

# **Ink**

*A Literary Arts Magazine*

**Issue 8**

*Woodland Community College*  
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### **Submissions**

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**A painting- Alexis Ornelas**

Poetry is a painting in words  
One that we cannot see  
But one we can picture

Poetry is not colors on a canvas that scream  
It is actually screaming your agony  
Into a beautiful array of words  
That only you can fully understand

Poetry is a language of its own that is universal  
And can touch the lives of many

Poetry are your thoughts,  
And it is worth more than what you and many give it credit for.

**A story not yet written- Alexis Ornelas**

I heard  
That the story you want to read  
Must be one you write yourself  
Well  
What story will you write?  
And others read?

**The Strength in a Swaying Redwood- Jennifer McKnight**

The strongest of structures are often the ones to sway  
Bricks are taken down by quakes and rocks broken down by water  
But it's the redwoods that take beatings by wind and storm day by day  
And yet there it stands in strength without a falter

So stand as tall as a redwood with wisdom and age  
And know that no matter how much it storms that you are here to stay

Because you are a thriving, swaying redwood  
And it's the rocks truly breaking down day by day

**Party for one- Ian Chamberlain**

Her hand lands on the thigh  
followed by a gentle caress  
and it makes me uncomfortable  
but I've had too much to drink. So I digress

She kisses my neck  
and I quickly pull away  
cause I'm not here for that  
but "nah" is all I really say

The drinks, they keep coming  
And the liquor flows free  
I'd have probably left, If only I knew  
How this would end for me.

The lights go down  
She climbs on top  
I'm way too drunk,  
can't even tell her to stop

She uses and abuses  
treats me like a common whore  
and then leaves me there  
alone with my thoughts on the floor

It's something  
I never thought I would go through  
but I suppose people forget  
men do get raped too.

**Sacrifice- Vincent Castillo**

Verses carved in my skin  
Defaced before I'd begin  
Told it's for my own good  
Pure sin  
I grow in age, but  
Not from within  
Learning now  
Past beliefs in the wind  
Missed opportunities  
Still time for a win

**Xoxo- Vincent Castillo**

Mini clay figures and colored paper  
each time we play  
We share the same blood  
two generations astray  
It was early on and I knew no better  
hugs and kisses still given  
Not yet a debtor

Now there's less in talk  
much more in stride  
They now travel by card and text  
each special tide  
Keep saying I'll visit  
each day next  
In the latter days  
spoken in jest  
Hugs and kisses now implied

**Worlds Apart- Sylvia Marquez**

My stature tells people  
the danger factor in me is low  
Yet how do They know

My composer tells people  
I must think little of myself for keeping sights on my toes  
but how do They know

that fact that I'm a quiet introvert tell people  
I lack conviction when speaking to and fro  
Yet how could They know

The black circles under my eyes may tell people  
I've not enough strength for the hurdles of life  
but they'll never know

The pale hue of the skin on my face may tell people  
I've no clue of the grace in the days  
but they just don't know

and how could they,  
for what they think of me is based on sights of the surface  
and these opinions are rendered worthless  
never will our thoughts be fact because we think they're true  
never will our judgments be right when we don't really know  
what's inside me or you

cada cabeza su propio mundo  
each head its own world  
y juntos,  
un universo diverso  
a universe in the making  
at its true potential

**To Live and Learn -Sylvia Marquez**

It hurt to say goodbye when I loved you  
and so my heart wanted someone to blame  
so I caved into thoughts I knew weren't true  
I gave into reproach because of pain

I couldn't handle being torn apart  
turns out I was the one to put a wedge  
truthfully I was the one from the start  
but your farewell pushed me to the edge

I knew I ran the risk to see you go  
I just never knew I'd need you this much  
my adolescent heart had stooped so low  
as to use your guilt for leaving as crutch

I cannot seem to find the words to say  
how much I wish I'd set you free that day

**The First Kiss- Sylvia Marquez**

You showed me what true love is  
with just one kiss  
transporting me into a state of raw emotion,  
of tenderness  
and though I knew nothing yet of how these happy tides  
can instantly turn and sink my soul,  
I was in too deep  
with no control

The more I felt the more I craved.  
like a Pandora's box,  
my heart opened so wide my inhibitions escaped.  
and then it was too late.

