

"A promise
To the Word
To Keep living
Forever"
- Isabel San Martin

MDC NORTH

AXIS Creative Arts Magazine

Volume 19

CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE VOL.19



AXIS

MIAMI DADE COLLEGE **NORTH CAMPUS**

The road
to reconstructing
the self

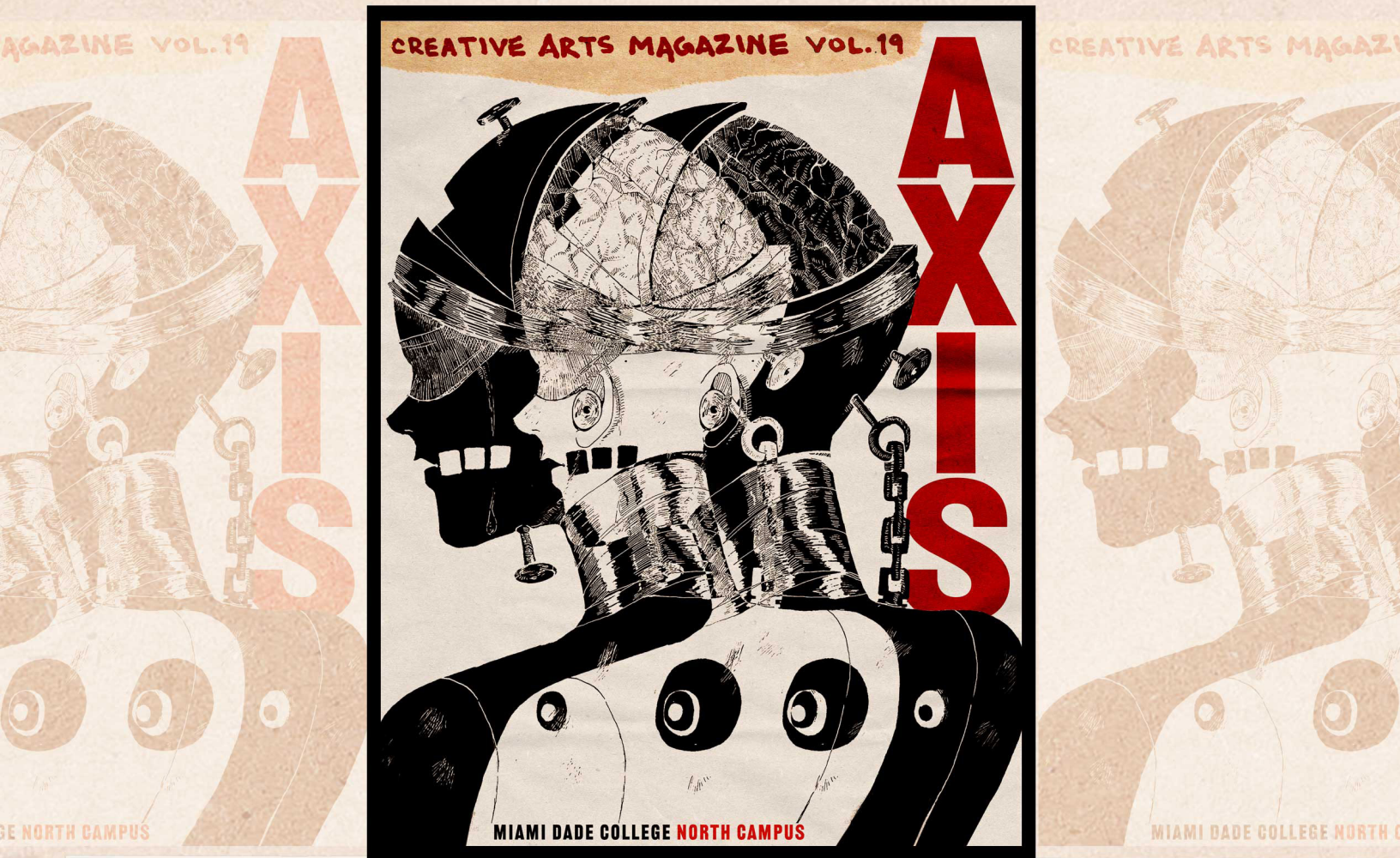
AKIS

About the Cover

Lorem ipsum

Spencer Jolibois | Marker on paper

Ashley Alfonso | Cover Design




I, A Construct, is a riveting piece of traditional art, and although it isn't something that seeks to achieve something new, it succeeds at being a work of introspection. The inspiration behind the piece stemmed from the life of its artist, Spencer Jolibois


When creating this piece, only one thing was on my mind: expressionism. As a naturally taciturn person, I needed to find a new way to communicate and express myself.

The piece itself speaks on deconstructing oneself, laying your soul bare, not for others, but for yourself. As portrayed in the piece with the black solitude surrounding the subject, there typically won't be other people around to see you as you relearn yourself, figuring out who you are without the influence of others, and finally being able to blossom as the beautiful person that you are.

Going through these perilous months of the pandemic was lonesome, so I thank God that I was able to use that time to repair, relearn, and reconstruct myself to become something much better for the upcoming years which was also portrayed in the piece.

We are all constructs created under the same sun, and as the outside beauty begins to dull and fade, we are left with our soul.


Spencer Jolibois
Managing Editor


Ashley Alfonso
Lead Designer

Letter from the Editors

To those searching for themselves,

The process of deconstruction lays out the elements of our person and reveals the disconnect between our real self and our ideal self. Within this contemplative undertaking, our schemas are subject to scrutiny determined by finding internal harmony through sincerity.

As we continue to emerge from the pandemic, this year's magazine harbors our dearest confessions, muses on self-acceptance, and begs the question of what it means to be truly human. The journey of individuation is unending, yet we may find glimpses of ourselves within the hearts of others; as have we, on the editing team. Within this past year of digging into the uncomfortable, we have personified our fears, symbolized our sadness, and reassessed our principles to become truer versions of ourselves.

Volume 19 is the culmination of a year of introspection, and a journey to give a glimpse to who we really are.

In this right, we invite you on a self-reflective journey as you flip through these journal pages and pay mind to what the writers speak to about themselves, but more importantly, what these words say to you. Journey with us as we reconstruct into greater versions of ourselves.

Anthony Barrios

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Editor-in-Chief

Spencer Jolibois

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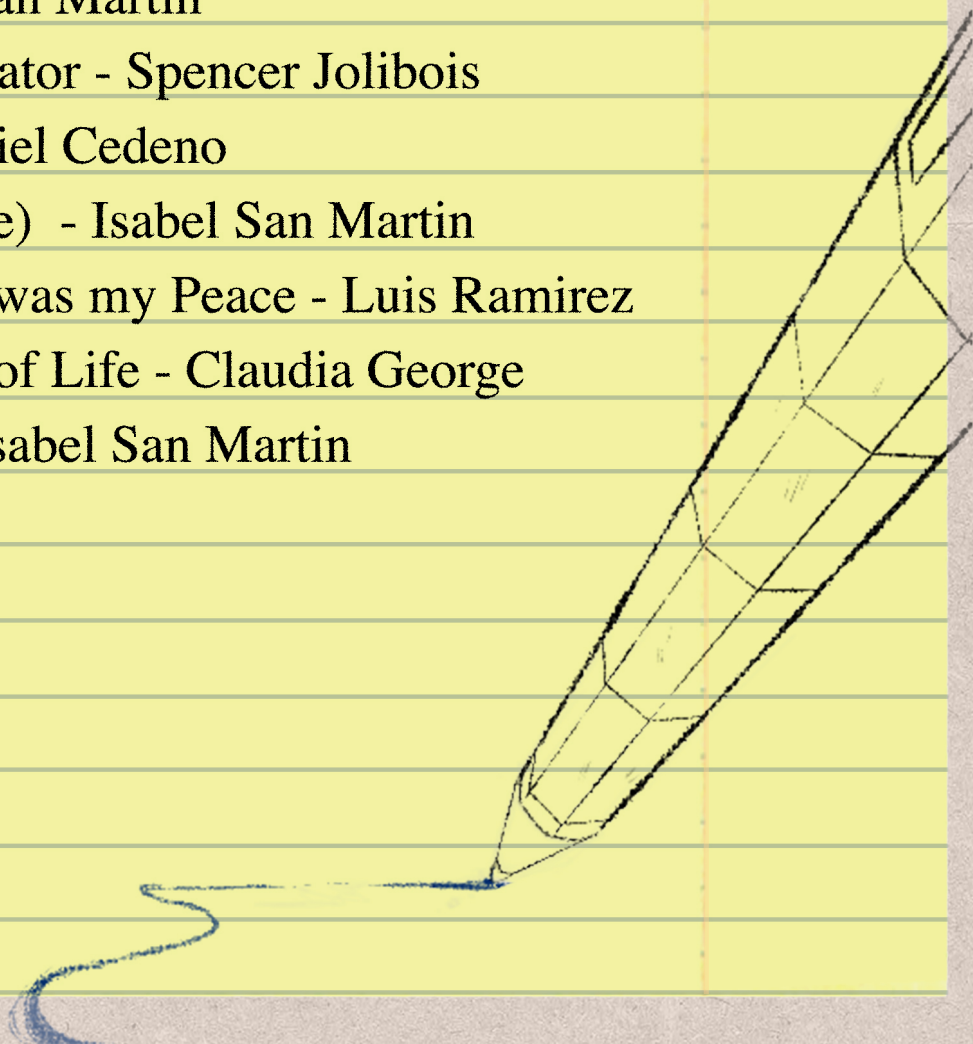
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Me, Myself,
& I



