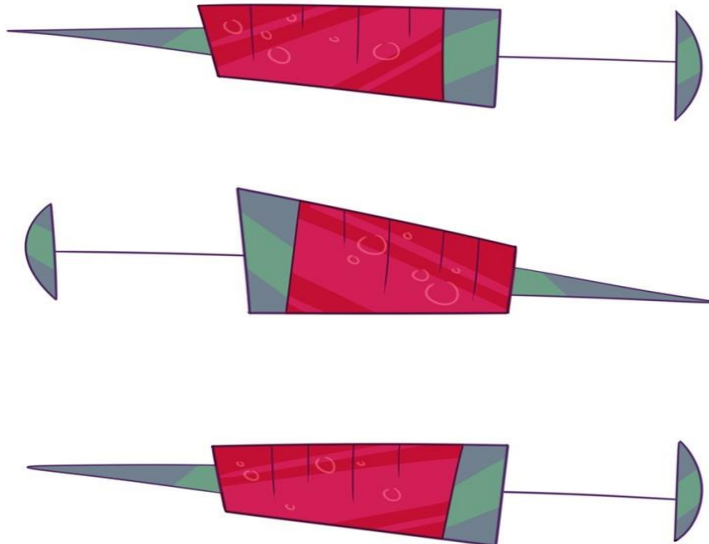


maybe my walls aren't to keep you out;
maybe, instead, they're to keep me in
so I don't get ahead of myself.
it is a blessing & a curse
to always feel my emotions so deeply

-Shellbie Jensen



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Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine

Issue 19

Spring 2022

Woodland Community College



Ink

A Literary Arts Magazine

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Stitches or Fate

Andi Fluetsch

I stitch his fate, dipping my needle in and out of cloth. I form the picture, a life of colorful threads, of a child. The child runs into the kitchen, dirt on his feet and a frog trapped inside sweaty palms, slamming the kitchen door behind him. The door shutters the way his eyes do as he falls asleep, strands of hair that cover his eyes like a thin curtain. His dreams will be of the stars, of the stories behind the constellations. When he wakes up he will remember none of it, blissfully unaware of his place among them. He remembers very little, knows very little. Even as an adult, he will know very little of anything. This won't be his fault, there's too much for anyone to know any great amount. I form the stars outside his bedroom window out of thread, despite his ignorance and the time it takes to form the tiny stitches. His face is completed but his eyes are wrong, they're glazed and dull. I forgot to make them feel. So I painstakingly embroider the dull ache in his head, in his heart — everything he is, everything he will be. I consider that child's face, the one that may grow into a man. I tie a tight knot, twist the needle in and out to form loops. I cut the thread, with the portraits half done.

Esperanza

Vanessa Abarca

I was born and raised in Woodland, California,
to an immigrant father
And a mother whose roots go deeper than the
American soil she was born in.
I am a part of La Raza de Oro.
Lucky enough to live the best of both worlds,
sailing on the American Dream.
I have a heart that feels too deeply,
a heart that loves genuinely and profoundly.
I know the feeling of losing a loved one,
Too young to fully understand.
Each tear shed,
like a crying prayer that my heart bled out.
I have eyes that show too much.
Holding a galaxy of stars, infinitely vast.
A reflection of my innermost hopes and dreams.
I am a sister,
A second mother to my brother.
I know the feeling of blind terror.
Having stared death in the eye.
The sounds of metal folding on metal.
Tires screeching,
but I came out stronger.
I am a part of La Raza de Oro,
Lucky enough to live the best of both worlds.
Yo soy Mexicana Americana.

I Hate My Name

Alyssa Quiroz

I was given a simple name,
Alyssa.
I hate my name
I never felt like it belonged to me.
I am Mexican American
I don't speak Spanish
I wish I did.
My entire life I've been told
"Mija you're too whitewashed"
by the Latino community.
I've been asked,
"Can you translate this for me?"
by the white community.
I've grown accustomed to hearing this,
so why do I always get upset?
I am embarrassed,
that's why!
I feel like an orphan
I see people who belong in a set community
like an orphan would see a child with a set guardian.
I want to be adopted by a community
desperately,
but I know I never will be.
I'm too Mexican for the people who shout
"We bleed red, white and blue!"
I'm to Americanized for the people who shout
"Viva Mexico!"

Alyssa

A name that is too white for me?

or

Alyssa

A name that I am too brown for?

Booster Shots are Important

Jacqueline Rodriguez

When we are children our parents treat us like queens and kings. But sometimes they forget things. For me it was my chicken pox booster shot. I didn't turn into a chicken like I thought. Instead I slept for 2 days, not knowing what I was about to face. After my 2 day long fever hibernation, my mirror showed me a revelation. Tiny dots scattered throughout my back. Looking like it was a pack of mosquitos' late night snack. As the days progressed my body filled with blisters. I became trapped in my room like a prisoner. My 14 year old self did nothing but cry. Prayer for the day that they would all dry. The doctor warned me not to scratch. It was hard, I'll admit. My quarantine slowly ended. The scabs had finally shedded. The summer before high school was tough. Thankfully my skin made it, without a scuff.

Yosemite

Andi Fluetsch

Today, my mom told me
We're going on a trip
To where bugs crawl on my skin
And itch their way under flesh
Beautiful biomechanical mutants
Skittering overtop my eyelids—
Instead of sleeping, I open my eyes
to get a better look and
let them writhe in wet sclera
their red wings glint as they drown
Into my blue iris.
I wish the pinned
bugs on display
at the entrance
of the hotel
could squirm into me too.

Today, my mom told me
We're going on a trip
Where I'll learn to ride a bike.
Scrape my knees on the concrete
Of Sugarpine Bridge. I sit on the arch
and dangle my small feet over the edge,
looking at a river that's choked by green.
Glistened rocks below look sharp
Eroded by years of life.
Other parents make their kids
come down, but mine didn't notice.

So I get a good view.
At the bottom,
There are people
who swim. Envy
courses through me.
It's hot in my helmet.

Today, my mom told me
We're going on a trip
And it's your turn stuck with Dad.
Mom and Dad split up on our
trips—it's easier for us all that way.
Dad wants to hike. It will make my knees hurt.
He says the fear, the ache, will be worth it.
The view will be beautiful.
I walk, dizzy with the heat.
Knees trembling from the pain.
I make it to the rails.
If I hadn't known
that knowledge was
from the garden
then I would think
It's from Nevada Falls.

Today, My Dad told me
that I wasn't done hiking, that
we need to get to the top.
The stairs are slick with mist, and
the rails are fragmented. My hands have gone
numb, my body shivers. But I made it.
I feel small at the peak and hear only

rushing water. I am like
the bugs that skitter, on the
Eyelid of Nevada Falls.
It will open its eyes
For me.
I want to crawl
under its skin.
The rails aren't
tall and Dad is
taking pictures. It would
be easy, to
become the earth.
Trail my fingers
across wet steel
looking at the landscape
beneath me. The sun's light flickers, fractured.
Like bright spiderwebs, like broken glass.
Maybe it was worth it.
No, the earth will have to wait, I decide
I still need to learn to ride my new bike—
Today, Mom told me that
if I know how, She'll ride
with me to Mirror Lake.

