

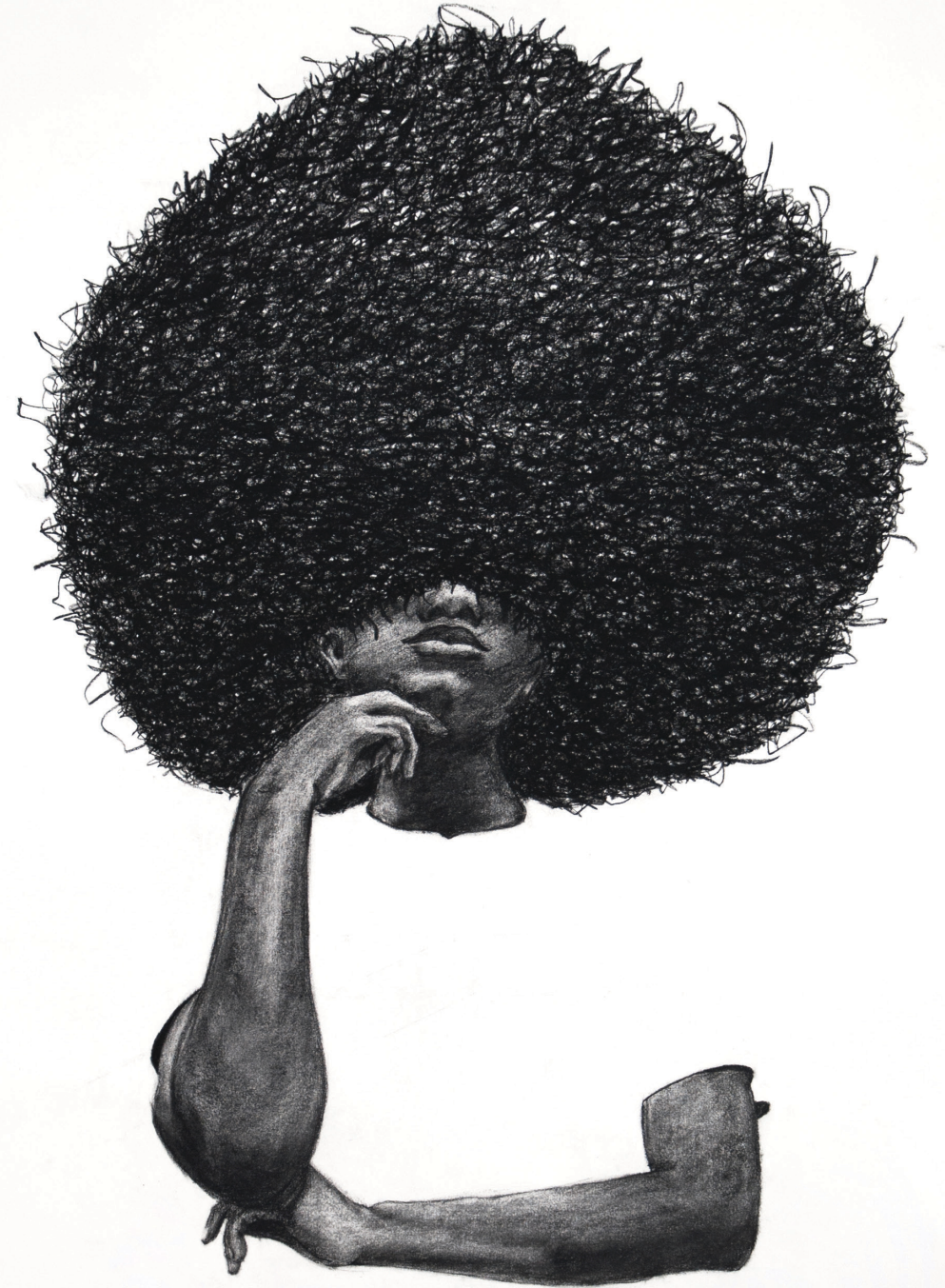
The poem is at last between two persons instead of two pages. In all modesty, I confess that it may be the death of literature as we know it.

FRANK O'HARA, PERSONISM: A MANIFESTO

VOL. 54 ISSUE 1

PANKU LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

BROWARD COLLEGE



PANKU

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

Starting circa 1964, Panku Magazine is a student run bi-annual literary and arts publication funded by Broward College. Our vnamesake is the Chinese God of Creation. Chinese mythology holds that Panku created the sun, the moon, the heavens and the earth. From Panku flew the wind and the thunder, and his fleas became the ancestors of man. Anyone endowed with creativity is said to be possessed by the spirit of Panku.

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Editor's Note

I am not one for formalities or for long letters. I don't want to beat around the bush with this, either, so I give you the following:

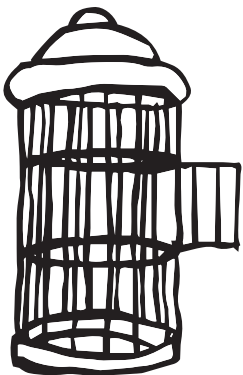
I am bored of nice. I am bored of quiet. This issue is not going to be either of those things. This issue was curated to provoke you, to play with you, and to demonstrate to you the electric force that is our student body.

This issue is for the troublemakers, the class clowns, and the tattletales. It is for the women who speak up despite being raised not to, the men who defy the expectations set for them, the minorities who refuse to be small, the artists who address the taboo, the writers who break the rules, and the creators who do not care for the appropriate or the traditional.

This issue is a love letter to the voices of the people. It is for and by the writers and artists who are not afraid to be political, to be sexual, to be radical, to be vocal,

to be subversive.

Mirjam Frosth
Editor in chief



TAKE IN THE ARTS R. Irene Moore, Collage



SOFT LIGHTBULB
R. Irene Moore, Textile, Wire and LED Lights

WASH RITE, TUESDAY SPECIAL

\$2.00 PER LOAD

MIRJAM FROSTH

The clothes are clean but wet why don't we just hang them up at home no we'll dry in the machine it's faster it's better but baby it's too high up, can you climb for me? I'm down to my last quarter. There's a Bravo next door. I'll get change. I promise. Somebody's brought their sticky baby here and it won't stop pounding pounding that nasty naked Barbie against stupid stupid baby blue plastic something is rattling in that one, baby, use machine two instead. Our clothes slosh for a full forty-five minutes in that awful halting whining machine, whining, yes! Whining! You and your zealot of a mother and that baby and that machine, shrill, all of you but, no, please, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I forget you too much I forget to bring enough quarters every time and I see it grating you down these weekly Electrolux trips spin restless like the sticky stupid babies you stare at smile at, babies delight you but you you my baby you are strict strict soft stoic Borax in our clothes under our fingernails and Warning: Warning: Keep Away From Children, Do Not Ingest, Do Not Take The Laundry Home On The Bus, the city smog isn't good for you, you know, it'll reek up the clothes it'll reek up the place, I know, I know, baby, can you call your mom? I can't talk to her I can't stand her guilty Catholic temperament but oh God oh Father I detest I barely have enough Hail Marys to dry our clothes. I don't know how we'll get home. You never completely get the smell out.

