

2021

ANTHEON

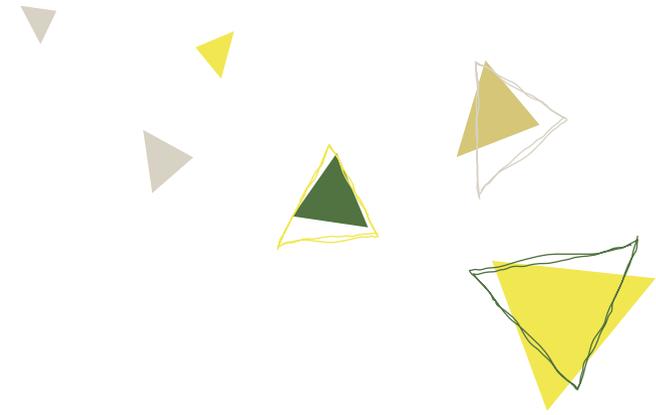
A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

VOL
27

KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE
THE CITY OF UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK



ANTHEON



NOTE FROM THE DESIGNERS

DEAR READERS,

This year was very hard for all of us with adjusting to a new pandemic reality and overcoming personal and academic difficulties. Despite all those challenges, we still received a lot of great talented student artworks and literary submissions that we were able to put together and create this magazine issue. To us personally it was a very different year, full of novelties and surprises, but overall teaching us great lessons. We have a strong believe that one can only grow when he is being challenged. We would like to thank every student that participated this year and strongly encourage everyone to keep doing their creative work despite anything that happens in the world.

We feel tremendously honored to be a part of this fine publication and have an opportunity to apply our design knowledge and artistic view to designing its pages.

Thanks to Antheon we had an opportunity to work together as a team, combining our ideas and making this process a fun and creative adventure.

We both also would like to say special thank you to Professor Kristin Derimanova, Antheon's Art Director, for sharing her knowledge, guiding us throw the design process and helping us resolve questions occurring on the way.

Another great appreciation goes to Professor Brain Katz and Professor Thomas Lavazzi from the English Department and Edward Severino for their help with the literary submissions.

We would like to thank Helen-Margaret Nasser, Director of Student Publications and Robert Wong, the Office Manager for all their help and support.

Thank you, dear readers, for checking out our publication. We hope that you will find it entertaining and inspiring.

KSENIA KOSTELNYY AND YUMIKA TSUKADA
DESIGNERS 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: To promote our community's burgeoning writers and artists by giving them a wider audience.

DESIGNERS:

Yumika Tsukada
Ksenia Kostelnyy

ART DIRECTOR:

Kristin Derimanova, Chair, Art Department

ANTHEON OFFICERS:

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Vice President - Ksenia Kostelnyy
Treasurer - Edward Severino

STAFF AND FACULTY SUPPORT:

Director of Student Publications - Helen-Margaret Nasser
Office Manager - Robert Wong
Literary Advisors: Thomas Lavazzi, Department of English
Brain Katz, Department of English

For next year's Antheon

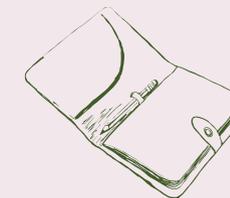
SUBMISSIONS



SCAN ME

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

For more info: antheonkbcc@gmail.com



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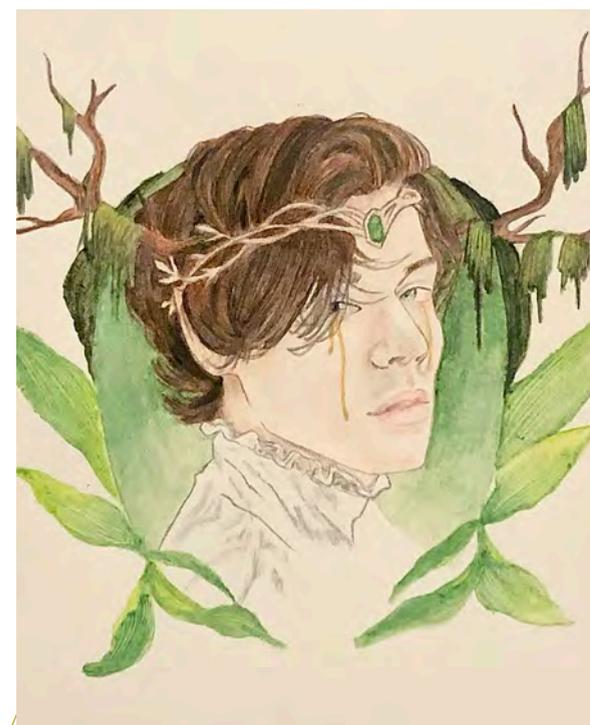
TALE OF THE CRAYON
AHARON BOORD



A DIVIDED NATION
KADIJAH ESA

This country is a walking nightmare
The rich act like their royalty heir
A divided nation
Nothing but everybody hating
Both parties ended up two weasels
Feel like I'm choosing between the lesser of two evils
The air must be toxic
Since I can't breathe
I feel like I'm choking
Where can I leave
Tired of the slurs and names
Everybody acting like they lost their shame
Every single problem, always needing someone to blame
Playing our lives and rights like it's a game
Both sides acting out like sheep's with no brains
But at the end of the day, we're all the same
We have to make changes
Nothing but Americans being aimless
A lot of determined faces
Terrified races
Proud racists
Our problems won't disappear with so much hatred

HYBRID PORTRAIT AZALFA AHMAD



ONE BY ONE
DANIELLE SYDNEY

One by one they disappeared just like flies;
Families all gathered in disbelief
Hold it in, you say? No! myself must cry.
Arrangements are made, but my mind astray.
I scream, I shout. Should I jump off a cliff?
One by one, they disappeared just like flies.
Thinking of the color, time goes by.
I want to walk, but my body is stiff.
Hold it in, you say? No! Myself must cry.
Should I move on with life? Just tell me! why?
Am I wrong to think that this a myth?
One by one, they disappeared just like flies.
I don't care about the suits and the ties.
I just want it to be special with grieve
Hold it in, you say? No! myself must cry.
The day is here for us to say goodbye.
I accept, but my body is still adrift.
One by one, they disappeared just like flies.
Hold it in, you say? No! myself must cry.



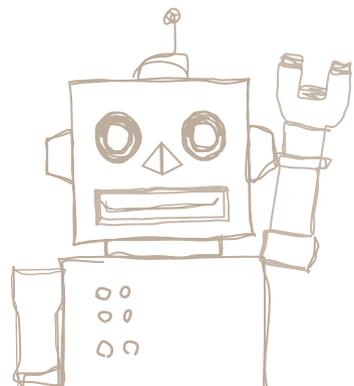
GINGERALE
ANNA POVALINSKA



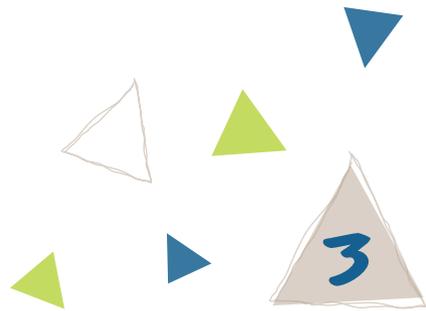
ALPHABOT WEINTRAUB TIFFANY

THOU POETRY
JAKE FRANKEL

you have been in my life for a short year
writing, expressing, answering, replying, in poetry I
dear adding words to my feelings in ways I haven't
heard before
my thinking was filled with ambiguity
taking the pen and writing had become a part of me
writing in poetry adds clarity and potency into
my words
all in thanks of this free writing storm
what I need is to write what is in the here now
and continue even without a beer or bow
rules In poetry can be made on your own
the perfect poem is imperfect in the known
commands or periods nor capital or small latter's
none is needed
lines longer or smaller all goes
writing from your heart is what will beat it



PERCEPTION
ISAIAH CRUZ



THIS DESK
KADIJAH ESA

this area's aura haunts me
chained to this desk letting the day go
the days are getting short
starting to miss the long commute the
atmosphere is choking me
I feel I can't breathe this dark cloud
floating over my desk
the rain is starting to pour
the water floods over this desk
the words starting to soak
I'm drowning where I've drowned before
blinking takes me back to reality
never left this desk
procrastination takes you places

NORMAL KADIJAH ESA

the morning breeze and leaf dew sun's
blaze over my tired face
the ten-minute late bus
the long walks to class on campus
cold wind hitting me hazily
they seemed boring back then
hold my memory very clearly
miss when life was just normal
getting up every morning
the simplest things then.



BUSY DAY ISAIAH CRUZ

I yearn for such that were normal
now such things are considered rare
time passes quickly
hopefully life goes back to normal





RED CAR VINCENT GAZZA

MORNING SUN

YOSELIS CRUZ

With my eyes closed I followed you
If I looked for pain I got it
You are not the person I thought
Here I am, looking around
Realizing that you're not here anymore
Silence tortures me slowly
I hear it over and over
"Don't fall for his game".
I look out the window at the jungle where I met you
Where every corner reminds me of you



CUP OF WARM SPRING
TATEVIK KAZARYAN



The soft summer breeze your lips with mine
The rays of the sun touching my skin
Like your hands once did.
"I'm a stupid"
Sadly remember that I fell into your claws
"I don't know how to feel"
Was the only thing you said
My mind plays it trying to torture me
"You didn't think about how I felt"
A tear ran down my face,
I promised it would be the last
Only one was needed to fill the glass where I was drowning.
"I do not forgive or want to"
I feel the pain cutting my heart
"I hope this doesn't affect our friendship"
Too late
"Get away from me, go away"
"Please, don't do this"
Don't make this more painful
"I should not see you anymore"
Understand that even if I ask you to leave,
It will be the last time and I don't want to lose you
"Sorry"
The only world disguised as a lie
Without looking into my eyes you left me
In a hotel room that smells like you
"How could be so stupid to
fall in love with you"
You poisoned me with silence



My air left behind you
You snatched me to the ground
You threw me and I broke
My demons surround me and wont
let me breathe
Drowned by the ambition to have you
Either you learn to love the thorn
or you don't accept roses.



