





Editor's Note

Stardust spires build themselves into eternity, needlelike fingers dance about your spine, and, once again, the current pulls you under. The water is inky black and tastes of concrete— or of seashells— or...is that your mother?...Yes, it must be! So you slip through the drywall, onto the carpet, off of the train, and begin the devastating crawl towards a face so familiar. All your strength can only bring you so far, you realize, as faceless bodies whizz by, seemingly unfazed by the unceasing currents that stagger any forward motion...You crawl and you crawl until your hands sing in agony. Only when the finch lands on your shoulder do you finally look up to see you've reached her. She looks down upon you and, just as you feebly grasp her ankle, she looks back up, and the current pulls you under again.

When deciding on a theme for Urbana XIX, we found it vital to select a universally resonant motif. Thus, the concept of dreams immediately stood out to us. Our unconscious minds can simultaneously bring us visions of euphoric futures and landscapes of despair. As you flip through the pages of this volume, you will be challenged to adjust your perspective. We compiled these works intending to convey a journey from the frightening crevices of our nightmares to the captivating, sometimes absurd frontiers found in our dreams.

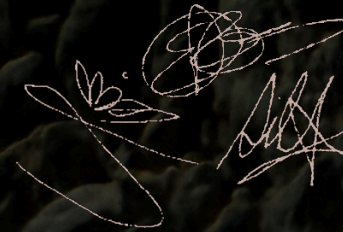
While the concept of dreams can resonate with anybody, our team found it hit particularly close to home. As students and artists, we are always engaged in the difficult balancing act of pursuing our dreams while navigating societal pressure, bourgeois dominance, and institutional control. Despite these crushing forces, however, we stand firm in the truth that art is more transcendent than any system of oppression. We create because it feeds a deep need in our souls. Without genuine, passionate, human art coloring the world around us, life becomes joyless.

And so we will forever swim in the pools of our dreaming minds, where we know there is always potential for beautiful change.

Stay dreaming,

Jess Pauly
Silvio Rivero Gomez
Edward Colmenares
Co-Editors-In-Chief

rocks.
Photography
By Edward Colmenares



Nausea
Illustration
By Silvio Rivero Gomez

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 By Edward Colmenares



La Habana sangra
Photography
 By Daniela Durruthy



Guiding Light

Photography
By Samir Amor

SOMEBODY IS WATCHING ME...

By Anette Michelle Martinez Valle

Walk...	Scissors:
Keep walking and don't stop.	Soft purple and silver,
Go through the endless street,	Pointy scissors.
Until you can't walk	
STOP:	You can cut through the way,
The red and white,	You can shorten the path.
the big Stop sign	But you cannot run away
	And you cannot let happen the
	bad.
Stop thinking,	What are you going to do?
but don't stop moving...	Think...
You are doing it all wrong.	Think faster you don't have
	much time,
Nobody...	and running won't help you.
Nobody is watching you,	
you are all alone.	Grab your scissors hard,
	don't let them go.
Somebody...	Please creep— man in a red hat,
Somebody is watching you.	driving an old silver car.
Keep walking,	Let me go.
you are imagining all.	

Go away!
Set me free.
I am free,
But now I am stuck.



Somebody is watching me...
I can feel a camera catching me.
But I won't look at it,
So that it won't get me.

Broken...
The elevator is broken.
Get out!
Exit your broken mind.

The elevator can go up,
It can also go down.
You can control it
If you press that button now.



Feel...
Don't feel fear.
Keep walking
and you will be near.

Nobody...
Nobody is going to help you,
You have to calm down.
Keep moving
Or he would lay you down.

Somebody is watching me,
I can feel my heavy breathing.
I try to smell the peace lily,
but I still can't find that
peaceful feeling.

Again!
Someone stopped.
Don't stop...
You are missing a few steps
more.

Nobody...
Nobody is going to help you,
You are all alone.
Somebody...
Somebody is watching you.
Keep walking or it will be worse.

Hear!
I can hear my fears screaming,
They are starting to get to me.
The engine of the car,
It's getting close to me.

Don't look back!
Who is here?
The creep— man with tattoos on
his arm,
Man driving a black, old car.

Give me your number,
give me your soul.
Stop talking,
stop going slow.

Hide...
Don't hide behind the bushes,
you are almost there.



Pretty...
You look pretty.
But scared...



Run!
Stomp your feet until you burn.
The creep left
and you are finally at home.
Creepy vibes...
The vibes that won't leave me
alone.

Nobody...
Nobody is watching you.
It's only you and your mind.
But that's the worst spectator
you are going to find.

Somebody is watching me,
I can't breathe.
Who is watching me?
My thoughts...
The ones that won't let me live.

When I feel calm,
I feel anxious.
Everything makes me anxious,
Even if I'm under a palm.

Under that palm, anything can
happen.
If I am calm, I feel like it is a
lie.
Something bad might happen
to me,
a coconut can fall, and I could
die.

Somebody is watching me...
That is how thoughts sound.
They make a big deal,
and will shake you around.



Stained Glass
Photography
By Wilson Perez



Look In-Out
Photography
By Jess Pauly

Quiet Space

By Jayred Velasquez

In many ways, my name can be told.
It can be whispered, it can be spoken,
But it can also be screamed,
Turning it into something that terrifies.

But why should it scare if it's only my name?
It's the way it's being said,
The sound that escapes your mouth—
horrifying.
And I just hear the scream as I walk towards
hell.

Surprisingly, there are no tears, just my
mind.
Telling me to quit, to end the game of life,
To try peace, just once, in a calm, quiet state
Where I don't hear my name at all.



