

P'an Ku

LITERARY AND ART MAGAZINE



FALL 2021
VOLUME 58,

盤古

The History of P'an Ku

Founded in 1964, P'an Ku Magazine is a student-run, bi-annual literary and art publication funded by Broward College. Our namesake is the Chinese god of creation. Chinese mythology holds that P'an Ku created the sun, the moon, the heavens, and the Earth. From P'an Ku flew the wind and the thunder, and his fleas became the ancestors of humans. Anyone endowed with creativity is said to be possessed by the spirit of P'an Ku.

FALL 2021

P'AN KU

LITERARY AND ART MAGAZINE

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EDITOR'S NOTE



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kristin Alcorn

Dearest Reader,

Welcome! I am excited that you have this issue in hand. This issue represents some of the best art and literature created by current Broward College students.

I have been blessed to be a part of the *P'an Ku* team for the last three issues and am personally humbled to be a part of this award-winning magazine and time-honored tradition. This experience has been invaluable to me. I have enjoyed learning and getting to know other creatives. Having *P'an Ku* to look forward to over the last few years has been a wonderful distraction during one of the most challenging times we have seen as a nation.

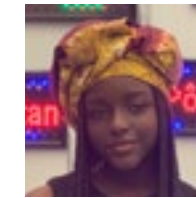
I would like to thank Professor Santiesteban for her encouragement and sharing her passion for *P'an Ku*, art, and literature. I would also like to thank the editors and team members for their contributions to the magazine. It has been a pleasure working with you and getting to know each one of you. And with deepest respect, I would like to thank the contributors. Without you, there would be no *P'an Ku*.

Now, sit back and enjoy as you turn these pages. It is my hope that you will take the time with each work to appreciate the passion, dedication, and skill that is represented.

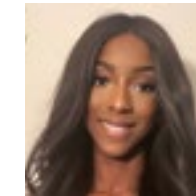
Kind regards,

Kristin Alcorn
Editor-in-chief
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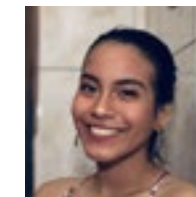
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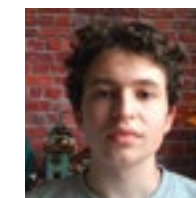
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ARTWORK

Double-Edged Thought	8	Emilio Luna
My Life in Lines	11	Kyle Causa
Beach Crab	16	Bryan Matute
Dreaming of You	17	Mya (Meeyuh) Cotterill
Confidence in Foresight	22	Olivia Zhang
A Couple of Ovals	29	Kyle Causa
Scratching Away the Pestilence	30	Emilio Luna
Elvira	31	Mya (Meeyuh) Cotterill
Turning Purple	36	Victoria Lial Vazquez
Innocent	37	Sofia I. Gonzalez Alvarado
Myself	42	Sofia I. Gonzalez Alvarado
Crimson	44	Alexandra Balla
Rushes	46	Mya (Meeyuh) Cotterill
No More Sunshine	47	Sofia I. Gonzalez Alvarado
A New Chapter After Nazism	48	Elisabeth Olalde
The Ballerina	50	Zenab Hassan

CERAMICS

Mother's Milk	4	Antonio Smith
Sage Cencer	9	Antonio Smith
MiniMoon	13	Antonio Smith
Scared Ghosts	19	Andrea Faratro
Tired Matter	20	Antonio Smith
Jar 1	33	Antonio Smith
Sullivan's Jar	41	Antonio Smith
Ouroboros	43	Andrea Faratro

MUSIC

Don't You Know? (I'm Gone)



Samuel Mujica and Natalia Leal

Mal Amigo (Instrumental)



Cameron Scott

PHOTOGRAPHY

Home 4	1	Andrea Faratro
Home 5	3	Andrea Faratro
Delicate	6	Jacob Cutchin
Welder Series I	7	Maria Keener
浴場 (Bathhouse)	14	Mia Orris
Love, Me	15	Jacob Cutchin
Something Blue	23	Jacob Cutchin
A Quiet Audience	25	Hannah Vogel
Ndokhou Tivaouane	28	Rokheyatou Faye
Sleepwalker	51	Jacob Cutchin

POETRY

Letter to My Grandma Rose	2	Andrea Freitas Lins Cantarelli
A Colorful World	5	Cara Kulhanjian
Autumn Leaves	18	Yanisse Cauldero
Because of the Cosmos	21	Yanisse Cauldero
Bittersweet to the Sound of Moonlight	24	Natalia Iturrizaga
Where I Am From	27	Hanna Rifaie
Coffee Grounds	32	Nour Sebaei
Home Brewed	34	Djennyca Ciceron
Inverses	35	Djennyca Ciceron
Palestine's Flag	42	Rueida Ali
Path to REM	45	Jadelynn Corzo
Tongue Tied	49	Djennyca Ciceron

PROSE

Belvedere	9	Alisha Loiseau
The Prostitute Wilts	38	Miniver Kandrata



Andrea Faratro, *Home 4*
Photography

Letter for My Grandma Rose

I dreamt with you last night; near the ocean, the salty air brought me your smile.
Laid on the sparkling white sand, we were talking about love.
Our ages seemed the same, sharing confidences from the heart,
Your loving voice whispered me secrets of your soul.
The warm sunset on the seashore convinced me that I was again with you, my Grandma Rose,
But I was in a travel machine, my dream.

It was just a dream,
Pain and longing recovered by your smile.
In my garden, I have a gracious Rose,
Where I still grow my love.
Ten years without you, and I still feel your soul.
Saudade is a depiction of my heart.

Bygone days pump inside my heart.
The zig-zag of your sewing machine sounds like a dream,
Full of details, my first party dress fits my soul,
Many days with the Singer to render the best design, and all I give you, a smile.
Apologies for my delay, Grandma, my new design worth a great souvenir, my first love.
Thank you, my sweet and extraordinary Rose.

In your garden, there is also a majestic Rose.
The red stone bench keeps secrets from your heart.
Colorful species led by the jasmine tree, your masterpiece of love.
A mix of aromas around; as inside a magical dream,
The birds' feast, spread, and smile,
Reverences to my favorite artist; Grandma, you have the most beautiful soul.

I can touch your soul,
My dear Grandma Rose,
I feel your smile,
I dance with the pumps of my missing heart,
I wish to be in an endless dream,
I pray with your love.

I am proud of my inheritance; Freitas Lins with love,
Through your loyal legacy, I find your soul, my soul,
Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren; your dream,
Infinite love for our Rose.
Our family's passion connects me with your heart,
I can see your comforting smile,

My wise Grandma! I still grow my garden rose,
And I will always grow my loving heart, Rose!

- Andrea Freitas Lins Cantarelli



Andrea Faratro, *Home 5*
Photography



Antonio Smith, *Mother's Milk*
Stoneware, Cone 10 Reduction

A Colorful World

To start anew is to be true
to the soul of the artist within you.
Not an artist you say?
But how else could you have inspired such prose
that flows
from those
that love you most?
That is the world I want to see.
One in which creativity flows free.
Where it's not about possibility and reality,
but about expression and culture and society.
Should the root of all problems cease to exist,
none of us would hesitate to pursue this wish.
A colorful world it would be if we weren't strained for opportunity.