THE QUAI DES PAQUIS IN GENEVA
LINA ALAWI

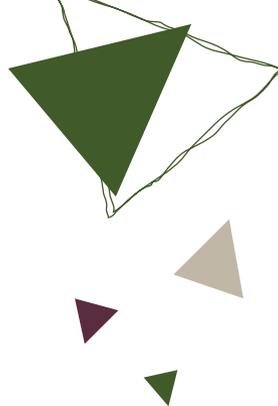




ORANGE SODA
SOFIA CHIARA RAMPULLA

POETRY IS FOOD
EDWARD SEVERINO

poetry is like eating food
you take that one bite
and you feel like you're going for a fun ride
you choose whatever you feel like expressing
anything goes be free and be cryptic
it's like picking your favorite meal for the day
poetry is emotions you let it cook
and then write it down to keep it frozen
my now that is making me hungry
but you know why this is the case
there are foods that you try for the first time
and you may dislike them
but eventually
you'll come to love them when consumed
over time
just like with poetry you may hate it at first
but once you get a taste of it more
you will be delighted



STILL LIFE LARRY POTNIK

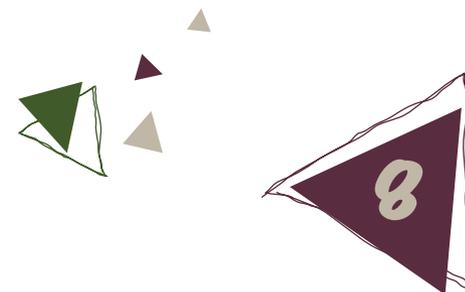


HOUSE BY THE RAILROAD 1924
EDWARD SEVERINO

did you hear about the story of the house that
has a railroad? This takes place in a
small European town
that house is owned by Victorique a young
girl who lives with her mysterious maids
but why is there a railroad by her house?
that is because she has a private steam locomotive
but what is truly bizarre is that the town
folks didn't know when that house was built
they only found out when the owner visited their town
during a foggy night
Victorique is seen with her 2 maids beside her
Their faces are covered by a veil and both are holding some
sort of book
Victorique stands out the most with her long blonde hair
a purple Victorian Lolita dress and a rosary necklace
Victorique reveals her face to greet the town folks while her eyes are shut
"hmm? don't be alarm I'm just hear for a visit." she smiled
"I see... well we ah usually don't see outsiders like you coming to these parts..."
she touches her cheeks "my, really? but it seems quite peaceful here
anyhow I'll be living in this town, you'll see a house by the
railroad over that hill"
"why do you need a railroad miss...?" there was a slight pause and
the cheerful look on her face became a glare

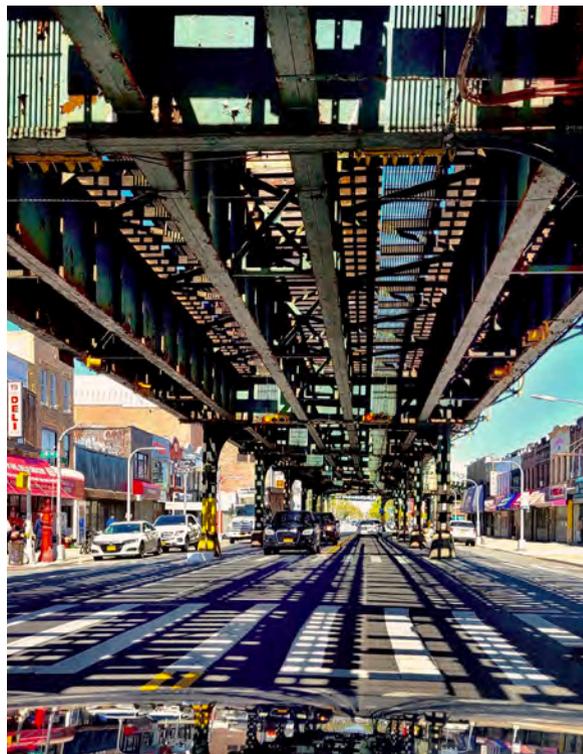


STRUCTURED LANDSCAPE
SYLVIA LAM



...continues from page 8

"that is none of your concern...well then I bid you farewell"
ever since that encounter no one dares approach that house
occasionally the locomotive horn
can be heard loudly jump scaring the town folks during the day
They can never get used to the sound
but where do the tracks lead to?
no one really knows rumors have it that
the tracks lead to another dimension
some even say that what we are seeing
Is just an illusion these bizarre rumors
frighten the town folks even more but someone in town just had to go visit
the man adventure towards the house at night
the lights are off "this place gives me the creeps"
"good evening." the man shutters and freaks out while turning around
It was Victorique... the moonlight shines onto her face but her
eyes are still shut "I'm sorry for coming uninvited! I will leave
at once!" before he could leave Victorique stops him
"oh, don't worry about it, I never get any visitors so please come in"
she opens the door and 4 maids greeted her back
strangely enough inside the lights are on.
"I... ah...thank you... for inviting me... miss Victorique" as he stutters
she smiles "come let us sit at the tea table"
her maids poured tea for both
the man takes a drink but the taste was unusual and he feels drowsy
he catches a glimpse of Victorique eyes for the first time
they are glowing crimson
and the last words she speaks are "farewell...human"



PANDEMIC GHOST TOWN
ZULEYHA NAZMUHDINOVA

PANDORA
EDWARD SEVERINO

It's so cold, freezing Inside

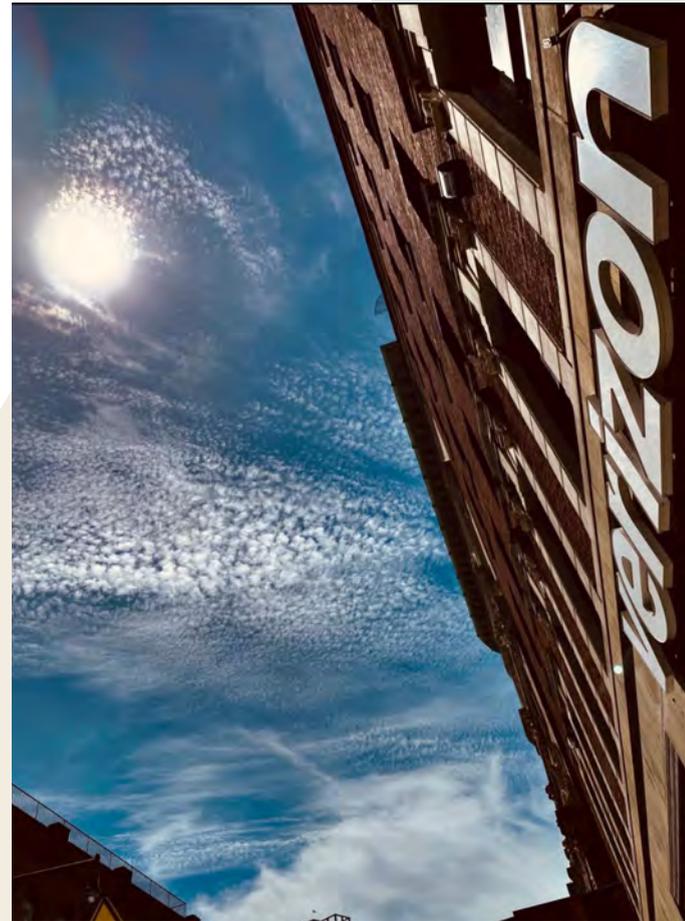
This dark place. I see the window,
As it's pouring outside
Someone walks on the sealing stairs
As she is upside down, she looks
At me with such cold
Glowing blue eyes, such sadness and rage.

She then stares at the window,
The fog has cleared up and we see
Two cities appear out,
one is upside down, "what are you?"
She looks back at me with a glare.

"The origin one
known as Pandora." Heart stops I fade.



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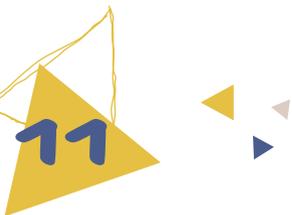


SUMMER VIBES HIND TAZIR





SELF-PORTRAIT WITH MASK
AZALFA AHMAD



SUMMER INTERIOR
LIANA NELSON

Drained and defeated
What is this "love" leaving me feeling
Used and abused
I fight to get out of bed!
To see the sunshine of each morning!
The darkness tries to consume me
Dragging me down
Is it worth it?
Why do I feel I am the only one trying!
Do I even cross his mind when we are apart?
Does he crave me both,
mentally and physically?
I try to stop and breath,
but the questions keep racing through my mind
Is this time different?
Does his heart yearn to be with me,
mutually?
Is he truly my soulmate
or will he break me,
inevitably?

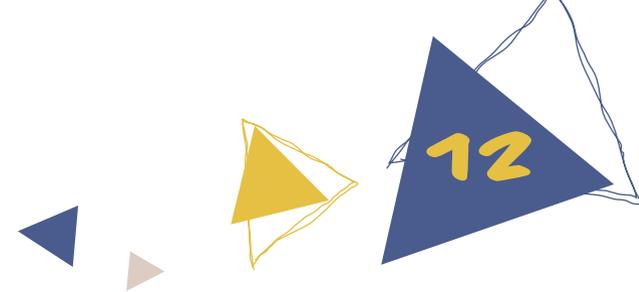


STILL LIFE COMPOSITION
SILVIA LAM



HOW NORMAL ENDS
EDWARD SEVERINO

Do you understand why this happened now?
Let us look back at 1942...
A young girl wearing a Lolita dress,
"My right-hand shakes, days are blackened, I cry."
Just like her prayer book, pitched black. She is blind.
She cannot hear her mother tongue, she lies stressed.
Her long white hair covered in red "But why..."
Her eyes wide open, glows in crimson.
The moonlight shines on her body, the feel of dread,
Poured into her as she cried. Vermilion,
That was her name, yet her vision goes black.
She blames herself yet her heart is cracked.
The sound of an enigma reaches her,
A woman with a halo and horns arrived.



NEAR AND FAR LANDSCAPE DAVID LAU





STILL LIFE WITH TWO PRIMARY COLORS
RIMMA CHAKHALYAN

MISGUIDED ASSUMPTIONS
DANIELLE SYDNEY

they say that poetry is made of rhymes and riddles
but never assumed its complexity
it tears your mind apart into a million pieces
opening the dark area of creativity
it comes in villanelles and syllabic verses
oh now you see the difficulties
could you not assume it's that easy
there come those of those days of mind block
where you toss and turn but just keep coming blank
there are those days where you have nothing to rhyme
and search google for synonyms and antonyms
it comes in sonnets and haikus
oh, now you see the difficulties
don't assume English is that easy



POINTILISM ROCK PETER AYALA



GODDESS LANGUAGE
EDWARD SEVERINO

Do you know her? She speaks beautifully,
But in such a way I cannot resist.
It's all a blur, but she acts truthfully,
Such as a ray and thus we coexist.
She's a goddess, one of a kind being,
Pale as snow, eye color as the universe.
But be cautious she hates your well-being,
Although she is kind, she is quite perverse.
Her love for me is impressive as light,
Almost in a way obsessed, I adore it.
She can be aggressive mostly at night,
She blessed me, don't ignore, I must commit.
Let us go beyond, and journey with you,
Let us hold onto our bond, like a bride.



