

Volume 11

2019

ME



Multicultural Echoes

Department of International Languages, Literatures and Cultures
California State University, Chico

Mim Me
 أنا يا Ich bin es
 私 我
 Moi 나를 lo

Mim Me
 أنا يا Ich bin es
 私 我
 Moi 나를 lo

Mim Me
 أنا يا Ich bin es
 私 我
 Moi 나를 lo

Mim Me
 أنا يا Ich bin es
 私 我
 Moi 나를 lo

← Language

Diversity →



MIE

Multicultural Echoes

VOLUME 11

2019





Multicultural Echoes
Volume 11
2019

Multicultural

Echoes





Editor
Char Prieto

Editorial Board
Patricia Black
Eugenio Frongia
Aimin Lu
Raquel Mattson-Prieto
Carol McClendon
Keiko Tokuda

Student Assistants
Hector Chavez
Patric Hale
Daniel Lopez
David Reyes

Publication Design
Daniel Lopez

Cover Design
Daniel Lopez
Daniel Theobald

Sketch of Kendall Hall
Valeria Moreno

The cover art this year is designed by CSU, Chico students Daniel Lopez and Daniel Theobald and it is entitled Language and Diversity Crossroads. They believe that each individual is unique and they recognize our differences as the dimensions of nationality, race, ethnicity, gender, sexual orientation, socioeconomic status, age, physical abilities, religious beliefs, political beliefs, or other ideologies.

ME: Multicultural Echoes was founded in 2008 by Dr. Char Prieto alongside a group of faculty and students from the Department of International Languages, Literatures and Cultures at California State University, Chico. The journal's purpose is to promote languages, cultures, tolerance, intellectual growth, creativity, and to help authors share and publish their works.

ME: MULTICULTURAL ECHOES • Spring 2019
© Department of International Languages, Literatures and Cultures | CSU, Chico, 2019.

DEDICATION

Frederick (Federico) Perez (1935-2018) In Memoriam



Fred (Federico) Perez was a Chico State alumnus (Education and Spanish, 1963) and a teacher of Spanish in Orland California from 1966-1991. Fred was born in California to immigrant parents from Spain. He studied at the University of Seville and the University of Barcelona. He earned a Master's in Education from Stanford University in 1972. In 1998 he was elected to the Board of Trustees for Butte-Community College and served until his passing. In 2013 he was honored by Orland Alumni Association as distinguished alumnus. His life revolved around family, teaching, travel and community. Fred collaborated with our department giving talks, attending events and motivating students to learn foreign languages. He was the invited speaker for the 2012 Phi Sigma Iota, the International Foreign Language Honor Society and received honorary membership. He attended every one of Phi Sigma Iota's induction ceremonies. His unequivocal focus was the success of students and dedication to languages and cultures. We are very grateful to him for his work and persistent efforts to bring multiculturalism, languages and cultures to California. We are deeply saddened by his loss and cannot find the words to express our sorrow. Fred Perez is gone and he will be greatly missed, but he will always be with us, part of our memory. RIP dear Fred.

Très chers lecteurs:

Dear readers,

We are very happy to announce the eleventh issue of CSU Chico's literary magazine, *ME: Multicultural Echoes*. Echoes of ourselves and others, to us and the world, these contributions all seek to communicate in the myriad voices of human experience. Just like Baudelaire, the 19th century French poet who revolutionized the poetic subject, voice, and form, whose words I echoed in my greeting, we seek to convey truth, fiction, and the gray area in between. Reading these lines and reading between the lines, we announce to everyone: here is *ME: Multicultural Echoes*. We hope that these pages will continue to echo in you, the reader, as well as echo your experience back to us.

Avec mes plus sincères sentiments,

Patricia E. Black

Patricia E. Black
Chair, Department of International Languages,
Literatures and Cultures



Table of Contents

Chinese

Yueming Wang	忙闲之间	15
Martin Townsend	Land of Fire	15

English

Kerry Baker	The Bridge	17
	The Sea Enchantress	18
Arthur Lemner	Untitled	19
Hector Chavez	Under the Mesquite Tree	20
Marlene Estrada	Dandelion	21
	What is Love?	22
Dennis M. Gier	Repenting	23
Eugenio Frongia	A Journey in the 21st Century	24
	Gradizia: A Dream	25
Alison Mahaffey	Untitled	27
Eugenio Frongia	Like a Bell	28
	Remembrance of Things Past	31
	The Cafè Literary Society	32
Kristy Moreno	Growth	35
Alexis Gaxiola	Long Time No Sleep	36
Bill H. Heron	Braking Bad	38
Diana Chavez	Untitled	40
Bill H. Heron	Morning Meditation	41
Kristy Moreno	Untitled	41
	Saturday Morning Cartoons	41

Ibe Liebenberg	Before the Shore	42
Arthur Lemner	Time Unravels	42
Ibe Liebenberg	Child on Shore	43
Kenneth Michael	Stranded Color	43
Kurtus Locke	The Boat From Up Top	44
	Trees Love All Things	45
Ruben Lopez et al	Untitled	45
Kurtus Locke	What I Hope People See	46
Brett Day	Coming & Going	46
	Moonlight Sound Waves	47
Kurtus Locke	Wide Open Space	48
Kenneth Michael	Calm Now	48
Sandy Makau	Migration	49
Martin Townsend	Sabrina	50
Jesus Maria	Gangsta Romeo and Juliet	51
	02/12/19	52
Hanna May	The Only Place Mom Can't Find You	53
Gisela Ramirez	Adrift	53
George McClendon	Carpe Momentum. Seize the Moment	54
	Deer Creek	55
	Shari	56
Sondae Molina	Is It Supposed To Hurt Like This?	57
Destinee Moreno	Family Is Everything	60
	You Are	61
Martin Townsend	Fam	61
Max Myers	A Place I Go	62
	Sleepless	62
	Perspective	63
Kenneth Michael	Spring Bloom	63
Mariana Sabino	Fold	64

Dennis Gier	Meditating	65
Mariana Sabino	It Takes All Kinds	66
Ruben Lopez et al	Untitled	67
Mariana Sabino	Leg	68
Dennis Gier	The Look of Love	70
Mariana Sabino	The Song of Sam	71
Daniel Theobald	Kafkası karışıklık	72
Lilly Vang	I Have A Friend	73
Tawnie Peterson	Clashing Worlds	74
	Fire and Ice	75
	Lava Flow	75
Kailyn Erb et al	Art Representation	76

French

Patricia Black	Et la fin	79
	Les arbres	79
Char Prieto	Rain	79

German

Daniel Theobald	Unvergänglich - Unergründlich	81
-----------------	-------------------------------	----

Hebrew

Daniel Theobald	מִן	83
Gisela Ramirez	Change	83

Italian

Eugenio Frongia	L'Oro di Quito	85
	Prigioni	88
Martin Townsend	Grounded	88

Japanese

Alexander H. Lopez	気 (Sprit)	90
Carol McClendon	Water Flow	90
Eduvije Morales	蓮と蜻蛉 ハスとトンボ	91
Katherine Sanchez	私の好きなもの	92
Carol McClendon	Waterman	92
Sam Schmidtbauer	幸せな私	93
Martin Townsend	Q	93
Sagejane SnyderBehr	春がくる	94
Martin Townsend	Sleepyhead	94
Steven Taylor	「ペコペコ」男の人	95
Martin Townsend	Self Portrait with Canvas Curtains	95

Portuguese

Roze Sabino	Caminho trilhado	97
Ruben Lopez et al	Untitled	98
Roze Sabino	De onde?	99
Diana Chavez	Untitled	99

Spanish

Jennifer Barajas	Dos	101
Pablo del Barco	Sin titutlo	102
Xavier Monsalvatje	Debes verlo todo	102
	Asthmatic System	102

Steven Bressan	Steверías	103
Diana Chavez	Untitled	103
Maria Gonzalez	Danza de la muerte	104
Arthur Lemner	Untitled	104
Carmen López	Tres microrrelatos para ser ponderados....	105
Xavier Monsalvatje	Valencia City	106
	El bosque ficticio	106
Daniel Lopez	Danielerías	107
Daniel Lopez	El amor de una abuela	108
Gerardo Piña Rosales	Laurie, vida de mi vida	109
Char Prieto	Ausencia	112
Char Prieto	Canción de despedida	113
Char Prieto	Federico	113
Char Prieto	Tonada chilena	114
Char Prieto	Chile	114
Contributors' Biographies		117

Chinese

漢語
汉语
中文

YUEMING WANG

忙闲之间

忙闲之间

作者 王月明

初春某日，
选片土地
插根枝

引水浇灌
牵藤引蔓
搭花棚

待到繁热夏天
风拂树下
揽卷纳凉

偶有雷雨
清幽笃定
无意波澜
不恋壮阔

寂静中修养
光明中收获

人生短长
笑做自在王



MARTIN TOWNSEND
Land of Fire

English



KERRY BAKER The Bridge

Golden eternities,
In my balance beam.
Safety and terror.

I bleed life into you,
And strip you to ashes.
I slip through easily,
The bridge that I've become.
Violently still.

I fall, sink, scream,
And rise.
Effortlessly.

My wings are invisible.
I shed skins like a snake,
Becoming fire.

Burning,
Stinging pain.
I pulverize the softest pieces of you,
And wrap you in sweet, warm, ocean water.

In your death,
We are equals.
I am peaceful.
I respect your gravesite.

KERRY BAKER
The Sea Enchantress

The sea enchantress holds bones
in her hidden treasure chest.
Fractals of glass, broken pearls, and tarnished gold
line the seabed,
where she rests her head.

Delicate drops form from her breasts,
nourishing the ocean.
The waves steal her salt water tears,
ravenous.

Each person she's been,
in every interwoven reality
haunts her,
with the turning of the tide.

The sweetness of the eternal children
sends rainbow beams through the depths.
When Angels sleep,
there is No light.
The water craves their presence.

Old records and frayed photographs
lie submerged in sand.
Flowers flow through the seabed.

Each film bleeds together through time.
There is so much overflow.
Sleep helps them feel like they are drowning.

Twinges of insanity and ecstasy
line her eyes.
The Sea Enchantress moves freely,
slipping and sliding through secret portals.
Swimming until the day she becomes water.



ARTHUR LEMNER
Untitled

HECTOR CHAVEZ
Under the Mesquite Tree

Wind rattling the wheat, the sun glistening through the leaves, birds prancing across some branches sounding like little raindrops with every step. I find refuge from the blistering sun under the motherly mesquite tree with her branches like limbs sheltering all that are underneath. She's a single tree, overlooking the grasslands all around, a gentle, a wise mother, who has been here for many years caring for those in her sight. I gently get up from the cold, soothing rock I was laying on after a few of her leaves began to fall on my soft eight year old face. I look over and see my dad tilling the hard porous fields next to me. We're on his lands, lands that were my grandfather's and his grandfather's before him. Fatherly lands that have been worked on by only the toughest of hands, hands that have been forged to grow sweet maize, bronze potatoes, eye watering peppers, and life sustaining pinto beans, the food that fed my ancestors. My father's hands tell me stories. The calluses that he permanently carries which express the love and difficulties that he faced growing up as the eldest son in a poor household. Hard crevices built by blazing days and sleepless nights, nights that were filled with the torrential rain of the gods while he watched over the fields so no gluttonous animals would reach the sweet nectar that grew inside his garden. Placing down his tool my father walks over to me, the dirt rifting all around him, floating up into the sky to lands beyond. As he sits on the rock under the grand Mesquite, I jump onto his dusty lap. We both look across the golden untamed grasslands, the bright light of the village chapel in the distance, with the blue dewy skies enveloped all around. We both smile as he begins to tell me more stories about his childhood.

