

LaFrontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.



A Publication of Laredo Community College

LaFrontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.
2017 - 2018 Issue

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

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When we open the pages to the selections of La Frontera's 2017 issue, it is a celebration. We enter a world of kaleidoscopic dimensions and access unique perspectives from students and instructors alike at Laredo Community College. And it is here that we, various individuals, merge and morph into one, just as Walt Whitman, the American Bard, philosophizes in the first three lines of "Song of Myself".

*I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.*

The song within you becomes the song within me and my song becomes yours.

Aim the camera. Grip the pen.

Swirl the paintbrush as we raise our voices from the songs within each of us to the Song of Ourselves.

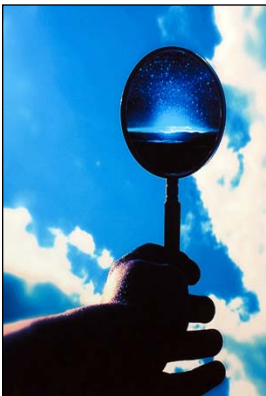
Many thanks to all who raised their voices in songs.

Nancy Herschap and Alan Webb

Contents

CONCRETE by Marco Platas	3
YOU by Andrea Covarrubias	4
DREAMWEAVER by Kaitlynn Castillo	5
STAR-CROSSED by Samii Vela	6
NUDE WOMAN by Claudia Zepeda	7
EXCERPT FROM A LONGER POEM by Adely Cruz	8
SILENT PRAYER by Yesenia D. Salas	9
WAKE UP by Lauren Adame	10
FATHER by Jenna Somar	11
A FATHER'S LOVE by Valerie Solis	12
PRETTY by Jenna Somar	13
FREEDOM by Arian Delgado	14
CAUTION by Jenna Somar	15
MOTH-LIKE MYRA by Tiffany Castro	16
PERSPECTIVE by Sonia Saldivar	18
THE GOLDEN HORSE by Kevin Quirino	19
HAVE YOU EVER ASKED YOURSELF? by Erik Montes	20
THE PALOMINO LEGACY by Osvaldo De Leon	21
ROCKY SHORE by Edgar Moreno	22
THE VAQUERO CAPITAL by Jessica Gonzalez	23
SNAKE CHARMER by Jenna Somar	24
SEA OF TREES by Leticia Lopez	25
NORTH CENTRAL by Jose Tavizon	26
LOVE IS by Candice Barrera	27
FORGOTTEN PIPES by Alex Salinas	28
CHOICES by Christopher Esparza	29
HOMELESS by Hilda Gaytan	30
THE LIGHT by Cynthia Gaytan	31
DISSECT by Callan Johnson	32
SOBER by Manuel Escobedo	33
BOB by Sandra Alvarez	34
STAR BELIEF by Alexandra Esparza	35
LADY by Galia Robinson	36
PUNCH, HIT, KISS by Cassandra Sandoval	37
LOVE IS A GHOST by Diana Vargas	38
STATISTICS AND GRACE by Yemima Yanez	39
BLACK EYED CHILD by Sara Alonso	40
GO VEGAN by Diana Pelayo	41
BIRDHOUSE by Bandon Sanchez	42
THE SWEET TASTE OF IRON by Jaime Hernandez	43
I AM A C.O. by Oscar Ramirez	44
CIRCUIT DIMENSION by Marco Gutierrez	45
DEMON'S LIES by Jessica Vargas	46
SMOKING by Alejandra Ramirez	47
TRIPPY SHIT by Manuel Escobedo	48
LEAVING by Jenna Somar	49

SCRUTINY by Callan Johnson




On the cover
Photograph



Artwork

The fire in your eyes
It burns and very well could be my demise
With good reason did they name you Lord of the Flies
Yet mesmerized I watched you set fire to the skies

Ashes poured heavy from the stratosphere
Your mere presence left the world paralyzed with fear
Demons crawled and people fled from here
I woke up and discovered you were just a dream. 




Color Photograph

I'm scared this affection will end in a tragedy.
All these dirty looks, people are mad at me.
My heart aches for you so deeply.
But disaster will follow us continuously.

Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou?
You'll stab yourself in the heart trying to get out
of the toxic waste I leave all around.
Trying to catch your breath after you hit the ground.

You are so stupid picking me,
from a crowd of vast variety.
Were you that blind? Obviously you didn't see,
the burden I cause, too much baggage for us to be.

Maybe I'll run away,
hoping to see your face for one last day.
Oh! I am so torn trying to escape your grasp,
at the same time being chased by my past.

If I had the will to be selfish I would.
Baby, I need your love, without it I am no good.
I care too much to break your little heart.
Forever star-crossed my love; till death do us part. 



