ARTIFACTS

2005

Hillsborough Community College

Reflections Of Art And Literature

Galleria 2005

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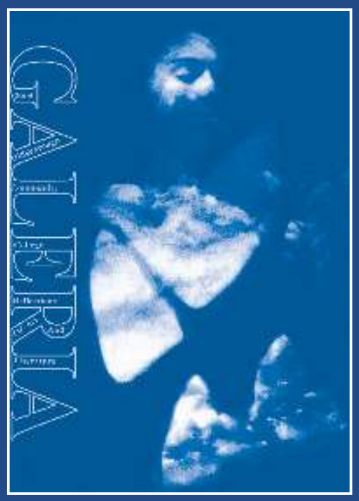
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The Galeria 2005 cover is a photograph by Jonelle English that was digitally enhanced in Adobe photohop CS by Darrell Cater.

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Editor's Note

This year's theme for the Galeria, "Reflections," shows a reoccurring presence, almost as though it is an interwoven stream of consciousness throughout the students' submissions.

The reflections in our magazine take many shapes. From typical reflections on the self, to reflections on dreams, family, and culture, the work in the Galeria touches it all.

Works with the most powerful and dynamic messages were chosen. With guidance, we all learned so much from this process. We persisted through tedium and felt respected by working as a team. It has been a wonderful experience, and we are very proud of the result.

We hope you enjoy the magazine as much as we have enjoyed creating it.

Nichole Lynn Laws

Galeria Awards

Associated Collegiate Press

All American
1982, 1984-2003

Inner Circle
1994

Hall of Fame
1994

Pacemaker
1989

Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Medalist
1982, 1989-1995

Florida Community College Press Association

General Excellence
1985, 1989, 1990, 1993, 1995, 2001, 2003, 2004

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Photograph By David Dye

Lost Tea Garden

By Jason Vega

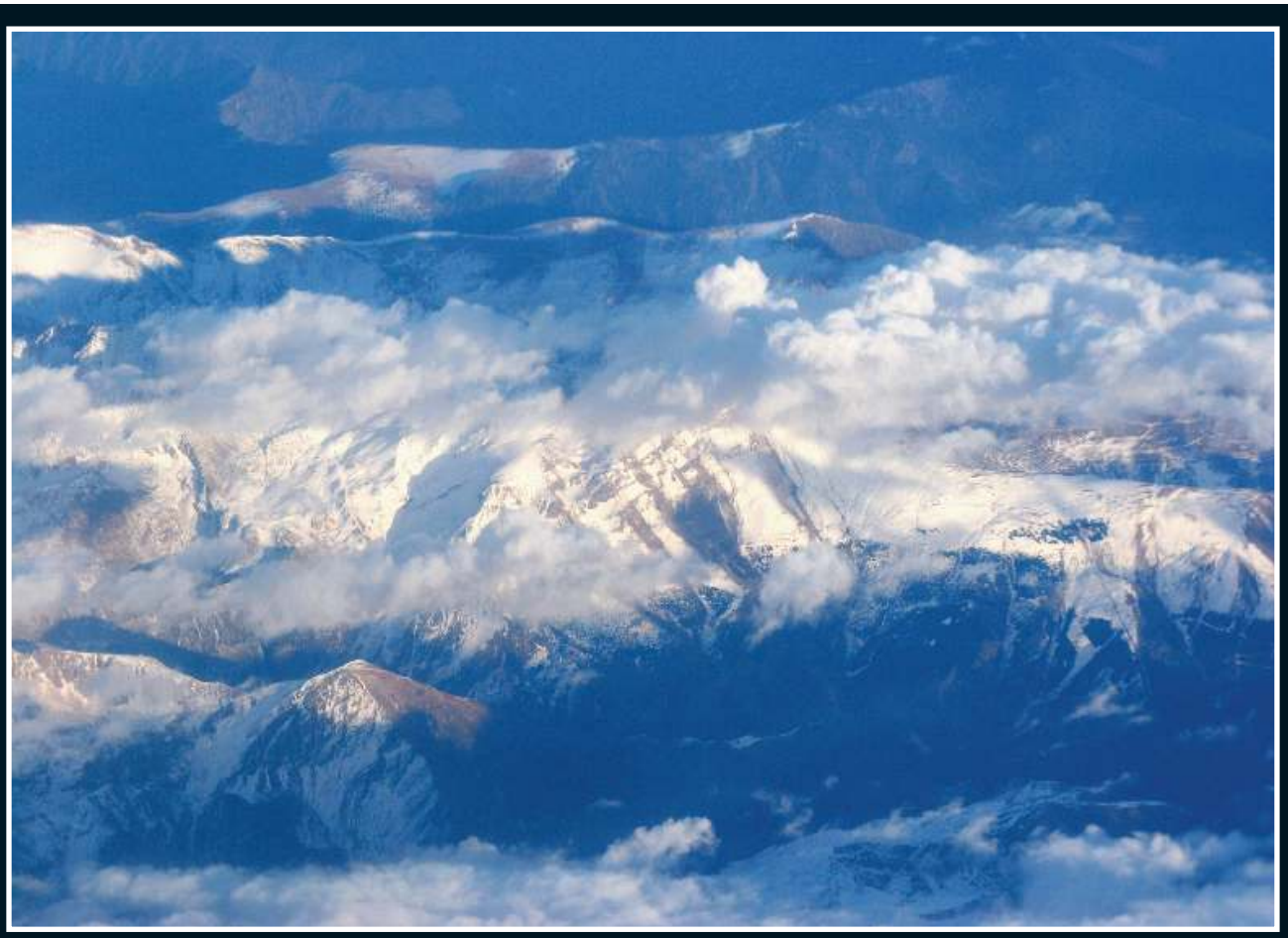
Lost tea garden,
lonely drummer,
comfortable patchy clouds,
happy bowlers,
fresh concrete,
rhododendron patches desired.
Only happy souls collide.

The Wind's Gift

By Rachel Robinson

Now, I know this story is strange, but trust me, it's true. I know because I experienced it all, each and every bit. A little while ago, my mom and I were walking to the store. The wind blew and blasted us so hard that I was afraid we would be lifted off our feet and into the air. We walked along for a while, and then I looked at my feet. Oh no! We'd been lifted off the ground, and we hadn't even noticed! "Mama!" I cried. "Yes dear?" she calmly answered. (I'll admit it to you, but just don't tell anyone else… I was scared). "What do we do?" "Well," she said, "the wind has given us a gift, and I think that we should enjoy it!" Then she smiled and floated higher. I soon began to enjoy being up there very much! We soared over the trees. We looked down and waved to all the people walking around in their normal world (I don't think they saw us though).

I played tag with the blue jays while mama chatted with the robins. Mama and I raced a plane. The plane roared and huffed, but I was quiet and swift, and I won. We floated from cloud to cloud and saw where the ocean met the sky. They are great friends… the ocean and the sky. I wished that it could go on forever, but soon we were back over the trees, right above where we had left off. I had no idea how we would get down. What if we hit the ground too hard? But the wind had taken care of that too. Before we knew it, we were spiraling downwards in soft circles. All too soon, we landed with a gentle bump. Mama stood up. She picked me up, gave me a kiss and said, "Wasn't that a wonderful adventure? Now don't forget the wind's gift!" She grabbed my hand, and we finished our walk to the store.



Photograph By Alexander Alamo

Eve's Dropping

By Eve Marie Dobbins

Once in a blue moon… means something like nevermore or rarely. While I ponder upon a midnight weary, Poe's words speak to me, and I wonder why. Are your creative juices flowing? The image of a blue moon has inspired poets, songwriters. A blue moon seems to love all notions absurd. Ella Fitzgerald and Elvis Presley sang love songs about it. A touch of sadness, longing, and reminiscence for days gone by speak to me of a blue moon. Ironically, I am an Aquarian, and I found out that my blue moon on July 31st occurs in the idealistic sign of Aquarius, opposite the sun on its annual journey. I am not thoroughly acquainted with astrology but can still appreciate the uniqueness of a full moon occurring twice in a calendar month. The logical explanation is that the natural cycle of moon phases doesn't match up with our human mind calendar, but I, like most people, am more familiar with the everyday familiar connotation of the phrase "Blue Moon."

Words stay in my mind like the popular music stuck on a recording that keeps repeating until I fix the beat. Musicians such as "Creedence Clearwater Revival," Ella Fitzgerald, and Elvis Presley have given credence to the melancholies of the blue moon. I rather like the Creedence's interpretation with lyrics like: "bad moon rising… feel the end is near, rivers overflowing," and then, on a sudden optimistic upswing, "hope that you have your stuff together." Inspiration comes from many places. On that note, I leave you my interpretation of "once in a blue moon" --

Something that happens rarely like… my father calls me up and invites me to the Yankees game in N.Y. (I know since he despises the city and crowds that this may happen only once in a blue moon or not at all)...

My husband tells me he wants to propose marriage to me all over again. I know he was shy at first, and I had to keep reminding him.

My stepdaughter visits and offers to do all the dishes for a week…so... you get the idea of the figurative sense of *once in a blue moon.*

