



Literary & Arts Magazine

VOLUME 17

The background is a stylized vinyl record with a dark blue center and concentric black lines. In the center of the record is a red, five-pointed star. The text 'WRBAA' is written in a large, bubbly, yellow font with a red and blue outline, positioned across the top half of the record.

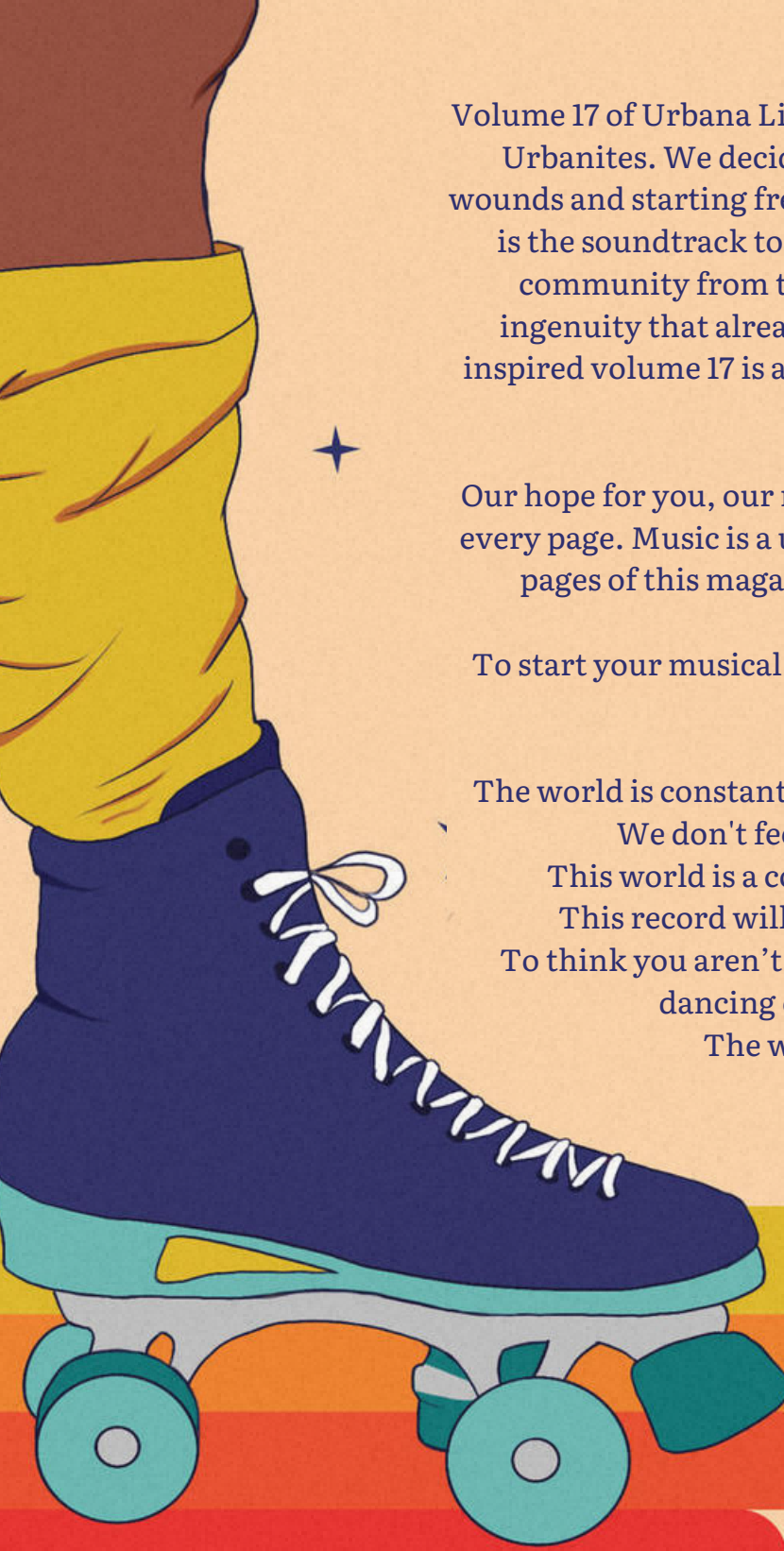
WRBAA

VOLUME 17

Eduardo J. Padrón Campus
Miami Dade College
Miami, Florida

EDITORS' NOTE





Volume 17 of Urbana Literary and Arts Magazine was a fresh start for our Urbanites. We decided this year would be dedicated to healing old wounds and starting fresh. And we turned to music to do so. This volume is the soundtrack to our healing journey. We rebuilt our Urbanites community from the inside out, encouraging the creativity and ingenuity that already existed inside all our staff. Urbana's music-inspired volume 17 is a collection of melodies composed from the music of our Padrón community.

Our hope for you, our reader, is that you find some pieces of yourself on every page. Music is a universal language, and as you dance through the pages of this magazine, we hope that you feel every single beat.

To start your musical journey, we bring you a song from our very own Aliane Castillo-Diaz:

The world is constantly turning, turning movements into vibrations.
We don't feel them, but we are what makes them.
This world is a constant field of music, never to be stopped.
This record will forever keep turning, until the next drop.
To think you aren't listening to the music of the ground and aren't dancing on it, you are making a big mistake.
The world will forever keep spinning,
And so should you.

Never stop dancing,
Aliane Castillo-Diaz
Andrea Terrero
Leidy I. Padrino

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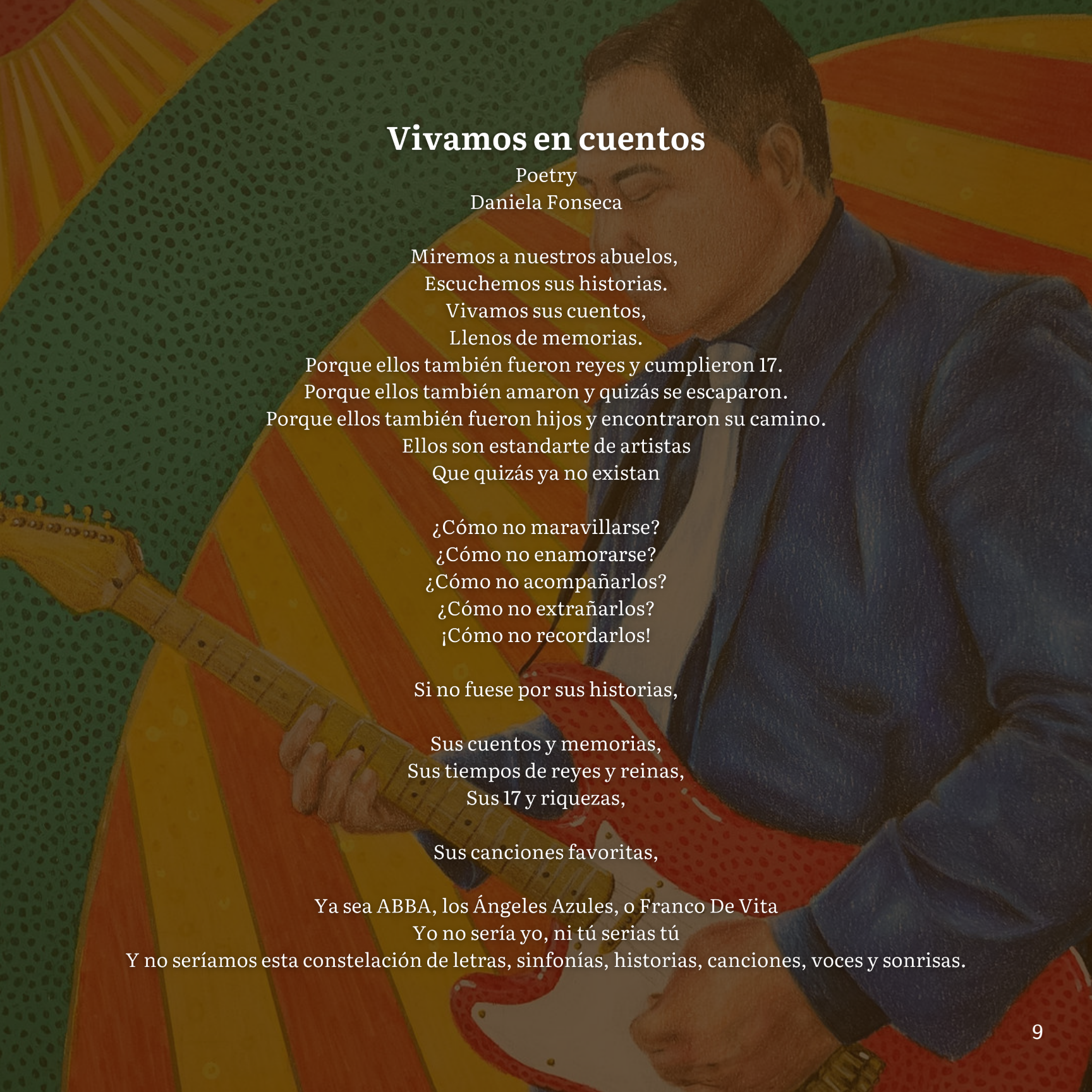
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Heavenly Father
Color Pencil & Acrylic
Maday Celedon