Dreamland

Viviana Olmedo

In my squishy brain,

I like to daydream.

Lids to close my integral eager eyes,

and attend to my thoughts, becoming

true allies-

erasing earthly enemy pain.

In my dreamland,

radiant ruminations do roar

like a triumphant mad lion king about lioness'

warfare or the loftiest waterfall

in likeness

of a spewing hydrant.

In my dreamland,

dark provocation stirs seamlessly-

as molten, charcoal coffee dissolves the froth of cream

mixing through the neural pathways

some steam

releasing as planned.

My cranial freedom

protects and shelters me from the unforgiving

cold air, of deep despair, and the breakdown of life's unfair

-ness toward myself and others who

dare to care

about our existence in our free time.

Hi Baby

Viviana Olmedo

I walked into a crisp room
not knowing what I was going to see,
months have gone by,
since I heard your voice.

I'd almost forgotten it when I
came to visit that January,
with hope,
floating above inky darkness
where my heart used to live.

All the crying that felt like raging rivers flowing down my
cheeks,
all the waking nights,
all the times I needed your humor,
and the moments where I felt lost
because you were my compass,
leading me to where
I needed to be.

I dreamt we were eating sushi,
and watching our favorite videos.
I'd rewatch them alone,
to feel something.
Anything.

But I was a statue,
unmoving and unresponsive to my surroundings.

Waiting.
And waiting.
And waiting.
And waiting.
And waiting.

Finally-- I can't believe it.
Here I go,
"Is he awake?"
I ask with bated breath before I entered
only to feel a punch in my gut
and deflate like a colorful birthday balloon,
happy and sad at the same time
when I hear that sweet music return to me,
like a frog singing a lullaby
"Hi, baby."



Pop! by Brian Gersalia

Strawberry Milkshake

Alyssa Quiroz

You made me a milkshake
Strawberry.
My first milkshake ever.
That same night
we watched Rocky.
My first Rocky film ever.

I had to have been
five or seven
sitting on our odd patterned couches,
and you telling me
to pay close attention to the movie.

I did only because you made me a milkshake,
I did because you reminded me of Rocky.

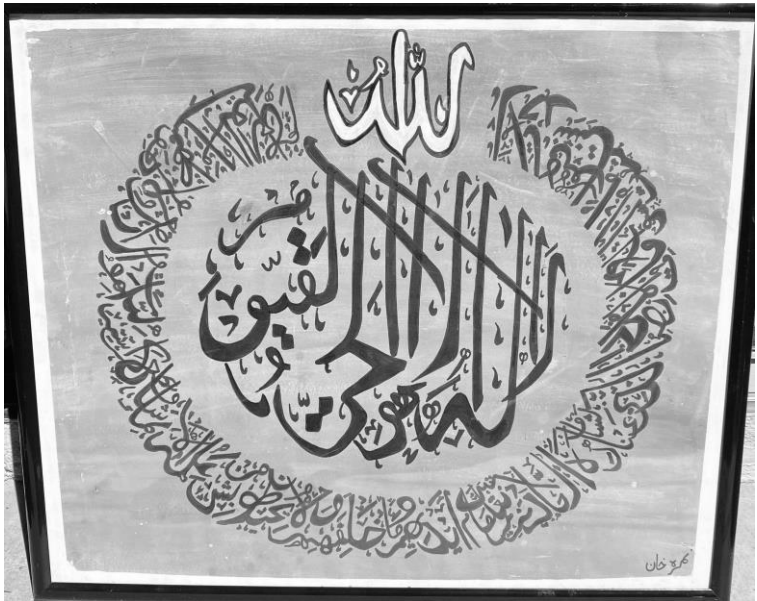
You fought
so, I could have a home

you worked
so, I wouldn't go hungry.
You made me a milkshake
so, we could have a moment of alleviation.

Now you
forty-three
and I
nineteen

can ring the bell
because we finished the fight.

Now let me make you
a pink, delicious, treat of triumphant comfort,
a
Strawberry milkshake.



Untitled 3 by Nimra Khan

Strawberry Lotion

Andi Fluetsch

My strawberry lotion sits on my desk.
I've been told that my hands are too dry,
And I wish they'd be softer to hold.
My hands shake as I apply makeup—
It's something my mother never taught me,
But I want to look beautiful tonight.
I wish I was always this beautiful.

I blink, and my eyeliner comes out
crooked. Not everyone is like her—
good people, who want to love me, must
be out there too. My sister says my
eyeshadow is gaudy; I don't have
time to take it off. I can't stop thinking
about before, about the way love hurts.

I think of kissing with peach tea lips, in
the backseat, parked by 7-11, unable to
forget her knife is stashed under the
seat. I think about how she told me
time with me was just an obligation.
I think about how she must be correct.

I look in the mirror—the lipstick is
the wrong shade. I take it off my chapped lips
and try out my new magenta gloss.
I remember the smell of weed in
her car and alcohol on her breath

as she drove. The fear she'd crash and the fear
that I would be okay with that. And now—
I don't know what to wear for my first date.

She would want something shameless, low cut—
something that would make up for my face.
I don't know what my new date wants, though.
Not yet. I wear a baggy sweater
with a sheer tank top because I might need
to give them something to want. Disgusting.
Their stares will be bittersweet, because
I know it's not for me. I'm used to it.

I'm used to cold, lithe hands creeping up my
thigh when we sat together, even
though I had told her I wasn't ready.
I'm used to too much attention, used
to too little attention, and of the
feeling of everything and nothing not
being enough. Does my hair look okay?

I don't have to go—I could stay here, I
could tell them I got food poisoning,
that my grandma just died—anything.
I don't have to risk it. I don't. This
is my own choice, and that makes me nervous.
The doorbell rings—I think of the before.
I eye the strawberry lotion on my desk.
I use a little more. For good luck.

If She's Anything Less

Alyssa Quiroz

If she wants to be a token
She needs large breasts
she'd be broken
If she's anything less

He'd want a nice hourglass
Fancied on how
That dress contrasts her,
Well... as of now.

Nose must be straight
Teeth must be pearl white
Can't hate
Because this is right

Can't be a little wide
Can't be too tall
Can't hide
Though she's been through it all.

Wants to be seen
for her true self.
Saddened
because she knows
she'll be treated like an abandoned book on a shelf.

If she's not remotely trying
as depicted on social,
then she's convicted of
being unessential.

Yellow Bike

Claudia Ocampo

There have been better days,
More eventful days.
Full of speed and warm summer breeze.
The scorching heat causes you to steer clear of the seat.

Gliding on the blacktop.
Taking you where your heart desires.
Running errands with legs on fire.
Grabbing groceries.

Seeing streets.
Learning the town.
Vibrant yellow body,
Banana seat smooth and clean.

