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P'an Ku

B R O W A R D C O M M U N I T Y C O L L E G E

L I T E R A R Y A R T S M A G A Z I N E

Volume Thirty, Number One

Fall Term 1998

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P'an Ku Volume thirty, number one was printed by Ormont Graphics. *P'an Ku* is designed, produced, edited and solely by students at Broward Community College. All contributions in this issue are by students at BCC. This magazine is funded by the Student Activities Board. The opinions expressed are those of our contributors and do not necessarily represent those of the editors, faculty, staff, administrators or trustees of the college. Typed contributions with the name, social security number, and telephone number are welcomed from all students attending BCC. Copyright 1998 by Broward Community College, 225 East Las Olas Boulevard, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301. All communications with the editors and all inquiries concerning this publication should be addressed to: Editor of *P'an Ku*, BCC South Campus, 7200 Pines Boulevard, Pembroke Pines, Florida 33024. Telephone: (954)986-8044. All copyrights revert back to the original artists and authors after publication.

OCT 23 2001
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Silence
Adnan El'shukri

There are times when all the words in the world can not express what we are trying to say... when even our heartbeats come in our way.... As strong and mighty as we can be, the fear of losing what we don't even have and missing the shadow of what's not there.... drains all strength and power.... And when we realize that there is nothing in our hands to do, we reach deep into our souls for one more breath.... then exhale giving up to silence...

Cordell A. Rone



"Untitled"



Egan Saint-Michael

"Anarchy"



**Sculpting
Harry T. Bragg**

Wanna seek that sanctuary as clear
vision becomes scary
Catches your attention makes you steer
Did I forget to mention that I'm still here
Awaiting the last day we must face
I ain't going to run
Reach out & touch someone, keep you
under my thumb, only room for one gun
I be the one firin', never tirin',
Are they still hirin'
The death troops
Makin' murderers out of the youth
this could be you
never give up
cus' their cup
Will never be full always stealing fuel
You push they pull
It comes back to you
Face all the lashings to their satisfaction
Taking over like Action Jackson
What tracks you be rackin'
When for their cause no ones really
backin'
You, me, or any last one of us
Forget the vultures
For only in God I trust.





A Circle in Life

I sat in the back of the classroom admiring the young teacher. She paced back and forth imparting knowledge, stimulating young people's minds to think in better ways. A smile grew on the teacher's face. I've seen that grin before but where? A picture played before my eyes.

"Today we are going to watch a videotape..." She reveals to her ninth graders.

I float into a waking reverie recalling a life past. A blonde haired baby burrows in my arms one hour old; eyes closed, dreaming of her future. I cry from the marvel I produced and promise her an ideal life, filled with happiness and love. "Look," I whimper to her father. "Look what we made together. Isn't she beautiful?" and watch as proud tears stream from his eyes.

I hear screeches of frustration. The infant attempts to sit for the first time; the clumsy steps of a toddler waddling across my living room echo in my ears.

"Let's have another hand." She said to her taciturn class and ten arms reached for recognition.

A beautiful child holds my hand. As we enter the restaurant, heads turn and smile. Strangers approach the table to tell me how beautiful she is. "Thank you, I add, "she's smart too."

A four year old lays in her bed reading a book to her baby sister, imitating me as she reads about Green Eggs & Ham. She smells flowers and barrages me with questions about the sky, grown-ups, and wonders how a baby is made. I blush and change the subject.

"What did the author mean by..." The educator prodded. Young minds began to reason.

The six year old designs a birthday card for her very best friend. She composes a poem about a snake that slithers through the grass like a ribbon. I brag to family and friends that the next Emily Dickinson has sprung from my womb.

She discovers a worm in the backyard and asks me for a jar to put it in, as she chews on a wad of pink gum, succeeding in forming her very first bubble.

"Take out your book and turn to the page..." The teacher dictated to the class and they obeyed.

A blossoming teenager stands before me reading her poem about life and its misery. I chastise her for having such a pessimistic attitude but think how talented she is to write these words the way she does.

Boys call to ask for dates. We argue over the taste she has in men. I cringe when the doorbell rings. I pray that her judgment improves.

"Excuse me. Quiet down." The teacher trumpeted. The class regrouped in silence.

The confused single parent sits opposite me at the table. She's twenty-three, married, mother, divorced. We discuss her future and the possibility of a college education. I give advice and become irate when her eyes slide back into her head waiting for me to take a breath. Then she asks me to keep my wisdom to myself and let her make her own way.





Rita Margolies

“Who can find the paragraph that explains...” She queried. A young girl beamed as she supplied the page number.

My college student is studying diligently neglecting her personal obligations. Working toward her degree, she forgoes the luxury of a day off. I worry that she is not eating and working way too hard.

The graduate ascends the podium to receive her award. She glistens like a raindrop moistening a flower's leaf. I sit in the audience and witness her brilliance. She accepts her valedictory award and I restrain a strong urge to dash upon the stage and announce to the world how proud I am.

“Your homework tonight is...” She announced.

The teacher stands before me. My little girl dressed in a woman's body adorned with an adult brain. Her demeanor announces budding self-esteem emanating from her every word; working, happy, successful, independent; her first goal attained, envisioning the next.

“That's my mother...” She trumpeted and stretched her arm to the back of the room.

The woman stands in front of the classroom accompanied by a baby decorated in diapers, seeking affection and security. She is holding the hand of a toddler clad in curiosity. They both perch on the shoulders of a fifteen year old donned in doubt and misery. They whisper into the ear of a young adult clad with confusion.

I sat in the back of the classroom glowing with pride in my eyes, reacquainting myself with this marvel I produced and dry my eyes. The teacher is the woman I dreamed she would be.

Cordell A. Rone



"Frog"



Lee Sapp



"Squirrell"



The Garden "Me"

Kathy Stewart

my feelings
white roses
pure, armored
naive

my body
sunflowers
grand, strong limbed
seductive

my face
calla lilies
unique, full lipped
regal

my thoughts
African daisies
virtuous, colorfully contrasted
rich

my dreams
impatient
vivid, greatly numbered
delicate

my skin
African violets
deep, velveteen
sensual

the garden "ME"
exquisite bouquet
impressive, variable
complete





Calming of a New Day

Shermika Roconda Baynham

The newly prominent rays of the sun opens the heavens
Its rays shine upon my children contributing to their growth
As their petals sway among the cool breeze, their roots dance in
the sand
Whaling seas and gentle rains are their companions
They are me and I am them

Here I stand made anew
No longer letting man tear away at my frame
Depriving me of my beauty
Raping me of myself, my total being

No more oppression
No more bondage
No more pain
No more worries about the external land
No more, no more, no more

This is the time
This is the change
This is the song
This is the triumph
This is the dawning of a new day

I am as the earth
Now
In control
Forever Evolving
Forever renewing my strength
Shrubs on my body give birth to new creations
New beginnings

As I give birth to the inspirations of the mind
I give my child
My Second Coming of renewed identity
My soul
My inner child

As the sun sets and the moon greets the stars
I live to conquer another day
For this is the calming of a new day



Jerrard Beasley

"Looking For Versace"





Auschwitz '97

Pamela Steele

Painful visions
Standing
Exposed to me

“Work brings freedom”
Mocking
All who enter

Dragon-like posts
Clutching
Barbed laden wires

Tall sentinels
Watching
With empty eyes

One-way train tracks
Slicing
The camp in half

Wooden bed planks
Screaming
Long silenced prayers

Chambers of gas
Crumbling
From the horror

Ovens in woods
Hiding
Shame's legacy
Death's aroma
Clinging
Among the stones

Memorial
Begging
Do not forget

So many tears
Weeping,
Both theirs and mine





Ode to The Tattoo Artist
Jennifer Albert
Dedicated to Rob G. & Mercy G, Dante & Ricky

*I sacrifice to a higher power
My flesh my scar my communion my celebration
Color is my Jesus
and Jesus Saves, you know?*

*The priests perform the ceremony
infusing within my soul
The ecstasy of violation
Demanding that I become
Infinitely aware of my skin*

*This is where I worship
This house that is so holy
The tabernacle where I lay my sins
The pigment is the water
That purifies my life
The flesh made whole
Devoid of all suffering*

*The cleric forces upon my mind
Recognition of the fluidity
of all that is reality
Pertaining to this life
the static state of flux
This flesh is not my own.
This life is not my own.*

*And though the masses may condemn me
here I worship still*

*My supplication My submission
are all I have to offer you
My priests of Permanence
Oh, Messiahs of Mutilation,
allow me to worship again.*





Diana Severino



"Motel"

Renee Slade



"Time Out"





BLACK SOUL

Patrick Kerr

Have you ever seen the soul of an addict?
Ever seen the bottomless hells of torture
their black eyes paint?
No? Good, I pray you never do
it will make you question all things sacred
your country, your beliefs, your morals
your religion, your god, yourself.
What loving god could let a chemical satan
overcome love, and shred a family like
paper and swords, break friendships
(true friendships that is, not the five & dime
kind that are so Goddamn hurtfully common)
true friendships broken like twigs and hooves
what do you believe in when you swear allegiance
to a government who poisons our generation
with the diseases that we so willingly and happily
buy from them
what morals do you represent when you sell your child
on the street
not to clothe them, not to clothe you
not to feed them, not to feed you
but to feed your own disease
a disease which is infecting us
as quickly as those we give power to
can spread it to feed their own disease
of depraved greed and ego-trip maniacal hunger
for brutal power...
the power to KILL, to DESTROY?
to BUILD?
NO!
to tear down to reconstruct, remake, reprogram
and then BAM!

a perfect generation of robots
fueled by addiction
fed by their creators
empowered by who?
you, me, us.
Have you ever seen an addict's soul?
withered by self-inflicted pain
riddled with guilt
blackened by an unrelenting disease
I pray you never do
It'll make you wish you were deaf
so you could not hear the tortured cries from within
It is the most excruciating pain that will
leave you absolutely numb in the end.





A Fresh Start

She caught herself by the picture window more and more these days. Staring out into the open pastures that surrounded her father's Double J Quarter Horse ranch. She couldn't help but smile at the new foals running and dancing around their dams. It had been months since Jackie thought about horses. The riding accident that had left her in so much pain was still fresh in her mind. Locking herself in the house only reinforced her newfound fears of getting back in the saddle again. The ache in her legs reminded her of the screaming horse, the sound of her bones being crushed as Ruger fell on top of her when he reared to get away from the bear. When Ruger lost his balance, Jackie tried to step out of the saddle like she had so many times before while working with young horses that decided to test the boundaries of her patience, but her foot slipped from under her and she fell into his shadow as he came crashing down on the lower half of her body. Her riding partner had gone up the trail not to far ahead, and when he heard the commotion, spun his horse around. When he arrived, he found both Jackie and Ruger lying on the ground motionless. By then the bear wandered off, much more content with berry picking on the far side of the mountain, away from all this human contact.

Her father spoke to her one day about her newfound hermit lifestyle.

You should get out of this house. It's not healthy for a young woman to be locked away like this.

I don't feel like I can do it just yet.

The doctor says you are fine, your memories are all the pain you have left.

The tears threatened to spill from Jackie's eyes as she remembered the sound of Ruger's back leg snapping as it broke. After Jackie had been taken to the ambulance, they destroyed him on the trail where he fell on the only person who had ever been able to ride him. Her voice shook as she spoke.

Dad, my legs ache when I think about riding again and Ruger is gone

now.

Ok, so don't push the riding, but Jackie, you have to get out of the house again. Don't you miss your friends?

Jackie's face dropped as she whispered,

They all ride, Dad We have nothing in common anymore.

Her father, feeling the hurt in her voice, dropped the subject and moved on with the rest of his day. While Jackie turned back to her picture window... her new world. Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months as Jackie became more withdrawn from friends and family.

* * *

One day while staring out her window, Jackie noticed a new horse in the main paddock. He was big and colorful, unlike anything she had seen on the Double J before.

After Jackie had been taken to the ambulance, they destroyed him on the trail where he fell on the only person who had ever been able to ride him.

His body was almost divided into two parts by his coloring. The front half of him was black like the inside of her empty heart was these days and his rear quarters were white, almost as if he had a snowcap on his rump. Her father noticed her studying him and saw his plan fall neatly into place as he said nonchalantly, *He's something, huh? An Appaloosa. I couldn't resist him at the auction.*

We'll have to see how he does though. He's not even halter broke. Took five men and a tranquilizer to get him loaded on the trailer and once that wore off I thought he was going to rip the barn down. We ended up just turnin' him out and hopin' he didn't leap the damn fence and head for the hills.

Jackie's eyes stayed welded to him as he paced the fenceline. Every muscle in him rippled as he walked. She studied his conformation and could see no faults. Physically he looked perfect. His frame of mind, however, reminded her of how she felt these days. *Utterly trapped* The words echoed in her head while she watched him toss his head defiantly at the ranch hand who passed too close to his fence.

So, what do you think about him, Jacks?

He's nice.

Her voice was flat as the mesas themselves when she spoke, but her father saw that old familiar gleam in her eye as she turned her eyes





BJ Correale

back to the stallion.

He hasn't even been registered with the ApHC yet. Got to get that done before breeding season is here. If we can't break him, we can still pasture breed that handsome devil. Would be a shame not to. I might need some help with a name though, Jackie. You have some spare time... think about that for me will ya?

Jackie didn't even bother to tear her gaze away from the horse.
*Sure, Dad. Wouldn't want you to miss a season with a new stallion.
Thanks, sweetie. I knew I could count on you.*

He dropped a kiss on the top of her head and grinned as he stepped away from her. The next morning when Jackie was missing from the breakfast table. Her father didn't bother to guess where she was...

The stallion's eyes glittered with anger while he watched her approach his new home. He was not at all pleased with being here and this intruder didn't help matters at all. Jackie felt held there by his liquid eyes. Dropping her eyes to his shoulder, she moved closer to him. He snorted a challenge to her and pawed the ground with a metronome like beat as she moved within what he felt was his space. She didn't look up, steadily moving down his side keeping her body at an angle to his shoulder. Turning to face his rump and backing away from him, never raising her eyes to meet his. He was interested in this newcomer. As she moved away from him, he turned to get a better look at this strange creature. *He is wondering what the catch is,* Jackie thought, laughing to herself at the look of bewilderment on his face as she moved even further away from him but not quite out of what was his space. Jackie raised her hands, faced him, and stepped toward his shoulder. He wasn't ready for this movement and trotted quickly away from her. Jackie dropped her hands and opened them wide to either side of her body. He contemplated her new position for a moment and then moved in closer. Nostrils and eyes wide, he approached her with tentative steps, not sure if she was friend or foe.

Reaching out to touch his trembling muzzle she felt him breathe deep. Her hand brushed his nostrils for just a second, then rubbed slowly up the front of his face until she came to rest on his wide forehead. With her palm flat against his forehead, she closed her eyes and breathed into his wide spread nostrils. They traded breath to learn one another's smell. Jackie could hear him work his jaws, licking and chewing, showing his

new level of comfort with her being so close. He had accepted her as part of his herd. Being careful not to stare him in the eyes she backed away from him with her hands outstretched showing him she was nothing to be afraid of. He knew Jackie posed no threat and followed her to the gate. Not wanting his new pasture mate to leave he pressed his body between her and the gate, as if to herd her away from escape. She spoke in low, soothing tones so she wouldn't startle him.

Whoa now, easy there big guy. I'll be back soon, Beautiful. You'll see Jackie took the leader's body position and squared her shoulders toward his and moved toward him. Again being careful not to stare him in the eyes. *This is no time to imply I want to challenge him,* she thought. He paused for a moment, waiting for the challenge to come. Then satisfied that it was not, he moved obediently away as she moved him back with her body language. Jackie rewarded him with breakfast.

Her father stood stoic in the doorway like a wooden Indian at a trading post.

You missed breakfast young lady.

I know. I am sorry, Dad

He noticed that her worn boots were on her feet once again and smiled.

Been down to the horses have ya?

Well I thought maybe Cappy would like a softer touch than old Pete would use.

And though he knew the answer, he could resist asking.

Cappy? And who might Cappy be?

You told me to name him, Dad I did. Plaudit Snowcap Man. Cappy for short.

Dad rubbed his jaw and rolled the name around his mind for a moment while he glanced over at the big black and white stallion pacing the fence, looking for his only friend before scooping his daughter up and giving her a sound kiss on the cheek. Now it was time for his voice to tremble as he spoke.

Welcome back, Pumpkin.





Wendy DeVito

"All That Entertains"



Linda Espinal



"Tired"





South Campus Writing Contest

Mi Vida Loca (The Donkey Vampires)

As usual, the pizza was good. Stromboli's sweetened sauce complimented the musty, toxic odors of the city. I still hadn't finished my slice as I started across First Avenue, and down St. Marks. I swallowed the last piece of crust, lit a cigarette, and reached into my pants pocket to assess my account, so that I could appropriate the necessary funding for the weekend activities. I always remained very liquid. Before I approached the end of the block where there were too many noticing eyes, I quickly counted, plucked a fifty for my left pocket and shoved (as inconspicuously as I could) the rest down the front of my pants, just in case of predators. I loved this feeling. I felt free, on the loose in the city with some cash. When I was a kid, I used to take the train into Times Square, just to walk around, play some pinball, and watch the freak show. I always felt a sense of exhilaration in this place. The combustible, circus-like atmosphere of Avenue A and Tompkins Square Park was my home. The park was a playground within a playground. This was my playground. I knew this place as well as (all the other) stray cats, rats and cockroaches of the neighborhood. There were predators and prey around here. I had wanted to be neither, but still wanted to be part of it; like a wartime photojournalist, except that I was the living subject instead of the artist. I was living in my own little film noir.

On some corners, the sidewalks were a tiled mosaic of broken dishes, the fire hydrants day-glo. Ginsberg lived around the corner at Tenth and C. Jasper Johns inhabited an old bank building on Houston Street. And a sickly Andy Warhole could be beheld in the early morning hours at "The Ukraine" all night diner, next to a huge after hours club that used to be the old "Filmore East" on Second Avenue. Who cared? I cruised the galleries and bars, and played the clubs. It was post-punk, neo-new-wave. Almost every artist that I had ever admired while growing up in suburban New Jersey from Lenny Bruce to Sid Vicious had achieved the tragic/romantic immortality of bohemian chronicles. Keroac, Pollack, Parker, Morrison, Joplin and Hendrix, had all also posthumously

ascended to the status of folklore heroes. They were the art-legends of the Lower East Side. They were, as they say, "Forever Young." With wings. Or, as our forebearers had inscribed next to the Totem Pole, on the Tompkins Square band shell, "Give me art, or give me death!"

At the time, someone had tried to open a "Banana Republic" store on the corner of St. Marks and Avenue A. It was fire bombed. I rounded the corner past the burned out storefront. Where there was once shining chrome and glass, now stood plywood with spray-paint graffiti that threatened, "Death to all yuppies!" and "Stop gentrification now!" I shrugged. It was inevitable. People were leaving So-Ho for Alphabet City. It was beginning to look like a BMW dealership in So-Ho. Banana Republic would have no problem over there. NYU and Cooper Union delineated the frontier. Thank God for Los Puertoriquenos, I thought. They help to keep the place grounded. I ducked into Blanche's, an old Polish bar that my compatriots and I had commandeered as "home base." It was dark and very plain with only a couple of small tables and chairs, a pool table, and a jukebox. Very Spartan, but what else did we require? Lucy, the proprietor had become our matriarch. As I sauntered in, she appeared from a little unused kitchen in the back.

