



"It paints every inch of one's skin, leaving an array of scars
that will timelessly mark its presence."

- Maria Cruz



MDC North

AXIS Creative Arts Magazine

Volume 13



AXIS

CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE



AXIS

/ 'ak-sis /

The input of an incomplete existence,
mapped through a creative output.

About the Cover Artist



“The furthest memory I have of myself is me sitting on my living room floor at four years old, watching Bob Ross paint on the PBS channel. I remember thinking at that moment: That’s going to be me.”

-- ***Rebecka Rios***

Born in Miami and of Puerto Rican and Belizean descent, Rebecka Rios is an Art Education major currently attending Miami Dade College. She enjoys painting, reading, creative writing, and playing volleyball over the weekends. She strongly believes that her deep fondness and love for art will motivate her to do bigger and better things in her future. She hopes to transfer to Florida International University once she has received her Associate in Arts degree.

Abided Vagabond is a two-part diptych assemblage piece that uses no references. Part one is focused entirely on restriction. Individually, we all intrinsically possess small worlds full of beautiful and boundless possibilities, but somehow we become chained and caged by society’s roles to experience them. We’re sometimes affected by the tales of deception from society at such a young age (hence the caged baby boy and girl). Part two focuses on the release of control. When we relinquish the power society has engraved in our minds, control ceases to be an obstacle. We realize then, it is okay to let our minds wander. We are allowed to explore our own imagination, and be nomadic with it. Sometimes, even the furthest, darkest parts can be the most spectacular.

Abided Vagabond was selected from over approximately 100 works of art, including mixed media, photography, and paintings.

Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

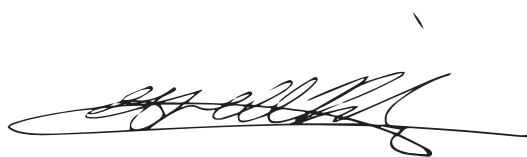
Regardless of who you are, regardless of your age, sex, or religion, the idea of your existence is an unanswered question we are sure is constantly simmering in the back of your mind. As the resident creative arts magazine at Miami Dade College, North Campus, we have striven this year to capture the beautiful, gradual descent from life to death in the forms of art, poetry, fiction, and design. We hope that as you read, you will be taken in by the vivacity of every piece and their reflections of the human condition; as you read on, our desire is that you also question the ideas of peace, identity, yearning, death, and existence that permeate the pages of Volume 13.

AXIS is a safe haven for students to go and truly indulge in the creative sides of themselves; we are constantly challenging the emotional turbulence we experience and channel that through our writing, art, singing—our imagination. We are a publication for students made by students; all pieces published by AXIS are submitted, selected, edited, designed, and produced by the students of North Campus. We work intimately with the authors and artists to improve upon what is given, to help any submission come full circle and be *complete*.

Our magazine is crafted and woven with the threads of patience of the staff and the tools of talent from our students—we, collectively, work hard to build the soul of Miami Dade College, North Campus: AXIS.



Kathlyn Alexis
Editor in Chief



Jocelyn Bermudez
Managing Editor

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Under Construction

Sheila Bodden

Four levels of water-stained concrete
home a gray, declining mind;
with the perpetual shrill of a power saw's blade cutting
through a rusting pipe whose life leaks through
rotting wood to infect the level below.

Hope wears a gold helmet in a neon yellow vest
and diligently works on a red ladder
to ease the pain of a battered mind,
to plug the leak of fading memories,
to stop the arrhythmic
drip

drip
dripping
from drowning the whole damn place.





Limelight

Stephanie Carrasco, Adobe Illustrator



Steps

Jasiel Diez

I took a step out the door,

but there was a fence

trapping me in a dried up garden,

with rain

stumping the earth

and tears

overwatering the weeds

leaving the dirt to drown,

for the plants to fly



House Cat

Danielle Selig

The turbulent
my alarm clock
It breaks down the
another fading dream,
symbolism I barely understand,
but by far, more amusing
shrieking of
goes off too soon.
ethereal fabric of
filled with abstract

than my currently mundane reality. My eyes open hesitantly and begrudgingly. It is still dark outside. The street lights are still on. What sorcery is this that a human being should be forced to wake before the sun? I ask myself. It is unnatural. Indeed, miserable people rule the world. Cold feet tucked into fuzzy, sequined slippers, pink and black edge-queen that I am, I plod inanimately towards the kitchen, half asleep from the melatonin and diphenhydramine cocktail still coating my sleepy veins. Intelligence is one of the main causes of insomnia, so, naturally, I have to drug myself to sleep at night. Coffee. I need coffee. My favorite smell and the only pleasant thing about a too-early morning. I pour myself a cup of steaming, black resurrection elixir into a mug designed with female cat faces. Almond eyes, narrowed, cynical. My favorite mug, because that's precisely how I see myself: a house cat in a human body; slightly neurotic, major attitude, and an autonomous preference for saccharine solitude. I think at least ten sardonic thoughts before breakfast, before the gratingly pleasant inner voice of my altruistic alter ego nudges me to "lighten up and see the bright side." I think ten more bleak thoughts rebelliously, because that angel on my shoulder is a naïve moron and this early in the morning, positive thinking has no allure. A monotonous day of productivity awaits me. What's there to be excited about? I take a sip of caffeine potion and log into my social media account for signs of intelligent life. I find none, save for a brief message from my witty, sweet, and slightly counterculture boyfriend who is nearly as fussy as me. A koala with a blue nightcap greeting a smiling sun forces me into a slightly better frame of mind. That's what I get for dating a Leo; they're a positively sunny bunch, even the finicky variety. I look at the clock and sigh when I realize that an hour has gone by, scurried away like a mouse. Time to get ready to face the rousing world of academia. Sarcasm both intended and not intended, depending entirely upon the time of day, and whether or not I have been sufficiently caffeinated. I finally feel the stimulating effects of my favorite drug and the dopamine receptors in my brain begin to dance to tunes that I forgot I knew. Life's not as harrowing as my sleep deprivation tells me it is, I suppose. Time to go forth out into the world and "fake it 'til I make it"...awaiting that glorious hour when it is time again to retreat back into the luxury of my cozy inner sanctum. Away from the hustle and bustle of busybody gossips and draining social demands. Feel free to call me a loner, an introvert, or even something with a stronger connotation...a house cat wouldn't mind your opinion one bit. Neither do I.



Goodbye Blossoms

Gabriella Ospina

The blossoms fall
gently from the tree's luscious crown.
The blossoms fall;
watch as they dance down, one by one.
Bright, pearly pink now turning brown.

Cherry blossoms
that whittle down.

The blossoms
fall.





Blossoms

Kelly Soles, Photography



Mathematics

Brandi Soto

To some it is a game played according to maddening rules
Just meaningless marks on paper
Perseverance and patience is the master to this game
It is the nature of mathematics.

A bond that unites even the most insignificant of things,
Forms of beauty: order, symmetry, and definiteness
All of which can be expressed with digits
It is a powerful method of approximation in the world.

On the surface it is nothing
But suddenly it is everything
As more equations become known,
The cosmos start to become familiar
Mathematics is the language of the universe.



