

Galería

Peer through the Panes of Arts & Literature ♦ Volume 28 ♦ Hillsborough Community College



One Quiet Summer Afternoon
by Barbara Lane

*in the west window
I read while shadows of leaves
dance upon my page*



About the Cover

The Galeria 2006 cover, "Lace Panes," is a photograph by Joseph Castellano that was digitally altered in Adobe Photohop CS2 by Geshonda Manning.

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Editors' Notes

"A sense of humor is part of the art of leadership, of getting along with people, of getting things done."

-Dwight D. Eisenhower

Hillsborough Community College and the GALERIA staff are proud to present the 2006 edition of the GALERIA, HCC's features and literary/fine arts magazine. This year's GALERIA represents a wonderful variety of poems, photography, fiction, non-fiction, and art.

Our 2006 theme emerged after a record turnout of submissions regarding the emotions of art and literature. We invite you to peer through the "Festival of the Moving Image" as our staff journalist takes readers to the 4th Annual Film Festival in Ybor City and to experience "The Way Home," a touching story of a person revisiting her mother's grave.

My goal this year was to put together a journal of which our school could be proud--one that would encourage new students to become involved with student publications. I believe we have accomplished this goal. This year, I had a brand new staff: Lorien, Sydney, and Geshonda; I couldn't have done it without them. I'm grateful for the dedicated publications' team and for the faculty advisers who gave me an opportunity to put together another unique anthology. I will never forget my rich experiences at HCC.



Carrie Donna Kolba

Carrie Donna Kolba
2005-2006 President,
Editor-in-Chief

"The goal of an artist is to create the definitive work that cannot be surpassed."

George Bernard Shaw 1856-1950

Be it consciously or subconsciously, all creators of art and literature live by this quotation. It is the striving to achieve greatness in all works that defines these works individually. Be they musicians, poets, writers, or photographers, true artists put their hearts and souls into every inch of the canvas upon which they craft their talents. It is at this locus where true artistry can be enjoyed by all.

It is a treat to be working as the Managing Editor of the GALERIA, and it continues to be a wonderful experience. I look forward to the challenges ahead as well as to the creation of new friends along the way. I have had an excellent time attending community college publishing competitions and functions for Hillsborough Community College. Our goal this year was to make our magazine better than last year's. I believe we've accomplished this goal. Please enjoy your journey through a window of literary works.

I want to give a special thanks to Dr. Gaspar, Dr. Kenefick, and Carrie Kolba for allowing me to express my passion for the literary arts.



R. Sidney Majurie
R. Sidney Majurie,
Managing Editor

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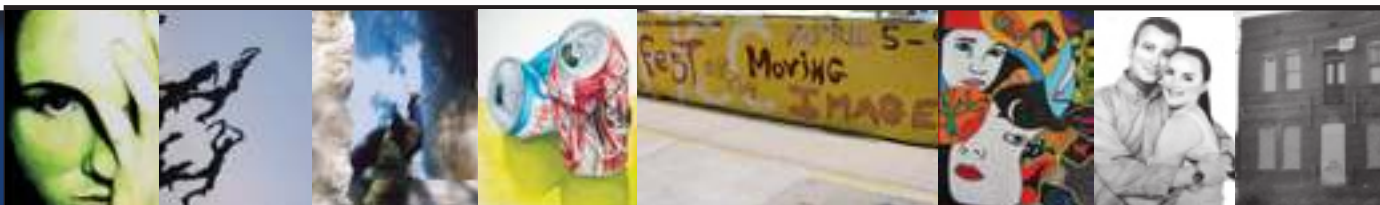
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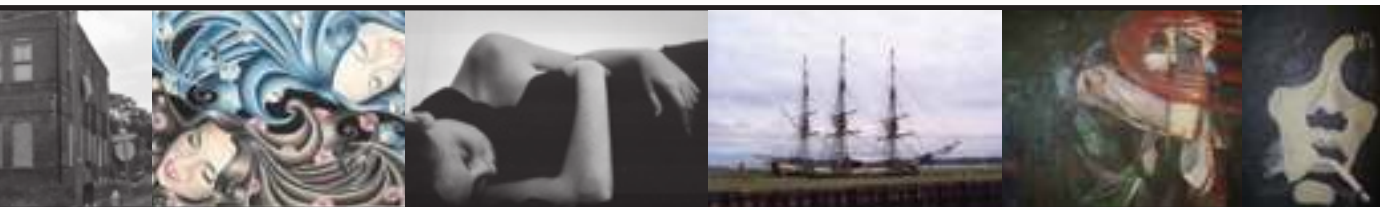
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The Demons of Man

by Chris Brown

When you opened your eyes, they
began to emerge.
Compliant, you followed their every
urge
but your will and theirs; you seek to
divide.

You began to scale the crest before
you.
As you made your path, their numbers
grew.
They followed you, matching your
stride.

Teetering at the edge of the chasm,
you looked within
not oblivious to their intentions,
murderous desires, sin.
You knew all along.

They gave you their support and
prayers.
It was not your decision to fall; it was
theirs,
yet, something was wrong.

You made it across the treacherous
breach
and distanced yourself from their
disloyal reach.
You sauntered down the hill.

They feared your dreams of success--
the unruly host plagued with distress.
Still they were following with satiation
to fill

Your descension brought you to a river,
swift and deep.
Their eyes in sharp focus, the reward
they would reap.
They willed you to venture inside.

Into the surge you bound with mind at
rest.
Minds reeling, they savored their
conquest.

Your sorrow was their pride.

Slowly you pulled yourself from the
violent flow,
but behind you, their numbers
continued to grow.
Easily, they crossed the torrential gap.

Pristine, this land you wished to roam...
this is where you would build your
home.
At rest, before you is heaven's lap.

Alone, you stood there, hands held
high, raising the wall.
The horde surrounded you. Smirking,
they were wanting it to fall
Didn't you hide a smile of your own?

You knew they would cheer when you
were done and were
waiting for you to attempt another one.
When that one fell, they would moan.
The masterpiece completed, before
you stood the dream.
The swarm was happy for you, or so it
would seem.
For all but one smile was forced and
hollow.

Taking a step inside, you claimed your
abode.
You would forget the long and
treacherous road,
but you knew they would follow.

You turned to face them; the time had
arrived.
You no longer needed them; you had
survived.
Slowly, you took in their faces.

You needed them to get here. That
was true,
but the faces looking back were all you
from different times, not places.



Mixed Media

Untitled

Alyssa Davie

But the one in the back was different--
older

Stepping forward, his intentions were
bolder.

His genuine smile was still in place.

He walked past you without missing a beat,
then took a place in the only seat.
His indolence was too much to face.

When his grin faded, you turned to the rest.
They had become lingering shades at best.
You looked upon your hands with fear.

Settled back, he closed his ancient eyes.
Then he remarked tenderly, "How time
flies."

