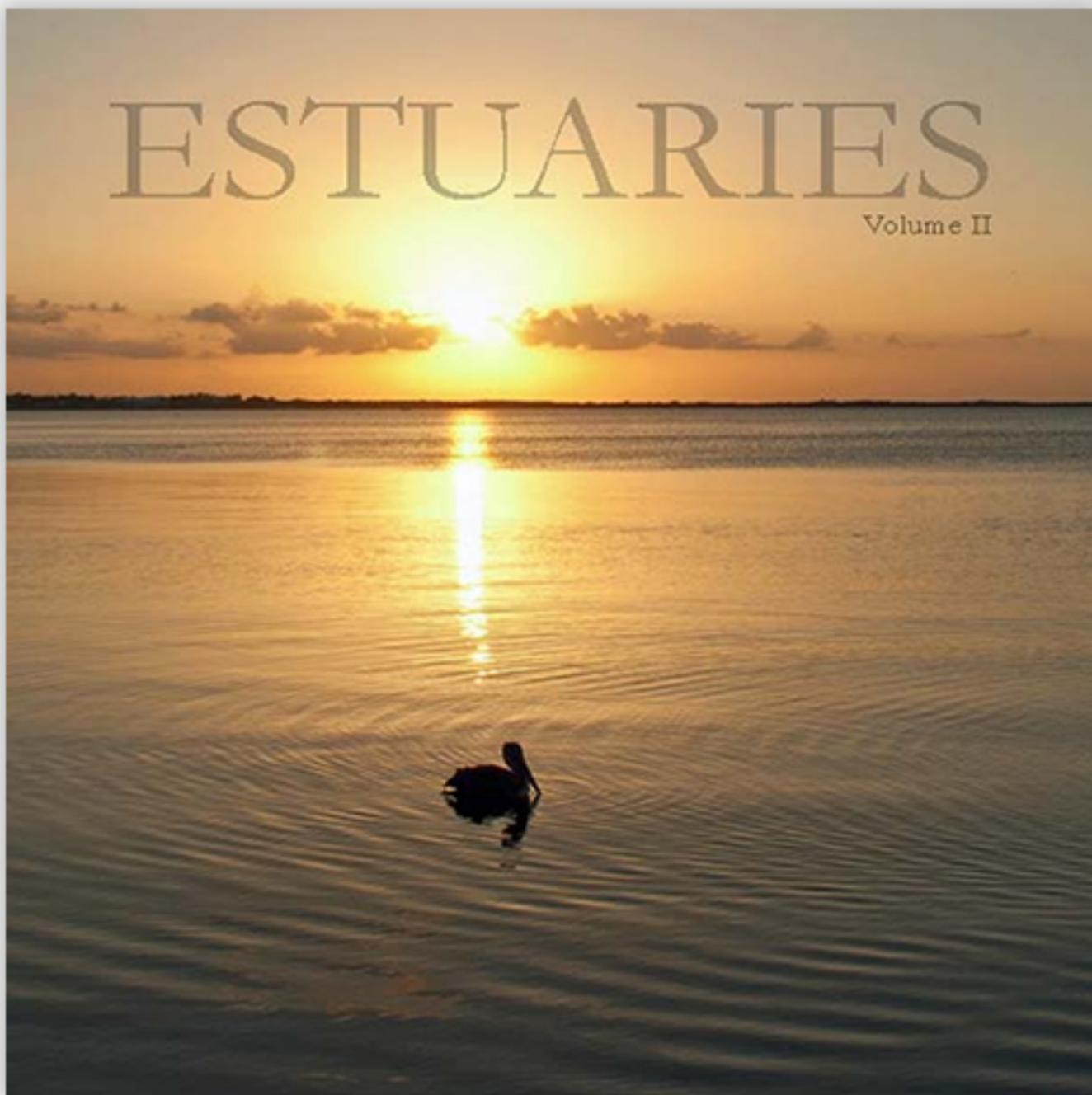


ESTUARIES

Volume II



Acknowledgements

Editor-in-Chief

Alexandra Joseph

Communications Director

Kimberly Goorbarry

Literary Editors

Essays

Dadou Joseph

Giovanni Perez-Borroto

Kristen Klores

Poetry

Kimberly Goorbarry

Marquise Fair

Angelo Martinez

Art Editors

Art Directors

Chelsea Moore

Lazaro Cid

Creative Team

Lazaro Cid

Kimberly Goorbarry

Alexandra Joseph

Giovanni Perez-Borroto

Page Designers

Andres Bardales

Lazaro Cid

Giovanni Perez-Borroto

Kristen Klores

Chelsea Moore

Cover Design

Lazaro Cid

MDC Homestead Campus

President

Dr. Jeanne Jacobs

Dean, Academic & Student Affairs

Dr. Jeffery Thomas

Chair, Department of Humanities & Social Sciences

Randall Kaufman

Director, Campus Administration

Tania Garcia

Faculty Advisors

Margaret Nania

Susan G. Lichtman

Lucas Blanco

Jose Blanco

Printer

Dutton Press

*"Being on your own, is when you think
for yourself and find yourself."*

- Kimberly Goorbarry

Editors' Note

Where art meets literature, new ideas emerge. From diverse perspectives and experiences, our Miami Dade College Homestead writers, poets, photographers, and artists share their stories through the pages of our magazine.

In poetry each word illustrates thoughts, emotions and ideas which create powerful imagery that inspire people in life. We learn from every brush stroke or ink on paper the demonstrations and expression of life; it pulls us into the world where we are asked to take a step outside our usual perspective and put on a lens of creativity in an artistic view.

This magazine inspires the students of Miami Dade College Homestead Campus to voice their beliefs, emotions and thoughts to let them shine. Volume II of Estuaries features six sections: ; Humanity, showing images of humankind; Photography, demonstrating the visual art that we have right before our eyes; Flora, representing the plant life in our universe; Fauna, acknowledging the animal spirit of humans; Structure, appealing to ordered beauty created in different forms; and Allure, symbolizing attraction and romance.

Each section recognizes a unique perspective about the vitality of life. The Estuaries team has worked diligently to celebrate every student's work, and we are proud to showcase their creativity.

*"Sometimes all it takes for success is to
jump into life."*

- Alexandra Joseph

*Abdolpho
Leger*



The American
Graphite on Paper



Comprehensive Discussion
Ink on Paper



The Rock
Charcoal on Paper



Restoration
Ink on Paper



Persevering Glance
Emanuel Glover
Charcoal on Paper

My Black People

I love the skin that I'm living in.
Back then, being black was like one of the
biggest sins.
Imagine not knowing your identity.
Imagine being labeled as someone's property.
MY BLACK PEOPLE cried night after night.
They prayed that one day everything will be all right.
My black sisters and brothers suffered for so long.
All because their skin was black,
they were treated so wrong.
Tears flowed as if they were rain.
Night after night MY BLACK PEOPLE
were in so much pain.
They were beaten and locked up in chains.
There was a lot of inequality.
MY BLACK PEOPLE were being judged
because of the
color of their skin rather than their personality.
MY BLACK PEOPLE prayed that one day they
would be treated right.
One day the color black will be equal to white.
Today MY BLACK PEOPLE are free.
We can walk in our skin and be happy as can be.
MY BLACK PEOPLE...