"Ah, Joey! Where you been?" She asked in her thick Polish accent. "Everybody looking for you."

I sat down at the end of the bar. "Me? What for?" She smiled. "Maybe you owe somebody some money. Everybody want to see you ven you owe some money, ha!"

"Yca, maybe. Gimme a beer, will ya Lucy."

She moved behind the bar, reached into the cooler pulled out a long-neck bottle of Budweiser, opened and placed it in front of me.

"Thanks, nastrovvia."

Lucy had pretty strawberry blonde hair and piercing blue eyes that could occasionally reach inside you to extract bits and





Fiction - First Place Winner

Ricky Smith

pieces of the truth beyond the usual bar small talk. Or was that just inside my head? But she would never think of interfering. She had that stoic, old-world European demeanor.

“Donna was here. She’s looking for you too.”

“Yea. It’s Friday. I have to go and get her some flowers.”

“She’s nice girl, Joey. She’s vorry for you.” She paused and aimed those blue eyes at me. “Sometimes, me too.”

“You’re sweet Lucy, maybe I’ll give the flowers to you this week.”

She laughed and started back to the little kitchen in the back. “You vatch bar for me, okay?”

I think I loved Donna (who didn’t, who wouldn’t have?). At least in so much as I knew anything about love. And I think that she loved me also, but like an adolescent, I kept her at an emotional distance. She was beautiful, demure, and was good and kind to everyone, almost to a fault. Making love to her was like doing it with (Disney’s) “Bambi.” I felt like I was doing something wrong, or was that in my head again? What was she doing with someone like me? I was twenty-three, and a mess. I had recently returned from a year of traveling around Europe, seeking God knoweth what. I should have never come back, I often thought. I was no better off when I returned. We met at a gallery or a club... I don’t remember. Finally, one night I went home with her. In the morning she served me coffee in baby blue teacups with pink saucers, and poured cream from the mouth of a little ceramic cow. She was artistic and playful. Eventually, when I made her cry, I felt like I should get the gas chamber for it because in time, I would murder our love as surely as if I had bludgeoned to death any other living thing. Finally, I was granted a temporary reprieve from my self-incriminating mood by a familiar voice.

“Hombre, where have you been? I’ve been scouring the streets all afternoon!” Eduardo was just passing by the bar when he noticed me sitting inside. He peered in cautiously, then stepped in from of the sunlight. “What are you doing here all alone with that

bottle of beer like a common member of the proletariat.”

“I am a common member of the proletariat,” I confirmed.

“Word up, homeboy.” He examined my appearance. “Poor baby, you must have worked all day. You look exhausted.”

Eduardo was tall, dark, Hispanic and effeminate. He often confessed to being quite handsome and not pretty, knew everyone, and went everywhere there was to go. He always got into every club, bar, and gallery without ever having to wait on line. At times, he really was a little too much of whatever he was, but I liked him. He was engaging and funny. Getting my fair share of grins was one of my priorities. He scowled at my favorite old black leather.

“When will you discard that ragged old hide. I keep telling you that you look like a common Bronx ruffian, circa 1965. All you need now is a little black pork pie hat.”

“I wish I had one. I like my old grease-ball jacket.”

“I am simply fascinated with suburban Jewish boys who would think that they were Italians from Brooklyn. You’re so cute. Just like Mickey Rourke. No wonder Donna is so infatuated with you. I just want to wrap you up, and take you home. But we do have to go shopping one of these days, and get you some clothes, homeboy. I know everyone at Saks. Or else, I just can’t be seen with you anymore. Baby, we have to go. It’s getting dark and it’s almost the witching hour. Are you quite finished?”

“Yes, I’m quite finished, Eddie.” I threw three dollars on the bar.

“Oh look, there goes that old queen, Ginsberg! Come on. I’m feeling rather ill now. Vamos!”

We were junkies in the major leagues, New York City. The artsy, heroin-chic variety. Eduardo was useful since he spoke not only fluent Spanish, but the language of the street as well, in both Spanish and English. This came in handy on the other side of Houston Street where the dope was immeasurably more potent and considerably more dangerous to procure. We crossed over to where Avenue A becomes Essex and turned down Rivington. It wasn’t





Philly Fall 1998

just the anticipation that had me salivating. I liked the perilous thrill. I used to get off on it.

There was this game we played when I was a kid. It was called "Capture the flag" or "Ringalevio." There were two teams and the object was to get the other team's flag, which was kept at the other team's home base, or "jail." You went out hunting for the other team's flag, where several things could happen to you. You could get caught by the other team and be beaten up, taken to "jail," or both. Or, you could be successful, and capture the other team's flag. Buying heroin off the street was like that. You could be beaten, robbed, stabbed, killed, taken to jail, or all of the above. But if you were successful, the titillation was just getting out in one piece. Then, instantaneous gratification.

We made our way down Avenue A. At Fourth Street he turned to me and said, "Did you hear about that shit over on Orchard? Somebody died last night, it was so good!"

"Let's go get some. Who's got it?" I thought out loud with indifference. Every time someone dies from an overdose, everyone wants to know where he got it. "What's it called?"

"Poison."

"Very appropriate," I reasoned.

It had been a bad week. George, this Greek was dead. He'd been killed just last week, trying to score. When some East Side bandito tried to rob him with a kitchen knife, he tried to defend himself with a garbage can top, just like in the movies. But it was chained to the can, and he bled to death at 4 in the morning right there on Avenue C, just like in real life. That event brought on a little heat. A few days later, the Mayor had watched the brisk business at Fourth and B from the back of a disguised police van and was quoted the next day in the Daily News. "It looked like an Arab bazaar out there. It was a disgrace!"

And so it was. The disgraceful people came from everywhere. From Jersey and Long Island, all occupations and life styles. Stock brokers in three-piece suits, nurses in their scrubs on lunch break, accountants, and punk rockers. All mingled with the most treacherous inhabitants of the city that inhumanity could invent. Finally (it seemed), we approached our destination, a

burned out, abandoned old tenement. It looked like The Funhouse in Dresden, after the carpet bombings. You could hear the watchwords being shouted from the rooftops in that familiar Puerto Rican dialect.

"Tato?"

"Bajando! O-feo!" and,

"Tato bien!"

One of the "workers" sitting with a quart of beer on the front steps, smiled and stood to greet my friend.

"Que pasa, maricone?"

Eduardo indignantly put his fists on his hips, and with his head bobbing from side to side retorted, "Maricon, tu padre, muthafucker!" He would not be intimidated, and neither would I. We wanted that deadly good shit.

"Okay, okay. Chill, bro'. We got that Poison. But be cool, the blue coats are out, an' they ain't playin', yo. It's like lockdown today," cautioned our interlocutor. The situation was as they say, hot as a firecracker. He looked around to survey both ends of the street, then called out, "Tato?"

"Tato bien!" Came a reply from above.

"Abre la puerta!" He motioned inside, and pointed to the decrepit-looking stairway.

"Third floor. Yo, it's on the money today! Necesita aparatos, papa? Can you help me out with a dollar on the way out?"

"No, and it better be, or I'm coming back f'yo ass," threatened Eddie as our new pal curiously observed us climb what was left of the staircase. I turned at the top of the first flight to notice him still watching. I had a bad feeling about this, but I always did. It was part of the drill, the danger. My heart was racing since we turned onto the block. Ahora, el momento de la verdad. On the way up we passed a well-dressed defense analyst in wing-tips with a briefcase, and a prostitute from my block on their way down. "Hi boys," she smiled. I could hardly breath in this place. On the third floor, another "worker" sat on a milk crate and stopped us before we could get to the door we were looking for. The Man looked us over.



“Manteca, o perico?”
“Manteca,” we sang in unison.
“Okay papa, one at a time.” He looked at Eduardo.
“Cuanto?”
“Tres.”

He reached inside his sock, and pulled out a little bundle of glassine envelopes; each one stamped with the skull and crossbones, like little Jolly Rogers. Eduardo handed him thirty dollars, quickly turned and said to me, “I’ll meet you down on the street.” I couldn’t blame him for wanting to get-the-fuck-out-of-there. There were several good reasons. Anyway, he had captured the flag.

“Quanto quiere?” Asked the man on the crate.

“Gimme five.” I traded the fifty in my left pocket for those five little bags, wrapped them in the cellophane from my pack of cigarettes, shoved them down my pants and as I turned to go, I couldn’t believe it when I heard myself say, “thanks.” I didn’t notice how dark it was coming up the stairs, but going down was like descending into a cave. It might as well have been. I could hear Spanish being shouted from the window upstairs. I didn’t like it. Half way down the last flight of stairs I could see someone at the bottom. I slowed. It was our helpful buddy from the front steps, but this time the look on his face wasn’t quite as jovial as before.

“Give it up, white boy.” I hesitated as he stood there blocking the last stair, pointing a knife at me. He took one step and raised his voice. “I’ll cut you, muthafucker. Give it up!” I guess he wasn’t on the clock anymore.

They say that in times of war, you don’t have time to think. I didn’t. I leapt from the sixth stair, flying feet first. I trampled him, kicking him in the head before falling on top of him in a heap. It felt like I was hit in the chest with a brick for a moment, but I was too scared to stop fighting. You never know how much you really want to live until someone is trying to take away your life. I was kicking and screaming, and couldn’t even think about giving it up. I was running on “auto-survival.” It wasn’t worth it. I was proving to be too much of a disturbance in their place of business.

Pin Ko Fud 1991



Outside, I heard: “Bajando, Bajando!” There were others to rob. He jumped up, and ran down the hall. I jumped up and ran out the front doorway, down the steps and didn’t stop until I was across Houston Street. When I slowed down enough to catch my breath, I could feel that my shirt was wet. I reached under it and looked at my hand. There was blood all over it. “Damn, that son of a bitch stabbed me!” A trail of blood led to Donna’s door knob.

That night, one of the doctors in the intensive care unit at Beth Israel knew that I’d be a wreck without a five-milligram shot of morphine, connected to that EKG machine all night. He told me how lucky I was. Was I? The perpetrator had missed my heart by a couple of millimeters. Donna and Eduardo both brought magazines and cried. I fell into a deep sleep, and dreamt of Pinocchio. In the morning, I had a bedside interview with a couple of New York City detectives. I gave the standard responses to all of their questions, “No... I don’t know.” I was released.

What’s the difference between a dream, a daydream, and a memory? I don’t know; they’re all so unreal; measured in moments. Junkies are like donkey-vampires. They generally come out at night, they’re obstinate, and love the sight of blood. They always know when they see one another. It doesn’t necessarily make them bad people. La Vida Loca doesn’t go out with a bang, but with a whimper.

The names have been changed to protect the innocence.





== South Campus Writing Contest First Place - Poetry ==

Teacher

Jennifer Albert

I understand your messiah complex
Though you think that I do not
And when I roll my eyes at you
And give you a despairing glare
Make no mistake
I am mocking you

I understand your supposed knowledge
For it has been my misfortune to know your type
You are numerous though you don't know it
And while paying you annoys me
I do so out of duty
Not because it might be worth something

I understand your superego
Nietzche explained it to me long ago
Comprehension does not stop me however
For barley controlling my temper
When your Shakespearean attitude
Falls out of your apprentice bard's mouth

I understand your delusions of adequacy
It is the plight of many who have lived
An insufficient amount of suffering

And while your dismissal of emotional carnage
Is extraordinarily infuriating I must
Recognize ignorance is annoying bliss

I understand your proud epitaphs
That you spout as though you were a Lama
Upon the mountaintop of creativity
And like a scholar attempting Tao
You are stupefied
By your assumed knowledge

I understand your prima-donna stance
While you stare down your nose
And pretend that you are gifted
And since I offer you all my patience
You will forgive me when
I forget to stifle my laughter

I understand your rooster-like caw
When I stare through your professor's skin
And nod my head in mock agreement at your advice
And when you notice that I have succeeded
By no fault of yours
Please bear me no grudge, teacher

The South Campus Writing Contest is sponsored by a bequest by Otto M. Burkhardt to the Broward Community College Foundation.





Numb
Helen Anne Kirfides

small talk before class,
I met you then.
acquaintances.

acting like children in a college order,
giggling, smiling, flirting....
friends.

closer
a crush for you,
I showed no interest.
just friends....
best friends.

talking,
listening,
understanding,
connecting...
loving.
falling for each other,
naive, unaware.
soul mates....

but things change,
we changed.
unannounced,
hurt, fear,
betrayal, confusion,
tears,
crept in....
allowing our precious love
to slip through our fingers
like dust.
dust.

I am numb,
and we,
are but acquaintances...
once again.





Cordell A. Rone

ARTS & CULTURE 1998



"Lunch"



Not Just Another

Joseph Ari Feig

**Language dissects silence, denying silence
defying comfortable silence.
Interbruant language that refuses
To life listless. Language that unravels
in the air through semantic smoke.
Reaching for forty-acre meaning passed
tainted histories foil. Tracing one thousand
years of English pronunciation to its roots of African soil.
Embracing children whom have never been to Jerusalem.
But with each new morning stuff crayon dreams into
smoldered brick cracks. Declaring the shape of native
tongue celebrating love.
Language dissects silence.
While corporate execs strut their distaste under the carpet.
Denying silence.
While rhythmic poets exchange rhymes.**





Pointless
Tiffany Bowe

*A tale of death a tale of woe
She holds his hand; he begins to let go.*

*Her hand becomes cold when his hand slipped away.
Just like her life that she gave up that day.*

*Tears drowned her face while she took the blade.
She cut herself and everything began to fade.*

*He walked in and it was too late.
He stepped in her blood and lost his fate.*

*Not knowing what to do, he knelt down and cupped her face.
All the should ofs, could ofs died on his lips as he kissed hers one last time,
Touching the once white but now blood red lace.*

*He took the blade out of her wrist, and
Began to join her in that cold abyss.
His blood dripped on the floor and mingled
With hers, and as he began to die he grabbed her
Hand and wouldn't let go, their deaths were pointless.*





ANOTHER DRY RIVERBED

Thomas Berger

Reality's great, but the lack of evidence proves otherwise
Opening my internal floodgate, I often wonder...
Will they drink from the river and stop the emotional erosion?

Or

Will they dam the river and piss in it too?
Salvation... it's always just out of reach, around the next bend
And reality's always there to cheer me on with masks of happiness
hiding the despair and self-loathing
Pure, constant, 100% happiness...

Ha!

This is the mirage we all run, stumble, fall, and eventually crawl
towards

Is this the meaning of life, pursuing false hope and counterfeit
realities?

Judging from the empty, dry riverbed and the new double
reinforced floodgate...

Yes

Yet I push on, strengthening the lock on the gate as I go...
Yet weakening what I hoped to strengthen in the first place
Susceptible to the many altered states of consciousness
I wave... I wave goodbye, and vulnerability swallows me whole
again

Trying over again?

Hey!

This time it might be different!

I already know the punchline, but I haven't told myself the joke
yet

The mental prison I reside in... well...

Sometimes I ponder this sentence I gave myself

Then I remember all of the hope and positivity I once had

But...

When I do decide to slide underneath the brightly lit crack of my
prisons door

Truth and pain shine brilliantly behind their well-constructed
facades

Pressure builds behind the gate again

I desperately lash out for that warm, fuzzy feeling

I cling to this being I'm blind to this facade

Not because I can't see the lonely truth, but because I choose to
ignore it

The pressure continues to build

The gate has been reinforced one too many times

Soon it will blow open...

Only next time, I'll leave it open

Leave it open to drain away everything

Drained to the last drop, till it's dry

It will end...

Right!

Right?

Nah...

The end will spark a new beginning

I can't hold it back much longer, better to put...

Don't want to

Is this the end?

Am I on the tour of reality again?

It's coming soon

I can feel the leak I've sprung...

Very soon now

Very soon....





May to Fall 1996

Sharon Thompson



"Jazzman"



Joey Machado



"Untitled"





Modern Heroes

Nicolette Pownall

Children screaming
inside the learning walls
a countries tears
buried in the sands of relegation
too much thought
too little action
Shining roles models
none of which are heroes
money buffers
product endorsers
Lost within this world
children with nowhere to go
no one to hold.
Screaming monsters
on our screens
saying all the wrong things
A society with out a soul
Tired are we of simple things
give me depth
teach me how to dream.

Children screaming
inside the learning walls
one more dead
nothing so mean
Heroes without names
so lightly looked upon
Fake heroes faking hearts
numbing our minds
they are not glory but sketches of true life
money grabbers
grave diggers
fetish is the name
pretending is their game
Point me to the real man, woman, child
so that I may call to them in pride
How I hate those
starry eyes.



"And The Word Became Flesh"

Cordell A. Rone





From the Fall 1998



"Me, Myself and Eyes"



Fam Kim Fall 1991



David Y. Goodman





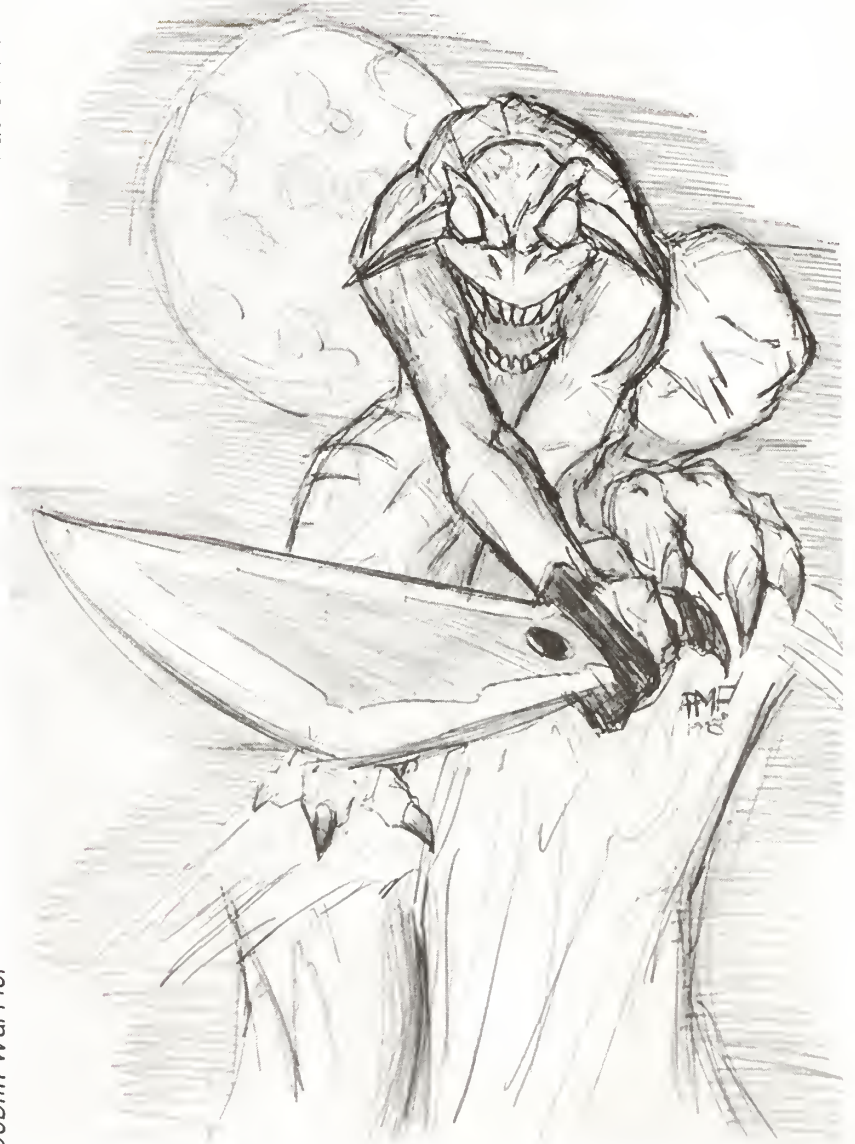
Dew Scented Tears

Allen Cunningham

Winter.