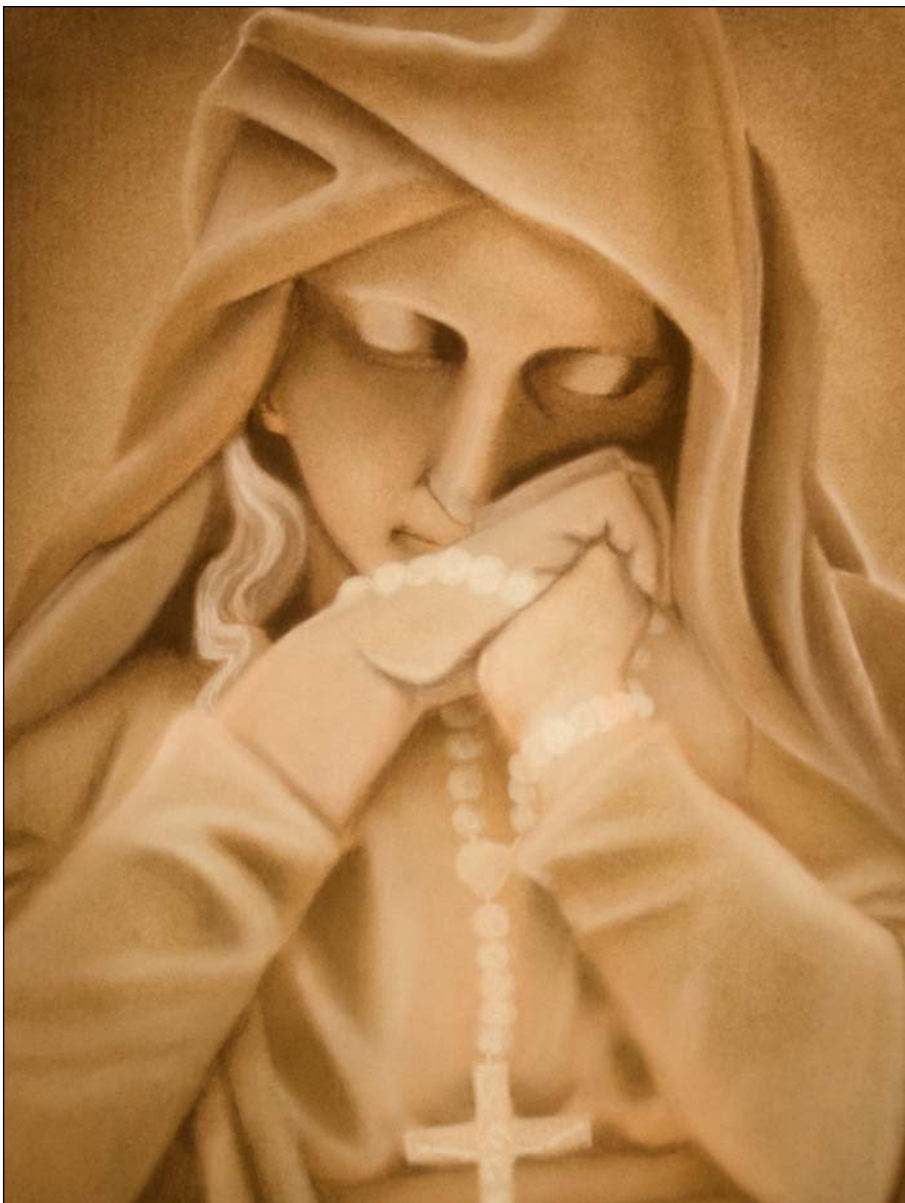
Sepia

So, I want to be a poet.
Whether I know it and rhyme simple diction like stoic and heroic
Whether I write about existentialism or describe romanticism as quixotic,
I know what I've become; I'm a dead poet writing.
It's not truly about death, less about being a writer
But about the hyper headaches I get trying to decipher
Whether I want art to imitate me or myself to imitate art
I know what I really am; I'm a dead poet talking.

No, not as in I feel I am depressed
Even though it wouldn't surprise me, but I digress
It is seemingly that in my search for truth
All the years I've spent on it along with my youth
I never found the correct words, the correct records, the correct chords
To put together the tangible stanzas to keep my story from going awry
To distinguish the difference between decades after I'm alive from when I die
I know what I am; I'm a dead poet walking.


When the narration's meant to be active, I was in love with idling
To myself, an adjuration titled The Truest Cause of Death is from Stifling
Counting the minutes in the form of pondering, wondering, squandering.
There I lay depriving my mind of fostering
And the expansion of my soul was hungry and becoming narrow
It was a legacy founded on patience and better tomorrows
I know what I was; I was a dead poet alive

So then, I want to be a poet.
What I truly desire is for my spirit to linger
I hope they don't say, "She wished she had the voice to be a singer."
I hope they don't say, "She was good at making words rhyme."
I want them to say, "What would she do if she had more time?"
The answer to it should be ambiguous
Up to the poem we wrote in others' lives, which kept our own in continuance
Up to the ashes and their sound, where our libraries to burn to the ground
Up to the series of events that led up to where we are on our last day
Where we are no longer dead poets dying but an essence that can say;
I keep being a poet. ◆



Sepia

I kneeled at the open casket and peered down at an empty vessel that once was filled with a goofy smile and family guy jokes now nothing but a shell. The veil of death made him look like a wax figure. Tears filled my eyes making the room look like watercolors, blended with the brush of unfeeling. His jet black hair slicked back as he always had it, hands cold and dead as the soul inside me.

