



La Frontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.

LaFrontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.
2024 ISSUE

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Laredo, Texas
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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Read the news: we are a deeply divided society. Political polarization, ideological differences, and cultural rifts threaten to fragment our country. Talk of civil war, secession, and tyranny permeate our fears. Overexposed and overstimulated, we look suspiciously at each other, wondering what dark ulterior motives lurk there while we celebrate our individuality and ignore our common ground.

But this isn't the full story or even the end of the story. This is just a part of our ongoing story.

This unrest and general distrust are the hallmarks of a society maturing, searching for a clear path forward. The Civil War, the Civil Rights Movements, the Labor Wars and our current Culture Wars are indications of growth and maturation even though they may be painful and destabilizing.

Who today can sincerely and reasonably make the claim we were more humane as a nation under slavery and segregation? That we were a more just society when only 50% of the population could vote? Or even that we were more responsible as a society when workers had no protections, and even children worked in coal mines?

It's not our future that's dark; it's our past.

There will always be more that unites us than divides us. We may experience life individually, but love, hate, compassion, and fear are emotions universal to the human condition. We all rejoice in periods of hope and struggle through periods of despair. We all want to love but hate too easily, and, ultimately, we will all leave this world as we entered it, both alone and not alone at the same time.

The poems, stories and photos inside this magazine reflect this dichotomy: the individual experience reflecting a relatable kaleidoscope of human emotion. They celebrate our individuality as well as our common ground.

Thank you for reading,

Alan Webb

THE CAVE by Gisselle Sandoval



ON THE COVER

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Black and white photograph

In the stillness of the morn,
When the world is yet to be reborn,
I find solace in the quietness,
And forget about the day's mess.


With the birds chirping in the air,
And the gentle breeze playing with my hair,
I close my eyes and feel the peace,
And all my worries start to cease.

The sun slowly rises in the sky,
Painting it with hues that catch the eye,
And I soak in the serenity's embrace,
Content in this moment, without a trace.

The world can wait a little longer,
As I cherish this moment stronger,
For in the stillness of the morn,
I find a solace, that is forever born. 

Amidst the chaos of life,
Lies a glimmer of hope and light.
In the darkest of nights,
Shines the stars so bright.

The world may seem to crumble,
And everything may fall apart.
But if we hold onto love,
We can mend every broken heart.

Let us look beyond the surface,
And see the beauty within.
For in the end, it is love,
That conquers every sin. 



Mixed media

I sat in your room and your face entered by mind
You're my only friend, the only one that's helped me to shine
The green ones took you from me, don't go away
Oh, mother I am begging you, please stay

A border separates us, that we must endure
I wipe the tears from my cheeks, as I pray their hearts cure

I am okay now mother, eleven years have gone by
I graduate next week, and I promise to not cry



Her smile so sweet, her eyes so brown,
Like autumn leaves that tumble down,
She fixed me up when I was down,
And lifted me above the ground.
As Fall began, our paths did cross,
While our time together was all too brief,
Her kindness gave me such sweet relief,
And as the season drew to a close,
We parted ways, as nature chose.
But in my heart, I'll always find
The girl who helped me clear my mind,
Though I'm sad we said goodbye,
I am grateful to have had her in my life.
Her memory will always stay,
As we journey on our separate ways <3





Photograph

She wondered what she could have done better at night while she laid in bed.
A recap of everything that happened earlier that day played inside her head.

She regretted yelling at her older children because they didn't help clean the house.
And at the younger ones too because they cut a hole in her favorite blouse.

Every day is messy and chaotic when you're living with all boys,
A million things to pick up from the floor including dirty socks and toys.

She reminded herself to appreciate the moments that they spend together.
For one day, they won't be around because nothing lasts forever.


They'll one day grow older; they'll leave and start their own lives.
And all the things she used to deal with will be passed on to their wives.

She giggled at the thought of it while she wiped her own tears,
And prayed to God that he add more time to their short years.

