

A flock of geese,  
Flying across the blue sky,  
Announcing the news: winter has gone;  
New grass drilling out of dirt,  
Green, soft, and strong,  
Telling others: spring is coming;  
Once again,  
Splashes dancing in the happy creek,  
Giggling a lovely song.  
Winter has gone,  
Spring is on the way,  
A new year begins.  
-Kate Deng



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## Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine



Issue 17  
Spring 2021  
Woodland Community College

# **Ink**

*A Literary Arts Magazine*

**Issue 17**

*Woodland Community College*  
*Spring 2021*

**Editors:** Naomi V. Catalan, Edgar Garcia, Gurtaj Grewal, and Ella Morrison

**Cover Art:** iCe 🙄 cReAm 😊 eH 😊 gAjYeO

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\*door opens \* feLiX 🙄 uH 😊 oH 😊 uHhOH 🏊 by Jasmin Lopez,  
Sweet Tea by Jennifer Michel

**Cover Poem:** “Spring” by Kate Deng

**Printing:** Mike Wieber, Yuba College Print Shop

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

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# Table of Contents

## *Poetry*

Spring by Kate Deng	5
Sun in My Mouth by Vanessa Alvarez	6
Elote by Vanessa Alvarez	7
Cielo by Vanessa Alvarez	8
Little Miss by Lavonne Roy	9
Glass Beach by Lavonne Roy	10
Under Water by Eziray Hernandez	10
Savannah by Kaitlyn Saylor	11
Lilo the Leopard Gecko by Naomi V. Catalan	12
Home at the Buttes by Chloe Carter	13
After Dinner by Kate Deng	13
Daddy's Girl by O' Naria Perez	14
Ballerina by Naomi V. Catalan	15
Baby's Crib by Jillian Vose	16
A Dress by Kate Deng	17
Clouded Mirrors by Lavonne Roy	18
The Community Center by Naomi V. Catalan	19
Last Time Seeing Summer by Chloe Carter	20
Sycamore Park by Kate Deng	25
A Sweet Godbye by O'Naria Perez	26
Grandpa by Naomi V. Catalan	27
Day of the Dead by Vanessa Alvarez	28
Stuffed by Chloe Carter	29
Him by Kaitlyn Saylor	30
Two People One Soul by O' Naria Perez	31
Graveyard Blues by Jeff Steele	32
Stuck by Kaitlyn Saylor	33
Green Eyes by Lavonne Roy	33

Why Her? by O’Naria Perez	34
Nosy by Eziray Hernandez	35
Avoid this Poem Like the Plague by Kevin Ferns	36
A Piece on Gender by Eziray Hernandez	37
Glacier by Jeff Steele	38
Your Moon by Eziray Hernandez	39
Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell by Tyler Hughes-Garcia	40
Color of Life by AnuB	41

### ***Visual Art and Photography***

Poppy by Kate Deng	5
Eden by Eziray Hernandez	9
Dew by Kate Deng	11
TD2 by Thomas Devaney	18
Opposite Objects by Jennifer Michel	19
Dandelion by Kate Deng	20
Under Paris by Daisy Ayala	21
Bumblebee by Jennifer Michel	21
Strawberry by Kate Deng	22
Hoodie 🍌 hoodie 🍋 negan ⚡ shim ✨ toga ✨ ji ☆	
boogie 🍌 boogie 🍌 iepon 🍌 kogo 🔥 dance 🍌 groovy 🎵 groovy 🎵	
by Jasmine Lopez	22
Intimacy by Eziray Hernandez	23
Let’s play forever...bark bark by Jasmine Lopez	23
Limon by Kate Deng	24
Blooming by Kate Deng	24
Walks through Mexico by Daisy Ayala	28
TDS 1 by Thomas Devaney	29
The Gray Daylight by Daisy Ayala	44

## **Spring**

Kate Deng

A flock of goose,  
Flying across the blue sky,  
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New grass drilling out of dirt,  
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Once again,  
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Spring is on the way,  
A new year begins.



