
MIAMBIANCE

A MAGAZINE OF ARTS & LITERATURE

• VOLUME XXVI • 2016 •



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A Magazine of Arts and Literature

Volume XXVI

2016



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



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Editors Note

March 31st 2016—Miami

Like most iconic cities, Miami has been lazily stereotyped and consequently defined. Like most of these summations, they are made by the uninitiated.

Miami is more than Botox and mojitos; it's a world of complex emotions and stubborn old roots. But saying that Miami is "different" would be lazy writing. It'd be like serving a plate of arroz con frijoles negros without platanos maduros. Five years ago I didn't understand 40% of those words, and now, like the people I've met here, I can't live without them.

This volume of *Miambiance* attempts to foil the typecast characters of South Florida by showcasing its aesthetic diversity and highlighting the lives of her global inhabitants. Our editorial staff set out to tell these stories via the multifaceted theme of travel, and to a greater extent, the ambiguousness of change.

We invite you to Mexico, where Michael D. Olivera imbeds with indigenous cultures and uses his brand of visual art to tell their stories. Travel with us to present day Venezuela, where a UNESCO intangible heritage event is told through the lens of Luisana Zambrano Diaz. Take a moment to flip through our travel log, where homesick and homegrown inspiration can be *Lost and Found*. Experience Cuban heritage through the poetry of Sonora Hospital Medina; and finally, listen to Miami's own SunGhosts, as they weave along a never-ending coast on *Sounds of Miambiance* 26.

On behalf of the current staff, and the previous 25, thank you for supporting the next generation of artists.

Editor-in-Chief,
Jason G. Fontana



Special Thanks To:

Alexander Piñeros, Andrea Camaliche, Bonnie Seeman, Carolina Hospital, Christine Llorente, Cynthia Vaisman, David Duran, David Schroeder, Deja James, Duane Summers, Janet Mira, Javier Rodriguez, Jeanette Albert, Jessica Rodriguez, Joella Vargas, John Frazier, Julie Wyatt, Manny Duasso, Marc Magellan, Nan Kreitner, Patsy Dyer, Richard Rose, Ronny Roman, Sharokina De Mirza, Tajah Modeste

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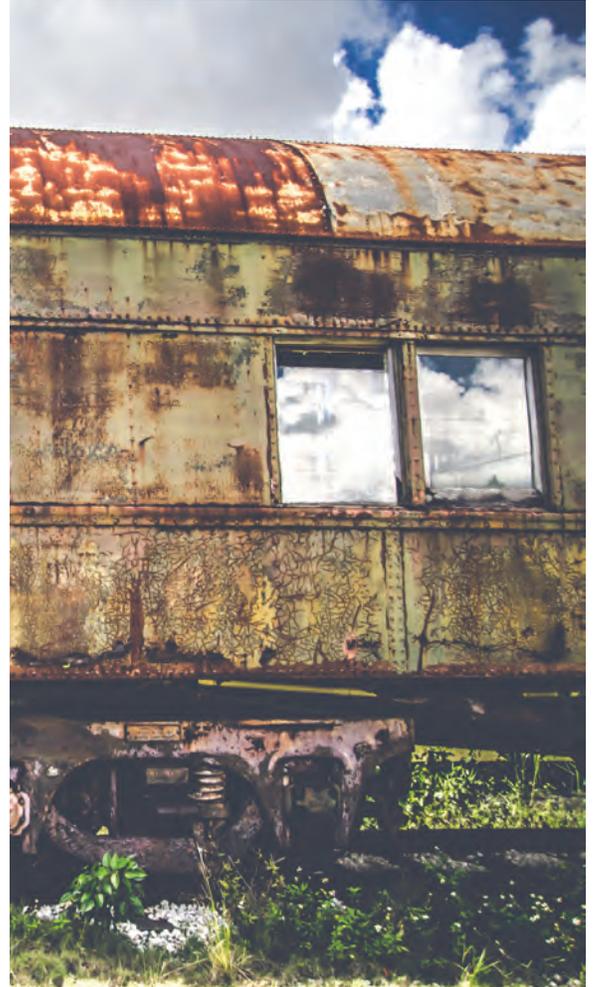
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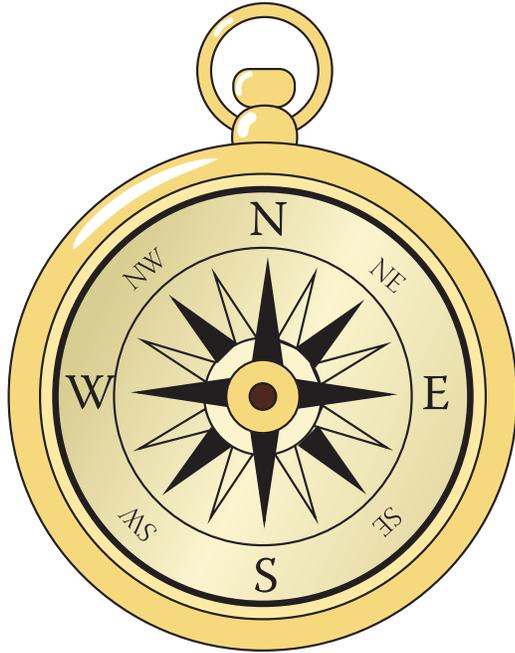
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About the Cover.

A whim trip to the Gold Coast Railroad Museum yielded much more than thematic inspiration. The hulking behemoths of trade and travel produced this stunning cover, along with a multi-page artist's profile for student photographer Philip Talleyrand. These particular photos were split in half and digitally manipulated by our student designer Alison-Juliette Dunn.



The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

—Robert Frost



Superman

GABRIELLA CHEBLI



Daisy caught fireflies in the cup of her hands at nine. The freshly mown grass stuck to the soles of her feet, roping her to the ground with summerly familiarity.

Benny caught fireflies until the sun set. Darkness was too enticing a world to give up. He ran through the field, leaping over Daisy's forgotten shoes, with his arms outstretched. A sheet tied around his neck flapped like a bleached flame. He was superman. He was going to save the world. He could see in the dark. His toes stubbed rocks and tree stumps, but they were just moving caterpillars, he'd say. Bigger than an elephant, stupider than an earthworm, impossible to dodge.

Daisy loved the full moon. It lit her eyes a path to the fireflies' antennas and needle-width legs. She liked seeing them for what they were: bugs, not just flying pixie dust.

"It's a full moon," she said. Her face glowed with the moon's soft footprints.

"That thing?" Benny scratched his head. "Why that's just a hole in the sky."

"You have no sense of beauty," Daisy said.

"I do, too." Benny wrapped himself tightly in his cape. "Holes are more fun to jump through than a cheesy moon."

Summer's breath swept in like a drunken man's. It smelt stale with its trite promise of rain. Swollen drops fell and burst against Benny's cape—a makeshift tent that hid two young heads.

Daisy watched Benny. His arms stretched high like metal tent-poles. Their breaths

collected into a catastrophe of stench. You didn't brush your teeth in the mornings at nine years old. She fingered a hole in the armpit of his sweater.

"The elephant-sized caterpillars ate it. Otherwise, it's brand new," Benny said. His eyes were on his roof. The pitters and patters were gaining momentum.

Something rumbled, but it wasn't the sky. "Did you eat dinner?" Daisy asked.

"Ketchup and a hotdog bun."

"That's all?"

"You leave tomorrow?" Benny had had enough questions.

Daisy nodded.

"I hope the sky doesn't eat you." Benny's legs grew goosebumps like multiplying bunnies. He was a thin boy, not frail, but his knees and elbows were points.

"Lightning ripped the sky in half, but the sky was self-mending."

"I'll be in a plane, silly, and the sky can't eat anything."

"Are you stealing summer, too?"

"No one can steal summer. The earth rotates around the sun."

Benny shrugged. Logic was no fun.

Thunder tiptoed in, but then it must have

hit the side of a wooden dresser up in the rooms above, for it yowled in pain. Benny ripped the sheet off of them. The rain quickly pasted his hair to the sides of his face.

“What are you scared of?” Daisy asked. Thunder didn’t frighten her. It was all a show. Lightning ripped the sky in half, but the sky was self-mending, sewing its wound away.

“The man above.” Benny spoke through clenched teeth, refusing to let them chatter. His cape was a saturated ball of fabric, knotted in his arms. “He must be a king or something, to sound so mighty.”

“Zeus isn’t real, Benny. It’s just the weather.”

“Says you, who thinks the moon is just a moon.” Benny turned around and ran into the night. No goodbye.

“Eat well!” Daisy called after him. She sat back on the grass and stared at Benny’s stick form running away, a freed scarecrow, but not all scarecrows were meant to be free. His head bobbed, full of illusions that she could see through.



Daisy caught fireflies in the cup of her hands at twelve. She held them close to her face, and their light graced her cheeks with a buttery glow. Benny lay on his back, reading a superman comic, pretending to fly. Pretending to be a hero.

“Why do you love those things so much?” Benny peered at Daisy. He stretched and his jeans turned into capris; they didn’t need much help.

“You’re just jealous of them. They can fly, and you can’t.”

Benny rolled his eyes, but he couldn’t deny the kindling of jealousy extending to his fingertips.

The sun was pulled down beneath the trees, stowing away her light. Benny sighed, setting his comic down. He knew asking the sun to stay longer would be a greedy request, even though reading in the dark was like stargazing on a sunny day.

“I have a jar,” he said.

“For what?”

“The fireflies, to protect them from the rain.”

The evening was spent chasing down nature’s bulbs of light. The moon, a sliver. Silhouettes, dead. Mirth burned inside the two children like gasoline in an internal combustion engine. It fueled their giggles, their grins, the pattering of their feet against the moist grass.

Heaving, Benny dropped to the ground. He clutched his stomach, gasping for air.

“You should get your wheezing checked out.” Daisy knelt beside him. She placed the jar of fireflies between them. “It’s not normal for twelve year olds to wheeze like old men.”

“I’m fine,” Benny said. How could he tell her that doctors were too expensive? She wore braces, and her teeth had hardly been crooked.

They lay with their chins level to the ground, peering at each other through the glass jar. Benny had never noticed the freckles on Daisy’s nose. They were soft, not like the burs that stuck to his socks, but like the fuzzy grass seeds that found homes in the crannies of his pant legs.

“To think,” Benny began, “fireflies could never collect this much light without my jar. I’m bringing life to the night.”

“Um hmm.”

“What if I invented the first nighttime window?” Benny sat up. He held his superman comic between tight fists, staring at the cartoon man with the jutting chin.

“There are lanterns, you know.”

“Oh.” He dropped the comic.

Benny rolled to his back. He looked for the stars, but clouds blotted them out. Clouds are not my friends, he thought.

He awoke to a probing at his shoulder.

“They’re distressed.” Daisy’s eyes screamed. Her voice was quiet. Something about night called for whispers. “I thought they were dancing, but they’re struggling.” Daisy twisted

the cap off, and Benny watched his bright idea disperse in panic. The night was dark. Again.

Daisy didn't say anything, but Benny felt her eyes dig into his face like a two handed sword. Long enough to penetrate his chest six times. Heavy enough to squeeze out every ounce of victory in his life. He was weak. He was hugging the ground with the side of his face.

"You need to go and sleep soundly," Daisy said.



Daisy caught fireflies in the cup of her hands at fifteen. She held them closely to her face, wondering what went on in their pinprick-sized brains. What was the world like, when a single gust of wind was your tsunami?

"They're not going to talk back," Benny said. He lay on the brown grass of their field. It had been a dry summer.

Daisy paid him no mind. Benny was different this summer, quieter, mellow. His dirt brown hair hit his shoulders, frayed at the tips. His chest was nearly sunken in—puberty's effects.

Fireflies nestled in the creases of Daisy's fingers. She shooed them away, when she noticed Benny lying on the grass with closed eyes. She lay down next to him, nudging his rib cage gently with her elbow.

"Don't fall asleep now. It's the last night of summer, my last day here."

"Um, hmm." Benny wasn't asleep. He was regaining his rhythm with the crickets' chirps. Once Daisy returned home, the crickets became his friends in his town that was filled with tin cans and rats.

"The Big Dipper." Benny pointed upwards. The night was cloudless. Benny yearned to climb the air like a ladder and sit on the moon's tip, but he couldn't find the invisible ladder rungs. And the moon would probably prank him with a wedgie anyway.

"It's nice," Daisy said.

"You like it?" Benny turned on his side to face her. "I'll get it for you, if you want."

"You can't get the Big Dipper, Benny."

"I can. I will."

"Do you want me to point out other constellations? I took a class." Daisy said, shifting the conversation.

"I can make my own constellations." Benny spent the next twenty minutes pointing out Marcus (the garbage man), Francy (the skinny cheerleader), and Dave (the traffic cone).

"How is Dave?" Daisy asked. Dave was Benny's older brother.

"He joined the army. Gave me this." Benny pulled a metal flask from his back pocket. It had a superman sticker on one side and a red cross on the other. He took a long swallow. His Adam's apple bobbed in delight. "Try some."

"Is it safe?" Daisy sniffed the opening. "It smells like something that should be in a doctor's office to clean a wound."

"It's kinda like that. It'll clean any wounds you have up there or in here." Benny pointed to Daisy's head, to her heart. Her laugh stained his face red, like superman's cape.

She took a drink, and her throat grew parched. She took another drink, thinking it would ease the burn, like drinking milk after eating wasabi. The burn disappeared, leaving a warm breath in the back of her throat.

Benny grabbed her hand and pulled her from the ground. Together they ran through their field, leaping, flying, listening to the dead grass moan in thirsty agony.

Daisy saw the world through Benny's eyes. The moon made small talk with her, asking about the air down on Earth, but she much preferred to speak with the cherry trees. Each one had a different preference when it came to wind. Some preferred the strong gusts, others the light breezes that visited in the mornings. The tallest one liked the breeze from Daisy's whispers. She spoke to it about the fireflies as Benny climbed to the top, snatching the stars from the sky and stowing them in his back pockets.

"I got you the spoon from the sky."

"You can't pull the stars from the sky."

Daisy stepped back from the cherry tree.

“But I did. It’s my love for you.” Benny smiled. “As friends of course.” He grabbed Daisy’s hand and uncurled her fingers, dropping the stars into them. “They’ll absorb into your bloodstream. Feel their sparkle.” Benny leaned closer. Daisy smelled of vanilla. The smell was too sweet and burned his nose, so he pulled back.

