

KINGSBOROUGH  
COMMUNITY  
COLLEGE

# ARTFILE

*A journal of the arts*

**VOL. 31**

**2025**





**CUNY**

*The City University of New York*

**KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE**

2001 Oriental blvd. Brooklyn, NY 11235



**AN  
THE  
ON**



## PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Readers,

Every great story begins with a spark - an idea, a vision, a moment of inspiration. This year, Antheon has been able to be a testament to that spark once again, growing into a collection of voices, perspectives, and creativity that reflect the heart of our community. It's more than just a magazine; it's a celebration of artistry, resilience, and the power of expression.

Everywhere on campus, you can see the dedication of students, professors, and staff working tirelessly to make a difference that's ever so subtle yet powerful. Their hard work and resilience are what keep this community thriving. True impact isn't always loud—it's in the daily efforts, the quiet determination, and the shared commitment to pushing forward. Because of this, Antheon continues to evolve as a space where creativity and storytelling take center stage.

This year's magazine reflects the incredible talent within our community. From breathtaking artwork to powerful writing, every page showcases the dedication and artistic vision of our contributors. And we are ever so thankful to have been a part of your journey; and you being a part of ours.

A special thank you to the Antheon staff, faculty mentors, and everyone who played a role in bringing this publication to life. Special thank you to Robert Wong, Helen-Margaret Nasser, Kate Wayler, and Kenly Dillard. Your support, presence, and guidance has been encouraging and ever so enlightening. And to our readers - you are the reason this magazine exists; Thank you for your creativity and efforts.

As we look ahead, whether you're graduating or continuing your journey, remember that creativity has no limits. Keep pushing boundaries, sharing your voice, and believing in the power of storytelling and art to make an impact. As you each start on your new journey, let me be the first to say:  
"May fate be your servant and good fortune your friend"

Fotima Makhmudova  
*President of Antheon*

### *Our Mission:*

Antheon is Kingsborough Community College's literary arts journal founded to publish the best student art and literature while also exhibiting the creative visions of our talented designers. Each fall, a new team of student designers and editors are selected to guide a year's worth of submissions. Our goal is simple: promoting our community's writers and artist by giving them a wider audience.

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Andrea Calderon

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Nunez Reign -Bailey

■ **SCAN ME**



Antheon is published yearly at the end of the Spring Semester. Submissions are accepted from enrolled students all year round.

Contact: [antheonkbcc@gmail.com](mailto:antheonkbcc@gmail.com)

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**ANGELINA MERCADO**  
*Love letter*

■ **DE JUN HUDSON**  
*An Aged Pen*

Never is the Gerania appreciated by Aesthete,  
Simple lights in silent serenit

Morning nights opens pepper flies' patch,  
And dragon flies' memorial hearth return

Appreciative I have now become in stilled age,  
Locked up in active planetariums watching folding stars

A tight space a classroom  
Scent of ink to paper  
Minds running wild

Thoughts swirl in endless cycle  
A slight distant sound  
Yet fails to break concentration

Breath of relief, sigh of relaxation  
Diving headfirst with no hesitation  
On sheets of paper countless words

Moving forward for time flies  
Such an exercise will strengthen the mind.

**REIGN NUNEZ**  
*Baily Gretel*



**ANGELINA MERCADO**  
*Hansel and Gretel*



**LANIYAH FRASER**  
*The Spirit of Spring Love*



**SOFIIA SECHIN**  
*Magnolia Bakery Logo*

**ISABELLA STRATIGAKIS**

*Typeface Design*

A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y
Z				

ISABELLA



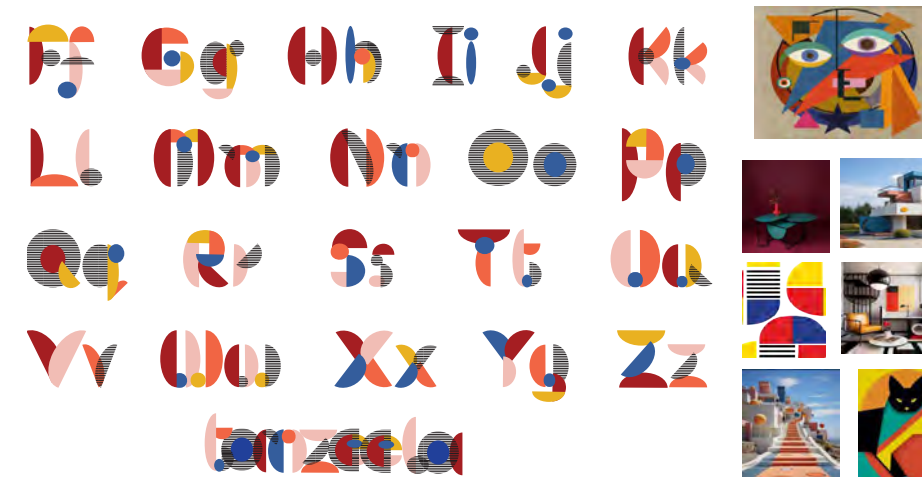


*Sunday*

Today is March 17th  
Today is an ordinary Sunday  
I get up at 9:30  
in bed in a daze  
there was a party tonight  
I think I should have breakfast  
It's already 12 o'clock  
I'm going to Costco to buy some things  
I bought a hot dog and a Coke for my lunch  
Go home and put things down  
listen to music and take a nap  
I had a dream during my nap  
When I woke up, I forgot everything  
Party at 6pm  
I'm leaving now  
There was wind and birds chirping along the way  
I walk slowly on the road  
enjoy this time



## Scopje Jazz Poster



**TANZEELA JAHANGIR**

# Typeface Design



**VERIUSKA CZERNIAK**  
*Knit Kabin logo*



**GEORGINA AGUIRRE**  
*Cherry Blossoms*

## ■ **SETH RIVERA** *Untitled.*

When I fly It  
rains.

