

# P'IAN KU

*Volume 51, Issue 2*  
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## Editor's Note

Dear reader,

Sometimes, I think about my tenure as editor-in-chief with a certain inner dichotomy. It both saddens and delights me every semester to go on hiatus from a position that provides me with such great joy and optimism about the art scene in South Florida and beyond. The last week or two before publication, like the creative process involved in making artwork, is intense, difficult, and consuming. But, when all is said and done, we return to our daily lives and start to plan the next phase. This letting go is both upsetting and relieving. For some of us, letting go is why we make art. In my opinion, an art magazine must both represent art and attempt to be art.

Luckily, we have had no problem showcasing greatly talented artists. Flip through *P'an Ku* and you will see that people are still producing art, and still trying to use art as a medium to express, transcend, and revolutionize. *P'an Ku* represents just a slice of this art world, but a significant slice nonetheless. It is an honor to be able to admire and work with the pieces of so many wonderful artists.

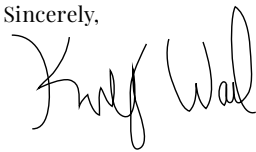
My staff has always been diligent, driven, and wonderful. I could not have possibly made this without all of them. Professor Vicky Santiesteban is the most committed and helpful advisor for which one could hope. I am sure that under her direction, this magazine will continue to thrive as staff members come and go. As she would say (though perhaps not about herself.) "She is good people."

What a gift it is to have an opportunity like this. I have laughed to the point tears, been deeply inspired, and made lifelong friends. There is no other way of putting it: *P'an Ku* has changed my life and continues to change it. As I drink my morning Pilon, eat Chinese leftovers, and write this note, I cannot help but feel how lucky we all are to live in a time and place where we are surrounded by vast diversity, and, as cliché as it seems, vast freedoms.

Thank you for picking up this magazine, whether it's because you are a contributor, a Broward College staff member, a student, or just a supporter from the community at large. This is your magazine. It always has been and always will be. It has been my pleasure to help showcase the work you all have done.

Special thanks to Neil Cohen, Sue Hawk, *The Observer*, Nicole McIntosh for her magnificent work with the short story title pages, Kristian Martinez, Everett Kibler, all of the professors who let us give spiels in their classrooms, and the entire student body who supported our efforts throughout the year.

Sincerely,



Kenneth L. Ward III  
Editor-in-chief

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*P'an Ku* exists to represent the evolving artistic community at Broward College. Our mission is to publish the best work submitted by the Broward College student body.

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[www.broward.edu/panku](http://www.broward.edu/panku)

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## The Spirit of Cuba

*Shamar Harriott*

In Cuba all the shadows  
Are fallen men, they descend  
From those cold rooms up there, above the air,  
They ride down from the moon,  
Flashy suits, spit-shined shoes – they  
Come to dance.

In Cuba all the shadows are  
Smoking men, they illuminate  
Themselves behind cigars and stout glasses  
They go in search of the shadow  
Women. But all the women have gone  
Themselves in search of men  
Whose shoes don't shine or shuck  
Or jive, Marlboro men whose  
Eyes don't hide, whose  
Hard faces don't lie. Those weary men  
Who live and die by the light.



# Choice Cuts

by Wilfred L. Crespo

He once told me that deep down, beneath flesh and bone, we were all the same, every single one of us. He believed that every inch of difference between anyone would melt away in the eyes of our Lord and that nothing could shake this fundamental equality. Horace reminded me this with a smile on his portly face, his cleaver slick from his morning work. The excess fluids on his apron had expanded and dried till it was more filth than cloth. Thoughtlessly, he wiped a bloodstained hand on the soiled cover before dragging a meaty palm across his forehead, the thick red trail mingling with glistening sweat. The chime above the front door shook the air lightly with the anticipation of a sale. I motioned for Horace to check the mirror before making my way out front. Even as I reached the sale counter, I could hear him loudly chortle in the back.

Our shop had not seen many visitors lately due to whatever disease has been sweeping through the local livestock, tainting the meat and leaving our town in extremely short supply, but even if the lean man opposite me had not been a regular, it was far from hard to recognize a face in a town this size.

"Afternoon, Mr. Hart. So, what's your pleasure?"

Mr. Hart did not immediately respond, his eyes hidden beneath the brim of a ten-gallon tipped as low as it would go without falling to the floor. All that was visible was the gentle trickle of tears on either cheek, every tiny bead twinkling as it raced set tracks to his chin.

"Well, ma'am," Mr. Hart choked back a single throaty sob before continuing his thought. "My boy's gone missing. It's been about three days now." Hart looked up, the sore red of his hazel eyes made my own itch. "Officers said putting flyers up might help lead him back home. Do you think I could?"

Mr. Hart half-turned, reaching elbow-deep into the rancher's satchel at his hip before digging out a slightly crumbled missing person's flyer, the picture of his little boy squared and blown up so every minute detail could be noted. Then he held it out toward the counter top. The little boy was grinning wide for the camera, his petite hand engulfed in his father's rough, coarse fingers as the two walked along the path through the blue stars and goldenrod

of St. Martin's park, the wind ruffling any of his ashy, dirty blonde hair that wasn't hiding beneath his red and blue baseball cap.

I bent across the counter, my grubby elbows streaking the marble top, and delicately removed the paper from the solemn father's grip. Mr. Hart left without another word, quickly vanishing across the street to Mel's bookstore, a new notice in his hand, before our door even closed behind him. I stared at the picture for a good long while, soaking in the soft, innocent joy of Hart's son – the boy's eyes an identical shade of hazelnut-brown like his father's. Only a tap on my shoulder pulled me back, the wet tip of a gore-soaked finger squished into my shirt.

"No sale?"

I turned hesitantly, handing Horace the report. A quiet look of understanding graced his round features as he took the tape from beneath the register and stuck the notice beside this week's other missing children. I spoke up, my voice forced to be flat when it wanted so greatly to tremble.

"That makes . . . how many now?"

"Eight this month, Elena."

"Right . . . eight."

I mulled the number over in my head, counting the papers that lined the bottom of our display window. It didn't seem too large a number when I first turned it over, but every revolution let the number turn a little more into something monstrous. Horace softly placed a hand on my arm, snapping me from the impending breakdown, the red handprint soaking through my sleeve.

"We're all equals, Honey. Everyone's gotta eat, and when times like these come, no one can be seen as above the greater good."

I weakly put up a shaking hand, hoping to cut him short. "I . . . I know, Poppa."

My father looked on me with doe eyes, tiny specks of personal torment peppering the look of nostalgia that otherwise swallowed him.

"Why, you haven't called me that in years." My father said with a small, sad, crooked-toothed grin. A single tear darted between bloody flecks on his cheek.

"I guess it's just that days like these remind me how much that means," I replied, refusing to look up.

I stepped back into the cleaving room, the coppery scent of my old man's fresh work sickening me through my strongest rationalization. In the far corner sat an unmarked box, the side facing the chopping block specked with faint hints of sanguine red. I pressed my back to the wall and slid down beside the box, unfolded the flaps, and pulled out a felt messenger bag, a pair of tattered brown slacks, and a single baseball cap, the red and blue complimenting one another so perfectly. My father quickly stepped beside me, gently taking the effects from my hand and placing them back into their home, sealing the lid shut.

"We'll return these when the searches come to an end, Sweetie," he spoke into the box.

"How much longer will we have to do this?"

The question slipped over my lips as I stood again, staring off to the front counter. My father's reflection in the shop's

window stared at the floor, searching for an answer at its feet. When I felt his strong, reassuring, squeeze pinch my shoulder, I turned; our exhausted gazes connected as Horace scraped together whatever words he could.

"Until there's enough food to go around again, Elena. Until then, sacrifices will need to be made."

My father leaned on me, wiping away my tears with the stump of his left arm, the salt on the semi-fresh wound forcing him to wince. My hands enveloped his wrist, pressing the featureless flesh to my cheek.

"I know, Poppa."

The chime above the front door rang a second time that day. I buried my face into my apron, scrubbing away every sign of regret, and moved to the front counter.

"Good afternoon. What's your pleasure?"



Voyage | Godson Fortil | Photography and Digital Manipulation

Opposite Page  
Waiting | Renee Kiffin | Photography

## A Farewell to Paola

*Lee-Vaughn Dindial*

Kind as the gentle breeze that lifts seeds and brings them to the place where they will sprout into trees, gorgeous beyond belief, because her soul was not weighed down by greed and grief. So pure that even the sun's rays could not brighten her already glorious golden glaze. She lived in a world where wars raged, but the only thing on her mind was happiness and better days. Her heart was warm, even amongst the coldness of any other human's gaze, and she triumphed over all — a victor in so many glorious ways. To say I miss her would be the understatement of the decade, because those who knew her missed her before she even went away, her soul could fill the room with an atmosphere so crisp and clear that it felt as if violets would simply manifest out of thin air. Her heart was larger than this world could bear, with more room inside of it than there are people for whom to care. She will be missed, and for anyone who didn't know, her writing was a gift. So when days are lonely, please, read what she left, they truly are works of art — some of the best. She may be gone from this physical world where the rest of us belong, but look up above, and you'll see, she floats among the dancing stars and was laid to rest in God's arms.

## Kenneth

*Kenneth Ward*

Mine is the name of a drunk southerner.  
No commitment to the church, but faithful.  
Not the firm, regal name of governors.  
A belly-down, weepy name — glazed eyeball.  
Grandad started the lineage back when  
Spruce Pine was nothing but bootleg bum wine  
And Christ's white palm gripped like Napoleon.  
That old Depression forged this name of mine:  
Grainy pictures, a child in overalls  
Sprinting dirt roads with this name etched inside.  
Not the drunk you hear about from Grandma,  
Just one more dancer that attempts to fly.  
Grandad's name is the one I introduce;  
A southern child is obligated to.

