



**A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS**

**KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE**

**THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK**

**VOL. 17 2010-2011**

# **ANTHEON**

**ANTHEON**



## **PRESIDENT'S NOTE**

*Antheon* is the direct result of the hard work, dedication and cooperation among students from various majors, diverse cultures, and different age groups who share the same passion for the arts. I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Dr. Orsini without whom we would not have reached the finish line nor produced such a polished publication. We are all deeply indebted to her kindness, patience, work ethic, and countless years of experience.

On behalf of students and faculty advisers involved in producing *Antheon*, we extend our humble hands of appreciation to the Kingsborough Community College Association for their continued support of the arts and for providing Kingsborough students with an opportunity to exhibit their individual talents.

*Kashfi Fahim*  
President of *Antheon*

## **DESIGNERS' NOTE**

The experience of working together on *Antheon* has been extraordinary for both of us. Our mentor, Professor Valerie Sokolova, was the hard-working source of our inspiration. She patiently pushed us to refine our designs while nurturing our creativity continually by seeking new material to guide us. She responded to every issue relentlessly with her big heart. A special thank you to Judith Wilde for gracing us with her charming art and for the use of clip art motifs from one of her assignments.

We're sure the experience gained here will carry over to our future work. May our designs enhance the work of our talented contributors as well as give pleasure to our readers.

*Irina Samkova and Joanne Honigman*  
Designers of *Antheon*

## **PRESIDENT**

Kashfi Fahim

## **VICE PRESIDENT**

Tonianne Druckman

## **MEMBERS**

Crisanthy Carvouniaris

Ethan Dante Bello

Felix Guzman

Yana Levitskaya

Kristine Lin

Ryan Seaforth

## **ADVISERS**

Tina Orsini

Valerie Sokolova

Eben Wood

Tom Lavazzi

Levy Moore

## **PRODUCTION STAFF**

Robert Wong

## **ART DIRECTOR**

Valerie Sokolova-Design Concept

## **DESIGNERS**

Irina Samkova

Title,

Cover (based on the artwork done by Jonise Meyers),  
Endpaper Concept (based on Judith Wilde's poster),  
Interior Pages (2-3, 4-5, 8-9, 10-11, 12-13, 16-17,  
18-19, 24-25, 26-27, 32-33, 34-35, 42-43, 44-45,  
52-53, 56-57)

Joanne Honigman

Interior Pages (0-1, 6-7, 14-15, 20-21, 22-23,  
28-29, 30-31, 36-37, 38-39, 40-41, 46-47,  
48-49, 50-51, 54-55)

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## ARTWORKS

- 7 **Airplane** / Jonise Meyers  
46-47 **Anthelms** / Irina Samkova  
25 **Butterfly** / Hope Goldstein  
15 **Butterfly** / Piotr Korkuz  
33 **Behemoth Maniamal** / Irina Sivatskaya  
29 **Berries** / Irina Samkova  
13 **Boots** / Oshra Bitton  
8 **Children's Book Illustration** / Chastity Lewis  
32 **Children's Book Illustration** / Irina Sivatskaya  
54 **Chobitsu** / Piotr Korkuz  
5 **Cityscape** / Raymond Li  
38 **Collage Portrait** / Miriam Stirewalt  
42-43 **Conceptual Illustration** / Chao Chen  
39 **Coney Island Logo** / Anzhelika Toursunova  
1 **Cupcakes** / Ashley Rondira  
11 **Dragon** / Rongbiao Tan  
45 **Ecuador** / Geraldo J. Flores  
30 **Ex Libris** / Piotr Korkuz  
6 **Eyes** / Junaid Iqbal  
20 **Face** / Hui Ming Wu  
52 **Face and Mask** / Priscilla Muniz  
36 **Fall** / Luis Acosta  
9 **Fish** / Rosado Johnatan  
19, 44 **Fish** / Adrian Salajan  
22 **Fishing Rod** / Piotr Korkuz  
22 **Fish** / Chao Chen  
16 **Floating Ballerina** / Stephora Geffrard  
40 **Flower** / Shafaq Naaz  
50 **Flower Princess** / Mandy Lau  
46 **Froggie** / Irina Samkova  
18 **Frogs** / Irina Samkova  
28-29, 31 **Geometric ABC** / Joanne Honigman  
49 **Golden Fish** / Aviguil Nuamat  
35 **Gradation** / Chao Chen  
52 **Hodge Podge** / Lea Zimmerman  
54-55 **Letter "J" and "A"** / Jaely Jimenez  
4 **Lioness** / Chao Chen  
6 **Lips** / Junaid Iqbal  
17 **Mommy's Jewelry** / Kawana Barbour  
47 **NYC** / Josue Infante  
31 **Over The City** / Piotr Korkuz  
6 **Planet Unknown** / Junaid Iqbal  
4 **Portrait** / Brenda Escava  
41 **Portrait** / Ivan Alkhovsky  
41 **Portrait** / Olga Dobraya  
12 **Primary Colors** / Kuong Jing Alfred Li  
11 **Puppets Typeface** / Michael Kurtz  
34 **Ransom Note** / Jonise Meyers  
57 **Sand Lady** / Irina Samkova  
10 **Self-Portrait** / Irina Samkova  
20 **Self-Portrait** / Duwayne Rowe  
14 **Singer** / Duwayne Rowe  
15 **Snake Plant** / Joanne Honigman  
1 **Sneakers** / Kevin Casey  
19 **Squid In Style** / Josue Infante  
46 **Stamps** / Helen Wong  
6 **Still-Life** / Hong Shen  
20 **Still Life** / Duwayne Rowe  
28 **Still Life** / Renee Lewis

- 24 - 25 **Subway Poster** / Svetlana Churyumova  
23 **That Girl** / Ana Oliveras  
44 **The Crabster** / Catherine Rosario  
50-51 **The Tiger Inside** / Piotr Korkuz  
26 -27 **Three Fish** / Adrian Salajan  
56 **Typeface** / Mikhael Raiz  
12 **Type Composition** / Gerardo Flores  
14, 35 **Type Design** / Muhammad Tahir Chaudhry  
48 **Type Design** / Irina Samkova  
26 **Typographic Composition** / Dorian Salas  
12, 20 **Watch Face Design** / Diane Kim  
2-3 **Yatari** / Piotr Korkuz  
48-49 **Zen Experimentation** / Monika Golianek  
54-55 **Zen Images** / Sylvia Chung  
44-45 **Zen Image** / Monika Golianek

## PHOTOGRAPHS

- 21 **Drool** / Michelle Bolton  
0 **Kitchen Tools** / Joanne Honigman  
21 **Small Joy** / Michelle Bolton

## POETRY

- 27 **A Sheet Of Paper** / Stephanie Barron  
22 **A Different Day** / Tonianne Druckman  
27 **Always** / Halima Haider  
3 **Basket** / Nicole Pankowski  
34 **Brisk Evening** / Mariya Ziskin  
18 **Buttons** / Kathleen Monahan  
33 **Catharsis** / Robin Frankel  
21 **Childhood Memories** / Esther Freedman

- 49 **Dew On My Window** / Desmond Browne  
46-47 **Engineer Dear** / Christine Layugan  
12 **Escape** / Esther Freedman  
30 **Faith** / Kathleen Monahan  
15 **Family Meal** / Matthew Rubin  
24-25 **Hero** / Tonianne Druckman  
5 **Life** / Kathleen Monahan  
19 **Just Another Olive** / Asya Sheynberg  
16 **Love For Us Remain Unruly** / Felix Guzman  
57 **Little Girl Comes Home** / Tonianne Druckman  
51 **Moving On** / Nolasco Thomas  
45 **Music** / Janet DiGeronimo  
42 **9 AM** / Lidia Maximova  
14 **Not Clever** / Lidia Maximova  
52 **Offshore** / Mariya Ziskin  
2 **One Last Shot** / Steven Carpio  
36 **Renovation** / Jumary Goitia  
10 **The Day Wilts** / Nicole Pankowski  
9 **The Garden** / Samantha Cortez  
7 **The Guilt Of Youth** / Felix Guzman  
29 **The Wind In Clenched Teeth** / Felix Guzman  
48 **Throwing In The Towel** / Danielle Johnson  
38 **Touch** / Christine Layugan  
4 **United Way** / Asya Sheynberg  
40 **Whether You'll Go** / Asya Sheynberg  
50 **Yellow Roses** / Samantha Cortez  
56 **Your Body** / Danielle Johnson  
**PROSE**  
39 **Bothersome Borough Boons** / Chad Elleston  
53-55 **Home** / Golda Becker

**SNEAKERS**  
*by Kevin Casey*

**CUPCAKES**  
*by Ashley Rondira*

# ANTHEON



**KITCHEN TOOLS**  
*by Joanne Honigman*



## ONE LAST SHOT

by Steven Carpio

Adrenaline goes through his veins  
Sweat drips like pouring rain,  
Thirty-four dribbles towards five  
As he keeps his hopes alive,  
The clock reaches four  
As he sprints down the floor,  
Past the half court line  
The offense is set up fine,  
He shoots the ball toward the basket  
As he remembers his father's casket,  
At second one

The shot is done,  
The ball goes thru the air  
As the home crowd rises in despair,  
The ball bounces  
As the broadcaster finishes his announcements  
The shot is made  
As the home team is forced to fade,  
And with a cry  
He looks up at the sky,  
As he remembers the man  
Who said was his number one fan.

