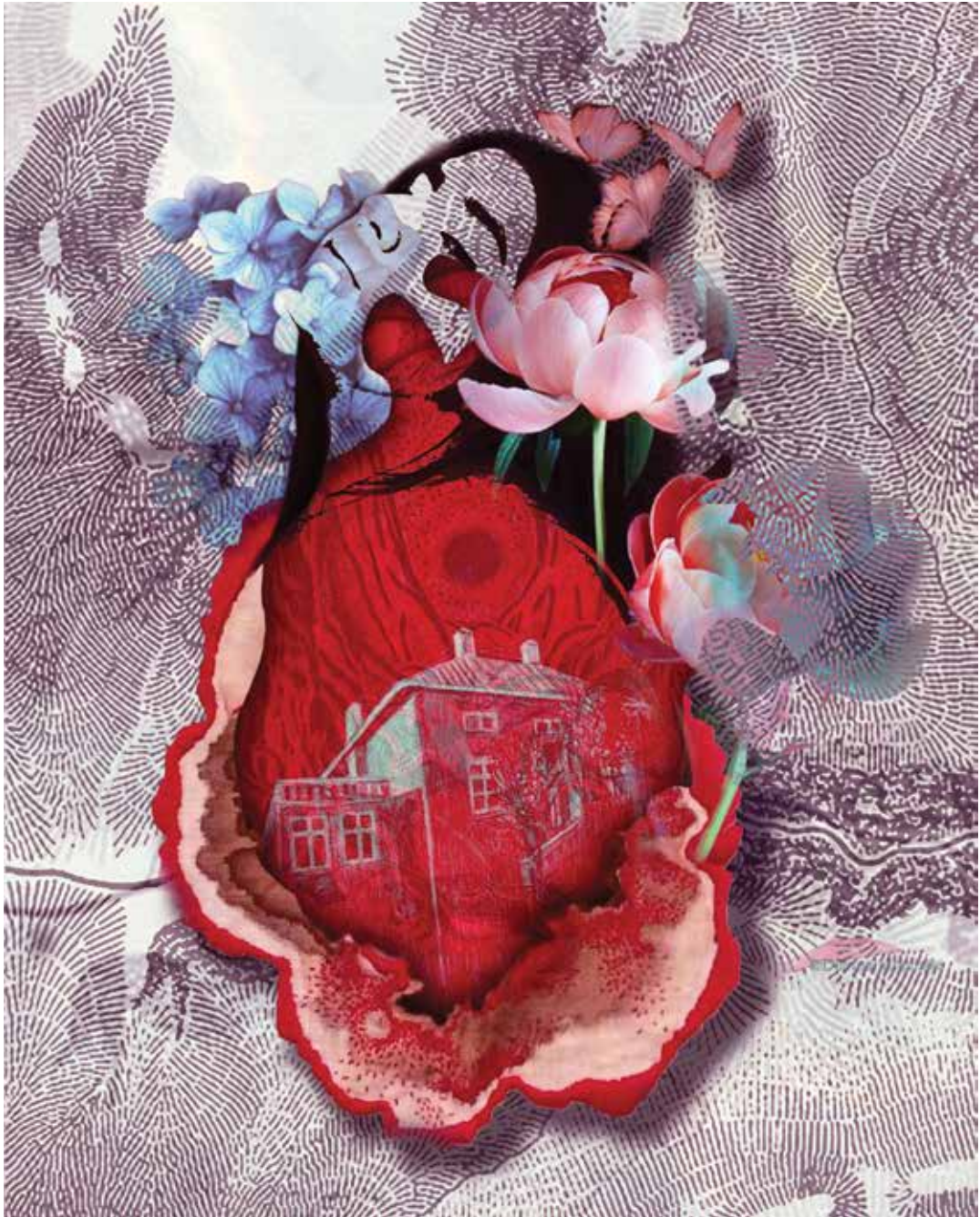


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P'AN KU

L I T E R A R Y & A R T S M A G A Z I N E



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SPRING 2023
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P'AN KU

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE

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Melanie Hosein-Finol

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Special Thanks

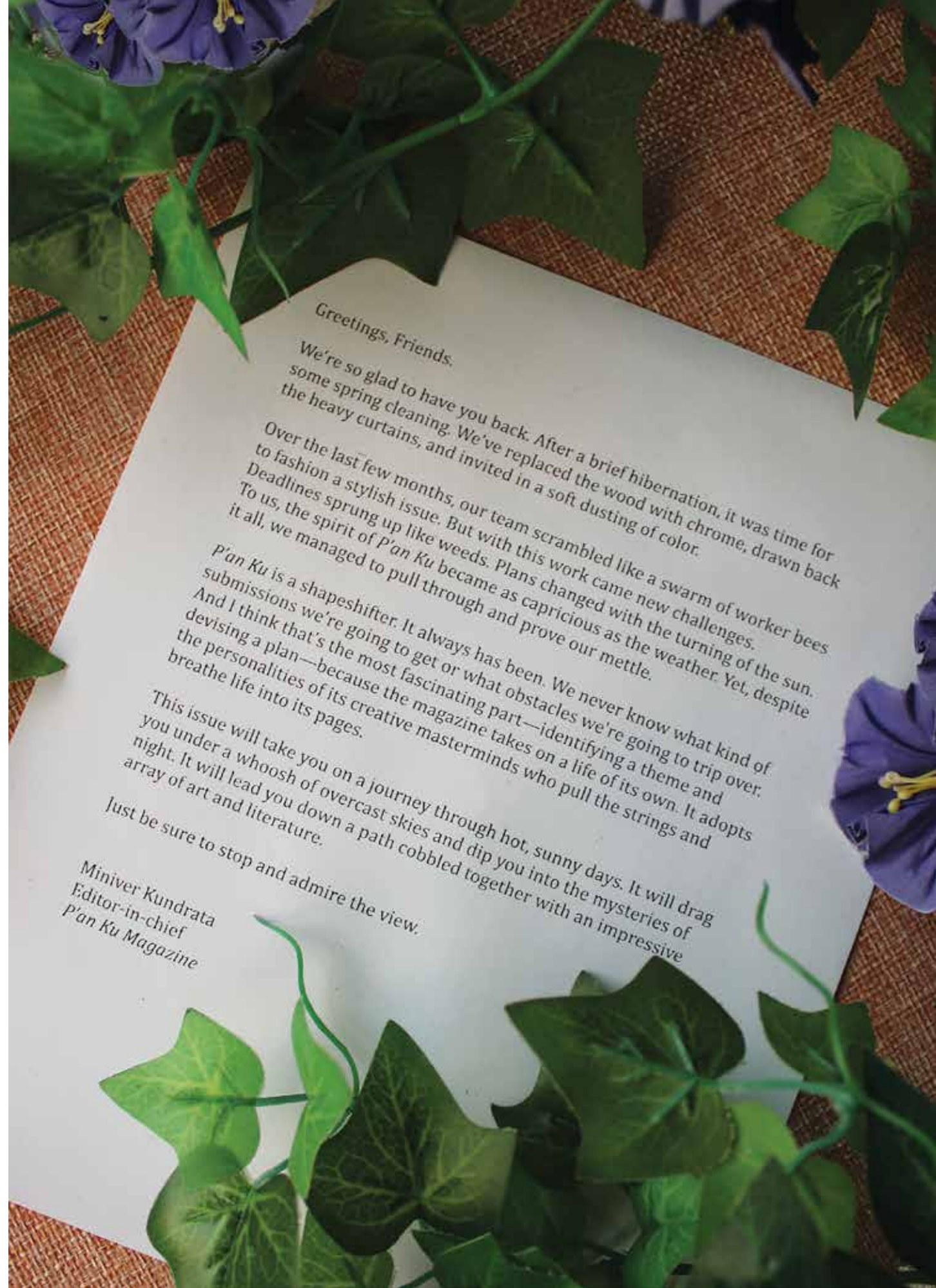
Carl Anderson, Juliet Carl, Marjetta Geerling,
Ariel Hernandez, Jennifer Killam, Kohl King,
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Solley, Our Dear Readers

