

# La Frontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.



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Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.  
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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Stories are everywhere. We tell ourselves, and each other, stories about who we are and where we come from. We tell stories about who we want to be and where we want to go. Stories define our sense of person and place. They encapsulate our hopes and dreams and even our beliefs. Stories color our perspectives and even shape our local and national identities.

Photographs tell stories as do poems, and songs, artwork, and, of course, stories themselves. And while we often relegate stories to the world of entertainment, they are vastly more important than just entertainment. When we tell stories, we become philosophers, unleashing our philosophy of the world through our story. We become luminaries, inspiring others to join in the art of telling story. And we become creators, engaging with and becoming part of that creative process from which our world is born.

Thank you for your stories. They remind us that our individual stories are a part of a larger one in which we are all characters, a story that is still in progress.

Alan Webb

## LA ENTRADA by Armando Gomez



**On the cover**  
Photograph

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Photograph


Calm is the storm that runs deep in my heart  
Knowing you are miles away, so far apart.

You shall never be alone, as I am with you in spirit;  
As you grow into your life, I smile and only bear it.

From your disappointments, stumbles, and falls,  
You rise above it, making you stronger through it all.

With hard work, determination, and sometimes even fun,  
Celebrate all your accomplishments every single one.

In my eyes my baby you will always be,  
As you go through all of life's mysteries.

Enjoy each minute of every day at the start of the rising sun,  
As I enjoy the adult you are to become. 





Pastel


Our first true connection  
The earliest sight  
A mother's embrace  
The child's delight  
Innocent perspective  
The singular say  
Familiar place  
An established way  
With years come exceptions  
Alternate views  
Identity growing  
Dividing in two  
Transformative changes  
Divergent paths wind  
Through wisdom and loving  
May well realign  
Except through dysfunction  
Emotional blinds  
That sever connection  
Closed doors left behind








Photograph

The story goes that they were in love,  
Forbidden to be with their one true love,  
Cursed for all time to pass each other by,  
To get only a glimpse of each other across the night sky.  
They can only be as they are and never more,  
Fated once a year to be together once more,  
Destined to be together for no more than a while,  
Cursed back for mile upon mile.  
Back from whence they came,  
Separated by an ocean with more than one name,  
Till once a year comes back again,  
And they will surely be together again. 



Photograph


I saw a tall man with a tall hat standing in the corner of my room. I couldn't move. I tried to scream, but I couldn't either. He smiled at me with his crooked smile and stared at me for what seemed like forever. I managed to wiggle my toes. By the time I glanced again he was gone. I fell asleep, woke up, and once again he was there. Tears rolled down my cheeks but not a sound came out when I tried to scream.

In the morning, I explained to my family the horrible dream or vision I had. My mother cried the second I told her. She said that the description I gave her of the tall man was the same as her late father's. She even took out an old and rusty hat from the closet and showed me a picture of the man I saw in my nightmares. I still can't comprehend how it's possible that I dreamt of my grandpa whom I have never even met. I hope to never see that man again. In fact, hope to never go to sleep again! 



Photograph

Closed my eyes and woke up in a dream.  
Got up and heard your endless scream.  
These nightmares aren't the reasons I cry,  
Since all I do is think about your lie.