## BASKET

by Nicole Pankowski

Remains  
there on the table  
As those in the house walk by  
It dwindles down, holds less  
And less  
Like the hours of the day  
No one blinks an eye

there on the table  
Picked at everyday  
Appearance is unquestionable  
As it is everyday.

## YATARI

by Piotr Korkuz



**PORTRAIT**  
by Brenda Escava

**LIONESS**  
by Chao Chen

**UNITED WAY**  
by Asya Sheynberg

in this mission,  
one,  
eyes meet eyes and  
words lips to leave

then

in this fight,  
peace,  
shouts break silence  
like airplane engines do

and

in this flight,  
love,  
purse-sized qualms  
are  
carry-on luggage  
&  
for once,  
non synthetic felt.

**LIFE**  
by Kathleen Monahan

I look carefully  
Down at the gray cement  
beneath my feet

Its age can be seen  
In the cracks--  
The years of freezing,  
Thawing, the slow  
deterioration

Yet the sunlight  
Through the cracks  
Makes the difference--  
A Blade of grass  
Begins to grow.



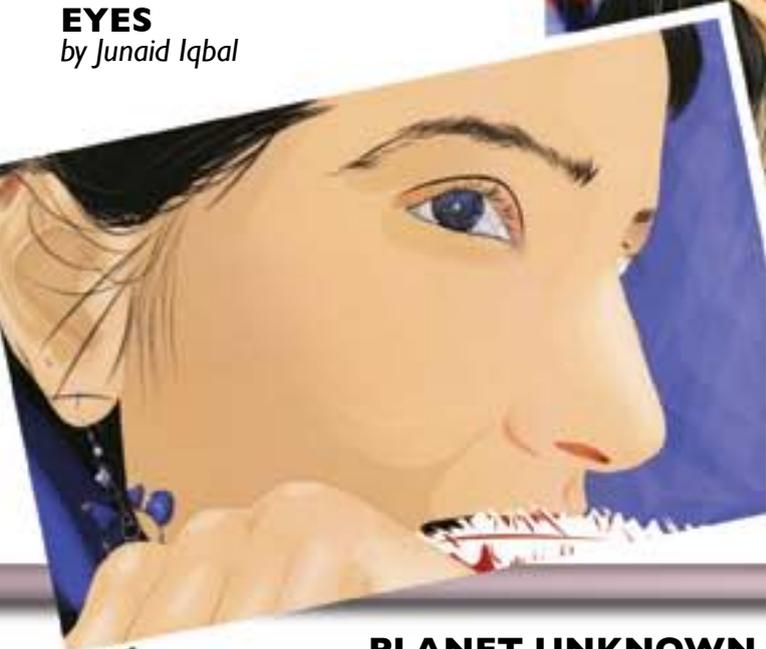
**CITYSCAPE**  
by Raymond Li

**LIPS**  
by Junaid Iqbal



**STILL-LIFE**  
by Hong Shen

**EYES**  
by Junaid Iqbal



**PLANET UNKNOWN**  
by Junaid Iqbal

**THE GUILT OF YOUTH**  
by Felix Guzman

Fast denied a desperate beginning only in dreams belongs my peace  
Inspired designs of thoughts entertain man-child who chases sleep  
Should the angels forgive my flaws only then might I find beauty  
Sweet misery betrays common sense.  
Mother, watch the sun fall politely onto the sea  
Shaking the guilt of wasted youth.  
Horizon, how awesome the scene!  
Madness what for but to steal from us the truth in blood and body  
Hope is embodied in passionate discourse between faithful ghosts  
Destiny declares  
world comes to an end  
to educate they embracing shadows

**AIRPLANE**  
by Jonise Meyers





**CHILDREN'S BOOK ILLUSTRATION**  
by Chastity Lewis

**THE GARDEN**  
by Samantha Cortez

Without a word  
You left

In the air hung  
A stinging odor.

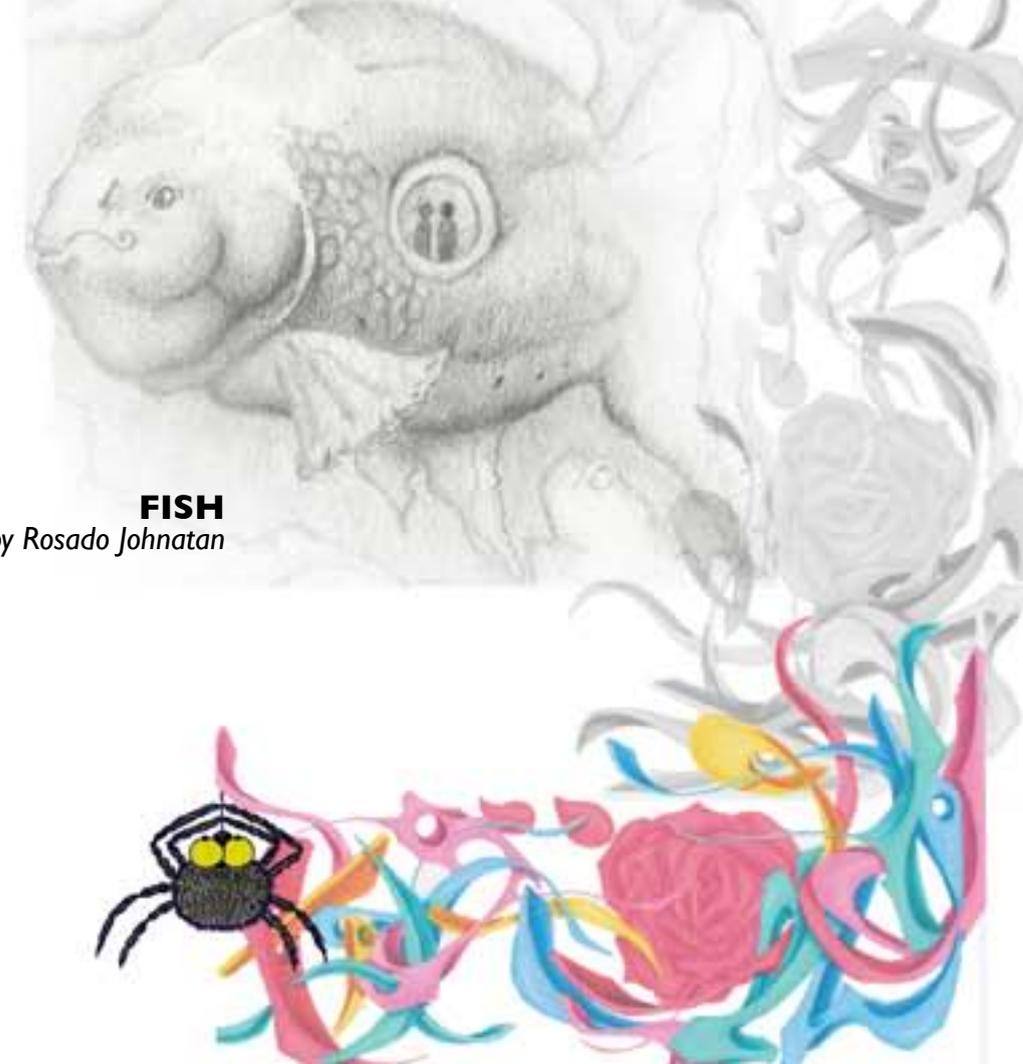
You were replaced by  
dusty portraits, decaying  
Dried up roses.

But the pain endured  
became a seed in soil,  
That enabled me to grow.

To reach as far as I could.  
At my roots  
To stand alone,  
To blossom.

If your coldness has wintered others  
As strong as I,  
What a beautiful garden

You've have left behind  
To Flower.



**FISH**  
by Rosado Johnatan





**SELF-PORTRAIT**  
by Irina Samkova

**THE DAY WILTS**

by Nicole Pankowski

The day wilts like a dying flower  
The rain runs down the window  
Or is it just a reflection  
In old glass?

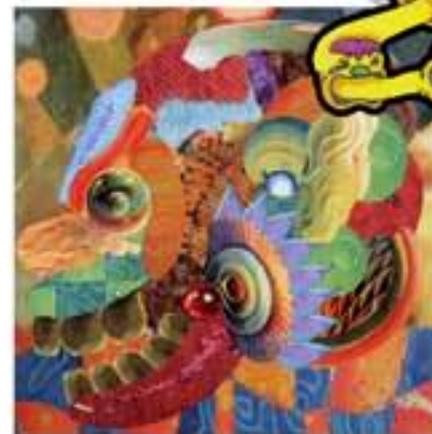
The water comes with such force that  
The flower begins to fall apart  
Little by little  
Piece by piece  
Raw petals  
On the ground

At the end of the day  
However, with a change of light  
The window is clear  
The flower whole

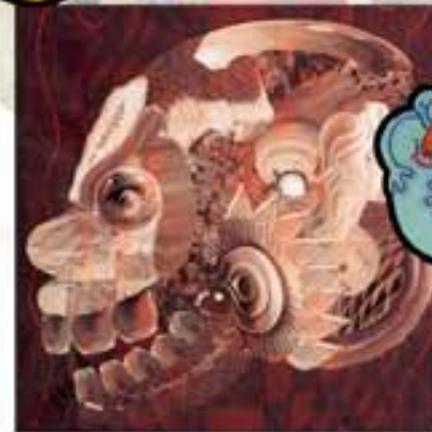
Yet all that I have been through  
Leaves me with this stem  
That used to be a flower

The day has wilted like a dying flower  
And what's left is a dark sky  
And time to grow again.