When I swim,  
Currents swirl powerfully.

When I breathe,  
Life itself runs to escape me.

When I dream,  
Nightmares, dæmons,  
come to haunt me.

"Thinking cannot be clear until  
it has had expression"  
Said Beecher.

Drowning,  
I've finally found your name.



## JASON SEETARAM

### *Corruption*

"It's a mad ting on its own you know?"  
 "Word bro, the devil isn't even hiding no more"  
 "They unearthed that fallen stone angel"  
 "We seeing real things from the bible coming true"  
 "Prophecies about evil world orders and signs that we are living in the end times."  
 "It's all about showing them that in the end, it's faith that leads us. Not fear."  
 "It's on us to destroy the world leaders who are Satan's followers"  
 "They trying to divide and conquer us and we are letting them because we're not waking up."



## ANDREA CALDERON ROA

### *Wine Label design*



## DONGHUM KIM

### *Budokan poster*

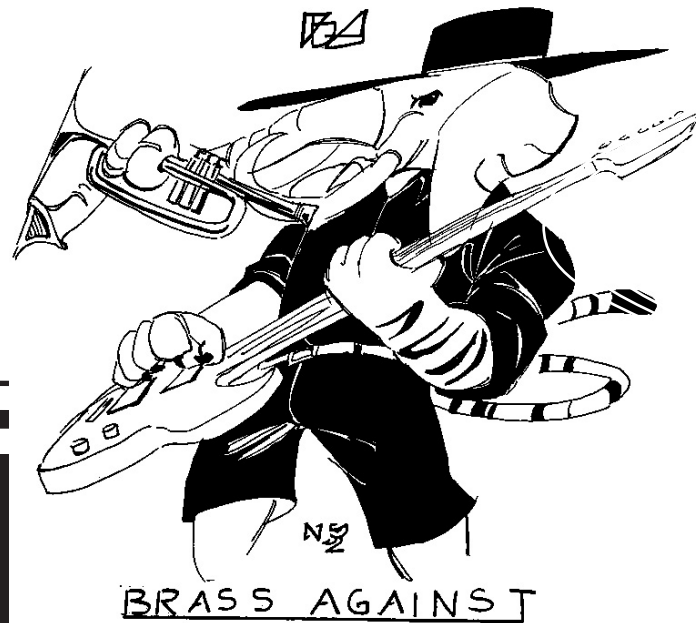


## SOFIIA SECHIN

### *Whispers of the bamboo breeze*



**CIERRA SPENCER A.**  
*Dog portrait*



**NILAJA COWARD**  
*Brass Against*

## ■ EMILY CEDENO GOMEZ

### *Echoes*

Leather  
Leather  
They made leather

Wearing dark leather  
On their feet  
Wearing dark leather  
On their skin

A place to hold their money  
A bag to carry their sins

Leather  
Leather  
They wore leather

A hunt for their prey  
Never straying too far to find what  
they came there for  
An animal to blend in  
When the sun comes down

They knew to hide  
But you motha fuckas will still find  
them

Leather  
Leather  
You made leather

Strange fruit  
Hangin from the trees  
A burnt cross is all you see

Leather  
Leather  
The world makes leather

Runnin won't save us  
A prayer's for the weak  
Guns are ineffective  
They chasin us as we fuckin speak

I kneel down in front of the cross  
A blaze burns  
A rotten smell  
Screams surround us at every turn  
I ask you, father

Leather  
Leather  
Please stop letting them make us into  
Leather

A prayer unanswered  
A whisper in the wind

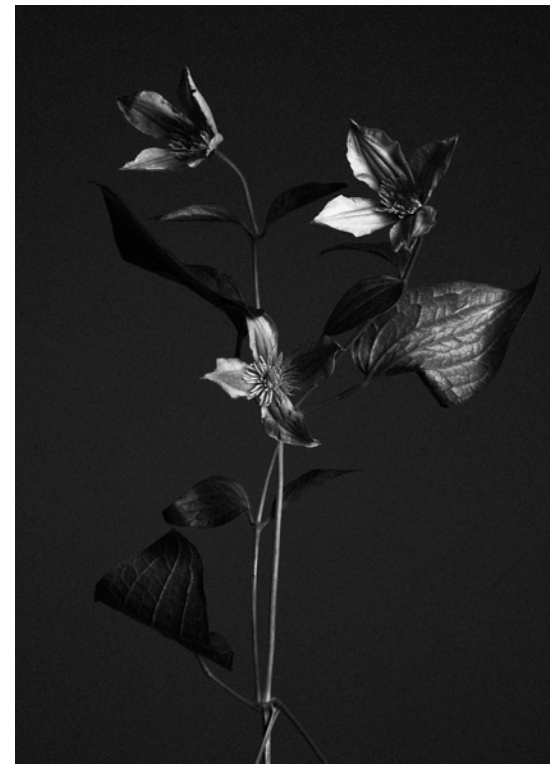
Leather  
Leather  
Why god would you let them make us  
into some goddamn fucking leather.



## ■ LIN PAYNE

### *Red leaves*

I sing in the wind  
Songs are floating in the air  
Turn into colorful laughter  
Become a nutrient for flowers  
I love red leaves  
Don't like the darkness in the frame  
The scenery around the corner is amazing  
Red leaves hidden under white clouds  
Sometimes by the water  
Sometimes in the horizon  
When the wind blows  
Red leaves emerges from the snow.