"Wake up." I begged, "Please. Wake up." He never did. I was a child when my happiness and innocence was stolen from someone I once prayed to. I lay years later as a woman curled up and blanketed in the coldness of my tears as I'm used to. Every night for five years I was confronted in darkness and consoled by emptiness. The little girl in me died the day he did. As I got older it became harder and harder to live. I often imagined the freedom of death. Sometimes I question what the point of living is. Is there a God? There is always an empty part in me that cannot heal. I cry not just because he's gone, but of the fear he must have felt as he struggled for breath. Did the thought of no return fly through his mind? The thought of "This is it?" Did he fear leaving? He knew he was dying. My mom was in tears giving him CPR begging him not to close his eyes. That was the face he saw before he died. A face of fear and desperation. He must have been so scared to carry the burden of knowing he was about to enter the other side. What if it's just darkness? He doesn't deserve that. He deserves heaven. If there is one. I cry for the little girl who lost her father. I cry for the father who knew he was leaving his family behind. I cry for the mother who broke two ribs trying to save her husband's life and how she blames herself. I cry for the woman who will never have her father walk her down the aisle at her wedding and for the children who will never meet their grandfather. I cry as I write this, wondering where I'd be if he never left. I cry because I miss him. I cry because I know how it feels to be numb. I know what it's like to look at your dead parent while holding their hand wishing for them to open their eyes. I know what it's like to grow up in a day, and every time I look in a mirror I see a girl who is empty. I see the scars of pain in her eyes. I feel for her. I still have dreams where I keep begging him to wake up, but his body lies limp. I wake up empty and cold like him when he left this world. 



Black and White Photograph

We were his two pairs:
a pair of boys and a pair of girls.
A perfect family is what we embraced,
the love of a father is what we cherished.
The things my father said,
helped me to be a strong individual.
But I was a believer of empty promises,
a loving daughter who once had faith.
The home we built is now abandoned.
Plans that were once made are now dust,
As years go by piles of dirt turn into mountains.
The love that was displayed became brutal:
A blunt object bludgeoning its victim,
making this bruised body weak and broken.
Like oceans I moved on until the waves collapsed
above me and washed away my memory.
Standing alone is like walking on glass,
but the love for my father never fades away.
His ghost stands between what I know
and what I wish were true.
My love for him reminds me that the pain is real,
for it weakens me and consumes me.
If only he could see me for who I am.
If only he knew how much he meant to me.
For what it is worth,
he gave me a better understanding of life.
I love him for he will always be my dad. ◆



Black and White Photograph

When will this ever end? Will I be able to survive this once again? This has happened before, yet no one knows. Everybody thinks he's a saint, but you have not met him yet. You have not met him, until he beats you down where no one can see. First, he tricks you and he is sweet and kind, then behind closed doors, he is a demon. Once again it starts o'er.

"What the hell were you thinking looking at that man?" The fiend is out.

Silence...

"Answer me you stupid bitch!" The devil is out now.

"I was not looking at that man," I reply faintly.

"I saw you looking at that man, you whore!" the man that is said to be an angel replies.

Once again it starts: the crying, the yelling, the abuse, and the beating. Hopefully, this one does not kill me. If it does though, free I would be from the spoiled scumbag that he is. I would be free from the pain, from the horror I live in with this monster of a man.

"Stop crying, you fucking whore!" that man exclaims.

"Please stop," in a whisper, I respond.

The gun is now out; hurt, I try to run away from this dark man, yet I fail to do so. "Gunshot noises in the air." A shot in the head is what killed me for staying with this horrifying man. Free now I am from this devil of a man that did me no good. Freedom at last.





Black and White Photograph

Moth-like Myra fashioned herself a pair of wings
after stealing some wire hangers and a lace dress from her mother.

She was very fond of these things,
even though the hangers broke apart and poked at her fingers.
Moth-like Myra liked the tiny pale winged insects that would invade her room at night.
She decided to have an adventure and find where the Moth Queen did reside.

Her mother told her that they would seek out the light, looking for the moon.
Myra thought, "How silly, the shining crescent is nowhere in my room."
So, she decided to approach lovely Luna herself to find the Moth Queen.
"She must be there, why else would the other moths be searching for the moon so desperately...
even being fooled by lanterns, candles, and lamps."
Deep into the night Myra walked through the forest, and did not even set up camp.

She was determined to find the queen, even if it meant chasing after the moon all night and no sleep.

Around her tiny feet she heard itty bitty wild mice peep.
"Miss, where are you heading to?" squeaked one mouse.
Another cheeped, "Child, why did you leave the safety of your house?"
Myra lowered her gaze from the moon to the mice and was spooked.
Realizing the tiny voices came from these two, she answered, "I am trying to find the Moth Queen. Do you know
where to look?"
They replied, "Well, her Queendom must be within the moon, seeing as the other moths are always chasing La
Luna."

