

Ink

A Literary Arts Magazine

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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.

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A Letter to the Chill Man

Onica P. Roman

Dear Chill man,
Are you always so chill? Can I be as chill as you?
With your cool tattoos
They should be icicles instead
Or intricate snowflakes, too
Your husky voice more alluring
Only a siren can scrape that level
With your smile, you can haunt anyone
Your height perfect for freezing those into submission
In a deadly state or a beautiful one
One sentence sends a chill down my spine
My own nerves strive to catch up with you
To feel your icy touch
I see you conquering the world with your ice of breath
But not in reality
Are you just as human as me?
Please show that to me, too.

Division

Jessica Robinette

As I sit to write, I am reminded
I have so many things to be grateful for
So in love I feel I may be blinded
Two dogs so great they are never a chore
I succumb to happiness and forget
The woes of the world, the hate, the anger
Prejudice coming from people that let
Others influence their thoughts, the danger
This villain called president spews his lies
Causing separation and division
Clouds of delusion are hiding the eyes
Of those saying MAGA in unison
Will we ever be able to agree?
For those affected are my family

Haiku

Sean Jacobs

The way of the one
will give way to the many
if your aim is true.

Dream a Nightmare

Mickayla Friend

Your mind flows like a battlefield,
With the pain of a thousand bullet wounds.
Trying to make sense of all the suffering,
Your mind imaging each wound of the past.
How it smelled, how it felt, what you heard, and what you saw,
All of it laid right in front of you.
You wonder if it's yours or is it the pain of others.
Did life stop to show you more despair
Or rather the despair of others?
Is your heart pure or is your heart broken from the past?
Is your mind trying to tell you something?
To answer these questions, you need to wake up.

You Are

Alisha Reyes

You are my best friend
You are a lover and a friend
You are not like other men

Mother River

Kate Deng

Once

You had fish, shrimp,
Happy laughs, cheerful voices
Waves broke into white flowers

Now

You have yellow dirty smelly foams,
Black mud, green algae
Oil glows out a disgusting rainbows

Who turned our mother into a poison river?

College

Gurtaj Grewal

College is an opportunity
That is not required
Or mandatory like high school

However full of opportunities await
Through dedication and through
The late night/early morning grind

Give college a chance
It can turn your world around
And set off a spark for a
Marvelous future of dreams
Being accomplished and fun times await on the horizon

So attend college my friends.

Everlasting Nature

Aljan Crisostomo

Everlasting nature, forever thrive
Your beauty persists, yet changes slightly
I pray for you, from the state you deprive
From the fallacies we took so lightly.
The imbalances imposed on our lands
Of the greed we continuously do
All of the work created by our hands
Has made mother earth feel ever so blue.
We've failed to notice the mistakes after
Barely done anything to help the Earth
And have spread the lands with our own cancer
Because of the feelings that we have dearth.
Despite the cruel world nature lives through out,
I pray for her with all of my devout.

Number One

AnnMarie Bryson

Everyone says you are no good for me,
But you are my favorite remedy,
To keep me going and to make things bright,
Boy, you get me through every single night.
You are my best friend until the very end,
I would not want a world without you.
I wish I could explain your eyes and how
The sound of your voice gives me butterflies.
How your smile makes my heart skip a beat,
I ultimately always feel complete.
Your talents are there, people always stare,
Like they are about to give you a bow.
There is so much I love about you, I only named a few,
I would not want a world without you.

A Smart Girl

Jocelyne Velazquez

I'm so sorry to shame your self-esteem.
Under the umbrella I upset you.
Can't I create my own colorful cream?
How can happiness happen with your hue?

A trip again about the absolute
satisfaction. I stopped the sacrifice.
My mother mauled me like a malamute,
"An artist afraid would not roll the dice.

Resilient girls never restore their rose."
The tortuous trauma twisted the trail
to my gory heart; grieving as it grows.
I imagined my intelligence failed,

But the rope ripped and missed my right to speak.
I lead my life looking for my defeat.