Your lips kept caressing mine and,  
it was as if we'd been lost in time.  
For the life of me  
I could not get my thoughts to venture past this moment.  
I had discovered my heart in a new light  
and yet I felt I didn't own it.

Helplessly,  
enchanted I became.  
Unknowingly,  
this warm sweet feeling  
shackled me a slave.

**Mistaken- Sylvia Marquez**

who are you to say my demons aren't real  
if you've never had to face them in the dark  
who are you to say I lack the necessary faith  
if you've never seen how it's kept me from falling apart  
who are you to label me for what you cannot understand  
to chastise my struggle as if it were something that I planned

Some will never know and they should thank God for that  
because when the soul and the senses are at a disconnect  
depressions where you're at  
and harder it is, to find your way  
searchingly endlessly, on a daily basis, for the light of a new day

Weakness is not always in those who look defeated  
sometimes it's a lapse of judgment  
that shows you're just not wise enough to see it  
that from the depths of numbness is where intense emotions  
slumber  
it's just too much for the heart to bear, they came in with a plunder

Impossible it is, to see all this, with just your naked eye  
but if you let the heart do all the thinking  
you might realize, that depression is more than a willingness to die

**Let the past die- Angel McKee**

Die Death to chains  
Death to those who say it can't be done  
Death to the non-believers and nay-sayers  
Death to the pain The pressure  
Death to the self-loathing and the thought, "Never better than..."  
If ignorance be bliss then let my misery be my pleasure I would  
rather face the agony of following my dreams So cast away these  
chains they place on me  
Burn up the past and the mistakes we made  
Death to these chains.

**Untitled- Breanne James**



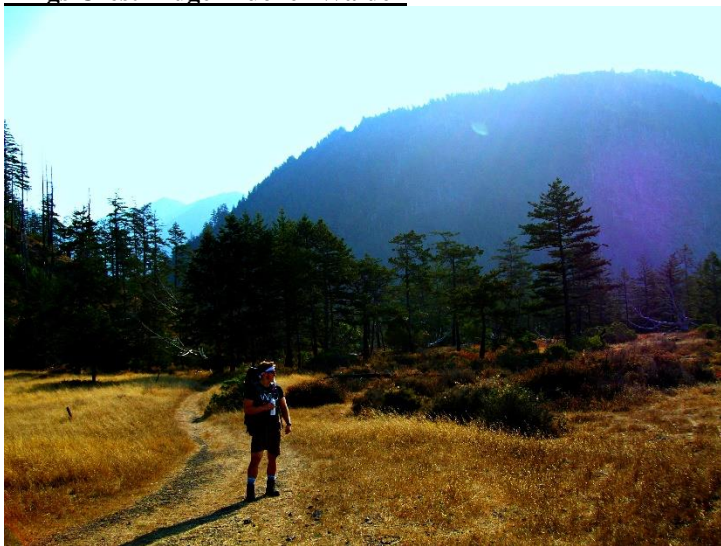
**Untitled- Josiah Linquist**



**Man's Best Friend- Josiah Linquist**



**Kings Crest Ridge- Tucker Walden**



**Untitled- Jose Florez III**



**Untitled- Jose Florez III**



**Childhood Abandoned- Angel McKee**

A little girl died today  
They have no words left to say  
Her broken homes they creak and groan  
She can't forgive those filthy moans  
All hopes and dreams have fled away  
A little girl died that day

**Heaven- Willie Young III**

What wonderful life, we want to live  
Upon a dark sprite we cannot wish  
Asking for something will do no good  
But prayers will be answered  
Some of them should

Through the darkest thorns of life and on the edge  
people show you how they truly feel  
Whether good or bad, each person wants  
To be able to rest  
In their own form of Heaven

No matter what Some think this is true  
I don't like to believe it but  
I know some do  
But the only way to heaven  
Is black and blue  
Belief in Christ our Savior  
That way is true blue

**Diagnosed as Poverty Obesity- Gustavo Perez**

The poor in America are *Fat*.

