



LaFrontera

Laredo Community College Laredo, Texas Copyright © 2015 All rights reserved

EDITORS
Nancy Herschap and Alan Webb

NGLISH DEPARTMENT

Amelia Arguijo

ART DEPARTMENT Eva Soliz

DIGITAL REPRODUCTIONS Mary M. Bausman

LAYOUT/DESIGN Ricardo Limon

MARKETING & PUBLIC RELATIONS
Steve Treviño Jr.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS



Whether it be a painting or a poem, a short story or even a photograph, an inspired and honestly created work of art is both an illustration of the creator's worldview and at the same time a work independent of that worldview. It may be popu-

lated with actual characters such as in a short story, or even fanciful wording and forces of emotion as in poetry. It may even just consist of shades of color and light and the use of empty space. Nevertheless, each work stands



as both a representation of the creator and independent from that same creator, a separate reality. As such, it becomes a world unto itself populated and occupied by the various techniques, processes and characteristics that identify that particular work. Therefore, as you look through these pages, you are not just seeing perspectives and worldviews, you are vising worlds

Thank you.

Alan Webb and Nancy Herschap

INVISIBLE POSE

by Sonia Guzman



On the cover Photograph

Contents

THE APPLE IN MY EYE
by Jacqueline Torres
CAREFUL
by Valeria SanMiguel
THE BEAUTY OF LIFE
Corina Carranza
HOME
by Samuel Cumings
COLLAGE IDEA
oy Mary Ramirez
STAND UP TALL
by Dulce Alonzo
LOST
by Carina Sanchez
GRAPHITE STUDY
by Eric Magallon
JNTITLED
oy Kassandra Silva
BEATING HEART
by Megan Chacon1
JNTITLED
by Anonymous
RATTLESNAKE TONGUE
by Dimitri Garcia1
MY MOTHER IS ALWAYS RIGHT NEVER SHOULD I DOUBT
by Yvonne Garza1
BLESSED
by Bryan Cardenas
CONVOLUTED
by Gloria Perez1
TO BEE ME
by Jaqueline Torres1
MEMORIES
oy Nadia Vela1
T WAS A NAUGHTY SOUL
by Daniel Faz
FLOWER 3
oy Oscar Gomez2
GOODBYE
oy Ricardo Vasquez2
GOODBYE
y Brenda Machuca2
CARDINAL
by Dimitri Garcia
MY SWEET BABY
by Cristina Aguirre2
SHE DEVIL
by Daniel Faz
ROADRUNNER
by Dimitri Garcia
THE FEAST
by Sergio Garcia2
SELF PORTRAIT oy Amanda Villegas2
N THE CLOSET
by Anonymous
THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER by Luis Nodding
MY OTHER HALE
MY OTHER HALF by Alda Loyola
MY OTHER HALE

THE APPLE OF MY EYE

by Jaqueline Torres

Sweeter than honey; smarter than many She's all that and a bag of gummies Her name is Natalia, which means Christmas day A gift to me in every way.

Her hugs are warmer than a summer hue Her touch as gentle as the morning dew Her heart has depths beyond all measure She's one of a kind; my beloved treasure

Her love is purer than diamonds and gold Whose heart weighs more than I can hold Her voice is soft an sweet, not bold But cries out "mom" like a billy goat

And every day she's dropped at school She turns and smiles to wave goodbye Not once; not twice, but three times too Don't know a better way to start my day, do you?

I know she's there because she hums Or cuddles with me to stay warm She'll often reach out for my arm To hang on me just like a charm

I tuck her in to sleep at night And pray so that the mites won't bite She slumbers to her heart's delight With smiles and snores until daylight

She always thinks of others first The beggar down the street, the most I could go on and down the list She might be a philanthropist

I've got to share about her gift She almost sounds like Taylor Swift When aided by the pitter patters Of those two hour evening showers

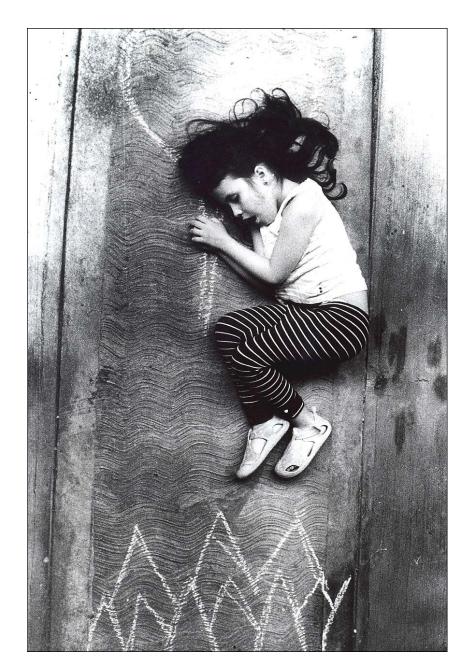
But her real talent is one that you can perform You cannot try; you cannot practice You must have it when you're born The best things about her, she didn't even learn

