

Ink

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Flower

Cierra Savage

“He
loves
you”

said the
Daisy

LIAR

the Daisy
is a

with her
odd

numbered
petals

“
w
h
y

d
o

y
o
u

l
i
e
”

I said
To the pretty, little flower

“Why are you talking to a plant?”

Craving

Courtney Beyer

It's true love, like I have never known.

I can't even believe it's all my own.

The feelings I get when I think of you,

My belly gets fluttery, a little like the flu.

I get super shaky, my heart races.

All the people around me, I don't even see their faces.

Less than an hour 'til I feel your embrace,

But then you'll be gone, without a trace.

Our time together is so short, but wonderful

And then you're gone; and I feel the pull.

It's heavy, it's awful, deep in my gut,

There's gotta be something I can do, but what?

I can't wait too long, my heart is at stake,

That's it! I'm going to the bakery, must get more cake.

My Love For You

Diamond Marquez

My Love for you is indescribable
I loved you even before I saw you
My love for you is undeniable
My son, I hope you know this to be true
When I first held you in my arms, I cried
How could I make something so beautiful?
Born on the land where our ancestors died
As a mother I will be dutiful
You are the light that I needed in my life
When I see you, I can't help but smile
Only your words can cut me like a knife
Won't you just sit and listen for a while?
When you're grown I can't tell you what to do
I only told you what I wish I knew.

A Poem for Ghazal

Savannah Greenwood

Breathe and forget today,
For it begins with a new tomorrow.

The end of a summer's day,

Shall take away your sorrow.

The pain will lighten with each sunset.

And may you live on,

Without regret.

But most of all,

Please never forget,

My heart is here to borrow.

And always remember,

The light will shine down on you again,

Tomorrow.

War in My Head

Phoebe Collins

I listen to the screams of the village children,
that are no longer here
I listen to the gunshots surround every side of the
battlefield,
that are longer there
I listen to the sounds of greed on news channels
everywhere.

Subscription

Claru Garay

It was a fun, short love trial
Then summer came to an end
Fooled by the tried, I bought the subscription
Because when I needed cheering
You would be there, times were good.
Then I needed your service
And you were unavailable
I guess my subscription was over.

Free

Courtney Beyer

I hear it coming up the hill,
The truck's engine is unmistakable, still.
As the roar nears closer, my heart races.
Now the gravel is crunching, just a few more paces.
The butterflies are crazy in my belly.
I hear the key in lock, my legs are jelly.
This moment has been coming for too long,
My bags are packed, I'm leaving, same old song.
I have had enough, last night was the last,
I will feel it no more, this will all be in the past.
My bruises have healed, my lip is scabbed.
The opportunity has come and it I grabbed.
Our eyes locked upon his entrance in,
He saw my bags beside me, his mouth turned in a grin.
I felt the sting on my face where the fist laid,
I couldn't get anything out; my screech of pain was
delayed.
I turned to run, panicked and scared.
I felt my head snap back when he yanked my hair.
A sharp pain in my belly, a crack in the ribs.
For the very first time, I don't know if I am going to live.
I can't see anymore, I can only taste the salty blood.
It was then I collapsed to the floor, I hear a loud thud.
I'm so cold now, I don't feel the pain.
My skin is healed, the color all drained.
As my last request, my final plea,
They laid me in the deep earth, I am free.

Lost

Galilea Licea Lopez

It is very hard to figure this out
I don't really know what I am doing
Each morning I get up from the ground
New day not knowing where I'll be going
Wake up, work out, head to class go to work
Seems like I have my life together but
I always feel like I can do much more
My mom always says to follow your gut
I follow my gut and always feel lost
Am I good enough to be here today?
Not sure if I'll live the best life I hoped
Stay focused and work in order to play
I tell myself it's okay to break down
As long as I try and figure this out.

Pacific City, Oregon

Katherine Hall

The breeze makes me feel at home once again
The yellow dune buggy, boys in the seat
Those boys in their shorts in the sun, amen
The purple sky laying across the sea
Sliding down the hill with all of the kids
Sand fleas bouncing in the sand on my toes
Laughing and running about like we did
Making a scene but that is how it goes
Not a care in the world running 'round wet
Waiting for waves, the surfboards on the rack
That day was a day I'd never forget
My heart still flutters when I too look back
But I can never turn this day back on
For I am twenty-one and all is gone

List

Clarú Garay

List of things I'm handling well

currently:

1.

Hazardous Material

Marcos Estrada

We must abandon the area
We must protect ourselves
Cause this is hazardous material

But looking up its just
a child eating cereal
alone without anyone in sight
they all must have thought
he was a danger to himself
but the poor kid
was just a stranger to himself
only knowing the true wealth
of the golden puffs cereal he ate
it was 3 am and he was hoping
that his dad was just
coming home late
but the more he ate
the more he began to wait...
and wait...
and wait...
but as the kid
waited for his dad
he started to get sad
thinking of times he could
have been there at all
going to the park
to play ball
or even to a game

"PLAY BALL"!!!

