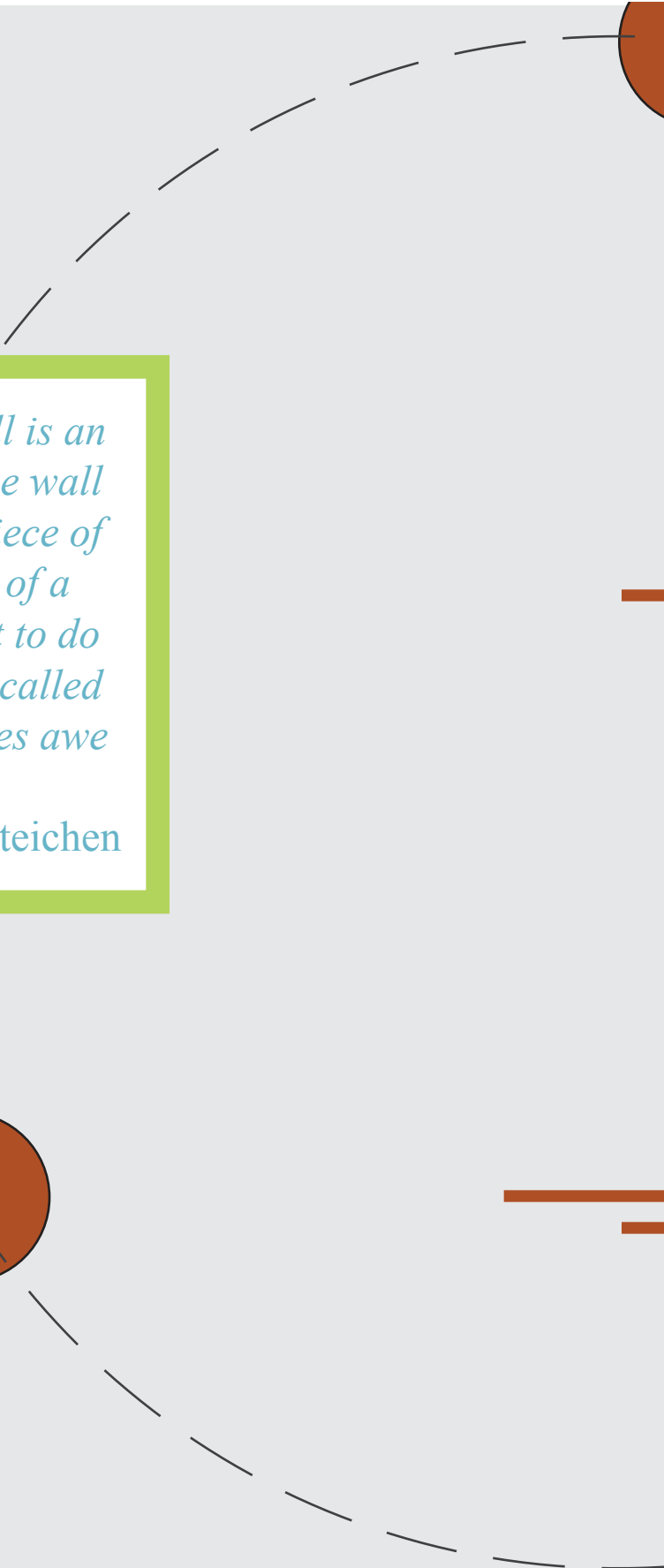


Arts and Literature Magazine



GALERIA

Hillsborough Community College • Volume 29 • 2007



“You know... that a blank wall is an appalling thing to look at. The wall of a museum - a canvas - a piece of film - or a guy sitting in front of a typewriter. Then you start out to do something - that vague thing called creation. The beginning strikes awe within you.”

-Edward Steichen

letter from the **EDITOR**

It has been a remarkably rewarding experience to finally put the stamp of approval on this fine composition of arts and literature. Those late night meetings at Starbucks and inconvenient games of phone tag between - and sometimes during - class are coming to an end. Fortunately, I was blessed with an amazing, devoted staff who helped pull it all together. Raydel, Beth, and Geshonda, I owe each of you my greatest thanks for coming together alongside me to assemble this wonderful showcase of creative talent for our school.

It has been such a pleasure to create a magazine compromised of such beauty and talent. We believe that our magazine is unique and potent enough in its style and contents to speak to each individual who comes across it. We hope you enjoy this year's edition of the Galeria.



STAFF

Samantha Wooten

- Editor-in-Chief
- Copy Editor

Beth Hudson

- Art Director
- Graphic Design

Raydel Yanes

- Managing Editor
- Art & Photography Editor

Geshonda Manning

- Contributing Editor

ABOUT THE COVER

The cover features a graphite and ink drawing entitled *Caledonia* by artist Nicole Ann Guzzi. It was digitally enhanced by Beth Hudson using Adobe's InDesign CS2 and Photoshop CS2.

AWARDS

Associated Collegiate Press:

- Pacemaker: 1989
- Hall of Fame: 1994
- Inner Circle: 1994
- All American: 1982, 1984-2003
- Best of Show:
 - Denver, 1991, 5th
 - Washington, D.C., 1995, 5th
 - Atlanta, 1999, 4th

Columbia Scholastic Press Association:

- Medalist: 1982, 1985, 1989-1995

Florida Community College Press Association:

- General Excellence, 1st: 1985, 1989, 1990, 1993, 1995, 2001, 2003, 2004
- Inner Circle: 2005





table of CONTENTS

FICTION

- 8. The Drive of Fate - Telisa Cross
- 29. Deliverance - Richard A. Gonzalez
- 40. Hold Your Breath - Samantha Wooten

NON-FICTION

- 19. Hindu Wedding - Detty P. John
- 38. Raydel Yanes & Samantha Wooten - A Café con Leche Conversation with Author Tim Dorsey

POETRY

- 5. Naked Tousling - Caitlin Michael Desmond
- 6. As If First Taste - Stephanie Lee Auger
- 12. The Wait of Deceiving - Caitlin Michael Desmond
- 15. Yeah, I'm Fat - Pamela Monk
- 17. Caribbean Mornings - Miguel G. Leonardo
- 17. Colors - Miguel G. Leonardo
- 17. When You Leave - Miguel G. Leonardo
- 18. La Arena/The Sand - Miguel G. Leonardo
- 20. To Friendship - Ryan Ralston
- 22. Giving In - Adeline Abel
- 23. So Fast - Stephanie Lee Auger
- 24. My One and Only Fantasy - Flor De Liz Juarez
- 28. Quiet - Stephanie Lee Auger
- 31. Amorous Wounds - Eileen Rifkin
- 37. The Art of Oranges and Foreignness - Rob Zagaria
- 39. Why Does the Seagull Sit at the Sea? - Flor De Liz Juarez

PHOTOS

5. Hannah - Jessica Luttrull
7. Move - Kimberly Burke
8. Yield - Lena Matson
12. Bad Habit - Michaela E. Newton
13. Botti Holding Steelman - Kimberly Burke
14. Oasis - Michelle Strange
18. Sand Dune - Michelle Strange
19. Sunburst - Jennifer Paquin
21. Tracks - Michelle Strange
23. How I See Myself - Kimberly Burke
24. Strawberry Storm - Lena Matson
25. Casey - Mark Oliver
26. Nicole - Mark Oliver
26. Spencer - Mark Oliver
26. Beacca - Mark Oliver
27. Blue-Collar Hero - Michelle Strange
39. Palm Island - Beth Hudson
41. The Great Wave - Rob Zagaria

ARTWORK

6. Untitled - Alexander Watson
9. 1955 - Jasmine Schurrer
9. 01239 61 41 22 - Jasmine Schurrer
10. The Sower #2 - Jasmine Schurrer
10. 01402 471 0448 - Jasmine Schurrer
10. A MidwAy - Jasmine Schurrer
10. Jeanne d'Arc - Jasmine Schurrer
11. The Trail Home Leads Westward - Patrick Hannon
15. Twiggy - Nicole Ann Guzzi
16. Genetics - Rob Zagaria
16. Woman, Part 1 - Raydel Yanes
16. Woman, Part 2 - Raydel Yanes
20. Still Life - Kristen Lewis
28. Oh Mama - Darlene Scott
29. Naïve - Stephanie Lee Auger
31. Grounded - Beth Hudson
32. Deep - Darlene Scott
32. Purple Rising - Gibson Thorn
34. Hitchhiker in the Fog - Lena Matson
35. Untitled - Patrick Hannon
36. Organic Fusion - Nicole Ann Guzzi
36. Dark Sky - Nicole Ann Guzzi
37. Pears - Vanessa Potier
40. Lady with Blue Hair - Michaela E. Newton

FEATURES



*Distant am I, so
distant from the
breast that feeds
my soul. Distant
am I from the land
that cures my woe.*



*He found himself at
her doorstep
looking in through
the window,
always looking in.*

Jasmine Schurrer
Painting 9-10

Miguel G. Leonardo
Poetry 17-18

Mark Oliver
Photography 25-26

Thomas Neubauer
Writing 33-34



Hannah
Jessica Luttrull

Naked Tousling

by Caitlin Michael Desmond

and he was strangling himself in red,
the cubed symmetry flaking water colors into
the glass of greased feet-- her potion insipid and bedside.
and she had to, as the artist, stolen the soul
from his eyes-- her movements vivid and agile
as she stripped him of his warmth.
he has been screaming for years now.

and in some wintered flee from summer
a girl twirls her gift between her belly and the moon
and ponders whether to concede or whether
to bust the glass in his chest simply to see what isn't there.
it is a naked tousling between
the sundress and pigtails between
dinner and lover.

and she scrapes her belly with the seeds
and all the while people staring, cackling,
the prints of them on her glass.
and the artist knows what she's done
put her in her place, created a map to find
her striking blue rays at the end of the sea
as she stands beside her smiling.