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Greetings, Friends.

We're so glad to have you back. After a brief hibernation, it was time for some spring cleaning. We've replaced the wood with chrome, drawn back the heavy curtains, and invited in a soft dusting of color.

Over the last few months, our team scrambled like a swarm of worker bees to fashion a stylish issue. But with this work came new challenges. Deadlines sprung up like weeds. Plans changed with the weather. Yet, despite To us, the spirit of P'an Ku became as capricious as the weather. Yet, despite it all, we managed to pull through and prove our mettle.

P'an Ku is a shapeshifter. It always has been. We never know what kind of submissions we're going to get or what obstacles we're going to trip over. And I think that's the most fascinating part—identifying a theme and devising a plan—because the magazine takes on a life of its own. It adopts the personalities of its creative masterminds who pull the strings and breathe life into its pages.

This issue will take you on a journey through hot, sunny days. It will drag you under a whoosh of overcast skies and dip you into the mysteries of night. It will lead you down a path cobbled together with an impressive array of art and literature.

Just be sure to stop and admire the view.

Miniver Kundrata
Editor-in-chief
P'an Ku Magazine

THE HISTORY OF P'AN KU

盤古

Founded in 1964, P'an Ku Magazine is a student-run literary and art 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. P'an Ku's breath became the wind, his voice the thunder, his blood the rivers, and the fleas of his fur, humanity. Anyone endowed with creativity is said to be possessed by the spirit of P'an Ku.

MASTHEAD

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ART

Countryside Evening	08
Antonella Marrero	
The Second Death of Marat	10
Ignacio Beroiz	
Masked Portrait	13
Anastacia Gold	
Cycling Through Life	17
Angelina Pozo Marinho	
Anti-Hero	18
Ignacio Beroiz	
Raku Pinch Pot	19
Shawniek Moore	
Your Feelings Are Valid	21
Phoebe Potter	
Lilac Fog	22
Melanie Hosein-Finol	
Alice in Wonderland ft. Obama	24
Sofie Kahlig	
Spring on Mount Rainer	26
Antonella Marrero	
Abandoned Chariot	29
Lillian Sebastian	
Dreary Dandelion	30
Lillian Sebastian	

PHOTOGRAPHY

14	Sun Worship
	Emily Sur
34	The Reveal
	Karis Lee
50	Fantasy Island
	Karis Lee
55	Sunset Road
	Briana Martin

ART

C O N T E N T S

31	Green with Envy
	Lillian Sebastian
32	Liberate
	Lillian Sebastian
35	The Artifact
	Danielle Roberts
36	Neptune's Wrath
	Ignacio Beroiz
38	Meet Me at Midnight
	Ignacio Beroiz
40	Changing City
	Matthew Stander
42	Umbrella Woes
	Shawniek Moore
44	Cinderella
	Arianna Green
47	Mustard Seed
	Angelina Pozo Marinho
49	Melancholy's Whisper
	Lunaya Cesar
53	Joshua Trees
	Alicia Figueroa

Rope Burn	33
Alanna Robbert	
Old Kings of a New World	37
Santiago Tapia Torres	
Across Space and Time	39
Gabrielle Bullard	
Asphalt	41
Sophia Manzor	
Should Have Gambled Better	43
Tommy Li	
A Good Girl and the Gospel	45
Asaphia Connor	
One Day in this Forever Eternity	46
Yewande Shitta-Bey	
Torn	48
Asaphia Connor	
My Mother Said "Be a Good Girl"	49
Drekaria Miller	
Secrets of the Sunset	54
Dee Laurent	

POETRY

09	Twisted Roots
	Cherokee Trimble
11	The Envelope
	Sophia Manzor
12	Will You Please
	Karla Manzueta
15	Narcissus
	Yanisse Cauldero
16	To Eyma and Leihum
	Jessica Cattanach
20	Brewed
	Adriana Hernandez
23	Butterflies
	Rebecca Gonzalez
25	A Jester
	Yanisse Cauldero
28	Building Frankenstein
	Amanda Dawn
31	Corner Door
	Lilian Nuñez

PROSE

It All Started with Hide and Seek	51
Sarai Maxwell	

POETRY



Countryside Evening

Antonella Marrero
Acrylic and Paint Markers on Canvas

Twisted Roots

Cherokee Trimble

For the element of my soul has been exposed,
And the key to my heart has been disclosed.
The angst of my vulnerability, executed,
As you possess what my essence has excluded.

