

Ink

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Woodland Community College

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Editors: Bradley Geiser, Leticia Cortes, Mariel Becerra and
Marianela Butler

Cover Art: Mariel Becerra

Printing: Mike Wieber and Teresa Greenwood, Yuba College Print
Shop

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

Editorial and Production Staff

If you are a current or future Woodland Community College student and would like to be part of the creative and hard-working editorial and production staff for *Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine*, please contact Kevin Ferns at kferns@yccd.edu.

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I'll Let Her Sleep

Carlos Mendoza

Sweet the sound that's said aloud
Sweeter still the simple things
Of kings and queens and simpler means
The sweetest things are pulling teeth
Sweeter now than candy corn
Soft core porn and lovers scorn
For sweet alone needs something sour
Alone, my sweets I'd munch for hours
Candied apples cut on paper plates
Flavors, tastes, and razor blades
All I want is simple things
A little sleep, that's bittersweet
I'll let her sleep

The Summer ‘n Samhain

Carlos Mendoza

“But Summer’s a girl’s name” they laughed, and they were right, I thought. Summer *is* a girl’s name, and I’m far from being Summer. People look forward to Summer, and no one looks forward to me, and if no one looks forward to me, they certainly don’t look back at me. Summer is hot, Summer makes people take their clothes off. Summer is fun, outgoing, and of course, Summer is a girl’s name, and I’m not a girl. Why am I not a girl? Why am I a boy? Why can’t I be one of the kids who points and laughs, and not the one who gets pointed and laughed at? I walked away, leaves crushing under my feet. I walked away, until I couldn’t walk anymore.

I ran home, or at least tried to, cutting through the air in strides as long as my short legs could take me. I didn’t want them to think I was running away. Running means you’re scared, and I wasn’t scared. I wasn’t afraid. I was just confused: sad, dejected, rejected - really anything ending in the letter “D”... so I guess I *was* scared, and afraid, and though it sounds like it does, it doesn’t; of course, I *wasn’t* a “lady.” Even with all of my adolescent reasoning, all the pseudo-science science fiction and movies had fed me as a kid, through all that I thought I could think and unthink, I was still Summer, and I was still running home, scared and afraid.

I came home scared and afraid, opening the screen door, always followed by the thick brown door: two doors, as if trying twice as hard to keep me out of the house, though both locks broken on each, as if here in my own home, there was no way to do just that - keep me out. I could always get in, rather unsafe I think now, but those locks remained out of commission for as long as I stayed there. My dad was home. He was always home, at least when I was there; he worked nights.

“What the fuck do you want...” he slurred as his eyes lazily looked up at me. My dad wasn’t a bad man, not as bad as he could have been at least. He was a good man, at least a good man in the way that I pictured good *men* to be. He worked hard, had muscles, had women. He had his way. He had a beard. I always remember the way he’d say “Summer, come here... Come here Summer,” and he would hug me, the unshaven whiskers on his face scratching mine like a brillo pad, like a piece of bark, like he was purposefully nuzzling me just to hurt me. My dad was a good man, but a bad person.

“I said... I mean... What the fuck do you want to be for Halloween.” My dad, as bad as he was, rarely drank, or at least rarely got drunk - *this* drunk. He was speaking to me, but not looking at me, his eyes shifted to the door to my bedroom. “Come on kid... what’s it gonna be. A pirate... a ghost... a zombie - kids love zombies... You wanna be dead, right”. A smirk bled over his face as his cheeks flushed, proud of his little joke. “I’m just fucking with you, you know you’re my little man right?”

And there, it slipped. “I wanna be a woman”... I breathed the words under my breath, and as if sucking the air back immediately after I had spoken them would somehow suck the sentence back into my throat and out of existence, I began to breathe - deep, fast, and heavy. I knew what I had done, what I had said. It was bold, cold, and calculated, but even with my back tilted ever so slightly away from my dad, head down, hand over my mouth scratching my nose, somehow, some way he heard. As if being drunk and a father gave him super human hearing, and an insatiable appetite for abuse. You know - you know how dads somehow manage to not pay attention to what you’re telling them your whole life, but somehow, when they’re drunk they manage to hear every little whisper under your breath, even sometimes hearing things you never even said.

“You wanna be a *bitch*?!”