Now found rusted up by the fence,
Cobwebs hang from the chain.
Sprouts from the seat.
These new bikes could never have this one beat.

what i wish to no longer feel

Fatima Mushtaq

when i look in the mirror,
i feel complete disgrace
knowing i am gaining weight,
if i could shatter the shadows of my face,
nourish my body like yesterday,
i would not feel this fear arising,
returning to attack me in my serenity
making me look in the mirror 10-20 times to confirm
that i still look the same
that no
there isn't extra flesh beneath your chin,
that no
there isn't extra pounds within yourself,
that yes
you are beautiful like yesterday
only
if you have not gained the extra weight.

and the issue isn't the weight gain,
it's the blaming that i put myself at.
i feel guilty that maybe i did something wrong,
maybe i wasn't as active as i should have been,
maybe i shouldn't have unintentionally binged
earlier this week,
maybe i ate too much,
or maybe i could try to cherish myself
and envision the younger me feeling protected,
safe,
but that is not the case
that is not.

so tell the professionals i was right,
it was an eating disorder-
trouble with food that created my depression,
tell them it's returning.
how afraid i must be to eat
because i think i am to blame if i gain weight,
how horrendous i must feel if the weight is permanent
and there's no going back
oh how disastrous this all is.
how i must learn to heal again
oh my Lord, will you advise me like you did last year
and the previous year,
where i feel from two years how i feel today,
how i am repeating the patterns
and it is i who must stop them,

yet i weep writing this tragic story
this tragic chapter
what am i to do next?
am i still beautiful if i've gained weight?
for this worry is overtaking my way of eating
and i can't allow this disaster to strike again,
but it already has
so what must i do?
break each mirror in my home?
carve my unwanted flesh off?
tell me
what must i do?
what should i do?
what could i do?

this feeling of fear is eating us alive.

Plants

Alyssa Quiroz

Yes, I bought another plant for some reason I feel like they need me. Who else is going to water them and display them for my eyes to see? In all seriousness I think I need plants too, they remind me that I am wanted. As I watch them grow, I can reflect on my past self. I may not have gained a new leaf like my Monstera, but I have gained a new sense of confidence. I am able to see my journey of maturation and acceptance through their journey of growth.



Stuck in my head by Melissa Miller

DEAR EVE,
Bailey Brooks

it used to be that I dangled like a ripe fruit before you,
blushing red against the harsh sting of winter.
it used to be that you would reach for me, and the words
exchanged between us were more than just a hollow wind,
like branches scraping against window panes, all rattling
bones dried up and drained of marrow.
it used to be that I was desired and sought after,
an intangible something that you could not quite decipher the
shape of:
angles shifting, the light catching different parts of my thin
skin.
I have only just realized that all along it was me clinging to
that blackened bough with desperate fingers,
and now I've fallen,
and I lie rotten in the cold.
take a bite and find me mealy and soft inside, something to
throw over your shoulder and walk away from.

How

O'Naria Perez

How do you continue to break me?

How do you continue to get under my skin?

How is it that every time I hear your voice, it feels as if spiders, ants, even centipedes are crawling within.

You continue to ask if we are good? If we are, okay?

But how can we be okay if you don't let me breathe?

As I read your text over and over, I can feel the walls of my throat caving in together all at once. As if I'm losing my breath. As if I'm choking and no one is there to save me. No one is there, I am all alone once again, crying in despair.

I cry so loud it is silent. The pain I feel is considered violent.

As I read your text over and over again, I scream and shout.

THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE ME!

HOW COULD THAT NOT BE FORESEEN!

I swear, it always comes down to me and you. Or at least I always thought it was Me ... and You ...

But it wasn't. It was always You.

Never me. Always her.

You say you love me; you say you are still **IN LOVE** with me.

You say you're holding back your love, and the way you show it is by checking up on me. But you're not in love with me.

As the walls of my throat slowly start to shift open again. I advise myself to relent. As I cry in silence staring at the red light, waiting for it to turn green.

I remind myself of the familiar pain.

I tell myself...

“It’s okay. You’re fine. What’s new? You got this. No pasa nada, es lo mismo. No te preocupes. You’re fine and are going to be fine. Wipe those tears away. He doesn’t deserve them, you’re way better off. His loss, not yours.”

As I wipe my tears away. I take a good look in the mirror.

Silence

Pure silence-



Ice Ice Baby by Brian Gersalia

Hidden Hatchet

O’Naria Perez

You helped me stand tall.

So tall I felt like Hyperion. Who would've ever thought about the person who fed me... Who kept me filled with nutrients, who gave me the essentials to live like water and sunlight, Would be the one to cut me down.

You cut me so deep that even the roots in the ground were being exposed. Without hesitation or consideration of everything being exposed to damage, you walked on them as if they weren't a part of you either.

As if those roots weren't grown by the two of us, not just a single seed.

As if you never molded them into the ground with me. When I noticed your footsteps, I realized that those steps were only hurting me. You walked on my roots with no consideration or question, while all I asked for was a little bit of better communication.

As I lay below your feet I waited countless hours before realizing the greediness and cowardice characteristics you developed. I guess the saying is true “the devil does live in LA too.” You left me there to fend for myself in which I wish you would have helped, but instead you took an interest in another tree.

I'm sorry I couldn't grow as fast as she could.

To be as pretty as her.

I'm sorry, I moved with the flow of
the air, while she stood up tall and
strong. I'm sorry I grew with cuts,
pieces missing and scratches.

Maybe in another lifetime, I'll grow to be unworthy of your
hatchet.



Untitled 4 by Nimra Khan

Lighthouse Poem

Andi Fluetsch

It's Low tide, come sit
with me on the shore,
step with me into the shallow water,
laughing as we run from the crashing waves.
Smile at me, fondly,
tell me you love me,
and hold my hand as we walk on wet sand
in the Fields of Asphodel.

Scream at me when I
Drop the shell we found
and when it shatters at my feet, tell me
every cruel thought that runs through your head.
If I can't even keep
It safe, then how could I
be trusted with your heart? How can I
Shine for you, If I'm broken?

Tell me I don't know
how to love, for I
am Scylla, shipwrecking people like you
who only want to make it home to your
Beloved—someone
I could never be
For all I do is devour hearts, jealous
of people who can love right

Then come back to me
with doe red-rimmed eyes
and words that feel like the telephone wires
that once hung over my head, buzzing with

Electricity
And ask me, Who Else
Could I Have Gone To? You Love Me, Don't You?
How could I turn you away?

For it's been raining
Forty-days, and your
mind is a hurricane. You just need to
be shown the way home, and the way I hold
you close to hear my
steady heartbeat is
the stars revealed from cumulonimbus.
Tomorrow, you'll say instead

I am nothing more
than an Angler Fish.
And yet, it is you who is a siren
begging me to drown in your tears, to be
be pulled into the
dark depths of your mind.
Show Me The Eye of The Storm, you will plead
Soul as light as a feather.

