

VOL. 55 ISSUE 1

PANKU LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

BROWARD COLLEGE

PANKU

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

Hold on to the color in your day

-Nai Palm, *Homebody*

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FALL 2018 • ISSUE NO. 1

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Founded in 1964, Panku Magazine is a student-run, bi-annual literary and arts publication funded by Broward College. Our namesake 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.

FALL 2018 • ISSUE NO. 1

PANKU

COVER ART - PATCHES AND PANELS

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Editor's Note

Dear reader,

I am a very uncertain person. I did not know what I was getting into when I joined this magazine. I did not know some class room on Las Olas would become more comfortable than my own bed, or that I would spend my Friday mornings surrounded by people who genuinely love what they do, and are indisputably amazing at it.

This issue was created to showcase the ingenious student body that is Broward College. These are not ordinary students. These are visionaries. These are people with a message, with a voice. And they have never failed to inspire me.

I have held my breath this entire semester and walked confidently while leading this staff, sometimes in the wrong direction.

But I have found my way back, I have caught my breath, and we finished.

And I am so proud of you all.

This room is my third place. These people are my home. Panku is my certainty.

This magazine is yours,
Take care of it.

Simone Kelly
Editor in chief

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Moving Day

NATALIE KASPER

I finally get my own desk.

Instead of sitting at the dining table,

going numb in those hard chairs.

While you're busy upgrading the TV

and game console, I'm redecorating the house

without you in it.

Papi

NICOLE FORERO

His cheeks were suffused with a crimson red,

his hands tinted with a sandy brown hue.

He carried his body with expectations,

but his feet dismissed hope.

In a foreign mind, his acts would be perilous.

In a foreign land, his acts were for survival.

Papi believes that survival triggers

the vividest remembrances,

he remembers vividly.

His favorite part: the roar of an off-white

Chevrolet Blazer with blinding lights,

competing with those of the moon

driving on the lofty railroad bridge he was on,

disappeared fleetingly after what felt like perpetuity.

The retreat lifted a cloud of Navajo white dust.

Another Blazer came to fill its spot,

as if it were the only vehicle appointed

for such a hectic guard.

In the midst of it all, Papi

crawled in a supple vexation.

He reached the other side of the crossing,

and sprang like a spring out of a pen barrel.

His body now shared that sandy,

brown hue on his hands.

There he was, on the other side of Río Grande.

He slithered his way from xenophilia to xenophobia.

He carried his body

with expectations through the Borderlands.

From there, everything felt like crossing a border.

He made it in the land we all walk.

and the land we all walk in made him.

"I've worked hard," he says "for everything."



SLOW MOTION

Favianna Camargo, Digital Photography

R.I.P. Sears

MADELYN GIBSON

On July 15, 2018, Sears closed its doors. Rumor had it they were closing it down to build an arcade, thus attracting a younger demographic to the mall.

In other words, younger generations do not appreciate Sears.

I visited the store a few weeks earlier. I only saw a handful of clothes, a couple of beds, and a few ugly rugs. I watched as customers plucked items off the racks and shelves like it was Black Friday. I couldn't bear to take anything.

The emptiness stung my eyes as I raced upstairs to see the remains of the second floor; I passed all the sportswear and the rugs, wondering when Sears sold rugs. I rushed to the beds.

I will miss the pants. These were no ordinary pants. These were the big thigh appreciating, hugged-your-hips-when-no-else-would pants, make you have a butt type pants. Pants that felt as if God designed them. I don't think I can find another store that respects my body at a low price.

I will miss the beds. Those beds were my plushy playground. Where I giggled about boys with friends, and brought a date to the Tempur-Pedics to unwind. It was the first place I went to unsupervised with William. Pillow talk built our bond. It is where he tried to hint to me about coming out. Where his anxiety covered us both, better than any blanket could, so no one could see us while we talked.

If Sears was still open, I would buy you the best jacket and the top-selling bed. If I couldn't find those items in the quality you deserve, I would sew you a jacket with my own heartstrings. So whenever you're nervous, my love would protect you from the anxiety demons and those ugly rugs that plagued you. The bed would be stuffed with my warmth. So you could rest somewhere away from your father when he sniffs that white powder, instead of taking care of you.

Sears will always be the fortress that protected us and housed our growing pains.

