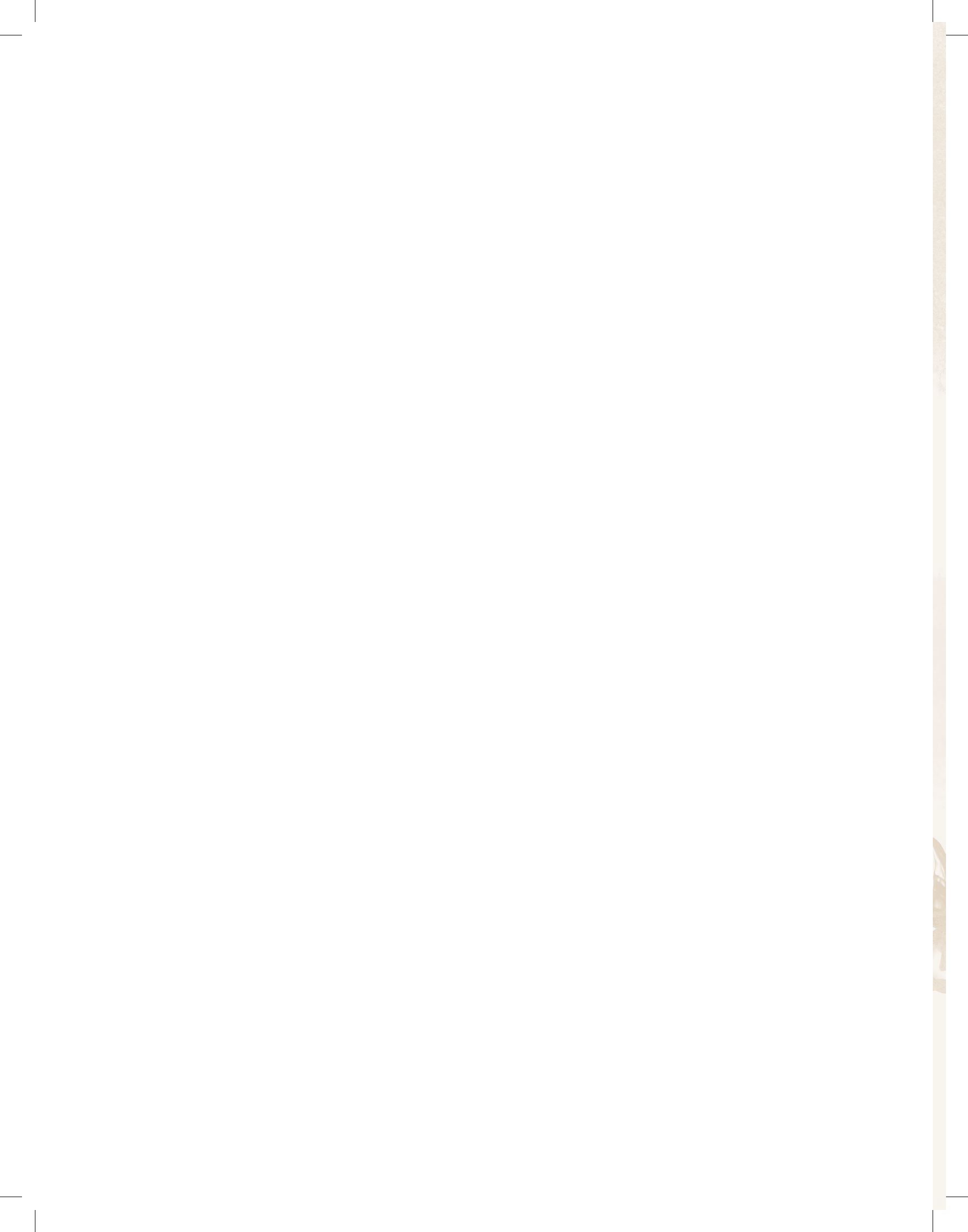


# PIANKU

Spring 2016 - Volume 52, Issue 2  
Broward College Literary & Arts Magazine







# History of P'an Ku



In Chinese mythology, P'an Ku was the God of Creation. Born of chaos, he was both male and female. The Yin and the Yang are his symbols. He spent over 18,000 years creating the sun, the moon, the stars, the heavens, and the Earth.

After P'an Ku died, he split into a number of parts. His head formed the Sun and Moon. His blood became the rivers and the seas. His hair became the forests. His sweat became the rain. His breath became the wind, and his voice became the thunder. His fleas became the ancestors of man. P'an Ku is the ancient Chinese God of Creation. Anyone who is endowed with creativity is possessed by the spirit of P'an Ku.

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# Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

When I joined P'an Ku in the fall of 2014, I never thought I would become the Editor-in-Chief. Every step of the way, every season, and every edition has been an honor and a blessing.

My goal this semester was to improve P'an Ku. I wanted to challenge the magazine and improve its features, even if it was in some minute way. I sincerely hope that I have made a positive impact on both the magazine and my team, who have poured their time and effort into this semester's publication. I want to thank them for their diligence and enthusiasm.

Without them, the magazine would never see the light of day. I look forward to the continued evolution of P'an Ku. Professor Santiesteban has been a great mentor to us, and I know that she will continue to be a great advisor to the coming teams.

I admit that I felt apprehensive as I accepted the unfamiliar position of Editor-in-Chief. It's a position encumbered by as much anxiety as responsibility. I wish the best to the next Editor-in-Chief, with the silent hope that they maintain the family and community we have created.

Part of that community is Expressions, our latest enterprise. Expressions serves as an extension to P'an Ku, where we have connected with the school's artistic community and have made new friends along the way. Poetry, Rap, Dance, Music, Photography — it is all Art, and we are pleased to have these Expressionists involved in our family.

I would also like to give special thanks to the people who have supported and helped us along the way. I want to thank my job for providing me with money to buy chocolates on the really stressful nights. And finally, thank you, the reader, for taking a moment to browse through the creative work of Broward College's studentry.

Sincerely,



Renee Kiffin  
Editor-in-Chief



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# Error

*Kenneth Ward*

Our bodies make love at crude angles,  
Astral light bearing between our navels,  
Reflecting back  
Upon a universe determined to shrug away  
The notion that we loved in its barriers.

The notion is made visual as  
You contort your head and shift your eyes under  
My chest. I theorize that within this specific frenzy of motion,  
The distaste for one's own mind,  
And one's philandering misadventures,  
And one's godlessness,  
Exorcises the head like body hair clinging to  
The accumulated sweat droplets,  
And break the chains of reality  
Like a cacophonous scream in the stream of creaking  
Bedposts.

I caress the beast in your blood,  
As it is much like my own.  
I wonder if  
The fire we thrust into one another,  
Can burn out the true obtuseness  
Of a universe angling in upon itself,  
That preys like a Chinese finger trap tangled in the hands  
Of a newborn.

I see truth in the expression on your face,  
The doped serenity  
When blankness enters your mind,  
An error in the machine.



# Pearls and Pulses

*by Steven Archer*

*“A corpse was the tip of a nose sticking out of that big shiny box.”*

This particular funeral broke all the molds.

In my early childhood, I attended several funerals of distant aunts, uncles, and family friends, all whose faces frequented the pages of dusty photo albums — none was especially striking. The funerals were mostly stuffy and crowded with more bouquets than the collective dead of a small nation would need. The clothing was equally oppressive. Women wore gloves and veils, as they clung to their husbands who were dressed in heavy suits. I often half-expected it to start raining inside the viewing halls.

Now, most of these were Haitian funerals, and there’s an ancient melancholy about almost everything a Haitian family does. My father’s side of the family, Haitian in every fiber of their being, exudes this royal solemnity almost all the time — some of my Haitian relatives could make carving a turkey look like euthanasia. Then again,

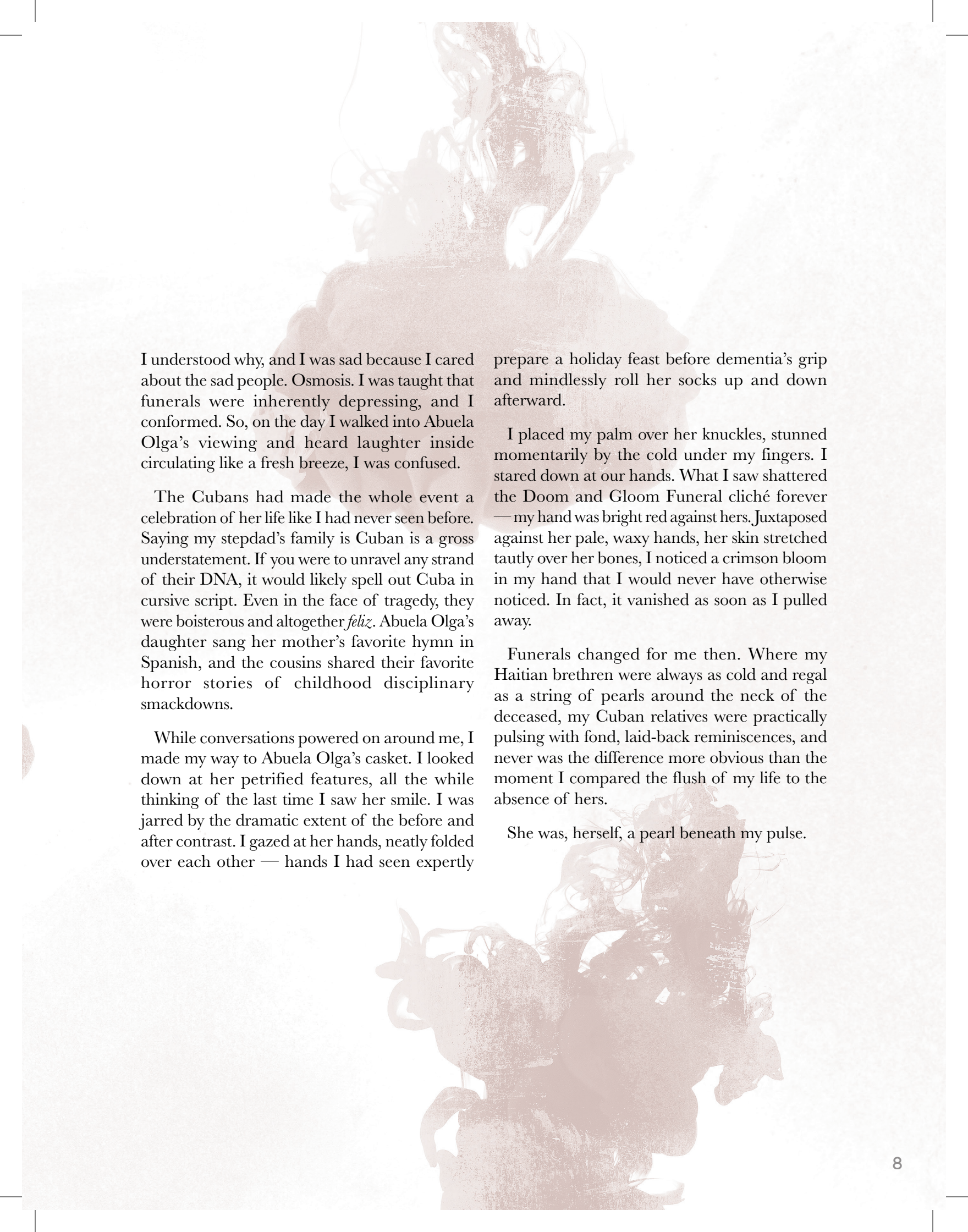
my family may just be abnormally grave. Whether that is a fundamentally Haitian thing is beyond me, but I digress.

I always remembered funerals being periods of throbbing silence broken only by a muffled sob here and there. That is . . . until Abuela Olga passed.

Dementia persisted rampantly even into Abuela’s penultimate hours, and I bore witness to it all. She was my stepdad’s grandmother, and the day my family visited her at the hospital was the last time I ever heard her speak. After that visit, she produced only consistently worsening moans through her clenched teeth.

In this may lie one of the mold-shattering secrets of her funeral: I’d cared about her. To say that I hadn’t cared about the others is both disrespectful and incorrect — truth is, I hadn’t even known the others. To me, the dead were people who appeared in old pictures but wouldn’t appear in new ones; a corpse was the tip of a nose sticking out of that big shiny box I couldn’t quite see over the edge of yet. People were sad;





I understood why, and I was sad because I cared about the sad people. Osmosis. I was taught that funerals were inherently depressing, and I conformed. So, on the day I walked into Abuela Olga's viewing and heard laughter inside circulating like a fresh breeze, I was confused.