A man in a blue suit and tie is playing a red electric guitar. He is looking down at the instrument. The background is a vibrant, abstract composition with a green field of small dots, a yellow sunburst in the top left, and large diagonal stripes of yellow and orange. The overall mood is nostalgic and artistic.

Vivamos en cuentos

Poetry
Daniela Fonseca

Miremos a nuestros abuelos,
Escuchemos sus historias.
Vivamos sus cuentos,
Llenos de memorias.

Porque ellos también fueron reyes y cumplieron 17.
Porque ellos también amaron y quizás se escaparon.
Porque ellos también fueron hijos y encontraron su camino.
Ellos son estandarte de artistas
Que quizás ya no existan

¿Cómo no maravillarse?
¿Cómo no enamorarse?
¿Cómo no acompañarlos?
¿Cómo no extrañarlos?
¡Cómo no recordarlos!

Si no fuese por sus historias,

Sus cuentos y memorias,
Sus tiempos de reyes y reinas,
Sus 17 y riquezas,

Sus canciones favoritas,

Ya sea ABBA, los Ángeles Azules, o Franco De Vita
Yo no sería yo, ni tú serías tú

Y no seríamos esta constelación de letras, sinfonías, historias, canciones, voces y sonrisas.

Volver a casa

Poetry

Daniela Fonseca

Mientras iba de pasajera,
En el bus a mi nueva escuela,
En mi nueva nación,
Un mensaje llegó en forma directa,
Y sacudió mi corazón:
Aunque vuelva a mi casa,
Y visite los sitios que más anhelaba,
Nunca más seré esa niña que jugaba

en la arena,

Esa niña que vivía con toda su
familia,

Esa niña venezolana,
caminando con su abuela,
La niña que de historias vivía,
Que tomaba chicha en la esquina,
Que creció en una nación rota,
Pero que encontraba felicidad en sus
personas,

En sus amaneceres,
En sus cuentos y casonas.

Aunque vuelva, no seré ella
La guardaré en mi corazón,
Como un talismán de inocencia,
Un recuerdo de que la belleza
también se manifiesta en la aspereza,
Así que juntaré mis pedazos,
Los de la niña de Coro,
Los de mis seres amados,
Los de quienes descansan en lo alto,
Los de mis recuerdos colorados,
Y me fundiré con ellos,
Secaré mis mejillas,
Y sonriendo, agradeceré a la vida
Porque nunca cambiaría la mía,
Porque llevo a Venezuela en mi
alegría,
En mis momentos de melancolía,
A la niña en mis juguetonas sonrisas,
Y sus recuerdos adornan mis
travesías,
Desde Falcón...
Hasta Florida

Trolley
Photography
Joseph Muñoz



Lyrics

Poetry
Sebastian Skaarup

Lyrics thumping loud,
Beat driving, pushing, fighting,
dancing in my ears.

Joy
Photography
Joseph Muñoz

Fragile

Grab me,
Carefully.
Make sure not to let me fall,
I will break.

Your touch,
A melody that will never leave my skin,
A composition of desire,
Taking its toll.

A sweet caress,
Playing a symphony of emotions,
A tangled mess.
Now considered broken.

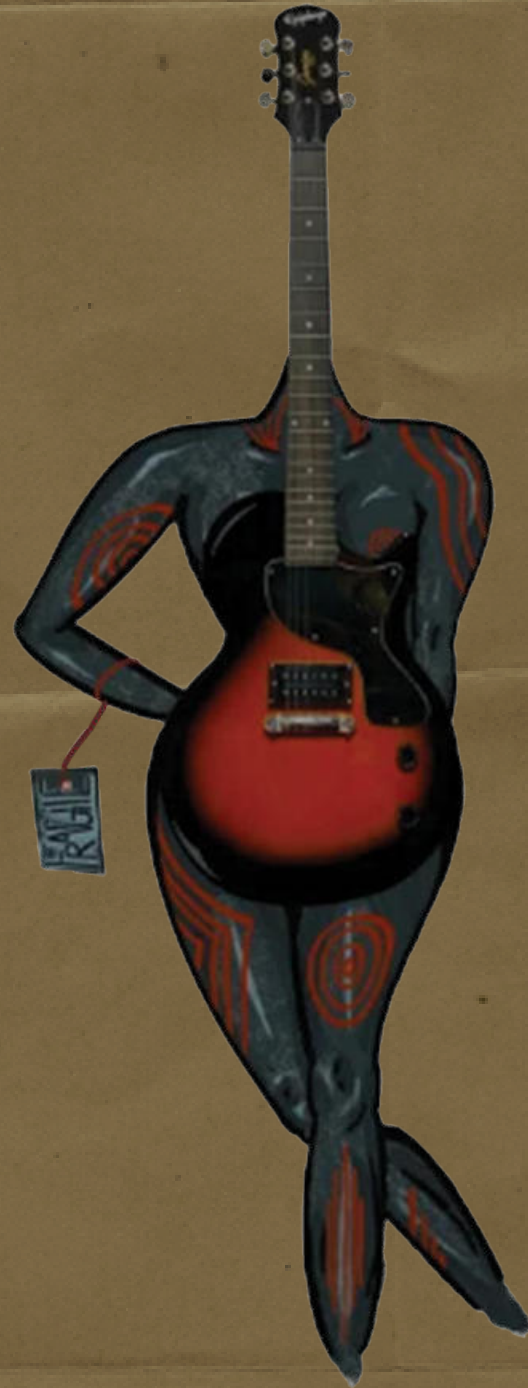
Deception strummed in minor keys,
Not tuned, created a sweet sonnet
But as the crescendo reached its peak,
It stopped being harmonic.

The room now echoed the silence
Of your departure.
Leaving me, a discarded instrument
Aching in the fracture.

Now, you grabbed me,
You weren't as excited.
Now I reside in my temporary residence,
Without an owner.

The symphony of us,
Now a haunting, unresolved chord.
I wanted to trust,
Played my cards.

Once again,
Wearing the sticker.
That labeled me
Fragile.