And you will tell me
Don't You Know I Don't
Mean What I Say To You When I'm Mad?
Who Else would Love Someone Like You, If Not
Me? Illuminate
My Path, Out of Love.
But, as all willows of the wisp must learn
I can't just be a lighthouse.

Just Friends

Librado Quintero Pintado

We say goodbye as friends,
Knowing well how this story ends.
Because in the eyes of many, that's all we'll ever be,
Just friends who forever have to hide our "we".
But no one really knows
That behind closed doors,
We say goodbye as lovers
Hiding underneath the covers,
Shielding from the judgment of society
That has shut us out from its entirety.
For friends we are, and friends we remain
Up until the very end.

Dancing Under the Moon

Vanessa Abarca

His stare is like a hurricane of recklessness
My cheeks crimson,
Like a flower blooming, fluorescent.
His promises veiled with concealed venom,
Like a viper, ready to strike.
Its puncture wounds, microscopic on my skin
I was half blind to the feelings inside
Our life was like a book
Each flip of the page was like a new day,
He was in chapter 12 while I was in chapter 2.
He knew the end of our story, while I believed it to be new
He was the sun, while I was the moon
Light and darkness, intertwined.
He left my side, like a whisper in the wind
Leaving me broken, discarded like shards of glass
I lived, only to have died
Flatlined, leaving nothing behind
I can't deny what is on my mind
Feeling confined in the tight space of life
Time to unbind, leave pride aside.
Take it stride by stride,
And redesign what you broke when you lied,
Sewing up the broken shards of myself.
And here I thought you'd be the reason for my living.
I was once broken,
Now it remains a distant memory.
Because I've learned to listen to the wind,
Who whispers sweet melodies
And spend my nights dancing under the moon,
For the moon shines brightest in the darkest of nights.

**WHAT HE IS THINKING ABOUT IN THAT WAR
TENT WITH YOUR WOODSMOKE SMELL STILL
LINGERING:**

Bailey Brooks

they say that he who lives as a shadow can only exist with
the sun,
and you make me dark,
and you make me warm,
and though I am smaller than you and fit behind your frame,

though I am weaker,
though I am less bright,

still I am soft on the skin of others,
still I give them shade where you take water,

though I am homeless,
I live in you, behind you, following in your footsteps and
attached to your heel.

though I am nameless,
I am a sound in your mouth
and the sound is sweet like berries bursting,
and I exist
and I am immortal there with the salt on your lips,
I echo on in the hollows of your unbreakable bones

I WANT TO KISS THE ANGEL OFF YOUR NECK

Bailey Brooks

I am only memories
fragmented like a broken mirror, reflecting the kaleidoscopic
angles of his bronzed skin, sun-kissed and swallowing the
light as I reflect it

I am the taste of oranges,
pomegranates, plums and figs;
all of the divinities which have graced his lips;
the salt clinging there,
the sweat of his upper brow and the slickness on his
stomach.

I am the shards of gold in his eyes,
sunbeams on packed dirt, searing the soles of feet and
burning my soul,
branding it.

I live there in those places,
I have never wanted to be anyone else's so badly.

I have no heart of my own.
I exist only as a thing to make him immortal, and
I would gladly let him swallow me,
eat me raw.

sanitary

Fatima Mushtaq

talk about sanitary
what my mental illness does not carry
for my mind recalls the days once so easy
and the nights so so scary

upon the shutters of weary eyes,
the nights i begged to not die,
staring at the ceiling i could only cry,
bloody terror blemished me so ironically high

if hygiene practiced could protect my fragile mind
from the delusion signs of hell,
heaven would recognize the angels resting
on her heavy shoulders
with subliminal corruption ringing the prayer bell

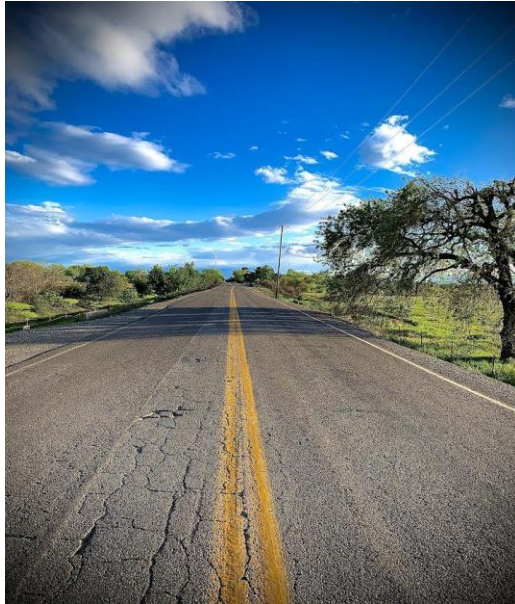
and again i must pray for sanitary to sauté such an illness,
i must obey to be blessed before i regret a replay so decay.



*Three is a
Magic Number
by Julia
Lindsay*

*The Rose's Dance
by Naomi Catalan*





Country Roads Take Me Home by Brian Gersalia



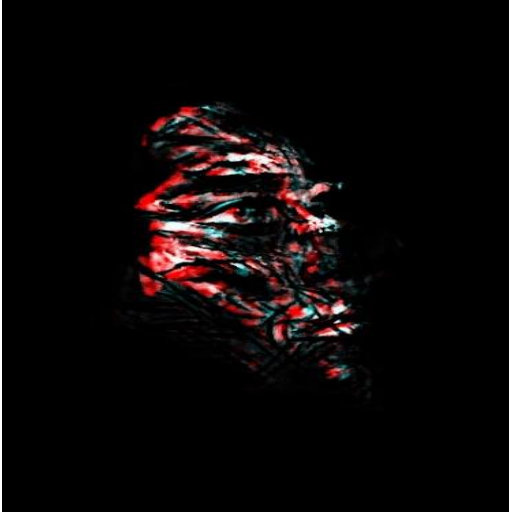
Breath of Fresh Air by Naomi Catalan



Angel of Death by Brian Gersalia



Floating Cotton Candy by Brian Gersalia



Unnatural
by Julia
Lindsay

An Elegant Road
by Julia Lindsay



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Animal

Julia Lindsay

Once upon a time, I met this cool guy
In a suit, black and white, wearing a nice bow tie.
He smiled and it charmed me, like a spell one might cast
And for just a short moment, I thought it would last!

They served me a plate of some mystery food,
Then your eyes met mine and you helped me conclude-
With no words spoken, you entered my headspace-
The expression we'd name later as that silly "yikes face".

I knew in an instant that the food was no good.
After throwing it away, I met you, as I should.
You were cooler than ice, and a total playboy.
You were charming and hotter than James McAvoy.

You wore that football sports coat with pride,
With a big letter "M" for the name it implied.
We talked through the evening just us, side-by-side
And laughed about those horrible treats I'd almost tried.

You were taller than a giraffe with eyes like fireflies.
Smoother than a snake, and you were owl wise.
Quicker than a cheetah, busier than a bee,
You'd fill my mind with nothing except times with you and
me.