Daisy stared at the tree. Its whispers to her ceased. Its smile was lost in the tangled branches. A fantasy world was fun to leap through, but it was no home for her. “I have to go. My plane leaves early.”

Benny stood. His arms hung limply at his sides, a wingless sparrow. “I didn’t want to scare you off.”

“You didn’t, Benny.” She stepped near and hugged him, pecking his cheek. “Your imagination is just too much for me. I’ll see you next summer. Drink that stuff in moderation. You don’t need it.”

Daisy turned around and walked away, a bit lopsided but with a straight head.

Benny climbed back up the cherry tree. He reached for the stars, but they wouldn’t fall into his open palm. Clouds trickled in, lugging their thunder close behind them. Benny didn’t flinch when the sky screamed. He knew Zeus was a myth.



Daisy caught fireflies in the cup of her hand at eighteen. She did it out of habit, not out of lust for their glow.

“Your hair looks ridiculous.” Her arms folded across her chest.

“Protocol,” Benny said. He brushed his hair, or lack of it. The last wisps were like the bristles of an elephant caterpillar, begging to draw blood but lacking sharp points.

“You’re really going to join the army?”

Benny shrugged. He had enlisted. It was what all of the boys in his town did. There weren’t enough jobs—talking to the moon wasn’t one.

“But you’re so smart.” Daisy knew it was too late for him to change his mind. It would be like changing the tide.

“No one needs a cricket interpreter.” Fantasy wasn’t a life to lead. He learned this three years prior, on the night Zeus cried, and he didn’t sympathize.

Daisy looked down at her Princeton t-shirt. She looked over at Benny’s army t-shirt. “Go be Superman.”

“I can’t save the world,” Benny said.

“I know.”



THE WITCH

in the

WOODS

JANE VIGIL-ARRINDLL



When I was in elementary school, there was nothing I looked forward to more than summer vacation. Every year, my brother and I would be whisked away from Miami to Palenque, Dominican Republic. A place deemed unexceptional in the eyes of spoiled city folk. Technology was poor quality or nonexistent, children ran half-naked through the dirt roads of the run down neighborhoods, and in the eyes of visitors, there was never anything to do. Only those young enough—in body or in spirit—could see the wealth of imagination that was bursting like a thousand incandescent fireworks in a starless night sky. All it took was reaching out,

and creative ingenuity—a thing of so little value nowadays. It was a place where you could speak your mind, where distant relatives were close-knit and everyone was family. But to a child with a tendency to daydream, there were never enough hours in the day.

“It was magical yet ominous.”

There were many places to run off to—a cousin’s family shop, the buzzing marketplace across the river, or a sprawling

farm raising gargantuan horses. My favorite getaway, however, was the abandoned stone house in the recesses of the bordering woods. My cousins told me stories of the witch in the woods, of the house that she lived in and the children she snatched when they wandered too close. Naturally, it didn’t take long for my cousins to lead the way; I imagine they took me there to scare me. But when the house came into view, it was magical yet ominous. The sunlight filtering through the dense canopy of trees bathed the world around us in an ethereal green hue. Through the sporadic shafts of sunlight, multicolored dust motes drifted along the wind with the



vibrant leaves. And the cacophony of nature with its whispers, scampers and trills enthralled me. But nothing was nearly as fascinating as the dilapidated house, with its crawling vines, colony of lizards, and the darkness looming in the open doorway. It was menacing and inviting all at once.

With gooseflesh prickling along my arms, I could envision my cousins' stories coming to life in my mind's eye. Everything was clear—the witch's weathered face, her dark skin, ragged clothes, bare filthy feet, with thick tresses tumbling down her back. We threw rocks at the walls of the house, forcing lizards to scatter as we taunted the witch. We never

really believed the stories, but as we approached the doorway, our confidence waned. The wind, which had been blowing gently, suddenly became violent, exposing tufts of long blonde hair stuck in the overgrowth. The rattling branches couldn't suppress the sounds of our screams as we ran. We jumped over uprooted trees as they grabbed for our toes, crashed against prickly bark and tripped over rough stones while struggling to escape the imagined clutches of the witch. By the time we reached civilization, we were all out of breath, sweating, and exhilarated. Afterwards, once our chins dripped with the juices of ripe mangos, we told our story to

anyone who would listen, often talking over one another in the thrill of the memory.

When I returned to Miami, and reality, I realized our imagination would never be enticed as it had been in the woods of the Dominican Republic. The modern technology and the impersonal feel of city life bored me. I longed for the united neighborhood of relatives, the scents of earth and ocean, and most of all, the freedom of a place unburdened with the invisible limitations of life in the city.

FERA DOMUM

GILDA JNOFINN



The hawk, she cries as she draws near,
Wings spread,
At the peak of Parent Morne.
Hand-painted clays of yellow and black,
Jutting, climbing,
Some bright.
Felled trees and new shoots
Crown the pounding water.
Boulders are scattered,
Impossible to hide.
Parent Morne calls all and any creature.
Every day the water falls
Into new mist.
All treetops stretch to catch
The first sunrise and last sunset.
The bullet-like fish race up stream.
Every valley is graced with weeds
And mountain caves
Filled with pride.
From the high birds to the low fountains,
All are aware of what it takes
To be children of the mountain.





Collusion

DARREN ELLSWORTH



She held my hopes in her hand – and
Skipping
She led me down a cold – damp
Alley.

Her sundress shone of moonlight
Features – chiseled tungsten
glowing.

She giggled and mused
at each break
of tension
each surface ripple – Wishing to scatter
The light of street lamps
into each dark corner –
To paint the alley
in pale yellow ripples
And claim it forever as her land of dreams

I knew it was wrong to spin her
To smile back
To press in for the kiss that would give her
the light show
She sought refuge in.

It's not that I didn't like her
As radiant as she was bright
high voltage, low maintenance
It's... for her it was always spring

And I
already late into summer
Have yet to thaw

That night I got into her car for the first time
And saw
a charming mountain range
Cut from the dust
On the windshield
Above her dashboard

I asked her if she wanted me
To take cloth to the clouded glass
To wipe the crust from her eyes each morning
before
She said it's alright
She liked living in a world of feathered edges
webs of stray pinstripes
Like the lit interior of a cracking illusion

I should have been shot
For shouting I love you
Across so great a distance

Michael D. Olivera

A Miami Native modern art and mixed media artist, Michael trained under the renowned artist and sculptor Puchi Noriega of Peru. During his early years, he was inspired by culture, art, and the ability to express the emotion and drama of history through color variation



He has exhibited his work at Lucid Art Gallery, Miami Bliss Festival and Art and Letters at Miami-Dade College. Michael was commissioned for two paintings for the Police Officer Assistance Trust to be auctioned at the Law Enforcement Gala to benefit the families of fallen officers. Michael is currently a member Visual Art Student Organization (V.A.S.O.) and his art work is in many private residences throughout Miami-Dade County.



Michael received the Eagle Scout Award and The Green Knight Award for services to the community. He is in the process of achieving his Associates in Art by May of 2017 and plans to further his education with a Masters in Art Education and Art History.





Lady (Day of the Dead Series) • Mixed Media • 42" x 24"









PHANTASMAGORIA

KEITH JOHNSON



I can never tell if these are tears of heartache or just from the pounding migraines. Every night I meet you in a memory or a nightmare and I revel in the heartache. “Do not take medication with alcohol,” the prescription reads. I’d rather not wake up at all. Tonight, I will dream of peace. Hours pass. My absent glare lingers on my only finished painting, completely numb, hopelessly awaiting my last breath. The only company I’ve had in months lands a gentle pat on my neck, and crawls into the placid dark of the night after departing her web. The drugs rebound, my perception warps into confusion. Sensations overcome my body as the spider’s poison discharges through my blood. My body rises like a puppet and drops

from the couch. The walls begin to careen like drunken dancers. I shiver as the cold wood

*“The walls
begin to careen
like drunken
dancers.”*

floor bends in waves. All of my paintings are ugly depictions of you. They move, shriek, and whisper in unison like a council of trees. Dragging myself down the arching hall of unfinished portraits, I enter the monochrome kitchen. I sling my left arm onto the obsidian countertop and stare out the blurry windows blasting polychromatic light. The venom curving

through my veins is strong, but sadly, I’m stronger. The glowing blade in my hand is silver, mirror like, sharp and reflects everything but its wielder. I lift it and dip into my flesh with the apathy of an executioner. Blood empties from my shoulder, all the colors of the rainbow.

“You missed your heart, you coward,” I laugh, coughing gore. Linger not on the blooming gash in my skin, I stumble about my murky household to find a place to lament. Beams of radiant hues from the veranda inspire me. I climb atop the flimsy balcony wall and spread my arms wide. Each rain droplet is a different tone lightly coming down in sheets. The lights meddling about the incandescence of the city are entrancing. There are no stars out tonight, but one.

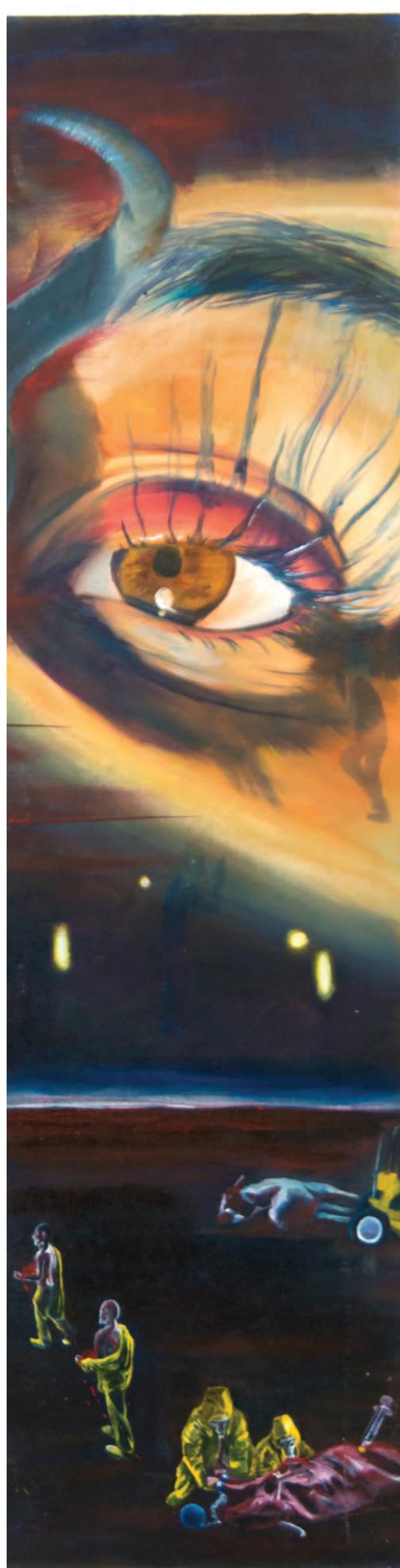
You move and moonlight follows, my eyes glide with your every stride. This sight of you is dizzying. My feet slip; I may be cured after all. The fall is stunning; shapes and sounds take the place of wind and colors as I plummet. The sidewalk shatters and the dust settles.

As if a meteorite of inconceivable durability, I am unbroken. Bioluminescent pedestrians forge a path round me like demons around a holy ground. Just across the intersection she stood there, dark hair flailing in the breeze, eyes like skies and pale hands clutching a broken umbrella. I glare at you with laziness over white bones, black blood and

shimmering dust particles. I rose, stumbling, from the rubble of the pavement. Cars glide by, head and taillights lag and jet by in colors no pallet could define. I stand in the center of traffic, being circled like a kaleidoscopic vortex. The first vehicle sends my slumped body farther from my destination, so goes the second, and the third. I shout into the whirling night sky when the last car hits its mark, hurling me to my desired location, directly beneath your feet. "Look at the bones showing through my skin, the heart I no longer need, the black hole where you left me, and undertake my pain!" I babble selfishly. Fluorescent lights and

clamoring sounds of the street decelerate in unison when it is spoken: "I will always love you." At this point I can't recall from moments ago who said it, but I do know that the person on the receiving end knows the statement to be true. My arms and legs lied flat against the concrete, your blurry figure contrasted against the black sky like a brilliant star. Your head dipped low, street lamps threw a medley of light beneath your hair revealing your freckled face. I met your glance before my last seconds. I could never tell if those were tears of heartache or just the rain.





22 | Miambiance Jacqueline Renaud • *Contemplating the Root of All Evil* • Oil on Canvas on Board • 44" x 12" each

Five Stars On Yelp

NASHA HASHEMI



there's a rope hanging over me.
it's refreshing
to not be connected to it.

light bulbs on the verge of dying out,
but i can handle the darkness.

for a while.

the structure isn't stable,
the windows are cracked,
the furniture is rotting,
the ceiling fan lacks blades,
and there's a constant tap on the other side of the
door.

the walls covered in writing,
in pictures, memories, maybe.

eventually just debris,
casually circling around
the room, me, us.

but more or less,
just me.

and the darkness becomes final.
the darkness covers me.

it was all wrecked.

i never left.

Monday Morning

MARIA VICTORIA BIANCARDI



Braved the heat,
flush with coffee,
four minutes late to class.
took the bus,
dozed off—missed my stop.

Meanwhile, tofu,
four months overdue,
sleeps like antebellum mold,
at home in a refrigerator nook.

As I run,
my shoelace slaps the ground—
body roasting at the stop light.
Meanwhile, tofu,
expired pink like the gum on my sole.

The lights change.
I tear past buildings,
flouting students,
forehead glinting,
glasses fogging.

Still, tofu
like the sweat on my back.
A spot on my back.

Until I find the door,
and push.







For Father's Hands

JASON G. FONTANA



Josef's hands lay idle. Halted somewhere between their prime and failure. Those hands had crafted this very room from foundation, to frame, to finish. In fact, they had built much of Berchtesgaden. Nearly every family living within sight of the Obersalzberg had called upon his craftsmanship. Now they had come to pay their respects to his widow and his son Karl.

Due to the burns, Karl's father was covered from the chest up by the top-half of the coffin. A photograph of a handsome young Austrian was balanced where his face would be. His hands were clad in a stranger's gloves, but the suit of clothes were his. His feet were shod in riding boots.

Everyone had looked upon the half-closed coffin with the same apprehension. How could a man so well versed in the trades have died from a fire in his own workshop? There were of course no answers—or audible questions for that matter. In the day's particular climate; a question posed, reaped two in return.