Slumber gives way to the light of mourning.
From breathless sleep comes forth words;
words from bloodied lips and shadowed eyes.
The sound of quivering flesh echoes throughout dust
ridden hallways,
frostbitten waves crash against ashen gray walls.
Night's swollen grasp is lifted from the lids of
weeping mothers
and from their tears are born oceans -
oceans of cream stained butterflies
lost in a desert of azure sands.
The sun radiant in her dance-
showers her children with golden strands,
warm and nourishing, while the storming of militant
crows flock
toward the Eastern plains,
milky white horses follow,
gallivanting across the fields of newborn seedlings,
starving with the fervor of life.
Spring's fragrance envelopes the thriving
countryside in a newly spun web,
crafted with golden spindles of honey
mixed with the dew scented tears of
Goddess Spring.

Pablo M. Fontaura



"Goblin Warrior"





I Am Blood - I Stain For Life
S.K. Kever

Refrain ———

When your on the bottom
looking up
it all looks like money.
Scrapes from the table
is the poor people's lot -
Gambling, drugs and
prostitution
Wash my car - !
Clean my house - !

John Q. ———

Oh, Lord, dat ain't no work.
Dey called us
from da farms
from da hills -
Black and White.

come work in da factory;
you don't need
no fancy education.

Make 150 a week -
Rent's 115
Buses 15
just to get to work.

Den my factory job
went to Mexico;
wife's seamstress job
went to Taiwan-
our lives went to hell.

When it's over -
Thanks for your time,
Flip you a dime
doesn't even buy
a cup of coffee.

Who gonna feed
da kids?
Da church -
Kids don't belong
to da church.
Dey my kids

I don't control nothin' -
But it's my fault
I can't make
a livin' -

Da Man
he say
you lazy.

Da Man
he say
you ain't
worth nothin' -

Da Man
he say
you ain't nothin'

but a junkie -
How else I make it through the day?

I better off
in jail -
3 hots and a cot.

Dey say
gonna be some
fallout;
some people gonna
suffer.

Dat's all right
as long as you
ain't doin' the
suuferin' -

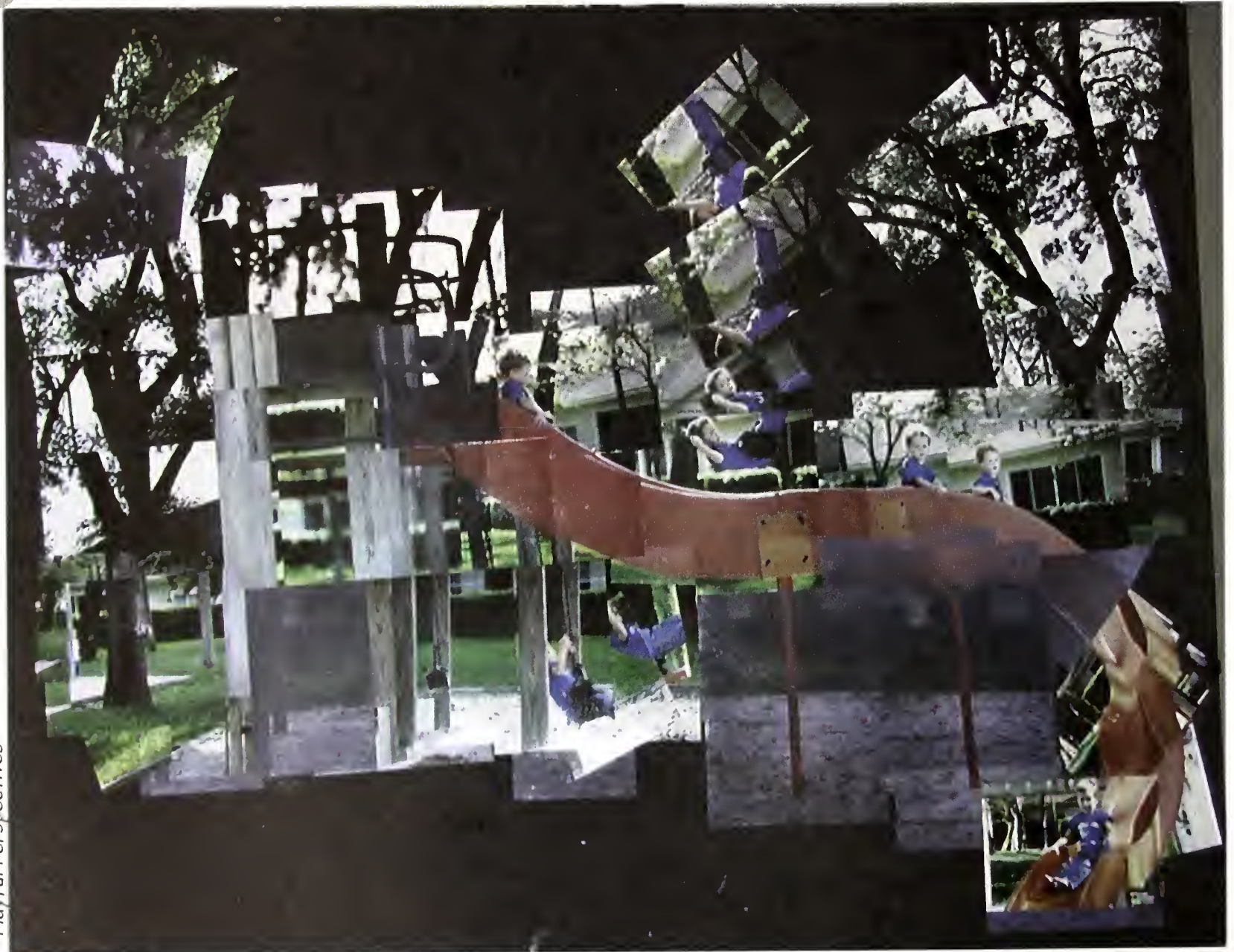
Refrain ——— When your on the bottom
looking up
it all looks like money.
Scrapes from the table
is the poor people's lot -
Gambling, drugs and
prostitution
Wash my car - !
Clean my house——



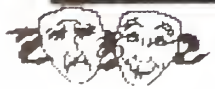


6th Edition 1998

Martha Madrid



"Playful Perspectives"





Martha Madrid



"Encounter With Vanity"





My Mother in Beach Sandals

Van Tran

I grew up in a family of seven. I remember many things growing up, many of them vivid images of my mother. For as far as I can remember, my mother was always at the heart of our lives. I didn't understand much of what was going on. At the time I didn't know how to appreciate her efforts. She worked her fingers to the bone in order to keep our family in good health. We simply could not function without her. We didn't have much growing up either. My mother had to balance between two jobs and also make time to be a full-time mom. It was a tense period for my mother. She worked the early morning shift as a dishwasher at a local cafeteria, and at night she worked with the cleaning crew at the airport. I remember her coming home everyday a broken mess.

I hated my mother. There wasn't a day in my childhood where she didn't come home and fuss. She would yell at each of us, without end, if we were too dirty, or the house was a mess, or the bathroom wasn't clean, or the dishes weren't washed. Nothing escaped her. In those early years, I never understood how my mother could be so unreasonable. I was only a kid. Because I was extremely sensitive to the things she said to me, I went to bed crying, every night. I don't remember a night I didn't hope and pray the next day to be different - that perhaps tomorrow, her expectations of me wouldn't be so high.... but that was then.

I've grown a little older, more aware of the sacrifices my mother made to put food on the table. I've grown out of my childhood selfishness, and into an age of understanding. When I was little I didn't think there was such a thing as unconditional love. Something happened not too long ago that made me believe such things do exist, particularly, a moment with my mother.

I remember my mother in beach sandals. I remember the moment very well but I don't remember which day it happened. It was one day of my senior year at North Miami Beach High School. I had forgotten an essay at home the day that it was due, and my English professor, Dr. Lavin, asked me to call home, to have someone bring it to me. I didn't know whether she (Dr. Lavin) was obsessed with punctuality or that she didn't believe me. The later was highly likely. At any rate, I called home and my mother was the only one there. She is illiterate, you see, so I had to describe to her where I last left it and what it looked like. Fortunately, she found the right one and asked someone to take her to the school. I

Through all the bad times, in all my moments of despair, I need only close my eyes and remember my mother in beach sandals.

remember being called down to the main office about half an hour later, and as I was coming down the side stairway I saw my mother in beach sandals, holding my essay in her

hands and straining anxiously to see me coming down the stairs. I cannot describe to you how I felt at that moment except that I had taken a few steps back up the stairs, and that I had needed a few moments to compose myself.

I don't exactly know what happened, but I had caught my mother in the middle of doing something great and from that moment on, no matter how much my mother nags or yells at me, no matter how cold or uncaring or unreasonable she may seem at times, no matter how hard things get, I latch on to that one moment and I know, I am certain, that she once loved me - genuinely loved me - and that certainty, for me, is enough to carry me through anything. I no longer go through life wondering if anyone has ever loved me. Through all the bad times, in all my moments of despair, I need only close my eyes and remember my mother in beach sandals.





*I Taste Your Lovers' Juices while I
Lick Your Engine Clean
Jennifer Albert*

*I abdicate the throne of your objec-
tions
and borrow back my worn crown of
thorns
When you tell me that you love me
While your jewel is in my mouth
I have no choice but
to assume that you are unfaithful
and when you proclaim your servitude
to me
While I gallop, head held high
On your lap
I must presume that multitudes have
Enjoyed a similar ride,
and while I enjoyed you,
(so many have enjoyed you)
and acknowledge my addiction
I assume that you understand
That I understand
The whore that you have been
and though I love you now
Do not pretend that you deceive me
I have seen all your fornication
and most of your aberrations
and still I drink from you
Thick crystal wine
It is not that I am blind to your diver-
gences;
It is just that,
Like the fish we ate for dinner last
night before bed,
Love tastes sweeter
When marinated in foreign juices.*





THE WEDDING

Holly Baublitz



"Till Death Do Us Part"





The Nights of May
Alyssa Yankwitt

A vague recollection
of your face
The smell of your Body
drenched in My sweat
My ambitions are immense
and you come with me
back into that
carnal season of flesh
Those nights we spent
locked in a young boy's fantasy
Silence
do not call it love
as hot as the sun on
the heat drenched earth
as pure as the white light
from the moon embracing us
Oh how I admired your essence
our great smell of defeat
but still I am just as obedient
prepared for your change
We drift between the solemn
halls of the temple
Ready to sacrifice guilty laments
Divine intervention
A moment of clarity
When it almost means something
and the connection appears real
on those nights in May
Where a young boy learned
How to be a man





A R T I S T F E A T U R E

“PUPPET WEDDING”

R O S I N A K I L L I A N

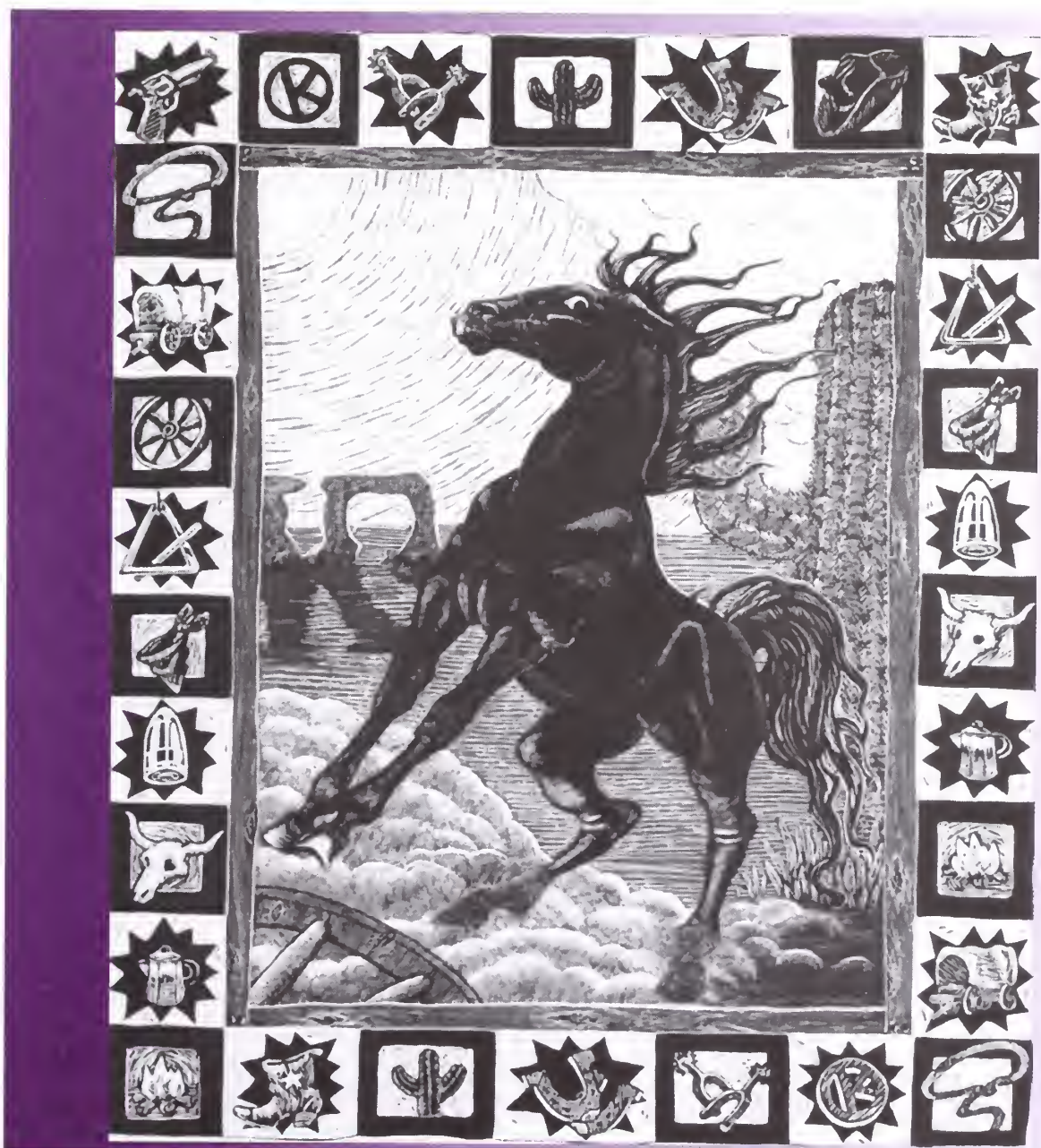




A R T I S T F E A T U R E

“M U S T A N G”

R O S I N A K I L L I A N





From the Fall 1998

Choices Andrea Wexler

Sometimes it's hard to know
What is right.
You don't know whether
To follow your heart and see what trails behind.
It's hard to let go
When all you've got
In this world
Is what's in front of you.
Yet before you
Lays an open door
That says
Don't ignore me.
Do you stick to what you know?
Or do you dare to be free
And take a chance on what
Could be the best moment,
The best feeling of your life.
The comfort of an old friend
Is a beautiful thing,
But when the fire burns out
And the smoke disappears,
What is left behind
Is the choice
Between what you know to be true in your heart
And the fear
Of the unknown.
Take a chance
And follow where it leads
Because you only live once
And you never know

What lies before you.
And if what you have got
Doesn't fill the void
That haunts your soul
Then what you have got
Wasn't meant for you.
Because when your heart is crying
out,
And it's calls go unheard, then
The sweet misery left behind
Is the price you pay for
Living without.



Writings on the Bathroom Wall
Alyssa Yankwitt

Paint & Pencil 1998



Everybody's talking trash
something to say about...something
an opinion-bias hypothesized conclusion
tell another lie
I could sit on this floor all day
and revel in the wonder of this feces
they say cocaine is good for the soul
and a dull edged knife is perfect
at 2:00 a.m. on a Thursday night
but when you call rehab
they offer no solace
because you don't even know your name
some people teach contempt
and others teach you how to
commit suicide with the guilt
shrinks only ask you why
and Prozac doesn't talk back
but they say that
conversation kills communication
and that grammar isn't a way of life
but a means for perfection
only when you're bored
I could count all of these filth
stained tiles one-by-one
trying desperately to remember
exactly what I wanted to forget
a women's body is never her own
only a shell of what she really is
composed of meat and blood and sin
and the layers fall off
at every moment in between a memory

suddenly that phone number on the wall
begins to look rather tempting
it's been so long since I've had a good time





A Moment with Dorothy Gillespie....

Dorothy Gillespie is a well known artist who grew up in Roanoke, Virginia. Even as a child she was the artist of her class, doing projects such as the holiday decorations. Now, at 78, she has built quite a resume. She has done over 100 solo shows, over 60 group shows, approximately 30 collections, over 30 commissions and over 30 catalogs of her work. She has also given numerous lectures and has been featured in numerous articles, as well as writing a few herself.

She has also won many honors, including Doctor of Pedagogy from Niagara University, a Doctor of Fine Arts from Caldwell College, the 1987 Women of Distinction award from Birmingham Southern College, the key to the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the key to her hometown of Roanoke, Virginia. In addition to that, she has also donated several pieces to Broward Community College, most recently to the new building on South Campus. "The significance of having her work here is that students will have important works available to them, either to study from an art or historical point of view, or just to enjoy," said Dr. Kyra Belan, an art professor at South Campus. Dorothy's work was placed in the new auditorium and the new cafeteria as well as in building 69 and on the wall of the lecture room by the Art Gallery on South Campus.

While she was installing the pieces in building 68, she took the time to reflect on her work, her philosophy, and her advice to aspiring artists for P'an Ku's readers. This is what she had to say.

By Jamie Beckett

JB: At what age did you get involved in art?

DG: When I was five years old.

JB: What was it that drew you to art?

DG: I think that people are born to be artists. I think I was born to be an artist. From my earliest memories, I always wanted to draw and work with my hands.

JB: Is there a certain artist that influences or inspires you?

