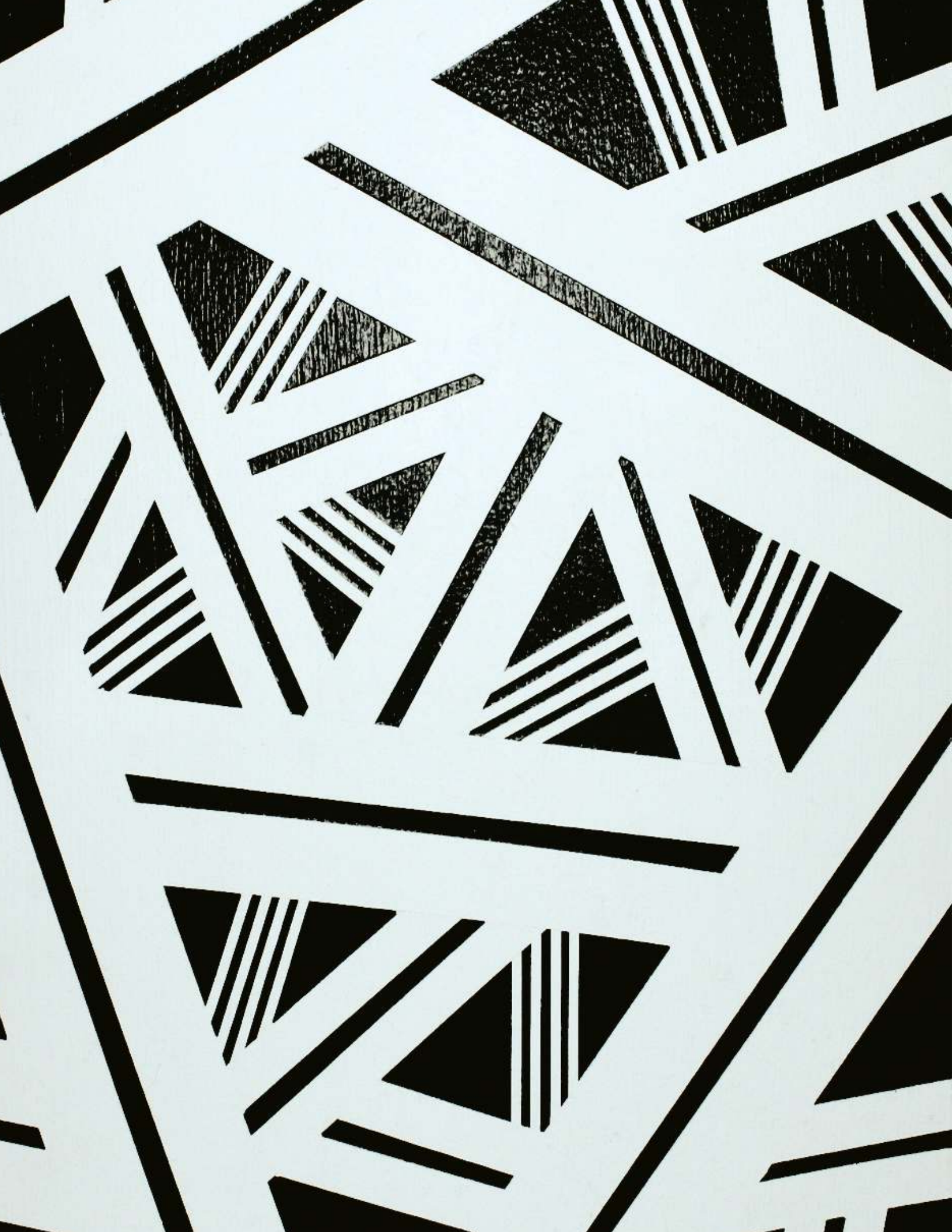


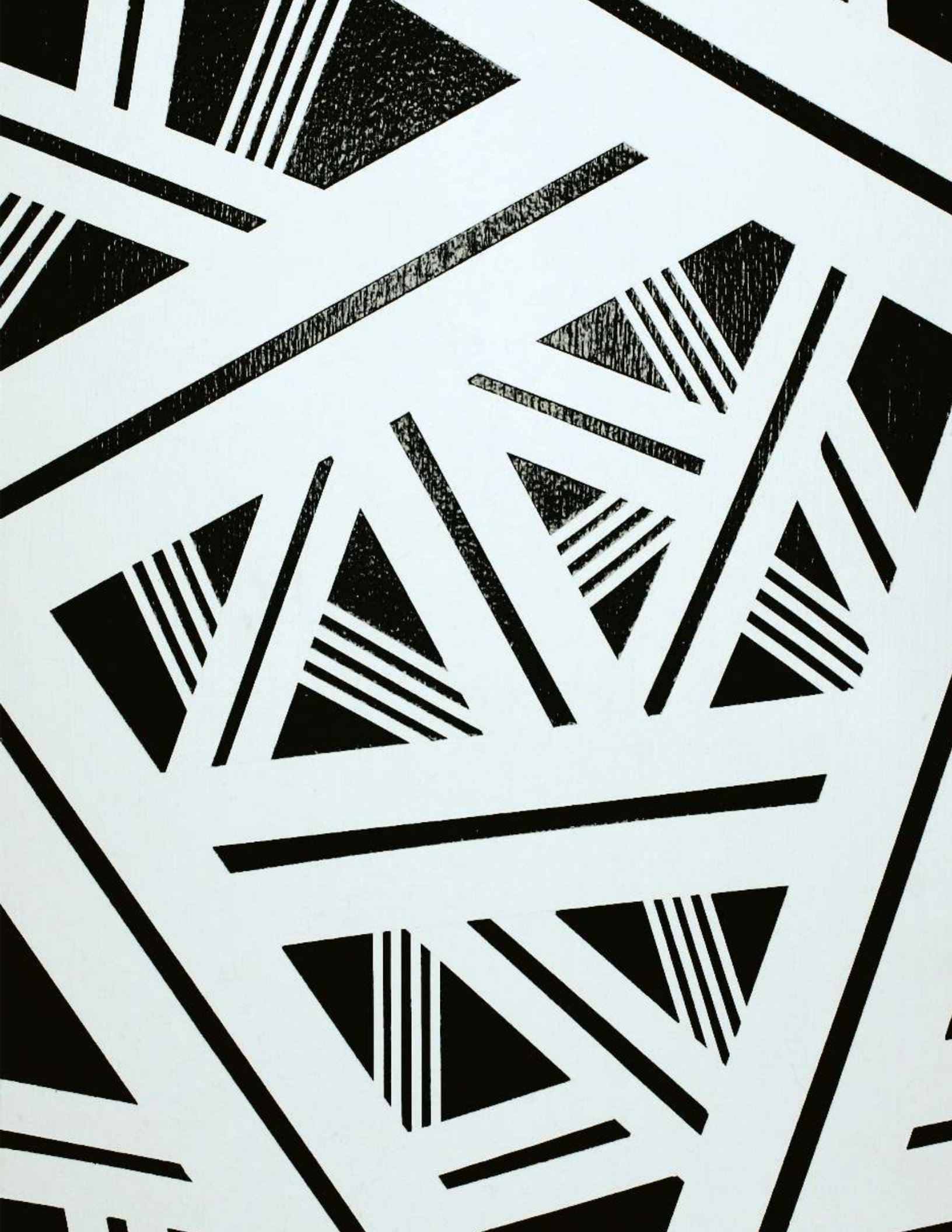


Galeria

Arts & Literature

Vol. XXXII 2010







Features Magazine



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Hawk Media Club is Hillsborough Community College's journalism club, producing two award-winning annual magazines, the *Triad* and the *Galeria*. It also supports the production of the student newspaper, *The Hawkeye*. For more information about Hawk Media Club or any of its publications, please contact hccpublishing@gmail.com.

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Editor's Note

In this issue of the Galeria, we present an array of striking imagery and imaginative literature submitted by our talented HCC students.

This issue was inspired by the concept of man versus nature and the question of which is more dominant? The front cover, a mountain landscape and city backdrop, represents these two forces.

I want to thank all who submitted work for publication in this magazine, which has come to feel very much like a work of art itself.