Distant Lands

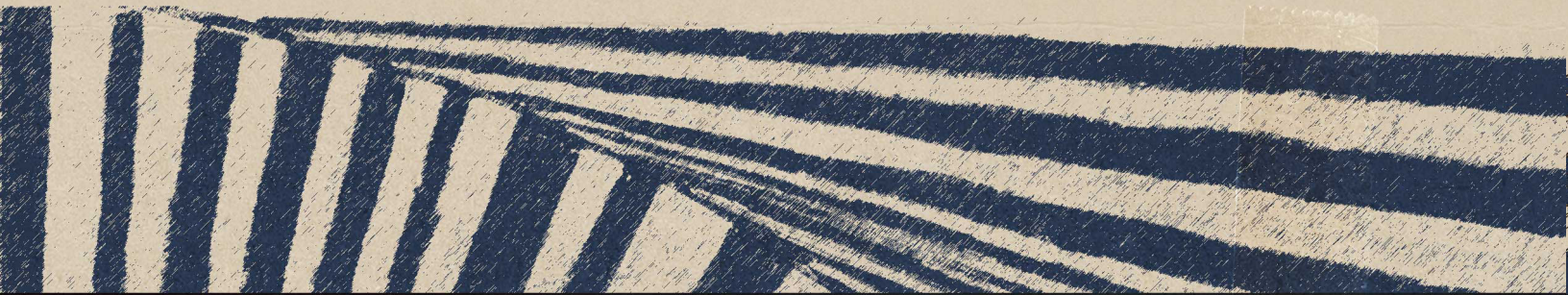


Journey

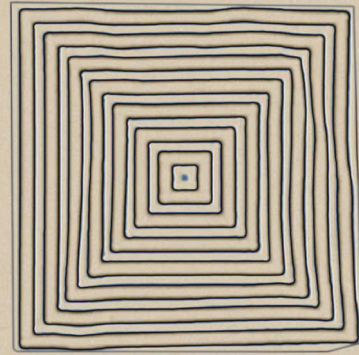
Slipstreams in the long-winded nature
Blowing sails towards the stars in the forest.
A thousand yards of stepping stones, in the arduous journey,
each step the weight of all that is known upon ankles,
waiting for the Achilles to break under the weight.

Cast down armor
rejects the presage of fools
who seek to keep it grounded.
Defy the gravity of the world and the universe above
to look above the horizon line
instead of the trees that obscure it.
To deny the ease the bandit of burdens provide,
is to understand what it means,
to take the first step.

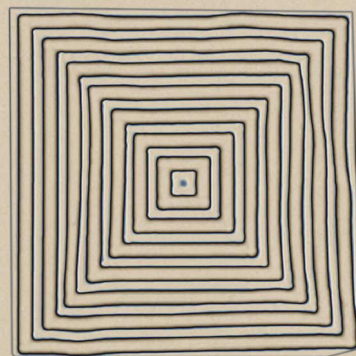
Jorge Caballero



The Illusion



Thomas Chamorro



I Threw a Rock to Disturb your Peace

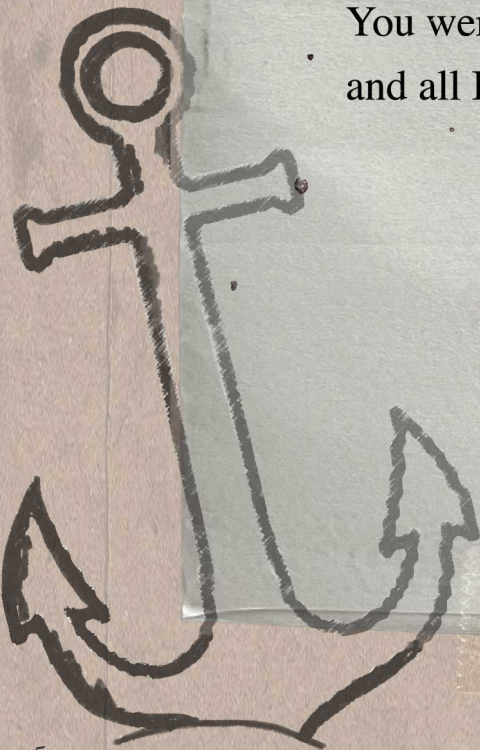
I threw a rock down by the river
with your name on it, engraved in silver-
tree. Not shiny like sterling, but greenish
like your skin when you chased the rainbow fish
under the tinge of the murky water.

It sank, the same way you did, but better
because I expected it to, and never
did it roll back up on shore. I wish
you could have seen me throw the rock down by the river.

The toss was forceful, the launch was bitter,
because you always claimed to be the better swimmer.
But when the currents rose, I saw you vanish
and go under, with the angelfish.

You were not the better swimmer; you were the better sister,
and all I have left is this rock that I threw down by the river.

Lea Rabaron



• The Warmth You Give



I do not possess the energy to forget
the maddening thirst that you grant me upon your arrival.
It's creeping within my spirit, and howling for deliberation.
Although I have no recollection of when this devotion unfolded,
the mere thought of being oblivious of your presence,
feels like wandering in a monotone path as a lost entity.

And as I lay in the depths of space,
I crave your warmth looming against my features.
Now here I gaze into the starlight pondering whether you're real.
The remainder wonder if my intellect has gone mad,
considering I consume my days fancying your arrival.

Here I wonder if the comfort you emit will chase me through the seasons.
But when I gaze upon the warmth radiating from the pages
I weep as this lukewarm tinge approaches my fingertips.

Maria Leon



Wick

Orange
blossom amber
You light my day.

You light the night, when you are so
little. Duties of hours until daybreaks,
A sweet honey breeze fills the vacant room.
No more darkness, no more calloused nights,
for you are my home, my sweet amber light.

Night tiptoes around your glowing mien

Torch of the night

Savior of the lost

You shine so bright.

Ceaselessly dancing

Marigold spirit,

yet with time, oh light I see

ashes lay beside you.

Not so bright, not a sight

night prides in your state.

Don't go my friend

I need you!

Please

shine

for

one

more

Night.

Diana Lima

Lone Candle



Monica Duque Ramirez

There is Company On This Tightrope

There is company on this tightrope,
strung out high above the nets
with rips and tears and holes in their heartstrings.
It means something to hold out hope
as the peanut gallery hedges their bets
and my feet wobble while my right arm swings
while my left arm flails uselessly about
closer to the nets, now, than before —

There is company on this tightrope,
and when my legs turn to jelly
as my stance turns unsteady
a hand reaches out from behind and holds me,
burning my shoulder and steering me forward,
for this last stand I am bolder if one can imagine —

There is company on this tightrope,
and it is what I think of instead of the unforgiving ground
but when I turn back at the end of the line,
when the tightrope has run out of noose,
I turn back and it is cold.
There was company on this tightrope, if one can imagine,
and here is the happy ending.

