

Ink

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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.

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Photography by Anais Alberto

The curiosity of needs of distractions

Onica Perez-Roman

Nowadays, it seems every student when faced with an assignment in the present moment will put it off until the very last minute. This is called procrastination because suddenly when a person is supposed to be doing something, unless they are at a job or put directly on the spot, it is most likely that they will put off this something. Everything else becomes so much interesting when the only thing that needs to be something is unworthy of interest, and left alone till very last minute. I think this speaks truly about depression and the people who have it. People tend to have the tendency to ignore one's own depression or another's until it is too late.

No one is awake. No one is awake. No one listens, no one hears, the wall itself becomes more interesting than does the subject at hand. I, myself, do not know if anyone will hear, I myself wish I was brave. I, myself, wish I had more interesting stories to tell. But what am I to say about my current regrets or moments of life? So I just keep distracting myself, just keep looking at the wall, and its little bumps. Keep myself occupied until the depression swallows me up and never spits me back out. Am I to drown in my own salt of tears? I knoweth not, and careth not because I need the distraction, and I will wait for the ocean of tears to swallow me whole.



Photography by Daniel Rutan-Sprague

They Broke My Sunshine

Jonathan Thompson

You were my sunshine
My brightest sunshine
I was happiest when you were here
You made me happy when life was gray
Someone told you, dear, that you weren't good enough
And took my sunshine away
The other night, dear, you reached your breaking point
You decided to give your life away
When I awoke, I could do nothing but cry
You were my sunshine, my truest sunshine
You told me once, that you loved me deeply, and nothing
would come between us
But someone's sharp words cut you apart
They shattered all of our dreams
They broke my sunshine
They tore you down, took away your happy until you
weren't the same
I tried to keep your pieces together, help you see the
silver lining
But with a rope of broken confidence, I lost my sunshine
Please let my sunshine be at peace



Cache Creek

Photography by Emily Gonsalves



Photography by Anais Alberto

Paper Dragon

Marcos Estrada

I looked up at the night sky
And saw a fire breathing dragon
I knew he was after me, when
I smelled of fresh ember
His roar was like that of a lion
His wings were made of all
The pages in my notebook
That constantly flapped
With the sound of my millions
Of words spilling onto the ground
He slipped silently into the night sky
Slick, snakelike, serpentine, slender body slithering silently
With his lion like roar he shook the floor
I began to tear as I was consumed by fear
The dragon swam through the sky
Collecting the stars in his open mouth
Causing the stars to fear and
Shoot across the universe
When he passed by the moon
It would defend itself and turn into the sun
The clouds cried as the dragon shot through them
The winds rushed into his mouth
And nose to try to stop his momentum
But the dragon was a meteor
Ripping through the atmosphere
Of the Earth
Swoosh! Swoosh!
Was the sound the wind made
Under his wings
Swoosh! Swoosh!
Was the sound of the wind
Calling for help

The dragon would stalk me
And follow my every movement
His eyes feasted on me
Like a vulture feasting on a carcass
I was too afraid to run
Because when I did
My feet would beat
Sweet music into the dragons ears
My screams became the poetry
That would make his wingspan stretch
Because it was one more page added
His body was made of the millions
Of tissues I've cried into
The dragon would swoop down from the sky
And I stood there with my feet rooted to the ground
He got closer and closer
And I put my arms up to the sky
As if surrendering myself to him
And with eyes closed
And begging him not to eat me
He opened his mouth and he devoured me
And as I laid on top of the intestines
Of his body that were made of my nightmares
I fought my way to his heart and
Held it into my hands like an apple
I grabbed his rib and tongue
And shot my way out of his mouth
When I did
The paper mache dragon
Fell to the ground
And my notebook opened to another page.



