The I Ching (e-jing) is an ancient Chinese manuscript which dates back to the Warring States period of 475 - 221 BC. Some scholars believe the I Ching is the oldest book in existence referring to events as far back as 1000 BC and earlier. Literally translated I Ching means “Classic of Changes.” The book contains a divination system which uses hexagrams that during the Warring States Period, were re-interpreted as a system of cosmology and philosophy that subsequently became intrinsic to Chinese culture. It centered on the ideas of the dynamic balance of opposites (yin and yang), the evolution of events as a process, and acceptance of the inevitability of change.

The trigrams, as seen on the left and right side of the layout, are made up of a total of 8 possible combinations of 3 lines (yin is the broken line, yang is the solid line). Each combination can be associated with an image of nature, a direction, a family relationship, a body part, a state of mind, or an animal. The solid line represents yang, the creative principle, also referred to as the light side. The open line represents yin, the receptive principle, also known as the dark side. These principles are also represented in a common circular symbol commonly known in the west as the yin-yang diagram, expressing the idea of complementarity of changes: when Yang is at top, Yin is increasing, and vice versa.

Hexagrams as seen as the page numbers in this issue of P’an Ku, are made up of one upper and one lower trigram. These symbols indicate a change in the state of the dynamics of the inner aspect (personal), represented by the lower trigram, and the outer aspect (external) situation, represented by the upper trigram. The ancient text contained in I Ching describes each of the 64 hexagrams in its most simplistic state.

You can visit http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_Ching for more information.

Please refer to the legend below to identify the symbol or hexagram, and the page number associated with it.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
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<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
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<td>31</td>
<td>32</td>
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Trigram and Hexagram symbols courtesy of http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_Ching
Background texture courtesy of http://maplensese-stock.deviantart.com/art/Rice-paper-textures-172031015
In life there are many rules we need to follow to succeed and to be delighted about living life. We need to respect our elders, teachers, friends, a celebrity who has done well for the community. What rules of life do I have? How do I see myself in the future? Can I enjoy my life? Answering these questions will help us to be ecstatic living life. I think the most important rule of life is to have peace with our bodies. Making peace with our bodies is important because we need to accept our imperfections, respect our needs, and do what is best for us.

To begin with, having peace with our bodies is important because we need to accept our imperfections. For example, I had to acknowledge my imperfections just because I was born with mild cerebral palsy (the motor system on the right side of my brain is off). At first, in elementary school, it was difficult because the right side of my body is different and weaker; my right arm would be high up close to my face and I would walk limping on my right leg. Kids would laugh and make remarks about me. I would go home and cry all day, but my mother would tell me “Mi amor, no te porcupes, todo va estar bien. Solo ten fe” (Honey, don’t worry, everything will be fine. Just have faith in yourself). I started to have therapy to lower my arm and strengthen my muscles and bones. Therapy helped me a lot, physically and emotionally.

In essence, if we want to live life happily and get the best out of it, just follow this rule of life. We have flaws and get mad because of it; that’s life. There are mistakes that we regret doing or things we wish to do all over again from the beginning; that’s life. Someone has called us ugly, selfish, heartless; that’s life. All of these obstacles are just part of what life is all about; the difference is we have the power to control how we want to live our life. Want to be a certified Medical Assistant? Want to lose fifty pounds before a birthday bash? Want to enjoy life? The answer to these questions is...YES WE CAN!! If we have a positive mind set; we can conquer anything in life! Of all the rules of life, there is one specifically that can make our life pleasurable. That one rule of life is to have harmony with our bodies - because we need to accept our imperfections, respect our needs, and do what is best for us. I feel if we have this peace with our bodies, we’ll have a better positive attitude towards life and will have the knowledge of being able to confront obstacles. Don’t let a tiny difference in your body stop you from achieving your goals and living life. You are beautiful and unique in your way, show your beauty to the world and love yourself. Give yourself confidence and have the power to change for a better life. You don’t like something about yourself or body; then change it. Don’t be miserable about flaws you have. After the first step of having peace with your body; take step two, look in the mirror and say “I AM PERFECT AND BEAUTIFUL!”