But...with each passing day, more time was taken away.
All she could do was put her hands together and pray.

She asked for their good health, their happiness and success.
And suddenly nothing else mattered, not even the huge mess.


She put her trust in God to guide and lead them on their way.
She then fell asleep and woke up the next beautiful day.

With a smile on her face and a feeling of peace, she began her day anew.
Her children were at it again and she wanted to yell, but this time, "I love you!" 

I found all the fish dead in the pond
I looked at my hands stained with blood
Heard the screams coming from beyond
I knew it was coming
So I run

They took all I had
Left me with a gun
I shine in the forest like a diamond
Either way you see it, I'm the one that won
To them it's all for fun

I've gone over this in my head a thousand times
They stand with their Bible
Commit a hundred crimes
She saw it all coming but she stayed behind
I learnt to wake in the middle of the night
Run to the place where all my secrets hide

They wave their pitchforks
Lighting the night sky
Screaming the name of my sisters one by one
Sometimes I wonder if it's the last time I'll make it out alive 



Photograph

Memories of days gone by,
Echoes of a distant sky,
The moments that we hold so dear,
Are the ones that bring us near.

The laughter and the tears we share,
The love that shows us that we care,
These memories will never fade,
As they are the foundation that we've made.



In Twilight's embrace, the stars align,
A symphony of dreams, both yours and mine.

Whispers of love carried on a gentle breeze,
we dance in the moonlight, our souls at ease.

With every touch, a universe unfolds,
two hearts entwined; a story yet untold.

In this fleeting moment, forever we'll be,
bound by love's magic, for eternity.





Photograph

Basketball is a game of grace,
It's played with both heart and pace.
From the jump ball to the final shot,
The players give all they've got.

With every dribble, pass, and dunk,
The crowd gets loud and starts to hunch.
The game is over, the score is set,
But the memories made we'll never forget.



She was a curious girl,
a wanderer who spent her summers
chasing and fluttering
through pieces of prose,
while eating strawberries.

She was an adventurous girl,
a believer in things such as faith and love,
yet she knew no one loved her
the way she loved him.

Strawberries,
that was all she was to him,
something you could enjoy for a while,
but then rip the leaves off for your own amusement.





Photograph


Losing myself to a story makes me appear shy;
It can provoke me to think my life has been a lie.