Slowly you began to disappear.

Those who came before you were gone.
They were nothing but this madman's
pawn.

You were an angry despot's slave

He glanced toward you. His authentic smile
returned.

"It's not what you are given, but what you
have earned."

This was the sincere advice he gave.

He settled back and was at peace,
knowing soon your existence would cease.
You knew what he said was true.



Untitled

Bonnie Ronson

The Appointment

"I know someone who can help you,"

a women whispered in my ear,
and she handed me a slip of paper
with his number written clear.

I called and made an appointment
to meet this shadowy man
who told me not to worry.
He was in control and had a plan.

He sat me among his idols,
adorned with fruit and rum,
and then he talked of suicide.
He said he was glad that I had come.

He spoke to me of demons
and all that I would need
to rid the devils from my life.
Goats and chickens he would bleed.

I saw the cross of Jesus
upside down above his head.
I laid the money on the table,
said, "No thank you." Then I fled.

by Bonnie Ronson

“Between HELL and 134th Street”

by Sidney Majurie

About suffering, they were never wrong. They couldn't be. Hunger and despair; they were their best friends, and that made them their worst enemies. Chris and Erica were what was known on the streets of Brooklyn as “dope sick lovers.” They were a romantic couple forever held together by a common illness, a common addiction. The drug heroin had all but claimed any chance they would have at a normal life. They cared for each other dearly, but they cared more for those “liquid shackles” that imprisoned them to live out a dismal life on the streets between HELL and 134th street.

Erica was decidedly the more strung-out of the two as she wore her addiction like the ratted clothing that barely clung to her body. Her eyes were riddled with the wrinkles of hopelessness and pain, and her red and black flannel and rotting blue jeans were also war-torn. She had 24-hour eye-shadow, and her lips were as dry and crusted as the shifting sidewalk where she sat. She scratched, squinted, and shook unwaveringly as Chris exited to seek out their fix. He was obviously annoyed by the dope dealer who tried his best to swindle him out of his meager wages. He knew the weight was off for the price he was asking, and yet he gave in as he was afraid to return to Erica empty handed. He quickly returned to her as his oversized jogging pants ruffled in the early morning wind. The skin-tight “I Love N.Y.” tee-shirt he was wearing was dirt-streaked, and he scratched the side of his stomach through a hole in the front of his shirt. They quickly shuffled off into a nearby alley to end their suffering... if only for a few moments in time.



Photograph

Untitled

R. Sidney Majurie

The Darkest of Places

by Chris Brown

The magic men rolled their dice, and I, like so many before me, found myself standing in the darkest of places. The door was shut behind me, and I walked within. I stood alone and at the mercy of their dark room. Like my brothers before me, I knew that there was so much more to see, and in this black hour, my desperation had reached new bounds. The endless night was absolute; however, I was desperate to find the magic hidden behind its mysterious veil. I walked the night with little conscience and no goal. Before all my hopes faltered, I saw a small, wavering light before me.

I stumbled through the room, forgetting the door. I hoped that my reasons for abandoning the life I once knew would ultimately be justified. The sound of my footsteps echoed, and I knew that this room could not continue forever, but all too soon, the light failed; alas, I found myself in the dark again. Unrelenting, I continued into the oblivion, for I knew that there was more to be found. As I continued with caution, my foot landed on something strange. I knelt to pick it off the cool floor and found it to be a matchbook. The sharp edges of its paper hide were eerily cumbersome. With shaking hands, I pulled open the fold and felt within. For all my trouble, there was but one match. My anxiety grew, and I whispered a prayer. I hoped my solitary match would illuminate a path to the truth. I would make this modest spark set a blaze to humble the heavens, and so, after three tries, I found my mark and struck the match. Above, below, and all around, I could see the silhouette of the knowledge I sought. Although my heart vaulted vigorously,

I knew that I must bring the magic into focus. I concentrated to the edge of bitter anguish. The facts were at the very verge of my perception, and just as the lens of my mind's eye began to clear, the match burned my finger. Instinctively, I shook away the pain. As I looked upon my aching digit, I knew that I could rend the flesh from its bone. By my lack of discretion, I'd shaken my light and only hope. I reared back my head and inhaled deeply. My arms were spread, and I prepared a mighty bellow; however, before I could be released of my pain, I saw another light deeper within the room.

I stumbled through the room, forgetting the door and forgetting the match, for this light was far more bold and brilliant. The sound of my footsteps grew as swift as my racing heart. As I grew close to this radiant light, it flickered, faded, and expired. My heart crashed, and my hopes shattered. My temples began to pulse as a massive headache mimicked my failing heart. I took a few more steps into the enchanting void and almost tripped on a protracted piece of metal below me. I knelt to pick it off the icy floor and found it to be a flashlight. A faint smile eclipsed my face at this newly found scepter of hope. As my anticipation grew, my hands shook ever harder. I had to grasp it with all my strength, or I would have dropped the rod. I was fortunate in my blind fumble. I slid its switch to "on." The beam of light threw back the silhouettes and melted them to shadows. The secrets of the dark room came to me more clearly, and I once again concentrated to milk my craving from its unyielding cloak of night. I surrendered myself

completely to the virtues of my desire and could read the first letter of the first word within the first shape. The flashlight began to flicker, and I shook it violently to keep the beam bright. Despite my attempt, the bulb relented to darkness. I sat on the icy floor and set the flashlight beside me. As I leaned back and looked up into the imperceptible façade of the magic, a tear tickled my left cheek and teased my neck. The vexing shade chortled at my desperation, and I collapsed upon the floor. My body yielded to the night, but my eyes were open and defiant to the taunting of the dark place. When a brilliant light blinded me, I struggled to stand; however, before my eyes could adjust to the dazzling radiance, the ever-dark returned. I was at the end of my threshold, but I fought my indolence and stood.

I stumbled forward, forgetting the door, forgetting the match, and forgetting the flashlight. The sound of my footsteps rang hollow within the dark room, and my hopes were all but spent. I walked on, and time was forever cast into shame. The magic was all around me, and there was little hope that it would reveal itself. It was this way for hours or days when I walked into a wall. I felt its seamless surface for another door to lead me out of the dark room when I felt something strange and forgotten upon the frozen barricade - a light switch. Once again my heart jumped, and my smile returned; I was certain that no greater light could ever be found in the dark place. There could be no better way to reveal the dark room's magic. This small device could bring my journey to an end, and I alone would succeed where all my brothers had failed. All my sorrow melted away, for I had felt no greater passion in my life. My hands shook so fiercely that I

could scarcely attach my finger to the tiny nub that protruded from the wall. I pushed the switch up and was once again blinded by a powerful cascade that threw back the shadows of the night. I squinted as the light infiltrated my delicate eyes. With contempt, I fought the pain. With full focus, my mind devoured the magic I had sought so desperately. I felt dead to the world that I once knew, for the truth was at long last before me. As I celebrated my victory, I slowly began to realize what I had done. Carefully, I studied the magic before me. I interpreted the letters, and I interpreted the words within their symbols. Despite my greatest hopes or most harrowing fears, I never expected what I revealed. All my pleasure melted away, for I had felt no greater pain in my life. Desperately, I grappled for the switch upon the wall. As swiftly as I could, I returned the secrets of the dark room to the night. I walked away from the wall and knew all at once why the sun sleeps when the eerie black creeps, why the flame's luminescence runs when the gloom of endless twilight comes to call. I knew why those who came before me into the dark room never returned. I will never again be at the door that brought me to this place and will never have the courage to turn on the light to find my way back home. I accepted the night and stepped into the oblivion before me.