GRANDE LANDSCAPE STEPHANIE GRANDE





HOMAGE TO HOPPER TIFFANY MITSURA

GOODBYE MECHAL LATI



Growing up I never understood why people would stay in an abusive relationship. I used to think that they brought it onto themselves. How could you possibly do that to yourself. Until it one day happened to me. I was 17 years old. Just a baby.

He was older. At the beginning of the relationship I felt comfort in that. Thinking he will protect me. Be the prince charming I thought he'd be. He was 23.

We met on my birthday February 18, 2018. There he was tall hovering over me. Hair as dark as chocolate and as soft as your favorite blanket. He has these bug blue eyes that feel as though he can look through me with one glance. Love at first sight? I thought to myself. I know such a childish thing to think. His charm worked, and I'm sure not only for me.

We were having a good time. Dancing, singing, drinking. I was way too young to be there and I knew that. But I knew I would be looked at differently if I said I didn't want to go. He came over to me and said, "Hey, you look lonely here by yourself."

For a second there I was stunned, speechless. This guy wants to talk to me? No way he doesn't he must be talking to her.

"Oh I see you're playing hard to get." Oh shit he is talking to me.

"I might be," I said.

"What's your name?" he said.

"I'm not sure I should tell you," I said flirtatiously.

"Ah ha, I have a feeling I'm going to like you," he said. "I'm Harry"

"Harry I'm not sure how I feel about that name."

At this point he moved so close to me I could feel every breath he took.

"I'm Emma."

We ended being together for most of the night. But that night ended and I thought that would be it. Little did I know my world would change, and quickly.

It was the next week and I was leaving school. A little later than usual. As I'm walking home I hear a beep and a loud call "EMMA!" I wasn't sure of who it was until I saw that face. THE face that would stick with me forever.

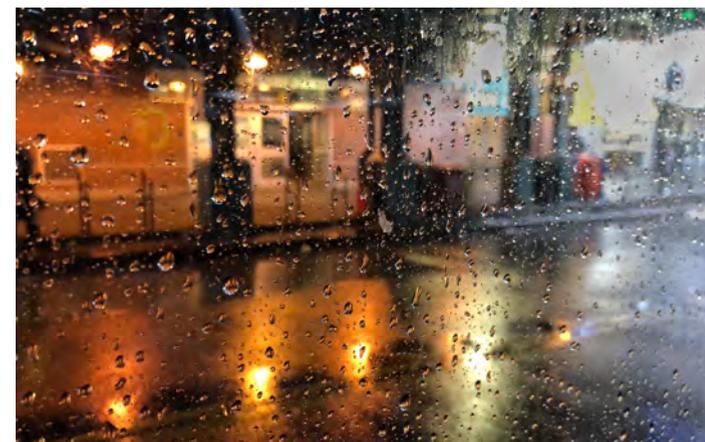
"Harry?" I said. How the hell did he find me. I didn't tell him any of this. Wait did I? No, no, no, I wasn't that drunk. Wait was I? How did you find me? The smartest thing I thought I should do was get into that car. Honestly I have no idea why. STRANGER DANGER! Remember that Emma? We soon formed a relationship that I thought would last forever. I trusted him with everything. I felt loved and protected. I found myself consumed by him. I could never stop thinking about him. I never wanted to be without him. And he made sure that would never happen. From that day forward he would drop me to school and pick me up every single day. He started to come for lunch never being late by not even a second. And if I was late? What happened then I would never wish on anyone. Things got deep so quickly. I had no time to think. It wasn't my fault. I would try to convince myself that I didn't do anything wrong but it was so hard.

We were home alone. He came on to me. I knew I wasn't ready so I tried to stall.

"Babe you know I might be getting my paintings in one of the shows."

"That's cool, well done," he said continuing to kiss my neck.

"Yes and I want you to come with me to the show. I know you said you don't want to go to any of these high school things but it's important to me."



UNTITLED AHMED YAFEAI

"Not sure about that but I'm sure about this," he started to pull up my uniform skirt.

"No babe, please I don't want to do this right now."

He started yelling, "You need to stop saying no to things this will be fine."

I tried to move away but he grabbed me. His fingernails dug into my skin.

"You're hurting me stop." I tried to scream but he didn't listen. His nails went deeper and deeper into my skin until I started to bleed. I cried and cried and finally he finished. Letting go of his hands on my skin. He looked at his nails then at my arms where he had hurt me. I couldn't understand what that face meant. I felt no emotion from him.



HARMONY SHIRIN MUKHIDDINOVA

"Come on you gotta wash up before anyone sees you like this. It's gross." I couldn't walk. I was in shock of what just happened. Did I just get raped? I thought to myself. But he's my boyfriend how could that be rape? We had sex and that's all. I needed to make sure that's what I truly believed. He carried me up to the shower and turned on the water. He started to take off any article of clothing that was still on me. He started washing my body. Making sure all the blood was gone.

"You know you're pretty worthless now," he said. "No one's going to want you now that you've done this. I'm not even sure I want you anymore." I didn't say anything I didn't know how to. I felt him getting closer yet further everyday.

He stopped coming for lunch. He stopped dropping me to school. But he kept a close look out for me. Making sure I would see him and feel what he's done to me. He made sure no one would talk to me. I lost everything because of him. I've never felt so alone. I felt his stare. I couldn't get away from him. The image in my mind never left for a minute. I shivered at the sight of him. I one day saw him picking up one of my best friends from school. He grabbed her and kissed her making sure I would see. And kept doing so for the next couple of days. Until one day I got home from school and found him on my doorstep.

"I'm sorry, I love you and i made a mistake. We're getting back together." He grabbed me and held me tight. After first I was crying. I didn't want this to happen. I want you to leave and never talk to me again. Why are you doing this now? I stayed silent. For most of that week I didn't say much and he didn't really like that. BOOM. He slapped me right on my face and I fell to the floor not a tear left to shed. He kept going. I saw my reflection on the glass coffee table. Who am I? What is happening to me? I began to lose that sight. I blacked out. He hit me so hard I became unconscious. I woke up in the hospital to my mother's face.

"EMMA OH EMMA!" tears rushing down her face. I felt her hurt.

"Mom where is he?" I couldn't think about anything else. I didn't want him near me. I was scared for the response.

"Honey the police took him. I'm so sorry I didn't figure this out sooner. He's locked away he will never touch you ever again." I started crying and couldn't stop. It's over. Finally, it's over.

The first thing I did after I left that hospital was write him a letter. But I soon realized that wasn't going to fix the issue. I needed to see him. I needed to look him in the eye and say what I needed to. So I went that day and visited him in jail.

"Emma? Why are you here? I'm sorry. I love you."

I didn't listen to him or anything he had to say.

"Harry I forgive you..." He interrupted me.

"I knew you would be sorry."

"Stop talking," I yelled. he was shocked. This was something I never thought I could do.

"I forgive you." I got up and walked away. Head held up high.

From a faint distance I heard, "I don't forgive you for doing this Emma." I heard those words and I was shocked but I did not turn around. I did not stop walking. Instead my smile was brighter than ever. I was happy. I don't love you anymore. Goodbye.



SELF-PORTRAIT WITH MASK
VINCENT GAIZA



RAINBOW SEVAN TATEVIK KAZARYAN

THE POWER & CORRUPTION OF LOVE EDWARD SEVERINO

Oh, Lusamine show your love and hatred!
Let others feel pain and your love for me.
Despair, despair, let it all be fated.

Let us not discouraged and be faded,
Colors are just a myth do you agree?
Oh, Lusamine show your love and hatred!

Ah, yes, why must this world be so tainted.
Others are not needed in this degree.
Despair, despair, let it all be fated.

Bless me with all you're might as I waited.
Numbers are just excuses, be carefree.
Oh, Lusamine show your love and hatred!

You will never be those who are outdated.
Yet your own comfort tastes like the red sea.
Despair, despair, let it all be fated.

A great angel as you must feel frustrated,
So, let us mate and destroy milady.
Oh, Lusamine show your love and hatred!
Despair, despair, let it all be fated.

CHILDHOOD JAKE FRANKEL

Childhood, what are my memories of Thee,
Anger that is deeply ingrained in me.
Times thee did not know how to be,
today it brings me to work towards a degree.
Pain is left from thee, it is time to
go out of me. Anger it is time to rise up,
to leave me through presently feeling you.

Thee little Thee, you are in my presence today,
I will not let you fall between the ray.
Pick up your head high, rise and shine,
because you are twinkling like a vine.
The vine is colorful, it goes in all direction,
goes up and drops down, it turns in and out, right and left,
being you is not called being a theft.