Guide Me Home

Abigail Solorzano

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

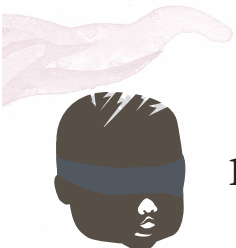
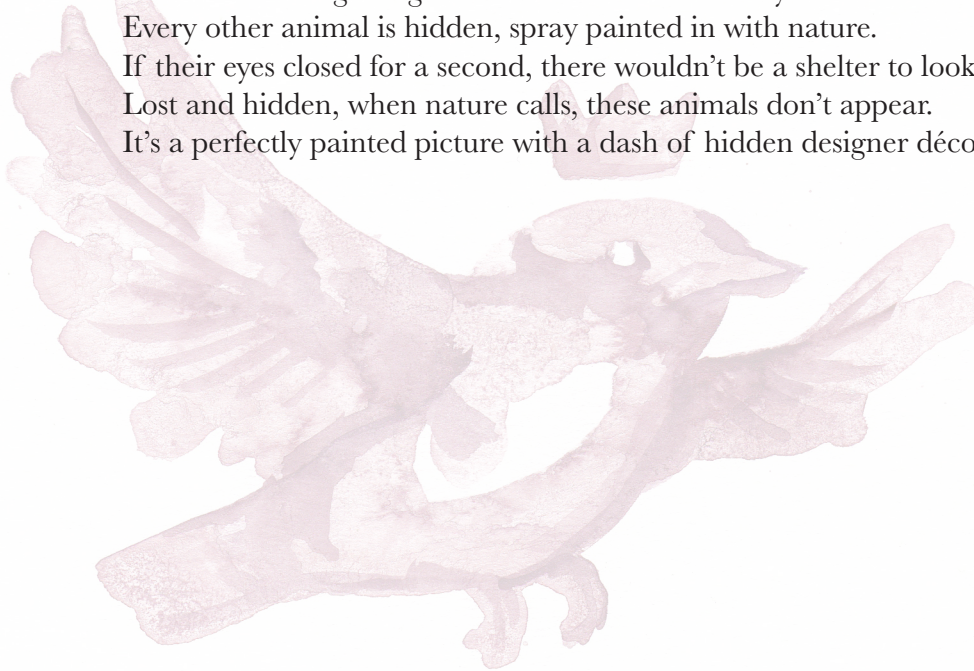


Nature Rain Drops

Cristine Pope

Where does nature go when it's raining?
When it's sable at night?
When the blankets don't work for the unpleasant cold?
The drip-droplets of rain feed the body of flowers.
But where does the rest of nature go?
Animals seem to run and hide and disappear once the water overflows—
To find shelter, or maybe a place to cover-up from the blistering snow?

I see no birds, only wet feathers on the road.
There's not a dog in sight to kick the lifeless ball anymore.
Every other animal is hidden, spray painted in with nature.
If their eyes closed for a second, there wouldn't be a shelter to look for.
Lost and hidden, when nature calls, these animals don't appear.
It's a perfectly painted picture with a dash of hidden designer décor.





Day and Night Diptych

Paul Ellenberger, Acrylic on Canvas



Of Love and Pharaohs

J. L. Bermudez

As she lay quietly on her bed, she couldn't help but think of all of the moments that led up to this. Nothing to look forward to but a dark, empty room, silent but for the sound of her heavily beating heart. She thought of the last time she had laughed. A real laugh, one that she could feel tearing its way through the pit of her stomach before bubbling out of her mouth. She didn't have to think too hard; it hadn't made an appearance in a while. A long while.

She breathed evenly, rewinding her life and wondering where she had gone wrong. Maybe she hadn't even done anything, she thought. Maybe life was just cruel and things fell apart. It didn't particularly matter. Either way, she would still find herself alone and tired, waiting and waiting and waiting for the impossible to happen.

Love, she had heard once or twice, could be a fatal attraction. Never had she thought that it could be taken so literally.

She was eight years old the first time she had an experience with magic. Her father decided to take her to the local historical museum, and she was on cloud nine. The visit was a whirl-wind of big eyes and bright smiles and ended with the lingering question, "When can we come back?"

After every holiday and visit from the tooth fairy, she dragged one of her parents with her back to the museum. Every time she would try (and fail) to rekindle the same feeling of magic she felt the first time upon opening the doors to see the fossils smiling down at her with their razorblade teeth; it wasn't long until she came to the realization that she might not feel the same way anytime soon. But of course, that didn't mean she would stop trying.

The next time magic decided to reappear and wreak havoc in her life was when she was fifteen and not as fond of visiting dusty museums as she once was. She had long since moved from her hometown and left the small, local museum behind, remembering it from time to time only as a fond memory from her childhood. Once her parents had settled her into their new home, she had found herself caught up in the swirling city life.

And she had also discovered boys.

That's not to say, however, that she wasn't interested in the newest (and largest) exhibit at the Museum of Natural History. She thought that maybe she would give the ol' magic one more try.

What were they exhibiting again? Something about Egypt and pharaohs, was it?



She met him when he accidentally knocked her notes out of her hands as she walked out of the College of Arts and Sciences. He was studying sociology, and she was studying anthropology and history. It was a meeting she would later try to immortalize as love at first sight, but at the moment, all she could feel was annoyance towards the idiot who hadn't watched where he was going. It wasn't until he offered to treat her to lunch or dinner as an apology that she thought, well, maybe he wasn't that bad.

On their first anniversary, he took her to the Smithsonian museums. Granted, it wasn't too far of a trip for the two of them, but it was the gesture that mattered. She fell more in love with the exhibitions than with him, but he didn't particularly mind; the smile on her face as she dragged him about made it all worthwhile. On their second anniversary, he gave her an ankh charm necklace because maybe, hopefully, they would last for eternity. It wasn't until their third anniversary that he asked, in the sight of the sphinxes and the pyramids, for her to spend the rest of her small slice of eternity with him.

She said yes because she saw magic in his eyes.

She played with the ankh charm, pulling on the chain of the necklace until it dug into the skin of her neck. It seemed to her that their eternity had only lasted a short, short time. She leaned over to her nightstand, her shaky fingertips running over the framed picture of the two of them.

She grabbed the small bottle next to the frame, the dark letters standing boldly against the white. Her eyes closed as she felt the capsules slide down her throat, and she let her head fall back onto her pillow.

She wasn't scared. Just tired of listening to the constant barrage of empty words and false hope. She could only wait for so long for things to get better.

As her head began to lighten and her breathing sped up, a stray thought found its way into her mind.

Certain pharaohs had their wives, as well as a number of retainers, follow them into the afterlife. Her lips curled slightly into a ghost of a smile, and she weakly attempted to cross her arms in a manner vaguely reminiscent of Egyptian mummies.





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Ethnic Idiosyncrasy, Part Two

Andres Evangelista, Acrylic on Canvas



Self Portrait

Ashley Thomas,
Graphite on Paper



Phantasmagoria

Kino Binsworth Robinson III,
Oil on Canvas





Royalty

Florence Utile, Graphite on Paper



Dear Daughter

Sophia Pierre

See that your eyes aren't marked to be seen, but they are dark umber-brown wisdom left behind from ancestors who are still whispering. Don't be too amused by their caramel lies that tickle the ears. Faces are turning garnet and eyes are swirling madly, knowing very well what foul fallacy the tongue is holding.

Remember the block where you grew up in Brooklyn? Walking the one-way eternal street with that old smell of grandfather's menthol grease and sweet, purple haze weed? The corner where Kenny's blood still cries and how grandma said they left when we started to arrive?

However, you kept exchanging handshakes with hard eyes and ashes in your mouth.
But sit up.

This world won't do it for you with gentle ease,
especially not for any midnight skin,
afro coarse hair,
or 12 inch silk weave.





Frozen Innocence

Abriel Carpio, Stoneware



Spring of New Beginnings

Mirah Jorge

Winter was always rough for a circus; the people were cold, mad, hungry, and the folks in the poor villages wouldn't throw away what little money they had just to send their children to see the circus. Instead, they saved their money for food. Our best chance was to stick around the big cities where people were rich and ladies dressed like goddesses. I hated them fancy women, but their money was money. Winter had also killed the grass, and it was difficult to feed the horses. We all complained, except Anzhela.

