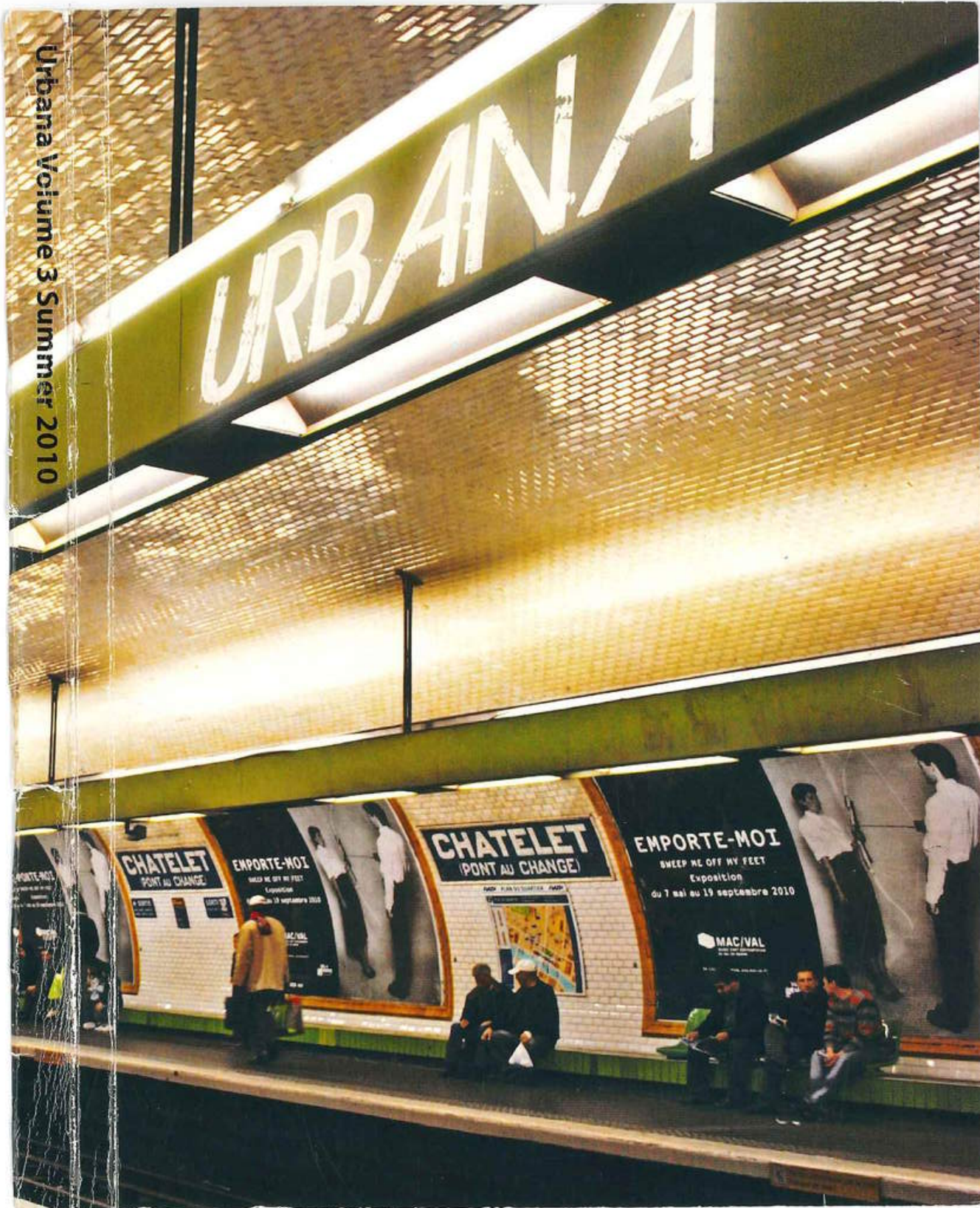










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Editor in Chief's Note

I often felt discomfort at the sound of clocks ticking. I didn't help but view it as a brooding reminder of fleeting time. I perceived it as though every switching hand that struck a new hour was a wake up call: like everything else in reality, I resided in a time-crunch.

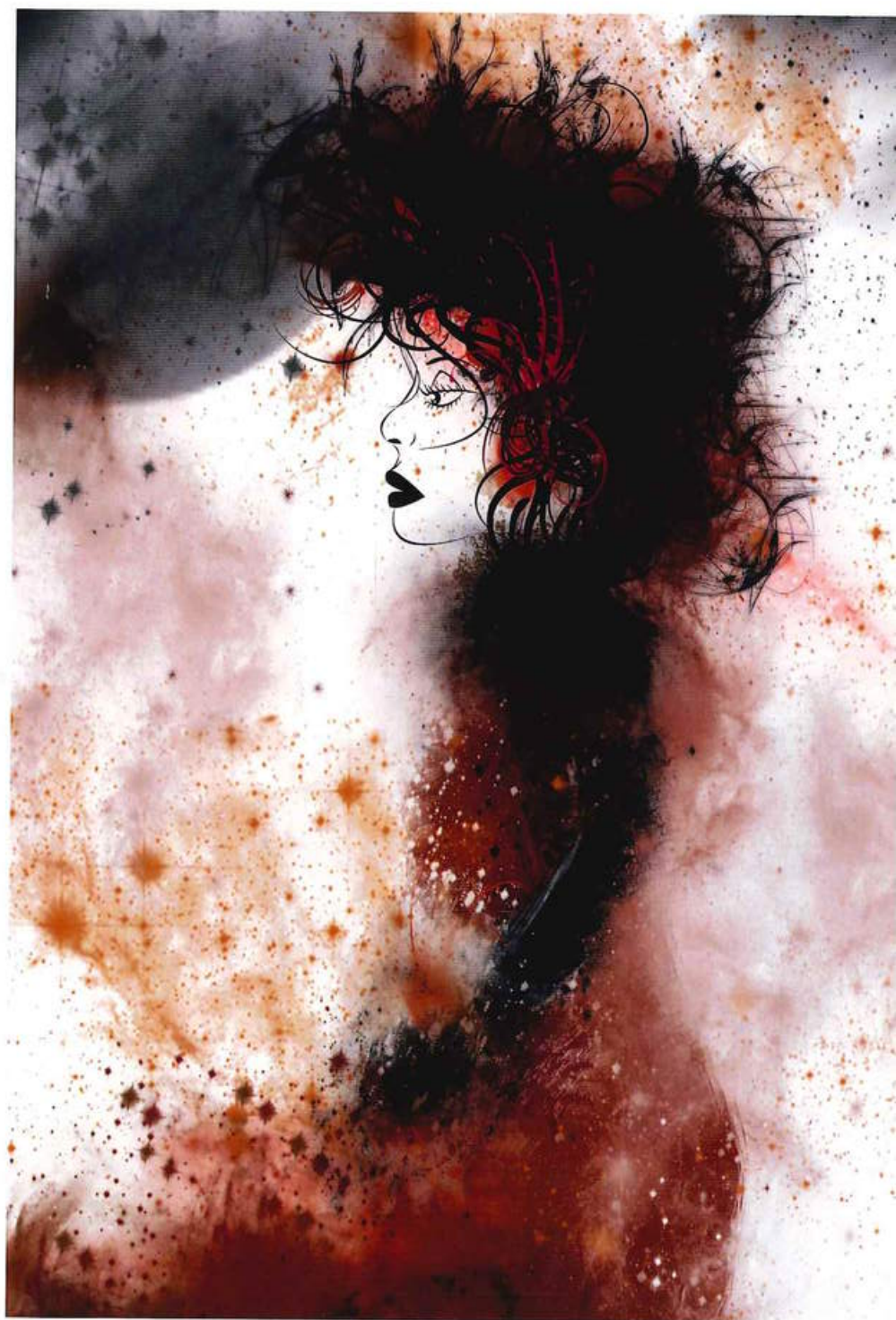
It wasn't long before I discovered that I was not the only one to feel this way. In fact, millions before me shared these same thoughts. I realized, that what once was, would some day no longer be. I was lost in thought as I reveled within the fact that the past and all that surrounded me, was what once surrounded me centuries ago.

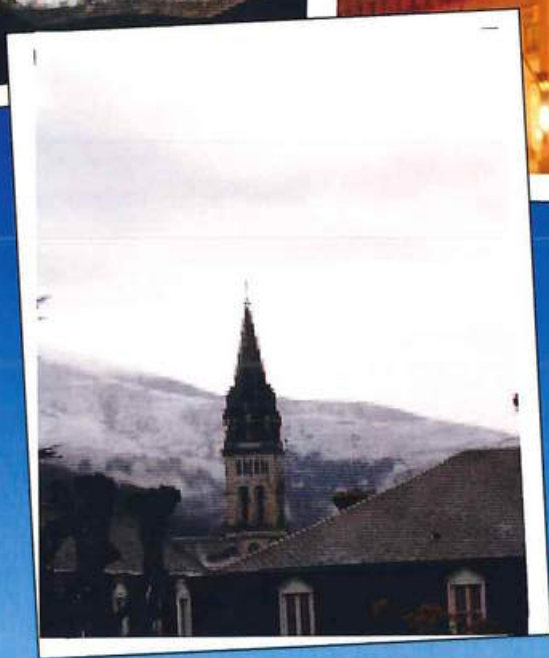
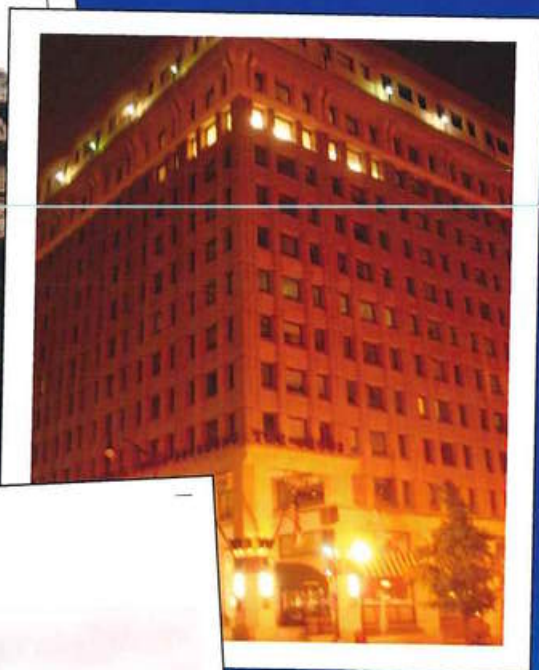
It was at that very moment that I understood life for what it really was: an on-going phase, a state of mind, a blurry line between fiction and reality. Above all, a work in progress. In other words, a turmoil of challenges I must overcome.

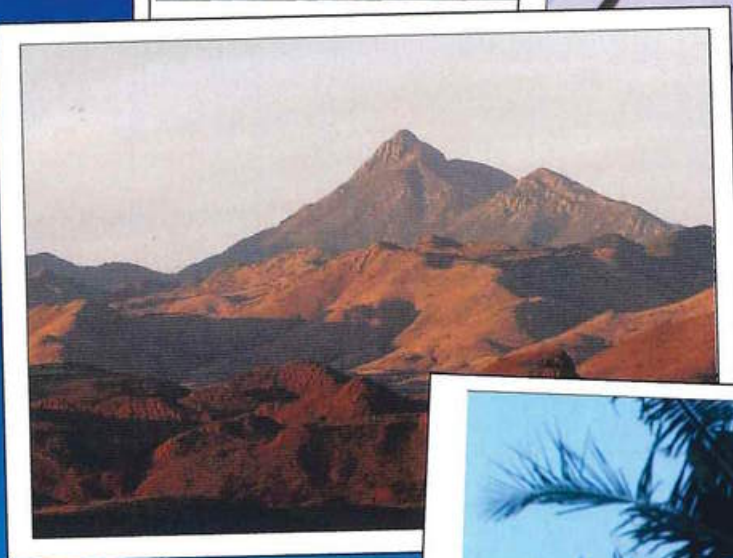
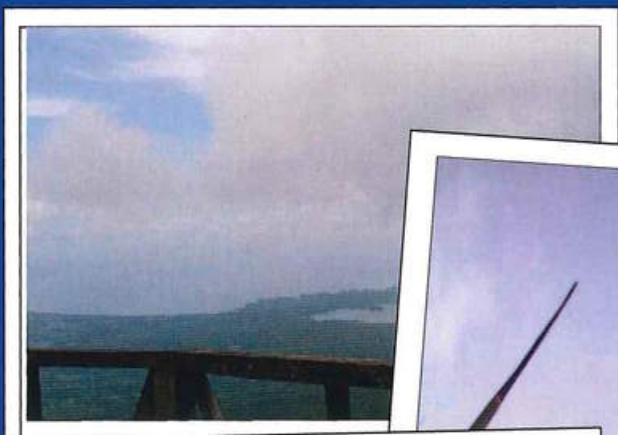
In the process, I myself, have dwelled in the stars... Not in the past but the existing present. I have lived every moment as though it were my last. I have gone against the current and the stream. I have turned into reality my every single dream.

Life is you and I, you and I as individual entities. But for the moment let us join into one and read a combination of our lives coming together to form a work of art; a project, much like my life, that went through many stages and has now finally reached its time-crunch.

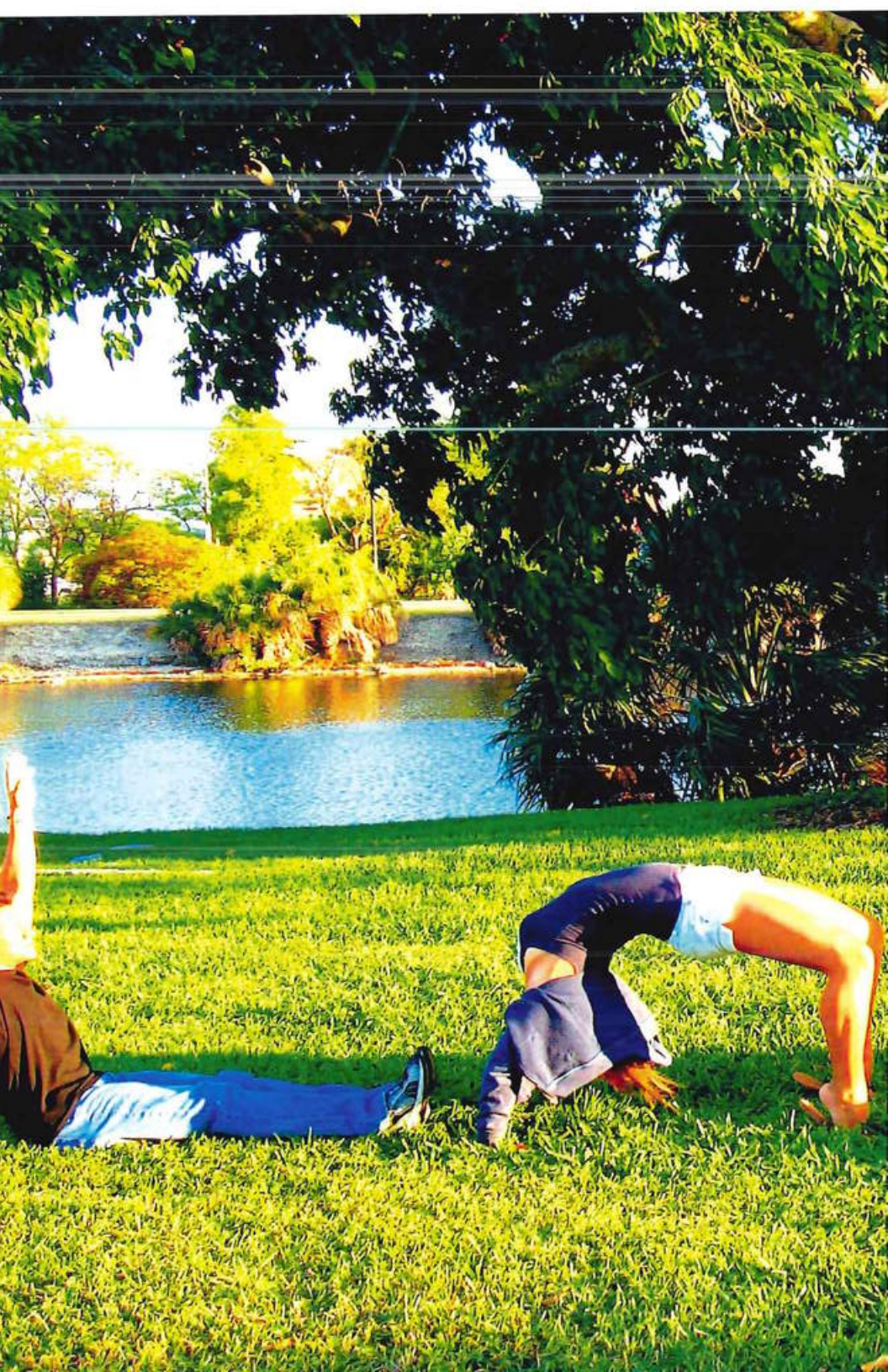
Stephanie Bechara







*The world
before our eyes...*





Always You

When the sun goes down,
You are the light that stays shining.

When we're not together,
I'm incomplete.

Your love is the oxygen that keeps me alive.

Without it, only poison I breathe.
With you impossible ceases to exist.

I can fly to the moon,
Or walk on water.

You never leave my thoughts,
And are always in my dreams.

Your laughter: music to my ears.

Your despair: torture, my dear.

You are my muse and my constant inspiration.
Some catch a glimpse of an angel in their lifetime,

While I'm lucky enough to be with one.

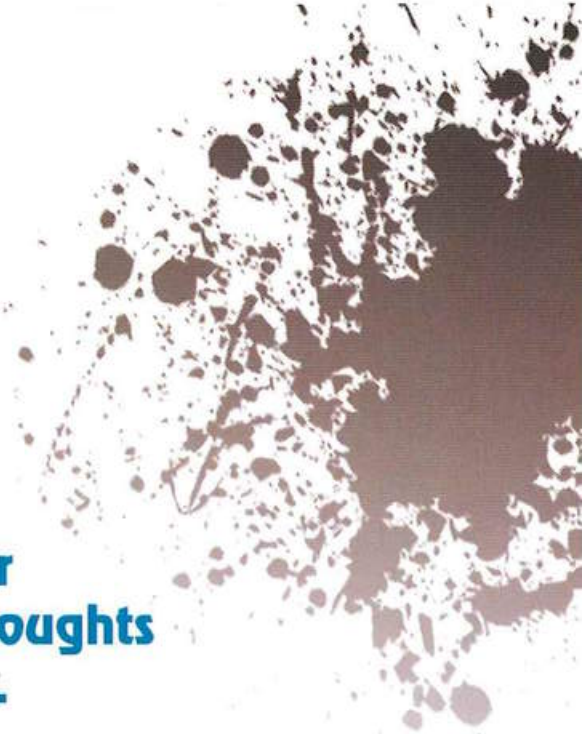
Only fools fall in love,

That being the case,

The biggest fool is none other than me.







**She was
buried in her
own mad thoughts
and insanity.**

**I would hear her
giggle, snicker and hiss.**

But in the end, I knew.

**She was happy,
happy in her own despair.**



happy in her own despair.

planets are in this universe,
understand where you can amiss
ing the right one for you to live in;
arling I promise you this:

let me be your world,
~~yes will be your vast expanse of sky;~~
n them your dreams can sore,
n them you can fly.

let me be your world,
os will be your food and water;
n them your heart and soul can grow,
n them you will never know thirst or hunger.

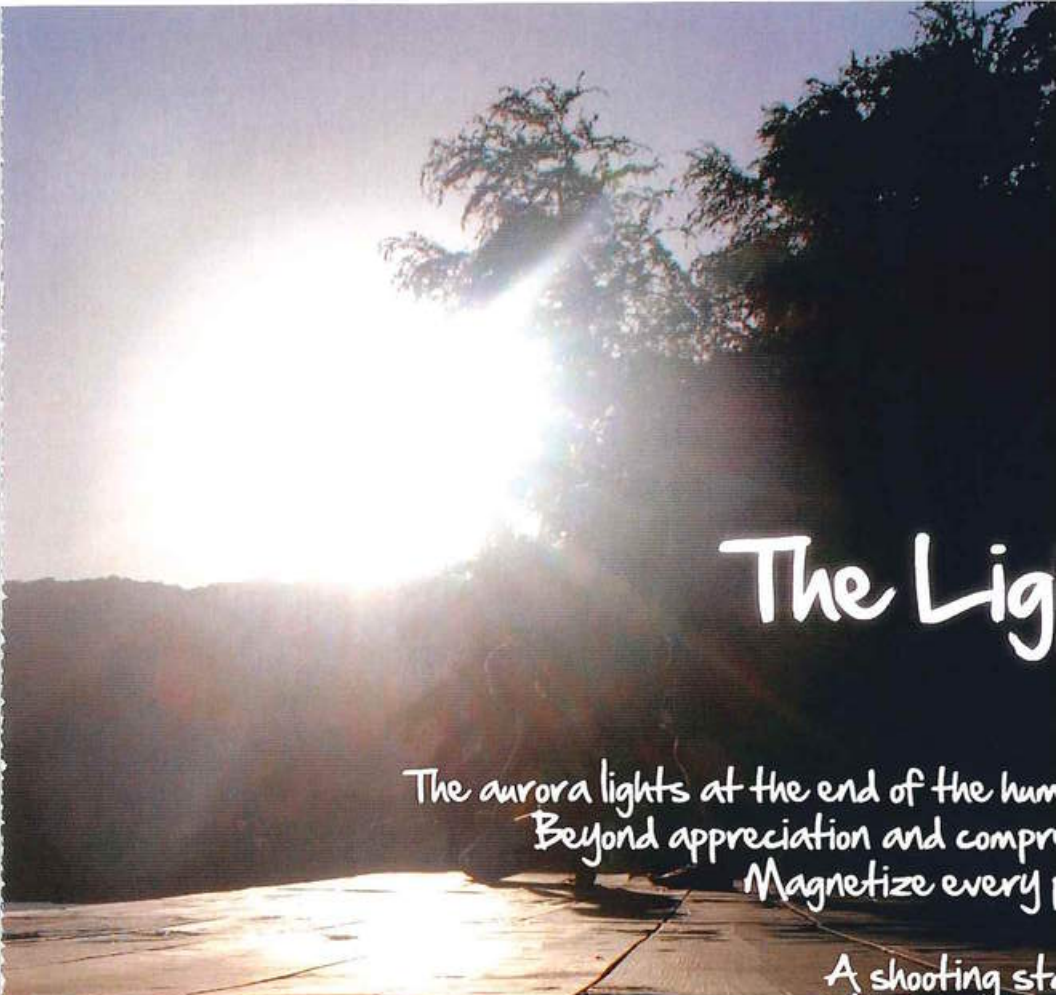
My World

let me be your world,
rms will be your personal estate;
n them you can find a home,
n them you'll be safe.

you choose my world my love, I'll take
of you 'til you gray.
would be a cold day in hell before I hurt
n anyway.







