



internazionale

國際

internacional

international

international

국제

διεθνής

международные

Voices

welcome

All Westchester Community College students are invited to submit their own writing or artwork for the next edition of *International Voices*. Faculty members are also encouraged to recommend exemplary student work for publication. All writing and artwork submissions are considered although priority is given to material with an international or multi-cultural theme.

submission guidelines
writers

use MS Word, plain text, or RTF format with minimum custom formatting
artists
digital photos or files in .psd, .tiff, or .jpg format
resolution should be 300 ppi
everyone

a cover letter email that includes:
your name
the title of your work
your phone number & email address
your mentoring professor's name (optional)
your native country & language

please submit your writing and/or artwork by email to
InternationalVoicesWCC@gmail.com

deadline for *International Voices* 2020
January 31, 2020

International Voices is an award winning annual publication of the writing and artwork of Westchester Community College students. I have had the privilege of working on this publication for the last fifteen years, but it has actually been around much longer than that. Throughout its history, *International Voices* has provided a forum for our students to let their voices be heard in a world where they are often silenced. They have shared their stories, their emotions, and their lives with us. In honor of their contributions over the years, this year, I'll let them speak for themselves. Enjoy!

Sincerely,



Kent Trickel
international voices spring 2019

Yugoslavia, the country where I was born and where I spent the most beautiful part of my life - my childhood, a time in my life that will never happen again, a period forever captured in one particle of time, in one small piece of space, in one cell of my brain. At the same time, it is the most painful period of my life, because this innocence was shattered by civil war.

Civil War in My Home Country by Natasa Koljancic
International Voices 2006

They elected their leader based not on the color of his skin or his origin but on his character. That day prejudice hid in the deep, dark corner. She knew her fearful squeak didn't stand a chance against the roar of courage. Although I know she is not gone, and at times invades our minds, and we all get scared of things we don't understand and things that are diverse, I truly believe she will not take over our hearts.

Tree by Anna Powell
International Voices 2010

We hid and slept amid the carpets in this dark, scary place without electricity, without running water and without a toilet. Only one meager meal a day was brought to us. This meal consisted of water and Chinese noodle soup that failed to satisfy our hunger. With our teeth, we tore the plastic that covered the carpets, chewing on it to try to alleviate the emptiness we felt in our stomachs.

My Journey to Freedom by Tsering Keyzom & Sanford Zevon
International Voices 2013



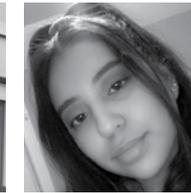
ANDREA C MESA
COLOMBIA
SPANISH
Engineering major. Plans to use the knowledge in science and math to try to solve some of the environmental challenges that society is experiencing now.



RONALD GUTIERREZ IBARRA
PERU
SPANISH | ENGLISH
Plans to continue writing and become an Environmental Engineer.



ADRIAN G ABRIL TORRES
ECUADOR | UNITED STATES
SPANISH | ENGLISH
Business Administration major



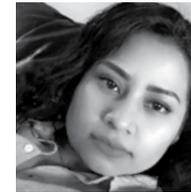
ABIGAIL RODRIGUEZ
MEXICO
SPANISH
Plans to complete Art History degree at WCC then transfer to a university abroad and study art history in Italy or France.



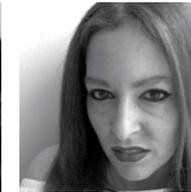
DALIA POLANCO
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
SPANISH
Plans to pursue a Fine Arts Bachelor's degree, work as a nurse and live in retirement as a painter.



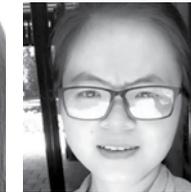
SHAFRA SHAFEE
SRI LANKA
TAMIL
Early Childhood major



LILIANA DEL CARMEN GARCIA PORTILLO
GUATEMALA
SPANISH
Nursing major. Plans to graduate from WCC and continue to complete her education toward a registered nurse license.



LOREN BARON
ISRAEL
ENGLISH
Visual Arts major. Plans to graduate in May.



HOAI CAO
VIETNAM
VIETNAMESE
Computer science major. Plans to work as a data scientist in New York City.



KOMAL SHAHEEN
PAKISTAN
URDU | PUNJABI
Teaching Assistant Certificate. Plans to encourage intellectual, social and emotional development of students as a teacher.



DALTON RODRICAST
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
SPANISH
Liberal Arts/Humanities major. Plans to learn as much as possible and pass all his assignments.



DUBRASKA ALEUZENEV CHINCHA
VENEZUELA
SPANISH
Plans to finish a nursing degree in order to get a better job, keep helping her family in Venezuela and keep helping herself in everything she does.



GÉRALDINE RUSSELL-BALISSAT
FRANCE
FRENCH
Plans to employ the new skills in photography and filmmaking she's acquired while attending WCC to create documentary productions of all kinds.