Myra agreed, "Yes, that's true! But how could I possibly reach the moon?"
The little boy mouse replied, "Well, you have wings, can't you fly?"
Myra answered, "No, and even if I could, I can't make it that high!"
The little girl mouse then suggested, "Why not build a ladder?"
Myra said, "That sounds like a good idea, but build it out of what matter?"
The mice then fetched her branches and grass.
Then they both shouted, "These should help, Lass!"

So together the girl and the mice quickly built a ladder made with stacked-up twigs neatly tied together with green strings,

all while the other critters surrounded them, silently watching.

The time had come, the ladder was finished! Then Moth-like Myra climbed up rapidly. She was so excited! She was up in the sky, the stars brushed up glitter on her shoulders. She was so close to the moon. She almost touched it!

But then, poor little Myra fell to the ground with an awful, loud thud.

After a short while, her eyes finally opened.

A woman stood before her, Myra thought, "Is that the Moth Queen?"

She had no crown, but a shiny silver circle floated above her head, and white feathery wings.

The woman gently picked Myra up and carried her up and away into a blinding white light that shone like the moon's rays.






Color Photograph

It was in 1947 that Laredo gave birth to an institute of higher education created by the Laredo Independent School District. This institute was the Laredo Junior College. The college was supposed to prepare soldiers that had returned from the war for the workforce. This institute today, represented by the beautiful Palomino horse, continues to provide the youth of Laredo an opportunity to further their education.

The legacy of the Palomino goes back to 1947. The campus that was created to help returning soldiers prepare for work lies on the banks of the Rio Grande. These 200 acres were originally a camp set up to protect the frontier. The area was named Camp Crawford and was later changed to Fort McIntosh to honor a war hero. The buildings on the campus have been named after fallen soldiers as well. Nowadays, the college is a two campus district providing services to our Laredo students.

The Palomino or “Golden Horse” is a color and not a breed as some people might think. This horse has a golden body coat with a silver and white mane and tail. There have been several theories as to why the name Palomino has been given to horses of this golden color. First, Palomino is a Spanish word that means “like a dove” which may reference the paleness of the horse’s coat. Second, it may have come from a conquistador by the name of Juan de Palomino who was known for riding a gold color stallion. Finally, it may have come from a yellow color Spanish grape which was called “palomino”.


In my opinion, the Palomino represents the golden opportunity that this institution has been providing since 1947 to people from Laredo and surrounding areas to further their education. This golden opportunity has been made possible by all the fallen soldiers who are honored throughout the campus. 

Have you ever asked yourself, what is the Palomino Legacy? Why the Palomino is called the golden horse? Why was the Palomino breed the choice of ancient emperor kings and queens? Today, I will answer those questions.

The Palomino is a unique horse because of its special coloring that makes it popular on television shows and in the movies such as the movie *Spirit* by Dreamworks Animation in 2002. In addition, a great person who always had a Palomino horse was Roy Rogers. He was an American singer and actor who was one of the most popular Western stars of his era. He appeared in over 100 films and numerous comics, radio, and television shows. Not only is the Palomino seen in movies and television, but it can also be seen in sports such as show jumping, horse racing, polo, equestrian vaulting and the steeplechase. The judges not only look at how well the horses perform but also at the appearance of the horses, especially at the Palomino.


The Palomino can also be called the golden horse. The reason is that the Palomino carries equine coat color genetics. These horses have a yellow coat with light cream. They may also come with a chestnut, seal brown or a champagne cream coloring. According to the Palomino Breeders of America (PBOA), a Palomino crossed with another Palomino may result in the birth of a Palomino only 50% of the time, but could also produce a chestnut or a Carmelo with 25% probability.

Historically, horses with the palomino color were favored among royalty in the 1500s. This golden horse, which was the choice of emperors, kings and queens, was also a beloved steed in Greek mythology. Additionally, Queen Isabella had such a passion for the Palomino that to this day horses in Spain and Latin America are still called Isabella. She even sent a palomino stallion and five mares over to the New World to populate the new land under her reign with her signature horses.

This is why the Palomino, the golden horse, is a great symbol for Laredo Community College. We are proud to be Palominos. Are you? Come and find your future at LCC. 


There are different breeds of horses, but the Palomino legacy has influenced many people around the world. In fact, this breed is the mascot of a local college in South Texas, Laredo Community College. This horse, in particular, is classified by its colors: a golden body with a silver white mane and tail. Currently, there is no actual proof as to where the “palomino” name originated; however, there are two theories regarding this name.

Firstly, “Palomino” came from a Spanish term that means “dove-like”, making an allusion to the horse’s paleness. Another theory suggests that its name originated with Juan de Palomino, a Spanish conquistador known for riding a golden stallion. It may even come from a Spanish yellow grape known as “palomino”. As mentioned, there is no factual proof as to where the name originated, but historians suggest that Juan de Palomino was a major influence. Additionally, researchers recognize that the Palomino horse is descended from both the Arab and the Barb. In fact, when the Crusades took place, crusaders contemplated the Palominos on the battlefield when they fought the desert chiefs of Saladin. Similarly, important historical characters and leaders have ridden these horses. Queen Isabella de Bourbon of Spain, for example, had over 100 Palomino horses in her stable and kept only the good ones while giving them away to her nobility. Actually, books and articles on the internet suggest that Hernan Cortez, owned some and gave one away to Juan de Palomino. Not only that, but Queen Isabella also sent these horses to the New World in order for her conquerors to travel and populate new lands under her reign. Finally, the famous Spanish painter Diego de Silva Velasquez used the palomino in his romantically extravagant paintings depicting King Phillip VI and Queen Isabella of Spain on these beautiful golden horses.

