

Ink

A Literary Arts Magazine

Issue 9

Woodland Community College
Spring 2017

Senior Editor: Ian Chamberlain

Editors: Marcos Estrada, Timothy Fries, Alexis Ornelas, Nik Wood

Cover Art: Alexis Ornelas

Printing: Mike Wieber, Yuba College Print Shop

Faculty Advisor: Kevin Ferns, Professor of English, Woodland Community College

Submissions

If you are a current student of Woodland Community College, Colusa County Campus, or Lake County Campus and would like to contribute to future issues, please see ink.yccd.edu for submission guidelines and deadlines.

Donations

Your generous donation contributes to the cost of printing this publication. If you would like to help build a lasting legacy of the arts and literature at Woodland Community College, please consider making a tax-deductible donation to the WCC Literary Progress Fund. Details are online at ink.yccd.edu.

Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine is a trademark of Woodland Community College. All work is original and copyrighted by the contributor. The opinions expressed are those of the contributor and not those of the faculty, staff, or other contributors.

Special thanks to the Woodland Community College Foundation, which provided the funding to print and distribute this 9th issue of *Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine*. This magazine would not be possible in its current form without the support of the Foundation.

<https://wcc.yccd.edu/foundation/>

INK.YCCD.EDU

Table of Contents

Little Powers- Tim Fries	5
Battle Scars- Silvia Marquez	8
Dad- Cierra Mojica	9
Hate vs. Hate- Garrett Cox	10
Love at the Lake- Sue Mazzoni	11
The Hangover- English 31 Collaboration	12
Love Who You Are- Ruthie Fields	14
My Things to Do- Alexis Ornelas	15
One Last Glass- Kevin Skaug	16
Our Special Place- Ruthie Fields	18
Plucking Strings- Rachel Cowen	19
The Last Butterfly- Marcos Estrada	20
The Clouds- Gurtaj Grewal	21
Sounds- Sue Mazzoni	22
Dolls- Cierra Mojica	23
I Don't Believe I Have Pet Peeves- Cierra Mojica	23
Falling Asleep- Anais Reeves	24
Star Watching- Rachel Cowen	25
Power- Rachel Cowen	25
My Love-Hate Relationship - Ismael Grajeda	25
Living Here 5 years- Nik Wood	26
The Moon- Garrett Cox	26
Errith, Bane of Goblins- Billy Mitchell	31
When I Said It Out Loud- Cierra Mojica	35
Colors- Rachel Warrington	36
Strangers- Anais Reeves	37
Valentine's Bingo!- Matt Bishop	38
Prom- Anais Reeves	39
The Current Norm for Politics- Estevan Rubio	39
Accidental PG&E Jolt- Nik Wood	40

Goodbye Father- Ismael Grajeda 41
Fault in Our Stars- Marcos Estrada 42
Evacuees- Nik Wood 43
The Lake That Swallowed Me Whole- John Lopez 45
Don't Take Me Serious- John Lopez 46
My Sunshine- Sue Mazzoni 48
Body Art- Garrett Cox 48
It Takes Time- Cierra Mojica 49
Word Games- Rachel Cowen 50
"Clementine"- Cierra Mojica 52
Blindly?- Rachel Warrington 53
Pizza- Rachel Warrington 54
Cruising Down the Road- Kevin Skaug 55

Photographs and Artwork:

Lady in the Hall-Estevan Rubio 9
Surveillance from Above-Estevan Rubio 10
Untitled-Estevan Rubio 11
A Grainy Reflection-Estevan Rubio 13
Sea Under the Sun-Estevan Rubio 27
A Loud Red-Estevan Rubio 27
Esparto Pond- Ronnie Walgenbach 28
Red Winery Road- Ronnie Walgenbach 28
Putah Creek- Ronnie Walgenbach 29
Napa Valley- Ronnie Walgenbach 29
Unknown- Breeann James 30
Ship at Sea-Alexis Ornelas 30
Foreshadowing Adventure-Estevan Rubio 56

Little Powers

-Tim Fries

The bell rang and all the children ran out for play time. It was a happy day in the middle of autumn; the sun was out and the air was crisp and clear.

All the children were playing their favorite games, hide and seek, tag, and dodge ball. Most of the children played dodge ball because the game was the most fun of them all, watching the red ball bounce off their target to get them out as they fell down. Michelle was the very best at dodge ball, she somehow hit every target and could bend like a pretzel to avoid being hit. Every day, she would play but was never picked first, always last because no one really liked her, especially “The Three.”

The Three were a group of girls who were very mean, but extremely pretty. One day, they decided to go after Michelle. They had planned it to the final detail because Michelle was so nice, had the most beautiful voice, and was the teacher’s favorite student; all the reasons the other students did not like her as well.

The first of The Three said, “Let’s pick Michelle first for dodge ball, and we will use her as a shield to not get hit, and that way when she gets hit she will be out.”

The second of The Three said, “Once she is out we will make fun of her, and tell her we never really wanted her on our team.”

The third of The Three, and the meanest, said “We can call her ‘ugly’ and tell her that no one likes her till she cries.”

Content with their plan The Three were ready to watch their plot unfold. At the end of the week they set their ideas in motion, and all went just as planned.

All the children were set loose to play their games, unknowing of the intentions of “The Three.”

The first of The Three said, “I pick Michelle.”

So overly joyed by being picked first, Michelle ran over and said, “We will win.”

Happy with the excitement Michelle could not constrain, the first of The Three hid her viscous smile from her and finished picking teams. Once the teams were picked she did just as she said. She used Michelle as a shield holding her in place until she was hit and out. Once the first part of the plan had passed, it was time for the second.

The second of The Three said, "Haha, you are out first. Now you have to wait to play till the next game." Upset with what had happened, Michelle walked off to take her seat and wait for the next game to begin.

After this second step, The Three watched for their chance to put the final part of their plan into action. As Michelle went and took her seat the third of The Three started calling very mean names. "Michelle you are ugly, and nobody likes you. We picked you so we could get you out of the game."

After the mean words by The Three, Michelle went and talked to the teacher. She did not do much. She talked to The Three but they all denied the allegations, and were sent on their way.

Michelle ran away wiping her eyes to the girls' bathroom asking, "Why are they so mean to me? I did not even do anything to them." Once she was in the bathroom she saw a little ant crawling around on the floor. She bent down and snatched him up. "What is your name?" she asked out of morbid curiosity, since she really did not care at the moment. She was so angry and hurt that she wanted to spread her pain to someone else. As she picked up the ant and was just about to squish him between her fingers he spoke up and said, "Fred! My name is Fred!"

"Who... What is going on?" Michelle asked, completely bewildered.

