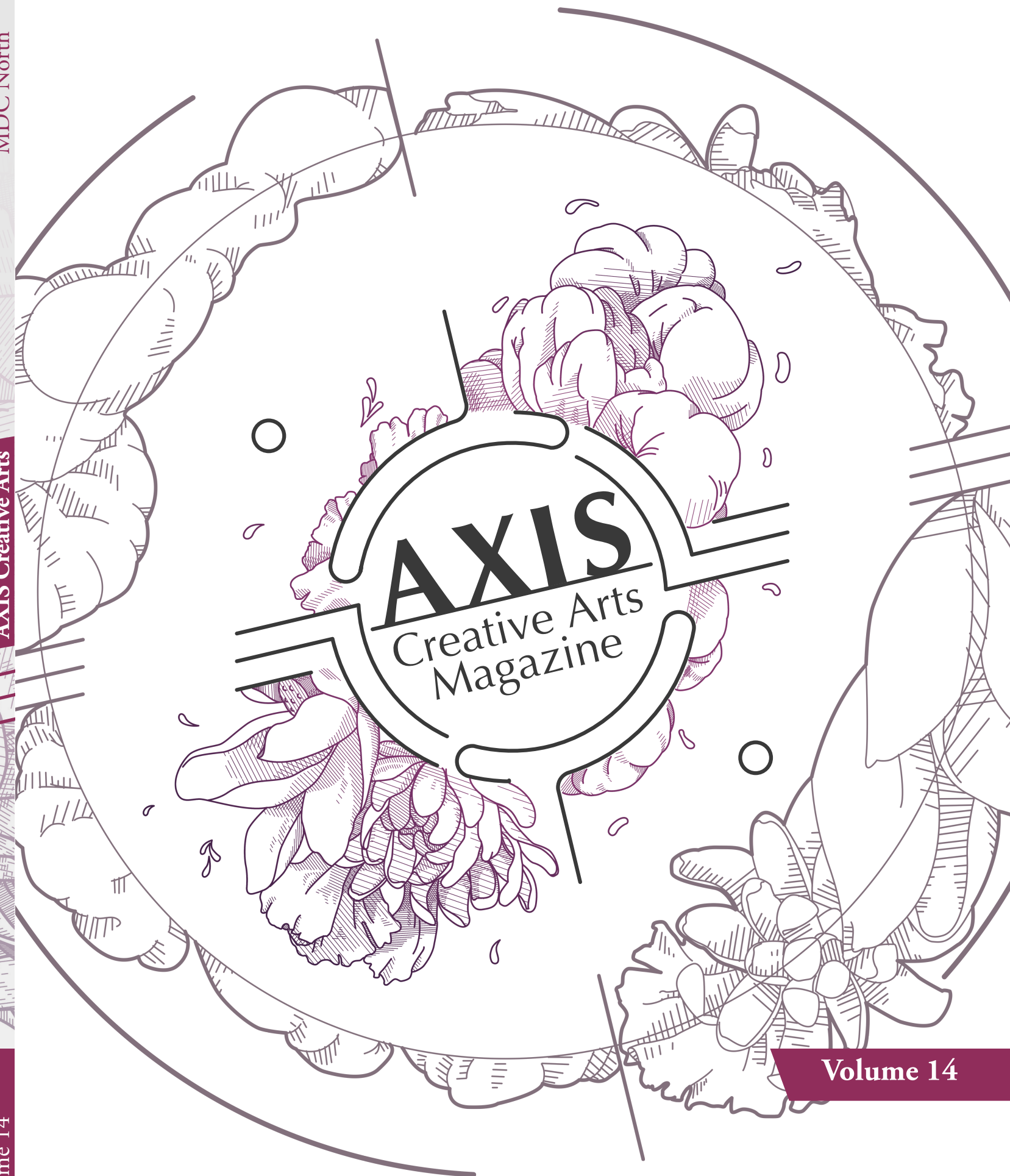


...during your quest for freedom through
six feet, you **viciously** clawed out a part
of me.

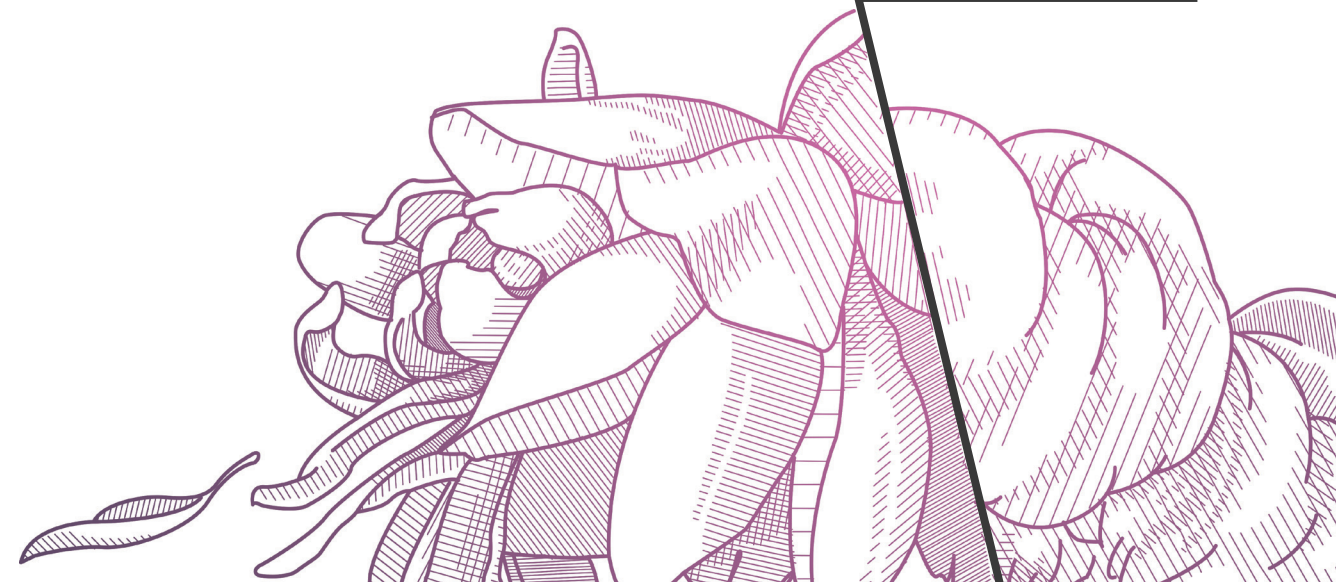
Francis Peli, Jr.





A central line
that separates
melancholy from

insanity



About The Cover



“Life has this strange duality: it’s notably beautiful, and you can see that beauty laced around so effectively that you can’t even see the terror between the weaves.”

-Kino Binsworth Robinson III

Kino Binsworth Robinson III is a Jamaican-born and naturalized American graphics and fine arts student at Miami Dade College. He’s a student that puts his all in whatever he does, remaining calm, and proficient even in stressful moments. His upbringing has a robust oddness that directly influences his art-style, graphics and writing; in a sense, contrasts in his work—conceptual or literal—are the children of his youth’s struggles.

For the cover of the magazine, Kino considered the organic materials available to him—the content of the magazine: art, poetry and prose. His goal was to capture something that was beautifully melancholic and something disturbing and offsetting. The weaves of organs and petals featured in the front cover are placed throughout the magazine to call out the organic duality within the stories. **Insanity and melancholy.**

Editor’s Note

The sun will still rise and fall; its ashes are lit by moonlight and you, dear reader, have miraculously found us faintly shimmering through the ash.

Appreciating the underestimated is one of the reasons why we artists do what we do. As creators, doubt and confidence in our work are two different aspects of our unorthodox lives that constantly clash. The expectations are high, and the disappointment is frequent, but sometimes those trying journeys of self-discovery help you understand the meaning of the term “balance.”

During our ambitious endeavors, we find ourselves at a crossroad between melancholy and insanity. We’ve chosen the contrast between melancholy and insanity as the theme for this year’s issue for that reason: your self-actualization.

Memories were made, lives were changed, and soon after our 2016-2017 AXIS

Creative Arts Magazine was born. At its first breath, this magazine was a struggle, a constant tug between breaking fragility and sullen progress. We cherished it, as any creation should be cherished. We painstakingly put effort in it, and became the organic contrast within it.

We did it.

For you.

So please, do the same for us; struggle, fight, make memories, change lives, and never cease to create. The world needs more people like you: insane and made beautiful through your struggles.

Yours respectfully,

Priya Pershadsingh
Editor-in-Chief

Kino Binsworth Robinson III
Art director

== **AXIS** ==



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Go Wander.





Caution

Bridget Bodden

A long murky lane with embracing trees
hosting a medieval carriage.

Once oxidized metal begins its transition,
the gold lining bleeds from the wagon,
slathers the road and slithers westward.