**DRAGON**  
by Rongbiao Tan



**SPRING FACE**  
by Piotr Korkuz



**PUPPETS TYPEFACE**  
by Michael Kurtz

## WATCH FACE DESIGN

by Diane Kim



## TYPE COMPOSITION

by Gerardo Flores

## ESCAPE

by Esther Freedman

A child's cries, silenced  
In the strange black forest  
Dark nights spent, running  
As strong winds blow  
Echoes of unheard pleas, weeping  
Follow close behind us  
Before us a guide, frightened  
Leads us to freedom

## BOOTS

by Oshra Bitton



## PRIMARY COLORS

by Kuong Jing Alfred Li

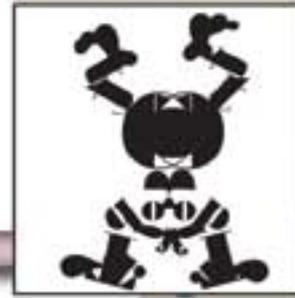
**NOT CLEVER**  
*by Lidia Maximova*

call open  
the jaws of frost  
beautiful cold  
sharp feathers on  
the wings of winter  
sticking to my window  
where those of the not clever  
summertime birds  
snap clashed against  
the hard clarity  
between us



**BISMILLAH**  
*by Muhammad Tahir Chaudhry*

**TYPE DESIGN**  
*by Muhammad Tahir Chaudhry*



**SINGER**  
*by Duwayne Rowe*



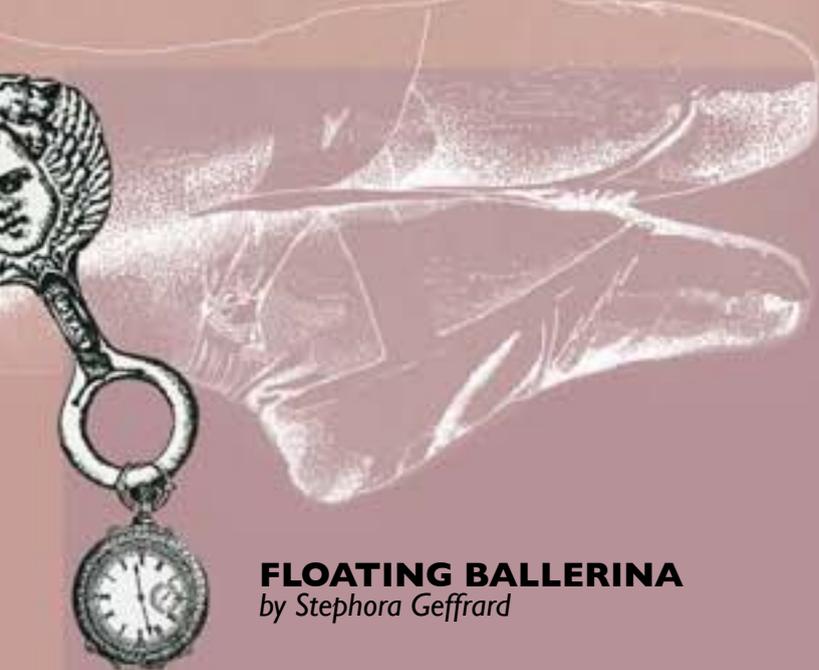
**BUTTERFLY**  
*by Piotr Korkuz*

**FAMILY MEAL**  
*by Matthew Rubin*

It's time for dinner. All to their seats.  
The baby is hungry, let's give him eat.  
Everyone's in order from youngest to oldest.  
It's at this moment that order is about to be lost  
And father insists on being at the head of the table, no matter what the cost  
Mother scolds, "get your elbows off the table, and don't you dare slouch."  
  
Sissy cries out, "Timmy don't pinch me... OUCH!"  
Timmy proclaims, "Sissy you're such a bore."  
Grandma proclaims, "That's it! I've had it, I can't take this fighting no more."  
The bickering and fighting, what can be heard?  
"QUIET!" Screams Grandpa, "the baby just spoke its first word."

**SNAKE PLANT**  
*by Joanne Honigman*





**FLOATING BALLERINA**  
*by Stephora Geffard*

**LOVE FOR US REMAIN UNRULY**  
*by Felix Guzman*

Though alone still breathe and forever  
deny the breeze compassion  
when dwelling in desperate sleep  
The emotions once humanizing before  
now declared trivial, what shame!  
A life born of novelty!  
Enchanting stares promise memories  
be forgotten, to honor innocence  
forgive the world its beauty  
Fire entwined around match lights the path  
through darkness disobey death's demands  
Love, for us remain unruly.

**MOMMY'S JEWELRY**  
*by Kawana Barbour*





**BUTTONS**

by Kathleen Monahan

Inspired by W C Williams  
"Complete Destruction"

It was an Icy Day

the warmth of that smile  
could make the day  
stand still

the woman  
searches  
for her needle and thread

the replica of  
a child  
can only be visualized

the heart as  
cold as  
the day.

**JUST ANOTHER OLIVE**

by Asya Sheynberg

Aniline sofas swirl with cashmere sweaters.  
The violinist plays away.  
There's chatter, mixed with music,  
What about, you don't know.

Winks and shakes  
And then,  
The music stops.  
"Make yourselves at home!"  
Should you say,  
"Home is where the heart is?"

You stand. You're clearance stemware  
With a crystal glass in your hand.  
"Would you care for an  
olive in your martini?"  
The next tune, you know.

**SQUID IN STYLE**

by Josue Infante



**FISH**

by Adrian Salajan



**FROGS**

by Irina Samkova

**SELF-PORTRAIT**  
by Duwayne Rowe



**WATCH FACE DESIGN**  
by Diane Kim



**FACE**  
by Hui Ming Wu



**STILL-LIFE**  
by Duwayne Rowe



**SMALL JOY**  
by Michelle Bolton



**DROOL**  
by Michelle Bolton

**CHILDHOOD MEMORIES**  
by Esther Freedman

Lazy days of summer  
Full of sand and sun  
Cresting ocean waves  
Frightening undertows

Busy days of summer  
Full of friends and fun  
Bags of food and towels  
Pails, shovels and tubes

Crazy days of summer  
Starfish, crabs and clams  
Tall castles and deep moats  
Washed away by waves

Basking in the sunlight  
Moving with the surf  
Cold ocean spray cooling  
The blazing white sand

Tasty days of summer  
Sweet peaches and tart plums

Melting ice-cream cones  
Dripping down my chin

Dark nights of summer  
Skies aflame with color  
Dazzling rockets streaking  
Through the star-filled sky

Happy memories, Dear Mother  
You are in every picture  
Imprinted in my heart  
And the album of my mind

## FISH

by Chao Chen



## FISHIN' ROD

by Piotr Korkuz

## A DIFFERENT DAY

by Tonianne Druckman

not much matters here.

sleepy boys are off to dream  
about dancing and drinking,  
madmen are dreaming  
about love and war.  
nervous girls smoke cigarettes  
and fret over laugh lines.  
in another part of the world,  
it would be done the same way  
but in a much prettier language.  
strange to think that my father's  
awake this late,  
in an arm chair,  
in bay ridge.  
his little babe  
is nestled up close with her mother.

his face is filled with lines,  
though he never smokes.  
he hardly laughs.  
he never changes.

maybe he's wondering  
if he ever will.

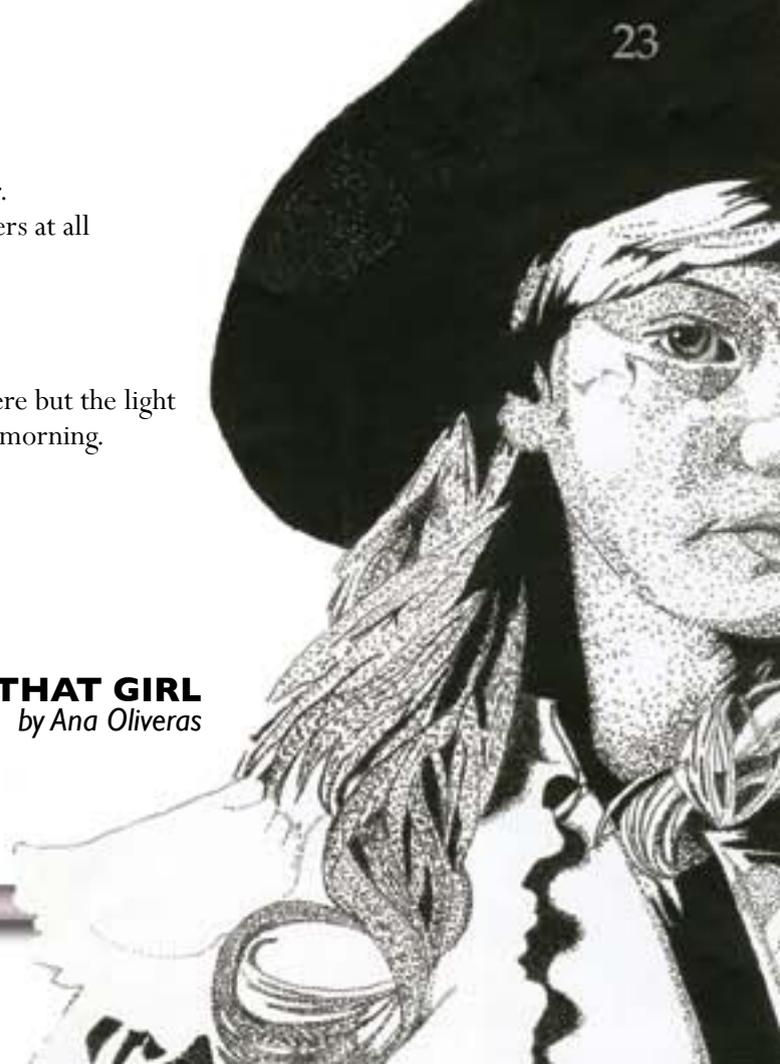
the boy beside me rises and falls,  
as my cigarette burns low to the filter.  
somewhere in the walls a spider is weaving  
a web,  
eager and hungry for its next meal.  
the truth is, we're all starving,  
made up of tiny machines that want  
different things  
that we could possibly never even have.

but it doesn't matter.  
not much here matters at all  
in this room,  
in these hands,  
in this head.

not much matters here but the light  
that comes with the morning.