Out of society I had remained,
for many months and many days.
Not by choice. Not by disdain.
It all simply happened this way.
Isolation is a detriment that
quenches our inner expression.
For when we communicate, the truth cannot stay hidden.
But time alone can crush our passions, or
enlighten a new course of action.
A colorful world it would be if there were more interactions between you and me.

The lack of reciprocity.
An idea or a future possibility.
These spark change as much as disbelief and atrocities,
but once the fire is lit, the flames engulf everything.
How do you make sure you stand above it all?
That you don't get stuck in the smoke,
or with your back against a wall.
Be the one to help extinguish the flame,
for after the fire comes the rain.
A natural reset button that can save us all;
in order to replace the old we must start small.
What new things will we want to see?
A bed of flowers, or a patch of weeds?
We all want a world of flowers.
A just society.
A colorful world it will be, once we light the flame that will set us free.

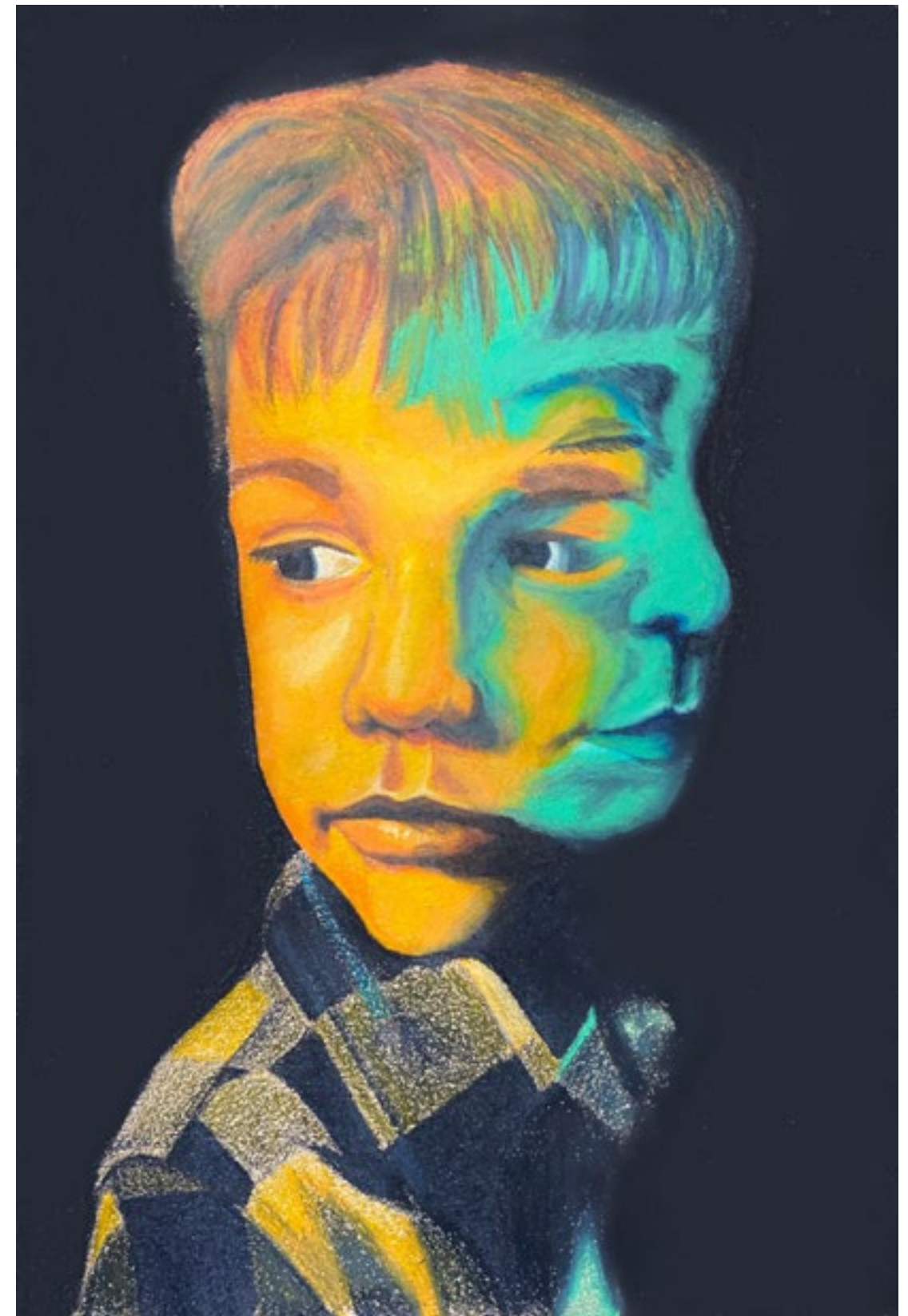
- Cara Kulhanjian



Jacob Cutchin, *Delicate*
Photography



Maria Keener, *Welder Series I*
Photography



Emilio Luna, *Double-Edged Thought*
Colored Pencil

Belvedere

by Alisha Loiseau

Today's Friday. Or no, is it Saturday? They put me in here on Wednesday night. Between the sedatives, I can't be sure if I've seen two sunsets or three.

"Hello?" I holler in direction of the door. There are always two nurses posted outside. I can't be sure who's on shift now but I know they can hear me. Hopefully, Murat took a vacation after the beating I gave him.

"It's an emergency!" I shout.

Through the door I hear someone growl, "Sure it is."

Okay then fine. Once I open my mouth there's no going back. Screams so high-pitched they'd make an opera singer proud somewhere. Until the sound of keys and a turning lock silence me.

Smiling, I turn to my warden. My smile fades instantly. Nurse Murat limps to my side. His scrubs are the same as yesterday. The specks of blood from his nose are unwashed. There's a small bruise on his forearm and a thin scratch on his chin. I'm guessing I hit his knee when I was kicking and thrashing on the floor.

All reasons for him not to help me. Also, the reason why they restrained me to the bed. Why he hasn't changed or gone home to salvage his pride, I don't know. Though he's probably not walking around telling the nurses his injuries are from the anorexic in Ward 6.

"I got it, Murat." The voice prompts a genuine smile from me.

Deya appears next to Murat,

placing a hand on his shoulder. His respect for her is evident; he leaves the room, throwing me one last scowl on his way out. Deya lowers herself on the bed and avoids my gaze.

"Can you itch my left side please?" I beg.

"Where?" Her voice shouldn't be this soft or comforting.

"Right next to my belly button."

As her fingertips trail my side, the torture wanes. "Thank you," I say, signaling for her to stop. She gives me a curt nod.

"What are you mad at me for?" Though my question would warrant a slap from any of the other nurses, she simply blinks at me.

"Lonni, I'm not mad."

Well, you should be.

Tilting her head she continues, "It just hurts to see that you let fear get in your way again."

Coming from her those words burn. A slap

would've been better. Deya gives me a small teary-eyed smile before leaving. The effort of wiping my face against the pillow hurts my neck, so I let tears wash my face. Soon, I'm watching the sunset again. This time the view is blurry.