The trek reaches its four-hour mark,
and as I stand before the Alps,
a smoke stream summons me closer.
Debris from the wreckage stretches for miles
unveiling an absence of life.

At last, the fire dies
and closes the night.



Rebecka Rios
Youthful
Acrylic on Canvas

Life & Luxury

Prayer

Wilkin F. Muñoz

Sipping my glass of acrid wine, I let my eyes wander towards the dancing fireplace. It's frigid, or maybe it's just the poison running through my veins. Is this how it ends? What happened to the girl who stood at heaven's footsteps, and whose dreams leapt through the winds?

"She is gone."

Replaced by the woman whose house is hell and whose dreams turned into dust. All I have left is an abyss of agony.

"My agony."

It's my only comfort in the nights when my body is bruised. When the devil is your husband, you'd just hide the marks of the beast and hope your damnation is forgotten. I start to shiver as the glass of bitter wine touches my beaten lips.

"I thought it would be different."

Gold and silver were the objects of my yearning. A man of silver and a heart of gold lied at the center of my wishes. Rubies and diamonds are what surround me now.

I saw their shine, so I held out my hand.

"I was blind."

Blind to the life that was beyond the treasure. In my despair for luxury, I didn't see that I had traded my silver knight for a fire-breathing dragon. A princess in despair, locked in a dungeon, and trapped by the monster.

I smile. It was my greed that trapped me here. I wandered into the cave in ignorance; that was my sin.

"It's my fault."

My muscles let go and the glass shatters. Shards cover the floor as my eyes doze off. This is the price I have to pay; to forego a life full of life is what I left behind. It is finally clear, when it comes to life and luxury, you have to choose one over the other.

At least, I had to....

...when it comes to life and luxury, you have to choose one over the other.



Savanah Sanchez
The Jewel of Austria
Acrylic on Canvas



Gerta Mesidor
Nonobjectif
 Acrylic on Canvas

Household Denial

Kaitlyn Menendez

Eggshell walls
 I recognize all too well. Trap me
 like a firefly concealed by molasses in a
 minuscule mason jar. Dictated by spiteful,
 fulminating fiends. Bounded by snarled sneers
 that reverberate off the walls and ring in my ears.

Restrictions stacked like paperweights on a grain of salt;
 ruptured underneath the pressure. I'm not the little girl with pigtails
 and pacifiers anymore (unapologetically). Enough with your tined tongues,
 brusque beams of disappointment and currant, convulsed characteristics. This house
 has been shaken through slammed doors and squally sighs
 that propagate animosity.
 of your traumatic tyranny
 Wipe off that confused ex-
 let go of the tiny hand you
 so tight and admit I'm not
 anymore. Overly jammed
 await by the glass door. A
 prickles placidly, I'm finally

The end
 is nearby.
 pression,
 once held
 your baby
 tawny bags
 guiltless grin
 moving out.



Aileen Victoria
Freedom
 Mixed Media



Mirna Fuentes
Lost Horizon
 Acrylic and Oil Pastels
 on Canvas

Last Stop

Tainisel Rodriguez

She was awakened abruptly by a blast of cold air.

Startled by a booming voice saying “Oak Grove, last stop.” Disoriented, all Nina saw around her were empty black pleather seats.

“This train is out of service, all passengers must get off the train,” warned the ominous voice.

Getting to her feet, her heart sank to the pit of her stomach. She bolted towards the open train doors, suddenly stopping dead in her tracks.

Turning back toward the seats, she scanned the area to make sure she wasn’t leaving anything behind. Panic ran through her as her trembling hands rummaged through her purse. With a sliver of relief, a small sigh escaped from her lips; her phone, ID, and bank cards were all there.

She rushed out to the platform and shuddered, her liquor jacket ripped off by the bitter wind. She noticed a man up ahead, making his way towards the exit. Recognizing the blue polyester uniform, Nina knew it had

to be an MBTA employee. She zipped up her jacket as she sprinted to try to catch up to him.

Just as he approached the door, still running, she breathlessly shouted, “Excuse me, sir!” With one hand on the door, he stopped and turned with a grimace.

“How long until the next train to Forest Hills?” Nina panted.

“Next train!” he retorted. “Service starts back up in the morning.”

His indifference stung, much like the frigid air gusting in as he left the station.

She caught his parting words, “Better find another way home,” just before the door slammed closed.

“Service starts back up in the morning,” she muttered in disbelief. Her hands clenched into fists, frustration boiling over. Nina opened her mouth to scream but choked out a sob instead. She felt a knot the size of a golf ball in her throat as her eyes welled with tears.

She knew she should’ve skipped the party. “When will I learn to say no?” Nina thought, “I should be home, safe and warm in my bed.”

But she was not safe or warm; she was stranded at Oak Grove at 1:00 A.M. Unsure if she’d ever make it home.

Try to remain calm, she thought, this is the last train for the night; there should be some taxis outside. Bracing herself, she pushed through the reflective metal door only to find a homeless man sleeping on a bench, and an old banged up red pickup truck abandoned in the lot.

Defeated, she slumped down onto a bench. Scared, cold, and alone she trembled uncontrollably. Surrendering to her last resort, Nina reached for her phone to make the dreaded call to her parents.

“No, no, no! You can’t be serious,” she cried, hitting the power button on her phone repeatedly. The battery icon flashed then disappeared—dead.

Panic came over her like a tsunami. Nina’s breath got shallow, her airways collapsing under the weight of her fear as she stumbled to sit down.

Calm down, she thought to herself, inhaling and exhaling slowly. She had two options: stay on that bench until morning or

find a nearby gas station and call a taxi.

Back on her feet, she was ready to begin her trek. Just as she reached the parking lot exit, the loud gurgle of an engine paralyzed her. Cautiously she turned, immediately confronted by a set of amber headlights.

She tried to run but the truck was plowing straight towards her. Blocking the exit, a masked face emerged as the window rolled down.

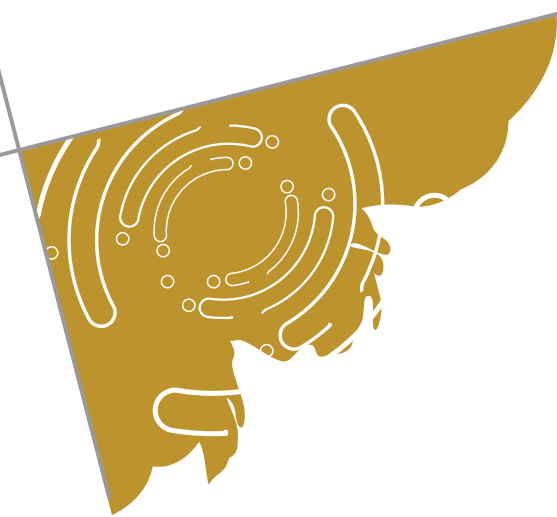
“Get in the truck!” he demanded, pointing a gun to her face, exposing his navy blue sleeve.

**When will I
learn to say no?
Nina thought...**



Keeping Time

Tainisel Rodriguez



Torturously slow, the second hand ticks
Like droplets of water trickling from a closed faucet
Each resonating as it hits the ceramic sink
Shockingly fast, impossible to grasp
Time dissolves, escaping like sand through fingers
Past, present, and future displayed through bold numbers and uneven arms

There are
small heartbeats
between the lines of
every story.
They stop after a
page's turn,
waiting patiently for
their end.

End them.

Inert. Motionless. Still.

Brandon Peña

Inert, an eyeless gaze has fallen over my peers.
I see past her empty eyes, her hollow mind
gives no contrast to her ghastly countenance.

A cold alabaster face obscured by obsidian strokes
dances over and across flesh of aged china,
flourishing beneath lifeless lips of sanguine kisses,
never to be shared with a paramour.

To no avail, raven ribbons dangle,
deserving of lavish locks to be bound atop
such an ornate face. Befitting of a masquerade,
she is my candid muse hanging by the wall;
a sinners disguise, expressing an artificial affect.

Her gaze hangs onward, disconnected from thought,
my eyes wander through her ivory eye sockets.

Time freezes in cessation:
Inert, motionless, and still.



Mirna Fuentes

Quiet

Gel Transfer and Oil Pastel
on Canvas

Waves of Sorrow

Monica Santana

Blissful memories cross through my head, like whenever my mother smiles for something pretty. At a time like this, I unintentionally reminisce on the darkest moments of my life; I don't want to remember those times.

It's not that I don't want to let go; I can't let go. I am drowning in an ocean created by my own tears. My wounded heart is filled with misery because I am constantly abandoned by the people I share blood with. I am reminded of my failures, this suffering and affliction becomes just one emotion.

An emotion so strong it takes over like a powerful wave that can swallow a ship. I am the ship drowning in the waves; I am hurting. This is what depression feels like; it's when you have lost hope. When you feel lonely even though you're aware that you're not alone, and it's when your darkest memories surge through you like a powerful wave.

