

IMAGES

A vibrant, stylized illustration of a koi fish swimming in a pond. The fish is primarily orange and red with white markings on its head and fins. It is surrounded by light blue water lilies and various shades of blue and green rocks. The background is a deep teal color.

A literary and visual arts magazine

2017

Delgado
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

IMAGES

A literary and visual arts magazine

2017

Delgado
COMMUNITY COLLEGE



TABLE OF CONTENTS

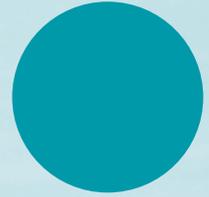
P O E T R Y

Touch	Amanda Nash	06
It isn't a Place	Brianna Achee	07
Leaves	Anthony J. Golembiewski	08
Breakfast	Anthony J. Golembiewski	09
Loon Dance	Anthony J. Golembiewski	10
Take a Walk With Me	Kathy Phan	11
Music	Kathy Phan	12
I Don't Bake Bread	Lana Augusta Smith	13
Telescope	Madison Blanton	14
Drain	Rachel Duncan-Ward	15
Confused	Rene Bengé	16
Reprieve	Will Laird	17
Absence	Will Laird	18
Home	Will Laird	19

P R O S E

March 11, 2011	Kokoro Schwartz	22
To Write Love on Her Arms	Kelsey Brown	27
One Irrevocable Instance	Gina Albert	29

I L L U S T R A T I O N



Lauren Selenberg	04 05 40
Joseph Beechler	06 07 34 35 36 37 38
Brisyn Faulkner	08 09
Chanel Hollingsworth	10 11
Elizabeth Ludin	12 13 27 28
Chasity Robert	14 15 29 30 31 32 33
Ronneka Smith	16 17
Anthony Woods	18 19 39
Chantle Butler	20 21 27 28
Charles Williams	22 23

D E S I G N

Lauren Selenberg	04 05 40
Joseph Beechler	06 07 34 35 36 37 38
Brisyn Faulkner	08 09
Chanel Hollingsworth	10 11
Elizabeth Ludin	12 13 27 28
Chasity Robert	14 15 29 30 31 32 33
Ronneka Smith	16 17
Anthony Woods	18 19 39
Chantle Butler	20 21 27 28
Jenna Timphony	22 23
Heather Tingle	29 30

G A L L E R Y

Jennifer Salazar	34 35
Gary Aguilar	35
Jeanette Ferrer	36
Ashlee Dading	36 37
Elizabeth Ludin	37
Jodie Smith	38
Chelsy Wiley	38

The background features several overlapping circles in two shades of teal: a darker teal and a lighter, more muted teal. The circles vary in size and are scattered across the white background, creating a modern, abstract pattern.

PRODE



TRY

Touch

By: Amanda
Nash

Sitting next to **you**
Palms getting sweaty
Butterflies fill my stomach

Inching closer to **you**
Wondering if I should
Just a little **touch**

The **nerves** get worse
Your smile fills me
with more **butterflies**
I lean against **you**

The **simplest** move
The simplest **touch**
The **true** meaning of
happiness in **your** arms

Your Touch

By: Brianna
Achee

It isn't a place

I am from printed **words**,

From poems and novels.

I am from the **split house**;
from the "house in the back"

And crossing over to meet
people at the front door.

I am from the **grass**, freshly cut,

From the Easter lilies that
bloom a little too late every year.

I am from **loudness and worrying**,

From my **mom** and my **brother**
with whom I share my worries

I am from **forgetfulness**
and the **curse** of **idle hands**,

From "**Clean up your mess!**"
and "**Be kind to others!**"

I was from the **church** I went to as a **child**,

But I am now from **nature**;
from the **sun** to the **stars** and
moon and the changing
seasons.

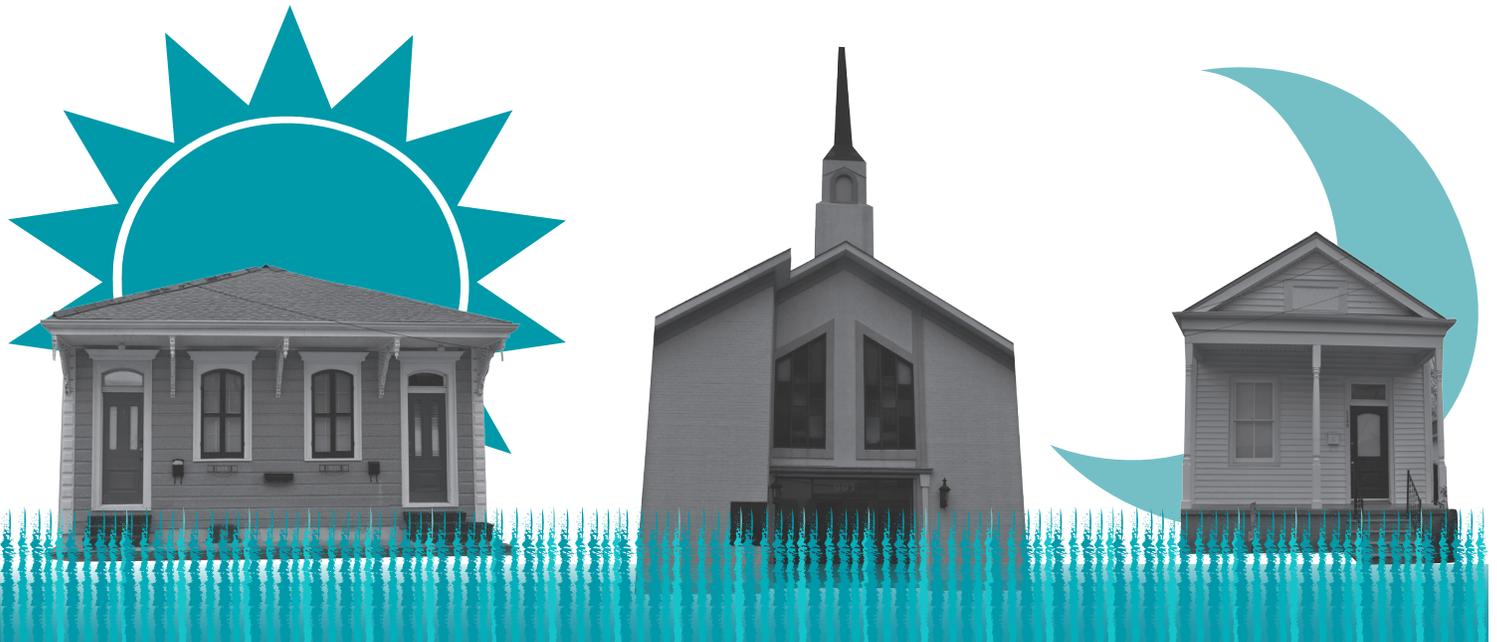
I am from the **place** most love
to leave but can't find a **way out**,

From anything with **potatoes**
and the **drinks** that rot our
teeth.

I am from the **closet** where
old memories are placed,

But **i** am also from the **waste**
since many have been **lost** or
forgotten.

Where I'm from **isn't a place**,
where I'm from comes from the heart.



Designed and Illustrated by [Joseph Beechler]

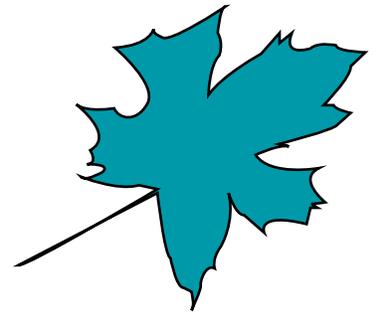
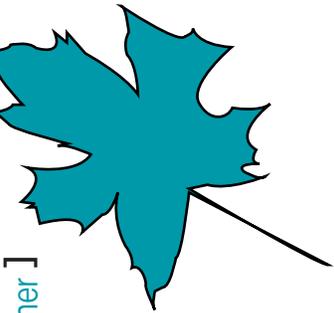
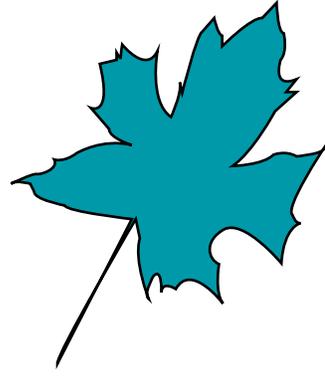
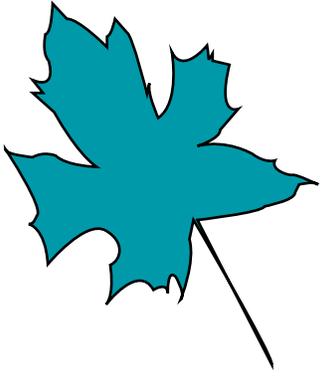
Leaves

When **leaves** leave the comfort of their **trees**
 There are many **possibilities**,
 Lucky ones will land on **grass**
 The wind shall give them **pass**.