When I wake up I find a wool blanket covering me. Try as I might, I can't go back to sleep. Maybe if I throw another fit, they'll sedate me. The opening of the door startles me. If it's lunchtime, I'm throwing a fit. But the smell of cinnamon and mint fills the room. I hate that smell. Dr. Ranlo signals for Deya to bring her a chair, which she disinfects before sitting at my bedside.

"You should start wearing another perfume."

She purses her lips. "You said it smells of cinnamon right?"

"And mint," I add distastefully. Her nails tap against something hard in her hand. The notebook. Leather bound—probably imported—and holding every patient's information.

"How are you feeling today, Lonni?" Dr. Ranlo asks. I don't bother turning my head or answering. Yet she manages to scribble something down. I hate that notebook. She could be doodling trees in it and no one would know.

"Lonni?"

"What time is it?" I ask instead.

"You answer my question, and maybe I'll answer yours."

As if. There's a reason they don't keep clocks here. Or anywhere in Belvedere. No staff is allowed in with a watch of any kind. And phones are kept in lock-up. They say it's because they want us to live in the present. But it's just another way of saying psychological torture.

"Lonni, I'm here to help you."

"How much do they pay you to do that again?" This time I turn my head to see the effect of my words. Without the forced smile, she'd look beautiful.

Dr. Ranlo looks down at her notebook while speaking. "You know how important this evaluation is."

I do. And if I play my hand right, I'll be joining Avaï and Zaidy soon.

"You were scheduled for release tomorrow. But after the vandalism, well . . ."

I'm not focused enough to hear what she says after that. Tomorrow's my release day.

That means today isn't Saturday. It's Monday. If it's Monday night, then I've been here for five days. Is it legal to use such strong sedatives?

The snap of Dr. Ranlo closing her notebook jolts me back to our conversation.

"Lonni, you were doing so well. I can't remember the last time the nurses complained about you. No fits, no tantrums. So I'm sure this was a one-time thing."

No. No. No. This could ruin everything. Answering will provoke a counterargument. So I keep my poker face steady and my mouth shut.

Gesturing to the room, she continues, "You've been here for two years and you've never been in this room. You broke a window and attacked a nurse? Are you anxious about leaving?"

Keep still, Lonni. Don't blow it. Dr. Ranlo is known for her questions. She has a way of observing someone's face and seeing their secrets.

"Lonni?"

My lips don't move an inch. My eyes glue to the ceiling.

"Lonni Dey Garthy!"

Oh, the full name card. Good one doc, but I'm not budging. We've done this dance for two years, it's about time I take the lead. Dr. Ranlo fires question after question. She calls my name. But she gets no response. Not even my usual eye roll.

"Dr. Ranlo . . ." Deya's voice sounds from the doorway.

"Let her go back to her room," she says to Deya. "She just lost her one chance of going home."

To me, she says, "I hope you learned something from this."

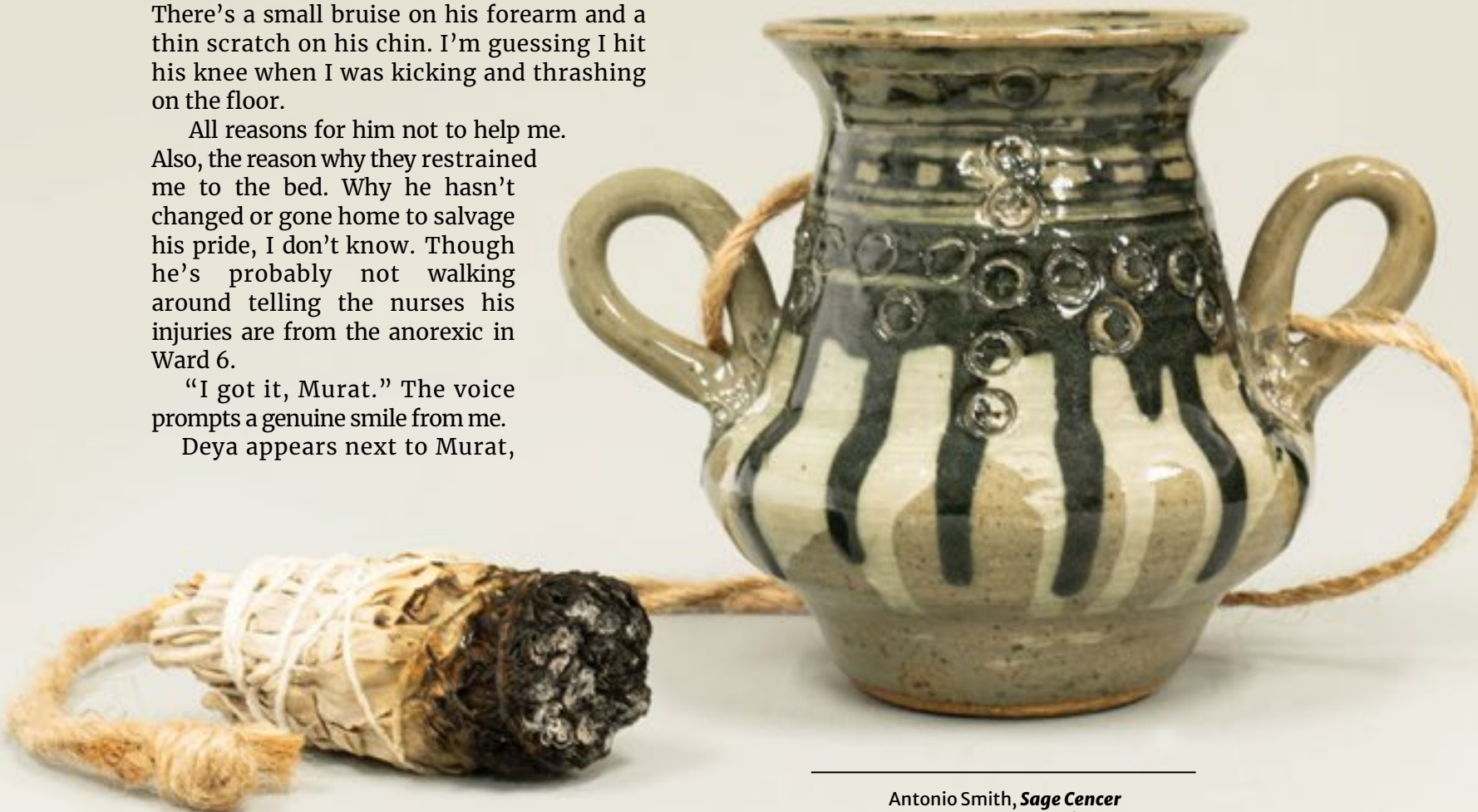
That I did, doc. I wait for her to leave before cracking the faintest smile. Deya and Murat remove my restraints. Deya could've done it alone. But apparently, I'm unpredictable. My bones come alive when I sit up. My back releases a satisfying crunch when I bend to touch my toes. I have to pull back my emotions since my body wants to do cartwheels.

"Lonni, let's go."

