



PAN
KU

THE HISTORY OF PAN KU

In Chinese mythology, Pan 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 Pan 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. Pan Ku is the ancient Chinese God of Creation. Anyone who is endowed with creativity is possessed by the spirit of Pan Ku.

*PAN
KU*

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POETRY

EDITOR'S LETTER

Dearest Reader,

Welcome to the latest issue of Pan Ku magazine. I am excited to invite you into a world of art and literature. Within these pages, you'll find the best artwork and writing that Broward College has to offer.

I urge you to explore these pages with patience and wonder, or on more dreary days, with melancholy, as the world at times can be simply gray.

My goal this semester was to curate a magazine pertinent to the times that would both challenge my team and channel our skills into new directions. I am grateful for their skills and expertise. I'd like to thank them all for their hard work, support, and dedication. I expected only the best from them, and I have been blessed to work along such driven and talented creatives.

Reader, it is important you understand these pages have their own character and tell their own stories. The team and I have curated them to our best ability. The magazine is divided into three movements: The first touches on the divine and intangible, and on the sweet and dulce. The second movement brushes on the political status of the repressed in our society, and the friction in our culture. The third movement, bitter and sweet, concludes our magazine with light touches of nihilism and purposelessness, a disposition some of us are all too familiar with.

If I may share with you a silent hope, it is that you contemplate the fragile grace of our existence, and smile at its ineffable absurdity. And, in whatever humor and in whatever headspace, know that you and I are both magnificent and miniscule, both biological wonder and cosmic blip; and that this we will share in common, now and forever.

Whatever you do, and however you browse, know that we have welcomed you into the psyches of our fellow students. You are entering the romantic haze of the emotions of aspiring artists. Good luck.

Best Regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Mauricio Correa', written over a large, stylized, horizontal oval shape.

Mauricio Correa
Editor-in-chief
Pan Ku Magazine

“Sweet child,
you are the collection
of all the water that
makes up the streams,
and oceans, and rivers.”

Stranger To The Familiar



Untitled

Morgan Paige Abbott
Charcoal on Drawing Paper

She

Wilfred Crespo

She, the
Dream woven,
Star forging,
Dawn bringer.
She, the
Full moon lighting,
Shadow chasing,
Night's bane.
She, the
One with lightning
Caught streaking
Through her eyes.
She, the
One carrying
Scars across her
War torn heart.

She, the
Siren's call,
Hera's visage,
Muse's touch.
She, the
Fire-starting,
Flame's keeper,
Passion's flicker.
She, the
One whose smile,
Indecipherable,
Sets me ablaze.
She, the
One that can drive
A beautiful mind
To exquisite madness.



Contemplation

Leila Allaf
Film Photography



Beads In Hand

Leila Allaf
Film Photography



A Moment Of Prayer

Leila Allaf
Film Photography

الرِّجَالُ قَوَّامُونَ عَلَى النِّسَاءِ بِمَا فَضَّلَ اللَّهُ بَعْضَهُمْ
 عَلَى بَعْضٍ وَبِمَا أَنْفَقُوا مِنْ أَمْوَالِهِمْ فَالصَّالِحَاتُ
 قَانِنَاتٌ حَافِظَاتٌ لِّلْغَيْبِ بِمَا حَفِظَ اللَّهُ وَالَّتِي تَخَافُونَ
 نُشُوزَهُنَّ فَعِظُوهُنَّ بِمَا حَفِظَ اللَّهُ وَالَّتِي تَخَافُونَ
 وَأَضْرِبُوهُنَّ فَإِنْ أَطَعْنَكُمْ فَلَا تَبْغُوا عَلَيْهِنَّ سَبِيلًا
 اللَّهُ كَانَ عَلِيمًا كَبِيرًا ﴿٣٤﴾ وَإِنْ خِفْتُمْ شِقَاقَ
 بَيْنِكُمْ فَارْتَدُوا حَتَّىٰ يَخْرُجَ إِلَيْكُمْ فَإِنْ يَخْرُجُوا إِلَيْكُمْ
 فَلَا تُجْرِمُوا بَعْضُهُمْ أَوْلِيَاءَ بَعْضُهُمْ أَوْلَىٰ بِآلِ
 صَالِحًا يُوقِي اللَّهُ يَدَيْهِ عَنِ الْمُجْرِمِينَ
 أَعْبُدُوا اللَّهَ
 الْقُرْ
 الْحَارِ

الحزن

يُرِيدُ أَنْ يُتُوبَ عَلَيْكُمْ وَيُرِيدُ الَّذِينَ يَتَّبِعُونَ
الشَّهَوَاتِ أَنْ يُتَمِيلُوا مَيْلًا عَظِيمًا ﴿٢٧﴾ يُرِيدُ اللَّهُ أَنْ يُخَفِّفَ
عَنكُمْ وَخَلَقَ الْإِنْسَانَ ضَعِيفًا ﴿٢٨﴾ يَتَأْتِيهَا الَّذِينَ
ءَامَنُوا لَا تَأْكُلُوا أَمْوَالَكُمْ بَيْنَكُمْ تَكُونُ
تَكُونُ بِتَحْمِلَةٍ عَنْ تَرَاضٍ مِنْكُمْ وَإِنْ أَنْظَرَ
إِنَّ اللَّهَ كَانَ بِكُمْ رَحِيمًا ﴿٢٩﴾ وَظَلَمْنَا فَسُوفَ نُنْصِيهِمْ
يَسِيرًا ﴿٣٠﴾ إِنْ جَحْتَبْتُمْ مِنْكُمْ سَيِّئَاتِكُمْ وَنَدَّ
وَلَا تَتَمَنَّوْا مَا فَضَّلَ اللَّهُ بِرَحْمَتِهِ عَلَيْكُمْ
نُصِيبُهَا مِمَّا اكْتَسَبْتُمْ مِنْ قَبْلِهَا
سَأَلُوا اللَّهَ مِنْ فَضْلِهِ وَاللَّهُ وَاسِعٌ عَلِيمٌ ﴿٣١﴾

لِلرِّجَالِ
عَمَّا كَسَبْتُمْ
بِئْسَ مَا يَكْتَسِبُونَ
أَتَىٰكَ الْوَالِدَانِ
إِحْسَانًا وَبِذِي
ذِي الْقُرْبَىٰ وَأَبِي
وَأَبْنِ السَّبِيلِ وَمَا
كَانَ مَحْتَالَ فَخُفِّضْ



By The Sea

Morgan Paige Abbott
Acrylic on Canvas

If I Lived In Music

Fiorella Lopez

If I lived in music, it would be smooth and jaunty,
Slow with learning desire, raucous and rich in sensual wanting.
If I starred in movies, brass and keys would be my bruise.
Dull and subtle, pulling my cello heartstrings, maroons and blues.