Agenda

MIRJAM FROSTH

protest solitude
smuggle in butterflies— leave
them to her to find



10

11

When My Time Comes

ANDREA CALEFFI

When my time comes
Will I be ready?
Or will I think about my nails
That are never done?

SHOWER

Ivar Fandel, Acrylic and oil on canvas

Many paintings are done around things that are close to me. My main model is my wife. She has a very strong personality, she's a professional, she's intelligent.

— Ivar Fandel, on "Shower"

El Desnudo

ROMINA PALMERO

Ten-feet tall tanks are lining the street.
Camera crews surrounding like snipers
to shoot every moment. Police officers
clad in military gear lodging tear bombs
into throngs of people.

In the crowd, a young man steps forward
nude, with a side bag and bible in hand,
and yells with conviction
This is how you left us!
Así! Desnudos!

Naked.

The people of Venezuela
discarded to rot.
Thrown to the rats.

Naked.

Los Chavistas begin hurling missiles
but he stands strong, climbs the first tank
and stretches his arms in a plea,
No lancen más bombas!
Don't throw any more bombs.

The police are not listening.
They are pulling at his ankles,
yelling to get him down.
They are calling him crazy.

On television, the president laughs
when he says "Good thing he didn't
drop a bar of soap, or it would have
been a whole other story."
He chuckles convincingly,
a calculated move.

But I saw your eyes Hans
Know why you did it
Y te lo comendo.

At The Gas Station Across The Street

ROMINA PALMERO

"Do you like coconuts?"

She tells me she was born
in the Philippines.
I imagine her small, hair black
as ribbons and messy
in the rear, feet roughened
by play and knees darkened by dirt.
She tells me she used to steal
her grandfather's machete
climb coconut trees
totter away with the fruits
in her skinny palm tree arms.
And I think of a girl on the corner
of a beach, machete the size
of her leg glinting in the sun
coconuts strewn at her feet.
She tilts her head back to gulp
at the oasis of coconut water
and it is as though brand-new
oxygen is entering her lungs.

Liquid dribbles from the corners
of her mouth.

Oceans

ALBERTO FRANCO

I done came all this way for what,
margaritas and peanuts?
sunburnt skin and beach clean ups?
I could've stayed in Cuba

only spoke my native tongue,
married the girl from where I grew up
strung up clothes under the sun
and told stories under la luna

but I'm here for a reason
somebody let the seas in
they're overflowing, trust me
I've seen hurricane seasons

my oceans flow deep under
the currents carry me to wonders
waves crash on a beach like thunder
awaken me from my deep slumber.



TYRONE

Aleksandra Sarmiento, Oil on canvas



TATUNIO Aleksandra Sarmiento, Oil on canvas

CLOVER Aleksandra Sarmiento, Oil on canvas





SELF PORTRAIT IN KLIMT Megan Earl, Oil on canvas

Dolphins 69ing At The Bottom Of Your Pool

A Hybrid Collage

ELI SCHROEDER

1) I stop buying expensive sunglasses right before we break up for the last time.

2) You laugh until you cry and you can't breathe and your face starts to turn blue over a card that reads "A sad, fat dragon with no friends."

20 3) Fragmented memories that become further removed from reality each time they cross my mind.

4) He takes a picture of us at your 20th birthday party. You're asleep with your head in my lap. I have it saved somewhere.

5) You kiss me, like it's a favor done for me.

6) I ignore the problems as if rings on our fingers will make them irrelevant.

7) I remember when I believed I would stop thinking about you.

8) The last time we have sex is in my parents' bed. I make you pizza but can't eat any. We talk after and it is uncomfortable. I don't ask you the questions I need to. You leave and I go to a party to drink.

9) You didn't have to save me. You tell me that I should love you better as if I'm holding back.

10) I watch you go to Yahoo's search engine and look up "Google Images" so you can find pictures to use in a presentation for your computer literacy class.

11) I have to buy three pairs of sunglasses on our trip to Disneyworld.

12) The secret to losing weight quickly is severe insomnia and a diet that consists entirely of alcohol and diet soda.

13) I chew gum almost every time I leave the house.

14) I start writing myself notes and letters to keep from texting you. Sometimes I open these and read through them to see how much they still resonate with me.

15) I get this feeling when you hold me close I know it's burning but I won't let go They told me I couldn't go higher I'm flying with my wings on fire

16) I break my hand while telling my brother about what you did and what you're doing. I am drunk and the shed doesn't react to my fist against its wall.

17) Tell me that you love me, even if it's fake.

18) You ask me if the shuttle at the Kennedy Space Center is the Space Needle.

19) I start chewing gum when I'm anxious because you read something somewhere that said it might help.

21) I kiss you like your lips provide oxygen and I am suffocating.

22) His roommate tells me you are just a phase for him. I'm too drunk to know if this is a lie.

23) The first time we make love is right after I get my license and right before you get yours. You deserve an actual bed for your first time but you insist that an abandoned parking lot on campus is fine. The cramped backseat of my Volkswagen is okay. As long as it's me.

24) The difference between moving on and forgetting.

25) I am drunk and crying and alone when my brother's girlfriend offers to kick your ass. She could beat you in a fight and it makes me laugh.

26) My hand is still in a splint when I drive into a telephone pole. The police officer asks if I swerved because a deer jumped in front of me and I say yes.

27) There's snow covering the windows of my car. The only thing that gets through is light from the street lamps. In the backseat, we are the only source of heat. We are alone.