"How long until I get my outside privileges back?"

"Knowing you," Deya starts, "depends. Maybe a couple of weeks or a couple of months."

A small sacrifice. Deya and I walk back to



Antonio Smith, Sage Cencer
Stoneware, Cone 10 Reduction

the rooms in silence. The corridors are empty. So it's past bedtime. But the whispers behind closed doors suggest otherwise. Not that Deya cares enough to hush all of them.

Instead of turning the corner to my room, she leads me into the common room.

"Where are we going?"

"Keep quiet," she scolds.

Uh, okay. I follow blindly. So much so that I bump into her when she stops in front of the phones. She hands me my calling card.

"I'm not supposed to get that back yet." I gasp.

Deya always turned a blind eye when we broke the rules. Yet she's never broken them herself.

"We both know the real reason why you did this," she says, pressing the card into my hand.

"Dey . . ." My voice trails off. A tear falls on her hand. She's so swift in her gesture, I almost don't feel her hand as she wipes my cheek with her thumb.

"It must be 10 in the morning in Singapore right now. Five minutes is all I can give you."

"That's all I need," I whisper.

She goes to stand next to the door. Whether to keep watch or to give me privacy, I'm not sure. I insert the calling card and dial the only number I know from memory. Four rings.

"Hello?"

"Mom, it's me."

"Oh, how are you, my love?" To anyone listening, she'd sound affectionate.

I get straight to the point. "The doctor says I have to stay a little longer." A wishful, naive part of me expects a motherly response.

"Oh good, 'cause I'm supposed to be in Laos tomorrow. I thought I was going to have to cancel."

My fist encircles the phone cord. *Take a deep breath, Lonni.*

"Glad I'm not ruining your plans," I mumble.

"My love, I'll come to visit as soon as I get back." She said the same thing two years ago. I haven't seen her since.

Through gritted teeth I manage a short, "I gotta go."

"Say hi to your godmother for me."

As soon as I hang up, the weight in my chest lifts. Deya walks me to my room shortly after. Before she leaves the hallway, I pass on the message.

"She said hi."

Deya rolls her eyes, "Words as empty as her heart."

I can't help but laugh. At least Deya takes the "mother" part of her title seriously. With a kiss to my forehead, she leaves me to enter my room.

"So did it work?"

"Are you staying?"

I'm barely through the door when I'm rammed with questions from the girls. Avaï and Zaidy press against me in the dark.

"Can I get in first?" I say pushing my way in.

One of them turns on the light. Their faces

are impatient, but I ravish the suspense for a second.

Avaï shakes her head at me, "So?"

I smile, "It worked."

Though none of us should be this loud past bedtime, we howl in laughter.

"I cannot believe you pulled this off," Zaidy says between breaths. "Remind me never to underestimate you."

A small cough interrupts our little celebration. Did the walls grow mouths? I look past their heads to the sound.

"Oh right, um, we have a new roommate," Avaï informs a little too late if you ask me.

"Hi," the new girl waves with a smile too wide to belong to a place like this. Especially for a firstcomer.

Raising an eyebrow I ask, "What were you brought in for?"

She clears her throat before responding, "I actually checked myself in," another cough, then "um, Bulimia."

"I've never heard of anyone checking themselves in."

"I've never heard of people sabotaging themselves so they could stay." She shrugs.

Touché. Clearly, she's been here for as long as I've been in the Confinement Room. Also, Avaï and Zaidy blab too much. I like her, though.

I hold out my hand, "I'm Lonni."

The smile on her face, which I didn't think

could get bigger, widens. "Evela."

"Welcome to the Belvedere Treatment Center," Avaï emphasizes the name with her best Italian accent.

"Where we help change people's perspective," Zaidy chimes in.

"So they can have a different view on life," I mimic right on cue.

We take a dramatic pause. "A better view," we shout in unison.

Evela laughs at our little performance. "Dr. Ranlo said that to me on my way in."

Zaidy bobs her head. "Yeah, she says it to everyone."

A catchy phrase. Too bad it works too well. My perspective has changed so much I don't want to leave. Tomorrow I was supposed to be on a bus heading to an empty house. One without Deya, Avaï, or Zaidy. Who would make sure I didn't fall into old habits? Deya was right, I let fear get in my way. But I just don't think I'm strong enough to go back out there.

While getting ready for bed, Evela asks me the question Avaï and Zaidy asked when I told them about my plan.

"Are you sure about this? About wanting to stay?"

Yes.

I smile. "As sure as I am that tomorrow is Tuesday."





Antonio Smith, *MiniMoon*
Porcelain—Cobalt—Copper, Cone 10 Reduction



Mia Orris, 浴場 (*Bathhouse*)
Photography



Jacob Cutchin, *Love, Me*
Photography



Bryan Matute, *Beach Crab*
Digital



Mya (Meeyuh) Cotterill, *Dreaming of You*
Oil on Canvas

The Autumn Leaves

The seasons change irrecoverably,
As I search for a gaze that will never meet mine.

Dear Autumn,
Why do your leaves fall?
Are you like me?
Sickly and tired with grief,
Does your face fall in remembrance, too?
Do your leaves crash down when summer leans into spring?

They are youthful and in love permanently,
But you change into winter,
Cold and untrusting.

Where did the love that you once held go?
Where did the leaves on your branches vanish to?
Did they fly into the wind, leaving you barren and lonely,
Or did they decay when they fell to the ground
Dying like your love?

Dear Autumn,
Does it hurt being alone?
I know that feeling,
I know the betrayal you feel when summer holds another,
I know the pain and self-doubt that must hold within.

Yet, we cannot stop our leaves from falling,
They will naturally depart,
Marking the ground where we stood.