I am by far the richest mother And do adore my lovely daughter Who can be shy, and even mellow But her laughter can cheer up any fellow

These are but words I can express You'd really have to meet her, I confess She does say mommy please and thank you daddy And she's not even trying to impress

Although she thinks that I'm her hero She's spread my wings just like the sparrow To be forever freed from sorrow And feel the promise of tomorrow

I cannot feign and will not lie Now I can laugh and sing, or cry My heart and soul can never die She is the apple of my eye.



Black and white photograph

If you will stand by me, when I have wronged you my dear friend

If you will hold onto hope, as the world nears its end

If you will fight for peace, when all you've known is war

If you will give wholeheartedly, even when you are poor

If you will keep to your faith, when tempted in gold

If you will speak for the meek, when silence is all you've been told

If you will dare to do what is right, when you have lived all wrong

If you will dare to take flight, when you have fallen for so long

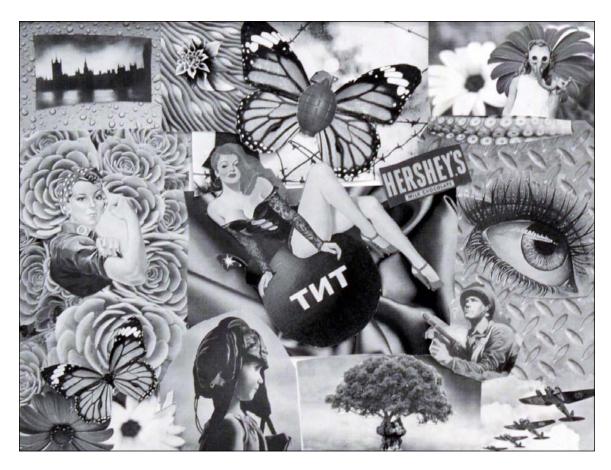
And if you will dare to love past yourself, and with all your being

It becomes at last! We are finally seeing 👍 Here I sit around all day being told to go outside and play the one who tells me to get out is the one I feel badly about

"Big Brother" supposedly a good influence fights with "Mom" all day since the incident telling me to feel safe on my bedroom floor yet I feel the need to press my ears against the door

They try to reach for stars yet live on Mars The home abounds with wars and simply starves pretending to be the best leaving only the lonely ones who made this mess

Falling through the cracks on the ground now waiting for others to rise and take the bow.



Artwork

He raised me well, Every day without him seems like hell. I miss his hugs; I miss his laughter. I wish he could've stayed after.

The day he left.
I believed that God himself was a thief.
I was so young. I was so mad.
How quickly,
He had taken my dad.

Who would I go to? Who would I turn to? I needed guidance. Man! I hate this silence!

I'm no longer mad at God.
Yet I continue being in awe
about his poorly made decision.
But I forgave him under one condition.
Don't take my brother away from me!

Being young and so lost
I felt like I now had to be the boss.
Stand up tall and do my best,
He would've said "Kiddo beat the rest!"

Even now that he's gone
I carry on with
morals that he taught me.
Still I hear him saying that he loves me.
He never left me

You sit quietly in your chair

Your eyes dart all around

I slowly attempt a conversation

But you don't make a sound

You don't recognize my face

I see confusion in your eyes

To you I am a stranger

To me that is a lie

I remember everything about you

How your eyes would twinkle when you'd speak

Everything is different now

You can no longer find what you seek.

Lost.



