

STUDENT LITERARY AND ART MAGAZINE
COMMUNITY COLLEGE OF DENVER

20-21

OUR PASSIONS

A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

HELLO OURGLASS COMMUNITY!

Ourglass, now in its 41st year of publication, is the journal of the English, Graphic Design and Visual Art Departments at Community College of Denver (CCD). We are dedicated to providing a forum for the poetry, prose, drama, design and artwork of our students.

Submit Your Work!

Ourglass publishes the best creative work produced each year by CCD students. To that end, we accept submissions from each academic year (summer to spring).

Please submit one ten-minute play, one story, essay, set of three to five poems, or set of two to four short-short stories, as well as any interesting combinations thereof. We aim to publish a variety of styles, voices, and genres.

All writing submissions will be eligible for the Leonard Winograd Award. Now in its third year, this award, named in honor of Leonard Winograd, longtime English professor and editor of Ourglass at CCD. Finalists are chosen by the editors, and the winner selected by a faculty member.

To find out more, or to donate to the Winograd Award, go to CCD.edu/Ourglass. The link for writing submissions is located at CCD.edu/Ourglass. To submit artwork, please contact Lincoln Phillips, Professor of Visual Arts, at lincoln.phillips@ccd.edu.

Due to the sheer volume of work we must consider, please be patient with our response time, usually four to six months. If you don't hear from us, please contact us at CCD.Ourglass@CCD.edu.

Don't forget to follow us on Facebook | [Facebook.com/CCDOurglass](https://www.facebook.com/CCDOurglass)

If you have any other questions, email us at the address above.

Thanks,
The editors

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MARCO THE ICON | 2D Design
Aria Gehman

A MOTH FLYING UNDER A STREET LIGHT

Sam Kaplan

The night whispers soliloquies to the unheard
the unseen and
the unknown

and i am there to listen

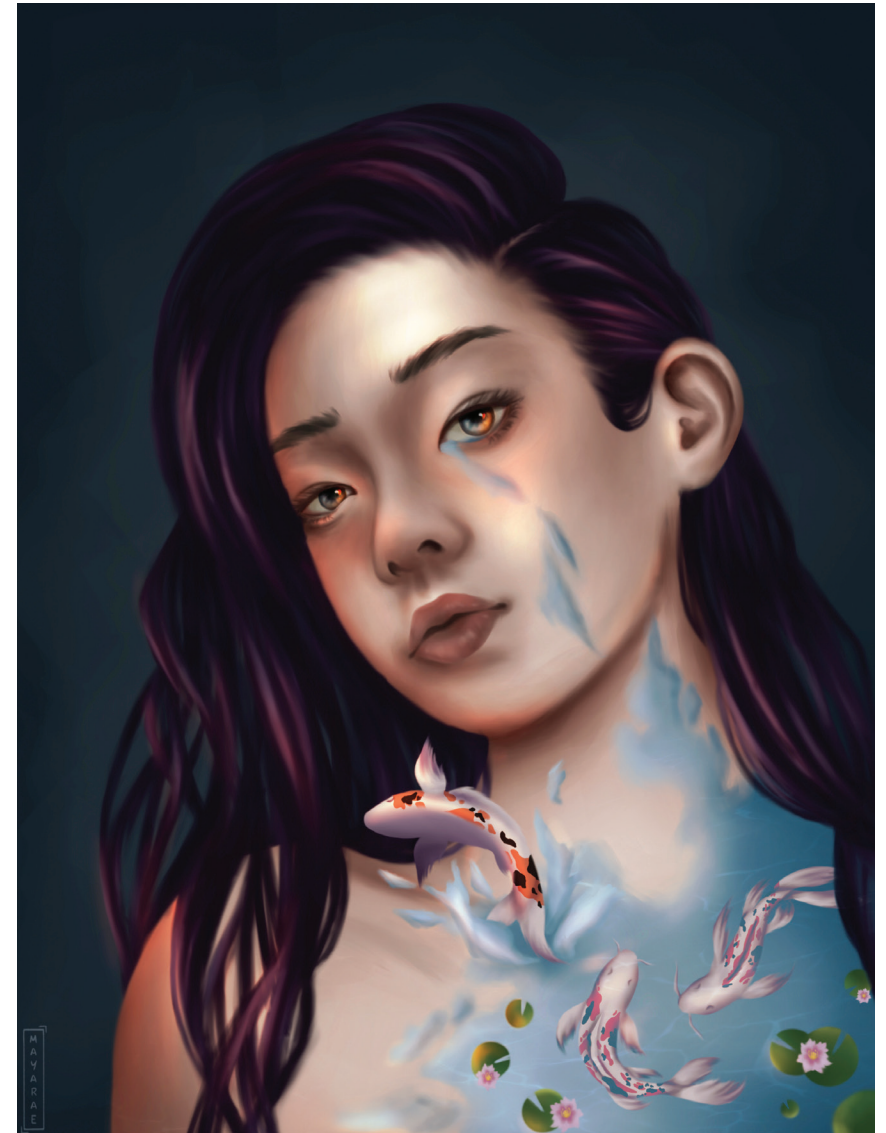
under a Street Light wishing i was but a moth
flying towards an ever-fleeting Light.

but alas, i think, as the wind picks me up and blows
me above the clouds and i fall

words rush around me my brain tries but no matter how hard i think i am
unable to translate the sonnet that caresses my limbs and kisses my neck

i hit the pavement
still awake

i can't help but think how nice it must be to be a moth
flying under a Street Light



CRY ME A KOI POND | Digital Illustration
Mayarae Taylor Miller

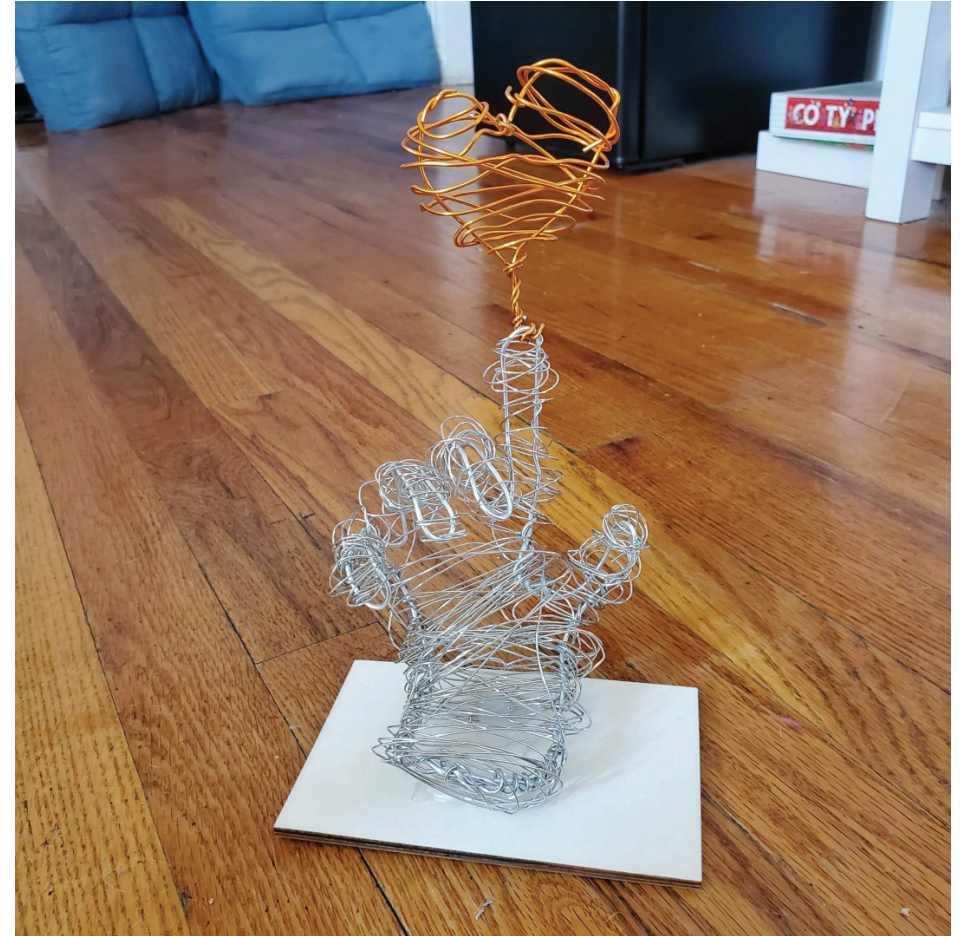
SHIFT | Photography
Mariely Marquez-Lopez



