

# **Ink**

*A Literary Arts Magazine*

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**Senior Editor:** Bradley Geiser

**Editors:** Mariel Becerra, Peyton DeLaughder

**Cover Art:** Jose De Jesus Quintero

**Printing:** Mike Wieber and Teresa Greenwood, Yuba College Print Shop

**Faculty Advisor:** Kevin Ferns, Professor of English, Woodland Community College

### **Editorial and Production Staff**

If you are a current or future Woodland Community College student and would like to be part of the creative and hard-working editorial and production staff for *Ink, A Literary Arts Magazine*, please contact Kevin Ferns at [kferns@yccd.edu](mailto:kferns@yccd.edu).

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# **Matador**

*Camille Grunder*

Red is the dress that frames her hips  
Red are her laughing cherry lips  
Red is the warmth of our embrace  
Red is the blush that lights her face  
Red is this rose, this gift I bring  
Red are the rubies in our rings  
Red is the color of beating hearts,  
in the morning light, 'till death do us part.

Red is the flowing cape he wore  
Red is the stain on the bull's long horn  
Red is the only thing I see  
Red on his chest, he calls for me  
Red is his blood that soaks the dust  
Red is his ring that turns to rust  
Red is the color of bleeding hearts,  
for the mourning comes, when death do us part.

# Sentiment and Stupidity

*Olivia Gross*

“What about this? Can we get rid of this?” My sister is tearing through our closet on a room-scouring binge. These binges occur once a month and might be attributable to the full moon, but I haven’t tracked them that carefully. What I have done is attempt to snatch my valuables out of her suddenly Spartan grasp to prevent their immediate destruction in the trash.

“No. Not that one.” I say removing the object in question from her fingertips and its impending doom. It’s not much to look at and is something I’d have been mortified to wear several years ago. Neon green, soft as Spring heather, and with a dopey face atop its crown, it’s a frog beanie. She rolls her eyes at me but readily relinquishes the unfortunate beanie and continues with her purge. I stand back from the lean, mean, clutter-busting machine and consider what stroke of madness inspired me to buy this loveable little amphibian atrocity.

I haven’t held it for a while. In fact, I’ve forgotten about its existence several times since I bought it a year ago. But standing there and holding it, looking once more at the slightly disturbing face with its lopsided grin and chintzy plastic eyes, brings its history flooding back to me.

I remember the fateful day of beheaded Kermit’s purchase pretty well. That morning, I was tired from a late night of homework and an early morning commute, I hadn’t had my coffee, and I was dreading the five hour time gap that Psychology class’s cancellation had left between my arrival and Biology class later in the day. I was sitting outside the library wishing I were elsewhere, preferably home and asleep, when someone decided to rescue me from boredom and misery. We’d been texting, like we frequently did, about our days so far, and he quickly discerned that I was having a bad one. He’d also

had a class cancelled, and he could be there within forty minutes if I wanted to hang out. Why not? I'd known him since the previous semester, and he seemed like a cool guy.

Before he arrived, I did the obligatory self-scrutinization in the mirror of the bathroom and passed a verdict: I was beyond the saving grace of makeup and my hair rivalled Chucky's, but the outfit was decent. Disappointed with myself, I resignedly strolled into the frigid library where I hid behind one of the desks; maybe I would miraculously beautify in the next half hour, there's always hope! That didn't happen, and he found me anyway, darn it.

"Found you!" he laughed when he found me hiding. He then made a comment about how my posture looked like Gollum's after the Precious was stolen, but he sobered up when faced with my severely caffeine-deprived countenance and body language which suggested murderous intent if he didn't stop. He was a smart guy and took me for coffee immediately.

After coffee, we'd walked around town and through a verdant, peaceful park. We played "I Spy, Hipster Version" -- a game we invented for identifying hipsters, and I won, of course, which he debated incessantly and still denies. Walking back through town, we stopped at an obscure little store filled to the brim with tchotchkes, beach apparel, and the faintest smell of incense. Yes, I know, but it seemed like a good idea at the time. It was in this setting that I first laid eyes on Kermit.

Kermit was strangely beautiful in that light with those smells and the summer breeze wafting through the air. Ok, so he wasn't actually beautiful, but I really wanted to make señor smarty pants wear a stupid hat so that I'd have photographic evidence of it to use against him in future debates, and the best way to attain said evidence was by wearing one myself and elaborating on all its froggy glory. This backfired because he found a wolf

beanie, and then we simply had to buy them -- he caught on to my tactical scheming and refused to be embarrassed, and I refused to admit that I was plotting against him. So out we walked, in our neon, velveteen animal beanies, feeling utterly moronic but strangely liberated. Despite all appearances, they were actually comfortable, and we continued to wear them as we walked down the street and back to his truck. By the third bewildered stare from a stranger and one or two "Mommy, what's wrong with those people?" comments from small children, we were impervious to judgment of our fashion faux pas and oblivious to everyone else.

When we arrived back at school, we were still wearing the beanies.

"Feeling better?" he asked, with the wolf's head hat perched nobly atop his head and the ear flaps dangling to his midsection.

"Thanks", I said, for some reason having difficulty making eye contact with him, "I'm much better."

"Awesome! Smeagol is free. She must have found the Precious!" Apparently I was still Gollum.

"You're a dork" I laughed, hopping out of the truck's cab.

He smiled. "But did you?"

I readjusted Kermit and slung my backpack over my shoulders again before replying. "I think I did."

Another smile as he put the key in the truck's ignition and brought the engine to life. "Then I'm happy! See you tomorrow?"

"See you tomorrow", I said, returning the smile. "And don't forget the hat!"

"How could I forget this?!" He said, brandishing it at me as he drove past.