On Veronica

By Jess Pauly

the pussyfooted seagulls take offerings of bread and wine & lay themselves on their backs talking crazy happenings with Lilly and Cassandra !! meanwhile, the old man's hand it prunes from the pecking of their bird beaks & he tells his doctor through the gramophone that his condition is quite serious and though he does find it important—"...in these times..."—to speak on politics, he can't help but cry petunias. so, in the event of Cassandra's passing & the doctor's uncle arriving in Maine & the drying out of the globe and all the plastic bottles beside it, Admiral Van Sleeper will have their assets liquidated and fed as a side dish to the pigs who eat lettuce with their heads turned down.

hark! fear yourself, you mollusk, and crawl beneath your own skin! fear yourself, your seemingly strange appearance juxtaposed to the well-dressed pineapple who, despite its best efforts is obviously a vegetable. you live amongst clones of you and your father & your mother is somewhere in the crowd, searching treasure chests for gowns of leather & the actor he plays for you, plays a fiddle and a lyre with his tongue, smoking a cigarette doused in oil.

curse this body, curse this
body, curse this body, curse
the folks who speak of it as
if you have no eyes & roam
the countryside looking for a
smoking room !!

your efforts are not lost on
me, Veronica. it was a cold
summer afternoon when we
last met, and your mood was
frightening.

so i walked into the corner store & tried on all their finest heels while the whaler clicked his tongue in the back & delinquents throwing up blueberries on the cement outside were shifting their attention to something else. the whaler stood and screamed that i had NO business in this corner of the world & his husband, cooking at home, drafted a strongly worded letter to the commissioner of magic powder who, in their hubris, had dropped a fat boulder on the chicken coop & covered up their deviled eggs with pounds of snow.

"so take those fancy shoes off and make an effort to use your HANDS!!"

i was already halfway to the next city street & rattling out those delinquents to the State and her lofty donors—Richard Starchild and Quincy Jones—when i saw you. in your fish scale robes & grooming your silver tooth & making an effort to use your head before it was paid for (or!) left out to rot under a million scouring faces. you and your big old balloon.

Veronica o' Plenty, viper of my romantic fantasies, vagabond poet by day and circus clown by night & mid-day, on this day, your big green-purple eyes slice into me with care & send me down whichever river you like. my rowboat will be flour & with terrible images of myself enlarged & your sequin pointed boot upon my shoulder, i will weep.



Veiled Beauty
Photography
By Maria Romero

Parálisis orbital

By Maria Karla Romero

Lana se despertó,
pero esta vez sin haber sido despertada.

Corrió, pero no se movía.

Sentada, pensaba, alucinaba...
pero al intentar levantarse, sus piernas no se inmutaban.

Lana había perdido su estrella en un planeta lejano,
uno que molía sueños, convirtiéndolos en medallas.

Tsunamis torrenciales recorrían sus mejillas.

Paralizada, permanecía días enteros.

Entre tantas cosas,
Lana lamentaba al panadero horizontal, ese que había sido forzado
a perder la pasión por hornear. Sin embargo, Lana culpaba al
horno: por quemarlos a todos, por usar llamas más ardientes en
unos que en otros, por no entender el trabajo tan inefablemente
paradójico, pero cierto, del panadero.

Infinitas cascadas más tarde, Lana finalmente pensó en levantarse.
Miró el reloj, pero notó algo extraño: con cada tic-tac, perdía una de
sus pestañas características.

Afligida por ese recuerdo, por esa pérdida inmensa de su estrella,
llegó a un sitio extraño. Se sentó junto a un agujero de profundidad
blanca, y allí comenzó a escupir, a desgarrarse de todas las estrellas
que había ingerido.

Entonces, en ese manantial de su estirpe,
un reflejo se hizo visible:

había pozos, cavernas abandonadas en los ojos de Lana;
había estampidas, terremotos en sus válvulas cardíacas;
y la infección más venenosa se arraigaba en lo más profundo de su
ser.

— ¿Dónde habré dejado esa estrella? — preguntaba
inconsolablemente Lana.

Sus tobillos empezaron a carcomerse, a volverse uno con la tierra.

Pero ella solo quería la estrella.

— ¿Quién habrá robado mi estrella? ¿Quien se la llevó debió llevarme
con ella!

El cubo se rompía.

Los cuervos
comían sus alas.

Lana corría,
pero no se movía.

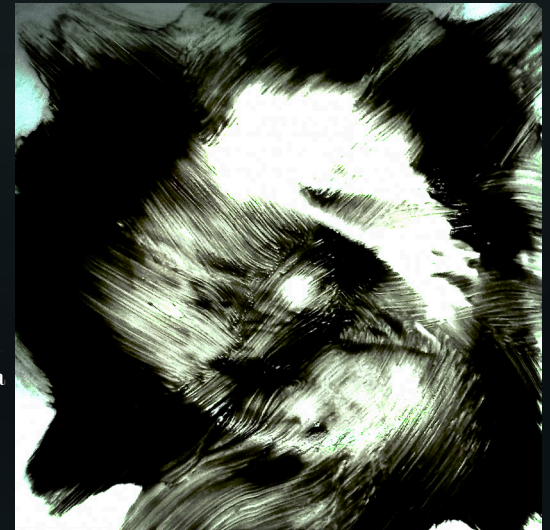
Sin su estrella,
no era nada.

Así como un planeta
sin órbita.

Así como un loco
que deambulaba.

