

Garland  
Court  
*Review*  
2020



HAROLD WASHINGTON COLLEGE

# 2020

## Authors & Artists

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Nathaniel Butler-Ludwig

Cree Cullars

Rhona Jessica Filgueras

Jonathan Ford

Ross Gallagher

Tyjera Harris

Adrian Hernandez

Michelle Hernandez

Jacob Hirtenstein

Markham Jenkins

Ashouraita Khoshaba

Raymundo Lagunas C.

Jenaya Lemon

Curtis LoFaro

Stephanie Lopez

Carol Luc

Efren Martinez Villalobos

Jonathan Mendez

Mary Nishiura

Daniel Noriega

Turtel Onli

Maga Perez

Eva Preus

Michelle Quiroz

Douglas Rapp

Bertram Rogers

Hasina Sophia

Evelyn Spear

Luis Vazquez

Nashae Willis



Garland Court Review

HAROLD WASHINGTON COLLEGE

2020

A curated assembly

of

**literature**

**& art**

## Garland Court Review Est.1962

After a three-year (2017–2019) electronic-only presence, Garland Court Review is back in print for 2020! The Garland Court Review is published in the Spring Semester of each year by the English and Art departments of Harold Washington College, 30 E. Lake St., Chicago, IL 60601.

Call for Submissions is announced in the Fall Semester. Both literary and art works are accepted for consideration. Please contact Garland Court Review Committee Coordinators with further inquiries.

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**Grateful Acknowledgement** is made to the Harold Washington College community, particularly

English Department Co-Chairs **Prof. Megan Ritt Broenneke,**

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Art Department Chair **Dr. John Metoyer;**

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College President **Dr. Daniel Lopez;**

Office of the President, Executive Office Manager **Amelia Tsang-Zavala;**

2019 Interim President & Associate Vice Chancellor **Dr. Peggy Korellis;**

former English Department Co-Chair **Prof. Sarah Liston;**

long-time GCR editor **Prof. Jeffrey Daniels;** and

all of the amazing artists and writers who submitted work for consideration in this issue!

**Cover art:** Cree Cullars, *Kala Ezra* (pastel on paper, 2016)

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# Garland Court Review

HAROLD WASHINGTON COLLEGE

2020

GCR English Coordinator & Copy Editor: Adam Webster  
GCR Art Coordinator & Design Director: Galina Shevchenko

## Selection Committee:

Ukaisha Al-Amin  
Shana Cooper  
Jean-Laurent Deher-Lesaint  
Hasina Jefferson  
Curtis LoFaro  
Amira Olingou  
Maga Perez



*L e t t e r*

from the

**E d i t o r s**

**Welcome!**

*Welcome!*

After 3-year print hiatus, the Garland Court Review is back in print, and glossier than ever.

The issue that you now hold in your hands is the first under the publication's new mission to combine the efforts of the Harold Washington College Art and English departments to produce an expanded Literary Magazine that represents the college's diverse collection of perspectives, voices, and talents.

Comprised of both text & visual art from across the Harold Washington campus community, this volume features 50 artworks (ranging from photography to graphic design to illustration to documentation of 3D art forms) and 24 text works, ranging from poetry to fiction to non-fiction.



The text section is intended to take you on a journey through a landscape comprised of the City and the Body, The Mind and the Heart, and of Death and Hope. Alternating between stark reality and lush fantasy, the works deal with humanity posing and answering eternal questions of who I am, what I am, and where I am.

As a call and response, the visual art section echoes these emotions and themes, and it is our hope that the visual pieces will both enhance each other, as well as resonate across the two sections, reflecting the connections between the greater community from which these pieces were culled.

We would be remiss not to mention that this Preface is being penned in isolation, as we remain socially distanced during the Covid-19 outbreak, and doubly remiss in not recognizing that most art is created the same way – as singular efforts. Yet by bringing them together under one roof (or in this case, cover), the individual voices shine, allowing the overall cumulative observations to reverberate.

All art is energy. Unviewed, it is potential. Once viewed, that potential becomes kinetic. And in being compiled, the potential becomes exponential.

We hope you enjoy, and we encourage you to add your voice to the mix in future issues!

**Sincerely,**  
*Sincerely,*

**Galina Shevchenko**

Art Department

2020 Garland Court Review Co-Coordinator

**Adam Webster**

English Department

2020 Garland Court Review Co-Coordinator

**2020 Committee Members**

Ukaisha Al-Amin

Shana Cooper

Jean-Laurent Deher-Lesaint

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# Literary Works



## EVELYN SPEAR

### *The body, like a building*

The body, like a building, keeps the passage of time.

Unlike a building, the body moves warmly,  
storing common knowledge in feathered fingers  
and sore teeth, like grey clay pulled from the earth,  
turning salmon colored and firm from the weight.

Unlike a building, the body stays out of the winter sky,  
tethered to coffered ceilings. The body drives downstate,  
each time surprised by its own guilelessness  
looking for connection in plain field grass, stalky and rough,

finding only a solitary arcade. The body arranges itself to a grid.

DANIEL NORIEGA

*Train Carts*

I hold on for dear life  
while trying to talk to the stranger  
in front of me  
just inches away from my face

I couldn't hear a word they said over  
the sound of your hot breath scratching at the back of my neck

Your pelvis pressed against my bag  
As I try to keep up with the conversation

You tell me to hallucinate the probability of your concept  
But somehow I ended up in a state  
In which reality is not

My mind screeched inside my head  
As the train

became the second thing that was packed  
You  
Keep  
Bumping  
Into  
Me  
Even after I told you over and over...

Here's your stop

Please  
Get off....

ARAYA MASAKI

## *Pandemic*

*Imagine* the daily life  
You were once used to  
Every single day  
Is no longer the norm?

*What if* public transportation,  
Schools as well as restaurants,  
Supermarkets, boutiques,  
And even offices where  
People were employed  
Are permanently shut down.

*Picture* the concerts,  
Sporting, and the other events  
That people used to attend  
At various venues,  
Clubs, and arenas are all,  
But a distant memory.

*Pretend* that there are very few  
Hospital personnel left  
To tend to people's care  
And those struggling with  
A pre-existing condition  
That is becoming worse  
By the second, minute and hour  
Has something much worse  
Slowly, but surely coming their way.

*Just think* about how money  
That we stole, begged, borrowed  
Or worked hard for  
No longer holds value  
And food is now scarce  
And hard to find.

*Envision* constant emptiness  
of crowds in city streets  
With no electricity, no lights,  
no internet, much less a cellphone  
Or a landline to communicate  
And we are all left either  
Sitting, waiting or in panic  
That the world will come to an end.

*How* will you live your final days  
knowing half of the population  
On Earth has been wiped out  
And the path to destroy  
The rest of humanity is near,  
But the only thing left  
After we are all gone  
From this planet are wildlife?

ILSE BRANDT

## *Beer Is Disgusting*

The commercials paint a picture: the sun glides low over the horizon. The golden, wind-swept hair falls to the side as the model leans back to take a cool, refreshing sip from a glass bottle of chilled, amber liquid. Moisture collects delectably on the outside of the bottle and refracts the soft afternoon light. A palm tree waves out of focus in the background. A deep, male voice says something about memories, and a bottle of ice-cold beer is placed on a rustic wooden table. That is not what I know about beer. I know the grime of a bar bathroom whose floors are permanently sticky with a mixture of spilled beer and urine. I know the smell of someone else's Guinness spilled down my sweater when he pressed too close to me. I know the stale breath of someone who has had one more than he should have as he exhales down my neck. I know beer in the context of the unwanted attention that I always assume should not exist in this age but persists, nonetheless.

