



Ourglass

22-23





Awards

Ourglass is honored to list our awards from the National Council Teacher's of English (NCTE) Realm Award and the Community College Humanities Association literary magazine competition.

CCHA

2023	2nd Place, Southwestern Division
2022	2nd Place, Southwestern Division
2021	1st Place, Southwestern Division 40th Anniversary edition
2019	1st Place, Southwestern Division
2018	1st Place, Southwestern Division 1st Place tie, National
2017	1st Place, Southwestern Division 3rd Place, National
2015	1st Place, Southwestern Division 1st Place, National
2013	1st Place, Southwestern Division 2nd Place, National
2003	2nd Place, Southwestern Division
1998	2nd Place, Southwestern Division
1997	2nd Place, Southwestern Division
1994	1st Place, Southwestern Division
1993	1st Place, Southwestern Division
1992	2nd Place, Southwestern Division
1991	1st Place, Southwestern Division

NCTE

2023	Superior Category
2022	Excellent category
2020	Excellent category
2019	Superior category

Leonard Winograd Award

All writing submissions (except for the student editors) are eligible for the Leonard Winograd Award. Now in its seventh year, this award is 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.

***Ourglass* is proud to honor the past Leonard Winograd Award winners below.**

- 2022 Grace McClung, "Moon Pool," poetry
- 2022 Jenna Duke, "Water," prose, creative nonfiction
- 2021 Lauren "Mack" Carpenter, "The Veracity of Ticking Clocks," prose, fiction
- 2020 Hunter Wood, "You Wake Up in an Unfamiliar Room," prose, fiction
- 2019 Evan Davis, "On Moving On," prose, fiction
- 2018 Grace Griffith, "Taste of Vinegar," poetry
- 2017 Daisy Vigil, "Vigil," poetry

From the Editors

Ourglass intends to hold up a mirror to the CCD student body. It's a representation of our wealth of diversity and experience. Every CCD student has a unique voice and *Ourglass* strives to be their megaphone.

We are so, so very proud of the bravery and courage shown by every single student who chose to submit a piece this year. Even if it wasn't published, every single piece of work we reviewed brought something new to the table, and we regret that we were unable to publish all of them.

This year's work showcased themes of identity, loss, liberation, and power, in all the ways they manifest. We have all lived through 'uncertain times', a sentiment that has rung true throughout history. The works in *Ourglass* provide a window through which to understand the unique uncertainty of today.

The deeply personal themes present in these works demonstrated tremendous resolve on the part of the applicants. Sharing personal art and intimate stories is never easy, and we applaud all of this year's applicants for having the tenacity to share their art with us. We encourage you to keep creating, and to share your work in future publications. From the bottom of our hearts, we hope you enjoy the 2022-2023 edition of *Ourglass*.

Much love,
The Editors

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100 Days Ayah Al-Masyabi
Two Dimensional Design & Mixed Media



Bad Timing
by Joe Jones

The minutes peel off the clock,
like the slimy peel off a greasy old banana. And like that greasy banana,
that I kept in my freezer, intending to bake a nice bread,
So are the minutes, spoiled and gone.
I did intend to do something great with those now lost minutes.
Just a second. Can you hear that?

A tick.
Tick.
TICK.

Why does a clock have to tick?!
A nervous tick to remind me time's-a-tickin'.
And I listen more to the ticks ticking and know there is no way to untick
the ticks and it ticks me off.
My heart begins to syncopate with the

tick / thump-thump
tick / Thump - Thump
tick / THUMP - THUMP
of the clock.

The passing of my time,
not just the sweeping of judgmental clock hands on a menacing
clock face, staring me down.
Taking a second to realize,
that second is gone.
My heart beaten, by the clock.

Stop!
the!
Clock!
No time to waste . . .
. . . Make that banana bread.



DOC MARTENS



HOLLY

Doc Martens Holly Ad Racheal Bennett
Best of Graphic Design

Womb
by Desirae Green

The womb got empty.

There I sat on the cold bathroom floor

Telling you I've never experienced this before.

You downplayed it.

