

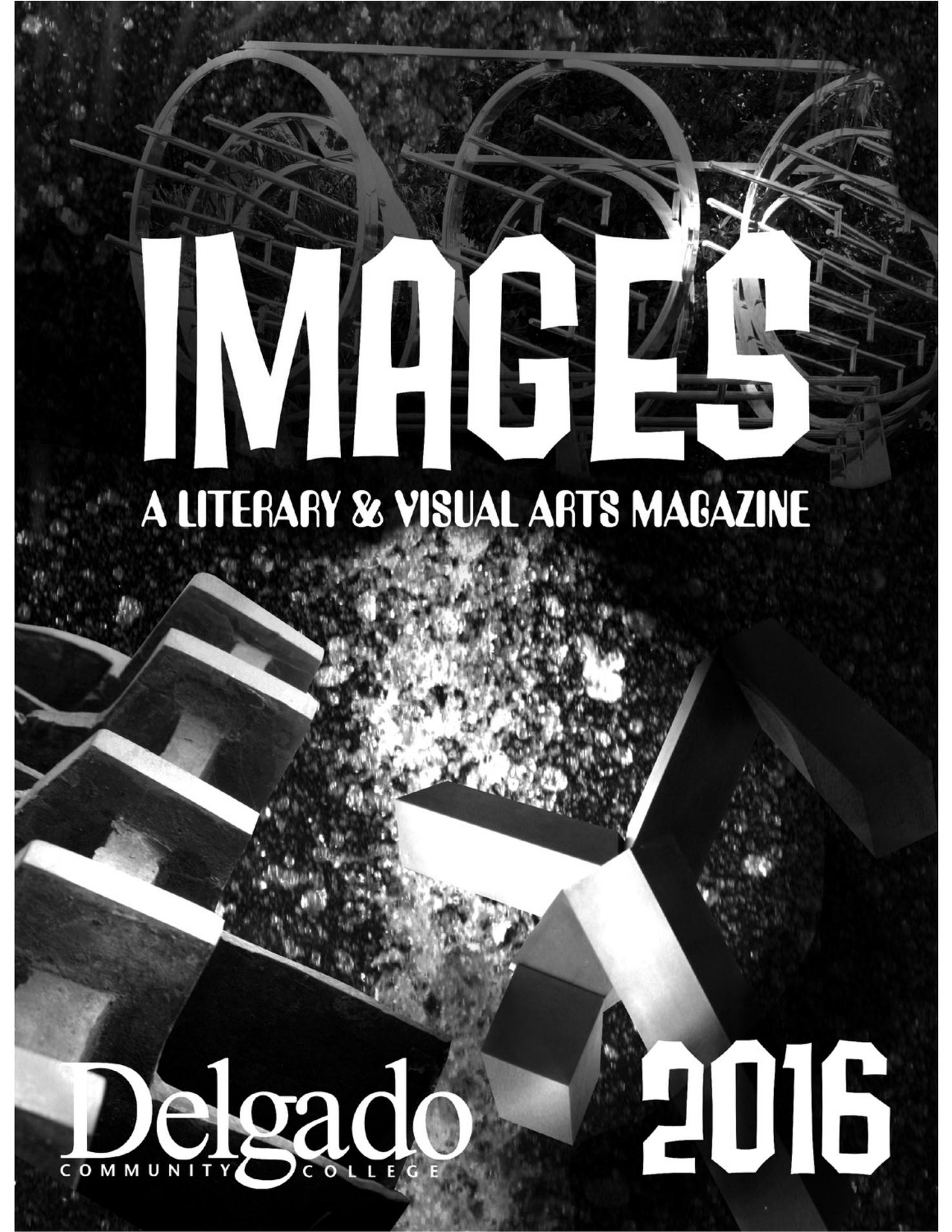
# IMAGES

A LITERARY & VISUAL ARTS MAGAZINE

Delgado  
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

2016





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DESIGN BY: | Randy Harris |



DESIGN BY: | Sierra Kellogg |



# poetry



# A Midnight Memory

BY *Quin*  
IGUINA

January 2005, **a time that feels lost;**

Heavy snowfall met with heavy jackets,

A large hill stands before me, fraught with frost.

My brother and I sit in a large plastic sled of gray.

I prepare to leap, **to let my issues fade away,**

Beneath in the soft snow as we slide and play.

No struggle with school, nor work **(at least for a while),**

**No problems with friends or family;** I can finally smile.

I'm not arguing with a sibling, or questioning my gender,

Nor am I missing homework that I seem to not remember.

I smile larger than I have in years,

For in a sled, **I forget why I have tears.**

# A Book

Ever since my birth,  
I have been sitting on this shelf.  
I was given a nice, plain, blue jacket  
To keep me warm.  
The only thing on my jacket is words:  
My name and my mother's name.  
I'm surrounded by my siblings,  
But as the days turn to weeks  
They leave.  
I'm left on the shelf with newcomers.

BY *Dana*  
**BENELLI**

I watch as people walk past,  
Picking up newcomers around me.  
They have prettier jackets than me,  
But I am bigger.  
Maybe people want pretty and small,  
Instead of plain and big.

As the weeks turn to months,  
Dust settles on my pages  
I am sad.  
No one wants me.  
My mood matches my jacket.

I watch a girl walk slowly down the aisle,  
Making eye contact with all the newcomers.  
Her eyes stop on me before she picks me up.  
She flips me around and reads my back.  
Then she gently places me in her basket.

# FIEND

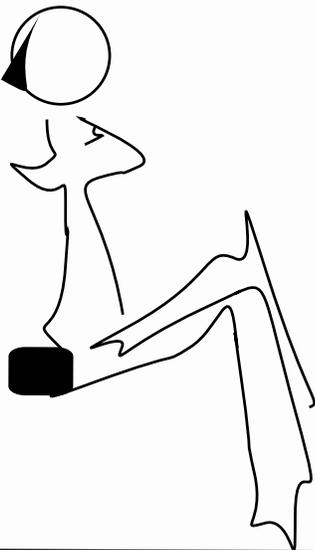
BY *Gina*  
ALBERT

The **night** is where I hide my secrets.  
I am a liar, cloaked in deception,  
they believe that I am like them.

In **darkness** I am a ghost.  
When rays of light peek through my window,  
I am reminded of when I felt alive.

The **sun** exists solely to judge me,  
to confront me tirelessly with what I've done.  
The light consumes me, spilling blood into my veins,  
whispering air into my lungs. **night falls** and my heart  
beats itself to **death**.

DESIGN BY: | Jasmine Warren |



# CORVETTE

BY *Quin*  
IGUINA

We got a CORVETTE for  
our GRANDMOTHER'S  
BIRTHDAY.  
She would have LIKED IT.

# I Am Your Mother

BY *Christine*  
KELLEY



**My son**, you grew in me for nine months and I loved you as you grew. Overdue by two weeks was your arrival and I loved you as I waited.

Three **LONG** days of labor before you entered the world and I loved you through the pain. You were the most beautiful brown haired, blue eyed, baby I had ever seen and I immediately loved you from the depths of my soul.

The arms of another is where I placed you and hoped that it was right. My heart was shattered and I left the pieces with you so that you would know how much I loved you.

You were **PERFECT**, my love, but my life was not. I could not keep you with me, but we were never far apart.

Half my life has gone by, and for twenty-one years you have called another Mom. I have cried often for my loss. I was glad that you had someone but mourned that it was not me.

Every day I loved you more than the day before. I love you more today than I did yesterday, and I will love you even more tomorrow. Now, my son, you are grown, and we are together again.

Raised and loved by a woman you call Mom, and I would never take that away. Just don't forget that you have another... Hello my son, I am your **MOTHER**.

