

# P'AN KU

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE  
BROWARD COLLEGE

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## THE MAYAN PROPHECIES

Though most people think that the *Mayans* have predicted the end of the world, the truth is that *Mayan* writing says very little about what will happen during the time leading up to *December 21st, 2012*. **Mayan Prophecies** essentially consist of 13 *katuns* (each *katun* equals 19.7 years) for a total of 256 years, also known as a "short count." Based on ancient *Mayan* text, we are currently living in the **katun 4 Ahau**, which began in 1993. The current **Mayan Calendar** begin date was *August 11th, 3114 BC* and is based on what archaeologists, anthropologists, and archaeoastronomers call the "Long Count," which covers a span of 5,125 years. Some researchers believe the **Mayan Calendar** actually began with **katun 11 Ahau**, which means the **Mayan Prophecies** will have cycled through the 13 *katuns* 20 times at the calendar end date of *December 21st, 2012*, which marks the beginning of **katun 2 Ahau**.

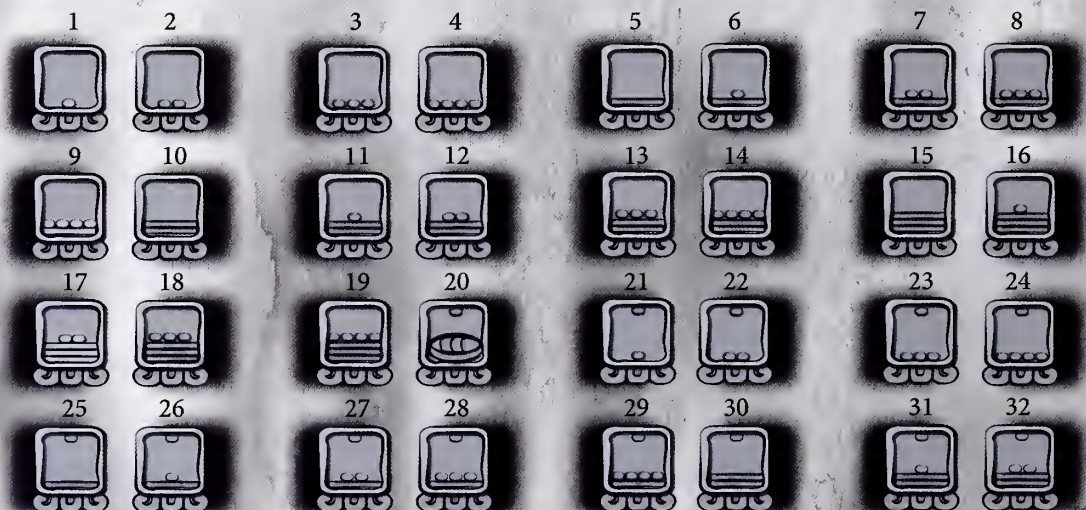
**katun 11 Ahau:** "Food is scarce during this katun and invading foreigners arrive and disperse the population. There is an end to traditional rule, there are no successors. Since this is the first katun, it always opens up a new era. It was during the span of this katun, from 1539 - 1559, that the Spanish began their take over of Yucatan and imposed Christianity on the natives..."

**katun 4 Ahau:** "There will be scarcities of corn and squash during this katun and this will lead to great mortality. This was the katun (around 712 - 731 AD) during which the settlement of Chichen Itza occurred, when the man-god Kukulcan (Quetzalcoatl) arrived. It is the katun of remembering and recording knowledge."

**katun 2 Ahau:** "For half of the katun there will be food, for half some misfortunes. This katun brings the end of the 'word of God.' It is a time of uniting for a cause."

To see all 13 *katun* prophecies, visit: <http://www.onereed.com/articles/katun.html>

In keeping with a *Mayan* theme for this half of **P'an Ku magazine**, we have incorporated *Mayan* symbols to indicate the page numbers. Please look at the legend below to learn what number is associated with each symbol.



Mayan page textures provided by: <http://amazingtextures.com/textures/jmg-stone01.jpg-1250.htm>  
 Literature background image provided by: <http://keeyou.deviantart.com/art/Old-paper-3-109116032>  
 Mayan Page Symbols created by Phillip E. Hardy



# Table Of Contents

## ART

- 03 **"Caged Freedom"**  
By Phillip E. Hardy
- 09 **"Stiletto Heel"**  
By Patricia Kobelin
- 10 **"Organ Planter"**  
By Heather Tomlinson
- 11 **"Surreal Dreams"**  
By Manuela Jaramillo
- 14 **"Galactic Chalice"**  
By Alice M. Barfield
- 24 **Untitled**  
By Klawdia Proia
- 25 **"Petrified Wood"**  
By Elisa Cresse
- 28 **"Bowl on Fire"**  
By Roberta Kane
- 30 **"Birth of a Star"**  
Kaylin Silva
- 31 **"Death of a Star"**  
Kaylin Silva

## NONFICTION

- 26 **"20 Minutes"**  
By A. Landers

## FICTION

- 06 **"Southern Facades"**  
By Paul W. Harvel IV
- 20 **"Eyes"**  
Stephanie Kou

## PHOTOGRAPHY

- 02 **"Surrounded"**  
By Constanzo Gallardo
- 04 **"The Evil Within"**  
By Rey "Rey" Rodriguez
- 15 **Untitled**  
By Dana McLean
- 18 **"Twilight"**  
By Jorge Castillo
- 23 **"Towering Illumination"**  
By Salomon O. Carrasco
- 29 **"I Found it..."**  
By Jaqueline Herrera

## POETRY

- 05 **"Nightmares"**  
By Rey "Rey" Rodriguez
- 12 **"Tears in the Soil"**  
By Joe Colangelo
- 13 **"Preacher of Time"**  
By Rachael Christie
- 16 **"The Realm of Reactions"**  
By Tatiana Noelle Oquendo
- 17 **"Boy of Twelve"**  
By Kyle Kaly
- 19 **"My Friend"**  
By Andrea Whiting

## COVER ART

- "Art Bringing My Heart Back to Life"**  
Ceramics  
By Kaylin Silva







**Surrounded**  
*Photography*  
Constanza Gallardo







**Caged Freedom**  
*Colored Pencil*  
Phillip E. Hardy







**The Evil Within**  
*Photography*  
Rey "Rey" Rodriguez





## NIGHTMARES

by Rey "Rey" Rodriguez

I don't know why, but I think I'm going to die,  
I hope before I do, I tell the ones I love goodbye.  
I keep having nightmares with visions that no one should see,  
I hope they have no meaning, and pray that they stop haunting me.  
I sometimes dream that I'm in a casket while people cry around me quietly,  
Wishing that during my time alive, they'd spent time with me more wisely.  
I've dreamt of people that I love, asking me what I thought about death,  
As they look at me with a depressed look, and stab me repeatedly in the chest.  
I've dreamt of suicide many nights, and in my dreams I think, "This is my time,"  
But the possibility of my soul going to hell, always seems to change my mind.  
I've had dreams where I was a cop, and thought I had put on my bulletproof vest,  
Then I get shot 3 times, and my lifeless body lies there, making a bloody mess.  
I've dreamt of psychologists and psychiatrists all messing with my head,  
And heard a neurologist tell a neurosurgeon, that I'm better off dead.  
I've dreamt of wearing a strait jacket, while someone injects me with medication,  
While doctors and shrinks shake their heads, as they write my illness's classification.  
I sometimes dream of being held down and tortured in a room full of blood stains,  
Screaming for help, but no one hears me, while I suffer through immense pain.  
I've dreamt of demented paramedics suffocating me until I was unconscious,  
Then they place a plastic bag over my face until my death is obvious.  
I usually wake up sweating for no reason, in the middle of the night,  
And have to tell myself over and over again, that everything is all right.  
A lot of times my dreams come true, so my nightmares worry me all the time,  
So to keep sane I repeat to myself, "This is all just made up in my mind."





# SOUTHERN FACADES

by Paul W. Harvel IV

"I'll finish this quilt if it kills me, before that phony do-gooder has the satisfaction of handing my patch over to one of her cronies," Glenda hissed at the phone as she hung it up and refilled her WWJD initialed coffee mug. Glenda was part of the women's group at church. Each lady was responsible for making a patch that would form a quilt, which then in turn was auctioned off for charity. Glenda had fallen behind on her patch while tending to her husband Harry who was far into having emphysema. Blanche Davis, the women's group director seemed intent on making sure Glenda was excluded from this year's quilt and was insistent that Glenda allow another lady from the women's group to finish the patch she was working on.

