

# Miambiance


vol. 32



LITERATURE & ARTS MAGAZINE



#### ABOUT THE COVER ARTIST

 For as long as they can remember, Cameron Luz Velez has been fascinated by art and all it has to offer. Born and raised in Miami, of Puerto Rican decent, Cameron has pursued art throughout their entire educational career. After obtaining a GED at MDC's Kendall Campus, they enrolled in various classes completing both general academic requirements and several art classes, helping them further improve their artistic skill set.

Cameron's art is heavily influenced by a series of health problems that stem from a degenerative spinal condition they were born with that continues to affect them to this day. During a particularly difficult time, they were taking a figure drawing class that forced them to confront the difficulties they faced as a result of their medical issues. This opportunity allowed them to process their emotions and reflect upon a tumultuous point in their life. They work diligently to be a positive force despite all they have faced and use their art as a form of expression.

Cameron has won numerous awards, most recently Best in Show at Arts and Letters' 56th Annual Juried Student Exhibition. Cameron hopes to eventually gain more exposure for their art, but as it stems from a visceral need for self-expression, they are content with its creation as long as it continues to fulfill their personal needs.



# Miambiance

Literature & Arts Magazine

Volume 32



Kendall Campus

*Edited solely by Miami Dade College students  
of the Kendall Campus in Miami, Florida*

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1st Place Winner:  
Access Art Contest Exhibit 2021  
Familiar, Giovanna Hardy, Sculpture





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Husk, Cameron Velez, Charcoal on Paper

# editor's note

DEAREST READER,

Working on *Miambiance* Vol. 32 during the fall 2021 and spring 2022 semesters has been an experience like no other. This volume has been an act of blood, sweat, and tears, many of which you, dearest reader, will find strewn around in the pages (metaphorically of course).

The Miami Dade College Kendall Campus and the students within it have and continue to impress me with their creativity and their ability to push the envelope while embracing darker and controversial themes. Whether this is a reflection of the times we live in or the natural growth of the artist, I cannot say, but I am delighted to bear witness either way.

Art is eating all the things around you and then throwing them back up: different, beautiful, and strange. It also gives you terrible heart-burn, but who isn't familiar with suffering for their craft?

Art gives us a chance to look within ourselves and pick and prod at the pieces we like and the pieces we dislike. The works presented in this volume, dearest reader, are not all for the faint of heart, but I hope you will come to appreciate them as much as I.

I would like to give a special thanks to my staff for whom this volume wouldn't exist without (WOOHAA), to my advisers who have steered us clear of icebergs and sea monsters at every turn, and to every artist that submitted for entrusting us with their art.

I leave you, dearest reader, with a quote from Guillermo del Toro that has served as inspiration for me throughout this whole process.

"Since childhood I've been faithful to monsters. I've been saved and absolved by them because monsters are the patron saints of our blissful imperfections."

BEST,

MEGAN CARRION  
EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



# Flow

content warning:

Death, Homophobia, Graphic Imagery

O1 We  
O2 All  
O3 Receive  
O4 Too. In. With full need.  
O5 With each.  
O6 Section.  
O7 Drop. Drop. Drop.  
O8 Thus it stops.  
O9 This cold water.  
I0 Clock.  
I1 Too. Here. Full. Of.  
I2 God's fear.  
I3 We all see so. So.

# Water

SPOKEN WORD POEM  
BY VINCENT T. UZCATEGUIGAYMON

I4 Very clear.  
I5 And as we due.  
I6 Can it meed.  
I7 The weeds or  
I8 Grassy morning.  
I9 Dew.  
20 With it's natural  
21 Cycle as our clue.  
22 One drop at a.  
23 Time. We hear the  
24 Heart of the twine.  
25 The  
26 Wet  
27 and. Dry. Of the  
28 guys.  
29 And gals. In our clear.  
30 Pool of only two. Me. Water. And. You.

# nb

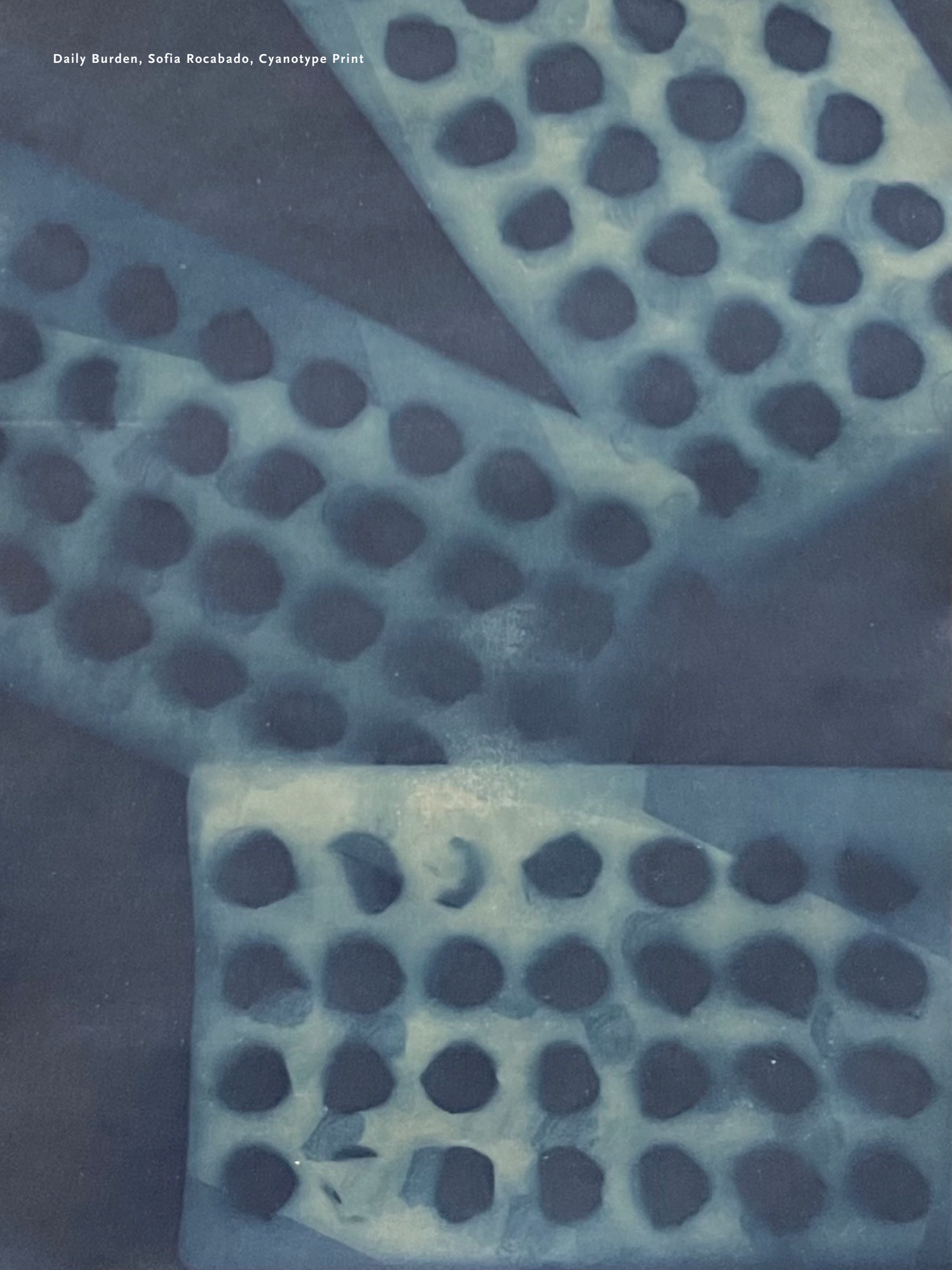
BY GABY MARTINEZ

girl. who are you. pretty girl. are you pretty girl? or pretty girl-adjacent. pretty girl-ish. pretty girl—kinda. pretty girl maybe. pretty girl is not really a girl. or is not the kind of girl that is dreamt of. is not girly. or girl-full. is not full of girl at all. is either girl or nothing. is neither. neither. neither. she is the ether. is her. is a him rolled up inside of a pretty girl. is a hymn rolled up inside of an ugly world. too scared to sing. is afraid the singing will get her killed. still isn't a pretty girl. might just be pretty.no gender. dead gender. dead ender on the road she/he/they picked. picked it like a flower. thought it was a pretty way to go. now she's wilting. he's wilting. they're wilting. what is gender anyway? pretty boy? boy-ish? boy adjacent? tomboy? half-boy? half-girl? half-person? half-not? have not.no gender. all gender. is it gender? that makes me think like this? body of a half-fish. i swim and kick through the mess of gender. sometimes i drown. sometimes i live. how do i pick which one i am. how do i know which one i am. how do i know the one my parents chose for me is the one i am. am i? am i? am i? girl. girlish.half-girl. girl adjacent. still so pretty. boy. boyish. half-boy. boy adjacent. still so pretty. which one is me. which one is me. am i still pretty if i? if i can't tell? If i can't. tell me, please. am i still just? am i still just as pretty? am i pretty enough without all this girl? without all this boy? without all this?am i still me? am i still? am i still? am i still?





