



MIAMBIANCE
VOLUME 27

MIAMBIANCE

A Magazine of Literature and Arts Volume XXVII, 2017

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



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Editor's Note

The life of an artist.

With this year's theme, we attempt to capture the complexity and nuances of our community. When we first started imagining what our magazine would look like, we had many different and sometimes conflicting ideas. However, we knew one thing for sure: we wanted to allow our talented students to express and share their creativity with us through their literature, photography, and visual arts.

Volume 27 is designed rather untraditionally, and yet we brought its focus to the very core of *Miambiance's* mission. Our goal was to unveil the beauty behind all the art we could discover on Kendall campus. Miami is a vibrant and diverse city, and we wanted to share a piece of this unique culture with the world through our magazine. Through the style of our writers, the lenses of our photographers, and the brushes of our painters, you will feel their joy, pain, excitement, and frustration.

I invite you to join us through this journey, and I hope you enjoy it as much as I have.

Editor-in-Chief,
Valentina Tzvetanov



Special Thanks to the Members of the Following Departments:

English and Communications, Graphics, Arts and Philosophy, and Media Services



It is our deepest gratitude and warmest affection
that we dedicate this issue
to our adviser

Marta Magellan

With her knowledge and inspiration, she has
contributed to *Miambiance* since Volume XI, 2001.

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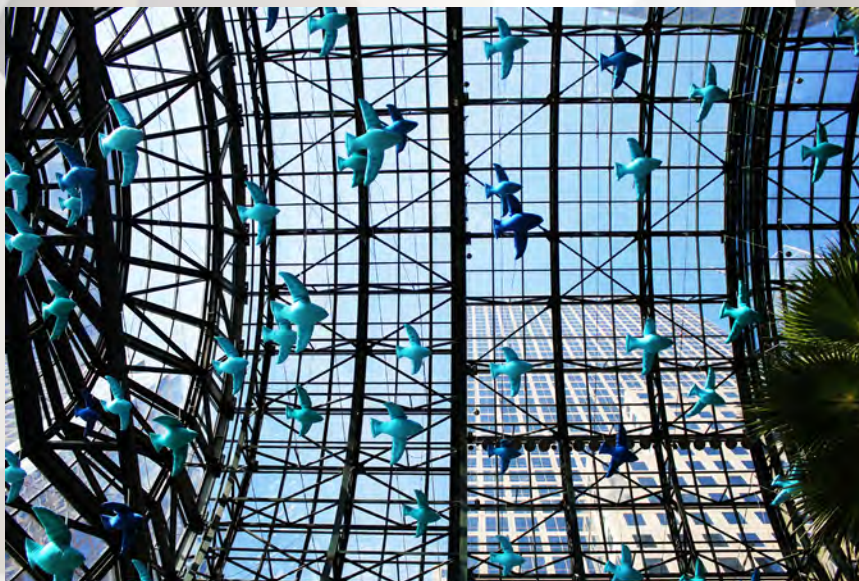
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Sea Levels

Kimberly Chang

Ice caps melt away,
Islands sink into oblivion,
Drowning our planet



Octavio Fernandez ◊ **Waiting on the Wind**

POLLUTION

Grey murky waters,
Bleaching corals, floating trash,
Mask the ocean's beauty.

- Kimberly Chang





Jonathan Sanchez ◊ Noah's Ark

Valery Perez

◇ ◇ ◇

Double Lips



Briana Ortiz ◊ *Algae booms*



VIRGIN CHRONICLES

Krystal Luciano

†††

Insecurities plague the heart, surrendering all faith she once held in herself

A stolen dance from a man who embedded demons in her soul. Creating a masked woman no
human can grasp

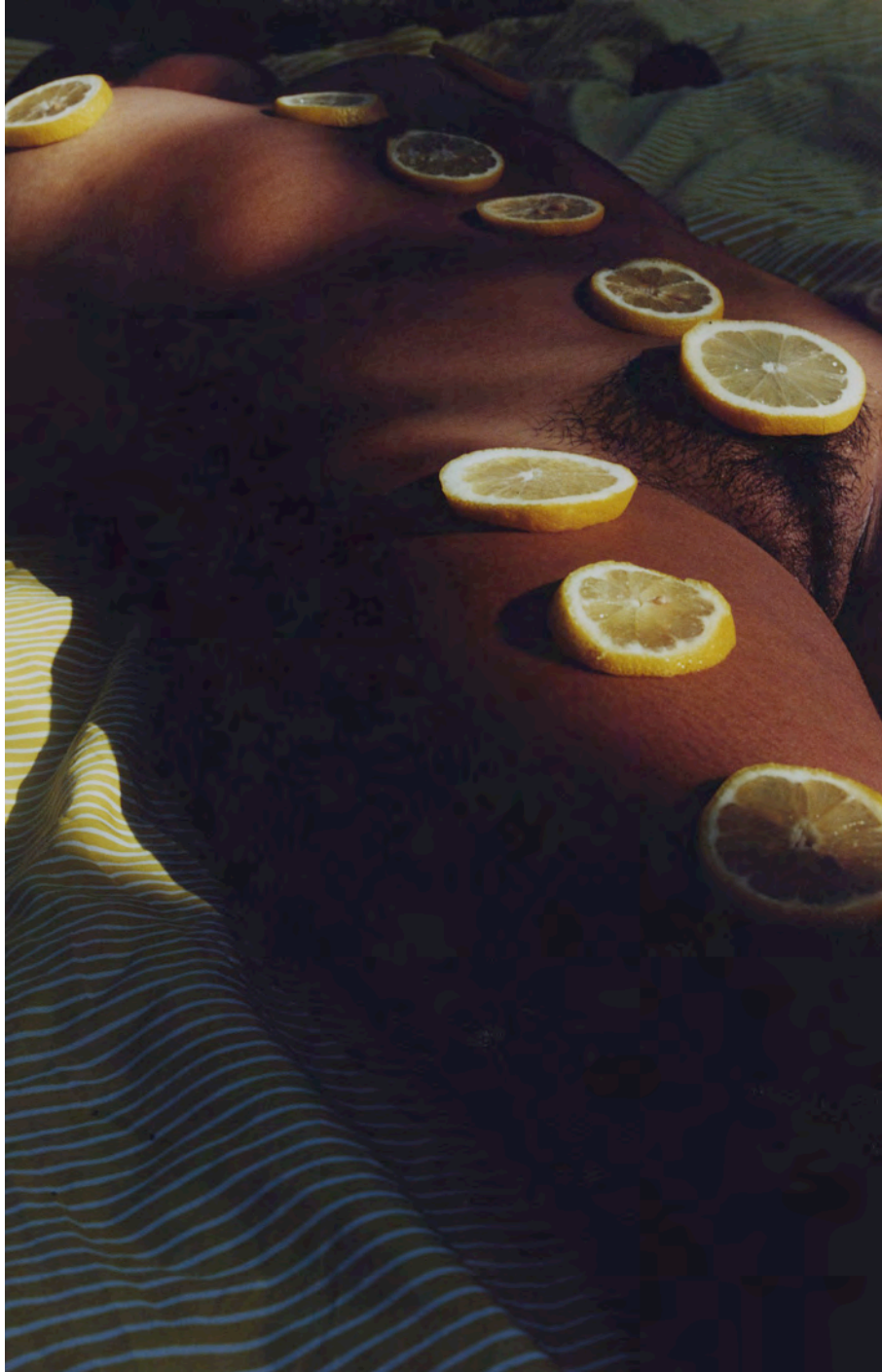
Breathless beside the shadow she lays fading – the doubts eat at her core

Demons shriek for they cannot bear her reverie

Star-gazer she's become this realm holds nothing more.