"Maybe you have too much on your plate with Harry and all?" Glenda mocked Blanche's words from the phone call in a demonic five year old voice as she snatched the quilting materials from their resting place and sat back down on the sofa in the living room. The television that sat on the other side of the room had the TBN network going and Jan Crouch was preaching away with her big pink cotton candy like hair. Glenda adjusted her cat eye framed reading glasses. "With every thread a stitch of love," she said to herself as she attempted to put a golden colored thread in the eye of a needle. A knock on the door and the sound of her metal mailbox opening and closing on the

front porch interrupted her. She dropped her patch in defeat and rolled her eyes. "Jimmy, I'm coming," she yelled on her way to the door.

"Now you tell Martha I've never seen Harry look as well as he did after that dish she made us the other night," she said to the mailman and gathered the huge stack of envelopes from the mailbox.

"Yes Ma'am, there's a bass waiting for his hook and a beer waiting for him in the cooler when he's on his feet again" he responded.

"Any day, Jimmy, any day," Glenda retreated back to her spot on the sofa and took a sip from her mug.

"Jan, now you tell me what would Jesus do with all these hospital bills? One thing's for sure that emphysemas going to take all our savings before it takes him." Glenda had a habit of having conversations with the preachers on TV. She went back to work on her patch while the cotton candy lady filled the air with her fluffy preachings.

"DAMMIT...WOMAN.... WATER!" The fact that Harry had to use his oxygen mask in between each hateful word made the shudders down Glenda's spine even worse as he cursed her from his room. She rolled her eyes behind closed eyelids just in case God was watching and flung her patch work down on the sofa, then took a sip from her mug.

"Duty Calls," she told herself and walked into the kitchen.





The sound of her sturdy heels knocked against the wooden floors as she retrieved a glass of water for Harry. "Bout.....Time," he said. Glenda helped his head up to drink some water and then pushed his sweaty hair off to the side of his forehead.

"It's going on noon; same time I always check on you." She reminded him. "Turn...that...DAMN...TV...OFFFFFFF," was the only thanks he gave her. Glenda placed his head back on the pillow and then stood in the doorway.

"Now I'll be right out here working on my patch for the quilt. It would do you good to hear what Jan Crouch has to say. You might learn something," she stated.

"Uhhhhh," he quietly replied, closing his eyes again.

"WE ARE AN ELITE GROUP, FOR WE HAVE TURNED OURSELVES OVER TO THE CARE OF OUR TRUE FATHER" Jan's words rang from the television, as Glenda took her place on the sofa and began working

"Praise Jesus, amen," she said in agreement. The first stitch of gold thread wasn't even in, when another knock at the door interrupted her. Glenda bit her knuckle almost breaking skin as she remembered that Martha the mailman's wife was stopping by. It's another one of her god awful meals she thought to herself as she walked to the front door.

"Martha, how wonderful to see you," Glenda said as she stood firmly but politely in the doorway.

"It's so good to see you too Glenda, I hope Harry is doing better?"

Martha said with more of a prying tone to her voice rather than compassion as she handed Glenda a covered dish and a small bag of groceries.

"He is, but he's having a rough spell right now, and you are going to plain spoil him rotten with your cooking," Glenda told her.

"Oh hush now, it's the least I can do. Well I'll let you get back to Harry, I just wanted to stop by," Martha's words trailed off a little as if she were fishing for an invitation inside. Glenda wasn't about to let any of the women from church inside the house after Blanche's phone call, though. She let Martha's insinuations float away with the breeze as she thanked her and sent her on the way with a blessing from God.

Glenda proceeded to walk straight to the waste basket in the kitchen and dump the contents of the covered dish into the garbage. "You can't sneeze in this town without someone making you a bad green bean casserole," she said to herself. She emptied the contents of the groceries onto the counter, some canned soup and a generous mesh bag that contained at least a dozen of the heartiest baking potatoes she'd ever seen.

Then the phone rang.

"Hello," the high pitched sweetness of Glenda's voice almost matched her fading honey colored hair.

"Oh Blanche; what can I do for you?" Glenda's eyes focused narrowly as the conversation carried on, as if somehow the more slanted her eyes were the easier it would be to send a beam of pure hate through the phone and banish Blanche



once and for all.

"Now, Blanche I told you earlier, I will finish MY patch. I'm not sure why you are under the impression that I can't..."

"GODDAMMIT WOMAN."

It seemed Harry had managed to save every breath he had left in him and scream the worst possible thing at the most inopportune time. His words echoed through the phone and right into Blanche Davis's ear.

The shocked silence ended with Blanche informing Glenda that someone would be by in the morning to take her patch work and finish it. Glenda hung the phone up and looked to the heavens. A tear rolled down her cheek, as she clutched her fist that still held the bag of potatoes and shook them like they were Blanche Davis's neck.

"WORTHLESS... WOMAN... GET...IN...HERE!" Glenda stormed into Harry's room, grabbed the oxygen tank beside the bed and tossed it across the floor. Harry's weathered face held the expression of that like a child, aware that he had finally pushed his mother over the edge as he watched the plastic mask he had just held travel through the air and land on the floor. She hoisted the mesh bag of potatoes over her shoulder and slammed them down on Harry's chest. Though she had never swung an ax in her life, her precision and force would have led one to think she had chopped down a thousand pine trees. He squirmed around on the bed trying to grasp for unavailable air. Glenda stood over him, adjusting her hair that she wore in a now disheveled bun chastising him.

"You better pray that God will take

that nasty mouth into heaven!" She looked in his frightened eyes for a sign that he might actually have a soul to go to heaven as he struggled for air.

"Right now, the only God you need to be worried about though is the one that's trying to get some peace and quiet so she can finish her patch!" Glenda warned him as she retrieved his oxygen mask and gave it back to him. Harry huffed on it, gasping air back into his lungs. She stood over him and fixed the hair that had gone astray on his forehead. "Now are we all better?" she asked him in the same tone a mother would use over the first glass of spilled milk their toddler cries over.

He knew better than to respond.

"IT IS OUR MISSION TO LET EVERYONE WE ENCOUNTER KNOW ABOUT THE VAST TREASURES THAT AWAIT IN OUR PROMISED LAND," Jan Crouch told her listeners as Glenda made her way back to the kitchen.

"Amen, Jan," she said as she refilled her coffee mug, now taking time to cut a fresh lemon and squeeze into it. That was her favorite way to drink Southern Comfort. She walked back over to the sofa, and got comfortable as she began quietly working on the patch again paying close attention to the gold stitching of the small cross she had been trying to finish for the last week.





**Stiletto Heel**  
*Ceramics*  
Patricia Kobelin







**Organ Planter**  
*Acrylic*  
Heather Tomlinson







**Surreal Dreams**  
*Mixed Media*  
Manuela Jaramillo





## Tears in the Soil

By Joe Colangelo

Scars on the Planet

We're building smokestacks to the sky, we say it's to reenergize

Don't care who we sterilize, all cost just to minimize

Each day we're wasting away

Don't care what they say

We're wasting away

Green water flowing, plants are glowing

Chemicals are in all we eat, there is widespread disease

Our rain forest dying, a greenhouse is rising

Our waterways are shining, from sea to shining sea

Ozone layer is getting dark, while acid rain tears us apart

East always fighting with West, with nuclear test

Do all you can, to protect the land

Do all you can, to help save the land

Unemployment welfare lines, people trying to save a dime

Children are crying in vain, please stop hunger pain

Air pollution revolution, people need to find a solution

If we go on such as this, we'll cease to exist

It saddens me to see all the time that's been wasted

Let's get together and maybe we'll find a way

Do all you can, to project the land

Do all you can, to help save the land





# PREACHER OF TIME

*by Rachael Christie*

Behold,

A subject of revolutionary rights  
See him now, surrounded by a valley,  
forged from hypocritical repetition.

Behold,

A woman, mother and daughter  
of twentieth century blood.  
See her now, face carved with ailment,  
setting weary eyes upon the young and "innocent".

Behold,

The survivors, the freedom fighters  
of once upon a time supreme oppression.  
Hear and see their humiliation,  
as some succumb to stereotypical manifestations.

Behold,

A reservation, the devastation  
Still not forgiven by those victims of invasion.  
See them now, lines of anger run deep through creases of exhaustion.  
See them now, sick to stomach, waged of war for the acceptance of bribery.

Behold,

Twenty first century kin, heirs of American land.  
See us grow but diminish  
See us live and die  
Hear us call ourselves free men and women  
But watch ourselves be enslaved by tongues that lie.  
See us be fooled.  
See us be fooled.