Daily Burden, Sofia Rocabado, Cyanotype Print



Void, Diego Franco, Photography



# how

BY GABY MARTINEZ



how to make peace with death  
when she is a bottomless pit  
that takes and takes and takes  
and never gets full off our grief  
only asks for more  
and more and more

how to make peace with her  
when her hands brush through your hair  
and leave grey strands in its wake  
when she lays her hand on your face  
and leaves wrinkles like the greasy fingerprints  
of a child who doesn't know  
how to stop putting their hands on everything

how, when she places her head on your chest  
and makes it hard for your lungs to expand when they  
contract and contract and contract  
and she readies a body bag with your name

how do i make peace with that  
knowing she is chiseling your name on a gravestone  
with her bare hands  
she is juggling your heart and your lungs  
and there is nothing i can do to stop her dangerous hands

her inevitability

how do i make peace with her  
when she is taking  
your full bellied laughs  
and putting them in a casket  
how  
when she is taking your dancing shoes  
and leaving them forgotten in the closet  
to collect dust

how  
when you will never call me little monkey again  
you will never again pretend there is a stain on my shirt,  
or my cadena is loose, or some other flimsy excuse  
just to flick my nose and crow victory  
because you got me this time

don't you know i would've let you get me every time  
if it would stop her from getting to you first  
if it would stop you from falling for her guileless smile  
and her gentle hands  
and her voice whispering whispering whispering  
always asking you to follow her  
because it's easy and painless  
and  
how to make peace when i know you will follow her  
when i know i can't keep you here with just my hands  
and my love and my regret

how to make peace with my regret  
when i know you will be gone  
and i will still be here  
a hole in my life in the shape of your silhouette  
your hands

how to make peace with death  
when she has only ever waged war with me  
taking and taking and taking  
and i am barely scraping by  
while she piles her spoils high  
how to make peace  
knowing you will never ask me to dance again  
no bachata merengue cumbia or salsa  
no more sombreros volteados or long faldas  
cuando me harás falta on this dance floor of life  
how do i make peace  
knowing she has taken so much from me  
knowing your heart will be an anchor in your chest soon  
knowing your lungs will be popped balloons  
knowing that even as i'm asking you not to go  
que no te vayas  
no te vayas  
no te vayas  
you will

and i don't know how to make peace with that either





# storms

BY ISABELA RUBIO

“The sea is alive,” sailors had said. It held no prisoners; it held no mercy. Neptune was displeased, savagery the only thing on his mind, indifferent to the consequences of his hubris actions. He swallowed ships, gargantuan waves that made men tremble with fear. He swallowed cities, his roars incessant, taking the wicked along with the innocent.

Neptune did not partake in the weight of one’s soul. He did not determine one’s actions before his storms. He was angry. He was enraged.

He did not care.

The men on this particular boat wailed, shouting their useless prayers against the dark sky, their words hollow and empty. “Spare us, Lord Neptune! Please,” they said. The god’s rage only grew, his temper boiling, a whistling kettle. His response was certain as otherworldly forces beat against the wooden sides, tossing their ships.

These men were no longer sailors; they were seals under the gaze of a shark. A shark ravenous for sacrifice, insatiable for the mortal blood to be spilled. They prayed to other gods and cried for the warm embrace of their mothers; they cried for justice. A boy, barely scratching the surface of twelve, slid along the slippery floors of the sinking deck.

**They would fall, corpses sinking into  
the sea, lost forever.**

What had he done to deserve such means?

He scrambled, fingers latching to rope. “Please!” the boy croaked, wild eyes flickering amongst sailors, amongst supposed brethren.

They did not hear. His voice was silent, muted by the hubris of the sea god. They were aimless, headless animals, trying to grasp any sanction of their situation. It was death. It’s all they could place.

They would fall, corpses sinking into the sea, lost forever.

One by one, their breaths were lost, choked by the unforgiving hand of the sea. They left no difference, fueling Poseidon’s victory.

There was no battle, a battle would mean an equal footing.

There was no fairness. The shark had attacked; it had lodged the seal between its foul bite, thrashing and diving, until their last breath.

The shark had won.



# 3 letter word

BY DIEGO FRANCO

When I was a little boy  
Nothing made much sense to me  
I had my world flipped upside down  
From a storm that struck too soon  
and I didn't have the time to flee

The voices of those around me echoed like  
the eerie sound of a hurricane  
"A man shouldn't act like that."  
the world said  
A constant turmoil in my head  
"Deepen your voice, girls like that."  
my family said  
An overflowed river of commentary during a storm

"You're not good enough to play with us"  
the boys said.

Out of nowhere, water flooded my home.

An unprepared victim

"Why are you always with the girls"  
a crowd said.

My home,  
my safe place,  
was now a hazard to be  
"You're gay," that one kid said

Gay?

A 3-letter word previously defined to me as "happy."  
What does it even mean?  
Suddenly things calm down,  
I'm in the eye of the hurricane  
Little did I know the storm wasn't nearly over.  
But at least the sky cleared for the time being.

Lighting flickered, as the sound rolled in,  
The storm was approaching yet again.  
I left my now uninhabitable home and ran.  
Ran as far as my frail little legs could take me,  
But down came the rain and powerful winds.  
In that moment, out of breath and in distress,  
I accepted defeat.

As I laid in the middle of the wet pavement  
I looked around, all the houses sheltered

I was alone.

Sort of like the years that followed  
The insignificant 3-letter-word that was said to me  
Pure solitude, I felt as if no one else had  
this experience  
I tried to suppress and dodge all the flying debris  
Through the turbulence in my head,  
While handling this mischievous beast

A moment in time seemed like an eternity

The storm now passed  
Just like my years of hardship,  
this natural disaster brought great despair to those around.

However, a hurricane's disastrous quality is  
one of Earth's healing remedies.  
Similar to how I allowed the rain to cleanse  
my fresh wounds.





# the house on 20th street

BY DIEGO FRANCO

I got evicted from your home.  
A home that brought me great peace.  
As of today, our 6-year journey  
ended 3 months ago,  
They're just distractions after letting go.

*Knock-knock,*  
Let myself into these homes  
Like I'm a new item in stock  
All for just a couple moans.

*Trick or treat!*  
Treat me into their homes,  
Plead to them on my knees,  
As they trick and tear into my soul.  
They unwrap and chew me up,  
There's nothing sweet about this  
and they couldn't even bare to please.

I found myself drowning in tears,  
Sinking through emotions that once were,  
While remembering all the years  
I realize I no longer have her.

Even though our love has moved on  
I will forever remember the teal walls  
Where we played tic tac toe and painted till dawn  
The screeching from our tickle wars  
as your laughter echoed  
through the picture filled halls.

I didn't cope well with my emotions  
So, I found a way to fill the void  
Longing for devotion  
I closed the door and walked home destroyed.

Hated that vacant beating in my chest  
Slept with strangers I met an hour ago  
In search for the love, I once knew before  
In attempt to get rid of the scars rooted in my bones.





# neocaridina

BY MEGAN CARRION

When starting a tank,  
You must first pick a size  
1 gallon?  
5 gallon?  
10?  
No.

When starting a tank,  
You must first pick the animal  
A Snake?  
A Lizard?  
Fish?  
No

When starting a tank  
You must first  
Ask yourself  
Are you sure?  
Really, really sure?  
There is no beginning without end.

Every step is a slow  
building of momentum.  
Cultivation at the breakneck speed  
of multiplying bacteria,  
Life blooming at its most basic form  
Life measured in millimeters.

I am both creator and witness,  
Bound to an endless list  
Tasks I created,  
Creatures I did not.  
I am submerging into devotion  
For neocaridina shrimp

I am devout in my observance of  
water hardness-  
Kh too high, Gh too low  
Food too big, Mouths too small.

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What substrate will they like best?  
What plants will they enjoy?  
Will the light shine down too brightly?  
Will the filter clean at all?  
Delirium bubbles up to the surface  
And I am laid bare before my creation.

Sweet Shrimp God up in Invertebrate  
Heaven,  
Lend me a drop of your divinity.  
I will create a Shrimp Heaven.  
Do you think they will notice?  
Do you think they will know?  
Do you think they will care?