LOGO DESIGN DELIA GIL GALVEZ

PET   ADVENTURES
daycare & boarding



HOLIDAY CARD ANNA POVALINSKA



BODONI POSTER SADIA ALI



POETRY IS WRITTEN WORDS
JAKE FRANKEL

poetry is written words that has a pattern sometimes with a rhythm or rhyme it can be sung or read used in an email or even in a speech as well as a preach writing poetry will help make the unconscious become conscious and allow you to be happy every after

writing poetry is so much richer then I could've ever imagined poetry supports voicing the truth it can be written with or without rules some rhyme some has a rhythm syllable count or stanza can be regulated or not poetry writing is heartfelt disclosure

DRAGONFLY LOGO FANNY HO

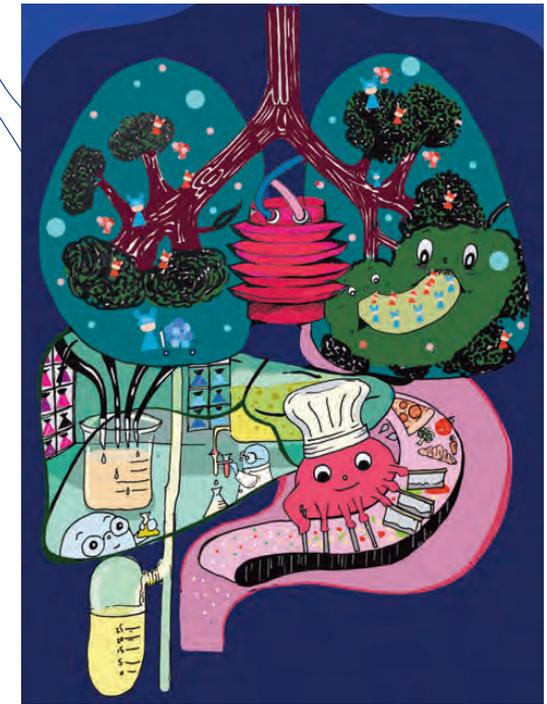


SOLILOQUIES POEM
JAKE FRANKEL

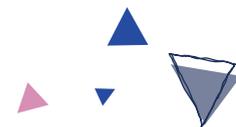
a picture of another eating pizza soon after a delivery of Papa John's is ordered and on its way to me we do what we take-in and we take-in what we see we are who we surround ourselves with because that is what we see again and again today I ate a whole pie myself, I feel and act high she just told me that herself eating a pie of pizza does not make me proud but seeing others eat, made me go and try to beat being a college student often means no time for food so a quick bite like pizza or subway becomes the pursued old times when going physically to collage still existed busy days studying meant pizza for lunch or dinner today studying at home pizza ain't a winner but from time to time a memory of a pie is assisted



PICTO GAMES LOGO JEREMY LOPEZ



HUMAN BODY STRUCTURE
YUMIKA TSUKADA





I GREW UP WITH YOU

YOSELIS CRUZ

I grew up with you.
You saw my first steps.
You know my secrets.
You have seen my way and how far I have come.

But you want more.
You want me to be like you.
Big and powerful.
Nobody gets in your way.
Why?
Because you are strong.
You come from far away.
From the top of the mountain.
Where dreams flow, my dreams.

I will be like you.
I promise you.
I will make my name known
as yours.
I will give what you have given.
What you and I know.

WONDER ALLA KIMMEL



GUEST ALLA KIMMEL



WINDOW TO THE SOUL

NIKITA CHARLES

'The eyes are the window to the soul.' This is something that Sally's mother had always sung in her head. Therefore, till this day she would not watch horror movies or anything that has to do with demons or the devil. The thing is, it is not that she was afraid, but the few times she tried to watch, she really enjoyed it, and she could hear her mother over her shoulder in her ear whispering those words, and it made her feel guilty, but then again those were not that scary.

Not today! Today she was going to sit with her friends and watch 'The Grudge 1, 2, and 3'. She was going to go against everything her mother taught her. She was going to live god dammit. She was going to sit next to her boyfriend EJ, hands linked and watch this "abomination", as her mother called it. My eyes would be fine, she thought to herself.

And fine they were once they were done looking at the "abomination". Everyone left and she was okay, until it was time to go to sleep. EJ was already knocked, but she could not close her eyes. She wanted so badly to turn the light on, but it would wake EJ. She tried snuggling closer to him, but all she could think about was that horrifying movie. That sound the ghost of the mother and son in the movie made was in her head. She tried pulling the covers up over her head and closing her eyes tightly, but then the image of the son's ghost under the covers flashed in the back of her eyes. Her mother was right! She did not care how much of a chicken her friends called her in the future was not going to watch another horror again. Her eyes, the window to her soul, her peace, were to be protected by any means necessary.



INVISIBLE DANCE VIOLETTA BRIN



MOVEMENT JAKE FRANKEL

Today, I danced conscious movement,
Dancing conscious movement is something I like to do
I enjoy doing it a lot and it makes me feel free

a question I am often asked what is this dancing you do
and what is in this movement that you find so enjoyable and freeing

dancing conscious movement is dancing your dance
no-one can dance your dance and no two dances are ever the same

it is not choreography dancing which is from the outside in
this journey is from the inside out letting the head arms
torso legs and heart move freely

no-one other than your own self can teach you the flow of this
movement

it is your own body your own heart that is guiding your own dance

the more consciousness on the dance floor
the more consciousness off the dance floor

old-timers newcomers younger older or whatever gender
none makes a difference when It comes to conscious dancing

bigger moves smaller moves wider or wilder moves are all equal
The consciousness in your movement guided
by the music counts

one moment your body is connected and conscious
to your movement

another moment a distraction takes it all away
the more consciousness on the dance floor
the more consciousness off the dance floor.

UNTITLED AMBER RAMIREZ



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PRECIOUS BLESSING LIANA NELSON

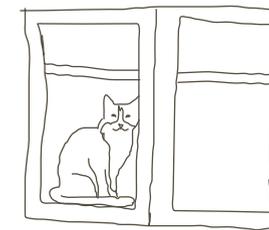
A love so pure almost undeserving
My heart outside my chest for all to see
My love for you is fully unswerving
For how can I ever be so lucky?

A bond as if unbreakable magic
One look upon your face and my eyes' rain
A born bestfriend and we instantly click
One hug shall heal any thought of past pain

I'm learning from each and every mistake
So now I can be a better mommy
Never want your innocent heart to ache
You deserve the best, that I pray you see

Above all else I vow to protect you
With unconditional love strong and true

26



UNTITLED ALINA BENSON





ONE DAY CRYSTAL SKYE

I wake to the unknowing of my fate.
For I know not when God will call my name,
Leaving behind earth, entering heaven's gates.

Moving slowly through life until that date-
living life to the fullest that's my aim.
I wake to the unknowing of my fate.

I close my eyes, bow, and kneel to pray.
The heart looks to God for eternal days,
leaving behind earth, entering heaven's gates.

Life is close to death; they are both innate.
The last leaf will come falling to rename,
I wake to the unknowing of my fate.

All the moments in life I celebrate,
because one day I know I'll be away.
Leaving behind earth, entering heaven's gates.

Wipe away your tears, this is no debate,
I must go because my transition awaits.
I wake to the unknowing of my fate.
Leaving behind earth, entering heaven's gates.

TRANSLUCENCE AZALFA AHMAD



STORMGRINDER KSEENIA KOSTELNYY



MAGAZINE DESIGN KSEENIA KOSTELNYY



YOU ARE - BLUE WATERS COREALE JONES



You are
You look upon me with no change
I tell you that thy heart aches, that my hands shake with frustration!
That I quiver and quake at the thought that you can not translate what I so blatantly speak, do I talk in tongues?
Are my eyes not enough proof?
When they leak and erupt from the dam that I built, for the outside world,
And yet you—
You found the cracks and the holes as you watched it unload, and yet you stand there, Wall of China, unmoved by the flicks of my waves.

You a caged bird, I a mouse in a maze.

And so I bleed my heart out, untouched I screamed out another—
Oh how the color is shown on your face.
The feathers displaced, a moment goes by, we are finally eye to eye.
Where was this heat when I spoke of I?
Oh, did that translation actually hit a mark, well that's a start. I laugh, you look, can't you see this is all a skit.
This back and forth, we practice, with great dismay, this drawn out play.
As we bowed out, I turned to say, but your back was there and your feet miles away, my lips fell silent as my hands tried to sway this situation.

I clench.
I clenched, retrieving the last inch of divinity, gripping my hold on of my civility.
Releasing my control of wants, as it walks it taunts my eager eyes.
I clench again, I'm trying to pretend yet it is pausing my transcending of an alleviation so high!
So I must detach.
That is the catch.
Unlocking the box that is tightly held by the latch of my pain, give up the illusion of the material gain, just realize the plan of all this was to surely retain all the previous moments of lifetimes to remember my name.

MIRROR YUSEF ELTALKHAWY



HAIKU KADIJAH ESA

This dark haunted house
Where voices and echoes sound
It creepeth your soul

Fire erupted soul
That Burned through their broken hearts
Flamed and fury stayed

This binded forrest
With roots that touch the sky high
Taller then the sun

This starry bright night
That seems crystal black in shadows
Glow through the night long

This warm cup of tea
Tells a story late at night
Dusk to dawn awaits

Music that shines
Your soul when its feeling dim
There it lays in peace

Water dripping down
To the core of this apple
Growing a whole tree



UNTITLED ALLA KIMMEL



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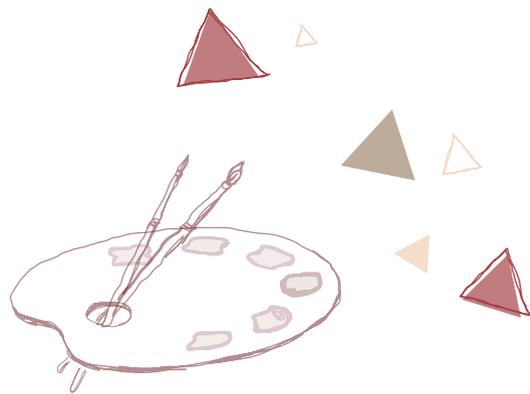
COCA-COLA CAN
JENNIFER BENZAKEN

THIS BUBBLE

KADIJAH ESA

I'm surrounded by many
But still it feels lonely
I'm trapped in this bubble
That won't seem to pop
No matter how sharp or loud I am
I want to leave
I want to scream
I want to fight
I want to explore
This world outside this bubble
There's so much to see
So much that I still don't understand
So much that I want to learn
Its the many that surround me
Who keep me grounded
20 feet underground
Who make it impossible for me to grow
To breathe or simply to live
My mind's telling me to pop this bubble
To be free from all this weariness
This exhaustion and confined space
What is it that I'm dreading?
What is it that
I'm so desperately trying to avoid?
What I avoid now
Will destroy me in the far future
The ones that surround us do play a role
In how our lives turn out

But it's up to us to pop that bubble
I have to pop this bubble
No matter how scary the outer world may seem
I need to get to the other side
Reality has me feeling anxious
This ocean has me drowning just looking at it
This forest has me breathing flames
This city has me cowering in fear
Looking outside this window has me petrified
Even though I feel all this
I want to be free
So pushing through these emotions
And blocking out all the negativity
Hopefully I'm strong enough
To one day pop this bubble



ANXIETY
YUMIKA TSUKADA

OH MY MIRROR

MARLINEE MIZHAURI

Oh, my mirror!
you are so shiny and clear
you can see all of my imperfections
on my face!!

do you see the insecurity through my eyes?
are you slightly cracking into pieces?
from looking at my flaws

