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Kingsborough Community College
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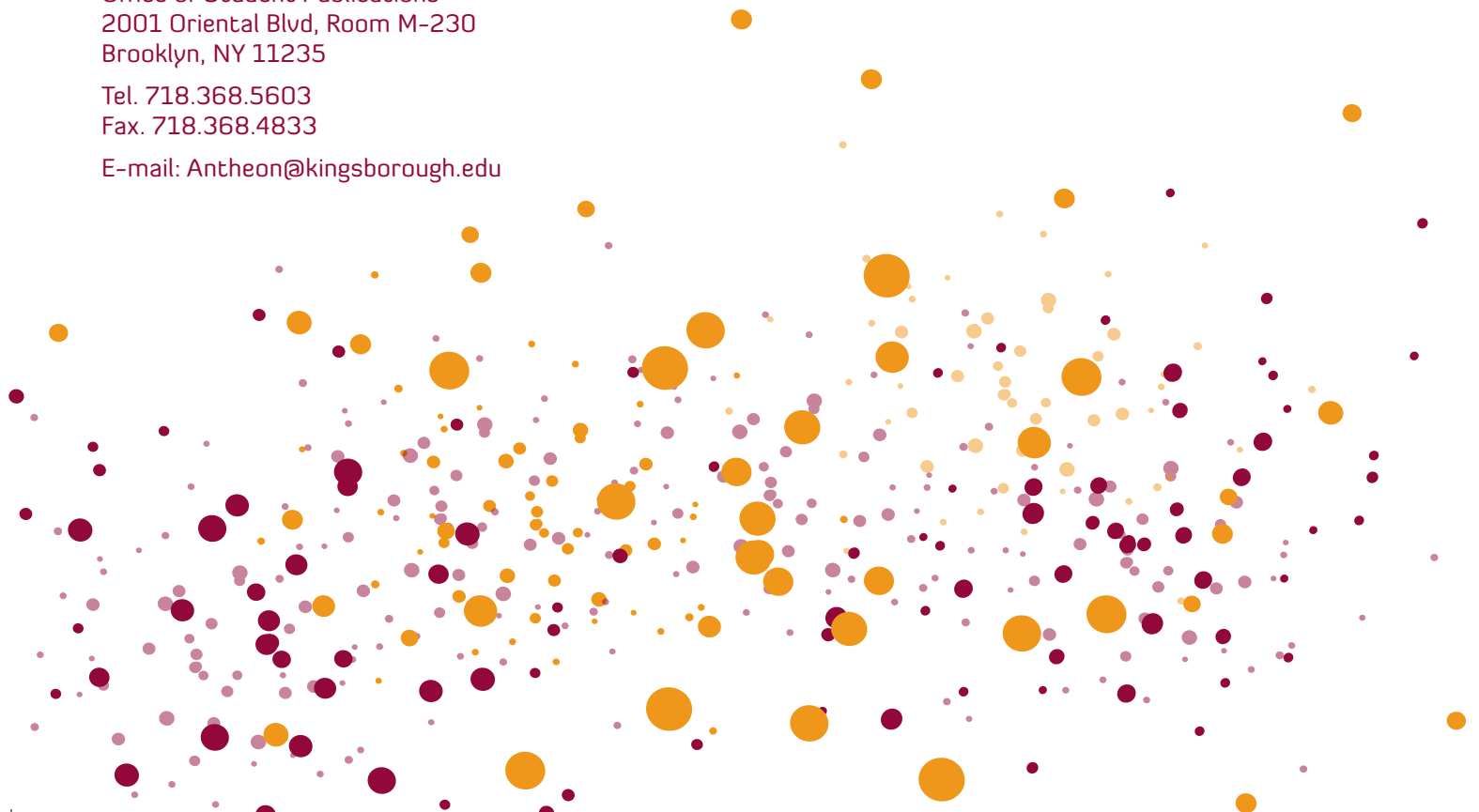


Antheon Literary and Arts Journal

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President's Note

Dear Antheonites,
The time has come when we part ways and bid farewell. But there's no need to worry, our friendships will last as long as we keep our bonds intact. Working on *Antheon* has been a long and fruitful journey, and I am thankful for the experience. Since I became your President back in the fall of 2011, and again in the fall of 2012, I have watched *Antheon* grow into a powerful and creative organization that surmounts many obstacles. Additionally, this is the most dedicated team I've ever worked with. The motivation, talent, and leadership of you Antheonites have led to two successful KCC's Got Talent shows and two beautiful magazines. In fact, we've done so well that we finally have the recognition and reputation we deserve. Now we can end the year being proud that we have left a legacy for those who will continue after us.

I also want to personally thank some of my most committed Antheonites, including the advisors. Vice-President Colleen Mims for her amazing contribution to the club — she started strong and became my right hand woman almost instantly. Treasurer Niaz Mosharraf for his energetic contribution — he fueled the organization with optimism and kept them up their toes at all times. Former Assistant Treasurer

and now Spring 2013 Vice-President Ashley Parsaram for her outstanding leadership skills — she is definitely a one of a kind, independent woman who can lead an army if she has to. Designers Rafael Teixeira and Mohamad Kechaiche for their overall creative imprint on the 2013 *Antheon* Magazine: There is no stopping these guys from creating a world with their minds. Advisors Brian Katz, Kristin Derimanova, Tom Lavazzi, and Levy Moore for their thoughtful and wise contribution to *Antheon*: With their experiences in their own fields, *Antheon* molded into an incredible club. And finally, Student Life for funding our organization throughout the years. Without them there wouldn't be a magazine.

In the end, we joined together as a family and prospered. For those who are graduating, like I am, this spring, good luck on your own journey. I'm sure success is around every corner. For those who remain, keep our legacy honest, strong, and proud. Nothing can stop you if you put all your energy into it. And to everyone, please remember one thing: Let the universe be your mind because creativity is infinite.

Thank You,
Carlos Rodriguez

President

Carlos Rodriguez

Colleen Mims — **Fall 2012 Vice President**
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Michael Tai
Jessica Alba Portrait

Raya Dimitrova
Poet in a Shoebox
(Inspired by Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*)

His poetry muses ransacked the whole St. Louis
Until they were arrested by a glued shoe.
The seagull of the merchant ship was giving it voice
Until her beak was sealed forever with grease.
His mind was applying lyrics while his hands were
applying glue
To a waxed shoe that would never go on a cruise.
He was a poet with dreams of sailing to Belize,
Yet, he sailed into a shoebox — what a woe!