## THAT GIRL

by Ana Oliveras





**HERO**  
by *Tonianne Druckman*

“You are a hero.”  
she says.  
three times a day at least.  
i hear her.  
i look at her,  
but i see right through her.  
  
she’s never really there  
or  
i’m never really paying attention.  
  
she’s under the same sky as me

every night, she sleeps  
when i’m trying to pretend i still can.  
she smokes the same cigarettes as me.  
she worries the same,  
cries the same way,  
laughs just as loud as me;  
we are bonded in the struggle.  
we are bonded in fight and  
flight and  
blood.  
but she’s so very hard to reach.  
  
we are one in the same  
on the receiving end  
of a psychiatrist’s prescription pad.

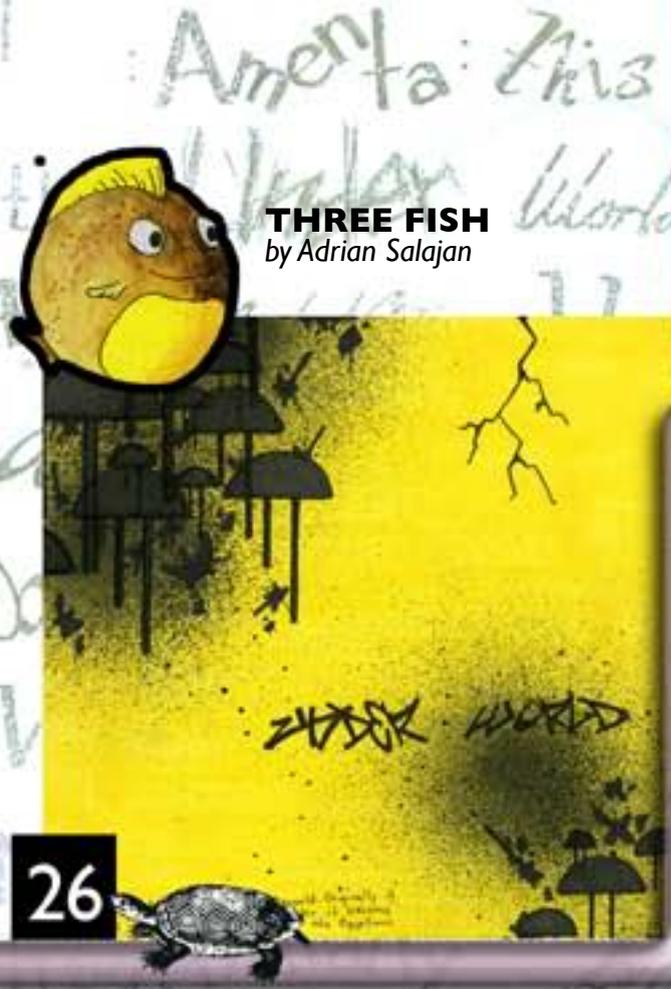
her tears are my tears.  
her black pits of mood are mine as well.  
we soar to the same dizzying heights and back.  
but we never share much  
with each other.  
we just go through life  
together  
waving and bobbing in the ebb and flow of it.  
(and on occasion, saving each other from  
drowning.)

i wait for her arrival.  
if she comes, she’s there in the morning,  
sleeping beautifully.  
she does everything beautifully.

i get up to brush my teeth,  
still half asleep.  
i look at myself in the mirror,  
and i see her staring back at me.  
she says,  
“You are a hero, Ms. Tonianne Druckman.”

**BUTTERFLY**  
by *Hope Goldstein*

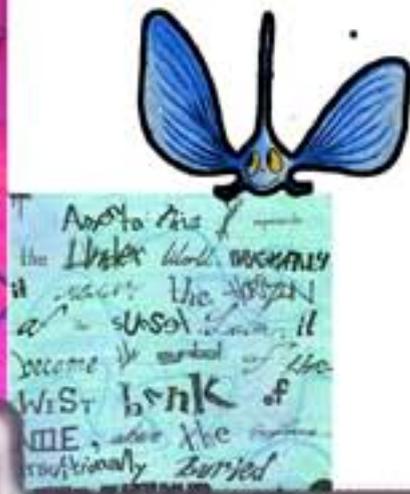




**THREE FISH**  
by Adrian Salajan



**TYPOGRAPHIC COMPOSITION**  
by Dorian Salas



**A SHEET OF PAPER**  
by Stephanie Barron

A sheet of paper  
On a bare table

A walk in the night  
And the moon paints  
a mural beside me

Old Imprints follow  
And the skyline echoes  
beneath me

My fingers run along the edges  
Clouds begin to form

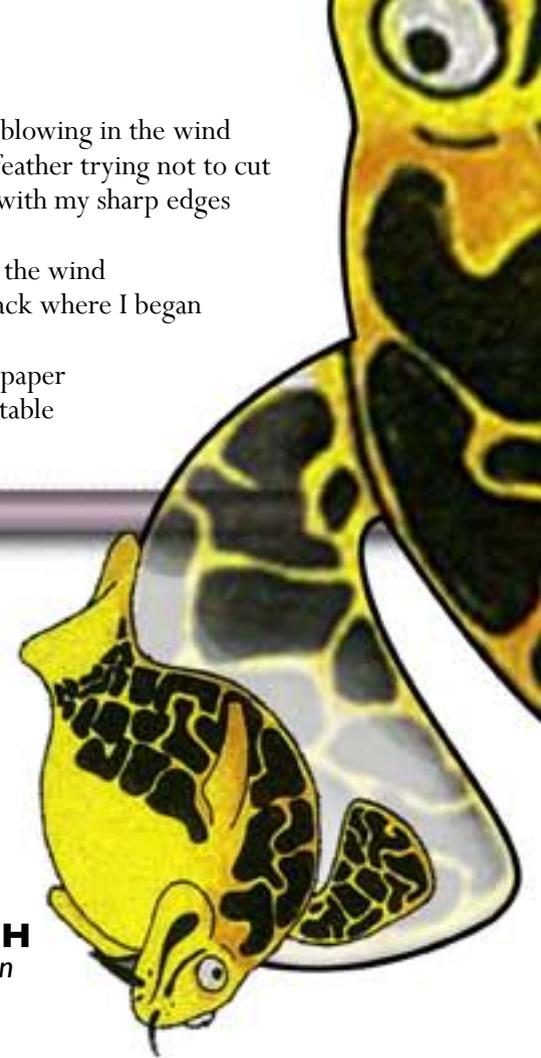
Hearts explode  
Clouds open up  
yet there's still something missing

I stretch each finger  
But the links that connected  
to mine aren't found

Here am I blowing in the wind  
Light as a feather trying not to cut  
someone with my sharp edges

Flying like the wind  
I end up back where I began

A sheet of paper  
On a bare table



**THREE FISH**  
by Adrian Salajan

**ALWAYS**  
by Halima Haider

Always abstruse  
in the pages of a locked diary

She is made of passion,  
a mocking bird flies over  
Detrimental by nature, impulsive so charmingly

changeable mistress, never the wife  
No one will read these pages tonight.

**STILL-LIFE**

*by Renee Lewis*

**THE WIND IN CLENCHED TEETH**

*by Felix Guzman*



Irresponsible with regards to memory,  
the allure of success proving damning  
only through the emancipation of secrets do we live  
The soul cries for knowledge of worth to another  
sky bends light to darkness an all consuming sleep afforded  
blatant romantics swear by their confused and biased hearts  
Singed by the felled sun the ocean swells to calm the fever  
defiant truths thread through lips' lonely thoughts  
cradle the wind in clenched teeth angrily  
Silence born of humility praise for destiny gifts of tragedy and triumph,  
wisened by lessons learned, life reminds always of youth misspent  
America sell me a dream I might profit from I am in love.