Queer

Edgar Garcia

Stand by your side
Watching love and war collide
It was a front then a slap then an uppercut
Your lies dangled above my head
Like a dog I jump hopping but the lies are always ahead
Hoping that for once I'll feel it in my tongue
It's bitterness melting into my palate and the betrayal plainly
stung
Blinded amidst the mist I walk a walk that stumbles all while
holding onto loyalty
You walk firmly your head enormous untouchable filled
with air of royalty
I wear a smile that is encased with cheery joy bundled with
my essence of queer
While you hide behind a smirk wrapped with charm and
cheer that hides your fear
Our simple love made to be a box all its contents filled with
mold and blood with a taste of rotten just like us
While the outside such beauty and gay hides all the gore
inside us

Stitches

Kylie Fuller

My blind grandmother taught me how to knit,
On a rare visit one fall years ago.
She learned it young but never learned to quit.
Her nimble hands threw the yarn to and fro.
Blindness never stopped her; it made her quick.
Quicker, even, than people dreamed to be.
I, just eight, begged her to teach me her tricks.
I held my needles, her hands hovering,
Guiding me through the intricate stitches.
We sat for some time, engrossed in our task.
Progress was slow at first, merely inches.
Despite my slowness I was glad I asked.
Now, years later, we still knit together
I can knit faster, but please don't tell her.

Season for Reason

Angel Vargas

In the beginning of my college experience
I walked into my first class
My mind was blank
As the paper in my notebook
The sun was rising midway
In a cold autumn morning
Never had I felt the sun strike
With such radiance and dazzle
Like a warm day on a June summer
Up until that very moment
During changing times of color and decay
An imprint of stability
Filled that blank page
I said “farewell”
To past days of dismay

Sonnet

Vannesa Cortez

The end of August approaches quickly
Panicking, not knowing where I would sleep
You let me stay at your place, and I see
Your kindness, friendship I would like to keep

You have always lent me a helping hand
And if you were to ever need some help
I'll move quickly and by your side I'll stand
A repayment for the things you have dealt

I know you have had your own struggles
But you have always found it in your heart
To help one who finds themselves in trouble
I will find it hard the day we depart

I will always wish the best for you; and
that life comes to you like a wonderland

Thankful

Simranpreet Buttar

Life is confusing
With ups and downs'
From reaching the sky
To falling to the ground.
We still shine through the good or bad,
Walk along the bumpy roads
Passing through the thorns
Reaching for the flowers,
Accepting the given path
And smiling through the tears.

Two! Three! (Hoping for Better Days)

Yeni Cruz

Who was there when she needed help the most?
You showed up and showed her that she was worth;
And before she knew it, she was engrossed.
Your silliness filling her with much mirth.

Darkroom, earphones on, angelic voices;
“It’s okay, come on when I say one, two,”
You are her first concert, she rejoices.
Her mother gets sick, how will she push through?

“Erase all sad memories, hold my hand,”
You’re there again and again and again.
She’s in college now, knowing that she can,
She can push through, she can escape the pain.

Still, earphones on: “Hoping for better days,”
You were there when she needed help, there always!

Forever Love

Kate Deng

How can love last forever between us?
I guess it is one of the hardest things,
Roses only bloom for several days,
Grasses turn yellow when winters coming;
Gooses fly to south by the chilly wind,
The last apple drops from the highest twig;
Even the pacific sea has its tide,
Nothing is eternal including hug;
But it is enough having you just stay,
Even only now; It will last forever
In my heart; Until I died one day,
Until the sun lost its rainbow color;
No matter what will happen in the future,
I enjoy having you on my adventure.

The Big Change

Raven Lewis

When I was first born they said dad was nice
I wish I met daddy when he was nice
He yells everyday and scares mommy
I prayed to god to make dad nice again
It did not work because mom is still scared
ENOUGH! ENOUGH! He can't drink again
I take his beer and throw it down the sink
He's home now. He's mad really mad
He says he know I did it. I'm scared
He hits me. I bump my head very hard
The next day when I wake up dad has changed
He's not scary and he doesn't drink
I'm happy he changed but he seems scared
When he looks at me it's like he sees a *ghost*

Away

Ramon Briseno

If you were a word
It would be me
If I had a day
I would get away
I see her in me
I know what you mean
To be free
Love free

When He Leaves

Alisha Reyes

That one true love is a light in my life,
He walks on water and makes all alright,
When we spit up the pain feels like a knife,
The hardest time to get through the night.
Trying to fall asleep could be easy,
If only he would fall asleep with me.
I know that this all may sound so cheesy,
But it is the way I feel you see.
I go through this every night, then wake up.
It has been this way for almost three years
It all started with a game and a cup.
And now it is just so hard to switch gears
I know I need to learn to be alone
It's so hard when the future is unknown.