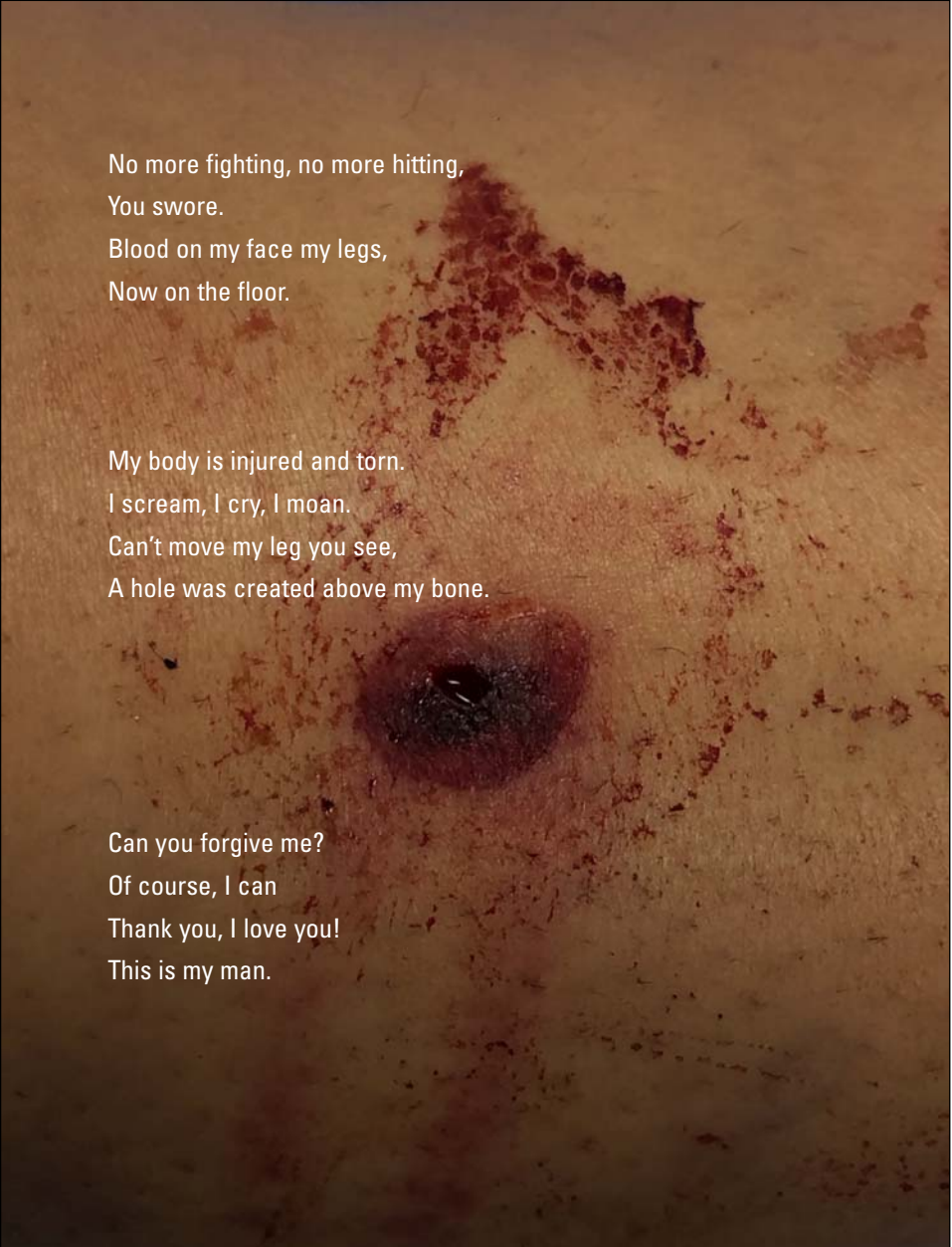
The lie turned out to be a goodbye.  
That's when I watched you soar up high.  
All I could feel was a single shiver,  
After crying myself a river. 





Photograph





No more fighting, no more hitting,  
You swore.  
Blood on my face my legs,  
Now on the floor.

My body is injured and torn.  
I scream, I cry, I moan.  
Can't move my leg you see,  
A hole was created above my bone.

Can you forgive me?  
Of course, I can  
Thank you, I love you!  
This is my man.


Stomp, stomp, stomp,  
Goes the invisible hand,  
Trotting down the valley,  
Of the rubber bands.

All who hear him cry,  
All who hear him shout,  
That he doesn't pull apart,  
Their rubber band house.

Like Tim, for example,  
His house is all rubber.  
When the hands came to his lawn,  
He said, with a stutter,

Don't pull apart my house!  
Spare me, great fingers!  
The hands took away his home,  
Like a landlord to a lingerer.

Jim isn't the same.  
He doesn't fear much,  
For his house is built,  
With really sturdy stuff.

And the hands came to him,  
But he only laughed,  
For his house was strong.  
He was not daft. 



Photograph


Today I fight, and with no hesitation I swing my axe.  
I can feel the skull of the zombie crack!