The Light

The aurora lights at the end of the human journey
Beyond appreciation and comprehension
Magnetize every soul

A shooting star
Without physical form
With a disorientating glow

You realize you are not alone
Everything is one harmonious whole
Coming from the same source of light



The aurora kisses the top of the mountain
Streams of light dance across the sky
The shooting star shoots for the horizon

CHACRASECA NICARAGUA

dirt stained the tip of my fingers as I
my hands together. I stood up from the
thinking, "This is the same soil as the
back home. What's the difference? What
distinguishes Chacraseca from Miami?" Emerg-
ing deep under the soil of their land, there
was something new, a newfound sense of ev-
erything hope... Something we (Miamians) did
not have.

The project began here in Miami as an effort
to help others. Events were hosted to make
people around us aware of the poverty in
Chacraseca, Nicaragua. I witnessed peers and
measured professors collaborate with other
people from New York and come forth for one
common goal. Soon, we became "NewChac-
raseca," a group that included everyone with
a willingness to make a change. Funds had to
be raised and efforts began in early September.
In order to raise funds, homemade food, hand-
made bracelets, chocolates and other items
were sold. Enough money was raised in order to
do everything that was initially planned.
We were extremely successful at producing
funds for our mission. The mission: to embark
on a trip to Chacraseca and directly help the
students of this community.

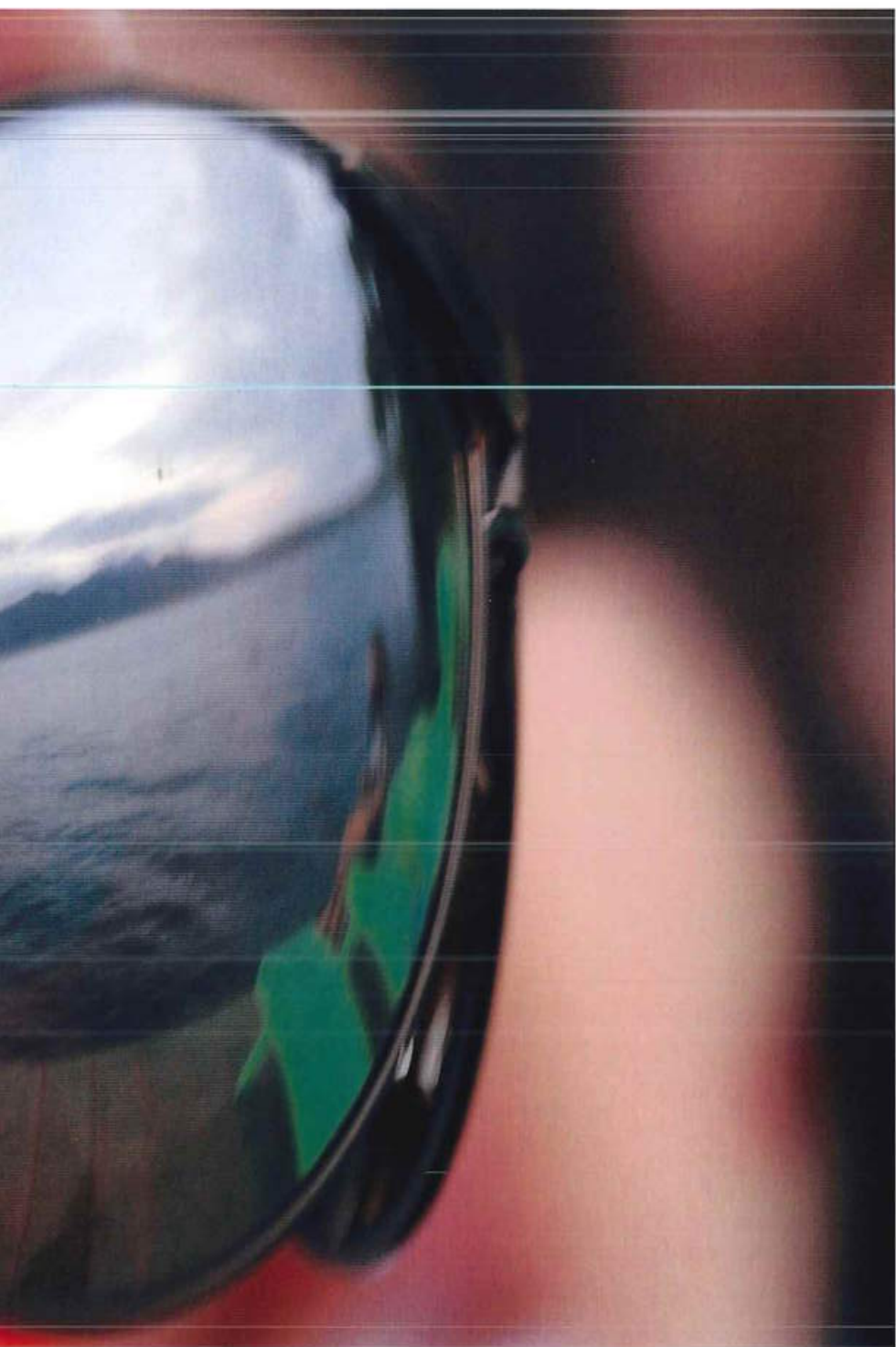
Students need exposure to diversity in order
to grow. We broaden our horizons with travel
and gain knowledge from new experiences. We
gain more understanding when we come to
realize that even those with different lifestyles
are though similar, if not more difficult, hard-
to-be a global citizen you must grasp the

concept of unity among all nations despite our
differences. You must also give and receive with
the best of intentions and become a symbol of
harmony for future generations.

This multifaceted project began with help-
ing to ensure a better future for young kids. We
adopted a class of kindergarten students from
MaryKnoll Elementary School located in the
Raul Cabezas sector of Nicaragua. The class was
composed of 34 young children. Our intention
is to help them annually until their high school
education and sponsor their college education.
We provided the children with uniforms, shoes,
and school supplies, so that they'd be ready for
the upcoming school year to begin February
2010. These kids are what we officially refer to
as the "Dreamers," from the "Tengo un Sueño"
program.

To further provide for their needs, we worked
on the MaryKnoll Elementary School's organic
garden. In the garden, various fruit seeds and
herbs were planted. The purpose was to make vi-
able and sustainable food available, so that the
"Comedor Escolar" (the school's cafeteria) can
produce healthy meals. In the process of doing
this, not only did the kids gain tangible sub-
stance, but fruitfully prospered emotionally.
We encouraged the kids to help and take part
in planting. They learned that bringing living
things to existence is rewarding; that the benefits
our planet gains from plants are immense. The
intent of the activity was to expose them, at this
young age, to the process and understanding of
nurturing mother Earth.





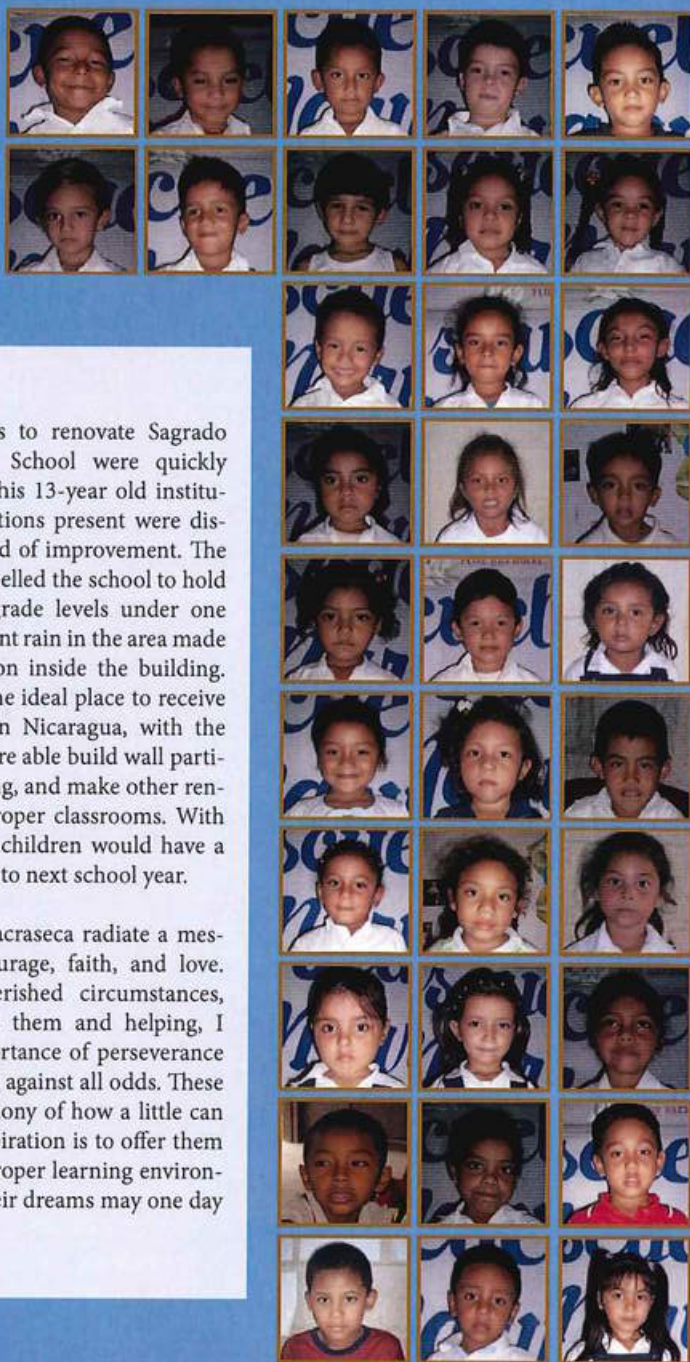




Tengo un Sueño

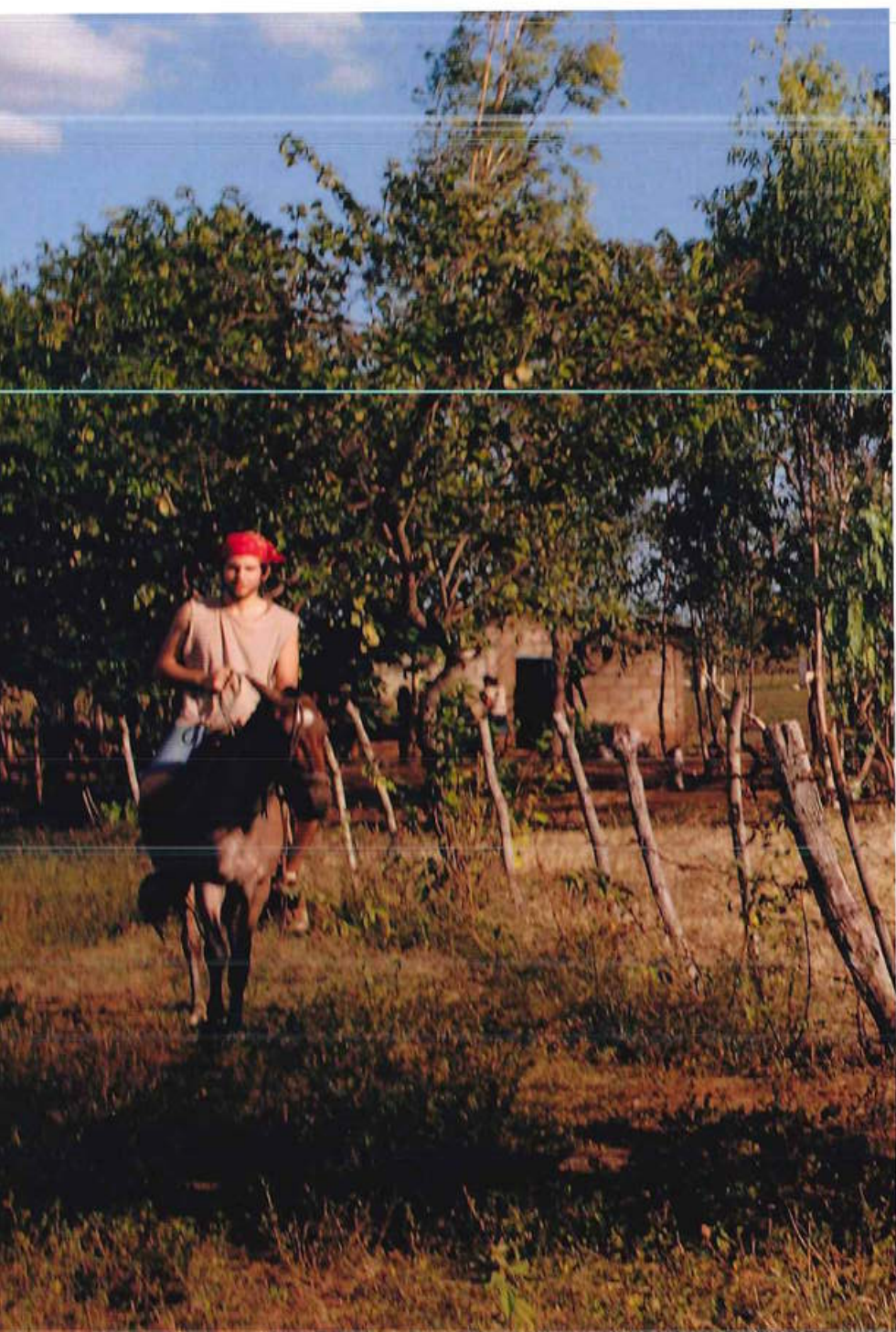
Early preparations to renovate Sagrado Corazón Elementary School were quickly turning into reality. This 13-year old institution, where the conditions present were dismal, was in much need of improvement. The lack of resources compelled the school to hold classes for different grade levels under one large room. The constant rain in the area made for an unsafe condition inside the building. This was not exactly the ideal place to receive an education. Once in Nicaragua, with the funds collected, we were able build wall partitions, paint the building, and make other renovations to provide proper classrooms. With the group's effort, the children would have a safe building to return to next school year.

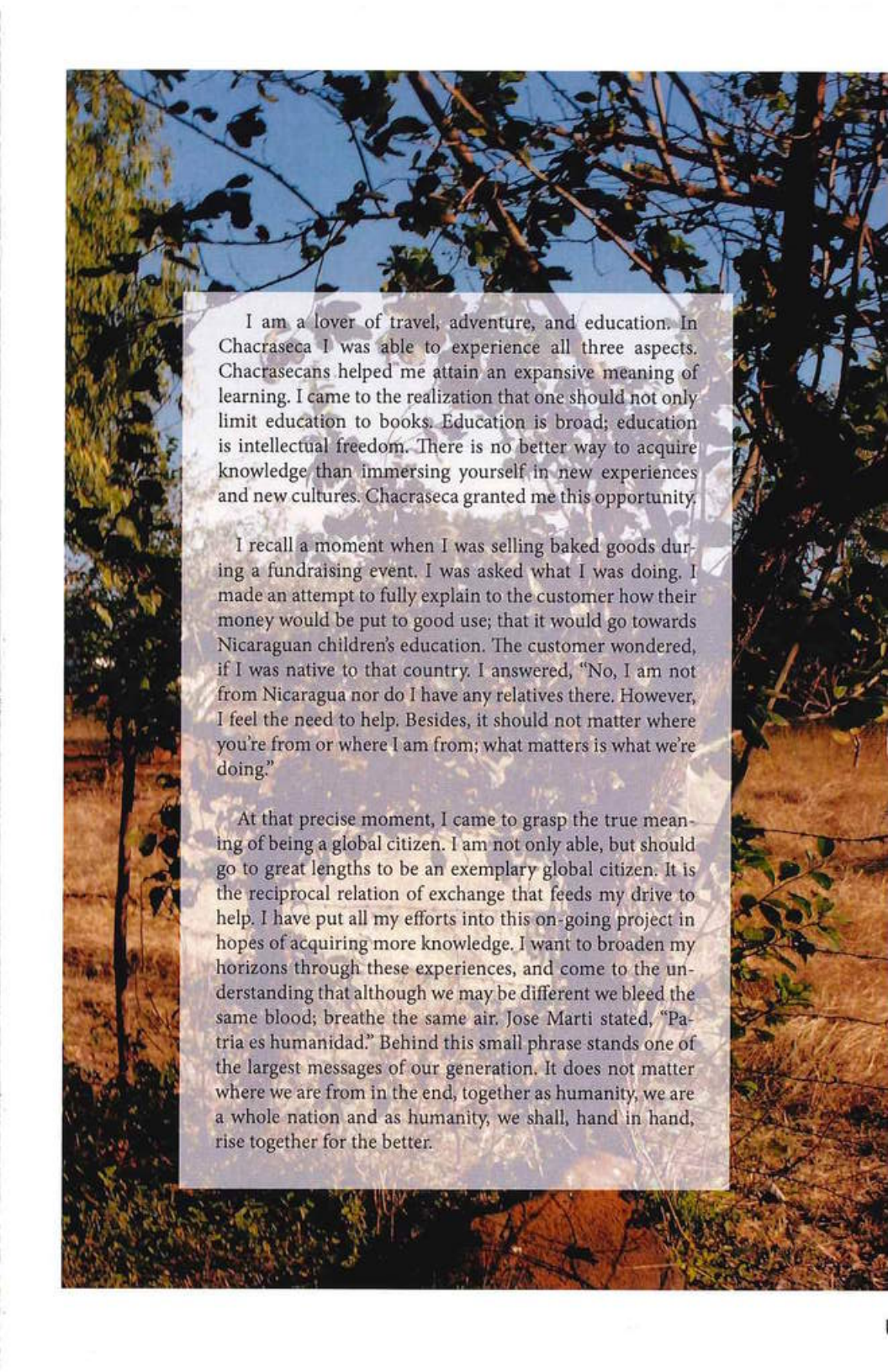
The children of Chacraseca radiate a mesmerizing sense of courage, faith, and love. Despite their impoverished circumstances, by working alongside them and helping, I have learned the importance of perseverance and the will to succeed against all odds. These children are the testimony of how a little can go a long way. Our aspiration is to offer them the opportunity of a proper learning environment, in hopes that their dreams may one day become reality.









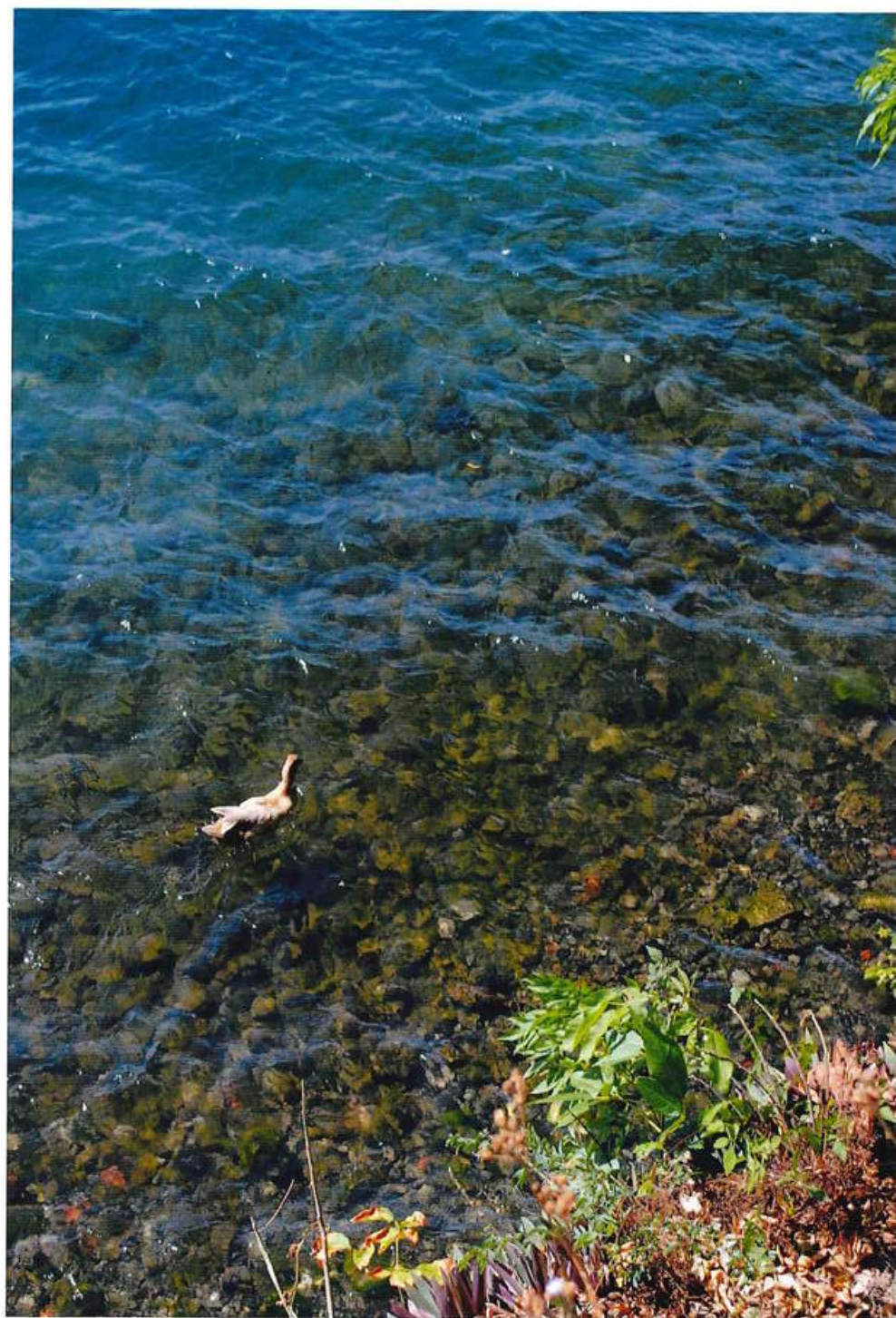


I am a lover of travel, adventure, and education. In Chacraseca I was able to experience all three aspects. Chacrasecans helped me attain an expansive meaning of learning. I came to the realization that one should not only limit education to books. Education is broad; education is intellectual freedom. There is no better way to acquire knowledge than immersing yourself in new experiences and new cultures. Chacraseca granted me this opportunity.

