# Table of Contents

*Untitled* by Ramona Bustos.................................................................Front Cover
*Mesita Red Rocks* by Fiona C. Kasero...............................................InsideFront
*The Mountain* by Dallas Alexander..................................................2-3
*Life from Guumi* by Joey V. Victorino...............................................2
*Never Forget* by Lydia B. Billington...................................................3
*Autobiographical Study* by Regina Estevan........................................4
*The Sun* by Anjanaea Ratcliff...............................................................4-5
*Untitled* by Fiona C. Kasero.................................................................5
*Instigation* by Tabitha Lemus...............................................................6
*Horse Spirit I... dedicated to Flip the Innocent* by Kathrine Van Vlaenderen ...6
*A Little Bite of Death* by Tabitha Lemus...............................................7
*Fruit of Knowledge* by Lydia B. Billington..........................................7
*Something Amazing* by Delbert Brooks..............................................8-9
*Martinez Hall* by Richelle Windhorst................................................8-9
*True Beauty* by Lydia B. Billington....................................................10
*Martinez Hall Entrada* by Sandra R. Serrano......................................10-11
*College Life* by Bonnie Jeanne Gifford.............................................11
*Moonlight on the Catface* by Yvette Cohoe.........................................12
*Talking Trees* by Yvette Cohoe...........................................................12
*Speculation* by Tabitha Lemus.............................................................13
*Puzzle* by Ramona Bustos.................................................................13
*It needs chocolate cookies* by Yvette Cohoe........................................14
*Balance* by Lydia B. Billington............................................................14
*John Wayne* by Richelle Windhorst....................................................15
*A Wolf Beyond Life* by Yvette Cohoe................................................16
*True Beauty* by Lydia B. Billington.....................................................16
*The Bullet* by Delbert Brooks..............................................................17
*Unforgotten* by Joey V. Victorino........................................................17
*Calm Night* by Regina Estevan..........................................................18
*Alone* by Lydia B. Billington...............................................................18
*Octopus Vulgaris* by Dallas Alexander...............................................19
*Gathered Still life* by Joey V. Victorino...............................................19
*The River* by Dallas Alexander...........................................................20
*Nature’s Creations* by Roxanne Lynn White.........................................20
*Lessons in Pastels* by Susie Roderick..................................................Inside Back
*Days spent in Spring* by Krystal Miller..............................................Back Cover

---

**Credits**

**Judges**

Cecilia D. Stafford, Director of Library Services
Ambrosia Aranda, Dual Credit Coordinator
Sascha Larrabee, Transfer Advisor

**Faculty Sponsors**

Joan Erben    Gene Romero

**Design/Layout**

Krystal M. Miller
The Mountain
by Dallas Alexander

There was once a high mountain from the village that I lived. The mountain was forbidden and so no one ever ventured near it, because no one ever returned. There was though, a young man in our village that dared to try, and asked me one day if I would join him. The mountain was forbidden so I told him no, but I gave him my mother’s necklace and told him to bring it back to me with what he found at the top.

The next day my mother was outraged that I had given away her necklace, and so she demanded I get it back from whoever I had given it to. To please my mother and protect my honor I climbed the mountain. The stones were hard on my feet, the grass barren and stiff. The higher I climbed the harder it was to breathe, but I carried on.

I held my coats around me as I neared the celestial peak. The light was just fading from the other side, haloing the peak as if all of heaven resided below. I ran now, with more courage and effort than I had in my forthcoming and when I reached the top I

saw my mother’s necklace around the neck of the young man from my village. He smiled at me, standing ever so still in the dying light.

“Well what did you find?” I asked him. He grabbed my hand and pointed. The land stretched as far as the eye could see, deviating in color and altitude, there were rivers and forests, sands beyond that, and farther still the land fell off into the waters of the universe. It was a spectacle top see indeed.

“I have found paradise.” He said and handed me my mother’s necklace. All of her tradition and heritage was woven into the stones of this jewelry. All of her history, and it all happened down below the mountain on the shadowed side of paradise.