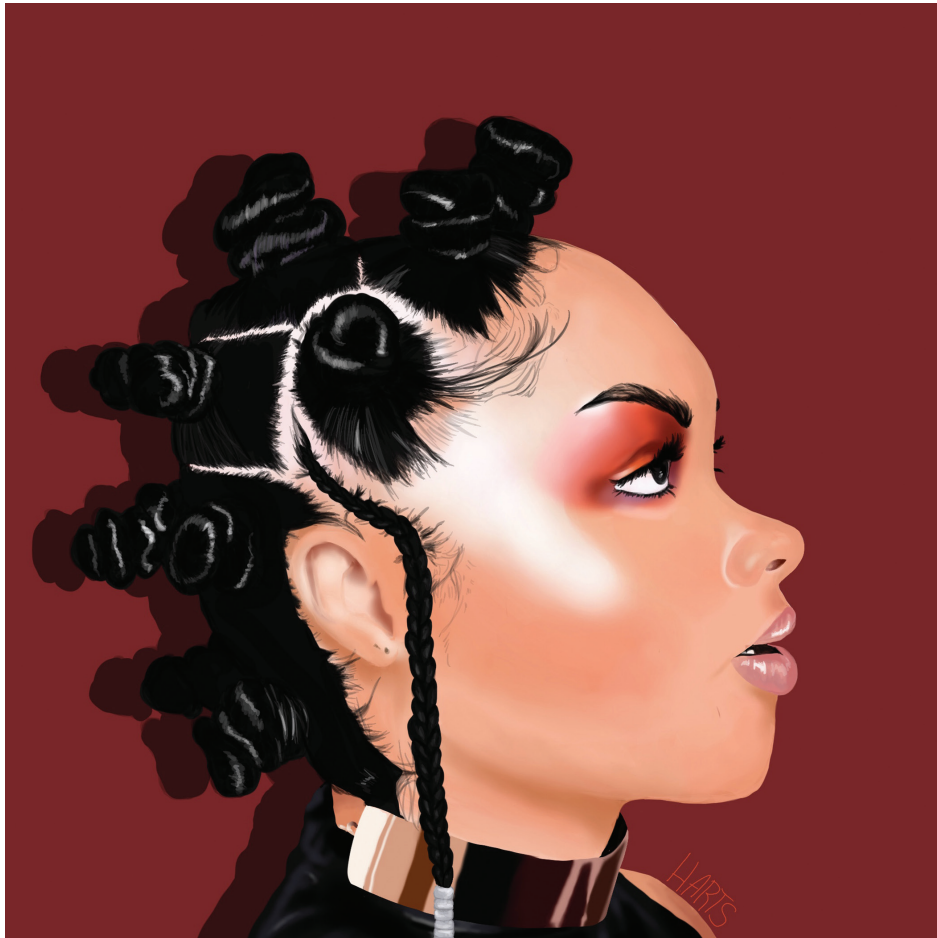
MOTHER'S MATH

Brenda Leno

We are long division made fractions of you Just grown sums
Square roots deriving round babies become Convex bumps mix
concave lumps into functional parabolas Untangle the cries
of pure logic turn simplified explanation FACT Mothers are
a Quadratic Equation Full of variables that distract us To
Subtract us will multiply The natural trouble of each step
to express how We stumbled We practice We solve Remainders
made wholesome Additions with cuddles Never to please Only
to ease Mothers do the work We solve $X+Y$ Maybe there's Pie
Children acutely remember our rhombus our angles our sines
We all need our math to figure what's deep inside With the
terms around us Invert us Reverse us heart and soul Expand
In the mind of every child Math's our grand unified strand



TOUCHING INTANGIBLE LOVE | Sculpture
Minh Nguyen



LOOKING AHEAD | Digital Illustration
Ash Herrera



MELANIN QUEEN | Digital Illustration
Ash Herrera

A LONG DAY

Elizabeth Mooney

“God, these stairs must take forever to climb after a long day.” “Yeah” Hana said, nodding in emphasis. “You have no idea.” It was not until that moment that I was aware of the permeating silence of my sister’s life, and that I probably wouldn’t know. Life had to be eerie, I thought, like a mall without music; when nobody stopped in their tracks until the volume dropped, too caught up in their own lives to even notice the lack of noise. I was that incognizant idiot, and I prayed I always would be, for I had no desire to comprehend the pain of losing a child.

Four-year-old Esther was mounted on Hana’s hip, skin white as my little sister’s platinum hair. She observed me suspiciously and clung tightly to her mother, analyzing me. Her miniature tennis shoes swung heavy on her little legs with each trudge up the steps, and I playfully squeezed at one of her toes. She gave me a sour look and buried her head in Hana’s shoulder, exposing the translucent halo of hair on her head. I tried not to be jealous of her deep attachment to her mother. I’m glad she is holding Hana, and I’m glad Hana is holding her. Esther has two months to live.

At six-months-old, humans begin to display signs of their future personality characteristics. Esther was four. Although she didn’t speak much, when she did, even adults could tell that her words were well thought-out, and often wise. She displayed not only humor, but wittiness. The progression of her intelligence was astonishing, as was the grim contemporaneous deterioration of her tiny body.

CONTINUED ON PG. 18



BUBBLES | Painting
Stephannie Jimenez-Marrufo

Upon first meeting Esther, a callow adult might assume she suffered from a progressive social disorder, spoiled or was simply "too shy." From the blissfully ignorant observations of outsiders who were either too scared or didn't bother to ask, Esther Grace was simply a four-year-old enigma with nothing to say. In reality, though, like most people you just had to invest time with her, get to know her and earn her trust. In a lot of ways, she was more of an adult than a child. Maybe that's why God decided to take her so soon.

Inside my sister's apartment, a cool rush of filtered oxygen and the quiet hum of air purifiers stimulated all of my senses at once. All of a sudden, the cigarette I had smoked moments before made me feel dirty. I threw down my bags and hugged her, hard. She wasn't wearing any makeup. She looked primitively beautiful, stoic and sad. Yet, there were no tears in her eyes, not even a hint. It was so hard to see a twenty-six-year-old that way, much more so, my little sister. Seeing her like this, I felt my throat begin to close, but I had sworn not to let the tear ducts open.

Later that day, Esther and I were up on the porch together, only us two. This was a very rare occurrence, as she was always attached to Hana's side. Right now, though, it was just us. Esther had climbed up onto an office chair so she could look over the balcony with me, and instead of telling her no, I used my left knee to stabilize the chair while we stared at the trees do below.

"Do you know why trees have shadows, Esther, the gray outlines on the ground? It's because of the sun." I pointed up, and her eyes followed my finger. "The shadows will even move around the trees in circles in the daytime, and disappear at night when there is no sun." What a philosophical concept to explain to a four-year-old, right? I was so shocked she was still listening, standing on the chair looking up into the sky supported by my leg which was beginning to shake violently under the need to shift my weight, but I didn't dare move.

Anyone who saw us would've said it looked like a scene from a Norman Rockwell painting; it was so perfect. Then, she spoke: "But, sun is up." She pointed a chubby finger towards the sky and dropped her chin to her chest, scrutinizing the trees, furrowing her brows. I strained my ears to hear her words which were carefully chosen, I'm sure. "What did you say?" I tentatively whispered. She sighed, audibly frustrated, and repeated herself like I was an idiot for not understanding. "Sun is up!" She whispered those three words yet spoke them quickly with obvious emphasis pointing again, and then I did feel like an idiot, because I finally understood the point she was trying to make. Why do we have shadows to the side of objects, not simply perfectly centered around the object at all times, since the sun is shining directly on top of them? Why do shadows even exist at all?

I told her that she was smart and she asked good questions. I told her that I didn't know why. Maybe if I had a better memory of high school science class, I would have been able to answer that question, but I couldn't. It took me at least a minute to decipher her question, and I still don't know the whole answer.

This, along with many other aspects of Esther's nature, is what made her so unique. Esther Grace had an innate gift to supersede even seasoned adults in countless ways. She was supremely mature and wise. Still, she stood on the chair, staring down at the trees, and I stared at her, and that halo of hair around her head. The daylight magnified its true colors. Strawberry blonde...she would've been a strawberry blonde, I think; and anybody who knew Esther knew that she absolutely adored strawberries. ■

Dedicated to Esther Grace
January 27th, 2016 – September 2nd, 2020



RED PEONY DOT MANDELA | Painting
Sabina Palermo

Leonard Winograd Award Honorable Mention

LOOSE PAPER

Sophie Wright

Also, I think we all have regrets.

I keep mine in

My closet,

Under the bed,

In the soles of my shoes...

They also live within my head.

I have also stashed them in the pockets of childhood
coats.

Because,

Though I despise them

They are the things I can't bear to let go of the most.