This breed, in particular, has played a major role in history in terms of battles, leaders and major accomplishments. These are the characteristics of the students of Laredo Community College and Laredo Community College as an academic institution. A degree is a weapon of success but in order to succeed, both students and instructors work and battle together in order to accomplish goals and become future leaders in the community. 



Color Photograph

In 1883 a little town in South Texas by the name of Hebbronville was founded; when the Texas Mexican Railway built through this land and eventually became the largest railroad to carry herded cattle. This little town was composed of cattle ranches, which were being handled by Hispanic ranchers better known as vaqueros. These ranches were filled with a Patron, Mayordomo, Caporal, Segundo, and Vaqueros who were essentially a group of men who worked together, but they weren't just co-workers, they were also considered family. They brought their children to live the life of ranching and taught them life skills, hard work, and loyalty which were passed down by generations and this is where our Vaquero Heritage derived from. I am proud to say I live in this small town known as "The Vaquero Capital" and to be the granddaughter of a Vaquero. When I was a little girl, my grandfather would tell us stories about his life on the ranch and I would try to envision it. Now, as an adult, living the ranch life, I sit on my swing outside my home and close my eyes and recall the stories he told. It is if I am transported into a time when the land is the way it once was. My house doesn't exist and the paved streets are gone and replaced with vast lands of green. I can hear the galloping of the horses and can picture the men riding through the land. They ride with pride, freedom, and reverence. When they mounted their horses and galloped through the fields herding cattle, I like to feel that they had a sense of peace that can only be found in the souls of Vaqueros. These men, along with my grandfather, showed integrity, dedication, bravery, and love for this land every day of their lives. They grew up in the heat and never complained; they lived simple, but hardworking lives, with strong spirits that could never be torn from their land. 



Black and white Photograph

Parked my car by the forest.
Left the windows open, I'm not worried.
Dressed my best to meet up with my date.
She's been calling me, she is my fate.
Jukai, what a lovely name.
And when I see her, nothing will be the same.
I walk deeper into the forest and sit down.
I think to myself, "Is it time now?"
I climb a tree and glance at the Sea of Trees.
The peace in the air, my soul feels free.
I think about all the memories, but those don't matter
anymore.
My new love, she will be my cure.
The rope I brought with me, I make a noose.
I make sure it is not loose.
Wrap my neck, jump, let out a gasp.
There I see my love, together at last.





Color Photograph

Love is a word.

What does it mean?

Can it be felt?

Can it be seen?

Love is a hope.

Will it come true?

Can it happen to me?

Has it happened for you?

Love is a test.

A hard one to take?

How do I prepare?

Will I make a mistake?

Love is a game.

But how do I win?

What are the rules?

Why do they bend?

Love is a chance.

One I should take?


Give away my heart?

What if it breaks?

Love is a lie.

Made to make it through.

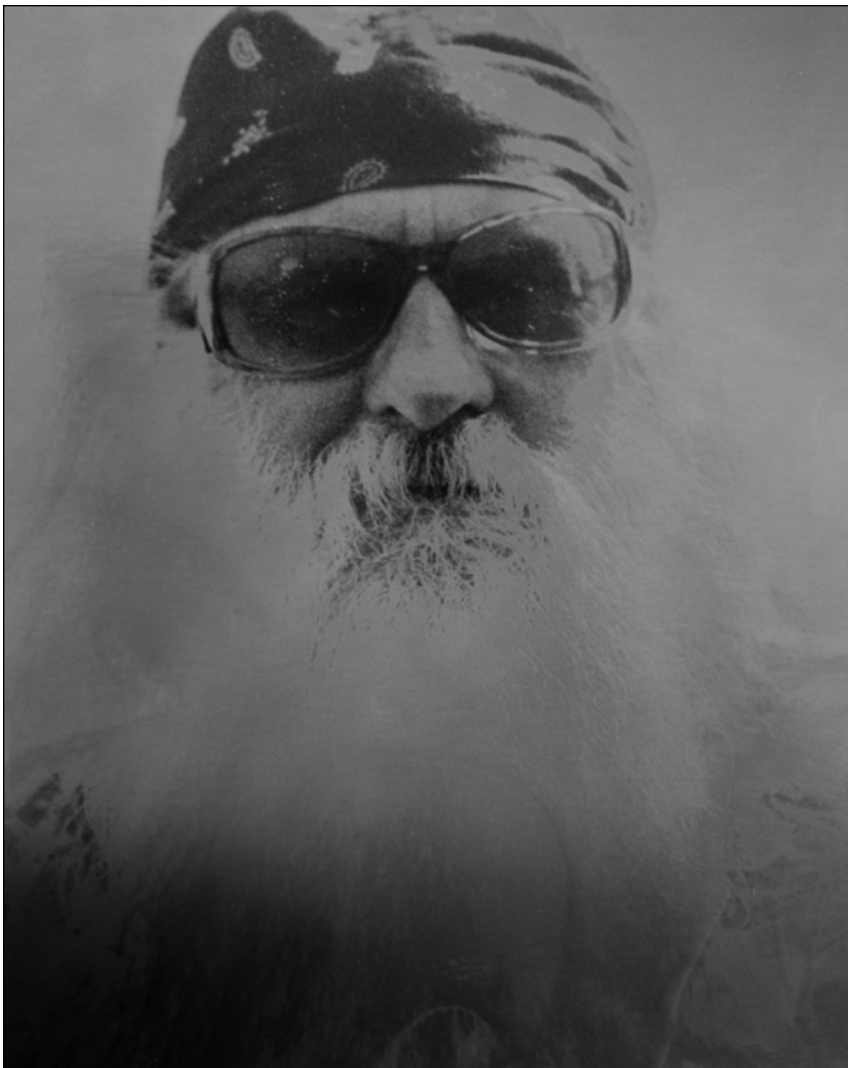
Sly are its tricks.