Photography by Daniel Rutan-Sprague



Photography by Anais Alberto

Cravings

Kyle James Munoz

I crave the touch of the rain to the ground
to our noses and toes of our shoes
The sights of the snow kissed behemoths
The sight of your hand entangled within mine;
Making everything endlessly more beautiful.
I need to see the sun drenched plains
A paint worthy, picture worth more than 1000 words
combined;
I want to feel the velvet soft sunsets of every color you
can imagine to wrap us up, give us that beautiful warm
feeling with the perfect chilly wind every now and then
all the sights will be worthwhile, as long
as you stay by my side.
In a sea full of tourists, people, people, people
I could feel the wind shift your scent in my direction,
and all I would need is to follow.
you are my muse, my sanctuary.
my home away from home.
shall we, darling?

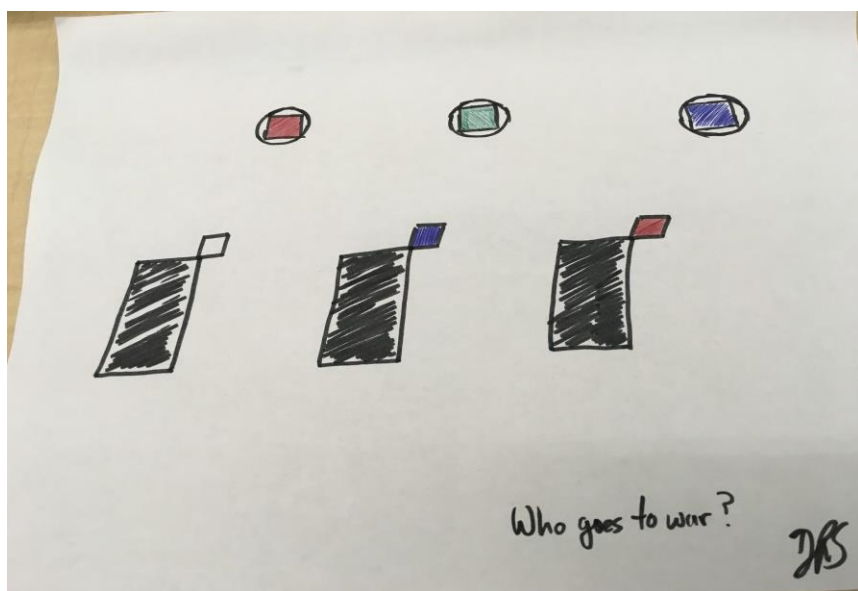
True Love

Leakhena Pheav

I lay down in my bed and think about you,
You make me feel superb when I am with you,
I am pleased to consent you in my world,
You've changed my life for just a blink of eye.
Thank you for sharing your feelings with me,
You're the best guy I've ever met in my life,
The feelings I have on you cannot deny,
And what I know is you are my real man.
To meet you is a special gift from God,
Life is more meaningful to live with you,
When I don't see you my mind keeps on thinking,
And what I know is my heart beats faster.
My love, please hold my hands tight and soft,
Together our love will never come to the end.



Bouquet from my backyard
Art by Mali Wolff



Who goes to war?

Daniel Rutan-Sprague

Learning My Perspective

Ralph Wommack

Learning new things is something that I love.
Challenges make my life interesting.
This knowledge I will use to rise above,
The good fortunes that my parents didn't bring.
It always gives me just a little thrill,
When I feel like my time has been well spent,
When focusing on learning a new skill,
Even when it is just to pay the rent.
There are some things that tend to overwhelm,
When an endeavor is a little tough.
This topic may be outside of my realm,
But I will learn to do this soon enough.
I'll keep on working and I will not fear,
And I will make it through another year.

Entity
Hope Leng

play a tune
on these hollow xylophone bones,
let it Zing out
to the drupelets of the raspberry universe
and reverberate from
star to exuberant star,
Ping each one
by one
navigating the axons
to the zillionth brilliant idea,
let it echo
through the empty spaces of the galaxy
as proof of all zany existence,
until it Zaps back,
smelling like gunpowder
zooming out of
the negative space
so we can see the earth
move
ever so slightly,
to embrace the maize
seed that happens
into the healing hollow
heart to fill whole.