DG: Of course other artists are very important but especially artists that lived so long ago because their work is still around. That makes you feel that you can do something that will live longer than you do.

JB: Do you have a favorite piece of art? Either your own or someone else's?

DG: I don't think so. I think that you learn as an artist, that you don't own anything. It's only loaned to you for a short time, and then it goes somewhere else and maybe that's the way it should be.

JB: How did you get your start in your career as far as doing art shows?

DG: Well, I went to art school and of course that's a big plus. When I graduated from art school, the thing that we had been taught was that there were two things you aimed for in life as an artist: to produce a body of work, always to keep producing that body of work and to have the respect of your peers. There was no such thing as becoming a famous artist and it wasn't even mentioned that anyone would become a successful artist. You wanted to function as an artist and to be an artist. I think it's sad now that



everyone wants to... you notice you're a starving artist or you're a famous artist or you're a poor artist. It always has an adjective in front of it and it would be nice just to be able to be an artist. That way there would be so much more room for so many more people to function as artists.

JB: Is there any particular experience in your career that stands out in your mind?

DG: I think that probably when I knew I was able to paint abstractly, because I was taught to paint classically. I can paint you to look just like you. I think that's a very important background for every artist to have. I don't think you can paint abstractly if you can't paint what you see with your eyes. I think that when I made that big breakthrough, to be able to paint abstractly, totally abstract. You know it's interesting because one of the great mistakes that young artists make is that they're always trying to prove that they're good artists. It almost has to be that when you become a good artist, you can throw that away and you don't have to prove anything anymore. You know that yourself. I always see people who do things on canvas to prove that they know what they're doing. But that gets in the way of the piece of work. I think it's because art doesn't have any rules and regulations. You don't have to have a Masters or a Doctorate. In everything else you know pretty much where you stand in the world and in painting and sculpting, you don't know, so I think it has to do with the artist wanting to prove themselves.

JB: Why did you decide to display your work here at BCC?

DG: Well, I had a show here in 1991; a big show in the gallery. The gallery was new. I came down for the installation and I became involved with BCC. I think it's a wonderful school. I don't know whether the students know it but, it has some very unique things. In the first place, to have a gallery in a school this size, a community college, to have a separate gallery where shows are put on? Amazing! To have the public library be the school's library? I mean, it's unbelievable! Colleges are usually ranked by the size of their libraries

and this is unbelievable to have a public library as the library of the school on the campus. I think it's great.

JB: How would you classify your work?

DG: My work is totally abstract. Meaning that there's no resemblance to anything or any person and I think that it makes it more universal. In between painting and sculpture, most of the sculptures now come from painting rather than the opposite. One of the things I have here is two dimensional at the school, the one in the new cafeteria is two dimensional but that's illusion, painting is illusion and sculpture is real.

JB: What's your favorite piece to look at?

DG: Good abstract is exciting to me because it doesn't limit you to the vision of the artist. I adore Rembrandt! But there all people. I love to look at them because they're like old friends and I'm sentimental about them. Some of the abstract artists are so exciting, you just soar when you look at them. I think it's interesting that the old masters were all very religious. I don't think that contemporary artists are that religious, but they certainly are spiritual.

JB: Does that have an impact on your art?

DG: I'm certainly not religious at all, but, I certainly think I'm spiritual. Some people just don't need organized religion to feel good about how they feel about things.

JB: What medium do you prefer to work in?

DG: I like to work in all mediums. On whatever works best for every job. Every time I do a piece of work I ask myself, "What's the best thing to do this thing?" Sometimes it's paper. I do three dimensional paper. Sometimes it's paint. Sometimes it's metal. It just depends on the job. I use whatever I'm doing. I use the material that's best for that. It would be silly for me to make it in metal if it would work better in paper.





THE 23rd FEB 1990

JB: What influenced your move from realism to abstract?

DG: I saw some of the work and met some of the artists, the abstract expressionist and their work sang to me. I had not seen such work before and I knew that I wanted to be an abstract artist. One day, I had a breakthrough. I'd been working on a four feet wide by seven feet high cathedral. Very inspiring. I was trying to put some steps, some windows, some details. I would have to take it out. This went on for days and then one morning, I just had a revelation. I said, "I don't want to tell anybody how many steps there are to walk up to their house of worship. I want to paint what you feel like when you enter your house of worship." Since then, I have been totally abstract. It is not a natural progression. It takes almost a philosophical or spiritual leap to want to paint totally abstract.

JB: What do you consider the major breakthrough of your career?

DG: When you know what your supposed to do as an artist. You have no problem. You don't have to worry about what your supposed to paint. I'm supposed to paint what I paint. That doesn't mean you don't work hard. You work very hard. I can spent the next twenty years just painting with purple and green or black and white. Monet spent the last twenty years of his life painting water lilies in his garden.

JB: What message do you want people to get from your work?

DG: I would hope that it's inspiring. I would hope that it makes people happy. I would hope that it touches them in some way that maybe nothing else has touched them or if it has, that it reaffirms what has touched them before.

JB: What feeling do you hope people can take away from looking at your work?

DG: I would hope my work has integrity and seriousness and even though it looks like it's fun and games, it's really quite serious. It's kind of like, when you hear a wonderful speaker, your just a little bit better for it. Art does that to me so I hope it will do that for other people. When I am working, often I have ecstasy.

JB: What influence do you think art has had on society?

DG: I feel badly for people who don't experience the act of viewing art. All of the arts touch us in different ways. We're very lucky now that we are in touch with good art. For so many years, it was owned by rich people... kings, queens, czars owned all the art. We're lucky now it's available to us. The perfect thing of course, with art, is to live with it. That's wonderful and if you just buy a little drawing or something, something happens. I feel sorry for people who haven't had that experience because it's like some people who don't like good music or haven't been exposed to it. Somebody once said "You walk around in a two dimensional gray world when really there's such wonderful color and music and sound and excitement and all those wonderful things that art makes us aware of in ourselves." All the arts do that. Music touches you in one and art touches you in another way.

JB: What do you see for the future of art?

DG: I think it's amazing. They say the more technical we become, the more we need things like art and music, because we need things that are hand done. That somebody wrote it instead o f b e i n g composed on a computer or a mechanical thing and I think that's true.

JB: Do you have a certain time of the day when it's easiest to work?

DG: I start working at six o'clock in the morning and I work until 5:15pm. I take a half hour break for lunch.

JB: Do you think it's important for someone pursuing art to get formal training?

DG: Yes. Extremely important. I don't know how a person could teach themselves. I think that it's wasted time teaching yourself, because you don't know what's lacking. You don't know how to get what you want to get. It's like trying to teach yourself a language, so I think it's terribly important. I think it can be done, but there are not artists that are self taught that are really good artists. Picasso's father was an art teacher and Picasso was around it and watched his



father and that's why he was such a good artist at a young age he saw it.

JB: When you're doing something like you're doing now, do you have an idea in your mind already of what you want to do or do you visit the space.

DG: I visit the space and think a great deal about what I saw and what I want to do.

JB: Do a lot of your pieces have a theme or are they tied together?

DG: In Lincoln Center in New York, they have two editions. They have one of the pieces hanging, often a little kid will run up and say, "Mommy, we've got one of these." When they question them about what they own, they own a piece of mine, but it's entirely different. But they say they have one of these, meaning that they know it's one of mine. They recognize the art. Not because it's exactly like it, but they recognize that it's by the same artist.

JB: When you're creating your pieces, do you sketch it first?

DG: Sometimes, when I'm doing a piece for a corporation, I give them three ideas of what I would like to do and I make one better than the others and they always pick that. That's my little trick.

JB: What's the process of putting a show together?

DG: I taught a course at a new school for social research. We told them that every artist should have five shows ready at a moments notice. One could be a paper exhibition, one could be a painting or small things or large works or whatever.

JB: What advice would you give someone pursuing a career in art?

DG: I would say, do it because you love it. If you do it because you have to if you have a choice, don't. So many people don't have a choice; They have to be an artist. It doesn't mean your going to be a successful artist. Most artists are not successful, financially. There

are more artists that have never earned any money from their art. They do other jobs to earn a living but they do it because they have to do it. If you want to make money, I say, "Go sell shoes."

JB: Are there any additional comments you would like to make?

DG: I would like every artist to have a wonderful life like I have. It's important to work hard. Any artist who thinks that it's any easy job is not going to be a very good or a very productive or a very long lasting artist. If your competing against anything, its yourself. You have to do better because you've already been there and done that. so now you've got to do something that stimulates you. I know of no gallery that says "I'm going to take Betty Smith instead of Jean Smith." They know which one they want, they know which is right for them. I learned a long time ago that you can't superimpose your wishes on a gallery owner because they will soon tell you that they like to find their own artist. To be an artist you have to be totally dedicated. totally disciplined and have a wonderful sense of humor because if you don't, you're in trouble.

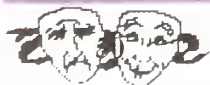




BROKEN EYES

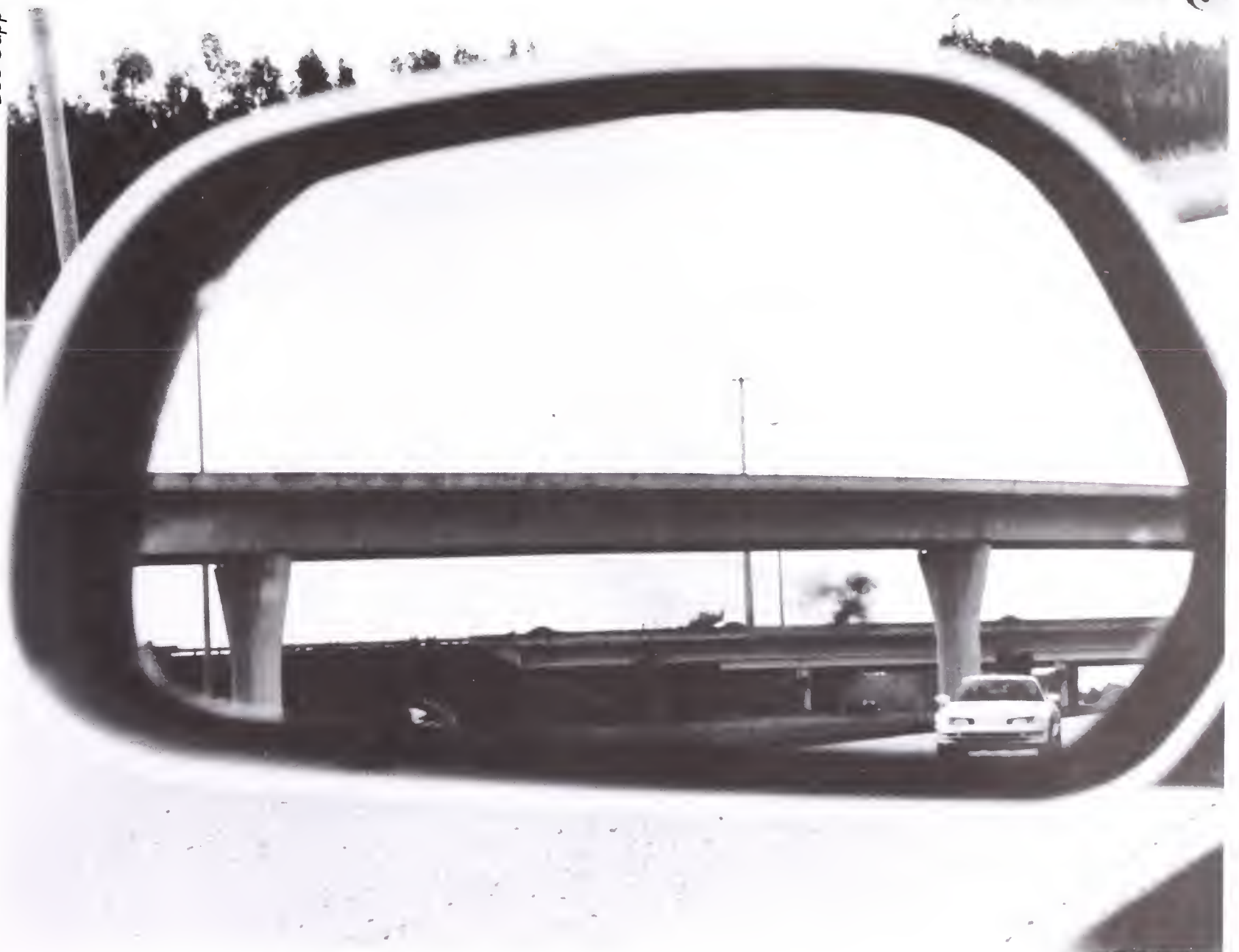
Patrick Kerr

**I look at you
with broken eyes
full of dust
full of lies
I look at you
with broken thoughts
disdainful feelings
I've always fought
I look at you
on broken knees
the distance - cosmic
you're not like me
I look at you with no confusion
with cloudy eyes
and cleared illusion
I look away
for I am gone
the world is ceaseless
time moves on**



Lee Sapp

"Fire \Rear Window"





www.bjcorreale.com

Crucifixion

BJ Correale

My ball point pen screams and scratches across paper balanced over a keyboard
As he stands over my shoulder

watch

bid

wait

for a mistake

As if by his pure will, I will do so. For then he is

Boss

I create a virus

tear

eat

mangle

his software

Ragged and bleeding he is now useless

flounder

wallow

beg

for the mercy of the

True Boss

Who is sucking the life from the disk drive



Jennifer Bracey



"Happy Phantom"





Twelve Minutes

Claire tapped her foot looking at the clock then at her husband who was staring blankly on the chair next to hers. My life could take a whole new course in twelve minutes! I will either be whirling in expectation or sucked into that familiar whirlpool of disappointment. Stay or go? Stay or go?? The tapping foot picked up the pace. OK, maybe I will stay for six minutes, see how it goes.

She elbowed Allan gently, he reacted by jumping up as if he were a cat clinging to a screen for his life.

"Dear god Allan sit down!"

"Well you almost pushed me off the damned chair, how am I supposed to react!"

"Oh please... I really am in no mood for dramatics, we have more important things ahead don't you think?"

"Oh I agree but a gentle pssst in my ear would have gotten my attention you know."

It struck her that they were incredibly stupid and silly. Out of nowhere, she burst into one of her bird like laughs; he followed suit with an absolute guffaw. In moments they were weak with laughter, made even weaker by the effort of trying to conceal their hilarity. The three other couples in the room looked at them with questioning gazes, then bold curiosity, which then rolled over into contagion. Soon they were all giggling like schoolgirls, not one of them had a clue as to what was so damned funny.

Aware of the surroundings, their self imposed need for decorum, wanting to make a good, serious, responsible impression you could hear, the whispered admonishments, "OK now stop, please... this is awful... stop it or I will kill you..", as each couple tried to reel back into control. The chain was broken when the office door opened; a tall, gray suited woman walked out, peered over her glasses and called, "Mr. and Mrs. Allan Powers?"

Claire's head shot up as her hand reached out to grab onto Allan. The twelve minutes was up? He stood and

Claire's head shot up as her hand reached out to grab onto Allan. The twelve minutes was up? He stood and turned to her trying to look calm and confident extending his hand to her. His thin smile gave away the true emotions of the moment.

turned to her trying to look calm and confident extending his hand to her. His thin smile gave away the true emotions of the moment. The secretary smiled at them, "Please, come in, Mrs. Babcock will be with you shortly." She escorted them to a small office closing the door

behind her, leaving them alone.

Allan took her hand in his as she leaned towards him and whispered, almost as if she were afraid someone may actually hear, "This is intolerable. I feel like a jangling jar of lost screws."

He kissed her cheek.

"Hard to believe we may actually get a child, we have waited so long baby."

She smiled at him absently as her mind raced over every detail she and Allan had discussed leading up to this decision. The years of disappointment at trying to





Kerry Maze Foley

have their own child had almost been the death of their marriage. She had been so caught up in her despair that she took very little notice of anything else in their lives. One night they were invited by their closest friends, Sara and Mark, for a small dinner party. One of the other guests was a woman who spent much of the evening talking about her two grown, adopted children.

This led to one question after another and soon a whole new world opened before Claire and Allan. They had talked excitedly on the drive home of the possibilities, the disappointments faded into the background and they felt the connection between them pull tight once again. Sex had become a chore in their marriage, a means to an end, the end being failure as they saw it. That night it had been rich, full and passionate. Serving no other purpose than to quiet the need they felt for each other.

Quickly they researched and found an adoption agency that was highly regarded as well as reasonably close to home. They lost no time in filing out the endless application forms. The notice of this appointment came by mail within 3 months. They were filled with an excitement they had thought was long gone from them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Powers, I am Anna Babcock, Thank you for coming in, it is a pleasure to meet you."

Claire's stomach tightened as if someone was slowly turning the screw on a vice. She looked at this woman who seemed to hold their lives in her hand and was relieved to see the eyes were kind, the smile genuine; as she took the hand that was extended to her she felt the vice loosen just the tiniest bit.

"I know both of you must be very nervous, but please try and relax, I so much want to help you find a child. Why don't we take this time to get to know one

another, see where it leads us. I received your preliminary application for adoption, we ran the required criminal, credit and personal reference checks on you both and all of that seems to be in perfect order. Which bungs us to this point. This is a type of intake interview if you will. It allows us to get to know our future parents so that we can feel confident that the child we place with you will have the best opportunity we can offer. I am sure you both understand how seriously we must take this very important task we have." Allan looked at Claire then at Mrs. Babcock, "Do you mean to say that this is not a meeting to tell us we are getting a child?"

"Oh my no, Mr. Powers. Though it would be marvelous to think it could happen so rapidly. Adoption has become a rather arduous process and the list of waiting parents is very long, but we do like to get things moving as quickly as possible since it is not unheard of for babies to become suddenly available with very little notice." Claire and Allan looked quietly at each other, their disappointment hard to hide. They had really expected more definite news than this. The rest of the interview went along uneventfully. The words blended into a monotone drone. All Claire heard was No. No baby, not now. more waiting. Everything else was unimportant, mere details. A frozen smile in place, her eyes glazed. Handshakes and words of encouragement offered at the end. Mrs. Babcock was sure they would hear something soon.

Walking back to the car, the silence between them screamed with frustration, sucking up all the oxygen. Footsteps echoing in the half empty garage. How appropriate, Claire thought bitterly. Half empty, just like our lives and our hearts. The defeat that had slowly started to leave their posture was back now, bigger and





better than ever. "We never should have done this Allan, never! It is just another way to be told NO. Not good enough, not young enough, not fertile enough." A deep shuddering breath escaped from her, the effort of this admission taking its toll.

"That is not what she said baby, not what she said at all. It is about waiting. I thought she was rather encouraging."

"Listen to yourself. You don't even believe it. We are idiots, Allan, IDIOTS! Hopeless fools who refuse to accept the inevitability of our childless future together. Why we even bother to continue chasing these butterflies is beyond me. It will always be the same." He spun towards Claire, eyes full, glistening. Shaking with a new fury, his own crushed spirit caught in the open, a deer in the headlights.