I especially want to thank you, the reader. This magazine exists primarily for your enjoyment. So, open your mind and enjoy our perceptions of humanity, Mother Nature and their eternal struggle.



Cover Design by David Díaz

HILLSBOROUGH
Community College



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Figure as Form #1
Cameron Mersereau
B/W Photography



MY EXCURSION



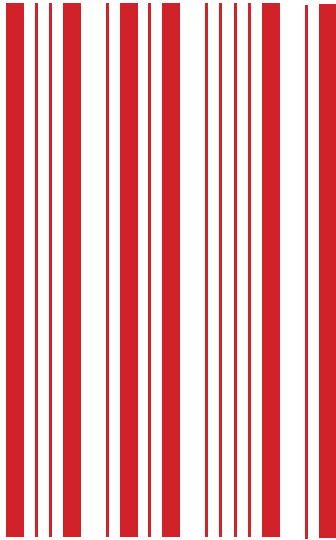
By Jennifer Heffernan

Once this journey begins,
my hands are quick,
turning and turning.
Anxious for more.
Giving to me, so open and free,
the mountain of pages, I climb.
My thirst,
impossible to quench.
Surrendering to my exhaustion,
is not an option.
To put down?
To end here?
Another chapter, a page,
a mere line, or a word more,
I have to push on.
The path might make me
laugh, cry, spit or go mad.
Navigating these uncharted trails,
to ascend,
feed my spirit and mind.
Give me peace
after a stormy day.
Suddenly, I find myself on the summit,
with no more.
My journey, it ends.
Taking a deep breath,
basking in the warmth of my climb,
I gaze steadily over the valley of shelves before me,
and pick my next trek.





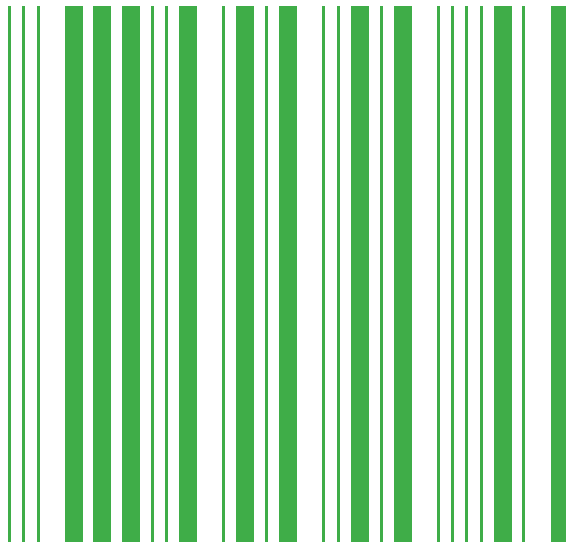
IF IT GOES TO



RED,



YOU'RE



GREEN

By Edwin M. Kelley

Charlie was one of these posers who would start a story about a top secret Army mission and leave it unfinished, saying if he told you the rest he'd have to kill you. All liars use that phrase when their imagination runs low.

As guards, we don't mind because our job is self-selective and you get used to being lied to in the guard business, a racket that draws all the kooks. Plus we worked the overnight shift and were long gone before Charlie came in at nine. That's the main benefit of working overnights, no supervisors around.

One morning at four, he popped in for a post inspection. No big deal, we were always squared away, three old guys who were never late, never sick and didn't play with computers. Taking a seat, he begins quizzing us on the five levels of security.

"Well, red is high," says Mulligan, acting smug for being quick on the uptake.

"No, orange is high," corrects Charlie. "That's what corporate just moved us up to, level orange. Let's start at the bottom. Anybody know the lowest one?"

"Is it green?" asks Leon.

"Right," says Charlie, "and what does green mean?"

"Go!" We all three say it as a joke and fake a move toward the door, but we just want to get the deal in gear, plus we know Charlie has the answers on the next page anyway. Likely, he wants to get it in gear too, not used to being up at this hour and wanting to get back to his warm bed and wife. We never met her but the word is she's a knockout, a babe he met in Panama when he was stationed there as Army military police.

“Green – low; blue – guarded; yellow – elevated; orange – high; red – severe. Not that they expect you to remember any of that, since it’s on the wall behind the base desk.” We turn around and sure enough there it is, a varnished five-color plaque with the seal of DHS, Department of Homeland Security.

At this time of night, we are the only people inside the Southeast Data Center, a steel and mirror-glass behemoth located in an otherwise undeveloped part of Hillsborough County. The front entrance leads into a soaring atrium with a fountain and a curved glass roof, under which we are sitting now. Word is they are planning to take it dark, which means no people, just computers. It’s electronic state of the art, and there’s only one other in the world like it, in Santiago, Chile.

“Okay, here’s the deal,” says Charlie, “over the last three weeks somebody bought \$25,000 worth of UPS uniforms over the internet. Homeland Security thinks a terrorist might use ‘em to dress up like a UPS man and bring a bomb inside the building. Since this place is a high priority target, the government told corporate and corporate told us.”

“That’s mighty considerate of them,” says Three Checks, “since we’re the ones who sign for packages.” Three Checks had retired from the Air Force, then from the post office, then started drawing social security, but those three checks were not enough to pay for his toys and his sexy-grandpa social life, so he works a job too.

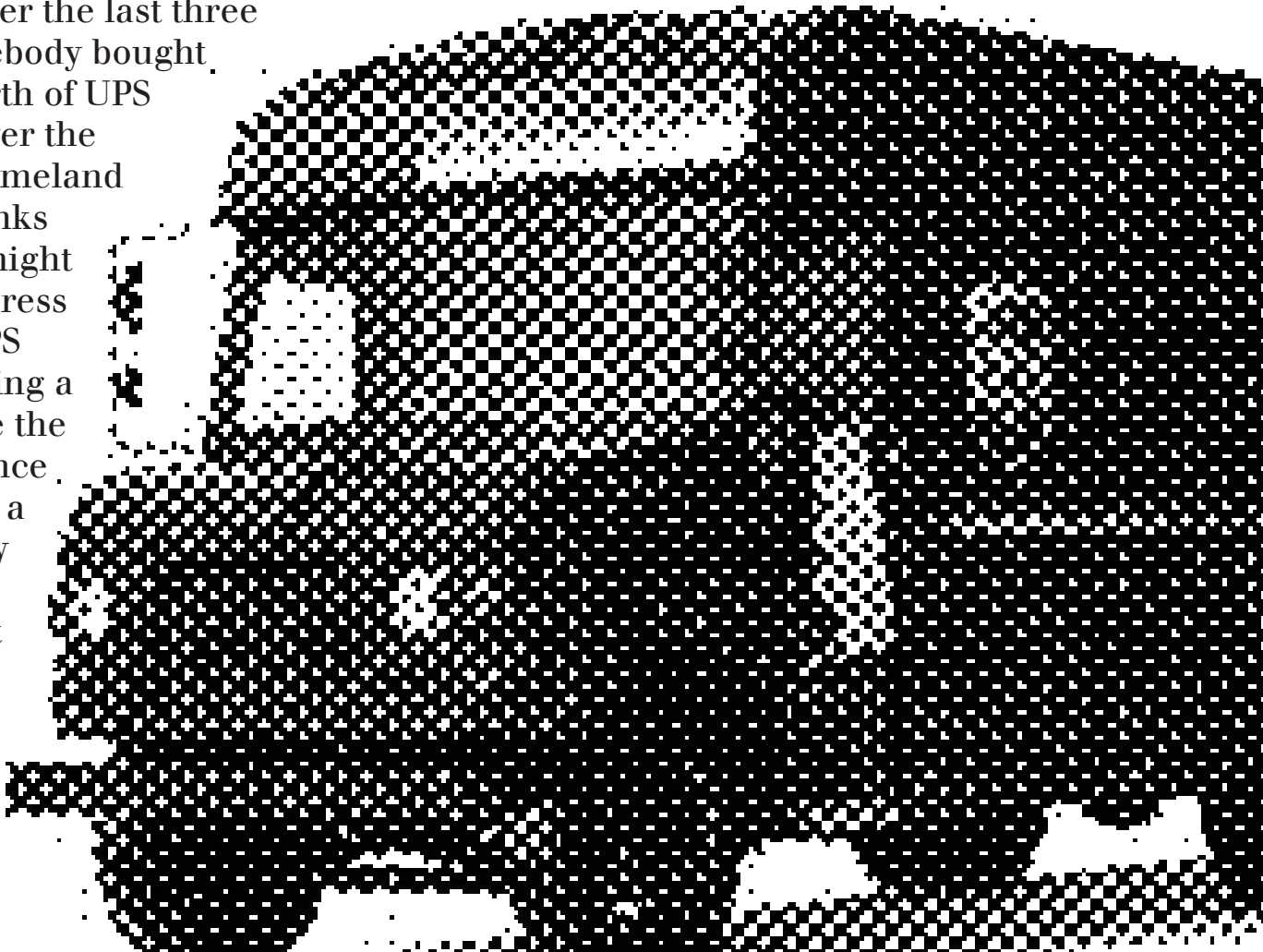
“Well, corporate thinks it’s for real. Otherwise they wouldn’t have sent me on this buggy ride, telling all three shifts about it. Anybody remember the guideline for shooting?”