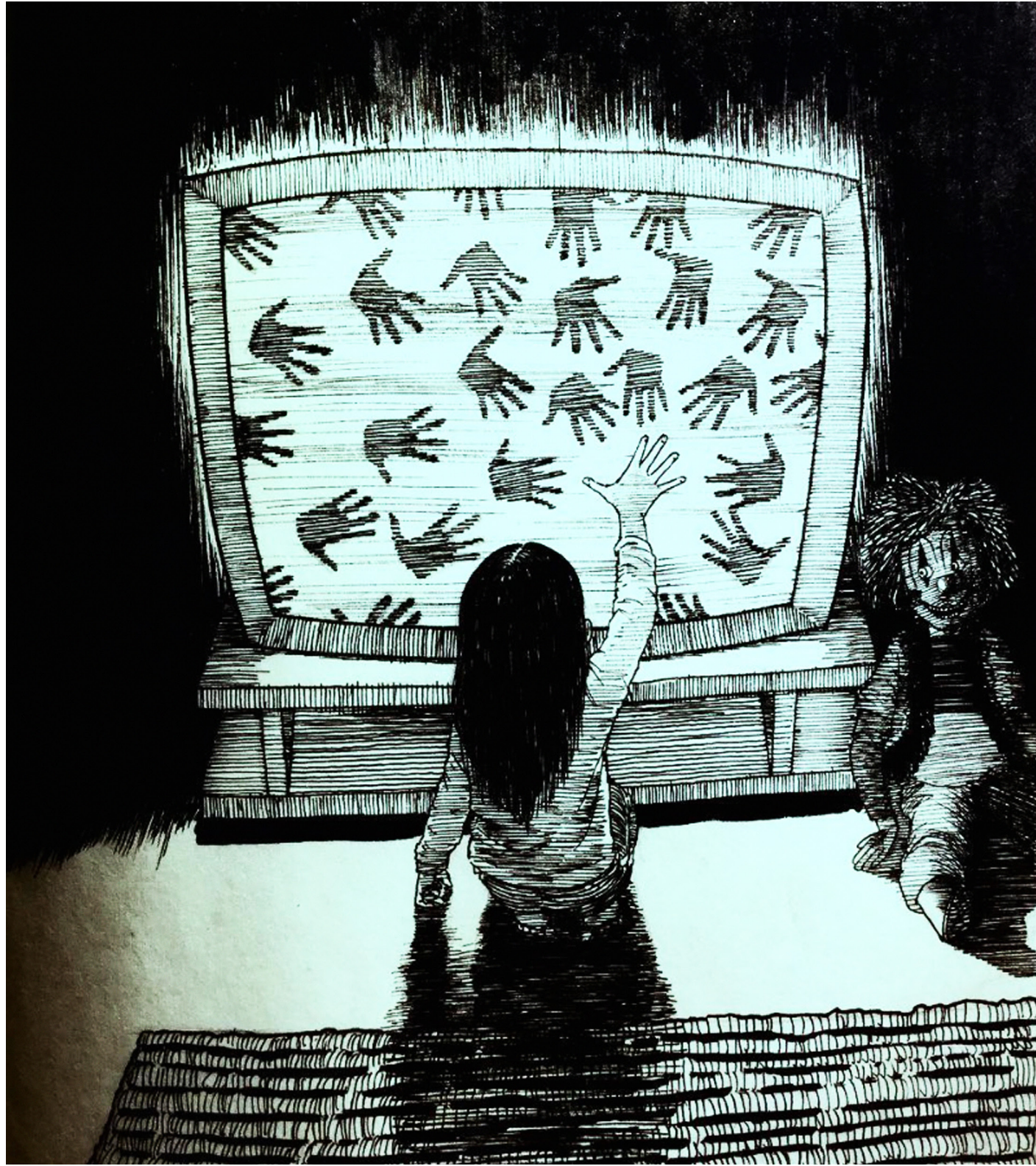
I take solace when the waves calm and I am able to acknowledge the things I should be grateful for, but like my depression, the waves are unpredictable.



Edwin Ferrer

Rainman

Watercolor on Coldpress paper





Wiseman

Diego Balestrini

Soldier on

It's just a temporary thing. We try to do our best but nothing goes the way we expect. It feels like we only go backwards, when all we want is to reach our goals. Every time we are getting there, a new problem arises.

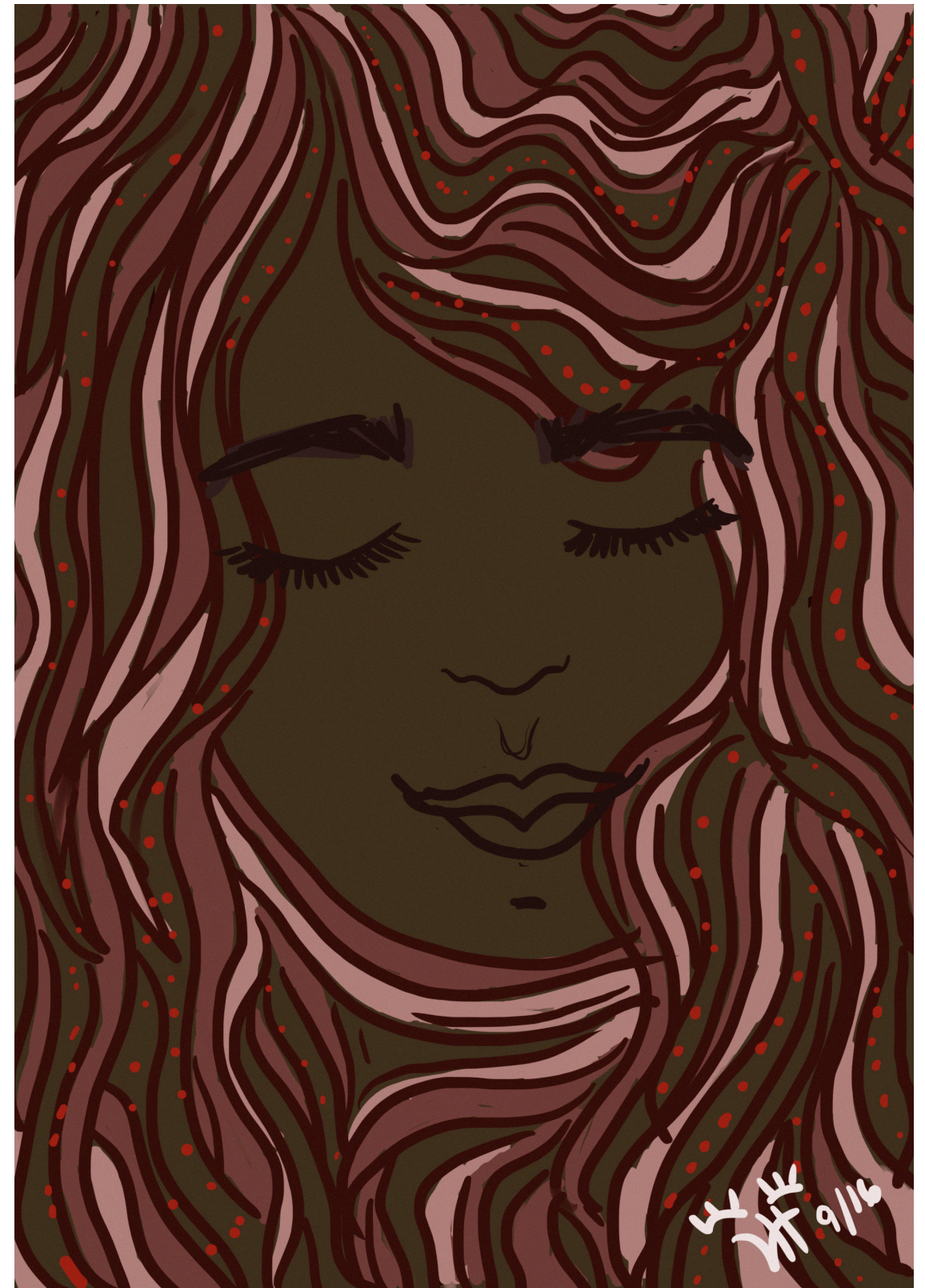
But why do I keep falling? "It's a long road with big bumps and shiny pathways. All you have to do is keep pushing and once you get there you will see that it was all worth it," he said.

The wise old man never fails, as he tries to speak from his experiences, seeing you as the reflection of his own past. I wish I had his wisdom, for I would have a satisfied mind. Live for yourself and you will get it.

But what about the pain?

"Everything is temporary," he retorted.

Soldier on.