Grace Penza

Tapestry

My mother's hands race the needle against the quilt
The seams as seamless as slippery scales of a hooked fish
A banyan tree looms above
bones buried so deep
they return as dirt under the soil
In a gilded home with shadows of her warden's room
Beaming pictures of comfort and suburbia
Overwhelmed by a smoky haze of pomade and Vick's
The sun is a blanket over the journey and destination
The ocean that crashes and sways over bodies and sand
My mother's hands race the needle against the quilt
The fabric of time held together by the strength of each stitch

Jerzulio Yonel

Daddy Dearest

He was a troubled man. A hunter
Grasping his rifle
Searching to and fro
For another pretty mantle to claim
For another to bask in his own
Critical acclaim. Daddy dearest,
You've bought pleasure and sold sorrow,
And I guess your little market of masks
Didn't last long enough. Leave
With all the benefits. Taste
Another girl's lips. Don't forget
To drill inside my head
Another empty hole to fill up with hate.

Sometimes,
I brood over you and stay behind
In the corner of resentment.
Sometimes,
I throw away
Back in the desk drawer
The little girl
You've broken years before.

Daddy dearest,
Please remember,
It's only now that I started acknowledging
How much I've been ignored.

I remember nothing and everything
All at the same time.
Maybe you have chosen to forget
But I guess
Today is not your day.

Stop running
And face me.
I am your spitting image.
The ocean found in our eyes,
The milk and honey in our skin,
The imaginary worlds we have
Locked ourselves in. We weld
So unexpectedly. We fire
At the sky and pretend
It didn't hurt anybody.

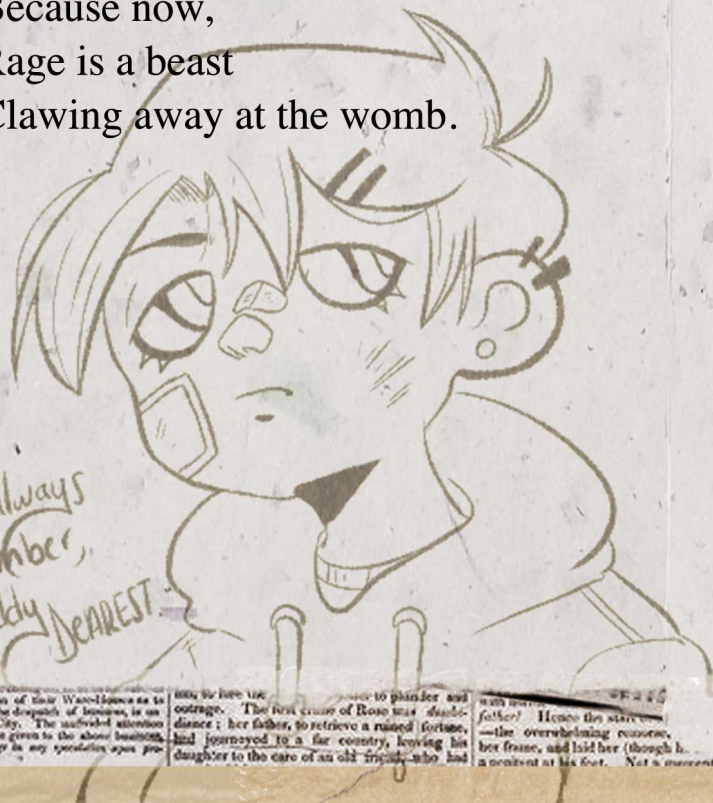
I used to say that,
Selective memory?
It's the best of friends for the faithless.
Yes, used to say that,
Bitter memories?
It's the worst of friends for the fatherless.

But I have buried the ax, and planted an olive tree.

Daddy dearest,
How about you and I
Leave our wasteland of broken dreams
And take one last trip
Down at memory lane?

Let's go out into the field,
Scoping the land,
Traveling the green grass
And shiny meadow
Of life and renewal
Because all I know from my mind's eye
Is another brutal exchange
Of belittling words,
Another scene to grab
Of screaming fits and shattered things.

It's the consequence
Of you never being around,
Because now,
Rage is a beast
Clawing away at the womb.



but I
will always
remember,
Daddy DEAREST

But let's hunt down that monster
And shoot away at the birds of prey:
The lies, the anger, the resentment,
The pain,
Of every bitter word
Slicing and dicing like a sword.
But I don't blame you anymore.
I don't hate you, nor keep score
Again and again, relaying you
The failures of your checkered youth.
So here I am,
Hung up in the torture stake
I promised to bear. I'll die for you up
there.
I'll carry my wounds
And hold this hole of a heart
Right back in my chest
And give it out to you
At the end of my sleeve.
Please, Daddy dearest,
Don't rip it out again this time.
But even if you did,

I forgive you,
Daddy dearest.

Isabel San Martin

You Love Me Better Cold

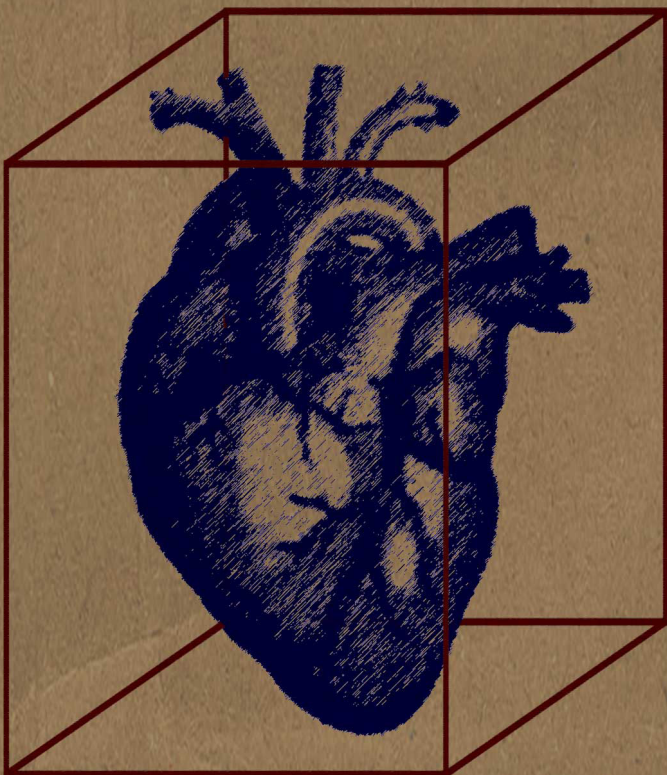
Keep me in a broken icebox,
hot and windy winter days
melting my face off in the mirror,
red dripping from lying, liting lips.
My heart kept better cold in light
through wind in the treetops and birds
winging the lyrics I can't hear yet,
not yet but if I try, one day.

Scrolls rolling invisible from bitten cuticles
chocolate hangnails
sugary whorls under my thumb
ink plastered on my forearm.
Stains on aged escapisms,
my heart on the page, frozen.
You love me better cold -
chambers in me stashed in separate coolers,
atriums drumming their sluggish beat
bloody passageways abandoned.
Time upon the windowsill.
melodies sung from the left of me.

This love is better cold,
Your love is better frozen.
Waiting for the kitchen clock to move
set to a multiple of five,
hand stilled above the cold metal bowl
- Discreet lie upon my tongue
I did not eat the batter I made,
I am not a liar,
This abdomen is not yet chilled.
this love is best frozen on a stick,
but spoon and bowl will do
if you're in a pinch, if you've just left home.

Grace Penza

Inspired by "Paradox" - Georgia Douglas Johnson



Bottle of Tears

Drop

when she
saw her
responsibilities Feeling
unfit to
lead others.
Drop, Drop.
Ungrateful Lazy
Arousing annoyant
Drop Drop

Bottle of tears.

Drop

Unsure about
future footsteps
and which
expectations to
follow. Why
do I have
to be part of
the generation
to fix every problem?

Drop

Back you
came through
the cracks,
paving paths
back inside.
Memories, but I
breathe flames
Each time we chat.