“Target, threat and backstop,” I tell him straight away, remembering from guard school.

“Right!” says Charlie, looking at me surprised. “Give the man an A plus.”

“So we’re cleared to shoot?” asks Three Checks.

“Not at orange, but if it goes to red



you're green."

"How do we know if it goes to red?" asks Mulligan.

"Fax from corporate. Any more questions?" Charlie asks peevishly, looking at his watch. He starts packing up his stuff and asks us, "So if anybody asks whether your supervisor went over the National Threat Advisory, what you gonna' tell 'em?" We stand and salute and say "yes sir," except Mulligan, being ex-Navy, who says "aye, aye."

The UPS man came a week later. Only it was a girl, a sexy dark-skinned babe. Mulligan buzzed her in at about 3 a.m. Her uniform was tailored to fit her behind and scooped real low in front. I had the UPS clipboard at the base desk so I walked up front to sign her in, but really I wanted a closer look after she showed up on my view screen, courtesy of Three Checks, who was in the monitor room working the overhead camera.

Her cart was full of boxes and she made a

show of looking for her scanner, like she couldn't find it, teasing us all the while, knowing perfectly well we could see down her shirt.

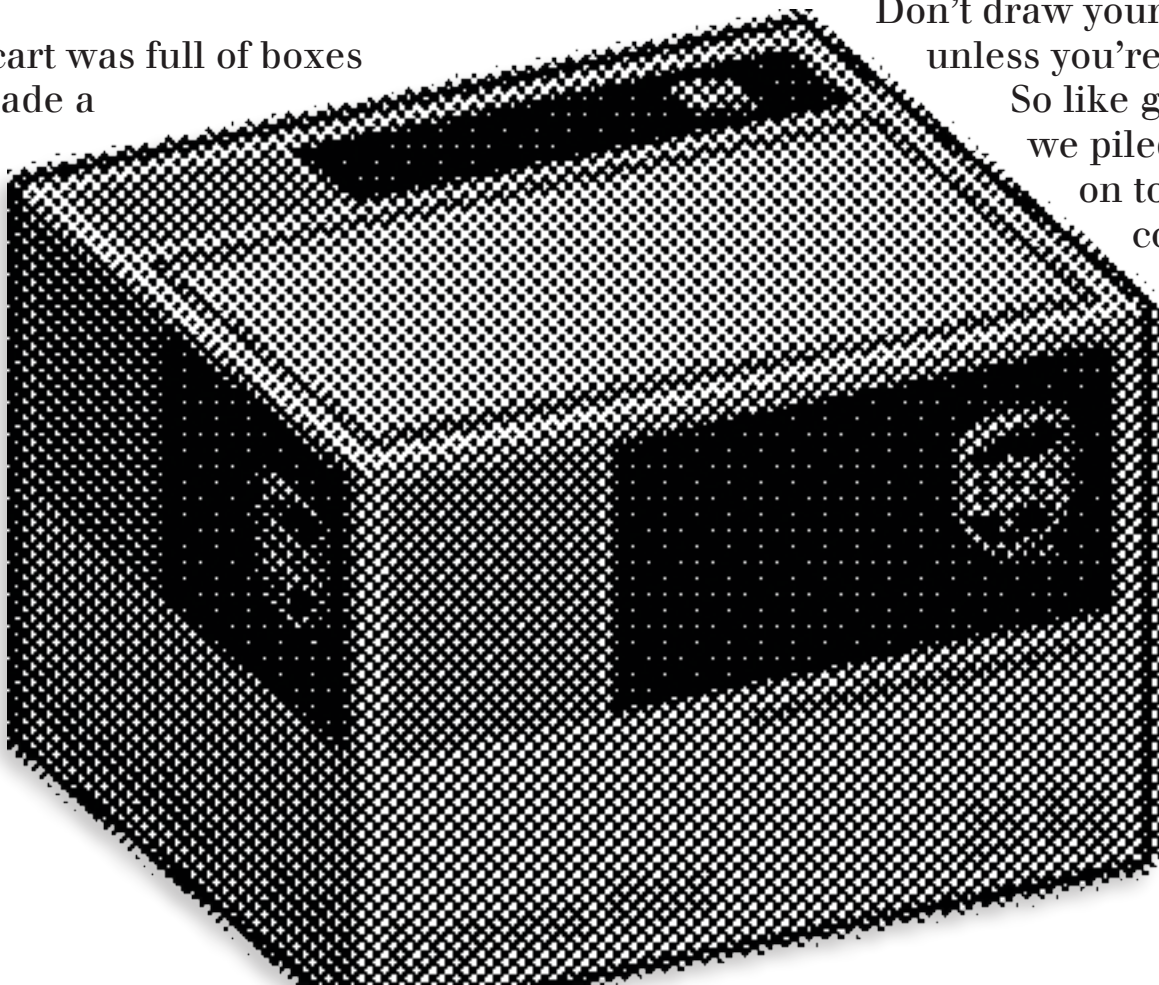
Mulligan told her we were at level orange and would have to check her packages. She nodded, opened the top one, whipped out a pistol grip pump, stepped back and told us to put our guns, phones and photo IDs on the counter.

"Easy girl," said Mulligan. "Just take it slow, we'll do what you say."

We had target, threat and backstop but you had to look at both sides of the equation, including the likelihood of spending time in jail. They give you five days to write a report explaining why you fired your gun on duty, so you might need a lawyer for that. And even if the state lets you keep your license, the target's family could sue you, and take everything you have. That's why they have the guards' unwritten rule:

Don't draw your gun unless you're dead.

So like good boys we piled our stuff on top of the counter and stepped



back with our arms folded. She kept the IDs and chunked the rest into the fountain.

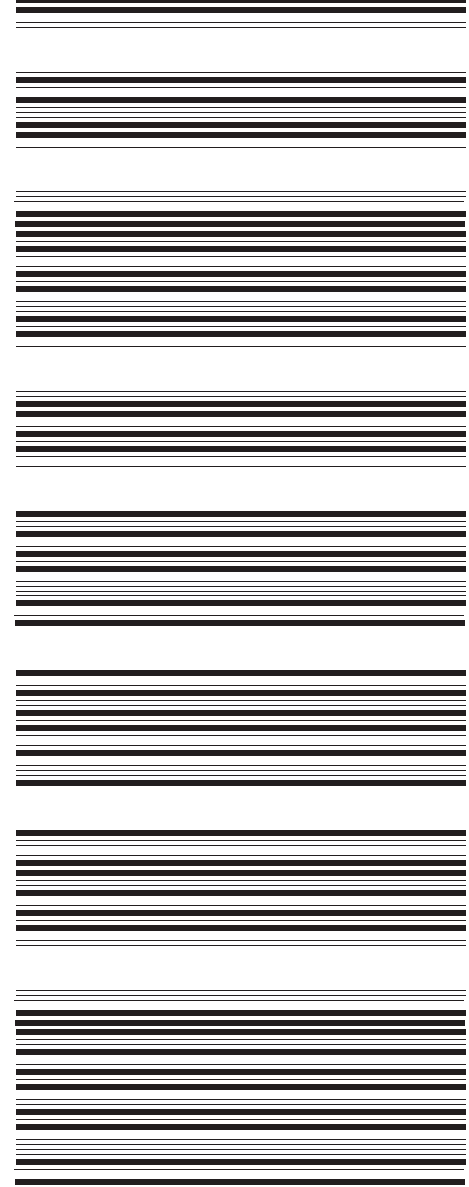
We got comfortable and sat and listened to Three Checks yak, asking her if she had a boyfriend, telling her how great her outfit would look with high heels instead of tennis shoes. Every time he took a breath Mulligan would chime in with a love song or a verse of poetry he had memorized.