# angels ascending

BY JANIA WILLIAMS

The sun plagues the day  
with your presence.

Like a scorching skillet,  
the midday heat sears my skin  
I wear sorrow like a scarf  
I reluctantly refuse to tie into a noose.  
Fury fuels the fire in my heart.

I hate hearing my mother cry.

My eyes sew her weeps  
into the seams of my mind.  
Forget a broken record.  
Her cries will be the soundtrack to  
my torture in the seventh ring of hell.

Inevitably,  
I have grown fond of chaos.

Life with you was  
a never-ending symphony of sirens,  
an infinite collision of stars,  
asteroids, and dying solar systems.  
A tireless call to action.  
Warring with brick walls.

Everyone gave up on you, but  
mom and I fought hard until the very end.  
I am so sorry we couldn't see  
what great pain you were in.

Life with you was  
a grandiose never-ending adventure.  
An eternal shot of dopamine slithering down  
the throat and burning comfort into the soul.

Oh how I miss you, my sweet angel.  
My gorgeous, miraculous butterfly.  
The rain roars on about your pretty smile  
and the droplets whisper that you made it home safe.

The rainbow rings a tune only you and I know.  
I see your wings in the clouds.

I never once imagined life without you.

Without my sunflower.  
The sun in which my world revolved around.

Oh, how I miss you, my sweet sister  
Since you sprouted, I treated you  
like a seed of my very own.  
Though, I didn't know  
how to tie my own shoes yet.

My precious sister,  
I feel like I failed you somehow,  
Our short time rings so loudly in my ears  
I can almost hear you, though  
in sixteen years, you've never uttered a word.

Your wheelchair guides a new quadriplegic  
and all your supplies live with families who need them most.

I am so freshly and fiercely wounded by your absence,  
I fear the days have left me behind,  
And the new moon disappears without me.

I cannot sway the tides to wash your ash back to shore  
so, I will engrain myself in the sand and  
search for your spirit in the seashells and sand dollars.  
Forgive me if I scream your name at the sky and wake you.

New meaning will find me at the pier where you parted.  
I will watch the waves wash away my rage  
and I will wallow in our memories,  
wishing I had one more moment with you.

Bad Ending, Victoria Cubillan, Photography









## crumble

content warning:

Death, Murder, Ableism, Violence,  
Cannibalism, Foul Language

01 The sound  
02 Of the morning.  
03 Birds.  
04 The frogs.  
05 The squirrels.  
06 The rabbits.  
07 And the deer.  
08 The running water  
09 From. The nearby  
10 Creek.  
11 The children.  
12 Laughing and  
13 Singing a very,Very, very old

## earth

SPOKEN WORD POEM  
BY VINCENT T. UZCATEGUIGAYMON

14 Song.  
15 For. And from  
16 The intricated  
17 Past. An undisturb  
18 Existence.  
19 Like a childs ball  
20 To be bounced.  
21 Around repeatedly  
22 For days too come.  
23 Mud, dust, tar,  
24 Rust. It's all from  
25 Our earth.  
26 Third from the sun.  
27 Just a seasonal  
28 Run. From spring, Summer, fall and winter.







# the prison in my head

BY HUNTER GLENN

Lying in my skull is a penitentiary the size of Tennessee.

A solitary standing steel and iron monstrosity  
with an armed guard on every end.

It's the prison in my head.

Built from broken backs and chains.

A place of no gain or reward, just everlasting pain.

It's like an ear worm of a tune that never ends.

I don't know how I'll go to sleep inside the prison in my head.

In need of a friend,

I don't know where I can go instead.

So, I turn to the only place I know - the prison in my head.

Mama said, "Either you run the day, or the day runs you."

Mama said, Mama said, Mama said,

I GOT NOWHERE TO GO INSTEAD?!

I can't get that out of my head.

So, I keep quiet and try not to incite a riot while,  
inside the prison in my head.

Locked up tight behind four 5-foot-thick padded walls  
where no one can hear my cries or calls.

Oh, how it gets so lonesome at night.

It's filled with days of solitary fright and walking in mindless circles  
for letters that no one will ever write.

It's fighting for a pardon or escape,

instead of becoming another mental societal mite.

It didn't have to be this way,

I didn't ask to be here?

How I long for the days of mental understanding, care, and clarity

Instead of your, "Security!" "THIS IS A SHAM!"

"Doctor, they need another 10 ccs of Diazepam!"

Oh, how I resent it here,

with all the high and mighty nurses  
and guards wearing all-white gear.

So frigid and cold.

I can feel the tingle in your bones

Like the striking contrast of warm arms on cold bars.

All I wanted was an ear to listen,

Instead you give me these tablets and prescriptions.

Now I'm here, and you're there.

"What a tumultuous predicament you have put me in.

Heck, of a jam in the road", I say to the man upstairs.

You really put my head on a silver platter, didn't you, God?

All for something that society collectively deems  
as "unruly" or "crazy".

If one cruises past this forbidden place

from any adjacent county road,

They are reminded of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Oh, how I wish only you and my family had a care to spare.

So here I go.

Back to the only place where someone gave a damn.

A place where no one can discern, hear, or even go for that matter.

Inside the prison in my head.







Caro, Cameron Velez, Acrylic on Paper



# clapback

BY GABY MARTINEZ

my love climbs mountains so high  
you can't see the peak for the clouds  
my love traverses universes,  
has existed in every one my lover was born into,  
is so old and so ancient you cannot possibly comprehend  
all the ways i love her  
my love is not puppy love, is newborn skin soft  
is sweet like a georgia peach but will crack your teeth like the seed it  
holds if you move your jaw too quick about us.  
my love is the color of florida's sunset,  
bright blushing oranges and reds,  
it existed before the sunrise and will exist after the sun dies.  
you think you can move yourself to speak on my love?  
my love has buried more bones than you could ever pick with it.  
my love is bones.  
what we have is the kind of support you wish for,  
is the kind of structure you can't achieve,  
is the kind of movement you can't compete with.  
my love is flesh.  
is supple but immutable,  
if you find wrinkles in it that's just laugh lines from all of the smiling.  
my love is all of the smiling.  
my love is teeth being bared,  
is the bite, is the crushing,  
is the weight of all this guilt.  
you think you can possibly know of what it is to love like this?  
my love has had to learn to play dead to survive,  
has learned to come, sit stay heel,  
for a crumb of acceptance.  
my love is acceptance.  
is grief, too  
is the mourning.  
is the bodies that don't get up from their river beds in the mornings.  
my love is a warning.  
is a wanted criminal begging for innocence.  
my love is a trial.  
a tribulation i would gladly go through just to simply know of it.  
my love is on trial.  
and you try to be judge, jury, and executioner  
you want so badly for my love to be shameful

but my love just puts your love to shame.  
you think you could possibly know all the things my love has done?  
my love has built empires,  
has watched them fall from lack of it,  
has torn down walls,  
and broken open padlocked closets  
my love has beaten itself purple,  
trying to hide all the wonder inside it.  
my love has named itself and renamed itself,  
and my love is morphing and changing and always growing  
but it is also immovable.  
it is unstoppable.  
you think you could possibly know the depth of my love?  
my love is so deep  
it makes all poetry seem shallow,  
makes this poem seem hollow in comparison.  
you could not even pretend  
to know my love.  
my love is love is love is love  
and what could you possibly know about that?





# stained glass

BY ANABELLE CANOVA

The stained-glass window in front of her  
Is made of a thousand fragments.  
The girl, relaxed and smiling  
Sits front and center of its brilliant gleam.  
She too is made up of a thousand fragments.

She wonders how the glazier could take  
So many little pieces— jagged and misshapen  
And turn them into something so beautiful.  
A work of art so magnificent  
It now sits regally and proudly in its gallery,  
Its thousand fragments glittering in the sun.

She ponders in a way to make herself  
More like the window.  
Is there a way to rearrange herself  
So that she too could glitter ethereally?

Can a lifetime of memories and experiences  
Be cut, colored, and shaped?  
With the hope that she might be  
As interesting as the scene before her.

She stands up slowly,  
Carefully as to not disturb her fragments  
Laid out delicately on the floor,  
And begins to gingerly pick them up  
Making her way towards the exit.  
Still misshapen, still a little broken,  
But somehow more whole than she was before.











# what friends are for

BY MEGAN CARRION

I have some trouble making friends,  
I really don't know why.  
My mother says that I should try  
To slow my appetite.

I made a friend six days ago  
I met them at the park  
They didn't like my games at all,  
They found them much too dark

I saw my friend five days ago  
I saw them at the store  
They didn't like my stories much  
They found them quite a bore

I joined my friend four days ago  
I sat with them at lunch  
They didn't care for sharing food  
They said mine had a crunch

I heard my friend three days ago  
I followed them all day  
They spoke of all the plans they had  
To run so far away

I lost my friend two days ago  
I'd followed close behind  
They climb'd and climb'd the rocks  
How could the fault be mine?