Waiting for a reply she howls at the sky each night louder; feeding the stars they glow brighter.
Her light dimmed, her howl lost in the wind the sky glows.

Remnants of a beauty.



Hannah Olivera ◇ **Sour Puss**

A Nullifidian

Abraham Perez

Raped by your insignificant pressure upon my beliefs, on either knee is my
Society
You gaze at stars while I scrutinize at a prophecy, one of alleged opposite
integrity to your textbooks
Many theories, many have our minds shook...

"St. Augustine is a temple of doom,"
For you it's a charred candle without an igniting flame to guide your lonesome
path
For me, it's a beaming sanctuary crafted by a God and of its women and men
darted to your end

A wandering inner soul are whom we used to be,
but we're dazed at what came between our troubles and our glee...
None of which came across our undeniable views upon our country and the
Free.



You stand by theories,
I stand by faith,
Who's in the wrong?

Life lessons versus
no acceptance,
But when our hours
are limited,
one of us will see
The wright of passage...

It's typical, as everyone
indeed does
But it'll be too late
for one of us:
either a man
that has lived life
with clapped hands

Or

a man that has
lived life
on their own.

Reflections of Light

Leslie Cueva

A sweet little girl
Walked along the path
Always searching,
Because she knew.
It. Would soon be.
This, she could clearly see.
A little boy followed,
Curious was he.

At last they found. It.
Before them a door.
Mysterious. Intriguing.
Immediately they proceed,
This place was ancient –
evolved

They had never been here
before
She loved it.
Disoriented, was he.

Before their tiny eyes,
Stood a large picture
Exquisitely scarred with
wisdom
For all to see.
The canvas was white,
Brilliant and bare
The image – pristine
This beautiful child
Could not believe

Finally! She was so relieved
Happy, so happy was she.

There it is, she squealed!
There – Do you see?!
I see nothing, said he
Still trapped – by
uncertainty
Look further, please!
The image right before
you,
In perfect harmony..
It. Is me
For all, who choose, to see
It. Is me
Me. Free.







Edian Ibarrola

◇ ◇ ◇

Praise

To Live

Abraham Perez

Everyday is mourning

I've got no self-control to ease the toll...

The toll I've selfishly pummeled like some dead horse

I've got no air to breathe,

just heat so that I can fry

A black sheet glares above me, understanding my anger, heartening me from its devilry

I don't need its benignity

18 hours living

the other six

are made for

dying

My skull and my brain are on the launch pad, slowly fading away

No, it seems that it needs to return and properly implode, so then my other six are forevermore

The morning beams down and it stings, making my body sizzle and pop

Eyes wide open, it seethes its way to mine...

I don't have sobriety

so the toll checks

back in

A sun nor a moon commends any difference

18 hours living

My other six are moribund

24 hours are meant for Shining



Winds

A lone fallen tree,
A storm, gentle at its rest,
Here, birds with no home.

- Juan Herron



Dyron Gabriel Lafuente ◊ **Egún** ◊ 15" x 14" ◊ Wood



Brandon Galindo ◊ **Frog**

WARS

Kimberly Chang



Lauren Bouza ♦ La Calle

Freedom is a myth,
Safety is now a privilege,
In our modern world.



Baroque
frescoes

Miriam Neal ♦ Baroque

Micheal Olivera
◇ ◇ ◇
The Fall



Karla Corria
◇◇◇
Unveiled







Isabella Matute

◇ ◇ ◇

What you looking at?

I Rise

Leslie Cueva

I give - you take

I love - you lust

I beg - you refuse

I forgive - you blame

I feel - you cry

I bleed - you need

I fall - you stall

I trip - you flip

You gaslight - I realize

Before your eyes - I rise

Gone are the lies

Happiness purifies

I fully release you

Empowered and anew

Ever wise - I Rise



Stephanie Mendez ◇ Passion Awaits



David Cruz-Mercado ◇ Motherly Love

Yeya's Girl

“Un capricho,” as defined by my tired mother, is a passing phase. It is a small phase to ease a temporary pleasure. “Malcriadas,” which are spoiled brats like myself, live their lives being “caprichosa.” Just ask Yeya, my almost seventy year old bundle of café con leche, guayaba con queso, and a whole lot of love. Her face expressionless, like after a long day of work. Except, Yeya has had a lifetime of it. Every line telling a story-memories of Cuba, coming to the United States, working in factories, losing three children, and marrying a man with more addictions than dollars in his pocket.

“Que malcriada,” I hear her panting under the pots and pans of the most sacred place in my family- Yeya's kitchen. With a precocious grin, it's like I'm seven years old again. In a sigh of gratitude, I look at her waddle around the stove and pantry to satisfy my hungry “capricho.” With a four tooth smile, barely there blonde hair, and a pair of spectacles with a peculiar brown shade that rest over eye bags; she is easy on the eyes. Her body is large and aching with arthritis. Her fingers swollen and curved almost in different directions. Those hands tickled me for a smile, comforted every fever, rested upon my head every night in prayer, and still wipe tears of heartbreak from my eyes. They fought hard to pay for rent and keep her children in check. They prepped me for ballet, pulling my bed head into a tight knot that left my face numb. “No bumps Yeya,” I used to demand, for I always wanted to be the prettiest in class. Her automatic glances in the mirror would tell me to stay “tranquila,” she tells me to keep calm-or else. They know of all my “caprichos,” and yet still love me.

“I love you Titi.” Without looking up, she smiles. Titi is our secret name we call each other.

“Que malcriada.”

Lianet Aguilar ◇ Denial of Coexistence



Christian Carmelino
Labeled
Charcoal
36" x 42"





David Cruz-Mercado ◊ The Reflection

The Accident

Alana A. Sewornu

In the dark of night, she stumbled along the secluded highway. Her petite figure shined on the side of the road against the car lights headed her way. One by one the vehicles began to pass with such force, her body gradually unsteadied. Just as quick as it started; they were gone. When she made it to the gas station, I remembered watching her go to the counter for a few minutes, then she was gone. For some reason, I couldn't stop looking at her, she reached the end of the road as if waiting. As mom and I were about to leave the gas station a bus came from the opposite direction; she began to run. As soon as she tried to cross the road, lights from a car suddenly appeared. Too late to move, as if time slowed down, her body flew in the air.

