International Voices is an award winning annual publication of Westchester Community College students. The creative works showcased here represent some of the diverse experiences and perspectives of the Westchester Community College community. This diversity and inclusive spirit are at the core of the College mission, stemming from the belief that education should be accessible to all and that improving education levels brings benefits, both tangible and intangible, to the community at large.

I often find myself pondering change in this welcome letter, and if ever there were a time of change and transition in education, now is that time, doubly so at Westchester Community College. Even while the campus is still getting to know our new Vice President of Academic Affairs and Associate Dean of Liberal Arts and Humanities, we learned that Dr. Joseph Hankin, our College President for more than 40 years, would retire this year. President Hankin's leadership has been the stuff of legend for nearly half a century, and the task of finding a replacement, currently underway, will not be an easy one. This all comes while major changes in secondary and college education are happening nationally and at the state level. Our new leaders will be tasked with steering the College ahead into the future, a somewhat formidable yet exciting prospect.

As we prepare to face these challenges and opportunities of the future, let's embrace the voices of our community and remember that all voices deserve to be heard. Enjoy!

Sincerely,

Kent Trickel

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international voices 2014
an annual publication
of the writing and artwork
of international students
Westchester Community College
Valhalla, New York
writing editor
Kent Trickel
art editor
Matt Ferranto
selection committee
Kent Trickel, Judy Marano
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to all of the students who
submitted their work to this year's
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posting and advertising the call for
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SPANISH
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ENGLISH
Majoring in Business Administration. Plans to volunteer in local communities and globally and to bring awareness to PTSD.

Kevin Carpintero Bernal
MEXICO
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Majoring in Accounting and Liberal Arts/Social Science. Plans to transfer to Amherst College to study Economics and Liberal Arts.

Ana Chavez
MEXICO
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Part-time student at Westchester Community College. Plans to become an X-ray technician.

Jordan M. Gunn
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Majoring in Visual Arts. Plans to have a career in photography or graphic design.

Kathleen Corgan
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Majoring in Visual Arts. Plans to have a career in photography or graphic design.

Mike Cinelli
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Majoring in digital photography. Plans to continue his studies to advanced degrees in photography.

Stuart C. Baker
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Majoring in Fashion Merchandising. Plans to own her own clothing line and become a successful wardrobe stylist.

Maria Margareta Hoermann
GERMANY | PHILIPPINES
ENGLISH
Majoring in Visual Arts. Plans to become a freelance photographer and open her own gallery.

Chad Yahn
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Majoring in Liberal Arts & Humanities. Plans to become a professional photographer.

Gilecia Dias
JAMAICA
ENGLISH
Majoring in Fashion Merchandising. Plans to open her own clothing line and become a successful wardrobe stylist.

Christelle Dorce
HAITI
CREOLE | FRENCH
Majoring in Business Administration. Plans to transfer to a four-year school to get a bachelor’s degree in Human Resources Management.

Sherallia J. Richards
PUERTO RICO | DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
ENGLISH
Human Services A.A.S. major. Plans to become a Licensed Clinical Social Worker focusing on Psychotherapy.

Kasia Rejzerewicz
POLAND
ENGLISH
Majoring in Liberal Arts & Humanities.

Anne Pecciano
U.S.A.
ENGLISH
Studying photography & art. Plans to continue her studies and grow creatively as she advances her education.

Franciele Rodrigues
BRAZIL
PORTUGUESE | ENGLISH
Majoring in Visual Arts. Plans to go on to a four-year art school to pursue a degree in arts.

Mike Cinelli
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Majoring in digital photography. Plans to continue his studies to advanced degrees in photography.

Kathleen Corgan
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Majoring in Visual Arts. Plans to have a career in photography or graphic design.

Wellington Mackey Jr.
BAHAMAS
ENGLISH
Majoring in Global Business. Plans to attain a Ph.D. in Development Economics and pursue a career in teaching and research.

Jesus L. Gonzalez
PUERTO RICO | DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
ENGLISH
Enrolled in the Nursing program at WCC. Plans to become a nurse in the U.S. and to help others, especially the elderly.

Kasia Rejzerewicz
POLAND
ENGLISH
Majoring in Liberal Arts & Humanities.

Elizabeth Meyer
U.S.A.
ENGLISH
Taking classes at WCC to transfer to The King’s College of New York City in the fall in order to study Politics, Philosophy, and Economics.

