The Mayan Prophecies

Though most people think that the Mayans have predicted the end of the world, the truth is that Mayan writing says very little about what will happen during the time leading up to December 21st, 2012. Mayan Prophecies essentially consist of 13 katuns (each katun equals 19.7 years) for a total of 256 years, also known as a “short count.” Based on ancient Mayan text, we are currently living in the katun 4 Ahau, which began in 1993. The current Mayan Calendar begins date was August 11th, 3114 BC and is based on what archaeologists, anthropologists, and archaeoastronomers call the “Long Count,” which covers a span of 5,125 years. Some researchers believe the Mayan Calendar actually began with katun 11 Ahau, which means the Mayan Prophecies will have cycled through the 13 katuns 20 times at the calendar end date of December 21st, 2012, which marks the beginning of katun 2 Ahau.

katun 11 Ahau: “Food is scarce during this katun and invading foreigners arrive and disperse the population. There is an end to traditional rule, there are no successors. Since this is the first katun, it always opens up a new era. It was during the span of this katun, from 1539 - 1559, that the Spanish began their take over of Yucatan and imposed Christianity on the natives…”

katun 4 Ahau: “There will be scarcities of corn and squash during this katun and this will lead to great mortality. This was the katun (around 712 - 731 AD) during which the settlement of Chichen Itza occurred, when the man-god Kukulcan (Quetzalcoatl) arrived. It is the katun of remembering and recording knowledge.”

katun 2 Ahau: “For half of the katun there will be food, for half some misfortunes. This katun brings the end of the ‘word of God.’ It is a time of uniting for a cause.”

To see all 13 katun prophecies, visit: http://www.onereed.com/articles/katun.html

In keeping with a Mayan theme for this half of Pan Ku magazine, we have incorporated Mayan symbols to indicate the page numbers. Please look at the legend below to learn what number is associated with each symbol.
Surrounded
Photography
Constanza Gallardo

Caged Freedom
Colored Pencil
Phillip E. Hardy
The Evil Within
Photography
Rey "Rey" Rodriguez

Nightmares
by Rey "Rey" Rodriguez

I don’t know why, but I think I’m going to die,
I hope before I do, I tell the ones I love goodbye.
I keep having nightmares with visions that no one should see,
I hope they have no meaning, and pray that they stop haunting me.
I sometimes dream that I’m in a casket while people cry around me quietly,
Wishing that during my time alive, they’d spent time with me more wisely.
I’ve dreamt of people that I love, asking me what I thought about death,
As they look at me with a depressed look, and stab me repeatedly in the chest.
I’ve dreamt of suicide many nights, and in my dreams I think, “This is my time,”
But the possibility of my soul going to hell, always seems to change my mind.
I’ve had dreams where I was a cop, and thought I had put on my bulletproof vest,
Then I got shot 3 times, and my lifeless body lies there, making a bloody mess.
I’ve dreamt of psychologists and psychiatrists all messing with my head,
And heard a neurologist tell a neurosurgeon, that I’m better off dead.
I’ve dreamt of wearing a strait jacket, while someone injects me with medication,
While doctors and shrinks shake their heads, as they write my illness’s classification.
I sometimes dream of being held down and tortured in a room full of blood stains,
Screaming for help, but no one hears me, while I suffer through immense pain.
I’ve dreamt of demented paramedics suffocating me until I was unconscious,
Then they place a plastic bag over my face until my death is obvious.
I usually wake up sweating for no reason, in the middle of the night,
And have to tell myself over and over again, that everything is all right.
A lot of times my dreams come true, so my nightmares worry me all the time,
So to keep sane I repeat to myself, “This is all just made up in my mind.”
I’ll finish this quilt if it kills me, before that phony do-gooder has the satisfaction of handing my patch over to one of her cronies,” Glenda hissed at the phone as she hung it up and refilled her WWJD initiated coffee mug. Glenda was part of the women’s group at church. Each lady was responsible for making a patch that would form a quilt, which then in turn was auctioned off for charity. Glenda had fallen behind on her patch while tending to her husband Harry who was far into having emphysema. Blanche Davis, the women’s group director seemed intent on making sure Glenda was excluded from this year’s quilt and was insistent that Glenda allow another lady from the women’s group to finish the patch she was working on.