BEHIND THE DOOR,
SHE WAITED

Maxbary Maurisset, Film photography

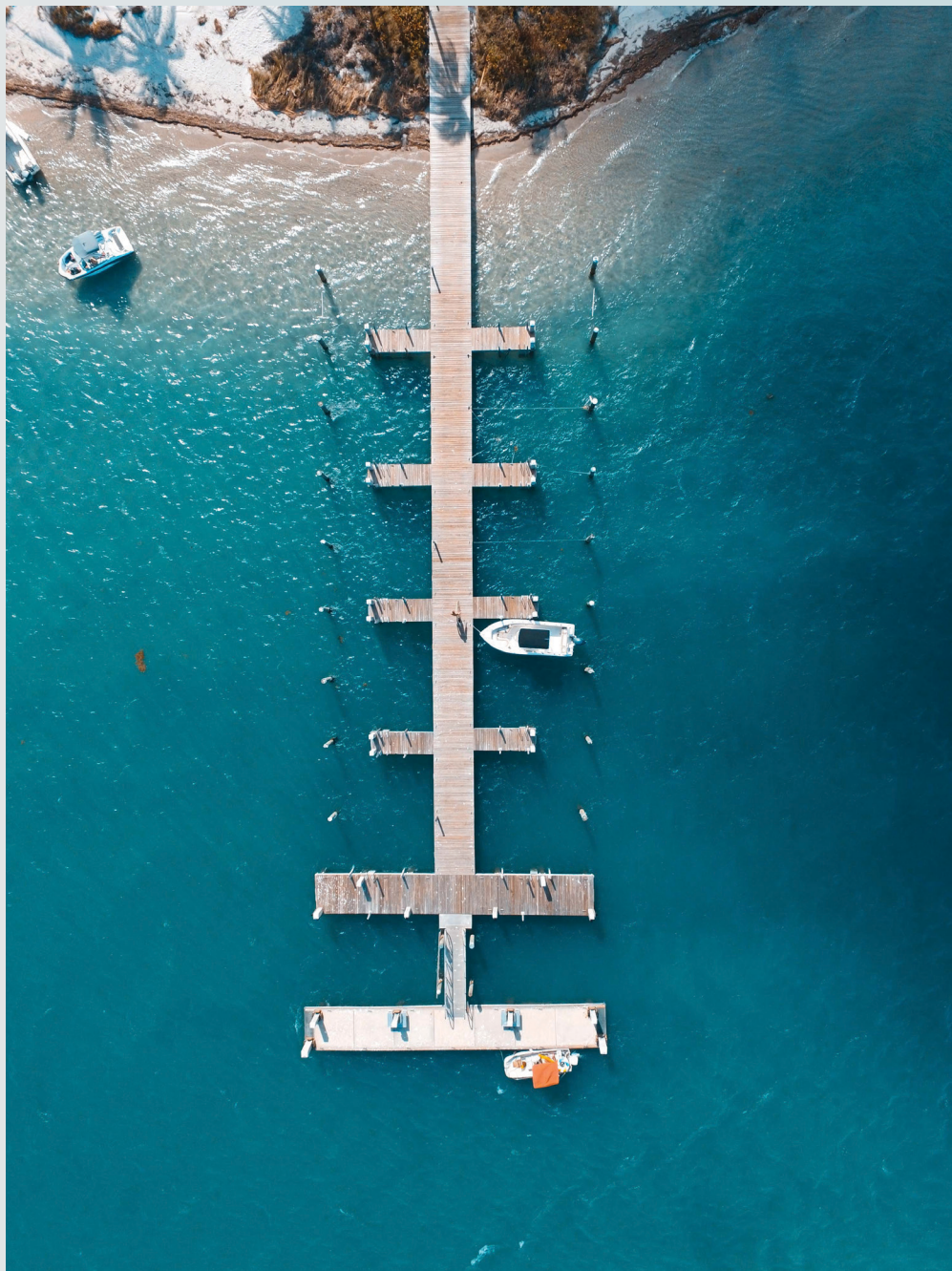


OPULENCE

Maxbary Maurisset, Film photography

STEP BY STEP Maxbary Maurisset, Film photography





THE DROP OFF

Chaney Hewlett, Digital photography

WHERE I BELONG
Chaney Hewlett, Digital photography



Fallout

ZOE ELEKTRA NOUEL

My love is nuclear
waste burning skin.
Your organs fail,
carrying its impact
on to your progeny.

Write your poems
to me on your arm
in acid so when future
lovers ask you'll have
to mumble something
along the lines of
memories of an ex.

I want you to writhe
in the absence of me.
Lungs scorched as they
search for my words
to fill the dead air.

Melted fragments
of what we had float
like blossoms in the
radiation. Eyes of tar
watch you struggle
as you sink into the
waters of Fukushima.

A Precaution

ZOE ELEKTRA NOUEL

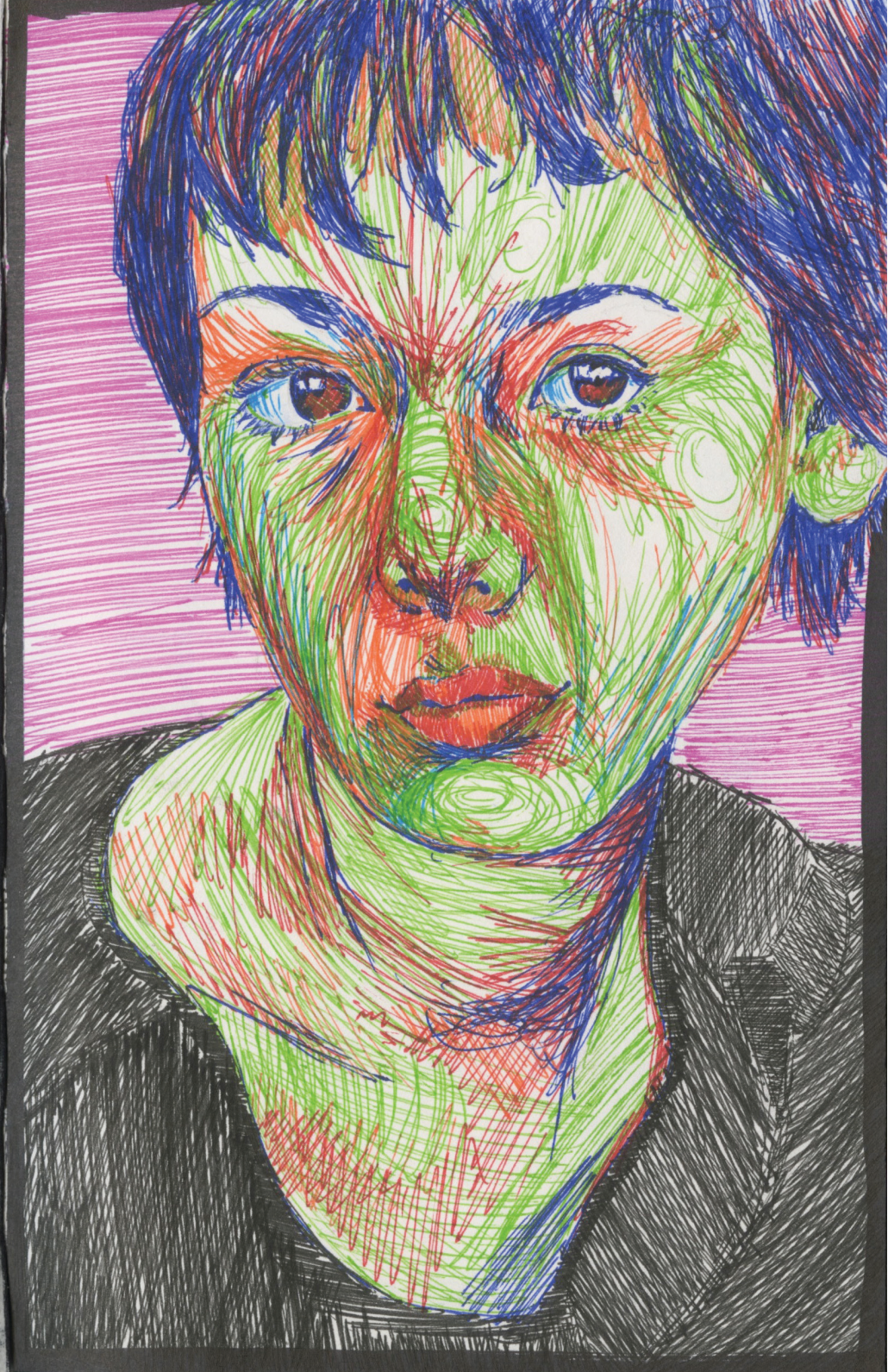
A lion hides inside this girl.
A scorpion behind those dark
eyes of hers. An adder twisting
on the tip of her tongue,
and they're waiting.