As If First Taste

by Stephanie Lee Auger

Straight, crisp angles
reflecting half-light of a waning day.

Sky of blue fading into hazes of orange
casting their colors on a hundred shades of brown.

Brisk and cold and fresh,
the air pops into my balmy mouth
and awakens my lungs as if they breathe for the first time.

The eyes feast on what the world should look like...
the sound of my breath,
the sound of the day,

I gorge myself on daytime.



Untitled
Alexander Watson

*A crowd had gathered on the
opposite side of the street,
watching, like vultures...*



Move
Kimberley Burke

The Drive of Fate

by Telisa Cross

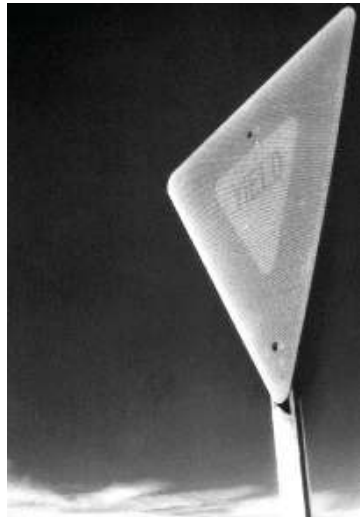
It was nearing dusk as I started to make my way home from work. It was late October, and the breeze was crisp. The smell of burning leaves hung heavily in the air. Nostalgia washed over me as I happily thought of the upcoming holiday season. I love this time of year, but scarcely does it actually feel like autumn in Florida. This was an exceptional moment, though—one, one to be savored. Sighing as I climbed into my car, I thought of how nice it would be if I lived close enough to walk home. I had a 30-minute drive to Lakeland to look forward to, so I turned on the stereo to keep me company. The sweet voice of Toni Braxton filled my ears as I pulled out onto the street. *Not much traffic*, I thought, *maybe I'll be home in time for Seinfeld*.

As I rounded the corner and heading east out of town, I could see a maroon Mustang pulling away from the grassy shoulder and onto the pavement, also in an easterly manner. "Put a nickel in it," I thought aloud. The speed limit is fifty on this stretch of the highway. He--ignoring my plea, I was on the Mustang's bumper in a flash with nowhere to go but around. I checked for traffic and was pleased to see nothing coming, so I took advantage of the opportunity and started to pass, carefully pulling into the opposite lane as I gave the engine some gas. *Is it my imagination or is that somebody in front of me?*

Out of thin air, a man appeared on the side of the road, the side on which I was passing. A sinking suspicion told me that he was about to cross the street. I was coming up fast and remember thinking that he must see my car, but he didn't. Instead, he felt it.

I slammed on my brakes and started to scream. My tires screeched, and with a disgusting thud, his body

said "good evening" to the front end of my car, leaving an imprint of blood and hair on my windshield. The car stopped abruptly, and for a tiny second, I sat in an eerie silence, astounded in disbelief at the occurrence.



Yield
Lena Matson

Practically falling out of the car, I flung open my door. I ran to him – this bloody wreck lying in the street. I kneeled next to him, fear welling in the pit of my stomach at the thought of him being dead. He was clearly unconscious and barefooted. I wondered for a moment if I had knocked him out of his shoes. I heard sirens in the distance. Shaking with every nerve in my body, I started to cry.

After what felt like hours, the ambulance arrived along with three state troopers. A crowd had gathered on the opposite side of the street, watching, like vultures awaiting their dinner. I too watched as the medics scrambled to help him. The feeling of déjà vu washed over me like a warm shot of rum.

A flash of gold, then black. Everything was quiet. Am I asleep? Where am I? I can see my friend Tori. Why is she crying? Who are these

people? I'm bleeding, yet I feel no pain—darkness again. Hello Mama, are you crying too? I'm sorry Mama. Next time I'll use the crosswalk. Twelve weeks with my left arm in a cast, thirty seven stitches in my right knee, and a serious amount of flesh missing from my right cheek, I'm lucky to be alive.

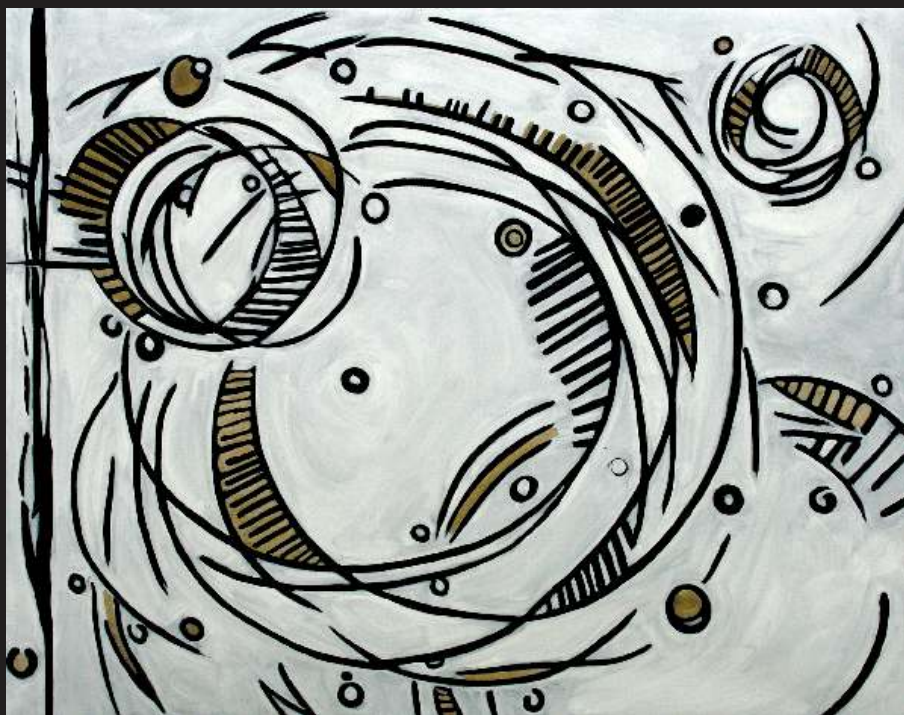
I jumped as one of the troopers appeared in front of me. "Are you all right?" he asked. I nodded and started to cry again. The trooper took my statement and asked me if I had someone that could pick me up. I said that I did but wanted to drive myself.

He didn't seem to mind, and as he started back to his squad car, I stopped him. "Do you know his name by any chance?" I asked. The trooper replied, "Dennis Cook."

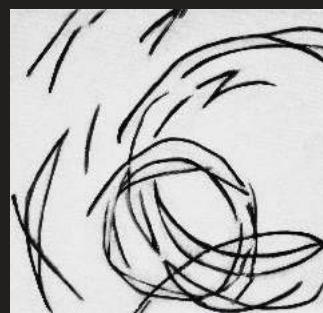
I drove home in a daze, showered, and climbed into bed, afraid that I wouldn't be able to sleep and was right to think so. I laid there staring into the blackness and wondering the fate of poor Dennis. Why does that name sound so familiar? He must be at least twenty years my elder. Suddenly it was clear. Dennis Cook, the man I possibly killed with my car, bore the same name as the man who nearly killed me some 10 years ago.

Mr. Cook had given his full attention to a bottle of liquor that day. His blood-alcohol level tested well above the legal limit for public intoxication; the police wondered how he managed to find his way into the street on that cool October eve. He tells his story to others, now, elaborating a few of the details as though not to incriminate himself, adding to it the irony of how he, too, hit a girl with his car once about 10 years ago with his flashy, gold, Nissan 280 ZX. He wonders to himself if she ever recovered. *I did.*G

"Art is life."



1955



01239 61 41 22

Jasmine Schurrer



The past year has been a full one for HCC student and artist, Jasmine Schurrer. Previously, she has not participated in many art shows; however, her recent work has been displayed at several events including a fundraiser for the Silver Meteor Gallery and a benefit show for Bud Lee, a former Life Magazine Photographer of the Year. Through painting, Schurrer attempts to process life, to communicate with others, and to release her own inner thoughts. Although she has good days and bad days, when asked why she views herself as an artist, Schurrer replies, "I guess it's like asking a fish why it swims. I have always found happiness in creating."