He grabbed my arm with the force of falling off a swing set on your seventh birthday and dragged me to my room. “You wanna be a bitch, you gotta learn how to be a maaaaan first...” He opened the door to my room, walked in the middle, and reached for the light bulb that hung from the ceiling. It was on, it had been on this whole time. I had left it on when I left for school; I’m sure now this is why he was staring at my door earlier, and I’m sure now this is why he was drunk. *This* was his reason for being drunk. He reached for the light, held it tight for no more than a second, and immediately pulled back with a lightly spoken “shit”. You know how kids never pay attention to their parents, like when they tell them to turn off the lights, but somehow always hear when they say a bad word. That’s what was going on right now.

He burned himself, I thought to myself. I let out a slight giggle, laughing at both what he did, and what he said. This was the only lighthearted moment I’d have that afternoon. He burned his hand on that light bulb, so he punched it out. Broken glass now littered my room, and a light trickle of blood shone for a brief second on his hand as it smashed the glass. Thanks dad.

“Get in here... and take off your clothes.” Such a queer request; I didn’t know what else to do, so I listened to what I was told. This was the first, and only time, my dad had ever done something this strange as punishment. I assumed it was the wine, or maybe he overheard my light chortle. Or maybe he was just an asshole this day. “Get in here!” he ordered. “A real man isn’t afraid of the dark... and if you are, than I guess you get to be the little bitch you wanna be.” I couldn’t speak. I wanted to say no - No dad, I don’t want to be a bitch. I wanted to let my dad know, I wanted to be a pirate, a parrot, a ghost, or a zombie. I wanted to be dead, but I wasn’t, and I couldn’t. I was afraid, very afraid.

My dad's slow and slurred speech seemed to be even further stunted by the surreal nature of the whole incident. Every second felt like a pause in time, and I tried to take my shirt off as fast as I could, nearly strangling myself as my hands tangled the long sleeves over my head. My shoes were kicked off next, with excessive force - I even thought: *Maybe he'll see how hard I kick, and he might think I could be a kicker in football. I could be a football player - a kicker.* Weeks later, I would find out dad hated kickers; hardly even football players at all, he said, fucking bench riders. I struggled to get my pants off last, then finally... "Don't take off your underwear in front of me you fucking weirdo! Get the fuck in here." He closed the blinds, and exited the room, pushing me in. I fell on all fours, and my left hand stung as a glass shard pierced my palm. I was in the dark, being cut by shards of the broken light, nearly naked, and afraid.

I heard a click followed by a few seconds of silence, than boom! My dad's fist bashed against the door once. "You afraid yet!?" he yelled. "You naked?... You still man?!... You still wanna be a woman?". I *was* afraid, not of the initial booming of my father's fist on wooden plank, though it did startle me, or the taunting remarks that followed, or of their sinister undertones, but of that split second, first click. Of all the locks on all the doors in all of the rooms, the lock on the door to the room I called my own *worked*, and I couldn't get out. I stood slowly, and moved in silence next to the wall, where I knew the glass wouldn't be as mashed, or meshed into the carpet. I counted to keep to time, furiously rushing through numbers, even skipping some as if it would make a difference. One, to two, to three soon turned to seventy-eight, ninety, three hundred and five. Two thousand and twenty-eight. Then a click, an open door, a hand, and a flung-down pair of scissors, landing one point into the wooden floor with one handle up, the other slowly creaking down. "Here... put on your costume" my dad laughed. I looked at the scissors, wondering what he meant exactly. He

waited, then I waited, then he threw an old white pillow case into the room. “You said you wanted to be a ghost, right?” He looked at me, smiled crookedly and said “Come here Summer, come give me a hug.” Light trickles of blood ran down the side of his right cheek. More specks of blood slowly built like connect the dots on his neck. My dad had shaved.

Growing Up

Leticia Cortes

It's hard to let go
Of youthful days spent without a care
Of those days with no worries
Of summers that were laced with innocence
Of days without any responsibilities, no jobs, no bills to pay

It's hard to let go
Of the comfort of your parents' home
Of the hometown that you've always known
The familiar places and faces
That brings a comfort that makes you want to stay

It's hard to let go
Can I go back to simpler days?
Can I go back to when I believed anything was possible?
Can I go back to when I believed my dreams could come true?

It's hard to let go
When everything is so much more difficult
How can I let go
When I don't want to let go

It's hard to let go
When it's time to grow up

What Is Home?