I stumbled forward. I forgot the door, the match, the flashlight, and the light switch, but I did not forget the magic. The sounds of my footsteps were joined by all the others, and I, like my brothers who came before me, knew that I shall forever stroll the path of darker places.



Mocking Birds

Drawing

Desiree D'Alessandro

A Stranger Feeds

the Birds

by Jennifer Godwin

In the booming blue, cool, unsteady room with castles of light moving like waves across the shadows of the walls, he was stilled. He stood at the aquarium in silence. He was the only man there. In the room with the most fish and the most water, he thought he saw a mermaid swimming up to the glass. He squinted and blinked and rubbed his eyes.

Discovering him, she pressed her hand against the glass while her other hand held back the black, tossing nest of hair covering and uncovering her bare breasts and white stomach. She reached for his large hands to help her out from the water. She breathed a siren song, “take me out of the water and make me a wife.”

This thought poured into his mind as her hands shifted from helpless and pressed against the glass to two upturned, inviting palms. The tiny half moons were bent and beckoning. She smiled coolly as if at home in these waters, winking and swimming away. All of this was contained in a corner of a moment, too brief for him to dive into the water. Yet surely, he thought as he pressed his fingertips against the cool glass, she was not there except for the lingering image in the corner of his eye, her hair covering and uncovering her body with the moving water when his head was barely turned. He was again alone with the ugly fish and moving water.

Tomorrow, he will sit down at a park bench and feed the birds. I will sit down in the grass and begin to paint a picture of the trees. I will look over my shoulder and see him looking into the sky as if it were water, and I will set down my paint brush and begin a sketch of the man feeding the birds. He will begin to talk to me. He will tell me this story as I draw a sparkling fishtail in his eyes.

He returned to his hotel room. Hours later there was a knock on the door.

Calling the number was not easy, but opening the door was virtually impossible when considering what was on the other side and the implications involved. He considered turning off the lights and sitting silently until she gave up and left. She did not knock again.

Regrets gathered slowly behind him, gaining force, like a tide, consuming first his legs then his arms, filling his lungs with water, carving gills in his neck as he swam quickly to the door. He thought he would rush down the hall with the power of the waves behind him, enveloping her before she got on the elevator. All these thoughts gathered momentum as he opened the door swiftly.

He stopped short as he realized she was standing right there, demurely, with her eyes focused on the exotic, blue-green, flowing designs of the clean hotel carpeting. She looked up at him without an expression, just thick red lips, bare shoulders, and wide eyes.

She spoke softly, "Are you Jack?"

Her voice was gentle and charming, like a Celtic song.

"Yes, I am. I'm sorry I didn't answer the door, I was just..."

She charitably interrupted, not wanting to let him finish searching for an excuse. She wanted to put him at ease.

"You were just deciding whether or not to open the door. That's okay. It happens a lot. I'm glad you did. May I come in please?"

He opened the suspicious crack in the door to a window. She floated in gracefully like she was moving in water, removing her sweater in one smooth drop of her shoulders as she walked to the bed.

Now, this man does not speak, as he has not spoken at all during his visit to the city. He paints the following scene like a tableau, fading black, then dawning a light on a corner of the room.

There is a white business card on the chair beside his wrinkled pants. Perhaps it was obtained somewhere between the aquarium, the bar, and this room. There is a lovely mermaid in the bed with him. She has white skin, long black hair, and red lips. Her tail is hidden in a pair of ripped jeans. He is so naked and helpless as she pulls a white cotton tank-top over her head and slips a black bra into her purse. She starts to stand up, and he asks her to stay longer. She sits back down on the bed. She is dressed and now undressed as he sets her shirt on the chair next to his wrinkled pants. He lies down next to her and wraps his arm around her waist. In his head, he tells himself, "Soft, or she may break in your hands like a starfish."

He has fallen asleep, smiling on the ocean floor in a bed of sea foam with a mermaid in his hands. Tomorrow, he will sit on a park bench and tell me his secret while I draw an ocean around his legs while he is dispersing bread crumbs among the greedy birds.



Photograph

India Blue

Joseph Castellano

I Wanted

I wanted to make you understand
the best way I know how,
but you said only an angel could do it.
Let me be your angel now.

I'd like your hand in gentle embrace,
to gaze into your eyes
and softly fill with light
where darkness seems to lie.

I would whisper in your ear
and sweetly brush along your face
with my lips around your cheeks.
Memories we would chase.

I would lightly kiss upon your brow
and let my tears fall unto you.
Glassy streaks on your cheeks lie
such as you were crying too.

by Cherie Rathell

Untitled

Sometimes I wonder
if I could change my past
would regrets still hang high?
Would there be happiness at last?

And if all the choices
I wish I never made
and the things that I had said
in darkness would fade,

would these memories be erased?
Would something great have come?
Would I not hate myself
for the person I've become?



Untitled

Photographs
by Erin Peterson



Untitled

Galeria 2006



Digital Print

Guadalquivir

Joseph Castellano

Our Gifts

by J. Annie Best

*I'll give you my strongest smile,
in return, your hand in mine.
These are gifts quite enough
for two who love each other.*



Sketching

Embrace

Desiree D'Alessandro



Photograph *Untitled*



Photograph

Untitled

Moon and Sea

by Lorien Mattiacci

Since the first day, Moon and Sea have loved each other. Moon would roll along Sea's sandy shores, admiring her depth. Sea stretched onto the beach to come closer to Moon's gentle glow. They conversed about philosophy and art. They discussed the vast gray area between black and white. She hid her secrets in shells for him to find. He shared his greatest dreams with her. Their love grew.

During one of these magical evenings, Sea's love overcame her. She reached far from her sandy home and climbed all the way up her shores to place one salty kiss on Moon's white lips. She longed to have him closer, to see all of his light at once. Moon rolled slowly out, wading into her shallow waters. He wanted to know her depth, to feel her surround him. She wrapped her nourishing waters around him, and they held each other all night. When they woke, morning's warmth rested on them.