Anzhela looked ridiculous in her clown costume. All the clowns I had met before were lazy, greasy old men with bad breath and huge bellies.

Clowns were sad.

Anzhela made for a tiny clown with blonde ponytails and huge feet, and even kids thought those were the shoes and not part of her body. But they did laugh, and she seemed to be comfortable with them. I wanted her gone though, and that was just the beginning of winter; by the end, I wanted her dead. I cared little if her cabbage soup was well liked by everyone, or that the families paid to have their young ones see her. I despised the little blonde insect with all my heart, and there were many times in which I wished I could walk up to her and sink her head into the boiling soup. Here, I would imagine the cabbage pieces sticking to her eyelids and the hot liquid scorching the inside of her tiny nose. I pictured how her white face would grow red with each passing second until she drowned completely, such was my anger. I knew I had the strength to do it; I had been training since I was ten.

It began when I overheard a conversation she had one night.

"What can we do? We have no money, the winter is so harsh...no, we can't." she said to a shadow in the dark, as she covered her face with her hands.

"I can get a job at a farm; they always need new hands there. Maybe you could sew or even teach some children in a village, and surely the local church would be able to help us." The figure removed her hands from her face. "Anzhela, I had never cared about leaving the circus until I met you. This is no place for raising a family."

She was looking at the man now, "But we don't have a family yet, and what will the boss think? You have been here for years and I —"

"Will can think what he wants. And we will have a family as soon as we get married. We are not prisoners here, Anzhela. We have the right to leave when we want. The circus is a good place to be if you have nowhere else to go, but now, I want a life with you, and we will leave when winter ends."

"Even though I'm always worried, you're right. I have some savings with me, and it's not much but it will help us. We will leave when winter ends, Aaron," she said, smiling softly.

I was frozen in place. Aaron. She said Aaron.

I forced myself to look at the mysterious figure again. When the man in the shadows had leaned forward to kiss the girl, my mind exploded: the ringmaster.

My ringmaster.

I had to cover my mouth to avoid yelling at them. I waited until he was alone before storming into his caravan.



My anger was uncontrollable. “What in the bloody hell do you think you are doing?”

He grabbed my arm and led us outside as to not wake the other men up.

“Ana, what are you doing here?”

“It’s Ruby. *Ruby*. Don’t you dare call me by that stupid name!”

“You have no business here. Go to sleep. It’s late.”

“I saw you with that filthy wench. A farm? You are going to betray us and leave us for that little rat?”

“Ruby, I have never raised my hand against a woman, so don’t make me break that rule. Never talk about Anzhela that way. She has done nothing to you.”

“Am I not beautiful? Every man would kill to be in your place.” I clenched my hands into fists so that my nails were breaking into my skin.

“Is that what this is about? Me loving her instead of you?”

“No, Aaron, it is about you having her in your bed instead of turning your damn eyes to me.”

He narrowed his eyes, and I continued, “Have I not always shown you that I’ve wanted you? All you do is compliment the way I perform.”

“I feel nothing for you other than admiration because you are an artist. Why would I take you to bed? Because every bastard in this circus does it and because you let them?”

“Don’t you think I know she let you have her and that is why you are talking rubbish about farms and families? She is a little whore!”

Aaron grabbed me by the shoulders and gave me a powerful shake. I found some comfort in his touch despite the circumstances.

“She is not like you, you hear? She respects herself, and people respect her. *I* respect her.”

“Is that why you have never looked at me how I want to be looked at?”

“No, Ruby. I don’t care what you do with your body or your life. I have not judged you, because every single soul in this place has had a difficult past. They escape in whatever way they want, but if you think that these men think highly of you, I would advise you to reevaluate your position.”

“I’ll tell Will. He will have you out by dawn.” I said, feeling the anger rise within me as I processed his remarks. I knew I was lying though. Telling Will would kill whatever little time I had to break those two apart.

“Tell him. Tell the world. The earlier the better,” Aaron said softly.

Why wouldn’t he understand? I grabbed the straps of my garments and let them fall to the ground. The winter air chilled me to the bone.

But Aaron did not even look away from my face.

“See? I am much more beautiful than she is. And my feet are small and elegant.”

“That is the problem with you. Everything you have is small, especially your heart. Get dressed and go to sleep. Only a fool stands naked in the winter wind.” He turned his back and walked back into the caravan. I pulled my garments back on and walked to the women’s place. The heat from my anger subsided, and I felt cold and tired, but not too tired to shoot a piercing glance at the sleeping body of the wench.

I would have that man for me.

We did a few shows in London, and after receiving our pay, many of the men had taken some horses and gone to get food and blankets in the neighboring towns. They still sought my company after



shows, and I went from caravan to caravan at night, trying to forget Aaron's words. I saw Anzhela often, and my hate poured forth through my eyes, so much so that the girl would remain silent and still when she caught sight of me.

I approached her one February morning when the men were out, and with good excuse; she was sitting on a pile of wood mending *my* costume.

"Careful with my clothes, that costume is worth more than a hundred wenches like you."

"I will be careful, ma'am." she said, and smiled apprehensively.

It enraged me.

"Who you calling ma'am? You calling me old? You only call old and ugly women ma'am, hear?"

"You are very young and beautiful, Miss Ruby. I apologize."

I stared at her harshly. Nothing *ever* provoked her, and I was starting to think of her as a sheep. Sheep are docile and calm, content with only grass and water. They follow other sheep and do nothing until they die.

"What an ugly name you have." I said without thinking.

I saw her smile.

"It is strange, but I like it. It was given to me by my parents. What is your name, Miss Ruby?" she asked.

That caught me by surprise. I chose to ignore the question and finally get to what I had wanted to say, "How dare you look at Aaron. How dare you take him away from the circus. He has always been here, and I have always been here. You have no right."

"Always does not always continue to be always, does it?" she put the mending down.

"Stop the riddles, wench. You probably opened your legs for him and that is why he is following you to some God forsaken farm."

"Miss Ruby, love will change people. Love is what we all want and live for, right? All of us do. Even the unluckiest people still hope that one day something might happen or someone might come. It is what keeps people alive."

"What does a wench like you know about change and luck? You probably crawled out of your mama into the bloody world of a princess and ran away when they refused to buy you a toy. Do you think you can give a man what he needs?" I could feel my face burning, and the veins in my neck about to explode.

Anzhela stood up from the pile of wood, "I will do my best because I love him. I will work hard. I have worked hard all my life."

"Worked hard all your life?" I laughed, but it sounded fake. "Aaron is being a fool. He is that type of man my mother warned me about. You know, my mother was a prostitute, the best one for miles and miles around London." There was a tinge of pride in my voice.

"She said there were two types of men in life: those who paid for women and paid with generosity, and those who would cling to this thing called 'honor' and never in their bloody lives pay for a female. She said that every penny that would not go into her purse was being saved by a man with 'honor' who would never relinquish that stinkin' penny. She said those men hurt her business. She said they were useless."

Anzhela listened motionlessly.

She did not say anything for a while, and I calmed down. Then she sat again upon the pile of wood and picked up her sewing.

"Where are your parents?" I couldn't help blurting; it had been nagging me.



"Dead," she said, and I did not reply.

"They died when I was two years old," she continued. "When they came from Russia, they were very poor, and worked hard to feed me and clothe me. Their bodies were weak, and they passed."

"Do you speak Russian?" I asked before immediately berating myself. Why did I even care?

"Not a word," she said. "An old lady from the village we lived in took me in. She had been Mother's friend. She taught me to sew, read, write, and cook."

"That sorry cabbage soup?" I asked.

"That same cabbage soup," she said with a faint smile.

After a while she asked, "What happened to your mother?"

"She died when I was ten. Then I joined the circus and became ... well, me."

I looked to her, and a silent question played in my eyes, and for a moment, just a moment, I had forgotten that I was supposed to want to drown her in the boiling soup.

