower put some coconut oil in your hair, it'll hydrate those gorgeous curls. Put lotion on your knees unless you want ash. You don't need sunscreen, it's not like you gon' burn, right? Fry the chicken. Let the collard greens simmer in pepper flakes for two hours, then add vegetable oil and let it simmer for another thirty minutes. Put some more food on your plate, you're too damn skinny. The tighter the jeans the better, real men love curves. Don't forget on Mondays and Thursday you need to watch your baby brother and sister until I get home. Fix them up some backed macaroni and cheese for dinner. Play the music louder, if it aint making the ground shake it aint loud enough. Pick up your shoes, I ain't no goddamn maid. Girl, you need to get a job, you gotta start supporting yourself. When I was 15 I was already out of my parents house, living on my own. College ain't gon, pay for itself, if your even going to college. If you get pulled over by the 'ops' make sure they know you're half white. Do u associate more with your black side or more with your white side?



KRISTEN WATTERS
Bubbles

STEVEN D PATZER – The Thompson Family 1941

If I remember it right my mother was petrified and the only sign she showed was her legs quivering below her torso. We bolted through the tarnished side exit into the street and stumbled upon pure horror. Bodies lining the streets, comparable to the inside of a book of matches. We walked along the poorly paved sidewalk while the sun fell asleep. Later that night Sam yelled “watch your step!” I froze in my tracks and looked down to see a manhole exposed with blood lining its lip and the local grocery boys severed lifeless body at the bottom. If not for the street light hovering above us I would have shared his fate. As the sun began to rise from the East, my mother’s face was still in complete shock. To snap her out of it I told Sam to bring us to the river where we used to play. When we arrived there I had already seen enough death, destruction and fire to write or direct several movies about war, some of which would have probably won an American Oscar. Yet, I was strangely unaffected, I thought of myself as a G.I. The only difference was that I didn’t have an M21 Carbine and a ham radio strapped to my back. When I splashed water on my mother’s face it reminded me of the past summer when she would come out of the pool and greet my father with a soaking wet hug. His smile was comparable to dog’s face that had gotten a hold of a baker’s pie. Although, behind the scenes their love was like a dying flower and only those close to them could tell. Whatever she was thinking about or not thinking about, she hurriedly snapped out of it and burst into tears. She grabbed me and my brother and held us close to her heart. We were the only things she had left; the only thing that I could tell kept her

going. Minutes passed and I brushed up towards her ear and said, “We have to go now”. She loosened her grip and made it our responsibility to break free because she couldn’t let us go. I stood up and fell right back down again. I expected a hard landing on the rocky riverside, but to my dismay it was soft; I fell on an American issued army pack. I rolled off of it and opened it up. When I looked inside I found a real Luger pistol in its holster, a mess kit and some stationary. I propped the bag up on my back and clipped the holster to my pajama pants while my mom was deciding if this was a good idea or not. My mother wanted to stop me but she knew that this was how I was coping with my surroundings, so she let it be. We crossed the shallow river and started our journey ascending up the steep boulder ridden hill. I kept thinking to myself, almost a few more steps. When we reached the top we all gazed at our marketplace in shambles. There were rotten goods lining the floor and it was as deserted as an American western ghost town. I could almost close my eyes and picture the force that did this, ravaging through the crates of fresh produce. This force did not stop us from moving onward though. At this point the sun was at its peak and its glare kept irritating my blue eyes. I was squinting like an old man reading a menu in a dimly lit restaurant. Without my full gazing potential I missed a small army in the distance. We had to think fast or our future was at the bottom of a mass grave. We ran into a loafer shop and hid to avoided being seen. It smelled like a bad combination of paint lacquer and fine leather. We sat against the back of the cashier counter and clenched our knees into our chests.



DIMITRI MARTIROSYAN
Patti Smith. Justkids

ANESTOS BAEZ — It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like ...

Fredrick finally came to, realizing he was strapped to a chair. Taking a quick glance around the room; he saw several computer monitors, hundreds of newspaper clippings, and an assortment of Christmas colored lights. A small child swiveled from the screens to look at Fredrick. He pushed an intercom button; only to Fredrick's horror, a deep voice instead echoed.