**The silhouette of her white dress rippled
as her body glided over the passing cars.**

*She landed on the grassy field
from where she came.*

Amaranth

Lips

Izabella Felpeto

He inspects every collection
as though a lover gazes at his beloved.
Savoring every curve and craving
every inch;
he grows dizzy with impatience.
An aroma of intoxicating perfection
spins through the air,
begging for a waltz.
With a coquettish grin, he sighs.
A romance divided by a state of sobriety
and resistance.
His company for the evening is rich,
and full of body.
Pursing his soon to be amaranth lips,
he enjoys
every
last
sip.



Annarosa Guerrero

◇ ◇ ◇

Across the Hall

Nas Nixx
†††
Faces



Manipulation

Krystal Luciano
†††

I was a toy; their puppet

they pulled at my strings I danced my best performance

encore

I took control -we took control. No longer the puppet

linked in power- power and control

Fueled

Your fire inside of mine. Can't stop loving you.

Hunger stricken we fed on her, our pray.



Come Undone

Juan Herron

◇◇◇

Five years after its inauguration, TermiNex, a local business that aimed to be the next big thing in extermination, failed to meet its required goals of expanding statewide or, even, to nearby districts. Angela, the owner and lead specialist of the business, hoped to carry on her efforts of growth another year, but, with money tight as rope, she had nothing with which to pursue her dreams. Knowing that, she came to the grueling decision that it was time for TermiNex to close.

Since her youth, Angela had an eye for spotting insects and critters as she found herself surprisingly fascinated by them. She knew to watch and study them in secrecy, for other people very rarely felt with her. Regardless of how much she loved the creatures, they came and went as they pleased, though, when too many stayed, a man would arrive with *permission from above* to spray liquids alongside the bottom of walls, into corners, and holes in the walls. Soon after, the room that once seemed itself to move with all the life within, would become still as she, alone, sat inside. In those moments of stillness, she took it upon herself to become an exterminator, for she understood her sentiments toward insects were as a single

speck of sand by the sea, and, so, she decided it right for her to be the one who comes to heartedly wash them away.

After TermiNex closed, Angela spent the weekend home alone, as she usually did. Though, this time, she left to a scheduled doctor's appointment due to her worsening health prior. When she arrived, the doctor's room was still and quiet, and before he began to speak, he quickly clapped his hands in the air

***“Sorry,” he said lightheartedly,
“these things can get
annoying.”***

He cleaned his hands on a napkin and proceeded to inform her that they discovered her to be terminally ill. He continued to speak, informing her of the condition, but she'd heard no more as she fell into a heavy daze, staring dead-eyed at the brown bloody stain on the napkin the doctor had thrown in the trash.

She quickly left the hospital and raced home with one thought in mind. She didn't want to be alone. She didn't want to die alone. She unlocked the door and entered her room, but, as she stood in the middle, she realized it was vacant of life. She had recently taken a job to fumigate the building not long before in hopes of saving the business. She felt lonely, so she took her phone and thought to call family, but decided they didn't care. They hadn't called when TermiNex closed, or to wish her good luck at the appointment. They hadn't called in ages. She left her phone inside and made her way back to the car, tossing a couple of liquor bottles to the back seat and, slowly, made her way to pick up the morphine the doctor had prescribed.

Driving to the edge of town, Angela ventured to a warehouse by the sea which she knew was abandoned. It was her favorite spot in town. With no people around to care, rain poured in the from holes in the roof, weeds flourished from the concrete below, roots grew through the weakened walls, and the warehouse quickly began to move lively, much like the room Angela had in her memories. As she entered the warehouse teeming with life, she no longer felt alone.

Time passed, and, now, surrounded by empty liquor bottles and feeling adrift, she spoke aloud, almost muttering and looking around,

“I heard somewhere, sometimes, you hurt what you love. Yeah. What I did. I see. A thorn to this rosy paradise. Terrible. I know. But you came back and came back and came back. I had to, or, at least I thought I did.”

“I'm sorry,” she barely whispered as her body relaxed and her tightend fist came undone. She turned and watched the empty pill bottle roll out of and away from her hand.

◇ ◇ ◇

Nearby ants went to the pill bottle, though, upon finding nothing useful, they disregarded it.





THE BALANCE OF THE MOON

The moon was big, half-full, and bright, but the forest all around me stood still and dark as the moon hid behind the clouds-refusing to come out.

“Woosh! Woosh! Boom!” I heard someone begin to shout, again and again. Suddenly, seeming as if the starry sky somehow merged with the forest, the falling snow became shimmering sparkles in the air. And with each shout, a bright energy flowed throughout the land.

“Woosh! Woosh! Boom!”

Red, then Blue, then Purple! turned the tall trees that filled the Giant’s Forest-where everything grew huge.

“Woosh! Woosh! Boom!”

Yellow, then Red, then, Orange! glowed the snowy floor and the frozen stream rushing beside me.

“Woosh! Woosh! Boom!”

Blue, then Green, then Aquamarine! glistened all the creatures that shook the floor as they ran closer and closer to where the colors shone brightest and shouts rung loudest.

“Is this it?” I gasped, not able to hold in my excitement.

I held onto my black hat, digging my head into it as I ran through the forest so alive. Then, shivering from the cold breeze blowing back my matching robes, I made it to the heart of the forest. There, I found a spot where instead of hulking bare trees, grew cattails-the biggest I’d ever seen. All the creatures dared not enter as they stood ‘round the edge acting calm and then startled, when their world would turn from dark to beautiful.

Whether they were scared or not, it didn’t scare me because I knew whatever was there had to be what grandmamma promised I’d find.

“Bright, Beautiful, and Sad, too. You’ll know when you see it.”

“Two out of three, so far.” I thought.

I squeezed through the creatures into where the winds blew strongest and as they bent down the giant cattails, finally, I was able to see a woman there. Gently, floating in the air, the woman sat on a broom. I saw her arms glowing every color of the rainbow as she threw colored stones into the floor. Pieces flew into the sky, and, once again, the creatures became startled.

“A witch!” I thought, my heart racing.

Without another thought I bolted toward her and, unable to see within the cattails, I had only the sweet sound of her voice to guide me.