DIANA KOGOS
UZBEKISTAN | USSR
RUSSIAN
Plans to paint, design, travel and learn new things.



SEAN MCALARNEY
UNITED STATES
ENGLISH
Economics major. Plans to continue studies in economics or International Affairs.

ADRIAN CONTRERAS
IRAQ
ARABIC
Networking major

BENJAMIN YIU
UNITED STATES
CHINESE
Performing Arts major

VALERIE GLEESON
IRELAND
ENGLISH
Liberal Arts | Social Science major

STEPHANIE MARTINEZ
GUATEMALA
SPANISH
Early Childhood major

GJOVANI ZAGREDA
MONTENEGRO
Business Administration major



my father's story

Adrian G. Abril Torres

In hindsight, I would never advise anyone to get here the way I did, nor do I condone my actions, not because it was illegal, but because of the uncertainty of making it here at all. I laugh as I look back. I had only planned on staying for a few years, it's been thirty-one now. I've built my whole life here. Although, I still think about going back.

My father's death is what finally pushed me to leave. Later that week my sister came to me, and she asked if I wanted to go to the U.S. I personally never had any interest in leaving, but at that time I felt as if Ecuador didn't have much to offer me. There was never a concrete plan; what was certain was that my sister gave me money and told me her husband, Patricio, would be waiting for me in New York. First, I would get on a plane from Guayaquil to Guatemala. During that time, I would have to find my way into Mexico; from Mexico across the border to the U.S. My last dinner before leaving was dismal. My brothers and sister were there to see me off the next day. My Mother had prepared one of my favorite meals: crab, plantains and rice. My mouth watered at the sight of the steam rising from the crab. I could smell the ocean from where they came from. I was ready to dive in and devour the food, but everyone was silent.

This silence took me back to the hospital, to the benches that lined the hallway with the flickering dim, sky blue light. The doctor walking out of my father's room and not saying a word, he didn't need to. His eyes spoke with such empathy and anger because he could not prevent his patient from passing. Now, it would be my turn to leave. That thought brought me back to the dinner table where my family was staring at me. They stared at me with such sorrow as if I was a visiting ghost. My mother started tearing up as she bowed her head,

which caused a tear to roll off her cheek. She began to pray, as did the rest of my family. The fear that this meal would be the last I would have with my family rushed my body; a fear that I will never see them again. The entire situation was mortifying. I glanced above my mother and there was this painting of The Last Supper. It made me laugh. I was glad that no one noticed me because it would have made the situation worse.

The next day was heavy as well with all the despair and crying. I almost stayed because leaving was too painful. It was time, though I finally got on the plane and it took off. The only other time I left the country before that was to go to a bar that was a few miles into Colombia. Now I was on a plane for the first time, starting my journey to the states. I was nervous at first, but that passed fairly quickly after the plane took off. I carried a bag with clothes, water, my passport and some documents. As the plane soared through the dawning sky, I thought to myself, I would be entering a new country, a foreign world, as if I was an astronaut exploring a newly discovered planet.

On the plane, I had one priority, I had to find my way to Mexico before we landed. The sooner the better. I overheard two other men discussing their plan to get across the Guatemalan border. I didn't go up to them at first, but the closer we got to our destination, the more worried and desperate I started to feel. So, I spoke to the two and they told me they had someone waiting for them in Guatemala. I asked if they could introduce me to their connection. They agreed, which allowed me to relax during the last half hour of the flight.

We landed and wasted no time getting into Mexico. The two men, I can't recall their names, introduced me to this other man who were helping them. As I shook his

hand, I knew I couldn't trust him. Raúl was his name, and if I remember correctly, he wore a dark trench coat and the collar was lifted to cover his face. This made me uneasy, and I asked myself, "Why does he cover his face?" It could've been that he wouldn't want us to recognize him, or so that no one else sees because this was illegal business, of course. Anyway, he told us how we would cross a bridge that goes into Mexico. After we cross, we have to wait for a bus that stops there. The bus would take us to a small airport. From there, we would fly to the border city of Tijuana.

That night, the two men and I started to make our way into Mexico. The rain poured down relentlessly, the air was humid and warm, and steam rose from the ground making it look like it was boiling. The rain was intolerable, the warm drops cascaded down our skin dragging our clothes down tripling their weight. We didn't even know what was waiting for us on the other side. It could have been Raúl with more people waiting for us to get across Guatemalan border, so they could kill us and take the rest of our money.

All we could do now was to keep walking.

We were fortunate that we didn't have to wait for the bus and that Raul was telling the truth. The bus sat there as if waiting for us and only us. We got on and felt the cool air from the AC. It was blissful, but only for a few seconds since our drenched clothing made us feel like we were in a cooler inside a meat locker. I thought the bus ride would be a good time to rest, but only until I knew the other men were sleeping.