Flourishing the lifeless land of gray began,
Rebirthing flowers never thought to grow again.
Blossoming fine floral and slaying venomous vines,
which arises from my roots, manipulating my mind.
The pain which I have endured, causing poison to our soil,
Yet it suffocates in your words, vanishing the once turmoil.

But then—I am falling,
And falling.
The concept of time has circulated into nothingness,
all that exists are words that I cannot piece together,
as if the world is a puzzle with no pictures,
as if the sky and the ocean are one, and there is no in between.
I pray you catch me.
But I doubt that you will, for I do not know if you know,
That I am falling.

But then there you are, with one touch of a finger,
you cause all the pain to no longer linger.
We're back in the garden that we created together,
The flowers we've grown, delicate as feather.
The warmest sun emerges from the beautiful blue skies,
But nothing shines brighter than your big brown eyes.



The Envelope

Sophia Manzor

I hold a limp, white envelope in my hand,
and I stare at it;
doing nothing,
saying nothing.

My future rests in this envelope.
I could crush it,
fold it,
tear it to bits if I want—
which I would like to,
greatly.

But I do not.
Instead, the envelope taunts me,
staring back up at me
with mockery.

I do not open it.
Instead I wallow,
flooding my brain
with an ocean of doubt
leaving me stranded
on my own island
as I watch
the waves
pound
and pound.

I am still holding the envelope.
It crumples slightly
in my fist, my untrimmed
nails dig into the paper.

I set the envelope down
on the table,
close my eyes,
and walk away,
but still the waves
continue
to pound
and pound.

Will You Please

Karla Manzueta

Why do you always leave me for dead?
You take me everywhere, use me,
and throw me around like a ragdoll.
You pretend that I'm indestructible
and have put me in rice more times than I can count.
You say you couldn't live without me,
yet, you want to replace me with someone new.
When will I be enough for you?
I soothe your tears with my blue face
and keep up with the pace of your endless scrolling.
You lie and force me to wake up at seven
and start the day off being snoozed and neglected.
I want nothing more than for us to work,
but please, just give me a rest.



Masked Portrait

Anastacia Gold
Mixed Media



Sun Worship

Emily Sur
Photography

Narcissus

Yanisse Cauldero

I grasp onto this flower,
Gazing upon its beautiful golden petals.
I plead,
With my fingers jittering,
Let me love myself,
Make me feel as beautiful as you.

Narcissus,
Hear my plea,
Take my wounds,
And heal them for me.
Make me become something priceless,
Take away this never-ending self-doubt,
Help me find myself,
The part of myself I can love.

Narcissus,
I caress your petals gently,
So they won't fall how my tears have.
Oh please,
Even a shred of love,
I would love to have toward me,
To be rid of the toxins of despair,
And feel the joys of self-acceptance.

Oh flower,
Based in vanity you are,
So grant me that one gift,
That I may gaze into my reflection
And not recoil at what I see,
That I can finally love myself,
Even if it drowns me.

To Eyma and Leihum

Jessica Cattanach

I never thought myself to be the older sibling type
Yet here I am years later
Every small moment of laughter
A precious memory

Running around the kitchen as they chase me
Making crafts
Playing games

I hope they remember me
They're still so young—
And I have to leave soon

I try to see what I remember from their age
To test how well their minds might fossilize me

And it scares me to know
I cannot watch them grow up

Cycling Through Life

Angelina Pozo Marinho
Charcoal and Acrylic Paint





Anti-Hero
Ignacio Beroiz
Charcoal on Toned Paper

Raku Pinch Pot
Shawniek Moore
Ceramic



Brewed

Adriana Hernandez

I could be found shared between unsaid words and words of warmth,
With hints of browns that remind you of her eyes.
I fill the air and remind you of home
And have made friends with tradition.

I am the warmth of the winter and the ice of the summer,
The pumpkin in the fall,
The sips that carry comfort.
I am more than just what is sipped between their lips.

I am your wake up call in the morning,
The perfect fit in your hands,
The push before the sunrise,
And the first love of many.

You left me sitting and I ran cold,
Left untouched like the conversations said,
How when we grow older,
The things we love are used for the things we hate.

Grown from ground like one with the earth,
Taken as I am and appreciated in all my beauty and forms,
I am liquid-luck even when I may make others nervous.
Hold me tightly, have me daily.



Your Feelings Are Valid

Phoebe Potter
Cut Paper Collage



Lilac Fog

Melanie Hosein-Finol
Graphite and Watercolor on Mixed Media Paper

Butterflies

Rebecca Gonzalez

do i crave them or does my heart crave attention?
can't distinguish want and wanting to be wanted
calls me beautiful and i fall on non-existent desire
manic fun for a day, then the never-ending tired

i love that they like me, but love nothing else
play with their emotions, untangling my own
open hearts get crushed by my sick mind
sorry to those who unfortunately love me

can't imagine holding hands or anything after
touch starved, yet uncomfortable with feeling
skin on skin will make me sob and heave
with longing, and at the same time disgust

energy for emotions is fleeting, it mocks me
wait for them to message, my intestines flutter
dread the notification and don't open til later
wishing for the day the wings stop decaying