*Poppy by Kate Deng*

## **Sun in My Mouth**

Vanessa Alvarez

Craning and enveloping the whole Sun in my mouth  
Smashing my two hands against my mouth  
Fighting to keep all the Rays from spilling  
Thunder and golden rain of God's  
Dripping down my mouth and body  
As my stomach begins to sizzle, to quiver  
a BIG BOOM!  
And then silence  
Like when the universe was created  
Stars began to slowly form in my stomach  
The gases and rings on my own planets  
My womb, meant to bring life into this World  
I began to create a new parallel  
A new word for existence  
Again, fighting to keep all the Rays from spilling from  
my mouth Only darkness, no light or time could exist  
My skin began to turn teal marble  
My hair became a silk of SunRay  
My eyes gray & blind to this reality we call Life  
Spiral galaxies started to spread throughout my veins  
A black hole buried into my chest quietly  
I no longer resisted  
I began to create a new parallel  
I opened my mouth  
Waiting for the Rays to lash out and drown me  
Instead I rose from the ground slowly  
As if returning to my place in our Sky  
The Sun Rays, no, My Rays began to engulf me and carry me to an  
unknown To a place where I will give birth

## **Elote**

Vanessa Alvarez

\$3.25

Said the elotero man

Happily I handed him the cash

In return of my yellow trophy

As I looked at my corn on a stick

I contemplated on the happiness it brought me

I finally understood

Unconditional Love

The elotero man was my path to Love

As I took my first bite

I could smell the powdered cheese before it touched my lips

It was the perfect bite of maíz

I could hear my ancestors calling

The drums of my brothers playing

The sacrifice being prepared for midnight

I had traveled to the past

As I finished wiping my mouth of chili powder, queso,  
mayo, and that yellow stuff that just brings it all together

Finally I knew what Love was....

Only cost me

\$3.25

## Cielo

Vanessa Alvarez

Soy el cielo  
No tengo un cuerpo formal  
Existo en todas partes y en cada momento  
No puedes huir de mi  
El mar es mi hermana  
La cobijo siempre  
Con luz y oscuridad  
Mis palabras son mis nubes locas  
El Sol y la Luna  
Son mis padres  
Siempre me cuidan  
Soy el cielo  
Los colores de mi corazón  
Son rojo, azul, miel, morado, gris y negro  
Lloró mucho durante el otoño  
Y a veces lloró en el verano de repente  
Veo todo el mundo y siento todo  
Soy una reflexión del dolor y felicidad  
Cuando el dolor es muy pesado  
Volteo a las estrellas para que me den fuerza  
Mi existencia es para ti  
Mi propósito es que tu vivas y seas feliz  
Pero si tengo un fin  
Y el día final de dire  
“Yo te cielo”



*Eden by Eziray Hernandez*

**Little Miss**

Lavonne Roy

She arrived as brilliantly as a sunrise  
Both Pasty and Shining  
The glow just seconds old  
Her squeal; that of the tiniest Banshee  
The softened stare of an Angel  
Her skin with hues of orange, as a fresh baked pumpkin pie  
She's just as sweet  
That genuine satisfaction as I bring her close  
Savoring the moment  
Finally holding the life, I waited 9 months to meet  
Finding her as mystical as fairies and unicorns  
This little Miss added magic to her grandma's life,  
the moment she was born.

## **Glass Beach**

Lavonne Roy

The cool breeze

The warmth of Sun kisses

Salt in the air

Taking notice that the grey sand offers shelter to many  
guests; Dollars made of sand

Star shaped fish

Shelled life with pinchers

Waves of blue crash to white

A pool of colored mystery, shine like diamonds on the shore

Glistening as tidal waves take bow

The beautiful oceanic encore

## **Under Water**

Eziray Hernandez

Today is one of those days.

Where I lay on the shore of unconsciousness

And wait as the waves crash into me,

Blanketing my skin with icy warmth.

It feels safe here,

Under water,

Away from the flurry of everyday life.

My lungs burn,

My eyes sting from the salt,

But the crooning of the sea

Is enticing.

