

Kingsborough Community College  
The City University of New York

**Antheon**<sup>2020</sup>  
A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

**VOL.26**



## PRESIDENT'S NOTE

What an amazing year it has been! A year full of new beginnings and successful accomplishments. And it is all thanks to you, our wonderful readers. Our Antheon team would like to sincerely thank you for being the reason we are here. Without you, this art-journal would not have been published. Your hard work, dedication and most importantly love of art is the engine of progress and our source of inspiration. The amount of submitted work this year was unbelievable and it will always amaze me how talented you all are and how much you can achieve. Your efforts are always acknowledged and appreciated.

As a President of Antheon, I am extremely thrilled to have had the chance to work with so many great people and had such a remarkable experience. Being president not only taught me time management skills, but helped me think outside the box and come up with new interesting ideas. This year's issue was a product of truly hard work and is completely different from the previous year's design-wise. It was a privilege to be a part of such an amazing journey.

Thanks to Antheon, I met so many great people. One of them is the Antheon's Art Director - Kristin Derimanova, who tirelessly helped us along the way

and always encouraged our ideas. She was the one who saw potential in me and recommended me for the presidency, which I am forever grateful for.

Special thanks to Troy Welch, who designed the journal with me and was always supportive and helpful. This magazine took months of our hard work and we are immensely proud of it.

I also want to thank Robert Wong (Office Manager), the faculty advisors; and Helen-Margaret Nasser (Director of Student Publications) for inspiring us and always ready to help.

We are also grateful to the KCC Association for the funding provided for this issue. Their support helped us make this magazine possible.

Most importantly, our Antheon team would like to congratulate all of you talented designers, artists and writers on being featured in this issue, as it is only the beginning of your path. Hope you enjoy this issue and the artworks as much as we do!

Violetta Brin  
President of Antheon

## OUR MISSION

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

## ANTHEON OFFICERS

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Treasurer – Carlotta Corbin  
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Office Manager – Robert Wong  
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Scan me



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

## MARYUM GARDNER

### London Summer

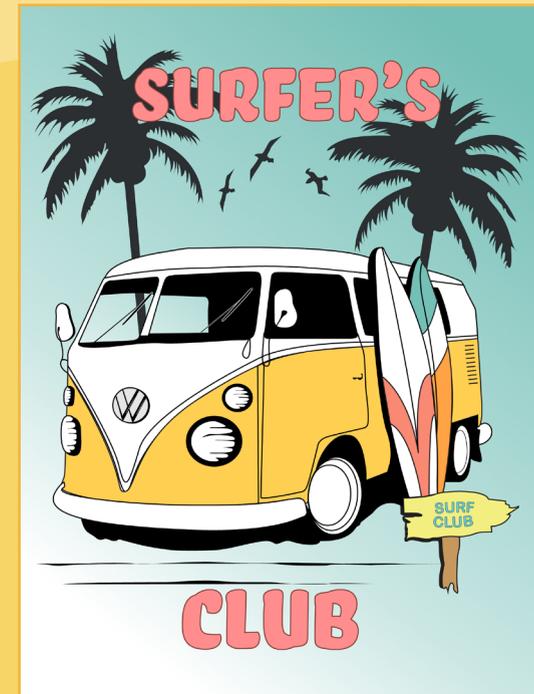
Ibrahim Campbell frowned, staring out the window. The July afternoon sun's rays have a golden hue that went along with the pale blue sky. For some reason, he couldn't figure out- Ibrahim felt incomplete, meaning he did not do enough of anything. But why are these stupid thoughts in his head anyway? Maybe he's bored. Well, he is eleven and going into his first year at the secondary school, so there is more awareness of what you do with your own time. He thought for a bit on what to do. His friend, Antoine was visiting relatives in France and Bilal was at his Quran lesson at the local masjid. Then, Ibrahim grabbed his Apple phone from his desk and went downstairs on the way to the garage. "I'm going out for a bike ride," he told his mother, "As-salaamu alaikum."

"Okay, but don't be out late," she said, "Wa-alaikum as-salaam." Ibrahim retrieved his orange, Schwinn ten speed banana seat bike and pedaled off to the park. Along the way, he listened to Silver Convention's "Fly, Robin, Fly."

At the park, Ibrahim got off his bike, removed his espadrilles and sat on the grass. Children at the playground area played on the swings, slides or the roundabout. At the picnic area, a family of five were having a barbecue and a group of hippie kids were hanging out near the woods- smoking, creating art, or music. Ibrahim let the afternoon sun take him in its warm welcoming rays. He switched his playlist to rocksteady, the notes of "Ba-Ba Boom" by The Jamaicans came steadily. Suddenly, for a moment, Ibrahim didn't feel irritated nor bored as if the negative emotions had disappeared. Both he and the author's minds were cleared. A clean slate.

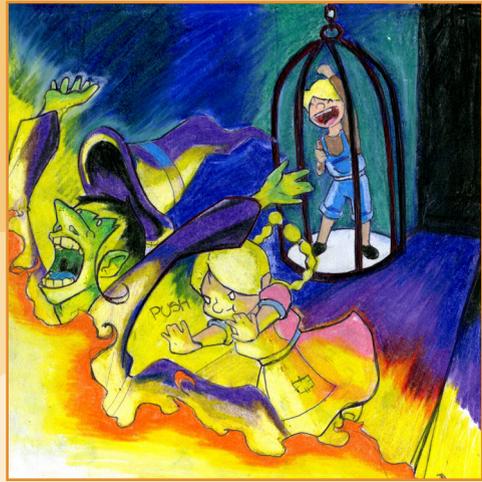
## VIOLETTA BRIN

### Summer Dreams



## VIOLETTA BRIN

### Surfer's Club



JAMAL SIMON - The Witch Is Gone

### CARLOS PENA

#### If Your Name was Angel, ch.1: Angel Pitee

The alarm was a reality siren warning of the impending day. She wasn't easily scared though, she had gone through too much in her life to let anxiety win today. (Add imagery of signs) All signs pointed to today being perfect for the summer dress her mother made. Her mom had always been thrilled by bright colors; "she looked like a starburst packet without the sleeve", she thought. Flowers though, were her mother's passion, lilacs, sunflowers, and roses, as long as it was vibrant and a plant, she immersed herself in it. Angel inherited that love for nature from her mother, and her mother clearly noticed. On her 18th birthday she had sewn her a beautiful dress, pure white, with pearls lining the



FAIZA KHALID - Hansel and Gretel

seems, and Angel's favorite flowers cascading throughout the dress. She had only worn it 3 times, but today she knew she needed her mother by her side.

"10 o'clock, damn it i'm late", she exclaimed to herself. Her mind kept on repeating questions left and right, "why did I look at my phone for so long?", "Why did I decide on heels?", "why does this guy... smell like nachos?". The train doors opened, the smell of the beach enticed her limbic system, Flashbacks flooded her thoughts and for a moment she stood there, reminiscing on her beach days with her mother, the sandwiches that she used to make,

"Salami con queso blanco corto fino y mayonesa. Angel pulled herself back into reality almost drooling through her thoughts. She remembered how nervous her mother used to get everytime she went into the deep end; with one breath she collected her thoughts, exhaling her flashback, "I don't have time, bigger things are waiting for me", she hummed her favorite songs while in the Q train, "Graduation here I come". Angel Pitee was a normal girl other than the fact that she wasn't, unless you asked her than she would immediately blush and explain how ordinary she was. She was more than ordinary. When she was younger she excelled in school, she was like a tape recorder, correcting her mom on events constantly. Her mom had told her she was too brutally honest, "Está bien decir la verdad, pero que esté apropiado para el momento". But her grandeur was the only truth she never accepted, she had a need to fit in. She was oblivious to how much attention she attracted, not in the perverted old man way that we all know, no it was beyond that, she was popular with other students, teachers, and even faculty; strangers would approach her just to talk about her. She had called it the "Pitee effect". A name she created for the alluring power her family had. She first handedly had the experience when she was only 9 all the boys used to bother her in class, pull on her hair, call her names, space after space after space after, and just like the misogynistic upbringing her mother had, the regurgitated rhetoric that sounded something like, "pero mi hija eso dice que tu le gusta a esos muchachos." Angel was too self aware and it could be thanks to that little talk, but it reinforced her bombastic personality, putting what she felt was right first. The Second time she experienced "The



PETER LOZADO - Typeface design

TROY WELCH - Track



TROY WELCH - Basketball



TROY WELCH - Golf



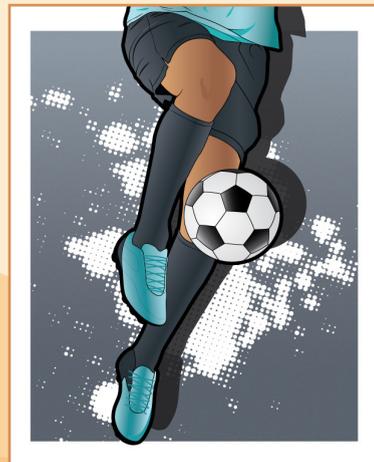
TROY WELCH - Baseball



TROY WELCH - Football



TROY WELCH - Soccer



### If Your Name was Angel, *continues from page 4*

Pitee Effect” was with her cousin Shanice. They were best friends growing up, until Angel’s first “boyfriend” was caught holding Shanice’s hand in the school hallway; It was middle school so this was the equivalent of cheating. This trauma did two things to Angel, one was a promise she made to herself to never fall for a boy. The second impact, ultimately changing who she was going to be, the denial of her own orbit. The “Pitee Effect” belonged to planets like gravity, but sadly she thought she was just a moon.

