

P'AN KU

LITERARY & ART MAGAZINE

Volume 57 Issue 1



THE
HISTORY
OF
P'AN KU

Founded in 1964, P'an Ku 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 P'an Ku created the sun, the moon, the heavens, and the earth. From P'an Ku flew the wind and the thunder, and his fleas became the ancestors of humans. Anyone endowed with creativity is said to be possessed by the spirit of P'an ku.

FALL 2020

P'AN KU

COVER ART - ELEVEN O'CLOCK
Ellana Sunshine

FACULTY ADVISOR
Vicky Santiesteban

PRINTING
Print Dynamics

ASSISTING STAFF
Brian Manere
Nathaniel Dehart
Anissa Lefort

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Madelyn "Maddy" Gibson

LAYOUT EDITOR
Kristin Alcorn

ART EDITOR
Valentina Sapiain

LITERARY EDITOR
Keely Fetter

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
Michael Lozano

P'AN KU

EDITORS NOTE

Whoever Gets This Magazine:

When I first came to P'an Ku, I wasn't sure college was right for me. I had an amazing senior year of high school. I was the leader of many clubs and organizations. Finally, I was comfortable, but I had to leave and possibly enter a life of student loan debt. The cruelty. I took summer classes and my English professor introduced me to a beautiful magazine: P'an Ku. I submitted a portfolio and decided to help make a magazine with the crew. My writings made it in, and I have been a part of this magazine ever since.

Progress has never been easy. There are many twists and turns. Ups and downs. Moments where you're crying and screaming from the overbearing frustration. Whether it's a civil rights movement, life and death, or making your way from an unsure staffer to the editor-in-chief, progress and change is a part of life. Sometimes it's unfair and unexpected, but at the same time it can be rewarding and change the course of your life for the better. I have come a long way since the scared, unsure college student. This magazine reflects that through writing, artwork, and photography along with the efforts of the teams from the past and present. I couldn't have done it without them. Progress is printed through these pages and acknowledges the struggles and gives hints of hope from the cover to the last page of art.

As you continue your journey, embrace every minute of it. If you get bored of the road you are taking, I hope you find the courage to change course. Stay safe.

Regards,

Maddy

Broward College does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, sex, gender, national origin, religion, age, disability, marital status, sexual orientation, genetic information or other legally protected classifications in its programs and activities.

P'an Ku, Volume Fifty-Seven, Issue One was designed, produced, and edited solely by the students at Broward College. All contributions in this issue are by the students at Broward College. This magazine is funded by Student Activities Fees. The opinions expressed are those of our contributors and do not necessarily represent those of the editors, faculty, staff, administrators, or trustees of Broward College. Copyright 2020 by Broward College Willis Holcombe Center, 111 East Las Olas Blvd. Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301. Contributions, with a submission form, which include a full name, address, student number, and telephone number of the contributor are welcome from all students attending Broward College. All communications with the editors, and all inquiries concerning this publication, should be addressed to Professor Vicky Santiesteban vsanties@broward.edu.

All copyrights revert back to the original artists and authors after publication.

ARTWORK

Ghosts Keep Me Company <i>Ellana Sunshine</i>	6
Bubble Pop <i>Ellana Sunshine</i>	7
Femme Fatale <i>Emily Fernandez</i>	10
Spiral of Maladies <i>Alejandro Gonzales</i>	16
Sublimation of a Pandemic <i>Antonio Smith</i>	18
Beware the Dogs <i>Alejandro Gonzales</i>	22
Bear Eat Bear World <i>Elysa Belongie</i>	25
The Night Window <i>Ellana Sunshine</i>	27
Mucho Rucho <i>Antonio Smith</i>	29
Untitled <i>Sofia Gonzales</i>	30
Style <i>Baolin "Morancy" Wu</i>	33

PHOTOGRAPHY

Just Keep Swimming <i>Jasmine Mohamed</i>	21
Dancing at Dawn <i>Jasmine Mohamed</i>	39
Counting Down <i>Jasmine Mohamed</i>	42