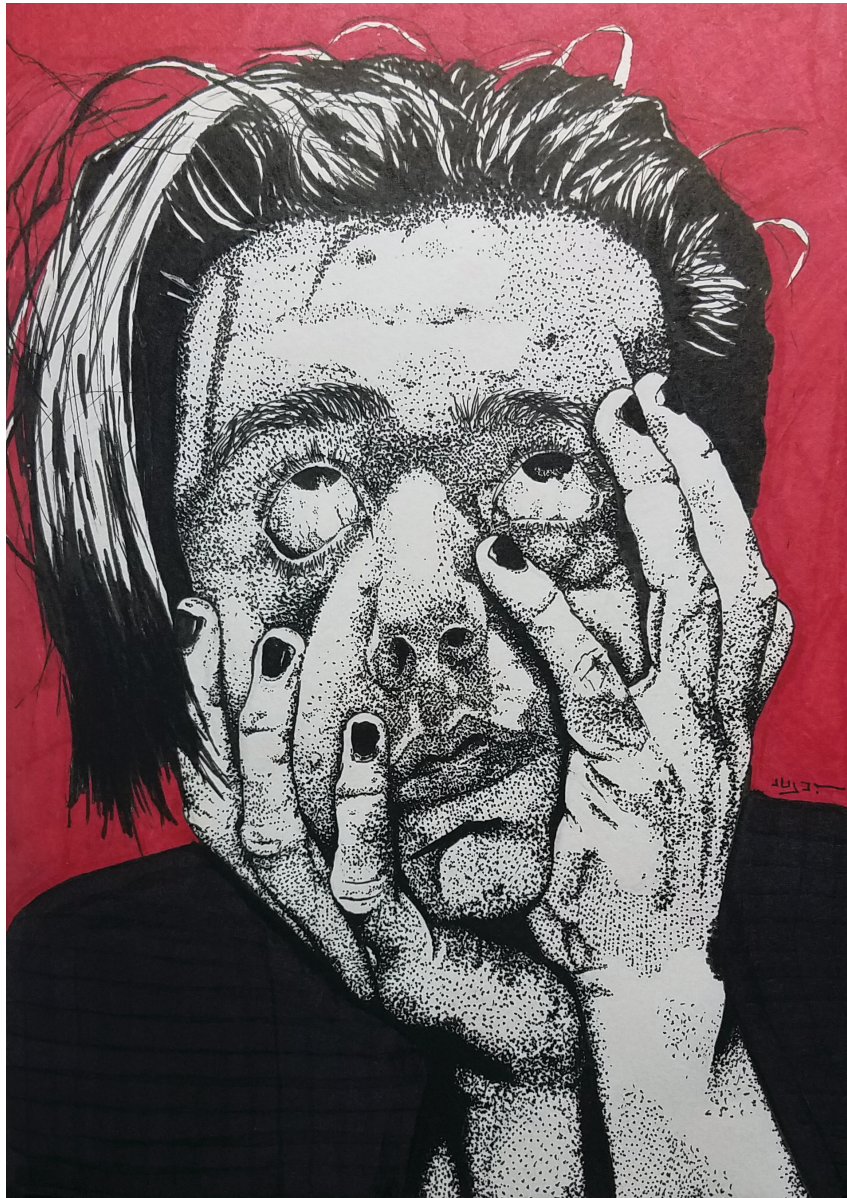
For the moment you forget
she makes the tides rise
with a shake of her hips.
Time stops with a turn
of that smile. You've been
warned.

A lion hides inside this girl.
Her magic will not be defiled.



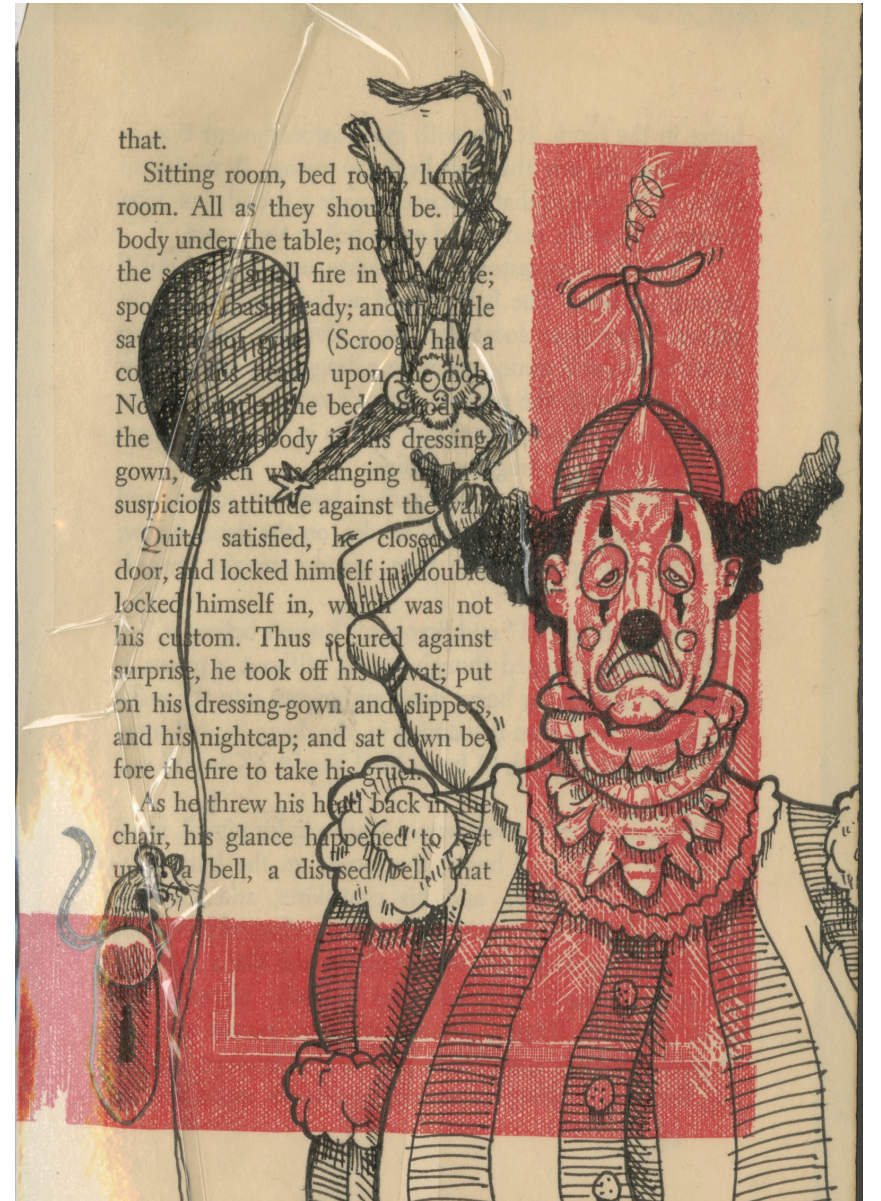
MODEL NO. 7 Colby Larrucea, Ink on paper