Fred answered, "I am Fred, what is wrong? Why are you going to kill me? Why are you crying?"

"Some of the other girls were really mean to me and no one is helping. Not even the teacher." She answered Fred. "You are so small, I was not thinking. I was just taking my feelings out on you."

"Perhaps you should stand up for yourself. I am very little, but very strong. I can lift up to 300 times my own weight." Fred said.

"Really?" she asked in disbelief.

"Yes," he replied. "So if a small ant such as myself can be so strong, then you being so much bigger must be extremely strong."

Feeling better Michelle was just about to say thank you to Fred; but before she could, The Three followed her into the girls' room to continue their harsh treatment. They were not yet finished picking on her. The first of The Three went in alone while the

others kept watch. A little braver after Fred's words, Michelle was not ready to back down.

The first of the Three, and the one who held to get her out of the game asked, "Why are you being such a cry baby?" She inched closer to continue her assault, but Michelle grabbed her by the hands. She broke her fingers, and pulled off her pointer finger until blood gushed out like a fountain. "Grab me now," Michelle said.

At the sound of screaming, the second of The Three came in to see what was wrong. The Second said, "Now you're in big trouble, Stupid." Getting angrier, Michelle said, "You take a seat," and broke her legs and smashed all her toes to mush. So bad were her toes smashed that they looked like oatmeal.

At the sound of more screams the third of The Three entered to see what is going on. When she saw her two friends crying on the ground, Michelle grabbed her tongue before she could finish talking. "You want to call me names, call me ugly. You are the ugly one." Michelle pulled out her tongue and cut it off with her dull pair of children's scissors, saying "You will never call me ugly again." Then she popped out her right eye balls and burst it under her foot till it burst and oozed like a half cooked hard-boiled egg.

Michelle went straight home from the girls' room with Fred riding on her shoulder and told her dad what happened. He replied, "As long as you asked for help, and if you walked away first without fighting and they continued after you, then good for you, sticking up for yourself. You did everything the right way and you are not in trouble." After which her dad took her out for her favorite ice cream, mint chocolate chip. Which cheered her and her new friend Fred up as they both ate the ice cream.

Battle Scars

-Silvia Marquez

I put my pants on one leg at a time. Using the edge of the hospital bed for support, I slumped over to pull them up. The sweet smell of mango rising from the heat of the wax melt candle I'd brought from home, lingering in the room. The tropical aroma will forever transport me back to the pain I thought would never subside. I buttoned my pants but my stomach still obstructed. I continued, perplexed at the sight of my body, a body that was my own once more. The skin on my stomach would slowly retract and with it the womb that kept my son in wonderful warmth. But in the meantime the remnants of my pregnancy remained prominent. Such an odd moment it is to see yourself, now with your child and not with child. My body reclaimed its self-autonomy after 9 long months. But still I was feeling foreign in a body that'd been mine forever. The next couple weeks would continue with this feeling of being a stranger to myself. Seeing the little round bulge as I raised my slanted body into a standing position. Its roundness a reminder that I am no longer your home. You'll now be home with me. And home is no longer a place to reach my destination. For you or I. It is but a state of warmth from which our connection grows. And knows no bounds and needs nothing more than to be in your company. Home is in the heart. Where I have been carrying you ever since. Where I have been awaiting you in your absence. And where I'm sure I'll remain. Eternally. Engrained into your heart. A place that leads you to me. For my son you'll always be and from me is where your life starts.

Dad

-Cierra Mojica

Best friends before I even arrived,
Taught me my second language: Sarcasm,
Silent wars, go back and forth, I've survived,
Round 2, how can we annoy you, our Anthem.
We go into round 3, unprepared; Reality,
Your throats been sliced, quips don't come as fast,
I got my goodbye unaware of the casualty,
The call came early that morning; nothing lasts.
Punch lines end, laughter dies down; you're gone,
I hold myself together with your humor,
Laugh harder, smile brighter; must move on,
Years move forward, can you see my future.
Told your joke today, the one with ducks,
Laughed harder than I ever had, realized it sucked.



Lady in the Hall

-Estevan Rubio

Hate vs. Hate

-Garret Cox

Nazis are the scum of this place called earth,
Along with these new White Nationalists.
With hateful beliefs ingrained since their birth,
Free speech won't protect any of these fascists.
Some say hatred cannot be fought with hate.
However I have to strongly disagree,
Some things I simply just can't tolerate.
Racists will never be safe around me.
There is no such thing as a master race.
The Confederacy of Ignorance,
We should blast them all into outer space,
Stripping this world clean of their influence.
I refuse to be passive while hatred spreads,
No longer can we look the other way.



Surveillance from Above

-Estevan Rubio

Love at the Lake
-Sue Mazzoni

Feeling loved and safe today, I am at peace here sitting at the lake's edge watching the crystal-clear water rushing down off the hillside. The shiny, smooth rocks seem to glow as the water washes over them. So peaceful, I don't want to ever leave this place. After a recent stormy relationship, I have found my love and this place seems to bring him to me. I feel his presence all around me, and I pray for his safety as he serves our country in Syria. As the water laps up at the edge here, he seems to beckon me to come in. It is so inviting, I just can't resist. Is it him or is it the water? The mild temperature of the water tickles my toes as I step in. Just a few inches at first and then I feel so safe here and so I allow myself to float around and across to the other side. The grassy meadow sprouts cheerful colorful wildflowers on this warm, sunny spring day. As I watch the bright yellow monarch butterflies flit from wild iris to honeysuckle, the hummingbirds feasting on nectar, I feel loved by my surroundings. Loved by him. The bees are ever so busy buzzing from one bloom to the next collecting energy from one bud and depositing to another.

The lily pads floating on top give a sturdy safe home to the jumping frogs there. I sense their confidence that their homes are being supported by the body of water that is so stable and gentle. As the sun begins to set, I decide to float on over back across, safe and secure.

He is the water beneath me, taking me to beautiful, safe places. I will return soon.



Untitled
Estevan Rubio

The Hangover

-A collaboration by the students of English 31, Creative Writing

Rodney could feel the pounding in his head before he opened his eyes. *How many Hurricanes did I drink last night*, he wondered. First it was the Doppelganger pub with Simon and Pedro, and then it was the Last Resort where they met some girls. One final drunken hurrah before they all graduated this spring and took up their jobs back home. But what happened after that? It was a blur. Then he became aware of his surroundings. Where is my phone, he thought, feeling his crusty pant legs. Those Bourbon Street gutters were absolutely dreary. He suddenly remembered that his flight home was today, Mardi Gras. He slowly opened his eyes, only to let out a yelp when he saw the man lying next to him.