Watching Bonds play Sosa
Pero esto no es una nueva cosa
its pretty old in fact
cause I'm 30 years old
and hes missed 27 years of my life
Only thing I could retell
was when he made my life a living hell
So sad cause I never thought of the impact
that could have turned a kid
from hazardous material to a gem
but now I'm just a victim
of abandonment
wishing that man was here
but his only interest was a cup of beer
he doesn't care that my eyes
have cried its one millionth tear
now when he calls
all he asks was what movie I've seen
Sorry, dad i don't mean to be mean
but it was a movie where
a little boy sat there eating cereal
and was abandoned for being hazardous material

Now I'm here trying to stand
It's still hard trying to understand
this abandonment
wondering where you went
when we're on the same planet
the one that is in line with the sun
but now look at what I've done

YES! your son
I've taken all the hurts and lies
and wrote out my millions of cries
with a pen and paper
but i hope one day
you meet your maker
and understand your mind
See you pulled the string
from my horizon
and polluted all the skies
my birds fly in
and I realize
that not all birds fly
some run and others
soar through the ocean
with schools of fish
I just have one wish
that you would have cared
before Medusa stared
at my heart and left it frozen
now I have chosen
to forgive you
but now as I turn blue
from choking on these words
I'll sit at the table where you left me
and my alphabet to roam free
because I'm just hazardous material
enjoying my cereal.
We must abandon the area
we must protect ourselves
cause this is hazardous material.

Springtime in Hell

Cierra Savage

Where am I?
All I see is darkness;
an overwhelming sense of dread.

Blood,
Red and Sticky,
drips down my chin from my mouth,
sweeter than I'd expected.
My hands,
Red and Sticky,
it isn't blood.
What is it?
I'm sitting;
why can't I stand?
Chains,
Cold and Harsh,
wrap around my waist and chest.
I look up and can see only him.
His eyes,
Cold and Harsh,
bore into my very soul.
Who is he?

I want to leave;
where am I?
The Cold and Dark envelop me,
pulling me down.
I miss the warmth of the Sun above.
Who am I?

Let's Grow Old Together

Brennon Brian

Anger,
I welcome you like an old fling rekindled
A cynical opportunist you squeeze back into my life
My excitement swells of your arrival
it has been so long dear friend
And yet it feels like only moments
Happily I embrace you
you encompass every inch of my body
My fists tighten and the follicles on my head tingle
with your help my temperature rises
like firecrackers!
my already short wick burns
until blue flame fire flings out of every pore
you lead me to freedom of expression
I reveal our relationship for all to see
I do so with such wonderful release
This dance ends in a full and climactic moment
I deliver my fear and pain in a nicely rage wrapped
package
like a pack of socks on Christmas unwillingly received
You seduce me with a promises of an entitled emotional
state
Your pseudo-security makes me feel sheltered in your
refuge
Nothing can hurt us
We are unstoppable
Forever
our relationship grows parallel to our years on earth

like a petrified forest tougher and immoveable
locked in arm we will recall the moments in my life we
altered
Until the day I am taken
I will reach for you as I leave
I must have just missed you
I am confident in you
I must finally learn patience
I will lay in my plain casket in a church with no flowers
and I will wait
alone

Birthday

Claru Garay

You dumped me once,
on my birthday, 16.
Fool me once...
You dumped me again
on my birthday, 17.
Fool me twice...
With age comes maturity
so I beat you to the punch, 18.

The Champion

Gurtaj Grewel

The champion in the red robe has arrived from Dagestan
Focused and determined to ride the wave into success
The world is his to unleash positive vibes on
Hailing from hours of preparation and discipline
He has no regrets, only stars and victory on his mind
He can't be denied no matter the opposition's abilities
His mind filled with victory and his brothers and sisters
who he had to leave behind
He remembers them and says "It's my time and this is
for my brothers and sisters back home"

Swiftly and strong like the Chicago winds, he plows
through his opponent, McNuggets like a force to be
reckon with
Round after round, he is piercing through his prey's
heart
Until it is slowly slowly falling apart

The champion is on the rise and victory is on the
horizon
The champion grabs his Opponent's wounded arm and
says "goodbye"

He cranks the arm viciously
MC McNuggets has no choice but to surrender.
Once for all, the champion has risen.