Invasion

By J.W. Gillie

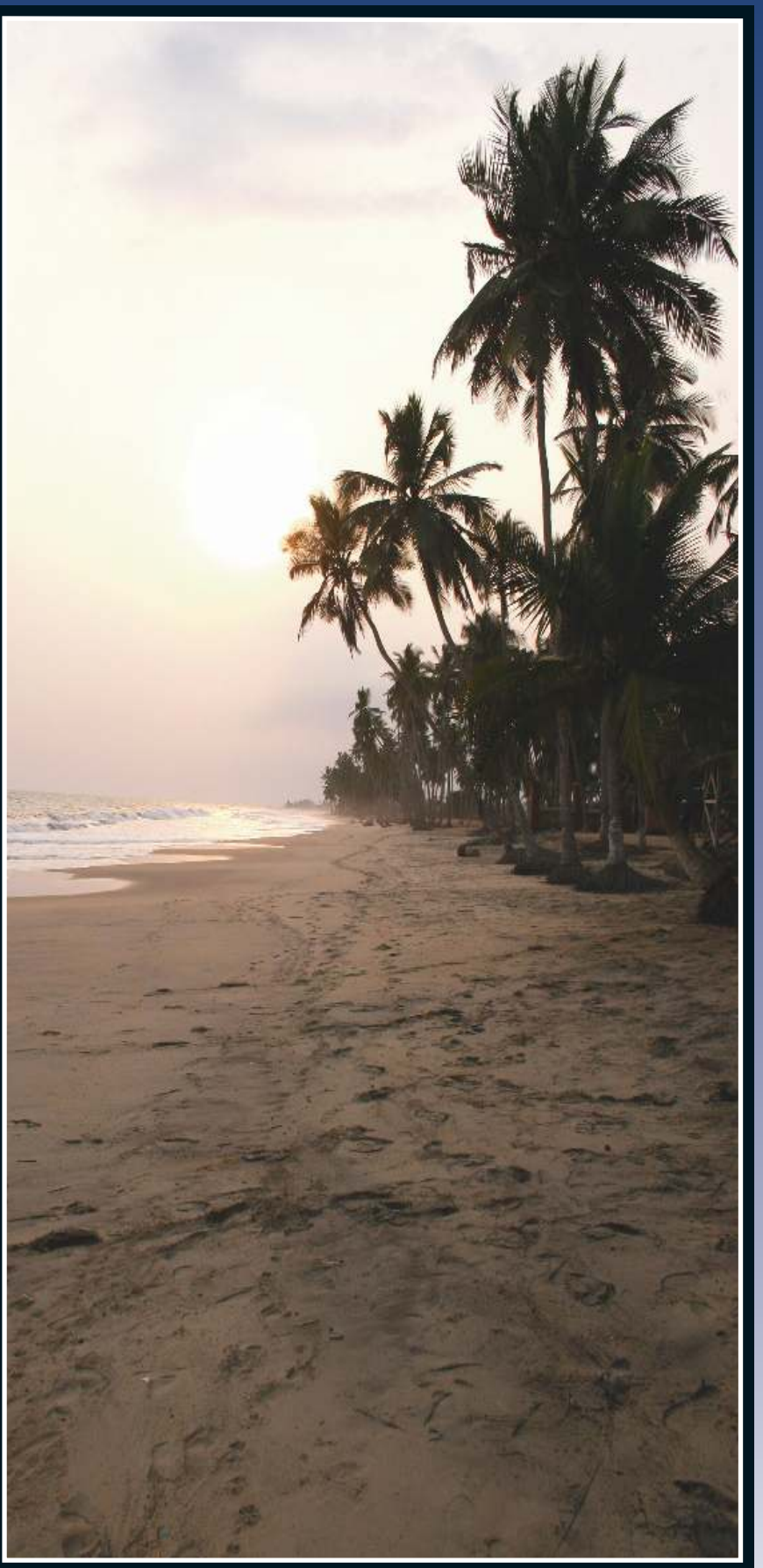
The tide rolls in
moving shells like platoons
as stingrays glide under water
in submarine fashion.

Along the shore,
crabs man their tunnels
waiting for ambush
as seagulls dive-bomb from above.

Mangrove villages shelter
newly spawned trout
as their mothers guard them.

The sun bombards underwater refuges,
radiating atom bomb sunburns
for innocents caught on shore.

Fish quietly pass time.
Fishermen bide theirs,
and soon the plume of dusk will subside
as masses of shells move out with tides
and fishermen too go home.



Photograph By Alexander Alamo



Photograph By Chen Wang

Brown Lizards

By Eve Marie Dobbins

Brown lizards stare back at me
easing carefully languid bodies.
On a sultry Florida afternoon,
I contemplate their ambiguity.

After the Worse

By Roman A. Rodriguez

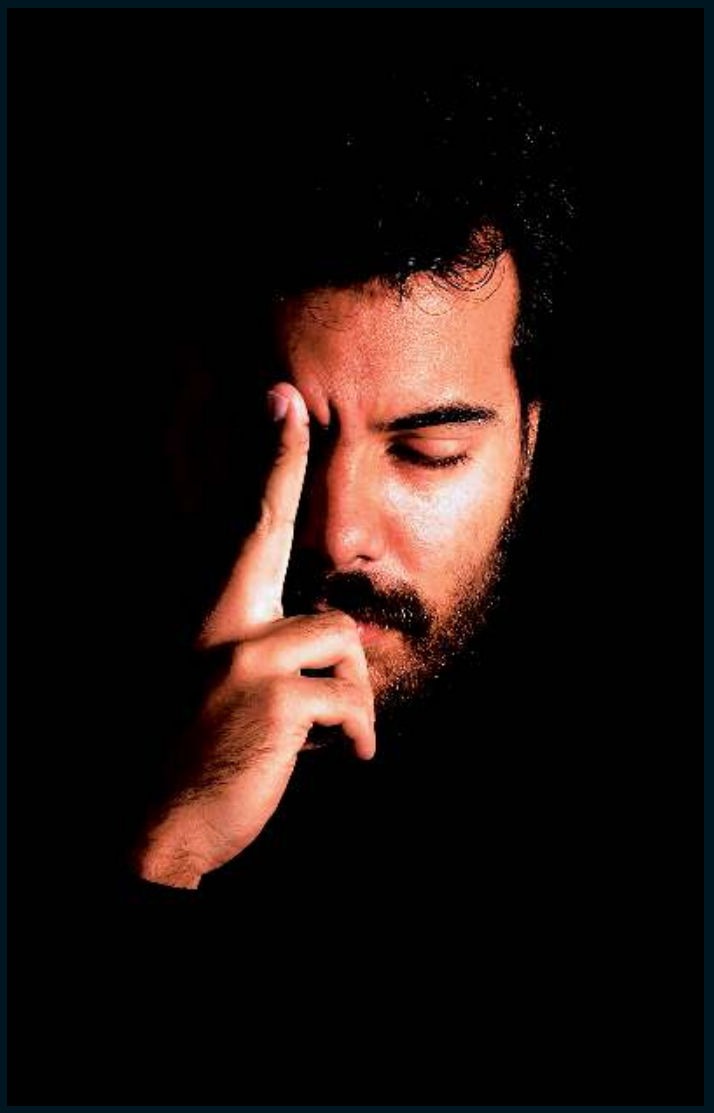
A panic rises on the tattered asphalt. The willow's bones shake in the breath of the aftermath. The geriatric clouds wheeze moving my shadow and I one step further, closer to my door.

I, the watcher, stand silent solemnly sipping cold coffee. Where are you children that would gleefully shout? Growling engines are replaced by rumbling thunder.

Across the way would be my neighbors in their old recliners smoking cigars. Celia Cruz is serenading in a language I know not of, happily applying the backdrop to a sunny day with Manet's signature.

A pond is being born now where a gutter once roamed. Like leaves is the debris that rests along this dormant road. No lights glow giving a yellow glaze. Only dim are the washed colors.

The wind chime soberly sings. Damp with tears, my reflection is small. Like my stance in this mid-day dance, I am but a watcher, wishing for only an ending to this saga while this intermission leaves me waiting.



Photograph By Chen Wang

Twiddle Dum and Twiddle Dee

By Kathryn Lipsch

I am Twiddle Dum; he is Twiddle Dee.
I make fun of him. He makes fun of me.
Funny things he does make me laugh with glee,
so I do them too. Then he laughs with me.
When I try to think, he pokes me and runs away.
I forget what I was to do or say, so I follow him to play.

We never have a worry--not a single care.
People look at us and shake their heads, "What a silly pair."
"Two mutton-heads," the grumpy old man said.
That was when Twiddle Dee up and killed him dead.
It was a brick he threw, became a crime,
but it seemed funny at the time.

They took him away, and now I'm alone:
no one to talk to, no one to phone.
I'll never see him again, for I saw him go.
As he waved goodbye, his hand moved to and fro.
When around his wrist, I spied a chain.
He saw my tear, I saw his fear.
T'was then a familiar sound drifted to my ear.

He giggled.



Two Heads

By Erik Zimmerman — Pastel

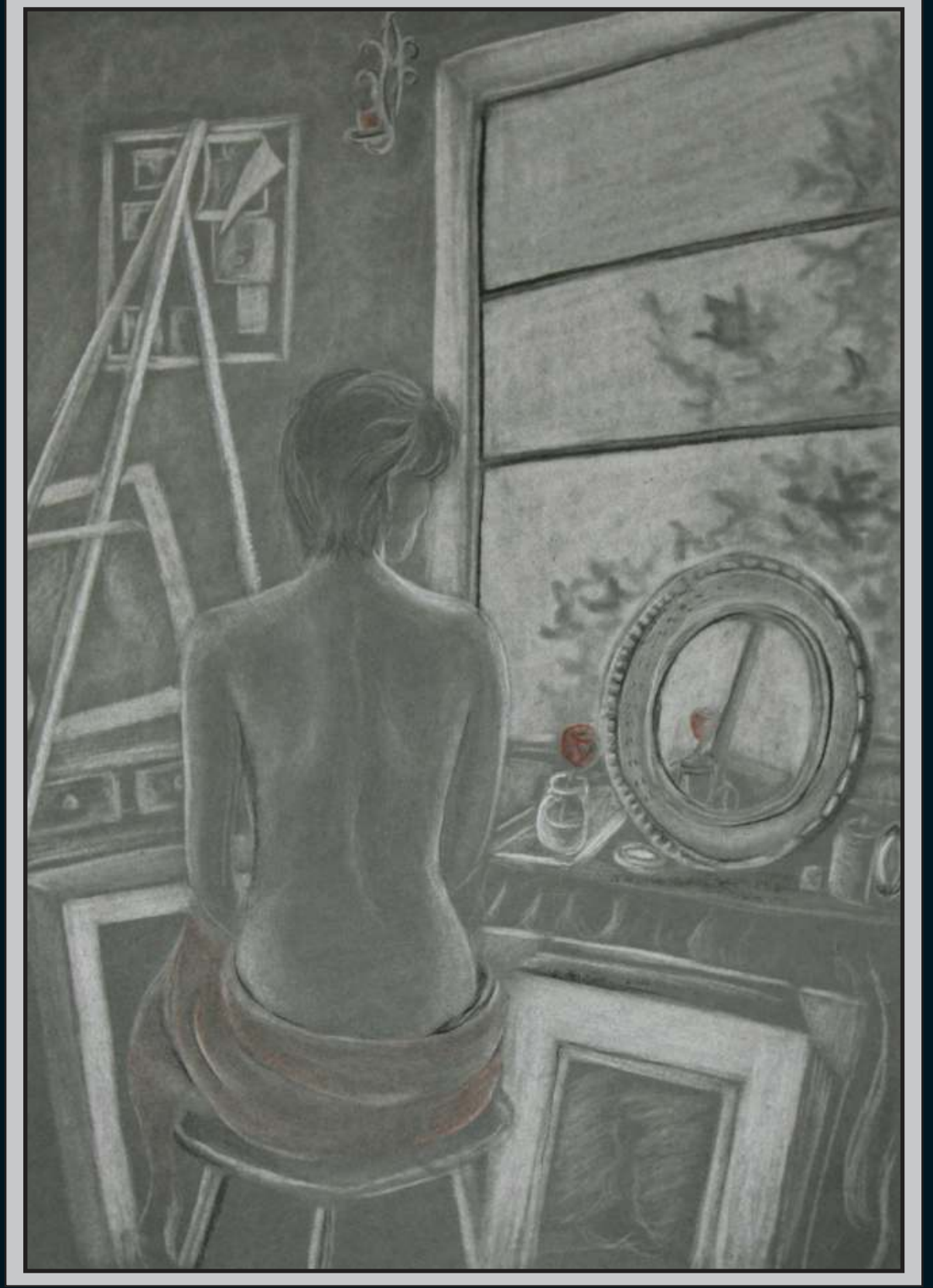


Photograph By Jonelle English

Inside

By Yeatie Morgan

Inside me are chasms down so deep.
In the abyss of me,
beneath my smile and full figure
among are emotions inconceivable beyond
fathomable Freudian understanding.
From my heart to my soul, light and dark struggle.
Within me are ravines-- dark and dismal
amid everything I know and have yet to.
Within, things indescribable wretch for the
right to define me.