Sea welcomed her lover's presence every night, and every morning, Moon rolled home. They filled the nights with love and laughter and friendship only to wake to long, lonely days. Finally, the two could stand it no more. That night, Moon rolled down Sea's sloping arms and found a home in her deep bosom.

The lovers had longed for this since they had met. They had finally completed their union and become one. Their love flourished. Each gained a deeper understanding of the other, and their love grew. Yet, in this ultimate act, each lost the part that was most admired by the other. Sea could no longer delight in Moon's gentle glow, and Moon could not appreciate Sea's endless bounds. Moon explained to Sea that he did not think he could have true happiness unless he could behold all of her. Sea admitted that she missed Moon's beautiful glow. The lovers became determined to find a way to make each other truly happy again.

They decided that they could not go back to conversing on the shore because their love had grown too strong. Moon would leave Sea's grasp just long enough for each to admire the other, and then he would return. Sea thought that she could create waves large enough to pull him from her depths and release him into the heavens. He would illuminate her as he rose and see her in all of her vast glory. After the power of her push wore off, he would glide gracefully back to earth and into her eager arms.

Sea moved like never before. She slid up and down the shore with progressing power until one enormous wave rose from beneath Moon and catapulted him into the sky. Sea smiled as she watched her lover soar into the air, lighting the world with his soft glow. Moon smiled as he got higher and saw all of his lovely Sea for the first time. As Sea basked in Moon's light, her love grew even deeper. As Moon saw more of the Sea, his love grew bigger. The two could not wait to reunite, yet his flight continued. Their longing increased with every minute of Moon's trip, but he did not return to earth.

Sea had launched Moon into the heavens. Despite his great desire to return, he could not. Moon still reaches for Sea. He stretches with such force that his perfect sphere has bent into an oblong shape. Sea still misses Moon. She rolls in and out of the shore remembering their first kiss, and she hides her secrets in shells hoping that Moon will one day return to hear them.