-Dadou Joseph

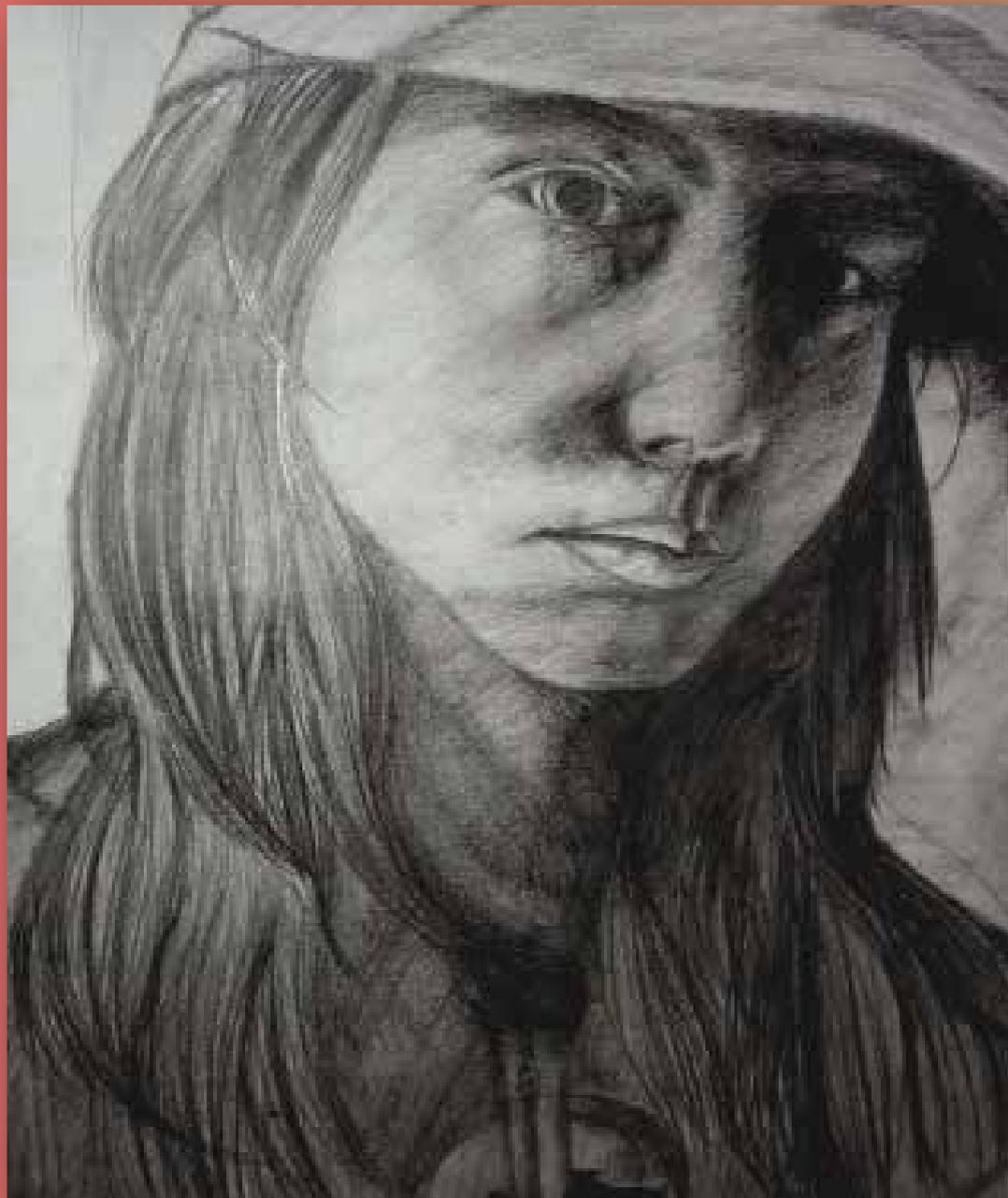
Anguish
Andres Bardales
Charcoal on Paper



Overcoming Pain

To my abuser from your accuser,
I grew up fast 'cause I couldn't live in the past.
I could've stayed numb but that
would've been dumb,
giving you the satisfaction would've
meant you won.
I would be lying if I said some nights I didn't
find myself crying.
The shame of the pain still lingers on
in my brain
and drives me insane.
At the same time, you I thank,
because my canvas is no longer blank.
It tells a story of strength overcoming pain.
So to my abuser from your accuser,
Thank you.

-Cheranda Lexehomme



Satana
Kristen Frollo-Klores
Charcoal on Paper

Don't Judge Me

Don't judge me on my physical appearance,
judge me for my mind and how I use it.
Don't judge me for how I get around,
judge me for where I'm going.
Don't judge me based on the people I hang around with,
judge me on the huge influence I have on them.
Don't judge me on what could or couldn't happen to an offspring,
judge me on how I raise that offspring to be an amazing human being.
Don't judge me on how I see things
judge me on how I deal with them.
Don't judge me for your idiotic thinking of me having a hard life,
judge me for the extraordinary stories I tell of my life.
Don't judge me for what has happened twenty-two years in the past,
judge me for what I'm going to do in the next two decades.
Finally, don't judge me for what I couldn't control in my early life;
judge me for what I control today!

-Hassan Roberts



The Untamed
Alexandra Joseph
Acrylic on Canvas

Growing Up With Pain

The sky is red, the clouds are blue
my face is black, your feet are two.
We try to hide what's deep inside,
and yet we can't. We try to run from destiny,
and yet we can't. Mysteries wonder,
we try to keep the little girl inside,
and yet we can't, we want to run away
and yet we can't.

-Artisha Agent



Souless
Kristen Frollo-Klores
Charcoal on Paper



Moonlight

The moon that lights the night;
sometimes looks white and sometimes yellow,
it comes in different shapes, such a dazzling sight
makes you feel all mellow.

Moon that I see as a figurative father
even though he's not beside me
but farther up in the atmosphere;
he always listens to my prayer
and I feel him close to me anywhere.

Looking at the moon, up in the dark sky
it shines through me; I feel secure and inspired.
So bright and wonderful to see, I am lucky
to experience the beauty in nature that I've always admired.

Moonlight that always hypnotizes me;
foresees the good in me.

-Kimberly Goorbarry



*Through the
courtyard and
over the clearing,
and past the
wooden fence...*

Once upon a bleak and gloomy night, I sat and gazed, up through the midnight's moonlit haze. Still I could not forget my master's words of eerie lore. His voice seems to call once more; telling the tale of what he forbade. To dare would surely invoke his rage. The master was truly enflamed with exasperation and egged on by indignation. My mind could not follow the secret of Sleepy Hollow.

Down I look once more, through the courtyard and over the clearing, past the wooden fence, further then I search where the wood grew dense. Just as any other I could remember, a cold and harsh November. The narrow, boney, branches were stripped of all their leaves, not a single one left on any tree. What was out there that seemed so bad? Surely the darkest secret the forest had. Deep into that darkness peering, long I sat there dreaming. The darkness gave no indication of what was

veiled and cloaked in such surreptitious love. Not a clue or implication of what the dark forest stored.

From my window turning, I set my sight on the door. 'Surely,' said I, 'surely there is nothing there and nothing more.' To the shadows I took, wearing cloak-and-dagger. Down I run faster turning, all my strength inside me yearning, to learn the secret hidden there. I stop for just a moment, to catch a breath of air. Slowly my gaze turns upwards, past the haze of fog and further yet beyond the darkened wood. Small bursts of air pass my lips as the scolding chant from my mind surely slips. Driven by curiosity and surprise, longingly I search cloudy skies. Through the courtyard and over the clearing, past the wooden fence, further then I creep for thy mystery hence.

Further then, I walked into the edge of the forest's snare. Snarkly, I smiled to myself. 'My, such a dark and scary lair,' I laughed

aloud in soft acrimony, onwards through the gloomy night and deeper in to the wondrous sight. From the darkness sounded creatures of eerie sense. Furthermore, I searched for the secrets that caused my presence.

Soon I ventured on a somewhat smaller clearing. I could not believe my eyes, nor the gentle sounds which set my ears ringing. I cringed behind a tree. While a set of gleaming headless armor turned upon me. I cowered back into the trees. My breath fell still and my blood was chilled. I gazed upon the large and ghastly armor; it carried a massive steely blade with moonlit glamour. Accompanied by a fiery, and ghostly, steed. Why... my master's words, did I not heed?

-Kristen Frollo-Klores

Meeting You

I see you from afar;
I meet you for the first time.
Your green eyes taunt me
your smile freezes me, then
you speak to me and it
sounds so angelic. Your
politeness makes me
melt. Everything
seems so perfect,
I don't want this
moment to end.
we take a picture
and we say
goodbye.
As I walk away
from you my
nervous system
explodes, my knees
are shaking and my
heart is racing.
And I wonder when
we will meet again!

