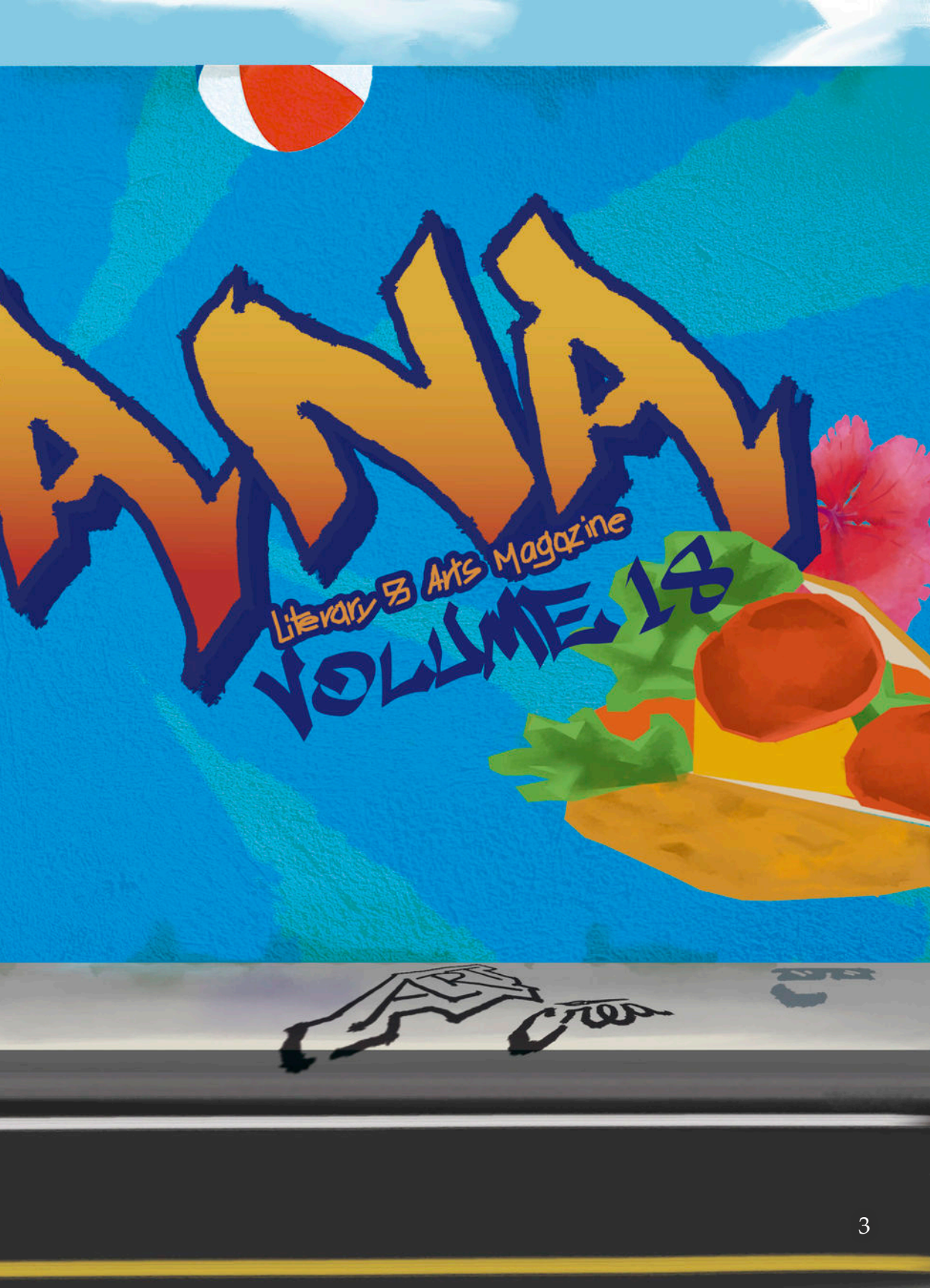




Literacy & Arts Magazine

VOLUME 18







EDITORS' NOTE

On the 11th floor, se escuchan “vo(i)ces” of Urbanites whispering stories, anécdotas, y canciones in Spanglish. They remind us of the crashing waves of Miami Beach, “las historias del” bus driver in Little Havana, and the smell of “cafecito” in the mornings. They represent what we are: una sinfonía de heritages that can be heard across Miami. Those voices encouraged us to begin our journey creating Urbana Literary & Arts Magazine V18.

Volume 18 es una recopilación of our memories, traditions, and experiences that have shaped at least one individual in Miami. Urbanites portray their feelings and identity through photography, prose, poems, and art. They walk through cada rincón of the city, convirtiendo cada struggle, achievement, passion, and emotion into a masterpiece. Each of them build a bridge between Earth and the skylines of Downtown Miami by arranging words que rebotaban between blanco y negro. They create a unique color palette that showcases banderas, cultures, music genres, and accents.

As you explore these pages, escucharás vo(i)ces of those who fight for love, peace, humanity, and justice. Encontrás arte de aquellos who see the beauty in the ordinary. Yet as you walk through the bridge, your story may tangle with ours, creating an unique mural that surpasses the boundaries of what we once lived and what will come next.

Deja que tu corazón—wander through these pages without limits and don't be afraid to get lost...

Volume 18 Playlist



Urbana Vol. 18 Cover

Maday Celedon • 0:00



The Heat of Miami

Abraham Nuñez • 11:12



Hierro y Porcelana - Calling Drums

Carlos Dicuru - Daniela Fonseca • 13:14



Wawita

Daniela Fonseca • 15:16



Orange Soles

Estefania Villatoro • 17:18



To Laugh, To Forget

Hillary Ramirez • 0:19



Exilio Interior

Daniela Durruthy • 0:20



Havana Duality

Art - Daniela Diaz • 21:22



Pomegranate
Maritza Valera • 0:23



My Journey to Salvation
Cristopher Choy • 0:24



Washington D.C. Sin ti
Silvana Camacaro • 0:25



La Verdad de Mis Sueños
Camilla Cardozo • 0:26



CAFECITO Time *Interactive*
Art - Isabela Gomez • 27:28



Un Evento Cosmológico
Maria Karla Romero • 0:29



City Walker
Andrew Lee • 0:30



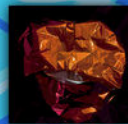
Porcelain Dolls
Daniela Fonseca • 31:32



Mi Esencia
Roxana Rodriguez • 33:34



Dejé de Ser
Roxana Rodriguez • 0:35



Mirror, Mirror
Andrew Lee • 0:36



Urbana's Events
Roxana Rodriguez & Maday Celedon • 37:38



My Tattoos
Paula Gaspar • 39:40



Tasting Madness
Sophia Daly • 41:42



Amor o Razonamiento
Bajos Cielos y Altos Mares
Maria Karla Romero - Juan Subero • 43:44

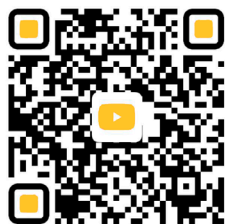


Untitled
Photography - Daniela Fonseca • 0:45



Voices of the Honors College
Roxana Rodriguez & Abraham Nuñez • 46:48





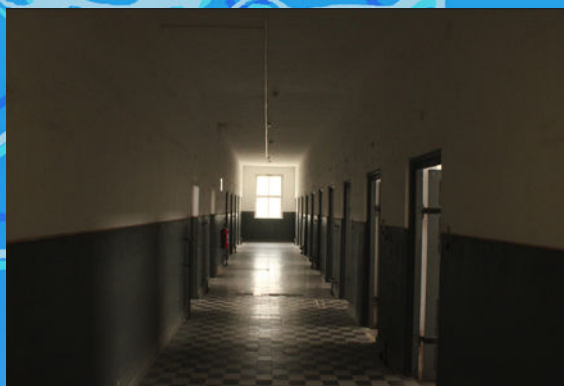
Scan the QR code to listen to our personalized playlist with Urbana Staff's favorite songs while you go through our magazine!