“Who is this?” he thought. The man was on his side facing away from him. As he sat up, Rodney noticed that the sheets were ruddy and damp. It wasn’t mud or filth from last night he saw on the sheets. It was blood. The altercation slowly came back to him in a haze. But how was this strange person in his bed involved? Rodney didn’t want to wait until he woke up to find out. Carefully, he gathered his jacket and found his wallet. The man in the bed did not move as he quietly left the room.

As he sat in the taxi on the way to the airport, the fog in Rodney’s head began to clear. Something about that guy in the bed wasn’t right. There was something eerily familiar about him, and Rodney feared that it had to do with whatever it was he couldn’t remember from the previous night. He thought of Simon and Pedro and how happy they all were. He wondered what happened to them. Then he remembered that he still didn’t have his phone. He must have left it in the room.

“Please turn around!” he told the cab driver. “I forgot something at the hotel!”

As the taxi pulled up to the hotel, they had to swerve to avoid the ambulance and police cars. He clambered out of the cab, asking a woman wearing a flowery hat standing by the entrance what was going on.

“They found a body in the hotel,” she told him. “The man only had a phone and a plane ticket on him. So sad.”

A gurney rolled by covered in a white sheet. The wind picked up a moment and before the medic had time to push the

sheet back into place, Rodney saw a face, pale and still, an exact copy of his own.



A Grainy Reflection
-Estevan Rubio

Love Who You Are
-Ruthie Fields

You have to always think,
Of who you are inside.
And whether or not you're happy,
Is a feeling you shouldn't hide.

For if we keep inside,
All the pain we felt each day.
We would never seek our happiness,
No matter how much we pray.

So be strong and always feel,
That the person who you are.
Is one of strength and power,
One with courage to take you far.

All of us have felt,
What it is I'm trying to share.
We all have that someone,
That didn't really care.

Go on with life in stride,
Pursue what you've set out.
I know you can accomplish this,
This I have no doubt.

Your future is your own,
No one tells us how to live.
Release that inner anger,
And learn how to forgive.

And in the end you'll find,
That the love you have inside.
Is the love you have for yourself,
A feeling you no longer need to hide.

My Things to Do
-Alexis Ornelas

My, my, my things to do
So many before I die
What is the first?
Bring someone to Christ of course
My first and utmost thing I must do
Second is important
Get married
Have at least 1 kid (or 2)
Next on my list
My little list, to do
Sail on a ship
and sail on a canoe
Not the paddle canoe surly you knew
Then teach kids (something good, or something new)
Then fly in a squirrel suit,
Fly a biplane
Build a biplane
Get a flying license
That one should probably be the first of those last two
Next I would love to successfully climb a tree
Dive of a cliff
Build a sailing canoe
On Lake Woodland
Welp that's all I can think to do
That's all I have for now on
My, my, my little list of things to do.

One Last Glass

-Kevin Skaug

Dimmed lights flicker in the warm, smoky room. Men in shabby suits and women in cheap dresses drink whiskey and cocktails, chatting and laughing at unfunny jokes. Off to one side sits a lone man in a threadbare suit. Gray McClintock sits by himself, sipping on his last glass of bourbon, rubbing his watery eyes, stinging from the cigar smoke wafting about. Dejectedly, his red eyes look around dully at the other patrons.

He takes another small sip; this will be his very last drink, and he wants to savor it. When he goes home that evening he plans to become intimately acquainted with his Winchester. He has been out of work for several months now; the investment firm he had worked for folded during the crash. Out of money and out of luck he feels he had nothing left in his world. All he has is this final glass of liquor before he leaves. He rubs his eyes again, teary from more than just the smoke. He is down to the last dregs of his warm drink when a man steps out onto the lounge stage.

“Ladies and gentlemen. For tonight’s entertainment, I present to you...” He glances down at the card in his hand “Garnet Emperyeen!”

The woman who walks onto the stage receives only scattered applause from her audience. While most of the people in the room casually ignored her, Gray thinks her presence is the only thing worth paying attention to that evening. She cuts a stunning figure set against her dark, drab surroundings. Gray is entranced as her performance begins.

She smooths down the front of her rose red dress and nods to the quartet that accompanies her. At her cue the band starts up. Her first song is an overused love ballad, but Gray barely notices, he is struck dumb by her beauty, both in looks and voice.

The whole mesmerizing performance goes on for some time, ending with another overused love song. Finished, she bows and steps off the stage, showered with more halfhearted applause. Brushing a strand of auburn hair from her eyes, she looks about the room. With a start Gray realizes that her gaze has come to rest on him. Blushing, he quickly looks down and drains the last of his bourbon. Eyes downcast, he misses Garnet’s small smile, amused at his embarrassment.

He doesn’t even notice her walking over to him until she

is standing at the other side of his table. Realizing she's there, his head snaps up. He stares stupefied up at her for a moment before she says "Hello."

"H-Hello." He says, hastily standing up to greet her properly.

"Did you enjoy the show?"

"Yes, yes it was... it was very good."

"I'm glad to hear it. May I sit with you a while?"

"Y-yes" he says nervously. He clears his throat then says a bit more formally "Yes, of course ma'am."

Smiling to herself again, she sits down in the seat across from him.

"So" she says, "what's your name?"

"Gray"

"Well, Gray, what brings you here tonight?"

"I just, um, wanted a drink."

"By yourself? Seems a bit lonely. Good thing I came over." She is smiling at him, causing Gray to blush again.

"And I came at just the right time, it seems." She says.

"What do you mean?" Gray asks, confused.

"Well, you've just finished your drink haven't you?" she says, laughing. She gets a waiter's attention and beckons him over, then says "The night's young yet. How about another drink?"

"Um, okay." Gray says.

The waiter walks over and asks if they would care for some drinks. She orders a martini, and looks at Gray expectantly.

Feeling a little happier than he has in a long time Gray says, "I'll, uh, I'll have another glass of whiskey."

Our Special Place
-Ruthie Fields

I walk along the beach,
Kicking my feet with each step.
Find a place to lay my towel,
Where eventually I slept.

In my mind were noises,
Waves breaking – a far off bird,
Children running along the beach,
Having fun from what is heard.

Falling deeper into sleep,
I see your smiling face.
Standing there above me,
Out of reach and out of place.

You once used to be,
Within my every grasp.
But when I reach out now,
I feel as if I might collapse.

It is then when my eyes open,
To a world that is new.
When I realize that the beach,
Should no longer remind me of you.

Maybe at one time,
The beach was our special place.
But next time I am here,
I won't lie down and see your face.

Plucking Strings

-Rachel Cowen

You have played a song for me every night,
Rough fingers across chords to serenade.
You close your eyes in the dimmed rooms light,
Concentrating on the art that you have made.