POETRY

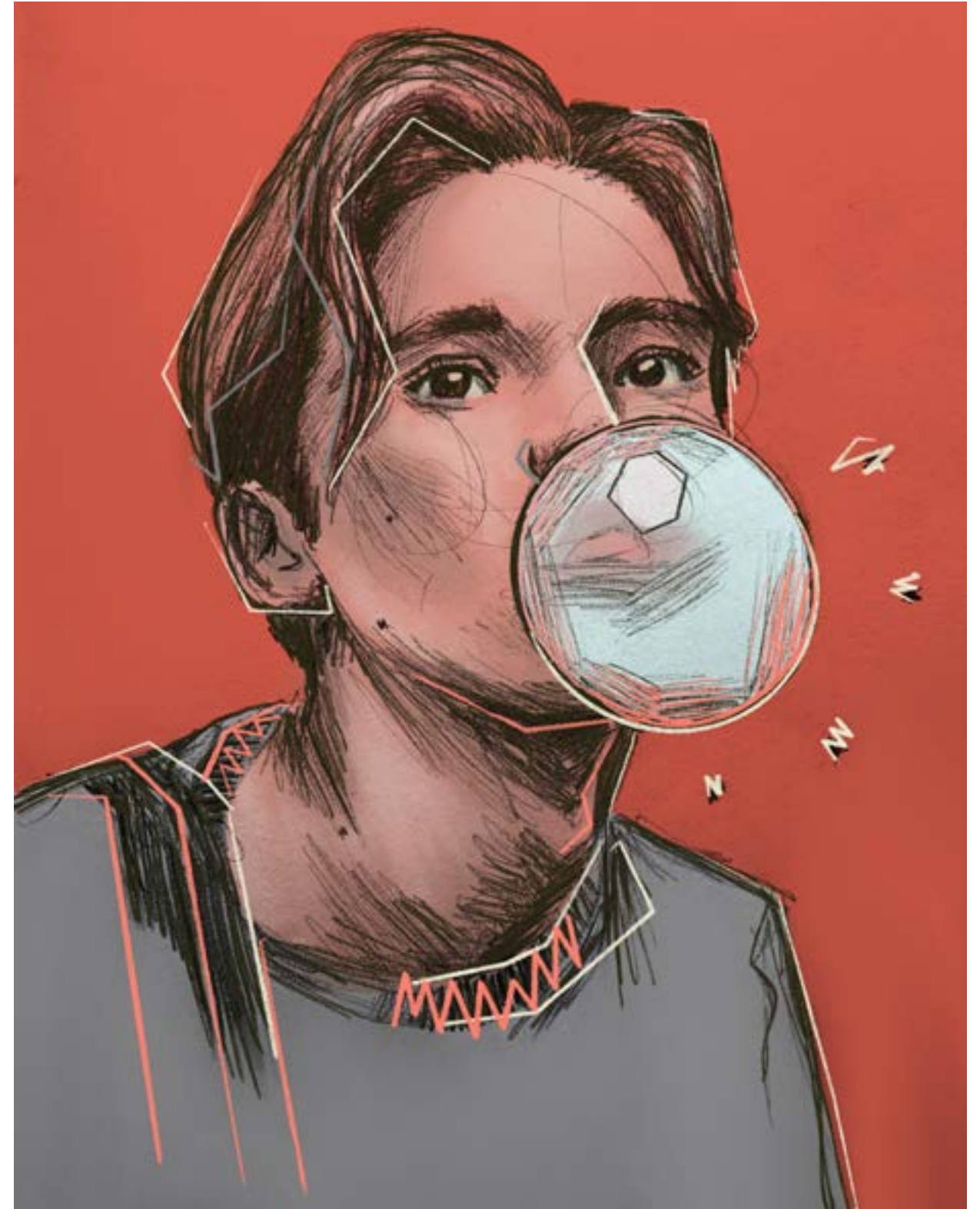
Questions of the Futile Mind; Answers From Up On High <i>Dareen Baptiste</i>	11
When the Visitors Arrive <i>Mateo Suranna</i>	14
The Last Train <i>Shirleen Groves</i>	17
Depths <i>Joshua Reid</i>	20
The Day the Sky Turned Purple <i>Nemeche Blake</i>	23
Poverty Inescapable <i>Shirleen Groves</i>	26
Last/First <i>Din J. Bonny</i>	28
What If We Were Kings <i>Sheterica Gordon</i>	34
The Sun Rests Cold <i>Mateo Suranna</i>	40

PROSE

And Now the Work Begins <i>Brian Manere</i>	8
It Was Him <i>Alexandra Balla</i>	31



Ghosts Keep Me Company
Ellana Sunshine
Digital Drawing



Bubble Pop
Ellana Sunshine
Traditional/Digital Mixed

And Now the Work Begins

Brian Manere

culminate in the pomp and splendor of graduation day? I wanted nothing to do with it. I tried and failed to skip graduation as well.

So, there I was, walking at a snail's pace towards the future, a pleasant future which teased before me the bright promise of freedom just beyond the auditorium doors—a future where my friends and I would set the evening's plans in motion. First, Bonnie's graduation party around eight. Then, Kayla's house down the road as plan B. Finally, Shawna's house to end the night. Fantasies of a reckless evening began to envelop my mind. That evening was going to be the last chance to act like an irresponsible fool before being forced *mercilessly* into adulthood.

But first, I had to get through the aisle of teachers. Ms. Bronte, Civics, tried to capture me in her web, but I avoided the trap of eye contact by turning around to talk to Sarah. Mr. Fitzgerald, English Lit, almost got me as well, but, in a skillfully improvised play of precision and wit, I stopped walking until there was a large gap between myself and the person in front. Then, I sped past old-sport Fitz without giving him the time of day. Unfortunately, however, overconfidence eventually got the better of me.

Mr. P. Macrocephalus, a large whale of a man, stood at the end of the line, some *twenty* paces ahead, and stared at me. His dark, sunken eyes waited patiently for mine to finally drift across his field of vision, which gazed above all. The moment I saw him, I became locked in a battle of discipline and stamina.

I looked away.

I looked back.

He maintained his focus with the kind of precision that can only result from having both confident foresight and a well-developed plan. He knew what he was doing.

I looked away.

I looked back.

As I sauntered down the aisle at the end of my high school graduation ceremony, I smiled in anticipation of what lay ahead. We, the *former* students, were asked to exit the auditorium first, and, as we marched in a semi-single file line, the school faculty stood on either side of us. They shook hands with students, patted backs, and flashed toothy smiles—most of which said, “good luck,” while others said, “good riddance.”