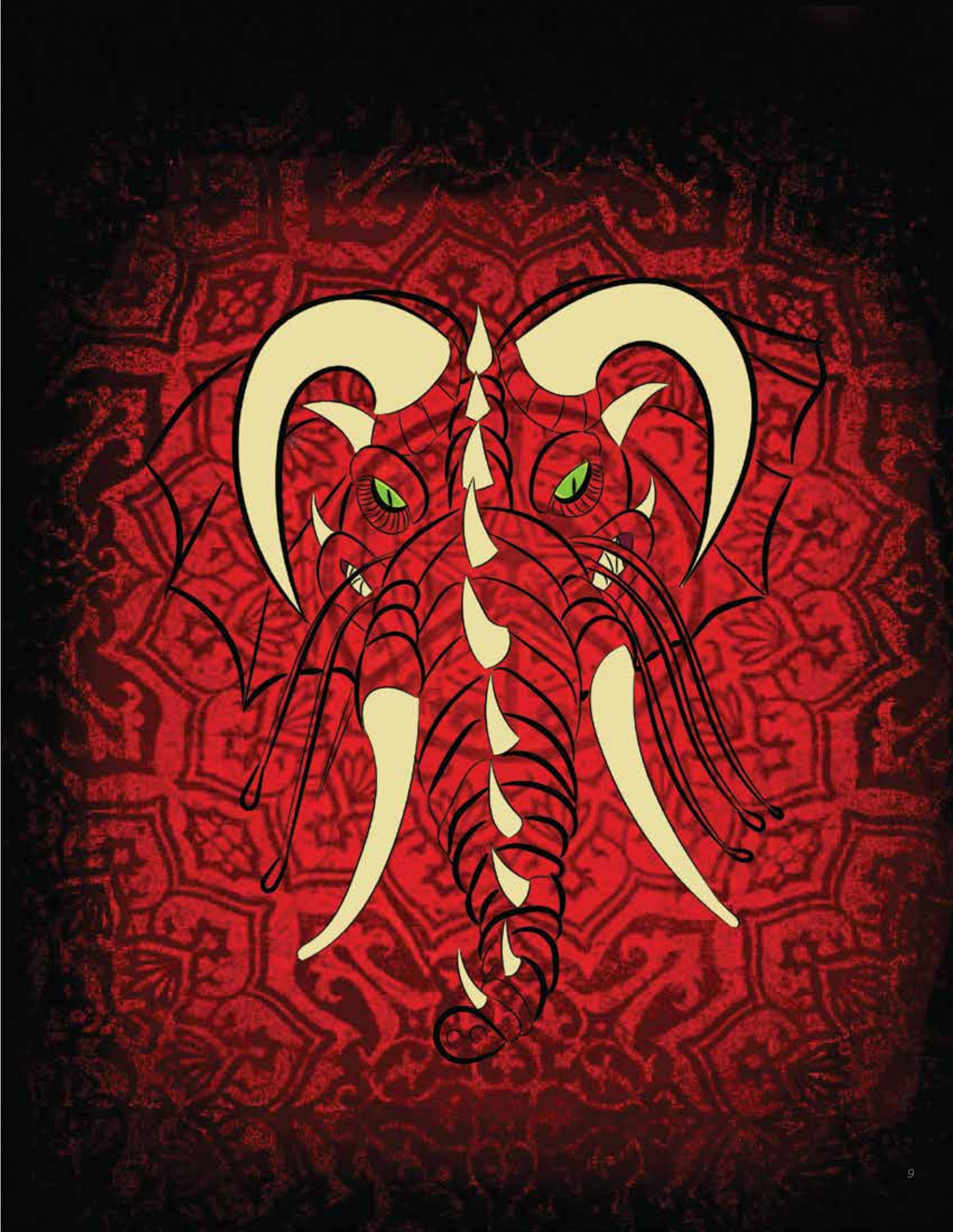




## There Are No Atheists in a Foxhole

*Matthew Dyas*

Too much proselytizing pushed here today.  
Brains capsizing, heaven knows, hell's this way.  
Purgatory man trapped in his moment.  
Devil's you know who, the moment you own it.  
Turn it, twist it and spew it back out.  
Packed holy houses, believers, no doubt.  
Ladies and gents, tonight's show is epic.  
Credit cards accepted, now pass the basket.  
Red corner the prince, blue the all-mighty.  
Battle for souls, win for eternity.  
To climb in the ring, to fight for your soul.  
Warrior spirit, commanding control.  
Question your beliefs, rise up and ask why.  
Knowledge: our duty — science doesn't lie.





## Paris

*Daniela Salazar*

They say Paris is a woman.  
Boulevards run up her arms, plazas bustle down her stomach.  
Her thighs bloom with gardens,  
Hiding catacombs beneath folds of skin.  
Her smile painted cherry, a gift.

The wind teases her, rustles her dress until she looks up,  
And presses her lips to clouds as they form and unform.  
She whispers to them,  
Her voice like raindrops:  
*Je t'aime, je t'aime.*

Battles and revolutions cut lines into her skin.  
Soldiers marched wrinkles onto her face,  
Pockmarks where bombs burst.  
She wears her scars like jewels,  
And pulls her hair back for all to see.

Cathedral towers keep her spine straight.  
Glass windows are her eyes, reflecting the azure of her river.  
The cream of her buildings, green flecks of trees . . .  
Her glances hold kaleidoscopes.

She watches the world run, scramble, fall,  
Searching for money, success, commodities, sex,  
Approval.  
She then runs her hands down her body,  
Traces the arches of her monuments,  
And turns away.

Instead she lies on hills, spreads her arms,  
And watches cradles behind windows sway in the wind.

At night, when her lights halo street corners,  
And cars create streaks of gold down her roads,  
She lifts a hand over herself,  
Her fingers hovering over cobble,  
And lets children in the streets reach up and grab them –  
Bubbling and exulting.  
She spins them around,  
Scarves and coats dancing,  
And sings to them:  
*Je t'aime, je t'aime.*





Botanist House | Ian Achong | Architecture



Uh Huh Hunny | Dominick Wetzel | Photography

# Final Revelations

by Nicole Laufer



I'm back home in Bainbridge Island, Washington. I'm standing in front of a simple two-bedroom, one-story white house with red shutters that stand out like blood drops on snow. As I make my way to the front porch, I hear coyotes cackling a few yards away. An owl lands on my shoulder, and I get a sudden feeling of resolution. That feeling is just a fleeting thought as snakes make their way out of the damp earth beneath me and slither up to encase my legs with their dark, scaly skin. I look down trying to shake them free to discover the feeling in my legs is all but none. I look back up to witness the house I'd grown up in, the one I cherished so deeply, burning up into flames and

fumes, embers sprinkling like flurries in a blizzard.

I awake with a startled scream. Again, these dreams are haunting my subconscious. I sweat and toss and turn every night all because of these recurring nightmares. The place is always the same, my home back in the United States.

Sister Marybeth, who's a real stick in the mud, runs the all-girls Catholic academy, which my parents sent me to the summer of this past year. It's September now and I've been here for about three months. It's not a bad place, really. There are bars on the windows and we're not allowed to go

outside much. I've never asked why. I've never asked much of anything, now that I think about it. I suppose that's because girls who talk back in this academy get punished. If you misbehave here, at the Raven Institute, you get sent to the fifth floor. I've never been there personally, but I've heard from other girls that you get put in this jacket that holds your arms tight to the rest of your body. It's a little unorthodox in my opinion, but no one asked me if this is where I wanted to be — they just shipped me off, my parents that is.

My mom was such a great woman. When I was little, I remember having the best

Christmases, and Thanksgiving didn't exist without her cooking. She was the best example for the type of woman I want to become — until she died suddenly. It was a car accident when I was only seven years old. After that, my dad raised me all on his own. He had quite a drinking problem even before my mom; after she was gone, it only got worse. He would drink all night after work and sometimes not even wake up until late afternoon the next day. His days were a constant drunken stupor and mine were spent cleaning his mess.

I often think that the reason he hardly looked me in the eyes was because of the resemblance I bore to my mom. When he was almost too drunk to walk, he would somehow stagger his way into my room and put his hands and mouth on parts of my body. Maybe that's why. Maybe it was my fault. Maybe, I just look too much like her. Maybe that's why he and his new wife sent me away. He couldn't stand to look at me anymore, or maybe she couldn't. Either way, he remarried. She was the complete opposite of my mom. Her shorts were always too short, her shirts too low, exposing her chest. Plus, she drinks just to keep up with my dad. I still remember hearing the pounding in the middle of the night, in the same bed my mother laid once before. Neither having any conscious thought of me, they just partied, and I was left in the background to grow and mold myself.

If my dad did one good thing for me, it was sending me here, to the Raven Institute. At least here, I know I'll get to eat dinner every night. At least here, when I go for my daily review sessions with Mr. Harper, he listens to me. He actually listens. I tell him all about my day, and he's happy to hear about it. He takes notes while I tell him about my classes, grades, and even my friends. He's a good listener.

I lay in bed, staring at the time on my digital radio clock on the nightstand. I think about Mr. Harper. I think about his tall six-foot-two frame, always wearing those round, thinly-rimmed glasses. His leg always crossed over the other, exposing his dark socks out of simple, black dress shoes. Always with a pen in hand, eyes squinting, as he seemingly

studies my every move. I think about the last conversation we had in his office; I told him about the voices that have been calling to me through my radio.

I turn to station 96.6 and listen to the calm static — that oddly comforting white noise. Sometimes, if I listen real close, I can hear the voice of my mother. My dad or his wife get through the frequency, too. My mother usually sings the lullaby she used to sing to me every night before I'd fall asleep; my dad and his wife come across as gurgles or bitter laughter. I can always tell it's them because I can hear that disgusting pounding in the background, a constant to all their variables. This morning, however, I wasn't comforted by the usual melody of my mother's song. Instead, she only uttered three confusing little words to me.

I drag myself out of bed and make my way to the shower room, where all the girls bathe at different showerheads in one open room. It's a little uncomfortable, standing stark naked in front of all these other eyes. But I'm used to it, I guess.