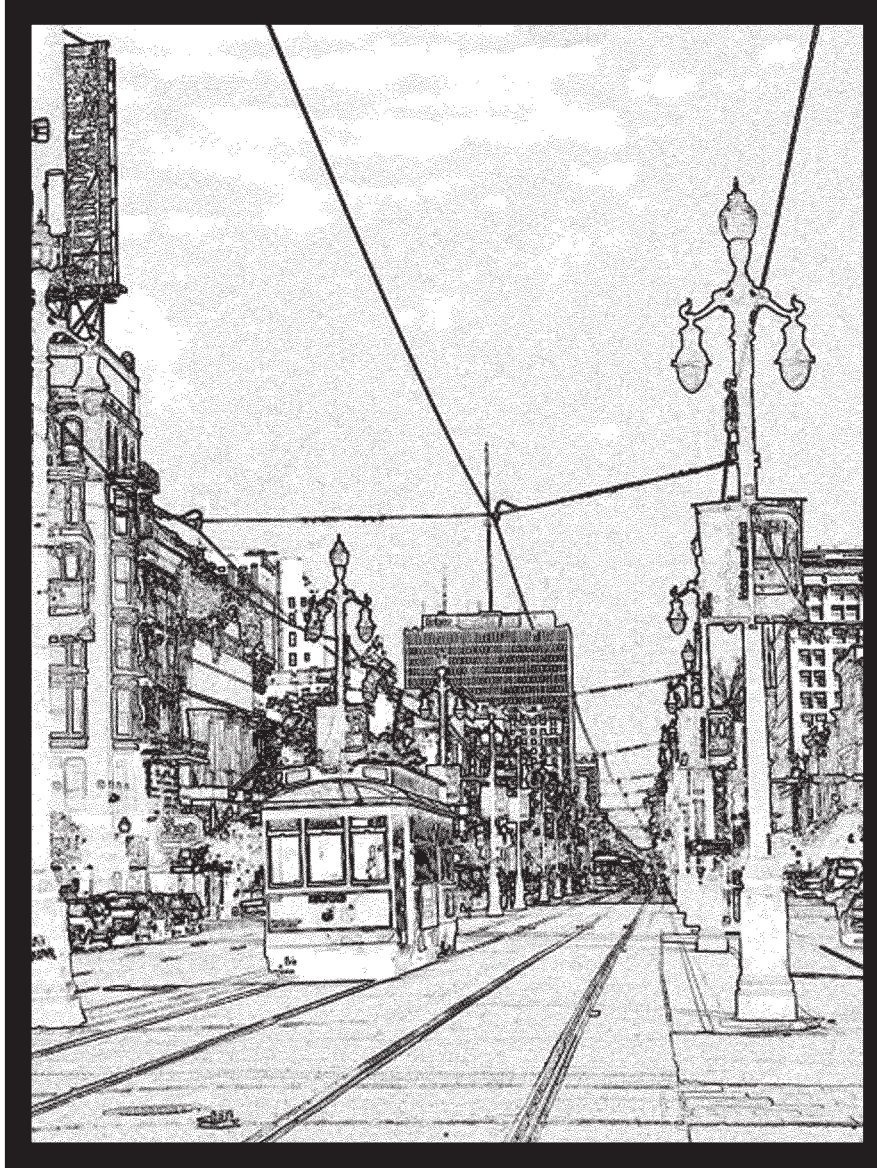


The Bull is on the Wall



Southern Delight

by Joseph Castelano



Canal Streetcar Line



Drawing

Resilience

Desiree D'Alessandro

Featured Artist Desiree D'Alessandro



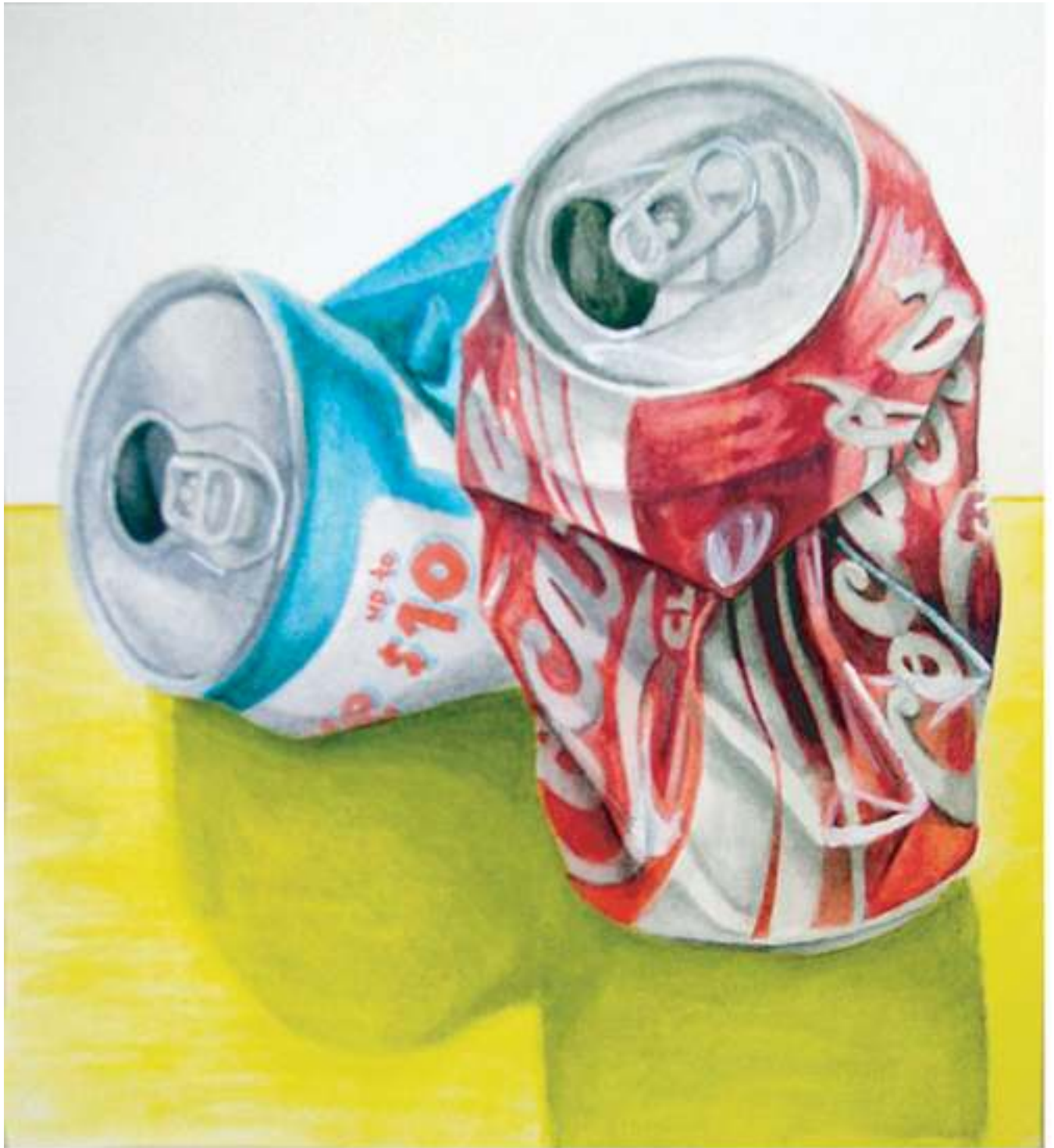
Modern Sculpture

Arc de Triomphe



Tessellation

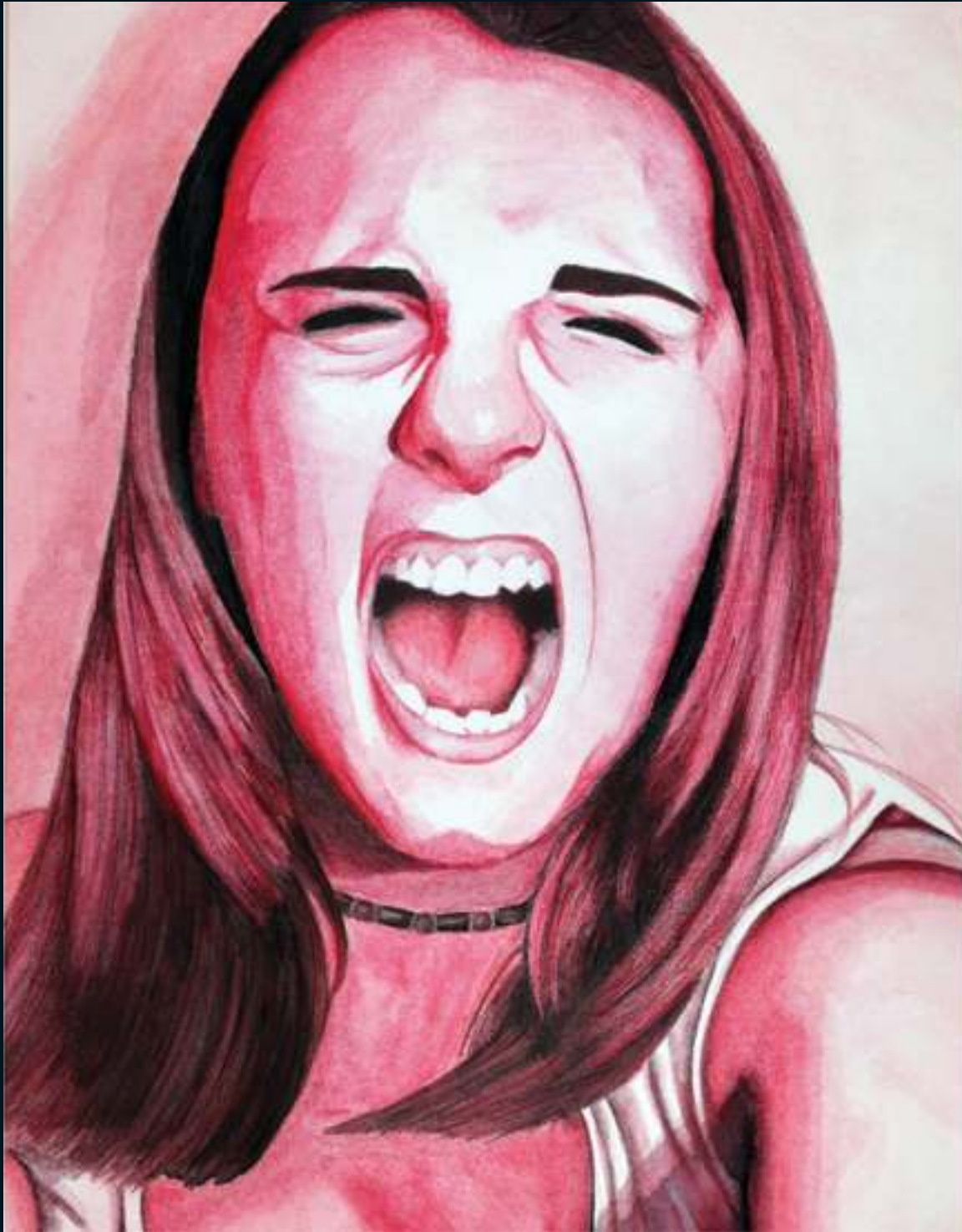
Manifest Density



Drawing

Crushed Cans

Desiree D'Alessandro



Drawing

Fury

Desiree D'Alessandro

The Oak Tree

By Desiree D'Alessandro

White. That was the color of the abyss in which I stood. A familiar mist surrounded me and developed into a thick, white haze. I continued to walk, however, just as I always did, until I froze when I heard the sound of distant crying. Within steps, the fog cleared, and there sat a little girl. She was facing away from me and hugging her knees as she faintly wept. I didn't want to get too close in fear of scaring the child, so I kept my distance and gently consulted her. "Are you okay?" She continued to cry. I advanced towards her, and she immediately fell silent. I stopped. I asked, "What's wrong?" Still no response. A faint, but cold breeze began to blow which made my eyes water. "You know what's going to happen," she said. Now shivering, I contemplated her words which made perfect sense yet left me confused. The breeze then began to blow harder, and the winds grew louder. I could see the girl's hair blowing wildly, and I could feel mine whipping my own face. I had to brace in order to remain standing, and I shouted to her over the winds, "What's going to happen?" The girl then turned to me for the first time and said, "You've always known." She then instantly vanished with the abyss, and I found myself standing on a tile some hundred feet above a city. I screamed and lost my balance and began plummeting towards the ground with my heart racing. I was too frightened to scream; all I could do was watch as the street traffic approached closer and closer, and right before I struck... I awoke, just as I did all the other countless times I've had the dream. I've been having it for so long now that I will never forget

the event that triggered my fear of falling. I was five years old, optimistic, energetic, and fearless. Climbing trees was one of my favorite pastimes.



Photographed by Gary Marshall

I particularly enjoyed climbing this one tree in our back yard. "Grandfather Oak" is what I called him. His bark was dark and gnarled; he had as many branches as a rose stem does thorns, and his leaves were an absolute vision.

In summer and spring, they were vibrant green and seemed to illuminate his surroundings. In the fall, they would change color as if to match the festivities of the appropriate months. Winter had the harshest months though; he would lose all his leaves, and icicles would form from underneath his branches.

One day in late spring, I decided to try and set a new record. My tiny fingers on one hand grabbed a knob of bark while the others grabbed onto a branch. I pushed myself up and continued to climb to higher branches and at last – a new record! I felt the hot sun on my hair and the wind rushing through the leaves; it was as if Grandfather Oak was applauding me. I looked out, and I could see as far as my neighbor's backyard. This was definitely the highest I had ever climbed, and I couldn't help but grin in the splendor of my personal victory. Then, it happened. The branch cracked, and I slipped, gripping for anything that would stop the fall. My fingernails gouged into the trunk, and as I slid, the bark went under my nails and made me scream in pain. The bark felt like sandpaper against my cheek, and one of my eyes was tinted red with blood. I had no choice but to fall. So I did. And when I hit the ground, I could see my parents' legs running toward me. I don't remember anything after that. It's amazing that I didn't get killed. I emerged from the incident with only bruises and cuts that would take a few weeks to heal. But the emotional scar I had was far worse than my physical wounds. From that event, I have been traumatized and afraid of falling, and when I got out of the hospital, my parents had the tree cut down for safety measures. I don't blame Grandfather Oak for what happened; however, I must admit, watching him get cut down didn't bother me too much.

In school, my fears resurfaced and grew

