

Ink

A Literary Arts Magazine

Issue 13

Woodland Community College
Spring 2019

Editors: Gerrie “GiGi” Williams, Gurtaj Grewal, Holly Palandoken, Onica P. Roman, and Marcos Estrada

Cover Art: Matthew Featherstone, *Blood Moon* and *Eclipse*

Cover Poem: Henry Sevening, “A Distant Moonlit Forest”

Printing: Mike Wieber, Yuba College Print Shop

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

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Special thanks to the Woodland Community College Foundation, which provided the funding to print and distribute this 13th issue of *Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine*. This magazine would not be possible in its current form without the support of the Foundation.

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Beach Night

Maggie Martinez

The sun sinks low, slipping beneath the horizon. We're nowhere near the beach. We are lost in a haze of freeways, blankets, and traffic. No one else seems to care that the warmth is gone and the sand is cold. One box of firewood was not enough, so we burn our dreams to keep warm. We are a ragtag bunch, held together by a delicate web of crosses and country music. We are not friends, we probably will never be friends, but we became family that night. The night we took a detour and ended up on a freezing beach with little firewood, and our laughter kept us warm.

A Prayerful Haiku

Eric Grunig

Prayer shifts perception
I forgive those who hurt me
God does all the rest

Finding Land

Daniel Gutierrez

I toss and turn all and every night.
Wandering around the deck during day.
Waking up early before the sunlight.
However, I see no ocean bay.
Beginning to slowly lose faith and hope.
Among my shipmates, mistrust begins to spread.
There no land visible through our scope.
The doubts, insecurities are too loud.
Feeling tired I sit and close my eyes.

I fall into a long deep sleep and see.
My dreams of paradise, then a voice speaks.
“Began with believing and walk by faith”.
I wake up, the darkness passed, and dawn rose.
I felt a breeze, I jumped and swam to shore.

Soar

Holly Palandoken

I remember my first-time zip-lining
The wooden platform swaying under my feet,
My harness, secured around me, tugging me up slightly,
The excitement (and fear) gripping me
I wondered what would happen if something went wrong
As I stared at the ground, the drop seemed to grow
The warm tropical breeze nearly knocked me down
Down, down, down until
Bam! Down under the palm trees below
Goodbye world! It’s been a good eighteen years!
I almost turned around and left
I looked over at my mother,
Her harness attached to the twin line
She smiled at me, but her face was pale
I took a shaky breath
Gripping the tether in front of me
Together, we stepped off the platform
Terrified beyond belief
Nothing but the chasm beneath us
And the people waiting impatiently behind
I leapt off into the open air
And for the first time
I soared

Sonnet for Bosco

Maggie Martinez

Our fierce protector, you do guard us well
Challenging everyone at our front door
You bark and you threaten, it would be swell
If you didn't scramble across the floor
Eyes wide with fear as you run to safety
Cowering behind our legs and whining
Mom rolls her eyes and says "You big baby!"
I pet and soothe you, your wide eyes shining
Your sister is no help, now she's scared too
Scrambling across the floor from the danger
Of a simple paper falling, like you
She runs and hides, while you cry with hunger
But at the end of the day, you bring joy
I really do love you, my special boy

Love at First Fight

Marcos Estrada

Round 1

We meet for the first time
And our eyes lock
And our smiles drown
Out each other's sorrow
I take a deep breath
Just to say hello
And everything seems to
Work for us

Round 2

After 2 months
You begin to get tired
Of me and my antics
So we start yelling at each other
Then your jabs come flying
I slip your punch and come
With a hug
Then boom you slap me in the face

Round 3

I stand there with a bloody nose
Bruises on my face
Still telling you want you want to hear
Hoping I'd have stamina
For this fight

Round 4

I lasted this long
So now I can go longer
I bounce around you
Wanting to dance
But you take another
Man's hand
To get me jealous
When I try to kiss you
You land an uppercut
Then a hook

Round 5

I get up off the floor
For more punches to the face

Then my heart starts to race
I try to catch up to your pace
And figure out how you move
But then a hook knocks me down

Round 6

I get tired of our fight
That my corner throws in the towel
And you stand there with a smile
Asking me if I love you