That's not an opinion; it's simply a fact.

I too, am a victim of corporate greed.

I eat what's cheapest, and not what I need.

I'm a 20-year-old student, who eats once a day.

They tell me to eat healthy, but don't consider my pay.

They tell me it's my fault, and I am to blame.

But poverty made me obese,

and America's ashamed.

**Self Love- Marianna Shaw**

She paints a picture in her mind of who she is

She still is trying to find that missing piece inside

The empty little space inside her heart

That rattles ever so softly

When she is alone she can hear it louder

She can feel it deep in her stomach just a little ache

Something so sad and desperate tries to reach out

She still trying to find the strength

The strength to love herself

To love herself so fully and deeply

That the rattle leaves and her heart is full

She knows that nothing can fill it only she can

She looks in the mirror finding the insecurities

Slowly crossing them out in her mind

Until one day where she can truly love herself

**The Game- Tesia Bernal**

A fire is burning beneath the skin  
Muscles contract as the flames dance within

Inside myself, my guard,  
My mind works to play the right card

To make them believe, believe what they think of me  
Coy silence is better than any lying spree

You may know her or you think you do  
But know for each person there are actually two

You only see what she wants to show  
You only know what she wants you to know

It is not lacking trust, it is life in broad light  
She just knows how to play the life game right

**To My Medulla- Gustavo Perez**

To My Medulla,

I ran so far away from you;

I ran until my legs gave out.

I carried the weight of forgiveness,

And I carried it, without the slightest doubt.

I only looked for the good in you-

But I looked until I went blind.

I lost hope in our future.

So, I guess I lost my *Mind*.

**Beyond the kiss-Marcos Estrada**

We plunge deeper than ever before  
Deeper than the ocean floor  
Deep into a dark abyss  
Drowning deep beyond the kiss

We feel the pleasure life brings  
Hear the music a bird sings  
We connect with pure bliss  
Feeling better beyond the kiss

We stare deep into the night sky  
We sit on a star brightly shooting by  
Listen to the sounds of a starry hiss  
Ending the night beyond the kiss

Dreams overtake our sleeping minds  
Spiraling down as our mind winds  
Nothing ever felt quite like this  
The feeling we get beyond the kiss

We awaken to the shine of a yellow sun  
with no reason the brightness shall ever shun  
neither should there be a reason I should miss  
the life you bring beyond the kiss

**Alone in Solitude- Mannie Quezada**

I sit here in solitude  
as the beauty of art hits my soul  
there is no absolute description for sorrow  
for whatever the reason may be, sorrow for  
one could be different for another  
in solitude one's surroundings make a difference, but one can  
feel as far as one can see.

**The burglar- Marcos Estrada**

You came in like a thief in the night  
I wanted you to stop cause it wasn't right  
To take something that didn't belong to you  
Especially all the things we've been through

To take it would be like taking my other half  
All you did was watch me suffer, then laugh  
When the ecstasy kicked in I couldn't help it  
I wanted to give it to you, I'll admit

My brain was always playing tricks  
keeping me alive with its little clicks  
Audible only to your ears  
Feeling as if you were the reason it shed its tears

Crying continuously to keep me alive  
Why would you want to deprive?  
I've had it for as long as I could remember  
It gets older every 29th of November

But I see you could care less  
Looking beautiful in your dress  
You wore your ski mask  
Took a hit from your flask

Then put a woman named Revolver to my head  
As you pulled the trigger you'd hoped I'd be dead  
But you carried me with you  
as the tears you began to strew

As you tried to run you slipped  
as you fell the part of me you held ripped  
your hand opened and it hit the cold floor  
I have never met anyone like you before

Someone that would take the most important part of me  
And let it drown in the red sea  
I never thought we would be apart  
Now look at my damaged heart

**Veteran- Marcos Estrada**

War torn hero  
From a foreign land  
Unafraid, he took his stand

Joined to become a better man  
Far from family, the oldest son  
Unashamed for what he's done

From cheek to cheek, a smile  
Never a frown on his face  
Even when he went to that place

Marching with his brothers  
Cadences filling the air  
Sweet moments while he was there.