Poetry & Digital Illustration
Aiane Castillo-Díaz

Savior

Poetry
Sebastian Skaarup

Green lights flicker in the sky,
An unearthly glow fills the air,
Mounds extend above the ground,
Piercing through clouds to see the moon.

Lines are drawn in the inky black of night,
Lightning swirls and dances,
Painting circles and squares in the sky,
Small insects flit to and fro between the mounds.

Worlds are shattered around them,
Men fight wars they don't even know the purpose of,
Families are slain by monsters unspeakable,
And the green lights still glow.

One man far away watches the mounds,
He waits for the perfect moment,
Then opens his hand and blows into it,
Out of his hand a hurricane forms.

It rips into the mounds,
Tearing them asunder,
And while the creatures inside perish,
The man feels no joy.

This man rarely feels anything besides anger,
For he is a man made of regret,
And he is angry, not so much at the world,
But himself for being unable to forgive himself.

The man still remembers the battlefield,
The one that forged him,
One where he had to kill a god,
And he did.

But it cost him everything,
His sanity his friends his love,
One person asked the man,
If you could change it all, would you?

And the man said no,
Because despite everything it cost him,
He saved a world full of people,
People who didn't deserve to die.

And while he couldn't save his own home,
His own people, the ones who looked up to him,
He was able to save a world full of different people,
Admittedly no one would ever know.

But the man didn't need recognition,
The man needed to die,
To leave this world,
And to do that he would have to love again.



On the Hunt
Photography
Amanda Marrero



lagniappe

Poetry & Photography
Andrea Terrero

aquí me siento,
escuchando un jazz orgásmico
y mi pierna no se para de mover,
acelerando el ritmo,
con ganas de salir corriendo hacia ti.

aquí me siento,
admirando los dedos del guitarrista,
y pensando en los tuyos
y los míos, entrelazados,
nuestros anillos rozándose
con delicadeza primaveral.

aquí me siento,
viendo los ojos cerrados del baterista,
copiándolo,
esperando que te aparezcas a mi lado cuando los abra.

aquí me siento,
escuchando atentamente,
pero con mis ojos en la puerta.
se me olvida que hay otra por atras.
no, esa no la uses, te lo ruego.

vine a escuchar jazz,
pensando en ti y solo en ti,
buscándote en las notas,
sin suceso.

¿nos vemos en lagniappe?
todo a puro chance,
decimos que vinimos a escuchar jazz,
ritmo adecuado para encontrarnos de nuevo.



¿Es un delito querer tenerte?

Poetry
Carla Cano

Donde recibo a la luna,
Donde recibo tus dulces besos,
Donde la oscuridad nos refugia,
Donde tu luz tintinea.

La nota yace en el mar de pensamientos
mientras el roce de manos se siente eterno.
Bailemos hacia el horizonte del universo
¿Será que me quieres y será que te quiero?

Huyamos del tiempo que dice ser efímero,
Escapemos al fragmento de espacio al que no pertenecemos.
Rebotemos en el blanco y negro
Y escuchemos por última vez los secretos que guardaremos.

Quédate en el lienzo sin marcos,
cae conmigo en el vacío profundo,
Girando y flotando.
Amenaza al miedo y elígeme confiando.

Ojos que calman mi mente,
Brazaletes rojo de la suerte;
Choquemos nuestras frentes como enamoradas dementes,
Y cuando el sueño llegue, abrázame fuerte.

Y sin sonar como epítome de obseso,
Quítame la luna pero no tus besos,
Quítame el calor pero no tus abrazos,
Quítame las ganas pero no el deseo.

el poeta bohemio
Photography
Andrea Terrero



Hope

Poetry
Roxana Rodriguez

Su áspera voz llena de promesas
susurraba palabras en mi mente
mientras bordaba el vestido que usaría
en la gala del rey. Cocía con cuidado la
tela azul; y a la vez, miraba por la
ventana que daba a la calle, esperando a
que regresara. Tocaron mi puerta y
corrí hacia ella aún con el bordado en
las manos. Sin embargo, no pude evitar
dejarlo caer cuando vi a un soldado en
el umbral, con la bandera doblada en
sus brazos.

Untitled
Photography
Aliane-Castillo Diaz



If Touching the Moon

Poetry

Roxana Rodriguez

If touching the moon means I'll love you
Then I will keep my heart in a wine glass
Or even better, hidden in my tree house,
where we kissed for the first time.

If touching the moon means I'll miss you
every single day and night,
I'll mask my face with a fake smile
So you will never break my heart.

But if touching the moon means wasting my time
I'll ignore your lovely voice.
Even if that means not loving you,
Even if that means poisoning my soul.

Reflejo de tu mira'

Photography

Joseph Muñoz



Ballon Invasion
Photography
Joseph Muñoz



Longing

Poetry

Paloma Silvera

If I could only feel your warm kiss,
going through my skin during your absence.
Serving as a scar healer during the grime,
Only for one more time.

If I could only play your laugh like a melody,
Running through my head, through our memory.
Serving as a way to glorify our crime,
Only for one more time.

If your skin could embrace my soul,
omitting my defects by making me feel whole.
Serving as a safe place in this world full of mime,
Only for one more time.

In our memories where I reside, which makes me feel alive,
Fleeing from reality where you no longer derive.
Dreaming for one more time at your side,
escaping from the longing to revive,
Only for one more time.

Sixteen and Alicia Keys

Poetry

Brittany Contreras

"Some people live for the fortune"

You once promised me everything,
the house, the dog, the career.

You promised me reassurance.

You made sure Your promise stood in
place, but you left me the house with windows
that inspire, with Quaver, chewing on the red
high heels you got me.

You left me with lyrics, which brought
me fame and fortune.

*(my music made me a star. my heart made
You my universe)*

"Some people live just for the fame"

"Some people live for the power"

My voice had the power to seduce you.

My voice brought you to me, but in
the end, my voice couldn't save You.

*(if only that monster could've
seen I was in California)*

"Some people live just to play the game"

We were supposed to be the singer
and her motivation.

We were supposed to be the high
school sweethearts that lasted.

We were supposed to win in life,
but because of you I lost, and you
know how much I hate to lose.

(if only You weren't home that night)

"Some people think"

Am I being selfish?

Am I overthinking this?

Am I too egocentric?

"That the physical things"

Opening my eyes slowly.

My fingertips pressing onto
the piano's middle key.

My pulse, my melody, my voice.

(the killer was after this voice.

My vocal cords failed me)

"Define what's within"

Sixteen in the band room.

Sixteen once again.