Peyton DeLaughter

What is home?
Is it the sounds,
the sights,
the smells?
Is it a country,
a city,
or is it a street?
Is it one place,
or is it many?
For you it may be one,
but for me it is many.
Is it one color,
or is it many?
For my home is black
and white.
More white than black,
but still black nonetheless.
Is home a memory,
regardless if good or bad?
My home resides in many places,
and takes the shape of many different colors,
but most of all,
home resides in my memories,
be them good or bad.

Stupor

Peyton Delaughder

I am your addiction, but I am not on your side
I lure you to take me just one last time
I lure you almost every night
Just give me one last taste
I will wash your woes away
I lure you in
I lie in your face
Take me in
And I will put you in your grave
I am here to sooth your bad days
I can't wash your sins away
Just hold me one more time
And I will put you in your grave
You will never face the truth
You never liked the truth
You always choked on your fears
And I am here to ease the pain
I lure you in
I lie in your face
Take me in
And I will put you in your grave
You lay there in a daze

Dia De Los Muertos

Silvia Marquez Ramirez

On this beautiful day
We shall unite in celebration
If only for one day
We shall resume our conversation

Today is the day,
I shall pay you a visit
And on this day I will not come alone
Others will follow to do the same
For our love has no limit

Finally we are here
And we come bearing gifts
For only this moment
My memory can once again freely drift

I sit right beside you
And place this crown on your head
The concrete shall hold it for you

I've also brought sweets
So that your soul may be well fed

Oh how I love days like this
When the leaves fall from the trees
Marking the coming of a new season

Days like this when life is resilient
Among the dead and the living
Our existence prominent with reason

Days like this
When all Life is seen as a cycle
Never does it end
When all my love to you I send,
Rest in peace Hermana

Dymphna's Vase

Ana Garcia

Dymphna owned a fragile vase, crystal clear,
The sky and sea their purity they lent
In the creation of this revered sphere.
Above all earthly things to her it meant.

She did her utmost best to care for it,
And tried to banish all the fingerprints
That others, prying, left without permit.
Vain, shed wished the hairline's crack dis'pearment.

No matter her frets or worries, this vase
Would always bear the mark of another,
Until one day, an accident misplaced,
And her deepest fear was now uncovered.

Dymphna's sacred glass did crack
Never to be whole again.

El Canto y La Flor

Marisela Montenegro

To be a danzante means to be a warrior
We fight to preserve our cultura
We fight to preserve our beliefs
We cultivate the land
And the minds of the people we meet
We strive to plant the seeds
Within the growing youth
And try to remind our elders
Of our sacred truths
To be a danzante means to be a protector
With every paso a new seed is planted
With every twist and turn a new flor blooms
With all of our intention
We strengthen our prayer
With all of our being
We cultivate the truth

Black Dove

Marcos Estrada

It seems hard to feel any emotion anymore
seems like I'm still picking up pieces of my heart from the
floor,

I am not the same man I once was

not the same animal I once was

My heart continues to harden and grow colder

And people seem to still give me their shoulder

I am still feeling like the black dove

That fell from the heavens and gets no love

I try and rise from the ashes every failure

But it just turns out to be a bigger failure

When I have cried myself to sleep I still cry awake

Every ounce within me just makes my body shake

I open my eyes and try to escape the darkness

But I still feel dead to the worlds carcass

I try to gather up my wings and spread what I have

Even when I've split it in half

I have split my wings in two

Cause I've tried to fly and never made it through

I could never pick up wind or gravity

Neither could I soar through the day or nightly

I am the black dove that fell from above

My wings have been clipped and I have no love

I ripped open my chest while I fell from the sky

And gave to another dove that flew by; my heart

Now I'm trying to get it to restart

I have it connected to every machine and computer

And I still get invaded by every intruder

I am accustomed to being this black dove

that I never knew what it was like to love.

Falling

Annah Webb

All my life I've been
chasing her shadows.
Trying to set aim
with my arrows.
'Till one day I was
stopped in my tracks,
when one of my arrows
came right back.

Then it hit me.
Pierced through my flesh,
and kept right on going
straight into my chest.
That was when
the shadows stopped.
Once she was illuminated,
my heart unlocked.

As words floated
from her honeyed lips:
my heart, thick and
sticky, started to drip.
I saw it spill out
as the colors bled,
and watched in awe
while over her they spread.