OLGA FRANKEVICK

*Untitled*

## ■ AZEMINA HUSEINOVIC

### *Snaga Moja*

Snaga moja  
My strength

O snaga moja, dodi k meni  
Oh my strength, come to me

Sunce napustilo moje oci  
The sun has left my eyes

Mracna tuga zauzela  
The night's sadness has taken over

Majka, baba i deca  
Mother, Father and children

Jugoslavenska zima smrznuta  
Yugoslavia's winter has frozen

Nema grejana u domovima  
There is no heat in the homes

Krila od ptice su pala  
Wings of the birds have fallen

Polete nigde kad vatra savlada  
Nowhere to fly in the fire

Napila je zemlja u suzama  
The land is drunk of tears

Jedinstvo iamamo iz ovoga  
The oneness we have from this

Djeca okrecu, pogledaju jos jednom  
The children turn to look once more

Iz ovoga, jedinstvo iamamo  
From this, the oneness we have.



DONGHUM KIM

*Kronstadt logo*



**IRYNA CHERNYUKH**

*Portrait of Jojo Bizarre*



**OLIVIA HERCULES**

*Portrait of a mother Margaret Belizai*

## ■ **AYMAN MOZEB** *The Cold Revenge*

### *Chapter 1*

10 years earlier. October 15th 2012

It was a night I'll never forget. I was about twelve years old. The thunder roared like an angry lion looking for its prey. Suddenly my mother Anna ran into the basement. My little sister Sarah was six years of age. She was sleeping when the incident happened "Quickly, get inside son! HURRY!" I didn't know what was going on. I heard gunshots. They were just as dreadful as the noise of the thunder. "Mother, what's going on in there?" I asked. "Just stay low, and keep your head down." It took an hour for the gunshots to stop. But they finally did. "My son, keep your head down. Stay here, I'll come back for you." I was so desperate to find out what was going on, so I disobeyed mom's orders and made my way downstairs. This mansion was huge, I thought to myself. I made my way into the kitchen and hid in one of the drawers. My aunt Amanda came and sensed my presence. "Gotcha you little brat! You stay in THERE UNTIL YOUR GRANDMA FINDS YOU!" She

put me on top of the cabinet. I always thought my uncle's wife was crazy. As the thunderstorm passed, I yelled "HELP! HELP!" But no one would hear my cries.

I swept into tears while the rain was pouring down on the land. Finally my mom came and picked me up. "Who did this to you, my son?" she asked, trembling in fear. "It was Amanda." I replied in fear. "Don't be afraid my son, your mother was looking for you. I would never let anything harm you." The rain took longer than I expected. It was raining cats and dogs out there. As the rain finally calmed, my mother and I made our way downstairs.

My grandma was crying and bursting into tears. "My son!" Grandma was shouting. "SOMEONE DO SOMETHING! MY SON IS DEAD!" All the family gathered. My uncle Cihan was extremely late arriving at the scene. My grandma made me swear, "My grandson, promise me one day that you will avenge your father." I didn't know what to do. I felt like I was forced to make that oath. But I did it anyway. I promised one day I will seek retribution and avenge my father.



## Chapter 2

Present day October 15th 2022

I wrote in my journal. On this day 10 years ago, my father died. My grandma was saying her last few prayers in the cemetery. I was thinking of the promise I made to my grandmother about visiting her in the cemetery, when my mom interrupted.

"Son, do you have a second?"

"I am supposed to meet grandma in the cemetery."

"What's up mother?"

"I just don't want you to go through this with revenge son, I'm really worried about you."

"Don't you remember ten years ago I made an oath saying I would kill the man responsible for my father's death." I was always terrified of my grandmother, because she is the oldest one in the family. I want her to feel like I'm not a burden to her because she does not want her son's death to be in vain.

I don't want to let her down.

"I'm going to keep that oath."

"I raised you better than that. There is more to life than revenge."

Mother always seemed careful of me, even though I can sometimes be arrogant. "Plus you didn't promise anything, your grandma forced you to make that promise." I remember my grandmother that day, she said specifically ten years ago "My grandson, promise me one day that you will avenge your father."

"Mother, if I could tell you how much I feel right now. My anger is a dark shadow and my heart burns like lava hotter than the sun. Please leave me be."

I met my grandma near the cemetery. As I approached her, I overheard her say something. "Look, the birds are chirping in the morning similar to crickets at night." The cemetery was huge and it was full of people and tombstones. There were plenty of trees, tall, and short. She was talking to the tombstone of my father. Poor thing. "My son, I promise this family will avenge you. I will do my best to convince Mason to take retribution for the murder. "Grandma I'm here."

"Look who is here Adam, it's your son Mason," she whispers to his tombstone. She looks towards me. "I'm on my way grandson." She got up and slowly passed me as if she saw a ghost. "Where are you going?" I asked.



ANDREA CALDERON ROA

*Bronx zoo mood board*



**DENNIS FEINSTEIN**

*Untitled*

"I have business to take care of," she replied.

I miss my father.

"I missed you dad," I was talking to the grave as if he was there listening.

"I really do. Even though I love my mother, I feel like my life isn't complete without you...without both of my parents." God made us to be dutiful to our parents, but I feel like the job just isn't complete. As I left the cemetery, I drove back to the mansion and I got some news.

"Your sister is getting married."

I was shocked because my sister was still young. "Married at a time like this? To whom?" I was desperate to know who the man was. "The young man's name is David Ramirez. His family is supposed to meet with us today because the young man is proposing to Sarah tonight."

"He asked my mother for her permission?!"

"Where is this wedding going to take place?"

"Sarah wants true love, pretty pathetic if I do say so myself."

Grandma says in an ignorant manner. A few hours went by and the family started to arrive at the house to introduce themselves. Then Jessica Ramirez, David's mother, suggested that we should start preparing for the wedding, as if she wanted them to get married right this second. Then my grandma replied, "I don't think we should get them married today."

Then, I remember the flashback "My grandson, promise me one day that you will avenge your father." I took deep breaths as I was drinking my tea remembering that on this day 10 years ago, my father was murdered. Then I suggested "I don't want my sister to get married at a time like this. Especially not on this day. I think it would be better for us to start preparing for the wedding, but take it slow." Then Jessica Ramirez agreed. We said our farewells and goodbyes. My grandmother was relieved. "Thank you grandson."