Beer made its first ugly appearance while I sat on the bus one night with earbuds in and eyes down. I did not look up to see when the man with the beer got on board, but the bus chugged forward, and he stumbled towards the back corner where I had tucked myself behind my bag. He fell back on a parallel seat and offered me a swig from his 25 oz can of Pabst Blue Ribbon. I shook my head

and looked away. He started to talk about my hair and my clothes, asking what my name was (Isabella), what I was doing later (I had plans), and if I had a boyfriend (I did). He finished his beer and asked for my Facebook before dissolving into a monologue about how he was almost thirty and would never meet someone. Maybe I was different, what was my Facebook again? (I did not have one). He started trying to move closer to me when he realized that he missed his stop. He immediately pulled himself up and swung by the handles towards the door. His can clattered around on the ground the rest of the ride home, leaking a few drops of beer onto the dusty blue floor of the bus.

A few summers ago, I decided to spend an afternoon outside with a friend. We had finished eating dinner and were walking around, enjoying the golden warm breeze and the matching colors of the setting sun. The street was overflowing with cars and traffic was slow, so each one moved past us leisurely. Coming from behind us, we could hear one of the vehicles, a large purple party bus with the windows rolled down and various limbs protruding from it, overflowing with energetic music and abrasive laughter. I glanced back at it and made eye contact with one of the men inside as he launched a beer down his throat. I looked away, quickly resumed the conversation with my friend, and kept walking. The music swelled behind us. From the corner of my eye, I could see the man leaning out of the window as he shouted “whore” and threw his empty bottle at me. It missed me by about a foot and shattered when it hit the sidewalk. The glass was unrecognizable as a bottle, save for where the shards clung to the adhesive on the Coors Lite label. The light

up ahead switched to green and the bus inched away until his laughter blended with the sounds of the city afternoon.

Last year I went with my brother to see our favorite musician. I had been looking forward to the show for a long time and I wore my coolest sweater and winged eyeliner for added confidence. Standing as a part of the crowd I could feel the music in my bones. When the band started to play some of the more subtle and soft songs, I wanted to try to move up to the front to get a better look. My brother was comfortable where he was, so we decided to split for a while so that I could get to experience it up close. I found a corner of the room with a window, close to all the colors and movements of the stage. I stood there and let the music wash over me until I felt something on my back pushing me into the corner. I glanced behind me and saw a man standing against me holding onto a railing with one hand and his Guinness in the other. It was crowded, I thought. Maybe he just wanted to get a good look at the stage. I turned back around. The mood on stage shifted in the next song and a steady beat pushed through the speakers. He started to move against me, and after a few moments, I felt his beer spill cold and wet down my back. He leaned in and touched my lower back when he apologized, saying that he would return in a moment with napkins. I immediately plowed through the crowd back to my brother. The rank smell of that man's beer in my sweater did not leave me alone the rest of the night.

Maybe one day I will enjoy beer. I will lean back on a wooden beach chair with a friend and let my feet rest in the warm white sand. The breeze will wrap us gently and we will clink glasses and

take long, dignified sips. When I swirl it in my mouth, I will not think of the times it made me uncomfortable. The color will not remind me of the droplets of beer on the bus floor. The clink of glass will not recall shadows of thrown bottles. The smell will not take me back to a stranger's body trapping me in a corner. When it glides down my throat, I will feel peaceful and calm and warm. The sun will shine and I will not be afraid. I do not know when that day on the beach will come, but when it does, I will be ready with a bottle opener.



## CREE CULLARS

# *Woman*

It was so important that I be “heard”  
That I raised my voice and lowered my standards  
It’s the mental shrapnel that deepens the scandal  
The emotional self of which I’ve lost a handle

Raised my voice and lowered my standards  
Lifted my dress and laid on my back

Straightened my hair and painted my face  
Lowered my pride and raised my brow

Is it possible to lose a self yet to be found?

STEPHANIE LOPEZ

## *Gummy Woms*

“Wom?” he said as he puckered his lips together, trying to curl his tongue in his mouth. I stared in confusion. He repeated himself, “Would you like a gummy wom?” I giggled at his mispronunciation. In a squeaky, cracking voice, I replied, “Yes,” trying to push the word out of my mouth. His name was Crisanto Trevino—he had confessed to me when we first met—but everyone called him C.T. A 10-year-old Polish boy that lived down the block. I used to sit on the cracked wooden steps of my porch gawking at him—pretending not to feel the splinters on my bony butt—as he zoomed up and down the block on his skateboard.

“What are you doing?” he asks—interrupting my daydream. He squints his eyes as if he’s searching for the answer on my face. I try to come up with something clever to say for fear of confessing my daydream; but all I can think about is C.T. fighting off dragons on his magical flying skateboard that shoots lasers from the wheels—impractical, I know. “Sitting,” I exclaim like a toddler saying their first word. “Would you like to be my girlfriend?” he asks with the confidence of a 40-year-old man. He follows his question with, “I bought you a bracelet; can I put it on your wrist?”

I picture my mother screaming and hollering, “Ni los calsones te lavas, cabrona!” as she chases me down the street with a broom in one hand and her chancla in the other. I try to vomit the red brick

lodged in my esophagus, preventing me from speaking. I finally respond, “No,” and run inside hysterically crying and mumbling things about dragons and skateboards to myself.

I spent that night pacing back and forth trying to come up with an explanation for my behavior. “C.T, I’m sorry, my mom loves her broom more than she loves me,” I chuckled. “C.T, I’m sorry my mom is crazy, and she will murder us both if she finds out, but I don’t care. Yes! Yes! A million times, yes!” I finally stopped pacing not only because I was satisfied with my response, but because I had worn out the soles of my shoes and my feet were beginning to melt to the floor.

The next day, I sat all morning and most of the evening on the porch steps picking at the skin on my fingers, rehearsing my lines, waiting for C.T. to zoom by. He never came.

Later that evening, his father came knocking on our door. I peeked from behind the living room wall. I saw him weeping; he wiped his eyes with his stump—he had lost his hand in an accident and was surviving from workers compensation checks. C.T. had been hit by a car; his father was collecting donations for his funeral.

DANIEL NORIEGA

*Death* is a thing that  
*Lives*

Death is a thing that lives  
Death is a thing that lives-  
That dresses in a smile-  
And cheers in the public-

Delivered by her-  
And echoes in my chest-  
That never seems to cease-

Heard by the ears-  
But held by the heart-  
A single phrase-  
That hurts the most-

I love you not-  
Is what was told.

BERTRAM ROGERS

*Strangulation*

Oh, what wicked limbs are these?  
Not of man, nor beast, nor tree  
That still by feet steadfastly hold  
And form the bars that cage the soul  
Intangible, these hands, but still  
Much stronger than one's feeble will  
Much like death or love's insistence  
Iron grip defies resistance  
As time and storm wreck earthly boughs

HASINA SOPHIA

*The Bite*

Good Christian not so Christlike  
Buddha on my nightstand  
Reading the Advaita  
doing Kama Sutra before bed  
Crossing crosses  
Star crossed lovers  
Jesus hangs in there  
Knees bruised Saturday night  
Fresh pressed for dawn  
Nice guys savior last

In this only I am shamed with  
the book of blame, as it says  
At every head of man is Christ  
At every head of woman is man  
If the Book was not as poetry  
That was not for interpretation.  
I look to men to whom I am property.  
Is my sorrow not in multiplication?

I am not a Christian feminist,  
I'm a Feminist who's christian  
Because she's scared.

## JENAYA LEMON

### *A Grandmother's Grace*

I've watched sugar cane melt into the palm of your hands  
and turn into liquid gold.

Witnessed you lather your body with  
cocoa butter and brown sugar  
exfoliating the parts of you you've outgrown.