The Cubans had made the whole event a celebration of her life like I had never seen before. Saying my stepdad's family is Cuban is a gross understatement. If you were to unravel any strand of their DNA, it would likely spell out Cuba in cursive script. Even in the face of tragedy, they were boisterous and altogether *feliz*. Abuela Olga's daughter sang her mother's favorite hymn in Spanish, and the cousins shared their favorite horror stories of childhood disciplinary smackdowns.

While conversations powered on around me, I made my way to Abuela Olga's casket. I looked down at her petrified features, all the while thinking of the last time I saw her smile. I was jarred by the dramatic extent of the before and after contrast. I gazed at her hands, neatly folded over each other — hands I had seen expertly

prepare a holiday feast before dementia's grip and mindlessly roll her socks up and down afterward.

I placed my palm over her knuckles, stunned momentarily by the cold under my fingers. I stared down at our hands. What I saw shattered the Doom and Gloom Funeral cliché forever — my hand was bright red against hers. Juxtaposed against her pale, waxy hands, her skin stretched tautly over her bones, I noticed a crimson bloom in my hand that I would never have otherwise noticed. In fact, it vanished as soon as I pulled away.

Funerals changed for me then. Where my Haitian brethren were always as cold and regal as a string of pearls around the neck of the deceased, my Cuban relatives were practically pulsing with fond, laid-back reminiscences, and never was the difference more obvious than the moment I compared the flush of my life to the absence of hers.

She was, herself, a pearl beneath my pulse.





**Rain** | *Oleksandra Sinkova* | Watercolor



# Hand Me Down Sadness

*Chanel Samson*

I wear my mother's hand me down sadness because it matches the soles  
Of the shoes she left for me to walk in all the places she's been.

You think it doesn't suit me, that it doesn't suit the house I live in,  
The school I go to, or the friends I've won, but I've grown attached to its shelter,  
To its safety, to its sameness, to the weight of the stories sewn into its pockets.

I wear her hand me down sadness because it matches my jeans.  
It's long enough to cover all the rips and tears life has given me.  
You think it's too big and hides too much, but I've washed it on occasion.  
I've aired it out to dry. It can shrink in the warmth of a compliment,  
But I break it in each time I put it on.

I wear her hand me down sadness because I'm built like her:  
A monument erected in thighs and spine and shoulders and eyes.  
You think it's outdated and damaged beyond repair,  
But the holes in the sleeves are patched with my own thread.  
Some of the buttons are brand new. I've stitched my initials onto its collar.

You ask why I wear my mother's hand me down sadness.  
Because it matches my soul. Because it matches my genes.  
Because it matches my body. Because I don't know what to wear

When I take it off.



**Progression** | *Pamela Solares* | Digital Photography



# No English Here

*Bernensky Pierre*

I sit with my back hunched as I lean in to take a sip  
Of my creamy ivory Piña Colada in Hialeah,  
The second land of Cuba, in the Taberna De Ignacio café.  
The boisterous, Spanish-speaking crowd standing in a lengthy line  
Awaits the smell of food to appear in front of their eyes.  
I listen as they engage in everlasting conversations.  
My ears inspect the words and phrases that sizzle  
And loop in the atmosphere like an echo. Suddenly,  
My attention turns like the weather. A young lady  
Fraught with gorgeousness, shadowy hair, and dazzling,  
Amber skin spiritedly steals my eyes and my ears  
Away from the line. She treads past me as she glances  
At me and I take a stare at her. She sits, leaving a trail  
Of my eyes imprinted on the floor. A couple of tables away,  
I rise and stroll to her with no provocative, doubtful thoughts.  
She catches my approach; her left cheek rises slightly  
Forming a gentle smile. I arrive; stand in front of her and spew  
Poetic lines from my rapidly beating heart. She looks confused,  
Overwhelmed, shaking her head as she voraciously shrugs her shoulders,  
As if she does not understand.  
She opens her mouth,  
“No entiendo.”





**Cul\_port** | *Jenna Beahn* | Digital Painting





**My Blue** | *Oleksandra Sinkova* | Mixed Media





**Go Beyond** | *Ryan Ramkissoon* | Digital Photography



# Seasonal Perception

*Sarah Clark*

Corn grows in rows, fresh,  
Alive. Sun coaxes bright  
Kernels from their shadow green  
Cocoons. Summer afternoons  
Hidden in the depths of fields  
Waiting for the harvest time.

Stripped at the first chill,  
Frost breathes beautiful  
Death over the pale stalks.  
Husks crunch beneath  
Heavy-soled boots that tread uncaring  
On mazes and former  
Imagined agricultural kingdoms.

Had you only ever seen my summer face,  
Eyes absorbing light,  
You might think I continued to stand  
Through the perilous night.







# Blue

*Aleah Seenaauth*

She dove into the cool Caribbean Sea,  
Submerged in water,  
Her senses went numb,  
Like drinking a bottle of Appleton rum,  
Her heart: indigenous to the island,  
Roots planted deep within the muddy soil,  
Rich with nutrients and minerals  
That turn dead plants into vibrant,  
Pink Hibiscus flowers.

Her soul danced with euphoria  
As the waves crashed against her.  
Free from the anchor that sunk her ship,  
She explored beyond boundaries.  
Sun rays burning her skin,  
Breathing in the crisp, clean air,  
She exhaled the negativity of the world  
Weighing heavy on her shoulders.  
Her mind is at ease, not vexed.

She speaks to Him every night.  
He believes. He still believes.  
She will rise.  
Humming to the sweet melody of calypso,  
Tasting the salt on her lips,  
A natural high, a genuine bliss,  
She will rise from the abyss,  
Out of the blue.



# Magic

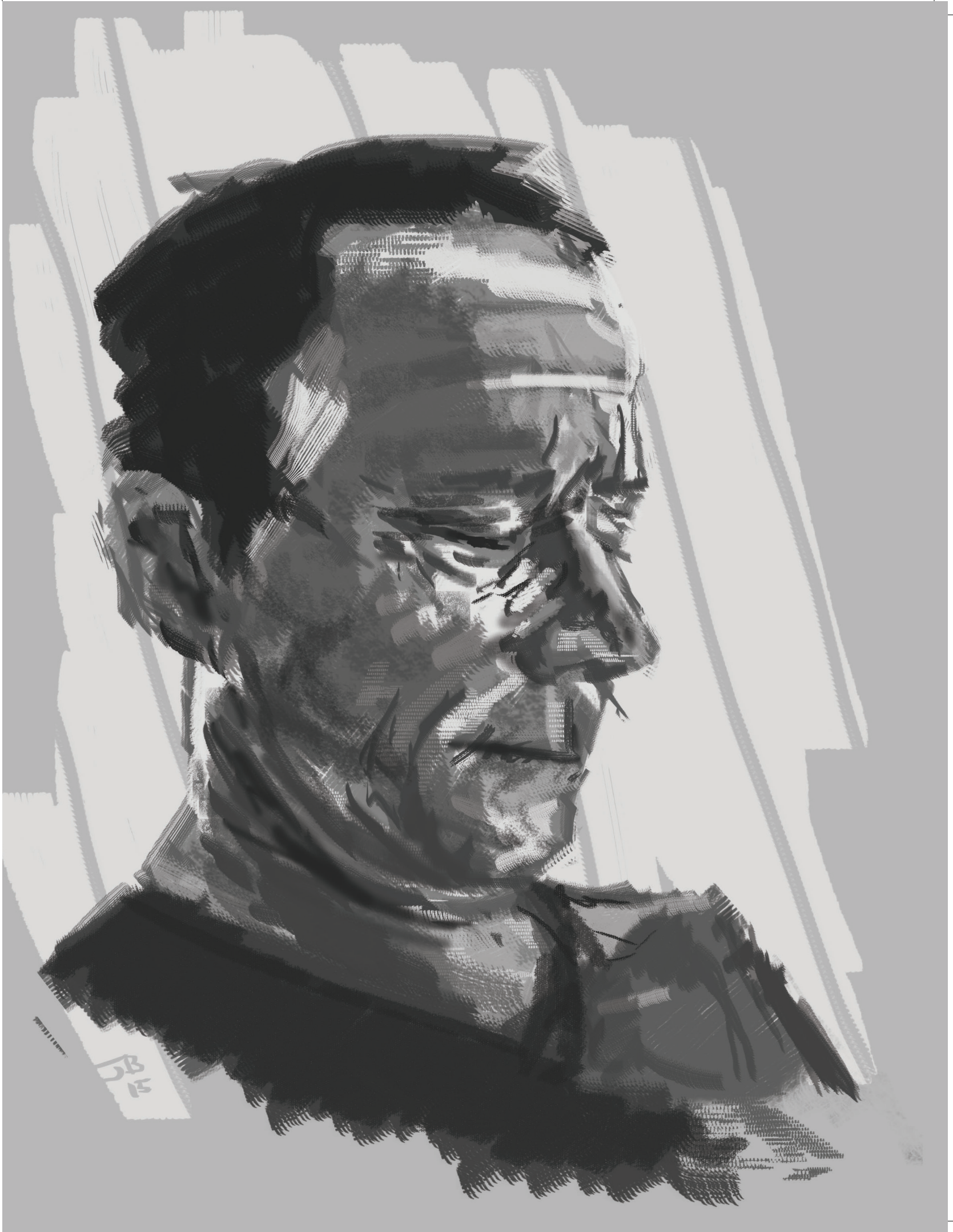
*Alexa Oliveira*

There's a light you carry unequal to the masses.  
A sensibility of wavelength that endures only time.  
You've chosen to be free — a freedom the world seeks,  
Something they find at the tip of their fingers,  
And their nose: It's directly in front of them.  
You love deeply without showing love.  
It's an importance in your nature to give,  
however seldom it may come across.

You've placed spells on others, unknowingly.  
Words and scriptures of positivity.  
People seek you and ask of your well-being  
and your plans. This is uncommon.  
Our world wasn't prepared for you . . .  
Although, you weren't prepared for us.  
You forget who you are, forget of what you're made,  
Forget you are God.

As you walk here, carry your head high.  
Invite all that is beautiful into your life.  
Remove nervousness, self-infliction, and guilt.  
Have faith in your own movement and  
Confidence in the kingdom you rarely enter.  
Share your freedom with shadows for  
We need you. I need you.  
You are my Magic.  
I love you.







# Sordid

*Wilfred Crespo*

Like whisper-soaked silk,  
Our Intimacy was  
Fog, clinging to  
A naked face,  
Begging to remain  
Well past the coming  
Of dawn.

Among the stars,  
Afterthought is  
A melting substance, like  
Candle wax against  
The dual flames of  
Wanting and taking,  
That slips between  
Eros' ignoble fingers.







# My Story

by *Bridgette Bonner*

*“I’ve always been quiet, calm, and observant. Mom was the Thespian, the storyteller.”*

I’ve heard the story numerous times throughout my forty-five years; it’s always been told the same way — with the same inflection and familiar words. I could recite it like the pledge of allegiance or the Lord’s Prayer. It has been ingrained in my psyche, a part of me, like an arm or a leg. It is as much Mom’s story as it is mine.

Mom had thought I’d be a boy for sure. So much so that she hadn’t even considered a girl’s name. I would be named Jesse Owen Bonner after the great athlete and Olympian. When the hospital staff came in with the official looking documents, my young mother was stumped. She felt like a reticent student who is called upon and doesn’t know the answer. It all looked so important and pressing. As her searching eyes darted about the room, they glimpsed the daily newspaper, next to the bed. And, like a beacon of light, there she was, Brigitte Bardot!... Bridgette... Bridgette Marie Bonner. It was so easy, and so perfect! And so from that moment on, I existed.


Of course, Mom tells the story much better. I’ve just given you the reader’s digest version, the short and simple. That’s me: short and simple. I

like it that way. I’m simpler than Mom. I’m not sure if I was born that way or if I wanted to separate myself from Mom and create my own persona. It is inevitable that a daughter will scratch and claw her way out of the box her mother has encased her in. It’s not until we have ventured around the block and torn through a few trash bags, maybe eaten some smelly old scraps, that we come home in search of that cozy little box.

I’ve always been quiet, calm, and observant. Mom was the Thespian, the storyteller; she was larger than life. One could not help but notice her in a crowded room. I, on the other hand, kind of melted into the wallpaper, becoming a part of the floral print or decorative lines. I never minded though. I liked to absorb her colorful stories and dramatic poetic language. And so, I became a very good listener.