All I See You
Art - Elianis Rodriguez Arzola



El Bravo Pueblo
Photography - Andrea Serra



Mauthausen
Photography - José Guizán



Photography
Edward Colmenares

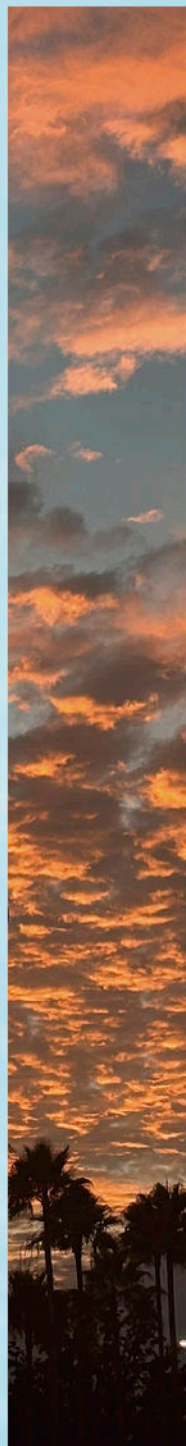
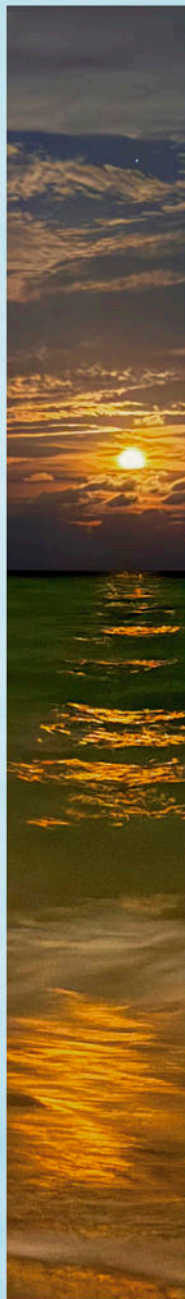
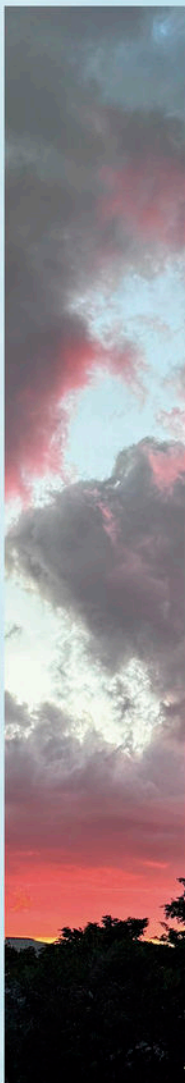
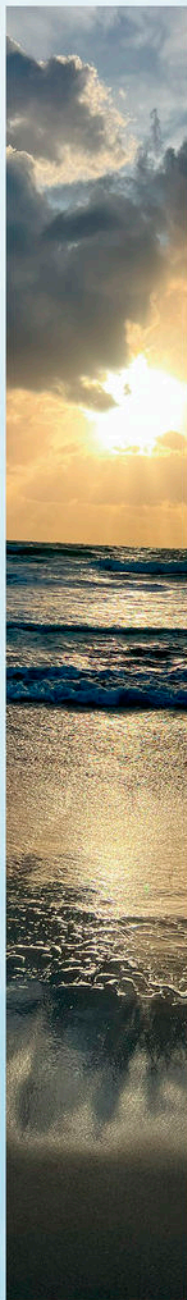


Photo Essay
Photography - Melissa Castro,
Danelia Diaz & Daniela Fonseca

The Heat of Miami

By Abraham Nuñez

The surface of the sun couldn't compare.
Only Miami can the heat be so extreme.
But such an extreme fits a city of excess such as Miami.
From the giant towers that litter Downtown,
to the bright lights and loud music of Miami Beach.
Excess would be the best word to describe Miami.
And yet, that's not all it has to offer.
For all of its excess, Miami is also a place full of quiet moments.
Appreciating the ocean from the beach benches,
walking down the street in a beautiful afternoon,
eating a delicious meal in a local restaurant,
and enjoying the energy that the city provides.
It's not just a city of excess, it's a city of people.
It's the people you see on your day-to-day that make Miami what it is.
The bus drivers that greet you every morning,
the store clerks that make small talk as you buy groceries,
the people who hold the door for you,
and the friends you make here.
Miami isn't my favorite place in the world.
To be quite frank, there are times
where I hate living here with a fiery passion!
But, it's a place unlike any other I've been to in my life.
The spirit and life emanating from Miami is unmatched.
It's the place where I spent most of my development years,
it's the place where I started and finished high school,
it's the place where I met many of what I consider to be life-long friends,
and it's the place where I've made some of the best memories of my life.
I expect to leave Miami at some point in the future.
But in spite of my leaving, Miami is a place I'll never forget about.
I'll forever keep Miami in my heart,
even if the heat makes me reconsider this notion.

Hierro y Porcelana

by Carlor Dicuru

Su silueta era la convergencia del punto y la sangría,
Infinita al acercamiento,
acentuada por madre.
Ella, levantó su cobija de barro, vientre de su concepción,
Andrómeda presencié su primer amanecer.
Ella era el espacio entre apóstrofes;
Atmosférica existencia prueba de que,
la entropía misma,
podía ir sur
Y la explosión fuente
era capaz de sonrojarse.

Su presencia misma
organizaba las tormentas
partes de su anatomía,
haciendo las cuerdas
que componían su cuerpo letras.
Al crepúsculo, su cuerpo se descompuso en sílabas,
destellos primordiales,
nómadas lácteas,
que todavía caminan al borde de la agricultura
alrededor de la gran vía mobius.
Desde ese atardecer,
nuestra galaxia se convirtió en el gran giroscopio
Y Andrómeda finalmente tuvo su merecida siesta.

Los vientos abrieron al sol, escampano el vientre y permitiendo el
tosté de la ahora nueva hija.
Su piel, al azar del dorador sofrito reveló las arrugas;
Agrietaduras transferidas a partir de la concepción.

Thinking Canopy
Art - Danelia Diaz

Calling Drums

by Daniela Fonseca

From the bottom of my heart
From the deepest of my mind
From the beauty of my soul
And the fabrics of my insides

I could hear a call,
A percussion,
A beat of my heart,
A peculiar discussion

Between my two hemispheres.

The left driving me to suppression,

The right driving me to expression,

The left asking me to please strangers with my poem,

The right reminding me the rhythm of my heart.

My soul dancing to the drums of my home,

My body staying in the middle of two paths,

But my calling unified my two worlds

The drums in my chest pounded in crescendo,

Mi mundo se detuvo un momento

My roots can be the key for more *entendimiento*

My life in Venezuela could be the key for *alcanzar mis sueños*

The experiences, the hard work, the joy, the passion, the *sentimiento*

They are all gifts, they are all miracles, they are all part of my *descubrimiento*

Like the dances from *mi escuelita*,

Like the novela sessions with *mi Abuelita*

Like the theater characters I played and developed *empatía*

Like that, life is a *coreografía*

Suddenly it all makes sense:

Every experience, every learning, *cada canción*

El compás de mi corazón

Mi profesión could help more than just some

Mi motivación could be the bridge between

My body, home, and soul.

All together

Dancing to the rhythms of my calling drums.

Wawita

by Daniela Fonseca

- "¡Mamá! ¡Wawa se está muriendo!" I remember exclaiming, alarmed, still without believing it. My mom was taking a shower, the water dropping in her arms matching the tears on my cheeks.

- "¡No puede ser!" she lamented, taking a towel as fast as she could. Wawita was lying in her huge bed, her life escaping through her eyes. The parallelism between her last moments, and my memories of us sleeping, reading, talking in that same bed shocked me. A place that used to be for life, enjoyment, and resting, was now a place of death. I was witnessing her goodbye through a screen. I never felt so far away from her. She didn't deserve to be suffering that much, to be far from us.

One month passed since my grandmother's death. One year and two months since we left Venezuela. We had to say goodbye through a group video call. All the family tree spread through the continent, only

my aunt and pregnant-of-twins sister holding what remained of Wawita. A stomach bacteria and potential tumor lead her to malnutrition, so thin that I could see her bones. It still hurts me to think that she suffered so much throughout her life.

I was lying in my bed, checking out our old family pictures. Our first year in the U.S. was rough: with debts to pay, undocumented, working from Sunday to Sunday. However, the most difficult moment for me was dealing with the guilt of not being with her when she left us. Because she was there to raise me, even when she was not even my biological grandmother. Because she loved me, and I love her as if she was. Because she was, is, and will ever be my love. Because that last hug will accompany me forever.

Because I did not know it was going to be the last one.

It was the night of May 19 when I went to her house. When I last saw

her, hugged her. It was difficult for if she couldn't believe it. A hopeful look, mixed with a desolated expression across her face after we hugged. I had to leave fast, and my last vision of Wawa was in a white dress pajama, standing in the garage of the house that was the palace of my childhood. Standing. Waiting.