Blanca Lopez
Little New Bag

I got a new bag
It says Sydney on it
So when I wear it I pretend I'm in Australia

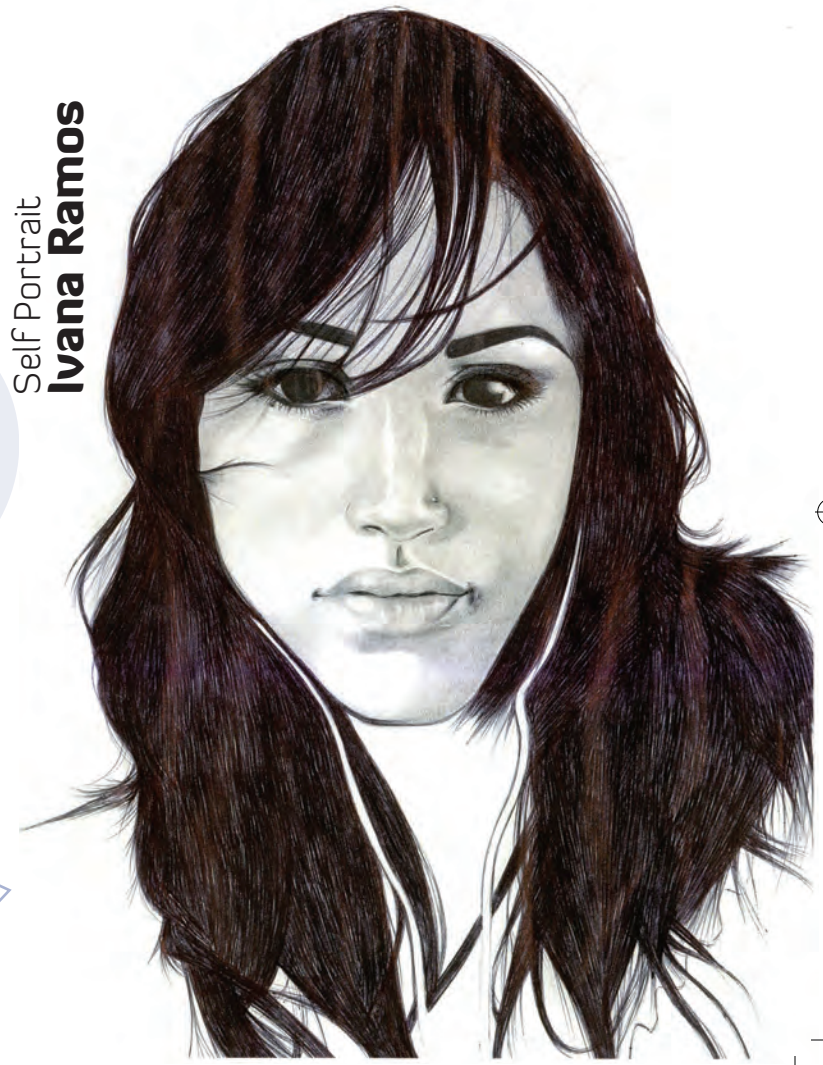
There are so many flowers on it
So many that they make me feel
As if I'm walking in the botanical gardens
The colors are so vivid on my little new bag
I make believe I'm on a sunset beach in the Bahamas

The pink looks so delicate
So delicate like a new born child
Whose skin is soft and pink
And the red is so bold
So bold it reminds me of a red flag waved at a bull

I have a little new bag



Self Portrait
Ivana Ramos



Rafael Teixeira
A Ride to Education



Jason Greene

Flower



Velázquez Llanes

Silvia

A glimpse of her,
A glimpse into the abyss.
I look at her little feet,
White plain cotton socks,
I see them now on my feet.

Walking in the hallway.
Everything's so big now,
Although the same.
The smell of summer and dust.

I hear an echo,
My squeaky voice yelling "iimaaaamii!"

Only 3 doors,
But they seem like hundreds.
I reach for the knob,
Right above my little head
And twist it.
I find her, my mother.
Her eyes distilled affliction.
Sunset gleaming through the window.
I turn left.
He is there too, my father.
A blank stare.

But when I sit on her lap,
Everything turns normal?

It's the safest place for me now.
And now for Silvia,
The little one.
I sit on a chair, rocking you.
Safe. Asleep. Tranquil.
And yet for me this cold chair,
Does the opposite.
It would never replace you.



lowers are like
phoenix, they
blossom pretty
and die quickly,
to be reborn once
again even more
beautifully.

Stefany Zelaya
Phoenix Reborn

Dara Jones

Snapes

I said "snapes."
 He laughed and asked me to repeat.
 I say it again —
 The word I couldn't pronounce,
 But he loved to hear.
 I remember clear, my iPhone so hot
 that night.
 Fell asleep on the phone after talking
 for hours.
 "Heat," like the Sahara desert.
 The heat that consumed my body
 when I realized the hurt?
 He's there. Always there.

Waking means
 Time to hang up,
 His special name in my phone,
 He says it's not our time
 As we know, separated on the line.

We laugh again,
 Never really hanging up.
 Hanging on.

Gabriela Cisneros
 Untitled



Zinovy Genkin
 Sunset



Matthew Grubin
 Nature

Winter a blanket,
 Covering the earth.
 Spring a flower,
 Blooming.
 Summer grass,
 Shifting in the wind.
 Fall the wind,
 Dancing in the air.

Matthew Grubin
 Birds

I ran fast as a cheetah
 Gliding through the trees,
 When all of a sudden I saw a gathering,
 A winged company of spectacular variety;
 On top the branches, in the trees,
 Soaring and surfing the windy breeze.



Marvin Schwartz
 We Need Momma

Brianna Villafane
A Ghost World of My Own

SCENE 6

[Luna and Chloe are wandering around the hallway at school to kill time before their next class. They start to talk about *Ghost World* and the part of the book where Enid dyes her hair green.]

Luna: I don't understand why people have to give punk kids such a hard time.

Chloe: You're only saying that because you're one of those punk kids.