Baptize the bodies of brown babies  
with tired bare hands  
and comfort crying souls.

Take in strays from strangers and  
cared for them like they were your own.

Your house  
a welcome mat  
for anyone with no other place to go.

I've learned  
the arch of your willingness  
has no boundaries.  
You bring light  
to your surroundings.

In the garden of  
love you've created  
your spine grows  
blood red roses  
ready to be picked  
from its root

the color of wine  
you once consumed  
having never  
missed a sip see,

I've watched you

bend over backwards  
to bridge the gap between  
two sides  
at war  
using only a smile;

appointed general  
of the army in  
which you have salvaged  
ever so gracefully.

Healing wounds of  
broken spirits  
in ways you don't even know.

I've listened to you

Carry conversations  
through phone lines  
that have gotten disconnected

Stringing words together  
in a language  
that only you yourself  
could understand;

Sing sweet lullabies  
as you waltz around the room



your house dress  
the perfect ball gown  
before the clock strikes noon.

The sound of your voice became an orchestra worth hearing  
over and over again  
accompanied by the smell of  
light blue filling the room.

But,  
as I come to my  
senses, I realize that  
the message behind this poem  
is how...

I've watched sugar cane melt into the palm of your hands  
and turn into liquid gold  
witnessed you lather your body with  
cocoa butter and brown sugar  
molding yourself into the amazing  
woman I've grown to know.

MARY NISHIURA

*Gaman, To Endure*  
(A Ghost Story)

Suziki-san, and five small children were sitting around the potbellied stove that was the only heat source for the barracks. It was the first winter at the Rohwer Relocation camp and the block leaders didn't have the materials yet that were promised them to fill the gaps in the planks of the wooden barracks.

It was early evening, but dark already and very windy and cold. The wind howled through the cracks and made a noise that constantly scared the small children. And that was why Suziki-san wanted to tell them the story.

Suziki-san was a storyteller and he was ready to tell a story. He found a wooden crate and slowly, leaning on his cane, sat down. But Suziki-san was old and thin and his butt bones didn't have much cushion. So, he reached for a small pillow on the bed nearby and put it on the crate.

"Ahhh," he said as he sat down again. "Now I'm ready."

"It was the winter solstice," Suziki-san began. "And the winter storm had gentled down to wisps of wind and light snow. The farmer, Masu, was celebrating the winter solstice at the tavern with his friends and rice wine. His face was bright red and he knew already that he was drunk.

Otherwise he wouldn't have said, 'Waaa. Where is the

music? Come on let's dance,' and then begin to stomp his feet and push his arms out, drumming the air until Donburi the drummer, began striking a beat, pon pata pon, pon pata pon. Then the other men in the tavern began wailing out a song, Tu oh chi wa, dekka dekka ka, ah no waii...ah no yoi yoi. Masu loved it. He shut his eyes and gleefully stumped and twirled around the room. His friends laughed and joined him, forming a line of equally drunken red-faced hard-working farmers.

This went on until almost midnight when Masu missing home and hearth decided to make his way back there. He waved with both arms high in the air and shouted his goodbyes and left. Once outside, he felt the effects of leaving the overheated tavern. He shivered a little, but the alcohol kept him warm. He could still hear the music and he wanted to dance some more, so he decided to dance his way home. Tu oh chi wa, dekka dekka ka... he sang. He giggled, then he heard someone else giggling too. 'Who's there?' he said. No one answered, but when he looked up at the full moon, a sudden whirlwind of sugary snow spun up before him.

Now maybe because he was drunk, or probably because he was happy that he saw a snow spirit before him. She was beautiful, with dark eyes and darker hair tipped with icicle drops that glistened in the moonlight. She seemed to be forming from the whirlwind of snow, her white kimono falling around her. And the whirlwind seemed to gather up the kimono sleeves and train. And begin twisting and swirling them in graceful circles before his eyes, pin wheeling and lifted by the wind.

Masu was mesmerized and wanted to dance with the snow

spirit. So he, clumsy mortal, tried to mimic her wispy movements. He giggled again, and then laughed out loud, he was so happy.

Next morning, the farmers on their way to the fields found Masu asleep in the middle of a clearing, his footprints all around in the snow. At first, the farmers thought he was dead, but Masu awoke with a large nasal snort.

‘Waaa. Have you been asleep in the field all night?’ One farmer asked.

Masu yawned, scratched his cheek and said he didn’t know. Then Masu remembered his dance with the snow spirit and smiled.

‘Waaa, look at your feet. Where are your slippers?’ another farmer asked.

Masu and the other farmers looked. There was snow between his toes, but there was no frostbite.

Masu smiled broadly and then said, ‘I think the snow spirit wanted to dance with me, so she didn’t let me feel the snow.’

‘Waa, such nonsense,’ a third farmer said, as he put down his pick and leaned on it.

Finally, the farmers, knowing they would never get to the bottom of this puzzle and needing to attend to their frozen fields, walked away, but still mumbling about this curiosity.

Masu got up, shook off the snow from his clothes and went home. His wife was waiting for him.

‘Did you celebrate the solstice all night at the tavern?’ she asked with a bit of worry and a bit of irritation.

‘No,’ Masu said, ‘I danced all night with the snow spirit.’

His wife looked at her husband, and she knew it to be true.

After all, her husband did love to dance.

It was then at that moment that Masu decided that he was so happy dancing with the snow spirit that he would dance every year on the winter solstice. And this he did, whether the night was dark or full of moonlight, or whether the snow was silent and thick on the ground or full of storm and whirlwinds. And after every solstice, the other farmers would wonder how he could dance all night and not feel the cold or get frostbite.”

Suzuki-san paused. Then he said, “This is the legend of the Kyushu people, and it is believed that all of those descended from the farmer, Masu, who love to dance, do not feel the snow or get frostbite.”

“Ojisan, grandpa, is that true?” one of the children listening to the story asked.

“It is. It is,” another child said.

Then Suzuki-san said, “All right now, let’s see who is a descendent of Masu and been gifted by the snow spirit. Let’s see who loves to dance and not feel the cold.”

A chorus of “me, me, me” rose up and the children flapping their coarse army issued blankets, began dancing around Suzuki-san, laughing and not feeling the cold.

To Suzuki-san, they looked like tiny brown sparrows, setsukos, and he smiled looking at them. His eyes were getting full of tears and he was blinking them away when he happened to glance out the window. The wind, which was constantly blowing, was now being joined by light wispy tatters of snow.

And then he saw her. For just a second, Suzuki-san saw her

beautiful face with her dark eyes and her smile and her dark hair with icicle droplets. And outside the barracks, the snow spirit, hearing the children's laughter, giggled and began to dance, whirling and twisting her kimono sleeves and train. And Suziki-san felt his heart lift up with her as she passed through the barbed wire fence and the guard tower, higher and higher, up towards the full moon.

HASINA SOPHIA

*The Road*

My grandmother walked this path before me  
And her mother before her, and hers before her  
Back when the grass was dense and steep  
Back when wolves laid rope traps, some  
Dressed as us, the Black sheep.

The eldest forged this way with no tools, but feet  
No light but night sky, lit by great mother moon  
Tired eyes saw my pilgrimage more sweet  
So as I walk I lay concrete, for this is  
The road my children will drive.