“Mami levantate, es hora de irse para la escuela”, how her mother always woke up before the alarm always baffled her. Her mother opened the see-through eggshell curtains, the

suns rays blasted in like a supernova. Eyelids heavier than barbells and her eyes were so blurred, “Te hice almuerzo, está en la mesa, ahora apurate”. She never understood in her 16 years of life how this woman was able to wake up at 5 am everyday, skin seemingly hydrated with a caffeinated glow. It was the first day of junior year, the hell that is James Madison, rising, becoming a distant memory as the anxieties of SATs, and colleges, loomed in the near future. As she walked out the room the house smelled of sofrito, and fresh herbs. Her mother had always started dinner by the time that she was getting ready to go to school; today’s breakfast menu included a compilation of typical dominican cuisine. Pan con mantequilla, mangu, huevo frito, and two pedazos

de queso frito, con salami. “Que sabrosa, esta comida sabe de amor” Angel stated with a look of pure bliss. Her mother laughed, “of course mija”, the emanating merengue seemed to get louder as she walked into the kitchen, “I can’t wait for the summer”, she thought, dominican republic being the destination for their summer vacation every year. Angel, even though she had an amazing relationship with her mother, her life was much like your common fairytail, a beautiful girl living with her demons, just to overcome them with love. Her life, as well as her families all seemed to mimic the telenovelas that she grew up watching with her mother. She even grew accustomed to nicknaming her cousins after the dozens of female protagonists “heroínas”, within these

telenovelas. However just like these stories, there’s always a bad guy who seems to destroy under the pretense of a damaged heart. Her “Biological donor” as she would say it, seemed to be built from scholarly magazines held together with strings of cyanide, the toxins encroaching every fiber of his pages. He was a scrawny older man who reeked of booze, and stress, her memories of him are of pill bottles and gambling dice, He was neither affectionate nor caring, just an embodiment of what was lost and never gained.

Angel never understood what her mother saw, reinforced by the situations explained to her by her siblings, her being the youngest, and following the hypermasculinity produced

### If Your Name was Angel, *continues from page 6*

by the hispanic culture, her oldest brother following the laws of “machismo” was always her keeper. A “Man’s man”, Tattoos covering almost every inch of his skin, muscles bulging, with a rugged danger looming in his gaze, his voice could shake the air around him, and their mother alike. He wasn’t around too often after Angel went into highschool, Angel had always known it was because of his greatest regret, which became her greatest trauma, a night that was precedent by many others, though it's too soon for that yet.

The bell rang, Angel was within her classroom awaiting the attendance to be taken, surrounded by her friends, comically they all planned their schedule around each other. All the boys had already made their rounds to greet her, an awkward experience for her even to this day, “You gotta stand tall, china high, and show your beautiful face”, her cousin Zuzu words rang in her head. “Are you, okay?”, Bano, and lbtesam stared at her with concerned looks. “You looked so dazed out”, they un-packed their bags and holsted their seats to accommodate space for each other. “Sorry” sighed Angel, “you know me I get lost in thought sometimes” Angel sorted through the faces she should make at that moment. She ends up picking a faint smile, “soy un poco tonta”. lbtesam, aka Sammy, was always a very curvy girl, while Bano had more of a boy-ish figure. Angel could always share clothes with Bano, but day dreamed of filling out a summer dress like Sammy. Within Angel’s culture the idea that an effeminate figure was the most alluring concept, it was deeply ingrained within her psyche, her body dysmorphia took her to try a large amount of diets, especially being known as the chunky girl in junior high. Sammy on the other hand, didn’t care to express her femininity, she idolized this “strength” Sammy displayed, a “IDGAF” mentality; vigor, and confidence encapsulated by femininity. All of a sudden a voice “Yo Angel, did it hurt when you fell from

### VIKTORIA PRUDKA - Logo design



### TROY WELCH - Evolv logo design



### KRISTINA PILGUN - Visual identity

#### LOGO



#### MENU, VISIT CARD AND PRODUCTS



#### PACKAGING AND PRODUCTS



#### COLOR PALETTE



#### RESTAURANT DESIGN



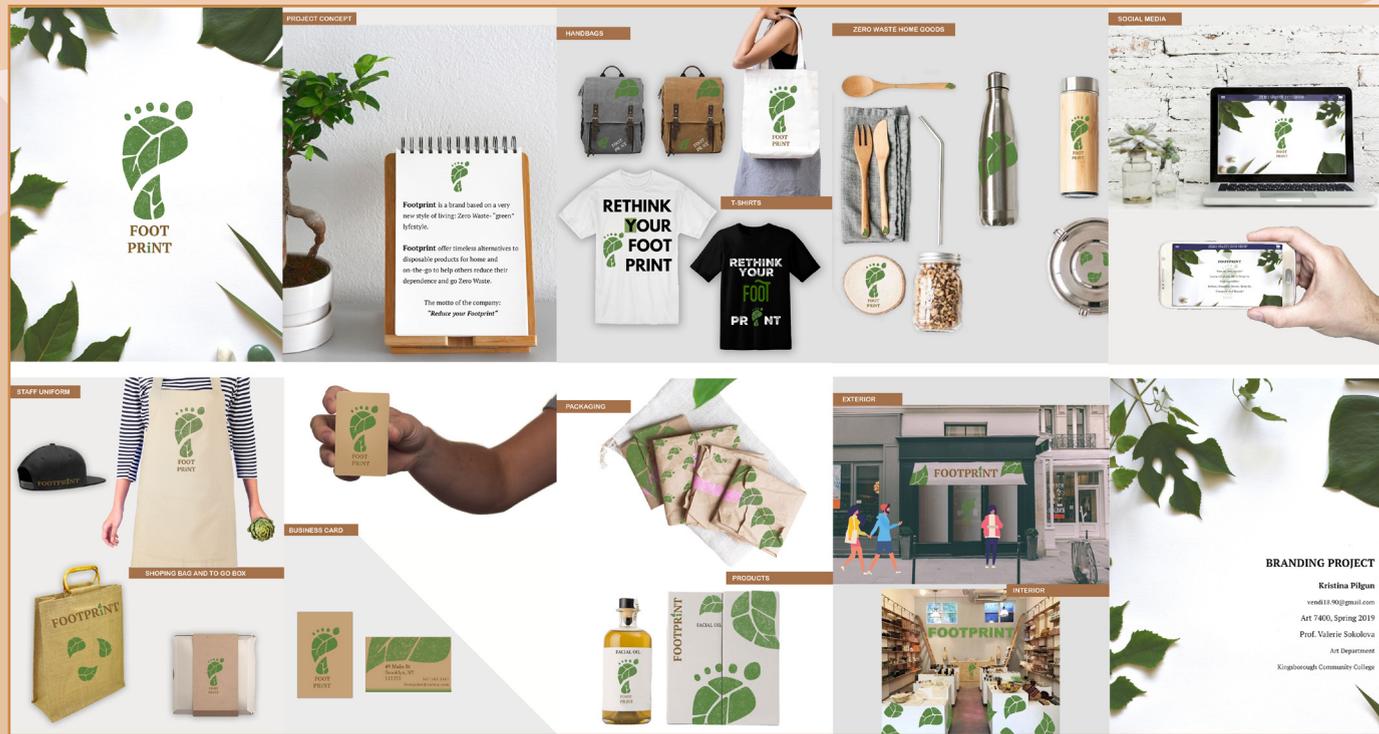
#### STAFF UNIFORM



#### PATTERNS



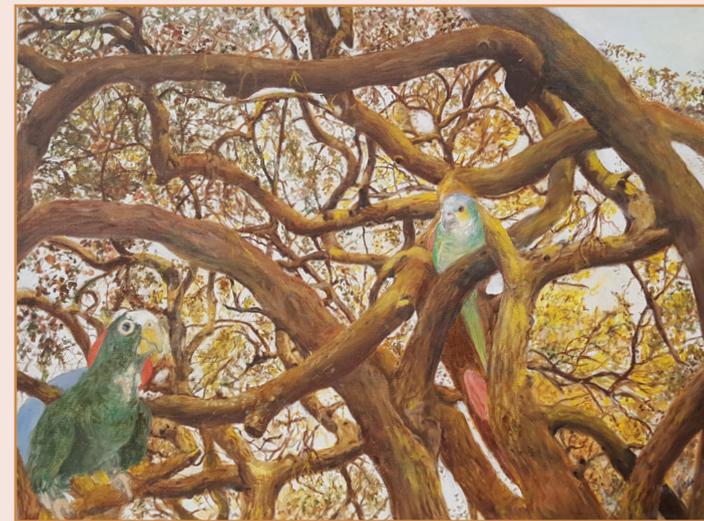
## KRISTINA PILGUN - Visual identity



## If Your Name was Angel *continues from page 7*

heaven". Angel couldn't help but roll her eyes, she's heard this line more than a thousand times, but what really skeeved her skin, making it feel foreign and unreliable, was when this was accompanied by some form of physical contact. "Quitate! Remove yourself!" Before the rest of the students could notice, Sammy immediately grabbed her and shooed the person away, Angel didn't remember much of what transpired for the next ten minutes, her vision was hazing, her abdominal muscles clenching her organs as if everything she has held in for the past few years was going to flood and consume her, them, and the world, "A Donde estoy?... where am I?" Bano had stayed in the classroom to cover for their absence, Sammy was always like this, knowing what to do within an instant, Angel could only admire, "You okay sweetie?", Angel responded with a disquieting yes, the strength in her voice withered away with the announcement of each letter. The lunch room was her favorite spot, these white walls, energy booming from corner to corner; not to mention food always coaxed her inner child to flourish seemingly alluring the entire cafeteria in a frenzy of laughter and thrill. "No te pases" said Johana, "Tu sabe que te gusta christian pero el es mio", Johana ended her statement with a sneering smirk. Johanna was a beautiful colombian girl, "thicc" like Angels mother, sporting a strong accent similar to that of Sophia Vergara, interestingly enough she looked like her to. She was rivals with Angel when it came to academics, social life; even the boys, and girls use to

## BARBARA ECKSTEIN - Frida and Diego



have competitions regarding their looks. In every sense of the word they were rivals, except for Angel's; she saw her not as a comparable goddess, but as a sneaky shrew that was trying to steal her freshman year crush. At this point Angel was a Jr, and Christian, a handsome puerto rican "Papi", was a Jr who never expressed too much of an interest in her, or Johanna for that matter. However what happened next would cause these distant orbits to collide, proving the "Pitee Effect" to be all too real.