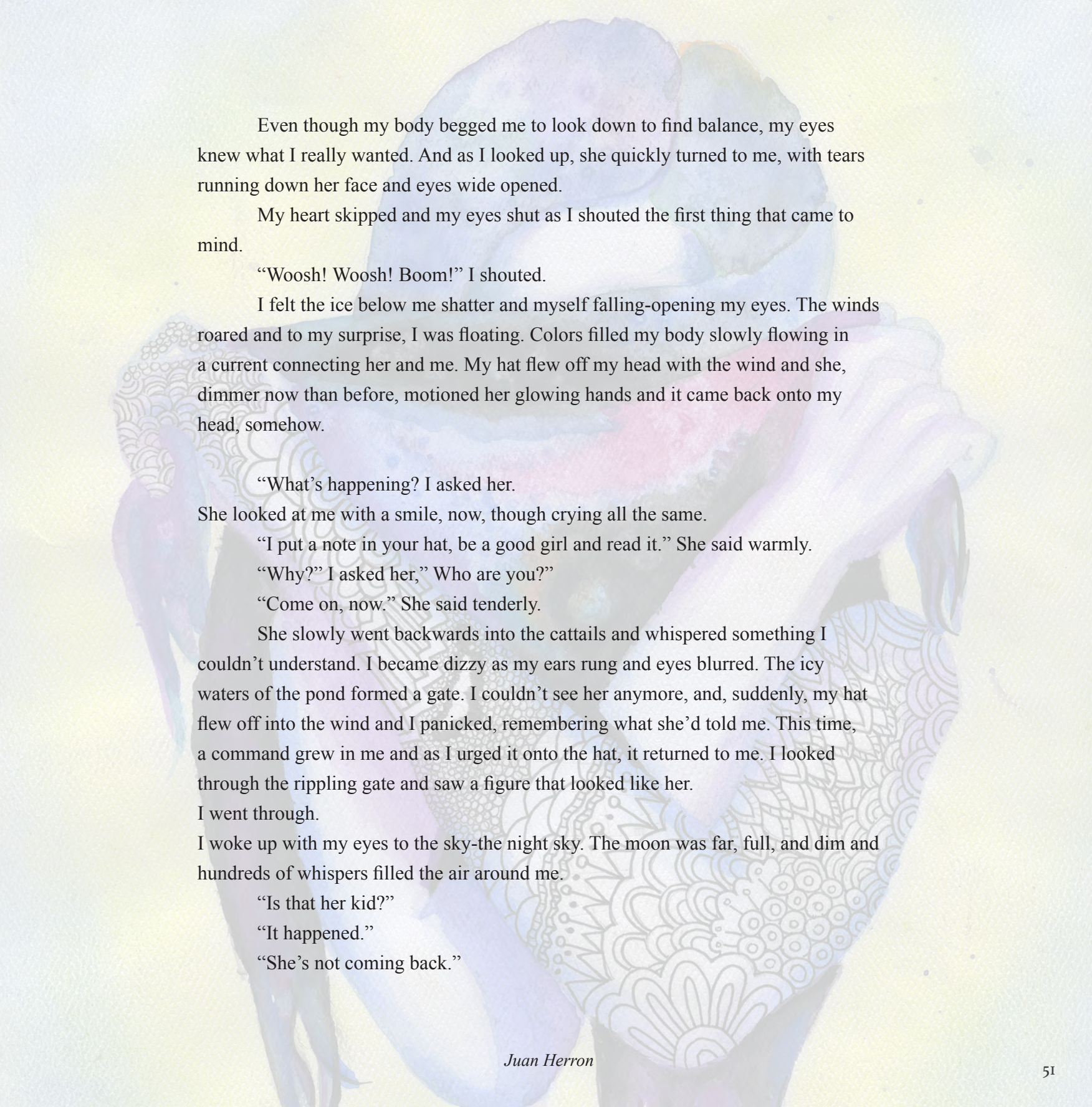
“These colors make me so happy,” I thought, “but she has to be it.”

I raced forward, feeling her shouts would come soon, though, to my surprise, the cattails ended and I slid, almost falling, atop a frozen pond.

Feeling scared, I screamed.

Stephanie Mendez ◇ Choices





Even though my body begged me to look down to find balance, my eyes knew what I really wanted. And as I looked up, she quickly turned to me, with tears running down her face and eyes wide opened.

My heart skipped and my eyes shut as I shouted the first thing that came to mind.

“Woosh! Woosh! Boom!” I shouted.

I felt the ice below me shatter and myself falling-opening my eyes. The winds roared and to my surprise, I was floating. Colors filled my body slowly flowing in a current connecting her and me. My hat flew off my head with the wind and she, dimmer now than before, motioned her glowing hands and it came back onto my head, somehow.

“What’s happening? I asked her.

She looked at me with a smile, now, though crying all the same.

“I put a note in your hat, be a good girl and read it.” She said warmly.

“Why?” I asked her,” Who are you?”

“Come on, now.” She said tenderly.

She slowly went backwards into the cattails and whispered something I couldn’t understand. I became dizzy as my ears rung and eyes blurred. The icy waters of the pond formed a gate. I couldn’t see her anymore, and, suddenly, my hat flew off into the wind and I panicked, remembering what she’d told me. This time, a command grew in me and as I urged it onto the hat, it returned to me. I looked through the rippling gate and saw a figure that looked like her.

I went through.

I woke up with my eyes to the sky-the night sky. The moon was far, full, and dim and hundreds of whispers filled the air around me.

“Is that her kid?”

“It happened.”

“She’s not coming back.”





Luisana Zambrano



Caged



Hannah Olivera

◇ ◇ ◇

Derriere Split

Between Us

Leslie Cueva

Your heartbeat
Pounds onto my chest
Deliciously burning like the sun
It's loud, intense and breathtaking
Indulging, we barely touch
Hair glides across my skin
softly agasping
my, breathing, slows,
I can hear myself inhale
As if no other sound exists
I smile - exhaling with delight
Warm air sweetly floats by
Thoughts permeate space
Time is irrelevant
An eternity since then
An eternity...
Until we breathe again

Joice Gonzalez

◇ ◇ ◇

**Stephanie
Mendez**



Paula Stevenson ◇ *Swirls*

Now I'm Lost In Paradise

Downtown in Miami is a rhyme, a blink, a captivating noise, a moan, a habit, wistfulness, delusion, and a quality of night! If there's a moment when it's perfect, it's my experience at Ultra Music Festival. Nothing compares. From the entwining of everyone's finger tips demonstrating peace, love, unity, and respect, to the trading of dazzling and vibrant arm kandi with sweaty crazed festival goers. Lost in the powerful roaring of lust, the bass infiltrates the depths of my rib cage, my soul, my life, and I feel it all. Blinded by the blazing fire of laser beams, euphoria strikes. My arm hairs upswing, goosebumps ignite, and fireworks light up the sky like the fourth of July. The wind is stocked with vodka and nicotine, yet, despite every one's over used cologne and the flavor of tobacco stuck in the atmosphere, it holds my most precious memory. This, is my special place!

In the midst of spring as the sun goes down, lights ascend, and the tune in the air is all that matters. The sky is filled in an array of lilac and blush stretched across the northern hemisphere. Love beams off of every dancing maniac and unites us all as one. Free minded spirits crawl into our egos and composite a careless personality.

Synchronized, the thousands of bodies swaying, heads bobbing, and intense shufflers become one. Talented acrobats with LED filled costumes swing through this energy. Eyes glued on wacky vibrant revealing attire.

*Every stranger is my friend,
but he is my lover.*

The chemistry is thick and exciting as a flutter invades my body and we share the vibe; this love is too immense. Eyes locked on what seems to be the only light in this starry night. The smiles creep up and, in that moment, silence strikes. Only you and I are left. To feel what I feel, I exposed myself to the unknown. Memories are all I acquire and will treasure like the wisdom I picked up from partying. It is not what you see, it is what you feel. To love and honor all differences is to gain sanity.

The rippling roar lifts us from this magical state, and drives us back into reality. Recognizing the vividness of cruelty in the world we take part in. I am one, but, here at Ultra Music Festival, we are countless souls searching for unity, love, and friendship. We have initiated a better tomorrow.