## CREE CULLARS

### *Hoarding America's Ghosts*

Deformity of faith  
Organs inflamed and dreams in the fire  
The formidable rat race  
Inorganic perspiration

This night  
Their anemic fire  
Our intrinsic desire

Sleeping in stables  
White sheep eating at the table  
Watch me dance  
While tethered in your fable

Blank, nomadic soul  
Raked over coal  
Set ablaze within  
Bleeding gold  
Black skin



## CURTIS LOFARO

### *In Case of Tiger Break Glass*

He couldn't get the TV to work. Ed had left him instructions on which buttons to press on the remote but didn't specify which one out of the five to use. *What am I doing here?* Phil bent his old knees and sat on the couch, letting one of the remotes slide out of his grasp onto the coffee table. Maybe there was something to watch outside. Ed kept a telescope by the bay windows, so he peered into the useful end. It was trained on the pier across the harbor. Typical Saturday night in August: couples beginning to pair off and disappear, a drunken would-be captain making his way down the dock, and service workers on their last smoke break before the end of their shift.

The white of a seagull flashed in the dark and he followed it with the lens. It soared away from the boats, down the beach, gliding up and down until it changed direction and flew inland towards the horizon and out of sight. Phil lifted his head and took a sip of beer. *Why did Ed have binoculars and a telescope?* He pressed his eye back into the instrument and jumped at what he saw, almost dropping the bottle.

On the road parallel to the beach, there was a tiger. A fully grown, Siberian tiger. Well, there was obviously no

tiger, but he'd better take another look. It was pacing on the road, as if trying to make up its mind. *What kind of hippie beer am I drinking here?* Phil half-jokingly picked up the bottle, wondering if he was hallucinating. "El Dragón Cómodo" it read. Still probably better than the water. Monitor lizards were scary creatures just like -

"There's a tiger!" he yelled and looked out furiously back down the hill. Of course Ed would be the one to let him stay at his condo where there were damn tigers running around. Draining the rest of the beer, he concentrated on looking through the telescope. One thing at a time. There was, in fact, a tiger meandering along the road. *Why in the hell would a tiger ever be here?* Well, that doesn't matter, now does it. He went over to the kitchen phone on the counter where Ed kept his instructions and tried to find an emergency number. The price you pay for solitude he mused as he thought about his useless cell phone sitting in the bottom of his suitcase.

"Hello? Hola? Yes, hola, I am...yo soy en casa number ocho. Cerro San Martin. Yes. Tigre! Tigre! There's a god-damn tiger here!" The line went silent. "Great," Phil grumbled, slamming down the phone. Time for another drink. But there was only margarita mixer in the fridge. *Why would Ed buy margarita mixer in Mexico?* What a time to run out of beer! Ed kept another fridge stocked in the garage where he stored his boat, but it was detached from the building and Phil would have to go outside to access it. Torn between

being eaten alive and dying of thirst, he decided to venture out, having already made the mistake of trying to drink the tap water.

“Whoever heard of a tiger in Mexico?” Maybe that golfer. The button on the remote flashed, engaging the garage door. “I really must be getting senile,” the septuagenarian griped, gripping his cane. The kitchen door swung closed as he made his way across the patio. There was a flash of orange behind the bushes flanking the main roadway. *Why would anyone paint their car such an ugly color?* Phil smiled as much as he was really capable at this point in his life, which wasn’t much, and thought about the prospect of enjoying another beer.

The tiger lunged and tackled him to the ground. Luckily, being an old man, even though he was in Mexico, he was wearing a heavy coat, and the animal’s claws snagged in the material while he managed to free himself. Phil tossed his cane in first and then heaved himself into the uncovered boat in the garage. While the beast was occupied with the jacket, he scoured the boat for a weapon. *Why would Ed not have a harpoon gun?* He threw the fish finder at the feline and it swatted it away. Phil was in trouble.

The tiger was circling the boat, trying to figure out what a ‘Sea Ray’ was. Under the driver’s seat was a box, and in the box was a gun, and in the gun was a flare, and that was good enough for Phil. “This one’s for you, Ed!”

he bellowed as he swung the gun around at the leaping tiger and fired the shell directly into its mouth. It exploded and went everywhere, because apparently this tiger knew not to drink the water either and had been surviving on gasoline. “Happy 4th of July!” The old man hopped out of the boat a little more spryly than his 74 years would convey, and helped himself to a beer. The binoculars still dangled from his neck and he put them to his face, surveying the harbor. *Why would there be a Komodo dragon in Mexico?*

## CREE CULLARS

### *The New Age Negro*

Cabrini Green the new guillotine  
Electric slide into the electric chair  
Headless slaves  
Chained in Plato's cave  
Shadows distract them from the sight of their graves  
Spine growing concave  
Grave sight to see  
Sleight of hand helping the economy  
Hand-me-down pity is their embellishment  
Astonishment at the alleged abolishment  
Still not free  
Still displaced  
Still the wrong race  
"Still the long face?"  
As if I can't still taste  
The fecal waste on my black ancestor's face

Eyes that erratically emulate empathy  
Walks like an enemy  
Talks with no affinity for me  
That nigga ain't no kin to me  
I say this candidly  
Black prisoners locked away in Azkaban  
Got the Taliban policing  
the Southside of Chicago like it's Afghanistan  
The news a nuisance and new age noose  
It's nonsense

## HERUKHUT APPLYRS

# *B r e a k i n g*

“Now you go on and have a nice day, son.” The officer handed Quintin back his license. “Will do, sir,” Quintin said. His voice was sharp. Not a lick of improper speech. He spoke English better than the officer. He had to. He didn't want to be like other black boys on the news. But he would be there either way.

Quintin reached over Veronica to place the documents inside the glove-compartment. They sat on top of a bulging envelope, making it hard to close. Oops.

He was supposed to mail that out last night. But forgot. He wouldn't need to worry about that after they were done.

The blinkers on his step-dad's Toyota Corolla were burnt out. He got a fix-it ticket. But he didn't give a shit about that either.

Veronica was on her phone, chewing loudly on gum. The smacking of her lips and the clacking of long black nails on the screen putting a rhythm to the air. Quintin wondered if Veronica even saw the cop.

He placed a hand on her pale knee. She didn't smile. She never smiled.

“We fuckin' done yet, my nigga?” she said as she tilted

her head, blond corn-rows flowing over her shoulder.

“Yes, we are.” Veronica lit a Newport, so Quintin decided to leave the windows open, pulling out of the shoulder of the I-5. “And dont call me a nigga?” he said in a low voice.

Veronica took a drag from her cigarette. She placed it down on the ashtray and quickly lifted her hand. Quintin flinched. The car swerved. Sweat ran down his forehead. It was 40 degrees outside.

She sighed. “Whatever, Quin, just drive.” There was the barest hint of a smile. His knuckles on the steering wheel were doing their best impression of being white.

Mist parted to the beams of the headlights as mountains closed in around them. Morning traffic began to trickle in thick. School buses and early commuters on either side as they neared the center of San Luis Obispo.

Veronica puffed out a cloud of smoke. “Can’t wait to see the look on his fat fuckin’ face.”

“Yea, me too.”

“Fuckin’ crazy. Men can live like he do’ and still get a come up.”

“Can’t believe he’s the Principal now.” Quintin replied. “It is crazy. And what happened to me was just the tip...” An understatement. It was the formative moment of Quintin’s life. Everything reorientated after Mr. Dotreve.

“So he really did that?”

“Called the police on a 5-year-old kid? Yeah, he did that.” He weaved through the lanes. “You know him better



than I. Why ask?"

"Just need to make sure." She took another drag. The ashes were long on its stem. "Coulda' lived with it—if it was just me—I think. But he got a pattern of fucking with kids."

Literally, she added between the smoke.

Veronica chewed on her bottom lip. A rare nervous tick.

So he had a little stint with the police. Yea, him and every other black guy in the country. But Veronica had it worse. Far worse.

If it weren't for her, they wouldn't be here. Nights of fighting and tears. She won every time. She just didn't have a filter. Or a limit. Being in the system does that.

He wondered how hard she had it down in LA. Or who would he be if none of it ever happened? Would he talk like Veronica?