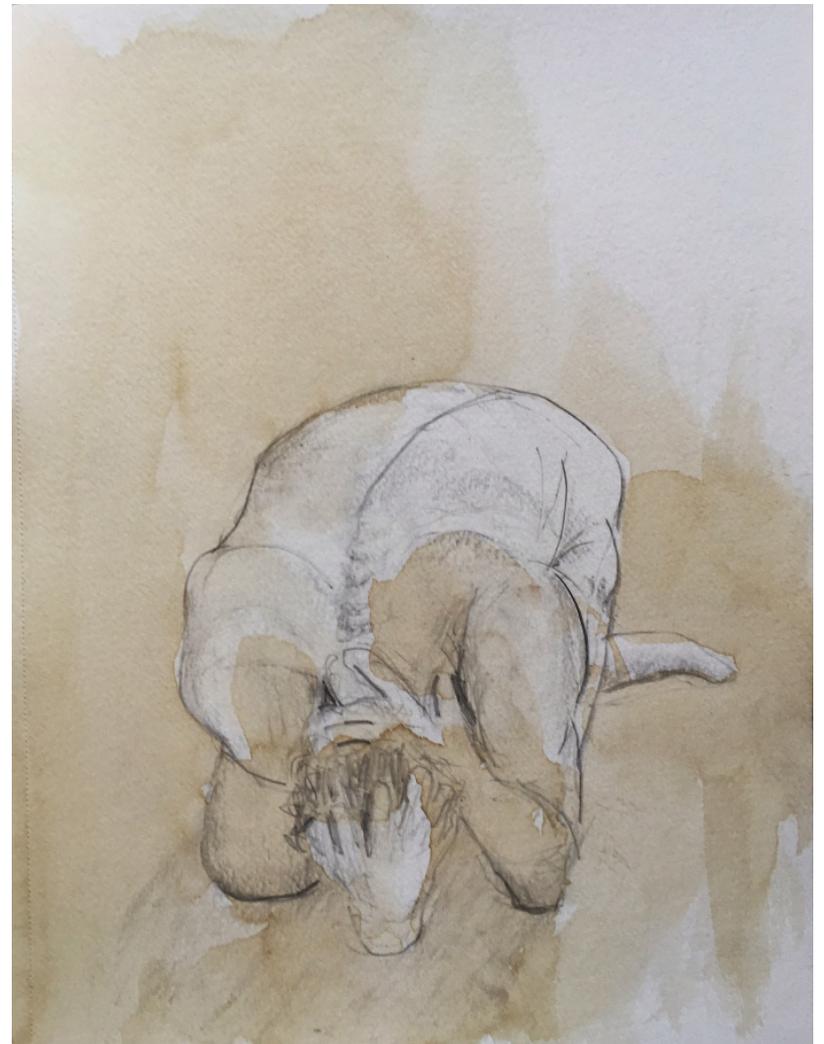
MARLENE ESTRADA TAPIA
Dandelion

Growing up, I found myself stuck in between who I wanted to become and who others wanted me to be.
It became difficult to keep up with expectations and I tore myself apart. Isolation became my best friend but one day I went on a walk and discovered dandelions along my path.
As I grew from my isolation I became fascinated with dandelions
They grew in the most abandoned places.
Soon they represented a sense of hope in my life.
I too, could grow even in the darkest parts of my mind.
Dandelions are never viewed as the beautiful flowers,
They are viewed as weeds that need to be torn down
Yet they always grow in the most unexpected places bringing hope of the beauty of our world
I am a dandelion
I am hope
I am ready to grow from unexpected situations, from the pain, from the dark
I am ready to bring beauty to life, to love like there is no tomorrow
I am a dandelion and so are you.

MARLENE ESTRADA TAPIA
What is Love?

To me, love is being able to be yourself around someone without feeling insecure
To me, love is when you do feel insecure, your partner reminds you that you are perfect,
They remind you that if you want to change, you can change
because after all, change is inevitable
It's knowing your lover is their own person and you allow them to grow for themselves,
but it's also knowing that you don't have to push them away
To me, love is the small moments,
the moments you catch them staring and suddenly you're nervous
You're nervous because this is different,
this feeling is so Alive
Love is being able to share silence with your partner without questioning it
To me, love is trusting your partner and remembering that we are human,
we all make mistakes
Love is knowing you're not always going to be happy but you stick through it anyways
Love is being able to spend time away from each other and not complain,
It is okay to be your own person
To me, love is patience, kindness, trust, and courage
because love is scary
To me, love is acceptance
Acceptance of another person
Acceptance of yourself

Love is insane but wonderful
Love is everything
Do not be afraid to love
Love is home.



DENNIS M. GIER
Repenting

EUGENIO FRONGIA
A Journey in the 21st Century

*On the Birth Day of Alexander Nicolás Ochoa-Yanagi
March 8, 2019, 5:31pm San Francisco*

A journey in the Twenty-First Century

Alexander Nicolás, we bid you welcome
As the Sun sets on our Golden Gate.
Pride, love and joy to your Dad and Mom,
On this Blue Planet you shall shape your fate.

Sum total of generations far and wide,
Sprung like a flower from our common pod,
May you summon justice and wisdom to your side,
And may your gaze behold the face of God!

Like Alexander, may you blaze the trails
That lead to Grecian and Oriental treasure.
May favorable winds propel your sails
And find in Botticelli form and measure.

Nicolá, your middle name, begs and portends
Fair and just means to appropriate ends.

EUGENIO FRONGIA
Gradizia: A Dream

In the early morning of November 29, 2017, the clock on my iphone indicated 4:30 in the morning. I was awakened by Ziva, one of our cats, racing and sliding up and down the hall of the living room, as she often does when she wants attention.

I was awakened from a dream.

The dream was so vivid, detailed and so clearly articulated, that I went to the “Productivity” App in my iphone and wrote down detailed notes of its content before it vanished. And here is the narrative, as it survived in my memory.

The beginning couldn’t be more trivial. Apparently, I went somewhere, into an office or business for a visit. I sat down and I asked a lady, the main character in the dream, a question: “How does one lose weight?” This question that seems to have motivated my visit, by the way, was never answered, never discussed, and, in the context, it never mattered. In real life, I was trying to lose weight, and it was after Thanksgiving!

The question was addressed to the lady. She was a woman in her mid-thirties, her hair short to mid-length, and elegantly combed. She went in and out of the large room, every time with a different dress, moderately colored, yet stunning in its classically tailored elegance.

“What is your name?” – I asked.

“Gradizia” – she answered, attempting a slight smile.

An original, a name I never heard before, yet perfectly fitting the patrician and joyful demeanor of the lady, an onomastic combination of “gradire/gradevole” in Italian, namely, “to please/pleasant”, and either “Letizia” or “Patrizia.” – Gradizia!

“My name is Eugenio,” – I said.

”Eugenio”, she repeated perfectly. The first time that anyone, outside of Italy, did not mispronounce my name.

Impressed and perhaps baffled by the unexpected activity in the room, which definitely had nothing to do with dietetics, I asked her:

“What’s the name of your company?”

“I can’t tell you.” “It’s a secret.” – she said.

But the ambiance had the casual look of a fashion place, a dress-making business. In and out of the room the lady kept going, every time with a different, long, beautiful, perfectly-fitting dress.

Nothing sensual or erotic about the woman. She was simply beautiful, elegant, matter-of-fact, professional.

Although I seemed to be the only one in the large room, she never asked me about her different dresses. My presence did not interfere with the flow of her activity and she did not seem to mind my being there.

At some point, another older lady, perhaps French, I thought to myself, appeared in a corner of the room. She quoted famous authorities on beauty and aesthetics, at some point mentioning Leopardi – Giacomo Leopardi – the great Italian Romantic Poet of the First Nineteenth Century. She quoted some beautiful verses. But her verses are nowhere to be found in Leopardi.

Subsequently, two men showed up in the room, carrying boxes and going about their business.

At this point the dream ended, as I was awakened by Ziva, the cat roaming the halls in the pre-dawn hours.

And here are the questions the dream left me with:

Who created the story, the dream? The brain, I, my subconscious. One might say. Or is it? The story is original. Neither I nor anyone else ever before had this dream, articulated this story.

The story is perfectly rational, credible in its contours. It fits both the world of phantasy as well as a potential world of reality.

What motivated the dream? Losing weight? If so, that’s the only ref-

erence to reality. But it has no obvious reference to the structure and the content of the dream.

This is the first time in my life that I relate a dream and I felt that I should write it down.

I am left with a vivid memory that came from somewhere, a new story, a well-articulated tale, an early morning gift, mysterious and full of unanswered questions, whose main character, the elegant, detached, fashionable lady, is someone never seen before, who never answered my original question and somehow managed to make it irrelevant, but who provided in herself, her perfect fitness, an implied, aesthetic answer.

I do not know where the dream came from. Poets, writers and artists who relate dreams say the same thing. Dante, for example, at the beginning of the “Commedia”, says: “Io non so ben come vi entrai / Tant’era pien di sonno...” I do not know how I entered. / I was so overwhelmed by sleep.” (Inferno, I, 10-11).

The only thing that is certain is that the dream, the event, originated within the physical sphere of my body, in the unconscious or subconscious component of my own self. But, it is a self that acts independently of my reason and of my will.

Hence the final, unanswered, perhaps unanswerable and provocative question: Is there another I, another ME, whom I do not know?



ALISON MAHAFFEY
Untitled

EUGENIO FRONGIA
Like a Bell

*“Forlorn! The very word is like a bell
to toll me back from thee to my sole self.”
(J. Keats, “Ode to a Nightingale”)*

As the fog burns out
This mid-morning of August,
Revealing houses and redwoods
In the hills of Glen Highlands,
I see you, Hobbes,
On your favorite perch,
Looking intently
At the shrubs and flowers –
Japanese lilies, camellias –
In the sloping front yard
Overlooking the San Francisco Bay.
And like the fog under the sun,
You are slowly burning
Toward the vanishing point.

But I cannot dispel
The memories of your glory days,
When, in your sleek, powerful body,
And your penetrating eyes,
You came to us
And inherited a home and a garden,
Ruling your newly-found microcosm
Like an alpha male,

Proving
That both evolution and domestication
Are science
And that the Darwinian “survival of the fittest”
Is not an easy inheritance,
A hand-me-down,
Or a genetic right,
But a story of struggle,
A double helix of perseverance.

How similar is your path to mine!
In your intent gaze
Into the distant Bay
And the infinite Ocean
Beyond the Golden Gate,
I see the load of memories
Of faraway lands,
Of islands and continents,
Of valleys and mountain peaks,
Rubicon crossings without return,
Divides, watersheds...
Dies cast, chances taken,
Bets won,
Bets lost.
Vènimus, vòdimus...
We came, we saw,
Vicimus! We conquered.

Your vicissitudes,
From a secure abode,
To the narrow exile of a cage,

From the threat of imminent death,
To the loving kindness of women,
-Antigone, Cordelia -
Are like the fated meanderings
Of a wronged king,
Oedipus, Lear,
“more sinned against than sinning,”
Or like a fated Odysseus,
Who came ashore
In a fortunate island.

Like the Keatsian nightingale,
“Thou wast not born for death,”
“No hungry generations tread thee down.”
Gaze on, into the distance,
Immortal creature,
Aim the unsteady step into the future.
However long or short it may be,
You have already spun your tale,
Written your story.

And when your last Sun
Dips into the Ocean,
Your memory will be
Like the Phoenix,
Reborn into all things
That ever were
And will be.

You will ride the waves.
You shall rest in Water.

EUGENIO FRONGIA
Remembrance of Things Past

Time, yet again, you occupy my mind!
This rainy morning, treading trails of old,
Re-reading Marcel Proust, I hope to find
My long-gone youth, a mythic Age of Gold.

Hear! In the wintry cold, the town's bell tower,
Sends through the dormant fields its ancient message,
Reminding young and old, at every hour,
Of times of life, or of times of passage.

Amidst the ripening grapes, and many a tree,
A young child dwells in paradise,
Admiring, over the Sardinian Sea,
The glorious view of the Sun's demise.

In the Springtime, the verdant fields rejoice,
As the new lambs carouse in boisterous play.
And I still hear the distant cuckoo's voice,
Auguring fortune and love in later May.

Memories past are like the welcome rain.
Those who remember, have not lived in vain.

EUGENIO FRONGIA
The Cafè Literary Society
“Starbucks” at Barnes & Noble

An ordinary day in the heart of Winter. Rain storm underway. No better shelter than a bookstore, in the company of the “Cafè Society” devotees. James, Wilde, Twain, Shaw, Hardy, Dickinson, Hemingway, Orwell, Nabokov, Joyce and others around the corner... They are in front of me, the Cafè society that provided the books that I read and made possible the space where I write.

James sits pensive in front of Wilde, both looking past a glass of wine, as if trying to avoid the obvious and chasing the extraordinary. The cigar is Twain’s access to the imagined and the unseen. Shaw’s attention is held by a manuscript, which he takes as seriously as Hardy takes a cup of espresso, or tea. Dickinson’s gaze is intense and longing. Hemingway cradles a pipe in his right hand, his eyes driving hard toward some distant shore, island or sunset. Orwell seems to converse with unseen yet upsetting worlds, looking past a Nabokov distracted by his glasses, a cup of coffee and open book lying idle on the table. Joyce’s piercing eyes search mysterious scenes, wandering faraway in the wake of Ulysses’ storm-tossed raft. Are all these gentlemen and few ladies gathering in Partis, as the sign above them seems to hint? “Vins... Vins.” “Wines...Wines...”, but also cigars, teas, coffees, absynthes, tobaccos. I had planned to write on these folks’ piercing eyes, intent gazes, downcast countenances, fictional visions of varying realities. But their presence in a cafè surrounded by books putting into words their realities, is compelling and writing is a divine compulsion, a choiceless necessity. Perhaps they called forth the unformed jumble of my subconscious, the inert deposit of one day memories, asking to be arranged in some rational and meaningful order, to be granted an attentive audience, to be infused with sense and sensibility before the inevitable oblivion.

OK. Who are you? What are your names? What is your request? Oh, yes! The case of the MD who reminisces about his lost love on Sunday morning. Yes, what a loss! You expressed it well in the short poem in the JAMA. She obviously was a lovely lady. Loss, physical loss, makes our loss keener, the longing deeper, as absence transfers to memory a presence that wishes to be eternal, forever. I feel a certain communion with anyone who mourns a loss, an absence, temporary or final. Your poem reminded me of all the losses I have incurred in my life. I shudder at the realization that “death hath undone so many,” an intimation of my own mortality, an understanding of memory and remembrance, especially of the quality of memory in those who remember what and who we were.