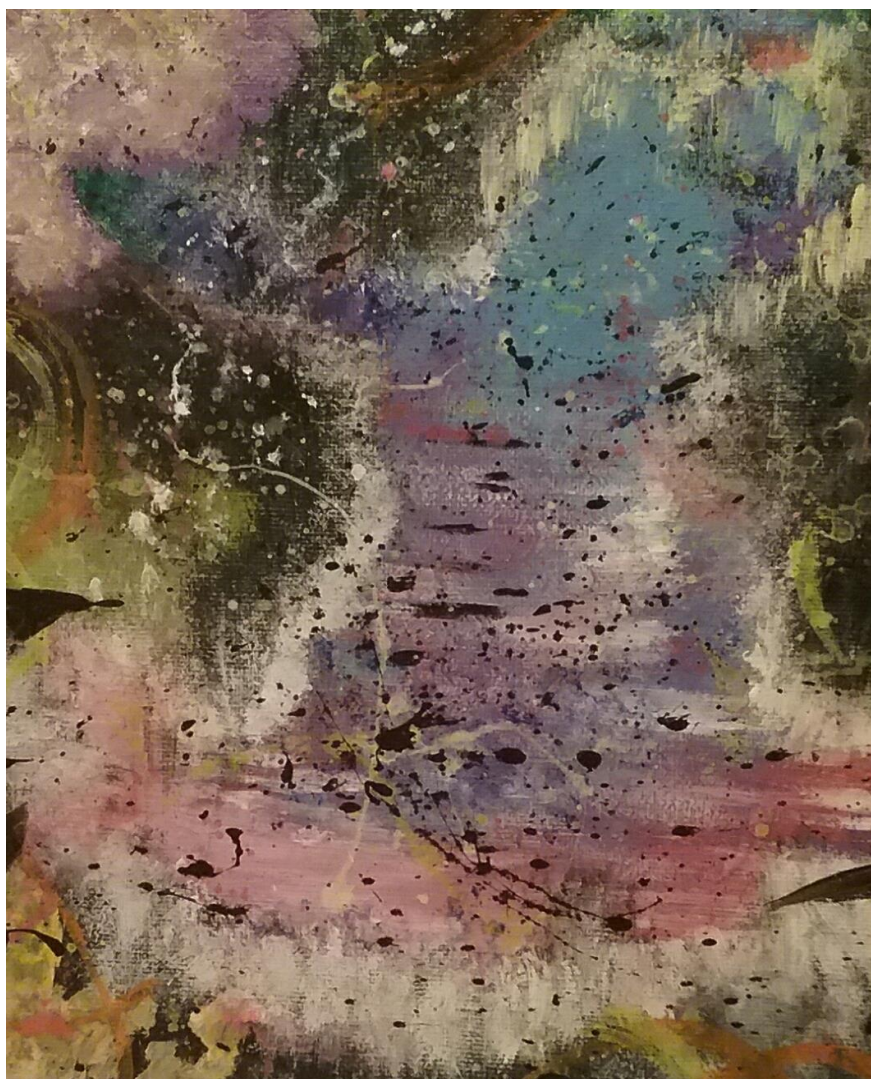


Photography by Anais Alberto

Growing Wise and Staying Alive

Vina Sledge

I always knew I would lead an exciting life even though I
desired not to
take the risks one must take to hit or miss.
I thought excitement would find me simply because I am
alive. How was
I to know I must strive whether I decide to be a part of
the action or just lie still
as a mummy who is in eternal traction.
Life is action even though I may feel it is inactive. No
one can breathe for
me, if I am to stay alive, for the next breath I must
reach. No one can be
responsible for my wishes without landing themselves in
the ditches.
That is a path no wise one is likely to take, not even a
little, or in child-like fake.
My life while here on this Earth is meant to be beautiful,
active and full,
for when it reaches the other plane, how can it know
what was
previously birthed
if I don't take leaps and follow my wishes, which may
lead me to feel
feel some stiches.
If I wish to grow wise, I must grow up to stay alive.