"He's up boss."

The intercom buzzed with a jingle of bells as if it were a confirmation.

Black Santa entered the room, glancing towards Fredrick.

"Leave us, head elf," He said with a mono-tone voice.

The elf nodded respectfully towards Black Santa and departed. He began to circle Fredrick, as if he were looking for an answer.

Where did I go wrong? Following the lead that elderly lady gave me? Taking on the large bounty of this maniac who had a previously cold trail? Signing up with the force instead of taking that nice cozy job as a kindergarten cop? Or, the fact that I went to three years of community college for this? Just what is he going to do to me? There is a toy sac around my ankles, he hired small people to help him and his bandolier has sleigh bells on it.

"You know, you've been a naughty boy. But I do have some presents for you. I might even put you on the nice list if you tell me who you are working for."

"I went looking for you, you had a nice bounty. Large enough."

"That's not what I asked you. Now, who are you working for?"

"Jack Frost."

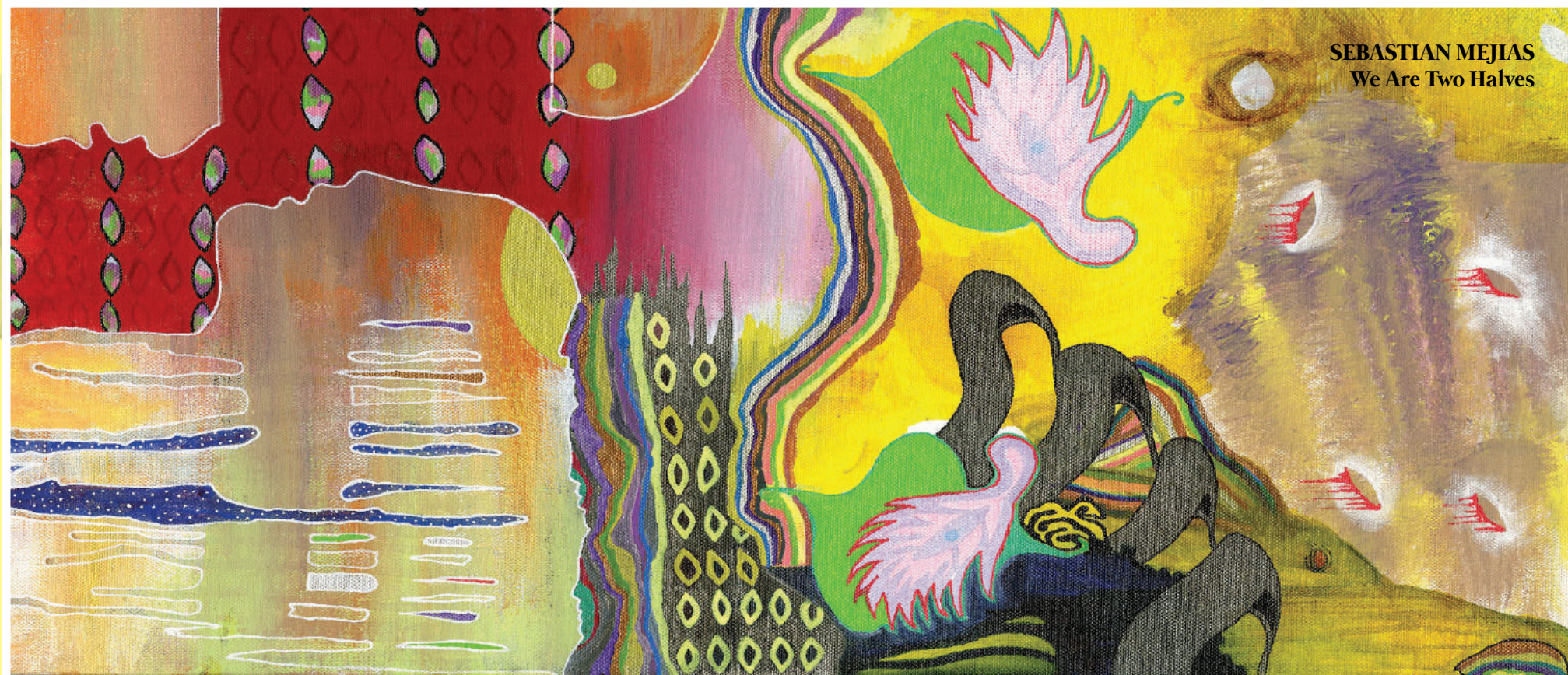
He proceeded to slap Fredrick across the face without hesitation.