I found my friend a day ago  
I found them all alone  
They really couldn't call for help  
All crushed under the stone.

I dug them out a day ago  
I tried my best to save  
Each fractured little piece of them  
But then I misbehaved.

That day my mother said to me  
"You've hardly touched your food!"  
I could not find the words to say  
I was already full.

A new kid came to school today  
They came into my class  
My teacher says to treat them nice;  
A brand new friend at last.



Her Pearl, Sofia Rocabado, Charcoal on Paper



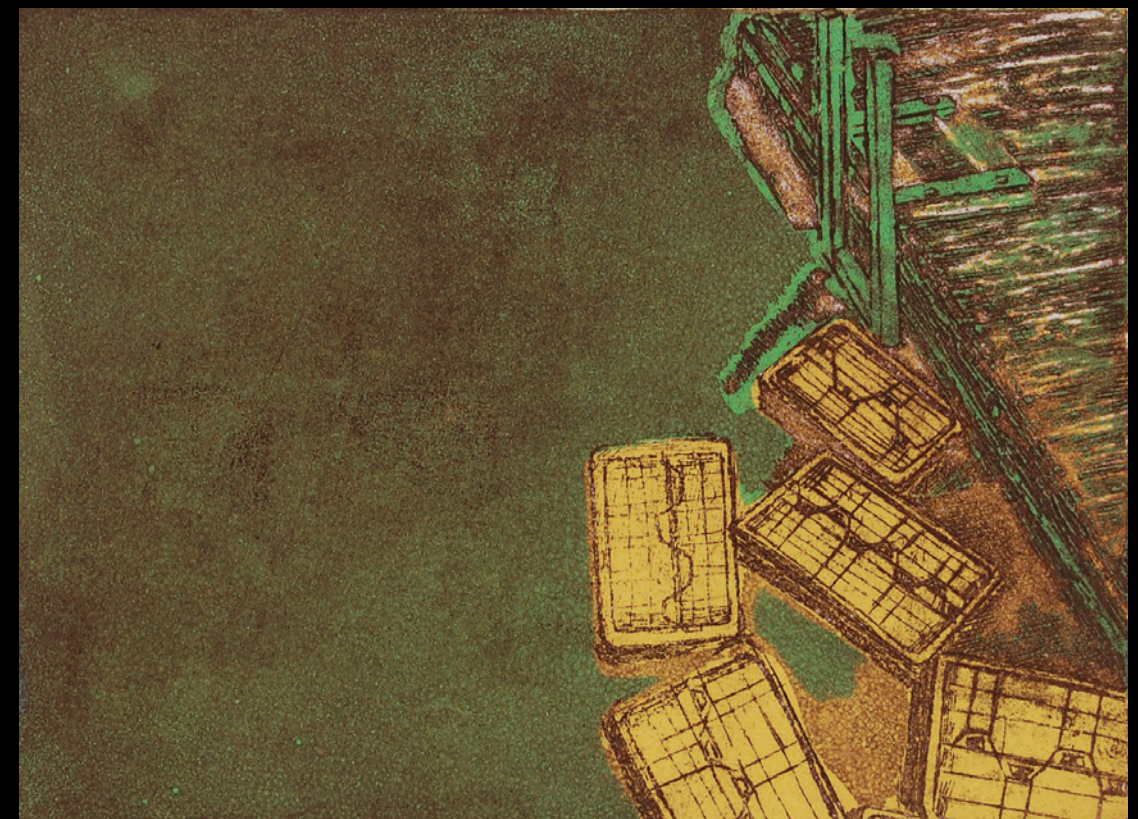
Topless, Cameron Velez, Charcoal on Paper





Poor Little Caterpillar, Diego Franco, Intaglio Print

**comedy haiku #3**  
THE EARTH IS BEAUTY.,  
OUR DOME HOME WHERE WE ALL SLEEP  
WE SHIT THE BED HARD  
By Daniel Hernandez



By the Docks, Isabel Trinidad, Intaglio Print





# to survive

BY ALEXANDER PINERA

I remember hearing about it on the news. The missile launch had triggered a chain reaction, and now the skies were glistening with rockets carrying death and destruction. It would only be a matter of time before everything I once knew would be reduced to fire and brimstone.

Not Me.

Like my father used to tell me:

“This world is all about survival. One of these days this society is going to collapse. You just wait. Either it's going to be a new disease, a communist government, or we'll blow ourselves up. Just remember, you're a survivor, and you are going to show the world this family was right all along.”

I always respected him. I clung to every single word he preached like it was coming from the good lord himself. The way he spoke, he knew that something big was coming and it was my job to see it through. For this, my classmates called me crazy. They said I was obsessed with survival tactics. What was there even to survive? What possible danger could be lurking its ugly head around the corner? While my classmates all worried about their test scores my father was helping me pick out my first rifle. The only “exam” I was concerned about was target practice. Because of this, I felt prepared for the inevitable apocalypse.

**I wasn't going to let them eat my food, drink my water, or take up valuable space down here. If they wanted to live, they should have been prepared like me.**

Finally the day I had been expecting for so long came to pass. I eagerly ran towards my room and took out my survival kit from underneath the bed. It had everything I would need to get me started in this new world order. With that in hand, I ran to the backyard. There, my father had prepared a bunker for a situation just like this one. Even after all this time his wisdom hadn't vanished from this world.

I quickly secured myself within its thick walls and metallic coating. I knew I only had minutes to get settled before the end. I felt the mechanisms of the door moving around as they locked in place. Nothing could get through it. This was my impenetrable fortress.

It wasn't long before I could hear them on the other side of the door. They were knocking, they were screaming, they were clawing at the steel surface trying desperately to gain access to the only chance they had of living. I stood my ground. I wasn't going to let them eat my food, drink my water, or take up valuable space down here. If they wanted to live, they should have



been prepared like me. They should have listened when they had the chance.

Suddenly, I heard a thunderous explosion in the distance. The world around me shook like I had never felt it shake before. In an instant, the knocking and scraping was silenced as I fell back and clung to the ground. The earth slowly settled, and I brought myself back up to my feet. I waited for a few moments and felt the silence. I raised my arms and stood there triumphantly.

“See that?” I yelled at the top of my lungs. “ I told you so! You all laughed, but I warned you didn’t I? Who’s laughing now? Idiots.”

I didn’t dare open the door.

Not yet.

Now what I needed to do was hold out till the radiation levels went down. Everything was going just as planned. Just as my father had told me it would go down. For that, I was grateful.

The first few days went by fast. All I did was eat, sleep, and celebrate my success. Then, it was time to get down to business. The bunker had been stocked up on enough food to last a year, perhaps even more. I had a stockpile of weapons to defend myself with and a radio to make contact with any other smart survivor that had made it out of this mess alive. I felt prepared and ready to take on anything that came my way. However, my enthusiasm was misplaced. What was there really to celebrate? The death of humanity? I was so close minded, but I didn’t know it then.

**So what was this empty feeling inside?  
Was it loneliness?  
Was it guilt?**

The next few weeks were slow, and the months after were even slower. The only thing to do was play around with the radio and wait for the radiation levels to go down. No one ever answered back, and I was left alone with my own thoughts.

It’s crazy to think what can go through your head when you have nothing else to do. I had spent my entire life preparing for the world to collapse. I wanted so badly to rise up and be the champion of the wasteland. It made me feel like a badass in comparison to everyone else. So what was this empty feeling inside? Was it loneliness? Was it guilt?

I contemplated my way of thinking. Were the other people in my life really as dumb as I made them out to be? While I sat in the dark and prepared myself for the worst, they were out there living a carefree life. Perhaps they were wiped clean off the face of the earth, but they had lived, they had loved, and, most importantly, they had a reason to cling to their lives. I, on the other hand, only lived to survive. So what comes after that? What did I have to live for?

There was enough food in the bunker for quite some time. Even then, I had consumed far less than predicted, so it would probably last even longer. Perhaps I could have let some people in. It would be nice to have someone to talk to. My thoughts turn to the remains of the people so desperate for me to open the door for them. I think about their wasting bodies, outside my door and how I will eventually need to confront the consequences of my sins.

I may have survived, but survival is nothing like I imagined. There is no glory in it. There are no glances of approval. It is a daily struggle to keep my own sanity in a world gone silent. Each morning I check to see if the radiation has gone down, and every morning I am greeted by the same sign again and again. At this moment, nothing could survive out there.

So why is there someone scratching at my door?