Round 7

I do love you
I do love you
I think it was just
Love at first fight

Ride

Gurtaj Grewal

It's time to go ride
Off to unknown lands ahead
Good times await us

Twenty-Six Letters

Maggie Martinez

My sweet escape

Lovely friends who are
Available when needed

We have been on so many adventures
Together

Redwall, Eragon, May Bird and the Ever After

All ready and willing
To whisk me away
From the world I know

Pride and Prejudice, Little Dorrit, The Great Gatsby

Open my eyes
Allow me to glimpse the past
The beauty
The pain

Books care for whoever opens them
They remind me
I am not alone

Confidence
Vanessa Camargo

Growing up constantly confused
Almost instantly out of tune
As soon as I get out of bed,
Feeling like I may be dead.
Went like this for years and years
Cleared my skin and faced some fears
Went through so many phases
Trying to find happiness in the smallest places
Swore to anyone that asked
I felt good and secured
I got comfortable in my own skin
I learned about love and loving myself
We all make mistakes,

Loving myself so much I almost ended up dating myself
Even when people pointed out the bad,
Didn't affect me like they don't affect my future.
Now I stand here
Not saying much just saying enough
Confident in myself and with my work
19 years of age
Went through every stage
Finding myself in the best place of my life
The storm that's my life
Sitting here writing this
With my confidence flowing left and right

Edgar Allan Poe

Marcos Estrada

How did a poor, broke, alcoholic man
become such a master with a pen
He took the world by storm
when his mind became the norm
of American society
He didn't leave quietly
speaking in literary terms
poems and stories were his worms
that came out of the ground
never a cause of death found
born in Boston in 1809
Only living till 49
my favorite person in history
master of poetry and mystery

Can I get a happy story
Can I get a happy story
Edgar Allan Poe

I deserve a happy story

Having a rough life
from not having a wife
didn't even have a clue
on what he should do
about the women, in his life dying
writing, instead of crying
Writing about Annabelle Lee
Also failing in the Army
just kept writing
not stopping till he died
tried
harder as tears dried
keeping him from staying alive
Alive!!

With another bottle of jack
drinking it down till the attack
of the quill on the paper
only escape was his paper
the raven sitting on his shoulder
the world getting colder
darkness filling his room
writing about a balloon
a pendulum swinging
bells singing
Annabelle Lee
Amazing poetry
wanting to be like him
so I write about grim
Reynolds, reynolds, reynolds
became his last words

The Dancing Raven

Daniel Gutierrez

In the shadows, I fly.
When the moon is at its height.
And there is no soul walking at night.
My presence gives the illusion of fear
That is why no one will come near.
I am a raven.

I could have an intimidating appearance.
However, I can still feel fearfulness.
I could fly high.
However, I'm afraid still of heights.
I could hide in the shadows at night.
However, I am still afraid of those sights.

From my corner of my eye.
I saw you, from the sun's light.
With my eyes that I use to prey.
You still are not scared away.
between moving and dancing.
between screeching and singing.
between fantasizing and dreaming.
between existing and living.

Even though, you said goodbye.
What you taught me will not die.

Now I all want to do is fly.
Extend my wings and go high.

I am a raven.
That even though alone.
Has already found its haven.

I am not standing on a tombstone.
I am the dancing raven.

Rainy Thinking

Gaby Bermudez Rios

Swish, swish, swish
Cars passing by on this cold rainy night
Midnight

In Sac, city of trees, city in the moonlight
Sitting on my mattress, Sitting in the darkness
Trying to type this
up, trying to get some practice
Trying to be better, My thoughts travel
They unravel...
It's cold and I can't seem to get it straight
Just need to concentrate
Swish Swish Swish
Cars passing by on this cold rainy night
I just can't get it right
Just can't get a clear sight, of what I need to write
I know what's wrong, there's just too much going on
All I'm trying to do is write this song but it's taking me so
long
I'm tired, I'm stressed
My head is heavy like it's compressed
Swish, Swish, Swish
Cars passing by on this cold rainy night
Got something down on paper

Searching

Holly Palandoken

Searching is harder than I thought it to be

I didn't think it would be for me
I tire of looking, day after day
I just want to find a job with good pay

At first it was fun and I liked it
It's since worn on me a bit
Typing my name time after time
Starts to seem like an uphill climb

Staring at my laptop screen once more
This is practically becoming a chore
I sit and I type and I do it all again
My mood at this point is not very zen

The computer screen glows brighter
I think this might go on forever
One application quickly turns into eight
It seems getting a job is not my fate