Artwork

Who ruined your capacity to love So that you treat someone so cruelly To use them and abuse them until they're only a ragged doll on the floor Who tarnished your heart and soul To make you a stone cold statue Who only crumbles and explodes at the touch of another human being instead of thawing to the people who give you the love you deserve

Who ruined your capacity to love You are beautiful You are unique Do not fear rejection For those who reject you only reject themselves So take the hardened heart from the hollow in your chest and put it in the fire as it melts it, warms it, fills it with a burning desire for there are those ready to love you Fill you with the burning ember that will consume your body and soul

Open your heart Let it free to roam about to those who choose to accept it Take off the mask you've held tightly around your mind Do not fear those who will judge it The complexity of it knows no bounds Take off the clothes that have covered your naked and awe-inspiring soul For it bears much fruit

fruit ready to be devoured and rejoiced

Whoever ruined your capacity to love is not worth all the wonder and joy you have brought many So let yourself be accepted, for it is the only way to accept Let yourself be adored, for it is the only way to adore Let yourself be opened, for it is the only way to open another Let yourself be loved, for it is the only way to love 🏚

A beating heart

Has but one goal

To ward off

What torments the soul

Trial and Tribulation

Prove no gain

As a broken heart Stings with pain

Burning deep within

And pulsing through my veins

But the strength of the soul prevails

When all else fails

Time heals all wounds

And tomorrow my heart beat will remain .



You lost our trust

You lost our respect.

Look what you did

What did you expect.

She was just a girl

Innocent and pure.

For what you did to her

There is no cure.

Forgive and forget

We just cannot.

How can you pretend

Like what happened did not.

You lost our respect

You lost our trust.

All that you are

Is just a bust. 🚯





Photograph

"Fat, ugly and stupid," my mother always said.

"Never should you think you are better than someone else

because you are not.

Get that through your head.

Never would a guy look at you and like you.

Be aware of that.

If you lose weight, you are still going to be ugly and miserable.

People laugh at you.

Understand that you deserve it.

A monster to this world is what you are.

Happiness is not for you to accept."

My mother is always right...never should I doubt.

"Have you seen yourself in a mirror? You are a disaster!"

Maybe now I understand the reason why people turn their heads when they see me.

No one wants to see an ugly, fat person like me.

"You are a stupid and irrelevant individual in this world.

Deal with it.

No one will consciously like you.

If your own family doesn't like you, why should another individual?

Friends? You don't have any.

You will be alone for the rest of your life."

My mother is right, worthless I am.

"People talk to you because they feel bad.

However, deep inside they are frightened and uninterested in you."

Mother is always right...never should I doubt.

"Don't you dare pursue a career or strive to achieve greatness.

That is not you.

A fat, ugly and miserable person like you doesn't deserve anything."

Never for a second do I doubt because I remember mother is always right

.....but now I understand my mother was never right.



Blessings surround me and I know you are here, calling me, beckoning me, drawing me near.

I see wickedness evil, even in myself and I fear lurking danger which, in this world is so close.

Hold me, show me that You are even closer, watching me, guiding me, for Your love is so much bolder.

You prevail above all in wind, in might, in perfect song. And I know above all Your love defeated "the fall".

I put aside these fearful thoughts, at least for now, because you, your love is a song that eternally resounds.



Artwork

--Part one--

I am the buzz in the open fields In search of yards and garden meals To help, go mate and procreate Maintaining crops and farmer's fate

Don't scream, don't swat, and please don't run I'm just a buzzer having fun That's striving to survive the gun Of poisons and polluting scum

Because some see me as a bug A pesky thing that they should slug The plight does not just affect me But all of life and diversity

Besides, without me, what would you do? You'd have to work much harder too! To spread the dust that makes the goo Providing sweetness for me and you

Over bird baths. I am the first To hover, sip and quench my thirst As reigning gueen of the colony I watch your tongue turn nectar into honey

But drop demure, I will seduce And show you how I may produce In waggle dance my royal jelly To satisfy your rounding belly

--Part two --

We've worked so hard to build a hive That we can make our own and dive I'll marry only you, my lord So baby you can cut the cord

But if you're going to be with me You must stay faithful to the tee Or face the only destiny My deadly sting will bring to thee

When hearts are right and love is true You'll make the choice to be here too Without regrets or feeling blue You have free will, what will you do?

