

La Frontera

Dos Lenguas. Dos Culturas.



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2022 Issue

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Ian Stevenson was a respected psychiatrist at the University of Virginia Medical Center where he worked for fifty years. He founded the Division of Perceptual Studies, a research unit within the university's Department of Psychiatry and Neurobehavioral Sciences. The Division specializes in examining the mind/brain relationship and the ability of consciousness to survive physical death.

In 1997, Dr. Stevenson published what many consider to be his magnum opus, "Reincarnation and Biology." This two-volume work focusing on the intersection between Reincarnation and Biology presents 225 of the most compelling cases of reincarnation. In fact, these are not typical cases of reincarnation but cases in which the children in question also had physical anomalies that matched the past lives the children remembered. For instance, a young Thai boy remembered the details of a previous life in which he had been shot in the head. Not only were the details of that life confirmed, but birthmarks on the boy's head exactly matched the autopsy report of the deceased showing the entrance and exit wounds of the fatal shot.

Think about this for a minute: 225 cases in which children remembered details of previous lives. Those details were then fact-checked with careful consideration paid to ensure the child could not have learned the details anywhere else. Moreover, the children also displayed birthmarks and abnormalities that exactly matched autopsy reports of the deceased lives they claimed to remember. This isn't just reincarnation but documentation of how past life trauma can follow a consciousness.

Dr. Stevenson worked hard to diligently record and corroborate the data presented in his book. These are fascinating cases, compiled and presented in an objective, matter-of-fact manner. Dr. Stevenson was clear that he did not want to promote a belief system, only present the data analytically with strict adherence to scientific methodology. Due to the nature of his work, he focused only on cases he could not debunk himself.

Can you imagine the implications if just one of these cases are true?!

Thank you so much to everyone who took the time to submit to this year's La Frontera.

Alan Webb

LAREDO COLLEGE by Blanca Chapa



On the cover
Photograph


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Walking in darkness all day.
"You're always in a bad mood," they say.
Sad and frustrated, angry at the world.
Determined to do nothing more than to stay in bed curled.

All day I am struggling.
All night I am crumbling.
No one can stop these feelings.
But somehow, the sun is healing.

The sun has powers like no other.
It sends me love like my mother.
I am reborn and made a new person in its presence.
It sees me as more than an adolescent. 




Photograph

The beauty of the eye
Is just like the beauty of You and I.
The variation of color
is as beautiful as the summer
and the image of your lover.
The beautiful glaze
makes you want to stare for days.
It gives us the ability to see
the perfect image of the sea.
Do you disagree? 