I fell asleep with the memoir of her melodic voice:

*Muñequita linda,
De cabellos de oro.
Dientes de perla,
Labios de rubí.
Dime si me quieres,
Como yo te quiero.
Si de mí te acuerdas
Como yo de ti...*

"¿Cómo es el cielo?" I asked, feeling the body of my Wawita between my arms, our hearts fused in the same soul, her eyes vivid as always.

She only looked at me. *Mi Wawita* smiled, all of her teeth shining with the white of peace, her amber eyes liquid with joy; the same eyes that I saw filled with tears many times, and lifeless, now were vibrant,

and lifeless, now were vibrant, vital, more beautiful than ever.

Behind her there was an open door, with a green field and blue sky waiting for her. As if she escaped from heaven to meet me for the last time, as if she knew that our last hug still haunted me. As if she knew that I didn't forgive myself for not being there when she died. As if she needed me to be calm, because she was at peace now. As if her golden gown and makeup were trying to tell me that her last days of misery, pain, and malnutrition were now rewarded.

I recognized the environment; it was her house in Venezuela. The door was the same that I crossed when I was a child playing in the yard with the dogs and looking for fresh fruits. I recognized her warmth, her small figure, her hug so tight and real that I couldn't believe it when I woke up.

I opened my eyes, still feeling her body between my arms. Tears rained from my eyes. But this time, they were grateful.

Little Things
Photography - Max



One With Water
Art - Sienna Gettinginger

Orange Soles

by Estefania Villatoro

Five senses are used to unlock memories of
you

Vibrating engine,
overlapping voices,
enclosed odors,
candied lychee,
and bright red soil.

Shared origins, our smiles as proof
How could I forget your essence?
Tales of a lively fellow fills these homes,
laughter followed by somber expressions.
That presence is now unknown,
Yet on land or above,
connected we are to the bone.

Plague has arrived,
without notice.
Standing two, now one,
a cruel diagnosis.
This vessel I embody,
nothing more than a carcass.
That not even the vultures,
would sell in their markets.

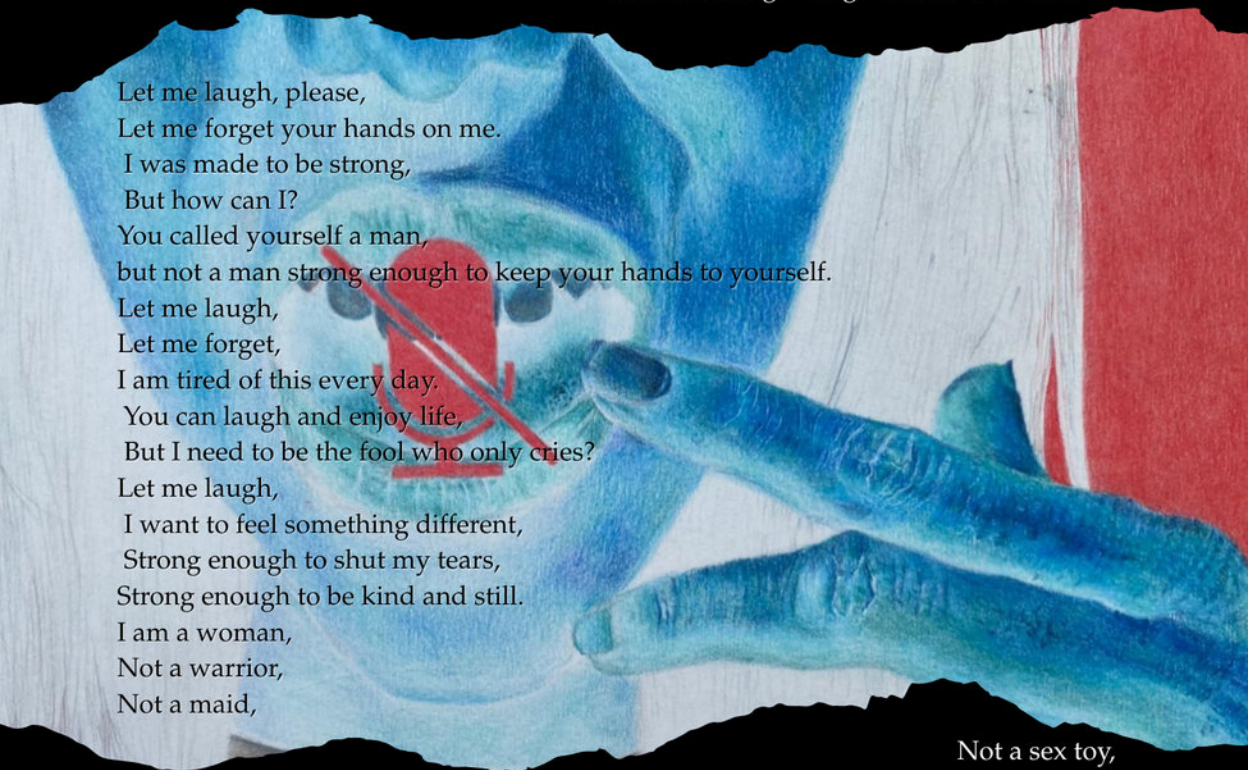
In this existence, the plague will reach all.
Spirit of Wrath shelter has found,
a promising dweller, no doubt.
Guilt and Remorse surround,
as I chase a being of no sound,
yearning for at least a noun.

Dread has reached my veins,
remembering who we once were.
My being is created of fragments,
if you peer inside those cracks, you will see us,
and that your memory painted elements of me.
Bright red soil we ran through,
matching orange soles of when we were free.

To Laugh, To Forget

by Hillary Ramirez

To everyone, this letter may be,
I made you laugh, but do you see me?
I feel like I was made to make others happy but myself,
It became an everyday thing, I guess.
Storms and storms of jokes,
But not strong enough to shut these voices.



Let me laugh, please,
Let me forget your hands on me.
I was made to be strong,
But how can I?
You called yourself a man,
but not a man strong enough to keep your hands to yourself.
Let me laugh,
Let me forget,
I am tired of this every day.
You can laugh and enjoy life,
But I need to be the fool who only cries?
Let me laugh,
I want to feel something different,
Strong enough to shut my tears,
Strong enough to be kind and still.
I am a woman,
Not a warrior,
Not a maid,

Not a sex toy,
Not made in vain.
Let me forget all you did to my mind,
Let me be born new,
Where who whoever I become,
I was not made for you.
And as I am reborn,
Please do not take what is mine,
Innocence and purity,
Let me have it all.
Let me laugh,
Let me forget,
That all you took from me,
Now you keep to yourself

Muted by Language
Art - Maday Celedon

Exilio Interior

by Daniela Durruthy

Calambres en el alma...
tiembla mi interior...
sofocaciones nocturnas!!

Es el ataque pulsante de cada momento vivido, como si cada recuerdo
tuviera en sí un olor único que queda impregnado para siempre.
Es la distancia irremediable que nos separa,
son los pasos constante hacia el abismo del olvido;
Hay un rayo caótico entre mi pecho y mente, sentimientos fusionados
que crean otros nuevos,
una danza entre humo y nubes al compás de un popurrí de pensamientos
desordenados.

Lágrimas de melancolía y nostalgia nacen en mis ojos...
e intentando dar sentido a este dolor
me quedo dormida...





Havana Duality
Art - Danelia Diaz



Pomegranate

by Maritza Valera

I hold your hands in mine, dear,
I press them to my lips,
As I take a healthy bite from your dainty fingertips,
Making me feel so lovesick.

You've bewitched me,
You're my addiction, the sweetest sin.
With glossy red lips and full rosy cheeks.
Like Persephone's pomegranate, bounding the underworld to me.

Craving your touch like a moth to the flame,
My heart is in your hands, they say,
Captive in your embrace,
Beating away.

With every taste of you, my hunger grows,
You're losing all the colors, from your cheeks so pink,
Ghostly pale, like the moon's glow,
Fading away in this bittersweet drink.

Like Persephone, drawn to the depths below,
Your essence lingers, fueling my woe,
I feast on your presence, you're forever mine.
Our bodies eternally intertwined.