GLEND A HUEZO- Typeface design

## NAKEAH DECAILLE

### Him!

She feels his breath on her neck as she hugs him  
 She'd been anticipating his touch all day  
 They grab each other in a tight, yet warming embrace  
 A hug filled with love, desire, and lust

He takes her chin and kisses her sweet lips  
 A kiss that was also filled with love, desire, and lust  
 Their lips taste like milk chocolate Hershey's kisses  
 His skin resembles hot morning coffee

Or rather chocolate covered strawberries  
 As they lie on the bed, she cradles his head.  
 While holding him, she rocks back and forth  
 She uttered the words, "I love you"

He is her sweet mocha angel  
 Her sexy brown grizzly bear  
 He always wishes to hear her heartbeat

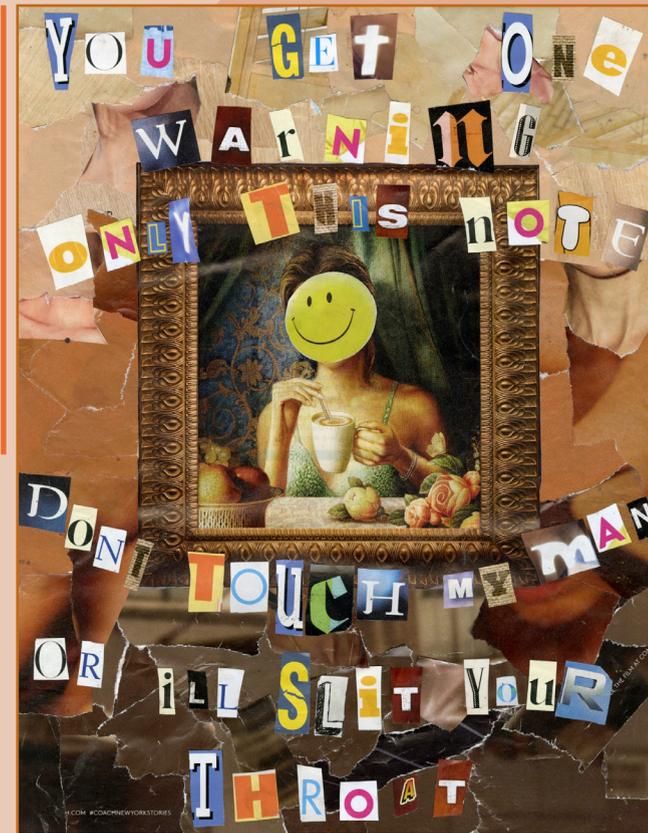
To hear the rhythm  
 To feel the motion  
 To feel the warmth of her skin  
 To feel her deep affection

He feels her devotion to him  
 Her affection  
 Her fondness  
 His eyes undress her with each stare

She can't help but submit to the look that he gives her  
 She sees the growing spark in his eyes  
 She plays with his messy beard

Tugging lightly at the uneven, hanging hair  
 She loves his medium length facial hair  
 She's his Juliet  
 He's her Romeo!!

JUBILEE LEVELS - Ransom Note





YESSY MEDINA - Divine resonance

## NAKEAH DECAILLE

### Blossom!

The white flowers bloom  
Springtime has come among us  
Smell the fresh cut grass

### Waterfall!

Hear the water roar  
The falling water is music  
Crystal clear loud, bliss

## VANESSA LARA

### Focus

Time, it's inevitable to standstill.  
Find myself watching flames from a distance.  
Wondering what it's like to be fulfilled.  
The feeling in me starts to get viscous.  
I walk farther, dark clouds begin to cease.  
If it rains and clouds come back again?

Yearning for the sun, the voices increase.  
Inspired by the light, I yell AMEN!  
Ready for transformation I stand tall.  
The journey begins and it feels awesome.  
Giving up is not an option, so crawl!  
I smile as I watch my flower blossom.  
High heat and fire will inspire my shine.  
I've come to realize it's all worth my time



LYNN SEIDEMAN - Mirrored reality

## KHAOULA SBAA

### Personal Haiku

Bombs On a Monday  
"Run! They are near" said the one  
closest to death  
Warn the people, fight for your lives  
Peace be upon the ones that left  
with no goodbyes

Civil War  
What no one knows to care  
A secret that should be shared

This is present in Libya, leaves people scared

This is life  
Life was better then, what happened now?  
We were younger then, but older now  
*C'est la vie* nothing we can do

Restless  
Waking up with no warning  
Skin is tearing down to the bone  
There another life, left to die alone

## YESSY MEDINA - Abandoned dream



## IVY YANG

### Sink

Dead dreams, these do smell like a rotten peach  
Its beginnings sweet and at the end, reeks  
Let this pain go away, please let it leach

What is with this stupid "conversion" speech?  
I looked at those demons and bit my cheek  
Dead dreams, these do smell like a rotten peach

That's ridiculous! Can't you hear his screech?  
Madame, madame, he is not a Meek freak!  
Let this pain go away, please let it leach

It is not a breeze, a walk on the beach  
You see my dear, he is not ancient Greek  
Dead dreams, these do smell like a rotten peach

How clueless of me? Hell, he was forereached  
Jasmine scent fades, these answers I bespeak  
Let this pain go away, please let it leach

Do you want him to be the rotten peach?  
Let the decay fester! My heart is bleak  
Dead dreams, these do smell like a rotten peach  
Let this pain go away, please let it leach



## PETER LOZADO - Horoscopes



SIGN - AQUARIUS



SIGN - VIRGO

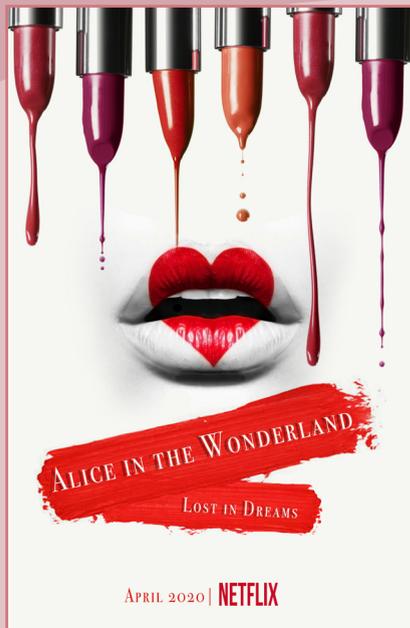


SIGN - PISCES



SIGN - SCORPIO





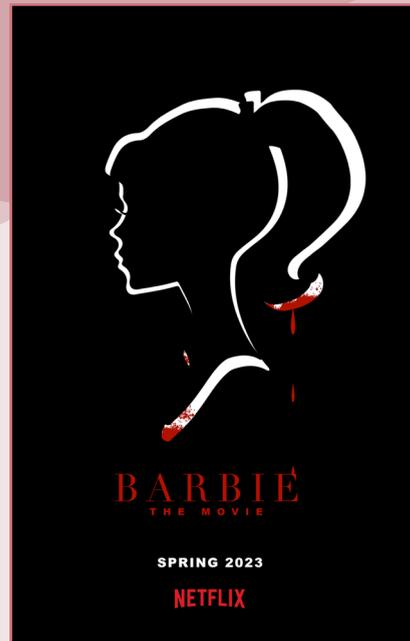
**FANNY HO**  
Alice in Wonderland

### NARMIN VAHABZADA

#### Sonet: Beware

His coming about was unforeseen  
Like the hard downpour of rain in summer  
Hot days in winter, his love was pristine  
You're not here to stay, what a bummer  
Realizations that this was all unseen  
This was all too new to you, newcomer  
Our decision can't be in between

Our love was only meant for the summer  
I deserved to be treated like a queen  
Give me peace of mind, let me recover  
You're nothing more than a little feen  
Hope I never hear back, taking cover  
If I do, I'll go back to being mean  
I'd do anything to not convene



**SARAH JOSEPH**  
Barbie poster

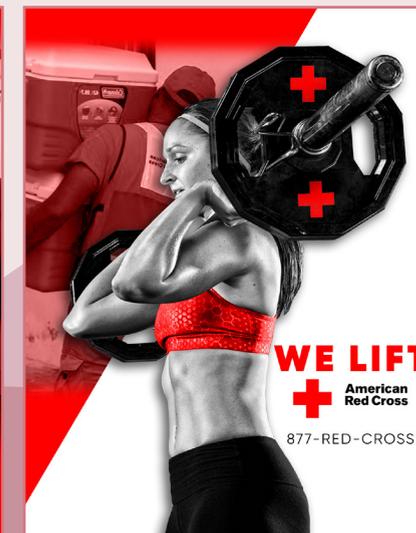
### JACKLYN RODRIGUEZ

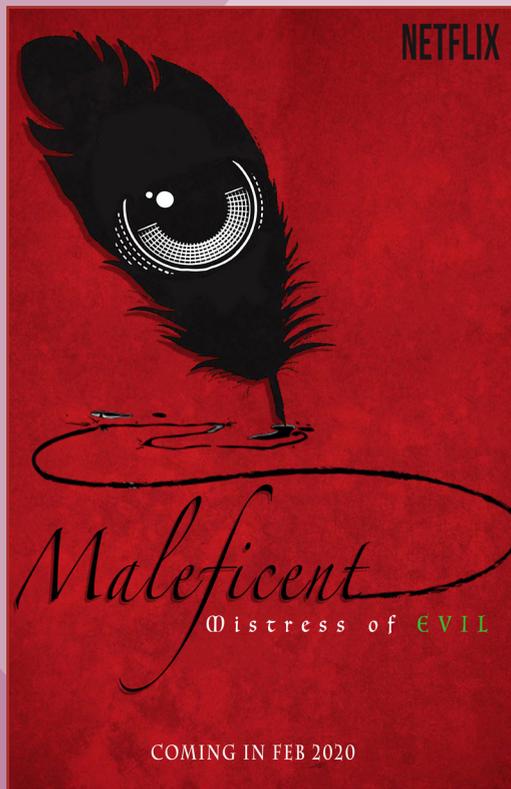
#### Living with the ribbon

You never realize how much you cherish health til it's gone.  
How much you cherish running with your mom till you can't anymore.  
You never forget the first notice of the disease taking over till it's over.  
You never forget hearing the words that it's incurable.  
You never forget that feeling of your world stopping till it stops.