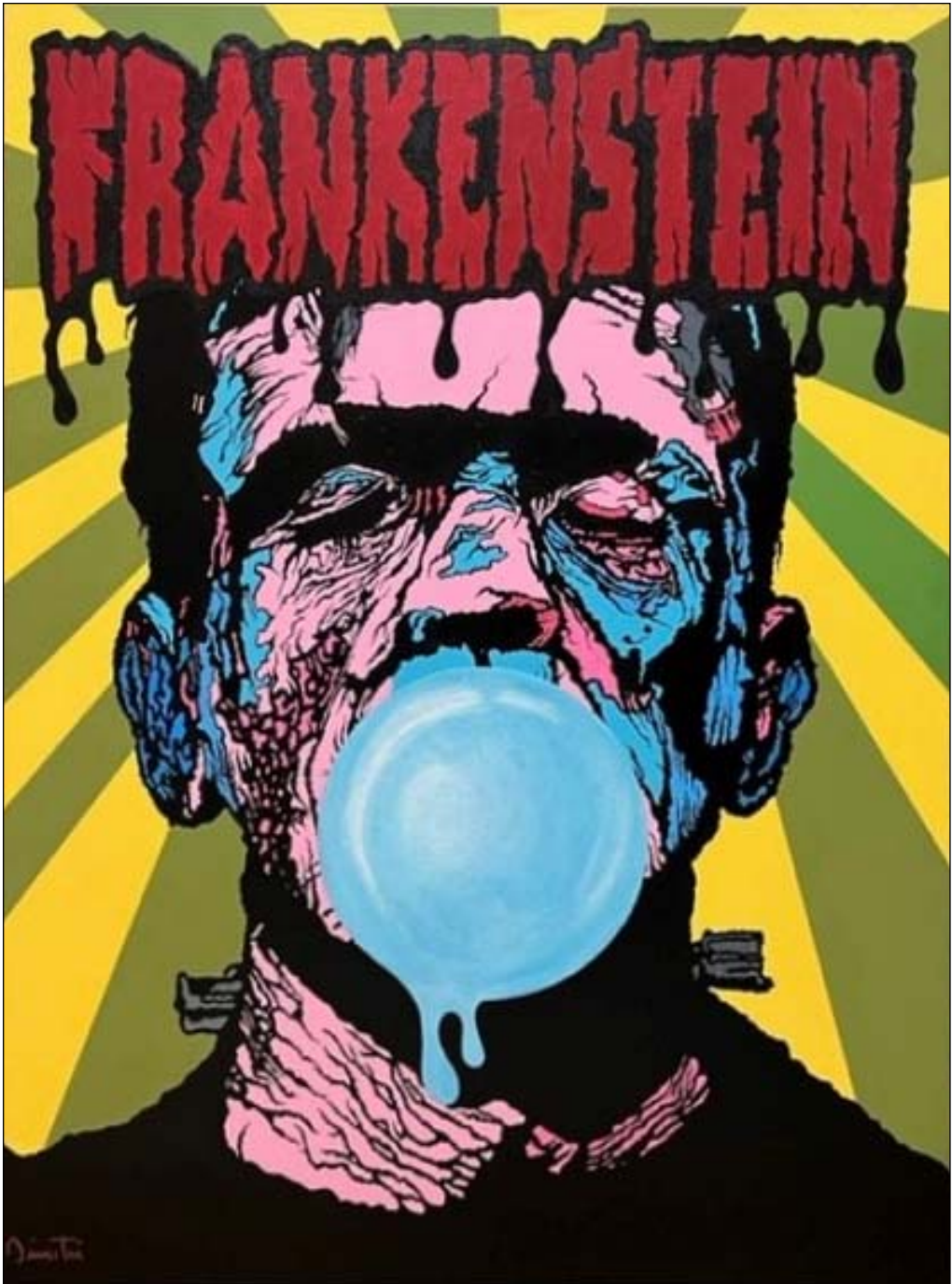
Photograph

One day my high school sweetheart left
To that war that had to be fought.
Relieved to receive my high school sweetheart
Back on U.S. soil I thought.
I saw your body step off that white bus.
The daily routine started.
Nothing more that I wanted.
One night his nightmares came.
Those demons to cause pain.
I look at him everyday.
My high school sweetheart is astray. 



Photograph

They're not in my closet,
Not under my bed.
These Monsters I fear
Live inside my head.
They use my voice
When speaking to me.
They tell me things
Like I'll never be free.
*It's just a matter of time
Before you fall of the wagon again.*
So, I scream, I scream so loud!
But nobody hears me,
These monsters, man!
Always, in my ear.
Trying to tear me down,
I'm fighting for air!
I can't seem to breathe,
And slowly I drown.
Stay strong! Are my go-to words.
Repeat and repeat,
Till it somehow imprints,
And i can finally breathe. ◆



Digital Illustration

Their hugs and laughter I truly treasure.

Their mere existence is such a pleasure.

But lately I've been having a bit of pressure.


My face and lips have turned blue,

So I have confined myself in complete solitude.

I'm not like them, I'm not courageous,

But I suspect I might be contagious.

So for them I shall fight,

And simply pray for everything to be alright. 



Photograph

She looked at him as if he was the devil. And maybe he was. He was a monster, a coward that had found its prey. She was the prey, and he was the predator. Perhaps this one was just disguised in expensive clothing and a pretty face. But behind his physical appearance, there was something in his eyes... Guilt.

He would say anything to make her forgive him. He would do anything to make her forget but forgiving and forgetting was way beyond her possibilities. She couldn't do either of them at least now.