OBEY

WHY?
VICTIM

Isabella Matute & Alejandro Roca ◊ Obey

3:00 a.m.

Musk

.....

Tristan Jones

3 o'clock rolls around again
And once more I'm shrouded in
Those all too familiar odors of Whiskey,
Pipe tobacco and semen. The smell envelopes
The room creating a noxious mixture of what can
Only be considered that of shame, confusion and the
All too memorable retreat from reality.
The freeze frame of the naked woman
On the screen screams loneliness and desperation,
All the while the astringent drink coursing through
My veins warm me like that of a bitch in heat.
The crumpled pair of drawers on the floor slowly crusting
From the events prior to the realization, that today is only
Monday.



Brandon Galindo

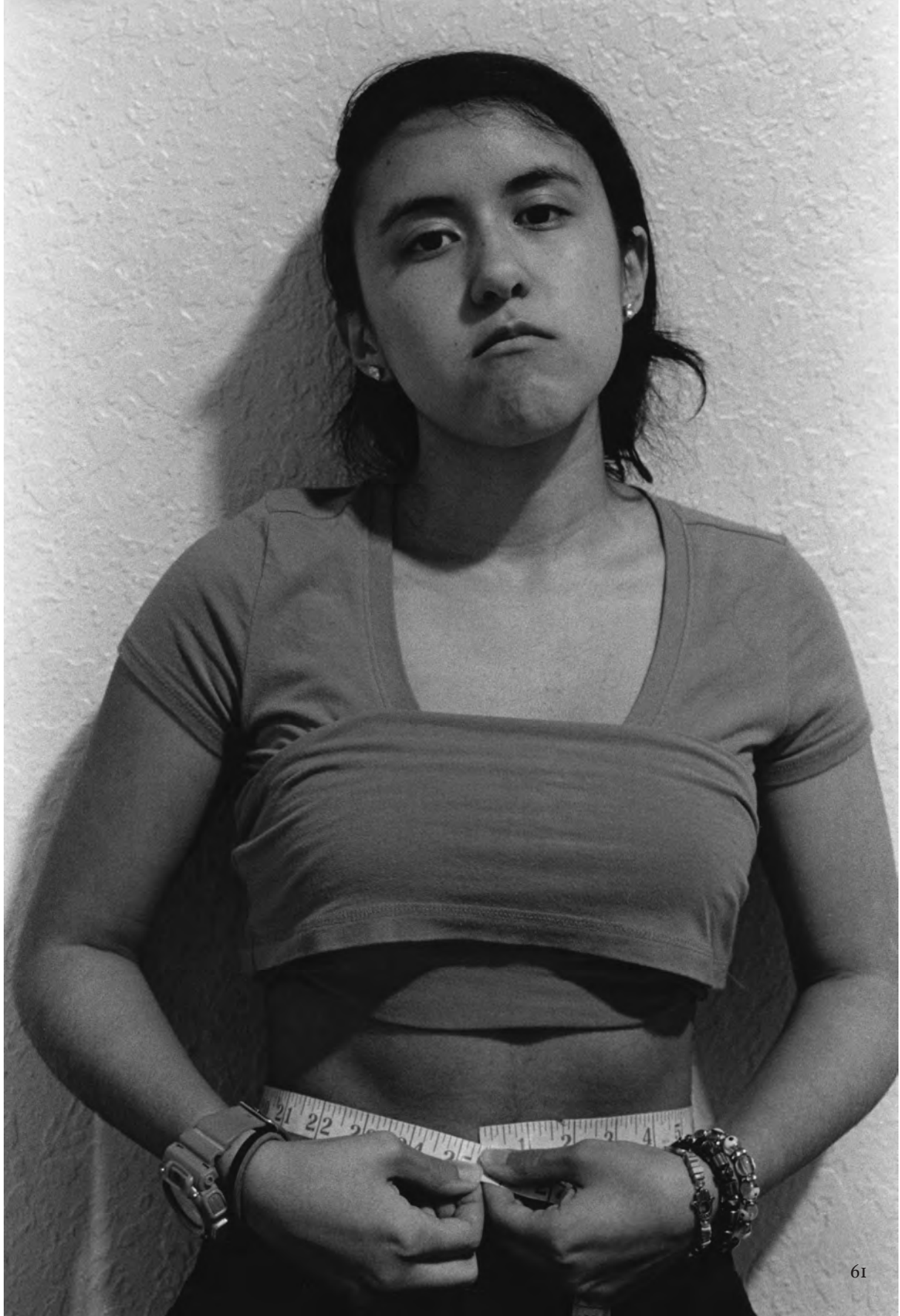
◇ ◇ ◇

Sneaky

Zolli Paladino

◇ ◇ ◇

**Prisoner Within
My Body**



The Feminine Aspect OF THE DIVINE

by Jennifer L. Weiner

Growing up, my family wore its Judaism like a pair of skinny jeans one size too small - we squeezed into them only when we had to. Nominally Jewish at best, we diluted our traditions and suffered through them out of habit. Instead of sleeping in or going to church, we attended Hebrew school on Sundays. Instead of hunting for Easter eggs and devouring chocolate bunnies, we scarfed down horseradish on matzo in the springtime. Instead of listening for Santa and Rudolph's footsteps overhead, we watched the Chanukah candles burn, hoping Nana didn't light them too close to the curtains again. On Rosh Hashanah, we dipped apples in honey; on Yom Kippur, we afflicted our souls. Nevertheless, beyond an affinity for Holocaust stories, I never identified as Jewish.

My Hebrew name is Leah. In the Torah, Leah has a younger sister, Rachel. I had a cousin. We punctuated our generation, the oldest and youngest. In spite of our age difference and living on opposite coasts, Rachel and I were inseparable like crazy glue to skin. We swam against the tide of our siblings and cousins - lost in their seas of math and science. She and I approached the world creatively: singing, writing, asking why. We shared a sensitivity the rest of our family lacked - it inspired me to fight, but overwhelmed Rachel. She wrestled with her yetzer ha'ra, the evil inclination, like Jacob wrestled with God, but Rachel lost her fight. She died

of a heroin overdose ten days before her twenty-first birthday. Compounding the loss of her death, my uncle decided to cremate her remains. Halacha, the Jewish law, views cremation as a rejection of the deceased's Jewishness and forbids it, yet Rachel's cremation fertilized the seed my grief planted, rooting me to my Judaism.

I set a course to discover what it meant to live a Jewish life. I enrolled in classes at a local Ortho-dox synagogue to study Torah, but realized I needed help linking my newfound knowledge with its practical applications. My rabbi agreed - he and his wife extended me the hospitality of Sarah and Abraham. In their tent, I learned to enrich my life through the practices of a religious woman. I luxuriate in my Shabbos (Sabbath) rest and daven (pray) three times a day. I braid loaves of challah in my kosher kitchen like I braided Rachel's red hair, weaving each strand under, over, through the middle: the past, present, and future.