In life there are many rules we need to follow to succeed and to be delighted about living life. We learn as children how to dress, what to say, how to respect our elders. We have our “Role Models” that we look up to: parents, teachers, friends, a celebrity who has done well for the community. What rules of life do I have? How do I see myself in the future? Can I enjoy my life? Answering these questions will help us to be ecstatic living life. I think the most important rule of life is to have peace with our bodies. Making peace with our bodies is important because we need to accept our imperfections, respect our needs, and do what is best for us.
stiff. After a few minutes, I seemed to calm down and went back to my sleep. My family was terrified of what was happening to me and they didn’t know what to do. The next day, my mom asked me if I remembered what had happened to me the night before; I didn’t. We made a phone call to my pediatrician to make an appointment. When I went to see the doctor, I had a MRI on my brain; when the results were back, nothing came out. Now I have to swallow pills of 500 mg for life twice a day to control my epilepsy. Being able to respect my condition and to treat my needs makes me have peace with my mind and body.

Lastly, the final reason why I feel we need to love our bodies is because we need to do what’s best for us. Knowing that I have a disability and condition, there are limitations. I can’t run for a lot of hours because my leg tends to tire itself quickly, so I need to have a five minute break. With my arm and hands, I can’t reach high up or write; my fingers move by themselves; I can only hold five pounds with my right hand. I need to do what’s best for me, staying calm and not pressuring myself about something I can’t do. Therapy and my pills are good for me and my health; they make me stronger. I need to accept my flaws and try to laugh at my mistakes regarding what I want to try to achieve in this world of gossip and hatred. I need to think positive and not feel bad for myself; there’s a reason why I was born this way. I can do the things everybody does; I just need a little more time finishing my goals. What’s best for me is being able to talk to people about my disability and condition without embarrassment. People need to know why I take a long time to do certain things, why I walk this way, why my arm is sometimes up, or why I can’t pick up certain heavy items. They need to know me before pointing fingers, judging me and saying “Ohhh, look at this weird girl!” What’s best is to enjoy my life and live it to the fullest.

In essence, if we want to live life happily and get the best out of it, just follow this rule of life. We have flaws and get mad because of it; that’s life. There are mistakes that we regret doing or things we wish to do all over again from the beginning; that’s life. Someone has called us ugly, selfish, heartless; that’s life. All of these obstacles are just part of what life is all about, the difference is we have the power to control how we want to live our life. Want to be a certified Medical Assistant? Want to lose fifty pounds before a birthday bash? Want to enjoy life? The answer to these questions is... YES WE CAN!!! If we have a positive mindset, we can conquer anything in life! Of all the rules of life, there is one specifically that can make our life pleasurable. That one rule of life is to have harmony with our bodies because we need to accept our imperfections, respect our needs, and do what is best for us. I feel if we have this peace with our body, we’ll have a better positive attitude towards life and will have the knowledge of being able to confront obstacles. Don’t let a tiny difference in your body stop you from achieving your goals and living life. You are beautiful and unique in your way, show your beauty to the world and love yourself. Give yourself confidence and have the power to change for a better life. You don’t like something about yourself or body: then change it. Don’t be miserable about flaws you have. After the first step of having peace with your body; take step two, look in the mirror and say “I AM PERFECT AND BEAUTIFUL!”
Clear Sky
PHOTOGRAPHY
CINDY STERLING

Grand Teton House
PHOTOGRAPHY
IVAR FANDEL

Spring 2012, P'AN KU: Literary & Arts Magazine Broward College

P'AN KU: Literary & Arts Magazine Broward College, Spring 2012
I am an individual. A single female.

There is no other like me.

So when u get to comparing me & daring me to be
like the rest.

That’s just something I could never be
not even at my best... but let me get this off my
chest.

I cannot pretend that this does not offend. & I feel
we must make amends
but then again that all depends. On how u accept
& how u perceive or whether or not u choose to
concede these truths.

See I am not like u. Nor u like me.
Nor they like we nor she like she! Just let me be!
I wanna be free. Free from your similes. Free from
this infamy. I don’t need your sympathy.

I’m working hard to pop these tags & strip us of
these dirty rags but it’s becoming such a drag.

We must remove the labels.

Let’s close the door on the word whore,
let’s cut the word slut,
we need to ditch the word witch.
& replace them with something rich
call me a lady. A women of God,
call me sister, call me princess I am of royal decent,
call me daughter of jehovah.
Something of a greater persona.

But Somehow still I feel like I’m being
misunderstood. Like where u stand is under
everything I just said.
I guess it went right over your head.

They try to box us in. But what they forget is
that we won’t all fit in. No two are alike calls us
snowflakes if u like.

But what we would like is to not be categorized &
to only be recognized for the contents of our hearts.
We
would love to be recognized for our smarts.