There was no service to be held, only revelry, which was beginning soon. The last of the villagers left with his mother. He watched them shuffle past the double doors and in to the Bavarian landscape.

He and his father were alone, like the hundreds of nights they worked silently in the shop. Karl appraised the carefully polished box. It was beautiful Swiss pine; a wind-fall from the remodeling of the Berghof, the

Fuhrer's mountain-top retreat. He removed the photograph and opened the top half of the coffin. Whether from the sight or the smell he could never remember, but his molars dug instinctively into the flesh of his cheeks. He tasted iron. After three harsh breaths, Karl mastered himself, swallowed, and spoke his farewell. He then shut both lids and walked outside. He looked around ruefully; Fritz had promised he would be here.



Fritz rattled helplessly in the BMW R75's sidecar. It was a preproduction model that was sent to the Leibstandarte SS for testing; he was not enjoying himself. Yet, every time his commanding officer looked down, Fritz grit his clattering teeth and nodded curtly.

It had been years since he'd seen this side of the Obersalzberg. He'd completed his training in the Hitler youth at the end of '36 and took a job helping Karl's father, whom Fritz loved as his own. But after the Anschluss in '38 united Austria with Germany, he promptly signed up for the Wehrmacht's infantry division.

Karl had called him, "the pride of Berchtesgaden."

That was the last time he'd been home. In September of '39 he helped invade Poland and had fought well. So well that he was invited to train for the Leibstandarte SS, the division responsible for Hitler's personal protection.

Now he was headed home. Not only for Josef's funeral, but for reassignment. As fate

would have it, he received orders to transfer back to Berchtesgaden for Hitler's impending holiday. Fritz had expected this to happen. The Luftwaffe had performed so horribly over England that operation *Sealion* was shelved. There was to be no British landfall this year. While the rest of his division headed off to Bulgaria, Fritz went home. Hauptsturmfuhrer Loder was aware that Fritz knew the Berghof intimately. He'd spent a year helping Josef and Karl complete the remodeling.

As a result, Loder brought him to acclimate the other SS to alpine customs. At the rate they were moving, Fritz had a good chance of making the wake. Once in town he had to report to Loder, then he was free for two days.

“The envelope looked worse for the wear. Its corners were curved under, and the paper had yellowed from time and tobacco.”

They pulled up to the police station house that doubled as the SS office space. Loder's second floor lights were the only things visible beyond the walls.

Fritz told the Scharfuhrer that he would let Loder know they had both arrived.

Once inside, Fritz fumbled for the switch, but was halted by a voice.

“Leave it off.” Loder whispered. The pitch was shrill even at the low volume.

“Hauptsturmfuhrer?”

“Were you expecting someone else?”

Fritz still hadn't gotten used to the SS tradition of every question being an accusation.

“No Hauptsturmfuhrer! I only questioned if.”

“Questioned what, Mueller? Me? Are you questioning me?”

“No sir! I.”

“Relax Fritz.”

“Yes sir.” Fritz's heart slammed into his esophagus, but he didn't pant. Being winded is a pronounced sign of weakness.

“Leave the lights off and follow me.”

Fritz scanned the darkened room and picked up Loder's gait. They headed to the far end of the station house. Loder motioned for Fritz to peer through a small window next to a door.

“What do you see?”

Fritz looked out upon a magnificently lit biergarten. One he had the pleasure of frequenting in his youth.

“A biergarten sir.”

“What else? What of the people? Is that not the family of your friends, Josef and Karl Zimmer?”

Fritz squinted and saw Karl. He was inebriated. “Yes sir, this is the Zimmer family. I should be there now.”

“Oh in a minute, Mueller. Just a few more questions. Do you know the family well?”

“Yes Hauptsturmfuhrer, like my own family.”

“Do you know them as well as your Wehrmacht brethren? Or as well as your Fuhrer?”

Fritz's heart now redlined against his chest. “I do not follow Hauptsturmfuhrer.”

Loder stopped short of answering, but his eyes told Fritz that he'd be following soon enough.



Karl gazed sideways at a stone jar of mustard, the lid was off and a silver knife stood erect in its center. It reminded him of Excalibur.

He tried to lift his head to no avail. Then with a grunt, he pried it off the table. A bowl of honey lay on its side, the contents had lurched over to his face sometime in the night. In front

of him was a tray of beer. He picked the one most full and drained it.

He could see the back of the station house and wondered if Fritz had ever come. He had no recollection of the previous night, save the final goodbye.

By the amount of light shining through the window, Karl hoped that his father now rested in an unmarked grave, as was the tradition. He rose gingerly and stumbled to the door. Once outside he walked the short distance into the building annexed for death. Inside, the box was still there.

“Damnit.”

At first, Karl didn’t see the old man leaning in the far corner of the room. The man was thin as a reed; his gaunt cheeks hidden behind an upturned collar.

“Who are you? Do I know you?”

“No.” the old man’s voice was deep and powerful like an oak tree, rather than a reed.

“Why are you here? Have we taken up space too long?”

“No. It’s not that. I came to pay my respects to Josef, and to meet you. My name is Erik Pehrlman.”

“Were you a friend of my father’s?”

“A very old friend indeed. We haven’t seen each other much since 1922, but that is all extraneous now. I am here to say goodbye, and deliver this letter to you. Your father sent it to me some years ago with the wish that it be passed along to you in the event of his death. I do not know what it contains, I have never opened it.”

The envelope looked worse for the wear. Its corners were curved under, and the paper had yellowed from time and tobacco.

“Put it away, and keep the contents to yourself. Your father wanted it this way.”

Karl surveyed the man through an apprehensive hangover. Who was this friend of my father patronizing me with obvious advice?

Just then there was a soft crush of gravel outside. Karl tucked the letter in his coat pocket.

Hauptsturmfuhrer Loder exploded into the drowsily lit room just as Karl was removing his hand from his jacket.

“Ah Herr Zimmer, so nice to see you again!”

“And you Hauptsturmfuhrer.”

“I am deeply saddened by your father’s death. They say that being taken by fire is an Aryan honor! You, of course, can feel his pride emanating still.”

Loder was right. Karl’s father had been the definition of a good Aryan. Austrian like Hitler; strapping and blonde like Goebbels’ posters. His heart was in it too, none of the rumors emanating from the east bothered him much, if at all.

Karl suddenly remembered that Pehrlman had been in the corner of the room, but had since vanished. He wondered if Loder saw him.

“Herr Zimmer?”

“Oh, yes. My mother and I are proud that he could serve the Reich.”

“These sentiments have been echoed by our newest Scharfuhrer, Herr Mueller.” Loder said these words like he could taste them, and Karl found them odd.

“He sends his regrets, but the Fuhrers’ pending visit has stolen his availability. I’m sure you’ll be seeing him soon however.”

They traded salutes and left shortly after. Pehrlman was nowhere to be seen.



Karl had been sitting in his father’s workshop for hours. It was hard to believe that the blaze had done so little damage, yet had taken so much.

The old shop had a proper storefront, but the main work area where the fire occurred had been carved into the mountain itself. Only the blackened roof and obstinate smell of char remained.

There was a pile of post on the table that Karl had gone through. There were enough business contracts to keep him busy for years. He would write the ones that didn’t know



about his father's death, and give them the option to renege on their agreements. Most, however, had already kept their order with a verbal confirmation. Karl had become every bit the craftsman that his father was.

The letter was in his pocket, and he was afraid of it. It was so out of character for his father to do something like this. He slipped it out of his jacket and laid it on the table. It stood on its bent corners like a little table itself. Finally, he opened it.

My son,

I have no clue when or if you will read this. Time must be truly short if you are. Your mother and I have kept things from you for so many years and for that I must apologize. I only pray that she lives to explain things better, but for now you must read carefully. Karl, your mother is Jewish, as are you. Neither of us had known it was part of her ancestry until the Anschluss. Documents had been discovered in Vienna that alluded to the probable Jewish heritage of thousands of Austrians. Some disappeared quickly, while others like you and your mother were allowed to stay. Hauptsturmführer Loder is the reason why. He confronted me about you and your mother and I begged him to let her stay, that it had to be a mistake. He has been blackmailing us for years to keep him quiet. You reading this must signify an end to that arrangement, which no doubt puts you in immediate danger.

Karl, please know that I love you very much. I have written you additional letters which are safe with Erik Pehrlman. I hope they answer some of the questions that must be screaming in your mind.

Get your mother to safety Karl, she along with Erik will fill in the gaps and explain what options are left.

-Father

Karl was dumbfounded. Every trace of moisture evaporated from his mouth.

Why hadn't they told him?

"I was going to give you another hour." A voice spoke from behind.

Karl reeled to see Pehrlman standing there, his thin frame outlined by a smooth rectangular passageway.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"Come Karl, follow me."

He hesitated, but rose and followed the old man into the void, once inside, the hidden door was easily reset with a smooth stone fascia that pivoted on an unseen rod. Karl stooped under the threshold and stepped forward into a long room with a natural rock roof. It had a workbench and the basic comforts of home. Pehrlman adjusted some switches which further illuminated the room. It was much larger than Karl had realized. The ceiling was low in the front, but it swept up to a height of ten or more meters towards the very back. In all, the total length must have been thirty meters. Along the back wall were two L shaped wooden structures that resembled a barracks, and several large stone basins.

"Your father has kept me hidden here for years. There was supposed to be more, so many more. But we never imagined their efficiency. Their wanton hatred."

"Years?" Karl breathed. All of his hours in the workshop were not spent alone, a frightened human being had shook with every mallet swing.

"Don't say it with pity. I have survived. So many others have not." Pehrlman's posture wavered at this thought and he went silent for several minutes.

"It was late when the fire took your father. I was asleep and only heard the commotion of it being extinguished. I dared not investigate. I...I was too afraid."

At this, Pehrlman trembled and fell into a dusty chair and wept. Karl stood motionless, he had no way of knowing these were his first

tears, that he'd been holding them in for a thousand lonely nights.

Karl's eyes adjusted, and the finer details of the room became visible. There was a long family-style table with benches. On it were neatly stacked copies of the Torah, along with the ritual objects of Jewish customs.

Upon the walls were sketches and blueprints. Some were portrayals of ancient battles on a desert landscape, others, depicted hidden spaces behind false edifices. Karl noticed that Pehrlman had risen and was smoothing out his tattered tweed pants.

"I have questions," Karl said.

"Rightly so, but if I may start with one of my own."

Karl nodded.

"Your father all but guaranteed me your allegiance, but circumstances as they are..." Pehrlman trailed off.

Karl thought for a moment. *What am I going to do?* He was suddenly worried for his mother. He hadn't seen her since last night and his father's letter spoke of immediate danger.

"I have to go. But when I return we must discuss so many things."

Pehrlman evoked a coy smile and wiped the remnants of tears from his eyes.

"Oh, you will hear many tales Karl. From long before the Reich infected your father's mind. And a few from when after your mother saved it.

Karl's heart sank at her mention.

"Yes, go get your mother and bring her back in the dark of night. We have been planning for this for a long time. Your father has many letters for her as well."

"How do I leave?"

"I'll let you out."

The stone door swung open into the familiar workshop, and Karl grabbed his father's letter off the table. He jogged over to the door, but it opened before he touched the handle.

"Herr Zimmer! You gave me a shock."

Loder was standing there with a beleaguered Fritz, who looked hardened, yet hollow. Karl's mother was between them. All the color was gone from her face.

"Where are you off to at such a frantic pace?"

"To find Fritz actually. I knew mother was hoping to see him."

"This is perfect then! We shall stay here for a bit and have a little reunion. Fritz is dying to tell you all about Poland, and his work concerning the Fuhrer's final solution."

Karl looked at Fritz, but he was staring down at his mother's shoes. Sweating.

Loder stepped further into the shop and surveyed the ceiling.

"It's a pity that my talents are being wasted so far from where they are needed. Fritz has told me much of our holdings in the east."

"I'm not sure I follow Herr Loder. Wouldn't we be more comfortable at the Lokal? Let's have dinner together and you can tell me what you mean."

"No, Herr Zimmer. Here is fine." The words came out like a decadent exhale of smoke.

Karl knew this was it. There wasn't going to be a renegotiation of terms. Loder was going to arrest him and his mother; they would be shipped east to a fate they had all ignored, a camp they'd all been taught to disbelieve.

In a last ditch attempt, Karl focused his attention on Fritz.

"Fritz you can't!" Karl pleaded, exposing the last sense of naivety.

Fritz un-holstered his Luger.

"Oh Mueller they were right, you are spirited!"