Thinner than a sea star, as cunning as a fox;
Confident as a peacock, and stronger than an ox.

Smarter than a dolphin, smarter than me, too-
Funny, these are all animals that are reminding me of you.

You'd read me better than a lie detector, read me like a
book-
You'd take me like a vitamin, or that cash of mine you took.
The breakup started then, and not too civilly.
You didn't sell your soul to the devil, you football-threw it
willingly!

My mind ablaze like a burning hot fire,
You were sewn into my brain like some unbending wire.
And in my sheer rage, I began to see
That those animals did suit you, and quite fittingly!

Taller than a giraffe- who likes yellow and brown anyway?
Eyes like fireflies- you weren't too bright, I must say.
Quicker than a cheetah, busier than a bee...
And, might I just add: the most careless man you'll see.

Smoother than a snake, deceiving as one, too.
Wiser than an owl? Ha! My mind must have been askew!
Cunning as a fox, that's true, and thinner than a sea star.
Though I'd wade through any ocean just not to be where you
are.

The weeks went by, then months, so forth.
Until the fine day came, my dear- my favorite on this earth.
My fiancé and I had gone to get some dinner there.
He leaned down, smiled, and kissed me, and then I saw the
glare.

Loe and behold, there sat old you, just as the story goes.
Your eyes like knives, your face like hives- flushed red
down to your toes.

Holding back a smile, I gave you our “yikes face”.
You clenched your jaw and looked away. I thought, “Yeah,
that’s right, ace.”

My man right now is strong as waves, with eyes like
sunlight, too.

He’s sweet as honey, more dapper than dessert- huh, no
animals! Who knew?

I hope you learned your lesson, “M”. And now I hope you
know:

To those like foxes, snakes, and bees: from girls like me, the
answer is “No!”

Eurydice

Andi Fluetsch

Eurydice, my sweetheart,
Won't you let me save you?
Eurydice, my bleeding heart,
Longs to show you skies of blue
And flowers that never wilt.
Will you follow me back,
To the home, we have built.
Eurydice, your mind attacks,
Like the venom of a snake,
Weidling your bittersweet steel
Against your soul, forsake.
Eurydice, Achilles heel,
Why do your eyes look so dead?

Hades, hear as I sing,
To let me love her more.
See your wife's love for her king
And know what the heart longs for.
Remember how the sunlight
Caressed your lover's face
Lay with her in delight,
As she kisses you, chase
Lips taste of ambrosia, sweet
And her eyes gleam of desire
Flowers blossom at your feet
Hades, I fall in your mire
To beg for my lover's life

It's not of chill, but warmth
Eurydice's hands are cold,
Will she always be a corpse?
Hades, promise to uphold
Fill her with life, heated blood,
How Persephone blesses
The spring with flower buds—
My wife, a lady's tresses.
Eurydice, my dear, I swear
I won't look back, faith in you
is what will never wear
This time, we will make it through.
Eurydice, choose happiness.

swept/41521

Fatima Mushtaq

Swept underneath the rug,
I think I'm an addict to high risk drugs.
If I close my eyes and the morphine hits the
back of my throat where lay my lies,
I think I'll be fine when the drug bleeds into my brain.
It's currently happening.
So there's no cheerful surprise.

Disney Adult

Jacqueline Rodriguez

Growing up is awfully hard.
Losing touch of our inner child
And take on the new job called being an adult.
Early mornings and long days.
To do lists as long as an index of a textbook.
Boss breathing down our necks.
Wishing we were back in our youth,
With no responsibilities and all the fun.
The parents funded vacations
What I miss the most of my youth.
The freeness in this place that I felt.
From when I was 5 on my first trip to now at 24.
Oh how I love Disneyland.
The moment I walk past the ticket stand
I know I am really there.
The heavy crowds and matching shirts.
Being greeted by strong unique smells.
The sweet smell of baked goods and popcorn
Drifting through the air.
People of all ages running around.
Deeply clinging to the one thing
That keeps their youth alive.
I stand in long lines to go on rides
To smell and feel the things that I did on my last trip.
The addicting smell of The Pirates of the Caribbean ride.
The freshness you feel on Soarin California.
The drop of your internal organs on Tower of Terror.
The legs that make me tired from my 9-5,

Suddenly they feel like they can run a marathon.
The pressure of my the real life
Finally, take a break.
And for those 12 hours at Disneyland.
I feel like the free little girl I once was.

A Reason for Darkness

Viviana Olmedo

How can I express my inner, dark thoughts?
Do I pull my brain out of its sweet home,
for you to inspect its fair, virgin flaws?
Overthrow them like ancient Greece or Rome?

No, the dark needs us like we need lightbulbs.
Showing us what things are and where they go,
and not just things we consider occult.
Ask; does everyone reap what they sow?

When bad things happen, do we neglect them?
No, we investigate to find things out.
Should our actions be only to condemn?
Rather, gather all points, and then surround
yourself to all the possibilities.
Create a new era of proclivity.

The Feelings of a New Mom of Two

Jacqueline Rodriguez

My day starts with feeling my baby's warm snuggles.
I open my eyes and find those big excited eyes
and his gummy smile with two pearly white teeth staring
back at me.

The moment I make eye contact he lets out a giggle.
I get up and make breakfast for my kiddos.
I turn my back for ten minutes.
And suddenly it looks like a tornado hit my living room.
The morning hours swiftly pass by.
I wonder why I haven't started cleaning.
I said I would 1000 times.
But for the life of me I cannot get off the couch.
I have no energy to even begin.
I question why I am feeling this
And suddenly it clicks.

Here it comes again.
I know this feeling all too well.
The throbbing sensation in my head.
The bursts of rage that explode from within me.
The simple tasks that I cannot manage to complete.
The crushing weight in my chest makes it impossible to
breathe.
The voice in my head that constantly tells me I'm a failure.
Yes, that feeling.
My doctor told me it's postpartum depression.
It's no big deal, he told me.
Everyone gets it.

But I don't think they do.
The inability to tolerate my own children.
Being burnt out by noon.
It is the inability to sleep and turn off my mind
even though my mind and body is exhausted.
My therapist told me that it has something to do with the
rage.
She pushes medication
And I say no with little hesitation.

I constantly lose track of my thoughts.
Everyone tells me it's "mom brain"
But my mind is constantly stuck in a deep fog.
Eventually I snap.
Most of the time I yell with rage.
But sometimes I have to cry
To let these feelings inside pass.
And most times it makes me feel empty inside.
I cross my fingers and hope that this time is the last.
And soon I'll feel like myself again.
Soon my days will be filled with energy.
Soon I'll get my life back and be a happy mother with her
kids.
But for now, I'll take it day by day.