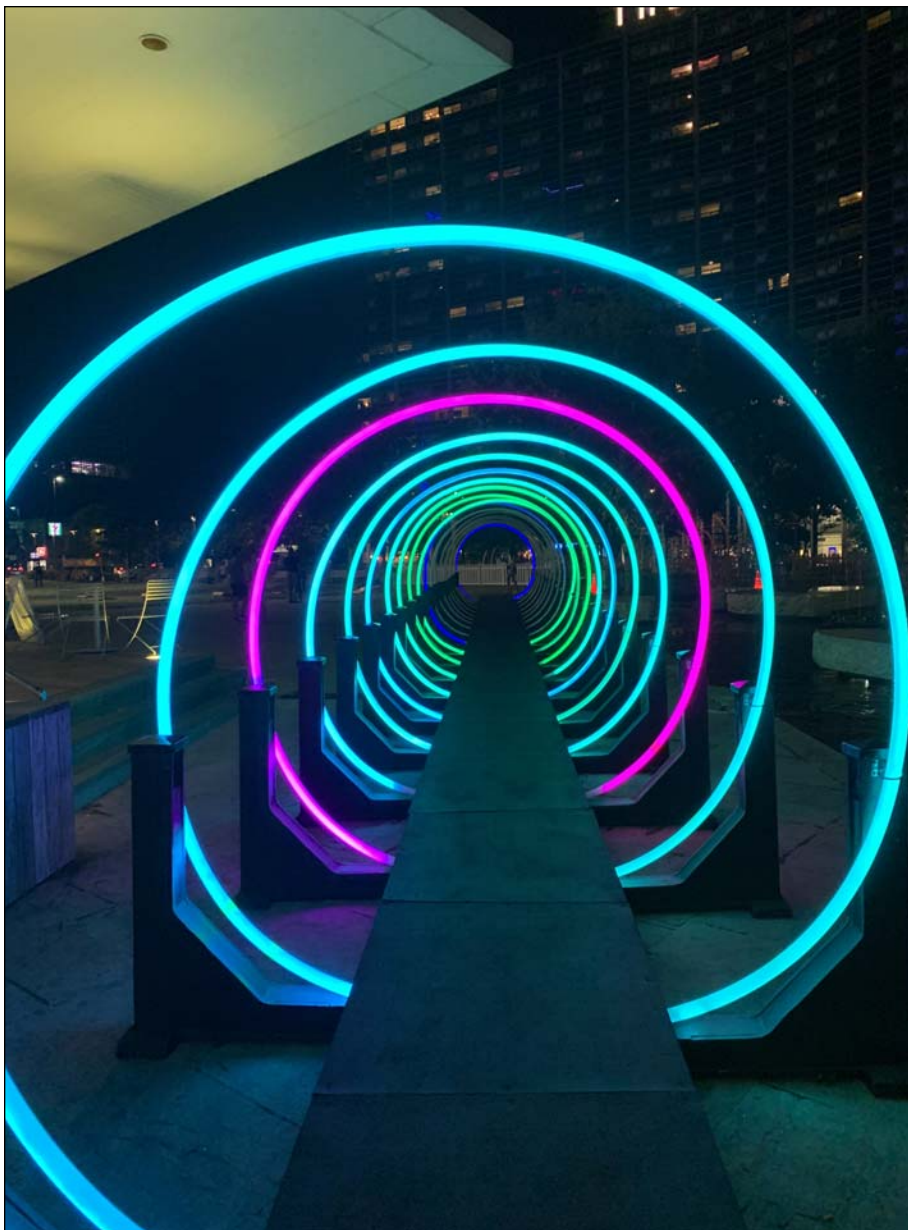
Yesterday on the horizon a Bast Castle I could see,  
As cold rain hit my face and I soared like a bee.

Last week I could see a crowd cheering my name.  
When I scored a couple of goals, they screamed again!

Tomorrow, a hot brew I will make before I head into the fray,  
So I can face the monster I was hired to slay.

Who knows what I will be doing next week?  
But it is always fun to hear the beep,

As my console's logo shows on my tv,  
I am ready to start a whole new life, made for me. 



Photograph

You fought against my resistance  
A dalliance in the distance  
I can almost see it  
I can almost feel it  
A single glance caused us to immerse  
It was just demure at first  
Now it's nothing but a blur  
An affair with me as the amateur  
Something that started off so effervescent  
Only ended up being evanescent  
To you, I was just another ingenue  
But to me, I was upholding my virtue  
You went back to her at your home  
Leaving me to sit through this epiphany alone  
No knowing that would be our last glance  
I pondered on when I would get another chance