If I could go back I'd treat the clothes like Gucci and Prada, treat the beds like they were mini cloud nines, and worship the rugs like they were the thing that brought us there.



7 FACES ONE HAND
Noann Maia, Mixed Media

BANK OF CONSUMERS
Noann Maia, Mixed Media



Westview

MICHELLE TOMBACK

I am from dog hair, perpetually
trapped in the fibers of my clothes,
from TV static and popcorn ceilings
and “be kind, please rewind.”

I am from blistering bare
feet on searing asphalt,
and saltwater waves breaking
over my open wounds,

I am from a modern matriarchy:
a pink polyester world of
Powerpuff Girls and Polly Pockets PMS

I am from Hera.

Her sacred calf, the runt of the litter.

I am from the bitter flavor
Dove soap on my taste buds,
spitting up bubbles into the sink.
capital punishment for a foul mouth.

I am from the stench
of Marlboros and Tide
lingering on my clothes,
a whiff of Folger’s in forehead kisses.

From the industrial leaf blower roaring
outside my window at eight a.m.
Crash-landing back into my body.

Emancipation

ALEXANDREA HOLDER

She asked me,
“where do your poems come from?”
I pulled myself apart —
peeling back my melanin,
playing double-dutch through sinew,
detangling braids of muscle fiber,
crossing rivers of my blood,
navigating the forests of my veins
until we came upon The Cage.

I asked if She was bold enough to peak in.
while She stood frozen in contemplation
I slipped between the bars —
like a blade between ribs —
coming back to Her with hands bloodied,
carrying a new gift.

CATH

Claudette Goico, Black Scratchboard



LANKY LEAN
Sydney Bouwens, Wire Sculpture

Don't Leave Any Inch of my Canvas Unattended

PAULA VALERO

finger paint me,
paint the mountains
bring your brush to the top
make it jump from the cliff,
down the river
where the waters run smoothly

we lay on the canvas
play with the brushes
mix colors and touches
creating an abstract masterpiece

RETINAL STUDY OF CHICAGO

Sydeny Bouwens, Gouache on Bristol



GOING TO A CITY

Deirde Miller, Watercolor on Paper



SCARS OF LIFE
Daniela Fuenmayor, Wire Sculpture

Night

MIRANDA PEREZ

26 An empty spot remains on the key hook where my parents' keys hung an hour ago.

“Love you!” I say. “Don't worry, I'll be fine! See you tomorrow.”

There is nothing more peaceful to me than an empty, quiet night alone in my house. Can I watch whatever I want on the big television? Yes, I can. Can I listen to music in the kitchen as loud as I want while eating a midnight snack? Why yes, I can. And can I pee with the door open with no worries? Yes, the night is mine. I go looking for one of those glass coke bottles that my mom buys when we want to feel fancy. My fridge is filled with pictures of my family and I: little league, karate, prom; warm pictures to counteract the cold fridge on which they live. Now it's just me and my dog left to spend the night however we please.

“Please.”

That's what I see when I look into my dogs eyes as I place my Coke on the table, realizing I forgot the bottle opener in the kitchen, and sit on the couch.

“Please, take me outside,” he says with his stare and soft cry.

With a sigh, I pull myself off the couch and grab the leash that rests on the bookshelf next to my dog's bed. As the leash jingles, my dog immediately sits up in excitement. I put the leash on him and open the back door; he eagerly runs out. A warm breeze hits my face. Trees blanket the night. I pass the small, blooming plants from my father's garden which line each side of my backyard. Perfect night for a walk.

Our walks are so routine, at this point, I basically just follow my dog's lead because he knows where to go. The walk goes smoothly, as he does his business. We begin to walk back. I grab my phone and start switching songs. I feel my dog stop walking. I look up. A man is in my backyard—he's looking around for something or maybe someone. He finds me.

Our eyes lock, but I can't see his face, I'm still a distance away. He steps toward me, I step back.

“I turn to see him running after me and suddenly I realize I might be running for my life.”

What do I do? Who is he? Maybe he means no harm.

“So, you live here? Don't you?” He stares at me with eyes I can't see.

Adrenaline seeps through me as I try to understand his purpose for being outside my home. Then I notice the mask. My dog starts barking. The man steps forward again.

Run. I think.

And I do. I turn to see him running after me and I suddenly realize I might be running for my life.