A few minutes later, a man showed up wearing a ski mask. She let him in the front door and started speaking Spanish, giving him a photo ID. That was smart – the guard IDs have a chip that will unlock any door in the place.

She handed him a shotgun, waved goodbye to us and walked toward the monitor room while the ski-mask guy herded us the other way. When we reached the base desk, he went behind to buzz open the back gate and let in a gray van.

As the van pulled in, he pointed through the plate glass to the pedestrian gate and told us in fairly good English to run as far as we could in the next six minutes because the place was going to blow. I tell you, they knew their stuff because I timed it. At our age, running was out of the question, but we quick-stepped until we were out of range of the parking lot lights, the three of us ducking into the woods and watching.

At five minutes they came out and the van drove away. A minute later a white light went off inside the data center like a giant flash bulb. Then it really did go dark, and quiet too. The bright flash of light was a timer that went off with a microwave burst from a shock pulse generator. It fried everything. We never knew how noisy that place was until it stopped. Santiago



went the same way.

Then came the cops—federal, state and county. They quizzed us for a while, but seemed to be more interested in Charlie, how well did we know him and so forth.

No one could figure out why they did it unless it was some kind of finance deal, because corporate stock sank the next day, pulling the Dow Jones down with it. Corporate was out of business for three days, waiting for the backup to come on line.

Worldwide transferred us the next week to a new post and we all got to stay together. Nobody knows what happened to Charlie; they never saw him again, or his wife.





Do You See What I See?
Christa Howell
Graphite Drawing



Hungry Eyes
Flor Roche
Digital Art

WHY A MANUAL TRANSMISSION?



By Charles Beadle

Is it the complete control? Maybe it's the deep sinking feeling when you fall into leather bucket seats. This vehicle moves only when made to, an extension of the body. Operating a manual transmission is a continuous pursuit of perfection. One may always be better, drive more smoothly. Acceleration, momentum, and timing are all factors to master. Imagine a harmony of expertly engineered components and 700 raging horses, all precisely controlled by one swift wrist. The vehicle is your orchestra and you are the conductor.

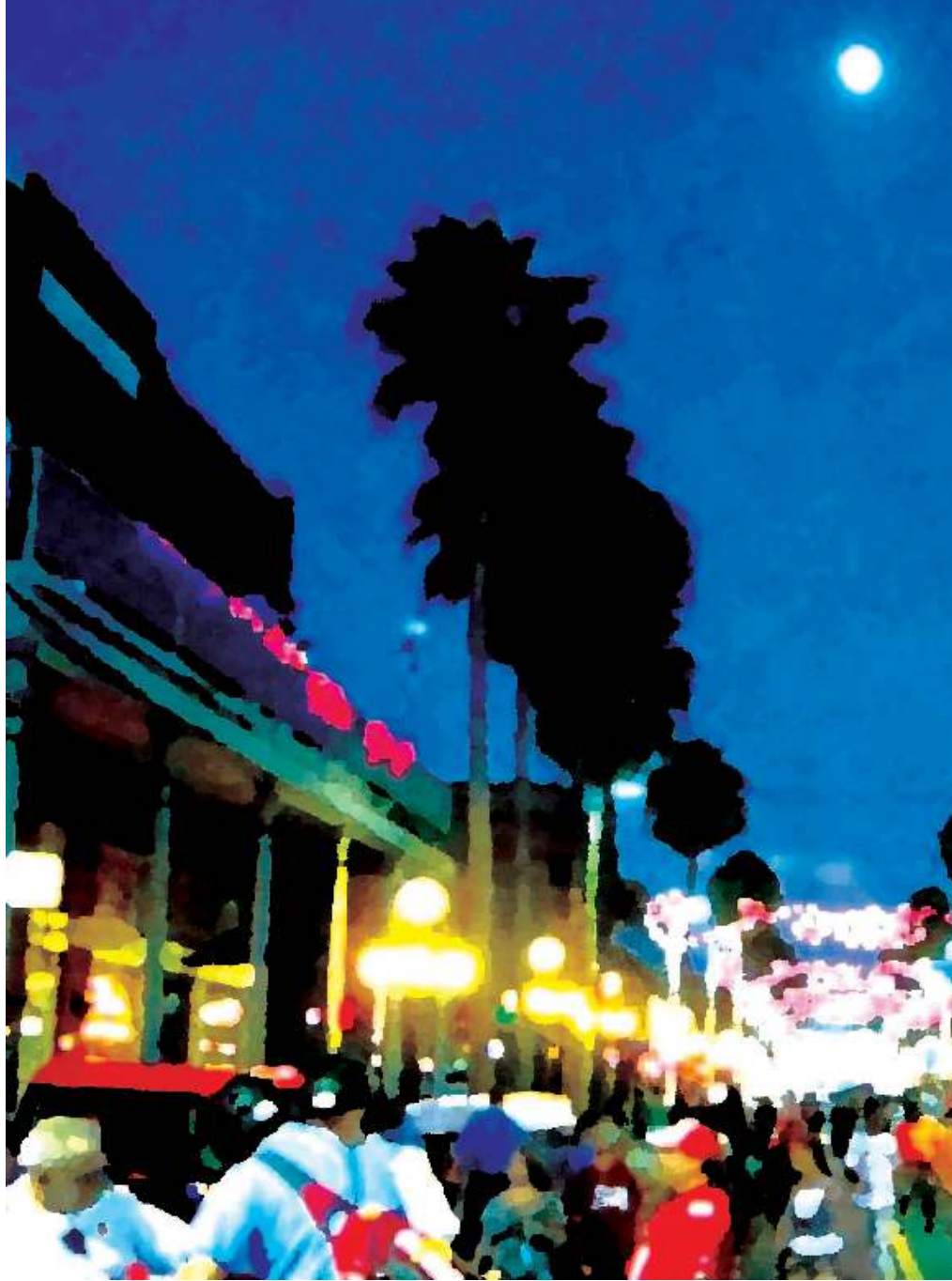


Polski I
David Díaz
Mixed Media

AN ARTISTIC REVIVAL



Ybor at Night • Daniel Carranza • Digital Photography



By Evelyn Jiminez

For years, Ybor City was recognized for its abundance of unique art galleries that lined the historic brick streets. More recently, however, the city has been known for its nightlife attractions, from clubs and bars to concert venues and arcades. While the nightlife continues to thrive and grow, Ybor's artistic spirit has ceased to be the giant that it once was. Now, local artists are taking a stand and fighting to keep Ybor City's art and culture alive.

The Ybor Art Walk by the Ybor Art Association is one vehicle by which

local artists hope to revive the once flourishing art scene.

The Ybor Art Association is a non-profit organization that brings together the creative venues of Ybor City, helping them build business and attract other ventures to Ybor. One of its missions is the cultural and historic preservation of Ybor City. The first Saturday of every month from noon to 6 p.m., art lovers gather for this self-guided tour of Ybor City's artistic spaces. By promoting art and culture rather than the bustling night-life, many hope to enliven the



community as well as the economy.

Walter Romeo, one of the founders of the Art Association, is aware of how, after the clubs pushed artists out of Ybor, “the art thing disappeared.” He said daytime in Ybor has always been slow. “The whole mission of the art walk is to promote daytime traffic, daytime retail business,” he said. He said another goal is to help Ybor’s local artists by encouraging visitors to buy their art.