I turn your lights on
they are beaming so so bright
that I can easily spot all my
insecurities

while I grab a beauty blender
and cover all my flaws
the red dots on my checks
and forehead
the dark under eyes
due to lack of sleep

you're showing me everything is
covered up
my hair is done as well
I feel like a new me
you're showing me your reflection
all I see is a smile on your face

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ROSIE JULIETTE AGUSTIN





UNTITLED JENNIFER VALASCO



HAIKU

KADIJAH ESA

The air smells of gas
That has polluted this world
This earth will expire

A mountain of grass
That clouds the worlds atmosphere
Burns eyes and brains red

The cherry blossoms
Only when spring is passing
The pink pedals flow
Palm beaches over sea
The sand stays still as tides splash
Over dull salt water

THE LONG HOURS
KADIJAH ESA

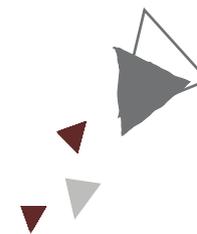


The long hours and extensive commute
Busy job and miserable wife
Today marked our 20th anniversary
It's 8pm and I hold our dinner reservations
Looking forward to this surprise
The day dragged longer then usual but I'm here
I walked through the house
Hoping to be embraced
But my wife wasn't anywhere in sight
The lights were all off as well
As I walked through the halls
The embrace I very so desired
Was stolen by another figure
I felt as if my soul left me
As so her love for me
I walked out of the house
Out the neighborhood
Kept walking with nothing in mind
When I had gotten tired of walking
Tired of running
I sat at the nearest diner
Slouched in my chair
And kept my hat on
Ordered a black coffee with nothing
So I could taste the bitter state she left me in
Across from me a couple
From the outer view they seemed unhappy,
But they seemed content and comfortable in my eyes

Which is what real love is in my opinion,
A love like so I mourn for
Compartment C Car, 1938
Home was dragging
The life was saddening
I married too early
Without a care because settling felt safe,
I felt chained to the house
After seeing the years pass me,
I felt tired of waiting
I wanted to explore
I wanted to breathe

NIHIL JEREMY LOPEZ

A B C D E
F G H I J K
L M N O P
Q R S T U
V W X Y Z
J E R E M Y



So with the money I had over the years
I took the first train out
No destination
No plans
Just a heart of adventure
And a mind of determination
I sit comfortably on the seat
As the train passes my hometown
I look out the window,
leaving the only place I've ever known
This map shows me a new world



CONTINUITY ANNA MAGRADEZ

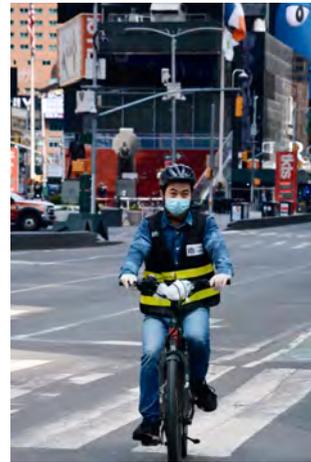




TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL
ZULLEYHA NAZMUHDINOVA

HER KADIJAH ESA

It's not too late to save her
But I feel as if her life's crashed before me
If only she knew how much I cared
Staying up with her late every night
Her mind so jailed wish she could just be free
It's not too late to save her
Her happiness is what I sought for
It'll eventually come, I'm so close
If only she knew how much I cared
Her thoughts toward life sends shivers
down my spine
Because I choke in those moments
that she needs my words the most
If only she knew how much I cared
But I noticed with time passing
everything starts to get better
Even if she's the cause of my stress
I'm so glad that I met her
It's not too late to save her
From when we were kids to the time that
we grew
Never plan to leave her side, whatever occurs
It's not too late to save her



ALONE IN TIMES SQUARE
SHEILA MISHAN



HOPE SUNAS AZMAT

DAY AT THE PARK

MARLINEE MIZHAURI

drinking a warm chai latte
all I hear is the swings screeching
children's full of laughter
and the crisp of colorful leaves
falling off the trees to the ground
the aroma of
nature is so pure and magical
we bring our woven plaid
pattern blanket to enjoy the
day and have a picnic
then watch the kids run after squirrels
and we sit and watch the lovely
sunset setting on
weekends purely breathtaking



GUT FEELING JOSUE DIAZ

He watched as his wife gets ready to head out for a girl's night. She feels his eyes burning through in the back of her skull, so she turns and asks, 'What is it, my love?' Doubtful look on his face, he shakes his head and whispers loud enough for her to hear him, 'You have been having a lot of girl's night.' She acts as if she heard nothing as she finishes up and adds her final touch, a red lipstick. Heading out the house door, his wife kisses him on his forehead as she walks past him. She leaves the house with the same red dress she wore on their first date. He always told her that dress made her look like she had her hourglass body. He gets up and tells himself he should not follow her, but his gut feeling is telling him she is up to no good! So, he leaves right behind her, not too close for her to notice but not too far, so he will not lose her. She finally makes it to a stop, entering a bar with windows almost as big as the place itself. He sees her in plain sight, Redheaded, long, beautiful hair, green eyes, skin so perfect the sun loves to kiss it with its light and gets jealous when it has to go down so that the moon shines upon her skin. She makes her way to a gentleman and sits down by him as she reaches for a kiss. She then whispers with her voice, so euphonous, so pleasant to the ears. "Hey baby, I have missed you!"

BEDIKAS SHAINDY WEICHMAN



SHADOW WINDOW MANO MAKADZE MANANA



MAGIC WITHIN LIANA NELSON

Breathtakingly growing a gift in me
Awaiting the day we hug skin to skin
Creating life, creating a baby

My baby seed, I love you so deeply
I'm being so blessed despite every sin
Breathtakingly growing a gift in me

Beautifully, A flower you will be
Worrying about you, makes my mind spin
Creating life, creating a baby

At 30 weeks you're so big already
Big sister sings to you, baby within
Breathtakingly, growing a gift in me

Bonding with each kick inside my belly
Words can't express how excited we've been
Creating life, creating a baby
Endless, profound love you will feel and see

Loving, new chapter about to begin
Breathtakingly growing a gift in me
Creating life, creating a baby

SUPER MOMMY STRENGTH LIANA NELSON

Literally and metaphorically:
You started choking me, your eyes pitch black;
You beat me and then stabbed me in the back,
Physically and emotionally.

You crushed me, my heart shattered, my
mind prayed.

Darkness consumed you, no longer in control:
It was addiction that swallowed you whole.
Your morals, your focus, It all had strayed.

Grateful for Evie, my heart holds no hate.
While fighting you, our baby saved me:
Super mommy strength, I appreciate.
Raising her with all my heart, hope you'll see.

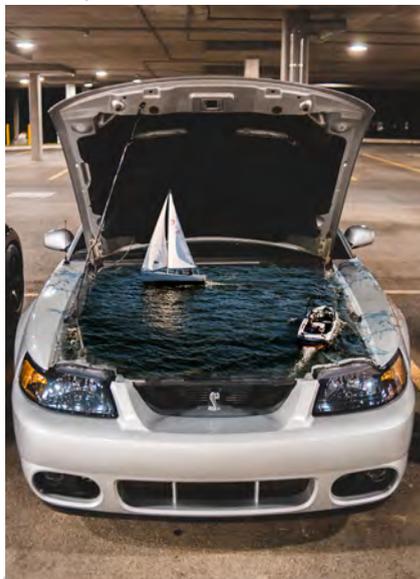
Still tried to help you, saving you wasn't fate.
Now you're in peace, overdosed, but set free.



UNTITLED ALINA BESBNOS



41



GALVEZ DELIA GIL

A SAILOR'S DREAM

JOSUE DIAZ

Surrounded by water, no land near in sight. Wondering where we will be overnight.

Daydreaming as I stare at the moonlight. One goal in mind, is for us to be unite.

One day, there will be no need to fight.

But that is all just hopes and dreams for tonight. Tomorrow will come,

I stand strong as a knight.

if you're a foe, I will bite.

A friend? You will be all right.

This is my story

I wish one day I can rewrite.



MAN OF MOON MARISOL ZAMBRANO



HAIKUS

MARLINEE MIZHUQUI

hiking in the woods
difficult to catch my breathe
as the sun blazes

mother nature rages
with anger scarring children
to look at outside

in the middle of
the dark, the stars shine so bright
along with the moon

sunsets in the hot
summer are more vivid
to capture moments

UNTITLED

MARIA VALOVAYA



YOU

YOSELIS CRUZ

I still see you in the darkest nights

Alive in the privacy of my dreams

You always see my soul's struggling plight

The bittersweet taste of your kiss redeems

I fell in love with an eternal summer

Little by little with your distance it turned cold

Try the impossible to make this warmer

Shy and beautiful like gold

Our love would never be in a rage

Our love would never burn to a flame

I wish we could turn to another page

After this I would love you just the same

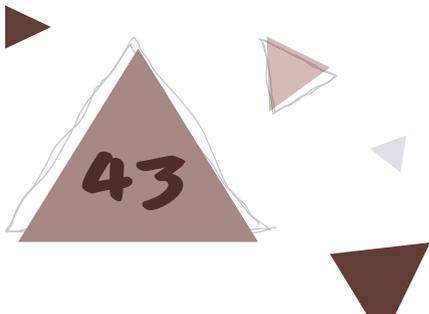
We could touch the sky and see it shine

Show your demons, and I might show you mine

42



UNTITLED
EMILY STANISZEWSKI



HAIKUS

MARLINEE MIZHOURI

the wind knocks on my window,
I see everything covered pure white

weather is changing
colorful tress turning aged
floor turns crinkly

I wish to grow in
life like cherry blossoms
with their pure petals

live our lives to the
fullest until we reach the
end of the rainbow

splash water on my
face to begin a new day
with a cup of tea

the sun shining
birds are full of joy singing
flying in the sky

aroma of clean
sheets, silky pajamas on
to fall into bed

shadows following
as I walk down the crisp leaves
on a cool evening

people ice-skating
frosty and white snow falling
from the cold grey sky

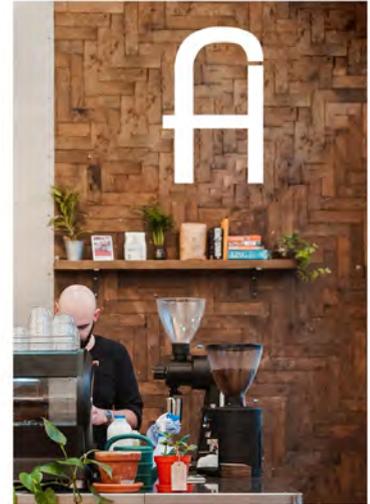
each year we go through
sunny, cold, rainy, cool days
each year flies by fast



STILL LIFE AUDREY SCOTT



FAMISH FANNY HO





LOST IN THE CLOUDS
SELENA WANG

ELEVEN A.M. NEA JEFFERSON

It's eleven o'clock
the moment after the day's begin
and before a much needed break
from the being busy, bustling
to where pigeons meet to snack on crumbs
is this all that life has offer?