*(this would be the last
time the world hears
me)*

Sixteen, and with You
twisting the doorknob

*(I cannot continue
to sing)*

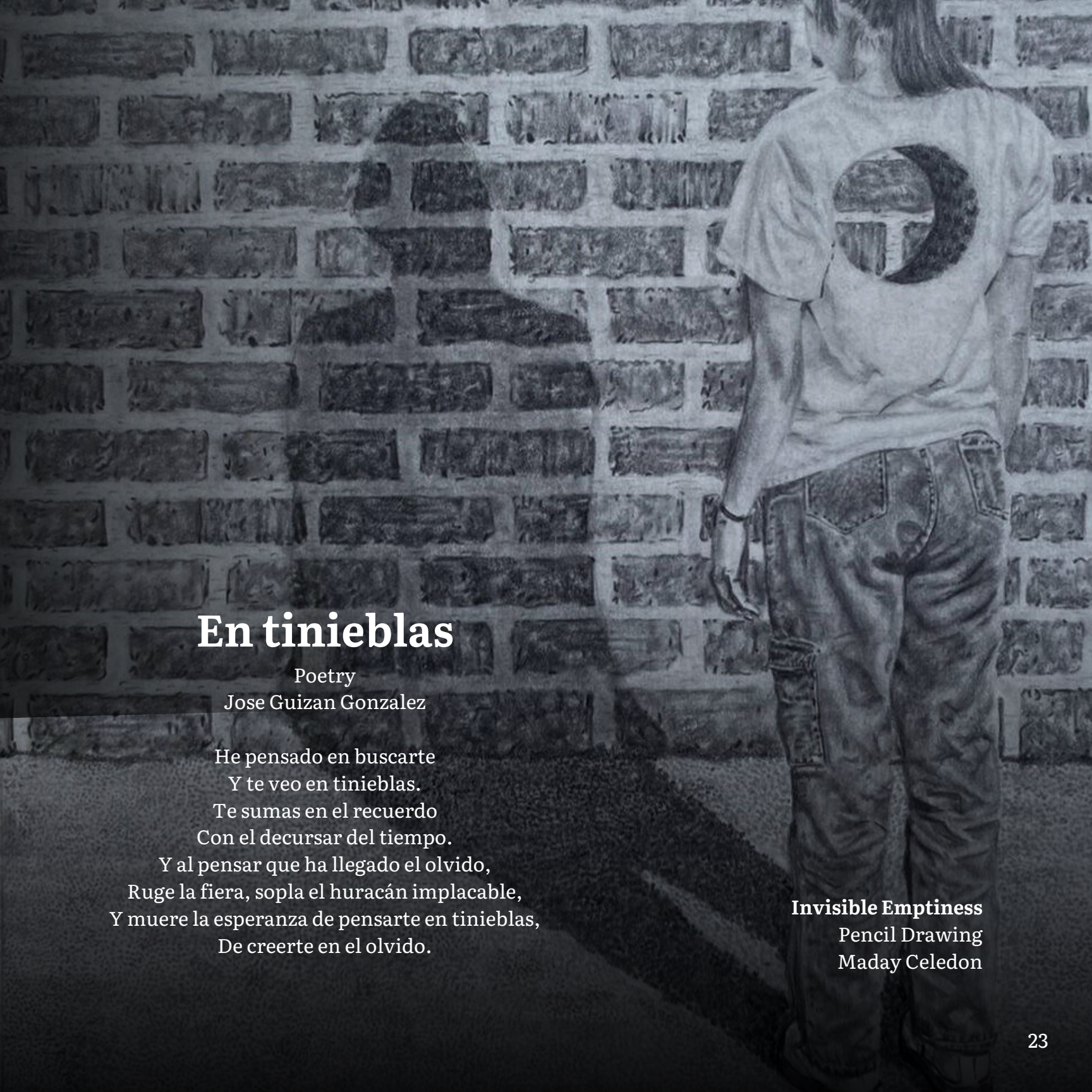
Sixteen in 2004 at
exactly 2:25 pm

**"And I've been
there before"**

Untitled

Photography

Aliane-Castillo Diaz



En tinieblas

Poetry

Jose Guizan Gonzalez

He pensado en buscarte

Y te veo en tinieblas.

Te sumas en el recuerdo

Con el decursar del tiempo.

Y al pensar que ha llegado el olvido,

Ruge la fiera, sopla el huracán implacable,

Y muere la esperanza de pensarte en tinieblas,

De creerte en el olvido.

Invisible Emptiness

Pencil Drawing

Maday Celedon



Calladita, te vez más bonita

Poetry & Digital Illustrations
Aliane Castillo-Díaz

Me quedo callada
un enamoramiento profundo.

Tu risa,
Tu forma de hablar,
Tu forma de ser,
En mi mundo.

Hablamos,
En silencio.
Me llamas,
Pero no te miro.

No se como reaccionar
Delante de ti.
Es mejor pensar que te vayas a quedar
Porque no te he dado una respuesta.

Quiero que te quedes,
Ese silencio que creamos
Trae un tipo de ternura
Y calor.

Pero cuando hablamos,
Es pasión,
Palpitaciones,
y Sexo.

Me quemo
Con mis propios deseos.
Calladita, sin decirte nada
es uno de los peores castigos.



Metalúrgica

Poetry

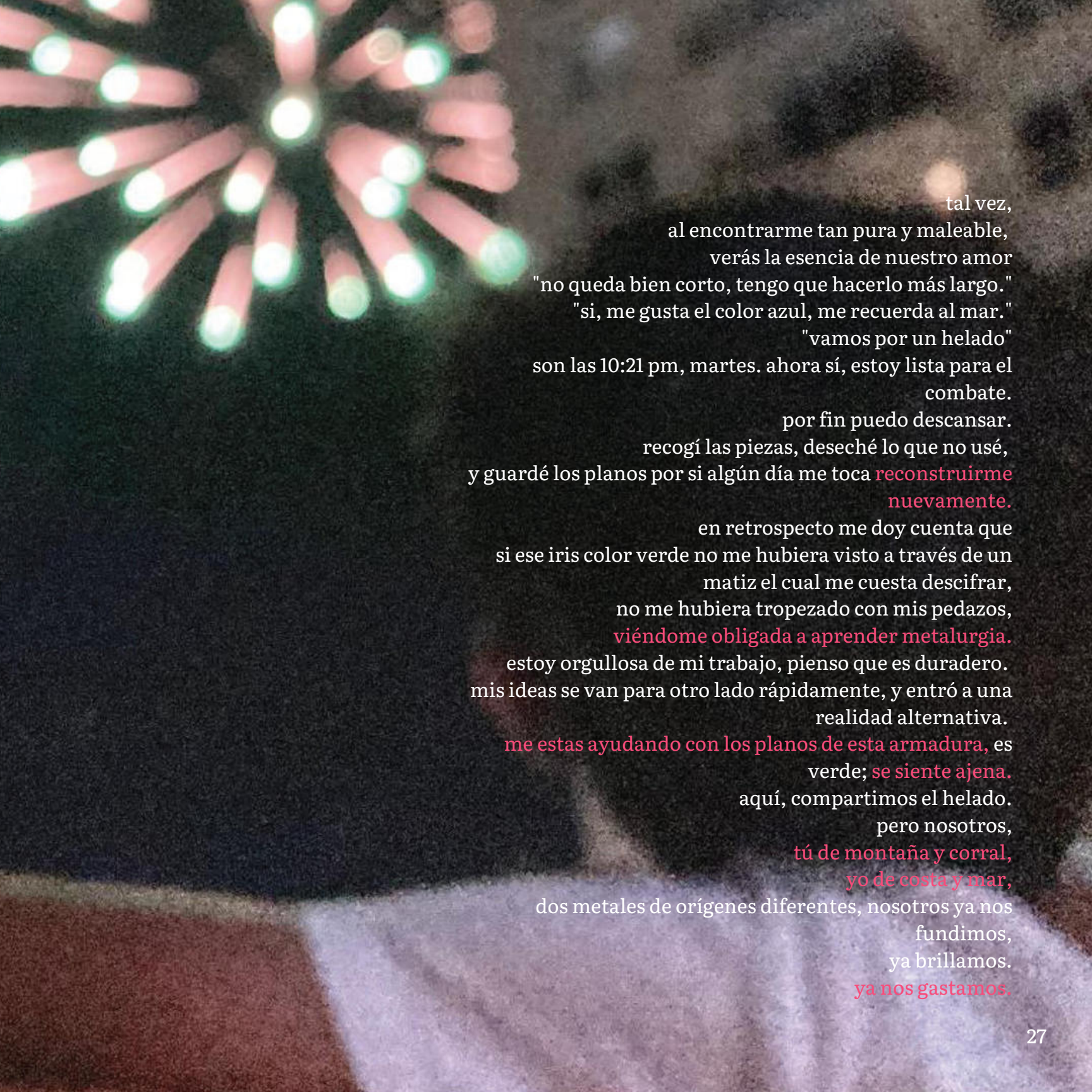
Amanda Marrero

uno de estos días aprenderé a soldar.
me montaré en un avión
con destino a la playa.
le pediré prestada la carpintería a mi abuelo,
y me esconderé por semanas con un objetivo en mente.
trazar los planos de la armadura será lo más complicado.
me costará encapsular la amabilidad que tus ojos me
brindaron, como ellos me cambiaron.
la curiosidad con la que los míos te miraban,
aunque no bastaron.
estoy consciente de que es un trabajo intrínseco,
pero debo seguir,
debo encontrar la manera de que
no veas mi cuerpo desnudo, vulnerable,
alma en boca, corazón en mano.
debería poner una señal de peligro.
la luz de mi alma deslumbrará tu vista.
lo que negaste ver, lo que no decidiste hacer,
te cegará, así como lo hace la chispa al soldar.