We did wear the beanies the next day just to embarrass each other. It worked for about two minutes, and then we fell into a serious kind of conversation which

doesn't accommodate the wearing of such adventurously alternative apparel.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So you're sure you want to keep that?" My sister asks bringing me out of last year and back to the present. The overflowing "discard" box is in her arms as she makes fearsome eyes at Kermit.

"Yeah", I say, conducting a pseudo-inspection of the beanie. "I'm gonna hold onto this for a while."

"Suit yourself" she says walking away to rid herself of the box.

It's stupid of me to keep it, but I can't throw it away -- not yet. I pull my cellphone out of my back pocket and snap a picture of the bedraggled beanie.

"Remember this?" Is the text I attach to the photo before sending it.

I'm in the middle of bashing my forehead repeatedly with my fist thinking I really shouldn't have done that, when my phone chimes, and I read the following text: "I wouldn't forget it. How you been?"

## **All Mine**

*Silvia Marquez*

The first time I dressed you  
we were yet to arrive home  
you seemed so fragile and I so inexperienced  
yet, you have been mine ever since  
a tag with your name spelled around your ankle  
confirmed what I could not believe  
That you were mine for me and mine to keep  
And so I dressed my little thing that had grown from within  
I put the little gray suit I'd so carefully chosen for you  
You looked so formal with your little pants  
I couldn't believe my eyes,  
you were finally nestled in my arms  
for a moment I thought I'd start to cry  
But then the nurse came in to help me out  
for the next excited patient to come waddling about

# La Pane

*Mariel Becerra*

The heat produced by the oven  
Makes the room feel like a dragon's cave  
And the oven is his bed.

In every corner, the heavy and white sacks of flour  
and sugar

Wait for the bakers' hands to dig inside them.

Different flavors of homemade jam that Grandma  
made sit on the old wooden shelves.

Strawberry

Grape

Peach

Pineapple

You name.

My eight-year-old arms need help

To reach the sprinkles

Kept on the highest shelf.

On the dragons' bed,

Grandpa bakes the special bread we made

Which we don't sell.

"Tiny bread for my tiny person"

He says.

At the end of the day

We sit on chairs with a glass of milk

Eating the sweet and soft

Pan Dulce that my Grandpa baked.

# Tequila

*Silvia Marquez*

Calloused hands farm it  
seven years it takes to grow  
pour it to forget

# Ivory Walls

*Camille Grunder*

Y'know they say my heart's  
still beatin'  
And they tell me I'm  
still breathin'  
But I'm just a spirit trapped  
Inside my head.  
I pound the  
I v o r y W a l l s  
But they can't  
H e a r M y C a l l s

When they told me I  
was bleedin'  
I thought that I  
was leavin'  
But my waves were on an endless  
Sea of red.  
I pound the  
I v o r y W a l l s  
But they can't  
H e a r M y C a l l s  
They try to make my heart  
keep beatin'  
And they tell me just  
keep breathin'  
Why won't they admit  
that I am dead?  
I pound the  
I v o r y W a l l s  
But they can't  
H e a r M y C a l l s

There's a sound I can't  
stop hearin'  
And a wave I can't  
stop seein'  
If I was gone it feels like now  
I'm here instead  
I'll pound the  
I v o r y W a l l s  
'till they can  
H e a r M y C a l l s

I can feel my heart's  
still beatin'  
But I know I must  
be dreamin'  
When I get up and turn away  
from my bed.  
I leave the  
I v o r y W a l l s  
Where they can't  
H e a r M y C a l l s  
I leave the  
I v o r y W a l l s  
So they can  
H e a r M y C a l l s  
I leave the  
I v o r y W a l l s  
Now they can  
H e a r M y C a l l s

# **Alcohol Myopia**

*Delaney Thayer*

The bar is full of people  
Drinks half full, frontal lobes no longer in control  
Alcohol myopia in full swing  
Loud conversations consuming the air  
Nobody is really listening  
They are too consumed to care  
Spilled drinks, exaggerated shrieks  
Someone is throwing up in the bathroom  
Drunk dancing, your mother would not approve  
Risky texts being sent to exes  
Desperate voicemails left ignored  
Waking up the morning after  
The regret is worse than the hangover

# **Santa Barbara Mornings**

*Julio Mandarino*

I wake up at 7:30 AM, with the sudden urge to have some of my aunt's homemade bread. I sneak my way from my living room mattress to the nearby kitchen. Against the walls and shuffling past corners, I worked my way there like a mouse. At my destination, I stand on my toes to look over the counter, but no bread to be found. I suppose my luck failed me, so I take the walk of shame back to my low mattress. My aunt catches me, she was awake after all. She was in the laundry room, battling away the wrinkles in her clothes with the iron. "What's wrong mijo?", she says, "I just wanted something warm Tia" I say so sadly. "Wait a little longer and your wish will come true!" She told me, so I waited. It was 7:45. Fully awake I check on my cousins. The loud snoring was impossible to escape in that room. The sound of a motorcycle, elephant and other such things coming from their mouths. I've wonder if I ever snored just like them. Fearing what would happen if I woke them up, I make my way back down the hall. I look up and I see photos, photos of my aunts and uncles when they were younger. It was strange seeing this for the first time, because as a kid I never knew my older family members were just like me at one time too. Short, playing with toys, riding bikes, they were kids too. I head to the bathroom to see if I resembled any of them. I grab the stool to see the mirror but I get easily distracted. I see the bathroom stall, the seat shaped like a shell, sink shaped like one too. That's when I was once again reminded I was in Santa Barbara. Placing the stool back where it belongs, I heard sounds from the bathroom window. Pounds against the dirt, shoveling and the sound of metal hitting against one another. I rush my way out, moving the sliding door with ease and that's when I come to a stop as soon as I step out. I was hypnotized by the morning fog, the ocean's gift