Who else, what else? Who? My daughters? Right. So far, so distant, and yet so present! I am carrying out, on these very pages, the mental exercise they prescribed when I received from them my mnemonic marching orders as I became a septuagenarian. This is proof that you have a meaningful role, a very definite say, that you are bigger than my thoughts. You are now too busy with the mysteries of the human body and the human mind, too excited about the endless landscapes of medical knowledge, too subdued by the close encounters with death and disease, too sleepy, too tired, too worried, too much in debt. Not enough time to call, to chat, to ask...But I know you care beyond asking, you mean beyond saying. I know you are there beyond being there. There will be a day when you will have both need and time to wonder, to ask. Here is part of your answer, offered on a stormy day of February, in a cafè, frequented by the likes of Wilde, Hemingway, Dickinson, Joyce. Yes, positively. You are someone, ever present, understood and, if you still harbor lingering doubts about the quality and the depth of “understanding”, loved, always! Unconditionally.

Next? Yes! I see the endless landscape of rubble, the unspeakably hellish horror of crushed, mangled bodies, torn limbs, the smoking pyres of burning flesh. This is not cremation. Your ashes will not be preserved in neat little boxes and urns to be placed in rows of civilized “columbaria”, made

lively by the gentleness of a photo and the nostalgia of a chrysanthemum. The craters filled with rotting bodies, undistinguishable humanity turned heap, mound, stack and covered by dirt and rubble, obliterating any chance of future recognition, of tears, and certainly not flowers. I hear you, I see you, I know you. The pity and the sorrow prevent me from saying that I understand the depth of your grief, that I fathom your despair. Who fathom the tragedy of you, woman, who have lost your children, the pain of you, husband, who have lost your spouse in the sudden shudder of your city? The loneliness of you, child, whose crushed legs are nothing compared with the absence of your mother, father, brother, sister, in a landscape suddenly without a neighborhood, a street, a home, a bed, a playground; without bread, without friends, without comfort. You lived in poverty all your life. Poverty means unsafe housing, scant food and clothing, dangerous schools and precarious buildings, poor or non-existent medical care. The Haitian smile that blossoms spontaneously on your beautiful face is a miracle and a riches beyond any capitalistic comforts. Yet, oh how tragic, how sad that a minute of shaking has destroyed your smile, has silenced your voice and muted your laughter, has turned your dwelling, your street, your playground into a cemetery. Your smile may one day come back and the memory of your loved ones will live in your smile.

For your sake, but for mine also, allow me to ask a question that you will not ask, or that you may have deep inside you, but may not want or know how to formulate. It is a question about justice, an overwhelming question that plagues people like me. A question that I would like to have answered, but which probably nobody will. It is the same question I have asked in the name of the slaves of the Plantations below the Mason-Dixon Line, that Martin Luther King asked and was killed for it, that question that all subjects of colonialism have asked for centuries in Africa, Latin America, Asia, all over the planet. Yes, love conquers injustice, but there isn't enough love on this planet to neutralize injustice and I see that the differential is organized, institutionalized injustice, vested in the arrogant and ossified structures of old power: economic, political, religious, military power. This is the one and only

important question on “this flower patch that makes us so ferocious.” (Dante, Divine Comedy.) The echo of the song of the 1960's, when I was new to this country and I was young and time gave me hope: “The answer, my friends, is blowing in the wind.” Forty-five years later, the question is still the same, its sound and fury enhanced by billions of new voices, like the voices rising from the rubble of Port-au-Prince. And the answer is nowhere in sight, and the winds have become storm, hurricane. Some still sing a song of hope: “Put your hand in the hand of the Man who stilled the waters. Put your hand in the hand of the Man who calmed the sea.” “Quousque tandem!”, “How long?” The silence stretches in the vastness of two thousand years.

But not all is loss, not all is silence, not all is unrequited hope.

My comfort is still in the hands of the young, like my daughters, and of those who lead them beyond the landscape of hopelessness, who transform their knowledge into justice, who make despair blossom into healing. My comfort is in the vision of Laura guiding me like Virgil in Purgatory, through the “sleeping sailors” of Anatomy Hall at the University of Michigan. My hope is in Lisa's message tonight before she went to sleep in New York, tired of a long day of work and medical training at Mount Sinai: “Hope the storm doesn't do any damage. More surgery learning tomorrow.”



KRISTY MORENO
Growth

ALEXIS GAXIOLA
Long Time No Sleep

Why the hell do you care about what goes on in our local psych institution? It's not like they'll let me out of here anytime soon. They, meaning the doctors, are constantly probing my head trying to figure out what is wrong with my mental. All they've accomplished at this facility is drugging me up with too much medication, so I shut up and sit around like the other "patients", acting like vegetables. My hand twitches as thoughts of choking the nurses crosses my mind every time I line up to take the day's proper dosage. I wish this medicine would help me sleep. I love sleep.

I lose sleep most of the time because my neurotic roommate howls in terror in the middle of the night. I think her name is Cassidy, but I just call her Indie. She sits in the same spot everyday by the window, the nurses drop her off and tease her with freedom. I assume her dreams cause her screams in the middle of the night; the screams can be particularly unsettling to me. It would be ironic if she is visioning her life before she went over the cocoo's nest. She probably misses her "normal" life, but it's all speculation on my part. She is not only great at sitting in a chair but listening too. I talk to her about nothing, yet, everything. I vent my problems to her, I even tell her she's selfish for keeping me up at night. She doesn't judge a word I speak, just looks off into the bliss of her own thoughts. Indie is my best friend, but her motionless body needs to let me sleep.

"I should have gone out with a "hang" like Ian Curtis, the lead singer from the band Joy Division." That was the first sentence out of Tommy's mouth when I tried to speak with him and it shocked me. This kid must really want the end to come soon. He is no doubt a smart kid, but he won't tell me why he is in here. He is seventeen-years-old with lime green mopy hair. He

caught my attention the first day he was admitted because he was sedated for refusing to take the medication at the designated time. What a badass. He is the only person I can have well thought out conversations with, the others forget what we were talking about or don't remember who I am. He also provides what I need. Sleeping pills. He is a great kid; I wish things could have turned out better for him. Oh well, I get what I need out of Tommy, sleep every so often.

I have a dream often where a man in a chariot sings Goodbye Horses. The man gently strolls along the dark wet alley way as the tune goes:

Goodbye horses, I'm flying over you.

"He says, "All things pass, into the night."

And I say, "Oh no sir, I must say, you're wrong I must disagree, oh no sir, I must say, you're wrong"

I will transcend the horses from the Hindu text, Bhagavad Gita. One day I'll break through the limitations of my five senses. I'll be welcomed into eternal sleep or be too insane to fully grasp the concept of life. I am whole when blanketed by black nothingness. Sometimes, I seek bliss from my own visions of sweet, what I think are real, memories. When it's a good dream it's a damn good day. When it's a bad dream, let us just say I'm not in the psych ward for shits and giggles. I haven't slept in months, Tommy overdosed. No more pills. I'm stuck floating in purgatory. I just want a good night's sleep. Help me.

BILL R. HERON
Braking Bad

Returning from the Bitterroot Ranch in Montana to our summer 1951 job in the Hungry Horse reservoir, my 18 year old brother Walt and I rode in my new, cool, custard colored Crowley Supersport convertible. No seatbelts, no roll bars, and on this day, no top. It was a squat, sport car, cheap in construction quality and cost, but it was what I could afford.

I drove south upriver, turned right off the valley floor, drove to the canyon brink, turned right again and began the descent on a single track road cut in the canyon wall. Five stories down into the gorge and two football fields ahead, the road made a sharp left onto a narrow rudimentary bridge crossing the river.

I coasted down the one lane track, hit the brake pedal which disappeared through the floorboards. I tried the clutch, which followed the brake. With no foot brake, no clutch and a hand brake unusable in an emergency, we could not stop nor even slow down. If I made the abrupt turn onto the bridge without slowing, the convertible would roll, spin over and over into the canyon and river. If I went straight ahead the car would catapult into a watery maelstrom. Twenty short seconds from the top of the incline was the “tipping point.”

“Can’t slow down!” I shouted. “No brakes!” The car sped down the hill.

A snap glance at Walt showed him hanging on, gripping the frame, his legs scissored. Ready for anything, in control of nothing except to jump if it came to that.

To do nothing but go straight ahead would mean greater acceleration and a long soaring vault into the river’s rapids, rocks, and our death. Not a way out! To jump or not?

On my right, an insuperable vertical canyon wall reached to the val-

ley floor. The space between the tracks and the wall were just a scant few feet. Walt could jump. He would land hard and the wall would stop him. There was no place for me to jump. A gaping chasm loomed. Nothing would prevent a tumble over the edge, a free fall of eight stories to the rocks and river below. Not a way out!

Options few, it came to the wall, our sole avenue of escape. If the wall were smooth and regular, it would be simple. Just steer into the wall, scrape it, increase the pressure until friction slowed and stopped the car. But the wall was not smooth, not regular. It was a rough, jagged dirt and rock wall, some stones protruded as much as a foot that could injure Walt as the car scraped the wall.

I looked at the wall, envisioned the dire consequences of an impact. I was afraid of straddling a stone and breaking a tie-rod and losing steering. I was afraid we’d ricochet off the wall and over the cliff.

Desperate but determined and with no discernable alternative, I turned the car into the wall fully aware with pained distress that Walt’s one opportunity to jump to safety was lost.

Just before the car struck the wall, the right front wheel bumped a large rock. The car faltered, rolled over the stone and sank slightly into a wedge of loose, crumbly, dry dirt and debris. The wheel had hit a dirt wedge.

The car hesitated, moved on. Before the wheels hit the wall again which might have rolled it, I steered the car left to the tracks without accelerating, then right again into the wedge. I kept repeating the action: left to the tracks, right to the wedge until the car slowed to a crawl just before the bridge. I shut off the engine. The Supersport hiccuped and jerked to a stop.

“Are you okay?” I asked Walt.

“Not scared I!” As tension evaporated like air escaping a pricked balloon, he chuckled and said, “Only crossed my legs to keep from peeing my pants!”

The river, the “troll” beneath the bridge, growled a lamentation for its loss of victims. We regained our composure, jacked up the car, reattached

the brake/clutch pedal fulcrum that had been shaken loose by the rough road, and drove over the bridge, up and out of the canyon to camp. The Crosley, a city car, just was not up to the rigors of traversing the rough, rocky terrain of the Montana Rocky Mountain back country.



DIANA CHAVEZ
Untitled

BILL R. HERON
Morning Meditation

In predawn
dark
I sit, meditate

Refrigerator hums
a mechanical “om”
muffles, smooths,
discordant ambient sounds,
(kitchen clocks tick-talking)

as snow in winter
blankets earth
smooths rough, stubbled fields
“om” and meditation become one

morning breaks
dawn steals in
on stalking feet
a hesitant light
touches
torches treetops
tiptoes down tree trunks
ambushing the yawning
waking world



KRISTY MORENO
Untitled



KRISTY MORENO
Saturday Morning Cartoons

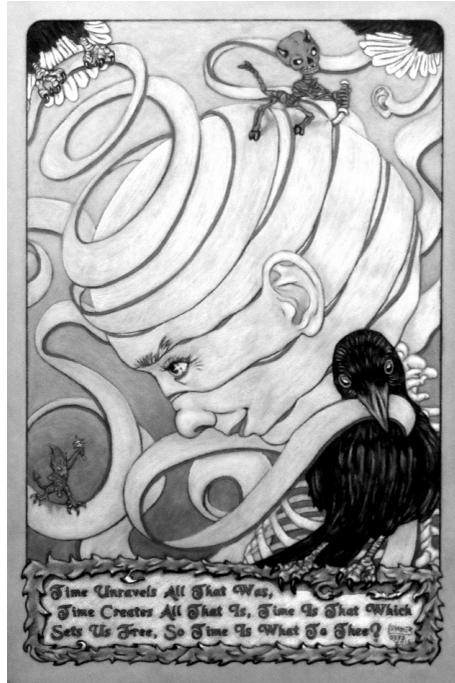
IBE LIEBENBERG
Before the Shore

Death of Alan Kurdi

sky is cold
against its imperfect reflection

on water
the boy floats
breaking the seam between the
two blues

sun so far away does nothing
can't even warm skin
weak against the dark
waves breaking shore
they take turns
and keep coming



ARTHUR LEMNER
Times Unravels

IBE LIEBENBERG
Child on Shore

Death of Alan Kurdi

Perhaps it was night,
I would like to think so.
To not see, only feel
water invite itself in.
Your body and soul intact.
It is the dream we close
our eyes for.
Freedom on the shore
waits patiently.
The moon pulls you close,
waves do the rest.
They deliver you out
of that foreign place.
The tide is low
and gentle.



KENNETH MICHAEL BORZAGE
Stranded Color

KURTUS LOCKE
The Boat From Up Top

They came from the place where
white men took them away
white men chained them together; hand in hand and foot in foot
white men told themselves it was right and proper
even unto the Lord, it was okay
to turn people into a commodity;
a mop, a broom, a scythe
a useless tool
that could far too easily be
thrown away, cast away.
There still lies:
a broken wicker basket with a single leather strap
now more full than ever in the
white, white field of fluff; still tied too
on the broken bleeding backs of everything not
white
Feet bled, hands bled, hearts bled
minds all taken over by the brainwashing:
a racial
cleansing in
the belief
of nothing
to offer
unto the world,
unto the Lord.
Biology proves there is no difference
but there can never be enough proof, that
white patriarchy and race are
incredibly complex constructions
of a careless, cluster fucked
calamity we all still call
society can still
exist today.
A boat;
US.

KURTUS LOCKE
Trees Love All Things

I love to stand and bask
In the hot summer sun.

I love to dance and flail
About on the windiest day.