Untitled

Photography

Edward Jesus Colmenares Ramírez



tal vez,
al encontrarme tan pura y maleable,
verás la esencia de nuestro amor
"no queda bien corto, tengo que hacerlo más largo."
"si, me gusta el color azul, me recuerda al mar."
"vamos por un helado"
son las 10:21 pm, martes. ahora sí, estoy lista para el
combate.
por fin puedo descansar.
recogí las piezas, deseché lo que no usé,
y guardé los planos por si algún día me toca **reconstruirme
nuevamente.**
en retrospecto me doy cuenta que
si ese iris color verde no me hubiera visto a través de un
matiz el cual me cuesta descifrar,
no me hubiera tropezado con mis pedazos,
viéndome obligada a aprender metalurgia.
estoy orgullosa de mi trabajo, pienso que es duradero.
mis ideas se van para otro lado rápidamente, y entró a una
realidad alternativa.
me estas ayudando con los planos de esta armadura, es
verde; se siente ajena.
aquí, compartimos el helado.
pero nosotros,
tú de montaña y corral,
yo de costa y mar,
dos metales de orígenes diferentes, nosotros ya nos
fundimos,
ya brillamos.
ya nos gastamos.

La gente bailando

Poetry

Maria Fernanda Cano Velasquez

La gente bailando
Es como el océano moviéndose
Como dos almas envolviéndose

La gente bailando
Es como ver las nubes pasando
Y las gotas de lluvia intrusivamente
mojando

La gente bailando
Es como una rueda girando
Sin lugar o destino alguno andando

La gente bailando
Son como hojas cayendo
Y flores en medio del campo abriendo

La gente bailando
Son como peces nadando
Y aves en migración volando

La gente bailando
Escucha un poco de jazz
Disfrutando al compás de un buen sax

La gente bailando
Con la música va
Viendo las notas en tempo sonar

La gente bailando
Me gusta observar
Como se van acercando sin poderlo
evitar

La gente bailando
Está intentando una vez más
Conectar con alguien que le de paz

La gente bailando
Intenta superar
Que soportar a veces ya no pueden más

La gente bailando
Se quiere liberar
Y olvidar sus penas ya no quieren llorar

La gente bailando
Encuentra una manera de expresar
Sentimientos, pensamientos e
intenciones que dentro se mueren por
gritar.

Untitled
Photography
Aliane-Castillo Diaz

Letter From the Widow of a Musician

Fiction

Brenda Salvant

Sandy blonde hair and a stubble that pricked beneath my fingers. His melody had become a hushed whisper that filled the darkness in the night.

That's all I had of him now.

The savage tune of his guitar playing in my mind, the passion and pain that curled in his voice when he sang. A long battle with the void had created such a beautiful art that stemmed from his fingers to his voice, completely destroying and killing his soul. Night after night I'd watch as he fought with himself—cried, and screamed to keep going.

To keep moving forward and look towards the light of things.

His melody—pure with emotion and all of himself—had become his way out, but soon the rhythm of the drums and the scream of his voice wasn't enough. Heroin was his new light, his escape from a darkness that held him by the throat. He continued to bring his art to life, continued to do the very thing his heart loved but his mind didn't. Fame and sadness had created a war within himself that he no longer knew how to fight.

Now I realize—as I sit in the night, the wind carrying his hushed melody to me—music was his distraction, was his way of trying to keep himself grounded in this life. My heart aches as I realize what his words meant the first day he released his song, “You'll always have me with you.”

And I do.

He left pieces of himself in his music, in the very thing he loved to do, the one that ultimately became his struggle to stay.

Untitled
Photography
Aliane-Castillo Diaz

Dancing Queen

Poetry
Star Valladares

The moon is a spotlight brightening the dark night.
The night is young, she's looking for a place to have fun.
There is no way to keep her tamed,
Her heart follows the beat of the song.

She waltzes into the middle of the dance floor,
Her bright golden eyes illuminating the room
A warm inviting aura radiates off her body,
She has layers that you'd want to uncover.

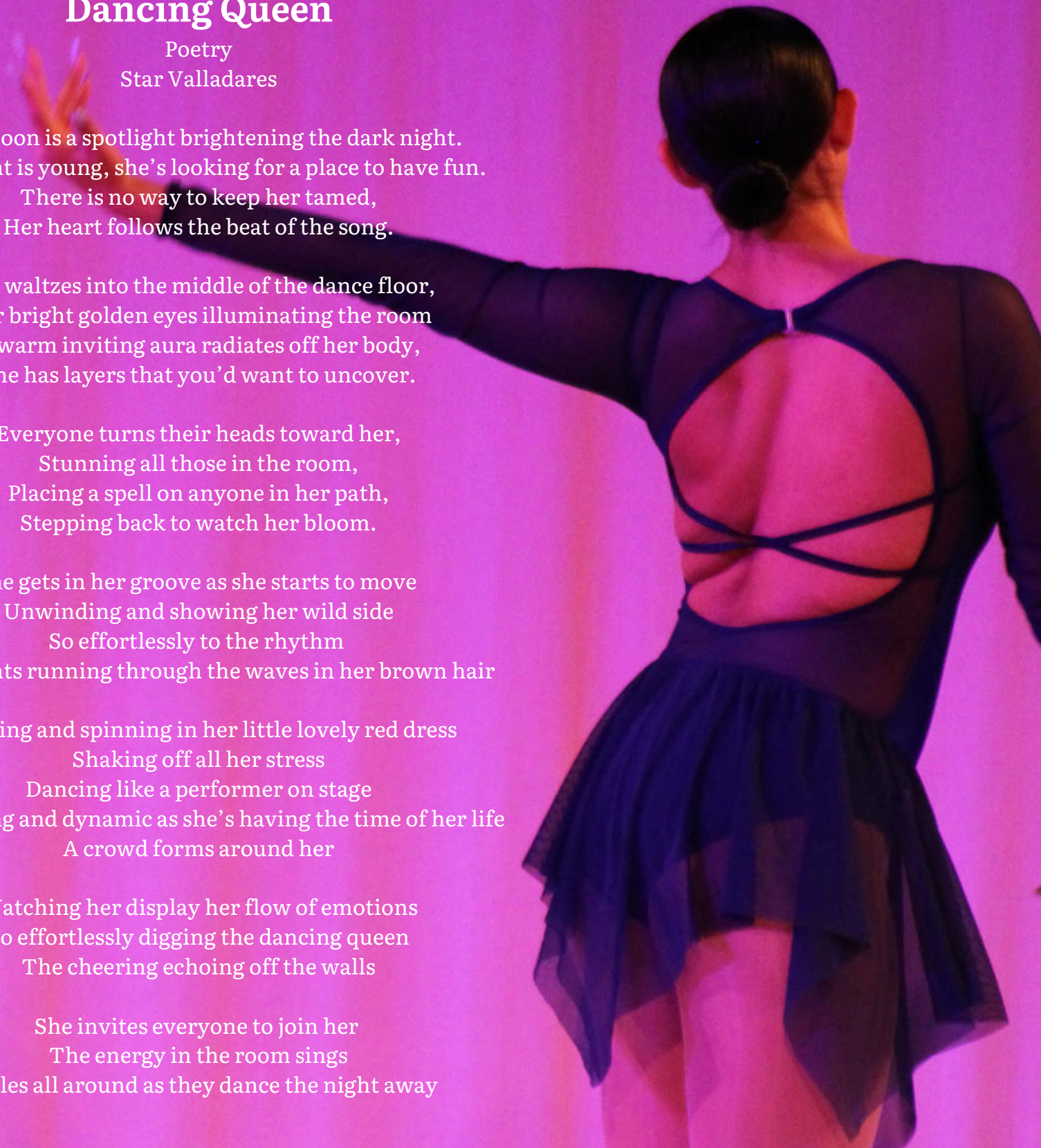
Everyone turns their heads toward her,
Stunning all those in the room,
Placing a spell on anyone in her path,
Stepping back to watch her bloom.