Ammy Sanchez

Smear

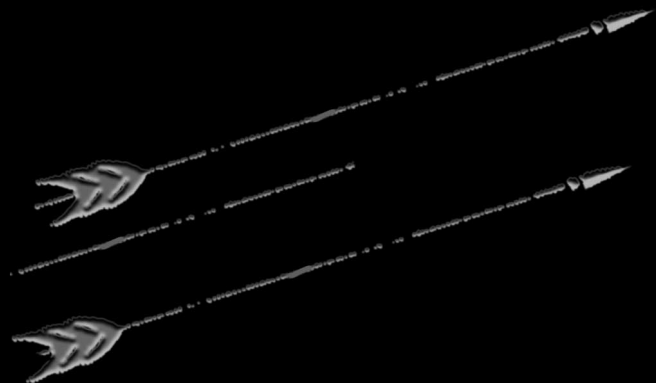
Dodging bullets. Chambers filled.
Your mouth just keeps on firing around,
Like flying arrows
I duck for cover.
I know that you're stressed
Being endowed
With so much on you.
The load of life,
Crushing you and pulling you down.
But you're proclaiming,
All my mistakes;
Listen. I know I'm not innocent.

I'm out again. I dash away
From all the angry fits,
And then escape in my own head,
And crawl inside my skin.
Play pretend in my cocoon
And hide from your rash lips.

You can't resort to this.

Your wrath
Smolders my whole world
Into nothing but gray

I sit alone,




With broken thoughts.
Your criticism fractured them all.
My self-respect--? Sprawled on the floor.
You've murdered it now with daggered words,
Like all the times you've done before.
Destroy my reason to try again.
Tremble with fear for what's in store.
I'm expecting yet another bellow —

Out again and dash away
From all the angry fits
And then escape in my own head
And crawl inside my skin
Play pretend in my cocoon
And hide from your rash lips

You can't resort to this.

Your wrath
Smolders my whole world
Into nothing but gray



My heart is yet
Collateral,
The flaming fire that never dies...
It's in my hands.
It's in my arms.
Your anger is seared in my own mind,
Burning away
My paper skin.
I'm spitting at the bathroom mirror.
I'm staring at this glob of ink,
The sin that never, ever clears.

I scream again and now I'm lost
Inside my angry fits
Try to escape in my own head
And crawl inside my skin
Play pretend in my cocoon
And claim that I'm innocent,

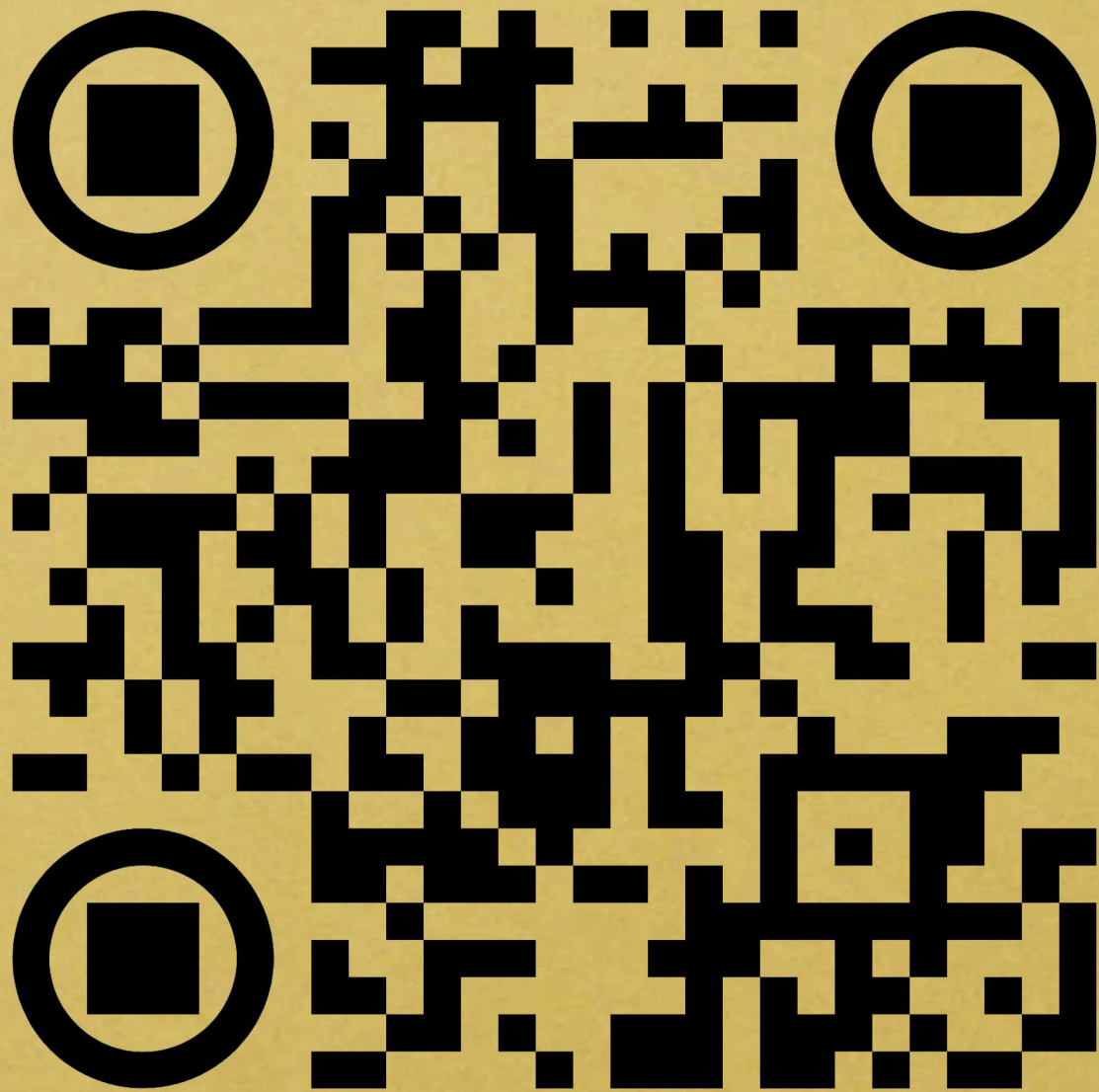
But I can't resort to this.
No, I can't resort to this.

I can control it.
The night will pass.
The dawn will break into another day.
So when the sun falls again
I'm not angry anymore.