A Vision

By Monique Legault

Graphite



Photograph By Monique Legault

South of the Border

By Eve Dobbins

Crawfish
lying nestled in orange crates--
two halves…
half by half by half,
one by one along to eight on eight.
Claws picked out by tweezers,
nestled in a bed of lettuce next to the times Picayune,
playing words and joining spirit,
saluting a tumbler of ice cold beer
and your neighbors down South.



Photograph By Alexander Alamo

Defying Winter

By Roman A. Rodriguez

Winter wants me asleep or at least out of mind.
Winds creep down my spine, slowly,
like a freezing fire ablaze throughout my bones.
My fingers are so cold
they almost feel numb.
The blood recedes with the fading warmth.
I shiver praising the body of a blanket
whose force is no match for
the translucent winter wrath.
I sit on the verge of another good idea, struggling.
My lover is safe inside the joyous womb of sheets,
dreaming a thousand dreams of sunshine kisses
and spring days filled with free laughter
rather than of the confines of chilling winter
where no smiles move from their mold of glacial skin.
The bed is so pleasant, so kind, to take this whimsical refugee
and defrost my doddering crust; yet, I tremble,
attempting to gain a new view on tomorrow
while I ignore the comforting riches I have earned,
defying winter.

A Cup of Tea

By J.W. Gillie

"Steep for twenty minutes," the old woman said after handing him the plain cup with Chinese characters painted on its outer surface. It contained a small satchel of herbs.

"You will only need this one cup," she told him.

He examined the steaming hot, jade-hued substance and the ancient looking raku cup he was to use. Indeed, one cup was all it took. He lay on the bed. His eyes crossed, and his visions spun round sending him into complete disarray. He began slowly to sink into the bed, into complete darkness. He fought to hold on, grabbing for the sheets as they twisted round his body making it impossible to move. Swiftly, blackness overcame.

"Hello?" An echo of voices, but alas, the sound was his own. He was completely alone. He could feel the cold cinching up his body, creeping into his bones as it curled his skin. It seemed that here was nowhere to walk, and his sight was impractical. He felt the walls. They were smooth and polished. He felt around only to find the same, single evenly curved wall.

"I must be trapped inside of some sort of a cylinder." He spoke aloud as his own voice echoed back as if to mock.

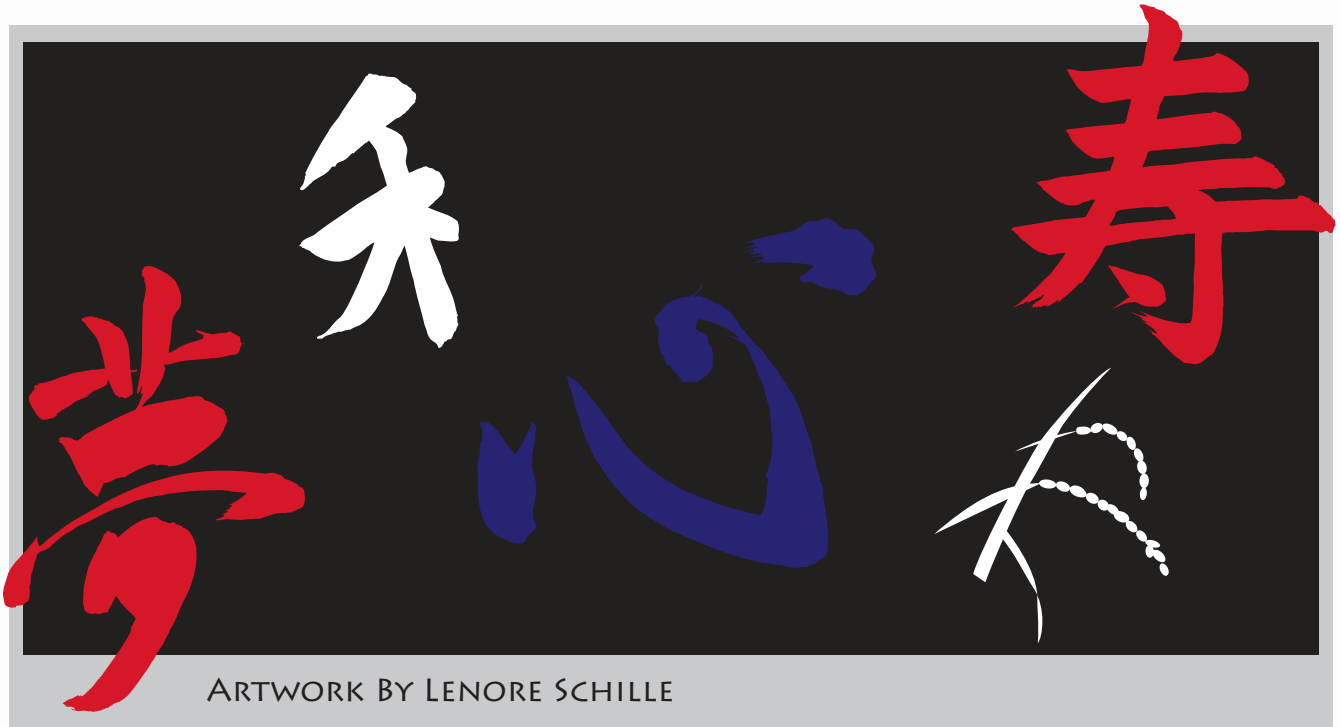
He commenced grabbing and probing his new sanctuary with no benefit. He jumped, grabbed, kicked, and loped around. He even hoped that some sort of crack or opening might reveal itself. Having given up, he decided to rest.

"I'll just sit here for a moment," he thought.

"Maybe if I close my eyes and meditate, I can figure out some way out. After all, this is only a potion…just concoctions of herbs that make you see things in this way."

"The old woman told me that this was a meditative exercise in tolerance, so that is what I will be." He began to chant. "OMM…"

He sent his thoughts away as his voice resonated through the stone-like container sending him far way. He began to make shape of his surroundings. He was in his room.



Artwork By Lenore Schille



Photograph By Shane Silva

True Innocence

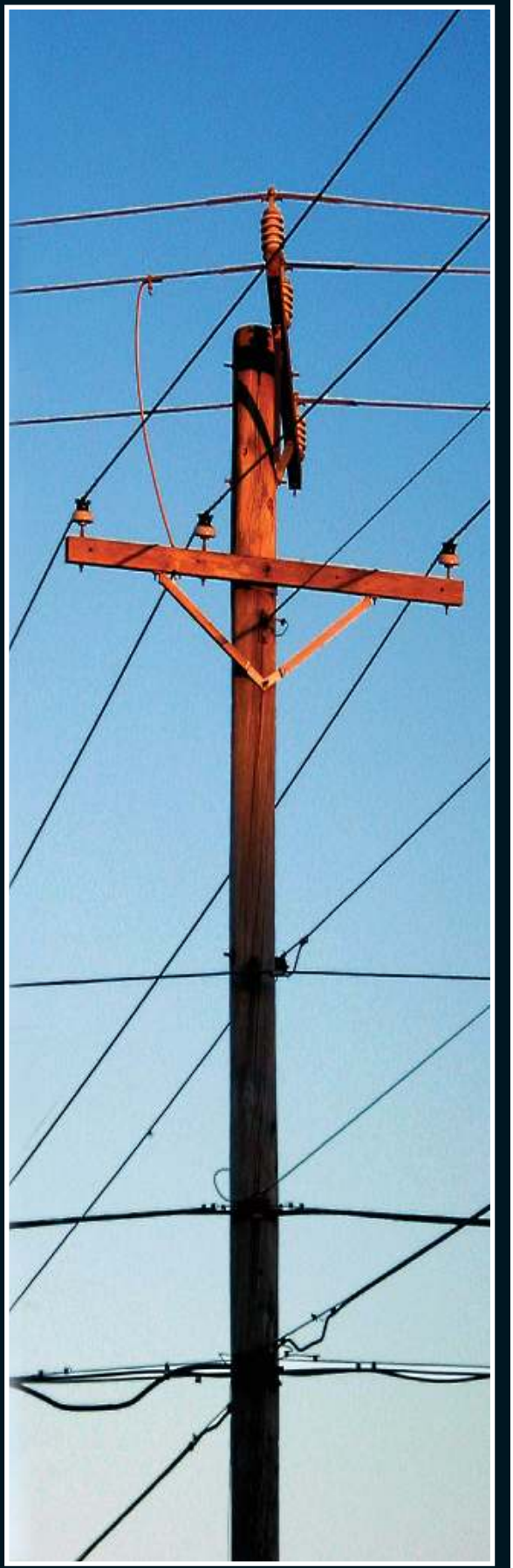
By Sandra C. Bebbington

I am the child within you
longing to be freed.

I am a watercolor angel
reflecting at your feet.

I am a finger painter
creating where I can.

A myriad of memories,
true innocence I am.