more severe over time. In elementary school, I was terrified of the jungle gym and found it too horrendous to even watch the other children play on it. The few times that I did glance over at it, I would imagine myself falling from the metal bars and breaking a limb. In middle school, I was too frightened to perform the rope climb for my physical fitness class. I looked at the rope, and when my name was called, I stared, imagining myself getting quite far and then falling into the rope as if it were a noose. When I ran out of the gym, hyperventilating and refusing to climb the rope, I was excused from having to do so because of my condition. The most recent panic attack I've had was just last week. My high school is well known for its swimming team, and, in becoming a member, I didn't know the coach would have us try our hand at the high diving board. As usual, I felt a tense jerk in my gut, and my hands grew ice-cold and clammy. I looked down and could see them trembling. My flesh had turned nearly as pale as the white tiles and walls that surrounded the pool. I felt my heartbeat grow more rapid, and for a brief moment, that's all I could hear --my beating heart and panting breaths. I grew very lightheaded, and when I looked up towards the diving board, my vision seemed blurred and in slow-motion. That's when the hallucination started. I saw the figure of myself quickly jog down the board preparing to dive, but before she even got halfway, she slipped and smacked the cold, tiled floor below with a loud thud. I gave out a cry as blood spilled from her mouth and nostrils into the pool's water. A friend of mine from the swim team gained my attention during the hallucination, and I could hear her asking me, "Are you alright? What's wrong?" I looked at her, the coach, and the other girls, and then I ran. I quit the team that day. I was convinced that I was never going to get over my fear, so the best thing for me to do would be to avoid situations where it would be provoked. But even though I could avoid them in reality, it seemed I still couldn't escape them in my dreams.



"Folio"

Photograph

R. Sidney Majurie



"Copper Genesis"

Sculpture

Jimmy Locklair
Jaime Wharton



Photograph

Untitled

Bonnie Ronson

River of Darkness

Tireless strokes
through the river of darkness,
weighted by fruitless hopes,
ravaged by the heartless.

Our corporate masters will our favor,
as they skew and savor-behold
a capsized oarsman's perilous labor
hence forth through vitality retold.

by R. Sidney Majurie



Pastel

Gemini

Monique Legault



Drawing

Let Me

Raydel Yanes

Dear Peter

Dear Peter Pan,

You grew up so fast
and decided to fly away.
Funny how I thought we'd have another day.

Another day to laugh,
another day to play,
another day to spend tinkering time away.

Remember how I would run?
Remember how you'd be close behind?
It was like we were made for each other,
perfect by design.

I was your little shadow.
You were my big bright star.
Now, suddenly, the stars seem so very far.

I used to think that all I needed was to hold out my little hand,
and just like that, you'd fall from the sky;
landing in my little hand.

You would turn and ask, "How was your fairy day?"
And just then, for a moment,
everything would be okay.

A little boy forever
is what I wanted you to be.
My little boy to sit, to talk, and to always play with me.

I knew the day would come
when you'd become a man.
I knew the day would come
when you'd leave Never Land.

You're still my big bright star
that you'll always be.
I'd like to think that you won't shine for anyone
like you shine for me.

I dream someday soon I'll hold out my little hand,
and just like that, you'll fall from the sky
landing in my little hand.

But until that day does come, Dear Peter,
I wish you peace and rest.
Keep believing in fairies,
for I wish you the very best.

Love Tink

by Gina Potts



Photograph

Tinkerbell

Judith Alarcón-Gaspar

I Believe in Fairies

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
--scared and all alone.

Little Ms. Muffet sat on her tuffet
--awaiting a ring from her phone.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
--impatiently eating his scone.

All anxiously waited
for their spirits to be elated
through the eyes and mind of a child.

When she called their names
for fairytale games
each ventured forward in thoughts.

Through imagination and play
the characters stayed
developing creativity and plots.

Yet when she grows too old,
and oh much too bold,
all will return to their spots.

