

La Frontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.



A Publication of Laredo Community College

LaFrontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.
2015 Issue

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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 populated 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

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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 and 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 queen 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 peak, 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 under-
ground.

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

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