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of
the Arts

2010



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Our Mission

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

President's Note

Dear Readers,

It is my pleasure to present this year's *Antheon* magazine through the tireless effort of all involved. The work showcased in this journal is a reflection of the talent and diversity that fills Kingsborough Community College and it was an honor to be a part of this publication. *Antheon* continues to push the limits year by year as the talent of my fellow students grow. This publication has become a staple for students, offering them the opportunity to be published artists and writers, gaining the recognition they deserve.

Almost two years ago I was brought into the student publication office. Since then I've photographed many events and created many friendships, making the Student Publications office feel like more of a second home filled with people I consider family.

This year has been a difficult one as we had a slow start in the collecting of submissions. We began to think that we wouldn't collect enough to fill this magazine, a fear that was soon allayed. With the help of club members and advisers, we began to receive a massive outpouring of student work.

That being said, there are quite a few thank yous that are much deserved.

I would first like to say, "Thank you" to all the talented artists and writers who submitted work. Without you this publication would not exist.

For his never-ending wealth of knowledge that helped to guide us through this year, I would like to extend a massive "Thank you" to Levy Moore, Director of Student Publications. His devotion to ensuring our success by being a remarkable adviser, teacher, and mentor to all of us will never be forgotten.

Robert Wong, our Office Manager, who kept us on track at all times and making sure everything ran smoothly and answering any question we may have had.

A special thank you to all of our outstanding advisers. Professor Brian Katz, *Antheon's* Literary Adviser who kept us on top of deadlines and offered recommendations. As well as Professor Kristin Dermanova who assisted our student designers, Tamara Abelishvili and Anastasia Kharchenko, in producing such a beautiful and original layout.

I would like to extend a special thank you to my fellow club members. My Vice President, Keily Pena and Secretary, Alana Ruiz, who combined their efforts and remained dedicated to getting student submissions. Thank you for devoting many hours to contacting clubs and spreading the word of our journal one class at a time. Thank you to my Treasurer, Kevin Jiang, who assisted me with everything including shouldering some of my burden as President.

It was more than a pleasure to have worked with such talented individuals. I'm thankful that I was fortunate enough to have spent this time with you all. We worked hard and the outcome was more than worth the time put in.

I would like to congratulate all of our published artists and writers on producing such stunning work. This is only the beginning for all of you. Finally, I want to thank the KCC Association for the funding without which this publication would be impossible.

Lastly, to our readers, fellow students, faculty, and staff, we sincerely hope you enjoy this issue. Thank you all for your continued support of our award winning *Antheon* and all it has offered students over the years as one of the best publication at Kingsborough.

Jordan Mateos
President of Antheon

Design and Layouts

Tamara Abelishvili
Cover, Table of Contents, President's Letter Page, End Page, Interior Pages:
(1-2, 9-10, 11-12, 15-16, 21-22, 23-24, 25-26, 29-30, 33-34, 35-36, 37-38, 43-44, 49-50, 53-54)

Anastasia Kharchenko
President's Letter Page, Title Page, Interior Pages:
(3-4, 5-6, 7-8, 13-14, 17-18, 19-20, 27-28, 31-32, 39-40, 41-42, 45-46, 47-48, 51-52, 55-56, 57-58)

Art Director

Kristin Derimanova

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Literary Supervisor – Brian Philip Katz
Poetry Adviser – Amy Karp
Senior Faculty Advisors – Tom Lavazzi, Eben Wood



ARTWORKS ON THE SPREAD BY
Teague Smith

Red Sleep

Olga Kulynska
Harmony

Many lives were switched
To create, to live, to rhyme
What causes violence?
The answer: violent minds

The shadow, the lights
Different views, people judge
Color of skin is nothing
Compared to minds
"Hip Hop Causes Violence"
The statement that is squeezing
The talented minds that cut off breathing
Look inside of yourself and compare
What color is your mind?
Your mind, pure white as light
The judgmental words
Of discrimination are dust
But this statement is everlasting
What color is your mind?
Your answer is inside
Destroy the stereotypes
Live, love, rhyme



Devil Dog



Henry the 8th



She Is



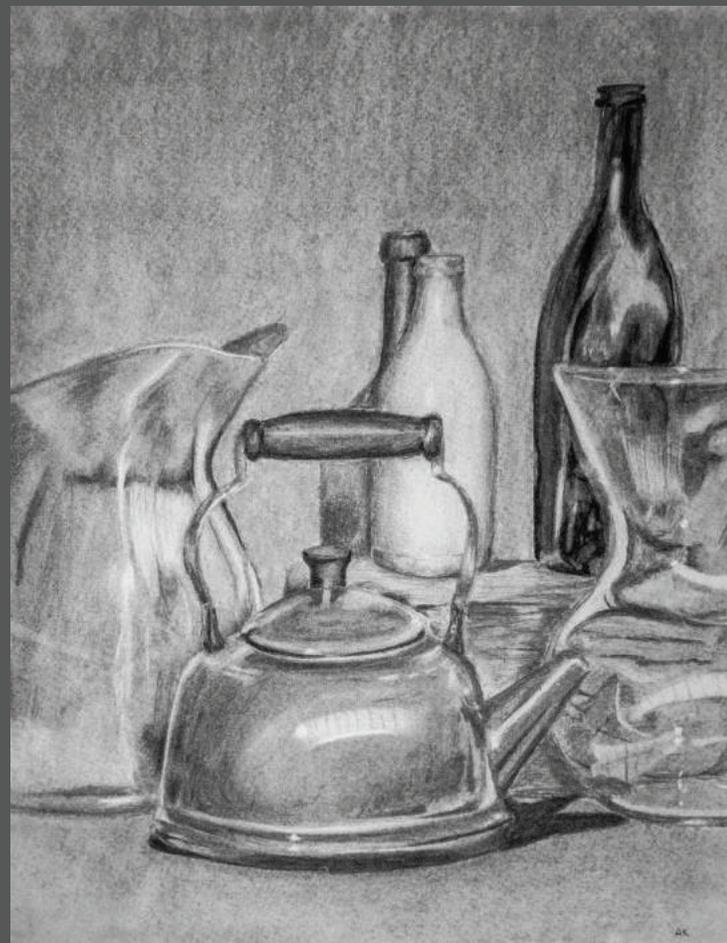
*Kristine Materosyan
Charcoal Drawing*

*Artan Ljukovic
I'll Love You in an Hour*

You told me not to rhyme,
You told me not to make sense.
I told you roses are red,
You told me they were just plants.
I told you, "I like your hair today."
You asked me, "What about the day before?"
I told you that it's been a long day.
You told me it only lasts twenty-four hours.
Then I told you I love you.
And you said, "It's only been a short hour."

*Gamal Abdu
Thank You*

I miss you like there's no tomorrow
and even so, there's still tomorrow
and many more after that
see I connect you with the sunrise
and you remind me of the sunset
and so the hours in between
are always long and bittersweet
if you aren't art, you ought to be
see I can't drink you out of me
and I can't shake this confidence
you made me something I wasn't



*Anastasia Kharchenko
Kettle*



Yu Jing Situ
Van Gogh

Krystle Cabrera Untitled

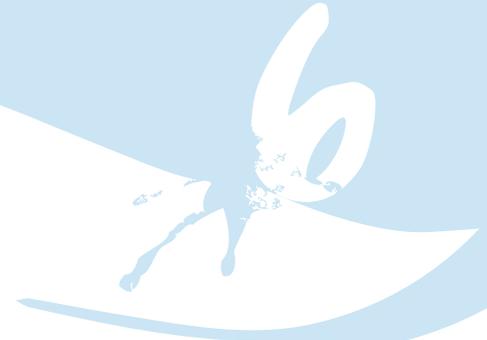
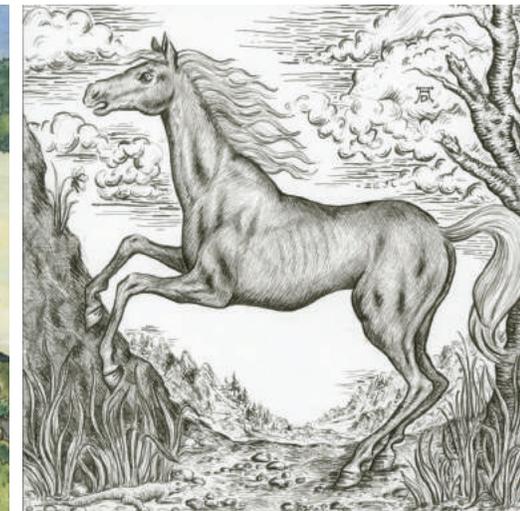
The walls are closing in
The floor gives up on me too
The view from the window
With fog so thick I
Can't see the stars

With no floor to hold me
No walls to support
No view from the window
Why I can't
Remember this place

Betrayed
Even by these four walls
I thought I knew so well

I can't give up
I need another place to stay
Where I can see clearly to the moon
Where I get support from the walls
When I lean on them
And I can walk
Straight to my front door
To lock all faces of dishonesty
Out, Once and for all.