-Kimberly Goorbarry

Beautiful Confidence

Maria Rivera
Ink on Matte Board



Frankie's Girl

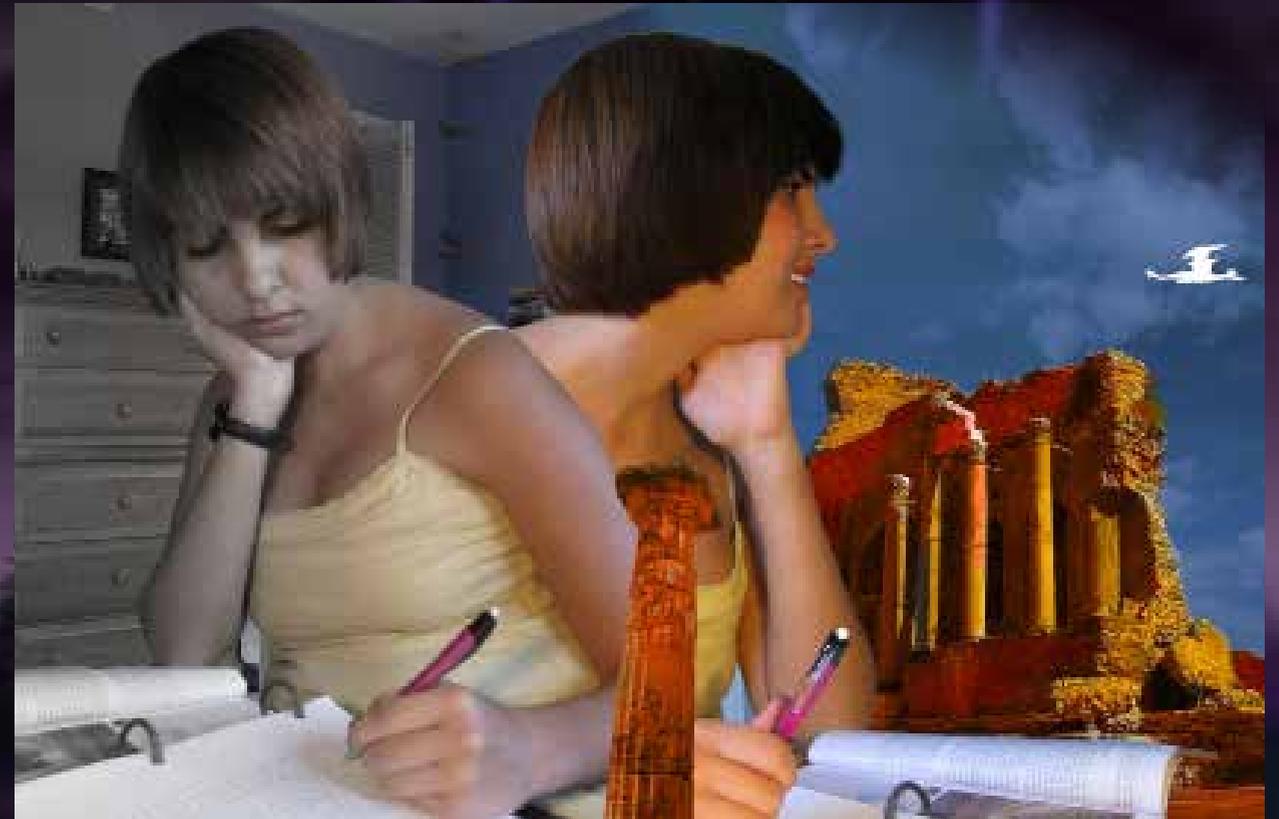
Francis Agrait
Ink on Paper

Reading a Book

Before I shut my eyes,
I bury myself in five hundred and fourteen pages.
The story is so captivating, I don't want to let go.
I flip through the pages then I see the time;
I freeze and unbury myself from the pages.
Back to reality I can't stop thinking of this adventure.
I shut my eyes; when I wake up I can't wait for night again.
So I can escape into this other world.

-Kimberly Goorbarry

Daydream
Chelsea Moore
Digital Photography



Relaxing Day

Beautiful ocean so clear and blue;
sand so soft and warm
relaxing under the sun with
a wonderful breeze.

The deep water makes you feel at
ease and peaceful;

Swimming around letting all
your worries go away.

Mind is clear and you're just floating.

As if you were in the moon floating,
you look up at the sky and it's a deep blue.

Later you see an airplane fly away;
the sun hits you warm

and your skin tickles, you feel at peace
your whole body is with the breeze.

Swooshing away with the breeze,
the waves keep coming at you
interrupting your floating.

You walk away disturbed and unpeaceful,
but then you glimpse the view
and you're blue.

Feeling cold because of the wind,
no more warmth

clouds have come, putting the sun away.

In another direction, you walk further away.

Sit on top of the sand and
appreciate the breeze.

Breathing in and out, sand so soft still warm
you're in your world now floating

Suddenly clouds turn to gray,
sky no longer blue

it starts raining peacefully.

Raindrops falling onto your skin could not
feel more peaceful.

Bright and sunny day has gone away,
dull and gloomy day turns you blue.

You stand up and leave with the breeze;
in your vehicle you head out floating,

remembering the moments with warmth.

Inside your house you're filled with warmth,
taking a hot shower peacefully,

breathing deep and the steam
makes you float.

Again you're out of this world and away;

away from your thoughts, mind on a breeze.

You're tucked in with your quilt that is blue,

Analyzing your warm day away at the beach.

Peacefully remembering

the wonderful breeze,

you float away into a deep blue sleep.

- Kimberly Goorbarry

My Beautiful Island

My home is a beautiful island,

it is very colorful

everyone is friendly and happy.

All of my friends and family live there;

I was raised there.

Departing now not so far away;

my new home is a beautiful suburb,

it is colorless.

Most people are serious and disgruntled

I have no friends and family here;

I am new here.

Still trying to adapt,

I miss my beautiful island

My true home I will never forget.

- Kimberly Goorbarry



The Promise
Natasha Wong
Digital Photography

All in a Day's Work
Natasha Wong
Digital Photography



Rainbow Heart

By your side will be my place,
my time devoted to the smile on your face.
I would bring you sunshine on a cloudy day,
I would kiss your tears away,
I'd shine a rainbow on your heart,
for I could not stand to be apart.
I'd try my best not to fuss,
and think of nothing more than us.
And when we're not together, then I see,
in my dreams we will always be,
you could be sure you would be thought about,
and loved a whole lot too,
because there could never be, anyone as sweet you.

-Kristen Frollo-Klores



Without Interruption
James Nall & Natasha Franco
Digital Photography



Mocking Light

Anyone who has ever seen the ocean will tell you it's pretty, it's big, and it's blue. What most people don't realize is that it is so much more than that. Some people spend hours just staring out at the ocean in wonder, unable to

fathom just how vast it really is. Wondering what secrets it holds that have yet to be discovered. To most people though it's a mystery; its dark depths are unreachable, and its most beautiful secrets are places that they will never

Fishing
Joshua Mancriff
Digital Photography

be able to see. But me, I've been there, to the cold depths of the sea and, the warm tropical shallows. I have traveled farther than you could imagine and seen the most beautiful things that no one has ever seen before. Though you may think you know what beauty is, I alone know its true meaning. My whole life I have loved this feeling, the feeling of gliding through the water without a care in the world, my hair tickling my back and the warm currents flowing over my glistening scales. It's a feeling of freedom, to know you have complete control over your life, you could go anywhere or do anything and no one can stop you. It's different living deep down in the darkness; the cold water makes it harder to relax, makes everything feel less welcome. But here in the shallows it is so easy to forget about all your worries. Maybe that's why I keep coming back. Every year I find myself returning here, to my home. I try to stay away; it holds too many sad memories for me. Memories of lost loved ones, but with the water temperatures dropping, the appeal of home becomes too hard to resist. Even the color is different here; more vibrant and bright, at the bottom of the ocean everything is muted. It becomes depressing after too long, the dull dark blues and greys do nothing to lift your spirits. The lack of sunlight doesn't help either, but here in