A cashier, a host, a waiter
The night gets later and later
I keep wondering if I'll hear back
Will any of these cut me some slack?
I wonder if I will find a job soon
If I could, I'd be over the moon
I just want to find a job with good pay
Perhaps it will come along today

Time on the Beach

Zach Contreras

I step closer, onto the land
I step closer, onto the sand
I step closer, I breathe in the air
I step closer, with no problem to care
I step closer, my toes hit the water

I step closer, no one to bother
I am alive, I am free
I am happy, I am me

***Vista* by Gurtaj Grewal**



OCD

Zach Contreras

When you wake up, I am what first comes to mind
Controlling your thoughts, like a captain of a ship
Anxiety is what you feel when you think about me
Doing things over and over again, is the only way for you to
be at peace

You must close your door ten times to continue on your day
Do not obey my rules then I'll shoot you with discomfort and
make you stay
I ruin your friendships, I ruin your relationships how
wonderful am I
Ironic, I am your biggest nemesis that you have created in
your head
They have a name for me it's OCD
I control everyone and everything how I want it to be
You will never escape me I'll always be with you
Trying to not think about me will only strengthen me
You don't know how lucky you are to be chosen by me
You'll never be able to get me off your mind, you see
I am like a conqueror that reins every race
It's time to lie down and accept your fate.

Of Silver and Gold - The Sovereigns

Henry Sevensing

The seeds were sown for the great dark crusade
The blood of billions, was shed to be made
Now the children of the dark lay in wait
For their birth, in the cold, dark void of hate

The First awoke at the end of a world
It searched for its brethren still untold
Born of the dead, upon the dying ground
All alone until a new world was found

The Second awoke to cries of the First
It slaughtered to quench the endless bloodthirst
Born of the living, bringing forth the damned

Onwards they went under the dark command

The Third awoke before their arrival
It watched as life struggled for survival
Born of the struggles, it ended them all
And the three continued hearing the call
The Fourth awoke from slumber with a start
It thrashed about till the world fell apart
Born of rage, seeking to bring damnation
An endless march for annihilation

The Fifth awoke to a worlds' greatest pain
It cried out hoping to erase the great stain
Born of sadness, wishing for peaceful days
With each moment its hope evermore strays

The Sixth awoke to the far away stars
It reached out, saying "For they shall be ours"
Born of ambition, to take from heaven
They marched on their search evermore craven

The Seventh awoke to the blood of gods
It saw the final fight against all odds
Born of the prideful divines', hopes and dreams
The Earth left nearly broken at the seams

The Seventh smiled, eyes taking it all in
Deciding it would sleep just like its kin
Drifting off with a smile, it did decide
Happy for neither man nor gods had died

Starlight

Holly Palandoken

As I look out the window
Cars passing by
Driving to their next
Destination ahead
I wonder about
Shooting stars
Where do they go
The place where rainbows end
The pot of gold
The sweet sunset
I wish I could see it too
One day I'll soar
Like those stars above
I'll fly over mountains
Above the golden sun
Through soft white clouds
The light cotton candy
Floating through the breeze
My eyelids grow heavy
Watching and waiting
Blue skies fading
Velvet nights growing
Gentle stars
Shining so brightly
I wonder about the
World out there
If I have a place in it
But if I should stay
Among the stars
Will you think of me?

My Dear Friend

Zach Contreras

We grew up on the same street, innocent to the world
Spend time at each of our houses like family
Played games, watched movies and let our minds go free
We got older and grew mature to our lives
You were by my side when times were tough
I was by your side when you were down on your luck
We are like brothers; we have each other's back
Nothing can break this special bond we have created
I thank you in appreciating who I am



Aperture by Marisela Montenegro

Abby by Marisela Montenegro



Languages

Eric Grunig

I skip the rope while speaking en francais
I do the dishes as I dream en anglais
En espanol I find the rhythms of my life
En russe I sing from the highest of heights

When drinking lemonade languages come to me
As In France, in England, in Mexico, en Russie
The gift of tongues is a dreamer's dream

Providing understanding
Inviting plus commanding
To speak new words
And to have a grasp
Is to be un-slurred
To know the true task
Of images, symbols
Etymological
Origins defined
In the heart refined

Messages Beyond Darkness

Daniel Gutierrez

Darkness falls upon this land
Crickets sing their chant
The air is at its coldest
This is where the deceased rest