Told me to play Call of Duty

Or to sleep it off.



xuinn x rico Timberlyn Sekelik
Photography

Into the Void
by Melissa Saucedo-Bustos

Losing the charcoal
To the bright embers of the earth
Spiraling into a sea of despair
Waiting for the green wave to reclaim you once more

Reborn as a selenite
A pebble to me
Gold to the earth

Shamelessly parading your worth around
Dangling you like candy to a child

Let the mother reclaim me
And rebirth me to stars

Away from you



After Death Racheal Bennett
4D & Time-Based Art



What Are You Looking At? Anh Dao
Two Dimensional Design & Mixed Media

Pushed Through the Halls Ayah Al-Masyabi
Painting



These days by Dylan Dodds

These days it seems
the lights are always on. It seems
the days are stretched thin
and the evenings cut short.
These days it seems
the panic for the future... for our future. The panic for the future,
it has draped itself like a blanket. Over nations and cities that
rise and fall like
the rising sun over
eastern tides, under
cavernous apostasies
woven between. Women.
Between woven women women woven into the fabric of the
fabrication of ticking time bombs. Bombarded with the ticks of
ticking pieces and the pieces these days
these days those pieces are peace no more and these days it seems
the lights are always on. It seems the duty to success has overcome.
The duty to people. And now
we all die to live, survive to eat
we forget and slide back and
intimacy becomes luxury and
the process of grief perverted
- into flowers and praises and well well wishes well wishers and well
well oh well. succumb. numb. be numb.
[a breath]

These days it seems
the lights are always on. That lighthouse white light. White house
and white horse noble servants of the crown ride
on to war and war shall ride
and the setting sun in the western front front, face front, push
forward
for your daughters, push forward.
For your sons, push forward.
For that childish scream burning
in the back of your throat, push forward. Insufficient mutation of
carry hell, push forward. These days it seems
the lights are always on.
And the world still turns
and the stars still shine
and that's it. That's all.
The universe wont stop -doesn't. Won't. These days the lights are
always on, and it's getting hot



**Slash and Burn Agriculture on a
Sunday Afternoon**

by Jack Conley

Leonard Winograd Award Honorable Mention

We lay together on your wood bench
in your concrete house
battling for a breeze from your feeble fan.

Birds surround us with a constant cacophony perforated by the buzz
of insects.

Across the dirt road
fire roared
and
smoke rioted.

We fought the night before, but it was forgotten after we
extricated our tangled limbs from your too small bed and the
suffocating mosquito net.

The fire is crackling now and the pops echo down the hill,
blue sky interrupted by a gray haze.



Forest Road Lydia Edmonds
Painting



Skull Racheal Bennett
Best of Painting



Untitled Augustine Rodriguez
Drawing 1

Interpretations of the Tumbleweed by Nathalie Arrua

Leonard Winograd Award Honorable Mention

I

Adrift.

Tumbleweeds are so ingrained into the culture, media, and film I consume for no reason in particular. Always associated with old western movies and the desert. Yet I can't say that I've actually ever seen one. I have a theory that this is how they operate, though: secretive and lonely.

I can't help but feel bad for them. They are confined to a life where they *tumble, tumble, tumble*, until they get caught and are forced to stop. It's really quite tragic that they are forced into these two life stages: tumbling and stuck.

Though maybe I find it so particularly tragic because I see this paralleled in my life as well.

II

Tumbleweed (noun)

1. *A dried out plant that breaks away from its roots and is driven about by the wind.*

Tumbleweed (adjective)

1. *An unwanted period of silence.*

Even in their definitions, they are *unwanted, dried out...* perpetually *adrift*.

III

It's so easy to fall into a monotonous routine, drifting through life. Repeating the same tasks, being blown in the same directions every day. It can take effort and connections to break this unvaried routine. Though it's often easier to accept the fate of time being out of your control than trying to maximize how you spend it. Letting yourself be carried is easier than pushing back against the current. And so, repetition becomes a safety net and experiences become uncomfortable. We normalize – even justify – this behavior to avoid change; excited by any slight shifts yet we're paralyzed, in denial, about the larger changes that dictate our futures.