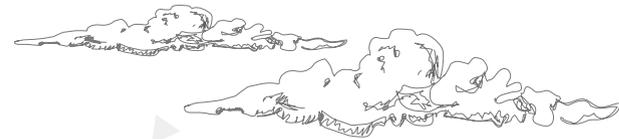
I tried today, I tried really hard
I prepared for the day, the norm
all the things I do almost every day
to enter this mundane routine living
but all I could muster
all I could do was put on my shoes

I loathe it all
mechanically existing like a rusty cog
a hamster wheel busily going nowhere
moving yet fixed
subsisting but not living
clarity in an illusion
as I sit naked with a bird's eye of it all
the day's breeze blows in tickling my skin
but not in a pleasant way
more like awkward
it smells and tastes stale
I people watch all of them
following a plan that they did not create
but nonetheless agreed to
before they could even make a choice
at all



maybe I should jump
dive into this farce of a life
leaving my guts splattered on the concrete
my hot blood staining the gray ground red
surely that would be real
a REAL part of life
something to disrupt the order
something of awe, something memorable
more than a cheese sandwich
and a smoke break

but the vagabond lady will take my shoes
after lunch is over
so she can be busy bustling
with the rest of them
to restore the reality of a delusion
in which we call life



UNTITLED MARIA VALOVAYA



LOS SENTIMIENTOS QUE SIENTO
DANIELLE SYDNEY

I feel in some sort of routine
where you wake up every morning to do the same thing
It is sad how people say
how you doing and the typical phrase you reply I am okay
I feel used by those who don't bother to say thank you
you see them fall apart and help with everything you got
sometimes I feel selfish
knowing what the bible preaches
I feel like I am losing control
oh God do I need a patrol
I try so hard to keep this expected smile
but don't think I can go any more miles
I feel like love doesn't change
you love hard and give someone your world is that
considered strange
why is it that movies make love look so easy
should I protect my heart and become a froozie
I feel like my personality is unforgettable
like a child's first portable
I hope my memories won't fade
but will remember the good that we made



WOUNDED WARRIORS
JULIAN THOMPSON

UNCERTAINTY JAKE FRANKEL

Uncertainty is our new lifestyle
no one knows it might even take a while

COVID 19 in 2020 has been agreeing
uncertainty is our new way of being

2020 has brought more uncertainty then ever before
all over the world and in the US even more

stores, malls, shops, offices are all closed
with limited public transportation so no one gets exposed

uncertainty is our new lifestyle
no one knows it might even take a while

essential workers are the heroes
for anyone else working adds up to zeroes

life is moving online
no face-to-face meet ups to shine

school classes on Zoom
mothers are making a boom

uncertainty is our new lifestyle
no one knows it might even take a while.



13177 BRANDING BRIANNA MONTALVO



Brianna Montalvo ART 7500-01





PANDEMIC ROOF
ANNA MAGHRADZE

SOMETIMES I WONDER

MARLINEE MIZHAURI

sometimes I wonder if your love for me grows
or as I fear, does it weaken by each day
the warmth of your kiss heals any falling rose

let's remember the old days eating Dominoes
as we watch the sunset on a Saturday
sometimes I wonder if your love for me grows

I ask myself when you will propose
no rush just a thought while riding the subway
the warmth of your kiss heals any falling rose

a romantic picnic up in the meadows
and treat ourselves with this getaway
sometimes I wonder if your love for me grows

building a family with you I chose
as we grow successful together, I pray
the warmth of your kiss heals any falling rose

let's continue to be bright at as rainbow,
I still get butterflies everyday
sometimes I wonder if your love for me grows
the warmth of your kiss heals any falling rose



DROP OF LIFE

ANNA MAGHRADZE

GROWTH PROCESS

MARLINEE MIZHAURI

I want to travel around and be successful
but set goals won't come like Amazon Prime
growth is a process that would be worth a lifetime
doing so many things at once can be stressful

being a full-time mom and student calls for sleepless nights
this journey has been bittersweet
knowing I do it for you brings me up in my feet
with just a smile of yours helps me defeat this fight

next thing you know we will be catching flights
as we let go of our fear of heights
I promise to create memories together
for we can always cherish forever

when the day comes, our lives will be better
just know mommy put a lot of effort

HAIKUS MARLINEE MIZHAURI

the day is shorter
leaves are changing its color
while the wind swishes

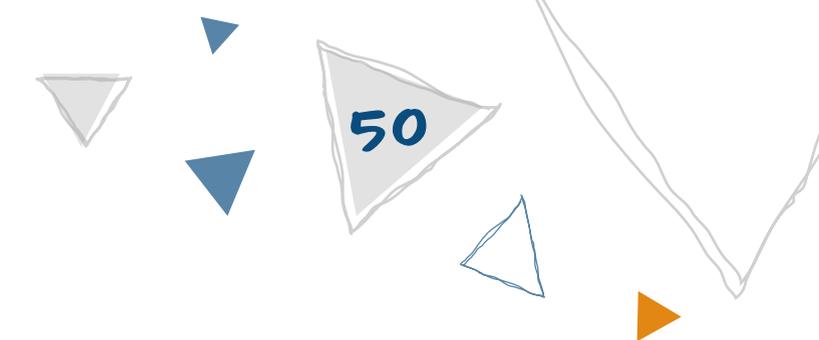
the sound of the waves
reaching the sand, makes
me feel at my peace

I sip my coffee
as I watch raindrops pouring
what a rainy day

in a sunflower
field, full of bumble bees for
their daily dose visits

playgrounds crowded
ice-cream truck song plays all day
these are summer days

kids are in costumes
pumpkin picking this fall to
carve out their pumpkins



THE REFLECTED SOULS SULTAN AHMAD



BATTLE FOR THE COSMOS CHARLIE PINA

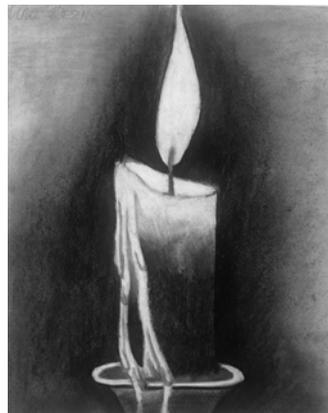


AN INSPIRED POET KADIJAH ESA

Poetry is letting the words
That flood your mind
Run wildly
After being built up over time
Letting your mind roam freely
Expressing yourself
My pen moves on its own
The words that were pent up
The thoughts that I couldn't yell
The feelings that I couldn't express
The emotion that had nowhere to be
The apprehension that disappeared
All flood this paper
The whole gist of meaningfulness
Is what has always inspired me to be a
poet



LAYERS ALINA BEZDOS



CANDLELIGHT ALINA BEZDOS

HERE AGAIN LIANA NELSON

why do we come here
to this dark dingy bar
to find some peace in our lives?
this deep chaos that intrudes on our minds
seems to slow down
as we stop in for a drink.
we don't feel judged here,
this is our place to get away
reaching to receive some solace.
our pain is still here inside
yet, somehow it helps to meet strangers
that feel somewhat the same.
they can relate:
for we are all here to numb that inner pain
with a distraction from our everyday worries
as if some social therapy.
something happens as you cheers your beers
it cracks a smile onto your face
and for a moment, your troubles are forgotten.
but never forget you will not find happiness here,
that is only found within.

UNTITLED KARINA SOIBNAZAROVA



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HANSEL AND GRETEL
TYLER SALOMON

LIAR

MADISON ROSS

They're people my gramps said he never
could trust
They're nothing but cruel and truly unjust
They never once fail to make you a fool
Come in all shapes and sizes cause there's
yet a rule
A best friend,
A lover,
Or family member too,
They'll have you believe that they're there for you
But you'll one day see that they tend to mislead
And cruelly have you believe you're someone
they need
A place in your heart
They strive to succeed
So they can take it with pleasure and shred it
in pieces
They'll do things to you that'd you'd never believe
And have you begging on your hands
and hurting knees
Hoping you only imagined the badness they
achieved
Yet, giving them a second chance is a terrible deed
Trust your gramps with one lesson at least and
don't ever allow a liar to feast

PANDEMICA PETER LOZADO

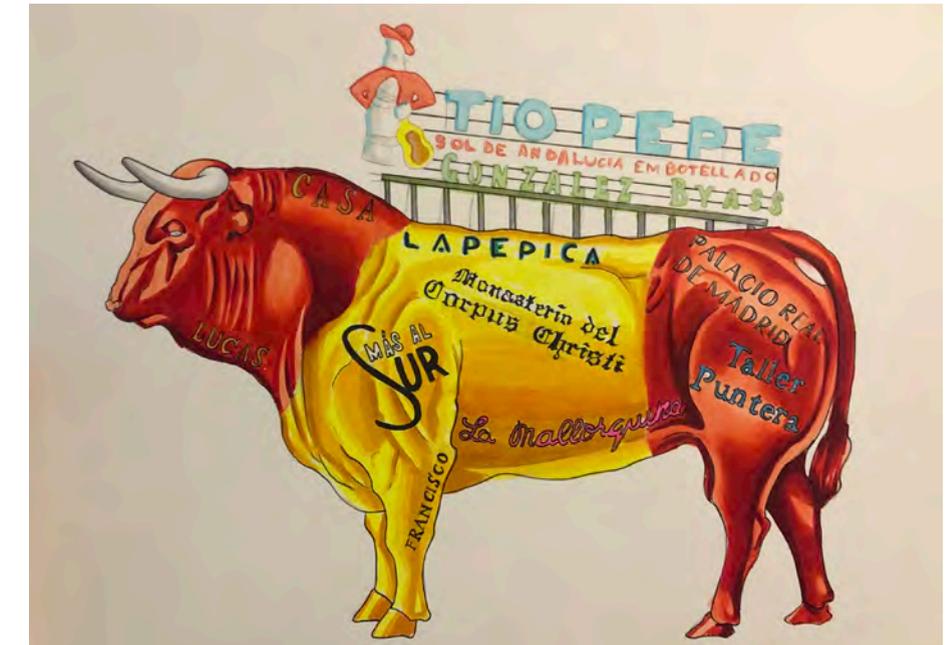


NEWBORN SON
LIANA NELSON

I feel beyond thankful
now, holding in my arms
my new born baby
three weeks early
body in pain physically
yet, my heart feels full as if at capacity
he is healthy, so I am happy
although, my tummy is now empty
I feel complete we are a family
although weak I am strong
my mind squanders
to think of anything more blissful
finally my two kids meet for the first time
and as if a saturated sponge extruded
my face pours out the utmost joyful of tears
in what seems to be a never ending stream
while holding my two humans
made out of pure love and sweetness
I know nothing else matters
literally nothing
the rest of my life
will be fully dedicated
to filling their minds
with the happiest memories
and their faces with cheerful smiles
if there is one thing
I yearn to be good at in this life
it is to be the best mother I can be
striving to progress and mature

into a better woman and role model
to raise my cherished children
to be thoughtful and humble
while protecting them
from any dangers that can be
keeping them safe and sound for eternity