After I dress in my standard institute uniform, an all-white jumpsuit with a red raven logo stitched on the front right chest pocket, I make my way to Mr. Harper's office to see if he's come in early. I peek through the doorway to see him sitting at his desk behind his small laptop, typing vigorously. He gazes intently at the screen. I turn to leave so as not to disturb him. As I start to walk away, I hear him call my name.

"Anna?"

I turn back, "Yes, Mr. Harper. I didn't mean to disturb you."

"It's okay Anna, come on in. How are you doing today?" he asks inquisitively.

I sit on his brown leather loveseat and say, "I'm okay. I had one of those vivid nightmares again last night. I heard my mother again this morning, too. She said something awfully strange." I scratch my brow as he looks at me, willing me to continue. I hesitantly tell him the words my mother had whispered to me in the dark confines of my small bedroom.

"God forgives you."

He stares at me with wide eyes. I can tell those words mean something more to him than I can comprehend. He gives his head a little shake and jots some things down in his notebook, then looks back at me and says, "Those are pretty significant words. What do they mean to you, Annabelle?"

"Well, I have no idea. That's why I was hoping you'd enlighten me, Mr. Harper."

He rubs his hand across his forehead as he shakes his head. He looks back up at me and says, "Where are we, Annabelle?"

"We're at the Raven Institute, Catholic school for girls, of course. Why?" I ask, mildly confused as to his matter-of-fact tone.

He looks at me sternly and says, "You're right about all but one thing: this is not an institute for *school girls*, it's an institute for *criminally insane* ones — an institute for highly dangerous women located in the Northwest region of the United States. You weren't sent here by your family, Anna. You killed your family, brutally."

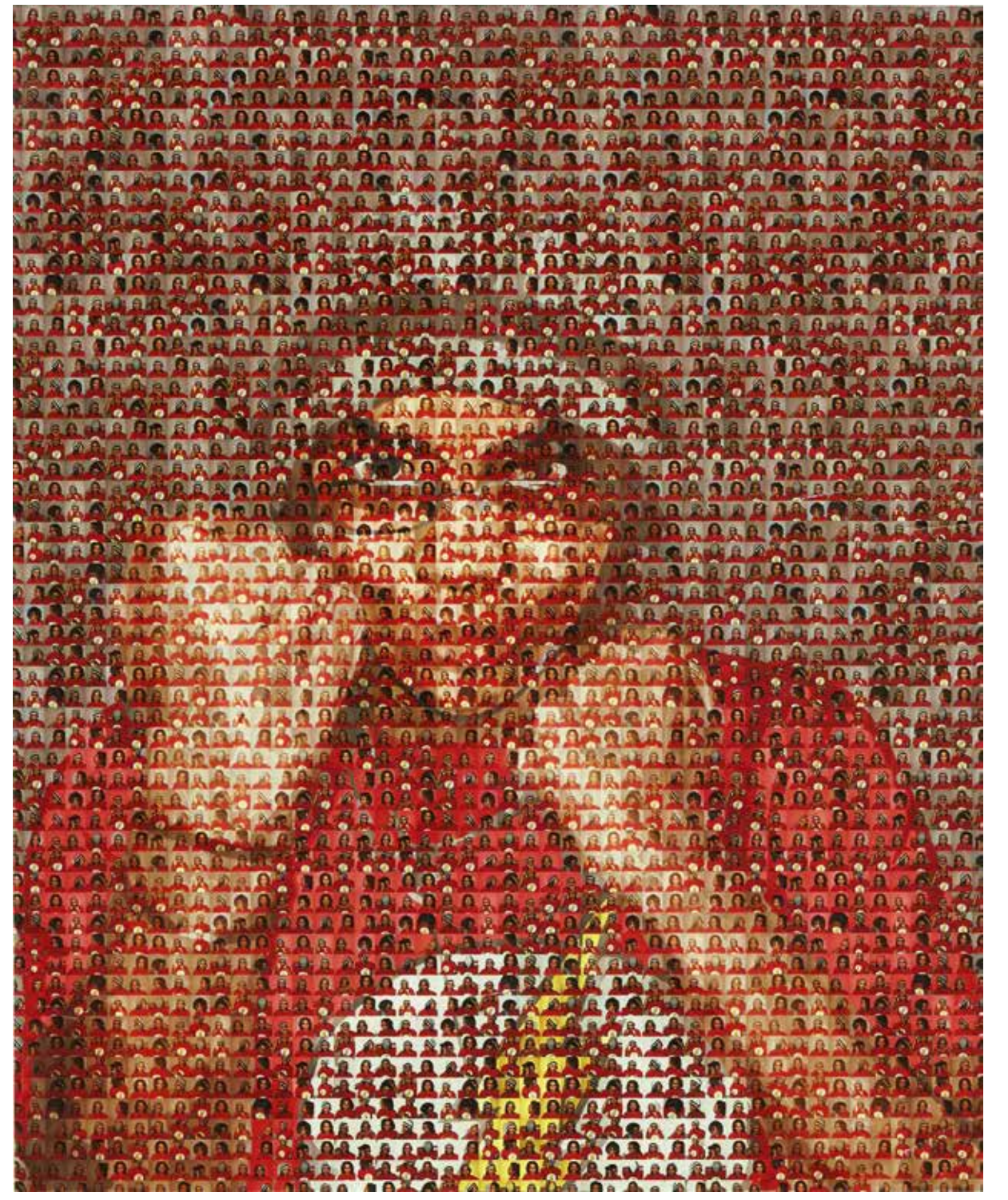
I shake my head fast and hard, hoping that maybe I can shake his words from my memory. I understand his words, but their context and meaning have left me. I can't comprehend what he's telling me.

Visions of carnage hit me like a tidal wave — the ease at which the blade slid into the abdomen of my father, how my stepmother cried and pleaded for mercy as I dragged the tip of the blade across her throat.

I scream and cry but I can't seem to get a grip on reality. I can't even focus on what's directly in front of me. The room's spinning; my vision is swimming. I feel big hands hold me down and a sharp prick in my arm — my world goes black.



Throwback | Neddjie Bien-Aime | Graphite and Charcoal



Me of Mes | Neddjie Bien-Aime | Graphic Design



Self Portrait | Neddjie Bien-Aime | Oil Paint on Canvas



Man with the Golden Helmet | Neddjie Bien-Aime | Oil Paint on Canvas

## To Jefferson

*Shamar Harriott*

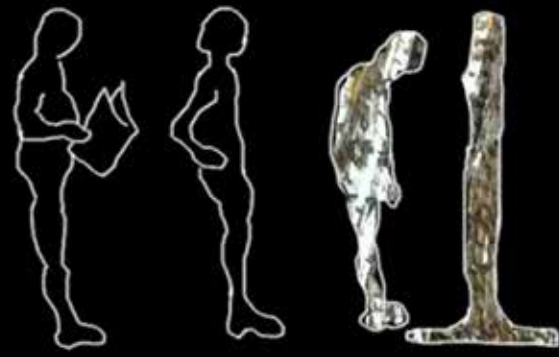
Have you become a papist?  
Or do you decry it now?  
Do you still insist God dwells at the mouth of a river?  
I know where God is.  
He has come to dust inside of me.  
Can you feel how he reels?

Shall I slip a coin into  
This fish's mouth and ask it  
To a spin a fortune from a foolish spool —  
Or shall I give it up to you?  
Would you take it, or would you  
Give it back?

Shall I too, like Cleopatra, raise this asp  
To my breast and consume its  
Poison for you?

But, I have never burned for Rome — nor have I  
Burned for you. You are only  
A dead language — bad flesh  
And a heavy tongue. You  
Are a blind statue that I have  
Fallen on, only stone  
And silence.





# THE MULE

## Peter Uttal

Way in the back of the 747, Jonny sits in seat number 60B. He always sits in 60B. This particular seat has its advantages. His back is against the wall; his shoulder is to the window. His right eye, his only eye, is free to scan the cabin. His blind side and his back are protected.

60C, the aisle seat, is empty. He waits to see who will fill it, hoping that it won't be a fat tourist. It's a long flight from Kingston, Jamaica to London.

His stomach rumbles audibly. He's stuffed with 65 condoms full of cocaine, and they're not sitting well. Other than that, he travels light – just three changes of clothes, a jacket, a roast beef sub, and three pieces of fruit in his flight bag.

*So far, my luck is good*, he thinks, as a petite woman puts her purse on the seat next to him, and starts to lift her carry-on.

"Let me get that for you," says Jonny. At five feet tall, he is just the right height to grab her bag and lift it into the overhead.

"Thank you," she says with a smile, brushing back her long, straight black hair.

Looking into her black almond-shaped eyes, his thoughts flash: *Beautiful. Part Chinese I'll bet.*

He says, "I'm Jonny," and puts out his hand. She grasps it with delicate fingers – short fingernails with no polish.

"I'm Lee," she says. "Nice to meet you."

"I guess we're going to be bunk mates for the next sixteen hours. No worries. I don't snore."

He gives her *the look*. Never fails. Head turned slightly down; he flashes a wry

but very friendly smile. She smiles back, showing perfect white teeth.

They sit, talk for a long time, and discuss the weather, the news, favorite foods, favorite colors, dog person, cat person, and many stories about growing up in Kingston. As he thought, she's one-quarter Chinese.

Each time there is a short silence, he gives her *the look* again. That's another reason he sits in 60B, on the left, so he can let his right eye work for him. She notices that his eye is a beautiful shade of green, and she doesn't mind the patch. It's kind of mysterious. She doesn't know why, but she likes him.

"Do you have any kids?" he asks.

"I'm not married."

"No kids then?"

"No, no kids," she chuckles. "And you?"

*This just gets better and better*, he thinks. "No attachments," he replies.

"Are you in London on business or pleasure?" he asks.

"Business," she says. "I'll be working in London General Hospital for at least a year. I'm a nurse. What do you do?"