She gets in her groove as she starts to move
Unwinding and showing her wild side
So effortlessly to the rhythm
Disco lights running through the waves in her brown hair

Twirling and spinning in her little lovely red dress
Shaking off all her stress
Dancing like a performer on stage
Captivating and dynamic as she's having the time of her life
A crowd forms around her

Watching her display her flow of emotions
So effortlessly digging the dancing queen
The cheering echoing off the walls

She invites everyone to join her
The energy in the room sings
Smiles all around as they dance the night away





The Goodbye

Poetry

Hadis Gonzalez Ortiz

My dear young dancing queen,
With eyes that emit light,
The streets of the island will miss you,
Your dances, your unguarded delight.
The palms will wave their evergreen fronds
In tune with the whistling breeze,
And sing the melody that bonds
Your sway with that of the sea.
A bittersweet goodbye, one the ages cannot bear,
Hear the ridge's stomps lamenting your depart—
A collective accordance, a beat of notes so rare,
May it find you where your heart is,
Where your blaze grows,
Where you've made yourself a brand new home.

A Form of Expression

Photography

Maria Fernanda Cano Velasquez

Searching for Your Love

Poetry

Silvana Camacaro

It felt like a rush
With just one touch
Your lips against mine
My soul touching yours
A bond so strong
So pure
But we were so young
We couldn't keep up

I miss being 17
I miss feeling your touch
I miss being around you
I miss your stupid jokes
You were everything I knew
Now I sit and wait
To feel your love again
In someone else's breath
In a different bed
Wondering if I'll ever
Feel your love again



The Sound of the Youth
Photography
Isabella Felix Castillo



This is What Music Feels Like
Acrylic Painting
Maria Fernanda Cano Velasquez

The Sounds of Your Life

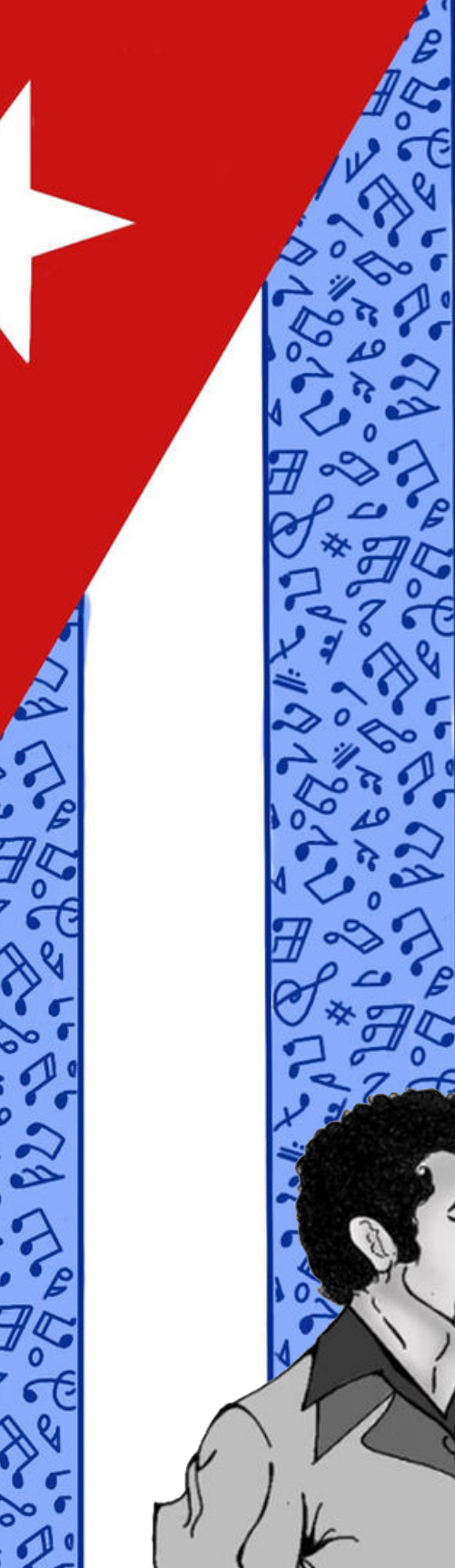
Non-Fiction
Leidy Padrino

It's five AM. The sun will be out in a few hours. He lays there quietly; the moon and the stars overhead are the only sign of light as far as the eye can see. His body aches from being stagnant for so long. He shifts his body, the Earth around him becoming loose and filling the crevasses. He's trying to take in the last minutes of peace while around him men take their last breaths. The moon retreats and the sun rises, bringing with it light and death. Within minutes the quiet is over. The battle ground awakens yet again. He begins to hear the pop, pop, pop of the war as bullets ring all around him, some falling just ahead of him. He draws his weapon and begins to fire in front of him without taking aim: anyone and everyone in front of him is the enemy.

The year is 1975, the place Angola. He takes cover in a ditch and fires back, only twenty-five years old using old Soviet firearms, fighting in a war he wasn't prepared for, sent in as a sacrificial offering. The first few days the sound of the rounds hurt his ears, but he's used to it by now. Cannons go off all around him, attacking the trenches of the enemy. He was beginning to see a way out, a safe way home. If he could just make it another day, he thought. Day after day, sunset after sunrise, he made it. The end was near for him; he'd soon find out. One night as they made the move from one trench to the other, they took fire. POP, POP, POP! The shots were getting closer; still they moved. Cries filled the air as people got hit, but still they marched on. The man to his left was hit. Silence. He was gone. As he stood there looking at his friend as he died, he felt a burning sensation in his stomach. He got pulled by another man into the trench. Still unaware of his own condition, he marches on as he becomes surrounded by soldiers. He was hit. Blood fills his uniform and within minutes he passes out.

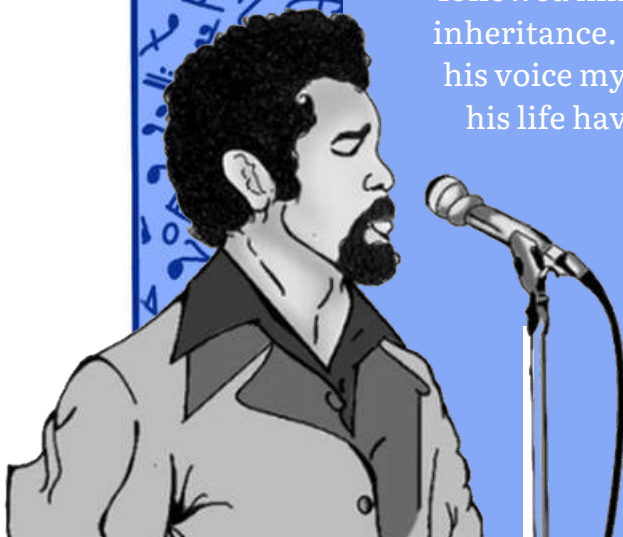
"This is the end," he thinks.