## **Savannah**

Kaitlyn Saylor

I looked out and saw the swaying Spanish moss,  
Hanging on the trees lifeless and free,  
The thick feeling of moisture in the air,  
I felt the dingy, damp grass under my feet  
Knowing that a southern thunderstorm was coming,  
You could tell in the wind  
How it sped up and the humidity growing so quick,  
It felt as if a blanket of heat consuming me,  
The rolling thunder in the distance  
Met with the sound of thousands of bugs,  
The chirping and buzzing in the trees,  
This was Savannah my true home



*Dew by Kate Deng*

## **Lilo the Leopard Gecko**

Naomi V. Catalan

Your tail is a fat and over-ripe banana.  
Your body is soft and simultaneously bumpy, with skin like  
a desert terrain.  
Soft yellow ridges and wrinkles,  
with oases of brown markings  
span your tiny back.

Pocket-sized predator prowling on insects, your yawn as  
large as that of a lion.  
You strut about your cage with the pride of a peacock, or  
slumber in your rock as heavily as a bear. And yet you have  
the dark doll eyes  
of a dachshund.

When you're out to play,  
you explore the desk like a hiker.  
You climb over notebooks like mountains and steer clear of  
the drop  
off a table-edge cliff.  
You enjoy the warmth of a human hand,  
but are eager to continue roaming on land.

## **Home at the Buttes**

Chloe Carter

A warm summer day spent  
following the yellow lines.  
The breeze through my hair,  
the hills beside me as I take a deep breath and say,  
"This is home".  
The smell of country,  
the view of blues and browns.  
The windows down and the cows grazing,  
the Sutter Buttes.

## **After Dinner**

Kate Deng

We sit around the round dining table,  
Playing cards, laughing and teasing;  
Out of the window,  
Winds blow crazily,  
Dogs and cats on the roof.

Looking at you all,  
My beloved ones,  
Caring husband and curious children,  
There is nothing I want more.

## **Daddy's Girl**

O'Naria Perez

3 years old. It's Wednesday at 4 PM. It is sunny outside, I hear the sound of your car driving down the street heading my way.

I run to the couch, one knee up, both arms to lift my body, the other foot on its tippy toes. Popping my head out, seeing you pull into the driveway; wide eyes, and your smile as big as the sun.

6 years old, I see your car pulling into the parking lot; just another ordinary day for parents and students picking them up from school. But for us, it's as if we haven't seen each other in years.

13 years, I call you to pick me up from school. I speak with frustration and embarrassment, "why aren't you here yet?" I wait 15 minutes, I hear the sound of your car driving up.

You smile so happily, while I shatter it wrathfully.

17 years old, no license and still dependent on you. Tired, hungry, exhausted from the heat. I wait for you to come sweep me off my feet.

25 years old... it is Wednesday 4 PM, I've memorized the sound of your car, I can hear it coming down the street. I run to the door, I open the door wide open while you drive up the driveway.

Your smile as big as the sun, just how it was when it all began.

## **Ballerina**

Naomi V. Catalan

The pain that comes with pointe shoes  
is more rewarding than you'd think.  
To feel like a fairy on arabesque, your arms becoming  
wings, or to land a perfect pirouette,  
or to make it across the floor  
in one elegant combination.  
Now that is satisfaction.

Push your turnout, stretch your muscles,  
get your leg higher, don't forget to smile!  
You're looking down, that's not allowed.  
Face your audience and be proud!  
If a student dares complain,  
next day, we'll be drilling our formations.

The magic of the costume:  
the glitter, the shoes, the tutu, the hairdo.  
All your hard work pushed over the top  
simply because that circle skirt  
makes you want to spin nonstop,  
or the tiara makes you feel like a princess.  
The excess nervous energy spills  
from your fingertips, ribbons, buns, and face,  
as you jeté onstage  
and receive that admiration.

## **Baby's Crib ;D**

Jillian Vose

My favorite place  
to go in the whole world is  
my bedroom at home.

Stars light up the ceiling at night;  
clouds hang down from above.  
Homemade creations of fluffy  
fantasy make my room like the sky.