Anxiety

Claru Garay

My anxiety came like my first period
I felt I was just hit by an asteroid
I didn't know what this mix feeling was
I didn't know how to deal with this because
I nearly confused the two, I felt out of orbit
My art was its best, and always craved chocolate
I shut down, I got bad at communicating
I told my parents and they keep denying
How could something be wrong with me?
"Can't you just shake it off? Always worked with me"
Like that helps, now I am low on friends
What I want is to find someone that understands.

Sand Dollar to a Cog

Carissa Dawson

She walked in the room, sweat dripping down her sides.

“Tell me about yourself” they asked.

My name is Ann, and I live in a world where sunshine is my vitamins, and the smell of water is my air. I live barefoot in the mud, often on winter days.

Unplugged from life is the source from which I gain my energy, while the sounds of squeals renew the peace that resides within me.

“You’re just what we have been looking for, come take a walk with me, and trudge the hallways of mediocre destiny”.

Vote

Ron Hayes

It is time for change

Left and right, who’s wrong, who’s right

“Make your voices heard”

A Poem Should Be

Noemi Lopez

A poem should be soft and quiet
like reading a book in the library
relaxed and peaceful.

Where you can turn to
on down days
to relax the mind
and let it out
to yourself.

Silent as the flowers bloom
with joy and mystery
Their above noise and danger
sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles

A poem should be
a net to catch
of feelings thought
through warm or cold
Days.



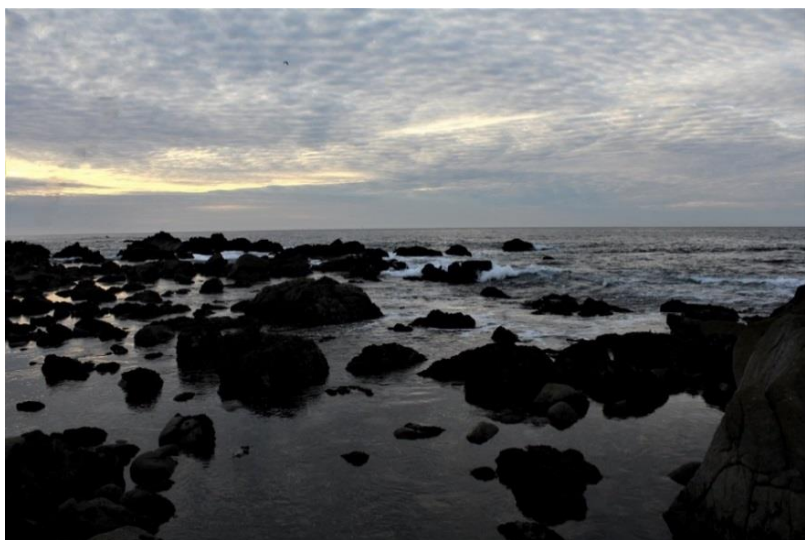
Perfectly Placed by Angela Blatt **Good Day** by Gerrie “GiGi” Williams