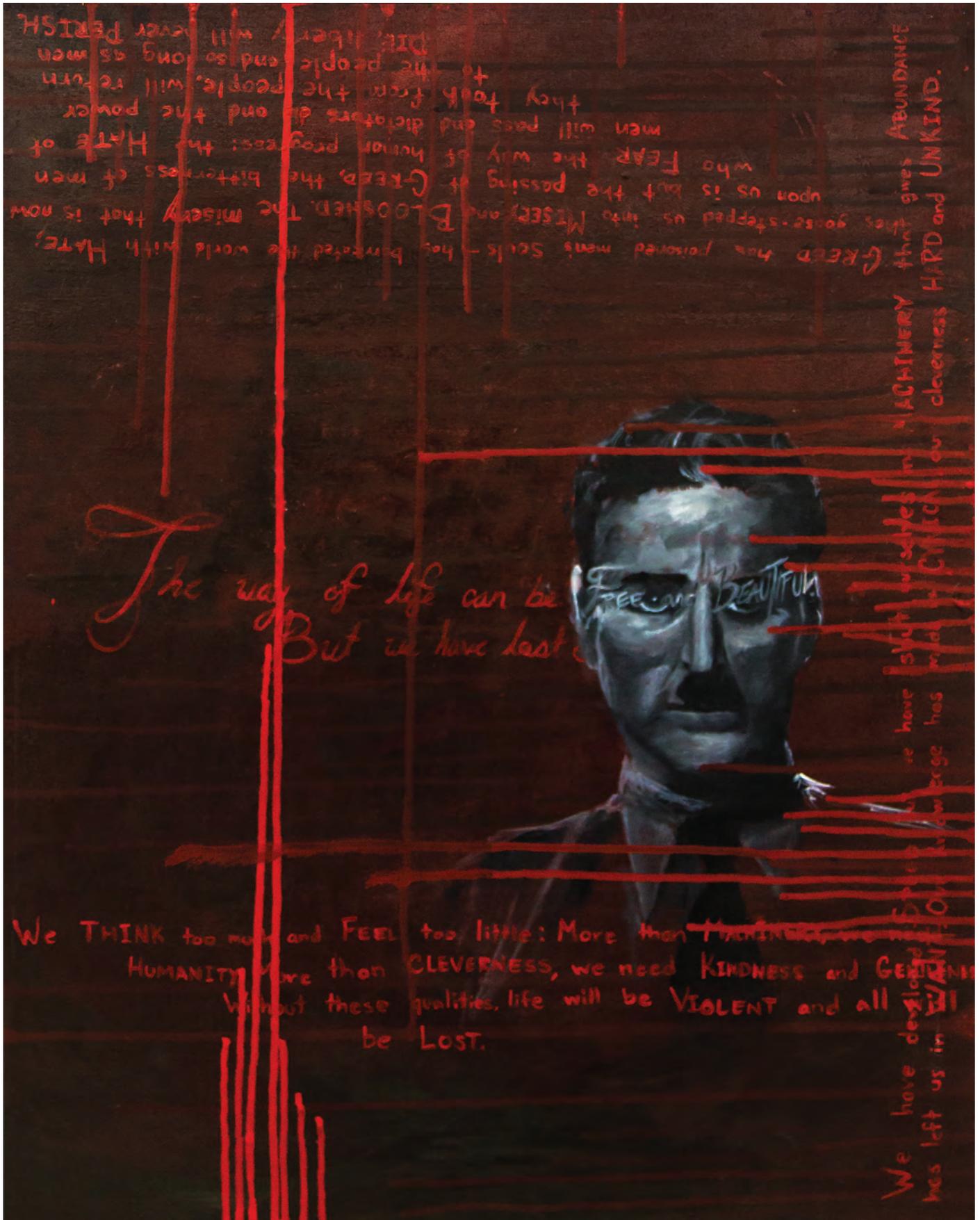
"Fritz!" Karl's mother whimpered.

"Silence!" Loder screamed.

Karl looked Fritz dead on and willed him to look back. His eyes were filled with regret and the color of poinsettias.

"Do the woman last" Loder hissed.

Fritz lifted the pistol to eye level, sweating still, but not shuddering. His pupils dilated to their brink.



"You see, Herr Zimmer, the SS only understand loyalty; they are blinded by the divinity of duty."

Karl locked eyes with his mother as she was finishing a silent 'I love you.'

"Do it now!" Loder shrieked "Do it for your Father Land!"

A crack roared through the stone room and battered Karl's eardrums. A cloud of gunpowder mixed with ash and sawdust that had been stirred up from the floor.

He heard a muffled shriek over the ringing and looked up to see his mother. Standing. Next to her lay Loder; dead. On the other side Fritz; nearly so.

"Karl." Fritz spit up the word. "Karl."

Karl scrambled to his feet and checked on his mother. In an instant, Pehrlman was at his side, moving to grasp her arm with his left hand. In the right, he held an old game rifle. He'd shot Fritz in the chest, but the caliber was so small that it stopped somewhere in a lung.

Fritz' Luger was still pointed at Loder's body. Most of his head was gone.

"I've done bad things. Hideous things Karl!" Fritz bellowed, blood seething through his teeth. "I've killed them Karl. The ones like your mother, and like your father for loving them. I've killed the ones like you."

Fritz' skin was nearly transparent. Karl looked at him with remorse and disgust as he recalled the thousands of days they had spent exploring the Obersalzberg; sharing their dreams of Olympic glory, and finding their frauleins.

"I tried to make it right tonight Karl, I tried. No one else knows"

"Lies!" Shouted Karl's mother. "You're both murderers!"

"I swear nobody knows. Loder's carrying the paperw..."

But the plea never finished.

Karl's mother broke free from Pehrlman's embrace and roared upon Fritz with balled-up

fists. She cursed the years she'd treated him like a son; cursed the decades of encouraging words and forehead kisses. She rained blows upon his cheeks and ears for the countless atrocities she couldn't dare imagine.

Horrified but lucid, Karl rose and stood next to Pehrlman as his mother exacted their revenge upon Fritz's face. She ripped off his gloves and held the black leather to his face.

"Do you see this Fritz? This God forsaken mark." It was the embossed skeleton key of the Leibstandarte SS. She slapped him across the face with it. "Do you see it?"

Fritz gave the silent nod of a dead man.

She composed herself and leaned forward to speak.

"This is your summons to hell."

She shoved the glove in his sagging mouth and collapsed into the dusty floor. Panting, but not crying; battered, but not broken.

Philip Tallyrand.

Born in Miami in 1991 of Haitian and Puerto Rican ancestry, Philip has focused his time and energy on working as a professional photographer and designer in the world of fashion advertising. In addition to fashion, Philip has provided striking photographs of The Gold Coast Railroad Museum. Philip says, "There is a tremendous amount of theatricality involved in photo shoots. This sense of spectacle captured in an instant is rooted in everyday life; otherwise, the message conveyed by these photographs would be incomprehensible to the public."

♦♦♦

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Renovations • Digital Photography • 18" x 27"









LOST
AND FOUND
IN MIAMI

Night Sail, Flood Warnings

10
pm.
Red
lights.
My car is
my compass.
We are flooded,
the roads are severe,
but we careen in silence.
We fade into the dark asphalt,
with water to our calves, elbows?
through currents of gasoline, exhaust.
The waves of highway surf, impermeable.
A garbage can floating in the shallow stream,
mud, lapping the shores of a parking lot, the ATM.
And back from our day jobs, the night can be daunting.
We unfurl. We veer into the zephyr, anchor at every stoplight.
In hiatus we are transformed, deaf and virescent in the lull of streetlamps.
There, on the corner, it's tempting to slip away.
Capsize, where we are not rushed,
asleep in the undertow,
leaving no wake.

-Maria Victoria Biancardi



46 | Jeanette Albert, "Somebody That I Used to Know" Digital Photography 8"x10"

Acknowledging the Sunset

The sky is falling all the time. Familiarity becomes boxes of things we sometimes look through, and eternity becomes colors you see in peripheral vision. This is my truth.

When I look at my mom, however, everything is warmth.

Everything is destiny; everything in its own time.

I left once and, upon leaving, realized there was a chance I may never return. It was very upsetting, this realization of sudden mortality — this quiet hymn that had all at once matured into a thick, all-encompassing sap. I keep evidence of this in different places: under my kneecaps, in my hair follicles, between my teeth.

Even while trying to be present, trying just to be, I write memos to myself that say:

“Text her at 3 AM to tell her you still eat blueberry waffles for dessert”

“Call her on Sunday mornings when the quietness is too much”

“Let her fall asleep knowing you are safe, even if you’re scared”

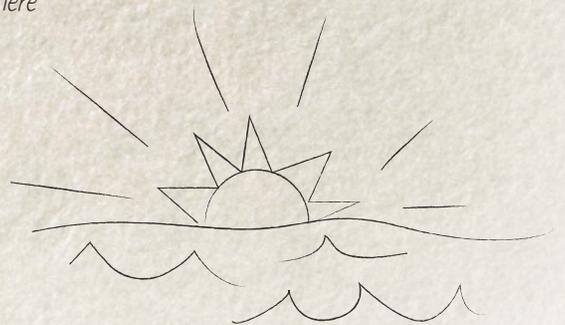
And, most importantly,

“Believe that somehow the warmth will always be there”

“Believe that somehow the warmth will always be there”

“Believe that somehow the warmth will always be there”

-Brenda Botitta



The More ^{North} ↑ You Go, The More ↓ You Get
South

*South is a relative term.
Cartography and Culture clash
When land is labeled.*

*Miami emanates arroz con frijoles negros
While Orlando serves three kinds of potatoes.
None of them Sofrito.*

*Mashed, mayo-ed, and diced but
Where are the papas rellenas
And mami's signature mojo?*

*Four hours from home
A different country emerges.
Has it always been this way?*

*Mickey and Minnie distract
From culture shock
At the Holiday Inn*

*Mass delusion
Mickey's head
doused in syrup.
Drown the ridiculousness in sugar.
No pan cubano today.*

- Sonora Hospital - Medina



Jeanette Albert "En un Enredo"
Digital Photography 10"x8"

Noon Mass

I didn't say anything when my mom pulled in to the Church parking lot. We were late. For any other mass, any other event, it wouldn't matter. It did for this one. We speed-walked to the rusted Renaissance decorated steel door, pushing them open. The church opened up like a cocoon, the nave exploding the senses. My classmates, three hundred boys, sat, their rowdiness replaced by the solemnity of old men. My mom and I had walked in as the pallbearers began to carry the coffin to the chancel.

The coffin was smooth mahogany. Brass bars decorated its sides, as the coffin's contents decorated my mind. I took a seat at a pew near the left nave of the church. My eyes followed the pallbearers who shuffled past teachers, administrators, and students.

The priest spoke, his words floating up to the clouds, bunching up and plaiting. I stayed in my seat when the Eucharist was offered, watching the shuffle of the churchgoers, a normal routine turned silent process.

His uncle went up to speak; his father cupped his hands; his mother was in tears. He told us about him; about the first time Johnny rode a bike. It takes either a master storyteller or an emotionally cracked man to make high school students pay attention to a story about the first time someone rode a bike.

The uncle stepped down, the priest stepped up. He gave the farewell and let us out of the church doors, following the pallbearers, where a hearse waited. Close to three hundred boys were in front of the church, each one watching the family members get into their cars and trail the hearse. We stood there, composed, like dried corn stalks, the sun high, out necks sweating, none of us speaking. Until one cracked. His face soured up and ruffled, tears collapsed. His cry echoed among us. Another near him gave him a hug, followed by another. I was the fourth to reach him. But not the last. Silence, broken by the occasional sob. We passed each other around, comforting anyone in sight.

- Alexander F. Aspuru



Alison-Juliette Dunn "Happy St. Catrick's Day!" Digital Photography 10"x8"



Oye Papo, You Want a Beer?

I ask him if he remembers Cuba.
He flips the answer in his mouth like a shrunken mint. Finally,
He says, "I remember Chicago: But I dream about Havana."

His skin is vacuumed to the bone,
Veins rising like solitary rows in a vineyard.
I ask, "Of the two, which one is home?"

"Miami." He says. Flashing an impossibly long tooth.
His brutally tanned face protecting the suede within.
Bent fingers pull back another tab, and push it down smooth.

I ask, "Then which place do you miss the most?"
"Mexico." He says. "My last Russian shoes, and my last burlap pants."
I imagine him drinking Coca-Cola, on his first American coast.

His cloudy steel irises have long dammed the rust.
His body half pickled in beer, and wrapped in savory tobacco.
His memories like luxuries; gently covered in a settling dust.

He's my old man in the ocean, my Cuban link.
An enigma of experience that rouses me to risk beyond.
Merely chance neighbors, coercing the other to drink.

-Jason G. Fontana



Dive Holes in Miami: Where Tourists Don't Go

I was born in Concord, North Carolina. Don't ask me what it's like to see snow because I wouldn't know. I have lived in Miami since 1989, give or take a few years when I explored life in Tampa. Somehow, I always find myself back here, unable to break the connection I have with this beautiful city. Being raised here, I know more about the grittiness of Miami and not what T.V. shows perceive it to be.

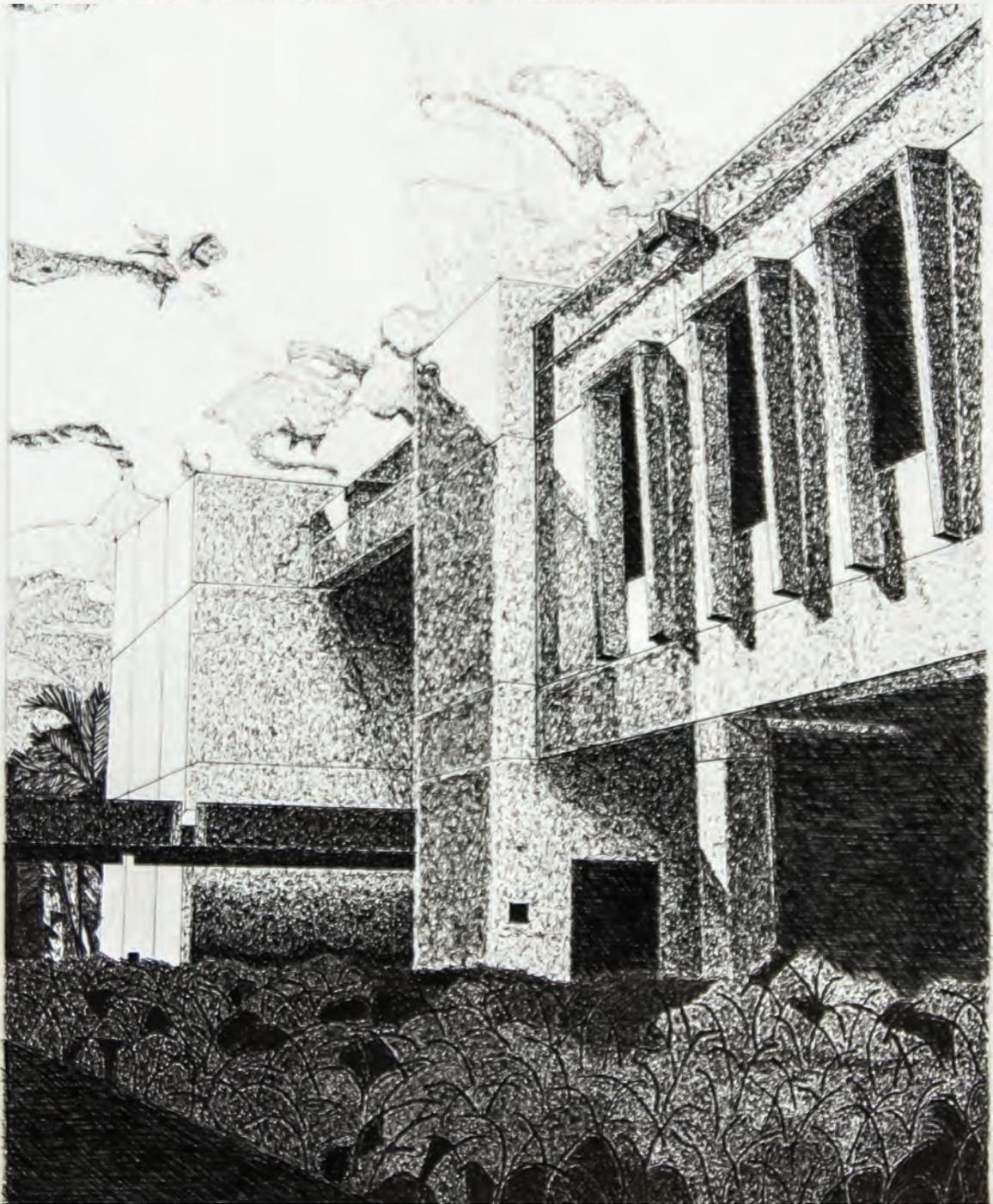
When I was young, I couldn't wait to turn 18 and then 21 so I could go out to the clubs and parties everyone talked about. Once I came of age, I went where the college crowd went. Places like Automatic Slims on the beach or Mr. Moe's in Coconut Grove for Wednesday s when DJs would spin the most recent tunes and everyone ordered \$5 Moose Juice, which was fruit juice and cheap vodka. And Friday nights I would join the University of Miami students on the dance floor at LIV. However, once that got old, I began to discover the honey holes in Miami. Small dive bars throughout town that only the locals really know.