If I played a past life, it had to be Blossom Dearie's:
A soft piano leisurely with voice aflutter remembering just as sweetly.
If I dreamt a dreamy life, Miles Davis and his sextet would swoon
That someday my prince will come and kiss my throaty tune.

If I lulled lullabies, *Birdland* to Ella is what I'd sigh,
Teaching weepy ol' willows how to cry.
If I roused a restless life, forever dreaming and waiting, Peggy Lee would pour me,
Steamy, dark, red-lip sighs through cigarette smoke like *black coffee*.

If I lived in movies, jazz would be the muse,
Sweet and low, unrushed, and unpredictably discordant in lusty ruse.
Walking to where on winter days, *in a sentimental mood* my heart plays,
The Duke and John shake my shivers away and let the blues stain the grays.

Looking back, but moving forward, I'll pull my tie's knot loose.
Sigh at long days and longer nights in blue moon rooms,
My smoky exhalations curling fantasies, my heart theirs to seduce.
These fantasies of blue boys swingin' and blue girls singin' from their tombs.

Dustjacket Love

Colleen Kastner

Heaven's a romance of coffee and books,
Jackets and spines filling every nook.
Clandestine meetings, overstuffed sofas,
Aromatic trysts, soft jazz, and mochas.

Intense eyes, the caress of fingertips,
Intake of breath between my open lips.
Suspended disbelief, story unfurls,
Curled on my cushions in a whole new world.

Characters take shape and excitement builds,
Urgency grows, passion must be fulfilled.
Page-turning climax inevitable,
Crescendo delight the last syllable.

But coffee grows cold, story is over,
Pleasure's now done and I'm sitting sober.



Still Life Roses

Sukyung Kim
Acrylic on Canvas

Innocence

Armando Delgado Jr.
Digital Photography





Facial Expressions

Savannah Ashton

I've studied each of your facial expressions,
Each shift in the top of your lip and the lift in your left brow.
The dim of your eyes when you speak,
The peak of your nose you hold high when you walk.
When you talk
The raspy tone sodden with rich bass like honeycomb,
Corners of your lips slightly foamed
When you tell a loud story and haven't stopped for a breath.
Rounded cheeks, oakwood chest,
Lips curtained over dentile all aligned,
Jaw defined.
Clean cut hairline,
Each small curl assigned its place.
I've noted your face,
Taking note of its meaning,
Encoding its shapes.
I gape,
Beaming in the shadow of your shadow.
You take my breath away,
Out of my lungs like breezes to my tongue.
So it's fluttering like
The moths in my tummy.
They're drawn to light so, naturally, when I speak to you
I'm stuttering.
I'm wondering,
What's wrong with me?
How is it that I can read every piece of poetry?
And your abstracted scrambled colloquies provide
Understanding ears complimentary
And you don't even see me as supplementary.
Why hasn't it angled your mind,
Cross mentally, that maybe I'm the one for you,
As you are for me.



Dreams Will Take You

Aaron Stefan
Collage





Chinatown
James Sanchez
Digital Photography



G_d's Gift

Jason Escobar
Watercolor on Paper

A Stranger To The Familiar

Briana Parlor

Do not confuse the strange with what is not also normal,
Nor use the familiar as a synonym for comfortable.
They don't always exist in the same space.
A stranger to the familiar is feeling as an alien on your own planet.
Everything's the same. Unnervingly the same. Everyone is the same . . .
Day in—day out—you are a cameo in your own sitcom.
The set lights, actors, actresses, they remember you from another place,
Except that of which you belong. But you know better than them.

You float through life . . . not living . . . merely existing.
Nothing bothers you, or shifts your brows, or curls your lips.
Simply going through the motion . . . oceans, rivers, streams.
They are all water but to where do they lead?

I am here: lost sheep among lost sheep, ill-guided shepherd,
Stranger to the familiar, alien on my own planet,
Cameo in my own show, lost sheep amongst lost sheep,
An existent being meant to Live. To Believe.
The earth is salted here. I till a land I can't sow.
How could one grow? Why stay? Why remain
A sheep, an alien, a cameo?

Sweet child,
You are the collection of all the water
That makes up the streams, oceans, and rivers.
Do the waters of the Nile know the waters of the Mississippi?
Water does as water will,
It moves—Why not you?

“The fear that
lances through us
at the sound of a siren,
or sight of a uniform,
because our brothers
have been killed
for less than nothing.”

They'll Never Know



Landscape

Oleksandra Sinkova
Acrylic on Wood Panel

Why we can't have tattoos
Without being 'dangerous'.
How hard work can get them far
But we have to work harder.
What it's like to be a child drawing with crayons
And finding that 'skin' didn't look like theirs.
How inadequate it feels when we're called
'Pretty for a black girl'.

They'll never know

How harshly we're judged for our mistakes
When they make the worse ones and walk away.
What it's like to be seen as a criminal
The minute you walk into a store.
How many characters they've bleached in media
Because they're too busy raving when we replace them.

They'll never know

What it's like to be called 'ghetto' for wearing braids
Or called a terrorist for wearing a hijab,
But it's considered 'trendy' and 'cultured' when they do.
How it feels to be told we're emulating them
Because we speak with proper grammar.
The fear that lances through us at the sound of a siren or sight of a uniform
Because our brothers have been killed for less than nothing.