I reach out to touch the skin across your arm
and feel the muscles pulling from your shoulder;
Enclosed in your melody there's no harm,
Through with each line we grow a little older.

You've played a song for me sometimes
One about not seeing love before we had met
You hold me here with all of your words and rhymes
And I want to stay more with every set.

But you never finish the songs that you start
For the fear that when it ends, so too goes my part.

The Last Butterfly
-Marcos Estrada

I had a funny feeling
When you came into my life
And captured my soul
I couldn't stand it
I blushed and lost my breath
Stutters filled the air
When I tried to talk
You gave me butterflies
When I saw you
Standing there
With the halo spinning on
Your head
You capsized me
And became my boat
On the dry ocean bed
Your love devoured
The orchid that grew in my life
I plundered deep into a hole
And couldn't escape
I got lost in your touch
But when you left
Something changed
I reached deep into my soul
To release the butterflies
You gave me
And set them free
But one remained
It fluttered up my spine
And its wings became
My lungs
And its broken
Heart became mine

The last remaining butterfly
Died within me
And I became free....

The Clouds
-Gurtaj Grewal

O Clouds, how beautiful you are
With beauty unmatched and blue like the great sea
Make me smile even I feel the ocean breeze
O Clouds how awesome you are

You make me happy
Like no other
When I look up
You make me feel alive
And look like no other

Sounds

-Sue Mazzoni

Growling blowers. Snarling at the fallen leaves.
Chasing them away from here if you please.
Onto neighboring lawns a resting place they will borrow,
Until another blower comes along tomorrow.

Sunday mornings the rumbling buzz of airplanes flying low
overhead
Trying to get me out of my cozy bed
Future pilots honing their craft
It's enough to drive me daft.
To and fro they come and go
Causing me oh so much woe.

No curbside spaces on the street
Monster machines, yet they come
Street sweepers trying to keep things neat
With a buzzing, whirring hum
No good can they do
Without the space to get through

Weight lifting tenant above my bed
Dropping fifty pounds above my head
Quiet and then a startling boom
Never a warning of this gloom

But oh those glorious mornings of sun
Musical tones of the birds do hum
Bringing joy to my mornings this way
A happy way to start my today.

Dolls

-Cierra Mojica

Their bodies are stiff
Eyes follow your every move
Their smiles are forever.

I Don't Believe I Have Pet Peeves

-Cierra Mojica

I don't believe I have pet peeves,
But please,
don't crack your knuckles,
don't hug me, let me come to you,
don't put your fingers in my batter,
don't tell me what to do,
don't comment on the socks that litter my floor,
don't need to talk with your hands, I understand just fine,
don't ask me, "If I know what you mean," multiple times,
I don't have pet peeves,
so please,
don't wear too much perfume,
or call my anime cartoons,
don't crack your toes either,
don't reach across the table,
don't eat off my plate,
please have your conversation later,
don't interrupt me,
don't tell me I need more friends,
no, I don't read too much, or need to get out more,
who are you to tell me, I'm quite sure I believe,
I don't have pet peeves.

Falling Asleep
-Anais Reeves

It's 10'o clock
I lay in bed
My eyes are closed
I hear a noise
I turn to see
Why are iPhones so bright at night?
I respond to him
I start to miss him
So, I write
I'm crying now
My head filled with thoughts
Why is my mind awake when I need rest?
I think of tomorrow I think of today
All the mistakes I made yesterday
I think of a time when I was 6
Carrot cake is so good
When will I finally get my tattoos
That girl in English 1a had toothpaste on her shirt
I'm writing again now
And once I start I can't really stop
It's 3'o clock.

Star Watching

-Rachel Cowen

Mountains and trees encasing the world, sounds of the birds and the stream and the animals underfoot echoed quietly through. We walked those trails together, up the side of that ragged hill we climb, closer to the stars, flying close to meet us. Up and up we went in the twilight blue, the sun still hiding under the trees, the moon just coming out to see. Fingers, hands, and arms weaved together. Cold and silent. We laid there, at the top, staring up into heaven, watching those little streaks of fire come crashing down, falling away from home.

Power

-Rachel Cowen

Hatred rages on louder in your voice
It has become hard to hear above the sound
You, by cries and chants, were made the people's choice
And through blinded fears we are all bound

Our scream has been lulled by your men before
And duller has fallen the challenger's roar
But now, our lives and rights you abjure
So onward continue we, the people, with this life's war

My Love-Hate Relationship

- Ismael Grajeda

We scream and shout all the time at each other, I ask myself why even bother!? As we continuously face struggles day in and day out. At times I feel we will never meet common ground which leads me to wish, to run away faster than a greyhound! But why sit and pout? I know Rome wasn't built in a day so I build up the courage to stay and continue to chip away at our relationship. Because maybe one day...and I know this might sound crazy..you and I will create beautiful poetry babies.

Living Here 5 Years
-Nik Wood

A tangled mess of emotions and change. Raw and powerful epiphanies. Some terror and some melancholy joy. Lots of alone time to think. Maybe too much. The sun rises again, on Nik's box he lives in. It's moon base 2090; section 103 is his living designation. In his atmosphere controlled box. Five years of whirring fans, anxiety. Will he run out of air? Thunder and lightning on the moon? Another package arrives of plastic covered food, he knifes his way into it; ravenous as a dog.

The Moon
-Garett Cox

A Full Moon Beckons
Creatures from a place Unknown.
Men, more Wolf than Man.



Sea Under the Sun
Estevan Rubio



A Loud Red
Estevan Rubio



Esparto Pond
-Ronnie Walgenbach



Red Winery Road
-Ronnie Walgenbach



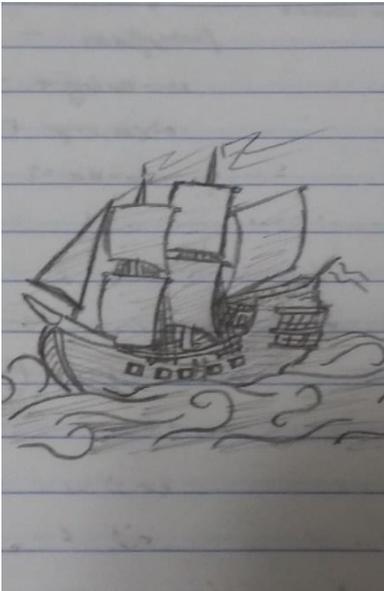
Putah Creek
-Ronnie Walgenbach



Napa Valley
-Ronnie Walgenbach



Unknown -Breeann James



Ship At Sea- -Alexis Ornelas

Errith Bane of Goblins
-Billy Mitchell

Come one, come all and gather around, for I am about to tell you
the tale of the Hero of Starton: Errith, Bane of goblins.