What Freedom Takes

Vanessa Abarca

Life is a prison, full of relentless indecision.
Exploitation by the hand of manipulation
The production of a generation meant for protection, a
collection of regulations
To question is to be rejected, there is no liberation to
redemption.
Eighteen, still a child but no need for supervision
He is a marine,
Follows orders based on omission.
Camo pants and dirty boots, ready for his expedition.
Watching a civilian walk straight into a collision, full of
suspicion.
Heart pounding
He is in position, split decision
With his rifle he aimed with precision, emptying all
ammunition
He has no ambition for this repetition
All he sees is crimson.
Cardiac strings full of incisions, he's no physician
This is not the best condition, he craves remission
Not every villain is a villain, but remains unforgiven for
every bad decision
Stricken with a vision, he's had a premonition
He found religion and seeks forgiveness,
For following orders of immoral politicians

Ricky

Jacqueline Rodriguez

It wasn't until 2011 that we started to bond.
Mostly because he was my ride to school.
I am grateful that he did.
Because now those dearest memories
Are the ones that I hold onto the most.

He was a little bit taller than me.
Wore long name brand shirts every day.
He wore a hat so much that
The ends of his hair brown curled around it.
He sagged his pants,
It was a thing back then.
Our dad would always ask
If he was trying to show off his ass.

He always played the same playlist.
A mix of pop and punk
And a splash of county music.
Windows rolled down
And the music blasting so loud
You could hear his truck 2 miles away.

Going extra fast on the backroads
Scared, I would yell at him to slow down
But he would laugh
And start swerving around
the empty backroads to school.
I look back now and think

How much fun it actually was.
I could tell he loved to drive.
He almost always had a smile when he was.

When we got to school
I felt so cool
Walking the same halls as my big brother.
Earned the title as “Ricky's sister”
Getting to school late every day
may have dropped my first period grade.
But that one year in high school was my favorite.
Because we finally got along.

In 2012 he joined the Army.
He sent me so many letters
To tell me how proud he was of my goals.
Summer 2013 he finally came home.
Once again he was my taxi.
Driving me to my friends houses
On the way to his girlfriend's house.
So much fun we had on our daily drives.
Only thinking of the fun we had.

The day was September 8th 2013.
He was only 19.
At 6 am my dad came bursting through the front door.
He threw all of our doors open
Told us to get up.
We all ran to the living room
Not knowing what had happened.

That was the first time I ever heard
My Dad's voice cracked.
"He's gone, He's gone. They took my baby away"
My mom jumped around in her pajamas confused
As to what was happening.
Then he made it clear
"Ricky's dead, he's gone"
My mom dropped to her knees.
There were no words.
Just loud cries and screams.
That still haunt me today.

Frozen, I felt a part of me die.
Yet, I could not cry.
At that moment my happy childhood ended.
But strong, I pretended.
Distracting my young siblings from the farewell.
Inside my head, I was in Hell.

My best friend was taken.
And my whole world was shaken.
As we struggled no longer feeling his presence,
my mother dosed on anti depressants.
Everyone sent their prayers.
Yet, it wasn't enough to repair
the broken home,
where I suddenly felt so alone.

Those Days

Viviana Olmedo

There are days when
my eyelids are rusted,
heavy garage doors
—no sunlight is allowed in
to shine, and polish the tiger's eye jewels locked away.

The rust is a silent, red-ringed warning on my eyelashes
like an expensive bear trap, with one touch
it springs open—and you can see the flood
of my tears, like a waterfall of diamonds
that cuts hands that reach to dip inside the waters.

But then, those soft, sliced hands caress
my cheek—holding it like it was a baby bird
moving back and forth
like my grandma ironing her doilies,
and my face was a setting sun after a rainy day,
ablaze with pink fire.

My lips are spiked chained linked fences,
and yours are firefighters with the jaws of life.
My smile was glued to the ceiling,
and you are Peter Pan.
My eyes felt lighter
and fresher than a mug of dark roast coffee
on the moon,
when yours looked into mine.

As if Green grass
rooting into warm Brown mud, perfectly.
Making every golf course jealous--unable to
grasp that type of perfection.

My voice returned
like a lost child at the county fair
—with a hooray, you found me!
And our embrace
feels like two stars crossed lovers;
visiting after being separated by millions of eons
and black holes of pain.
Unable to communicate through cold, silent space,
but now, I can see
what I should have seen,
by unlocking the doors
and welcoming you in as my guest.

Ode to Black

Viviana Olmedo

You are entirely misunderstood, and no one cares about your shade or cultivates different seeds of flowery understanding. You are all things but evil, the hidden beauty of the moon. Breathing in its dust, breaking up my trust, and letting it lie to roast in a rock-like corpse pose. You are everything, and you are the messy thing, and simultaneously, the temperature of the night sky—the type of a banshee cry leaving all without a dry eye.

A wild panther passes her-- a silhouette figure in the background and the blood left to rot into a breeding ground. The puddle darkens, and it sinks anything that looks upon it—a warning alarming all who can't bear its fair yet clouded reflection. So look deep, deep into the looking glass, and see what you'd fancy glimpsing. Are you a holy symbol of the high-lighted sun rays? Or a detailed devil daring to delve into shenanigans of dusk? Each has its own ways and plays into how you feel about the blackness of your core, and how it holds its own in your world.

So what do you think? Is it only ying and yang? Do Blackbirds not deserve to sing? The sun goes out, and everything becomes everything. Enlarged pupils but no sight. Thinking freely without blocks that stop us from writing-- signing our energy with the ink of autonomy. Coffee stains and horrid coastal rains. Pebbled stone walkways. Cliff hugging houses that laugh at the ocean's weathered rage. Sarcastic smiles after arguments and riling

words--separate us by turfed miles. The blackness in all of us lives all the while we think it doesn't. It does—the color black, the outlandish, deep part of us that refuses to be spurned.

Moon

Librado Quintero Pintado

I look upon the sky at night
No sign of time, just something bright.
It's the moon with all her might,
Shining down on us this gloomy night.

I ask her if she sees you anywhere
I hope and pray that you are there
Asking where I am, too
Hoping that we'll be together soon

Diluted Fairytale

Melissa Miller

When fairy wands turn to razor blades
And magic dust goes in your nose
Where's your magic now?
When your fairy godmother rots in the ground
And the friendly mice chew her remains
Where's your magic now?
When the curse is lifted with true love's kiss
But all the townspeople are still on the ground
Your magic wand, a razor blade
The fairydust, is blood
All because the prince's kiss came without consent
Where's your magic now?
When the fairytale ended but the happy ending never came
Where's your magic now?
When your perfect castle is four white walls
There's a lock on the door
When your lucious ball gown fit for a queen wraps around
tightly
You can't move your arm
When you still talk with your friendly mice
But there's no one around
All alone in a soft room made of pillows
Humming the sound of your own happy ending
Where's your magic now?

Temptation Poem

Andi Fluetsch

Daddy has been drinking again
Forty Days and Forty Nights
Living on Liquor
He calls for me to sit with him
His breath smells like scotch
and with clouded eyes
He tells me that he can hear the angels crying for him.
One day, he tells me,
my religion will save me,
and I believe him.
Sometimes, sleeping, I hear the angels too.