**GEOMETRIC ABC**

*by Joanne Honigman*

**BERRIES**

*by Irina Samkova*



## FAITH

by Kathleen Monahan

Stairs with rotten wood  
The hazard  
Of walking up but your dream is  
At the top of the staircase



## EX LIBRIS

by Piotr Korkuz

You take caution as you place your foot  
On the first step  
Take a deep breath  
Continue up  
Creak creak snap!  
The railing just came off  
That doesn't stop you  
Left foot right foot  
You are almost there  
Spider webs begin to disappear  
The stairs get sturdier  
As you remember the struggle to get here  
You made it through  
And look around—  
So vast, so bare  
So full of light

30



31

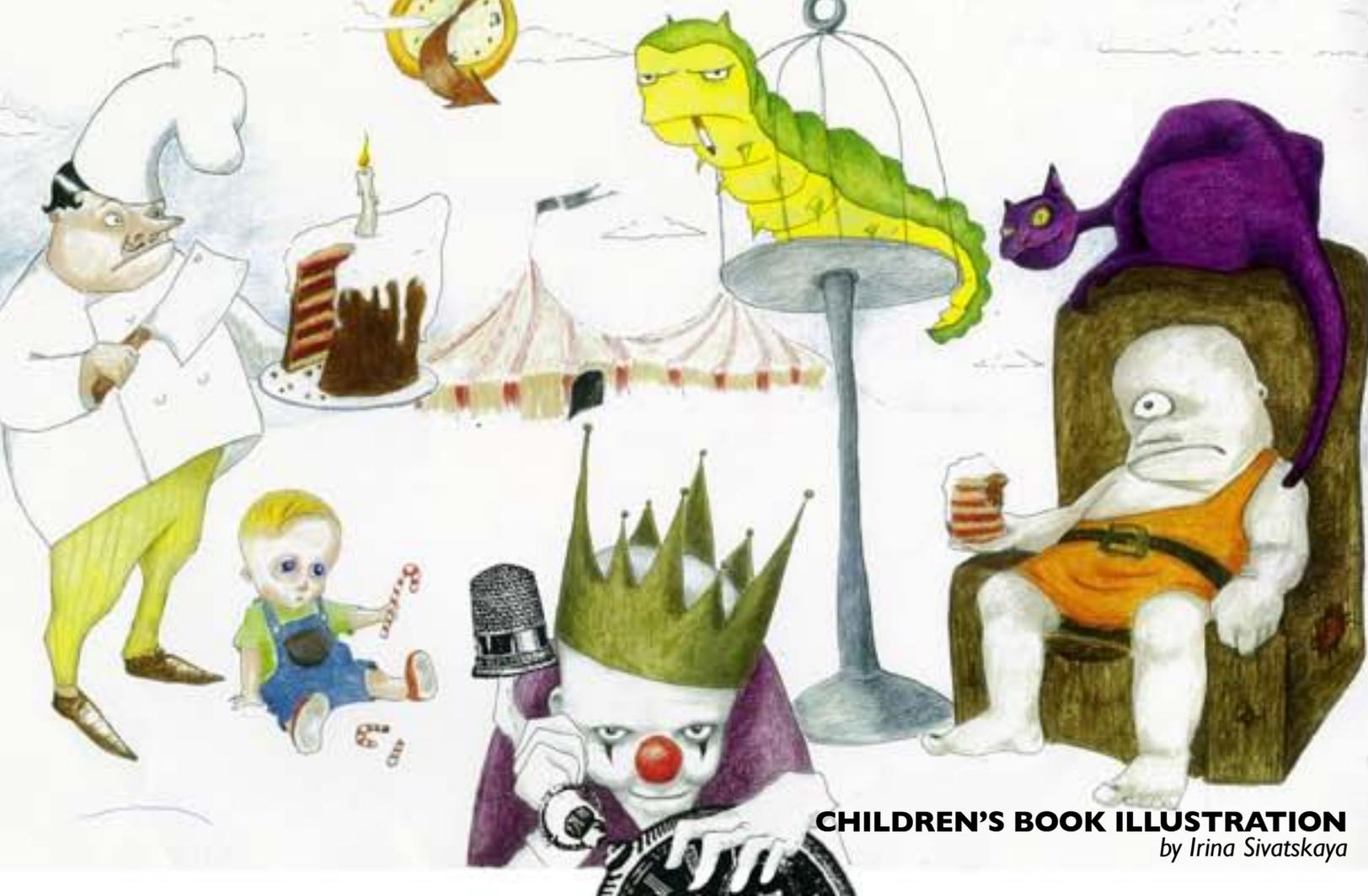


## OVER THE CITY

by Piotr Korkuz

## GEOMETRIC AB

by Joanne Honigman



**CHILDREN'S BOOK ILLUSTRATION**  
by Irina Sivatskaya

**CATHARSIS**  
by Robin Frankel

you were sweet  
he sweet talked me  
I was scared stiff  
my dad raped my mom  
what men can I trust?  
everybody left  
my family  
my friends  
even classmates  
all I have is myself  
I don't want to give myself  
not to you  
not to him  
not to anyone  
but I burn  
my core yearns to be filled  
my heart sings to be repaired  
and I cry in the darkness  
who?  
who is safe?  
not him! you answer

you can trust me, you say  
how do I know? I ask  
trust your heart, you say  
my heart sings.  
but not for you,  
but for me,  
because in the end  
all I have is myself  
and for now, that is enough

**BEHEMOTH MANIAMAL**  
by Irina Sivatskaya

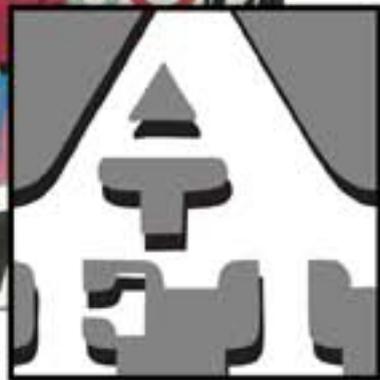




### BRISK EVENING

by Mariya Ziskin

Leaves falling like snow  
Smoke rising to meet them  
Goodbyes exchanged for hellos  
Out there, fires smolder  
As she falters before reaching.



i gotta have it  
**RANSOM NOTE**  
by Jonise Meyers

### TYPE DESIGN

by Muhammad Tahir Chaudhry



### GRADATION

by Chao Chen



**RENOVATION***Jumary Goitia*

I'm renovating my home, making a change.  
 Maybe it's in a woman's nature, or I'm reaching a certain age,  
 where things just aren't what they seem  
 and perfect can only be reached in our dreams.  
 Yet, I have plans on my "perfect" being achieved,  
 so I've decided to change the scene.

First things first, this place is bruised.  
 The walls are all painted black and blue.  
 I've chosen to go with the lighter hue  
 Although a bit difficult to choose,

I figured after all I've been through,  
 I'm just about done with all the blues.  
 Next, my furniture is all red.  
 Never been my color, but I once said  
 I wouldn't change it if I were dead.  
 I'm a woman of my word, but moving on,  
 these windows need to be redone  
 Or we can cover them with planks of wood  
 painted with scenes that say, "life is good."

Which leads me to the door, which will be locked  
 and hinged  
 but before I do, let me say this:  
 Love is a game played by kids.  
 Nowadays, no one can truly commit.  
 So on that sad, but true, note  
 I turn my heart off with the flick of a switch.  
 After all, "home is where the heart is."



**COLLAGE PORTRAIT***by Miriam Stirewalt***TOUCH***by Christine Layugan*

touch the copper,  
 touch the metals  
 give them the change they're owed  
 they're yours forever, your hands, forever, miss.  
 but behind the counter is your place for now.  
 and touch the cotton papers  
 touched by everyone else in this city  
 touched by the beggars and those they've begged  
 from the strippers and those they've stripped for  
 in machines, in piggy banks, streaming out from the pockets of tourists  
 they've been new, they've been used  
 and you can't claim to ever own 'em now because of this  
 but those right there, those hands right there  
 the ones that hand out and give back what's yours and  
 what's mine  
 you can keep those forever.

**BOTHERSOME BOROUGH BOONS***by Chad Elleston*

It was soggy and dreary in Brooklyn that night. The sidewalk was drenched with rain accompanied by the stench of the subway, and I didn't care about the time, day, or even where I was. Staring up at the smog-filled sky, realizing that it was folly to think a star could shine in this city. As I turned my gaze back to the streets where I stood, they seemed desolate and bleak before me. The occasional car passing added to the beat that is Brooklyn. The sounds of cats in the alley and rats in the trash cans filled the once silent streets. Then, like a cascade, other sounds became apparent: the sound of the trains passing underground followed by a woman yelling at her spouse, a man talking on his phone not realizing how loud he really was, a plane flying overhead, the echoes of

busses that passed by, and the tone of a car brake's screech. The only thing I didn't hear was a scream or a fight, which meant so far it was a reasonably good night, and while I imbibed this complex scotch that is Brooklyn, I realized I was already drunk. Numb to the unsettling fact that this city is where I hang my hat. Sheltered by apartment complexes and brownstones, these all-too familiar walls I call home. A ceiling of dreams and a floor of woes, all these I valued so, and I think it only right for me to state that only in Brooklyn can a drunken fool find enlightenment while walking in Park Slope on Avenue Eight.

**CONEY ISLAND LOGO***by Anzhelika Toursunova*



**FLOWERS**  
*by Shafaq Naaz*

**WHETHER YOU'LL GO**  
*by Asya Sheynberg*

She thought (she thought)  
about seasons,  
how they change into change,

but she just goes.  
She catches the smell  
of melting snow and  
of spring so discernible.