“Wait! I don't want to hurt you! Don't make this any harder—”

Oh God, I'm being chased into what I know is a dead end. It's a dead end. He keeps trying to talk to me but I can't focus over the sound of my heavy breathing. I only now realize my dog has left my side. He keeps trying to talk. Where do I go? What's my next move? Should I look back? I look back. He's closer. Just keep running. Oh, God, I hear his breathing getting closer to me. Just keep running. His hand snatches hold of my hair. Just keep run—we fall.

“I run back toward my home with each step a step toward life, a step toward safety.”

He knocks me over and both our bodies hit the ground.

I grasp hold of weeds that slip through my fingers. He grabs at my feet. I'm kicking and screaming as I try to attack in whatever way I can. I grab his mask. It comes off. He tries to cover my mouth. I free up a leg and kick him in the stomach as I get some room to get away from him. Not enough room. I'm grabbed from behind and I think it is all over. I manage to get both feet off the ground and kick a nearby tree that forces us both to be knocked backwards.

I quickly get up and turn and try to scratch his face. When I see blood, I know I succeeded. He yells out in pain but it only makes him angry. Maybe I should give up. No, I've seen his face. I can't go back now. He's coming back toward me. He lands a big hit across my face and I see stars, I'm on the ground. Am I bleeding? Am I dying? Where is he? My eyes are open but it's like I can't see. I hear him grunt as he comes to grab me off the ground. A rock. A rock sits next to me. I pick it up and aim for his head. He's on the ground.

Now's my chance. *Run.*

I run back toward my home with each step a step toward life, a step toward safety. I spot my dog lying in the grass, waiting for me. I'll come back for him after I call the police. I see my house, I see my safety. The door is in sight and the man is still down wherever he is. I reach the door, I turn

“I reach into my pockets and realize my phone must be out in the battlefield.”

28 it and slam it shut as I lock it and take a moment of rest. My heart's pounding. I'm bleeding from my nose. I see my Coke on the counter and take a sip to stop me from throwing up.

Just breathe. I've got to call 911. I reach into my pockets and realize my phone must be out in the battlefield.

Just breathe. I think. *You're safe now.*

I keep moving. I pick my head up and go for the phone. I begin to call 911. The phone line is dead. The phone box is in the backyard. The man must have thought I was in the house and didn't want me calling anyone.

Dammit.

Just breathe. I scan the room for a towel to wipe my face, but I don't find a towel. I find something else. I find someone else. Another mask. We lock eyes. Then I realize—there are two.

“A warm breeze hits my face. Trees blanket the night. I pass the small, blooming plants from my father's garden which line each side of my backyard. Perfect night for a walk.”

From “Night”

INCAHUASI

Michael Lozano, Digital Photography



Ouroboros

JORDAN BERMUDEZ

Long ago, when time
was but a recent apparatus,
I knew nothing of storms.

Sent down on gray free fall,
you joined my cornerless source.

You, the fair sky above,
saw everything I was.

We merged, we swayed,
blended into this fateful fluidity
underneath gravity and mars.

Pantomime

ANDREW ACOSTA

Oh John, quiet John
silencing calls from mom
meant it was home to blues;
dusting those puppy hands,
like Picasso,
shadowing white sheets
with the beauty of youth

Two orbits 'round;
I found myself on the ground floor,
affording that peace we yearned for
slowly settling the score with God

Pondering lonely thoughts
of you, the holy,
watching me ride white elephants;
thinking of me, lowly



CRY OF HOPE
 Sebastian Vasquez, Digital Photography

FLOWER BOY
 Corey Lovett, Monotype Print and Oil Paint





CITY IN THE SKIES

Peter Seo, Digital Art



Alexandrea

ALEXANDREA HOLDER

When my mother learned I would be a girl, she had her heart set on two names; I was to be ‘Alexis Latrice’ or ‘Latrice Alexis.’ In her excitement, she would speak my name aloud as if painting the space I would one day occupy. She painted it bright and open and free, to chase away the claustrophobia of her own youth. ‘Alexis Latrice’ would never know how deep the shadows of a linen closet bed; ‘Latrice Alexis’ would never know the bite of a mother’s shame.

My father’s sisters would hear my mother speak my name and scowl.

“That’s a witch’s name,” they protested.

Because *Dynasty* was popular then and they weren’t so crass as to use the B.