I’m an eagle let me soar. Above the negativity, let
me soar above the scrutiny; let me soar above every
vicinity & proximity that ever robbed me of my
divinity. My God like features which featured my
honesty, my purity, and my integrity just to name a
few.   But now I am through.

I’ve said my piece & now it’s up to you. I’ve
removed the labels from my life I’ve gotten out of
the box of hard knocks and I’m no longer weighed
down by this heavy weight that forced me to wait
& delayed my flight & it’s not all right that I waste
another night trying to fight a fight that’s already
been won by God , the Father & his Son.

My sisters my only request is that you join me &
forever be free from the inequities that were placed
upon u and that were placed upon me and all you
have to do is take out the staples & remove those
negative labels.
The Twisted Tendril
by Tatiana Noelle Oquendo

The trees, Trace the sky. 
God's whisper, Floats by.

A flower flourishes, From the floor.

Blooming, Beautifully, Beset, By life.

Beholding the sun, The sky above, One pity's, This flower, So seized, With love.

The roots rumble, Hounding nourishment.

The poor, Pitiful flower, Dwells, In disparity.

Reaching, Higher, Higher, Yet subdued, It stays.

Eager to endow, But set aside, In the shadows.

Straying, In the squally winds.

Crippled.

Juddering.

The relentless rays, Of the sun, Still shine.

One wonders, At the wonders, Of the world.

The words, Of the waft, Whisper, "There's more life, In suffering."

So, Dear flower, Suffer, You shall. 
Till that fine day: One severs, Your bow.

That day, Will be your last. It will come quick, Finishing fast.

No more hunger, For a life of more.

You will fall... Joining the burgeon, In the blessed floor.

Till then, Twisted tendril, Do your best to peak.

Stay simple, In love.
Silent... As you seek.

DEAR WORLD,
MIXED MEDIA
MELISSA FRASCATI
Ice, Ice, Baby
Photography
Jorge Castillo

Life Will Thrive
Photography
Michael Sciolino
It was a chilly November day as Mama drove with fury through the frozen roads of the countryside towards our new life into the heart of Delta, which by design a gutty move that took its toll and the excitement caught up with Mama during our travels.

And the time did come: Just west of The Mississippi not far from the Tennessee line, I was born off a country road inside a general clinic absent of physician. My fate lied in the hands of a humble midwife.

I once over-heard Mama admit to breaking the gutters at the Downtown Crossing "Don't leave ye toys in the middle of the road!". But your sister was only nine at the time—only nine at the time—had the sole responsibility of tending to my every need and desire. I had adapted to Mama not being around so often, enforcing Rita to become my surrogate mother without her regard.

Like a Prince of Camelot my desires came with salvage appetites, as I manipulated for my heart's desire. This was not an inconvenience for my sister, who fancied herself a young mother-in-the-making and liked to prove it any chance she acquired.

And so she acquired plenty of chances as over the next few years my sister respectively traded in her three-foot tall life-like American Suzy Doll, for one three-foot tall real-like American Little Wayne Doll. We all had settled into a way of living; Mamma, Rita, myself, and Suzy.

And at least a dozen times a day she'd yell: "For goodness sakes—Don't touch my doll!" "Don't touch Suzy!"

My imitation of DON'T proved apt when my sister also fancied her little mind games on me. It's not that I didn't enjoy a good head-screw from time to time only that I preferred it when I participated at my own will, not at my expense. True, her head-games I had little interest in albeit even bigger investments, hence the reason I played along.

The gutters at the Downtown Crossing filled with warm overflow of blood in the drains filtering from the slaughter house where Mama worked.

The only family to attend us in Tupelo was Mama's baby sister Crazy Aunt Hazel, who had followed her idol-frenzied obsession with Elvis only to abandon it to a bottle of Jack for a man named Jack. She married Jack in Tupelo and settled down to a job in the chicken slaughter factory.

Crazy Aunt Hazel had secured Mama a job at the chicken factory, as well, working the graveyard shifts along side her. The factory positioned itself diagonally across the neon-flashing Phallic Arrow which pointed, and stated with pride: East Tupelo.

All those searching for signs of Elvis, by visit or revise to his birth place (perhaps to gather DNA samplings in the one-room shack) were advised to follow the neon sign. Either way, the iconic landmark stationed on the Northern Mississippi site, chosen by the National Railroad to go through the heart of the town, was officially the main attraction in Tupelo outside The King’s Birthplace.

The gutters at the Downtown Crossing filled with warm overflow of blood in the drains filtering from the slaughter house where Mama worked.