"Don't you talk to me about foolish hope. Don't you even dare to push your own bitterness ahead of mine. This is not just your loss! This is not just your life! This is our dream, our child, our marriage. You are killing every bit of hope there is to cling to! I won't let you take that from us, God damn you!"

He shook his fist at her, tears running freely, "You hear me Claire! You cannot have my hope. I am not so easily defeated."

"Pointless hope, Allan. How long before you wake up and see it for what it is. Nothing, not for us! Oh everyone is so polite, so encouraging, first it was 'Relax'; now it has changed to 'Wait'. Same meaning in the end!"

The car was there somehow, she hadn't even been aware of their walking. He opened the door and got in. Looking at her through the windshield. She looked back, turned from him and walk towards the exit sign that was illuminated on the far wall. The last she heard was the fading sound of the engine as he drove away from her. Finally, she was alone. The solitude was

welcomed, comforting. All her attention turned inward to the weight that hung so unevenly in her chest. She leaned against the cool cement wall allowing the wave of self pity to wash over her until it calmed to a ripple.

I don't think I have ever been so tired. Pushing the exit door opened she headed down the stairs. Taking a deep breath as she walked out onto the street, she felt unreal, numb. As she rounded the corner trying to decide just how she was going to get home, she saw the car pulled off to the side, motor running. A lone tear slid down her left cheek.

Allan got out and opened the door for her. His face softened now, as tired as she was. "It's time to go home baby, please, just come home with me."

Once again they were alone.







The One That Got Away

Diane L. Larson

I knocked on the door. Bobby's mom answered.

"Can Bobby come out to play?" It was a chilly afternoon, the day after Easter, windy too. Bobby's mom was a nice lady, always invited me in.

"Harry is here," she called inside, in less than a minute, Bobby was at my side, but not for long.

"Come see what I got!" Bobby said, halfway to the backyard, a big unfenced lawn. I caught up to him as he headed for a wire cage under the tree. He unlatched and opened the door. Inside was a little brown rabbit with a white tail. Bobby pulled a carrot from the back pocket of his dungarees and held it out. The rabbit trembled in the far corner. I stood still and silent, a good three feet away.

"Don't you want to feed my bunny?"

"Nope. Let's go play army. We got a new 'fridgerator at my house. I got the box."

Bobby tossed in the carrot and closed the cage. We were off.

We got to the fort and sat down inside, a good wind break. I dug deep into the side pocket of my overalls puffing out two pennies. The shiny one was mine. The other one I handed to my best friend.

Bobby studied the penny, then looked up. "Harry, why don't you like my bunny?"

I had to tell him. "Don't you know why my mommy died when I was five?"

Bobby shook his head.

"She came home from the doctor and told Daddy that the rabbit died. They were real happy. She said I'd have a sister or brother in time for Easter.

That was last Easter. Mommy got fat and then went to the hospital. She didn't come home, but my baby brother did. Mommy died because the rabbit died."

"How do you know?"

I looked down at my scuffed brown shoes. My throat hurt but I had to keep talking, for Bobby's sake. "I asked my daddy once. He held me on his lap and cried. I hate it when my daddy cries. So, I don't ask anymore. Anyway, some things you just know. And I know not to mess with rabbits. Bobby, I never told this to anyone, but I threw away my bunny slippers. I don't eat my Easter candy. I don't even like Bugs Bunny."

It was Bobby's turn to be lieutenant. He gave the command to fall in. We marched to his back yard. He unhooked the rabbit's cage, leaving it wide open. He even tossed out the gnawed carrot. We marched to the candy store for our C-rations, three pieces for a penny. We took our time choosing.

Bobby turned to me as we headed back to the protection of the fort, and said, "You know, I don't believe in the Easter Bunny. Can I have your Easter candy?"





WHAT I MEAN

Christian E. B. Manzella

my composure again is challenged
youth is ideology, not physiology
have a little implicating my motive
a transcension of all chronology

a pathway of events taking apart of your time
smile on my face not because of your charm
I drift away again with my thoughts and my mind
there must be a truth to it not far behind

unclear is my head as I spoil again
the blur of a million floating thoughts
my mind is trying to take it all in
at once but it can't so it's lost

this is the air surrounding the flair
impaired by the grasping for breath
i've tried and I think about this one last thing
that keeps me up later than most

I cannot divulge these secrets I hold
but I know the meaning of all
if I told you it would spoil the natural wonder
therein lies your clue to it all
time and truth spoil the mind all at once





Kimberly DaSilva

The Indelicate Blindfold
Chris Gidley

I have stolen
your wife
from imprisonment—
your self-serving spotlight.

Your abuse brought
sordid tears
a cardboard smile
and wrinkles that trickle.

Forgive me not
I can caress
her worn body
and bring back innocence.



"Untitled"





Blazing Dawn
Tiffany Bowe

Beams of light reflects its splendor
Onto the ocean's liquid shell.

The wind blows its cool, moist air
Blending the blues, yellows and greens
Forming a mixture of vitality.

Energized activity takes place below the watery depths.
With soft liquid motions the sea creature moves.
It's destiny starting to be fulfilled with each passing minute.

As the rotation of the earth begins its course
The moon rises to reflect its light upon the ocean.

A mixture of gold and dark blue
Intermingles and spreads itself upon the sea.

The golden light penetrates the ocean
Like lovers who discover each other once again.

The warmth of the salty liquid gently melts
The crashing waves against the shore.
To only have its afterglow spread across the sand.

Silently the calm roar of the ocean's rhythmic breathing
Sets everything into slumber to only await the Dawn of the morrow.





CAT BYTES Pamela J. Steele

How do they find me
There must be a way
These poor hungry cats
From where do they stray?

They show up at my house
And sit by the door
They beg me for food
Then ask for some more.

It started with one
Then there were two
Now I have six
But what can I do?

I'm trying real hard
To break through their code
I've run out of room
In my tiny abode.

I know they tell friends
Where to find a good home
The message is sent
To all cats on the roam.

On the World Wide Web
I found Toffee last night
Tap-tapping away
In the glow of screenlight.

Caught right in the act
Inside a talking room
She was chatting with her cousin
The amazing Zumi-zoom.

The mystery is over
My cats are to blame
They use the computer
To pass out my name.

Cat Chat must stop
It must to an end
For they spread the word
In the E-mail they send.



Jenny Wuenschel

"T.C."





Lee Sapp



"Sunbathing"



P'an Ku was directed and produced by..

HOLLY BAUBLITZ - Having previously served as assistant editor on previous editions of P'an Ku, Holly makes her head editing debut on this semester's issue. She is in her second year at BCC as well as being South Campus's SFA secretary and a Competitive Edger. Her ultimate career goal is to become a prosecuting attorney. Editing and writing are two of her favorite pastimes, as well as watching Jim Carrey and listening to Billy Joel. She is very excited about this semester's issue and would like to give her thanks and love to her wonderful staff for a great issue as well as her Mom, Dad, brother, her boyfriend Douglas and Dr. Ellingham for their constant help in her success. Without them, none of her success, including this issue, would be possible!

ALYSSA YANKWITT - This is Alyssa's third semester working for P'an Ku and her first as assistant editor. Her poetry has been published in P'an Ku and various other venues. She was also fortunate enough to attend the FCCPA Convention in Daytona Beach where P'an Ku took second place in General Excellence along with many other categories. She is majoring in English and hopes to attend NYU in the fall.

DOUGLAS DINNEEN - A member of the Honors Program here at BCC, Doug served his first semester on P'an Ku as the layout editor on this issue. As well as being a very big movie fan he also enjoys webpage designing, computer programming and hanging out with his girlfriend, Holly. He is still waiting to hear from his home planet for further instructions.

JAMIE BECKETT - This is Jamie's first semester as a staff member. Her hard work and dedication is widely recognized among the other staff members. Her ambition and creativity ensures a long life here at P'an Ku for the remainder of her time at BCC.

VIELKA ESCOVAR - 1st year as a staff member of P'an Ku magazine. Her goal is to get a degree in Journalism/Mass communications. A career in writing/directing films is something she is also looking to pursue. The ingredients that are serving as her drive are perseverance, dedication, and sacrifice(s). The little motivational phrase that helps her in the morning is "How bad do you want it, Vielka?"

TIFFANY BOWE - BCC South Campus's Student Government Vice President serves her first semester on the P'an Ku staff. In her spare time she likes to write her own poetry, some of which can be seen published in this issue. Her smiling face has been a pleasure to everyone on the staff and her hard work has definitely paid off in the creation of this issue. Tiffany loves happiness and would like to say to all the P'an Ku staff, "Work it! Strut it! Work it!"

KRYSTINE RAMOS - Also BCC South Campus's Student Government President, Krystine is a veteran of P'an Ku. While serving as last issue's head editor, this year she appears on the staff. Krystine's editing experience was a great asset to this issue as well as her great proofreading skills. Her creative outlook on things has always been a help, especially when it comes right down to deadline because she knows what it's all about... she's been there before! Krystine would like to leave the staff with one famous last phrase, "Hey guys... No... more... pie..."

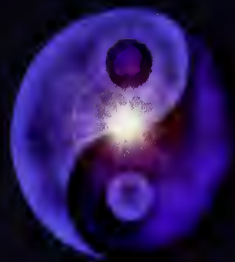
PHILIP YANERO - Another member of BCC's Student Government (Treasurer) and Honors Program appears on the roster for the P'an Ku staff. Philip's logical thinking style was helpful during the selection process for the hundreds of pieces of work that we had pour in. In his first semester here at BCC, we hope to see him back next semester as well.

CARLO MONTICELLO - While being involved in numerous activities here at BCC, Carlo assisted this semester with P'an Ku making his staff debut as well. His unique style and way of thinking helped greatly in the selection process of the artwork, as well as his keen eye for detail.

Volume thirty, number one

Fall Term Issue





P'an Ku



1900 KIX

P'an Ku - [pan koo] n(Ch.) Ancient Chinese Divinity. From P'an Ku we derive Ying and Yang. He is the primeval man born from the egg. One day the egg split open, and the top half became the sky, and the bottom half became the Earth. After 18,000 years, P'an Ku died and split into an number of parts. His head formed the Sun and Moon. His blood, rivers and seas. His hair, the forests, sweat the rain, breath the wind, and voice thunder. His fleas became the ancestors of mankind.

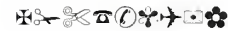


P'an Ku is the ancient Chinese god of creation. Anyone who is endowed with creativity is possessed by the spirit of P'an Ku.

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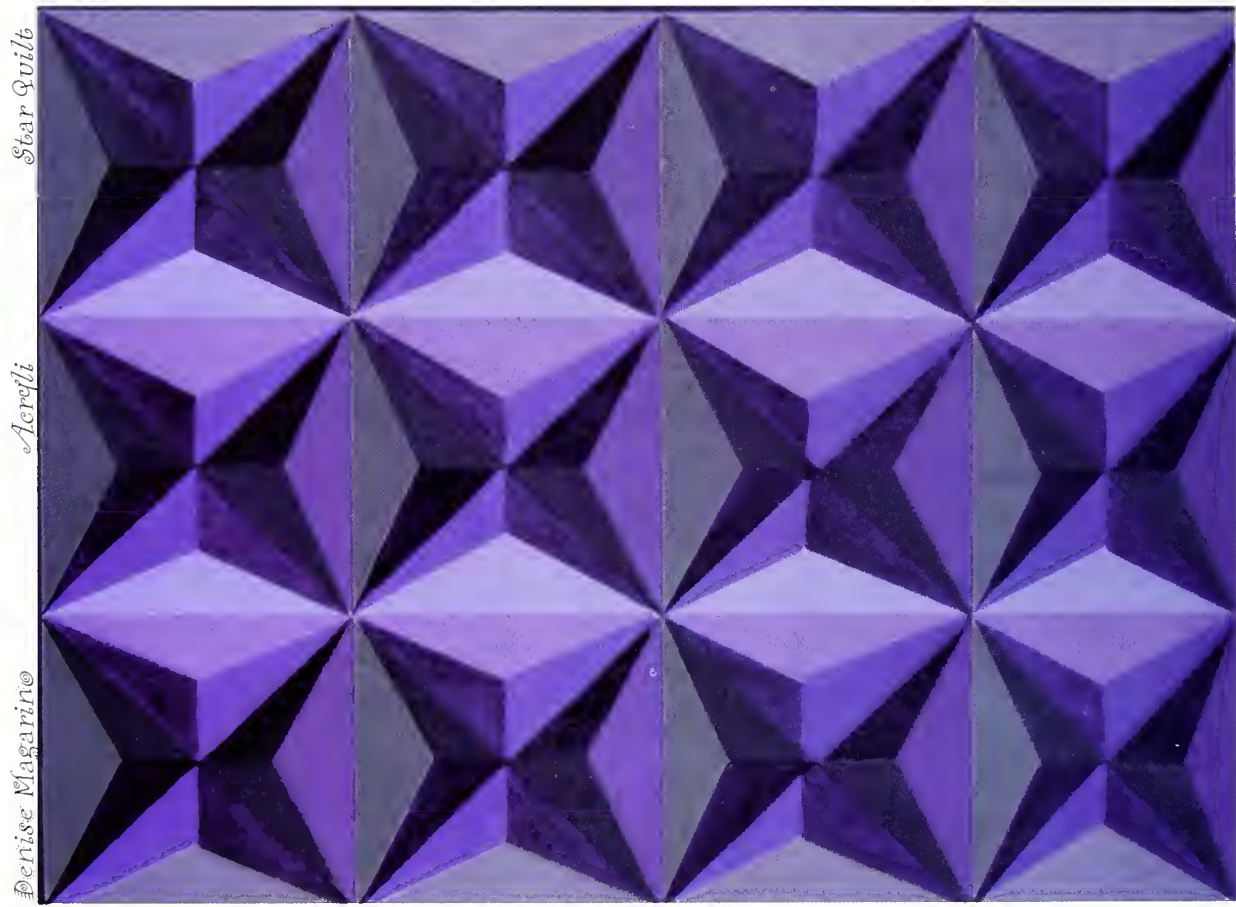


COVER ART



Lantz Arroyo

P'an Ku Eye



Devil in a Blue Dress
Richard Smith

Oh merciful God! How can it be?
That mine eyes hath beheld to see on T.V.
That hath become official regress
What ho! Ollie North. - He's in a blue dress!

Dripping in medals, the king's gratitude
"I don't remember" - divine attitude
Service so secret and spoken in tongues
Praise Jesucristo! And show me your gun.

Your trigger I'll pull for democracy's sake
Go down on the people, and let them eat cake
Constitution be damned, with it fornicate!
My party needs me not fashionably late.

She stood up to Congress; they required the truth
"To do or to die, beyond your reproof!
My Arlington home is very high rent
An elephant faithful, one hundred percent!"

Insomnia
Erin Hastings

many people dream of Dogwood trees
blossoming lush twenties, lovers kept in
clad iron boxes with chewable keys or
fancy homes with perfect heart-shaped
shrubs and penguin clones teetering
around in windup fashion.

other people dream of the familiar
sound of dead relatives
brewing coffee at 6 a.m.,
ribbon laced bacon, smiling eggs
and tic-tac-toe hash browns
prepared before their eyes.

some people dream of enrobed
cakes, soft rice playing hide-and-seek
in pudding and butter-knots
that stick to the roof of their mouth
like a co-dependent relationship.

still others dream of 202 calico kittens
blanketed over them during winter,
the smell of freshly cut grass
in the morning and a lover burrowed
in the silhouette of their body.

I just dream of you, my mourning dove.

UNTITLED 2
Kacie Smith

EMPTINESS
IS A MOLTEN BLUE
IT RUSHES OVER
WITH A DEEP HUSH
AND TASTES
OF BURNING LAVA

THE SMOKEY MISTS
ARE SUFFOCATING
AND THEY RISE
IN LAYERS
OF THUNDERSTORM CLOUDS

IT MAKES ME RAIN
AND I POUR INTO
A CUP
WHICH HOLDS NOTHING



David Goodman *Acrylic* *The Devil & the Goodman*



The Moth

Nicolette J. Pownall

At the center of the Place St. Michel, an aged fountain flows unpretentious and calm. Soon the streetlights will come on, glowing reflections upon these edifying waters.

Too close to me sits a woman with a fashion magazine held between delicately painted fingertips. The eyes on its cover stare at me, confident and strong, eyes that were once my own.

I look up at the approaching waiter smiling ruefully at me and hear myself say "une autre biere, *s'il vous plait*." I have long since given up ordering coffee or one of those overpriced sophisticated drinks. They merely seemed like futile attempts to put on airs which have become irrelevant.

The taste of cool froth teases my lips and passes quickly over the tongue, a thin raspy river of comfort finding freedom within this body. I am waiting to feel numbed.

Something flickers overhead causing my eyes to blink. But it was nothing really, just an unsuspecting moth tempted by the light of the fluorescent zapper. The glass is held firmly in my hand, forcing me to pause between each drowning swig.

Amongst the swelling crowds lingering aesthetically within and without the cafes and bistros, a reclusive darkness has surrounded me, a solitary voice telling me it's time to go. But where? It's too late to call on a dispassionate friend and simply too absurd to think about crawling into bed.

When I get up to leave my eyes unwillingly find the moth, an ephemeral death against the cold hard ground. I can just imagine them, seated here and glancing uneasily at its pathetic little corpse, the newly found prima donna telling her friend-a-minute entourage "*Quel dommage*, what a shame...she must have been quite beautiful in her day."

I sigh and the smell on my breath reminds me I can no longer drive. I gaze across the Place into the windows of its short narrow buildings. Behind them lays hidden the entangled remnants of well-known, soiled and inimical Parisian streets.

I catch my face reflected into the fountain and stand to look at a mouth smiling dimly at me. The coin sinks gently to the bottom carrying with it a wish that tonight perhaps I'll recapture a bit of soul.

A Place to Die
Shervon Ishmael



The hospital loomed ominously as it sat upon the small hill in the distance. Time had taken its toll on the building, and what was once paint was now a chitinous exoskeleton. The hospital's main building jutted out of the hill towering over its surroundings, while cottage-like extensions adorned its sides. The hospital's extensions were semi-circular and they extended like open arms ready to strangle any who approached. On the pockmarked road leading to the hospital, a young man stood staring. He cursed silently, and then trudged up the road towards the hospital.

As he entered the hospital the young man was assaulted by the pungent smell of anesthesia. It smothered all other scents, making it almost impossible to smell anything else. The paint on the walls had begun to fade, and there were noticeable cracks along the walls. The tiled floor was uncharacteristically clean, forcing any traveler to focus on staying upright. Several pieces of moldy furniture were haphazardly placed in the room. In a corner, a fern was dying a slow death as it sagged on a nearby wall.

After signing in at the reception desk, the young man went to a sofa, sat down, and scanned the room. Some of those in the room looked as if they had reached their limit, as internal fires raged unfettered. Others looked cold, for their fires had long since burned out and they had neither the need, nor the desire, for them to return. A young couple held each other, sharing their grief in silence. Tears trickled down their faces, when suddenly, the young lady erupted with a wail, breaking the silence. A nurse stopped packing a shelf and looked on at the couple. A frown appeared on her face, and was quickly followed by a look of irritation. She turned to another nurse and shared a look: another screamer.