They'll never know

Why we can't stop referencing the past
When it still influences our present and future.
About the stereotypes we have to fight every day
While they simply have to worry about *being*.
Just how much of the world is still painted in black in white
Or, rather, white and every other color that isn't 'pure'.

They'll never *recognize*

The privileges they're born with.

They'll Never Know

Kjirstin Laventure

Apollo's Apples

Chanel Samson

We are nine in the apple orchard,
Limbs clambering above the bracken.
With armour of bones and bruises,
We climb higher up the branches,
Knots in the bark and our stomachs
As we ascend higher than ever before:

We are pioneers; We are spacemen.
The upper canopy bears fruit; our stars,
A cosmos of brae, burn, and blush.
Satellites of swallows and swifts
Circle around our heads, catching the
Dying dusk light on their wings.

This is our Apollo, our moon landing.
This is our America . . . Australia . . . India.
This is where we plant our flag,
Eyes filled with hunger for the fruit and
Teeth ready to devour the crisp flesh,
We bite.





Waves

Ne'Chelle Straughter
Pastel on Paper

March With The Fireflies

Wilfred Crespo

March with the fireflies,
Like ghosts and wisps,
Through the marshes,
Through the great, toothless maw.
Like ghosts and wisps,
Shuffling and moaning
Through the great, toothless maw
That threatens to swallow.
Shuffling and moaning,
Rattling chains that bind us, we
That threaten to swallow
Our pride and hope.
Rattling chains that bind us,
We, the forgotten many,
No pride, nor hope,
We, march with the fireflies.
We, the forgotten many,
No hope, nor pride.
We, march with the fireflies,
Like ghosts and wisps.

Proud Woman

Andrelle Leandre

A voice once rendered silent has risen. The reflection of her mahogany appearance was tormenting. She was threatened, disliked, and stereotyped because of her color; something she could not control but was held liable for. She was black, so she was ugly. Pushed by a body of importance, she was beautifully delivered from the wickedness of racism and segregation.

She exhaled and recalled seeing black bodies that dangled from tree branches by the neck— her brothers. She recalled seeing uneducated black maids that scrubbed dirty floors for a living— her sisters. She was ashamed. The product of a society that believed blacks were violent, dirty, and ignorant. This type of skin color came with many hardships, but it carried the strength to endure.

Broken story of the struggling Negro, now challenged to pick up the shattered pieces. Life meant feeling caged but she thrived. She became a towering figure of radical insight. She was a dim flame developing into a blazing inferno. She then realized she wasn't ugly, black wasn't ugly. Black was just underestimated.

Introduced to a species of unapologetically proud black women with afros as wide as the eye could see and hands clenched into tight fists; proud women. Lost in the gloom of their shadows as they approach her, she learned to openly embrace her culture and celebrate her blackness. She became a proud woman.





Lines

Gabriel Castillo
Mixed Media



Interrupted

Christopher Jenkins
Spray Paint on Reclaimed Wood

Five

Mirjam Frosth

She stands like a house,
I climb up her thick branches,
Nap in raw umber.

Dusk streams through the leaves,
Cadmium and goldenrod
Stain the canvas sky.

Thin soles slip, climbing,
Nylons tear on the rough bark—
She is my tower.

Bike wheels spin aloft,
We duck for shelter in leaves,
Stifling giggles.

We rush to our tree,
But our excitement falls short—
Our tower torn down.