“Maybe you have too much on your plate with Harry and all?” Glenda mocked Blanche’s words from the phone call in a demonic five year old voice as she snatched the quilting materials from their resting place and sat back down on the sofa in the living room. She rolled her eyes behind closed eyelids just in case God was watching and sent her on the way back to her spot on the sofa. She went back to work on her patch while the cotton candy like hair. Glenda adjusted her cat eye framed reading glasses. “Every thread a stitch of love,” she said to her cat eye framed reading glasses. “With cotton candy like hair. Glenda adjusted her knuckle almost breaking skin as she pushed his sweaty hair off to the side of his forehead.

“Duty Calls,” she told herself and knocked on the door. The sound of her sturdy heels knocked against the wooden floors as she retrieved a glass of water for Harry. “Bout…….Time,” he said. Glenda helped his head up to drink some water and then pushed his sweaty hair off to the side of his forehead.

“It’s going on noon; same time I always check on you.” She reminded him. “Turn….that….DAMN….TV….OFFFFFF,” was the only thanks he gave her. Glenda placed his head back on the pillow and then stood in the doorway.

“Now I’ll be right out here working on my patch for the quilt. It would do you good to hear what Jan Crouch has to say: You might learn something,” she stated.

“Uhhhhhh,” he quietly replied, closing his eyes again.

“WE ARE AN ELITE GROUP, FOR WE HAVE TURNED OURSELVES OVER TO THE CARE OF OUR TRUE FATHER” Jan’s words rang from the television, as Glenda took her place on the sofa and began working.

“Praise Jesus, amen,” she said in agreement. The first stitch of gold thread wasn’t even in, when another knock at the door interrupted her. Glenda bit her knuckle almost breaking skin as she remembered that Martha the mailman’s wife was stopping by. It’s another one of her god awful meals she thought to herself as she walked to the front door.

“Martha, how wonderful to see you,” Glenda said as she stood firmly but politely in the doorway.

“It’s so good to see you too Glenda, I hope Harry is doing better?” Martha said with more of a prying tone to her voice rather than compassion as she handed Glenda a covered dish and a small bag of groceries.

“He is, but he’s having a tough spell right now, and you are going to plain spoil him rotten with your cooking,” Glenda told her.

“Oh hush now, it’s the least I can do. Well I’ll let you get back to Harry, I just wanted to stop by,” Martha’s words trailed off a little as if she were fishing for an invitation inside. Glenda wasn’t about to let any of the women from church inside the house after Blanche’s phone call, though. She let Martha’s insinuations float away with the breeze as she thanked her and sent her on the way with a blessing from God.

Glenda proceeded to walk straight to the waste basket in the kitchen and dump the contents of the covered dish into the garbage. “You can’t sneeze in this town without someone making you a bad green bean casserole,” she said to herself. She emptied the contents of the groceries onto the counter, some canned soup and a generous mesh bag that contained at least a dozen of the heartiest baking potatoes she’d ever seen.

Then the phone rang.

“Hello,” the high pitched sweetness of Glenda’s voice almost matched her fading honey colored hair. “Oh Blanche; what can I do for you?” Glenda’s eyes focused narrowly as the conversation carried on, as if somehow the more slanted her eyes were the easier it would be to send a beam of pure hate through the phone and banish Blanche
once and for all.

“Now, Blanche I told you earlier, I will finish MY patch. I’m not sure why you are under the impression that I can’t...”

“GODDAMMIT WOMAN.”

It seemed Harry had managed to save every breath he had left in him and scream the worst possible thing at the most inopportune time. His words echoed through the phone and right into Blanche Davis’s ear.