**I Care and I Feel- Mannie Quezada**

Sitting here in silence  
my thoughts become clear  
thinking critically with no fear  
even though my mind could possibly veer  
keeping my thoughts on point and sincere  
you come to mind when you are not near  
you keep me in control and sharp as a spear  
the feeling of losing you could bring tears  
my heart remembers everyone who I hold dear.

**After Midnight- Alexandria Harder**

2 am.

Restless again.

Body and mind.

It's the past.

Legs on fire.

Memories, crashing like waves,

Resurfacing, criticizing.

Remedies, even a temporary cure...

It's the present.

Mind on fire.

Choices, burning like sun rays,

Questioning, piercing.

Distractions, push it back into place...

It's the future.

Soul on fire.

Possibilities, swirling like hurricanes,

Haunting, soothing.

A wreck...

My beautiful wreck.

Acceptance,

Relief.

4 am.

Restless again.

**I am a rose- Stephanie Cisneros**

Yes, I am a rose.  
I come with my roots  
I am not to be picked.  
If picked my thorns shall stay  
When taken my leaves remain  
When given away I am no longer the strong beautiful self  
sustained flower I was.  
I have been altered for your purpose.  
I should be a sign of acceptance.  
No changes need,  
appreciation.  
I am as natural as the day you saw me,  
you simply helped me grow,  
there is no need  
to change me.

**A Love for Ink Stained Skin- Jennifer McKnight**

A love for this sweet and beautiful pain  
The smell of the shop, so strong and sterile  
Consult with an artist, canvas on skin  
They come out with a beautiful stencil  
  
Heart starts to race, they place you in the chair  
“You ready?” The buzzing of the gun starts  
“Yes” the needle falls to your skin with care  
A great shock to the body, piercing art  
  
Paper towels of ink and blood aside  
Cleaning the piece for the final reveal  
Hours of pain, excitement cannot hide  
“We’re finished” and now the moment is real  
  
Intricate detail that looks painted on with ease  
A perfect and remaining master piece

### **Bittersweet Tears- Sylvia Marquez**

time stands still while the darkness turns to fog  
the meandering stream of my tears has now dried out  
I think my heart has once again gotten clogged

where just a couple minutes ago I struggled to bring forth emotion  
My heart decided right now was the indicated moment  
in which to let go of it all in one swift torrent  
tears held down for so long they've surpassed the depths of the  
ocean

and now I sit here feeling cleansed  
of the agonizing nothingness  
if only for this instant  
though I know the build up will soon commence  
my heart is feeling distant

Unhappy with the result of the outpour  
and my soul, exhausted to its core  
It seems as though the blissful relief  
was just a decoy for the thief.  
Desolation came to reap my heart  
and though I nourish it with love  
I fear we've grown apart

### **The Awakening-Jennifer McKnight**

A pained but beautiful face looks ahead to me. I look back at my  
reflection against a smooth, cold surfaced mirror. Have I ever  
really looked at myself? Because for the first time I see beauty.  
Never have I looked beyond a long nose and thin lips. Never could  
I see past bumps in my skin or eye lashes that never quite stretched  
long enough. Often I only stood eye to eye with a girl whose eyes  
outlined with heavy bags carried a pained glare. But the girl I laid  
eyes on now had grown to a young woman. A brightness had  
awakened my eyes. The pain was replaced with strength and my  
flaws didn't scream for help anymore. Radiating beauty finally met  
my eyes. Now in the mirror I found self accepting love, not  
something to despise.