Waking Nightmare

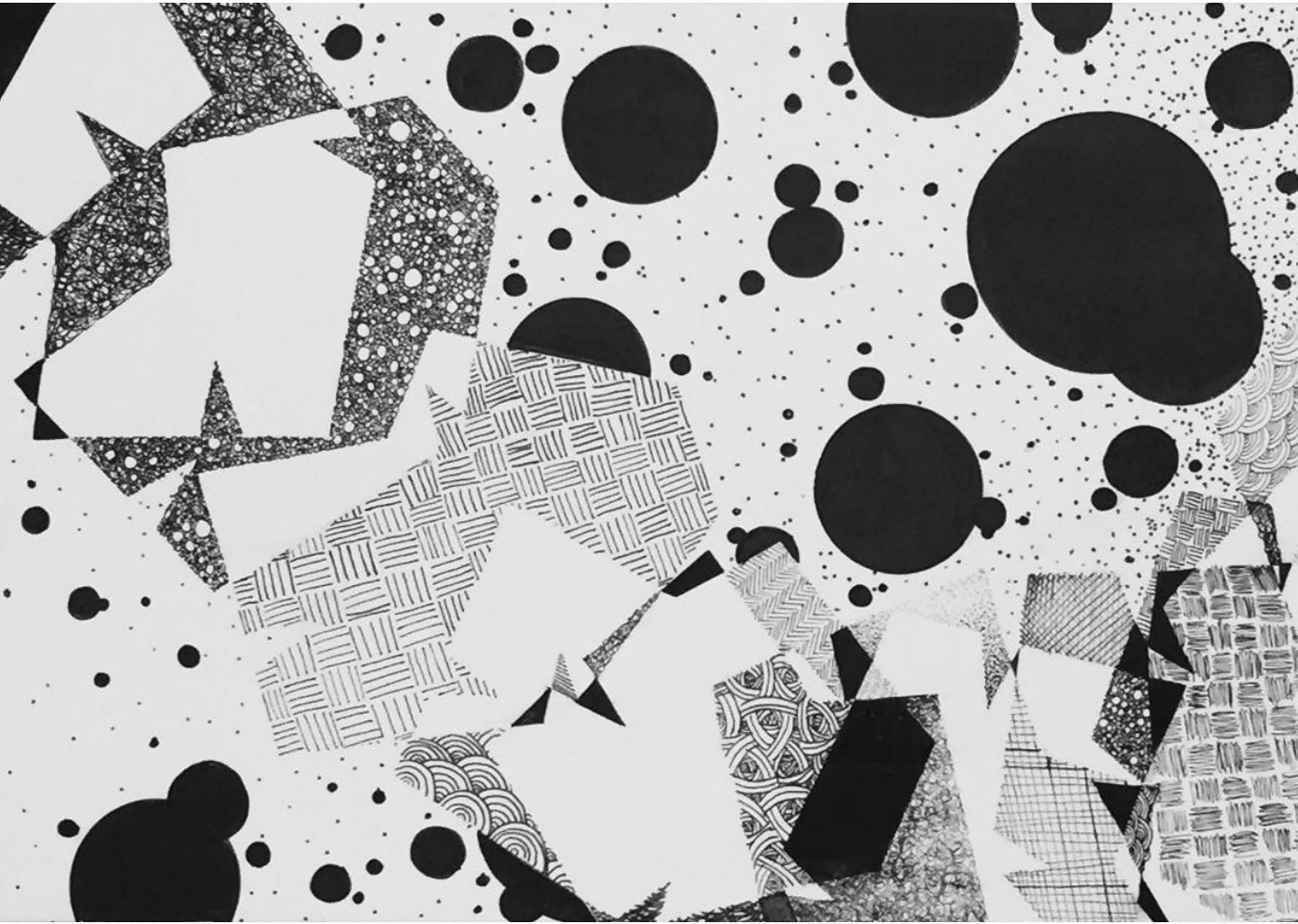
Cody Brinson

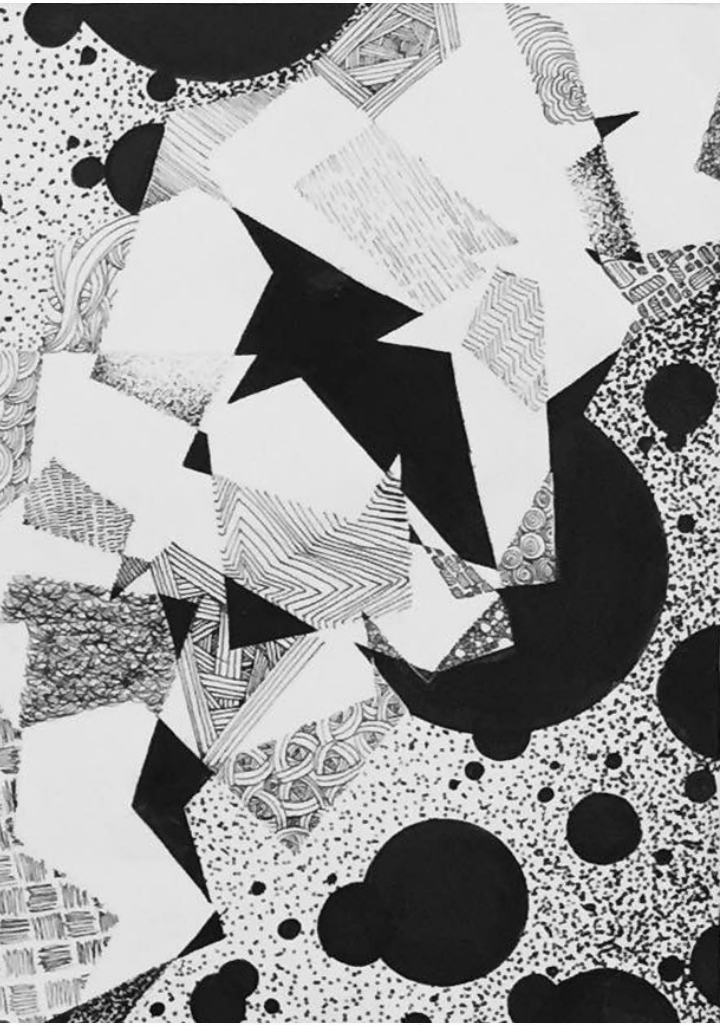
I awake slowly,
A silhouette stands close by—
It is not human.

Lifetime Motivation

Cody Brinson

I sit on a bench,
There are fields in front of me—
Why don't I stand up?





Ink Blots

Melanie Cabreja
Ink on Paper





A Child In The Streets

Pamela Solares
Film Photography

Brito

Persistence

Armando Delgado Jr.
Digital Photography





The Train

Michelle Wright

I told them to leave without me, that I can wait.
They boarded the train, and I waved goodbye.
I watched it disappear, while I stayed behind.

My phone was company; social media, my friend.
I wanted time alone to be without them.
I told them to leave without me, that I can wait.

The time passed as fast as it could. The next train
Arrived, its whistle blew, to the next stop it went.
I watched it disappear, while I stayed behind.

By now, they should have arrived, off the train,
Toward the rest of their lives. But I wasn't ready.
I told them to leave without me, that I can wait.

They called to see how far I've come. I said
I'll be there soon. Another train pulled in.
I watched it disappear, while I stayed behind.

Years have gone by, and my friends don't call much
Anymore. Countless trains have come and gone.
I told them to leave without me, that I can wait.
I watched them disappear, while I stayed behind.

Rejection

Colleen Kastner

Kitchen scent of roasted garlic,
Silverware and white dishes
Glow in the last of a candle,
Flickering like the television
That shouldn't be on.

Fresh floral sheets on a single bed,
Crisp untouched covers pulled back
Should you change your mind.
A single pink rose on the nightstand
Stands alone in a crystal vase.

Smiling faces in laughing crowds,
Champagne toasts, raised glasses,
Perhaps they thought
I already had plans.

“The low, hungry moon
whimpers and laughs;
the reflection of
all these things—
They too shall pass.”

Tidal



Morning Prelude

Aleksandra Sarmiento
Oil on Canvas

Unwritten

Chanel Samson

When my mother tells me
She regrets not keeping a diary,
This is not a regret of unused words,
Sentences unchosen, or paper untouched.

This is the regret of memories uncaptured.
A lifetime which crept from her mind,
Like a fugitive in the night, shrouded in distraction,
Which may as well have never happened.