Kentaro Nakajima
JAPAN
JAPANESE
Switching from Visual Arts A.A.S. program to Digital Filmmaking A.S. Hope to direct films that will bring the cultural divide between the U.S. and Japan.

Jason Isolini
U.S.A.
ENGLISH
Majoring in Visual Arts. Plans to transfer to F.I.T. in New York City.

Cody Steinmann
U.S.A.
ENGLISH
Always looking to “one-up” himself in anything he does.

Christelle Dorce
HAITI
CREOLE | FRENCH
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PORTUGUESE | ENGLISH
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Although I myself am a millennial male, I must admit I am astonished by the way in which many women in my age group have perpetuated and embraced the very stereotypes the women’s movement sought to end.

Above all, the women’s movement fought to achieve equal pay in the workplace and bring an end to women being viewed primarily as sex objects. Unfortunately, these are goals that we have embraced in theory, and then neglected.

Today women in the U.S. are paid just 77 cents for every dollar paid to men on average, and what’s more, progress in closing that gender earnings gap has slowed significantly since the 1980s.

As for progress on women being valued more for their intellect and talents and less for their sex appeal, Ariel Levy vividly describes the stark and ironic change in self-expression of the 21st century female in her groundbreaking book *Female Chauvinist Pigs: women and the rise of raunch culture*: “Only 30 years ago, our mothers were ‘burning their bras’ and picketing Playboy, and suddenly we were getting implants and wearing the bunny logo as supposed symbols of our liberation. How had the culture shifted so drastically in such a short period of time?”

It appears that women in my generation have adopted objectification as a self-defense mechanism. Rather than being objectified by men, they have chosen to objectify themselves.

This practice is often defended as being a testament to how far women have come in the battle for equal rights, but it is not empowering women, it is resetting the clock on all improvements made to date.

They made a difference, and so can we.

Civil injustices continue to poison our society, but I rarely see my peers publicly fighting back.

Our current Congress seems incapable of legislating on the most germane of issues, issues that directly affect my generation’s future. Therefore, pressure must be applied from the outside—and not just by the top one percent—in order to enact change on the inside.

Yet, the streets are largely empty. Aside from the Occupy Wall Street movement, it is rare to see my contemporaries marching or speaking out persistently against social injustices.

Immediate gratification is something my generation is accustomed to receiving, and when we fail to gain it—when we do not instantly get results on the rare occasions when we do speak out—the cause simply fades into the mists of misogyny, racial bigotry, and unprecedented disparity of wealth.

The consequences of this negligence are impeding opportunities not only for the women of my generation, but also for people from all walks of life. Our progress toward civil rights equality has halted, and if my generation remains disengaged, the suffering that our predecessors endured to give us better opportunities today will soon be negated.

Our civil and income inequalities will no longer be inequalities, but societal norms.
I remember when I first saw him; he was running around eating all the food that he could get his hands on. That’s how he got his name, we called him Greedy. It seems as if my memories of him skipped from the moment he was fighting with his brothers and sisters over food to a point in time that I fractured my arm and he was there for me.

I was about 6 years old when I climbed up on this shelf that was built for the chickens behind the latrine. Even thinking back now, I can’t help but to laugh at it. I started clucking and pretending that I was a chicken until the shelf realized that I wasn’t and it broke. I remember hitting the ground, and as I lay there, I saw the pieces of wood falling on top of me. I took one look at my arm and noticed that it was twisted out of place and I started crying. I remember getting a “nice speech” as my mom washed the mud off of me and then took me to the hospital.

While my arm was in a cast I remember Greedy always being around to cheer me up. We would race through the back yard, he would carry me on his back, and would always be there to give me a hug and make me feel safe.

My father lived in the United States and it was time for us to leave Trinidad and come to live with him. Greedy wouldn’t be able to come with us and I didn’t give that much thought until I was an adult. Now that I look back at it, it hurts me to think about what he went through. The only family that he knew left without him and he did not know when they would return.

I honestly don’t even remember saying goodbye to him. At that time, I didn’t know that we would be moving permanently.

I remember when we went home to visit. He was so excited to see us, and it was great seeing him. We played a lot and he was always there waiting when we woke up. Our visit wasn’t long and we had to go back to our new home, the United States. This time when we left he tried to follow the car to wherever we were going.

I remember hearing the news that he ran away from home and was spotted in the City; they said he looked unhealthy as if he wasn’t eating. Then I remember hearing the news that he passed away; I don’t remember crying. Everyone said that he became depressed and stopped eating and eventually passed away. I didn’t grasp the concept of that at age 9.