**Galactic Chalice**  
*Ceramics*  
Alice M Barfield







Untitled  
*Photography*  
Dana McLean





# The Realm of Reactions

by Tatiana Noelle Oquendo

The frailty,  
Of figuring frames,  
Of concord,  
Festers fragility.

The ample terrain tremors,  
Huddled with heaps,  
Of spastic sentiments:  
Mountains of Misunderstanding.  
Clefts of condescension.  
Rivers of repugnance.  
Grounds of gloom.  
Sulking skies.  
The earth,  
Enveloping,  
Emotions and tears.

Complexity,  
Cages itself,  
In the caves called our hearts.

Darting in darkness,  
A world,  
Set apart.





# BOY OF TWELVE

*By Kyle Kaly*

A boy of twelve took to the stands,  
He sang a song, and clapped his hands.

He stood with his friends,

He sang til the end.

With boots on his feet,  
and a scarf on his neck;  
his enemies he beat,  
bloody on the deck.

The fuzz came quickly

To break up the fight.

The boy ran away,  
but it wasn't his night.

Thrown to the ground with all of their strength,  
The pigs took him down and kept him at arm's length.

Cuffed and arrested, deemed a threat to the state.  
The young little hooligan had just sealed his fate.







Twilight  
Photography  
Jorge Castillo





# My Friend

By Andrea Whiting

My Friend.

Everything flies by all too fast.

A rush of words

A blur from the past

Promises shattered, left undone.

All ends at the sound of a gun

A final farewell

A last Adieu

Not a day goes by, I don't think of you.

You were my strong hold

My fortress

My Home

But it all became real when the last shot has rung.

Losing a mentor

Losing a friend

Who would have thought, this was the end?

A husband

An uncle

A brother

A friend

All became real when the last of 21 shots has rung.

I lost my mentor.

My father.

My friend.



## Eyes

By Stephanie Kou

The shrieking sounds echo through the streets, fiberglass crunches and glass explodes onto the front seats, as her body impacts the limo tinted windshield. The crowds hurdle to hover over her, blood polluting her striking ensemble and patent leather stilettos that have somehow stayed intact on her feet when it seems the rest of her body is not. Someone in the crowd calls for help while the sirens are already ringing in the distance; her motionless body lay contorted on the heated asphalt. "I didn't see her! She came out of nowhere!" Says the driver of the impacted car.

The room is cold but she can feel herself wrapped in blankets and the constant beeping alarms her for a moment. She can't open her eyes, but she can feel the rustling of people around her; their voices in the distant background. "Ma'am!" says the nurse, "Ma'am, squeeze my finger if you can hear my voice." Light pressure wraps around the nurse's finger. "You've been in a serious accident and are at the City Hospital." The voices start to fade away, and her mind wanders back into a deep sleep.

Every morning when she opens her eyes, she sees the buildings that rise in the sky outside of the window, the flat screen T.V. tilted from the wall, and the vase of arranged daisy's and spring colored carnations that sit on top of the bedside cabinet; they are all recognizable and she is able to comprehend them quickly. But looking in the mirror, she doesn't identify the face that looks back, or have any recollection of

where she came from. Trey walks into the room, just as the pains of her lost memories begin to overwhelm her. His dark blue medical scrubs, tailored and creased, embody his swagger. "Use that frustration to build strength in your legs today." He says as he's joyfully wheeling in her chair. She softly sweeps the delicate pads of her ring fingers across the bottoms of her eyes and neatly adjusts her blankets on top of her abdomen. "You look beautiful as usual." Trey says. She smirks at him as her hand reaches upward to smooth her frazzled tresses, "at least I'll be able to move around like a respectable human being!"

"You know what? I can't call you Jane Doe anymore." Trey stares up into her eyes as his hands place her feet on the foot rests of the wheel chair. Their eyes instantly connected like a pianist to her keys, and their bodies play whimsical songs to each other.

"Heather. Your name should be Heather." Gratification moves Trey swiftly to grab hold of the handles of the chair. He doesn't see the smile that gleams on her face, but feels assured and bursts a smile from behind her as he wheels her through the hospital halls, making their way to the physical therapy room.

It was a couple of days ago during physical therapy with Trey, when she had become overwhelmed with the realization that no one was going to come for her in the hospital. All of her hard work was done in vain and no one would be coming to pick her up or visit her later. Her heart screamed in agony as she cried while Trey effortlessly held her in his arms for a moment of



time without an end, calming her down by telling her stories of his mother who had recently passed, taking her mind off of her own misery. She felt as if it was the first time comfort surrounded her, and Trey seemed to fall into her just as easily; like two souls meeting again.

"Now why would you think that name would be suitable for me?" She says cheekily. Her hands poised gently in her lap.

"My mother, she was killed a few days before you came into the hospital," Trey's smile turns subdued as he aids her onto the weight bench. "For some reason, helping you and getting to know you has helped me to cope with her death. And ironically, you're a lot like her."

Heather slides her ankles underneath the weight bar and suddenly realizes her selfishness, "I'm so sorry! That must be awful for you to have to deal with her death, and here I am sulking all day and crying all over you!"

"No! No, don't feel sorry for me!" Trey reaches out and grabs her hands, "you just have this strength and refinement about you." His voice softening into a whisper, "my mother always talked about a friend she admired growing up," he pauses for a moment as he looks into his memory, "she was always so proud and happy when she'd speak about her childhood friend. I don't know, it just makes me think of you. Her name was Heather." The room turns somber, their connection becomes deeper.

Her new given name seemed to fall on her with ease just as their relationship seemed to grow naturally. Trey would sit in the chair beside her bed and more often he would sit in the bed with her and they

would talk for hours. Heather adored listening to the stories about his patients, and watching his eyes gleam when he spoke, about his family. Trey and his mother had an unbreakable bond, like a steel membrane where nothing would penetrate in, and this love that would never leak out. Heather admired the closeness of his kin, and eagerly longed for his endless love too. Although the grief lingered in her shadows, and the memories seemed to be forever gone, Heather knew that she needed to keep moving forward in her life; she had to trust that her mind would work things out, and trust Trey's support for her.

His house was filled elaborate wallpaper that covered every wall, solid wood furniture blanketed with antique decorative upholstery, vivid colors and intricate detailing filled his mother's outdated home. Although the hospital prohibited it, Trey convinced them that this was Heather's home. Their love began fluidly, and without hesitation, and this is exactly where she needed to be. But getting settled into her new home immediately became a grueling circumstance. The colors, unfamiliar noises and the springs that jabbed her back when she tried to sleep; it was difficult to get comfortable, especially as the traffic of lights shot around in her head. She sat among the brightly colored pillows in the bay window and stared out onto the neighborhood streets, hoping the bustle of the world would somehow calm her mind. Trey said that it was probably just the excitement of her getting out of the hospital environment, and pulled out some of his family photo albums from the wall of books. He was carefully working toward





getting Heather integrated back into the world, and desperately wanted her to meet all of his friends and family. They began to go through the pictures of him as a baby, pictures of him growing up into a handsome brown eyed, curly haired boy, and then they giggled together at the smooth shine that was now on top of his head. Heather pressed her hands against her eyes as each page turned, trying to cover the lights that screened through her mind. As he flipped to the pictures of his mother with her fiery red hair and deep dark almond eyes, the images shot through her brain in blazes of flashes. "I see something or someone. I don't know, it's not clear. The lights are too bright," she covered her face with the palms of her hands in desperation. "Just give it time," Trey wrapped his arms around her shoulders and pulled her into his chest. Heather closes her eyes, feeling herself fall into the arms of her lover. Taking a deep breath, the lights seem to fade away and the pictures slowly begin to show through the shadows. The pictures, she doesn't recall seeing them in the photo album. Her mind relaxes and she's finally able to fall asleep.

The sun burns through her eyelids, and she wonders who opened blinds in her bedroom. In the distance she can hear voices in the living room, muffled and deep. She suddenly opens her eyes, taking a minute to gather the information and realizes where she is. A switch has been turned on in an instant; she remembers where she was before. Tears begin to fall like hail as she recalls the photos of Trey's family that have melted in her mind. His mother's eyes pierce through her heart. She remembers everything. She quickly jumps out of the bed and looks

around the room scanning for her belongings, violently throwing clothes into a bag found in the corner of the room. Her mind is racing and her legs can't move fast enough. Fire begins to burn beneath her feet and ants feel as if they are crawling all over her body. She grabs as much as she can and starts to rush out of the bedroom door. The photo album lays open on top of the dresser next to a box of kitten stationary.