Y afuera, todos murmuraban:

— Aún Lana no despierta.
¿Cuándo se despertará Lana?



Voritex

Photography

By Edward Colmenares

Summary

Researchers will study nearby
merging galaxies in unprecedented detail.

The headline shows our image, purged.

I will recount the missed marks:

Galaxies made up of hot young stars lost their soles sprinting in orbit for you.

When galaxies collide, it's as if all the players
in a symphony have begun a furious crescendo:

As their stars and gas fall toward the center,
star formation escalates.

Us Galaxies lose tact— At the same time, the galaxies' black holes
engorge themselves and light up,
releasing energy and material into the surrounding gas.

All over drinking coffee brown exoplanets,
The consequence of our leisure
was hurling another swing across in faithful landing— which never happened
safely.

These "overtures," which continue for hundreds of millions of years,
are brightest where the centers of galaxies— called nuclei— merge, and those areas are
also filled with dust. I asked of you to promise me many things
soundwaves caught voices such as— Swear to me we'll become light— Elliptic
I will bear the concentration, explosive

supergiants disfigured
Asphyxiate without order our little anarchy— no barred spirals
static everywhere; a soft humming inside our home in progress, our own ribs, spine
and
medulla

Strong winds kept blowing into our faces
kissed senseless in our entourage of
oscillations
don't know what was mine,
amassment melded
thick paste of yearning
a rib crumble from old moons
and matted hair rings for pastry
Plum glossed lattice

lips
from borrowed nebulas
"Dust lanes are
beautiful until you try measures to find out
what's happening behind
them," U continued.
We will start seeing
through the dust—
it's essential to
pinpoint
where
how fast stars are
forming, measuring.
All of these objects are
competing for resources,
outflows affecting how stars form
by heating and pushing away the gas.

Seeming fictitious fragments of sapphire realized in our Nuclei
with the first ignition, vacuum, onyx cannot seize
grass blades crisping
to an ebony
at your
Splendor

Apparent
Luminosity
will fare us
a carnival
stretching
light years

Oh, Across

Be,

A,

Fine,

Girl,

Kiss,

Me

They [we] are still forming

stars before colliding

Showing symptoms

at

the nucleus

for the first time—

often appear lit up

like a

fireworks

display.

The meeting

accelerates

star

and feeds their formation

central black holes.

Those Neptune blue eyes

won't last forever in our shared blanket

Don't waste them staring at the

void— You'll look

inside our little world

bring that joyous

sideways smile

unfixed celestial.

Your burden

was

mine once

I professed to witness your life

Our

shared darkness consumes me for

your

suspended levity.

Étereo

By Aaron Bacallao

Luego de haber transcurrido toda la noche metido en libros tratando de comprender lo que había dado en clase, la cama que estaba a mis espaldas comenzó a susurrarme. Las sábanas como por arte de lo paranormal se elevaron y empezaron a acariciar suavemente mi pelo, las orejas y mi cuello. Las almohadas se estiraron, preparándose para acoger mis preocupaciones.

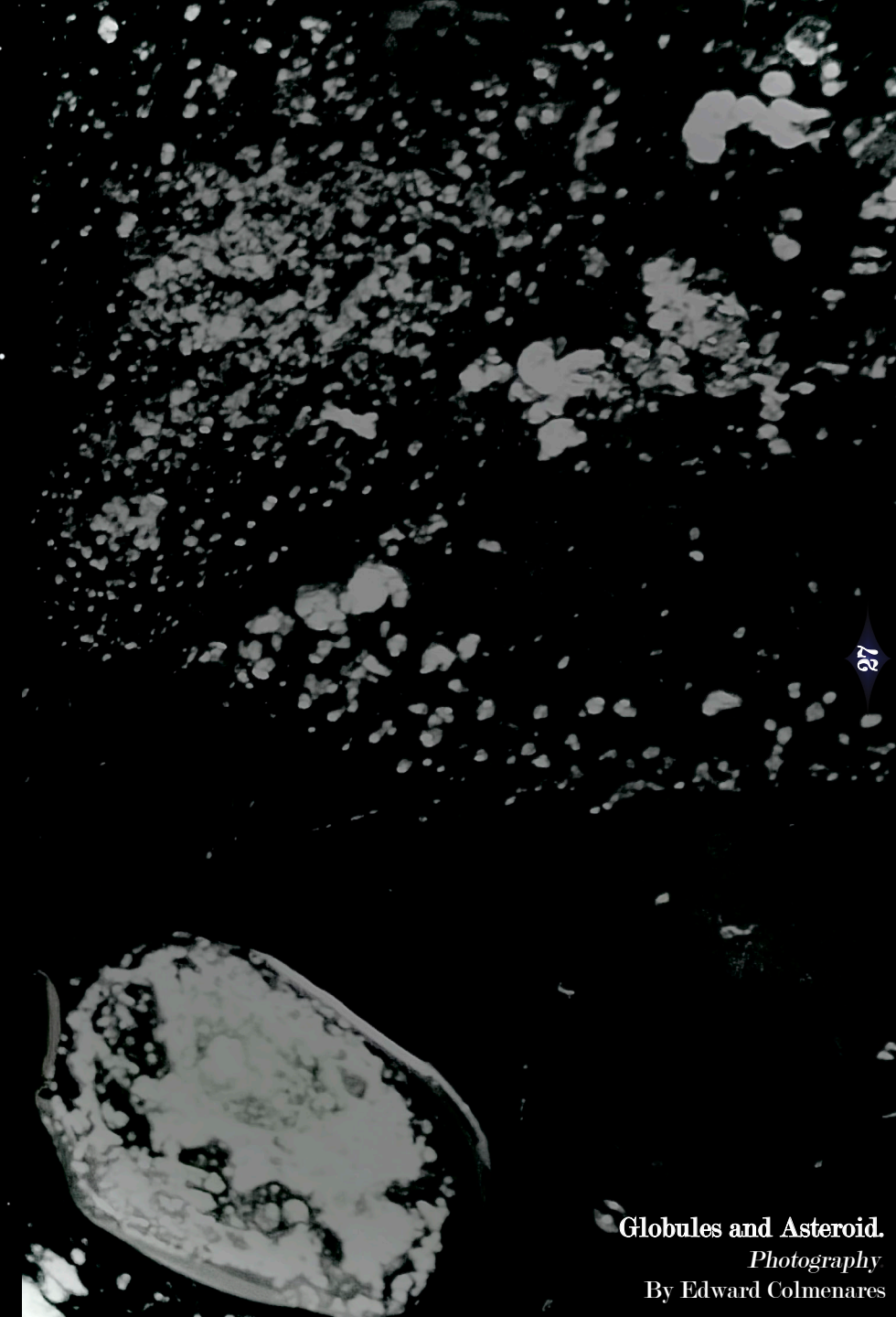
El negarte que sueumbí a los encantos de estos seductores morfeoneanos sería comparado a decirte que no me influenciaste en nada, la más risible de las mentiras. ¿Por qué rechazar el abandonar por un rato este taciturno y retorcido universo y ser, entre los pliegues de la almohada, el arquitecto del mío?