To memorialize her, I give tzedakah (charity) to organizations that help offset the cost of a Jewish burial and educate disenfranchised Jews like myself. I recite the Mourner's Kaddish and recall her voice tripping over the Hebrew she never aspired to read well nor comprehend. Through Rachel, I found a perfectly tailored Judaism; I recognize myself, Jennifer Leah, wearing it. It fits.

“Kol Yisrael arevim zeh la’zeh,” the Talmud teaches us.

“All the people of Israel are responsible for each other.”

We are all connected. So I light my Shabbos candles and repeat the blessing Sarah made to welcome the Shabbos. “Baruch ata Adonay, Eloheinu, melech haolam asher kidishanu bimitzvotav vitzivanu lihadlik ner shel Shabbos kodesh.” Blessed are you, Lord, our God, King of the universe who has sanctified us with his commandments and commanded us to kindle the lights of the holy Sabbath. In their glow, I see my cousin’s hands outstretched, one reaching towards me and the other grasping our namesake matriarchs: Leah and Rachel.



Dyron Gabriel Lafuente ◊ **Sitting in Despair**
Putter, Wood, Copper ◊ 3" x 6"



Eline Rosner
◇ ◇ ◇
Hands for Help

FAMILY TREE

Leslie Cueva



it is, where I was our family, our tribe it is not, who I am
we, were there love and loss I am here
not because truth or lies here, we are
we chose to be insecurities or, are we?
but because all of our lives Now, can we choose
it was, our family who, what with who to be
our destiny do we trust for you see
it was, where we were ones who cannot see family, is the destiny
just because simply because, where I was, now becomes
that's how it was it's how, it used to be? an enlightened memory



Octavio Fernandez, *Fireworks*



Victor Gallardo
◇ ◇ ◇
Last Stop





The Reflection in the Mirror

IN THE MIRROR
THE REFLECTION

Detective Allen Brady entered the interrogation room with only a cup of coffee, a thick manila folder, and a permanent frown plastered on his face. He straightened his neatly pressed jacket – which carefully hid the gun in his holster from plain view – , set his things down on the metal table, and quickly took a seat. Flipping through the files he had prepared, he took a silent sip of his bitter black coffee and finally raised his gaze to the would-be prisoner handcuffed to the table before him. “You’ve got quite a file against you, Mr. Blake.” Blake flashed a toothy grin with his crazy eyes fixed on the officer. “Cops love to pin things on me.” The detective nodded grimly and pushed a photo of a young woman forward. Blake leaned in slightly, with his smile never faltering. “She’s quite the looker, ain’t she?” “She was murdered two weeks ago in her college dorm. Three stab wounds and a cross carved into her chest.” “Seems like someone’s doin’ the lord’s work.” The detective pushed a photo of an elderly woman

toward the prisoner, and he stared at the photo blankly.

“She was pushed down a flight of stairs, and also had a cross carved into her chest.”

Finally, the officer pushed forward the picture of a fellow police officer. “He had the cross burned into his chest this time around.”

“Well, I reckon it’s good to have variation.” Officer Brady leaned back in his chair and took a deep breath. The clock mounted up on the wall to his right ticked away the seconds. Seconds dragged into minutes, which seemed like an eternity. All the while, Allen Brady never once took his eyes off of Blake, who rarely ever dropped his toothy grin. He lightly bounced his leg as he patiently waited for the officer to speak, as if awaiting his cue in a play. Finally, the officer leaned forward and tapped on the picture of the young girl.

“Her name is Alyssa. She was studying history and theology in the community college nearby.”
“Yeah. I’ve seen her on the campus once or twice.”
“What were you doing on the campus?”
Blake looked at the officer in total surprise. “Don’t you remember? I worked there as a security guard. I’m sure that must be in your records somewhere.”
Allen frantically flipped through the files once more. There was no mention of this in the file, even though he was sure he double checked. He shook his head slightly as if to shake off the sudden foreboding feeling that filled his body. He then tapped the picture of the old lady.
“Oh yeah, her. She was a professor at the college Alyssa went to. She taught theology.” Blake said with a hint of annoyance. His legs started to bounce faster, and his grin was faltering, though only slightly.
“What about the police officer? Tell me about him.”
Blake frowned. “Jesus, Allen, do I gotta remind you of everything? He’s the officer that responded to the murder of the girl and the professor.”
Allen nodded. “Now, what do these three have in common?”
“Damn it, Allen!” shouted Blake, “Don’t you remember a damn thing? I killed Alyssa, pushed the professor down the stairs because she saw me do it, and then killed the officer because he had evidence. You were there! You saw the whole thing!”
Allen stared at Blake with widened eyes. Had Blake just confessed to all his crimes, right then and there? Blake saw Allen’s expression and went back to his toothy grin.
“She was your cousin, wasn’t she?” he asked as he leaned closer to Allen. “She squealed like a pig.”
Allen’s rage flared and he quickly stood, pulling his gun out of the holster and aiming it at Blake. “How the hell did you know that!?”
“You can’t shoot me. You’re a police officer. Isn’t that against the law?” Blake said in a mocking tone, his grin growing wider.
“God damn it, answer me!”

Blake laughed a wild, hateful, and sinful laughter that shook Allen’s very core. His hands shuddered as the gun shook before its target. Blake’s laughter died out suddenly and the detective noticed a complete change of character in the man.
“Jesus, Allen, I need you to notice already. You’re killin’ me here!”
Blake stood from his chair – no, had he really just been standing the whole time? The chair, the desk, the handcuffs, everything had disappeared. Blake approached the detective and held a hand out to him as if he were a friend he hadn’t seen in a long time.
“Stop denying it already. The faster you remember, the faster we can work.”

Allen pulled the trigger and shot Blake right in heart – and he would have killed him had the bullet actually pierced Blake, whose roaring laughter echoed throughout the room.
“I’ve got to say, Allen, you’ve really grown a pair of balls.”
The gun fell out of the detective’s hands, clattering on the linoleum floor. His shock was apparent, and it only fueled the prisoner’s laughter. Allen reached out to grab Blake, to just see if the man was actually there, but his arm refused to move. Blake disappeared, and as did the room. A blinding white light filled Allen’s mind and, when it finally subsided, all he could see was his pale face, jaggedly cut black hair, and piercing blue eyes. He felt restraints on his arms, legs, and forehead. He heard the voice of a man and woman speaking in a part of the room he could not see.
“The therapy didn’t seem to work, doctor, he still fell into a state of disassociation,” said the woman.
“Increase the voltage,” said the man.
“But, wouldn’t that be dangerous?”
“Are you actually pitying a murderer? Just do it!”

A sharp jolt shook Allen violently, and he once again fainted.

A detective Allen Brady entered the interrogation room with only a cup of coffee, a thick manila folder, and a permanent frown plastered on his face...