# GUITAR

BY *Joseph*  
KRUPINSKY

I am sitting in your room again, **silent**  
**Waiting** to be given a voice

To be brought violently to life  
In an explosion of sound

Soon you will pick me up  
And carry me to the place where we

Can speak together

Your hands trace the curves of my  
body  
And the smallest sound slips free from  
me  
I am forced into speech by your touch

My will is surrendered to you  
I feel your hand get heavier, rougher

As your voice joins mine,  
Becoming entwined, locked together

In a private symphony only we can  
hear

Our voices melt into brilliant insepa-  
rable colors,

Enveloping the two of us and leaving  
us  
Recognizable only as one perfect mo-  
ment

I want to stay here forever, as long as  
I can

But soon you go silent, and then you  
silence me and it's over

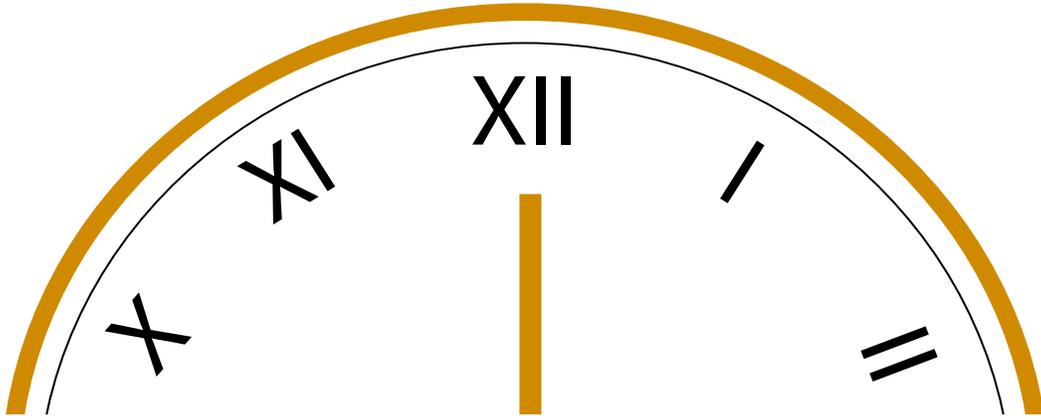
You carry me back to where I waited,  
Where I will wait again,

And I know that I will not move until  
you move me

I won't speak until you speak with me



# MIDNIGHT



BY *Quin*

IGUINA



**A**lone she sat, upon her bed,  
 With her **dirty** day clothes  
 And unkempt hair  
 In a lit unkempt room,  
 In a small **darkened** house.  
 No amps plugged in,  
 Instrument in her grasp,  
**Paper and pencil** by her side,  
 She **alone** hears her wails  
 And mess-ups and fails,  
 All to get the songs out of her  
**mind** and into script,  
 And to sleep better,  
 Knowing those **songs** would still  
 be there come  
**morning.**

# I'm from THIS CITY

BY *Margaret*  
GONTAR

**I'm from the majestic oaks of the Audubon,**  
that stand and witness like very old men to the deadly rip tides of the swirling Mississippi.

**I'm from the Mardi Gras parades,**  
that smelled of peanuts, gun powder, and cotton candy and from the arms of my jovial father who held me up high to see it all.

**I'm from the wicked storm,**  
that came and went....from the destruction it left behind to the rebirthing and rebuilding that followed.

**I'm from endless eery nights of psychedelic hide n seek amongst crumbling tombstones and mausoleums in the Prytania Cemeteries....**from years of an exultant and treacherous youth, raising a humid hell until there was no hell left to raise.

**I'm from all the cats I've known.....**  
from the occasional strange cat that straggles by to the ones I kept and loved.....  
from their whiskers to their tales, and oh, what tales they have.

**I'm from my childhood home**  
of chess games and books, from my mother's cooking and from behind her skirt – a place I'd often hide.

**I'm from the tree house my brothers built**  
with wood planks and nails, from prickle ball wars we played to the bloody dirty dusk,  
to the forts we made from bed sheets and sticks.

**I'm from these uneven streets of unexpected second lines and disarm-  
ingly friendly strangers....**  
From pots of red beans impossible to resist to the first bite into my beignet dusted in confection.

**I'm from this city,**  
storm torn but still beautiful, all the way from its first streetcar that goes downtown to the last stop that lands uptown.

# I'M FROM THIS CITY



# My Limited Experience With Love

BY *Meghan*  
HENOUMONT

You carried me on your back through a tropical storm.  
You'd never seen one before and after a bottle of rum  
it seemed the most informative method.  
the wind pulled my hair over your eyes.  
*Who else am I going to do these sorts of things with?*

If that's not love, love must be awfully boring.  
I imagine polite smiles, elbows off an elegant  
table set for two. Clinking crystal glasses.  
*What the hell do those people talk about?*

Us, we screamed across the hallway, of our sinking house.  
Over the strums of your guitar and the clicks of my computer, the chatter  
Of raccoons. We were excited for everything.  
*Who else will dig through trash with me?*

You found a Ninja Turtle kite and we called off work  
To go fly it in the park. You made a tail for it out of moss  
So it could climb above the trees, so I would smile wider.  
No one has ever seen me as clear as you did.  
*So what if when alone, I listen to classy stripper music,  
make ridiculous demands of my cat?*

*You wanted all of me.*  
I cradled my head in the dent in your chest  
You were so embarrassed of. I called it your little dipper.

Now, after months of not seeing each other, I ride  
past our sunken house where we no longer live. I pull fists  
of flowers off the magnolia bushes and see what  
Is left of those four rollicking years:

*Rotting petals,  
Tiny blossoming hells.*



# Monsters

BY *Joseph*  
KRUPINSKY

I never dream about **monsters** anymore  
My **nightmares** are much more domestic than that  
I dream that I will **fail** completely  
I dream that **nobody** will ever love me  
I dream about **fucking my life up** in subtle ways  
The kind where there's nobody to **blame** but me  
I dream of **crashing** my car into a wall  
Because I saw the road ahead **disappear** beneath me  
I dream of stumbling back out into **reality**  
Into a **crowd** of people telling me what I've done  
I dream that nobody will ever **forgive** me  
I dream of **trudging** to a busy street corner  
**Begging** for change or maybe a bite to eat  
Watching faces turn to **avoid** me  
I dream about dying **alone** in my apartment  
I dream of **dust** and debris piling up around me  
As I pass **silently** through endless days  
without talking to **anyone** but myself  
I dream of years passing with **nothing** to show  
Of **nothingness** leading on to more nothingness  
I dream about being **forgotten**  
But I never dream about **monsters** anymore  
My **nightmares** are much scarier than that

DESIGN BY: | Sierra Kellogg |

# Something

My Grandmother Taught Me

BY Rachel  
DUNCAN



## Cokes

A whole drawer of prime kitchen real estate  
devoted to storing them

## Fridge,

always neatly stocked with icy cold ones  
And on sunny morning at home with my  
grandma

One of us kids would hear the **squeal** of  
the trash truck's brakes  
As it made it's way around the bend on  
Prancer street

We would slide on our socks  
Toward the side by side fridge  
Swing open the door

Grab three or four of those **chilly** Cokes  
Bolt for the front yard  
My cousins and I would stand

In the thick green **grass**  
Waiting for the sweaty men on that truck

They'd trot over with a **smile**  
Cracking the Cokes right away  
Their refreshment was palpable

# Night Still Comes

BY *Meghan*  
HENOUMONT

I'm from the end of the world.

Where the gulf slobbers at the shoreline, eager to wash away Centuries old oak trees, that hurricanes have blown from side to side,

Until they submitted,  
and began growing along the ground.  
Their branches like outstretched arms, offering an invitation.

I'm from Venice Louisiana,  
not to be confused with Venice Italy, here, nobody sunburns, and our skin caramelizes while we fish in our father's boots.

After, we nap in the palms of tree branches, using moss as pillows and wake to feed raccoons sugar cubes, which they wash and are always surprised to see disappear.

# Turning the Wheel

BY *Robert*  
MELLO

She peers into the dime store window  
Imagining his smile,  
But he is not there.  
Down the aisles she sees nail polish,  
Curlers and heating irons.  
She can't **resist**—she moves inside,  
Nodding to women with red hair  
And eyes the color of **Paradise**,  
She turns the stainless wheel.  
Maybe he's on lunch she thinks afraid to ask.  
The smell of popcorn fresh **popped**,  
Of caramel-covered apples and whirling pink  
**Cotton candy**  
Leaves her *dizzy* with anticipation.



At the cosmetics counter she bends to study their  
**stunning** blank faces, their moist brown bodies  
Chiseled like stones on sand.

Now, finally with them, she **draws** the paint  
Across her own nails.

The station wagon returns.

Her mother sounds the horn.

Without **hesitation**, she slips the polish into her purse  
And steps to the wheel.

Her thighs **press** against the spokes, but they don't  
turn. She sees her mother's impatient face,

Feels the red-haired women **stare**.

A voice tells her it wasn't her fault,  
It wasn't her fault.

The tears begin to **fall**.



**PROSE**

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# The Amazingly Short Memoir of a Pilferer

BY *Matthew*  
**MOORE**



**M**y heart races as it comes into view. I mean, there it is. I was still and calm and now I feel the blood rush into my face.

My palms start to sweat profusely. My cheeks heat up like a coil on an electric stove top but then I hear the heavens open up in my mind and sing with the power of ten thousand angelic voices.