RED: A SELF PORTRAIT
Colby Larrucea, Micron and sharpie on paper

CLOWN
Colby Larrucea, Micron on paper



QUESTION NO. 2

LAURA TORLASCHI



It was during one of my daily attempts to self-aggrandize for some financial award that I was asked an insufferable question. After assessing my options, and deciding hair pulling was not a productive one, I reread the application.

"Please list the influences on your intellectual development."

The previous battery of questions were sufficiently thought provoking, mostly because I had to find an original way to sound like every other over-achieving dreamer. However, something about that particular question was evocative enough to snap me out of my academia induced zombie haze. Warning: excessive vanity in short response answers may cause system failure.

Maybe a question that forced me to even consider what the hell something as vague as "intellectual development" means contributed to my intellectual development. I don't think The Scholarship Overlords take very kindly to sarcastic answers, however, my positional shortcomings do not erase my honesty. I cordially invite myself to offer the following criticism. It shouldn't matter what influenced my intellectual development. "I read a book by Leo Tolstoy once and now I'm incredibly intelligent and love impenetrable prose" doesn't seem to reflect on my character very much. Maybe just my propensity for author name-dropping and pretension. They should ask why I even give a damn about intellectual development (and I do, god help me I do).

So here, endless questionnaire, is my answer to the (revised) inquiry:

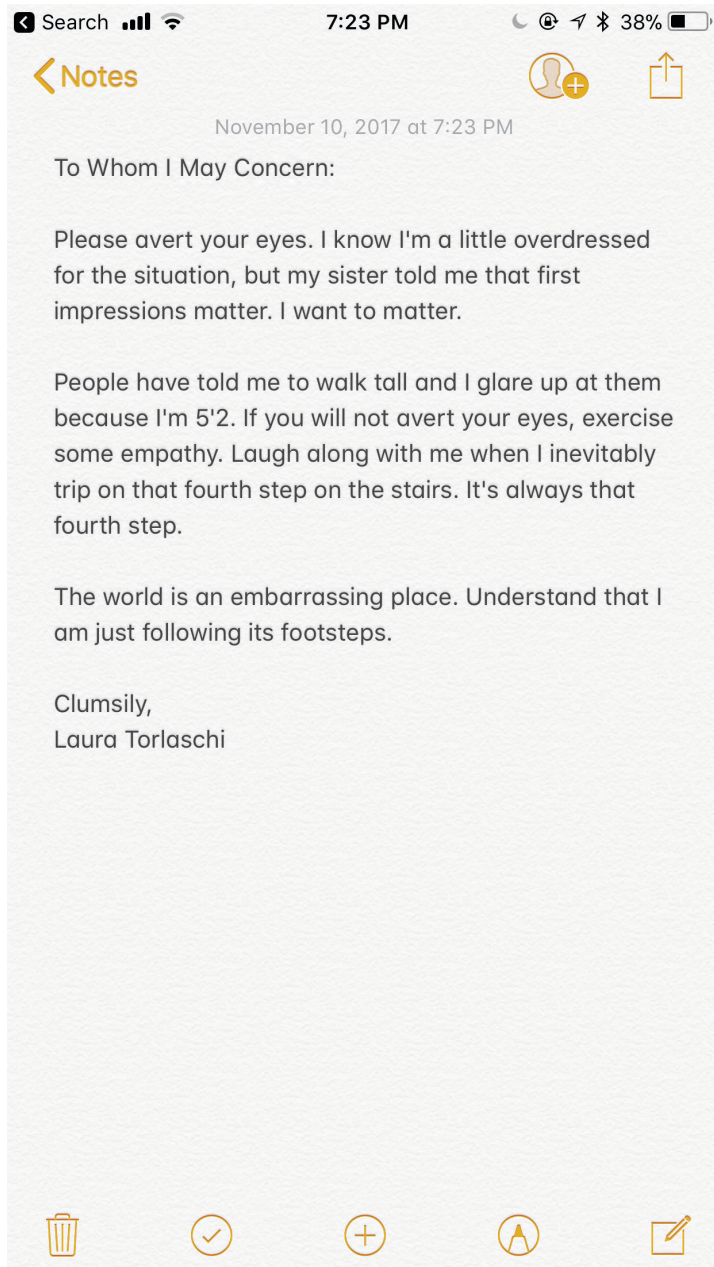
Spending innumerable hours on a worn out couch under anxious paralysis begat the search for a purpose. I wasn't too picky. No ordaining deity or universe required. I was content forging it by my own hand, fumbling for some stabilization. Something needed to move my spirit enough, or at least my body. I was starting to make an imprint

on that couch. In hindsight, those hours could've gone towards actual accomplishments. But I never was the efficient type.

I suspect that I'm not the only one that spends more time thinking about purpose than actually fulfilling it. Even without a concrete idea, having that word to tack onto this existence grants some surface level clarity. Go forth and espouse that magic word! It's our favorite little pastime. How else will anyone create a sense of legitimacy and direction in a world muddled with grey areas not meant for them? Someday, I want to take some time to dance in those grey areas. They're starting to look brighter than the spots I'm stuck in now.

I've chosen impact as my magic word. It's circled in one of my dictionaries, red pen ink bleeding through the fibers of the page. I intend to leave giant shoe prints in the soil of the earth while I'm here, and on a page while I'm not. It's partially humanitarian in nature. A clock is always ticking in my ear and I'd much rather hear everyone else's needs instead. I can admit my self-interest though. Maybe it's not healthy to strive for immortalization, but god, don't we all want to feel like we did something? So here's where "intellectual

"Maybe it's not healthy to strive for immortalization, but god, don't we all want to feel like we did something?"



I was quite literally answering a scholarship question. I had been doing all these essays, I had to email all these professors. It felt like restriction. I needed to open another document and write what it is I really wanted to say.