The shocked silence ended with Blanche informing Glenda that someone would be by in the morning to take her patch work and finish it. Glenda hung the phone up and looked to the heavens. A tear rolled down her cheek, as she clutched her fist that still held the bag of potatoes and shook them like they were Blanche Davis’s neck.

“WORTHLESS... WOMAN... GET... IN... HERE!” Glenda stormed into Harry’s room, grabbed the oxygen tank beside the bed and tossed it across the floor. Harry’s weathered face held the expression of that like a child, aware that he had finally pushed his mother over the edge as he watched the plastic mask he had just held travel through the air and land on the floor. She hoisted the mesh bag of potatoes over her shoulder and slammed them down on Harry’s chest. Though she had never swung an ax in her life, her precision and force would have led one to think she had chopped down a thousand pine trees. He squirmed around on the bed trying to grasp for unavailable air. Glenda stood over him, adjusting her hair that she wore in a now disheveled bun chastising him.

“You better pray that God will take that nasty mouth into heaven!” She looked in his frightened eyes for a sign that he might actually have a soul to go to heaven as he struggled for air.

“Right now, the only God you need to be worried about though is the one that’s trying to get some peace and quiet so she can finish her patch!” Glenda warned him as she retrieved his oxygen mask and gave it back to him. Harry huffed on it, gasping air back into his lungs. She stood over him and fixed the hair that had gone astray on his forehead. “Now are we all better?” she asked him in the same tone a mother would use over the first glass of spilled milk their toddler cries over.

He knew better than to respond.

“IT IS OUR MISSION TO LET EVERYONE WE ENCOUNTER KNOW ABOUT THE VAST TREASURES THAT Await in Our Promised Land,” Jan Crouch told her listeners as Glenda made her way back to the kitchen.

“Amen, Jan,” she said as she refilled her coffee mug, now taking time to cut a fresh lemon and squeeze into it. That was her favorite way to drink Southern Comfort. She walked back over to the sofa, and got comfortable as she began quietly working on the patch again paying close attention to the gold stitching of the small cross she had been trying to finish for the last week.
Surreal Dreams
Mixed Media
Manuela Jaramillo

Organ Planter
Acrylic
Heather Tomlinson
**Tears in the Soil**

*By Joe Colangelo*

Scars on the Planet
We’re building smokestacks to the sky, we say it’s to reenergize
Don’t care who we sterilize, all cost just to minimize
Each day we’re wasting away
Don’t care what they say
We’re wasting away
Green water flowing, plants are glowing
Chemicals are in all we eat, there is widespread disease
Our rain forest dying, a greenhouse is rising
Our waterways are shining, from sea to shining sea
Ozone layer is getting dark, while acid rain tears us apart
East always fighting with West, with nuclear test
Do all you can, to protect the land
Do all you can, to help save the land
Unemployment welfare lines, people trying to save a dime
Children are crying in vain, please stop hunger pain
Air pollution revolution, people need to find a solution
If we go on such as this, we’ll cease to exist.
It saddens me to see all the time that’s been wasted
Let’s get together and maybe we’ll find a way
Do all you can, to project the land
Do all you can, to help save the land

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**Preacher of Time**

*By Rachael Christie*

Behold,
A subject of revolutionary rights
See him now, surrounded by a valley, forged from hypocritical repetition.
Behold,
A woman, mother and daughter of twentieth century blood.
See her now, face carved with ailment, setting weary eyes upon the young and “innocent”.
Behold,
The survivors, the freedom fighters of once upon a time supreme oppression.
Hear and see their humiliation, as some succumb to stereotypical manifestations.
Behold,
A reservation, the devastation
Still not forgiven by those victims of invasion.
See them now, lines of anger run deep through creases of exhaustion.
See them now, sick to stomach, waged of war for the acceptance of bribery.
Behold,
Twenty first century kin, heirs of American land.
See us grow but diminish
See us live and die
Hear us call ourselves free men and women.
But watch ourselves be enslaved by tongues that lie.
See us be fooled.
See us be fooled.
Galactic Chalice
Ceramics
Alice M. Barfield

Untitled
Photography
Dana McLean
The Realm of Reactions
by Tatiana Noelle Oquendo

The frailty,
Of figuring frames,
Of concord,
Festers fragility.