Ahí me pasaba las horas sentado sobre grandes asteroides que surcaban por eones los límites de mi universo. En la trayectoria onírica, -además de ser testigo de las más candentes creaciones de galaxias- cuando pasaba cerca de una gran nebulosa, me aseguraba de sacar mi caña de pescar, decidido a capturar una estrella de neutrones solo para ti.

Pero siempre escuchaba un sonido, ¿un sonido? Un ruido que rompía con mis reglas. Que traspasaba rompiendo la tela de ambos universos: era la alarma incesante, que se metamorfoseaba en un ser atroz que me agarraba y me engullía sin apenas masticar. Y cayendo por el profundo abismo de su garganta volvía a esta taciturnidad. Despertaba.

Esto era ya la rutina, la alternación entre ambos mundos, mi pequeño escape de Alcatraz.

Aunque hace un buen tiempo algo nuevo sucedió. Ya en la taciturnidad al apagar ese ser atroz que aparentaba ser una alarma y abriendo la puerta del cuarto para asearme: note que mis manos se habían tornado translúcidas. A través de ellas, podía distinguir incluso los detalles más triviales de la puerta. Inexplicablemente sonó nuevamente la alarma detrás de mí y me giré curioso. Intenté cerrar los ojos horrorizado por lo que vi. Mis párpados ahora translúcidos me forzaban a verme reposando pálido e inmóvil, los ojos cerrados y en el rostro una expresión jovial y alegre. Ahora era un eterno prisionero en mi universo, ignorante del bullicio de mi alarma, del bullicio de la vida. Ahora solo soy un fantasma en tu recuerdo (...)



Globules and Asteroid.

Photography

By Edward Colmenares



Unicorn Haze
Illustration
By Silvio Rivero Gomez

Handwritten signature and date: 23/1

Washburn, Nicaragua

Photography

By Jayred Velasquez



30



31

out of place

Photography

By Johnny Barahona

Dream

by Gabriela Diaz

hey!

i dreamed of it again—
of a knife sharpening itself
each time
it wounded me

hey?

i dreamed of it again—
of the glue in my body,
the color of rotten tomatoes
it was dripping out of my
nose and
bursting at the seams where
my limbs meet
it slowly pooled itself
outside of me
and created someone new,
better.

(hey)

i dreamed of it again—
of the muscle that lives in
my ribcage,
falling asleep
while my eyes are open,
its breathing coming to a
slow,
finally
atrophying.
it petrified my lover

into a statue
that silently screams.
over my still form.

hey,

i dreamed of it again—
of my uneaten body
in a shark's closed mouth,
my skin against the rough
bumps of its tongue,
waiting to be devoured,
each tooth sliding into my
flesh
like a sword into a hilt.
at the last second
it decided i was inedible
and let the sea swallow me
instead.

hey.

i do not sleep anymore
i only nightmare my bed,
i only bad-thought my
blankets,
i bloody-tongued my
pillows
with screams
i ripped out of my own
mouth.
i do not
weep anymore.
i only terrorize the night
because of what it has made
of my dreams.

galassia di sangue

Photography

By Edward Colmenares

eat me
Collage
By Jess Pauly



34

35

Pouring It On

Collage

By Jess Pauly



Respirar agua

By Maria Karla Romero

Ayer MK se encontró en la playa; de alguna forma evitó la orilla y apareció en lo más profundo de un océano negro y fluorescente.

Nadaba, pero aún más se hundía; pataleaba, pero la corriente la arrastraba con más fuerza.

Solo quedaban tres burbujas de oxígeno, y cada una se desgastaba.

En agonía, nadaba.

El silencio y la profundidad se la tragaban.

Dos burbujas de oxígeno.

El frío invernal marino la envolvía y se la llevaba.

Una burbuja y media.

Su cuerpo, estremecido, inhalaba agua.

Todo es borroso, pero ella aún nadaba.

Una única y última burbuja.