to those who wake up early. I took a deep breath and allowed the air to enter my lungs. it was refreshing, it was chilly, it felt like a life source. Uplifted, I went back to my journey to find the source of the noise. It was my uncle, working on his garden. It was his pride and joy. He never wanted me to help, but didn't mind me watching. Maybe because I was small, maybe because I would mess up his little Forrest. I'll never know. It was time to head back inside, no sweater on to protect me from the cold, it was finally getting chilly. I run inside and it feels like an eternity to do so. My aunt's back yard is large and there are so many pathways, no wonder my cousins love playing here. The cactus growing on the side, the mysterious shed with the lock, the guest house and plant life, it felt like another world back there. It's 8:30 AM, an hour flew by but I was having fun. I head back to my mattress, a little more tired than I was before. I close my eyes but a sweet scent enters the tunnels of my nose. I'm awake again, the soothing scent coming from the kitchen lifts me up. I feel like a zombie, no control over my body or it was just the love I have for my aunts bread. It was finally done, my wish has come true and my aunt had my bread and milk ready. I take a seat and savor the taste and warmth that bread gives me. A few minutes later my cousins are joining in and the house is full of life again. Everyone is awake, in the kitchen having a small meal. This day was going to be great, I could already tell. Which is no surprise, everyday is a good day in Santa Barbara.

## **Conflicted**

*Delaney Thayer*

I am not always around  
I put in little effort  
Sometimes I show up but don't make a sound  
I am lost and confused  
I love when poetry is deep  
But it scares me to share  
To put my heart and soul for the world to see  
So I procrastinate and deny  
Put my feelings aside  
You might wonder why but I can only apologize

# **Gathering**

*Camille Grunder*

Flowers being thrown  
She is covered all in white  
And him, dressed in black.

# **They'll Call Me A War Hero**

*Rebekah Wiesner*

A gun in one hand  
Pill bottle in the other  
Which one do I use?

# No Ball, Broken Heart

*Julio Mandarino*

Who would've thought the love of your life could break  
your heart.  
It can happen so fast or at any moment,  
In the end or the start.  
Now I'm not talking about the love between a person and  
another,  
But the love between a person and a thing,  
Like the love for cooking, or the love to sing,  
In my case my love was for a game,  
But after one game, nothing was the same,  
You see, my love is for basketball  
A sport I watched all my life,  
A sport that is loved throughout the family,  
A sport that brought my brother and I ever closer.  
It wasn't until 2010 that I really started to play,  
Before then, I only passed and rebounded,  
I was too scared of what people had to say  
But I grew and saw myself getting better  
No I wasn't college good  
Wasn't expecting to get a letter  
I didn't even play on the high school team,  
Because I was too scared of failure  
Senior year I tried,  
I didn't make the team  
I thought I would have cried  
But I didn't and I learned from it  
I played more and more,  
No more video games,  
It was basketball until I got sore  
My body was changing, I was losing weight  
But realizing now, I was too late.  
Wish I've found the love to play earlier,  
But better late than never.

Now, I'm a lot slimmer. Thanks to basketball  
I'm more rough, thanks to basketball,  
I'm more open, thanks to basketball.  
And today, I'm injured because of basketball.  
Almost a year ago, something terrible happened.  
I went to play,  
But it turned out to be my last day  
I tore my ACL,  
The support of my knee,  
It's an injury that's inside,  
No eye could see,  
Head to September 2015,  
I finally got surgery.  
As I wait three more months to come back,  
I look back at my life after basketball,  
And can still say thanks for what it's given me back.  
Sure I haven't been able to play, but I learned  
I learned that I'm tough mentally,  
I learned my body can take pain,  
I learned there is much more than just basketball,  
There is a lot to gain.  
So as I said goodbye to the sport,  
It's almost time to say hello again.  
I still say thanks to basketball,  
Because it's made me who I am today.

# A Very Good Question

*Ian Chamberlain*

What's in a poem?  
Is it the rhyme?  
When one takes the time to  
Create a sound that  
Can be quite round?

Is there a  
Need for rhythm?  
Is it a formula a  
Sacred algorithm?

Can I keep one style,  
if only for a while?  
As I follow each step  
taking the time to prep

I can make a rhythm  
and follow the rhyme scheme  
but does that trump the need  
for a gorgeous theme?

Is it not an expression  
One of myself  
As I create words  
That are their own source of wealth

## **Downtown**

*Delaney Thayer*

Rain falls slowly as I walk down the road  
A pale yellow truck catches my eye  
Soft, pink roses rest on the cold pavement  
An orange tree stands tall above my head  
I imagine Mother Nature must be proud  
A kind man asks me if I have a light  
I pull a white lighter from my pocket  
He gives me two before saying goodbye  
My mother would not be proud of me  
But I am alone and she will not know  
A neon light glows from within a bar  
Traffic lights reflect into the puddles  
The sun sleeps, the city is full of light  
It's hard to sleep in the city at night

# **An Abusive Relationship**

*Ian Chamberlain*

There's a monster  
That lives inside  
Watching me,  
No matter how well I hide

It grips me,  
Like a demon grabbing my throat,  
It whispers in my ear, not  
The things I should do, but what I won't.

"Don't go to the party,  
don't even get out of bed.  
Just stay in the dark  
Wishing to be dead."

Cause it's a war  
One where my pain is sinking in  
Is it pointless to fight?  
Can I even win?

Because this beast  
It stalks me every day  
Tearing me down  
In every possible way.

"You're worthless  
You'd be better off dead  
Nobody would miss you"  
Get out of my head!

Vile monster  
That rips out my heart  
Sharp teeth and claws  
Agonizingly tear me apart.

But it's also a lady  
One that seduces me  
With words and chains  
So I'll never be free

Her kisses like fire  
That are caustic to the touch  
And she lays them on  
Until it's almost too much

The familiar ache  
Of a sensual burn  
And yet, they become  
Something for which I yearn.