He smirked. No, even if he didn't need to compensate, he would still have to sound "appropriate" on occasions.

Only a white girl could get away talking like a black woman 24/7.

"Exit's right here," Veronica pointed with her cigarette.

A dour mist clung to the air. There was a saltiness in it. Perhaps from the ocean. The sun was behind the mountains, and he found himself in a realm of twilight, looking into the parking lot of an elementary school.

He could hear the yells of children at play in the distance from where they were parked. Recess must have started.

Everything was set in motion. They should have started hours ago. But there was one problem.

“Why are they here?” Quintin said. They were already there when they showed up. Waiting. Twelve different colored vans from various news outlets. Logos plastered on the sides. Huge antenna arrays on top pointing up into the air with a certain menace. They were all parked in the front row, taking up even the disabled spots. Reporters were adjusting their clothes, or talking to their camera men.

“I dunno,” Veronica mumbled. She was still tapping away at her phone. Tap. Tap. Tap.

“Did you check? Google or...?” There was a tightness at the bottom of Quintin’s throat, as if the seatbelt were around his neck as opposed to loose on his belly.

“Already did, Ain’t shit,” followed by a pop of her bubble gum.

“What?”

“SLO Elementary. Feb 2012. Ain’t shit here. The school site says there’s a PTA meeting but that’s it.”

“Look, maybe we should just catch him at his home—”  
“Shut the fuck up,” Veronica snapped. Her blue eyes quavering. “Don’t give a shit who sees or who we gonna’ take with us. They can all suffer.” Her fists were clenched.

Quintin took a deep breath. She was angry now. Tread carefully. “Well, we can’t if they already here. What if they know?”

“And? So the fuck what, nigga. You see any one-times

out here?" she said. She was right. The police officer that had given him the ticket was the only cop he'd seen that day.

"I mean sure," he breathed, "but we wanted a legacy. Witnesses even. Not an audience. That's kinda messed up."

Veronica raised an eyebrow. "Messed up? You know what we came for right?"

"Yea but—" Something caught his attention out the corner of his eye. "What the—?"

Over the dusty dashboard, the news crews were all set up. Their cameras were pointed at their little Toyota. His heart nearly leapt from his chest.

"The fuck?" She turned her head behind her, braids flapping wildly. And so did Quintin. The parking lot behind was empty. The sidewalk beyond that was as well. So there was nothing else those cameras could have been looking at. Quintin felt shivers run down his spine. Was it getting colder?

"Whateva," Veronica said. Ca-shik. The sound was unmistakable. She stuffed the gun in her waist. "Let's do this shit."

"No, Vee we can't," Quintin said, voice going higher. "We can't go through with it now. We can come back tomorrow. That" – he pointed to the cameras which were also pointed at him. "That ain't right. What are they here for? We can't just walk past them and start—"

Veronica welted Quintin. His head rebounded off the window with thud. The camera crews seemed like little problems compared to an altogether different menace sitting in

his passenger seat.

“Don’t be a pussy,” she snarled. “You already sent out the manifesto or whatever the fuck, right?”

Quintin tried to stifle his tremors. Head was still reeling from the blow. Hoping that she wouldn't check the glove compartment to see the damn thing right there.

“So we ain’t got no choice but to do it.” There were a few more clicks echoing in the car as Veronica fumbled with her hands. “Here,” she said, handing him a pistol. “Keep it out of sight.”

Before Quintin could muster another round of protest, Veronica stepped out. She patted down her long leather coat. Black of course. Dressed for the occasion.

It was how they planned it. Two vengeful figures in black showing the world just how much they cared.

But the news crews only stood there. Unmoving. Probably already broadcasting their every action. There were no sirens in the distance.

He wondered how much the world cared back.

Veronica sat on the hood of the car when he got out. “You ready baby?” She had a wide smile across her face. Times like these were the only time she ever smiled, it seemed.

“Yea. Let’s go.” His voice was croaking.

Veronica swayed forward towards the school. She had a coolness to her step that Quintin had never seen in her before. Hips swaying. Head bobbing. It didn't matter that

every one of those cameras were aimed at them. Their faces were blank. Some were furiously scribbling at their note pads. This was what they were here to see.

“Vee?”

“What?”

The explosion from the shot rang out, leaving the world hollow. For a moment, there was nothing.

The reporters didn't move. Cameras trained. World watching from beyond the glass.

And then the sounds came back.

Wails of children in the distance mingled with the echoes of the blast. Smoke burned his nostrils. He was no longer cold.

He looked down and saw blood pooling around his shoes. He lifted the gun to his mouth. It was hot to the touch. But the morning mist was cool on his lips.

## EVELYN SPEAR

### *Love Song in the Style of the James R. Thompson Center*

If the body is like a building—

here we lay the exquisite flash of memory,  
the nerve apparatus dyed as if under observation.  
It covers and cuddles the spaces between us  
which swell outward to meet the interior height,

saying, “What is geometry if not a guarantee  
against the moratorium on our expanding love,”  
saying, “I would do anything to be closer to you,  
no matter what cold or baked or windswept temper.”

## DOUGLAS RAPP

### *I Know Every Street in Every City in America*

I'd been ignoring my dad's advice for years: don't quit a job without having another lined up, don't burn your bridges, don't pick up hitchhikers. People are crazy, he said. He had done it once, picked up a hitchhiker, but that was different, in the mid-60s in rural Ohio. People weren't as crazy then, he said.

That summer, though, I heeded his advice, mostly. I had a summer job, a sort of informal internship at a weekly newspaper in Somerset, Kentucky, in the central-southern part of the state. I wouldn't quit, wouldn't torch any figurative bridges, but I did pick up a hitchhiker.

As I turned onto a state road that led to the interstate I saw him, an old man sitting on the guardrail, two canes propped next to him. Mid-July, a 90-degree day.

I pulled off on the shoulder past him. He didn't see me stop and kept his thumb extended weakly to the passing cars. I honked. No response. I started backing up till I was in front of him and then he noticed. Up close, he looked to be in his late 60s or early 70s. I got out.

"You alright? You need a ride somewhere?"

"Sure do. Cincinnati."

He pronounced it "Cincinnatiuh," the way I had heard some of

my older relatives in Ohio pronounce it. He was decked out in a golfer's pastels: a baby blue polo, lilac pants, and a light blue golf hat. His thin gray hair, unkempt under his hat, was dark with sweat. I helped him into my well-worn gold Honda Accord.

I merged back onto the road and told him I could take him as far north as Richmond, about two hours south of Cincinnati on I-75. He mumbled his thanks for the ride and said if no one had stopped he was going to lie down in the grass behind the guardrail and sleep. (Sleep in this heat? In the scratchy bluegrass along the road? I thought.) In short, slow sentences, as he dabbed his face with a handkerchief, he told me his wife had kicked him out last night.

"I got friends in Cincinnati that will help me out."

He said his wife had been fooling around with a younger man and last night she kicked him out, leaving him to sleep outside, alone in the dark and shelterless. I noticed some grass and dirt stains smeared on his pants.

"That dirty bastard. I'll get 'em. Try to kick me out of my own damn house."

He looked out the window, surveying the rolling farmland dotted with white clapboard houses and rusted trailers.

"She'll get what's coming to her," he said.

He said his son sided with his mom and the new lover too, told him he was glad his mom kicked him out.

My sudden passenger looked more like a retiree heading out to play 9 holes than a troubled man embroiled in intergenerational affairs. I wondered if drugs or alcohol drove the chaos. Somerset, like a lot of southeastern Kentucky, suffers from high unemployment,



and pills and booze shatter too many families. Violent outbursts and retributive murders blare on the local news from time to time.