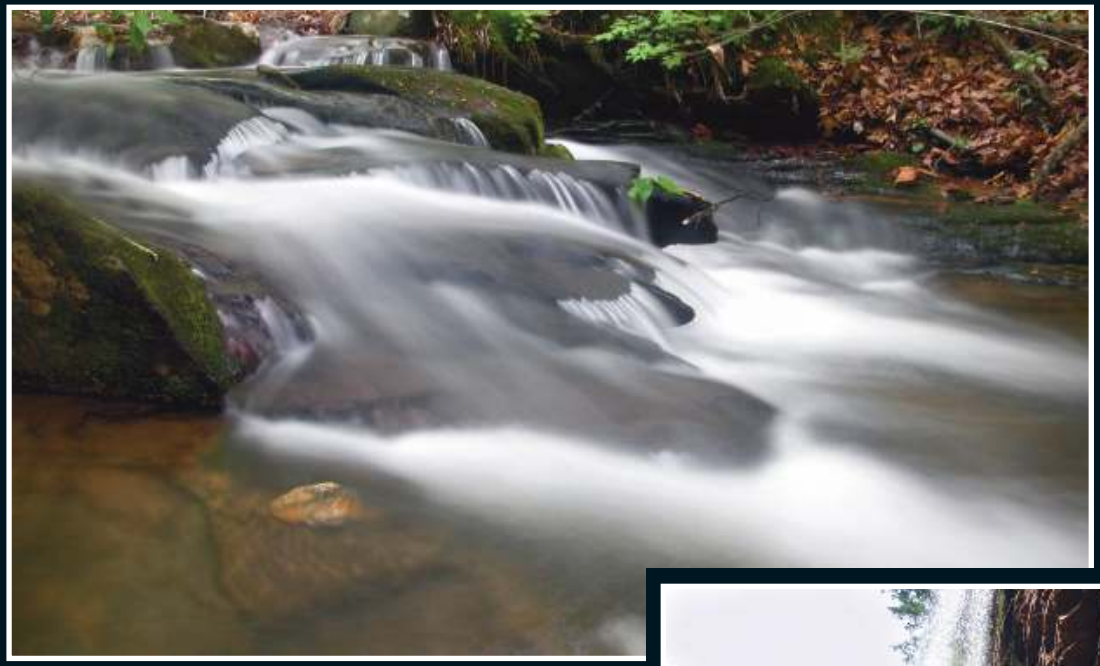
Photograph By Chen Wang

Jesus T-Shirts and Angel Wings with Price Tags

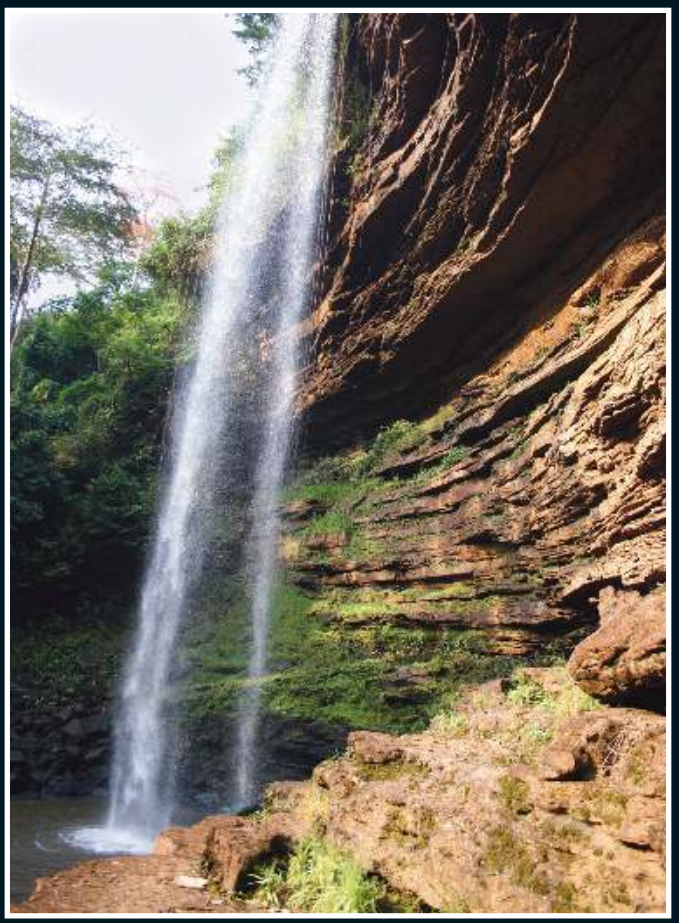
By Roman Rodriguez

They are selling Jesus t-shirts,
telling you to pay penitence to a cash register.
Holy water flows from a quarter operated tap.
My priest talks for $5.95 the first minute…
$3.95 each additional minute.
I was invited to confession
after I owned a major credit card.
"He died for our sins,"
says a tell-all-book,
and so say the pages of a tabloid.
Lines of blasphemy,
angel wings with price tags
are all I see when I pray.
Heaven is pretty, prime land for sale.
When I die,
I will go to a duplex on the Southside
renting a room while holding two jobs.

Water Works



Photograph By Chen Wang



Photograph By Alexander Alamo

Critique of a Poetry Critic

By Liam Curtin

The title's all wrong,
and so are the stanzas.
You call this a poem--
these words thrown on paper?

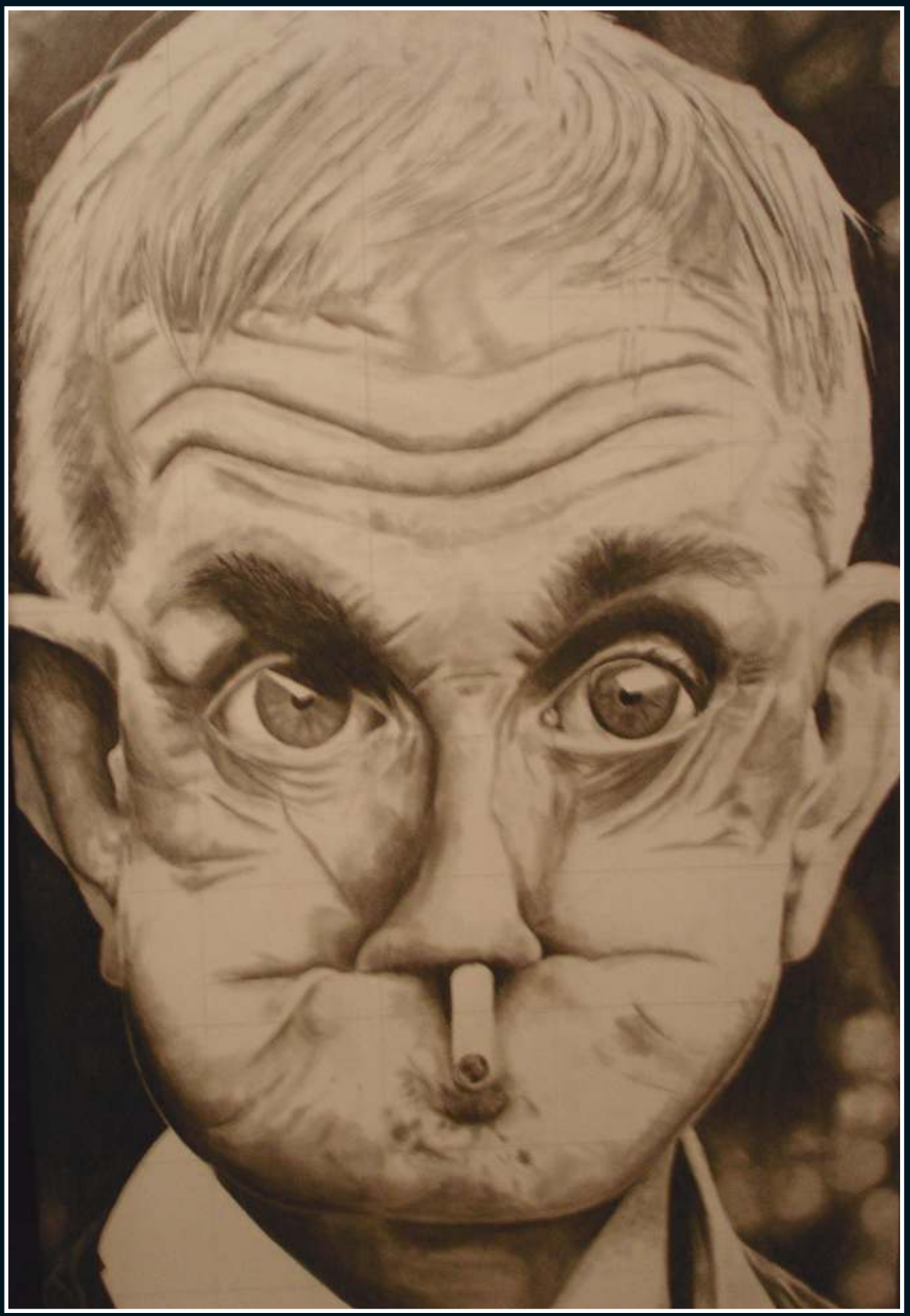
Did you put any thought into it?
It's all mumbo jumbo.
What are you saying?
What are you trying to express?
What are you smoking?

Put this word here,
and that one—there.
Put a space here.

You are not allowed
to rhyme and then to not.
This word sounds good.
Put it here. Don't you think it ought?

Is English your first language?
Instead of "put," use "place."

This has to be tightened up.
Rewrite three or thirty times.
And remember be sad.
No one likes a happy poem.