Point Cabrillo Light by Angela Blatt



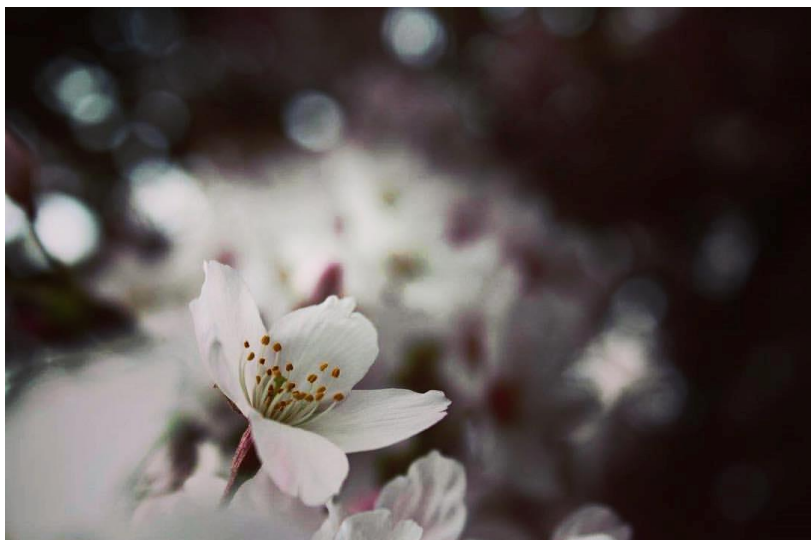
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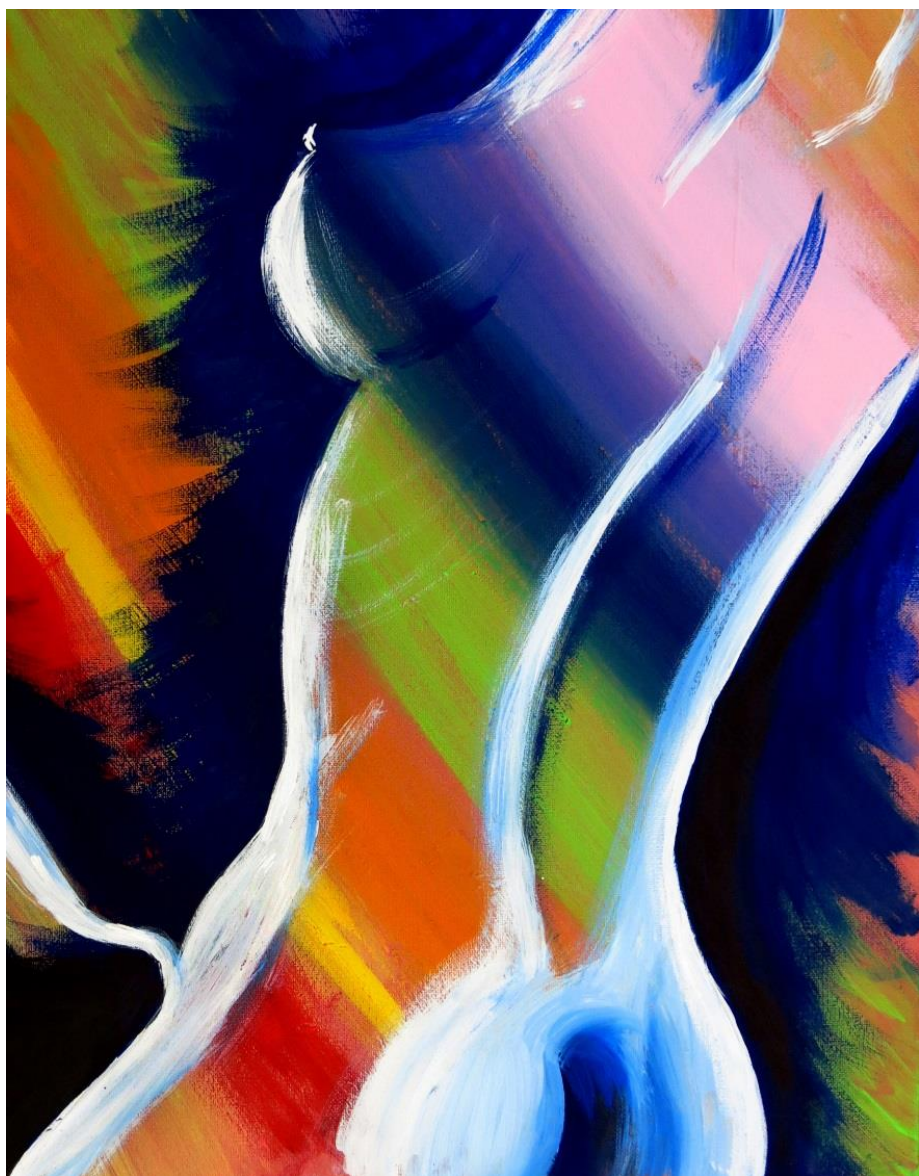
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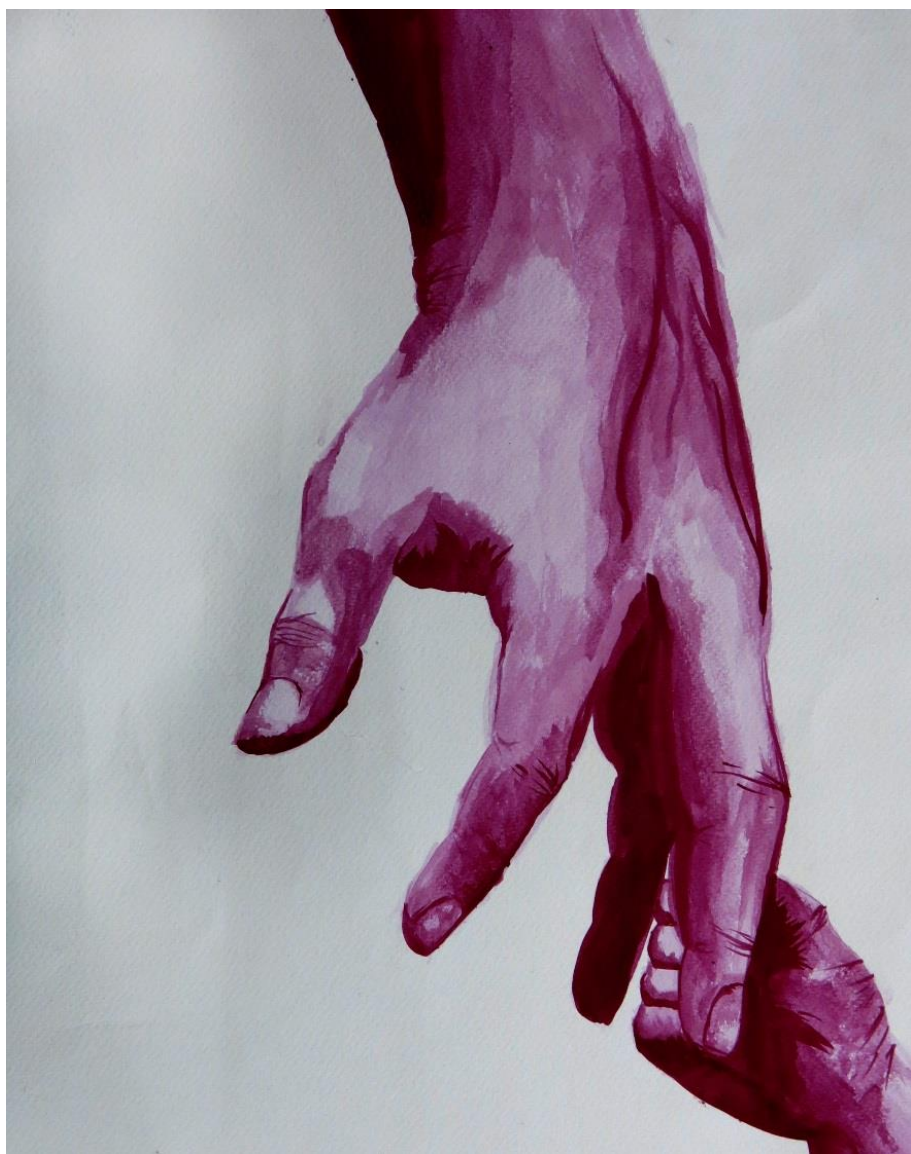
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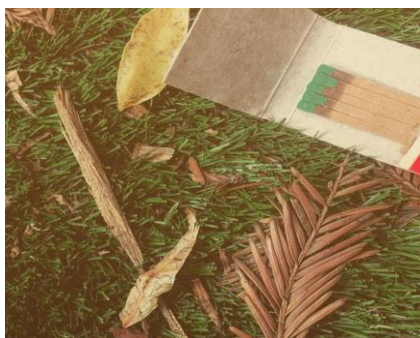
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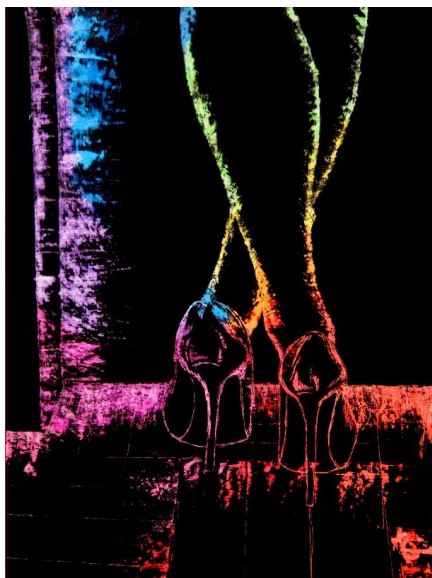
New Life by Andrea Blatt