**JOHNNY SON**

*Java Break logo*



## Chapter 3

October 22nd 2022

Tonight was my sister's wedding. I've never seen her so excited before up until this moment. My mother was cleaning up. I saw Sarah in her wedding gown. She was beautiful. I was sad knowing my sister would leave us. My mother called for me. "Son! Come help me clean the dishes!" I came as soon as I could. I scraped up the dirty dishes like a knife that scrapes off a popcorn ceiling. I saw David. I said to him,

"Listen we're like brothers now, but I am willing to let my sister marry you, but on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That her last name stays the same as my father."

"It's a deal brother." After the wedding, I said goodbye to Sarah. "Take care of yourself sister." "I will," she replied. I should have been excited for my sister to begin her new life, but instead, that was the night I felt sad.

**REIGN NUNEZ**

*Baily Gretel*



**ANGELINA MERCADO**

*Hansel and Gretel*



■ **SETH RIVERA**

*Untilted*

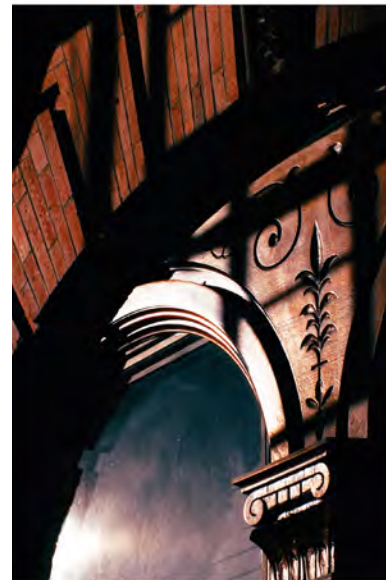
It's blood that falls from my eyes  
When I see the reflection of my old sky.

It's inside Anubis's sweet hollow,  
I felt my soul failing

A pull, a longing, my tether,  
Pulls me further and further into deep.

I'm rotting.

Then You.



**EVA BERKELEY**

*Forever Yellow Skies*



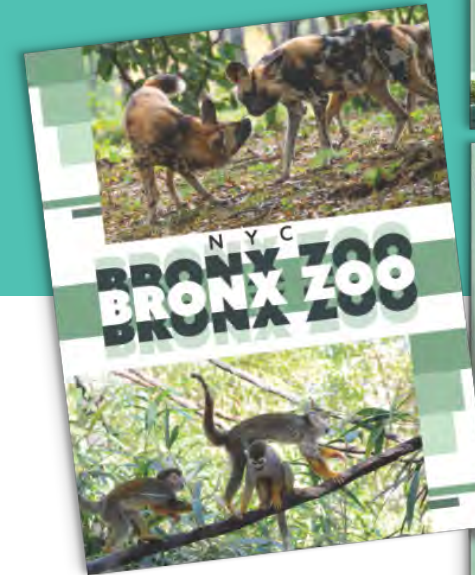
## SHAIANN MANAHAN

### Untitled

I hear the birds sing a tune to each other in sweet softness  
 I hear the cars racing along the highway rushing with the breeze  
 The trees sway in unison to wave at the sun  
 The owl with a hoot that bellows to let the world know who is here  
 The subtle silence from the earth that gives the birds a tune  
 The people are awake but please don't make noise so soon  
 A smile on that brown face that makes the earth move  
 I hear the sounds of birds making nest next to my bed feeling the comfort I feel  
 The Sun rose and so did life that's why the birds sing this tune

## VALERIA VAN TUYL

### Bronx zoo Mood Board





**ROWAN PEREZ**

*Book cover*

## ■ AZEMINA HUSEINOVIC

*War in the pages*

My feelings into words  
May at times feel like  
I'm asking the night to turn to  
day  
as it will  
and the day turns to night  
as it does

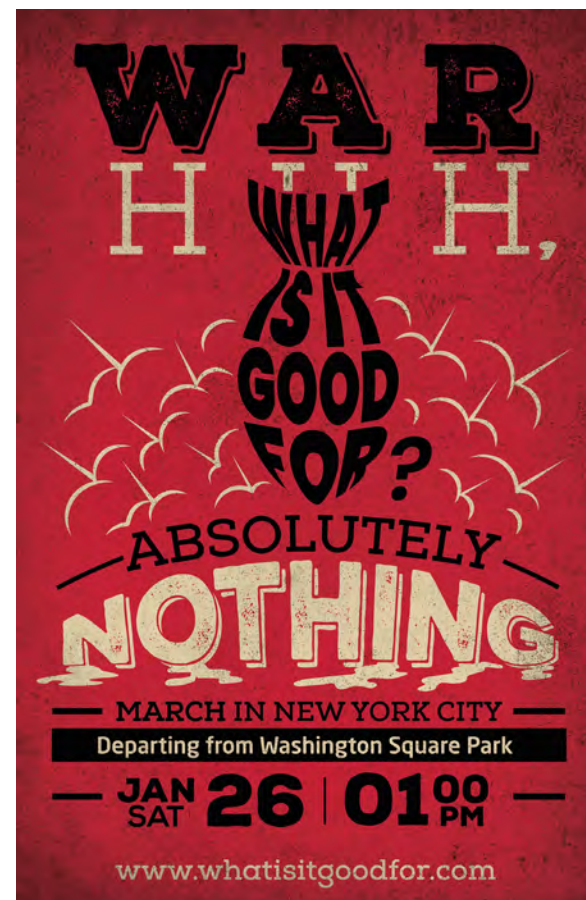
Where do I turn  
As turn the page

Thoughts written  
speak to me  
that voice roaring through my  
flesh  
holding this pen with confidence

that it would paint every letter  
one by one  
the ink would trace every word  
perfectly  
As it comes

Words written  
Sentences read  
as a memory  
for now  
a confirmation of what is

This pen I hold  
as if it were the last sword left  
I'm waging war among the pages  
or is the battle myself.