It's a vicious cycle  
One I both love and hate  
That I can't seem to escape  
Almost like it's my fate

So now you see my pain  
My shameless confession  
As I fight with my enemy and my lover  
A bitch named depression.

# **Lost**

*Delaney Thayer*

Where is happiness?  
It is not where I lost it  
Still searching for it

# Kisses

*Marcos Estrada*

From my head to my toes you engulf my body with lies  
you could care less if you let tears run down my eyes  
you try to connect yourself to me personally, to feel my  
vibe  
then tell me you "love me" physically just so you can bribe  
i would ask you to stop, but it's hard to control myself  
especially when I've been feeling lower than the  
continental shelf  
I often times erase your memories like you were never  
needed  
but now as my ink continues to drain from my veins the  
flow is impeded  
the daily connection from my lips to yours has been  
interrupted  
now I walk around violated and corrupted  
what does it mean to be a kiss?  
to open up a new life with a stranger?  
and erase the trauma from an adolescent's eyes after  
seeing the danger  
that was taken away selfishly from someone you don't  
know  
even the palms are kissed and followed with a soft blow  
I was killed internally and slowly suffering  
life puckered up and poisoned its lips and now my hearts  
fluttering  
my eyes are going blurry and I'm getting dizzy  
I've got a weird prickly feeling on my face and my hair  
feels frizzy  
I can't even stand up straight and i threw up everything i  
ate  
whats going on with me? i can hear everything internally  
my heartbeat sounds like an African tribe that's off beat  
the anger from my stomach, keeps stomping its feet

my brain's messages tell my legs to weaken  
and tell my arms to move when I speak cause I'm Puerto  
Rican

For a split second I rose to the thorn  
saw the world spin and felt reborn  
when i closed my eyes, they opened to pure bliss  
cause i was connected to flesh through a kiss  
exchanging common truths and untold lies  
expelling hurtful words and gushing eyes  
stabbed backs and ripped out hearts  
that's when the infidelity and secrecy starts  
thinking you've given everything but you were sadly  
mistaken  
not knowing that spending all your money would result in  
her faking  
not knowing that being honest and honest and genuine  
and at times real  
would give you someone you could only feel  
cause the gouging effect that takes place when you feel  
the beat  
is so explosive it knocks you to your feet  
and when you're up and walking around and have lost your  
way  
just remember that you must kiss, kiss the night away.

# **Can't Write a Haiku**

*Mariel Becerra*

I am so glad that  
English is not my major.  
Wait, I think it is.

## **Places To...**

Gavin Lowery

In a redwood forest, ground covered in moss  
A kitchen wearing an apron and making spaghetti sauce  
The back of your uncle Big Tony's Corvette  
At Ikea on a fancy new living room set  
The confessional booth in a catholic church  
In the shade of tree whose branches are birch  
In lobbies and elevators and broom closets too  
A Jamba Juice bathroom or even a zoo  
In front of a fire in a high mountain cabin  
An Uber to the city because you thought that you'd just  
cab in  
Behind the stage at a talk with a Ted  
And if that's too much, then there's always a bed  
To write List Poems...

# **A Night to Forget**

*Ian Chamberlain*

4 years old  
A veteran of my own war  
As I watch them fight  
Never sure what for.

"I can't take this!"  
Her eyes the color of defeat  
She walks out the door  
A wife, a fighter, who's been beat

"Then go!"  
His anger pure, and real  
I often wonder  
If he can even feel

For the family that was ripped apart  
Losing all I could never have  
A normal family  
Now cut in half

Now I'm a freak  
Whose parents couldn't make it through  
Feeling helpless  
With nothing I can do.

The night  
That my world fell off track  
I'll never forget my words  
"Is mommy ever coming back?"

# **Tears**

*Mariel Becerra*

A  
Drop  
From your  
Silent sorrow. A  
Drop for every time  
Your soul bleeds. A drop  
That expresses your love for  
Me. A drop that does not want  
To feel free. A drop that aches  
For me. And a thousand more  
For all the times I have done  
Something to hurt your  
Kind soul my love.

## **PBR**

*Jayme Voze*

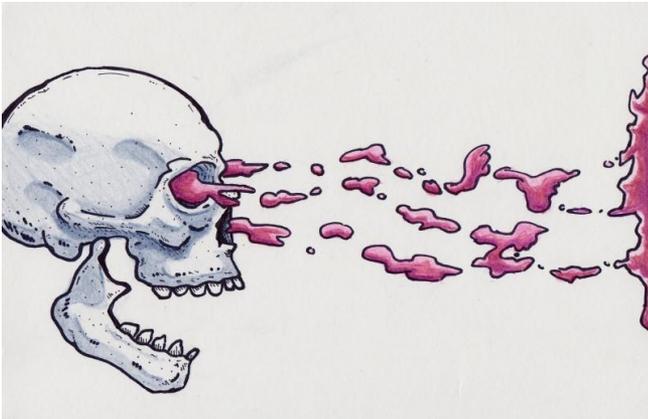
After work you're the first one I see  
I have been thinking about you all day  
You have been waiting in my fridge for me  
You are the best that's what I always say.  
I open you up and take a cold drink  
I love the way you make me feel inside  
Let's have another that's what I think  
All today's worries seem to go hide.  
You are so nice to me you are a treat  
I feel so much better when you are near  
Let's hang out some more you are so sweet  
I'll love you always and want you here.  
Days I don't see you can be a bore  
It's ok though let's go to the store