Pregnancy by Xitlali Andrade



Overwhelmed by
Claru Garay



Excited by Claru Garay

Serene by Claru Garay



Who Am I?

Jose Carlos Dominguez

Who am I?

Disrupted into pieces of places and experiences,

Divided by the shameful agony of despair.

I guess, I'm a fearful threat to all, to me.

After all, who am I if I stand nowhere near my past or my present?

What do I possess when I've left behind part of me

And I've forcefully and voluntarily gained what I never thought to own in my heart.

Who am I? Who are you? What are we?

Are we puzzle pieces that are supposed to fit each other?

Am I the exchange of two or more parties?

Or perhaps I'm not more than the fruitful product of two languages,

Or the kind salute between nations.

Buenos

días, buenas noches.

Good morning, good afternoon.

Am I my language? Am I my accent?

Am I much more than that?

I inquire myself to encounter my identity, my belongings,

To disturb my past, to know my future,

The events that counseled my choices.

My life.

What am I? Aside from a human being, aside the silence that rips apart.

Un silencio que corre detrás de mi.

A silence that persecutes me, que me grita, that
whispers, que canta.
A silence that sings lullabies to my ear.
Canciones de cuna que no existieron.
Lullabies that will never exist.
What am I in front of others? What am I inside of me?
I'm the confrontation of ideas and thoughts.
I'm the ambiguity between them.
I'm, perhaps, the churches' bells that ring every sunday,
Or the cold asphalt of rainy nights in my hometown
down there, in Mexico.
But I, as well, am the hot weathers and long days in
California,
The soundless mornings when I woke up to go to work
or school,
I'm sure now, que el destino lo tejo a mano.
That places comes in second.
Who am I?
Composed by truthful sentiments of repair,
Prepared for the fruitful future years.