*How could I let this happen?* Her heart crumbles inside of her, as the visions of hatred begin to take over her severed soul. The blood that covered her head is clear in her mind. It's redness resembled the red hair of her youth in the pictures, and her deep dark eyes, they stayed deep within and buried themselves in her soul as she watched the life leave from them. Heather edges her way, silently out of the door.

Trey walks into the bedroom eager to meet his lover's eyes, but his vision is immediately caught by surprise by the note on the dresser next to the photo album, open to pictures of his mother. Her words are sudden strokes in his brain, leeching poison into his soul:

*Our love was real. I'm sorry. I'm the one that killed your mother.*





**Towering Illumination**  
*Photography*  
Salomon O. Carrasco







Untitled  
Ceramics  
Klawdia Proia







**Petrified Wood**  
*Ceramics*  
Elisa Cresse





## 20 Minutes

By A. Landers

I remember skimming through confusing investigation reports looking for my name to see if they discovered that I was the real cause of the tragedy, instead I just kept seeing the letters T.M. I remember the night of my brother's tragedy waiting 20 minutes for his response. I remember the phone ringing loudly minutes at a time; I remember hearing an ant crawl on my bedroom floor just before a loud long bark of wailing came from my parent's bedroom. I remember walking into the overly crowded white building decorated with red glares feeling lifeless. I especially remember how I felt; Like a chair that people sit on, the ground people walk on, and the road people drive on. The doctor approached us as if we were just some number that had a two minute only sign above our heads. It is a miracle that Mint Frame is even alive, the doctor stated. I let out a hot husky breath. Mint Frame died for 1 minute and then went into a Coma on the way here; he is now being carefully looked over in the Intensive Care Unit. As the doctor finished his statement liquid began to fall from my eyes as guilt grew

more and more on my heart.

When my parents and I reached my brother's room we were greeted by EMT's and police officers who stood in front of my brother's door. What happened? My mother thundered, yelling out questions that I already knew the answer to. I prepared myself for the worse slumping down against the white cemented wall.

The police approached us with life shocking words, Mr. and Mrs. Frame, your 19 year old son Mint was involved in a severe automobile accident. On-going investigation reports show that Mint lost control over his car veering into oncoming traffic hitting another car head on. Both parties survived with critical injuries. There is no report on the exact cause however we believe the accident was caused because of text messaging. My mother fell to her knees as my father made an attempt to catch her. I threw up in my mouth disgusted with myself, how selfish of me to think I was that important.

My brother was in the hospital for 8 weeks, the nurses reported that he died three times before he came out of a Coma.



He had to have a tracheotomy, which involves a surgical procedure that opens up a windpipe. At one point the doctors labeled my brother paralyzed, although the end result was that he would be physically impaired. He had to learn to walk and talk again. The once jock star football player was now just a lifeless body. All the muscles deflated, all the strong physical features that allowed him to be so popular with girls disappeared; now all you see is physical features that cry out don't let me go.

It felt like tables had turned; now I was the big brother, and he the little brother. I was now looking after him, cleaning up after him, teaching him how to walk, how to hold a spoon, and how to go to the bathroom; I was my brother's keeper. Every day I would tell him sorry, that I deserved to be in his position, he would always respond with a cricked smile and raspy voice saying you didn't do this to me, I did it to myself.

I exit my thoughts and focus back on my brother's lecture on texting and driving here at the Dorsey High School in Massachusetts. I look at him wheel around in the wheel chair with such passion in his eyes, Voice strong and short like a toad, looks

as sharp as a porcupine back. "When a driver texts while driving, his reaction time will decrease by 35%, when texting, steering capability goes down by 91 % I am a statistic," my brother stated looking into the young crowd. "I want you to listen to my message and learn from what happened to me. It's a battle just to get up every day and look at myself in the mirror. Put the phone down while driving."

I try hard to think back to what I sent him, what exactly was it that Mint eagerly wanted to respond to. It starts to frustrate me; frantically my legs begin to shake. For the life of it I can't seem to remember our texting messaging conversation. How could something that little, something I can't remember at all cause so much change in our lives. Please Don't text and drive Mint say's into the microphone dragging me out of my thoughts once again. No, don't text people that you know are driving I whisper to myself.







**Bowl on Fire**  
*Ceramics*  
Roberta Kane







**I Found it...**  
*Photo Composite*  
Jaqueline Herrera







**Birth of a Star**  
*Acrylic Paint*  
Kaylin Silva







**Death of a Star**  
*Acrylic Paint*  
Kaylin Silva





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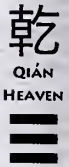
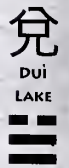
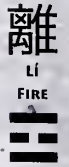
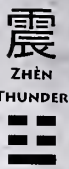
# P'AN KU

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE  
BROWARD COLLEGE

Spring 2012







# I CHING

## "BOOK OF CHANGES"

The I Ching (e-jing) is an ancient Chinese manuscript which dates back to the Warring States period of 475 - 221 BC. Some scholars believe the I Ching is the oldest book in existence referring to events as far back as 1000 BC and earlier. Literally translated I Ching means "Classic of Changes." The book contains a divination system which uses hexagrams that during the Warring States Period, were re-interpreted as a system of cosmology and philosophy that subsequently became intrinsic to Chinese culture. It centered on the ideas of the dynamic balance of opposites (yin and yang), the evolution of events as a process, and acceptance of the inevitability of change.

The trigrams, as seen on the left and right side of the layout, are made up of a total of 8 possible combinations of 3 lines (yin is the broken line, yang is the solid line). Each combination can be associated with an image of nature, a direction, a family relationship, a body part, a state of mind, or an animal. The solid line represents yang, the creative principle, also referred to as the light side. The open line represents yin, the receptive principle, also known as the dark side. These principles are also represented in a common circular symbol commonly known in the west as the yin-yang diagram, expressing the idea of complementarity of changes: when Yang is at top, Yin is increasing, and vice versa.

Hexagrams as seen as the page numbers in this issue of P'an Ku, are made up of one upper and one lower trigram. These symbols indicate a change in the state of the dynamics of the inner aspect (personnal), represented by the lower trigram, and the outer aspect (external) situation, represented by the upper trigram. The ancient text contained in I Ching describes each of the 64 hexagrams in it's most simplistic state.

You can visit [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I\\_Ching](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_Ching) for more information.

Please refer to the legend below to identify the symbol or hexagram, and the page number associated with it.

1 	2 	3 	4 	5 	6 	7 	8 
9 	10 	11 	12 	13 	14 	15 	16 
17 	18 	19 	20 	21 	22 	23 	24 
25 	26 	27 	28 	29 	30 	31 	32 

Trigram and Hexagram symbols courtesy of [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I\\_Ching](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_Ching)  
Background texture courtesy of <http://maplerose-stock.deviantart.com/art/Rice-paper-texture-172001815>





# TABLE OF CONTENTS



## ART

- 10 "DOORS TO MY SOUL"  
BY STACEY LOUIDOR
- 11 "HUSKIES"  
BY SARAH GREENBERG
- 13 "DEAR WORLD,"  
BY MELISSA FRASCATI
- 21 "CUPCAKE MONSTER"  
BY SARA GREENBERG
- 22 "BLUE ELEPHANT"  
BY BEATRIZ MONGEAU
- 26 "AMERICAN SPIRIT"  
BY SHERM
- 27 "INSANE IN THE MEMBRANE"  
BY YVETON ISNOR
- 29 "MY SHADOW"  
BY AMANDA AVELAR

## FEATURED ARTIST

**SALOMON O. CARRASCO**

- 30 "DREAMING OF YOU"  
31 "EXHAUSTED"  
31 "BEING WATCHED"

## NONFICTION

- 02 "RULES OF LIFE"  
BY EILLEN CAFFOLL
- 16 "APPY BOODAY OONY"  
BY KENNETH WAYNE MARTIN

## PHOTOGRAPHY

- 05 "RIPPLING SOLITUDE"  
BY PHILLIP E. HARDY
- 06 "CLEAR SKY"  
BY CINDY STERLING
- 07 "GRAND TETON HOUSE"  
BY IVAR FANDEL
- 14 "ICE, ICE, BABY"  
BY JORGE CASTILLO
- 15 "LIFE WILL THRIVE"  
BY MICHAEL SCIOLINO
- 23 "WATER DROPLETS"  
BY ALEXA PONCE

## POETRY

- 08 "REMOVE THE LABELS"  
BY SHETERICA GORDON
- 09 "LOVE"  
BY RACHAEL CHRISTIE
- 24 "SEARCHING FOR THE MASTER"  
BY REY "REY" RODRIGUEZ

## FEATURED POET

**TATIANA NOELLE OQUENDO**

- 12 "THE TWISTED TENDRIL"  
28 "THE SLEEPER"  
ALSO SEE MAYAN SIDE
- 16 "THE REALM OF REACTIONS"

## COVER ART

"HER NATURE CANNOT BE CHANGED"  
CERAMICS  
BY DIANE LUBLINSKI





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## Rules of Life

By Eilleen Caffoll

In life there are many rules we need to follow to succeed and to be delighted about living. We learn as children how to dress, what to say, how to respect our elders. We have our "Role Models" that we look up to: parents, teachers, friends, a celebrity who has done well for the community. What rules of life do I have? How do I see myself in the future? How can I enjoy my life? Answering these questions will help us to be ecstatic living life. I think the most important rule of life is to have peace with our bodies. Making peace with our bodies is important because we need to accept our imperfections, respect our needs, and do what is best for us.