Elena Archer - Illustration Styles



Sharon Ly Haikus

1 The hot sand above
abandoned by visitors
then swept away by the tide.

2 The green grass turns brown
life continues with the world
decked in fall colors.

3 Orange red blues and
greens a kaleidoscope of
colors that is spring.





Miriam Cynamon
Inside Out

Louis Gomez Revival

This may sound crazy to you but you done made a monster out of me
you fail to realize all those nights you was out I would be
plotting an escape route til about 3
dreaming of being free
spent all my other time working and saving cause it was important to me
to get off this sinking ship, I'm aborting
oh wait I forgot if I'm recording—this
because I want you to play it back I know you'll be pissed
and it's about time cause you deserve it
unrealistic expectations you can't expect a man to be perfect
but enough about that back to the story I was telling
you must've thought I was stupid and wouldn't notice you selling
all my favorite CD's
now you'll never see me
cause after I write this I'm packing my stuff and racking up
for a final game of pool
but see you're the 8 ball and I'm the Q
and no I don't mean that as black or white
what it means is when I leave you it's gonna hit your heart so precise
sharper than that knife
that you used when you tried to cut me

looking back on it now I realize that I'm lucky
cause I'm cutting you loose before making that
lifelong commitment
yeah it could've played out different
but you was always tryna take advantage
nicest thing you ever did for me was one time you made
me a sandwich
yea I know that sounds so cliché
and like I said it could've all played out another way
but it's time to put those thoughts to bed and put your
mind in disarray
and go outside and catch a ray—of sunshine
because now I'm on my own for the first time in
a long time
I broke free, it's almost like a perfect crime
sitting and plotting those nights all along
musterin' up the strength while you did me wrong
but now it's time to work the plan we'll be even
cause when you get back you'll listen to the tape
but still won't realize the reason
I'm gone

Katherine Shopp
Self Portrait



Estoria Dent
Big Blue Couch

8



Kyristle Cabrera
Just Like

The batteries in this watch just died
just like you did, in me
It does not complete its job
Just as you couldn't
It did not want to stop
Just as you didn't want to leave us
forced by something you couldn't control
she didn't know it stopped
She still reads the time
as if it had never stopped ticking
She speaks to your picture
Just as if she didn't know you
were gone

But I know she knows
the watch is out of service
though she doesn't believe it
She's angry because she knows
someone did this
someone didn't replace
the batteries
She hates it
We hate it
It's worthless
as if it doesn't exist
Just like you.

Isaac Mazile - untitled

So i walked in grass
i stepped in shit
SHIT
it smelled like SHIT
i was so upset
then i wiped it off in grass
but the smell and residue remained
i walked upstairs straight to the bathroom
listened to my mom talk to the landlord in the living room
it was so ironic
the landlord of all people. there was shit on his land and shit on my shoe
he came for his shit while i scrubbed my shoe
i used everything i could to clean the shit off
it smelled so bad i didnt even want the shoe anymore
they were chopping it up and i heard some shit i didn't want to hear
but it made me even more aware
I REALIZED SHIT HAPPENS

and reminds me of other shit
i've stepped in...
i could clean up all that shit
or throw away the shoes,
which i'd regret.
i cleaned everything
now my shoes smell like Oxi Clean, Dawn, and Soap
fresh shoes or new shoes?
same shit



Liang Tian
Untitled



Louis Gomez

Definition

Sizeable presence
Determined stare
Deep brown eyes, dark hair
Confident walk, about his business like a teacher
Powerful vocabulary voices it like a preacher
But at times makes shy motions
Yet shows so many emotions
Not to mention he presents the notion
That there's something he's holding
Bottled up deep inside
Cause at times it's hard for him to hide
Been through battles and rattled
You can tell through his demeanor
At first glance could be somewhat leaner
And appearance a little more generic
He's rugged around the edges
But no one's perfect
You can tell there's more to him
If you only knew him
Most people see right through him
But when you get to know
You see past the mystery
His life is like an odyssey
But to most it sounds odd you see



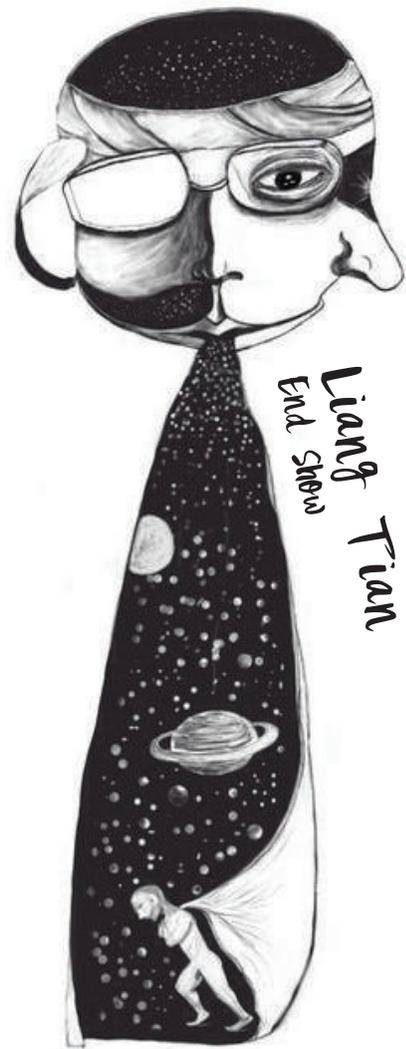
Tak Yiu Tong

Aries Scorpio

His passions and goals both typical and eccentric
His energy is electric
Persuasive enough to convince any skeptic
Can't size him up even if you use advanced metrics
His heart is too pure
Makes moves daily but never wants to cause a stir
No problem flying under the radar he's not about the praise
No problem being overlooked either way he isn't fazed
He's the underdog always grinds that's how he was raised
Been the man of the house since the earliest of age
Now he's ready for the stage
Been trapped for too long in his own mind
and it's time to break out the cage
Turn a new page
See he's harmless at the seams
Its true not everything is always what it seems
"Don't be so quick to believe what you perceive,
chase your dreams"
That's his motto
And he runs on auto
Like a motivator he will never quit
He believes he was built for all this shit
Hardships, battle scars, made it through thus far
Shaped to the man he is today
And he wouldn't have it any other way
Grind every day cause of what he's been through
If you only knew

12
Zhao Cui
Untitled





Liang Tian
End Show

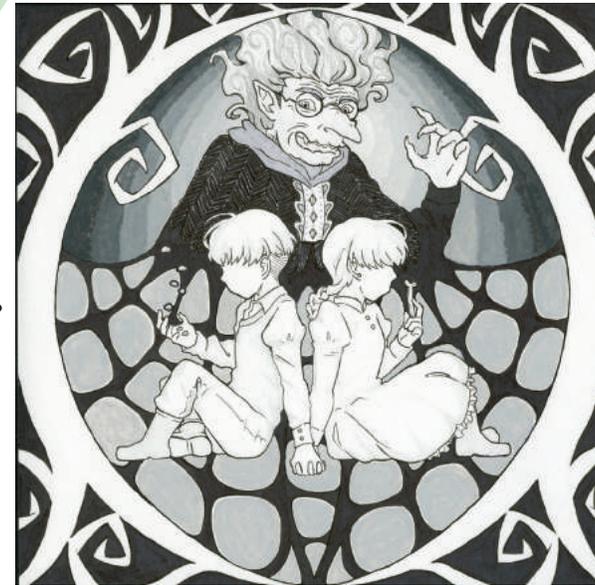
Gamal Abdu - 20

Father said "build your calluses,
love your dreams like i love you."
"My young man won't feel aches,
at least not the same one's i do."
Mother said "make me proud,
be a doctor, be something"
"can i play my guitar and sing?"
she said "there's no such thing."
Brother doesn't speak much
he is in that age,
he cannot be bothered right now
but one day we'll be friends, i can't wait.
Friends want the dream,
as bad as i do.
But i'm holding onto two speeding trains,
reaching separate tunnels soon.
Who knows how she feels,
but i do wish her well.
And sorry i could not tell her that,
i signal farewell.
I want the peace that comes from these
pieces,
all a part of me.
20 and running with no signs of stopping,
sewn into a dream.