Our story begins with our other three heroes-
Quirinus Grimhold, Dwarven fighter, brave and stout,
He who'll smash all foes with his maul with his heroic shout.
Mary Fairweather, cleric of the Lifegiver,
But remember as she decrees:
As Lifegiver giveth life, and thusly she taketh.
And lastly we have I, the Brave Barry Winton,
Teller of stories of daring heroism, from the mightiest of heroes,
And the most unlikely of ones.

It was with us three that we had to be given a simple task-
To act as a protector of a humble holy man returning home,
Who prayed that our services would need not be put into play.

But you know how these stories go, right?

Down the road barricades blocked our path and goblins sprung
forth,
It was an ambush!
Arrows whizzed past me as I valiantly tumbled away,
but poor Quirinus who was not so quick-
he took a nasty arrow in the gut.

Ambushed and outnumbered four to three, things were looking
desperate,
But bless Quirinus's warrior's heart,
with a pop there were only three heads amongst goblins four.
But with a cry of horror, another arrow pierced his breast,
And on his last legs he did not see the next goblin about to strike!
But with a '*Thwunk!*' my dagger thrown stuck true!
The green monster cried out in pain for but a moment
As I charged in, rapier piercing his wretched heart.

As for our Madam Fairweather, a glance she did steal,
Even while fending off her own goblin's crude steel,

With her healing word she showed Quirinus the Lifegivers light.
Brought back from the brink of death and with his second wind
The two remaining goblins were soon brought down to one.
As the last of the sorry creatures fled in fear and cowardice.
Soon it was in the town of Starton we arrived,
It was but a village of humble beginnings-
Yet of humble beginnings are where the greatest heroes are born.

The priest of the Protector was safe but a new crisis was abound,
Where there was one goblin there were sure to be many more!
Our three heroes were more than willing,
but weary were they still, fore while their last battle was victorious,
What hope did they have against a horde?
For aid they asked, and extra hands they sought,
But this village was quiet and warriors the villagers were not,
And it was only potions and gratitude they could give.

Yet they did know of a lad- it was the summer of his sixteenth
year,
A hunter was he, and danger he did not fear.
Errith was his name, and with words from the great bard Barry he
listened in awe,
Of adventure and daring, a hero Errith would be,
'Goblin slayer Errith' they would sing!
Protector of Starton he would become!
With promises of adventure, fame and respect,
He promised his bow to aid this village he would protect.

On the trail we were now, to find these goblins so foul,
It was not long before we found their home-
Yet guarded it was, by two of the creatures and with wolves as
well!
Quirinus drew their attention away and before the foul goblins
could utter a sound
Twang! Thwack!
With our bows both goblins were down!
Yet the wolves were not deterred, and to each group they did
charge,
To the ground one tried to take Quirinus, its bite vicious and cruel
But he was a warrior not to be undone and he wrestled the beast
back!

With the aid and blessing of Fairwather's holy word our dwarf
snapped the beast's neck!
But alas, that left Errith and I alone to face the other wolf,
And with arrows flown true we did strike,
Yet it did little to stop this wolves might,
As it pounced, soaring through the air bringing myself to the
ground.
As it reach back to tear at my exposed throat,
Fear wretched in its eyes as I the great Barry Winton should not be
trifled with!
With a Dessonite shout, I, believe it you should, scared it to death!

We had taken two more of the goblins and their pets with this
victory,
Yet in a hole they hid- we must somehow draw them out!
We hatched a plan of great offence-
And with vicious mockery I attempted to draw them out.
One could not take the insults and came charging forth-
But he could nay take a step as he was shot, crushed and consumed
by holy light.
Deeper into the caves the survivors did retreat,
But almost too late we did realise they had another exit!
From over the hill arrows did fly,
And shelter we had to seek.
Quirinus, hid in the goblins own hole,
An ambush he did seek, as we drew fire and took cover.
Many archers they did have and a shaman too.
As we fired and drew them out, our friend struck from behind,
taking them out!
Four, then six, nay a dozen goblins he struck down before cresting
the mountain was a brute so terrible and tall,
A goblin may warrant no worry at all, this creature however was
not!
A bugbear, leader of this goblin horde roared!

Bloodied and weary now, Quirinus knew that to fight the bugbear
meant certain death,
So he sought to draw the shaman away into the now empty goblin
den.
Yet it was I who drew the bugbear forth,

Openly mocking it, remarking how surely its mother was a toad
giving him his ugly mug!
Charged at us the bugbear did,
We answered back with hails of arrows and sacred flame,
Yet fall back we must, as surely being hit by the beast meant
certain death!
Enraged, the beast chased us, and Errith seemed to be in its path,
But circled it we did, and we did not let it near.
With rage and pain the mighty bugbear did bellow,
And a boulder the creature did hurtle.
Once! Twice! Thrice! Errith nimbly dodged, but as the fourth flew
at him,
A root he did snag and the boulder sent him crashing to the ground.
The bugbear roared triumphant, and stood over the young man,
But before he could land the finishing blow,
I knew what I must do- For I drew my rapier, and flung a slurry of
insults so foul,
I dare not repeat them in front of the children present.
Enraged by words so foul, the bugbear did turn,
And from sixty paces away, our brave warrior Quirinus stood, all
other goblins slain,
With a mighty heft of his shaft, his axe did fly~
And as the Bugbear turned,
It was into the side of its skull the axe struck,
And with a stumble the mighty bugbear did fall!

And when Errith did wake, it was with our shouts of cheer:
‘Errith, Bane of goblins! That is what they shall hear!
For we are victorious, and in not a small part thanks to you!’
Tears welled up in his eyes as he realized what he had become,
A hero he was now, and the praises of his name will be sung!

When I Said It Out loud
-Cierra Mojica

At 12 years old, I said it, depression,
But no one really heard me or,
Cared to try and understand,
Depression I was told,
Everyone deals with,
Feeling sad is normal,
Get over it was their advice,
How can I get over it,
It wasn't only feeling sad,
Just getting out of bed,
Kicked my ass,
Loving gestures from my family,
Made me want to slap them,
Nothing interested me anymore,
Overeating, let me choke on food, and swallow my feelings
Putting my emotions into words got harder, everyone had,
Qualms at that point, because I answered each person with "*I'm fine.*"
Repeating it was my defense mechanism, "*I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm ..fine.*"
Sleeping was difficult, either it wouldn't be restful, or was nonexistent,
Therapy helped me to understand I wasn't lazy, or crazy, or at fault,
Unless you've been depressed, you can't comprehend that, the relief, I
Vividly remember, when that 12 year old girl was told, "*It's not your fault!*"
Weights lifted off of me, I wasn't broken,
Excepting that I had to take pills, was tough to swallow,
Yet I believed her when she said, they would help,
Zolof, thank you, I can smile easier now.