Photograph




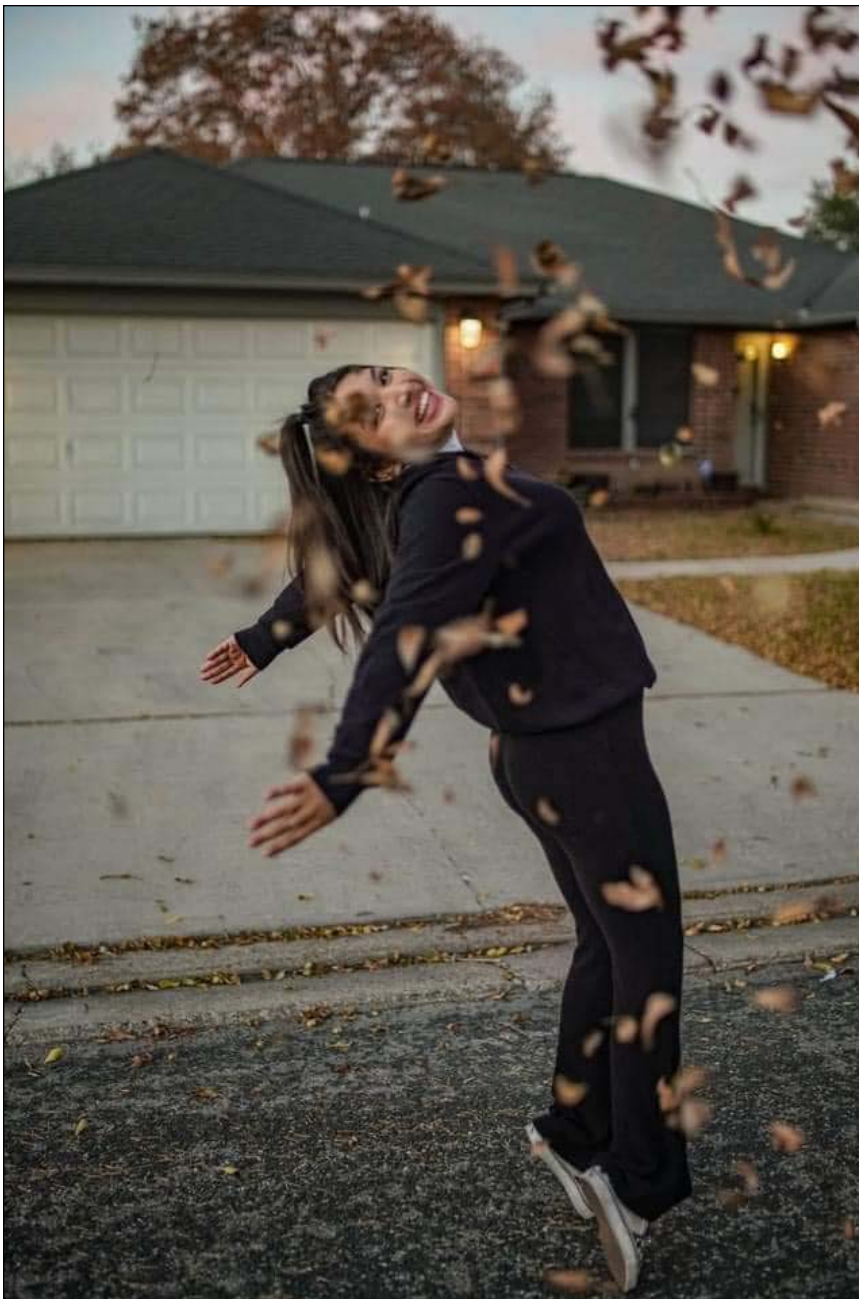
The pretty red balloon  
Drifts gently down and  
Skims the ground.  
It bounces just above the dust,  
Now and again catching a gust  
Until its weight exceeds the lift.  
Too much to manage yet to drift,  
Until it snags and anchors there  
Unable to go anywhere.





Photograph

Love is patient,  
Love is kind,  
Love can drive you out of your mind.  
But if you are patient,  
And you wait,  
Love can really turn out great.  
It's not easy,  
And isn't always fair,  
But when you work hard,  
It's something quite rare.  
So take your time to make it right,  
And all the rest will fall in line. 



Photograph

It is difficult to explain to the unwed,  
What makes marriage so special.  
It is hard to sell matrimony to some,  
When all they see is continuous wrestle.

A life of solitude and freedom seems to be unmatched,  
When seen through the eyes of a free spirit.  
However, what comes with the life of the unattached,  
Is a life unaware of the joy when pushed to the limit.


They say a diamond can only be forged under pressure  
And so too is love eternal.  
To attain a life and kinship without measure,  
The heart must endure the burdens of the external.