To begin with, having peace with our bodies is important because we need to accept our imperfections. For example, I had to acknowledge my imperfections just because I was born with mild cerebral palsy (the motor system on the right side of my brain is off). At first, in elementary school, it was difficult because the right side of my body is different and weaker; my right arm would be high up close to my face and I would walk limping with my right leg. Kids would laugh and make remarks about me. I would go home and cry all day, but my mother would tell me "Mi amor, no te porcupes, todo va estar bien. Solo ten fe en ti mismo" ("Honey, don't worry, everything will be fine. Just have faith in yourself.") I started to have therapy to lower my arm and strengthen my muscles and bones. Therapy helped me a lot, physically and emotionally. My arm got lower each day and my confidence rose to a point; I didn't care if people would stare or make a joke. I appreciate my mom for telling me to have faith in myself. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be the person I am today. In addition, being able to enjoy our bodies is important because we need to respect our needs. Apart from being born with mild cerebral palsy, I was recently diagnosed with epilepsy. Four years ago, while I was asleep, my sister heard a weird noise coming from my side of the room. I was having a seizure; saliva

was coming from my mouth, my eyes were wide open, and my whole body was stiff. After a few minutes, I seemed to calm down and went back to my sleep. My family was terrified of what was happening to me and they didn't know what to do. The next day, my mom asked me if I remembered what had happened to me the night before; I didn't. We made a phone call to my pediatrician to make an appointment. When I went to see the doctor, I had a MRI on my brain; when the results were back, nothing came out. Now I have to swallow pills of 500 mg for life twice a day to control my epilepsy. Being able to respect my condition and to treat my needs makes me have peace with my mind and body.

Lastly, the final reason why I feel we need to love our bodies is because we need to do what's best for us. Knowing that I have a disability and condition, there are limitations. I can't run for a lot of hours because my leg tends to tire itself quickly, so I need to have a five minute break. With my arm and hands, I can't reach high up or write; my fingers move by themselves; I can hold only five pounds with my right hand. I need to do what's best for me, staying calm and not pressuring myself about something I can't do. Therapy and my pills are good for me and my health; they make me stronger. I need to accept my flaws and try to laugh at my mistakes regarding what I want to try to achieve in this world of gossip and hatred. I need to think positive and not feel bad for myself; there's a reason why I was born this way. I can do the things everybody does; I just need a little more time finishing my goals. What's best for me is being able to talk to people about my disability and condition without embarrassment. People need to know why I take a long time to do certain things, why I walk this way, why my arm is sometimes up, or why I can't pick up certain heavy items. They need to know me before pointing fingers, judging me and saying "Ohhhh, look at this weird girl!" What's best





is to enjoy my life and live it to the fullest; go with the flow. I need to acknowledge the fact, yes I'm different, but that's not going to stop me from living life.

In essence, if we want to live life happily and get the best out of it, just follow this rule of life. We have flaws and get mad because of it; that's life. There are mistakes that we regret doing or things we wish to do all over again from the beginning; that's life. Someone has called us ugly, selfish, heartless; that's life. All of these obstacles are just part of what life is all about; the difference is we have the power to control how we want to live our life. Want to be a certified Medical Assistant? Want to lose fifty pounds before a birthday bash? Want to enjoy life? The answer to these questions is... YES WE CAN!!! If we have a positive mind set; we can conquer anything in life! Of all of the rules of life, there is one specifically that can make our life pleasurable. That one rule of life is to have harmony with our bodies because we need to accept our imperfections, respect our needs, and do what is best for us. I feel if we have this peace with our body, we'll have a better positive attitude towards life and will have the knowledge of being able to confront obstacles. Don't let a tiny difference in your body stop you from achieving your goals and living life. You are beautiful and unique in your way, show your beauty to the world and love yourself. Give yourself confidence and have the power to change for a better life. You don't like something about yourself or body; then change it. Don't be miserable about flaws you have. After the first step of having peace with your body; take step two, look in the mirror and say "I AM PERFECT AND BEAUTIFUL!"

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*Rules of Life*

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**RIPPLING SOLITUDE**  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
PHILLIP E. HARDY





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**CLEAR SKY**  
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CINDY STERLING





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**GRAND TETON HOUSE**

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# Remove The labels

by Sheterica Gordon

I am an individual. A single female.

There is no other like me.

So when u get to comparing me & daring me to be like the rest.

That's just something I could never be not even at my best... but let me get this off my chest.

I cannot pretend that this does not offend. & I feel we must make amends

but then again that all depends. On how u accept & how u perceive or whether or not u choose to concede these truths.

See I am not like u. Nor u like me.

Nor they like we nor she like she! Just let me be!

I wanna be free. Free from your similes. Free from this infamy. I don't need your sympathy.

I'm taking off the labels. This time I'm turning back the tables & putting an end to these ridiculous fables.

A mistake made in my past gave u the right to put me on blast? Give me a retake. This time I will pass

I mistook your lies for the truth. I missed & I took your old for my youth.

But Ms. Take back this noose from around my neck. Cause It's time I put a few things in check.

Earlier I spoke about removing the labels. Removing that dark sable from over the word female placed upon us by ourselves & our counterpart...the male.

I'm working hard to pop these tags & strip us of these dirty rags but it's becoming such a drag.

Trying to lift this heavy burden all by myself... young ladies do u not know that we are promised an abundance of wealth.

Wealth in joy, prosperity, & good health.

But first we must remove the labels.

We must remove the labels.

We must remove the labels.

Let's close the door on the word whore,

let's cut the word slut,

we need to ditch the word witch.

& replace them with something rich

call me a lady. A women of God,

call me sister, call me princess I am of royal decent, my Father is king of all kings; yes that's what I meant

call me daughter of jehovah.

Something of a greater persona.

But Somehow still I feel like I'm being misunderstood. Like where u stand is under everything I just said.

I guess it went right over your head.

So once again let me expound. So that it may forever be broken down.

They try to box us in. But what they forget is that we won't all fit in. No two are alike calls us snowflakes if u like.

But what we would like is to not be categorized & to only be recognized for the contents of our hearts. We

would love to be recognized for our smarts.

I'm an eagle let me soar. Above the negativity, let me soar above the scrutiny, let me soar above every vicinity & proximity that ever robbed me of my divinity. My God like features which featured my honesty, my purity, and my integrity just to name a few. But now I am through.

I've said my piece & now it's up to you. I've removed the labels from my life I've gotten out of the box of hard knocks and I'm no longer weighed down by this heavy weight that forced me to wait & delayed my flight & it's not all right that I waste another night trying to fight a fight that's already been won by God, the Father & his Son.

My sisters my only request is that you join me & forever be free from the inequities that were placed upon u and that were placed upon me and all you have to do is take out the staples & remove those negative labels.





# Love

by Rachael Christie

Love,  
Possess a meaning no one word can describe.  
It is the suffix and prefix of a word undefined.

Love,  
Was embedded to me, as you were a gift.  
Given at first as a friend, then my heart you did lift.

Love,  
Is the character that grasps to our souls,  
It is the mere notion of delight when we finish our goals.

Love,  
Was not meant to be bought or deceived,  
So I wished once upon a love and it was you I received.

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**DOORS TO MY SOUL**  
PEN AND INK  
STACEY LOUIDOR





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**HUSKIES**  
ACRYLIC PAINT  
SARAH GREENBERG





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# The Twisted Tendril

by Tatiana Noelle Oquendo

The trees,  
Trace the sky.

God's whisper,  
Floats by.

A flower flourishes,  
From the floor.

Blooming,  
Beautifully.  
Beset,  
By life.