I love to give air to breathe
In the air that was given.

I love to swim among
Violent waves of rain.

Uprooted, cut down, dried up,
An entire world full of pain.

Was it worth everything we lost
When we sold it all
For financial gain?



RUBEN LOPEZ & LIVIER VERA
Untitled

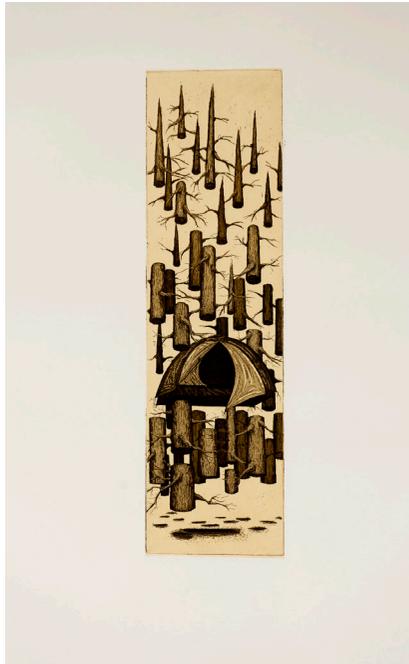
KURTUS LOCKE
What I Hope People See

What I Hope people see
When they just see me
Is something deeper
Than appearance,
A label, a category:
As we all go about
Hopelessly creating we.

We are something
Inside ourselves,
Trying to push outward,
Just to be.

From the deep
And gorgeous space
Within the self,
There is often another
Confined place,
To be constantly
Beaten back in:
By the subjective
World of judgment
That often becomes
Our own reality.

Fight against the label
Loosen the category.



BRETT DAY
Coming & Going

Remember that you are
You, yet to be seen.

Shine your light,
Share, try your best,
To be open,
Let it gleam.

We are all trying
To understand, ourselves,
This existence
Can it truly ever be seen?



BRETT DAY
Moonlight Sound Waves

KURTUS LOCKE
Wide Open Space

Hey you,
Yes, you
Come and join me
All the way
Up Here
In this
Wide
Open
Space.

Where we all
Are loved, welcome
To be ourselves:
Without the other
Turning us into
What it wants
Us to be.

Where we all
Are free, accepted
Within ourselves:
Looking forward
Hoping for
Forever,
Just to be.



KENNETH MICHAEL BORZAGE
Calm Now

SANDY MAKAU
Migration

The sign says Don't Drive off Road.
The salt flats follow the highway
like a land-locked beach.
White sand chases
the open road, the white line,
tempting us to pull over
to find water.
Mocking us the inland seagulls circle overhead;
great white egrets stand in puddles
of salt brine; feasting on
insects and centipedes.

Don't Park on Sand.
The sign goes unheeded as cars dot the Utah flats,
littered like carcasses of curiosity,
stuck deep in white dung,
abandoned. My dad is driving,
pointing to the debris. Chuckling.
A deaf man with a hint of wanderlust,
printer's union card in his pocket,
his focus is on the white line ahead;
he is moving our family from Indiana
to California.

He takes heed of the sign RxR Crossing,
stops the car, signs to us in ASL

that he will wait until it is safe
before we cross.
His concentration is like
the silent warrior
who listens
for the distant hoof beats,
or the vibration of an oncoming train.



MARTIN TOWNSEND
Sabrina

JESUS MARIA MAGANA
Gangsta Romeo and Juliet

There once was a couple deeply in love...
A beautiful woman in love with a man society wouldn't let her have...
A thug on the run with his face on every wanted sign
Facing prison for life...
And while all people saw was a bald head, flannel shirt
and black and white cortez shoes...
She saw him for him, a beautiful soul with a tough life,
raised by violence and crime...
But don't feel too bad for them, their love thrived...
Though it didn't last long, it was enough...
They died together in those streets where they met and fell in love...
Holding hands with such a grip
that not even the gun fire of the SJPD
broke them apart...

JESUS MARIA MAGANA
02/12/19

“Chico State embraces diversity”
Huh.. I don’t know about all that..
Founded on Indigenous genocide, how dare you Whitewash that??!!
Kids taking trips and I’m not referring to students who stay intoxicated...
I’m talking about those little boys and girls,
who come see our beautiful school
Learning to idolize that White old fool...
John Bidwell.. slave owner.
Let us instead teach those kids the truth.
That the blood of the Mechoopda once ran thick,
through the creek in our school...
That Bidwell mansion was built on slave labor.
Let us stop the fucking hypocrisy!!
Chico State will never be able to embrace diversity
until it embraces the
Racism, murder, rape and Colonization it was built on.

HANNAH MAY
The Only Place Mom Can’t Find You

If you go out to the edge
where the fence line has a hole,
If you hold up the barbed wire
and wiggle your way like a worm

there’s a muddied open path
(it zig-zags way down)
to a manzanita tree forest
with moss grown all around.

It looks like solid brush,
green and gross and gangly
but if you lay down on your belly
and army crawl through,

you’ll find a small clearing
where some branches frame the moon.
If you lie on your back
arms crossed like a mummy

and listen to the humming
when the wind rustles through
It sounds almost like the lullaby
she never sings to you



GISELA RAMIREZ
Adrift

GEORGE MCCLENDON
Carpe Momentum
Seize the Moment

Wife, Carol, without warning
stops our car on a country road.
She, a photographer
knows about light
points "Look at the sky!"
I do,
we wait for the just right moment.
She captures blue sky orange clouds setting sun
fields in color.

Paul, elder friend, rod in hand
casts a fly upon water's flow
knows the just right moment a trout will strike
catches and releases it back into moving waters.

I meditate, cast my breath in and out,
a contemplative moment
takes my breath away.
I rest there awhile
release it.

GEORGE MCCLENDON
Deer Creek

I sit on its bank
watch current cascade
sweep me up in contemplation
water, boulders and
Rapids' surge, rocks' stability
perfect paradox.

How am I rock stable?
Much moves over me
How am I in flux
allow myself to feel
to touch and be touched?

Continuous change etches me
creases my facade again and again.
Yet beneath it all
I remain who I am.

My personal paradox.

GEORGE MCCLENDON
Shari

Tethered to medication, machine and her lifeline
every step every breath she took,
mindful of life's needs, she was a
woman of conviction and compassion.

As we sat on her porch, little chit-chat
then mindful words and loving kindness
tethered us.

I blessed her, but it was she who blessed me.
Like incense from a thurble emits fragrance
of holy presence in church, so did Shari.

She taught us all how to
Live now
Live fully now
Get ready to die.
She showed me a photo of her atop a bulldozer
she drove.
That's how I remember her
as a paradox.

No matter how tethered we are,
we can still sit on top of our bulldozer and drive it.

SONDAE MOLINA
Is It Supposed To Hurt Like This?

The mothers are always here. A few fathers, too. I watch them dropping the other girls off at the studio, but it seems like they never just open their car doors to let their pink legged, leotard wearing daughters jump out and then reverse out of the parking lot. The girls in my class are all around my age, probably about eleven to fourteen years old, but the moms always come inside anyway and make themselves a part of everything. We can always see them meandering around or sitting on the squishy fake leather that pads the long bench out in the lobby of the studio.

They sit there, sometimes for the entirety of our dance lesson, watching us like zoo animals through the window between the lobby and our classroom, or talking to each other and the receptionist. I wonder if any of them have jobs. I know my best ballet friend's mom doesn't work, and their house is near mine, so her mom drives the two of us to classes and rehearsals most of the time. My mom offers to give her gas money and apologizes for her and my dad's busy schedules, but my friend's mom always tells her not to worry about it. My mom is rarely here, and when she is, she looks out of place, like a Malcolm X biopic from the used book section (a book she actually owns) squeezed hastily into a shelf of lifestyle magazines (like the ones the other moms bring to read in the studio lobby) at Barnes and Noble. My dad isn't actually busy like my mom, but we all pretend he is, because my mom and I don't want people to know what he's like or how he refuses to help her with most things.

During the ballet class, when I look in the wall-to-wall mirror at the line of bodies moving in sync with each other, I see a small, curvy brown body that looks just a little bit different from the rest, whose movements always trail behind the others by a millisecond, like a stutter. It's me, and I wonder if I look as out of place here as my mom does.

I'm 12 years old, finally putting my six years of classical ballet training to the test on my very first pair of pointe shoes. The class ends, and I limp over to the shelf in the corner where our water bottles and dance bags sit. I'm trying so hard to not cry, but when I loosen the satin ribbons knotted around my ankle and start to gingerly peel the shoe off, I see the sweat and blood coming out of my feet has dried, glueing my skin to my tights, and my eyes swell up angrily. The last three hours were not how I had imagined my first pointe class would go. I bow my head so that nobody sees my red, clenched face and wet eyes.

If my teacher sees, she might regret allowing me to advance to pointe shoes. Her approval and my self-worth are one in the same. If my classmates see, they will sense weakness and use it against me. They are my close friends, but this is still pre-professional ballet. Neither of these options are as bad as what would happen if my parents see my pain. I'm the only girl in the company (in the whole studio actually) whose parents don't want me here, who actually fought against my promotion from soft-toe slippers to pointe shoes. I know we don't have the money for this, and I know that my insistence causes my dad to force my mom pay for it and then tell her that she's a shitty mom for not supporting my passion. I can't tell her that I'm sorry and that I love her, because if my dad hears me say that, he doesn't get to punish her, and if he doesn't get to punish her, he won't have a reason to force her to pay for my ballet.

It feels like I sold my soul to get to this point, and I'd rather die than turn back now. But my feet are in more pain than my twelve year old self could have imagined possible. I'm seeing black spots when I blink and the walls and floors of the giant mirrored room look unsteady. I'm panicking now-questioning myself and everything about my life that has led to this moment. Do I really want to do this? Is it supposed to be this painful? What if all the other girls adjust to the pain and I never do? What would happen if I decide to quit ballet now? Would my dad be angry and take it out on my mom? What will everyone say if I quit after my first and only day of pointe shoe training?

What if I turn out to be amazing and my parents won't let me go professional? What if I turn out to be amazing and I throw everything away to go professional and then an injury derails my whole future?

This spiral lasts the whole way home, through dinner, and into the night. Later in life, I won't remember the moment I made the decision nor the ultimate reason for my choice, but that week, I make up my mind to push through the pain of pointe shoes and commit to ballet. To a 12 year old growing up amidst domestic violence and relentless emotional abuse, it made sense to resign myself to ballet. I didn't know how to leave it without losing everything, and turning pain into artistic expression and athletic skill gave me a fragile, conditional sense of control, belonging and approval.

Even at twelve, I suspect that something feels wrong about this; about the fact that I am deeply in love with something that makes me feel awful and inadequate ninety percent of the time. During warm-up stretches I study the other girls, their conversations and body language, wondering if any of them feel this way about ballet too, and if they do, why are we all hiding it from each other? But I know how it is with us. Nobody wants to be the first to fold. I tell myself yes, that's all it is, this is just what it feels like to love something that doesn't come easy. I tuck this conclusion away in the back of my mind for use in future moments of doubt.

Our teacher barks at me from her stool, telling me to stop focusing on other people's stretching and mind my own warm-up. She knows that I am distracted, lost in thought as usual. We both understand that even though the other girls are chatting and checking their flip phones, I am the only one who cannot multitask. Her sharp voice snaps my mind back into my body. I nod and slide into the splits, focusing on the spiky black stubble poking its way through the impossibly thin pink sheer fabric that strains over my shin, threatening to tear.

DESTINEE MORENO
Family Is Everything

What would I do without them
they bring me happiness and joy
unconditional love and compassion
bring me up when I'm sad and
recognize my accomplishments
my family means everything to me
I would die for them,
do anything for them
I pray every night for their protection and health
the love I have for them is strong
It can never be broken.
the strong tight knit bonds we share
the long lasting memories
made over the years and for many more to come
together forever we will be
but when we are apart
we still are close in heart
I would not be able to live without them
my family means everything to me

DESTINEE MORENO
You Are

Beautiful in every way
Made in the image of God
Strong, amazing and courageous
That is you
No matter what people say
You are worth it
You are capable of more than you think
Reach for the stars
Above and beyond
No need for the approval of others
Only thing that matters
Is you do what makes you happy
People may judge
People may be rude
But stay strong
Life is worth it
Overcome the bad
See the good in all things
Be positive
Everything works out
The way it needs to be
And always remember that
You are amazing
You are worth it



MARTIN TOWNSEND
Fam

MAX MYERS
A Place I Go

there lies within the forest deep
a place I go to rest a bit
the path well known each tree and stone
there beneath the shading canopy
in familiar quiet close my eyes
to see the moment as the child did see
those many years ago when first I found
my way into the forest deep
this place I go to rest a bit

MAX MYERS
Sleepless

already it is the morrow
I sit in the silence of night
as sleep eludes me

MAX MYERS
Perspective

to the young, the inspired, dreamers and visionaries
for whom the lack of repetition has not impeded
the real world exists in all of its majesty
oh but for the creeping hands of time
the lulling sleepy familiarity of repetitiousness
one is apt to forget and life becomes ordinary
things become same ol, same ol
the woods look the same, the roads, rivers, cities
all seem to meld into the blur of mundane
still there are those souls for whom it is not so
a precious few who never forgot the real world
who have pledged themselves to the moment
rising above the tide of a sleepers aimless stroll
to go beyond themselves intentional and alert
inspired, dreamers, visionaries to the last
it is for these that we cheer a joyous song
celebrating their gift to life, they the blessed
these the extraordinary few



KENNETH MICHAEL BORZAGE
Spring Bloom

MARIANA SABINO
Fold

Dreams lay in folds of my mother's dress.
She wore it day and night that summer.
Stitched into her fabric, her fiber, I thought, confusing the two.