the warmth of the sun everything is perfect. I had just reached my destination and the colors of the water were shocking, it had been building up gradually but I could finally see the sun, its warm rays traveling through the water to my skin. The brightness of it all was almost blinding; maybe that's why I didn't see it soon enough. I had been swimming only a few minutes when I felt it first. Something brushed along my arm; thinking that it was just my hair so I ignored it. Soon they were everywhere, brushing along my arms and tail. Slowing down, I try to see what was touching me but there was nothing. Then I saw it and a horrible feeling twisted my gut. I had made a very big mistake. There were thin translucent wires all around me in almost a spider web form, shifting slightly in the current. I had seen this before, sea creatures getting caught in abandoned fishing wire and strangled. I tried not to panic as the dread in the pit of my stomach grew. They were everywhere, tangled around my arms and tail restricting my movements. I tried to swim for the surface to see if I could find a way around but one of the cords tightened around my wrist and the harder I pulled the tighter it got. I jerked my arm back and forth frantically pulling at the lines around my arm but nothing was helping, if anything it made it worse, the more I moved the tighter they all got. My heart was pounding in my ears and my hands began to shake, I kept telling myself to stay calm but I was beginning to panic. Terror

was running through my veins making all rational thoughts almost impossible. I jerked to the left, trying to yank my arm free but another cord tightened viselike around my waist, tearing through the delicate flesh of the ridge on my back as I cried out in pain. The movement only caused more of the lines to tighten around me. My back was on fire and the pain clouded my mind. I frantically tried to fight my way to the surface but this time the cords wrapped themselves around my neck and squeezed. I choked and brought my hands to my neck but one of them was pinned uselessly to my side. I desperately tried to loosen the wire with my free hand but I was beginning to lose feeling in my fingers. My body convulsed as I tried in vain to get water to my gills, but it was useless, the pain was everywhere. The lines cut into my skin as I gave one last frantic struggle. My chest burned from lack of oxygen and a strangled sob fought its way to my lips as I realized this was the end. The numbness spread to the rest of my body as I looked up at the sun, it was bright as if mocking my death, and for a moment I was calm. I thought of how I could have avoided this, how I could have saved myself. The pain slowly ebbed away as everything faded to black.

-Rebecca Schinella

Disappointment

One minute you think you're close to someone,
and suddenly they become complete strangers.
They've made a new life, making you feel alone
you're confused and searching for answers;

thinking of how things were in the past.
Being inseparable and always there for each other,
today everything is different and you're an outcast.
Hoping that something will change, they just push further.

Your chest full of pain and disappointment;
you'd think these changes were for the good of them,
but they've become something that is an embarrassment
you realize that it isn't your problem.

Moving away, living your own life;
accepting what's to come, feeling safe.

-Kimberly Goorbarry



Frustration
Andres Bardales
Digital Photography

Thirst

A hot afternoon
I grab a water bottle
I drink, it's vodka!

-Kimberly Goorbarry

Unexpected Scare

Marvelous morning
peacefully reading a book
someone starts screaming!

-Kimberly Goorbarry



Panic
Andres Bardales
Digital Photography

The Mirror

We sometimes think life is just a mirror, not necessarily. Maybe, I wonder! Not only mirror shows our reflection. Maybe if we look a little deeper we can contrast our way of living with reminiscing, the way we carried ourselves and how we lived our lives.

Sometimes I feel alone, abandoned and unloved. But there is one who cares and He is the infinite God. He gives and takes, but He is the greatest of all. but I create the mirror to reflect on life and how we live, and view it. The least I can do in life is to make the best of it.

But what if we don't do well?
But what if we don't live how we should?
But what if we forget to pray?
To be thankful? To love? And to serve?
But what if we forget to do well in just about everything?

What a careless and wasted life we would live. Likewise, my friends do well. It makes sense. Who knows, but the one above? Just think about it. Well, that's just "The Mirror."

-Terry Walker

What is Love

What is love?

A mother's love?
A father's kiss?
A newborn child?
Marital bliss?

What is love?

A first date?
Our last trip out of state?
A big diamond ring?
A word with no sting?

What is love?

My love is my mother,
my father
my brother
my sister.
Family is love.
Emotion is love.
God is love.

Love is not a word,
but instead it is an action.

Take a chance
love hard then pass on the joy.

-Katy Simon



Innocence
Joshua Mancriff
Digital Photography

Thanks to you

Thanks to You,
everyday succumbs to darkness
along the horizon.
The fading sunset creates
an atmospheric warfare.
Grey clouds form in the skies,
while rain floods this earthly plain.
This disturbed surface tries to remain
intact with the core before
the ties are severed.
Creating an unnatural pain,
but how can you relate to this pain
when you look from the outside
sitting behind a window pane?
These are the questions that keep me sane.

Thanks to You,
The dark skies no longer carry light.
You were that tainted star I looked up to,
in the darkest of nights.
But when you left my sight, life was
no longer breathing.
Rainbows disintegrated with ease,
puddles refused to show reflections
and the wind no longer played with the trees.

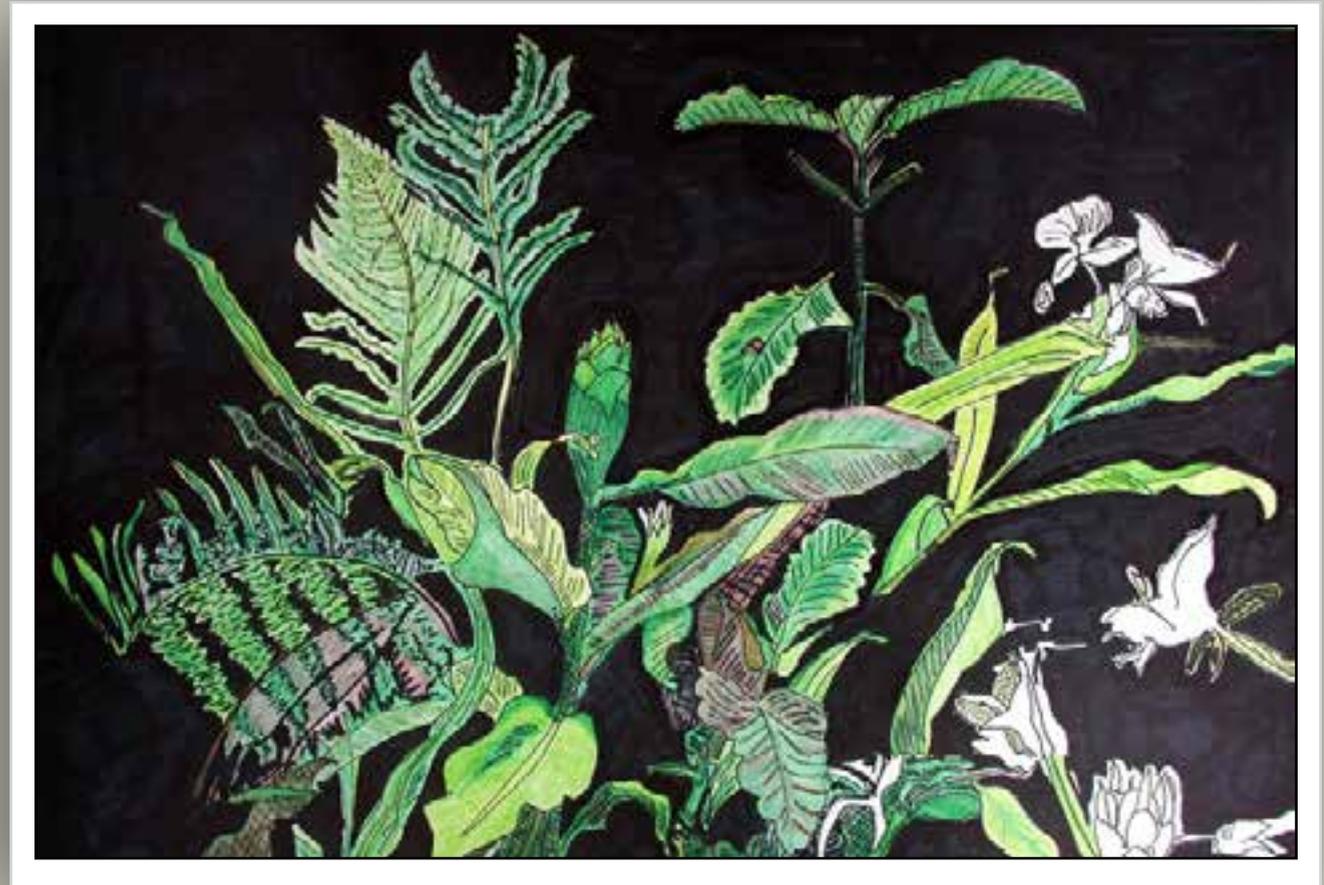
Thanks to You,
oceans are no longer at ease;
rough waves are quick to drown my dreams.
You were the family's sunshine;
but you left without remorse.
Our world, was steady on its axis
and circular cycle,

But thanks to you, we can no longer
get back on course.
So why am I giving thanks to you?