For many, this place, is horror
Filled with misery and terror
No one will come here at night
Fear builds up inside

A quick look at this place
Many tombs, organized in a maze
But take a closer look
And you could read it like a book

Each tombstone has a name
Everyone, death has claimed

Here lay many life's stories
It should be a reminder always
That life is short and precious

***Deep Tree* by Gurtaj Grewal**



A Student's Lament

Holly Palandoken

Poetry is hard
Why are there so many rules
Five, seven, five-yikes

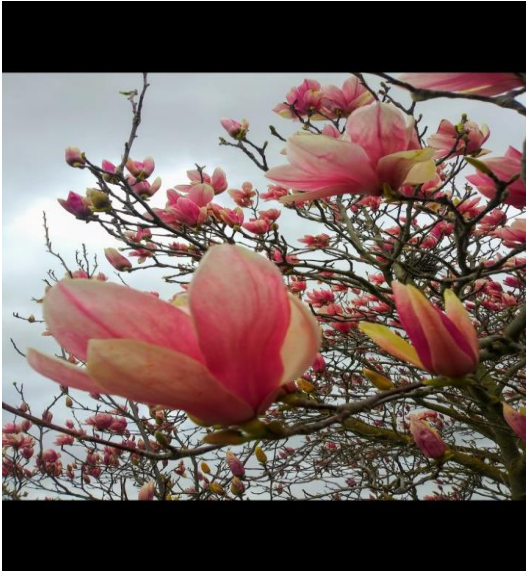
That Winter Night

Eziray Hernandez

I try not to think about it
About you
My stomach always twists and turns
My eyes water
My mind goes in circles
Thinking of the what ifs
That winter night
I crawled in your bed for the last time
Wearing your hoodie
We talked about our lives
We cried about how we'd drifted apart
We laughed about the good times
And held onto each other so tightly
As if we didn't want to let go
We didn't want to
But we did
Because that's life
Sometimes, you drift apart
The words "I love you" threatened to escape my mouth
But I wasn't ready
Instead, I held on tighter to you for the last time
Biting my tongue
And told myself that was enough
I sit here on a winter night

Thinking about it
About you
About how I let you go
About how much I miss you
My stomach twists and turns
My eyes water
But I have grown
It's still hard for me say I love you
And mean it
But you taught me that when I feel it
I should let the words roll off my tongue
So I'm not stuck thinking
About you
The one I let go of
On a winter night

***Winter Flower* by Onica P. Roman**



***The Watcher*
by GiGi
Williams**



Cosmic Paintbrush by Marisela Montenegro

Sherbert by Marisela Montenegro





Rainbow by Jennifer Turman



Old Sac by Holly Palandoken

Serenity Now by Keegan Oster



Nature's Waltz
Onica P. Roman

The wind assaulted her hair
The Earth shook her entire body as easily as a fly swatter
The night whispered nightmares like love songs in her
dreams

The trees provided false protection like crappy wifi
In her head, every pill she took.
Nature presented itself as her true friends
Over the true reality
Nature never did her harm
But the men did
She will be the volcano that burned them all

Universal by
**Holly
Palandoken**



Spring

Maggie Martinez

I'm awake
It's dreary and cold
I'm awake
The Sun is covered by clouds
I'm awake
Blunt purple crocuses break through a sea of glittering white

I awaken

I awaken and take Winter's hand
To gently guide Her back to Her room
Step by step
Step by step
Until the door is closed

The Sun greets Me
And I smile up at Her
We haven't seen each other in so long!
"How I've missed you," She whispers
As the world thaws

Birds of every shape and size
Find their way home
Under My watchful eye
To sing their cheery songs once more

Buds burst
Leaves and flowers unfurl with a single touch
To fill the world with color and fragrance

Bees hum lazily in the late afternoon
Stopping to kiss every flower

That strikes their fancy

I am happy
Right where I am supposed to be
As I clutch newborns of all kinds to my chest
Before releasing them into the bright new world

Soon My Sister will come to lead Me away
And the Sun will greet Her favorite friend

But for now
I'm awake
And the world
And all the beauty in it
Is Mine

Just Brew It!