She speaks of lost love,
Lost first kisses, and fervent fumbling of hands.
She speaks of secret smiles from strangers,
Of the day she played piano for the first time.
She speaks of entire nights spent drenched in sweat,
Working to deliver herself from a poverty of sorts.
She speaks of the ripping open of her heart
When she flew in an airplane, soaring above her fear.

Instead, there are blank pages.

Empty notebooks which scream out with moments lost,
Bare margins which ought to be scrawled in adventure,
Ink which ought to have illustrated a life.
When my mother tells me she regrets not keeping a diary,
She is making a plea, hands wringing, lips quivering,
That I will not make her mistake—
I will remember to remember.



Anxiety

Michael Nguyen
Digital Photography





Shadows Above

Michael Nguyen
Digital Photography



Far And Deep

Michael Nguyen
Digital Photography

Argentine Baths

For Christina Onassis

Shamar Harriott

This is you in tropical light: all ether and black hair, diving
in the waters off Skorpios. Blazing with arrows
like Saint Sebastian. The gods circle
chanting for your flesh—

such ecstasy to be wanted!

You rise from the foam like Venus from the
afterbirth of heaven. Love is the celestial house you inhabit. Every man
you've met has entered like a pirate with seven fingers tied
behind his back. They have driven you to ruin on the rocks
and now they come to loot, to pick the gold pieces off you,
to sell your hair and your teeth and your ivory limbs
on the German market—

a thousand marks for a queen!

Like undertakers, they storm the castle. Here is your
exquisite corpse, your patchwork of diamonds and ash
framed in Argentine glass. These are your legs crouched
like lions in the shadow of a Grecian temple.
This is your torso cast in plaster and painted
with petals and confetti pearls. These
are your breasts on their linin plate—
the agony of St. Agatha. This is your head
on its golden spike, Athena's
womb, humming a love song for
the sirens who wait

to sing you into mythology.

My Father's House

Shamar Harriott

My father moves through me like
corrugated light, as temporary as a
fish fly at the end of his season.

He has locked himself inside of me. I
turn to cherry brandy and cyanide.
Like Anastasia I rot in these fields of night.
Sorcerer Rasputin!

He dodges the chariot of divine light
and I, and I—like Isadora I am strangled in the tires.
Intractable ghost The scarves catch!
My father is a black, pine box on some
distant hill and in this season of blood I
walk to him. Out damned spot, I cry.
To bed To bed!

Father, you have died. Your mouth
moves a bleached knowledge of bones.
I bring you flowers—not flowers, only
painted stones. Father, our bones
do not fit. All day I sit dazed by your sun and I try
to pull some logic from you. Comanche,
man of the empty plains and the moon. All
my streams lead to these oceans of you.
The waters rise and I am scalped by the blades.
I sink down, down, down into you.
You swallow me like the River Ouse.

Tidal

Shamar Harriott

The day is an early train to the shore
through the abscess of shadow and steel,
to bear witness as night burns itself
into a violent sunrise.

The ambivalence of ignorant waves, and seabirds
bathing in plastic sheets—the day is born
this way, small and violet. Unobtrusive.

Odd that it should be April, April of
the suicidal tides and the splintering sea.
Of the topaz rain and the sea-maidens
coming up to bask in Horus' frigid heat.
I listen. They sing their dreamsongs to me.

Wingless meadowlarks rise behind painted glass,
the day is taxis to factories with metal
stalks pitching smokebirds into a restless sky,
cigarettes at twelve and lunch before five.

The night is a late train from
the shore, through driving steam and plastic trees,
to bear witness to the collapsing sky—
the confusion of black stars and white satellites.
The low, hungry moon whimpers and laughs; the reflections
Of all these things—they too shall pass.



Portal

Emmely Pavila
Film Photography



Home

Emmely Pavila
Film Photography

A DAY AT
THE END OF
MAN'S WORLD

By Wilfred Crespo

6 A.M. To the south, the rolling echo of a breakfast bell screams through the blocks of Don Edward's correctional facility. The wailing alarm rushes through the rundown tunnels and passages, whistling through holes in the walls; some sound as flutes, others as oboes through thin, surgical slices. The rest moan in lamentation as the wind rushes past gaping wounds, like ghouls sobbing out of portals that lead to a barren world just beyond the eggshell hallways. In moments, this will be followed by the creaking of every cell door in section A as they open, numerical in order, despite their no longer being gates to inmates waiting for release.

9 A.M. To the west, just past the collapsed lobby of Saint Agatha's Hospice, two caved walls sit in haphazard mountains, a path cut between both great heaps of acid-eaten, irradiated dry wall and lumber. In the nearby storage closet, an automated nursing unit emerges from its pod. Walking the canyon in the trash, each step nudges aside chunks of cinder and brick that had fallen from either towering pile to block the way once more. Sending a digital request to maintenance for the 364th time through its long disabled network for a local clean-up, Unit 528 moves down hall B to visit its first resident of the day.

"This August morning, there is only the patter of soft rains accompanying the death throes of a crumbling prison."

Not far from the cells, the timed water valves on the showers gasp, then release. Brown sludge rushes up and out of the tarnished heads to bathe the tiles once more, every inch already a putrid shade of brown. The lock on the mess hall's double doors disengages, a sigh escaping from between the teeth and shaking loose a few specks of sitting dust. On the basketball court, there are no sounds of heavy rubber bouncing along the cracked asphalt, no stampede of heavy-footed soles. There is no rattle of chains or mandibles in the abandoned halls, and there is no hiss of radio static sneaking out from darkened command rooms. This August morning, there is only the patter of soft rains accompanying the death throes of a crumbling prison.

"Good morning. . . Ms. Pauly." 528 chirps its greeting through a quickly failing radio as it moves toward the charred husk of a bed, the harsh static viciously chewing the words before dribbling them out onto the fire-blackened linoleum.

"How are you feeling today?" Through the destroyed roof, rain falls into the unprotected room. Each drop sizzles on the robot's casing, eating tiny holes to compliment the thousands already dotting the metallic caregiver's chassis.