My smile shouted the latter. As I came upon Mr. Bryson, History, I accidentally made eye contact, inviting him to greet me. But I didn't want his handshake, his pat on the back, nor his smile in my face. I knew very well that this would be the last time that I saw him—and the rest of them, for that matter. There were no illusions in my mind about the dynamics of the relationship between myself and the school's faculty. This was not friendship, nor was there mutual respect. I was, at best, an average student who either showed up on time or not at all. By my senior year, “not at all” was the more accurate description of my attendance. Even the act of taking my finals proved to be too much, so those were skipped as well.

While standing in that line—progressing inch by inch, in a sweaty overcrowded venue, lit up with manufactured sunlight, listening to the continuing sounds of thunderous applause by obnoxious parents who somehow hadn't realized that the show was over—I found my thoughts falling back on the familiar feelings of frustration which follow having had one's time wasted.

High school had felt like that: a frustrating waste of time. The monotony, day-in and day-out, didn't seem worth the occasion. Why celebrate the unrelenting systematic destruction of curiosity by passionless teachers over a twelve-year period? Why allow all of it to

To those who walked past, he offered no handshakes; he gave no smiles, and from him, none were requested. He stood before me, as if only space separated us—my last obstacle—staring intently, waiting patiently. I no longer heard any thunderous applause. I no longer saw those standing around me—only that which stood before me. Mr. Macrocephalus, with his head down and his eyes fixed, seemed to see only me as well.

After a decade of teaching, he understood the pointlessness of social niceties on graduation day. This was a *merciless* man. A man who found pleasure in teasing his students. A man who tolerated not a single word spoken out of turn. A man who each student feared.

. . . *Fifteen* more steps.

Despite the rather ominous rumors which circulated about the student body, it had seemed that he and I had always enjoyed a degree of understanding. It began in my freshmen year when I accidentally read the lunch schedule wrong and showed up to his class 30 minutes late. I apologized sincerely and offered a sacrifice of personal time to stay after school and do any make-up work which he deemed necessary.

In a stern and frightful tone, he declined my offer and asked me to sit. I never showed up late again. After the incident, I had felt as though, despite my average performance in his class, he respected me. A couple of years later, in my junior year, I took philosophy with him but dropped it after a single day. He later teased that my cognitive skills were not where they needed to be for a class at that level. Instead of shying away from his banter like most, I teased him as well; “And your teaching skills aren't where they need to be to catch me up!” We laughed.

. . . *Ten* more steps.

I had taken his college prep class in my final semester of high school. The first quarter, I had felt a lingering sense of kinship from freshmen year. The second quarter, however, I realized that I had all the credits needed to graduate, and any inkling of prudence left in

me vanished. His class became like all the others, which I didn't hesitate to skip. Rapidly, my grade dropped from a very weak B to a solid F. There was no make-up work that could have helped—no test which could be taken. Not even the final symbolized potential; the damage was done. So, I skipped it.

. . . *Five* more steps.

I looked back at him. His *merciless* eyes were still focused intently, as if he were trying to communicate with me. As if I were supposed to see words on his lips and a message in his eyes. I felt a memory, faint and foggy, begin to claw its way out of the dark and into the light, but I looked away, and it dropped back behind a wall of fear. Something dreadful stood before me. Few had earned his respect. None had the audacity to throw it back at him. I crossed the devil, and now he wanted his due.

. . . *Three* more steps.

Panic. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, hoping to just walk past.

Two . . .

My eyes opened as he reached out towards me . . .

ONE!

I stared up at him, wide-eyed and trembling.

“Good luck, Jonah,” he said with an offered handshake and a smile.

. . . A few steps later, just before the exit, I looked back, but Mr. Macrocephalus had vanished into the crowd. I faced forward and, as I stepped outside into the light, the lost memory lurched forward out of the depths of my mind—that of his opening words to my dropped philosophy class: And now, he said, the work begins.



Femme Fatale
Emily Fernandez
Ink Collage on Paper

Questions of the Futile Mind; Answers From Up On High Dareen Baptiste

Who am I?

That's a million-dollar question.

Why am I here?

That's a trillion-dollar question...

Intricately woven in the womb of a queen,

Bursting forth into a world unseen.

Who am I? One of one.

Nicely colored by a famous painter,

Designed so great that many favor.

Innocent of what's to come—my chest puffed, back straight, chin held high,

Marching to the cadence with the grin of a champion—

Innocent of what's to come, innocent of what's to come.

Why am I here? I'm glad you asked.

My purpose is to be great; let me take you to task.

I am the driver to the screw, the file to the nail,

Scissors to the cloth, and the knife for the fight.

My greatness knows no bounds!

Who am I? I'm like a Swiss Army knife.

Why am I here? To complete any task given.

Innocent of what's to come, innocent of what's to come.

Stop!

Who are you, might I ask?

Are you the Famous Painter?

I am who I am,

And now, I'll take you to task.

I've created you from nothing and made you into a tapestry,

Watched your innocence fade away like a husk in the wind.

When you thought you were in control, I guided you at every turn;

I protected you even when your back was turned.

Who are you? A random—nobody.

Why are you here, you ask?

I chose you to take on dragons and bring down kingdoms.

To wield my Excalibur like a few trusted soldiers.

To serve others as my Son did, and to proclaim My Name like He's done.

Who are you? A random—nobody.

Why are you here, you ask?

To be a man amongst boys.

To stand up for what is right and denounce the wrongs.