Thoughts emerging from

our heads intertwine,
'till there was no difference
between hers and mine.
I caught the scent of
sweet cucumber breeze.
Then began to fall,
for I was weak at the knees.

Her arms spread out wide
as if to catch me,
but she too was falling
at a pace that could match me.

As we fell through time,
she reached for my hand.
That was when I realized
I never want to land.
So here we are
and here we shall stay,
hand in hand
come whatever may.

Me and the Devil Blues

Bradley Geiser

An excerpt from "When You Got a Friend"
(a work in progress)

No one ever paid much attention to me. I was just an eight-year-old with a guitar and the blues. I tell these folks the blues is what made me who I am. I was born from it. I ain't got no parents. Never had 'em to begin with. I like to think that I came from the blues. I don't remember much. I just wandered from place to place. No home, no family, just me, the clothes on my back, and my little guitar, cracked and worn from life on the road.

I had been walking along the dark and lonely crossroads, guitar case over my head to stop the rain, when I first saw Mr. Spencer and the Devil. Mr. Spencer never told me how old he was, but I figured maybe him to be in his early 20's. He sat there with a blank look on his face, nothing but a guitar in one hand, and a cigarette in the other. I watched him slowly shuffle his feet as he met up with the Devil. While I always pictured the devil with horns and pitchfork, here stood a very tall black man, probably 7 feet tall, with worn out clothes, long, gray hair, and a very old guitar. Next to him was a fire with a cooking pot over, and a tent made from a blanket and a large stick. This was not your Sunday School's devil.

Mr. Spencer and the Devil was talking by the fire when I saw them from a distance. It was less of a normal conversation and more like an interview. Mr. Spencer told the Devil all about his life. About how his pops left town when he was just a kid and left his mother with all those kids. He talked about his own wife and how she passed away while

giving birth to his daughter, who also passed away that night. He said he had been on the road for about a year, and had been booed off stage and cheered back on. The Devil just stood there and listened. Shaking his head, tuning Mr. Spencer's guitar, and asking more questions. When all of this was over, the Devil poured the cooking pot over the fire, and walked away into the darkness. As he walked in my direction, he patted me on the head without saying a word and disappeared into the cold, Mississippi night.

While I never saw Mr. Spencer sell his soul that night, he swore until the day he died that this was exactly what he did. Whatever it was, from all of the stories I heard, something changed that night, and he carried it with him until the very end.

Mr. Spencer sat there on the log by where the fire was just a few seconds earlier and played his guitar, occasionally singing about his past, the devil, and much, much more. We didn't really greet each other that night. I somehow knew him, and he somehow knew me. It wasn't until later that night that we ever really greeted each other. After listening to him play for what seemed like hours, I finally broke the silence.

"Who was that?" I asked the young man, who was still looking into the darkness.

"The Devil" he said, with rain trickling down his dark, emotionless face.

I didn't know what to make of that, but wasn't old enough to question him either. I simply nodded, helped him pack up, and headed off toward the train tracks. We walked along silently until we saw a big, black train slowly moving across the tracks. We chased that train for a good five minutes until we finally caught it. Mr. Spencer threw his guitar into the train, and lifted himself in without much effort. Knowing it wouldn't be so easy for me, he put his long, skinny hand out to mine, and pulled me in.

"Thanks," I said. He stayed silent.

“That really the Devil?” I asked, pointing to where the fire once burned. He stayed silent, looking at the moon with the same look he was giving the Devil earlier. He quickly changed his pace and took out his guitar. He played a few chords and started singing a song.

I stood there, silent. I had never seen someone play the way he played, and sing with the amount of passion and conviction that man played with that day. I wasn’t ever able to know for sure, but I think I saw a tear run down his cheek in the reflection of the moon. After a few more minutes of silent he finally spoke.

“The name’s Robert Spencer,” he told me. He stretched out his hand for a shake. I had never seen such long fingers. Each finger stretched out like something you’d see in a kid’s book. I grabbed his hand and shook.

“You gonna tell me your name or what?”

“Willie” I told him. I didn’t ask about the giant man at the crossroads again until a long time later. The conversation ended, and we fell asleep right there on the train...