My mother fought to preserve my name: ‘Alexis Latrice’ was her hope; ‘Latrice Alexis’ was a second chance to learn what family was meant to be. But eventually she succumbed and my name would morph:

Alexandrea, the helper of man.

However, I would still be her salvation. I would still be the light she needed to move on.

Today, she still carries that story of how my name came to be. She tells it in jest, but it’s hard to strip the sound of righteous indignation from her voice even twenty-seven years later. When she tells the story for the thousandth or millionth time, she tells it just the same, always ending by looking at the space where ‘Alexis Latrice’ should be and saying,

“Now, tell me what they call you.”

“Alexis.”

She still clings to that stolen joy.

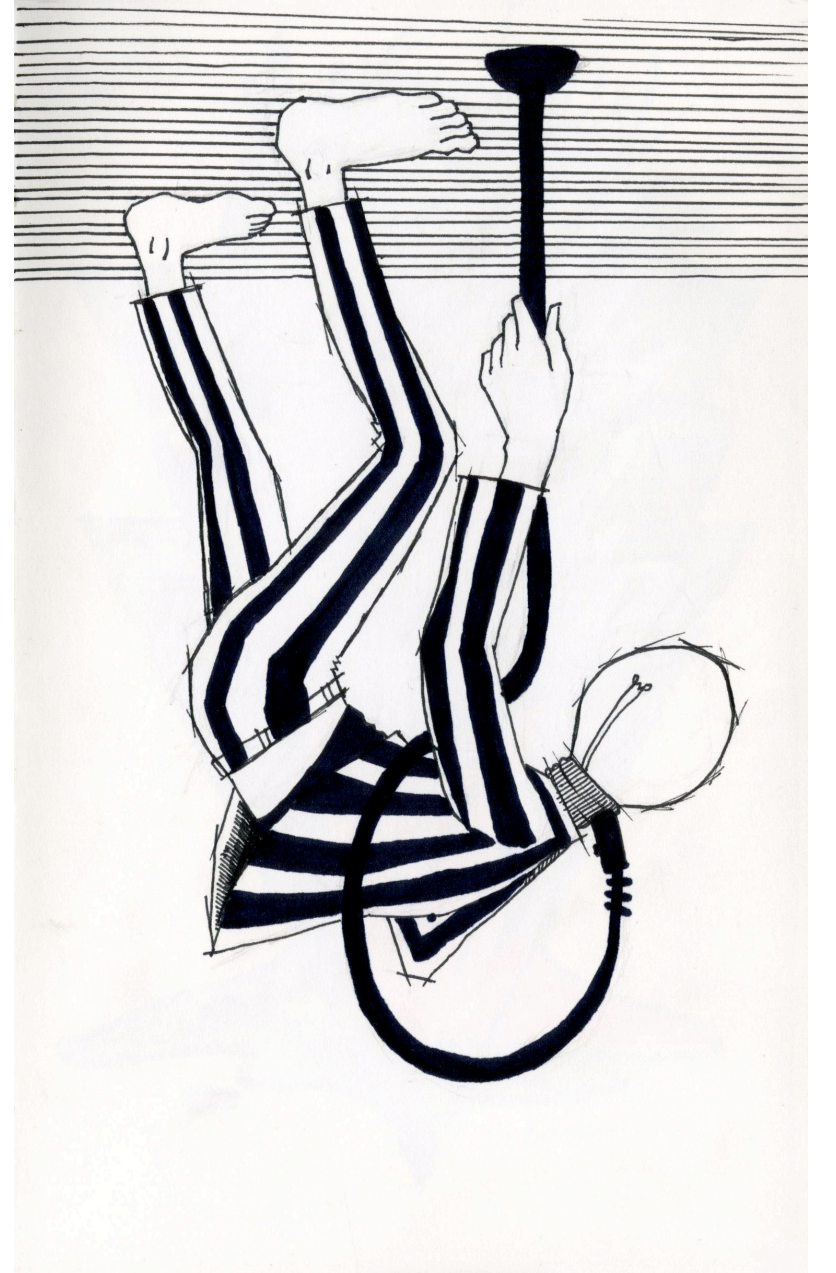
TREASURES ON EARTH

Jake Fennimore, Silkscreen Print



SEEKING ALTERNATE DIMENSIONS

Arianna Coletto, Digital Photography

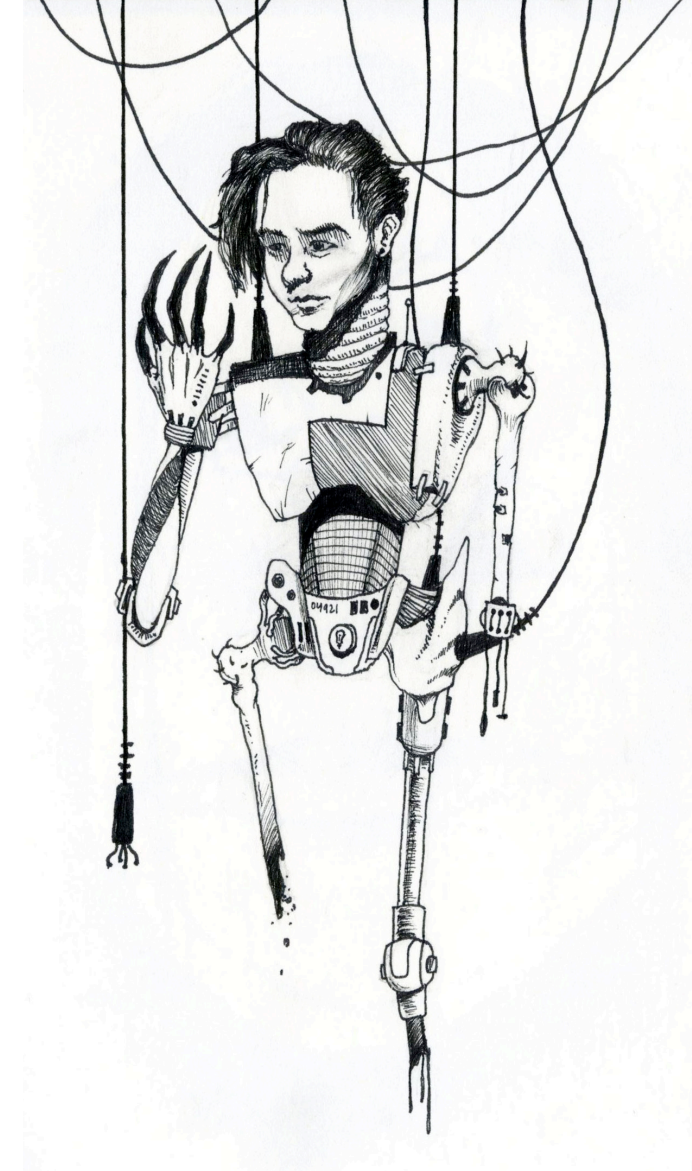


LOSING CONNECTION

Colby Larrucea, Ink on Paper

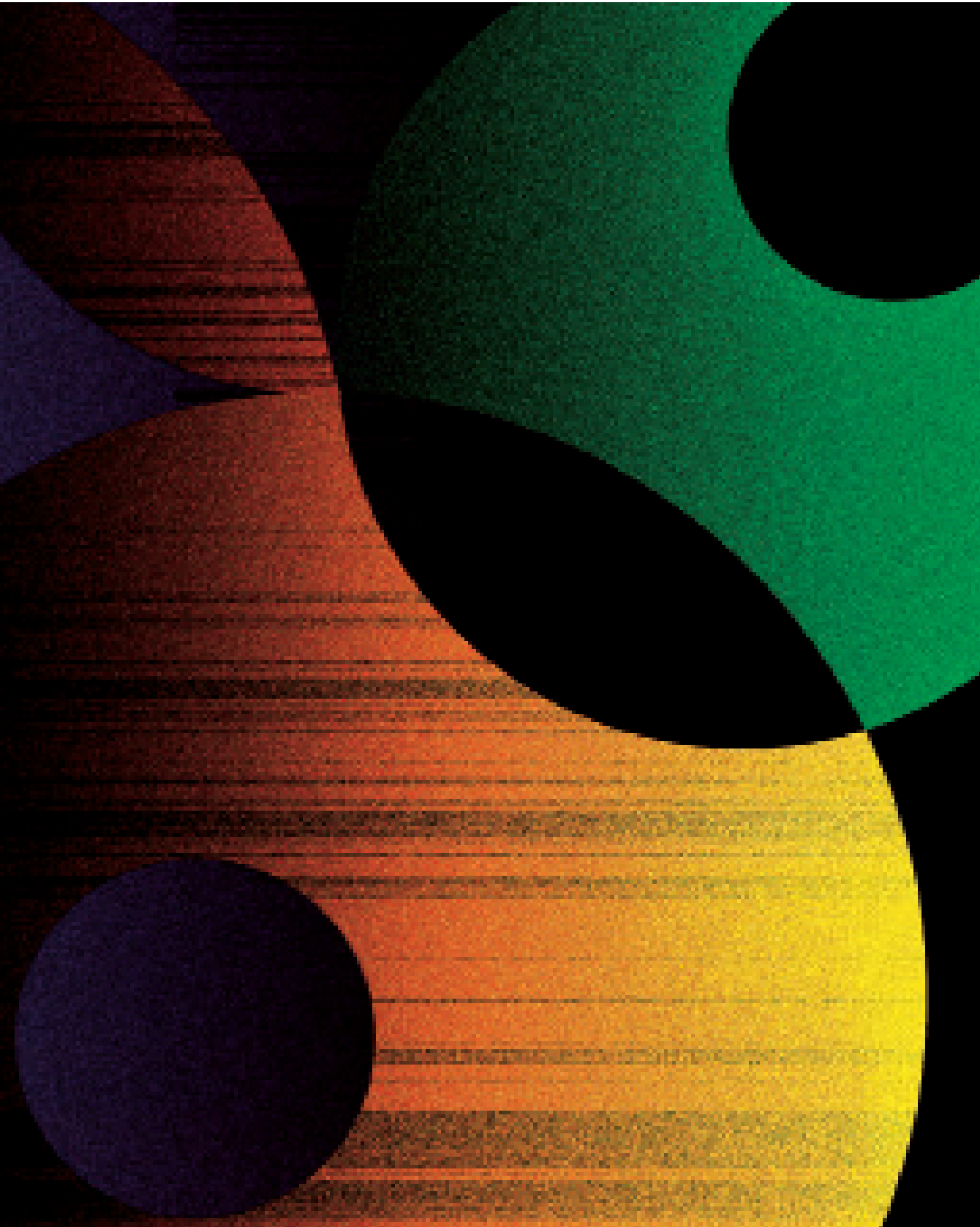