“My friends will help me out,” he continued, looking straight ahead. “Give me a few weeks and I’ll straighten things out. I got a .357. They’ll get what’s coming to them.”

A gun? A gun. No piece bulged in his pants anywhere, I thought, looking furtively at him. What if he flipped out and attacked me? What if he made me drive him to Cincinnati at gunpoint? Fuck. I tightened my grip on the steering wheel.

I envisioned our struggle if he tried to pull a gun. Sluggish from the heat, he couldn’t overpower me with his frail and sun-spotted arms. During the struggle, my hands would slip off the wheel, the car would veer off the road, hit an embankment, flip, crushing us instantly. My family and friends would be puzzled as a state trooper described the accident scene: my dead body, the old man’s dead body, two canes, a .357.

I churned through the regret of picking him up. This was before I had a cell phone, so I had no way of contacting anyone unless we stopped at a gas station. I remained quiet, trying not to set him off. I tightened my grip on the steering wheel and looked out the window as we passed a defunct taxidermy business.

“They’ll get what’s coming to them,” he repeated with quiet authority.

And what is coming to them, I wondered. Is he going to kill them? Kidnap them? Am I driving this guy on a deadly errand, complicit in any crimes he might commit?

We passed through the small town of Mount Vernon. I thought

about stopping at a gas station and getting someone to call the local law. What would I tell them? I didn't even know his name.

I headed up the ramp to get on the interstate.

"You got a ball-bearing loose," he said. "Just needs some grease, that's all."

All I heard was the wind rustling through the rolled-down windows of my air-conditionless car.

"I drove a truck for 41 years," he said, anticipating my next question. "I've driven Greyhound buses, hauled chemicals. I know every street in every city in America."

I drove on, my foot heavy on the accelerator as the four-cylinder engine reached a droning whine. Richmond lay an interminable 30 miles away now, and I just wanted to get home. We rode in silence, except for his occasional grumble of "they'll get what's coming to them."

We finally reached Richmond. I took the first exit and pulled into a large gas station, busy with weekend travelers gassing their boats and icing their coolers. I told him this was as far as I could go.

"Thank you now," he said.

I helped him out of the car, wondering if I would see him on the news soon. He steadied himself and looked north. I drove off quickly, looking in my rearview mirror and seeing the old man braced on his canes in the middle of the oil-spotted parking lot.

He gazed up the interstate toward Cincinnati, toward his friends and whatever plan he would hatch to make sure his son, his wife, and her lover would get whatever was coming to them.

## CREE CULLARS

### *African American Antagonists*

Spoken from a forked tongue  
Perched behind pursed lips of privilege

I hope you fare well on welfare  
Mental medication, mediocrity and medicare  
My hooded silhouette a scare  
Breathing borrowed air  
Bullet burrowed into his back  
Borrowed another life you can't give back  
Whiplash from how quickly a blind eye is turned  
Another black fades to black  
Well, we the people think that's fair

Blue eyed stare  
Skin that's fair

You create your own reality  
Therefore, you antagonize this brutality  
Instead of cashing government checks  
Could've took the noose from around your neck  
And jumped rope, lassoed hope, got back on the boat

We didn't deal your demographic dope  
Stay afloat on a landfill surrounded by slippery slopes

Strange fruit of our labor  
Estranged roots cannot anchor

Homeless on our homeland  
We didn't promise you land  
You're but 3/5ths of a man  
Deemed a dividend  
On demand at the command of the man

# JACOB HIRTENSTEIN

# 1

Morning light weaves through grottoes unabashed  
Stringing through the mist, tearing through a gash  
Impeding does our false sky seem  
A barrier to the hinterlands  
Where they say the godhead dwells  
Ailed are they who would deny it  
Ailed are those who do not perceive  
The spectrum of what it really means to be  
Youthful eternal interlace through temporal fields  
From the hollow echoes of palatial cities  
To the wild whooping of the mountaintops  
A sweet melody of poppies guide the way  
Impressions of their dance laid bare upon the meadowed earth  
Windswept crags an indication of the same  
Here and there inlaid the mark of the flame  
It is these marks from where I derive my joy  
These marks from where I know  
That here the godhead tread, ever so long ago

# JACOB HIRTENSTEIN

# 3

vibrant pulsing emanates from the valley trough  
a command demanding a follower  
smothering the voice that would restrain it  
impulsive violence birthed from desires  
poppy-laden fields  
sirens catcalling sinners en masse, a cadre of divers  
    masked in immanence  
the uninterrupted flow (leave me be! it coos) catches  
    those waiting along the shore by the tips of their toes  
snags them in and pulls them along  
the new machine in the flow that it itself seeks to be interrupted  
it *wants* to be enslaved  
it *demand*s war upon its breast  
nothing less will satiate it  
exploiting in a fiery churn of stages

a schizophrenic actor plays the role of six different parts  
he forgets who he is when the play is finished  
the walls he made had tiny invisible holes he could not find  
and conveyor belts pushed his guts through them like salami meat

and great gaping voids slurped them up like noodles when  
    he wasn't looking  
twisting him about in deceitful meshes  
he bends lines, shatters glass, changes ways  
erects, destroys, impresses, absorbs  
and, at last, in a hallowed crescendo, he implodes his way  
    out of his restraints  
brought bare to his truth, he kneels amongst the crowd and  
    kisses the earth

ADRIAN HERNANDEZ

## *The Pigeon*

It was a gray and somber afternoon when I was walking down the streets of downtown Chicago. The streets were crowded with people wearing light jackets with an umbrella in hand in case the skies decided to pour us with rain. I was wandering around looking for a quick bite to eat before going home, when I came across a homeless woman. She was wearing a red hooded sweatshirt and had her sandy blonde hair tied in a ponytail. I saw her sitting down on the corner by the train station on Clark and Lake with an orange crate planted next to her. It was the kind of crate that I would see when I was in elementary school, the ones that were filled with those tiny milk cartons that we would drink during lunch. This crate, however, was filled with clothes and brown plastic bags.

As I continued walking towards where she was I began to feel uncomfortable. The more I glanced at her the more I began to realize just how young she was. She looked like she was my age. By the time I made it to the corner I tried not to make eye contact with her. Instead I looked straight ahead and waited for the stoplight to turn red. I wanted to say something to her but felt uneasy in getting involved with whatever she must have been going through. And so I stood there, ignoring her until the lights signaled me to go.



Not long afterwards I found myself at a food court with a meal that had long since gone cold. I felt horrible for not helping the girl. I could have at the very least given her some money. I soon walked out to look for her.

I retraced my steps until I found the corner where I saw her. With a twenty dollar bill folded inside my hand, I discretely placed the money on the cap that she was using to ask for change and continued walking. I didn't make it far when I stopped. I still felt guilty. Something wasn't right; I didn't feel like I did enough for her. I turned around and walked back. When I arrived she was still sitting there, looking down and avoiding eye contact with everyone. I kneeled down so I could see her face to face. I asked her if there was anything that I could do to help her and if she was hungry.

She looked up at me shyly and timidly. "Oh no, no, thank you. You already gave me so much money. And I still have a sandwich leftover in there," she said as she pointed to the orange milk crate next to her. "I'll be okay."

"Are you sure?" I asked. I didn't want to ask her anything personal, like, how she ended up here, but I still wanted to do something more than just giving her money.

She hesitated for a moment. She seemed embarrassed. "This might sound crazy – you don't have to do it if you don't want to – but there's this pigeon that's hurt," she said as she pointed to a pigeon laying on its side and twitching nearby us on the sidewalk. Every couple of seconds it would flap its wing upward towards the heavy sky like a worn out feather duster reaching to wipe the dust off a ceiling fan. I continued to stare at the pigeon, wondering how

long it was going to keep trying to move, until I heard the girl's voice again.