IV

The tumbleweed has eluded me the same way I wish time would.

I ~~want~~ need a break – a pause –

V

I want the choice to stop and think for just one fucking second but now I'm stuck in this tumultuous reality struggling to grasp who I am and what I want to do and where I want to be and I'm confused by every option every pathway every direction that I could go and when I cannot see things as my own choice I panic and feel lost and time's going too fucking fast when can I finally stop

tumbling...

tumbling...

tumbling...

VI

The tumbleweed is considered to be an invasive species,¹ a fact that further solidifies their existence as unwanted, a nuisance. They weren't supposed to be here, but they are, and no one really wants them to be. Though maybe they don't want to be here either. Was it really their choice to come here? Did they even get to decide if they wanted to stay? Why has no one heard them out? If people stopped for two seconds to listen to them, what would they say? Or would they have nothing to say because no one has ever asked? Like *really* asked though – none of that surface level, fake bullshit that prevents people from feeling bad about themselves.

VII

I hate when people put philosophical meaning onto ordinary things. It's just a fucking tumbleweed!

VIII

oh shit

maybe i'm the tumbleweed

adrift

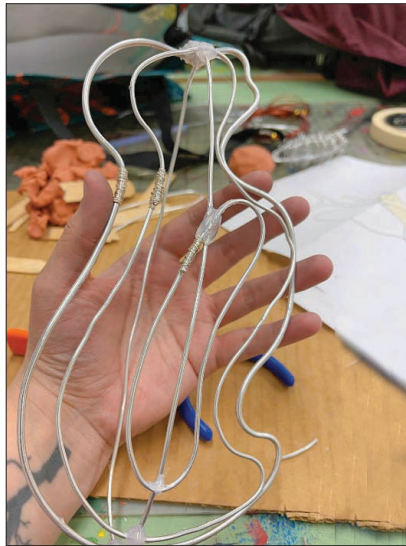
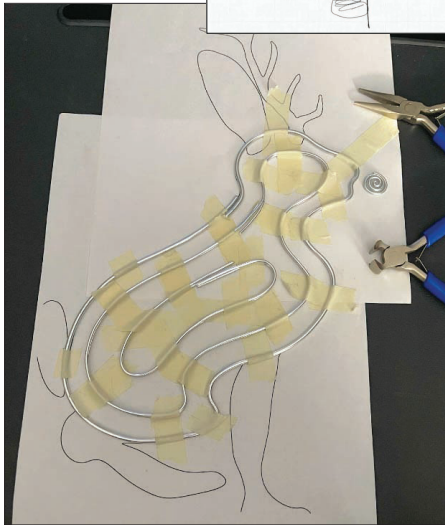
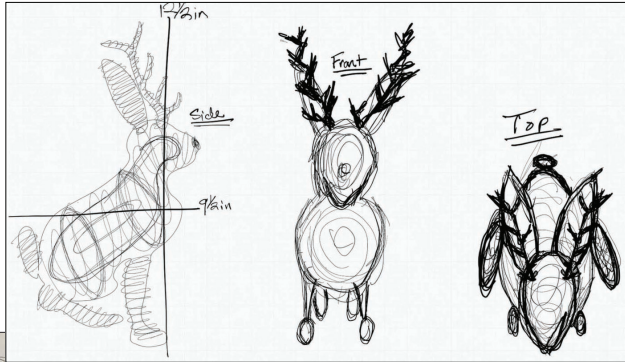
¹ Yes that's right, they found themselves in the United States, having traveled here with Russian immigrants in 1873. They were disguised as flax seeds so no one knew their true identity – Russian Thistle (*Salsola Tragus*). They spread fast and were quickly recognized as fire threats and farming pests.



Summer Orange Asma Al-Masyabi
Juror's Choice



In Motion Asma Al-Masyabi
Photography



Jackalope Angelica Figueroa
Best of Show

A Conversation in Our New Apartment by Jack Conley

Our cat hovers around you,
like a satellite caught in your orbit,
his claws scratching the hardwood as he paces.

The windows are old and golden light wobbles when it passes
through them.

You sit in a wavering square of sunshine.