It was the end of his time at war. He returned to Cuba after receiving life-saving “surgery” on the battlefield. But it wasn’t the end of the sounds. Back in Cuba, he focused on his favorite hobby, bird breeding. Birds with vibrant colors. Different shades of greens and reds. Singing songs of love. His ears no longer filled with the POPs of bullets or the BOOM of bombs. He found joy in deciphering the songs, A lifelong hobby he enjoys to this day. He came to know the songs for mating, distinct to each bird. His hobby became much more when he found a group of people who shared his interest. They gathered every Sunday afternoon and traded birds and stories. It’s only right he would enjoy the songs. After all, music was his first true love.

He sang songs of his own, his voice an instrument. He sang all over the island, and then all over the world. Bringing salsa from Cuba to places where no one spoke Spanish. Selling out venues in Asia and Europe. Because music has no language. His voice, one of a kind. He held the honor of sharing stages with the best of his time, competing in live all-star sing offs against his musical brothers. Back when musicians recorded with live bands and there was no autotune. The sounds of his life have been the soundtrack to mine. Learning about the journeys he’s gone on in his 71 years. His bravery on the battlefield, fighting for a country that didn’t deserve his sacrifice. His resiliency is engraved forever in me. His fondness for birds. A lifelong love that has outlasted marriages, transcended borders and followed him to all corners of the world. His tenderness, my greatest inheritance. His music a relic I treasure more than he will ever know, his voice my favorite symphony. He is one of one. And the sounds of his life have been the soundtrack to mine. He is my hero, my best friend, and my first love. He is my dad.



Untitled
Digital Illustration
Aliane-Castillo Diaz

Arrhythmia

Poetry & Digital Illustration

Aliane Castillo-Diaz

Your breath,
A song I can't decipher.
Like a scratched record,
Stopped.

My legs shake,
To the sound of your vital signs.
Beep ... beep
Beep.

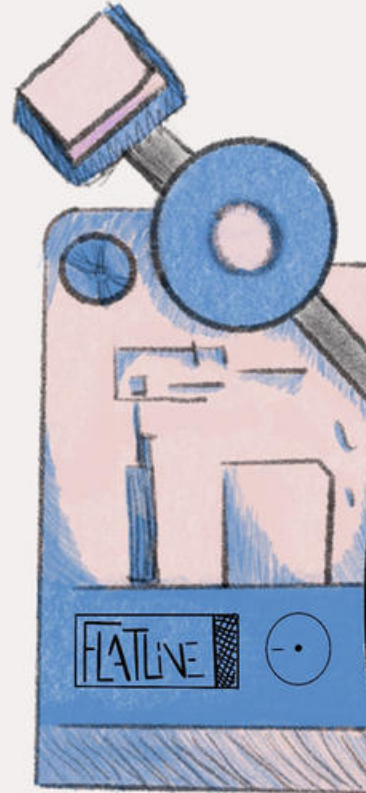
Now a new song awakened
One that had to be pumped
To bring you back
Now 120 beats per minute.

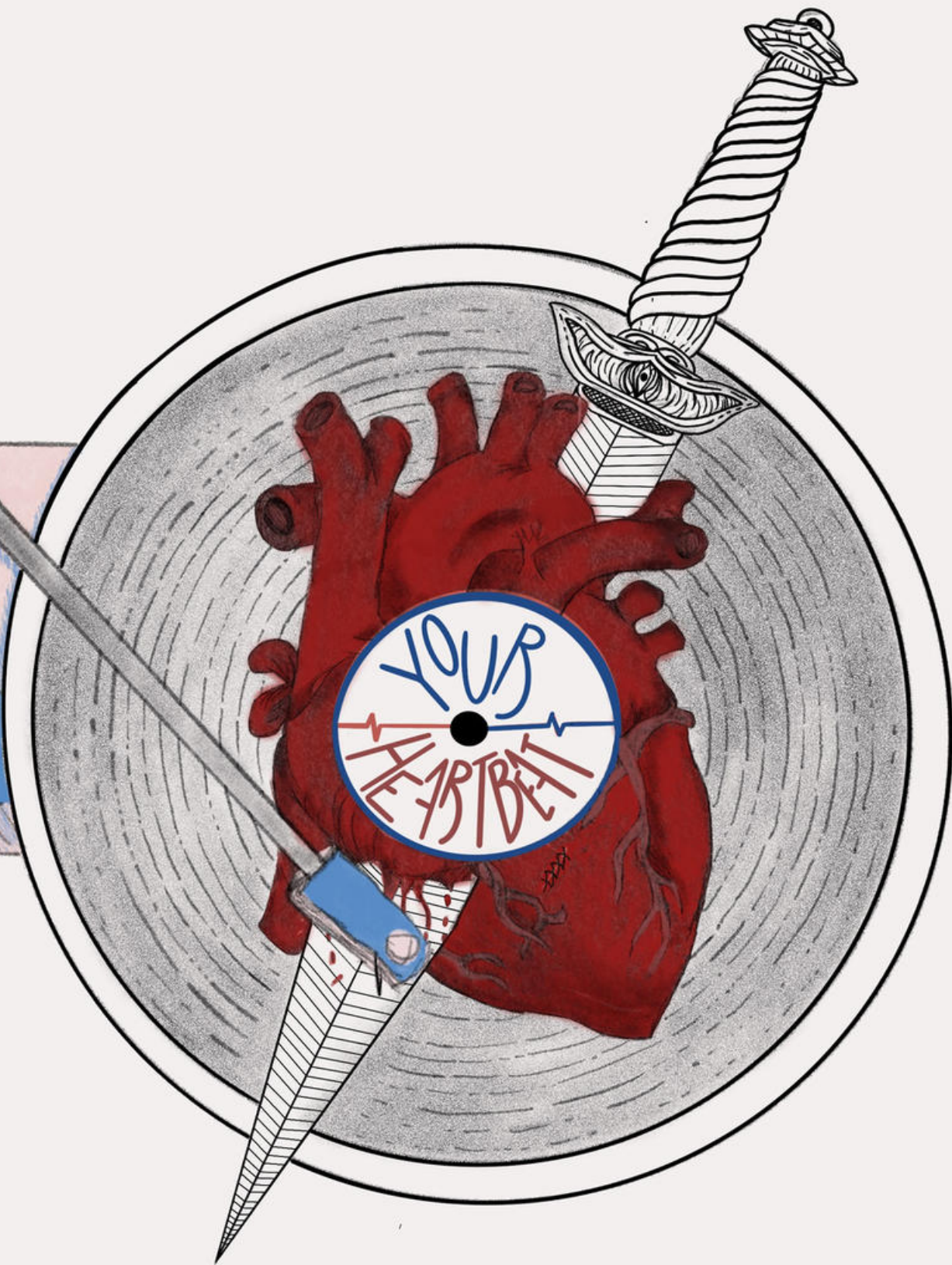
I learned it to save others
But I'm afraid to use it.
As it didn't work,
That time.

Now,
As I dance with patients.
You,
Dance in the clouds.

I do this for you,
To make you proud.
As you listen to my sounds,
Looking for something so profound.

A heart beat I once heard,
In you.
In someone else.