It’s difficult to hear her now. Coughing and gagging, sighing and pleading for God to help her. It all seems like a dream. I want to awaken as a five-year old girl again, and sing the railroad song with Mom. The one with Dinah blowing the horn, the mystery person in the kitchen strumming on the old banjo. That song. I can see us driving over the little bridge to the beach — singing. They had little trampolines there and chocolate vanilla swirl ice cream cones with sprinkles. Mom looked like a movie star in her swimsuit and big 1970’s sunglasses. She wore a





floppy hat, I think. It was my favorite beach. It had a boardwalk and a little band shell. I would play for hours in the sand as Mom soaked up the rays and browned her perfectly taut and evenly browned skin. She was a star in every way. I often wonder if she would have made it big, if she didn't get knocked up with me. I think that it could have gone either way for her, terribly good or terribly bad. Later in life, she confided in me that I had saved her life.

My father was a musician and quite well known back in the late 60's. He was part of a band that ran the circuit in Greenwich Village, and he even hit the big time with his famous song. They still play it on the oldies stations and use it on commercials. So, when Mom got pregnant with me, he wasn't ready for a baby, and they never lasted. Mom kept the baby, and I am eternally grateful. I forgave Dad, sometime around age 37, when I realized that there are no mistakes.

I can hear her coughing again. I'm sitting at the same kitchen table that I sat at when I was sixteen. I had smoked a joint with some friends before coming home for dinner, and Mom had just placed a plate of chicken francaise with egg noodles in front of me. She didn't notice that my head was buzzing and that I was trying my hardest to play the part of Bridgette Marie Bonner — quiet, predictable and rational. The wooden grain of the teak table looks the same, but now Mom is coughing; she's moaning again. I ask her if she

needs a pill. I don't want to see her like this. Her beautiful face has withered; it's gaunt and grey. The cancer has eaten her bones and has shed her thick golden locks.

I want to hear one of her familiar stories now. My heart aches with longing, a homesick feeling. It's the same feeling I had at summer camp, when I was ten. I want my Mommy. I stroke her face and look into her sunken, hollow eyes. Her baby blue sparkle has been replaced by a weary, hopeless gaze. I know that it won't be long now. Her journey is almost over. It wasn't supposed to happen like this. I thought that it would be faster, more dramatic somehow — a plane crash, perhaps. She wasn't supposed to wilt and dry up. My beautiful flower. A part of me is dying. I kiss her forehead, and I tell her that it's almost over. I tell her that she won't be suffering anymore, that she will soon be on her way to her next adventure. I detect a slight smile from her dried up lips, and I know the idea appeals to her. Her breathing becomes labored, and the pills are not working anymore. I'm ready to let go, but I can't.

I'm a little girl again, and we are walking into the movie theater. I'm so excited to see Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Mom is holding my hand and looking so stylish and beautiful. I'm so proud of her. I love her so much. I don't want to let go, but I must. This is where our story ends. It is as much my story as it is Mom's.

# Life Indefinite

*Steven Archer*

I fear the child within is out of time,  
For more afflicted is his mind of late,  
And as the yearly bell proceeds to chime,  
Man's stride replaces boyhood's playful gait.  
This clock bears eighteen hours on its face,  
Each hour shorter than the one before;  
I fear that, when it strikes the eighteenth place,  
I will have lost what nothing could restore.  
It's said that youth is wasted on the young—  
But why are not the young their folly shown?  
Had youth's true worth since my first day been sung,  
I'd from the start have held and not let go.  
    When days are more, each day has less in it,  
    For youth is short, but life indefinite.





**The Goat** | *Traver Dodorye* | Acrylic Painting



# Paper

*Judith Hart*

I am born of wood, pulp, cotton, water.

Empty, I anxiously await: upon me. Write.

Blank, lined, red, papyrus, yellowed, crisp white.

We the People; In God We Trust; We share these truths. Write.

I extend my hand. I am all you make of me. Write.

I smell of fragrant spring flowers, peal like clanging bells.

Eggs, milk, butter, cheese; don't forget the laundry, please.

Doyle's Holmes, Christie's Poirot, Pound's toilet paper. Write.

I grow to be your diploma, marriage certificate, divorce decree, Will.

Dear Diary, Gone With the Wind, Happy Mother's Day, Mommy.

Blank blank blank blank blank blank blank blank. Write.

Your thoughts are gone. Nothing. Empty. Write!

I die to ease your sorrowful heart; tell me your untold story. Write.

Without you, I am nothing. Lifeless. Meaningless. Empty. Right?

Scribble upon me, fast; hurry before the thought is gone.

Bare your soul, fill my soul, share tears, fears. Write.





**Gred Abstract** | *Oleksandra Sinkova* | Mixed Media





**Barichara** | *Angye Bueno* | Digital Photography



# Rhein

*Sarah Clark*

Mine is a hollow  
Love. Whittled driftwood  
Stripped in fanciful curls,  
Empty center once filled  
With rotting flesh.

Life flowed through the  
Tips of my fingers to my roots.  
I thought it would be more beautiful  
To break free from the ground,  
    Drift in the river Rhein,  
        Past the churches,  
        Past the boats,  
    Finding my own shore.

But it's impossible to moor  
For I gave up my hands  
In the hope of growing wings.









Everything Is Lost | *Silvia Figueroa* | Mixed Media



# Where I'm From

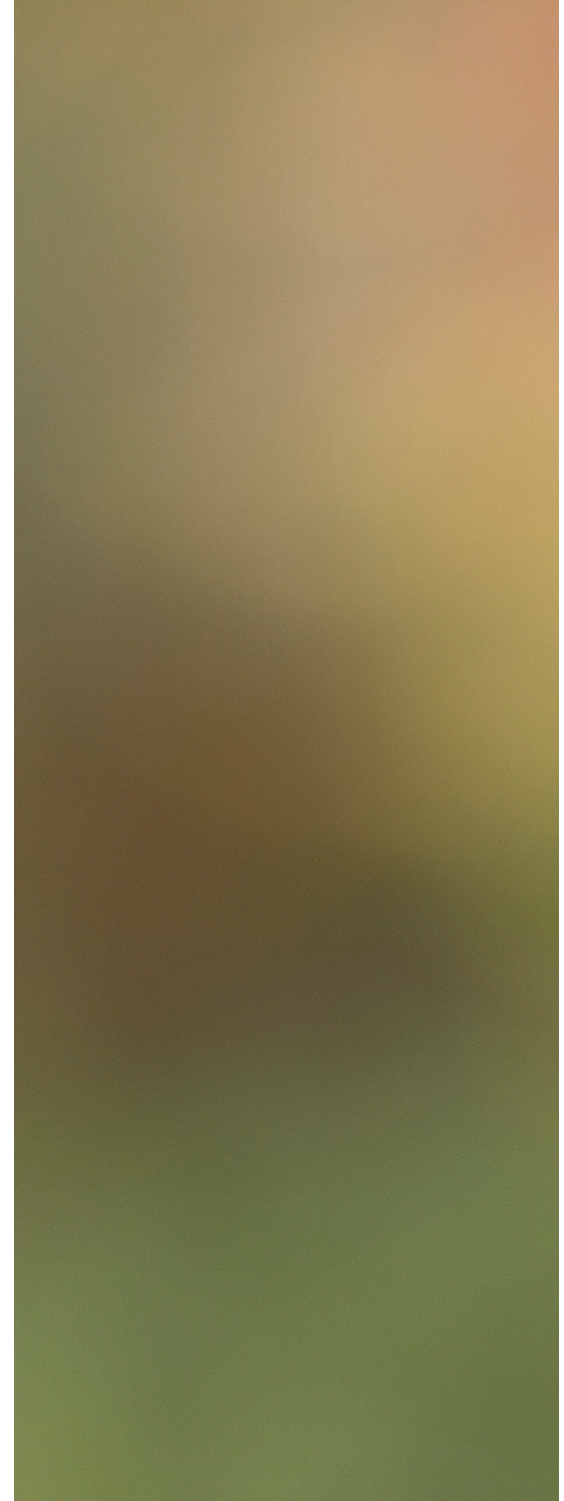
*Judith Hart*

I am from  
Sand and snow and Scotch,  
Salty island seawater, sparkling beaches,  
Sucking sweet sugar cane machete cut,  
Seagulls screeching sailing high  
over coral reefed waters watch.

I am from  
Windy city, snow days, Lincoln state,  
Block parties, smoky BBQ's, booze.  
Woodstock, pungent weed, Watergate,  
Misbehave, misfit, Miss Understood,  
Fingernail flick my nose, eyes sting.

I am from  
Batman, the Beatles, and Barbie,  
Sister love, sister laughs, sister lost.  
Fill the glass, shattered glass, empty dreams.  
Hide under the sheets, no one can hear me  
No one can see me, no one can find me.

Yet where I am from is not who I will be.  
I will be from tangy tears, silly giggles and  
warm snuggles in the morning,  
Hold me tighter, Mommy, eight kisses, please.  
The them is not me,  
Nor will ever be.







**Contentment III** | *Renee Kiffin* | Digital Photography



# Homecoming

*by Wilfred Crespo*

Where the driveway meets a shoddy, overgrown yard, a timeworn mailbox sits in the corner of the sidewalk, flag high and mouth hung open as though hungry for news that will never come. On the letterbox post, thriving weeds have begun an ambitious climb to topple the symbol of yesteryear.

Raul ran his fingers across the dingy metal surface, the tips gliding over cold ghosts of letters and numbers that still haunted the eggshell paint in the negative spaces of the dirt and dust. He placed the heel of his boot against the side of the post. Raul ground hard rubber to semi-firm wood, dragging weeds and letting fly a few deteriorating lumber chunks to the earth below. The mailbox squeaked out a tiny thanks as it leaned into the impression of its savior's sole at its base. The fall breeze caressed its side, nudging the box to the ground with a frail thud. Raul took a moment to dig the Zippo from his pocket and light a Marlboro, gritting the cigarette between tired, cracked lips. In the wake of several quick puffs, he leaned down and closed the box's lid like the eyes of a fallen friend. It was finally out of its misery.

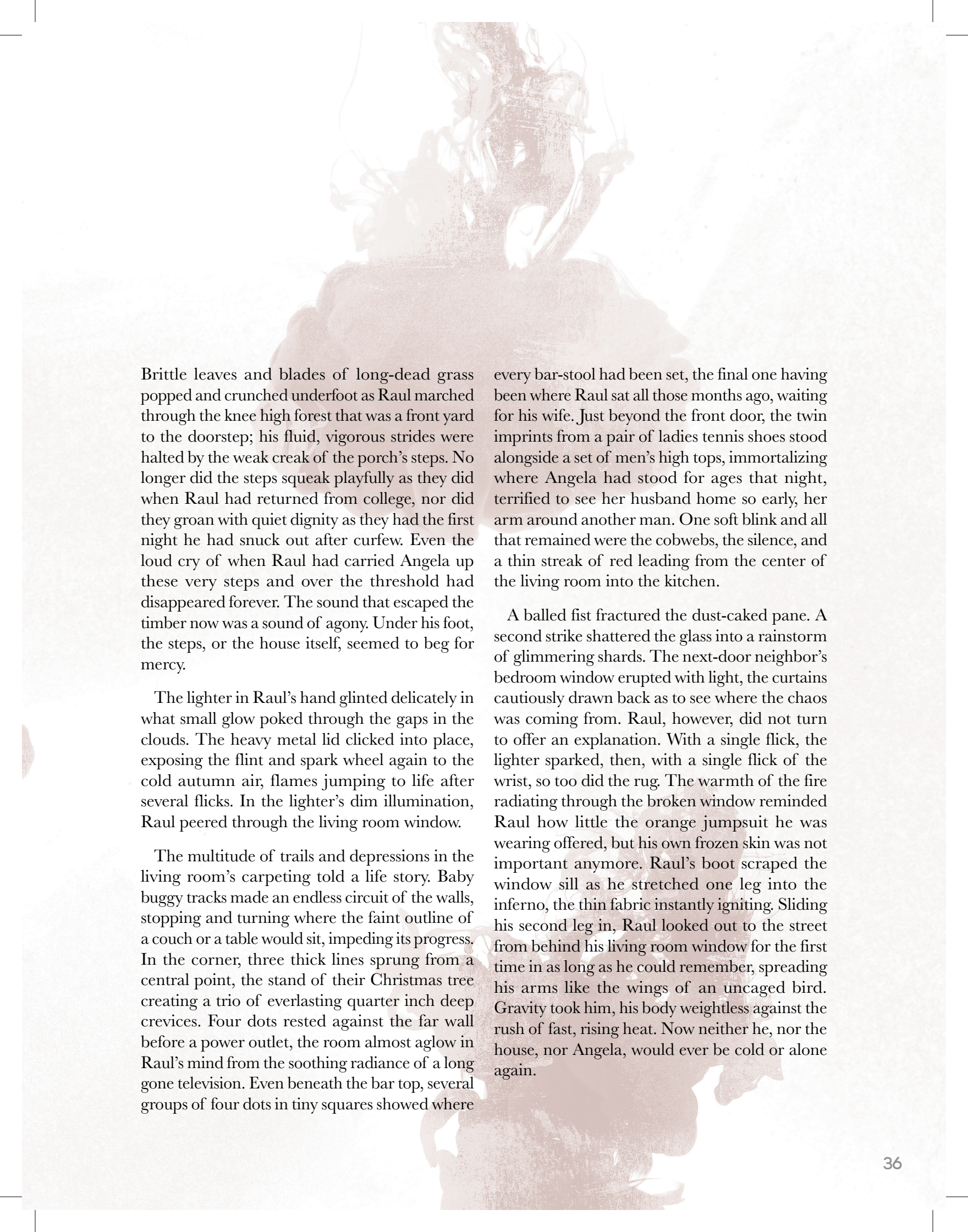
In the shadow of the eastern wall, hidden away from the setting sun, the family's sugar maple still grew. The remains of the proud tree house that once rested in the highest boughs, however, was now gathered around the base of the trunk, the splintery wreckage mixed with however many branches the flimsy building managed to snap on its way down. Its ill-fitted windows and imp sized door, a humble "Raul's" etched on the entry's frame, remained visible in