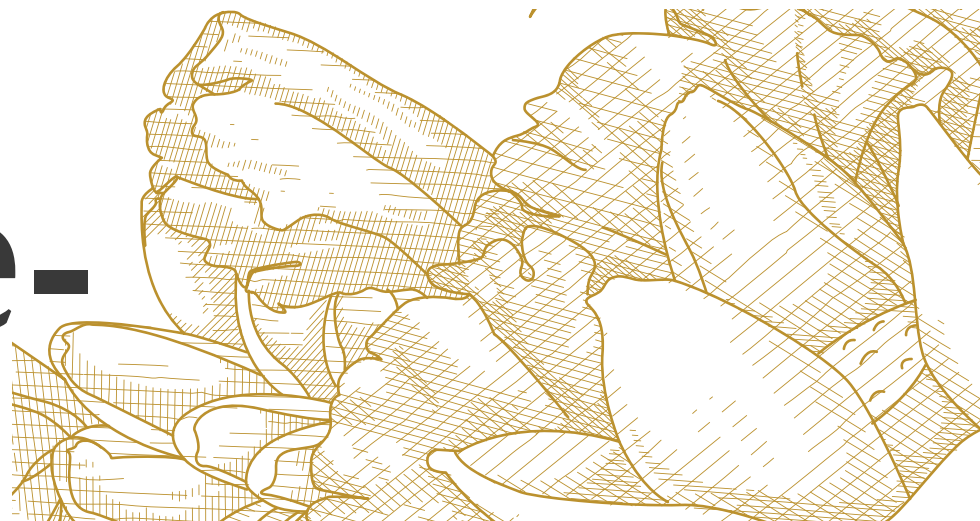


Valerie Hamer
Rhythm
Digital art



Ethe- real

Ange Tamayo Das



Interstellar,
a being of such artistry

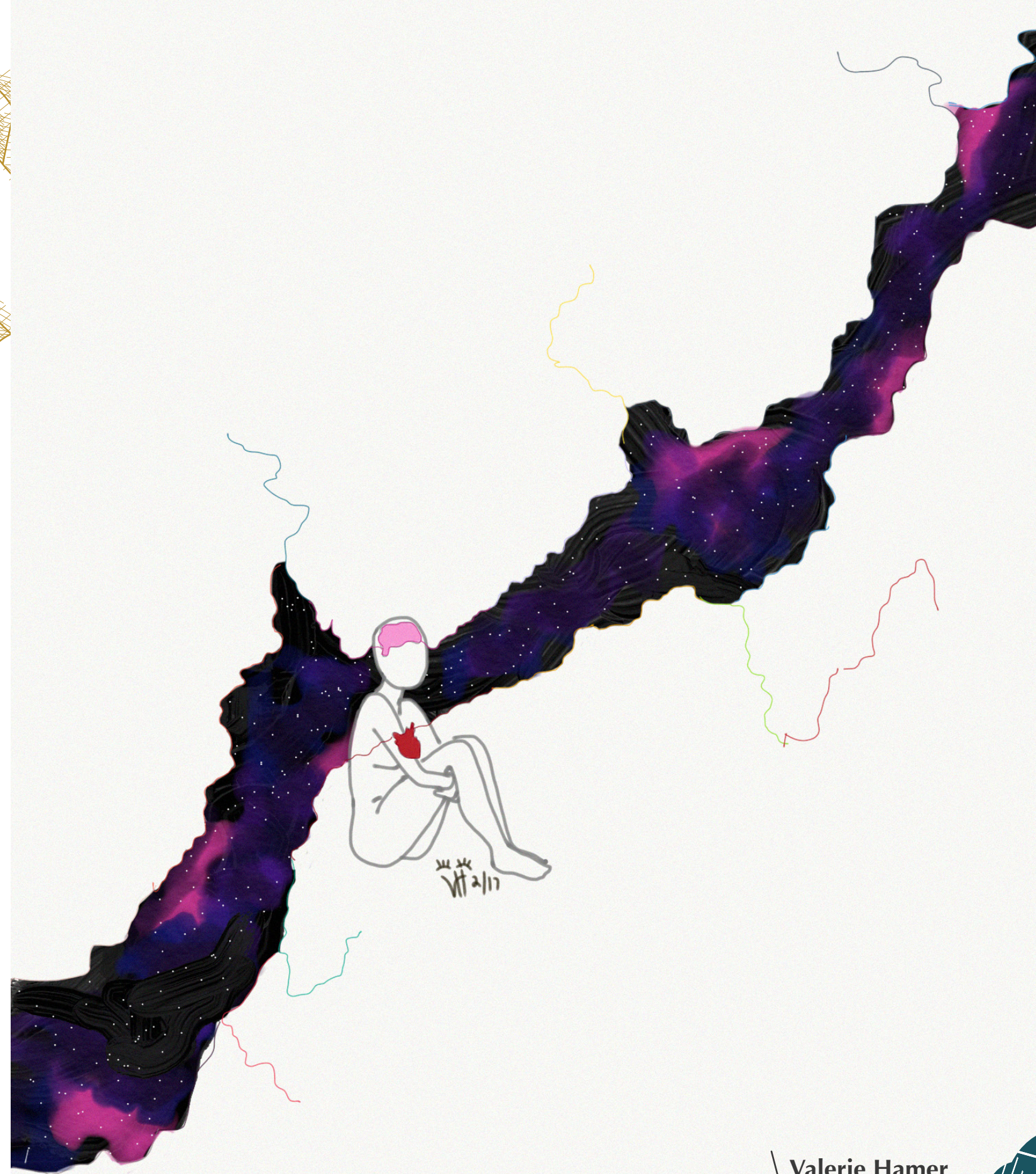
Interstellar!

Fire filled quasars cannot tame her

black burning core, a carefully

crafted art, pieced by gravity.

Interstellar.



Valerie Hamer
Explorer
Digital art

The Feminine Unknown

Maria Jose Grogg

The bygone Victorian stands
like an immortal deity lit on fire.
It calls out and seduces you,
nets you, and grips you.
The ancients howl as secret winds
of the feminine unknown,
still needing to be heard.
Blinded by the pitch black
I internalize and materialize
the tyranny of eons ends
with a claimed divinity.

Jessica Jefferson
Reflection (A Self Portrait)
Life-sized, Pencil on Paper



The Portfolio of: Vivian Gutt



Vivian Gutt
Pop Up Art
Mixed Media Triptych



Vivian Gutt

Helados, Inspired by Wayne Thiebaud

Acrylic on Canvas

Four decades ago, Vivian Gutt was born in Caracas, Venezuela to parents of European descent. Their fondness for art and music greatly influenced Vivian's childhood and home environment.

Vivian earned her Bachelor's degree in Social Communications while double majoring in Advertising and Marketing with an Associate degree in Business administration. She worked for Aw. Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising as a Creative Writer and Creative Sub Director. After three years she decided to open her own advertising agency, Gutt advertising. She produced artistically oriented campaigns for TV commercials, magazines, and street billboards

for over eighteen years.

Almost three years ago Vivian Gutt migrated with her family to Miami, as a result of political and economic upheaval in her home country. She decided to continue her journey and love for the fine arts and photography and chose Miami Dade College as the best option for this purpose due to its attractive programs. Painting, drawing, computer art, illustrative photography, ceramics, and design classes seem to create an adrenalin rush for her. She says "I feel like a kid on a ride in the Magic Kingdom...I have been working practically 24/7 on my art since arriving in the USA, even in my dreams." She did



Vivian Gutt

Reina de Diamantes

Mixed Media

however remain true to her other dream and is to date, being very happily married with two children.

How would you describe yourself as an artist?

I describe myself as creative and fortunately skillful in my artistic pursuits. I infuse my artistic identity as part of my life, like breathing and eating...Actually, I've never formally called myself an artist...that is, perhaps never, until now!

What Inspires You?

In 2016 for one of my first art classes at Miami Dade, I painted a portrait of my

daughter sitting in a red chair for a mixed media project. As a result, I was honored in the "Emerging Artist Exhibition" which subsequently inspired me to continue this endeavor and I produced a series I called "Funky Chairs" using unusual chairs as a constant icon in all my pieces. This primary inspiration has been the basis for everything I've produced ever since.

What Would You Call Your Style of Art?

I'm presently using mixed media and fall under the pop-surrealist category. I combine computer art with traditional fine art techniques. I use acrylic, ink, textured media, pigments, and spray paint over large canvas formats and other non-conventional surfaces.



Vivian Gutt
Nespresso Chromático
 Assemblage

I also work with aspects of pop art, mass culture advertising, comic books, and mundane objects. I apply dripping and splashes as in Jackson Pollock's artwork, and some aspects of surrealism and scientism as well.

I have always liked the quote: "Art is not what you see, but what you make others see"

-Edgar Degas

I have a long way to go on my creative journey. My style changes on each trail of my artistic development, nevertheless I hope to succeed in helping others see what I can see.