It is covered in chilling sweat; the beads seem to fall off the can like sliding butter and hit the shelf like mighty and immense splashes of meteors hitting the ocean.

Each droplet looks so cold and refreshing that perhaps one single drop on a day like today could quench my thirst for eternity and has the command to put out an intense and out of control forest fire.

I can almost feel the metallic chill in my hand and it is almost too cold to touch.

The day is stifling hot. Blazing. The sun isn't shining down on a day like today but beaming down like opening an oven in an already searing kitchen. The blast of heat from the atmosphere hits my lungs and makes me wish for an almost inevitable death.

*"...and has the command to put out an intense and out of control forest fire."*

I imagine being coated in tanning oil and put under a fast food heating lamp for hours. Where is the air? Where is the damned wind? There is no wind.

I stared, in heat exhaustion, coated and flinging perspiration off of my body with every movement, looking out of the doorway at the mirage swaying off the blacktop like fiery muses dancing on red hot embers.

The one can is staring me down. The colors and graphics are so bright, inviting me for a drink. A sip. Just one taste. The vivid label almost seems to scream at me to crack open the top and chug it down, carelessly letting the beverage run down my mouth and drip off my chin. Oh, the satisfaction. The ecstasy!

I can envision its freezing almost frosty goodness playfully sliding through my mouth and into my gullet like a child washing out of control into the receiving pool of a fast water slide.



I can see the snow topped Alps and glistening waterfalls. It's breathtaking!

Lines of people are waiting inside the store. The shelves seem too close together as though people are being funneled through like helpless cattle unable to move.

The walls are getting closer and because of the heat I am sure that they look like they are now shoulder width apart and closing in fast.

I can smell the latex in the dirty off-white paint right

in front of my face. I am claustrophobic and losing control. The cash register is ringing and slamming shut with a monotonous flat bell that sounds broken and never ending.

Ching. Clang! Ching. Clang! Ching. Clang!

So I stole the coke.

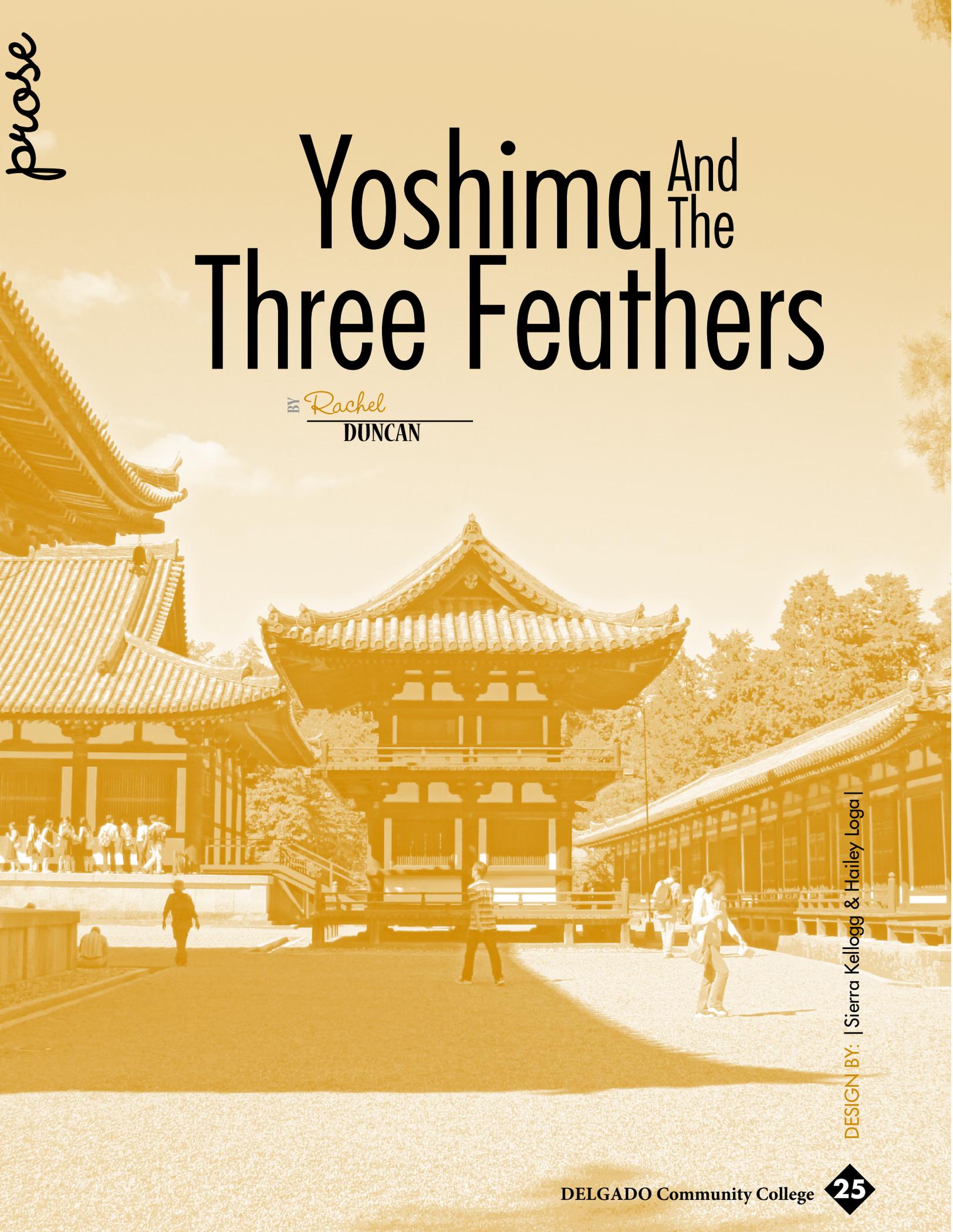
*"The one can is staring me down."*



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# Yoshima <sup>And The</sup> Three Feathers

BY *Rachel*  
DUNCAN



DESIGN BY: | Sierra Kellogg & Hailey Loga |

**Y**oshima was a four year old girl from a small and beautiful village, high up in the mountains of Japan, called Nakanojo. She had blushing, round cheeks like sweet, juicy snow apples. The elders of her village would stop her on her komodojo no yoji (child's errands) to coo over her. They all agreed that her glossy hair was as black as the sun goddess Amaterasu's feathers, when she shifts into the form of the three legged raven named Yata-garasu to bring messages from the heavens. "Yata, Yata, little goddess, what message do you bring?" they would chuckle, pinching Yoshima's soft cheeks.

Yoshima's mother, Shaiwase, or, girl of much happiness and luck, loved to tell her about the day she was born. Shaiwase said that on that day, their tiny house was mysteriously littered with black raven's feathers. She believed this to be a good omen so, as the story goes, she gathered the feathers up to keep. she kept the feathers in a jade box that had belonged to Yoshima's great grandmother, Chieko. Yoshima had heard the story many times, so she knew that for her fifth birthday her mother planned to turn the feathers into a cape for Yoshima to wear when the deep snow came.

Living in Nakanojo brought blessings everyday, all of the villagers agreed. Every day when the sun came up, the elders of the village would gather in the hiroba to practice tai-chi. The mountain air was always brisk and fresh, in the early morning, like cold creek water, quenching their skin with the invigorating feeling of being very alive. The village monks would sing their song of thanks to the rising sun. Yoshima would often wake up to the sound of their singing and it made her feel happy and safe.

Their life in Nakanojo was a simple one. They ate mostly the same meals everyday. Many days a week Yoshima's mother would send her into the woods to dig up nagaimo, wild mountain yams. Yoshima's great grandmother, Chieko, or, wise girl, had made their village famous in the mountains for

her special recipe. She would stir fry the wild yams with wild chives, wild garlic and ginger root. She would cook thin udon noodles, or long life noodles, until they were perfectly chewy. Chieko would make a broth from the black soybean miso she kept in her red clay pot. Chieko called this special dish Nakanojo Rakki men, Nakanojo's lucky noodles, because after word spread across the mountain, people started to come to Nakanojo to learn how to make these delectable noodles.

