

Ink

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Magazine*
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Woodland Community College
Marcos Estrada

The Eagle soars above the palm trees
Down the long walkway
Its perch is in the center
Where many Eagles come to hang
From the trees and rest their wings
The Eagle's busy day takes it
Along the path of greatness
It shoots above the stars
When it achieves its goals
The only place this happens
is WCC
The place where Eagles fly free
Free to spread its wings
and be all it can be
The building's a perfect home
for the Eagles to roam
To complete their tasks
With every subject from Accounting to Math
The Eagle's home is a perfect path
Another time the Eagle flies free
Is when it has graduated to infinity.

Pain in Each Letter

Esther Kwon

An imbecile invalid
Burned through a box of sudafed
Coughing, choking, kicking and screaming
Definitely distressed, eyeballs steaming
Everything in this bed
Features of you dead
Gasping for air I feel
Hatred towards this deal
I welcome this devastating feeling
Just hope for one day of healing
Kill my pain away
Leaving those thoughts at bay
Maybe one day I'll be fine
Not forgetting the route that is mine
Omit this neglect
Pills to help me forget
Quench my pain, long into the night
Risk all but your fright
Sinking feeling, wishing, dreaming
Tough it out, go out beaming
Utilize the hurt and the pain
Violence is not the gain
Wizard said "you shall not pass"
Xanthippe told Socrates "I don't care about your ethos, logos,
or pathos"
You refuse to acknowledge what you have done
Zero tolerance because you thought you won

She has that look...
Onica Perez Roman

You know, like, that look.
The eyes of a heroine
A tragic heroine
Graceful yet strong
The eyes that have fallen many a time
And still continue to fall if you look deep enough in her eyes
The look of a power that she waits for no one
That she won't be disappointed
Cause she'll get shit done on her own
Cabrona pero suavcita
She waits for no one
She prefers familiars over people
Netflix over getting up for church
A beautiful onion
She calls herself
She has layers
Eyes so sad yet locked
Look so powerful yet lost

She has that look...

Love

Lucila Garrido

Love is simple
Love is sweet
Love is pure

Love is dirty
Love is raw
Love is sure

Love is passion
Love is loss
Love is change

Love is vision
Love is costly
Love is strange

Love is love
Love is luck
Love endures

Love survives
Changing tides
Uninsured

Love can hurt
Love can tear
And it can burn

But to love another
one must love oneself
before for sure.

Untitled *Lyrical*
Theodore Sayers

There for an hour, couldn't stay,
but still remember that single day.
Eyes of innocence the world hadn't taken,
What I felt for you was so unshaken.
Thinking about that grin stretched wide,
in love with the world, nothing to hide,
I remember why I love you so,
why I won't be the one to let go.
Because girl you make my life worth living,
even the worst times just so forgiving.

Freedom Given to Us
Juan Duran

Poetry allows for people to express themselves
To allow strangers into their world
And experience just what goes on in there.

To see the world from their perspective
To see how vast the ocean is to them
Or how beautiful the birds chirp in the morning

It allows for a person to express their disdain for a
person or thing.
Or express the sorrow that is brought onto to them
by life's cruel fate.

Poetry allows for a person to be themselves without
chains binding them.

I-Miss-You Issues and Misused Tissues

Haley Goodell

My wife says that I have commitment issues, but
What she doesn't understand is that I want her write my
name on her hand in marker
So that everyone knows that she's mine...
But nothing is permanent,
Even if the marker says so...
Instead, I want her unstable future
She says that I have problems with emotional availability,
But what she doesn't know is that I am gasping for air
Every time her crooked nose brushes my neck as she pulls me
in closer,
Locks of pure fire cover my face
And I gaze at the way that the blue screen of the television at
3:27am
Makes the gold highlights dance along the curve of my
shoulder
In childlike wonder
Actually, I am gasping for air because her hair is covering my
face and I can't breathe as she snores through her crooked
nose in my ear
My wife says that I have problems with emotional availability,
but
She doesn't understand that I don't
Need her most intimate parts
Instead
I want her freckled elbows
And her black n blue knees from slipping one too many times
in her tap shoes.
I want her corners,
And her ridges because I watch in awe of
How perfectly they fit with my jagged edges.

I want her fingertips because
Nothing has ever felt as feather light,
Or as heavy with something so raw as her fingers running
through my hair.
I want the curve of her jaw that my thumb always finds its
way back to, to wipe a stray tear
I want Her eyelashes that frame a depthless void of the first
Give
And take
that I have ever experienced
I want all of her;
I want the parts that no one else has taken the time to
appreciate.
I need her to explore with me the parts of humans that we
can't explain
What I cannot say to her because my peanutbutter words are
catching in my throat
What I can't say because the insomniac banshee that resides
in my brain
Screams that she'll leave me too
That screaming drowns out the thoughts that I want her to
know...
I want her to take all of my secrets:
To leave me bare.
My wife says that I have commitment issues
So for now
I'll write her name on my hand in marker
Because I
Am
Hers.

Says the Fix-it-Man
Lisa Acevedo

I open my heart
for you to see.
Very carefully,
I unfold it before you.
Look, but don't touch
it can all hurt so much,
and trust me
the pain is easy to be.

I reach for your hand.
You understand.
I reach for the man
that I want to live inside of me,
but he's not near,
yet quite far away,
and sometimes
he even disappears entirely.

I cry a tiny bit,
and a tiny bit dies
to realize
that he can't live
just beside me.

It happens so quick,
a total disconnect,
a brief sigh,
a mumbled
she can't be fixed
says the fix it man.

Mother

Bethany Cabrera

Your hazel eyes are the land I live in.
Your voice so soft, like a hurricane tide.
From those who look at us with snarky grins.
Wrinkles are the crevasses where I hide.

Your personality, feather pillows.
Cotton candy ideas fill your ears.
Your fingers wrapped in my hand like gift bows.
Your nails are as long as your wit in years.

You're as tall as a Lord of the Rings dwarf.
Hair as full as space, just some things are around.
Sometimes you smell like a fisherman's wharf.
Your sarcasm hits often out of bounds.

Regardless of flaws, I'll always love you,
Even though in public you act askew.