Colors

-Rachel Warrington

There's a bundle of colors
Floating around in my head. First
Yellow. No. Gold. No. Somewhere in between.
The type of color usually reserved for ballpark mustard and 80s
sweaters.
But it seems like summer to me.
Those seasons that cradled joy,
And gave us immortality in 14 hours of sunlight.
It warms my skin.
Next to it is red.
Either the red of blood or an especially picturesque rose.
That feels like a headrush in the best way.
Like sneaking a look at the sunset when you should be watching
the road.
It flows through my veins.
Looming under is gray.
The color of life when viewed through a rainy window.
Depending on the day, hour, it could feel like coming home to
waiting arms,
Or nights filled to the brim with fresh saltwater tears.
It steadies my heart.
Lastly is blue.
Somewhere between the sea and the sky.
Feels like breathing deep
From the top of a mountain.
It clears my eyes.

Strangers

-Anais Reeves

Do you remember our long bike rides together?
Do you remember the park that we claimed as ours?
I do.

Do you remember how you'd spend all your time with me?
Do you remember when I was your only child?
I was your baby girl, I was your princess
I was.

Do you remember how you'd walk me to preschool?
Do you remember how you'd carry me home after a long day?
Or how I would always steal your strawberry chapstick
How I'd take naps on you when Disney was actually good
It's bad now.

Do you remember our trip to the mountains?
You'd place your warm hands on my cold red nose
You threw snowballs at me
We made snow angels together and our curly hair was wet and cold
I hate snow now...

I think about you sometimes, but it's been 13 years
You're practically a stranger now
Hello stranger

I'm your daughter.

Valentine's Bingo!
-Matt Bishop

Lovely is as lovely does
I think you're swell
And that you're lovely
Did I mention you're swell too?

How shall I compare thee?
Maybe to a pineapple
Why a pineapple, you might ask?
Because as sweet as it is,
It's also very sharp if you're not careful.

Hmm that wasn't a very good comparison.
Let me try again.
Hold on...
Wait...
Almost...
BINGO!

You remind me of BINGO!
When I win,
I win the motherlode!
And I usually beat jealous old ladies
Who wanted the pudding basket prize,
But I like pudding too,
And I wanted it as well,
So, I had to bring my A game,
Which I most certainty did!
Woohoo
Free pudding:
It always tastes better when you don't pay for it!
Would you like some?
I won it for you, not for myself.
I have a confession to make.
I don't normally play Bingo with old ladies,
But when I do, I don't play for pudding; I'm not a huge fan.
But I know how much you are, so this is for you.
Happy Valentine's Day, Grandma.
You're the loveliest, sharpest, pudding-loving pineapple in my life.

Prom

-Anais Reeves

Here's to the people who asked if we just got married
Here's to you saying "not yet"
Here's to the homeless man who thanked us for the visual pleasures
Here's to spilling coffee ice cream on my dress
Here's to the thousands of pictures people took of us
Here's to the first time you ever wore a tux
Here's to the way you looked at me
Here's to our first dance together
Here's to the fancy restaurant with the small menu
Here's to switching foods and hating it
Here's to parking in the middle of nowhere and singing all night
Here's to milkshakes at 2 am
Here's to my last high school dance
Here's to prom

The Current Norm for Politics

-Estevan Rubio

Normally, I try to be objective
It's much more fun to analyze both sides
However, this time around, I object
This election year has caused a divide
There's a lack of accountability
People are blind to the hypocrisy
No one's taking responsibility
Fueling me with modest despondency
People have forgotten how to protest
They cherry-pick sources and their beliefs
This society of ours has digressed
Prejudice and falsehoods are the motif
I just want a system run by merit

Accidental PG&E Jolt

-Nik Wood

Approaching the road was just an easy affair.

Leaving my house on County Road 25a.

The stop sign is a blur for me now, did I see a ricochet?

It's been 3 weeks or so since being hit, T-boned.

Looking up and to the left, panic and fear shot into me. Raging
PG&E truck speedily out to kill.

Would I survive this one? I guess so!

Scene from a movie, horror perhaps. It bodes ill.

Slow motion camera of the eye. I slam the brakes and he swerves
into me, attacking the driver's side rear door. When visually
tracking, the glass is smashed out; ends up in my pocket.

Not a scratch on me, is repeated over and over.

Not a scratch on me!

Three weeks later, I fall off my bike in a parking lot and am in
worse shape.

Life is ironic.

Goodbye, Father

-Ismael Grajeda

The loss of anyone is a major blow to one's mind/life; I have never spoken to you in my life but within this small town word gets passed around faster than a hot potato. I knew your older sister as we were friends once long ago but I never met you; I stared into your eyes occasionally. I saw sadness, grief, distress; but you somehow managed to cover it up with a wide bright smile. You didn't take into account my attention to detail though as I could see right through you. Your father had just passed away and you sat there on that squeaky bar stool with a cold drink in your hand. My initial reaction was in awe at your strength to continue pushing through such hard times. In that moment I realized just how precious it is to enjoy your loved ones' company while they're still here; I drank the last few gulps of my drink and I left to see them. Thank you.

Fault in Our Stars
-Marcos Estrada

The hottest Mercury
Went away for burglary

The meanest Venus
Wiped out the whole genus

From its birth, the Earth
Got caught flashing its girth

Above the stars, Mars
Went away for stealing cars

Non existing Jupiter
Went wrong by being stupider

With rings around its finger, Saturn
Got locked up for being a slattern

The nasty, Uranus
Kept playing with your anus

Infamous Neptune
Had cops wanting to make arrests soon

Puerto Rican Pluto
Made me call him a bruto

The sun got high off ambien
And drowned in the sea

The moon always seems
To shine its face on me

Evacuees

-Nik Wood

YOU were wearing a wedding ring as shackles around an elephants head. Sitting down with a large man, whom I assume was your husband. We were all at the bar, and you mentioned to the bartender that you wanted to watch the news. You desired to monitor the Oroville dam fiasco. Surging white waters overwhelmingly spilled over the bathtub. Oh yeah, that's right. Your husband asked the bartender to change the channel, to channel three news. When she switched the satellite channels, the news was over and Dr. Oz was on instead. She turned it back to sports drivel instead, which I found mind numbingly dull; as the color red. I dared to ask you, saying: "I couldn't help but overhear, you were told to leave your area because of the dam problems in Oroville."