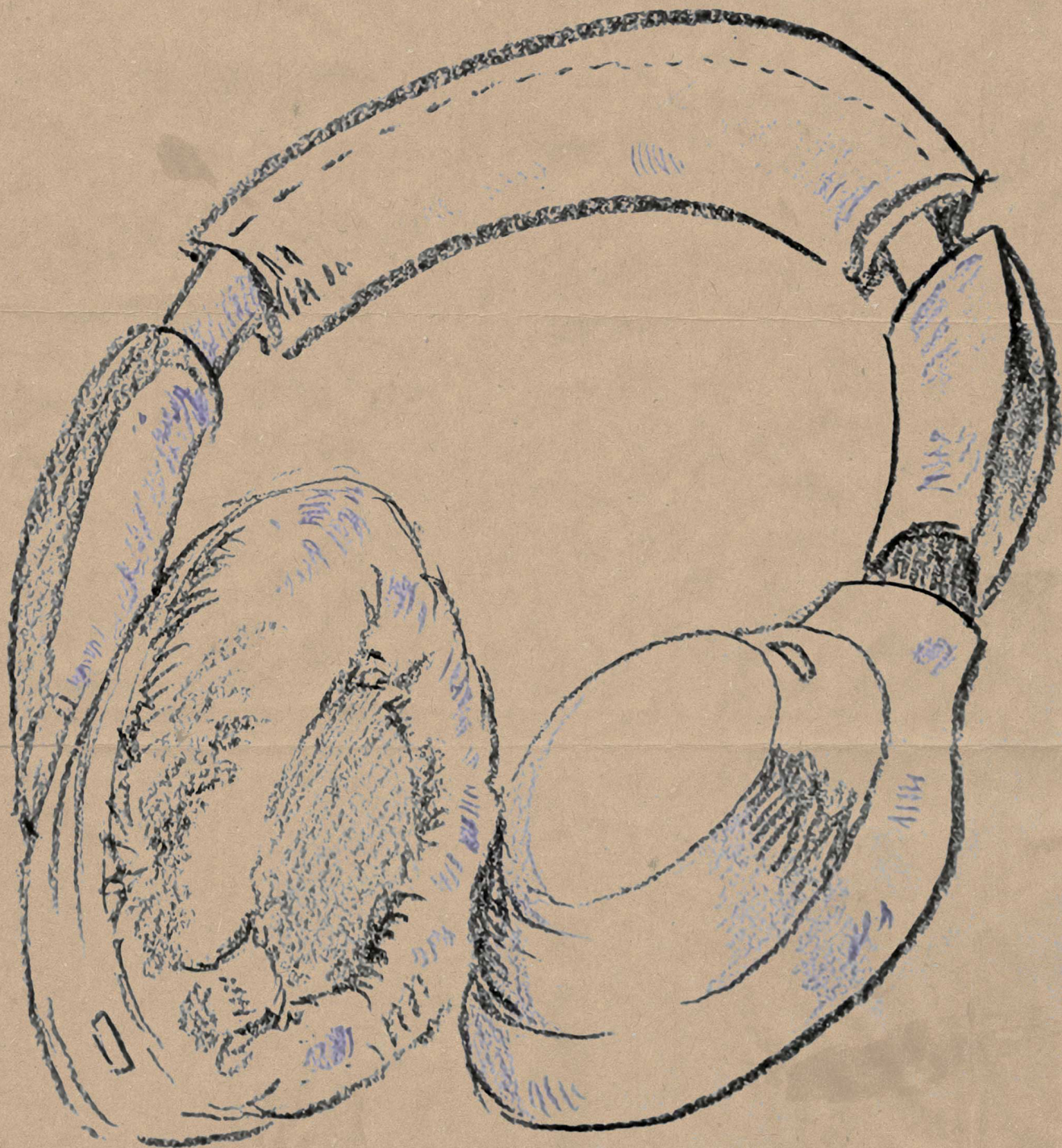
My world is here to stay
So I can paint it with color again.

Isabel San Martin

DEMON



Head Cash



She Who Ponders



Spencer Jolibois

I am [5][8][11][13][15][16][18][...]

I am 5 years old. There is a kindergarten
that I barely remember
other than the sensation of spinning
round and round and
hiding under desks. There's voices,
and they're loud and maybe
they chastise, but I do not care -
I am hiding and learning my letters
and the a-b-c-d-e-f-g
and the concept of a syllable roots its way
into my head, and burrows, and stays
and makes itself a home.

I am 8 and things are changing.
I've been sat in the corner, spoken
too loud, thought too small and too big,
and the numbers and letters are mixing around.
Once, my name is on the wall, and I
have learned to be proud of that,
and I did not know it yet
but I was "gifted" and still
broken, a little bit. I had few friends -
two girls, and another girl made herself known,
two boys. The same girl. The other one.
I remember salt in someone's water. I vow
not to be that girl again.
Over the years, there is the same girl,
and I did not know it yet, until
we drifted apart and I grew some more,
but I was some sort of broken then, too,
too strange for my body.

I am 11 and I am crying in the corner.
Lacking pizzazz and thoroughly shamed, as
I have learned to be.
There is an echo in my ears and it
Multiplies in my head, and burrows, and
Stays until I feel the word sorry make its home.
My head starts to detach from my body
And it occurs to me
I will leave this place, too, and
Will the next one hurt as much? I am afraid as
I have learned to be.
The document with the words too big for my brain
Lingers on the desktop and I read it years later
And I think, I have not changed so much.
I did not know it then, but bitterness may have
Become a friend to me.

I am 13 and I have one friend.
she taught me things about the world
that I did not know before
when I was bubbled up and small,
before I stepped on sidewalks
too wide for my velcro shoes.
there are other people, but they
Do not matter as much
And feel like the ones from when
I was 5, or 8, or 11. They feel like
Salt in a child's water, they feel like
Chain link fences and arts and crafts and
Profuse laughing at the ring of the bell.
I step quietly, I speak softly, I suck up,
I suck it up,
I learn to hate a little from here on out
And I learn to forgive and gossip and curse.
The strangeness in the hollows of my heart
Makes a home like the words that spill
From my fingertips,
Staining my thoughts like ink, and
Moving past them like water moves past a boulder

Seems, I think quietly, best for me
And I did not know it yet but
The person I thought I was, she was not
The person I am. She is too big for her body
And too small for the city she lives in, and
I did not know it yet
But I would learn soon,
And I did know how little there was
For me to unlearn, relearn, cherish.

I am 15 and friends are like soda.
They are my favorite thing, a daily
Addiction, bubbly and easy to find
If you know where to look.
I have met many other girls and
Many other boys, but they teach me things now,
No salt in the water, no playing catch-up
At the pool or around the fire.
I know then that there was a reason
I felt too small, and too big, and not enough
And start to think that this, all along, was how it was
And I think about the other girl and
There is an apology to both of us
Lingering on my tongue, for
More than one reason.
Rickety desks teach me anagrams
and metaphors and similes
And paragraphs and citations and semicolons,
Which become like salt,
necessary in precise amounts, and
Algebra is also there, but I avoid it
Like water avoids a boulder – for real, this time,
In the way that suggests I am better off without it
Instead of the avoidant fears of the self
I have learned to forget.

There are fears in the shadows when faith
Begins to flee me on occasion
But now the salt in the water is a memory
And when I run towards something,
I run towards a hug and kind words instead of
Someone who doesn't want me.

I am 16 and I drive a car.
Family takes first bow in it,
But friends, too, sometimes somewhat-strangers,
And long gone are empty mornings
And bus rides with only one friend.
The idea of freedom has begun to make its home
Alongside narratives and poetry and metaphors and
The void that is everything else.
Words spit out of me at the rear-view mirror and
It does not talk back, but I do ask it to answer
As if my reflection staring back at me
When I practice running yellow lights
Will tell me it's okay to be who I am
Instead of forgetting myself,
As if this mind can bend out of my ears,
Maybe leak out of my nose.
I have a dream of yellow, once,
And maybe it's because the color has changed me
A little bit, or maybe it's the person,
Or yellow is the person, but I know
I've started to amend the wrongs
I have committed to myself over the years, and I
Learn to love outside of the fear
Of giving a piece of myself to the wind
That will not be carried back.
Later, I will play terrible music on an aux cord
And my friends and I will laugh about it
But they will not mock me, and I
Will feel like I belong -
No screaming, no corners, no salt in the water.

I am 18.

My body is big enough for me and
Everyone in my car is a friend
Whether I know them or not.
My brain is full of colors and poetry and metaphors
And stories begging to burgeon from the
Places in my heart where holes used to be.
I am trying to keep the word sorry
From butting in where it is not
Supposed to be, so my apologies
Are for when I make a mistake and
Not when I am scared, or ashamed,
Or feeling as small as I felt when I was
5, or 8, or 11, or 13.
Sometimes there is spinach between my teeth
And sometimes I play the music too loud
So it bulges out from the windows
When I rush to see people I am growing to love
Like a part of myself, like
The family that loves me for what is in my heart
And not the memory of a child
Whose name was once on the wall. I am happy as
I have learned to be.

I am [] [] [] [] [...]
And I am different, I am aching.
And I am a memory, I am the future
And I am alive, I am waking.
And I am tired, and I am asleep.
And I am fading,
And I am full of worms, a spirit, a facsimile of
something that once was.
And I am a word drifting on the wind.
I am 5 years old. There is a kindergarten.
Of that I do not remember,
And I am saying sorry for things I cannot fix,
Things I should not have to do..
I am 18 years old and I am saying sorry to her,
And I am happy, as
I have learned to be.