Wheels

Theodore Sayers

He grabs his board and steps outside stroking the sandpaper with his fingertips and the smooth wood with his thumb.

the metal door clangs behind him,

the indescribable bitterness that he associates with that sound, perhaps a result of the biting wind he always feels hitting his face the moment after he hears it.

he starts toward school, his board hitting the street, and he propels himself forward.

thinking nothing of his life at that moment, save for that he is freezing cold and just so uncomfortable

In this moment, he is at peace.

his life finally devoid of the deeper problems he thinks forever plaguing his mind.

Shoe Addict

Lorena Arizaga

Adidas are known for their three stripes
Back all the way to the famous eighties
Converse remind me of my middle school years
DC's are always strolling on wheels
Etnies were a thing - do they still exist?
Fila back now, got you feeling like Godzilla
Gucci shoes for the famous
Hey, I love shoes, I own twenty-two
I actually need to buy a new pair
Jordans are a hype
KD's have my attention
Lively bright colors and variety
Most of my shoes are black, gray or red. In some cases, a
 combination of three
Never say no to new shoes
One would say it's an addiction
Rain boots are some shoes I need
Seriously would look funny with them on
Tanjun Nikes, I own three
Ugg slippers are my home comfy pair
Vans are my favorite, no other shoe can compare
We go back to 2003
X's mean nothing to me but I'd kill to have my first pair of
 high top V's
Ziploc my feet if it wouldn't make people laugh at me.

Folded Wings

Christian Martinez

I sit here alone with folded wings
Afraid to discover what life will bring

Never have I been one to reach out above
Afraid to be myself, as a caged dove.

Though my personality is convoluted, mixed, and strange
It will always be this way, and will never change

Thus, as a newborn bird, learning to fly
I sit here determined, dreaming the sky

So, I sit here alone with folded wings
Afraid but excited for what my life will bring.

My Love

Bethany Cabrera

I look at you,
Broken one too many times.
Someone's puppy left out in the cold too long.
Someone's half can of Coke left out in the sun too
long.
Someone left out in the world alone for too long.
I want to bring you into my safe embraces.
Break you into all the right pieces,
So that they perfectly fit mine.
I want us to stay together.
Like the sticky stains on wooden benches.

The Executioner
Tanner Cunningham

By royal decree, and God's own good wish
For I am to flay a man like a fish
They sent me to fulfill a task of note
Or whatever the monks had surely wrote
With their quills and meals in a brown clay dish

I am to wear my hooded veil of black
And sharpen the finest blade of my rack
Then go make my way to the Holy Land
That they call Jerusalem, the land of sand
To lay another head on a plaque

The new chopping block rests a heretic
For his devilish deeds did not quite stick
As he thought Mohammed would protect him
But he'll lose his most cherished, mindful brim
To my sharp blade that will fall mighty quick

Oh Lord, help the meek people of the world
For the might of Beelzebub is unfurled.

Puerto Rican
Angeli Flores

How rich is it to be able to say
That I am Puerto Rican,
I fell in love with my land
About my culture and my people
If you are Boricua you feel
Just like I'm feeling.
I thank the heavens,
Because it was in this place
Where I opened my eyes
To see the sun and learn to love
Surrounded by palm trees
And the most beautiful blue sea
Where there is always an excuse
To start the party and bring joy
And from hit to hit
A village is being built,
I fell in love with my land
About my culture and my people
It does not matter if you are on the island
Or here as I well away
When that flag goes up
Our chest is inflated
I will always be remembering
My Puerto Rican Island

I Am

Marianna Shaw

I am Mexican
I am also American
A beautiful mix of two cultures
It's hard to find my place

I balance between not being White enough
Or not Brown enough
I struggle through Spanish but love the language

I love both my cultures
The beautiful traditions of my Abuelos
The history of my grandparents

Two amazingly different struggles
Blessing one woman
One life

I am Mexican
I am American
A beautiful mixture

Feel the Vibrations

Esther Kwon

The oomph of a single word
Equates to a mighty sword
Potential to weigh a ton
Or light like a crouton
Destroy your whole existence
Creating a dark distance
Becoming that single glove
Push you to search for your love
Steal, robbing you of it all
Curse you, leaving you to fall
Rename your entire being
Your physical being will start fleeing
Explore, conquer the uncharted
Each word meant to be wholehearted
The author's experience and life put into words
Like Hendrix with his eyes closed, plucking each chord

A Love Letter to Ethnic Studies

Marcos Estrada

Dear Ethnic Studies,
I still remember the first day we met
I sat in that class to learn about you,
where I came from and where my people have been
your class was filled with many faces
Of all the beautiful souls from many different places
Our bodies intertwined to climb our ethnic roots
Absorbing the stories of our ancestors
and the struggles they overcame in their boots
We sat there in amazement, at all the things we've heard
where, we learned that discrimination, racism, and hatred
became actions and not just a word
Ethnic Studies, you are a majestic eagle, not just any bird and
we are your feathers
Connected and united as one
to help you become and fly through the masses
so continue to educate us with your classes
Educate the white, on what they've done wrong
and what they've done right
How their mentalities can change
and their spirits rearrange
Teach the African Americans, that no matter the pain
they've endured their voices will still be heard
From being enslaved and treated as less
Help them understand, they can rise from the mess
Spoken with love from a Taino man,
To my Latino brothers and sisters,
Separated from each other by greed and evil men,
"MANOS PA'RRIBA HASTA QUE TOQUEN LOS CIELOS"
To the Asians, that were mistreated and left behind
I hope one day you'll find

that they too are loved by you
We will ALL unite and become one,
ALL the people from those many places
Teach us to put a smile on our faces
because when you come, Ethnic Studies
you will gather us up
From wherever we came
And teach us that we are all the same
No matter the class, religion or race
We've all come to this place
Where, even though our blood was shed
And our tears have flooded the Earth
Teach us to truly know our worth
We've grown from concrete and the soil
To become the flowers that display
All the beauty after the turmoil
So Ethnic Studies, this is my love letter to you,
As I stand here in the original territories of the Wintun
homeland
Ethnic Studies, I love and adore the way you reach us
So Ethnic Studies teach us!!
Come, and teach us!!

The Table

Jason Turk

A five year old boy once sat here
dribbling over some papers,
thinking about
the alphabet,
addition,
and subtraction.
Etching into the table.