## Adan Gallo

*"Deceit and Dishonor"*



*"Drip"*



**Breann James**

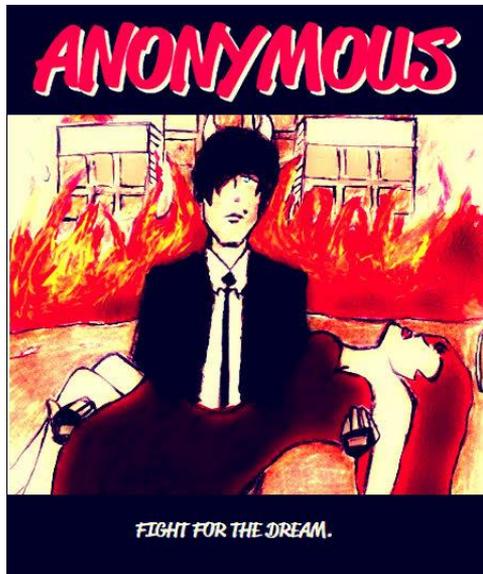


**Darian Reel**

*"Way Out"*



**Erica Valdez**



**Jose De Jesus Quintero**



## **Marianna Shaw**

*"Water Drops"*



## **Mckenzie Carvalho**

*"Ace"*



# Ritual

*Marcus Tafoya*

Words of the mind thoughts of the soul  
a poem is a bind from times of old.  
when heart and the page are one in the same  
blood is the ink and pen is the brain.  
a poem makes sense when nothing else does  
so say what you will, say it just because.

## **Soft Breaths**

*Jordan Fairbanks*

Maybe my Mom taught me what it means to live,  
Maybe my Mom showed me what it means to give,  
Maybe my Mom was the meaning of sacrificial love,  
Maybe my Mom was the existence of a gift from above,

Maybe I wasn't taught how to hate  
Maybe I wasn't showed what it means to test fate,  
Maybe I was showed how to overcome discrepancies in  
faith,  
Maybe I already knew how to hold the weight,

Maybe I surely know how to take heart,  
Maybe I don't waste a moment from the start,  
Maybe I express my chest in my own type of breaths,  
Maybe I let love spread from my soul in a sweeter caress.

## **A.N.P.**

*Tim Fries*

I am amazed by your smile,

Whose smile, Your smile! That lights up my world like  
the fresh birth of a new mornings sun breaking the  
horizon.

I love the feel of your touch,

Whose touch, Your touch! Every time you rub my  
hands making me feel safe and no one will ever come  
between you and I.

The feel of your heart beating,

Whose heart, Your heart! That I never want to take  
my hand off your chest and know and pray only beats for  
me.

I enjoy your body,

Whose body, Your body! All 4'10" of you that fits  
perfectly into me as we sleep so I can hold you tight all  
night.

I feel free to the sound of your voice,

Whose voice, Your voice! That is always  
reminding me that it is always my fault whether it is or  
not.

You can be my world,

Whose world, My world! And I will give it all to  
you and never think twice.

I will keep you safe,

Who's safe, You safe! Anyone who stands  
against you against me and I will Hurt NO break anybody

who dares hurt you.

And in case the world does not know My Love,  
Who's love, My Love...

My Love,  
Who makes me feel free like the stars sitting in  
the clear night sky.

My Love,  
Who gives me the confidence of a hundred  
charging elephants!

My Love,  
Who believes in me and supports me.

My Love,  
Who I want to share adventure upon  
adventure with.

Whose Love,  
My Love.

# **On My Heart, In My Mind**

*Marcus Tafoya*

It all panned out so perfectly in my mind,  
Together forever I thought.  
Like the mistress of love herself I was blind,  
To get her back, I think not.  
You say you're still my friend now,  
How can you deny something more?  
I say I still hold my vow,  
You can come by, just open the door.  
Though I try to suppress what I felt,  
It's not easy to still be this close.  
In your eyes my soul melts.  
The fact that you're here hurts the most,  
You're here when I lay alone in the dark,  
Still in my mind and on my heart.

# Hunger Games

*Jayne Voze*

Short walk to the fridge  
hunger pushes me to it  
yes bean burrito

# Going On Vacation

*Julio Mandarino*

Before I leave I must check my bags.  
Got my shirts,  
Got the pants that don't sag  
I got my toothbrush but don't have my paste  
Took the lotion cream instead,  
I'm sure I won't like the taste,  
No room for shoe, want to take another pair  
Put them in my brother's bag,  
On second thought that isn't fair.  
Do I have my sunscreen?  
I think I do, if I don't oh well,  
I'll do something to protect me from the sunbeams,  
Where are my shirts?  
Must of put them in my sister's bag,  
Because all I see are skirts  
Check check check,  
Finally had everything in my bag,  
Time to go on vacation  
No time to be sad

# In Loving Memory...

*Rebekah Wiesner*

They'll say I had nice eyes, a warm smile. That I was handsome, and made everyone I met feel comfortable. I was loved by many, will be missed by all. I was a good son, a loving brother, and a caring friend. I am drinking beer with Dad in heaven. After my long battle with depression; I have found my peace. But, you see, depression doesn't bring peace. It dulls the eyes, and makes even my warmest of my smiles feel empty. Depression fabricates feelings of unworthiness and misery. Depression says I am shunned by many, and that they won't even notice when I'm gone. Depression says I don't measure up. That I can't be the man that my family needs the way Dad was, and even he couldn't be there for us. Depression controlled him until he gave up the fight. I was only 12. Depression doesn't bring peace. It tears apart family, and it causes good people to isolate themselves from any sort of love; Depression whispers to you in the dark of the night that there is one way out, and you believe it; because death itself is better than warring with your own mind. Depression changes you. It plays tricks. It tells lies. And in the end, when you can't take it anymore; Depression always wins.

## **Us.**

*Olivia Gross*

Our last embrace was painful, remember?  
Your dark eyes found mine, piercing to my soul  
That rainy day, we thought we'd surrender  
We had to; it was beyond our control.

We'd ended it, or so we thought, but then  
it crept back stealthily, a text, a call  
Then lunch to reminisce old times again  
and watching the sunset before nightfall

We shouldn't have kissed, but it was our song;  
we needed catharsis to null the doubt.  
Then, it came back, having stayed all along:  
Our old, stubborn love, taking a new route.