When I woke up, I felt as if I was thrown back into the bus. The first thing I did was check under the insole of my boot to see my money was still there. Thankfully, the other two men were still asleep so they didn't witness

this. The sun was just rising, but there were too many clouds for its light to shine. The city looked unwelcoming and I soon found out it was also unforgiving.

In Tijuana, I always had a feeling of insecurity. I didn't sleep during my time there. After the bus ride, we went to a hotel to rest and prepare to cross. The two men and I parted ways once we got to the hotel; I don't even know if they ever made it across. We wished each other luck and that was the last I heard of them. At this moment, I had to get in contact with a coyote. They're shady people who you can never turn your back on because more likely than not they will betray you. I've heard of stories about these people. One story where one guided a group of people into the desert and at night while they were sleeping, he took all money he could find and left them stranded there. Another where one of them was guiding a group of three and killed them all while they were sleeping.

I didn't want to come into direct contact with a coyote, so I joined a fairly large group, maybe fifteen or twenty. This was better because I was able to blend in and there was less of a chance the coyote would try and pull something. We attempted to cross that night. We didn't get very far because there was too much activity from the immigration patrol. We stayed put to see if an opportunity would come along. It never did.

At night, we had to burn tires so we wouldn't freeze to death. All we could do was sit in the cold and listen to the blades of helicopters cutting against the wind, until a helicopter shined a spotlight at us. I remember the coyote yelling at us to get away. I didn't feel the cold anymore, all I could think of was running. I didn't know where I was going, or if I was going to get captured by immigration. I just ran into the night.

I ended up back in Tijuana just before daylight. It was

a cold morning and everything had a slight blue tinge to it, but it was still rather dark. Most of the group made it back as well and they were just as impatient as I was because that same morning, we made another attempt. It didn't even feel like twenty minutes. There was a noticeable difference how everything looked between moonlight and daylight. During the night before everything seemed never ending, while we were trying the second time everything was so clear. We were told we made it to Chula Vista, near San Diego. Next thing I knew we were at a trail trying to cram the twenty or whatever number of us into this van made for eight. I had managed to fall asleep on the ride, which was a miracle because my face was pressed against the window the whole way. From San Diego the van took us to Los Angeles. Once there, the door swung open and we all stumbled out. I was disorientated by the blinding sunlight, so I had to sit down for a few minutes. This one kid dislocated his shoulder, but I'm surprised it wasn't broken because it was completely out of place. Once we were all out and settled, the driver asked if any of us were going to the airport. I was the only one that stepped forward. Then the driver told me he would take me there, so I got back in the van and we drove off.

I didn't worry too much about the flight to New York. Everything was taken care of ahead of time. As I got out of the van, the driver said once I got to New York I should leave the airport as soon as possible and get a cab to wherever I was going. He wished me luck and drove off. I walked inside to an ocean of people, they all looked different. Some wore suits, others wore fancy clothing and others wore regular clothing. Some were white, others were black, some of them even looked like me, yet I couldn't feel more alone. I felt paranoid walking around so exposed that at any moment immigration could just grab me and send me back to Ecuador. I kept looking over my shoulder.

Once I got on the plane, I sat down and felt relieved that I got through. It wasn't over yet, I still had to get to my brother-in-law. He was waiting for me in Mount Kisco.

Mount Kisco, I could not forget those two words. On the plane I kept repeating those words. Trying to learn an English accent so that the cab driver could understand.

As the hours passed by, I became more anxious. Then finally, we landed.

I didn't waste any time leaving the airport, I didn't care if I looked suspicious. I got into a cab and it drove off. I don't know if the driver knew where Mount Kisco was, or if he was trying to rip me off because he was driving around in what I now know is Queens for what felt like hours. It wasn't until we were at a stop light, this woman was asking a question and she noticed the meter. She asked me where I was going, and I replied. She told me to get out and that she would take me herself.

I couldn't express how grateful I was. I paid them a hundred dollars and she drove off. The woman, whose name I can't remember, dropped me off at a gas station in town (currently an AT&T store). I called my brother in law on a pay phone and he told me to wait a few minutes. I didn't realize how cold it was until I hung up the phone. I grew up in a coastal town called Balao, and it was never below fifty-five degrees. So, I shivered at the gas station for ten minutes. Throughout that time, I spent a few minutes staring at the clouds my breath made. My ears went numb from the cold, so did my hands. I wondered how much longer I would have to wait there. I stood under a street light beaming yellow onto me just to pretend it was giving off heat. Then I started pacing around within the ray of light. Back and forth, getting colder. I saw headlights in the distance coming closer, but they never stopped. I watched as the glowing red tail lights disappeared into the night. I looked back in front of me and a car was there, the window rolled down slowly.

A voice came out of the car, "Oswaldo?"

I was so relieved, I nodded my head because I was too cold to speak. Patricio got out of the car.

He came up to me and gave me a long hug and said, "You made it, brother."