Perhaps a **bird** will use them to make a **nest**
 Insulation for a gentle nights' **rest**.
 Others may land on **concrete**
 To be **trampled** upon with soled **feet**.

Collected into **piles** by rake or mechanical wind,
Bagged and **trashed**, never to see sunlight again,
 Some are lit **afame** to satisfy a pyro's
desire,
 They are not without **use**.
 Why set them on **fire**?

If one happens to land upon a **pond**
 It shall **float** and **twirl** seemingly on and on,
 And when the **rain** pounds it down
 It will **drown** without a
 descending **sound**.



Breakfast

Daybreak,

Children wake.

Breakfast from a box,
Friendly animated animals,
Sugar not to savor, they must
hurry along.

I needed that doughnut much like
the baker kneaded it before me.
The danish be damned if the bagel
cannot rise.

It is not the Sun; it did not create this morning.
Streaks of yellow run through the window like the
yolk upon my plate.

Pig is champion but it did not win today.
Hot or cold, I suppose it depends on how much time
you have.

Water brewed with coffee, water brewed with tea.
Lactations of bovines in a vessel made of sand.
Baked wheat toasted yet again.

Day begins.

By: *Anthony J.*
Golembiewski



Loon Dance

BY *anthony j.*
GOLEMBIEWSKI

A balloon's ballet, without feet,

Adagio, allegro, pirouette down street,

Lost, yellow without fear,

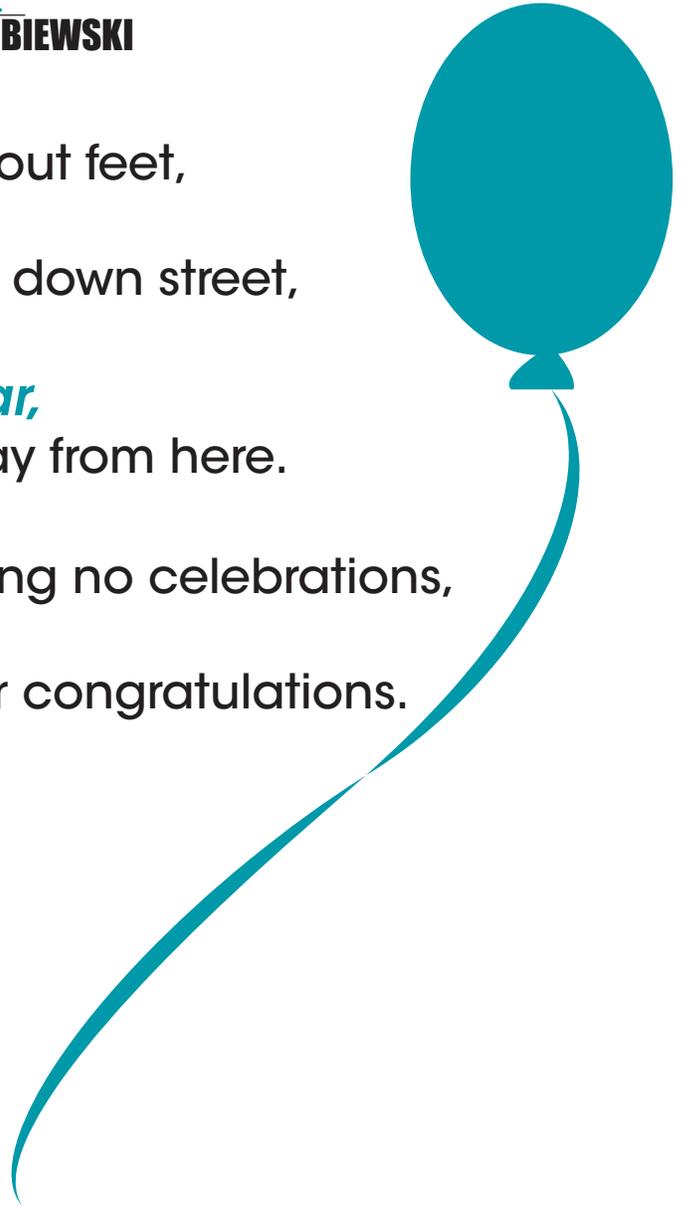
Its only destination is away from here.

Simple. Plain. Announcing no celebrations,

No sympathies, tidings, or congratulations.

No bodice, no tutu,
no en pointe shoes,

Nothing except the air it
holds on to.



Take a Walk With Me

One blank notebook and one blue ink pen.

By: *kathy*
PHAN

Inspiration.

It's summer. There's this hot, gentle breeze passing through the threads of your shirt.

You're sitting on an empty bench in the midst of all the commotion. Sounds of saxophones, trumpets, and drums. Music, jazz, culture.

Cars honk, voices yelling "**Who Dat?**", trolley bells, and joyful laughter. People watching. It's amazing how people can be so different, dressed in their vibrant colors. So carefree as they run across the street. Go on green, staying clear, out of the Desire's path.

There's businesses all around you in full swing. People hustling, doing what they can to try and make that dollar. Do you smell that? The sweet warm smell of beignets and hot coffee.

Aroma.

Wherever you look, there's artwork in every corner of your eyes. It's candy for the creative mind. Sculptures, handmade crafts, and paintings. Your pen flies across the paper, your thoughts unable to stop pouring down upon the parchment.

Scribble. Scratch.

Tossed away among the mess. Only to be a part of something greater. The streets that were already cluttered with empty beer bottles, cans, and paper.

Beauty.

There's so much life here. So much passion. So much room to

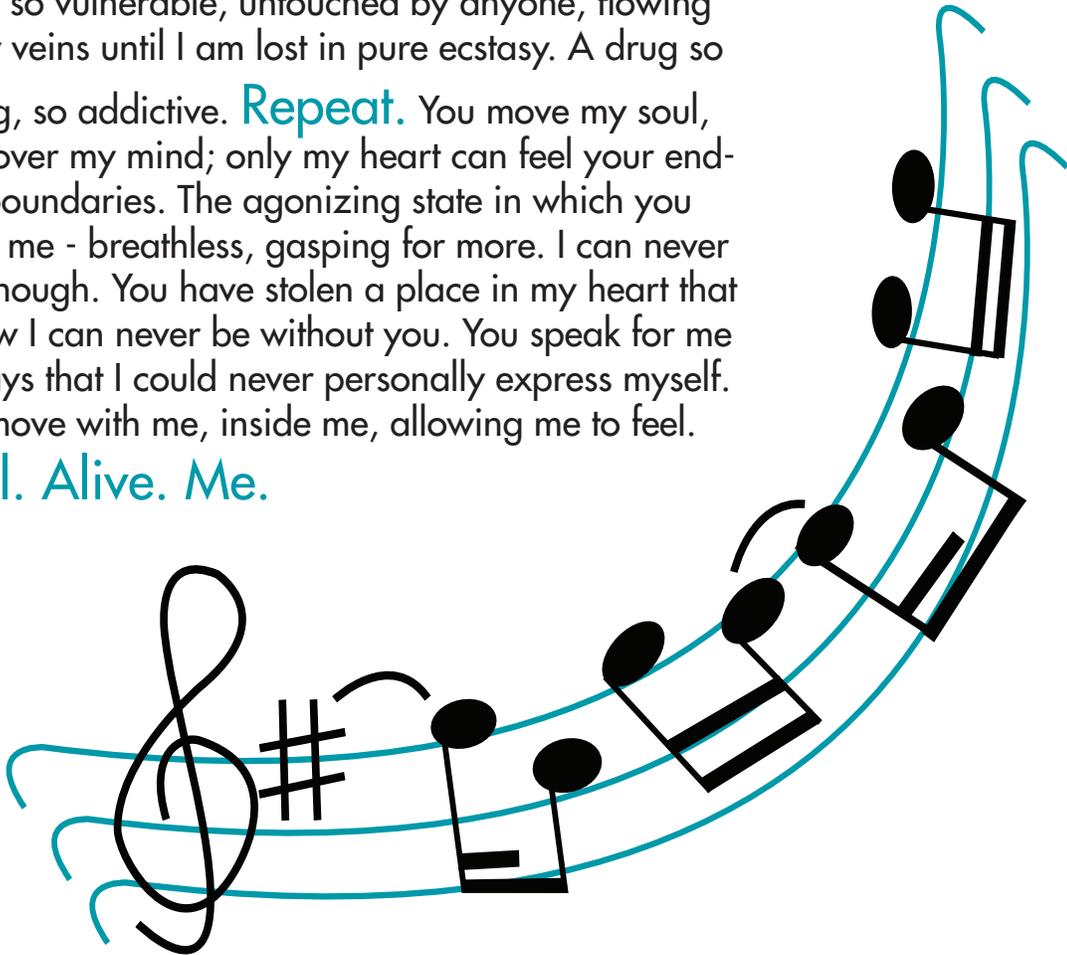
breathe.