Alice in Wonderland ft. Obama

Sofie Kahlig
India Ink

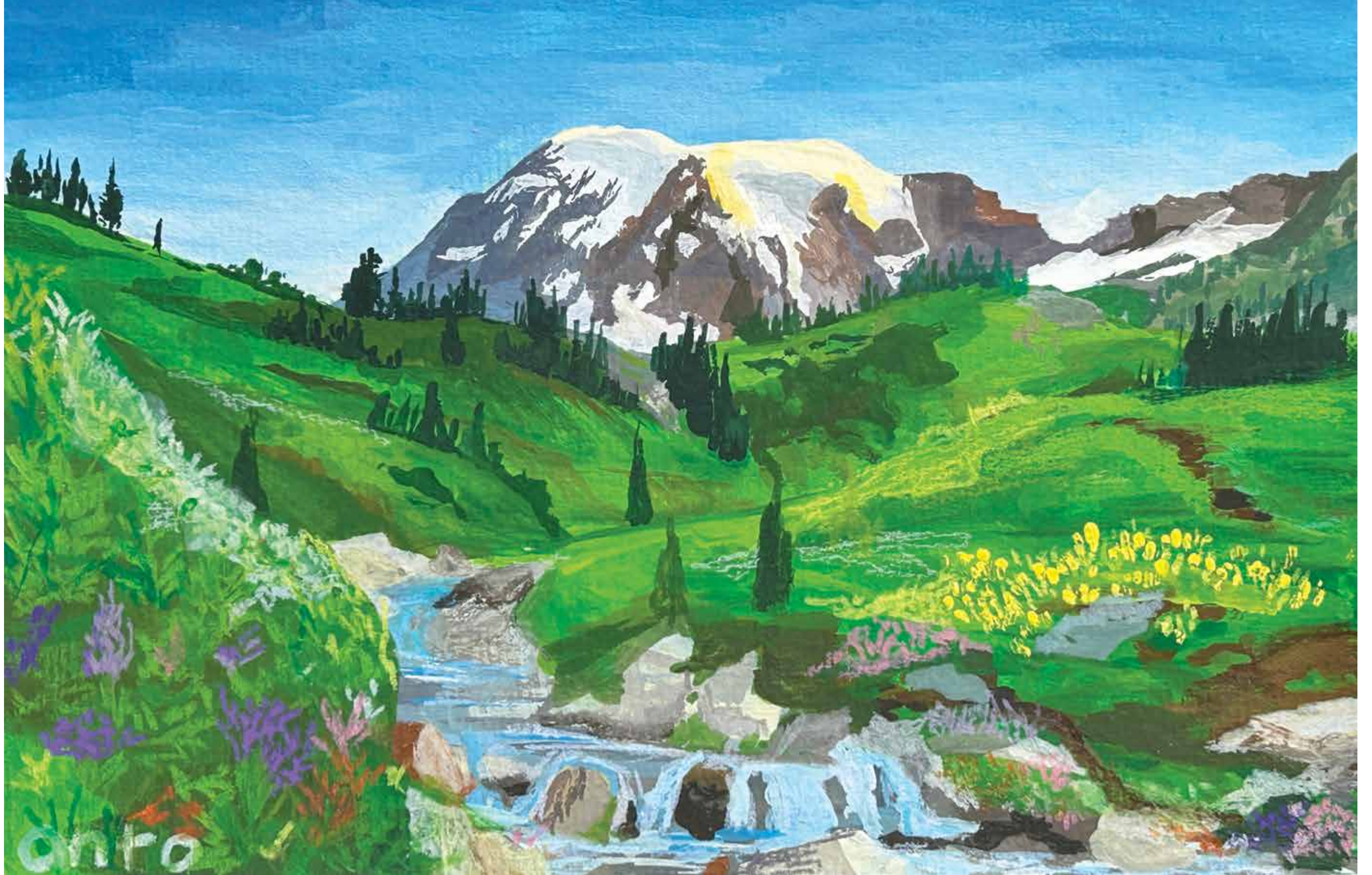
A Jester

Yanisse Cauldero

Your laugh is infectious,
Silent but sweet.
The way you tip your head back in joy
Brings out the weakness in me
And sends me sky high.

It makes my heart tremble
The way you squint your eyes.

But that's all I am,
A jester,
And that's all you are,
The audience I see from time to time.
But still,
I'd do anything for that twinkle in your eye,
And that laugh,
For that moment
Is all mine.



Spring on Mount Rainier

Antonella Marrero
Gouache and Colored Pencil on Watercolor Paper

Building Frankenstein

Amanda Dawn

You grew up thinking the world was harsh
Because you chose to focus on the pain

You grew up thinking you were small
Because someone used you to make themselves feel bigger

You grew up feeling like the victim
Now you look through the eyes of the villain

Is this the life you choose to make?
Look at the frankenstein you build

You learned to only trust yourself
So you choose to be trustworthy

You vow not to tell a lie, not to break a promise
An honorable man built out of spite

Is the strength of your character in the power of your malice?
If so, the stubbornness of your scorn is the glue

Look at the frankenstein you build

You put yourself together with dead pieces
A compilation of wounds to the head and the heart
Recycling the trauma and beckoning for it to live again

Has life been so cruel that you have forgotten the balance?
Have you forgotten that the rain waters the flowers?

You understand that a death brings a life
But you choose to bring life to the same pain
Repeating the death again

Look at the frankenstein you build

If it were to rain, would you let the flowers bloom?



Abandoned Chariot

Lillian Sebastian
Bic Pen



Dreary Dandelion

Lillian Sebastian
Colored Pencil

Corner Door

Lilian Nuñez

There is a figure peeking behind the corner of my door,
As to why it was there,
I do not know,
It must have been the gunk lodged deep within my eye,
It must have been my coat rack idly standing by,
It must be because I am sleep deprived,
But I am not too sure if this thing should suffocate me in such a way,
I am not too sure if it should whisper in my ear either,
I am not too sure whether it could cause me to feel such dread,
Amplifying my woes,
And send retched shivers down to my toes,
I can only hope for my savior, my darling sunlight, to come,
To stop this nonsense before I am done,
I deny what this visitor wants,
I cannot come face to face with what I did,
It will visit me every night until my thoughts are unstrung,
Until I confess my words,
Until I confess with my own lungs,
But no matter its jarring nudges,
I will continue to bear,
I would rather let this guilt swallow me whole,
Then face the consequences I dared,
But how could I not have noticed it before,
All it ever could amount to is a figure at the corner of my door.



Green with Envy

Lillian Sebastian
Colored Pencil



Liberate

Lillian Sebastian
Fineliner Pen

Rope Burn

Alanna Robbert

Hands, rough and raw,
continue to push and pull
for the end that was promised
but seems to never come.

I should have known that you
were lying when words sweeter
than honey spurred from that
beautifully sinister mind of yours.

Call me cruel, but I have more
faith in my gut since, in letters
black and bold, you told me:
“You don’t deserve kindness.”

It was December, then January.
A cycle of cruelty, then the
rope was loosened, and to my
surprise, in October, it tightened.