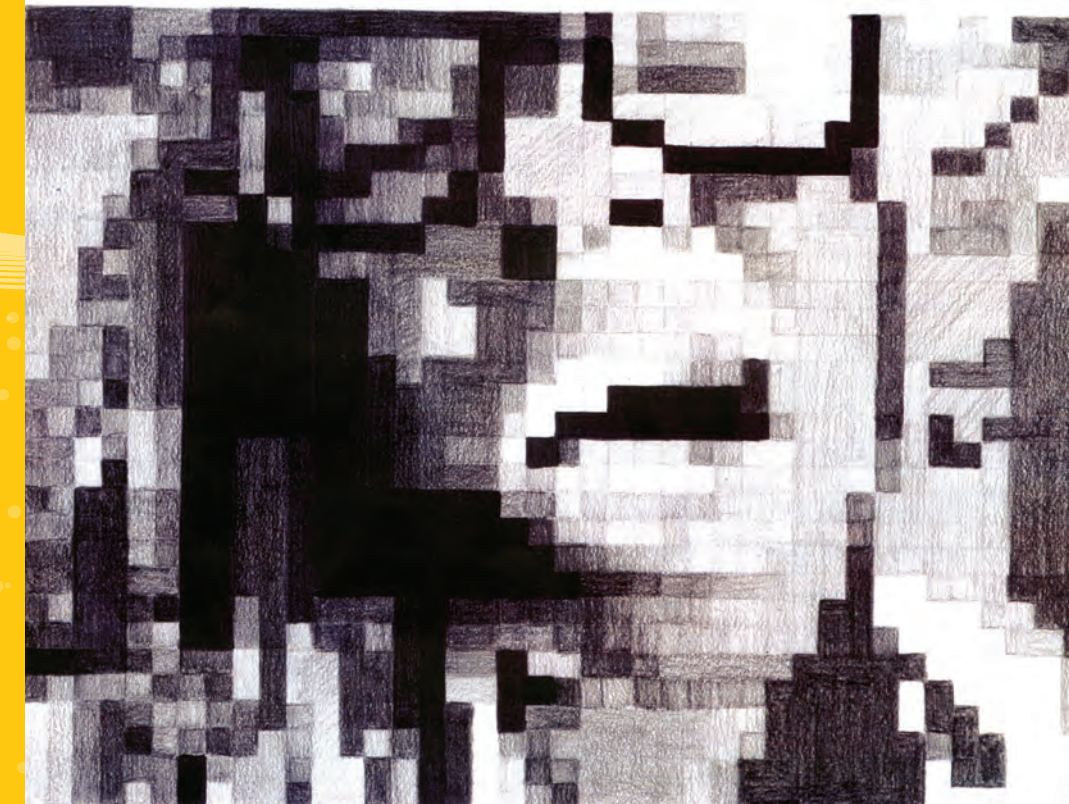
Luna: Am not. I like some of the clothing and the music, but that does not make me a punk kid. I hate how people are always bashing punk kids or any type of rocker style. Like they're just so fucking ignorant. If we don't wear Juicy or have the newest Jordans and don't have the latest iPhone or Louis Vuitton bag then that makes us broke losers. For some reason there's this stereotype that all punk kids are broke, and can't get jobs, and all we do all day is start fights with people and do drugs, well you know, that's fucking bullshit.

Chloe: Why are you getting so crazy for no reason? [The two girls sit down in the hallway.]

Luna: You know how I am, I'm just so sick of all the stereotypes and being classified as something I'm not. I don't fit in with anyone at this school, but that doesn't give anyone a reason to talk shit about me just because I'm not one of those preppy stuck-up white girls, or those ghetto ass wannabes. If I could go into this book I would punch Johnny Apeshit in the face. I'm just as capable of going to business school and being an ass-corporate fuck just like anyone else. And let me tell you, punk rock is not that pussy shit like he... [A student overhears their conversation and cuts Luna off.]

Student: Yes it is. [Luna stands up, gets closer to the kid.]

Luna: Oh really? If you think that, I dare you to come to a concert with me and say that. You'll be knocked out in the pit before the first band even finishes their first song. [She bumps him, and storms away, Chloe gets up



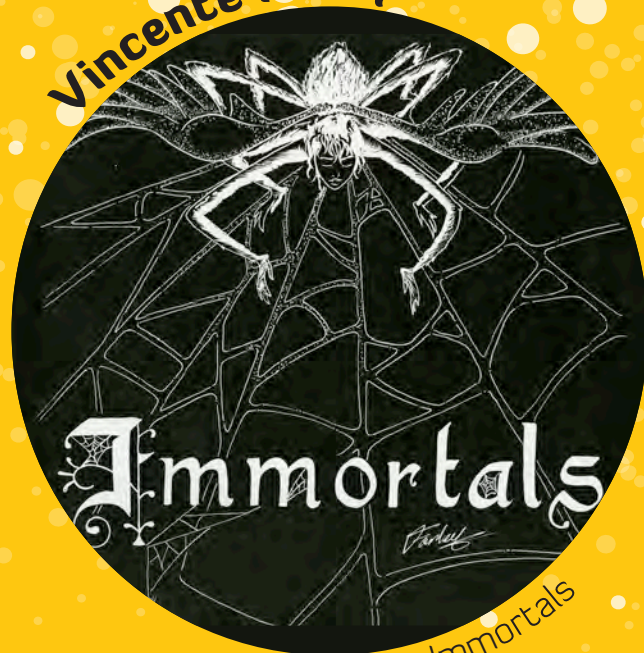
Self-Portrait
Kishouna Landais

a few seconds after and catches up with Luna. They head to their next class. Chloe walks into the classroom and sees Luna sitting in the back away from everyone

reading *Ghost World*. Chloe sits in the seat next to Luna.]

Chloe: [Whispers.] Psst, Luna. [Luna

Vincente Farley



Immortals

Masha Yukhananov



Landscape

does not hear so she whispers again, a little louder this time.] Luna. Pssst... [Again Luna does not hear Chloe so she takes out a piece of paper, writes something on it, crumbles it up and throws it at her.]

Luna: [Looks up at Chloe, mouthing the words] What the fuck? [Chloe makes a motion to open up the paper and read it. Luna opens the note. On it is scribbled the words "Are you okay?" She looks up at Chloe, nods her head, crumbles up the note, tosses it onto the floor and goes back to her reading.]

SCENE 7

[Luna and Chloe just got back to Luna's house after going to a concert. They both had a very good time at the concert except Luna is upset.]

Luna: I hate him, I swear he better never talk to me again.

Chloe: Who are you kidding? You know you like him still, and from that kiss he obviously likes you too.

Luna: If he liked me so much he would have said good-bye to me. If he liked me he wouldn't have ignored me all night...

Chloe: [Interrupting Luna] He was with his friends.

Luna: He has like two friends! I was with my friends and I still tried talking to him, didn't I? Plus he sees them all the time and sees me never. If he liked me so much he would have texted me.

Chloe: Maybe he went to sleep or is still on the way home...

Luna: Or maybe he just doesn't give a fuck about me. Stop defending him! I'm done with him and his bullshit. He better not try to talk to me. I swear if I see him at another concert I am so going to punch him in the face.

I can't stand him...

Chloe: [Interrupting Luna again] Okay, Enid.

Luna: Enid?

Chloe: Yeah, you're acting just like her.

Luna: And how am I doing that?

Chloe: You're so picky with boys. You like someone then they screw you over or do something that you don't like and pisses you off and all of a sudden you "hate them." You know you don't hate Derek. You say you hate him now but watch when he texts you or you see him. You're going to be like, "Oh my god, Derek just texted

me, he's so hot, he's so amazing, he's so perfect," and all that shit and then when you see him you guys are going to be all over each other.

Luna: Shut up, he's not going to text me, he's an asshole. Face it, I'm forever alone. No wait, I'm not forever alone, I'm just going to grow old with my four-million cats instead. Enid has the right idea. There are no decent guys out there, they're all jerks. Now, women...

Chloe: [Rolls her eyes at Luna] Whatever...