Grace Penza

To Others, we speak in tongues

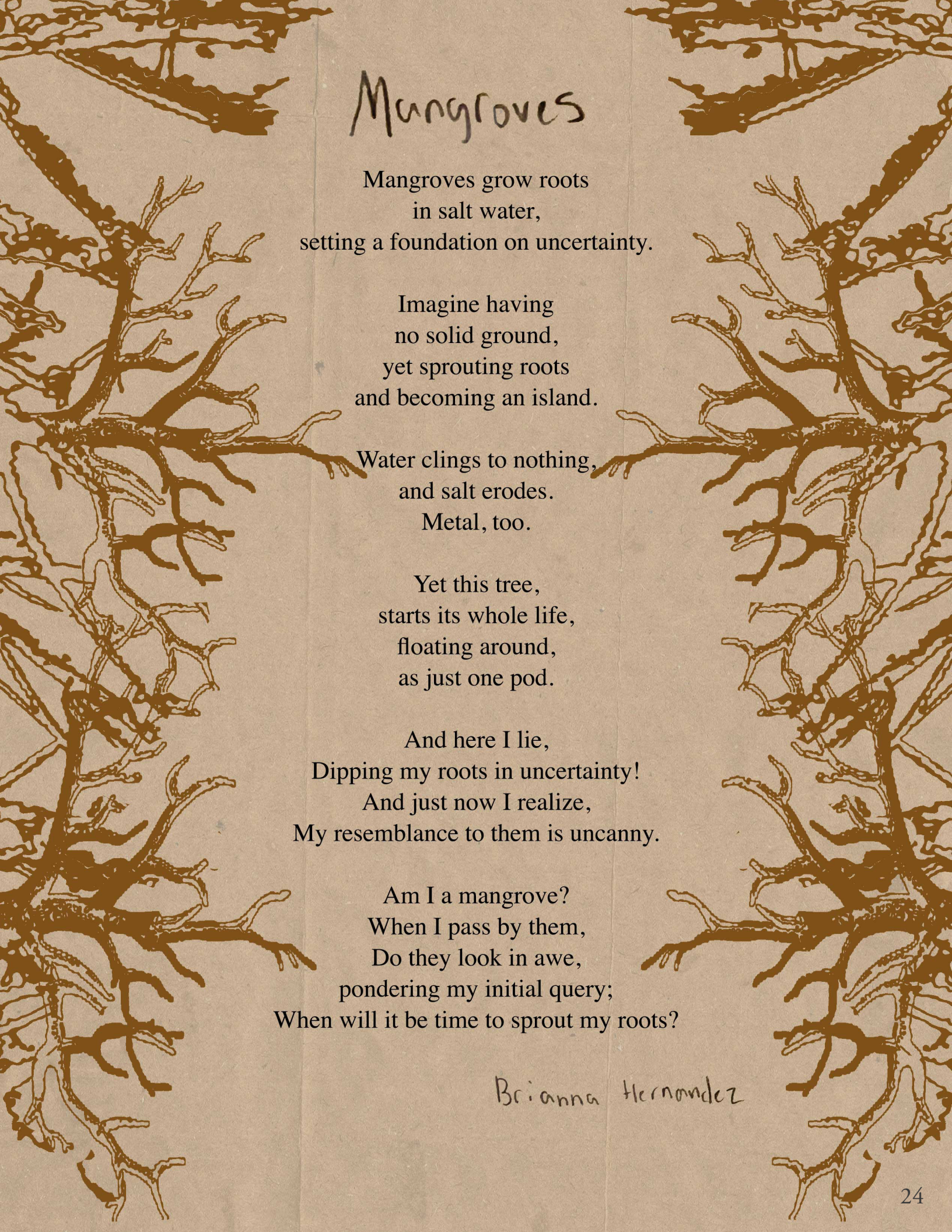
Here, language flows
casually, rolls off the tongue
like the puff of a cigar—
foreign, familiar.
And no, it never was
broken.

Lea Rabaron

Guide me Home

Green leaves,
spread like a palm,
cast shades upon crystals,
of grainy sand, footprints guiding,
me home.

Abigail Solovano



Mangroves

Mangroves grow roots
in salt water,
setting a foundation on uncertainty.

Imagine having
no solid ground,
yet sprouting roots
and becoming an island.

Water clings to nothing,
and salt erodes.
Metal, too.

Yet this tree,
starts its whole life,
floating around,
as just one pod.

And here I lie,
Dipping my roots in uncertainty!
And just now I realize,
My resemblance to them is uncanny.

Am I a mangrove?
When I pass by them,
Do they look in awe,
pondering my initial query;
When will it be time to sprout my roots?

Brianna Hernandez

Nothing given, but earned



- Catherine Ramirez

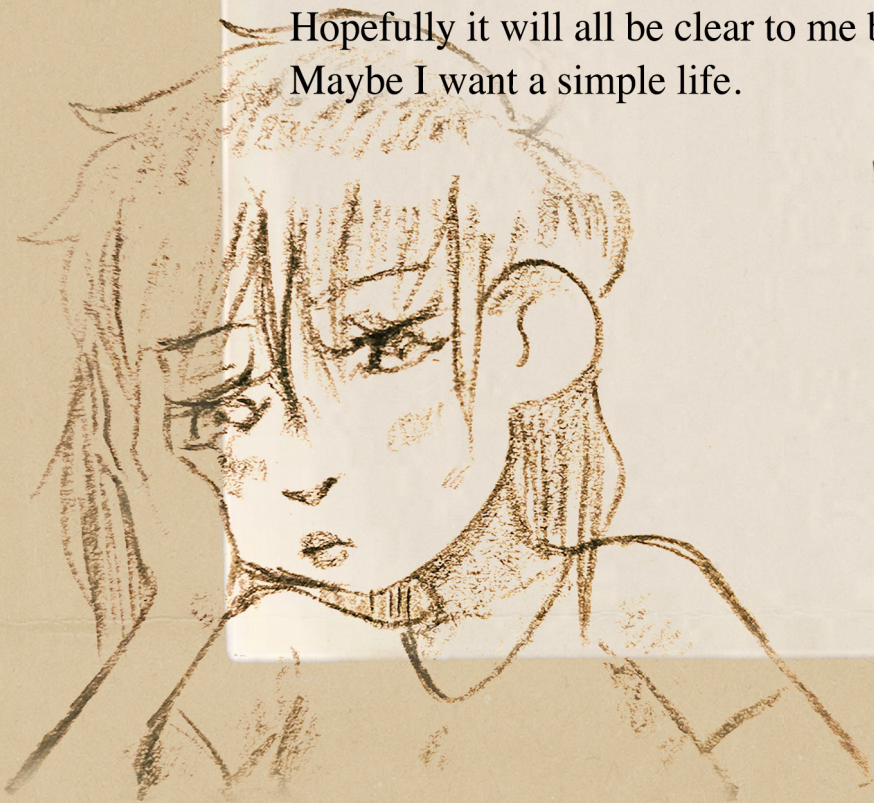
A Simple Life

Maybe I want a simple life.
One that comes with limited strife.
I was convinced I needed a life of acclaim and notoriety!
And now it only left me feeling fragmentary,
when deciding whether a life of simplicity would suffice.

I wish I wasn't so aware of what others devise.
Or more that I didn't feel the need to abide.
Why is it that this brings me so much anxiety?
Maybe I want a simple life.

I can be a mother and a wife.
It honestly sounds kind of nice.
It may be an expected piety,
but such an undervalued job in this society.
Hopefully it will all be clear to me before I make it to the afterlife.
Maybe I want a simple life.

Kristen Macias



Sidewalk

I heard a blue-bird singing to me
on the stoop of a pavement
on a rough, busy street.

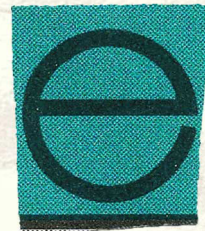
Ferns grow like vines
with the sun out of reach.
Faded footsteps just like breadcrumbs
on the rough concrete.

I heard the sound of the vendor's call.
Pigtailed girls doing Double Dutch
from winter to fall.

I knew the world through summer and chill;
the clouds receded
and the moon stood still.

And on this sidewalk, I knew it all!
This unpretentious, simple life,
was my call.

Jerzulian Yonel



Barn

The moon was a figure
that lulled them to bed.

The house was a curtain
for the recently wed.