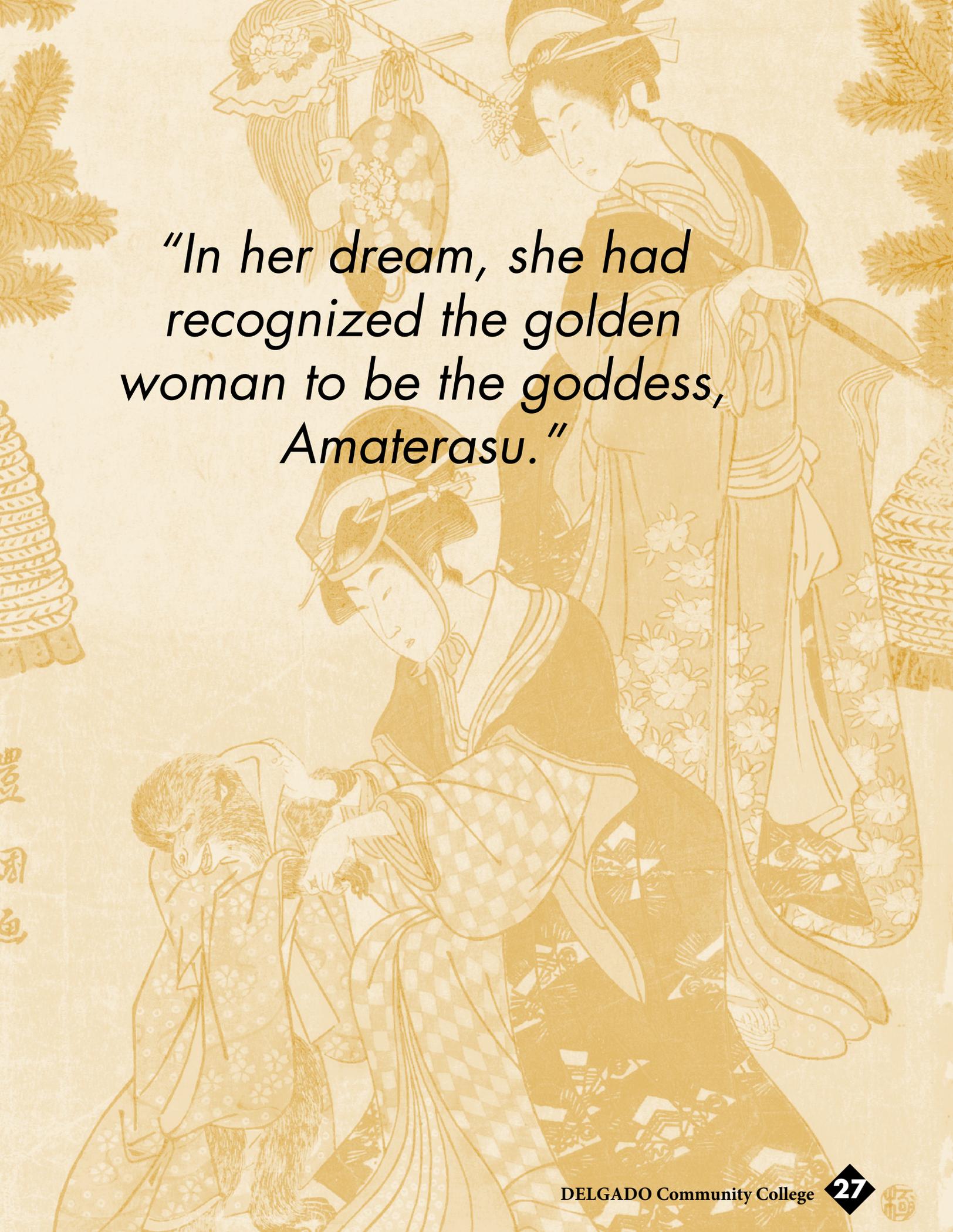
Chieko agreed to teach anyone who wanted to learn, how to make Nakanojo Rakki men. She believed that these noodles would bring luck to anyone who made them and she was a good, wise woman who wanted to spread luck to as many people as she could. She believed that by bringing luck to others, she would also bring luck to herself; this is called karuma, and it means 'what you do for others will be done for you.'

Chieko taught her daughter how to make the lucky noodles and her daughter taught her daughter, which was Yoshima's mother, how to make the noodles, too. Their family was well loved in the village for bringing many blessings to the community through their noodles and their goodness. So, it came as no surprise to Yoshima's family, or the people of her village, when she was born with such a good omen as the black feathers. No one knew what it really meant, but many believed that she was blessed by the goddess Amaterasu. Yoshima's mother believed this too, especially after the haunting experience she'd had one year after Yoshima's birth.

On Yoshima's second birthday, her mother had had a dream, a haunting premonition that clawed into her mind while she slept. In her dream, she was in the forest searching for wild yams when she noticed the wind shift. Fingers of fog crept in, licking at the chatsubomi moss on the forest floor. The fog slowly devoured everything it touched, bringing a chill that Shaiwase could feel in her bones.

*"Yata, Yata, little goddess, what message do you bring?"*





*"In her dream, she had recognized the golden woman to be the goddess, Amaterasu."*



As the fog became thicker around her, everything in the familiar wood started to grow dark. She wanted to run home, but she couldn't move; it was as if the fog was freezing her from the ground up. She opened her mouth to call for help, but no sound came out. She started to feel as if she might cry, and raising her face to the sky, she searched for any sign of light. Just then, a golden, glittering shaft of sunlight broke free from the heavy darkness. In it, three feathers softly danced, this way and that, finally fluttering down to the ground. Where the feathers landed, the fog cleared, the vibrant green moss returned and the golden glow started to expand. Yoshima's mother could feel it warming her, and her body started to feel alive again. As soon as she could, she reached down and scooped up the feather's and as she did she heard a voice. She looked up, and there, floating in front of her was a golden woman. Her face was shining like it was lit by many suns. Her eyes were kind, her smile, inviting. She looked at Shaiwase and said, "You are the mother of a special girl, make her a cape of black feathers for her fifth birthday, it will bring her warmth and protection on the path she must take. She has come to bring a message to your village, do not be afraid, truth and beauty will always prevail." And with those words, the woman was gone, as fast as she had appeared.

When Shaiwase awoke the next morning, she didn't feel very well. Having this dream on Yoshima's birthday felt like bad luck. She had to do something to correct this bad omen. She decided to take Yoshima into the forest to teach her how to find wild yams. She would cook Yoshima her great grandmother, Chieko's lucky noodles. And like she had been taught by her mother, who had been taught by her mother before that, this would bring good luck to them both. Shaiwase took care in fixing the morning tea for Yoshima and herself that morning. She quietly cut into small cake of pu-erh tea that her mother had brought back from China. This would make some special, warming tea for a birthday morning. Shaiwase carefully scooped the bits of fermented tea into her favorite teapot and set out two matching tea bowls, side by side. While the water for the tea heated in the fireplace, she got out the little coat she had saved for Yoshima as a gift. She also got

out the book she planned to read to Yoshima. In her dream, she had recognized the golden woman to be the goddess, Amaterasu. This book explained how Amaterasu could shift her form into Yata-garasu, the three legged incarnation of the sun goddess, to bring important messages from heaven. She hoped to find some clue, or at least some comfort in reading this well loved parable to Yoshima.

Just then she heard the small, soft padding of feet coming on the wooden floor toward her. Still crouching, she turned, smiling at the sight of the sleepy but beaming Yoshima. Her tiny pigtails stuck out from the sides of her head at two different angles, all messy from a night of tossing and turning, as the little one was prone to doing. Shaiwase often called her a flopping fish from all of the moving she did in the night. Yoshima walked into her mother's embrace and nestled her head into the crook of her mother's neck. "Good morning, my special birthday girl," Shaiwase whispered into Yoshima's sweet smelling hair, "did you sleep well, darling?" Yoshima shook her head lazily. Shaiwase slowly stood up and, taking Yoshima's little hand, she guided her into the tea room. "I made a special tea this morning, for my big girl. Would you like some tea, Yoshima?" Shaiwase led Yoshima to a thin floor pillow and the tiny girl sat down. "Yes!" she answered. Shaiwase laddled hot water into the teapot and then carried it over to where Yoshima was sitting. She set the pot down in front of them and sat next to her daughter. Following her mother's lead, Yoshima placed her hands, palms together, in front of her heart, and bowed to the teapot. Shaiwase gave thanks for the morning, thanks for tea and then, turning to Yoshima, she smiled and added thanks for her little apple cheeked girl. Yoshima smiled and giggled at her mother.



*“Shaiwase gave thanks for the morning, thanks for tea and then, turning to Yoshima, she smiled and added thanks for her little apple cheeked girl.”*

Shaiwase poured them both tea into their tea bowls and then, turning to face Yoshima again, she said, “I want to take you into the forest today. I want to begin teaching you to find wild yams so that one day soon you can go on your own to find them.” Yoshima’s chest plumped with pride at the thought of being allowed to go into the forest alone. “Once we have found some lovely wild yams, we will bring them back here and I will show you how to make lucky noodles. This will be a special meal, because you will help me make it, my growing girl,” Shaiwase said, gingerly sipping some hot tea from her bowl.