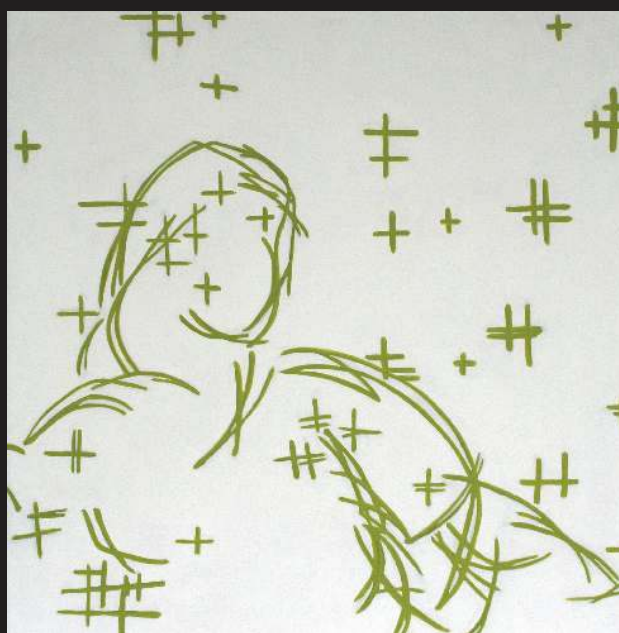
The Sower #2



A midwAy



Jeanne d'Arc



01402 471 0448



The Trail Home Leads Westward
Patrick Hannon

The Wait of Deceiving

by Caitlin Michael Desmond

It is often in late night wandering that it happens:
a bombarding weight on already heavy shoulders.
There is a saddle bag incessantly gripping at my right
hip:

pens and pencils, binders, Virginia Woolf, candy
wrappers,
coffee coupons, deodorant, receipts from the drug store,
nerve pills, a pen light.

I wear this baggage—an understated affliction.
The dark green corduroy bag bumps and bruises the back
of me
as I pass the streets of Ybor City.
My bag is filled with my laptop, my camera, my articles,
my copy of the Karma Sutra, bills, nations, destinies,
and his paisley hat (the one that looks better on me).

I pass the simple people
stretching their starvation at me like it's sport.
The wind slides through and around me as night falls
like water, rain, this taste so intense on my shoulders.

It is a waddling from class to your house.
It is a tucking in of my little skirt,
my thighs sweaty making red between them.

I wear a purse which is more of a pouch
with useless attachment.
It is filled to its brim with empty cigarette boxes
and his stench of marijuana and plasticity.
The pouch is filled with the way I looked when I was
filled from the side,
and then again on my back,
and then once more on top.

I keep a cigarette lodged between my fingers.
I keep an iced latte in my left hand.
I am always hurried past the old buildings—
large structures composed of dust and brick.
In my pocket, I carry a lighter, a dollar,
New World Brewery, and the way he brushed
his hands against me before he left for work,
for he will be there well into the morning.

He'll be rewiring businesses and thinking about
me swollen from dinner and at home writing this poem.
Truly, I am salvaging this walk and this waddle
with a needless transition from girl to woman.

I carry a house key, a car key, a condom, a wristwatch, a
telephone.

I carry another house key for nighttime.

I carry a phone number, but I know the way.

I pass the bodega where the hanging fruit falls
like singular scrotums in lines of six, seven, and twenty.

I pass the brewery, the museum, familiarity of faces and
time.

I pass my dignity: the part of me that is still with him at
work.

I pass the winding road through the subsidized housing.
I follow this cylinder-shaped building north
until it disappears into a large complex where
a man waits for me.

He scratches a memory into his sketchpad
and barely notices me a few yards out.

My arms are quivering.

There is a weight that fluctuates from one shoulder to the
other,

and my body aches for confrontation.

It aches for me to toss the bags to the ground.

He floats from the door, and it is again the need
for filling, baggage, regression, sample of sweat.

I say that I'm tired,

but he can't smell it on me.

I'm sure.



Bad Habit
Michaela E. Newton



Botti Holding Steelman
Kimberley Burke



Oasis
Michelle Strange

Yeah, I'm Fat

by Pamela Monk

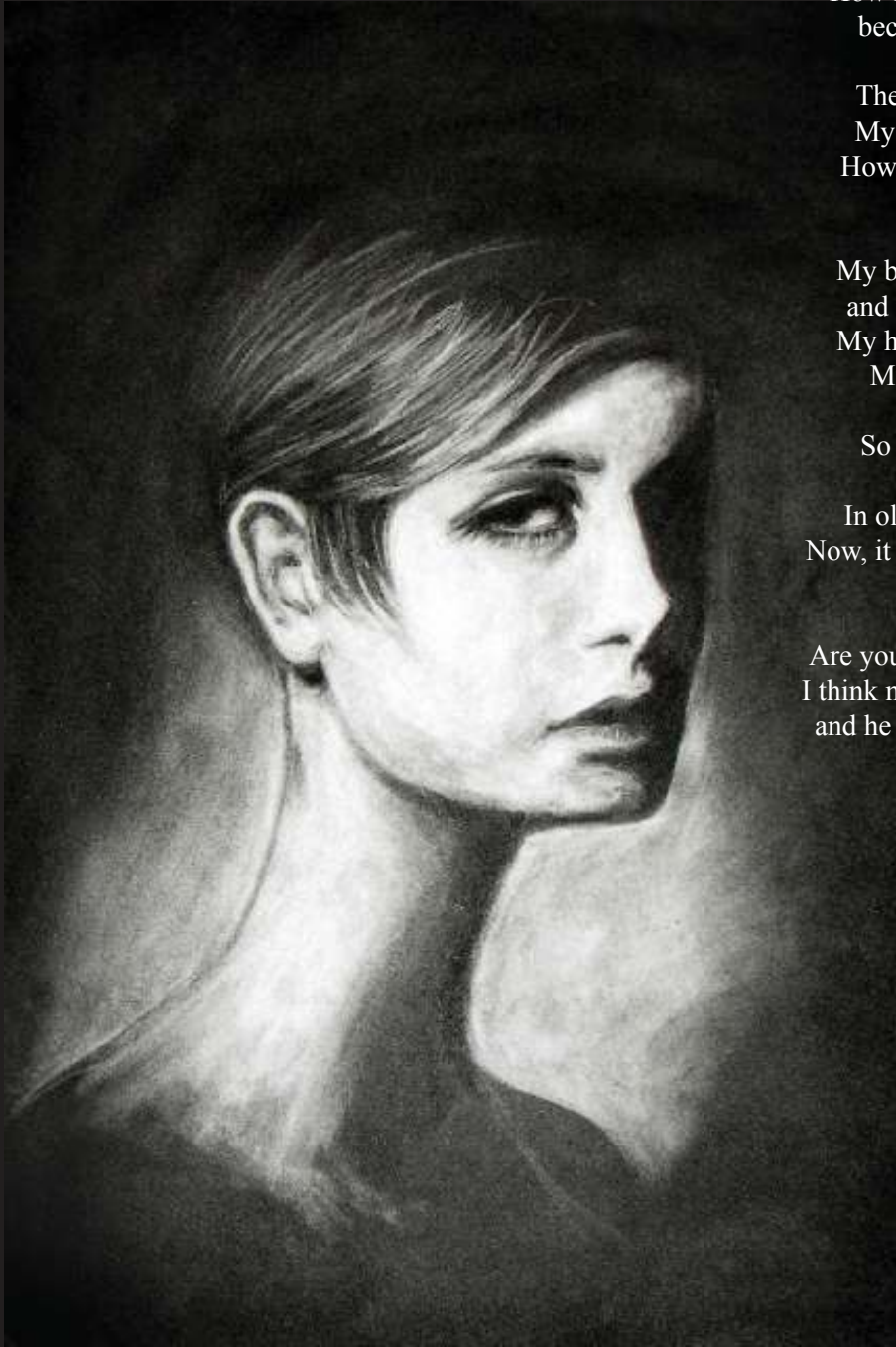
How many times have I been judged
on who I am by the way I look?
How many times have they assumed I overeat
because my outside appearance is obese?

The mirror nor the scale define who I am.
My actions and how I treat others do that.
How I live my life and what I accomplish—
that's what defines who I am.