She looked up from the letter and walked towards him with tears forming in her eyes. She slapped the letter on his chest then proceeded to slap his cheek with her free hand.

"Why, why did you run?!" she demanded. She pushed him back towards the bed as he looked down on the floor. "Because I was a coward," he replied in a whisper. He could barely speak, nevertheless breathe. This was too much for both of them. The tension in the air was heavy and thick. She stared at him waiting for him to say more than the obvious.

"My mother is dead because of you and that's all you can say?" she said with tears rolling down her angry eyes. The warm eyes he loved were gone. He had tried telling her the truth a countless number of times, but he always lacked courage. He was a coward and a weakling. But he was a different person back then.

Today, he was better but not good enough in the eyes of the world.

"I was drunk that night and I was going too fast. I lost control. Javier was in the passenger seat. I was driving his new car and we were both high and there was shit in the car. I was going to help you guys I swear, but Javier told me that we would both go to jail. I couldn't go to jail. I couldn't leave my sister alone. Please Kelsey, you have to understand me. When we drove away from the scene, I felt guilty. The guilt was eating at my skin, and I told Javier to go back but he didn't want to and the coward in me won. I'm so fucking sorry."

"Are you done?" Kelsey said coldly. "You could have come to me. You knew me. I don't blame you for caring for your sister but you could have found another way. My mother and I would have understood. All I wanted was for my mother to be alive. Now that's impossible. But you know what is not impossible?"


She walked towards the door like the walking dead. Her eyes were empty and her lips dry. She opened the door of his room as his voice stopped her.

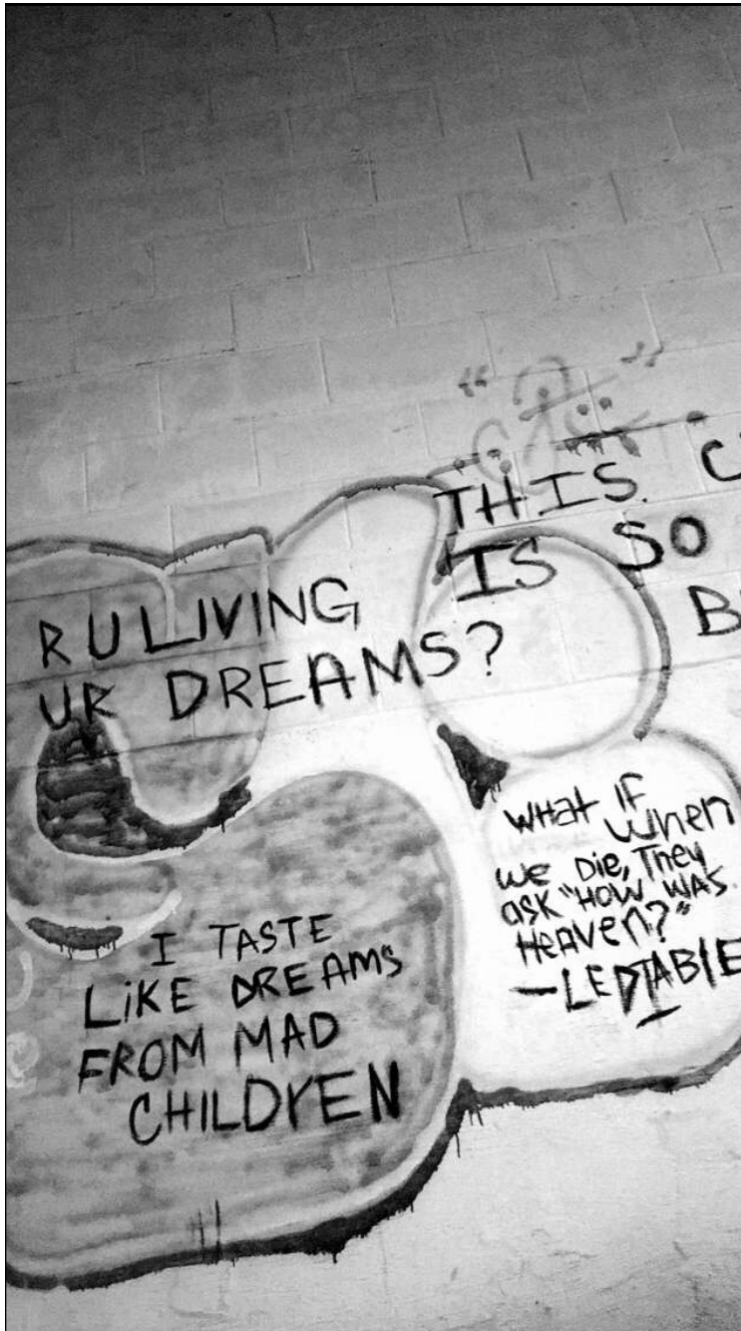
"What is not impossible?" he asked, scared of her answer.