I give thanks to you
because I was able to create
still waters through rough waves.
Depression is on the border of non-existence,
and I seek to read the truth
within books and life
because knowledge is what I crave.

Thanks to You,
I became that shining star
that remains close to home
and never travels far.
Darkness no longer reigns;
the bright sun heals my wounds
and subdues constant pains.
If it weren't for you leaving,
I wouldn't have experienced change
and become the young man I am today.
But if we ever cross paths, I'd be
the first to speak up
because I have a lot to say.
With questions like: "Do you still love us, and
if you do,
why didn't you come back home?"
These are questions I want answers to
and even though I'm still filled with anger.
I will stand here right now and say,
Dad, I forgive you and whether you
realize it or not
I became the young man I am today
because of you.
That's why I give thanks to you.
Thank You.

-Angelo Martinez



Green Sleeves
Roxanna Gomez
Ink and Watercolor

I am the Picture

I am the picture, nothing more than a picture

there she is, sitting and looking at me.

The deep dame of my essence,

think of me as Holy Scripture.

Not knowing the importance of her own message.

Gentlewoman assumes that the picture is looking at her

she affirms this with strength, she actually does,

old lady bets, that the picture replies when she debates.

She believes, I'm a god.

The partner of my journey,

is herself, being alive.

And I'm afraid her breath is ending,

sadly, we all have to say goodbye.

But no! I'm not ready, she needs to live and be my guide,

because, contrary to what she thinks,

my grandma, is totally divine.

-Indra Alvarez



Orchidacea
Sandy Levi
Charcoal on Paper



Quinceañera Cancered

The wind was blowing, the sun was shining through the windows, paperwork was everywhere, and music from Selena was blasting in the background. February 10, 2007 was a beautiful Saturday morning. My mother, my aunt and I were working on a very important task: planning my Quinceañera. For those that have never heard of a Quinceañera, it is the biggest party a Mexican girl can have,

Living on the Edge of Color
James Nall & Natasha Franco
Digital Photography

besides her wedding, and it indicates her womanhood and maturity. My entire family was excited. This day had been expected since the minute I turned twelve, and everything was going great. The big occasion would take place at Signature Gardens, on December 20, 2008 at 3:00 pm.

Many months later, we began making arrangements to have a

small gathering for my fourteenth birthday, since most of the money was being used for Quinceañera décor. On December 24, 2007, I became one year closer to fifteen and as a present, I received my quince (fifteen) memorabilia: mini-dresses that the salt shakers and champagne bottles would wear. I was so excited. Everyone around me was in conversation about the big day. My mother, wearing all black to conceal her growing belly, was in conversation with some friends about my dress. At the other end of the room, my aunt was talking to my cousins about the decorations that she and my mom were working on. The atmosphere at that moment was one I expected would be ten times bigger on my big day.

A few weeks passed and my mother began to become nauseated most of the time and she felt like her uterus “was burning like hell,” as she stated. My father and I looked at each other and our gazes filled with worry, so we embarked on a trip to CVS Pharmacy to purchase some Tylenol Extra, confident that the colorful pills would take away the pain. My mother’s look of pain and fear began to grow and become more frequent. We decided to stop taunting fate and took her to the CHI clinic in Naranja. My mother looked as white as snow and she

resembled a pumpkin on stilts. She was in excruciating pain and her look said it all. We all felt terrible for ignoring her protests of pain and wished we could suffer what she was going through. After what seemed like an eternity, she was called in and given some temporary pain killers. They scheduled her for exams the next day and - we all knew that nothing good was coming.

After returning to the clinic for several exams and waiting a week for the results, my mother was called back to the clinic. My father, brother, aunt and I made it our priority to be there. The instant my mother was told that she, a woman in her late forties, with diabetes, high blood pressure and the worst temper in the world, was pregnant, she opened her mouth wide, paused for a second and let out all of the bad words she had ever learned. The point of all these “comments” was to explain that she would know if she was pregnant or not, because she had experienced several pregnancies, though only two were successful, but that’s another story for another time. We left the clinic in a heartbeat and have never returned since.

It was now the beginning of March 2008 and we were on official count down for my Quinceañera. However, my aunt felt everything should be put on hold until my mother felt better. So, out of love

and respect for my mother and my aunt, I obeyed yet was very anxious and scared of my Quinceañera being canceled. All the while I was unaware of my mother's and aunt's fears. My aunt was terrified that my mother's diabetes had worsened and that she might have to be put on stricter medication. My mother knew she had something bad; she felt it in her spirit, but being a mother she ignored her pain and held all her troubles to herself so her children wouldn't suffer. Though my mother tried her best and used all her strength and might to avoid seeming ill, it was difficult. We all noticed her constant crying from her swollen eyes and her stomach pains from her hand never leaving her belly. Her facial expressions, which were always filled with agony from the discomfort, brought tears.

So we all began to go to church in search of spiritual help and healing. We were all beginning to think that the only salvation from her suffering would be God. As it turns out, we were half right. In this church we met a lady whose name I can't recall, but who might as well have been an angel from heaven sent at the right moment of my mother's life. She recommended that my mother go to this clinic where excellent care was provided and everything was free for those who qualified. As it turns

out, my mother applied to the Good News Care Center in June 2008, was accepted quickly afterwards and was to have her first appointment that same week. She was a nervous wreck, and although it was painful for her to walk, she paced up and down the living room every day. She called the clinic every two hours to confirm and re-confirm her appointment, ride, and payment. Soon the day of her appointment arrived and my mother decided to go alone to spare everyone's emotions. If she was nervous then my father, my brother, my aunt and I were worse, and I actually believe we made it way worse for her, that's why she went alone.

That afternoon my aunt went to pick her up and the whole way home she tried to make my mother talk about the doctor's diagnosis. My mother was a quiet tomb and kept repeating over and over to all of us that we had to wait for the results. However, she had already heard the doctor's judgment on her state of health and out of that motherly love and instinct she assured us there was nothing wrong and that she would be fine. While she reported that to us with the most peaceful complexion and fooled us all, she was dying deep inside and planning her will. A year later my mother would tell me that in her will she stated that sole custody would be awarded

to my aunt, Eufemia, and that while my brother and I were under the age of 18 we were obligated to visit our grandmother in the summer and that everything we owned was to be sold to pay for her funeral, so my quince budget would remain untouched.

A week later my mother was told to come to the clinic immediately. She was accompanied by my aunt. It was now the end of June. My mother and my aunt returned with such swollen eyes and grieved, long faces that I immediately began to cry my heart out. I knew something was wrong and I felt I had to hug my mother and never let go. I ran up to her and held her for such a long time that my mother knew I understood what was happening. After a few hours of trying to calm me down and prying me from my mother I was told that my mother, the one person I truly trusted and loved dearly, my bickering buddy, my helper in getting approval from daddy to let me go out, was diagnosed with ovarian cancer.

My mother was prepared for the worst so she wasn't so shocked, but when the doctors told my aunt, the most hysterical person on this planet, she made my mother's concerns and fears increase. My mother said that with each day she saw her belly grow it was like seeing herself one step closer to

death. I felt my world fall into tiny pieces like a shattered mirror and I immediately canceled my quince. My mother repeated to me thousands of times that it was her wish that I go through with it but I couldn't. I could not try to have the "best" moment of my life on the "best" day of my life without my mother by my side; I wasn't strong enough to do that.