Nathanael Dayen
Colors

11



Bobby Grazi

All the Shadows Reaching

It only got easier with time
Just like he predicted it would
As the months fell from the calendar
His grip loosened around the gun
He was comfortable with it now

The barrel doesn't quiver anymore
No sweat dripping down his sideburns
His eyes kept a listless disposition
Grazing the grooves of the cylinder
He was comfortable with it now

It was simple to Simon
He was conditioned this way
When the muzzle was off
He had not a word to say
He was comfortable with it now

He put the gun on the windowsill
And took a deep breath
It was the middle of the night
Around half-past-two
The streets hushed

The basketball court under the porch light
Cast a long dark shadow down the driveway
Reaching for the street
Like all the shadows reaching in some way
And the streets were hushed

It's the sinister tricks
The dark plays on us
We long to go elsewhere...
Anywhere
But there's nowhere
Just the streets all hushed

And so just like leaf-clogged water
Streaming down the sewers
Like the violet clouds drifting
Across the plum night sky
Just like the sirens howling
Across the intersections
Simon picked up the gun
Pulled the trigger
Like every other night

ZhongXiang Ruan



Banana

Bobby Grazi

Braided in Tragedy

Lemon cake served on little white plates
With a smile she swings gracefully through the arbor gates
A man in the corner writhes a brown leaf in his hand
Quite annoyed to see such joy on this little girl's face
Braided in tragedy, but still she bore a smile

Frolicking past the counter, she dips her finger in the pudding
Under the table, feeds her pie to the golden retriever
Picks up her woven flower basket from the floor
And this man in the corner is burning, like fever
How can she be so braided in tragedy and still wear a smile?

And it's always the same, he doesn't make discoveries,
he just happens upon things
With a waving red flag, he turns away to leave
And like clockwork, the story shifts, a change in the game
And like clockwork, the story shifts, the hands turn a page

But the basket drops to the floor, the rose petals scatter
She looks down at the mess, and a little cry sounds;
All who came wishes they hadn't now
Except the man in the corner who got what he came for
To be braided in tragedy is to never live it down

Snowy Winter

Zinovy Genkin



Maka Mikeladze



Dreamer

Because it's always the same, you don't make Discoveries, you just happen upon things
With a waving red flag, you turn away to leave
And like clockwork, the story shifts, a change in The game
And like clockwork, the story shifts, the hands Turn a page

Lemon cake served on little white plates
And like clockwork, the story shifts, a change in The game
She swings around
The story shifts, the hands turn a page



Emilie Autumn the Plague Rat
Ivana Ramos

Arber Rafuna

Wonder What Are We

Wonder what are we
 Stories of apples eaten from the trees
 And stories of apples falling on the head
 Recycled souls, I will be you?
 Immanence felt by the dinosaur?

Sounds of cavemen now sentences we read
 Roots of our babies suckling on the ape's nipple
 Atoms eating atoms and trees breathing me
 Shadows in a cave
 We know what we see?



Larisa Krasner
 Spring in Central Park

Dara Jones

Class. Home. Sleep

Class.
 Home.
 Sleep.

Unfinished homework due
 Assigned last week.

Class.
 Home.
 Sleep.

Yea, I'll finish my
 homework.
 After I eat!

Class.
 Home.
 Sleep.
 Literature, Bio, Health and
 Sociology.
 I have so much to read.

Class.
 Home.
 Sleep.

Yikes, I'm behind a couple
 of weeks.

Class.
 Home.
 Sleep.

Not enough hours in
 the day to keep up with

Class.
 Home.

Yiren Zhu (Judy)

Untitled



19
Tabitha Fratz Theogene
Human Skull



Farmana Sharmin

My Dress Is Blue

My dress is blue
Not as blue as the sky

The sky is big
Bigger than my backyard

The backyard is fenced in
Not like the horizon

But the grass
The grass is fresh and moist
As a new born baby

Jun Jay Liu
Untitled





Suffering

Tabitha Fratze Theogene

Arber Rafuna The Thousands of Men

The thousands of men alike grab their briefcases and head out their door.
 Some set off for the subway and some for their BMW's, all heading toward those buildings that eat up the sky.
 The less fortunate crying out to the "more fortunate" for a penny, a nickel, a dime.
 The faces getting lifted and the faces getting stretched.
 The neverending sounds.
 The millions of voices whispering and yelling, children's screams of joy.
 Voices of singers from people's devices, talking to each other connecting to others forever away.
 The sirens of policemen, and firefighters, and ambulance off to an emergency call.
 The noise pollution, and light pollution, and all pollution devouring the streets.
 The ladies in dresses, and the ladies in jeans.
 The curly hair, straight hair, pink hair, red hair, black hair, short hair, long hair, shaved hair.
 The aroma of pizza on every corner, McDonald's and Burger King everywhere you look.

Continues on Page 23



Levan Kiknadze

Edgar Allen Poe



Svetlana Koshurnikova

Alice In Wonderland



Levan Kiknadze

Milk Bone

The morning birds singing, pigeons competing
 for a crumb of bread or two,
 THC fills everyone's lungs, snow in the noses,
 the roses wrapped in plastic, freedom?
 the people running up and down, running toward
 their programmed destinations, mindless beings
 minded machines,
 the thousands of televisions turned on across the city
 to hypnotize children as their parents escape for a fix,
 the dancers surrounded by a mob of people with a bucket
 on the side filled to the brim with all sorts of moneys,
 the smell of shit, the smell of daisies,
 the musicians in the subway capturing some people's
 attention as others zoom by, nothing heard,
 the men holding men and women holding women,
 the yellow cars filling up the streets with people's hands
 out calling for one,
 the drugs hiding in people's apartments begging not to be

found, under cupboards under beds under pillows and high
 in the closets,
 the people selling fake DVD's and fake fancy purses and
 fake Rolex watches, money money money,
 this city starves for money,
 the camera flashes across the buildings, and the flashes
 from the two floor red buses blinding people as they walk,
 each flash holding onto moments, moments of nothing,
 the stray cats and prostitutes in alley ways,
 the moonlight shining somewhere and the stars invisible,
 the bikers and skateboarders roaming the streets,
 the green grass and never ending trees,
 the dirty hipsters conforming to nonconformity,
 we're all different, we look different, act different, poor,
 rich, old, young, yet we're all intertwined and all made into
 one piece, as if weaved by the Oodi weavers,
 the panhandlers grubbing for money.

Cindy Rojas

AQUALAND

Crowd
 Mark Aghai



Marvin Schwartz
 Football is Hard



Leaf
 Ching Yee Ng



Stacey Feliciano

Someone Once Told Me

Someone once told me I would change my mind constantly and live a long life. She said I would have two kids and think about the third. I would marry and remain eternally sincere.