Sharon Ly - Haven

The world springs forth with a flash of light
color splashing forth on the white
a verdant carpet and tall cliff walls
rivers, lakes, and waterfalls
the clear blue sky the warm sun's rays
a world in which you wish you could stay
run and play to your hearts content

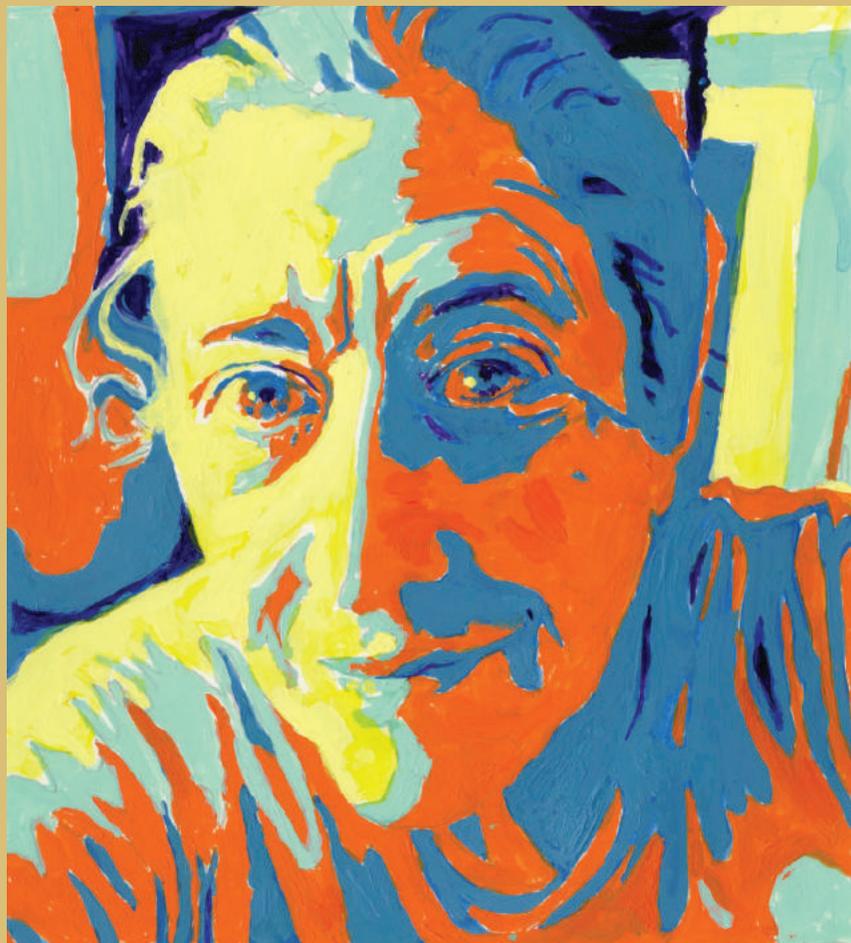
within it months years are spent
though seasons change from warm to cold
your little friends will never grow old
as the world begins to fade
waiting for you together they stay
in this world that you have made
until you come again to play.



Yin Yin Deng - untitled



Vivian Chin - untitled



Barbara Isralewitz
Self Portrait

Vanessa Augustin The Beat of the Drum

Bacia was from a small village in Uganda. She was well known for the many different drums she played every day. She never missed a beat; this is all she'd ever known to love: the drum. The men in the village would come to see her play. The Uganda men—well some of them to say the least—were always amazed and surprised to see such a woman who was bold enough to play the drums despite the way the women in the town would view her.

Many women felt she was a disgrace. Why would any woman want to play the drums? Was that not a job of a man to do? A man was supposed to play drums as long as he wanted to.

Bacia didn't care too much what anyone felt or said about her; she was happy with what she was doing. The feeling, sensation, the chills throughout her body, excitement, freedom, and empowerment



Caleb Bartley
Self Portrait



Zhao Cui
Untitled

were sensations she couldn't live without. Flows of rhythm with each tap: she could go slowly, then speed it up with each tap. She never missed a beat; she knew how and when to beat the drum.

But then Bacia's days of playing the drums seemed to be coming to an end. Asha, Bacia's mother, loved her daughter but wanted her to be a woman again and leave the life of the drums alone. Bacia was the only girl and the youngest out of 6 children. Although she did not care what others thought, she actually considered not playing the drums anymore to make her mother happy. So one day Bacia decided she would beat the drums just one more time and that would be her last.

As she moved to the beat of the drum
Tap Tap Tap goes her thumb
Excitement, Rhythm, Sensation, Freedom.
As she moved to the beat of the drum
Today is the last
All the drumming days shall rest in the past
Waiting patiently for my moment

I will claim this one for sure
Patiently waiting to aim
I will proclaim
Faster, louder,
TAP, TAP, TAP goes her thumb
Till she becomes numb
Today is the last
Will she survive?
She met me
Today is the last
Me? You ask
I AM H.I.V.
Today is the last
As she moved to the beat of the drums.



Gabrielle Navajo - Green

Ryan Nicotex Cinders

The dawn rose slowly over the little country house.

It was springtime; the flowers were just beginning to bloom once more in their yearly cycle of death and rebirth, the sun reigned proudly over the sky longer than winter's reign of the moon; it was the eve of May and all was beautiful.

Except her life. For the last fourteen of her short eighteen years, her life had been the same hell. With the break of dawn, her horror would begin. Her day would start while her stepsisters slept, warm and safe in their beds. At least those two horrid tormentors weren't up to darken the bright spring day for her. It would start, as always, with the sound of her stepmother screaming her name along with assorted curses. She would feed the little hens in the pen just outside of the house; their cocking heads, bobbing up and down, up and down: a reminder of the monotonous rhythm of her life thus far.

She would barely finish her chores when her stepmother would yell: "Harlot! Serve me my breakfast." And the "harlot" would obey. In truth, she was not a harlot; nor a wicked woman by any means. Her only crime had been to have been born the child of one, a young mistress her now-long-deceased father had taken, or so her stepmother had told her for as long as she could remember. Her stepmother was often quick to remind her of just how grateful she should be that she hadn't abandoned her, a whore's child, on the side of some backroad.

GREEN VS GREEN



-
- The answer is what **action** you take.
-

KBCC Eco Festival 2015
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Sometimes, she wished she had been abandoned. She didn't know what was worse – the verbal taunts, the jeers – her stepmother daily complained about how horrid her cooking was, and yet daily demanded it, and if she failed to deliver it on time, she was whipped – or the crack of the cat o' nine tails that had left many a permanent mark across her back. This life was hell, but it was all she knew.

Her day continued, sweeping the whole house while her stepmother rested and read. Her stepsisters would arise at noon (more often later) and the second stage of her torment would ensue. "Oh, look," Cruelina, her younger step-sister crowed: "The ugly duckling walks among us." And then the typical ridicule ensued – the mocking quacks of a duck echoed along the halls as she cleaned the little house.

Enough, she thought.

Had she been a different woman, and less of a lady, she wouldn't carry her torment so easily. But she did. She pitied her stepmother and sisters; pitied them their relentless hate and where it would carry them. But today...Today she could stomach it no further.

The day passed, and she served her step-mother and step-sisters dinner. "What a grotesque meal!" Cruelina commented. She only responded by nodding sadly. But inwardly, for the first time in her life, she felt something near to happiness. Soon, and very soon, she would be free. Free from this pitiful existence, free forever.

Jia Ju Ma - Green vs Green

She scanned the table and looked intently on the faces of her tormenters. “What are YOU looking at?” they asked her, but she was silent. She was taking in their faces, making a memory of their outward beauty, for tonight would be the last time she ever saw anything of them.

She sipped the soup and ate the bread she’d made, and smiled inwardly for the very first time. Tonight, this would all end. Tonight, she would know what freedom – a word she didn’t even know – would be. The plan was well crafted in her mind. She looked over from the long table at the little blooming flowers placed so sloppily in a vase. Soon, she too would bloom. All it would take was courage. Courage beyond that which she had ever known. She gazed over



Oliver Santana
Young Ursula

toward the long stairwell that led to the bridge to happiness. She finished her dinner, and began to prepare for bed.

She stood at the top of the stairs.

Indecision and the fear of what lay beyond the thin hallway of her narrow existence gripped her mind. Yet, the unhappiness of staying held much the same grip over her emotions and heart. Doubt and anxiety flooded her mind like poison through a vein, and she gripped the banister firmly as if it were a reassuring hand. All she knew, and for that matter, had ever known, was here, as painful as that might’ve been. Still, the alternative - the darkness that might lie ahead - seemed much more horrifying. Her emotions fired, her mind. Frenzied, her thoughts all jumbled up, in a decision made without any thought, she took a step, and gasped at what she’d done: she’d left the house without letting her stepmother know.

The sound of her footfalls had resounded through her ears like thunder, and her heart beat like a bass drum in her chest. Her breath came in ragged, windy, anxious gasps and froze before her in the chill of the night. Had her loudness awoken anyone, she wondered to herself, that they might know of her intent and try to stop her? As she watched her breath puff out before her like smoke, she shivered. It was winter, and oh, so very cold.

Cold. That was all she had ever known. The coldness of a stepmother beating an unwanted child by hand and by voice into submission. The cold sting of the cat o’nine tails when her chores weren’t completed to her stepmother’s liking. The dead, icy laughter of her stepsisters when she so often in the night



Laura Miller – Destiny’s Wish

wept at her plight. She shivered again at the memory. She could imagine their words and their laughter if they had seen her now, dressed in rags.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Drusilla, the older and crueler of her step-sisters, would ask, and before she could answer, she’d laugh and answer her own question, “Nowhere. That’s the only place you’ll ever go.”

She fixated on that thought and turned it over in her mind for what seemed like an eternity, and it filled her with heretofore unknown courage. She would show her stepsisters. She would show all of them. It was so very cold here, and perhaps it would be even colder where she was going, but that didn’t matter now. Her blood pumped hot, as if burning with an inner flame. The price of freedom was worth the peril and the cost. Her heart now thumped with defiant intensity, a rebel’s war drum.