Music

By: *Kathy*
Phan

You have never let me down, always been there for me when I needed you most. I can only depend on you. The synchronized strumming of guitar strings, back breaking beats of the bass, low and high pitches from the piano. **Melody.** Tongues making me feel something so... erotic, sending waves of passion throughout my entire being - in ways I've never felt - in places I never even knew existed. You send me into an entity unheard of. I leave reality and my body moves along with every single beat. You have the ability to get underneath my skin - a place so vulnerable, untouched by anyone, flowing in my veins until I am lost in pure ecstasy. A drug so strong, so addictive. **Repeat.** You move my soul, take over my mind; only my heart can feel your endless boundaries. The agonizing state in which you leave me - breathless, gasping for more. I can never get enough. You have stolen a place in my heart that I know I can never be without you. You speak for me in ways that I could never personally express myself. You move with me, inside me, allowing me to feel. **Real. Alive. Me.**



I Don't Bake Bread

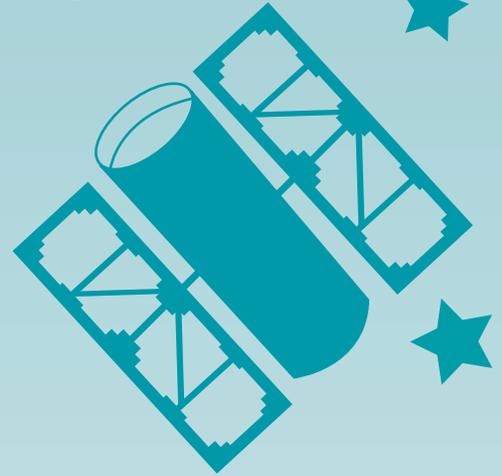
BY: *Lana Augusta*
Smith

Hey, young man,
With your bike standing
beside bent piping,
With backwards baseball cap
And skinny legs,
Holding a white 20 oz.
paper cup
With golden arches and
zebra straw,
With dotting pearls of
condensation,
And a single strand of
someone else's Hair,
The world is your oyster.
And, while your parents laid
out its foundations
Nothing is outside of your reach.
Will this town's black
asphalt roads
Mark the beginning and
end of its perimeter,
Full of stuffy people,
Modern competition,
And staling values?
Its marinating in
Fuming New Orleans parties,
That unraveled any sense of
permanence that remained.
Will this be the cornerstone
of your life?
Is that predictable rendition
enough for you?
Everywhere you look

Are folks
Folding laundry
And putting their dishes
out to dry,
Washing their minivans
While their kids
Are busy
Organizing
Chaos inside.
Can this be enough?
Who told you that the edges of the
universe vanished
In the bleakness of your
steeple's shadow?
However,
Young, pale, fragile child,
I think its just me.
My heart is crying,
Weeping,
At the injustice
That history does not keep.
The hurt of my heart
Cries out
Where others rejoice.
My soul expires
Where others wave beacons of
resourceful light.
I sit there and wonder
Where will I go?
I'm not like your mother.
I don't bake bread.

Telescope

By: *Madison*
Blanton



Good night, Mr. Hubble,
With your metallic face still fresh,
Restitching the fabric of space and
Snatching stars from this endless night.
But there's a new kid in town
With eyes far better than yours.
He'll give us more than your galaxies,
More than your worlds.
So please, do go gently.
Good night, Mr. Hubble.



DRAIN

By: *Rachel*
Duncan-Ward

The bathroom of my mermaid daydreams

An enchanted green lagoon
Whose window breathed the scents
Of pavement and St. Augustine grass after it rained
The bathroom whose shower was reliably hot
Whose shower could wash my sins away

The bathroom I loved before it was even mine

With a window next to the claw foot tub
A window looking down
On a courtyard I never visited
The bathroom where we kissed
Where I felt so alive

The bathroom we waited so long for on New Year's Eve

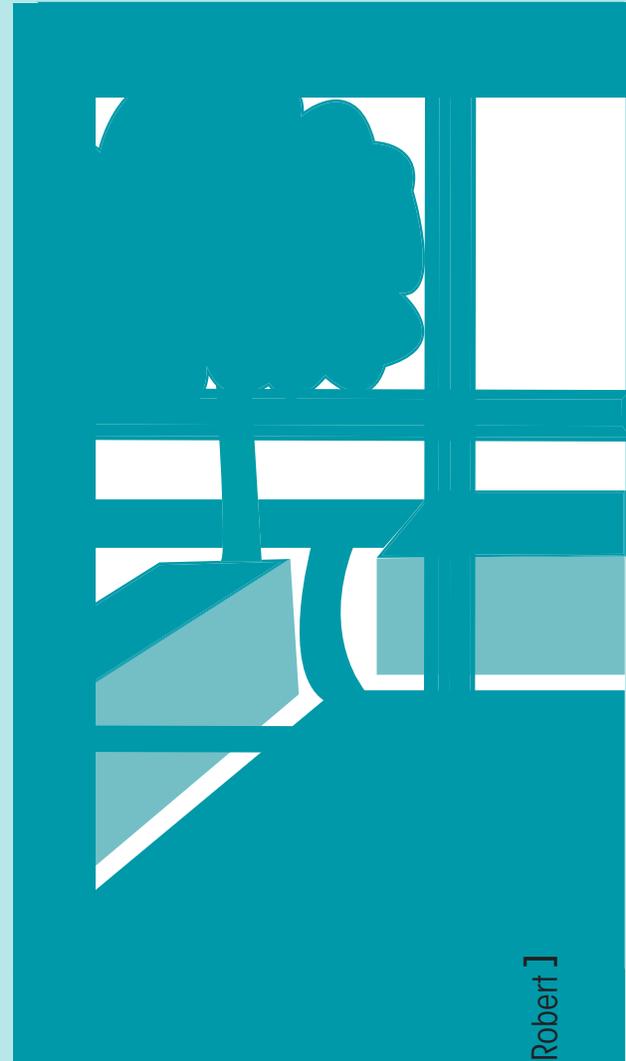
You didn't want to go in
I led you, by the hand
No mirror to check my makeup
Eight feet by eight feet square
Intimacy by default

The bathroom where her stuff started crowding the shelves

Where she talked on the phone
While she showered, in the middle of the night
Where roaches crawled out of the drain
And I'd watch you brush your hair

The bathroom now doesn't have a clawfoot tub

It's painted mauve
And rarely has roaches
The bathroom now smells of incense and mold
The bathroom now is forgettable
The bathroom now is ***mine.***



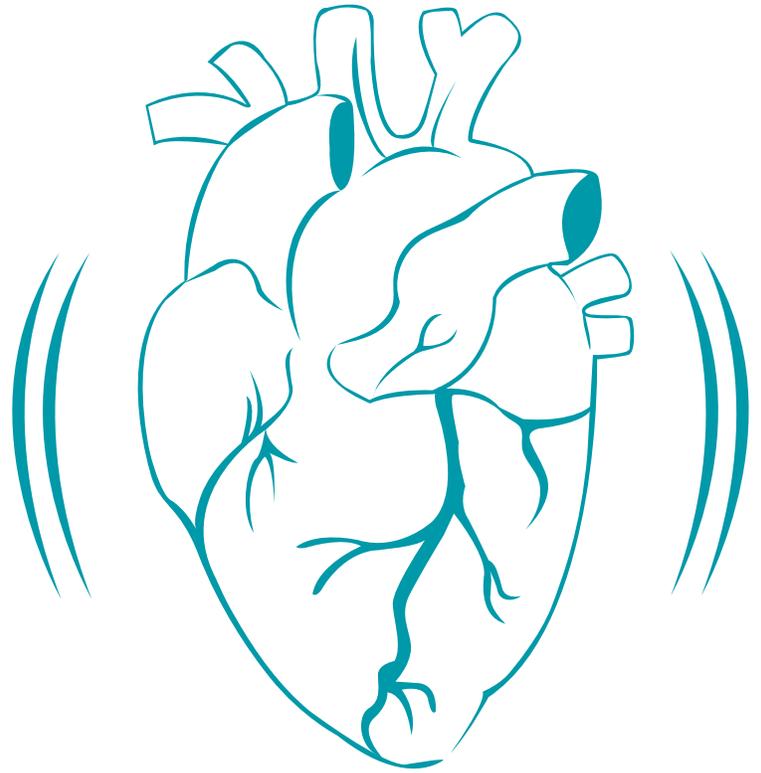
Designed and Illustrated by [Chasity Robert]



CONFUSED

BY: *Rene*
Benge

My knees start to shake
When you're in sight
My mind filled with wonder
My heart with fright
When will this feeling stop
When did it start
How can I listen to **my**
mind