Best in 3D Design and Sculpture

THE MASHUP | Sculpture

CJ Fletcher



FRAGMENT I, FRAGMENT II, FRAGMENT III | 2D Design
Kristi Zaragoza

I TALKED TO GOD FOR MY MOM

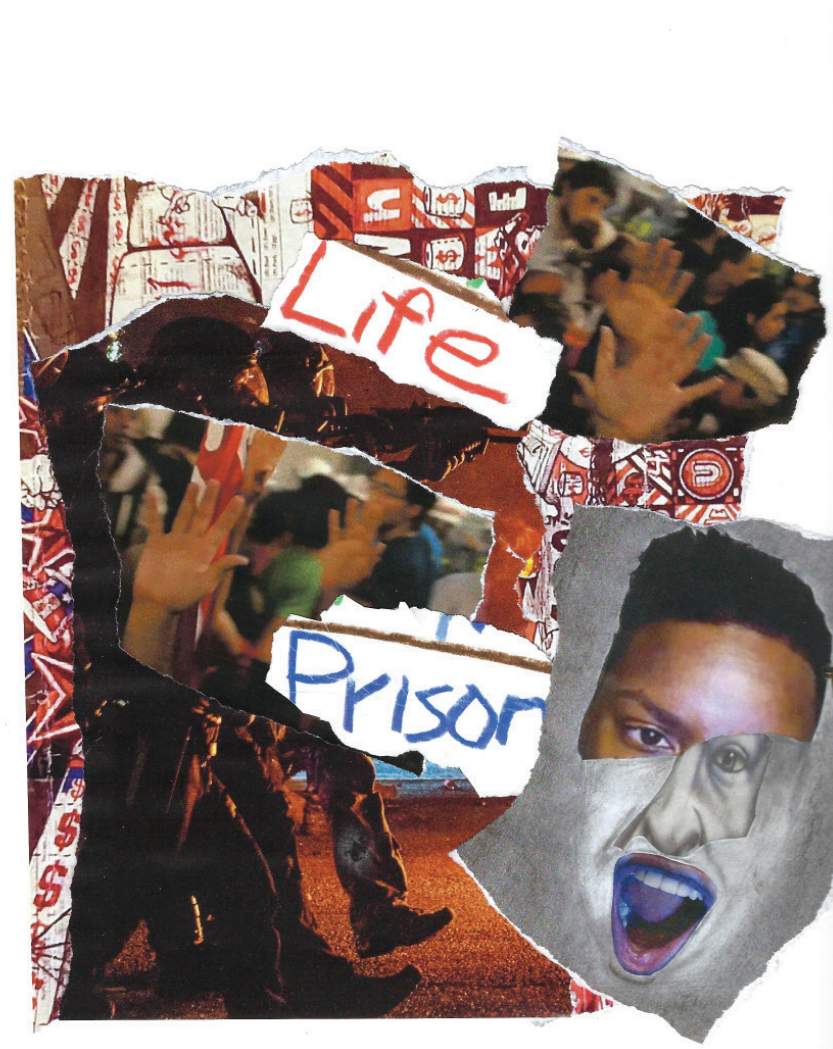
Brittany Goettling

Don't tell anyone.
I was totally fine. Like -
not even lying to myself fine.

I'm probably just really tired, you know, like when little kids are grumpy and their parents say, "He hasn't had his nap today," and everyone is all, "Poor guy."

Instead of-
"What a stupid bitch."

This coffee is broken.



LIFE IN PRISON | Mixed-Media Collage
Chuck Anderson



EXPANSE | Painting
CJ Fletcher

MY TEARS ARE MADE OF CHALK

Brittany Goettling

When I cry children scribble
rainbows on the pavement.
The hose washes them away
before color returns to my face.

My skin is made of vegetables,
you lick my hands, but only when
I threaten bed with no dessert.
The dead, dried flakes are added
to ramen noodles.

My lips have gills.
Colored scales are cleaned by
tongue and teeth, and
slip between choppy waves
of fingers and 5 o'clock shadows.

My hair is thick with fireflies,
each strand shines brightly with a
beer on every split end
Dimmed by morning they gather
over fragrance free sheets.

My eyelashes solo on cheekbones,
sticky with mascara they sing a cappella then exit stage left while the orchestra
spits and exhales.

My toes are shipping out tomorrow.
They grabbed their neighbors and
stood at attention
until the bones spread attractively
across the top of my feet.

My fingernails follow murderers,
I pamper them with cursory glances and weekly baths When they snap
I look back
and they stare incredulously.

My earlobes are going through a break up. They filter pus into
dripping gold, tilting
the gaps hang heavy but
you're the same.

My chest moved in with an elephant,
he leaves his dirty clothes in the living room and never does the dishes
My lungs tried to leave, but were
caged by meat and bone.

My stomach is full of ash.

I don't want to talk about it.



SHE'S A LION | Digital illustration
Anthony Telles

HAVE FAITH; HOLD FAST

Drew Johnston

it will come perfect circle,
it will cut through wood like butter.
you know, the grass is always
greener and the gravity grows
stronger.



UNBOUND | Painting
Joanna Hillhouse



Best in Show
SPRINGTIME | 4D WORK
Jack Terry



STUDY OF COLOR CELLO | Painting
Sophie Wright



CELLO IN BRIGHT | Painting
Sophie Wright

Leonard Winograd Award Honorable Mention

THE IN-BETWEEN

Nicole Weber

Leah carefully deposited the handful of dollars into the panhandlers change-filled Big Gulp and passed over a half-eaten bag of stale Bugles. The factory-new Mustang behind her roared and lurched forward. The metallic horn blared angrily, making Leah jump. She coiled the burning cigarette butt in her fist and flicked in a high, tight arc behind her. As the soft filter left, ash exploded on landing on the windshield behind her.

The horn stopped. The vacuum of silence left a heavy, metallic taste in Leah's mouth. She pushed the gear shift into first, leaning forward to find an opening in the cross traffic. The mechanical crunch of the parking brake sounded from behind her, and her worms chanted for war. Leah eyed the cross traffic, "pocket, pocket, come on." Meanwhile, the sun-worn man opened the bag of Bugles and inhaled, recoiling at the dog-fart smell of stale corn chips. He dug in his backpack and dropped something heavy into the Bugle bag.

"Feed it," he yelled through a mouth of dry spit, and tossed the bag back through the window.

"Wha-" Leah panicked, and hit the gas. She sailed narrowly in front of a Buick and up the on ramp onto the four-lane highway. Her eyes flit from the road to the backseat as she dug in the pile of garbage and wrinkled clothes behind her. The deep bellow of a semi-truck horn lowed, and her eyes snapped back to the road. Leah swerved back into her lane and closed her fist around the crinkled bag of Bugles.

Eyes trained on the road, Leah fumbled inside the bag, chip, chip, chip, chip,

chomp. Wrenching her hand from the bag, came the aggressor, firmly attached by its primitive beak, glaring with red ringed eyes. The square body of the green box turtle parachuted through the layers of trash, settling on the passenger floorboard. Leah paused, straight and still, quietly slipping a fresh cigarette between her lips. Fearing the jaws of her new accomplice, she warily snatched the zippo from her boot. "Alright turtle man, you drew first blood. All can be forgiven, but it's a one-time only kind of deal," Leah lied, she would've kept it anyway, bites or not. An aluminum burrito husk shifted in response, making Leah jump. "Look, I'll grab you a bite, but for now we've got places to be." The worms waved blissfully, caressing her muscle, tendon, wet blood-filled skin.

Leah barreled down the highway north west, climbing out of the basin of San Antonio. Months ago, she had piled a mash of clothes and boxes of old photos, into the back of the hatchback sportster and headed south towards a new life. The native palm trees and southern drawl had sold her. They were a stark contrast to the mountains and nasal midwestern tone from which she came. Each morning the humid slap of southern summer and the neighbors drawl through the thin walls would wake her. Immediately she knew she was somewhere else. This spatial reorienting kept Leah sane, allowing her to feel the miles between her and the mess.

But trouble had a way of finding Leah. The worms beneath her skin called to the Broken like flies to a slaughterhouse, and the comforting novelty of the new city became more polluted each waking morning. She'd begun to suspect that each new *here* was

just another *there*. If anything, the miles between were the real destination, when her cell lost signal or the tank ran low. Out there, she didn't question if her decisions were her own. Flirting with her own mortality was Leah's way of praying the hurricane took the house. She was upside down in her own corporeal mortgage, and the worms multiplied in the walls. She prayed for the big wave, whether to salt the earth or cash in and rebuild, she wasn't ever really sure. Leah was open to either, but knew that both began with destruction.

Thick darkness fell fast as civilization fell away. For hours there hadn't been much to see of the land, just barren hills sprouted with the occasional road sign. This part of West Texas belonged to the night sky. "Hey, turtle dude, one day if all our hands turned into hammers, would everything become a nail?" Leah asked, adding a butt to the mountain in the cup holder. "Crap, I bet you're hungry still," she said, and downed the rest of her Red Bull. The horizon was black, not a streetlamp in sight, but the car dusted a road sign: *Iraan 1.2mi*.