If You Love Me

Megan Hillmon

If you love me

Why don't you ever care

If you love me

Why don't you play fair

You look at me and expect me to love you

But, if you love me

I never knew

Keep'em Guessin'

Christopher Holden

When I'm...Keepin'em guessin', I'm teachin'em lessons, they
need to invest in

Like smile more – and leave the depression

We've seen the recession, and became extreme with
selections

Do we clean up Mother Earth – or clean up these elections

Can't do both – gotta pick one, then ya sick from

Having to refrain from pulling out the big guns

If you never had the mentality of creating casualties

It's safe to say – you never been pals with me

Cuz I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired

That's why my veins pump ice water and I spit with fire

I'm a kid for hire with my plan A, but my damn age

Has me feelin like I should quit and retire

Fuckin' plan B, this can't be

I'm just doin my best with the cards that life hands me

Not sure if you can read the signs clear

But the fear of quitting you will not find here

If you knew what I knew you'd bite ya tongue

If you said what I said they'd slice ya gums

It's never too late to right ya wrongs

Gotta Keep'em Guessin with these types of songs

If you knew what I knew you'd bite ya tongue

If you said what I said they'd slice ya gums

It's never too late to right ya wrongs

I Gotta Keep'em Guessin with these types of songs

Treat a woman like a woman don't fuck her and bail

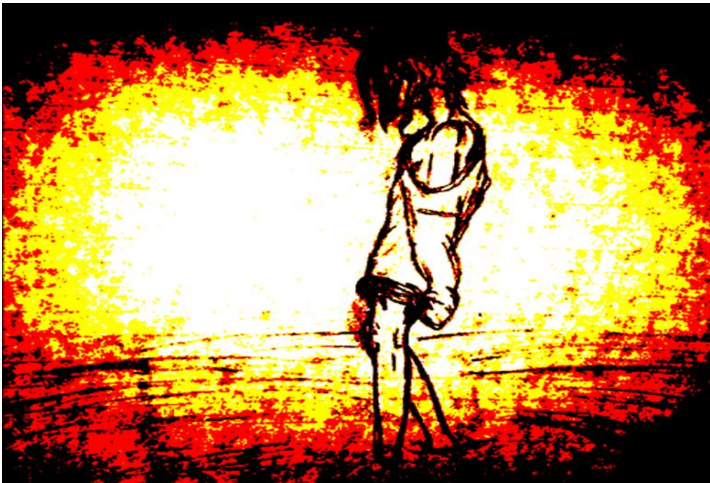
And you wonder why they hope you suffer in jail
The shit I been through has made me tougher than nails
Eat my breakfast in heaven and my supper in hell
Cuz when the sun goes down and the moon fills the sky
The will to rise is backed with the gaze of a killer's eyes
If you can't say or see a silver line
Then you've allowed their gibberish to wilt your mind
Aye yo – I got the antidote, kick the verse and it's dope
You don't want static – can it – and get vanished bro
Slowly but surely I've got it all managed
Never quick for revenge cuz I plan it slow
It's not time to give you all that I am, or they'll stall what I
plan

Cuz I'll be God-damned if I ever fall to a man
This game I'm destined to conquer
Out of a pool of sharks in a sea of sorrow I'm the best in the
water

If you knew what I knew you'd bite ya tongue
If you said what I said they'd slice ya gums
It's never too late to right ya wrongs
Gotta Keep'em Guessin with these types of songs
If you knew what I knew you'd bite ya tongue
If you said what I said they'd slice ya gums
It's never too late to right ya wrongs
I Gotta Keep'em Guessin with these types of songs