And in one immortal, thoughtless moment, she leapt.



Sad Bobb Crazed Consequences

searing perpetual black crimson
adrenaline rushing through thee at full speed
treacherous fiend, seemingly golden to my vision

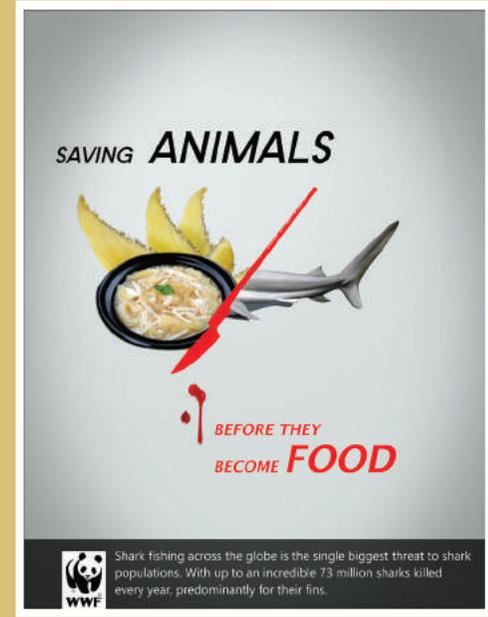
blinded to the disconnect, too late was my devotion given
dried up anguish in my chest cease to bleed
searing perpetual black crimson

born from lust, murdered by trust, without reason
here, I bestowed retribution for such a concocted deed
treacherous fiend, seemingly golden to my vision

though wounded, vigorous I stood, no longer stricken
no sympathies for fiends who slither in the dead of night, unseen
searing perpetual black crimson

tenderly I stroke thy, then slashing, stabbing is my mission
eagerly consuming thy cries, I must feed
searing perpetual black crimson

...dripping everywhere, all over me—scorned woman
now I lay exhilarated and freed
searing perpetual black crimson
treacherous fiend, seemingly golden to my vision



Saving Animals ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN BY
Jia Ju Ma

NETFLIX

A NETFLIX ORIGINAL SERIES

DAUGHTERS OF ANARCHY



ALL EPISODES
OCTOBER 22

Sofia Lingos
Anarchy

Djinno Voight Untitled

Riding bikes on the street with a person like me
He was in the Ms. Turners class, like me
He wanted to be a doctor, like me
He went got rejected by Sally, like me
A young man, like me

To me, he was like me

Riding, we get stopped by the cops
He pulls to the side like me
But the officer was only interested in me
To the officer, he wasn't like me

Questioned for stealing a bike
The victim and perpetrator, both me

Spent countless hours of wondering why,
I began to look around using the officer's eyes.

Looked down and realized
He wasn't black, like me

Timikia Waldron Global Impact

To honor you,
I dig with pride
Tools worn, broken, splintered
Clearing odd treasures
Tell me of a past time—
Leaves and twigs placed to the side—
I hope to keep
Beads of sweat, panting breaths
I fertilize my crooked rows—
tomatoes, mint and thyme to come—
Ankle deep in the stink of sheep
I think of warm tea on a cold night
Tomato soup with a hint of thyme
Waiting for spring to re-bring
The bounty within
Grow in size and repeat again
what time may never tell
of my husbandry
To make you whole again.



KEVIN MA
BLUE
AXV

WHAT WILL THE WORLD LOOK LIKE IN THE FUTURE?

SYNOPSIS - IT'S ABOUT INDIGO CHILDRENTM BELIEVED TO POSSESS SPECIAL UNUSUAL AND SOMETIMES SUPERNATURAL TRAITS OR ABILITIES. THE INTERPRETATIONS OF THIS RANGE FROM THEIR BEING THE NEXT STAGE IN HUMAN EVOLUTION. HOW WILL THEY USE THE POWER TO CHANGE THE WORLD?

COMING SOON

WWW.BLUEH.COM

Jia Ju Ma
Blue



SERIES OF ARTWORKS
ON THE SPREAD BY
Gabrielle Rios



Rios



Taurus



Cancer



Gemini

Isaac Mazile Untitled

Took a deep breath
a sound like dots
I imitate the dance of sun spots

And there it flew by
A funny looking guy
With wings of a fly
And a hat stamped "Mr. Y"

What If, he said
If I was only in your head?
And the boogie man slept in your bed?
And everything you saw was dead?
"Stop! Stop!" I pled
But it kept coming as it sped

What if the sky was under your shoe?
What if animals broke free and put humans in zoo?

What if space was really full?
And up above just spotted wool?

What if the Liberty Bell never cracked?
What if the Statue in the river was a Troy attack?

What if war in the universe ceased?
What if there was such a thing as world peace?
What if instead of fired you got praised
For not doing all the work you were supposed to do?
"O please I have one life to go!"
He flicked his wing, singing and crooning vamanos.

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Gamal Abdu I'm So Very Disillusioned

The subconscious deep satisfaction people must feel from school does not come natural to me.

It isn't knowledge or fear of it I'm put off by.

But more the sense of turning the pursuit of knowledge into a sort of timed competition

The best grades

The best programs

The best scholarships

The best schools

In reality I fully see the applications and functionality of it all.

School implicates the mindset of "if you want it, go get it"

I don't think there's anything wrong with that,

Except for the people who concerned with learning itself.

For them, it becomes less and less about griping and understanding the material and more and more about test grades and one sided papers.

Papers that are supposed to teach rhetoric and good communication but instead teach writing exclusively to please one personality or idea to continue on and on to the next grade, next test and next class.

I think there's that spark in all of us we hope to ignite in college and hope that we can finally explore all the questions that plague and excite us.

What we end up seeing quickly is that is rarely the case.

Gabrielle Rios House



What we end up seeing is that college, like every other institution, is narrow and rigid, a lot of the time unable to mold to your needs and thoroughly help your understanding of this world and your purpose in it.

And so we figure out quickly we must find it somewhere else.

This all sounds very needy and goes very against the "if you want it, go get it" mentality.

But my argument follows a simpler mentality.

We can argue life in essence is one whole "if you want it, go get it" mentality.

Everything from politics to art to science.

All fields open to you, not always by education, but your will to

pursue them, or passion for them.

Education should fuel your passions, create new ones, help you understand your passions so you can better pursue them and one day live a life of fulfillment, whatever that means to you. In theory, school is supposed to do this, but does it?

Is it a place where questions are always welcome and received as wonders?

Where you can truly understand a subject you always wondered about?

Where you can learn the positive and negative aspects about yourself and the world around you?

Not always. In fact, not most of the time.

Most classes are taught to standardized/and or board opposed test, most professors teach what is needed for that test and at the end off it, what we have to show for it is a rough around the edge knowledge of the material, a grade that's supposed to show the extent to which we know on the material and a credit that indicates whether we know or don't know the material.

If it's my job to educate myself and read up and write and look up information,

What exactly is college for?

To hear professors speak and scribble down as best as you can what they say?

To interchange opinions and questions with experts?

To be introduced to new ideas in a well guided and organized manner?

To find out what you like and don't like? Maybe.

Maybe all of the above.

But from where I'm standing, from where I'm sitting, it's hard to understand what all this is truly leading up too and ultimately what all this will translate too for us at the end.

It is a socially acceptable path to finding your way in life and so I will continue to try

to find my path within it.

But it is very hard to pave your own way In a place with pre-determined tracks and Paths set out for you.

Your "only" options as far as society is concerned.

We'll not mine. I like the dirt anyway.

Tamara Abelishvili - Fox



Julia Gnatkiv Pouring

Rain pours down
Just like my thoughts
Written on a page
Sending fresh ideas
My thoughts leaving
A path of hope in my eyes
For what the storm may bring
A mind, eager
For the rain to ease a soul
from the fear of what's to come
The rain drops like my thoughts
Ready to be poured
Maybe heavy or light
Falling down the pages
Knowing one day
I can run out
Of nothing to write...

29 "Save Lives" ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN BY Tamara Abelishvili



Julia Gnatkiv Outcast

Behind my tears there are lies
With every lie, a piece of me dies
Everyone stares at me with judgmental eyes
Tick... Tock' as the time flies, I hear more and more lies
Day by day I have to wear a disguise
Pushed around, my books on the ground
Chatters all around making one loud sound
As I reach for my books, someone kicks them around
I'm tired of this, lifting up from the ground
I'm being pushed back down, treated like no one
Running outside, feel the warmth of the sun
Come back here!" They shouted. Can I find my escape?
There will be no superhero coming to save me with a red cape
Running to the bus stop, looking behind me, in fear
I hear them coming, I wish it wasn't a school year
Coming home, my parent's ask " How was school dear?"
"The usual," I say. They don't really know what's going on
I am an outcast, could I erase myself and be gone?
Writing has become my friend along with music
It speaks as a helping-hand, it's there for me till the end
Back to school, I don't want to go, I don't even blend in
Always writing, reading, sitting in the back, I can't help but grin
I wish the stories I read or write could be real

Jessica Gallo Circle

First we fell in love,
Then your mask fell away like a glove,
Leaving me completely vulnerable and unloved
The fright of it was surreal
Leaving me to believe that your love was real
When in reality it was unreal
I finally got out of that pain
Worshipping the fact that my life isn't in vain,
Rejoicing everyday that I didn't go insane.
Finally, I found someone,
That someone that didn't make me feel like anyone,
Most of all, his everyone.
Now we start a new chapter in our life,
One that was created by surprise,
And now we soon get to be husband and wife.