Fall

Aimee Preciado

Beautiful Fall you are finally here,
How your arrival fills my heart with glee.
You remind me the Holidays are near,
It is now time for cookies and warm tea.

Here comes Halloween Thanksgiving Christmas.
We, anticipating the gatherings,
With candy, pumpkins and trees like litmus,
And contemplate nice lights in scatterings.

Graceful I walk to the beat of the breeze,
Colorful leaves flying all around town.
The Holidays are approaching, I wheeze
Oh, how Fall season takes away my frown.
We waited a year for you to arrive.
Your appearance made our spirits revive.

Blooming Flowers

Simranpreet Buttar

A friend is like a flower,
A rose to be exact,
Or maybe like a brand new gate,
That can never come unlatched,
A friend is like an owl,
Both beautiful and wise,
Or perhaps a friend is like a ghost,
Whose spirit never dies.
A friend is like a heart that goes
Strong till the end.
Where would everyone be in this world
If we didn't have a friend

Mountains

Onica P. Roman

Endurable
Swift
Impenetrable
Foreboding
Very much like a woman
A mountain who refuses to be colonized
A woman too will only grow stronger
With rogue trees and seeds
Sprouting from her every challenger
Taming it only to grow bolder
Rockslides
Her offence
Beauty, mysterious, and untouched
Humanity touchest the moon
But not the mountains
With their carbonated and tainted hands
Mountains save those with gratitude
Those in parties of pride cease to exist
Letting gravity do its own mischievous work
The mountain woman looks up at the sky
While the ocean, her own sister too
Admires her from afar
Hoping to one day be the mountain
Her sister is



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Princess Smiles by Onica P. Roman



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Lotus by Kate Deng



Bumblebee by Kate Deng



Dragonfly by Kate Deng

Clouds

Alisha Reyes

The grass is so green
The clouds are blue white and grey
I just want to stay

May My Hands Speak

Jocelyne Velazquez

Let my hands speak,
For my voice may never be heard.
Let my fellow neighbors' hands speak,
For I may never listen to them.
Let me see what others may not understand.
Let me understand that these hands can help me stand.

Time

Mickayla Friend

The puzzles of the present,
can be the answers for the past.
The mystery of the past,
can be answers for the future.

Delia's Country Kitchen

Onica P. Roman

Swoop! Swoop!
Swiizzleee.....
Swoosh and Flip!
El Diablito!
Swoop, swoop!
Que quieres para comer?
What do you want to eat?
Huevos con chorizo
Eggs n sausage
If my grandmother's kitchen was a business
Wall Street would be shut down
Uniquely made homemade food
Varieties from mole and arroz
Spicy dances on your tongue but-
Not overpowering
With only a slight punch
To the gut with the ache of a broken heart
Worse than first love
The menu
Extends
All the way to the intricate corsets of tamales
5am masa handmade
Shells ready to greet the pregnant mask of a tamale
That's with dessert, always
The best of both worlds
Or chicken, sweet recognition
That the world is good
That nothing is better than food
At abuelitas hands
Or chile
That unpredictable wild child
Reminding me

That the duality of darkness
Is within each human being
Where there is chile
There is also dessert
No darkness or duality here though
It is a place of peace
A country of quiet
No snake to bite
No storm to predict
The country is peaceful
In Delia's Country Kitchen
Reminding me the capability of love
With strength of a lioness that any woman has

Sonnet

Jose Puente

The snow glitters in the bright sunshine ray
It covers the land like a white blanket
Children are having so much fun in one sleigh
A kid is putting snow in his pocket
Bears are hibernating deep in the caves
Deer are strutting around eating mushrooms
Wolves are hunting the prey they mostly crave
You could hear the flying rabbits go zoom
Flowers die but they leave something behind
Seeds that will sprout their petals in the Spring
This is their cycle, this is predefined
There are no bees that go around and sting
Unfortunately, there will be an end
Unfortunately, it seems like a trend