And he thinks  
she had thought  
about

that too.

She thinks of arriving.  
Her legs in green pants,

Hearing of them  
in maybe a song.

She's arrived  
and listens to him listen  
and she knows.  
But it's been so long.  
But there's nowhere to go.

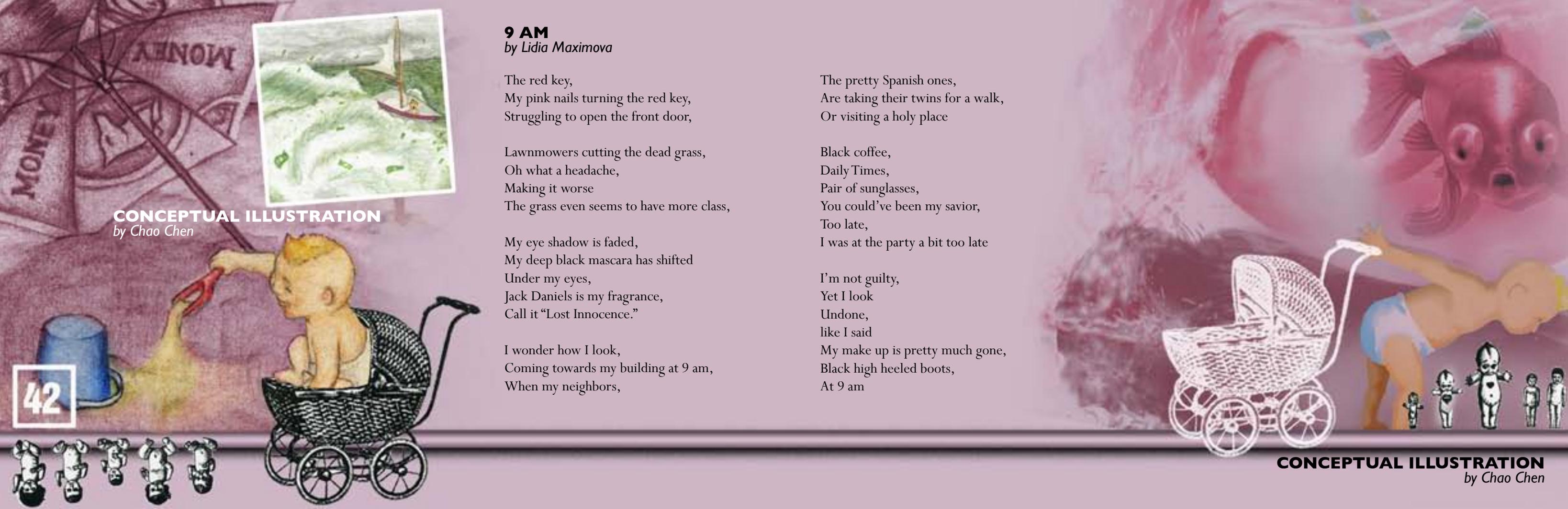
(she thinks it's summer now, or  
already fall.)



**PORTRAIT**  
*by Ivan Alkhovsky*



**PORTRAIT**  
*by Olga Dobraya*



**CONCEPTUAL ILLUSTRATION**

*by Chao Chen*



**9 AM**

*by Lidia Maximova*

The red key,  
My pink nails turning the red key,  
Struggling to open the front door,

Lawnmowers cutting the dead grass,  
Oh what a headache,  
Making it worse  
The grass even seems to have more class,

My eye shadow is faded,  
My deep black mascara has shifted  
Under my eyes,  
Jack Daniels is my fragrance,  
Call it "Lost Innocence."

I wonder how I look,  
Coming towards my building at 9 am,  
When my neighbors,

The pretty Spanish ones,  
Are taking their twins for a walk,  
Or visiting a holy place

Black coffee,  
Daily Times,  
Pair of sunglasses,  
You could've been my savior,  
Too late,  
I was at the party a bit too late

I'm not guilty,  
Yet I look  
Undone,  
like I said  
My make up is pretty much gone,  
Black high heeled boots,  
At 9 am

**CONCEPTUAL ILLUSTRATION**

*by Chao Chen*

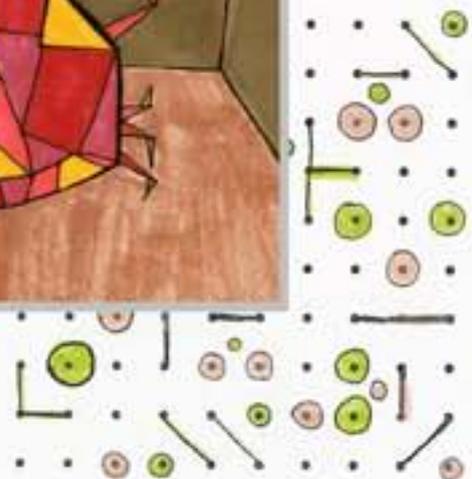


**FISH**  
by Adrian Salajan

**THE CRABSTER**  
by Catherine Rosario



**ZEN IMAGE**  
by Monika Golianek



**MUSIC**  
by Janet DiGeronimo

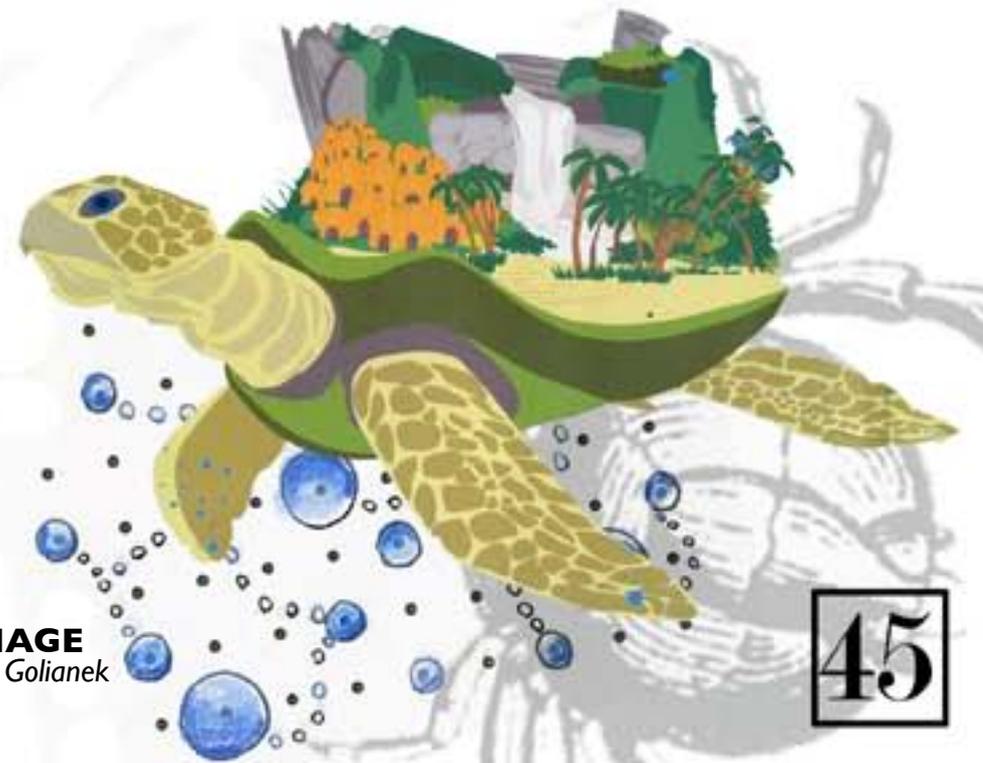
The music fills her ears,  
in an otherwise silent room.

Laid out on her bedroom floor.  
Surrounded by her sheets of notes,  
shapes that speak a language of their own.

The view outside her window,  
a world of possible harmony.  
From the counting crows high above,  
To the beetles inhabiting the earth.

She listens closely to the rhythm  
that soon reaches the depths of her soul.  
Before too long she drifts away,  
carried by sounds now her own.

**ECUADOR**  
by Geraldo J. Flores



**ZEN IMAGE**  
by Monika Golianek

**ANTHELMS**  
by Irina Samkova



**ENGINEER DEAR**  
by Christine Layugan

and i've breached to bitch and bridge the tunnels  
all the way out and through these slopes, these mountains.  
i have been made to be and have become:  
the tools, the steel to plow through  
the dirt  
the mud  
the boulders of rocks.  
and i've made these holes and crevices and cavities and caves  
for your safety and mine,  
to escape into.  
to hide.

i've been made to be the machine  
made of hands and ideas and clever innovations not once thought of  
by forefathers, ancestors, wise ones way before my time.  
impatient, i am.  
exasperate, will do

so then my time has come and is here and i will do what i want with it.  
and what i want is to have you feed my minutes  
hone the hours. have time piss away and pass with me.  
i'm afraid to call you because my time succeeds.

and reckons against the punctured holes of my making.  
but you will not answer, you will not come,  
i'm convinced you won't be there waiting for my arms to wrap  
around your body,  
and your soul i've mined  
like the caves,  
like the crevices,  
like the cavities,  
and the cracks.  
i'm letting go but not entirely.  
i'm letting go but not in full  
because i think it's up to you to make up all that i lack,  
it's up to you to make us break and whole again.  
and again.  
and again.  
and again.  
and forever and again.