The ample terrain tremors,
Huddled with heaps,
Of spastic sentiments:
Mountains of Misunderstanding.
Clefts of condescension.
Rivers of repugnance.
Grounds of gloom.
Sulking skies.

The earth,
Enveloping,
Emotions and tears.

Complexity.
Cages itself,
In the caves called our hearts.

Darting in darkness,
A world,
Set apart.

A BOY OF TWELVE
by Kyle Kaly

A boy of twelve took to the stands,
He sang a song, and clapped his hands.
He stood with his friends,
He sang till the end.
With boots on his feet,
and a scarf on his neck;
his enemies he beat,
bloody on the deck.

The fuzz came quickly
To break up the fight.
The boy ran away,
but it wasn’t his night.

Thrown to the ground with all of their strength,
The pigs took him down and kept him at arm’s length.

Cuffed and arrested, deemed a threat to the state.
The young little hooligan had just sealed his fate.
My Friend

By Andrea Whiting

My Friend.
Everything flies by all too fast.
A rush of words
A blur from the past
Promises shattered, left undone.
All ends at the sound of a gun
A final farewell
A last Adieu

Not a day goes by, I don’t think of you.
You were my strong hold
My fortress
My Home

But it all became real when the last shot has rung.
Losing a mentor
Losing a friend

Who would have thought, this was the end?
A husband
An uncle
A brother
A friend

All became real when the last of 21 shots has rung.
I lost my mentor.
My father.
My friend.

Twilight
Photography
Jorge Castillo
The room is cold but she can feel herself
see her! She came out of nowhere! "Says the
contorted on the heated asphalt. "I didn't
ing in the distance; her motionless body lay
for help while the sirens are already ring-
intact on her feet when it seems the rest of
leather stilettos that have somehow stayed
impacts the limo tinted windshield. The
explodes onto the front seats, as her body
streets, fiberglass crunches and glass
The shrieking sounds echo through the
outside of the window, the flat screen T.V.
she sees the buildings that rise in the sky
Every morning when she opens her eyes,
wanders back into a deep sleep.
the nurse's finger. "You've been in a seri-
- my voice." Light pressure wraps around
- people around her; their voices in the dis
ing alarms her for a moment. She can't open
iterations that sit on top of the bedside cabinet;
ranged daisy's and spring colored carna
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& Arts Magazine  Broward
The room is cold but she can feel herself
wrapped in blankets and the constant beep-
ing alarms her for a moment. She can't open
her eyes, but she can feel the rustling of
people around her; their voices in the dis-
tant background. "Ma'am!" says the nurse,
"Ma'am, squeeze my finger if you can hear
any voice." Light pressure wraps around
the name's finger. "You've been in a seri-
ous accident and are at the City Hospital."  
The voices start to fade away, and her mind
wanders back into a deep sleep.