Flowers bloomed on it while those dreams rested.
Waiting to pounce at chances now come and gone.
In that summer they remained burrowed, sleepy-eyed,
safe-keeping all promise of the possibles.

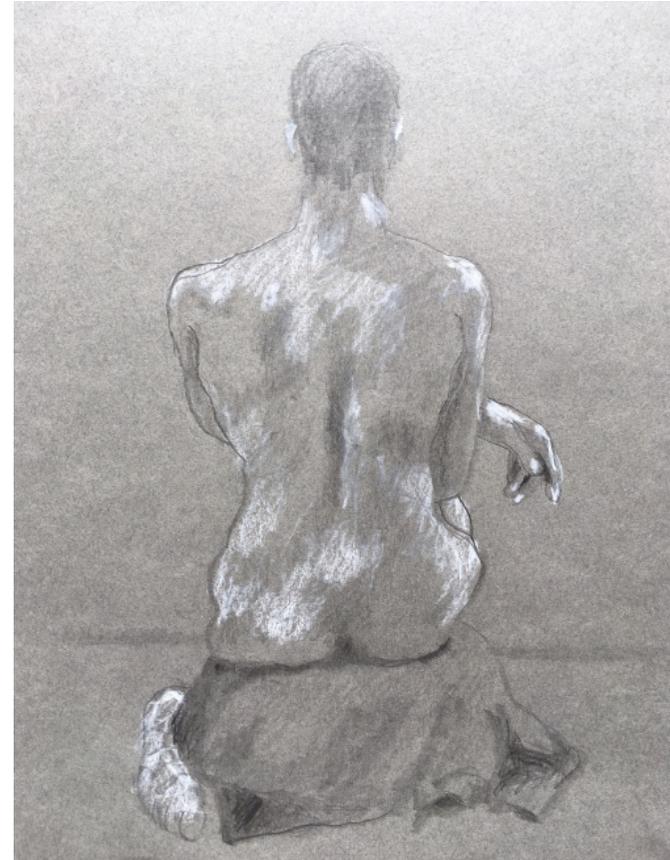
The horizon. My mother, she walked along that fur-lined
path going farther than I could see.
On and on and out of sight.

My cheek on her lap later, sunny whiffs,
while she ignored the busy ants on their hike up her leg.
Warm, too warm, I sprang up suddenly, rubbing her off
against the cool plaster wall.

Soon I began to notice the earth
lodged underneath her nails.
She took it wherever she went.
Her thighs rubbed together, her dress swooshing
all the while: mounds, hills, and every other protuberance.
Perturbing me. Even her face was rounded;
that skin of sunburned yolk.

When I brought her a lacquered butterfly,
she began to look at me sideways.

And I started to iron her dress.



DENNIS M. GIER
Meditating

MARIANA SABINO
It Takes All Kinds

I'm the one you'll find dozing
at a party. The one splayed out
on the single streak of sunlight on
the wooden floor in my underwear,
while this world, bundled up, clings
to reason and frost.

I'm the one who shivers in the
summer breeze, sensing
whips to come.

The one who
scratches her head at the
Big Nothings, taking
pleasure in dew-sized awe.

The one hoping to
latch open that window again,
that one window in Greece
where my kind was forged
on a reef untitled.

Storing up memories as
medicine with no expiration
date; side-effects are
unexpected. Vertigo, mostly.

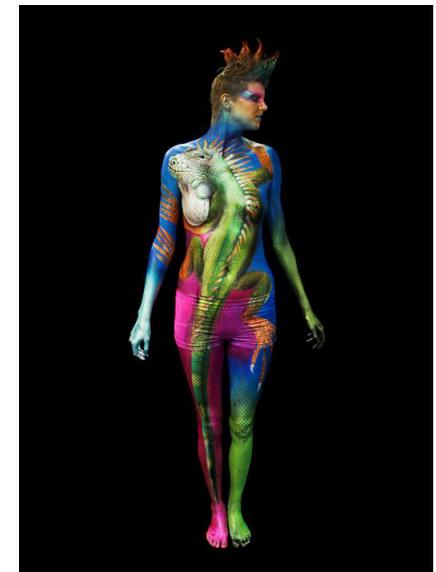
Braiding through the thicket
doesn't get any easier, not
when you're wearing shoes
Made in Stardust, from a galaxy
too dim to be deemed
important.

Yes, it takes all kinds.

I'm the one who doesn't get
the hoopla. Laughs at the
wrong joke, and lives in
the crevices of high hats.

My story is there in that
marsh I've forgotten
my way into.

There, skimming the water's edge,
the flotsam. But I always liked
it frothy.



RUBEN LOPEZ & LIVIER VERA
Untitled

MARIANA SABINO
The Leg

She gave her leg on a platter.

What's the matter?

Nothing else to offer.

Soul on the feet sole.

Callused from the fragments.

Twigs crack before the toss into the fire.

Kindling, unkind.

But what does it matter?

Limbs fog up on the river Lethe.

Yet fog clings, smothers while it covers.

But what does it matter?

That leg that walks without
treading and treads without seeing.

The leg stamps out time.

For you and me;

for me and you.

But what does it matter?

The earth and light about the feet
remain hidden. Scrubbed away.

What cannot stay hidden harps about the day.

Rotting. The rot of a warm, humid tumor.

Groans stringed into a pearl necklace

from a place that doesn't matter.

Syrup spread on the road.

Sweet slide.

Late night runs for sugar.

Spoon-fed.

Still...

The leg perches for macaws.

The ones in fashion.

But what does it matter?

Comes the infirmity that that made
the leg look like Carpaccio
no one wanted to eat.

Suddenly, religion blinks.

Hence the stumble on St. Lucy,
the one holding the eye on a platter.
Glare of the unseen.

A curried leg for a cured leg.

A leg granted for a life taken.

Fair exchange.

Ex-voto.

Only deities have as much need
for a leg as a snake for its skin after
the shedding.



DENNIS M. GIER
The Look of Love

MARIANA SABINO
The Song of Sam

He who was named Sam said sorry.
She looked astray, inviting naughty.
He sat down; she sat up.
“Why are you here, Sam?”
Because I knew not what to do.
So it seemed like a good idea -- but
maybe not from the look of you.
Still, here I am.
With you.
Now.
Smile.
Not too much, just a smudge.
Bite your lip, but don't bleed.
Chew the tip of that straw...
just the way I like it.
Look like you want to, but look away --
let me find my way to you.
Misty, remember that song?
We heard it once, with you tapping it on my collarbone.
Corporeal dynamo.
Whiff of sweet nothing.
Dream of me, with eyes half-way closed.
Eyes smell of coriander.

DANIEL THEOBALD
Kafkası karışickt

Go ahead and try to fix the broken
No need to see what lies beyond
Yet many thoughts remain unspoken
And all your fears do not abscond

Bedien‘ dich deines eigenen Verstandes
Und erhebe dich aus des andren Lichtes Wahn
Um zu ergründen, was dort entlang des Randes
Sich eins mit eins das Leben nahm

Espérame. Solo me llevará un ratito más
Pues la sensación era real
Pero, sea como sea, para todos los demás
Un error tan penoso y fatal

מה שלומך?
קוראים לי דניאל
ואיפה אתה?
זה קשה לי מאוד לשחרר אותך

Bir dakika, Canım!
Gitmek istediğini çok iyi biliyorum ben
Yine de birlikte az zamanımız var
Ama sensiz bir hayat bu benim değil

LILLY VANG
I Have A Friend

I have a friend. He doesn't have a face but he's just as tall as me. His shape is like mine and his voice echoes like mine. We share so many things, but his name is not mine. He is what people call Depression. Friends come and go but he stays with me. He's always with me, cuddling me in bed, holding my hand in public, and feeding me. He just never lets go of me. I'm not quite sure how to put it but maybe I'm just addicted to his presence. I get scared when he's not around. When others come to me, I get afraid and I run to Depression. He would scare them off. Depression, on the other hand, has a million friends. He comes to me sometimes in great sadness because his friends would leave him. I don't understand why. Depression is always here unlike those who leave. Why would people want to leave him? Then, I understood when I met Love. My heart was beating fast and butterflies just filled up my stomach. I didn't want Love to leave. I ask for him to stay and he did. He never left me. Depression didn't like Love. They fought a lot. Love, however, understood Depression and wanted to be friends but Depression just didn't want Love. They always fought. Depression brought his friend, Anxiety, to help him out. Love is quite strong. He handled them without breaking, but I was shattering. I couldn't tell anyone. They would all just leave me as everyone else did. People are so scared of Depression, so tired of Love, and unable to handle Anxiety. I decide to yell at Depression. I yell at him and curse him away. He took away his friend Anxiety and left me. Love stood tall next to me and held me tightly. He took me to meet his friends. I really liked Happy. Sad was interesting. He reminded me of Depression. Jealousy was quite funny. Anger got on my nerves. I understood why people didn't like Depression. He created an emptiness in me that I couldn't shake off. Love, however, took away

my emptiness. I had fun with him and his friends. I fell in love with them. One day, Happy disappeared. Then Jealousy was gone. I couldn't let Anger leave but he pushed me away. Love left me. All I had was Sad. He wanted to stay but I let him go anyways. He reminded me of someone, someone I knew long ago and abandoned. Someone who never left me, but I betrayed him. So, I went knocking on Depression's door and he let me in. For a while, we were together and nothing seemed wrong. Yet, something didn't feel right. It was this heavy emptiness in me. I let go of Depression. I missed having Love, Happy, Sad, Jealousy, and Anger. I missed them. I missed feeling something. Now, I sit in my home with my new friends. Joy is bright, Gloom is dark, Mad is mean, and Awkward is silly. Friends, they come and go but I will always have a friend that never leaves me. He doesn't have a face but he's just as tall as me. His shape is like mine and his voice echoes like mine. We share so many things, but my name is not his. He is what people call, Depression.



TAWNIE PETERSON
Clashing Worlds



TAWNIE PETERSON
Fire and Ice



TAWNIE PETERSON
Lava Flow



Extension



Spinal Tap



The Phoenix



Cyclical

KAILYN ERB, EMILY KOHLER, MICHELLE MOORE

Artistic Representation

Emily Kohler suffers from Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome, which causes pain all through her body. After discussing the feeling produced by Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome with artist Michelle Moore, the two teamed up with photographer Kailyn Erb to represent the condition in a tangible way. For approximately 3 hours, Emily described the feeling of her condition as Michelle painted an artistic representation of the pain on Emily's corresponding body part. After Michelle finished painting, Emily was photographed in various positions that emphasized the emotional feelings she has surrounding her condition. The art work represents the results of this collaborative and multifaceted living art installation.



Hello Ol' Friend



Froggy



Underneath

French



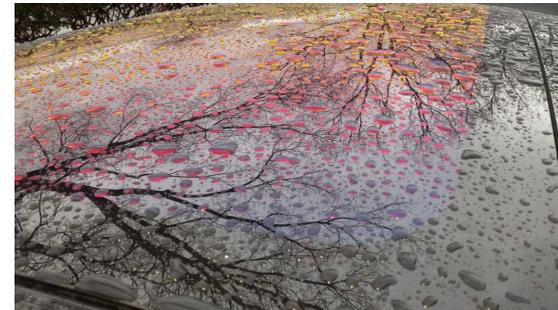
PATRICIA BLACK
Et la fin, haiku qu'une collègue me demanda

Ma vie à la faculté

J'arrivai
Longtemps j'enseignai
Et partis

PATRICIA BLACK
Les arbres

L'arbre croît et tient fort
Ses feuilles le verdissent et le décorent
Depuis le printemps jusqu'en automne
Auquel moment la gravité a son moment
Pour recevoir toute la panoplie de ses enfants
Jusqu'au désuétude du noyer, de l'érable, du bouleau



CHAR PRIETO
Rain

German



DANIEL THEOBALD
Unvergänglich - Unergründlich

Wenn sich unsere Gedanken
unends um dieselben Fragen ranken
Wenn sich die Fragen überschlagen
Uneins darüber was wir sind
Während sich andere erheben
Uneinig derselben Antwort streben
Doch was bleibt, bleibt ohne Sinn
Bis zum Zeitpunkt der Entdeckung
Ist es zu spät?

Was wir glauben zu verbergen
Scheint nicht anders als das was
Uns nicht untrennbar von dem
Was sich nicht abhebt unterdessen
Abgemessen an dem Ursprung
Der sich nicht ergründen lässt
Sofern man sich versucht zu öffnen
Unentschlossen der Gedanken
Ist es zu spät, sich auszumalen
Wie das andre Leben schmeckt?

Unvergänglich aller Anfang
Doch obgleich ein End' in Sicht
Es bedarf keiner Erklärung
Unergründlich der Verzicht.