But let us not keep up the farce That keeps us both just playing parts And when it really matters most You're nothing more than just a ghost

But life is short and much too sweet I wouldn't want to miss a beat To have a chance to finally meet The one for me who brings the heat. 👍 They stay within our minds, deep in our hearts, and engraved in our souls

The ones we lost live here, brought to the surface only when we are reminded of them by some random coincidence

They hold laughter, tears of joy, and tears of sadness

The ones we lost live here, in every tear that falls from our ever searching eyes, in every breath we hold, and every quick embrace

They carry words with the wind, shine with the stars, and sway with trees

The ones we lost live here, in every smile that kisses our lips, and the words that escape us in our dreams They come to us as we find solace in our sleep, with distant calls to bring us closer and a hand held out to take ours in

The ones we lost live here, in the clouds and in the rain, in the birds and in the grass, surrounding us with everlasting love

They push us when we feel we might give up, when time does not heal, and the days gone by bring no peace

The ones we lost live here, in our broken hearts, mended souls, and searching thoughts, in our unanswered prayers

They are gone, below the ground, up in the clouds, out in the sea, atop a mounting peek, from the depths of our hearts to our deepest soul

The ones we lost live here, only in our memories 🏚



Burning, Writhing

In that melancholy fire pit,

Dowsed in shame,

and never ending agony.

Christ pretended not to know me,

even though his eyes know otherwise.

The gates of paradise,

The ethereal pastures,

The promise of eternal rapture

All crumbled before my tainted eyes

And I fell

And fell

And fell

And fell

Until I ended up

Where I am now.

God's blinding face

Now pitch darkness.

Souls around me

Shrieking and shrilling,

Voices

Noises

Rivers

Flames

Rivulets of excrement of the earthly

And the divine

Never go still.

Former seraphim

And gimps of God.

They revel in our cries

Our pain

And our bane.

All while St. Peter or whatever heavenly patron

stands by those enormous gates

With his book of memories

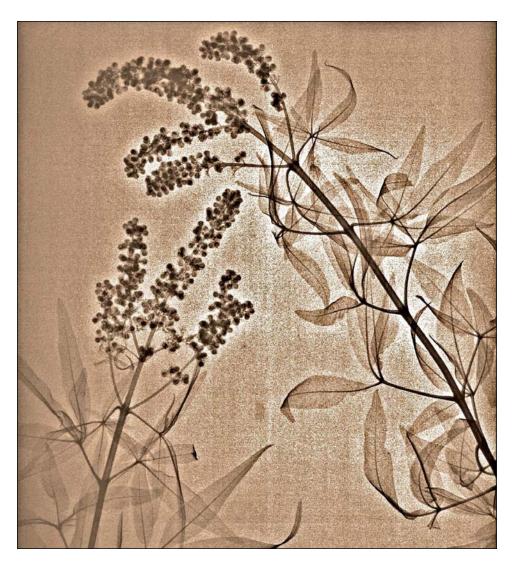
And the author's good and naughty list

Brings in others

To that kingdom

Of lobotomized souls

Called Heaven ...



Artwork

There will come a time when the roses won't be red

The flowers won't bloom for they'll be dead

The sun won't shine for long

And the birds won't chirp their song

The time is coming fast and not slow

You will leave, forget me, and let go

I tell you I'll miss you and I'll keep in touch

But deep inside, I know this is too much

And although you don't see me cry

You notice the sadness in my eyes

I'll see you one last time, we'll hug, we'll cry

Because I know, this is our last goodbye



I love you mom,

It was time for me to grow my own wings

But, I don't want you to feel pain

There is no one to blame

I don't want you to feel lost in sorrow,

Remember that for you there's still a tomorrow

The last seconds of my life, I thought about you

Don't forget all the memories that I left behind,

A new life opened for me

Don't think that in this tombstone I just lay,

Tell everyone that I made it far away

It hurts me to see you cry,

But I see so much darkness in your eyes

Just remember I will always be right by your side

And I'm sorry for leaving without saying, Goodbye





Artwork

I did not know what I had until I knew you

You were so small yet I could feel you move

Everywhere I go I feel you

Call me crazy but I see you

I know you felt every tender squeeze

And now I feel your presence in every gentle breeze

So happy you made me

only for a short while but you changed me

and even though your sweet voice I'll never hear

and my secretive eyes will forever tear

just know that it is just temporary

for I'll be good on earth to see you in eternity



A heart of luminous darkness

A trance inducing voice

Your presence, an incandescent shadow

Your kiss, laden with poison.

Fatal ecstasy

Hellish copulation

Drown me with affections

And passion

An incarnation of fantasy.

The roses. They scream as they wither,

Becoming more sublime, as they wilt

Your venomous lips,

They make me shiver,

Defile the temple of God

Undo what he painstakingly built.

Your hair

Is as enchanting as Raven's plumes,

Your skin,

More pale, more beautiful

Than death herself.

Sow the seeds of desire

But you don't reap.

You torture me, I torture me

With your image, and your touch

But, it's all nothing but

Tinsel words

Tinsel darkness

And tinsel grace.