Miami's Hearthbeat

Photography - Melissa Castro

My Journey to Salvation

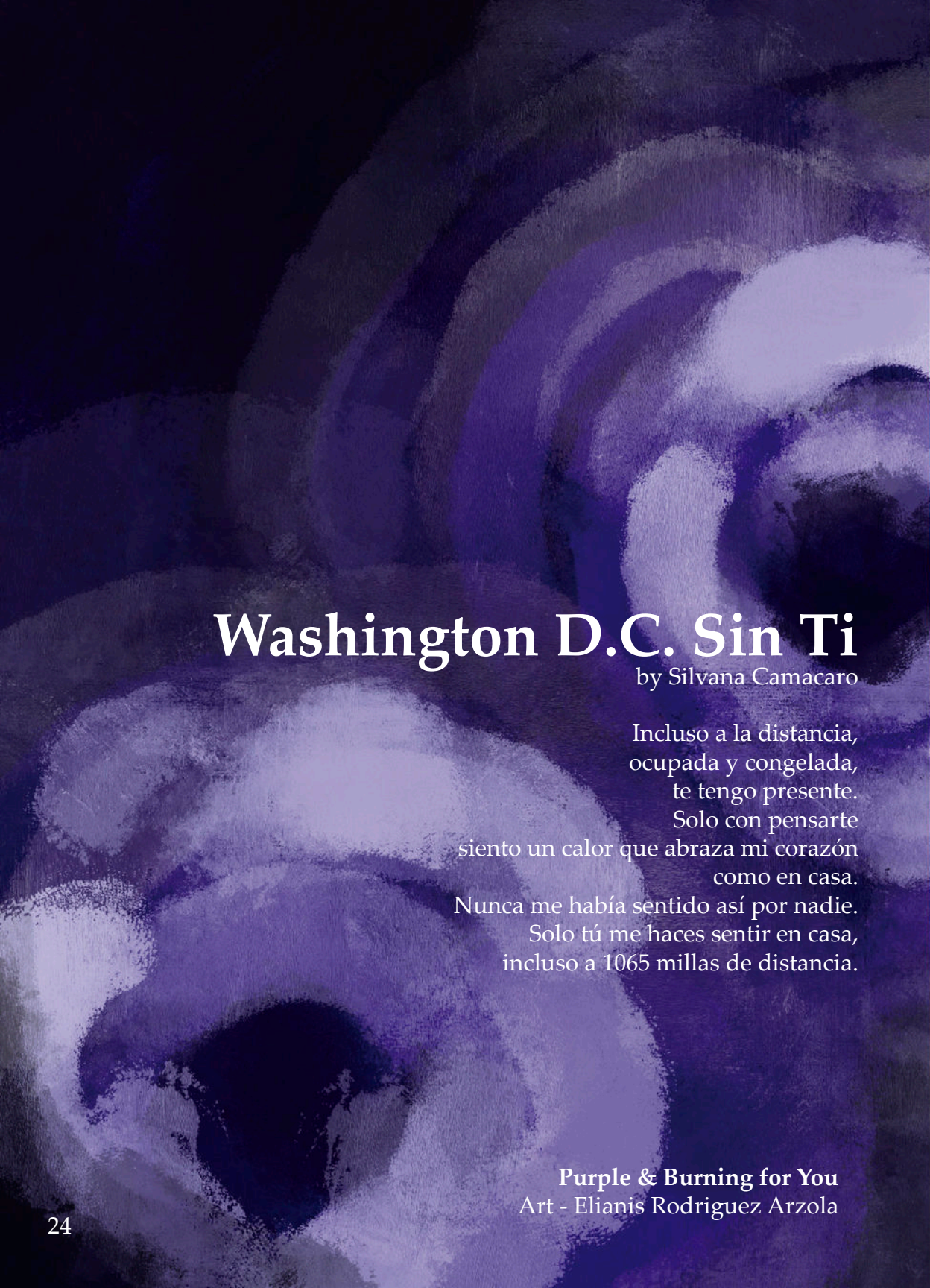
by Cristopher Choy

My Journey to Salvation, I still remember that day. It was the day where I charted a new path. I had waited so long to finally flee and find a sense of freedom, a sense of belonging. The midnight moonlight made the water shimmer. Each crashing wave hit the rocky shoreline. My ticket to salvation lay in front of me. A raft made out of stray pieces of driftwood, sandbags, and an old blanket cut out in a wedge shape to form a sail. It was a bittersweet moment. I was finally going to flee all of this. At the same time though, I was leaving everything I called home. My people, my home, mi familia. I approached my mother, hugging her tightly as she wept into my arms. "Mamá, te voy a extrañar. Asegúrate que esto es por mi propio bien." I then approached my father, who looked just as distraught as my mother. "Papá, te voy a extrañar también." I waved goodbye and climbed onto the pieces of driftwood, making myself comfortable. It was small, a dozen or so other people all crammed in together. Strangers from different walks of life, all with one common goal: to flee.

We used old oars to help guide us. The waves hit our raft with a powerful crash, each hit further dimming our hopes of survival, of salvation. All of us barely got any sleep. Bags forming beneath our eyes. We were thirsty. We were hungry. With each passing day, all we saw was ocean. No land, no boats, just the endless blue landscape of the ocean. Our hopes of achieving the salvation we so desperately wanted to achieve grew slimmer and slimmer by the day. It seemed like all hope was lost. As we drifted in the open water, the disorienting lights of a white ship came into view, an orange and gray stripe spanning diagonally across each side. We all knew. We were close. Men and women crowded its deck shouting in some incomprehensible tongue I couldn't understand. We were scared. We cowered in fear mere inches apart from one another. A small orange boat reached us. Pulling up mere feet away from us. We all abandoned it. The raft had become too unstable, the water too choppy. The small orange boat felt like a sigh of relief. We were close. We climbed the ladder one by one, the waves mere inches below our feet. I still remember my experience, all those years later. The hallways were a monotone white, that short period of time we were aboard felt like an eternity. On that day, we all rejoiced as we saw the neon lights and the tall buildings jutting out of the ground like monuments. We were here. We had achieved salvation.

Untitled

Photography - Melissa Castro



Washington D.C. Sin Ti

by Silvana Camacaro

Incluso a la distancia,
ocupada y congelada,
te tengo presente.

Solo con pensarte
siento un calor que abraza mi corazón
como en casa.

Nunca me había sentido así por nadie.

Solo tú me haces sentir en casa,
incluso a 1065 millas de distancia.

Purple & Burning for You
Art - Elianis Rodriguez Arzola

La Verdad de Mis Sueños

by Camilla Cardozo

Un día desperté
me di cuenta que no era solo un sueño
todo lo que soñé aquellas semanas
ahora, mi realidad diaria
mi todo...
tus manos junto a las mías
me hacen pensar en lo mucho que necesitaba
tenerte en mi vida
mi alma necesitaba encontrar la tuya
tomarla de la mano
darle un beso y notar que
el amor el amor el amor
no es difícil
no es dudoso, no te deja pensando
el amor fluye, el amor es pasión, el amor es vida
¿quién lo diría?
mi mano junto a la tuya
tus labios junto a los míos
y esas dos palabras y cinco letras que salieron de nuestras
bocas
dos palabras, que aunque signifiquen mucho
no le hacen justicia a lo que siento al mirarte
tu hermosa sonrisa que alegra mis días
tus manos cuyo toque me dan paz
tus besos que me hacen notar
que los únicos labios que quiero para siempre son los tuyos
el amor el amor el amor
difícil por días
pero nunca imposible
el amor el amor el amor
en tí creí hasta cuando ni en mí creía
el amor el amor el amor
busca mil maneras de juntar mis manos con las tuyas
y darle a mi vida sentido
ese amor fuerte, ese amor que quema, ese amor que simple-
mente es hogar
contigo siento la paz, que hasta en mi mismísima soledad
me faltaba por encontrar.



CAFECITO *Time*



Answer the prompts and share them online!

What's your Miami *story*?

What does Miami *symbolizes* for you?



Scan QR code
to visit our
Instagram page!

What *songs* do you associate
with Miami?

What's your *hope* for Miami?



Un Evento Cosmológico

by Maria Karla Romero

243 años...

El tránsito de Venus fue observado.

Los planetas se alinearon,
solo entonces nos encontramos.

En el tiempo de Planck,
nuestras almas se entrelazaron.

50 rotaciones al Sol,
una supernova ha explotado.

Media traslación a la Tierra,
nuestros corazones estallaron.

Colisionan estrellas de neutrones,
nuestras miradas se abrazaron.

Estallidos de rayos gamma...
nuestros destinos suspiraron.

El cometa Hale-Bopp fue visto,
pero tú y yo nos alejamos.

Clouded Minds in Inkling City
Art - Nicolas Perez

City Walker

by Andrew Lee

Little city walker,
a self assured title, promised
keep me within
keep me inside

So that i do not err
so that i do not stray
so far, ever and so very
so far away,

I will stay far away from the bounds
the shoddy limits of the concrete
for what is past
cannot be tread upon

I can't face that boundary
not with any measure of courage
not with any reservation
any thought of restraint

Instead i will,
and i will,
and i drown in all that is me
all that is of vanity and substance

To avoid the indeterminate
that is to say,
the unknown, the unmeasured
i hate the uncertainty

Of when the light will turn green
the pavements are so welcoming
why would i step beyond the cage
if all that is before me is

A drop
but the bottle empties
and it seems i am washed away
beyond the concrete.