"When Aunt Martha died, I was twelve. Her son came from some far away town and claimed the little house. I was kicked out, so I had to work," she said.

"Let me guess, you picked flowers for the owner of some flower shop, or something in a nice neighborhood in London." I said in a mocking tone, almost assured of it in my own mind.

I saw her smile again. This time, her teeth showed; they were very small and white.

"I wish. Madame Susie took me in. I worked at a brothel for seven years. Then, I left that place and found this circus, and joined the company."

I froze in place; I had not expected that. This girl looked like she was fourteen but had worked at that place for seven years. I regained control of my voice again.

"That means you were a..." I trailed off.

"I was," she said, standing up again, only this time she walked up to me. "Here is your costume, Miss Ruby. It looks like new."

I took the shiny garment, watching her big, worn shoes walk into one of the caravans.

I couldn't stop thinking about that conversation with Anzhela. She could not have been the same thin girl that was clinging to Aaron before and saying she was always scared. I thought she wasn't innocent. But she was, and that was the problem. She was and she wasn't. I could not sleep because of these ideas in my mind. Even while I was performing, I had flashes of our conversation, even after shows when men offered their cheap whiskey to me, inviting me to sleep with them. Even while I was doing that, I kept thinking about it all.

It was early March, and some grass could be found for the horses to eat. It was still cold, but some of the folks from the shabby villages were paying up their pennies to send their brats to see us. I found myself thinking about my mother and the things she said to me when I was a young girl. I could not believe Anzhela had the same job my mother had. They were so different. My mother was bold, open, and never mentioned love, hope, life on a farm, respect, or family. Why did Anzhela leave the brothel? I knew that twelve years of age was too little for a girl to work at a brothel, but I had not detected lies when she spoke. Why would anyone lie about that? I did not feel as much pride regarding my mother as I felt before. Neither did I feel much pride about myself. I had always thought I had a very difficult life, but then I realized that I had the freedom to sleep with whomever I wanted without pressure or coercion. I felt privileged sometimes when I recalled Anzhela's words. And Aaron's words ... he said Anzhela inspired respect and I did not. Although it still hurt, it did not anger me anymore. I almost felt the words to be right, but could not yet comprehend why.

April had brought flowers and fresh grass and had put leaves back on the trees. The circus would



soon resume its travels. I fed and petted my horse every day, but I spent a lot of time inside my caravan, and people let me. Nobody said a thing. I never visited the men or drank with them or even saw them. I thought about Anzhela. She had said that even the unlucky folks wanted to feel some happiness, and that they worked hard for it, that they should want to work hard for it. Aaron had said that people sometimes wanted and needed to leave, and that they left when it was time. Aaron. He said everything about me was small, and perhaps he was right. Maybe I had indeed wanted some love whenever I saw him working or smiling or shouting to the crowd that I would soon perform. Maybe I still wanted some kind of love. I was a small woman in many ways.

I spotted Anzhela one morning on a rock, mending clothes. I went and sat next to her. She was silent, and I was grateful for the time.

"I never thought about the things that women could do until I knew I could not do them anymore." I blurted. Anzhela looked at me but said nothing. I could see sadness mixed with understanding in her eyes. I did not need more trains full of emotion hitting me on the face.

"When are you leaving?" I asked her quickly.

"Tomorrow morning."

I nodded in understanding and worked up a tiny smile. "Be careful you don't step on all those chickens with those feet of yours."

She chuckled lightly. "I won't. I will be careful and try to imitate your graceful movements, Miss Ruby."

"Take my horse with you, will you? He will have a better family."

"Your horse? No, I could not. He is yours. You need him."

"No, I don't. I needed him, but I don't need him now. Take him. You can sell him or keep him; he can be a good help around a farm."

"What about you?" she asked. I stood up, walked a few steps and turned to her.

"I will leave."

"Where to?"

"Who knows. I will search for something, some ambition, some ..." I trailed off, but the words felt good after I said them. Somewhere in my mind, the words 'man of honor' echoed, but they never made it to my mouth.

I saw her smile.

"Thank you, we will take good care of him."

"You better." I said. Halfway towards the tent, I turned and looked at her.

"Anzhela, my name is Roxana. My mother gave it to me." I went into the tent.

The next morning, I woke up before dawn, stared for a few minutes at the colorful caravans full of old and young orphans, and left. I never saw Anzhela, Aaron, or the circus again.



The Pianist

J. L. Bermudez

You play me like a piano, with fingers softly stroking the keys that produce our perfect melodies. You pull pieces, songs and sighs from the instrument of me, knowing the notes and music of my harmonies. With dramatic dives, your fleeting touches flow over the board of my body, passionately pressing every chord high and low. Each kiss is a brooding ballad and my voice the tender tone; you play me like a piano, and with every stroke I moan.



With Love, From Minnesota.

Kaylin Cantor

Then, I woke up knotted between your arms and the sheets of our bed. The heat between our bodies was enough to keep me still. The sound of your breath still lingered in my ear, as your hands gripped my waist sending heat into my cold body. The caramel flecks of hair on your chin tangled with the sable strands of my ponytail. Osculated by the early light of a Florida morning, you pulled me closer into your chest as the day continued on without us.

We lay motionless in the bed of your Ford pickup truck in the Minnesota winter night. Your umber eyes stared at me as I continued counting to an infinite number of stars. The bristles of your beard tickled my face as you pressed your lips to my forehead, and you pulled me into your chest again. Your body heat kept me warm.

Now, I wake up to a cold bed and your deep auburn eyes are no longer there to greet me. There is no tangling of hair in your beard. The sun is hidden in charcoal clouds, while you lie warmly in bed, 1,789 miles away from me. Your Florida life continues on without me.



Eye Play

LaNiece Ferguson

He always reminded me of silk. Not in the cliché way that meant he was smooth, though he was, or gorgeous. Oh man, was he gorgeous! It was because he was raw. Unfiltered, unprocessed, and yet, somehow, filthy like the rest of us. He was covered with psychological bruises and burn marks and wounded by blatant emotional blows and “accidents.” But he was beautiful.

He sat there across from me with a joint placed gently between his lips, while his hands wrapped around a glass of Hennessy. As his glasses slid down the brim of his nose, he stared at me. God, he was beautiful. It was nothing out of the ordinary; he never spoke much anyhow, but this look was different.

It was deeper.

Compassion?

He took a long pull from the joint and held it in, his chest expanding. He still stared. Sympathy?

I couldn't move. Not until he broke his gaze. Not until he spoke.

Cumulonimbus clouds escaped his mouth in the smoothest release, his face lost behind them. The smoke cleared and there his stare still stood. He passed me the joint, and I took a pull. Hell, I needed a dose of ‘fuck it.’

He smirked, the left corner of his mouth raising ever so slightly. I haven't seen anything so beautiful since.

Ever.

“Ah!” He sounded like every orgasm ever had, as he downed the glass in one gulp. He shook his head, and the gaze was broken. I didn't look away, though. Fuck, he was so beautiful!

He sighed, slowly looking up. I could finally decipher the look in his eyes. It was sorrow. He felt sorry for me. He didn't have to say it.

“Look, Elle, you're beautiful. I mean, you have an amazing personality. Your aura is fucking indigo, for Christ's sake! It's just...the thing is...” I was waiting for it. I was prepared.

“You're just not my type.” He was being a chicken shit. A beautiful piece of chicken shit.

“Say it.” My voice was low, deep, and grounded.

“Say wh-”

“Just fucking say it!”

“Elle,” he looked down as he mumbled the words, “I'm not really into fat chicks.”

As his voice trailed off, he looked away.

Silence.