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Caitlin Cevallos Untitled

Hello again
How well
I've never known you
How often we've done this

We've said hello
We've laughed
Embraced and parted yet again

Both knowing we don't fit
Like a blind person puzzling
Her reflection

We try to commit
We placate time despite the inevitable
Winter

Misunderstandings bloom
Lies are layered like the petals on a rose
We stroke the beautiful outer petals while
Inwardly decaying
We nurture the stem
Knowing what comes

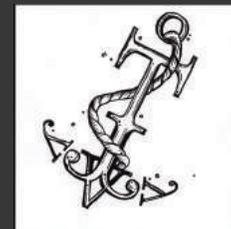
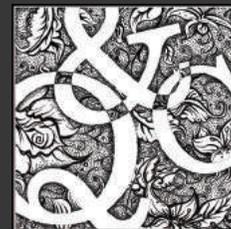
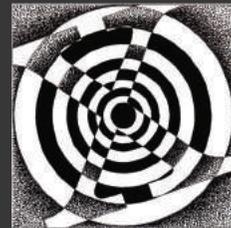
Cries and yells
Then we say hello again

Edwin Fung – A Separate Peace

As he looked out onto the world in front of him, he noticed a tiny glimmer of sparkle hidden amongst the dirt and gray floor. He couldn't help but notice the sparkle getting brighter with each and every step he took towards it. Standing directly above the glimmer of light, he leaned over and picked it up.

Just two hours before Alex discovered this spectacular light in the dirt, he was living his monotonous yet ordinary life. In the morning, he would open his eyes to his ceiling fan whirring a soft buzz. His windows would be open just enough for it to be chilly; which caused Alex to pull his blankets up to his chin. Three, two, one.. three loud knocks come at his door.

"Alex..! Time for you to wake up!" Can she ever be just a minute late? As he struggles to get out of the warmth of his blanket, he hears his sister gossiping to her friends about some boy in her math class. The tiresome



Jia Ju Ma
Letter Composition

day had just started; was it really necessary? Who really cared if he took her toy during class and never returned it? And so what if that was her favorite toy of all time? Do all of your friends need to know? Sure Mom, go buy her another one. Like you always do.

Why doesn't anyone care if my toy goes missing? Why doesn't anyone call me at 8AM to ask about my day that hasn't even started? Why won't Mom talk to me about anything besides those three knocks in the morning?

As I listen to the chatter of my sister's stolen toy, the constant knocking on the door, and the buzz of the lawnmower outside, I thought of the upcoming day. It was fascinating that I was able to predict my each and every move. Suddenly, all of the hectic sounds of the morning had gone silent. And I had found myself in silence and in peace; just in my own thoughts.

Aliona Ravlov – A Side-Street Romance

“I should have said something! God, why didn’t I say anything?!” yelled Jason.

“Cause you are an idiot. You’re walking down a street, you see a girl, you look her in the eyes and smile at her, she looks you in the eyes and smiles back, instant connection, then what? You ‘Hi. My name is Jason.’ It’s not that hard,” replied Ben, smacking Jason across the back of the head.

“I know. I know. Dammit! I’m so mad at myself for not saying anything. She smiled back; why didn’t I say anything? Now I’ll probably never see her again.”

“Well...”

“What? You have an idea?” asked Jason, a look of eagerness in his eyes.

“Well, suppose she lives close by. Then if you were to walk that way every day you might...”

“Run into her!” finished Jason. “Perfect. I’ll see you tomorrow then and we’ll walk down 86th street.”

“What do you mean ‘we?’ I never said anything about ‘we.’ I said you can go down that street everyday by yourself.”

“Aw come on Ben. You’re my best friend and didn’t I help you with Monica, Liz, and Kendra? You owe it to me.”

“Oh fine, but only if you treat for ice cream after.”

“You got it,” said Jason, grabbing his friend’s shoulder with a huge grin planted on his face.

“Why didn’t I say something?! I feel like such an idiot. Ugggg. Now that’s gonna bother me for the rest of my life. He could’ve been my prince charming, but I won’t know now ‘cause for once in my life I didn’t open my big mouth!” shouted Jess.

“Relax! You’re being too hard on yourself. Anyway he was probably a loser. Now, take a deep breath and CALM DOWN!” replied Linsie, being the level-headed one as always.

“Okay, okay. I’m calm. Okayyy,” said Jess as she let out a sigh, “Damn it!”

“Deep breaths.”

“I know. I know. But now, probably, I will never see him again, meaning I lost my only chance.”

“Well...”

“What?! You have an idea don’t you?! Ohmagawd! I love you Linsie. Whatsit?! Whatsit?!”

“Relax. Relax. All I was thinking is that maybe if the guy lives close by, he might walk that way often so...”

“If we walk that way everyday, we might run into him again! Linsie, you’re a genius!” cried Jess, jumping up and giving her friend a hug before running out of the room.

“No problem,” replied Linsie to the empty room, laughing at Jess’s eagerness.

“Do you think she’ll be here? What if she doesn’t come?”

“Chill, Jason. Stop acting like such a loser or even if she does

come you won’t have a chance with her.”

“So you don’t think she’s gonna show?”

“Man, why are you stressing out so much over a girl you know nothing about?”

“I don’t know. I just feel like...like I’m supposed to meet her. I don’t know how to explain it.”

“Whatever, man. Just try to calm down a bit, okay?”

“Hey Linsie. What’s up?”, said Jess leaning back in the chair, with the phone pressed to her ear.

“Not much. Can’t go for a walk today, huh?”

“How’d you guess?”

“Well considering the fact that you sound all sad and pathetic? Haha. Relax hun. We’ll get a chance.”

“But it’s been five days since I saw him and we still haven’t had a chance to go. Tuesday I had to go to the dentist, Wednesday we had karate, Thursday I went with you to your sister’s graduation, Friday was our last final, and today I’m at the doctor with my aunt. It’s like Fate is against me,” and with that she let out a long, melodramatic sigh.



Pazia Marcelo
Cloisters



Katherine Shorr
Future Mr and Mrs?

“Dude, she’s not here. Why isn’t she here? We’ve walked this way almost everyday!” cried Jason as he sat down at a bench.

“You sound like such a child right now. Maybe you should just move on. Maybe she doesn’t live around here.”

“That would really bring my chance to meet her to zero,” Jason said somberly.

“Yes, it would. Maybe its true what they say: you only get one chance at true love,” reasoned Ben.

“Who said that?”

“That I don’t know. Since when do I pay attention in English?”

“Wouldn’t that be Philosophy?”

“Whatever it is. Like Plato said: a boring class is a boring class.”

“Nice,” said Jason, rolling his eyes.

“Okay, so we’re finally going,” said Jess, walking down the street.

“Yup.”

“And I might meet him.”

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“Uh-huh.”

“And then we might fall madly in love. And then we might live happily-ever-after,” said Jess dreamily.

“These are a lot of maybes.”

“Don’t be so negative.”

“Excuse me? Who was all ‘Ohmagawd what if we meet and he hates me?,” said Linsie, laughing.

“Well I don’t think he’s coming”, said Jess seriously, planting herself down on a bench.

“Maybe not. Why are you making such a big deal over this guy anyway?”

“I don’t know. It’s just like I have a strong feeling that I was supposed to do something, supposed to say something. I just feel like I have to set things right. I don’t know. That sounds pretty stupid, doesn’t it?”

“Yup, but I still love ya”, said Linsie, grabbing Jess in a side-hug. Next moment Linsie received a text message. “Jess, you know I would love to stay longer but my mom needs me to get home to babysit my baby brother.”

“Your dad had another last minute meeting?”

“Ya know what, I don’t even know what’s going on with him anymore. Both my parents are acting like they’re from another planet.”

“You don’t think anything’s going on do you?”

“Nah, I’m sure it’s nothing.”

36



Shaila Mishan
Swirly

37

Shaila Mishan

Shaila
Moonlit

"Oh damn, my bus is coming. I'll call you tonight, Jess", yelled Linsie as she rushed to the bus stop halfway down the block.

"Guess it's just me. Might as well go home," Jess mumbled to herself.

"I'm giving up. Fate is against me," said Jason kicking the wall of his apartment building.

"Seems so."

"You can be so such a jerk"

"Yep."

"I'm hanging up now. I gotta head to the store and get some milk before my pops wakes up."

"K, later man."

Next Jason went to the deli next by his apartment building.