"I'm in pharmaceuticals. I travel often to London on business, but I don't have any friends there. Maybe we could explore the city together. Would you mind if I call you some time?"

"I'd like that. I'll give you my work number. I don't have my own phone yet."

His stomach rumbles loudly.

"What was that?" she asks, smiling.

"It's nothing," he says. "I had a big dinner at my mom's. I hope the noise won't keep you awake all night."

They continue talking long after the captain dims the lights for sleeping. Ultimately, their eyelids begin to droop, and they say their goodnights. He is very grateful that their conversation took his mind off his digestive tract and his worries about getting through customs.

She snores lightly. He can't sleep. His stomach is overstuffed, and he feels nauseated. Oddly, he feels hungry, too. And he's dying for a cigarette. He tries to think pleasant thoughts, but as always, during these runs, his mental movie projector shows him a gruesome story about apprehension and incarceration. He can't help it. He's half asleep, and can't control his thoughts.

They wake in the morning when the lights snap on and the captain makes his announcements. He grabs his toothbrush and retreats to the restroom. No sense in letting morning breath spoil a beautiful relationship. When he returns, she does the same.

She has to stop at baggage claim, so he heads directly to Customs without her. The line is long. He drops his bag and pretends to wait patiently. He doesn't put on his sunglasses. He knows better than that.

He's staring at his flight bag, lost in thought, when suddenly a small beagle plunks himself down in a sitting position right next to the bag. A deep voice from behind says to him, "Sir, would you come with me, please?"

Jonny turns around and sees, in this

order: a uniform, a badge, and a gun in a holster.

His heart pounds; he is overcome with nausea. The whole building quiets down as if a giant hand is turning down the volume.

"This way sir," says the Customs man, pointing to a stainless steel table. Jonny wants to blurt out: *There are no drugs in that bag!* but he holds his tongue. He's concentrating on keeping his breathing regular.

His movie projector is running again: Handcuffs, interrogations, courtroom, judge, sentencing, prison, British thugs, violence, sexual assault, a gray-haired version of himself leaving prison, poverty, death. Lonely death.

The officer opens Jonny's bag and slowly removes the contents: A small stack of clothing, a leather jacket, a submarine sandwich, an apple, an orange, and a pear – it's all Jonny can do not to vomit up the cocaine right there on the table. But he maintains.

The officer says, "You know it's illegal . . ." – Jonny realizes that his armpits are soaked through his shirt, and that his forehead is covered with sweat . . . sweating is a giveaway . . . he won't be seeing the beautiful Chinese girl again . . . any girl – "to carry agricultural products across international borders."

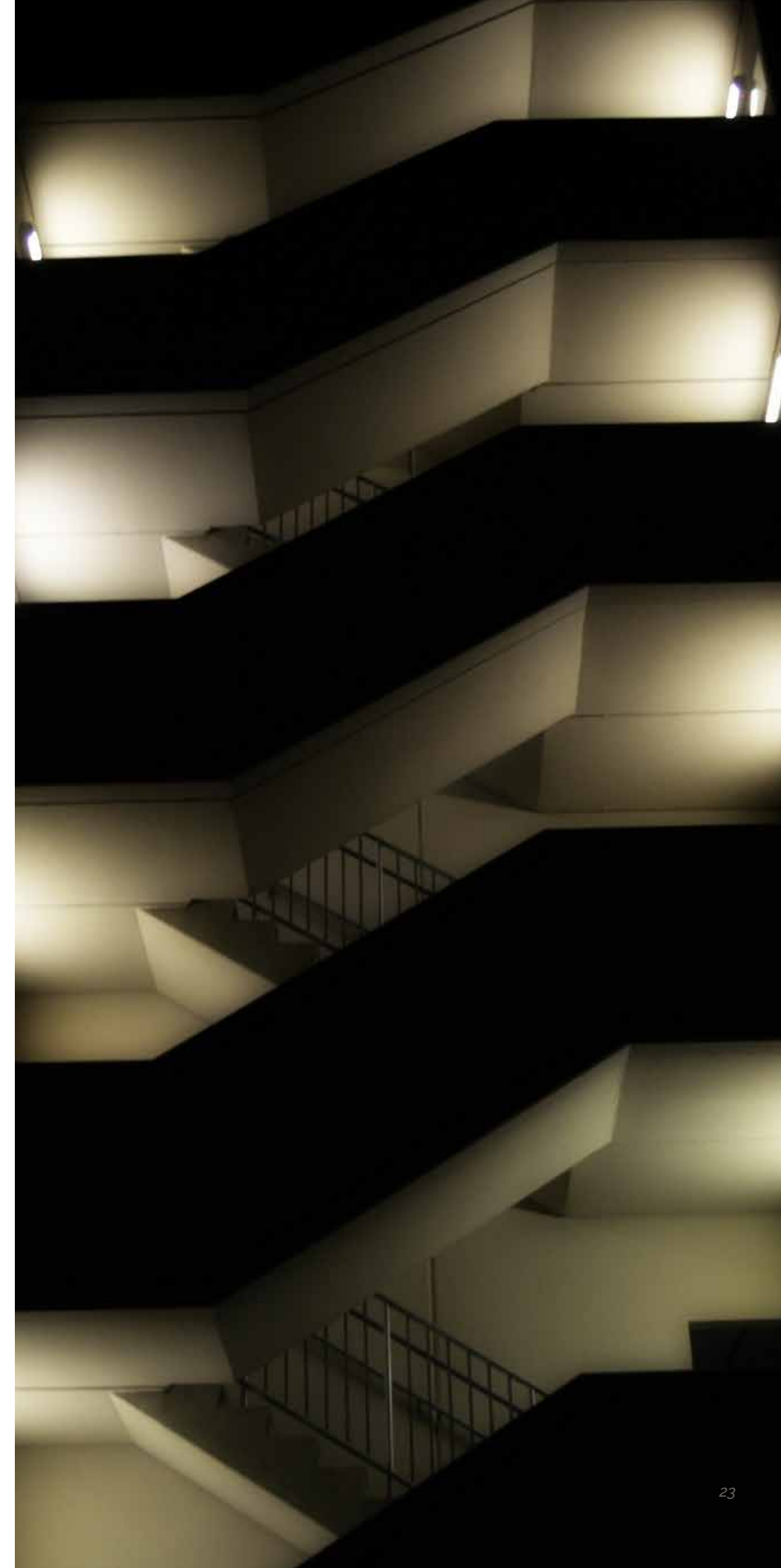
*What? What did he say? Agricultural products?*

"There are fines of several thousand dollars for smuggling food products. I guess you weren't aware of that, so I'm going to let you go with a warning."

"I can go?" asks Jonny. The officer nods.

His heart is still pounding as he leaves the customs building, but his mind has already moved on.

*I'll call the woman, tomorrow. What's a good place to take her to dinner?*





## Black Sleep Sonnet #1

*Elizabeth Guy*

And who doth sing Lady Death to rest  
When all is done and earth is barren?  
Who leadeth her to eternal idleness  
When she sinks below to join her brethren?  
When she cries on whose shoulder doth she lean  
In her times of repentance and worry?  
And whom doth wipe her own slate clean  
To anoint her the whitest of the flurry?  
So I tell you this with discontent,  
For when death maketh your way,  
Pity her, ne'er resent!  
For she, too, has felt dismay.

In her black sleep she will reply:  
*Was born alone, alone I die.*

## Dark Ages of the Renaissance Man

*Barkesha Green*

I am torn between realms of reality,  
Alternate universes existing in breaths of actuality.  
Logic and creativity wave through my mind,  
Just as these hands wave through space and time.  
I am torn between realms of reality,  
Alternate universes existing in blinks of sanity.  
Reaching conclusions and coming up short.  
Shortcomings of my inklings, so my theories I continue to contort.  
Instances trying to find the true me.  
My existence in this blink of sanity.





The Crow | David Chan | Charcoal



Vandal | Morgan Chandler | Marker on Paper



Painted Spaces | Ian Achong | Architecture



Stillness | Ian Achong | Photography



The Two Gates | Nadege Moise | Acrylic on Canvas

## The Warsaw Trifecta

*Erik Moshe*

I.

Roman was a wiry chap, noncompliant, nonchalant as can be  
His in & out of school antics weren't what his papa wanted to see  
He'd pop a molly with thieves, when cops had knocked him for trees  
The way his mother bellowed at him would've put Pavarotti at ease  
A sprouting adolescent, doing foolish things as only a young man can  
But yet, his heart was in the right place — like successful Frankenstein transplants  
Pointy nose, raspy voice, he answered yes at the knock at the door  
Then gunshots conjured a force that made his mom and pops drop to the floor

II.

Max was not only meticulous with his hands, he was a heartbreaker  
Girls tried to turn back time — but his father was a watchmaker  
born with malice engraved, he always loved the scent of trouble  
What he lacked on common decency, he made up for with extensive hustle  
He'd ascend a couple of staircases, handing out biodegradable drugs  
No patience, no trust, confrontations were rough —  
And when the chips were down, and morale had caved in enough  
Godlessness was purveyor, instructor, town mayor & judge  
He had no time to get involved with a selfish broad  
His uncle Stanislaw used to say: plus the Nazis don't exactly help the cause . . .

III.

Henryk was no artillery man. He'd had thin, embalmed, gentle hands  
A bookworm all his life, loyal member of the synagogue temple band  
Now he's loading in the clips — ones that were preferably light  
Earnestly striped, the university type, doing duty to quell Germany's strike  
Was it futile? Would the resistance come crashing down to bits?  
He was devastated . . . his wife & kids perished when his house got hit  
Those rogue bunker busters; I guess it's likely true, that life is cruel  
The cold world in which we live is one giant, icy pool

IV. Epilogue

These three ordinary city men had two things in common  
One, they were Polish citizens and kept the passion alive  
Two, when the war came calling, they got drafted & died  
I've concluded that the world's a dead dimension, the blacklisted kind  
turned my back on the shrine, living during these blasphemous times  
Having faith is like being ravaged and blind, ignoring labyrinth signs  
In a realm where frosty particles flounder about & pathogens glide  
Three Polish gentlemen — one everlasting demise  
A grim reality for spirits destined to pass through the Rhine

## Anxiety

*Daniela Salazar*

Have you ever had anxiety?