Yoshima loved lucky noodles. Even though they ate wild yams and udon noodles almost every day, it never stopped tasting delicious to her, and her mother was right, today they would taste extra good because she would help to find the yams and make the meal. Spending the morning with her mother in the forest would be fun!

“I saved you something for your birthday. You can wear it today, in the forest, to keep you extra warm. Let me get it,” Shaiwase said as she stood up to retrieve the thickly quilted satin coat. “I hope you like it, it was my coat when I was a little girl, my mother made it for me from her wedding kimono. Here, try it on,” Shaiwase held the little coat open, so Yoshima could slip her arms in. Yoshima slid into the coat and beamed up at her mother. “I like this, Mommy!” “Well, I’m so glad, Yoshima, I hope it keeps you as warm and cozy as it kept me when I was little. Now let’s get ready to go!” Shaiwase said, winking at Yoshima.

Mother and daughter tidied up, putting the tea things away, making their beds and combing their hair. On their way outside they put on their shoes and Shaiwase picked up her foraging basket. It was a beautiful, clear, autumn day. The breeze was light and crisp. It could be a good day afterall.



prose

# The Bridge

BY *Joseph*  
**KRUPINSKY**

ILLUSTRATION BY: | Kodjovi Agbobli |

*"If you're traveling  
across the 95  
bridge you'll be  
facing a bit of a  
delay"*

LAYOUT BY: | Molly Tullier |

“It’s 7:30 in the AM and the weather is clear and sunny as far as the eye can see. If you’re traveling across the 95 bridge you’ll be facing a bit of a delay in your morning as traffic has slowed to a crawl due to a man standing on the side of the bridge. We wish him the best of luck and hope that the situation will be resolved quickly to get our listeners right back on the road where they belong. Coming up next, the Eagles...”

Michael Sanders turned the radio off and surveyed the situation ahead. Cars were backed up as far as he could see, all clamoring to catch a glimpse of the sad man on the ledge. “Fucking vultures” he muttered to himself while checking his phone for the tenth time in five minutes. He was a well put-together man, dashing in an expensive suit with the first hint of frown lines beginning to show on his slightly chubby face.

“Don’t these people know that some of us have jobs to do?” he thought, blasting his horn at no one in particular, more just as a display of his frustration at the inconvenience. He would tell you that he liked his job, that he couldn’t wait to get up in the morning, kiss his wife and infant daughter goodbye and head off to the city. This is what he had been working toward for so long, so why wouldn’t he be happy? But beneath the meticulously constructed exterior lay an ocean of anxiety. Perhaps this is why he was so angry this morning while driving to his five-by-seven cubicle.

Michael squinted in the morning sun to catch a glimpse of the man who had caused his delay, but what he saw shocked him. Standing on the side of the bridge in a military jacket and blue jeans was a familiar face, Brian Peters. Michael knew Brian from their younger years getting high and causing trouble around their hometown, but they have lost touch in recent years. It was no surprise, really, that they had not stayed close. Brian had gone off to join the army at 18 while Michael had taken what he believed to be the more sensible route and enrolled at a local

college. Michael hadn’t heard much about Brian in the 12 years in between, only that he had fought in the war and had come home a few years ago. This experience seemed entirely alien to Michael, who hadn’t known what to say when his friend had finally come home and chose, instead, to simply stay gone. Now Michael was working his way up the corporate ladder in the city and Brian was standing on the side of a bridge, planning to kill himself. It’s funny how life turns out sometimes.

*“Michael squinted in the morning sun to catch a glimpse of the man who had caused his delay”*

All of this was swimming through Michael’s head when he decided to pull over to the side of the bridge and get out of his car. It’s hard to say why he even did it. Maybe he was just dreading another day sitting in front of a computer entering the same letters and numbers that he had for one hundred days before. Maybe he was just looking for a little excitement in his life, something different than the day in, day out minutiae that he was used to. For whatever reason, Michael made his way over the guard rail and onto the outside ledge of the bridge.

“Brian, is that you?” Michael called out as he shimmied along the narrow footing towards the man standing on the edge. “Mike?... What the fuck are you doing here?” Brian said, tightening his grip on the railing.

“Yeah, it’s me. What the hell are you doing, man? What is this?” asked Michael as he sidled up to his old friend. The two men gripped the railing and stood in the morning breeze, swaying with the cold wind and staring out at an endless body of water.

“What the fuck do you care? Just get the hell out of here, Mike,” yelled Brian, steeling himself against the wind and trying to maintain his distance. “I haven’t seen you in ten years and now you show up. Fuck you man, just let me do this”.



*“What the hell  
do you care? Just  
get the hell out of  
here”*

“Just come down, Brian, we’ll go get coffee or something. You don’t have to do this. What the fuck are you thinking?” Michael yelled trying to close the gap. Michael didn’t know much about talking somebody down off of a ledge, only what he had seen in movies, but he believed that he could at least keep his old friend from jumping. He had to believe that. He had to justify climbing out onto the ledge with Brian so he could believe that he was helping. In the back of his mind, however, Michael was excited at the prospect of something different, something to break the monotony.

“Go back to your fucking life, man. Your wife and kid. You don’t give a shit about me. You made that pretty goddamn clear when you left.” Brian said, struggling to show his anger to this intruder while still keeping his balance. He had not yet decided to jump and was frightened that he may fall prematurely.

“Just talk to me, Brian. We were friends once. Don’t you think I at least deserve an explanation?” Michael pleaded. “I heard you got back a few years ago. What happened to you?”

Brian pressed his back against the railing, securing his footing. “Oh yeah? You heard I came back? Then why haven’t I heard shit from you? You left man, and I had to keep going. You don’t know what I saw over there, what I fucking did man. Don’t you fucking talk to me about what you deserve. I don’t owe you shit!”

“You’re right, Bri. I don’t know what you’ve been through, but I wanna help you, man. You’ve got to at least let me try!”

“I fucking killed people, Mike. Like, a lot of fucking people. I saw their heads explode. I did that! Do you have any idea what that’s like?” Brian pleaded, the first hint of tears forming in the corner of his eyes. “I left town thinking that I would be a goddamn hero but I’m a fucking monster, Mike. I didn’t have anything against the people that I shot. They were just there; they were the enemy. So please,

tell me, how the fuck do you fix that?”

“Brian, those people were shooting at you. They’d have killed you in a second if you hadn’t killed them first. You’re a goddamn hero!” Michael, finally moving next to Brian, securing his grip, thought that the key to getting Brian off the ledge was to get close, to make him feel a connection to something. He couldn’t possibly jump, knowing that Michael was right there to help him, right?

*“You left man,  
and I had to  
keep going”*

“I had nothing when you left,” Brian said. “That’s why I left in the first place. I thought that I could go make something of myself, maybe be more than just the town fuck-up, but nothing changed. I had to hitch a ride from the airport when I got back home. Nobody gave a shit. All those nights spent sleeping in a cold tent in the desert and not a fucking thing changed. I was still ‘Brian the Drug Addict. Brian the Thief. Brian the Fucking Lost Cause.’ Nothing changed. Nobody cared.”

“I’m sorry that I wasn’t there, but think about what you’re doing. You jump now, that’s it. Game over. Isn’t there something worth sticking around for? Like, anything at all?” Michael pleaded.

“Like what, Mike? My shitty apartment? My glamorous fucking job at the grocery store? This is it, man. This is my life.”

“Things won’t always be like this, Brian. Shit can change, but you have to give it time. You don’t just pull the plug when things get hard!”

“It’s easy for you to say that, you’ve got the perfect fucking life. What could you possibly know about how I feel? Go back to your wife and kid. Live your life. This is none of your business— not anymore”.

“My life isn’t perfect, Brian, not even close. Do you know how many nights I just spend lying awake in my bed, staring at the fan on the ceiling, wishing I was still eighteen? My life is so fucking boring that

I keep a gun in my desk, just in case I finally decide to blow my goddamn brains out. At least you got to do something! You got out of this place. You got to see the world. I spend my days wondering what the fuck I should watch next on Netflix. I wish my life was as exciting as yours,” Michael yelled. “I think about leaving all of this shit behind, leaving Ashley and Emily, and just driving somewhere else. You don’t have a monopoly on self-pity.”