As an adult now, my eyes fill up with tears whenever I think about him. He went through so much and it was not fair to him. I apologize to him in my prayers and I hope that he can forgive his family. I picture myself in his shoes; having everyone that I love and care about just leave without understanding why or if I’m ever going to see them again. Greedy was nothing but loyal to us all and I miss him every day. I wish that I could go back in time and never leave his side, as he has never left ours.

I’ve learned so much from him and I wish I could let him know that he is still missed and loved. I’ll never forget the first time that I saw Greedy, running around with his tail wagging trying to eat everyone’s food. He will always be loved and forever missed.
Mom, I made it
I've completed the path
Acquired the knowledge
Surpassed the obstacles
Gained the respect
Mom, we made it
Our lineage won’t feel rejected
Won’t suffer no more
Won’t miss bread and water
Won’t beg in front of “Cathédrale”
Now, may your pain go away
May your tears be those of joy
May your heart be at rest
May you finally breathe peacefully
Cause Mom, YOU made it!

CHRISTELLE DORCE

MOM, YOU MADE IT!
When I think of my immigrant experience my mind almost always hearkens back to the first time I saw snow. It was a big deal for a young man who had grown up in a place where the thermometer had no use for numbers below 60 degrees. I still remember that first snowflake as though it was yesterday. It waltzed down from the jet-black sky, and I saw it just as it caught the light of the nearby street lamp. Down, down it floated and landed softly on my eyelid, clinging there for the briefest of moments and then melting away to nothing—just like my prospects. This was a happy moment surrounded by a swirling sea of unfortunate circumstances, emblematic of my life on an island. I had been in the United States for three months and it seemed to me that this was the pattern—a long and sustained string of adversity broken only by pocket-sized pleasures—that my life was des- tined follow. In the high-stakes game one undertakes in hopes of altering one’s course, by leaving the comforts of the known for the jungle thickets of the unknown, you can break you once you’ve become accustomed to life. I can think of no more a noble pursuit than the cultivation of one’s own mind. 

Mine is not a unique story. There are many individu- als just like me; immigrants who seek nothing but the opportunity to climb the ranks of society through honest work and hard labor. These are wonderful and excep- tional human beings who abide by the rule of law and busy themselves with the work of building a more per- fect union. Yet, these individuals are too often pilloried in the public arena as lazy moochers and law-breaking scoundrels who have come to take away from, rather than to add to the rich cultural tapestry that is Amer- ica. Nothing could be further from the truth, speaking from experience of course, there was a time when opportunity was an utterly American concept. Nowadays this kind of optimism has been overshadowed by a fear I know all too well—fear of the unknown. But this fear, as fears tend to be, comes from an irrational place and offers only a caricatured view of the immigrant. For who epitomizes more, in this age of finger-tip luxuries, the ideals that have made this country the greatest nation on earth than the industrious immigrant? Is this not he to whom all doors were once sealed and with coarsened hands and blind faith, through strength of character and unyielding optimism he has wrenched those doors open. What is more American than that? To him no prom- ise was made that he would not fall through the cracks, he looked up into blank space in utter hopelessness. The silence of it sur- prised me. In the Christmas movies snow had always been accompanied by laughter and kisses, eggnog and optimism. On that doorstep in the Bronx I had none of these. This was such a stunning development because I had so romanticized what moving to the big bad city would be like. I thought by now I would be working in some glitzy firm in Manhattan, drinking lattes on the way to my posh loft in Soho...Noho...Any-ho? Not so. Sinatra’s tune “New York, New York” which, until that point, was on constant repeat in my head came to an abrupt end. Naïveté is the most costly of character flaws. I had lost my place in productive society and been relegated to the economic wastelands of unemployment and want. With no family to rely upon, I had finally come to that major crossroad in my journey; an intersection that I suspect is not unique to my immigrant experience. The question stands to me, and it eventually comes to us all who plunge into this life of a stranger in a strange land: should I surrender, retreat, and return home to the contretemps snarls, the “I told you so” fake smiles, the half-hearted embraces, and the obvious masks of empathy disguising the smug satisfaction? Or should I press on, pull myself up from the wreckage of my crash-land- ing in America and continue my quest? Armed with cold reality, my ally instead of my foe I stood up and faced that street. The choice before me was a simple one—left or right. Left would lead to a long-distance phone center where I could call home for assistance, and perhaps negociate my return. Right was an undefined variable, it could lead to an even more disastrous situation, or it could lead to the thing an immigrant needs most in America— a foothold. Amid withering hopes and pruning despair a light flashed at the end of my tunnel and I grasped hold of the New York state of mind. I decided the paths of drab and slow of better days and milestones triumphs had taken their toll on my worn psyche, but I decided there and then that when adversity came again, and it did with all the frequency and inev- itability of waves to the beach, that I would not become the refuse that gets washed out to sea.