Flamingo, Brianna Acevedo, Photography



You Complement Me, Diego Franco, Photography







renew

content warning:  
Foul Language, Violence

O1 West, south, east,  
O2 And north.  
O3 Breeze.  
O4 A push.  
O5 A devoteness of:  
O6 Unseen emotion.  
O7 And of:  
O8 A sail.  
O9 A mass.  
I0 A bowe.  
I1 How many anchors,  
I2 Must I cast.  
I3 In order

# wind

SPOKEN WORD POEM  
BY VINCENT T. UZCATEGUIGAYMON

I4 To keep  
I5 You.  
I6 How can I hold.  
I7 How can I protect.  
I8 How can I save,  
I9 You.  
20 From the path or  
21 Direction in which.  
22 The wind will take  
23 You.  
24 But due not, be  
25 Fooled. Bye, the  
26 Thoughtly creatures  
27 That dwell in the  
28 Back of our minds.  
29 So, get in gear, and  
30 Fuel, and stear in. and face the clear cold wind.



Granny Sees All, Cynthia Silva Hernandez, Oil on Canvas



Handsome Young Man, Lucero Perez, Photography







# dangers of the wild

BY MEGAN CARRION

(An OLD MAN and an OLD WOMAN stand peering out a window. They stare at something outside their backyard)

It's a bear. **OLD MAN**

It's a man. **OLD WOMAN**

Men aren't that hairy. **OLD MAN**

Says you. **OLD WOMAN**

Ouch. **OLD MAN**

Shhhhh! Look, it's moving! **OLD WOMAN**

That's the wind! **OLD MAN**

Wind my ass! Look! Its legs are moving. **OLD WOMAN**

If it was moving then why isn't it getting any higher **OLD MAN**

(A sharp crunch is heard.)

Oh, now you've done it. Look, he heard you, and now he's going to get up and murder us. **OLD WOMAN**

I don't think bears break into people's houses and murder them just like that. **OLD MAN**

Says you. **OLD WOMAN**

Yes, says me! I lived in Montana, you know. I know all about the dangers of the wild. **OLD MAN**



**OLD WOMAN**  
I don't think driving ATVs while drunk in a forest makes you (mockingly) "know all about the dangers of the wild."

**OLD MAN**  
I'll have you know I was sober MOST of the time, an- It's gone.

**OLD WOMAN**  
Where did it go?!

(Both peer out the window again.)

**OLD MAN**  
Let's go outside and check. Don't want it getting into the garbage cans

**OLD WOMAN**  
I married a moron. You want to go out there and get killed by some crazy hairy maniac?

**OLD MAN**  
Well, you always say you have my funeral planned and ready to go whenever. Might as well.

**OLD WOMAN**  
I do not say th- IT'S BACK!

(Both snap back to the window. There is a loud growl.)

**OLD MAN**  
I told you it was a bear! Look at it; it's huge!

**OLD WOMAN**  
It's enormous!

**OLD MAN**  
It's got huge claws and...and...it...why does it look like that?

**OLD WOMAN**  
Like what?!

**OLD MAN**  
It's uh...it's kind of like... do you remember my cousin Ronny?

**OLD WOMAN**  
The one fucking day I don't wear my glasses. That's it! I'm going out there.

**OLD MAN**  
You just told me not to go! Now you want to go out there all by yourself?

**OLD WOMAN**  
If it's Ronny or something similar I can handle it.

**OLD MAN**  
As opposed to a bear?

**OLD WOMAN**  
Yes, as opposed to- It's climbing up the tree house!

**OLD MAN**  
It's definitely a bear; there's no way anyone's ass is that hairy.

**OLD WOMAN**  
Says you.

**OLD MAN**  
That's it! Get the broom; whatever it is it's not messing with the tree house. It took me years to build that thing.

**OLD WOMAN**  
If you'd call it finished.

**OLD MAN**  
You know I love you very much right?

**OLD WOMAN**  
Oh, honey that's so sweet of you to say.

**OLD MAN**  
I love you so much I'm putting your first.

**OLD WOMAN**  
You mean out the door don't you?

**OLD MAN**  
You're my sunshine.

**OLD WOMAN**  
If I die, I'm going to haunt you.

**OLD MAN**  
I'll take that.

(The OLD WOMAN hits him with the broom before taking a deep breath and charging out to the backyard, offstage. The OLD MAN crosses himself and follows after. There is a big crash, a high pitched scream, and a big thump. The pair run back looking disheveled with broken brooms.)

**OLD WOMAN**  
It was a-

**OLD MAN**  
I can't believe-

**OLD WOMAN**  
Did it bite you?

**OLD MAN**  
No, did it bite you?

**OLD WOMAN**  
No.

(They both slide to the floor and lean against each other.)

**OLD MAN**  
That was the biggest fucking Raccoon I've ever seen in my life

END OF SCENE







**comedy haiku #4**

YOU'RE MY FAVORITE.  
I LOVE NOTHING MORE THAN YOU,  
AIR CONDITIONING.  
By Daniel Hernandez







Trapped In the Garden, Cristina Vera, Photography

## fall together

LIKE LEAVES IN AUTUMN  
WE FALL AND CRASH TOGETHER  
LOVERS' SOULS COLLIDE.  
By Annabelle Canova



**comedy haiku #5**

"KNOCK KNOCK" SHE TOLD ME,  
"WHO'S THERE" I HAD RESPONDED,  
AND NOW SHE'S PREGNANT.

**By Daniel Hernandez**





# a change in our seasons

BY ANABELLE CANOVA

I wish I could rewrite our story.  
I wish that when I told people about my ex,  
I didn't have to explain that we loved like the seasons.

Bright and full of life in the spring and summer,  
Leaves twirling to the ground like lies falling off your lips in autumn  
Cold and lonely in the winter months.  
I wish I didn't have to explain that in four years worth of changing seasons,  
I couldn't manage to tear myself away from you.  
That I couldn't do the right thing for myself despite knowing how much I hate the cold  
And I wish I could have seen it through

I wish I could have stayed long enough for you to decide you didn't like the cold  
And that you didn't like me either,  
And maybe then you would have left.

Maybe then they would see you as the villain you are  
and not blame me for failing to kindle a fire during months of frost.  
You see, they'll never know the ways I worshiped you.  
They will never know how many times I moved mountains  
And rearranged galaxies in your name,  
Or how many times I tore myself apart  
As a ritual sacrifice to place at your altar.

When I finally learned how to do the right thing for myself,  
You had already mastered the art of illusion.  
Turning mountains to molehills,  
My words into battle cries,  
And reduced me to nothing.

I often wonder if there are parts of you that really loved me.  
I am sure that you loved parts of me.  
Loved the me that put you on pedestals and catered to your ego,  
The doormat I became and  
I wish I had given you less of myself.  
I was too young then to know that love should not be a battle full of casualties,  
A scoreboard, keeping track of how I surrendered a piece of myself to you,  
Calling it a compromise.  
I wish I had not compromised so much.





The seasons have changed once again,  
And I am much like the barren trees of our winters.  
When I reached out in the warm spring to tell you  
I thought there was a part of us that would always love each other,  
You responded, cool as the day itself,  
“No, I don't think so.”