Smoking Man

By Darrell Cater

Charcoal

FEATURED ARTIST

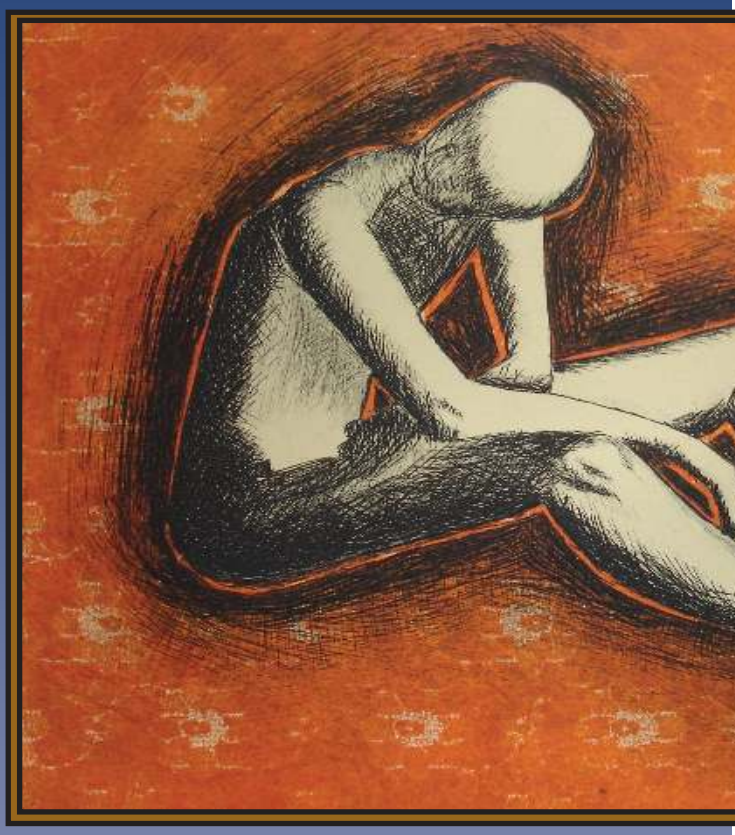


Photograph By Michelel Laws

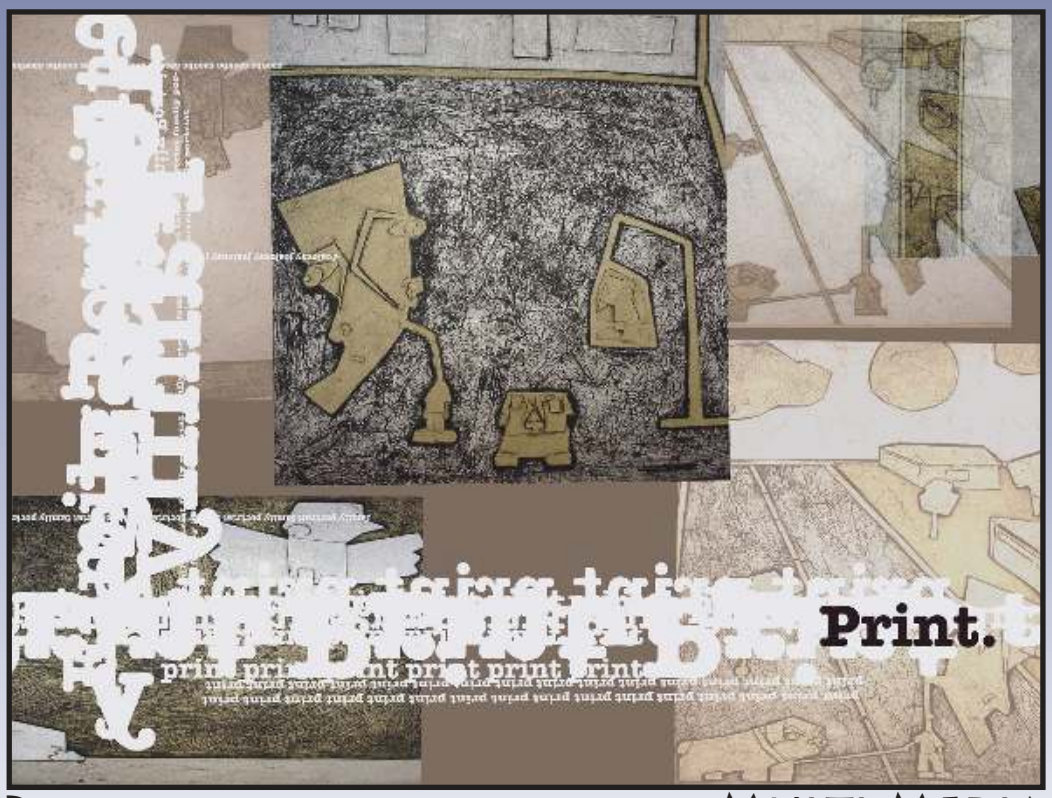
Darell Cater is an energetic artist with a casual personality. He is a talented artist who is fresh and original. His inspiration comes from working at a local gas station in Tampa, Florida. Because he meets so many different people daily, he always notices one important thing about them: their faces. He takes different details from each indivual and incorporates them into his art. Darell states, "I love looking at people because you can tell their life story in their faces. It makes you wonder what has gone on in their life to make them look that way." Darell is inspired by the paintings of Leonardo daVinci, El Greco and by the graphic designs of David Carson.

Darell, now 23, has been drawing since his elementary school years. He was initially unsure what he wanted to achieve after graduating high school in 2000. He decided in 2002 to attend Hillsborough Community College and pursue an AA degree in Graphic Design.

After graduating HCC, he plans to attend the University of South Florida and earn a BA degree in Graphic Design. He eventually wants to have his own show featuring his art. "Who knows...maybe my own company," he says, with a wide smile and a shrug. After viewing his work, we know that at least one thing is certain -- we will be seeing and hearing more about the many faces of Darell Cater in the near future.