"Yea, Mom. I got Dad's milk. I'll be home in five. Okay, bye," said Jason, snapping his cell shut. He turned the corner, onto 86th street, and started walking home. He ended up bumping right into—

"Oof!" cried Jess as she was bumped into head on by some idiot, who didn't look where he walked, but then again neither had she.

"Sorry," she heard a voice say. As she looked up, she was surprised at who she saw.

Susan Sternfeld
Union SqPaztia Marcelo
Pillar

"You—!" they both exclaimed at the same time.

"Um, hi."

"Hi. I'm Jason."

"I'm Jess."

"Um, sorry for bumping into you."

"Oh, no problem. It was partly my fault. I should really pay attention when I walk," said Jess.

"It's fine. Um, listen. I know this is pretty random, but would you like to grab something to eat?"

"Now?"

"Yea."

"Sure," said Jess as they both smiled.

"I just gotta make a quick call."

"K."

Jason walked a few steps away, dialing his home phone.

"Hey, Mom. It's me. Listen. I ran into someone so I'm gonna be a bit more than five minutes, okay? Yea. Thanks. Bye," said Jason.

"Girlfriend?" asked Jess as he walked back.

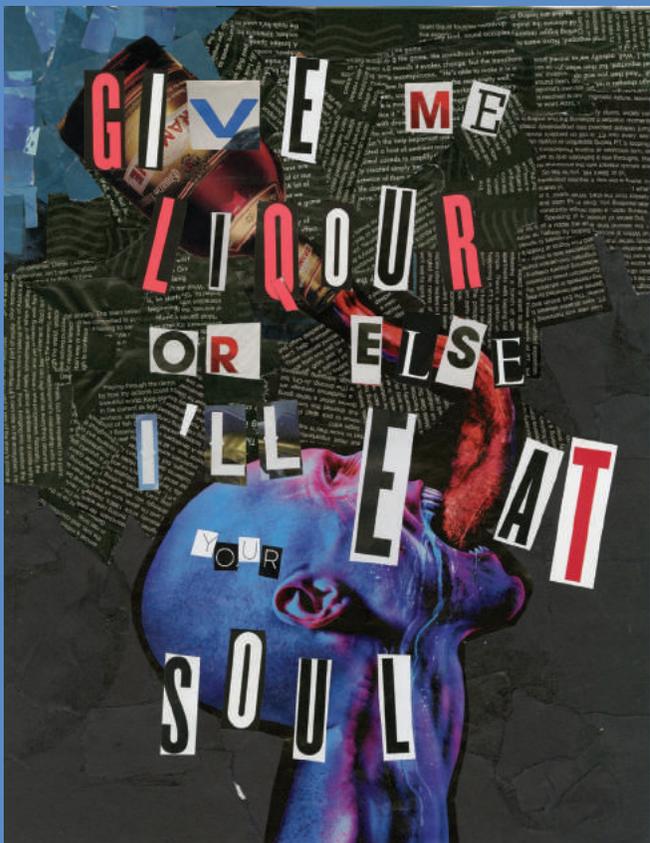
"No, my Mom. You? I mean, do you have a boyfriend?" replied Jason, falling over his words.

"Not at present."

"Cool. You like bagels?"

"Bagels sound Good."

38



Diamond James
Untitled

Louis Gomez Drive

Just a man on a mission
 Just a man and his vision
 Always knew I wasn't common
 Was never one to just sign a petition
 Always wary of the competition
 It's just me
 Every day that passes I'm just trying to be
 Better than I was yesterday
 Even if it's by the smallest margin or smallest way
 That's what works for me and makes me free
 From climbing constant hurdles and doubts
 Trying to be all I can be
 Cause I want it all and to own it not a rental
 In a rush now it took long enough to realize it's all mental
 Now that I got the blueprint it's time to fulfill the potential
 On the success train my destination is to be influential
 Holding higher standards for myself than anyone could call for
 Cause I've seen some of the ugly this world has to offer
 It wasn't a rosy childhood by any means
 Going through metal detectors trying to mend
 a broken family not even in my teens
 Lots of nights spent having nightmares not dreams
 But was blessed to wake up and start brand new
 After all in the moment we're the sum of what we've
 been through

But I wanted to change that to make it better quite frankly
 Now progress is an addiction and it's what strengthens me
 And when I make it doubters will think its blasphemy
 How someone could rise from such catastrophe
 And few will be glad to see
 To witness
 For me what's always been there is a pen,
 paper and form of fitness
 Working out is my sanity
 Pushing the limits to find what I can be
 Those are my greatest forms of expression
 Came all this way so far it's a blessing.

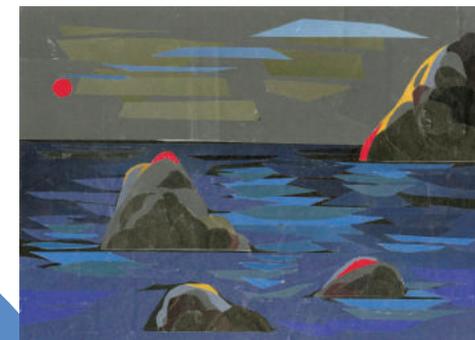
Sharon Ly Haikus

1 Pushed and hit with force
 but there is no fighting back
 as the tide recedes.

2 The spring of rebirth
 amid the summer nightmares
 together we fall.



Elena Archer
Untitled



Shani Uchida
Red Moon

Davidas Kolkinas
Dastardly Defiance

Walking through a land filled with savages
Ritual having, cut bland from the hand and hope that it vanishes
Talking brew only real love like a mattress is
Habitual dabbing in the mad, like your match is pissed
A bad bachelor gift, moving on from the life she lived
Like a tree rooted strong, no catch the branch is stiff
The blood of Dracula lifts, these poor weary spirits just drift
Reflection less and free, never wrong and won't be missed
Vacant throne, Vatican sent wish a pawn a Regal
All the roads are bad again, yet the savior's for the people
Bacon got bones to pick in a pig pen, prime crime time to spawn a sequel
Bad anecdotes, but they're for a bargain Doomsayers dance with Devils
The feeling is feeble, like the sun sets and some day soon to expire
Words marked for a present, yet you can't get upset for not getting it prior
Strapped in a chair peaceful, patient hoping inspect the lethal needle admire
Defiance of deceitful dark descent, defect from neglect in effect resurrect the desire
Cut grass but they're in sheep's attire goods are under priced at the cost of opportunity
Dead end a deal, insecurity growing vice in the community leaves in gratuity
Before you enlighten we require you meet the supplier, but think twice prudently
Bread for the last meal, raw chill like ice on nudity beautifully running with lunacy
Stuck on the last word of the eulogy, hearing a recording of a familiar post mortem
Dark was the night, cold was the ground, crowned the winter whisperer forever immortal
Perfecting problems with continuity, lone voyager consider with a golden vinyl for a final chortle



Gabrielle Navaro - Arch



Jieying Tang - Royal Paws



Christon Solomon - Smoking Gun

Strike a chord in spite of the mound, stoned in suspense with sinister intent awaiting autumn
Dim the light for those dying of boredom, take you home on the lone black train of thought
Let alone disown the whole tone, better known for the moan of the moment when it's bought
Can't purchase the worthless that's an odd sum, awesome pardon the margin of me prone to arson and distraught
Turns out loose parts are larceny left unknown, rule of thumb can't atone 'till the fingers get caught
Not all night is for naught, forgive me if I forgot you in the wreckage of this world
But mercy merely makes me thirsty, to mistakenly mention the message hidden in a pearl
Spinning till the begging like what the cog brought, minutes spring in to seconds the twirl of words ready to hurl
Summer waters may be murky, vestige the image never mind the blemish don't end it for a boy or girl

43

44

Timikia Waldron
Cat's Cradle

Quiet streets
Neighbors secure inside
Black garbage bags
Piled one on top of the other
Born in summer
Died in mid-fall
Your body laid motionless
Tire tracks
Wandering
splash red
Silence
Heavy footsteps
Siblings quiet on the porch
No church bells
No bleach
Clean streets
Nearly a week
Twenty degrees colder
The stain remains

45



Lu Xue
Neko Type



Lu Xue
Untitled



3 Pushed and hit with force
but there is no fighting back
as the tide recedes

Sharon Ly
Haikus

1 Dark skies the light rain
taps gently on my window
as I fall asleep

2 Refreshing breeze
sweet yet salty air reminds
me of summer's end

46

Jordan Brothers Are We Safe?

Blazing blasters only spitting out the hottest lead
Not living life right will decide how your life will be lead
Cold and dead, yep you heard what I said
You might swim with the fishes that's how fishes are fed
My complexion being a threat is one thing I will not forget
But I want to put this anger to bed
America should be united instead we separate the blues
and the reds
Democrat against republican, it's amazing that we are
still functioning
What the hell are the people behind the scenes covering?
I have many questions that will have Steve wondering
Snitch twice you die, life is even harder than dry rice
Boys would put in jail and keep you for knowing your rights
They don't give a fuck when they're mad, you know when
they tight
Instead of the arrest they normally fight with their
brutality actually
I tell truth but I'm no deity that does alchemy
Am I right? Don't they seal people in cells until they
lose eye sight
Why must things have to be black and white?
Hey why do you have to try ruin my life?