**ANDREA CALDERON ROA**

*Against war - poster*



**CASSIDY NICOLAS**

*WeebWares Logo*



**ROWAN PEREZ**  
*Jazz poster*

■ **ARNECIA SMITH**  
*Bedtime Change*

Why is it that the craziest things happen to me after 9  
From now on I'm going to bed at 8:55  
The world is still spinning but my mind is stuck  
The words didn't sink into my head they struck.  
My chest hurts but my heart is still.  
My brain is in shock, maybe that's why I can't move.  
The only things moving are my tears.  
I didn't even know they were there.  
I'm unfrozen but my brain is still stuck.  
I re-read the messages, 9:19 today  
5 minutes ago...fuck.  
It's true, it's real, why can't I feel?  
Memories are flooding, it's all surreal.  
Why is it that the craziest things happen to me after 9?  
I hear them say it and tears don't form.  
My chest is burning...again, is this the norm?  
Long hugs and sweet faces that all look like me,  
This is what I prayed for when I was 13.  
Except...you aren't here, I should have prayed for you specifically.  
I can't change what happened but now I can see.  
I hope you can forgive me; I love you, eternally.

■ **SHANTAL DOUGLAS**  
*Faithful*

For better or for worse that's what we sign  
up for, which was never an equal exchange  
you got the better and I got the worse. I  
am drowning, so far gone. Can you fix me?  
Yes, no, maybe. You can't but you should;  
you break me. You said you love my accent  
but it was false pretense. I love you means  
nothing when you only use me. When the  
world gets noisy I am your peace, but when  
it gets noisy for me you freeze. Small town  
girl in a big city; you promise me the world;  
an illusion and delusion; in some ways you  
deliver. A man should love a woman more,  
so they say; I didn't get the memo; I love  
you unrequitedly. I don't smoke but you are  
my drugs I hate it. I hate what I become. I  
am trap in a maze. Dear lord free me I want  
to escape.



**KARINA MAYER**  
*Untitled*





■ **JENNA BUCKMAN**  
*A Dark Sunset*

The star wasn't setting, it wasn't going down, it wasn't even moving. We were the ones rotating, and even then, it wasn't us, but the planet that we inhabit. But at 2pm, it was burning bright in the sky just above my house. Now, at 7pm, it's below the rooftops and even below the trees. As I acknowledged this, the lady beside me looked at me and said "Wow, what a beautiful sunset." After a moment of silence, all I said was "How sad is it that the Earth so easily turns its back to the Sun."

**JUDITH DANIELS**

*Through the Cracks of Humanity*



**SOFIIA KUCHARUK**

*Household Objects*







**LUMY MORILLO**  
*Charity print campaign*

## ■ SHANTAL DOUGLAS *Realization*

They came in on an iron bird to get a taste of the big apple. When they arrived, they realized the fruit wasn't sweet on the inside. Dust to dust there goes their dreams and aspirations. Welcome in; nightmares begin. They work in a sweatshop in the summer in unthinkable condition, inhumane situation, no air condition. They work, they work, they work. They sweat, they sweat, they sweat. Who do they complain to when they are an alien but not from space. Fall came, not much as change, except the season. They work but only got less than minimum wage. Winter came they went from an oven to an icebox, no heater. They work, they work, they work, they sweat, they sweat, they sweat. Soar eagles fly, your dreams weren't made to die. Grasp for air there is so much left in you my dear. Take back your life there is more to it than strife.



**YULIA VANIVSKA**  
*Surreal self portrait*





**CIERRA SPENCER**  
*Fish world*

■ **DE JUN HUDSON**  
*10 thousand words*

I wrote 10 thousand words on a day like this one,  
about space about time about memory about life  
my words were wasted  
they fell on deaf ears

I wrote another 10 thousand words  
About something, about nothing, about everything, about anything  
They flew on the sky  
And dove down deep within the hearts of many

I wrote 10 thousand more words  
About me, about them, about us, about everyone  
But they gave me nothing  
Not a damn thing

I wrote my last 10 thousand words  
About nothing, about nothing, about nothing, about nothing  
I expected nothing  
But... In them, I found every Goddamn forsaken thing I wanted



**SOPHIKO IMANADZE**  
*Portrait*

**FUTURE** **INK**  
COMICS AND BOOKS

**JASMINE FULLER**  
*FutureInk logo*





Mittens squeezed under and met a little mouse and her spouse who lived in their tiny mouse house

# YULIYA VANIVSKA

## *Mittens the Kitten book*



Through the chicken coop the yarn rolled by, startling the hens settled inside.



It rolled down the road, to the woman rocking in her rocking chair and the sun glistening in her silver hair.



Mittens curled up, all cozy and snug. The ladies lap warm as a hug. With the yarn returned to its rightful home, Mittens purred softly in her new found throne.

# YULIYA VANIVSKA

## *Mittens the Kitten book*





## JENNA BUCKMAN

### *The End of a Cycle*

She listens as she gets told how to be better. One after another each day. She's heard it all. Take a walk, get some fresh air, buy new clothes, get another hobby. She's done it all. She's tried every last option. She watches as their eyes follow her every move as they try to sum it up and figure it out. They wonder. If she has such a beautiful life, why does she see the world so ugly? They judge. She has such a beautiful life. Her surroundings are captivatingly pink, orange and shades of blue, but on the inside her brain is the purest shade of black and nothing more. She breathes in the air another time, it smells like autumn. It smells like incoming danger and things that were meant to be pushed aside. Her heart sinks as she takes in the air. The smell is terrifying. She tastes the blood in her mouth. She knows they've been watching when she physically tears apart her lips and takes away the skin. Her heart has never stopped racing. She bites down on her cheek, a natural habit for her. Finally, she touches the stone slab beside her and looks up toward the sky, a sense of relief coming over her. For the first time in a long time, she laughs, she smiles, a glimmer of hope until she remembers what happens when she steps down. She doesn't step down.