Erica Lopez ◊ **Proportion**





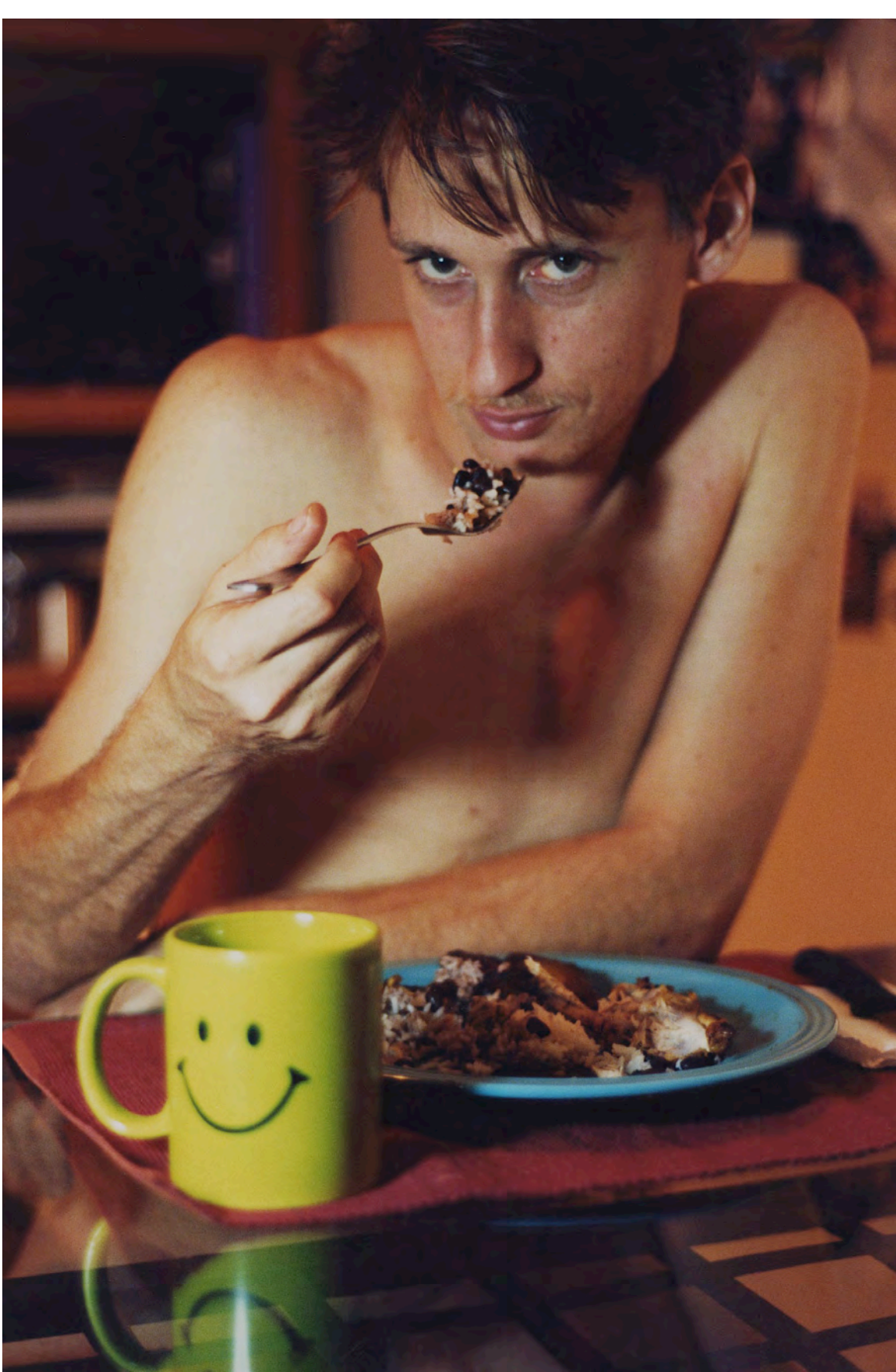
Erica Lores ◊ **I Want Out**



Brandon Galindo

◇ ◇ ◇

Hand



Hannah Olivera

◇ ◇ ◇

I Am Horny

Cellphone Battery

Your juice runs like beating blood through my veins.
Powering my life more than fresh air can.
Connecting me to a world not too sane,

But better than the time of a caveman.
You would think I can handle the distance.

You would think I can do without you there.
But truth be told you are my assistance.
Being with you is like walking on air.

But your life runs low, too fast for my needs,
And I panic at the thought of your death.

When the bright green turns to red as it bleeds,
And there's nothing to do but hold my breath.
Your blood runs green and I join the world again.
Found the extended battery, Amen.

- Kimberly Chang



Juan Sierra ◊ *Capullo en la Noche* ◊ Print ◊ 13" x 16"





Juan Sierra
Acherontia Alchysis
Print
13" x 16"



Juan Sierra ♦ Bread and Wine ♦ Oil ♦ 16" x 20"



Endangered

Kimberly Chang

 Their trumpeting has been silenced.
Their thundering stomps have come to a halt.
 All for what? Two measly slivers of ivory?
Is the heart of the savannah not worth more?
 Creating paths between the trees,
 Giving life to the ground.
 Taken by a single bullet.
 One by one fall
 Like dominos
 Soon
 Exti
 Nc
 T





Lianet Aguilar ◊ Running our of Space

THE LADY WITH THE *White Lace Parasol*

Susana Valdes

The Lady shook off the lingering snow that clung to her skirts from the previous winter. Her last Ward refused to leave, forcing her to wait in the cold longer than she had cared for. Now, the darkness and cold melted away, slowly giving way to the bright and warm light of spring.

She very rarely worked in the spring. It wasn't that she hated it – on the contrary, it was her favorite season – her Wards were always marked for the Winter, which allowed her to experience the full year. Eventually, the snow gave way to a stone-gray concrete sidewalk, and a fire burned in the pit of her belly. Her heels clicked as she walked, a brisk breeze dancing around her. The sidewalk was lined with tall luscious trees, each leaf fluttering lightly. The rich, pungent aroma of flowers permeated the air. She gulped in the scents like a starving man, taking a single moment to exist in the peace of it all.

Then she heard it. The shrill shriek that signaled the beginning. A hospital appeared out of the darkness to her right. A young mother with a smile from ear to ear carried the Lady's Ward out of the building. The Ward was wrapped warmly in a fuzzy blue blanket. In her mind, the Lady saw his fine features. She saw the icy blue hue of his eyes, the wisps of

chestnut hair, the rosy tint on his cheeks. His mother tutted softly as the Ward stirred in her arms.

”SHH, LITTLE ONE. CAN'T YOU SEE? IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY. GOD IS SHINING ON YOU, MY BOY.”

She pressed her lips against his forehead gently, and the Lady reached up to touch her own forehead. How long had it been since her own mother whispered a blessing on her skin...?

Silently, the hospital melted into the darkness, taking the mother and the Ward with it. The scent of flowers was slowly overcome by the succulent smell of apples as they ripened on the trees. Spring was over, and Summer had taken its hold on the world. The Lady took her white lace parasol, which she had

kept tucked under her arm, and opened it, blocking out the sun's harmful rays. She continued into the Summer and noticed, just a few steps away from her, two young boys drawing on the sidewalk with colorful chalk. Her Ward, now five, was holding the younger boys hand, showing him how to make certain shapes. The Lady stopped and watched them silently. Her Ward looked up from his art and locked eyes with her, sending a shiver down her spine. He dropped his chalk and stood, walking over to her.