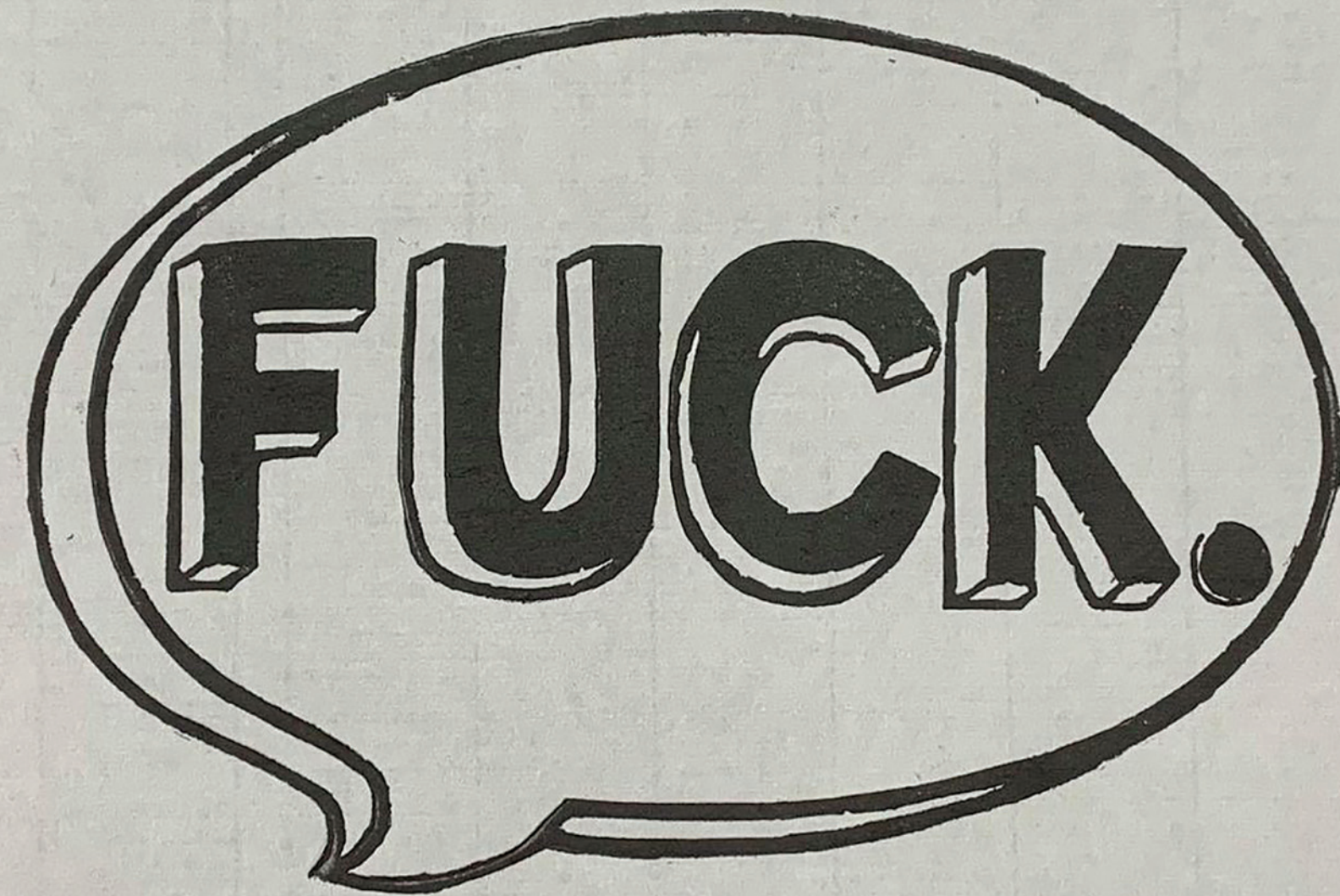
Stars in our galaxy have collapsed inwards with the weight of themselves,  
And still, they are not as crushed as the way I have felt ever since.  
And the disregard you so effortlessly carry,  
Having caused so much destruction,  
It is truly remarkable.

It has been ten months since you last shattered me,  
Eight since you moved on to your next victim,  
And still I feel as though I could never be whole again.  
As if the effort I will pour into everyone else,  
Will simply slip through the cracks,

And spill out into undeserving hands.  
It has, however, been three months since I finally realized  
That you are not the air I breathe.  
The autumn breeze is now just a signal of the changing weather.  
If we crossed paths now, I might dare to say that I wouldn't feel a thing.  
But the most honest parts of my soul bare truth to the white lies.

I can, however, say that if we were to meet again,  
I could string myself together,  
Stand up tall and proud,  
For a moment just long enough to expose the parts of me that have healed,  
And to watch your face as you come to  
the sudden realization  
Of what I have secretly known all along -  
I have always been better off without you.

1st Place Winner:  
2021 Speak Your Mind Spoken Word Competition



STATEMENT

Statement, Chris Gonzalez, Relief Print



char

content warning:

*Sexism, Violence, Child Abuse, Sexual Assault*

01 I am blinded. By  
02 It's warmth. It's  
03 Heat.  
04 Like two lover's.  
05 In the middle of.  
06 July.  
07 The deep bites of:  
08 Light and hue.  
09 All protection in  
10 The vest. No wool  
11 Or cotton for the  
12 Warmthness of it.  
13 All.

fire

SPOKEN WORD POEM  
BY VINCENT T. UZCATEGUIGAYMON

14 Just it's fire.  
15 And it's hard sweat.  
16 For both my soul.  
17 And hers. are  
18 Forever. Connected  
19 Into a burning.  
20 And consumed moment.  
21 Of. Nature's play.  
22 To be displayed for  
23 All our hearts to  
24 Feel. The only beat  
25 And. The only sound  
26 That is a blaze.  
27 By our loins. In  
28 Such a way. That the  
29 Light of this. Fire  
30 Has truly led me astray.









# Brunhilda

BY ISABELA RUBIO

**L**imestone was abundant in Septos. The fortified calcium in its molecular structure made it pliable, a hefty stone to be meddled with. The sea was a natural eroder, its harsh waves bashing against the gulf of the city, yet it was held nicely by the aged limestone. Corinthian columns were marked with the detailed drawings, the battle between good and evil. The simplification of good and evil had always perplexed Brunhilda.

No one was born inherently evil or inherently good.

The concept was fabricated by religious fanatics to punish people for their explorations. Lust, power, and greed: traits that were punished, the consecrated whippings that would occur if one even uttered such blasphemy. It was such teachings that leered Bruhilda away from ideology and away from the insolent passions of grubby old men who sought to dominate women. Reasonably, as one would surmise, her passions grew elsewhere.

She was merely a child when the unfamiliar, inappropriate hand of a religious bishop touched her shoulder. The contact startled her. Just a child, the arrogant smile that matched his devilish eyes was all Brunhilda needed to know.

Brunhilda didn't speak of it. There was no need. Such perilous thoughts were skewed away in the dark corners of her mind. Knowledge was her only friend, with a sashay of her maroon tail, she would ride through the castle corridors, engrossed in books. She had read through every book in the castle's collection, but it wasn't enough. Luckily, gossip was quick through the servant trade. With a bat of her lashes and a charming smile, Brunhilda had found herself in a darker section of the library.

**With a bat of her lashes and a charming smile, Brunhilda had found herself in a darker section of the library.**

Alchemy was first. The basic compound for any sorceress, the transfiguration of matter, turning apples to oranges, to be put simply. Brunhilda respected the material, but it wasn't the siren's cup of tea. Skimming through the beginner's concept of magic had become tedious. By then, rumors had circulated. Brunhilda, Princess of Septos, heir to the almighty throne, was dabbling in witchcraft. The sacellum had begun its inquest. By the time the guards swam into her room, grabbing her arm, and throwing her into the waterless dungeon, Brunhilda already became an accomplished sorcerer. At this point, no thoughts of revenge had come to mind. This inquest would be nothing; since she was the heir, she was untouchable.

How wrong she was.

Eternity was short compared to her time in the dungeon. Her absence from the sea had pruned her skin, alabaster had grayed, transparent practically. Her hair was dry, like the bottom of a straw broom, no longer an envious burgundy. In this self proclaimed



eternity, Brunhilda did not sleep. No, how could she? Vengeance had fueled her. With the broken stone found on the ground, she carved markings into the floor. Rituals, spells, curses-- everything and anything-- to make those responsible pay.

The stone had been reduced to a pebble, the tips of her fingers drew blood, nails broken. Brunhilda did not care. Her objective was set. She warned to burn Septos to the ground, have it cast into nothingness- a forgotten city.

Yet her body was weak, broken, and malnourished; the siren would need strength. She would need power. She would need to bargain. Summoning a god wasn't easy. It mustered great strength, something Brunhilda did not have.

The ground beneath her tore, a fierce tremor, splitting to reveal a looming figure. "You seek Akin, god of war," The voice spoke, his baritone declarations made fear latch to her stomach.

**She would need power.  
She would need to bargain.**

"I am Brunhilda. I am nothing more than a humble follower," The siren knelt, forehead touching the floor. "I beseech you. I wish to be your servant. I wish for the power to destroy those who have wronged me."

Akin enjoyed begging; it fueled his pride, it fueled his presence as a god.

"I see you are a sorceress," Akin said.

"That I am." Brunhilda replied, her position untouched, her only view was the ground beneath her. Fatigue was weighing her, washing over like a tidal wave.

"Let me see you, Syreni." Brunhilda obliged, vermilion meeting aureate. The god would admit, the fierceness in her eyes and the internal struggle with the limitations of her body were surprising, admirable even to Akin. Silence filled the room; the tension pushed against her, making her frail body tremble.

"Very well," he said. "On your feet. Brunhilda, daughter of Reyne, I will feed your revenge."

"Let us commence," she said with a satisfied sneer while she stood, opening the path to her objective.

The beginning of the end.