I guess, I'm the one who defines myself.

Wartime Flowers

Marcos Estrada

Orchids bloom through a war torn mind
Tulips growing from the ravages of that war
Bombs blasting through the thoughts
like forget-me-nots
The thorns on guns weeding through
the barrels are white roses
like white flags and the signals of peace
but the bullets still hit the young soul
of the daisies
being picked off by the
sniper in towers
shooting at the irises
that lay on the X
then boom a daffodil
growing in the field
where the Marine plants his boot
like he planted the root
of the lavender as
he watches
the blood splatter
like a Dahlia flower
trying to keep his composure
in a cold weathered storm
with hands in foxgloves and marigolds
springing up to keep him warm
there stands another
as he looks up to the sunflower in the sky
praying that it would all end

but someone in the flower field yells
WE ARE AT WAR
within our minds as daisies begin to creep back up
as the smell of lavender wakes me up
I was having dreams of lillies and tulips
blooming from the ravages of my war torn mind
and all i could see were the bouquet
of those flowers sprouting through
vases all around my white walled room.

Relapse

Claru Garay

Its been almost a year
Since I had to adapt to you not being here
I thought it was finally over
Until I read that text “Come over,
I’m sorry we haven’t talked in a while
But I miss you, I miss that smile”

My Mask

Morgan Dobbins

Hide my mask
take it away
it makes me fall everyday.
I hate my life
and all I knew
I hate myself
and my mask too.
It hides my tears
and my pride
It covers my pain
and plants hate inside.
I want to shred it,
to throw it away!
But I can't
if I wish to stay.
Now I wish I could say with pride,
"I wear no mask,
this smile is MINE!"
So now you see,
as I feared you would,
I wear a mask,
Just like I should.
Going by, day by day
wearing a mask to take it all away.
Hiding the pain and fear inside
hiding the tears I've ever cried.
Now silent, growing, ever hate,
against this mask I swore to never take.

So take it,
shred it,
throw it aside,
and see the real me inside.
Break my mask and monster too
and now, I can be honest with you:
I wear no mask,
I wear no pride,
I hide no monster-me inside.
Ever I wish that this was true:
I've taken my mask off.
But first, can you?

Sick Minds

Phoebe Collins

I said good bye to your vicious words,
that could cut deep inside like a knife
I said good bye to your violent outbursts,
the ones that made me see you like a small angry child
I said good bye to your self- centered needs,
no one owes you anything, least of all me
I said good bye to your self- pity,
because hating yourself is your own specialty.

Come to me, o Toto of Africa

Onica Perez Roman

They ask me what I mean by Africa, and I love it by a lot
and too much.

It gives me the most important and most beautiful peace
of mind,
and soul.

Soul bouncing are my heart and mind
as I listen to this song.

This is where they are not separated,
but united as one in beauty and peace
in every rhyme and beat.

No fighting,

No arguing,

just stand by one minute.

Stand perfectly still like Father Time
in that one second of time.

No neglect,

no separation,

no madness,

no background or bad memories surrounding Africa by
Toto.

Just a clean slate
with a beating heart.

Lost Without Consciousness

Marcos Estrada

Confusion is haunting me like a ghost
It captured my brain and gave me pain
Wondering where am I
“But I don’t know”
I was told I am in enclosed place
Where you can only look at your face
In a mirror
And a mime mirrors your every move
Greatness he tries to prove
When he copies your every move
With perfection
Probably winning an election
Harder and stronger than an erection
But mimes are silent criminals
With only one thing to say,
SILENCE
Wanting silence with confidence
Crazy thoughts interfering
Unbearable confusion interchanging
With anger ranging and raging
Like the angry sea,
“Calm down”, the silent mime told me
“It’s only a dream to be noisy,
A reality to be lost without consciousness.”

I Hate Poetry

Brennon Brian

Poetry is putrid

like meat loaf left in the fridge from before time began

Poetry is Frightful

like a wife awoken by a crying hostile little monster

begging for food

Poetry is annoying

Like hearing a toddler ask why 48 times in a day (I don't know!)

Poetry is awful

like bearing witness to the toxic waste of a baby's diaper

I HATE POETRY!

Yet I can't help but wonder

Maybe..

These microscopic speed bumps are worth more than aggravation

Maybe..

beautifully tragic snapshots of time deserve poetry

Maybe..

Poetry is Savory

Like my wife's cooking after a strenuous day

Poetry is Angelic

like the melodic tones used to place our boy in a heavenly sleep

Poetry is special

like the moments in time shared with those I couldn't live without

Poetry is Breathtaking

Like holding the delicate doll fingers of the only child I
never saw breathe
I never saw laugh, play, or cry
Maybe,
I love ...
Maybe
I need
Poetry.