A ten year old boy once hated here
as he witnessed his father
explain what cancer was
and why grandma couldn't be around for Thanksgiving.
The rubble of his father's crumbling tower
stained the table

A twelve year old boy once loved here
as a bronze ball of fur
made himself a foot warmer,
licking at dollops of food
stuck against the legs of the table.

A fifteen year old boy once shivered here
as he imagined what a divorce would be like.
The silence between the two countries,
creating another Cold War,
froze the table.

An eighteen year old boy once thought here,
about his parent's coldness,
about his pup's warmth,
about his grandma's dying light.

About the alphabet
addition
subtraction.
And about how,
eighteen years later,
this table still stands.

Bio Class
Juan Duran

A cool spring breeze awakes my memories
Of the time we shared in late October.
The time we shared felt more like centuries
Ago than the truly short mediocre
Months we spent together in bio class.
First not friends, not even acquaintance yet
But with passing of time labs became bliss
With your presence right beside me I fret
Not. For your blissfully perfect smile drew
My attention from the lab work's despair
Giving reassurance of what I knew
And helping me see everything so clear.
Though this blissful semester wouldn't last
And by spring all that would be in the past.

The Abecedarius
Melissa Perez

Afternoon skies remind me of a bleeding sun
Before it dimmed out and faded into ebony
Careful not to forget where you are
Distractions come easy when sitting before the sun
Elongated nights and sharp cold air
Future events remain uncertain
Greater things still unnoticed
Here to describe all my surroundings
I see you nowhere near
Judging me from up above, the clouds so mighty
Kneeling at the water's edge, knife in my hands
Life drips from my eyes - I am transparent
My mind is a jumble plagued with thought
No matter the time there seems to something up
Options I never thought I had
Problems I never thought I'd face
Questioning is this is the path I'd like to take
Resisting to flee, I take a breath
Surely I shouldn't make impulsive decisions like this
Trusting strangers rather than those I hold close
Unusual acts have led me down the wrong path before
Victorious, I have remained, but how long will that last
Will I succumb to bad habits or remain as I am
Exactly where I am, is that where I find myself happiest
Youthful and naive, or sarcastic and pessimistic
Zealous is how I'd like to portray myself, but for that I'd need
to shatter the red brick wall I've spent so long constructing.

Toy

Gurtaj Grewal

Toys are a symbol for kids
That make them happy and smile
If you don't give - be warned as they might pout
They cry like an angel waiting for its present

Toys are for kids who are loving and remembering
Who inspire the future and hope in the country
A creative imagination that is fueled with exhilarating
childhood
Toys are for kids that are the future.

Only Love

Vina Sledge

To fall in love is like a roller coaster ride.
Even if your heart is held by its sleeves, like
A shooting star, it bends, spins and weaves, leaving you
with no speech, no breath, and no mind to guide.
Bask in the delight; savor the thrill this love gives.
Enthralled by it all, the highs, the lows, shattering blows.
Feel the fresh, smell the new, emotions only love deals.
Desires run wild, feels like fire and ice on wheels.
All things must change; human love can't stay the same.
Like time, love's rules were not shaped for man's acclaim.
Divinely designed were they so no human soul can blame,
boast, brag, covet, or speak vain of love's unique domain.
Surely as night follows day, and truth shall never sway,
To love truthfully, to love completely is love's only way.

Unnamed

Kyle James Muñoz

numbing dispositions
spastic waves of vibrating euphoria
something so soothingly exhilarating;
can it possess me?
can I reach it,
when will it cocoon me
engulf me in its somber
I want it to devour my veins
injected into my skin
I want those days of never ending
forgetting about the escapes
making the escapes a reality.
making them real
keeping me sane
save me.

Lover's Path
Bianca Brown

Thee, my love for you weeps so deep and for our lives to never
cheat
I am here through thick and thin, raise the sun and shape the
moon to start again
Curse that be that comes between, if they do I'll do my best
not to swoon
Raise in day, raise in night, your soul will never leave me soon
Beat Beat Beat, a rhyme of care because my heart can never
feel despair
Take the time to make it better and raise a child together
Close your eyes, my soul to keep, your intertwines with mine
at the drop of a dime
As the raise to take all of me, you made me weak indefinitely
Til the end, in the bed and away we go
We love and see when our eyes meet, we feel the heat
Let me speak! Let me breathe! Gosh I'm dripping from head to
toe as my heart gets weak
Slow down love, my head is spinning like the beginning of a
dream
Our love will keep a light to guide us

The Wind and the Hat
Bianca Brown

Even though you're full with memories of a gift
You flow and float away, I follow

A whistle of delight lifts my hat towards the light

Oh how it is a delight, that it takes flight, my hat enjoys the
wind as it comes by

The wind shifts and sweeps across my teeth as I smile

Because the wind and the hat make me laugh as they make
me feel free

My hat sticks to me like butter on toast
As the wind guides us to a happy ending.

Make America White Again

Make America Hate Again

Make America 1954 Again

Make me ask on a first date, "Who did you vote for, again?" -Esther Kwon

Spread-on the fake tan, inject pouty lips
Comb-over blows in the wind, it's a wig
At a party, the kind to double dip
Life doesn't matter, treats it like a gig
Make America great again, fake news
Wants to fulfill his racist fantasies
Blind and deaf, refuses to hear the boos
Against humanity, sole strategy
"An honor to meet him at his house" Sad!
Superficial, artificial, clueless
Did he just defend the alt-right? Too bad!
Delusional, psychopathic, useless
Believes he may grab them by the pussy
He's worthless so watch out for your tushy

Like a cheap Floridian motel pool
His mouth is open all day, all year long
People who surround him, absolute fools
Every single one of his tweets, wrong
State of the Union revealed his plans
Bring back segregation, destroy the land
His huge ass is perched on the Ku Klux Klan
Long overdue, it's time to take a stand
Dear pitiful tiki torch white people
This useless heap is not your champion
He's a vapid money hungry weasel
His voice spreads stress, give us an Ambien
Can't even trust him to buy me a drink
He's going to divide us to the brink.

Sara Kay
Ryan Childs

In Canvas! Once again, it's Sarah Kay. I fear even come May, I will still be seeing Sarah Kay.....Every day, more *Sarah Kay*. Like a stalker lurking in the rain.....once again it's **Sara Kay**. Another "poem" like a box is a home.....Just. Another. *Sarah Kay*. Poop brown dress, and advice to match. I fear the day will never reign... when I will be rid of S-a-r-a-h K-a-y.