Lava lamps light up like candles;  
goo flows free inside the globes.  
Blobs bounce off each other over and over.  
Pretty, yet simple; I have more than a little.

Glass decorations and diamonds dance atop my dressers;  
Cat crystals and charming skulls clutter all the shelves.  
Glitter sprinkled paint makes everything look better.  
It all shines and gleams at every angle you can take.

The walls are pink and all the décor  
I painted black with glitter. My room is bigger  
than my one before, but I still need more space.  
My tv plays movies, but music stays on the most.  
Not too much else to do; I like to color, too.  
My bed looks like a giant's lair; raised high in the air.  
I like the storage space underneath for all my shoes and stuff.

Photos of my family and friends pollute the furniture  
tops. Frames engraved with hearts or flowers hold  
the pictures in so well. You can tell I love my life,  
but what's most important are the ones in it.

## **A Dress**

Kate Deng

I'm a beautiful elegant dress,  
With lace around every corner,  
Flowers on my chest;  
Hanging with a dozen of other dresses  
In a closet.

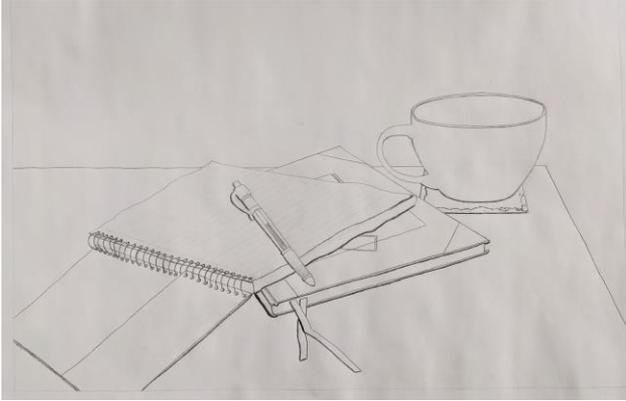
My owner wore me once,  
At her birthday party last summer;  
Then I was forgotten in this corner.

Two years ago,  
I was in a dirty family factory in Cambodia;  
In a woman's rough hands;

She worked day and night to feed her family, and  
She sewed the flowers carefully with a needle,  
While her little one was sitting nearby,  
Looking at me with her longing eyes.

I knew how desperately the little girl wanted me,  
And I had a chance to stay;  
But I was too young and wanted to see the colorful world.

They packed me, shipped me;  
Across the sea, I finally found an owner;  
I thought I would go out with her every day,  
to see her school,  
to visit the zoo,  
to ride a roller coaster.  
But now, I'm here,  
In a closet, neat and clean...



*TD 2 by Thomas Devaney*

### **Clouded Mirrors**

Lavonne Roy

The images reflect  
Though the body had just passed  
You stare into the other eyes, as those of a stranger  
Wondering what will come to light  
The questions build  
“What are you doing here?”  
No answers given voice  
No reply is spoken  
“Answer me, I yell!”  
“Why are you here?”  
“What is your purpose in life?”  
“Do you too feel crippled; by endless levels of fear?”  
The quiet lingers on  
The gaze so familiar, broken by silent tears  
Deciding, it's hopeless to search for answers  
While gazing at your reflection in clouded mirrors.

## **The Community Center**

Naomi V. Catalan

The field in front of the community center is dry, and  
tumbleweeds cling to the curb.

No sun in sight in this cloudy sky.

The wind tries to topple your antenna,  
but it stands strong as I watch you speak.

The bed of your truck is the site of success.

You may be stagnant, listening and waiting in place, but  
from this hunk of metal, you're taking me on a journey.

You're talking to people thousands of miles away, and later  
will excitedly show me postcards  
you got as souvenirs from your contacts.

Joggers or children or cars may pass,  
but I hope this moment never does;

Watching you work wonders on your radio,  
from the bed of your truck,  
in the community center lot.



*Opposite Objects by Jennifer Michel*

## **Last Time Seeing Summer**

Chloe Carter

The waves start caving right when I call you.  
Water is racing by overtaking.  
Where you last see the sky looking so blue,  
remembering the day you were swimming.