My American odyssey continued and through the struggles and the victories, the late-night shifts, the early-morning trudges, the scratching and the scrap- ing of fingernails against those familiar walls of the pit I had found myself imprisoned by, I found a way out. It took a while, but persistence pays dividends and I finally escaped. Now more than a decade later, after a marriage that was made that he would not fall through the cracks, not become a casualty of progress, and yet he trudges on willingly, all the while obstacles and perils rise up round- about him. For her, whose tenacious labor often yields little more than the modest comforts, no visions of gran- deur blurs the focus of simply making a better life for her offspring, and yet she presses on without regard to the barbs thrown, the tawdry remarks, the dehumaniz- ing characterizations. For many of us this has become just another of those waves of adversity, but nothing can break you once you’ve become accustomed to life on an island.

WELLINGTON MACKEY
These are the two main entries for the word stubborn according to the Merriam-Webster Dictionary. There are also thirty-one synonyms related to that word. However, there is no other word or phrase that I associate more with people who keep their position or opinion even if the consequences are death than Chivo tiene na quen do.

I will never forget that day when I was a child, and I was having an argument with some of my friends who lived on my block. Those arguments were quite common during that summer vacation of 1993 when I apparently was developing my adamant personality and I did not like perder ni a las escupidas (to lose any kind of contest, even the least important ones). After trying to convince me to give in for about half an hour without any success, my buddies left the playground. My mom, who watched the final moments of the three on one dispute, approached to me as my pals were leaving the park dragging their feet, exhausted from all the energy spent in vain and mumbling “qué caprichoso es” (he is so stubborn). Afterward, my mother, who is teacher, took me home and started to work on her most beloved student. That day she told me a story that I have never forgotten, and I finally understood why she would call me that strange name whenever I was behaving in my way.

Many years ago, she said, there was an African slave who was so inflexible. His master used to tease him saying El chivo tiene tres tarros (goats have three horns), and the slave would always correct him saying Chivo tiene na quen do (a misspelled way to say goats have only two). One day, the slave escaped from el barracón and immersed into the wilderness trying to reach el palenque (settlement where slaves escaped and hid after running away from their masters). The master and his vaqueros spent days looking for the slave without any success. They brought dogs with them but the result was the same. One day, the master remembered how persistent the slave was about his position. This time they left the dogs at home, and once they were in the deep jungle, the master started saying out loud, “El chivo tiene tres tarros, El chivo tiene tres tarros, El chivo tiene tres tarros,” and the slave, who could not resist from correcting the master responded; “Chivo tiene na quen do.” “The master and his pawns followed the voice of the slave until they discovered where the slave was hiding and caught him. The slave was brought back and severely punished for trying to flee.

I found that story, perfectly told by my mom, so related to myself that I felt so embarrassed for my behavior with my friends. I did not apologize to them, as expected, but that day I started to try to control my emotions and give in when I was not right. Of course, I am still stubborn, but only when it comes to reaching personal goals or when I am facing adversities. The clearest signal about my change is that my mom does not call me Chivo tiene na quen do anymore, well at least not so often.
She presses her warm cup of hot tea to her lips and takes a sip. She can’t help but think that maybe he was right. Will she find someone that loves her as much? Did she give up a lifetime of happiness for a temporary pleasure? Twenty years from now will she be alone? Will he be loving someone else; love that was meant for her? She’s angry with him for meeting her at such a bad point of her life. With no logical reason, she headed to the plastic green grass. She presses her cold cup of warm tea to her lips and takes a sip.
The rain tackled my window in search of an empty soul.
“Why do I have to be poor?”
My voice uttered upon the ledge.
I avoided being poor
Disliked being Hispanic,
And hid from being gay.
At that moment, the rain seemed liked
my escape into life,
from dreadful spirits,
attempting to acquire my soul.
Please leave,
Please go,
“You’re not welcomed,”
I mumbled.
Flash, freeze, and fill this dream
This endless fantasy,
Which obtained all of me.
For I was a poor little outcast.
I had nothing but to sit back,
Consume the rain water,
And let the substance dilute my veins.
I come from Acapulco Guerrero Medico, where the weather is between 70°C to 100°C year round. Therefore, when my father and my mother decided to send me and my sister to New York, it was such an ordeal for me. I was angry, sad, and especially I felt kind of in a daze most of the time after I was told that I had to go with my sister. They were going to send her, but didn’t want her to go by herself.