They will wait for the day,
anticipating the glory,
for her children to say,

“Mom, tell us a story.”

by Richard F. Gaspar



Photograph

Bicante

R. Sidney Majurie

Oysters

The waiting is worse than the oysters--
that wall of shells where you keep your
dead, where you keep your bones.
Yesterday I thought I saw you
passing on the tattered streets of Ybor City.
Each brick is the base for something
I try to forget.
Each bar is a hemmed dress wedged in
the dusty closet that I try desperately
not to open.
I saw through the winter, face pale,
hands cold, with nothing but heat
to warm my bed.
I stepped quickly in my overcoat,
trying not to be seen,
a hopeful notion I would cling
to at night.

by Caitlin M. Desmond

The Way Home

My mother has no headstone. It was her last wish,
and we obeyed. I imagine if she could see through her
entombment of lavender satin and cherry mahogany, her
line of vision would be entwined with roots spinning a
web of life from the rose bushes planted above her.

Cemetery plots
dot hills of green with white t's.
Mother has no cross.

Before she heeded the angels' plea, she spent her days
among tea roses which lined our walk. My father swore
his coffee grounds gave her roses the much envied aroma
of the neighborhood. Every morning, he'd carefully bury
the remains of his dark roast beneath the already rich
soil. My mother swore at the sight, protesting it was her
banana peels which made her roses yawn at dawn and
pray to the sun. She'd place the yellow face of Chiquita
around the base of each bush like a Band-Aid; a sight
which would cause my father to erupt with the laughter
of an amused child.

Blood-red, black roses
rich as roasted espresso,
sweet as bananas.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of my mother's death,
my father planted the twenty-fifth rose bush above her
coffin. On his knees in the bitter cold, thorns biting my
father's hardened hands, he dug a hole deep enough to
reach his heaven. He packed the soil with rich Italian
roast and covered the roots with strips of sweet banana
peels. And there, like a wilted rose, he curled up and
died, face-to-face with my mother.

This garden is full.
It's time to come home to you.
Bitter sweetness blooms.

by Nancy Barbara



Photograph

Untitled

Erin Peterson

Stones

The phone is wailing.
I am always sleeping too much for comfort.
I wonder if your eyes make her weep
like they did mine-- a reflection of tone and strength.
I wonder if her breasts are poignant to you.
I have found it easier to trip over things instead
of stumbling into them.
The intellect of stupidity astounds me,
each a hint of reflection on one's tongue.
Damon, you have forgotten my flaws...
the needless whining, the drunk phone-dialing,
the sweaty past I try so desperately to repress.
I am only what they have made.
Fat girls need to know that they have a
place to rest their heads,
and after casting myself upon the fountains, I realized
there is only so much one will do not to thirst.
I am parched, misled.
As a girl, I kept journals, chronicled life
and fastened it together. I stopped
when things started to get wet.
Now I live my journals, add to my lists,
fool around, and fall back like a feather on a headboard
with the nameless. Being responsible is
tedious--almost as tedious as living a way you've
tried so hard to destruct.
Perhaps there was a time far gone and tucked behind the Christmas lights
when someone made me climb them before I even knew to breathe.
Susan is digging. She carves sketchings into my belly,
salivating for some sort of cure. You can't fix something
that has always been split.
I don't sleep alone anymore. Someone the gods forgot
to cast into their sky sleeps insidiously beside.
Together, we are creating stones to get us across the bay,
and we'll eventually rebuild them, mass-produce strength, and sell
it at a carnival stand or outside the supermarket,
and you'll see then that I have made it.

by Caitlin M. Desmond



Photograph

Debris

Gary Marshall

el extranjero

by Edgar Santiago

me habla con voz de choque de auto
me mira con cara de fruta podrida

con gestos obsesivos se hace el ridículo
(y se refiere a mis brazos de lodo, mis piernas de papel)

el viento trae el recuerdo del sentido de que yo
(de algún recuerdo me he olvidado)

el tiempo padece de hambre
su esqueleto saliente bajo tan mera piel
(el grito semepega a la garganta como carbón a olla quemada)

pero no me mires con deseo de buitres

pues soy río
(aunque me tires refrigeradores y coches viejos
petróleo platos y botellas de licor)

soy río
y mi destino
es el océano

the stranger

speaks to me with the voice of automotive collisions
looks at me through a mask of rotting fruit

gesturing obsessively he becomes a spectacle
(making pointed references to my leaden arms my paper legs)

the wind brings the scent of feeling
(those important remembrances I misplaced)

time ails from hunger
his skeleton salient beneath such mere flesh
(a cry encrusted in my throat like charred rice left overlong upon the burner)

but do not leer at me with the desire of a buzzard

because i am a river
(despite the refrigerators, junk cars
petroleum, plates, and liquor bottles you have hurled at me)

i am a river
and my destiny
is oceanic



Smoked Fire Clay *In the Shadow* Susan O'Hara

Life

There was a man that I once knew
who lived out in a trailer.
The green paint chipped and showed the blue.
It couldn't be frailer.