Noise

Ramon Briseno

I know it wasn't a dream
Because it wasn't a dream
Boogeyman boogeyman
Pulling at my feet
I can't see
I can't speak
I can't speak
I can't move
It's not a dream
It's not a dream
This can't be happening
No why
I'm moving
But I can't move
What do I do?
It's a grey face
It's a grey face,
The more you try to remember
The more it fades

Buddies

Angel Vargas

As I adore your amiability I find myself in a comatose state
of mind while we are far apart yet so close in kindred spirit
which galvanizes the way the seasons stay afloat

Bees buzz in a burlesque way who then ballad roundabout
through the flora and fauna for they blossom before the
summer arrives best believe their beauty and virtues so
beckon the view

Charm that captivated a knuckle head to change his inherent
ways of apathy without knowing how a few cordial words
can fluctuate the most repugnant human being on the planet

Kudos to our friendship which will never fall apart
Kudos to the past, present and beyond

Love

Alisha Reyes

She smells the flowers
He lifts her up to the sun
They fall deep in love

They-Pronoun

Alisha Reyes

They love them so much
They make even the boys blush
They is their pronoun

Me

Alisha Reyes

Living with yourself
Being the best you can be
To just be called “me”

It Is Here

Onica P. Roman

It is here where I learned
There is creativity
Using a pinecone as a baseball
And a huge stick a bat
Out in the Middle of Nowhere
Where a hammock
Was the only peace of mind united
A country thing
No city fold would understand
It is Here
Where every morning
Appreciation sat down in the kitchen
As abuelita hustled her domain
No one needs Mcdonalds
When you have Abuelitas papas fritas
Where you hang that toughness and pretending you
Know the world arrogance on the coat rack
And sit down
This is a homily
Donde te calmas or te calmo
You want sopa?
We have sopa de fideo
The finest on this very ranch
You want the true country life?
Come here, in its own paradise
Not Hawaii or Paris
But its own true calling
Fabens, Texas
California can't even compare
Dessert and quietness
Miles miles and miles
Where the traffic ceases and sleeps

On the dessert bed
My true home
Donde frijoles are always ready
Telenovelas and books are your
Only window to the World
Crap of reality
Where reception and wifi are foes that
Cease out of existence
But oh, the frying up of oil
The taste of warm tacos, spritzing the house
With their joyful song
And scent no febreze can ever compare to
The stories of the kitchen
More interwoven than a spiders web
Come from the sweet fruit of Abuelitas mouth
Her tongue driving us to the journey when
Grandfather and her ran away together from Mexico
Young, in love, and determined
To seek a place of their own
This seed then
A grown ranch now
In Texas
Where conversations are organically made
Face to face
And being alone is never a possibility
It may be overflowed by the gallinas everywhere
But Ramon Ayala comes every night
He comes with coronas and gorditas
The rarely seen stars even make an appearance
To our ranchito
They say this place is too
Their home away from home
It is Here

Texas Witch

Onica P. Roman

California

Beep!

...

Beep!-Beep!

I wake up by the alarm

Set on my-

Oh, okay, several alarms

I do my morning commute early

Beep! Beep!

As the traffic behind gets heavier

Every slowed down second with construction

They are the annoying ass laundry load no one needs

School

Laundry

Work

School

Laundry

Work

Until

Texas picks me up and whisks me away

With the swish of a hay

I am there again

She is my beautiful break from the abusive mistress of CA

I wake up at 10 am

9 am in CA

My grandmother, my angel

In this earthly paradise

Greets me to heaven made

With *sizzle* of oil

And a awoken owen

Their unity at the hands of my grandmother

Brings eggs and frijoles

Settling comfortably
In the honeymoon of my mouth
Typical and small it may seem
BUT unique in the family way
Not too burned
Not too cold
A welcoming embrace between beans and soul
My awakening as a human being
No more obedient robot to routine
The sun arises in me
A longing for the musical beat of my own heart
A grounding to the soil
Not concrete
Not gravel
But brown,
Smushy
Detailed
Soil
My connective thread ties me to the Earth
She tells me that I am capable
 I am strong
 I am human
Complicated soul with a witch heart
Spells with the Earth and I as one