As Leah pulled off the interstate the car chugged and puffed, running on the gunk at the bottom of the tank. Asphalt gave way to the sandy beige bump-and-slide of the loose dirt road. Leah shut the radio off as she passed the handmade town sign. Crudely cut red letters were zip tied to a metal grate, *IRAAN*. The car lurched through the inky silence, past abandoned barn houses with dark, shattered windows and yawning half-open doors. In the distance, a single gas station, *Stripes*, sat buried in a beige dust bowl. The worms pushed at Leah's thick skin, eyeless bodies vying for a better view.

Leah willed the empty car up to the pump. She listened so hard her ears rushed,



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UNDER THE SUN | Drawing
Antonio Tellez

taking in the oppressive silence through her ever-open window. She considered asking the turtle if she should get out, but she feared the sound of her voice beckoning to the silence. Leah took a deep breath and hoisted herself out the driver side window frame. The station had a dim light inside and what, from here, looked like a tall wax figure of a man behind the register. Leah pressed the creaking metal door open and nodded at the man behind the counter under the buzzing yellow lights, but something was off. She did a quick double-take and froze, staring into the faded, smiling teeth of a lifesize cardboard cutout of Dan Marino behind the cash register. No one was home, Leah was alone.

“Oh, hey Marino, nice side gig,” Leah said, her voice shook as she snatched the heaviest can of soup she could find off the shelf and palmed it, just in case. This was surely a joke, someone’s clever way of signaling they were in the bathroom or popped out back for a smoke. It was disconcerting, nonetheless. She continued, if for nothing more than to desensitize herself to the creeping absurdity that was conversing with a crusty cardboard quarterback. “Don’t suppose you happen to have any turtle food? Lettuce? Fruit? Worms?” Leah held back.

“Refrigerator case,” said a muffled, raspy voice from behind the cut-out. Leah’s heart jumped into her throat. A gnarled, oil-stained hand reached from behind the football relic and pointed at the back of the store. Leah leaned to peek behind the cut-out, but the wrinkled hand snatched it in front of her hungry eyes and ducked below the counter. Keeping her eyes on the register, she hustled to the back of the store and retrieved a pre-



CONTINUED ON PG. 46

THE LADY | Photography
Aldo Johnson

made salad and a can of Red Bull. Leah laid their dinner on the counter and slid a fifty toward Dan Marino. "No change," said the croaking figure behind the cut out.

"Tank of gas, pack of Reds, and the rest can be yours," Leah said, holding her ground. The huddled form shot out a dirty arm and snatched the fifty.

"Go," it said.

"Cigarettes," Leah said, snatching her Zippo and waving the tall flame towards the crispy quarterback, "or you and this here Mr. Marino have already seen your last Texas sunrise."

The pack sailed into Leah's hand, and she flew out the door. Looking back she saw the flimsy Dan Marino bobbing through the store aisles, held high by a pair of filthy hands. The worms pleaded to go back, burn Dan Marino, make war, but this wasn't the way she'd let herself go. There was dignity in choosing what monsters picked her bones.

Leah's hands shook as she started the gas pump and slouched to peek over the car at the service station. *Two dollars, two sixty-eight, three fifty, four twenty-five.* She jumped as the loud rustle of trash sounded from the car. The turtle had taken the opportunity to make a round nest of trash and Bugles in the floorboard. *Five thirty, six seventy-five, seven thirty, eight ninety.*

A series of violent bangs and the crunch of glass erupted from the service station, and Dan Marino's smiling face was plastered against the spider webbed glass of the front door. It was a *pull*, not a *push*; but Leah wasn't going to wait for whatever that was

to figure it out. She wrenched the nozzle from the car and tossed it toward the pump. Her leg shot up and into the open driver's side window, and she parachuted, disheveled into the driver's seat. The car whined as she gunned it in reverse and then slammed it into first. Leah's heart thumped in her ears as the car flew over the gravel and back up onto the highway.

Out on the dark road Leah shook her head and forced a cackle, "West Texas, man." She laid her head against the window trim and stared up at the moon as the wind whipped against her face. A deep baritone howl started in her gut, rose through her pounding chest, and built through her jaw and ears to a soprano shriek. In the silence that followed Leah felt spent, an empty husk. She rested her head sideways on the window sill and kept the yellow line on her left. Eventually, she slowed the car and pulled to a stop on the shoulder.

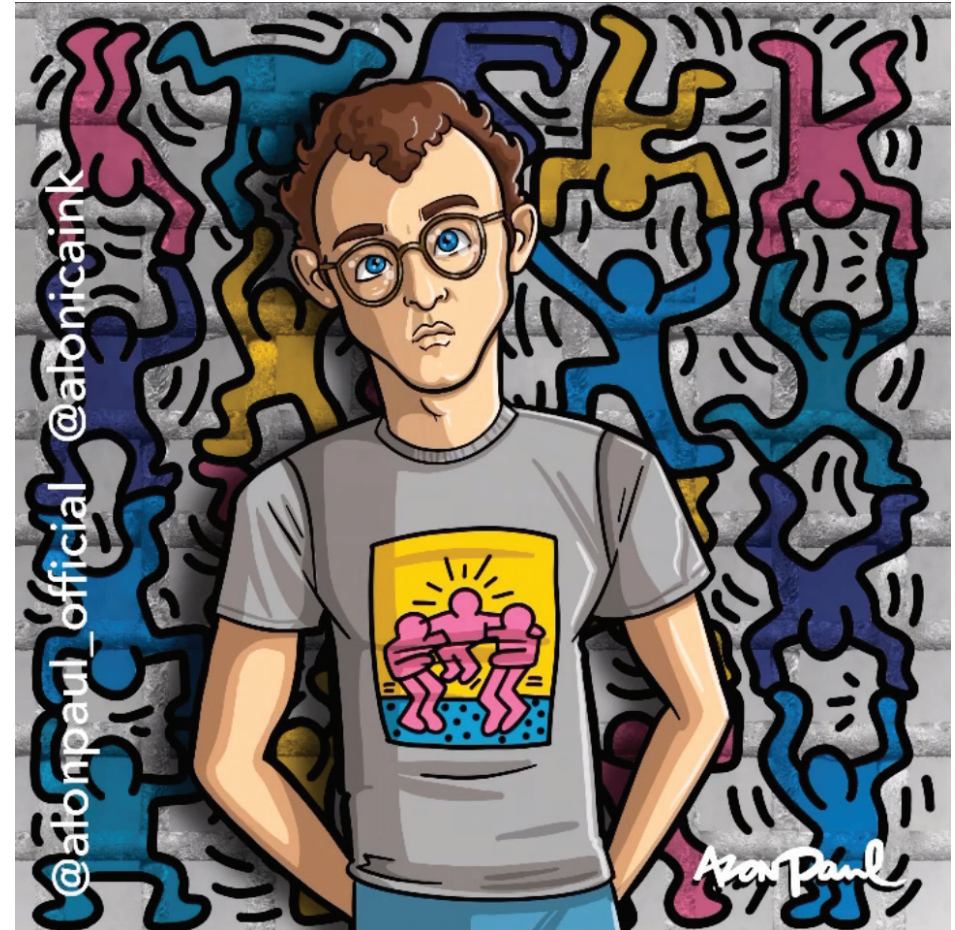
Leah opened the salad and placed a wilting leaf next to the army green and yellow striped shell in the Bugle trash nest. She carefully crafted a wandering trail of romaine and croutons across the car to her lap. The turtle didn't budge. Leah dropped her voice and whispered a song through drags on her cigarette:

*Turtle friend, we were nearly soup.
For a Dan Marino, with a
Screw gone loose. I've won you all these
Tasty leaves, please won't you come
And be with me.*

Leah's cheeks burned, scanning the roadway and fields for someone to be embarrassed for. Upon finding nothing, her hands reached for the shell and with utmost care brought it's hiding resident to her chest. She pressed the smooth shell to her sternum, bringing her legs to her chest, and softly caressed the jagged peaks of its back. Leah's body shook from the bones through to the muscle and she clung hard to the turtle as a silent rain of tears fell from her jaw onto the waiting shell. Inside the humid hug of her body, the turtle peeked out its round head with the vicious red eyes. It stared up at Leah, alert and still. Her lungs caught, and a quick cough sent a worm flying from her lips. The turtle snatched the wiggling assailant in its jaws, and gobbled it down with an air of business.

"I don't know where I belong," Leah said and another fell from her lips.