**GIORGI TATARADZE**

*Girl*



**AVIANYA NOTTINGHAM**

*Sea Life Exhibit Poster*

■ **DAVID TOUITOU***Untitled*

Tongues spoken above your ears, langues outside your mouth you do not really understand.

Our eyes slide down your strange etranger name. You, see the paradox of not being born into a world meant for you? Will you befriend us, or resent us? Either way, if you are lucky, your sons will be us, and speak to us. They will look at you without regarde.

The boat you came on will look smaller every day. We are not mean, simply look between the lines if you cannot read. Your Dire situation, unable to speak properly, try your main hand again in the open sea. Because of your wide nose, your grave face belongs 1.82 meters under from where we sleep. The tragedy is to be born, ainski.

**ISABELLA STRATIGAKIS***Babes in Toyland***LANIYAH FRASER***Castaway*





## ■ SHANTALL DOUGLAS

### *Uphill Battle*

She's been victimized  
Blood in her eyes  
She wants to survive

She doesn't like it here  
A different type of frustration  
No one could ever be prepared

6:30am to 2:30 pm  
Longest eight hours of her life  
She wants to survive

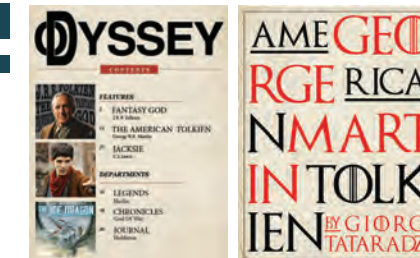
Sitting in the park  
Watching her dreams turn dark  
Wondering would she ever leave her mark

With little time to spare  
Still nothing is clear  
Her only true companion is fear

A culture not for the weak  
No one would speak  
She is so used to being meek

Wall to wall  
They are coming  
Enemies and friends

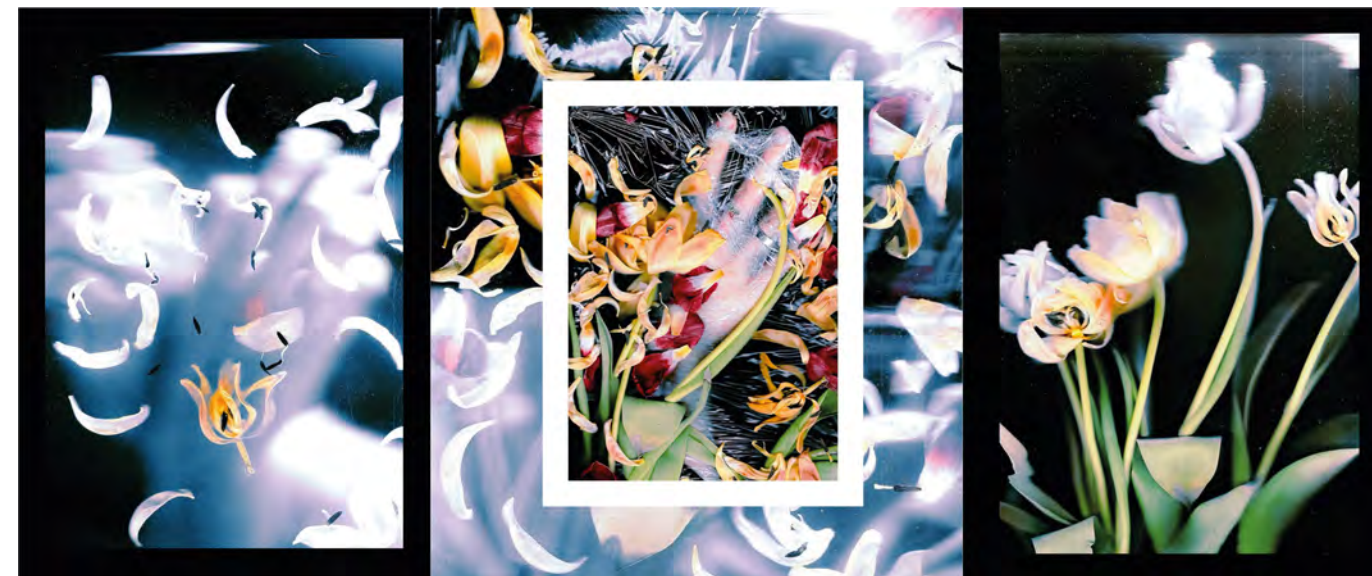
Will she ever make it  
Who knows  
She just wants this life to end.



## JASON SEETARAM

### *Forever*

"It's me and you" you always said.  
 We never had it easy but we always had each other always.  
 You were there for me through every storm.  
 You've been in a cell for what feels like eons.  
 We used to laugh together on the game until the sun came up.  
 We used to go to the park to play ball, winter or summer.  
 2016, Artist just got released.  
 It was always me and you screaming "In my bag now, in my bag now".  
 Bike rides in the summer days.  
 If I knew you would be incarcerated,  
 I would have held you tighter last time I saw you.  
 To see the day you are in chains in no more,  
 A day of accomplishment & fresh air when the work is finally done,  
 After a long night of solace.  
 I'll be here.  
 Screaming your name, fighting for your honor.  
 Holding onto the memories we created together.  
 You showed up for me no matter what.  
 You protected me without hesitation & without question.  
 We're cousins by blood, but you were always my brother and I was yours.  
 I am humbly honored I was able to make it to your service.  
 Through all your heartache, through all your rage, through all your early mornings,  
 and through all your late nights.  
 I'll never forget my 14th birthday when you surprised me.  
 To feel pure love & joy the moment you walked through the door.  
 So many memories, I'd be here for years if I spoke of them all.  
 Forever in my heart, forever my brother.