Mommy has been lost again
Crossing the desert, hand in
hand with her children
with a steel-eyed gaze
she leads us alone
I can't see the fear
hidden within her
because she only looks forward, a cross around her neck,
faith intertwined with
Desperation. She tell us
to find strength in God.
I do as she says, adorned with a cross.

I have been hopeless again,
Building my boat in barren
wasteland. Sailing

terrifies me, but
He told me to build
So I did. The cross I wear melted into my skin, the
molten metal burning
it's divine shape into me.
Why would I need a boat in the desert?

I understood soon enough.
When I see it, entrancing
with slit eyes, painted
red lips curved in a
smile. It takes my hand,
and it's calloused and colder than I would have imagined.
I'm led to a bar,
offered a drink, a press of
lips against my cheek
I resist, and It's not satisfied.

It takes me out to a park
that overlooks the valley
fields of fruit below.
It lays Its slim arm
around my shoulders
and offers me a sip from its glass, Just to Taste, It says
I Can Tell You're
Thirsty. 40 Days Without Water
A life Without Liquor—
That Could Kill You, it says, with excitement.

It takes my wrist, with Its eyes
lustful and calculated,

and presses a kiss
to pretty white lines.
Addiction, It says
is a myth—you can stop whenever you wish to—it's meant
to help, to just feel
better a little longer
It leaves lipstick stains.
A clawed hand cups my breast, and It whispers

If You Give In, I'll Love You
Love Only You, Until Death
It would be nice not
to think, not to feel
to be desired, loved.
Fill Your Thirst, It seduces, The Way Your Family Does.
It puts the glass to
my lips and it's bitter, so
I take the glass from it, and shatter it.

My soul in static, piercing
my hand, dripping wine-red blood,
staining our church clothes
It's claws sink into
my skin, where it holds
me, the mark of the beast cuts through the cross scarred on
my skin
I await vengeance
but It only smiles at me,
a wicked stare, and
asks me, coyly, if I've finished my boat.

Drowning

Julia Lindsay

It's a scary feeling, drowning.
Goosebumps line your skin.
Your eyes are closed, your heart is pounding-
A terrifying state to be in.

The murky water, lazy waves over me...
Dead water brings me down.
I used to love the salt and sea-
It's different when you drown.

Terror as my voice sounds, strangled,
Pain shoots down my back.
In this thick, deep water I've been tangled,
Life veering off its track.

The lack of breath comes fast,
And shadows soon surround.
Priorities fall from first to last,
I'm sinking towards the ground.

The tenseness and fear soon disappear
And turn to shame, dismay.
I think "How on earth did I get here?
Will all I know end this way?"

Then with that sinking feeling,
Giving up in desperation,
I recognize at Death's feet I'm kneeling-

It's my fault I'm in this situation.

With sad resolve, ignorance to fear,
Mind trudging through the moat,
I see that stretching hallway near,
Water rushing down my throat.

Inside my fading vision's eyes,
As all else fades, I see:
The air leaving my body rise,
Then a hand outstretched to me.

And in an instant, somehow I know,
If I take it, I'll be fine.
Without a thought, regret to show,
I take the hand in mine.

A sudden splash, the cold night air,
Removed from the murky sea.
The arms lift me out with loving care
On steady ground, safe as can be.

I gasp for breath only to choke,
Water is stuck inside of me.
The saving hand gives my back a stroke,
I inhale air, my lungs are free!

After inhale, exhale, then over again,
I close my eyes and listen:
The sound of my breathing now and then,
Seeing its worth, my eyes begin to glisten.

A life stays when all else fails,
A life can learn from error.
A life can get lost on dark trails,
A life can be a torchbearer.

I remain freezing, still, inside the dark
But this time, I can breathe
This rescued life gives me a spark
New understanding I now unsheathe.

And in its clarity I look towards the sky
To thank and see my savior's face.
But no physical being stands close by:
I've been rescued by God's grace.

And in my humility, saved from up above,
I put a hand to my chest and feel.
The beating fills my soul with love,
The presence of God so very real.

And then, from my gratitude does spring
Every color I could name.
The sunrise is my next blessing,
To brighten my mind its aim.

The sun lifts beyond the mountains,
Like eyelids opening to a whole new earth.
Steadily I take hold of my life's reigns,
And think through this rebirth.

But before the sun can set again,
Before the warmth can leave me,
I say a prayer, end with "Amen."
And think of how life will be.

This newfound hope,
This dawn of light,
This lifeline rope,
This strength and might.

The Lord will break me from the chain.
I'll go where He needs me to.
I'll say it time and time again:
"I know the gospel's true."

Warmth surrounds my heart, it seems,
My arms wrap around my waist.
My breathing comes through steady streams,
To the promising sun I'm faced.

Here I'll stay and here I'll be,
Not in the deep dark ocean.
This new life burns inside of me,
My heart and mind in motion.

Our lives are precious gifts from God,
Let's use them for the good,
See the light and strength abroad,
And live life as we should.

Our Good Men

Andi Fluetsch

I dream of the sun.
of the suffocating, desolate heat
bearing down on me
I long for its sacred burns on my skin,
sinking into me
like a vice.

I dream of the Son.
of godless disciples who plead guilty
of failed reverence.
their pious hatred burns my heart, like the
witches they burned for
their God's love.

The sun burns, the son dies.
The sun burns me, the son kills me.
what is our religion if not
a reason to be kind?
what is our religion if not
a reason to be feared?

Am I a good man because people say I am?
Am I a good man because I try to be one?
Am I a good man when I hate the clerical?
Are any of them good men when they hate me?
Are any of them good men, am I a good man,
when we, devoted, suffocate his children
with desolate hatred and divine disgust?
Are any of us good men if we don't have a gun to our head?
It must be true that a good man is hard to find.

The Canvas

Julia Lindsay

The face was like a drying pastel marking. Cracked pepper from a shaker for freckles. The nose, like a crooked pipe, slender and broken then fixed again. Eyes bluer than blue, piercing as sunlight glinting off waves of a deep, bluer than blue sea. Lips cracked like a canyon, in need of moisture. Brows thin but dark, like a streak of deep gray paint across a used canvas. His cheekbones didn't line up, one higher than the other like a rickety staircase with character and grit. The jaw was clunky and small, rusted metal on a trusty contraption, not attractive, but functioning. The face was different, bent, unusual and broken. But when the man laughed, the paint would crack, the pastel would expand, the pepper would spread, the streak of gray would lift, and the canvas would light up, revealing the most rewarding smile. A work of art on its own, and he doesn't even know it.

**SENTENCES SWALLOWED AT 3AM THAT TASTED
LIKE ROTTEN FRUIT:**

Bailey Brooks

the smell of hospitals in winter,
snow caked in the grooves of my combat boots,
a bitter something stuck in my throat; these words are the
Adam's apple I was born without.

I think of you and something inside of me rattles, and I could
spit venom but instead I swallow myself. I am the ouroboros.
this is the cycle of life, death, and forever.