His voice was reassuring. I was tired and I wanted to just lay down and sleep. He didn't live very far from the center of town. When we got to his place, I collapsed onto the couch and truly got to relax and not worry about anything. I was here, in the United States. I planned to only stay for a few years, It's been twenty-eight. I have a wife and three kids. I built my life here.



GÉRALDINE RUSSELL-BALISSAT

When I was fifteen years old, Isabel, my friend, asked me if I knew how to get a good poison to die. I had no answer. That day, I thought all day of my friend's request. I loved my friend so much and I was determined to find something to help her. Immediately, I arrived home and I took pencil and paper, and I wrote a strong recipe. After I finished, I put the recipe inside a little bottle, and the next day I gave it to my friend. She was concerned but she took it! After that something changed for both of us. I have to confess I kept the receipt and I use it during my desperate moments.

This was the recipe:

This life is a lethal poison. We are inside a misery bottle called existence. Today my friend, I give you some drops of essence from my soul (maybe the antidote is not going to cure the poison, yet I hope a smile, a tear or an instinct will emerge from your deepest feelings.) If life is our enemy, we must fight with dignity. We cannot be easily defeated! I refuse right now to be an easy victim. We need to extract courage from our pain, and prepare the weapons against this poisonous life.

Both of us know that, at the end, the poison will stop our heartbeat, but it is imperative to resist. Your enemies always hate your victory, so give to life innumerable reasons to be discouraged:

-Cry when it is required until you get exhausted, but when the wind changes direction please laugh with an intensity capable to reach the gods' ears.

-Dance with the rain.

-Enjoy all the colors of the sky, and if it is possible don't do that alone.

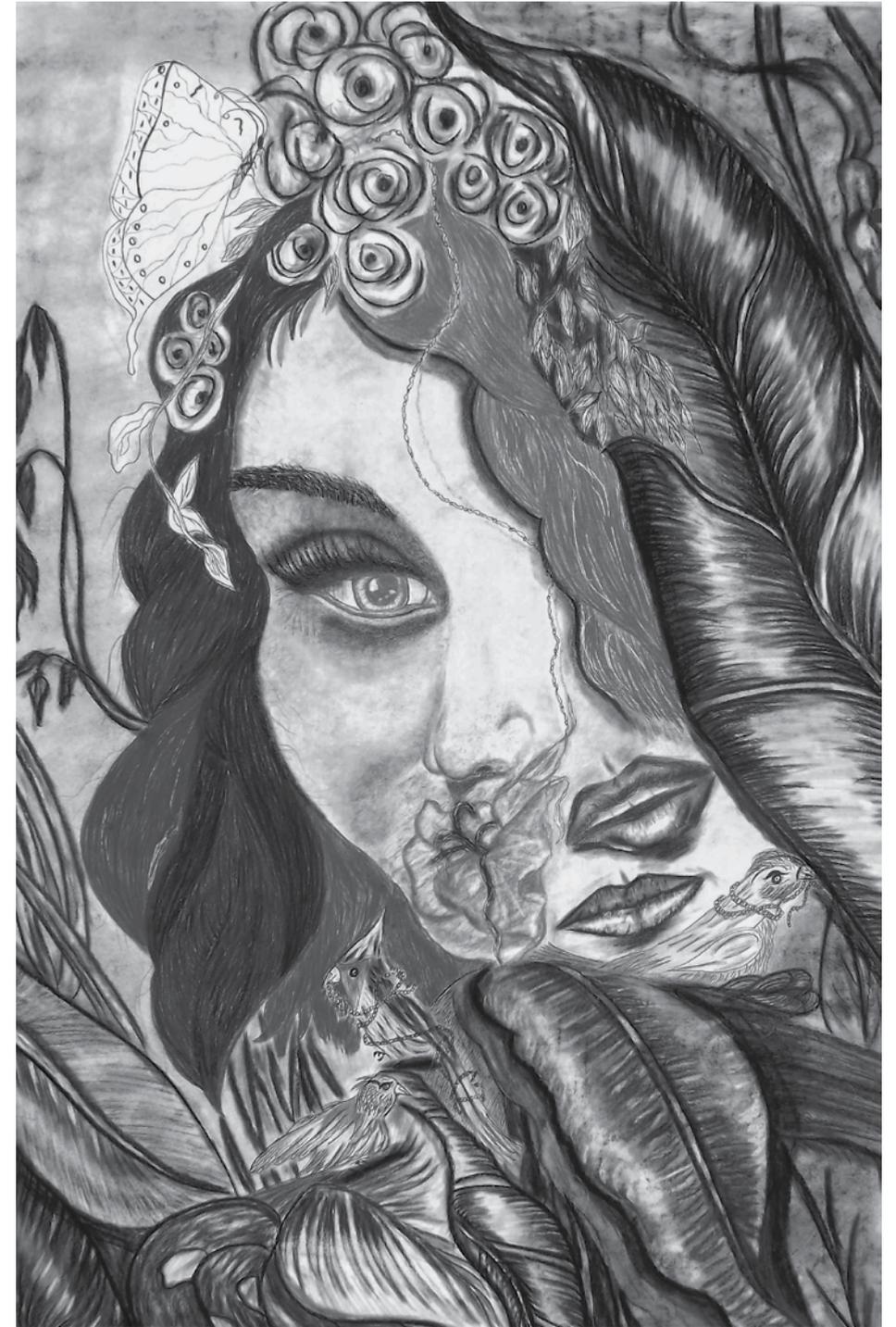
-Steal the stars and make a shiny collar with them. Roll the collar around your neck and walk straight-strong-beautiful. If in the middle of your collar you find the asteroid 325, as it is called on earth, the asteroid B612 (which means Be fabulous) please do this: Check if the little prince is there and check if his rose is still alive. Then look at the stars and imagine he is still smiling.