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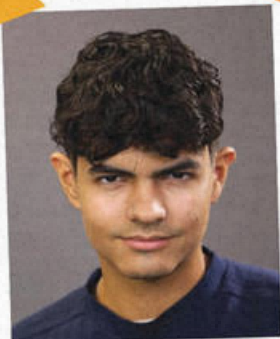
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Thank you

We, the staff of Volume 17, would like to take this time to thank the many people involved in making this volume a success. Thank you for the continued support: President Madeline Pumariega, Dr. Alanka Brown, Dean Robert Troy, Student Life, and Media Services, especially Humberto “Bert” Perez who has taken care of all our media requests, from headshots to music.

A very special thank you to our Interim Dean Niurka “Niki” Geonaga, who always led with her heart and made sure we felt safe and supported every step of the way.

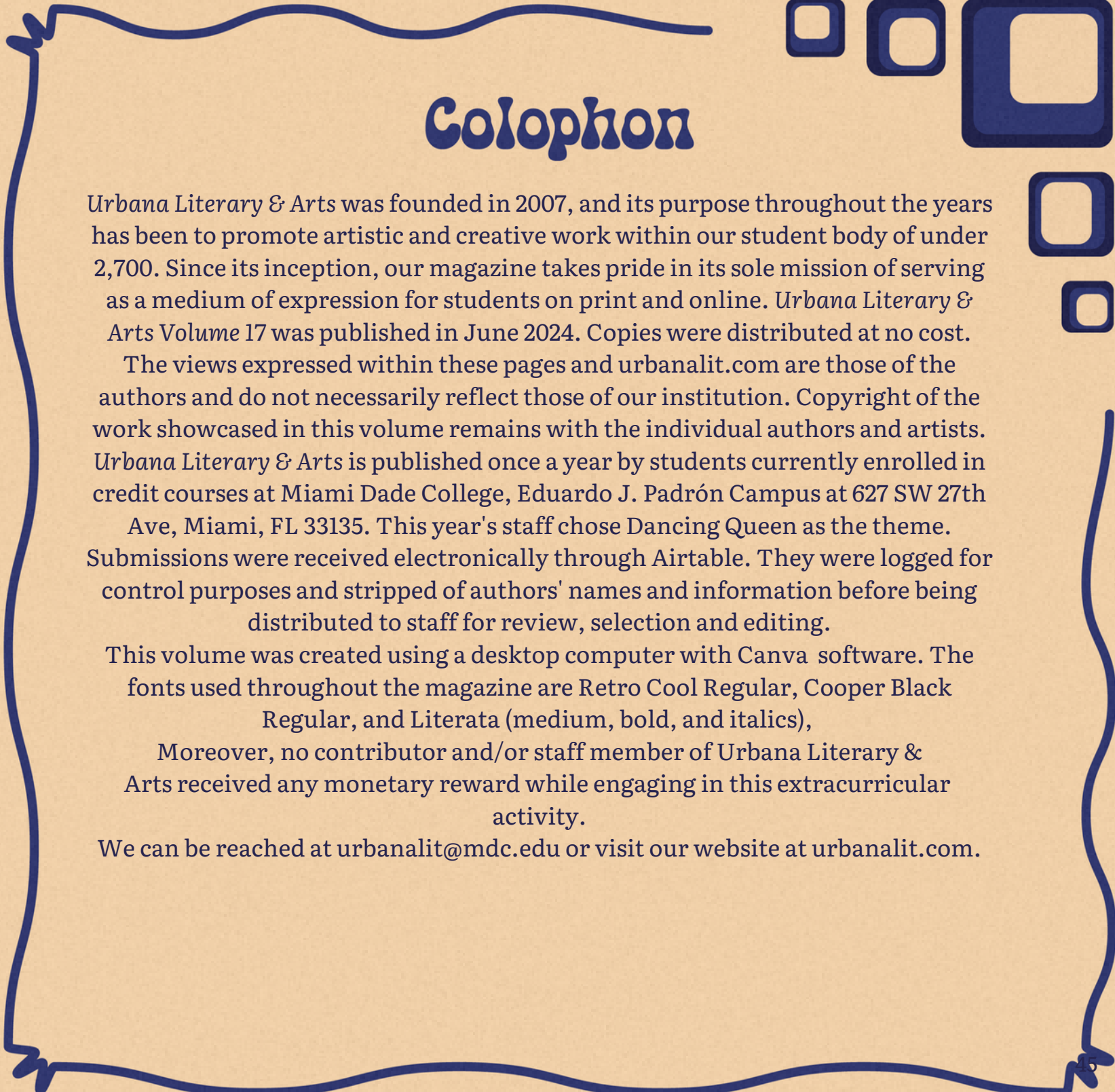
Thank you to our amazing advisors Omar Figueras and Alicia K. Garcia for believing in us and our crazy ideas from the start, for being champions for us at every turn, and for creating a fun and supportive environment. This volume would not have been possible without your resilience, perseverance, and encouragement. We love and appreciate you both.

Thank you to our staff, who gracefully navigated the constant changes in the early stages, and surprised us with their initiative and creativity. You all know more than anyone that this has been a labor of love. We appreciate the amount of hours you all put in, working in the early hours of the morning sometimes just to make sure something as “simple” as a color was perfect.

Thank you to every single author and artist who entrusted us with their work, we hope you are proud of yourself. Your creativity brought the pages of this magazine to life.

Finally, thank you reader. We hope that this volume has become your new favorite soundtrack.

Keep dancing,
Urbanites.



Colophon

Urbana Literary & Arts was founded in 2007, and its purpose throughout the years has been to promote artistic and creative work within our student body of under 2,700. Since its inception, our magazine takes pride in its sole mission of serving as a medium of expression for students on print and online. *Urbana Literary & Arts Volume 17* was published in June 2024. Copies were distributed at no cost.

The views expressed within these pages and urbanalit.com are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of our institution. Copyright of the work showcased in this volume remains with the individual authors and artists. *Urbana Literary & Arts* is published once a year by students currently enrolled in credit courses at Miami Dade College, Eduardo J. Padrón Campus at 627 SW 27th Ave, Miami, FL 33135. This year's staff chose Dancing Queen as the theme. Submissions were received electronically through Airtable. They were logged for control purposes and stripped of authors' names and information before being distributed to staff for review, selection and editing.

This volume was created using a desktop computer with Canva software. The fonts used throughout the magazine are Retro Cool Regular, Cooper Black Regular, and Literata (medium, bold, and italics),

Moreover, no contributor and/or staff member of *Urbana Literary & Arts* received any monetary reward while engaging in this extracurricular activity.

We can be reached at urbanalit@mdc.edu or visit our website at urbanalit.com.

AWARDS

Pacemaker Finalist
Pacemaker Award Recognition
Best of Show | Website | 5th Place
Best of Show | Literary Arts Magazine | 3rd Place

Florida College System Activities Association | 2023

Magazine Division A
Design
Editing | 1st Place
Cover | 2nd Place
Content Pages | 3rd Place
Staff Pages | 1st Place
General Excellence | 2nd Place

Florida College System Activities Association | 2023

Best Fiction

Best Two-Page Design Spread

Best Magazine Photography

Best Design

Best Editing

Best Staff Pages

Individual Awards

Laura González, Joseph Muñoz, Nathalie Saladrigas |

Photography Magazine | 1st Place

Mateo Medina, Joseph Muñoz, Lucia Gil, Camila

Ramirez | Two-Page Spread Design | 1st Place

Tiago Tofani | Fiction | 1st Place

Jenna Kay Dube, Violeta Gonzalez, Giuliana Mesa |

Poetry Magazine | 2nd Place

Joseph Muñoz | Photo Individual | 2nd Place

Lidice Tabares | Artwork Individual | 2nd Place

Joseph Muñoz | Inner Circle Award



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Party is over...for now :)