“Well are you coming?” he asked me as he sprouted wings like an eagle, deep chestnut brown with white tips at the end. He held out a hand to me. I dropped my mother’s necklace and spread out my own wings. Together we flew far from the forbidden mountain. The one no one ventured to go to, because no one ever returned.
The Sun...

by Anjanaea Ratcliff

Hello can anyone hear me?
Hello does anybody care?
Hello I am calling to you!
But still there’s no answer
You said that you were the great philosopher?
You said that you were the great theologian?
Where are your discoveries?
Where are you?
Hello, Hello, Hello?
I am patiently waiting for you to tell them of your knowledge
Oh---there you are hiding!

From the beginning to the end
The earth revolves around me
Galileo----??
Can I call him friend?
In this dark and dreary land
We need to create Theory!!
To whom the knowledge belongs
To discover what has been and evolved
The sun!
The Son?
Such brilliance the influence of evolution
It is a part of existence
Descartes----can you see science in its originality??
With new discoveries so soundly emerging
The cosmological Pendulum is in our grasp
With experiment origin methodology
Instigation
by Tabitha Lemus
A speck in space,
In disgrace,
Until behold,
The Earth, no longer cold.
A shining ball of fire,
Became the world's seeming desire,
Her heat,
Allowed a heart to begin to beat.
The eyes of God, he did askew,
A brand new color, He called blue,
Named in the blink of His eye,
Cobalt, turquoise, indigo,
Deep in Earths belly a fire arose,
Spewing forth brimstone fire and ash,
Upward, upward it hurled until into the sky it did crash,
Bubbling up to obscure the deep blue sky,
Blackened, red, flowing, bursting forth for God's eye,
Land has formed to soon become,
The habitat for species varied and young,
A million years, evolution we do live,
Stages range from educated to primitive,
The wood, coal, industrial and computer,
Wars, plague, disease, depressions, we do cater,
Yesterday is within our DNA
As tomorrow we leave ours on our way,
Rotate, Rotate, Rotate, around and around,
Circle of life, still abounds.

A
Little Bite of Death
by Tabitha Lemus
I am Nosopsyllus Fasciatus, small quick,
Blood is what I crave, much like the tick.
Egg, larvae, pupae, mighty adult,
Vector of diseases, plague and aught!
My bite may mean a slow, painful death,
And I shall leave you at last breath.
To find another to feast upon—
So shall my line carry on!

Horse Spirit 1... dedicated to Flip the Innocent by Katherina Van Vlaenderen.
Brass and copper jewelry.

Fruit of Knowledge by Lydia B. Billington. Conté on paper.
Something Amazing
by Delbert Brooks

Many years ago a man asked his young son what he would do when he was a man. The boy didn't even hesitate before he replied "I'm going to be a scientist, and make something amazing." The father was proud of his son when he heard this, and that night he wondered what incredible things his son would accomplish. Would he cure a terrible disease? Would he create a great machine that would improve everyone's lives? He wondered at the possibilities.

As time went by the boy dedicated himself more and more to science, learning all that he could. He studied astronomy, chemistry, engineering, physics, biology, geology, anatomy, and so on. Anything that dealt with the realm of science and learning held the boy's fascination. He begged his father almost daily to take him to the museum, and he couldn't be stopped from going to every science exposition and convention that came to town. His father would take him gladly, for he marveled with pride at the curiosity and thirst for knowledge in his son. He always encouraged the boy to learn more, and was always proud to see how much he had learned.

For Christmas the boy asked Santa for the latest and greatest science kit, that contained a microscope, chemistry set, electric components, mineral charts, and many more splendid and fascinating things to help young learners understand the wide and complex world around them. And under the Christmas tree that year was waiting the best one his father could find. For his birthday his parents and grandparents all gave him the best science kits and toys to be had, from telescopes and weather readers to engine kits and anatomy models. Nothing else ever seemed to hold his attention for long, not like the other boys who played in the streets and watched television together, caring only about sports and cars. When he played with his friends he taught them to make kites, and told them how the teeter-totter and swings worked. And when the other boys would catch bugs to tease the girls, he would take the insects home and save them in glass jars to study and examine.