"That is very good to hear." 528 responds to the answer it hadn't received, reaching under the bedframe to retrieve the pan that melted its way into the ground some time ago. Grasping at empty air, 528 chastises the debris littered atop the bones laying in the bed.

"Ms. Pauly, this is your 455th . . . verbal warning against hiding bed pans. Further misbehavior will not be tolerated. Please refrain from stealing in the futur—" 528 crashes atop the bed already shared by Ms. Pauly and much of her ceiling, sending the weak frame into the ground with the force of a falling sedan, every ounce of power in the nurse's batteries now finally, mercifully drained.

In the wake of the great collapse, there are strips of silence, each interrupted by pings and the faintest sizzle.

3 P.M. To the east, along the rim of a lake-sized crater, a fox, toothless, nearly hairless, braves a decaying forest in search of food for her young. In the pale green limelight emanating from deep below the lip of the hole, a cherry tree defies death, growing in the feeblest sense. Its fruits dangle, only weakly red and shrunken, like a dozen fierce eyes hanging and observing closely as the ailing mother claws her way up the trunk. She lunges upward, snapping her jaws onto the branch, spearing her mouth's weak flesh with infinitesimal slivers, but she holds fast, shaking the fruit loose. Both she and her bounty fall to the ground with similar thuds, one cherry rolling off into the fissile abyss within the sinkhole, a tiny ting ringing out as it collides with the remains of the tactical warhead resting in the nuclear soup at the bottom. Slinking back between rotten red pines, she limps away home.

"They sing a melody only comprehensible by those raised on a dead, a ravaged planet."

7 P.M. To the north, a commercial plane cabin rests almost naturally in an infertile cornfield, as if picked up and placed carefully, like a child's favorite plaything tucked away in nature for safekeeping, its red and blue segmented logo worn away to a ghost only a shade lighter than the remaining tube. In row C, seat 22, amongst strewn luggage and a sea of rattling yellowed bones, the vixen returns to her eager kits, her shriveled cherries dangling between her gums. One of the fruits pop as she climbs onto her

nest of shredded Sunday shirts and dresses, cherry juice running the length of the scrawny mother's jaw, sticking to the few patches of auburn that still clung stubbornly to her loose flesh. The children yip, their magnificent fur dancing gracefully in the air as they dart wildly in anticipation of supper, either's tail

swishing and shining in the setting sun, as if painting the chairs they stood upon with the vibrant colors of sunset. Together, they feast while their mother abstains. Contently, she lies atop her nest and, with the peace of knowing life will continue to find a way, slips away amongst clouded dreams.

The Hungry Void of Midnight. To the south, east, and west, all the city shone, a sickly green radiance tickling the star laden sky as though it hoped to shake a few loose with laughter. Both kits sit in the thick, dead grass and sing to a porcelain moon. They sing a melody only comprehensible by those raised on a dead world, a ravaged planet.



Jar

Oleksandra Sinkova
Mixed Media on Canvas

o•rig•i•nal

/ə'rijənl/

Leah Fleurimond

adjective

1. Inconsistent with conformity,
*And kicked against the goads,
An original thought burns upon wet paper.
Here lie two blue birds killing one stone,
Contrite poetry,
Resolutions to all kinds of worldly vice.
A latent newborn savior,
Fresh out the womb—then a page torn in two,
Destroyed and deplored.
For Origin of Thought is a lost art.*

noun

1. The very beginning of a path,
*And an allure to The Original Pose,
Standing at a break from the sway,
With the ground cracking fireworks,
A brilliance like diamond authentic.
Authenticity at best: a curved line
Back and forth between the way it was
And the way it's changing.
Call it something different: revolution,
A defined betrayal of home, the genesis adoration.
An antonym—'systemic' in nature.*



Two Wolves

Kayla O'Keefe
Oil on Canvas



Two Wolves

Kayla O'Keefe
Oil on Canvas



One II

Valentino Urro
Oil on Canvas

Abrupt Art

Kevin Sjogreen

The strokes that left . . .
Left me irreversible,
As paint on a desolate canvas.

When viewing encapsulating environments,
Smelling exotic aromas from renowned pieces,
Listening to still sirens soothing the ears.
And especially when you feel . . .
Yes . . . touch the mossy surface glazed to the glimpse,
You envision the strife of the author,
And overlook the finest set of infinite details.

This is spectacularly what the strokes left on me.
Such sanity held in a manic monster,
Such philosophy and passion in an isolated individual,
Such hope under a callous, incoherent heart.

But no . . .
The sole sight of all in the niche of my mind's narcolepsy
Is an anserine soul painted with fleshed flaws;
A masterpiece in a myopic world.



One I

Valentino Urroz
Oil on Canvas

VALENTINO

FROM
WHERE IT
BEGINS

By Mauricio Correa

I've forgotten the facts of her life, and in their stead are faint impressions, opaque recollections, fragmented facial features, a lost reason for being there; yet her words, absorbed and internalized, ring below consciousness, an undersound, an ideal, forgotten, it waits to be remembered.

She sat in conversation a few seats behind me, on the road to Northern Florida, and over the throaty engine, and over the highway's drone, I first heard her speak, such that I rubbed my ears to affirm she was neither illusion nor daydream.

"Her voice invoked truth, emotion, vulnerability, and embraced the unthanked gentler forces."

She spoke with a mix of vigor and foolishness; an overbearing sound which promised proliferation by way of courage and bravado; an upending tone which made any thought whole: the world was ripe, full of hope; her voice invoked truth, emotion, vulnerability, and embraced the unthanked gentler forces. I remember her ideal-- surprising, haunting, even, owing to the emotional power of her word, which owed itself to a greater nature, of which I know not from where it came.