Beholding the sun,  
The sky above,  
One pity's,  
This flower,  
So seized,  
With love.

The roots rumble,  
Hounding nourishment.

The poor,  
Pitiful flower,  
Dwells,  
In disparity.

Reaching,  
Higher,  
Higher,  
Yet subdued,  
It stays.

Eager to endow,  
But set aside,  
In the shadows.

Straying,  
In the squally winds.

Crippled.

Juddering.

The relentless rays,  
Of the sun,  
Still shine.

One wonders,  
At the wonders,  
Of the world.

The words,  
Of the waft,  
Whisper,  
"There's more life,  
In suffering."

So,  
Dear flower,  
Suffer,  
You shall.  
Till that fine day,  
One severs,  
Your bow.

That day,  
Will be your last.  
It will come quick,  
Finishing fast.

No more hunger,  
For a life of more.

You will fall...  
Joining the burgeon,  
In the blessed floor.

Till then,  
Twisted tendril,  
Do your best to peak.

Stay simple,  
In love.

Silent...  
As you seek.





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**DEAR WORLD,**  
MIXED MEDIA  
MELISSA FRASCATI





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**ICE, ICE, BABY**  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
JORGE CASTILLO





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**LIFE WILL THRIVE**  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
MICHAEL SCIOLINO





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# Appy Booday Ony

By Kenneth Wayne Martin

It was a chilly November day as Mama drove with fury through the frozen roads of the countryside towards our new life into the heart of Delta, which by design a gutty move that took its toll and the excitement caught up with Mama during our travels.

And the time did come:

Just west of The Mississippi not far from the Tennessee line, I was born off a country road inside a general clinic absent of physician. My fate lied in the hands of a humble midwife.

After a short break to recover from our birth, our journey continued onward across the red-blooded waters connecting Arkansas into Elvis Country, then eventually down Hwy 78 to The King's Birthplace.

The only family to attend us in Tupelo was Mama's baby sister Crazy Aunt Hazel, who had followed her idol-frenzied obsession with Elvis only to abandon it to a bottle of Jack for a man named Jack. She married Jack in Tupelo and settled down to a job in the chicken slaughter factory.

Crazy Aunt Hazel had secured Mama a job at the chicken factory, as well, working the graveyard shifts along side her. The factory positioned itself diagonally across the neon-flashing Phallic Arrow which pointed, and stated with pride: East Tupelo.

All those searching for signs of Elvis, by visit or revisit to his birth place (perhaps to gather DNA samplings in the one-room shack) were advised to follow the neon sign.

Either way, the iconic landmark stationed on the Northern Mississippi site, chosen by the National Railroad to go through the heart of the town, was officially the main attraction in Tupelo outside The King's Birthplace.

The gutters at the Downtown Crossing filled with warm overflow of blood in the drains filtering from the slaughter house where Mama worked.

I once over-heard Mama admit to breaking a bird's back by slamming it over a post because it kept fighting her and she couldn't slice its neck quick enough. That's when I understood what took place inside—The Chicken's Guillotine.

Mama's was proud of her work at The Guillotine despite its undesirable drawbacks. It was a stable job and that was all that matter in those neck of the woods. Still this work failed to meet ends, and so Mama added a second job in another factory sewing Wrangler jeans on first shift, rendering her away from home almost twenty hours on a given day.

My sister, Rita—only nine at the time—had the sole responsibility of tending to my every need and desire. I had adapted to Mama not being around so often, enforcing Rita to become my surrogate mother without her regard.

Like a Prince of Camelot my desires came with salvage appetites, as I manipulated for my heart's desire. This was not an inconvenience for my sister, who fancied herself a young mother-in-the-making and liked to prove it any chance she acquired.

And so she acquired plenty of chances as over the next few years my sister respectively traded in her three-foot tall life-like American Suzy Doll, for one three-foot tall real-like American Little Wayne.

We all had settled into a way of living; Mamma, Rita, myself, and Suzy.

Those early years of my young life are filled with only images of my sister's commands. Rita fancied her directions. In fact, the nickname I gave her was indeed, The Director.

"Don't play with ye food, Little Wayne!" yelled The Director.

Like I really wanted to play with my food? Give me some decent grub woman!

When I think back to those first few syllables forming from my tender lips, it was not sweet mama I heard myself say.

No! It was a mimic of my sister's favorite utterance: DON'T.

"Don't color on the walls!" Rita would shout.

Where else then? You cheap people don't give me proper utilities!

"Don't make such a mess now!" she'd work in. "Don't leave ye toys in the middle of the room!"





And at least a dozen times a day she'd yell:  
"For goodness sakes—Don't touch my  
doll!

"Don't touch Suzy!"

My imitation of DON'T proved apt when  
my sister also fancied her little mind games on me.

It's not that I didn't enjoy a good head-  
screw from time to time only that I preferred it  
when I participated at my own will, not at my  
expense. True, her head-games I had little interest  
in albeit even bigger investments, hence the reason  
I played along.

The more time we spent together, the more  
she excluded Suzy from our presence, which upset  
me, and I suspect was for the purpose of discipline.  
I regretted her decision in that regard, for I enjoyed  
the countless hours of mindless entertainment  
which blinked, talked, pretended to eat, and peed  
openly when poured too much water down its  
throat.

The conversion to the Little Wayne Doll  
came with subtly of simple ordinary regimens of  
life, like bathing and feeding.

"Open wide," said The Director, "here  
comes the airplane."

Often I just wasn't hungry, or simply just  
tired of eating crap.

"Don't wanna!" I'd scream back.

"Come on, open wide!" she'd yell back.

"Don't wanna!" I'd shake my head.

"Open your dagblame mouth!"

My mouthed hinged open, autopilot like  
a chick's beak when Mother Bird comes near with  
food, only my reaction was not that of hunger—  
but fear! For if I rebelled too long then The Director  
would plunge the spoon deep down my throat  
until I swallowed, or gagged!

Then The Director would attempt to entice  
me into the bath water for more play time. I was  
my sister's captured audience just the same as  
Suzy was hers, this was no doubt, unable to saw  
off my own leg and hobble away I had to play  
along.

"Ready for ye bath?" she'd ask me.

"Don't wanna!"

"Now now be a good boy, and you can

watch Sesame Street?"

"Don't wanna!"

"You're gonna take a bath little man!" she  
shouted. "Mama will kill me if I don't bathe you.  
You're filthy!"

I highly doubt that!

This negotiation continued nightly until  
we both grew bored with our little game of mother  
and child, then Rita would become melancholy as  
she ponder over prospects of my gender change.

"I wish you were a little girl," she'd say.  
"You'd be so prudish. I've always wanted a little  
sister.

"Do you wanna play Palace?"

"Mmmm mmmm," I'd respond.

"Then take ye bath and you can play."

I would squint and give my sister a  
stern face of disapproval, but she ignored my ill-  
conceived notion and pretended to atone, as she  
then would allow me an audience with Suzy.

Ours was a delightfully insane tea party  
with a collection of the Queen and her Ladies in  
Waiting, as it were. We'd play The Royal Palace, a  
delightful game of invention with Suzy as Queen,  
and I of course—The King.

Only now, The Director had other plans.

Rita would take Mama's lipstick and line  
my lips. Then she would powder my cheeks to a  
rosy blush, then puff color around my eyes with  
small compacts of paints. When she was satisfied  
with her masterpiece she tried to slip her doll's  
dress over me to form like the Thing itself, after  
forcing me to strip out of my Garanimals, which I  
had chosen exclusively for that day.

I was a sharp dresser you see, proving my  
skill each day as I chose a different animal-print  
based on my mood. I had Giraffe for my graceful  
days. Pig for my messy days. Hippopotamus for  
my bossy days. But on this particular day, I was  
feeling rather Mr. Donkey.

I simply refused to wear that doll's dress  
and be made a fool of!

"Put ye hands up!" shouted The Director.  
"So we's can get on ye dress."

"Don't wanna!"

"But you'll be such a purdy Queen. Don't







ye wanna be purdy, Little Wayne?"

"Don'twanna."

"Sure you do Little Wayne!" she said with conviction. "Everybody wants to be purdy. Everybody wants to be a Queen. Now put ye hands up!"

"Don'twanna! Don'twanna!"

"Look!" she shouted, "I will beat you till snot runs if you don't do what I tell ye!"

Then she seized herself in a lasso of regret, took deep breaths and calmly administered a softer tone:

"Look, I'll put on a dress too. I'll pretend to be Princess if you will be the Queen. That way you can be the eldest and you get to tell me what to do. Would ye like that?"