THE SPANISH EXPLORER GAROFALO TRISTAN



FALL JAKE FRANKEL

I am sitting and staring
at the trees thinking the summer
is sadly leaving us
the scene striking like a painting
full of breathtaking views no form
can apprehend the
realness of its wonderful beauty

Leaves keep falling autumn is
here your beauty is the now but
not for long you will all disappear
once the winter shows up and
rips your beauty away the wind
blowing you
all into the water or elsewhere

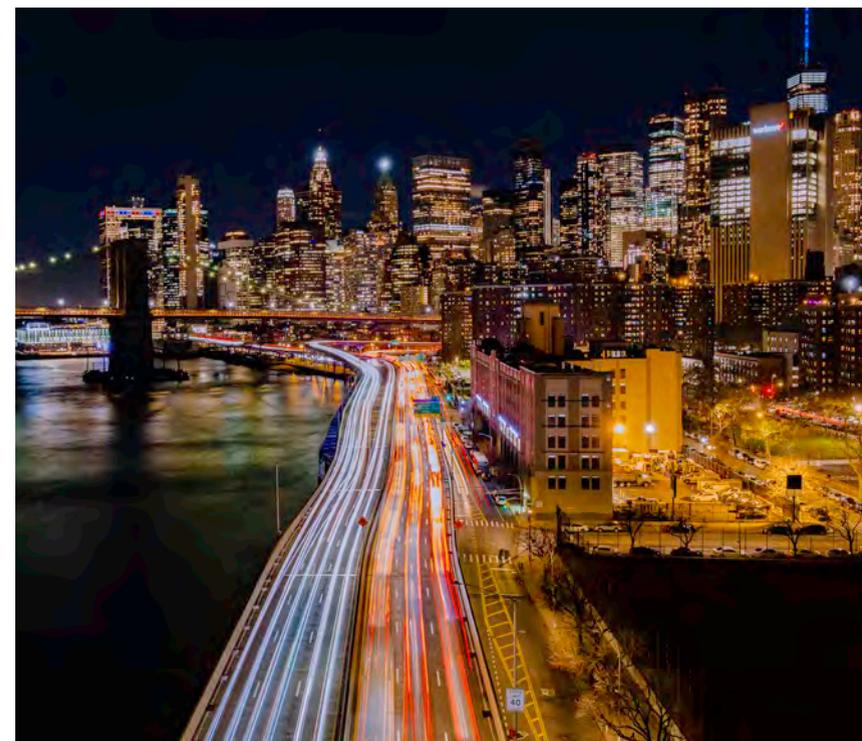
PUDDLE STEVEN NGAI



ODE KADIJAH ESA

I see the day
When I'm finally at peace
It makes me feel unworried
Hopeful
For the day when I don't resent my work
Don't resent the people around me
Don't resent the day itself
The day when I'm relaxed
Not panicking, scared, or anxious
Sitting with friends
While having nothing to worry about
No stress no work
Just waking up with no responsibility
The day when I'm finally
At peace

TYPOGRAPHIC JOURNEY MNATSAKANYAN MARIANNA



LIGHTS OF THE BIG SHIRINA YUSUPKHUJAEVA

LOVE JAKE FRANKEL

What does love mean in modern language?
Loving can be described as acceptance.
Not letting go can result in anguish,
Love and acceptance brings connectedness.
Connection can be done with one's own self

Compliance with how things are will bring serenity.
Holding on is like being in one's own prison cell.
Letting go may help find one's own identity.

Appreciating what we have with gratitude.
We all have moments of despair and joy.
Happiness could depend on one's own attitude.
The results of letting go is foy

Being happy is an internal job,
Love is a choice and does not come from Bob.





SENSEI PETER AYALA'S

DISTORTED WORLD
EDWARD SEVERINO

Always the same night,
the same folks around me doing the same thing.
I sit alone and wonder what is all this?
Repeating the same night,
but why are they still chatting about the same thing over,
over, and over again!

This glass of liquor has an unusual taste. My head hurts,
"My you seem to be having trouble mister."
I hear a girl voice in my head.
The people in front of me give a peek towards me,
but go back to their usual same conversation.
I am feeling fatigued,
but why can't I take a nap!?
"Hey mister don't ignore me you'll face the consequences if you do."
I feel very uneasy when she says that with such an aggressive tone.
I wish for this to all end,
I cannot bear the pain of isolation!
"Then stop coming back here."
What...? I chose to be here, but why?!
"Why must you be so irritating,
humans are such foolish beings."
Stop talking! Your tone of voice is unsettling!
I feel restless even more!
"You shouldn't say that too a girl like me,
especially someone that is trying to help you dimwit!"
I don't need help from someone like you!
My breathing becomes rapid... What's happening to me...
"I see, so be it... rejecting my salvation,



you'll regret it for eternity."
Wait-!?! I can't speak, my mind is breaking!
The same night repeating once again,
drinking the same tasteless liquor.
The same folks I see,
the same conversation I hear once again...
"Regret, regret, regret, regret" I repeat while mumbling to myself.
She was right... I'm such a fool...

B.I.G. SOFIA RAMPULLA



PUFFER RIVERA AYANA





Futura is a geometric sans-serif typeface designed by Paul Renner and released in 1927. It was designed as a contribution on the New Frankfurt-project. It is based on geometric shapes, especially the circle, similar in spirit to the Bauhaus design style of the period. It was developed as a typeface by the Bauer Type Foundry, in competition with Ludwig & Mayer's seminal Erbar typeface of 1926.

FUTURA KSENIA KOSTELNYI

SONNET TWO
KADIJAH ESA

Eating thoughts
Is it unusual to feel vacant?
This empty plate that's set in front of me
My thoughts must've gotten to it before me
A dark cloud that floods my brain with nothing
I feel like everyday's a battle
To fight against myself for my thoughts back
Everyday feels blanker than tomorrow
Over time it'll come back to me somehow
Feels like Groundhog day, how will I escape
Waking up to the same sounds, same bedroom
Same breakfast, at least my thoughts can't eat it
Maybe it's my surroundings frying my brain
Feel crazier every time I do have thoughts
So is it unusual to be okay with
no thoughts?

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
YUSEF ELTALKHAWY



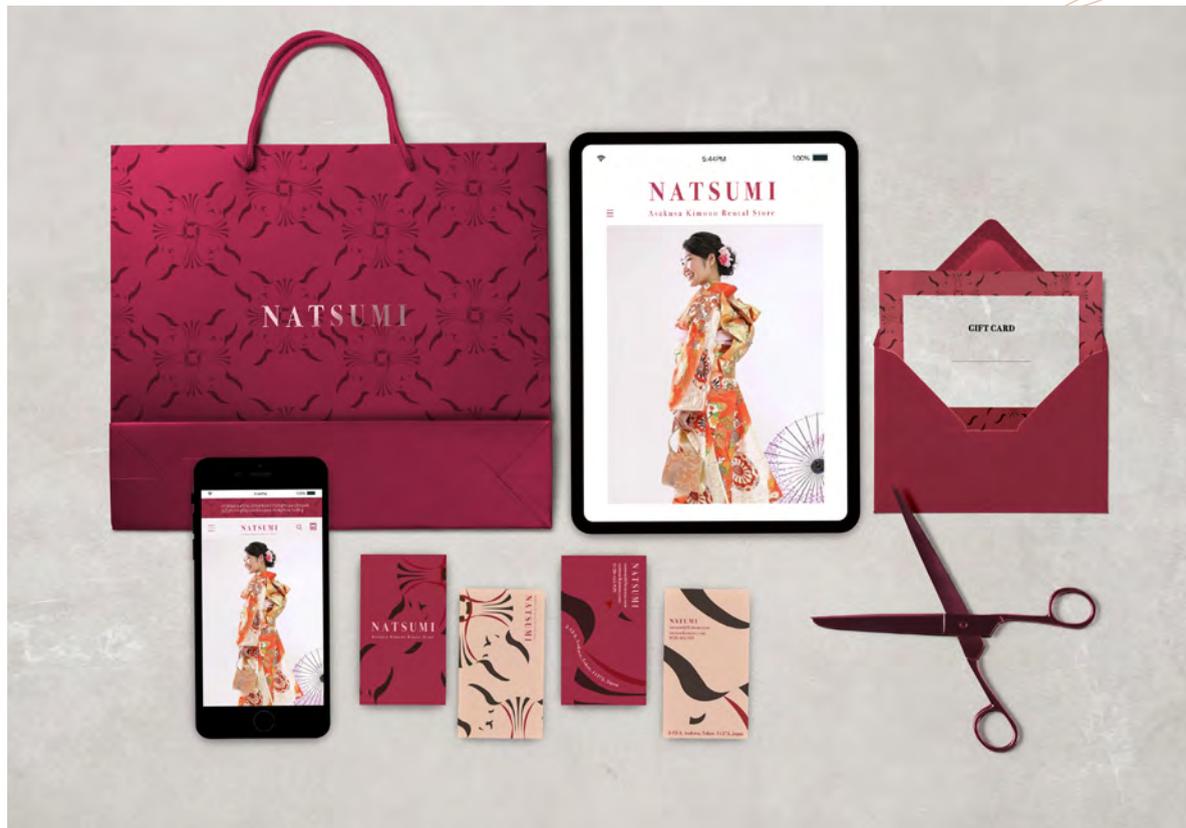
NEW BEGINNINGS
LIANA NELSON

Love not written so sweet like Disney
Obstacles and insecurities,
Fears intensified with PTSD;
Broken heart, now beating.
Before running, now seating.
Pure intentions you'll see!
Imperfect love perfect, perfect for me.