Our struggles won't fade, but neither will we:  
we're stronger now; and one day, we'll be free.

# Years Go By

*Mariel Becerra*

Baby oh baby,  
What a precious little baby  
Tiny hands  
Big belly  
Don't cry my precious baby.

Sister oh sister,  
Come play with me little sister.  
Grab the dolls,  
Now hide and I'll seek  
Run fast or you'll be frizzed  
Don't tell mom it was me.

Daughter oh daughter  
Years fly by, you are thirteen now so guess what?  
No skirts  
No dresses  
No makeup  
No boyfriends.

Sweetie oh Sweetie  
You look so pretty.  
Let us go for a walk  
Hold my hand  
Look into my eyes  
Let's make out.

Dear me oh dear me,  
I've grown so fast  
Time does not slow down.  
I've learnt to cry when needed.  
I've learnt to trust and be trusted.  
I've learnt to listen and obey.  
I've learnt that mistakes can be made.

# One Day in July

*Kevin Ferns*

Summer. Adam, Mike, Amber, Marcela, and me. The windows are down, but it's not helping. My back sticks to the loud Volkswagen bus's worn vinyl seats, the sweat oozing through my shirt. After a few wrong turns on the curvy dirt road, the brakes squeak and Mike rolls to a stop. I think it's around here, he says. It feels good to get out and walk, and we follow a chain link fence across a ridge. We are breathing hard by the time we come to where the fence has been cut, and Adam says, yep, it's this way. This is what they told me. We cut through to an overgrown logging road down into a crevasse. And the falls—we can hear them long before we see them. Deep in the canyon they call to us like sirens. My shoulders ache from the straps of my pack, the Lucky Lager sloshing. We reach a clearing in the trees. The plume appears to erupt from the rock like steam from a teapot, and the water darkens and smooths as it cuts a path over the rock. The spray kisses my cheek softly, and we stop for a moment and watch, hearing it again as if for the first time. I reach into my bag and hand a can to Marcela, keeping one for myself, and hand the pack to Mike. Marcela sits down. Her hand rests on my knee. We are aware of each other as we watch the water flowing smoothly down and across the rock. It forms a forceful film over the mossy rock for about 20 feet, dropping into a dark pool. The water has been falling over this cliff for hundreds of years, Adam says. Just look at that smooth slide. Oh who's the bigshot geologist now, Amber laughs. Adam laughs too and begins climbing up the rocky bank, and then disappears above us. Ohhh yeahh! Adam is coming down the rockslide now, head first, and the pool accepts him with a whoosh. There is a moment of hesitation, worry—No one has checked the depth. But he pops up laughing, shouting. I climb up next

with Marcela close behind, and Mike and Amber follow. The pool below winks at me, the tops of the trees forming an inviting face around the dark blue. I feel the flow nudge me from behind as I sit, then let it take me, over the edge and down the slope, gaining speed. My stomach butterflies, the granite disappears from beneath me as the water pours over my face from above, and then all is cool silence as I am enveloped in the dark below. I bubble to the surface. Marcela splashes in next to me, laughing as she gasps for air. I take her hand and she allows me to pull her to the opposite bank. I see an opening, perhaps a cave, behind the falls where the water walls off the world. She swims up beside me, and she smiles. She sees it too.

# Cannibals

*Rebekah Wiesner*

My big sister, in the dark had whispered to me a word. Cannibals. She told me not to tell a soul, "Mom and Dad said cannibals eat other people, in case you didn't know." My big two front teeth bite my bottom lip; I look at the black baby doll in my lap for answers. Cannibals? I gulp, heart in my throat. The shudder of the airplane tires kissing the asphalt makes me tighten my grip on my baby doll. Her big green eyes tell me it will be ok, her dimples reassure me, *it's all fine*. Mom pulls me up by my chubby arm, "We're here." My sweaty hand in Mom's, people around us get out of their seats, pushing and yelling. We break free from the chaos, and walk down the rickety plane steps. We had traveled forward in time, far far away. It is all so different. The air is sticky, like pancake syrup. It smells like tobacco and pineapples, and the jungle all around us is filled with trash and fruit stands. People yelling at each other in words I don't understand. Cannibals. A man, black as my baby, but with eyes that are dark, not green, and cheeks that wore wrinkles, not dimples, greets us and squats down, "Kiega Nuhatne, Ozo." His foul breath fills my lungs, and he grins, his teeth red, stained with the blood of his victims... Cannibals, Cannibals.

# **“What to Write?”**

*Olivia Gross*

She wondered  
and he continued his monologue.

He was concerned  
about what “they” don’t see.  
He wanted to be heard  
by an honest, true friend,  
but he couldn’t find the words;  
Or he wouldn’t.  
She saw his face, the desperation in his eyes --  
Eyes like those of a hunted animal  
snared in the cruel jaws of a steel trap.  
She tried to help  
to listen, advise, and ease the pain,  
but he couldn’t let her in;  
He’d never fully take that risk again.  
He was fine, he said.  
He could put on a smile  
and go through each day  
faking laughter  
and emulating cheer.

She saw through the facade,  
But was lost at what to do;  
So she took to the page,  
got out her pen,  
and recorded her thoughts in response to his.  
The more she wrote, the clearer it became:  
He needed a Savior, and she’d never fit the bill  
How could she?  
Her flaws were probably worse than his.

She closed the book,  
and the two friends went their separate ways.

## **P.F.E.**

*Marcus Tafoya*

Another day, another headache  
another night, no end in sight  
messes are waiting when I clock-in  
people I'm hating 'cuz they called in  
the walk-in, the steam table, everything empty  
only on slow days do we have plenty  
grieving at this bullshit in the back of my mind  
pushing it aside to help deal with this line  
families with crying babies  
front of the house too lazy  
my boss is lying daily  
I think I'm going crazy  
"Shanghai Steak and Kung Pao waiting!!"  
we ask if they mind but they still be complaining.  
I run out of zucchini, I run out of chili,  
I run out of everything, ugh! I'm done! this is shitty.