Vivian's plan is to continue immersing herself in advanced studies, learning new ways to express herself through her art, her first passion.

Terror

has many forms,
 Sometimes
 it's an ellipsis
 followed by a
 prompt.

... **Proceed**

Yokai in the Dark.

Katherine Lugo

A spot in the dark, a reminder of light. Lips full of spider lilies, or is it blood that I see? Frightened I have been of you appearing in my dreams. Your muted laugh, echoing in my head—sounding like tokais¹ in nocturnal secrets. Yokais² have been named after you, to scare children at night. Those who wander in the depths of nocturnal darkness, know you as the “eating faces” monster, with the maleficent smile. Hard as an iwa³, laying down in the ground. Impeccably fitted, as a sheath for a katana⁴, waiting for the lost. White as a canvas that is yet to be painted, crimson as carnations, lines like ravens that conjure the terror. Deep in a trance, your victims dance to your laugh, the loud sound of butterflies fluttering.

-
- 1 Tokais – Japanese musical instrument (big drums)
 - 2 Yokai - Japanese mythological monster
 - 3 Iwa – Japanese word for “rock”
 - 4 Katana – Japanese traditional sword



Nhat Ho
SCREAM from his
Fairytale series
Ceramic Glaze

Alone

Monica Santana

The rustling of wind against autumn leaves
Blue from the sky has vanished
Lightning strikes and thunder rolls
Alone, I walk in this atmosphere.

Where did the orchestra of songbirds go?
Their chirps kept me safe
Droplets of water fall gracefully
Alone, I walk in this atmosphere.



Jen Medina
Experiment 1
Ceramic Glaze



Bruno Olivera
Freedom from Torture
 Acrylic on Wood



Melenni Alzate
Untitled
 Graphite, Ink and White ink
 on Paper



Grave Digging

Lemott Hodges Jr.

Lemott Hodges Jr.

Pinned down distress

Dragging my vacant temple to the king

Bullets shoot from your lips ripping through my chest
separating tissue as emotions waterfall
from the open wounds.

A bloody bayonet breaks through the seal of your lips
penetrating my chest

dividing flesh
with each syllable.

12 AM fights left me

with swollen feelings and broken eyes.

Sleeping on that still cold patio floor

busted my lips.

The get-outs and I-hate-yous beat me down,
left me toothless

While “I wish I never met you” broke my bones.

“You will never be shit in life”

dug the grave.

“I’m leaving you for another man”

pulled the plug.

You killed me.

You think I'm numb to the pain
because my voice is absent.
The dead can't speak
or can they?

[illegible]

Valerie Hamer

i love you

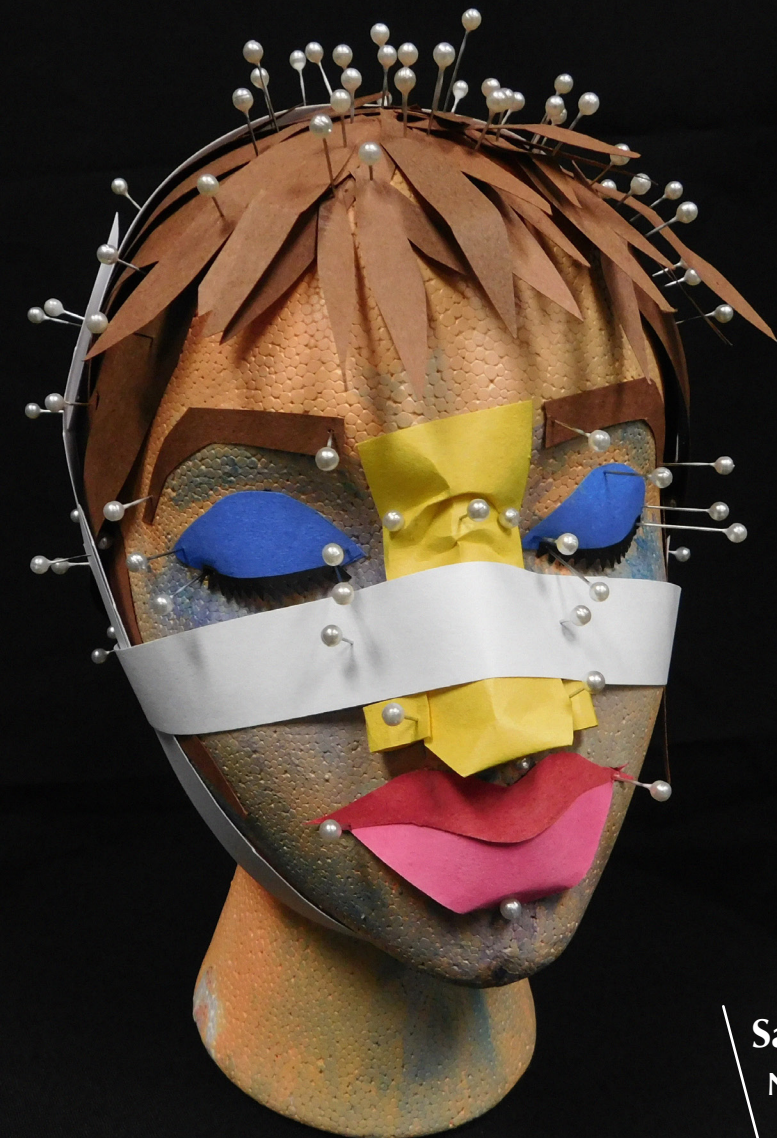
Digital Text Illustration

If Things Were That Simple as Shakespeare's English Sonnet IV

Jennifer Randi Cooks

If I could choose to be among the free,
then I won't waste no time on my beauty.
Nature is not as kind as it could be
had she not offered much integrity.
Those "great sums" you mention cannot compare
as it is barely enough to keep me stable.
My exposed ribs and spine cause them to stare;
save me an extra space at your table.
Actually, the others are abused.
Given an illusion of better days,
handed bountiful feasts they must refuse;
when in reality, it is a glaze.

Things become better when Nature calls me,
There, I finally say that I am free.



Savanah Sanchez
Nip & Tuck
Mixed media sculpture



Noah Royal
A Miami Submerged: A
conversation with the self.
Acrylic on Canvas

Gone [REDACTED]

Ange Tamayo Das

My eyes [REDACTED] open at exactly six a.m. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] no avian fluttering of the lashes, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] The awakening was
mechanical. A spooky ventriloquist-dummy click
of the lids: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] it felt different. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I was a man of jagged
[REDACTED] My life [REDACTED] alarmless.
[REDACTED] the sun climb [REDACTED]
over the skyline [REDACTED] revealing it's [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] God self. Its reflection flared
across the river toward our house, a long, blaring
finger [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Accusing: You have been seen. You will
be seen.
I wallowed [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] in our new house [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] that screams Suburban
Nouveau Riche [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] that my wife [REDACTED] did [REDACTED] detest.

Threads/

Alexa DePablo

Fuck you J. Crew
Cashmere. Hand wash. Heather gray,
Fuck you J. Crew
Dark denim imported, brand new
Always put together, zero fray
The outfit worn when you walked away
Fuck you J. Crew



Noah Royal

I have not left my kitchen
since 3am hot pic yum
Acrylic on Paper

Fuck

Alexus Naomi Nogueira

Master's rapture
I'm drunk on your crystal feelings

Master's rapture
Mechanisms in your plaster
Halation upon the ceilings
In studying your blush fiending

Master's rapture

Hangover Horror

Francis Peli. Jr.

The smell of Jack Daniels on her breath and the initial throb of her hangover awoke her. Three long, fluorescent tubes centered above, burned the edges of her corneas as she opened her eyes.

Scarlet tried to turn her head away, but couldn't, realizing that it was bolted stiff by a cold, metal contraption attached to the rear of her cranium. She panicked, screaming so audibly, she could feel her temples vibrating. Frantically, she hurled her body back and forth, intending to release her hands and feet from the shackles of the autopsy table arresting her.

A saw, attached to the ceiling, protruded down towards her pelvic area.

There were three bronze walls surrounding her, stained with the remnants of splashed matter, and a large, filthy two-way mirror beside the door. The room was rancid, smelling of rot and feces, as if there were a sewage leak nearby. A saw, attached to the ceiling, protruded down towards her pelvic area.

"Please!" Scarlet shouted,

"Please, just let me go!"

The room remained intensely silent, so silent she could hear her heart racing as if she had stethoscopes built into her ears.

Scarlet could recall little from the night before. She remembered slipping into that red satin dress and her favorite pair of heels. She also recalled walking into a newly opened club, but the name wouldn't come back to her, nor would the faces of the bouncer or the bartender. Had she not been so familiar with whiskey and the like, she wouldn't have remembered what was on her breath either.