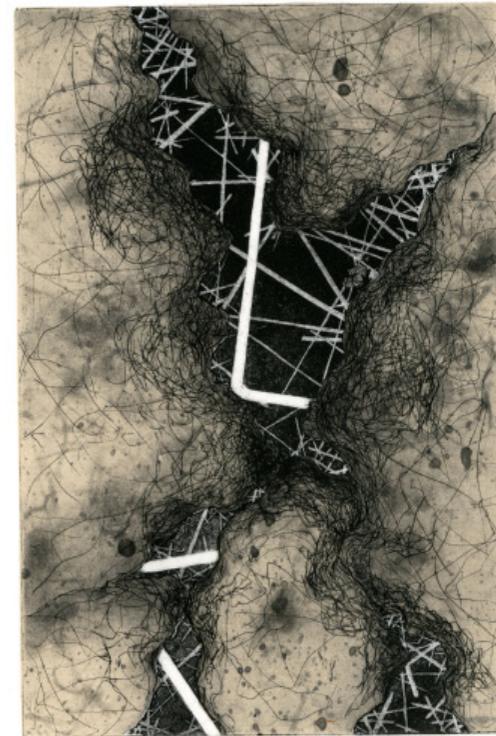
Hebrew



DANIEL THEOBALD

מין

החברה אוהב להפריד
 אבל למה אנחנו צריכים לשאוף לסטות
 אני אוהב אותך
 אני אוהבת אותך
 אני אוהב אותך
 אני אוהבת אותך
 זה נראה אותו דבר
 זה מרגיש אותו דבר?



Change Ramirez 18

GISELA RAMIREZ
 Change

Italian



EUGENIO FRONGIA L'Oro di Quito

Per chi sa la vera storia e vede oltre le mitologie create dai poteri coloniali alleati con quelli ecclesiali, l'oro di Quito, specificamente visto oggi, nella basilica di San Ignacio de Loyola, sfolgorio giallo all'ora del tramonto, è la metamorfosi del sangue rosso della popolazione andina o mestiza, estratto lungo i secoli coloniali, dai poteri forti, per rivestire d'oro ogni superficie di questo tempio, eretto, dicono, “ad majorem Dei gloriam,” il motto dei Gesuiti, ma, in realtà, “ad majorem hominum gloriam.” Un Dio il cui “tempio”, nell'architettura del Creazionismo, è la compagine dell'Universo, non ha bisogno di nobili metalli per aumentare la sua gloria. In realtà, l'oro di Quito, è una metafora del potere, del control e del guadagno di una superstruttura di sfruttamento, che dall'Europa cattolica e colonialist, si è sovrapposta tragicamente alla cultura nativa degli Amerindios.

La visita alla basilica è tappa tradizionale, semiobbligatoria, per chi, in viaggio di crociera ecologica alle Isole Galàpagos, sosta nella capitale andina per qualche giorno, prima del volo a Baltra, nelle isole di Darwin. La guida ufficiale, il cicerone che presta la voce e la narrativa obbligata ai poteri costituiti, recita senza esitazioni, la “party line,” la versione governativo/ecclesiale dell'antistoria, che esalta il potere della fede del popolo, dell'umiltà della gente commune, per lo più povera e spesso non istruita, che si rifugia in questo tempio per chiedere aiuto, invocare grazie e miracoli, sotto lo sguardo militaristico e trionfante di Ignacio de Loyola. L'oro, a detta della guida, è l'espressione storica della “fede” del popolo, che dona, dà, offre, impegna, anche quello che non ha, in uno scambio impari che dura da secoli, in cui, chi riceve sono sempre i poteri di controllo, e chi dà sono sempre I sudditi, gli umili, i devoti, la cui condizione il cui stato non sono mai cambiati.

La mitologia creata dalle èlite in tutte le grandi culture, dall'Egitto,

ai Persiani, agli Assiri, ai Greci, ai Romani e poi al Cristianesimo ellenizzante proposto da Paolo di Tarso, è uno strumento di soggezione, in cui il potere politico, economico e religioso impone al popolo succube, una vision e un ordine del mondo, in cui “oi pollòi”, la maggioranza senza potere, il popolo minuto, la gente ordinaria, accetta, in maniera acritica, uno stato sociale ed esistenziale semischiavista, che si perpetua spesso per millenni, e da cui è quasi impossibile svincolarsi.

Spesso sono i templi, le basiliche, i santuari, da Gobekli Tepe al Taj Mahal a San Pietro alle cattedrali coloniali dell’ America Latina, i punti focali, i luoghi di riferimento di questa relazione tra gli oppressi e gli oppressori. Monumenti che testimoniano la relazione permanente tra il dare e il ricevere. Il lavoro, il sangue e il sudore del popolo, hanno creato le piramidi, gli “zigurat,” il Partenone, i templi della Sicilia e della Magna Grecia, il Colosseo e i templi di Roma Imperiale, poi il San Pietro delle Indulgenze e le maestose basiliche romane ed europee, i santuari di Fatima, di Lourdes, di Bonaria, di Montalcino. È il rapport inequo, impari, fra il dare e il ricevere, che dà al potere ecclesiastico e temporale i mezzi e gli strumenti economici per conservare il potere, per crearsi una storia terrena, per autocelebrarsi attraverso le arti, soprattutto la pittura, l’architettura e la letteratura devozionale e miracolistica.

Il risultato è che I benefici per il potere sono sempre immediatamente tangibili, storicamente fruibili e contemporanei, mentre I “benefici” per chi dà, per il popolo, sono sempre futuribili, escatologici, da oltretomba. Questi sono I “premi” e I “benefici”, le “recompense” create dalla FEDE, che, per definizione paolina, è “la sostanza delle cose sperate,” ma mai realizzate o viste sulla terra o durante il decorso della vita umana. Quindi, l’oro di Quito, di cui sfolgora la basilica di Ignacio de Loyola, ridonda tutto “alla maggiore gloria di Dio,” ma attraverso I Gesuiti, venuti dalla Spagna colonizzatrice e la Chiesa Latina-Americana, altro strumento coloniale che converte la cultura indigena in cultura escatologica ed europea.

Nella Chiesa e nel Convento di San Ignacio, testimonianze visive e

lampanti della mitologia del potere, sono I dipinti e le statue di Ignacio e di notevoli autorità gesuitiche, francescane e del clero secolare, tutte europee e coloniali, che si tramandano nei secoli e codificano dall’alto delle pareti, dalle nicchie e dagli altari, la fruibilità del potere temporale. Il popolo e le sue sembianze sono largamente invisibili, fuori dallo sguardo della storia, perchè la storia, quasi sempre fatta dal popolo, è sempre scritta e falsata dall’élite, che opprime e saccheggia.

È assolutamente vietato, in questo tempio d’oro, ai visitaori e alla gente ordinria, fare fotografie. Me ne chiedo il perchè e credo che la spiegazione sia sempre da trovare nella relazione tra il dare e il ricevere. Le foto hanno valore lucrativo e commerciale per I beneficiari dell’oro di Quito. Ciononostante, da iconoclasta razionale, faccio due o tre foto con discrezione. Voglio riportare con me l’ immaginine imperitura di quello che quasi tutti considerano “la maggior gloria di Dio” e “la gloria di Quito,” ma che io considero evidenza di una storia colonialista e testimonianza sfolgorante dell’oppressione di un popolo e di un continente.

EUGENIO FRONGIA
Prigioni

Difficile capire
L'impossibilità
Di uscire da una prigione,
Quando la porta
È aperta
E la luce sfolgora
Come la libertà
Oltre I limiti
Immaginati.

Non c'è prigione
Più atra
Di quella alla quale
La mente ha fornito
Le sbarre.

Per uscire,
Bisogna fare,
Agire.

Tu,
Che vivi
nelle brume invernali,
guarda la vita
negli occhi.
E cogli gli anni che restano,
Da uomo libero!



MARTIN TOWNSEND
Grounded

Japanese



ALEXANDER H. LOPEZ
気 (Sprit)

誰ですか。
気か人ですか。
わかります。

Who are you?
Are you a person or a spirit?
I think I understand.



CAROL MCCLENDON
Water Flow

EDUVIJE “MEL” MORALES
蓮と蜻蛉
ハスとトンボ

毎年夏に、トンボは湖に行く。

蓮は湖で待つ。

トンボは蓮にキスをする。

蓮は美しく優雅だ。

蓮は彼女の花びらへトンボを迎える。

蓮は繁栄の象徴であり、

トンボは力の象徴である。

蓮は心で、トンボはマインドだ。

共に彼らは

一つを象徴している。

共に私は一つになる。

私には回復力がある。

そして私は繁栄する。

私は蓮とトンボだ。

まいとしなつに、とんぼはみずうみにいく。

はすはみずうみでまつ。

とんぼははすにきすをする。

はすはうつくしくゆうがだ。

はすはかのじのはなびらへとんぼをむかえる。

はすははんえいの しょうちょうであり、

とんぼはちからのしょうちょうである。

はすはこころで、とんぼはまいんどだ。

ともにかれらは

ひとつを しょうちょうしている。

ともにわたしはひとつになる。

わたしにはかいふくりよくがある。

そしてわたしははんえいする。

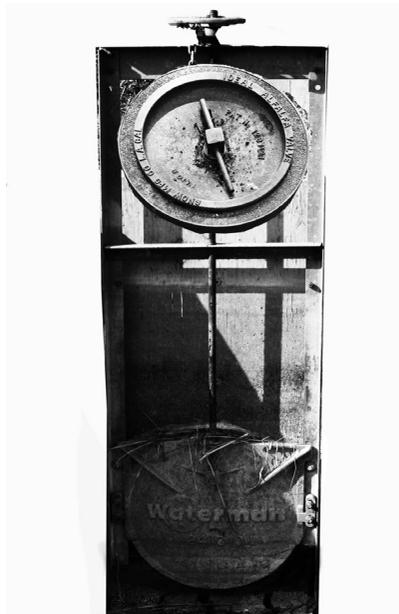
わたしははすととんぼだ。

KATHERINE SANCHEZ
私の好きなもの

ねこ、かわいいです。
ねこ、ふわふわです。
ねこ、あたたかいです。
ねこ、ちいさいです。
だから私はねこが好きです。

冬、寒いです。
冬、静かです。
冬、さびしいです。
冬、木の葉がおちています。
だから私は冬がすきです。

大自然、美しいです。
大自然、へんです。
大自然、やさしいです。
大自然、らんぼうです。
だから私は大自然がすきです。



CAROL MCCLENDON
Waterman

SAM SCHMIDTBAUER
サム シュミットバワー
幸せな私

私は幸せな人です。
毎日、私の家族は午前7時に朝ごはんを食べます。
お父さんとお母さんは毎朝、酒を飲みます。
何故？知らない。
私のお兄さんはリンゴジュースとともにぎゅうにゅうを飲みます。
何故？知らない。
私のお姉ちゃんはコーヒー豆を食べます。
何故？知らない。
私はつめたいピザを食べます。
何故？何故ならおいしいからです。
私の家族はとてもおもしろいです。
だから、私は幸せな人です。



MARTIN TOWNSEND
Q

SAGEJANE SNYDERBEHR
春がくる

家の中から雨の音を聞いた。
山がさむくなり、かぜがふき、あきはふゆになる。
ゆきがふって、はながさかない。そらがくらくなり、ながいよ
るが来る。
山には、ちんもくがある。家の中のすべてはあたたかい。
はるとなつのうたをうたう。せかいは安らかだ。はるがくる。



MARTIN TOWNSEND
Sleepyhead

STEVEN TAYLOR
「ペコペコ」男の人

おなかが「ペコペコ」の人が、うどんを食べに行きました。
仕事でもみんなに「ペコペコ」して、つかれていました。
彼は、どうしたら「ペコペコ」するのをやめることができ
るか、わかりませんでした。彼は大蛙の神に助けを求めに
行きました。すると大蛙が言いました「ペコペコをやめる！
ゲロゲロ」。そして、その日から、彼はもう二度と「ペコペ
コ」しませんでした。



MARTIN TOWNSEND
Self Portrait with Canvas Curtains

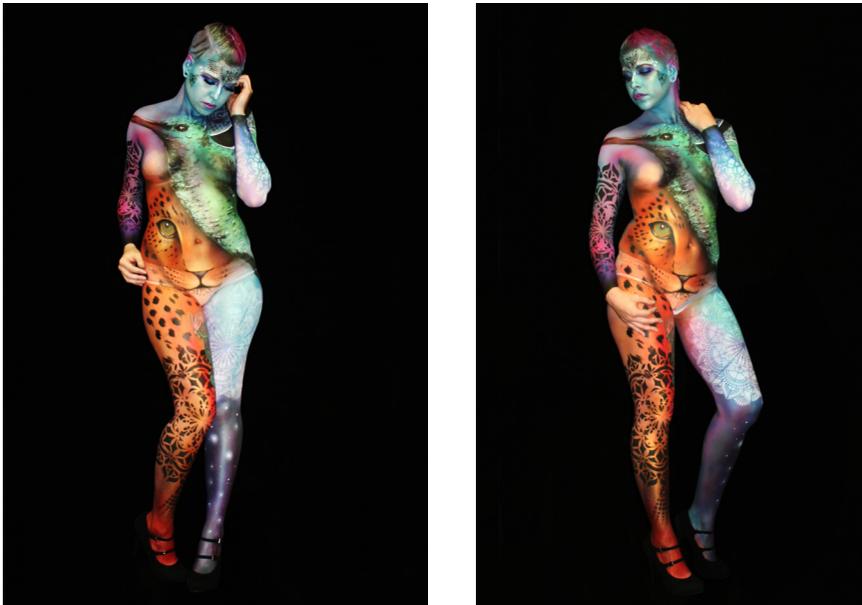
Portuguese



ROZE SABINO
Caminho trilhado

O caminho trilhado
já foi pisado
Chão batido
fogo apagado
Foi um bem mal de amor
às vezes ataque pelas costas, coisinha
Com muitas festas e farras de ruas
Em que eu participei e com muito prazer.
Tempo passado, amado,
Um tanto talvez bem perdido
tempo amigo amargo,
Lindo tempo com olheiras
com coleira
Camino bem trilhado
jogo de admiração
E arranca rabo.
Tempo de suprema paciência
Seguindo em frente e
voltando atrás, pura comédia.
Tempo de carinho, de cuidados
de mudar com doçura
As flores no jarro.
Tempo de muita consideração
De ilusões lindas como papoulas
Um mar nadado
À tapas de luva

Entremeado de carícias secas
como pétalas de rosas ressecadas
lindas mas que já não oferecem mais
Quase nenhum odor.
Caminho trilhado,
Quase, quase acabado.