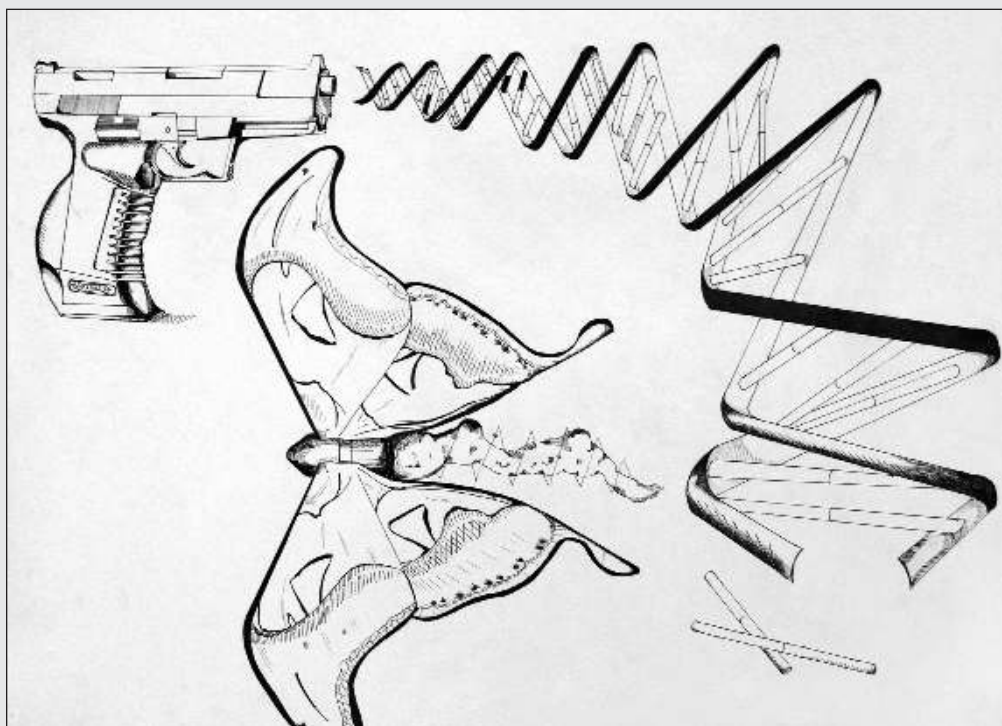
My body is just the shell to protect my heart,
and the layers of fat just protection as well.
My hair just keeps the top of my head warm.
My skin exists just to keep it all inside.

So why am I judged on what I look like?
Why does it matter so much?
In olden days, obesity was a sign of wealth.
Now, it only brings names and disgusting glances.

Who are you to judge me?
Are you so perfect you cannot bear imperfection?
I think not! For there was only one perfect person,
and he died on an old rugged cross, even for me.



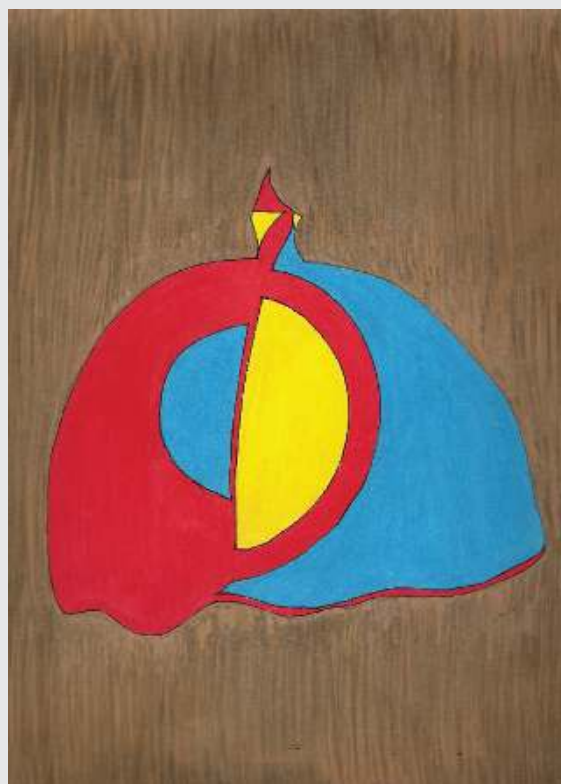
Twiggy, after Ken Tower
Nicole Ann Guzzi



Genetics
Rob Zagaria



Woman, Part 1
Raydel Yanes



Woman, Part 2
Raydel Yanes

*“Impossibility never
takes a sucker punch.”*

Caribbean Morning

Nature's alarm clock crows and crows
Together with the chirping birds
Announce the rising of the scorching ball
Who knocks loudly on my bedroom porthole
As a cool breeze pierces the room
Joining hands with the smell of fresh coffee beans
Being grinded for the morning nip.
Oh Caribbean mornings!
How sweet you are
An army of nostalgia invades my every thought
And my heart screams:

*Distant am I, so distant
From the breast that feeds my soul
Distant am I from the land that cures my woe
So far from translucent aqua tongues
Licking the warm snowy shores
Far away from tall coconut trees
Dancing with the cool breeze
Afar from mangos, pineapples, and passion fruits
So distant am I from my own.*

Colors

The many colors of the human race -
Black, white, brown, red.
The many colors of the human race
are gifts from nature -
not a burden, not a disgrace.

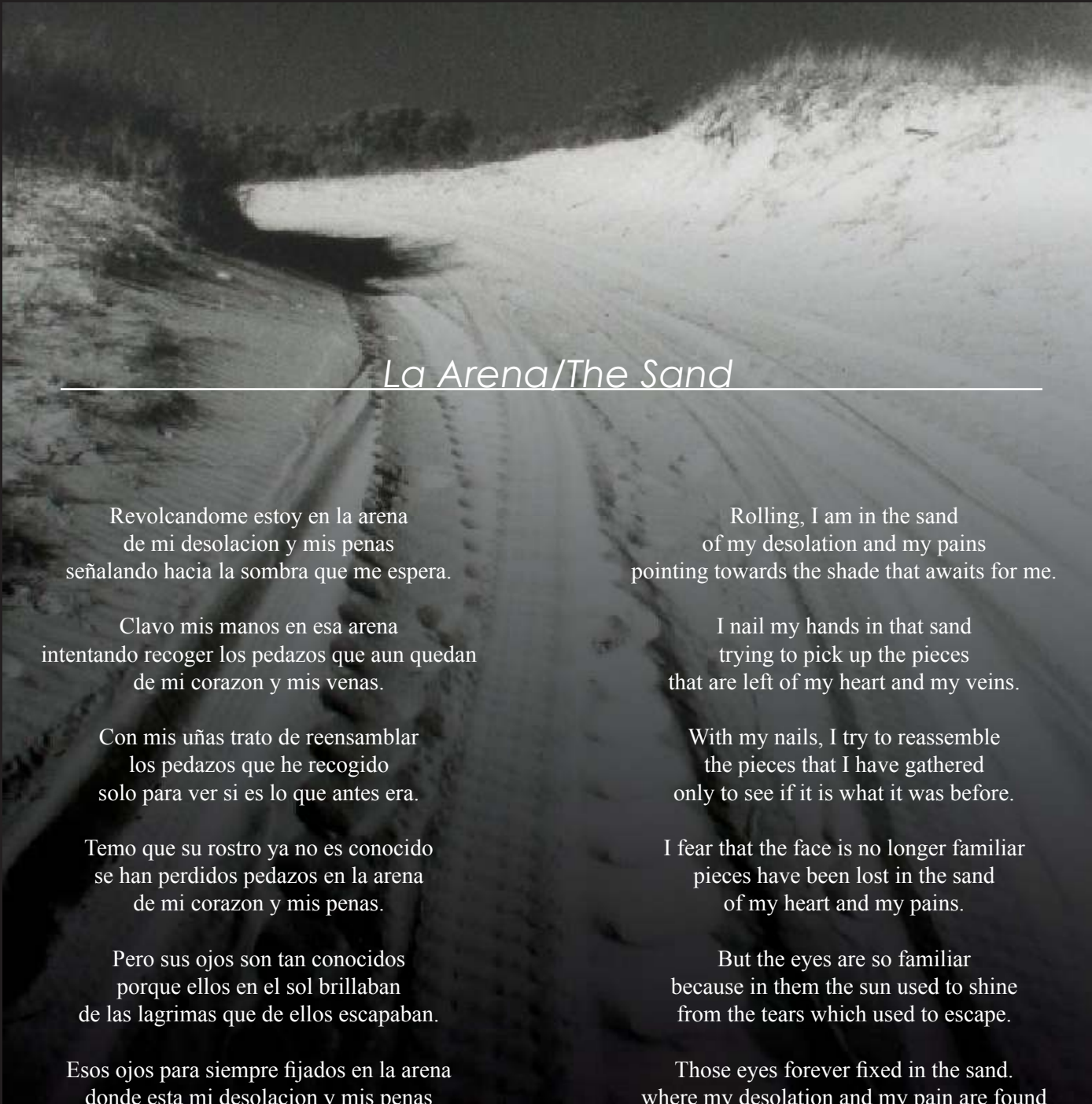
When You Leave

When you leave
It sleeps
This dream of love that never dies
When I think of you
My world stops
And I don't know where to go
When you leave so far
A part of me burns off
Nothing is the same
I can not find you
Where are you?
All I can do is wait
'Till you come back
Just remember
That with the years
I'll still be here with open arms.