She refused to turn around. She was sure it wouldn't be the last time she would see him, so it was pointless to get one last glance.

"For you to offer my mom's story closure and for you to turn yourself in. You're a criminal and criminals belong in a cell. You deserve to pay for your crime. You took away my mother's life and now I'm taking your freedom away," she said sternly.

The door slammed loudly. Adrian slumped down onto the floor. Maybe, it was time for the truth to set him free. Maybe he'd die rotting in a cell but the love he had for Kelsey was worth anything. And maybe, just maybe, one day she could offer him her forgiveness.

His tears fell on the floor. He stood up and approached the door. He was going to make things right. He would turn himself. She was right. He was a coward, but today that would change. He couldn't change his past, but he could surely change his future. 



Photograph

When I first saw you,
I thought you were cute,
I wanted to confront you,
But I refused...

Out of all the girls in class,
I could only think of you,
It's easy to say that my love for you
just grew and grew...

We started talking,
But it all went really fast,
I just want you to know that my love for you
will forever last...


I may not be the perfect guy,
Or buy you fancy things,
But sooner or later,
I'll get you that fancy ring...

From the day we met,
It all felt so right,
I think it's safe to say,
It was love at first sight!!!





Mixed media

March, April May, December...
Scattered in pieces was my heart the day you left me in November.
Out of the 29 days of February I loved you all I remember.
October passed by and you promised you'd be here by my side,
But now that I remember, you said it without a sparkle in your eye.
It's January now, and the air smells the same,
It's only been a few months since you went away.
A month passes by and now March is here,
the flowers start to bloom and I've stopped shedding so many tears.
April makes me forget the sadness in my heart,
June is shining and I'm having fun with my friends instead.
One day in July, I thought of you randomly in my head.
August made me realize everything happens for a reason.
And September made me remember it's time for a new season.
October is here with one lovely surprise,
It's resignation. I met her and she told me I'd be fine.
It's now November, a year has gone by,
and along with you the memories faded and told me Goodbye. 



Illustration

I walked off my flight
My mind filling with fears
I was all alone
My eyes full of tears

No one understood me
Everyone stared
I regretted coming here
I felt lost, no one cared

The phone finally rang
My on the phone
"Mom! I miss you
I want to go home"

She worried at first
But told me I was strong
She gave me the courage
To move right along

I was taken to my apartment
It was the middle of the night
A new roommate woke up
She said I gave her a fright

She showed me to my room
A mattress on the floor
Time to get some sleep
I hope they do not snore

Work was tough
We were not treated well
But the new friends that I had
Made the days swell

The food was very different
I hoped it would be good
Some of it was just too strange
But I ate what I could

Two months had passed
Many streets I would roam
This trip was one to remember
But I was on my way home





Photograph

Separated by a river,

Yet they are demanding a Wall.


Black, White or Brown

Should there be one race for all?

Actions driven by love pushed to the brim


Even if that means you don't know how to swim

Heat, Water or Patrols

Names engraved on their payrolls. 