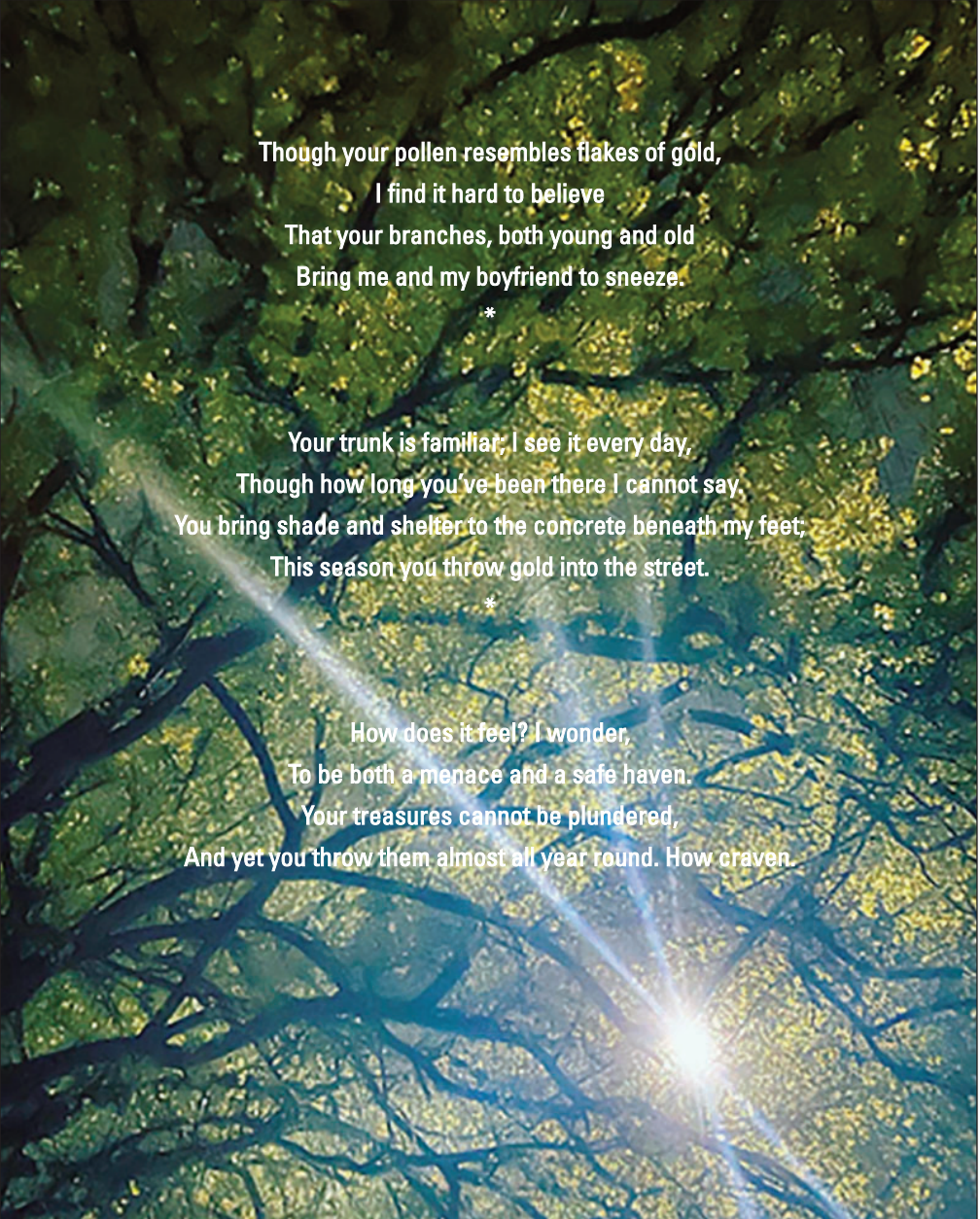
The story begins to make me feel as if I've ran
To a place that often makes me feel like a fan.

When my favorite person dies,
I remind myself he is only a character in this lie.

When I receive comfort from the clan,
I now feel like I once more can.

I feel the need to cry,
That is until my eyes are inevitably dry.

The story comes to an end despite it feeling like it just began,
So I thank all characters for this experience within this short span. 



Though your pollen resembles flakes of gold,
I find it hard to believe
That your branches, both young and old
Bring me and my boyfriend to sneeze.

*

Your trunk is familiar; I see it every day,
Though how long you've been there I cannot say.
You bring shade and shelter to the concrete beneath my feet;
This season you throw gold into the street.

*

How does it feel? I wonder,
To be both a menace and a safe haven.
Your treasures cannot be plundered,
And yet you throw them almost all year round. How craven.




Acrylic on canvas

In the stillness of the night
I hear the whispers of my mind,
Telling tales of love and fright,
Of treasures lost and souls entwined.

The darkness cloaks my weary soul,
Yet, hope remains, a flickering flame,
Guiding me towards a brighter goal,
A life less ordinary, free from shame.

I embrace the mystery of the unknown,
And venture forth into the abyss,
For in the depths, I have grown,
And found the courage to persist.

So, let the winds of change blow strong,
For I am ready to face them all,
And in the finish, I will sing my song,
A story of how I rose from the fall. 

Life's path is not always smooth,
It's riddled with obstacles and grooves,
Challenges come in many forms,
Testing us through life's storms.
We can't always see the way,
But we must keep moving day by day,
For in the end, we will find,
That the difficulties in life were all in our mind.