CHRISTMAS
CAROL

Streets

Photography - Max Pauly



Inferno Paradise
Art - Nicolas Perez

Porcelain Dolls

by Daniela Fonseca

They are watching me.
They hide in the closet.
They wait for me to turn the light off,
So they can see through the thin spot
Between the closet doors.

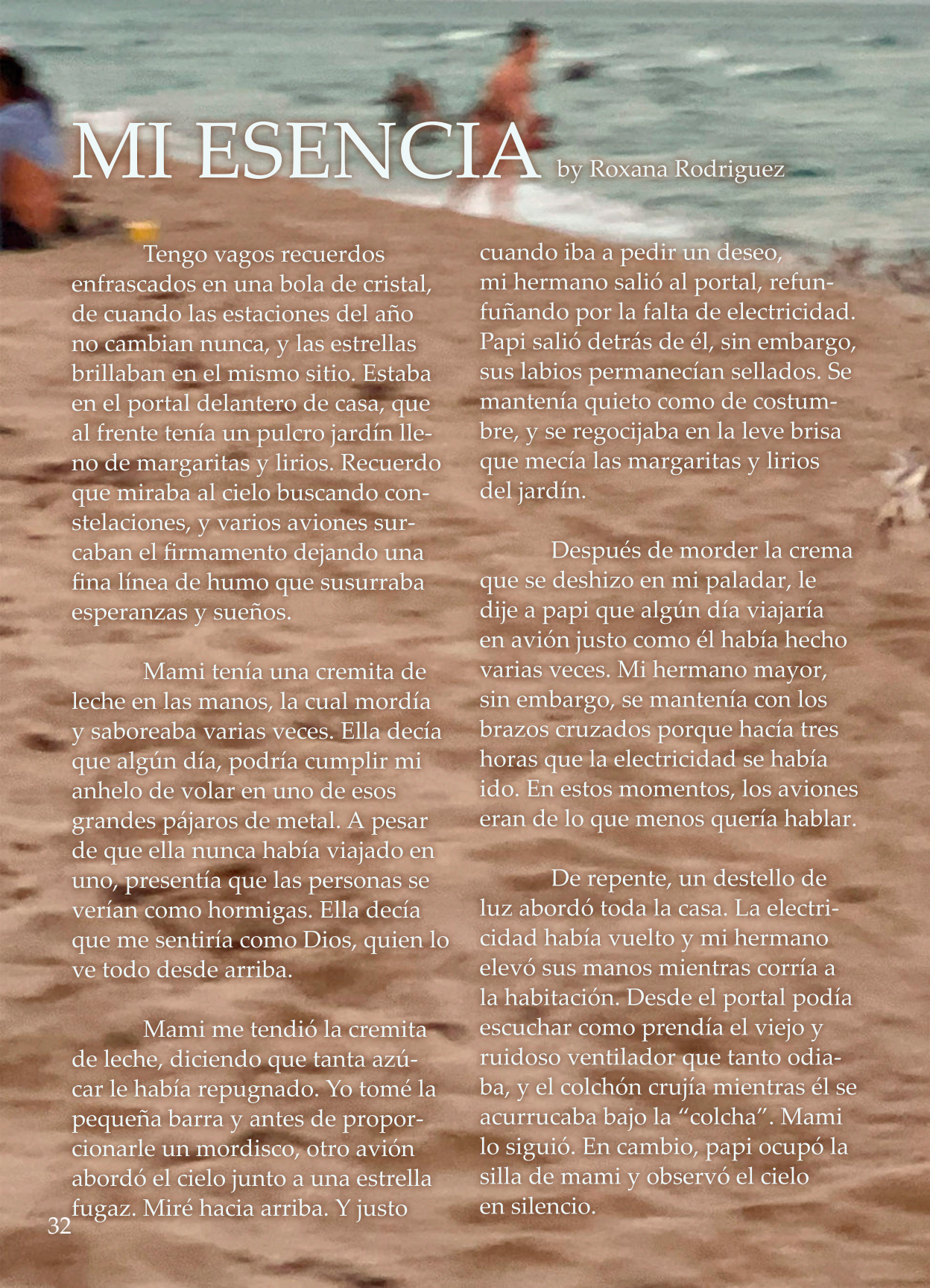
Sneaking its cold fingers through the gap,
Waiting for me to forget
And leave the door open wide.
Waiting for me to forget,
My nighttime prayers,
As if they will save me
From their vivid eyes.

As if my soul won't be sucked,
Into its porcelain cracks.
As if I won't turn
Into one of them
With a white skin.

A mere copy of a living thing,
A thing to be played with,
A mute puppet
Of society expectations,
A character from a play,
A doll without emotions.

I need to escape.
I won't get trapped.
They won't steal my life,
They won't steal my will.
Even though these dolls
Are the traditions
I grew up with.

Even though these dolls
Are the punishments
I received.
Even though the dolls
Are my need.



MI ESENCIA

by Roxana Rodriguez

Tengo vagos recuerdos enfrascados en una bola de cristal, de cuando las estaciones del año no cambian nunca, y las estrellas brillaban en el mismo sitio. Estaba en el portal delantero de casa, que al frente tenía un pulcro jardín lleno de margaritas y lirios. Recuerdo que miraba al cielo buscando constelaciones, y varios aviones surcaban el firmamento dejando una fina línea de humo que susurraba esperanzas y sueños.

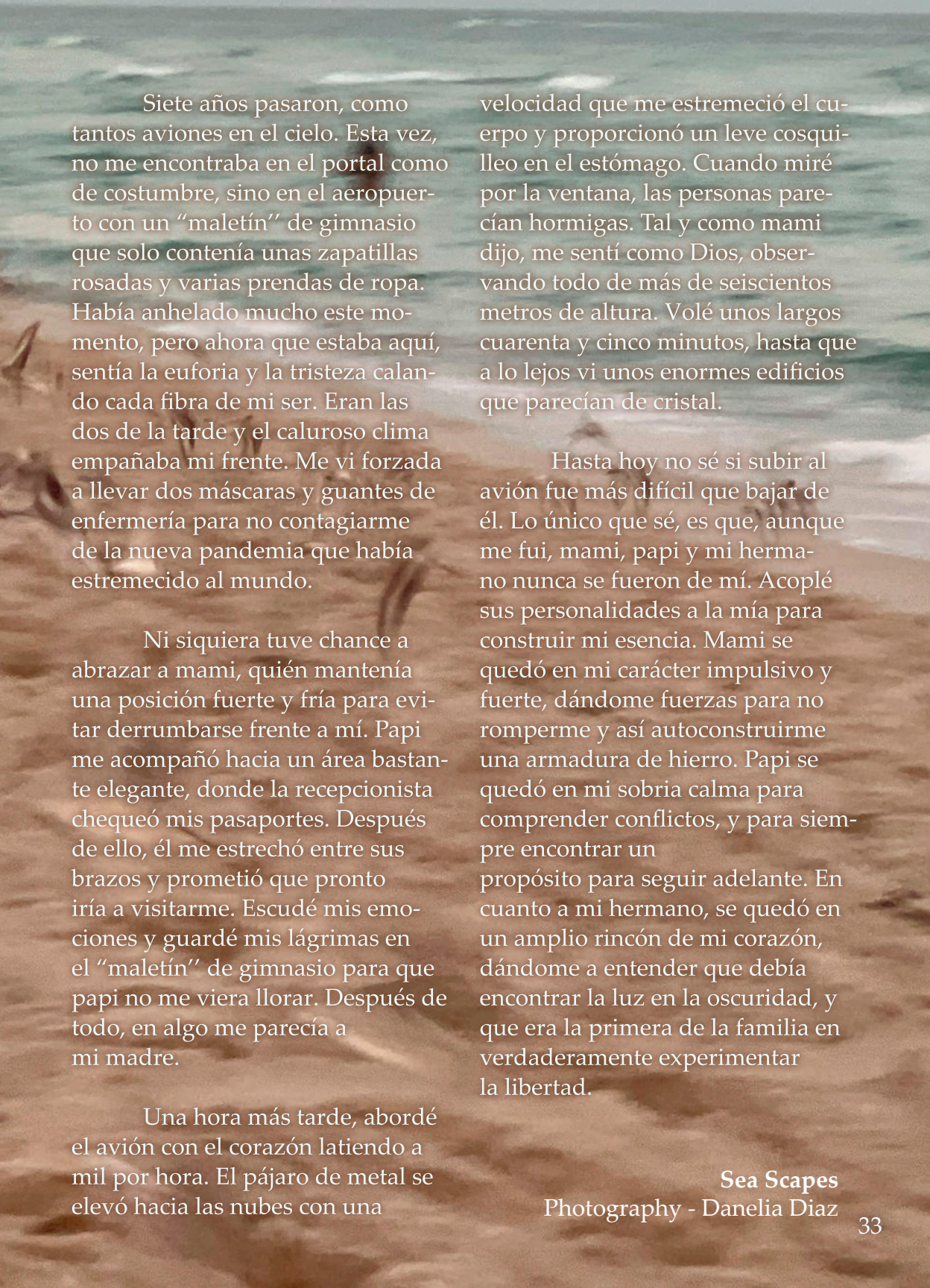
Mami tenía una cremita de leche en las manos, la cual mordía y saboreaba varias veces. Ella decía que algún día, podría cumplir mi anhelo de volar en uno de esos grandes pájaros de metal. A pesar de que ella nunca había viajado en uno, presentía que las personas se verían como hormigas. Ella decía que me sentiría como Dios, quien lo ve todo desde arriba.