— Laura Torlachi, on “Question No. 2”

“No ordaining
deity or universe
required.”

development” comes crashing in. The company I keep forces me to keep up. My bookshelves are overpacked with political theory and tales of humanity, a desperate attempt to find some context. I test the patience of an excessive amount of people by asking an excessive amount of questions. On a wild goose chase for the right purpose, arms flailing about, I try to find a plan. Whether I ever will is unclear, but that clock is still ticking and it’s getting angry.

Thankfully, the search for clarity might not be a lost cause. I’ve overheard some talk about a grand scheme. I’m not inclined to trust schemes, but it allegedly involves all of us. It’s implied that this scheme has something to do with that purpose I wanted to cultivate. Everything has its place and its reason to be there. So I latch onto the scheme, because I need to latch onto something. My purpose can always be shoehorned in there, somehow.

The universe has a blueprint and I’m supposed to be on there, somewhere.

To-Do: Learn how to read a blueprint.

In the meantime, I’ll work with insufficient directions on scholarship applications and blueprints I can’t decipher. I stopped expecting the answer to hit me in the face, shoulders tensed and teeth clenched while I brace for impact. I’d rather be hit by something less painful. A baseball or car, perhaps. I’m still restless, though. I feel something coming. Maybe it’ll come in some unshakable fever dream, bones burning under the sheets.

That a-ha moment.

DESIGNER DOG

Stacy Karnal, Acrylic on canvas

The more ridiculous, the better.

— Stacy Karnal



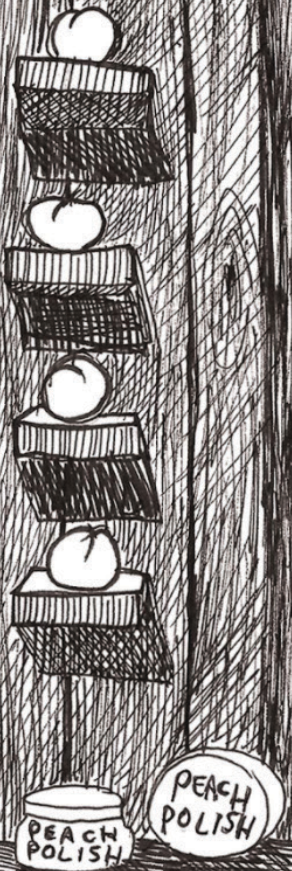
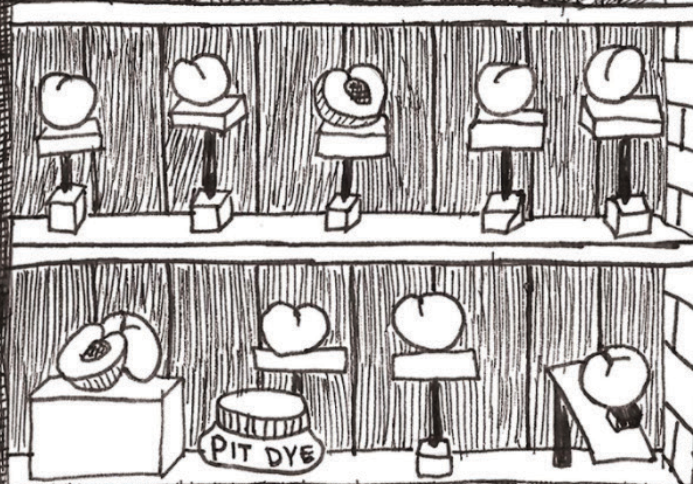
THE SLOTHGGIES
Stacy Karnal, Pen and ink on paper

PEACH COBBLER

1571

PEACH REPAIR
WHILE U WAIT
OPEN 24 HOURS

STEM REMOVAL
LEAF DYEING
FUZZ CONDITIONING
PIT REPLACEMENT







ABSTRACT II Anabel Rub Peicher, Ceramic

Leaves

LOU PAIGE

we dropped our footprints in hollow places
while leaves gathered around us
speaking into the soles of our shoes

knocking against bone
asking us our permission in hush tones
before flooding into our lungs.

they found little rips and tears
located our weak spots where
we were soft and tender

susceptible
like empty shopping carts left
stranded in the night.

Endless Cycle

LOU PAIGE

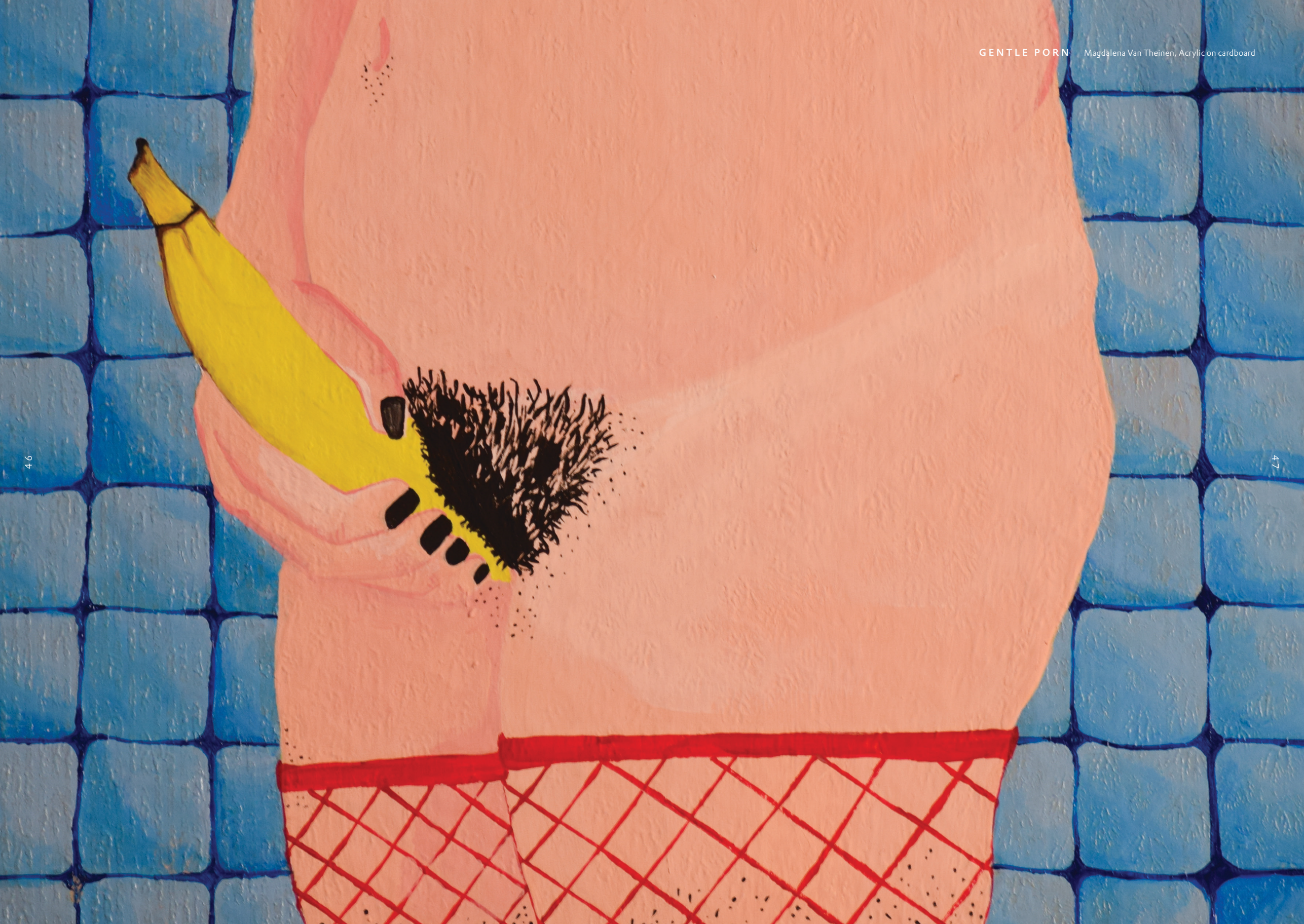
Too many years spent
with little conviction.