In school he excelled at science, getting straight A's and the notice of all his teachers. In class he would note mistakes in the textbooks, and show his teachers the information from his own library of science books. He won science fairs with experiments in electricity and chemistry, never using the same one twice and always coming in first place. At home he invented machines that made life easier for his parents, from a device that made the perfect cup of coffee to one that fed the dogs even when no one was home. He made everyone say that he would go far and, one day, could change the world, and make something truly amazing.

Before too long the boy was ready for college, and as everyone suspected he would, the boy got a scholarship to a prestigious institution, for science of course. He received top marks, and wowed his professors with his encyclopedic knowledge and the cleverness and ingenuity of his experiments. His theories were astounding, his work was new, and everyone waited in anticipation of his latest breakthrough. They all agreed that one day this young man would do something, would make something, that was amazing and that would change the world and make it a better place.

As young men do, one day he met a young woman. She was not a scientist, and although she appreciated the field greatly for all it had done for the world, she was little impressed by the young man's abilities. But as young people do, they fell in love. She was amazed by his dedication to making something great, and he was drawn to her passion for life and love of all things, not just what could be explained and examined. Over time they married, and the young man had a son of his own. Although his wife urged him to continue his work, he now had a family to support, and the young man had little time for science. He took a job, in the field of science of course, but he had no time for experiments or discovery. He worked hard, but he was building things that had already been built, and doing things that had already been done, and none that were new or improved. As more time went by he grew disappointed with himself, because he had no time to discover or create, and he worried that he would never make something amazing.

One day his father came to visit, and the young man was worried his father would be ashamed that he had not fulfilled his dream. It had been years now since he had experimented, designed, extrapolated, or worked on anything of his own. He knew his father had put a lot of hope and faith in him over the years as he watched him grow, and no one had encouraged him more or helped him get where he was better than his father. Such a disappointment he must be, to go so far and then to suddenly stop altogether, without achieving his ultimate goal.

But much to his surprise his father greeted him with a hug and said "I'm very proud of you, son. You've done a fine job." Dumbfounded the young man said "But Dad, I didn't do what I said I would. I wanted to make something incredible. I wanted to create something that would change the world and make it a better place, something that no one else could make, something truly amazing. And now I don't know if I ever will."

The man just grinned at his son and laughed, with a wise sage like gleam in his eye. He bent down and picked up his grandson, who everyone said was the spitting image of his father, and held him up as grandfathers do. Then he smiled at his own son and said "Son, a long time ago you told me that one day you were going to make something amazing, and I knew that you would. Well my boy, you already have."
College Life

by Bonnie Jeanne Gifford

The anticipation
The growth
The desperation
The oath

The choices
The courses
The voices
The remorse
The grades
The friends
The crusades
The trends

The insomnia
The migraines
The mania/nausea
The eyestrains
The frustration
The regrets
The exasperation
The debts
The graduation
The dignity
The exhaustion
The serenity
Speculation
by Tabitha Lemus

A speck of sand with a memory,
Of long ago days when I roamed free.
Majestic, proud, grazing East Asian Plains,
Evolution, hairless beasts, was my bane.
Death became me under so cold ice,
Until my fossilized bones, did excise.
Tumbled, broken, shards of life,
No more pain, no more strife.
Just a tiny grain of sand with a memories’,
Proud Woolly Mammoth 10,000 years ago roaming free.

Talking Trees
by Yvette Cohoe

Roots, bark, limbs and leaves
I wonder which part would talk
History to me

Moonlight on the Catface by Yvette Cohoe. Color photo.