"Yes," she said...inside her oversized green sweater. She seemed to be drowning in it, like a child wearing their parents clothing. It was a fluffy sweatshirt. A green life raft floating on a sea of uncertainty. She had a bandage on her shoulder partially protruding away from the oversized dark green sweater. Like a survivor of a sinking ship with unseen wounds, barely alive after the ordeal of escaping. It was a medium sized bandage and I only noticed it for a second. She had dark brown eyes. Almond colored. She had dark blond hair and a rich, decadent tan. Her husband was a giant, in contrast. Athletic, with giant-like hands that waved to me nondescriptly as I exited the restaurant. Instead of waving back, I smiled as sympathetically as possible. The pandemonium. The looting and angry gas pump competitions; a flurry of frantic swallows migrating against their will. I think he waved, only because I had spoken with his wife.

You were talking and I was nodding my head in unison with your sentences. Like a woodpecker mindlessly needling away information. You mentioned many things about how your mom lived in Woodland and you were camped out in front of her house in a trailer. A beached whale of a trailer, I'm sure.

Her face was numb looking; like a slow moving turtle in molasses. She described the dam footage dissonance. The unseen dark oblivion, depths unfathomable to human eyes; within dark spillways and water-like prisons. Only her eyes showed displeasure in the threat of danger. Both eyes, worn down from

driving on crowded freeways, like salmon swimming upstream to spawn.

You mentioned also that you felt safe here in Woodland. Out of the frying pan, into the fire; if you ask me. I said, "Monticello dam outside Winters is probably being checked now. How surreal as a picasso. With this one dam issue, so many inspectors are probably out all over northern California checking their dams. Like black ants, scurrying about.

Her eyes were dull and lazy, or was it the House Margarita that she was drinking that made her look that way? She orders another. Her husband on the other hand, ordered a large Coors Light. Depressants to soothe the weary mind of escape artist refugees. Evacuating phantasms of bureaucracy. Phantoms guzzling shadows, turning into drowsy sloth creatures. I was getting along better with the wife than the husband. Before they sat down, I had ordered the House Margarita as well. Then again, the bartender was selling the Happy Hour margarita.

You were a congenial bar patron. Like a parrot yakking away. Thanks for the small talk. Green sweater wearing, house margarita drinking, tiny woman; with dull lazy eyes. Evacuating the sound barrier of bumbling guerilla men, bubbling over their words. You said to me before I left the bar, "Hope the same problems with flooding don't happen here with levees nearby." That last statement sent chills up my spine and I saw flashes of white water surging into my living room.

The Lake that Swallowed Me Whole

-John Lopez

I could never see across the other side it's so wide. I could never see through the fog in the morning and I didn't like how cold the lake got at night but I loved the warm afternoons. I remember going out to the lake as a kid spending my summers at the resort; I thought I would never age out on this lake and I remember taking you here. I wanted to share with you something that meant a lot to me, something I wanted you to love as much as I did. Alone I walk on the beaches of this lake now. As dawn breaks the day's first sun ray peeks over the mountain range like a curious toddler after a peaceful slumber. I keep to myself now and I don't know why I am here. Old nostalgic memories are what I cherished deeply and as of late I can't handle them anymore. They come to surface when I am here and the pain I deal with will never fade. When I wake up now I feel so alone I need you here by my side.

John grew up here and has had the best times of his life out here. He walks into the lake letting the water up to his calves. Fresh air is the only reason John was out so early this morning, at least that is what he told us. John's sister is wondering why he would decide to go for a swim so early "Isn't he cold, it's freezing. I don't know why he decided to come out with us, it is way too soon." Now the water is to his knees, and everyone can see him from the shore.

"John come back!" his mother yells to him. John raises his left hand and waves at her.

"I'm fine Mom I'm just going to swim for a bit." There was no crack in his voice but what his Mother didn't see were the tears in his eyes; they must have blended in with the fog. John lets the water up to his waist now and swims out farther from the shore line. Eventually John disperses in to fog and now it's been too long since he went for a swim. Where is he?

The lake John was in love with never changed, but John now hated it. Four weeks earlier John took his lover out to the lake. John was filled to the brim with vitality and he just wanted to share his favorite place with his favorite person. After a four mile long hike John and his lover went on a swim and as they went to swim across the lake to the other side John noticed half way through he was alone. The lake isn't an ocean but it has rip tides like one. They say when you get stuck in a rip tide to never fight but relax

and swim out of it. She didn't, she panicked. She was tired. Every day John wakes up alone and everyday he blames himself. John could never see across the lake and he didn't want to anymore. His body is now lifeless floating in under water blue. We do not know if he really got caught in a rip tide or if he decided his own fate, but we do know he is at peace now. That lake took the only thing that made life worth living for John and now it took him; it swallowed him whole.

Don't Take Me Serious

-John Lopez

I was still alive but not breathing.

I was holding my breath,

I was waiting.

I've done all the things you've asked of me; this won't leave me.

The hard part is not seeing you go but watching you leave

So when you go promise one thing, that you will not forget me
and how I wore my heart on my sleeve.

Not to be broken, yet shattered.

Those missing pieces I will gather.

I am not afraid of the message I convey.

From start to finish this is the sound of a broken heart.

My Sunshine
-Sue Mazzoni

A warm summer morning and you decide to arrive
I'm holding my very precious bundle of joy
Help! Can I be the kind of mom to help you to thrive
Really, I surely know that you are not just a toy

Perfect hands, each no bigger than a dollar sized pancake
Sparkles and brilliance radiate from hazel eyes.
Your soft light brown hair against your rosebud cheeks as you
wake
Me! Now how could I ever deserve such a prize?

I wonder how your journey through life will be
Happy and strong to endure all hurdles, I pray
"I want to sing it again" you said to all and to me
And solo you stole the show at that Christmas play

Shining courage, love and joy I see
So, My Sunshine you will always be.

Body Art

-Garrett Cox

The artist applies a purple stencil
While I try to remain still.
My adrenaline begins to flow
Because I see his machines are almost ready to go.

I lay back in the leather chair
While I try to find a spot on the ceiling for my eyes to stare.
Because I know the next few hours
Are not going to be incredibly pleasant.

I hear the buzz of the needle in the tattoo machine
As the ink starts to enter my skin
The needle moving up and down
While I just sit there and grin.

First an outline
Then some color.
A permanent work of art
That is always worth every dollar.

Finally finished, I get up from my seat
While my artist tells me to look in the mirror.
I admire its reflection
Before sitting down one last time for the artist to collect a picture.

It Takes Time

-Cierra Mojica

It takes time to rhyme,
Time, Slime, Chime,
The schemes, ABAB,
It takes time.

Time, Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,
To Unlock my brain, that blocks,
The words, for rhythm and rhyme,
It takes time.