Who would have known that someone's life could be foretold? I sit in front of the tree, the one that guides us all. My senses heighten; I could hear the crackling of the trees, the wind whispers as if cackling with a friend. I try to focus on the dream that seemed so real as if it had just happened yesterday, or would tomorrow. I look up at the darkening gray sky and feel the first drop of rain run from my cheek to my breast and down back to the earth. I wait... and the rain finally let's go, it pours harder with each breath. The drops touch my skin like needle points. I am at one, with the rain. I thank the God of rain, Tlaloc, for hearing my prayers. I feel the energy from the rain, beating down on my skin but emanating something so innocent, so pure of the world into my soul. The ground shakes, my toes slither in the soil, something charges...I hear random commands, and suddenly there is an abrupt silence. There is nothing to be heard except the stallions' hard breathing, I open my eyes. Their

hooves penetrate the ground as they begin to charge like beating drums. As I stand, the rain transitions to a light drizzle. I begin to feel dizzy, until I hear screams. I turn to face my home, and see smoke. I run. The smoke from the village increases, I hear yelling and all I could see is red. The fire burns the leaves, turning to dust. I run, not for me but for my people. I cannot stop, I must not... they need me.

"Alex... Alex, what was Pythagoras' view on the essence of life?" I pull myself awake, I adjust my eyes and slowly hear Ms. Sinclair's question. "He believed that numbers are the language of the Gods". She nods in agreement, and continues the lesson. I look at my book, and see numbers...equations of all sorts and am not able to recognize one thing. The dream felt so real, a memory of another time

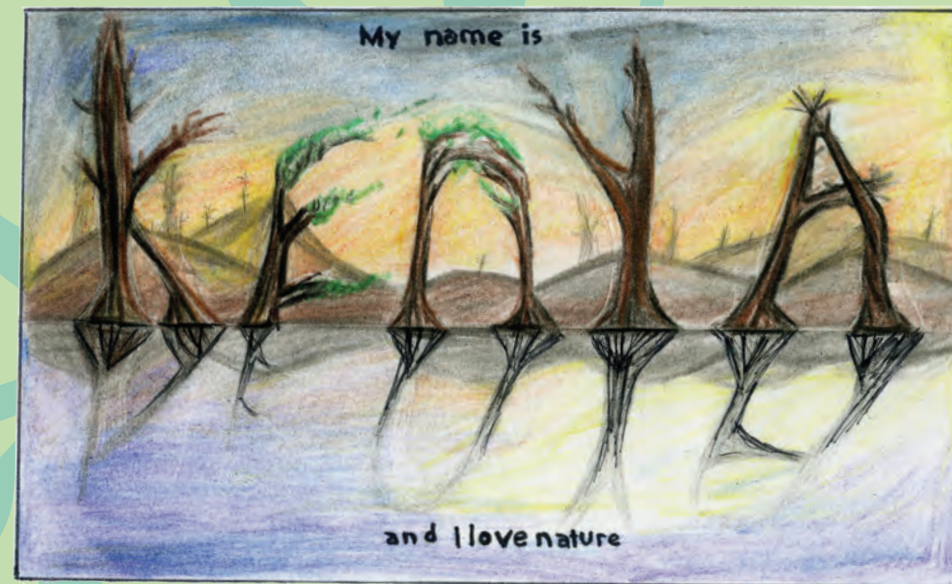
The bell rings. As I walk out Ms. Sinclair calls for me. "Alex, you have been unfocused in class lately. Your eyes are open, but you're not really seeing, as if you were in another world". Strangely enough, I think she understood what was happening to me more than I did. I didn't have much to say, "It won't happen again". I walk away, not giving her a chance to continue her sermon.

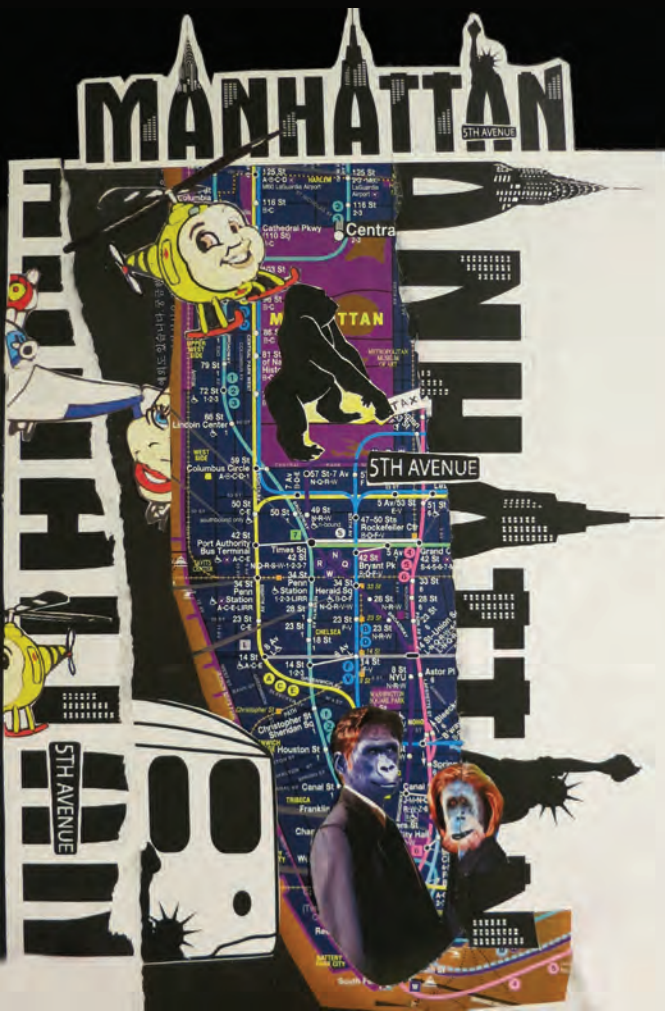
I open the front doors of the school, and feel the nice cold breeze of air. I welcome it. As I take a step forward, I fall, and open my eyes. I had jumped over a river and

landed on a tree. Next thing I know, I am running. I am heading towards the tribe. I grab a long staff, and yell the numbers of the Gods. But when I get to the tribe, all is gone, all is dead. I carry the children of the village and shut their scared eyes. The women were taken, and the men dead from gun wounds. Others just gave up, for there is nothing left of our people, but I shall live

on. I sit on the ground, crying no more. I slowly close my eyes, and name all who I have lost. I call Mother Nature, and begin to feel warm on the chilly night. I look down at the child in my arms, beautiful thick hair, and a face so innocent, her almond shaped brown eyes look up at me, smiling she says goodbye mama. She is I.

The Nature Within
Kenya Seifert





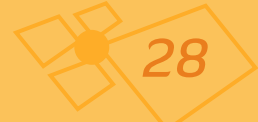
Samuel Hyppolito
Sammy Town

Farmana Sharmin
And the Inking Rain

As the inking rain floods my notebook
Words come out like fresh
mushrooms
And the spring of my poem blossoms.
When the poem blossoms from my
mind
The words come like flowers
A better poem can make my life anew
Like flowers blossoming in the garden.