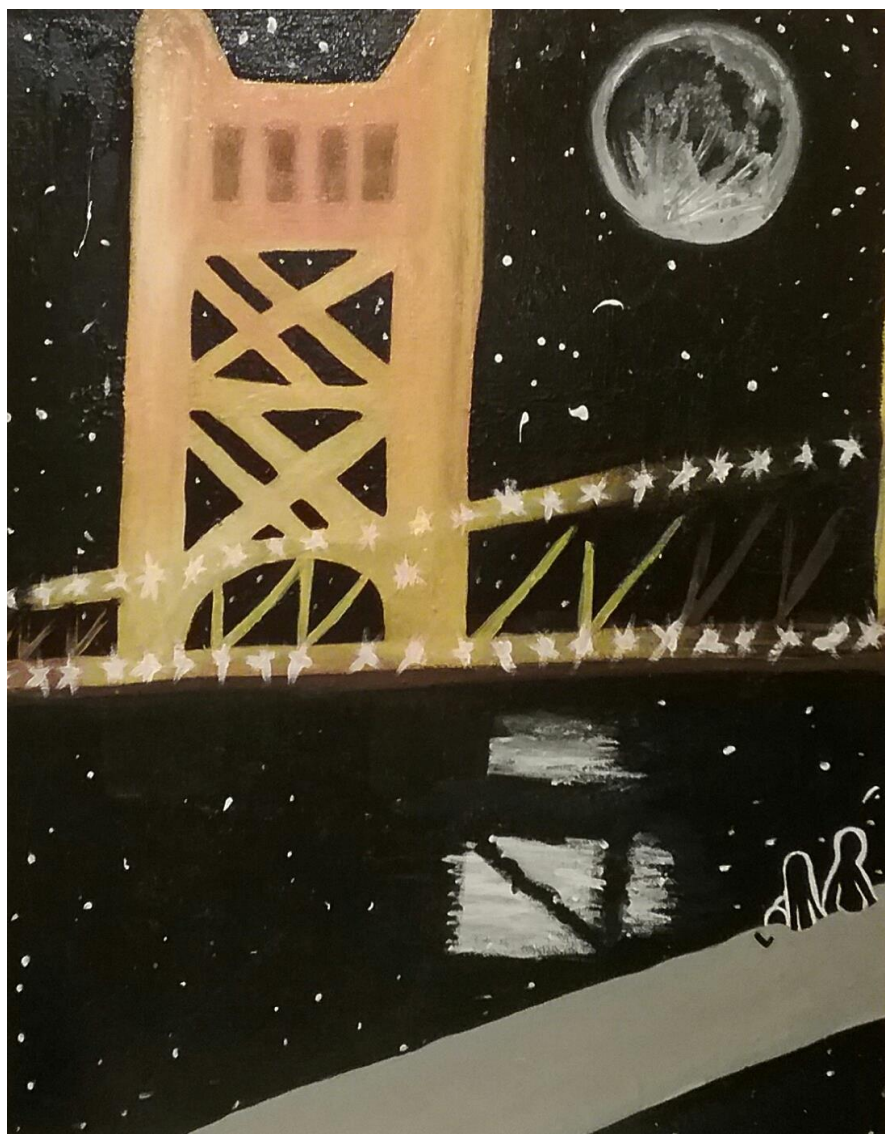


Creation

Acrylic on Canvas by Marisela Montenegro



Howling Crystal Light
Acrylic on Canvas by Marisela Montenegro



Only for the Night

Acrylic on Canvas by Marisela Montenegro



I am the Wolff
Artwork by Mali Wolff

Ignorance

Kyle James Munoz

I hear ignorance
I feel Angry
I wish things could be different.
Although we have made astounding progress
Hatred, Violence, and Discrimination linger.
I am transgender.
I am not a monster.
or an unknown being.
What if?
Someday, I can use the restroom in
public,
Without getting a single obscure glare.
they are fearful.
“My child could be assaulted with those THINGS in the
bathroom.”
I witness, i do not become influenced or confused.
I am who I am
Nothing less, Mostly more.
We are not the enemy.
We are harmless.
We are NOT wrong.
I love who i love,
regardless of the circumstance.
If actions speak louder than words,
I’m screaming from the bottom of my lungs.
I see religion
I hear the executions of teens,

who were excluded and frowned upon for being themselves.