NEVER TOO OLD FOR TRICK OR TREATING

Colby Larrucea, Ink on Paper



I AM LIGHTBULB HEAD

Colby Larrucea, Ink on Paper



Soul

MICHELLE TOMBACK

What is a soul?

Thoughts, feeling, reason,

rubber, polyurethane, polyvinyl chloride.

I was once a traveler, an adventurer.

I have danced with you,

carried you for miles.

Only to spend an eternity

in the back of a closet, forgotten.

It is a sticky situation,

like the chewed up Double Bubble

that anchors me to the ground.

I am not blue suede or ruby-studded.

Though I carry the world on my back,

never once was I polished.

I am worn down, tattered and torn,

disillusioned by a disregard for my well being.

My misery is a scuff mark

on a wooden floor.

I am a harbinger of death at an anthill door,

a reputation which weighs heavily

on my conscience.

I did not ask for this life

of kissing the ground beneath your feet.

I am Right,

but I do not feel that way.

I spoke with Left —

to my dismay, he thinks

I am just being dramatic.

Is it the beaten path I have marched

that has made me so despondent?

Or perhaps it is solely the soul

of a sorrowful sole.

The Dream Traveler

MATHEW BILOTTI

I'm Cora. That's what I hear them call me, though I spend more time learning other patients' names instead of listening to my own being tossed around like another generic specimen.

Tonight, I'm under a sea of stars, each glistening in an array of mesmerizing colors. Bold sapphires and gallant golds, smoky silvers and soothing violets, orange sparks alongside electric blue pearls, uplifting and full of life, complementing one another, and myself. Together, harmonious, scattered across a never-ending night.

I see sinister, blood-boiling rubies raging in the midst, drawing despair—draining. They're her reality, bleeding into her dream, but she doesn't allow them to shine for long. The reds come and go, burning out between the other colors. The black abyss forces their fade. *Gone*. But they always reappear. She counteracts her scarlet marks of scorn; she fights her pain with peace. I envy her, not for beauty or brains, but for her ability to move.