Photograph

We always have discussions about how I don't say I love you.

I don't say I love you... but...

The first thing I do when I get up is to turn to the side so I can see you.

I don't say I love you... but...

I look for any excuse so I can see you.

I don't say I love you... but...

When you tell me all about your day, I stand like a fool looking into your eyes, wishing you never stop talking.

I don't say I love you... but...

I remember exactly the clothes you were wearing the day I met you.

I don't say I love you but...

I feel a little bit jealous when I see you talking to someone else.

I don't say I love you... but...

At the end of the day when I am so tired, I find seeing and hearing you more comfortable than my own bed.

I don't say I love you... but... I love you.



Dear dad,
Does the sun still shine?
Do you still hear my voice?
Are you still here with me?
It's been a while since you left.
I miss you everyday.
I hope you're doing okay.
One day we will meet again.
Until then please guide me.
I swear I'll make you proud.





Photograph

Has to wake up early,
But can't past the test.
Goes to the system,
Just to get that Income.

Guard of her Family Tree,
Who needs to make that Green.
What else do they Need?
All she needs is her House Clean.

Seems like she's mean,
But all she wants is to be seen.
Why won't someone rescue me?
Sometimes it's hard breathe.




I have always been fascinated by this place.
There is so much to see and do as there is a tremendous amount of
space!

I can go underground and call the caves of crystals my palace,
Or head up north to see the stunning scenes of Aurora Borealis.

I can relax and enjoy the water at the lakes of Michigan,
Or see the beautiful beaches in Greece that are well hidden.

A hike up the European Alps would be great.
Or a stroll through the African Grasslands will help me find my fate.

I have always loved and appreciated this land since birth,
To the point where I'll do anything to see every inch of this Earth. 



Photograph

Music, oh music, how you move my soul,
a rhythm that makes me whole,
and takes away my pain.

The notes, chords, lyrics, and the songs,
you speak a language that I can understand.

Music, oh music, you are my friend.

You help me navigate life till the very end.

You make me feel alive; you give me my strength.

You are the magic that makes my heart beat.



The sun rises in the east;
Its warm rays spread across the land,
Bringing light and life to everything,
A sight that is truly grand.

It shines down on us all,
A beacon of hopes and light,
A symbol of warmth and comfort,
That makes everything feel right.

The sun is the source of energy,
That powers the world we know,
It gives us light and heat and life,
And helps our gardens grow.

So, let's bask in the warmth of the sun,
And soak up its golden glow,
For it's a reminder of the beauty,
That the world has to show.





Photograph

In the stillness of solitude,
My spirit finds its own certitude.

No need for noise or distraction,
For in this space, I find satisfaction.

I am alone, but not in despair,
For in my heart, there's a warmth to share,

A gentle peace that's all my own,
And in this stillness, I've found my home.

No need for anyone to see,
For in this space, I am truly free,

With just my thoughts to keep me company,
I am content, and I am happy.



Pots and pans, my company.
The aroma fills the air,
Spices, herbs, all so fair.
To cook the food... oh, so tough!
My creations are never routine.
As I sizzle, fry, and sauté,
I blend and mix, a culinary dream,
A masterpiece fit for a culinary king.





Photograph

In the midst of chaos, I find my calm,
For I know I am the writer of my own psalm.

I appreciate each moment, each breath I take,
And choose to stay centered, no matter the shake.

Detached from the drama, I stay in control,
As I navigate this journey, heart, body, and soul.

Life is a canvas, and I am the painter,
I choose to create beauty, even in the midst of the thunder.



There's peace in me today.
And a voice lingers in my heart saying...
No wait, it's time for a fresh start!

Why yes, I have forgiven myself for all that was,
Moving forward with a proud walk,
Admitting that before it was all just talk.

Until at last, the mirror
Reflected someone new,
Someone who will forever stand true.

True to her heart and true to her soul,
For the cuts that finally took a toll were only to find my way,
And know there is certainly peace in me today.