the jumbled mess of wood. The maple's bounty of red, yellow, and orange leaves cluttered the ground and covered much of the collapsed summer memory, the bold colors against the ruins like a lit funeral pyre. Soft wind tickled the rutted timber on the floor, kicking away shards of the vibrant foliage like embers in the wind, many collecting on the adjacent porch and window sill. The air stuttered as it sought holes in the kindling to surge through, echoing out with something just shy of children's laughter.

The maple itself was as majestic as one could ever be when naked and constantly exposed to the unforgiving elements. Frail twigs stripped bare were shivering in anticipation of winter. Raul made a small semi-circle around the trunk, trailing a palm along the bark before stopping to trace the outline of an R, an A, and a wide heart surrounding the two. Each mark's pale, barkless flesh almost shined against its dull gray surroundings. Above, a tiny frayed knot pinched the thickest of the tree's limbs, the rope and swing formerly connected to it presumably resting beneath the debris at Raul's feet, another victim of time, gravity, and negligence.

The face of the dilapidated building Raul had called home now had all the presence of a movie set backdrop. The empty rooms behind empty windows gave the house a sense of being erected overnight simply to fill in the space between neighbors. As the sun continued to fall, the darkness within swallowed every inch it could reach, a well-defined void creeping forever forward through the house until it could one day swallow the home whole and erase it from reality.





Brittle leaves and blades of long-dead grass popped and crunched underfoot as Raul marched through the knee high forest that was a front yard to the doorstep; his fluid, vigorous strides were halted by the weak creak of the porch's steps. No longer did the steps squeak playfully as they did when Raul had returned from college, nor did they groan with quiet dignity as they had the first night he had snuck out after curfew. Even the loud cry of when Raul had carried Angela up these very steps and over the threshold had disappeared forever. The sound that escaped the timber now was a sound of agony. Under his foot, the steps, or the house itself, seemed to beg for mercy.

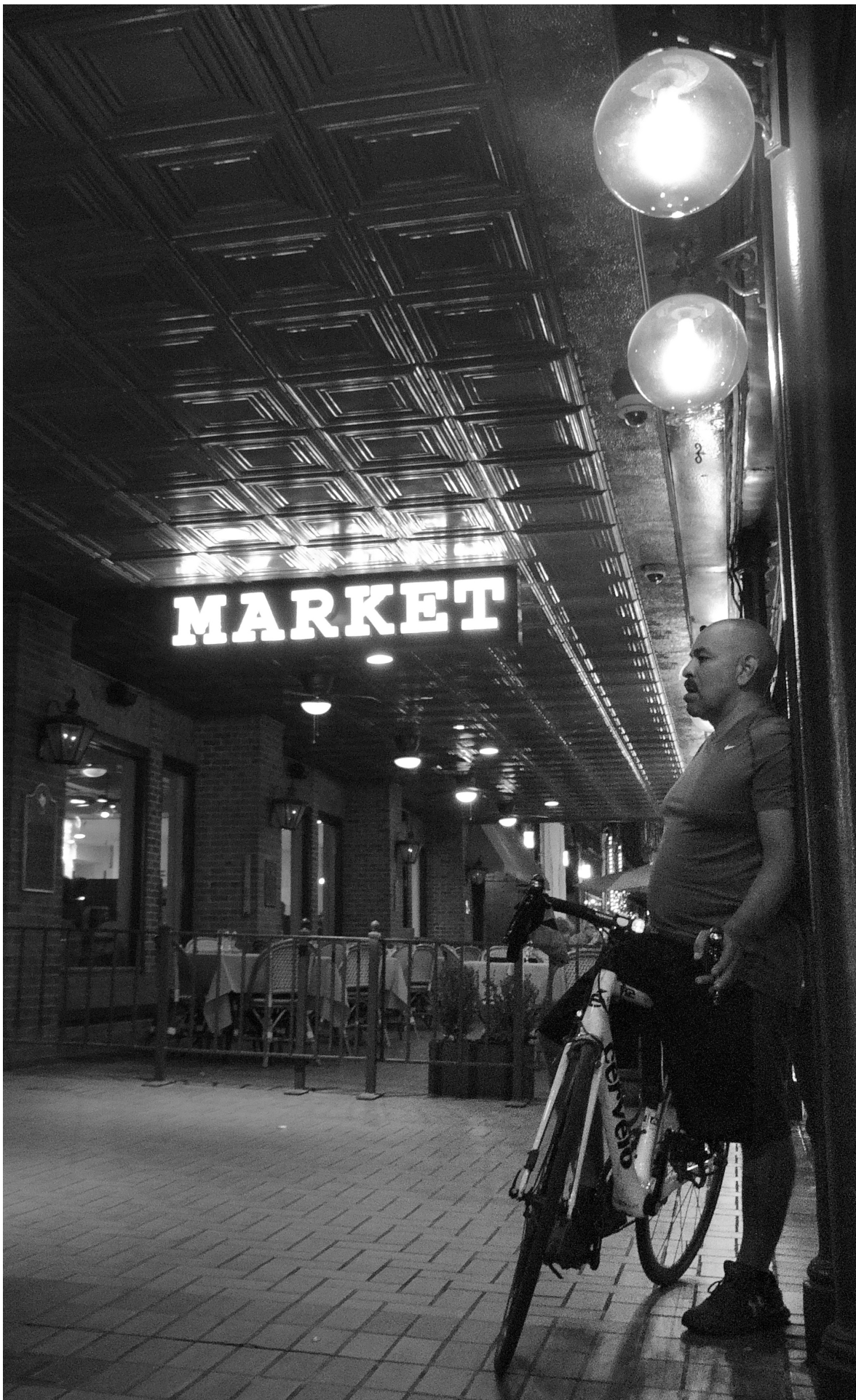
The lighter in Raul's hand glinted delicately in what small glow poked through the gaps in the clouds. The heavy metal lid clicked into place, exposing the flint and spark wheel again to the cold autumn air, flames jumping to life after several flicks. In the lighter's dim illumination, Raul peered through the living room window.

The multitude of trails and depressions in the living room's carpeting told a life story. Baby buggy tracks made an endless circuit of the walls, stopping and turning where the faint outline of a couch or a table would sit, impeding its progress. In the corner, three thick lines sprung from a central point, the stand of their Christmas tree creating a trio of everlasting quarter inch deep crevices. Four dots rested against the far wall before a power outlet, the room almost aglow in Raul's mind from the soothing radiance of a long gone television. Even beneath the bar top, several groups of four dots in tiny squares showed where

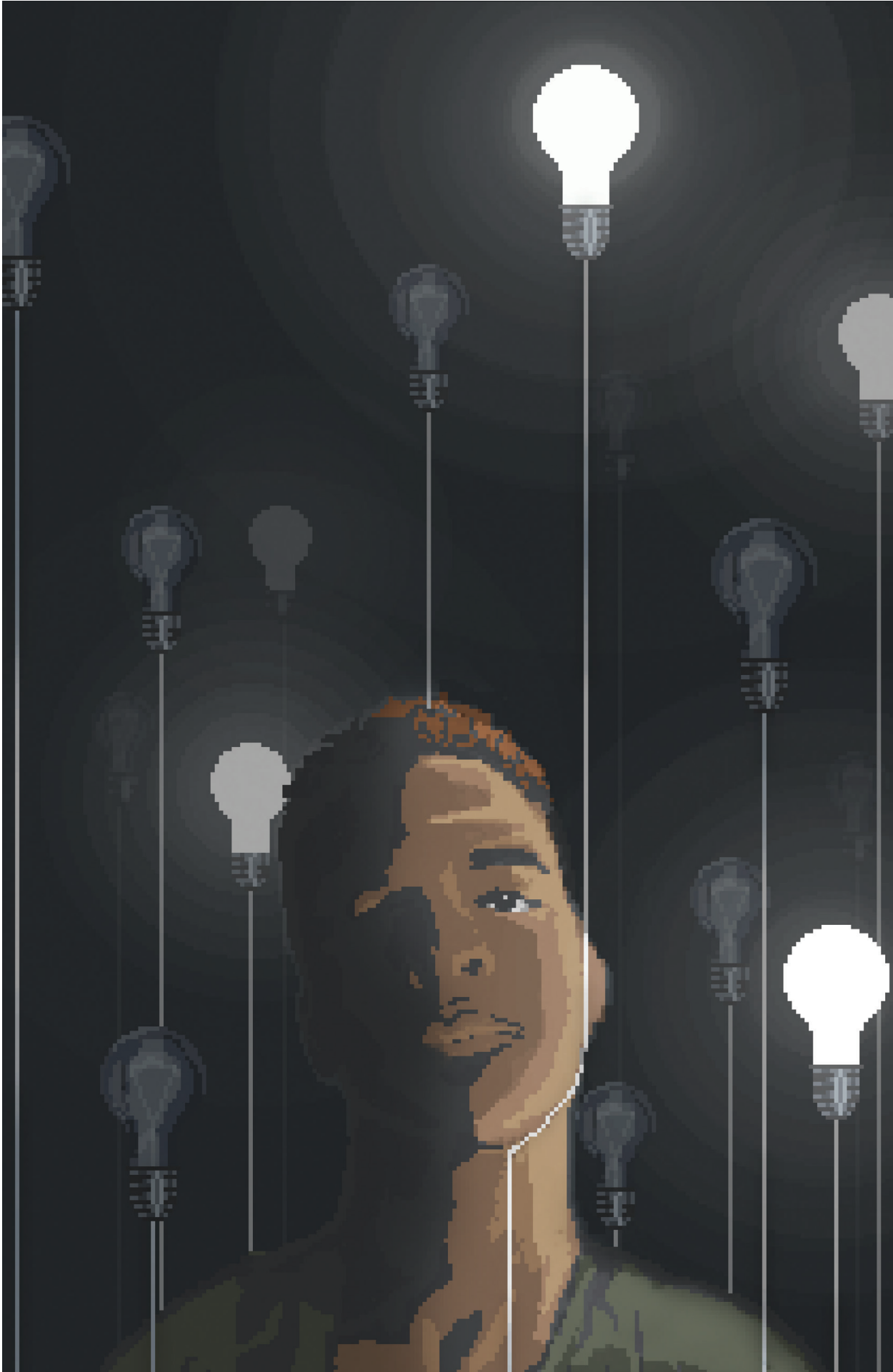
every bar-stool had been set, the final one having been where Raul sat all those months ago, waiting for his wife. Just beyond the front door, the twin imprints from a pair of ladies tennis shoes stood alongside a set of men's high tops, immortalizing where Angela had stood for ages that night, terrified to see her husband home so early, her arm around another man. One soft blink and all that remained were the cobwebs, the silence, and a thin streak of red leading from the center of the living room into the kitchen.