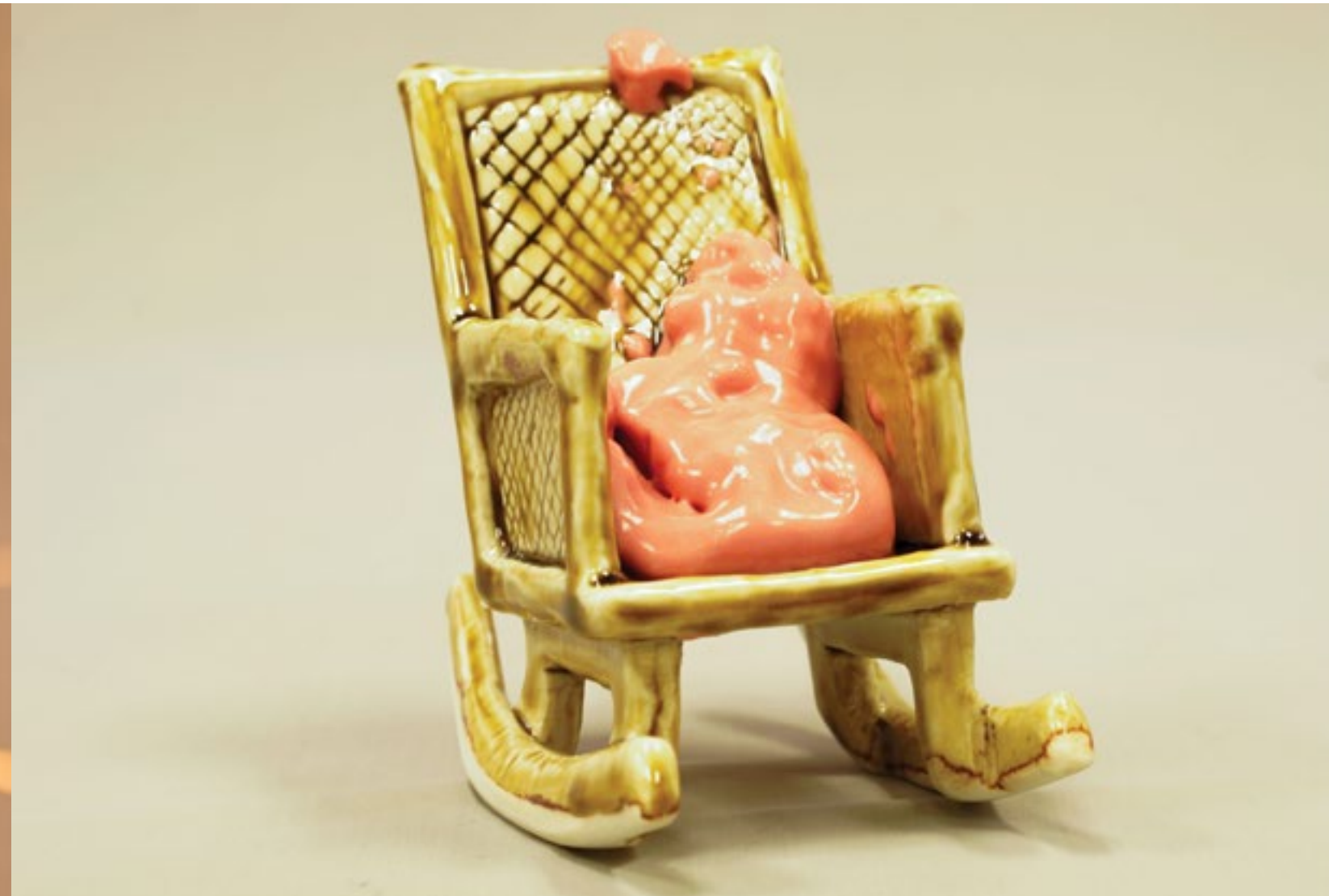
The seasons change irrecoverably,
As I accept their gaze will never meet mine.

Autumn leaves,
Human tears,
Aren't they the same?

- Yanisse Cauldero



Andrea Faratro, *Scared Ghosts*
Ceramic



Antonio Smith, *Tired Matter*
Porcelain, Cone 10 Reduction

Because of the Cosmos

Because of the cosmos,
I defined beauty,
I learned the allure of planets,
The glamor of stars,
The symmetry of the galaxy,
The grace of the universe.

Because of the cosmos,
I gained perspective,
I learned the pain of distance,
The fragility of man,
The insignificance of Earth,
The vastness around me.

Because of the cosmos,
I understood loneliness,
I learned the isolation of the sun,
The cold of the moon,
The barren nature of Mars,
The lack of life besides our own.

Because of the cosmos,
I grasped death,
I learned the briskness of life,
The dead remnants of stars,
The black holes that swallow,
The years I have left to live.

Because of the cosmos,
I pursued wonder,
I learned to love pain,
The burn of rejection,
The departing of time,
The power of choice.

Because of the cosmos,
I breathed in the star dust,
I learned each breath counts down to
The day the flowers die,
The day the sun explodes,
The day I am no longer.

Because of the cosmos,
I questioned space,
I learned the stars I see,
Could be dead,
Still stuck in time,
They are stuck in time.

Because of the cosmos,
I understood so little,
Yet learned everything.

– Yannisse Cauldero

Olivia Zhang, *Confidence in Foresight*
Digital





Jacob Cutchin, *Something Blue*
Photography

Bittersweet to the Sound of Moonlight

When destiny brings two together from the void, their previous sound which didn't sync is forgotten.

A note is played that feels like light, so warm and filling.

Their music then collides in a playfully curious manner.

They dance together in a deep chemical crescendo, a truly beautiful ballad.

It creates a whole new world, an escape to breathe in.

Then, someone takes a wrong step,

a wrong turn,

it bitters.

The sound softens, losing its previous vigor.

The steps space and go separate paths, one quickens while the other races to catch up.

It's a tug of war,

it's the wonder of where did we go wrong,

it's the question of why must things change,

it's the loud beating in the chest yelling *no*.

It yanks their hearts, this bittersweet goodbye.

But as they take their final twirl, their final spin

and their sound muffles and thins.

There's a light glimmer in their eyes,

a silent way of thanking the other for the dance,

as their hands turn cold

and they return to the empty, soundless place from which they began.

- Natalia Iturrizaga



Hannah Vogel, *A Quiet Audience*
Photography

Where I Am From

I come from the land hoping to be free,
From the courageous chants of the occupied.
I am from the smile that holds back any fear,
And the tears that were only shed in happiness.

I am stitched with optimism,
Optimism that has lasted more than 60 years.
I am from the strong scent of deep, earthy spices.
I am the sourness that is in *Sumac*,
The calm in me reinforced by *Yamsoon*.

I have been planted and sprouted American,
But roots belong to the Mediterranean.
I am from the rich, rising olivewood.
I am from the olive tree that lived over 200 years—
Refusing to be forgotten,
Selfish in refusing to not be known or noticed.

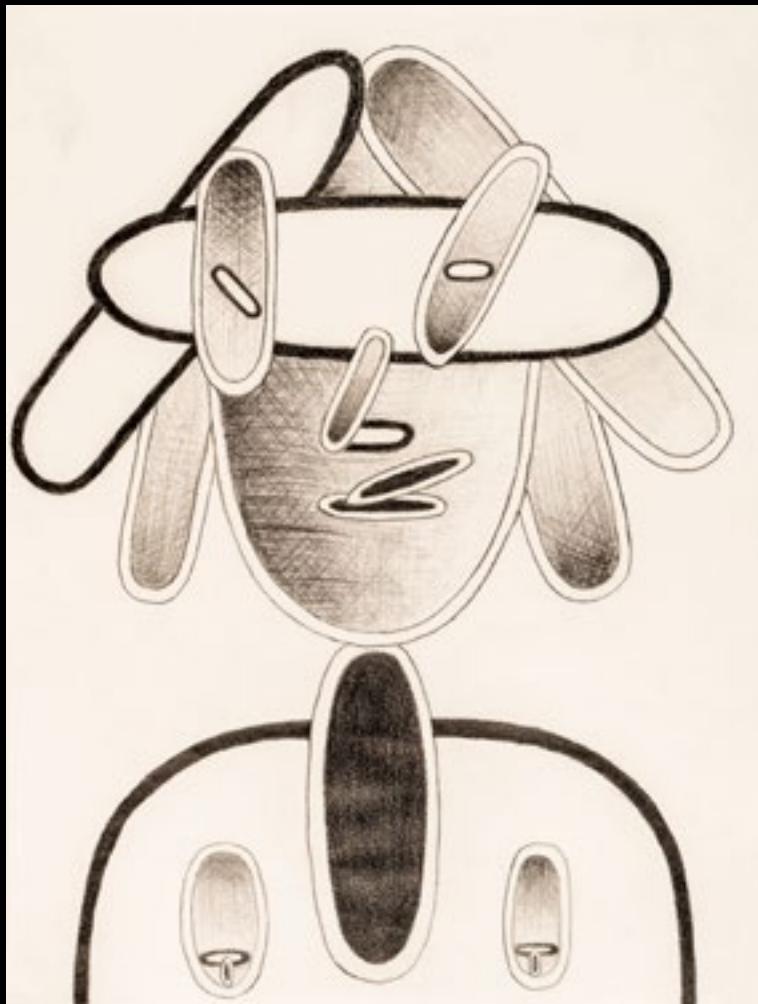
I am from the fingerprints of Rifaie.
Bled and composed with red, green, white, and black,
Mixed with lands of red, white, and blue.