Every morning when she opens her eyes,
she sees the buildings that rise in the sky
outside of the window, the flat screen T.V.
tilted from the wall, and the vase of ar-
ranged daisy's and spring colored carna-
tations that sit on top of the bedside cabinet;
they are all recognizable and she is able
to comprehend them quickly. But looking
in the mirror, she doesn't identify the face
that looks back, or have any recollection of
where she came from. Trey walks into the
room, just as the pains of her lost memories
begin to overwhelm her. His dark blue med-
ical scrubs, tailored and creased, embody
his swagger. "Use that frustration to build
strength in your legs today." He says as he's
joyfully wheeling in her chair. She softly
sweeps the delicate pads of her ring fingers
across the bottoms of her eyes, and neatly
adjusts her blankets on top of her abdomen.
"You look beautiful as usual." Trey says.
She smirks at him as her hand reaches
upward to smooth her frazzled tresses,
"at least I'll be able to move around like a
respectable human being!"
"You know what? I can't call you Jane Doe
anymore." Trey stares up into her eyes as
his hands place her feet on the foot rests of
the wheel chair. Their eyes instantly con-
nected like a pianist to her keys, and their
bodies play whimsical songs to each other.
"Heather. Your name should be Heather."  
Gratification moves Trey swiftly to grab
hold of the handles of the chair. He doesn't
see the smile that gleams on her face, but
feels assured and bursts a smile from behind
her as he wheels her through the hospital
halls, making their way to the physical
therapy room.
It was a couple of days ago during physical
therapy with Trey, when she had become
overwhelmed with the realization that
no one was going to come for her in the
hospital. Her name was Heather." The room turns
somber, their connection becomes deeper.
Her new given name seemed to fall on
her and getting to know you has helped
me to cope with her death. And ironically,
you're a lot like her."  
Heather slides her ankles underneath the
weight bar and suddenly realizes her self-
ishness, "I'm so sorry! That must be awful
for you to have to deal with her death, and
here I am sulking all day and crying all
over you!"
"No! No, don't feel sorry for me!" Trey
reaches out and grabs her hands, "you just
have this strength and refinement about
you." His voice softening into a whisper,
"my mother always talked about a friend
she admired growing up," he pauses for a
moment as he looks into his memory, "she
was always so proud and happy when
she'd speak about her childhood friend. I
don't know, it just makes me think of you.
Her name was Heather."  
The room turns somber, their connection becomes deeper.

His house was filled elaborate wallpaper
that covered every wall, solid wood fur-
niture blanketed with antique decorative
upholstery, vivid colors and intricate de-
tailing filled his mother's outdated home.
Although the hospital prohibited it, Trey
convinced them that this was Heather's
home. Their love began fluidly, and without
hesitation, and this is exactly where she
needed to be. But getting settled into her
new home immediately became a gruel-
ing circumstance. The colors, unfamiliar
noises and the sounds that jabbed her back
when she tried to sleep, it was difficult to
get comfortable, especially as the traffic
of lights shot around in her head.
She sat among the brightly colored pil-
lows in the bay window and stared out
onto the neighborhood streets, hoping the
bustle of the world would somehow calm
her mind. Trey said that it was probably
just the excitement of her getting out of the
hospital environment, and pulled out some
of his family photo albums from the wall
of books. He was carefully working toward
getting Heather integrated back into the world, and desperately wanted her to meet all of his friends and family. They began to go through the pictures of him as a baby, pictures of him growing up into a handsome brown-eyed, curly-haired boy, and then they giggled together at the smooth shine that was now on top of his head. Heather pressed her hands against her eyes as each page turned, trying to cover the lights that screamed through her mind. As he flipped to the pictures of his mother with her fiery red hair and deep dark almond eyes, the images shot through her brain in blazes of flashes. “I see something or someone. I don’t know, it’s not clear. The lights are too bright,” she covered her face with the palms of her hands in desperation. “Just give it time,” Trey wrapped his arms around her shoulders and pulled her into his chest. Heather closes her eyes, feeling herself fall into the arms of her lover. Taking a deep breath, the lights seem to fade away and the pictures slowly begin to show through the shadows. The pictures, she doesn’t recall seeing them in the photo album. Her mind relaxes and she’s finally able to fall asleep.

The sun burns through her eyelids, and she wonders who opened blinds in her bedroom. In the distance she can hear voices in the living room, muffled and deep. She suddenly opens her eyes, taking a minute to gather the information and realizes where she is. A switch has been turned on in an instant; she remembers where she was before. Tears begin to fall like hail as she recalls the photos of Trey’s family that have melted in her mind. His mother’s eyes pierce through her heart. She remembers everything. She quickly jumps out of the bed and looks around the room scanning for her belongings, violently throwing clothes into a bag found in the corner of the room. Her mind is racing and her legs can’t move fast enough. Fire begins to burn beneath her feet and ants feel as if they are crawling all over her body. She grabs as much as she can and starts to rush out of the bedroom door. The photo album lays open on top of the dresser next to a box of kitten stationary.