"You shouldn't be lying to Santa, especially when he knows when you've been bad or good. So be good for goodness sake."

"Then, shouldn't you know who I am?"

He proceeded to fish into Fredrick's pocket, searching for another "gift" perhaps. He pulled out his wallet, rifling through various identification cards.

continues on page 47



SEBASTIAN MEJIAS
We Are Two Halves

continued from page 45

"Of course I know who you are Officer Lazarus!" He exclaimed, snatching a twenty dollar bill out of his wallet. He placed the wrinkled dollar bill close to the intercom and continued.

"Are you going to be a good little boy or are you going to get more than a lump of coal for the holidays. Think long and hard about it. I'll leave some cookies and milk for you."

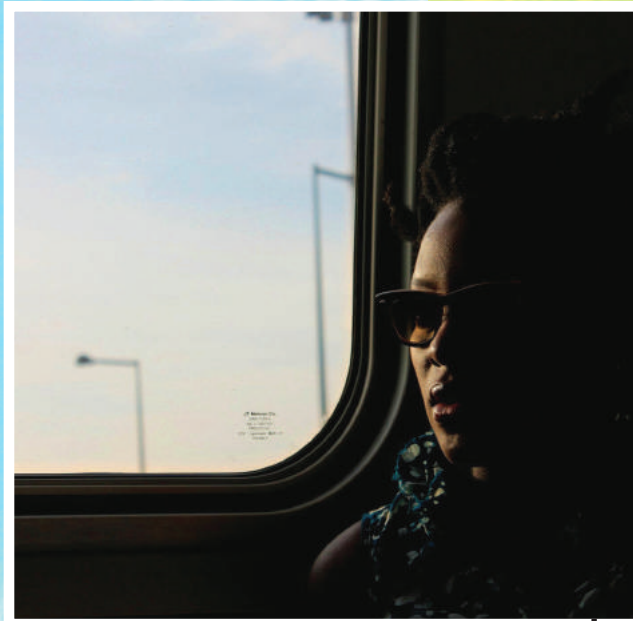
"No fat milk? Looks like you've been drinking some, contrary to popular belief." Black Santa waddled over to door without saying a word. Fredrick could have only imagined the compliment as being a final nail to the coffin. His only thoughts were on the grim situation unfolding; praying silently for sweet, sweet mercy on the inside.

Black Santa re-entered the room, placing a singing bowl with a brush inside on the drawer nearby.

"There is an ancient technique that torturers would use on their victims. Removing their skin slowly with a sticky substance, and then watch them scream as if they were right there at the reindeer games." He paused. "You know what I am going to do now right? That's right, I am going to slowly remove every single hair from your body and make a sweater for Mrs. Claus. You are going to put the abominable snowman to shame little boy!"

"So now you are some deranged cat lady trying to make me into a fashion nightmare?" Black Santa paused, as if he were mesmerized by a snake charmer. That was the moment he snapped, grabbing a nearby glass to swing vehemently. He missed and began to heave.

Fredrick gazed upon the mystery that is Black Santa and was startled to have one answer; only to have several more to ask. He began: "That star, it's..." Before Fredrick could finish or formulate a proper thought, Black Santa threw the bowl at the window looking out into the lighted city. Then the unexpected occurred; Black Santa took a few steps back, gathering himself. He sprinted towards the window and performed one of the best Grand Pliés to have ever graced his eyes.