I am from the compassionate--
The confident--
The respected--
And the resistant!

- *Hanna Rifaie*



Rokheyatou Faye, *Ndokhou Tivaouane*
Photography



Kyle Causa, *A Couple of Ovals*
Diptych, Graphite



Emilio Luna, *Scratching Away the Pestilence*
Scratchboard, Digital Drawing



Mya (Meeyuh) Cotterill, *Elvira*
Oil

Coffee Grounds

Poetry is my dirt-colored coffee at six in the morning
As I stare at the sodden scene through my water-washed windows.
It never rights the rain, yet embodies it in tolerable tablespoons.
Poetry, in theory, is not necessary. Just as my coffee is not, either.
Yet, as if the world knew just as well as my family how much I need my coffee,
Poetry stays. It stays the way I stay in bed for days.
Finally deprived of my coffee, as per usual deprived of energy,
I am word starved, not only lacking creativity,
Yet also the ability to formulate complete sentences.
This poem is in pieces, just the way my brain is.
While it may not be whole, just like my mind,
Both can be considered beautiful trash.
Indeed, one's trash and another's treasure.

- Nour Sebaei



Antonio Smith, *Jar 1*
Porcelain, Cone 10 Reduction

Home Brewed

Father seats son beside him, and the mother follows his lead, seating daughter beside her
Father speaks – pretty girls do not like that, and mother repeats – pretty girls are like that

Boy, do not beat around the bush – pretty girls do not like that
Girl, your honesty mustn't shun your value – pretty girls are like that

Your intentions must not be unclear – pretty girls do not like that
Your sincerity must not be abrupt – it provokes male fear – pretty girls are like that

Listen to your father – for I am a man
Pay attention – for your mother has been where you have been

Do not dare sob for that is weak – pretty girls do not like that
Cry on his shoulders for your delicacy makes him feel complete – pretty girls are like that

Father demands son and mother lives vicariously through daughter – a life left undone

Do not be afraid to approach and salute – pretty girls do not like that
You must sustain posture and ignore the pursuit – pretty girls are like that

Son tread life following his father principles
The daughter rest uneasy, but her mother did say it would be difficult

At last – men are the backbones – pretty girls like that
Women are here to keep the home wholesome – pretty girls define that

– Djennyca Ciceron

Inverses

Sabotage sadness
Step on life and make it the victim
Tamper with destiny that negotiated for you an awful settlement
Divorce the absurd notion that the sky is the limit and you cannot fly above

Discard the naysayers
Place them as background noise in your extravagant life story
Take every no and turn it into an extraordinary note change for your ballad
As you avidly waltz on pessimistic dance floors

You are an opportunist
Fortunate to hear each door slam as a beat
Guiding your feet to receive accolades you have forged out of rejections
Rejecting the character they pretend that you play
You are disloyal to the titles they place
It is okay being the perfect example of Imperfection just as they claim

- *Djennyca Ciceron*



Victoria Lial Vazquez, *Turning Purple*
Digital



The Prostitute Wilts

by Miniver Kundra

My sister began her life as a flower. She was a rose that sprouted from the soil, and she was each petal that fell from it. From the end of the trestle table or the driveway of our stately villa, I silently watched her grow. But these seats might as well have been bolted to the last row of an opera house, for over those countless spectators, I saw very little of her performance. That was how I viewed her life: as a performance. Not because she pretended to be someone she wasn't, rather she wore a mask to cover up the monster she would become.

The town we were raised in had the landscape of any affluent, cinematic region. Mountains soared above fabled architecture. Always the sun looked as if it were falling asleep, fading what lay beneath it into a dream. A dark ocean spilled waves tirelessly onto the shore, and we could see it through the picture window in the dining room. It was a town of folktale possibility to which its population honed in on the actions of my troubled sister.

No date comes to mind when I think about the time she started to wilt. Her first petal might have fallen around the night our parents discovered foreign drugs stitched into the draperies of her bedroom or when she concocted an absurd lie about how she had attained them in the first place. She lied with such flippancy as to bewilder them. Whether she spun yarns for entertainment or protection, no one knew. Lying became second nature for her.

Since then, her drama had landed in the hands of a plot twist. Her timeline mangled itself into that of lying and arguing and hiding. She became infamous for selling her body, collecting a kaleidoscope of pills, and challenging anyone with the slightest hint of mockery in their tone. She didn't have friends unless you counted those who fed her drug addiction and paid her for a good time. Before

this, people saw her as a normal, good-natured girl. But after her first petal fell, that opinion of her washed away with her innocence. Her peers now treated her with contempt. They called her a whore, a beast of legend. She got into fights over trivial matters, lashed out at her victims, and then recovered as if she were tired of the act. At school, the nastiest rumors circulated through the halls. And all of them, my sister confirmed, were true.

On a Friday evening, she came up the driveway with the blood of another classmate on her face, her clothes, her hands. My parents greeted her inside with a look of horror. To this, my sister responded, "It's not mine." She stretched her lips into a smile and dropped it just as quickly.

From that night on, she became the focus of our parents' attention. Most adolescents grow jealous or resentful when forgotten, but I was grateful to be cast into the shadows. By nature, I was a quiet, reserved youth. I took routine hikes and found solace in our oceanside town, sidestepping the emotional carnage left from my family's disputes. One evening, however, I remember walking down to the shoreline. The sun turned the ocean into liquid gold, and the rock formations crested up from the water like giant sea monsters. I balanced on the rocks embedded in the sand and threw smaller rocks into the white-caps. From the precipice overhead, my sister emerged. She was clad in the wardrobe of a harlot but glided down the stone steps as elegantly as a king's consort. The dying sun forced her to squint, and it made her look even more intimidating.

I caught her gaze in mine and called out to her. "I like your dress!"

"A thief ran from the mountains with it in his hands." She said this loudly – but with no enthusiasm – and then tripped where the

steps met the sand. "He was being chased by an evil spirit. I told him I'd hold on to the dress while he made his escape."