The Art Walk will feature several art galleries including the Arnold

Martinez Art Gallery, with original art, prints and giclees of Ybor City and Tampa; Casa Lala Gallery, with paintings, ceramics and sculptures; Gallery 1707, with works by Ellen Marshall and Nels Johnson; Reax Space, a gallery/boutique featuring original artwork, fashions, prints and lifestyle accessories.

Romeo suggested that people start the tour at the Ybor Art Colony at 1521 E. Seventh Ave., where they can pick up a map and walk in the studios while the artists work. “I think the highlight of the walk is the Ybor Art Colony here because it’s our anchor. There’s more artists concentrated here in this building than anywhere else, it’s very unique,” Romeo said.

This event could potentially help other businesses flourish, since financial issues have forced the closing of several Ybor businesses including Starbucks, the International Bazaar and Art on 9th. Film major Sonia Rivera, 20, roams the many places there are to visit in Ybor and says they’re always deserted. “It would be a shame to see this historical and cultural center disappear,” she said.

Many hope that the walk will inspire HCC students to do more in their community than just party. Daniel Venegas, 25, a pharmacy major, had no idea Ybor even had art galleries. “I thought Ybor City was just a place to party; I never knew it had so many other things to do,” he said.

Romeo said the art walk is a work in progress. “It’s gradually getting bigger and better all the time,” he said.



ALMOST THERE



By Tyler Beeby

I can't see anything around but black.
My legs gave way and suddenly I fell.
I felt my pulse halt quickly, heart attack!
I saw a light pierce through the dark shell.
The light shone brightly, but where I am, I can't tell.
The darkness came again. I fell asleep.
Awakened by the pings of several beeps.



CHARACTERS OF DEATH



By Tyler Beeby

Some death takes forms besides a corpse in earth.
Like Dracula, who stalks the dead of night,
And Frankenstein defied the laws of death.
Then zombies always spread the fear and fright,
And Jigsaw taught the lesson of rebirth.
These things are legends and are quite the sight.
Defy the laws of death and will of God.
That paradox is absolutely odd.



The Inevitable Truth
Christa Howell
Pencil Drawing

ZOMBIES ATE MY NEIGHBORS

By Kirsten Austin

I haven't been the same since that lifeless bastard bit me. He was all tooth and nail and savage beast when he ran for me and took that chunk out of my arm. Wait, maybe I should start from the beginning.

I met him on the stairs. He had eyes to make your heart dissolve like an Alka-Seltzer tablet in hydrochloric acid. He deliberately ran into me, and I didn't mind that my stack of books went tumbling down each stair in consecutive thuds and whirs of pages.

He was as smooth as silk drenched in lubricant. Next thing I knew, I was going on a date with the hottest guy in all of Boston.

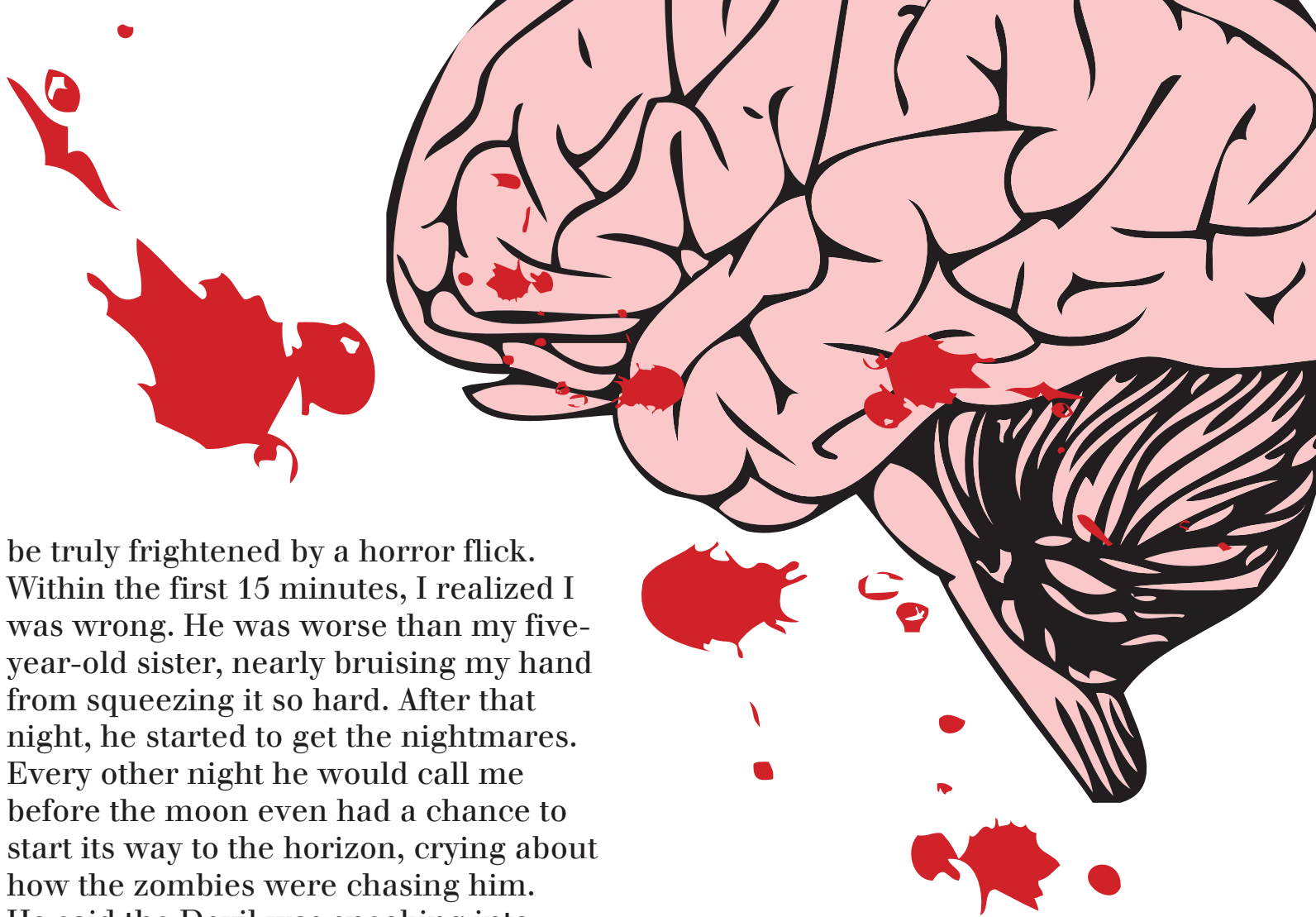
His name was Skyler and aside from his horrifying obsession with converting me into a Christian, he was totally amazing. After dinner, I spent almost three hours convincing my date to take me to "Dawn of the Dead."

It had just come out, and I was dying to see it. There's nothing like a good zombie movie and a bucket of buttered popcorn that's been sitting out just long enough to acquire the texture of styrofoam.

Maybe I'm just morbid, or maybe it was Skyler's Bible-thumping upbringing, but I never thought anyone could

The Devil Inside
Christa Howell
Color Pencil





be truly frightened by a horror flick. Within the first 15 minutes, I realized I was wrong. He was worse than my five-year-old sister, nearly bruising my hand from squeezing it so hard. After that night, he started to get the nightmares. Every other night he would call me before the moon even had a chance to start its way to the horizon, crying about how the zombies were chasing him. He said the Devil was sneaking into his dreams to steal his soul. He started reciting Bible verses from the book of John or Max or whoever, every time he got freaked.

At that point, I really had to break it off. He was getting too clingy, and I just couldn't deal with such a pansy. Plus, I think the reciting the Bible thing was actually making him worse and giving me nightmares. I let him down as nicely as I could, but he didn't take it very well. I wish I had known how mentally unstable he was before I agreed to that first date.

We went a few days without seeing each other; it was a relief to be free of him, but I missed him nonetheless. It's like getting rid of a puppy that would always piss on your carpet. He was a

nuisance and a pain to clean up after, but so cute and fun to play with that I couldn't help but want him back. I decided I had to see him again. It was Sunday so I went to the one place I knew he would be, his church. The First Baptist Church of Boston was really close to my house, along with all the other first churches in the city. Why is it that they all claim to be the first, and why haven't I seen a second church of this or that?