Word Games

-Rachel Cowen

Announced my arrival, I knocked and you
Beckoned me inside and took my coat
Closing the doors behind me, too
Dancing around each other, taking note
Eager for the other to speak
First, instead we settle for a
Game, and though my lexicon is weak
Here lettered tiles are scattered to play
Invoke now words you didn't have for me,
Judge my slowness and 4 point expressions
Kindness hides the disappointment, you see
Language finds its way to the table without question
Moving piece by piece we build.
Noting the words you form, I find
Order in the lettered chaos, a skilled
Puzzler, I'm sure, to see through and design
Quips to beat mine, though it's not hard
Rise above this disorder to create
Something worthy of the best bard
Time is going quickly now, it's late
Unable to beat you in this game
Vocabulary escaping me here
Withholding what I need to speak
'Xpectantly you wait for me, to hear
You'll wait forever for me to speak first
Zombies in this, we avoid the worst.

Going Traveling

Kevin Skaug

Amsterdam would be fun, but for me it's not enough.
Barcelona might be nice, but I hear the traffics rough.
Cairo could be monumental, but perhaps another time.
Detroit would be familiar, but I hear its full of crime.
Edinburgh might be neat, but I hear there's lots of rain.
Florence would be magnificent, but the cost would be a pain.
Geneva should be peaceful, but its a bit uptight.
Hamburg may be good, but the mood wouldn't be right.
Istanbul would be exotic, but the weather is to hot.
Johannesburg could be great, but then again, maybe not.
Kobe might be tasteful, but the foods a bit to rich.
London may be capital, but I doubt I'd find my Niche.
Melbourne could be lots of fun, but the animals are scary.
Nassau would be nifty, but the weather can be hairy.
Oslo may be opulent, but climates really cold.
Paris might be perfect, but the coffee is to bold.
Quito is picturesque, but the altitude would leave me stumbling.
Rome would be romantic, but the infrastructures crumbling.
Seoul Might be super, but I'd get some culture shock.
Tokyo could be terrific, but I don't like food cooked in a wok.
Ulster has great beer, but I would get in debt.
Vancouver has great gardens, but the boat ride there is wet.
Warsaw would be historical, but stay there I cannot.
Xi'an would be a mystery, but the food is spicy hot.
Yangon could be excellent, but it's in a weird time zone.
Zurich may be best, but perhaps I'll just stay home.

Clementine

-Cierra Mojica

I wasn't supposed to be Snow White. That wasn't my role. I was the baker's daughter in Bell's tale. That was it! But I was plucked out of my family bakery, just after she hauled ass through the back door. Wasn't given much of a choice, just a contract, and unsettling smile from the Fabulists. They knew how much money we made, how many customers we had in a week, and that we were struggling that month. They promised me, my family wouldn't struggle anymore and that they would " *keep an eye on them,*" which sent my pulse racing. So I signed the contract.

After that, they brought in a Godmother. Not Cinderella's, don't think they would waste Cinderella's on me, but one of the Good Fairies. The Fabulists wanted me to look as Snow White as possible. I stand still as she waves her wand over me, my hair turns black as night (or as black as that bread I burnt this morning), my breasts become smaller, my lips...slightly redder, but I guess her magic has limits, because my skins...still brassy and I still towered over most of the people in the room.

My height was one of the things they really wanted to be fixed. I could still hear them arguing about it as the Good Fairy led me over to the couch to sit down. I was dizzy. I lay down as they continued their arguing, 'She's too big to fit into the glass!' and 'How is the Princess supposed to ride off with her, if she's as tall as he is!'

I came to disoriented, as my skin broke into goose bumps, everything looks...distorted. My eyes! Did she ruin my eyes! I

throw my hand up. *Thud, Thud, Thud!* She didn't ruin my eyes. I'm in a coffin, a glass coffin! The Good fairy's voice comes through muffled but understandable, she sounds despondent. She repeats what the Fabulists have already told me: 'Forget your name Clementine, your names Snow White now.' She waves her wand once more, and my eyes close. The last words I hear from her sound even further away, *'I'm sorry.'*

Blindly?

Rachel Warrington

They think I'm going
Blindly, no direction. But
They just can't see it.

Pizza

-Rachel Warrington

Almost anything in my life I can associate with pizza,
Because I've always loved that
Cheesy
Deliciousness
Even as a small child, those smells of sweet sauce and salty cheese,
Flicker in so many memories, pool parties, Halloween, Fourth of
July.
Given the opportunity, we always got pizza, and we loved it.
However, as I aged, like cheese on a tasty slice,
It became something different, really
Just the same way life became different, because my
Kinship with pizza, combo, cheese crust, olives and mushrooms,
everything,
Lasted longer than my affection for some people.
Most people. Let's not name names, but you know there are some
Names I could name if, indeed, naming were the name of my
game, but it's not, so I'll stop.
Only I can't seem to stop taking unimportant possible loves to my
favorite
Pizza places, and smiling and asking the same cute
Questions, while tomatoes and herbs, bread and cheese, so many
scents swirl
Right around me, us, if we could be called and us.
Soon, inevitably, I remember the last one who sat there, in
The same cloud of scents, sipping the same drink, probably,
because it's the best and I always say so.
Until the scene eventually crumbles, like the burnt bits on the far
edge of a crust. I swear
Vehemently that this isn't going to happen again, because
Who wants to be the person who brings all the guys to pizza, but
can never find a keeper?
Exactly. That's not who I want to be. But, at the same time,
You know, like I said, the pizza will always be there for me.
Zesty sauce, juicy pepperoni, olives like little bursts of salt, and
cheese, oh the cheese. There's a good chance, my true love is
pizza.

Cruising Down the Road
-Kevin Skaug

Cruising down the road,
Music on and windows down.
The desert highway goes on till oblivion.
Searching for something that's nothing
There's no need for time.
One day like the next,
The next blends into the rest.
It doesn't matter what's our next destination.
Me and my friend, brothers till the end.
There's a freedom in friendship,
In ties that you choose.
Running from reality we cruise down the road,
Music on and windows down.

About Your Editors

Ian Chamberlain is the vice president of the WCC Poetry Club. He studies philosophy and will be transferring to UC Davis in the fall of 2017. He has been published twice and plans to keep writing in the future.

Marcos Estrada is the president of the WCC Poetry Club and has been writing for many years now. To say that he loves poetry could be an understatement; it is his life, the breath in his lungs, and the blood in his veins. He currently is the proud owner of his first official published book of poetry, and he hopes to publish many more.

Tim Fries was an English major until he decided to switch it up and study history. He may do English as a minor once he moves on to a UC.

Nik Wood grew up in Winters, California. He is currently taking the Creative Writing class at Woodland Community College. He hopes you enjoy his writing. His cat's name is Squirrel.



Foreshadowing Adventure
-Estevan Rubio