A balled fist fractured the dust-caked pane. A second strike shattered the glass into a rainstorm of glimmering shards. The next-door neighbor's bedroom window erupted with light, the curtains cautiously drawn back as to see where the chaos was coming from. Raul, however, did not turn to offer an explanation. With a single flick, the lighter sparked, then, with a single flick of the wrist, so too did the rug. The warmth of the fire radiating through the broken window reminded Raul how little the orange jumpsuit he was wearing offered, but his own frozen skin was not important anymore. Raul's boot scraped the window sill as he stretched one leg into the inferno, the thin fabric instantly igniting. Sliding his second leg in, Raul looked out to the street from behind his living room window for the first time in as long as he could remember, spreading his arms like the wings of an uncaged bird. Gravity took him, his body weightless against the rush of fast, rising heat. Now neither he, nor the house, nor Angela, would ever be cold or alone again.











# Sleep No More

*Steven Archer*

Once upon a summer fleeting, after months of sleep and eating,  
I thought sadly of the greeting good ol' August always bore.  
I began, of course, regretting that I'd spent the break forgetting  
What I'd learned, which was upsetting, and the tears began to pour—  
Yes, forgetting is upsetting, so the tears began to pour.  
Says the school year, "Sleep no more!"

Oft I cast a backward look, way back to music, pen, and book,  
And all the things dear Mom would cook back in the summer days of yore.  
Gone away is frequent napping and distracted finger tapping;  
Soon dear Mom begins her snapping, snapping that I do deplore—  
Yes, my mother's constant snapping I do fervently deplore.  
Says my mother, "Sleep no more!"

How I long to join my head with pillow, blanket, sheet, and bed,  
With only pleasant sounds ahead like those of dreams and yawns and snores;  
But such things are never lasting, and alarm bells soon are blasting,  
And unrest is everlasting as a tide upon the shore—  
Yes, unrest will ebb and flow from here on out upon my shore.  
Say alarm bells, "Sleep no more!"

On the campus, green and sprawling, how I do wish I were crawling  
Out of class where teachers, drawling, read me 1984.  
Soon my corneas are bleeding, not from mandatory reading,  
But from desperately needing my lost restfulness restored—  
Shouts of "Read it by tomorrow!" leave me restless to the core.  
Says the novel, "Sleep no more!"



Science, his'try, and mathematics make my lungs grotesque, asthmatic,  
Like my chest's a dusty attic filled with cobwebs, dust, and spores;  
Long equations leave me wheezing, dates and places keep me sneezing,  
And my diaphragm keeps seizing, seizing at the phrase, "There's more!"  
Teacher, writing the assignment, shouts demonically, "There's more!"  
Says the homework, "Sleep no more!"

But like salt upon fresh sutures are plans, also, for the future—  
Yes, the fast-approaching future scares me much more than before.  
Scholarships and service hour opportunities I scour—  
All my time this does devour, and my throbbing brain is sore.  
Still, in Guidance, they keep pressing, though my throbbing brain is sore.  
Says the counselor, "Sleep no more!"

But alone I do not suffer—I must sometimes be a buffer,  
And in doing so make tougher friends who also sleep no more;  
If the workload is a joke-ah, and they feel like they might choke-ah,  
We may drain a pot of mocha, and then brew a gallon more—  
Yes, ingest enough caffeine to reinvigorate a boar.  
Says the friendship, "Sleep no more!"

Through each harrowing semester, my one thought is to sequester  
Off to bed, not sit and fester with my eyes trained on the door;  
Until then I wait, half numb, for June to beat her blessed drum,  
And my feet are (just like gum on tables) fastened to the floor—  
Yes, with friends I wait for June to come and loose me from these chores.  
Until then, we sleep no more!





**The Fed Up Donkey** | *Nadege Moise* | Acrylic on Canvas





**Kitty** | *Kayla O'keefe* | Oil Paint on Canvas



# Yukaku

*by Mauricio Correa*

The sun had begun its sluggish descent into the nebulous horizon as Osamu walked against the flow of a bustling crowd. Villagers darted past, mute and quick, beneath the sun's lethargic, bending rays. Many were clothed in mud-brown garments, and Osamu imagined that the sky watched the ground puzzled, as a dotted river passed through the city streets during daylight and receded into the homes before night.

He became keenly aware of the villagers as they brushed past into the pastel dusk. He felt alien in the throb, peculiar and disembodied as he walked amongst them. Lost in this freefalling headspace, he collided with a thin boy who had been preoccupied with his wooden toy, a figurine depicting two embattled dragons coiled around a white-fleshed peach. Osamu eyed the craftsmanship — remarkable for a child's plaything — and with a jarred smile bent over and returned it to the boy.

He stood and stretched in a vain attempt to rid his back of a sudden, creeping agitation. Twilight was upon him. Moisture clung to his hair. He ran a hand through it, then gazed at the regal peaks of the Akaishi Mountains, which surrounded Hamayoka, an ancient village that had sprung from the belly of the earth when water still reigned over the infant globe.

Osamu kept to the main road and stole occasional glances over his shoulder. Villagers lit their lanterns and moths clustered around them. He stopped at a black cage jutting outward from an imposing temple. Within the cage sat an enshrouded mass. It stirred and shuffled uncomfortably. A figure separated and crawled forward, then leaned into the translucent

moonbeams slaking through the slits. It was a woman.

“Osamu, what do you do here again?”

Osamu bit his lip and glanced at the darkening sky. “I’ve come for you.”

The woman hung her head, paused, and spoke to the floor. “I would give you my time were it mine to give, but you know it’s only mine to sell.”

But Osamu didn't hear this. Having turned on his heels, he now walked a short garden path toward the temple's entrance. He marched up the wooden steps, stood before an impressive door, clenched the golden dragon door knocker in his fists, warily eyed the ornament's unflinching gaze, and gave the blood-red wood three thumps. Somewhere within, many footsteps shuffled, hesitant almost, but it was only a frail girl with suspicious eyes who peered behind the crack of the opened doors, a thin beam of yellow running from Osamu's forehead down to his abdomen.

She stared at him.

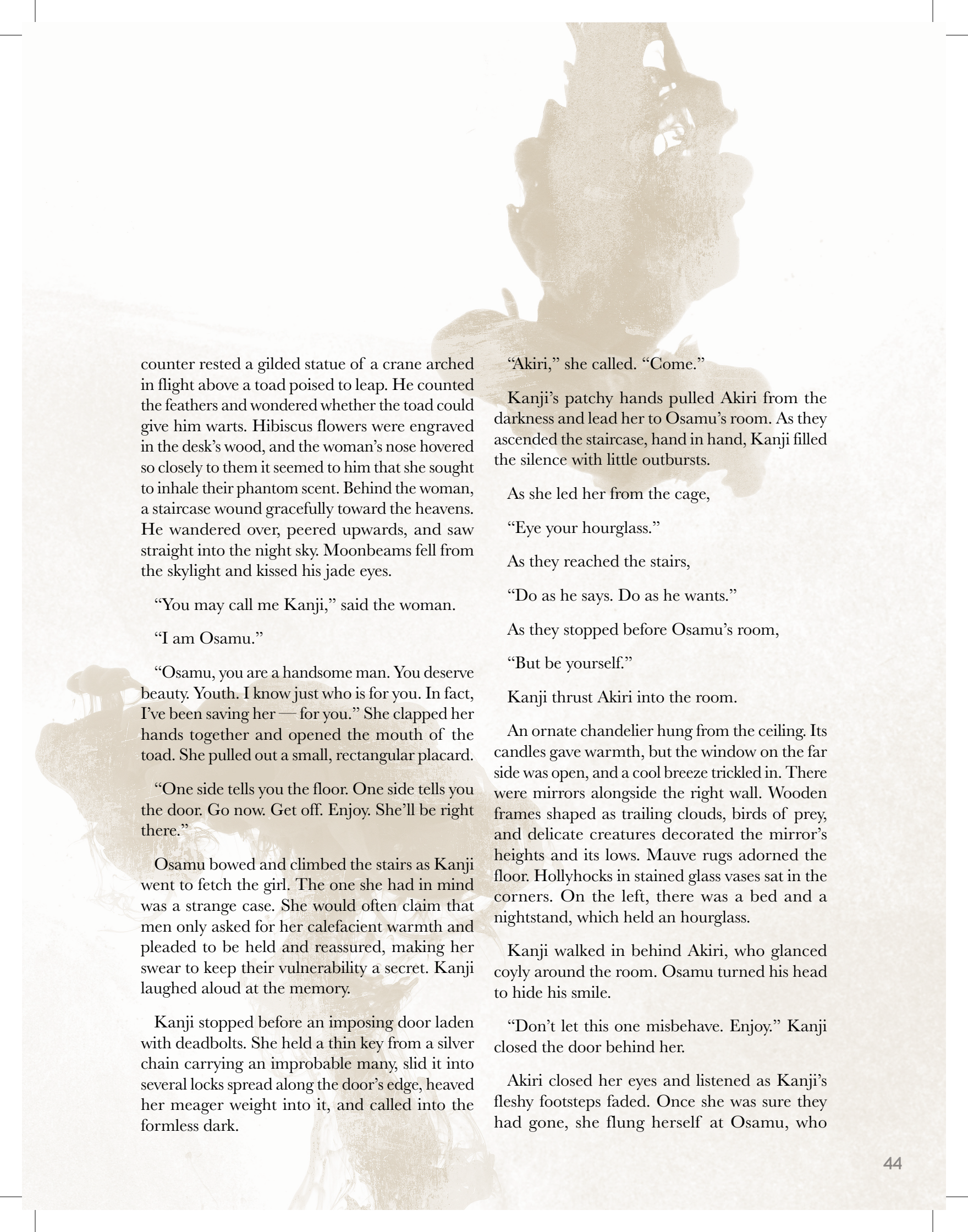
He solemnly displayed his payment.

Osamu's knowing eyes noticed a change, a click, a pin sliding into place. Wrinkles snaked across her head, laugh lines teased the pockets of her eyes, and her skin whitened, stretched, and morphed until she was no longer a child but a low, bony woman with the same unblinking eyes Osamu had seen on the door knocker.

“Come in! Come in! The night is dreary, and the shadows will steal you away! Come in!”

The woman led Osamu to her desk. On the





counter rested a gilded statue of a crane arched in flight above a toad poised to leap. He counted the feathers and wondered whether the toad could give him warts. Hibiscus flowers were engraved in the desk's wood, and the woman's nose hovered so closely to them it seemed to him that she sought to inhale their phantom scent. Behind the woman, a staircase wound gracefully toward the heavens. He wandered over, peered upwards, and saw straight into the night sky. Moonbeams fell from the skylight and kissed his jade eyes.

"You may call me Kanji," said the woman.

"I am Osamu."

"Osamu, you are a handsome man. You deserve beauty. Youth. I know just who is for you. In fact, I've been saving her — for you." She clapped her hands together and opened the mouth of the toad. She pulled out a small, rectangular placard.

"One side tells you the floor. One side tells you the door. Go now. Get off. Enjoy. She'll be right there."

Osamu bowed and climbed the stairs as Kanji went to fetch the girl. The one she had in mind was a strange case. She would often claim that men only asked for her calefacient warmth and pleaded to be held and reassured, making her swear to keep their vulnerability a secret. Kanji laughed aloud at the memory.

Kanji stopped before an imposing door laden with deadbolts. She held a thin key from a silver chain carrying an improbable many, slid it into several locks spread along the door's edge, heaved her meager weight into it, and called into the formless dark.

"Akiri," she called. "Come."

Kanji's patchy hands pulled Akiri from the darkness and lead her to Osamu's room. As they ascended the staircase, hand in hand, Kanji filled the silence with little outbursts.

As she led her from the cage,

"Eye your hourglass."

As they reached the stairs,

"Do as he says. Do as he wants."

As they stopped before Osamu's room,

"But be yourself."

Kanji thrust Akiri into the room.

An ornate chandelier hung from the ceiling. Its candles gave warmth, but the window on the far side was open, and a cool breeze trickled in. There were mirrors alongside the right wall. Wooden frames shaped as trailing clouds, birds of prey, and delicate creatures decorated the mirror's heights and its lows. Mauve rugs adorned the floor. Hollyhocks in stained glass vases sat in the corners. On the left, there was a bed and a nightstand, which held an hourglass.

Kanji walked in behind Akiri, who glanced coyly around the room. Osamu turned his head to hide his smile.

"Don't let this one misbehave. Enjoy." Kanji closed the door behind her.