If it's the 21st century,

we'd better get our act together.

While Leelah Alcorn Lays peacefully underground,

Her mother deems her incorrectly.

Disses her from above.

It is vile.

It is cruel.

It is inhumane.

I feel sorrow

I feel ill

I see twisted opinions.

I will not argue against the ridiculously opinionated ignorant,

for i do not have time.

I'm too busy being in love with who I am.

But until my last breath,

I will fight and stand for everyone.

You are a person, nothing about you is abnormal or invalid.

We need to see change.



Photography by Gurtaj Grewal



Artwork by Valentin Duran

Boys

Kyle James Munoz

Boys don't cry

Right?

They're supposed to shrug off every ounce of pain

Never shed a tear; never show weakness

boys will be boys, they say..

I wish I could be one of those boys.

so do some of my brothers, my sisters..

to many, we are normal people

but to so many more...a scientific mystery that is deemed
a disease.

I'm sorry my voice is still high.

I'm sorry my voice isn't high enough.

I wish my chest didn't overhang the way it does,

I wish I had MY chest.

I'm sorry my agony is so easily achieved

I'm sorry your slip up keeps me up at night,

Wondering why I exist

It's not your fault

Why can't I just be real?

I'm told I am

But I look in the mirror and see anger, I see defeat

I wish I had MY voice.

I'm trapped in this god forsaken heat

This unforgiving hurricane of terror

Something that can't be fixed easily

It's a journey full of anger, sadness, dysphoria, and
most of the time pain.

Who would choose that?

I'm sorry brothers, sisters
we're sorry.



Photography by Daniel Rutan-Sprague

Imperfect Equivalent

Jonathan Thompson

I see him staring at me,
That man in the mirror.
I don't recognize him
But he seems so familiar.
There is a light in his eyes,
His lips are turned up in a half-smile.
I feel like I should know him
But he is a stranger to me.
People care about him
They show he matters every day.
His life is precious and meaningful
My life is a waste and forgotten.
No one cares about me
I'm left alone surrounded by my own silence
The light I had within me is gone
A neglected bulb that burnt out and was never replaced
The smile I give is exaggerated
A mask I wear is someone gives me the societal norm of
asking how I am
They want his truth
But only want my lie
His arms stretched out
Hands empty and upturned as if waiting for human
contact
My arms hang at my sides
I feel the weight of the gun in my hands
It's lighter than I thought it would be
It's heavier with the burden I carry

I look into his eyes
They should be my eyes
But we're not the same person
His life was important
My life doesn't - *BANG!*



Photography by Gurtaj Grewal

Cold

Kyle James Munoz

Cold skin

Cold eyes

I wish these eyes could see past the hurt.

I wish i could crawl past out of this soiled, unrealistic,
illusive skin

I wish i could hear things that make me happy

Why can't I be cold?

Be like the frigid air that drifts and wraps around the
trees, lays on my wanting flesh.

I could be like that, I could be the frozen solid January
ground

But the warmth always comes through, encasing and
scalding me for lack of feeling

Why must I be saved? Why can't I just solidify?

Forgiveness is something that is earned, even if it comes
from my heart

I'm not forgetting.

Forgetting the way it burned, the way it held me so tight
and choked my every damned exhale.

The breaths that dared escape my unworthy lungs,
under the sins and monstrosities that came along.

I can't help who I am, I'm sorry

I'm so sorry.