I could feel him getting uncomfortable with every breath he took in, aware of the shallow pit his words just painted him to be. The joint was still burning in between my index finger and thumb.

I stared at him. He was a beautiful piece of shit. He finally looked back at me, pity smeared all over his face.

“I think I should go.”

As he got up and walked away, I never stopped staring. Long after he was gone, I looked at the place where the beautiful disaster once sat. I placed the joint to my lips. The ground felt shaky. Gravity felt heavy. I took a deep, long drag.

I began flying. He sent me flying.



Closure

Rachel Pappalardo

Closure

Wistful thinking

Glossing over the chapters and pages that constitute a life as we sit in

Silence

Water hitting brick

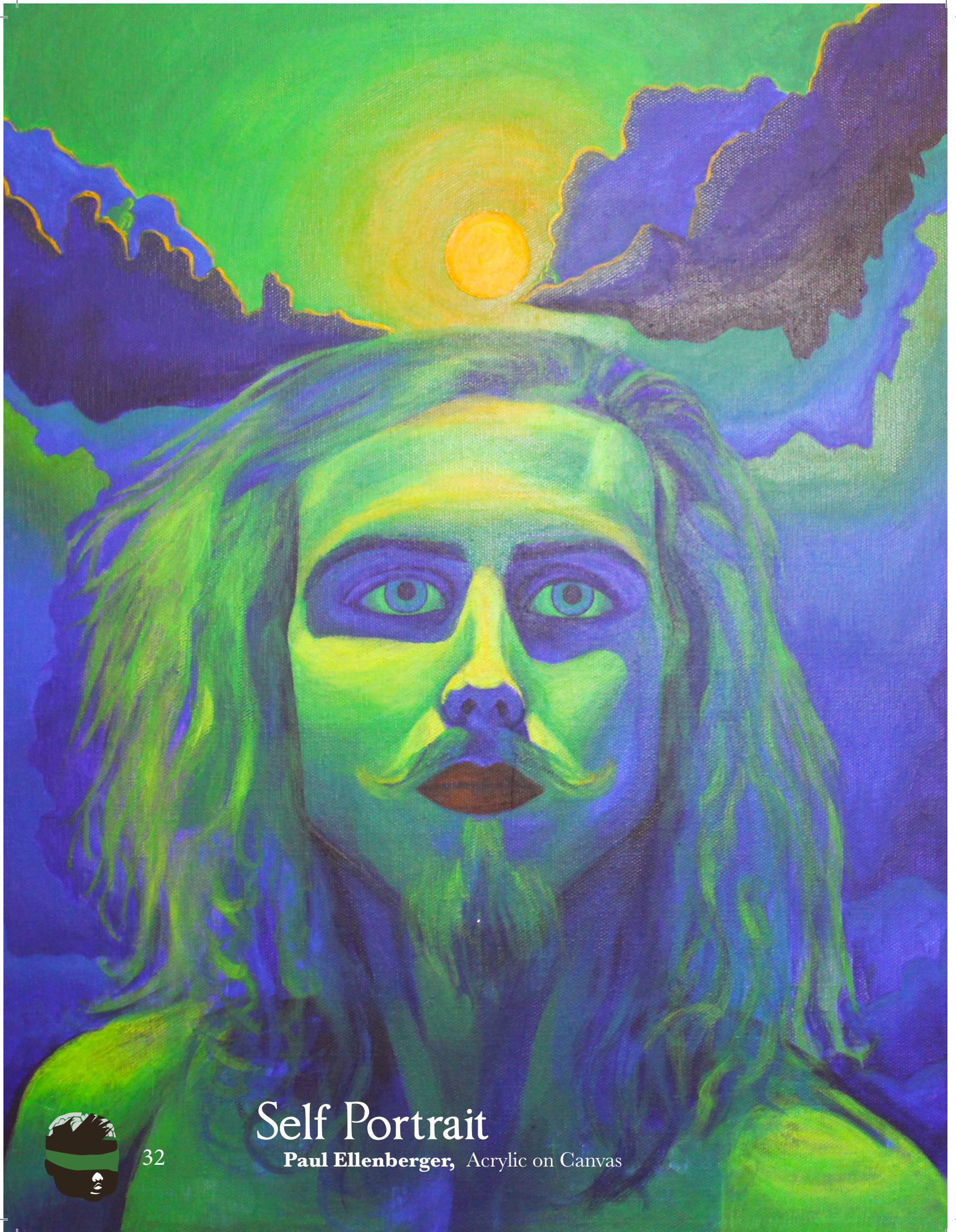
The dry hum from the outside ringing within

Your face sinks into the palms of your hands as you mourn the day

But I want

closure





Self Portrait

Paul Ellenberger, Acrylic on Canvas



The Fool

Steven Ricaurte



The fairy light of twilight is corrupted by the smoke and cinders of a smoldering ember fire. Alongside the burnt matter of the smoldering landscape, a wide stream tells a joke to a laughing ember. A column of goblin flowers peek at the blackened land across the stream, before following the wind's whistling lullaby. Against the burnt trunk of a collapsed tree sits a figure with its head tucked between its knees. The dull beat of feet walking a charred Earth advances, letting the eyes of a young boy see a blonde curtain of hair hanging straight and brilliant like gold bars. White ash of ancient trees fall like snow on the boy's black hair while he stops to cough. A burnt sparrow breaks beneath the sole of his leather boot as he walks toward the blonde girl. To the slow-burning fleet of stars, he wishes the sparrow's death was his and buries it with quiet anxiety.

With his head lowered, he asks, "Why won't you speak to me?"

Her silence is a solid stone. Embers glow around her like a slow heartbeat. Without a breeze, the scene is still, leaving the boy and his leather boots to be a spectator in a forgotten, empty gallery. Wooden limbs rest around the girl, and the boy looks at her with the wet eyes of a sailor in stride to save a maiden from a ruined galleon.

But without a hand to grasp, he quivers, "Hate me if you'd like, but at least say it." Her absence forms frost in the boy's short spine.

An hour of calm passes without either of them making a change. Within a dusky envelope, her figure frightens him. The mouth of darkness holds her by its front teeth, keeping its cub from predatory paws. She has crystallized beneath the fall of stardust— her grey dress a shining silver mirror, and her hair, a decorated shield. Borrowing her frigidity, a cold wind blows, sweeping hot ash and debris. The boy finds refuge against the charred trunk of a collapsed tree, falling beside the girl with the weight of a pawn taking a queen. Among them are embers glowing like fireflies and wisps of smoke rising like cemetery ghosts.

The boy asks, "Do you remember me?"

Under the shroud of night, hidden deeper in herself by darkness, she answers with a cutting "No."

The boy frowns and holds his hand to his chest, to keep his heart from running.

"I am Alec. I brought firewood to your home when you had none."

"You cut my cherry tree."

The weight of a stone fell on Alec's chest, bending the thin fibers of his strength.

"In the fright of a coming snow, every tree appears to be the same. And I did it to keep you warm, and your family too. Please, understand, Iris."

A roll of thunder roars out a warning, threatening Alec to halt himself. Then, a flash of lightning splits the ribs of the sky, rain falls heavy like the cut heart of bear. Iris flees. The rain falls upon the embers, and a swirl of steam and smoke blossoms, like an invading flower. With another flash, Alec sees Iris already past the wide stream, and he sits alone, exposed to the popping rain and the sizzling sound of a fire dying. He knows that she ran opposite to their homes, away from the town he had never been too far from, but he lays his fear on the ground and buries it.

Alec will follow her, running through the roar of the thunder, pushing past the petals of smoke and steam. —

And with her, he will find that the wind beats back the indomitable spirit to keep it from the edge.



Fairy Tales and Paper Cuts

Alexa Perez

I met this guy who spoke the language of literature.
His hair was the color of gold only Rumpelstiltskin could spin.