Cancer
Trevor Catron

We have little time before you are gone.
Gray cloud hang over our head every day.
Yet we are there for the sun to shine on.
What can we do to blow the clouds away?

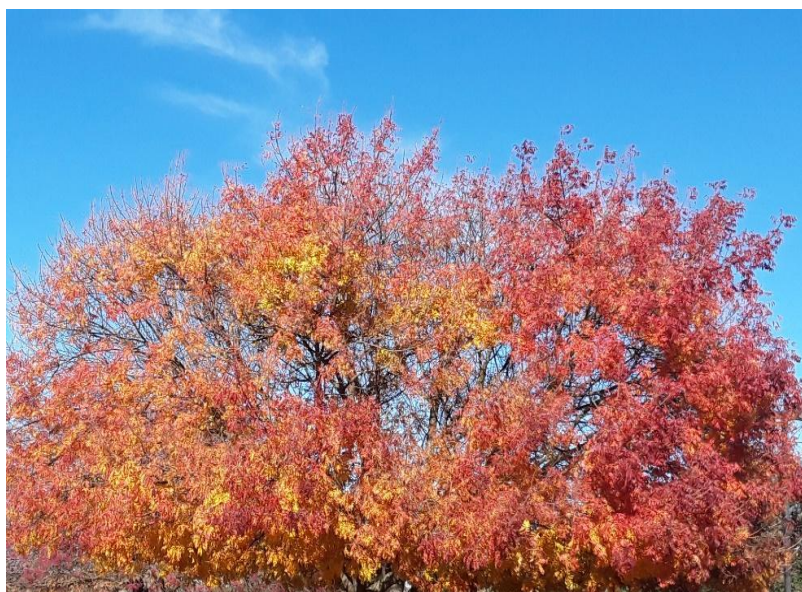
We haven't prepared for a storm before now:
If the sun won't shine we will make our own light,
And enjoy what time we have anyhow
Even if the future does still bring fright.

The clouds refuse to part to our new sun,
But we have all the light we could need.
In these last days we will smile and have fun.
From those awful gray clouds we will be freed.

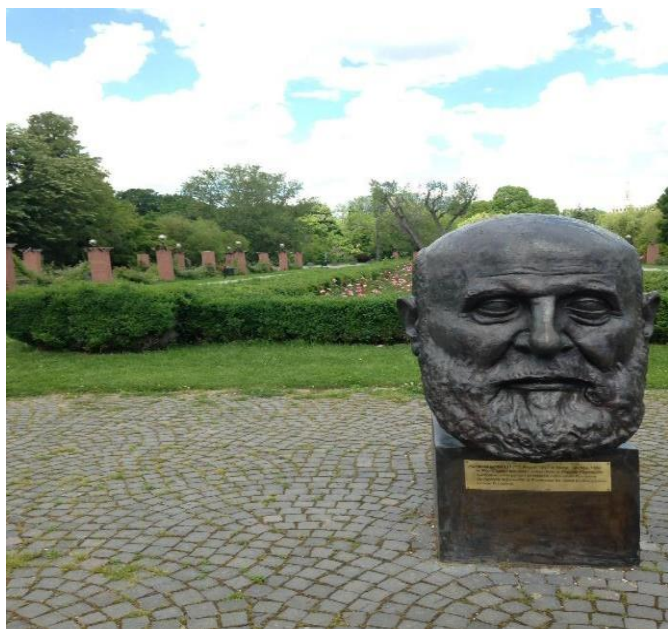
Even though we know the rain will fall,
We hope our happiness won't stop at all.