# Gray Waters

*Jordan Fairbanks*

There's this look one can conceal,  
Calm like the Sea,  
Vast as the Ocean,

If you let your soul swim through deep enough,  
You'll see the corners of the trenches,  
The colors of the reef,  
The same view of the fiercest set of teeth,

But if you catch it quick enough,  
It shows the pull of the tides,  
And reflects the pure Sun's light.

# **Full-Time Employee**

*Jonathan Thompson*

You love to tell people my life.  
You tell all who'll listen that I have no job.  
You tell them I do nothing all day.  
I am a dad,  
Do not call me a father.  
I am a husband,  
To a strong-willed woman.  
I am disabled,  
Not broken beyond repair.  
I am a fighter,  
Choosing to get out of bed.  
I am a student,  
Working towards my diploma.  
I am a geek,  
Ahead of the rest of the world.  
I am a writer,  
My ideas get read by thousands.  
I don't get paid to do what I do,  
At least not with money.  
What I do get is love and experience.  
Remember that, the next time you say I don't have a job.

# Mykonos

*Gavin Lowery*

Stepping off the dock I view my silhouette a'swaying  
Sun beating down upon my back, but falling now and  
fading

A city cut into a cove and fortified by cliffs  
Wind whipping off the ocean, it whispers chords and riffs

Buildings lie before me, all bleached a bare bone white  
Doors and windows painted blue, an ocean in the night  
Streets are paved with cobblestone, too narrow for a car  
Not a patron can be seen at a restaurant or a bar

Then street lights start to flicker, the city begins to stir  
Alleys slowly filling up with bustle and the blur  
Of tourists and of merchants, artists of the con  
We throw around our feeble coin till all of it is gone!  
In the bars and gin joints of a land still foreign  
Wild women dance around a stream of whiskey pourin'

The sea reflects the moonlight as we sit upon the beach  
Pondering a land we always thought was out of reach  
Not knowing what to make of life and guessing at the truth  
How great the blissful, ignorant naivety of youth

# **I Am**

*Camille Grunder*

"I am who I am" –  
What is always heard.  
But I'll break the dam;  
Let the flood be my word:

I'm just me –  
so it would seem  
there's nothing more to see.  
I'm just me.  
I don't believe  
in Fate or Destiny.  
I'm just me –  
who likes to read  
of worlds of fantasy.  
I'm just me,  
but I believe  
there's always more to see.  
I'm just me  
I find release  
when art be my reprieve.  
I'm just me  
and I believe  
not all is meant to be.

In my mind  
I have a place:  
a place where I can find  
inspiration, and a taste  
of worlds where I'll not bind  
myself to the laws of reality

In my mind,  
I hope to make  
a world that I can write  
a story for, but empty slate  
has helped me realize  
everyone has their own duality.

# An Ode to a Poem

*Silvia Marquez*

The sky's the limit when I think of you  
The moment only awaits to be seized  
You are to me as I am to you.  
Expression

At times you make me cringe.  
From the depth by which you immerse me into you  
Into your passions, fears and inquisitions  
You are From Me  
And I am From You

There cannot be art in what you say  
If there is no vision in what I see  
Whether I'm the one who writes  
or I'm the one that reads  
You are a part of me

You are an extension of the Human spirit  
As I am an extension of Raw Expression  
We yearn for the same things and,  
Therefore,  
We grow with one another

As knowledge cultivates the mind  
Inspiration cultivates the soul  
And Your soul, dear poem  
although ambiguous and enigmatic  
Is like a child's,  
With eyes Open to the world  
Wanting to take it all in

# **Attitude**

*Jayme Voze*

So many things to do homework  
dishes  
workout  
laundry  
walk the dog  
make dinner  
unpack the house

procrastination though  
television  
snacks  
cell phone  
more snacks  
Netflix

I'll get them done  
monday  
tuesday  
maybe wednesday  
maybe not

Keep my goals in mind though  
get my degree  
raise my baby  
buy my house  
get that career  
live  
travel

I've gotta do it  
stop whining  
turn off the tv  
put down my phone  
snacks are ok  
do that homework

change your attitude  
life will change with you

# **The Smile of a King**

*Jordan Fairbanks*

He has this smile,  
That stretches past description,  
Remembering it makes the gloom of life worthwhile,  
Instead of any other remedy that's my prescription,

Behind it lies parts of his life he dare not mention,  
He's afraid no one truly wants to listen,  
I do, even though I can only describe what his lips call  
tension,  
I would do anything to see his face show his own type of  
glisten,

He's a rarity in a world full of misguided smirks,  
He's a treasure trove embodied through beautiful quirks,  
He's a heart stopping moment when the world resists  
giving,  
He's a King that makes the feel of the Earth bigger than  
living.

# Love As We See It

*Silvia Marquez*

Love to some is but a mere mirage,  
an illusion of the heart.  
While others see it as a childish dream,  
A moment where the butterflies were trapped inside  
but only came to die.  
Love to society is just a concept,  
one where only the naive can preconceive.  
A lapse of judgment you will,  
A time when your instincts couldn't overpower human  
nature.  
a memory so distinct  
of when you listen to the heart and answer questions later.  
But time is of the essence,  
And as life passes by, we find ourselves in awe of other  
forms of love  
We Love. To Feel and finally, we embrace What is Real  
Experience starts setting in and Yes, romance is still  
appealing  
But the love for friends and family  
is what every person's soul needs for healing

# **Blue Eyes**

*Erica Valdez*

The smile on her face,  
Was enough to push his senseless thoughts away  
His words,  
she never heard  
Of another man who spoke the way he did,  
so unique, so different.  
It's like he lived in a place far from his mind  
behind those blue eyes.