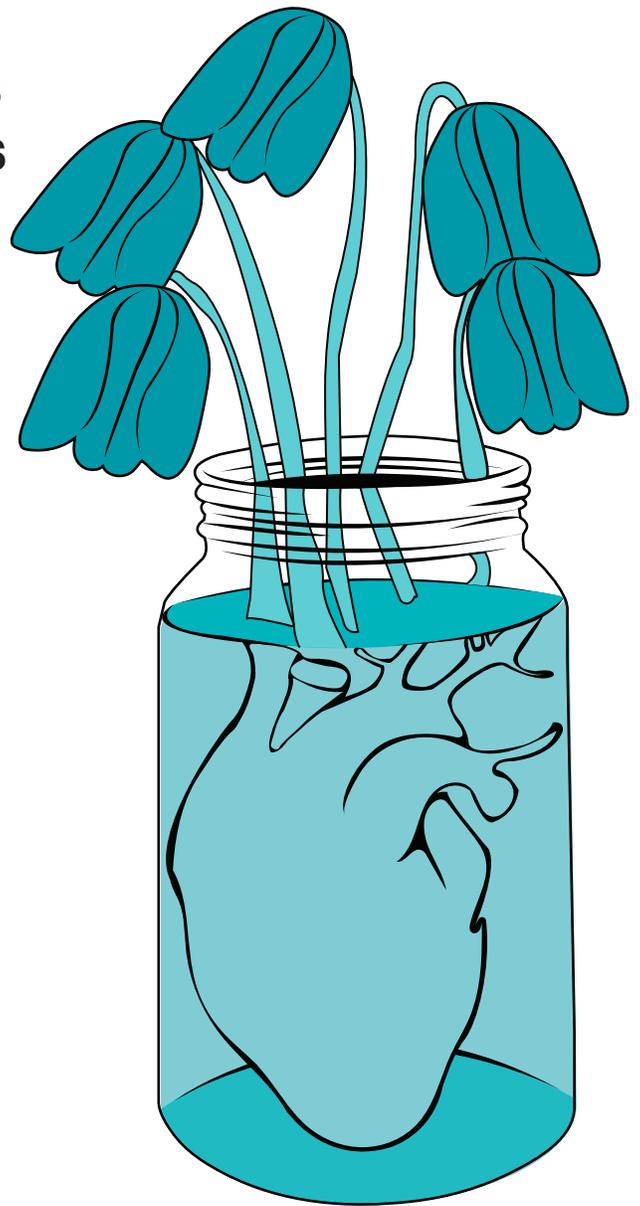


Without breaking **my heart**
I'm so confused what should I do
I can't think of anything except you
Should I ignore you
Or just give it time
I can't think straight
My heart controls my mind

Reprise

By: *Will*
Laird

I grieve with forced smiles, countenance cloaked in sinister aspect and eyes full of casual cruelty. The rain beats a steady cadence as the wind howls its mournful melody full of dark promise and dreadful fulfillment, the night breathing a disdainful sigh. A thousand voices clamor and whisper, and the stillness moves like a liquid thing, with long lazy strides..... the silence wraps itself around me with its silken embrace, and I pause in childlike wonder--the place where pain is replaced with possibility; I sleep, and dream the sounds of music--the soothing requiem for the lost, its refrain lingering with the coming dawn.



Designed and Illustrated by [Ronneka Smith]



Absence

By: Will
Laird

Her **scent** lingers on my pillow,
 the faint **aroma** of roses in the rain,
 silky arms outstretched to the **weeping** sky.
 The clouds **darken** with the approach of night,
 the day bowing in defeat to the night's majesty,
 dispersing **dripping** liquid soldiers to wage war
 against the windows and **cling** from the eaves.
 The meager shelter offered by the roof **echoes** with the
 concussion of heavenly battle, the **silence** of her
 absence louder than the **explosions** of night and the death
 of day, the war of without raging from within,
bleeding from blurry eyes



Home

By: *Will*
Laird

I am from the middle of nowhere, not far from town.

I am from a family of liars.

I am from my great-grandfather, who was shot coming out of his outhouse.

I am from my grandfather, who told stories of fighting Joe Louis.

I am from my grandmother who snuck out of the house to smoke camel non-filtered.

I am from the middle of nowhere, not far from town.

I am from the pine tree with a water hose tied on it, where I imagined I was Indiana Jones.

I am from the woods, where the cicadas sang at night.

I am from the kudzu that blanketed the trees and menaced the garden.

I am from the apple trees in the front yard, whose fruit never turned red.

I am from the middle of nowhere, not far from town.

I am from my grandfather's plaid pockets, where he would pull out suckers.

I am from my father's mustang that I crashed into the driveway.

I am from my great-grandfather's picture, proudly displayed on the wooden mantle.

I am from my grandmother's bible stories, in the back bedroom where she read every night

I am from the middle of nowhere, not far from town.

I am from Highway 494, where the trees were leveled to build subdivisions.

I am from the soft red clay and moist brown earth of the backyard.

I am from the moonlight I could see from the top of my house late night.

I am from the sweltering heat and uncut grass in the front yard.

I am from the middle of nowhere, not far from town.

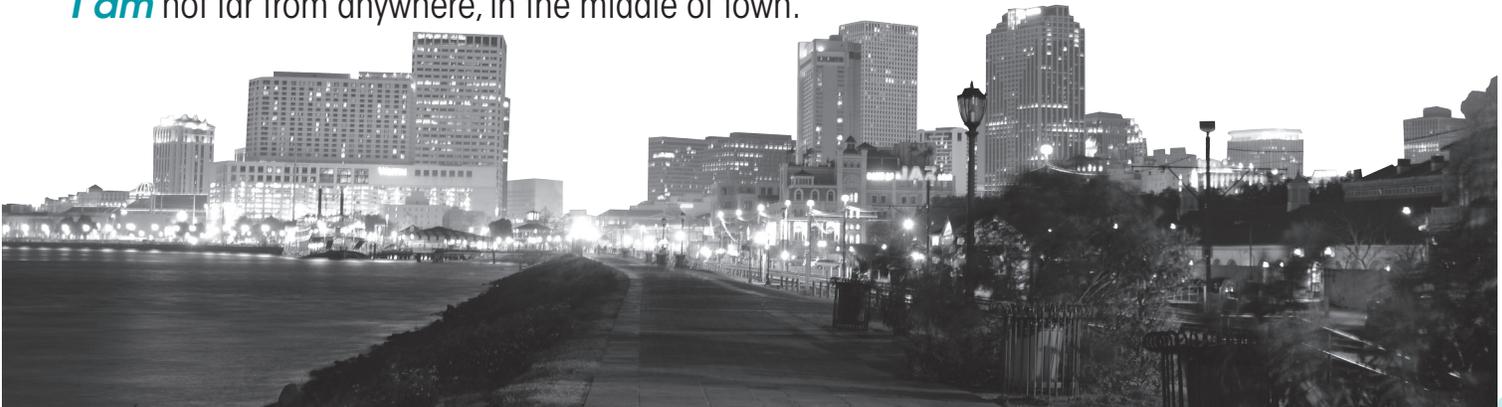
I am from the small cemetery past the corner store,
where my grandfather lies next to my grandmother, and my father next to her.

I am from Uptown New Orleans, where my daughter learns her A.B.C.'s
in the back bedroom where she prays every night.

I am from the brown bag from the Shell station that I fill with suckers
and sneak to her when her mom isn't watching.

I am from the picture of us dancing at a music festival,
her on my shoulders, displayed proudly on the wooden mantle.

I am not far from anywhere, in the middle of town.







March 11, 2011 - Friday, 2:46pm

BY: *kokoro*
Schwartz

March 10, Thursday

The day began like any other. Nothing would indicate that a phenomenal disaster was about to take place. I was living on the Baja Peninsula, in Ensenada, Mexico at that time. I woke early and went for a jog around the bay. The day was beautiful. I felt a cool breeze on my cheek and smelled salt in the air as I watched the ocean ripple and glisten in the morning light. A few dolphins splashed and played nearby. I felt grateful, blessed to live in this little paradise.

I followed my daily routine; went to work, had dinner when I got home, and watched a little TV. The clock on my bedroom wall read almost 10:00pm as I wound down for the night. I was browsing through Facebook for posts and updates, when suddenly I came upon this information. An undersea megathrust earthquake with the magnitude of 9.0 had just shaken eastern Japan. The quake was the most powerful recorded earthquake to ever hit Japan, and the fourth most powerful in the world in modern record-keeping history.



I immediately called my mom, sisters, and brothers. Most of my immediate family lived in Chiba, approximately 27 miles east of Tokyo. At that time my mother and one of my sisters commuted to work and school in Tokyo. As the eldest in a family of seven, my “maternal” instincts kicked in. As one would expect in a catastrophe like this, the phone lines were jammed. I couldn’t get through to any of my family on the phone or through internet phones. I panicked. My breathing shortened, and I took fast breaths as my heart rate quickened. I must get in touch with my family, I have to make sure they’re okay, I told myself over and over again. Unsuccessfully, I kept calling only to be met with a busy tone, a message saying “this line cannot be reached at this time,” or, worse yet, “this line does not exist.” “It DOES exist! It’s my sister’s number!” I yelled in frustration.

After 10-15 minutes, but what seemed like hours of trying to call and pacing in my living room, I watched in shock, the horrifying live news coverage of the tsunami that crushed and washed away thousands of homes, roads, and farmland. The tsunami swept in destroying everything in its path, going inland up to six miles in Sendai. Just as 30-foot tsunami waves washed out Sendai, a massive wave of helplessness washed over me. My eyes welled and tears ran down my cheeks. When will I hear from my family? Will I ever hear from them again? When was the last time I spoke to or contacted them, and what did I say? What did they say? There were no answers, just questions we tend to ask ourselves in times of desperation, when we think we may have lost someone dear to us.