Contemplation-
Intaglio Print



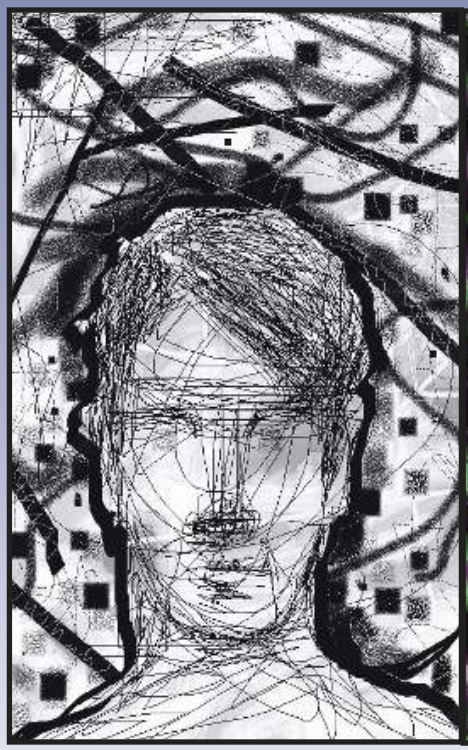
Print

Multi Media





Broken Personalities
Intaglio Print

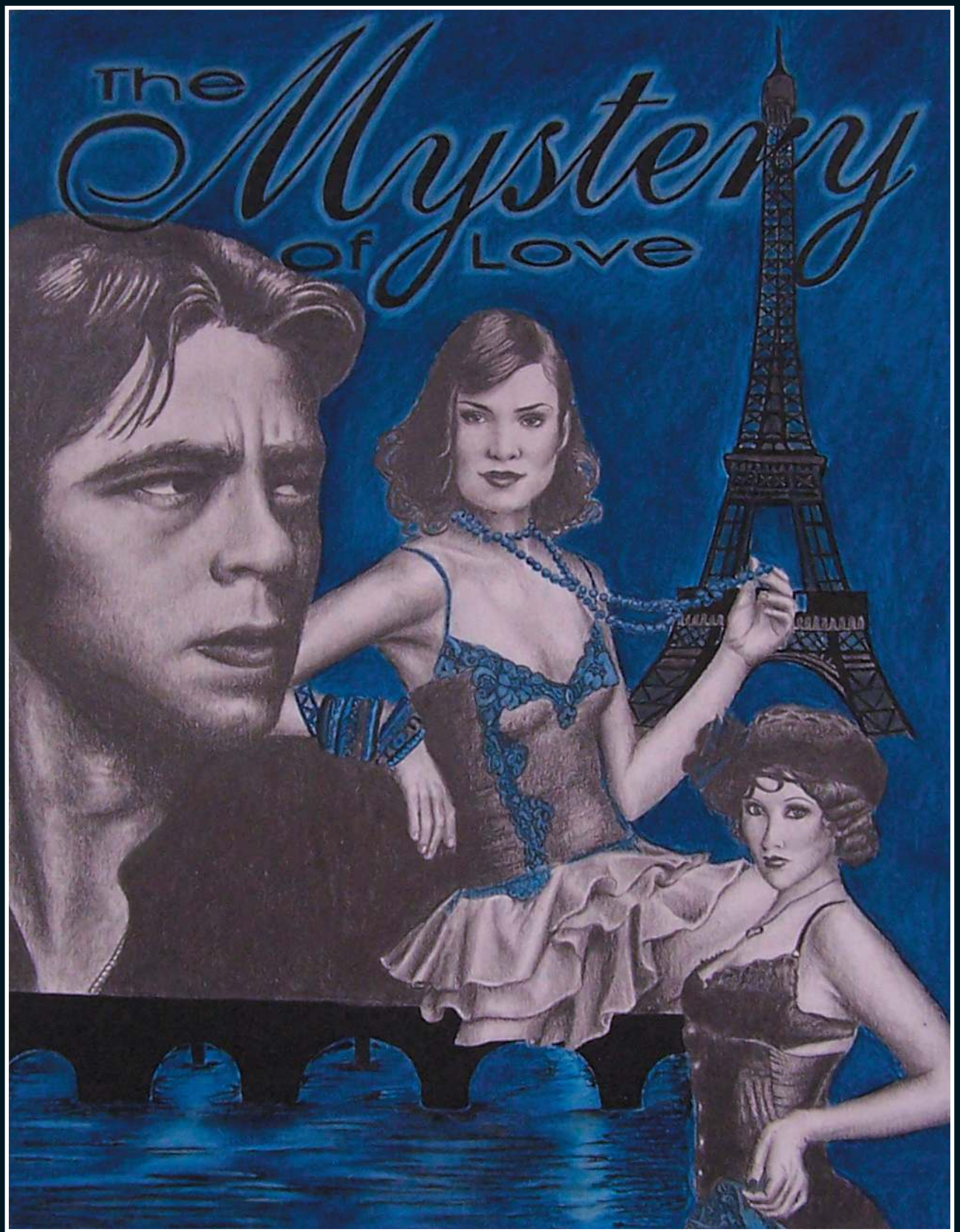


Digital Seperation





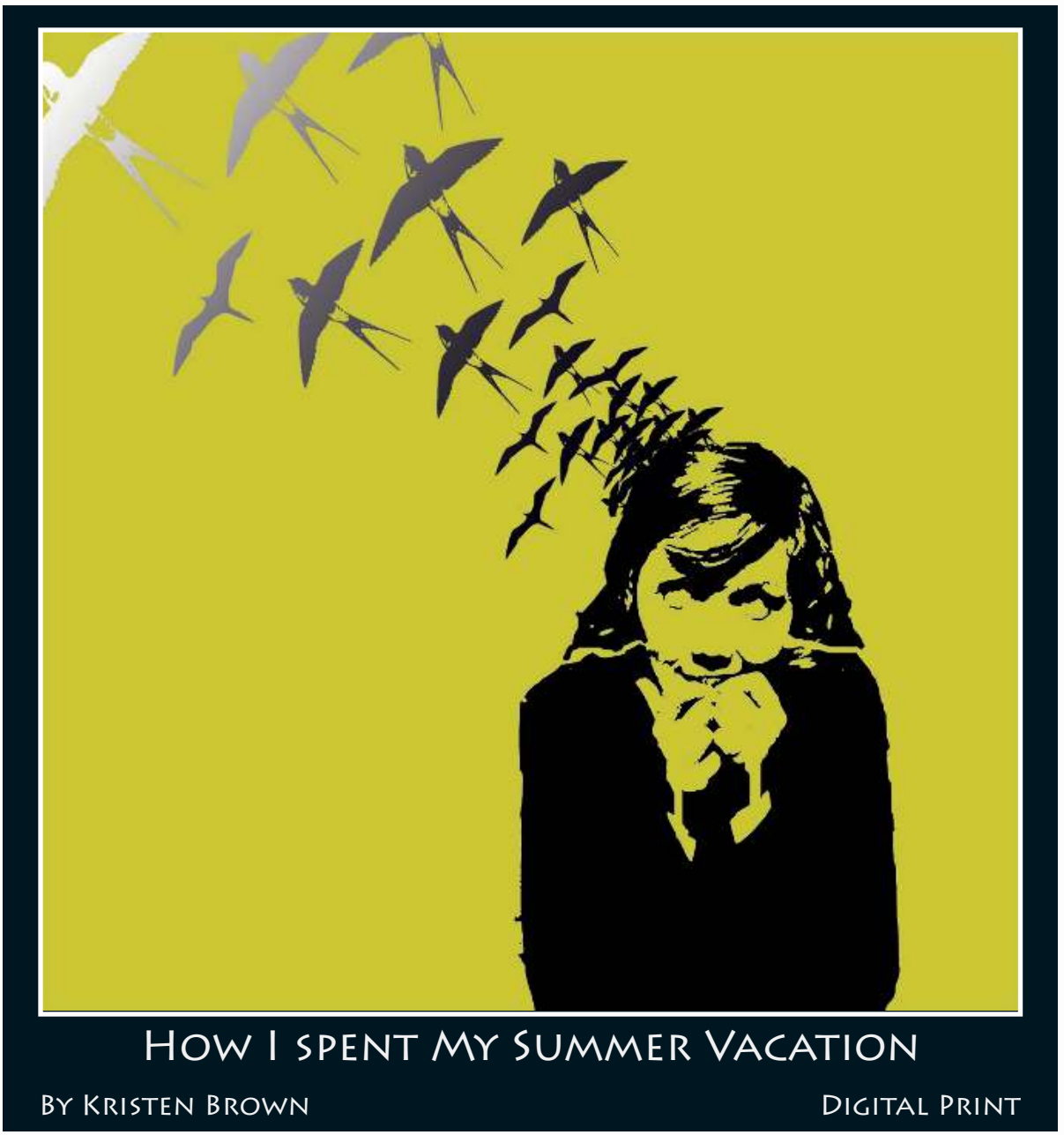
Multi Media



Mystery

By Monique Legault

Mixed Media



How I spent My Summer Vacation

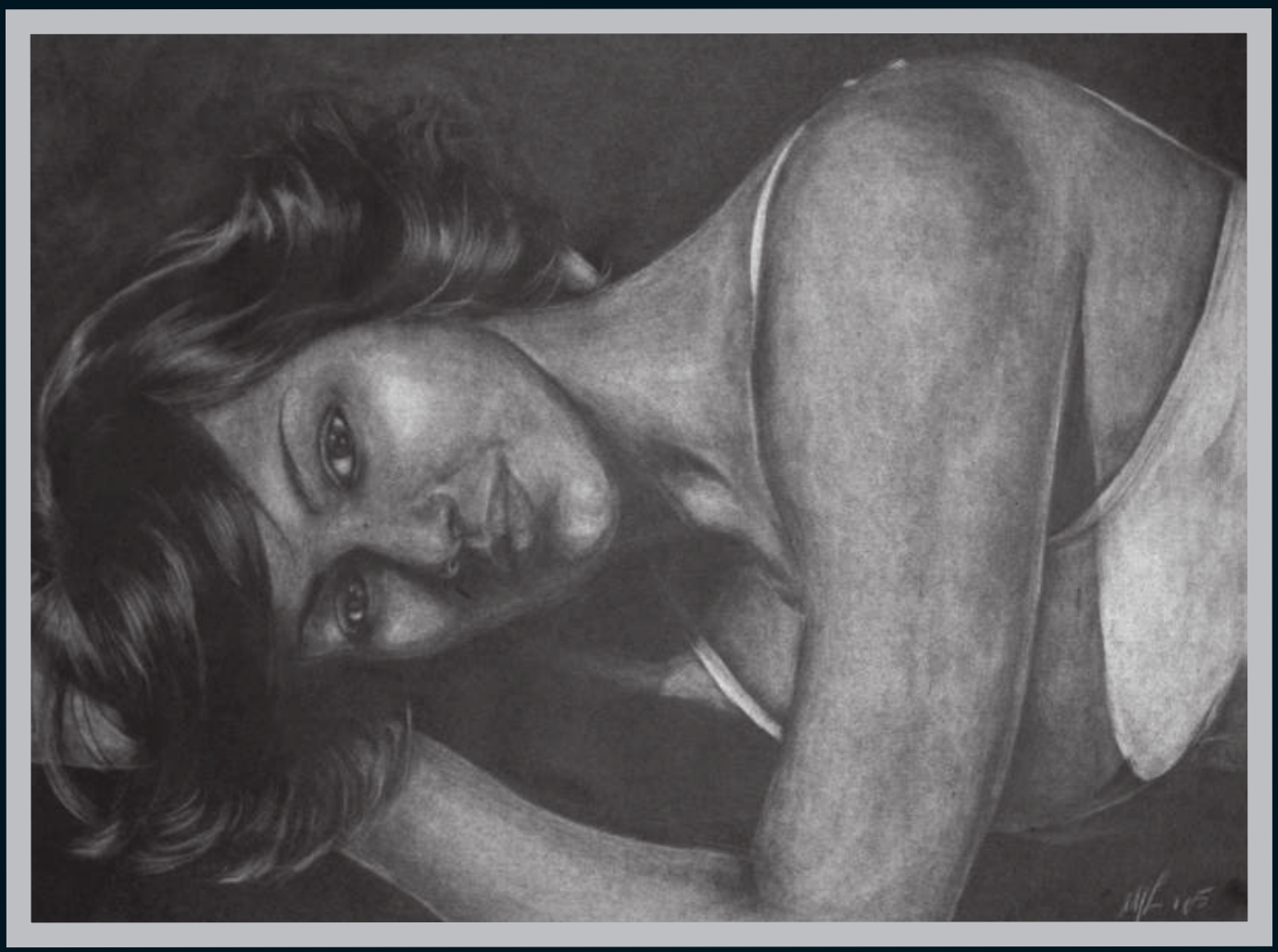
By Kristen Brown — Digital Print

Application Fee Haiku

By J. W. Gillie

Fear not to venture
into overly kept thoughts
of landlord Haiku.

For sale, lease, or rent.
Have two bedrooms and one bath.
No pets allowed please.



By Monique Legault

One Woman

Powdered Graphite



Photograph by Lissett Diaz

Gypsy For Jesus

By Liam Curtin

After we had sex, she followed me out to her patio holding an oversized leather-covered book. She asked me if I wanted my horoscope read. I hesitated, thinking about all of my church Sunday-school teachers who told me to stay away from astrology. She assured me that she was responsible in her practice, and that we all control our own destinies. She also told me that she was a practicing Catholic who attended church every Sunday with her husband and son. I felt bad thinking about them all dressed up getting ready for church in the mornings. I agreed to let her read my horoscope, thinking, "What more harm could it do?"

She repeated, "Do you believe that Jesus is the Savior and that he died on the cross for our sins and that he rose from the dead on the third day?" I thought for a while and remembered some of the things I heard in church and school, and the words all checked out in my head. Plus, if I said "no," I would upset this poor lady. So, I said, "yes." Again, I figured, "What more harm could it do? "

During the reading, I got the sense that my life wasn't just a meaningless wander. I felt that there was a great big something that knew everything about me, who actually cared for my future. She told me that I was chosen to serve God in a very special way. I looked up at her face, and it was shining brightly, literally glowing in the midst of the fog. I had to turn my eyes down because her face was so bright.

When she had finished the reading, I gave her an awkward hug and walked out. I knew I was going to have to break things off. I found her fascinating, but I definitely didn't want to deal with the husband. I even started to feel badly for him and for their baby who was in the room next to us the whole time.

I walked through my front door, and my roommate, Brock, was sitting at the dining room table doing homework. I told him about this married lady I met in the neighborhood and how I slept with her and that she was speaking about God and Jesus. I started to ask him a few questions about God and stuff because I knew he went to church, but Brock wasn't the best at speaking about things like that, so he called up his cousin Shanda and her husband John--two Jesus freaks who were partly responsible for Brock's attendance in church.

Twenty minutes later, the Jesus cousins popped in through the door with concerned looks and a Bible in their hands. While I was telling them an abbreviated version of the whole story, I couldn't even look up at up their faces (and it wasn't because they were glowing or too bright). They seemed really skeptical about this girl's religious practices and told me that we should be able to trust God enough, so we don't have to rely on gypsies of astrology. They said, "Well, do you accept Jesus as your savior?" I went ahead and said, "Yes," as if I were getting married or something.

The next morning, I awoke with the rising sun. It was the first time in a long time that I actually saw the sunrise. I looked out the window and straight up into the blood-red morning sky as a plane revealed its shape as the cross. It was like I never noticed that before. Butterflies were literally fluttering around my head. I felt like I woke up in a Mary Poppins' movie. The world looked totally different. I stuffed on my sneakers and ran out the front door. I walked over to the pool in my boxers not even thinking about any of my neighbors. I made the sign of the cross over the pool. Then, as I cannon-balled in, I asked God to wash away all the dirt from my past.

After I got out of the water, I looked into the sky and there was a bright, white cloud that looked exactly like a dove. I ran back to my place with tears of joy in my eyes to wake up my roommate, Brock, to show him the dove.

When I turned the corner, there was a big, burly guy about to knock on my door. He grabbed my head and slammed me into the side of the apartment. I fell down. The last thing I saw was his black work boot. Then, everything got really bright, and my mom showed up wearing white. She looked better than I had ever remembered seeing her when she was here on this earth. We hugged and walked towards the light together.