By July 2008, receipts were popping out of everywhere, things were being returned, orders were canceled, some things were given away and others destroyed. I went with my mother everywhere; I would not leave her side for one instant. I gave up whatever little social life I had; I just wanted to be with her and enjoy our last days together. The doctor at the Good News Care Center, though he never provided good news, told my mother her only option was a risky surgery from which she may not recover. He told her she would lose a lot of blood and people who have my mother's blood type are very hard to find, and she would need a lot of blood to have a good chance of surviving the operation. So we waited for the hospital to find enough blood donors for my mother and all the while she was at home, slowly dying before my very own eyes. Those are the days I truly try to forget; however, I have to admit that if it were not for this

unfortunate incident I would have never learned to appreciate life and the people in my life.

To carry on, it was now nearing Thanksgiving. I was sure not thankful; I kept saying, “How can we celebrate this day of joy and blessing when we have none?” I was the most affected by my mother’s condition. Everyone, including my mother, was excited, planning how many turkeys to buy and what to cook and who would pray. On that day, the biggest Thanksgiving dinner I ever saw was laid out on our table and I couldn’t believe there was so much variety with delicacies ranging from tamales, pozole, menudo, the giant turkey in the middle, mashed potatoes, black beans, three different kinds of rice, and cranberry sauce, to guacamole, capirotada, and more.

My excitement grew mostly because I was determined to make it the best last Thanksgiving for my mother. That day my mother, the last person I expected, prayed for the meal. I expected my aunt or my father to do it; never did I think that she would do it. There was my mother, giving thanks for all her blessings, which despite her illness were many. I was so surprised by her faith, love, and strength that I decided to be a bit more positive for everyone’s sake. It

so happens I was the least nervous the day of her operation but I am getting ahead of myself. That Thanksgiving dinner was the best meal I had eaten in months; I hadn’t been eating too well because I was so depressed about my mother. Finally, a few weeks later my mother was called back to the clinic. They had found enough blood donors and were ready to set up her surgery date.

Thank God my mother was able to see “her little girl” turn fifteen and although I wasn’t dressed in a big white and blue gown, surrounded by spotlights, gifts, friends, and relatives we were together, my mother and I, and that’s all that mattered. So my birthday and Christmas were celebrated in one day like always; my family never really liked doing something both the 24th & 25th so each year we rotated the dates. That year I got clothes and my Quinceañera necklace. My aunty decided to keep it and surprise me and although I was happy I cried because it just wasn’t the same. It hurt me to know that my mother could have seen me in my quince celebration and it was canceled for nothing, but I recognize now that I was super selfish to even think that. My mother’s surgery took place on January 2, 2009 at Miami’s Jackson Memorial Hospital. We helped

my mom pack some clothes, not knowing if she would even use them, and drove off. The preparation for surgery, procedures to insure a clean environment, the actual surgery, and the recovery phase took 11-12 hours, and for two teens that felt like forever. My father was being super negative saying she was going to die and I would be stuck with him; he was drunk. My brother was in his own world having mood swings. I was actually calm. I spent my time watching the cars and people through the window, went to eat at McDonalds twice, slept about two hours, and kept helping my aunt relax during her thousands of calls; she could not come to the hospital due to work so she kept calling every five minutes, literally.

At around 10 or 11 AM the doctor came to inform us the surgery had gone well but that my mother was not yet in recovery. The ovarian cancer consisted of a 19-inch tumor inside of our mother. I was scared but held myself together and kept a positive attitude. My mother opened her eyes three hours later and said she had a huge appetite. My brother and I went to buy her some food immediately and we were so happy to see her well. My aunt relaxed after I told her my mother was fine. The doctors said she survived the first step in the long process of curing cancer. She would

now have to go through chemo and radiation, but she was ready to face the challenge. That year was filled with appointments for chemotherapy, radiation, and visits with the gynecologist and her regular doctor. Through it all, my mother lost weight, her hair, and patience.

Though that was a very difficult time in my life, it changed me for the better. I appreciate my mother more and have more respect for her. I even admire my mother because she had the strength to go through all that and she is just such a great model of faith. My mother is still diabetic, which was probably one reason the doctors and my dad thought she would die in surgery. But she did not care and kept telling us all with such authority and faith that she would be fine. My mother surprises me daily because the challenges have not stopped for her, yet she maintains that same positive attitude and keeps her faith no matter what, and I truly believe I have one of the greatest moms ever.

-Diana Cruz



Twisted
Sandy Levi
Charcoal on Paper

My Future

Surprised at how life keeps changing around me,
new goals come and go.

I'm frozen and processing is this who I want to be;
looking at my frame I've decided what I want to do.

Inspiring and helping others is my main goal;

I can't imagine anything else more important.

To be loving and caring is my appeal, it's how people define me,
and it's pleasant.

Making a difference is tough, but I know I'm capable of doing so.

Being an influence is enough; it'll be admirable to be looked up to.

To teach is what I want to achieve; education is what I believe in.

-Kimberly Goorbarry

Being Grateful

Life locked up and depending on others;
wanting to be free and having adventure.
Imagination running wild like accomplishes,
a fantasy that will always torture.

Wanting to navigate the world, drive far away;
in doubt if it's the right thing to do
to take action and run away
free from this prison, thinking overdo.

By overthinking, reality hits hard
responsibilities that await you crave
continuing life as it is, moving forward.
Feeling grateful for what you have

loving those around you;
embracing what's in front of you.

-Kimberly Goorbarry



Mountain Cottage in Fifty Shades
Lauren Baker
Graphite on Paper



Lines in Nature
Sandy Levi
Ink on Paper



Heelers & Hens
Carlos Guadron
Pastel on Paper



Spotted Kitten
Christina Marling & Kristen Frollo-Klores
Ink on Paper

Written in Stone

I can't breathe when the earth stands still; everything around me is a big blur. The ground beneath me shakes out of fear. My mind becomes one with the ocean's powerful waves. As the wind blows I can hear

the souls that roam on the surface of the earth. Everyone's story is in each stone on the ground. Every scratch, scrape and burn is a story that has been forgotten. If you wait at the peak of sunset you can hear them tell their stories

as the colors of the sunset melts the sky's surface. As the hues meld, a blanket of silk darkness falls over the sky and little holes of heaven's light shines through the earth's black sky. The earth's waters' speak with the wind and allow its cool breeze to control their direction. With every thrust and every push the waves bow to their controller, with no will to speak.

As the wind continues to use its power to control the earth's surface, a spray of the ocean escapes from the wind and sneaks to the earth's edge leaving a mist of droplets on the grass. The mist continues to creep to land and becomes white, heavy and unable to breathe. The mist is damp on the ground and the leaves whisper with the wind as it carries the mist to the mountain tops. The wind knows no bounds when it comes to the heights of the mountains. The wind rushes down

the crevices, little bits are left to the mountain domain. The mountains are now the wind's master and chooses its path. Beyond the mountain's strong boldness, beneath its surface is a foundation that neither nature nor man can move. The mountains have taken back control, standing their ground to anyone who dares deny them of their right to stand strong.