Walking up to the front doors, I realized that these people were more like zombies than any mindless flesh-eating corpse I had seen in the movies. They all smiled and shook my hand so eagerly that I was nearly waiting for their ambush. I could see them

screaming, “Convert the sinner!”

With my eyes and ears on guard, I cautiously entered the building and immediately spotted Skyler. I ran and wrapped my arms around him. Shocked and apparently delighted to see me, he told me how much he missed me. I told him how I missed him too. But that was obvious; why else would I have entered that insane asylum? He convinced me to stay for the service by telling me I owed him for making him see that movie. I was probably more freaked out than he was during the horror film and told him so. He admitted quietly that most of the people here were the zombies in his dreams.

We made a quick escape from the church, thanks to me, and headed out for lunch. Afterward, as we drove down my street, Skyler muttered the words “déjà vu” and his face went white. He muttered that something reminded him of his dreams as he pointed to a staggering man covered in blood. Freaked out, I frantically asked Skyler to stop the car to help the injured man. He ignored me as he accelerated. He started going on about how this always happens, how every recurring dream he ever has always comes true. I looked back at the bloody man as the expanse of pavement between him and the car continuously grew.

The tires screamed as he swerved into my driveway and jumped out of the vehicle. He grabbed me and dragged me into the house, locking the door behind us. I walked slowly into my kitchen,

scared out of my mind. It couldn't be real, could it? Zombies? He must have been playing a joke on me. Suddenly my roommate stumbled out of her room into the hallway, chewing on what looked like a giant turkey leg.

Her hair was wild and tangled, and her skin was so white that it was blue. She looked dead. That is when I realized that she was, and the giant turkey leg she was eating was her boyfriend's arm. I wouldn't have recognized it if it weren't for the spider tattoo on the wrist. I screamed hysterically, running away from my zombie roommate and out the door. I jumped into Skyler's car, and then realized that I neither had the keys nor Skyler.

I looked down the street to see a group of the undead advancing my way. I recognized one of them. No — it couldn't be! Not Mrs. Bryce, anyone but her. She was the sweetest neighbor I ever had, always bringing me leftover dinner. And there she was — well, her walking corpse rather — literally eating little Timmy from across the street's face. The zombies were eating my neighbors. The zombies were my neighbors!

With a big stick in hand, I crept up to the front door. I called for Skyler and slowly twisted the doorknob. What used to be my roommate was now in twitching pieces on my living room floor. I remember thinking, “Wow, those

stains will be hard to get out.” Then I saw Skyler standing against the opposite wall, staring at the minced and mangled corpse. He looked to me and dropped the butcher knife he was holding. I looked him up and down. There were no visible bite marks or blood that appeared to be his. I ran and hugged him with relief.

With the zombies growing closer with every second, I darted outside with Skyler right behind me. We threw ourselves into his car while the stinking mongrels clawed at the doors. We sped out of the neighborhood, where poor little Timmy was now running after other neighborhood children who had lost their mommies, trying to get a bite. I couldn’t laugh like I did at the movies; this was real. Instead, I cried like a baby that just got pinched with razor blades.

As we neared the interstate, I started feeling better, like we might escape. But then I saw it, miles and miles of cars. They weren’t moving at all. The traffic was literally dead—and running around looking for their next meals.

Skyler turned the car around. We drove away from civilization. For hours, we drove through forests and fields, spotting the occasional zombie, staggering its way down the empty street. I ran over in my head all the zombie movies I had seen, comparing, contrasting, and trying to figure out what was going on. I went through everything in my mental inventory from “28 Days Later” to “Night of the Living Dead.”

Eventually we drove for an entire hour without seeing a single waltzing corpse around. We drove up to what appeared to be an abandoned cottage. I stepped out of the car and walked a few feet towards the door. I looked back at Skyler, still sitting in the driver’s seat. It was the first time I had really looked at him since we got in the car. He was pale and his eyes were white and expressionless. His veins were blue through his seemingly thin and transparent skin.

He told me that he was dying, that he was going to turn into “one of them.” He showed me the teeth marks on his stomach. They had just barely penetrated his skin, just enough infected saliva to get into his blood stream and take over his body. He told me that there was a gun in the glove compartment. I reluctantly retrieved the pistol and a box of spare bullets just in case.

Suddenly my dead boyfriend’s body started twitching violently; he was about to come back as an appendage-munching monster. I tried to forget everything about Skyler and obtained a completely murderous state of Zen. Skyler’s corpse was rejuvenated with animalistic hunger. He lunged for me as I pointed the gun to his head. I pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. No loud noises or bullets penetrating any zombie skulls, just tiny little clicks and one hungry-looking corpse headed my way.

The gun wasn't loaded. That was when he bit me. Yes, that bastard freaking bit me. He took a chunk out of my arm the size of a tennis ball. It hurt like hell. So I ran, because I would rather turn into a zombie than have more chunks of flesh and bone ripped from my still-kicking body.

After gaining a good amount of distance on zombie Skyler, I fumbled with the bullets and managed to load the gun. I heard some rustling in the trees behind me, and turned around to see Skyler in a sick and savage state. I looked and asked him, "Where's your God now?" as I shot him in between the eyes twice, just to make sure that I did it right the first time. Cerebral matter and bits of skull sprayed onto the towering pines, as Skyler fell and twitched for the very last time. I knelt down next to him and apologized for having to shoot him, then cursed at him for not telling me that the gun wasn't loaded.

I headed in the direction we had been driving before. I didn't bother trying to drive the car; I wouldn't be able to do so for much longer. I figured that I could always go for help, but if I couldn't find it in time, then I was sure

that I would be getting very hungry soon. Luckily, it turned out that we had been fleeing from one civilization and nearing another.

After only a few minutes of walking, I came to an intersection—complete with gas station. There was a taxi getting gas, and I asked the driver if he could take me to the nearest mall. I chose a mall because it had to be every zombie's dream to eat there. Talk about a buffet. I handed him a twenty and climbed into the back seat. The driver told me that I should be going to the hospital, not a mall. I'm sure by this time I was getting all pale and veiny, and the blood from my arm had completely soaked my clothing. I told him not to ask questions, and gave him the rest of my money.

We were at the mall in only a few minutes. I was feeling extremely weak, so I got out of the taxi and went to the first bench I could find inside the mall. I looked around and saw that everyone was perfectly healthy. There were no zombies in this town. Well, not yet. That was when I blacked out.

I woke up and felt an overpowering hunger in the pit of my stomach. When I opened my eyes, everything was red, and the only thing I could think of was how good human



brains would be for dinner. There was a crowd of concerned citizens surrounding me, and I bolted for the nearest one.

Everything was a blur of flesh and blood. I ate, and ate, and ate. I could never fill my stomach. I always needed more. I went on a feeding frenzy in that shopping mall, but there was no one left to eat.

I have plenty of companions now, walking around all lifeless and hungry, but I don't like them very much. It's always a competition with them. It's always a battle of who gets to eat the little girl's intestines. Well, you know what? I want the little girl's intestines, and I'll be damned if I don't get them.

I got out of that mall and took to the streets, but it's hard to find any life around here. I fear that soon I will starve, and the entire world will be only zombies, and there will be nothing left to eat... ever. If my brain could think about anything besides my hunger for



The Devil Inside
Christa Howell
Color Pencil

human flesh, I'm sure that I would be missing Skyler or wishing I had shot myself in the head, but all I can see is that little boy hiding in the sewer, and he's looking pretty tasty.

I haven't been the same since that lifeless bastard bit me, but now I'm a lifeless bastard too, so I guess I can't complain since we zombies don't talk much. Besides, it's time to eat someone's neighbors.



Sello Muisca
David Díaz
Monotype





Cacique Muisca
David Díaz
Ceramics



Blue Boy
Jasmin Pititto
Copper Plate Etching



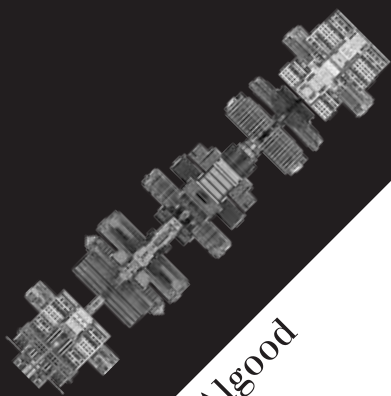
RELAX, TAKE NOTES...