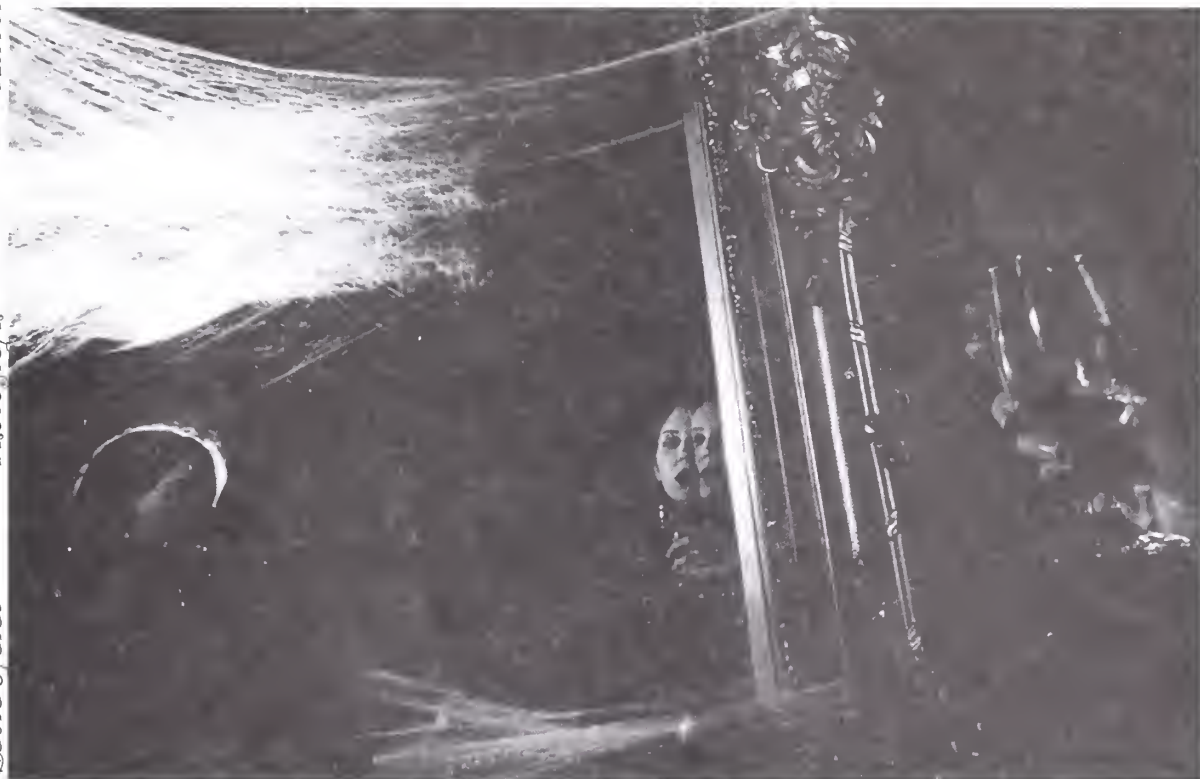
Fifteen minutes later, the young man was led through labyrinth-like corridors, to a small cot in a large, brightly-lit room. On the cot, a small withered and wrinkled old man rested. Various tubes were inserted in the old man, and he seemed like a poor version of Frankenstein's monster, instead of a human being. Through drugged eyes, the old man focused at the figure before him. Phlegm moved noisily inside his throat, before he spit it out in a nearby bowl. The bowl was filled to the brim and some of its contents had begun to trickle onto the floor. Slowly at first, the young man began the ritual; he spoke of his day, of how the family was doing and other related matters.


Later in the day, the young man stared at the hospital building; it was a place of death where the old were brought to die in peace. Life was a drug in that place, and like any drug it was hard to kick the habit. Moisture tinged his eyes as he quickly walked away.

Mirror

Photograph

Laura Starac





right are the biggest consumers. If they were half as interested in the children who are alive and kicking now as the ones that won't be until the next millennium, they wouldn't be scheming to disassemble the American public educational system under the pretext of fighting against the power of teachers' unions.

On the other hand, look at the state of affairs that is rapidly transforming the major urban areas into what some would consider to be pockets of political correctness. This doesn't only mean that the very concept of what education means is at stake, as I can already discern from some of my textbooks, but now we are entering into the realm of what has commonly come to be accepted on both sides, called "personal responsibility." This is one of those nebulous phrases of "newspeak," like "wrong-doing," a routine denial cry of the well to do when they steal millions. I mean, what is that? Like, pissing on the toilet seat? Then, what constitutes personal responsibility? I think that we can all agree that it is irresponsible to drive drunk and get into bar fights and beat your loved ones. Those things land some people in jail. But the term "personal responsibility" is being used by various interest groups as a kind of moral intimidation. Some would like to legislate it. Does it mean to treat people kindly? Does it mean to believe in God? Does it mean not to be offensive? Does it mean to be contrite if you get caught? This is what the professional Sunday morning talking heads/gas bags would call, "A very slippery slope."

Right now this country incarcerates a higher percentage of our population than anywhere else in the world. I've heard that over and over again on television, so I guess I believe it. Many, if not most are in jail on non-violent drug related charges. It has been suggested that the "Thirty Years War" on drugs has only succeeded in producing a war on poor neighborhoods. People will do what they will to survive in these places. Anyone from a poor minority neighborhood knows that they run a higher risk of conflict with the police than other people. Young black men in south central Los Angeles say that for your eighteenth birthday, you get a felony. So it turns out that the conditions in these neighborhoods and the criminal justice system are like two species in an ecosystem that perpetuate each other's existence.

Law enforcement is finding itself increasingly involved in what amounts to issues related to sociological behavior, in an effort to control certain "at risk" populations in the urban areas. They are funded increasing amounts of tax dollars each year for the high-tech tools to further that end. This creates what I call the legal/criminal justice industrial complex. I think that an analogy could be drawn between the industrial revolution of 19th century England and the present day techno-revolution. The trend towards more tax spending on prisons will continue to make the new millennium a "secure" place to live. So in the interest of trying to socially engineer this "personal responsibility," our legislators at the behest of the people that they listen to have been expanding and creatively interpreting the definitions of crime and behavior. Domestic issues are lately entering the public forum. Some of our lawmakers of course would like to make abortion a serious crime. What about the purported beneficial medical uses of fetal tissue? The issue of morality will be brought up time and again as the some of the more conservative among us try to grapple with ever increasing examples of technology in all it's forms outpacing our ability to understand and legislate it. There aren't enough laws in all of civilization to protect us from what's coming.

Every year we graduate from colleges and universities tens of thousands of "professionals" justifying their education, who document new disorders and invent new syndromes, the legalities of which are to be litigated by thousands more "professionals" who will determine who needs to go to "counseling" provided by still thousands more "professionals." And they will get their clientele from the socio-criminal justice system. Now that's what I call "class warfare."

Another popular buzzword among the personally responsible set is "intervention." While we're at it, why don't we include "at risk behavior." This is a field of expanding opportunities. Let's add to the sociological morass some technology. Recently in some communities, local law enforcement has encouraged parents to have their children finger printed just in case (God-forbid) a kid should disappear. Why not a micro-chip? People are doing it with pets already, and so are the Marines, sort of a Lo-Jack for human beings.

Would it be unconstitutional to implant a chip in a convict just in case he escapes? Does it get removed after his debt to society has been paid? Who would argue against doing it with a paroled child molester in their neighborhood? What about "potential risk behavior" individuals? How about HIV infected individuals? We now have the technology to put a surveillance camera in more places than we can afford to put police. In short, the future will bring us an ever more sophisticated game of liberty vs. security tradeoffs.

Let us not forget the bio-psychological advancements that researchers have provided society, recently. Psychotropic antidepressants and counseling are widely accepted voluntary methods of treatment, many times recognized by the criminal courts. How about widely accepted involuntary methods of treatment? Has anyone out there ever seen "A Clockwork Orange." Further endeavors into the field of bio-technical research can be expected in the new millennium. Anthropologists have long ago concluded I think, that for some time the human race has been effecting it's own evolution with technology. The genetic engineering that we are likely to see will redefine the meaning of evolution. This is certainly a good thing with regard to the fight against disease and birth defects. But once the cat gets out of this bag, there's no telling where we will chase it. Cross breeding of species is definitely on the horizon. Researchers have already turned a goat into a sheep, and created a sheep out of God knoweth what. Buckle your seat belts for this stuff, folks.

While we're in the Orwellian brave new world, I can't forget to mention the economic Darwinism that has produced the most homogenized, generic, and increasingly bland society in the history of the working class world. I call it the K-Mart syndrome. If you drive through this country coast to coast, if it wasn't for the amber waves of grain and the purple mountain's majesty, you could never tell where you were because at the end of every exit ramp of every interstate is that same goddamned McDonald's. And a KFC, and a Wal-Mart, and a Seven-Eleven, and a regional mall. Not only had the economic bum-rush of the eighties driven mom and pop out of business, but the country became an ugly strip mall in the process. Don't laugh. People from all over the world come to

partake of this franchised economic miracle-in-the-box. All this we have created. And we have accepted it, because it was on sale. Disposable income for disposable products. The cars keep getting nicer, though. And the magnifying glass of television coverage keeps on magnifying current and future events with an ever sharper image on an ever widening screen.

There is one more area of concern for the United States as a world power in the coming millennium. Civilizations and great world powers rise and fall. As the pre-eminent world power, we will be continually confronted with trying to maintain control over global events. In this regard technology is both friend and foe. A malevolent adversary like Saddam Hussein may not need a large army in the future. Just some high-tech access. We may find it harder and harder to keep a lid on the proliferation of those "weapons (methods) of mass destruction" that we hear so much about. It's ironic that for over forty years we worked to defeat Soviet communism, only to find an even more dangerous situation after succeeding. The fragmentation of a world super-power presents us with even greater security concerns than when the ideological confrontation existed.

I won't even get started with ecological concerns. It's too scary. Here's a tip: When your neighborhood frogs start showing up with three legs and other indications of the freak show, it's time to move.

What can we expect in the new millennium? The answer to that is simply, MORE. An expanding economy is our credo. More quantum physics hair-splitting, bringing us more technology. More consumption bringing more waste. More interest group activity bringing more polarization. More confrontations, bringing tighter security. More people, more products, more issues, and more (or less?) control. A lot more good things, and a lot more bad things. Just more! If you haven't heard, just read the newspapers some time. I think that I finally understand what my grandfather meant when he used to say, "I'm glad I won't be around to see it." I understand, but don't agree. I'm always up for a good show.

MILLENNIUM CONTEST WINNER
ART CATEGORY



Journey into The Unknown

Photograph

Stephanie Koulovaris



Jealous Sandra
(A Duet written in Jamaican Patois)

Imoan Whyte

Sandra: "Patsy you did see the new girl weh just move een?"

Patsy: "Who dat? Oh! Miss Slim and Trim, the browning."

Sandra: "Yes, she same one. Last night me no see she move een 'roun'
a back, 'bout she have on bellas pants and alter back.

A coulda wah dat!" (Sandra laughs loudly)

Patsy: "It seems to me like you's jealous."

Sandra: "Who me, jealous a she? She no know sey any weh me go me
get a reaction and me give off 100% total attraction! If she hot
me hotter, she know sey 'roun ya so is me is Big Momma!"

Azafran de Atardecer
Anna Arriaza

Quisiera un día cantar...al cielo y glorificar
colores que de algun modo hacen al pintor temblar.
No entiendo como al pasar, la gente no puede ver, lo bello
de los colores que el atardecer nos da.
Bello color azafran de Puestas y Amaneceres, que solo
aparece entonces comom desafiando Aquel
que lo quire contemplar.
"Aquí estoy me puedes ver unos minutos, no mas",
pero estara alli mañana y toda la eternidad.
Una cosa que hay que ver, es que si al pasar corriendo,
muchos le veran sin verlo en su prisa por llegar.
Soloamenta hay que esperar que Aquel que al querer
llegar, no olvide que en su camino hay un color
AZAFRAN.

DOS MIRADAS Y UNA LUNA

Anna Arriaza

!Hoy pude ver la luna bella!!

Fue unca noche en que abrumada pensaba en tu silencio,

casualmenta alce la vista y alli estaba,

grande, redonda, brillante y tan lejana,

“como tu amor”, pense en ese momento.

Era tan clara sin nubes y sin sombras como

puesta alli en el firmamento.

Luego pense, si alzas tu la tuya

nuestras miradas uniremos en la luna,

sentiremos que no existe la distancia y estaremos alli en ese

momento contemplando los dos la luna bella.

Alza tus ojos cuando sientas que estas solo,

que yo hare lo mismo !lo prometo! Unidos por la

luna quedaremos., yo no me abrumare por tu silencio,

y tu no sentiras


que estas tan lejos.

Wolf Alarm Clock

Charcoal

Hernando Fajardo





again. Even when I opened one of the encyclopedias to look up a word and a bag of white stuff fell out, my loyalty lay with him.

“This is yours daddy.” I said handing it to him. He looked defeated. My mother’s eyes burned with silent rage. A couple years later not much had changed except a new house, new school, and new friends. One day I came downstairs and found all this white powder all over the carpet. I was still very young but this whole cocaine concept must have caught on from TV or the movies or somewhere. I got on all fours on the carpet, put my face to the pile of powder and snorted with all my might. To this day, I can still taste the sickly sweet chemical taste of the foot powder he had spilled.

Age eleven rolled around and all the questions I’d been promised an answer to at ten, I already know or had forgotten. I never went anywhere with my dad anymore. If he was home, I stayed away. He was like a monster that lived upstairs, yelling if he wasn’t sleeping, and on his way out the door when he was through. My mom would make a great dinner. Steak, potatoes, green beans, but he would never eat. Mom would just stare at the untouched plate after he had stormed out the door.

I was at a friend’s house the night he tried to kill her. The night the drugs and alcohol were all that there was in his brain. No more dad- just Benjamin. And Benjamin wasn’t nice anymore. He came at her with a big hammer. She locked herself in the guest bedroom. He tried to beat it down, as my mother held the door with her back and dialed 911. “Wendy, I’m home.” That always goes through my head when I imagine that night. For the billionth time I sat on that loveseat and wondered what would have happened had I been home? What would have happened had I been home...

That was the end of him. From 11 on, I didn’t see or hear much from him. Any news we heard about him was bad. Jail, another job lost. Right around the time I started drinking at local bars, he became my old pal again. “Look at my kid. Only my son could belt down straight gin like that.”

I cut those memories off immediately. You see I’m all right now. Three near death experiences with alcohol, and a long painful crawl back to the surface later I’m okay. The voice that lay poised behind that button marked “new”, was the voice of someone who was not. He had lost another job. Bottom of the barrel TV work. Six bucks and hour at a Spanish cable station, and all he could say was “cerveza.” Two years before, he had developed diabetes due to the extent and duration of his lifestyle. The doctors told him no more drinking and no more drugs, except insulin. He was just happy to have the needles.

For awhile he was okay at the little station, but as usual, not for long. Now he was sitting in his apartment, drinking himself to death. He’d gone from “The Shining” to “Leaving Las Vegas.”

“Let’s get it over with,” I think, and as I hit the button, I wonder how far off the day is that the numbers flash only 1 or 2. That cold robotic voice drones out his prelude.

Fruits Purich

Pencil

Aniel Alvarez



Symbols
Daniel Creed

Candlelight dreams, visions in smoke
 Stars upon ceilings, symbols of hope
Pocketed memories, alone in a booth
 Lying beside no one, symbols of truth
Completed stories, realizing too late
 Burning inside, symbols of fate
Bloodied hands, pain which was wrought
 Unending confusion, symbols of thought
Undying laughter, young girl or boy
 Idealistic lovers, symbols of joy
Sleepless nights, tears in the rain
 Dreams unnoticed, symbols of pain
Eternal friendships, song of doves
 Souls clutching together, symbols of love
Evil eyes, walls with no gate
 Frowns not smiles, symbols of hate
Encompassing truths, all we feel
 Finding ourselves, symbols of real
Rollercoaster emotions, figuring wrong and right
 Learning to cope, symbols of life.

Tamara Griffin

Photograph

To Pie, With Love



Walk & Talk
Marvin A. Feguiere

**Walk and talk but don't stand still
For who knows when it's a time to kill
Many of us can't make that choice
It's a shame why some don't raise their voice
Some with no hope continue to do wrong
Those that know right and yet do wrong
Where do they belong
The world is a big cell
Filled with organelles
Every religion separates heaven from hell
But there is much more a story left to tell
Continue with a smile
That will stretch for miles
For your personal happiness must be present like your style
Everlasting impressions of new days to come
Yet we still have a choice to be smart or dumb
Some things we do without control
But we all seem to like how the ball tends to roll
Lots of tests to see where society rests
Many foolish ones clutter the earth like pests
Save the drama and keep calm
But where will you be when they drop the next bomb
Murder was intended in the first degree
Somebody lost someone they L-O-V-E
Boom-clat-clat as they rattle the gun
Slash-slash as the knife pierced from ear to ear drum
Common ground we often look for
Yet looks are deceiving that's what books are for
The ground will always be the same
But what we create of it is why it may change
The grass will grow and yet not the building
Not even the people inside grow
Except their flow
When it's time to go
Always got something to show
Yet most of them don't even know**

La Familia
Jennifer Albert

my condition is such that
I am equally nauseous with you without you
so I assume that your presence
is the lesser of two evils
and
while you make me sick
I must say that it is unintentional
biology forces me to love you
but if we were to meet in the hall
chances are we would not like one another
you would be as unfair in your assessment
as I would be condescending
and
although I don't think I hate you
sometimes you do come close
I guess what bothers me most is
the fact that you are such a weak little *girl*
sometimes with your idle chitchat and your sick
desire to be pleasing and acceptable just
makes me want to vomit
on you I think
with your pretty little silicone breasts
that advertise your desire to be a pretty little fuck toy
you told me once that you wanted collagen injections
I didn't tell you at the time but
I wondered if your goal in life was
to give better head I wondered also if
your boyfriend told you to do it
you really are obedient
you are cheap although
you like to pretend you are an exotic toy
much like your boyfriends corvette you are an image with no function
like a plastic holiday ornament or
garish costume jewelry on a withered actress
your ability to be bought and sold is frightening and you make me
question my faith in priceless humanity
my sister my nemesis my whore
I stare at our mother and I marvel at genetics and I swear
I must have been adopted

The Me Persona

Jennice Ivey

When you look at me can you tell?
Can you see tears that refuse to fall?
Can you see love that reflects through hate?
Can you see my lost innocence, or tell me how to regain it?
Can you see the restless nights?
Can you see the load I carry?
Can you hear me?
Can you help me?
Can you take it all for a while?

When you look at me can you tell?
Can you foretell my future?
Can you analyze my present?
Can you understand my past?
Can you tell there is still a heart, broken , yet still intact?
Can you see reason?
Can you see trust?
Can you see the real me?
Or do you see only what I pretend to be?