_How could I let this happen?_ Her heart crumbles inside of her, as the visions of hatred begin to take over her severed soul. The blood that covered her head is clear in her mind. It’s redness resembled the red hair of her youth in the pictures, and her deep dark eyes, they stayed deep within and buried themselves in her soul as she watched the life leave from them. Heather edges her way, silently out of the door. Trey walks into the bedroom eager to meet his lover’s eyes, but his vision is immediately caught by surprise by the note on the dresser next to the photo album, open to pictures of his mother. Her words are sudden strokes in his brain, leeching poison into his soul:

_Our love was real. I’m sorry. I’m the one that killed your mother._
Untitled
Ceramics
Klawdia Proia

Petrified Wood
Ceramics
Elisa Cresse
I remember skimming through confusing investigation reports looking for my name to see if they discovered that I was the real cause of the tragedy, instead I just kept seeing the letters T.M. I remember the night of my brother’s tragedy waiting 20 minutes for his response. I remember the phone ringing loudly minutes at a time. I remember hearing an ant crawl on my bedroom floor just before a loud long bark of wailing came from my parent’s bedroom. I remember walking into the overly crowded white building decorated with red glares feeling lifeless. I especially remember how I felt; like a chair that the doctor finished his statement liquid looked over in the Intensive Care Unit. As I was that important.

My brother was in the hospital for 8 weeks, the nurses reported that he died 3 minutes before he came out of a Coma. I was my brother’s keeper. Every day I would tell him sorry, that I deserved to be in his position, he would always respond with a cricked smile and raspy voice saying you didn’t do this to me, I did it to myself. It felt like tables had turned; now I was the big brother, and he the little brother. I was now looking after him, cleaning up his room; I was my brother’s keeper. Every day I would tell him sorry, that I deserved to be in his position, he would always respond with a cricked smile and raspy voice saying you didn’t do this to me, I did it to myself. I exit my thoughts and focus back on my own thoughts once again. No, don’t text people that you know are driving I whisper to myself. It’s a battle just to get up every day and look at myself in the mirror. Put the phone down while driving.

I try hard to think back to what I sent him, what exactly was it that Mint eagerly wanted to respond to. It starts to frustrate me; frantically my legs begin to shake. For the life of it I can’t seem to remember our texting messaging conversation. How could something that little, something I can’t remember at all cause so much change in our lives. Please Don’t text and drive Mint say’s into the microphone dragging me out of my thoughts once again. No, don’t text people that you know are driving I whisper to myself.

He had to have a tracheotomy, which involves a surgical procedure that opens up a windpipe. At one point the doctors labeled my brother paralyzed, although the end result was that he would be physically impaired. He had to learn to walk and talk again. The once jock star football player was now just a lifeless body. All the muscles deflated, all the strong physical features that allowed him to be so popular with girls disappeared; now all you see is physical features that cry out don’t let me go. It felt like tables had turned; now I was the big brother, and he the little brother. I was now looking after him, cleaning up after him, teaching him how to walk, how to hold a spoon, and how to go to the bathroom; I was my brother’s keeper. Every day I would tell him sorry, that I deserved to be in his position, he would always respond with a cricked smile and raspy voice saying you didn’t do this to me, I did it to myself. I exit my thoughts and focus back on my brother’s lecture on texting and driving here at the Dorsey High School in Massachusetts. I look at him wheel around in the wheel chair with such passion in his eyes, Voice strong and short like a toad, looks as sharp as a porcupine back. “When a driver texts while driving, his reaction time will decrease by 35%, when texting, steering capability goes down by 91% I am a statistic,” my brother stated looking into the young crowd. “I want you to listen to my message and learn from what happened to me. It’s a battle just to get up every day and look at myself in the mirror. Put the phone down while driving.” 

20 Minutes
By A. Landers
Bowl on Fire
Ceramics
Roberta Kane

I Found it...
Photo Composite
Jaqueline Herrera
Birth of a Star
Acrylic Paint
Kaylin Silva

Death of a Star
Acrylic Paint
Kaylin Silva