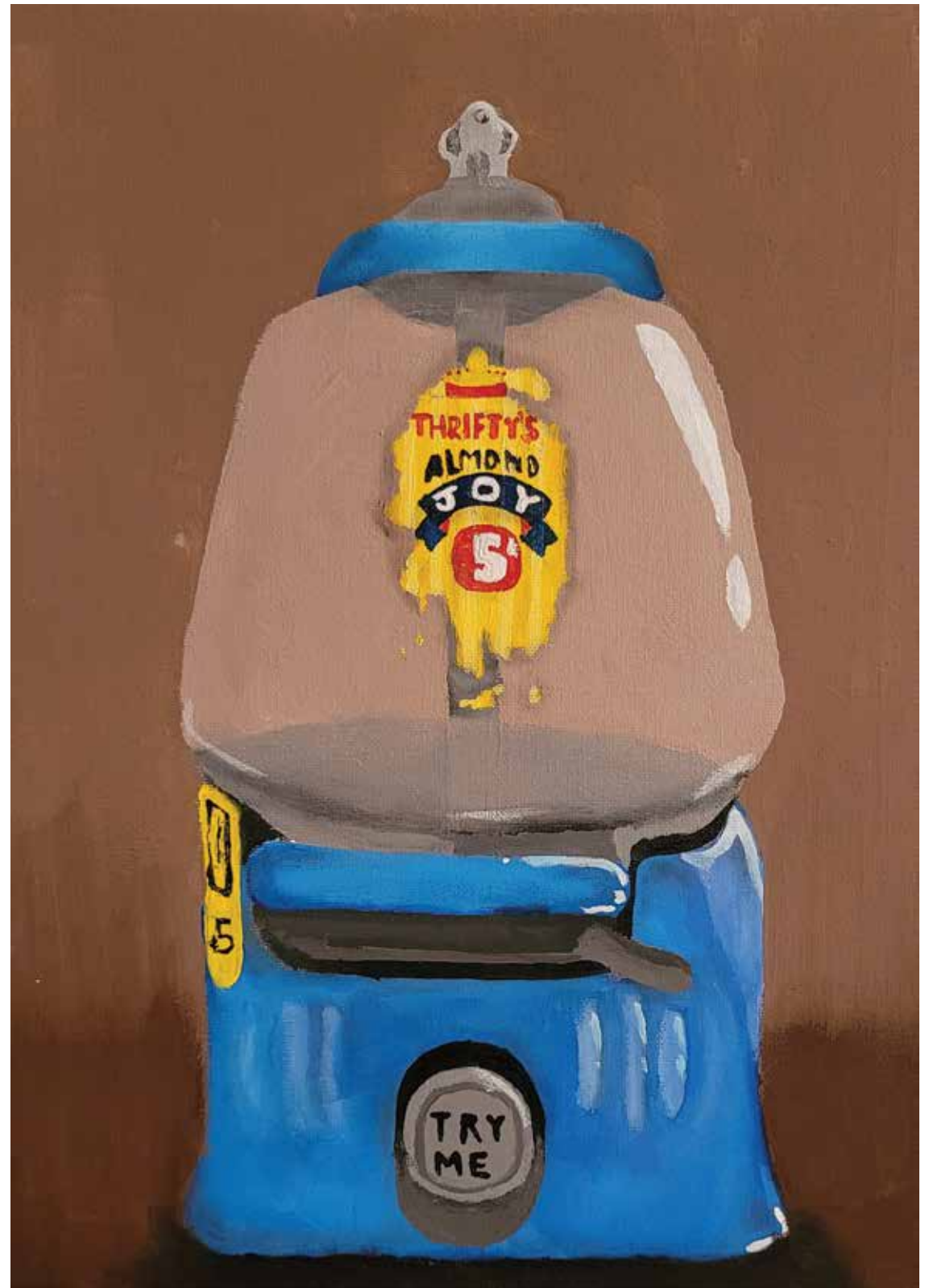
My heart aches and I know
what to do to soothe it. Strangely,
I can’t. It has become an addiction.
One I am fighting to get sober from.

There is no end, only more and more rope.
The end of it is me cutting my ties to this—



The Reveal

Karis Lee
Photography



The Artifact

Danielle Roberts
Acrylic Paint

Neptune's Wrath

Ignacio Beroiz
Linocut Print



Old Kings of a New World

Santiago Tapia Torres

At the bottom of the world,
Forced out from the top,
We are waiting.

Genes made of gold,
Soles full of dirt,
We are learning.

The spear from our hands
Taken,
Pierced through our chests
Soon,
Will reach the white dove.

And when it does,
We'll travel across the world.
And strike back.

Our animal skin,
Made leather by the sun,
Cannot be pierced anymore.



Meet Me at Midnight

Ignacio Beroiz
Oil on Canvas

Across Space and Time

Gabrielle Bullard

Across space and time,
the sun rises,
the moon falls,
and the stars lazily drift in between.

You rise,
and I fall,
and months go by,
but the sparks linger in between.

You ran and I chased,
or maybe I ran and you chased,
and again the months went by,
and seasons faded as time ticked on.

We aged with every passing breeze,
and drifted apart across the seas,
where nothing stayed the same,
yet nothing ever changed.

Because when I finally catch up to you,
and we're in the same space at the same time,
it all comes to a stand still,
as if we were never even apart.

Because across space and time,
I will always love you.
Whenever you stand before me,
and when you don't.
Now or later.
Day and night.
The same sparks always fly.



Changing City
Matthew Stander
Gouache on Paper

Asphalt

Sophia Manzor

I sit on the ground,
legs pulled up to my chest,
staring far away at nothing.

My fingers fidget
with a rock I found
lying next to me;
they carve
little white markings
onto the green asphalt
mindlessly.

I am still
and serene.
Unbothered
and unconcerned.

My head fills
with television static,
with the sound
cellophane makes
when you crush it
in your palm.

My heart thrashes
violently
in my chest,
and I feel the
ba-dump, ba-dump
of a bass drum
down to my belly,
tearing my body asunder
from the inside.

I bury my head
between my knees,
and my hand,
of its own volition,
fervently scrapes
a pattern into the
asphalt.

The little rock wears
away and
my hand scrapes
the ground,
leaving a few
crimson red teardrops
to color the murky green.