I once over-heard Mama admit to breaking a bird’s back by slamming it over a post because it kept fighting her and she couldn’t slice its neck quick enough. That’s when I understood what took place inside—the Chicken’s Guillotine.

And so she acquired plenty of chances as over the next few years my sister respectively traded in her three-foot tall life-like American Suzy Doll, for one three-foot tall real-like American Little Wayne Doll. We all had settled into a way of living; Mamma, Rita, myself, and Suzy.

Mama was proud of her work at The Guillotine despite its undesirable drawbacks. It was a stable job and that was all that matter in those neck of the woods. Still this work failed to meet ends, and so Mama added a second job in another factory sewing Wrangler jeans on first shift, rendering her away from home almost twenty hours on a given day.

My sister, Rita—only nine at the time—had the sole responsibility of tending to my every need and desire. I had adapted to Mama not being around so often, enforcing Rita to become my surrogate mother without her regard.

As over the next few years my sister respectively traded in her three-foot tall life-like American Suzy Doll, for one three-foot tall real-like American Little Wayne Doll. We all had settled into a way of living; Mamma, Rita, myself, and Suzy.

Those early years of my young life are filled with only images of my sister’s commands. Rita fancied her directions. In fact, the nickname I gave her was indeed, The Director. "Don’t play with your food, Little Wayne!" yelled The Director.

Like I really wanted to play with my food? When I think back to those first few syllables forming from my tender lips, it was not sweet mama I heard myself say.

"No! It was a mimic of my sister’s favorite utterance: DON’T. "Don’t color on the wall!" Rita would shout.

Where else then? You cheap people don’t give me proper utilities! "Don’t make such a mess now!" she’d yell back.

"Don’t wanna!" I’d scream back. "Come on, open wide!" she’d yell back.

"Don’t wanna! I’d shake my head. "Open your dagblame mouth!"

"You’re filthy!" shouted. "Mama will kill me if I don’t bathe you. You’re filthy!"

We all had settled into a way of living; Mamma, Rita, myself, and Suzy. "You’d be such a purdy Queen. Don’t wanna!" you’re gonna take a bath little man!" she shouted. "Mama will kill me if I don’t bathe you. You’re filthy!"

"Don’t wanna!" yelled The Director. "So we’s can get on ye dress."

"Don’t wanna!" shouted The Director. "Put ye hands up!" shouted The Director.

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"You’re filthy!" shouted. "Mama will kill me if I don’t bathe you. You’re filthy!"

"Don’t wanna!" yelled The Director. "So we’s can get on ye dress."

But you’ll be such a purdy Queen, Don’t wanna!" shouted The Director. "So we’s can get on ye dress.

And at least a dozen times a day she’d yell: "For goodness sakes—Don’t touch my doll!" "Don’t touch Suzy!"

And so she acquired plenty of chances as over the next few years my sister respectively traded in her three-foot tall life-like American Suzy Doll, for one three-foot tall real-like American Little Wayne Doll. We all had settled into a way of living; Mamma, Rita, myself, and Suzy.

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"For goodness sakes—Don’t touch my doll!" "Don’t touch Suzy!"

"Put ye hands up!" shouted The Director. **"So we’s can get on ye dress.**"
I tip-toed across my room to watch a new episode unfold between my sister and The Moustache Guy through the crack of my bedroom door.

The night’s viewing of Teenage Lust Gone Harry began with a dialogue unfamiliar to me, not to mention my sister spoke with aspirated breath similar to women on the soap opera, Another World, which my sister was shamefully addicted to.

“You look so beautiful tonight,” said The Moustache Guy to her.

“Ooh stop!” she giggled. “Now you know we can’t.”

“Why not, it’s been a whole week? I can’t wait any longer!”

“What if Little Wayne wakes up? Or worse, Mama comes home.”

“She ain’t leave the factory, you know that.”

“We don’t know nuf’n sure!”

“Come on baby,” said The Moustache Guy, “let’s go get on the big bed.”

He shoved Rita towards Mama’s bedroom doorway against her will.

My first impression was to run screaming for him to get away from my sister, but then she would’ve learned that I was not asleep but was ease-dropping instead, never to confide in me again. I didn’t want that so I stayed put, frozen with anticipation.

The next thing I knew Rita and The Moustache Guy were both in Mama’s bedroom and the door was shut tight. I knew I had to see what was happening inside the room so I skillfully pulled the covers over my head, and pray for this to all be over soon.