Then, I woke up in a hospital bed. My dad was sitting next to me. He said I had been out cold for a few days and that I had some internal bleeding. He asked if I knew who did this to me. I said, "Yes." I convinced my dad not to press charges against the husband for jumping me. I forgave him, even before it ever happened.



Photograph By David Dye

Susan Taylor

Sculpture



Smoking Attack

By Jorge Buitrago

Clay & Oil Paint

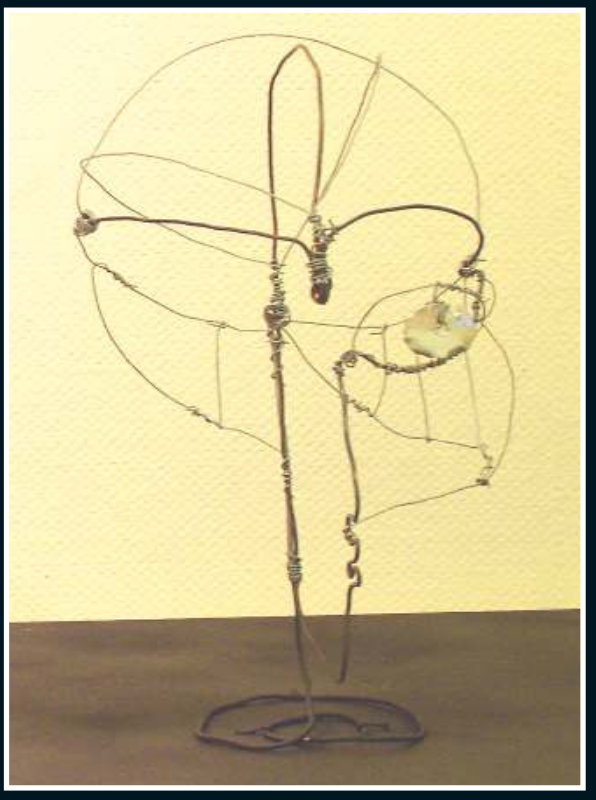


Pawn'd

By Eric Zimmerman

Plaster, Wood, & Plastic





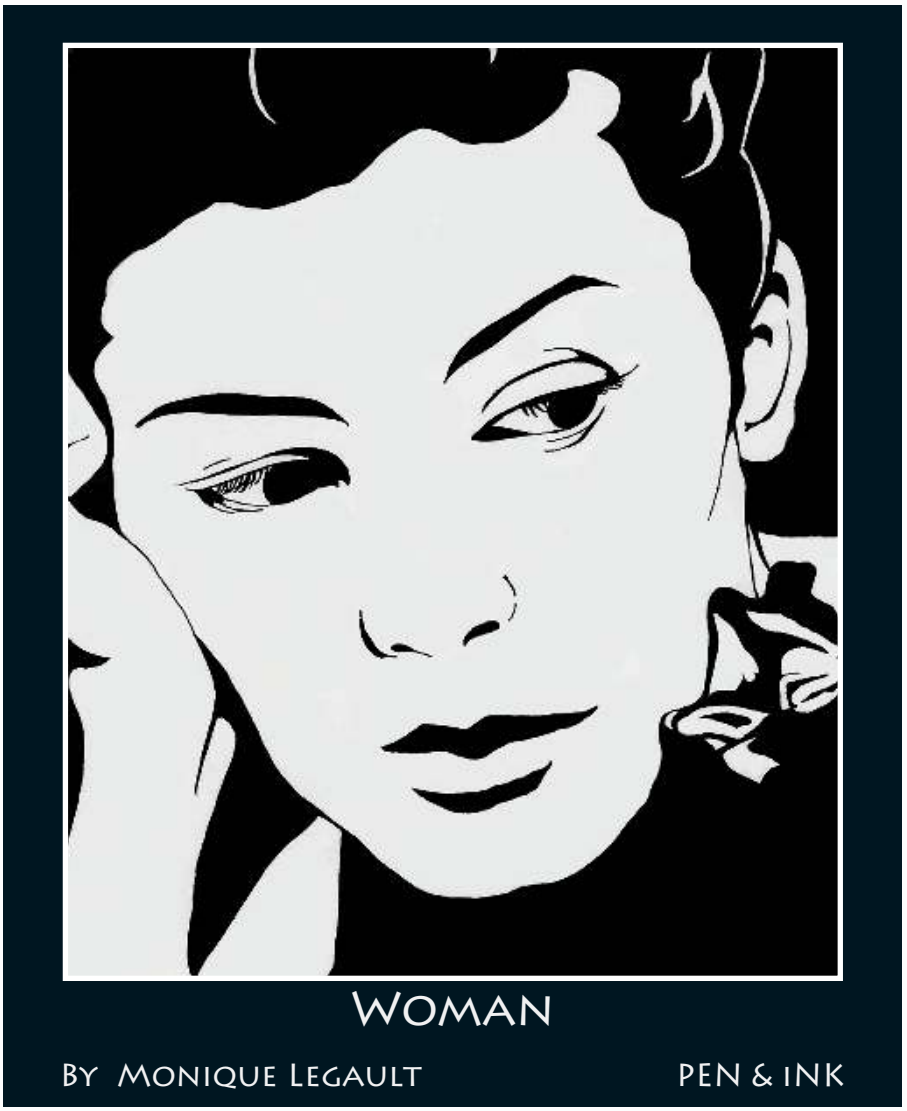
Man Us Machine

By Rick McClelland — Clay, Wire, & Wood



Motion Pictures

By Meagan Gruver — Mixed Media



Woman

By Monique Legault PEN & INK

Circle (Part I)

By Roman Rodriguez

You don't know what it's like to love you...
to take your dignity and allow it to drift
with each kiss we exchange.
We are so perfectly wrong for each other.
Maybe that's why we are so good together.
Let's take it from the top.
You show up for another bad day.
I am blissfully occupied by my own mounting problems.
The worst things you say are the words you never speak.
We are going nowhere again,
but I am the one willing to stop and ask for directions.
Someday, we will grow old of each other.
I have always looked forward to dying of old age.

Circle (Part II)

By Carrie Donna Kolba

I met you at a time when I wasn't looking for you.
Our kisses, the innocent touches, sent me aflame.
We are two halves of a whole, like the yin and the yang.
I gave you anything and everything I had.
You made me feel so warm and safe.
I just wanted you, my buddy, my best friend, my lover.
I leave the words we thought unspoken, but not forgotten.
You left once and came back.
Your mounting problems are my problems.
But you say "we are going nowhere again."
"Where do you want us to go?"
Sex? Marriage? White picket fences? Children?
You're not ready if you can't let me in.
We are both running, running scared.
I admit I need to ask for directions.
We will grow old together if you'll let us.
I look forward to dying of old age... only if it's with you.



Man

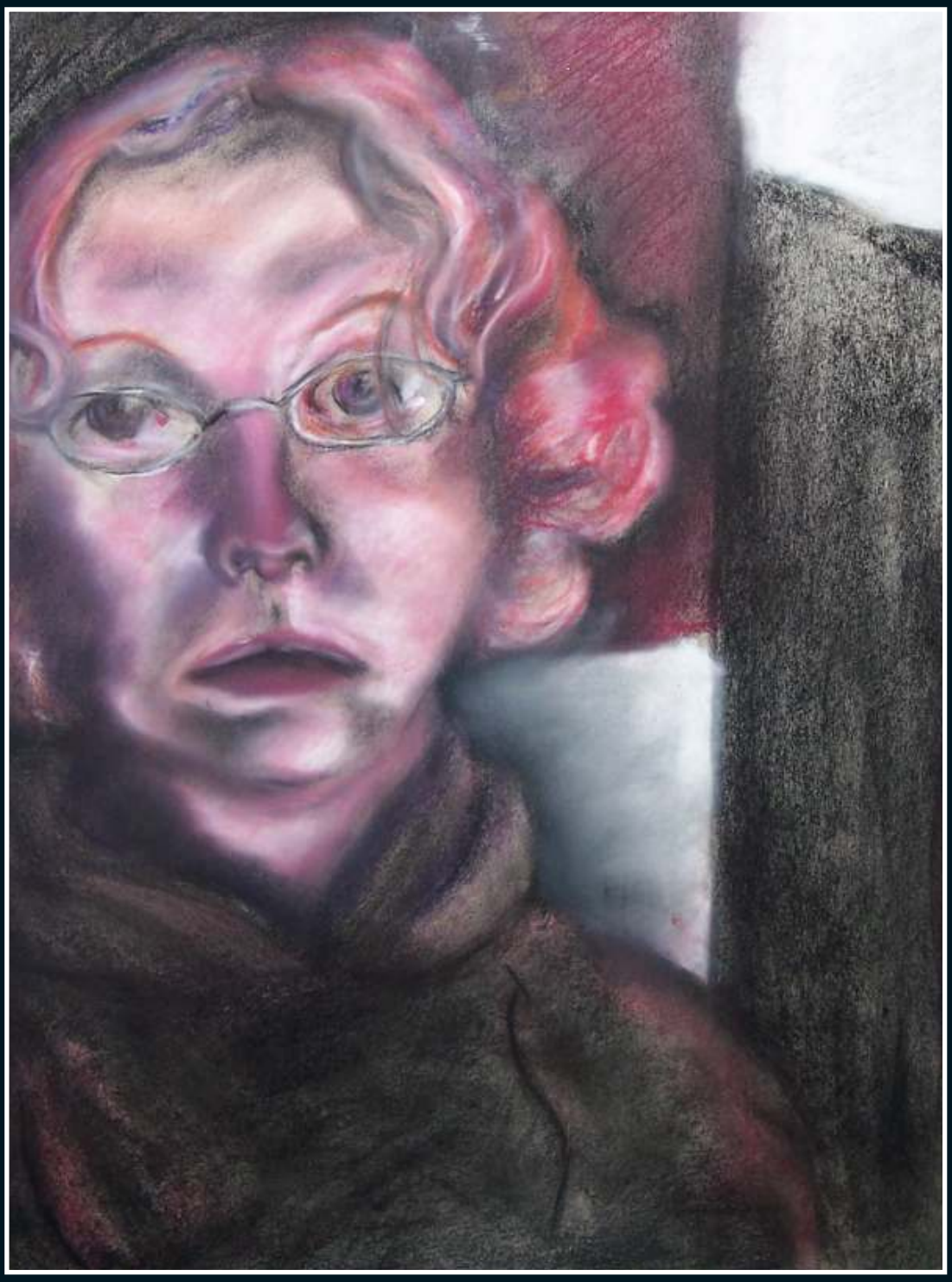
By Monique Legault

Pen & Ink

Word Strike

By Roman Rodriguez

The words you throw
strike so deep within me.
The ripples of frustration
cover my skin.
In a moment of tension and rage,
I scream in protest of the torment.
The opening where your words struck me
stays hollow, unfilled by the useless.
Your words still reside inside of me,
clinging to me as my skin grows older.