I recall a moment when I was selling baked goods during a fundraising event. I was asked what I was doing. I made an attempt to fully explain to the customer how their money would be put to good use; that it would go towards Nicaraguan children's education. The customer wondered, if I was native to that country. I answered, "No, I am not from Nicaragua nor do I have any relatives there. However, I feel the need to help. Besides, it should not matter where you're from or where I am from; what matters is what we're doing."

At that precise moment, I came to grasp the true meaning of being a global citizen. I am not only able, but should go to great lengths to be an exemplary global citizen. It is the reciprocal relation of exchange that feeds my drive to help. I have put all my efforts into this on-going project in hopes of acquiring more knowledge. I want to broaden my horizons through these experiences, and come to the understanding that although we may be different we bleed the same blood; breathe the same air. Jose Marti stated, "Patria es humanidad." Behind this small phrase stands one of the largest messages of our generation. It does not matter where we are from in the end, together as humanity, we are a whole nation and as humanity, we shall, hand in hand, rise together for the better.





ew Chacra Miami









You lived in a bubble for five years,

I lived in my bubble longer than five.

"Action figure toys and cartoons"

Motivated your first world,

Incredible fantasies stimulated mine.

Your mother let you share

Fantastic moments with superheroes.

I guess they taught you

To be the man you became.

My grandmother took care of my integrity,

She taught me to live with dignity.

My father was always surrounding my soul,

Your mother was the bona fide axis of your heart.

Writing sublimates our creative impulses;

Sweetness nourishes our lives.

ilarites



s hermanos
guían al pasar.
nden la luz
udan a respirar.

a hermana
refleja en su mirada.
a es la llave de mi alma.
ni yo más privado,
lo que es.

abrazo que siempre
z mi madre
comprensión de mi padre
mpre ahí!
ás les podría pedir?

antos sueños
or venir.
oy a cumplir.
z lo va a impedir.

antos momentos
ordar
veces sólo me queda

na sonrisa
esar de la noticia
r va:
esta.

t e n g o

Tengo amigos
Amigos que
Y hasta algunos que n

Tengo amigos que no me cuest
Los encuentro en cada d

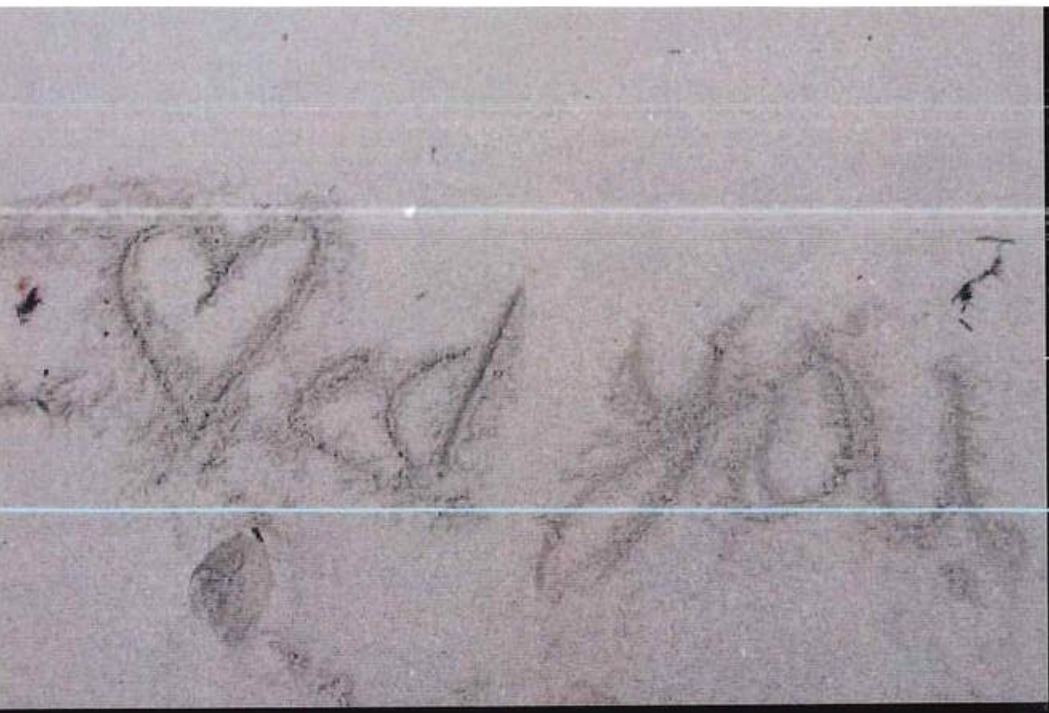
Tengo un alma r
Que espera mien
El brillo de
Al hacer

Tengo un
Que me espera cada
Con diez amigas y uno
Un mo
Y un tango en aqu
Que siempre va a ser
Solo Nuestra. S

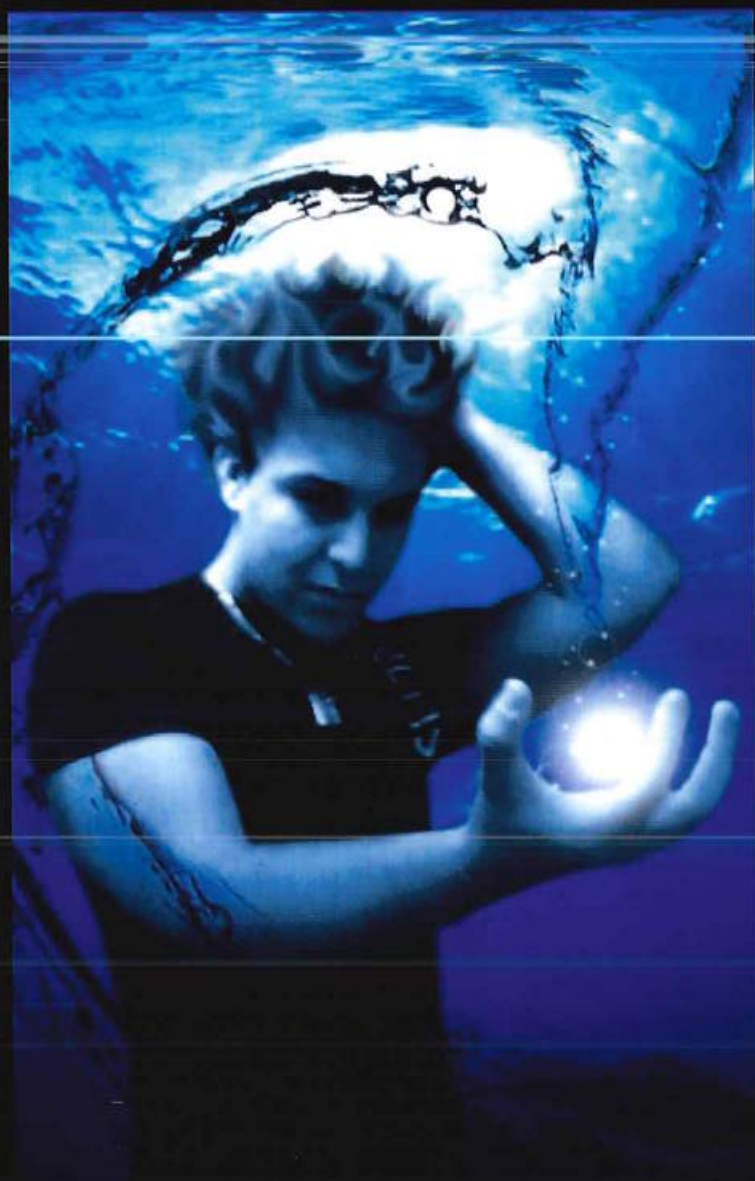
Tengo mi yo n
Con un tesoro es
Que brilla solo

Y tengo una vida por
Una vida m
Que imagino todos
Y que ya me está por









EL HOMBRE

La máquina perfecta por decirlo así es el mismo ser humano. El hombre es el único en el mundo capaz de pensar por sí mismo, razonar, crear y hasta destruir si así es su deseo. También como todo animal nace, crece, se desarrolla, se reproduce, envejece y muere, es como el agua: ambos tienen un ciclo sin fin.

Cada segundo puede estar naciendo una criatura y al mismo tiempo se pueden estar muriendo cientos de personas en una guerra, o quizás de una terrible enfermedad alguien que queremos, o tal vez que no conocemos, ni remotamente sabemos que existe, pero que en realidad al igual que nosotros sufre amargamente o brilla de dicha.

Pero si la raza humana es tan especial tal y como es, capaz de crear cosas maravillosas e increíbles, avanzar tecnológicamente a lo largo de los años, gozar de las riquezas naturales y tener el poder de hacerlas progresar; entonces porque destruyen muchas veces todo lo que encuentran a su paso sin importar si es un qué o un quién, en ese momento la adicción es destruir lo mas lindo que puede haber y que contradictoriamente es corta: la vida, el don mas maravilloso que Dios nos a dado y que de una forma u otra nosotros gobernamos y moldeamos a nuestro antojo, pero que en la mayoría lo hacemos mal, llegando después de cierto modo al arrepentimiento.

El re
vuelta at
tiempo p
irrecuper
aunque
lo dicho
esta y no
atrás... Pe
todavía no
para enm
errores comet
empecemos p
mismos, querá
unos a otros c
cias y semejanzas,
y dejemos vivir, sin t
sin hipocresías, ni resentir
cuidémonos como herman
cuidemos todo lo que nos
por al lado y a nuestro alre
así sea un simple insecto. Cu
logremos esto, entonces pod
parar el tiempo de las guerras devast
de las millones de muertes de inocen
de cierto modo vinieron al mundo co
destino al igual que todos, que tarde
temprano... **terminará.**

ente a mi
templar y acariciar

reir
la luz que infunde
e ilumina mi vida

uchar tus palabras
da vibracion de ellas
mis venas
cer mis huesos

besos
a mi paladar
los como nunca

abrazo
alor
tu respirar
mi aire

nto a mi
oda mi vida
a un te amo
s de un atardecer
con el pincel de la sinceridad
or Dios

y por fin te siento
ar las estrellas
infinito
labios, rosar los mios
hecho realidad

Cierro los ojos
tu imagen en mi mente
como angel llegado del cielo
me lleva hasta la gloria

Sueno vivo y me siento
como ave al volar en el cielo
abro mis ojos
todo fue un sueño
un sueño del que nunca quise despertar

Mis sueños junto a ti
la cuna de nuestro amor
donde descansa crece
y se alimenta con pasión

Un deseo interminable
sentirte a mi lado
darte todo mi apoyo

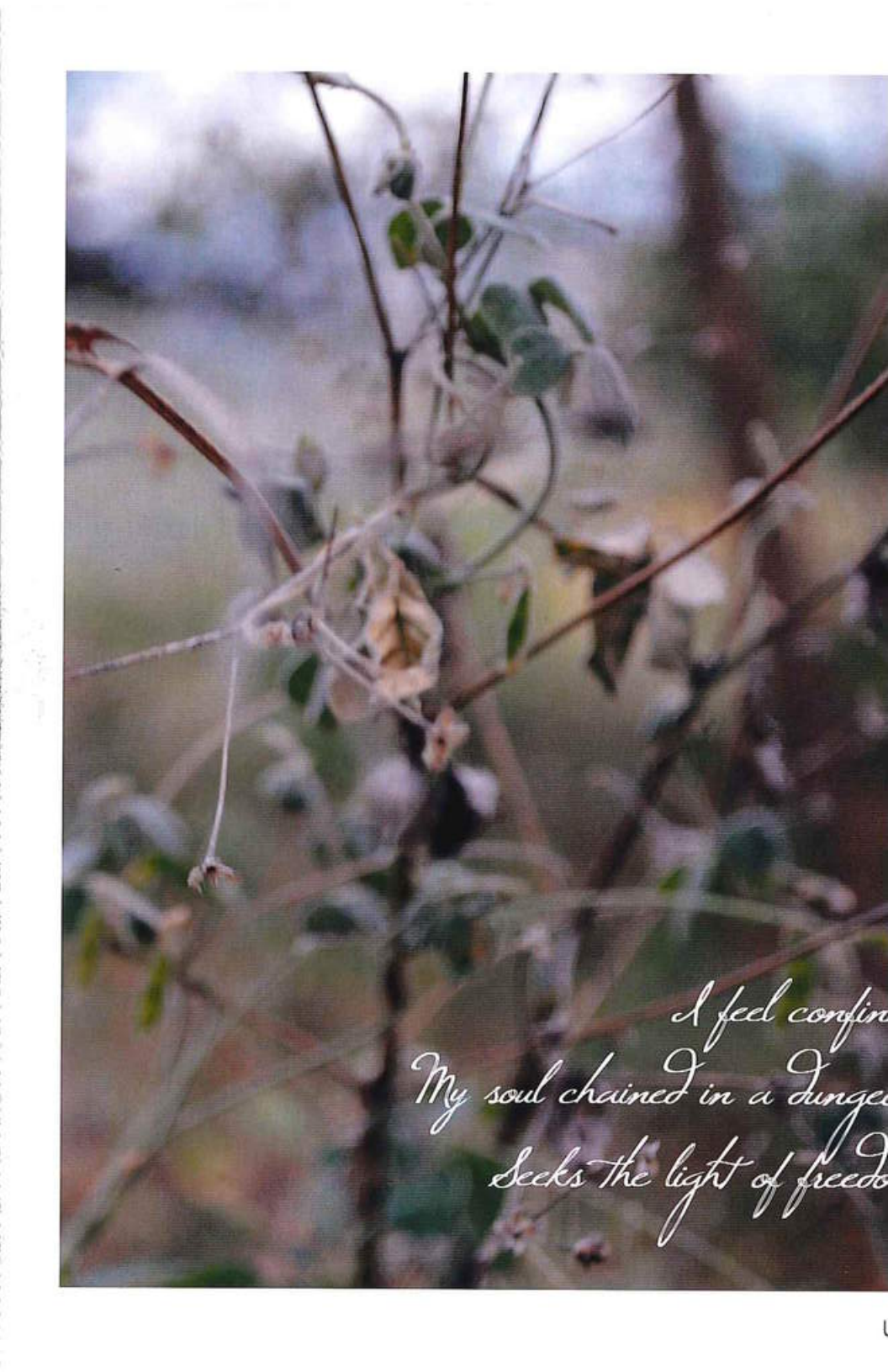
Un sueño junto a ti
es paz en la tormenta
una luz en tinieblas
mi vivir y mi morir
mi felicidad en la tristeza

Es tocar el cielo con las manos
y jugar con las estrellas
un sueño contigo
es un deseo
El deseo de despertar junto a ti
Te necesito...



Te Neces





*I feel confined
My soul chained in a dungeon
Seeks the light of freedom*

Moriste Por Mi,
Yo Viviré Para Ti





Eres tú mi padre, el todo poderoso,
ser llamado tu hijo me pone orgulloso.

Pues eres padre único y perfecto
me amas y me cuidas a pesar de mis defectos

Amor de sobra tú me has dado
no tengo dudas, pues me lo has demostrado

Porque a tu único hijo entregaste
Cuando pecado en el mundo encontraste.

Al que llamaban por nombre Jesús
y que murió por ti y por mí en la cruz.

A ofrecer salvación el vino,
pues su amor es grande y divino.

Que ama al que hace el bien
Y a los que se dedican a hacer el mal también
Pero él comprende, pues somos humanos;
por eso está ahí para darte la mano.

Y no importa si caes por cualquier razón
el estará ahí para limpiarte el corazón.

Te lo digo esta noche, porque él lo hizo conmigo
me levanto y me limpió como un buen amigo

Me sacó de una pesadilla a un sueño

Y de mi corazón se ha vuelto el dueño.

Me libra y me guarda de cualquier tentación
y llena mi vida de gran bendición.

Por eso a donde quiera que vaya, a cualquier parte

En mi corazón Jesús, yo prometo guardarte.

Quiero traerle gloria y honra a mi nombre
y ser luz en el mundo entre todos los hombres

Pues quiero servirte de noche y de día
ya que tuyo es mi corazón, y el alma mía
prometo guardar y no olvidar tu ley.

Porque serás para siempre mi único Rey.
No olvides que te amo, y siempre te amare

Por los siglos de los siglos... Amén.



Sometime, Someday

Well, sometime, someday,
I will feel the raindrops on my face.
I will start feeling my decay.
I'll fall into my grave with grace.

Well, sometime, someday,
I will grow old and slow.
I will start feeling my decay.
My life will go in a blow.

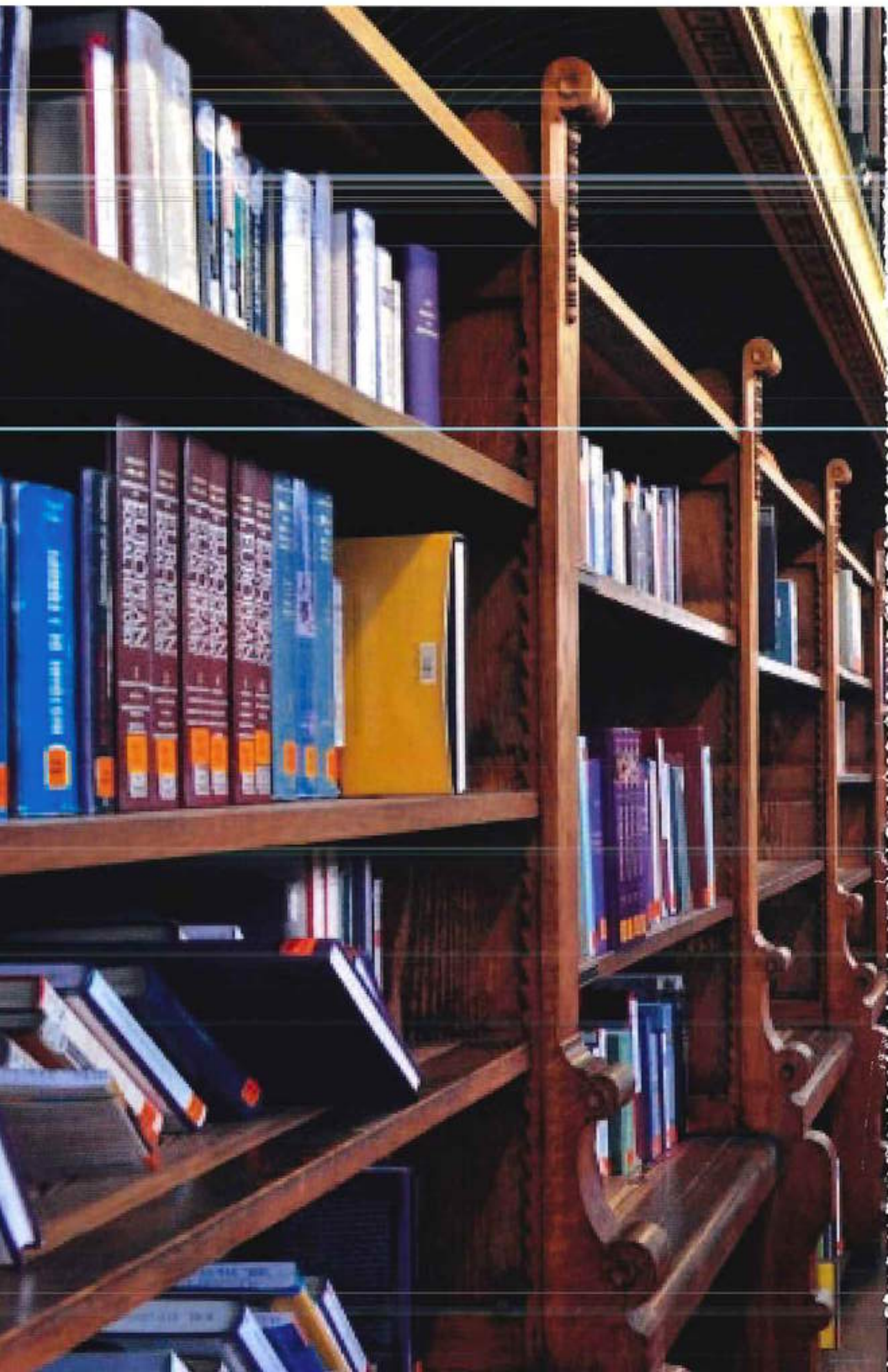
Well, sometime, someday,
I will caress his hair and with dismay
Say goodbye with a kiss;
I'll become clay.