“You always were selfish, Mike. You have everything, and you’re still not happy. What are you even doing here?”

“I’m trying to help you!”

“Bullshit, Mike. You’re not here for me! You want to feel good about yourself, feel something different. You must have felt so lucky, seeing me out here. Maybe if you can fix me you won’t have to worry about all that shit you’ve got in your head.”

“That’s not fair and you know it!”

“Fuck fair. You’ve got people that love you and you wanna leave them behind because...what? What else do think is out there for you, Mike?”

“I don’t know, just...something. Something...else.”

“This, Mike, this right here is what else is out there.”

Both men stare out at the turbulent water below, watching the small waves crash and dissolve into each other over and over, a never-ending cycle with one singular purpose. They watch as a bird descends from the sky, single-minded in the pursuit of its prey. The bird, gleaming white in the morning sun, crashes to the surface to scoop up a fish in one fluid motion and flies off into the horizon.

Michael broke the silence, saying “It’s funny, isn’t it? That bird never thinks about his purpose in life. It just flies, eats, and eventually dies. It doesn’t think about the future, or whether or not it’s, like, fucking fulfilled in the way it’s living. It just is.”

“Yeah, okay, Aristotle. What’s your point?”

“The point is that we are cursed with being self-aware. We have the ability to realize what we’re doing, to think about why we’re doing it. And that leads to all kinds of fucked up thoughts, like we deserve better

*“What could you possibly know about how I feel?”*

than the life we have, like the universe just owes us a nice existence. Animals don’t have that. They just do what they do until they can’t anymore. I think that shit is the root of all of our problems. If we could just, you know, fly, eat, and die, I think that we would all be a lot happier.”

“Well that’s great, Mikey, but what the fuck good does that do me, or you for that matter? We are who we are. I’m a fuck up and you’re an ungrateful son of a bitch. How do you fix that?”

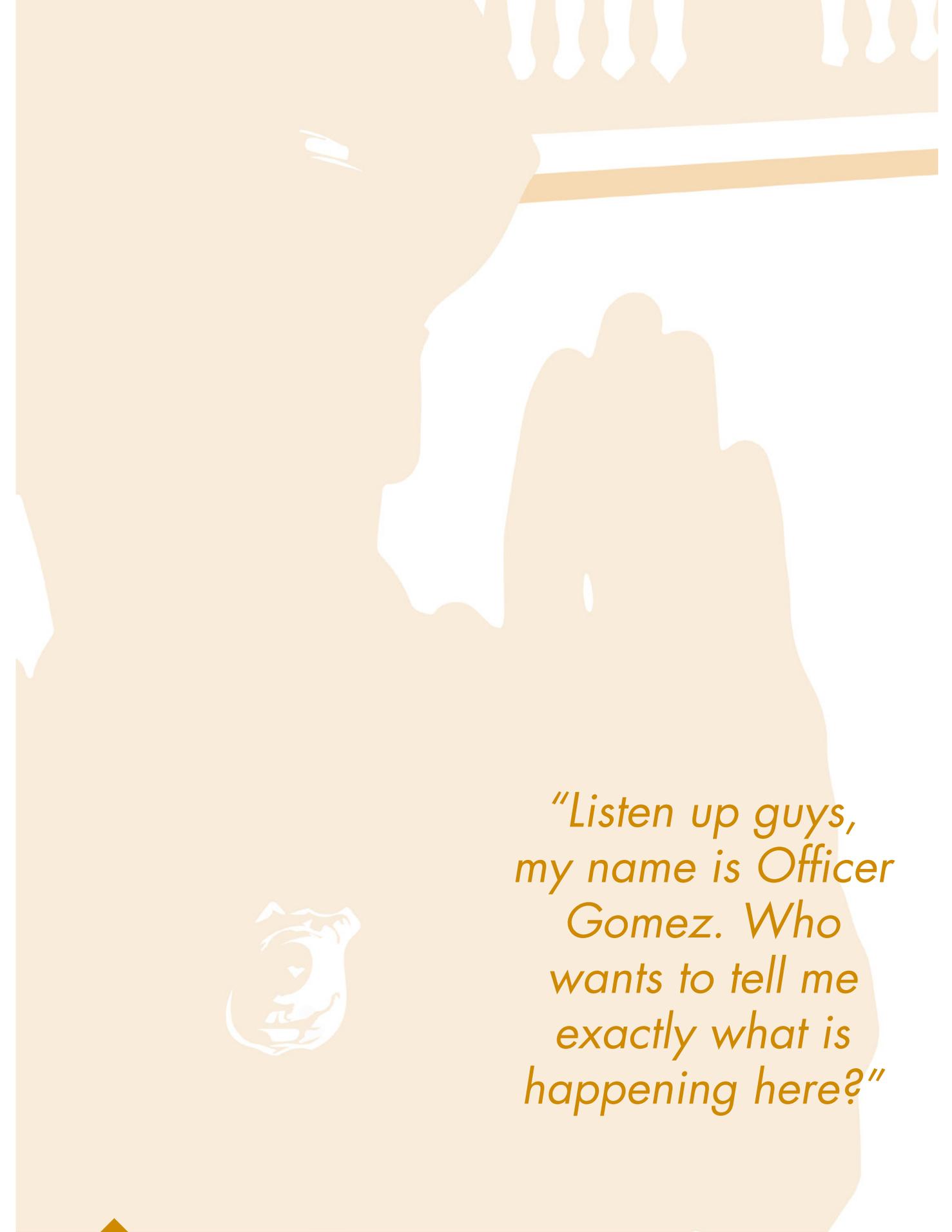
As the two men stare out at the water and debate the merits of conscious thought, a crowd grows. People get out of their cars, having resigned themselves to being late to wherever they were going. Leading the pack is a police officer on the far end of middle-aged in a wrinkled blue uniform. The officer makes his way over the railing and approaches the two men to determine the nature of the situation.

“Listen up guys, my name is Officer Gomez. Who wants to tell me exactly what is happening here? I’ve been getting reports all morning of two men threatening to jump. I assume that’s you two. So what’s the problem, boys?” said the officer, pulling the two men out of their trance. Gomez notices the top of a tattoo sticking out of Brian’s shirt collar. “You served right? I recognize that ink. Army?”

“Yeah, eight years. You?” Brian asks.

“20 years, retired Army. Is that why you’re up here?” Gomez asks.

“I guess so,” Brian answers.



*"Listen up guys,  
my name is Officer  
Gomez. Who  
wants to tell me  
exactly what is  
happening here?"*

“Look, kid. I know where you’ve been. I’ve been there too. We see a lot of messed up stuff doing what we do, but you can’t let it beat you. That’s why I became a cop, to try to do something good in a world that seemed broken to me. Are you telling me that there’s nothing you can do, no way that you can get past this? You’re a soldier. You just have to act like it.”

“And what about you?” Gomez asks Michael. “You’ve got a nice suit, you look like you belong in an office somewhere, not standing on a cold bridge this early in the morning.”

Brian pipes up, “Oh, he hates his life and family. He’s just as fucked up as me, apparently. Having a nice house and a loving family must be so hard. He doesn’t even deserve the people who love him.”

Michael begins to reply, but chooses instead to stare down at the water and follow the waves. He feels his grip loosen, muttering to himself, “Maybe they would be better off without me. I am ungrateful. I don’t deserve this. My life insurance...”

Speaking to Officer Gomez, Brian says “How do you do it? How do you deal with the night terrors, with the memories of the things you’ve seen?”

“I tell myself that I am making a difference, a positive difference, when I go out there and keep bad people from doing bad things. I’m no hero, but I can believe that I am a good person by looking at the things I’ve done. You should try it sometime. It might give you a reason to get down off this bridge. I can help you, but you’ve gotta take the first step.”

“Okay, I am willing to give it another shot. I don’t want to die. I just don’t know how to live with this... shit in my head.” Brian says meekly, wiping a tear from his face.

“No one does, man. We’re all just trying to get through the day,” Gomez replies.

Brian takes the outstretched hand of Officer Gomez and begins the climb back onto the bridge. As he crosses the railing, he looks back at his old friend.

“Mike, it’s okay. I’m gonna try to be okay. You can come back over,” Brian says with hope in his voice.

Michael does not respond but continues staring down at the rushing water. His face is motionless, devoid of emotion, only his eyes moving in time with the rhythmic undulations of the current. “I’m sorry, Brian. You were right. I’m sorry,” whispers Michael before releasing the railing and falling violently forward into the open air.

“Mike!” cries Brian as he lunges back toward the railing, but Gomez catches his arm before he can make the jump. Brian stands, attempting to crush the railing with his grip, and watched as his friend disappears below the water.