He cracked me open like an old leather-bound book;
he blew off the dust and said that he had found treasure,
abandoned in the dark where people are too afraid to go,
surrounded by jewels and gold,
the way Aladdin found the lamp.

I told him he was wrong.

My pages were worn, dog-eared, and damaged,
scratched out and torn like Cinderella's dress.
My end was set in ink.
My pages held bleeding words.

He ran his fingers up my spine and gave me new meaning.

He whispered—
The dog-eared pages are the places people love to reread.
Those are not bleeding words;
that's where you made people feel so much that they cried.
Pages damaged from the eagerness,
they race to an end,
the words too profound to go unread.

Yet, in the end, I lost him.
The way the Little Mermaid lost the prince—
the way she lost herself trying to find him.

He highlighted nothing;
he had no favorite quote,
no moments he reread for pleasure.

Paper cuts bestrewed his hands.
Revenge,
I said.
For the words he couldn't appreciate.





Heart Beating

Vivian Gutt, Mixed Media



Pieces

Celina Medina

When you left, you left behind a piece.
It rested beside me on my nightstand,
standing apart from the clutter of trinkets and novelties.

scattered memories

towering skyward in my mind.
Some jagged corners,
some perfectly smoothed out edges,
and grooves only suitable for its perfect match.

I thought of how much this cherished commodity resembles you.

This solitary portion, away from its manufactured home, much like you.

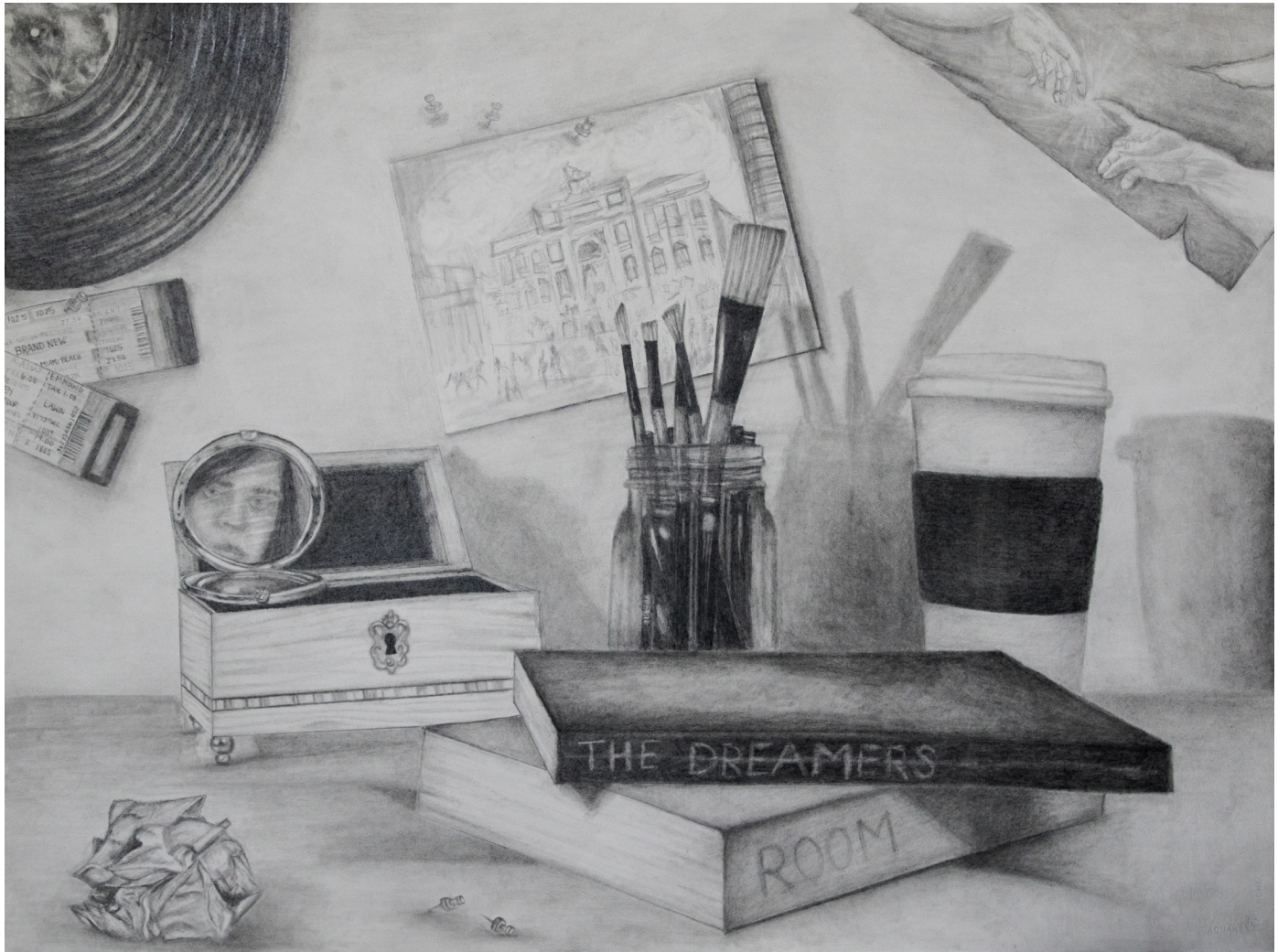
This piece left to portray
only
one
fraction
of the whole picture,

much like you.

This piece of you.
This piece that is mine.
And all the pieces we've put together before.

Oh, how I wish for an opportunity to sit on my bedroom floor
and spread our pieces all around.
Putting them together,
one last time.





Auguries of Dreams

Gina Zaccheo, Graphite on Arches Hot Press Paper



The Unseen

J. L. Bermudez

He knows me not.
Though I am a victim of his wiles,
he knows me not;
he spares me not a single thought.
This stupid child he has beguiled,
with gentlemanly ways and smiles.
He knows me not.



The Dad Who Claimed to be a Man

Daniela Molina

The hands of a sticky bastard

whose eight-hour shift doesn't

compare to his wife's twenty-four.

To the man who lays on the taupe leather couch

with one hand on the remote control.

The only control he has.

How many dads does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Takes one.

Only, he's not mine.

If his car could leave him, just like his wife,

it would leave as well.

To the dad who claimed to be a man:

You are not.



Tell Me How the Story Goes

Rachel Pappalardo

“Tell me how the story goes.

Tell me everything, I want to know what you’re feeling where everything’s revealing and-”

His eyes target me—

Intensely

Viciously

I know what he’s thinking,

I look away, terrified, from his face in this place we call loneliness,

this place we call emptiness-

“Tell me how the story goes,” he repeats, “I’m not afraid.

And I know you can hear me, but why aren’t you listening?”

There’s nothing more painful in this world than being forgotten by

The one you love the most

The one who is closest to you

It all started with

a pair of eyes, so serious, to my surprise,

and the sight

of his pen as he began to write.

“Tell me everything,” he said and that night, as I snuggled in bed, I studied the map to his heart

laid out in the darkest of reds.

“Do you think the stars cry as they die?” he asked me as we

gazed out from afar.

“Do you think they know anyone cares that they’re there?

And where is the time?

They’re leaving us behind.”

Was our love like a door?

It had never been this open before

And I always returned back for more

His dry humor, silly remarks,

the light in the dark of my heart.

Or was it the other way around?

We never had a fight out of spite for one another, as we tracked all our thoughts

and took all of our shots.

“I have this disease that makes me forget everything and everyone I’ve ever loved.

Eventually.”

For that moment,



we stayed silent
as I tried to block it all from my mind,
and here he took the time to
further explain that one day he wouldn't remember me.

I screamed.

Everything was just tearing me open, and it seemed
that the thoughts we once shared in-between the blank pages of a dream were mine—

Alone.