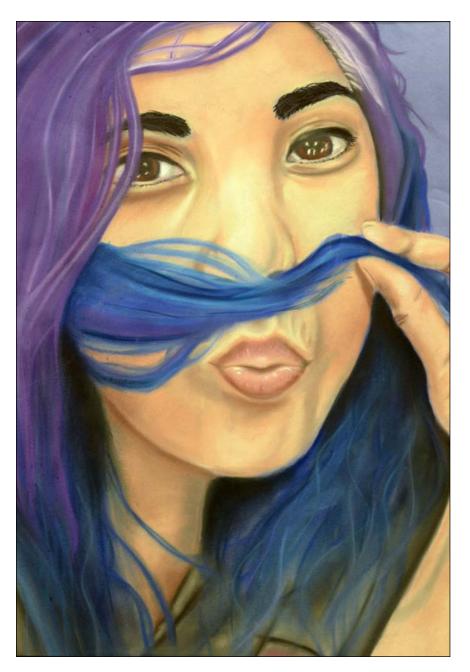
You're a liar. 👍





Artwork

A half-lit dining room Strangers all Watching countless people Go in and out All in black dress In and out a swinging door Bringing out endless trays Of gourmet abundance Everyone happy, everyone content Watching as their food makes it out the door That swinging door, where black comes out People await for their turn to dine.



Artwork

My Kind of Perfect She is my Perfect kind of drug, The one to ease my pain, She is the Perfect kind of LOVE, Though she can drive me insane. She has made mistakes, But she is still Perfect for me, Because when I made mine, All she gave was mercy! Tearing my Heart open from inside, But holding my guard up or otherwise, Caring too much is my weakness, Though she's the Perfect LOVE. There is no one else I would rather have, She has always been meant for me, Because when I feel trapped inside, She is the only one to set me free! She is definitely my kind of Perfect Love A great-grandmother ended her life With a pure heart but dirty hands She was owner of a beautiful farm Cows, chickens, trees made the perfect background.

She fell in love with a nice guy Both worked on the farm The home full of love and harmony Three beautiful children born in this house.

One day, things turned hard They had to sell everything Just one thing survived this time The love and harmony for their old life.

Now a little house was their home Start climbing again, the fall was close to the floor Both working shoulder to shoulder again The great-grand father back to the city as policeman.

Under responsibilities, he went to work A strong feeling resided in the great-grand mother Dark days came, he was shot to death More hard times arrived in this little home.

Many years later, a gentleman brought light again But mystery was a strange feeling He gave comfort, love and happiness. Short time passed, and his mask disappeared.

Drinking was his addiction, and violence his hobby Once he tried to abuse the great-grand mother's daughters And once was her warning to leave her home The next day, this gentleman lived six foot underground.

Again alone, continue her life But now with peace around her Today the story is just a myth And few know it is true.

Sister you are the light of my eye.

You are the one that keeps me right.

Through thick and thin you are always there,

with a big loving hug to always share.

The smiles and laughter you bring to me

are something I would like the world to see.

As each passing day I see you grow,

the happiness in my heart completely shows.

You are more than my sister,

You are my best friend.

My love for you will last till the end.

I love you sister,

more than you will ever know.

You are my other half,

and with you I am whole.





Artwork

Administration

Dr. Juan L. Maldonado PRESIDENT

Dr. Vincent R. Solís VICE PRESIDENT FOR INSTRUCTION & STUDENT SERVICES

Dr. Nora R. Garza VICE PRESIDENT FOR RESOURCE DEVELOPMENT

Ms. Deirdre Reyna **COMMUNICATIONS & INSTITUTIONAL** EFFECTIVENESS OFFICER

Mr. Luciano Ramon INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY OFFICER

> Ms. Nora Stewart CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER

Mr. Orlando J. Zepeda CHIEF OFFICER FOR FACILITIES AND **OIL AND GAS INSTITUTE**

Board of Trustees

Mr. Mercurio Martinez Jr. **PRESIDENT**

> Mr. Allen Tijerina VICE PRESIDENT

Ms. Cynthia Mares SECRETARY

Dr. Leo G. Cigarroa Jr. TRUSTEE

Mr. Rene De La Viña TRUSTEE

Dr. Gilberto Martinez Jr. TRUSTEE

Ms. Michelle De La Peña TRUSTEE

Ms. Jackie Leven-Ramos TRUSTEE

Ms. Ernestina 'Tita' C. Vela TRUSTEE