-Find someone to love.

Let's make a pact. We will give us permission to be happy, and we will find a way to shut down sadness while we dance with happiness. We must fight this battle, day by day, drop by drop until the last drop of the poison extinguishes our light.

Andrea C. Mesa

poison for a woman



DALIA POLANCO



DIANA KOGOS

SHAFRA SHAFEE



Quetzal

Liliana del Carmen Garcia Portillo

Quetzal bird of my

Lovely country

I have nostalgia for you

You saw me grow

You taught me what I know

Now I am so far from you

I am missing your songs that always give me joy

Your songs every morning wake me up

And every evening the silence that you give to our nature gives me peace.

Lovely Quetzal sign of my flag

And name of the currency of my beauty country Guatemala that I can't ever forget

Dear Quetzal you will forever remind me of my roots I will always have you in my heart

Because you are the means of freedom and the emblem of my country as a sign of loyalty and friendship

Dear Quetzal when you fly through the cloudy mountains and volcanoes

You remind me of the attractive nature of my lovely Guatemala

Dear Quetzal you will forever and ever be unforgettable to your loved ones in Guatemala my dear El Quetzal.

 Stephanie Martinez

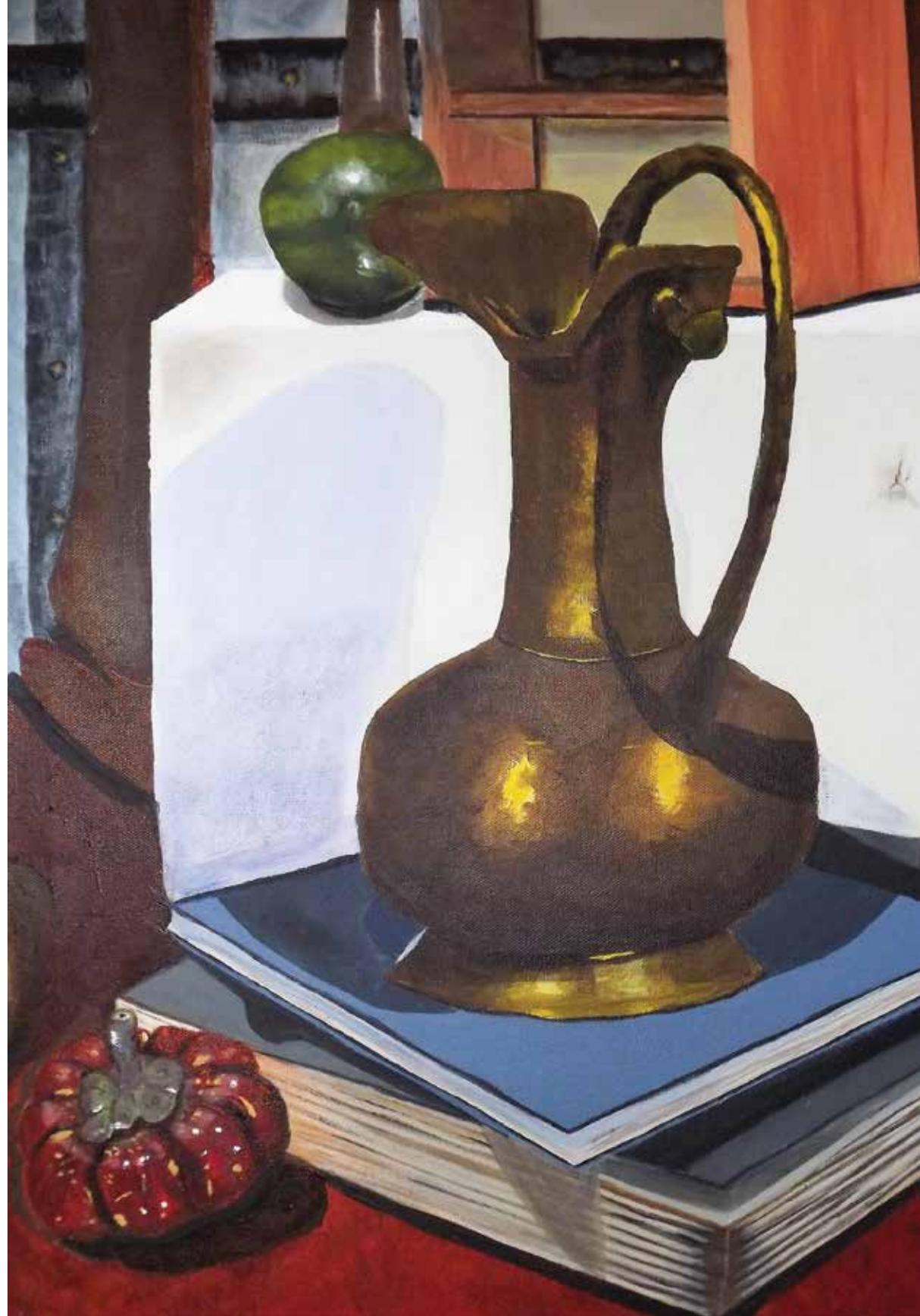
M Y F I R S T T I M E
I N A M E R I C A

Guatemala is a great country full of nice people and beautiful traditions. Guatemala is the country where I grew up. Like the majority of youth, my dream was to come to this country since I was little. I decided to come to the United States at the age of eighteen. The decision was not easy because all my family and friends are in Guatemala, but I knew that in the United States I was going to have better opportunities than in Guatemala. Therefore, I prepared myself to come to this country. My uncle bought my ticket, and I was happy because I was going to reach one of my dreams.

The day that I flew to the USA I was nervous because I had never taken an airplane before. Thank God everything went well in the airport in Guatemala. I did not have any problem. Everything was in order. At that moment I was happy. I was thinking everything is going to be the same in the USA airport. Unfortunately, everything was the opposite. When I came to the airport there were three lines. One for citizens, one for residents, and one for visas. The signs were in Spanish and English. At that time, I did not speak English, so I was looking for signs in Spanish. Therefore, I went on the line where citizens were because I am a citizen of United States. After a couple minutes a security officer approached. He was the one that was controlling the lines. Before it was my turn to pass emigration to stamp my passport, he asked me to show him my passport. He asked me in English,