The crowd was en mass
eating water and bread,
and the final bride's vows
-already said.

Jerzulia Yonel

Blue

Blue.

Not the color of the tree swallow or the blue dacnis,
not the color of the sapphire gemstone or the color of a cerulean warbler.

Blue.

Not the color of Neptune or Uranus,
or that of a peacock's feathers.

It's Blue.

The one that I saw that day a few weeks ago walking into that glacial room.

It was the Blue morpho that I saw landing upon a leaf.

It's Blue.

The color of the velvet ribbons that lined the walls of the room,
and the blue that my dad was dressed in laying in that coffin.

It was the Blue.

The blue that everyone was wearing in uniform,
and the blue flyers that were given out with his face on every single one.

It was the Blue.

It was the blue carpet that covered the floors of the church,
and the blue and ivory bouquets that lined the aisles each to a row.

The blue,

The blues that were chanted in honor of the man of the hour.
The blue scenery that appeared that day as a storm was approaching.

The blue,

The blue faces that looked at me sorrowfully as they patted my back;

The blue flowers that we threw at the bronzed casket as people turned around and began
to leave.

Blue.

The color I felt as an intense pain of emotion covered my stomach.

The color I remembered he loved dearly.

Blue.

The color I look to for support and comfort.

The color I detested but now gives me hope and strength.

Karen Jacques-Simon

Like a Bird, I FLY Above
Spencer Jolibois

FLEECE D

Already, he decided it was time for an unveiling.
I begged him not to. Am I not, still, a child?
“No,” was his reply, “for you will always be my lamb.”
Longer it took, than I could’ve handled, as I
Looked across the pews,
At Christ hanging high, and thought,
With repulsion, with realization,
“Lechery is hidden under the robes of priests.
Or lust concealed only to be revealed to altar boys—”

Love, oh natural love, you had long since died, as quickly as God did once it’s been
done!

Isabel San Martin

A golden shovel poem in reverse, from Gwendolyn Brooks’ “A Sunset of the City”

The Bear



Black eyes glare. Praying
For solace and safety.
Freezing from a cold, empty stare.
There's no way this can make me
Cry. Stiffen my upper lip. Don't make any sudden movements.
Then a part of me won't have to die

Everytime. The bear roars. Piercing black fur flowing, cascading like
running horses as I dress her with
Delusion. Fooling myself, clinging tightly to the belief that she might
Change. Into a growling, hulking
Beast. Ravenous, raging, ripping and—

I'm praying.

Prey. Still.

A wounded animal is what I see. Just Reacting. A slight cough, a huff of
Acceptance. Panting for breath. She gives one last glance and lumbers
Away. Blindly. I'm still praying for
Her.

Isabel San Martin



Cobalt

He didn't know much
Other than to mine the black stones
Down underneath the earth
In the red dirt and brown bones
He keeps slipping and he knows
He has to reach his quota before he goes
Don't they know that deep down below
They're taking children's souls?

Welcome to the rape capital of the world
A common occurrence for the Congolese
Here we are
Spoiled and ungrateful,
Living in a time of peace
Technological advancement
It's a feast for the eyes
Our iPhones and iPads sucking us dry
Tell me, once the hour passes by
How long will these children
Keep working in the mines?
Tell me, once the hour passes by
How long will these children have to die?

RING

RING

Flashlights hanging upon their heads
Eyes hollowed and hands scraped
Shorts and skin their only protector
Down underground, there is no escape
Dig along the most profound recesses
of the earth
Keep searching for the gold Americans
want
Yes the black stones
For their computers and cellphones
Keep searching for the gold Americans
want

As they mined for the tungsten and the
tantalum
It's no shock that one of them would
stay
The intrusion of inadequate tools
And the illusion of adequate pay
Enough to elicit a bitter laugh
It's no wonder everyday is the same
Keep mining and let the workers die
They haven't taught them how to read
And they have forgotten how to cry
But the few that know this unpleasant
truth

Have only felt as if they've died
 We die inside and our tears won't dry
 For these little children that have to die

Watching videos on stupidity
 And laughing at our idiocy
 As more little children have to labor in the mines
 Typing away a dirty word
 At one whom we thought should have it served
 How about serving that to these innocent children
 These innocent children that have to die?
 Maybe we should burn every digital device
 Or maybe we should acknowledge
 Our technological demise
 That we have reaped what we have sown
 That not everything bought is properly sold

No. 425
 Name NO
 Month Ending 1

No. 4250331
 Name NO ONE
 Month Ending NEVER

MORN			NOON		
Date	IN	OUT	Date	IN	OUT
1	12:00	12:00	12		
2	12:00	12:00	12	1	12:00
3	12:00	12:00	12	2	12:00
4	12:00	12:00	12	3	12:00
5	12:00	12:00	12	4	12:00
6	12:00	12:00	12	5	12:00
7	12:00	12:00	12	6	12:00
8	12:00	12:00	12	7	12:00
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13	12:00	12:00	12	12	12:00
14	12:00	12:00	12	13	12:00
			14	12:00	12:00

So don't you dare start misusing
 The technology you're abusing
 Because there is a soul behind everything we own
 There is a child with weak hands calling back
 Will you answer when he dials
 Or will you decline in your denial?
 Well don't hope for silence once you've turned your back

He didn't know much
 Other than to mine the black stones
 Down underneath the earth
 In the red dirt and brown bones
 He keeps slipping and he knows
 He has to reach his quota before he goes
 Don't they know that deep down below
 They're taking children's souls?

Isabel San Martin



Hands of the Creator



Spencer Jolibois

Tree Dust



H

O

p

3

Deep in the meadow, there was a tree, one
that blows away while being sound asleep.
There was no light and nowhere to run.
Rooted to the ground in soil that felt like tar.
The tree begs to be blown another way, just a strip of air before it's
too late.
But no one came.
It seemed that all the tree would get was the last air of its life.
There is no one,
no living creatures, no real soil, no real leaves.
The tree dreams of color, a time of green, wisdom and power to
get away from the fires that will soon devour.
This blurry vision is all that's seen
from a time of color deprived to gray,
wishing to see just one more day.

Gabriel Cedeno

DIPSOMANIA(KITE)

Climb upon the rooftops with your makeshift kite
And let the wind take you as you fly
And from the moment you lift off
I wonder
How long will it take until you actually fall?

You didn't have to use the kite
But you did in spite of the risk
And this isn't how you should cope
But your want became your need
And as your dependency grew
The ground became your perdition
But the sky was your purgation
So you attempted to fly

We are far from sparrows
But you thought you grew yourself a pair of wings
And we are far from fruit flies
But you thought course levitation was just possible
You would withdraw from us for days
And you would stay inside your little mind
A world of your own design
A special place to call your own
But you didn't know of the price you were to pay
Or did you choose to stay
Inside your lurid abode?

Dark alleys and wet pavement
Ramshackle houses and fake friends
Wild parties and red lights
They all were part of your life somehow
You took your kite along with you
In the hopes of finding an escape
And you would lift yourself high
Only to come crashing down
You would break an arm or a leg or your face
And that still didn't stop you from flying
But you would sell your kite
Over and over
Every time you broke free from its ropes
But every time you ran away
Over and over
You asked for your kite back
You were tethered back into its ropes
And even as the wind kept blowing
Even as you glided through the air
You couldn't give up your kite
You wouldn't give up your kite
You wanted the acrophobia
You needed the acrophobia
Because despite of all the euphoria you felt
You were alone and you had turned into this
In spite of all the euphoria you feel
You are alone and you have turned into this

Well I guess if they keep making the kites
And tying them up on people's hands
The fear of flying and the threat of dying
Is sometimes better than the dirt we tread
Even if the cost is to let go
And fall face forward to the floor
Nobody cares anymore
For who wants to know we're alive?

Climb upon the rooftops with your makeshift kite
And let the wind take you as you fly
And from the moment you lift off
Now I know
You have fallen way too many times before
And from the moment you lift off
Now I see
You have fallen on the cement once more
And from the moment you fell off
Now I cry
It was the last time I saw you fly anymore
And from the moment you fell off
Now I scream

Because your kite has betrayed you forevermore

And I never meant and I never meant, I never meant for you to fly
And I never meant and I never meant, I never meant for you to die

Isabel San Martin

What remains now is your accursed kite
The reminder of what you became

Maybe I should fly along with you
But why chain myself to something
That snuffed you out?