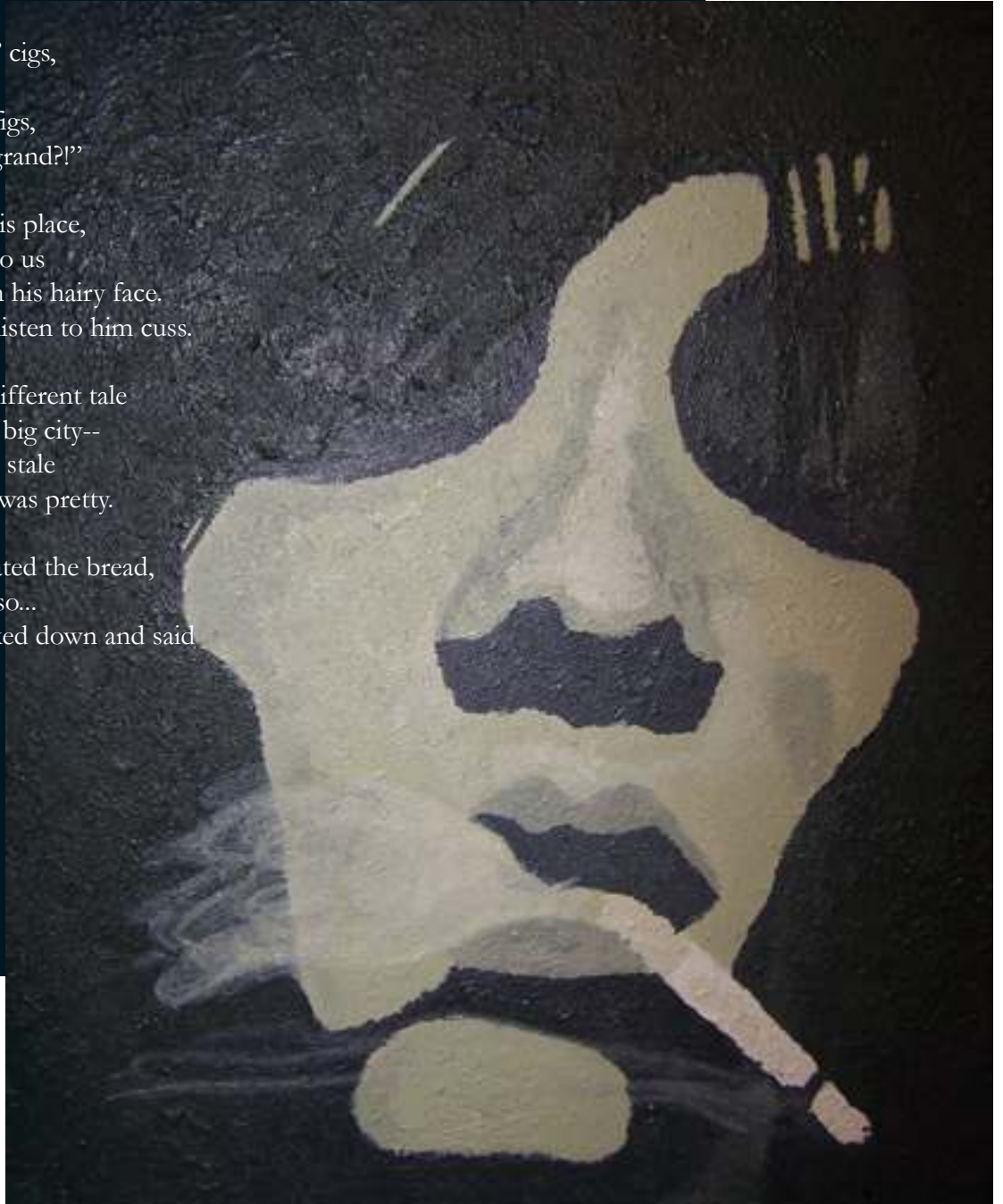
He sat out front smokin' cigs,
and with a beer in hand,
all day long he ate fruit-figs,
preachin, "Ain't my life grand?!"

Each day as we passed his place,
he would wave and call to us
with a toothless smile on his hairy face.
We'd gather 'round and listen to him cuss.

Everytime, he'd have a different tale
about growing up in the big city--
from Italian-bread being stale
to a young Jew girl who was pretty.

He loved the girl and hated the bread,
and now he misses her so...
"But that's life," he looked down and said
"learnin' to let go."

by Nicole Lepa



Acrylic on Canvas

Obligatory Star

Chrys Warford



Moving Image

Written and Photographed
by R.Sidney Majurie

Once again, the 4th Annual Ybor Festival of the Moving Image kicked off on Wednesday, April 5th and continued on through the weekend as it culminated on the 9th. It is a yearly event hosted by Hillsborough Community College that offers a wonderful mix of original theatre, music, art, and dance (all related to the moving image) created by HCC's School of Visual and Performing Arts. The festival was conceived as an event that would promote the art of film. It was modeled after the Chinsegut Film/Video sponsored by the University of South Florida in the late 1970's through the 1980's. It was founded in 1976 by USF film professor, Charles Lyman, and the traditions of that foundation carry on through the present time.

This year's festival featured Les Blanc, a Tampa native and renowned documentarian. He's been directing and producing Indie Films for over forty years (that's twice as long as the Sundance Film Festival has been in existence). The festival included features that both entertained and enlightened its audience while highlighting the moving image component of film, art, dance, and theatre.

There was truly something for everyone at this year's event as there were movies for



family viewings that were free and also offered free popcorn on some occasions. Some of the features included the film, *Beowulf and Grendel* directed by Sturla Gunnarsson-2006, *Lucid* directed by Sean Garrity-2005, and *Descancos* starring Gary Busey directed by Joe Kipikash-2005. There were so many movies playing, and as much as I would have loved to view them all, I just couldn't. The ones that I was lucky enough to see I enjoyed immensely. As a film student and aspiring filmmaker myself, I encompassed an overwhelming sense of pride in the artwork displayed and was very pleased to be a part of such an event comprised of passion and artistic



wonder.

I also regret not having enough time to view the live theatre events and vocal performances for which other attendees had relayed their enjoyment of. Live performances are impeccable in their own right as they are viewed from the audiences fixed perspective and are not afforded fancy camera movements. I would agree that stage acting is a more rigorous task as it is much harder to display the emotions and convictions of actors from a stage setting than from a 40 ft. close-up with digital production.

There was also a plethora of shorts, animated, and experimental films. The films in

this group ranged from the obscure-abstract, to the completely digitally animated. Many of them were exercises in hilarity and quirkiness, but most of them were shorts conceived in the far reaches of the imaginative mind as a collection of stringed thoughts and ideas. From **The Matrix** inspired *Birth* to the elaborate *God in the Kitchen*, the film shorts were a cooperative indulgence in the conceptual intricacies of human thought.

Collectively, the Ybor Festival of the Moving Image was an excellent journey through the arts of motion pictures, and beyond. It was proof that the art of filmmaking and the passion for it is as strong as it ever was. In an era where arts programs are the first to go when school budgets tighten, it's good to see there is continuing appreciation for the arts and a strong desire for a continuance of artistic tradition. **For more information, visit the website at www.yborfilmfestival.com**



falling forward

i want to love you like zaptistas love
mexico, like oxygen drips in breach, like
we all color when we are children.

i want to keep you, caged bird to its mas-
ter, benevolent in rapture, a small mind to
capture in its small, barred barrier.

i want to teach you, child in womb,
each infraction a simultaneous injection
of wit.

i want to create you, picasso to sky,
substandard to standard, a perfect
mixture of tone and anarchy.

i want to taste you, rigid oral fixation,
your keys on the dashboard, the memory
of apathy, the main course my sympathy.

i want to touch you, your flurried mass,
my own class of fingers and orphases,
each a wetness, each a moisture,
a framed door in the course of silence.

i want to forget you, the paisley hat
dampening, the mattress wrapped in
again, the corrosive member at the edge
of my thigh.

i want to love you like only a woman
can love, the daisies hustled between the
sheets, the strawberry stains bombarding,
and pretty pink

the center flame of me.

by Caitlin M. Desmond

Skynwalk

Gary Marshall

STAFF PAGE

Galeria Awards

All American
1982, 1984-2003

Inner Circle
1994, 2005

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

Galeria is produced annually by the students of HCC. This magazine was prepared camera-ready using Adobe InDesign CS. Galeria is distributed to students on all campuses at no charge. Printed in 2006 by Hall Printworks.

2,500 copies were printed.

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"Thank you for taking the time to peer through HCC's Art's & Literature."

-The Galeria Staff

Hillsborough Community
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Galería 2006