and I said to him that I did not speak English, so he asked me in Spanish, but in a rude tone. He said, "American and you don't speak English". The way that he said it was like he was mad, and he said many things that make me feel uncomfortable. It was embarrassing too because there were many people around. He made me feel small just because I did not speak English. After emigration stamped my passport, he followed me and tried to pull my purse just to ask me if I had somebody that was to pick me up at the airport in a rude way. Fortunately, my uncle was waiting for me outside. I was scared that everybody in this country was going to discriminate against me for not speaking English.

After a month of being in the United States, I took some English classes, and I started to work at Lyndhurst museum. I thought that everybody was going to be the same as the guy in the airport, but my perspective changed because in my job nobody speaks Spanish, just my uncle and me. At the beginning it was difficult to communicate with the people in my job, but my boss is an understanding person, so he always spoke to me slowly and with patience. Everybody there was doing the same. Now, I have four years of being in the United States, and it is good to know that there are good people willing to help others to improve. I have learned that not everybody is going to be the same, and we cannot give up just because of one bad experience.



العراق IRAQ

ADRIAN CONTRERAS

Iraq you have a pretty face
Underneath all the scars lies the once inhabitable place
From the mesmerizing altitudes of the Zagros, to the adulterate drought of the Tigris
Painted in your heart lies the Skirmishes that taint Democracy
For you are not responsible for the forces who pillage and uphold autocracy

Why me, Why me I shout to the heavens
Iraq you have a pretty face
Undeniably decaying from the natural forces, you have an interesting case
From the Flooding that ravaged your nation, extending to your closest friend Iran who you have
had disputes on occasion

To the West lies Syria and Jordan, both who share the same abuse
To the East lies your companion, who can help heal your scars
From within you're blessed with gifts
Comprised of Arab and Kurdish minds, culturally there is a rift
Why can't we get along, Why me, Why me I shout to the heavens

Iraq you have a pretty face
Comprised mostly of the Syrian desert, what a breathtaking place
Along the coast lies the Euphrates, the river that supplied water throughout Mesopotamia
The artificial activity construction of dams and irrigation have left so many displaced
Why me. Why me I shout to the heavens

IT'S TO GERMANY I WOULD

Hoai Cao

In the European sky I would fly
Denmark, Poland and France to pass by.
There in the south, the majestic Bavarian Alps to admire
I can't wait to see
Greensward and feel the breeze.
Yes, it's to Germany I would fly, one day.

Visit the country by the North Sea
Whether warm summers
Or mild cloudy winters
Because the weather
It's just right.
Despite storms, hail or floods
I don't mind.

It's to Germany I would fly
Where exists Schwerin Palace
Stands there, on an island alone
Just one and only.
Red rooftops
Scattered on the hill
Ancient
And peaceful.
But Frankfurt, no
A place of skyscrapers
The German pride, the German future.