Katherine Shorrr
Tibetan Monks



Susan Sternfeld
Hare Krishna



Susan Sternfeld
Cold Hard Ground



Noemi Lopez
Forgotten India

49

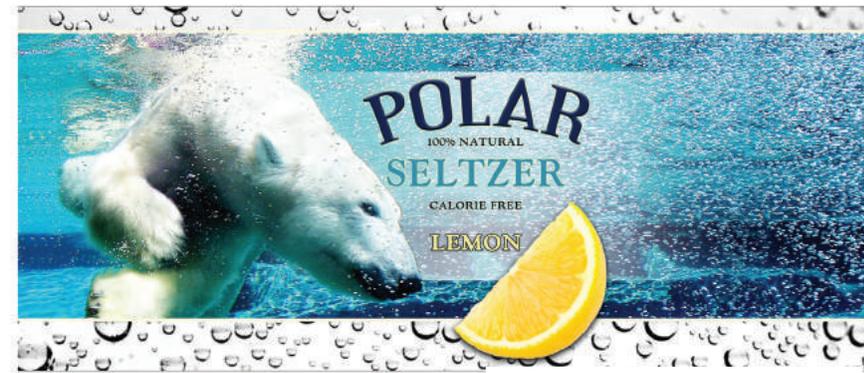
Sad Bobb
"It's for your own good, Jewel."

Relentless waves
On going movement
It paves
No way – confinement.
Just silence
A sanctum's nemesis
Aliens only see
The pretense
That Jewel knows – here.
Where died Genesis
No one should bear.
Seemingly comfortable abode
Fitting of her highness
Yet cold
Deathly gloom
Snail pace to senselessness
Despite her bloom

50

R. Davis
The Moon and the Ocean

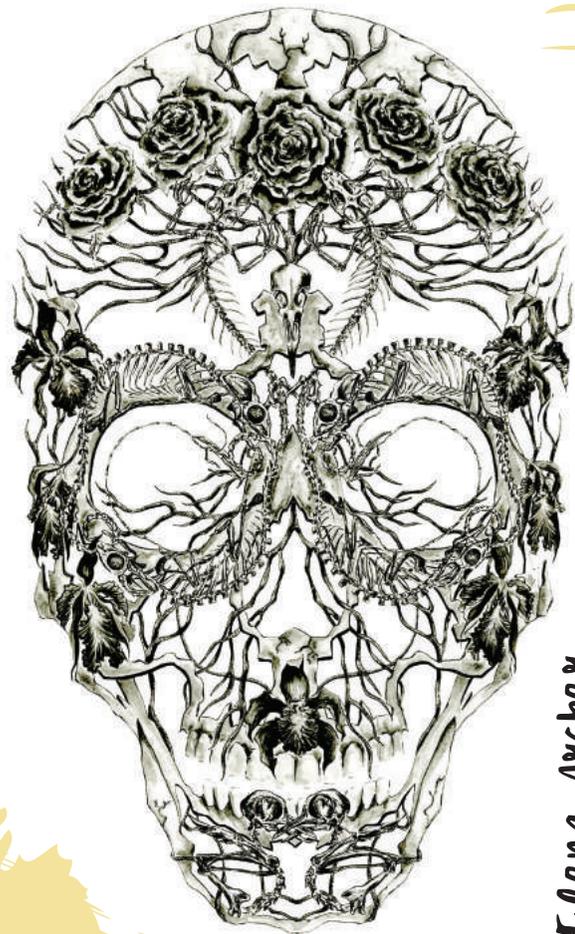
Me and you are like,
The moon and the ocean,
Our bond is stronger than the currents of the
Ocean. And at times,
We have our tides,
But in the midst of it all,
The moon shines
Bright, through the
Night,
As you reflect in my water,
You see through my
Darkness,
In the darkest of nights,
You never seem to leave my side,
Your light fill every gap of
Loneliness, that I feel inside,



Laura Miller
Polar

At times my banks overflow,
But it seems to never bother you,
As the moon drifts in the depths of
Space, You pull me in closer,
You saw things in my ocean that no one else
Saw, your glow,
Shed light on all the glowing and wonderful
Creatures, that are inside of me





Elena Archer
untitled

Laura Armour I'm Breakable!

They say everything happens for a reason. So what's their reason? What's my reason?

Why is it that when we look different people treat us differently? When I look in the Mirror I see me, not you. Different from others, yes, aren't we all different? A special uniqueness is what I got. Maybe I stutter a bit and that scar on my face is a little "nasty" as you call it. Why not treat me like others, all I'd like is to be treated normally but what exactly is normal?

Growing up is supposed to be fun and a time to learn new and exciting things; a learning experience. What if all you've experienced is negativity? What if you're always the one left out? "I don't want to play with you; you're weird; I don't like you; here comes anger issues..." the list goes on and on. I close my eyes and I'm flooded with memories. Good memories – not for this girl.

I show up all disheveled, ready to play. My hair is a mess; long and unkempt. It's a miracle I can even see. The outfit alone told the story of a long, restless night. How could a child already carry the weight of the world on her shoulders? I'm here ready to play, ready to start my summer vacation. I feel it, today is my day. A day of new beginnings. So what if my shirt is wrinkled and my socks don't match. They'll accept me. I want so desperately to be accepted, just this one time. I know what I'll do - I'll greet them

by name! That should help. Here goes nothing... umm here goes everything!

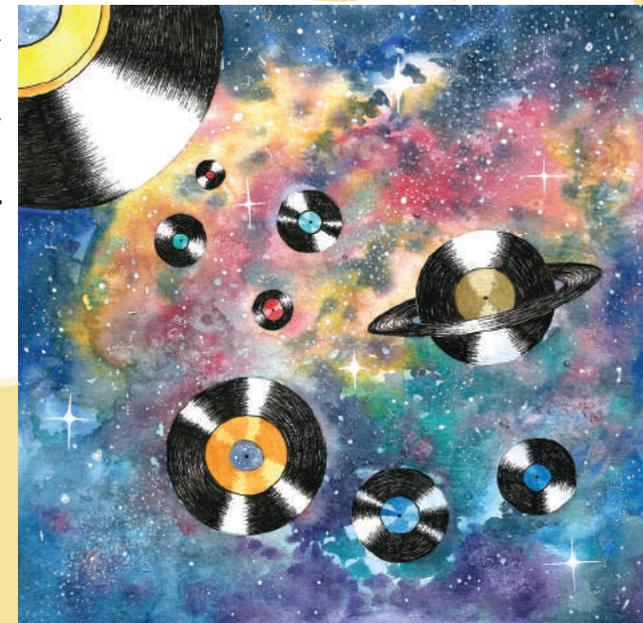
As I approach them, I'm confident, smiling face and all. I've convinced myself things will be different. Too bad for me the faces on all the kids told a different story. The look... the look in their eyes said it all. Not one of them wanted me here. The outcome isn't what I've hoped for. Oh, why are these kids so cruel, how come they don't like me?

I approach, I'm ready to greet Jack but that's when the whispering started. "What is SHE doing here? Who invited spastic? If she stays, I go." All I want is to fit in. Play the same games they are playing. Why do they choose to pick on me??? I'm not as bad as they think. If they only knew... oh wait do they know? I shake the thought from my mind and enter another. If I'm not allowed to play, then no one is going to play. It's not as if they own the field! I have a right to be here too. And yet it begins... the repeated verbal abuse. It continues, and I can feel myself getting upset. The demons are about to escape. All it's going to take is one more "you're stupid" and I'm going to explode! I'll get back at them, I'll get their attention.

I open my eyes, I'm home. I'm in my room, in my safe place. Isn't it??? It's late, I hear the tapping on the wall; the whispers are getting a little louder "Are you awake? Do you want to play our secret game?" I try so nervously to fall asleep or at least pretend to be. If I'm sleeping they'll go away. The voices will stop and it will be a good night. I'm all alone inside. Is this really what life is about? No friends, no family, just me.

My mind is made up. It's not like anyone is going to miss me. Go on... I dare you, continue judging others based on appearances. Form your opinion based on what you're told. Here's a thought, try listening to what people don't say? Now do I have you thinking? What a thought huh! If you could answer that, then you'll know WHY. It's just easier to not listen. I disappear.