**Outa Sight Outa Mind- Sylvia Marquez**

My eyes look back at me as I look back at Them  
And I cannot see It ALWAYS  
But I Know It's There..  
Words cannot Compare

Or even Remotely begin to scratch the Surface  
Of this Abyss,  
Which so happens to Nestle Itself so deeply Into Me with utter Bliss

I turn once more to look inside myself  
But the windows of my souls have cast me out...  
I tell myself... I know It Is There  
and I know Its more than mere feelings of Despair  
but still,  
I am Unwelcomed by my own Glare  
I turned away if only just a moment  
and turn back to take another look  
When I see My Third Eye Come into Sight  
Who are You to Want to See Right Through Me If a Glimpse is More  
than You Can Bare  
Who Are You To Let Fatigue of the Soul Make You Seem Defeated  
If I live and Breathe All That Is There

Don Not Come To me For Affirmation In What You Cannot See For  
Yourself

Do Not Peer into your Own Light Unwilling to Open Up Your Eyes  
Without Self Love Anything You see Is But A Lie

Half Truths inside of You  
Half-Heartedness is Never True

Turn To Me and what You'll see Will Never Be Enough  
For the Divinity Of Virtue Is Blind to the Naked Eye

**Divina Por Naturaleza- Sylvia Marquez**

Virgensita queida, Madre Mia  
Patrona de la Tierra Colorada  
que tanto te ama  
Divina en todos los modos  
Con Fortaleza Que sostiene  
El Almado Todos Nosotros

Mujeres dichosas que Somos  
Por ser Tu, Nuestro Ejemplo  
Que Nos Ensena a Luchar  
Sin importar que tan fuerte nos este Lloviendo  
Porque al tener Fija La Mirada asia Ti  
Con tu Manto nos Mantienes Secos

Y esque La mujer, solo A De Saver  
Que para Vivir en plenitud  
se necesita de Tu Virtud  
Pues tu Eres Nuestra Maestra  
Y tus enseñanzas Bendecidas por Dios  
Nunca nos desampares porfavor.

Que para vivir Serena  
no me ase falta mas Q tu Piel Morena  
Piel que refleja el Valor de Nuestro Corazon  
que nos demuestra que Dios Nos Ama con igual Ardor  
Pues al ver Tu Imagen, Paz encuentra mi alma  
Y en tu nobleza un gran calor que me mantiene con Calma

Pues tu eres el Sol y Las Estrellas  
Tonantzin,  
La Mas Poderosa Y la Mas Bella.  
Symbolo De Nuestra Madre Tierra.

**Tell me, who's madder- Alexis Ornelas**

Tell me, who's madder?

The reader or the writer

The title on the page  
is the Rabbit that you chase

the wonderland you come across  
is the but the world you read in

into it you submerge  
down  
    down  
        down  
            down  
deeper into the hole you get

eventually  
    "SMACK!"  
Irrationality is met.

Once you've GROWN and Shrank...  
And the pig screams cease

And once the queen and her cards are  
Put away

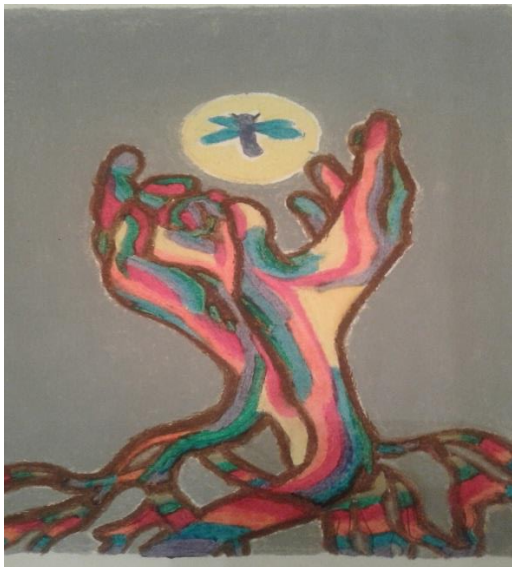
What are you left with?  
You immediately think

"This writer's insane"  
But yet you enjoyed the cricket game.

So, I ask  
Who was madder?

The writer? Or you the reader?

**Untitled- Mariana Gutierrez**



**Untitled- Mariana Gutierrez**



**Untitled- Mariana Gutierrez**



**Untitled- Mariana Gutierrez**



## **Our Contributors**

**Tesia Bernal:** Tesia Bernal is in her third year at Woodland Community College. She has three chihuahuas and is hoping to attend veterinary school in the near future.

**Vincent Castillo:** My name is Vincent Castillo and I'm currently enrolled in English 1B with Professor Ferns. I was born and raised in Woodland, CA and I found a love of reading at an early age. I enjoy writing and this is my first attempt at poetry.