The Portrait 3, Carlos Galvez Rios, Charcoal

# la destrucción de venezuela

BY GABRIELA PALACIOS

Me trajo mucha tristeza  
Vi cómo el gobierno destruyó toda su belleza  
Y solo quisiera que se acabara esta mala novela

Vi cómo la esperanza de la gente se vuela  
Yéndose a otros países con cara de tristeza  
Viendo al gobierno destruir su bella naturaleza  
Tuve que irme de mi país aunque me duela

Viendo cómo se alejaba más y más  
No me aguanté y me puse a llorar  
De solo pensar que no iba a ver más  
Ese bello y hermoso lugar

Dicen que al principio lo extrañarás  
Pero después de un tiempo no lo recordarás  
Pero a veces en las noches me pongo a pensar  
Sobre ese lugar que sigo llamando hogar





Oración Nocturna, Lorena Marrero, Photography



# libertad patria y vida

BY RICARDO BLANCO

Libertad Patria y Vida  
Algo tan simple  
Algo que vivo cada día  
Pero 60 años  
y Cuba todavía  
No cura esa herida

Libertad Patria y Vida  
Como venezolano  
Lloro por cada cubano  
Sin nada de comer  
Ni nada de beber  
Ni un solo doctor  
Que cure este dolor

Libertad Patria y Vida  
La esperanza no descansa  
El cubano está en la calle  
Y Miami también  
Díaz-Canel y Castro

Su tiempo se acabó  
Así que váyanse pa donde el sol no brilla  
Que pa ustedes no hay  
Ni libertad ni patria  
Y si fuera por mi tampoco la vida







Headless and Hopeless, Cristina Vera, Photography

# gorgon

BY ISABELA RUBIO

**M**edusa was not always winged nor did her snakes hiss at men. She was fair, resplendent in her ways, leading with a virginal example. Her devotion was admired, her prayers gentle, her voice unwavering in beauty. It was without question why Athena favored her. Sheltering the fair-cheeked woman into the wise embrace of her temple. A priestess she became, bestowed with elegance, with utmost praise— unheard of in the ever growing patriarchy.

Favoritism was rare, chosen only by those born into godliness.

She was no demigod. She was a woman. She was all she could be.

Medusa recoils at her younger self, grateful for the watch of an esteemed goddess, falling into the love Athena bore her. If she only knew.

It began with gifts. Many know of the story. Poseidon wanted to provoke Athena, make her godly niece drip with vehemence. A pulsing boil, gushing treachery and vengeance. He would visit Medusa, enchanting and thrilling. It made her bashful. She was unsure of this, unsure of his longing glances, the inclination of his honeyed words.

**She was no demigod. She was a woman. She was all she could be.**

Medusa was vestal, her maidenhood wouldn't be scorched by anyone; she was devoted. Her devotion did not keep him. It only seemed to excite him, his lust festering, high on the intangible.

Poseidon would not be rejected. He was a God. He was qualms of the earth and the thirst of sailors. He was a man.

It was not long before he voiced his desires.

"I will protect you," He said, bronze hands cupping her fair cheeks.

"Give yourself to me and I will shelter you from any harm."

She was reeling. His touch was too warm, too close, too much. Words were left, unable to take form. She was lost. Refusal was lost. I am a woman, I cannot refuse.

He was golden. Power radiated even in the grace of a mortal form. Virtue had no bounds. Medusa was not deaf to the horrid stories attached to his name. Storms, earthquakes, plagues— unfortunate fornicities from his anger— how many have died from his hand? How few have lived to tell the tale?

Medusa took notice of their setting. Her temple. Athena's temple. Only she could protect her then. Athena fueled her response, she was favored, a priestess to her temple.



"I cannot." She did not tremble. There was no hubris coating her words, only gentle refusal. Poseidon's face grew sour, the hands that enveloped her cheek fell away, balled into a white fist. Rejected, refused in the temple of his greatest enemy. Athena was laughing, echoing in his mind. Ridicule was all he felt, manipulating his body. The god was a puppet, Ridicule his master.

"I did not ask, woman." His inclination professed, his advances crude and horrid, pinning Medusa to the floor; unable to retaliate; unable to fight him.

The serenity of the temple was forsaken, screams bounced in pristine halls, filled with her agony. Her sanctity was ripped away, taken by a monster. She was empty. She was no more. Discarded, left on cold marble, Medusa thought of Athena.

Did she know? Did she care? Tears burned eyes, her body limp from him, limp with despair. Athena, she begged, no strength left in her bones. Help me. Save me. The air was thick, the calm before a storm, perspiration hung. The vestal figure stood tall, argentate armor was licked by the orange candlelight. She approached Medusa, no emotion reflected on her unearthly face.

Words were not needed. Athena knelt, her fingers brushed Medusa's tousled hair. She smelled of fresh olives, a coldness to her caress. She did not delay her intentions, her voice as hard as the armor she wore.

"You have betrayed me."

Such a foreign word. Betrayal such is the act of defiance, to incur treason upon another. "How dare such a putrid creature like you ask for salvation?" Medusa was nauseated, black dots swirling in her vision. She was weak. She was vulnerable. She was in pain.

## Hatred had become her. Hatred was her.

Betrayal did not apply to Athena, it was Medusa who was betrayed. What treason was committed? Refusing her godly uncle? The oath Athena had made her keep, to keep her maidenhood away from the temptation of a man.

The bile threatened to escape, lodged in her throat.

Betrayal was worse. Much worse.

"Cursed you shall be, snakes will replace your hair, your skin will crack and decay. It will be repilitan to the touch. Your beauty will fade. You will live with it until eternity." The pain was indescribable. Her body was a doll, ripped at its seams, contorted and thrown into the curse Athena had aimed. A seed had been planted, similar to the atrocious poems spoken by Ovid and all the others. Hatred had become her.

Hatred was her.

Kill, the snakes hissed maliciously. Kill them all. They sang in agreement, leeching off Medusa's plight. Molding the future of her eternity, molding her into the creature she had become. A man-eater, the rancid symphony of rage and revenge, bubbling in her core.

In her repugnance there was a solace, a true calling. Medusa had never felt such a thing. Her gaze was frigid, eyes a sickly green, surveying the scene. Athena had vanished once her transmutation began.

No matter. Medusa thanked the goddess, her body standing proud, her wicked tail moved with excitement. Her path was cleared, everything had become so clear. Thank you Athena, Medusa slid down the perfect steps of her perfect temple. She had caught the gaze of her first man, a harmless farmer, elation taking her; seeing his body turn into stone.

Medusa's smile grew, a harsh reveal of long fangs and pointed teeth.

Thank you for this gift.







# alone and silent in the bedroom

BY JANELLY JUST

She laid in bed, stuck in place, an inch not shifted. A soft blanket covered her delicate untouched skin. The pillows were soft- almost comforting but not enough. One laid beneath her head, one clutched in her rigid, trembling hands. Her eyes shifted, darting from the corners of the room, to the décor on her walls; paintings looking back at her. The paintings were mocking her as she laid in place and refused to make it obvious or known that she was painfully awake and utterly aware of her surroundings.

It was almost dead silent, the buzz of the air conditioning was almost loud enough to drown out the noise of the door. It wasn't though, as she still heard the creaking of the door as it opened and the soft click as it closed.

That evening prior was full of bliss; the music, the laughter, and all the dancing. The smell of honey ham and the warmth of apple pie that tickled your nose, suffocating and yet- you couldn't get rid of it even after it had all been eaten. The hugs and kisses when greeting everyone; how could you feel anything but happiness and love. The air was intoxicated with holiday bliss. It's all too blurry to recall, 6 years ago, when she was nothing but a youthful and happy kid. She was only 12, too young, and yet too aware of life itself. Even as he touched her body in unholy and perverse ways, she somehow managed to maintain a fake yet all too believable smile. How could you even begin to understand how wrong it is until you notice the smallest of details.

She was alone, and yet she had too many people in her home that wouldn't know what was happening. Too many times had he been there, unnoticed by her family and friends. She believed that he too was family until after years of him using her, touching her; did she learn that he was nothing more than a predator, and she, his prey. It had been too many years of this torment but still, she couldn't bring herself to stop him, to ask for help. Instead, she told herself, "It can't get worse than this, it would only be cruel." She was too young, too naïve to think that she would be granted such mercy. It wasn't till this night that he had completely ruined her purity. He took it upon himself to decide that he would be her first, whether she liked it or not.

Through this, to the final moment, she laid as still and silent as a corpse. Not a muscle moved of her own accord and not a sound was made. Laying in her bed as he left, she could only stare at the painting that had before mocked her, which now watched her in pity. He left with no apology for the ruin he had brought upon her. When she heard the creak of the door and "click!" as it shut, her body had begun to tremble. Hot tears left streaks down her face, rolling over her nose and onto the pillow that never left her side. As she pondered that night, she shut her eyes and fell asleep hoping it would reverse this night. But it didn't. Still, to this day, she cannot pretend that it was only a dream. She can still feel his hot breath on her neck and his cold dead hands on her body. She cannot forget, for she is not allowed.