"It's in pain because it hit its head up there on the train tracks while it was flying up and now it's dying. Could you please go to the store right here and ask for, like, an empty box or something? It's dying and I don't want it to die like this," she pleaded. She spoke quietly yet quickly and desperately, as if she didn't want anybody else to know what she was saying. She genuinely seemed far more concerned for the pigeon than she was for her own well-being. I was baffled.

I stayed quiet for a moment and then calmly assured her that I wouldn't mind helping her find a box. I then got up and walked into a Walgreens behind us and searched around for an employee to talk to. I soon found a lady that was restocking the shelves and asked her if they had any empty boxes. She looked confused and said that they didn't have any. I then left the store feeling a little worried. I wasn't sure how the girl was going to react to the news. I walked to her and told her they didn't have any boxes.

"Oh, it's okay," she said. She looked sad but was far more composed than when I last left her. I turned my head and saw that the pigeon was no longer moving. She was quiet as she continued to stare at the pigeon. For a moment I had completely forgotten that we were outside surrounded by commuters pacing past us left and right. I couldn't hear their heels clicking against the pavement as they dashed across the street to the sound of beeping cars. In this moment, it was just me and her, staring silently at a dead pigeon.

"Thank you so much though. I'm sorry for all the trouble. I

really do appreciate it,” she said after a while. She sounded calmer than before, almost peaceful.

I told her that it was no trouble for me at all and gave her a smile to reassure her. She smiled back. “What’s your name?”

I told her my name and then asked for hers. She gave it to me but, unfortunately, I no longer remember it. She then extended her hand upward towards me and I shook it. She gave me a firm handshake. When then said our goodbyes and I took the train home.

After that encounter, I never saw the girl sitting at the corner again. I hope that she found the help she needed to get her life together. I hope that she now has a place to go home to. I hope that she is surrounded by the right kind of friends or people to support her so that she would never end up back on the streets again. But I can never know for sure.

On second thought, I could have sworn I saw her again just the other day. Not sitting alone on the street corner with her belongings in a milk crate, but walking among the crowd of downtown pedestrians, wearing a bright pink jacket, her sandy blonde hair dancing with the autumn wind. I thought I saw her smiling and waving excitedly at me, right before being swallowed by the rush hour crowd of people hurrying to catch their train rides home and then disappearing completely. I’d like to think that I did. But I can never know for sure.

EVELYN SPEAR

*What Was Built*

Living and breathing, warm

with rounded corners,  
these are pilgrims to what was built

tenderly, by repeating the face,  
those which arrive red,

those which are heated to this point,  
those which say we love our children,

we love the sun, we love to watch it rise.

## HASINA SOPHIA

### *Twenty-Something*

I'm 22 and life is hard,  
Or life is hard, and I'm 22.  
In nostalgia I forget the friend  
That is oldest and most true

He's literally kept my heart beating  
He's both coveting and suffocating  
I've been constantly contemplating  
What exactly is breathing?

I wish to journey back to the simplistic  
Days of him forcing fear so childish  
as dark that can be made light again  
Rather than the void that never ends

It's midnight, he's in my bed yet again  
Behind my eyelids I hear him questioning  
Are we born to just survive, produce, die?  
Bite the bullet, of a bullet we didn't bite.

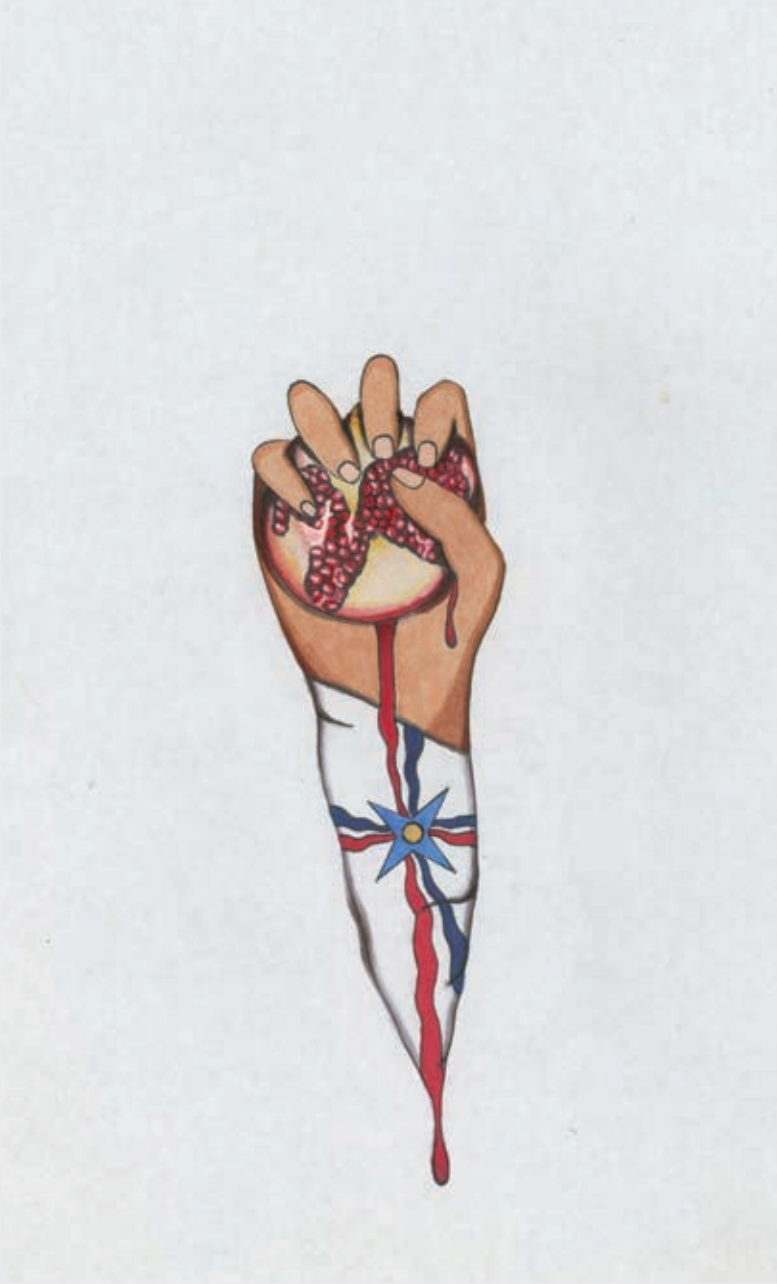
He is drowning me in choices to become  
This modern privilege is burdensome  
I could be a star or make one if I choose  
One day I'll die. Every day is time I lose.

How will you survive?  
What will you produce?