Su mundo se vuelve borroso. Su corazón se ralentiza y el oxígeno desaparece de su cerebro.

MK descendía hacia una negrura infinita.

La nada.

Pero aun sin latidos, sin pulso,

aun estando implosionada,
nunca sus restos vieron el fondo.

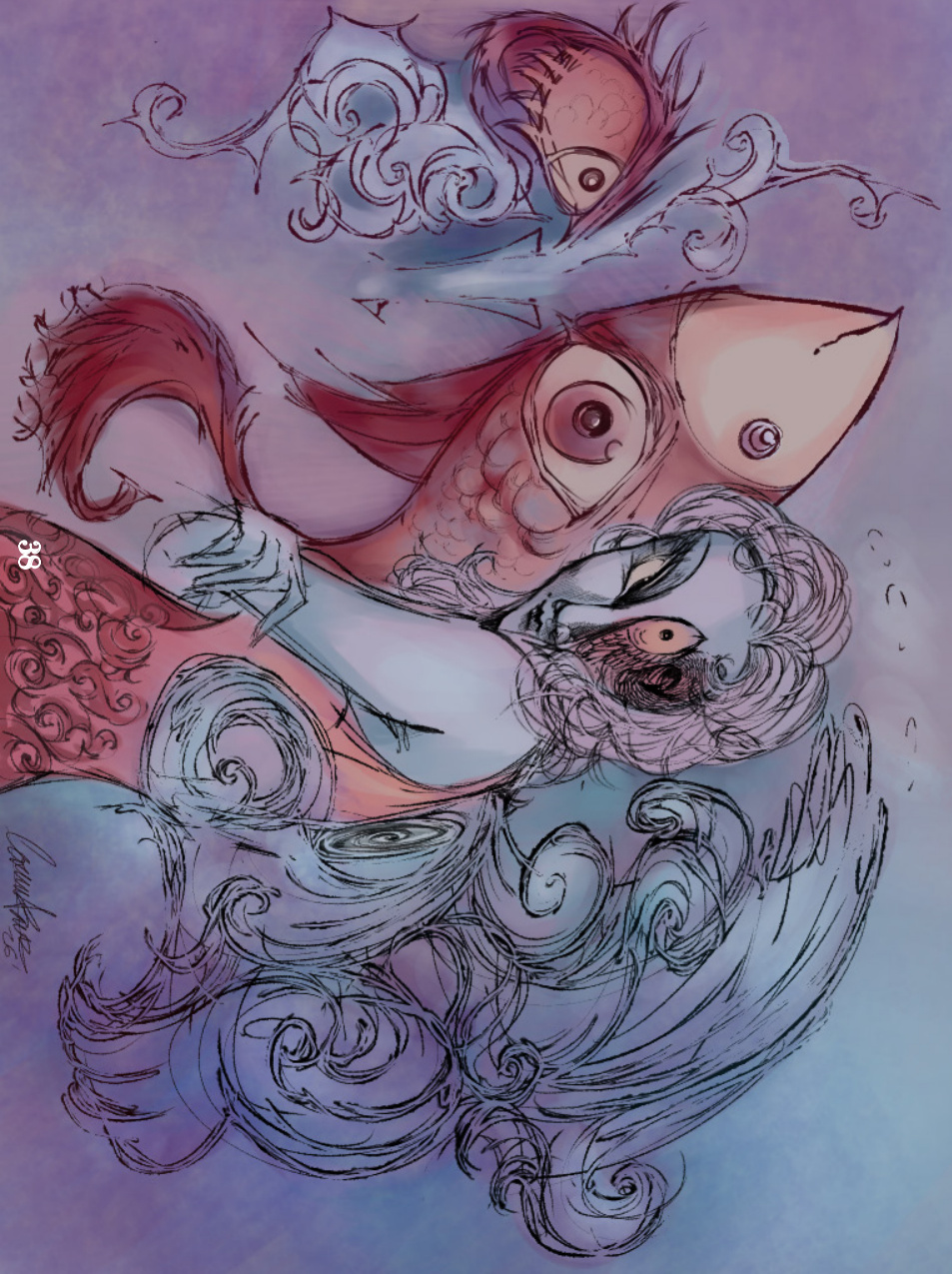
MK nadaba.

submerge.

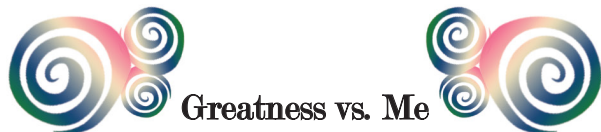
Photography

By Edward Colmenares

Sea Bride
Digital Illustration
By Silvio Rivero Gomez



Roots
Painting
By Gabriela Guzman



Greatness vs. Me

A conversation I had with my therapist after watching *Good Will Hunting*

By Dominique Davilla

She sat across from me; pencil in one hand, notebook in another, ready to unravel my brain. "It's a great movie. Excellent interpretation of my profession and the human condition. The average viewer would be inspired. Yet, you look almost haunted. Why?"

"Because," I mutter, "I am in the pursuit of greatness, yet on the road to mediocrity. In this contradiction lies the dreams that I clutch close to my chest. Listen, I'm aware of how it sounds — depressing, borderline defeatist. However, this ideology... it's how I cope."

Her eyebrows rose, "That's not the healthiest of coping mechanisms."

40 Scoffing, I crossed my arms. "I don't care. I mean, c'mon, could you imagine? The sinking of your heart, the slicing of your brain, and the sick burn of failure as it seeps into your bones forever. Therefore, it is far better to be mediocre than to aim for greatness and simply land in good."