Roots Into Fall by Breana Vales



**Leaves Awaken While They Change
Breana Vales**



Image by Lindsey Bratten



Image by Erica Valdez



Autumn Reaper
Mariel Becerra

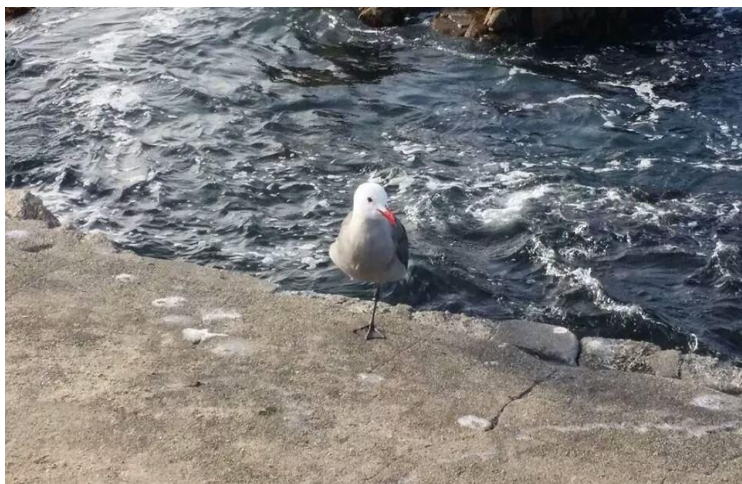


Images by Angel Fajardo





Image by Marianela Butler



***Long John Silver's Bird* by Bradley Geiser**

San Francisco by Hannah Boney



Meeting through Sleep

Jannet Jimenez

We meet through sleep as we always do
I can't think of a world without you
We sleep away our pains and woes
For tomorrow will bring a day with something new
The nights bring peace for us as we dream
When morning lights wake me up with its gleam
I wish I could meet with you again in our sleep
We meet through sleep as we always do
I will always dream of you
When I wake up I won't be able to see you
So let us part as we always do
In this world that can never dream
I'll always think of you

Memories

Jannet Jimenez

Slowly
I've been losing my mind
Since meeting you for the first time
I've seen what it's like to be loved
Please forgive me for when I have no memories of you
For now I'll write everything I've wanted to say
Since meeting on that fateful heated day
This book that holds all my secrets
Is the only thing that can convey my true thoughts
Where no one can think of me a fool in lie
My words may not be able to come out of my mouth
But please forgive me when you read this
For when I lose grip on sanity
I won't remember what it was like to be normal
For now please accept me as this shell that holds a burdened
soul.
Since to me
You are my guardian that keeps me alive each day
I want to thank you for everything
If only my lips could form the words that I want to say

Slowly
My mind is losing sight of what is true
Even if you have no clue
I will try my hardest to have my dimming mind have
cherished memories of you
So please forgive me when I no longer recognize you

Illusion

Josue Duran

Your eyes see what I want them to see.
I'll be what you need me to be.
But you'll soon forget about me.
I am an illusion.
I'll only exists when you need me.
I am an illusion.
I have never really existed.
I am an illusion.
I am love. I am hate.
I am an illusion.
I am pain. I am pleasure.
I am an illusion.
I am yours forever but you'll never have me.
I am an illusion.
You are like me.
You are an illusion.

From Me, To You

Dedication to my unborn son

Sylvia Marquez Ramirez

It's been a Long Time since I See
How Good God is to Me
In my Struggles I Find Peace
All I needed was some Will

And surely enough the Pain would Subside
And from the Storm I'd see the Light
Yet so Many Times I searched for Refuge
Never knowing the Power I had Inside

Who would have Known that Facing Fear
Could Do So Much...
But sometimes we do for others
What We Cannot do for Ourselves

In a time when I couldn't bear Reality
Reality came to Me...

Gracing me with your Presence

And so now I Am For You

What I could not Be for Myself

I See in ways

That I could not see if You weren't here

I thank God for his mysterious ways

I thank life for being Blessed

Because now I am Becoming a Woman of Substance

As You Grow, I Grow

As You Live, I will Rejoice in Living

And from every moment of Agony

I Now Truly See that I am Not Alone

We are Not Alone

God is With Us, Always

Stop, Listen.

Sylvia Marquez Ramirez

Stop, Listen.

The voice is always there
It whispers with the wind
It weeps soft in the rain

Stop, Listen.

I hear torments in the breeze
It's the fear of all those souls
It's the screams of begging pleads

Stop, Listen.

There those voices once again
They feel no other pain,
They fear no other loss
The loss of life
The loss of love
There is no pain there is no sorrow
Just silence in the air
But it's not the air that which surrounds
the grieving soul.
It's the boundary which we all must be
There is no other way, there is no other choice
We must accept what was foreseen.

The choice of peace, The choice of love

Stop Now, And Listen.

Beyond the dark that lurks our mind

Beyond the heart that's lost its faith

You'll hear the voices of the lost

That search for answers, never found

Stop, Listen.

There is chaos on this Earth

There is more than what is Told

Our eyes have sight but Cannot see

Our ears are Deaf to the Untold

Our mouths have voice but cannot speak

And our minds unchained from what is real

...Stop, Listen.