And no, before you say *yes*, I'm not talking about any kind of anxiety.

Not the flowers unfurling in your chest when your affection walks by,

Not the caterpillars crawling up your spine when you have a test that's timed.

I'm asking . . . have you ever had anxiety?

The kind of anxiety where your insides are in a turf war.

When your stomach, intestines, kidneys, spleen, claw kick stab gnash

Rip punch shoot thrash

Fighting over dominance or survival

You're not sure which and

Your stomach is losing the battle. It bangs against the walls of your throat

Begging for help but your throat just closes its windows; now you can't breathe and

The atom bombs in your intestines make your ears ring and

The gun smoke in your lungs makes your vision sing and

Cannons crash inside your skull; your brain shakes.

You grab your head with your hands praying it won't break.

The wild bell of your heart slams against your ribcage, issuing a warning —

*WARNING — Emergency: you're going to kill us.*

This body's collapsing it will collapse in if you all don't. Just.

Stop.

I'm asking if you ever had *that* kind of anxiety.

The one that chews off chunks of your sanity,

Gnaws through any bit of normality.

But the scariest part is not the war itself or how hard it hits,

It's the thought that one day you might lose it.



Bliss | Vivian Gimon | Graphite

# GORDA

by Bill Cruz



Darkness.

Then Light.

A young heavy-set girl opens the refrigerator door. She leans down and looks into the refrigerator. She closes the door.

Darkness Again.

Then Light.

The refrigerator opens again. The young girl reaches in and grabs a plate, then puts it back. The refrigerator door closes again.

Darkness.

The refrigerator door opens again. The same young, heavy-set girl looks in.

“Okay, what am I doing? Am I really hungry?”

She grabs the plate.

“No, I’m not.”

The plate goes back to its place among some other plates of food. The refrigerator door closes and quickly opens again.

“I thought you said you weren’t hungry?”

“I lied.”

She grabs the plate and closes the door.

Darkness.

The refrigerator door opens again letting out a squeak as the young girl puts the plate back into the refrigerator.

“No, no, no. I’m not hungry and that’s that.”

The young girl closes the door and leans against the refrigerator. Her eyes rest on the crucifix with a Jesus on it. She lets out a sigh; she kneels on the kitchen floor.

“Please God, help me. Help me to lose weight. I am not happy with myself. Please,

please, please! Amen.”

She does the sign of the cross and gets up; the box of Entenmann’s Variety Donut Pack on the top of the refrigerator appears to her all of a sudden. The distance between her and the doughnuts shrinks although she isn’t moving. She fantasizes about the doughnuts on her tongue. She wonders what kinds are left in the box.

“Are they the chocolate-covered ones that melt in the mouth, or the powdery-sugar kind that will remain on my lips even after I eat them? Is it my favorite kind, the glazed-cake ones?”

She can taste the sweet, sticky glaze on her tongue. Hell, even the old-fashioned ones sound divine at this moment. She rushes to the box and opens it. The scent of pastries fills her senses. She grabs a chocolate doughnut and manages to devour the doughnut in two bites. Closing her eyes, she chews slowly, savoring the rich chocolate frosting on the doughnut. She opens her eyes in a panic after swallowing the last bite. She grabs the box again and removes a powdered-sugar doughnut. Placing the box back on top of the refrigerator, she looks up at the crucifix for some time. She takes down the cross and puts it in the cupboard next to the plates and bowls.

“Thanks.” She says sarcastically.

She exits the kitchen and turns off the lights.

Darkness.

Then light.

The young girl turns the lights on, opens the cupboard, and places the crucifix back on the wall. She makes the sign of the cross, grabs the box of doughnuts from on top of the refrigerator and exits the kitchen. Then she turns off the lights.

Darkness.

The young, heavy-set girl’s name is Ashley. Ashley tosses and turns in her bed. She gets up and turns on the light on her nightstand. She enters the kitchen feeling

like she is moving in slow motion. She is thirsty, and just wants to get a glass of water and leave the kitchen. Everything around her is vibrant, the colors revolving around a treasure of food and treats. She grabs a glass and fills it with water, and gulps it down with her eyes closed. She doesn’t want to see anything in the kitchen. She fills up the glass with some more water, drinks it down, and then returns to bed. She looks at a picture on the nightstand and caresses the glass over the photo.

Ashley sees her mother leaning over and watching her from above as she lies in her crib.

“I miss you, Mami.”

She turns off the light.

Darkness.

Ashley enters the kitchen, quietly. She doesn’t turn on the light. She opens the refrigerator, reaches for a plate covered in aluminum foil, and sets it carefully on the counter. The lights go on.

“Sit, I’ll heat it up for you,” Ashley’s father enters and reaches for the plate. Ashley looks a little embarrassed.

“No, Papi. It’s okay.”

She reaches for the plate.

“Please. Let me do it.”

Her father gently pulls the plate from Ashley’s hand. They stand there in the kitchen looking at each other. Her dad reaches over and kisses Ashley on the forehead. She recalls a moment in her childhood when he kissed her on the forehead, just like now.

Silence.

Ashley lets go of the plate.

“Sit down, Mija.”

Ashley sits down at the small dinner table. Her father unwraps the food: spaghetti, rice, and steak. He places the

plate in the microwave, pushes some buttons, and turns around to face Ashley.

“How are things?”

Ashley shrugs.

“Okay, I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“You didn’t wake me up. I couldn’t sleep. My back again.”

Ashley watches as her dad tries to stretch his body out.

“Did you make an appointment with your doctor, yet?”

Silence.

“I’ll make it for you,” Ashley broke the silence.

“I don’t want to talk about any doctors. I want to talk about you. Dimé, how’s school?”

Silence.

“Good.” Ashley finally responds.

“Good.” He nods.

Silence.

They both start talking at the same time. The awkward moment brings laughter from both of them.

“Tell me,” Ashley’s dad speaks.

“No. You go,” she responds.

Ashley’s father looks down at his feet.

“Looks like you’ve lost some weight. The gym must be working,” he starts.

Ashley smiles, but it isn’t a genuine one.

“I’m not going.”

Her father looks up at her.

“Why not?”

She pictures all the super-fit women at

the gym with their sexy workout outfits on the treadmills, and the dirty looks she got when she tried to workout.

“It’s just not for me.”

Ashley’s father fakes a smile. He turns around, removes the plate from the microwave, grabs a fork and stirs the spaghetti. Looking to his right, he imagines his wife washing the dishes in some forgotten memory. He smiles and puts the plate back into the microwave as the oven comes alive again with the deep sound of its cooking cycle. Then, he turns back to Ashley.

“I think about your mother all the time,” he blurts out.

Ashley looks at the faded light coming from the microwave.

“I do too – a lot.” She looks away.

“Grieving is not forgetting. It’s slowly letting go.” Ashley’s father pauses before he approaches her at the kitchen table.

“A girl needs her mother. A man needs his wife. We need each other. Understand, baby?”

He kisses her on the top of her head. The microwave beeps. Ashley’s father turns the oven off and removes the plate.

“Papi, you drinking again?”

He walks towards Ashley and puts the plate down in front of her on the kitchen table.

His mind flashes back to an hour ago in his room when he poured himself some vodka into a plastic tumbler cup and took a sip.

Ashley’s dad smiles, “No, Hija. I am not drinking again.”

The scent of vodka wafts between her and her father.

“Just asking,” Ashley flashes another false smile.

“No drinking,” he responds again.

Ashley’s father grabs a glass of water and a fork, and places them in front of her.

“Thank you.” she smiles genuinely.

“You’re welcome.”

He smiles and exits the kitchen. Ashley stares at the fork and then the plate of food. She looks towards the stove and imagines her mother cooking and laughing – her smile lighting up the small kitchen.

“Eat, sweetie, eat.” Ashley hears her mom say, as if she is really there. A tear-filled smile appears on her face. She picks up the fork and begins to eat. The kitchen seems so much smaller than usual. Alone and wondering what the future holds for her and her father, she continues eating. And the pain, at least for that night, melts away with every bite of her dinner.







## Rigged Pipes

*Devin Martinez*

The reason I started writing poetry  
was when I realized words are free.  
Ma couldn't afford to buy us shoes,  
but I could afford to scribe an elegy  
and the only price I may have to pay:  
being shot with hot thoughts of enmity.

Reminiscent of the days: a desolate maze  
built atop the Poor Man's agony and pain.  
A trailer park wasteland, poverty's Graceland,  
forever aggrieved under the Rich Man's reign;  
dismal stares from newborn souls, skin maimed  
from disease, where now only scars remain.