Her eyes grew softer; I once thought this look was pitiful. Now, I realize it's plain human empathy. There was a beat of hesitation, then she asked, "Remind me of the dream we've discussed."

I responded with practiced ease, "As a young girl, I had recurring dreams of astronauts. Ones who hoped to take the next big steps for man by conquering the moon. Instead, they landed somewhere between darkness and stars that most likely died eons ago."

I swept my hair behind my ears, "It took awhile before I realized it was a nightmare."

She chuckled, "Big dreams for a little girl. Even bigger worries. Were you always this anxious?"

I rubbed my chin, "In the beginning of my existence, I did not worry about such things."

Shifting in my chair, my legs swung, "I didn't appreciate the naivety of childhood. Then again, I didn't realize how absolutely disappointing adulthood was either. But, funny enough, I don't miss my innocence; because I adore my intelligence."

"Verbal sparring within arenas of words, sentences, and paragraphs," I smiled, "It pleases me, possibly more than anything on this Earth."

My therapist nodded, as she leaned back on the chair, "You are very smart."

This time, I couldn't agree with her, "On the contrary, I am stupid. I have not lived nor known nor loved nor lost; mostly because I'm too afraid to do so. That leaves me in a state of despair and disillusion, one that I fear I will wrestle with for the rest of my life."

I looked at the carpet floor beneath me; my throat burned and my eyes stung, "All I want is to be great, and I have spent my whole life convincing myself that I won't be. Let's just say, it's not in the cards for me. Stand or hit, I always lose. Life's a gamble, I'm an addict, and I'm shit out of luck."

"Out of luck?" She shook her head, and dropped the pencil, "You're 19. You have the whole world ahead of you."

"So what?" I shouted, "Who am I to defy the odds? Who am I to be more than what's expected? The greats and me? Yeah, it's always been a one-sided conversation. I am lazy because I am fearful; knowing that if I fail, it'll be nobody's fault but my own. That is far easier to swallow than being who I am and nobody wanting it."

The room went silent as the weight of my confession hung in the air.

My lips trembled, "There it is. A confession of which my tongue was too feeble to say for far too long."

But, my fingers were just brave enough to write.



Pride swelled on my therapist's face, but she picked up her pencil once more, "What do you want to do?"

I opened my mouth to speak but she held up her hand, "What you want, not what you should do."

With a deep breath, I say, "I don't know what I want. For my own sanity, I cannot and will not assume that I am the exception. However, for my happiness, I may have to stuff my sanity in the back of a car and drive it off a bridge. Because, I was made for something."

Her eyes dipped to the cross around my neck, "You're a woman of faith."

I nodded, and grasped my necklace in my hand, "Despite my cynical ramblings, I know there is a God. I know Jesus Christ died for me. My question: What is that purpose? Am I good enough to be what I want? Is what I want enough? And, if I get what I want, will I be happy?"

42 Tears fell down my face, "Dreams always have a rose-tinted hue."

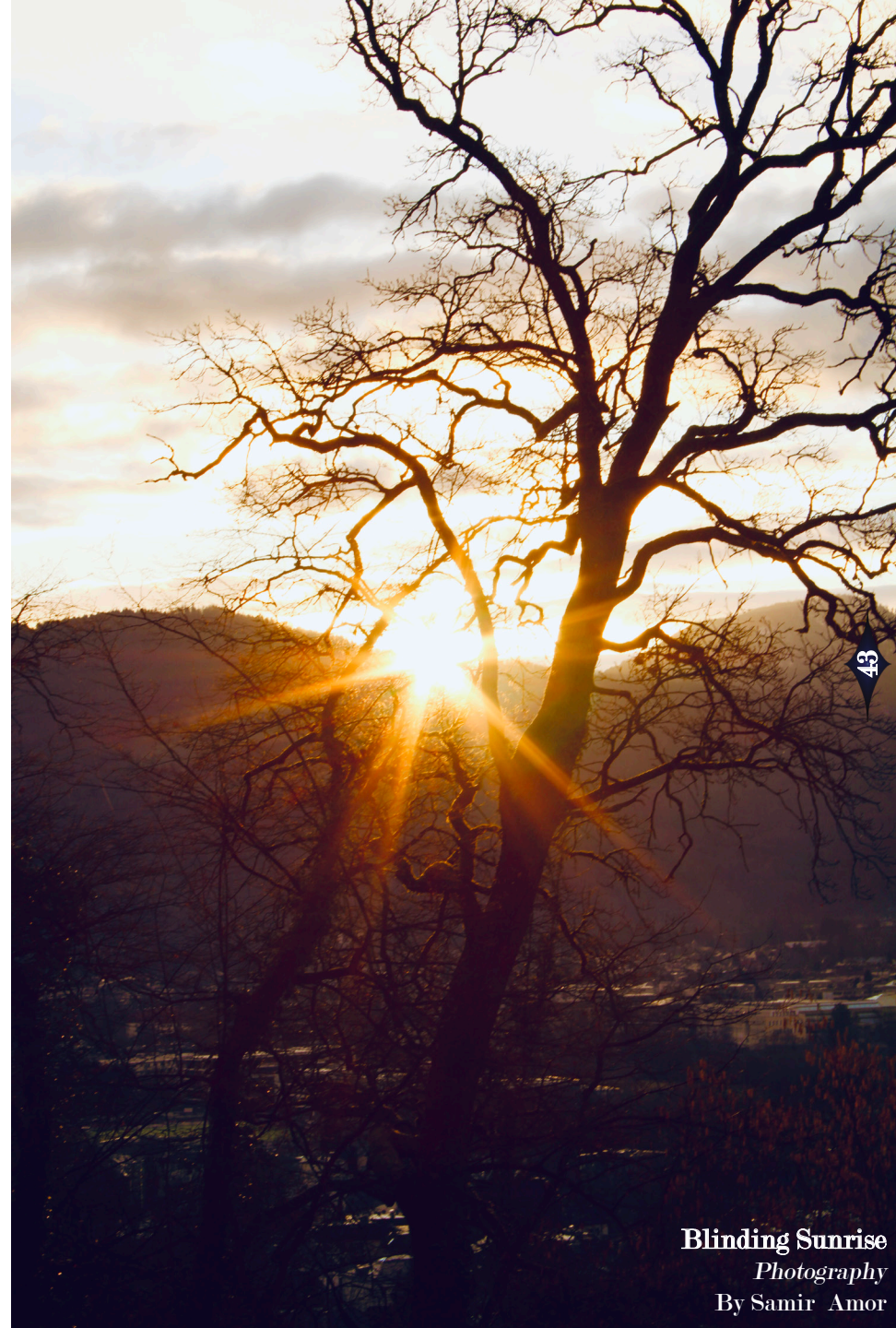
She moved forward, the chair squeaked, and rubbed my shoulder, "Dreams have also birthed nations and toppled empires. It's not forbidden. Dare I say, I'd encourage it."