By Gregory Kurowsky

Relax and take notes,
on how the grass bends around my foot,
life-filled and boundless,
a single Zen flower in a
field that runs for miles,
tranquil in the strangest ways.
Time is so endless, but
there's never quite enough.
So try as hard as possible
to
make it
worth
something.

I've got no soul left to sell.

WAHAN



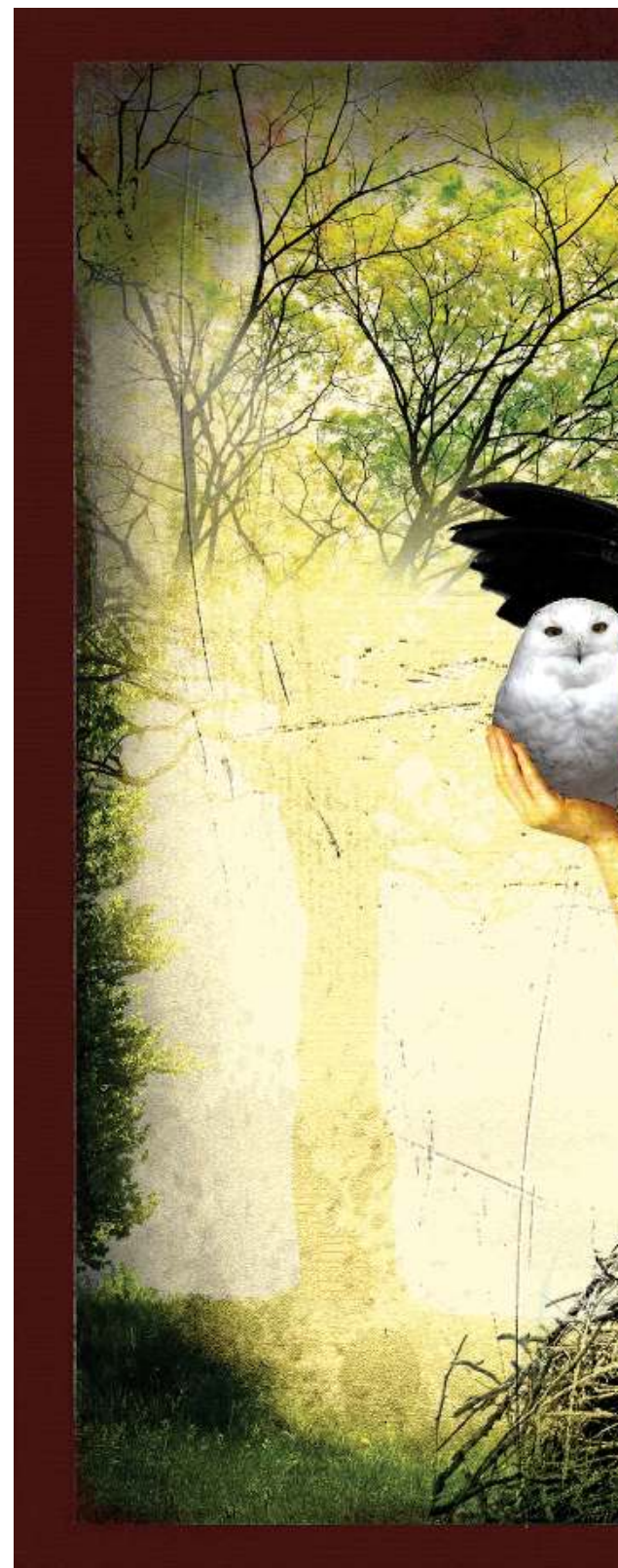
By Ron Algood

In a world of darkness absent of all light,
Where a promise beholds the only sight
Life breathes deep within a mother's womb,
Let water break and cleanse ye from this room
And there is a child

Behold the spirit in all its glory,
Amidst the pain, the wind and fury
A journey begins in a land of many,
Where hunger and thirst bear souls of plenty
And there are paths to be taken

Walk this way amongst the trees,
“Leave no stone unturned” the forest pleads
The footprints you once followed are all gone,
Like water from a desert song
And there are choices to be made

As you pray for Wahan and the courage to speak,
For the rains of Kakadu to cleanse thy feet
The tears of joy that you once shared,
Have found their home in souls elsewhere
And there is hopelessness





Your spirit cries, "I want to see,
I know you have not forsaken me,"
Let waters run from deep within,
And wash away your mortal Sin
And there is a river

With eyes wide open into the night,
You can see the stars but not the light
The sound of waves soon makes you shiver,
Your heart, your soul, begins to quiver
And there is an ocean

Then a whisper finds your fearful sigh,
Like a peaceful song you hear a cry
A voice within the pool of water
"Please have no fear, I am your Father"
And there is a Savior

"My love is for you, believe in me,
Like your mother's womb, I am part of thee
The water you seek has been there all the while,
"Love me too, you are God's child"
And there was Water.



NYC Bridge
Daniel Carranza
Digital Photography

THE DAY SHE RODE AWAY



By Michael Casey

My first Harley-Davidson was the single greatest material possession I've ever owned. It was the source of intense feelings, which led to the most difficult decision I've ever made. Those feelings stemmed from a roadside memorial made of bright blue and yellow faux flowers, a picture of a young man framed in white poster board, and a Mylar balloon reflecting the sunlight. On the street was a long black mark the width of a motorcycle tire. There lay a dark and unsettling stain on the asphalt where the black mark ended. The last ride this young man took on his motorcycle made the possibility of death seem so much more real to me. The events that took place on this stretch of road made me realize that I had to let go of my beloved customized bike.

This was the Harley I had always wanted and one that I intended to keep forever. I spent countless hours and thousands of dollars customizing her to reflect my personality. We rode in the bitter cold, under the scorching heat of the sun, and through rainstorms, which had turned roads into small rivers. Her engine roared and vibrated resonantly. The sound was a thunderous, deep hum, which continuously reverberates in my mind. Her mechanical breath created a flurry of dust and dirt as she exhaled through the brilliant, mirror-like chrome exhaust pipes. In the seat, nothing could breach the pseudo armor created from the pride and feeling of riding this iron horse. All I could think was that if I sold this bike, all the effort

put into it would be worthless. Passing the memorial every day saddened and angered me. I was angry at the thought of selling what I saw as the perfect motorcycle. I was angry at my own selfishness for putting this thing ahead of the ones I love, angry for having paid hundreds each month for the loan and insurance when it should have gone to my family. Most of all, the vision of the memorial saddened me with the possibility of turning a wife into a widow and leaving a 3 year-old daughter to grow up without a father. The thought was too serious to ignore. So the time I spent sitting in the flame-embroidered leather seat became less and less.

Sensing that the last ride was coming soon, I drove to a park and without thinking or hesitating, slipped through the gate. Riding down an old, bumpy, paved path, dotted with enormous oak trees draped with Spanish moss, I spotted a clearing. Here the path ended, and there was a field of green, soft, wispy grass; it was a beautiful clearing aligned magically with the setting sun. I had found the perfect place to photograph my bike for the "for sale" ad. I was finally ready to let go of my beautiful bike.

Shortly after placing the advertisement in the local paper, my pride and joy was sold. The day she rode away, I understood that while she wouldn't be my last bike, I wasn't ready for my first.





Book 10
David Díaz
Mixed Media

THE HUNT



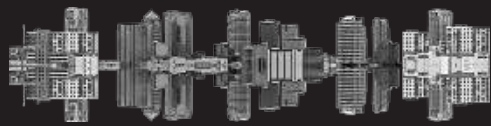
By Jonathan Perry

I.

The hound bounds to the smell
Trained, loyal and determined.
Its wet nose pushes aside brush
Like an imperialist elephant
Stomping through a jungle.
It can't tell the distance of its game
Only where it's been.
The dignified mongrel gives a triumphant
Trumpet of a howl.
It can see the apricot glow of orange fur.

II.