I watched the news for some time, dumbfounded. Finally, I went back to my computer and pulled up Facebook again - that’s when I found a glimmer of hope. My friends in Japan were posting updates on Facebook - they were able to connect to the outside world! I saw a post from my brother-in-law, Shigeru, so I quickly messaged him asking if he’d heard from my mom or siblings. Slowly but surely, one by one, through my network of Facebook friends, family, and acquaintances, we accounted for all my loved ones. I heaved a sigh of relief. I felt a sudden peace, in my heart I felt everyone was going to be

okay. I stayed awake most of the night. Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, I fell asleep, exhausted from all the emotions that coursed through me in the previous hours.

Over the next few days, I found out what each of my loved ones had been doing at the time of the earthquake, and what they encountered in the following minutes, hours and days.

My mother, Yoshie, said: “It was my day off and I was singing karaoke with a friend when the earthquake hit. My friend and I both hid under a table until it was over. It felt like several big quakes. When we were instructed to leave the building, we saw an ambulance waiting outside the entrance and we heard that a pan of hot oil had spilled on one of the young kitchen help. He was crying as he got into the ambulance. Such a pitiful sight! The street was filled with bewildered people exiting from businesses and offices. Police officers instructed the crowds to go to a nearby park and get away from the tall buildings. On our way to the park we saw a grandmother in a small shop watching television. The screen

“My eyes welled up and tears ran down my cheeks. When will I hear from my family?”



showed the tsunami. I could hardly believe what I was seeing! It was like a scene out of a movie. I asked the grandmother, 'Is this really happening?' She said that it was the news. I felt weak. Several hours later I tried to go home; I was worried about my children, but the trains weren't running so I stayed at my friend's house. Thousands, probably millions of people weren't able to get home that night (40 million passengers use trains and subways in the greater Tokyo area daily).

"When I went back to the train station in the morning, the walkways and platforms were full of people who had spent the night there. The train was crowded. We were packed in like sardines, and there was the stale odor of people who hadn't been able to get home the night before. No one complained, though. We were all in the same boat. What is usually a 20 minute ride took over an hour. When I finally got home, I was relieved to see my youngest daughter, Mayu, and her friend there. We kept the news channels on non-stop for a week. In the aftermath of the quake, we experienced power outages, gas, and water shortages, supermarkets weren't able to get stock as a lot of roads had been damaged. This was a difficult time for us, but thinking back, what I, and my children experienced was a mere inconvenience. None of us had gotten hurt, we had our health, we had our home, and we had each other - and that was the happiest thought for me."

My sister, Aika, was at her vocational college in Tokyo on the 7th floor of a narrow building. She said, "The building swayed back and forth, and back and forth. When it finally stopped, we got out from under the tables, but my legs were shaking and I couldn't stand. Some of my classmates were crying, but no one was hurt. We got out of the building and headed towards a small park. The crows, birds, cats, the trees, sky, and wind seemed unsettlingly louder than usual. I thought to myself, something terrible has happened.

"After some time our professor instructed us to each go our own way. "Try to get home," he said. My cellphone wouldn't connect, so I couldn't call anyone. The trains weren't running. How was I to get home? Some of my classmates were also from Chiba, so we decided that we'd start walking. There was no use in staying put. I remember thinking how lucky I was to have worn sneakers that day. I saw men and women ducking into stores to buy a change of shoes, or a bicycle. There were countless pedestrians on the road, and the traffic kept backing up moving slower and slower. I could hear the siren of an ambulance, but their vehicle wasn't getting anywhere either. In the convenience stores, shelves were empty. The aftershocks came every 20 minutes or so.

"Somewhere along the way I passed a high school. The students and teachers were out on the road calling to everyone that was passing to take a



break if they needed to sit down, or use the restrooms. An old grandmother was passing out hot tea, and telling people that things were going to be okay. The soft scent of fresh green tea made me pause to take a deep breath. These acts of kindness settled my nerves a little.

“I stopped just short of getting home and stayed at my boyfriend’s place, although he himself was not able to get home. I walked about 24 miles in six hours.”

My brother, Rei, was driving at the moment the earth shook, so he hardly noticed what was going on. He stopped his car as others were stopping. Then he realized he was experiencing an earthquake. All the telephone poles were waving like reeds on a windy day. He went to the store to buy some bottled water and food to be prepared in the occasion that things got bad. He noticed the smell of gas in the air. Just over a mile away, one of the LPG gas storage spheres at an industrial gas plant had exploded! Others of my friends heard the deafening explosion and felt the heat from the fire.

One of Rei’s friends drove straight back to his hometown in Iwate after the event. His childhood home had been washed away by the tsunami, but, most importantly, his family had been able to flee to safety and they were reunited.

My youngest sister, Mayu related to me: “I was studying with a friend not far from home when suddenly I felt like I had motion sickness. I wondered if I was coming down with something when I realized there was an earthquake! ‘There is an earthquake. Hide under a table. Take precautions. This building will not crumble, so please be assured.’ boomed the loudspeakers. My friend couldn’t get home, so she stayed over at my house. When I got home, the bookshelves had fallen over and the kitchen appliances were all over the floor. The dining room and kitchen smelled like something had been burned. When I searched to find where it was coming from, I saw that the oven toaster had fallen off the counter, spilling burned bread crumbs across the floor. I was relieved. Later that evening, the lobby area of our apartment building was full of people. They must not have been people who lived here, but people that couldn’t go home. I was grateful that I was home.”

Mayu’s co-worker now was one of many who had to evacuate her home. Hitomi said, “It was my last year in high school. I was watching TV when everything started to shake violently. Alarms and sirens were going off, I thought to myself, so this is how the

world is going to end. After the initial quake, I saw on the news that my family was in an area that needed to evacuate, but we were each in a state of shock and couldn’t move. It was all so surreal. Only when my father came running in to the living room shouting that ‘We need to run. NOW!’ did we jump up and start for higher ground. On our way, we saw a large boat on the road that was laying on its side. I could hardly believe what I was seeing with my own eyes.

“When I got home, the bookshelves had fallen over and the kitchen appliances were all over the floor.”

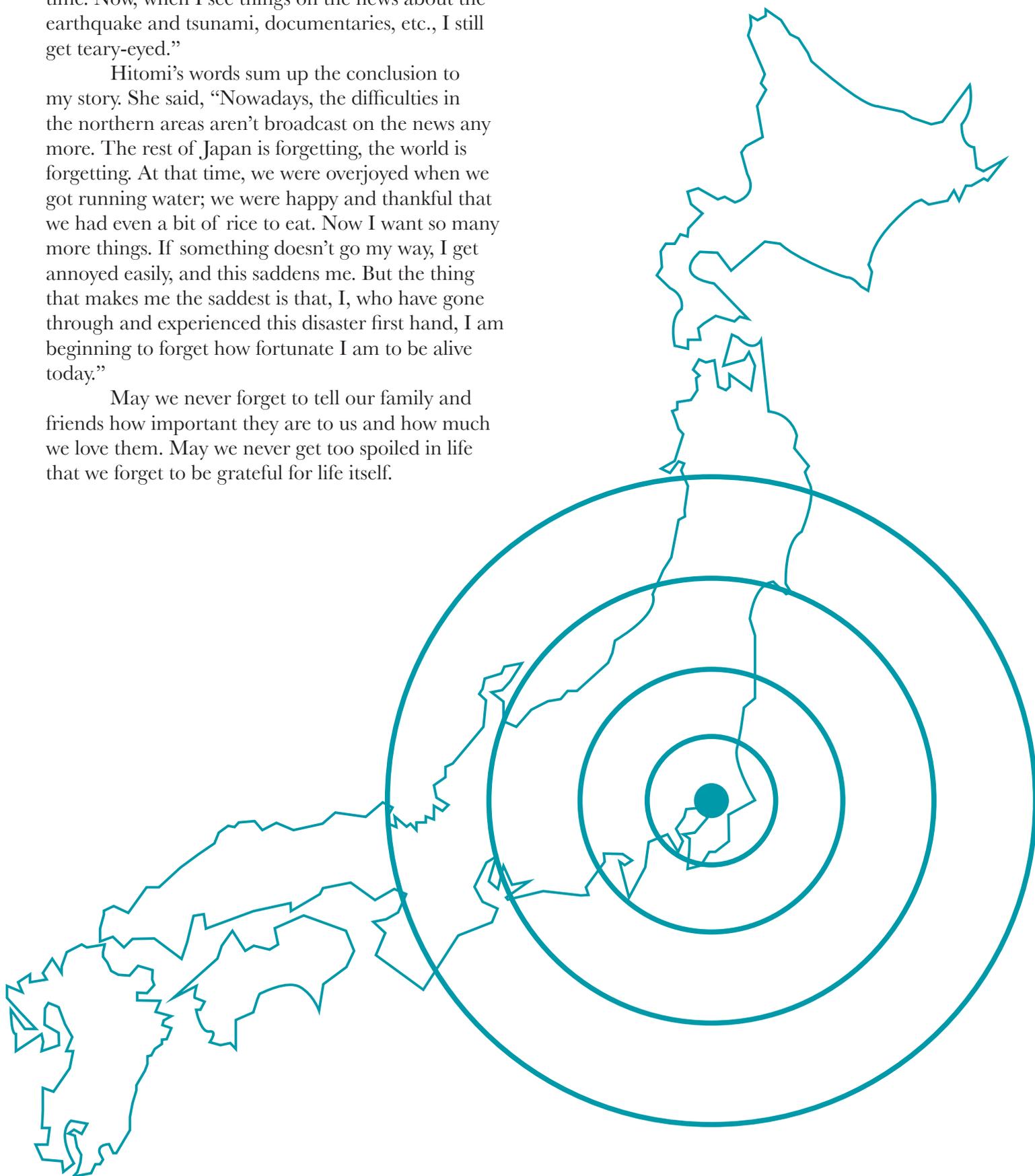
Our family made it to safety. A week after the quake, there was still no running water, and we couldn’t buy food as the stores weren’t open. My family wanted to drive down to Tokyo, where my older sister lived, but