**NYC**  
by Josue Infante

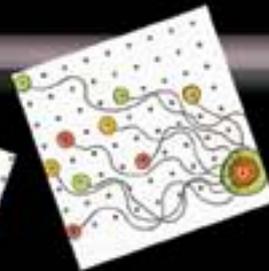
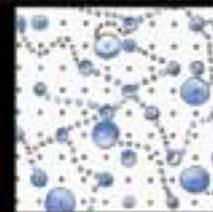


**STAMPS**  
by Helen Wong



**46**  
**FROGGIE**  
by Irina Samkova



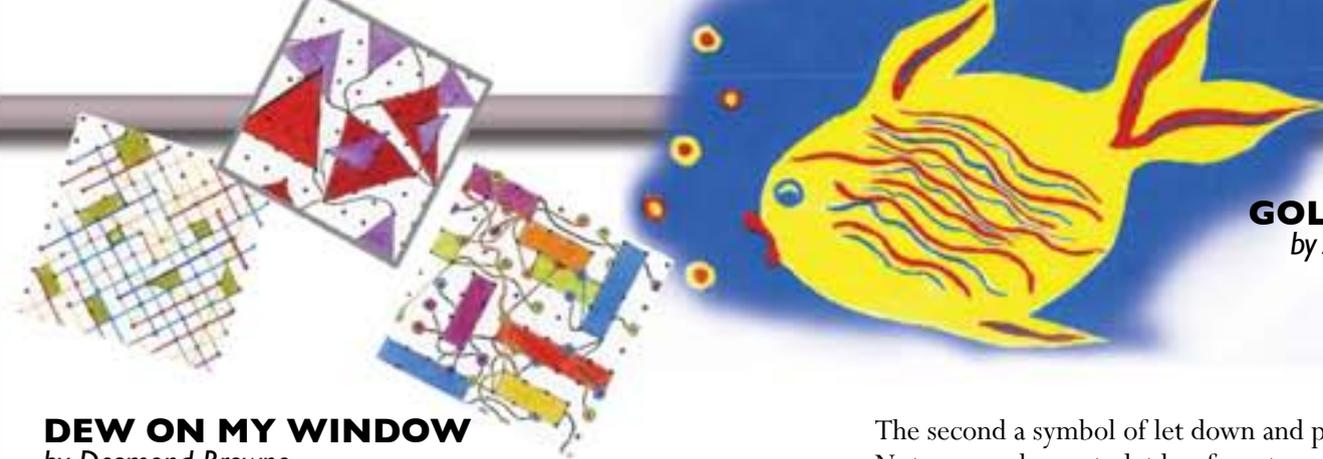
**THROWING IN THE TOWEL**by *Danielle Johnson*

I've watched my life go from a room  
little more than a cramped closet  
to a shared apartment  
to search for an apartment

I once thought I'd have everything

I'd ever need  
now I only have the need  
constant worrying  
endless court dates  
hopes for adjournments . . . .  
abatements . . . .  
dismissals . . . .

longing for  
water splashing on the rocks  
receding back to the sea

**GOLDEN FISH**by *Aviguil Nuamat***DEW ON MY WINDOW**by *Desmond Browne*

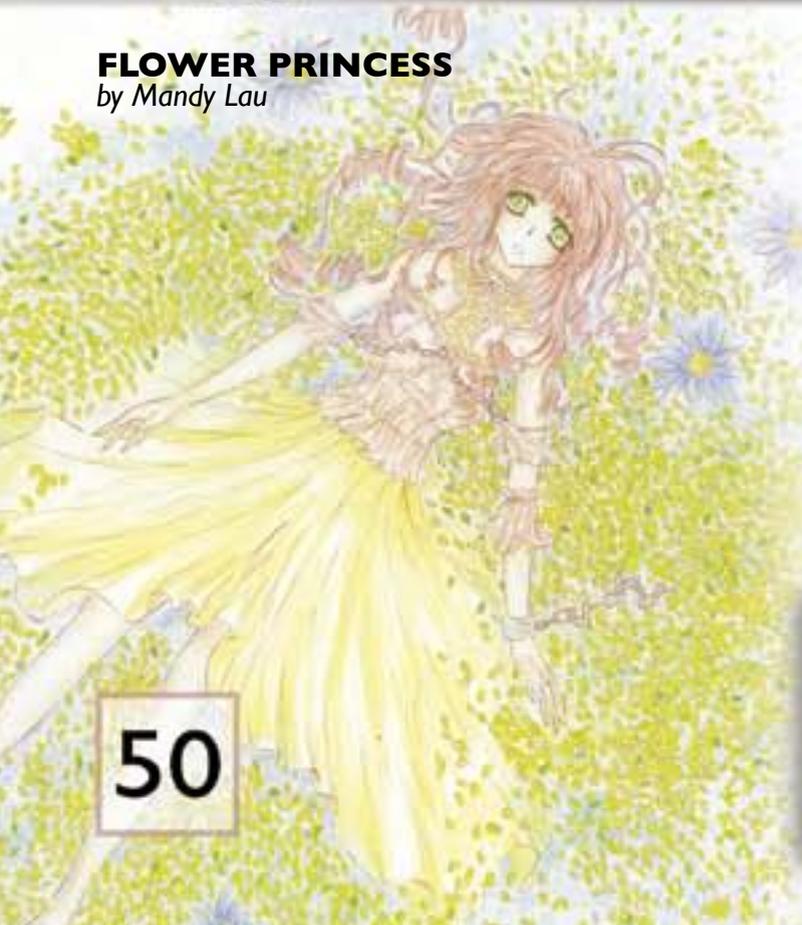
It's five o'clock on another winter night  
He closes his doors to keep out the cold  
Prepared for bed he turns out the lights  
But goes to the window for stories untold  
A silhouette of curves that are all too familiar  
Tainted by dew from his breath on the window  
Only in his mind can he be satisfied  
Painting pictures of the girl in the window he so badly wants to know

He knows her routine for his built on hers  
So caught up with curiosity it's become an infatuation  
To gaze at the eye candy that will soon become his curse  
The hopes of ending curiosity await inhalation  
For now... Now he sees not one but two silhouettes

The second a symbol of let down and pain  
Not even a chance to let her forget  
Not even a chance to tell her his name

The gaze grows stronger as the two figures dance  
In the perfect harmony of a situated couple  
He turns away but can't help to glance  
To make sure he hadn't seen double  
But no... as tricks have been played not on his mind  
And the foggy window kids him not at all  
Bad news is always perfectly timed  
And his hopes all begin to fall

A rush of emotions he cannot explain  
For someone he never knew  
The foggy window now a symbol of pain  
It hurts to even look through

**FLOWER PRINCESS***by Mandy Lau*

50

**YELLOW ROSES***by Samantha Cortez*

You sent me flowers,  
Yellow roses.  
You remembered,  
Good friend.

I form no illusions.

No teddy bears,  
Candy-coated chocolates,  
Heart-shaped balloons.



Your way  
To say,  
Still friends.

When you remember  
Send me flowers,  
Yellow roses,  
My friend.

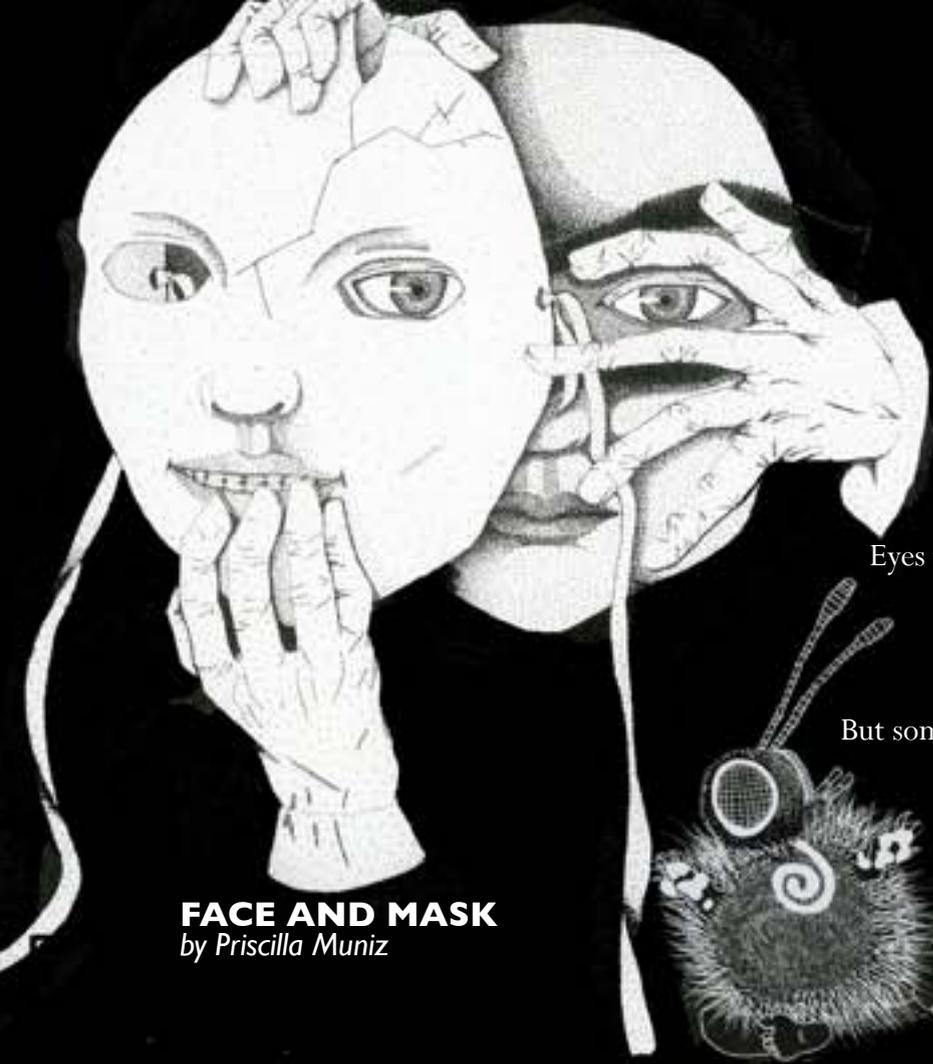
I know they hold no secrets  
no fantasies.