It was like she chose to say the first random thought that entered her mind and anticipated each listener's puzzled reaction. Sometimes I spent nights trying to assign any meaning to her remarks, but it was to no avail. Her words were not poetic. They weren't even sarcastic. They were in the language of a maniac. Still, at certain times, I would reply to her with questions that mimicked her own. And sometimes, she would respond with a coherency that made one forget her psychobabble of the past.

"What are you doing down here?" I said, as she came up beside me.

She pulled a pipe out from between her breasts and asked, "Do you ever visit the Ruins?"

The Ruins was a cobbled town square at the mercy of neglect, abandoned after a long-ago massacre. It boasted dilapidated storefronts and stone facades the color of mud and rust. My sister pretended she'd never seen me there, even though our paths had crossed on more than one occasion. I liked to explore its tragic history and she liked to tuck herself into the buildings with strange men.

"I pass through sometimes," I said.

"Explore a little."

"In the dark?"

"I don't know. I guess I've gone there at night before. Why?"

"No reason," she said. A line of mysterious smoke curled from her mouth. "You should stay away from that place."

Whatever my sister did with her body was hidden behind the scenes. I'd never gotten a peek of the secret life she tied herself to. I only heard grim stories about it. But she carried a distant look in her eyes. Whenever she spoke to me, it was as if I were talking to a figure of my imagination.

She took another puff from her pipe and glared at the drowning sun. That was when I decided to take a chance, to speak to her more sincerely.

"Why do you do those things?" I asked. "Get into fights. Sleep with strangers. The drugs. You don't seem to care about people either way. What happened to you? Everyone

hates you. I mean *really* hates you. They're making you into some kind of urban legend."

The sound of smacking waves filled the lull in our conversation.

"You know," she said, keeping her eyes on the horizon. "I didn't ask to be this way."

...

Days later, as the sun melted into evening, I made my way to the Ruins, tempted by the jeering of townsfolk. A small crowd had gathered around my sister like frenzied crows while she sat perfectly still. Their rowdy actions hadn't reflected my sister's silent ones. I could tell it was my sister by the pointed blades of her shoulders. She sat on the rim of a fountain that spat murky water in every direction. Her hair was matted flat and

"Her words were not poetic, they weren't even sarcastic. They were in the language of a maniac."

each strand crawled the length of her spine. Her torso was left fully exposed. I moved cautiously over to her, wondering why she was allowing people to speak to her with such derision, to gawk at her naked torso as if they were all part of her harem.

Looks like someone finally captured the beast.

Whore had a bone to pick with the wrong animal.

Can someone take a picture of me with her?

If nightmares can resurrect from the trauma of bad memories, this was to become the worst. When my sister's face came into view, I knew I had stepped through the gates of some twisted hell. Her skin had the texture of spoiled meat and a milky blue mist had clouded over her eyes. Someone had staged her there. Her body was propped up by the effect of rigor mortis.

I screamed at the crowd through my panic and tears. "Get away from her! What is wrong with you all? What is wrong with you?" Pushing them violently aside, I knew they were confused by the act of someone caring for the town whore.

As was the custom, they had forgotten I was the whore's sister. I ripped off my jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders. She did not thank me or pull me gratefully into her arms. Her face did not change.

...

The night before she was found dead, our family had gathered at the trestle table for dinner. Its polished teak glowed from the tapered candles at its center. In their wonted respects, my father spoke too loudly, my mother tossed the salad with too much force, and the friends they invited that night pretended they hadn't noticed the tension. Forced to attend the dinner, as a rule, my sister sat at the very end of the table, in the darkest reach of the dining room. I rose to put a wall between them and myself and went into the kitchen for a glass of water. From over the granite countertop, I watched my sister sitting there quietly for once, her head

tilted downward, her eyes dull and fixed on the wavering candlelight. She sat there like a rose trapped in a bell jar.

...

My sister began her life as a flower and then wilted onstage into something else entirely. A decade has gone since she lost her petals, since we buried her at the Promontory Graveyard. Most of the people familiar with her recall the character she played in scenes riddled with mature content, where she was the antagonist: threatening and lewd and pugnacious. In reality, they were only familiar with the acts she had performed in. They remember those reels of gritty entertainment and hold on to them with a cruel sense of nostalgia. But I hold on to the time she visited me on the shore, telling me in the only truth I'd heard her speak, that she did not want to be that way.

Palestine's Flag

I planted with you the green-
Olive tree
I cried from the red-
Blood that ended your life
I wore the black-
Dress for your funeral
I spoke because the white-
Dove gave me the urge for justice