Photography by Daniel Rutan-Sprague

How Can I Love When They Don't Cherish Me?

Savannah Ford

How can I love when they don't cherish me?
I can only try but I might still fall
If this world was empty, where would you be?
I can hold on tight and give you my all
When the time is right, to you I will bring
No matter the distance, to you I go
My heart is full, it's my true well being
Deep in your blue eyes, I can see it too
We will embrace and love with all we have
I hope you would never push me away
You took my whole heart, you cut it in half
I wish we could sail off into the bay
Life only matters when you are in it
It's like you are a vampire who bit



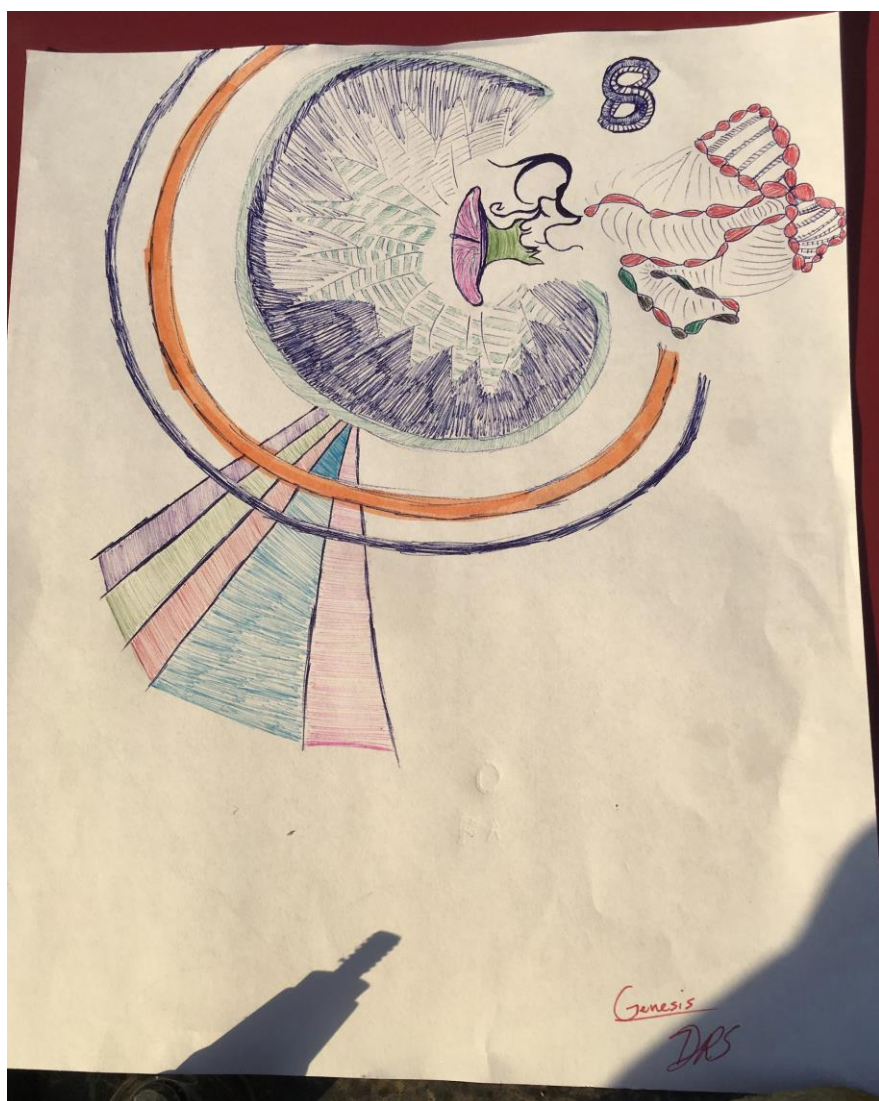
Photography by Christian Martinez

Broken Bottles In the Sand

Marcos Estrada

When I look into those eyes
It's like gazing at the night skies
No matter how hard my heart tries
It can't stop recalling your lies
You just smile when you feel pain
Trying to love, but what did you gain?
Is this all in vain?
What's in your brain?
How do you feel about me?
I'm like a bad simile
With my heart on a killing spree
Killing everyone that replaces me
I want to be the only one you love
Be the only raven you've seen change from a dove
When you see me, what do you think of?
I wanna fit your heart into my hands like a glove
The sound of your words
Is like the sound of birds
While they chirp their sweet music in thirds
Your "I love yous", stampede like herds
But I never listen to what you say
Because I remember the day
That you forced me on my knees to pray
Trying to mold my heart like clay
But in every way, you show violence
By writing me poems in silence
And trying to bring me diamonds
Figuring out what you said wasn't science
Your words came floating to me
Hand written so beautifully
At first it was hard to see
But something in the ocean kept shining at me
The bottle was lopsided and broken

With words that were once spoken
This was my only token
But it was sent with a kiss unspoken
That kiss was like a poison apple
Slapping me in the face like Snapple
I began to grapple
With the memories of your kiss in the chapel
I remember that day clearly
There you stood near me
With ears ready to hear me
But the words I said nearly
Killed all your hopes and dreams
As the words undid your seams
And left you naked, or so it seems
I somewhat felt bad for the streams
That rolled down your beautiful face
I know you thought of me as a disgrace
Because I put you in your place
The night you slapped me in the face
I fell to the ground like I slipped on grease
And you never did cease
To kick me as I yelled please!!!
Now I sit here alone
Like a dog without a bone