Cheater & Revenge
Christian Grov

Friday Night I gave
the world to you.

Set myself free
while you slept.

Slept with
someone else;
and smiled at me.

My heart skipped
beats at your sight.

Joy filled me,
while you filled
someone else.

Lie after lie
left your hole.

Embracing your lies,
I was made a fool.

You will suffer
Karma's wrath,

for you don't know
what I know.

Enjoy the Crabs.

Me

Charcoal

Shari Sassoon



Autumn Russell

Photograph

A Question of Stripes



THE GREAT INTELLIGENCE SCAM OF 1999

We are the children of the new Millennium
the voice that will echo for the next 1000 years
that's what they tell us anyway
we listen intently as though our lives are at stake
not our integrity
infomercials and cybermercials
subtly lay the foundation for our thoughts
while cancer eats away at our brain cells
the way acid eats out steel
and at your funeral they play the theme song to Friends
I'm still not quite sure why we believe
everything we are told
regurgitating idioms like the truth was a fallacy
like the truth was a disease
rotting, corrupting, right there in your hands
holding onto pieces of what once might have
meant something to someone somewhere
if anyone ever even paid any attention anyway
one night I'll pray that the world regain its conscience
whenever I redeem my faith in God
malnourished thoughts - bulimic perception
candy-coated with the sugar of yesterday's trends
we sport the Nikes - rock Tommy Hill
sew Versace's name in the back of our shirt labels
our letters of the day are DEG
I walk through days like they were unknown streets
find recycled poems on napkins in my pockets
drink cafe mochas like I'm too cool for my own good
never let my intelligence get the best of me
and I always bite the hand that tries to cover my mouth

THIS POEM HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY
A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT
FOR THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE
ORGANIZATION FOR STARVING ARTISTS
FIGHTING FOR THE INDOCTRINATION OF
HELPLESS, MINDLESS, HUMAN BEINGS

Winner of the Third Annual
BCC Writing Competition
sponsored by Dr. Mick Cleary

Featured Poet

An Anti-Love Poem
(Eve's Apple)

I never once thought that I loved you
never tried to pretend that the
thrusts you impaled me with
were an attempt to steal my heart
I always was your whore
your beauty queen-rag doll-
whatever-you-want-me-to-be-baby
"Welcome 24 Hours A Day"
my legs are always open for you
your neon eyes always saw my better
side
when I was bound and shackled
naked and burning
sweating and seething
waiting for you to crack the next whip
(and i can still smell traces of her per-
fume)
riding high above you
you could only give sanction through
worship
and pray in the temple of my metaphor
fall to your knees
beg for depravity with each kiss
and those soft rare moments
when we laid in each other's arms
glittered in sweat and blood
tipsy with exploitation
those were the moments when I heard the
snake
crawling through the garden

Complex Analysis of Penis Envy

We live in a man's world
being a woman is a double-edged sword
the more leg they see - the less they want you
the more leg they see - the more they want you
Barbie was invented for little boys
too bad GI Joe isn't anatomically correct
they say only the beautiful survive
so where does that leave me
bounding into your territory
head held high-fists up high-ready to fight
I learned to laugh the second I was born
so don't take me too seriously
I know what you're thinking
you want to write me up in history in pencil
so you can change me-*alter me-erase me*
but I stain in blood and I don't come out
I was manufactured that way
we celebrate Black History Month (February)
we celebrate National Gay Day (June 2nd)
we celebrate National Breakfast Week (March 1st-March 5th)
but I celebrate being a woman everyday
I celebrate soft skin, lipstick, mascara
and hairless legs
I celebrate having meat on my thighs,
the curve of my back, the warmth of my breast
and once a month I
celebrate the Goddess within me
the womb, the vortex, the giver of life
so when you call me a bitch
I am reminded that you too came from me
or someone like me
with big hips, a crooked nose, or freckles
Barbie never had any kids
Barbie never had any hips
my Penis envy extends only about the
length of yours
and I find no relevance
between Penis and knowledge
when the tool for determining intelligence



Alyssa
Yankwitt

Blindfold

Two strangers sit side by
side not knowing what to say to each
other wondering what the other
is thinking and how to communicate
so desperate the moments of failed
oblivion between them awkward
silence condemned by silence
they make love in phases
never once opening their eyes

Hearts & Pearls

Pencil

Wendy DeVito



HER
Jessica Owen

Calmness surrounds her
Silence confounds her to self truth
Consequence like the dawn awaits her
The moon hangs low
It engulfs her emotions
Choice is upon her
Like a glimmer of raindrop splashes
Its innocence frustrates her, she cries,
What am I here for?
A conscience in first trimester
Her thoughts grow with guilt
A womb forever empty
Threatens birth of realization
Why me, contemplates her
Her confusion is valid
Girl against moon lit stars
The dawn's bright allure
A woman replaced her
As she walked up the shore

The Escape From Corruption

During the years that I lived in Argentina, one of the most demanding and challenging tasks that I have had to deal with was to run a small grocery store. My husband, Paul, had always wanted to be independent in his occupation, so when the opportunity arose for us to be owners of our own business, we jumped at it. The idea of us working together, on our own, made it all especially worthwhile.

We carefully planned and worked arduously to open our store. There weren't many large supermarkets around at the time, so it was very common to see little *almacenes*, or grocery stores, in the residential neighborhoods. Ours became quite special. We were very detail oriented, and kept everything as clean as possible. We also only dealt with quality merchandise. Our

customers seemed to appreciate our efforts, because our store quickly became very popular. We would have become rich easily, if it had not been for the bad economic period the country was going through. We were striving to stay in business during a period of hyperinflation. Too often we found that we could not replace the article we had recently sold for the amount we sold it for. Even so, we enjoyed what we did, and knew that what was going on was only a bad era, and would eventually end.

As the recession continued, we began to hear stories about burglaries occurring all over the once quiet neighborhoods. And our store was held up for the first time, Paul and I decided that we had to do something to prevent it from happening again. Since we knew all of our customers by name, we decided that the best solution would be to put a security lock on the entrance door. As our customers would walk up to the door, we would buzz them in. Our customers did not mind this at all, and actually felt safer when inside the store. Our plan proved very effective, for it saved us from two additional robberies. On both occasions, the thieves walked up to the door not expecting it to

be locked, and when faced with the surprise, ran back to their cars to speed away.

Our busiest time of the week was Saturday, around noon. It was on one of these occasions that Paul and I worked hurriedly to take care of our last customers so that we could close for lunch. Our morning had been especially exhausting, and we still had about six more people waiting in line.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. As I reached over for the buzzer to unlock the door, I heard Paul yell, "Don't open the door!"

Maybe the entire department wasn't corrupt, but how could we distinguish the good from the bad?

As I looked over at the door I saw two men, in their early twenties, peering through the glass. It was a warm day, and they were wearing jackets, evidently to hide their weapons. Paul was very street-

wise, and was quick to notice that they did not belong in our store.

As the thieves realized that we were aware of what they had come for, they began to get restless, and to pound on the door yelling, "Open the door!"

"Don't anybody touch the door," Paul said to all of us. "They're thieves, and if we don't open, they'll get discouraged and leave."

Our customers had by this time retreated to the back of the store, just in case shots were fired. I could not take my eyes off the two that remained at the door, determined to get in.

Unexpectedly, I heard a little voice from the groups of customers say, "I have a gun, so you better open it." I looked over to where the voice had come from in disbelief. Amongst the group was a young boy, between the ages of twelve and fourteen, pointing a gun at me. He was probably more frightened than all the rest of us. As we all looked at him, he just stood there, shaking. The first thought that crossed my mind was to knock the gun right out of his hand, but I quickly had second thoughts. He was shaking so hard that I was afraid he could pull the trigger without even realizing it. Even if we did take

Sofia Hucaluk

him down, what would the other two waiting outside do? The young boy was probably one of their younger brothers. Would they just leave him, or begin shooting to get him out?

Relenting, I buzzed the door open.

As the young boy waited near the door, the two men quickly emptied out the cash register, and looted the money and jewelry that our customers had on them. They were very fast, for the entire operation took less than two minutes. They quickly jumped into their car and vanished at the turn of the road.

We immediately called the police, thinking that if they came fast enough, they would probably be able to catch them. We patiently waited for them to arrive, but after two additional phone calls, we knew that they were not going to come. We were determined to make our police report, and if the police weren't about to come to us, we were going to go to them.

Paul and I got in our car and headed for the Police Department. When we arrived we could not find a parking space, but Paul remembered that there were a few extra spaces in the back of the building. As we turned around the building we immediately recognized the car that had burglarized us earlier that afternoon. We sighed in relief. The police didn't come to us because they had already caught the thieves. Even if we didn't get our money back, I was happy that the personal items taken from our customers would probably be returned.

We dashed into the office, to instantly freeze in our tracks. Sitting behind one of the desks was one of the two individuals that had earlier in the day pointed a gun at us to take the report. They already knew what had happened. Maybe the entire department wasn't corrupt, but how could we distinguish the good from the bad? Not knowing the situation we could be getting ourselves into, we turned around and headed for home in silence.

We had been robbed. Because of the economical problems of the time, we probably worked the entire week for nothing. Nonetheless, that was the least of our concerns. We had also been robbed of something much more valuable than money, our sense of security. The

troublesome part of the entire incident was that we were robbed by the people we were supposed to trust and respect. Who would we call from that moment on, if we ever had a problem? If that wasn't bad enough, the idea that they had brought in a child to teach him to do the same was totally unacceptable and repulsive. What future could we expect like this?

The anger and frustration we felt that afternoon did not go away. We worked too hard to lose control over our lives in that way. We were determined to get ahead, but we could not forget that incident.

Eventually, we closed down the store. It just did not seem worthwhile anymore. We also later packed our belongings, and moved out of the country. We knew that there had to be a better way. It was not easy to give up everything we had worked so hard for and to start over, but we don't regret it for one minute!



Joey Green

Photograph

Onlooker



Black Hole

Cristina Herrera



When people ask me how I am, I tell them, in a happy voice, "I'm fine". But I'm really not. It is a cover up to hide the truth about my black hole.

This hole is deep, dark, and cramped. It's narrow to fit only me and there is no light, but this one thin ray of sun that comes from far above my head. The ray is just a tease to make me think that I can get out. But I can't! All I can do is hear my echo, feel lonely chills on my skin, and be trapped, scared, hopeless. Then I wonder, "Do they know I'm down here? Why is no one rescuing me?" After screaming for help, all I can do is taste despair. The hole I'm in is my thoughts, my feelings, my life.

Most of my life I have been in and out of this hole. When I'm out of the hole I know it is all in my mind, but when I'm in the hole it feels too real to be only in my head. This hole is my depression.

The worst part of having clinical depression is not understanding what is wrong. In my case, I was severely depressed, I cried every night, always felt weak and miserable. I either had no emotions or thoughts of suicide. I remember feeling this way as a child and wondered why I didn't fit in or find joy in anything. I always felt alone even in a room full of people. I used poetry and painting to relieve some pain, they all express pain and morbid thoughts. Also, to distract myself from the pain I focused on my mom that was either exciting to be with, or someone to worry about besides myself. My mother has her own mental sea storm. She's diagnosed manic-depressive. My father was an alcoholic, and the rest of my family was in and out of my life all the time. All I had was me. Little kids can't raise themselves up with good morals and experience. I knew something was wrong with me because when I listen to my friends they didn't feel the same way I did. So, I went on with life the best that I could.

In my teens, I just got worse. I thought

life was going to get easier, but it never did. The pain got harder to deal with by myself. After my father died when I was thirteen, I used boys to focus on instead of homework. Then problems began in school with my grades. I was smart, my teachers said, but I wasn't motivated. My mom took me to different therapists, and I took different tests to see what was wrong. I guess the conclusion was I'm having a difficult life, and I should see a therapist.

So, I started to see a therapist, my life went on, and it still sucked. I was still on the roller coaster of depression. I was getting tired of feeling there was no way out of this hole. After the tiredness that lasted for two weeks, the big urge of suicide came across my mind. Suicide feelings are hopelessness, used, hurt, confused, can't do anything right, nothing is working out,

no one cares, I won't be missed, and I'm nothing. "I just want to die! Someone kill me. I can't do it. Yes, I can! All I need is a gun. I have no

gun. What pills could I swallow? Oh, I almost forgot that good-bye letter. Just writing this letter makes me feel worse. I'm pathetic. Dear family, good-bye and I love you, don't cry and I'll see you one day again. I hope. Love, Cristina." No more words are said. I go and lay on my bed, put my pillow on my face, hold my breath, and think, no more black hole.

All of a sudden, God whispers, "Your family will miss you. They will cry. I want you to live." After that all I can do is cry and ask God, "Help me! Please help me! Take away my pain; rescue me from this black hole. Please!"

After that day, I got the courage to tell my mom how much I was hurting. With her support, I got more courage to tell my therapist, and I eventually got started on an anti-depressant called Wellbutrin. A pill from God almost made for me. The Wellbutrin helps correct my chemical imbalance so I can work on not falling into my black hole. Now, I will live happily ever after.

Then I wonder, "Do they know I'm down here? Why is no one rescuing me?"

tossed back the Cuervo, then reached for their beers. Jake gazed outside and saw a beautiful young Mexican girl coming up the sidewalk. Her head was covered with a black scarf, which her long ebony hair spilled out of in the back. She stepped carefully as if she might lose her balance. Her eyes, glazed over, stared towards the sky and her lips moved rapidly so she appeared to be talking to herself.

"Hey, Mando. I seen that girl around before. Look at her. What's she doin'?"

Armando spun around in his stool and looked. He turned back to Jake with a big smile on his face.

"That, amigo, is Milla. Beautiful, isn't she? It's a shame though. What will she do when it's tomorrow?" asked Armando.

"I'm not followin' you. What happens to her tomorrow? And why's she so darn weird today?"

"My family knew hers." He paused. "Milla, you know what es short for?"

"Whut?" asked Jake.

"Millennia. Her parents were some loco doomsday Catholics. They believe the stuff in the end of the bible, you know... Revelations, has been happening for twenty jeers. They believe that all the prophecies have come true, and that tonight come twelve, es the end of the world."

"Armageddon, huh?" asked Jake.

"Yugement Day."

"Well, that's just crazy...Pete! More beers!" yelled Jake.

"Not to them. For twenty jeers they have prepared and worshipped, so that when El Gran Jefe, The Big Boss comes tonight they will go straight to heaven, while the rest of us burn our culos off with El Diablo."

"Well, I guess this must be quite an exciting evening for them," said Jake between gulps of beer.

"For her," said Armando, "I told you her parents believed this. They are dead two jeers now. She lives only with her grandmother now who is too old to even know what day it is. But Milla, she knows and tonight she thinks she will be with her parents, the Lord, all His Angels, the Virgin Mother, and her Son, come midnight."

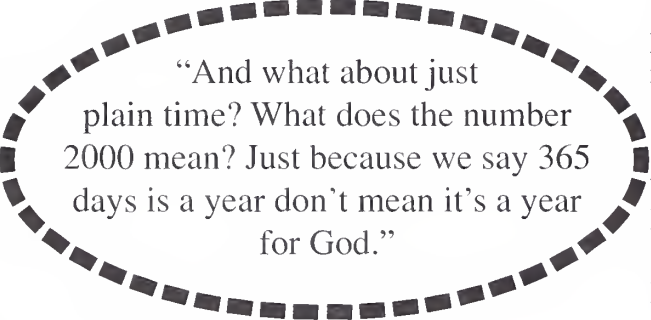
"She's crazy," growled Jake.

"Si, that's what I been saying."

"It don't make no damn sense. What about time zones?"

"Time zones, you know just because it's midnight here don't mean it's midnight everywhere. All over this here Earth midnight comes at lots of different times," Jake killed his Corona and ordered another.

"And what about just plain time? What does the number 2000 mean? Just because we say 365 days is a year don't mean it's a year for God."



"And what about just plain time? What does the number 2000 mean? Just because we say 365 days is a year don't mean it's a year for God."

"Well, I will say a little prayer yust in case she's right."

"That's crazy."

"Si, it's crazy. But you try telling that to Millenia Perdita."

"Perdita. That's her name? I heard that word before, what's it mean?" asked

Jake.

"Lost, mi amigo. Like her. Lost."

Milla had not slept a wink in two days. It was still very difficult for her to grasp that the Day of Judgment was finally here. She headed out to the supermarket to get some things for her abuela's last supper. Grandmother would surely eat, even if Milla didn't feel like it. Her grandmother was so far gone with senility she often didn't know who Milla was, let alone what day it was. She felt sorry for her abuela, who couldn't comprehend enough to experience the joy of what was to happen at midnight tonight.

As she walked toward the market she found it difficult to keep her balance with each step. She found that her eyes would only focus

on the azure sky, and she thought of the promises it held tonight for all the saved. She shivered at the thought of what might happen to the sinners tonight. Those who weren't saved would surely face horrors unimaginable. As she cautiously stepped along the sidewalk, she began to fervently pray,

knowing it wouldn't save them, but unable to help herself. People were staring now but that didn't bother her. They had stared at Milla and her crazy family ever since she could remember. All that mattered was that tonight, on the eve of her twentieth birthday, she would be delivered into the arms of the Lord, and she would see the Blessed Mother, and be reunited with her family for eternity.

When Milla made it back to her tiny apartment behind the movie theater, she found her abuela asleep in her chair. Milla sat on the couch and looked upon her dozing grandmother. She smiled and felt content that this awful world would come to an end tonight. It would be a little frightening for the first few moments perhaps, while the devils minions swept away the wicked. But God's promise of Heaven on Earth would finally be fulfilled tonight. That was what she had been waiting for each moment she existed on this world gone bad. Soon, sleep overtook Milla, and she lay on the couch with a beautiful smile upon her face.

She awoke with a start around eight o'clock. For a moment she thought she might have slept through it. She made some food for her abuela, and fed it to her like she would an infant. Milla ate only a small piece of bread and took a sip of red wine. She then went to her room to prepare herself. She knelt before her shrine. It was a shrine to Mary, Jesus, and her beloved parents. She began her final prayers.

As midnight approached she could hear the neighborhood roaring with drunken activity. Milla kissed her grandmother on the head, took a deep breath and ventured outside to witness the event. In the parking lot of the apartment building were a group of Chicanos drinking and singing.

"Hey, Loca! Come and have a drink with

me!" one shouted at her.

She ignored them and their taunting laughter, and made her way past the theater, toward the corner of Nuevo and Meggido. The bar was now full to the point where it's patrons were spilling over into the streets. Outside the Laundromat, people gulped liquor from bottles and fell over each other. From the bar she began to hear counting.

"29...28...27.." a collective voice shouted. She wanted desperately to scream at them, to beg them to repent, accept Christ, something that might save them before it was too late, but she resisted the urge. She began to weep for them.

"15...14...13." She gathered her composure and folded her hands.

"10...9...8." She turned her head to the nighttime sky, said a prayer and crossed herself.