You never love someone till you think you will lose them.  
You never stop counting the days till everyday day counts.  
You never forget the fight, and you never stop fighting till your'e victorious.  
You never forget when the ribbon touches your home, your, your family.

TROY WELCH - Red Cross Campaign





FANNY HO - Maleficent

**AKEEM AARON****Heart**

**This is my piece.**

My peace.

Massive thought in an encompassed ease.

Painting emotions as an artwork.

Is hard work, duh

The art to understand how the heart works.

How do I speak from my heart, to paint the whole picture.

From a un-captured snap frame of mind

I need you to imagine the picture, try to focus on the truth.

A wanted yet uncaptured truth.

How do I speak from my heart to paint something when my heart  
feels nothing.

Loving someone from the heart is so shallow, even appearance could  
be so hollow.

Like how do I see you.

Your chapter enraptures, peer lens.

I need deeper waters.

A vivid imagination.

Why do I allow myself to deny my nerves.

My nerves. Place emotions so far.

So far I stand from how I feel.

FANNY HO - Fragment of the Soul



IVY LIN - Pursuit of Portraits





TETIANA OVINOVA - Ransom Note

**Heart** continues from page 19

How do I feel.

I rather not use one word but a collection of words that resonate in the depth of my mind.

I rather not risk my feelings.

Not for the sake of my heart for it endures no emotion, but rather my mental health.

These ill thoughts that could be so steep.

Like a leap away from the room in which I stay to the distant moon from our everyday.

Everyday phase, groom me.

Now I loom in a safe space above the earth.

Into a space of my mind, and if you journey with me with these spoken words that travel without class.

Without metallic hydrogen gas or any form of trans.

Broken glass of my hurts happened to be earthly to you or not.

Broken glass which your feet dare not step.

I fear not for myself but you-you.

Somewhere there with the other whilming thoughts.

I rest my ache and boredom of tale rehearsal over and over.

Loud, however, conceal from ever meeting its own ears or tongue.

How do I speak from my heart to paint which I see with my minds eyes.

KRISTINA PILGUN - Travel Map Poster



My minds eyes which hide behind my forehead.

Where wonders live and dreams strive as ideas.

Identical to the innocent life of a child being born.

How do I speak of something which the naked eyes fail to grasp

And paint such a dark art without ever stroking a brush on a canvas.

I love being in the dark.

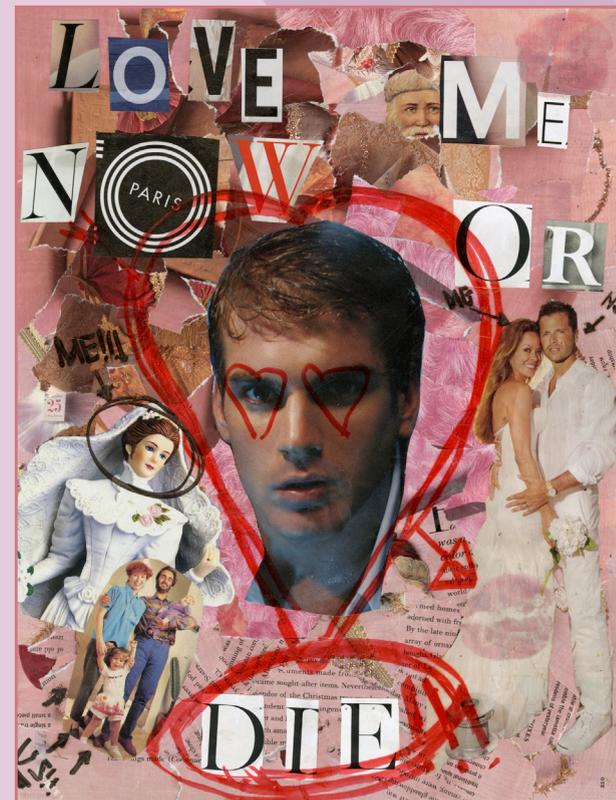
The absence of light makes you use your sense

Placing fear and misunderstandings in their right place.

I'm in my element.

How do I speak.

PETER LOZADO - Ransom Note



**Heart** continues from page 22

How do I speak from my heart when my heart lacks a mind of his own.  
Lack the vocal power to reach, and it has reached nowhere.  
A vivid imagination.

How-How-How.  
I am working on healing my mind to fix my vision,  
I've never been told to appreciate the mind  
Rather told.  
Lecture but never venture.  
Yes I've paid attention and listening has done me well.

How do I speak from my heart to paint something when it is my ears that allow me to communicate.  
Why do you go deaf to my words.  
Here I stand on the bearing and the survival of my genes.  
Genes that carry more than a thought and it is a thought that brings beings into being.  
How do I speak from my heart to paint something when my heart feels only the pain from exhausting the limits of my physical being, and that it lacks emotion.  
Keeps us alive just as our mind.  
But if I was to die today, I would rather give the world my mind, than my heart.

**VIOLETTA BRIN - Violet's closet logo**



**JINYAN LYN - Spotify logo**



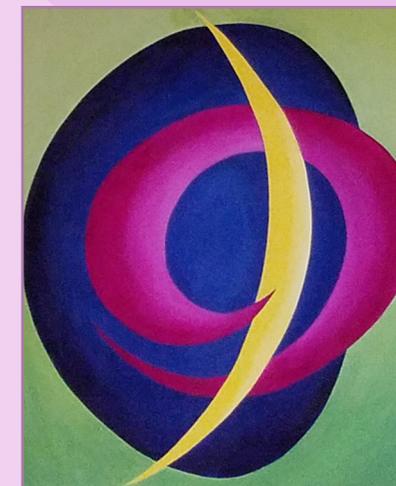
**KHAOULA SBAA**

**Nostalgia**

Numb  
Yourself  
Cold hotel  
I awaken  
Loud noises in my  
One room shack look at the  
Views take me back, to the wild,  
Exiting, loud, hustling  
Nights. Diversity flows the city  
Electric history, big and busy  
"Where Brooklyn at" Notorious B.I.G  
Youthful and free; charming NYC sights to see  
Our lives so short but here feels everlasting  
Reckless driving and people laughing. The  
Kaleidoscope lights, brunch, and dining  
Culturally keeps me smiling  
I never want this to stop  
Times Square's taxi cars beep  
Years go by ball drops  
City won't sleep  
And I like  
It that way



**LYNN SEIDEMAN**  
Intertwined



**LYNN SEIDEMAN**  
Eye of the lizard

PETER LOZADO - Halloween animated



PETER LOZADO - Hansel and Gretel



## ZION FARROW

### Into the Music

I put on my headphones and let it sink.  
I start to look up high, that's how I think.

I let the music flow with the rhythm in my chest,  
My favorite choir in the background, singing at their best

As the humming grows my creeping smile comes back  
Because hearing them lightens the load of my backpack,

It felt as though I was hearing the angels as they flew,  
Perfect harmony of the Church Piano and Drums were my clue

It felt as though the rain clouds above tried to scream and shout  
But his infinite light was there to shine and drown them out

I heard laughing and playing, I guess it was my Aunt  
Everytime I put in my headphones I feel the warmth of her love

For a moment time stands still as I realize she's gone  
But that's only for a moment,

Because still I feel her love, and her passion too  
Her love and Gods, they go hand in hand together like glue

As I walk home with the chords in my ears  
I listen to beauty of each note played without shedding anymore



SARINE TEBELE

Fish prize



**SARAH JOSEPH - Let It Dough**

## **RAYA DIMITROVA**

### **Star Falls On Almond Hill**

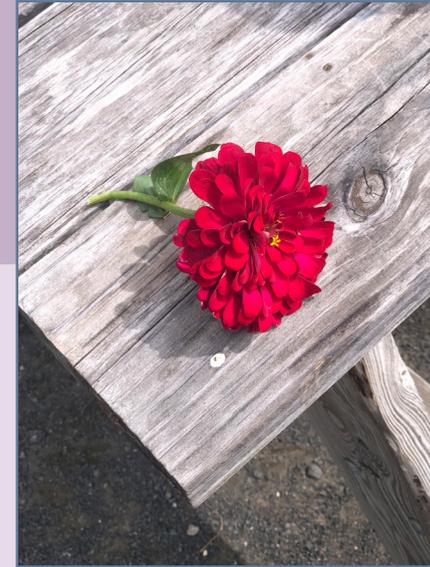
(a sestina in memory of Adelina Stoyanova [1983-1996])  
Her star was twinkling brightly in the sky,  
Her smile was omnipresent in the school.  
She was enjoying the gift of carefree childhood,  
Enjoying the sunshine nibbling on almonds  
That she politely took from the squirrels.  
With her friends she was playful- like squirrels

Lying on the rooftop gazing at the sky,  
Laughing about the cafeteria fights in school,  
As romance was knocking on the door of childhood,  
Exchanging lollipops for chocolate kisses and flowers;  
They were thinking of boys with eyes like almonds.

On her birthdays she was showered with almonds,  
Which she shared with the squirrels.  
After that she ran a motley kite in the sky,  
Looking forward to Monday school,  
Where she could kiss good-bye the kite of childhood  
And secretly kiss the boy from 6A hello and give him flowers.