Umbrella Woes

Shawniek Moore
Oil on Hardboard

Should Have Gambled Better

Tommy Li

For what it's worth, some debt doesn't seem so bad.
After all, owing a bit of money is just a small hurdle.
A small hurdle is all that is needed for a secure future.
A secure future that's an all or nothing gamble.
An all or nothing gamble is the price, but that's okay—
the unwanted kids will pay it off, too.
All of the unwanted kids are gonna be given the tab,
a weighty tab they will eventually have to pass off, too.
For they will become old and gray before they know it.
They will be so old and gray that their bones will crack,
their bones will crack with every step and joint bend.
As for the mother, she will be working a dead end.
As her body rips apart every shift,
and the rich lawyer insists she doesn't need more pay,
and that the baby she can't afford must see the light of day.
For what it's worth, it seems nobody wants to work.
Nobody wants to work in hard labor,
hard labor to coddle their rich neighbor,
and pull themselves up by the bootstraps.
Maybe those kids can cover their mother's shifts
while she is stuck in the hospital bed she can't afford,
since the lawyer insisted she didn't need a living pay,
and her baby can't afford to eat today.
Maybe she should have gambled better.



Cinderella
Arianna Green
Oil Paint

A Good Girl and the Gospel

Asaphia Connor

“Sneaking in through the back door?
Don’t let them catch you now,
you sinner.
You’ve got to pay them,
cause you’ve sinned.”

“You’re a girl. You can’t look at girls
with passion in your eyes.
You’re going to hell, sinner.
You’ve got to pay them
cause you’ve sinned.”

“Did you touch yourself?
You’ve touched your own body?
How dare you?
You’ve got to pay them
cause you’ve sinned.”

“Your body doesn’t belong to you,
it belongs to a man;
some man, any man.
You’ve got to pay for them,
they’ve sinned.”

“Dress right. Act right. Talk right.
Dress right so they don’t look at you,
so *you* don’t make them sin.
You’ve got to pay for them,
they’ve sinned.”

“Bear this burden, sinner.
We’re all sinners to *God*,
but you’re an even worse sinner,
cause we say so.
You’ve got to pay us,
we’ve sinned.”

To that I say,
“Screw god.”

One Day in this Forever Eternity

Yewande Shitta-Bey

so,

i thought one day we would catch the moon
and string it like a yo-yo

the next day, we would build a kingdom
and become darling princesses

then, we would explore the breadth of the seas
and uncover atlantis in its depths

yet,

time has put an end
to those magical fantasies

i cannot recall the last time
i grinned as freely as you do

nor the last time i wished upon stars
that i could never attain

however,

now that it is no longer “we”
and only “you” who was and “i” who is

i’ve begun to fear that to yearn for immortality
is to overestimate the pleasantries of life

still,

you hold onto your whimsicality
while my imagination never dares get close to the sun

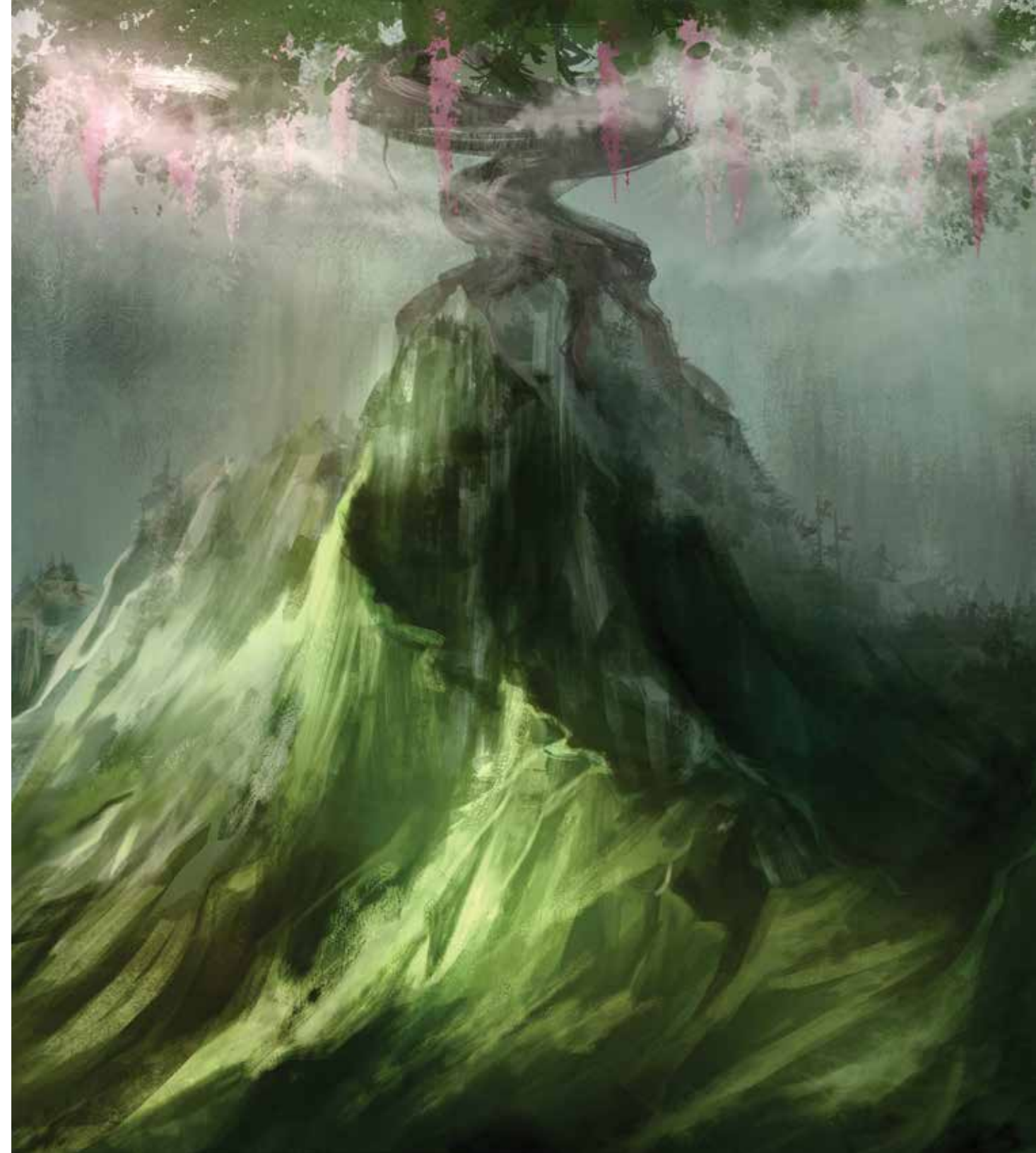
you want to live in your dreamscape forever
and ceaselessly grasp for eternity

although,

your definitions of forever and eternity
make them mutually exclusive

(and,

even if that were not true
i believe we have been granted neither)



Mustard Seed
Angelina Pozo Marinho
Digital Media

Torn

Asaphia Connor

The uncried tears sitting in untouched wells.
Their presence is ignored
until finally the flood
undoes the sealing
that was so carefully placed.
They fall softly.