But leaves have neared their age of season so  
they go while the rain arrives and quenches,  
all pines and deer and oaks and buffalo,  
wiping away ancient summer stench.

Waking you up for another day at school,  
waiting each afternoon to pick you up.  
Hearing you explain our old summer pool,  
you asking dad to always set it up.

The super summer we flew the kite high,  
the last time you saw the big clear blue sky.



*Dandelion by Kate Deng*



*Under Paris by Daisy Ayala*



*Bumblebee by Jennifer Michel*



*Strawberry by Kate Deng*



*Hoodie 🍷 hoodie 🍷 negan ⚡ shim 🍷 toga 🍷 ji ☆ boogie 🍷  
boogie 🍷 iepon 🍷 kogo 🍷 dance 🍷 groovy 🎵 groovy 🎵 by Jasmin  
Lopez*



*Intimacy by Eziray Hernandez*



*Let's play forever... bark bark by Jasmin Lopez*



*Limon by Kate Deng*



*Blooming by Kate Deng*

## **Sycamore Park**

Kate Deng

The sun shines shyly after heavy rain;  
Daffodils twinkling with crystal drops,  
Dandelions stretching their tiny umbrellas;  
Just as four years ago the first time I walked into the park.

I saw the light green grasses,  
I smelled the pine trees;  
I was drunk in the wondering of  
my new life.

I can't see the beautiful color now,  
can't smell the pleasant scent;  
Did the park change a little bit?  
No, it must be me, have changed a lot.

Endless distance learning,  
Canceled vocations,  
Made me feel like living on an isolated island;  
How can I enjoy my life now?

## **A Sweet Goodbye**

O'Naria Perez

A smile vanished like a wave sweeping away a footprint on the beach; somewhat there but not completely.

A cry for help so loud, as if you were in the front row at a concert; the ringing in your ears is piercing.

A room so crowded like it's New Year's Eve in Time Square, but when you look up, all you see are blank stares.

It is 11 PM and you're still not home; it's cold and empty but the second I heard the door unlock, It was plenty.

I think about the time you grabbed a shovel and picked a place, then started to dig. You carefully placed in our memories, our fights, our smiles and even your promises. 7 feet under, where you took extra precautions and there I lay...harmless. Regardless of our time spent together, I was buried in darkness and you will forever be heartless.

## **Grandpa**

Naomi V. Catalan

Sawdust blankets the ground of your workshop,  
But your tools are tucked safely in their shelves.  
I wouldn't dare clean the floors with a mop  
And destroy this extension of yourself.  
I see fans up high; were those there before?  
There are dozens of clamps, appearing fused  
To the wood they're lined on, neatly in store  
(Plus many small ones, dusty and unused).  
Cabinets and wood cover ev'ry wall;  
It was less crowded in your old workspace.  
I would give anything just for a call,  
Except memories, which can't be replaced.  
I can't help but wonder, do you feel loved,  
Watching us mourn for you from up above?



