



2024

AN ANTHOLOGY OF STUDENT ART AND WRITING
MT SAN JACINTO COLLEGE

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A Desperate Letter from a Werewolf by Luigi Taormina

October 16th, 1838

Hello Dr. Lambert.

I hope this letter finds you in good health.

I've written this letter to find you and your... special services posthaste. Although I thought of the many horrors of the night as nothing more than tall tales meant to scare children to behave themselves, I've come to the grim realization that they are indeed true. I found out about one such horror last night, and I found out after I awoke in the middle of the night, holding Ms. Lester's forearm whilst the rest of her lay on the floor, pooled in crimson blood, and shredded and gored to a point of disfigurement that I cannot begin to describe.

I've figured that her parents are dead by my hands, if you may even call them hands, these monsters, as well. The poor Lesters. I never wish to bid any of my neighbors this sort of distressed rest. And as neighbors went, I gave them my utmost neighborly love. I can't believe what I've done to them. I feel terribly ashamed that I forfeit this family from finding a proper suitor for young Ms. Lester. She was so fair and smart. She reminds me of my late wife, Meredith, in her younger years.

Now, Ms. Lester always had on a perfume that her mother had brought her from the Frenchmen in one of the northern regions5 g1TreMn g)lt agy log tg

Skeletal Sweetheart

by Noemi Saucedo

To have touched your flesh was my greatest thrill;
All my life, it was after you I sought.
Without a breath to give, I'm cold and still;
My devotion will sweetly start to rot.

I lie, beneath a bed of cobblestone,
Buried in the dirt with my love for you.
Oh, won't you join me as I decompose?
My dear, your visit remains overdue.

Black widows weave their webs in my ribcage,
Catching flies where my heart used to reside.
Gone mad from romance, an ending quite strange.
Wearing lace as a corpse, not as a bride.

Messenger bird, a raven from my grave.
Written in ink, in death it's you I crave.

Mothers Daughter by Ava Halligan

I sit quiet, reflecting on the sick, disturbing impurities
of this world
At the hands of a god I had never learned to love.
I gasp for air, for an incentive to pick myself up off the
floorboards
And just as I'm about to catch my breath, I am met
with a cold gaze.
Chilling, but reminiscent of my mothers, my grand-
mothers and those before.

I am my mother's daughter:
A basket case, a legacy of compulsion,
Unwanted and feared by those I hold close.
A Greek tragedy, reminded that self-love will always be
fabled, mythical, and out of my reach.
I am every insult and every slight that has been thrown
my way.
Although I would not go searching for it, if death were
to find me I would not flee.
And if life welcomes me, why must it be so unjust and
cruel?
So I wonder, how I can escape?
How can I escape the inherent predisposition that is my
own ways?

D.
L. B.

D.

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M..... M I..... A..... M I.....



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The Train is a Trap for Those
Confined to Labor
by Gianluca Canseco

The train is a trap for those confined to labor,
An assembly of servants who live on new land.
Your head is full in the humidity of the pack;
So much commotion, so much to be misery.

Many grieve but are fortunate,
Their families still playful,
Far from the fires that
Singed their home.
Rags to riches, fairly distant.

Don ancestral

by Reinaldo de Ferndandez

Desciendo de la Gran Madre y el Gran Padre
Nieto de la Tierra y del Mar
Soy Hijo Primogénito de Juya.
Mis ancestros me honraron
Con el don de la palabra
Para llevar por el mundo
La magia de nuestra Gran Nación.
Soy el Jima`ai de la Poesía,
Coronado con aguas de cristales
Y vestido con médanos de oro.
Mis raíces comienzan en Castilletes
Y finalizan en el Río Limón,
Abrazo la quietud virginal
De la Laguna de Sinamaica
Porque soy pariente de Apañakai;
Mi destino consiste en entrelazar
-mediante cantos celestiales-
La mística añu
Y la esencia wayuu.

Ancestral gift

Descending from the Great Mother and the Great Father
Grandson of the earth and the sea
I am the Firstborn Son of Juya
Honored by my ancestors
With the gift of the word
To carry around the world
The magic of our Great Nation
I am the Jima`ai of Poetry,
Crowned with crystal waters
And dressed in golden dunes.
My roots begin in Castilletes
And end in El Río Limón,
I embrace the virginal stillness
Of Sinamaica's lake
Because I am blood of Apañakai;
My destiny consists of intertwining
-through celestial songs-
The mystic añu
And the wayuu essence.