"4...3...2...1...HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!" Everyone shouted, fired guns in the air, lit firecrackers, made noise. Milla shut all of this out as she stated into the sky and waited. Waited. she could still vaguely hear them cheering and hollering, but the voice in her head was louder: 'Where are you?' it said. 'Where are you!'

"WHERE ARE YOU?" Milla shrieked.

Suddenly a jolt like electricity coursed through her body and a great red light shone over everything. She was swept in what felt like ten different directions, as she saw those around her being swept away from her. Then she was being jerked downward, and she saw images of such darkness her mind recoiled and shut out the horror of them. Then she was as if she were whirling uncontrollably through blackness. Everyone else was gone.

When the whirling stopped there was light and she felt a slow ascension, like levitation. Then the light became pure white, and she saw her mother and father coming toward her. Golden angels drifted through the air, and at the center of the light was the Almighty on his throne. Although there was silence, total and unimaginable, she knew she was laughing aloud, and tears streamed down her beautiful face.

When Jake began his second beer of the morning of New Years Day it was 11:07 this time. Jake's spirits weren't so high today, especially with the hangover. But that would soon be gone because he planned to sit here and drink all day and night. Ten minutes later, right on cue, Armando stumbled in looking like the living dead.

"Hi, Yake," he said somberly as he sat next to his friend. "Pete! Pelo del perro."

"What the hell's that?" asked Jake.

"Hair of the dog. The one that bit me. Give us some Cuervos, Pete."

"Hell of a thing last night, huh?" said Jake.

"Unbelievable," said Armando. "You know I one time read that in China, it happens to like 500 people on their New Years. Every year."

"Well, there's a lot of people there. You blast a bullet in the air, and it's bound to come down on someone's head," said Jake.

"What goes up must come down," said Armando.

"Yeah, but on her? The one who believed with everything in her heart that it was the last day on Earth. I mean, what are the chances of that?"

"It is very sad, but I suppose the prophecies she believed in and wanted came true. For her anyway."

"Self-fulfilling, it's called," said Pete.

Jake and Armando looked at Pete and then at each other bewildered.

"Well, do you suppose she's with her family and the Lord and Mary and everyone like she thought she would be?" asked Jake.

"I don't know," said Armando. They simultaneously threw back their tequila and chased it with beer. After a moment, Armando spoke.

"I hope so. No, no. I believe so," he said. "Yes...yes," he added as if to assure himself.

"So...Happy New Year, Mando," said Jake raising his Corona bottle.

"Happy New Year." Armando paused and grinned. "Happy New...Year...Jake!"

Both men laughed and the Corona 'klinked' against the Dos Equis. then they swallowed down their beers and ordered more.

"I guess we made it. God ain't gonna wipe out us sinners after all. Not this millennium anyway," said Jake.

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"Whatchoo mean?" asked Jake.

"Any man who is esmart like me knows that zero is not a...year."

"So?" Jake snapped.

"So the real millennium won't be here until 2001."

One of the old timers across the bar picked up his head at this.

"2001!" He shouted. "That picture didn't make a damn bit of sense."

The Mission

Photograph

Linnæa Barry



Puget Sound Pictures
by Alicia Suzanne Marini

Sunday morning could as well be midnight Tuesday
near the coldwater cliffs of Tumwater Falls
 (the spray only looks clean when it
 crashes
 down
 in foamy white sheaves.)

The dust is always damp
but still manages to find a way to film itself
as a gritty skin, hair fibers twisted,
floating with black diesel fumes and sawdust
as the Evergreens crash down nearby.

Poison Ivy, the most vibrant thing,
except for treetops

 collapsing
 on
 one
 another

like mismatched dominoes
then empty spaces closing up
a healing puncture wound
swallowing
the voids between.

Petite smog
only clues what isn't there.
Flannel shirts and oily wood shavings
(beneath the rain, the runoff is always grimy.)

Ripping the wind through blank cloth
blowing the salt smell of red tide toward the hills
fishes floating goggle-eyed,
backwards,

 sideways
 belly-up

as pesticides or truck fuel clumps
in phantasmic rainbows
breaking only with bubbles
from grounded crabs beneath.

And the haunting glow of neon
that sleeps with the rest of the world (except New York) at nine
three hours behind or twelve ahead—
midnight Sunday may as well be Tuesday morning,
complete with coffee
thick and dark as mud from the lake.

"Death...or not?"
Vielka Escovar

What is it that
drives us to question death?
We ask many times and in many ways...
The words are diverse in themselves
and we may ask til we think
we've found the answer or answers
however,
ask yourself from within your
minds depth(s)...
"What do you come up with?"

Well, I'll tell you what I come up with...death,
It's simple.
That is,
simple for me...you see
I know how I see death
and
for me it's not this negative
phase of the unknown
It's so much more than my own
mind can fathom

It's Heaven, somewhere
where
HIS presence I will see
And I will be
P l a c e d - into this room
Where light
Is as bright
as the sun
however,
gentle to the sight
I will be judged
and read of my life
on Earth
and
either I have served to please
or
I have served to shame

Yet,
I chose life over death...
You ask, What? How?...I don't make sense?

Of course, it doesn't make sense
to someone who is so blatantly blind
and
rejecting what is so
FREELY
given to him/her.
REMEMBER

It's simple...
IT'S A CHOICE, death is.

Earth is not your home...
YOU
are simply a foreigner in a country
that holds no promises
except
betrayal, anger, facades
and
so much more
that you and I
kill ourselves to be a part of
Yes
let's admit that the one thing we strive at
to arrive at
is wanting to be part of something that is
REAL

We look in the wrong places for all these
things
and
that my friend is the
understatement of the year...
When all has failed and the only way
OUT is IN...
Into what...you ask?
Well, into the kingdom of the MIGHTY ONE
who can love us all and accept us
like
no one will ever be able to comprehend
Then death to you will be defined as...simple.
As being ALIVE in HIS presence and HIS
KINGDOM
No longer suffering
wondering...
What death to you once was...this negative
place that you traveled to and were con-
vinced it didn't exist
however,
HELL DOES EXIST
and when you wake up
from your death here on Earth
and
that burning sensation of the hand that
slapped your face
is imprinted on your cheek
then
and
only then
Is when you will speak
about your blinding sleep and feel
as I longed for so long
to experience...LIFE.
CHOOSE... Death...or not?

Siren
Erin Hastings

She is distant now-
stumbling through
gardens of poinsettias
separating the red velvet
petals from its frail stem
as if she was
musing about the
unknown.

I can see her in my
Crystal ball-
the metamorphous
held under her thumb
ever so cautiously
as if not to awaken
the hollowness inside.

I cast spells, prayers-
tearing each page
of Genesis out of its
feeble father
cursing its dishonesty
for seducing the girl with
its E's and I's.

She dreams of sirens
an evacuation from this
world to the next,
her dove of gypsies,
her peace depressed
in the circle-dot eye
of the winged
caterpillar.

Sinking Sand
Katatura Dunn

sands of the past
drift on winds
to the
future

vast world of emotion
regal cradle of civilization
ends limited mind's past images (Tarzan)
offers gift of greater perspective (Ovambo woman)

amidst the ancient desert Naimb
human history extends before me
blue sky faces into copper dunes (free kingdom)
foundation of hardship, suffering, indifference (slavery)

a people's dark skin, textured hair, full lips (S. Africa's majority)
engenders division, hatred, destruction (S. Africa's minority)
unsettling paradox: smile from Katatura native
my own slanted prejudices unearthed and buried

two worlds' empathetic parallels found daily (Niggers)
Africa and America linked - concerns, emotions, actions (KKK)
shooting stars (guns), Bushmen's souls exiting earth
appetizers for night sky (tears), milky way's 3-D immediacy

blasting winds
creates 2000
sand dunes
of change

Lynette McComas Photograph True Suffering



Fast Fists



The eighth grade was probably the school year when I experienced the most violence. During that school year some students often referred to me as a pest. I would sometimes call kids names or pick on them until I felt like stopping. I always made sure I picked on the nerdy kid with glasses or the fat kid who sat by himself at lunch and would never even hurt a fly. Picking on such personalities gave me a sense of superiority and it sure made other students pick on them as well.

Picking on other students was one of the things I enjoyed doing in school. One day during class I decided to start throwing spitballs at a girl seated in the front row of the class. And I threw about three spitballs she turned around to see who was the one throwing them. At that moment I pretended as if I was actually taking notes as the teacher taught the class. I felt like I had gotten away with murder.

When class ended my friends and I laughed outside of class like a bunch of hyenas at what I had just done. Seconds later the nerdy girl walked out of the class and went over to where we were standing. As her face was ready to explode in anger I wondered if she knew that I was the one throwing the spitballs at her. I soon found out when suddenly she kicked me square in the nuts and then started to scratch at me with her catlike fingernails. She continued scratching and slapping me for about ten seconds. Right before any staff saw what she was doing she stopped and went to her next class. I really couldn't figure out why no one tried to stop her. Maybe everyone enjoyed watching me getting my ass beat by a girl. Soon after that I ran to the boy's restroom to see what had happened to my face. It turned out that my face was all scratched up as if I had just let a cat

scratch my face with its claws. After that incident I never, in any way, shape or form bothered that girl again.

A couple of days passed and I still continued to pick on other students during lunchtime there was a new kid who was pretty fat and always sat by himself at the corner of our lunch table. He was a lot like an elephant, eating and drinking very slowly. I felt like this was a perfect specimen for a couple of minutes of fun and giggles. After getting lunch my acolytes and I decided to sit and think of what to do to our next prey. A few minutes passed and all of a sudden we found ourselves throwing little packets of ketchup at the poor kid.

Finally, it was time to head back to class from the cafeteria.

On the way to class I had to stop at the restroom to wash my hands.

Unfortunately, I was alone in the restroom when the kid whom my buddies and I were throwing packets of ketchup at walked in. Since

A few minutes passed and all of a sudden we found ourselves throwing little packets of ketchup at the poor kid.

none of my friends were around I decided to continue washing my hands and ignore him. As I walked towards the door I felt a sudden pull on my shirt, then found myself against the wall. The way he pulled me and then pushed me on the wall was quite impressive. That kid must have been as strong as a full-grown grizzly bear, about twice my size. He then took his oversized hands and placed them around my neck. At that moment I felt so scared, I felt like I was going to urinate right there, but somehow I managed not to. As he choked me, my eyes felt like they were ready to pop out of my eye sockets. He then started to bang my head against the wall and after that he just threw me on the ground like a rag doll.

"Watch what happens to you after school, fat bitch!" I said while still on the ground with tears running down my eyes.

Still Life Cowboy

Pencil

Wendy DeWito



Beauty
Jennifer L. Williams

You eat yourself
Like an apple
Plucking the voluptuous stem
And polishing the thick rosy skin.

Like an apple
You brown after bitten.
And polishing the thick rosy skin
You salt your wounds.

You brown after bitten
And swim in foul juices.
So you salt your wounds
And savor the sting.

Swimming in foul juices
You swallow hard.
Savoring the sting
As a bitter taste lingers.

You swallow hard
Trying to hide the withered seeds.
A bitter taste lingers though
As you eat yourself like an apple.

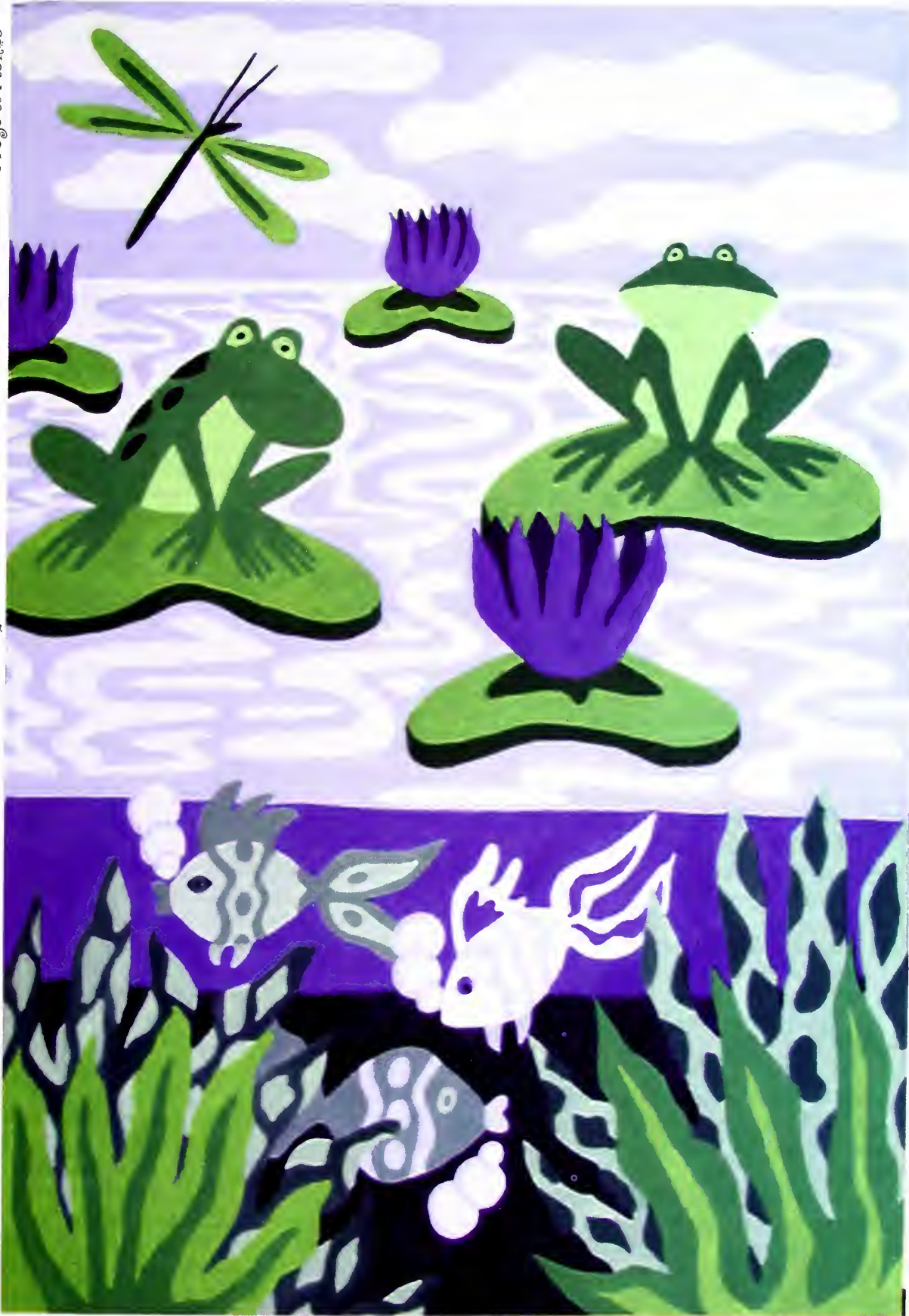
The Man of A 1000 Retirements
Jennifer Albert

when you tell me to stop
that its quite enough
I'm lovely just as I am;
I'm forced to wonder
would you say the same
had you seen me before I'd begun?
every tomorrow that has yet to come;
will you tell me again how lovely I am;
in the midst of asking my halt?
when I lie on my deathbed
and await the coach, then
what will you say?
will you tell me I'm ugly?
I've been a great loss?
my life had no meaning
in the shadow of ink?
Then it was worthless
before it begun
and my skin was not the
salve that could save me.
But if I had worth
while being a freak;
then perhaps the soul is our salvation
and if this skin
this earthly shell
has naught to do with God
then what authority gave you the sign
that I was fit for destruction?

Frogs & Fishes

Acrylic

Leticia Albear



Desillusions
Stephanie Koulouvaris

Tu fais des rêves en blanc et noir
Des images ecloses des bonsoirs
Ce ne sont plus des rêves d'enfants.

Ta memoire est une vraie passoire
Comme les trous du fromage
Que la proiie du chat aiime tant.

Comme elle, tu penses avoir
Seme les griffes du temps
Seulement pour t'apercevoir
Ce n'est qu'un reve en noir et blanc.

(Untitled)
Nicolette J. Pownall

*Allonge a mon cote, la longueur de ton corps se fait
sentir sous la peau de mes doigts.
Il pleut.
Les larmes d'une nuit chaude
caressee par la soie-
Mon corps.
La paleur de ton torse touche par le soleil,
l'odeur de l'ete.
Je reve, il est tard.
Ma main s'efface contre le lit
plaisir, torpeur, souvenir. Fraicheur sans amour,
pourtant couverte de sueur
Rafales de vent contre la fenetre.
Un orage avance sur moi...secouee entre mes cuisses
se bousculent milles pensees
Les draps s'entortillent, j'oublie.
Mon dos decouvert je frissonne.
Il est tard.
Bouche pressee dans les creux de l'oreille,
j'etouffee un soupir.
Les formes s'effacent.
Mes sens repose
Il pleut,
Les larmes d'une nuit chaude caressee par la soie
Ton corps n'est plus
Mes yeux qui s'ouvrent et tout disparaît.*

President's Wood

Photograph

Joey Green



Day Dreams
Patrick Kerr

A glitter angel prances
through a sun-kissed field of morning dew
The heather and the amber petals
refute the climbing clouds
as she melts into the marigolds-
molten sunshine heaven-
she falls into my heart
always slipping through my hands.
The hills are perfect playgrounds
as we tumble into cotton comfort.
Drunken by the glory of fantastic emotion
A ceaseless world of "wonderfuls."
Her waterfalls are flowing-
they become the wave that crashes
covering over me today.
She's rendering me helpless.
She puts a red dress on,
but her January clothes are fitting.
The makeup is gone today-
she is all she is
and all she is is precious.
Afternoon is evening and
she is wrapped in moonbeam thread
fluttering at the shore.
Ripples build her reflection
the one that drowns my eyes.
The image makes me believe
that dawn will come again,
that my sunshine heaven
will always be ev'rything she is-
Reflected red perfection.



Helen Daniels *Aerylie* *Martha*



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ODE TO THE P'AN KU ZOO

From the sophic snake
slithering through
sodomized grass
underneath the twinkling promise
of mystical creatures
silently we watch
as trees purge themselves
of apples and ying-yangs
falling in pears
swallowed by the greeting brush
claimed by feathery blue
as 21 breaths of oxygen
fill silvery sands of torture
and we emerge...
the P'an Ku zoo.

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P'an Ku Volume thirty, number two was printed by Ormont Graphics. P'an Ku is designed, produced, edited and solely by students at Broward Community College. All contributions in this issue are by students at BCC. This magazine is funded by the Student Activities Board. The opinions expressed are those of our contributors and do not necessarily represent those of the editors, faculty, staff, administrators or trustees of the college. Typed contributions with the name, social security number, and telephone number are welcomed from all students attending BCC. Copyright 1999 by Broward Community College, 225 East Las Olas Boulevard, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301. All communications with the editors and all inquiries concerning this publication should be addressed to: Editor of P'an Ku, BCC South Campus, 7200 Pines Boulevard, Pembroke Pines, Florida 33024. Telephone: (954)986-8044. All copyrights revert back to the original artists and authors after publication.



Broward Community College
Literary/Arts Magazine
Spring 1999

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