there was no gas to be bought. It was a very difficult time. Now, when I see things on the news about the earthquake and tsunami, documentaries, etc., I still get teary-eyed.”

Hitomi’s words sum up the conclusion to my story. She said, “Nowadays, the difficulties in the northern areas aren’t broadcast on the news any more. The rest of Japan is forgetting, the world is forgetting. At that time, we were overjoyed when we got running water; we were happy and thankful that we had even a bit of rice to eat. Now I want so many more things. If something doesn’t go my way, I get annoyed easily, and this saddens me. But the thing that makes me the saddest is that, I, who have gone through and experienced this disaster first hand, I am beginning to forget how fortunate I am to be alive today.”

May we never forget to tell our family and friends how important they are to us and how much we love them. May we never get too spoiled in life that we forget to be grateful for life itself.



To Write Love On Her Arms

BY: *Kelsey*
Brown

She puts the kitchen steak knife to her forearm, and as a tear rolled down her mascara-stained cheek, she clenched her eyes together and pressed down on her skin. At this moment, she's sitting on her bed, under her Urban Outfitters paisley patterned silk bed-sheets, with her laptop open to Corey Smith's A Better Place playing soft acoustic melodies in the background, and her mother sleeping soundly in the other room. At this time every night, while the rest of the world is either beginning their night shift or falling asleep to reruns, she is born again. Her pleated cotton

fear for facing the past she has permanently left idle in her own prison. In her daughter's eyes she would find waves of an ocean, from the tears she's collected in her pillowcase over time. If she listened closely enough she would

"Fear of the future, and fear for facing the past."

"When she is alone in her own peace, she leaves them raw."

button down may hide her marks during the school day, but when she is alone in her own peace, she leaves them raw.

Her single mother is so wrapped up in providing for her one and only daughter, there never seems to be enough time in the day to actually look into her daughter's eyes. In them she would find traces of red, from the self-inflicted wounds she finds comfort in. In them she would find fear; fear for the future, and

hear her eyelids whisper the secrets she hears only when she closes her eyes.

Together the two live in a beautifully landscaped one story brick home with palm trees lining the driveway, and a Chapelle cheer-leading flag decorating the garden. Even coming from a broken



home, she still has everything she needs. She goes to an all-girl Catholic high school, and drives a gently used Chevrolet Cobalt. Her laundry always smells like it's been hand washed in gardenias and baby breath, and by the time her stomach starts to growl, the house is already filled with the smell of Shake N Bake chicken and buttered peas. Yet still every night she spends getting high with kitchen utensils, and swears she's never coming down again. It may be wrong, but it's unspoken. And this is who she is.

"It may be wrong, but it's unspoken."

This is who we all are at some point in our lives. Maybe not to this extreme, but we have all been trapped in emotion. Whether we escape, or we choose to self-heal, it reflects how we look at the world around us. She is curiosity of the unknown. She is fear without control. She is love for the life her dreams only allow her to live. She is self-expression for everyone out there who cannot unleash their own individuality. Despite her pain, and despite her self-inflicted battle with her own soul, she still remains grounded to reality, and to me that is such a beautiful thing. She is you, and she is me. She is everyone out there who's ever looked in the mirror, and felt like they've lost their place. She is beautiful with many flaws. She is the unspoken emotion of the world.

"She still remains grounded to reality, and to me that is such a beautiful thing."



PROSE

ONE

Irrevocable INSTANCE

By: Gina
Albert

Layout and Illustrations by [Heather Tingle and Chasity Robert]



She placed the headphones over her ears and scrolled through the device to find something fitting to start her day. **I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS - THE BOOMTOWN RATS.** Alex closed her eyes, breathed deeply and began to cross the street. Barreling towards the intersection, was a car whose driver was a woman not much older or younger than she, who intermittently

had done in a mess of her own creation— RUN!

There was a small and dingy window adjacent to the bar, effective enough so that he could watch the people passing by. He watched them all, but he only saw her. She glided effortlessly across his line of vision with her headphones on and honey-toned hair, trying to escape from underneath them. He speculated about what she would be listening to.

*“Wait, wait, wait a second!
Are you really pissed off right now?
You could have killed me!”*

glanced up and out while furiously sending text messages. She counted the steps in her head, a habit Alex developed while trying to stave off her daily existential crisis. Startled by the approach of screeching tires, Alex jumped back while simultaneously spilling iced coffee on her self.

“God Damnit, what the fuck, man!” A stream of obscenities trickled off her lips as the iced coffee did so down her arm. The driver stared back at her; the vacant, dumbfounded look on the woman’s face evoked a rage in her. Call it a momentary lapse of judgement, even a random spontaneous muscle spasm, but something uncontrollable possessed her to hurl the coffee at that car. It exploded, splattering across the windshield. The driver could not ignore this transgression.

“Oh, hell no! You did not just do that!” The driver emerged from the car, gesturing wildly while questioning if she “really just did that.” Alex gave the woman a once over, noting that her outfit was not appropriate for a Monday morning. The woman was wearing a sequined tank top and black mini skirt, both a size too small.

“Wait, wait, wait a second! Are you really pissed off right now? You could have killed me! Are you drunk? Did the roofie you were slipped last night not wear off before you crawled out of whatever frat boys’ bed you were in this morning?!” Alex said bravely.

“Bitch, I am going to KICK YOUR ASS!” The driver lunged at her, so Alex did what she always

Something cool and indie. Something he would be embarrassed not to know in the off chance they actually met. He decided, “What are you listening to?”



would not be the ideal ice breaker.

At 9:45 am she would pass by that window, and he longed for her. At 9:52 am she had yet to saunter by in her usual slow motion, 80s movie-montage style. His heart sank, and a sadness brewed within him, his

“There is no such thing as almost, you either kill some one or you don’t!”

gaze never wavering. Without warning, she was flying by in a whirlwind of hair and wires, tailed by whom he believed was a working girl. He was never one for impulsive or rash decisions, but in that moment something irrevocable happened. At one fell swoop he was up and over the bar, his feet moving faster than rationality and logic. The women hadn’t made it far, both of them in poor physical condition. He caught up quickly and in a commanding voice exclaimed, “HEY!”

Both women stopped the pursuit turning toward him with the same look of disdain that suggested he was a common enemy.

“Who the fuck are you?” the driver questioned crudely.

“What’s the problem here ladies?” He asked with more confidence than he knew he had.

“This idiot almost killed me!” Alex said in a tone that suggested this was obvious.

“There is no such thing as almost; you either kill some one or you don’t!” the driver retorted.

“You’re really arguing semantics with me, dressed like a... a baby hooker!” Alex snapped back. She glanced down at the phone vibrating in her hand. It was a text message from her boss; it simply read YOU’RE FIRED.

“GOD DAMNIT! I just got fired!” Alex

raised her hands to her head and began pacing back and forth.

“Hah! Karma will get you!” The driver informed, feeling quite satisfied.

“Is Karma your stage name? Because it looks like you got thrown out with the trash of some Bourbon Street strip club!” Alex let her know, in case she was wondering.

The driver lunged at her again; this time he was able to scoop her up at the waist, twirling her back around as her fists pounded on his forearm. He released her, turning back to the girl he had yearned for.

“You know, I’m actually looking for help at the bar. Would you be interested?” he asked her, careful to conceal his desperation.