The earth's valleys receive their greatness as the high peaks tower over them. The shadows of the mountains consume the valleys. Making the paths full of darkness as far as the eye can see. Even if you run, you can't escape its watchful eye over you. Its greatness is too strong to overcome. Not even a mere human can bring these pillars of rock down. You must be as great as the one that built this bold mass. Even the great god Zeus could not bring down this enormous piece of land that has been brought up in the earth's crust. Every

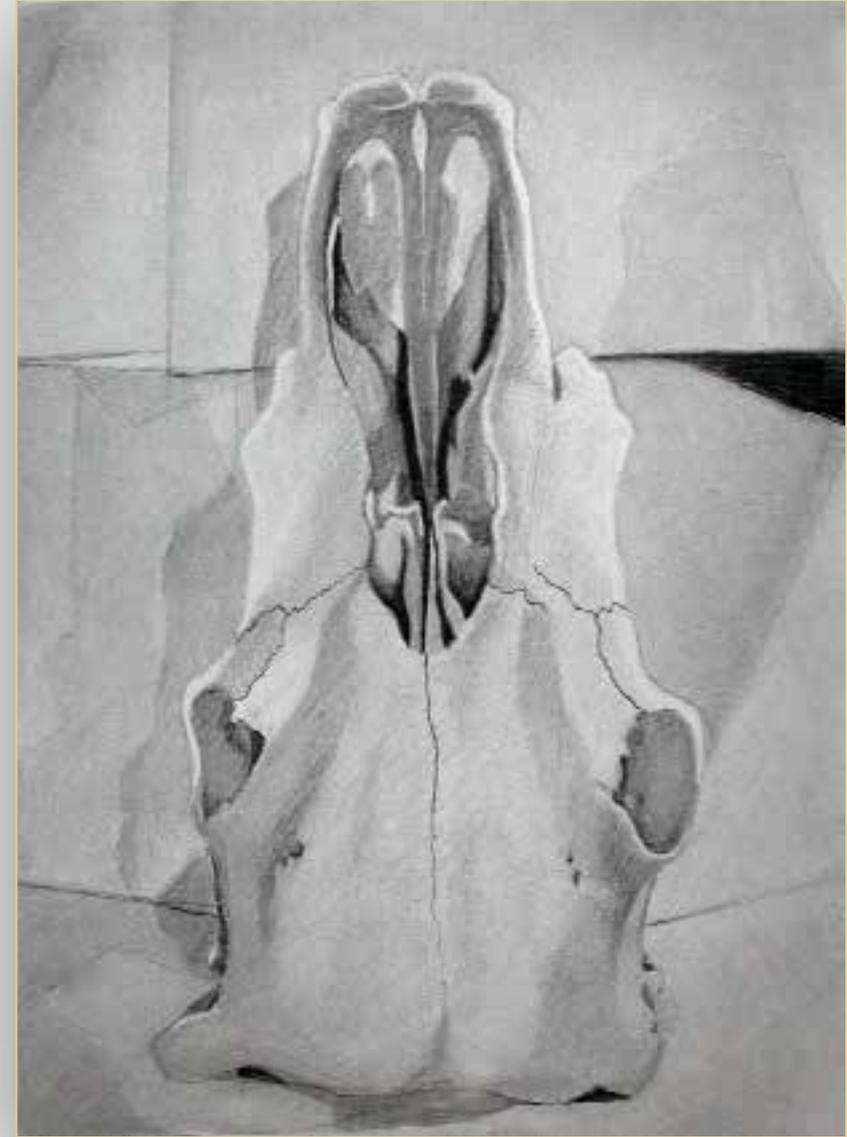
blow he may attempt to lash at with his bolts of electrifying thrusts has no effect on the earth's great skyscrapers. His powers over the gods of Greece are no greater than the mountains that lay still on the ground with firm steadiness. As mountains watch, they laugh at the humans that carry these burdens on their backs. Watching them sweat and scrape their mere human forms, to become great and powerful. But as long as these stones have been here, all they have seen is race after race destroying themselves bit by bit. With every dream and thought that brought them to greatness, they stumbled and fell straight to their graves where the mountains consumed them.

- Anonymous

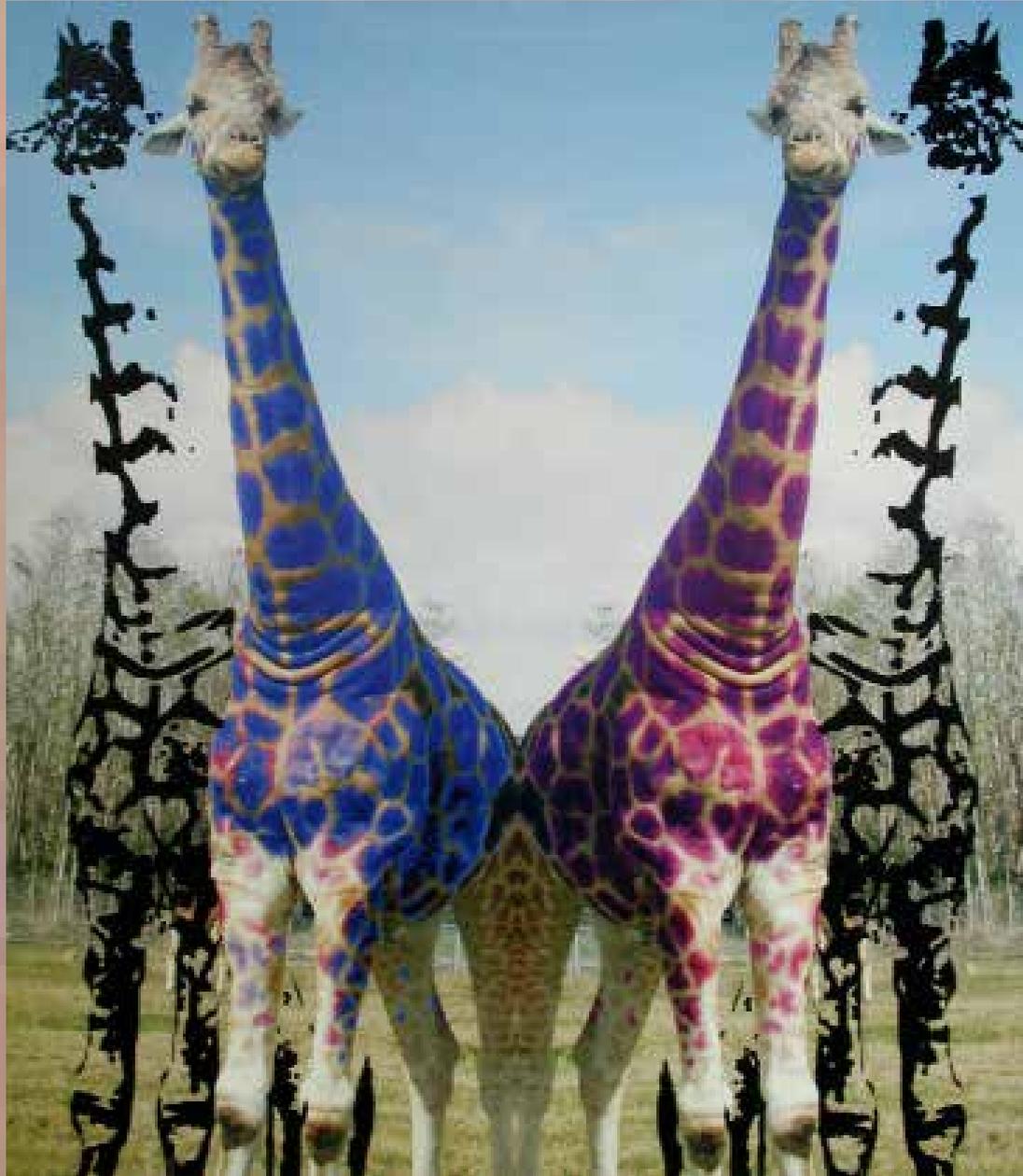
Silent Cry

A tragedy just occurred;
I do not believe it
I am dreaming, it is not real.
Holding the pain, tears come out
I am now imperfect; I lost a part of me.
It is night, everyone is asleep
I'm wide awake,
analyzing what just happened.
I realize my unfortunate event is real.
I tried not to cry,
but I did, all night.

-Kimberly Goorbarry



Memento Mori
Rebecca Schinella
Graphite on Paper



Reflections
Andres Bardales
Digital Art



Homage to Dali
Antonio Reyes
Acrylic on Canvas



Restored
Steven Ross
Watercolor & Pencil on Arches

Searching for the Sun

Turning a cheek to the whipping bite
of the sandy heat.
I close my eyes and turn from the whirling sand.
It's an endless mirage sea,
baked under the bright sun.
You can only hope that you will be saved by the stars.

Looking up all you can see is stars.
They have a glow and a fierce bite.
Their brother being the sun.
With their endless heat,
and just as limitless sea.
I wonder if they are as soft as sand.

At the deepest depths lies the softest sands,
dotted all along with their own stars.
They sleep at the bottom of the deep sea.
Many of its inhabitants sporting a fierce bite.
Cold and empty lacking all heat,
never to know the feel of the sun.

Why so far away sun?
Are you afraid you will burn me with the sand?
Or that you will fry me with your heat?
Is it true you are the brightest of stars?
If so I bet they hold you no malice or bite.
For you are in their home their sea.