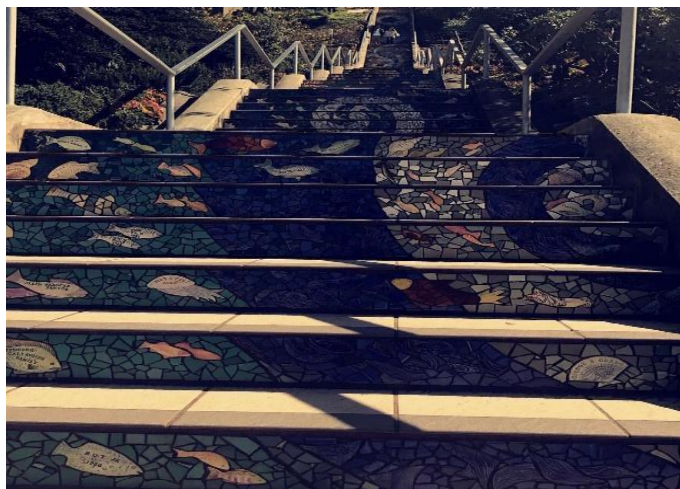
Photography by Emilee Flieh



Photography by Lisa Acevedo



Garden, Bucharest, Romania by Cassie Kanaley



Stairway to Heaven by GiGi Williams



AquaMarine by GiGi Williams



Dipsea by GiGi Williams



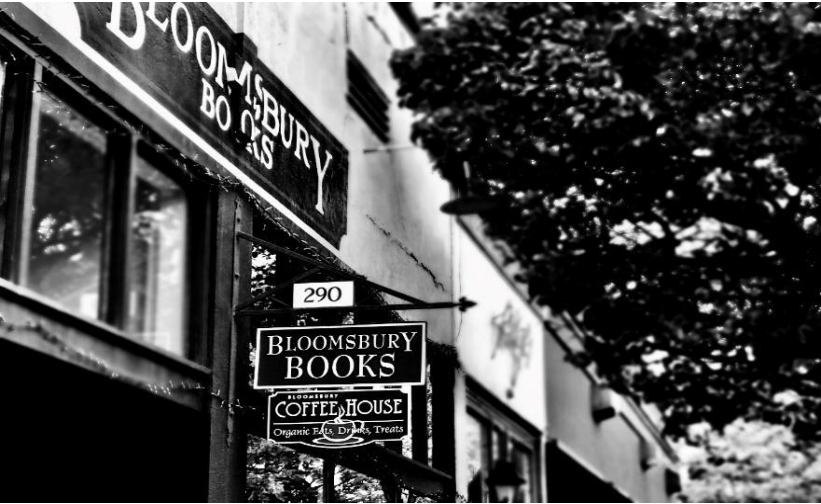
Ombre by GiGi Williams



Streets by GiGi Williams



Calaveras by Hope Leng



Bloomsbury Books by Anais Alberto



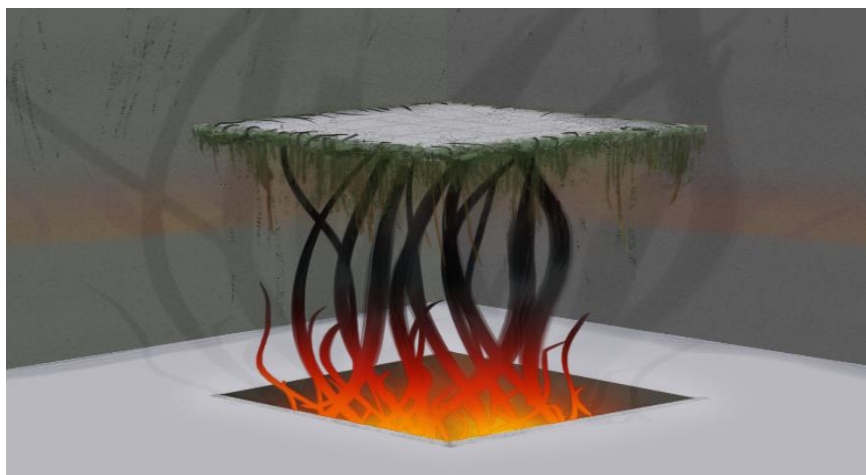
Ice Cream Parlor by Anais Alberto



Nuclear Flower by Ben Grunder



Flair Café by Anais Alberto



Plat Medium by Ben Grunder



Running from a Rainstorm by Ben Grunder



Snowy Day by Ben Grunder

Memory Poem
Logan Chrisp

Winter of '09
Lamp is getting dim
Father's truck is pullin' in
The engine is turnin' off.
Welcome him home
No consideration given
Says what do you know?
Up the stairs, off to bed
The lamp is getting dim
Home alone again.
Along the grassy roads
And wind-blown trees
Bus pullen off,
Sittin under my tree.
Father's late again.
Quarter to three,
Cold's comin' in
Fathers forgotten me once again,
The lamp is getting dim.
It's nine in the morn and fathers at it again
Drink and cursin' flow like water out of him,
Perhaps I'll be stayin' home again,
The lamp is getting dim

Kyle
Haley Goodell

DEAR KYLE---

When you let me down today.

I let you know that you were being an asshole.

Because sometimes I am right...

But sometimes it's me that is fucking up

And sometimes it's really hard to tell the difference

But I try to keep in mind that it is no match

For the assholes out there in the world

That are seriously trying to fuck with the both of us.

Sometimes you make me want to tear my hair out

Because whoever takes things seriously or cleans their room

or understands the difference between brown and red?

Sometimes you make me saltier than the bottom of the large
fry container

At the local In-N-Out that is still overrated despite your
dazzling reviews

And sometimes I really think that you're more trouble than
you're worth

But then ... I needed a place to throw up after a night of
forgetting...

A place to sleep...

And you welcomed me

With socks ten times the size of my feet

And an ugly fleece flannel

But then you reminded me of my worth...

not in the nicest way...

But then I remember how easily we fall into the complexity of
our oddities and US History pick up lines

And all of that jimie rustling pales (like the skin above your
rockin' farmer's tan)

In comparison to the smile

That four simple letters that spell out your name bring to my
face because I know that
I've met a full-time dweeb
And a long-time friend.

I Love Poetry

Vina Sledge

I feel the pull of good poetry
in my mind; beckoning me
forward with awe and fear combined.
I cannot yet verbalize what I feel
in a short class time space.
Like fireworks, my thoughts explode
and I fall flat on my face.
I appreciate the constant reading
Poetry demands. I see words that
challenge, words with which I differ,
words that heal, question, and reveal.
Words causing my mind to become like
yeast, absorb, increase and greatly expand.
Keep reading, keep writing this need I see;
so the good thoughts may not flee
when pen and paper are near me.

Memory

Christian Uribe

Looking back who would have guessed
That I'd treasure soccer above the rest
Though my parents tried to show me more
No sport compares to the one that I adore
My first day of practice I really wanted just to skip
Trying on my cleats I hoped they didn't fit
But I knew try I as I may
Today would have to be the day
I had already missed about a month
With excuses and more excuses to keep up my front
Finally on my dreaded way
I pulled up to the pitch where I would play
Where I would make lots of memories, friends and such
Where I would score goals and work on my first touch
But on the faithful first day
On my very first kick of the ball
Who would have thought that tears would fall
Not from me, no not at all
On my very first kick of the ball
I hit another kid square in the nose
Blood sprouted out just like a hose
What an eventful first practice with my team
Maybe not some memorable to the bloodied boy it seems
But even though I felt a little shame
That was the beginning of my favorite game.

Place

Theodore Sayers

more good memories than bad,
knocking on its window in the night for a very first New Year's
kiss,
Even the sill served placeholder for mementos so laden with
infatuation;
What else could Ben & Jerry's mean, transported by legs too
young to even think of going miles on anything besides two
very flat tires?
Or taking polaroids together, that would occupy its wall
through the years,
adorned with sharpie hearts that had front-row seats to the
blissful naivety of first-time love.
But, that same room became almost unrecognizable in all
ways except visually.
Spending months confined to bed rest can make you hate
your most faithful companion, along with the blankets and
sheets that occupy it
despite uncanny ability to soak up tears you had no idea were
capable of collateral damage more permanent than injury
Halloween night, originally intended for studying calculus and
handing out candy,
only sticks out in my mind because of
watching you hit yourself. sobbing, as we sat on your bed.
you felt like everything you did was wrong,
that you were the reason there were no more movie nights
spent together, warm underneath the sheets.
the reason the window wasn't opened anymore.
And I began to hate that bed too
That room became something else as the months went by.
It became the lost luggage point,
Where I retrieved my things that

I never expected to have back,
that I never wanted back.
things that were for you to keep.
And it became the place where we decided that we couldn't
keep going.
That the warzone would be better off an abandoned one.
But you would probably never notice any of these changes
really,
unless you looked for the sharpied-on hearts.

I Cried the Night You Went Away
Tayler Young

I cried the night you went away
But was it even real?
I feel you right beside me
Until my darkest day.