I always tell people; if you want know what Miami really is behind the glitz and glamour, you need to find yourself on of these places. It is not on Ocean Drive and it isn't in Brickell or the up and coming Midtown and Wynwood areas. Where it costs \$8 for a Corona. The true locals don't go to places like these.

The true locals go to much different places, where the staff from the local Hard Rock Cafe' and Bubba Gump go to unwind. After those late nights of dealing with no-tipping tourists who think they should be treated like royalty, your first stop is your local bar. These are the little dive bars I was talking about. Pub One, Mike's Bar, or even Titanic brewery and Sunset Tavern in South Miami. It's a place you want to walk in and feel ten times better. The bartender already knows your name and order; a beer and a shot.

You take a seat and exchange "hellos" with the bartender. Then the venting comes. These are the places the local's go to unwind and release the stress. These are the places that have been open for years that no one knows about. The local honey holes. The truth of Miami lies within these walls. It's not the glitz nor glamour. It's the place you go, to get away from Miami. And for me, it's these places that keep me here.

-Carolina Casey



Briana Ortiz, "Building K Study" Mixed Media, 11"x8.5" each



Alec Payton, "Still Water" Watercolor and Ink, 22"x30"

"NEW YORK TIMES CALLS IT A BESTSELLER"
By Nasha Hashemi

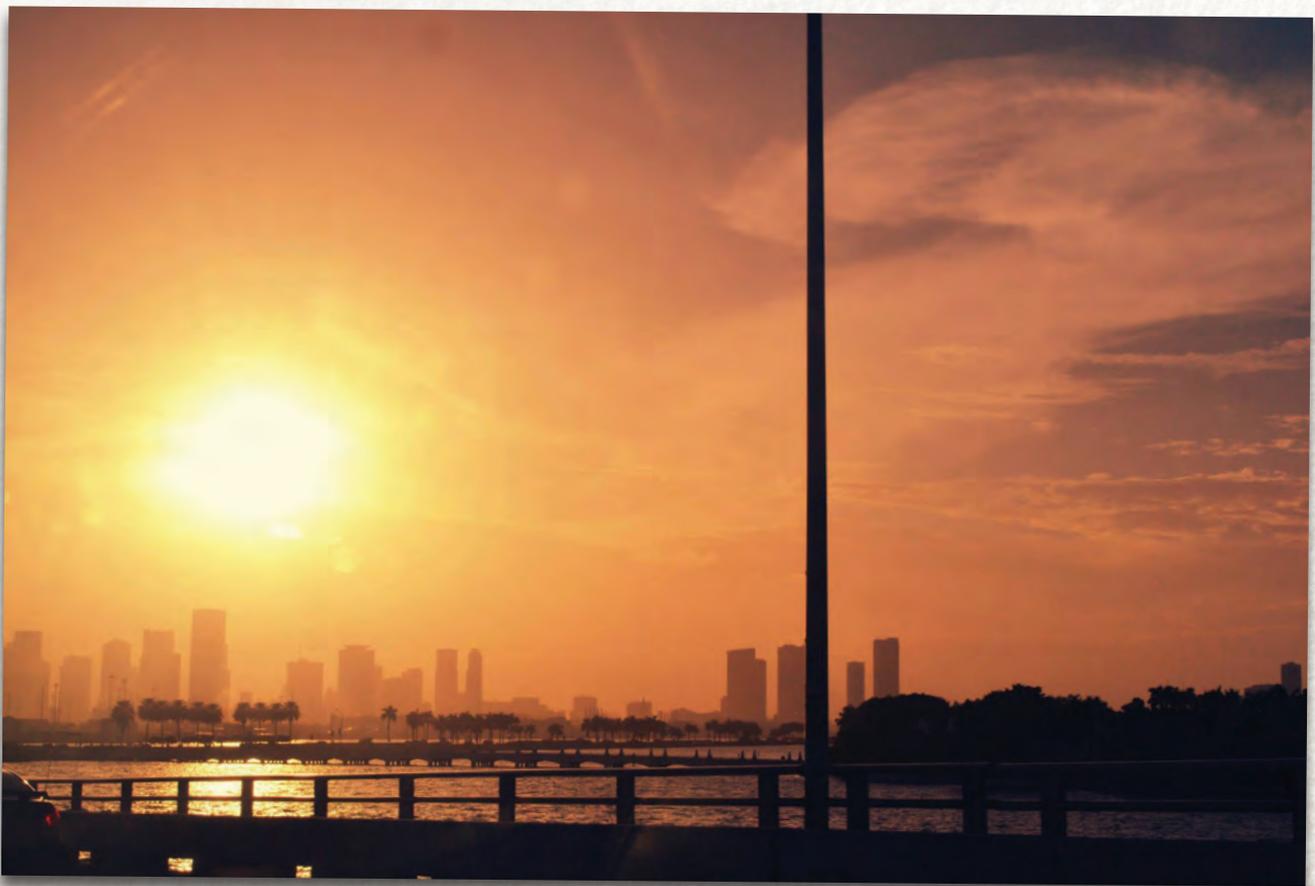
it happens
"it's a struggle"
"we all go through it"
"it's a right of passage"
did you learn anything?
i really wish you did
imagine if
think about it
tell me
talk to me
explain
give examples
write a thesis
take a college course
just to tell me how it went
content, substance, fulfillment
without your tales,
i'm just reading a book without
//content//
and i really
need
"can you tell me a story?"
"can you add a different plot"
"it doesn't quite fit"
you don't quite fit
anymore

"New York Times calls it Riveting"
"Old Age Meets New Age"
"Millennials Can't Get Enough"

I can't
manage
I can't
hold on
for you

I can't
"New York Times calls it An End To A Love Story"



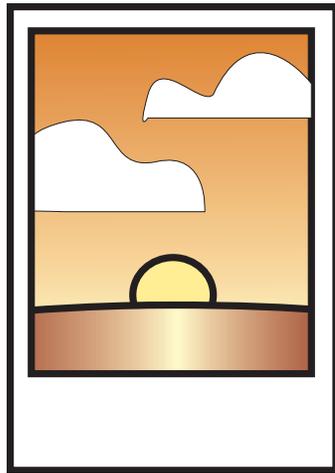


Stephanie Estrada, "Golden Skies" Digital Photography, 8"x10"



Jeanette Albert, "Leonardo" Digital Photography, 8"x10"





“I may not have gone where I intended to go,
but I think I have ended up where I needed to be.”

—Douglas Adams





Sequel to *A Respectable Woman*

By Kate Chopin

DIANA PADILLA



As the spring flowers began to wilt and the days became longer, Mrs. Baroda once again became unsettled. The inevitable visit of her husband's friend Gouvernail this upcoming summer was just around the corner and it consumed Mrs. Baroda's every thought. She could easily imagine him sitting under the beautiful portico smoking his cigar admiring the never ending sugar cane fields.

Since the departure of Gouvernail, Mrs. Baroda had become herself again, with the image of the man smoking on the portico a distant memory, she once again focused her energy on her home and tending to her husband. But now, it was becoming harder to focus and the heavy smell of cigar smoke would overwhelm her nose and Mr. Baroda's old friend would once again enter her mind.

She was checked out of her daydream as she heard the sound of her loving husband's footsteps coming down the hall. She quickly composed herself and turned with a smile to meet his gaze and lips for a tender kiss.

Mr. Baroda had been out on the fields overlooking the work being done under the sweltering summer heat. His cheeks were red from the temperature and beads of sweat had taken form on his hairline. He sat under the window, taking in the view of the fields and catching the faint wisps of wind that occasionally danced through before making a swift exit, leaving the heat to once again stifle the room. Mrs. Baroda stared at her husband from the spot she had been sitting at, admiring his casual wear, a change from the stiff suits she was used to seeing on him.

As she began to grow restless she quickly asked, "Gaston, when is Gouvernail coming for a visit? He is due soon isn't he?"

"You read my mind, dear. He is due at the end of this week, in about two days. He has told me he is coming with a friend."

"A friend?" She pouted as she thought of how rude it was for this fellow to bring a friend without talking to his hosts. She once again felt the annoyance rising in her despite her

piqued interest in this unanticipated guest. "Who is this friend? I'm sure he has told you something."

"Quite the contrary." Said Mr. Baroda with a playful smile meeting his wife's pouting face. "He did not mention a thing about this friend of his, we will have to wait and see."

She changed the subject wanting to hear no more of the awaited guests and sat by her husband, holding his hand.

Before long, the end of the week had arrived along with the guests. Gouvernail walked in with his usual quiet demeanor, except for the new glimmer in his eye. He already held a cigar, waiting to be lit. Mrs. Baroda's heart felt ready to explode but just as quickly as it swelled, it was sunk into the pit of her stomach as she saw the second guest. She was met by a pair of big hazel eyes, pearly white teeth and beautiful golden locks.

"Good Afternoon, my name is Katherine." She said, with a voice like honey and a kindness that was mesmerizing. Mrs. Baroda couldn't help but smile warmly despite the sick feeling she had at seeing this uninvited guest's hand in Gouvernail's. Mrs. Baroda couldn't deny the pang of jealousy she felt when she saw Katherine stare up at Gouvernail as he caressed her cheek just before he turned to say hello himself. He looked proud and happy. He first looked at Mr. Baroda who's raised eyebrows and smile of approval were waiting to meet his longtime friend.

Once the guests had settled in a tour was given to Katherine. Afterward, they all sat at the table for glasses of cold lemonade to refresh them from the heat that was starting to subside as the sun began to hide behind the fields.

During their friendly small talk, Mrs. Baroda could do nothing but smile at this

honey eyed guest. She was intrigued by this character and wanted to become her friend. Katherine seemed just as drawn to Mrs. Baroda's friendly demeanor.

Her heart had been shredded to pieces. Each time Mrs. Baroda's imagination drifted away and flashed images of Gouvernail kissing Katherine and holding her hand, she felt an increasing urge to get to know everything she could about her. Mrs. Baroda did nothing

"Gouvernail walked in with his usual quiet demeanor, except for the new glimmer in his eye."

but focus on Katherine, to the point that Gaston felt as though his usually polite wife had become rude, ignoring Gouvernail completely.

Gaston tried to shift the conversation in order to bring his old friend back into the mix. "So, where did you two meet?" Mrs. Baroda felt her annoyance rise at the change of subject, especially to this one.

"We met at the office, actually." Said Gouvernail as he recalled the memory the two of them shared. "Katherine happens to be one of the few women to work at the paper. A feat many woman are yet to overcome." Gouvernail continued and Mrs. Baroda tuned out, looking out towards the dark fields where nothing could be seen. Before she knew it her guests were saying goodnight and she was led by her husband to their room to sleep.

It had been a week since her guests had arrived. She had become very close to Katherine, spending their days by the windows talking about the latest fashion and Katherine's upbringing, as well as her rare job opportunity. Mrs. Baroda felt jealous of Katherine, who had been able to further her education and become some type of professional. Although Mrs. Baroda had no interest in acquiring a job other than the one of caring for her home and husband, she wished Gouvernail admired her as he did Katherine for her education and job. No matter the jealousy Mrs. Baroda felt, she dreaded the day Katherine would leave. She had become so accustomed to having her around.

The long summer days felt short as Gouvernail and Katherine's last week was coming to an end. The restlessness Mrs. Baroda had felt while awaiting her unwanted guest returned, only this time, dreading the day Katherine would leave. She had become her friend.

On a particularly cloudless day, where the blue sky seemed never ending, she woke and looked for her new friend. Katherine was no where to be found and as she began to search the plantation grounds in the unsupportable heat, she saw just down the gravel road where the bench was, the two love birds laughing and playing while eating. She wanted to get closer but instead hid behind a nearby tree to watch how the lovers interacted when there was no one around. Mrs. Baroda's already broken heart yearned and broke once more for Gouvernail, whom she had successfully avoided for the past two weeks as well as keeping his newfound love interest so busy that they were barely able to spend any time together. She imagined what it would be like

to be Katherine and sit so close to Gouvernail and touch him the way she so badly wanted to that night many months ago. She could see they were clearly very serious and it was only a matter of time for a wedding invitation to arrive to the Baroda residence.

This thought alone made her quickly turn back to the house where she went to her room and packed her things. She thought only of the wedding invitation and Gouvernail in a wonderful suit, pressed to perfection with the glimmer in his eye once again looking at Katherine. She was once again a respectable woman, she was married and these thoughts were dangerous.

She left a small note on the bed for her husband as well as a message to Katherine apologizing for her sudden departure, stating they must get together soon. Just like that, Mrs. Baroda headed for the city.

She returned once her guests had left. There was a bit of sadness within her upon seeing the house without her guests. Specifically, without Katherine. She so much wanted her back here for a visit. Mrs. Baroda nonchalantly suggested to her husband they have them back for the holiday. Gaston lovingly said "whatever you wish dear" with happiness in his voice at the fact that Mrs. Baroda had welcomed these guests so graciously and had overcome everything. The way she said she would so many months before.

With that, Gaston kissed her admiringly on her forehead and headed into the sweltering heat for another long summer day as Mrs. Baroda watched him from the portico with a smile on her face.