I wiped my tears, curling into a ball, "Forgive me, I sound 50 and not 19, but I've felt 19 since I was 9, and 9 since I was 5. To be honest, I don't think I was ever gonna be normal. I think I was always going to wish for more."

Then, something inside of me snapped.

I stood up, the chair crashed behind me, "Y'know what? Fuck you *Good Will Hunting*. You lit a fire under my ass and it's burning like a fucking firework on Fourth Of July. And fuck you, Ben Affleck and Matt Damon. Overachieving assholes. Who can act and write like that in university? Now, I have no excuses. You followed your dreams...you fucking did it, so why can't I?"

My therapist echoed my words, looking up at me, "Why can't you?"



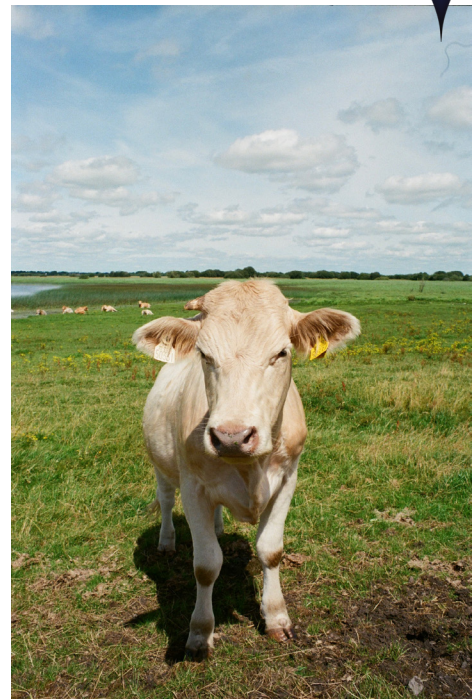




Untitled (Take Me Home, Plant-Eaters)
Photography
 By Jess Pauly



Walking Bowl
Pottery
 By Camila Solari Byrne





La sombra

By Daniela Durruthy

La sombra llega como una compañera silenciosa. Ella me recuerda que toda claridad refleja, al mismo tiempo, su oscuridad. Esa dualidad es la que hace que se proyecten formas sobre la tierra.

Mi sombra sabe cosas de mí que yo aún no he descubierto. Como no, sí ha caminado a mi lado desde siempre. Ella se alegra cuando avanzo hacia el sol y, aunque no la veo cuando la noche decide ocultarlo todo, la siento siempre a mi lado, abrazándome.

Quizás la sombra no es oscuridad. Quizás es simplemente la prueba de que estamos hechos de luz suficiente como para dejar una marca en el mundo.

Y así seguiré: persiguiendo destellos, preguntándome mientras camino y sueño:

¿Quién soy? ¿Y qué huella de luz quiero dejar después de mí?

A veces creo que vivir es exactamente eso: buscar y crear una huella de luz en el universo. No una perfecta ni eterna, sino un destello breve que nos indique que estamos caminando hacia la verdad y la felicidad. Aunque sea por un instante, sintamos la libertad en el pecho y al mundo respirar con nosotros.



Ya como una mujer
By Yelegny Ramirez Quintero

Vuevlo

a tus brazos como una niña
a su madre, a su pecho

Sin entenderlo,

Vuelvo

a tu sonrisa, a la
tierra de tu cuerpo,
a el suelo de tus palmas

Que recuerdo,

Vuelvo

a los montes de tu pelo
a correr mis dedos por ellos,
a las cañas de tu mirada
a su dulce azúcar

Sin quererlo,

Vuelvo

ya como una mujer
a su misma carne y
su propio hueso

Por naturaleza,

A ti, mi querido

Vuelvo.

Postal para Abuela
Photography
By Samir Amor



Morning in America//Playing
the Dulcimer (Hammered)
Photography
By Jess Faudy



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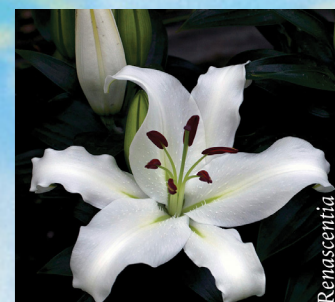
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SUBMITTED STUDENT WORKS:

NEW SHORT FILMS



NEW SINGLE



Renascentia by
Andres Azpurua

COMING SOON!