In the Milky Way sea
there is only one Sun,
with its radiant glow and bite.
From the lush forest to the dry sand.
To the lowly depths to the high above stars.
From the blistering frost to the suffocating heat.

Even if we perish from the bite of heat.
Under the blanket of sand in the black sea.
There will always be the dying stars
even the dying sun.

- Mary Boza

What You Mean To Me

You ask me what
I love about you the most?
I'll give you my reply.
I love your eyes both
left and right and your nose
it fits you just right.
Your lips, don't get me started
they hold the voice
that speaks my name.
I love your shoulders 'cause
although they're fragile,
they support your precious brain,
which carries your lovely thoughts
that have my heart pumping a
thousand miles per second.
I love your arms although they're
not strong, you always hold me
tight within them.
Your chest I love the best
because it protects your heart
which I hold so close to mine.
I love your wrists, your palms,
and even your fingertips
because they fit so well
within my hands. And your waist,
ooh your waist, how it hypnotizes
but I dare not touch for fear of
losing my self.
And I adore your legs and feet
they make me say *un magnifique*.

You have me so sprung
I'm speaking in different tongues.
The best of the best gets
my heart jumping in my chest.
I like, no I adore, no I love,
damn that can't be,
for this part I treasure with my
mind, body, heart, and soul... it is
the way you act... and the way you
think...
It is your personality that makes
me love you so... every time I
hear your name it makes my hair
stand from head to toe.
You have become more than
just the woman I love.
You are my dark and light my
day and night... you're my fantasy
and my reality... so you ask me,
what about you, do I love the
most. Here is my reply... I love
everything about you the most...
and that I promise
is not a lie.

-Daniel Morell

United We Are

People as one
protecting their liberty,
out of many, one.

-Artisha Agent

Black Star
Andres Bardales
Paper & Enamel



Andres Bardales



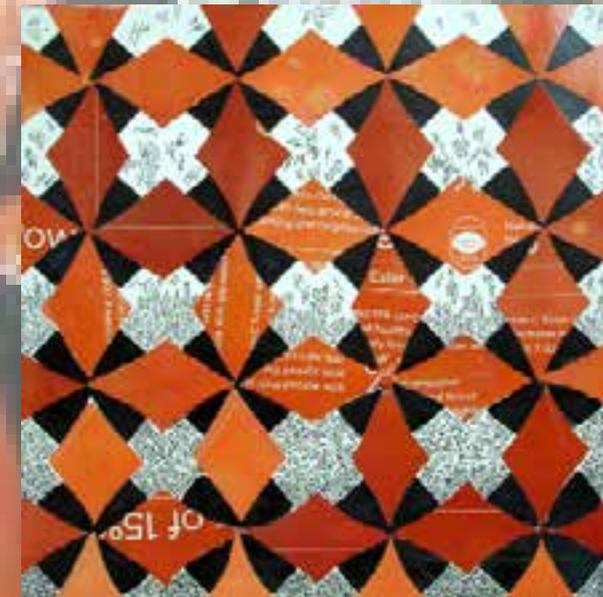
Downtown
Digital Photography



Sculptric
Paper & Enamel



Crystalline
Paper & Enamel



Patterning
Mixed Media



Autumn
Andre Bardarles
Paper and Acrylic Installation

Memories

Garden state where everything was colorful,
child with her father and a woman obtaining goods.
Plush toys are in sight, child grabs one and starts playing with it,
and does not want to let go. She wants it for her own,
she becomes fond of it. Disappointment and sadness comes,
but a surprise occurred and the toy was hers.

The toy has four legs, it is white with black spots,
and eyes black and golden brown that turn into solar eclipses.

Sun that would warm her heart; she knew it was a new
beginning with a new friend, but she knew that the moon
would come and that the warmth wouldn't last forever.

As she predicted the warmth was gone, the woman who
bought the plush toy is no longer in her father's life.

Her father was always ice cold, so she kept the toy to
remind her of the warm memories.

-Kimberly Goorbarry



Red Jumping Girl
Christina Jones
Pastel on Matte Board

Sky, the Limit

The hype and release,
the special moments.
When you're strapped
down pointing up,
but aimed toward the ground.
Contracting like a
bow with fire.
The rows of trees make way
to a candy brick tower;
your destination
maps itself,
you're stuck in
the middle, no more on earth than in sky.
Your distance
no flashing
to the mist,
flurries of strangeness
whitening around you,
the sun has a brighter glow.
You may feel the weight
of a cold eye;
an archer's gaze as he hides his face
to squint up at the clouds, following
your path, judging
how far you'll go before you fall, the
cabin tilts again
you peer down at the
ocean's oval frame.

-Artisha Agent

Beauty

Society always strikes down what is beauty,
some people take it seriously when they should not.
Everybody has a different concept of what is diversity,
but the majority always seems to rule the knot.

Should someone look a certain way
that's in the hands of the person, not others.

Everyone has their own opinion anyway,
if they're bad they shouldn't be said at all by these pushers.

Many people are affected by this,
I wish people could be more accepting of themselves;
because the truth is, beauty comes from within us,
not just from the outside of ourselves.

People can be spiteful;
but everyone is beautiful.

-Kimberly Goorbarry



Collage
Christina Jones
Mixed Media

F.A.T.E.

Fate is a four letter word
fate helps us understand
what we can change, and
accept what we can't change.

Fate is a four letter word
that gives us the courage,
to fight our battles, and to
overcome all obstacles in our way.

Fate is a four letter word
that helps shape the future,
through fate we have a purpose.

Fate is your mold and shape

Fate is a four letter word
Fate provides hope for
tomorrow fate allows,
us to press our way on.

-Shannon Rogers



The Face of Time
Shannon Rogers
Graphite & Ink on Paper



Crystal Delicacy
Maria Rivera
Watercolor on Bristol

Not Just Love

Arbitrary but definable, unobtainable, yet tangible and tactile. Chaste in essence.

Words could not denote. The beauty of a passionate soul. The diamond of all diamonds and the gold of all golds.

The one in all. The all in one, effervescent and divine in essence. The sentiment that thrives. It motivates and elicits drive.

We all have it, it shines out bright and brings delight. It is like finding light in an abysmal plight, not just love.

but agape.

-Marquise Fair



Untitled
Andres Bardales
Ink on Paper

Confrontation

We are attracted, captivated by someone

We work hard to bare ourselves;

For everyone to recognize our actions.

Eyes like a hawk,

we crave skin

wanting more.

Weakness that we cannot bear,

Mistakes are initiated.

Wishing things could be different,

We learn and improve for what's coming.

-Kimberly Goorbarry



Odeall
Watercolor on Paper



Ode to Freida
Watercolor on Stonehenge



Sublime
Water on Paper

*Itxenia
Cortez*

Love

Love came close,
Then left
Scarring my chest.
Love faded away without
a trace
Lost right before my eyes.

-Cassandra Jones



Lost Love
Lauren Baker
Pastel on Paper

Special Recognition

Dr. Jeanne F. Jacobs
President of Miami Dade College Homestead Campus

Dr. Jeffery Thomas
Dean of Academic and Student Affairs

Mr. Randall Kaufman
Chair of Humanities and Social Sciences



Miami Dade College Homestead Campus
500 College Terrace
Homestead, Florida 33030

The comments of this publication do not necessarily reflect the opinions of Miami Dade College.
The contents of Estuaries 2013 may in no way be reproduced without permission of the Miami Dade College Homestead Campus

Miami Dade College District Board of Trustees

Ms. Helen Aguirre Ferré, Chair
Mr. Armando J. Bucelo Jr., Esq., Vice-Chair
Ms. Marili L. Cancio, Esq.
Mr. Jose K. Fuentes
Mr. Benjamin León III
Mr. Armando J. Olivera
Ms. Marielena Villamil

Dr. Eduardo J. Padrón, President, Miami Dade College

Miami Dade College is an equal access/opportunity institution in compliance with ADA and does not discriminate because of veteran, marital, or disability status or on the basis of age, sex, race, national origin or religion
Contact the Office of Director, Equal opportunity Programs/ADA Coordinator, at 305-237-2577 for assistance