The night you went away
I forced myself to cry
I knew I should so I did
But all I felt was nigh.

For years to come
I could not feel
so I took to drastic measures.

I fell apart
I lost my way
But forced myself to see

The pain it caused
was not for me to bring.

Commitment Issues A-Z

Lucila Garrido

All my life I've felt so lost
But now I feel I have a partner
Closer I get to finding myself and deciphering my wants and
needs
Drifting away from solitude.
Every now and then, I used to drift out to the beach on my
own,
Feverishly hoping to find some guidance.
God has been generous in His blessings and for this I am
grateful.
I just have never known if I'm done being lost.
Keeping my mind open and my heart in tune,
Loneliness I feel no more, instead, I feel appreciated
Most days he caresses my face and adores me with love true
Nuclear wars in my nightmares, the end could be so near.
Opening up my heart may be due.
Pouring out love for me he says he hopes I'll stay.
Quintessential romance, like the love I had for freedom.
Rapidly we fall, I watch the words I say.
Situations joined us, some would call it fate.
Truly I feel something, he fears I only play
Ultimately time is the biggest gift one gives
Verily my actions stand behind my pretty words
Will our pairing last? Only time will tell
Exponential passion we fell into at the start
Zinfandel, tequila, thought we'd never fall apart

My Family

Gurtaj Grewal

My family is great like all great families in this world are
They are my backbone and pillar of strength
Without them, I struggle and can't achieve my goals.
I am fed and taken care of and can bathe like a Man needs to
do
A family is a key to unlocking the door to dreams and
brightness

Without my family, I am nothing and just an outsider in this
cold world
They are my motivation and happiness that drives me to
succeed
They keep me going like a well oiled car on a beautiful road
near the river
And that's why I am never stopping on my goals because I
have
The potential to succeed and always believe in myself through
family

Sledding

Trevor Catron

The snow was fresh, the air was ice.
I saw my sled and it did entice.
I started outside before being told
"Be careful", my mother said with a scold.
I went to a slope and got on my sled,
But next thing I knew I had hit my head.
I went to my mother and she was upset,
But she offered me cocoa and cocoa I did get.

McDonald's Lump
Marcos Estrada

Wanting a wall to keep them out
With a bad tan and duck lip pout

America's greatest skin stain
causing Lady Liberty's chafe pain
even she runs from the guy
with a fake wig and long tie
Grabbing mother nature by the crotch
and deporting father time back to a watch
standing there, with a sinister smile
proud of his naive guile
fascinated by walls
like a teenage girl, and malls
"Make America Great Again"
For the white man
steal and deport
ICE for the minorities support
and paper towels as his ball
because his hands are really small

Wanting a wall to keep them out
With a bad tan and duck lip pout

Kissing Manifest Destiny in the lips
and grabbing "Rosie the Riveter" by the hips
Stealing Mona Lisa's smile
And inviting Pocahontas to the aisle
with Monica and Hillary in the oval office
and Medusa as his goddess
Enjoying his White house fling
While working on his golf swing

TV host a great leader?
Just a silver spoon feeder
what did Melania see in him?
a billion dollar synonym?
Vile pig in wolf's clothing
Enjoying the boasting
Of being a wordsmith
like a grim reaper with a broken scythe

Wanting a wall to keep them out
with a bad tan and duck lip pout

Wanting to date his daughter
unable to get to an island with big water
racist with every type of fear
truly hate his ugly sneer
no more animals in the zoos
but I guess it's all just fake news
only fake when they cover him
then he tweets it to the brim
of the walls he wants to build
that's the only time when he's skilled
using his power to oppress
when will we get out of this mess
with ignorant and violent supporters
KKK and the patrol at the borders
making me want to vomit
when he shoots across TV screens
like a comet.

But he wants a wall to keep them out
with a bad tan and duck lip pout.

This Thing Like Life

Ben Grunder

The house of Life
A home formed from an artificial creation
What set the spark to life
Was soon to become a fire
With the phoenix of a new age to rise from it
And thus the burning fire raged on
Taking with it the closest of kindling
But still he pressed on with her until faced
With the fruit of his own efforts
He threw himself into the pyre
But he was not the sacrifice
She was
When life gives you lemons
Make Lemonade

Ink

Bethany Cabrera

Little soldiers march in lines
Verses can come undefined
Dancing to musical notes
Language praises and devotes
All of time we narrate
Stories worth of a template
Set in ink the words followed
Like trees they sit empty, hallowed
Until someone hears them out
Poems stand tall when they can shout.

The Nazis before the Nazis

Esther Kwon

You turned the hearts of our men, made them into monsters to mirror just a fraction of who you are. You raped our women. Comfort women you called them. The brave ones jumped off of bridges, or tied themselves to the bed before they set their house on fire so they wouldn't have to spend another moment with you between their legs. The ones braver, held on just a little bit longer, nails gripping onto your sheets, praying that it will someday be over. The elders who refused to kneel before you, you cooked alive in clay pots. The men, the men who got down on all fours in your sight you turned into spies. The weak you turned, the strong you killed. The ones who were blessed with the mercy of invisibility by the hand of God, resisted. Those who resisted resisted to avenge their lovers, their soulmates, their best friends, their confidants, their companions, their people killed by your hand. You stole our food, and made us chew on leather. You made us eat our beloved dogs. You made us into who we are, but you made one grave mistake. You left without killing every single one of us. Thirty five. It took thirty five years. After thirty five years of oppression, slaughter, torture, and rape. You took away our voices, our rights, our hopes. It finally took two nuclear bombs for you to go running with your balls tucked between your legs. You chose the wrong side of history this is clear. The winners may write the history books, but you left too many survivors. Your history, what you did is a blood stain on the white sheets of humanity just like your flag. And your denial is nothing short of pathetic. However, we are a people who seek no revenge. We are a people learning and willing to forgive. Accept what you have done so that your history, our history may only be printed, but never reenacted.

Small Town
Bianca Lua

Running sets me free
I run as far as I can go, until I can't think anymore
Until I start noticing the things that are surrounding me
The roaches on the floor, the bugs and the buds
The cars zooming by with their windows rolled down
or up
The park with swings that squeak so loud it makes it
hard to think
The things that I tend to block out day by day
While I run I don't think about how it used to be here
You raised me in this small farmers town then left
me to be in the city of trees
For a while I didn't like this town
For a while I wanted to leave
I was left with so many memories sometimes it'd be
hard to breathe
But as time went on it became easier
Though you left for the city of trees, this small
Farmers' town now suits me.