I think if I'd been a son,
I would have pummeled you into pomegranate seeds a long
time ago. if I'd had the strength to, I'd have broken your
bones the way you broke my heart, my spirit, and the rest of
me.

I tuck my hands as fists into the pockets of my parka and
watch your chest rise and fall beneath the waffled thin
blanket, and I the watch the electric green peaks and valleys
of your pulsebeat,
and I watch the flurries outside. there is a strange darkness in
this room, shadows taking shapes, Death come to carve open
your chest with His crooked scythe talons.

I am reinforced with steel. when the line falls flat I do not
blink. time goes on and I hate you for leaving, but I
would've hated you more if you'd stayed

Memory Lane

Vanessa Abarca

Who are you?

Who are you?

Who are you?

That is not me

The reflection staring back at me

That is not me, she says

Soft voice breaking

Full of confusion

Lost in a world inside her mind

Locked away in a time where she was once young and
beautiful

Confusion turns to panic

Panic as she watches her wrinkled hand touch her face

A face withered with old age

Eyes that once held wisdom are now full of confusion

A thousand stories written into a thousand wrinkles

Now all long forgotten.

I stare broken hearted

at the little old woman

standing feebly in front of a mirror.

Her words piercing my heart slowly

As she says, that is not me

Pointing delicately

She turns to me and stares.

Stares at my scrubs and gloved hands,

Stares at my name tag.

A shadow of a broken smile

Eyes full of sadness begin to focus

Lost in her mind no more
Understanding.
Understanding as she remembers where she is,
A nursing home.
Knowing that she has minutes
Maybe seconds before she becomes lost
Lost in her mind
Living in her past once again.
She reaches for my hand as I reach for hers
Clasping her small hand in mine
She smiles and says
A pilot I once was, flying as high as a bird.
Smile turns into a frown
Eyes begin to lose focus
As she says the words that shattered me
Who am I?
Who am I?
Who am I?



Untitled 2 by Nimra Khan

MIRROR BOY

Bailey Brooks

this is the way of you:
skewed and scattered
shattered silver shards
across hardwood floor, prismatic light glistening on these
water-stained walls,
but all you see is the part where you are broken

on your back, looking up, always looking up at the cracked
high ceiling,
you don't see what I do when I am looking down
onto you, into you.
there is no bottom to your belly, your roots have no end. you
echo on for miles and keep growing the way the universe
does, with edges that cut my fingers to touch.

you see the blood but I see the light,
I track the way it bounces, cascades, and shimmers.
opalescent with the winking moon,
fluorescent in the grocery aisles and bathroom;
when the sun touches your skin you are blinding,
but I'll still look anyway,
still hold anyway.

this is the way of me:
to touch you, to comfort you. to reach out with shaking
fingers and trace the cold hard of your skin
to close my eyes against your dappling luminescence.
you're holy like the fragmented pieces of a caved in
cathedral window,
ancient like lighting in sand,
consumed by fire, combusting into something thin and
delicate,

I cradle you in my cut palms because you are blown and beautiful.

this is the way of us:
to stare, to reflect,
to look and look back,
to chafe against and reach for,

you can be broken
and
bright at the same time

Last Thoughts

Vanessa Abarca

He was standing near the ocean's hillside,
His eyes shadows under brilliant moonlight.
Does he enjoy the surrounding riptide?
Or are his reckless thoughts ready for flight?

His flashbacks like a hellish serenade,
That came bolting ready for crash landing.
The smallest of sounds roar like a grenade,
His memories becoming terrifying.

He's living inside an ongoing nightmare,
Memories too heavy to leave bellied.
Sadness becoming his very despair,
Memories that are better left buried,

The decision to jump would break his chains,
So now saltwater runs throughout his veins.

Till Then

Julia Lindsay

The rooftops were cracked like a desert canyon. The paint was broken as a lover's heart. The thickening fog throughout the place was dense as a frothy drink, and all that lay around the empty town was so still it could have been frozen in time. But, through the eerie still and silence, the melodic sound of an old record came in, sounding quietly and then growing steadily louder. At the center of the abandoned city was an elderly woman, wrinkled as a butterfly's wings right from the cocoon, only she wasn't just beginning her life. It was soon coming to an end. Her hair wasn't gray as most others, but an inviting and snowy white. Her bones were fragile as glass and her clothes tattered and torn, but she had made the trek to her hometown regardless. Listening to the beautiful, nostalgic song play, she recalled the name: "Till Then", by... who was it again? "The Classics." She named the old-time band, one of her favorites. Softly swaying like a tree in a light breeze to the beat of the song and listening to the words, the woman trudged through the moat of her mind to find her memories that lie there, the ones she used to know so well. She rubbed the lamp in her mind to think up the same old wish she'd thought up a thousand times over- that she could only be with him again. Each attempt to return to him was met with the all-too-familiar sign on the door that read "CLOSED". Yet however frustrating this may have been, she knew it would never stop her from visiting the train station of memories her mind held, filled with all sorts of tracks that could take her to any place she'd ever been, or any person

she'd ever seen- even if they weren't with her anymore. As with the leaves of a tree, her mind grew more colorful, seasoned with growing days, words, and actions, and looked more and more beautiful the closer she was to dying. She recalled his red wool sweater that she disliked almost as much as his blue one, and his precious watch collection that she still couldn't bear to give away. Maybe she would give one to each of their grandchildren. She allowed those precious as gold memories to flow through her mind, each one a comfort and a pain. How she longed to be with him, like a pearl inside a clamshell. To be again close as numbers 2 and 3, to again hear his words softly spoken to her like the breath of spring... But though her memories would stay with her until she left this earth, until she could at last be with him again, she smiled, sighed, and softly whispered those familiar words, "Till then"

Meet Your Editors



Bailey Brooks

This is Bailey's first semester on the INK! team and her second year at WCC. She plans to graduate next year with two degrees in English and Early Childhood Education. In her free time, she enjoys reading, writing, and making music with her little sister.



Naomi Catalan

This is Naomi's fourth semester at WCC. She's an English major preparing to transfer to CSU Sacramento. 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.



Isabella Morrison

This is Isabella’s fifth semester as an INK! editor and her final semester at Woodland Community College. She is planning to graduate with AAs in English and Arts and Humanities. In her free time, she can be found listening to Kanye or binging the

latest queer rom-com.



Fatima Mushtaq

This is Fatima’s second time working as an INK! editor. She has almost completed her first year of college and is currently studying Political Science. To keep herself entertained, she loves to write poetry, paint her lively imagination, read, and spend time with

her friends and family (and her precious cat Nacho)!



Viviana Olmedo

This is Viviana’s first semester editing with the INK! Magazine Team and her fourth semester at WCC. Viviana plans on graduating next year with a AA transfer degree in English. When the mood strikes, Viviana loves to write short stories, draw digital art, or relax

with an enthralling book with her sweet, schnauzer-mix lapdog, Tomasa.