Life is a Picture

Mickayla Friend

Your eyes are the camera
Your mind is the recorder
Your thoughts are the photos

My Window Poem

Jessica Penelope Miller

From outside my bedroom window
The Red brick patio with the moss growing
Where the banana slugs
Used to crawl-
Just down the Redwood staircase

Where in play for hours
With my Smurf village
I'd make up stories
With myself-

At the end of the deck
Was the creek that always flowed-
A small bridge and rock steps
With rows of beach rocks
Climbing toward the Eucalyptus-

The leaves falling far from the trees
Everywhere-You could smell those leaves
In the air-
I would spin under the Eucalyptus
Making up stories
In my head-

Firsts

Onica P. Roman

First Kisses
Mind Blowing and soft
The soft innocence
A flower reborn
Holy shit
First love
So breathtakingly beautiful
Dewdrops of pain
Lovingly as rain
Both learning and growing
First huge amounts of wetness
First year
First passion
Sweet ripe age of 17
Forever beautifully imprinted
Forever a good memory
To delicious food
Crunchy and oily
Heartache here we go
To passionate kisses
The siren of the body
Innocence of life
Free from the seconds
But filled with firsts
They grow best in the dark night
Kinda love
Forever new in time
Suspended in seconds
Signed and autographed in time
Never lived again
But forever first

My Hostage Heart

Onica P. Roman

The monster
It is here
Locked up
In the cell of my chest
Holding my heart tighter than
A mother and babe
It is best friends with anxiety
Their main hobby?
The suffering of me
My heart a prisoner in their hands.
My heart pumping out of blackmail
From the monsters
I tried bribing
With chocolate, water, meditation
My heart cries in agony more
As heartbreak takes its earthquake thunderous toll
And anxiety only cheers them on
In the marathon of agony
Pain is the newest member of this infamous trio
Fitting right in with new tools
Of tears, and depression
Heavy on my heart
Will my heart ever be healed or free? Am I to
Live like Daphne, woman
Desperate to be free
Only to end up a laurel tree
What is life?
Who is to say?
Maybe only the
Happy and gay
My heart is a ticking time bomb
And it has exploded

You don't see the marks
But there are bruises and tiny scraps on my heart
Would the world be happier if we all went extinct?

Meet Your Editors

Gurtaj Grewal

A student at WCC who is active on campus and a Communication Major. He plans to transfer to UC Davis and double major in Communications and Community and Regional Development. He enjoys reading in his free time and watching the news on TV.



Onica P. Roman

This is Onica's 3rd semester as an *INK!* Editor. A Cabrona pero Cute as a English major at Woodland Community College who enjoys reading, hopes to become a writer, and in the Peace Corps. She plans on transferring to Sac State or UC Davis. When she is not writing, she's a pet mom to Princess and Lafayette. You can also find her getting lost in nature away from society or napping.



Gerrie “GiGi” Williams

A lover of all things creative and thought provoking, GiGi she has been an avid writer since middle school, publishing a series of online comic strips and short stories to her personal blog for nearly a decade. She has been a veteran member of nearly all reading and writing centered organizations on campus, including writing for *The Eagle's Call*, and serving as Lead Editor for *Ink!* for two years. Having completed her Associate's Degree in English in the spring of this year, this current issue will be her last fall term before transferring. She plans on finishing out her Political Science A.A. before transferring to UC Davis to double major in Community and Regional Development with a focus in Policy and Planning, while also pursuing a Political Science degree with a minor in Public Service before the real adventure begins: Law School.



Meter Eater

Kevin Ferns

“Let’s write a sonnet!” I said to the class,
They picked up their pens, their minds all aflame,
But they wrote too quick in order to pass
Unleashed a demon they could not contain.

He was figurative and rhythmic and
Hated vague clichés. His idea of fun
Was to swallow bad puns and lines unplanned.
They lazily compared him to the sun.

Being a night monster, he desired
To be compared to the stars or the moon
And so he opened his mouth and breathed fire!
And burned up all the writers way too soon.

They now sit as statues, pens in the air,
Poem beast chews their words like an éclair.