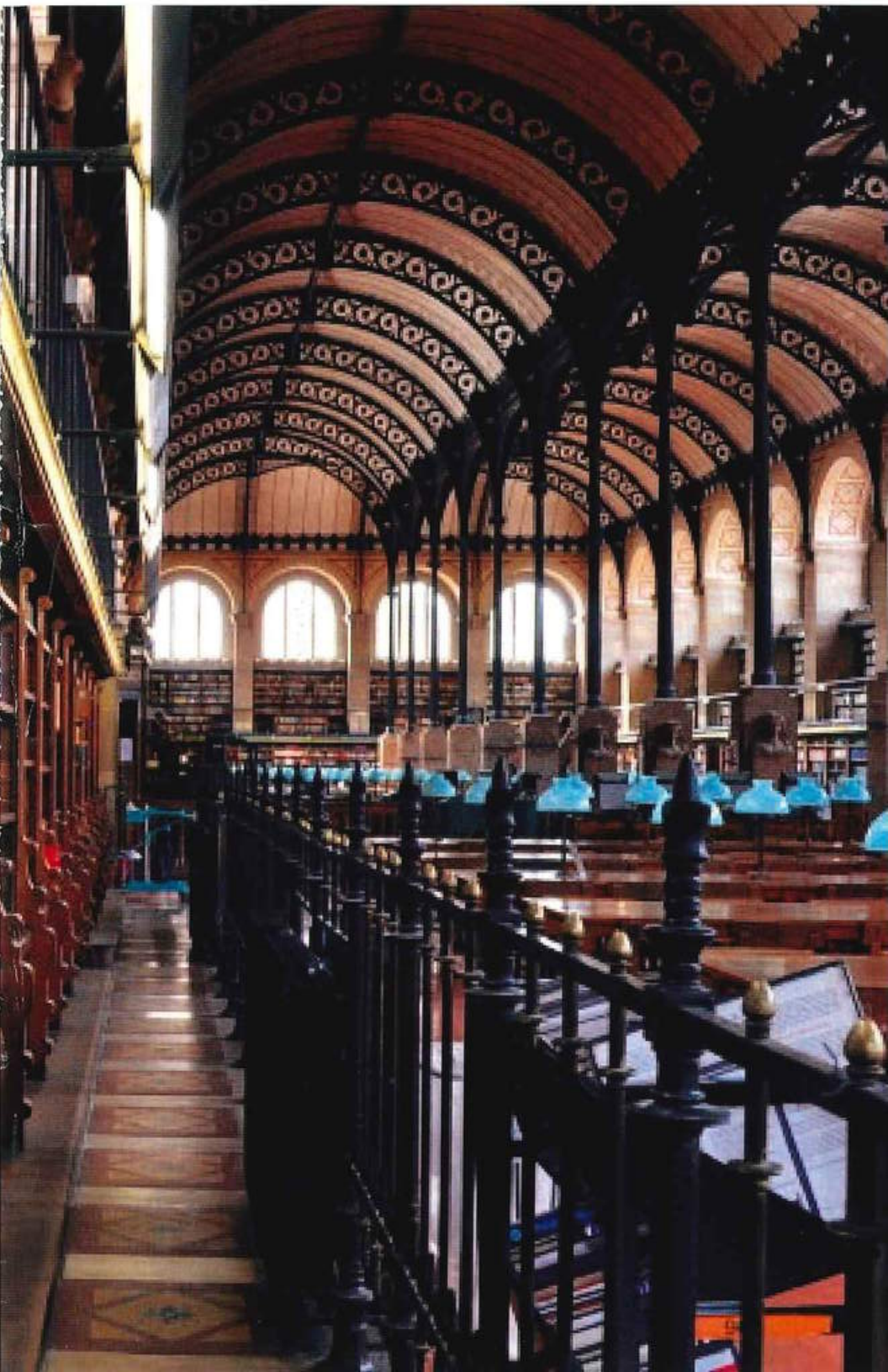
I will tightly hold my body.
I'll try to stay.
But if I fail, I knew I had to go
Sometime, someday.





And as my
greed feeds
you
in exchange
of a smile,
it educates
you just to
make me feel
better,
it saves you
from my ego.
I can't
believe how
selfish.







Azul

Llegué a quererte un poquito, hermosa sorpresa que me dio la vida. Coincidimos tirando piedras a la marea revuelta en un día soleado. Nuestras sonrisas salpicadas de sal se transformaron por la dulzura de aquél fortuito encuentro. Nos unió la ola de un destino invisible que jamás imaginamos, llevándonos intuitivamente y de la mano hacia las costas más hermosas de un sueño impredecible. Claudicamos en la corriente que unió nuestros horizontes. Éramos jóvenes entonces, de cuerpo y alma, estrenando apenas un corazón demasiado alborotado; dos pequeños veleros en la inmensidad de un océano implacable.

Llegué a quererte un poquito, a cada paso que dábamos recolectando una piedra, una concha, un caracol, pensando en construir una atalaya de un cerro verde, rodeados de palmeras, poblada donde sólo se respirara el azul del mar y del cielo. acurrucados respirar de las olas y el suspirar de las estrellas, viviríamos y yo refugiados en nuestro nido etéreo. Con risas y lágrimas los ladrillos de nuestra fortaleza de sueños. Éramos ingeniosos, tapando huecos para que ninguna tormenta penetrara en el mágico interior.

Llegué a quererte un poquito, más resultó férrea la determinación del destino por separar nuestras mareas. Nada tenía que ver el corazón alborotado, ni la mente ilusionada, ni los cuerpos dispuestos a enfrentarlo todo. No podía ser azul nuestro horizonte. Cada concha que colocábamos en nuestro hogar se partía en pedazos; los caracoles que dejábamos en el jardín inexplicablemente regresaban al mar. Abrazados en la hamaca bajo las palmeras, los loros presentían la tormenta dónde sólo brillaba el sol para los dos. Éramos ingenuos entonces, pensando que de puro afán nuestro amor nos acompañaría siempre.

Llegué a quererte un poquito. No por falta de intensidad, que ver el corazón ingenuo, joven e ingenioso. Nuestras fluminadas por el sol se toparon con una realidad triste y revocable. Los loros callaron sorpresivamente, las olas de respirar, las estrellas de suspirar, hasta el reloj del mundo instante para sin sentirlo ni esperarlo, tu partieras. Te llevaste los caracoles y nuestros sueños a un mar donde no hay tormentas donde solo reina la luz y la paz. Algún día volveremos a verte al alba.

Llegué a quererte un poquito, no por falta de intensidad sino más bien porque nuestro destino así lo quiso. Atesoraré el brillo de tu mirada y la dulzura de tu sonrisa hasta nuestro próximo encuentro a orillas del mar.







In the Darkest Hour

Sometimes, in the darkest hour,
When the crickets shush,
And the night is sour,
I feel the rush.

It goes through my veins,
Like the speed of light,
And then it just reigns,
Then it holds me tight.

The fears break and crawl,
And take over my spine.
Because I hear an owl,
That whispers, "You are mine."

So then I run, I run so restless,
Through the dark forest at night,
Through the swampy color
Never to stop until it's bright.

But it is faster than me,
I feel lost!
Am I ever to be free
From this so turbulent ghost?



es burn with intensity, an intensity that's been nineteen years in the making. The same intensity makes her desirous of everything at once, a desire that makes her explode into a myriad of colors, colors constantly mixed together to procure her palette. This palette then encompasses the colors that paint the essence of her life: a bright orange which symbolizes her inquisitiveness and desire of discovery; a bright yellow that is so representative of her yearning for growth; and the color blue, a Utopian vision of her reflective thoughts, insights and her never-ending quest for wisdom.

Personalities are constantly evolving, for she is never quite the same person. Some days she's quiet, a profound thinker, floating away in a world that dwells in the deepest recesses of her psyche. There are times when her mind shifts to a tangible realm where scholarly and adamant spirits come into play. On other days, she's social, friendly, a free-spirited butterfly.

There are days where she's eloquent, poised, reserved. On these days, her speech and thoughts flow synchronously, like the world's rivers beautifully merging and streaming into the sea. Then there are days where she's a drama queen, the world simply her stage. There are days where she's a cynic, her generation's Franz Kafka. Ironically, there are



days that she's generous, a true Mother Teresa of Calcutta. Then there are days that she's a dictator or perhaps just a little bossy, for what she lacks in height she makes up with the strength of character. Sometimes she comes out a little too fervent, harsh, blunt. It is days like these that get her into trouble, for she has never quite mastered the art of biting her tongue.

There are days that she's an idealist, the 21st century's Don Quixote de la Mancha. There are days that she's as realistic as Don Quixote's Sancho Panza. There are days that she's courageous, as invincible as Achilles without the spot of weakness. There are days where she's delicate, her body covered in thorns at a lame attempt for protection.

There are days where she loves humanity to the tips of her fingers. Then there are days that humanity disappoints her, inevitably morphing her into a revolutionary. There are days where her senses are invigorated, making her feel more alive than ever before. There are days where she doesn't know where she's going, who she is, and this is all part of life into perspective. It's days like these that make her realize that she must keep herself together for she is not one, but many, and this, this makes all the difference.





Infancia queda en el pasado para dar paso a la desdichada infelicidad, y cuando la edad viene a demostrar que en el mundo no todo es color de rosa ni tan bello como un amanecer en una romántica playa. ¡Qué infancia aquella que llegó demasiado lento y se fue demasiado pronto! ¡Qué infancia aquella en la que las locuras eran llamadas aventuras, en la que los diminutos problemas eran la excusa perfecta para un beso y un consuelo de una adorada hermana! ¡Qué infancia aquella en la que la escuela era el sitio ideal para reír y jugar, para hacer equipos de deportes y hablar de cosas que eran consideradas secretos para los adultos! Aquella, ya lejana infancia en la que las hadas existían y en la que los unicornios eran los amigos fieles de los príncipes y sus damas, dejó de existir. Se acabó sin previo aviso, se fue alejando y nunca volvió. Aquella infancia se esfumó sin dejar rastro, dejando atrás vagos recuerdos. A su vez, una nueva etapa comenzó sin decir "hola."

Es esa virgen etapa la que va a guiar la vida, los sentimientos, los modos de pensar y la forma de comportarse. Todo al igual que ella es nuevo; ya salieron los primeros dientes fuertes, ya llegaron las primeras muestras que ayudan a simplificar el estudio de la anatomía humana; un cambio físico que por el momento es nuevo y algo conmovedor a la propia vista. Etapa de cambio, de decepciones,

de esperanzas nuevas, de metas y sueños a cumplir; una etapa que muestra la máxima responsabilidad existente es simple, pero a la vez incomprensible de llevar a cabo. Simplemente se vive una vida fácil, sin gastar el aire y ocupar espacio que podría ocupar otro.

Es esta etapa llamada adolescencia, la causante de todos estos cambios; responsable de que la sonriente infancia se fuera tan rápido, sin despedida por la causante de las primeras desilusiones correspondientes a un amor considerado imposible o fantasioso. Es la etapa que los padres llaman "etapa difícil." Ya no es niño pero todavía no es hombre; ya no es una bebita, pero tampoco es una mujer con experiencias. Es simplemente una más entre las tantas etapas por las que hay que pasar, la cual deja atrás muchos recuerdos y memorias en el vacío.

Esta etapa es fugaz y al igual que la infancia también se irá sin decir "adiós."

Ahora lo siento por ti, se que al igual que yo, estas pasando por una de las difíciles etapas humanas; pero no te apresures a querer dejarla atrás, porque ya no la tengas añorarás volverla a vivir, o haberte quedado siempre en ella. Te quedas una amiga de siglos pasados, y una hermana quizás de siglos futuros.

Etapas

En este Mundo, Vida

Mirándote a los ojos descubrí
un infinito inmenso de emociones
y buscando en sus mares me sentí
como si me cantaras mil canciones.

Y mirando el cielo sin estrellas
escuchando el sonido de tus besos
encontrando en mi pecho cosas bellas
antes de ti, me encontraba preso

Busqué en tus ojos la palabra
que describiera aquello que sentía
y logre que mi corazón se abra
yo pensé solamente: ¡Vida mía!

Pero no te lo dije, aunque hablaste
de sentimientos puros y profundos
y con ternura inmensa preguntaste
si sentía lo mismo, en este mundo.

Y escribiendo estos versos mal rimados
me llegó tu mensaje; Interrumpía
el fluido de ideas que con agrado
te escribo yo esta noche... ¡Vida mía!



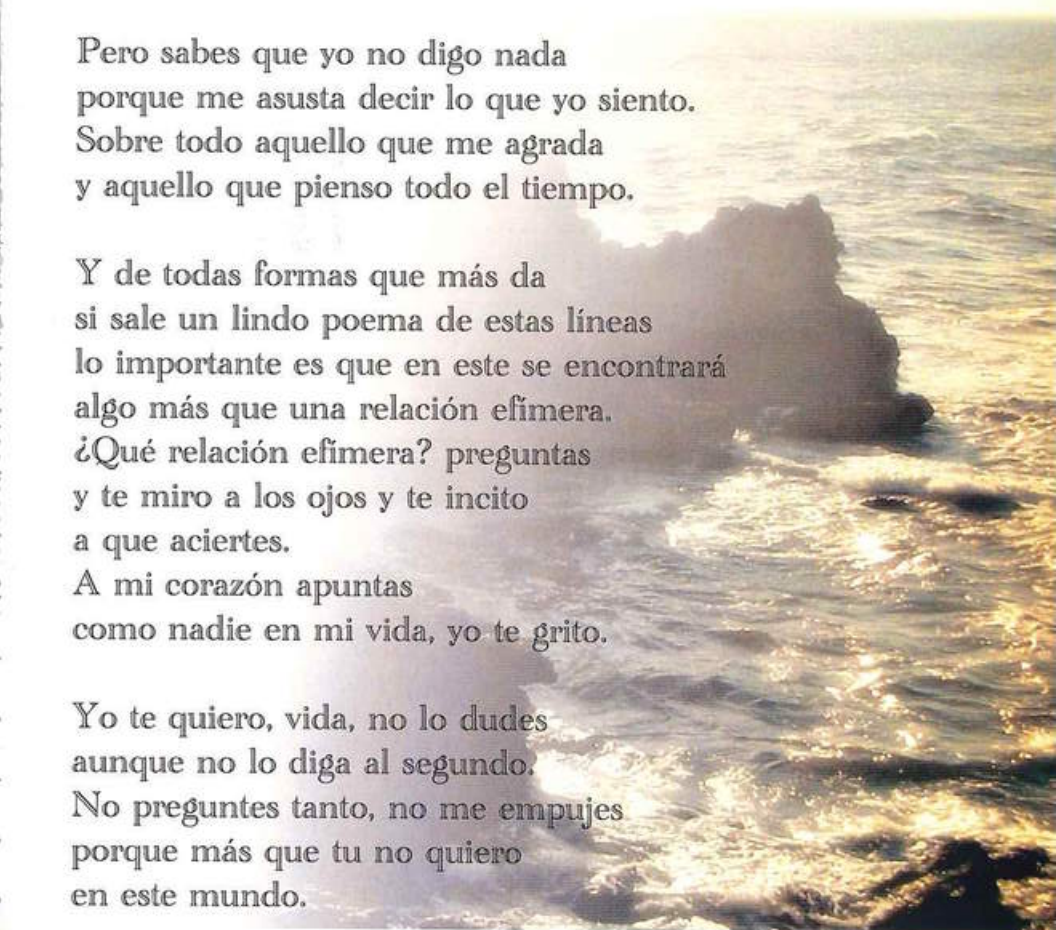
¡Qué nada nos separe! Me pedistes
con palabras blancas en mi pantalla.
Mientras cierro los ojos, me rompiste
por eso digo que hablas mucho. ¡Calla!

Estar contigo siempre es lo que anhele
durante ciertos momentos en el día.
¡Beberme tu cuerpo, tocar tu pelo
y morir contigo vida mía!

Pero sabes que yo no digo nada
porque me asusta decir lo que yo siento.
Sobre todo aquello que me agrada
y aquello que pienso todo el tiempo.

Y de todas formas que más da
si sale un lindo poema de estas líneas
lo importante es que en este se encontrará
algo más que una relación efímera.
¿Qué relación efímera? preguntas
y te miro a los ojos y te incito
a que aciertes.
A mi corazón apuntas
como nadie en mi vida, yo te grito.

Yo te quiero, vida, no lo dudes
aunque no lo diga al segundo.
No preguntes tanto, no me empujes
porque más que tu no quiero
en este mundo.







ack:

ed.

one can say we didn't.

ters, texts, soft tender kisses on each other's forehead still remain intact in our hearts as subtle
f affection, as proof that we tried.

reminiscing on all the beautiful things that came about of us being together. Due to our current
stances though, us breaking up and all, it was hard to look back at all the times we were to-
However, no matter how many times I ran a playback of our ten months together in my head,
beat the feeling of being loved, brought upon by the memory of the night we went to the movies
weeks of not seeing each other. We really tried.

remember it like it was yesterday.

d spent weeks planning a date to Key Biscayne, but instead we decided to go to the movies be-
was closer. The Time Traveler's Wife was released in theaters that week and being the hopeless
tics we were, and the fact that we both read the book, we were eager to see it.

umber getting ready as if I was going to a candlelit dinner, followed by a walk on the beach. I wore
ate orange dressy shirt, a long dangling necklace and equally cute skinny jeans, only worn for
with you. And, of course, how could I forget that I didn't take a sweater. I wanted your arms to
me warm that night... And they did. During the movie, you never let go of me. I lay on your chest
g my heart beat.

MY HEART,

ating heart that's in your chest.

umber thinking as our hearts beat together as one that night that they were never affected by this
ce between us. I also remember that at one point my love, exactly in the part of the movie where
and out the main character 'Henry' was about to die and leave his wife alone, I felt your arms
around me. I looked up and stared at you. You were crying so I embraced your hug even more. I
what you meant... Without words you had told me that this distance wasn't going to separate us;
othing would ever separate us. I started crying too. I kissed your hand; you loosened your arms

and lifted my head up by my chin. You pressed your forehead against mine, "I love you-- Please don't cry. I'll never leave you alone, remember it's till death do us part," you said.

YOU PROMISED.

And I believed you.

Afterwards, when the movie ended, as we were walking around the theater, I remember you stopping me in front of some jewelry store. My first thought was, "He's proposing!" You smiled and assured me you were going to propose one day. "We're too young," you said. I gave you a little push and you looked at me with a "What the fuck?" face. I smiled and told you "Hey, I'm young and stupid; I don't know why I did that." You chuckled and kissed me. As we kept walking we passed an elderly couple holding hands too. "That's us in 40 years," you said. "I'm a good looking grandma," I told you. "Yes, you are," you responded. We kept laughing and kissing some more.

I remember we didn't want that night to end.

As I was trying to go to my car, you did everything possible to spend more time with me. It was because that you used my addiction against me... Your kisses. I liked though that afterwards we danced on the sidewalk to the romantic music playing in our heads. I'll never forget such weird but cute memories from such an amazing night like that.

Jack, I'm crying like I did in the movie theater. Don't worry about me this time though; let the tears just stroll down my cheek. It alleviates the pain that this distance has caused between us. This distance has forced us to break up although we tried to prevent it. Since our feelings for one another still remain, I want to remind you that I still believe in us and your promise to be with me forever. They say if you love something, let it go... And if it comes back it was yours to love from the start. Well baby, we'll love each other go. And I have a feeling that by those tears in your eyes in that movie theater, the same tears that love me with a passion, your beautiful green eyes...

You meant it.

So please hold up to your promise.

With love always,
your Sally.

An Arid Bloom

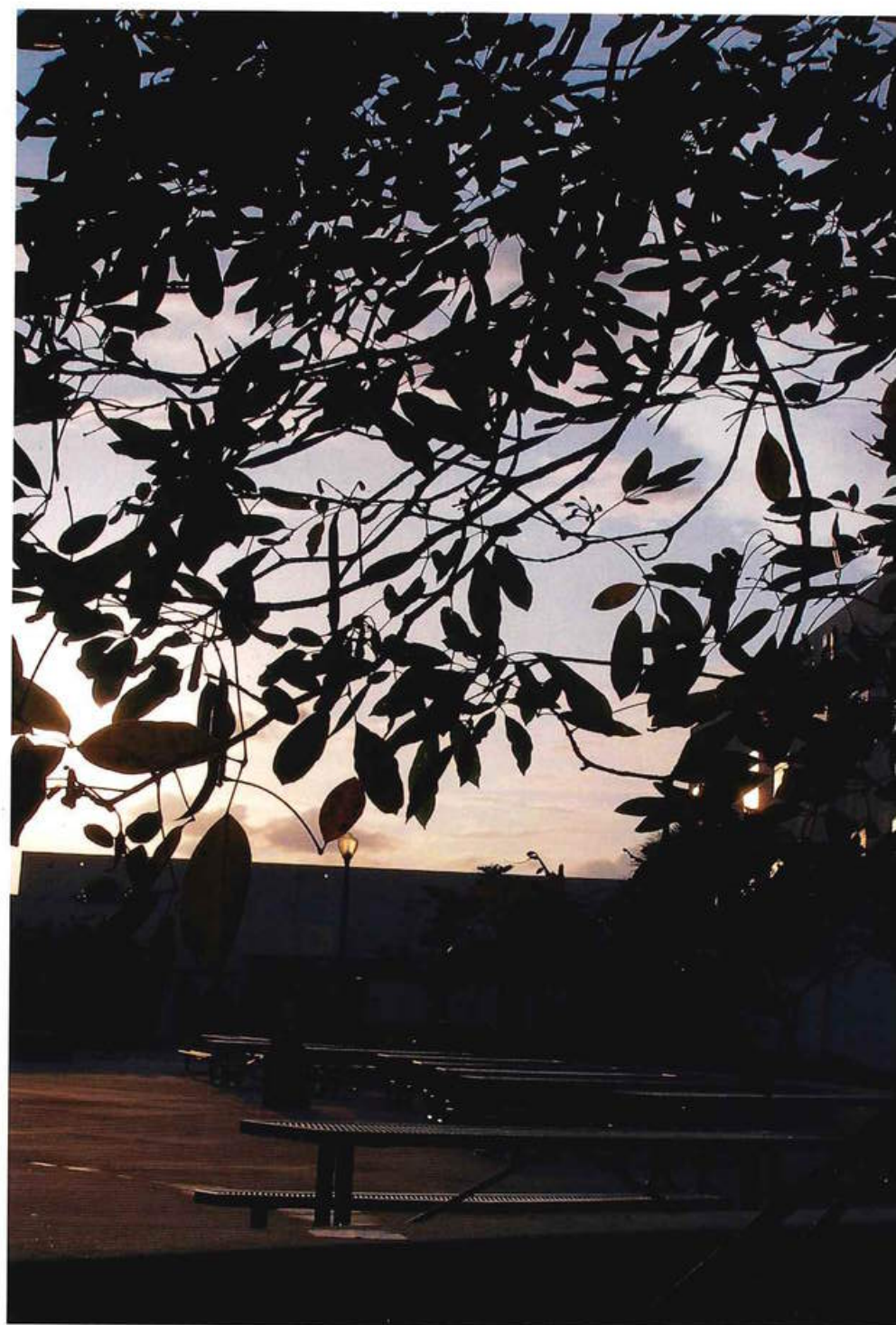
filling time and touching all,
found one day an arid bloom,
and back in time I saw the ball,
With you, during that happy afternoon.

ut time has passed and I grew grey,
and with displeasure I regarded,
My once true passion in dismay,
a chains of thorns, my heart was guarded.

iving it up I walked away,
and filled my heart with foolery,
utting my heart inside a tray,
only wanted to be free.