identity shifts,
dragging the coals out
of the fire.

I am no longer soft anymore.
I am no longer weaponized.

still in transition,
with my safety on.

but my skin screams
revolution,
and I bruise easily.



Carrying A Difficult Name

DASCHIELLE LOUIS

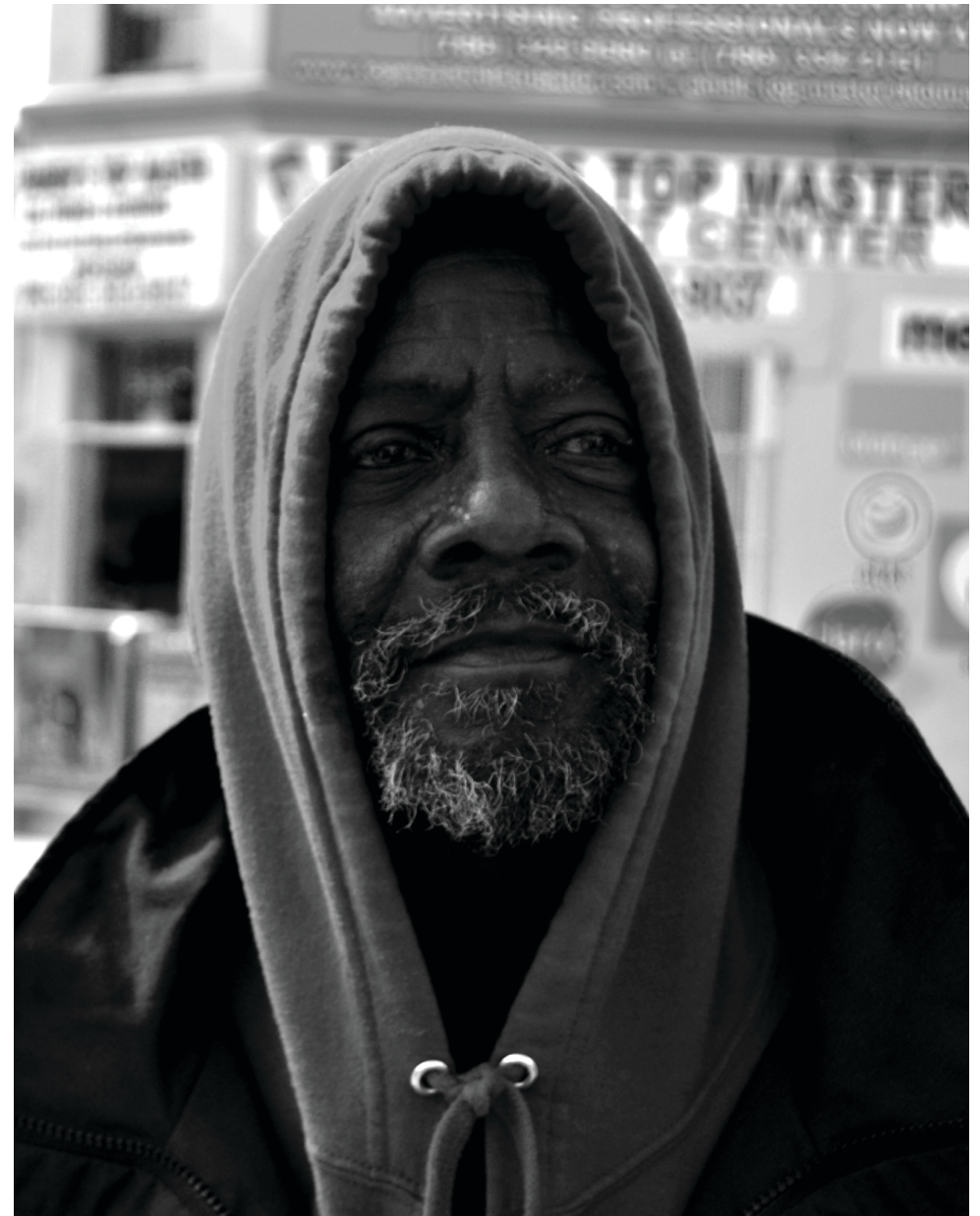
sometimes my name is spicy
like pikliz on freshly fried plantains
then it caresses the tongue
like honey dous in a jacmel summer

my names language bites back
and cuts between the tooth and throat
and spills lazily out of perplexed lips
or too aggressive to over thinkers

the body of my name is too often misused
and made to feel good
then abused

they talk about my name like
its not in the room
then smile and call it cute
what a ways to pack such a little thing in a big box
such full power in a small space of value

there are ledges that have seen
others shake from the weight
of such a difficult name
the tongues that have tired
from a name like mine
demanding nothing more than the truth