As Helios arose, plundering Erobos and Selene,  
a frantic cry suddenly shattered the atmosphere.  
Torn from my dream, angst in my bloodstream,  
I run to see: Mom – fraughting of failure and fear.  
Caught in rueful gaze, she ran to me, bawling:  
*Mama can't pay the water, baby – again this year.*

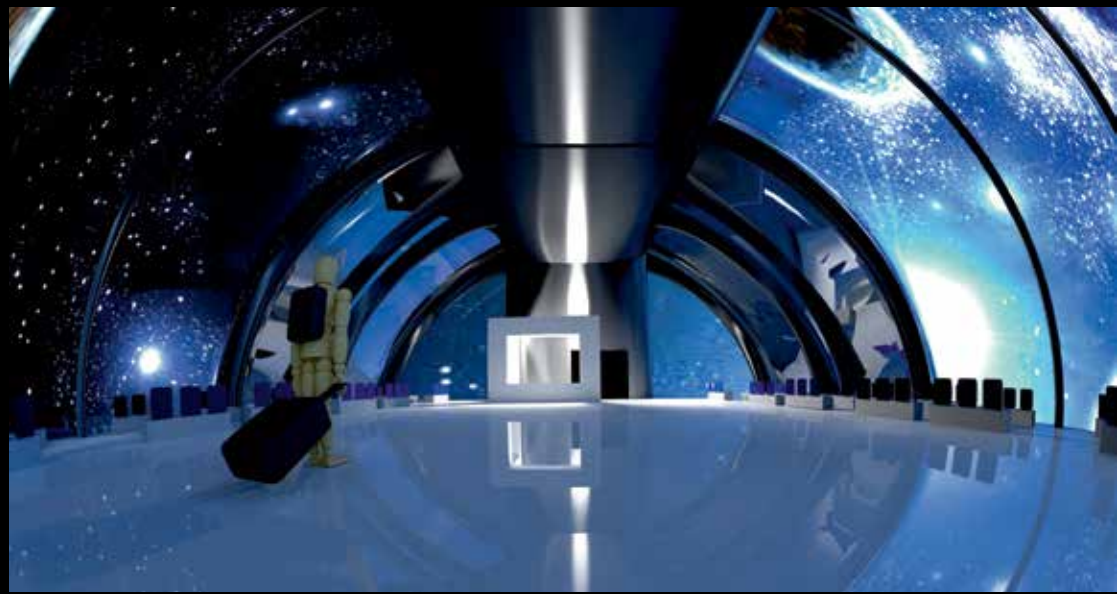
Drenched in her pain, thinking what comes next;  
from the depths of her anguish, an idea lashed  
the back of my mind. As our reaper of drought  
arrived in his blue jumpsuit, he got to his task.  
In the window above, a red gaze from green eyes  
affixes down below – intensely studying his craft.

Finished with the job, our reaper fades into the dusk.  
In my hand: a rusty wrench and a tattered flashlight;  
now my scheme takes flight. Under the water meter,  
the valve hides from sight, fixing the wrench on tight,  
I pulled with all my youthful might. In a sudden shift,  
the bolt gave in and sifting water sang into the night.

Breaking ashore to reality, stuck on the angst fleeting  
to the depths of my torso, the memory no longer bites.  
Revelation: Mr. Rich Man, is the Poor Man not a man,  
can't afford your price so you seize our Human Rights?  
Reminiscent of the days stuck in that desolate maze,  
oh' how we'd've survived if not for those rigged pipes.







Opposite Page  
**The Flight** | Alessandro Pupillo | Digital Art  
**Museum** | Digital Art  
**I Just Want to Be a Real Boy** | Digital Art

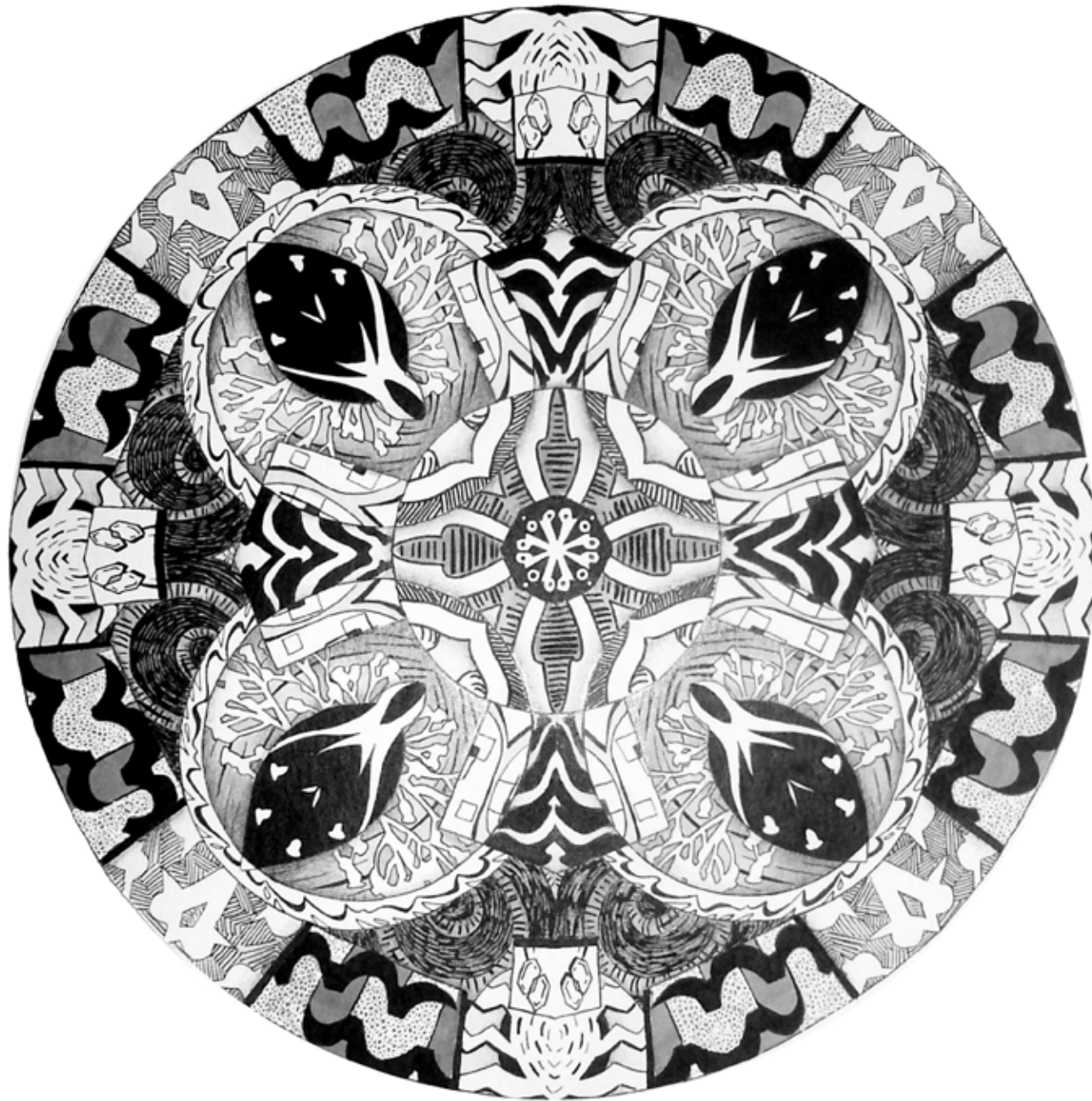
**Inhabitants Pt. 2** | Digital Art  
**Up** | Digital Art



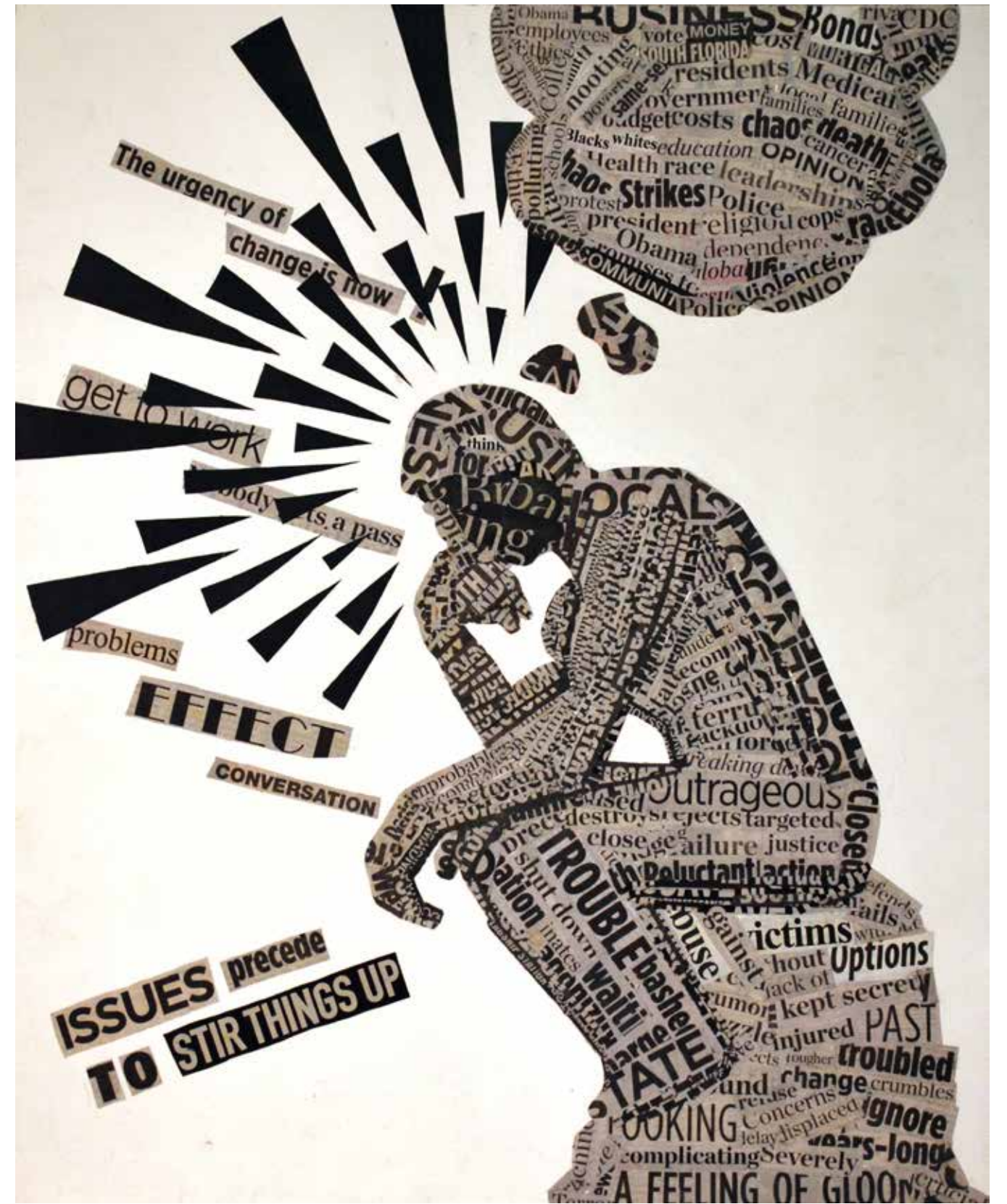
Offering | Owen Zeiler | Photography and Digital Manipulation



Rapid City Graffiti 1 | Ivar Fandel | Photography



Mandala | Gabriela Pabon | India Ink, Pencil, and Micron Pens



Thought on Society | Aaron Rolle | Newspaper Collage



# Farson

by Jordi Burton

The field was dark. The grass was wet with dew, the bleachers barren. Posters, painted with last names and jersey numbers, hung torn and crumpled from the chain link fences. The bright yellow goal posts stood like sentries at either side, silent and unmoving. Yet still the field called to them. Dylan, James, Tyler, and Leila stood at the fifty-yard line, the toes of their shoes just brushing the grass. It was as though the field was filled with the sounds of phantom cheers, cascading around them, carrying them forward.