Photograph

It started like a melody;
It felt like a summer rain.
Then he committed an unforgiving felony.
Now, all I can feel is pain.

I intoxicate with the feeling of his betrayal,
His actions and love now so untrusted.
His lies and secrets are fatal;
A love once so shiny is now a love so rusted.

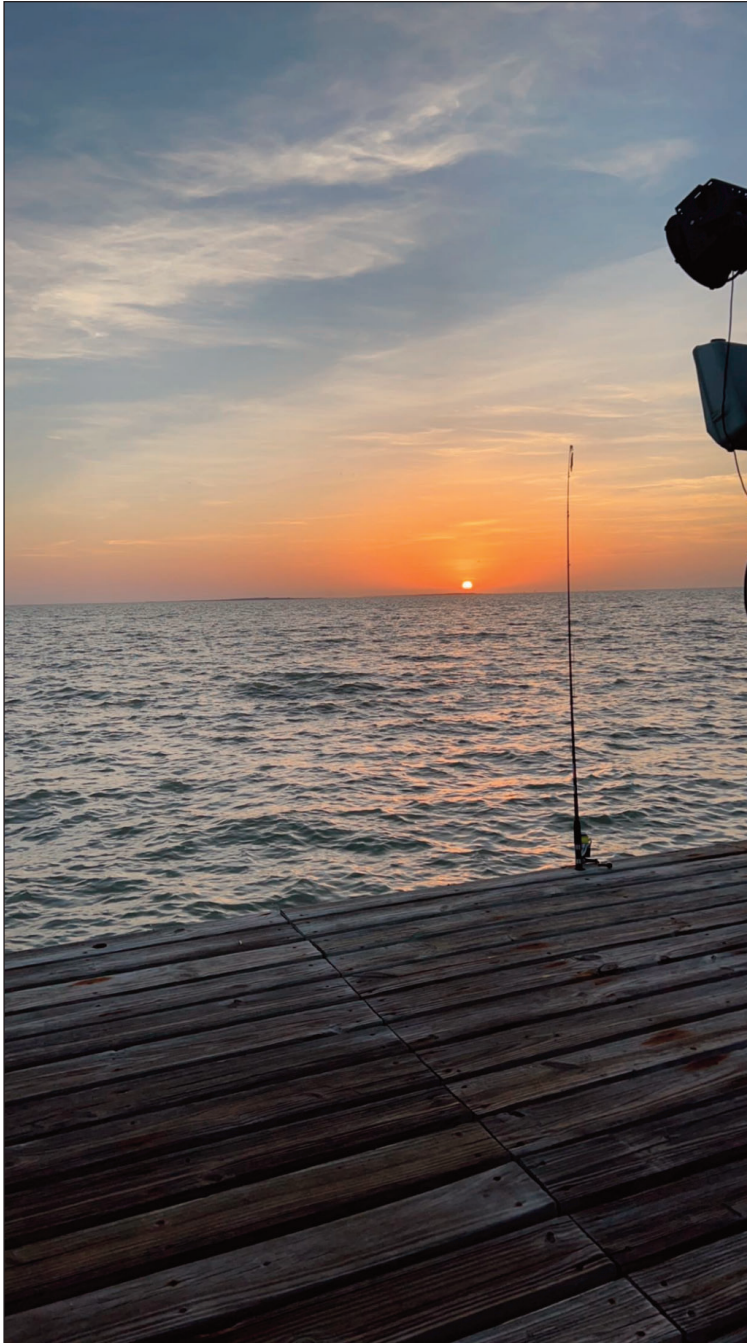


Life is full of lessons, both big and small,
Some we learn quickly, others take time to recall.

We stumble and fall, but we get back up again,
And we keep moving forward, even in the rain.
The lessons we learn shape who we are,
And they help us to reach for the stars.

So embrace each lesson, and hold it tight,
For it will guide you through the darkest night.





Photograph

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