"Mmm Mmm," I said enthusiastically.

I beheld with amazement as my sister began her transformation from Redneck Ellie Mae, with matted ponytails and raggedy house shoes, into that which resembled the beautiful fair Princess of The Royal Palace—an improper Southern belle she was—but still fair all the same.

To stare at her then with such beauty, it was difficult to imagine the White-trash Tom-boy Rough-neck that once made a Christmas wreath out of Mama's old car tire, and then nailed to the front door with railroad spikes.

No, she became an altogether a different girl.

She was nothing like that tom-boy at all. She wore Mama's high heels and a pretty pink dress, polka-dotted with tiny kitten heads. She hot-pressed her hair on the ironing board so that it was perfectly straight and shiny, reaching all the way down, over and past her womanly humps.

After several layers of makeup she had transferred herself into the Best Backwoods Redneck Beauty Queen that anyone from our neck of the woods had ever seen.

"When Mama starts let'n me wear makeup, I'm gonna wear it all the time," she'd say. "Look how mature it makes me look? I look all grow up, don't I? I could pass for eighteen, dontcha think?"

She was right. The girl borderline on

becoming a teenager had suddenly jumped ahead of herself. I could see how ripe she had developed wearing Mama's honky-tonk kitty-dress that hugged her voluptuous hips and enhanced her already-emerging large breast.

The make-up she applied was not suitable for a girl her age; yet, it looked incredibly natural opening up her closed eyelids and accentuating her Cybil Sheppard nose. Her lips appeared plastic and shiny from gloss, as my eyes could not leave their halo.

Hereafter, my sister and I played dress-up on a nightly basis, but only to remain "our little secret".

It was forbidden by Mama for anyone to be in the house, but Rita made me pinky-swear never to tell Mama a thing. And, of course, I did not. I did whatever my sister told me to do, because I adored her in ways that most siblings never relate to another. Our secrets were something that I shared as a vow of trust between the two of us.

So when my sister had her regular nighttime visits from a gentlemen caller, I pretended to see nothing as she had ask me to do.

Rita's friend was a tall, slinky, long-hair, mustache guy that I was not allowed to be introduced to, only to catch glimpses in the hallways. Whenever he would appear at the door she would shoo me away into my room like a hidden secret, one far too dangerous to be let out I suppose.

It was confusing to me all this secrecy that my sister kept from me. I thought of her not only as Second Mama but also as my best friend. I thought we shared everything together, despite our quibbles.

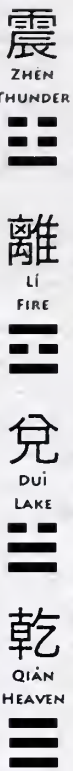
It was killing me inside that Rita kept this friend—this intruder—a secret from me, although his elusive visits became ever-increasing.

One particular night ended like many others back in the old days, with my sister sweetly tucking me into bed, reading Mother Goose in her hillbilly slang. Except this time I faked-asleep, and as she left the room I sprung into a sneak-attack!

I tip-toed across my room to watch a







new episode unfold between my sister and The Moustache Guy through the crack of my bedroom door.

The night's viewing of Teenage Lust Gone Hairy began with a dialogue unfamiliar to me, not to mention my sister spoke with aspirated breath similar to women on the soap opera, Another World, which my sister was shamefully addicted to.

"You look so beautiful tonight," said The Moustache Guy to her.

"Oh stop!" she giggled. "Now you know we can't."

"Why not, it's been a whole week? I can't wait any longer!"

"What if Little Wayne wakes up? Or worse—Mama comes home!"

"She ain't leav'n the factory, you know that."

"We don't know nut'n fur sure!"

"Come on baby," said The Moustache Guy, "let's go get on the big bed."

He shoved Rita towards Mama's bedroom doorway against her will.

My first impression was to run screaming for him to get away from my sister, but then she would've learned that I was not asleep but was ease-dropping instead, never to confide in me again. I didn't want that so I stayed put, frozen with anticipation.

The next thing I knew Rita and The Moustache Guy were both in Mama's bedroom and the door was shut tight. I knew I had to see what was happening inside the room so I skillfully opened my own bedroom door, careful not to disturb the rusty hinges from their screeching sounds. Ever so slowly I pulled the door open, and stepped out into the living room's wooden floor, cautious to not make a sound.

I gracefully tip-toed across the planks that would normally crackle and pop, but under the practiced kung-fu tutorage of Master Wong Fei Hung, I had developed the flexibility and coordination able to touch down in the exact level points I needed on the floor.

I was past the Land Mines and I had

reached my mother's bedroom door far from the living room. I bowed to the East in honor of Master Wong Fei Hung, to show respect of course, then I peeked through the keyhole that had a perfect shot of Mama's king-sized waterbed bed, the one bearing The Mustache Guy's white skinny rear-end in the air.

My sister's legs were fastened around his skinny alabaster torso, and her whole body shook like she was under some kind of gas attack.

My cautious spy behavior morphed into that of a frightened and horrified child that might as well just had seen a monster in his closet!

Rita was shouting in pain and agony by his brutal attack on her:

"No please! Jesus!" shouted my sister. "I can't take it! Oh my God!"

He's killing her! I think. I must rescue her!

Rita's breathing was labored and she seemed to be suffocating under his slinky body, though it was hard to imagine how that could be.

The sheets blocked my view directly at what I could see. I could hear only low-talk and noisy-breathing. My view was merely that of the Moustache Bottom blazing over the apex of the bed's footing, as it bounced its way up and down.

I was in a quandary: Should I rush in and save my sister from this vicious attack of The Moustache Guy? Or should I go back to my room, pull the covers over my head, and pray for this to all be over soon?

I did nothing, paralyzed with fear. I stayed at the door with my good eye in the keyhole, watched the entire scene unfold in its drama.

Finally, after an Eternity of Bass in my heart, there was a series of sighs. My sister seemed to have lived through the attack. They both fell out of bed and she was heading toward the door.

Quick get back to my room!

I fast tip-toed across the floor, but in my excited state of mind I slammed the door going into my bedroom. A few seconds later, Rita came into my room to check out the noise, but I had rolled over with my head to the wall so that she couldn't see my wide-awake face.

She turned on the light, as if she suspected







something queer going on, but she said nothing to me. Then she turned off the light and closed my door. I sighed with relief that I had lived through the attack with her.

We are alive!

Weeks passed since that night and my sister seemed to really like her friend despite his attack, and continued sneaking him into the house on a regular basis. We continued on with our little secrets, my sister, Suzy and I. But eventually our Insane Tea Party gave way when Rita suddenly stop fitting into Mama's kitty-dresses.

"Look Little Wayne," says Rita, "you gone have a new member to Court to play with. Won't ye like that?"

I had no idea of what my sister was referring; I only resulted to a knee-jerk reaction:

"Don'twanna!"

"Why not? You'll have another for The Royal Palace. Won't ye like that?"

"Don'twanna! Don'twanna!"

"Don'twanna WHAT?" she yelled, "Can't you say some'em other than don'twanna?"

"Don'twanna!"

We carried on this stand of obstinacy until finally one day my sister left the house in quite a hurried fashion. My life, as it were, was totally upset and I was very angry by Rita's sudden disappearance. I vowed never to speak to her again, in fact. And I was sure that when she return to order me around I would have my opportunity to address this displeasure.

However, Mama saw fit to leave The Guillotine that day, and as I understood if Mama left had left work then this was an urgent matter. She took me to a place that I can only describe as a Castle, and then took me into a room which my sister was arrested to a bed, and looked nothing like a Princess at all, but a disheveled prisoner.

Ahah! I knew it! At last she had been arrested for her heinous crimes against me! Revenge was sweet!

But quickly my joy turned to sorrow for when I realized my sister had not arrested by was merely resting Mama told me.

"I have something to show ye Little

Wayne," said Rita.

Then, in came the most life-like doll I had ever seen, even more convincing than Suzy. Why, I thought straight away this new doll had amazing qualities; it even cried like me.

Obviously my anger was muted by this new gift Rita had brought me, and I began to envision all sorts of scenarios for the new doll in our game of The Royal Palace. I thought certainly this doll would make a fine Knight, which I desperately needed since Mr. Teddy had so dreadfully been torn apart by Mortimer, our ill-behaved Chihuahua.

And then the moment came, our introduction as it were. I positioned myself accordingly, ready for an audience of the newest member of our Court. My sister held the doll up to her bosom and that's when I noticed something peculiar—It moved!

My sister turn to me in that sweet sisterly way, not The Director I had become so accustomed to, and asked of me one simple request:

"Can you say—*Happy Birthday Tony?*" asked Rita.