# bellyfull

BY MEGAN CARRION

There are words  
that I have swallowed  
Living at the bottom  
Of my stomach, nestled below the acid  
They bored holes into me.  
The ragged scream of an internal bleed  
Like children like parasites

Time and decay and time and decay  
I feel them growing  
Wriggling, fattening,  
An encumbrance, a weight.

If they pass through me  
They will rip me apart,  
Piece by piece by piece  
Until I am nothing  
But the vestigial husk

Of my cowardice.  
Innaction has left me an unwilling vessel,  
But I have gained a taste for blood  
I will suffer for the sweetness of salvation.  
I will choke the word-worms up  
and

spit

them

out.

They are bile,  
Clogging up my throat  
Begging to be removed.

And If I slice  
my hands open  
as they pass through  
my fangs  
my maw  
my windpipe

to rip them out,  
The blood will drip down my arms  
An anointment  
Making my fingers holy instruments  
steadfast and true  
Burning with the glory of their purpose.







Red, Lucas Stuart, Digital Art

## music

Track 1	Intruder Ana Green
Track 2	Grown Ana Green
Track 3	Mami Medjed
Track 4	Dreams Angelica Nor
Track 5	Fly Angelica Nor
Track 6	Line Angelica Nor
Track 7	Nicotine Angelica Nor
Track 8	Silent Dreams 612BC, cubbycubby



## spoken word

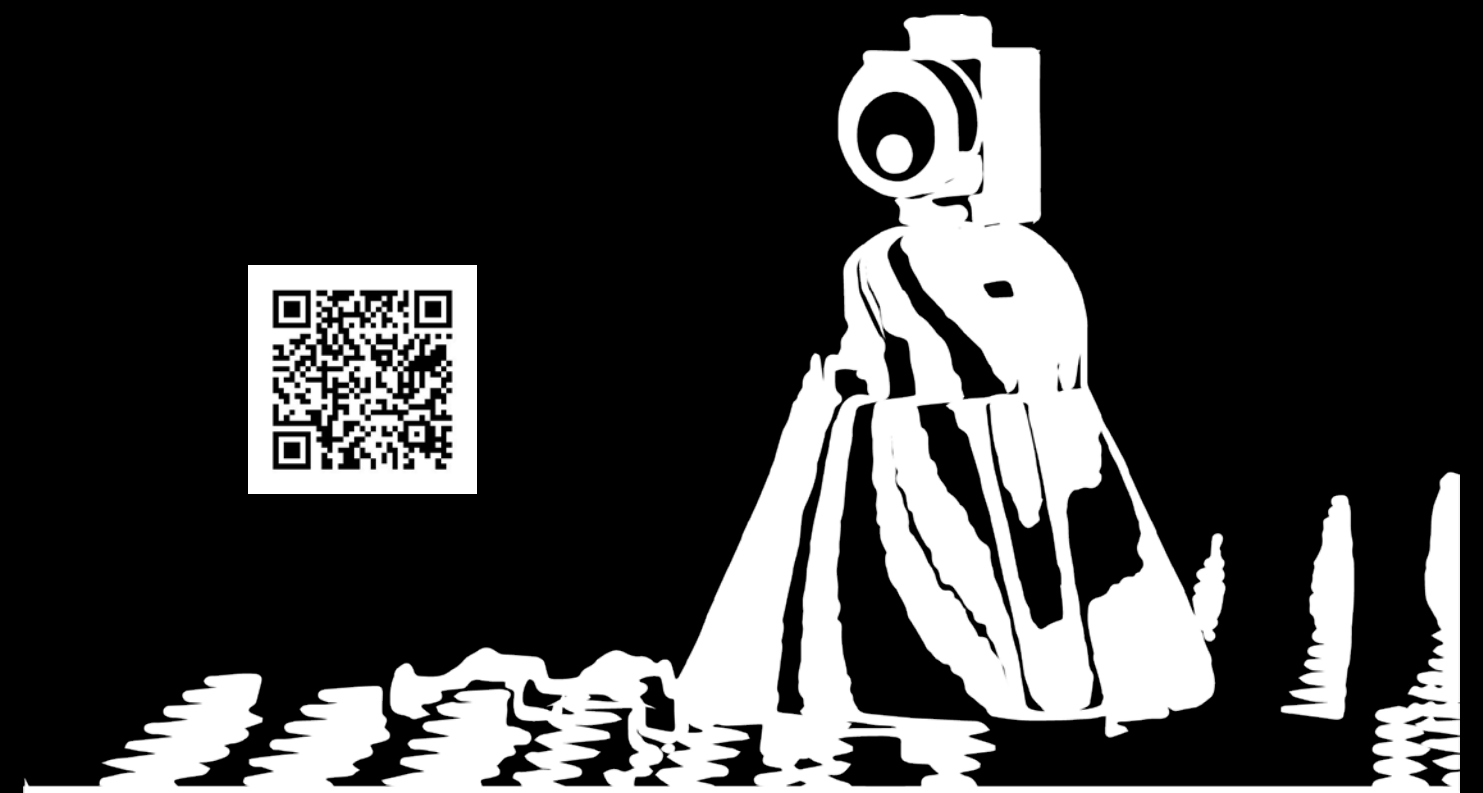
Track 1	Fire Vincent T. Uzcataguigaymon
Track 2	Earth Vincent T. Uzcataguigaymon
Track 3	Wind Vincent T. Uzcataguigaymon
Track 4	La Destrucción De Venezuela Gabriela Palacios
Track 5	Angels Ascending Janiia Williams
Track 6	What Friends Are For Megan Carrion
Track 7	Clapback Gaby Martinez
Track 8	nb Gaby Martinez
Track 9	A Change In Our Seasons Anabelle Canova



Green, Lucas Stuart, Digital Art

## special thanks

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Michelle Grant-Murray	Dance Professor
Jubilation Dance Ensemble	Event Performers
Dr. Craig Titus	Chairperson, English and Communications



Plinks, Rodolfo Beguiristian, Stop Motion Animation



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*Miambiance* is published once a year by students currently enrolled in credit courses at Miami Dade College Kendall Campus. Submissions to the magazine are accepted only from students attending the Kendall Campus except in the case of college-wide contests. *Miambiance's* mission is to provide a creative outlet for writers attending classes at Kendall Campus. Visual art students who wish to publish their photographs, illustrations and graphics are also published in *Miambiance*. All submissions must be attached to the proper submission form available through <https://sharknet.mdc.edu/organization/miambiancekendallcampus>, and a copy must be sent through the [miambiance@gmail.com](mailto:miambiance@gmail.com). Submissions are logged and stripped of identifying information before judging to ensure neutral, non-biased selection. All rights, including e-rights, are reserved. Copyright for individual works both audio and print revert to the authors and artists upon publication. Opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or general staff.

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# colophon

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# miambiance vol. 31 awards



## Associated Collegiate Press (ACP)

Pacemaker Finalists announced on September 30, 2021

## College Media Association (CMA)

2019-2020 Organizational Pinnacle Award

Two-Year Literary Magazine of the Year Second Place:

Miambiance Volume 31, Miami Dade College Kendall Campus

Announced on October 15, 2021

## Columbia Scholastic Press Association (CSPA)

Crown Finalist Announced on December 13, 2021

Silver Crown Awarded on March 30, 2022

Gold Medalist Awarded on April 1, 2022

Gold Circle Individual Awards Announced on March 16, 2022

Experimental Fiction: 2nd Place, "Pen Makers" by Matthew Mayer

Cover Design for Literary or Literary Art Magazine, Certificate of Merit (CM),

Diego Franco, Maria Gonzalez, and Izheilín Trinidad

Photography-Single Artistic Photograph, CM: "Untitled" by Joan Delgado

Photography-Portfolio of Work, CM: Diego Franco, Emily Gonzalez, and Maria Gonzalez

## Florida College System Publications Association (FCSPA)

Awards Announced on April 1, 2022

General Excellence Winner-Third Place, Magazine Division B

Inner Circle Winner- Diego Franco

Poetry- Second Place: Sofia Ramirez, Cristen Lameira, and Veronica Silva

Fiction-Third Place: Matthew Mayer

Two-Page Spread Design-First Place: Diego Franco

Photo Individual-First Place: Joan Delgado

Design-Third Place: Diego Franco, Izheilín Trinidad, and María González

Editing- Second Place: Miambiance Vol.31 Staff

Cover- Third Place: Giuliana Montanez

Staff Page-Second Place (tie): Diego Franco



Gasping for Air, Diego Franco, Wood, Styrofoam and Concrete