Little did she know who would bring her flowers  
And cry for her with tears bigger than almonds.  
Little did she know on whose grave would play the squirrels,  
Unaware of the missing star in the sky,

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**CYNTHIA LEWIS - Red Flower**

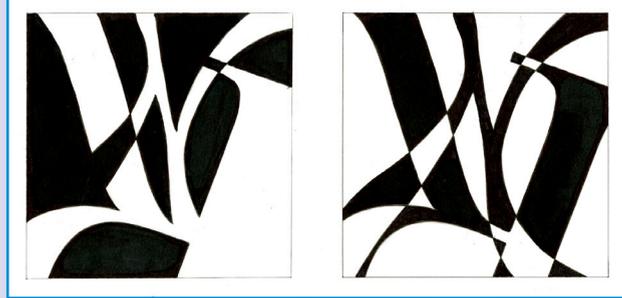
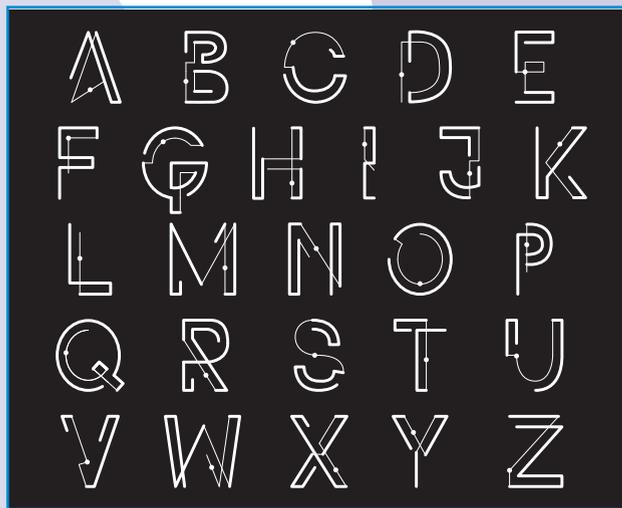
Impervious to the clutches of the shadow of loss  
conquering the school,  
Oblivious to the fragility of childhood.  
Bad karma robbed her of her childhood;  
The boy was holding withering flowers;  
Somehow bitter became the almonds,  
Falling down the hill untouched even by the squirrels.  
And empty star socket on the starry sky,  
An empty desk in the neighborhood school.



**MALIK ATADZHONOV - Inner Peace**

Adelina will no longer come to school;  
She will be perpetually encased in childhood.  
All you can see on her desk is flowers,  
Put on the spot she used to nibble on almonds.  
Adelina will never ever feed the squirrels,  
'cause her star has fallen from the sky.  
When her tender soul reached the sky,  
A star full of brightness of her childhood  
Showered with light the hill with almonds.

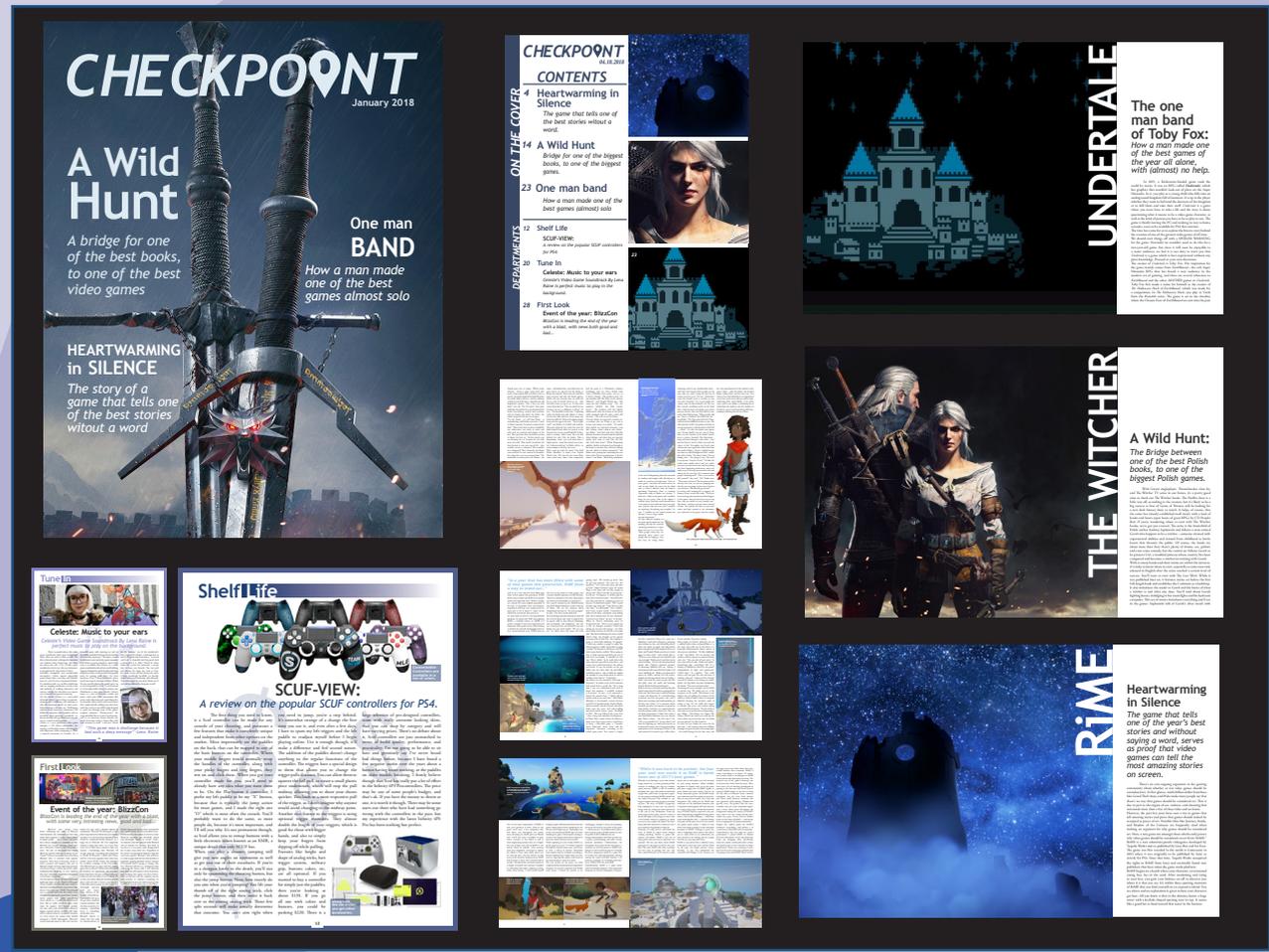
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The Lesson in the Snow

It was bitter cold. I could hear Jack Frost nipping at my window sill. It was kind of scary that something so clear and beautiful could be so deadly at the same time. Then again I said the same thing for kittens. I was young at the time, thirteen, and had no knack for danger. I sought to hide somewhere safe and warm, my home. My square small room with one television and a electronic system to feed me the comfort i needed. I was content, as there was no way the storm could touch me. My mom's television was on, to the usual news channel with the stiff man in the small suit that I always wanted to call and tell him that his armpits looked like they were leaking. The anchor man reported about how the snow blocked up all the major bridges and highways and warned people to just wait it out till it died. So we did.

Before I could only see pure white neverending flashes. At that time I wondered if that's what was at the beginning of everything. But as quickly as Jack Frost knocked at my window, he left, and the beauty that I saw was now just a mess. Buried cars, covered trash cans, piercing icicles on the edge of houses that created a terrible hazard. All I wanted to do was look and nothing else, I didn't want to do anything else. However that's not what my mom had in plan for me. Previously I had asked for money and she finally grew tired of becoming my only source of income. "It finally stopped snowing" she exclaimed, "how about you shovel sidewalks





GIOVANNI GARCIA - Strange Journey

**The Lesson In The Snow** continues from page 29

for money instead.” I laughed in a super cocky way not fully aware she wasn’t joking. I just got a cold statue-ike warming stare confirming her seriousness.

Me? Leave my sanctuary to go into the wasted danger zone that held bitter coldness and slippery terrain that not even a master of skill could maneuver at this time. I wasn’t given much of a choice in this matter to be honest. I felt random shivers and I hadn’t even



GIOVANNI GARCIA - Blue Site

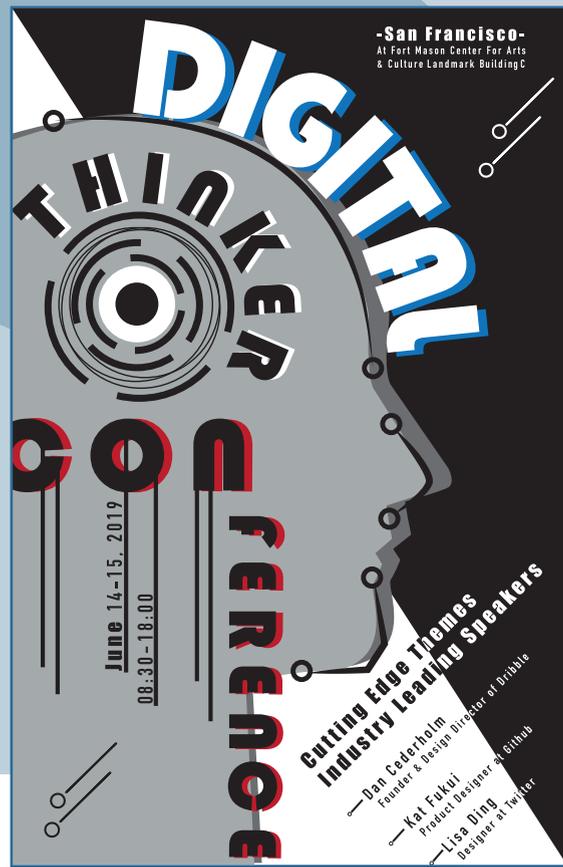
left my house yet. I was scared and grumpy that my own mother would put me closer to a snowy grave. This is not how I want to go! I thought. So in order to protect my innocence I wrapped myself in never-ending layers of clothes. Scarf after scarf, Coat after coat, sock after sock. Each layer added on an additional set of warmth but even created more doubt in my head. My own body had become stiff and hard to walk but I didn’t care since I was determined to beat the cold. My mission was simple to memorize... find snowy blocks, ask to shovel at a reasonable price, and come home. After all the times I replayed it in my head it still felt like the plan would fall apart halfway through. As I started to walk out the door I almost forgot the one important object of my plan, the stupid shovel. I went upstairs to my aunt’s building to ask for her shovel. She told me to look in the closet in the back, and there it was. As I touched the cold plastic I noticed how worn down it looked; however that made me trust it more. It was like the shovel itself was more prepared than I was from seeing and resolving countless struggles. I needed a simple tool but instead I got a strong partner I could rely on: automatically I felt better as I went towards icy doom. The white beauty of the storm’s after effects no longer held the same look, now I saw gray and dullness. The slush from tire tracks and wandering winds that blew cold air onto my face had left a discerning taste in my mouth. My eyes twitched from left to right as I noticed people struggling to get to their cars. I heard multiple curse words as people tripped and almost tripped. I myself had started to get trouble maintaining balance when walking. The soft crunch of the snow was immediately replaced with a sticky like surface that kept my feet super close