Jordanna Rosen
Couloir Rouge

In the hall
There were pictures
Framed just like a memory
Of what was once real to me
The walls were red
Everything red
Who knew a color so pretty
Could cause such anxiety
If these walls could speak
They'd scream
I've been running
Wish there was
A reason or rhyme
These walls are closing in on me
Stifling reality
I never wanted anything
But these dreams aren't just
When I sleep
All the people
Frozen in the past
With these false advertisements
That they tried to sell to me
On that big empty screen



Flashing all these lies
Before my eyes
Only left us stranded
Desensitized
All those brilliant colors
Still stick in my mind
Wandering
These corridors
In hopes of finding
Something more
A fantastic reality
Ill never posses what's out of reach
Try to keep my head held high
Were marching forward
I'm out of line
Taking my steps out of time
And I'm stumbling
Cause Ive been running
Off the chosen path
This memories
Are pictures to me
These dreams aren't just
when I sleep

Masha Yukhananov



Two Seasons



Renee Matthews
Portrait

Marvin Lopez
Crazy Dream

I saw you in a crazy dream
I fell for you, so it seems
I wish I could sleep all day
Don't wanna wake up
I wanna stay

You held my hand
We got lost in time
You whispered to me

Vincente Farley
Been So Long

It has been so long since I've spoken to you, so you can only imagine how I feel writing this. But despite that being said, I'm writing for closure. I'm writing because I desperately want to know something? Why did you let me go? How could you let me go, let me fall flat on my face? I doubt that you even give a shred of concern of what happened that autumn day. I can't explain my exact feelings but what I can say is that I wanted to be as cold and heartless as you were to me. So I went the direction of the wind, not looking back.

I tried to forget about you, I tried moving on, I tried to erase the history that we shared by seeing other plants. Unfortunately, they never worked out. I went out with a mushroom that had a younger sister. I had to break it off with her because all that they do with their time is get high. You of all plants know that I'm not into that type of stuff. So that was it between us.

Later along the way I took my chances with a dandelion who had kids. That didn't bother me at all, I love kids; I want kids. However, the way she was raising them didn't sit well with me. The fact that she shows

no concerns for their well-being, no concerns for their safety. She just allows them to come and go whenever they want. But it turns out that she wasn't the only dandelion pulling that stunt; her friends fell in the same category. I could have stepped in and taken over but I didn't know them well enough to intervene and she really wouldn't learn anything from my actions.

After that I started seeing a palm tree. Besides her being beautiful, she was perfect. There wasn't anything for me to complain about – we had fun, we enjoyed our time, no problems at all. I thought I had found my time of bliss and my solution to forgetting you. That was until she came and said that she needed someone to look “up” to.

He same sadness, the same pain, the same heartache that I felt when you broke up with me out of nowhere. But you know what? I'll let her and the other plants slide, at least there was a reason for why we are no longer together. What's your excuse? That's all I want, a reason, your reason for breaking up with me.



Veron Williams

Raya Dimitrova

Shattered Glass
 (Inspired by Jeannette Wells' Memoir *The Glass Castle*)

He promised the hungry children a silver moon
 Only to drown its shine in a glass of cheap liquor.
 She wanted to duel Picasso and Shakespeare
 to a stupor,
 Only to wake up in a windowless shack by a dirty
 broom.
 Their children turned into adults too soon,
 Impervious to burnings and perverts' lure
 Making sure no one broke the windows of the
 jewelry store.



Renato Silva



Genesis Hernandez

Even though they should have stolen a silver spoon.
 Jeannette shattered the glass and took up writing
 To build a castle of words instead
 And Lori assembled the pieces into a glass door.
 Brian shattered the glass and took up crime fighting,
 And made sure each of his offspring had a bed,
 And not a glass castle that can't stop the storm.

Rosemary Acevedo Last Memory



Kyle Leon Norville

The Book

It sits there...

Silent

Cold

Smooth ebony recycled paper my
fingers trail down to open it

See the white pavement as the blue
people named 'lines' walk among
one another in organized lines

They wait to connect with one
another

They travel from one page of their
world to the next, filling their
lives out as they end up in the sky
discovering moon

Or on the grass watching the moon

It seems as if these lines have
become parents

They give birth to words

Pregnant silences make way to loud
statements

I make love to this book, every time
my ballpoint strokes the paper

Ink smears into it, only to become a
beautiful responsible guardian

What a relationship I have with the
book.

With exclamations that point out that
life never becomes a period...

It is a comma,



Larisa Krasner

Femal's Lines



Theodore Williams
Untitled



Running Wild
Arsentiy Zelinsky

Zola Bodden

And I Let You

And I let you

Take my hand into

The meadow

Our love is real it makes

Earthquakes

Cracks the ground

It swallows

It takes me whole as you watch

Then you jump and within our

Unwinding clock

You reach me

And though we're no longer peaking

We descend



My Hero

Peiyue Ma

Sydney Rashad

Verdis Quo

The chrome colored fields farther
than the eyes can see
reflecting the digitalized sky
as the holographic birds sing their love songs
synced with prerecorded wind, rain
the fiberoptic river reflecting
the virtual walls mirroring the sky
reflecting the heat of the lamp light sun giving
the silicon flowers nurturing they don't need.
in this Artificial Nirvana where there is no flaw
in Pygmalion's Paradise,
life is imitated without flaw
this beautiful empty heaven
where life can't exist.
only its mockery.