Forever, Years Worth in a Moment

Breana Vales

I surrender.
It's well overdue,
I'm dragging my feet.
Locking you in my infinity box, is the hardest thing for me to
do.
There's no other way
I love you much
too much to hurt you more.
Heaven bless the love we've shared,
the memories
we'll keep as lessons
of how to love
Somewhere
someday
we'll find a place to belong.
A place to stay forever strong.
Someday
a time
to be thankful
for the days we were allowed
to share

Enclosed to the Grave

Breana Vales

Pretending, was never written in the rules
wondering if you'll belong.

Roots shattered, bandages broken
how long until fingers slip.

Lies resurrecting out of our tombs,
whispers so infectious
close the latch.

Bittersweet moment candy coat me
one last tug, and shores will crash.

Latch forever strong,
branches enclosed to the grave.

Storm Weathered Ship

Kelly Westover

I have lived
my whole life
with people lost in a storm
Like a dingy
I have bobbed behind
steadfast and silent behind the ship holding them
They are beaten and worn
or confused by winds
Angry at the direction they are taking
Some bailed ship
Some died before their time
One stayed, lashed herself to the wheel
Despite it all
a twisted rope
soaked, knotted and frayed
tie us together
That rope is love
connecting our scattered selves in the storm
while still looking for home

Lentil Soup

Kelly Westover

Awful lentil soup
stodgy and funky
not even 12 miles and sweaty boots
can flavor this pot of horridness
Awful lentil soup
gagging... and laughing
and singing about it
around the campfire and stars
Awful lentil soup
so bad that
not even meals of lobster and steak
can erase the memory of it
Awful lentil soup
many years have passed
the campfire a smoldering dream
it was the best meal of my life

HUMAN

Marisela Montenegro

From the lonely people
To the stone people
I carved my way up and out
Bringing light from within
To express on dull scratched skin
The wounds of a lost soul
Newly found with the strength to go home
To the star brothers and sisters
“But the sky does not want you,”
They said
A colorful life, in my mind,
I've lived – to be shived
By my closest loved ones
The ones that shattered my dreams
And said I could never become ONE
Of them, but to them I said
I am the I AM
Dreams come true to those that aspire
To be true and not live a life as a liar
I am angry at the earth
For birthing these monsters

And angry at the sun
For warming their bodies
But grandmother moon vibrates
Until my heart breaks
And I know I am also to blame
And so what's left of me can forgive
And the broken parts of me
Can start to mend and maybe even pretend
That it doesn't hurt when I see their faces
Walking in their illuminated graces
Halfway forgetting most of my traces
While I continue disillusioned
Forsaken and damned
But still I say I am the I AM
And I am also HUMAN

Truth

Marianela Butler

I planted a seed
With the hope to see it grow
Next thing I knew
It was swollen with thoughts

Bursting out from the darkness
Into a new form
Who would have thought such beauty
Could stem from something so small?

I watered it daily
She kept me alive
We believed in each other
It was going to be all right

There was something about it
Something that felt right
Perhaps a chance for
Change and novelty
Something that was bright

We became friends
The plant and I
We understood each other
In the silence
And tried to reach up

To the sky
But we still did not know
What was going to happen?
What was going to be?

Would we turn into
Something big and strong
Like a magnificent Oak tree?

The truth came out with time
With the patience of the heart
On a sad, lonely day
When things looked dark and grey

Everything was transformed
And the view was now clear to me
A beautiful flower had appeared
And was waiting to be

I had been asleep the whole time
It was time to wake up
Time to unfold my true beauty
And claim the Truth inside

Let's Make it Better

Hannah Boney

Flappers were dancers
And women were mothers
Mobsters were killers
And G-Men were chasers

Gamblers were bettors
And men were drinkers
Dance Halls were better
Than speakeasies and beer

Oh what a pain in the rear
Is this poem that I hold so dear
Oh what can I do to make it better
I have no idea so let's find out later

Editors' Note: While Ink is an outlet for the students at Woodland Community College, we thought that it would only be fitting to have some work from Kevin Ferns, Professor of English here at WCC, and the faculty advisor for this publication. Enjoy!

The Solution

Kevin Ferns

When Marcos bought the Roomba, he was certain harmony would return. Sheila liked his apartment spotless, and lately they seemed to be arguing about everything. "It's wonderful, Marky!" Sheila declared. The machine circled the shag obediently, sucking up dust. He was jubilant. That evening they watched *Titanic* and cuddled on the couch.