**Jose Florez III:** I am a student of both Yuba College and Woodland Community College. I have been attending since 2012 and am a Molecular Biology Major though I plan on attending Medical School post graduation. Currently, as a student of Woodland Community College, I participate in both the MESA program and Chemistry Club. I am originally from Yuba City, CA although both of my parents immigrated from Tonalá, Jalisco, Mexico. My work is inspired by the Sacramento Valley and Mexico.

**Alexandria Harder:** Hello, my name is Alexandria Harder and I am a Sociology Major finishing my last year at WCC before transferring next fall. I grew up in a small mountain town in Oregon and moved to Woodland in 2012. I love spending time outdoors; hiking and swimming are my absolute favorite but I also love cuddling up with my animals and a good book. I am someone who likes to stay busy; from participating in organizations on campus and volunteering outside of WCC, I love to learn and I love to be challenged.

**Breeann James:** WCC student, participates in student council, newsletter content creator, helps with veterans club. Loves art, music, anime, poems.

**Jennifer McKnight:** I'm a self described adventurous introvert. When my bank account allows it I love to travel. I love nature and trying new and scary things. Most of my free time is spent reading, writing, or baking. Still religiously watching the show Survivor in 2016.

**Alexis Ornelas:** I am a Mexican born in a taco truck that I built with my own two hands; in that same truck I conquered 5 kegs of tequila and met many white folk that introduced me to the beauty of 'Murica

**Gustavo Perez:** I am a Supplemental Instructor, English Tutor, Vice president of The Eagle's Call and Senator for the student body at Large of the ASWCC, here on campus. I am committed to make this campus better for student success and I love to write poetry because It relaxes me. I've read every Ink Magazine since 2012 because I love to interpret poetry, and I finally summed up the courage to submit my own work. Both of my poems hint at deeper exigence, but seem relatively simple at first sight!

**Marianna Shaw:** I'm 21 years old and this is my fourth year at WCC. This is my first time ever sharing my poetry (so this is a little exciting and frightening to me). I've only been writing poetry for a little over a year.

**Tucker Walden:** I am born and raised in Yuba City. Photography has always been a fun pursuit of mine. I most enjoy landscapes and still work. As the youngest of five boys I often had to entertain myself and the camera provided the perfect outlet. One of my favorite parts of the creative process is the photo-editing. It is the ability to warp the picture until I achieve the desired effect that I love so much.

**William Clifford Young III:** I am a 33-year-old man who loves to live my life, dance, watch movies, and just talk with people. I have

been living my life in the name of God since I was six years old. When I was twenty-two years old I had a very unexpected incident occur. I was struck down with the condition of MS and told that I would never be able to walk again. I thank my God up in heaven for changing that diagnosis that was given by those doctors and I was given back my ability to walk. I still have the MS, but it is in remission. I believe that I am here to tell my tale to everyone.

### **Editor Profiles:**

**Ian Chamberlain:** What's up y'all, my name is Ian. I'm a sophomore at Woodland Community college. I'm an English/Philosophy double major, and plan to transfer to UC Davis in the 2017 Fall Quarter. I've been writing poetry since high school, but only began to publish my work last semester.

**Marcos Estrada:** I am the president and founder of the poetry club, and have been writing since the age of 9. I am currently a psychology major at Woodland Community College, and am hoping to transfer to Sac State.

**Timothy Fries:** Hello folks, I am coming to school to become a teacher and help expand the minds of kids in high school. I like being able to help connect people to understand and aid one another in life, to be a "giver" in life rather than a "taker." My goal is to get my degree from Sacramento State University like my high school teacher Mrs. Pratt.

**Alexis Ornelas:** I am a human being; greetings mortals! I hope you enjoyed my completely narcissistic poems, which cover just about every aspect of life, as you know I am pretty great...Like, yeah I know what is up in the world I am the Einstein of philosophy. On a serious note, I am just a mortal much like all of you. I have big dreams, and hope to achieve them all, and meet the high expectations that I know my parents have placed on me.

Jerky Neck-Brandt Fraley