Photograph

I haven't felt this way in a while,
like my heart has been ripped from my chest.
I wish I could look you in the eyes
and tell you that I'm at my best.
The truth is that I would be lying,
I feel so low without you by my side.
I hate to admit that I spent some days crying
but I do because for you I'm willing to lose my pride.
My friends say, "Don't be stupid, you'll move on,"
and one day I will, that I know.
But I also know I'll always hold your memory close
and I'll treasure all the highs and all the lows.
I wish you nothing but the best as we finally part ways.
Who knows, maybe in the future we can remain friends
or maybe life will give us another chance.
But for now, with nothing left to say,
I bid you farewell. 



Photograph

Songs are poems
and poems are songs.

This isn't a story,
so it won't be long.

With just a few words,
I'll create lyrical jewels


The beauty of this
is that there are no rules.

In this world
nothing is forbidden.

In these lyrics
a message may be hidden.

So much will be said
but so little will be written.


Listen closely,
it can be discovered.

If you don't,
It might never be uncovered. 




Photograph

In the dark I sit,
Slowly falling in the pit.
We could have had it all.
But damn! The mighty do fall.

He said yes to me.
We were meant to be free!
Today, we act like we don't see.
Tomorrow, maybe I'll walk into the sea. 



Photograph

Trust I found in you,
A love so strong I could die.
I still remember your tears,
like rain falling from the sky.
But as the heart grows fonder,
I begin to question.
Are you my best decision?
or are you my next big lesson?
As time passes,
you've shown me the true way.
How much you care,
how much we cherish each other every single day.
I write this with much sorrow in my heart,
because now I must leave.
But I'll remember us forever.
In my heart our love I shall always keep. 



Photograph

There he goes driving through the lane saying “hey”

He knows all my favorite brands

Mr. Mailman will never disappoint me like the rest of the boys do

Through him goes the writings of humanity’s soul

He’s the last one to leave the streets and the first to see the sunrise

Mr. Mailman is keeping this country running day by day


Oh how I love my Mr. Mailman in all the seasons

Staring out the window waiting for him to deliver my happiness






Photograph

We said goodbye for the hundredth time
and I've decided to get a fresh start,
but I know that no matter how hard I try
my heart will always ache if we're apart.
Do I miss you or am I just lonely?
Should I fight to stay or should I go?
Was I ever your one and only?
For the hundredth time, I don't know.
"Life takes the most unexpected turns,"
my friends remind me for the hundredth time.
But in my chest there's a pain that burns
whenever memories of you come into my mind.
I don't want to leave it all behind
but I want to be free and let you go.
So I'll mark this moment as the hundredth and one
where I try to move on once more. 



Photograph

I wanted to ask her to dance,
but she never looked my way.
She looked so beautiful in her dress.
I wonder if she thought the same.
The one time she looked in my eyes,
the clouds began to stray.
I was stuck in her trance,
too bad I never got the chance. 




Photograph

Lost and confused.
Which way to steer?
Personally, I am not amused
that you are here.
Why return after such a long time?
6 months to be exact.
What is your return supposed to impact?
When you replied,
I really tried to understand
when you responded with, "because you really are divine." ◆




Photograph

What color should I choose?
Will this even be used?
I honestly do not have a clue,
What if I go with blue?
Why do I make it this complicated?
I honestly hate it.
How hard is it to just choose one?
Maybe I'll just take none.
But what if I do use it?
Maybe I can return it?
But what color do I get?
You know what, forget it. 




Photograph

Changes CAN be groundbreaking
Changes CAN be heartbreaking.
Just like a butterfly,
Very fragile & captivating,
Changes are primal & inevitable.
A caterpillar must experience
M E T A M O R P H O S I S
To become beautiful. 



Photograph

A rose,
A symbol of love, passion, and most of all... beauty.
I saw a rose in her,
Trapped in a prison of glass.
Do I shatter the exterior to reach the rose?
Do I leave it in there to suffocate and never be found?
How can I accomplish finding happiness and beauty without breaking who she's become?
How do I tell her that her inner beauty can be shown?
How can I explain to her,
"You're a beautiful flower. Show the world your beauty,
There's no need to hide it?"
Beautiful rose... come into the light.
There's no need to hide.
Let your beauty flourish... 



Photograph

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