Marielle is running, hair like honey, a wild lioness, eyes a crystalline grey. I'm invisible to her. This is her dream. The same one she has every single night.

Outside of her dream she's imprisoned in a man's basement and, unknown to her, recently proclaimed dead to the world. Blinded in darkness for days, weeks, months, *years maybe*, she can't keep track anymore, but her dreams of the stars keep her sane. They let her know she's escaped her captor, even if just for a little while. They let her know she is still alive.

If only I could find them, pinpoint the dreamers—if only it worked that way. Dreams are hazy, soft like pillows, backgrounds are blurred, most of the time a piece of the scene is missing, like a glitch in my mind's envisioning. I've pressed against them, squinting my brain to focus, ignoring the echoes of the ICU, but I just get sucked back into my own black blankness.

Magic. This is magic. I feel it in the remaining working nerves of my body, my buried soul, the home of my thoughts guarded by my own midnight. A power consumes me, connecting my spirit to the minds of the oppressed; a gift, ironic to my situation—my defective destiny.

Inside the mind of a struggling soul, I feel something odd: an option set before me, like hidden layers of sheets on a cozy mattress—comfort, warmth; *choice*. I can save one, I can free one of the abused, empower a dream, make it real for them, as long as I give up my own life—if you could even call it one—and take their place. Spirit shackled to their hell, their unfortunate situation, forever in their dreams. I can take on their torture, and give them what they desperately desire.

I am a caterpillar, in the midst of metamorphosis, suspended. My wings will never come, my new body will never form, I will always be wrapped in my cocoon. Protected and trapped. Encased and entombed. Frozen in time.

The sun has risen where I am, my face is warm with solar heat from the uncovered hospital window, my imagination *feels* brighter, unshaded. My rest goes, as does the rocky sleep of an eleven year old girl in the night, somewhere else on earth, hiding an illegal secret. She's a lesbian, long realized, living somewhere

“A forlorn flower will soon become me, but *she* will go on and blossom”

in which she could be killed for it—for loving someone.

Smiling overwhelms me, not just my minimally moving mouth, but my heart. Nina's dream is of her wedding, two snow white dresses flowing down a lilac isle. Two angels gliding toward their piece of heaven. Acceptance, laughter, and smiles wrap around the brides like lace. They are loved.

I'm a sort of genie. A granter of wishes, of dreams, well, of *one* dream. But what about the others? Who will brighten their lives? How should I choose? How *could* I choose? And leave the others to the mercy of their unwanted fates.

A forlorn flower will soon become me, but *she* will go on and blossom, something I was born incapable of doing. Handing someone a life I was never able to live will give my existence unmatched meaning; this is what I was destined to do.

Dreams are hotels to me, each a decadent room my spirit can roam and relax in for a time. Rose petals on a single or double bed, a mini-fridge and pillow chocolates. My only option of a getaway, a virtual vacation. It's as if there's an emptiness inside the minds of the oppressed; vacancy. There's no room left within the ones who thrive.

I flash to a girl whose hazel eyes are all that's visible. She emanates defeat, draped head to toe in beige cover-

“This may be my last night of dreaming, and who knows what comes after we die.”

ings, for modesty. She walks along an endless beige carpet toward a stranger—an arranged marriage. Her fantasy flickers like a strobe light, the boring bridal carpet becomes a neon cat-walk, models strutting Sarai signature designs, then back to beige, back to that strange man. Sarai dreams of dresses and gowns and pantsuits on independent women who aren't forced to marry, who aren't trophies or prizes, or pawns to be sacrificed in a man's world of manipulative chess. As visions alternate, I feel Sarai's pride, barely a flickering candle wick, fighting to continue burning.

I am *failing*, falling. This may be my last night of dreaming, and who knows what comes after we die.

I've chosen.

Under Marielle's twinkling sky, I let myself go unto her woes, and I'm no longer invisible to her. As our eyes connect, she is set free. She fades away, and I run with the stars, trading my frozen cocoon for her scars.

“Dreams are hotels to me, each a decadent room my spirit can roam and relax in for a time.”