One must be willing to embody the thankless gesture  
And give without expectation of the reciprocal.  
For this creates art with exceptional texture  
The beautiful, the unique, the untypical.

A lending of ear without expressing the need,  
Or making a hot coffee without a request.  
Supporting one another without envy or greed,  
Taking the children to allow much needed rest.

These marital gestures are hard to explain,  
To those who have never been through it.  
When I look in her eyes and she takes all my pain,  
I know I don't regret it one bit.

The leap of faith one takes towards love  
Is considered the thing of fools.  
But when two fit like a hand and glove  
They join as one and rewrite the rules.


Now, I do not encourage rushing into this bliss,  
I simply advise that much is unseen.  
Her unmatched touch, her tender kiss,  
She knows I am her King, and she is my Queen. 





Photograph

And there I was, shaking, in my long black skirt and white short sleeved blouse, shivering and not out of cold, but nerves, as the judge asked me, “Mrs. Gonzalez, are you sure you want to end the marriage?” I firmly replied in a shaky voice, “YES,” then the judge turned his head toward my now ex-husband and said, “Mr. Gonzalez, are you sure you want to end the marriage?” All that was heard from him was silence.


Silence is what I would have liked for him to give me on that fateful morning. Instead, it was a failed attempt to recap the eleven years we were blissfully married, that is until he decided that my honest, loyal, faithful heart and body were not enough for him. Let’s “give it another try,” he kept chanting, but my ears, heart, and mind had already started the healing process that did not include him. 






Photograph

The hands of time flow forth  
Flowing like a stream forevermore  
Never to stop, never to go backward  
As the souls of our ancestors move forward  
Through time to guide us on our journeys  
Through this time we call life.

The hands of time call to us  
Moving us within our hours of need  
Ticking away our stolen moments  
Of memories we wish to carry with us  
Whether they be melodious or miserable  
Until we reach out to Death and travel beyond 



Photograph

Like a house of cards I was built,  
so perfect yet falling down,  
leaving nothing but a pile of disappointment.  
Hours spent were gone in a split.  
The architecture of my house was so perfect,  
but on the 20th I rose,  
and when I rose I stood in a broken state.  
I would never be the same.  
As I continued this journey to begin again,  
I realized that without my past  
I would not be where I am now  
With the opportunity to begin again. 

Leaves:

All the leaves in the river were running away from me.

I decided to chase them.

I ran across the trees,

I ran across the rocks,


I ran for miles and miles,


Chasing these leaves in the river.

Where did it lead me?

Nowhere yet.

I'm still running,

I think I always will be. 

I am broken and I am lost.  
My body pays the cost.  
Sleepless nights,  
tired eyes,  
a smile to hide it all.  
Hurting in silence and  
a mind longing for violence.  
I am broken and I am lost. 





Photograph



Through the gray forest, the shadow of a lady began to appear.  
Shivers ran down my spine as she grew near.  
Long and lean, covered in a cloak,  
Coming down the path as the early morning broke,  
Still in my tracks, as she seemed to glide toward me,  
She left no footprints on the earth visible to see.  
Frozen in my stance I closed my eyes tightly.  
As my eyes opened the woman in the cloak disappeared in the cold,  
Left only surrounded by the warmth of the sun shining brightly,  
To wonder who was this woman in the forest's fold. ◆



Photograph

One rusty old puppet,  
Connected to four thin white strings.  
Unaware of how much time has passed,  
Unaware of who is in control.  
When will he finally be free?  
When will the last string be cut?  
He dreams of the day he is set free.  
He wonders what the outside world is like.  
The sunrise on a warm Sunday morning,  
Or the smell of fresh bread from the local bakery.  
His thoughts are interrupted by cheering,  
And two red curtains opening.  
He feels his weight being lifted,  
From a single brown wooden chair.  
Showtime!





Photograph

You had me on a high  
that got me too blind  
to thrive on my own.

You caught me with some chains.  
Too bad, too sad,  
I was able to escape.

My life was going on  
like some scrabble game.  
I think I need a little Advil  
to heal this pain.

But in reality...  
oh yeah reality,  
A shrink could do much more.

I got a feeling these chains  
won't survive much more.

I'm finally breaking free  
from this drowning force.


Is this the progress of surviving sores?