Septum

Claru Garay

Curved metal piercing
Through my nose seems to invite
Comments about bulls

A Weekend with My Monkey at the Zoo

Ron Hayes

With a tear in my eye I watched her play
My daughter asked me dad why are you sad
Do not fear my dear it's a happy day
If I cried its just because I am glad

When the day was done and we went to bed
That little girl just could not fall asleep
I brought her some milk and patted her head
Close your eyes my love and please do not weep

The next day awake and off to the zoo
And what animal should we go see now
I want to ride the train daddy do you
Let's get the car that's painted like a cow

This is your day and you can choose my dear
What matters to me is that you are here

Throwback

Claru Garay

Burn me a mixtape,
Surprise me with a boom box,
Give me old school love.

To The Black Crow

Onica Perez Roman

No matter how much I ignore you, you will always find your way back to me, one way or the other. Some days you are as small as a bee, some days you are the biggest hole in my chest that refuses to heal no matter what I put it in. You follow me wherever I go, you spy on me in my sleep and cradle me in my dreams like we are nothing but best friends. You give me my mask to put on in public, every mask different for different occasions. It is when people are near that I sometimes forget that you are there. It is the few moments where true happiness or peace are within me that you, my dear black crow, seem to fly away as if you too had your peace. It is when you and I are truly alone that I need you as you are a reflection of me and I of you. My black crow, you represent the very flight I want, the darkness and mystery that I am and the deep war of sadness that constantly fights with my daytime persona. Alas until we've both found our peace within each other and not war or ignorance can we at last be rid of each other.

Timeless Crimes

Marcos Estrada

I wish something more could have been said
but I wonder what went through his head
the day he decided to make a people disappear
and now he's celebrated for the fear
He inflicted upon others
while he stripped children from their mothers
Raped, tortured and slaughtered
as they yelled for salvation he never bothered
to listen to their cries
all he did was look into their eyes
and thought of the things he could be
he thought to himself "they must be wealthy,
cause my people don't have what they do
so let's sail to them in October of 1492"
and Christopher Colombus said and i quote
"they are a good and peaceful people,
always laughing"
but guess what?
his head was on a steeple
and making them his slaves
building their own graves
but how can one man from Spain
inflict so much hatred so much pain
He took kindness for weakness
and made them feel like less
and when I say them,
I mean my people the Borinquen!!
also known as the tainos
but Colombus'
greed just grows
and he sails the ocean blue

to do what no one expected him to do
to take three ships worth of soldiers
with a murderous plan on his shoulders
With ships named the Niña, Pinta, and the Santa Maria
AVE Maria!!
He even brought slaves from Africa
too many for some simple algebra
but the moment he stepped foot on my island
we were no longer tainos but immigrants
as we scattered like ants
running for our lives
protecting our children and wives
But I am saddened by the news
Because Colombus decided to use
Religion as a means to gain power
for the indigenous that were a beautiful flower
Known as the Flor de Maga
but what was done wasn't a saga
it wasn't a nice nursery rhyme
it was a heinous crime
committed against a civilized nation
now we are no longer a flourishing nation
of 3 million or so
we were stripped from our soul
the beautiful land of the Boriken
also known as Puerto Rican
cause someone couldn't spell
With so many stories to tell
as the sands of time were ours
but now we're counted out of existence
like hours.

Commitment

Claru Garay

Walked from the tattoo parlor
To my home, trying to save me a dollar
“Hi mom”, this was a starter
I sighed, this couldn’t be harder.

She said “What have you done?
You used to be so beautiful, Hun!”

My family is saying,
You can never complain again,
You already suffered the pain
Your immaturity must come to an end.
“Wait just let me explain

This is not permanent,
This is not even the main event.
I have something to say,
Please listen, I’m gay.”

“It’s just a phase, you’ll get over it
Same thing as always, you can never commit”
“Oh my god, that is it, never repeat it!”

I meant what I did, but as
Usual I am not taken serious

This metal piercing
Represents what I am saying,

My phobia of needle manner
Is to me no joking matter.
It is more than a fashion statement,
It is my commitment

Gone

Carissa Dawson

The time has come
The end is here
Eyes are heavy
Family is near

He is gone
It's said and done
Heavy Hearts
Dry eyes, none.