Leila stepped up first, crossing the white line to enter the field. As she did, it was like she was transported back to that night, thirty years to the day, when she was just a senior in high school. She had stood in that exact same spot, at the exact

same time, with the exact same people. Then she had wondered what life would bring, so curious about the future. Dylan had joined her then, as he did now, taking her hand and leading her further onto the field.

"Trust me," he'd said, his words meant only for her. His hand had enveloped her own, warm and rough with callouses. His dark eyes danced in the moonlight, alight with mischief. She reveled in the way he made her feel safe, protected, like nothing could harm her.

"Trust you?" she teased, laughing. She called over her shoulder, "Collins wants me to trust him!"

James came up behind them, lifting Leila and tossing her over his broad shoulder.

She squealed with laughter. As he made his way down the field with her, he said, "No one in their right mind would trust Collins!"

Dylan chuckled good-naturedly. "Come back here with my girl, Smith."

"Nah, man," Tyler said with a smirk, joining James at the other end of the field. "I think we'll play some keep-away."

"Come and get her, Collins!" James yelled.

Leila playfully started hitting James on the back, while Dylan sprinted down the field. After years of watching them play football, she knew their moves. She could tell when Dylan would fake left, she knew that Tyler favored his right foot, and she could easily predict which way James would turn because he always glanced in

the opposite direction. She knew the three of them better than she knew her own family. They had all grown up together, lived down the street from each other. They'd attended countless fundraisers, barbecues, dances, and of course, football games – they were each other's family.

"You're out of shape, Collins!" James teased, even as he huffed down the field.

"How is our QB fit to lead if he can't even get his girl back?" Tyler joked as James handed Leila off to him. He carried her in his arms, running down to the goal posts.

Behind him, Leila could see Dylan running after them. He moved smoothly, pumping his arms and pushing himself faster. It was times like these that he took her breath away. She loved watching him play, where it seemed like the field, the team, and the game were the only things that existed. Every now and then, he would break through those blinders and catch Leila's eye. He'd grin rakishly and wink, and she would feel like the luckiest girl in the world. She knew, in moments like those, that he truly loved her.

She sucked in a breath as she felt Dylan collide with Tyler. They stumbled forward, and an arm wrapped around her waist. As they fell on the grass, Leila landed on top of someone unhurt. When she looked down, Dylan was beneath her, grinning rakishly. Her heart swelled at the sight of him, and she leaned down and pressed her lips to his.

Beneath them, Tyler muttered, "Why don't you two get a room?"

Dylan pulled back from Leila and replied, "Johnson's just jealous 'cause he isn't getting any."

"And you are?" James retorted, sitting down beside them.

They were all breathing raggedly; a glossy sheen of sweat covered their skin. James ran a hand through his chin-length hair, while Dylan rested his head back on the grass. Leila stretched out beside him, while Tyler pulled himself from under

Dylan, and leaned back on his elbows.

After a few seconds of silence, James said, "We can beat North Hills Friday. You know we've got what it takes."

"Yeah," Tyler agreed cockily. He smirked. "We're going to destroy them."

Leila felt Dylan sigh beneath her. She knew he was worried about their game Friday. It would determine all of their futures. If they won, they were state champions, and Dylan, Tyler, and James could get scouted for colleges. If they lost, however, the scouts would look at the other team. It was their one chance to prove of what they were capable.

"H-hey."

They all looked up to see young Nicky Farson, the sophomore running back. He was dressed like they were, in a hoodie and jeans, but he just looked so much younger. He was slighter than the other guys, and not as muscular. Leila knew, however, that the guys liked him. He was little dorky, but likable. The guys treated him like a younger brother, especially Dylan.

"Little Farson!" they called.

James motioned for him to join them. "You got my message."

"Uh, yeah," Farson said awkwardly. "Are you – are you sure we can be here?"

"Of course," Tyler said, lying back in the grass. "It's *our* field, isn't it?"

Farson took a seat in the grass, crossing his legs. He looked so anxious, worried about being caught. Leila chuckled and pushed herself off of Dylan, turning to face Farson. Even in the darkness, he looked so young. He was just two years younger than them, but it seemed like such a difference. He was still gangly, still hesitant in his movements. It was cute.

"Hey, Nicky," Leila said, grinning.

"H-hi, Leila," he replied, offering her a quick smile.

"You played really well last Friday," she continued.

"Y-you saw me?" he asked.

"Of course she did," Dylan said, nuzzling Leila's neck. "She sees everything."

"Yeah, like some all-seeing cheerleader," Tyler snorted.

Leila playfully smacked Tyler. He smirked at her, before lying back in the grass. Farson smiled to himself before leaning back as well. Dylan pulled Leila down with him and they all stared up at the stars.

"I don't think I'm going to be able to play Friday," Farson said suddenly. Dylan, Tyler, and James sat up immediately.

"What do you mean?" Tyler asked as his brow furrowed. Leila frowned.

"I'm just so worried, you know?" Farson said. "I feel like I'm going to fumble the ball or do something stupid and let the entire team down – let everyone down."

Shifting Leila onto the grass, Dylan got to his feet. He looked down at Farson and commanded: *Get up.*

Farson looked up in confusion, while Tyler and James got to their feet. Leila joined them, already suspecting what Dylan was going to do. When Farson got to his feet, Dylan took the football Tyler had brought and made his way to the center of the field. James, Tyler, and Farson joined him silently.

"I'm going to pass to you, and you're going to make your way to the end zone," Dylan said. Farson nodded mutely, apparently astonished that *the* Dylan Collins was coaching him.

After Dylan called hut, he passed the ball to Farson. Farson took off down the field trying to dodge Tyler and James. When he was tackled a few yards away, Dylan ran the play again. After a few tries, Farson was able to break free of Tyler and James. He ran all the way to the end zone. When he realized he'd done it, he dropped the football and cheered.

Leila watched, caught in another one of those breathless moments. Dylan looked every inch the leader that he was. He

wore his “game face”, the expression he always wore on the field. It was equal parts serious and fierce, and it made Leila weak-kneed. As Farson returned down field, Dylan turned and caught Leila’s eye, as he had so many times. Leila ran towards him, throwing her arms around him, as she couldn’t during a game. He lifted her off the ground and pressed his lips to hers. In that moment, she realized what he must feel like during a game; nothing existed but the two of them and the field beneath their feet.

“Hey!” They all spun around to see a security guard running towards them, shining a flashlight in their direction. “You kids can’t be here!”

“Run!” Dylan yelled.

He grabbed Leila’s hand and took off down the field. She laughed breathlessly behind him, hurrying to keep up. She knew that James, Tyler, and Farson were following after them, running as fast as their legs would take them. Finally, they rounded the corner by the gym, and all piled into James’s truck. Leila and Dylan sat in the bed of the truck, hanging onto the sides as James pulled them from the school parking lot. The wind whipped around them, cooling their heated skin. They were breathing raggedly, but flushed with excitement. Leila didn’t think they would ever forget that day.

As she stood on the fifty-yard line, thirty years later, she remembered that day. She suspected that she would still remember it long after she was dead. That night had changed a lot for them, even if they hadn’t realized it at the time. It had propelled them towards their futures, towards the lives they would lead.

Looking down at Dylan’s hand, she smiled. Even after thirty years, all he had to do was look at her, and she was his. She could hear the echo of their laughter, of all of the memories they shared on this field: from the football games, to the pep rallies, to the fights, to the late night rendezvous. They had grown up on this field, lived their

lives on this field, so it was only fitting to come full circle on this field.

James stepped up, exactly as he had all those years ago. Instead of tossing Leila over his shoulder, however, he merely squeezed her hand and continued forward. The pale moonlight glinted off of the urn in his hands, shimmering like gold. Slowly, Leila and Dylan followed after him, their hands still entwined, while Tyler brought up the rear. Solemnly, they clustered together on the center of the fifty-yard line.

“You left us too soon, buddy,” James said, setting the urn down on the yard line.

Quietly, Tyler passed his football to Dylan. It was the same football they’d played with that night, old and worn. It was signed by every member of their old football team, and by all three coaches. Tyler had kept it for all these years.

Silently, Tyler and James made their way to the end zone. Dylan frowned, kissed Leila’s fingers, and then dropped her hand. He stared down at the football, turning it over in his hands. Leila could see him reading every one of the names on the football, obviously reliving old memories. Finally, he glanced at the urn. She could see in his eyes that he was thinking of that night, thirty years ago, when tragedy struck, when their friend was taken from them forever.

It had been right after the North Hills game, when they’d been named state champions. It had been the height of their year, and everyone had been drunk off of their success. Unfortunately, they’d ended the night in the hospital, waiting to hear news of their friend. Upon hearing of his death, Leila, Dylan, Tyler, and James had gone to the field, as they’d had just days before, and tossed the football in his memory. It was the same thing they’d been doing every year ever since.