*Walks through Mexico by Daisy Ayala*

## **Day of the Dead**

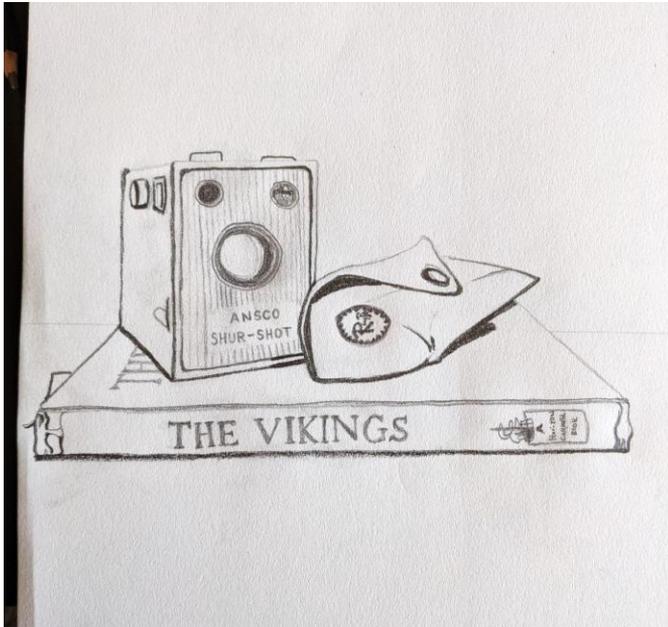
Vanessa Alvarez

The day the dead walk our land once again  
Los espíritus visitan a su familia y sus amores  
The empty coffins and emerging gardens of flowers  
Encontradas en el panteón, donde llamamos tu nuevo hogar I  
place pictures of you all over my house  
None can compare to the image I hold of you en mi corazón  
I pray and light thousands of candles for you  
Estás aquí cuidándome y queriéndome  
Tomamos café con pan dulce  
Only for this one night  
At dawn you start to fade away...  
Tomo tu mano en la mía y la beso  
Te miro a los ojos & I whisper  
Te mirar en un año

## Stuffed

Chloe Carter

The plane flies over clouds like whipped butter,  
soaring through the blueness of freedom.  
Will he ever know superman,  
to fly free like a bird?  
Probably not, so he goes back to the abyss of papers,  
stuffing himself with work like it's Thanksgiving.



*TD 1 by Thomas Devaney*

## **Him**

Kaitlyn Saylor

Seeing your lovely face for the first time,  
Feeling like flying but stuck on the ground,  
This all too new feeling is in its prime,  
When with him all of my feelings are found,

To see the vivid colors as they are,  
Love clouding all of my senses feeling new,  
Realizing you will never be too far,  
Able to be loved, as one of the few

That feel this way making me feel brand new,  
How to express the feelings far too deep,  
The words I want to say are hard to chew,  
Not wanting my spoken words to seem cheap,

How to know my feelings are ones to trust  
And not the exaggeration of lust.

## **Two people, One soul**

O'Naria Perez

Starting in our adolescence,

Myself, a runner searching for who I am,

You, a wrestler settling in to a bright future just like  
yourself.

It started with a simple smile and hello, that's when two  
worlds collided. Two smiles became one, we were each  
other's guide.

We glided, we cried, we lied, and we tried... but in the end, it  
all died.

Four or five years pass,

Two not-so-strangers meet again,

A smile and a smirk became a relationship in the works.

Car rides, camping trips, family gatherings; a new norm was  
formed.

It was eternal, Until one night things became abnormal.

I thought we glided, we definitely cried, and you lied,

I thought we both tried but in the end it all died.

## Graveyard Blues

Jeff Steele

Listen, you're pretty and all,  
but I ain't got time for this.  
It's past your curfew.  
It's later than my rent check.  
Gotta swab out my horn,  
gotta pay the guys.  
Go get with the drummer;  
He's always lonely.  
Glad you liked the show, and  
sorry I made you feel, but  
that ain't my fault.  
I didn't have an idea  
It just came out that way.  
Notes, you know, and phrases.  
Sometimes I play puddles of moonlight in dank alleys;  
Sometimes stale smoke and sweat clinging to cheap suits.  
No big thing.  
It ain't for nobody,  
it just sounds that way.  
I don't know why.  
Her name don't matter anyway;  
she's a hundred years gone.  
Go get with the drummer;  
nobody ever fucks the drummer.  
Look, I gotta be somewhere—someplace  
that ain't here with some silly girl,  
peddling hope and sentiment  
in a ragged joint like this.

## **Stuck**

Kaitlyn Saylor

I opened my eyes  
to see the world  
no longer beautiful,  
seemingly stuck  
in a monotonous  
repetition that was stuck,  
seeing sad, grey people  
living their sad, grey lives,  
how to break free  
from a life I am stuck in,  
all I want is to live in color,  
wearing judgement as trophies

## **Green Eyes**

Lavonne Roy

Eyes of the deepest green, overflow with liquid emotion  
The ongoing pour, creates an emerald ocean  
It's not the aching throb of a broken heart  
But the bother of mere confusion  
As pieces of life slowly slip apart  
All hope begins to drown  
Anguish taking root  
No answer can be found  
That frantic search for comfort  
The Acceptance; There's just no one around

## **Why Her?**

O'Naria Perez

Why her, you ask?