### DODANIM CELESTIN - Road to Progress





GLENDA HUEZO - Violin Poster



JINYAN LIN - Digital Thinker

### The Lesson In The Snow *continues from page 32*

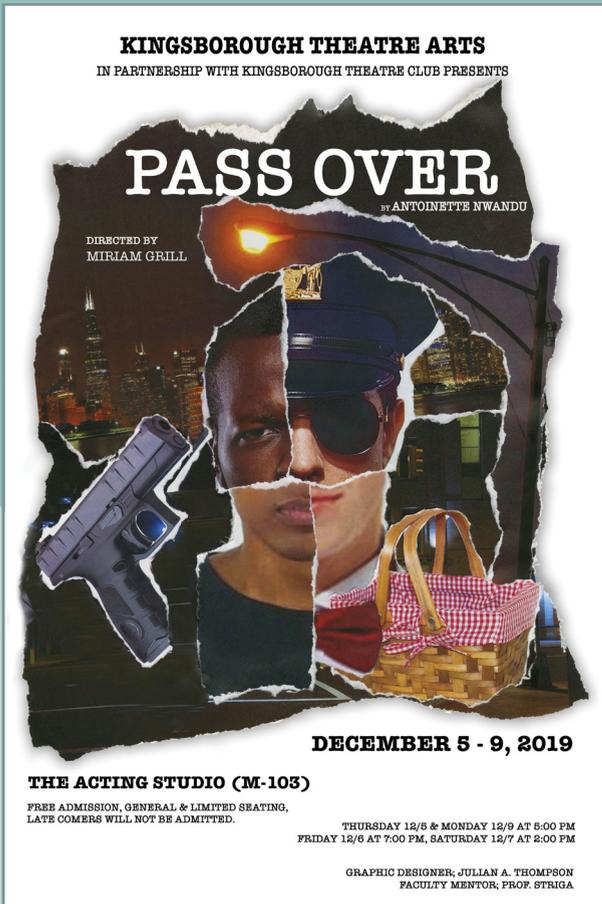
to the floor. I was starting to get anxious again as I got farther and farther from my home, my sanctuary. Then my hands felt a familiar presence, mr. shovel was still here and he as my friend today. Therefore i trekked onwards in hope of a new source of income.

House by house I went. The big idea that seemed like the easiest job soon became a dull drag. The shovel I used seemed heavier and heavier after each scoop of white snow. As I bent my legs, the shovel tipped me to one side, closer to the ground, but only for a second: then I would reverse my step and swing the haul onto the other side. My fingers were numb and I had started to see my own reflection in my breath, but I kept repeating the same process over and over until the job was done. My plastic partner however gave no expression or sign that it was ready to break. At this point I would have given up and gone, but doing this work, the work with my shovel and I seemed less like work and more like a goal I was striving for.

Finally the day was over, the payout was not that huge but at least I actually tried a new idea for once and wasn't scared. However it began to get really dark , I thought it was just the sun setting but it was actually the clouds that had began to cover whatever was left of the sun. Apparently the winter storm was not over and Jack Frost had not gone back to

hiding. I gripped onto the shovel tighter than I had usually done and started running as if my life depended on it because quite frankly I had watched too many horror movies and had become quite dramatic. My left and right vision had started to become blurry all around me, the gray void became clear and hollow. I felt like I was in the middle of a cyclone of terror and ice. My legs started to stiffen, my arms became like dead weights even sooner. Maybe even worse because at least you would feel the deadweights, I felt like I was losing pieces of my body. It was like a puzzle being torn apart and put back in the box: incomplete. My shoes were soggy than a swamp, colder than a ice tray. All that courage from before seemed to be disappearing, I walked slower and slower starting to become that anxious at-home boy from before.

But then, I remembered. I was still holding on to something that brought me back into perspective, into reality. It was my anchor, it held my new found strength and resolve. It showed me that the world out there is dangerous but also filled with chances. You can make money or find other opportunities. It was just a shovel but it was also not. It was more. The shovel showed me my bravery and that there will be harsh consequences for my humanity in the future but I have to keep moving forward, if I stay in the past I'll miss my chance for greatness and if I stay still I'll be stuck in a storm of self doubt. So I got up, carried my aunt's old shovel and kept walking till I was home and drank three cups of hot cocoa.



JULIAN THOMPSON - Pass Over Poster

## KHAOULA SBAA

### A Wasteful Day

Look, I remember it like it was just '09  
 If only I could go back in time  
 Tell her that it'll be just fine  
 She'll be out

No doubt  
 And get her the bailout

She's got a thousand dollar bag  
 With no cash in her wallet  
 Money gone fast; yeah no profit

Life is a facade  
 And you watch the waste on this earth  
 Moms don't love their kids like they used to  
 Let'em smoke their herbs

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BILLY LEMORIN - Billy's Thrift Logo

Life's short yeah, but I see the day  
 Yeah another one more bill he's gotta pay  
 He sees the streets are cold and dark  
 GHB it gets around the park

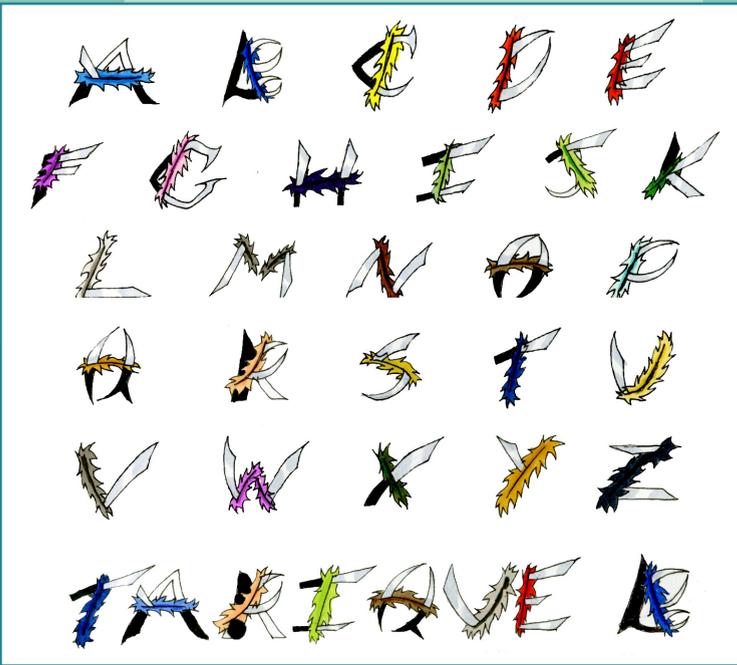
Oh and those crushed up Smarties  
 and strip club parties  
 All for what?

To go back home  
 Fucked up, drunk, and alone  
 To pick up the phone  
 And pick up the gun  
 Oh well,  
 I guess, there goes another one

36

TROY WELCH - The Ozvengers





TARIQUE BOATSWAIN -Typeface

### HRIPSIME TUMANYAN

#### Derma

I could never imagine,  
 That biology works so well inside,  
 Even if we put science aside,  
 Even in terms of calculations,  
 How come it puts relationships in their right  
 place, rhetorical  
 How come facts are more than just theoretical,  
 Plainly put, bio claims:  
 "It takes derma 7 years to change itself again"  
 "Derma" stands up here to resemble the skin,  
 outer tissue which covers the persona,  
 Snakes are the same as human beings and  
 vice versa,  
 But let's imply this rule in our life at the first term,  
 Few more years and my skin as a whole,  
 Will remember your fingers no more



PETER JURADO - Kappa County



PETER JURADO - Space Pop Gang



## ANDY JOSEPH

### Conflicts

My landlord and I had a dispute over the repair of the refrigerator in my apartment, the refrigerator was not freezing well so I spoke to him about it, it was an old refrigerator and needed work, it looked like it was from ancient times, I said to him "a new refrigerator will do". But he was resilient and said "I will do a repair instead", two gentlemen came to the house and looked at the refrigerator and stated that the refrigerator could need new rubber to keep the air inside, since rubber had gone bad and the your food would spoil and the refrigerator would have a funny smell.

The landlord was upset because he had to go find a new rubber seal for the refrigerator in the store, it was as if he was mad, cause money was coming out his pocket for an expense he had not expected, I said to him "do you believe that a new refrigerator will do", his face turned red as an apple and his reply was "I will take care of it", but I knew that after a while we would be back to square one, and the refrigerator would need repair further. After two months of service the refrigerator was back to square one, needing more

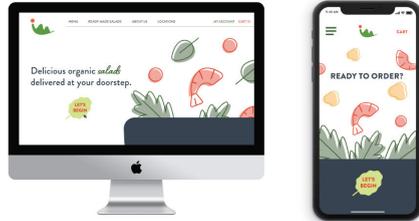
repair, the refrigerator was a mess, you could hear the motor in the refrigerator struggling

I immediately called the landlord, his response was "hello Mr. Joseph, what can I do for you this day", "the refrigerator is still giving trouble my food is spoiled and it doesn't make ice any more", I said to him, he was like "cool cool I will take care of it" the landlord said. Yes please for another time the refrigerator is a mess, you need to update the refrigerator it's older than my grandmother's own, he was displeased about the situation but decided that it was time to lay that old boot to rest, he said that it would take two days so get the new refrigerator and that I would have to hold on till, I said "ok", then he turned his back and went inside the house still checking to see if the refrigerator could be save as if he was in a relationship with this refrigerator.

I said "see look water dripping and wetting the floor nothing freezing this thing is a mess,"

## SARENE TEBELE - Wild Fields





C:78 M:63 Y:51 K:39   
  C:70 M:100 Y:19 K:4  
 C:0 M:80 Y:86 K:0   
  C:19 M:0 Y:58 K:0



**Conflicts** *continues from page 40*

anyway the landlord said and we finally agreed that a new refrigerator was in order, after the new refrigerator was delivered the landlord was pleased as well as myself, he said to me "glad to have been off service call any time", my respond was "thank you have a good day". Yes the conversation started rough between myself and the landlord but eventfully it was all sorted out, it is not good to live in conflict with your landlord or anyone that lives close to you, like your neighbors, cause you will never know when in need if they will talk for your cause it all depends on the kind of relationship.