We traveled from Acapulco to Sonoyta, Mexico. And from the moment we departed the bus terminal, I felt alone, scared and kind of like in a dream. As if everything that was happening, I was dreaming it, because I didn’t want it to be real. A few hours after we left, we felt the weather change. It started to get cold, and I almost caught a cold. When we arrived in Sonoyta, the temperature was cold, not just weather wise, but being so far away from my mom and sisters I felt lonely and sentimentally cold. And my sister cried most of the time until she would pass out. She wasn’t just leaving behind a mother and sisters, but a 6 month old daughter. I remember trying to comfort her, and trying to make it easier on both of us, but it was very hard when I felt very sad myself.

I was only 14 years old and my sister 17 years old. It was December 23rd when we arrived to Sonoyta, and although we never celebrated Christmas, the family we stayed with on Christmas Eve did. And seeing all that family together was very comforting, but also made us miss our family very much. On Christmas day, we crossed the border, making us farther away from our house, family and the cozy weather we were used to.

We arrived to New York around December 28th. And the cold was a lot worse than in Arizona, where during the day it was warm but cold at night, which we could still handle. I was happy to see my father and my brother, who I had not seen in years, but the cold weather was like a slap on the face for me. It was such a mixed feeling, I was happy, and at the same time very angry and depressed too. My sister and I didn’t have the appropriate clothing for winter. It’s not the same to be able to get some sweaters, and a light jacket, in a warm weather place where you are never going to use a heavy coat, than it is in a place where the weather gets very cold.

I had never seen weather changes like in New York. And seeing spring and all the changes that come with it was amazing. Seeing all those dead trees come to life and the flowers bloom made me feel as though I too was coming back to life. But unfortunately with the weather change, I experienced something new. As everything started to bloom, I started to suffer from severe headaches. It was so weird because I was feeling better and at the same time sick. Soon I discovered that just as many people who live here, I suffer from allergies, something I had never experienced in my country because we never have the weather changes that we do in New York.

Another big surprise for me was summer. It was very hot, humid, muggy, and it didn’t matter how many showers I took I still felt sticky all the time, nothing like the heat in Acapulco, with the sea breeze and the ocean smell in the air. And when it rained there was a soil smell in the air, but here it smelled like mold. Everything was just very different, every minute of every day. And very difficult because it just made me miss my country even more.

Now after 14 years of living in New York it is still hard to deal with every season change, especially winter, but not only for me, people that are originally from here sometimes also get tired of this weather, and many eventually end up moving to places where the weather is warmer. I think after living here longer than I have in my country I learned to cope with the weather changes. And one of the things that has helped is that all my family is living here too. They make it a little easier to deal with the season changes. I now look forward to every season change even if it is to know how it’s going to trigger my allergies and be prepared for it, but also to enjoy every moment of every season, because I know that they are short and I’ll have to wait a long year to experience each one of them again.
THE FIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT

RAWLIE PHILLIP

He pulls the lace to his boot and a dark spot appears
His boot becomes wet from the drops of his tears
Heavy pack staged at the door as he finds the strength to start
Right now the heaviest thing on him is his broken heart
He didn't think he would be alone the days leading up to this night
It's the night that he leaves to go fight this great fight
This man, this warrior, this soldier, this Marine
Fights back tears because she doesn't know what it means
To destroy his heart and leave him empty inside
As he finds the courage and strength to not curl up and hide
Nothing that he faces will be worse than the pain he feels now
Losing the love of his life; his best friend, and he doesn't know how
His first boot is tied and he looks at the time
He grabs his second boot as he tries to get her off of his mind
How could someone be so selfish to someone so selfless
He is willing to give his life for anyone, but now he feels helpless
There's a war going on and that's where he going
He's fighting right now as he fights to stop his pain from showing
His boot is set to be pulled tight and ready to tie
He thinks of her kiss, her warmth, her smile, and he breaks down and cries
His boots get dark again as the tears fall off his face
His broken heart is already shattered, yet again it still breaks
He pulls his laces tight and he thinks to himself
I'm not perfect, I make mistakes, but I loved her more than anything else
He touches his cheek, feels the tears, and then wipes them off his face
He blinked away his blurred vision as he ties up his lace
Both boots are tied, he takes a deep breath, and finds the strength to stand
Up rises this Marine, this warrior, this soldier, this man
He grabs all of his things, he must leave now its time
He shuts the door as he leaves, leaving all of his feelings behind.
PAIN AND JOY
RAWLIE PHILLIP