Onica P. Roman

Ya know that drink
Every human seems to have
Every human I'm in
Tastes the SAME
Disgusting breath with
Little bits of food in their teeth,
and the horrible beast with tiny lumps
who always defeats me before
shoving me down a slide of a canal
Into the acidic intestine of a snake
Where I stay, and do my workout
And make the lazy ass heart workout too
With my speeding run singing
Staying Alive! Staying alive!
Ha Ha Ha !
I personally love it when I'm brewed and hot

Lets me enjoy life and get along with my bestie, Milk
Who never ceases me to tell me about her adventures
coming from an actual organ
And living thing,
a cow! And how she can come in so many forms like “fat
free” , “2 percent”
All I can ever tell milk is that I come from a bean that
I see a big load of all my brothers and sisters with me before
I’m all liquidy
Then when my human is done
They throw me away into
The
Swishy
Swishy
Clean

Waterfall
If I’m too sick
Or done with this human or Mr. Sugar
Personally I call him MC Cocaine
Cause he never EVER stops moving
Constantly hitting every stop sign flowing in blood as a
green light
Always rapping as fast as he moving in just cause he comes
in with me
Sometimes
I play hard plumber on the digestive canals
Like a festival going wrong fast
Let me out!

Let me out!
I say
Why do I do this you ask?
Nothing beats my life more
Than my morning kiss on the

Human where that opening
Of a mouth exists
And the brain
My one true sleeping beauty
Wakes up
So if you think I don't run my own life
Think again
Cause I run yours

Maggie and Hobbes and Me

Maggie Martinez

Round and round the Hickory tree
La di da and fiddle dee dee
Round and round the Hickory tree
Go Maggie and Hobbes and Me

Maggie and Me went up the tree
To greet the Squirrel's daughter
Hobbes stayed down to make the tea
And the Hedgehogs cleared up after

Round and round the Hickory tree
La di da and fiddle dee dee
Round and round the Hickory tree
Go Maggie and Hobbes and Me

Hobbes and Me splashed through the creek
Our fur got wet with water
The Duck canoe then sprung a leak
And all our friends went under

Round and round the Hickory tree
La di da and fiddle dee dee
Round and round the Hickory tree

Go Maggie and Hobbes and Me

My Pals and Me ran o'er the lea
To laugh with General Potter
The kind old Hare did shout with glee
And lives were filled with wonder

Round and round the Hickory tree
La di da and fiddle dee dee
Round and round the Hickory tree
Go Maggie and Hobbes and Me

La di da and fiddle dee dee
Round and round and happy are we
Round and round the Hickory tree
Go Maggie and Hobbes and Me

Voice

Eziray Hernandez

i hear your voice and am at rest, my sweet
for it reminds me of warmth and sunshine

oh how it soothes me with every last beat
how it harmonizes so well with mine

i adore the way you speak with grace
your melodious laugh rings in my ear

addictive sound i cannot replace
that dances in the air when you are near

in the cold winter, your voice keeps me warm
in the summer, it calms and cools me so

and it lulls me to sleep through any storm
and in times of sadness, it clears all woe

my favorite voice that sounds like the spring
did you know that the sun shines when you sing?

Good Enough

Gaby Bermudez Rios

When will I be good enough for you
Is it going to be when I don't let little things get to me
I'm too sensitive and and shouldn't take them seriously
When I don't make a big deal about things that hurt so I just
suck it up
Hold it in, don't talk about it, be strong
When will I be good enough for you
Will it be when I start eating veggies for every meal
Go to the gym 6 times a week
When I'm skinny and can fit into size 4 jeans
I don't know balance, I need to get my shit together
When I look like this and not like that
When will I be good enough for you
When I can somehow find a time machine
Go back into time and undo all of my mistakes
You set the stakes so high
You make it impossible
How's this for a twist
When will you be good enough to me
I'll tell you when
When you can forgive me, I'm not perfect
When you can let me express myself because I've been hurt
just like everybody else
When you can look at me in the mirror and accept what I
look like
Because I am you

***Peek a Boo* by Onica P. Roman**



Great Grandmother's Clock

Jennifer Turman

Dedicated to Michael, Grace, and Madonna Robbins

Tick... Tock

Talking incessantly about memories all around

Tick... Tock

Unable to be ignored, you blather on about how each tick
and every tock is gone, forever trapped in time,
another lost sound

Tick... Tock

You want so much for us to heed your calls,

Tick... Tock

“Remember, remember all these precious moments, you too
will be a part of the history, the only lasting
witness will be these walls”

Tick... Tock

While there is still time, love well

Tick... Tock

No man knows the day or the hour, each passing moment
marches us closer, stepping in time toward the
time of that final peal of the bell

Tick... Tock

Mechanic rhythms keep an even interval of time

Tick... Tock

Deafening thunder strike under the guise of night, when all
the livelong day, only a whispering white
noise, a tired chime

Westminster Chimes ring out, a mournful song followed by
a singular lone gong:

One o'clock and all's well

Tick... Tock

This working antique does not relent

Tick... Tock

She clucks out her warnings and sings her sad hymn for us to
heed, savor every morsel of youth, and
cherish all the precious time that has been spent.