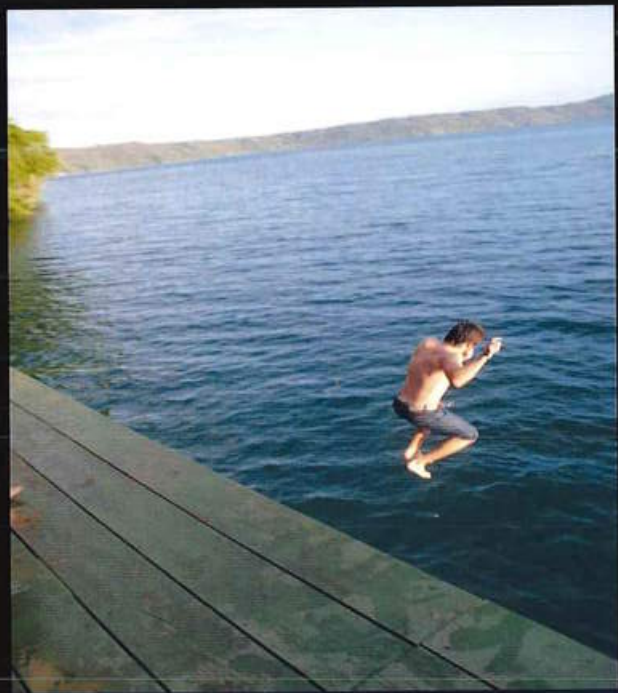
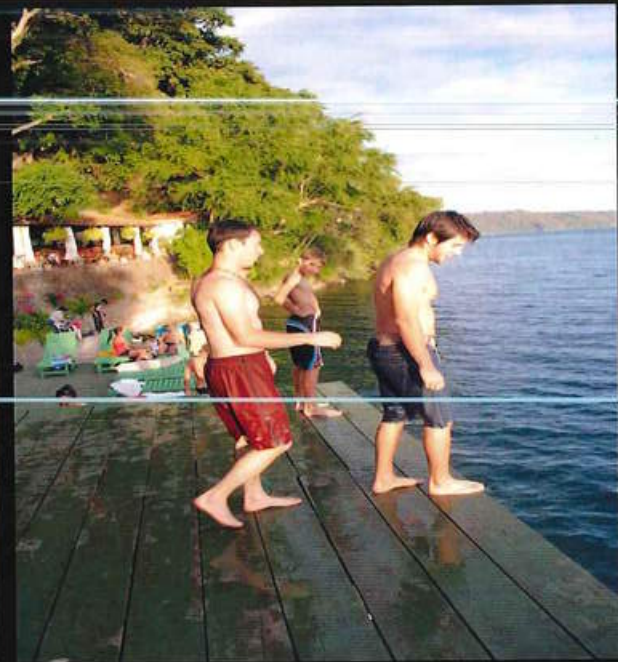
eeing the flower laying there,
after nine months of being blue,
realize I didn't dare,
o give a chance to "I love you."

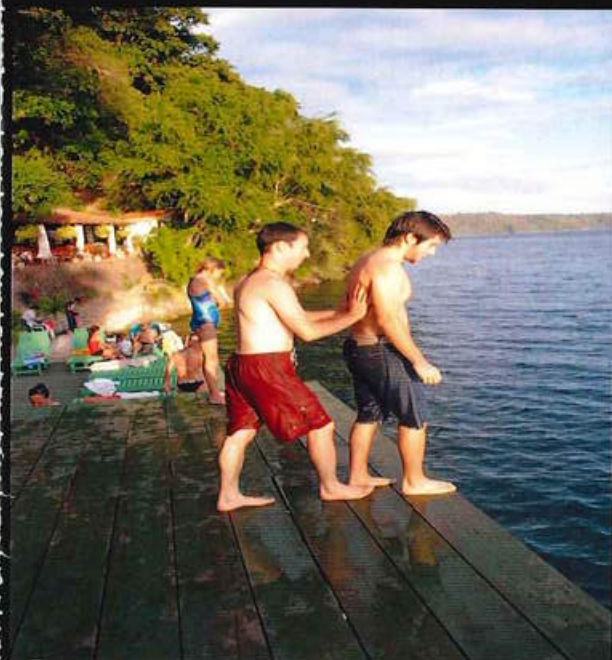














YOUR LIES

My soul fears the truth;
She can feel your lies.
Are they too bad?
Your eyes are showing no light.
Blackness and darkness,
Emptiness.
I can feel your pain.
Was it too bad?
Can you still hear me?
Are you here now?
My soul knows your heart.
She is telling me that you love me.
But if you do,
Why do you hide it?
Your love can't hurt me,
Because love is pure.
Love is honesty.
Does your mind know that?



THE HAVANA

uggle of finding where I belong, I question where I will be laid to rest.
ishes be scattered or kept?
ody be buried or burnt?
ow.

ow for sure is that I want to be close to where I belong.
to say I come from the warm beaches of Miami and its Spanish speaking streets.
ve not been born here, but this was the place I chose.
nly place I feel comfortable,
place I belong and I dare to call home.

ne on the intersection of Calle 8 and 14th, a block from where I physically reside,
re my heart is.
ment that I have walked the most lies here;
boulevard, the smell of cohibas, the sound of different accents that become one
nglish.
hear the sounds of Salsa, and the Uruguayan drums,
of asado and the different rums.

e rain to wash the taste of tobacco and cannabis from the floor,
ly caress my flesh with its captivating and prohibited essence.
hear the ghetto Spanglish from the bike riding youth,
stories of "Revolucion!" from the elders.

y spirit to escape my cave and run down 8th street,
west until it reaches the shore, and then towards the warm salty waters of the night.
walk alone when everyone is asleep,
ly watch the moon retreat into the horizon of buildings.
watch the sun emerge wet from the sea, standing on the Alton Road boardwalk,
ne morning breeze.

where I find all that's needed, it's here where I find the people I love.
thousands of brothers and sisters that beyond their differences,
cided to establish their futures and hope.
be buried here, for they too call it home.



Solitary Winter



Winter.

Sad white afternoons.

Barren field of dead hopes.

Lonely swings never touched before.

Warm frost.







ent, but I am the same.
ne from afar, but here my life
I remains.

ited as a whole; no matter our
we're still one.

filled mountains are taller than
ats how beautiful they look in the
e.
re I came from.
re our family begins, the root of it

o we are, but we're still one.

nt, yet still the same.
can and a proud one too.
are heroes, yet some are not.
I'm Hispanic.
anish and English.

Spanish, Dialects, and our own lan-
e are all heroes, in one way or an-
s are small and simple.
hing is they're made and filled with
ook like plain people, but we're sure

is small.
is big.
om, dad and I.
usband, my eight other kids and me.
e is different, we're all individuals.

We dance Folklore music, we know one another.
I'm different, but I'm the same.
I'm religious, yet I'm not.

I go to Church, I believe, I have faith.
God is our savior, he's the one.
Jesus Christ, God in mankind.
Virgin Mary, "Virgen del Quinche," "El niño Jesus."
We're devoted to them, we give them traditional
Masses.
We're all religious. We pray every day.
Saints, Jesus and Virgin Mary are whom we pray to
Always, and in our times of need they respond.

Cheeseburgers and Fries, Coke and milkshakes.
Fast foods and restaurants.
All in a hurry. One big rush.
We eat by ourselves, only one meal is a family
meal.

Llapingachos, Fritada, Hornado.
Choelo (white corn), and chichi (a corn drink).
At home and in picnics, we eat at peace.
With family and friends, one big shared meal.

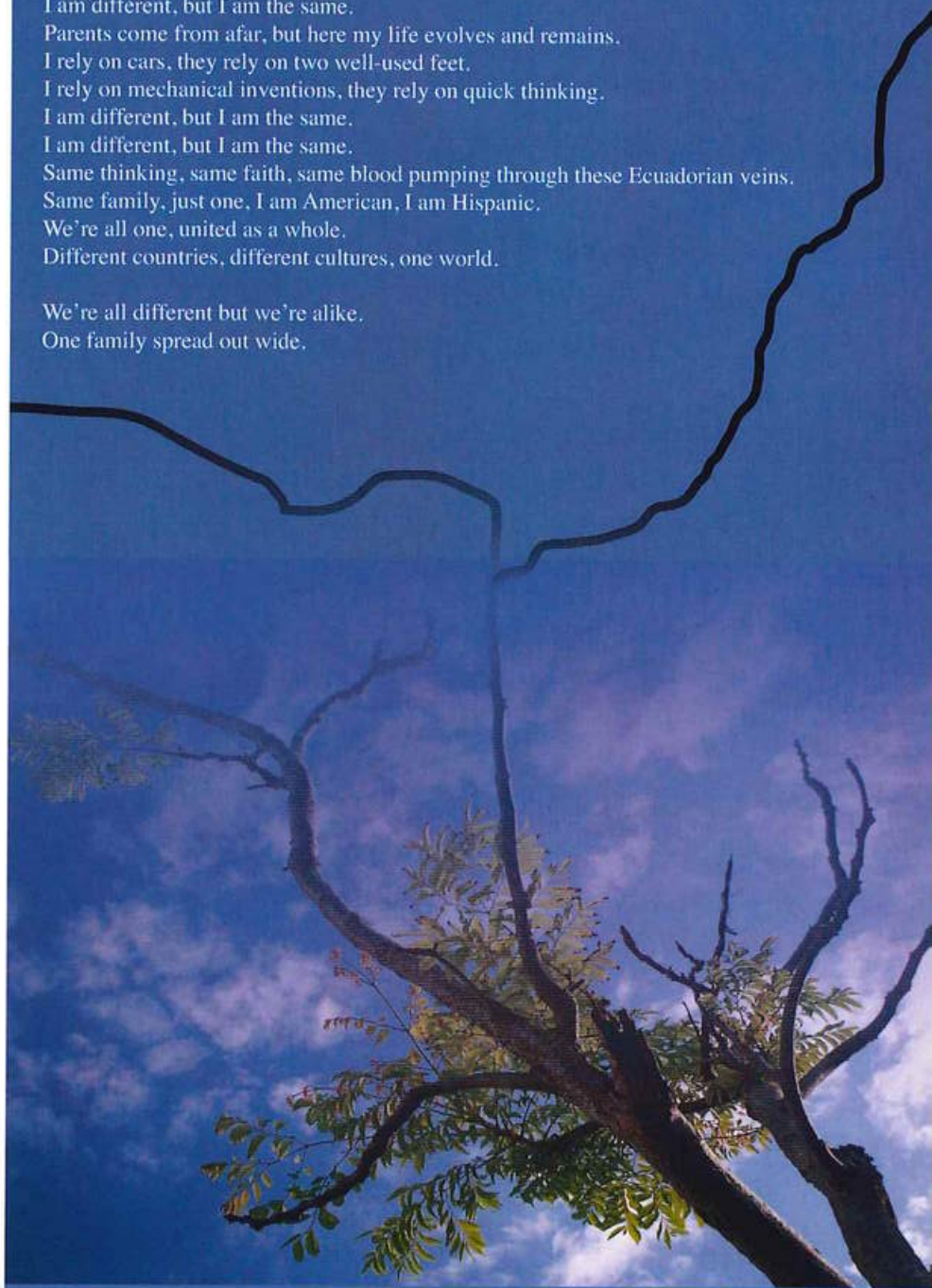
We hardly survive in this modern world.
Electricity we can't live without.
A simple hurricane and our lives are destroyed.
We depend on others, we can't be alone.
Our transportation, nothing but engines.

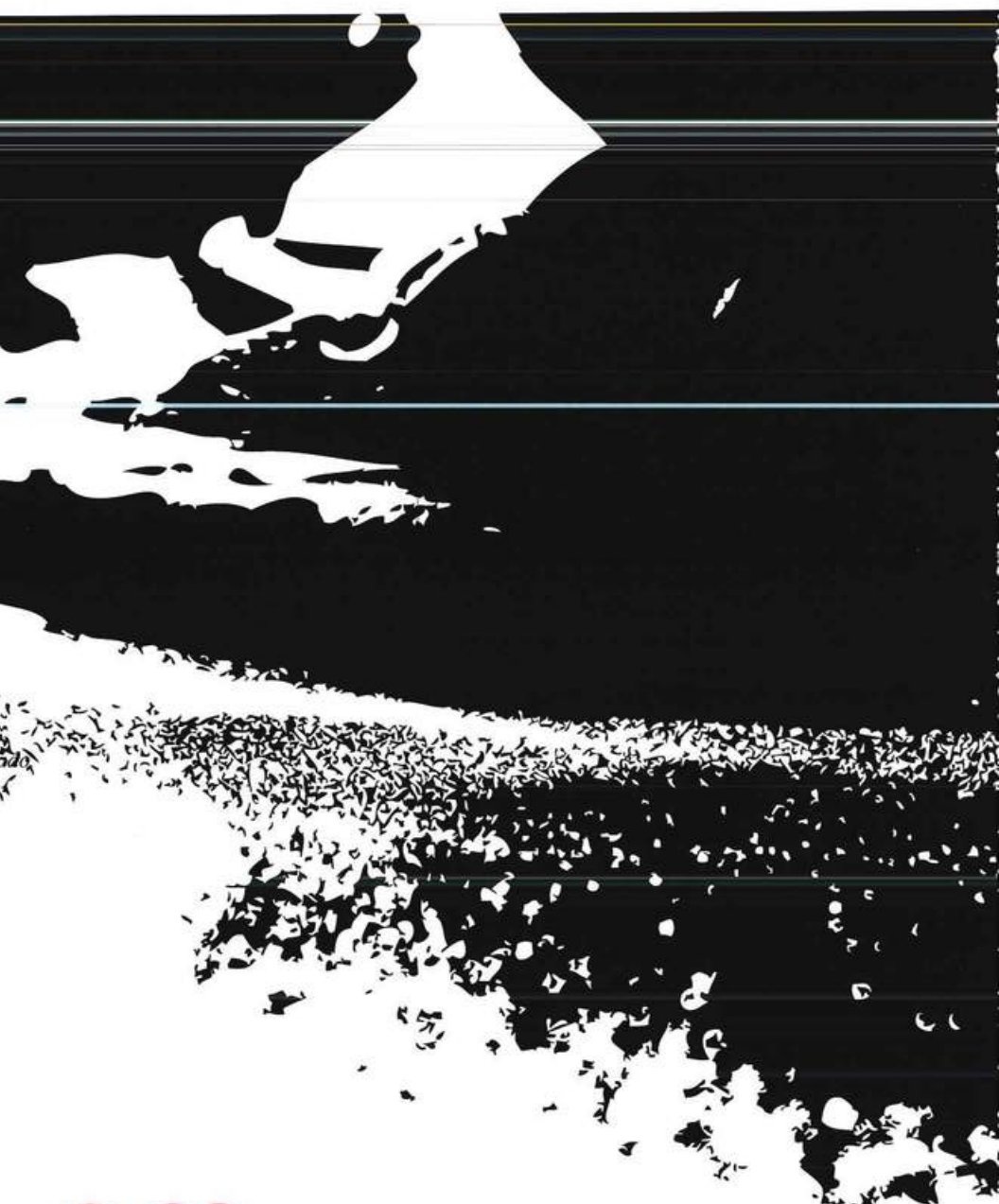
We survive one way or another.
We live how we can, electricity is sometimes not of
need.
Volcanoes, earthquakes and snow, we live through it.

I am Different,
But I am the Same

We depend on ourselves. Out there we live on our own.
Engines, you mean cars? Surely not us, by foot we go.
I am different, but I am the same.
Parents come from afar, but here my life evolves and remains.
I rely on cars, they rely on two well-used feet.
I rely on mechanical inventions, they rely on quick thinking.
I am different, but I am the same.
I am different, but I am the same.
Same thinking, same faith, same blood pumping through these Ecuadorian veins.
Same family, just one, I am American, I am Hispanic.
We're all one, united as a whole.
Different countries, different cultures, one world.

We're all different but we're alike.
One family spread out wide.





am...

I am a literary juxtaposition,
Wrapped up in a whirl of
verbs that lack punctuation.
I am an array of adjectives,
That range from witty, unwavering, inventive.
I am the oh so facetious em dash,
So characteristic of my prolific—albeit sporadic—
variations of thought.
I am an eloquent concoction of metaphors,
hyperboles, similes, aphorisms...
All illustrious remnants of who I am, who I've been,
and who I will become.



I feel lost.

I feel confused.

My head spins.

My eyes can't see through the mist.

I thought you were blind

because I was so still.

But then I realized,

Something changed:

Love was no longer around.

I mean; your touch was icy.

My kiss was nasty.

There was nothing to feel.

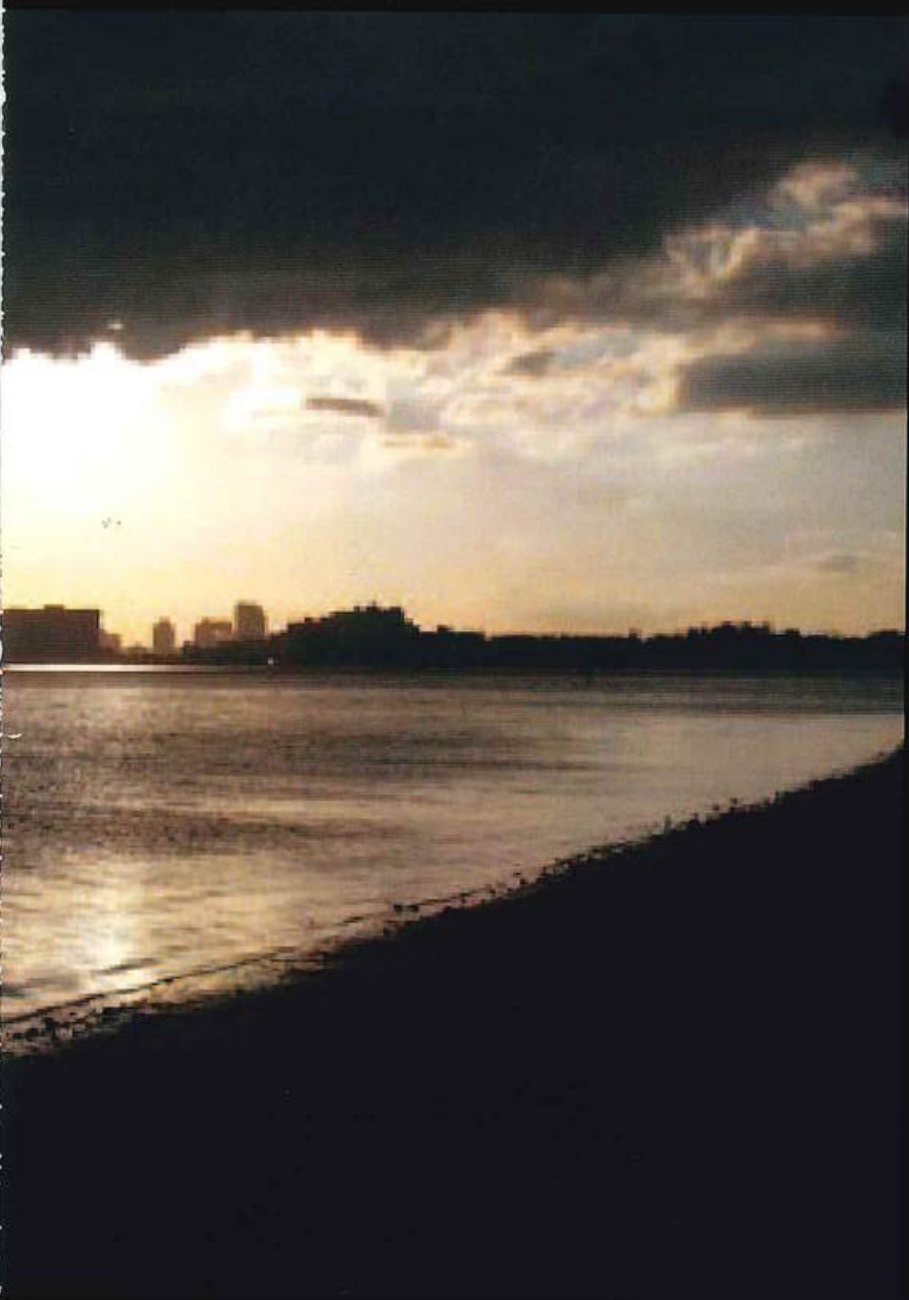
Pleasure isn't tasty

with incidents like this.











Una vez en un lejano pueblito,
yo nombre no aparece en los
apas, se convocó a una fiesta a
dos los colores. Había un gran
poroto en el pueblo porque to-
s querían participar en aquella
reunión.