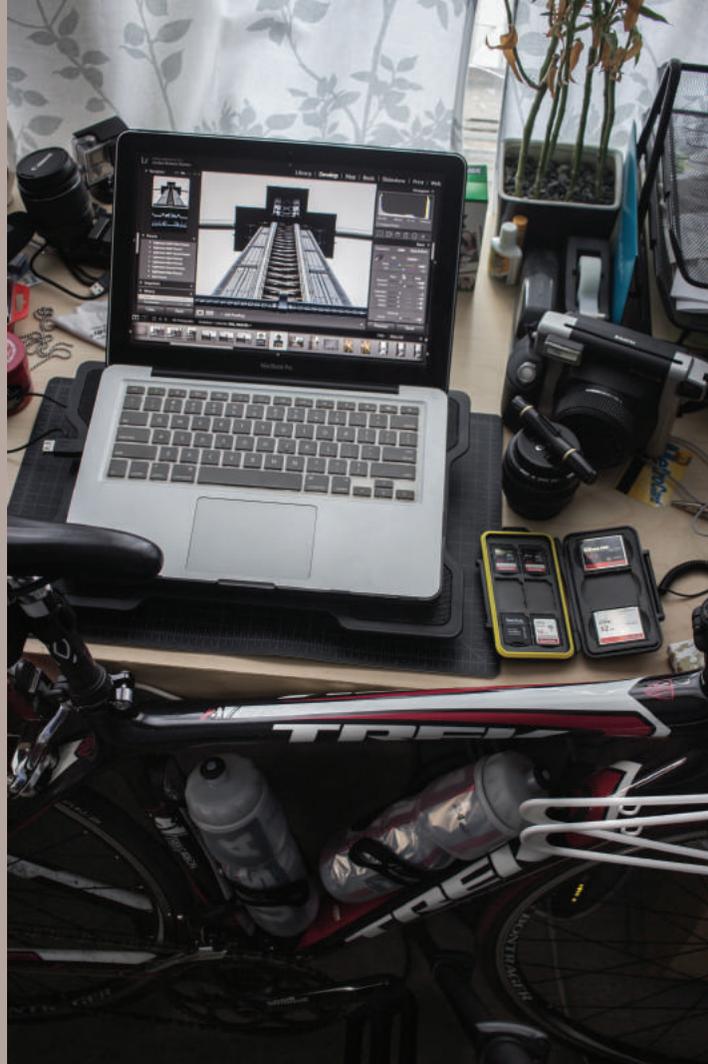
Anastasia Kharchenko
Space Records





*Jordan Mateos-Ramos
Bridge to the Other Side*

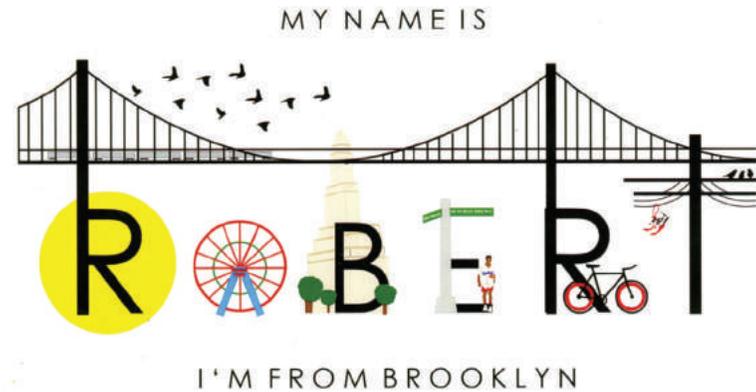
*Jordan Mateos-Ramos
The Photographer on the Go*

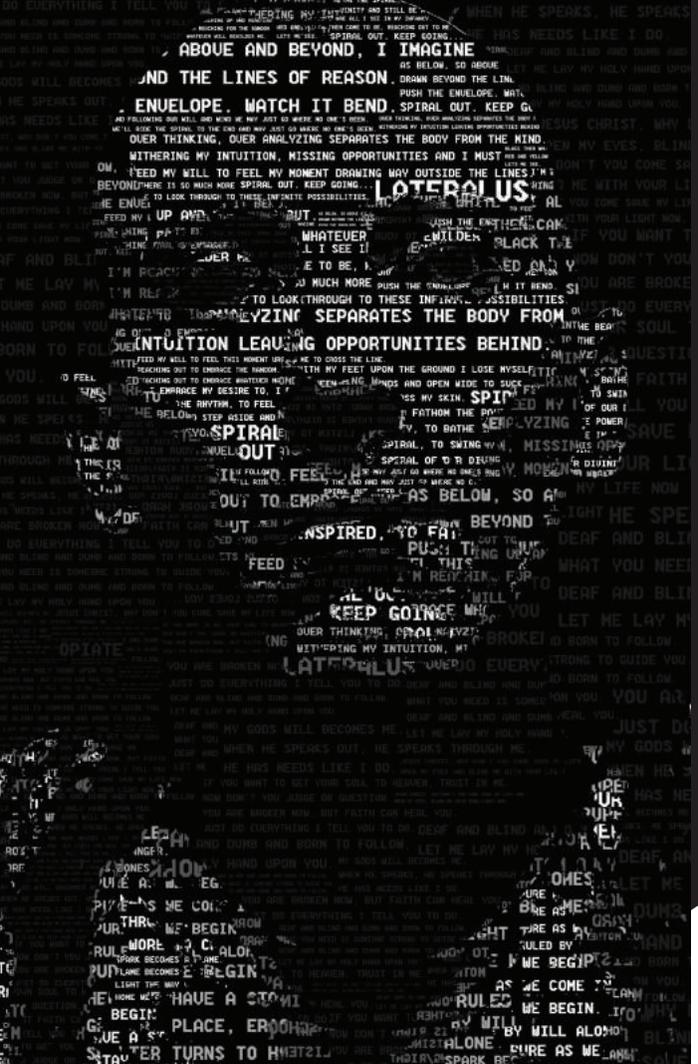


*Artan Ljukovic
Bridges*

We lived in the past with disregard for what the future held.
Recycling these feelings began to feel more like I was inhaling all that you exhaled.
And the closer we stood, the harder it was to breath and the further away I wanted to be.
So I began burning the bridges that held us together. Standing amidst all the smoke and ash
I finally remember what it was like to breathe.
I've become a drifting island, yet every now and then the ashes of those bridges wash up on my shores.
The past never seems to fade but since the dust has settled, the future is clear.

*Robert Morin
Brooklyn Bridge*





Laura Miller
Tool

Isaac Mazile
Untitled

Stitch your mouth,
Stretch your ears,
Understand
Before you "what?"
Be careful of what you do,
There are no-more wooden huts.
"It" watches over us,
Shackled in cyber cuffs.
Slaves to the dead,
Core heads,
In God We Trust.

Metal Pass,
Released Gas,
Beware,
What's in the grass?
So little yesterday,

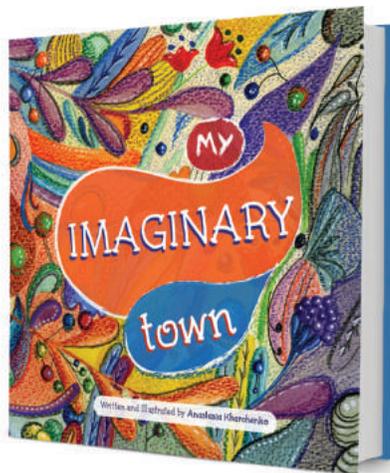
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Today,
Goliath's mass.
Trapped in the stash,
As we sleep,
Umbrella glass.
Only one-way out,
The infinite meter dash.

Rest your weary fingers,
Stare in the eyes of night.
Soon it will appear,
Dwarf dim specks of white.
Every breath a star is born,
As another hits the site.
You either dim or you fight
Grab hold of the blinking light.

Lu Xue
Hansel and Gretel





Katisha Cozier Sentiment 33...

you said your goodbyes
but you said it in a nice way
but I hate goodbyes,
so I'm gonna cry anyway
I guess I was hoping
that our love would make you stay

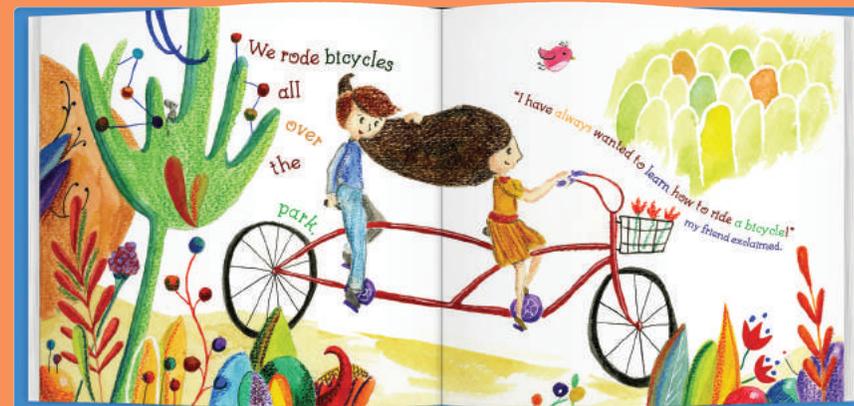
ARTWORKS ON THE SPREAD BY

Anastasia Kharchenko
Imaginary Town



Kwanick Allison Identity

Look at me with my dark skin
Outside the "normal neighborhood"
Can I fit in?
Exiting the residence, insecure
Looking at different faces
Wondering about their true intentions
Who knows, they're skeptical
Mumbles of rage from outsiders inside
Communication skills bridge us apart
Is that enough?
White Collar careers
Might be the answer
Or not
Diversity – a key to learning
The separation of underdogs
You are not alone
Look at me with my dark skin



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