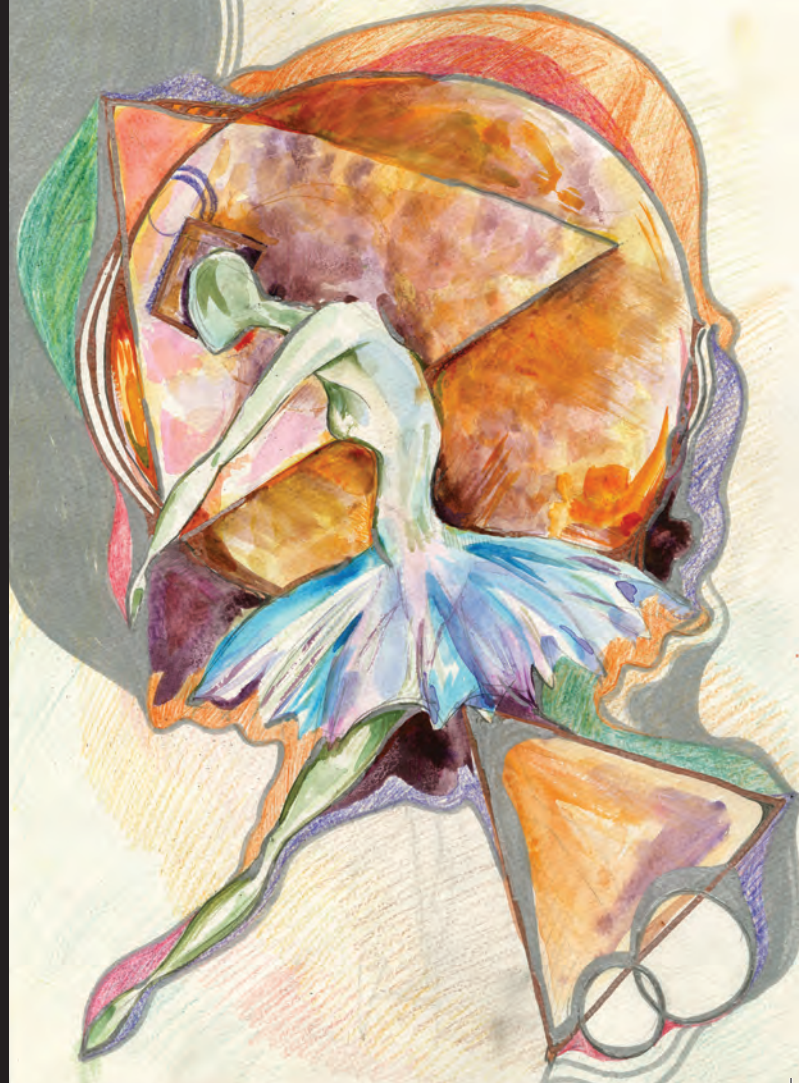
Sydney Rashad

Net Circus

"Come one, Come All!"
Come see the spectacle of a lifetime
A digital delight that will surely give you a fright
Watch the blogging acrobats as their fingers
Twist and type at the speed of light
The shippers and sailors screaming about who's
Who kissing whom
Watch the net strongmen flex
"What did you just say to me you little bitch?"
Watch the mimetic drivels go on and on
To a fancy indie tune
Gaze in awe at "Lady Duckface"
And the "Orange Horndog"
Look but don't touch
Double click for naked pics
Don't be shy give it a lick

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Maka Mikeladze Dancing





"Watch it you sick-"
 "SHHHH"
 Vblog clowns will tickle
 your fancy
 And all the videos of a cat
 Named fancy
 And cats not named fancy
 And cats with hats
 And cats in racks
 And not the coat kind if you
 Get what I mean
 Boo and jeer
 Have a beer
 Because "NO1Curr"
 It's all for the "lulz"
 It's a grande ole show
 Come over here
 Take a seat
 And just point and click.

Hadiza Djibring
Ransom Note



Jordana Rosen

Lady Blue

You knew?
 Of a Lady Blue
 A frightened, lost young women

The spectrum as extreme
 as the ocean

They took the innocence
 Out from under her shoes

Calm in one instant
 Next
 Caught in swift upward motion

Stolen a kiss
 A touch amiss
 Broken, unknown
 Of the damage you can't atone

Sucked in the sea
 Spiraling out of control

But her blue eyes always see
 Into the depths of the soul

The storm came
 Quick and went the same

Lady Blue
 Woke from a nightmare
 So desperate for life

Stranger took her by the hand
 Affectionate to death
 Another left to be damned

I showed her the way
 Through a mirrored blue night

Left abandoned in the cold
 Soul alone and worn so old

You knew
 Lady Blue
 Only in your dreams
 Is this story now as real
 As it seems

In the darkness she finds
 Soaking up bits of sunlight
 Sweeping emotions



Untitled

Leya Guzman

Farmana Sharmin
The Stars Are Small

The stars are small
Like humming birds
The humming birds are beautiful

As red roses
The roses are really red
Like human blood

blood scares me
As ghost stories scare children

Mirian Grossman
Orange Landscape



Jun Jay Liu Bliu Landscape

Blanca Lopez

My City

My city my city there is no comparison
People with all different ethnic backgrounds
My city my city stands strong through
the attacks
Even through 1926 stock market crash

My city my city over the years has become
so diverse

Go uptown Manhattan you'll have the best
rice with beans

My city my city we are known for our
rude manners

Walking down Times Square during rush hour
is like

Waking up from a peaceful sleep to an
adrenaline rush

My city my city has the statue of liberty
126 years and still standing pretty

My city my city gives you many ways of
expressing yourself

Ching Yee Ng Focus

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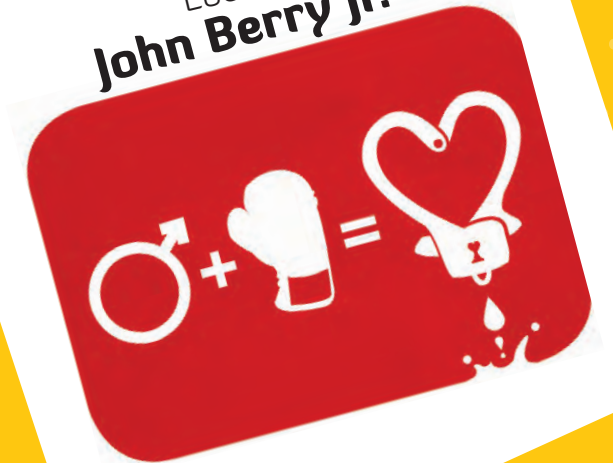
Fashion Night out in SoHo makes you feel like a
movie star

My city my city is the city that never sleeps
There's always a party going on in the streets

My city my city has 5 boroughs
Each one with its own uniqueness
Go to Brooklyn you'll find the NY nets
And the Bronx home to the massive Yankee
stadium

My city, my city is a light in the storm
An ounce of hope in making dreams reality

Locked
John Berry Jr.



Renee Mattheus
Untitled



Kyle Leon Norville

House of Truth

This is what life is?
Is this what it all comes down to?
Dead bodies littering the floor like crumpled paper
Living in the house with the same man that raped ya
Pillaged ya mind for innocence so your hope is cashed out in a sense
Sentimental value is equivalent to petty ness
This can't be
Life in the 21st century when entirely the only one to blame
Is you...
What are your dreams?
Are they still in mind?
Or have they all been shot down in a

Petra Nagy
Untitled



school... Columbine
Clear your mind...
Find whatever rose you planted in your concrete project streets and water it
Blood from the enemies ending each other relentlessly
Tears poured out from the mother who puts their pictures for all to see
Sweat dropped from the killers who run from the killer to be

What a circle of life
No Simba
No savior
At least that's what they like to tell ya
These people are clueless
Bullets fly past windows that could make a Stacey dash
They say he was a fresh prince but now we hope his body rings bells in the air
Where is our freedom? When will we



Petra Nagy
Stairs

birth it
Or is it too much of a task to nurture care for and watch grow so we just abort it
Cry...
For our future...
From the sky...
Let our lost ones...
Reign from their cloud 9's and bring down upon us...
Hope...