Throughout the trip, she spoke with a sullen man who was headed north to remedy a grievance his wife had long held against him. He shared his story, his blame, his loss, and offered his plans for peace and his hopes for forgiveness. The Greyhound was as a metallic confessional, the surrounding landscape like vernal veils that sheltered a small congregation . . . and we, in our fantastic and natural sins, seated aboard a grumbling Greyhound were subjected to an ephemeral kinship, a spiritual bond grafted of confession and innocent eavesdropping, a common air of induced

reflection, each rider to bear the stare from the wavering likeness on their aisle windows; for the majority of the trip, I remember silence. But jovial bursts of floral conversation sprung from the aisles like wildflowers, imparting radiance on a sordid atmosphere, and of the intermingling conversations that propagated like grapevines, hers were the most tender, and today I wonder if she was the root of the whole.

I admire the people of her rare quality, the people of her particular gift: the gift of evoking release. The gift of releasing the qualms of the spirit, raw, tender, and hidden; the injuries and vulnerabilities of thought and experience rush when called forth; repressed forces run to their nature, unbound and free, a spiritual evocation, the expulsion of fear, a repatriation to an innocent world... The man she spoke with shared the unshareable of his life, those gritty secrets that cling like barnacles to the soul; his vessel rejuvenated by a young woman's promulgation of hope.

Spirits are slippery, purpose mental. Of the intangible divine, of fulfillment of the spirit, questions are the enemy, and doubt a formless Janus. Expression of the nature within, an adieu to resentment, and acceptance of blame. Let out what must out. The unlocking and lift away. When we reach outward and seek what fulfills us, we escape the enclosures of the heart and mind. With the realization of will fate introduces greater illumination into the true self, and in what it finds completion in doing. The process inward is long and arduous, and clarity is elusive. The creative spirit's path to expression is

*"I admire the people of her rare quality,
the people of her particular gift:
the gift of evoking release."*

I've lived a measly time, and I've a long life to live, but I've caught glimpses of moments where the Over-Soul achieves an inarticulable clarity, where thought is untethered and the body is as in water, where the spirit knows its unbecoming and its creation, where succinct writings become an impossibility, and words must extend past their merit in pursuit of that euphoric witness, and rarely is it enough.

fraught with self-doubt. Neuroticism, cynicism, and self malice plague the journey. Too often, we suffer spiritual deaths; too often, we revive to die again.

We shoulder the cycle as Atlas shoulders the heavens, as Sisyphus shoulders his patience. Achievement is endless. The final achievement is an impossibility, for every goal implies the commencement of another. The creative, the dreamer, is trapped in this: the perennial illusion of chase

and legacy. Entry to this realm is without direction. Even our births are without orientation. The world, gorgeous and marred, ripe in complexities, a cosmic paradox, induces a loss beneath the waves of belief and thought and feeling.

The difficulty lies in aligning with what force lies within, listening faithfully, free of doubt, and with utter conviction. Redundancy in motivation is forgiven. Whether success rears is in your own resolve. It is in your will. Blame solely belongs to you. Once you accept responsibility for your actions, progress forward will be made. Whatever personal set of metaphysics to which an individual adheres is unimportant. The semantics of what a spirit is, or what a soul is, or which theory is correct,

"That young woman on the bus had found a particular unfolding of her nature, and it was great and free."

are unimportant. At the root, it is the intangible that propels us; that calls us from across the creative gap; that plays in our minds and hearts; that causes anguish for not revealing from where it calls or to where it beckons, or for why we are summoned or for which purpose. Patience . . . a keen ear . . . faith in instinct . . . acceptance of failure... for the actualization of whatever it is unfolding within you.

That young woman on the bus had found a particular unfolding of her nature, and it was great and free. It was without serious force and without pretension. It was genuine as it was first felt, then heard, then acted upon. The channel to other peoples, she had found it, and had used her discovery for good. May we all be so fortunate.

ARTIST BIOS

Morgan Paige Abbott

Morgan Paige Abbott has been drawing and painting since she was very young and was strongly influenced by her family of artists. She also has a strong love of arts and crafts. She has won multiple awards for her art and is working towards a Masters Degree in Art Therapy.

Leila Allaf

Leila Allaf photographed the art pieces 'Contemplation', 'A Moment Of Prayer', 'Holy Tome', and 'Beads In Hand'.

Savanna Ashton

Savannah Ashton is a 19 year old singer and spoken word poet from Miami, Florida. She has been writing songs and poetry since middle school and has won her first slam at 16. She is a political science major at Broward College and hopes to be a big influence on her community.

Cody Brinson

Cody Brinson has always loved the power of creation and always looked to emotionally personal experiences as his main sources of inspiration. He is an alumni of Florida Atlantic University, holding a degree in Film, Video, and New Media. He is currently attending Broward College for further experience in the film production field.

Melanie Cabreja

Melanie Cabreja created the art piece 'Ink Blots'.

Gabriel Castillo

Gabriel Castillo created the art piece 'Lines'.

Wilfred Crespo

Wilfred Crespo wrote the poetry pieces 'March With The Fireflies', 'She', and the prose piece 'A Day At The End Of Man's World'.

Armando Delgado Jr.

Armando Delgado Jr. is an ex-military member who is a nonconformist by nature. He is aspiring to be one of those epically bearded guys who stands out by just being weird. Creating is what he does and photography is how he does it. Oh, and he is not an artist, just passionately curious.

Jason Escobar

Jason Escobar is a self-taught watercolor painter. His days are spent listening to Sufjan Stevens and painting emotional abstract portraits. His inspiration comes from being in nature and sitting by the lake behind his house. Not a day goes by that he doesn't listen to Carrie & Lowell.

Leah Fleurimond

Leah Fleurimond is a writer of sorts, an aspiring creation of the Creator who enjoys reflective poetry and music and the beauty of unexpected sunsets. She finds solace in creating anything original and hopes to inspire and transform others through her work. Her dream is to one day become an established author.

ARTIST BIOS

Mirjam Frosth

Mirjam Frosth is a first generation Swedish immigrant whose family came for job opportunities. Writing is cathartic for her and is an outlet for her dysthymic depression; it keeps her head above water. She is an avid reader who wants to become a teacher so she can help inspire others to read and write.