Miguel G. Leonardo



Miguel Leonardo was born on the beautiful island of the Dominican Republic on a rainy day. After being dumped for the first time at a very young age, he started writing down his feelings in the form of poetry. Ever since, Leonardo has used writing as a way to channel the feelings that he might otherwise ignore. Real life experiences influence Leonardo's writings, as do the works of Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda. His goal for the future is to publish a book of poems and short stories.



La Arena/The Sand

Revolcandome estoy en la arena
de mi desolacion y mis penas
señalando hacia la sombra que me espera.

Clavo mis manos en esa arena
intentando recoger los pedazos que aun quedan
de mi corazon y mis venas.

Con mis uñas trato de reensamblar
los pedazos que he recogido
solo para ver si es lo que antes era.

Temo que su rostro ya no es conocido
se han perdidos pedazos en la arena
de mi corazon y mis penas.

Pero sus ojos son tan conocidos
porque ellos en el sol brillaban
de las lagrimas que de ellos escapaban.

Esos ojos para siempre fijados en la arena
donde esta mi desolacion y mis penas
inevitablemente tambien esta la sombra que me espera.

Pronto me matara toda esta pena
si alguien no me rescata de la arena
donde estan los pedazos que aun quedan
de mi corazon y mis venas.

Rolling, I am in the sand
of my desolation and my pains
pointing towards the shade that awaits for me.

I nail my hands in that sand
trying to pick up the pieces
that are left of my heart and my veins.

With my nails, I try to reassemble
the pieces that I have gathered
only to see if it is what it was before.

I fear that the face is no longer familiar
pieces have been lost in the sand
of my heart and my pains.

But the eyes are so familiar
because in them the sun used to shine
from the tears which used to escape.

Those eyes forever fixed in the sand.
where my desolation and my pain are found
Inevitably, there is also the shade that awaits me.

Soon, all this pain will destroy me
if nobody rescues me from the sand
where there are pieces still left
of my heart and my veins.

Sand Dune
Michelle Strange

Hindu Wedding

by Detty P. John



Sunburst
Jennifer Paquin

in the event which lasts for 4-5 days. These aspects encourage fun, have traditional significance, and convey love. Three among them which still keep my memory fresh are the misri, the pre-wedding; the saatpaadi, the main event; and the kanyadaan, post-ceremony.

The first day is among the best because it starts the festivities. Misri, also known as the engagement or the ring ceremony, is among the main functions of the pre-wedding celebrations which occur a few days before the wedding. The ritual begins by invoking the blessings of Lord Ganesh—who, unlike other Hindu deities, has an elephant head and is considered the remover of obstacles. During this prayer, seven married ladies, portraying seven forms of God for each day of the week, use red powder to make a Ganesh sign, a clockwise swastika, on a pot of misri or crystalline sugar, thereby asking him to bless the couple. Later, the couple, dressed in glittering Indian outfits, exchange rings of gold as a symbol of love and unity, as gold is considered to last forever. Mainly, this ceremony unifies the two families rather than two individuals. Traditional sweets like laddoo (round yellow-colored sweets usually made of flour, milk, sugar, and ghee) and burphi (flat silver-coated cake-like desserts with nuts and dried fruits) decorate this joyous moment which ends with dancing to the beats of Hindi film songs.

The main wedding is my favorite, as it is the most important. The ritual of saatpaadi, which follows the pre-wedding, symbolizes the journey of life and is the principle ceremony. The groom and the bride, adorned in gold and the traditional Indian attire, make their way to the mandap, or the stage, where they are greeted by the lyrical notes of the shehnai or the flute. Following the tying of the knot, the couple exchange wedding vows before a fire that represents God as a witness. During

this occasion, the groom takes the bride's hand, and they, together, take seven steps around the fire, also known as Saatpaadi, while the priest chants the mantras. These mantras include accepting the responsibilities of loyalty, love, mutual respect, understanding, and procreation for as long as they live. This ritual represents the journey they should travel together, hand-in-hand. According to Hindu beliefs, if two people walk seven steps together, then they are bound to remain together forever.

The last part of the wedding is the most sentimental part, but has never been my favorite. The Kanya Daan, part of the post wedding, follows right after the rites of the main wedding, mainly depicting the giving away of the bride. Kanya Daan is performed by the father of the bride in the presence of the wedding guests. The father pours out a libation of sacred water -- symbolizing the giving away of the daughter to the groom. He then recites Vedic hymns to Kama, the God of love, for pure love and blessings. As a condition for offering his daughter for marriage, the father requests a promise from the groom to assist the bride in realizing her vows. To the beat of the drums, while her family gives her a tearful farewell, the bride then happily makes her way to her future home.

These different functions, rites, and rituals signify an important part of the tradition and customs of the Hindu religion. Be it the shehnai or the drums, the seven important steps, or the recital of the Vedic hymns, the wonderful Banaras sari, or the tasty Indian sweets, they all play an equal and important role in laying the foundation for a marriage by defining harmony, love, and devotion--thus making the whole ceremony vibrant and thrilling. Though people in different cultures celebrate marriage in different ways, the essence and importance remains the same. According to scripture, the ceremonies represent the coming together of two souls. G

*According to Hindu
beliefs, if two people
walk seven steps
together, then they
are bound to remain
together forever.*

To Friendship

by Ryan Ralston

Friendship is more than caring.
It lies within the heart.
It builds us up with pride and joy.
It brings us back to start.
Friendship is a necessity.
It's something we all want to feel
when we're down and low and stumble.
It strengthens us up to heal.
Friendship is a dire need.
It is more than a state of mind.
We're explorers in a shaky sea.
It's a treasure to search and find.
Friendship is truly a love.
It is everything we do.
When it comes to the thought of friendship,
the thought I think is you.



Still Life
Kristen Lewis



Tracks
Michelle Strange



Giving In

by Adeline Abel

Been holding on ever so tight
to this dying dream and hopeless thought.
There are only so many times you can say
“I don’t know... it just feels right.”

I gave up more than anyone will ever know,
So sick of wrestling myself, I had to give in.
Life’s taking hold and refusing to let me live.
Right now, I’m lifeless and completely lost within.

How can I gain ground and fight off this erratic disease?
Sweating uncontrollably, shivering, vomiting...
Moments like this, I dig a little deeper.
Knowing I have nothing, I hold on tighter, but life begins to sunder.

When do you know it’s the end?
Like I am watching a horrible thriller, I just don’t know what to expect.
Should I assume the conclusion or wait for the twist to begin?
My body is aching, and I’m certain I’m officially a reject.

Nothing is right; everything is rotten and warped.
No one wants something spoiled, distraught, and lost.
So, why should I hold on? Why should I even try?
Why believe in fate, destiny, or the chance I could be star-crossed?

No, I’m done believing in fairy tales and the heart.
I will follow my blurred feet and spinning psyche.
Yes, there’s a chance I’ll lose my mind.
Without the opportunity to unwind, I’ll assume the voices in my head are signs.

Sanity is now nothing more than another dream,
something new life can take away from me
when tears don’t fall, and he never calls.
I’ll be content in my hole... spinning.

So Fast

by Stephanie Lee Auger

I feel the pavement move under my tires
moving so fast, so fast,
and the moon is low and oversized on the horizon
casting a glow that won't last.

But for one night,
one young night
where the world sleeps and waits for the dawn,
one silent night,
one glorious night,
all I can hear is the pavement
and my song.

The city shines like hope on the horizon
that I speed to and never quite reach,
and if I never took my eyes off of that emerald city,
I'd miss the moon racing me on this beach.