To shout from the rooftops of what my Son did;

Of how He laid down his life for what you've done.

Who are you?

I made you a son because of my Son.

Why are you here, you ask?

To fight! Fight the good fight.

Don the armor of your Creator and trust not in Saul's armor.

Gird your waist, grab your shield, put on your helmet,

Prepare your feet, sheath your sword and be watchful in the Spirit.

Be like my Son and lay down your life as He did,

And bring fame to my name like He's done.

Who am I? I am a son.

What will I do? I'll Fight!

I will ride into battle on your glorious steed.

I will command armies and bring kingdoms to their knees.

I will prophesy of what your Son did,

And bring glory to your Name like He's done.

Count the cost, my son.

It will cost you everything!

I know, I know...

I know the task, and it will be great,

I will not stop until I finish the race.

When the Visitors Arrive

Mateo Suranna

When the dawn upheaves and the dusk descends,

I will organize the house for my fatigued guests.

Since they have traveled far through the horrors of man,

I must prepare the table, for they are hungry.

I must clean the beds, for they are weary.

I must set the music, for they are still boys.

When they arrive, they may quench their vitality.

They may bathe the scars that are lodged in their soul.

They may sing and dance to their heart's desire.

When they begin to doze,

They may rest in comfort, cradled amongst the stars.

When they wake in the morrow,

The aroma of sweet and savory will stimulate their senses,

And they must say farewell to the brothers they never knew.

When they leave, I will advise them to remember the good from their youth,

Because they must return home and enter the earth once again.

Watch over your boys and girls, for your guidance is all they have left.

Do not be tempted by the shadows that will reflect your character.

Do not be reminded by the fields stained in your blood,

For the pain has subsided.

Take these boots so you can maneuver past the desolate road.

Take this jacket to protect you from the bitterness of this world.

Take this compass to guide you home when you are lost.

And above all, leave your burdens here, since you will not need them.

I bid you good luck, my friends,

For I must prepare the house for the next platoon of guests.



Spiral of Maladies
Alejandro Gonzales
Silkscreen

The Last Train
Shirleen Groves

The seconds tick away towards your departure.
The train will be here today, they say.
To take you away.
You, who has held your ticket so highly.
Who has spread word of your long journey to any who would listen.
You, who will ride the long train home, steady and calm.
To complete a journey that has long been gone,
A journey I am glad to have been a part of.
As I sit with you here and wait for you to board soon,
I smile.
What a journey it was.
The train will arrive shortly, and you lay unmoving.
I hear the tracks shake steady and listen to the machine.
It comes fast, as expected.
The train lets out a long singular shrieking tone.
It is time for you to board.
I watch as you go.
I can see you waving to me; you look younger.
So full of life, yet devoid of it all the same.
They pull the white sheet over your face.
And I watch the train take you away.



Sublimation of a Pandemic

Antonio Smith

Stoneware, Cone 10 Reduction

Depths

Joshua Reid

I have betrayed the water.

All she asks of me is to fight,
Fight with all my strength.

I have strength,
But I don't want to fight.

I want to sink.

Like a rock I fall into her depths,
Meeting her at her deepest point.

I ask her to do what must be done,
For I know the punishment for treason.

This was always the preferable option.



Just Keep Swimming
Jasmine Mohamed
Photography



Beware the Dogs
Alejandro Gonzales
Ink On Paper

The Day the Sky Turned Purple

Nemeche Blake

It was the day you called your black and brown striped cat “my baby,” five times in a row.
Usually, his claw marks in your new gray couch,
And knocking over your violet plants,
Would earn him the name “douchebag.”
I watched as you tended to his swollen eye,
Quietly,
Yelling at the gray cat for hurting him.
Begging the striped cat to speak to you.
I came to the realization what a great mother you were,
Cross legged on the claw-marked gray sofa.

It was the day you told me your boyfriend wanted to be vegan.
Chomping on oddly thick orange carrots and earthy green broccoli was your thing,
But now, it was something you and your future husband would share.
I watched as you twirled your golden eggless egg noodles,
Light brown veggie chunks,
Bright red and yellow sweet peppers,
Brown sautéed mushrooms,
And oddly thick orange carrots,
Into a colorful dish
As I poured my colorless gray steak strips
Into a dirty brown gravy.

It was the day I told you I wanted to move in with my other best friend.
It was our dream once,
A colorful home for our colorful personalities.
You have now settled into your aesthetically gray and black apartment.
I realized then that there were two paths in front of me,
But I wasn't sure which way you'd taken.

It was the day that I was sure the lightning was a perfect shade of lilac.
I joked that maybe someone was outside with a flashlight.
Oh, I wished the sky was a deep purple.
Maybe you would have found my joke funny.

Maybe I wouldn't have told that joke.

It was the day I realized I couldn't sleep over anymore.
Your cats' claws scraped the gray wooden floor,
And your bed would be filled with the man you love.
So,
I left the claw-marked gray couch,
And went to see if the sky had a different shade.