CHAD SMITH — Rayban Commerccil



GRISHA UTKIN — Pathway



OLGA DEMINA — Domestic Violence Poster



JOYCENGO — Revenge of Smaug

SHAMAR SULKER — Until Tomorrow

The sun heading south
Trains begin to make their final stops
The single tower is in sight
To view the splendor
Of Ares' painting
Red, orange, yellow all working together
A sky made of fire
The hills are spectators
The tower waited for this
No more trains to halt
As the skies begin to fade to night
The tower stands tall
For the next day
The tower can view this splendor again



LAURA MILLER
What Will Be

TAMAR MILLIEN — Open My Heart

Open my heart and let the words speaks for itself
Open my heart and let the world see me for who I truly I'm
Open my heart and look inside my deep bones and see how much you hurt me
Open my heart and find a long gone soul
Open my heart and you will find yourself at a new day, a time and a new place
Erase your mind to feel the pain that I feel when my heart's away from you
Every tears shed from my cheeks makes me hate myself more
I cry at night because no one can see me
I cry for you because no one can hear me
My heart's long gone, love has now become a shadow
The roots that grows inside my heart are dead enough to reach your soul
I'm afraid if I close my eyes, they won't reopened
But, I'm most afraid to be blinded by love
 one night I laid still thinking what went wrong,
 the scars you left,
 the foot prints you left behind
I'll always find you, Who said love was easy
the pain that chokes me at night in my sleep
at noon when the sun goes down, see me for who I am
the blood that long last in my veins
kiss me one last time
please don't be ashamed of me
open my heart one last time, cut it with a knife if you have to
please, open it up to see what's behind it all
there's a heart open and ready to be loved
open my heart to see the coldness of your touch
the night is still and sombre

continues on page 51



MARCELLO MICOELLE |
Kidnap Teddy



continued from page 50

I'm not asking you for much
 let these words fall as potent as a heavy scent
 yet, I walk in silence
 Ice flowing through my veins
 a hunger in my soul
 a soul that can't be tame
 I'm trapped in your love
 when I see you my heart stops
 when I bite you on the neck, you'll fall under my spell
 I never knew love was so cruel as of now
 tears will swell up into my eyes and then
 begin to fall down my cheeks
 and I'm still trapped in the shadows of love
 when you leave for good,
 I'll know you never opened my heart
 cause you never knew how I really felt.
 Open my heart and let the words speaks for itself
 Open my heart and let the world see me for who I truly I'm
 Open my heart and look inside my deep bones and see
 how much you hurt me
 Open my heart and find a long gone soul
 Open my heart and you will find yourself at a new day,
 a time and a new place
 Erase your mind to feel the pain that I feel when
 my heart's away from you
 Every tears shed from my cheeks makes me
 hate myself more

I cry at night because no one can see me
 I cry for you because no one can hear me
 My heart's long gone, love has now
 become a shadow
 The roots that grows inside my heart are
 dead enough to reach your soul
 I'm afraid if I close my eyes,
 they won't reopened
 But, I'm most afraid to be blinded by love
 one night I laid still thinking what
 went wrong, the scars you left,
 the foot prints you left behind
 I'll always find you, Who said love was easy
 the pain that chokes me
 at night in my sleep
 at noon when the sun goes down, see me
 for who I am the blood that long
 last in my veins
 kiss me one last time
 please don't be ashamed of me
 open my heart one last time,
 cut it with a knife if you have to
 please, open it up to see what's behind it all
 there's a heart open and ready to be loved
 open my heart to see the coldness
 of your touch
 the night is still and sombre
 I'm not asking you for much

let these words fall as potent as a heav scent
 yet, I walk in silence
 Ice flowing through my veins
 a hunger in my soul
 a soul that can't be tame
 I'm trapped in your love
 when I see you my heart stops
 when I bite you on the neck,
 you'll fall under my spell
 I never knew love was so cruel as of now
 tears will swell up into my eyes and then
 begin to fall down my cheeks
 and I'm still trapped in the shadows of love
 when you leave for good,
 I'll know you never opened my heart
 cause you never knew how I really felt.