So fast – So fast – So fast-

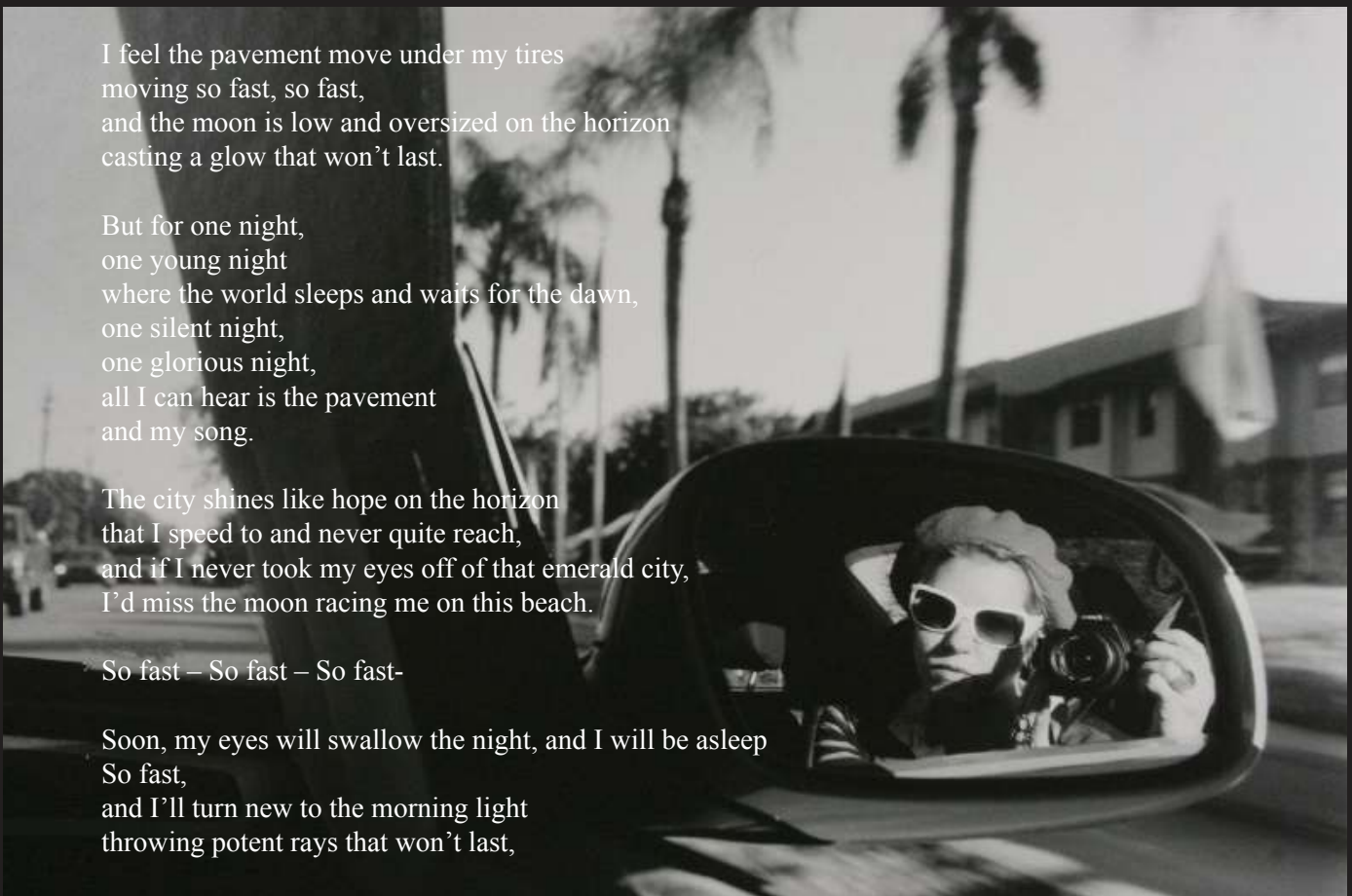
Soon, my eyes will swallow the night, and I will be asleep
So fast,
and I'll turn new to the morning light
throwing potent rays that won't last,

but for one day-
one valuable day
that I can stock rich by the hour-
just one day,
one wonderful day
that I might just milk for its power

'till all explodes with a sky of fire
ending just one more toil.
I ride with the street lamps flying by
wondering if this day was
ripe or spoiled.

With the sound of the pavement,
with the sound of my day,
with the sound of my breath steady and slow,
with the sound of the sounds of the slipping away,
through open fingers, I let them go.

So fast – So fast – So fast –



How I See Myself
Kimberly Burke

My One and Only Fantasy

Flor De Liz Juarez

I fantasize to be high among the mountains where flowers,
trees, and green meadows allow me to feel free.

The cool breeze of morning
spreads the sweet essence of my garden of roses.

The willows sway with the push of the wind
as I fantasize that I am seated under an old oak tree
being indulged by its tranquil shade.

Then, I stroll down by the bank of a flowing river.
Enchanting thoughts linger in my imagination.

The rushing water sings me a lullaby.

This lullaby cradles me as I dream on.

Now, I dream of fairies and princesses in white satin.

I dream of a land of joy
full of bright color beyond the rainbow.

In this land, sorrow is unknown.

Here, the wind whispers to me in delicate harmony.

The birds sing a melodious tune of Spring.

This is where I forever want to be...

where pain and sorrow are no more.

This is me; till eternity, this will be my one and only fantasy.



Strawberry Storm
Lena Matson

FEATURED PHOTOGRAPHER

*"Art is the
highest expression
of culture."*



Casey

Mark Oliver



Mark Oliver is a Tampa native, and his artwork has been seen in fourteen art shows in the past year, including recent shows like the Inico Art Show and the 33rd Juried Student Art Exhibit. Oliver believes that God provides the inspiration for his work.

When Oliver first picked up a camera, it was to document his sculptures and installation work. Soon, he realized the versatility of the medium and began experimenting with different techniques. Sometimes staging photos, Oliver gives his work a dramatic quality. Although he also sculpts and paints, he still believes that as an artist, he has much to learn.



Spencer



Nicole



Beacca



Blue-Collar Hero
Michelle Strange

Quiet

by Stephanie Lee Auger

Deafeningly quiet.
Clock ticking, audible breath.

Quiet

Freshly smacked face,
just tingle, no pain
yet.

Andronic Actions
(Staggering Pharaohs)
Shuffled feet, glassy stare,
we wear death on us.

Quiet

No words work or fit,
vacuum of advice.
Every action guilty of disrespect,
yet no action guilty of the same.

STOP TURNING

Give us a minute.
This should not fall, like brushing teeth,
into routine.

This is death.
We should reflect.
We should muse.

We should struggle to comprehend.

We should weep just a minute.

Why can't I weep just a minute?

An oasis of tears should flow from these cold, desert eyes,
but no.

Quiet



Oh Mama
Darlene Scott

Deliverance

by Richard A. Gonzalez

I ran as fast as my legs would allow me. My heart painfully ached to stop running, but no, I didn't stop. If I did—no—there was no option.

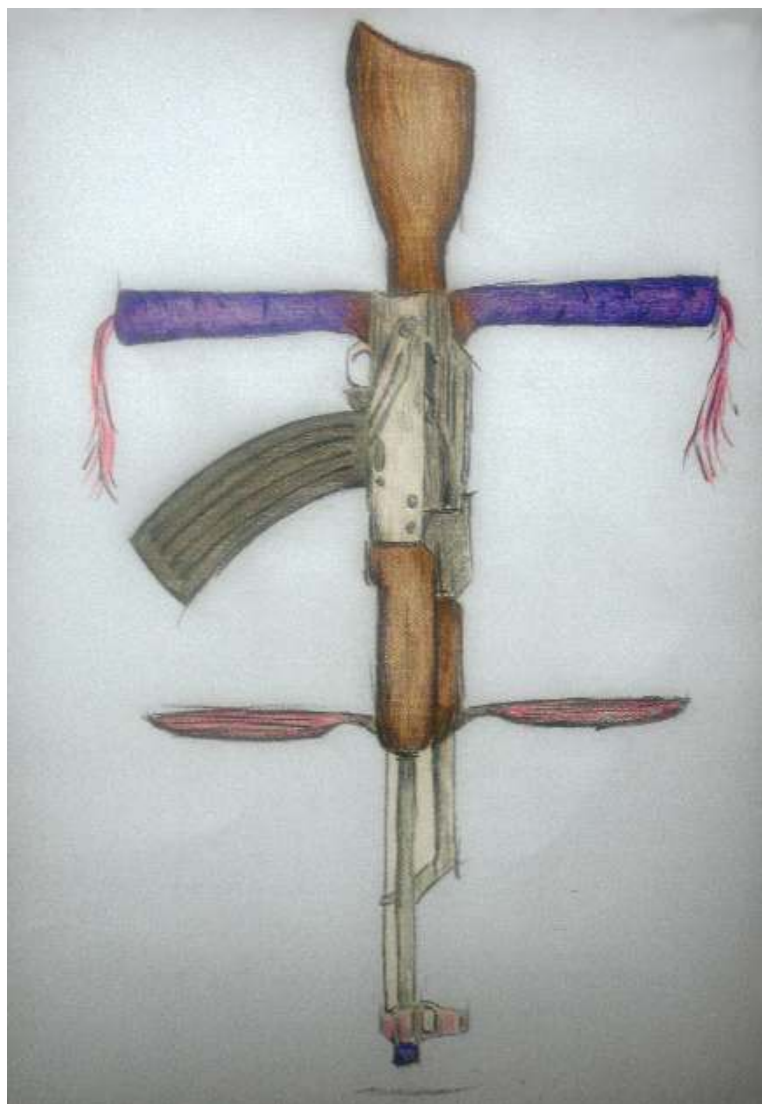
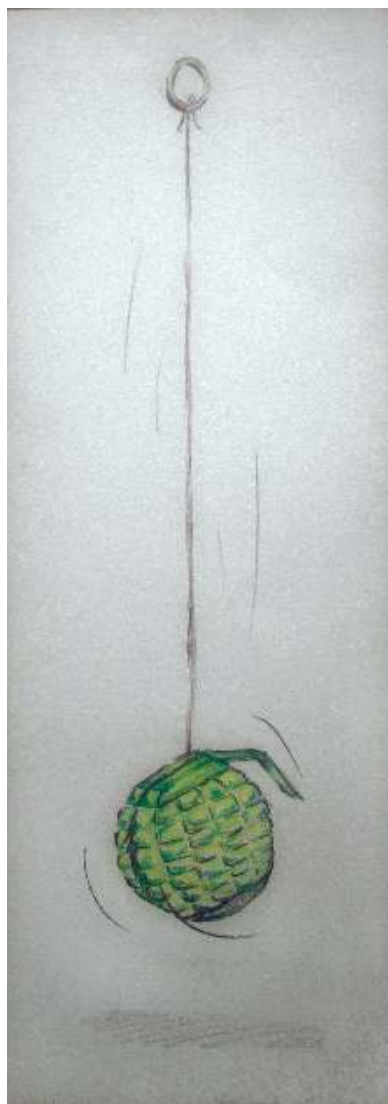
It was dark, and the trees in the forest were all thick and wet. A rainstorm had recently passed by, leaving the ground all muddy and slick—I almost fell down a couple of times. The thing that slowed me down the most was my wet clothes; the rainstorm had been fierce and looked as though it would soon return. Even though my body desperately wanted to rest, I couldn't

stop. I wouldn't stop. Not if I wanted to survive. Therefore, I continued to run.