We met in the simplest times, and fell in love at a wrongful time.

I remember seeing her; long dark hair, bright brown eyes, that smile could stop a rainy day. Why her, you ask?

She went to every match, she kept me intact, 10 years later she is still my perfect match.

We grew together from a distance

Thankfully with my consistency, I was able to have her by my side again. Why her, you ask?

She takes care of me; she cooks, she cleans, she treats me like a king.

Why her, you ask?

When all hell was running loose, she was there searching for me and battling my demons when I couldn't.

She was there when I broke her down into the smallest piece.

And even then she never looked at me different, it left me speechless.

Why her, you ask?

She's always put me first, when I've always put her last.

I thought it would surpass, but I molded her heart to be as fragile as glass. Why her, you ask?

Because she was the one who helped me unmask, and I never had to ask. In the end I will always choose her, but from afar.

I love her deeply, but I can never choose to have her completely.

## **Nosy**

Eziray Hernandez

Refraining yourself from fixing people's problems  
Is like keeping in a yawn.  
Or holding a sneeze.  
It feels natural.  
To invade people's spaces and  
Make room for yourself,  
A little hole in their lives that you'd rather live in  
Than your own life.

Am I an empath?  
Or just nosy?  
Or is there something more?  
Why am I so invested in other people's problems?  
But flighty and avoidant with my own?

Am I a leech?  
Clinging to those around me  
Hoping they'll keep me distracted.  
From the aching in my chest  
The one that churns and twists.  
And keeps me awake at night.

No, maybe I'm just nosy.

## **Avoid this Poem Like the Plague**

Kevin Ferns

They said there were other fish in the sea,  
So I rented a boat and some fishing line.  
They said money doesn't grow on trees,  
So I plowed up the ground and planted money vines.  
They said the grass is always greener on the other side,  
So I fertilized their lawn with herbicide.  
They said the pen is mightier than the sword,  
I disagreed and knifed them up good,  
They told me I should knock on wood,  
My knuckles got bloody and it did no good.  
They told me to go break a leg,  
So I did and now I walk on a peg.  
They said don't judge a book by its cover,  
So I tore them all off and they are laying all over  
the floor and I can't tell them apart anymore-that sucks.  
They told me I'm not the sharpest pencil in the box,  
So I sharpened all my pencils and put the shavings in their  
socks.  
They said it was raining cats and dogs,  
I looked at all the water and all I saw were frogs.  
They told me it was time to nip this nonsense in the bud,  
I was still wondering about the animal flood.  
They said not to throw them all under the bus,  
But when I did it (the bus got bloody) they all cussed.  
"I stopped the cliches!" I screeched in delight,  
As I brooded all alone on that dark and stormy night.

## **A Piece on Gender**

Eziray Hernandez

Gender is such a funny thing. No, I'm not talking about what you've got between your legs. I'm talking about the way you feel and express yourself. Gender brings an infinite number of possibilities. Mostly, because it's completely made up, forced onto us by society. the same society who told us women were delicate and pretty, while men were big and burly. Nothing more, nothing less, and definitely no in between. So, why do I feel like I'm in limbo? Why do I feel like I'm floating in space, not necessarily feeling any particular thing, while also feeling everything all at once.

I like soft colors like lavender and mint and powder blue. I like stuffed animals and makeup. I like Hello Kitty and other cute things. Does that make me a girl? I'd like to think my interests and gender are not mutually exclusive. I'd also like to pretend my stomach doesn't churn uncomfortably every time someone labels me as "feminine" or "girly".

If I am a girl, if the pronouns, she/her, don't make me particularly uncomfortable, then why do I feel incomplete? It feels like my story is not being told properly. Sometimes, I wish not to be perceived as anything in specific. Can't I just be a person?

I am so much more than what society has labeled me. I am me.