Mami me tendió la cremita de leche, diciendo que tanta azúcar le había repugnado. Yo tomé la pequeña barra y antes de proporcionarle un mordisco, otro avión abordó el cielo junto a una estrella fugaz. Miré hacia arriba. Y justo

cuando iba a pedir un deseo, mi hermano salió al portal, refunfuñando por la falta de electricidad. Papi salió detrás de él, sin embargo, sus labios permanecían sellados. Se mantenía quieto como de costumbre, y se regocijaba en la leve brisa que mecía las margaritas y lirios del jardín.

Después de morder la crema que se deshizo en mi paladar, le dije a papi que algún día viajaría en avión justo como él había hecho varias veces. Mi hermano mayor, sin embargo, se mantenía con los brazos cruzados porque hacía tres horas que la electricidad se había ido. En estos momentos, los aviones eran de lo que menos quería hablar.

De repente, un destello de luz abordó toda la casa. La electricidad había vuelto y mi hermano elevó sus manos mientras corría a la habitación. Desde el portal podía escuchar como prendía el viejo y ruidoso ventilador que tanto odiaba, y el colchón crujía mientras él se acurrucaba bajo la "colcha". Mami lo siguió. En cambio, papi ocupó la silla de mami y observó el cielo en silencio.



Siete años pasaron, como tantos aviones en el cielo. Esta vez, no me encontraba en el portal como de costumbre, sino en el aeropuerto con un “maletín” de gimnasio que solo contenía unas zapatillas rosadas y varias prendas de ropa. Había anhelado mucho este momento, pero ahora que estaba aquí, sentía la euforia y la tristeza calando cada fibra de mi ser. Eran las dos de la tarde y el caluroso clima empañaba mi frente. Me vi forzada a llevar dos máscaras y guantes de enfermería para no contagiarme de la nueva pandemia que había estremecido al mundo.

Ni siquiera tuve chance a abrazar a mami, quién mantenía una posición fuerte y fría para evitar derrumbarse frente a mí. Papi me acompañó hacia un área bastante elegante, donde la recepcionista chequeó mis pasaportes. Después de ello, él me estrechó entre sus brazos y prometió que pronto iría a visitarme. Escudé mis emociones y guardé mis lágrimas en el “maletín” de gimnasio para que papi no me viera llorar. Después de todo, en algo me parecía a mi madre.

Una hora más tarde, abordé el avión con el corazón latiendo a mil por hora. El pájaro de metal se elevó hacia las nubes con una

velocidad que me estremeció el cuerpo y proporcionó un leve cosquilleo en el estómago. Cuando miré por la ventana, las personas parecían hormigas. Tal y como mami dijo, me sentí como Dios, observando todo de más de seiscientos metros de altura. Volé unos largos cuarenta y cinco minutos, hasta que a lo lejos vi unos enormes edificios que parecían de cristal.

Hasta hoy no sé si subir al avión fue más difícil que bajar de él. Lo único que sé, es que, aunque me fui, mami, papi y mi hermano nunca se fueron de mí. Acoplé sus personalidades a la mía para construir mi esencia. Mami se quedó en mi carácter impulsivo y fuerte, dándome fuerzas para no romperme y así autoconstruirme una armadura de hierro. Papi se quedó en mi sobria calma para comprender conflictos, y para siempre encontrar un propósito para seguir adelante. En cuanto a mi hermano, se quedó en un amplio rincón de mi corazón, dándome a entender que debía encontrar la luz en la oscuridad, y que era la primera de la familia en verdaderamente experimentar la libertad.

Dejé de ser

b y Roxana Rodríguez

Cómo decirle que ya no juego con muñecas,
Ni en el barrio,
Donde tanto barro bañó mis pies.

Cómo decirle que ya no cantamos,
Sino que bailamos
Al ritmo de voces al atardecer.

Cómo decirle que ya no cuento mis lunares
Ni las estrías,
Ni las zonas enrojecidas de mi piel.

Cómo decirle que ya no me miro al espejo
Ni sueño con el rostro perfecto
Que alguna vez quise tener.

Cómo decirle que no nos asqueamos
Ante el cálido sabor
De un azucarado y cubano café.

Cómo decirle que vivimos en un mundo cruel
Y ya no en la fantasía
De la Sirenita Ariel.

Cómo decirle que tengo nuevos sueños,
Y que amo ahora
Lo que alguna vez odié.

Cómo decirle que por mí misma pienso
Y que no dejo que otros
Me impongan su fe.

Cómo decirle que ya me quiero
Y que dejé de ser
La que antes no se supo querer.

Reflection

Art - Elianis Rodriguez Arzola



Mirror, Mirror

by Andrew Lee

I hate my vanity,
stretched across my
face. It clings to me,
clings to my breath, my
blinking eyes run across
its surface. The mirror
reflecting the very vain
narcissus peering in.
Will it allow me to
see inside, or will
it blink right
back
into
my
dirty
face?

Untitled

Photography - Edward Colmenares

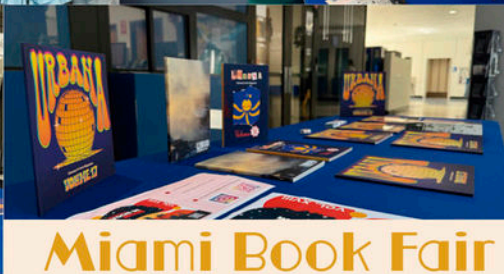
URBANA'S EVENTS



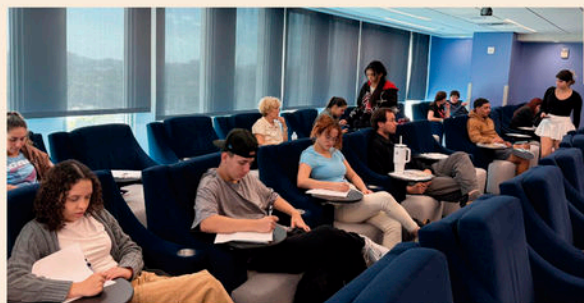
AC Graphics



ART for the soul



Miami Book Fair



EAP Workshop



Love Fair



VO(i)CES OF MIAMI

Volume XVIII

M Y T A T O O S

by Paula Gaspar

I got my first tattoo in Chile when I was 14 as an act of pride. I walked into the shop with a knot in my throat. My teeth rattled with the buzzing of the gun. I passed out twice during the hour and a half of work, and came out with a butterfly wrapped in plastic above my elbow.

The animal represented all the progress I had made. Shedding my former cocoon and embracing change. I became more social, altered my accent and my scent, and like a butterfly, I flew far, far away.

COVID kicked us out of Chile in 2020, but of my mistakes, I learned plenty. I lost my incredulity with the crudity of the city, which made me realize that communities drove people to insanity and that purity wasn't a thing. Pretending Chile was temporary gave me a feeling of impunity, but leaving gave me the opportunity to start everything again.

I got my second tattoo in Venezuela when I was 15 as an act of love. A very old love, in fact. It was a guy named Fencing, and our relationship is rough, tough and salty as the sweat and the metal of the swords. He covered my limbs with bruises on weekdays but I was happy as a pig in the mud.