That's when it struck me—this was no doll at all. And I took it my duty to oblige my sister, and I responded as she ordered:

"Appy Booday Oony," I told my nephew.





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**CUPCAKE MONSTER**  
GRAPHITE AND CHARCOAL  
SARAH GREENBERG





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**BLUE ELEPHANT**  
CERAMICS  
BEATRIZ MONGEAU





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**WATER DROPLETS**

PHOTOGRAPHY  
ALEXA PONCE





# SEARCHING FOR THE MASTER

by Rey "Rey" Rodriguez

Not all ancient tales and stories are rumors and myths,  
I had to find out the hard way that some legends do exist.  
It is written, "He who lives by the sword, dies by the sword,"  
But I have always lived by the saying, "You must take what is yours."  
I've destroyed many foes without fear, but live with a sickness inside,  
And the hunger and pain grows stronger, until I'm known as the greatest samurai.  
For my name to remain immortal in this world has been my ultimate desire,  
So I went on a blind search to find and kill a man who was feared and admired.

The stories tell of how he's killed eight men at once, with nothing but his hands,  
And how he's the one, true, living master, in all the eastern lands.  
How his sword skill comes from an old, deadly, monk style of training,  
And how he trains on top of the highest mountain, and sleeps on his knees meditating.  
Of how he laughs after he decapitates his enemies, showing no respect or remorse,  
Then he faces their head toward their body before the brain dies, so they see their own corpse.

During my quest, in an alley in the slums, an old homeless man appeared,  
With a strong bodily stench, as if he hadn't bathed in years.  
He spoke, "Sir, I would greatly appreciate it, if you'd spare some change today,  
Can I be of any service to you? What brings a gentleman like you this way?"  
I answered, "I've traveled to many villages to seek a person that they call, "The One,"  
Without any clues, information, or directions of where to start from."  
I threw some money at his feet and said, "There's nothing you can do to help,"  
He quickly kneeled to pick up the coins, and said, "May life bring you much wealth."  
Then he said, "You know, during my travels through India, Asia, and the Middle East,  
I heard of the Zen master that you seek. But, he's just a small Buddhist priest."  
I said, "Impossible! He must be a giant, a monster, a man that's a human beast,  
A man of massive proportions, who is eight to ten feet tall, at least."

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He asked, "Sir, it seems that you've accomplished so much that not all can,  
Why is it that you bother to seek out this famous mysterious man?"  
I said, "Because, even after all of my known battles, no matter where I've been,  
I'm not considered the best of the best, the number one spot remains with him."  
He responded, "I believe this master that you seek will be a waste of your time,  
You should look for the master within yourself, don't let greed make you blind."  
I said, "Quiet old man, you know nothing of this, it's already been a long night,"  
Then he stared at me and calmly said, "Insult me again and we shall fight!"

Tears came out of my eyes as I laughed like I had never before,  
And I said, "Old man you are a funny one, my heart is frightened to the core."  
As he twirled the long beard that hung from his chin and eyed me with a grin,  
He looked at me with an unphased look and said, "Against me, you won't win!"

At that moment my laughter stopped and my blood began to boil,  
He had presented me with a challenge, so his entrails must stain the soil.  
At the speed that the untrained naked eye wouldn't be able to grasp,  
Our bodies performed the ancient arts, as our swords repeatedly clashed.

The battle was over within seconds, as most of my battles have in the past,  
But I'm ashamed to say that after 35 years, this battle was my last.  
The last vision I saw was my decapitated body, the last thing I heard was his laughter,  
The last thought I had before departing from this world was, "I finally found The Master."





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**AMERICAN SPIRIT**  
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**INSANE IN THE MEMBRANE**

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# THE SLEEPER

*by Tatiana Noelle Oquendo*

The young boy sleeps,  
Silencing society.  
Turning off the world.

He rests,  
Without concern.  
Sleeping his worries away.

Propped up,  
Pillows plump and plush,  
He soundly sleeps.

Everyone...  
Hush.

Brushing off the burdens,  
Shouldering slumber instead.  
Snoozing away,  
Cuddling his bed.

Dozing the days...  
Serene,  
In his ways.  
Happiness,  
In the hiatus,  
Of space.

Dreams,  
Dragging out,  
Moments in a maze.  
Nestling a network,  
Of nuisances and news.  
Such luxury,  
In limbo.

Etching tops.  
Extracting loose ends.  
Sleep,  
My little sleeper,  
Burrowing in the bend.

The narratives of a nap,  
Only the sleeper sends.  
Where one sleep breaks,  
Another,  
Begins.







**MY SHADOW**  
PEN & INK  
AMANDA AVELAR

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**DREAMING OF YOU**  
GRAPHITE PENCIL

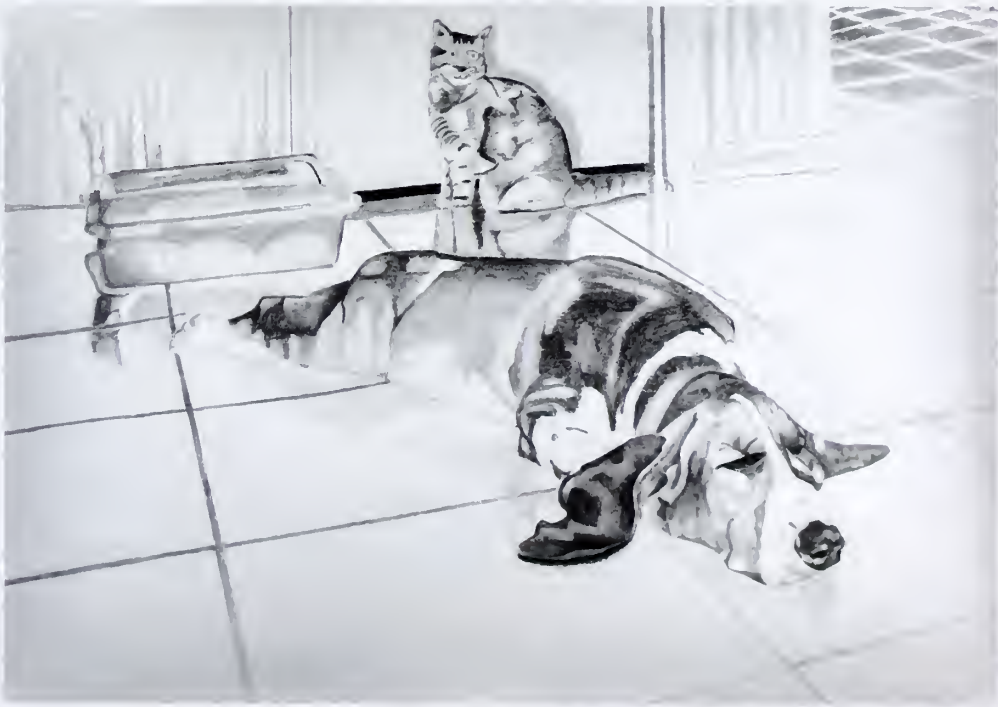




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**EXHAUSTED**  
GRAPHITE PENCIL



**BEING WATCHED**  
GRAPHITE PENCIL





# P'AN KU

## VOLUME 48

## ISSUE #2

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2012, it's a year like any other or is it? We at P'an Ku decided to pick 2012 as the theme of this semester's magazine. There are some cultures that predict the end of the world, where other cultures believe this year will be a spiritual rebirth. We chose two cultures to model our design after, the Mayans and the Chinese Philosophy of the I Ching. Playing off the destruction and rebirth aspect, the staff decided to split the magazine making one half the light side and the other half the dark side. We also tried a new aspect this time around by making this into a flip book to work off the essence of the yin and yang which is the symbol of P'an Ku.

Choosing the work submitted for this issue, like any other, can sometimes be difficult. This semester the quality of work we received made the task enjoyable but also made it more difficult to decide what work would make it into the magazine. This semester's staff, the largest I've ever worked with, made for quite interesting debates on why one piece should be in the magazine and why another one shouldn't. Finally, we made sure that we took each piece and found it's place within the magazine while solving the puzzle of layout for this issue.

At last we bring you our finalized version of this "2012" P'an Ku Literary and Art Magazine. We hope you learn something and enjoy this issue and all the great work submitted by Broward College students. This issue is my last but I've enjoyed being a part of the P'an Ku staff at Broward College. I've learned a lot here and I will miss it. So I tip my hat to P'an Ku and I bid you all adieu.

Editor-in-Chief,

*Salomon O. Carrasco*

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