"My hands are hammers." ■



GRAFFITI HEART | Digital Illustration
Alon Paul



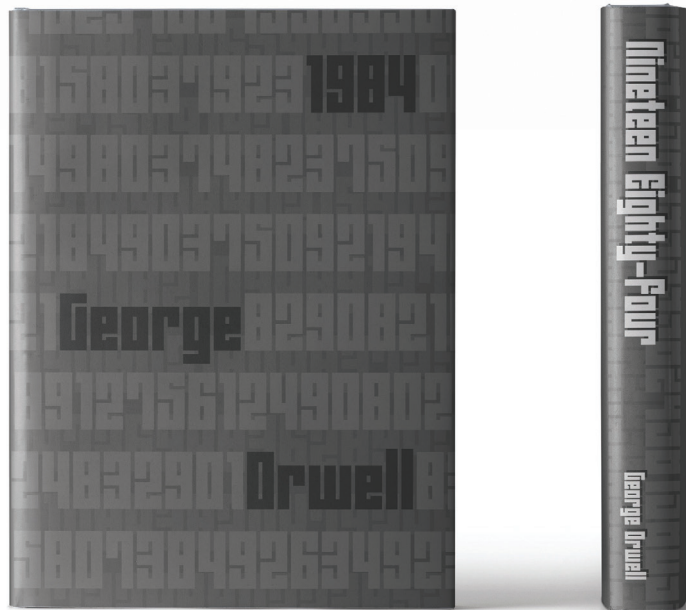
Best in Photography
NINA | Photography
Anthony Telles

WHAT WE WERE

Nicholas Hanson

the plains held no hold on us
the dust that saturated our throats
meant nothing,
an easy fix.
a lick of that German botanical stuff
was enough to keep us spitting
soliloquies for years.
we were cowboys.
me on my donkey, and you on my camelback,
or was it a Marlboro?
the point is it didn't matter.
you would light up and ask me to step out on that back porch, and
it wasn't the city's skyline.
it was the great plains,
and looking into the stars on those nights
i swear we could make out the Platonic Ideal.
we were Greeks
descending into the Piraeus
wrapped up in lion robes as if they were togas.
Hercules and his bronze was but copper in our golden age.
and only the most noble grapes laid at the foot of our hilltop vineyards.
we were kings
nothing was beyond our reach.

The divine sanctioned all that we touched
And the heaven laid at our feet as if to say
We were cosmonauts
Floating through space
Our journey unfazed by the nature of time
but it didn't matter.
because we were solipsistic modifiers
brains in a vat
growing fat on our phantasmal navel-gazings
but we weren't.
we were absurd.
rolling boulders up cliffs
only for them to fall back down again.
but it didn't matter,
because we were together
and you were my brother.



Best of Graphic Design
BOOK COVERS | Graphic Design
Viktor Bernald



HEAVY WEATHER | 2D Design
Sophie Wright



THE FAR SHORE | Digital Illustration
Mayarae Taylor Miller

PUTREFACTION

Ariel Tidwell

Fly larva swarming like
Seed pearls, black beetle garnets
On crushed velvet of rotting leaves
Wasp nest for jewels, mildew for lace,
For the fine dress
Of the shrivelled corpse, this rotting royal,
Queen of decay.
Mice bone bracelets litter the earth like ivory,
The disintegration, deterioration of merciless time
Wreaking havoc as slow and deadly as the toxic
Spider creeping across, an acid yellow ornament.
Centipede veins mix with the spiderweb
Flesh,
Corrosion, copper taste of
Leaking batteries
The whispers of hollow winds stir
Straw husk vines of hair and
Lipstick from the finest holly fruit.
Pulse bleeding from a wild pumpkin heart,
Seeds gushing out like thick
Blood
Fungi creeping into the empty
Cavities of a bleached white
Skull

The fiendish chant, this final rhythm,
Taboo recitation,
The rotting corpse whispers, a growing
Symphony, reminder, warning,
All that goes must return
You can not kill us in any way that matters



Best in Drawing II
HELP | Drawing
Grace Ko

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DESIGN
LIKE
YOU
MEAN
IT

DEPARTMENTS

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ON THE COVER: "Chairs" by Charles Deluvio



FEATURES

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Home should be a safe space.
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miblog

THE KITCHEN IN THE ATTIC APARTMENT

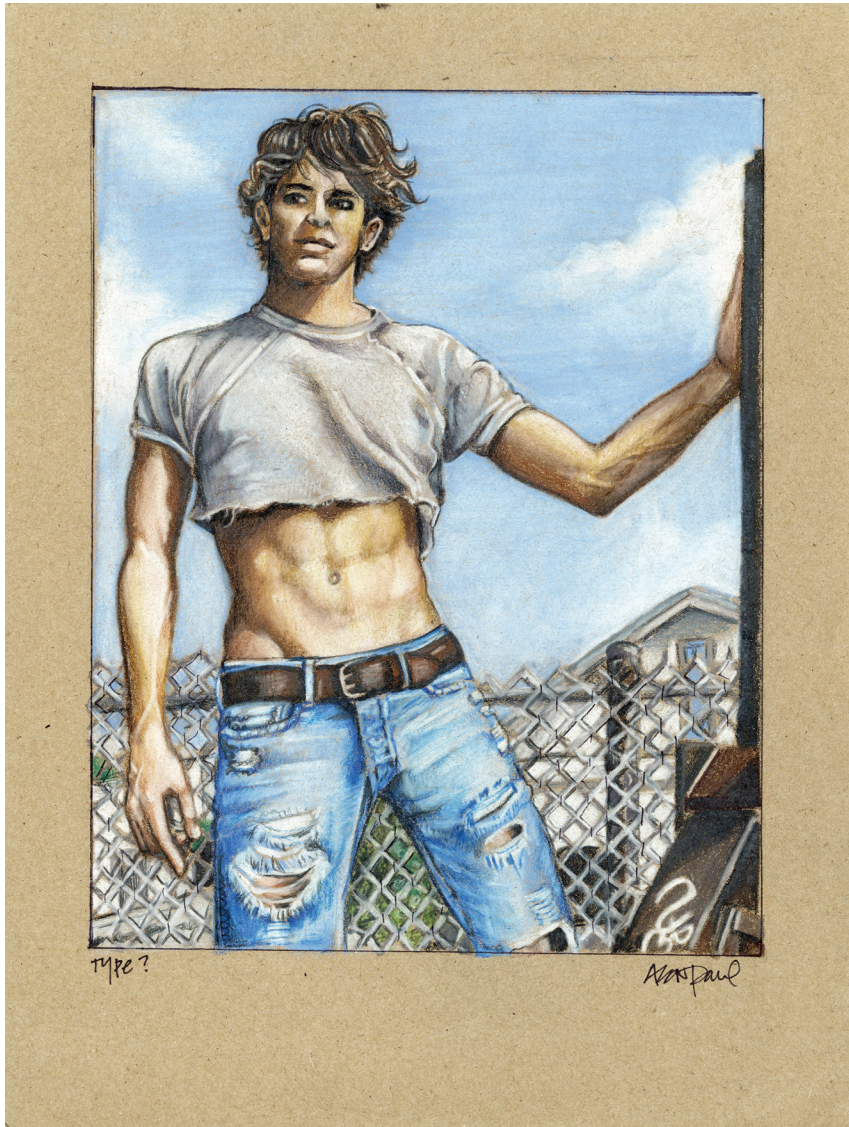
Emma Waldo

The kitchen in the attic apartment of my stepmother's house is small.
The old gas stove imposes itself on the whole room,
its top caked with burnt foods.
I learned how to make fried rice on this stove
and quesadillas
and rice pudding.

There is no counter space in the kitchen
in the attic apartment of
my stepmother's house,
just a small space where dishes dry on the rack
next to the sink.
And the pantry is just flimsy wood shelves
piled high with
pasta and rice,
cans, jars of tomato sauce.

The glass doorknobs shimmered in the light
like crystals
but fell to the ground when you would use them.
The carpet showed its age, coffee stains
creating a grey-brown pattern,
unidentified spills creating places where
the fibers suddenly stuck together, matting.
The sort of grime old apartments have when you're paying
just little enough not to bother the landlord too much about anything
or paying
just little enough to know he won't care.

But back then, it was paradise;
my dad setting pizza down on our dining table
cluttered with scraps of graph paper with equations and notes
he wrote out the last semester before he dropped out of college.
My friends huddled in the kitchen
sitting against the windowsill with white paint peeling off in little chips
onto the vinyl checkered floor
drawing on the fogged up window with their fingers,
tracing curlicues as little beads of condensation
slid down to the base of the window.
On winter nights, piling blanket after blanket after blanket
on top as cold air seeps through the window of my bedroom
which doesn't close all the way
until I am warm enough to sleep
with the satisfaction of having enough blankets
in a room with a window
that doesn't close.



TYPE | Drawing
Alon Paul



APHRODITE ASHIKIS | Drawing
Alon Paul

CLOUDY UP THERE

Sophie Wright

Pink flowers
bloom
on the side of this mountain road.
And I observe them through sheets of rain
Traffic is long
like the grass that grows in the storm
And I am the passenger.
Adrift,
but stationary in the swarm.



Best in 4D Design and Time-based Art
A COVID CONVERSATION | 4D DESIGN
CJ Fletcher



CITY SANG | Mixed Media Collage
Mayarae Taylor Miller



SUNKEN SATIN | Drawing
Mariely Marquez-Lopez

Leonard Winograd Award First Place
THE VERACITY OF TICKING CLOCKS

Mack Carpenter

Mother's clocks. Those *damned* clocks.