“Dispatch, I’m gonna need an ambulance on the I-95 bridge. We’ve got a jumper,” Gomez yells into his radio, struggling to hold Brian back. “No, we’re gonna need some guys to drag the lake. There’s nothing else we can do.”

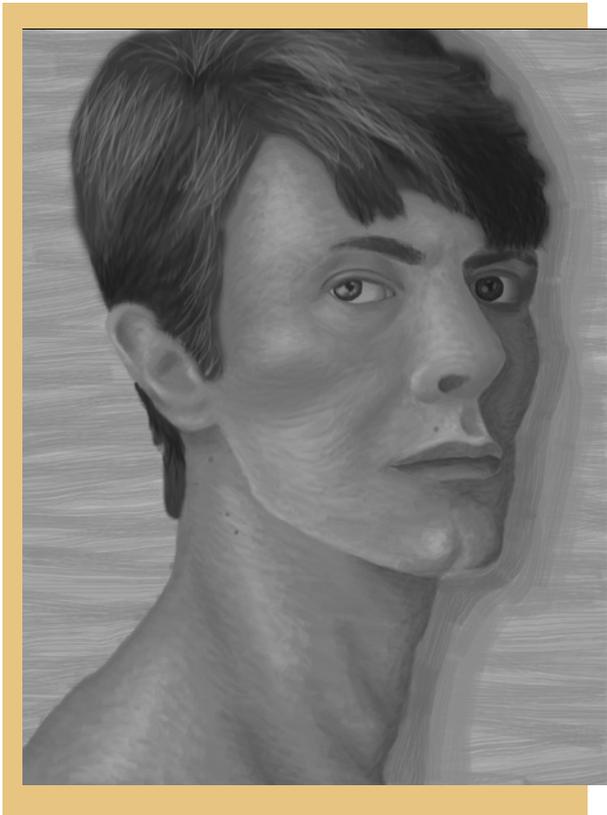
Through a rolled-down car window behind the two men, they can hear the sound of a radio jockey reading off the morning news.

“It’s 8:30 and sunny. Looks like it’s going to be another beautiful day. Traffic is still backed up on the bridge, be careful out there...”