Akiri closed her eyes and listened as Kanji's fleshy footsteps faded. Once she was sure they had gone, she flung herself at Osamu, who



welcomed the break from her patient affection.

“Why do you risk so much to see me?”

They held one another in silence for a few minutes. Osamu kissed at her neck and took in breaths her hair, her skin, her fear, the aromas waking slumbered memories of when her soft weight pressed upon him in the silence of their nights. He realized she was lighter than she should be, and he worried about her health.

He broke the silence, “These walls are draining you. You can’t stay. We can leave.”

Akiri flipped the hourglass.

“My time isn’t mine. I have to stay. Or have you forgotten my father’s debt?”

“Your father died.”

“How?”

“He drowned in a river. Sake.”

Beneath the chandelier’s light, only Osamu kept the conversation of their eyes. Guilt swam through him. He bit his lower lip and frowned. Akiri dropped her head and studied the gold patterns on her cerulean kimono. She followed the flowing geometry down her torso, past her thighs, down to the floor, where she took an interest in a whirling, mangled knot. Her misty eyes traced its hectic curls, absorbed its fractal paths, and only broke from concentration when a single tear darkened the knot with a muted splash. Osamu shifted his weight from foot to foot — nervously, so the wood planks began to creak beneath him, so that he stopped doing it. A minute passed, and another minute.

“Forgive me. I know I speak in arrows. My condolences to your father . . .” but our time runs out.” He pointed at her hourglass and said, “Either you leave . . . or this place swallows you.”

Akiri ignored him, gazed at the chandelier’s intricate, gregarious arms, counted its dove-white

candles, followed the flicker of the little languid flames, and imagined swallowing the chandelier whole and storing the lights within her belly. She felt the candles would warm her insides.

“Where would we go?” she said at last. “And what of Kanji?”

Akiri glanced at the door. “She commands the shadows.”

“Past the town’s edge, there’s a rowboat. Down the river, on the other bank, there’s an old monastery. Christians reside there. They’ll take us in. It’s their life’s work.”

Downstairs, Kanji sat behind her desk, adrift in contemplation. She passed a hand over the wings of the crane and scratched its throat. She opened its beak and pulled a key from the roof its mouth. This opened the door to her private chambers, where she would give herself to a man unable to choose otherwise. His name was Kuya, and this was the last night he slept with Kanji. She labored over him, and in the euphoric freedom she confessed her secrets. “I steal children away from their imaginations and turn them into men and into women,” she said. “I sit here, and I have them. They are my fish. This is my net. That’s what I own — river fish no one eats. No one wants those girls, those boys. No one wants you, Kuya, but I take pleasure in having you. All of you is mine.” She mused on this, and as Kuya struggled to retain the last of his force, Kanji pulled the air he needed deep into her lungs and closed her eyes.

Six floors above, Osamu and Akiri had begun their escape.

Together, they had fashioned a rope of embroidered sheets and silk pillow covers. As Osamu slid down, Kanji had finished with Kuya and was walking up the stairs to check on Akiri, who had scarcely lifted her legs over the window. The door opened.

“Akiri, it’s time. I hope I am not intru—,”



Kanji's eyes bore straight into Akiri. Akiri jumped and Osamu rushed to catch her fall.

"She saw me!"

Kanji flew down the flight of stairs, howling and flailing her arms in grotesque gestures. She took a gnarled staff and rammed a large, bronze bell once, twice, three times. A rush of feet sounded a floor above her, and black silhouettes ran down the stairs.

"Get her!" Kanji cried, "Bring her back!"

As the silhouettes crossed the double doors, they became flesh and ran as faceless bodies in pursuit of Osamu and Akiri. Kanji stood in the doorway scowling, unable to cross.

"Do not look back!" shouted Osamu. Beneath the indifferent moon, the couple fled through empty streets, down crooked alleys, where icy eyed tabby cats started and yowled. Behind them, silent bodies without heartbeats ran noiselessly through the dark.

Akiri and Osamu reached the town's edge and ran towards an abandoned shack, where an unmanned rowboat laid in wait at the end of a small pier. The faceless grew nearer.

"Go! Get on! I will unfasten the rowboat from its docking."

"Hurry, I will not leave you."

As Osamu worked to unwind the rope, the faceless set foot on the pier.

"Enough," said one with the body of Kuya, though no remnants of whatever personality he had remained. "She goes no further."

Kanji's faceless bodies formed a solid line across the pier. Osamu grabbed a bundle hidden in the rowboat. He wielded a gleaming hand and a half blade. In the pressured silence before the struggle, Osamu looked at the line of bodies and pitied them. He gave their figures names, backstories,

imagined their faces and the color of their eyes, and then in one fell motion, he cut the ropes, kicked the boat, and flung himself at the faceless, the irretrievable souls who would deny his oppressed love freedom.

Osamu embraced the bodies in battle's feverish tension. He clutched at their ashy flesh, groaning with every heave, every thrust. Each puncture drained its victim of force and willpower. With ever-widening distance, Akiri watched as Osamu flew at his attackers, a beast morphing between the moonbeams from man to dragon, from dragon to man. She watched as the faceless fell before his fangs, and, as more came, she watched him fall, too.

Floating away from the faceless, away from their absent eyes, away from Osamu, Akiri shed tears that struggled to come. Halfway across the dispassionate river, she glanced back at Osamu's limp figure. Frustration clogged her throat; her chest swelled with agitated energy; the anatomical gush of grief and helplessness muddied her spirit; she smacked the row boat's side once, twice, three times, calling Osamu's name, demanding he get up. She looked over the rowboat's side and into the water. She stared not at her reflection, but at the sudden opaque freshwater fish gliding through the obscure dark. One cut through the water alone, then another, and another, until dozens of peculiar, moonlike fish swam around the rowboat in a solemn procession. Akiri leaped into the water.

She descended, graceful and discarnate, as she succumbed to the river. The moonlike fish swam toward her, and she blew and blew and blew at them. She pushed the air out from her lungs and into fragile bubbles that took the form of fish, which then swam to the surface, where, without so much as a whisper, they popped.





**Untitled** | *Ryan Ramkissoon* | Digital Photography





**Title 48** | *Ana Martinez* | Mixed Media









**Our Heritage** | *Nadege Moise* | Acrylic on Canvas



# The Partner

*by Judith Hart*

The hot, humid air smacked Allison Miller in the face the moment she exited the aging courthouse in Fort Lauderdale. For the first two seconds, it felt pleasant against her cool, pale skin. She had just spent the last several hours in trial in the artificially chilled Broward County Courthouse, and the warmth helped her defrost. Ally was a junior partner in the prestigious insurance defense law firm of Hodges, Marlow and Meyer. Since high school, and after her parents' death, she had methodically worked toward becoming a lawyer. There was never any other decision. She loved the law.

Wearing respectable three-inch heels, Ally turned at the corner of Third Avenue and walked north over the New River Bridge as the sun blazed down on the sidewalk. Her thoughts were back in the courtroom as she flipped her blonde hair over her shoulder. She suddenly regretted her decision to walk over the bridge to her office on Las Olas. Ally was already sweating in her crisp, dark blue Ann Taylor suit, the one lined with silk and exceptionally uncomfortable in the June heat. Her steps were rapid and focused. The clanging of bells brought her mind out of the courthouse, and she saw the striped gates of the drawbridge were lowering. The bridge was going up.

She sighed impatiently. Other than jump into the swirling grey-brown water of the New River below, she chose to wait out the bridge. She slipped the wool jacket off her slender shoulders. She had declined the offer from Preston Hodges, the senior partner, for a ride back to their office because she wanted to think, wanted space from the weary faces of the jurors, from the wheelchair bound plaintiff, from the wizened judge, from

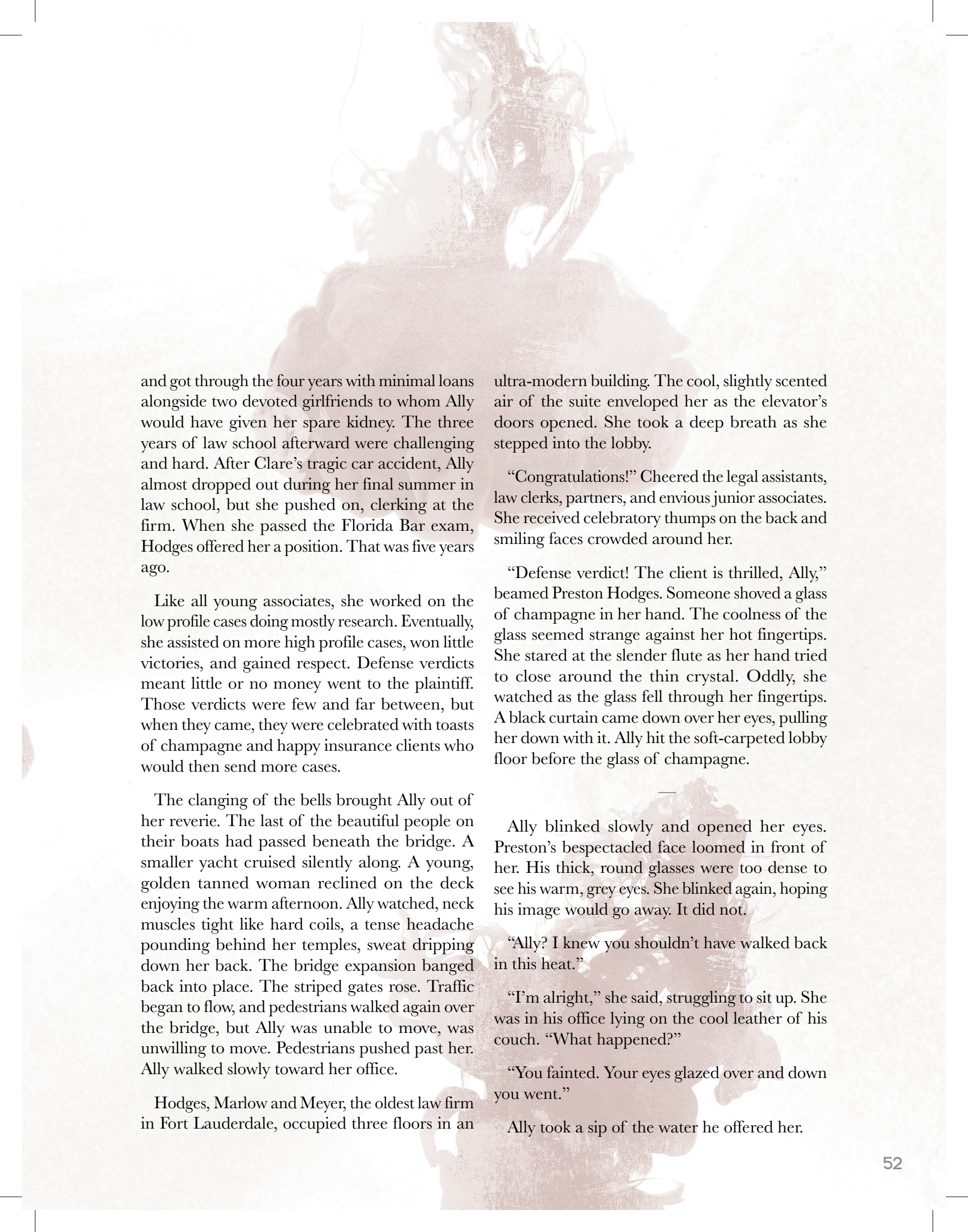
her anxious client and palpably more anxious senior partner. She wanted space from what she would face when she got back to her office.

It was just after 5 o'clock as she stood with other pedestrians along the palm trees lining the railing of the bridge, watching as the beautiful, rich people glided by on their boats below. She gazed down at the block-long sailboat whose mast was too tall to pass underneath. The sleek, white vessel slipped slowly under the raised bridge. The vessel was heading back to port after a day of leisure in sunny South Florida. Ally envied the unknown passengers. She could not remember the last time she spent a day outside. She thought of her sister, Clare, who had not seen daylight in seven years.

The case of Natalia Jimenez vs. Ferguson Engineers had occupied Ally's life for the last two years, culminating with the conclusion of the recent five-day trial. Natalia's case haunted Ally with its similarities to her sister's car accident. Seven years before, Clare, alone with five martinis in her system, the salve for discovering her husband had been cheating on her, lost control of her car and rolled it several times. No other passengers. No other cars. Just Clare — or what was left of her. There was brain activity and some recognition of her sister, but little else remained of the vibrant sister Ally had known.