They were after me, those men in dark suits. The world used to be better before those men took over our lives—locking innocent victims up, forcing them to accept the new ways or else, die. Those who chose death were the lucky ones. Those who remained alive took each minute as their last, always running and never stopping. I know there is a better world ahead. Things just can't remain as they are. There has to be some help—some hope that waits to rescue us from this terrible bondage

known as the New Order. However, while other victims wait for the arrival of this deliverance, I know that my destiny lies behind the same outcome that my family faced.

It is a dream. I know that it is a dream. What kind of world would allow the New Order, the dominance over everybody's lives if it were not a dream? No world would permit such a horror. That is why I cleave to the notion that this is only a delusion...only a dream. My heart yearns to wake and see my wife and kids again, smiling and laughing—their laughter will



comfort me once I wake up. If this is only a dream, when will I awake from this nightmare? Will I awaken when my family sees me sleeping, or when bullets tear into my heart?

Those dark suited men, who work for the New Order, they killed my family. They raided my home and mercilessly killed my wife and children—shot them in their hearts, killing them instantly. I wasn't as brave. Those idiot men, they left my door open, unblocked! I ran past them, guns firing in the background. Don't ask me why I ran instead of graciously

dying like my family; I can only guess instinct played a part in my actions for fleeing. Nevertheless, I ran into a nearby forest. You see, we were hiding out, my family and I. This world, it is not how it used to be. Hearts used to sing of freedom, but now they only scream from fear. Once the New Order arrived, all former governments bowed down and whimpered beneath the Order's power. It all happened so fast. It was as though the New Order—BANG—appeared out of the nowhere and began destroying lives by their Law of Requisition. Therefore, you see, I hid my family trying to buy us more time at life—because I knew that we were next, *someone's always next*. I guess I failed them, because they were killed, and there I was, still alive for however long the Order would let me live.

I ran as fast as my legs would allow me. Even though my heart was pounding out of my chest and my lungs felt like bursting like a balloon, I continued to run. After what seemed like an hour, it began to rain again—heavy rain. I desperately wanted to stop, but I knew that I couldn't. The previous rainstorm, and now this one, had slowed me down enough for the dark suited men to catch up. It was as though both the rain and the men were working together. As I said in the beginning, the ground was all muddy and slick—that was my fall. I ran to where the trees of the forest had formed a circular form, leaving a vast, clear opening with only a huge rock resting in place. The ground was too wet and slippery. I slipped and fell straight on my back; my breath left my body for a second. My eyes fell directly on the bright full moon overhead; the light

shining from it shot down on me like a spotlight, revealing my existence. The dark suited men from the New Order found me before I could get up. As they ran for my body, I screamed, "Wait! Please, tell me why!"

The men stopped dead in their tracks. One of the men, (who, I suppose, was the leader), spoke out, "Why? You fool. If you understood our ways, by the Law of Requisition, then you would have known why we do what we do."

I straightened myself up, and looked at their shadowy appearances, (because the moonlight only shone on me, as though I was a criminal), and pleaded, "Tell me why you have taken away our freedom! Why do you rule over our lives as though we are animals? Why do you kill those who oppose your implacable control? Tell me the reason before you kill me."

The leader turned to his men, and then faced me again, "The old ways were weak freedom rights and judgments made us weak, confused. However, the New Order and its Law knew how to make us stronger. What we merely do is take out the weak, so that we can grow stronger. It is as simple as pulling weeds from the grass." He closed with what appeared to be a smile, much like a twisted grin.

I still didn't understand why a world would allow this sort of frame of mind, but I now knew why my family died—why dear friends have died also. They died while remaining true to themselves, never succumbing to a sadistic regime. As the rain began to clear, I looked upon the shadowed faces of the dark suited men, and knew that my deliverance had come. The last thing I heard, as my life prepared to close, was the sound from a gun. I was set free. I didn't need to run anymore. I am awake. G



Naïve
Stephanie Lee Auger

Amorous Wounds

by Eileen Rifkin

Shooting up
inside my eyes
silos of fire
fly out of each corner
anticipating
your permanent departure.

I didn't know. I didn't know
that such large blasts of happiness
and searing bombs of sadness
would explode.

Please don't make me swallow
the burning acid of abandon.
Please don't stomp on my love
into the earth beneath us.

I see your soles
above my own writhing soul
ready to crush my ivory amore
and burst my swelling hope.

Time
hastens and drains
scarlet blood
from my aching hands.

Stay out of the air
with me,
tesoro mio.
Beseech you I do
even after your denial.

Oh, but stop!
My ribs will break!
Neither my death nor
my suffering
will enamor
me to you.

Young and powerless
and in love with you
I am.
Yet, I do not want to shake
in pain forever.

Anvils encumber every node
in my body

as I sit with
myself
and the impending
wounds of amore.

But wait!
A sliver of hope
will heal these wounds
to come.

For, I can only feel love
as I walk into life.



Grounded
Beth Hudson



Purple Rising
Gibson Thorn



Deep
Darlene Scott

*"I have never
had a muse."*

The Unrequitable Muse

He found himself at her doorstep looking in through the window, always looking in. She came to meet him, just as she did a thousand times ago. Something radiated differently about her this time. Something sparkled in her eyes that he had never seen before.

"Come on in, kiddo," she called to him. "Make yourself at home."

A child's cry rang out from the next room over. Its awkwardness shifted their tension slightly. He'd not seen her in almost a year, certainly less than nine months. A testament to that rang out clearly through the paper-thin walls her apartment could afford.

"You're doing well," his eyes scanned over the trappings, but immediately returned to that strange sparkle. She stirred at these words, like it was something foreign to her.

"Yes," her lips parted in a sensual fashion. "I've moved some things around with the recent addition. How have you been?"

The words escaped her mouth with such a dull lisp that you could sense her less than apathetic feelings behind them. He was here for their child, so she thought. He was there for them both, so he thought.

"Devastated."

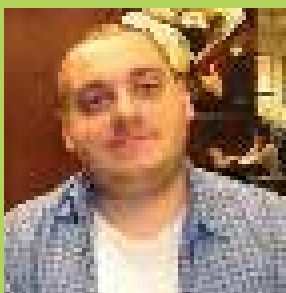
"Oh?" She stirred once more. He'd kept his feelings closely guarded, and this absence of will was a side of him she rarely saw. She waited for him to continue, hung on this word and let it dangle from the precarious ledge he'd placed it upon.

"I have never had a muse."

"A muse?"

"Yes, I've scarcely received a compliment in my life. The only ones I can really remember came from you," he began. "I started writing as a means of entertaining others, and yet in the end, they cared nothing for me and nothing for my achievements. I looked for love in an unadorned public that was impersonal and often

Thomas Neubauer



Thomas Neubauer's piece "The Unrequitable Muse" was chosen as a featured story because it speaks of an experience most of us have encountered: the story of a relationship turned sour and the endless struggle it is to prove to a loved one that you are indeed still in love with them. Neubauer, a sophomore at HCC, attributes his story to an old flame but thanks his biggest inspirations: Keiba, Eli, and Eric, as well as memorable teachers. Currently, Neubauer is in the process of writing a novel which he intends to publish "one of these days."



cold. You understood me; you accepted my flaws and enhanced my strengths. It was not until late I realized this, perhaps far too late."

His sudden plain demeanor took her back a step. Forceful and passionate, these words never found their way out of his mouth before. Long ago were the timid bleats of a sheep in a flock; this new man before her was a wealth of pride. Something different, she felt uncomfortable at his words, but drawn to its presence.

"Where does a muse fit into all of this?" she queried.

"Inspiration."

"I'd just as soon think that your inspiration lay in the next room, crying for his parents to feed and change him. Or have you

forgotten all about that when you last walked out that door not so long ago?" She stormed from the couch to the adjacent passage. The wailing ceased, and after a few adoring coos, she returned clinging the swaddle of ruckus.