It could happen to you. 



Artwork

the human mind will search and find until it gets its way.
do as you please or follow with ease it's your choice at the end of the day.
what you choose polite or rude just know you have a choice.
to stay silent or tell it all that's why we have a voice.
what is a voice but a channel of the mind it can be gay or melancholic
to live life sober, not wake up hung over or live life an alcoholic.
you can keep your cool or act a fool and wind up dead or in jail.
at the end of the day it's up to you do you choose heaven or hell.
whatever you choose win or lose we all suffer the same fate.
it's up to you will you squander your time or try to do something great.
time is short don't let it fly because some things you can't buy back
my best advice is have fun in life and keep your mind intact. ◆



Black and White Photograph

When the fog covers the river and the boat man comes will we know

When the drummer boy stops playing his drum do we glow

With two coins on our eyes will we know the way to go

Can the song be sung when the heart has no tempo

When the light came I was called by name

Everyone cried but there was no pain

Dressed in white and couldn't see his face

He washed my eyes then cut the chain

What's the difference between memories visions and dreams

Between fear of death and birth and a scream

A vibration echoing in time in the form of a beam

When it happens will I know that is me . . .





Artwork

I see spring's divine arms surround me and melt my winter soul.

As the roses in my heart bloom my heartache goes.

Those ice shattering nights

Have turned to warm moonlight.

What is there more to ask for my Spring,

When I have been given everything?

My mornings are awakened by her kisses painted in the sky

What a blessing for my humble tired eyes

To see her masterpiece so divine

I can say spring is my gift from the gods above

A blessing to experience such a pure true love

A treasure greater than my dreams

A goddess born to never leave

All my bittersweet sorrow

Has turned to succulent honey


All she gives is never borrowed

Worth more than all the money

Spring is my salvation now and forever.



Artwork

She asked me what I believe in so I went on about every one of my beliefs. But what I failed to mention was that I believe every person's soul has their own star. I believe the stars that are close together are souls that instantly recognize each other from another life or another galaxy. But the stars that are far apart are souls that never got along. And I think that's why people hate each other and others immediately fall in love. And I believe her star is near mine because of the connection we share. I believe we landed among the same constellation for a reason. 




Artwork


Punch, hit, kiss
Punch, hit, kiss
Apology, text, pray
No escape, stay

A broken doll on strings
A puppet master who'll never set her free
Punch, kick, kiss
Call, cry, lie, lie ... smile


Bruises, scars, and everyone's had a broken heart
But she doesn't deserve any of this
Take her back, take her back, put her on the strings
Because you're the only one she let see

She doesn't deserve this, but you convinced her she was worthless
Punch, kick, kiss
Punch, hit, kiss
Apology, text, pray
No escape, stay

A broken doll on strings
A puppet master went on to new things
She's free but the memories and little scars never leave. 

Love is a ghost; we are haunted.
At night it roams the hallways of
Our home, but it does not dare enter
Our bedroom
It mocks us.
Time and time again it switches the
Lights on and off, it opens and
Closes the doors.
We dismiss these opportunities to
Rekindle, we watch the doors shut.
It puts voices in our heads.
We hear them in our home, in our cars,
In our favorite restaurant-- in any
Place where we shared memories.
But we don't want to remember,
Because then we can't forget.
No exorcism could get rid of this
Ghost,
It lingers
It is a whisper of what we had,
It is an echo of what we lost. 

Statistics say that I am just another immigrant's daughter
Statistics say that I should live in poverty
Statistics say that college is just a dream
Statistics say that I am not worthy of dreaming
Statistics say that easy money is around the corner for me
Statistics say that I am not good enough

Grace tells me that success has no boundaries
Grace tells me poverty is a choice
Grace tells me college is my decision
Grace tells me I can do all things
Grace tells me put your hands in the man who calmed the sea
Grace tells me I am worthy
Grace tells me I am more than a conqueror
Grace tells me I can and will succeed 



Artwork


Go vegan! They say...
Go vegan! ...What a foolish thing to say
But is it really an act of fools?
Could we really save mother nature with the right knowledge and food?