From “The Dream Traveler”



MK-ULTRA
Sebastian Vasquez, Digital Art

ONCOMING
Jonatan Frosth, Film Photography



Home For the Holidays

SIMONE KELLY

the house smells like grandma's kitchen even when she's not in it and I know fried plantains and red stripe don't exactly feel like christmas, but mom bought these scented candles because wax snowflakes and cinnamon will warm any awkward atmosphere. late december brings the rain, smacking my window again. I'm starting to feel insignificant again. it's the third time today. hey, I heard uncle john is coming down; he traded suburbia for the city just before grandpa died. I don't think mom ever really got over it, but she's sick of this swamp too. wants to walk outside and see white footprints behind her instead of sand. sycamore leaves swallow us whole in shades of lilac and indigo. remember you told me if I'm contemplating doing something I should do it and save the angst for my journal, *not a diary*. sorry, I'm sorry. this is really hard to explain, which makes it boring to listen to. when I said, it hurts to exist like this, you told me to just stop existing like that. I just wanted to stop. existing. but not until after I set the table. does the salad fork go on the left or the right or in the salad? I can never remember. can we skip grace so I can finish up before everything is bitter and even auntie cid's homemade jam on bulla buns and rum cake soaked in condensed milk still isn't quite sweet enough.

Big Bang or God's Homemade Potluck Offering

ZOË "VINCENT" NOUEL

I am told the atoms in our world
can fit on the head of a pin
"How strange"
I push it into the tomato-shaped
cushion, grab a needle instead
thread it with a line of smoke
and start stitching.

Here comes the universe
rethread with seafoam
sprinkle in stars for background
(something to look up at if
nothing else).
Next use what's left of that rug
you dropped ash on last month.

Planets arise on cloth
orbiting your waist
then lost in folds of fabric.
"Is this what god sees?"



THE FALLACY OF MR. BLACK
Corey Lovett, Oil on Wood

Mathew Bilotti embraces fantasy, eye-opening reality, and the beautiful creatures inhabiting our wondrous world.

Favianna Camargo believes that art is the only way to save this world, and aspires to make an impact through her work.

Madelyn Gibson is a poet, aspiring filmmaker, and enigma.

Noann Maia is photographer who became a painter, a painter who became a sculptor, a sculpture, a sculpture who became a body, a body that wants to become everything.

Michelle Tomback is an aspiring writer who just recently decided to do something about it.

Alexandrea Holder is a South Florida native with a lifelong passion for art and writing. She is currently working on her first anthology.

Claudette Goico looks for life and motion in all she does.

Sydney Bowens is learning how to explore emotional connection through art to record and evoke emotion

Natalie Kasper is a feminerd, author, and mama using immersive technology to tell stories.

Nicole Ferero believes that storytelling is transfigured and seeps through souls.

Deirdre Miller is a sixteen year old early-admissions student who enjoys painting, writing short stories and performing.

Daniela Fuenmayor is a Venezuelan artist, who uses her work as a way to lose herself in a world where anything is possible.

Miranda Perez uses writing makes her feel at peace with her emotions and with who she is.

Jordan Bermudez loves to sing, plays rhythm guitar and write poetry, comics, and short stories on the side.

Andrew Acosta reads with fervor in his free time and writes avidly.

Sebastian Vasquez is an activist artist who utilizes digital art, illustration, film and photography to explore the depths of the human subconscious.

Corey Lovett gives viewers a peek of what it's like being a young African American male through his eyes.

Peter Seo is an amateur graphic designer who enjoys watching anime, and drawing scenery.

Zachaire Dean is known for his stylized yet “chaotic” work. His work portrays deep sentiment to patterns and emotional grievances.

Arianna Coletto is a free-spirited person that uses her camera as an instrument to capture her own perception of beauty.

Colby Larrucea works with limited materials in creative ways to create obscene, original pictures that get the mind to wonder.

Alexander Miller has a love for design that grows more and more as the years go by.

Jonatan Frosth is a photographer who aims to capture minimalist landscapes.

CONTRIBUTORS

FROM THOSE WHO
BROUGHT YOU
THIS MAGAZINE
WE THANK YOU.



SIMONE KELLY
The heart of the magazine



NATALIE LAURENT
If lavender were a person



PAULA VALERO
Mischief managed



JAKE FENNIMORE
Surf's up



JOSE SIFUENTES
Very huggable, will share his
tequeños



TOMAS RODRIGUEZ
Above all loyalty, friendship, and
the pursuit of happiness



MICHAEL LOZANO
It starts with intention



ZOË "VINCENT" NOUEL
"My candle burns at both ends"
-Edna St. Vincent Millay

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