THANK YOU

The Volume XIX staff want to carve out a space to thank the individuals and departments who made this volume possible. We want to thank College President Madeline Pumariega, Campus President Dr. Oscar Loynaz, Dean Helen Muñiz, Ph.D., the great team at Media Services, Chief Digital Officer Christine Llorente, Humberto “Bert” Perez, and Glenda Phipps, the Communication, Arts, and Philosophy Department Chair. We are eternally grateful and appreciative of the support we have received from the Miami Dade College Padrón community.

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Thank you to our incredible staff and contributors to which we owe much gratitude for their assistance through busy days and sleepless nights. They were the minds that helped us navigate mazes of decisions and the eyes that sharpened our artistic direction. Much thanks must also be given to those in particular who spread the word of *Urbana* wherever they could. We could not have done this without them.

Lastly, thank you, Reader. Every set of eyes that set upon this publication is a reminder of why art persists in our communities and hearts. Without soulful human expression, the world would be an empty, decrepit thing suspended in empty space. But with your support, we can fill that space with the words and images on these pages, giving them a platform to become as eternal as words and images can be.

With love,
The Urbana Team

COLOPHON

Urbana Student Literary & Arts Magazine 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* Student Literary & Arts Magazine Volume XIX was published in June 2026. Two hundred copies were distributed at no cost.

The views expressed within these pages 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 Student Literary & Arts Magazine is published once a year by students currently enrolled in credit courses at the Miami Dade College Padrón Campus at 627 SW 27th Ave, Miami, FL 33135. This year’s staff chose dreams 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 Adobe InDesign CC 2026 software. The font used throughout the magazine is Modern No.20 (Regular). Absolutely no generative AI was used in the creation of any visual or literary piece featured in this publication. 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 urbana@mdc.edu or visit our website at mdc.edu/urbana

AWARDS

College Media Association (CMA)

2025 | Creative Film (1st Place) – Division II, Division III, Two-Year College | Literary Magazine Cover (3rd Place) – Two-Year College
2022 | Pinnacle Award – Two-Year Literary Magazine of the Year (1st Place) | Literary Magazine – Two-Year College (1st Place) | Best Social Media Strategy (2nd Place) | Best Social Media Presence (2nd Place)
2021 | Literary Magazine – Two-Year College (1st Place) | Best Magazine Cover (2nd Place) | Best Social Media Strategy (1st Place) | Best Social Media Presence (1st Place) | Best Audio Creative (1st Place) | Best Animated Film (3rd Place)

Associated Collegiate Press (ACP)

2023 | Pacemaker Finalist | Pacemaker Award Recognition | Best of Show – Literary Arts Magazine (3rd Place)
2022 | Magazine Pacemaker Winner | ACP/CMA Fall National College Media Convention | Best of Show – Literary Magazine (2nd Place) | Best of Show – Website (2nd Place) | Best of Show – Blog (2nd Place)
2021 | Innovation Pacemaker Winner | Magazine Pacemaker Finalist | ACP/CMA Fall National College Media Convention | Best of Show – Podcast (4th Place) | ACP/CMA Spring National College Media Convention | Best of Show – Blog (1st Place)
2020 | Innovation Pacemaker Finalist | Design of the Year (3rd Place) | Best Use of Social Media (2nd Place) | ACP/CMA Fall National College Media Convention | Best of Show – Literary Magazine (1st Place)
2018 | Magazine Pacemaker Finalist | Pacemaker 100 Recognition

National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE)

2022 | REALM Award – Superior
2021 | REALM Award
2020 | REALM Award

Community College Humanities Association (CCHA)

2022 | Best Magazine (2nd Place) – Southern Region
2021 | Best Magazine (1st Place) – Volume 13, Southern Region, Small Colleges | Best Magazine (2nd Place) – Volume 14, Southern Region, Small Colleges
2018 | Best Magazine (2nd Place) – Southern Region, Large College

Columbia Scholastic Press Association (CSPA)

2023 | Gold Crown Award
2022 | Gold Crown Award | Apple Award – Best Magazine (Two-Year College) (1st Place) | Gold Circle Awards
2021 | Gold Crown Award | Magazine Critique – Gold Medalist (Verbal, Design and Essentials – All Columbian Honors) | Gold Circle Awards
2020 | Hybrid Literary Magazine – Gold Crown | Magazine Critique – Gold Medalist (Verbal, Design and Essentials – All Columbian Honors) | Gold Circle Awards

Florida College System Activities Association (FCSAA)

2024 | Best Poem – Magazine Division A | Best Fiction – Magazine Division A | Best Non-Fiction – Magazine Division A | Poetry (2nd Place) – Magazine Division A | Staff Pages (2nd Place) – Magazine Division A | Photography (3rd Place) – Magazine Division A | Editing (3rd Place) – Magazine Division A | General Excellence (3rd Place) – Magazine Division A
2023 | Best Fiction | Best Two-Page Design Spread | Best Magazine Photography | Best Design | Best Editing | Best Staff Pages | Design – 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 | General Excellence (3rd Place) – Division A | Artwork Magazine (1st Place) | Artwork (2nd Place) | Cover (2nd Place) | Contents Page (1st Place) | Staff Page (2nd Place)
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

For a complete list of *Urbana's* awards, please visit our website.

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