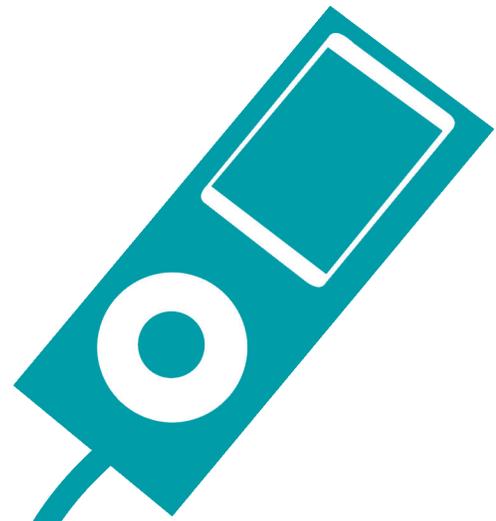
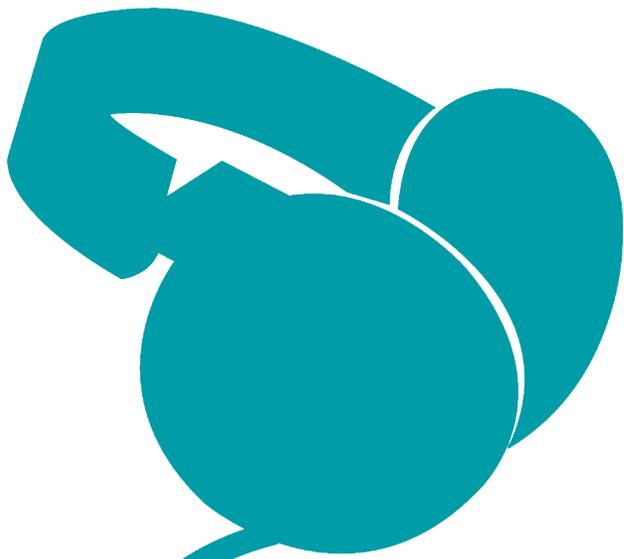
“Um, yeah sure. Why not? Can I start today? I could really use the money.” Alex considered impulsivity part of her charm. The driver, sensing her third-wheel status, retreated back to her car, muttering about not having time for this shit.

“My name’s Erik. Nice to meet you, formally.” Nerd, he thought.

“Alex,” she said, through a half-cracked smile.

They took steps towards the bar, and within minutes, the awkwardness between them was palpable. He thought, say something damnit you’ve wanted

“He thought, say something, damnit! You’ve wanted this always. His lips parted and out spewed those horrifying words he promised never to say.”



this always. His lips parted and out spewed those horrifying words he promised never to say. “So...what are you listening to?” He closed his eyes and pursed his lips; the gesture indicated he was disappointed with himself.

“Oh, uh...” She looked down at the device which had been shuffling through songs during the chase.

“Looks like...Velvet Underground.”

“Oh, yea the rap group.” Erik questioned himself silently.

“Excuse me?” Alex inquired.

“She paused for a second in thought and motion. She giggled.”

“You know, where Tupac came from.”

She paused for a second in thought and motion. She giggled. “Ok, that was good, so you’re a comedian,” Alex quipped.

Erik shrugged his shoulders; he couldn’t believe it. Despite his best effort to self implode, he actually pulled this off.

“Mind if I grab a smoke real quick.

Calms the nerves,” she asked with the cigarette already lit.

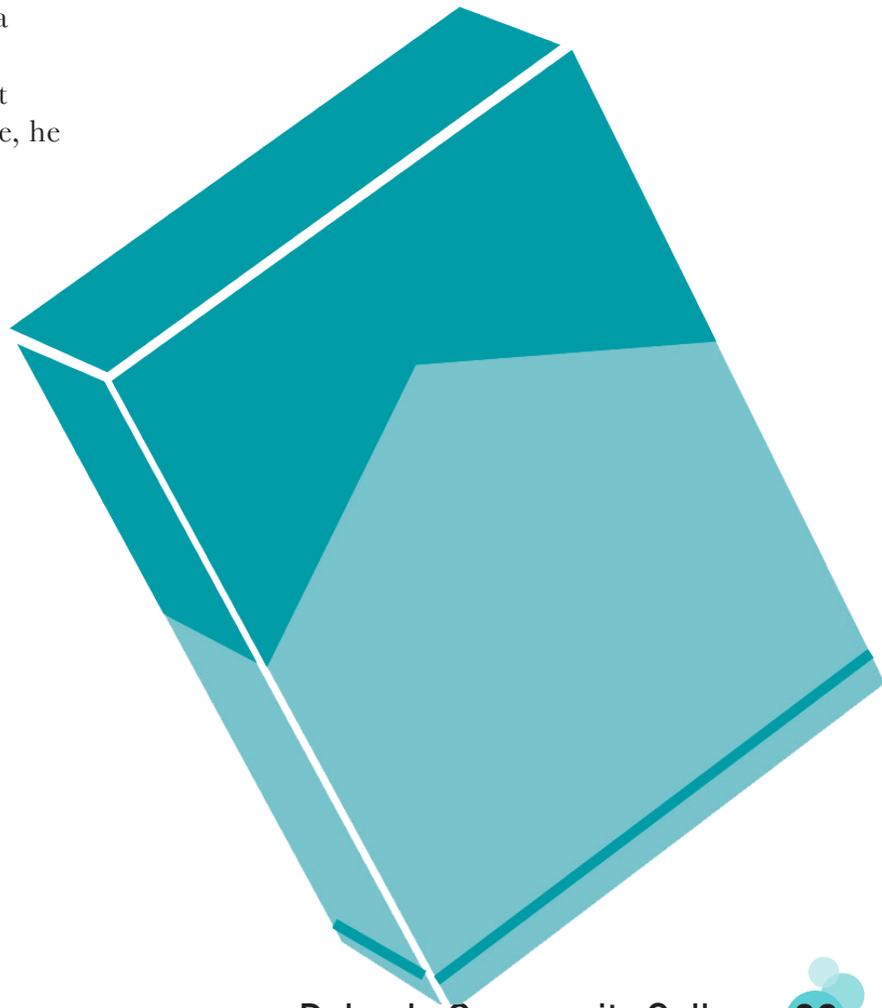
She noticed the way he looked at her and became curious. He nodded, then entered the bar. Kevin the faithful bar-back was stocking spirits on the dusty wooden shelf Erik had made sometime ago.

“Hey... Kev.”

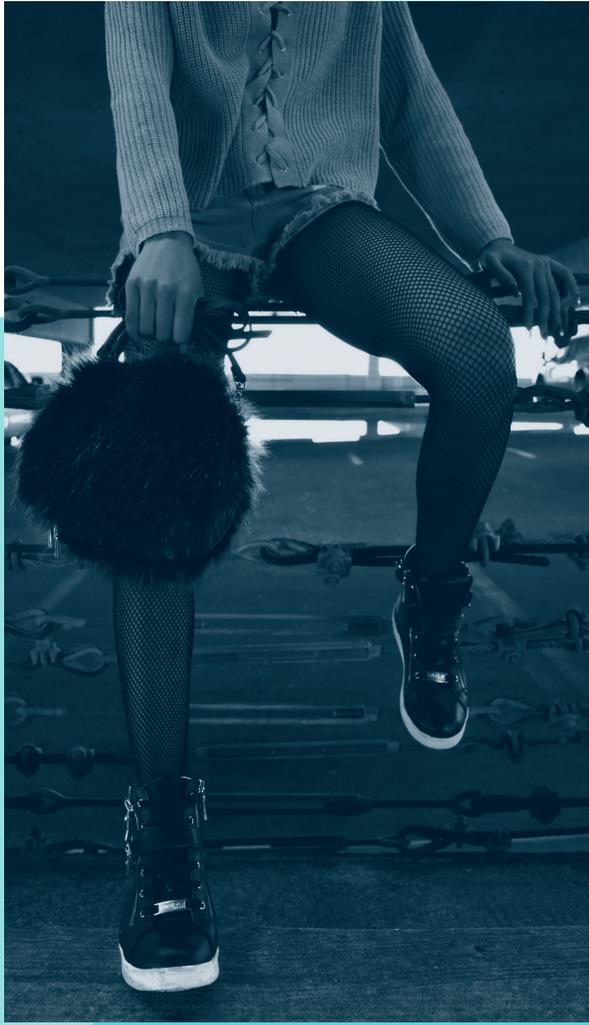
“You’re fired.”

“Yeah, boss?”

“You’re fired.”



