

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

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Spring

Kate Deng

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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.

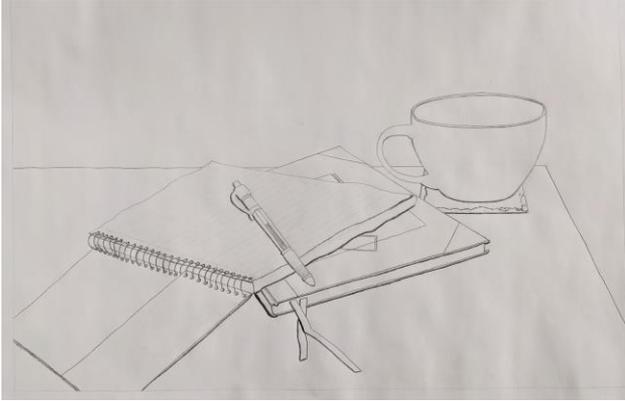
My owner wore me once,
At her birthday party last summer;
Then I was forgotten in this corner.

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