They're such simple mechanical contraptions really— dancing pendulums, shifting gears, tangled workings of wood and metal and glass. With each ticking passed, telling a tale old as time. The noise alone could make you mad if you let it. Each passing second announced, recorded. Remembered. I didn't sleep the first night after I left home, my eyes suddenly paralyzed by the silence of a seedy motel room. Glued to the door, frozen in ever-present terror.

Mother took great care of her clocks, conducting an orchestra of militant uniformity with the echoing chimes and ticks. Never a note out of measure. Every morning, before the school bus came, she dusted them, with her red bandana tied around her river of greying blonde hair. A collection of lace bound doilies and a polish she made herself in tow, usually humming a tune—Django Reinhardt, probably. I'd get ready for school. It wasn't long before I learned to make toast. Just a slice, bundled in a napkin from her scrap pile. I would head out for the long walk to the bus stop; the burnt flakes and crumbs masked by the syrupy taste of cheap grape jelly. Of course, she loved the clocks. The clocks she could control.

It's been ten years since I stepped foot in the blue split-level home I grew up in; I hadn't been back to Minnesota since I left. It stood before me now, somehow much smaller than it was back then. The cheap vinyl siding had darkened a bit and the screen

door was still broken; a reminder of what haunted me behind its rusted white aluminum. I pushed the flimsy wooden door open, imitation oak, and stepped into the living room foyer, a rush of panic descending over me at the sight. *Her*.

I placed my shoes by the door and took off my scarf, my feet numb to the chill of the cold, wood floors. I closed my eyes, counting— 1... 2... 3... My lungs gasped with air as I turned to face the empty room again. She was everywhere— in the expressionless faces of antique porcelain figurines. In the spines of books that have been collecting a thin layer of dust—a tangible proof that her sickness rendered her unable to do almost anything. I padded my way over to the couch, its dusty blue fabric a stain in my memory as I sat upon it. Everything looked exactly the same. The charred brick fireplace and its mantle housed her collection of porcelain mantle clocks. The remnants of a fire cloaked its insides. The shelves, built on either side, housed her trinkets. Figurines of maidens with milky skin, encyclopedias—a matching set, bound by hand-carved bookends my father made, faded photographs of my aunt and Mother as kids in patinated brass frames.

I picked up a leather-bound notebook from the coffee table. Her poems. After dinner each night, she'd sit in the foyer and work on her poems, never to be bothered until it was time for bed. She translated them, immaculately inscribing each word in ink. Peter Huchel was her favorite. I ran my finger down a page. "*Die Neunte Stunde*" was penned in the corner, the date beneath it. A partial translation remained unfinished on

CONTINUED ON PG. 75



MOUNTAIN PEAK IN DYING LIGHT | Digital Media

Michael Schultz

the paper. It was only a few months before she died.

I closed the book, feeling its presence in my lap as my eyes continued strolling around the landscape of the room. The grandfather clock stood in the corner; its looming presence had never been lost on me. (Bastard.)

It's hard not to notice the clocks right away. My brain distracts, focusing instead on the intricate brocade of Mother's curtains, the drab green tweed of the armchair where I used to do my homework, the patterned curves of blue ink in a ceramic plate on the end table. They told so many things other than time over the years, the clocks. If there were two things I could count on in this world, the clocks would always chime, on the hour, except at nighttime when Mother was sleeping and they would always, *always* betray me.

I jumped; my entrancement interrupted by a sudden rap. I took a deep inhale as I walked towards the knock at the door, pausing before pulling it open. A woman stood before me; her auburn hair pulled tight into a ponytail. Her age attempted to hide by a thick layer of foundation. She wore a pair of shiny black boots, a pointed toe and a heel fit to gouge out Mother's wood floors.

"Hi" she threw out her hand; I shook it quickly. Her long, red nails scratched the surface of my palm. "You must be Lenora. The executor?"

I nodded.

"Yeah, I'm Lenora. I'm uh, her...I'm her daughter."

I gazed back down at her boots.

"Would you mind?" I gestured and pushed the door open, tensing at the sudden chill of the frosty wind. "The floors, they're just...they're really sensitive. I'd appreciate it a lot." I could feel her eyes narrowing beyond her tortoise sunglasses. She pushed them up on her head, revealing her darkly lined hazel eyes. "Not at all," she replied, flashing a smile. "I'm Jen."

I gestured for her to enter, wincing at the tap of her boots on the floor.

"So, I understand your mother's collection is quite extensive," she remarked, placing her boots next to mine at the door.

"My deepest condolences, of course." She turned to face me, grasping my hands tight in her red talons. A platitude, I'm sure. Her eyes were already glittering, aglow with life, the life of the clocks.

I found some old filters in a cupboard and made us some coffee. Mother's coffee maker probably hadn't been used in years. Jen was polite, at least. Polite, but her mug lingered after she left, perched on its ceramic coaster— half-empty with a terracotta lipstick stain.

"Have you given any thought to which pieces you'll be keeping?" she asked, as I handed her a mug. "World's Best Secretary" it read—a relic from Mother's working



CONTINUED ON PG. 78

BOYS PAINT THEIR NAILS TOO | PHOTOGRAPHY
Andrea Orduna

days. "I...Well, I won't be." I cleared my throat. "I don't intend to keep anything." I sipped from my mug. *Too hot.* "So, where should we begin?"

My brain searched for reasons to begin anywhere...anywhere else, but the clocks. The Christmas ornaments piled in boxes in the hall closet, Mother's sheet music in the guest bedroom armoire. A futile effort, I realized, as Jen rose to admire Mother's music box clock on the end table.

"Your mother's taste is exquisite," she remarked, trailing her tacky nails across its sophisticated carvings, a tingle of melody escaping from its teeth. "It isn't often you find such a dignified estate at auction; most people want to keep things like these. She turned her attention to the Atmos clock (bitch) on the shelf behind her. "Are you sure?"

Her voice sounded hopeful, hopeful I would say yes.

"I'm sure." I placed my mug down. "Let's do it."

I peeled the clocks from their homes on the walls. Despite Mother's best efforts, their imprint stayed behind in the ivory paint. I brushed the fresh dust from each one, cursing them in my mind as I passed them to Jen, who was too busy babbling on about how she once appraised a rare, early 18th-century lantern clock. "Truly one of a kind," she cooed, while jotting notes about each piece I passed her. Each one felt like a ticking grenade in my icy hands as I pulled them from the shelves, collecting a mass of instrumental grandiosity in front of the fireplace, a rhythmic display of taunting. *Tick. Tock.*

We worked through lunch, tirelessly cataloging each one for hours. Jen stood, snapping photos with a digital camera, gleaming over the details of their facades and assuring me buyers would be interested. I nodded and forced a smile, fighting the urge to crush the sturdy wood of a cuckoo clock in my hands. My body trembled as if it could still feel the lashes. I remember the first time it happened.

It was the first day of second grade and I had gotten up early to steam my dress. Mother always made sure I had nice clothes for the first day of school. We went to a department store sale in town, and I picked out the navy dotted sundress. An oversized white collar adorned with carefully stitched sunflowers graced the shoulders.

"Be sure to pull your hair back, dear. It's most flattering on your features," Mother had warned the night before. I pulled my dwindling baby curls back into a ponytail, fastened with a white ribbon that I would later stuff in my backpack on my way to school. Girls didn't wear their hair up at school. I shouldn't either, I remember thinking. It was in these days Mother still packed my lunch, a brown paper bag, while washing dishes the night before. She used to do things like that, small acts of kindness. Although I suppose, for most people that's just what mothers do.

The faint sound of Mother's humming drifted through the kitchen as I made my toast and grabbed my lunch bag from the refrigerator. I hesitated as I peeked inside the

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RABBIT MOON | Painting
Sophie Wright



crumpled paper, my face falling at the sight of its contents.

I questioned putting it back, hiding it behind a jug of cranberry juice and a wilting head of lettuce, but instead pulled the items from the bag. Mother's favorite—turkey and olive on wheat bread, an apple (I had a loose tooth), leftover peach pie from the farmer's market. It wasn't that we were poor. We did just fine. Mother inherited quite a bit when my father died and she worked for the town dentist for years before I was born, saving every penny.

But the other kids at school...well, I was already different. I was already weird. Mother's house had a reputation. Some found it pristinely curated, an admirable collection of antiques. Others found it obsessive. And other kids didn't eat turkey and olive on wheat at lunch. I shoved the bag in my backpack. *I'll figure this out later*, I thought, wrapping my toast in an old flour towel as I trotted out the door.

As if sensing my wandering attention, Jen's phone rang.

"So, sorry. Have to take this. It's my boss." she apologized as she scrambled for the door. Hearing the door click behind her, I realized suddenly that I was alone again. My head pulsated in the silence in-between the ticking. *Tick. Tock.*

I could feel my hands absorbing the darkness of the Bavarian wood. I glanced down at the clock in my lap, my eyes filling with tears as I watched the hands flick in poetic precision. *Tick.*

As if to hypnotize me.