And somewhere among those cities
Smoke pipes can touch the sky too.
The sun seems to get tired
Being bothered by the dark clouds.
I think I hear someone crying
Somewhere in the East
Oh, the Baltic Sea!
It doesn't like being fed, maybe.
"Sewage isn't my favorite", it said
Waste for breakfast and rubbish for lunch.
Those advanced techniques don't help
"People want to live well"
"So do I"

It's to Germany I would fly
To Berlin, the city of history
Where the wall once existed
To protect or to divide?
The way to my uncle's house, I couldn't find.
If it hadn't been for those wars
Many families would have been whole
But it's all over now
In Germany's sight and in Germany's mind.

FLY

Benjamin Yiu
Where do we belong?

Follow the path they carve
Eat whatever we can
There is no path away
Fewer and fewer can stand

Our people are placeless now
Nowhere left to roam
Wandering another's land
How we wish for a home

My brothers and sisters vanished right before us
Taken away at dusk
Has history taught us nothing?
Will I be next?

Sean McAlarney
Climate Change

There was a blizzard.
Trees were covered by snow.
Peace came with the cold.

Dalton J. Rodricast
Set me free

Look at me!! Can you see my scars?
Feeling of anger as big as the ocean
Can you really see it? Let me fly,
Let me touch the sky

Look at this rainbow with colors
I can't describe, red, blue, yellow,
As bright as the sun can shine

Picture it, I see it now, the reflection
Through your eyes, I heard their voices
Screaming help us!! Help us go
To the other side
Come take my hand we will run
Until there is nothing else
To cry and never look to the past

Now we are free like birds we can
Open our wings and fly away,
And never come back

venezuela beyond socialism

DUBRASKA ALEUZENEV CHINCHA

I really love the place where I was **born**. It is called Venezuela. That country had everything **that** I thought I needed. I spent my first 20 years there. **Everything** that I knew was in that country. I graduated **from** college, I had my first job, my friends, my family, **literally my** whole life was there. My father loves to travel so **my family** and I knew every single state in my beautiful **Venezuela**.

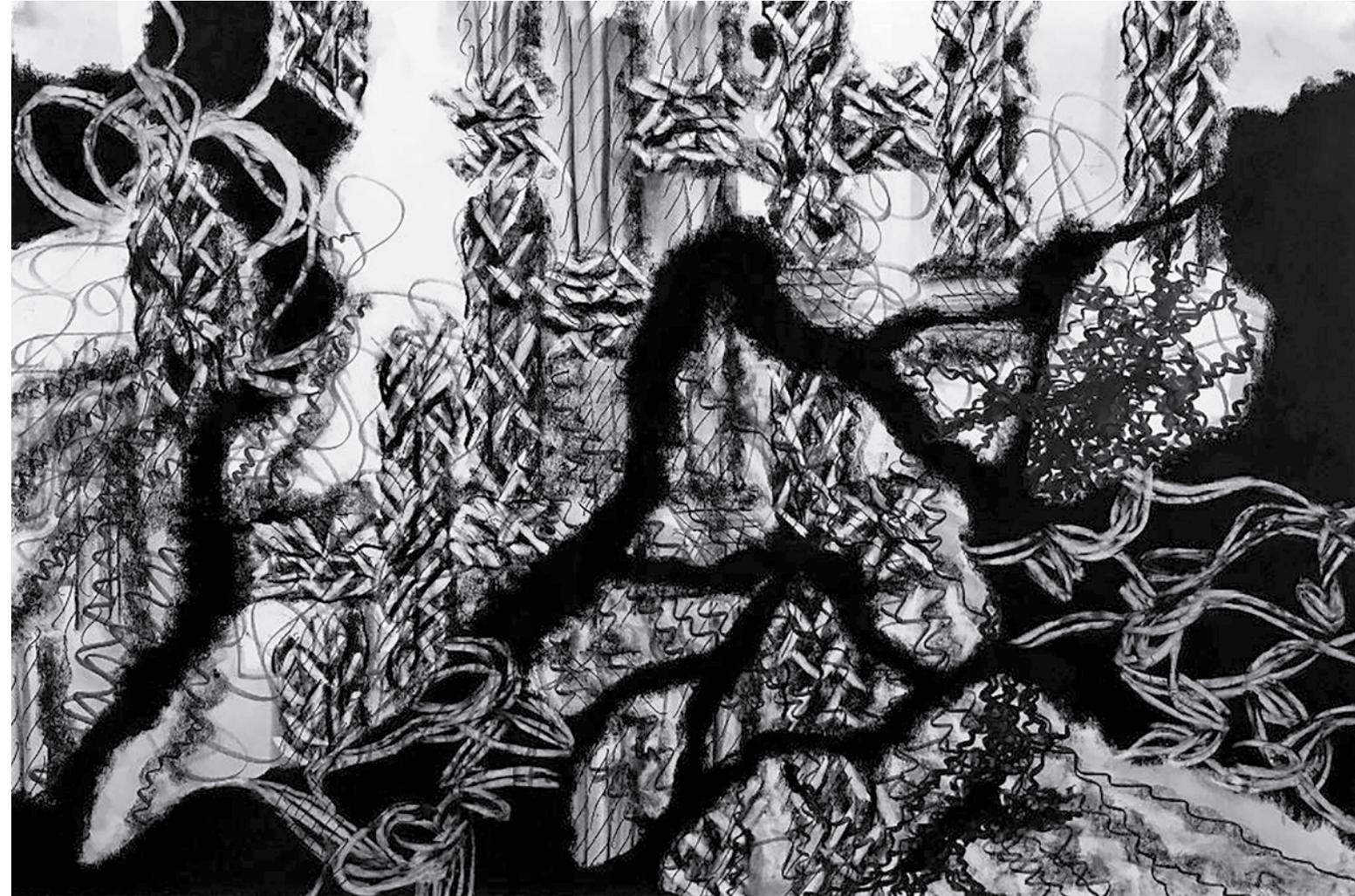
We had a president named Hugo **Chavez** who believed in socialism. He thought that **everybody** would have to have everything equally. For instance, **if one** resident had two cars, which he/she worked hard **to deserve**, he/she must share it with someone who **does not** have any. After Chavez died, things only got worse.