- *Rueida Ali*



Antonio Smith, *Sullivan's Jar*
Stoneware, Cone 10 Reduction



Sofia I. Gonzalez Alvarado, *Myself*
Mixed Media



Andrea Faratro, *Ouroboros*
Ceramic



Alexandra Balla, *Crimson*
Digital

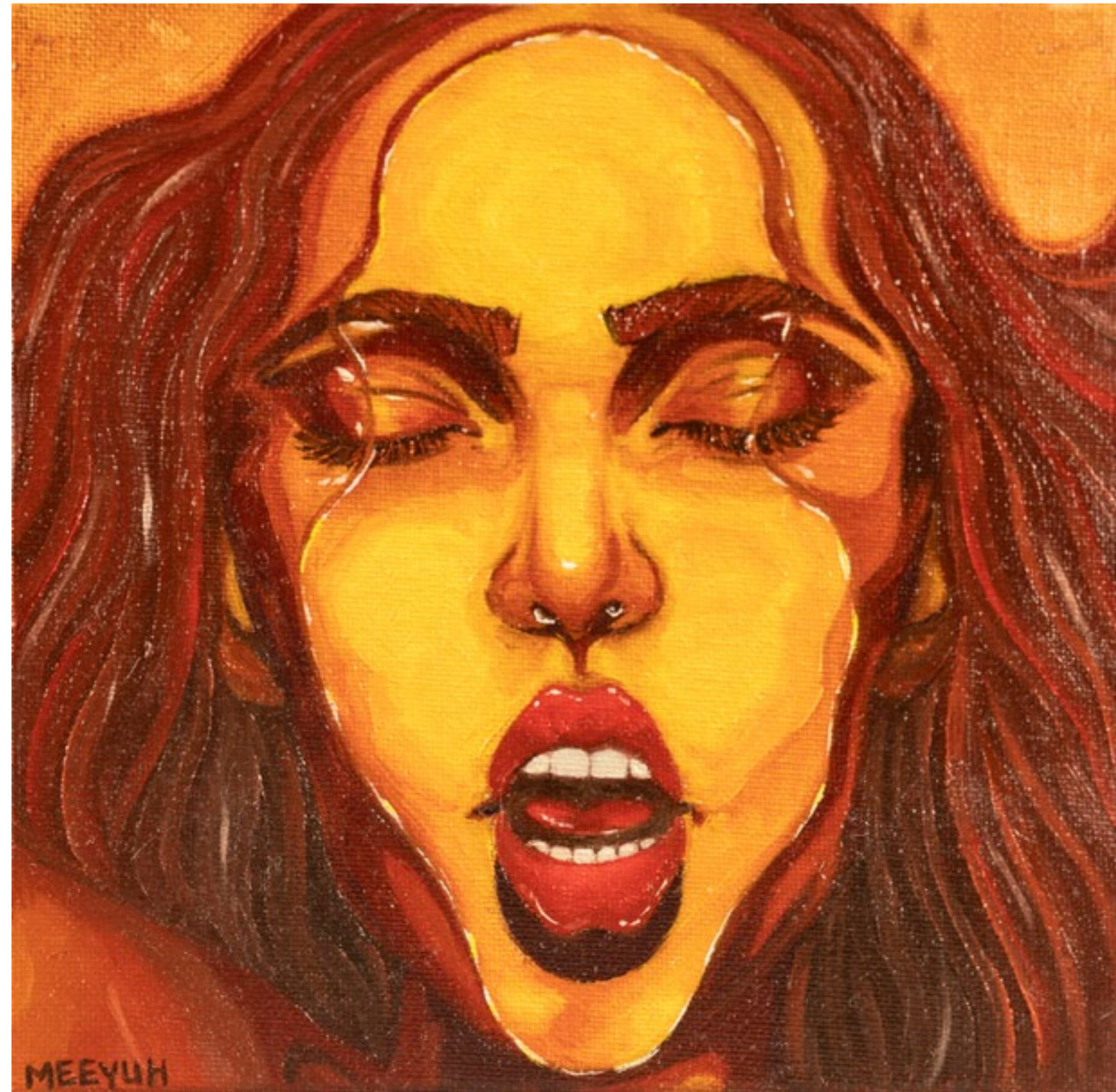
Path to REM

The clear pool is shallow, just ankle deep
It stretches forward, fish darting beneath
A girl by the water, her face asleep
She holds a silver dagger in its sheath

Strange and cryptic, she who trades in wishes
With a dress weaved of snowdrops and starlight
Desires she grants with few simple kisses
The price is steep, her blade bloodied, far bright

You find her after dark, when body slumps
Where trees burn with fire the color of gems
By placing three clovers upon her stump
The cycle starts, again summoning REM

– Jadelynn Corzo



Mya (Meeyuh) Cotterill, *Rushes*
Oil on Canvas

Sofia I. Gonzalez Alvarado, *No More Sunshine*
Mixed Media



Elisabeth Olalde, *A New Chapter After Nazism*
Mixed Media

Tongue Tied

My tongue is a two-way road, and I can never do right by one
I can barely speak Creole, and I can hardly speak English
It is a miracle I understand them

I would lie calling myself bilingual when my dialect deprives me of an allegiance
I can never be prideful
I am always mindful of what my tongue releases
As the wave of the ocean, there is a pile of distinction on the edge of every phrase formed, reminding
me that I am foreign

My words consistently quarantined before twenty-twenty
My dialect the virus invading spaces that do not welcome them
My accent, acidic tunes to their ears, exposing their every fear

They declared my words broken like their ideals, broken like their standard of language
They ask me to surrender my right to speak; therefore, my right to exist

- Djennyca Ciceron



Zenab Hassan, *The Ballerina*
Acrylic on Canvas



Jacob Cutchin, *Sleepwalker*
Photography

OUR ARTISTS

Rueida Ali writes poetry because it allows her to communicate the struggles of those who cannot voice their stories, especially those in her native homeland, Palestine, to which she owes most of her poetic inspiration.

Sofia I. Gonzalez Alvarado draws from imagination and emotion.

Alexandra Balla is currently in her first semester of BC's Physical Therapist Assistant Program, and during the pandemic she took up digital art.

Andrea Freitas Lins Canterelli is a journalist from Brazil. She is currently studying new media communication at Broward College, and she is the photography editor for *P'an Ku*. Andrea views art and writing as compelling instruments, using them to portray her impressions of everyday life.

Yanisse Cauldero enjoys writing poems about life and how it connects with nature and the universe.

Kyle Causa is currently finishing an AA degree with hopes of transferring to a university that offers a BA in fashion design. Kyle's inspiration comes from his life experiences. He tries to take the viewer somewhere or make them feel an emotion.

Djennyca Ciceron is a budding poet, aspiring to challenge herself each day. As a human being, Djennyca celebrates today to mourn yesterday's tomorrow.

Jadelynn Corzo decided to take a creative writing class at Broward College and discovered many things about herself. Because she has always enjoyed writing, Jadelynn is considering it as a career.

Mya Cotterill (pronounced Meeyuh) is 21 years old; she has been at Broward College for almost two years. Mya is majoring in graphic design, and some of her passions include animals and art.

Jacob Cutchin believes that vulnerability is key to sharing who we are, and he loves showing that in imagery form. Although photography is his greatest passion, Jacob is currently a graphic design major. He plans to mold the two together.

Andrea Faratro loves to be carried away by art.

Rokheyatou Faye is a Senegalese-American who creatively seeks ways to convey her culture to all willing to learn.

Zenab Hassan has been creating for as long as she can remember. To her, the beauty of art is its vulnerability.

Natalia Iturrizaga hopes to make others feel the way she does when she reads something amazing, full of feelings and transported to paradise.

Maria Keener is a Renaissance woman, in love with

Cara Kulhanjian loves to listen to a variety of music as it helps inspire her creativity. She lives through her experiences and passions. Cara's family motivates her, music keeps her going, and life inspires her.

Miniver Kundrata is an English major who plucks the beauty and poignancy from strange dreams and twists them into lucid stories.

Natalia Leal writes lyrics, poetry, and music because of the way it makes her mind feel at peace in a sometimes not-so-peaceful world.

Alisha Loiseau considers writing not only as a way of glorifying God for the talent she has been given but also as a way of tapping into and expressing emotion. Her writing is a tool, one that can entertain and illuminate the world.

Emilio Luna sees art as an all-or-nothing approach to expression.

Bryan Matute is a graphic designer who loves to transform perspective landscapes into creative works.

Samuel Mujica has always been surrounded by music throughout his life. He plays drums and guitar, works around music production, and has fun messing around, making music for the world to enjoy.

Elisabeth Olalde keeps drawing the broken to show the true sense of reality, even when megalomania stagnates in a crack between then and now.

Mia Orris is a senior at College Academy at BC who loves creating. Although she doesn't plan to pursue art as a career, Mia will always keep it close to her with stacks of sketchbooks and clumps of pens.

Hanna Rifaie aspires to become an English professor. She is constantly growing as an individual and a writer. She hopes to learn from every experience delved within.

Cameron Scott loves art for its detail, character, and meaning. Music is Cameron's bread and butter, and he would love to share his passion with you.

Nour Sebaei is a Muslim-American sharing her experiences and perspectives.

Antonio Smith is going for the *P'an Ku* hat trick! He is grateful for everything that Broward College has taught him and for the opportunities it provides.

Victoria Lial Vazquez is a 17-year-old Argentinian immigrant. She has been drawing for years and has recently delved into digital art. To her, painting is a therapeutic way of passing the time, and Victoria doubts that she will ever give it up.

Hannah Vogel is a blissfully bored student who took up photography over the summer.

Olivia Zhang creates art as contemplations of the emotions within and the world around her.

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Our Dear Readers