Orders

Claru Garay

Welcome to my life may I take your order?
Living to take orders, life congested with orders.
Stand up straight, fix your hair, be a lady.
Toughen up, don't be so sensitive, stop crying.
There's a fork in the road, where do I go?
Straighten your hair, bleach it, tame it.
Stay out of the sun. You don't burn, you darken.
Culture? What's that?
Say your prayers, go to church, cover yourself.
Don't drink, don't smoke, stay away from drugs,
Tattoos are sinful. Piercings? Think again.
Your body is a temple. Keep it pure inside and out.
Every order adds fuel to my fit of rage.
What once was a single lit candle in my soul
Has spread to an unruly wild fire.
My body is MY body; my life is MY life.
I will do what I please, thank you.
I pride myself for the decisions I make, right and wrong.
I reserve the right to refuse orders.
I apologize for the inconvenience, but my life is no diner.

About Your Editors

Gerrie “GiGi” Williams is a lover of all things creative and thought provoking. A current member of the Reading and Writing Club, a writer for the *Eagle’s Call*, and the Publishing Editor for *INK*, GiGi has a natural knack for writing. Since middle school, she has been an avid writer, publishing a series of online comic strips and short stories to her personal blog. She hopes to transfer to UC Berkeley as an English and Political Science major, with intentions to pursue a Master’s in Public Policy. This future lawyer has dreams to be a published author one day, and to be a freelance writer.



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 books of poetry, *Confiscated Contraband* and *Spilled Ink, Scattered Letters*, and he hopes to publish many more. He also has an Edgar Allan Poe action figure.

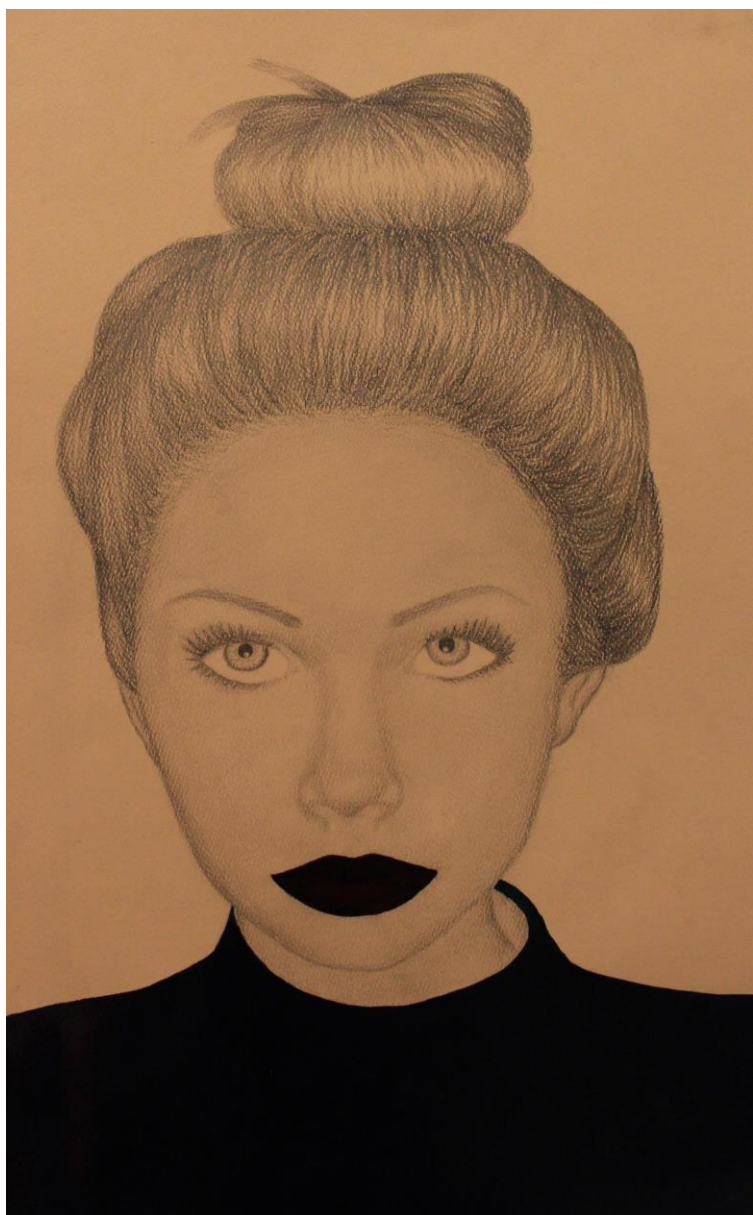


Gurtaj Singh Grewal is in his third year at WCC and enjoys writing along with other hobbies such as taking photos and writing poems on weekends. Being an *INK* editor this past semester has been a wonderful experience because he got the opportunity to read amazing poems and see heartwarming pictures.



Onica Perez Roman is a first-time editor at *INK*. She has always been a writer and seeks to help people in the medical field with her STEM major. She loves to travel, cosplay at comic conventions, challenge societal norms, be a dog mom, and read lots of books whenever she gets the chance.





Ugh by Claru Garay