## EVA BERKELEY

### *San Junipero*





■ DAVID TOUITOU

*Untitled*

Beige-ish walls looked white and gold, with the sun beaming in.  
They look sallow now.

She Used to be, round, warm, now the cook is old, crocked, pain in  
her right leg.  
The cutlery is scarce, two forks, two knives, brown acrylic handles.

I'm not so changed.  
She's deteriorating.

Wooden floor and dust, unreachable.

The carpet faded, millions of steps suffered

Does she feel it?

Pain in the left leg, deteriorating.

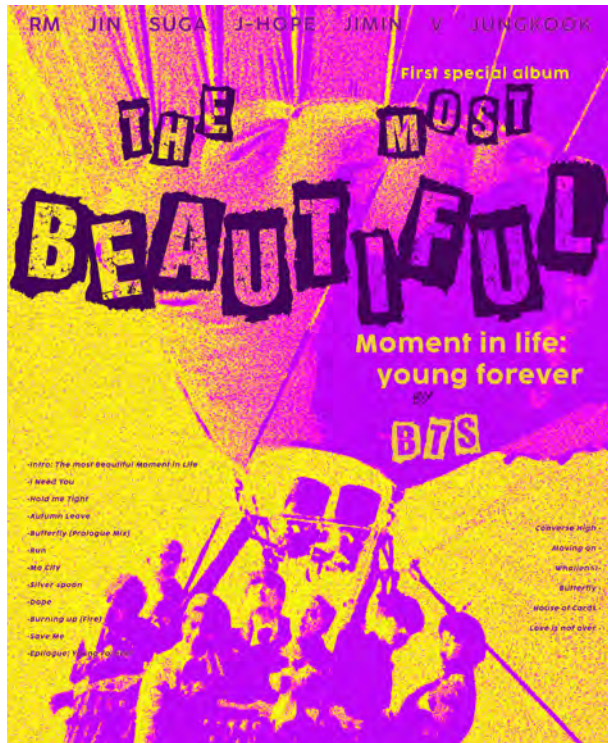
I'm not there as often as I should be.  
Green faded leather couch sunk.

Paintings of fruits and vases, empty vases used to hold fruits.  
Smell of almonds and dust.

TAMAR GAKHELADZ

*Left Behind*





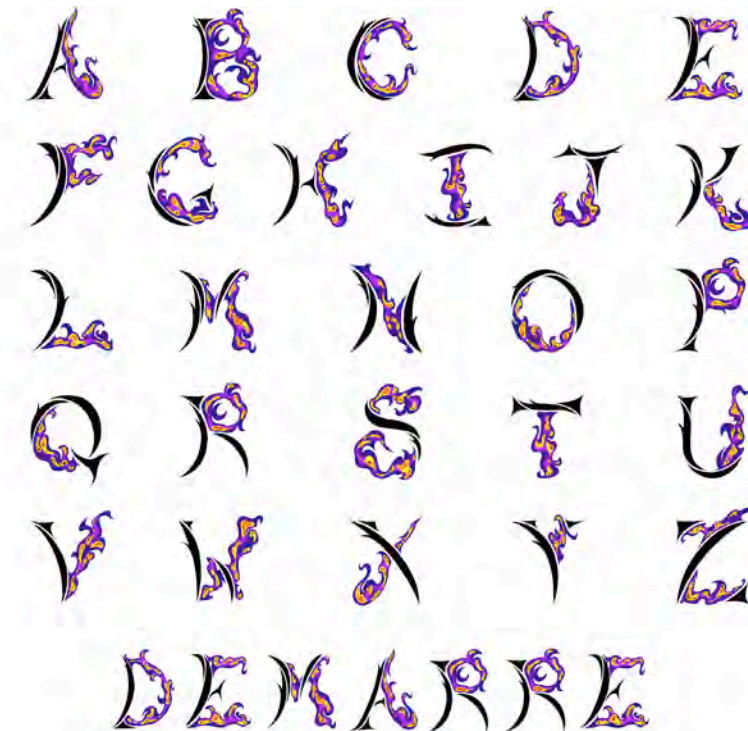
**GABRIELA JIMENEZ**  
*HYJH BTS Poster*

## ■ EMILY CEDENO GOMEZ

### *I See Red*

People walking, people chanting  
drums and kitchen utensils pounding  
red, green, white, and black amongst the crowd  
flashing lights  
sirens sounding loudly  
neon yellow jackets  
helmets and bikes  
yelling, the sea of yellow, yelling  
pushing with their bikes  
batons in hand  
directions given by the man in a black cap  
yelling and shouting as a man falls to the ground, shirt rising  
white and black patterned scarfs moving violently against the wind  
hair sticking to their face  
clothes sticking to their skin  
signs on the floor  
phones filming the fallen man

people in yellow and orange vests gesturing their  
hands to move forward  
yelling  
fire against the rain  
eyes staring back at me as they yell  
people almost falling because of the yellow men  
with their bikes  
a sea of umbrellas against a shore of black and  
yellow  
the man who fell being pushed further into the  
ground, hands behind his back, chest against  
the ground  
cars stopped around us  
red, yellow, green lights flashing above us  
people on the sidewalk and in their cars watch  
with curious eyes  
eyes  
eyes all around me



**DAMARRE JOLY LYNCH**  
*Flaquid Typeface Design*



## ■ SETH RIVERA

### *Untitled*

That gleam in your eye,  
That coy smirk,

Your gaze,

I lose all sense of self.

I preach about Orion's stars,  
I hope you see me as one of them.  
Small details and soft whispers bring my soul ease.