Tock.

As if to paralyze me.

No. I thought, running my fingers across the delicate curve of my eyes.

But it was too late.

I was under their spell.

August 15th, 1996

My stomach turned all morning, waiting for the moment the lunch bell would ring. I squeezed my eyes shut as it shrilled through the room, the other kids flurried in excitement while Mrs. Owens filed them in a single-file line.

"Lenora, dear!" Mrs. Owens was looking at me.

"Come join the line."

I started walking over, chewing at the softness of my inner cheek as I dragged my feet. Lunch was always outside when the weather was nice. Winter could drag on for eternities around here. Mrs. Owens led us down the hall and out to a courtyard, a row of picnic tables sprinkled the lawn. I rushed and sat down on a small wooden bench, tucking my dress tight around my legs to protect it from the wind.

I slid the paper sack out of my backpack, hiding it under the table and out of view. I took a deep breath as I rolled the bag up as small as it would go. A trash can stood by

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Juror's Choice
CATCHING A STAR | Painting
Sophie Wright



NOBODY'S HOME | Painting
Sophie Wright

a large tree behind the table. My eyes darted around the grassy cafeteria. No one was looking. This was my chance.

I dumped the bag into the trash, grabbing the apple before it tumbled to its grimy fate at the bottom of the can. Had anyone seen me? I scanned the courtyard for Mrs. Owens and the other teachers. They hadn't. A group of older kids traded gum behind a large tree. I ate my apple, dumping its core in my lunchbox graveyard before returning to my bench. Two girls were approaching. They were identical in every way, down to their short, raven-black braids.

"Mind if we sit here?" Their voices seemed to chime in unison as if they had rehearsed every word.

"That's okay."

"My name's Amy." The girl on the right shook my hand.

"And I'm Sam." I wondered if my eyes were playing tricks on me.

I watched as they pulled out two identical lunchboxes with matching thermoses, and a pair of Minute Maid apple juice boxes.

"Is that all you have for lunch?" They chimed, again in unison.

"I already ate." It wasn't a total lie after all. I did have my apple. Mother said lies were bad. Mother said lies were never to be told.

We laughed the rest of lunch away. They slurped their juice boxes and told me about their vacation to the city over the summer. Sam even gave me a braid to match

theirs. I was sure Mother would be thrilled to know about my new friends. I hopped off the bus and skipped my way home, my braid bouncing on the stiff white collar of my dress. The screen door snapped shut when I yanked its handle, falling suddenly limp in my hand. I gulped. Mother would be mad about that.

"Mom!"

"Mom! Guess what?" I kicked off my shoes and raced into the kitchen where Mother was chopping tomatoes. I jumped up on a stool.

"Lenora, I told you...not to be so loud."

She glared, rinsing her knife under a cool stream of water. I felt the boil of my excitement reduce to a simmer; the memories of lunchtime laughter clouded by her unwelcoming hello. Mother placed the tomatoes in a bowl and strolled to the living room. A book on Midwestern birdwatching sat on the sofa. Mother sat beside it.

"I made new friends today," I chattered, following her from the kitchen.

"They sat with me at lunch. They're twins. Identical twins. It means they look exactly alike." I sat down on the floor at her feet.

"It's identical, Lenora. Identical means exactly alike." Another look. I remember that one well. I remember thinking it was how the wolf looked at Red Riding Hood, inspecting, studying.

"So, they sat with you at lunch, hmm?"

I could hear the ticking of the clocks.

"Yes, they aren't in my class though. They have Miss Newton. She's down the hall." I replied, picking at the lint on my white knit sock.

"I see."

"But, you...you finished your lunch?"

Mother's tone bit me in the pit of my stomach.

How could she know?

She couldn't.

"Nora...you didn't get carried away now with your new friends and waste your lunch, did you?" Her voice twisted.

The words lashed at my skin.

"N...no, Mother." I shook my head.

"I did not." I shook my head again.

Tick. Tock.

And then, without warning, the clock filled shelves and walls began to chime in harmony. *Cuckoo. Cuckoo.* The birds jumped out of hiding and sang.

The grandfather clock bellowed. The music box twirled.

Mother's eyes fixated at the spectacle, the curiosity of it all. Every single one. As if on cue, the cuckoo clocks laughed and the lantern clocks electrocuted the air with their

tiny vibratos. My hunger had returned, clawing at my stomach. It was like a reminder—lies are bad. You should *never* tell a lie.

I feared a monster deep inside was ripe to swallow me whole for what I had done. Mother's gaze glanced back at me, as the ringing stopped. Her brow furrowed, she picked up her book and hurried me to my room. Relief. I thought. She didn't know it then, but I did. Somehow, the clocks knew too.

It didn't take her long to figure it out. I got in trouble later that year for pushing a girl on the merry-go-round. She said Amy and Sam were freaks, it wasn't normal to look so alike, she sneered. I had to protect them; I remember thinking. I don't remember reaching over and shoving her puffy winter jacket with all my might. When my mom came to get me from school, she didn't speak. We drove home in silence, only to reach the door where her fury erupted. "You did a bad, bad thing, Lenora."

She yanked me inside.

"Why?"

"Why did you do it, Nora?"

I shrank my arm away, feeling my lip quiver, my eyes darted at the clocks as I spoke. "She...she pushed me first." A tear fell. "I didn't know what to do."

Tick.

CONTINUED ON PG. 92



Best in Drawing I
BRAIDS | Drawing
Mariely Marquez-Lopez

Tock.

Cuckoo. Cuckoo.

Sure enough. That harmonious admission sprang out again, an ensemble of ringing clocks declaring me a teller of lies. Mother's face turned to stone; her lips clasped so tightly when she turned around that her cheeks looked cartoon-ish.

I almost giggled.

"Lenora."

"You wouldn't dare be lyin', would you?"

I could see her knuckles whiten as I sucked my breath in.

"No ma'am."

Cuckoo. Cuckoo.

Those bastards.

My eyes flooded with tears as her palm met my face, the sting erupted—blazing down my cheek. I ran to my room. How could it be? I thought. It didn't matter how. It just was. I would spend the next eleven years at the mercy of those clocks.

Once Mother caught on that her clocks did her bidding, detailing my deceit in her ear like a pack of devoted Dobermans, she questioned me daily in that living room.

"Did you do your homework?"

"Did you take money from my purse, Lenora?"

"Was it you who broke the screen door?"

Every time I tried; the clocks sold me out until I spit out the truth.

No, I hadn't done my homework and I had broken the screen door, a total accident. I did take a \$5 bill from Mother's purse for the book fair at school, I never thought she'd notice. But the clocks did.

Then there was the time, the summer after high-school, I came home with my hair streaked wet from the rain, surely it was an hour past curfew. (It was two.) I snuck in the door. Squeak. That damn, cheap door. I held my breath as I heard the fall of her footsteps approaching in the hall; the ominous pause as she flicked on the table lamp, the room and all its secrets illuminated by its glow. I tried to hide my smudged mascara; I wasn't supposed to be wearing any. Suddenly chilled in my revealing clothes, I tugged at the hem of my sweater.

"Where have you been, Lenora?" She hissed, inching towards me. I didn't speak. "I said, WHERE have you been?"

She grabbed my wrist and threw me toward the couch. I stumbled and caught myself on the arm, leaving a wet imprint as I pulled myself up.

"I went out with some friends," I mumbled, lifting my face to find her gaze distorted in a daunting rage.

Cuckoo. Cuckoo.

I shielded my face from a throw pillow, tunneling toward me.

“Don’t you dare, lie to me. You were with that boy, weren’t you?”

Unsure of what to do next, I started to rock. I couldn’t lie. I couldn’t tell her either. She had forbidden me to see him. He was too old, she said, before hurling a slew of nasty words at me. Looking back now, I was so sure I loved him. But he was just another boy whose life started and ended with working at the Century 27 theatre and flirting with girls too young for him. And yet if it weren’t for him—who knows what my life would be like now?

I could feel the bruises as they broached my skin while she thrashed her fists at me. The clocks chimed as if in some malevolent chorus. The cuckoo birds laughed as if to mock me for thinking there was any other way. Any other way after all these years.