Smothered Bread

REBECCA PRINCE



A chilling 35 degrees and my mother's hands were gloveless. They held a power that wrought *ruji* (deliciousness) upon the bread that she made. Despite the excellent taste and cramped hands to prove it, she felt a crippling doubt as to whether it was good enough to eat. Her apprehension was justifiable because she made bread for Malayalees—no ordinary Indians. They took a grand whiff of the bread before daring a taste, and unleashed a *mazhakalam* (monsoon) of criticism. The entire lot of them were professional food haters. The bread was to be “airy” and “soft” and directly the handiwork of my mother's smooth but prominent calluses. They whispered endless complaints and bits of dissatisfaction under their breath, but one thing I was sure of; they were grateful for the simple bread she served.

I always viewed Indian dining, as partaking of a communion. Malayalees from Kerala were people who believed in a Jesus not so ancient. And as such, the bread wasn't to be cut with a knife but broken with hands. Like the unity sought by a thousand workers toiling under the beating sun, hacking away at a rice field touched by both heaven and earth. And at that moment, you

didn't know if these plains were the workmanship of an intangible entity or the manifestation of humans' austerity. Love was there, and loyalty and laughter. And how many people could say that?

I had seen the advertisements on television. Wonder bread. Processed grain from that elusive land of America. It was purchased in grocery stores under the discretion of corporate clerics and slathered with mayo and turkey. If there was a spectrum that delineated refreshment and disgust, my uncle was afraid to admit American bread was on the latter end: thin, flimsy and as white as its consumers.

“Served as a sweet resolve to the semi-tragedy that was Midwest America.”

Nevertheless, Wonder Bread was the first thing I became beholden to upon migration to Detroit: that neglected stepchild of industrious America characterized by dilapidated buildings and free toys in the form of endless bricks. Their commercials were wrong by the way. There

weren't any “Hi honey, how're the children?”-esque suburban families enjoying perfect toast every morning, only single mothers and fathers coming home from making an honest living, their clothes smelling of a concrete jungle.

Consumed with her job as a nurse, my mother's bread making slowly came to a stop, and like the rest of the city, became a thing that once was.

But her hiatus and my disillusionment soon floated away, as the Caribbean music and lively people made their way to ubiquitous Publixes in an eternal vacation spot. And the cultural diversity emerged as did the geniality and easiness of the people from all walks of life. And this was and still is, Miami to me. Not just the place that harbored an infatuation for gladiator sandals and denim shorts, but a milieu that served as a sweet resolve to the semi-tragedy that was Midwest America. It was a melting pot, a liberal bastion for its people. And ultimately, it was a bread basket not incumbent on subsistence but rather, fulfillment. My mother resumed making her bread and when it sat next to rolls of pan de bono, you wouldn't believe the wonder her bread caused.

Father's 16 Bells

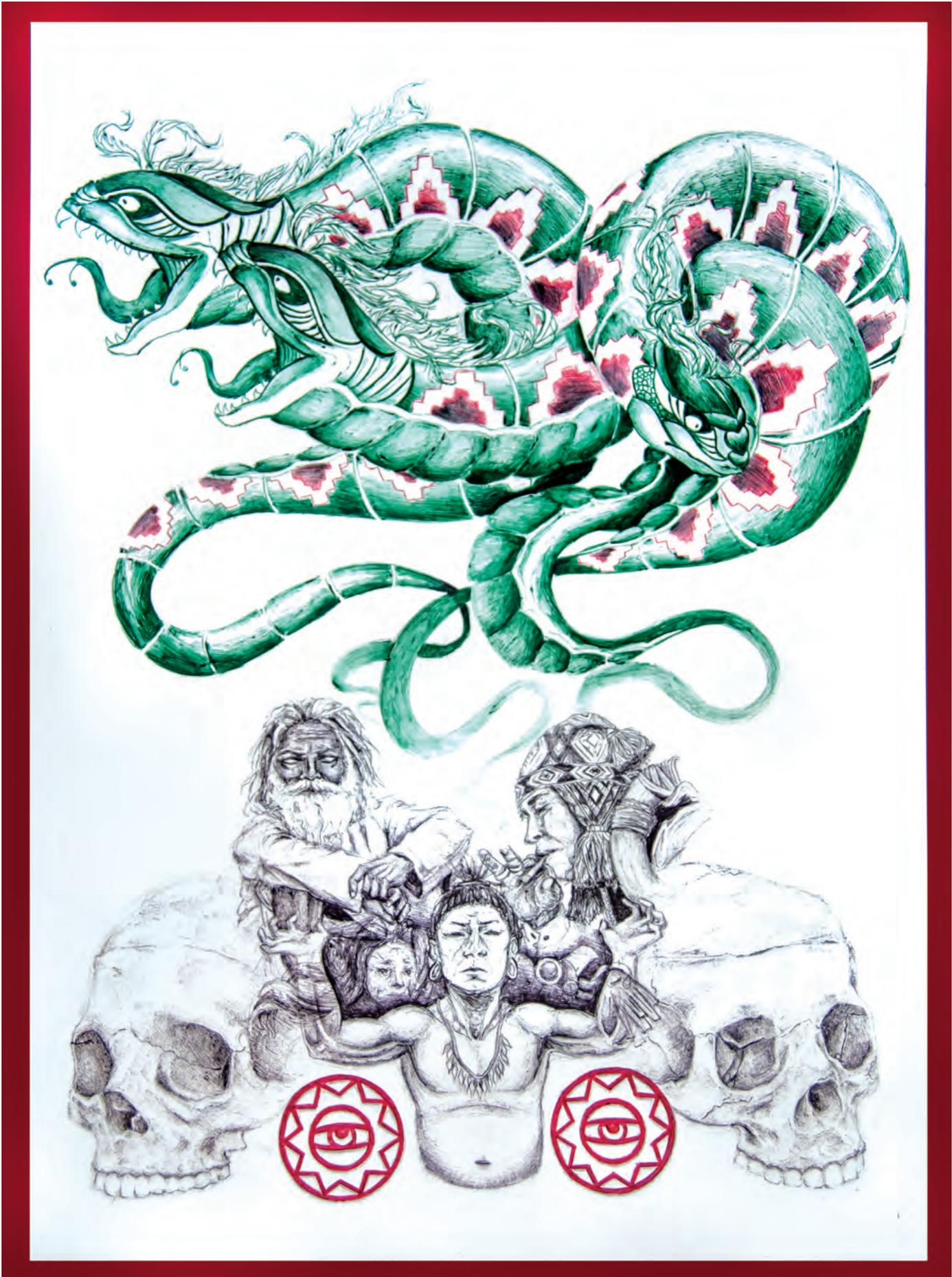
SONORA HOSPITAL-MEDINA



He toils in the shadows of the people around him.
His mouth a tight frown
the pain forcing it shut.
Twenty years he treads
the same waters
Improving, improving, improving
Charted by words of ingratitude.

On the 21st year
Threatened Displaced
his mouth loose
his eyes distant
He seeks refuge indoors
Next channel, next channel, next channel
His mind slowly
diving.

On the 22nd year, his 60th
the dormant sea serpent
Bursts through
He swims in the shallows
Eyes calm, yet fierce
His mouth a grin with a roped bell
Snarled between his teeth
Ringing, ringing, ringing
This time,
He will not suppress his song.



Rachel Diaz • Ritual • Pen/Ink on Bristol • 17" x 14"

ENDURANCE

ELIZABETH ANGUELO



They said we had a choice. We always have a choice, a choice between right and wrong, between easy and challenging. My second-to-last year at camp, I already knew what choice I was going to make, despite the fact that everything in me dreaded it.

They said we could sleep in the next morning, spend extra time getting ready, and just chill for a few hours.

Or, we could wake up at 4:30 AM and hike in the pitch darkness up to the top of a mountain to see the sunrise.

I went to sleep at 11:30 PM that night, repeatedly asking myself, how on earth am I going to do this? I was already sleep-deprived from the full week of camp that had passed. We were supposed to head back home to Miami the next day; why had they decided to go on this hike now? I did my best to quell my doubts and fears, and prayed to God that night that I would be able to survive the next 24 hours.



My eyes shot open at the sound of whispers and footsteps. The few courageous girls in the girls' bunkroom who had made the same decision as me were sleepily getting ready. I slowly lowered myself from my top bunk, my sore muscles screaming. I swiftly got dressed in skinny jeans, running shoes, and after some debate, a long sleeve shirt, deciding that taking a jacket would be too much extra weight. I filled a small knapsack with my camera, an apple, a bottle of water, and my Bible. The necessities.

A small mass of half-asleep people crowded the entrance to the lodge. Hushed chatter wafted in the air and only the red light of an EXIT sign illuminated the area. I found my best friend Alexia, who seemed wide awake compared to everyone else in the room. She flashed me a smile, blue eyes glowing in the dark. We stood in silence as the camp leaders counted heads and dispersed evenly among the crowd. Nausea and the flutter of nervous-

ness assaulted my stomach. I wanted to run to the bathroom, but I forced myself to stay put. I told myself that it would be over soon, that before I knew it I would be on that mountaintop; after all, it's just walking, right?

I knew those were all lies, but at that moment, they were all that was keeping me from retreating. The crowd began to head outside, and the moment I felt the frigid air on my skin, I missed my jacket. The rural town of Head Waters, Virginia is drastically different from the place I call home for most of the year, with temperatures reaching the forties on a typical summer morning and a population that more than doubled each time our bus entered its perimeters. But to me, this place was also home; I had been coming with my church's youth group for more than four years now, and the memories I made here never left me — just like the one I was making now.

Leaving the clearing outside the lodge and entering the

forest, I was met with thick, almost tangible darkness. The people around me faded into silhouettes, and I nearly crashed into someone as the group paused at the foot of the incline that would mark the starting line of our journey. One by one, headlamps turned on, like fireflies illuminating the space around us. Once together, we began our ascent, aiming for the flat clearing where we would take our first break. Halfway up this first slope, I had already paused briefly, three times, giving in to the cries of my sore calves and thighs. By the time I reached the clearing, I was nearly on my hands and knees. Wheezing shamelessly, I couldn't help thinking, Will this be worth it? I had to hope that it was.

When they had said that the theme for my youth group's camp this year was "Endurance," I couldn't have imagined that it would be illustrated as vividly as it was this week. In only the past five days, we had gone on four other hikes, played countless field games, and done an extensive scavenger hunt on the two-and-a-half-acre property surrounding the lodge. All this for the purpose of knowing what it means to "run with endurance the race that is set before us," like it says in Hebrews 12:1. If I had learned anything from the week so far, it was that "enduring" was exhausting.

Looking up after a few steps, all I could see was black, with no indicator as to when this torture would end. I had slowly drifted back and now I was in between groups of people, with neither the patience to wait for those behind nor the strength to run up ahead. More often, I found myself pausing on any rock or flat surface in an attempt to stop the pain in my aching body, and whether it was my imagination or the altitude, each breath felt harder to take. After what seemed like an eternity of aimless marching, I stretched out my arm and leaned against a tree, the threat

"The people around me faded into silhouettes."

of tears rising in my throat as a voice within me chanted, I can't do this, I can't do this... I closed my eyes and refused to let it continue. Summoning up all my faith in that moment, I prayed for strength. For endurance. Despite the fact that I wanted nothing more than to lie down, than to be anywhere else but here, what else could I do but keep walking? The sun was inching closer to the horizon with every second; I had no time to waste. Gritting my

teeth, I started again, icy air piercing my throat with every breath. The burning in my legs and lungs mercilessly persisted, but this time I embraced it. Blue light began to gradually seep through the trees, and my spirits brightened with it. If I stretched out my arm in front of me, my hand could brush the severely inclined ground. Legs shaking, I kept on until the drastic change of flat ground caught me by surprise.

Open, grassy fields extended in every direction, the bright cobalt sky almost entirely visible except for the one, last hill. Black specks of people peppered the white mount, and the sky was brightening at a remarkable rate. Without hesitation, I joined the several others standing on the plain and eagerly headed towards the last hill. Wild flowers of every color decorated the almost knee-high grass, and I joined the rest of the girls in grabbing as many as I could as I climbed. Nearly three-quarters up the hill I stopped to rest, but the alacrity bubbling up inside me propelled me onward. I clawed at grass, rocks, anything that would help me climb faster until finally — there was nothing.

There was nothing left to climb, and the rustling grass and trees around me seemed to be my applause. I resisted collapsing on the ground; my muscles begged me for just a moment. Instead, I turned around.

And I was frozen.