Shamar Harriott

Shamar Harriott wrote the poetry pieces 'Tidal', 'My Father's House', and 'Argentine Baths'.

Colleen Kastner

Colleen Kastner is a creative writing and art student from South Africa. A former journalist, she is currently working on her first novel — a psychological thriller set in South Florida.

Sukyung Kim

Born 1996 in South Korea, Sukyung is an aspiring artist in Florida. She is currently an art instructor at A Painting Fiesta and uses impressionist technique in most of her artworks to create stories behind every brush strokes.

Kjirstin Laventure

Kjirstin Laventure wrote the poetry piece 'They'll Never Know'.

Andrelle Leandre

Andrelle Leandre is a 21-year-old Haitian-American who was born and raised in South Florida. She is majoring in radiation therapy, but writing has always been a hobby. She sometimes struggles with poetry but considers herself to be a natural storyteller. One of her biggest aspirations is to write her own book.

Fiorella Lopez

Fiorella Lopez wrote the poetry piece 'If I Lived In Music'.

Kayla O'Keefe

Kayla O'Keefe created the art piece 'Two Wolves'.

Chanel Samson

Chanel Samson wrote the poetry pieces 'Apollo's Apples' and 'Unwritten'.

Briana Parlor

Briana Parlor is a lover of the written word. She is a sophomore majoring in journalism and her goal is to be an online contributor to a major magazine or popular blog site.

Emmely Pavila

Emmely Pavila photographed the art pieces 'Home' and 'Portal'.

ARTIST BIOS

James Sanchez

James Sanchez is a returning student born in Brooklyn, New York. James has always had an appreciation for all genres of art. His passion began with a click of a camera in 2013 which quickly became an obsession. Since then, James has been pursuing a career wedding photography.

Aleksandra Sarmiento

Aleksandra Sarmiento is from Poland, where she studied architectural design in Gdansk. After relocating to South Florida, she graduated from Broward College with a degree in Physical Therapy Assisting, raised two beautiful daughters, and is now attending Broward College to pursue her lifelong passion of drawing and painting.

Oleksandra Sinkova

Oleksandra Sinkova created the art pieces 'Landscape' and 'Jar'.

Kevin Sjogreen

Kevin Sjogreen is poetic in thought and has been writing for years. His interest in poetry stems from his desire to express his emotions in an intriguing way that draws and challenges the reader. Kevin has a loose grasp on his dream career, but places faith on his writing and creativity.

ARTIST BIOS

Aaron Stefan

Aaron Stefan gave up a position in the corporate sector to return to school and pursue his dreams in the world of art, believing that it's never too late to "erase and start over." Aaron is currently working on his AA and plans to transfer to SAIC to continue his education in Museum Studies and aspires to be a professor in the field.

Pamela Solares

Pamela Solares is a 19-year-old aspiring photographer. Her immersion in the arts originated from childhood, and since then, she has pursued different mediums of art as methods of self-exploration and storytelling. She is inspired by photographers like Elliott Erwitt, Tyler Shields, and Nan Goldin.

Ne'Chelle Straughter

Ne'Chelle Straughter is a 20-year-old artist whose natural ability to express herself artistically brings her a sense of serenity and excitement. In the past year, she has been developing her own brand, Mistykh (her nickname), selling apparel and prints. Her dream is to silence those who doubt that art is a "real job".

Valentino Urroz

Valentino Urroz is a 21-year-old artist from Uruguay attending Broward College. Valentino enjoys playing loud music and painting weird stuff in his room all day and really should go outside sometime.

Michelle Wright

Michelle Wright wrote the poetry piece 'The Train'.

PANKU



Christopher Jenkins

Christopher Jenkins has excellent posture. Impeccably dressed and always punctual, he has a keen eye for literature and art. Christopher is happily married to his husband Spencer, and together they have two dogs. He said not to mention it, but he knows exactly where to put a comma.



Maya Rollerson

Maya Rollerson nuzzled her way into Pan Ku with her warm nature and subdued demeanor. She is often found posting memes in the group chat. When she is not collaborating with the team, Maya is an aspiring murder mystery author weaving tales of horror, suspense, and fantasy.



Cameron Walsh

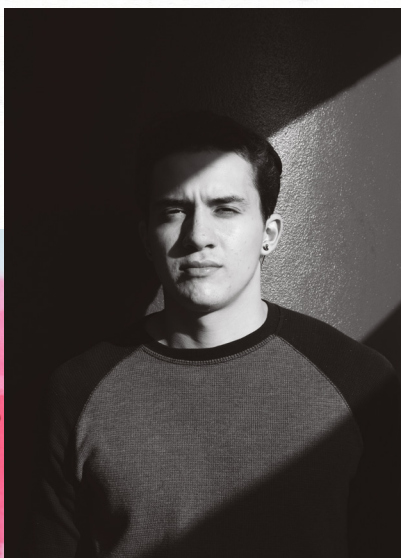
Cameron has been on the team for two semesters, and still she radiates that wonderful energy. She's genuine and gregarious, and connects with everyone she meets at a personal level. Cameron is the team's rolodex of information. Pan Ku would fall to pieces without her.

T E A M



Antonella Avogrado

Antonella Avogrado's first love is the moon. She is a calm spirit with a wild streak, who likes to draw, go to the beach, and designs bikinis in her spare time. Antonella is often awake in the wee hours of the night listening to music in gentle contemplation.



Mauricio Correa

Mauricio Correa is the team's dynamo, thinking, speaking, and moving a mile a minute day and night. He balances work, school, and Pan Ku He works full time, studies full time, and gives his absolute all to Pan Ku. Mauricio strikes a compelling balance between magnetism, arrogance, and nitroglycerin.



Michael Nguyen

Michael Nguyen is extremely talented. He's quiet and reserved, but deeply loyal and passionate. He cares for his friends and for his art, and is often lost in muddled emotion. Michael is skilled in poetry, photography, and design, a testament to his dual natures in Gemini and Aquarius. There are so few like him.

*PAN
KU*