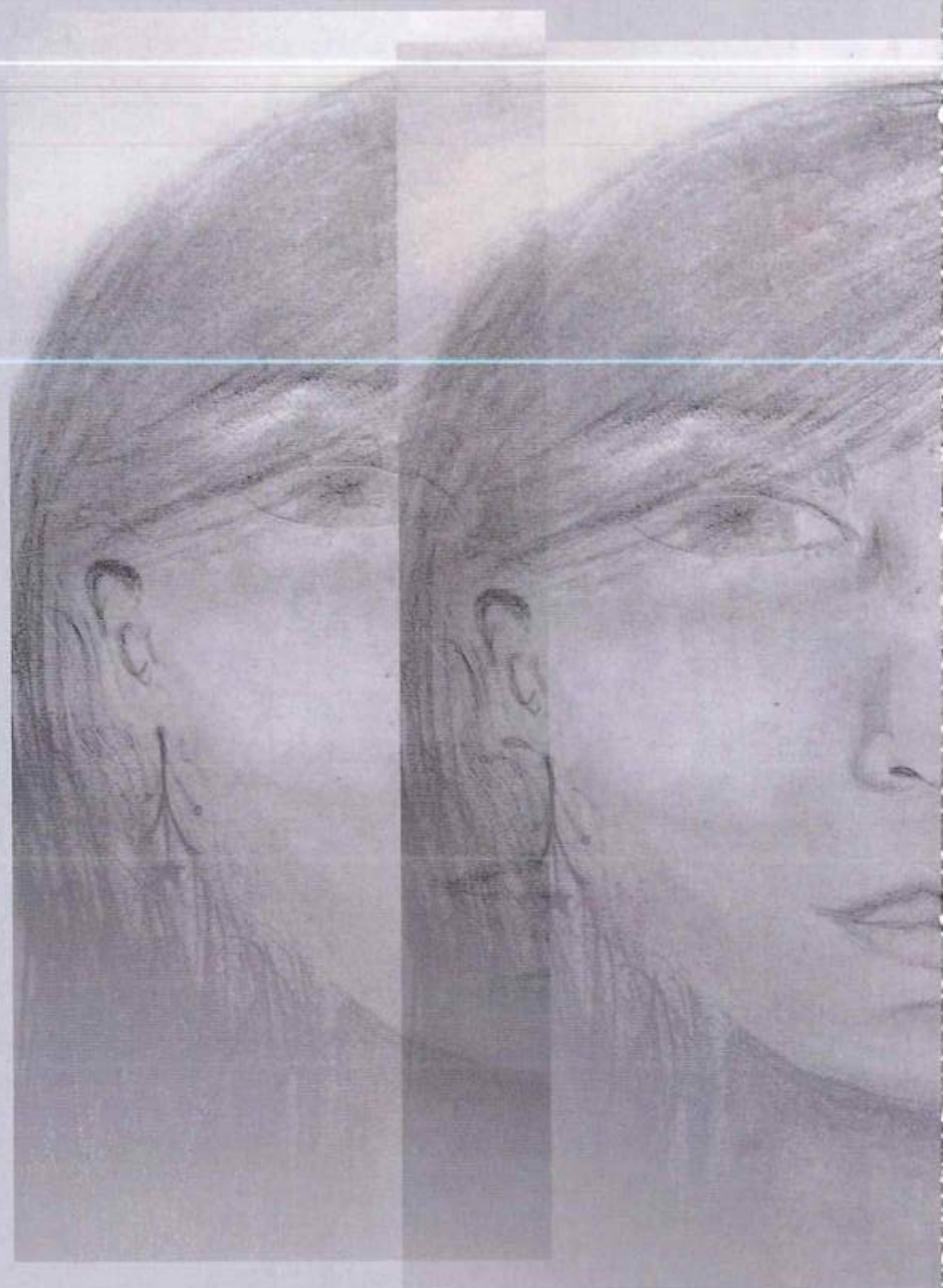
Algunos días pasaron hasta
e llegó la fecha acordada. Muy
mpranito el sol se asomaba en
horizonte y en sus enormes
yos traía el naranja del alba.
entamente, mientras el sol salía
e su escondite, el amarillo hizo
llegada. Consigo traía el calor
el día que amedrentaba la frial-
ad de la noche. También trajo la
z natural que permitía a las aves
blar sin estrellarse contra los ar-
bles. Casi tras el amarillo, vino
verde en representación de la
y la esperanza, pero también de
s plantas terrestres y marinas.
quí es donde converge el verde
e la primavera con el azul del
ar que refleja la inmensidad del

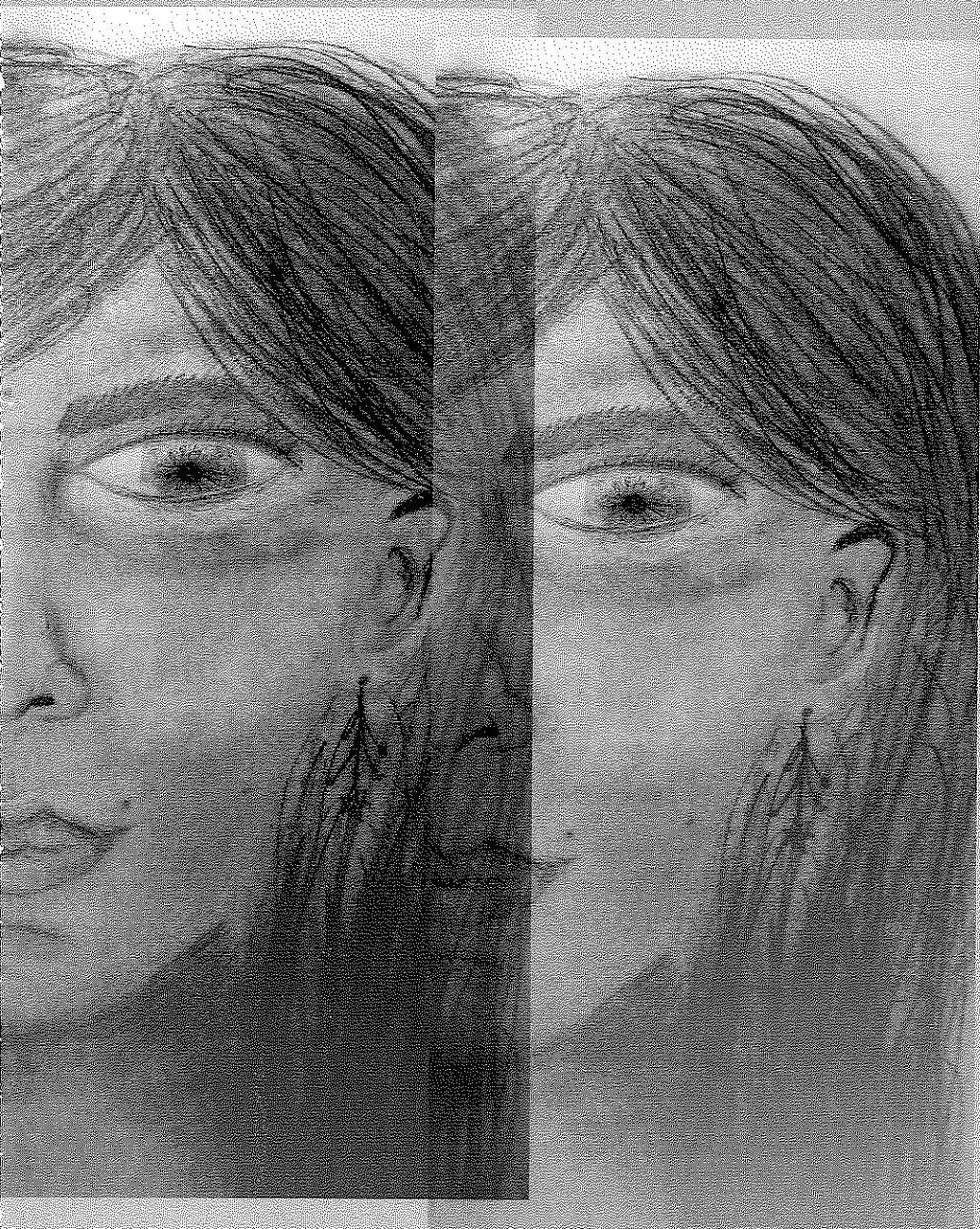
La Fiesta de los Colores



cielo. En este se exponía el blanco de las palomas que volaban confundiendo con las nubes. Horas después hizo su entrada el rosa. Este fue el momento más tierno del día. Había llegado el crepúsculo y las mariposas rondaban las rosas para demostrarles cariño o quizás admiración por su belleza. Siguiendo al rosa vino el rojo a proveer alegría a los invitados. Traía consigo el amor y la pasión. Todos bailaban y reían. Mientras se ataban de las manos y cantaban a una voz, apareció el negro de la noche que los envolvía en un oscuro manto.

Había llegado el fin de la fiesta, pero ellos siempre recordaban aquel día como el mejor de todos. Aquella fiesta representaba mucho más que la diversión, era la unión de todas las cosas maravillosas que la vida nos ofrece a través de los colores.





The veiled woman hurriedly walked along the moonlit cobble stone path, so as not to be seen. Her eyes were the only thing that reflected the light, and she had them cast down.

She was going to the midnight bazaar, for she knew he would be there. He was always waiting by the third booth in the back among an array of sweet incense and drums.

A man walking along drunkenly was coming from the other side. He was not aware of where he was going and so, when the woman and the man collided, her face was revealed for a quick second. The man in a complete stupor questioned: "Aren't you Miranda, Abraham's wife?" By that time she was running so fast she only heard the word Miranda.

She could not be caught. If one of her husbands' associates found her, she would be stoned. Women were not supposed to be outside at this hour. This bazaar was for men and unmarried women only. She quickly stopped around a corner that was glowing furiously with the light of fire torches. She could hear the drummers playing and knew he must be around. She closed her eyes for a second and bit her lip in excitement. Then she smiled under her dark veil and crept slowly towards the third booth on the right hand side.

To get to this booth you had to go through swarms of men and women, all calling out various things. There was an array of black market items: Oils, incenses, drums, potions to make your love more potent, witch herbs, weapons of all kinds. She hurried and dug her way through to the one place she needed to find. At first she didn't think he had come but then she slid by the side and there he was, oiling a calf skin to put on a drum. He didn't see her but he heard hard breathing and so he looked up suspiciously. When he saw her, his eyes lit up. He stood up, grabbed her and threw her as fast as he could inside his tent.

"You have come my love. I didn't think you would be able to. We are exhausting our chances for good luck every time we see each other like this," he breathed hard. She knew the sight of her excited him.

"I know," she whispered. "But I have been going crazy. I dream of you every night. I cannot stand making love to my husband. He is an ogre and he smells so strange. I can no longer make love to him."

"I am sorry Miranda. I know how hard it must be to marry someone you do not truly love." He caressed her face over her veil and looked to the door of the tent. "Wait here," he told her and left outside for a moment. A few seconds later he was back and following her outside through the back. "I have told Raymee to take over for me but I am afraid he is beginning to wonder. I am sad to think that we must not see each other for a while."

Her heart stopped for a brief second. She bit her lip again, but this time in utter despair. She slowly felt a trickle of blood and she licked it and sucked on her lip to try to mend the wound. She was trying not to cry as they walked out of the bazaar and over the hill but a single tear moistened her veil.

"I shall not come anymore," she finally said and he stopped.

"Please Miranda don't take it so harshly. You know that if I could, I would marry you. I would love you for the rest of our lives. You are my soul, my happiness, I cannot live without you. That is why I must caution you to be wary of what we are doing. Our practices are turning heads and the walls have eyes. I do not want you to be punished."

At this she started crying and screamed but in a whisper she uttered, "I would rather be stoned to death for making love to you than live a life of agony sleeping with Abraham." This last word

ded more like a curse than a name.

held her and took her long into his arms, removing the veil to reveal beautiful full lips. Her cheeks were stained with tears, her eyes red soaked. He looked at her then kissed her and his heart felt like it had burst. They kissed long and hard.

then walked her along a stream with a small shack at the end. It was battered and the panels of wood were consistently uneven, making the shack look lopsided. It was old and rain had eaten through some of the roof. Inside there was a small hole for fire which he lit, and a tall grassy bed covered with a woven sheet. She removed her veil and she waited for him to undress her. She always felt such ecstasy as he removed each layer of clothing. And so when he had finished tending to her he came over to where she was and slowly took piece by piece until she was almost naked, except for her undergarments.

at the Bazaar the men were gathering.

at do you mean you saw Miranda, wife of Abraham, heading out here right?"

is true," the drunken man stumbled, trying to regain his composure. "How can we trust this man? Look at him! He will probably tell us he is riding a pink elephant!" At this, all the crowd laughed.

all there is only one way to prove it. Lets go to Abraham's house. I am sure he will appreciate it if he knows that we are doing this for him." The crowd swarmed over the house of Abraham, where there was only a woman instead of a wife.

Abraham got up and got dressed, Miranda and Ishmael were making love. He had just entered her and she had closed her eyes. Every part of her was in deep beautiful rapture. But somewhere deep inside of her she thought, "This is the last time with my sweet lover. I will never see him again," and a tear rolled down her cheek and she wiped it off so as her lover would not see it.

men were crawling everywhere looking for her. Past the armory and the potion booth. Abraham was at the front. "Miranda! Come out you

whore!"

The few people who had no idea what was going on looked frightened the way he was screaming. He could feel her blood on his tongue and wanted to taste it. He had felt something was wrong. "She had been so rebellious lately." He grumbled as he went booth to booth.

He kept looking in the back of the tents until he reached a beautiful colored tent, richly ornate and shining with beads of every color that hung down.

"Raymee," he mumbled, "Tell me where Ishmael is. I need to talk to him." Raymee was the small skinny 14 year old younger brother of Ishmael. His voice cracked as he said, "He left a little while ago, he said he had to tend to the animals in the barn."

"At this time of night?" cried one man.

"I I I d-d-d-don't kn-n-now," stuttered Raymee.

"Let's go see where Ishmael is then." Abraham cried. "I can taste blood," he whispered to himself as he licked his lips in a grimace.

They didn't know a crowd was approaching because they were both having an orgasm. But the people outside heard two cries and they walked faster over to the small shack at the end of the stream. She didn't know exactly how it all happened. All she knew is that the next moment, she smelled the foul odor of her husband's stank breath and she could only hear swarms of men. She had been blindfolded and gagged. She tried to scream but only muffled cries would come out. She was being dragged naked through the shack towards the door. She could hear her husband arguing with Ishmael. She started sobbing hysterically as they carried her through the cold night air. As they were carrying her she thought to herself, "How did they find me? No one saw me." Back at the bazaar some of the other men had run over and were starting to drum. She could hear the drums far off but getting closer. They sounded wicked and eerie. She was going to be stoned. She had no more luck she guessed. Her time with her beautiful lover was over. She finally stopped and they tied her hands behind her naked back. They slammed her hard and she felt the cold stone wall pressing up against her buttocks. When they removed her blindfold, it all became clear. There in the front was the drunken man. And she cried one last gagged howl as the stones marked her flesh.

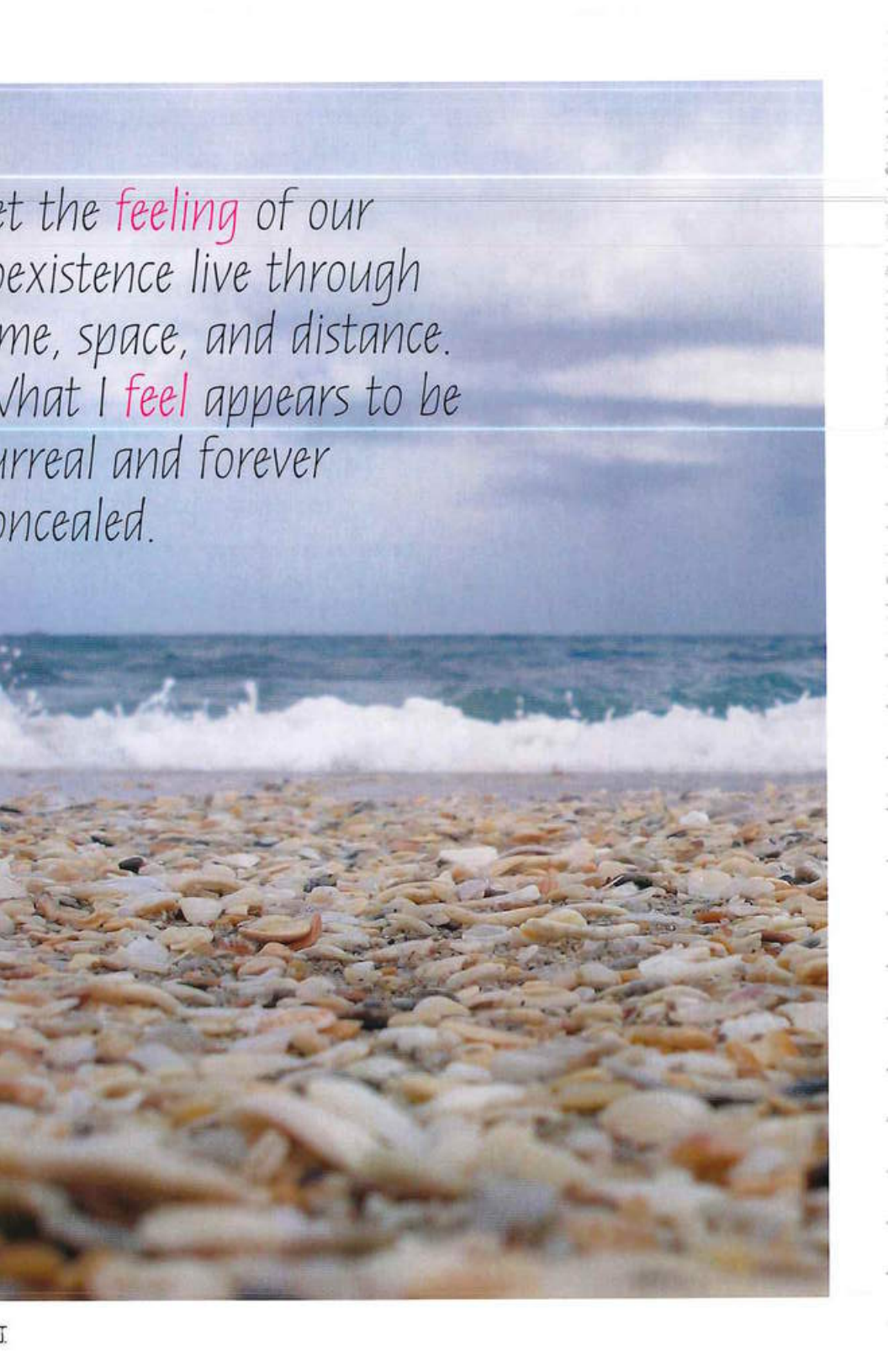




Mirando a la luna
Recordé tus ojos:
Esa mirada tan pura,
Esos ojos misteriosos.

Porque yo sé que me amaste,
Diferente y eficazmente.
Supiste enfrentar al tiempo
Y me dejastes pagando.
Porque al final alguien siempre paga...
¡O vos, o yo!
Pero uno siempre pierde
Igual sigo confundida,
En la luna todavía encuentro tu mirada.
El tiempo pasó y se llevó lo mejor
Pero tu mirada no se borró
Y tu olor sigue presente.
Tus manos en mi cuerpo fueron mi perdición.

¿Cómo hacer para olvidar tanto dolor?
Si te extraño igual que siempre
Te olvido como nunca
Y hasta te deseo más que nadie
¡Volvé amor, volvé!
Alimenta esta ilusión que camina
perdida sin tu amor.

A photograph of a beach scene. The foreground is filled with a dense layer of small, smooth, light-colored pebbles and shells. In the middle ground, a wave with white foam is breaking onto the shore. The background shows a vast, overcast sky with soft, grey clouds.

et the **feeling** of our
existence live through
me, space, and distance.
What I **feel** appears to be
surreal and forever
concealed.



halfway up the mountain,
Where the moonlight slit her
throat,

bloodstained and headless
he stood;
minister and toughened.

possessed she woke up.

he opened her legs,
Wrapping up the count.

He knows he must run,
but he grew lean and famished.

He slipped through again,
Into the unwary woman,
With her unkind pleasure.

Like a shadow he fell dead,
Being watched narrowly
By the girl.