Bear Eat Bear World
Elysa Belongie
Stoneware, Cone 10 Reduction

Poverty Inescapable

Shirleen Groves

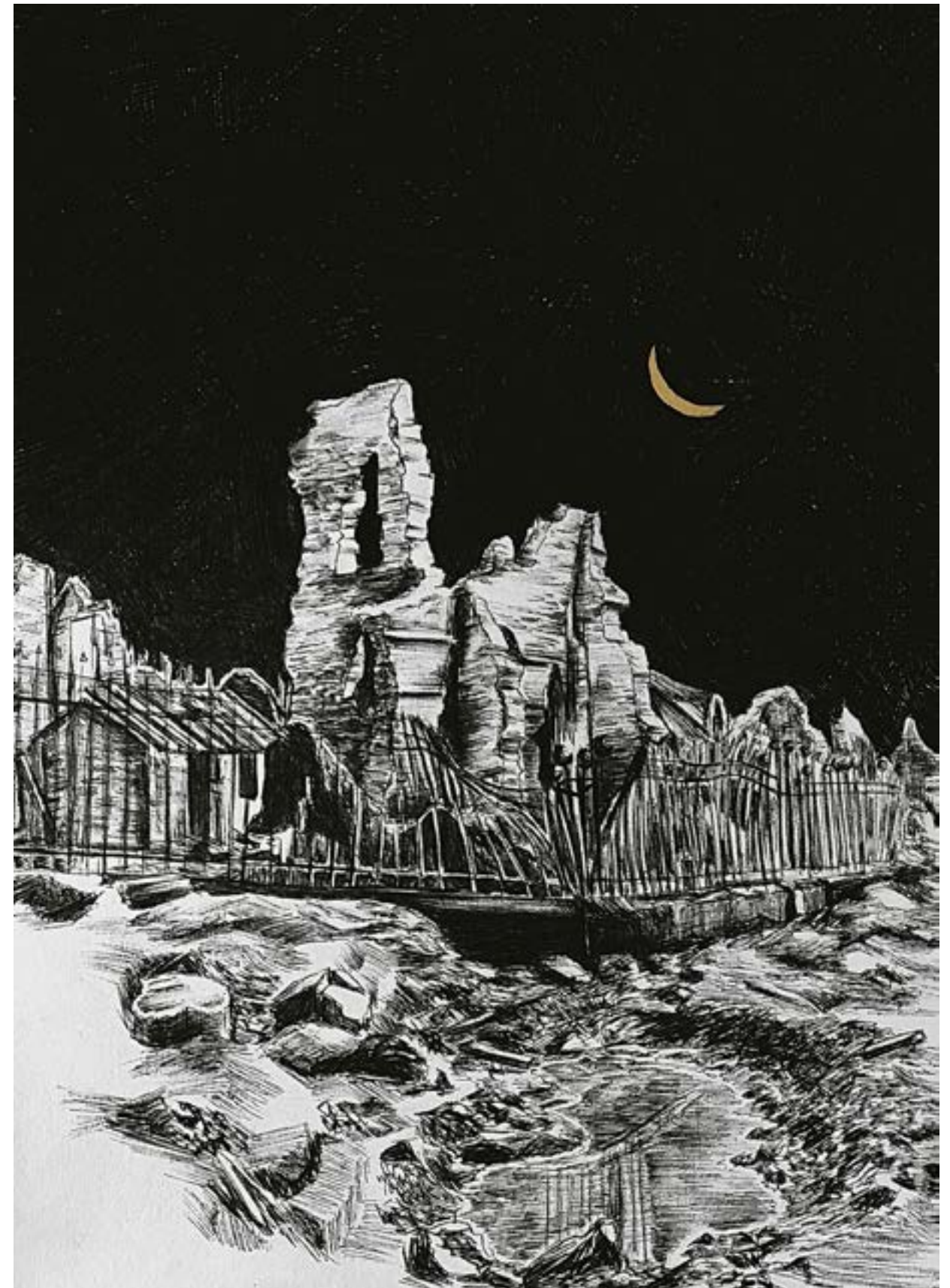
He works
so hard for what he has,
which is so little compared
to those with the green grass
and great food that he
wishes he had.

Of course, to state to him
the delicacies of man
which he will never harbor
is like telling a wingless bird
the joy of flight.

Doing so when unasked
is sinful in the eyes
of a man with
nothing
but the clothes on his back and
the smile seemingly
cracked.

Go on and explain to him
a joy so confoundingly plausible
in hopes he can understand.

Yet perhaps it is you that needs
to be told the intricacies of
poverty inescapable.



The Night Window

Ellana Sunshine

Ballpoint Pen

Last/First
Din J. Bonny

I inherited your brown eyes and hair.
I inherited your love of art and Afrika.
But not your hatred.
Not your self-doubts and non-laughter.
I used to whore myself to all that would take this lost soul.
Let the winds carry me through and lay me down to rest as my body became a victim.
I kept promising myself that I would never be the pain that I see walking down the road.
The inflicted pain that made me lock myself into this spiral of abuse.
I was ashamed to ask—for my pride.
I suffocated my screams and drowned my sorrow.
I never asked why.
I never wondered past your dark eyes.
Until one day I saw them in my own eyes.
And I lost my name with your lies.
With your cries.
I was broken and eased my mind with all the victims of the same traits.
With these hands, I took my own soul and put it away.
I watched it lose all power and light.
So now, I watch the child play around me and ask me why I am crying.
Why I am sitting here with tears.
I, too, like you, have become a slave to this.
Even after I told myself that I would never allow it.