I'll form no illusions.

**MOVING ON***by Nolasco Thomas*

Never not knowing what to think  
but at the same time thinking everything  
like a storm brewing over the ocean  
or like an artist getting ready  
to make her masterpiece  
never rushing but the mind racing like Nascar  
still procrastinating yet trying to get thoughts together  
writing things down or recording things on video to keep track  
to keep going

**TIGER WITHIN***by Piotr Korkuz*



**FACE AND MASK**  
by Priscilla Muniz

**OFFSHORE**  
by Mariya Ziskin

Your skin shaded ultramarine,  
You were a starless sky hovering above me,  
You were a moonless night,  
Eyes too dark to reflect the ocean stirring beneath you:  
A passive tide.

I swallowed your breath  
But something so empty could not make me feel whole.  
Your tongue left me thirsty  
Your hands left me cold.

Something so empty,  
Could not make me whole.

**HODGE PODGE**  
by Lea Zimmerman

**HOME**  
by Golda Becker

Dear Diary,

I've been tying together my shame for a proper repen-  
ing. For years I've tried to wash out the stains. I've soul  
searched till I went blind from strain. I still was never  
sure why I did all that I've done. I was born with the gift  
of art. When I was young my mother would call me her  
little July-art.

I dreamed of wild impossible things that seemed so real  
to me. If I could just see something on paper, then just  
maybe it could be real. Ponies sliding atop rainbows.  
Barbies living on a pink moon, wearing the latest in  
space fashion. The possibilities were endless. So it had to  
come crashing to an end.

I was eight when my parents never came home. The  
babysitter called the police and I was taken to start life  
all over. I thought I'd never find a home again.

For I knew that home was a feeling of belonging and not  
built on bricks. I never painted again. I broke in each  
new bed with my tears of frustration. In time I addressed

each new couple who took me in by name and not by  
a title that they didn't earn. I was no longer young. I  
turned fifteen, but I still hadn't found a home. I became  
what all girls want to be. My body looked like that of the  
Barbie dolls that had taken over my first bedroom. My  
long, wavy hair was as black as night and my large eyes  
were a deep green. I could be a model, they told me. If  
only I would smile.

What they didn't understand was how being alone could  
make your old wounds keep bleeding. I stopped caring. I  
stopped feeling. I stopped thinking. I wore black, believ-  
ing it matched my soul. I was sucked into the crowd  
that gave me all the cocaine and alcohol I could take in. I  
woke up in odd places and stole what I could to get back  
to my current bed.

(continued on page 54)





**LETTER "J"**  
by Jaely Jimenez

**CHOBITSU**  
by Piotr Korkuz

Then one time I went too far. I long ago stopped listening to the people who took me in. I knew soon I'd be leaving. I passed out on the sidewalk much farther from the Wellers' house than I intended. When I woke up I had nothing but the clothing on my back. They found the car I stole on the front lawn of the Wellers' place.

So then I sat in a cell once again, waiting. But it wasn't the Wellers who came. It wasn't a new family who thought they could help. No, this was the man who brought me out of there, every time I sat in the cell.

He brought me to his home. I stared enviously at the pictures on the wall that mocked me. A powerful burning took place in my heart. A piece of paper was thrust into my face. I stared open-mouthed, not caring how stupid I looked. It was an adoption paper. Mr. O'Connell was proving to me that he wasn't giving up. I tried to read what it said but I feared smudging the ink with my tears. He told me to walk upstairs. I'd been in this house many times after all my acts of mischief, so I knew my way around. Mr. O'Connell was always the best social worker because he never



**ZEN IMAGES**  
by Sylvia Chung

**LETTER "A"**  
by Jaely Jimenez

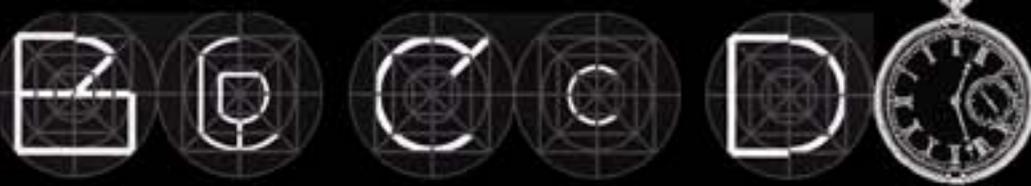


**ZEN IMAGES**  
by Sylvia Chung



tried to lie to me. And he was the only one who would trust me in his house. The door on the left stood ajar. Inside were a basic bed, desk, and dresser set. However, something stood out. An easel was placed in a corner of the room. Paint and spare canvases surrounded it. I hadn't realized he remembered. I hadn't thought about painting in years. I used to be so sure I could never let it go. I turned back around to find Mr. O'Connell smiling. Then he said the one thing I would never forget. The one thing I've waited years to hear. Welcome home July.

I am now writing this all from my new room. Mr. O'C—I mean, Dad, has gone out to the store to get wall paint. He is going to help me paint my walls however I want. I did it. I'm home again.



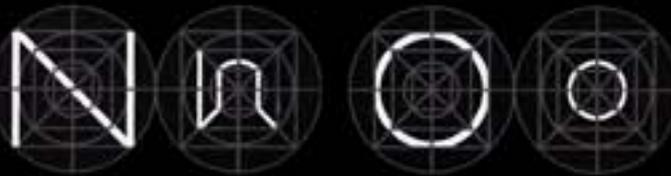
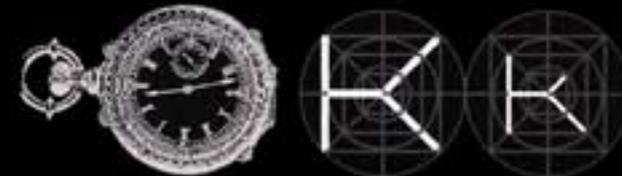
## YOUR BODY by Danielle Johnson

Your body like a sand dune  
Under the thin blue sheet

I see every breath you take  
I feel your warm body next to mine  
I smell the scent belonging to only you  
A smell like the taste of sugar and salt

Sitting on the bed I see the morning sun  
I feel the warmth of the rays on my skin  
Like the first step into the shower on a cold morning

As I type away at the keyboard  
like a pianist developing a theme  
You turn to me and smile  
Rolling over once again to continue your way  
Through your dream



## LITTLE GIRL COMES HOME by Tonianne Druckman

there's a four year old in clogs  
running around some street  
in the heart of southern Brooklyn.  
it's 1991; summer blazes  
and threatens to roast her tiny body.  
she cares not.  
skipping along,  
she carefully avoids  
the hot lava between  
the cracks in the sidewalk.

when mommy puts her to bed,  
she's wild.  
things move in the dark;  
her face morphs and changes in the mirror.  
insomnia paints dark circles  
under large, dark eyes  
thickly lashed.

her long and skinny frame  
is perpetually adorned with  
seashells and mermaid prints.

she dreams of the sea.  
there is an ache within her  
to sing songs on ocean rocks  
and bask in the sun's sticky glaze.

twenty years brought with it  
its fair share of costume changes.  
the city is a harlot, now.  
they gave Coney Island a facelift  
and Williamsburg a pretty new dress.

the little girl is now a strong, traveled woman;  
heavy-breasted  
heavy-hearted  
but still, somehow,  
deeply rooted to  
the city that always inspired her to dance.

and she can still skip the same manic beat  
to the pulse of 86th street  
over the hot, molten lava.



ANTHEON LITERARY AND ARTS JOURNAL  
KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
OFFICE OF STUDENT PUBLICATIONS  
2001 ORIENTAL BLVD, ROOM M-230  
BROOKLYN, NY 11235  
TEL. 718.368.5603  
FAX. 718.368.4833  
E-MAIL: ANTHEON@KINGSBOROUGH.EDU

PRINTED BY NITTANY VALLEY OFFSET  
64 PAGES PRINTED WITH FULL COLOR  
COVER PRINTED WITH FULL COLOR + VARNISH  
INSIDE PAPER- 80 LB ENDURANCE GLOSS TEXT  
COVER PAPER- 100 LB ENDURANCE GLOSS COVER  
PERFECT BINDING, 1500 COPIES

ANTHEON

FONTS USED:  
GILL SANS ( REGULAR AND BOLD)  
PERPETUA (REGULAR)