"I like your dreth, mith!" he said, a wide smile revealing a missing front tooth. The Lady nodded, lowering one hand from the handle of her parasol to the bodice of her gown.

"Indeed," she muttered in a voice that had grown weak from disuse. "Didn't your parents teach you never to speak to strangers?"

"Whaddya mean? I know you!"

A scream reverberated from the darkness to her right as she saw the Ward's mother run toward the sidewalk. A Gentleman in a formal black suit and top hat had approached the young boy on the sidewalk and, hand in hand, they made their way toward a bright white light. When the Gentleman noticed the Lady, he tilted his hat in greeting.

"May you never stray from your path,"

"May you find the light, some day," she replied. The Gentleman smiled and stepped into the bright light with the boy. The light flashed suddenly and blinded

her for a few seconds. When she could see again, she noticed that her Ward had disappeared and took with him the warmth of Summer. The trees around her dropped their fruit - which immediately rotted upon touching the ground - and the leaves changed to a rainbow of reds, yellows, and browns. To her surprise, her Ward was standing before her, his back turned to her. He was now a full head taller than her. A black mist hovered over his head, clouding his eyes and darkening his fine features. With his eyes downcast, he dragged his feet along the sidewalk, disturbing the piles of leaves that had collected there.

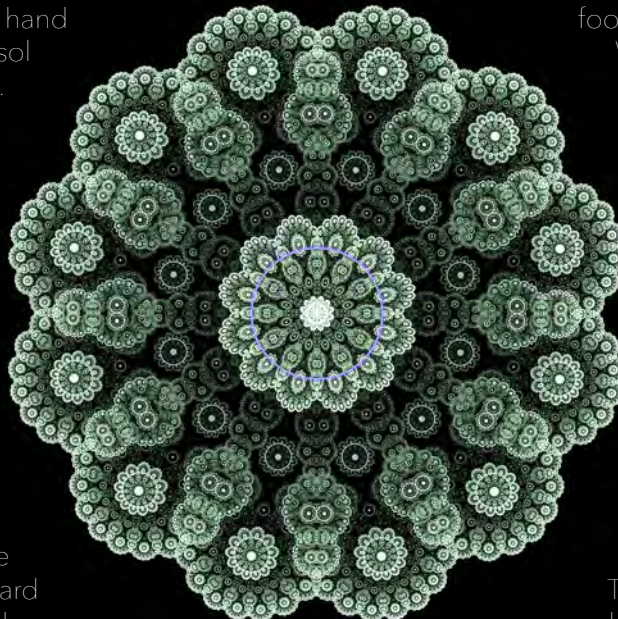
The Lady followed him, their synced footsteps echoing loudly. The Ward reached into his pocket, took out his phone, and dialed a number. After a few rings, he pressed the phone to his ear.

"Dylan? Hey man, it's me. Can I crash at your place for a few days? I got into a fight with my dad. He was freaking out over some stupid school shit. Anyway, can I come over? ... Thank you, I'll see you soon."

The Ward closed his phone and pressed on down the sidewalk; the Lady, however, did not.

She noticed the sky darken above her and felt the cold bit at her face. The trees withered and fell apart as snow gently drifted down from the clouds. After only a few moments, the ground was blanketed once again, and the Lady cursed under her breath. Winter had come once again.

The Ward entered an apartment building hidden away in the darkness. The paint, which had once been a bright yellow, had long since been distorted



into a sallow brown. Garbage littered the parking lot surrounding the building, most of being beer cans and fast food bags thrown out of the higher apartments. The Ward made his way to one of the first floor apartments and opened the door, disappearing from her sight. The Lady closed her parasol, now soaking wet, and shivered as a chilling wind flowed through her. After an hour or so passed, the Lady's ears began to ring loudly. She stepped off of the path and walked up to the door of the apartment just as a pale young man she didn't recognize opened it and pushed past her as quickly as possible. She entered the apartment and saw her Ward limp on the floor with fresh track marks dotting his skin, his lifeless eyes staring into eternity.

The Lady knelt down and tenderly touched the Ward's shoulder. He blinked slowly and struggled to stand up. She helped him, putting his arm around her shoulder.

"You may lean on me, if you wish," she muttered. The Ward nodded and gently pressed against her. "You have died, and it is my job to take you to the other side, whatever that may be for you."

"I don't deserve to go to heaven." The Ward choked on his own words as tears threatened to stream down his face. As the Lady helped him out of the apartment and toward the sidewalk, she noted how thin he was.

"You do not decide that."

When they finally returned to the sidewalk, the Lady saw a bright white light waiting for them at the very end.

"There it is," she told him. "That is your destination." The Ward paused slightly and looked down at her. "What about you?" He asked. "Don't I know you?"

"You do know me, and you'll see me again soon. Everything will work out just fine."

"Are you an angel?"

The Lady giggled and shook her head. "Absolutely not. I knew you in life, once upon a time."

The Lady walked with the Ward to the light and gently eased him into it. As the white light enveloped the young man, he turned to her with eyes wide open. Just before he disappeared once again, he murmured a promise. A promise that the Lady had always kept close to her heart.

**"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN,
MOTHER."**



Edian Ibarrola, Lonely Walk



Karla Corria
◇◇◇
Deep Thought



Micheal Olivera
◇ ◇ ◇
The Rise

Awards Volume 26

Columbia Scholastic Press Association
Awarded March, 2017
New York, New York

Finalist for Gold Crown Award
Awarded Silver Crown for Magazines

First Place: Photography: Portfolio of work: Philip Talleyrand,

Second Place: Cover design for Literary or Literary/Art Magazine
Alison-Juliette Dunn and Philip Talleyrand

Third Place: Single illustration: computer generated: Alison-Juliette Dunn for "Title Page"

Circle Merit: Table of contents page: Alison-Juliette Dunn

Circle Merit: Use of typography on one page or spread: Alison-Juliette Dunn

Circle Merit: Photography — Single Artistic photograph:
Philip Talleyrand, "Renovations"

Circle Merit: Design of a single spread: Alison-Juliette Dunn "Splashes"

Community College Humanities Association Literary Competition
Awarded, 2016

First Place in the Southern Division:
Miambiance once again won of the the CCHA's Literary Magazine Competition.

First Place Short Story : Jason Fontana "For Father's Hands"

First Place Creative Nonfiction: Elizabeth Anguelo "Endurance"

First Place Song: AstroMaps "You're My Friend and I Can't Believe It"

Second Place Artwork: Erica Lorez, "Bright Encounter"

College Media Association Pinnacle Awards
Awarded in Atlanta, Georgia

Two-Year School Finalists

Florida College Systems Publication Association (FCSPA)
Awarded in Orlando, Florida, October, 2016, Division B

Third Place Cover: Philip Talleyrand and Alison Dunn
Third Place Nonfiction: Elizabeth Anguelo

Miambiance Editorial Policy

Miambiance is published once a year by students currently enrolled in credit courses at Miami Dade College 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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