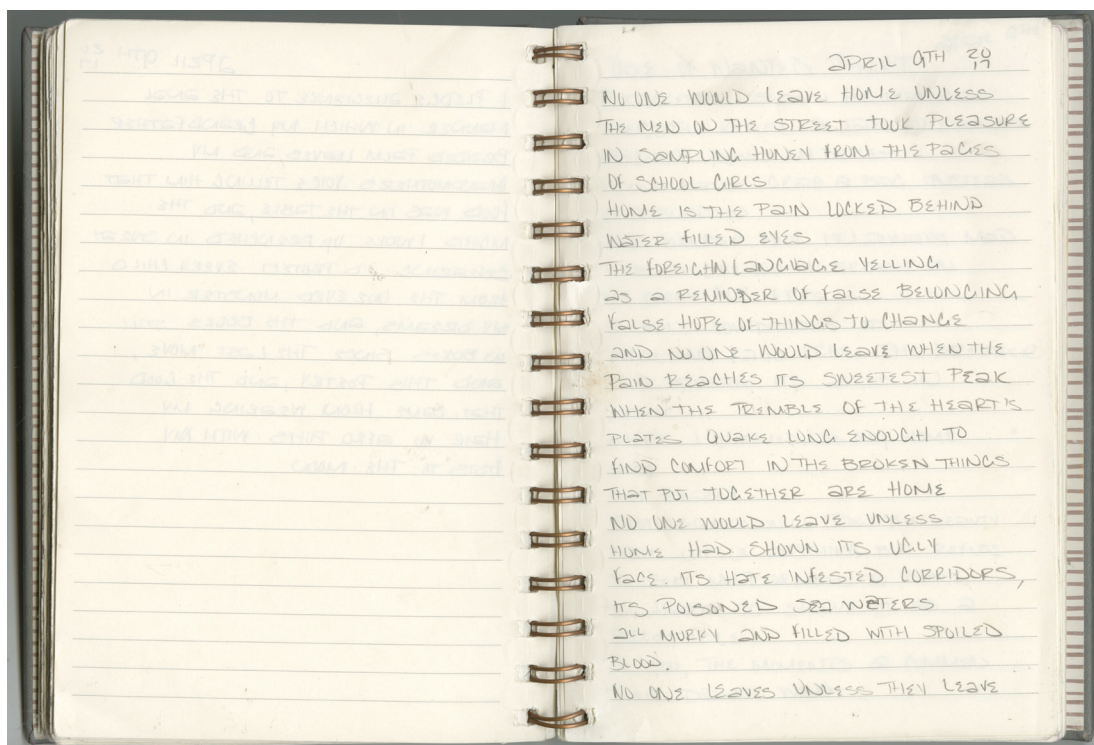


THE BLOCK

Daschelle Louis, Digital photography

"My recent writing is more about being a second generation immigrant, about bringing those images from Haiti—from Haiti to the ones that are still there.

—Daschielle Louis, on "No Place Like Home"



No Place Like Home

DASCHIELLE LOUIS

no one would leave home unless the men
on the street took pleasure in sampling
honey from the pages of school girls.
home is the pain locked behind water
filled eyes. the foreign language yelling
as a reminder of false belonging.
false hope of things to change, and no
one would leave when the pain reaches
its sweetest peak. when the tremble
of the hearts plates quake long enough
to find comfort in the broken things
that, put together, are home. no one
would leave unless home had shown its ugly
face. its hate infested corridors; poisoned
sea waters all murky and filled with spoiled
blood.

no one leaves unless being woke feels as
displeasing as suffocating, and the letters
to Gonaïve read like death notes.

theres no place like gone

Returning to Ti Mache

DASCHIELLE LOUIS

they watch us
from the far ends
of the market.
the men.

watches dangled
from wrist as pearl
eyes peer into the fabric
of our lives.

colors, dancing and bending
against our skin as we curl
our lips into smiles.
or lies.

or fleeting feelings we graze
towards the floor as we rise
and dip the helms of our skirts
lower than rubbish after earthquake.

oh we smile

manman ayiti fell asleep at the wheel
and we carry her on the lining
of our dresses, and they wonder how
we get our backs to sing.

bend back in blues, and krik
krak in kompa. careful not to
let the dirt of the world sleep
too long under our fingernails.

we are jazz
in the garden
of ayiti.

but no one
will remember
the way ayitis
eyes weep.

Before I Checkout

DASCHIELLE LOUIS

take these little things and place them in a
spiral notebook you write down poetry in the
evenings when the moon is giving birth on a
bed of roses in a garden your mother planted
when your father beat her with his wisdom
and strengthened nail guns run rampant in
the streets as their bullets make homes in the
hollows of an unexpected chess matches in a
park in the middle of winter are unheard of but
matches as suspects in an arson investigation
are not the average cup of joes from starbucks
baristas who can now tell you that your black

skin is the same as the piece of paper folded in your breast pocket where the heart is supposed
to be quiet at the opera as the lady sings the
blues printed on another damn body lying on
the street in a pool of its own blood clogs in
the arteries when it feels threatened to leave
its home towns are burned down as children
run barefoot screaming for their fathers day is
always a hard one for me because my mother
met hers at the age of eighteen and when i was
in her shoes i called my father and told him i
wanted to dance in the rain with words bend
and break in the throats of women too used to
silent nights in loud cities echoed by the sound
of a hummingbirds last song before it was a
little thing that tasted like honey rum soaking a
piece of cake in the middle of autumn

GIRAIN ANDREWS is inspired by the women in his life and wants to use his creativity to spread positive influences and uplift the black community.

ANDREA CALEFFI originally from Brazil, has loved English since they began learning the language at the age of fifteen.

IVAR FANDEL expresses the moods of human beings and their relationships to their environments.

ALBERTO FRANCO connects to others by writing about his observation and experiences in the current world and then turning music.

CHANEY HEWLETT deeply connected to the Florida waters, works to capture the magnificence and wonder of the ocean in his work.

STACY KARNAL express her sense of human with visual puns and comical messages. Her key? "The more ridiculous, the better."

COLBY LARRUCEA only sixteen years old, aims to provoke thought with his work — "Imagine all the impossibilities.

MAXBARY MAURISSET fell in love with film after just one semester. He loves seeing the correlation between his two loves, skateboarding and photography.

R. IRENE MOORE enrolled in fine arts with her husband's encouragement. "Now, I have the privilege to walk in the path on which I should have been from the beginning."

ZOE ELEKTRA is inspired by the natural world, her cultural background, her lovers, and poets before her.

LOU PAIGE aims to showcase their point of view through their art. Their hopes for the future? "More writing, more challenges, and less self-doubt."

ROMINA PALMERO is an art major who finds company through in poetry. She hopes to one day work with art exhibitions or museums while developing her own talents.

JESSICA REYES focuses on the portrayal of young Floridian locals. The theme behind her painting, *Beach Bum*, is inspired by Florida's tropical colors and scenery.

ANABEL RUB PEICHER is dedicated to creating art in three dimensions, using ceramics, metals, resins, and stone.

ALEKSANDRA SARIMENTO born and raised in Poland, is now pursuing her lifelong passion of fine arts after completing her physical therapy assisting degree.

From those
who brought you
this magazine,
we thank you.



MIRJAM
FROSTH

Insatiable



MICHAEL
NGUYEN

Modest but hottest



LAURA
TORLASCHI

A very busy woman



ALEXANDRA
BERLIN

You thought punk was dead



DASCHIELLE
LOUIS

*Sits with poems,
hears your heart*



MAGDALENA
VAN THEINEN

Laid back, but will bite back



ELI
SCHROEDER

*Most likely to
die from sarcasm*



SIMONE
KELLY

Exhausted, does it anyway



MEGAN
EARL

Joie de vivre incarnate



EMMANUEL
EBRI

The definition of amicable

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