After their parents' deaths, Clare had been Ally's rock, and the inspiration that motivated her to finish college and attend law school. With her sister's support and encouragement, Ally got into her favorite college to pursue her undergrad. As an undergrad, she made it past the failed relationship with the guy who took her virginity





and got through the four years with minimal loans alongside two devoted girlfriends to whom Ally would have given her spare kidney. The three years of law school afterward were challenging and hard. After Clare's tragic car accident, Ally almost dropped out during her final summer in law school, but she pushed on, clerking at the firm. When she passed the Florida Bar exam, Hodges offered her a position. That was five years ago.

Like all young associates, she worked on the low profile cases doing mostly research. Eventually, she assisted on more high profile cases, won little victories, and gained respect. Defense verdicts meant little or no money went to the plaintiff. Those verdicts were few and far between, but when they came, they were celebrated with toasts of champagne and happy insurance clients who would then send more cases.

The clanging of the bells brought Ally out of her reverie. The last of the beautiful people on their boats had passed beneath the bridge. A smaller yacht cruised silently along. A young, golden tanned woman reclined on the deck enjoying the warm afternoon. Ally watched, neck muscles tight like hard coils, a tense headache pounding behind her temples, sweat dripping down her back. The bridge expansion banged back into place. The striped gates rose. Traffic began to flow, and pedestrians walked again over the bridge, but Ally was unable to move, was unwilling to move. Pedestrians pushed past her. Ally walked slowly toward her office.

Hodges, Marlow and Meyer, the oldest law firm in Fort Lauderdale, occupied three floors in an

ultra-modern building. The cool, slightly scented air of the suite enveloped her as the elevator's doors opened. She took a deep breath as she stepped into the lobby.

"Congratulations!" Cheered the legal assistants, law clerks, partners, and envious junior associates. She received celebratory thumps on the back and smiling faces crowded around her.

"Defense verdict! The client is thrilled, Ally," beamed Preston Hodges. Someone shoved a glass of champagne in her hand. The coolness of the glass seemed strange against her hot fingertips. She stared at the slender flute as her hand tried to close around the thin crystal. Oddly, she watched as the glass fell through her fingertips. A black curtain came down over her eyes, pulling her down with it. Ally hit the soft-carpeted lobby floor before the glass of champagne.

Ally blinked slowly and opened her eyes. Preston's bespectacled face loomed in front of her. His thick, round glasses were too dense to see his warm, grey eyes. She blinked again, hoping his image would go away. It did not.

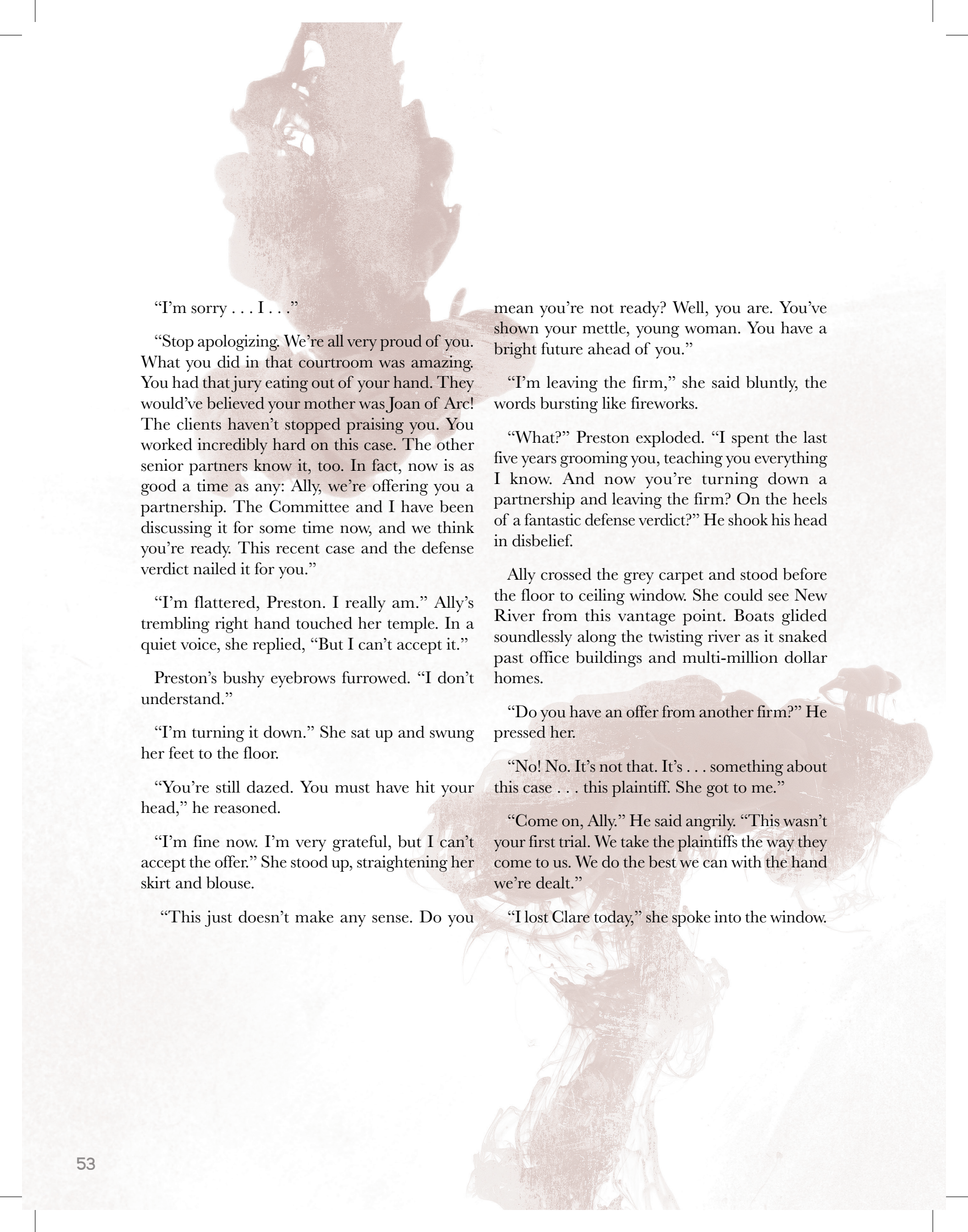
"Ally? I knew you shouldn't have walked back in this heat."

"I'm alright," she said, struggling to sit up. She was in his office lying on the cool leather of his couch. "What happened?"

"You fainted. Your eyes glazed over and down you went."

Ally took a sip of the water he offered her.





“I’m sorry . . . I . . .”

“Stop apologizing. We’re all very proud of you. What you did in that courtroom was amazing. You had that jury eating out of your hand. They would’ve believed your mother was Joan of Arc! The clients haven’t stopped praising you. You worked incredibly hard on this case. The other senior partners know it, too. In fact, now is as good a time as any: Ally, we’re offering you a partnership. The Committee and I have been discussing it for some time now, and we think you’re ready. This recent case and the defense verdict nailed it for you.”

“I’m flattered, Preston. I really am.” Ally’s trembling right hand touched her temple. In a quiet voice, she replied, “But I can’t accept it.”

Preston’s bushy eyebrows furrowed. “I don’t understand.”

“I’m turning it down.” She sat up and swung her feet to the floor.

“You’re still dazed. You must have hit your head,” he reasoned.

“I’m fine now. I’m very grateful, but I can’t accept the offer.” She stood up, straightening her skirt and blouse.

“This just doesn’t make any sense. Do you

mean you’re not ready? Well, you are. You’ve shown your mettle, young woman. You have a bright future ahead of you.”

“I’m leaving the firm,” she said bluntly, the words bursting like fireworks.

“What?” Preston exploded. “I spent the last five years grooming you, teaching you everything I know. And now you’re turning down a partnership and leaving the firm? On the heels of a fantastic defense verdict?” He shook his head in disbelief.

Ally crossed the grey carpet and stood before the floor to ceiling window. She could see New River from this vantage point. Boats glided soundlessly along the twisting river as it snaked past office buildings and multi-million dollar homes.

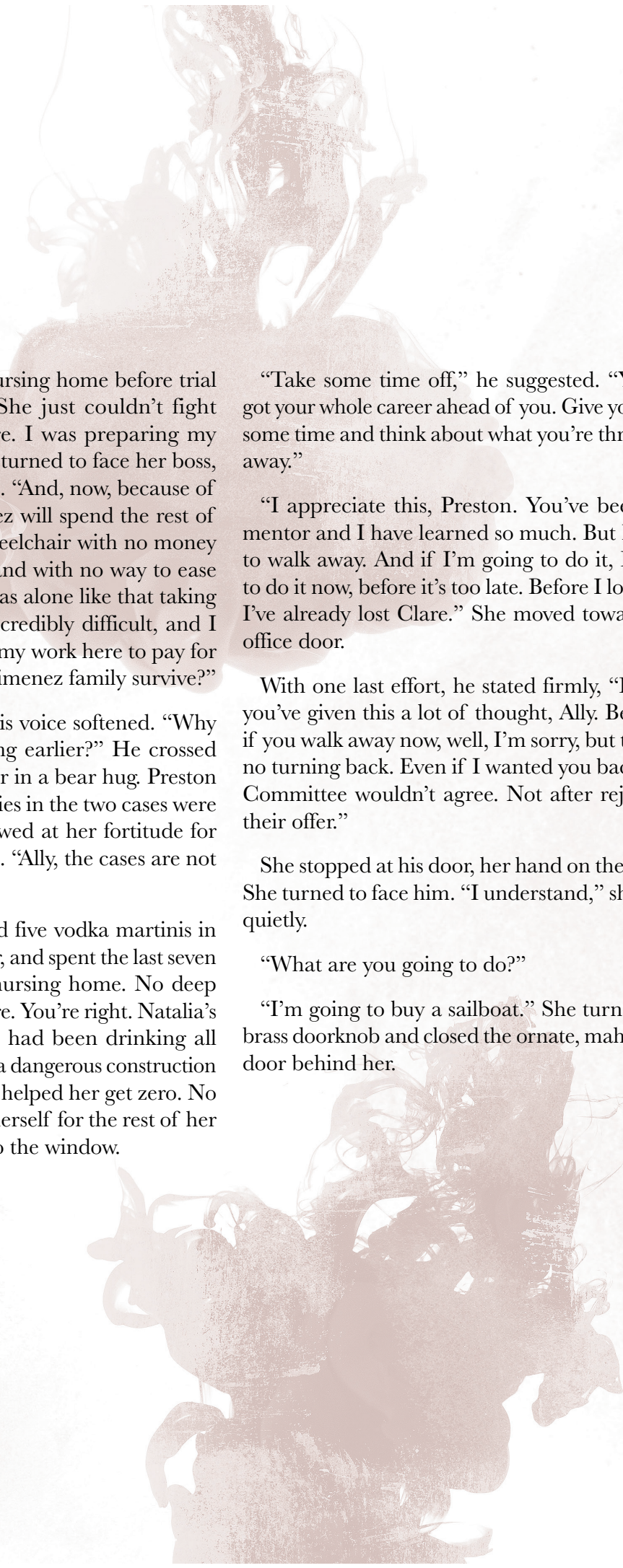
“Do you have an offer from another firm?” He pressed her.

“No! No. It’s not that. It’s . . . something about this case . . . this plaintiff. She got to me.”

“Come on, Ally.” He said angrily. “This wasn’t your first trial. We take the plaintiffs the way they come to us. We do the best we can with the hand we’re dealt.”

“I lost Clare today,” she spoke into the window.





“I got a call from the nursing home before trial started this morning. She just couldn’t fight anymore. I wasn’t there. I was preparing my closing argument.” She turned to face her boss, tears pooling in her eyes. “And, now, because of the trial, Natalia Jimenez will spend the rest of her days bound to a wheelchair with no money to take care of herself and with no way to ease her family’s burden. I was alone like that taking care of Clare. It was incredibly difficult, and I prostituted myself with my work here to pay for her care. How will the Jimenez family survive?”

“Ally, I’m so sorry.” His voice softened. “Why didn’t you say something earlier?” He crossed the office and circled her in a bear hug. Preston understood the similarities in the two cases were eating at her. He was awed at her fortitude for getting through the trial. “Ally, the cases are not the same.”