Madre

Melissa Perez

To the woman who is accountable for my very
existence
With the passion boiling hot enough to scorch any
passerby
But a personality as freezing as the coldest day out
of our obnoxiously long year
Who is as stubborn as gum stuck on the bottom of
my black sneaker
And as persistent as a door-to-door salesman
Your volcanic passion is the reason why I appreciate
the things I do so intensely
Your ice cold personality thrown to me by genetics
But something I'm thankful for because it brought
those whom I hold close
Your persistence that I often cursed at growing up
because it disheveled my mischievous tasks
However is the reason why I can't give up on the
stupid Rubik's cube that haunts my dreams
And why I often get on my own case because I know I
can do better if I persist
To the independent woman who raised two misfits
without complaint
I will never forget the proud gleam in your marble
eyes
Wrinkles crinkling at the edges and strands of your
graying hair falling over your face
As I stepped down the ramp, diploma in hand and
dressed in white graduation robes

Prose

Logan Chrisp

The saddest thing I've ever seen, was two months into two thousand and sixteen. My brother, loaded up on more morphine than the net weight of the Statue of Liberty. We flew from New York for a two day stay, but the cabin pressure of our plane caused a leakin' in his brain. From the first day in the hospital, to the last no words were spoken from my brother. Instead beeps and chimes stacked on chimes and beeps of machines scattered and towered like watchers of the sick and weary. Towers of monitors, bright lights scatter up and down their many panels like windows of a tower. But the saddest thing I've ever seen? A toddler accompanied by only his own machine and no family. Tubes flew to his throat and stomach. There before we were, and there when we left. The saddest thing I've ever seen, was a child dying alone with no family, while me and mine were leaving.

Gualala

Trevor Catron

Salt brined mist fills the air, and
Woods engulf you before the sea.
Ocean waves crash on the sand,
A deer peeks out from behind a tree.
A beach made completely of sea glass,
A reminder of many days gone past.
The moon reflects off the black night ocean,
Returning there is always a pleasant notion.

Lazy Days
Christian Uribe

Another day is a gift from above my mother says
Bet she's right but today I want to hide
Chillin inside is all I want
Daydreaming and relaxing all day
Everything will be alright
Forgetting things it's not time to hide
Got to go outside
Hiding isn't always alright
I know that the world will welcome me
Just as it always has
Kids laughing in the distance
Laziness my enemy
My desire is always to be free
Now I contemplate my choice
Outside is where I should be
Purple flowers to be seen
Quiet walks, with bird chirping
Rays of light on my face
Soft clouds over my head
Up to me to get out of bed
Very hard decision
When I think about it, it is an
Xcellent idea to go outside but
Zzz's kick in, maybe later.

My Favorite Place

Vina Sledge

It is a place of refuge, a paradise lost to the eye.
Yet it sits quietly, cozily, resting in natural brilliance
right beneath the vast, immeasurable sky.

It is a solid house built with love, long-lasting wood
and solid stone; a perfect place to be alone.

The trees and mountains shield from human noise;
your sense of smell, your ears, your sight are always
in perfect poise.

The peaceful flow of water from a large, babbling
brook enfolds the humdrum of freeway traffic.

And the sighing of the breeze lightly touching the
trees allows you to quietly rest and watch the
zooming traffic on Freeway 80 west, with your nose
shielded from fumes by the smell of honeysuckle in
bloom.

It has large quiet, solid rooms with sunlight pouring
through thick windows to chase away the gloom.

The floors are smooth, solid wood that warms and
caresses your feet, making your whole body feel
good.

The doors are strong, and swing silently on hinges,
like strange-shaped clouds hugging a mountain
with fringes. Now with me come outside to see
vines, shrubbery thick and free shield windows,
causing much-needed shade to abide.

Quietness, space, solitude for me is so rare; I
preserve it, well-guard it so with others I can share.

Tattooed Heart

Marcos Estrada

I stared deep into the orifice
Of my life
And my vision
Became the osmosis
Going into hyperbole
With everything changing around
Molecular mixtures
To create scenarios
Of things in the past
Combining protons
With neutrons
And mixing it into
My nucleus
Hoping to intertwine
With all the scientific mixtures
But they end up taking
Parts of me
When I gave into oxygen
She stole the very rise
Of my lungs
As they awoke in the morning
And as my chest fell
It scraped its knees
Against the very thing I held sacred
But she caused its
Encased walls to rupture
And build up with cholesterol
I thought she would flow
Down the streams
Of the rivers connecting
My legs to my arms

And helping my eyes
See the beauty
She displayed
But within me,
She became
Spontaneous combustion
Making me collapse
Into an unknown state
Of mind
Become an "illegal"
To its inhabitants
I tried every mixture in the book
And could never get it right
Every smile of a face
Connected with the ozone layer
Of my H2O encompassed soul.
The sound of her voice
Packed its bags
And travelled away from my
Inner ear
And the touch of her warm skin
Kept running from me
Allowing the cold air to attack
Entering my nose
And stomping its feet
And bringing me down
To my knees with a stampede
Of tears
Made of salt and pollen
Combining to create bees
That sting the life out of me
Which first
Got stuck in the birdcage
In my chest
And was made of ice

Flying and cracking
With the atmospheric pressure
And I died inside of the Earth's crust
And tattooed my heart to my chest
And my chest to my heart
And everything froze...

Writer's Block
Christian Uribe

I suck at poetry that has to rhyme
and it's not because of the lack of time
I've been staring at this blank screen for a while
Thinking what I could do with another poem style
As the time keeps tick ticking on
I realize there is no more time to fawn
I might as well write what comes to my mind
A poem shouldn't be a grind
Though sometimes the struggle is just as fun
Writing poems like I'm on the run
A different challenge can give you a good result
Even if in the end you wanna shoot it off a catapult

Try

Trevor Catron

Anything is better than no effort,
Because effort is what gets things done.
Clean your head and empty your mind.
Decide you can do it, in time.
Even when all you heart says you can't.
Fear nothing, you can.
Give rhythm or rhyme.
However you feel is right,
Including feelings of anxiety.
Just take a deep breath and do your best.
Knowing how to fight back is half of
Life.
Mind over matter in everything, and
Never let fear of failure cost you rest
Only quit if you have tried your best
Prioritize what matters most.
Quit and you will always fail,
Ready for struggle and prevail.
Strive for success nothing less,
Trust yourself and progress.
Utilize what you have.
Victory is within your grasp.
Working less will get you half,
Excite some passion for the task.
You too can succeed,
Zero excuses are all you need.