Pain?
Shall we call it pain?
Yes, let's call it pain
For it tears at your skin,
Your flesh,
It suffocates you;
It hurts!
Where is the blood?
This blood needs a wound
Where is the wound?
Is it the lump in your throat?
The knot in your stomach?
Or the stabs felt with every
Beat of your heart?
Pumping blood through your body;
To your fingers, to your toes
That must be the blood
The blood from your wound
The wound is your heart
This heart is the source of your pain
This pain?
Let's call it love.
Joy?

Shall we call it joy?
Yes, let's call it joy
For it makes you float with the clouds,
Fills you with happiness,
It takes your breath away;
It's amazing!
Where is the source of this high?
This high needs a drug
Where are the drugs?
Is it just fumes making you dizzy?
Fluttering butterflies tickling your stomach?
Or toxic doses given with every
Beat of your heart?
Pumping drugs through your body;
To your fingers, to your toes
That must be the source of this high,
The high from the drugs
The drugs is your heart
This heart is the source of your joy
This joy?
Let's call it love.
I never went fishing in Mexico as a teenager, but after arriving at Westchester, I would spend summer hours fishing in the Irvington Reservoir with my only relative in the U.S., my cousin Hugo. He lives in Bristol, Connecticut and would drive miles just to pick me up and go fishing. I barely knew the basics of it and he wasn’t an expert either. Most of the time we wouldn’t catch anything and it made me doubt his skills as a fisherman. Whatever his motives were, it was clear that we weren’t there for the fish since there seemed to be none. Every time somebody asked him about his weekend he would respond: “I went fishing”. Although he wouldn’t admit it, what he really meant was: “I went to the woods to think and meditate”. Yet, I guess he used “fishing” as an excuse in order to avoid being judged as someone depressed. Once there, it was very hard not to meditate in the scenically beautiful reservoir that hypnotized and made you feel humbled just by looking at it. Sitting on separate rocks the introspection would start, I could see it through the peace of Hugo’s eyes and body.

In that place, the most significant aspects of my life were seen through a pure filter. I could clearly think about my past, and my influences. I analyzed my mother’s relationship with my father who felt intimidated by my mother’s independence. He wanted her to stop working to dedicate to household duties. So, when my mother ignored his demands, he resorted to violence. After this my mother had the courage to leave my father for the well-being of herself and her children. I said “courage” because a lot of women stay in destructive relationships. Sometimes they are too embarrassed to show a failure of a relationship, and other times they depend financially on men. My mother’s courage and independence are aspects that I carry with me and have helped me challenge myself academically and personally. Her problems, her responsibilities working and taking care of three children, and her courage, made all my difficulties in this new country seem dull and insignificant.

“Fishing” for Hugo and I became a spiritual ritual. It was a time to reflect and recover our humanity which was sometimes lost through the challenges imposed by the industrial world of machines, the “God” technology or senseless competition. Although existent in Mexico, these aspects intensified in the U.S. and I had to adjust effectively to them.

Those summer days, through “fishing,” I caught past challenges by analyzing my mother. Later I trapped serenity to understand my current situation, and finally I gathered strength and motivation to continue my adventure. Trust me, I didn’t leave the reservoir empty-handed. From time to time we return to the reservoir and, if people ask, we say: we are just fishing...
CHLOE

Blonde hair hazel eyed Chloe sat in the booster seat as I drove

She sat next to my son in the back seat as I drove down the road

2 am and they’re both wide awake telling on each other

He doesn’t like sleeping in his bed, he likes throwing his water

He hides in the closet and doesn’t eat his food

Daddy she doesn’t brush her teeth and daddy she’s always rude

Eventually she got quiet and I thought she was sleeping

“I don’t have a dad”, she said almost weeping

“Chloe don’t cry”, I said not knowing what else to say

Is it ok if you’re my daddy just for today?

Of course, only if that what you would like

Okay daddy she replied as they continued their fight

RAWLIE PHILLIP