In my arm, I have a sketch of a left-handed fencer in an offensive position. And even though I don't fence anymore, this guy, Fencing, was one of my greatest acquisitions.

I got my third tattoo in the U.S. when I turned 17 as an act of despair. It was a picture of my younger brother on our way to the beach. He is looking at the camera with his big brown eyes, wearing a green bucket hat that matched the backseat. He was five years old and it was his first time seeing the sea. I'm sorry if I stumble on my speech, but my brother is the most important person to me, and I wish I had told him this that day on that trip.

It has been 3 years and 22 days since I last saw him and I know the last memory he has of me is a promise I couldn't keep. "I'll be back soon" I swore as I left. And then the distance turned into grief.

Today I recite you this as an act of light to invite you to do it all. Do it out of pride or love or despair or spite. Enjoy every moment like it is the last and keep your memories in a little pouch so you can look back and laugh or cry, or smile. Just feel your feelings ignite your body like a campfire because you don't know where you'll be tomorrow or how will you end this night.

I carry ink on my skin as an act of pride.



Skull on a Silver Platter

Art - Abraham Nuñez

Tasting Madness

by Sophia Daly

I am a psychopath,
a wreckage,
willingly sculpted from the marrow
of his volatile love.

I ache,
relish, devour,
because I know the ruins
of this losing game orchestrated by him,
crafted to undo me,
so plainly remain,
scattered, embedded,
alive within me.

He,
gone,
a shadow, a hollow vessel,
yet his fragrance lingers like smoke,
a trace abandoned,
burrowed into my skin,
deserted.

I am here,
Present,
lost in the thunderous cadence
of tracks spiraling in my mind,
the wheels scream faster,
thoughts colliding,
surging,
tearing through me.
And I,
intoxicated,
bask in his flavor.

His essence etched on my tongue.
I crave for it,
ravenous.

His bitterness seeps into every hollow,
burning every crevice he left raw,
as he oh-so-generously allows me to breathe,
just enough.



Error Beauties
Art - Nicolas Perez

Each crack a doorway,
a passage for him to crawl back through.
His phantom recedes,
slipping further away from reach,
yet I remain,
rooted,
tethered to the shape of his absence.

He stains me in circles of scarlet,
his mark bleeding wider.

One ring pours darker, deeper,
drawing further as its edges,
growing hungry,
devouring me.

He, feral,
unforgiving.

Every inch his,
as he seeps, seeps,
into me.

Another fades,
a paler bruise shrinking,
faint, diminishing;
each scar he left a relic,
a gift,
a piece of him wrapped in trembling tissue.

I trace his outline,
stroke for stroke, in reverence,
savoring the ache, watching hues shift,
morphing into his ghosts,
preserving each scar.

The taste retaliates, biting back.

I drink him down,
again, and again,
feeding on the poison,
the fragments, the pieces of him.

I am a psychopath,
sustained by the remnants,
the dripping of his vanishing touch.

As I drown,
at last,
I gladly succumb to the madness
that is him.

Amor o Razonamiento

by Maria Karla Romero

Amor, yo no escribo de amores,
yo no sueño con rubios cabellos.

Amor, yo no me enamoro,
a nada yo me aferro.

Amor pero al verte andar,
todo alrededor se vuelve bello.
Amor,eres un planeta extraño,
todo en ti es un misterio.

Amor eres ladrón de almas,
causador de estremecimientos.
Amor eres divinidad exquisita,
causante de mis únicos momentos

Amor,eres arte de museo ostentoso,
no hay labios tan de cielo.

Amor, eres belleza que manipula,
no hay ser que te vea sin celos.

Amor y es que son tus ojos,
Son tus brazos y cabellos.
Amor y es que son tus lunares,
son tu risas y hombros fieros.

Amor y es que eres trampa,
culpable y también un experto.
En hacerme sentir que eres todo,
aún sabiendo que es incierto.

Bajos Cielos y Altos Mares

by Juan Subero

En las olas azules me sumerjo,
en la brisa salada me envuelvo,
mi corazón es mi timón en este viaje tan espeso,
solo para encontrarte a ti,
mi amada mía, mi anhelo.

Desde la cubierta contemplo,
el sol y la luna en el cielo,
como me gustaría pescar una estrella,
con fuerte destello, que me recuerde a tu belleza.

Los vientos me empujan lejos,
de tus brazos, de tus besos,
y mi alma se estremece por ti,
porque con cada susurro te escucho más lejos.

Desde el Caribe te prometo,
mi barco del horizonte saldrá,
y con amor y paz, a tus brazos volveré a llegar,
para que juntos naveguemos el mar,
hasta el fin de nuestro amor y del tiempo sin par.

Tu imagen se refleja en el agua,
y tu risa resuena silenciosamente en el viento,
mientras yo sigo navegando desquiciadamente,
en busca del lugar en donde te encuentres.

Sé que algún día volveremos a encontrarnos,
en la orilla de un puerto más allá de los océanos,
lejos, muy lejos, en un mundo de luz y ensueño,
y juntos navegaremos por mares de felicidad,
donde nunca más nos separará la tempestad.

Scrapped Hollywood
Photography - Juan Subero

Untitled
Photography - Daniela Fonseca



Voices of the Honors College

Story by Roxana Rodriguez

Art by Abraham Nuñez



Hopefully,
I can get
into John
Hopkins!

You will, Karla! John
Hopkins es una de las
mejores escuelas para
estudiar Biology.

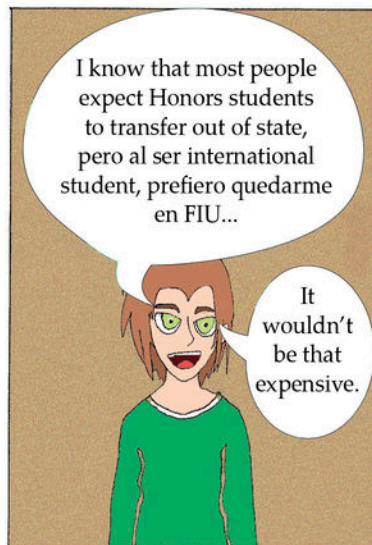
I'm pretty
sure you
will get
in!



I am not
so sure...
El transfer
rate es
bajo...

Ojalá y acepten
mi aplicación.

And you guys?
¿A que universidades
aplicaron?



I know that most people
expect Honors students
to transfer out of state,
pero al ser international
student, prefiero quedarme
en FIU...

It
wouldn't
be that
expensive.



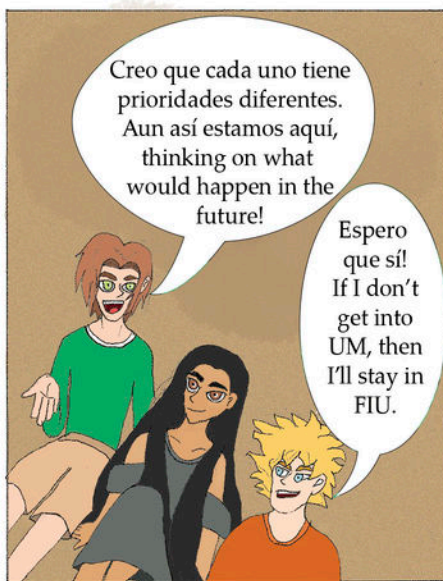
Yo quisiera
entrar a
Cornell!

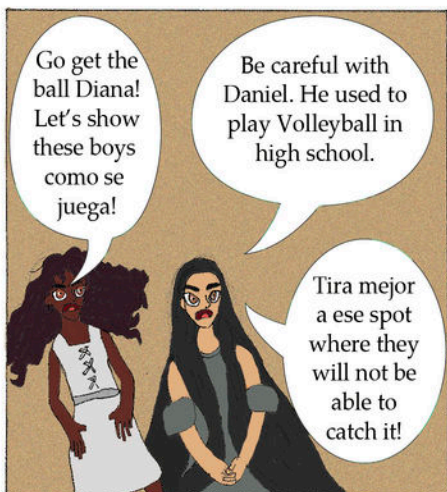
They have
a wonderful
architecture
program.



Yo tengo que cuidar
de mami y papi.
I applied to some
schools out of state
but...

I think
I'll stay
in UM
para cuidar
a mis padres.