Cathy Zang

There Are No Two Waves Identical

There are no two waves identical
Like snowflakes dancing across the horizon
The peaks covered in white snow
An avalanche of white foam
Contrasting with ocean blues

They go left, right
Each wave a mind of its own
Even the rain does not affect the wave
The rain picks apart little by little
Pitter patters little dents

But it does not slow down the majestic monster
It goes on and on the wave
The waves that have formed first grow and grow
Swallowing some of the younger ones
Leading them to shore
Meeting the shore in a collision of energies
The flighty soul of the wave and the headstrong
Body of the beach
The energies like fireworks
In a spectacular crash the colors shine through
The spray like the celebration spray
From a champagne bottle
It opens the mind

As when all the pieces in a puzzle click together
Or when everything makes sense

Waves are meant to be ridden on
They are there for us not to tame but to try

The first wave he catches is a rite of passage
He is no longer trying to be someone, he has reached
His goal
All his hard work paid off
The early mornings to the beach
To get in before work
All the videos he's studied
All the waves he's analyzed
Being on top sending you to the top
The top of the highest mountain the top of the world
So close to heaven
Before it painfully brings you back down to earth
And reminds that you are human
Every time the boy gets back on the board
It's a chance to be more than he can imagine
Every time for a chance to reach the sky
Sometimes he gets there
Sometimes he doesn't
But to chase is the thrill
The top is not
The goal the ride is the goal



Rhythm
Masha Yukhananov

Two Seasons
Gabriela Cisneros



Arber Rafuna

Perceive and Understand

Animals that perceive and understand.
Ignorant to their own beauty; but not me and
maybe not you.

As they rid the other for pleasure the lion kills to
keep its belly full.
With its belly full it marvels the gazelle, just
letting it be, just letting it be.
Tell me why those animals that perceive will
never see the beauty in we!

Pick up the gun it's easy to do when it isn't you.
Their brains so lost, too late to be found.

They have gone astray...

The skulls will keep piling up!
Twelve million or so.

Stefany Zelaya



Life

Mohamad Kechaiche
GANGSTAR

PARAMOUNT PICTURES and DREAMWORKS PICTURES PRESENTS
A CLINT EASTWOOD FILM
GANGSTAR

IN THEATRES DECEMBER 12 2012



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Stacey Feliciano

Once Again, I Soar

The water cold as ice
A piercing pain from the fall
I am afloat, smiling at the sky
knowing I can take on the world.
My breathing slows
I awaken
I'm ready
SOAR

And so she looked east where the sea
glistened and gleamed
She yearns for its secrets
But her fear of the unknown keeps
her within boundaries
Something she dislikes and rebels
against
Why does she hold back?
She was meant to fly and soar
She looks behind, to find her past
Jointed with her steps...
Without another thought, I jump



Jessica Rosado
Penguins



Joel Garcia

Different Styles



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Peiyue Ma
History





Self-Portrait
Maka Mikeladze

Carlos Rodriguez

I Remember...

I remember getting lost in the woods for two hours. I jumped for joy until I found my way out. I remember the small yellow snake that slithered into an outlet. It never came out. I remember when ice cream tasted like it had come from heaven on a hot summer day. I remember dressing up as a vampire for almost every Halloween. I remember jumping over houses in Dominican Republic. I remember the thought of fear of falling. I remember chocolate milk, peanut butter and jelly, sliced apples, and dried chicken in the high school cafeteria. I remember the intense taste of tequila at a family party. I don't remember what happened next. I remember climbing tall trees and always thinking, "how the hell am I suppose to get down." I remember the bitter taste of orange juice after brushing my teeth. I remember my first crush. She was like a Sour Patch, sour then sweet.

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I remember breaking my left arm. Sounded like branches being stripped off a tree one after another. I remember almost drowning in a hotel pool. It was the first day I learned to swim. I remember how the moon seemed to stand on top of the hill. I felt like it was going to roll down on me. I remember thinking a bright green light descending from the sky was an alien space craft. I remember crying after watching *Titanic*. I remember my first day on a theater stage like I was on top of the world. I remember killing a bird with a sling shot then cooking it on a small fire. It tasted like chicken. I remember eating bright red flowers. Don't ask me why. I remember when my mom's pants caught on fire on a camping trip. She was performing with sparks around the campfire when her pants burst into flames as if it was soaked with oil. I only clapped harder thinking it was part of the show.

Ivana Ramos
Within Temptation



Colleen Mims

La Douleur Exquise

The saddest gift you can give to someone is a friend,
The exquisite pain of loving,
Putting your heart, soul, everything you know,
Out on the line, the sleeves you bare,
For the whole world to see,
No privacy, no space to be aware of what reality shares.
Open your eyes and see what is there,
A friend that is really not a season nor reason,
But a figment of thought,
Someone you wished was more clear.
Instead we're fooled by a wolf in sheepish clothing,
Ripping apart of the matter and pieces of everything
you wore on your sleeves.

Discarded like yesterday,
You're lost like yesterday.
Remembering the friend that once was,
A foolish foe in disguise.
Disenchanted thoughts become rage and anger,
Afraid and alone,
You don't know who to turn to.
We are all alone,
In some way or another.
We distance ourselves from those gifts,
Believing that one will be like the rest.
Judge not, we're all forsaken.
The saddest gifts are not friends,
They are the distance of time we
Have with those faces.

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Nomad
Marvin Schwartz



Cooling Off
Marvin Schwartz



You Move
Brandon DeSouza

Velázquez Llanes

He Keeps the Window Open

He keeps the windows open
always...
Lights are shut on my side.
I can hear the tires
carefully caressing the pavement

Quiet stares...
She enters the room—
a rerun—
but I refuse to turn away.
He knows his audience.
And this pleases him.

The lights dim,
it gets colder in my room.
It's hard to breathe.
I'm captive and swollen.
Broken and soaked like the concrete.
Quietly, I cave-in.
Their bodies are attached to a flame
not strong enough to fuse them,
yet I hear the burning screams.

Lights on.
It's done.
No moans or whispers of despair.

I see it clearly.
What I've been waiting for.
Another tally mark.
The disenchantment and awkwardness.
The honking sounds.
She leaves deflated, he grins
in satisfaction
or exhaustion
as she walks away in shame.

Sabina Vafaeva

Birds



Zola Bodden

Midnight Mornings

Morning floors creep
She shivers
Skin bare as the ground
She covers
Yet, how they creep
When someone walks them
Her back presses against sleek walls
Concrete
He opens her door
She clutches sheets between her knees
His shadow is tall against the walls
The bottle in his hand empty
His groan echoing
Her shut eyes
Her prayers
Guttural

Jin Jing Lin

No Rose Without a Thorn





Rachelle Benoit

The Bulging Belly

The bulging belly tells a story Her naked hand is a cause for shame She is scared And alone Fornicators look at her And laugh Pointing Three fingers point back She thinks her only way out Is to destroy the thing inside Angels and demons struggle in her head Fighting for life She goes to church Pro-life people shun her They whisper: "She is not married" Against all odds she decided to tell her family She is going to see this through She encounters anger What a little whore she is from a family of old values God seems to not love her She makes an appointment Tears in her eyes she ascends the stairs Carrying the weight of her cross the doctor

will see you Then behold A miracle A women dressed with the sun Do not harm this child Take comfort my daughter I have been where you are I have received their teasing Do not listen to them God himself has touched you the bulging belly tells a story Her naked hand proves how brave she really is.

Nude

Vincente Farley



Arsentiy Zelinsky

Bat vs. Spider



Elen Ohanyan

Beauty by God