They fall softly with the sound of freedom
blaring loudly for all to hear.
Like leaves shaken from a tree
softly tumbling
as gravity takes hold
as well as momentary peace.

So, tear asunder your heart
be stoic no more
bare it all on your sleeve
become so wrecked that you cannot see
take apart your shield
and place it to the side.

Cry loud, and freely and proudly.
Cry with hate and sorrow.
Cry hard.
Cry ugly.



My Mother Said “Be a Good Girl”

Drekaria Miller

My mother said I need to be “more polite.”
Martin Luther King Jr. and the Freedom Riders wore suits and spoke politely.
The only way the silenced are heard is through nice acts toward their oppressors.
My mother said I need to “smile and nod to a policeman or authoritative figure” if they ever approach me.
My freedom of speech does not matter if I am dead, she says.
My mother said “the law is like a wand” and whoever holds the wand controls the law.
So, if I am not a magician or fairy godmother I need to shut up about politics.
But in reality, once a black woman becomes a politician the wands start disappearing.
All of a sudden, everyone is afraid of being exposed, so they get uncomfortable and lock their wands
away and log out of Twitter.
My mother said “Barack was the best president” and her reasons are: he is black and handsome.
If you are any representation of the culture, the specifics of what you’re doing don’t matter, she says. This
is because “we take what we can get.”
My mother cries, “Please just be a good girl, mama.”
My mom says she does not need me to be another Trevon Martin or George Floyd.
My mother said, “I am scared.”
I listen to my mother because I am scared, too.



Fantasy Island

Karis Lee
Photography

It All Started with Hide and Seek

Sarai Maxwell

Jenna suggests we play a game to pass the time until supper. I oblige to get her out of Mama's hair, but only if she'll let me hide first. I run to the barn as soon as she starts counting. Knowing full well she fears heights, I climb to the top wood plank in the barn, hiding behind barrels of god knows what. Pa was always buying stuff. *The old hoarder*. He's never going to use any of it.

After what feels like a decade, the barn door opens and shuts quickly. Smiling, I peek from behind the barrels and peer below. Instead of two puffs, I'm met with an enormous set of unruly curls. It isn't my wide-eyed, missing-teeth, little sister. Miss May, our newest farmhand, stands in the middle of the barn. She started helping with the stables

after mama—Shaking my head, let's not go there. I glue my eyes to the lanky woman. She straightens out her overalls and looks around. Checking that I haven't missed the little pest's presence somehow. Miss May better not be helping Jenna look for me. *We didn't agree to have teams!* I hear the barn door open again and my heart rate quickens. Shoving myself out of sight, I hold my breath as if it would help me submerge into the rotting wall behind me.

Jenna will point up here and Miss May will climb up and tag me out. I would have to be the seeker next round, and I hate that job. It's too tedious. I'm left to my own devices when I hide. I can take a nap if I want. Dream about the boy across the way and how he would *almost* always check the mail at the same time as me. Smiling brightly, as if he was

waiting just for me, making my cheeks all warm and making me all tongue-tied. When it's just me and Jenna playing, I can win. I know her weak points, so I can keep her occupied, long enough to not annoy mama and for her to get tired enough to head right on to bed after supper. *Genius, that's what I am!*

So little Miss May better not mess up my plans.

Teetering slowly from around the barrels, crouching lower than before, gripping the bar underneath me. There, in the right corner of the barn, stands the man who gave me my short stature and bridged nose. The man who claimed he would be busy calculating the farm's expenses only a few minutes ago. Twirling one of Miss May's short curls between his fingers, smiling in a way—a way he never smiled with mama. My heart sinks, falling into my gut. But nothing brings tears to my eyes like the sight of his mouth meeting hers.

Saddling up against the wall, back to my space. My safe place, away from the sins that take place below. Shoving a fist into my mouth, I rock quietly. *Can't tell Mama*. Shaking my head, *she'd die*. She'd probably send me and Jenna over to Granny Jo Jo's and burn everything down, while pa was asleep, and then take her last breath with her own hand.

She can't know. No, she can't, not after—not after she lost the light that she had yearned to cradle in her arms. This would be her last straw, I just know it. The sounds of the activities below intensify, and

I snatch my hand from my mouth, slamming my palms over my ears as my eyes give way to tears. A runny nose not too far behind. It feels like centuries before I'm finally alone. My hands fall into my lap, shaking. *Anger is normal*, I try reasoning with myself, letting out a deep breath. The raging tears can't be plugged, and the heat of my blood takes over my usual calm rationale.

What I saw and heard makes my stomach churn. I'd have to hide this from mama and sit at dinner with a snake as if I didn't know he was poisoning our home. The secret would eat at me till my last days. It would be an early grave. When he comes

to give me a goodnight kiss, I will have to still myself and not pull away. I have to act like everything is okay. *Okay*, I repeat over and over in my head. The word feels as wrong as his deception.

Nothing would truly be okay.

My eyes wander to the corner where commitment has lost all meaning. Twirling hair. Illicit kisses. There hangs several tools. My eyes slide to the glistening pipe as I climb down. *We should've never played this game*. I should've just let Jenna play in the kitchen. Mama could deal with that kind of disturbance. That's something small. Something she could take. Now I have to bear what she can't carry. The pipe consumes me as I ready myself to play a new game to protect my mother's distorted reality.

It all started with hide and seek.

“We should've never played this game.”