And he slowly started to forget.

Tell me how the story goes.

Show me all the pain because I know it's all a nightmare and all we need is a breath of fresh air.

We slowly grew apart as he distanced himself from me,
from everything he and I used to be.

He never showed the pain and left before he saw me—
in melancholy.

He forgot my name for the hundredth time, the hundredth day,
next would be the faces and places he used to know,
then the grace that was dwindling of late.

"I found a picture under my bed,
in a box,
and it said a name.

Your face and hers...look the same."

I can't help but cry,
seeing myself as a stranger through *his* eyes, and I despise
the part of him that wanted to spare me from it all.

I say "I'll tell you how the story goes.

It starts out the same
and it ends at the beginning.

It ends with the pain.

...What do you want me to say?

Every day

I pay for selfishly loving you despite the fact of it all being too good to be true

If only I knew."

He looks lost as the words ripple and tumble out from my mouth

...What was there to say?

All the light from his face drains away

The fate of our love always had an expiration date

"Tell me more," he says as he takes an awkward glance
down at his hands.

They are shaking;

I'm shaking too

and dying with each breath I am taking.

No.





Ethnic Idiosyncrasy, Part One

Andres Evangelista, Acrylic on Canvas



The Lover's Lament

Abigail Solorzano

The grieving clang rings and tolls within
the memories each time your name is heard.
For you are gone, no more where you've once been.
The emptiness, it cries aloud. Absurd
it is for you to say that I forget,
when everything surrounding me is just
an endless memory of what was set
in wishes made with copper coins – now crushed!
Make true our dreams? I thought we could and would.
Your velvet lips that would warm mine can't touch
or whisper words, and I ache for that which should
have been but's not, nor will again be such.
But your eyes have closed and will open no more,
and soon, my heart shall find another to adore.



Eggs 911

Kevalaxa Mighty

Questioning his fate, he sat on the ledge,
Dancing and tinkering with the thought of easing the edge;
All of life's worries and all of life's woes
Took their last blows and swallowed him whole.





Lazara
Pedro Nieblas, Clay



Silent Fog/ Piercing Needs

Abigail Solorzano

A mist wrapping trees,
a milky curtain hanging
low. Silence cries out.

The sharpened blades lined in a row.
Fulfilling needs needs – that’s why she’s here.
Lit by the single light, they glow glow –
the sharpened blades lined in a row.
Her cries resound; no one will know.
Her eyes, they brim with unshed tears.
The sharpened blades lined in a row.
Fulfilling needs – that’s why she’s here.





Othello

Amelle Carbon, Graphite Pencil on Handmade Paper



Branded Purple

Vanessa Salcedo

Mauve-marked lids dragged heavily over her eyes. The color purple was painted in every direction she saw. Violent violet marks were written on her body, each dated to a significant cause. Her bruised hips were from the vain beating in the shower. She had taken too long. The bristles from the paddle brush pressed against her skin. He gave her quick, sharp lashings as she struggled to breathe under the shower-head, gasping for air as water drowned her lungs. Somehow she managed to walk out alive. Plum peonies were delivered to her office, in order to disguise the cause of her brittle bones. He became the color purple, and that was her favorite for it branded her skin.



When Words Aren't Enough

J. L. Bermudez

I sit and watch
the sun fade from view,
as darkness creeps
and night births anew;
Words will always escape me.

Still I find
after dealing with death,
seeing my lover
draw her last breath--
Words will always escape me.

How to describe
this myriad of pain?
These thundering thoughts
that drive me insane?
Words will always escape me.

So I release my heart,
as the world rushes by,
taking my leap
from the reddening sky-
Words will forever escape me.





Victor

Jen Medina, Clay



Death Sentence

Ja’Ron McKinney

This is my funeral. My hat, which conceals my face, is flung off as I hang an inch or two above ground, snared in the quivered grasp of the infernal king. No sound, no sight. Just the coolness the air brings in this vapid tomb. The ground below is a pale road, perfectly lined in a faded shade that mirrors the sky. My head abruptly smacks against an empty space, and I bleed but feel no pain. I accept it. Drag me down this road and let me stain the streets. This is my funeral.



Truth

Kathlyn Alexis

Boiling, slow, cooking anger
dressed as a white man
grinds against the wooden fence of my peace.
The wood curls under
his long, yellow tinged nails
breaking his soft skin.
His hands reach through the cracked sharp edged gap in my fence.
Only his red-tipped index finger can get through
as he attempts to feel the warmth on my back,
to catch the palm trees waving hello to me from a pause of their kisses with the wind.
"I have more to offer"
His eye is now pressed against another sepia, sharp hole.
Chips of wood drip toward the ground, tie dyed in brown and red, from his persistence
against my gated security.
His black, short eyelashes are spread against the fence
the only image I see is white, blue, and red heat
ripping out the strands of hair on my skin.

I wake up to find my white pillow drenched with tears from my broken peace
and dried, beet colored
stains on my bed sheets.
My face swollen with long, ugly marks.
A yellow composition notebook once filled with long written snapshots of my world
--bright images of
the sun, the bungalow, kissing palm trees and the wind, and my old man
are now **marked**
with red ink and ripped dashes in between
A blank page traces the outlines of my forever.
And with his truth
my truth vanishes.





Smirking Head

Pedro Nieblas, Mixed Media





The Alchemy of Suffering

Andres Evangelista, Acrylic on Canvas



The Big Pill

Ja’Ron McKinney

“I left the ground looking like a cherry snow cone,” Paxton solemnly murmurs to himself, unable to lift his head and weighed down by disappointment and regret. “Thing is, it was your blood all over that ice, but at the time I sincerely thought it was mine. It wasn’t until I noticed the abstract trail that I realized there was more to what I had initially seen. Then again, there wasn’t much to see beyond the thick, white tears falling from the sky. Every second I’m in this room, my mind can’t help but go back to that moment.”

Paxton raises his head, still slightly slumped over, eyeing the purity of his surroundings. White floor, white ceiling, white table, white walls, white chair, all concealing a light luminescent glow. No clear entrance, no clear exit, just a spacious room, void of life except for him.

“Ya think this is the best idea for him?” Clyde questions, watching Paxton from a security monitor walk around aimlessly.

“We’re going to be spending a minimum of three months in space with him,” Blink begins.

“So yes, watching how Captain Baby Boy’s crazy ass handles a little solitude is in our best interests.”

After a minute of walking in circles, Paxton lies on the floor and counts each tile that makes up the ceiling. With each turn there’s a different number, so he recounts again and again until he gives up from boredom.

“Do you even remember dying?” Paxton questions, eyeing his random hand spasms. “Sometimes, I just completely forget that you’re gone, but I’m okay with that. I’d rather live with the constant flashes of your image than believe that you’re actually dead. You only gave me twenty four years, but there are still enough memories to satisfy me for the rest of my life.”

“The hell is he talking about?”

“Doesn’t matter, Blink.” Arnbi says, shutting off the screen. “He’s been in there for two hours. It’s time to let him out.”

“No it’s not!” Blink roars, drawing all attention onto himself.

“We lost our best hope for a captain, and this son of a bitch is his replacement? Some pretty-ass Goldilocks wannabe? Why him? Because he’s Paxton’s fucking son? He’s not ready for this life, Ambi!”

“And neither are you!” Arnbi interjects, with tears forming in her eyes.

“We’re not astronauts or heroes, Blink! We’re nobodies! Five normal ass people who lucked out and now have to save a damn planet!”

In the midst of the argument, Ikki furtively approaches the keypad located on the wall to his right and slowly presses the button located on the bottom left corner, activating the speaker in Paxton’s room.

“Listen close, Pax,” Ikki cautiously whispers.