Mucho Rucho
Antonio Smith
Stoneware, Cone 10 Reduction



Untitled
Sofia Gonzales
Pencil

It Was Him
Alexandra Balla

“L'appel du vide” directly translates to “Call of the Void.” I could feel that sensation resonate through me as I stared at Him through the other end of the chamber’s glass wall. A wall currently surrounded by other scientists, who marveled at the same sight that had previously been bestowed onto my eyes. Some dared say it was holy—a breakthrough of epic proportions. I have yet to agree.

The more you stared, the more His call resonated. I was but a few who experienced this feeling. Only two out of forty of my colleagues felt the same. Currently, the three of us sat alone in the Containment Center’s cafeteria, quietly discussing. We could feel His call to us vibrate even outside the chamber, rendering us all uncomfortable, to say the least. Why us and not the others? A question that none of us have an answer to. We have no idea what to do, and it scares us to hear the others call Him “God-like.”

It was last night that someone had discovered His awareness. His body had been brought to the Containment Center from below the East Siberian

Sea around five years ago, quickly and silently. He was discovered by my colleague, Ivanov, who sat with me at the table. The details of His discovery had been odd from the beginning. A bizarre humanoid entity was discovered in one of the unlikeliest places, the Arctic Circle. Its appearance was devoid of pigmentation and essentially hairless, with appendages longer and out of proportion compared to the normal human figure and a lack of facial features. Not to mention it being about forty feet tall. This being was more unnatural than any of the others that the Center already housed.

Eating was the last thing we could do, even in the cafeteria, and before we could formulate any other thoughts or fully discuss what we had experienced, the PA announced for us to return to the chamber. We looked at each other with unease.

We returned to find that the other scientists hadn’t moved from their positions, still mesmerized by the sight of Him, as if they were hypnotized. The vibration of the

call became stronger, turning more into a low hum. The glass wall revealed that He had several luminous, wing-like appendages emerging from His shoulders, back, temples, and ankles. They were outstretched, and the tips reached to the edges of the wall. Each one seemed to be about twenty feet wide. He was no longer laying down on His back in the dormant position that He was brought here in. He was now standing upright, facing us all. Two wings had emerged from His featureless face, two others from His feet, and the final two outstretched behind Him. He took up most of the space in the warehouse-sized chamber and faced forward. My second colleague, Isabelle, who also felt the resonance, moved past another scientist to observe the others, looking back at Ivanov and me to tell us that none showed any reaction. They were all frozen in place. Isabelle kept moving forward to the glass wall.

He still did not move, but I could feel heat radiate off Him, giving him a glow. Ivanov proceeded to head to the laboratory's control room in an attempt to give us information regarding His vitals. From the doorway, I attempted to walk between the cluster of scientists to make my way to Isabelle, but by the time I got to the first researcher, I was hit with a repugnant odor, rancid enough to make my stomach churn and my knees buckle. I nearly vomited, and my eyes burned, feeling almost as if they were rotting from the inside out. I stood up, covering my mouth and nose to examine one of the scientists, noticing that his pupils were dilated and clouded over. The rest of his body seemed in-tact. I went from scientist to scientist, concluding that each of my colleagues had suffered the same paralyzed fate.

He had not moved around but began to hover in place. The frequency of the hum began to increase, and His glow gradually brightened. Ivanov announced over the speaker that His thermal readings were showing temperatures of up to nearly five hundred degrees Celsius. Still, there appeared to be no destructive effects from the intense heat on the surrounding area. I continued to make my way around to stand beside Isabelle, who seemed to be unbothered by the stench and only stared at Him intently. Ivanov soon joined us.

Suddenly, all the bodies collapsed to the ground.

We looked away from Him for a split-second, witnessing something ooze out of each body through every orifice possible. We then looked back. He had grown sharp, claw-like appendages on his hands, and His once blank face now revealed a mouth with a jaw that unhinged four times that of a normal human, revealing a single row of perfectly straight, human-like teeth and exposed gums. His mouth upturned, resembling a smile, but He said nothing. The silence was almost deafening. The three of us couldn't speak. We didn't know what to say.

Suddenly, the humming stopped. He began to beat his wings with enough intensity to shatter the glass wall and crumble the chamber surrounding him into dust. I could feel my blood rush to my ears and my heart pound, nearly bursting from the pressure. He crouched, studying us as if we were insects. Only one word echoed in our minds before He vanished:

“PREPARE”



Style

Baolin “Morancy” Wu
Ballpoint Pen, Ink, Marker

What If We Were Kings? Sheterica Gordon

Can a commoner control a nation?
Command the people and expect cooperation?
Darkness. It cannot combat darkness.
Evil cannot forgive evil.
The blind cannot lead the blind.
And Ignorance, as blissful as it may be,
Could eventually spell the end of a dynasty.

Protest after protest, the media has colored America an ugly grey shade of civil unrest.
Their brushes are dipped in the red-hot tears of rage
From the mothers of the unarmed black “thugs” that were murdered in cold blood
And used to fill in the lines of protection drawn around the “mentally unstable” white kids,
The ones who shoot up whole schools because they feel like it.
A portrait so heinous, it makes it easy to look away.
Harder for us to pray because the sensationalism of black against white has become our every day.

Black lives matter.
No, blue lives matter.
Hey! All lives matter.
Everyone has an argument that matters,
But one matter doesn't diminish the other.
THAT is the matter.

The people have developed tunnel vision.
Color has become the only mission.
They say “sure, there are other issues,
But this one deserves our full attention.”