The fox dodges branches as it flees the sound
Feral, instinctual, clever.
It rushes forward then pierces through grass
It's an orange bullet
As it shoots through the forest
Its pursuer draws near.
Warned by the mutt's horrifying bellows
The fox dives into a river.
Losing its scent in the current.



THE FALL – I PROMISE:

By Gregory Kurowsky

All you can say is:
“So far, so good”
as you fall, feel–
the wind to your face,
for the first time,
in a long time,
see that the world
is coming at you
all teeth and gums bared
in a shit-eating grin.
All you can do is smile,
and feel the wind
“So far, so good”
Scream and holler,
and kick and scream–let the
world know your impact
will be tremendous.
So far, so good.





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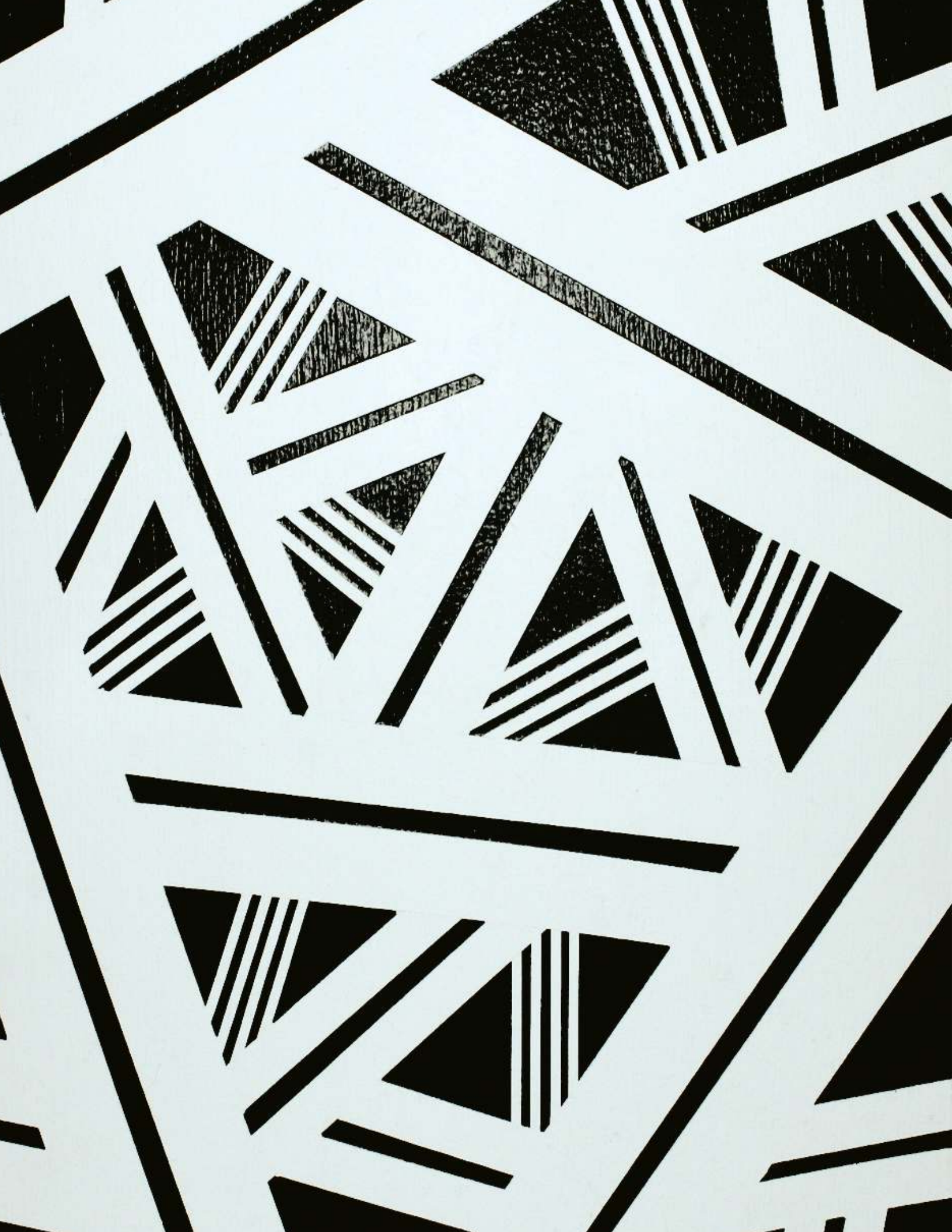
Noelle Chew
Co-Editor

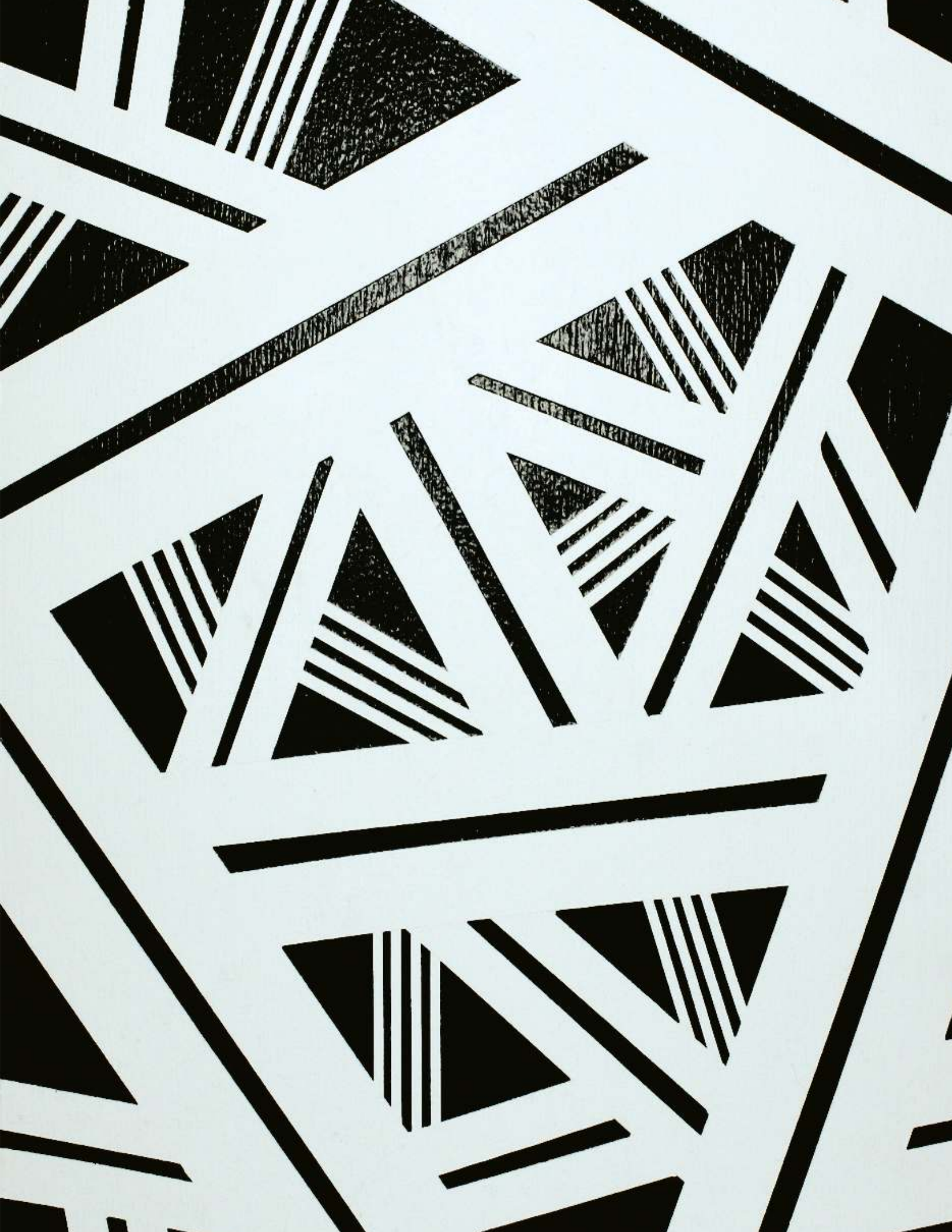


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