RUBEN LOPEZ & LIVIER VERA

Untitled

ROZE SABINO

De onde?

Brasileira
estrangeira,
californiana, mineira,
Eu sou do mundo.
Quando estou aqui
aqui estou
Quando estou lá ali estou
presente em todo lugar.
Não importa onde.



DIANA CHAVEZ

Untitled

Spanish



JENNIFER BARAJAS

Dos

Soy bilingüe
Dividida en dos
Dos lenguas, dos identidades
¿A dónde pertenezco?
A mi tierra y la de mis padres
A mis experiencias y vivencias del mundo
Tengo un pie en cada tierra
pero no me aceptan en ninguna
No hablo inglés como los de aquí,
ni hablo español como los de allá
Entonces ¿quién soy?
Soy bilingüe y nadie me lo va a quitar
Dos personas en un solo cuerpo
Como superhéroe
Mi poder es cruzar las fronteras
de las dos lenguas y culturas con facilidad
Soy bilingüe y jamás lo voy a negar
Nunca dividida sino multiplicada por dos

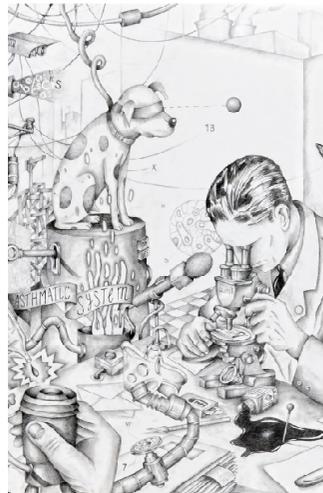
PABLO DEL BARCO
Sin título

poesía eres tú
poesía soy yo
poesía somos todos
si el corazón limpio
la mirada de niño
la palabra sin doblez
las manos tiernas
los pies incansables
los sueños dulces
el despertar sonriente
por bandera la verdad
y el sol en la pupila.



**Debes verlo todo, escucharlo todo
y olvidarlo todo**

XAVIER MONSALVATJE VICH



Asthmatic System

STEVEN BRESSAN
Steverías

Una almohada es tranquilizante y suave. Es como un abrazo para la cabeza y una cuna de la cara.

Una ventana es grande y clara. Es como una televisión de la vida y una pared para una vivienda.

Un libro es sólido, austero y serio. Informa como un profesor. Es un árbol muerto que causa alucinaciones.

La tristeza es fría y solitaria, sin esperanza. Es tan difícil como llevar una carretilla de piedras. Es como hielo en la espina dorsal.

Un caracol es pequeño, lánguido, y lindo. Es como una cabra minúscula: destructiva y astuta. Es como una babosa blindada.



DIANA CHAVEZ
Untitled

MARIA GONZALEZ
Danza de la muerte

Sigamos danzando
la danza de la muerte
en círculos mágicos
mariposas
de la noche oscura,
sigamos danzando
en torno a la vida
hasta que la muerte
nos alcance.
Danza de la muerte

Sigamos danzando
la danza de la muerte
en torno a la luz
diluida de la noche,
pájaro azul
sigamos danzando
hasta que la muerte
nos separe.
Danza de la muerte

Sigamos danzando
la danza de la muerte
luciérnaga de la noche triste
dancemos
la danza de la muerte

antes que la muerte
nos sorprenda
en el recinto
de nuestra alcoba.
Danza de la muerte

Sigamos danzando
la danza de la muerte
tomados de la mano
caminemos
al séptimo infinito
de nuestra humanidad
antes que la muerte
nos sorprenda.
Danza de la muerte



ARTHUR LEMNER
Untitled

CARMEN LÓPEZ ÁLVAREZ
Tres microrrelatos para ser ponderados....

La virazón

De tanto esperar, entonces fue ella la que no quiso....

Réquiem a un macho cabrío

Cuando él--con sumo desdén--puso en duda su capacidad y su fuerza interior, ella lo miró fijamente y--con una vehemencia que metía miedo--le dijo: "Yo todo lo que quiero lo consigo. Es cuestión de tiempo. Si hay algo que a mí me sobra en la vida, es la determinación."

Ante una afirmación tan contundente, al macho cabrío no le quedó otro remedio que lamer con resignación sus heridas, un recuerdo de recién haber perdido sus microscópicas pelotas.

El pavo real y el patito feo
(Microrrelato con visos de fábula)

El pavo real y el patito feo vivían en el mismo corral. Mientras el pavo real se la pasaba todo el día admirando su reflejo en el agua y presumiendo de su apariencia, el patito feo trabajaba muy duro cazando gusanitos, practicando vuelos bajos y nadando un poco en el estanque.

En el fondo, la productividad y la persistencia del patito feo mortificaban tremendamente al pavo real que alardeaba de ser el rey del corral. Para desmoralizar al patito feo, no perdía la oportunidad de martirizarlo y humillarlo al minimizar sus esfuerzos. Insistía en ponerle obstáculos para que fracasara y quedara en ridículo ante el resto de las aves. Al patito feo, le resbalaba la actitud del pavo real. Después de todo, el patito feo había sufrido mucho en la vida y estaba acostumbrado a lidiar exitosamente con la adversidad....

Un día de verano, un voraz incendio arrasó con el corral y mató a muchas

de las aves. Mientras el rey del corral se transformó en un patético pollito desplumado e inservible, el patito feo sobrevivió y comenzó a levantarse de sus cenizas tras el desastre...Hasta parecía un cisne....



XAVIER MONSALVATJE VICH
Valencia City



XAVIER MONSALVATJE VICH
El bosque ficticio

DANIEL LOPEZ
Danielerías

El caracol

El caracol se mueve muy lentamente, despacio y sin prisa.
Es como la luna que con calma camina sobre el cielo oscuro.
Es como un jubilado camino al parque.

El libro

El libro es rojo, vibrante y bello.
Es hermoso como un pedazo de rubí.
Es un cuadro cubierto de sangre.

La ventana

La ventana está fría hoy porque la nieve cae muy lentamente.
Está fría como la piel de alguien muerto.
Es como una hoja de hielo.

La almohada

La almohada es suave como un borreguito.
Es como una nube que me transporta a mundos lejanos durante la oscuridad de la noche.

La tristeza

La tristeza es insoportable.
Es como una casa vacía con las luces apagadas y con telarañas en el techo.
Es un océano de aguas congeladas cuando hay una gran tormenta.

DANIEL LOPEZ

El amor de una abuela es como un caldo de pollo aromático

La semana pasada estuve enfermo y con una fiebre horrible. Me quedé en la cama todo el día y sentí que me iba morir. Mis amigos me trajeron medicinas de todos tipos: pastillas, pomadas y jarabes. Sé que sus intenciones eran buenas, pero nada de esas cosas me curaron como el caldo de pollo que yo había preparado con la receta de mi abuela y que es mi comida preferida. Yo sé cómo hacer el caldo de pollo, con calabacín, zanahorias, papas, arroz, garbanzos, hierbabuena y pollo. Yo uso la receta que mi abuela me enseñaba a hacer cuando era niño y siempre me sale delicioso. Dolorido y cansado, caminé a la cocina y puse a hervir el agua. Afortunadamente, mi amiga ya me había comprado todos los ingredientes necesarios para la sopa. Lo único que me faltaba hacer era cortar los vegetales y preparar el pollo. Este proceso culinario me hace pensar en mi familia y muy especialmente en mi abuela, ya que el caldo de pollo siempre ha estado relacionado con mis seres queridos. Mi abuela fue quien me enseñó cómo cocinar la sopa mágica que me devuelve la salud y ahora entre los olores de especias y cebolla recuerdo todo lo que ella me contaba y las historias de su infancia mientras que yo olía y saboreaba los aromas. Al final de la preparación de la sopa, cuando todos los ingredientes mezclados se cocinaban, mi abuela acababa de contarme su historia, apagaba el fuego y le echaba unas cuantas ramas de hierbabuena a la sopa para darle buen sabor al caldo de pollo. Al momento de sentarnos a tomar la sopa ya se me acababa la paciencia y yo empezaba a comer sin esperar a los demás. La primera cucharada era lo mejor. El sabor campesino bañaba mi paladar. Las zanahorias y papas se deshacían fácilmente en mi boca. Ahora, cuando estoy enfermo, siempre hago la sopa y me vienen a la mente estos recuerdos que me traen mucha felicidad y es cuando me acuerdo de que la hierbabuena está bien, pero el amor es lo que le da sabor y muy especialmente, el cariño de mi abuela.

GERARDO PIÑA ROSALES

Laurie, vida de mi vida

“¿Y si no hubiera estado lloviendo aquella tarde en Granada?”, me he preguntado muchas veces, a sabiendas de que no hay respuesta posible: nuestras vidas están gobernadas por el destino, ora propicio, ora funesto. Y siempre, siempre, inexorable.

Soy un hombre de suerte. Lo fui desde que aquella tarde septembrina de 1973, al salir de la universidad, te vi caminar bajo el aguacero y me acerqué a ti. Eras de Nueva York, y habías venido a España a seguir tus estudios de lengua y literatura españolas. Nos refugiábamos de la lluvia en una cafetería de la plaza de Bibarrambla. Cuando me comentaste que en clase estabais leyendo a Jorge Manrique, te recité de memoria algunas estrofas de las Coplas. Y aquello te impresionó. Yo me dije: “La conquisté”. A mí me conquistaron tu sonrisa y tu inteligencia. Ya hablabas un español rico, de sintaxis impecable y con un acento cantarín, más hispanoamericano que peninsular. La verdad es que no creo que mi inglés macarrónico te impresionara mucho.

Aquel año de 1973 fue para ambos un *annus mirabilis*: visitas a la Alhambra, al Generalife, al Campo de los Mártires, al Albaicín, a Sierra Nevada, a los pueblecitos de las Alpujarras...¿Recuerdas, mi amor, aquel concierto de Herbert Von Karajan, en el Palacio de Carlos V, durante los Festivales de Música y Danza?

Más de una tarde la pasábamos charlando en el Café Suizo. Me hablabas de tu madre Rose Anne, de tu padre William, de tu hermana Wendy, de tu hermano Mitchell; de tu abuela y tíos; de tus amigos: de Vicki, de Harriet, de Sandy, de Fay; de tus estudios de piano y de español. Y yo te hablaba de mi vida en Tánger con mi familia, con mis amigos, de mi pasión por la literatura, por la fotografía, por la guitarra, por el flamenco.

Y así, día a día, comenzamos a conocernos, a querernos. Esas Navidades supe que cuando el curso acabara te seguiría a Nueva York.

Y así fue. Al terminar el verano, me embarqué en el Michelangelo, un transatlántico que venía de Génova y recalaba en la bahía de Algeciras. Y un 19 de octubre arribé al puerto de Nueva York. El 25 de mayo del 74 nos casamos. Tenías 20 años y yo 24.

Vivimos siete años en Queens. Tú encontraste muy pronto un puesto de traductora en una empresa de exportación, mientras yo pude seguir, gracias a tu trabajo, mis estudios en el Queens College. Y todos esos años estuve ahí, alentándome, ayudándome en todo. Recuerdo una tarde que desde el autobús que me llevaba al Graduate Center te vi caminar, airosa y galana, hacia tu oficina en la calle 34. Tu pelo, largo y ondulado, lanzaba destellos de fuego. Se me saltaron las lágrimas de alegría, de orgullo, de amor. En ese momento presentí que aunque pasaran mil años jamás olvidaría esa imagen.

Y no la he olvidado.

El corazón atesora momentos que la memoria olvida.

En 1985 nació nuestra hija Mariel. Pocos días tan felices como aquel. Lástima que al poco tiempo falleciera tu padre, con 57 años. La alegría y la tristeza. Nacer y morir. El destino, siempre el insondable destino.

Ese mismo año me doctoré. Nuestra hija creció feliz y nosotros fuimos más felices todavía. Cómo olvidar aquella casa de Monsey, rodeada de cedros, abetos y abedules, aquella casa –aquel hogar, aquel refugio– con nuestros gatos y nuestros libros, donde vivimos dichosos durante treinta años.

¡Con qué ilusión seguías los triunfos académicos y deportivos de Mariel! ¡Cómo corriste hasta su High School para darle la noticia de que había sido aceptada para estudiar nada menos que en la Wesleyan University; ¡Y cuán orgullosos y contentos nos sentimos cuando se graduó!