52





YINARA ROLON — HooHoo

SHAWN HENRY — How to Save a Life

"I heard it's going to rain today."

Those were the first few words that Eric had said to me in a while. We stood at the New Haven train station, our usual routine on our way to Crescent Hill High School. We always took the seven train together in the morning, ever since we were freshmen three years ago. Eric has been my best-friend since elementary school...or at least he was my best-friend. We haven't talked much since junior year, when I made the worst mistake I could have possibly ever made. "Oh..." I replied, slightly at a loss for words. I never expected him to be the one to initiate a conversation. Considering we've been at this "no talking" thing since last summer.

"Hope you brought an umbrella." He said, not even bothering to look at me.

"N-no I forgot." I answered.

"Hmm," he said, with a slight shrug.

It was at least two minutes before he spoke again.

"Heard you guys might take home the championship again this year."

He was of course referring to our school's basketball team, The Crescent Hill Wolves. We've been on a winning streak lately, and word has started circulating that we're the team to beat this season.

"Y-yeah, yeah. Coach says if we keep this up, there's no way that we can lose," I stated, rubbing the back of my neck, and glancing over at him. He turned to me, nodded in response, and faced back towards the train tracks.

"That's cool."

"Yeah..."

I rocked back and forth on my feet, desperately searching in my mind for another topic to keep him talking.

"So, how's that big photography project going?"

Though brief, and almost unnoticeable, I saw Eric's face light up a little. He could never resist talking about his photography hobby, and future goal to take photos of the world's most famous cities and landmarks.

"It's going well actually. I'm thinking about submitting it into the school's art showcase this spring," he stated with a hint of self-satisfaction.

I smiled, resisting the urge to pat him on the back like I normally would've when sharing good news.

"That's great!"

"Yup!" he said, turning to smile back at me, before apparently remembering exactly who he was talking to. His face dropped back into a neutral expression and he faced forward once again.

"Yup..."

I sighed, drooping my head and looking down at my feet. I don't know what to say to him that I haven't already said many times before. I'm sorry; it was a mistake; please tell me how to make it up to you; I miss my best-friend. Everything sounded too repetitive and cliché in my head.

The sound of the train approaching the station caused me to raise my head back up. As it slowly pulled up in front of us, I watched Eric tighten the strings on his book bag from the corner of my eyes. For some reason, I felt that if Eric and I didn't solve this problem now, we were never going to speak to each other again.

Eric took a step forward as the doors opened, before I grabbed his wrist. He looked down at my hand, before looking up at my face.

"Harper, what are you?"

"We're not going to school today."

He gave me an incredulous expression, as if I had suddenly lost my mind, before attempting to pull out of my grasp. I kept my grip firm and pulled him back a little.

"Seriously Harper, we have to get on the train."

"No, we can't."

"Let go!"

"No!"

He finally ripped his arm free from my hand, and turned to face me.



DIMITRI MARTIROSYAN — The Flow

continues on page 56

JOYCE NGO — Tropical Abstract



continued from page 54

"Why not?!"

"Because if we get on this train now, we're never going to be friends again!" I exclaimed.

His eyes widened, and he shifted to face me fully. The train doors closed behind him, as if sealing off his only chance to escape. As it begun to pull out of the station, Eric continued to stare me straight in the eyes.

"Eric, just give me a chance to make things right."

"Harper..."

"Please?"

Eric sighed, crossing his arms in front of his chest. He studied the pleading look on my face for a few seconds, before finally caving in. "Fine. Let's talk."

"Not here," I said, turning around and heading towards the exit. I didn't have to look back to know that he was following behind me. We left the station and began heading towards a nearby park. There was a small lake inside the park, with a little cave area hidden behind some rocks and bushes. When we were younger, Eric and I use to pretend we were world famous treasure hunters, and that use to be one of our secret bases. We even drew out a map that explained how to find the cave in case we ever got lost.