Now, I won't deny that it's hard to move on from it.
To rise up and stand above it.
When we constantly have to promote and defend it.
But now that our blackness is trendin'
And the features that they wanted us to hate they are paying thousands to recreate,
Nah, you gone let me be great!
I'm gonna make sure they know that I'm flexin' in my complexion.
That my melanin is poppin'.
That my full lips and wide nose, if given the choice, are the same things that I would have chose.
See Christ in me.
Paid the price for me.
And I should be proud to be who He created me to be.
Unapologetically, of course.

And that's all good until it gets us off-course.
See, this is where we get trapped.

Wrapped up in what's on the outside.
My ethnicity, I don't have to be ashamed of or hide.
But I'm more than my pigment.
My true identity removes any earthly limit.
But I get stuck focusing on my skin
When there is a bigger battle that I must win.

It's gotten so bad that
Even the churches have been split.
Divided by color.
Blue on the left, red on the right.
This color thing seems to be an endless fight.

Racism and division, it's real
I won't be so naïve to say that the conversation needs to end.
But the narrative needs to change.

The amount of power that we have given this conversation is insane.

The loss of growth for our people as a whole is a shame.

Unknown identities and unclaimed authorities are to blame.

It has boiled down to our livelihood; this is no longer a game.

Will the righteous stand up and take their place? Because it is time to reign!

Constantly at war.

Wars over race.

Wars to be civil

The whole world went to war.

Does anybody pray anymore?

We got a governmental circus show.

Children in cages,

Separated at the border.

Now tell me, is this supposed to bring order?!

We take what they give us whether we admit it or not.

We tweet,

We march,

We debate.

We get angry and bitter.

We react,

We riot,

We separate.

We curse our leaders and become complacent and think that our voices don't matter.

And that's where they try to keep us: silent on the matter.

Distracted and quiet, we remained for years and then, one day, my people woke up!

We started to pay attention and spoke up.

But then my little brothers started getting killed in cold blood and we got roped up.

Our identities noosed and hanging from the media-planted trees.

Royalty dying all around us while the world disagrees.

Some of us became so woke that we can't even find rest in Him.

Everything ain't black and white but my brother let it get the best of him.

For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh.

Those weapons and this battle will never mesh.

An age-old debate.

Love against hate.

Pit mate against mate.

But it's never too late to make a crooked path straight.

So, I came here, not to fuel the fire but in hopes that a change I can inspire.

I have a question that may sound more like a suggestion,

But let it serve as a resolution to a united people's dissolution.

Again, I ask you:

Can a commoner control a nation?

Command the people and expect cooperation?

The answer is no,

But a King will need no validation!

Instead of following behind the majority,

We should use our voices and our authority.

When we become kings about the things that we want to change,

Not only does it give us power, but we also gain range.

Who is mankind that He is so mindful of us?

An astonishing revelation.

He has made a kingdom and us, priests to rule over this earth.

But can a king rule if he is unaware of his worth?
If he doesn't understand the true reason for his birth?

The highest heavens belong to the Lord, but the Earth, that's ours for the taking.
He gave it to us.
It's whatever we make it.
A royal priesthood, He sent us here to rule and reign under His name.
But we fell for the tricks and got caught up in the enemy's game.

It's time to wear the crown that was placed here for us.
Pick ourselves up out of the dust.
Be proud of who we are but in Jesus put our trust.

A king shall decree a thing and so it shall be.
A king has the power to bring about change when he speaks.
A king will command, and the world will obey.
A king knows that there is power when we pray.
A king is not easily influenced,
But chooses to use their own influence.
We could effectively change a world of things if only we were Kings.



Dancing at Dawn
Jasmine Mohamed
Photography

The Sun Rests Cold

Mateo Suranna

The time to leave the body that nurtured you has come,

For you can now enter the world.

All my pain and fear has subsided by your restful soul.

The beauty of your face has illuminated my emptiness.

We can now rest together amongst the iridescent sky.

But it wasn't to last.

The life in you was slowly fading,

When the ECG fell from twenty to zero.

The happiness and joy in my soul was fumigated with anger, sorrow, and regret.

The embers burning in me have smoldered,

The barrier in my bones has crumbled,

And the pieces in my mind have scattered.

My world came to a halt when I saw you held in my arms,

Laying motionless in an eternal slumber.

The universe has spun without me, and the light of my child has faded.

This burden shackled upon my shoulders

Cannot be lifted with the hollow body set before me.

But maybe it was for the best.

I could not live with myself if I saw you weep in the shadows of this world.

I could not live with myself if you were shunned by those baptized as "pure."

I could not live with myself if you were tempted by the fiends who took advantage of me.

I could not live with myself if I knew you were singed by the demons who walk this earth.

I could not live with myself if your life was taken by your own insecurities that lay unspoken.

Do not fear, for I will be with you as you will be with me.

You have done nothing wrong.

The world does not deserve another innocent spirit,

Set to roam this desolate land.

You may spread your wings and soar from this dying world.

Rest now, my child, cradled amongst the heavens.

One day, we will reunite in a nurtured field,

Where you and I can make time for all we have missed.

But for now, the sun in your soul rests cold and dead.