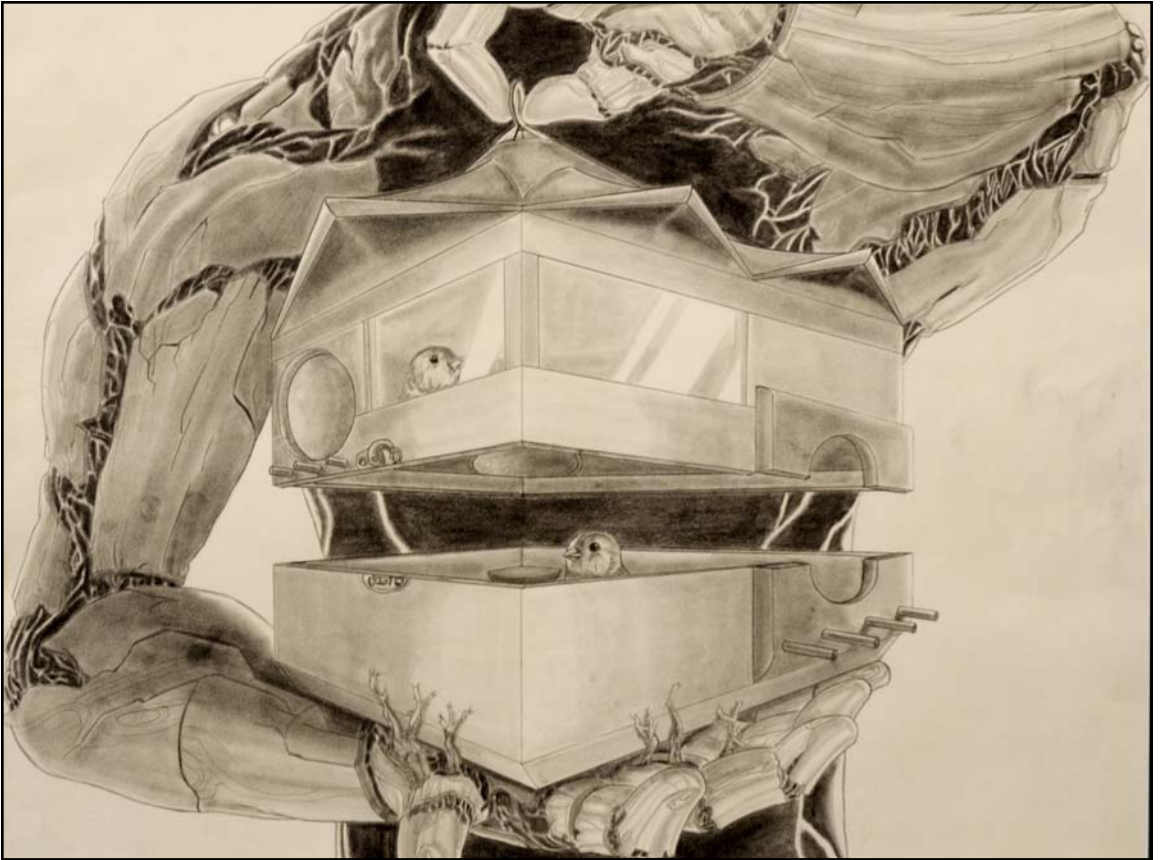
There is scientific proof all over,
that animal products are what's making this world an oven
And it's not just about ecology,
it is also changing our physiology.

We claim we need more protein,
but that's what's making cancer grow more than nicotine

Respect is only for dogs and cats?
We treat the rest of the animal kingdom like trash,
like they don't feel pain or have feelings at all
Do you not hear the screams? Do you not see the tears?
Come on don't cover your eyes and ears!

You can choose to perish now,
You can choose to live longer,
Give it a try, your plate is easy to conquer

Go Vegan they say
Go Vegan... what a wonderful thing to say! 