I did nothing, paralyzed with fear. I stayed at the door with my good eye in the keyhole, watched the entire scene unfold in its drama. Finally, after an Eternity of Bass in my heart, there was a series of sighs. My sister seemed to have lived through the attack. They both fell out of bed and she was heading toward the door. Quick get back to my room! I fast tip-toed across the floor, but in my excited state of mind I slammed the door going into my bedroom. A few seconds later, Rita came into my room to check out the noise, but I had rolled over with my head to the wall so that she couldn’t see my wide-awake face. She turned on the light, as if she suspected
something queer going on, but she said nothing to me. Then she turned off the light and closed my door. I sighed with relief that I had lived through the attack with her.

Weeks passed since that night and my sister seemed to really like her friend despite his attack, and continued sneaking him into the house on a regular basis. We continued on with our little secrets, my sister, Suzy and I. But eventually our Insane Tea Party gave way when Rita suddenly stopped fitting into Mama's kitty-dresses.

"Look Little Wayne," says Rita, "you gone have a new member to Court to play with. Won't ye like that?"

I had no idea to what my sister was referring; I only resulted to a knee-jerk reaction: "Don't wanna!"

"Why not? You'll have another for The Royal Palace. Won't ye like that?"

"Don't wanna! Don't wanna!"

"Don't wanna WHAT?" she yelled, "Can't you say some'rn other than don't wanna?"

"Don't wanna!"

I carried on this stand of obstinacy until finally one day my sister left the house in quite a hurried fashion. My life, as it were, was totally upset and I was very angry by Rita's sudden disappearance. I vowed never to speak to her again, in fact. And I was sure that when she return to order me around I would have my opportunity to address this displeasure.

However, Mama saw fit to leave The Guillotine that day, and as I understood if Mama left had left work then this was an urgent matter. She took me to a place that I can only describe as a Castle, and then took me into a room which my sister was arrested to a bed, and looked nothing like a Princess at all, but a disheveled prisoner.

"Ahah! I knew it! At last she had been arrested for her heinous crimes against me! Revenge was sweet!"

But quickly my joy turned to sorrow for when I realized my sister had not arrested by was merely resting Mama told me.

"I have something to show ye Little Wayne," said Rita.

Then, in came the most life-like doll I had ever seen, even more convincing than Suzy: Why, I thought straight away this new doll had amazing qualities; it even cried like me.

Obviously my anger was muted by this new gift Rita had brought me, and I began to envision all sorts of scenarios for the new doll in our game of The Royal Palace. I thought certainly this doll would make a fine Knight, which I desperately needed since Mr. Teddy had so dreadfully been torn apart by Mortimer, our ill-behaved Chihuahua.

And then the moment came, our introduction as it were. I positioned myself accordingly, ready for an audience of the newest member of our Court. My sister held the doll up to her bosom and that's when I noticed something peculiar—it moved!

"Can you say—Happy Birthday Tony?" asked Rita.

That's when it struck me—this was no doll at all. And I took it my duty to oblige my sister, and I responded as she ordered:

"Appy Booday Oony," I told my nephew.
Blue Elephant
CERAMICS
BEATRIZ MONGEAU

Water Droplets
PHOTOGRAPHY
ALEX PONCE

Blue Elephant
Ceramics
Beatriz Mongeau

Water Droplets
Photography
Alexa Ponce
Not all ancient tales and stories are rumors and myths, 
I had to find out the hard way that some legends do exist. 
It is written, "He who lives by the sword, dies by the sword," 
But I have always lived by the saying, "You must take what is yours." 
I've destroyed many foes without fear, but live with a sickness inside, 
And the hunger and pain grows stronger, until I'm known as the greatest samurai. 
For my name to remain immortal in this world has been my ultimate desire, 
So I went on a blind search to find and kill a man who was feared and admired. 
The stories tell of how he's killed eight men at once, with nothing but his hands, 
And how his sword skill comes from an old, deadly, monk style of training, 
Of how he trains on top of the highest mountain, and sleeps on his knees meditating, 
Then he faces their head toward their body before the brain dies, so they see their own corpse. 
During my quest, in an alley in the slums, an old homeless man appeared, 
With a strong bodily stench, as if he hadn't bathed in years. 
He spoke, "Sir, I would greatly appreciate it, if you'd spare some change today, 
Can I be of any service to you? What brings a gentleman like you this way?" 
I answered, "I've traveled to many villages to seek a person that they call, "The One," 
Without any clues, information, or directions of where to start from." 
I threw some money at his feet and said, "There's nothing you can do to help," 
He quickly knelted to pick up the coins, and said, "May life bring you much wealth." 
Then he said, "You know, during my travels through India, Asia, and the Middle East, 
I heard of the Zen master that you seek. But, he's just a small Buddhist priest." 
I said, "Impossible! He must be a giant, a monster, a man that's a human beast, 
A man of massive proportions, who is eight to ten feet tall, at least." 
He asked, "Sir, it seems that you've accomplished so much that not all can, 
Why is it that you bother to seek out this famous mysterious man?" 
I said, "Because, even after all of my known battles, no matter where I've been, 
I'm not considered the best of the best, the number one spot remains with him." 
He responded, "I believe this master that you seek will be a waste of your time, 
You should look for the master within yourself, don't let greed make you blind." 
I said, "Quiet old man, you know nothing of this, it's already been a long night," 
Then he stared at me and calmly said, "Insult me again and we shall fight!" 
Tears came out of my eyes as I laughed like I had never before, 
And I said, "Old man you are a funny one, my heart is frighened to the core."
As he twirled the long beard that hung from his chin and eyed me with a grin, 
He looked at me with an unphased look and said, "Against me, you won't win!" 
At that moment my laughter stopped and my blood began to boil, 
He had presented me with a challenge, so his entrails must stain the soil. 
At the speed that the untrained naked eye wouldn't be able to grasp, 
Our bodies performed the ancient arts, as our swords repeatedly clashed. 
The battle was over within seconds, as most of my battles have in the past, 
But I'm ashamed to say that after 35 years, this battle was my last. 
The last vision I saw was my decapitated body, the last thing I heard was his laughter, 
The last thought I had before departing from this world was, "I finally found The Master."
AMERICAN SPIRIT
COLLAGE
YVETON ISNOR

INSANE IN THE MEMBRANE
PENCIL
YVETON ISNOR
The young boy sleeps,
Silencing society.
Turning off the world.

He rests,
Without concern.
Sleeping his worries away.

Propped up,
Pillows plump and plush;
He soundly sleeps.

Everyone…
Hush.

Brushing off the burdens,
Shouldering slumber instead.
Snoozing away,
Cuddling his bed.

Dozing the days…
Serene,
In his ways.
Happiness,
In the hiatus,
Of space.

Dreams,
Dragging out,
Moments in a maze.
Nestling a network,
Of nuisances and news.
Such luxury,
In limbo.

Etching tops:
Extracting loose ends.
Sleep,
My little sleeper,
Burrowing in the bend.

The narratives of a nap,
Only the sleeper sends.
Where one sleep breaks,
Another,
Begins.

The Sleeper
by Tatiana Noel Oquendo
Dreaming of You
GRAPHITE PENCIL

Exhausted
GRAPHITE PENCIL

Being Watched
GRAPHITE PENCIL

P’an Ku: Literary & Arts Magazine  Broward College, Spring 2012

Thunder
Zhe n'
Fire
Li,
Lake
Dui'
Heaven
Qian,
Earth
Kun-
Mountain
Gen'
Kan
Water
Xun'
Wind
2012, it’s a year like any other or is it? We at P’an Ku decided to pick 2012 as the theme of this semester’s magazine. There are some cultures that predict the end of the world, where other cultures believe this year will be a spiritual rebirth. We chose two cultures to model our design after, the Mayans and the Chinese Philosophy of the I Ching. Playing off the destruction and rebirth aspect, the staff decided to split the magazine making one half the light side and the other half the dark side. We also tried a new aspect this time around by making this into a flip book to work off the essence of the yin and yang which is the symbol of P’an Ku.

Choosing the work submitted for this issue, like any other, can sometimes be difficult. This semester the quality of work we received made the task enjoyable but also made it more difficult to decide what work would make it into the magazine. This semester’s staff, the largest I’ve ever worked with, made for quite interesting debates on why one piece should be in the magazine and why another one shouldn’t. Finally, we made sure that we took each piece and found its place within the magazine while solving the puzzle of layout for this issue.

At last we bring you our finalized version of this “2012” P’an Ku Literary and Art Magazine. We hope you learn something and enjoy this issue and all the great work submitted by Broward College students. This issue is my last but I’ve enjoyed being a part of the P’an Ku staff at Broward College. I’ve learned a lot here and I will miss it. So I tip my hat to P’an Ku and I bid you all adieu.

Editor-in-Chief,

[Signature]

Salomon O. Carrasco