Or a melody without a tone
And as a king without a throne
I know you can understand
That those words you wrote with your hand
Travelled to me from a foreign land
And stayed in that broken bottle in the sand.



Genesis
Artwork by Daniel Rutan-Sprague

Hearts Made of Stone

Marcos Estrada

so as i dig deeper into the existence of my soul
i stretch deeper into the heart of my hole
or is it hole of my heart
hold onto my heart
and watch it restart
beating while in the hands of a surgeon
connected to nothing but the atmosphere
hospital staff just trembling in fear
cause they realize they're holding a beating stone
i get up from the bed see my heart has been thrown
broken glass on the floor
denying the sights being shown
they sedate me to gain control
push me down to the gurney
strap me down wrists and all
only moving my head like a mad man
rocking back and forth
yelling to the top of my existing lungs
FIX this hole in my heart
or heart in my hole
i don't know which way to put it
only thing i know is i am not whole
complete
pieces to my mental puzzle missing
watching the blood gush from my wrist
as the straps get tighter
LET ME GO!!!!!!!
i am sane
because of you
i am made to look insane
i am in a denial state of going crazy
and crazy is going me
blaming the doctors

and the past for being me
finally i am unstrapped from this
wrist manipulation
as the blood scabs in maturation
i can still smell the saturation of the blood i left behind
crawling to the floor
finding the stone
but the stone is hard to find
finally i found it
still open with this hole
as i put it back into my chest cavity
i still have not been made whole
damn



Exit Ray

Photography by Daniel Rutan-Sprague

About Your Editors

Chloe Bolanos is a new student at WCC, and is so happy she's going here! She thinks the campus is beautiful and so diverse. Chloe has always been a lover of literature, reading classic novels since she could read. She looks forward to possibly working on another issue 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.

Nik Wood is my name and editing is my game. I grew up in Winters, California. I am currently an active member in the Reading and Writing Club at WCC. Please investigate, if you wish to join the club in Spring 2018. My cat's name is Squirrel. Please help Kevin Ferns out with Issue 11 of this magazine in the spring!

Like to write?

Sign up for Creative Writing Today!



Details at **wcc.yccd.edu**

- English 31: Creative Writing
- For beginners and experienced writers
- Write poetry, short stories, and drama
- Offered Tuesday/Thursday 1:00-2:15 pm in Spring 2018
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