Can you be my Icarus's wings?  
Shoot me to the sun,  
And if we fall,  
Do so in a brilliant, burning blaze?

How do I say it  
I'm lost, I don't know.  
Then you come to me and quietly say  
"I Love you".

It's not a dream anymore.



## DENNIS FEINSTEIN

### *Untitled*

## SOFIIA SECHIN

### *Typeface Design*



## DENNIS FEINSTEIN *Untitled*





## ■ SHAIANN MANAHAN *Tranquility*

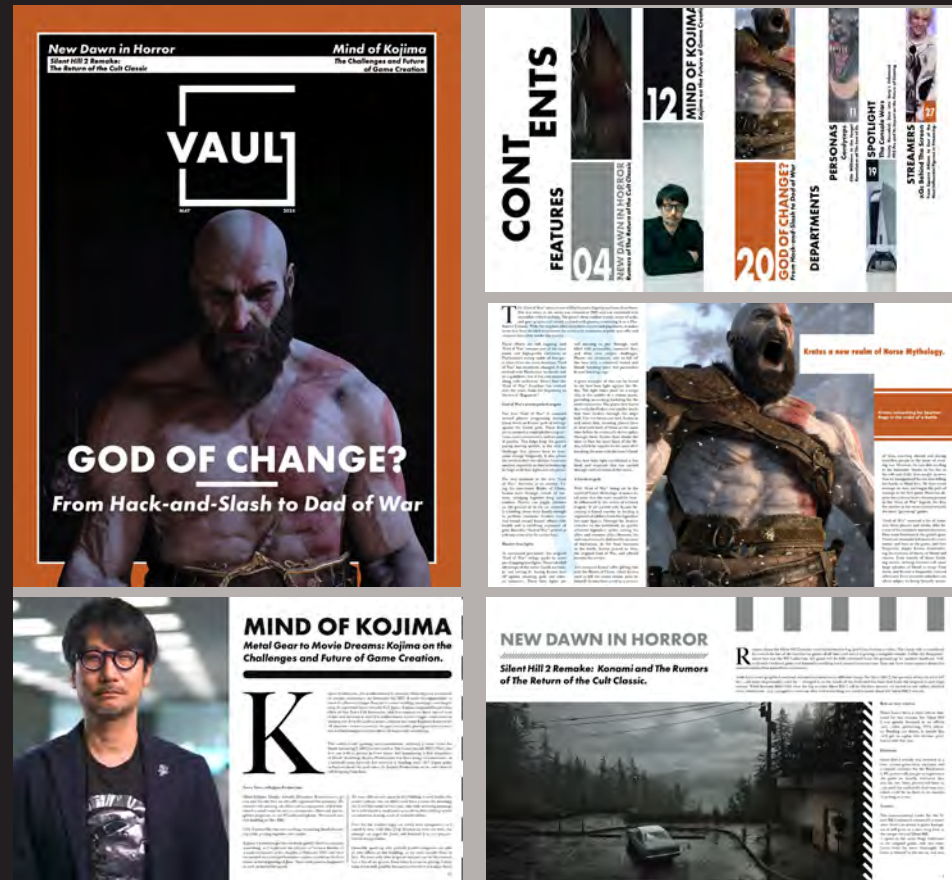
From the quiet of morning, the sun slowly rose  
above the earth,  
painting the sky with hues of pink and gold.  
Birds chirped softly in the trees, their songs of  
sweet melody that consumed the air with joy.  
Sitting by the window, writing my poems, lost in  
thoughts that drifted like clouds

Above  
Memories of days gone by mingled with hopes  
of the future,  
a tapestry of emotions that wrapped around my  
heart like a warm blanket.  
In the bliss of this moment, time seemed to  
stand still, I found peace in the simple beauty  
of the world's awakening.

## VERIUSKA CZERNIAK *Logo Design*







MICHAEL ACEVEDO

Magazine Design

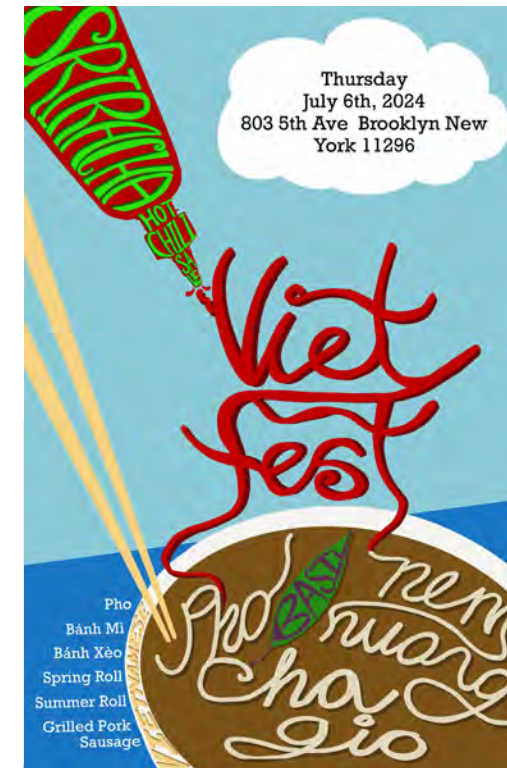
## JAMIE BOOKMAN

### Hydrangeas

Inside, I'm powder blue  
I've seen it when I bleed  
And no matter how many leeches feed on my baby blue, it lingers  
I don't have to cut myself open for you to see it  
It's in my lips, my fingertips, my cheeks  
I flush the color of a dew heavy sky

I smother my spirit with a smear of foundation  
Nobody likes blue girls  
Even sheer, the makeup is betrayal  
When I'm older, will photos of my youth stir a storm in my stomach?  
Will regret sicken me?

I hate hydrangeas, whales, and topaz  
Because they are the same shade as me  
Because they are shamelessly blue in a way I never will be



JOHNNY SON

Vietfest