Self Portrait

By Aaron Cole

Pastel

Jigsaw Story

By Rachel Robinson

There is a story
laid out in front of me.
All I must do
is put the pieces
together.

Interweaving,
intertwining
people and places,
things and schemes.

All I need is
one key piece
to figure out
what it will be.

One key word,
one key place,
one key color
to finish the puzzle.

Because there is a story
laid out before me,
almost ready
to be put together.



Latin Theme

By Monique Legault

Graphite

Bad Hair Day

By Trevon Young

"Give me another drink! I can't bare to have any sobriety left in me. I don't want to see myself sober anymore for the night!"

Carrie speaks with slurred speech.

"Why not ma'am?"

The bartender slides another vodka and pineapple juice her way.

"My hairdresser did a really bad job on my hair, and I hate it and her too!" She responds angrily.

"Well it's not that bad, miss. Most people don't notice those types of things unless they are really bad, and your hair looks pretty decent if you ask me."

"Really?"

Her eyes widen with surprise.

"Yeah," calls back the bartender, although he focuses more on her pretty brown eyes and cleavage than on her hair. "I actually like it. I wouldn't have thought anything bad about it if you hadn't said anything. But honestly, you should slow down on the drinks because it's not like you're going to look better drunk."

"Well sir, I appreciate your comments but my father is not here, so when I ask for a drink then keep em' comin' and hush your mouth."

The bartender agrees and keeps serving the lady drinks until she is out on the dance floor doing a drunken waltz. The bartender is pleased because, even though her mind is in an alternate state, she isn't upset any longer. So he watches her for a while and then goes outside for a smoke.



Dysfigured

By Darrell Cater — Caligraph Print

The Hand on My Wall

By Mary O'Dea

There is a beautiful hand hanging on my dining room wall. I'd like to say it's exquisite, but exquisite is not quite accurate. Useful comes to mind as well, but can anything, let alone a hand, be both exquisite and useful at the same time? Exquisitely useful, usefully exquisite? Is either one possible or even probable? It seems that the hand is both and yet neither. Still, I should liberate the hand from the wall. It nearly gives me nightmares of guilt.

It's obvious upon examination that the hand belonged to an artist. The short, rounded nails and the slightly muscular tone give it away: this was someone who worked with her hands, but there are no calluses, no scrapes or scars. The nails are not ragged. This someone wasn't a day laborer; she did purposeful, mindful work with this hand.

Visitors to my home often remark on the hand-- its grace and intensity, the relaxed, somewhat provocative position of the long, slender fingers. People first notice the beauty of the hand, and then they begin to discover more. Even through the sepia tones of the photograph, they become aware of the tanned skin. They remark on the solid, silver cuffed bracelet set against the gleaming chrome of a classic automobile's spoked wheel. "It's Georgia O'Keefe's hand," I tell the guests; she is my favorite artist. Her famous photographer husband produced the photo.

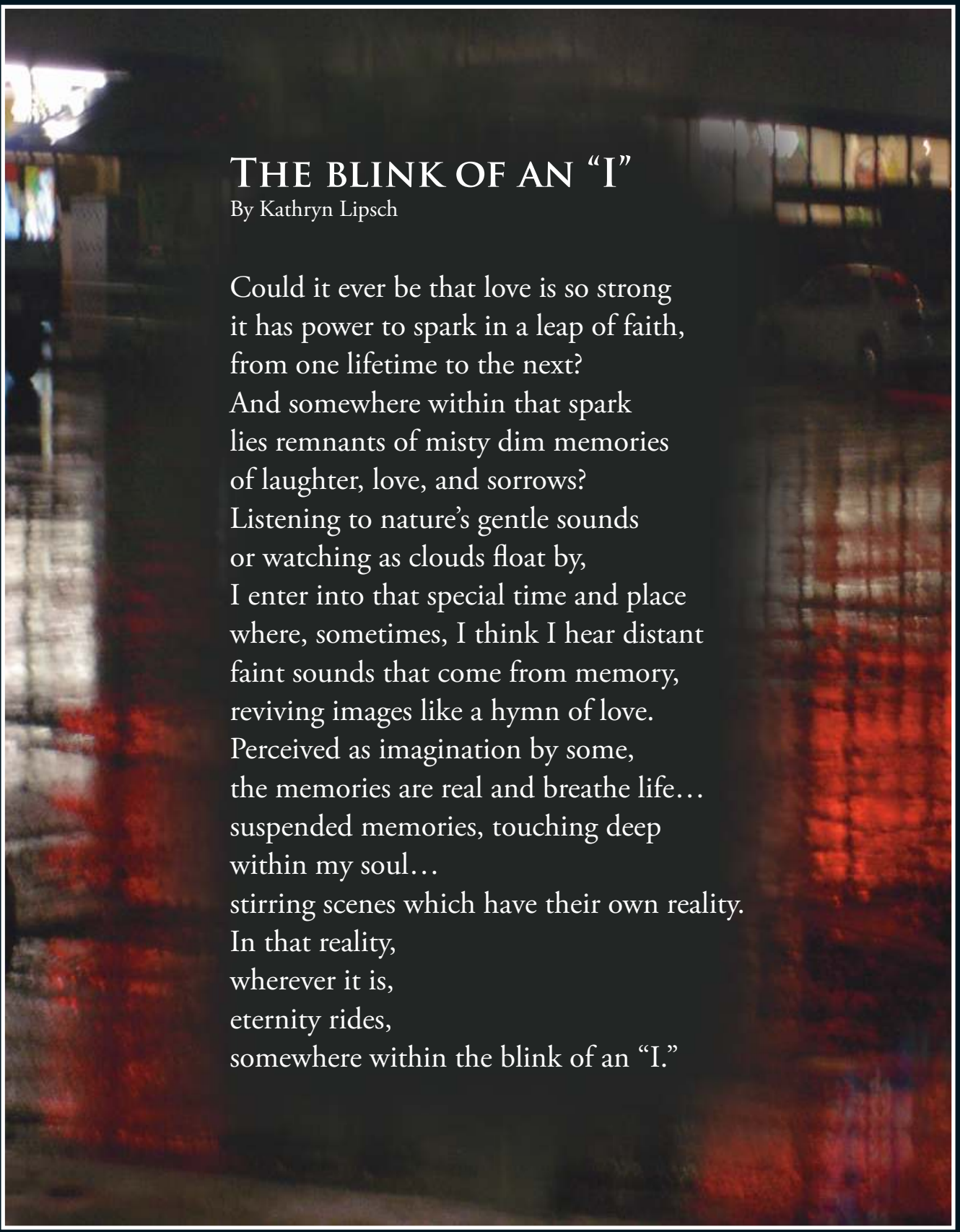
I might go on to tell them that I was drawn to the photograph even before I knew it was O'Keefe's hand. I might share with them that I realize her passion and her strength through this glimpse, that I see the beauty of all that is sensual and female in this hand. Also, I feel desert; I feel art; I feel life and love and free spirit pulsing through the veins of her hand: my own passions embodied in O'Keefe's hand.

I'll share with some visitors that O'Keefe's husband created the perfection when he posed her hand against the tire. Her hand was useful, yet classic like the the tire. Like the wheel of that auto, her hand moved the spirit within. It took her fervor to unexplored places and acted as the touchstone between muse and actuality, channel and reality. It did it all with style and confidence.

Inevitably, no matter which guest I am entertaining or how much I have or have not discussed O'Keefe's hand, I am told: "your hands look like hers." This, after all, is meant as a compliment, and I feign to take it as such. The hand *is* like mine, though accepting this association is caustic. It's not a young woman's hand, nor is it yet wrinkled with time. It is in full blossom, full of experience of life that gives it depth and richness. It is a practically divine hand. I should be delighted that my hand resembles such magnificence, that it might exude such charisma.

Yet, I sometimes think of ripping the hand off the wall, of ending any comparison between our hands. Usefully exquisite artist hands? What do I do with my artist hands? They say there is an art in motherhood. They say there is an art to teaching. Do they mean what they say? Do I agree with what they mean? Should I agree with what they mean? What have my artist hands *really* done? Like so many of us not yet old but not still young, the question lies in wait for 4am awakenings: *Why have you not done something more with your artistic hands?*

But night moves into day, day after day, and day moves into year after year. I barely take notice of the photo on the wall any more, until someone new comes along to point it out, to remind me of the likeness. Then, I am reminded that one of these days I must do something with these artist hands. I'm reminded that I should get my glass and cutting tools from the shed, that I should read the book I need to read and write the book, story, and the poem I need to write. I remember that I must someday free these artist hands.



The blink of an "I"

By Kathryn Lipsch

Could it ever be that love is so strong
it has power to spark in a leap of faith,
from one lifetime to the next?
And somewhere within that spark
lies remnants of misty dim memories
of laughter, love, and sorrows?
Listening to nature's gentle sounds
or watching as clouds float by,
I enter into that special time and place
where, sometimes, I think I hear distant
faint sounds that come from memory,
reviving images like a hymn of love.
Perceived as imagination by some,
the memories are real and breathe life…
suspended memories, touching deep
within my soul…
stirring scenes which have their own reality.
In that reality,
wherever it is,
eternity rides,
somewhere within the blink of an "I."

Photograph By Darrell Cater



Photograph By David Dye



Reddyefix

By David Dye

Oil On Canvas



Percolating In Blue

By Claire Blanchard

Silver Gelatin

Drowning

By Carrie Kolba

Rain hits the window.
Visibility is reduced.
Unreachable means
drown the soaked muddy ground
of puddles, forming pools of tears.

Christmas Eve

By Roman A. Rodriguez

The houses look like rows of jelly fish
as they are cloaked with strings of lights.
Santa's hat is on top of Grandma's head
as the children fall asleep patiently.
Parents drink their wine,
constructing item #2 on the wish list.
Snow is falling if only inside a crystal ball
as Crosby serenades.

English Tourists

By Roman A. Rodriguez

Walking around with map in hand,
they criticize the American life.
The bright floral colors they wear
are reflected sharply by the Florida sun.
Videotaping the cigar roller
and buying Mickey Mouse postcards,
they are saying they hate this Yankee lifestyle,
but the smile they own seems almost genuine.

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