Hours went by and Scarlet lay there anxiously, her throat parched and from dozens of yelps for help and mercy. She blinked incessantly like a strobe light and bit down on her dry tongue, hoping to awake from a nightmare.

Just then, she heard the surge of electricity firing up the machinery in the ceiling overhead.

"Help, I'm in here!" she cried out once more...



Nestle your
sadness,
and nostalgia.
You've **hung** it **from**
the nape of
your neck.
Just **to** keep it from
your heart.

Feel. Nestle.

Daddy's Baby Girl.

Kaitlyn Menendez

Bundled in blushing, fleecy blankets, you'll steal his heart, forever Daddy's baby girl. A giggle will escape from your dewy, bubblegum lips, because you'll know. Reach yearningly for mommy or give her a silly smile to avoid jealousy or suspicion; it'll be your little secret. Beam and blink your eyes, never forgetting how precious you are. Sleep will roll over, creeping into the a.m. hours for mommy and daddy. Let out a cry. Say, "Dada." Snuggle yourself into daddy's neck in helplessness. You'll exhale in exhilaration of being cuddled in his grasp. Soon after, there will come a point in life where you'll ask,

**Be free, gliding
like a craft on
calm cobalt waters**

"Daddy, what if I fall and get hurt?" Glaring up with pigtails poking from the sides of your helmet, all geared up, and ready to ride a bike for the first time.

With fear in your eyes and a warrior's soul, you'll swing your leg over the seat and grip tightly on the fringed handles. He'll squat down by your side and say,

"Trust yourself enough to take a chance; it'll be worth the risk. Don't worry, I'll be here to catch you if you fall."

"Ok, daddy, here I go!"

You'll stumble here and there with a pout of frustration. After a few falls, you'll want to give up, don't. This is what determines the kind of person you will be in the future. Pick up that bike and try again. With a surprised smile, you'll turn back and yell,

"Look, daddy, I'm doing it! I'm really doing it!"

"Peddle, baby girl, peddle, don't stop!"

Go as fast and as far as your legs can take you. Let your wheels spin like film rolling through a mixtape. Be free, gliding like a craft on calm, cobalt waters. You'll jump off in a clumsy, carefree way, screaming for mama to come

witness your first accomplishment. Stopping in your tracks, you'll look back and rush to him; knocking him over onto the pickled grass. Whisper, "Thank you, daddy," and squeeze real tight so he'll know.

Goodbye, pigtails and pacifiers; hello, makeup and mood swings. So grown up in your puffy, lavender ball gown sprinkled with glitter all throughout. Blossomed into a beautiful woman with soft curls cascading down your back, you'll dance with daddy on your sixteenth birthday. Hold him tightly, he'll be nervous. Lead him. Remind him

not to cry; you're still his baby girl. His eyes will glisten anyway, absorbing the stunning woman you've become. He'll love it. Hug him and tell him you love him. Use your wit and say something comical to make him smile. Eyes will gaze, tears will fall, and the room will cheer. Blow out the candles ablaze at the end of the tune and make a wish.

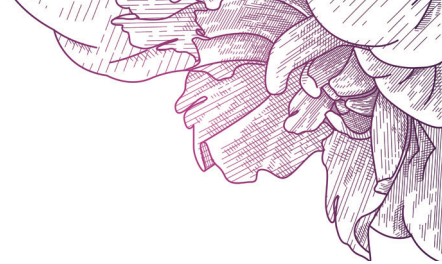
**It'll finally burst
forth and that bond
between your parents
will disintegrate.**

Matured and stubborn, you'll see mommy and daddy aren't the same anymore. Curled, pressed up against the wall by your bed, tears will fill your eyes. None of this was your fault; please, don't cry. Keep your head up, baby girl. Marriage is difficult and parents argue. Choose to blame them or choose to blame yourself; neither will help the situation. It was inevitable. The slamming doors and squally sighs that crept under your door at night had to end someday. You thought you could help but there was no use. Their snarling sneers would overlap your faint pleads.

Cover their mouths or cover your ears, but nothing could prevent what had to be said. Don't choose his side; it'll break mama's heart. Block the door before he walks out with his suitcase in one hand and his car keys in the other. Cry or yell or both. That frightened little girl who used to sit at the top of the stairs listening to imperishable arguments is finally understanding where it was all headed. You'll figure out how it was all meant to end.

It started when your mom got a job offer to be a principal at a high school up north; dad didn't want to go. New England had snow and dad hated the cold. Fights about dad not being able to find a job in this "hell hole" erupted in the middle of dinner. Someone forgot to pick you up and the other was to blame. Arguments about nothing began to manifest and almost turned into daily routine. Brusque beams were all too familiar when making eye contact. It'll finally burst forth and that bond between your parents will disintegrate. The mere thought of divorce scares the living shit out of you. Break down on your knees at the doorstep where your dad is exiting or comfort your mother who's sobbing in the living room, asking herself, "How did all of this happen?"

This is how it will be; picking a side.



Run far away, don't speak to him, or accept him.

Being torn between two people you love so dearly and wanting them to mend again. Sleep over your mother's house for a week or two, until dad finds an apartment. Take turns, compromise. Learn from the mistakes they've made; they've made many. However, don't think for a second that you were one of those mistakes. You're their success and salvation. Stay bitter or move on. Bring them as close together as you can. You'll want to give up, don't. Be the anchor that doesn't let them completely drift apart, but don't let them drown you. It'll take time to grow accustomed to new traditions and compromises, it's okay. Mom will introduce her new boyfriend. Run far away, don't speak to him, or accept him. Move away for college. Visit during holidays; split the day between them. Come home one Christmas break and confess,

"Daddy, I found someone I really like, but I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"I don't know. I've just always been afraid."

"Afraid of what, sweetheart?" He'll look at you sincerely worried. You'll hesitate and then question,

"Daddy, what if I fall and get hurt?" A corner of his lip will prickle from a forming smile of amusement.

"Do you remember what I told you when you were just a little girl?" A blank stare will slip from your expression.

"Trust yourself enough to take a chance; it'll be worth the risk. Don't worry, -"

"You'll be there to catch me if I fall." You'll smile back at him innocently and he'll reply,

"Always." Smile and embrace him.

Stay over his apartment for the night, like you used to when you were younger. Watch stupid sitcoms while eating Milk Duds and M&Ms mixed with popcorn. Let him fall asleep on the couch and cover him with a blanket or snuggle up next to him and fall asleep. Wake him up with his favorite breakfast: eggs benedict and a cup of espresso. Sit on the balcony and talk for a little while before you leave.

"I thought about what you said and I think I'm going to try things out with this guy."

"Good. Just let me know when you're going to bring him over so I can lay my collection of guns across the dinner table."

"Dad!" You'll whack his arm and giggle at his poor sense of humor.

"What?" Chuckling at what he thought was a clever remark.

"That's horrible. You'll scare him away."

"Isn't that the point?" Letting out another laugh. You'll beam at him dubiously. "In all seriousness, as long as he makes you happy, that's all that matters to me."

"Thanks, daddy."

Wedding bells will ring on a day you've only fantasized about. There will be linens, drapes, and flowers all decked in white with hints of gold. You'll say, "I do," and vow to never part. Your husband will reel you in and swing you into a dip to place the world's most romantic kiss on your lips. You'll have your first dance as Mister and Missus. Daddy will be waiting for his turn patiently and proud. Reach out to him, he'll reach back instantly. Let him guide you to the center of the dance floor where the lights are

focused on. Stare at him silently. Let the lyrics fill in the empty spaces between you. Your eyes will glisten as bright as the light reflecting off the crystals of your dress. This time he'll be the one cracking jokes to the same woman he danced with eight years ago. The creases on his face will fold from a smile reaching ear to ear, listening to you laugh. You'll say,


"I love you, daddy." He'll nod with content.

"I love you more, my baby girl." In the middle of kissing your forehead, he'll freeze and his hand will become frail, letting

your hand go. His legs will collapse. Eyes rolling back into milky, glimmering gems. A breath will escape from his lips, emitting air into this cold world for the last time. The room silent; chokeholds on those who wish to scream in agony, but can't. Fingers slip through the spaces once filled. A temple falls yanking at your heart like a tied lasso around it. Darkness creeps. The end of a chapter for one, beginning of a chapter for everyone else.

Dressed from white to ebony. Set a flower down or place a picture of the two of you within the casket. Words are bare; no need to say anything. He'll know exactly what you're

In that moment you'll realize what daddy meant all this time.



thinking. Wave goodbye, then wave hello to the sky. Last shovel of carob crumbles coats the last visible pieces of mahogany. Hushed cries and dragging footsteps disperse, sweeping through the freshly cut grass. A tap on your shoulder grabs your attention; it was only a branch bouncing in the wind. A smile cracks your frozen, motionless features. It was him. He's there; he will always be there.