Maybe I should fall along with you
But why suffer for something that you chose?

Though I understand...

I guess if they keep making the kites
And tying them up on people's hands
The fear of flying and the threat of dying
Is sometimes better than the dirt we tread
Even if the cost is to let go
And fall face forward to the floor
Nobody cares anymore
For who wants to know we're alive?

Where Violence was my Peace

Imagine that one person
that not only catches your eye,
but your mind and heart.
Now imagine that they conflict with the worst of pains.
Then tell me, will you let that go?

She creates your anguish,
an acute pain that coerces you to doubt yourself.
It can make armed men feel defenseless and be at its mercy,
and all she has to do is smile.
That moment made you forget all the pain as you fell so delicately in her trap.

She creates your heartaches,
A different type of pain from a heartbreak.
Due to a betrayal in your own body that gradually breaks you;
A Devilish smile sent your way and you're suddenly fine.
Immediately your soul will trick you into thinking that it's just a bad moment,
but in reality, it's a million small daggers cutting you, leaving you in anguish.

She creates your Depression,
a state of mind where nothing is valuable.
Emotions pass through the Void, and nothing feels good.
Loneliness, Tears, and a Broken Cry become your Holy Trinity
But all she does is say those "three empty words".
She deludes your mind, your brain becomes hazy, one that cannot think.
She makes you believe that she wasn't the Devil, the snake who gave you the apple.
And like Eve, you fell and consumed it
And you were given your punishment.

But now, you were given your sight back!
Looking at a mirror now
You notice how fragile your heart has become,
How drained and exhausted a single pump struggles to beat!
How bruised your back is from carrying and taking her bullets
And lastly,
The look of the fool who allowed it all.

Convincing yourself that you were immune to her toxicity,
That her *Violence was your Peace*,
And that your *Peace was her Violence*.

Luis Ramirez

Blooming Heart of Life.



Claudia George

The Blue Pen

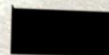
A giant scribble dots the paper.
Droplets of rain fall on the page
until the downpour drowns out
the words,
because they cannot fathom
the agony that never dies in me.

And yet, here I am
holding this pen.
The blue pen of deep sadness
dripping out like molten silver,
like ink that never dries

And so, I draw
a black cauldron of gray soup,
Incessantly bubbling, broiling,
simmering, and boiling
over a quivering lip.
Turmoil soils the floor
splatters the walls,
and strips this heart-shaped room
of any color.

And yet, here I am
grasping this pen.
The blue pen of despair
Stabbing!
Bleeding!
It tears me open
like a black hole
Ripping through time and space.
Like a sharp sword that is never blunted;
Like a pinpoint tip that never dulls.

And so, I draw
a dilapidated fortress,
a vacant house
where, in quiet desperation,
I crouch over.
In an attempt to escape
To run or hide inside a streetcar named
“Hope.”



But my shoes are nailed
to that solitary porch and there,
I allow myself to be held hostage.
Once again,
The door
bolted.
The windows
boarded.
The light
fading,
That brilliant orange ball of fire and flame
frozen into a pale shriveled shell.
And yet, here I stay
grasping this pen,
The blue pen of truth.
As if it were a golden shovel
Digging deep into my soul
Frantically,
Fervently,
Tunneling,
Crawling,
and finally
finding
this treasure:

*"A promise
To the Word
To keep living
Forever."*

EVER

Isabel San Martin





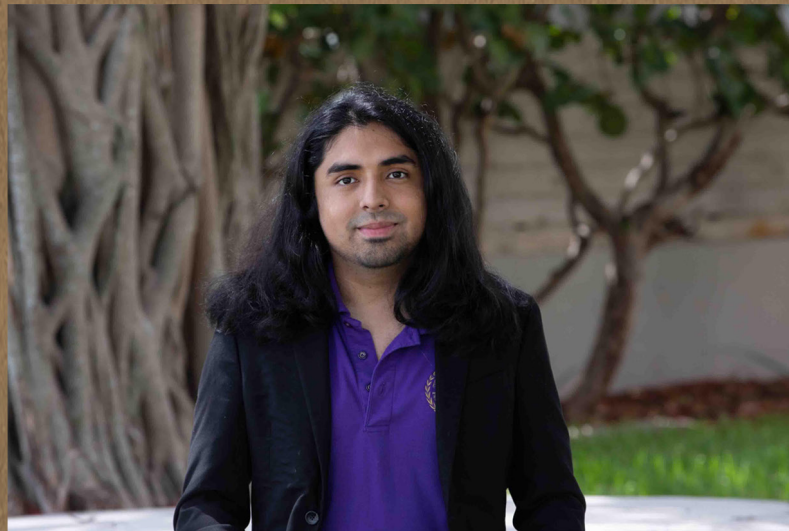
Grace Penza



Léa Rabaron



Lucas Fernandez



Anthony Barrios



Spencer Jolibois



Ashley Alfonso

AXIS Awards

Associated Collegiate Press, Axis Volume 18 won the Pacemaker Award, in the Literary magazine category.



Florida College System Publications Association

FCSPA

First Place Fiction: "Questions" by Tyler Brown

First Place Editing: AXIS Staff

First Place Cover: Tristan Cuenca (Designer), Izamara Zamora (Editor-in-Chief), Diana Gonzalez ("Enigma" Art)

Second Place Design: Tristan Cuenca

A Special Thanks

Throughout this year-long journey, we are grateful to have been aided by our wise mentors Professors Carmen Bucher and Kathleen Noonan who shaped us into the leaders, thinkers, and artists that we are today. As we emerged slowly from the pandemic, we would have not been able to thrive as a team without your continuous guidance which helped us rebuild AXIS to the small yet intimate family that it was before. We want to give a warm thank you to Professor Cornish for helping us bring our ideas to life, and broadening our perspectives on the potential of the visual arts.

To Spencer, thank you for stepping up to the task when our backs were against the clock. This magazine would not be the same without your eccentric ideas.

To Lea and Grace, thank you for joining us in this journey as leaders of the club; Your input during our discussions was invaluable, and we are proud to say that AXIS will be left off in good hands.

To Ashley, thank you for pulling off the impossible by single-handedly designing the magazine and working closely with us to execute our ambitious ideas. We could not have asked for a better lead designer.

To our editors, thank you for being a part of our makeshift group of "AXIS Peeps". We are able to exist because of the long hours of commitment that all of you provide to the club.

We hope that AXIS continues to serve as a beacon for artistic expression and creative thought.

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Editorial Policy

AXIS is Miami Dade College, North Campus' creative arts magazine. It is published once every year during the spring semester and released in the following fall, distributed free of charge. Only students from Miami Dade College, North Campus are allowed to submit their pieces to the magazine. We accept pieces of prose—both fiction and non-fiction—essays, and poetry. We also accept pieces of art, photography, short films and music. All submissions must include a corresponding form, which is available in the AXIS office located in the English Department in room 7321. Copyright for individual's work, both audio and print, returns to the artist one year from the date of publication. All rights are reserved. Content and opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or general staff.

Design Notes

The magazine accentuates confessional poetry by emphasizing the intimacy of journals. Sticking primarily to earth-tones and paper cut-outs, the deconstruction of each piece is meant to demonstrate a humanistic approach. Various elements were used, such as tape and yarn, to tie pieces into the magazine. There are two fonts used within this magazine, one customized logotype for titles and names, and one for the contents within.

Colophon

Created on MacBook Pro, Retina Display, 14-inch, 2021, macOS Monterey Version 12.0. Created using Adobe Photoshop (23.3.2) for drafting, graphic elements and final motif illustration. Adobe InDesign (17.2.1) was used for all adjustments and final unification. All page doodles and drawings were hand drawn by Spencer Jolibois on newsprint paper or digitally drawn using a Wacom Intuos. The following fonts were used: Boyfriend Couture for titles and names, Times for magazine content. Printed by Color Express Inc., Hialeah, FL on 100lb. Hannoart Silk Dull.



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