Blue mountains lined the horizon as far as the eye could see, framing the striking pinks and violets that flowed from a bright golden center. The breath that I had been trying so hard to catch left; vastness consumed me like a vacuum. I suddenly felt insignificant, awestruck by the infinite. Mountains of equal or greater size to the one I stood on were goosebumps on the surface of the earth, and the sky's saturation melted onto everything its light touched, blending earth and heaven before my eyes. It

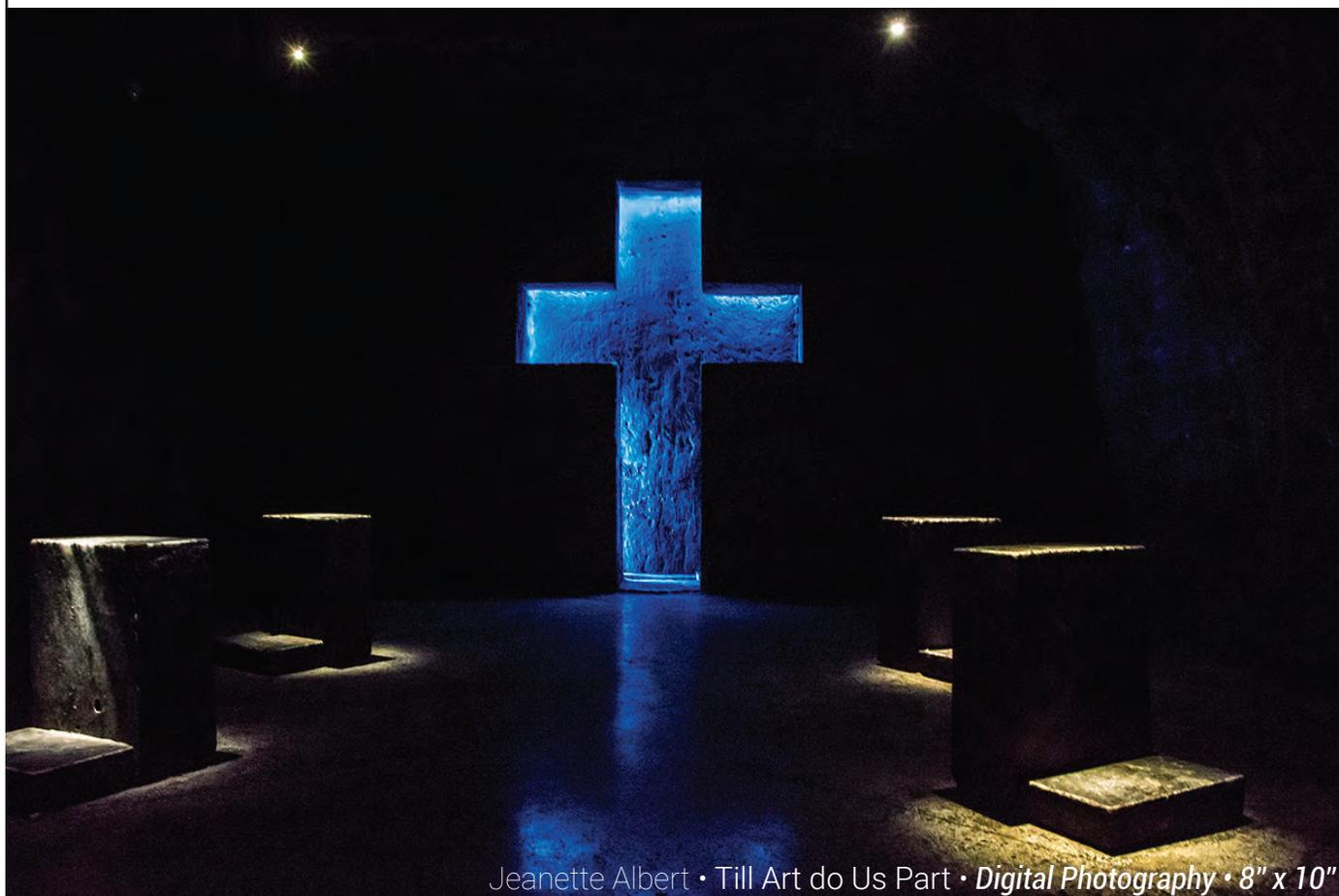
was stunning. All my perceptions of beauty were shattered. The sight surpassed all of my expectations, but more than that, I was overwhelmed with a feeling of accomplishment and peace. Suddenly it dawned on me, oh so literally, that this... this was the race! The physical struggle and triumph was so much more than just that. Everything up to this moment from the start of the week was just a shadow of the things to come...

And God was in every second of it. In the darkness. In the valley.

In the mountain.

I couldn't hold back the praise that erupted from my lips. As the birth of a new morning unfolded itself before my eyes, I thought back on every step, every breath, every bead of sweat.

And it was worth it.



Jeanette Albert • Till Art do Us Part • *Digital Photography* • 8" x 10"







Monarch, OK

PAULO LAZO



“And you should definitely speak to Wilson Oaks,” Norma said, as she picked up a kitten hidden underneath her rocking chair. “I believe he was in the Air Force during World War II. He never talks about it, but I’m sure he’ll share some stories with you. He owns an antique shop in downtown Monarch, right next to the post office. Wilson’s also a little hard of hearing, so be patient with him.”

Oscar pushed the ‘OFF’ button on his recorder and turned to Stan, whose camera continued to film after Norma had stopped talking. Birds chirped on the old woman’s front porch, unaware of a plump cat that stalked them from about six feet away.

“We appreciate you taking the time to talk to us today, Norma,” Stan said. “We’ll touch base in a couple of weeks. I’m gonna make sure you get a copy of the article.”

As he turned his device off, Stan glanced at the lake that stood in front of them. A few ducks splashed around, though they never seemed to come into contact with each other, not even to steal dead fish.

Oscar paced back to his rundown Lumina, while Stan handed Norma his business card and subsequently followed his fellow reporter.

“You’re the worst,” Stan said, as he got inside the car. “Would it kill you to be nice to some of these folks?”

“It could kill me,” Oscar said. “But if it doesn’t, the smell of cat shit and piss will finish the job for sure.”

Stan sighed, and rolled down the window. Towering, blonde, and green-eyed, he seemed right at home in Monarch, although his father had brought him up around in Oklahoma City. Meanwhile, Oscar’s sharp Hispanic features had turned him into a curiosity for the locals. When he twisted the key in the ignition, the engine whirred. The Lumina trod through mud and grass, as bits of rain tapped on the windshield.

“What did she mean by downtown Monarch?” Oscar said. “Was she talking about that desolate fucking place where we saw more tumbleweeds than people?”

Stan shrugged, though he also assumed that Norma had alluded to the same location where they had attempted for hours to find someone for an interview. Instead, they had encountered three borderline bankrupt businesses along an unfinished street, as well as a vacant post office, and a small parking lot with eight empty spots.

“What do they need the five extra spaces for?” Oscar had said.

After Randy Molasses, a Monarch native, had won the Nobel Prize in Physics, the state of Oklahoma took an interest in a town that

most of its representatives failed to place on a topographical map. As a result, the editor-in-chief of the Marisol County Post-Gazette had instructed his team of reporters, photographers and videographers to work on a wide-ranging feature about the history of Monarch. Oscar and Stan's task included meeting and writing profiles on four to six residents.

"When we get to this guy Wilson's shop, let me do the talking," Stan said. "You're coming on a little strong with all these questions about faith. We're in the middle of Oklahoma, so you already know these people are Christian. Please, just focus on Monarch for the time being."

"It could kill me," Oscar said. "But if it doesn't, the smell of cat shit and piss will finish the job for sure."

The Lumina approached the post office yet again, its engine clanking along the way. Stan grabbed his camera, a microphone, and planted a notepad on his partner's lap.

"It looks more professional if you take notes," he said.

Stan exited the car, striding toward the post office with his camera hanging from his neck and a tripod in his hand. Oscar sauntered behind him, whistling. Though the post office remained deserted, they noticed for the first time a scarlet porcelain vase and a collection of covered blue jars with various dragon designs in a store window nearby.

"This has to be it," Stan said.

After he knocked on the door and rang the bell multiple times, a black pickup truck sped down the street. It pulled over right next to the Lumina. A man came out, limping toward the reporters. He wore faded blue jeans, a ketchup-stained yellow shirt, and black combat boots. A silver, thick mustache above his upper lip contradicted his black, combed hair.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"Do you know a Wilson Oaks?" Stan said. "We're writing profiles on Monarch locals for a feature in the Marisol County Post-Gazette."

The man raised his eyebrows, and placed his hand behind his right ear as he leaned forward.

"I'm Wilson Oaks, but I didn't hear the rest of that," he said. "You're gonna have to speak up, son. What are y'all doing at my store?"

"We're journalists, and we're here to interview you," Oscar said. "We're writing a piece about Monarch. Monarch. Monarch."

Stan stared at Oscar, and shook his head without taking his eyes off his co-worker. Wilson opened his mouth, as if he were about to speak, but hesitated. He observed them in silence for a few seconds before taking keys out of his jeans' right pocket.

"What do y'all wanna know about Monarch?" he said, looking down. He walked past them, and unlocked the shop's front door.

"We'd just like to get your story," Stan said. "We heard from Norma Ambrose that you fought in World War II. We're thinking about making you the focus of the feature."

Three thick rows of glass display cabinets—one of which contained a vast collection of vintage lunchboxes—decorated the dark, confined room the three men had entered. Some natural light came in through

the store window, but neither Oscar nor Stan could spot a light bulb nearby. Both reporters squeezed through the narrow paths between the cabinets in order to follow Wilson, who marched ahead of them toward a pitch-black area of the store.

“Wait here,” he told them, crossing over to the other room, which turned brighter after half a minute. Oscar studied a moldy, cracked snowglobe, while Stan paced around without paying attention to the artifacts scattered around the shop.

“May we come in now?” Stan said, peeking inside. Wilson sat on a stool in the middle of an office that was cramped with letters, tools, plates and silverware.

“Sure,” he said. “What do y’all wanna ask me?”

Oscar watched from afar, as Stan began to mount his equipment five feet away from Wilson, who grimaced when he noticed the journalist placing the camera on the tripod.

“I didn’t realize you was gonna film me,” he said, scratching his head. “You know, I’ve got a lot of things going on today. I don’t think I’m gonna go through with this.”

Stan turned to Oscar, raising an eyebrow, and looked back at Wilson.

“What’s the matter?” he said. “Do you not feel comfortable with us? Is there a problem here?”

“No, I don’t,” Wilson said. “Please, go.”

Oscar tapped on Stan’s shoulder, and started to disassemble the equipment.

“No, hold on, Oscar,” Stan said, putting his hand between his partner and the tripod. “I think we got off on the wrong foot here, Mr. Oaks. We’re just here to do a story on Monarch. I don’t know if you’re aware of Randy Molasses, the Nobel Prize winner—”

“What are you, deaf?” Wilson said, standing up. “Get the hell off my property.”

“Mr. Oaks, we didn’t mean to disrespect your shop,” Stan said, backing away from Wilson, who dashed toward him and pushed him to the floor. Oscar grabbed the camera and the tripod, before squeezing once again between the cabinets and bolting out the front door.

Stan ran outside a few seconds later and met his partner back in the Lumina, shivering.

“Who else did Norma say we should talk to?” Oscar said. A flock of ducks soared over Monarch, quacking uncontrollably.



Oswaldo Samper.

Regarding art, Oswaldo has remarked, "What is the point of art? Is the artist slaving at the canvas to show you just a pretty picture or are they desperately trying to convey a deeper message about their human condition? My paintings are an expression of my internal subjective experience."



His biggest influences are artists like Edward Hopper, Rene Magritte, and Dali. Artists who conveyed, "Inside... we are all a jumbled mess." He is influenced by Ernest Becker's *The Denial of Death*. Which he says opened his eyes to the role of art in the human condition.

Oswaldo mused on his artistic beginnings. As a child, he had assembled a found object sculpture of a dinosaur. "My parent were very proud and that's probably when I knew I had found my calling."





Evolutionary Failure • Oil On Canvas • 36" x 24"





An Endless Waltz

ELIZABETH ANGUELO



Lady Adeline simply could not make up her mind. She gazed in the mirror at the two gowns fitted on stands. Pink or blue? She took turns lifting the fabric of the sleeves to her face. The pink accented the rosy tinges in her cheeks and her golden hair, but the blue made her hazel eyes shine like the mother-of-pearl she would see so often on trips with her father. Tonight, her father would be hosting yet another dinner party, the last one before their departure to the China Sea. Adeline was accustomed to these social gatherings; all her life she had known them and, despite her father's insistence, she often grew bored of attending them.

But not tonight. Tonight, she looked forward to what the evening would hold. A week before her seventeenth birthday, she was in the mood for celebration. She imagined the room filled with aristocrats and noblemen from across the land, all laughing and dancing in harmony. She could see a young gentleman approach her, extending his hand in an

invitation to dance. She would gladly accept, joining him in adding to the mosaic on the dance floor. A knock on the door suddenly cut her fantasy short.

"My Lady! May I come in?"

"Yes, come in Gretchen."

Her maidservant entered the room, gingerly closing the wooden door behind her. "You must be getting ready, Miss," she said. "Preparations for the evening are almost finished." Her gaze shifted toward the two dresses. "Have you made your decision?"

"Yes," Adeline said, "I choose blue."



The air was thick with chatter and the clinging of glasses and silverware. It was hard to recognize anyone in the dim lighting of the parlor, but Adeline already knew who was there. The upper class guests could be distinguished by more than their expensive clothing and refined air, even their laughter had a distinct tone. A high-pitched trill or a bellowing chuckle would cut through the room peri-

odically. Adeline had grown up around such aristocracy, and she could spot a sham from across the room solely by the way he held his champagne flute.

Adeline took a sip from her own glass, holding it delicately by the stem—grasping it any other way would be fallacy. One of her father's business partners had just declared a toast to her father's success, wishing him many more prosperous years, and at this cue, the orchestra began to play their first dancing piece.

“My Lady?”

Adeline spun around to find an older gentleman, standing next to who she supposed was his son. The man's ginger beard had long

“She felt a cold sweat descend on her, despite the fire.”

ago faded into grey, but the remnants of color directly matched that of his son's hair. The younger man had his face turned away, preoccupied with something behind him.

“Yes?” Adeline answered.

“How charming to finally make your acquaintance!” The older man said. “My name is Edward Stanley, Baron of Eddisbury, I am a long-time acquaintance of your father's.”

“Pleasure to meet you.” Adeline gave a

shallow curtsy.

The Baron did nothing for a moment, simply looking at her, and then he started again, as if he remembered what he was going to say. “And this is my son,” he gestured to the man next to him, “Malcolm Stanley.”

Adeline nodded politely in his direction and then noticed that his hand was extended. Realizing her mistake, she quickly placed her hand into his. She lifted her gaze to his face and saw that he was looking directly at her. Suddenly flushed, she didn't know why, and she only felt her face get warmer as he brought her hand to his mouth. She tried to think of something to say, but the only thing running through her mind was awe at how blue his eyes were; she had never seen eyes a brighter shade.

She lowered her hand to her side and was about to make a polite exit when the orchestra began a waltz. Guests flocked to the center of the room, their movements synchronized with the three-quarter time.

“Would you like to dance?”

Malcolm's hand was extended again. This time Adeline managed to smile as she took it. She handed someone her glass as they joined the crowd. They might have danced two pieces; she couldn't remember. In fact, all of the next few hours passed by in a blur. All she remembered was bidding the guests farewell at the end of the night, searching the crowd for a last look at those remarkable eyes.



Those last few days before their departure advanced remarkably fast, and even as she finally stood before those iridescently blue waters, Adeline couldn't shake the feeling that she was still in a dream. She loved these trips

with her father; the smell of the ocean, acquiring rare and precious items—these things brought her joy. But this time, something else sent her spirits soaring. As she watched the dusk sky fade into a deep indigo, the last remnants of light danced on the ocean peaks. They beckoned her to join them in their endless waltz, until finally the light was gone.

It wasn't until the pungent smell of smoke woke her up one night that reality began to set in.

The sight of red licks of flame coming from under her door sent Adeline's heart beating at a frantic rate. She opened the door and was met with a wave of heat and sulfur. Coughing, she ran up a safe path to the top deck. The desolate floor sent panic through her mind as she feared for her father.