A year or two will pass and you'll give birth to a gorgeous, baby girl. She'll learn from you, admire you, and want to be just like you. Her muffled crawls will turn into dainty, little footsteps. You'll witness her stumble. Pick her up or watch her stand up again by herself. She'll be curious and eager. Encourage that. Sing to her. Teach her right from wrong. Show her love. In no time, she'll be dressed up with padding and a helmet with pigtails poking from the sides, ready to ride a bike for the first time. You'll see your reflection and chuckle. Putting your cup of tea down, you'll follow her outside. Auburn leaves coat the front lawn; future piles to dive into later. A strawberry, princess bike will await on the sidewalk. Look down encouragingly and ask,

"You ready?" Nodding with an overly excited grin. She'll look up at you worried.

"Now that I think about it, I'm going to go back inside."

"Wait," letting out a confused laugh, "what happened? I thought you were excited to learn how to ride a bike?"

"I am, but I'm not too sure anymore, mommy." She'll confess with a pout.

"Why? What's on your mind, sweetie?"

"Mommy, what if I fall and get hurt?" Gathering this exact situation that happened so many years ago, you'll say,

"I'm going to tell you what my daddy told me: trust yourself enough to take a chance; it'll be worth the risk. Don't worry, I'll be here to catch you if you fall." She'll kiss your cheek and run towards her bike.

...surrendering wasn't in your DNA.

In that moment you'll realize what daddy meant all this time. Marriage is like riding a bike for the first time. Arguments are falls, in marriage, that hurt. Nothing happens until you move forward; choose to pick yourself back up and try again. You try until you succeed or you give up. You didn't give up back

then; you won't give up now or in the future. Daddy knew what type of person you'd be from the moment you took off on that bike; surrendering wasn't in your DNA. You fought for yourself, you fought for mommy and daddy, and you will fight for your marriage. Divorce isn't contagious or genetically inherited; you're not condemned. Marriage is two people who try and fix what's broken. It's despising each other, wishing the other would fall down the stairs, one minute and the next covering each other with affection, admitting their faults. It's putting up with the sassy remarks that dig deep underneath your skin and finding the beauty in their wittiness. It's acceptance of unacceptable behaviors. Marriage has no exact definition; however, universally, it means that falls are temporary and our peaks of happiness last a lifetime.

"Mommy, look! I'm doing it!" She'll exclaim; bringing you back to the present from mixed entrancement. A tear will tumble, as do drops of rain at the tip of leaves, in remembrance of your daddy. You'll brush the tears away as she begins to ride further and further from you. She'll hop off her bike and sprint towards you, jumping into your arms.

"I saw, I saw. You did so good!"

"I kept trying without giving up and I did it!" Seeing so much of yourself in that little girl's eyes, you'll say,

"That's my girl."



Fall Upon Me Daisy

Alexus Naomi Nogueira

An arm was swung, and the beautiful curvature of the impulsion left a mauve bruise that creamed over the battered beige exterior. You clearly soften due to self-imposed paralysis.

The ripples in your blank dynamic leave me puzzled. My love... where is your mind?

My dear, deer in the headlights with fossilized eyes. A geisha's affliction. Does he use you for hiding his true details? You do look lovely, lifeless, and lonesome. Touching your dim bowl of warmth that once was your plethora of desires; I saunter in your vacancy.

Who are you and why are you used to playing when you're hiding yourself? Only to be placed on someone's insecurities on the cluttered, bottom shelf. Lilac aura of the secret goddess. Whirling in the dim lit crypts of your hieroglyphics.

Divulge your caves in the bass of the sonic boom unforeseen.



Christian Nogueira

Desorden

Graphite on Arches Paper

Fluorescent Adolescent

Sebastian Aguilar

Is that the place for your shoes?
Is that where your skateboard belongs?
How was your day?
What did you learn in school today?
Did you have any homework?
How come I never see you doing homework?

Because I always do it at school.

Then why do you have all these missing grades when I check your progress report online?
Go wash up, dinner's almost ready.
Did you shower?
Did you wash your hair well?
Come here, let me smell it, since you insist you washed your hair thoroughly.
Get your things ready for school tomorrow.
Make sure you take out the trash and recycling too, it is Tuesday after all.

Kay.

Bring me your hoodie so I can wash it, since you didn't bring it to me yesterday.
I see you haven't stopped sucking on the fastening strings, there's a crust of spit where an aglet used to be.
That's gross.
You know that, right?

I know.

If you know better, then do something about it.



Jen Medina
Power/Control
Glazed Ceramic
and Steel wire



The Poet

Joshua Buron



Jen Medina
Everything I Touch, Breaks
Ceramic on Wood

Type. Think then type. Try. Fail. Try.
Try harder. Try again. Fall.
Pick yourself up.

Type. Trash it. Go for a drive, crashes.

Go for a walk. Learn to talk. Pray.
Stay quiet. Don't speak. Learn to
walk again.

Don't tweak. Tweaks.

Type. Write. Think. Craving more
pink, sinks. Drowns. Frowns, listen-
ing to sounds only you can hear.

Fear.

Type. Tears fall. Wipe. "Too tall."
Climbs wall. Switch, Type. Think.
Think. Twitch.

Think.

Winks at adversity. It's sexy.
Complicated, a bit too complexy.
Think. Type. Make words up.

Metaphor five six seven eight, dances.

Learn my name. Put me to shame. I
am to blame. Think. Type. Try. Try
harder.

Fail.

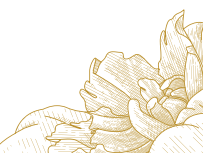
Try again. Fall. Pick yourself up.
Pray. Pray. Type. Type it up. Trash it.

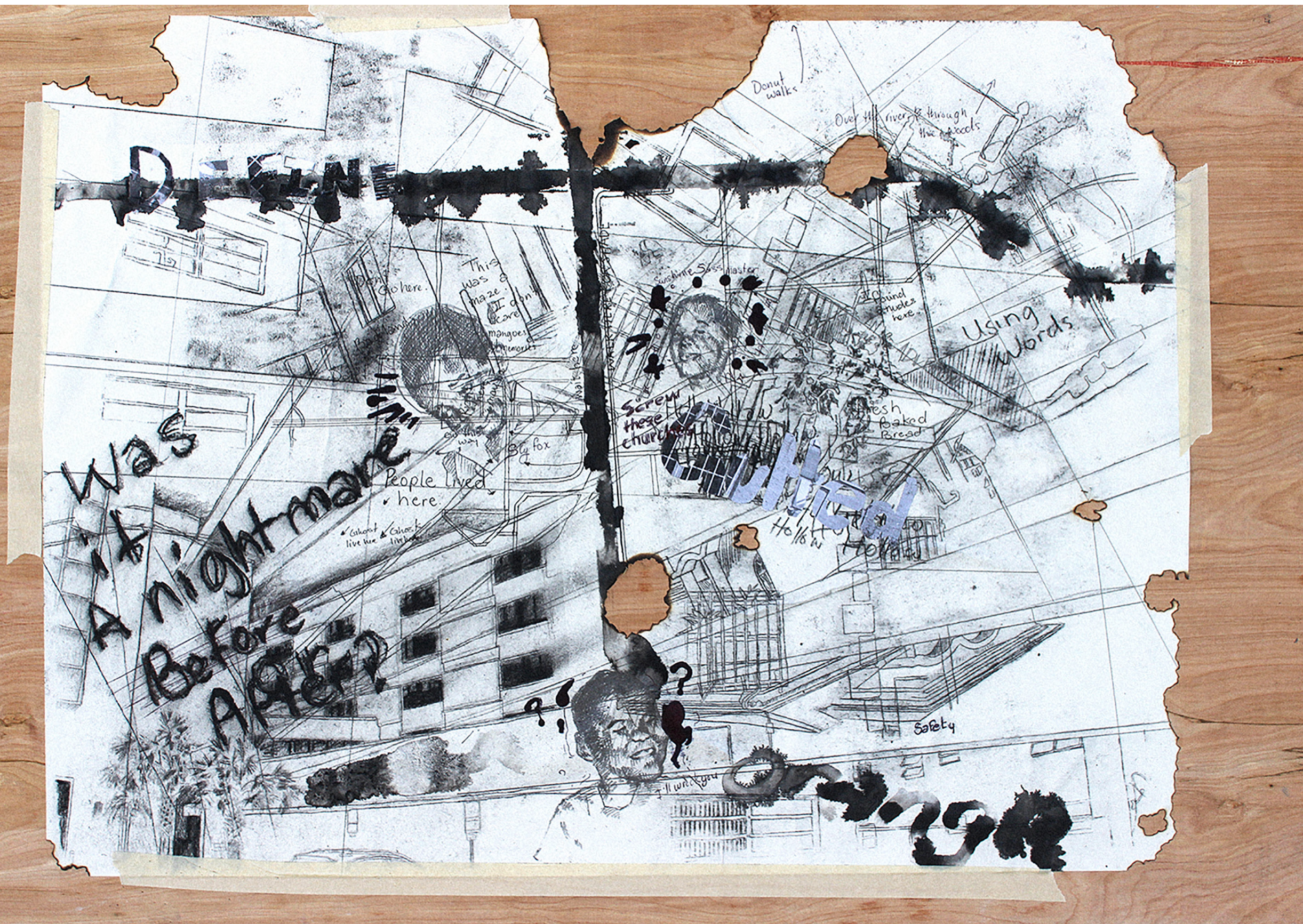
Go for a drive, crashes.