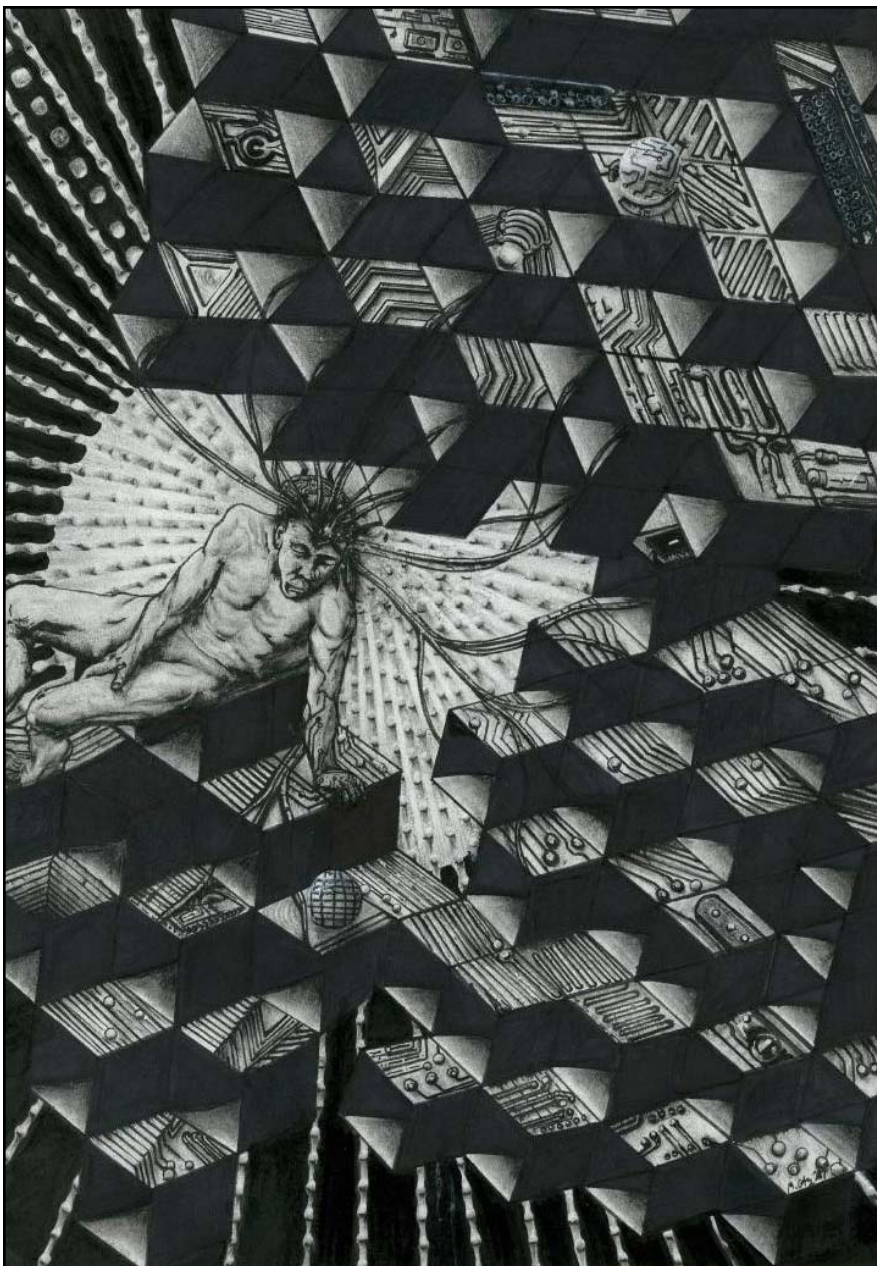
Artwork

It begins with the click of a link that seals your fate
Soon shortly after you mark the date
Many months before you begin to train
Whether it be in the dry heat or the drizzling rain
Hours and hours of constant desire
Only help you add the fuel to help enlarge your fire
The pain and the sweat leave you weak and weary
But the ultimate outcome will leave you teary
A race only slim margin of athletes accomplished
To be endowed with a medal nice and polished
A 2.4 mile swim
Who came up with such a whim
Followed by a 110 mile bike race
That only sets the pace
Ending with a 26.2 mile run
That is the least bit of being considered fun
As you reach the finish line and hear the cheering and screaming
One must think that he or she is dreaming
Your legs are like jelly and your body is tired
Some may even crawl to get "The Sweet Taste of Iron."




You fix your boots and duty belt because you are logging in to cell block B,
You feel the stares and hear the screams, you start wondering how your day will be,
Walking in with your guard high hoping to come out alive,
Your senses tell you that something is not alright,
Then you realize that you were right,
You begin to fight trying to save inmate #121,
Fighting them one by one because there are 15 inmates to 1,
Your back up arrives with full force restraining anyone that gets in their way,
Then you realize that you survived and things could have gone another way,
Your shift has ended and you can say that you had a good day,
Because you can walk out through the sally port bay.
Welcome my world as a Correctional Officer.






Artwork

The World is disguised with such beautiful Lies...Holding my breath with every mistake I make praying the Lord my soul to take. Forgive me for I have done wrong looking into the eyes of the Devil's shotgun. This world is cruel. Keep me sane this world is so cruel. I tried to change, even sat myself down and started to reorganize the feeling of myself going insane. Missed my mouth more, when I felt no shame. Acted softer when I felt so much pain. Even tried to be prettier for my own damn sake. Yet in my deep heart lays the Devil awake. Destroying me with every move I make. This world is so cruel, this world is so cruel. Why do we hide these lies in such beautiful fools? 



Artwork

I got girls in the back seat
They smell like rotten cheese
I hop outta my rrari
I go inside H-E-B
When I see, broccoli
I think of my ex ---b
I start to think, she's stalking me
So I run out of the bakery
Heading to my rrari
I turn around; she follows me
I open the door, sit on my seat
Turn on the car, don't see my ex -b
Drive away with my broccoli
Then I realize I didn't pay
So I'm fucked for the whole day
The cops arrive the next day
Then I was arrested for my burglary
The cops take me to the back seat
The driver is my ex -b. 



Black and White Photograph

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