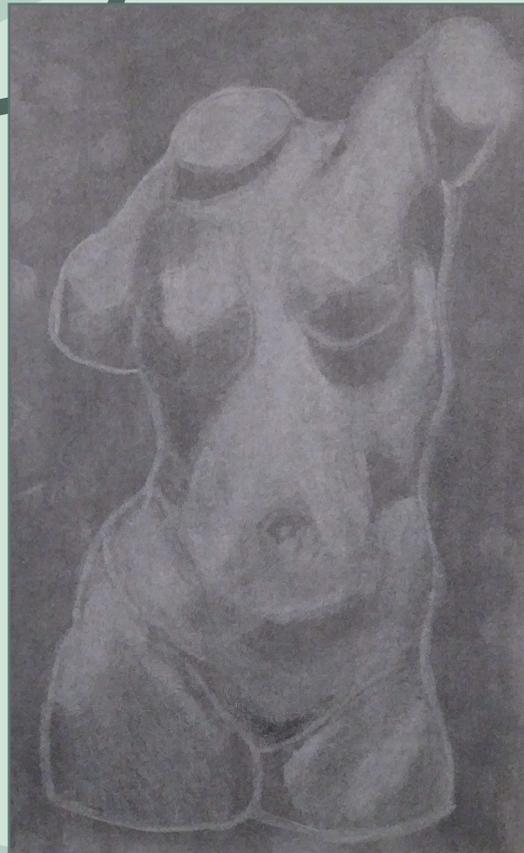
People need to understand that conflicts happen and it is not how it is your communication skills that will help one be a better person, no one is perfect everyone has their faults even myself, but I learn from my mistakes, my drinks are cold and my food chilled well I am happy, don't know about the landlord I guess his apple face melted when he realized that the refrigerator needed to change.

To this day I talk to my landlord as if the conflict never happened, and he responds the same way, there is an old saying that kind words smooth the heart and people should live in peace and understanding of each other, that holding grudges



**TETIANA OVIHOVA - Eco House Logo**

and being angry with others is not healthy for both parties, cause you are only feeding the bills from the hospital and no one wants that, it is not a perfect life but one can try to make it peaceful. Peace.



NICOLAS COLON - Dream Reaching

## ASSMA ALHASHDI

### Glad To Be

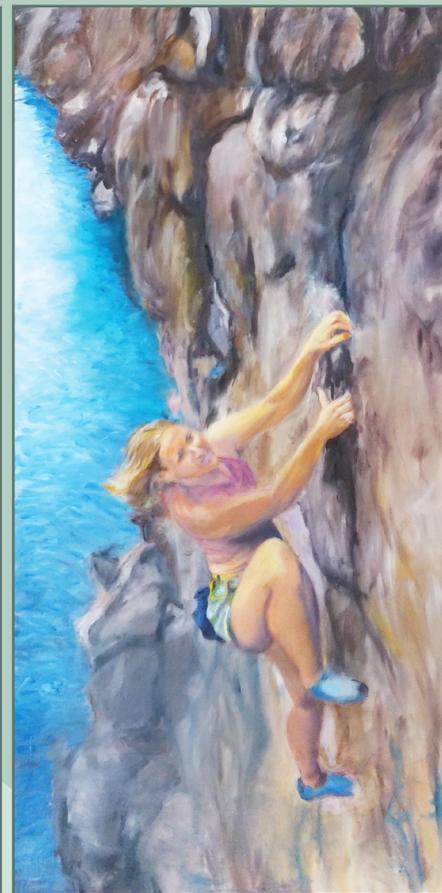
I  
Really  
Love New York  
For a lot of  
Reasons, one of them  
is that I am freed from  
the constraints of society  
such as expanding my knowledge  
Also got my driver's license  
and being able to get technology  
and switched my lifestyle for the better.  
However,  
New York has its negative sides  
Facing  
Racism  
had effected  
my whole life  
in so many ways  
like losing confidence,  
facing discrimination,  
Always in the same location  
and switched my look of transportation  
Overall, I went through hard situations  
and many unforgettable memories,  
but I am still glad to be in New York City

43

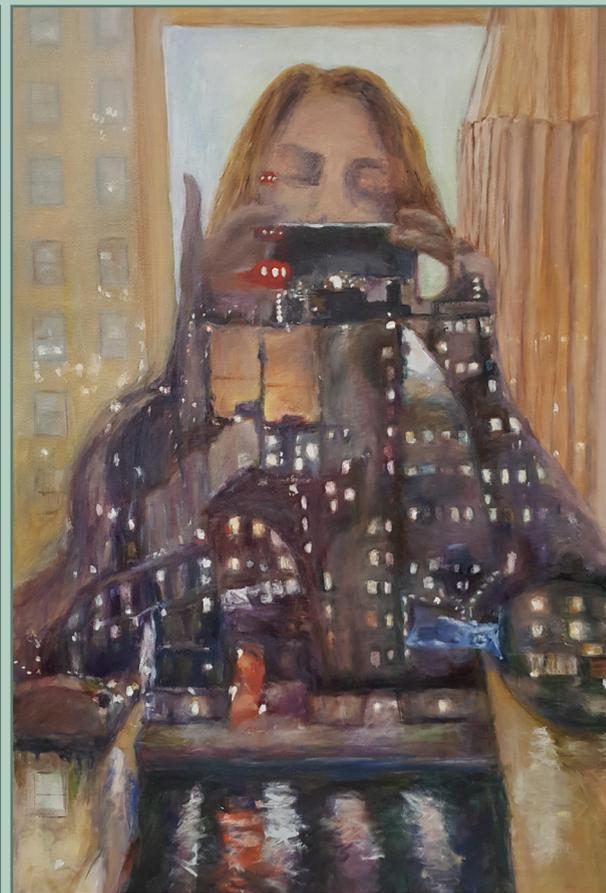


44

BARBARA ECKSTEIN - Cliffhanger



BARBARA ECKSTEIN - Barbek



## BRUCE GINSBERG - Life



Losing you only means, I lose myself.  
Wishing I can hide in a dark shadow.  
Knowing you will watch me from up above.  
Life is a mystery; it's like a maze.  
I sit back and watch my heart overflow.  
Wondering when God will say it's enough.  
Losing you only means, I lose myself.  
Beautiful butterfly, you say hello.  
I light a candle when my days are rough.  
Life is a mystery; it's like a maze.  
Losing you only means, I've lost myself...



PUKALSKA OKSANA - Fox

## VANESSA LARA

### Jealous

Life is a mystery; it's like a maze.  
Not knowing what tomorrow consists of.  
Losing you only means, I lose myself.  
Unaware I will now live with sorrow.  
Had to watch you fly high like a white dove.  
Life is a mystery; it's like a maze.  
Someone's life I wish I could have borrowed.  
I understood the meaning of true love.

45

## RICCARDO CACCIATORE

### Depression

Depression lingers  
A silent sickening song  
Dragging through the day

Selflessness

My love never ends  
Enough to fill a whole room  
What comes in return?

Cold concrete

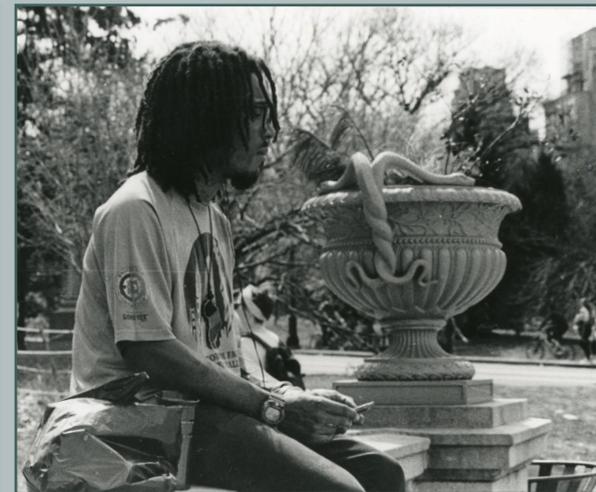
These streets turn you cold  
Will make you do stupid things  
To try and ease pain

Mary jane

The smoke burns my chest  
Each pull harsher and harsher  
Until nothings left

46

JOY CALLWOOD - Man With Locs



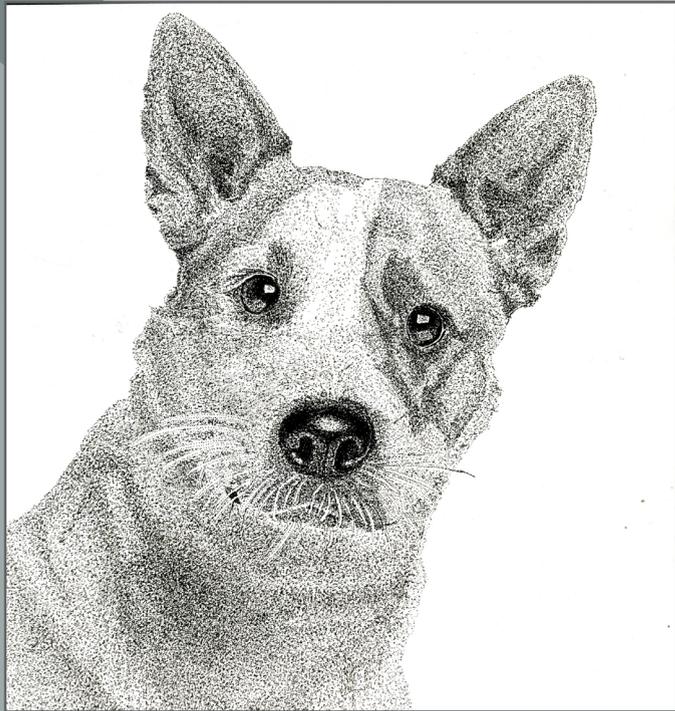
## NAKEAH DECAILLE

### The Night Sky!

As the sky turns dark  
I look up and see beauty  
The wind kisses me

### The Flower!

My five-petaled love  
You fill me with happiness  
You are my pink bliss



**KSENIA KOSTELNYY - Dog Portrait**

### IVY YANG

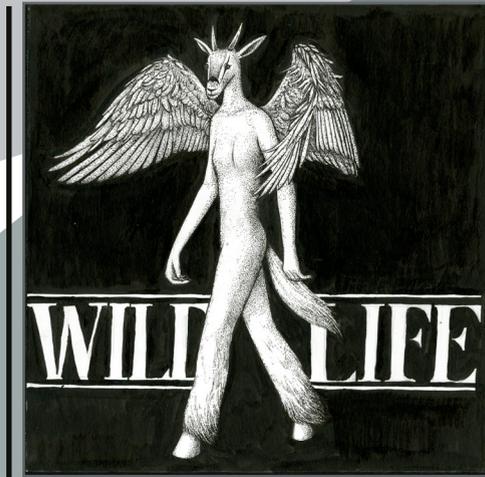
#### Happily Ever After

I was pulled from the roots  
 Sounds of the crowds and whimsical city lights  
 Fire,  
 The mists and dark surrounds  
 A leprechaun who led me to the end of dawn  
 She tells me, "Go on"  
 I walked and walked until there was no more  
 I looked back and saw that she had gone  
 Instead,  
 Shadow with horns and goat's feet.  
 Look what he has done!  
 He is the creature of my dreams  
 He growls at me and whispers  
 His eyes are as snow and dark as Hades  
 As fruit slowly rotting away  
 The force of gravity pulls me  
 The truth I seek  
 Now I see...  
 A dream? No, it's reality  
 I ran and screamed  
 It was cynical  
 The sun  
 Sets  
 Was I the lucky one who  
 Got away?