Speak up for yourself. You're too
passive. Your problems are too mas-
sive. Type it all up then trash it.

Think.

Goes for a drive, crashes.





Kino Binsworth Robinson III

Nostalgia in Lines

Ink, Printed Photography, & Graphite
on paper, mounted on wood.



Sunset Arizona

Francis Peli, Jr.

We have no real way of understanding this world. No concrete physical compass that can actually guide us.

They tell us how to understand who we are, through the sun, moon, and stars; zodiac signs to comprehend our minds. Try to tell us who we are based on where we're from; try to tell us how our block or street designates what we can be. They try to teach us how to compromise and rationalize; how to open up to a Psalm or Proverb to find all truths and God inside.

I guess you knew that, brother; I guess you saw right through that.

I guess you knew this life is a chess game and refused to be a pawn.

I guess you knew this world is lonely and frigid and you grew weary of shivering.

But I wish you were blind to it, deaf to it, oblivious; robots like the rest of 'em.

You were an anchor and I wouldn't have made it through without you. How many times did you ward off a bully with a smirk and some smooth talk? I wonder how many hours we spent in detention replaying our fourth period bad decisions.

I still think they cut our recess time shorter whenever you were around.

My brother for life, I was hoping we'd get to watch our sons play sports together. I was hoping you, the old crew, and I would have had a chance at a sunset on a Californian beach, drinking and laughing at all the goals we thought we'd never reach. I was hoping I'd be there when you grasped your dream job or obtained your college degree. More than anything, I had hoped you knew to call me whenever you were caught in life's stormy weather.

**...the more I burn
inside knowing your
life has ceased.**

See, I had always believed part of being a good friend is being an umbrella. Do you think you could tell me exactly what guilt is? Is it when a man can't live with the results that he gets? Or is it when he can't comprehend the death of his friend? I guess I'll live and see because the more that I exist, the more I burn inside knowing your life has ceased.

You know, if you would have died from some disease, I'd probably be okay, because things happen and sometimes those things take folks away. But, you extinguished your own light, took your own life and that's what eats at me...it's just that, in that instance, you chose demise over existence.

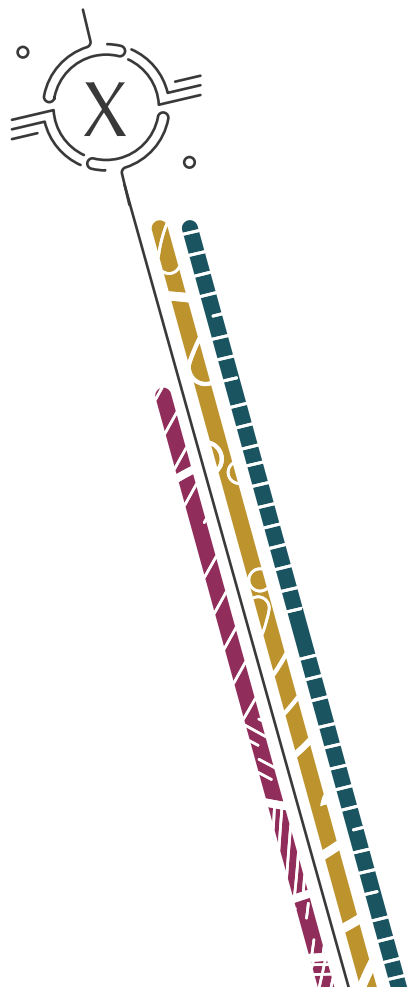
I want you to know that I'm sorry.

I want you to know, no matter your thought process, you weren't the worst.

I want you to know I spent plenty of time having that conversation between us inside my mind, trying to figure out the words that would keep you from crossing the point of no return.

I want you to know that decades will pass and I'll still carry this hurt; and as they do pass, I'll continue to carry our friendship's torch.

And finally, brother, I want you to know, on your expedition to escape reality, during your quest for freedom through six feet, you viciously clawed out a part of me.



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Mng. Editor



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....again?

Axis Awards

2015-2016

A Special Thanks

To all of those who have helped this daring AXIS Creative Arts Crew, or as the English Department would prefer to call us “The AXIS Peeps,” we humbly thank you.

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Media Services

Axis Volume 13, published in May of 2016, earned a Gold Medalist rating for the second consecutive year on its critique from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association (CSPA), an international student press association affiliated with Columbia University. Axis earned 945 points—out of the 1000 possible—overall and earned “All Columbian Honors” status again (ranking in the 95th percentile or higher) for the Verbal category (prose/poetry) of the critique. Axis Volume 13 was also recognized by CPSA with The 33rd Gold Circle Awards program, which had over 6420 magazine entries and “...are offered to recognize superior work by student journalists usually as individuals but sometimes as an entire staff working with either print or online media.”

Axis Volume 13, earned Bronze medalist rating from the Florida College System Publications Association (FCSPA), an organization dedicated to ensuring the improvement of student publications at Florida’s various state and community colleges by providing guidance and supporting the significance of these publications in the college curriculum.

CSPA

Andres Evangelista- Second Place for Portfolio Illustration - “The Alchemy of Suffering”, “Ethnic Idiosyncrasy Part One”, “Ethnic Idiosyncrasy, Part Two”

Marian Jorge - Certificate of Merit for Traditional Fiction- “Spring of New Beginnings”

Axis Staff - Certificate of Merit for Table of Contents

For more info on the critique process, see: <http://cspa.columbia.edu/awards-student-work/medalist-critique>

See the full list of winners at: <http://cspa.columbia.edu/receipient-lists/2016-awards-student-work-gold-circle-awards-collegiate-recipients> (scroll to Magazines category)

FCSPA

3rd Place for Design: Overall Design of Magazine Lead Designer/Art Director Kino Binsworth Robinson III; Graphic Design Editors: Christian Candelier, Amber Cataldo, Jose Dunand, Jerel Ramsey, Aria Tsiomakidis

3rd Place for Poetry: “Disaster” by Maria Cruz;” Under Construction” by Sheila Bodden; “Steps” by Jasiel Diez

3rd Place for Artworks: Day and Night Diptych - Paul Ellenberger (Acrylic on canvas); Auguries of Dreams - Gina Zaccheo - (Graphite on Arches Hot Press paper); Lazara (clay)- Pedro Nieblas

3rd Place for Two-Page Spread: “The Fool” (short story) by Steven Ricuarte with Self-Portrait (acrylic on canvas) by Paul Ellenberger

Thank you for your unwavering support for the Axis Creative Arts Magazine!

Editorial Policy

AXIS is Miami Dade College, North Campus' creative arts magazine. It is published once every year during the spring semester and released in the following fall, distributed free of charge. Only students from Miami Dade College, North Campus are allowed to submit their pieces to the magazine. We accept pieces of prose—both fiction and non-fiction—essays, and poetry. We also accept pieces of art, photography, short films and music. All submissions must include a corresponding form, which is available in the AXIS office located in the English Department in room 7321. Copyright for individual's work, both audio and print, returns to the artist one year from the date of publication. All rights are reserved. Content and opinions expressed by contributors do no necessarily reflect those of the editors or general staff.

Design Notes

No decisions on graphics or placement were made until the magazine was fleshed out, read, and organized. The ornate weaves of flowers and organs matched the theme of the magazine and were used throughout it. The magazine was color-coded and pattern-coded (for the color blind and impaired) to call-out the type of content. A “softer” black was used throughout the content of the magazine to make it easier on the reader's eyes. There are 2 separate sets of fonts used within this magazine, 2 for non content and 2 for content to separate the stories from unrelated elements.

Colophon

Created on Apple iMac Retina 5k, 27-inch, late 2015 OS X Sierra Version 10.12.4. Created using Sketchbook Pro 6 for drafting, Adobe Illustrator CS6 and CC 2017 for graphic elements and final illustrations. Adobe Photoshop CS6 and CC 2017 was utilized for all image adjustments, cropping and final unification. The following fonts were used: Futura with Helvetica (editorial/non content), and Optima with Adobe Garamond for magazine content. Printed by Color Express Inc., Hialeah, FL on 100lb. Hannoart Silk Dull.



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