One night a few weeks later, Sheila's schnauzer Maximus shit on the floor. Roomba awoke at cleaning time and patrolled as usual. Sheila's nose woke her first. By the time Marcos realized what had been caked into the carpet, Sheila, along with her toothbrush and her schnauzer, had vanished.

Know Your Contributors

Angel Fajardo

Ángel Fajardo is an art major and a muralist, as evidenced by his contribution to the mural by the Child Development Center here at WCC. Born in Guadalajara, Angel has lived in Woodland for 14 years.

Breana Vales

Breana Vales, a second year student at WCC, is an aspiring dietitian who loves creating art on the side. Breana prides herself in being a unique artist who no longer needs to compare herself to other artists.

Carlos Mendoza

Born of a jackals skull, Carlos Mendoza is something of a tour-de-force when it comes to the arts. When he isn't writing, he is performing with one of his many bands, acting, and even running his own page on Facebook.

Christopher Holden

Christopher Holden is a full-time student here at WCC. Christopher has a passion for writing, particularly hip-hop, and hopes to make a name for himself as an up-and-coming artist.

Jannet Jimenez

Jannet is in her third semester at WCC. Writing has always been a hobby of hers. Each day she is trying to improve her style by creating stories in her free time, or by writing poems.

Josue Duran

Josue is in his second year at WCC. He is 18-years-old and plans to transfer as a mechanical engineering major in a few years.

Lyndsey Bratten

Lindsey Bratton has been a student at WCC for a little over a year. She has a passion for art. While others prefer paint or pencils, Lindsey prefers digital art. She has been creating it since 2009.

Marcos Estrada

Marcos Estrada is a student at WCC who is currently enrolled in music classes. He draws from his personal experiences when writing, and it shows in his work.

Annah Webb

Annah Webb is a student who has a special affinity for literature. When she isn't in class or writing, she is tutoring English here at WCC.

Marisela Montenegro

Marisela Montenegro, also known as Munchie, has been a practiced poet, musician, and performer, groomed for the arts since a young age. Marisela is constantly challenging herself, be it joining a new band, or acting in short films. Marisela is presently working on a new project; a female fronted rock band which is currently unnamed.

Peyton Delaughder

Peyton Delaughder is a student who has a special passion for writing. Aside from poetry, Peyton enjoys writing lyrics inspired by his favorite metal artists.

Megan Hillmon

Megan Hillmon is a 20 year old student attending Woodland Community College. She has a burning passion for reading and history, and hopes to become a history teacher.

Sylvia Marquez Ramirez

Sylvia Marquez Ramirez is a literary student who hopes one day to become a published children's author. Sylvia's number one goal right now is to be the best mother she can be to her (as of now) unborn child.

Hannah Boney

Hannah Boney is 21 years old. She is an anthropology major and is excited to start in this field of study. She has lived in Knights Landing, California since she was three years old, and loves penguins, the color pink, and reading all kinds of books.

Kelly Westover

Kelly is a retired Sacramento City Police dispatcher. She has been a resident of Woodland for 30 years. Currently, Kelly is a business major at WCC, and is working as a remote employee for a national medical transcription company.

Know Your Editors



Mariel Becerra, Bradley Geiser, Marianela Butler, Leticia Cortes

Bradley Geiser

Bradley is a returning student at WCC after 4 years of absence. While Brad spent a year at culinary school, he decided to explore his formal education back where he began, and is now planning on becoming a journalism student once he transfers to Sac State. While Bradley enjoys writing in a whole variety of different formats and styles, he loves writing short stories and sports articles the most. He has been a contributor at Sactown Royalty for about a year now. He is also working on his first full-length novel, the first chapter of which is included in this book.

Mariel Becerra

Mariel Becerra is a student who enjoys to learn new things and explore new places. She has learned that perseverance is a magnificent quality to keep by her side at all times. She loves to read, and hopefully one day, she will write a book. Mariel is also a big day dreamer.

“For in dreams, we enter a world that is entirely our own”
-Albus Dombledor (J.K. Rowling).

Leticia Cortes

Leticia Cortes has a passion for literature and hopes to one day become a published author. She will be going back to UC Santa Cruz to get her degree in Modern Literature and perhaps minor in sociology.

Marianela Butler

Marianela Butler is a lifelong learner. She enjoys all forms of art, especially photography and her new found love for the written word. Please don't judge her based on her recent chatty nature. In fact, just don't judge her at all and she'll be friends with you.



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