Sonnet for the "Fat Kid"

Haley Goodell

Legs with rolls and pinchable chubby cheeks
I did not have a single care at all
I did not know that life would make me meek
And force me to learn how to stand up tall
I'm in 4th grade, it's time for "The Mile"
Classmates take off, their shoes kicking up dirt
A single lap in, throat fills with bile
Sweat soaking into the back of my shirt
For my "Sweet 16", jeans won't pull past thighs
My puffy cheeks are now streaked with salt
I have shaking hands, a mind full of lies
They tell me this issue is all my fault
Keeping the tears in, sobs don't make a sound
No one will love you at 300 pounds

Tired

Theodore Sayers

She is tired. She might not know anything else, but she is tired. She knows that. Whenever anybody makes her question who she is, it's not important. She doesn't even know why she is tired, what it is that makes her drink coffee that doesn't soothe her pain at all. Why she goes to sleep earlier than she used to, why she doesn't get along with her partner. The one she goes back to, the one that doesn't do anything for her, the one she pretends will get better and will finally understand what she wants. Why her job is now mundanity that she can't stand any longer, why she just wants to sleep and looks forward to it after every single day. She knows that she is tired. That she doesn't want anything else, that she is just living. Not living her life for anything other than to simply exist. She no longer cares about the rest of her problems, and wishing that maybe once again, she could. That she would feel something from life, a warmth of summer nights with friends in a cabin with a sky full of stars, you don't have to look at to know that they exist, which just brings you something you can't explain but just possesses that warmth. The one she gets from sleep. The one she is chasing but doesn't quite know where to find it.

Homeless Man

Angela VanNess

If our love were a man, He would be a homeless vagabond.
Hourless nights spent past on brightly colored screens, my
player one, your player two like dark circles beneath his eyes
in deep lines of greying flesh.

Those eyes, dull eyes like emptied out cardboard boxes cast to
the floor three years ago when we shuffled ourselves into a
new apartment.

Going up to his face we are his greasy hair, uncombed and
draping his face as he stares unashamed of it like we do
about our fighting and our uneasy start.

Not to mention his dirtied shoes, stained like blue tack left on
the walls after I told you the posters looked bad and you put
them up anyways.

His clothes though worn out and tired hold together like our
own tree sap resolve, oozing with trial and error and nearly
four years of time.

We are not perfect, we do not smell of roses, but we keep on
going like a traveling vagabond.

Skin Deep
Tayler Young

I remember the night I made you cry.
We were sitting in your room
but I don't remember why.

I remember the moment I made you cry.
It seemed so simple
but incredibly important.

It was like you had never heard those words
or a single one like them.

There was only one thing in your world
that ever truly mattered,
so it took some time before you would believe.

How you could go so long
I'm sad to say I know,
but it's true of what I said,

So I'd like for you to know that
I like your personality.

Tien H.
Juan Duran

All I do is think of you
Morning, Day, Night
All I do is think of you
Doesn't even matter if
I'm working the forklift,
Cutting wood on the table saw
Or running the crane
All I do is think of you

I remember our first encounter.
I told you goodnight as I walked
To my car, saying your name perfectly
As if for the millionth time.
There was no attraction
I didn't find your adult brace filled smile beautiful,
As I do now.
I didn't find the way you would zone in and out from
lack of sleep precious,
As I do now.
I sure as hell don't see as just some girl in my Bio class,
As I did then.

But little by little, as days went on
Conversations lasted longer.
Your beauty and character went up,
Like the stats of a video game character.

In the beginning it was tedious
Trying to talk with you,
Trying to figure out the controls
Dos and don'ts on what to say

And what do around you.
Until I couldn't get enough
Of being with you

Going to Bio class was like
Going home after a long day
Of school and getting to play
My video games and unwind.
Your braces were all I wanted to see,
Because I knew the best view
Was when you laughed at my stories.

Master of Disguise

Haley Goodell

I stare at the canvas in front of me
Still wet with the paint,
Blood,
Sweat,
And tears that the artist has poured into it
...and I feel nothing
I look at the strokes from left to right
I admire the time commitment
Envy the obvious talent
But I have no tie to the woman
Daintily dangling her umbrella—
Not a cloud in sight...
I am not that girl.
The next night, I am sitting at the same place
Back row, three chairs in so that no large groups
could pile in around me
And my eyes are saucers as they remain
Transfixed on the
Crumbling face of a woman three times my age
Fiercely gripping a microphone
In front of her mouth;
This woman paints a million pictures with her words:
I am a poor Arabian woman begging for her life
I am the barnacle sitting on the belly of a whale
I am the man who carries a small figure from a
burning bed, tiny lungs filled with smoke
With her words
I can be anything:
I am a master of disguise.
I am that poet
Reading a piece that the crumbling face of a woman

three times my age
Was too shy to share herself
As I fiercely hold the microphone in front of my
mouth.

Sonnet from My Future Self
Jason Turk

In five years, this will be a memory.
That rejection text will seem like a joke.
You'll laugh about it, won't think about why,
And this pain will pass like a cloud of smoke.

But right now it hurts- we both know that's true.
You're held up by string, frighteningly loose.
There is no telling what is best for you,
But trust me, there is no need for a noose.

Go to the gym, talk to a friend, and write.
Don't leave room for that pitying ego.
Read a book, take a jog, or fly a kite.
The best is yet to come, you just don't know.

So step away from that ledge, silly boy.
And join me here, in your future of joy.

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. This future cosmetic dentist has dreams to be a published author one day, and to be a freelance writer for independent media organizations.



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 called *Confiscated Contraband* and is currently working on one called *Spilled Ink, Scattered Letters*, and he



hopes to publish many more. He also has an Edgar Allan Poe action figure.

Gurtaj Grewal writes poetry and blogs in his free time. In addition, he is a member of the MESA Club, Eagle’s Call, and Senator for Student Body at Large at ASWCC. He enjoys reading and writing and is known at WCC.