*“I’m sorry,  
Brian, you were  
right. I’m sorry.”*



*"We're gonna need some guys to drag the lake, there's nothing we can do."*



BY *Molly*  
TULLIER



BY *Charles*  
WILLIAMS



BY *Sierra*  
KELLOGG



BY *Katie*  
IRELAND

gallery



BY *Ashton*  
GROVER

BY *Cecilia*  
ESTRADA

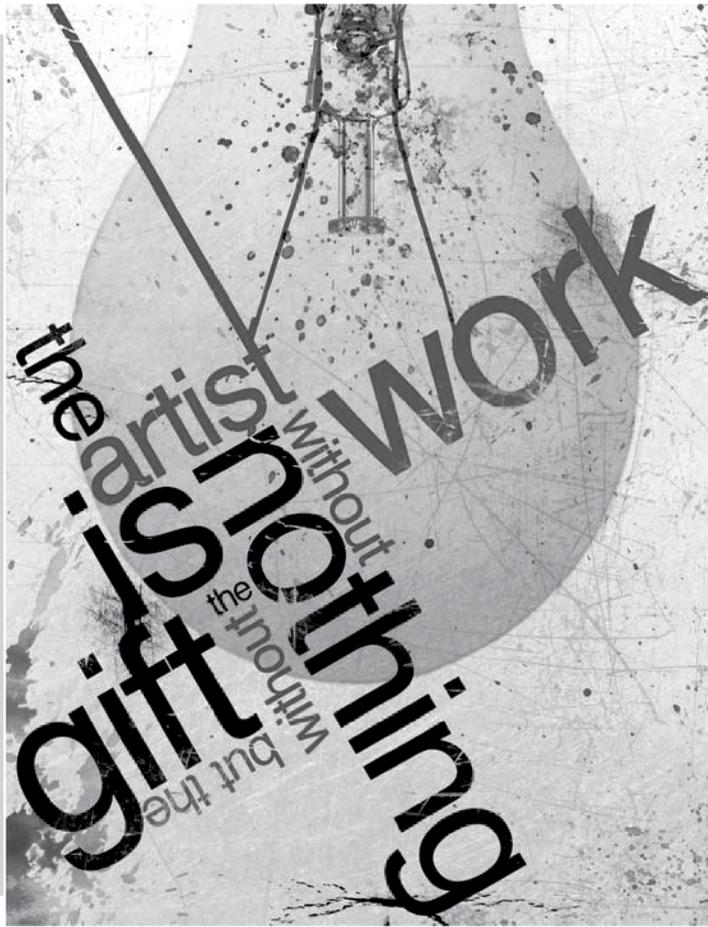




BY *Celeste*  
VEGA

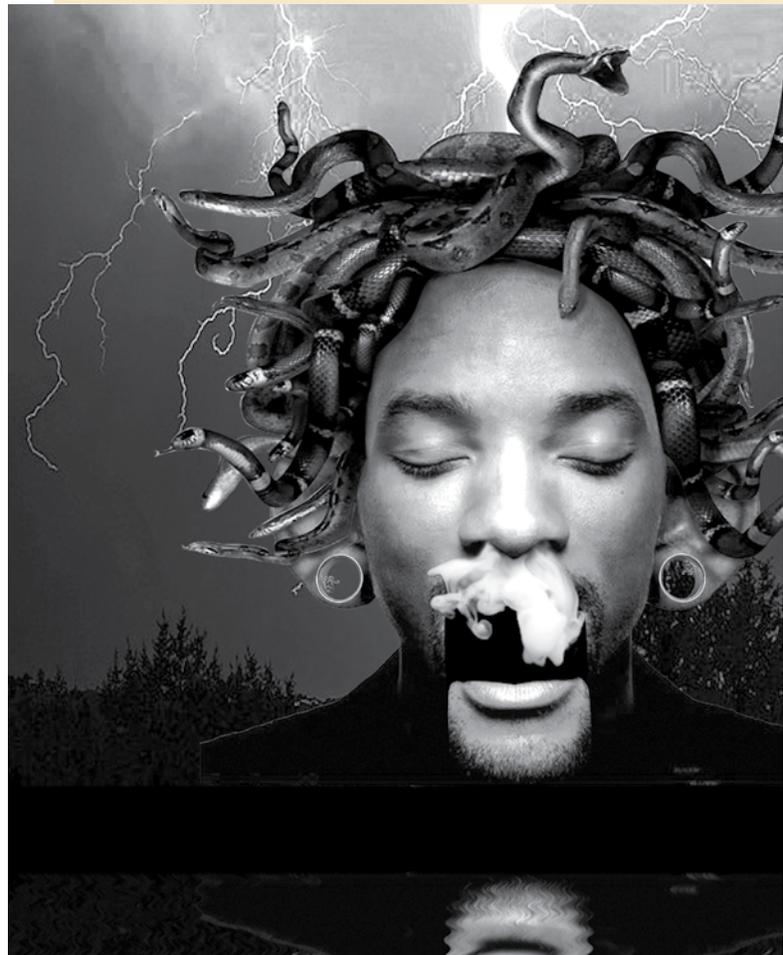


BY *Kimberly*  
AGUILAR



BY *Miranda*  
JEANFREAU

BY *Ronneka*  
SMITH





BY *Ashton*  
GROVER



BY *Barron*  
SHERIDAN

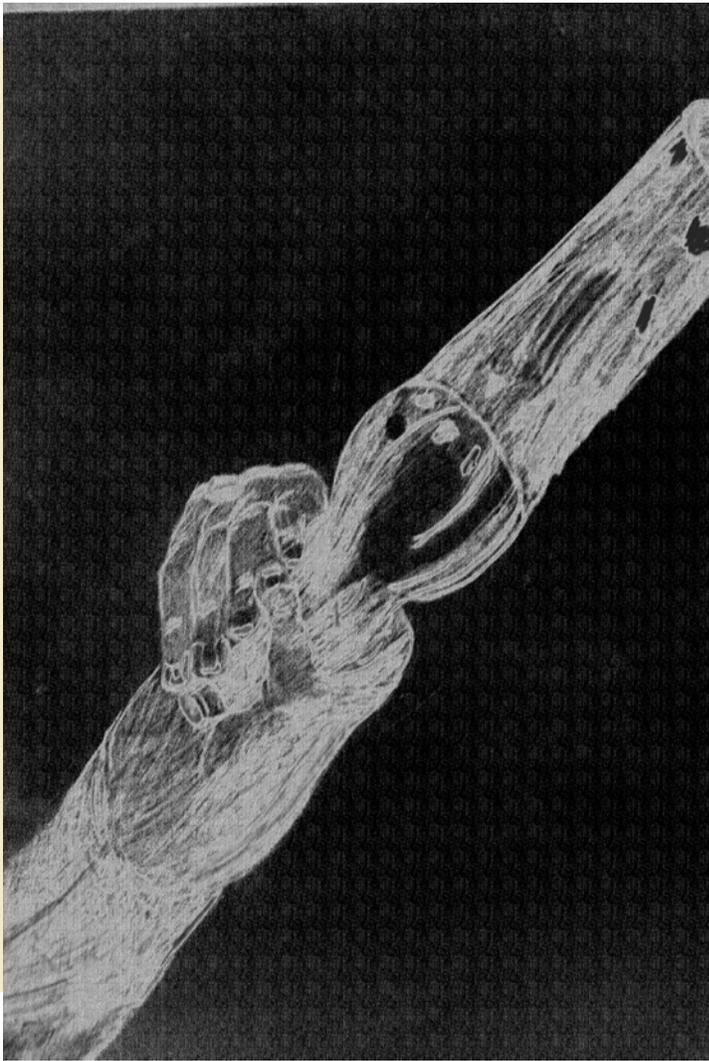
gallery



BY *Mitch*  
COTA



BY *Mitch*  
COTA



BY *Jasmine*  
WARREN



BY *Ryan*  
RACHEL

# SEEKING Submissions

Delgado Community College's award winning publication *Images: A Literary and Visual Arts Magazine* is seeking *submissions of original poetry, short fiction, and creative nonfiction*. Each piece of written work must be saved separately as Rich Text Format (.rtf) and sent as an attachment (do not paste into the body of an Email).

We also accept select high resolution (large) photos, paintings, and sketches (send as attached JPEG files and include the contact information in the body of each Email submission).

Please note that the format and layout of literary pieces are designed by the graphic arts department and may appear differently in the magazine than they did when originally submitted.

*Be sure to include on each piece submitted:*

NAME      LOLA NUMBER      PHONE NUMBER      EMAIL ADDRESS



*TITLE OF PIECE (IF APPLICABLE)*

**Send all original work to:**

*images@dcc.edu*

*Subject Line: Images Submissions*

Images accepts submissions  
from enrolled  
DCC students only

# Colophon

The editorial content is composed of student submissions of art and literary work solicited and collected by the Images Committee whose members are:

**Melissa F. Diaz, Lilian Gamble, Dennis Formento, Christine Mitchell, Brad Koski, Gina Ferrara, Alison Barker, Deborah Reed, and Tedd Walley.**

With special thanks to **Emily Cospers and Leslie Salinero.**

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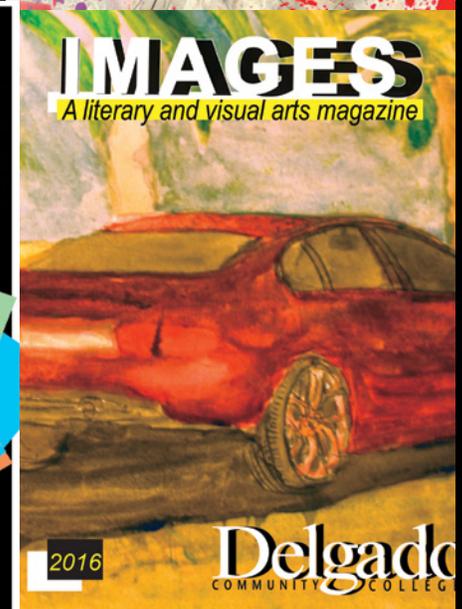
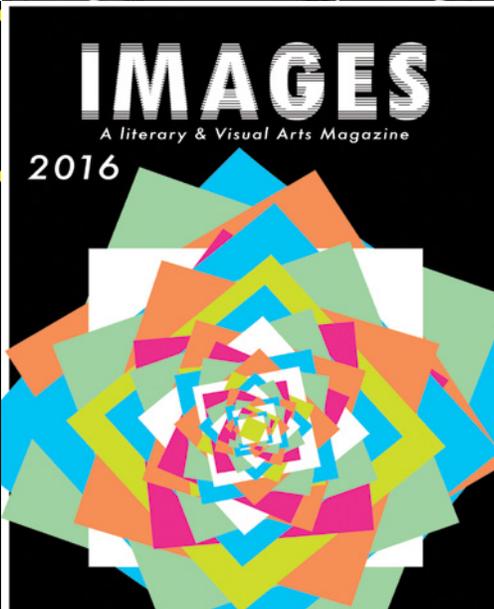
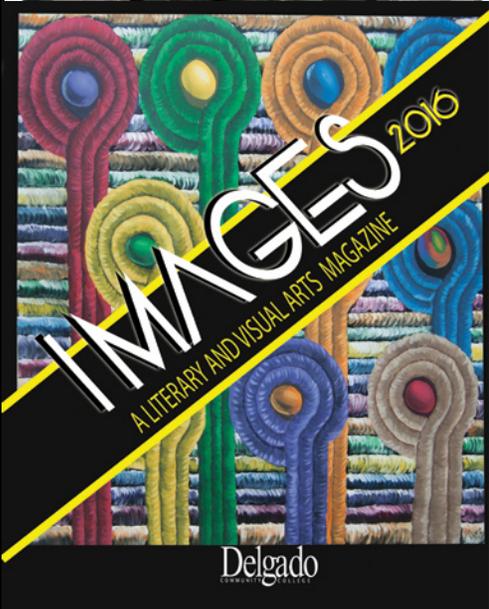
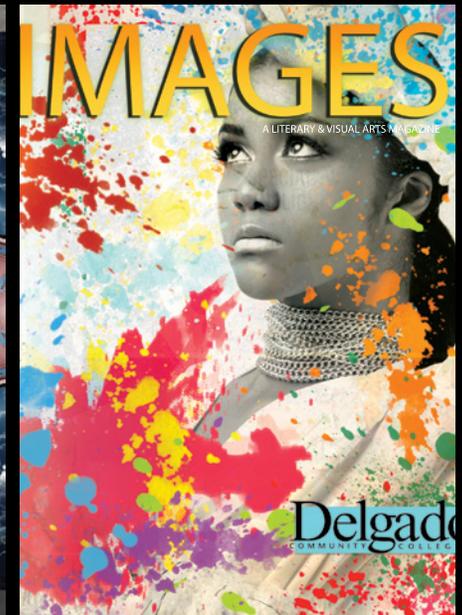
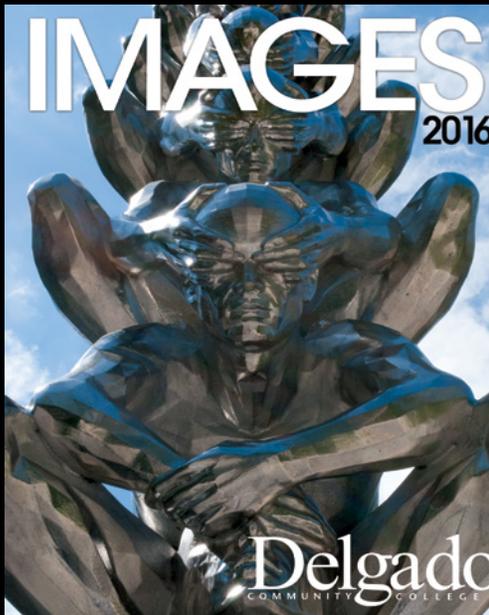
**Kodjovi Agbobli, Brittanie Carderara, Randy Harris, Ashley Johnson, Sierra Kellogg, Hailey Loga, Molly Tullier, and Jasmine Warren**

**Two type families** are **Futura Std, Minion Pro, Nueva, and Wendy.** The colors used throughout were **Black and Pantone 131c.** Page Layouts were composed by the students of the **Delgado Visual Communications- Graphic Design** program as their final project for the Digital Prepress and Printing class. It was designed utilizing the 2012 iMac and using Adobe InDesign, Illustrator, and Photoshop CC 2016 software.

## Images 2016

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The designs on this page were the alterate covers submitted by the students in the Spring 2016 VISC 234 Digital Pre-Press class.

From top to bottom and left to right the designers are: Sierra Kellogg, Kodjovi Agboboli, Randy Harris, Ashley Johnson, Hailey Loga, and Jasmine Warren.