Y entonces la vida nos regaló otra hija, Eva, la compañera, la esposa de Mariel, a quien tanto querías. Siembra amor y cosecharás amor multiplicado.

Hace tres años, nos mudamos a Valley Cottage, a una hermosa casa

entre grandes arces y olmos centenarios, zarzamoras y brezos, junto a un riachuelo al que acuden a beber los ciervos y las ardillas. Para nuestro 45 aniversario te regalé una cajita de plata con la siguiente inscripción: “No hay mayor felicidad en el mundo que la de envejecer juntos”. Pero el destino, ciego, brutal, inmisericorde, no lo quiso así.

Para mí (y para todos los que la conocieron), decir Laurie, es decir bondad; para mí, decir Laurie, es decir ternura; para mí, decir Laurie, es decir generosidad; para mí, decir Laurie, es decir honradez; para mí, decir Laurie, es decir inteligencia; para mí, decir Laurie, es decir amor.

Lo dije al principio: ¡soy un hombre de suerte! Gracias, gracias, amor mío, gracias por haber compartido tu vida conmigo, por haberme apoyado en todo, por haberme regalado cada día el candor y la belleza de tu sonrisa.

Mi vida, ahora, no es más que una sombra de lo que fue.

Solo es muerte el olvido.

Vivirás en mí, en mi espíritu, en mi sangre, hasta mi último aliento.

Tu Gerardo



GERARDO PIÑA ROSALES

Laurie

CHAR PRIETO
Ausencia

Dedicado a Fred Pérez

Esposo de la piel de España
tu corazón naufragó
recorriendo duras sendas
cruzando océanos y mares
hasta la Sierra Nevada

Y ahora
un dulce canto, una secreta voz
que sólo el alma recogida entiende
y que del espíritu se desprende
nos dice que te has ido

Pero no, aún estás con nosotros
y un misterioso sentimiento
tu peregrina imagen enciende
y tú, aquí con todos

En este solitario encanto
los templados rayos del sol californiano
entre los umbríos bosques
y serenas aguas del río Chico
nos dicen que tú
aún estás con nosotros

CHAR PRIETO
Canción de despedida

Mientras tu alma se llena de luz
te vas lejos
muy lejos
más allá del campanario
de la torre de piedra
con las perdidas campanas
lejos
con la sierra
con la mar
con las tupidas estrellas
con tu vieja alma de niño
llena de promesas

Allí lejos te has ido
al mar de lirios
y a la húmeda hiedra
al oscurecer profundo
de las frondosas hierbas
donde lloran el viento
y las hojas muertas

Donde ya nadie despierta
ni siquiera la tierra



CHAR PRIETO
Federico

CHAR PRIETO
Tonada chilena

Un velero navegando
en esas olas chilenas
el viento fuerte soplando

Aquí una casa verde y azul
arriba la rosada
lejos otra amarilla

Y el espectro de Neruda
tomando el sol
en la barandilla

La Sebastiana
La Chascona
Isla Negra

Marinero en tierra
enamorado del mar
fetichero



CHAR PRIETO
Chile

Contributors' Biographies

Contributors' Biographies

Kerry Baker is a first year student at Chico State who is studying English. Kerry's biggest life dream is to become a published author. Kerry loves traveling, writing, working with children, creating art and independence and bases most of the work on imaginary characters Kerry creates and meaningful experiences overcome.

Jennifer Barajas has a Ph.D. in Spanish and she is an Assistant Professor in the Department of World Languages and Cultures at Bradley University, Peoria, Illinois

Pablo del Barco is a Spanish literature professor and a scholar in Portuguese and Brazilian modernist literature. He is a visual poet and author of several books on literary criticism, history, and visual poetry

Patricia Black is a Professor of French. She has a Ph.D. from Cornell University. She also studied at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music for violin and piano. She loves reading, the study of languages, as well as swimming, skiing, and skating.

Kenneth Michael Borzage is a Professor Emeritus at CSU, Chico. He is an architect, who has a long history of drawing, and now paints in both watercolor and acrylic mediums.

Steven Bressan was born in Port Allegany, Pennsylvania. A wanderer at heart, he participated in exchange at CSUC, coming from New College of Florida. His love of the outdoors led him to study the natural sciences and Spanish, with hopes to travel the world following graduation.

Diana Chavez was born in Mexico and moved to the US in her 20s where she began experimenting with different forms of textiles, including indigo

tie-dying, stitching, quilt-making, and embroidery. She enjoys creating artwork that explores the use of lines, both a meditative and artistic endeavor. She resides in Pasadena.

Hector Chavez is a Chico State student majoring in History and minoring in Spanish. Since a young age his passion has been an interest in cultural and religious traditions around the globe. His lifelong goal is to eventually receive a doctoral degree, allowing him to teach History and Religious studies at a four year university.

Brett Day is a Fine Arts Major with an emphasis in printmaking. His previous work commented on humans' interaction with the natural environment. In an effort to create work that is less didactic, he has recently begun to explore this topic through a more personal and experiential lens.

Kailyn Erb is a third year student at CSU, Chico majoring in Theater Arts with a focus in costume design and minoring in sustainability. She aims to use her degree to help improve sustainability practices in costuming. Kailyn is a proud supporter of LGBTQ+ communities and women's rights.

Marlene Estrada Tapia is a first year student at Chico State. She is Mexican American and comes from Williams, CA. She started writing her junior year as a way to cope with anxiety.

Eugenio Frongia is an Emeritus Professor at CSU, Chico where he directed the Italian Program for twenty years and was chair of the Department of International Languages, Literatures, and Cultures for eight years. He is a published author of books and scores of articles. He writes poetry and prose and has contributed to ME since the beginning, issue number one.

Maria Gonzalez was born in Mexico, but moved to the US in 1966. She has a BA and MA from UC Santa Barbara and a PhD in Spanish from UC Irvine. She teaches at Chico State where she founded the Spanish Club. In 2007 she received the Outstanding Advisor Award. She has participated in conferences and published poetry and essays.

Bill R. Heron is a retired Veterinary Epidemiologist whose professional life writing was scientific. For the last few years he has written non-fiction stories of personal and family adventures, involving many venues and activities, and spanning several continents and countries. He is a Chico resident.

Emily Kohler, the model for Chronic Pain Installation, is a descendant of native Hawaiians. She lives in Chico and is a longtime supporter of the arts and enjoys participating in local theater productions. Emily suffers from hyper mobility, causing joint fragility and widespread pain. She is known in the community as a strong supporter of LGBTQ+ rights.

Arthur Wesley Lemner has been drawing as a hobby starting around age five. He enjoys the act of creation and the ability to provide viewers of his work a different point of view on life. He uses their ability to do art to help people and groups with projects as time allows.

Ibe Liebenberg is a creative writing major in the graduate program at Chico State. He lives in Chico California where he is a seasonal firefighter for Cal Fire. He is considering moving to Oklahoma to continue his education, where he is a citizen of the Chickasaw Nation.

Kurtus David Locke is a senior with an English Studies degree and English Education degree pending with a minor in Humanities and Creative Writing. He plans for a doctorate and to teach in addition to continuing writing.

Alexander H. Lopez is an undergraduate student at CSU Chico majoring in Business Administration and Video Game Development with a minor in Japanese. He has always loved different languages and cultures and wishes to share some of that joy with others.

Daniel Lopez is the designer of the magazine this year. He is a Spanish major at Chico State. He was born in Mexico, but most of his life lived in Los Angeles, a crossroads of languages and cultures. He comes from a family of artists who have influenced his artistic appetite.

Ruben Lopez was born in Mexico. At age 20 he began using airbrush guns to paint shirts, cars, motorcycles, and guitars. He enjoys experimenting and combining a variety of techniques to enhance his airbrush works. He runs H&MUA Studios in Paramount, CA where he teaches body paint.

Carmen Ángela López Álvarez is a Full Professor of Spanish at the University of Puerto Rico-Río Piedras. A Penn State graduate, she has worked as a tutor, translator, editor and consultant. She is an advocate for individuals with disabilities. She published *Cuentos para reflexionar y reír*.

Sandy Makau is a student at CSUC through the Elder College continuing education program.

Hanna May was raised in an impoverished community in California's Central Valley by her single mother. Though she is the youngest of six, she was lonely and as a result developed a love for reading. She has something to say but doesn't know what that is yet, so she writes to find out.

Carol McClendon is a retired middle school teacher of English, a former Peace Corps Volunteer who served in the Philippines, and a 'lifelong learner'. As a student in the Chico State Elder College, she has pursued her interest in the arts.

George McClendon was a Benedictine monk in Oklahoma. He has practiced psychotherapy and spiritual guidance, trained mental health professionals, and conducted workshops. Currently he teaches meditation and contemplation through OLLI at CSUC. He has published two books: *Heaven's Call to Earthy Spirituality* and *She Asked Who I Was Really*.

Sondae Molina is a senior at Chico State, majoring in Social Work, minoring in English. Writing has always been one of the only things that makes her feel powerful. If she can do something with her words that helps the world, then it'll all have been worthwhile.

Xavier Monsalvatje Vich graduated in ceramics at the Valencia Arts and

Crafts School. His works are divided among ceramics, painting, graphic work, drawing and installation, focusing on the study of industrial architecture and urbanism. He is a member of the International Academy of Ceramics, Geneva, Switzerland.

Michelle Moore is a fourth year student at CSU, Chico majoring in Musical Theater with a technical focus in scenic design. Michelle designed the set for the production, *A Charlie Brown Christmas*. Additionally, she is very passionate about animal rights and is currently volunteering with NVADG.

Eduvije "Mel" Morales is a 21 year-old queer Salvadoran-American poet and writer born and raised in Koreatown in Los Angeles. She is a junior studying Multicultural & Gender Studies with a Japanese minor. She dreams of going to Japan and aspires to become a professor and a librarian.

Kristy Moreno was born in Inglewood, California where she grew up until the age of eight before moving to Orange County, California. Since the Fall of 2018 she has been attending Chico State University to pursue a BFA Studio Arts degree with an emphasis in ceramics.

Valeria Moreno is an aspiring illustrator working towards a degree in Digital Media. She spent most of her life between the streets of Los Angeles and the sandy fields of Coachella Valley. Art has been an important aspect of her life and continues pursuing her goals of being an illustrator.

Max Myers is a writer and poet. He is retired and living in Oregon House, spends much of his time tending honey bees and gives presentations to schools and people interested in the importance of pollinators.

Tawnie Peterson grew up in Northern California. Currently she is an Administrative Support Coordinator at Chico State and has been at Chico State for the last 17 Years. She found Fluid Art as a stress relief and it has grown into a passion. She enjoys sharing her art with many friends and family.

Gerardo Piña Rosales is the president of the North American Academy

of the Spanish Language (ANLE) and correspondent member of the Royal Spanish Academy

Char Prieto was born in Spain, educated in Paris, London and imported to the US--meaning she belongs to many countries. This is a foreshadowing of what would eventually obsess her writing and psyche: the negotiation of identity. Her trips around the globe are the inspiration for her creative works

Gisela Ramirez is currently working towards her Bachelor of Fine Arts with an emphasis in printmaking, and a Bachelor of Arts in Art Education. Her current work explores experiences of her past and how they relate with her currently. She creates physical representations of the myriad of emotions that she experiences through color, line, value, and space.

Mariana Sabino is a graduate of Chico State who works as a freelance writer. Her stories, articles, and poems can be found in many publications. To date, she has lived in Ireland, the United States, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, and Brazil, her home country.

Katherine Sanchez is a sophomore at CSU Chico. She fell in love with the Japanese language and dreams of one day visiting the beautiful country of Japan. She's passionate about protection of the environment, animal rights and exploring diverse cultures.

Samuel Schmidtbauer is a senior at Chico State majoring in Liberal Studies. He is interested in the language and culture of Japan and hopes to work in that country someday. Sam is learning Japanese so he may achieve his goal.

Sagejane SnyderBehr is pursuing her bachelor in Anthropology and a minor in Japanese. She has always been interested in Japanese because her great grandfather was stationed in Japan when he was young. He is her inspiration.

Steven Taylor is a student of both BIS and the Japanese language at CSU Chico, and hopes to study abroad in Japan. He hopes to achieve a higher level

of understanding of Japanese and their culture, as well as to help students new to the language develop a greater understanding of it.

Daniel Theobald studied American Studies and Spanish at Johannes Gutenberg University in Mainz, Germany while also working for national newspapers and TV broadcasters. As an exchange student in Chico, he became a member of PSI and received a grant which brought him to NYC to conduct archival research about the Abraham Lincoln Brigades.

Martin Townsend's paintings are re-imaginings of personal experiences and perceptions focused on understanding the dynamics of the human figure and the ways in which we transform environments to reflect thought processes.

Lilly Vang is a Chico State student majoring in English literature. She manifests in the art of writing. She enjoys the simplicity of life such as stargazing and watching the rainfall. Lilly describes herself as someone who is like the color yellow and sometimes blue.

Livier Vera was born in Mexico but moved to the United States in the '80s. She is a makeup artist and has experience in many makeup styles. She runs H&MUA Studios in Paramount, CA with her business partner and husband, Ruben Lopez where she teaches airbrush makeup and hair.

Yueming Wang is a wife, mother, and daughter of two teachers and a Professor of English at Mongolia University in China. As Visiting Scholar at CSUC she studies American literature. Poetry, she says, is a way to experiment with language. It both expresses and explores.