### ANASTASIA GORKUSHA - Wolf



DAKANG CHENG - M-Animal



### NAKEAH DECAILLE

#### Walkway!

They walk on the bridge  
 The fish swim under their feet  
 Their skin is sun kissed

#### Elevation!

Spear like mountain tops  
 One day I wish to climb them  
 Advancement is key

## KSENIA KOSTELNYY - Alice In Wonderland



## RAYA DIMITROVA

La Dona Marina Contemporanea  
(un soneto italiano)

Ella era una chica Mexicana de Merida  
Que les servia cervezas a los viejos por una propina.  
Por las tardes les mostraba a las damas ejercicios en la piscina  
Y por las noches desfilaba como Shakira o Cher vestida.  
Tenia parientes espanoles que habian participado en una corrida,  
Pero por sus venas tambien chorreaba sangre indigena.  
Tal vez a casa la espera una nina,  
A quien, gracias a las propinas, le regalaba una mejor vida.

Una vez, en la cancha la vio un gringo- un Moctezuma  
Que dejo de caer su raqueta de tenis por su belleza  
Y le ofrecio, por un besito, un trago de su tequila.  
Hacian amor bajo la melodia de un mariachi cubierto de espuma  
Y el nene, un Zorrito, vino como una gran sorpresa;  
La union de Dona Marina y Cortez- hamburguesa y tortilla.

## The Contemporary Dona Marina

*(This is the rough translation into English)*

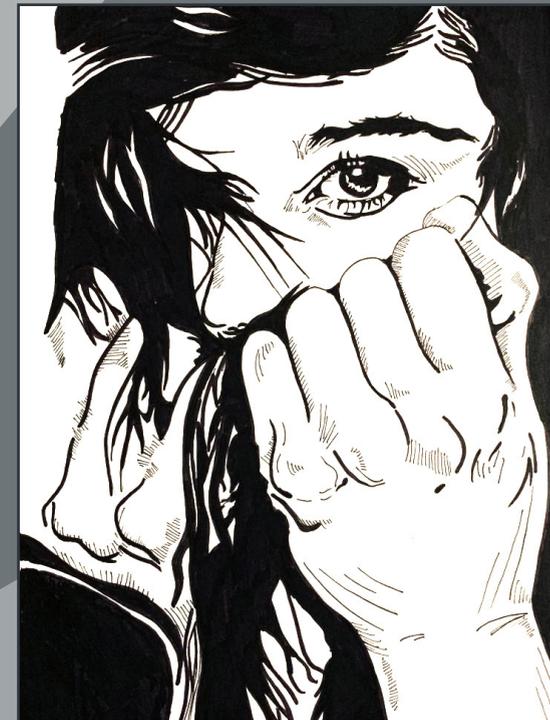
She was a Mexican girl from the city of Merida  
Who was serving beer to the old men for a tip.  
In the afternoons she showed the ladies aerobics exercises  
And in the evenings she paraded dressed as Shakira or as Cher.  
She had Spanish relatives who had participated in a bullfight,  
But in her veins was also running indigenous blood.

Maybe at home a little girl was waiting for her,  
Who could have a better life thanks to the tips.

One day on the tennis court an American man saw her  
And dropped his tennis racket because of her beauty.  
He offered her a swig from his tequila, in exchange for a kiss.  
They made love under the melody of a mariachi covered with sea foam  
And their love child, a little Zorro, came as a big surprise;  
The union of Dona Marina and Cortez- a burger and a tortilla.



DODANIM CELSTIN-Road To Progress 2



DODANIM CELSTIN-Road To Progress 3

## JOY CALLWOOD-Bulb Lights



## HRIPSIME TUMANYAN

### Sand of the ocean

There are so many directions, aren't there?  
I wrote someone's name down on the sand,  
near Atlantic waves, Coney Island side,  
I was honestly hoping that it would clear that name in the morning,  
I spent the night sleeping awake,  
In the morning the name was there,  
Covered with the glitter of night's sky.  
And if there are so many directions to get rid of one's name,  
Why was the ocean not powerful enough to clear it up?

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## JOY CALLWOOD-Woman in Leather Jacket



## NAKEAH DECAILLE

### Shine Bright!

Take  
In  
The Sights  
Of the  
Wonderful  
City we  
Live in today  
That we call home  
Bright lights, big city  
Subway tracks and cabs  
Bus lines, traffic, and stores  
Home is where the heart is  
The city where dreams come true  
The city that stays awake  
Brooklyn bridge late night walks at three  
Stumbling walks out of the bar  
Night time comes fast when you're having fun  
Midnight strolls across Coney Island  
Romantic conversations in the car  
Chillin' eating ice cream watchin' Netflix

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Going to the beach getting sand in your toes  
Waking up every morning to some nice tea  
Hearing the sounds of the birds chirping in  
large groups  
Insufficient fare! But a stranger swiped me in!



## BRUCE GINSBERG-Dumbo



DAKANG CHENG - Hansel And Gretel

## HRIPSIME TUMANYAN

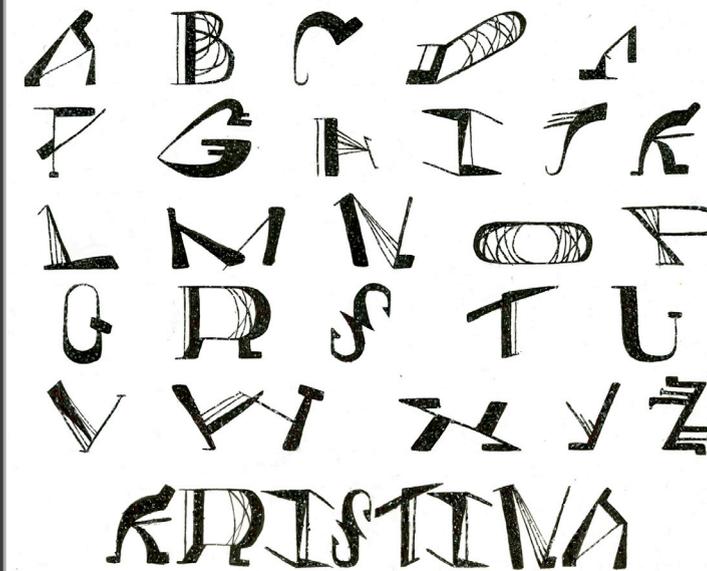
### Chalet

Wouldn't you love to have a tea, not so warm, one more time?  
Perfectly made omelet, with love, fried with butter,  
Hard cough - caught cold, gotten sick from the rain of afternoon,

Slightly wet outfit from the same rain,  
Deformed clothes from the cold,  
Hat - just do it - lost in the soil,  
Dusty sporty pink top, lost the last crop top,  
Washed by Ariel's smell,

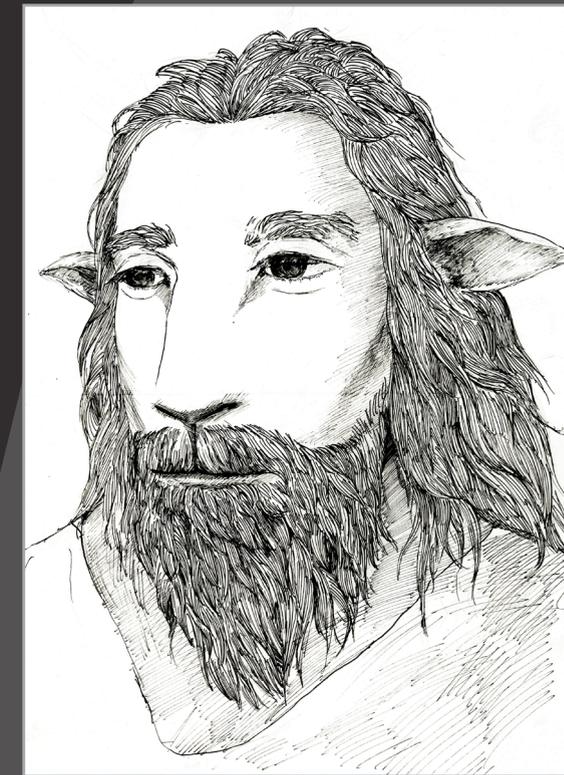
Terrible, living utensil,  
Irregular cough is screaming inside of me, from the past year,  
It was activated by yesterday's wind, the intensive one!  
Some walnut jam,  
brought up from the basement,  
The book "Cherry Tree" I was told to read.

Powerful, and depressive songs at night,  
Neighbors with listening troubles woken up,  
Weak Internet, No Service notifications,  
YouTube Recommendations,  
Strong insomnia,  
And a dry fig tree messed up.



KRISTINA CHENG - Dada Typeface

## DAKANG CHENG - Jesus





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