“I have kids, Blink. I could be with them now, but instead I’m risking my life to give them a better future because I know what’s more important. What are you sacrificing?”

“Not a damn thing because I’m not a stupid bitch like you.”

Clyde snatches Ambi by her wrists and pulls them back in an attempt to cease her impending rampage.

“Woah now, ain’t no need for all that, Blink.”

“She wants to start some bullshit, let her!”



As the argument intensifies, Paxton, while lounging in his chair, carefully listens, taking in every word from his crewmates.

“Do you hear what you left me with, dad?” Paxton shamefully asks, lifting his head up to view the ceiling.

“I mean I get it, I know I deserve this, but this is still messed up. I wanted to be an astronaut, but not like this. Not if killing you was the only way.”

A maniacal smile that immediately ceases forms across Paxton’s lips as he flings his chair at the wall behind him.

“Why did you do this? Why did you let me kill you? You were a trained professional, yet you somehow couldn’t take down your own son? That’s bullshit and you know it! I don’t even know what I did! I woke up, saw the blood, followed the trail, and at the end of it you were just lying there! Do you know what thoughts ran through my head? And not a single one allowed me to process that I was the reason for all this! Now here I am, dealing with it all alone!”

“But...you’re not alone, Pax.” a clean-shaven man resembling Paxton breathlessly speaks, forcing himself off the floor and revealing a thin layer of blood.

“Yes I am! You did nothing to help! You pulled out that knife from your back and looked me in the eyes the same way you’re looking at me now. Like you’re regretting my existence. Like I betrayed you. Like you wish you would have done something more when I was kid.”

Paxton and his father lock gazes, making not one single movement with their eyes, even as his father staggers closer.

“Don’t play innocent, son, you’re far from that. Because it’s one thing to kill me, it’s another to-”

“Stop,” Paxton gestures along with his demand. “I get it, I really messed up, Dad.”

“And now it’s time to make your Dad proud, Paxton,” Ikki says, stepping in the room as part of the wall behind him slides closed.

A month later, Paxton awakes, covered in a heavy sweat, situated at his command post within the central station. He lifts his shirt and wipes his forehead dry.

“Bad dream, sweetie?” Ambi asks, appearing behind him.

“Why do you care?”

Paxton rises from his seat and storms towards the rear door of the central station, giving Blink, who’s posted against a wall, a quick glance from out the corner of his eye before exiting.

“What’s wrong, sir.” Clyde asks, appearing next to Paxton.

Paxton simultaneously freezes and faces Clyde with a scowl.

“Leave me the fuck alone!” he barks.

“Don’t be rude to Clyde, Pax,” Ikki calmly speaks. He’s just being nice, so calm yourself.”

Paxton balls his fist and launches it at Ikki, going straight through him and into a nearby metallic wall with a wince.

“I’m sick of all of you bugging me!”

“You killed us, you see ghosts, therefore all this is your fault,” Ambi says, approaching Paxton cautiously.

“What did you expect?”

“I expected to not see any of you ever again!”

“Relax with the screaming.” Clyde cautions Paxton. “Ain’t much oxygen left in here.”

“Very true,” Ikki adds on.

“Shut up, Ikki! You’re the one who almost crashed into the sun and left me stuck out here!”

“Almost, but yeah so what if I did?” Ikki retorts.





“Without me, you would have never been an astronaut, so stop acting ungrateful before we’re forced to fix that attitude of yours,” he whispers.

“Try me,” Paxton whispers back before stepping away.

“What we gone do ‘bout him?” Clyde asks.

“Well he killed us, so I say why wait any longer? Let’s just end this now while he still has some hope left,” Blink suggests.

“Anyone disagree?”

With no oppositions, the four fade from sight as Paxton arrives in front of his room. He steps inside and notices one last pill, bigger than all the rest, in the center of his dresser and glides it under his finger.

“You’re the last of them, so feel special.”

“Oxygen levels at two percent, “Maze begins.

“System failure imminent. Activating lock down in one minute.”

“What?”

Paxton rushes out the room and accidentally rams into a nearby wall, causing him to slip down. He crawls to the end of the hall and bends the corner, pushing himself up, before sprinting down hallway after hallway in an endless race.

“He’s not gonna make it,” Ambi remarks.

“Damn shame, I had high hopes for Captain Baby Boy,” Blink coldly responds. “How much time we got left, Ikki?”

“About zero seconds.”

“Good.”

“Activating lock down.”

Paxton makes it towards the end of the final hallway and crashes into the security door, blocking him from entering the room to reach Maze’s core. He punches the door several times in an attempt to break it open, but pauses as he notices the red upon his knuckles.

“Just give up, son.”

“No, dad...I can’t.”

“There’s no point in fighting it, you’re stuck. You’re gonna die right here, son. The faster you accept that, the easier it’ll be to let go. Trust me I know.”

For a moment, Paxton is still and then he reaches for his knife, half contemplating, half actually pulling it out. As it leaves his waist, he looks down at it and takes a deep breath.

“Count it down for me,” he calmly demands, raising the knife to his throat.

“One...two...three.”

In a single swing, Paxton slices open his throat, unleashing a syrupy, red carpet down to his chest, and falls back against the door, in tears.

“Oxygen levels at zero percent.”

With one final gasp, Paxton’s eyes slowly roll back as he views his crew appearing in his sight one last time.

“Rest in peace, Pac-Man.”



Disaster

Maria Cruz

Exquisite disaster.

Painful, variable, and constant in its depth, but generous in its company.

It is all but black, the entirety of who I am.

It paints every inch of one's skin, leaving an array of scars that will timelessly mark its presence.

It penetrates the empty, vanishing it, and welcoming suffering, welcoming strength.

It has struck me, yes.

But it reflected darkness, as if it were light instead.

An impossibility brought upon the dimension of falsehood I have cast myself.

I fooled it with the faint speckles of fallacy that I am tainted in, hoping to recreate the colors of disaster that glorify the rest.

Maybe it fooled me.

It points my way at a remarkable speed, only to prove that the brilliance of its power is not for me.

Those scars, those colors,
those creators of a universal state of mind,

Cruel to many, but kind to mine.

For plenty it would seem a blessing,
perhaps a sign,

But for me,
it is merely proof that this world
is not for my kind.





Atomic Bomb

Melissa Marrero, Acrylic on Canvas



Axis Awards

2014-2015

Editors: Katherine Marcelino and Jasmine Rosello

Graphic Designer: Shane Mehta

These awards were won in the Florida College System Publications Association (FCSPA) and the Columbia Scholastic Press Association for AXIS Magazine Volume 12. The purpose of the FCSPA is to bring students and advisers into an organization whose aims are to provide responsible guidance to student publications and to ensure their growth as a medium for the education of future citizens of a free society. The CSPA is an international student press association whose goal is to unite student journalist and faculty advisors at schools and colleges through educational conferences, idea exchanges, textbooks, critiques, and award programs.

Poem - Individual

“Poetry Is” by Elizabeth Diaz

Poetry - Individual

3rd Place:

“Royal Blue” by Guillian Cittadino,

“He Wants Me” by Kathlyn Alexis, &

“Haiti” by Rachel Louis

“Poetry Is” by Elizabeth Diaz

Staff Page

3rd Place AXIS Magazine Staff

Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Honorable Mention **Overall Design of Literary Magazine** AXIS Magazine Staff

Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Gold Medalist Certification Critique AXIS Magazine Staff

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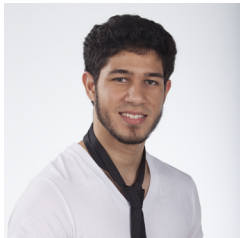
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A Special Thanks

To all of those who have helped this daring AXIS Creative Arts Crew, or as the English Department would prefer to call us “The AXIS Peeps,” we humbly thank you.

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