STAFF



**Roxana
Rodriguez**
Editor-in-Chief



Andrew Lee
Editor-in-Chief



Andrea Serra
*Media
Editor-in-Chief*



**Maday
Celedon**
Layout Director



**Isabela
Gomez**
*Layout, Editing
Staff & Media
Director*



**Carlos
Dicuru**
*Layout &
Editing Staff*



**Abraham
Nuñez**
Layout Staff



**Camilla
Cardozo**
*Layout &
Editing Staff*



**Daniela
Durruthy**
Editing Staff



Max Pauly
Editing Staff



Edward Colmenares
Media Director



Jayred Velazquez
Activities Director



Omar Figueras
Co-Advisor



Alicia K. Garcia
Co-Advisor



Juan Subero - *Podcast Staff*
Daniela Fonseca - *Staff*
Lorena Cardenas - *Art Director*
Elianis Rodriguez Arzola - *Art Staff*
Jose Exposito - *Editing Staff*

CONTRIBUTORS

Art - Maday Celedon

FOLLOW US ON SOCIAL MEDIA



@urbanalit

Events - Writing Prompts -
Reminders - Announcements



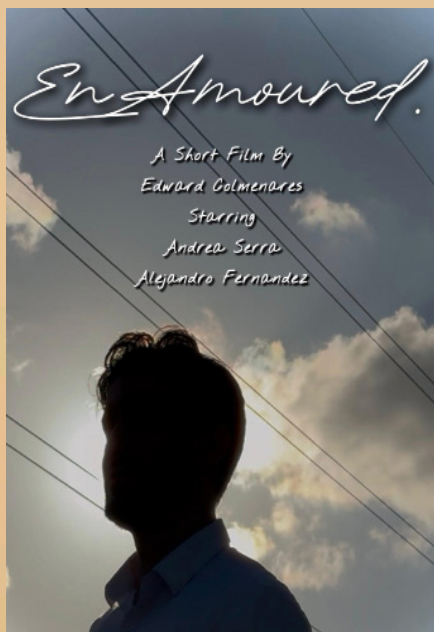
**Urbana Literary
and Arts Magazine**

Creative Projects - Short
Films - Podcasts - Your Work!

Art - Abraham Nuñez & Maday Celedon



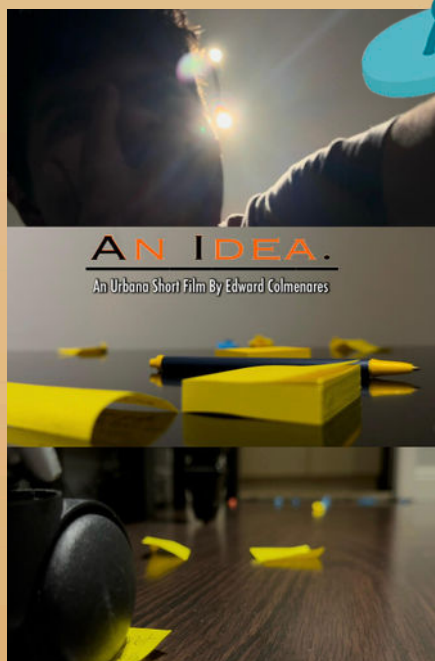
OUR SHORT FILMS!



When you see something that catches your eye, how far will you go for Amour? In a quiet park, a girl returns day after day - dressed in hope, wrapped in silence, always with a book in hand. Afar, a stranger watches and something catches his eye. Told through glances, gestures, and silence between strangers, En-Amoured invites you to look closer, because not everything is what it seems.



How hard is it to come up with a good idea? A blank page. A deadline. A filmmaker without resources desperately searches for a quick solution. In this mind-bending, genre-blurring short, the protagonist of 'An Idea' turns to a tool he doesn't fully understand. When does an idea go too far? Not every idea wants to stay on the page.



Thank You



...And after spending endless hours creating V18, we, Urbanites, are lucky to receive gran apoyo from the Miami Dade College Padrón community.

We want to thank College President Madeline Pumariega, Campus President Dr. Oscar Loynaz, Dean Helen Muñoz, the great team at Media Services, and especially Ms. Glendora Phipps, Communication, Arts, and Philosophy Department Chair, who was our cheerleader durante el proceso and who supported our creativity as we spread our vo(i)ces to represent those who might have lost their own.

Thank you to our advisors Alicia "A.K." Garcia and Omar Figueras por ser nuestra terapia de risas in each meeting, for supporting our ideas even though sometimes they were crazy ones, y por ser una paleta de colores en nuestras vidas. You inspired us to believe in ourselves, to value every moment of our lives, and to create art with a quote and a piece of memory.

Thank you to our staff, who put so much effort and dedication into this volume and provided us with their creativity and innovation at every step. Apreciamos cada hora de su tiempo, cada idea, y cada voz que hizo posible convertir something ordinary into something extraordinary.

Lastly, thank you, Reader. We hope that Volume 18 allows you to remember what the Vo(i)ces of Miami sound like.

Colophon



Founded in 2007, Urbana Literary & Arts aims to ilustrar las voces creativas of our student body. Since its inception, the magazine has remained committed to being a platform para expresión artística at Miami Dade College Padrón Campus. Volume 18 was published in May 2025, and copies are distributed at no cost. The content reflects the views of the individual contributors, not necessarily those of the institution. Copyright remains con los autores y artistas originales.

Published annually by enrolled students, el tema del magazine is chosen by staff vote from student nominations. Submissions were collected electronically, anonymized, and reviewed for selection and editing under the theme of “Vo(i)ces of Miami.” This volume ha sido producido using Adobe InDesign CC 2025, Canva, and Adobe Photoshop. Fonts used include Palatino Linotype, Broadacre, Impact, Marsneveneksk, and Segoe Script.

All work on Urbana is voluntary —no staff or contributor received payment for their involvement. You can reach us at urbanalit@mdc.edu or visit our website www.mdc.edu/urbana/

Awards

Florida College Activities Association

2023 | Best Fiction | Best Two-Page Design Spread |
Best Magazine Photography | Best Design |
Best Editing | Best Staff Pages | 2nd Place, General
Excellence 2023 | Design: Place – Magazine Division
A | Editing: 1st Place – Magazine Division A | Cover:
2nd Place Magazine Division A | Contents Pages:
3rd Place Magazine Division A | Staff Pages: 1st Place
– Magazine Division A | General Excellence: 2nd Place
– Magazine Division A

2022 | Individual Art – Division A | Best Staff
Page – Division A | Best Design – Division A | Best
Magazine Artwork – Division A | Best Non-Fiction –
Division A | Best Magazine Photography – Division A
| General Excellence – Division A

2021 | Best Content Pages – Division A |
Best Magazine Artwork – Division A

2020 | Art Works – Division A | Contents – Division A
| Design – Division A | Cover – Division A |
Photo - Individual – Division A | Staff Page – Division
A | Editing – Division A | Two-Page Spread –
Division A | General Excellence – Division A |
Photography – Division A 2018 |

Best Fiction – Division B | Best Staff Page – Division B
| General Excellence – Division A

2017 | Best Art – Division B | Best Photo – Division B

2013 | Best Fiction – Division A |

Best Online Publication 2012 | Best Art – Division A

Art - Abraham Nuñez

Community College Humanities Association (CCHA)

2022 | 2nd Place – Southern Region

2021 | 1st Place – Volume 13, Southern Region, Small Colleges | 2nd Place – Volume 14, Southern Region, Small Colleges

2018 | 2nd Place – Southern Region, Large College

Associated Collegiate Press (ACP)

2023 | Pacemaker Finalist | Pacemaker Award Recognition | 5th Place – Best of Show, Website | 3rd Place – Best of Show, Literary Arts Magazine

2022 | Magazine Pacemaker Finalist

2021 | Magazine Pacemaker Finalist |

Innovation Pacemaker Finalist

2020 | Innovation Pacemaker Finalist

2018 | Magazine Pacemaker Finalist | Pacemaker 100 Recognition

Columbia Scholastic Press Association (CSPA)

2023 | The Gold Crown

2022 | The Gold Crown

2021 | The Gold Crown

College Media Association (CMA)

2022 | Pinnacle Award – Two-Year Literary Magazine of the Year, 1st Place



Miami Dade College
District Board of Trustees
Michael Bileca
Chair Nicole Washington
Vice Chair Dr. Anay Abraham
Roberto Alonso
Maria Bosque Blanco
Marcell Felipe
Ismare Monreal

Madeline Pumariega, President,
Dr. Malou C. Harrison, Executive Vice President and Provost,
Dr. Oscar Loynaz, Campus President, Padrón Campus

Miami Dade College is an equal access/equal opportunity institution that does not discriminate on the basis of sex, race, color, marital status, age, religion, national origin, disability, veteran's status, ethnicity, pregnancy, sexual orientation or genetic information.

Contact the Office of Equal Opportunity Programs / ADA Coordinator, at (305) 237-2577 for assistance.