Joshua Trees

Alicia Figueroa
Charcoal

Secrets of the Sunset

Dee Laurent

I watched the sunset from my bedroom window as I often did.
The colors swirled and danced in the sky.
I was so envious of them as I sat on the cold, hard chair in front of my computer.
With the bright screen burning my eyes, my hands numb from the hours spent typing,
My legs aching from being still too long, I was in desperate need of a break.
My eyes shifted to the window again.
I stood, pushed the heavy chair back, and creaked open the window.
A gust of wind burst into my room, scattering my papers.
Each flimsy sheet danced to the same rhythm as the colors in the sky.
They fell across my floor, blanketing the warm colored tile like fresh snow covering the earth.
I stood at the window for a long time,
letting the sounds of the wind drown the steady hum of my computer.
And then the colors faded, and darkness came, enveloping my entire room in black.
I watched as the porch light painted the shadows of the trees on my bedroom wall.
The boring white wall completely transformed into a forest of shadows.
The orchestra of crickets and other night animals began, and I joined my voice with theirs,
whispering a prayer that the sun would be there to greet me again tomorrow.



Sunset Road

Briana Martin
Photography

ARTIST BIOS

Ignacio Beroiz is an 18-year-old Argentinian artist. In 2021, art became something very close to his heart, and he hasn't stopped since.

Gabrielle Bullard is trying to navigate the rocky seas of life, using her writing as a map to show the places she's been.

Jessica Cattanach has been writing stories from a young age and dreams of becoming an author when she grows up.

Yanisse Cauldero takes inspiration from anything in the world and finds ways to incorporate it into her works.

Lunaya Cesar loves to develop life and bible-related artworks that inspire others.

Asaphia Connor longs to write as she does to breathe.

Amanda Dawn is an artist whose work is centered around issues of personal growth and social commentary.

Alicia Figueroa's love for cartoon characters inspires a hope that, someday, she can make her own comic series.

Anastacia Gold's life is imbued with art, from her studies as a fine art major to concurrent jobs at the South Campus Gallery and Boca Raton Museum of Art.

Rebecca Gonzalez sees writing as a way of expressing emotions that are too big or too difficult to say. She likes to believe that she turns her tears into words on a page.

Arianna Green portrays female fatigue, angst, and melancholy in her characters as a beacon to girls who struggle to fit into the ideal mold of womanhood.

Adriana Hernandez, with a pen and a whole lot of caffeine, reflects her soul in all that she writes.

Melanie Hosein-Finol is an artist whose portfolio explores nature and human connection with various media.

Sofe Kahlig plans to study graphic design—or anything in the arts. She doesn't know what path it'll take her down, but in the end, she always knows she'll be okay.

Dee Laurent's love of writing came from her love of reading. She began to wonder if she could be the author instead of the audience.

Karis Lee combines real life with the surreal, culminating in a piece that is hard to distinguish between the two.

Tommy Li exists and says what he sees. He also really likes old Hondas.

Sophia Manzor loves telling stories from her own experiences in the hopes that others will find them relatable.

Karla Manzueta is a first-generation Dominican American, born and raised in Miami. She has a passion for reading books and has recently begun to read poetry.

Antonella Marrero only wishes to paint, drink tea, and dream.

Briana Martin has a passion for garnering new perspectives. She hopes to pursue this passion through the lens of a camera in journalism or bold ink on paper in the field of law.

Sarai Maxwell is a lover of stories who dreams up her own whenever possible. She believes that art is what gives life meaning.

Drekaria Miller is a 17-year-old international relations major who enjoys writing, music, and literature.

Shawniek Moore is a lover of the arts and is always open to experimenting with different art media.

Lilian Nuñez believes that, sometimes, even the simplest of pieces are enough to make us feel happy or sorrowful.

Phoebe Potter connects her own life experiences to social issues or pop culture in her work.

Angelina Pozo Marinho creates, believing in the possibility that she could potentially be the creator of a brand-new story.

Alanna Robbert, regardless of the circumstance, plans on never giving up any form of artistic expression.

Danielle Roberts is a lifelong art lover who plans to inject that love into her career, keeping her childhood dream close.

Lillian Sebastian loves to use pens and colored pencils to draw traditional art.

Yewande Shitta-Bey likes to write words that express and evoke nebulous feelings.

Matthew Stander's creations go from his mind to his hands, skipping the influence of society—a pure form created by the mind and then the body.

Emily Sur wants to show the beauty in the little things misunderstood and overlooked.

Santiago Tapia Torres, despite his love for poetry, plans to pursue a career in screenwriting and filmmaking, always focusing on the beauty we can create in the struggles of being human.

Cherokee Trimble is simply romanticizing the dreadful feelings of life.

FCSPA AWARDS

FIRST PLACE

P'an Ku Team, General Excellence

Miniver Kundrata, Fiction, *Spring 2022*

Jeannette Martiarena, Photography, *Spring 2022*

Tim Holdeman, Staff Page, *Fall 2021*

SECOND PLACE

Alisha Loiseau, Poem, *Spring 2022*

Emilio Luna, Art, *Fall 2021*

Andrea Faratro, Jacob Cutchin, Mia Orris, Photography, *Fall 2021*

P'an Ku Team, Editing, *Spring 2022*

THIRD PLACE

Souleye Blanchard, Tori Brown, Jennifer Freeman, Poetry, *Spring 2022*

Andrea Freitas Lins Cantarelli, Yanisse Cauldero, Djennya Ciceron, Poetry, *Fall 2021*

Tim Holdeman, Two-page Spread Design, *Fall 2021*

Hannah Vogel, Photography, *Fall 2021*

Jeannette Martiarena, Nalani Dean, Joseph Pierre, Photography, *Spring 2022*

Tim Holdeman, Design, *Spring 2022*

Tim Holdeman, Ainhoa Lasso, Cover, *Spring 2022*

INNER CIRCLE AWARD

Tim Holdeman, Layout & Design Editor

P'an Ku

www.pankumag.org

*“ i love that they like me, but love nothing else
play with their emotions, untangling my own ”*

-Rebecca Gonzalez

*“ Blossoming fine floral, and slaying
venomous vines which arises from my
roots, manipulating my mind. ”*

-Cherokee Trimble

*“ My heart aches and I know
what to do to soothe it. ”*

-Alanna Robbert

*“ you hold onto your whimsicality while my
imagination never dares get close to the sun ”*

-Yewande Shitta-Bey

*“ You put yourself together with dead pieces
A compilation of wounds to the head and the heart
Recycling the trauma and beckoning for it to live again ”*

-Amanda Dawn

*“ They fall softly with the sound of
freedom blaring loudly for all to hear. ”*

-Asaphia Connor

*“ I am your wake up call in the morning,
The perfect fit in your hands,
The push before the sunrise,
And the first love of many. ”*

-Adriana Hernandez