"Father!" She called to no avail. Then suddenly she stopped, completely frozen.

In the distance she could see, illuminated by white moonlight, four rowboats, so small that they could have been seaweed if she didn't know better. She felt a cold sweat descend on her, despite the fire. Could this be a dream? That last image of the rowboats on the horizon flashed mercilessly in Adeline's mind. No, she knew this was distinctly real. She simply stood, dumbstruck, as the realization of what was happening slowly sank in. A voice from behind caught her by surprise.

"Come!"

A sailor had also been left behind. He looked young from what little Adeline could

see in the flickering light. He stood on the last dinghy, holding the rope that kept the boat upright with one hand and extending the other one out to her. Without hesitation she took it, and looking him in the eyes, whether it was the flames or the moonlight playing tricks on her, she could swear that they were blue.



This work is inspired by the characters from *The Blue Jar* and the fictional world created by Isak Denisen.







One Day *in* September

SUSANA VALDES



One warm September morning, back when I was in middle school, I had woken up early and decided to watch reruns on Nickelodeon. With my cat Garfield on my lap and the T.V. remote in my hand, I was prepared for a lazy day indoors.

That plan was interrupted by a knock on our front door. My mother and father came downstairs after the second knock and opened the door, blocking my view of it. I followed them and saw two officers in our doorway, one Caucasian, one Hispanic. The white one looked at me, but his eyes were obscured by aviators. The Hispanic one was too busy rattling off translations to my father to notice me. My father frowned and stood aside.

"Look, sir, I'm sorry but orders are orders." The White officer said as he entered the house. He was followed by 3 or 4 men that were dressed to work. I glanced up at my father,

who was glaring at the policemen, and asked him what was happening.

"We're being removed for lack of payment." He said, his voice barely a whisper. I didn't understand. Why were we being removed? Can't we just pay what we owe? Where will we go? What will happen to us?

Before I could get an answer, my mother ushered my sister and I to our rooms.

"When the suitcase could fit no more, I sat on my bare mattress."

"Pack your things and change into comfortable clothes. Do not go downstairs until I tell you to." She said and left us in silence. I threw my things into an old red suitcase without really knowing what I was doing. Clean and dirty clothes, my stuffed animals,

my Nintendo DS; everything blurred until I was holding my school uniform – I could feel the tears straining to burst free. *Where will I do my homework?*

When the suitcase could fit no more, I sat on my bare mattress, looking out of my window for the last time. A large U-Haul had been parked in our driveway and was now filled with most of our things. The couch, the T.V, the coffee table and everything else that was on the first floor disappeared into the mouth of the U-Haul monster.

I heard my door creak open and turned to see who had entered. Garfield strutted in and jumped onto my lap, purring loudly. I pet his soft fur and realized that I had nowhere to keep him. I took him downstairs and saw my mother talking with my father. They both eyed the cat and shook their heads. I set Garfield down and he bolted for the open door, leaving like all of the other memories.









Spiral

Shell No.1

By Georgia O'Keeffe

LAURA QUESADA



A long road stretches ahead
White, untainted
Unending
Cracked and chipped beginnings do not deter the wanderer
Once before crystal smooth, muddied by growing moss
A path poisoned
Warning
Dark clouds loom
Malicious spiral
Ensnaring the unsuspecting
Caving in on itself and regrowing
A desperate gnarled limb trying to find its place
Damned existence
Leading to ruin
Fraud pearl
Exposed plastic

End with a ;

GILDA JNOFINN



Through cold teeth,
Lethal as poisoned spikes,
Are colder promises.
Her tide was rising,
Can't be stemmed.
To hold her rage at bay
Is difficult still.
Through cold teeth,
Lethal as poisoned spikes,
Are colder promises.
Rash thinking turns
Into rash direction
As perilous as shards in the storm.
She clutches the blade,
Trembling hands mirror
Inner turmoil.
Through cold teeth,
Lethal as poisoned spikes,
Are colder promises.
"A neat slice against pale skin
Will dissolve problems.
Embrace the pain."
Temptation defies common sense.
She sobs.
Eager to end it now;
It is harder done than said.
The blade has lied.
She sees the deceit.
Destroy the blade though it seems unyielding,
Even this is another lie.
Through cold teeth,
Lethal as poisoned spikes,
Are colder promises.
She bends it.
The blade shatters under her effort.
Better it than her life,
Because rescue comes not
From a blade's cold teeth.



"Our battered suitcases were piled on the sidewalk again;
we had longer ways to go. But no matter, the road is life.

— Jack Kerouac

MUSIC



SUNGHOSTS

SunGhosts has a sound they've described as, "The Red Hot Chili Peppers throwing a beach party with The Strokes and Arctic Monkeys." They say their inspiration comes from "Anything and everything. It's... a subconscious thing." The band is looking forward to going on tour in the near future and the release of their new LP.



SIGH KICKS

When asked about their music, Sigh Kicks said, "We aim for Dance-Punk/ Chillwave," but claim they are closer to "Indie... with Dance Influences." On the content of their music, Sigh Kicks said, "Musically, we just want to... invoke some kind of emotion... Lyrically, it's mostly just lovey-dovey stuff. Sigh Kicks actually has two events they consider as highlights: Opening for both SALES and Hundred Waters.



CROCODILE DEATHSPIN + THE TALL KING DOGS

Crocodile Deathspin + The Tall King Dogs have described their music as "Muck," inspired by "Tarantino, The Doors, Nirvana, And Johnny Cash." The highlight of their career was "Getting offered a record deal with a label in Hungary the second day after [their] song being released."



ASTROMAPS

Astromaps described their music as "electric." On their process and inspiration, they said "One may feel divinely inspired but not have the right vocabulary... the message but not the delivery. A song therefore is never really done." The highlight of their career is "having people... show up to our shows singing our songs... as if they wrote them."

MYNAH

Mynah is a “Folksy Punksy Modern Rock” band. Mynah takes inspiration from “The lives of people around us” and “everything from Woody Guthrie to Radiohead to Pixies.” The highlight of their career was “a show with The Punknecks that Mynah will never forget.”



LEFT HANDED JACKET

Left Handed Jacket describes themselves as “a cross between the dancey groove of The Killers and the intensity of Taking Back Sunday. To make their music they “take [their] experiences” and “the lives of our friends and families” and “jam out until [they] think [they’ve] captured the moment [they’re] feeling. The highlight of their career was “Getting interviewed on The Pipeline WRGP and playing live on air.”



SILAS SAUNDERS

Silas Saunders describes his music as, “Smooth heartfelt Hip-Hop/Rap.” His inspiration comes from “the world around me.” He aspires to “change the world and touch peoples heart.” The highlight of his career has been playing two show in one day: One at the music festival on Miami Dade College’s Kendall Campus, and later at Lucid Gallery in Kendall.



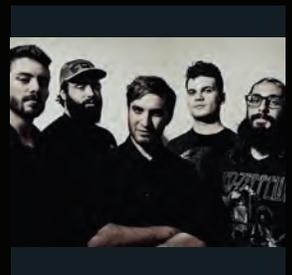
VALLETA

When asked about their sound, Valleta said “You will listen to something organic. In your face drums, catchy vocals, low grit bass, with strong guitar work.” Their process is composed of “different routines.” They “might either have a riff in mind then go to Yoshii’s studio, or Manny will have an idea in mind then BOOM! A flow just comes out and the tracking begins.” They claim to have no highlight in their career because “our expectations are high and the hunger we have for this is insane.”



THE FILTHY CASUALS

The Filthy Casuals play a “modernized variant of classic rock,” with “elements of punk, grunge, the blues, and even classical music.” They take inspiration from “personal stories” as they believe that is “the best way to write music.” The highlight of their career was hearing the crowd cheer when they covered ‘Spell On You’ at Churchill’s Pub.





YEARS APART

Years Apart describes their music as “the soundtrack to one of those really awesome dreams... that you can’t ever seem to forget.” They are inspired by “everything around [them]. The world is a beautiful place so why not be inspired by what surrounds you?” The highlight of their career is their upcoming EP.



EARLY BIRD

Early Bird described their music as “Nervy, Neurotic, rock music with pop sensibilities.” Which they compared to “A tiny cartoon squirrel... trying to... operate a forklift.” In terms of their process, they like to “take sweet and catchy melodies and throw them against harsh or odd sounding sonic backgrounds.” They are inspired by “good music, movies, and books.” Early Bird is currently recording their first record entitled Cathedral.



ABOVE THE SKYLINE

If they had to give themselves a label, Above The Skyline would have to go with “Rock/Alternative Rock.” But really, their sound is “something only the listener can describe.” They draw inspiration from “past experiences... Funny stories, love songs, and even drunken nights!” The highlight of their career was “playing on stage at Revolution Live.”



VERALI

Verali is a “Reggae Rock Fusion” band that is “inspired by a collection of ideas.” They see songwriting as “one big collaborative journey.” The highlight of their career was “being able to play at Tobacco Road’s final closing show.”



TOP TIER

Top Tier describes their music as “Easycore,” which is “pop/punk with... hardcore elements.” They take their inspiration from “coming together to make songs that we can all wholeheartedly connect to.” The highlight of their career was hearing “people chanting ‘Say you are!’ for the first time during our set.”

SALAS

Salas describes their music as “Vampire Weekend’s first album, but with grit!” In terms of genre “Some people call us tropi-punk, and we kinda like that!” Salas seeks “raw emotion” through a “Kerouac-esque approach to writing,” with “stream-of-conscious thoughts and ideas.” The highlight of their career is “a tie between playing the first Mandala Festival and for The Love Fest.”



GARRISON BENJAMIN JACKSON

Garrison Benjamin Jackson writes “uplifting... Aboveground Music!” GBJ is “inspired from above” and uses “every musical opportunity to send peace, love, and prosperity.” The highlight of their career “has been the opportunity to work with David Davis and the EastWest studios team, as well as platinum producer Natural Disaster.”



DEAD CINEMA

Dead Cinema is a “pop rock alternative band.” When asked about their inspiration, band member Cindy said “it ranges from the mood I’m in, and scenarios I’ve thought about or experienced.” Band member Chris said “I’m inspired by personal feelings and... musical influences.” The highlight of their career was their first show which had a “packed house... with a lot of people actually singing along.” They are also excited about their upcoming debut EP.



PANDARAMA

When asked to describe their music, Pandarama said “Steven [lead guitarist] likes to add a hint of jazz into some of our songs... the chord progression in the chorus [On Interstellar Road Trip] is strange. We like strange.” When asked about their inspiration they said “For Steven, anything weird or nerdy. For Panda, it comes from the emotion he hears in the music.” The highlight of their career was their “last performance at Artistic Vibes for their ReVerb show.”



SLOW COAST

Slow Coast describes themselves as “The Blues Revival of the new 20’s... a band that enjoys jamming,” with a focus on “Jazz, blues, and rock n roll.” They are inspired by “personal emotions, interesting experiences and the world around us.” The highlight of their career was “Recording in the studio, jamming on stage [at] Lucid Gallery, Melochromania and Mandala Music Festival.”



Awards Volume 25.

Associated Collegiate Press
Philadelphia Pennsylvania 2015

Finalist for Pacemaker Award/ magazines

Community College Humanities Association Literary Competition 2015
Tampa, Florida.

First place in the Southern Division:

First place awards:

1st place in Short Story to Nicholas Solana for "Who Knew"
1st place in Creative Non-Fiction to Andrew Bochnovich for "Relapse"
1st place in Song to Astromaps for "French Police"

Second Place Awards:

2nd place in Artwork to Annabella Camise for "Joy"

Third Place Awards:

3rd place in Creative Non-Fiction to Jason Fontana for "The End Word"

Columbia Scholastic Press Association Gold Circle Awards
Awarded 2016, New York N.Y.

Awarded a College Magazine Silver Crown

Circle Merit: In Free Form Poetry to Phi Nyem Pham for "Dear Fellow Traveler"
Circle Merit: In Form Poetry to Jason Fontana for "The Boss's Widow"
Circle Merit: In Single Illustration: Hand-Drawn for Anabella Camise for "Joy"
Circle Merit: in Portfolio Illustration for Patrick Oleson
Circle Merit: In Photographs for Christian Alvarez for "Visitor"

Florida College System Publications Association
Awarded 2015
Orlando, Florida

First place Awards:

1st place in Editing to Andrea Somoza and Jason Fontana

Second Place Awards:

2nd place in Art (individual) to Gisselle Perez
2nd place in Art Works to Anabella Camise, Gisselle Perez, and Tai Ngo

Third Place Awards:

3rd place in Creative Non-Fiction to Jason Fontana for "The End word"

Miambiance Editorial Policy

Miambiance is published once a year by students currently enrolled in credit courses at Miami Dade Colleges Kendall Campus. Submissions to the magazine are accepted only from students attending the Kendall Campus except in the case of college-wide contests. Staff members who also contribute to the magazine must do so under a pseudonym to assure anonymity. Miambiance's mission is to provide a creative outlet for writers attending classes at Kendall campus. Visual art students who wish to publish their photographs, illustrations and graphics are also published in Miambiance. All submissions must be attached to the proper submission form available through the English Department mailbox marked Miambiance Submissions in room 2217. All rights, including e-rights, are reserved. Copyright for individual works both audio and print reverts to the authors and artists upon publication. Opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or general staff.

Miambiance is available free of charge in the English department, room 2217.

Colophon

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Sounds of Miambiance Track List

1. Sunnyside Uppercut.....SunGhosts
2. Dialtone.....Sigh Kicks
3. Santa Cruz Shredder.....Crocodile Deathspin + The Tail King Dogs
4. You're My Friend and I Can't Believe It.....AstroMaps
5. Fountain of Youth.....Mynah
6. Crazy.....Left-Handed Jacket
7. Life is a Gift.....Silas Saunders
8. Soulless You'll Stay.....Valleta
9. Mexico.....The Filthy Casuals
10. Far Below.....Years Apart
11. Cooler.....Early Bird
12. Don't Cut Out The Light.....Above the Skyline
13. Shoot Me Down.....Verali
14. The Friend You Say You Are.....Top Tier
15. Current.....SALAS
16. Every Day.....Garrison Benjamin Jackson
17. Whispering Sea.....Dead Cinema
18. Interstellar RoadtripPandarama
19. Drafted.....Slow Coast