Puzzle by Ramona Bustos. Acrylic on canvas.
Balance
by Lydia B. Billington

i need to dream, stuck in this reality for so long it seems.
i love every one of my realities, but too long in one and tunnel vision is all one sees.
i need to close my restless eyes, and let myself be mesmerized
dreaming of darkness and of light, letting them intertwine and collide
slipping off the desperate edge, of the world that i thought was forever dead
let me dream of falling free, and splashing into a lavender sea
take me to a hidden realm where there are five thousand foot towering elms
that grow so tall they touch the moon, and scoop it up just like a spoon
throw me into the sparkling abyss so that i may give the stars a kiss
goodnight universe, the endeavor was grand, and i hope i never ever land.
**True Beauty**

by Lydia B. Billington

True beauty is not what you see with your eyes.
Invisible.
Mysterious like stars, yet sings loud the truth.
True beauty can be heard.
Musical, like angels harps and sirens songs.
True beauty can be felt.
Pain and happiness in an eternal dance.
Seen by some, but not by others.
True beauty is hard to find, yet right under your nose.
Within you and all around in every sound and sight.
True beauty does not choose whether it is seen or not, how silly. 'Tis chosen to be seen, by those who know love.

**The Bullet**

by Delbert Brooks

Parabelum: "Prepare for War"
A copper jacket over soft lead,
Brass filled with powder and more,
Make a bullet, and make dead.

Per second it goes 300 feet,
Arching as it flies.
Solid or soft, something it will meet.
Hit or miss, it determines live or die.

But a bullet has no mind of its own,
It determines not its own trajectory.
It is aimed, sited, then thrown.
It doesn't decide the end of the story.

A pen is what the bullet is,
By which history is recorded.
Written in human epidermis,
Inked in sanguine red and violently worded.

A man is just the same.
Load, arm, and wield,
Or guided, pointed, aimed.
He is the sword, or the shield.

As sure as the rising of the sun
A man can be false or true.
He can be the bullet or the gun.
The question is, which are you?
**Alone**

by Lydia B. Billington

Loneliness is a parasite
It starts in your heart, then moves to your mind.
Like rabies it bites, makes you weak,
And sucks you dry like a starving leech.
It drives you mad and feeds off of your pain,
Creating false realities in vain.
By the time loneliness is done with you
You don't care what's wrong or true.
You curl up into a ball
Wishing you didn't exist at all.
But the happiness that you seek is right here,
The only thing keeping you from it is fear.

---

**Octopus Vulgaris**

by Dallas Alexander

Octopus vulgaris, creature of the deep.
You float in pelagic waters, and you seek to feed.
Your time is limited, six months to three years at best.
Time is precious for you, more precious than the rest.
Maybe this is why you are so shy,
And your defense mechanisms so vast.
A Deimatic species with tools to survive
Melaninr ink for illusion you cast,
Chromatophores for disguise,
And autonomy to give predators a distraction.
Why are you so scared, when you have venom to spare?
You paralyze food like your eight legged cousin Arachnid.
Surely nothing can beat an octopus with eight ‘feet’
You might be spineless, the invertebrate that you are,
But suctioned and strangled, your enemy’s will peek
When they stare down their death at the entry of your beak.

---

**Calm Night** by Regina M. Estevan. Charcoal on paper.

**Gathered Still life** by Joey V. Victorino. Conté on paper.
The River
by Dallas Alexander

Just around the river bed
The cricket’s symphony has bred
10,000 mysteries unsaid
To both the living and the dead.

Just around the river bend
The agriculturalists tend and vagabonds lend
Metacarpals to enemy and friend

To synthesize them to the end.
Just around the rivers fall
I hear a mourning swallow’s call
A fly’s proboscis drawing all
Forgotten waste and food rainfall

Just around the river’s peak
Far past where Darwin sought to seek
Where meek are strong and strong are weak.
And canine are allowed to speak.

Just around the river’s end
The food chain doesn’t have to fend
Hypotheses don’t have to bend,
And no one feels pressured to pretend.

---

Nature’s Creations by Roxanne Lynn White. Pastel on paper.
Mesita Red Rocks by Fiona C. Kasero. Pastel on paper.

Lessons in Pastels by Susie Rhoderick. Pastel on paper.