We had to crouch down a little to get into the entrance; I guess it seemed bigger back then because we were so small. But once we were inside we had enough room to stand up and move around. There were several traces of our childhood scattered around the place: a few toys here and there, some old drawings, a little table with two chairs, and some discarded trading cards from some game we use to play back then.

"I don't know why we stopped hanging out here," I said, picking up some of the papers on the table and looking through them. "You know, we could probably fix this place up."

"Yeah you know, get a couch, a mini-fridge, a flat screen, maybe a bookshelf, and this place will look good as new," Eric said, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Maybe we can add in some lamps too, it gets kind of dark at night," I replied, smirking at him over my shoulder.

"Harper, did we come here to reminisce or are we actually going to talk anytime soon?" he asked, crossing his arms again.

"I don't know, I'm having a pretty nice nostalgia trip over here." I said, turning to face him with a smirk on my face again.

"Okay, I'm leaving..." he said, turning around and heading back towards the entrance.

continues on page 57

SARIF NYANGAMUKENGA — The Red Queen



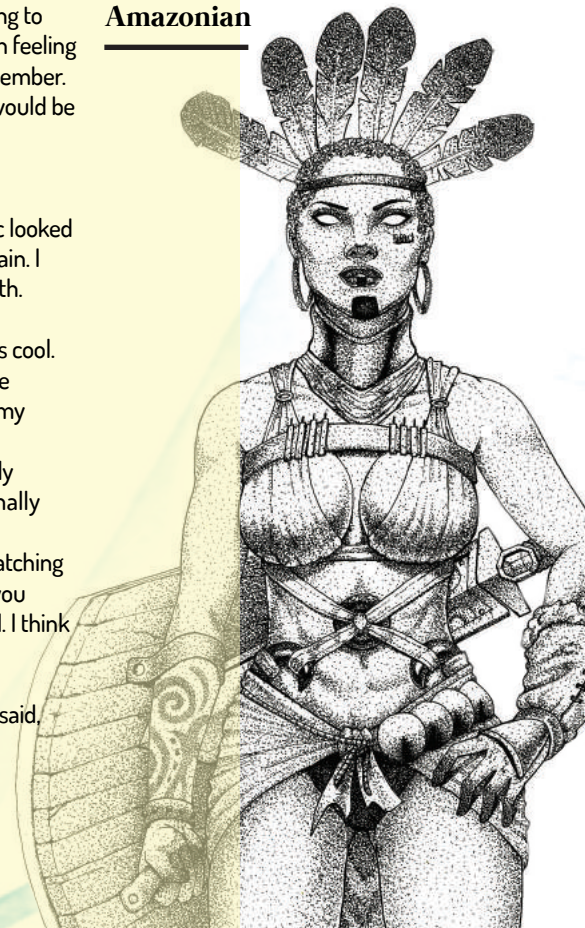
"No, Eric wait!" I called, reaching out in his direction. "I'm sorry, it's just... it's been a while since we've hung out." He turned back around then. "And whose fault is that?" There was so much malice and hurt in that one question, that I could almost feel the tension between us. "It's my fault..." I spoke, dropping my gaze to the ground. "I made a mistake, and ruined our friendship." "Harper, what you did wasn't just a simple mistake. You broke my trust, and almost ruined my life!" Eric shouted, walking forward. He stopped when he was a few feet away from me. "Come on Eric, it wasn't that bad," I said, trying to calm him down a little. "Harper I felt humiliated, and you just stood there and didn't say anything!" Eric yelled, waving his hands around to add emphasis to his words. "How can you treat it as if it's no big deal?!" "So some people found out you're bi, so what?!" I exclaimed, stepping towards him. "No one's been messing with you right?!" At that Eric visibly tensed up, and turned away from me. My eyes widened a little, looking him up and down. I reached out and put a hand on his shoulder, which he immediately shrugged off. "Eric...no one has hurt you.....right?" He didn't answer me, but instead started to shake a little. The sound of muffled sobs soon reached my ears, followed by a couple sniffs. "Eric... tell me wha-" "S-s-she hates me..." he mumbled. I took another step forward, putting me almost directly behind him. "What?" "She hates me.....my mom hates me," he all but whispered,