In 2013, a bus driver, without previous **knowledge** about politics, assumed the powers and responsibilities of the president. In that year, the country started **to go** down. Some families were taking just one meal **per day**, the insecurity was to the point that you could not **go out** after the sunset because someone could rob you or **even** kill you for a pair of shoes or a cellphone. I knew I **would** never have my own car or my own house because the **salary** would never be enough.

In 2017, my father gave me the option to leave my

country, my friends, my family and start over in a foreign country with another language that, of course, I did not speak. Because of the situation in my country, I was forced to accept. He gave me two months to say good bye to everybody and everything that I knew and get ready to move to the USA. At the first moment, I was so scared because I had never been on my own and I knew I would have to pay my bills, my food and everything that I would like to have.

I studied English for 6 months and I realized it would never get better unless I practiced it. Because of that, I found a job as a cashier in a supermarket where I had **to** speak English because otherwise my coworkers would **never** understand me. At the beginning, it was bad but **after** a few months I felt confident with my “new” language. Nowadays, I am who runs the front end in that supermarket. If anything happens, the cashiers will call **me**, and **I** am the one who would solve the problems. **If I cannot**, I would contact the store manager. I never **imagined** myself in another country besides Venezuela, **but I am so** proud of me. All I have to say is thanks to **everybody** who makes this possible and thanks America.



LOREN BARON



GJOVANI ZAGREDA

Valerie Gleeson
Tenacity

He could have destroyed its majesty
The winding Danube sapped and parched
The Zugspitze humped over in despair
The landscape lost forever
The fertile lands made barren
A populous country made despondent

He could have destroyed its acquaintances
Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands
A reprieve from the Allies esteemed
To end the oppressor's grip
But he didn't destroy it
It's diversity as living proof

Could it have destroyed itself?
The Baltic Sea spewing out its belly
More to the bouquet of warm summers
Winters bleak and stinging
A natural casualty endured
Costly adjustments to resume

Reunited as one again
Returned to its just splendor
Now she is minding it
And all watch on in awe
The powerful domain opening it's doors
To make reparations of the past

Komal Shaheen
The Crown of Death

Life is wearing
The crown of death.
Plans and goals,
Hopes and dreams
So organized, disciplined and full of desires
Moving forward
But a few steps behind,
Death is watching him
Eagerly,
Laughing at his innocence
Capturing his last breath with the
Crown of death
Depriving him of all his hopes
Now he is part of the past
Plans, goals, hopes,
Dreams and desires
Are far behind
Life is wearing the
Crown of death

If I put my mind to it
 I could fly higher than eagles
 scratching the skies and space
 or destroy armies and empires
 or illuminate dark shadows
 with the brightness of a thousand suns
 burning in my eyes

perhaps I could compose songs,
 whistle beautiful melodies
 and that songbirds
 shut up and listen to me
 or whisper powerful shouts
 that silenced
 the sound of crashing waves

if I put my mind to it
 I could be a poet
 and from my hands
 verses, poems
 and some sonnets
 could come out

or I could multiply
 the breads and fish
 like someone
 has done so
 many years ago

but I'm so young
 newest
 in this decrepit world

If I put my mind to it
 I would do
 all of these things
 but I do not want to
 and I better
 go to sleep
 my sleepy
 dream.

Ronald E Gutierrez Ibarra

*(rather sleep
 doops #rather) doops #rather)
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 (rather sleep
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ABIGAIL RODRIGUEZ



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