She got her revenge!



avenging
the



ste es un día como cual-
que se haya vivido con
sin ellas, es un día que
es peor y lo bueno es
r que te ha podido pas-
vida... Que la amistad
o una flor recién nacida:
a se va abriendo y cre-
cada vez más, la cual te
tra que sí existe y que
e creer en esas personas
in cerca y que nos hacen
e buen ánimo cuando en
estamos en cierto senti-
rozados como peces sin
ves sin cielo que embell-
Me río de aquellas perso-
no creen en la amistad,
a yo creo más en ella y
o a la misma como vía
e para las amargas horas
viven en ciertos momen-
como el elixir de una
e la vida muy importante

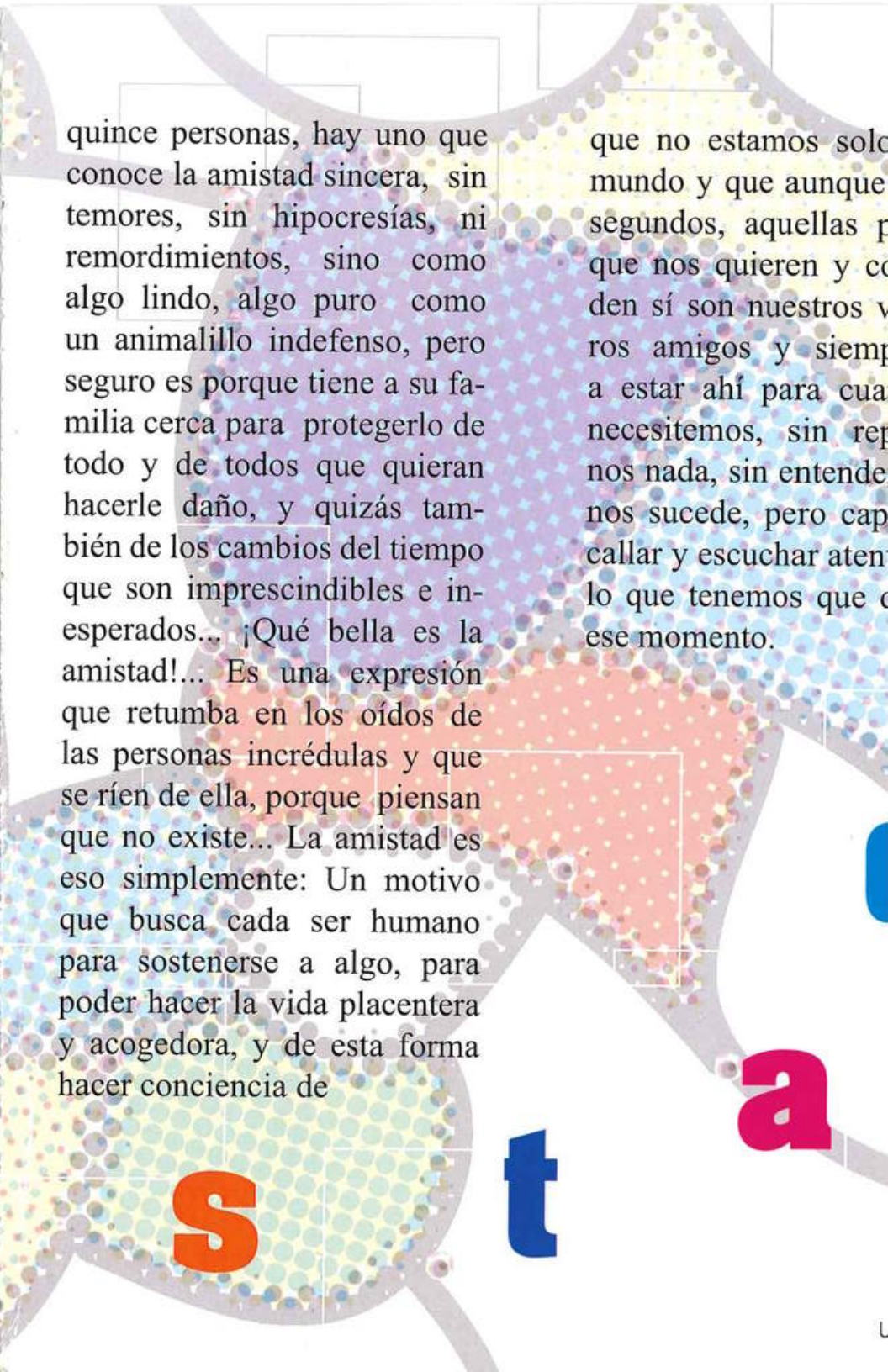
y que a veces no comprende-
mos bien por supuestas amist-
ades pasadas que nos dieron un
mal ejemplo del concepto que
teníamos de amistad, resultan-
do ser todo lo opuesto a lo que
suponíamos en un determinado
tiempo; pero esto no es malo en
realidad, son experiencias que
se acumulan para no volver a
cometer los mismos errores y
entonces ahora si saber cuáles
son las verdaderas amistades,
con las cuales sí podemos
contar...

Pero me pregunto de los mil-
lones de habitantes en este
planeta azul, ¿cuántos de
ellos saben lo que en reali-
dad es la amistad no familiar?
¿Un cinco por ciento tal vez?
O ¿quizás menos?.. ¡Quién pu-
ede saberlo a ciencia cierta!,
pero pensemos que por cada

A

m

i



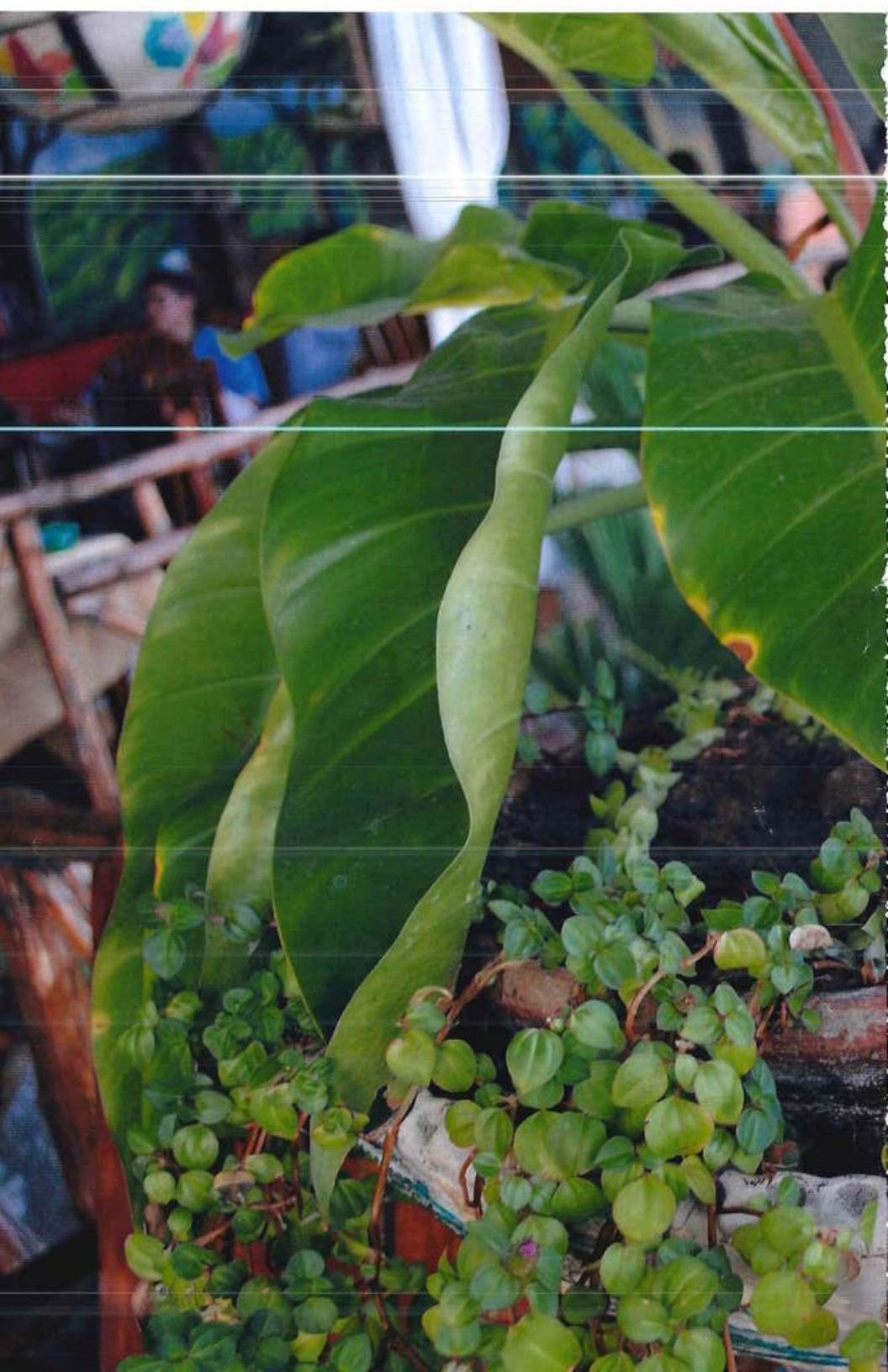
quince personas, hay uno que conoce la amistad sincera, sin temores, sin hipocresías, ni remordimientos, sino como algo lindo, algo puro como un animalillo indefenso, pero seguro es porque tiene a su familia cerca para protegerlo de todo y de todos que quieran hacerle daño, y quizás también de los cambios del tiempo que son imprescindibles e inesperados... ¡Qué bella es la amistad!... Es una expresión que retumba en los oídos de las personas incrédulas y que se ríen de ella, porque piensan que no existe... La amistad es eso simplemente: Un motivo que busca cada ser humano para sostenerse a algo, para poder hacer la vida placentera y acogedora, y de esta forma hacer conciencia de

que no estamos solos en el mundo y que aunque pasen los segundos, aquellas personas que nos quieren y cuidan de nosotros den sí son nuestros verdaderos amigos y siempre estarán a estar ahí para cuando los necesitemos, sin reprocharnos nada, sin entendernos, pero cuando nos sucede, pero capta lo que estamos callar y escuchar atentamente lo que tenemos que decir en ese momento.

s

t

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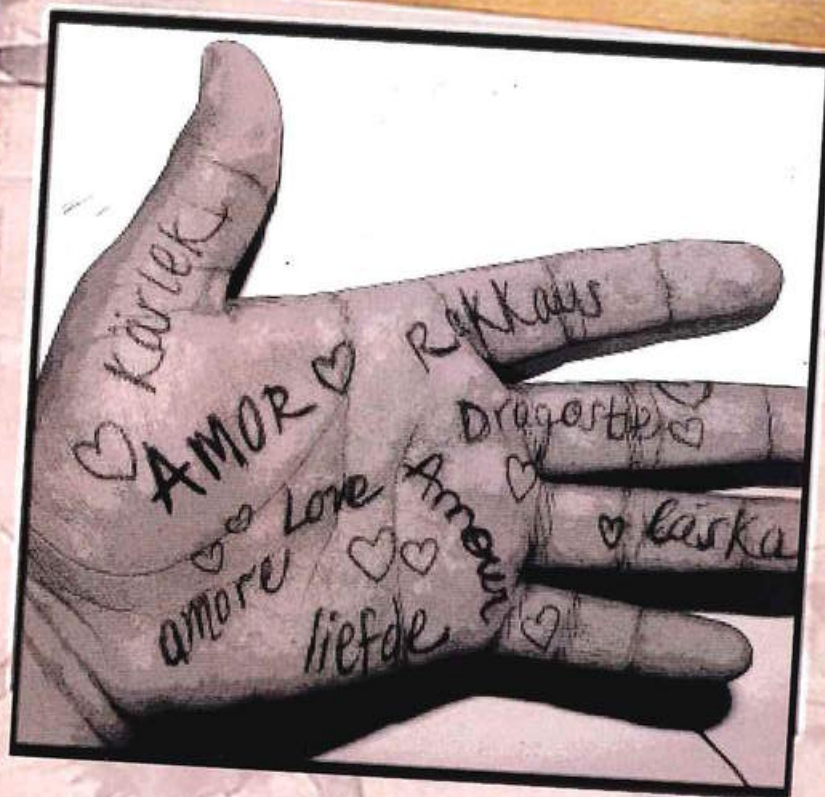




nsing you

Sensing me

As I hear your voice being whispered,
My brain is infused with a shot of serotonin.
I attempt to process what you say,
All rendered useless, for your voice is hypnotizing, tantalizing.
My eyes try to capture your essence, your beauty,
All in vain, for I am blinded by your aesthetic nature.
Your aroma sends me into a euphoric coma,
And your kisses are what fuel my engine of lust.
Then there's that beautiful dress.
You might call it your skin.
Only God could have sewn together such a pulchritudinous work of art.
It is the only thing fit to be the cover of such a perfect soul.
Your heart, body, and mind are my Bermuda Triangle.
Once I'm with you,
I am lost forever,
Forever into the endless abyss known as your love.



EN LONDRES NO BAILAN LA CUMBIA



Te voy a dedicar un poema,
Se tratara de una ballena que se quiso meter en una tina,
pero era tan gorda que no cabia.
La ballena te va a dedicar un bolero
De una bailarina que descubrió que una jirafa la quería.
La jirafa te va a dar su mano
Para que estudies las propiedades del cálculo
Para que sientas su sentido del humor

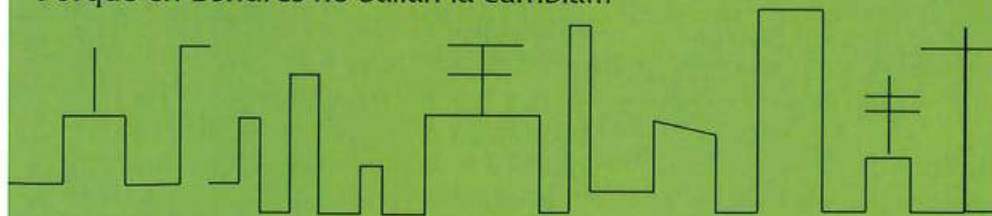
Don Humor te va dar su periodico
Para que leas sobre las bombas de colores que se explotan día tras
los cielos azules de Iraq
Te quiero dar mi reloj para que escuches el cantar de sus manos.
El canto lento y repetitivo.

Ay, déjame darte mi arbolito
Para que cultives jardines de melocotón, guayaba, y toronja.
Las toronjas me contaron que te han visto caminar por la calle 8
Sin amor, sin dinero, y sin tus ojos negros.

Ay, Don Dinero me llamo hoy, a contarme que
Esta noche no habrá estrellas en el cielo.

Mis Muñecas no van a poder dormir.
Mis Muñecas me van a preguntar sobre la Segunda Guerra Mundial

En fin, te contaré lo del viejo borracho que le robo la luna a la noche
La bailarina se volvió ciega, la ballena hizo dieta,
Don Humor guardó el periodico y mi reloj se me daño.
Porque en Londres no bailan la cumbia...



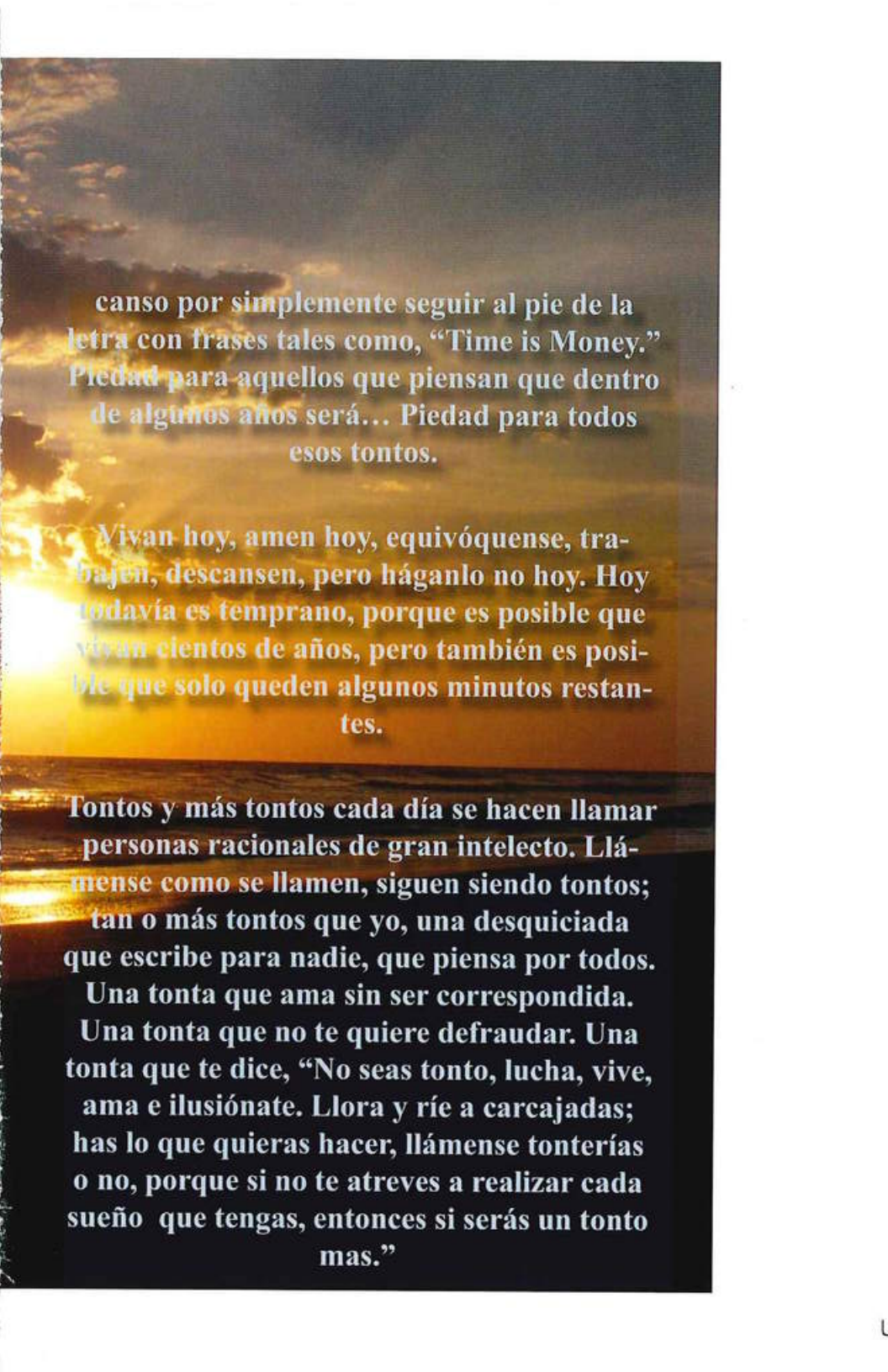
Tontos

Tontos aquellos que pasan por la vida sin arrebatarse algo. Tontos aquellos que se llaman así mismos sensatos, sin saber que algo de locura es el ingrediente perfecto para la felicidad. De tontos racionales está lleno el mundo.

Los tontos no son aquellos diferentes, o la pequeña minoría, no son aquellos con algún problema fisiológico, no son aquellos que deciden quitarse la vida o simplemente reírse de su reflejo en el espejo. Esos no son tontos. Los tontos son aquellas personas que se convierten en parásitos; son esos que dicen ser normales y que supuestamente tienen una vida igual de normal.

Piedad para ellos.

Piedad para esos que viven cada día como si fuese este eterno, como si viviese hoy para poder ganarse el mañana. Piedad para esos tontos incrédulos que no pierden tiempo en risas con amigos, o en un des-



canso por simplemente seguir al pie de la letra con frases tales como, "Time is Money." Piedad para aquellos que piensan que dentro de algunos años será... Piedad para todos esos tontos.

Vivan hoy, amen hoy, equivoquense, trabajen, descansen, pero háganlo no hoy. Hoy todavía es temprano, porque es posible que vivan cientos de años, pero también es posible que solo queden algunos minutos restantes.

Tontos y más tontos cada día se hacen llamar personas racionales de gran intelecto. Llámense como se llamen, siguen siendo tontos; tan o más tontos que yo, una desquiciada que escribe para nadie, que piensa por todos. Una tonta que ama sin ser correspondida. Una tonta que no te quiere defraudar. Una tonta que te dice, "No seas tonto, lucha, vive, ama e ilusióname. Lloro y río a carcajadas; has lo que quieras hacer, llámense tonterías o no, porque si no te atreves a realizar cada sueño que tengas, entonces si serás un tonto mas."



Fell in
LOVE
with you

You always doubted my love for you,
But since I fell, my love has been
completely true.
No matter how much you begged and
pleaded,
It was my heart that for your tears, it
bled.

I love you now and forever more,
Like the sweet chocolate core,
So rich and so pure,
My love was and still is sincerely for
you.

Never doubt this heart's feelings,
That reach out for you in
forgiveness and regret.
My eyes have no need to go
anywhere else;
They were yours since the day
we first met.

No matter where you are,
Our hearts will never go far.
Here are my sincerest words: "I
always knew,
I would fall in love with you."



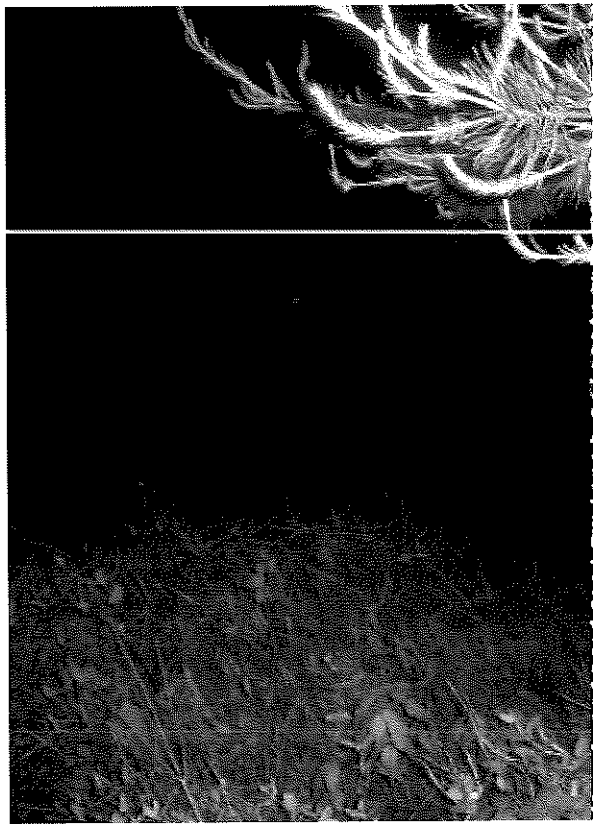
Narrow Ridge Earth Literacy Center

a vegetarian, using compost
solar panels for energy were a
adaptations incorporated into
one whole week. I learned what
e living truly meant through the
Ridge Earth Literacy Center.

played the trip over in my head
come to the conclusion that it was
of the best experiences of my
ugh this may blur the lines of cli-
a honestly say that I felt like I had
with nature and became one with
ow Ridge in Washburn, Tennes-

ario that I remember vividly was
o at the center of the sky, while
n on the ground. As the darkness
nt enveloped the sky, the stars
ghter. Something I never wit-
Florida. If you see five stars here,
elf extremely lucky. As I looked
ennessee's beautifully lit sky, I
unting them. At the beginning
night was young I found a sum of
seventeen, afterwards twenty-
two, eighty-five... Until eventual-
o force myself to stop numbering,
it me. I had lost count. Never in
d I observed such greatness from
ature's behalf.

red the sky I acknowledged both
ors, Bill and Mitzie's voice in the
nd. They pointed out the big &



little dipper, as well as many other sorts
of things. I was immediately washed over
with overwhelming peace and serenity as
I lay on top of a hill in what felt like the
middle of nowhere and felt the sky look
down on me. Something this simple sud-
denly helped me understand my impact
on the environment, and how it was vice-
versa. We, as humans, tend to repeatedly
make the common misconception that
our effect on earth is a minor one, for we



are only one, and there is far too much earth for one human being to make a grand impact. What most don't realize, however, is that each action- small or otherwise- is a ripple effect worth paying close attention to.