“I know. My sister had five vodka martinis in her system, rolled her car, and spent the last seven years brain dead in a nursing home. No deep pockets to sue for her care. You’re right. Natalia’s case was different. She had been drinking all night and drove through a dangerous construction zone at 5:00 a.m. And I helped her get zero. No money to help care for herself for the rest of her life.” She turned back to the window.

“Take some time off,” he suggested. “You’ve got your whole career ahead of you. Give yourself some time and think about what you’re throwing away.”

“I appreciate this, Preston. You’ve been my mentor and I have learned so much. But I need to walk away. And if I’m going to do it, I need to do it now, before it’s too late. Before I lose me. I’ve already lost Clare.” She moved toward his office door.

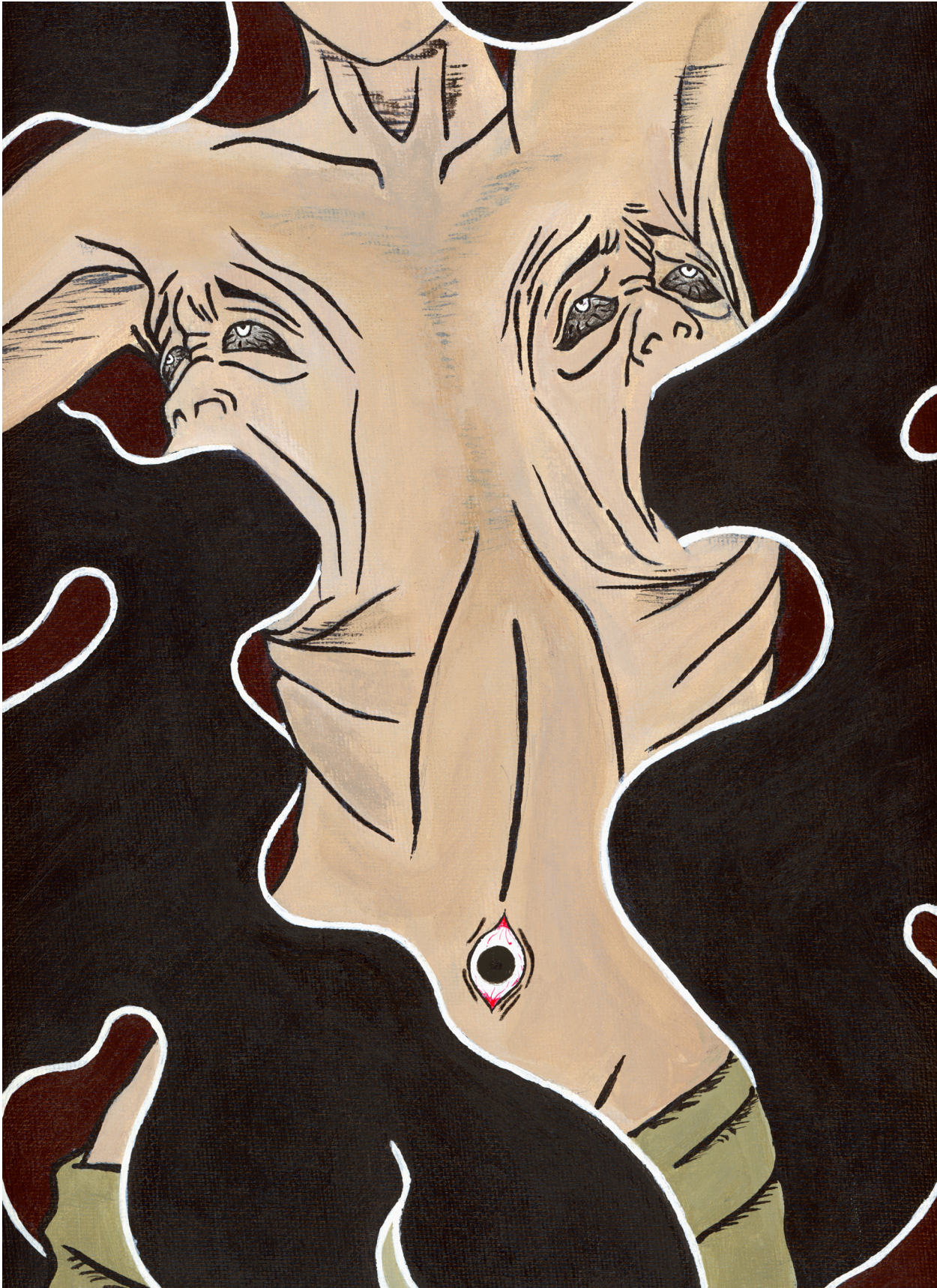
With one last effort, he stated firmly, “I hope you’ve given this a lot of thought, Ally. Because if you walk away now, well, I’m sorry, but there’s no turning back. Even if I wanted you back, the Committee wouldn’t agree. Not after rejecting their offer.”

She stopped at his door, her hand on the knob. She turned to face him. “I understand,” she said quietly.

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to buy a sailboat.” She turned the brass doorknob and closed the ornate, mahogany door behind her.





Use Me | *Stephan Celestin* | Acrylic on Canvas





**Bi-Polar Cats** | *Jenna Beahn* | Digital Illustration



# Student Bios

**Steven Archer** wrote *Life Indefinite, Sleep No More* and *Pearls and Pulses*.

**Jenna Beahn** always has a pencil and paper in her hand. After receiving her first drawing tablet in high school, she went on to work in traditional media for most of her life. Self-taught in both traditional and digital mediums, Jenna believes they are one and the same. She has everyone she knows to thank for that.

**Bridgette Bonner** is a self-proclaimed literary genius and P'an Ku aficionado. She secretly tries to get published in the magazine so that she can attend the release party (not for the fame, but for the spread!). She has been attending Broward College since the summer of 1988, but still has not received a degree. In her defense, she did take a twenty-seven year "spring break" in between. At age 45, she finally has figured "it" out . . . Enjoy the ride, and do what you love!

**Angye Bueno** was born in Colombia and has developed an affinity for visual arts. By combining her cultural background and her recent studies, Angye has started a creative journey through photography. Her photographs were featured in Broward College's Step Right Up: 38th Annual Student Exhibition in the Rosemary Duffy Larson Gallery. Angye thanks all the professors who shared their love and support and inspired her to explore new horizons.

**Stephan Celestin** loves art. Ever since he was little, Stephan has been drawing. Watching Dragonball Z and Yu-GI-OH on Saturday mornings sparked

his talents for drawing. At age 6, his mom ripped his drawings because she thought it interfered with his school work. He began painting recently, and is known for his surreal and gothic styles.

**Sarah Clark** wrote Rhein and Seasonal Perception.

**Wilfred Crespo** is an English Major who resides in Tamarac. He has only taken classes at North Campus. Now, just a few credits shy of his AA, he plans to attend FAU in pursuit of a master's in English in hopes of becoming an English teacher in the future. Wilfred's favorite genre is horror, and he enjoys writing poetry. He has a particular love for haikus and enjoys long walks on the beach.

**Traver Dodorye** is a 26 year old artist who was born and raised in South Florida. As a kid, he held a love for basketball. Once in high school, his love for the sport became a love for art. He started expressing his work through paintings on shirts, and now he paints with an abstract twist, expressing his views on politics, society, and even religion. He loves painting and spending time with his son.

**Josh Emanuel** created the digital piece Insightful.

**Silvia Figueroa** created the mixed media collage *Everything Is Lost*.

**Judith Hart** is a law firm administrator in Fort Lauderdale. Returning to college after raising a family, Judith reawakened her desire to write after taking a creative writing course at Broward College. Having shelved her first novel for the last twenty years, she has dusted it off and is ready to embark on a new career as an author.



**Ana Martinez** has always had a deep appreciation for all creative outlets, and she draws inspiration from them. Ana studies art at Broward College and aims to transfer and pursue a major in New Media or Animation.

**Nadege Moise** is originally from Haiti, but recently relocated to Los Angeles. She is a paralegal student at Broward College. Nadege is a self-taught artist who enjoys writing poetry and short stories.

**Kayla O'Keefe** drew *Kitty*.

**Ryan Ramkissoon** is a returning student who has switched his major to Graphic Design. He follows something he is passionate about so that he will never feel like he is working a day in his life. His interests include all forms of art, though his main focus is photography, videography, and different types of photo manipulation. He was born in Toronto, Canada and visits regularly since his move back to Florida. He loves collaboration and wants to do more with the interesting people he meets.

**Bernensky Pierre** is 21 years old and is currently finishing his last semester at Broward College. He resides in Miami, Florida and majors in English and Creative Writing. His hobbies include writing, reading, and spending time with family.

**Chanel Samson** is pursuing a degree in the Performing Arts during her first semester at Broward College. Her pastimes include reinforcing Canadian stereotypes, spelling favourite the correct way, and procrastinating on writing. She is honoured to have her work published in P'an Ku.

**Aleah Seenaath** is 19 years old and majors in Business. She loves spending time with friends and family, reading, and listening to music. Her favorite place to go is the beach. "Blue" is dedicated to her older sisters, Alyssa, and Ariana, for all their love and support.

**Oleksandra Sinkova** is originally from Ukraine. She has been passionate about painting and drawing since her childhood. Her interests include arts and crafts, culture, cuisine, sports, and traveling. Oleksandra takes her inspiration from nature, the weather, people, and cities.

**Pamela Solares** is a nineteen-year-old aspiring photographer. Her immersion in the arts originated from childhood. Since then, she has pursued painting, drawing, and photography as methods of self-exploration and storytelling. Pamela hopes to pursue filmmaking. She is inspired by painters like Vincent Van Gogh and by photographers like Elliott Erwitt and Tyler Shields.

**Kenneth Ward** is a writer, perennial student, musician, and former editor-in-chief of P'an Ku. Though originally from Asheville, North Carolina, his work is distinctly littered with the palm trees and suburban sprawls that accompany a Floridian upbringing. In the fall of this year, he will be attending Florida Atlantic University to pursue his bachelor's degree after a rich, life-altering experience at Broward College.



# P'an Ku Team



Renee Kiffin  
*Editor-in-Chief*

Renee is a responsible leader who expects the best from her team. Grounded and sincere, she provides a practical lead to organize the team's eclectic ideas. Renee is dedicated to her craft as a photographer and delights in nature shots.



Cameron Walsh  
*Managing Editor*

Cameron is the glue that keeps the crew together. Radiant and positive, Cameron is a pure joy to be around. Always there with a welcoming smile, her personality softens the tension when things get tough.



Sara Varela  
*Design and Layout Editor*

Sara is a reliable and dependable team member with a special love for photography, which she shares with the school paper and the school magazine. A dedicated person, Sara works hard to make sure the job is done to her best ability.



Antonella Avogadro  
*Art Editor*

Antonella is quiet and soft spoken, but don't be fooled. She's a keen editor equally gifted with artistic intuition and technical skill. Antonella loves sunsets for their depth and color.



Yilun Chen  
*Photography Editor*

Yilun is a reserved character, but one with exceptional photography skills. He's devoted to pursuing photography as his life's passion and will attend a university to further enhance his skills. Intelligent and analytical, Yilun's talents benefit the magazine.



Mauricio Correa  
*Literary Editor*

Mau is a socially charismatic, energetic, and genuine person. He enjoys building community, performing spoken word, and wandering through nature. Mau is an English major who will use his words to heal and inspire generations to come.



Alexa Oliveira  
*Social and Communications Manager*

Alexa's dimples precede her. Spiritually understanding and insightful, she shares herself with reflective and genuine interaction. Always concerned for the well-being of others, the team at P'an Ku fondly calls her Mother Alexa.



Yulissa Perez  
*Liason*

Yuli is vibrant, ambitious, and always quick with a clever quip. She splits her time between P'an Ku, six classes, and a position as an audiology assistant. Her keen attention to detail helped P'an Ku soften its rough edges. Yuli aims to travel abroad and heal the world.



Holly Alexander  
*Staff*

Holly is a gregarious and supportive member of the P'an Ku team. She is full of life and loves giving little nicknames to her best friends. Originally from Jamaica, Holly exudes that vitality of spirit for which the island is renowned.



Michael Nguyen  
*Staff*

An eccentric talent, Michael dabbles in various art forms. His tattoos symbolize different aspects of his life. A poet, graphic designer, and photographer, Michael seeks different outlets of expression and plans to pursue design.



**Attention!** Are you a...  
poet  
artist  
author  
sculptor  
designer  
architect  
illustrator  
photographer  
creative person

**P'an Ku is accepting submissions  
for the Fall 2016 issue! Visit  
[broward.edu/panku](http://broward.edu/panku) for more info!**

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