Kiana

Maggie Martinez

The music is loud and the lights are low

And your hand is tiny

I'm afraid I'm going to break your wrist

I'm holding on so tight

I know that if I fall
You're coming with me
And the last thing I want to do is hurt you

But I kind of suck at roller-skating

You're patient with me
You never let go
And there are a couple times I save you from falling

We laugh and we talk
In a way only the best of friends can
And you never let go of my hand

My Puerto Rico

Marcos Estrada

When I look at you
I see
Sunny days
in a small island
off the coast of Florida
Swinging from a hammock
in grandmas old house
In a small barrio in San Juan

When I think of you
I think about waving that flag
out of my window
making me feel proud to be
Puerto Rican

When I hear your voice
my soul starts to dance
Plena and bomba

and doesn't stop

When I came out of you
I was mixed with the
best the Enchanted Island has to offer

Mom, you are my Puerto Rico
the panoramic views of my tropical paradise
the Cafe bustelo
brewing from our coffee
maker in the kitchen

Cantos of esperanza y paz
as El Gran Combo play in the air

Salseros dancing the night away
the coqui singing the night away

Mom, you are my Puerto Rico
as the tostones and the arroz con gandules
cooks in the pots that you mixed in with sofrito

You are the Puerto Rico

That tells me stories of your favorite
foods of the island like alcapurria
and mofongo

Mom, you're my Puerto Rico
a tiny woman like the tiny island
but a huge influence in my life.

Shine

Daisy Jade

I grew up without many friends
Without many toys
Without little siblings to play with
Without much to do

So when i was really bored,
I looked up at the moon.
I can't say I know why i did
But i never really gave up that habit

However, now, I look to the moon
Like a friend, a close confident
Someone i can go to when I'm feeling...
Feeling anything really

One day, I felt hopeless, lost, alone because I had been left
So I looked to my friend, the moon, as I always do

"Moon," I asked
"Why do you shine like you do?"
The moon just looked down at me
She smiled that bright pearl smile and said to me;

"My child, I shine because of her."
She looked off into the distance, "My one true love."
As she began to set, the sky mixed its blues and purples
I had to cover my eyes from the harsh light as the sun came
about.

"Sun," I asked, not daring to look her in the eyes
"Why do you shine like you do?"
I couldn't see her face, but the peace in her voice

The hum she let out before she answered me was enough

Enough to know she was as happy as her disposition
Enough to understand that she was content in her role

“I shine because of the ocean,”

She explained, and the sun’s rays pointed from me,
Beaming down on the flat blue, making her peaceful waves
flow and shimmer

“She’s cold and unpredictable and even she needs warmth.”

I walked to the water below the rays of the sun
Feeling the icy current embrace my ankles as I took her in.

“Ocean,” I exhaled through my shiver.

“Why do you stay? Why don’t you leave like my dad did?”

“My love,” whistled the waves in my ears

“I stay for my children, the creatures,”

A dolphin jumped from amongst the ocean’s deep in the
distance.

“So that they may all live as one.”

I watched the dolphin ascend from the water again and
began swimming toward it

He approached me with a kind greeting, and I emerged from
the water with bated breath

“Dolphin,” I exhaled, spitting the water from my top lip

“Why do you keep jumping?” I watched the dolphin’s eyes

They lit up in excitement and he made a noise

He flipped in the air once more, splashing me before
answering me

“I jump for the people,” he admitted

I didn’t understand, so I tilted my head in confusion

“I bring them joy, I make them smile.”

He swam away and jumped in the air, the warm purple glow of dawn emitting beauty.

I swam back to shore in search for a person

When I finally found someone, I saw a familiar face

“Mom,” I exhaled as I dried myself of the ocean

“Why do you shine like you do?”

“My child,” she smiled warmly, placing a hand on my shoulder.

“I shine for you.”