before breaking out into tears. I stood speechless as Eric continued to cry his heart out. Turning him around, I pulled him into a hug and rubbed his back. I didn't know he was going through so much because of me. I wasn't even there to help him, to protect him like I promised back when we were in elementary school. I felt like a complete asshole. Slowly, Eric's jagged breaths evened out, and he stopped crying. I let him go, and took a step back to see his face. He wiped his eyes with his jacket sleeve. "Eric, what happened?" I asked, half expecting him to burst into tears again. He looked up at me, took a deep breath, and walked over to sit on one of the little chairs in the center of the cave. "It happened a week after the incident at school. I had been really quiet since then, and my parents kept asking me what was wrong. Knowing they were going to find out sooner or later, I decided to tell them and get it over with," he spoke, before his breath hitched. I walked over to join him, taking the other chair and sitting in front of him. "Then what happened?" "They were shocked to say the least. My dad, though it took a few minutes, he accepted it. 'As long as you're happy, I'm happy' he said. But my mom..." Eric said, taking a pause as if trying to collect his thoughts. "They argued that night, when they thought I went to bed. Mom keep saying things like 'what will the neighbors think' and 'they're going to call him names.' My dad keep trying to explain how things were different these days; how people aren't as simple minded as they were back when they were young. But she wouldn't listen." "Eric...I'm..." "We haven't talked much since then. Like, we haven't had a full conversa-

tion in months." Eric continued, before letting out a sad chuckle. "You know it hurts when you can't even talk to your only family about your problems." "What about your dad?" I asked. Eric shrugged. "He's usually super busy with work, but we talk when we can." I sighed, "Eric, words can't describe how bad I feel and how sorry I am. I didn't know they were going to take the phone from me. Especially that damn Brick..." "Harper, I'm not mad that they took the phone. I'm mad that you didn't do anything to stop them." Eric stated, looking me straight in the eyes. I could see the hurt and sadness within them. "You know how much of a douche Brick is, but you let him read the messages out loud. You didn't even stand up for me." "Eric, I got suspended that day because I fought Brick after you ran out of the cafeteria." I stated, standing up in front of him. "I came looking for you, but everyone said you left. Why would I let something like this go?" Eric's eyes widened, "You and Brick fought?" "Yeah we did! I was gonna strangle that bastard if the guys hadn't pulled me off of him." I said, clenching and unclenching my hand. "You really thought I was going to let him get away with that?" Eric opened his mouth as if to say something, closed it, and then opened it again. "I thought..." "Eric, you're my best friend. I said I was going to be

there for you no matter what, and that still hasn't changed. Honestly when you stopped speaking to me, it hurt." I admitted, laying all that I've been feeling out on the table. "It was like losing a family member. Every time I would see you in the hallways I would be reminded of how I messed up. I couldn't stop thinking about it, and I felt like I was going crazy!" There was an awkward silence after that. Eric looked up at me, finding himself speechless once again. I slowly sat back down, letting out a deep breath. "Harper. I didn't know-" I raised my hand to stop him from talking. "It's cool. Don't worry about it. Just let me know, are we friends again?" I asked, looking at him. I held my breath waiting for answer. He nodded, and I let it out. A small smile finally gracing both of our faces. After months, I finally had my best friend back. "You know, Shane asked about you." I said, watching as Eric perked up. "He wanted to know how you were doing after the whole incident occurred. I think he likes you," I said, with a smirk. "Really?" Eric asked, an eyebrow raised. "Yup. Looks like someone has a new crush." I said, before making obscene kissy faces at him. "Oh shut up!"

SARIF NYANGAMUKENGA Amazonian



ANTHEON

ANTHEON LITERARY AND ARTS JOURNAL

Kingsborough Community College
2001 Oriental Boulevard
Brooklyn, New York 11235
T. 718 368 5603
F. 718 368 4833

www.AntheonArt.com

Antheon is published yearly at the end of the Spring semester.
Submissions accepted all year round at Submissions@AntheonArt.com