GALLERY



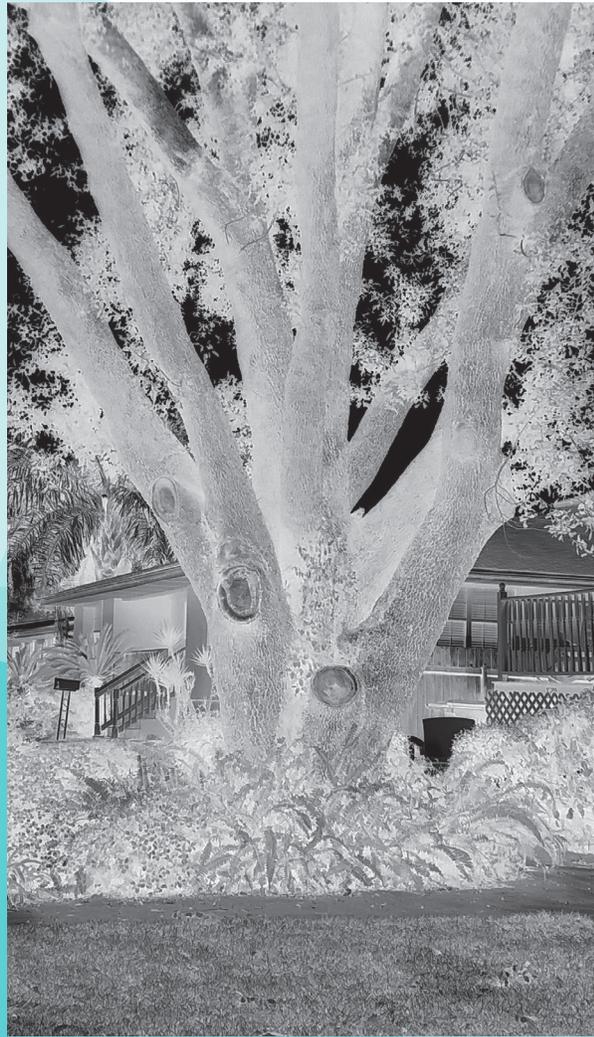
By: *Jennifer*
Salazar



By: *Jennifer*
Salazar

Designed by [Joseph Beechler]

By: *Gary*
Aguilar



By: *Jennifer*
Salazar

GALLERY

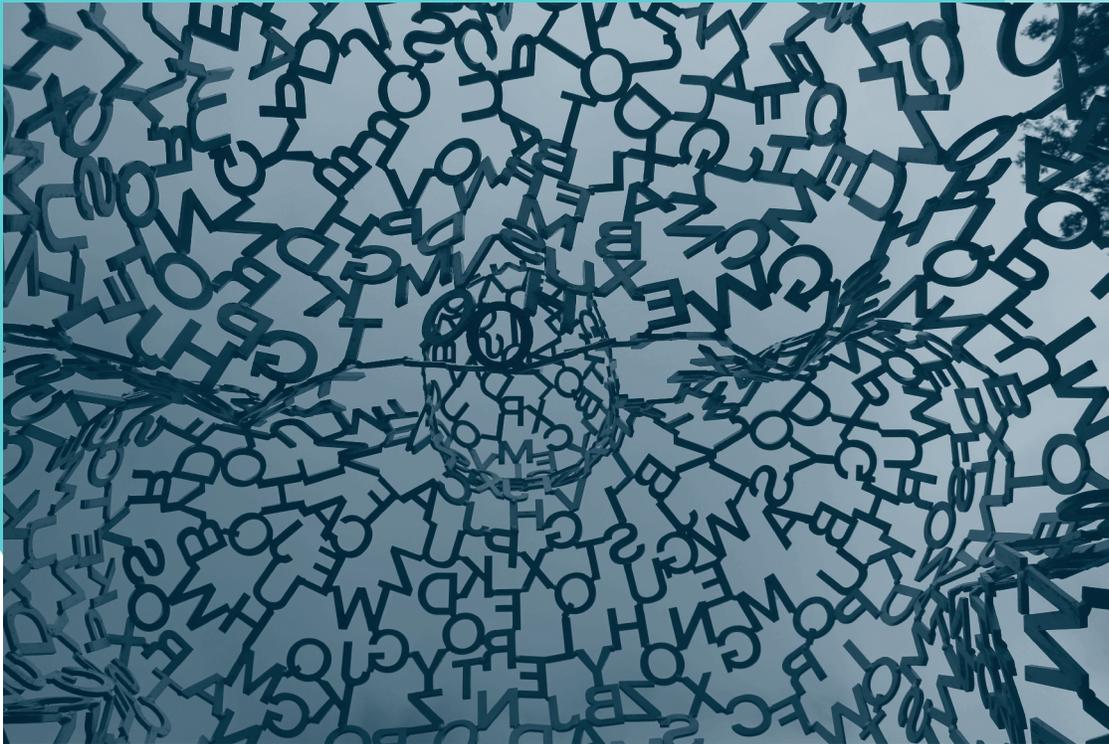


By: *Jeanette*
Ferrer



By: *Ashlee*
Dading

By: Ashlee
Dading



By: Elizabeth
Lundin

GALLERY



BY: *Jodi*
Smith



BY: *Chelsy*
Wiley

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



Colophon

Images 2017

was written, designed, and illustrated as a [Delgado Community College student team effort](#). Missy Diaz and Tedd Walley were the project's faculty advisors. The student designers were: [Joseph Beechler](#), [Chantle Butler](#), [Brisyn Faulkner](#), [Elizabeth Lundin](#), [Chasity Robert](#), [Lauren Selenberg](#), [Ronneka Smith](#), [Jenna Timphony](#), [Heather Tingle](#), [Charles Williams](#) and [Anthony Woods](#).

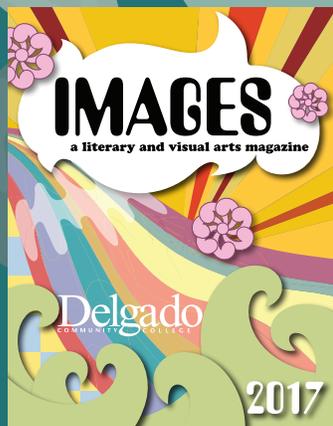
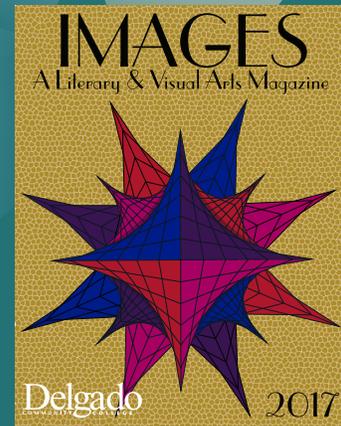
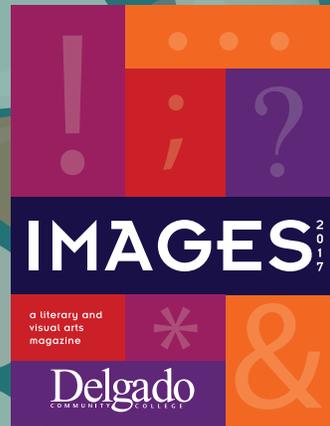
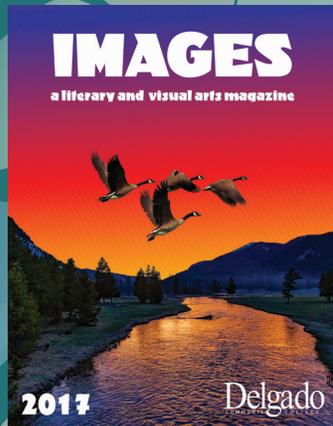
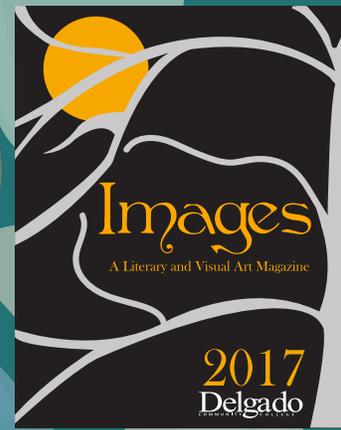
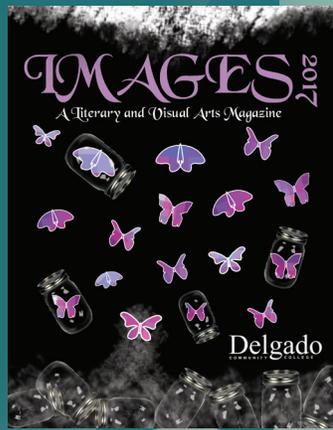
Two type families

are [ITC Avant Garde](#) designed in 1970 by Herb Lubalin and Tom Carnase and modified by Ed Benguiat in 1977. [Baskerville](#), was designed by John Baskerville in the 1750s. The colors used throughout were Black and [Pantone 320c](#). Page Layouts were designed by the students of the [Delgado Visual Communications- Graphic Design program](#) as their final project for the Digital Pre-press and Printing class. It was designed utilizing the 2012 iMac and using Adobe InDesign, Illustrator, and Photoshop CC 2017 software.

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](#), [Gina Ferrara](#), [Brad Koski](#), [Christine Mitchell](#), [Deborah Reed](#), and [Tedd Walley](#). With special thanks to [Leslie Salinero](#).

Images 2017

was funded by the [Communications and Arts and Humanities Divisions](#) of [Delgado Community College](#).



The designs on this page were the alternate covers submitted by the students in the Spring 2017 VISC 234 Digital Pre-Press class.

From top to bottom and left to right the designers are: Joseph Beechler, Brisyn Faulkner, Chanel Hollingswoth, Elizabeth Lundin, Chasity Robert, Lauren Selenberg, Ronneka Smith, Jenna Timphony, Heather Tingle, Charles Williams and Anthony Woods.