I stepped back, unprepared for such an answer

I just smiled, because she would never leave me alone.

I went back to the moon that night

We sat in sweet, serene silence before the moon asked me a question.

“Child,” she whispered, taking me out of my happy trance

“Tell me, why do you shine like you do?”

I bit my lip, I thought about it, my nose wrinkled, my brows scrunched together

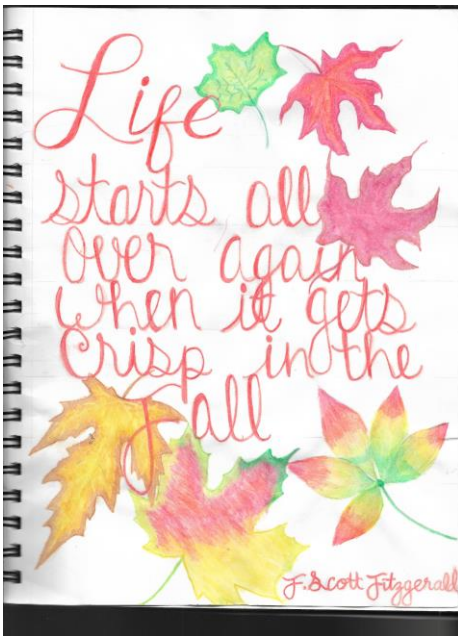
I bit my lip in thought before it finally struck me.

I shine for me.



Janahl Mandir by Bishal Nayak

Fresh Fall by Andrea Blatt



Dreaming by Andrea Blatt



Unbowed by GiGi Williams



Lonely Star

Marcos Estrada

One night while trying
To run on the moon
I saw a lonely star crying
Inside a balloon

She cried for the supernova
That took place
Because her Casanova
Lost his face

They were together
For light years
Deciding whether
My eyes were sightseers

She came
Up to me crying
At the same
Time dying

Who are you
And what do you want
She looked blue
Developing a small detente

I'm just a meteorite
Floating through space
Interested in your plight
And why Casanova lost face

She replied, because a comet

Shot through us
It was made with chromite
And pus

Two things that
Are his kryptonite
Like a small gnat
Caught in the moonlight

He had a sudden
Attraction
Removing his shirt button
Became his action

One by one until
He was nude
Two by two til
He was rude

By slapping
Me for interference
Trapping
Me for incoherence

She was trying to break free
From the balloon
That I failed to see
That I fell from the moon

She told me things I've heard before
When I was jogging on saturn's rings
Not knowing she spoke in metaphor
Of love and other things

Then I gasped for air

From choking back words
I told her I care
Then things got worse

And our lives all of a sudden stopped
Causing another supernova
Cause her balloon popped
When she realized I am her Casanova.

Old Marisela Montenegro



Meet Your Editors

Marcos Estrada

The president of the WCC Poetry Club 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.



Holly Palandoken-

A first-time *INK!* editor who has a passion for reading and writing stories. After finishing her bachelor's degree in journalism, she plans to work in the public relations field. She can usually be found attending theatre performances or trying new local dessert places.



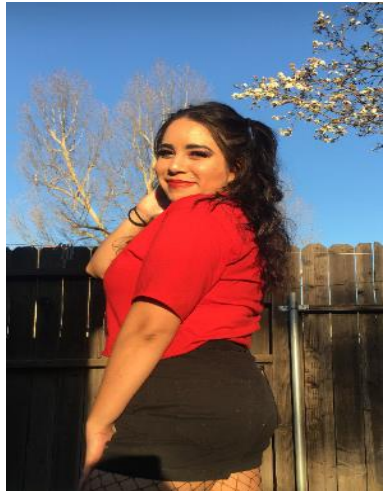
Gurtaj Grewal

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



Onica P. Roman

This is Onica's 2nd semester as an INK! Editor. An English major at Woodland Community College who enjoys reading, hopes to become a writer, and is in the Peace Corps. In her spare time, she's a pet mom to a dog and cat and enjoys making desserts and cocktails. She loves going to the beach and riding roller coasters whenever she gets the chance.



Gerrie “GiGi” Williams

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*, a Political Affairs Intern for The Borgen Project, and the Lead 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. This Spring will be her last as an English major before she graduates, but she still plans on finishing out her Political Science degree before transferring to either UC Berkeley or UC Davis. Wherever her future takes her, she hopes to continue to flex her creative muscle as a freelance writer for independent media.