For example, the afternoon in which we hiked about 8 miles impacted my life with a meticulous understanding of how I am a product of my environment. My

life took an inevitable shift that day. I discovered that my environment played a major role on the way my life has shaped. I have developed a genuine concern that proves that not only could one person make a difference; but if that difference were in the right light, it could be beyond the ripples of one environment. One thought, one goal, and one solution could create infinite possibilities that would very well result to a new product for this generation and many to come. And so of it, I plan to carry my epiphany forward with a defiance to make a difference and continue the "Great Work."



Llegue Tarde Amor

Para mi Príncipe

Te veo, eres todo lo que quiero
Como un ángel mandado del cielo
Como el mensajero del amor, llegaste
Sembrando esperanza donde había desesperanza
Llenando de fe los océanos de mis vacilaciones
Creando nuevas ilusiones, forjando nuevas fuerzas
Limando las asperezas de un amor hipócrita
Rescatando mi corazón de la dureza, de la realidad
Pero fui yo quien llego tarde amor, llegue tarde a ti

Te veo, y eres todo lo que quiero
Inocentemente, silenciosamente, dulcemente
Llegaste
Llegaste y te convertiste en todo
En la bocina de mis secretos
En la medicina de mis llagas, en mi vida
Entraste sin permiso, no preguntaste si quería
No respetaste límites, murallas, gobiernos
Mas fui yo amor, fui yo quien llego tarde a ti

Tú llegaste, tomaste posesión de mi alma
Conquistaste mi pensamiento y corazón
Por la fuerza, o con soborno pero cedieron mis ánimos
Los soldados de mi ejército, guardianes de mi ego
Llegaste amor, llegaste bajo el nombre de "Amigo"
Yo? Cuando yo llegue ya era tarde, ya existía ella

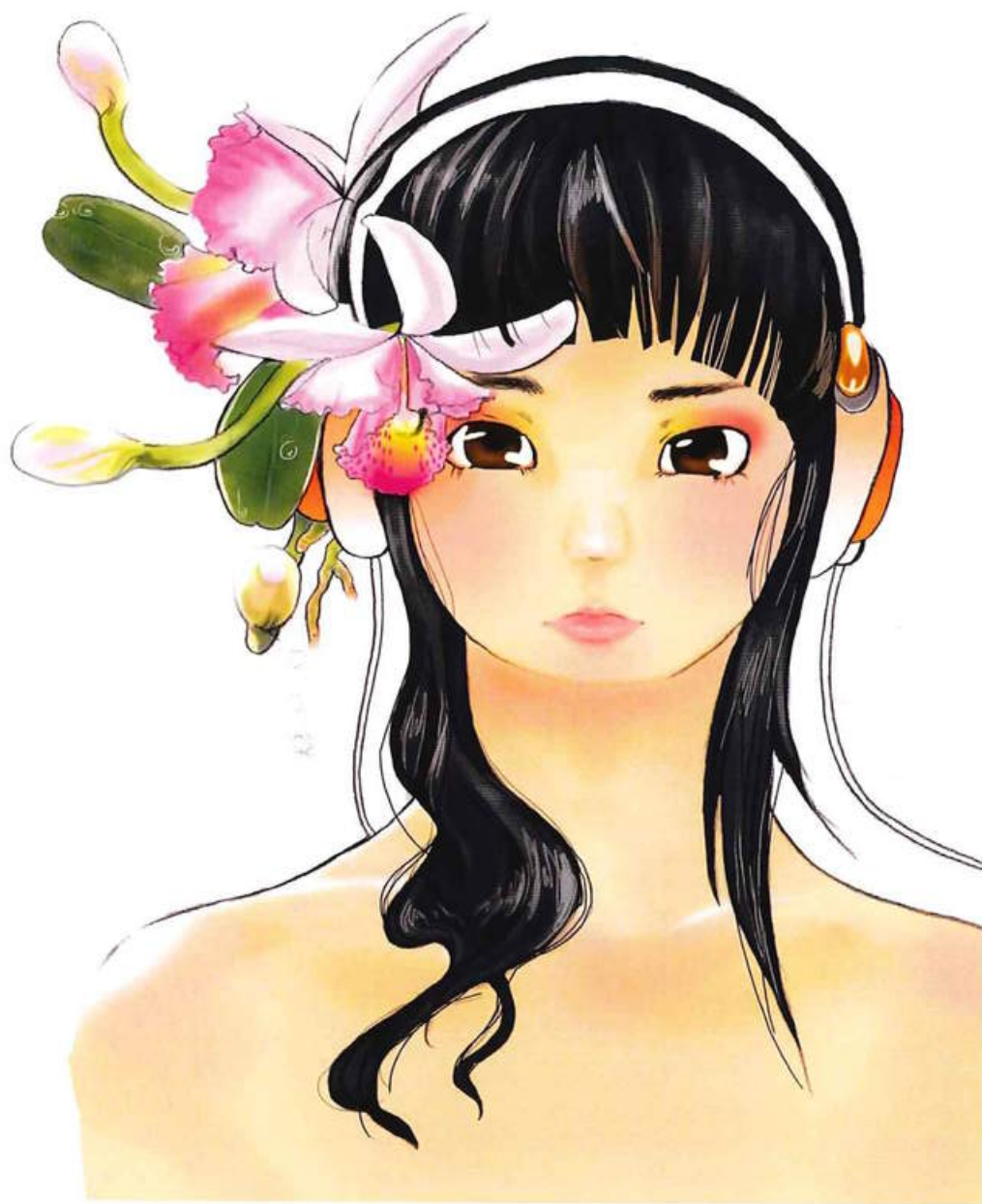
sarcasm

Let's all sing kumbaya together.
Let's all join hands and lie.
Let's all take life as a feather,
So nobody sees us cry.

Let us commence an adventure.
Let us create a web page.
Come on; let us fake a gesture,
To get us out of the cage.

Let's try to control emotions.
Let's all use psychology.
And not cause at all commotions,
Because then we won't be free.

Let's all control our sarcasm.
Let's be forever in peace.
Let us all be a machine;
Just what they want us to be.











I am the puppet
that lies upstage
right.

But I wish I
were pretty
much off sight.

The Time Traveler's Wife

**This is the alternate ending of
The Time Traveler's Wife.
Begin reading after completing
Audrey Niffenegger's novel.**

October 27, 1984/Monday, January 1, 2007
(43, Clare is 35)

The sky is blank and I'm falling into the tall dry grass let it be quick and even as I try to be still the
rifle sounds far away, surely nothing to do with me but no: I am slammed to the ground, I look at
which is open like a pomegranate, a soup of entrails and blood cradled in the bowl of my body; it
at all that can be right but can only admire this cubist version of my insides someone is running
s to see Clare before before I am screaming her name Clare, Clare and Clare leans over me,
Alba whispers, "Daddy..."
ove you..."
Henry--"
always ..."
h God oh God--"
world enough..."
o!"
nd time..."
Henry!

me 26, 2026
(43, Clare is 55)

an feel the pain mixed with my dizziness and all of the sudden I was there, time traveling one last
ldn't believe it, no! All I wanted was to spend my last minutes with Clare, and now I am here
his cold concrete pavement, in the middle of the street. I have been here before for sure, perhaps
20 but I still feel the pain of my wounded body and I can't tolerate it any more. I wish I could
ut-- Right now, right here, forever; but I need to see Clare and she needs to hold me one last time.

CLARE:

I did not sleep last night, Alba and Mark spent the night here with me. I set up a bed and a couch studio for them, I am happy in that aspect. I know Mark loves Alba, despite the circumstances. Alba reminded me of Henry and somehow Mark reminds me of me, a younger me. Either way, I doubt that how could they? Knowing what is about to come. I heard Alba walking to my door many times just sure I was asleep and I sensed she was crying. It is 5:00 AM and the phone rings. My heart stops for seconds that felt like minutes. I pick up.

"Hello?"

"Hey Clare, its David."

"Oh, Hi David. We are ready."

"Perfect, meet us at the Starbucks on the corner of the site in about 30 minutes. We still have hours, but it's better if we are there early."

"Ok, we'll be there."

Poor David, he spent about 30 years working on Henry's disease and now he spent the night with him, something only I would do.

"Alba! It's time." She runs to my door desperately, all dressed up.

"We are ready."

"Ok, I'm almost ready as well. I just need my coat."

I found my coat as I opened the closet, but stayed looking at it for a few seconds, enthralled by the clothes. Who would say that after 20 years that he left I will finally find him and that I would actually have a chance to keep him here with me in the present, in the NOW. But that is just a small chance. Everything has to work out perfectly and precisely, I must not anticipate myself. David has been working very hard and everything comes down to this moment.

We got in Mark's car and the day seemed much different from any other. It's weird. There's a dark cloud over the sky was getting black, the way it does on rainy days. Where would Henry be right now? Will he be here? Will he be ok with being younger than me? After all, I have been a retired widow for 5 years, but today I might not be a widow anymore. Henry isn't dead, and he is home with me this very moment, I can feel him. He is hugging me on the porch and he is talking to me as if it were the last time. Oh how wrong I am, it will not be the last time. Today we will prove one more time, and for the last time I hope, that time is not nothing. Oh Henry please be patient! Please resist and don't die in my arms.

HENRY:

I can't feel anything. My vision is blurry. All of the sudden I see people rushing to me; cops, paramedics. I sense flashing lights as if I were walking on the red carpet with my nakedness. I hear sirens.

"We need Morphine, difilibrator!"

"Where the fuck is the tissue graft?!"

"We still have him."

n' god he's leaving"
e down to 50, we're loosing him."
enaline 40, we need adrenaline 40."
stable. He's stable at last."

n my eyes again and all I see are stars. And then I see the ceiling of an ambulance. I hear a
of many different sirens and I feel much better but the pain remains.

rying. Alba is crying on Mark's shoulder. The whole media is here, including two helicopters.
n the middle of the street that the police has closed down. I see the ambulance, the cop cars,
of people waiting to see a naked man bleeding his guts out appear from a 20 year long trip to
e anticipated news of the century. It is 8:34 AM, in exactly 30 seconds my Henry should appear
of the street, naked. Bleeding in pain and about to die. Alba saw it plenty of times, but now
discovered the cure for time traveling, he did so 2 years ago. He got the Nobel Prize in science
st award in 2020 for discovering it and then in 2023 for finding its cure.
y all of this time traveling nightmare might finally come to an end. I am having all these
hear people screaming, and the flashes of the camera go off and then Alba runs to me in tears
ad is here mom, he is finally here." I see the paramedics rush to him. The doctors rush to him
David is managing all of this. Henry became the life of David after he left 20 years ago, on that
rs Eve.

here before me, I see Henry... His image was a déjà vu of that New Years Eve 20 years ago.
all of blood and is lying on the floor that was warmed up with a heating solution 15 minutes
a much better chance of saving him now than there was 20 years ago. In a way I feel happy
ppening, if he would have stayed with me that night he would have surely died. The paramed-
crazy. They finally stabilize him and get him into the ambulance. Oh my god he is ok! He is
s out of trouble. I can't wait to finally hold him, thank you God, oh thank you.
k at David and he is crying too, then I look at the crowd and see Charisse and Gomez cry-
old now. And we waited 20 years to see an old friend again, my love. The cops told us that we
to the hospital, they will take us in the cop car. All I see are sirens, lights, and among the chaos
he back of the ambulance holds Henry. I can't wait to see him upclose. David is so lucky to be
m right now, right this instance.

r the beep of the cardio machine. I have always time traveled by myself but right now I feel like
along with a time machine.

ry."
y god, its an old version of David. "David?"
Henry... You are in 2026, man."

At this point I am puzzled, confused. My perception of heaven was a different one, I am still in this hell; I have obviously not eternally passed away. I am in a hospital room. I say, "David who are you?"

"Henry, you are not cured. The Morphine is not letting you currently time travel, it is preventing you from acting upon your range of normality. It's time for you to make a vital decision. Do you love the woman you have lived or the woman you have lived your life with, more?" Basically, I can cure you so that you could stay here in 2026. Would you want to?"

"Well it's a no brainer, I love Clare and I want to stay with her forever. How is it that you could cure me?"

"Gene therapy first, it'll take a few of minutes. Then a pill that you have to take every 12 hours."

"Can we do anything about my legs?"

"Hahaha hold on man, not yet. You will still need to use a wheel chair, perhaps my great grandchildren will fix that problem in 2070."

"2070..." I echo. I shrug it off.

That's fine I want to see Clare.

"Where's Clare?" I am not sure if I am truly here or if this moment will last, I just need to see her. please God I just want to see her.

"I want to see Clare!" I start screaming her name out as tears roll out off my eyes.

CLARE:

I am walking very slowly and afraid to Henry's room, Alba is with me and Mark went to buy coffee. All of the sudden I hear a scream, a scream that I am so familiar with. The same scream I have heard for my entire life. Yes, it's him. It's my Henry, he's screaming my name and I start crying.

We make it to the door and I burst in.

"Henry!"

"Clare, Oh my god I am so happy you are here!"

This chamber that he is in, is really depressing me; I can't touch him. I waited for him 20 years and now I have to look at him through a crystal box, a time machine looking apparatus.

"He'll be out of there in 15 minutes, I will be back" says David.

"Oh my god daddy you are alive and fine" Alba is crying as she looks at him through the other window of the chamber.

We just cried and then the doctors came to remove him from the chamber. They opened it up and then I hugged him like never before. Henry, Alba and me, together again. Once and for all.

HENRY:

We were together after the gene therapy which was extremely quick. They accommodated me in a wheelchair and went home. The door was filled up with cameramen who wanted to see the time traveler. I asked him questions. We just skipped through the media with the help of the police and made it to the house. The cops escorted us home and then I was in my sweet home. I missed this place like if I hadn't been in

exactly as I left it, like time didn't pass at all. We sat on the couch and then we watched T.V. we were all happy. I can't believe Alba is almost 30 and she's married. Mark seems like great. Clare looks more beautiful than ever before.

midnight and Henry needs to rest. It's been a hell of a day and I just want to get into bed with Mark helped Henry up the stairs and laid him on our bed, then I got in next to him and Alba

have no idea of how happy I am." I have never felt like this before. Now I know that Henry is with me forever.

very happy too. You have no idea how."

I feel like all these years, all 20 of them were just a nightmare and I have finally woken up next

now you are here with me. I just forgot what I did for the last 20 years."

to thinking like that and take those last 20 years as an evil nightmare. After all, time is nothing. the rest of our lives to spend and the way things are going, we might spend eternity together

oke up at 8 in the morning the next day. We stayed making love until like 2 AM because we David, his wife, Gomez, Charisse and Ben came to visit. We were all celebrating Henry's re-years.

ember 23, 2026

Clare is 55)

all, months have passed and things have been running smoothly. I am ever so happy. I have hgh, that Henry has not been taking his pills lately. I wonder why sometimes. We were cuddling her day and I decided to ask him.

have you been taking your pills Henry?"

nk I lost them, I don't know where they are."

silly, you need listen to David if you want to be cured."

you want me to be cured?"

for a minute, I thought of that question. But mostly thought of the answer.

n the wife of Henry Detamble, a time traveler. I fell in love with him because he time travels. I

n to be safe. Henry I just want to have you forever."

r you will. No matter where YOU are... Or where I AM—WE will always be."

ets off of bed to his wheelchair and he goes to the kitchen through the hall.

r a while, I get out of bed and walk towards the kitchen, then I find his wheel chair empty with on top of it. I pick his clothes up and smile, Henry is back, at last. I fix his clothes and put them drawer. I make my way to the porch and sit down to wait for him. To wait for him, like I always





There's so much for granted.
So much that we cherish.
But if you so see,
In the end not always do we get
what we flourished.

If you have it, don't lose it.
Treasure it like a gem and enjoy,
What memorable moments can bring:
Much happiness and great joy.

For you, I will always cherish our love,
Since it was pure and gold.
But even some things are lost,
Although adventures can still be bold.

Always true to you and to what I feel,
I cherish your gifts and memories.
But my mind turns like a small wheel,
Not yet burning out my chest
of treasures.

Cherish









You, who are reading this, thank you, for being the source of this genuine love. Emily Sendin, thank you, for always being mostly anything possible—only you, thank you, berg, thanks. Thank you for your new perspective, fresh input. And thank you. Thank you for your unique artistic vision, constructive criticism, and for having enjoyed it. Isabel, thank you. Thank you for your on-going support. To my staff, thank you for your seriousness and commitment, or lack of it.

Ultimately, I thank you and no one else for this time. Even those who have conditionally placed their bets in this journey, thank you for the challenges to overcome. Those who were not able to lend a hand but who have made it ten times easier.

for the end

This magazine is the result of our overall strategy and effort. Our design is the work of many people, in various ways. You can support this effort by helping us to convey our message and creativity in a fragmented

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The purpose of this magazine is to publish exemplary writing created by the students of InterAmerican Campus, while creating a greater interest in literature and developing a deep appreciation for writing and art.

Our hope is to inspire students to excel in their studies, produce professional-quality work, and to value the beauty within their lives. It is essential to stress the importance of imagination, self-expression, and creativity. URBANA wishes to give everyone that opportunity.





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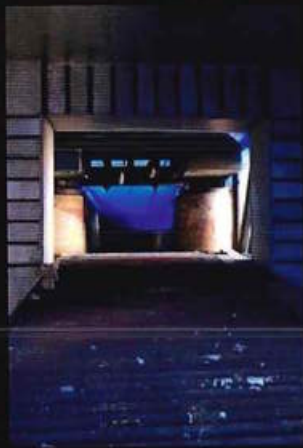
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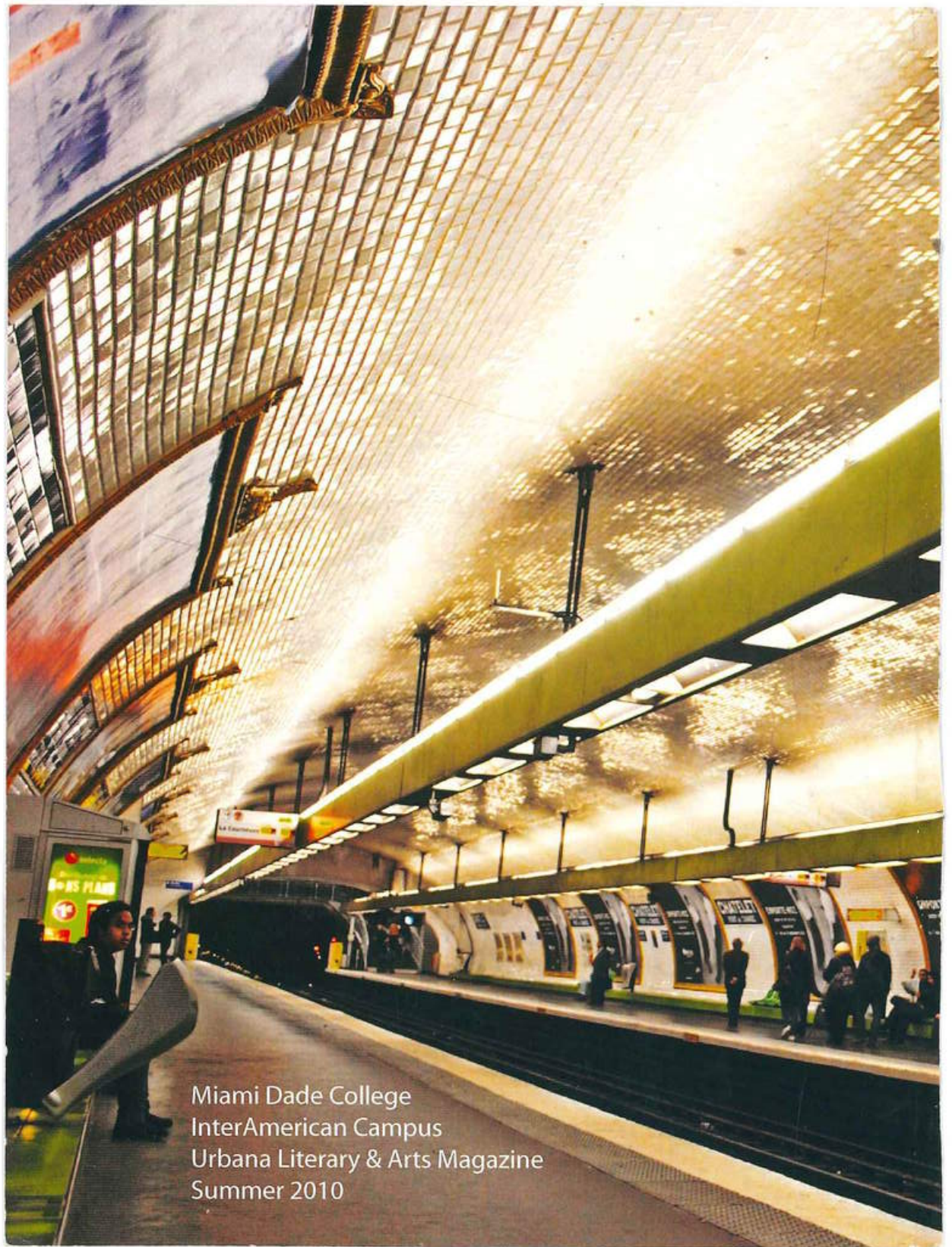
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Summer 2010

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