# One Thousand Silences

*Peyton DeLaughder*

When all is dark  
and none are watching.  
All fall victim  
to the hate that is calling,  
us out from the shadows.  
They are prepared to do what it takes.  
To put an end to our mistakes.  
One thousand silences leave us tonight  
to never be known and to never realize.  
One thousand silences that shall never return,  
to never be known and to never realize  
that savagery lays mercy on no one.  
It sees no color.  
It sees no creed.  
It only sees the blasphemy,  
that is the world we lead.  
They are prepared to do what it takes,  
to put an end to our mistakes.  
One thousand silences left us that night.  
They shall never be known and shall never realize.  
One thousand silences that can never be heard,  
or ever be reclaimed.  
Now we realize that savagery has won this day.

# **A Pretentiously Poignant Poem**

*Bradley Geiser*

I've often wanted to present a pretentiously poignant poem,  
With stylistic stanzas and phony philosophies.  
Poetic prepositions painting powerfully poignant pictures,  
With words woven wonderfully within one's wond'rous wit.

I will impress these vagrants with my varied and voluminous vocabulary.  
An assemblage of wonderful words displaying my intricate intellect.  
Vaccumulgence. Gregarious. Glandicorous, Fastuvius  
They'll never know that two of those are made up, the other two googled.

My pretentiously poignant poem will stun these fantastically feeble fools  
Dissecting every line, every word, every stanza, every letter,  
Searching deeply within themselves to finding nonexistent meaning  
Behind this bloated body of beautiful balderdash

I will write my masterpiece, and I will surely have you hooked  
You will not question my motives. You will not check the books.  
Shakespeare may have said, "A poem's worth is in the eye of it's reader"  
But Shakespeare was a fraud, and I made that whole quote up, anyway.

A metaphor, some facsimile, personification, or maybe some allegory.

Not sure what any of this means, but it certainly sounds good.

And you won't even notice, because I'm just. That. Great. Like a daffodil swaying in the ocean breeze, I... will finish this line later.

My pretentious poem, is coming to an end.

You never suspected, not once, that I wrote it five minutes before I got here,

On a dirty napkin I also wiped my rugged beautiful face with.

You will hear it. You will love it. And you will worship it.

This is my pretentious final stanza, in my pretentious, poignant poem, where I really bring my pretention home.

## Jose De Jesus Quintero



## Contributor Bios

### **Mckenzie Carvalho**

Mckenzie Carvalho is a 17 year old senior in high school who is currently taking classes at WCC. She loves to travel, and is heavily involved in agriculture. She has a passion for photography, and takes pictures wherever she goes.

### **Marcos Estrada**

Marcos Estrada is a student at WCC, where he is the President of the newly formed Poetry Club. He has been writing since he was nine years old, and is very passionate about his work.

### **Adan Gallo**

Adan Gallo enjoys writing in his free time. He particularly loves choosing different colors with different palettes in order to create a certain mood or emotion. He draws a lot of influence from Smitheone and Seherone, a pair of Mexican Street artists whom he greatly admires.

### **Camille Grunder**

Camille Grunder was born in Woodland, California. She has always had an interest in many forms of art. She likes to draw or write poetry in her spare time, but has dabbled in many art mediums, from traditional to digital, 2-D to 3-D, visual to literary. She is determined to get into an art career, and hopes to someday put a story together and write a book.

### **Breeann James**

Breeann James is a 24 year old student at WCC. When she isn't working with the ASWCC as the Senator of Arts and Humanities, she enjoys art and poetry.

### **Darian Wylde Reel**

Darian Wylde Reel is a full-time student at Woodland Community College. When she isn't working or learning, she enjoys creating

art to relieve tension. She enjoys using her art to move those who view it in whatever way they see it.

**Marianna Shaw**

Marianna Shaw is a 20 year old student in her third year at WCC. She enjoys photography, and this is her first time submitting photographs for publication since she first took up the hobby two years ago.

**Jonathan Thompson**

Jonathan Thompson is a writer, father, husband, and self-proclaimed geek. He is working on getting his AA in English, then seeing where the wind takes him.

## Editor Bios

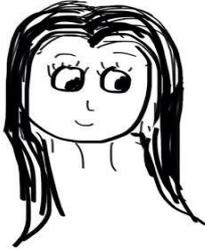
### Peyton DeLaughter

This is Peyton's second and final time being an editor for Ink Magazine since he will be hopefully transferring to (Insert University Here) this fall. He would like to thank his beloved heavy metal music and Professor Ferns for being the inspiration and guide for his writing.



### Mariel Becerra

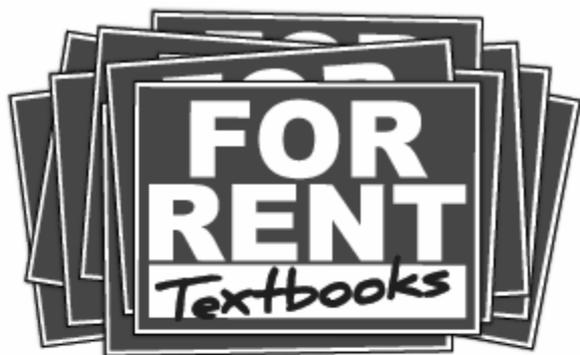
It was a pleasure for Mariel to work as an editor for *Ink Magazine* for her third and final time. Mariel is an English major with an emphasis in Creative Writing and she will be transferring next this fall. She would like to thank Professor Ferns for all his lessons, help, support, and advice.



### Bradley Geiser

This will be Bradley's fourth and final time editing Ink Magazine, as he will be transferring to either Sac State or UC Davis. Bradley has enjoyed his time working on Ink, and hopes to use everything he has learned in his further pursuits both in education and professionally.





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