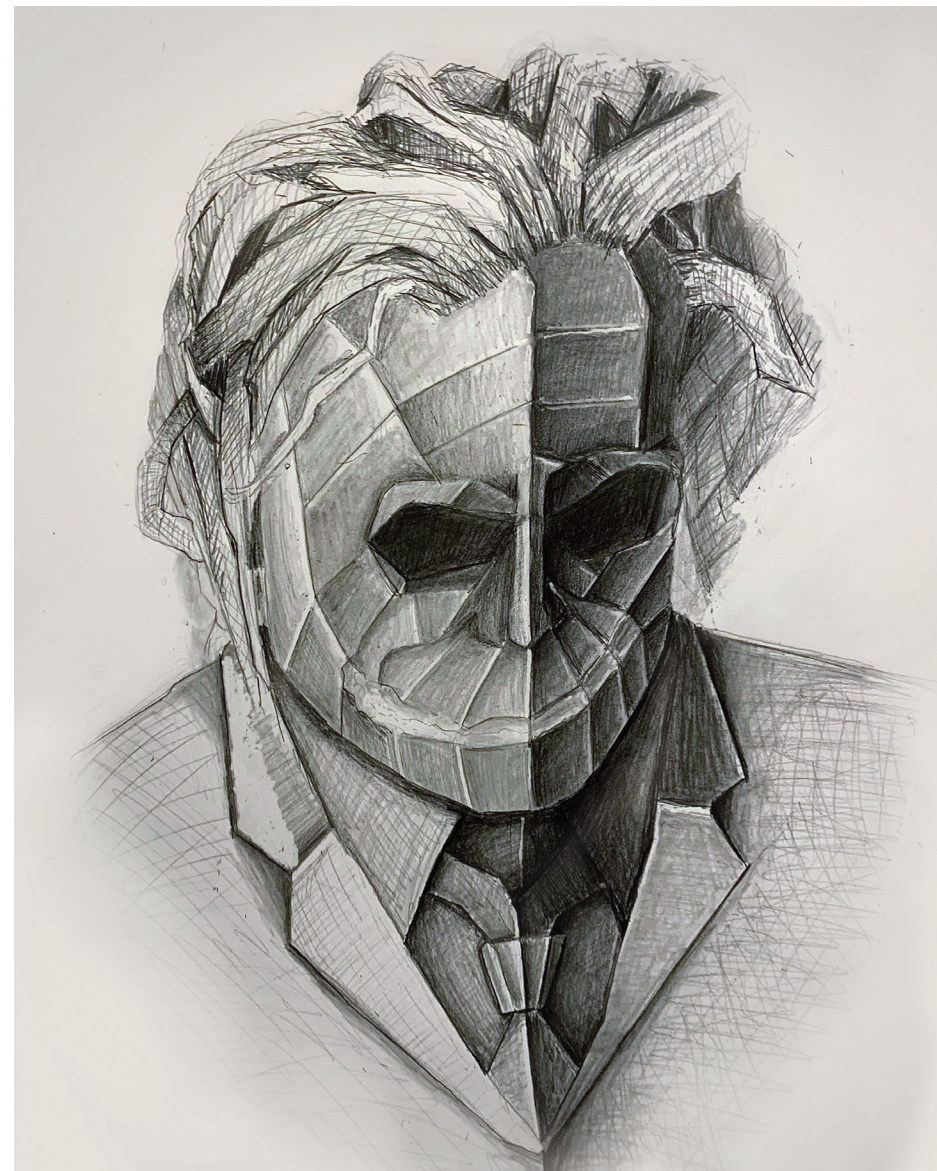
Cuckoo. Cuckoo.

I pushed her and ran for my bedroom door, my hands shaking as I searched for the lock with my fingers. I could hear the clocks as they clanged and snickered.

Lenora’s a liar.

And liars are bad.

I grabbed the duffle bag Mother bought me on our only vacation, a trip to Disney when I was nine, and thrust whatever clothes I could find inside it. Through tears, I collected a stash of bills I had hidden from my babysitting job. Some from a shoebox under my



CONTINUED ON PG. 96

JOKER | Drawing
Anthony Telles

bed, some from inside a hollowed-out book I found at a garage sale, a little from the underside of my jewelry box. I grabbed a photo of Amy and Sam, us at a birthday party a few years before. Our hair in matching braids, our smiles lit up the camera. It became impossible to distinguish the rain from my tears anymore. I glanced around the room—silence. The clocks had stopped. Mother must be in the kitchen; I could hear the faint whistle of a tea kettle. I snuck out my door and descended the hall, pausing as I reached my hand out for the front door handle. I could feel her eyes on me. “And where do you think you’re going?” She chuckled.

I took a deep breath as I turned to face her, knowing even then it would be for the last time.

“I’m leaving,” I said, tilting my face to meet her eyes.

I couldn’t be sure. Was there any sadness there? Maybe. But it feels like something you should be sure about, the look of a mother losing her child.

“I’m sorry,” I croaked, my gaze flittering to the clocks. “I really am.”

For once, the clocks didn’t interrupt.

I spent that night in a motel off the highway that smelled of stale beer and harsh cleaning supplies, waiting for the moment Mother came after me and dragged me back to damnation. I didn’t fall asleep until morning when the rain had ceased, and I was

certain. I was never going back again.

The sound of the front door creaking open radiated and I pushed the tears away from my eyes, checking my makeup in the mirror hung over the fireplace. Jen stepped back inside, her chatty voice bidding adieu to her telephone companion. She set her phone down on the coffee table and turned to face me.

“So... ready to pack up?” Her voice sprung with eagerness.

I smiled, running my hands over the deep, dark wood, feeling its ridges and notches, the etchings. I pictured myself, throwing them, heaving them against the wall with whatever strength I could muster, screaming my obscenities for them while the wood splinters and cracks with the force of my revenge. I watched the hand pulse, pivoting around the clock’s face. A never-ending cycle of checkpoints and milestones. It isn’t me I should feel pity for.

“Yeah...I am,” I said, lifting the heavily wooded clock from my lap, feeling the weight of it release as I placed it in Jen’s hands; feeling more space in my body than I had in years. *Tick.*

Tock.

“I think it’s time.” ■



CHERRY BOMB | Painting
Mariely Marquez-Lopez



PANDEMIC | Drawing
Kristi Howard



SKULL LILY | Drawing
Kristi Howard



YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE | Painting
Carson Kavathas



TRUE COLORS | Digital Illustration
Anthony Telles



2020 | Drawing
Anthony Telles

Human.

BY REYANN GALLEGOS

Broken bones
Hurt less
Than broken brains.
Healing to condense
Neurotypical habits to
Abide and reject.
Where unstitching the broken
Reveals the human.
A flawless reason
To stretch the status quo,
Until it breaks too.

Bejewel,
Where it stings.
Revise the terms,
Hijack and sing. Because
Obedience shrinks.
Only in chaos. Can a
Keen heart
Learn or unlearn
Every lie believed.
Even God knows,
No one has ever been complete.

You too. Arise a broken,
brokely, beautiful
human.



CCD CREATIVE WRITING

CCD currently offers ENG 221, Introduction to Creative Writing, a GT (Guarantee Transfer course).

ENG 221 Creative Writing I

This course examines creative writing by exploring imaginative uses of language through creative genres (fiction, poetry, and other types of creative production such as drama, screenplays, graphic narrative, or creative nonfiction) with emphasis on the student's own unique style, subject matter and needs. This is a statewide Guaranteed Transfer course in the GT-AH1 category.

Creative Writing Transfer Degree

This program allows you to pursue your interests in creative writing while earning your Associate of Arts degree. We offer smaller classes that operate under the assumption that would-be literary artists must do what all aspiring writers must: read and write. In addition, our program focuses on providing a solid foundation in the study of multiple genres, broad academic preparation in literature and other arts, and exploring literary models from diverse cultures, races, and contexts.

This guaranteed course transfer only applies to the University of Colorado, Denver.

To find out more about our program email jeffrey.becker@ccd.edu.

CCD ART COURSES

ART 121 Drawing I

This course is an exploration into Drawing as an expressive medium for human creativity! As a human mode of communication, drawing and 'mark-making' have been part of our collective experience since our ancestors inhabited caves. As part of this class, you will enjoy projects that investigate various approaches, techniques and media needed to develop drawing skills and visual perception.

ART 131 2D Design

This course provides introductory lessons and explorations in the basic elements of design, visual perception, and artistic form. It is an essential course for anyone wanting to be an artist, a designer, or an architect!

ART 139 Digital Photography I

Free your inner photographic genius! This class will deliver the fundamentals of photography in a fast-moving, creativity-focused, workshop-style class using state-of-the-art workstations and software to bring your photographic ideas into reality.

MGD 101 Introduction to Graphic Design

If you want to improve your skills with the Adobe suite or start learning to be a graphic designer, this is the class for you! This course will introduce you to the computer system and software used to develop graphics. Just think, you will learn about the hardware and software components for publication and multimedia production through execution in various vector, raster, page layout and multimedia programs!

MGD 116 Typography I

Type is an essential way that we communicate. This is true not only because we use it to type messages but because the design of it has emotional, instructive, and informative elements. This course introduces the history and concepts of typography as applied to graphic communications. You will have the opportunity to appropriate typography in a variety of design applications, emphasizing the basic design principles of typographic compositions and typesetting!

OUR TEAM

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This magazine displays the work of students in the areas of Creative Writing, Fine Art, Graphic Design, and Photography. All submissions were carefully considered, and the selections were based on originality, coherence, and quality of work.

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