I love you and Your "flaws" completely!
From once strangers to now family.
Proposed, bonded, and engaged to marry.
Time apart was hurting,
Together we are learning;
Gifting me a baby.
Our vows are for eternity!

BRANDING JASMINE MALONEY





NATSUMI YUMIKA TSUKADA

61

NEAR DEATH JOSUE DIAZ

Stay with me; do not walk towards the light.
All sickness should make way and stay away.
SHOUT, give a roar, please put up a good fight!

This bad story I wish I can rewrite.
Remember, everything will be okay.
Stay with me; do not walk towards the light.

Though these doctors say you won't make the night,
do not lose faith, no matter what they say.
SHOUT, give a roar, please put up a good fight!

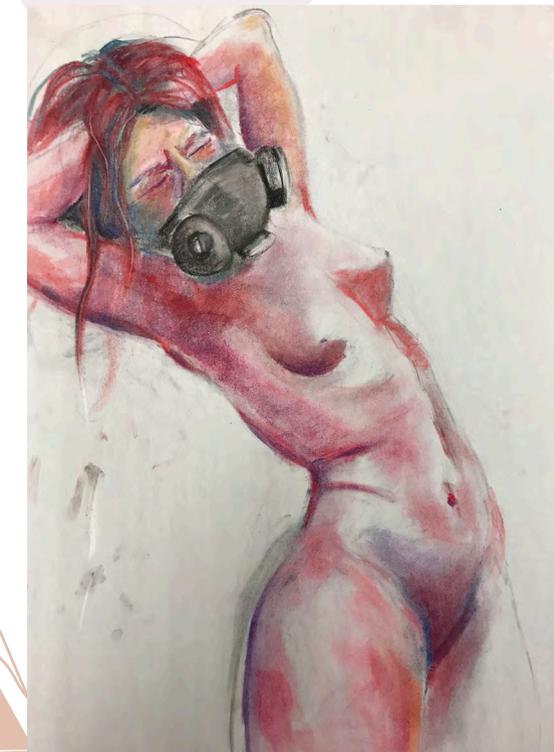
Though you are near death, it will be alright;
deep down inside, I know you will stay.
Stay with me; do not walk towards the light.

Keep pushing; be strong; please do not lose sight.
I know it is hard; everything seems astray.
SHOUT, give a roar, please put up a good fight!

The fire in your eyes, let them ignite.
The one above has plans for you; it's in play
Stay with me; do not walk towards the light.
SHOUT, give a roar, please put up a good fight!

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FRUSTRATED
YUMIKA TSUKADA



GREEN ROAD VIOLETTA BRIN



LOGO DESIGN
KIRT BROWN



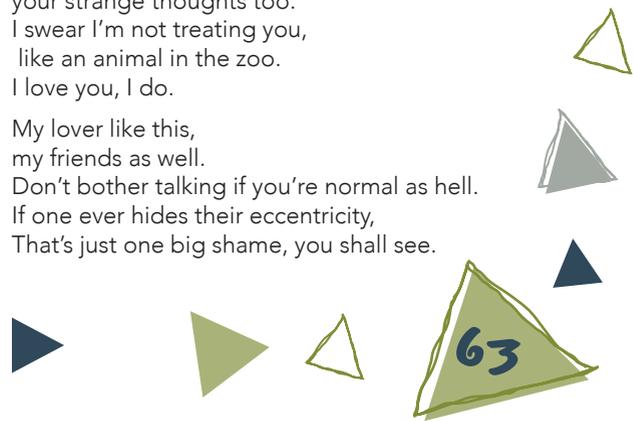
STRANGE MADISON ROSS

Can't ease my mind off it.
I truly try often.
There's just something so amazing about it.
The way people think,
Breathe, hear and see,
can't anybody else see this as amazing as me?
The view sure is free.

I have quirky friends,
I truly never liked normal,
just a bunch of weirdos with morals.
To this, I attract,
I'm one myself in fact.
I've never been anything else to be exact.

So tell me your dreams,
your strange thoughts too.
I swear I'm not treating you,
like an animal in the zoo.
I love you, I do.

My lover like this,
my friends as well.
Don't bother talking if you're normal as hell.
If one ever hides their eccentricity,
That's just one big shame, you shall see.

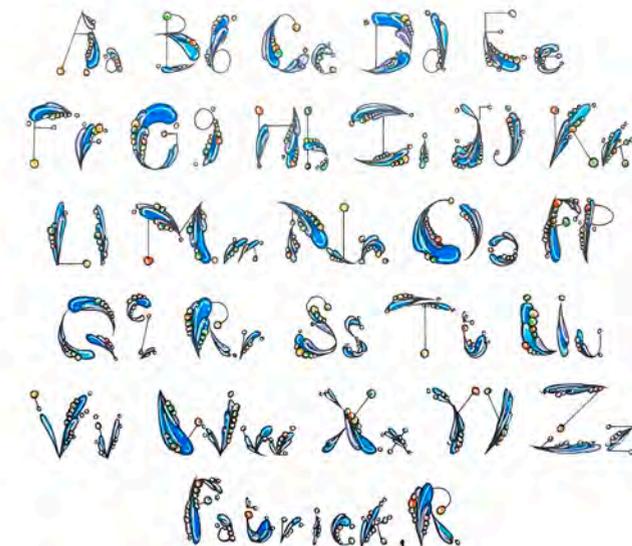


REVISION DANIELLE SYDNEY

How am I supposed to survive? Tell me!
You gave me life and taught me to survive.
Come on! Sigh, I need you, help me thrive.
I miss your bedtime stories with bakes and
cocoa tea.
Silence! How can you say it's okay?
I will never say goodbye. Our fight is not over.

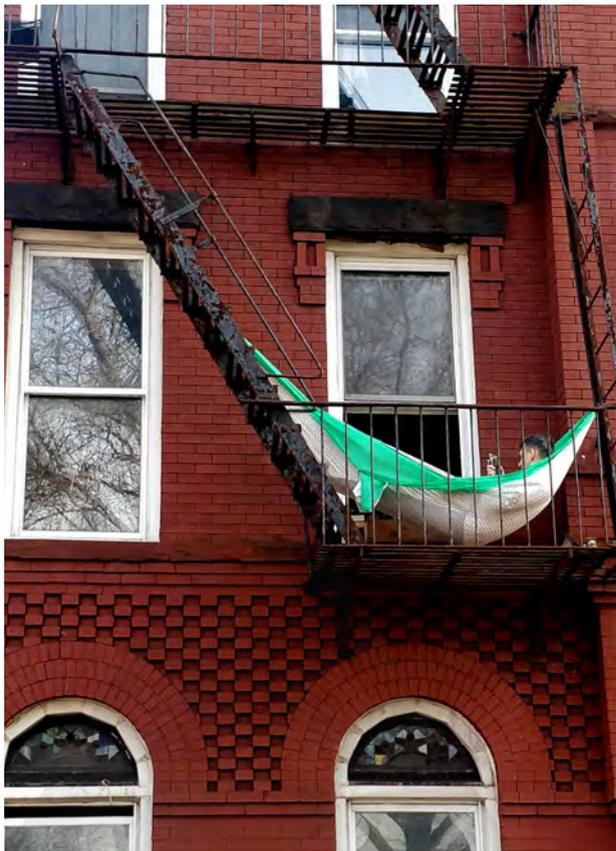
I know- I know I should always pray.
Why did you send me? Am I not missed?
Don't you like my loud noise?
Is it because of my bro and sis?
Answer me! I deserve that much.
Why? Just tell me I can handle it.
I guess you don't practice what you preach.
Let me assure you my life is not a skit.

AVIAN DROPLETS TYPEFACE PATRICK RICHARDSON



INSIDE OF THE OUTSIDE
YUMIKA TSUKADA





BROWNSTONE SHAINDY WEICHMAN

BRIGHTNESS JAKE FRANKEL

I look out to see the long sun's brightness.
The sun shines clear until it turns to clouds.
Choice is what I was granted; Choice is where I fight.

Some may see a road leading to darkness,
But all of a sudden, I am awakened to choice.
I look out to see the long sun's brightness.

My internal voice calms the Harshness,
Searches for brightness that has its own voice.
Choice is what I was granted; Choice is where I fight.

Experience goes far with sharpness,
Memories of the past rejoice,
I look out to see the long sun's brightness.

Mixed flashbacks run through heartless,
Pausing into the now and making noise,
Choice is what I was granted; Choice is where I fight

Reshuffle to strength that is fearless,
Staring to the Past that the future destroys,
I look out to see the long sun's brightness.
Choice is what I was granted; Choice is where I fight.

65

REPEAT GABRIEL DEJESUS

waking up to look at the same boring theme
I don't want to feel this isolation
making me want to just take a vacation
I'll be okay with living in a dream
seeing the once crowded streets be empty
can't wait to leave the year of twenty
this isolation makes everyone want to scream
now we only know each other from a mask
it gets boring to live like a machine
if only our futures can be foreseen
hope for a day when we can all unmask
waiting just waiting for something new
but every single day is deja vu
waking up just to do the same old task

BAR JAKE FRANKEL

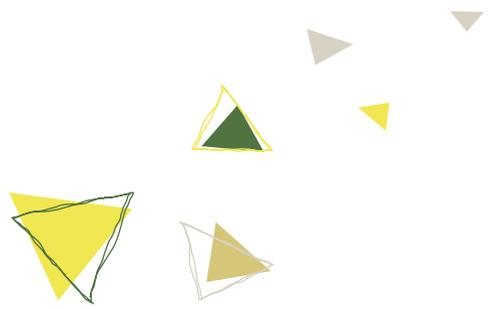
The neighborhood corner bar called Phillies
Windows as big as the entire store front
A midweek evening gets crossers attention
A businessman drinking rewinding his day
All alone in his isolated world
He is turned to his back from the street viewers
Trying to avoid his stress with another drink
With two more customers the bartender is happy
The couple's drinking continues into late hours
A shot for the man a shot for the women
A late night and the drinking continues
The bartender is happy so is the couple
The businessman has no plan of leaving
At Phillies business is great even during the week



COLOUR STUDY
AZALEA AHMAD

66



A cluster of several triangles in various colors (yellow, green, grey) and orientations, some with outlines, scattered in the upper right quadrant of the page.

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