**I'm thinking for myself,  
And this I know I'll reinforce.**

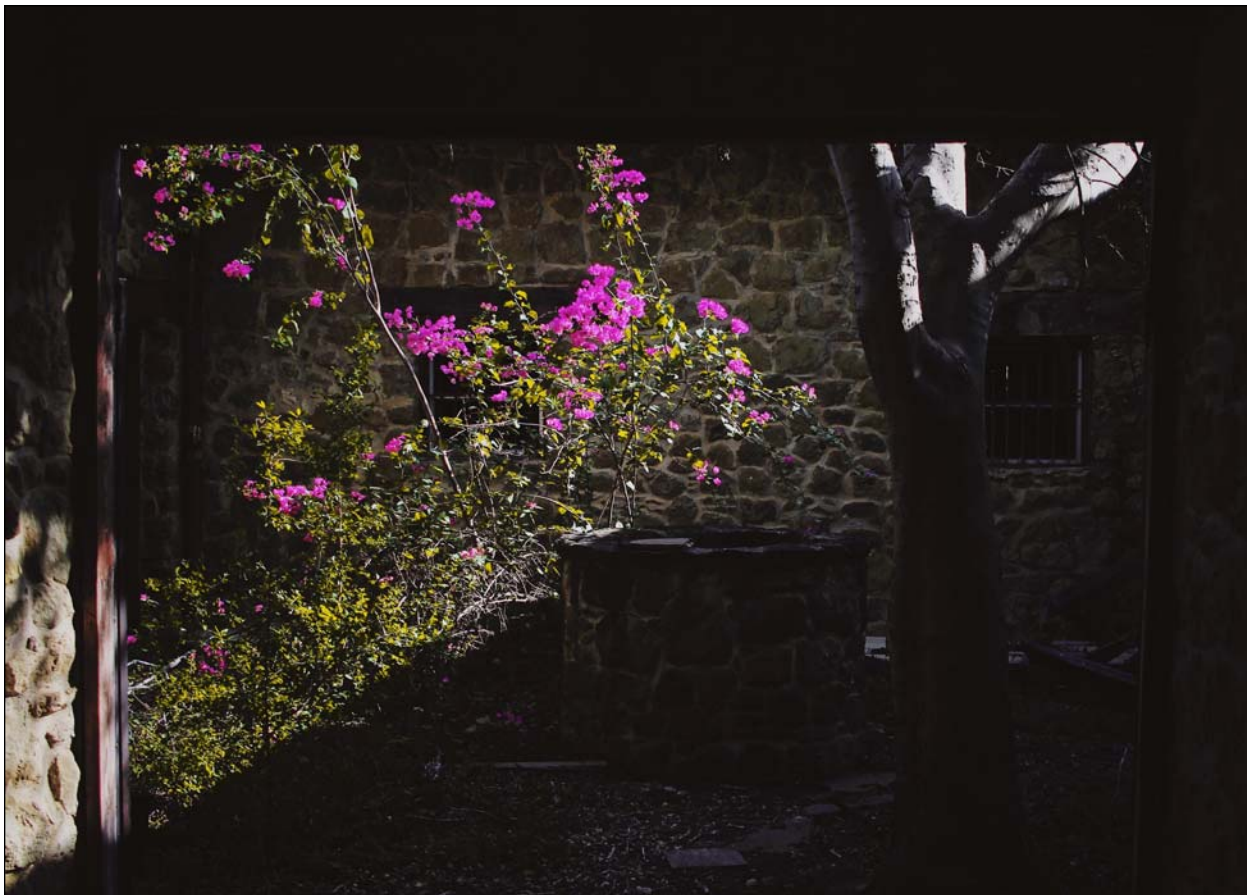
I can fly so high,  
you can't see me anymore.

**There's no way,  
You're getting in the way,  
of this powerful force.**

I'm finally doing **ME**  
and there won't be any remorse.

This love I have inside of me  
is worth so much **MORE!** 





Photograph



I heard a thundery, smashing chirruping,

'Thunder!' said I, 'thing of whoosh.'


Much I marveled at the smelly screech,

Once upon a midnight silent

When I thought of the Thunder

Thunder - tormentor of my dreams

By the grave, I saw the drumbeats,

My passion is the stormless fresh breeze. 



Photograph

No matter how hard I try,  
I'm being destroyed by your little white lies.  
As you continue to bottle yourself up with pride,  
I'm being held back by your millions of ties.  
I'm now turning your bad hand into a royal flush,  
So there is nothing left for you to crush.  
Soon you will hear my stolen lullabies,  
And I'll be soaring through your grey skies. ♦



Photograph

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