He waited for her to return before continuing, his fingers folded neatly into each other. "Until now, my lone inspiration was to leave this town, leave these people for something grander." His steely resolve continued, ignorant of her last words. "To disprove who they thought I was, to rise above my class and social order. To become the man I thought I was."

"Then why are you here..." but her words were drowned out by the boom in his voice. It rattled the walls and made their child restless.

"Because I need that muse," it roared. "Because I'm not strong enough to do this on my own." His voice began to trail to a rational tone before whispering, "Because in the end, I realized I never wrote for any of them." He drew in an elongated breath that heaved his furrowed brows softly over his glistening eyes. "I wrote for you. It was always for you."

She looked at him hard. For a long time, they sat in silence; the only sound came from the coo of the child that lay between them. His innocent, undeveloped eyes scanned between them both, in a world more complex than he would ever soon fathom. In the end, they all hugged, and this was the first time the little child's family ever felt whole.

"Yes, that's how it'll happen," I thought to myself, the events of the scene swirling into the back of my mind. "She'll take me back this time. I'll be the man she wants me to be, and maybe someday she can help me become the man I dream of becoming."

I stood at her doorway, looking in. Always looking in. G

Hitchhiker in the Fog
Lena Matson



Untitled
Patrick Hannon



Dark Sky
Nicole Ann Guzzi



Organic Fusion
Nicole Ann Guzzi

The Art of Oranges and Foreignness

by Rob Zagaria

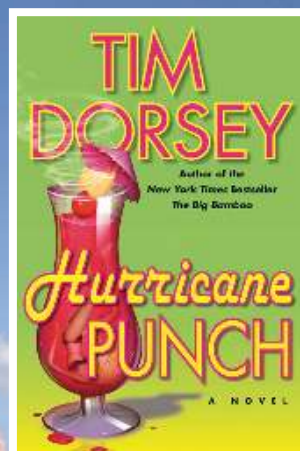
The perfect stasis of sunshine and stimulants is
the art of oranges and foreignness.
The white dressed temptress dismissed inhibitions
with lilacs and climax promises.
Rapt with her caustic reticence,
the minions' mentions scarcely mattered,
but passion shifted to irreverence,
and her flowered flavor soured.
Rolling holy over the ringed cliff,
proposing only laughter and latex
to the dazzling winged nymph.
Seduced by her sarcasm and safe sex,
but from lust, obscuring sight,
and with collusion unforeseen,
When the vassal left the castle
She let the bishop rook his queen.
In the art of oranges and foreignness,
perception is more valid than reality.
Instinct can transcend consciousness
with appropriate dosages of dopamine.



Pears
Vanessa Potier

A Café con Leche Conversation with Author Tim Dorsey

interview by Raydel Yanes
written by Samantha Wooten



photos provided by Tim Dorsey

Tim Dorsey, a native to Florida, is the New York Times bestselling author of the novel “The Big Bambooz.” Dorsey says he wrote as a child with a manual typewriter, but like many kids, reading was not his passion; although, he was fascinated by MAD Magazine. His interest in writing awoke during high school when he was introduced to authors such as Kurt Vonnegut and Joseph Heller. Over the years, he has grown to admire Hunter S. Thompson, Carl Hiaasen and Thomas McGuane.

During his college years at Auburn University, Dorsey was editor of the school’s paper, The Plainsman, and in 1983, he graduated with a bachelor’s degree in transportation. From there, he moved to The Alabama Journal—a now-defunct evening newspaper in

Montgomery—and in 1987 moved to Florida, once more, and began writing as a general assignment reporter for The Tampa Tribune. He traveled a bit moving to the Tribune’s Tallahassee bureau where he worked the political beat and as a copy desk editor. In August of 1999, he made a dramatic decision to leave the paper behind and write full-time.

Now, that Dorsey has nine published books locked under his belt he “feels like he’s won the lottery.” Recently, he has published “Hurricane Punch,” now available in stores, an inspirational novel drawing from the hurricane season of 2004-05 when Florida was brutally attacked by numerous storms that caused tumultuous damage statewide.

Dorsey finds himself settled. “This is it .. I just want to keep going,” he said in response to the next step in his career.

Ironically, Dorsey is working hard to keep himself leveled. He has already written his 10th book, “Atomic Lobster,” which is sitting on the desk of his publisher. His advice for aspiring writers is to first get the experience with a magazine or newspaper, and then transition. G

Why Does the Seagull Sit at the Sea?

by Flor De Liz Juarez

As the sun sets
in its glistening, golden, splendor,
the rushing foamy waves
crash fiercely against the shorelines,
and an angelic snow-white feathered being
soars above the salted waters
to later perch herself
upon a rustic coral rock
from where she serenely contemplates the sea.

She could be anywhere,
anywhere she wishes to be
but no, she sits here
taking in with each sigh
all which she finds good in life,
listening to the gracious chantings of the breeze.
She could be by herself
yet not alone...her companion is peace.

Palm Island
Beth Hudson

Hold Your Breath

by Samantha Wooten

In the distance, the ocean crashes. I stand choking on the tears that now cloud my vision. How could I be so blind? My tower to heaven crumbled before my eyes. Now, I sit here helpless, dreading the reality of not being able to salvage what has been lost.

“Don’t go,” I begged.

You said you wouldn’t. You promised me you couldn’t. What’s all that mean to you now? Everything is fading. Perhaps, everything you’ve been saying has just been a lie. I’ll cherish our memories; if I could, tonight, I’d kiss your tears away. It’s hard to give up on the one you whom never thought would leave.

You said you’re doing this for me rather than for yourself. I refuse to believe, in the end, it will be for the better; I refuse to believe this is the end, completely.

“I can’t sit here and let you waste your life. I can’t pretend to make something out of nothing.”

Oh, but it is something. It’s been something for quite some time. I begin to speak, but find myself a mute.

With slow footsteps, we glide across wood panels to the door. Your hand tightly warms mine. I guess you need something to fill the silence. You need a subtle connection that sends an electric current throughout your veins. Reaching for the door, we brace against the November evening. I find myself looking toward the heavens for answers, greeted only by celestial illuminating the midnight sky for every starving eye to see.

I now turn to face you. Strands of hair conceal the tears you fought so hard to hide tonight. I raise my hand to sweep it across your blotchy cheeks, still damp. My knees grow weak, and I’m finding it impossible to stand. Luckily, you pick up on this and automatically, your hand reaches for my waist, offering support.

Your voice reverberates across my membrane, and the scene disappears around us.

“Heaven is here with you.”

You’re trembling now, like a frightened bird. This does not stop you from moving closer, and we collapse



Lady with Blue Hair
Michaela E. Newton

together on the dewy grass.

My lips curl in an unfamiliar twinge— a smile. I haven’t smiled in days. You laugh—a sound my ears capture and store within their depths. I contemplate a moment, and before I reach any rational decision, I notice that your lips are pinned to mine.

The minutes seem like seconds as our tongues crash like a tide. Unfortunately, we are forced to break apart and scramble to our feet. Both of your arms have encircled my waist, and I find myself resting comfortably against your form. You would tell me later that you held me close to keep the cosmos from pulling me away, but all I felt was love.

“Without suffering there can be no compassion.”

I wish you would stop speaking. You’re not saying anything I want to hear. I silently pray that you won’t be leaving me behind. I pray for a quite tranquil place for the two of us, a place where we won’t have to bring up how this destroyed us both. You read my thoughts.

You rustle beside me, but not to escape, but instead to close in on the space between us.

Finally, words surface. “If you walk away, I walk away.”

“I promise to never abandon your side.”

You say this with such confidence that I find it easy to believe you. Once again, that smile spreads. I imagine us in this tranquil place, dancing on river beds, singing obnoxiously to our favorite tunes. In one quick motion, your body spins, and I feel your lips against mine briefly before you draw away.

As I go to reopen my eyes, I am greeted only by your silhouette sliding into her car. G



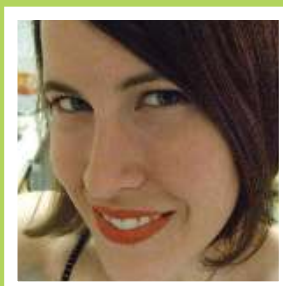
The Great Wave, after Hokusai
Rob Zagaria

the galeria STAFF



Samantha Wooten

- Editor-in-Chief
- Copy Editor



Beth Hudson

- Art Director
- Graphic Design

Special thanks to Dr. Gaspar, Dr. Kenefick, and Ms. Zell for all of their help with the magazine. Also thanks to Vanessa Garnica for assistance with translations.

Galeria is annually produced by the students of HCC. This magazine was prepared camera-ready using Adobe Photoshop CS2 and InDesign CS2. Galeria is a free publication distributed to students throughout all campuses.



Geshonda Manning

- Consulting Editor

Hillsborough
Community College
P.O. Box 5096
Tampa, Florida 33675

Printed in 2007 by
Hall Printworks
8509 Benjamin Road
Tampa, FL 33634

2,100 copies were printed.



Raydel Yanes

- Managing Editor
- Art & Photography Editor