Looking up, Dylan lined his fingers up along the laces of the football, drew back his arm, set his sights on end zone, and murmured, “This is for you, Farson.”



## Student Bios

**Ian Achong** is a devoted individual studying architecture at BC. He enjoys photography as a pastime, along with globetrotting as much as he can. Ian hopes to graduate in the coming years and pursue his passion while also experiencing everything the world has to offer.

Ever since she was young, **Neddie Bien-Aime** knew she wanted art to be a big part of her life; she mainly focused on traditional and digital mediums. Only after starting college did she start to venture into other mediums such as painting and sculpture. Neddie now hopes to be a concept artist and animator in the future.

**Jordi Burton** is an English major finishing up her AA degree before transferring to the University of Florida. She enjoys writing, reading, watching movies, and hopelessly rooting for the Dolphins. Jordi is currently in pursuit of getting her first novel published, and hopes the second will quickly follow.

**David Chan** is from a small country in South-America called Suriname. He's always had a passion for art ever since he was young; his preferred themes are

portraits, crows, and astronauts. Recently, he's started to expand his use of media utilizing painting, printmaking and photography.

**Wilfred Crespo**, or Wil, if you will, started writing when he was thirteen, like any awkward boy at that age, beginning with poetry before moving to short fiction and bouncing between the two for the last thirteen years. Wil will attend classes at north campus in pursuit of his AA degree, and is a proud member of Sigma Kappa Delta.

**Bill Cruz** is a returning student after many years of absence; Bill is currently majoring in crime scene technology but will be changing to English/literature. He enjoys writing, although it drives him absolutely crazy. Bill will also be starting work on a novel in the summer.

**Lee-Vaughn Dindial** was born in Trinidad & Tobago. He is a chemistry major but has a profound love for writing and literature. He is what he always has been, a jumbled tornado of dreams and fantasies that will never be.

**Matthew Dyas**, originally from a small town called Drogheda, just

south of the border in the Republic of Ireland is a true Floridian these days, but doesn't have a tan to prove it. Matthew loves music, from traditional Celtic to Zydeco. He recently discovered and is currently reliving the Tupac years.

**Ivar Fandel** is a pediatrician who has been studying art at Broward College for several years. Mr. Fandel was born and attended school in New York City; his interests include: photography, painting, swimming and skiing.

**Godson Fortil** is 25 years old and majoring in computer science. Godson likes everything that evokes wonder and inspires creativity such as art, science and sports. In fact, he enjoys being a "phone-ographer", computer programmer, cyclist, cook, and amateur tennis player. Mr. Fortil is looking forward to exposing his work to those who share the same feeling about art.

**Nicholas Garofola** has a burning passion for filmmaking and photography. His life goal is to be an Oscar-winning director, and he relentlessly pursues that dream everyday with his projects.

**Amber Gill** is a native Floridian

adding graphic design to her toolbox of design skills. She loves practicing interior design and visual merchandising when she's not exploring the new possibilities the graphics world can show her.

**Vivian Gimon** says she has been blessed with having two different cultures to draw from, as her mother was American and her father Venezuelan. She was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma and raised in Venezuela where she received her formal education. Vivian sees beauty everywhere, and the opportunity to learn different ways to express it enriches her life. She also loves to travel, read and watch movies – however, her passion is art.

**Barkesha Green** is an active member of the Dance and Theatre Department at Broward College. Most of her literary works are influenced by her Caribbean heritage and her fervors: the arts, science, and social work. Barkesha says she is very appreciative for *P'an Ku's* continuous publications, because it gave her and other artists a platform to be heard.

**Elizabeth Guy** is just around the corner from ending her second

year at Broward College (shout-out to all the caffeine lovers). Following graduation, she will transfer to FAU to double major in communications and English. After receiving her B.A., she's joining the Peace Corps! Elizabeth is also in the process of writing a memoir.

**Shamar Harriott** is a student at north campus where he majors in English. In his spare time he likes to draw, write songs and poetry. He recently published his first collection of poetry and is currently working on his first novel. He eventually hopes to have it published and become a successful writer.

**Shadrick Johnston** submitted the acrylic art piece *Morning Rooster*.

**Nicole Laufer** will be attending her third year at Broward College. She's always had a passion for writing, especially the horror/thriller genre. Nicole sends a big thanks to her writing professor, Nicolas Mansito, and her family for their support.

**Maileen Marcos** is an art major who is pursuing her BFA in two years. She has been drawing ever since she was 5 years old and looks

to transcend her talent. Maileen's drive is to spread her colors and define who she is with the strokes she places on paper.

**Nicole McIntosh** is an ambitious young artist from Coral Springs. Nicole is close to finishing her degree in graphic design technology. She hopes to break into the industry of graphic design with *P'an Ku* paving the way.

Will work for cartoon memorabilia and snacks.

**Monica Mendez** is a Hispanic-Latina and a college freshman. Monica's main focus in college is art and she wants to explore every aspect: history, psychology, and as many techniques and mediums applicable. Art is the subject that Monica understands best and feels most rewarded when working on – her life would not be the same without it.

**Crystal Modeste** is from Florida and is an art major. She believes one should be critical about life, but never dwell too much on certain things that have happened. She feels that we should instead learn from them. She likes to make people search for things in her art and create their own stories.

**Nadege Moise** is a student from Haïti and majoring in paralegal studies. She loves to write poetry, short stories; specialized in heirloom sewing, and also a realtor. She is a member of the BC Paralegal Eagles, and BC National Society Leadership and Success. Nadege is also an active volunteer for the Guardian Ad Litem program.

**Erik Moshe** is from Hollywood, Florida. He's an English major, and is a huge Cannibal Ox fan, which is an underground rap group from Harlem, New York.

**Adison Oliveras** is an artist of all kinds, though greatly interested in being a filmmaker. Adison grew up home-schooled which unfortunately resulted in a lack of social skills, forcing Adison to find other means of self-entertainment – photography and video-making filled that void. Ever since, Adison has been creating all kinds of projects and will be attending film school in the fall.

**Gabriela Pabon** is a Hispanic American born and raised in South Florida. She is currently in the VADA (Visual Arts and Design Academy) program at BC Central

campus and she is majoring in illustration.

**Alessandro Pupillo** is originally from Milan, Italy. Alessandro is majoring in architecture, which he loves, and it's becoming his strongest passion. He uses his art to express his feelings and thoughts in the most beautiful and architectural way possible.

**Terri Rivera** is a graphic design student and wants to work in advertising, T.V., and print. Terri was in the Keys and came upon this cool church downtown. She took the shot in the middle of the afternoon, but thought the church had so much charm she could make it into something really special.

**Aaron Rolle** is currently a student majoring in graphic design at Florida Atlantic University that loves to watch YouTube videos and create funny videos on his Instagram. He accepts any challenges that come his way to help mold him into an all-around strong, effective person and designer.

**Daniela Salazar** is presently seeking a degree in English. She is a lover of New York, F. Scott

Fitzgerald, and cheesecakes – especially cheesecakes!

A native New Yorker, **Peter Uttal** presently lives in Davie, FL, where he's composing a book of short stories. Mr. Uttal is an award-winning science teacher and has worked in Haiti, Israel, and Germany.

His name is **Dominick Wetzel**, but all his friends call him Dom, and he has a passion for photography. In addition, Dom likes to hacky sack and is a pro Super Smash Bros. player who films videos for his YouTube channel.

**Owen Zeiler** is a graphic design major at Broward College expecting to graduate this May. Mr. Zeiler appreciates and enjoys many forms of art and music. He also likes video games and spending time with friends and family.

ATTENTION!  
ARE YOU A...  
POET  
AUTHOR  
ARTIST  
ILLUSTRATOR  
DESIGNER  
ARCHITECT  
SCULPTOR  
PHOTOGRAPHER  
OR ALL-AROUND?  
CREATIVE PERSON!

**P'AN KU**  
is accepting submissions  
for the Fall 2015 issue!  
Visit [broward.edu/panku](http://broward.edu/panku)  
for more information!

# P'AN KU CREW



**Prof S**  
Staff page? What's everyone doing on Monday night for photos?



**Kenneth**  
Bowling was the idea we had in mind.  
Can we have a get-together today/tomorrow?



**Yanise**  
We are gonna take pics of us bowling?  
Tomorrow is better for me if we are gonna be bowling.



**Prof S**  
The most important thing right now is getting the mag itself ready for the printer. The pics can wait!!  
I've props in my office for photos . . .



**Devin**  
Man, I ain't tryna wear no nasty ass bowling shoes, though.  
Ggrrrr.



**Kenneth**  
Props?



**Yanise**  
Then how about we come up with a new idea?  
I'm not keen on bowling either.



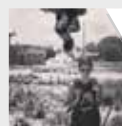
**Prof S**  
Clown nose \*o\*



**Kenneth:**  
I'm down



**Prof S:**  
Usual suspects style



**Morgan:**  
Usual suspects yes. I call Benicio suit.



**Devin is typing** ●●●



**Devin**  
Could I uh . . . wear like . . . uh . . . Face/War paint in this picture?



**Prof S**  
Who's gonna tell you NO?



**Masekela**  
\*raises hand\*



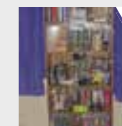
**Devin**  
\*cuts your hand off and slaps you with it\*



**Masekela**  
\*uses spare hand to slap back\*



**Prof S**  
Gentlemen!



**Yanise**  
That escalated quickly



**Kenneth**  
We need those hands to make the magazine, Devin.



**Morgan**  
Computers can take verbal direction.



**Kenneth**  
Good point.



**Renee**  
Will there be food . . . ?

**Kenneth Ward** | Editor-in-chief  
**Masekela Mandela** | Layout & Design Editor  
**Yanise DeLafe** | Managing Editor  
**Devin Martinez** | Literary Editor

**Renee Kiffin** | Photography Editor  
**Morgan Chandler** | Art Editor  
**Professor Santiesteban** | Advisor





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