## **Glacier**

Jeff Steele

For millennia I was frozen solid  
A glacier grinding grit below  
Taking centuries to move inches  
Never knowing I could melt and swim  
And rush again toward a hopeful sea  
Overflowing with life  
Like a jungle morning beginning to sing  
Like a kitten with a string.  
I was a locked basement  
Dark with toadstool shadows  
Hiding broken chunks of blacktop  
From roads not taken  
Until she opened an upstairs door  
And poured over me her chromium sunlight  
Polished smooth by kindness  
And brilliant, and hot like her kiss  
Hot like Ezekiel's wheel  
Like coal in the mouth of Moses.  
Her eyes were alpine tarns  
Not hot, but cool and turquoise  
And dizzy with dolphin songs  
Brimming with diamond constellations  
Liquid and changing in kaleidoscope colors.  
Her mouth was music, an aria  
Sung by a soprano swathed in satin.  
Her arms cradled me in a tranquil lullaby  
A baritone hymn played adagio,  
Soft with the roll and sway of her breath.  
And I, who had been a digger of ditches  
An icy plow that cursed the earth and ground  
It into bitter moraines of granite and schist  
Began to thaw.

## **Your Moon**

Eziray Hernandez

Can I be your moon?  
I'd ask to be your sun,  
But we both know I don't have,  
The sunniest disposition.  
I can be pessimistic,  
And a little distant,  
At my worst, cold.

But I promise to light your walking path,  
When things get dark.

I know it can be a little difficult to see me,  
I like to hide sometimes,

But I promise I'm there,  
Just a bit shy.

## **Don't Ask, Don't Tell**

Tyler Hughes-Garcia

You can never repay me, for you never even loved me.  
I shed my tears, I shed my blood, I shed my sweat for you to  
say I don't deserve to be here.

Who I kiss is not your enemy, is not your lips,  
Who I trust my body with, you will never equip.

You have a demon in the form of human  
Who doesn't deserve to be called a human  
And deserve any medal of freedom

Praised just because he fit your description.

A bullet I would have taken, for anyone that needed saving

Only to find out you don't see mine as worth anything

My friends trusted me, my country trusted me

The harmless families abroad would have trusted me

Because I am a human being

No matter who I love, attract, or elope

It shouldn't be anybody's business but my own.

I'd like to share my happiness with everyone else

But they're not allowed to ask,

And I'm not allowed to tell.

I finally chose to live like the country I serve,

You have put my love and my life through hell,

At least you can discharge me the honor I deserve.

## **Color of Life**

AnuB

Life is existent only at this moment  
It isn't something that can be planned Live your life,  
without being afraid to take risks  
and  
explore life like a kid  
Get rid of fear  
Establish self-confidence  
Change your mindset  
Always do your best  
Without any expectations  
Look at everything,  
With your eyes full of love...  
With a heart full of love...  
Be responsible for your actions...  
Learn to love yourself and  
others unconditionally...  
Accept yourself the way  
you are...  
Share your love without thinking...  
About who you are, about who they are... Just feel the  
pleasure  
Be your true self  
Life is full of color  
When you embrace oneness  
Instead of difference  
You will experience eternity in a day, Unlimited  
rest and recovery... You can live in heaven  
In this precious moment!!!  
At this moment... You are alive... So enjoy  
your life  
**Love it & Live it...**

## Meet Your Editors

### Naomi Catalan

This is Naomi's second semester at WCC. She's an English major working for her transfer AA. She loves dance, and both teaches and takes classes in ballet and hip hop with the Woodland Opera House. In her free time, Naomi likes to draw and write, and she loves watching movies with her family.



### Edgar Garcia

This is Edgar's second semester as an INK editor, but his fourth semester at Woodland Community college. He's working on transferring to Sac State, to work on his English major and psychology major. In his spare time he enjoys reading a good book and a good series on Netflix.

### **Gurtaj Grewal**

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



### **Isabella Morrison**

This is Isabella's third semester as an INK! editor and her sixth semester at Woodland Community College. As a high school student, she is working towards her high school diploma and AA in English.





*The Gray Daylight by Daisy Ayala*