*Gallery*







Ashouraita Khoshaba Woman (alcohol marker on paper)







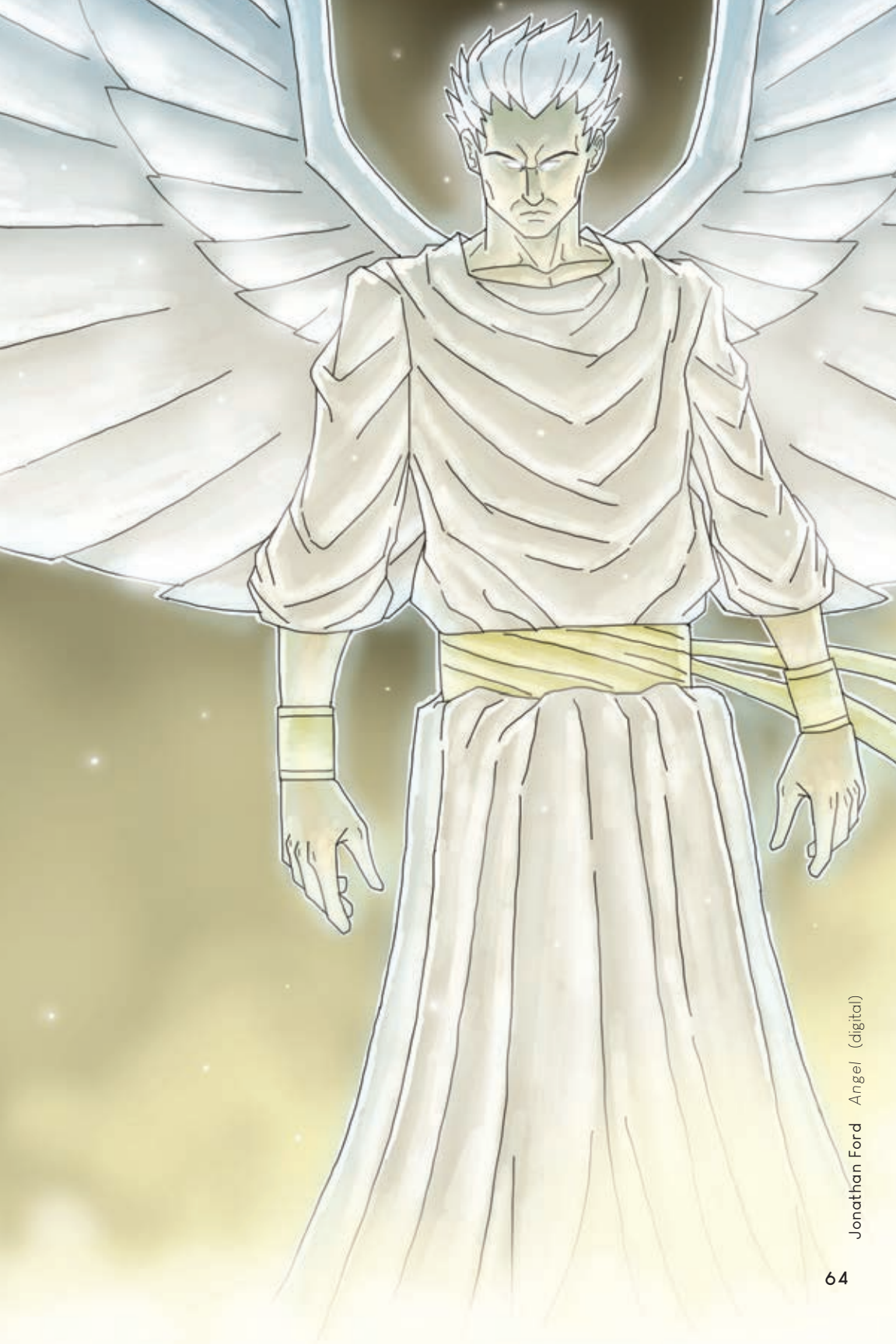
Cree Cullars *Psychedelicious* (pastel on paper)





Ilse Brandt Spirit of the Great Pacific Garbage Patch (ink on paper)













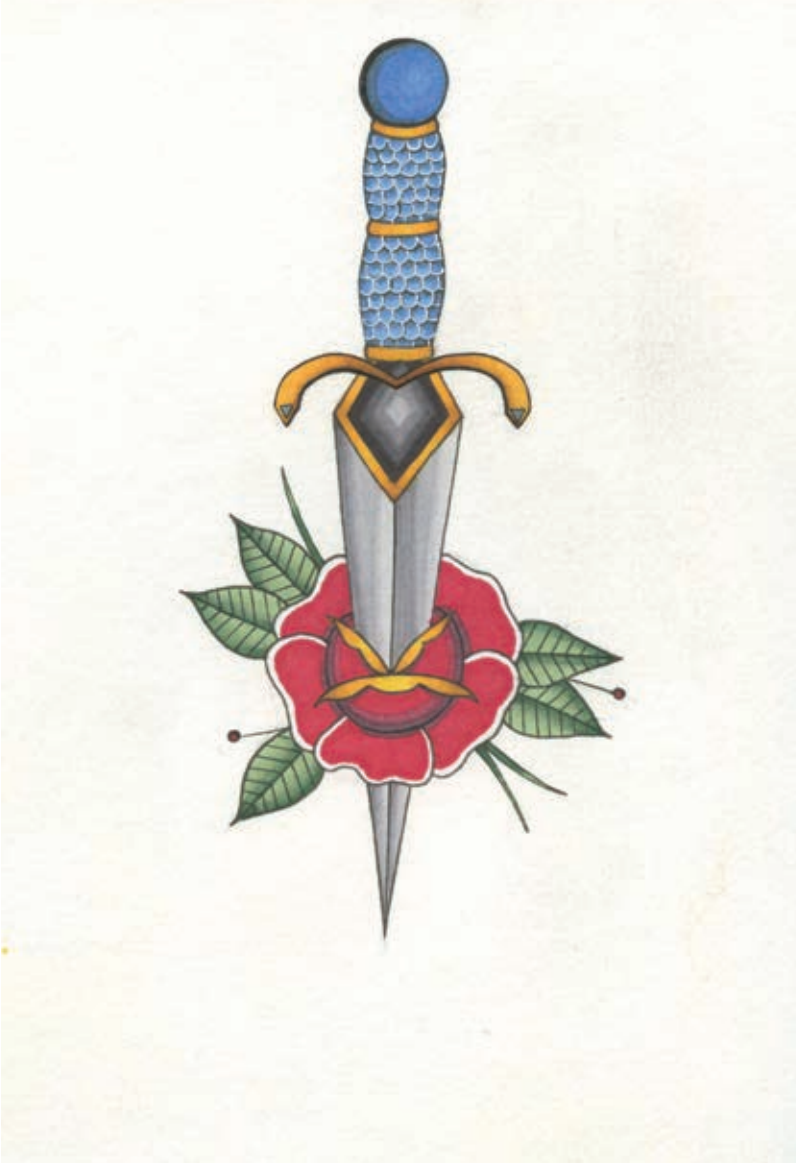


















Rhona Jessica Filgueras / Red Archer (mixed media sculpture)

















Eva Preus Inner Workings (watercolor & collage on paper)







Cree Cullars Art on a Deadline (pastel & acrylic on paper)



















Markham Jenkins Homecoming (digital photo)







I COULD ALWAYS  
FIND SOMETHING  
ELSE TO GET INTO  
.... MAYBE CHECK  
OUT TV OR HANG  
OUT WITH MY  
COUSINS - - -



.... OR EVEN HIT THESE BOOKS.  
YEAH, AT LEAST IT WOULD BE  
PRODUCTIVE WITHOUT THE HASSLES.



I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL  
CALL MY MAIN FRIEND. SHE  
HAD TO DEAL WITH THIS SAME KINDA  
MESS A LIL'  
WHILE BACK.  
MAYBE SHE  
KNOWS  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT ALL  
THIS THAT I  
DON'T KNOW  
YET.



**WHEWWW!!!** WHAT A DRAG.  
THIS STUFF HAS GOTTEN TO BE  
SO **DEEP** THAT I HAVE TO CALL  
A FRIEND WHO MAY HAVE MORE  
PROBLEMS TO TRIP ON THAN I  
DO..... BUT IF I DON'T GET SOME  
SUPPORT ON ALL OF THIS I'LL HAVE  
SOME BIG PROBLEMS  
OF MY OWN!!!





Rhona Jessica Figueras Shonen (digital)



Curtis LoFaro Menemsha (ink pen on paper)













Raymundo Lagunas C. La Mentira (etching)

*La Mentira*















Eva Preus Nipsey Hussle (watercolor)



*Curtis*







Curtis LoFaro In the Bulrushes (acrylic on paper)