Counting Down
Jasmine Mohamed
Photography

SPECIAL THANKS

Carl Anderson, Akeem Barfield, Harold Bilbao, Andrew Dutka, Morris Fink, Dr. Billy Jones, Sage Kelly, Nathan Mikita, Alexander Miller, Scott Miller, Zoila Millien, Tammy Petasne, Adriana Portal, Lourdes Rodriguez-Florida, Dr. Jamonica Rolle, Kolos Schumy, John Selburg, Wanda Sims, John Todd, Jodie Weinstein, Mario Alvarado and the WHC Security Team, Print Dynamics, and our Dear Readers.

OUR ARTISTS

Alexandra Balla

likes to read and watch psychological thrillers.

Din J. Bonny

is a light being that loves to create words with infinite space in time.

Joshua Reid

is obsessed with the use of language in changing the world.

Dareen Baptiste

is passionate about serving and doing it as best as possible.

Shirleen Groves

wishes to one day change something or someone with her writing.

Mateo Suranna

feels that poetry gives him the ability to convey ideas and thoughts about certain actions or behaviors that correlate with current events.

Jasmine Mohamed

enjoys capturing scenes in life through photography.

Antonio Smith

uses art as a tool for the liberation of limitations and the transmutation of souls.

Nemeche Blake

shares her thoughts in hopes that she can learn and improve from them, making them especially fitting for this issue's theme of "progress."

Elysa Belongie

analyzes everything in sight and figures out a way to build it.

Baolin "Morancy" Wu

enjoys painting digitally and likes to make portraits of beautiful girls.

Emily Fernandez

believes art allows us space to be vulnerable and to be ourselves.

Sheterica Gordon

aspires to inspire and transform through the written word, spoken word, and dance.

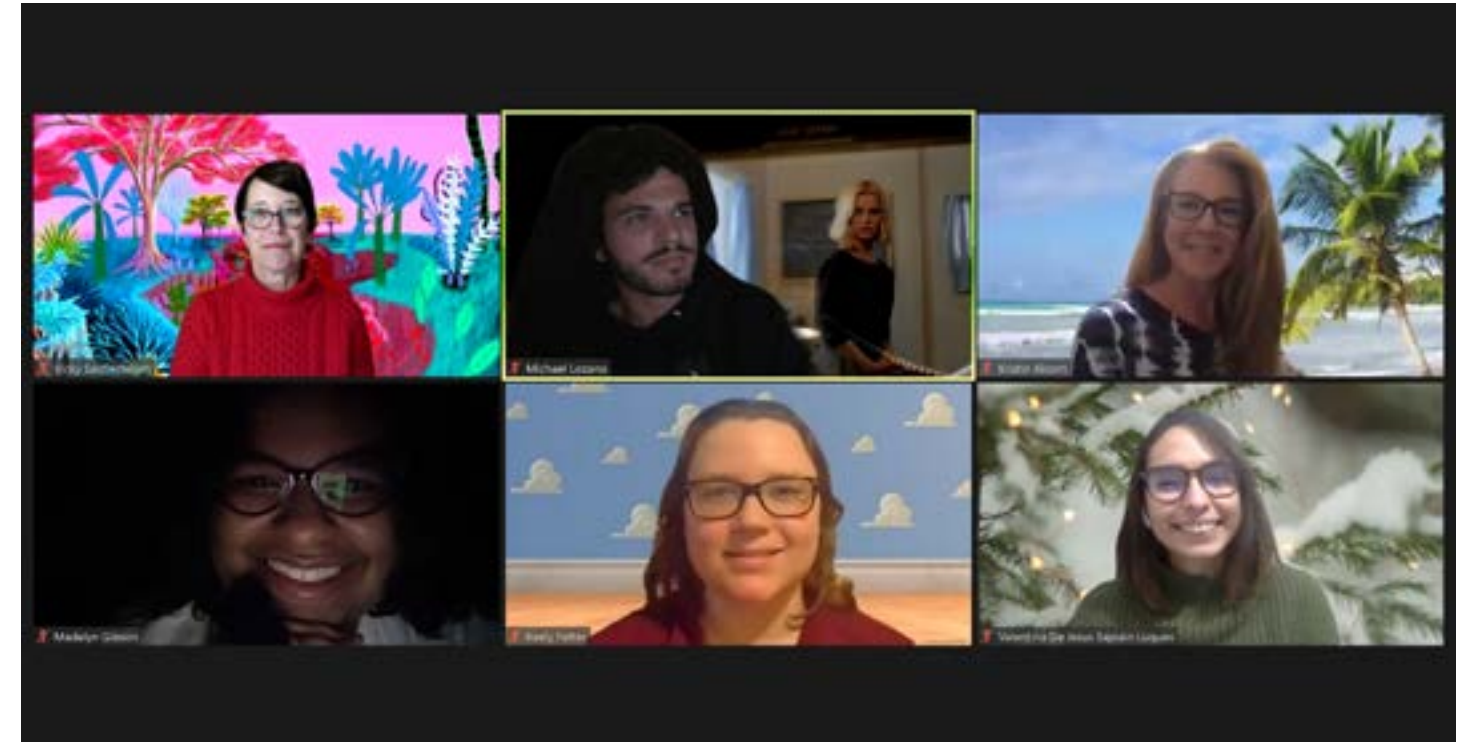
Brian Manere

is a psych major who was raised in Connecticut and his favorite book is *The Great Gatsby*.

Ellana Sunshine

is an artist that always has their head in the clouds ... or in history books.

P'AN KU TEAM



**BROWARDSM
COLLEGE**