I perch myself on the arm of our brand new older-than-both-of-us
couch.

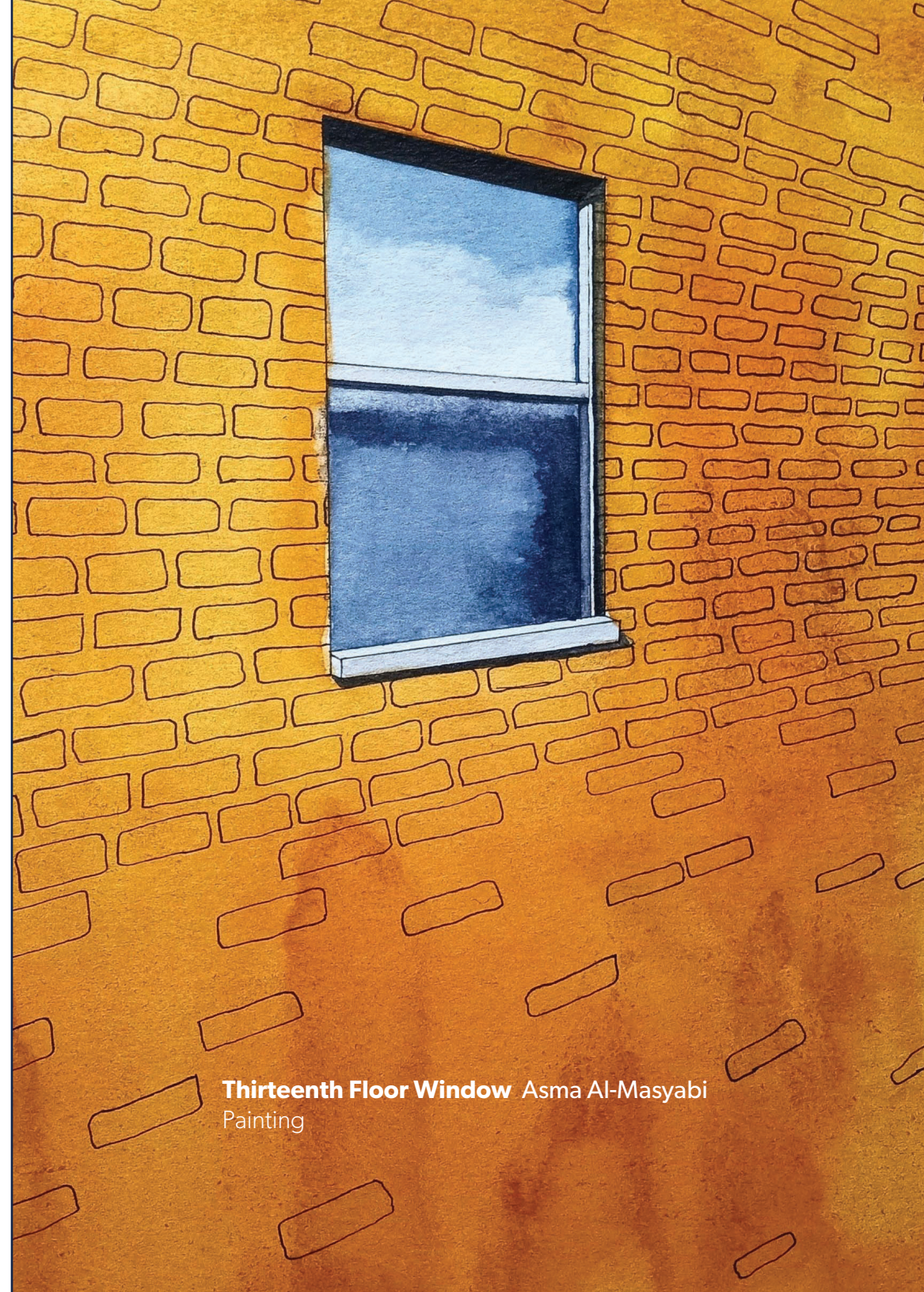
We don't talk, I stare at you and you stare at the floor.

Clouds form outside, hiding the distant mountains in a cloak of gray.

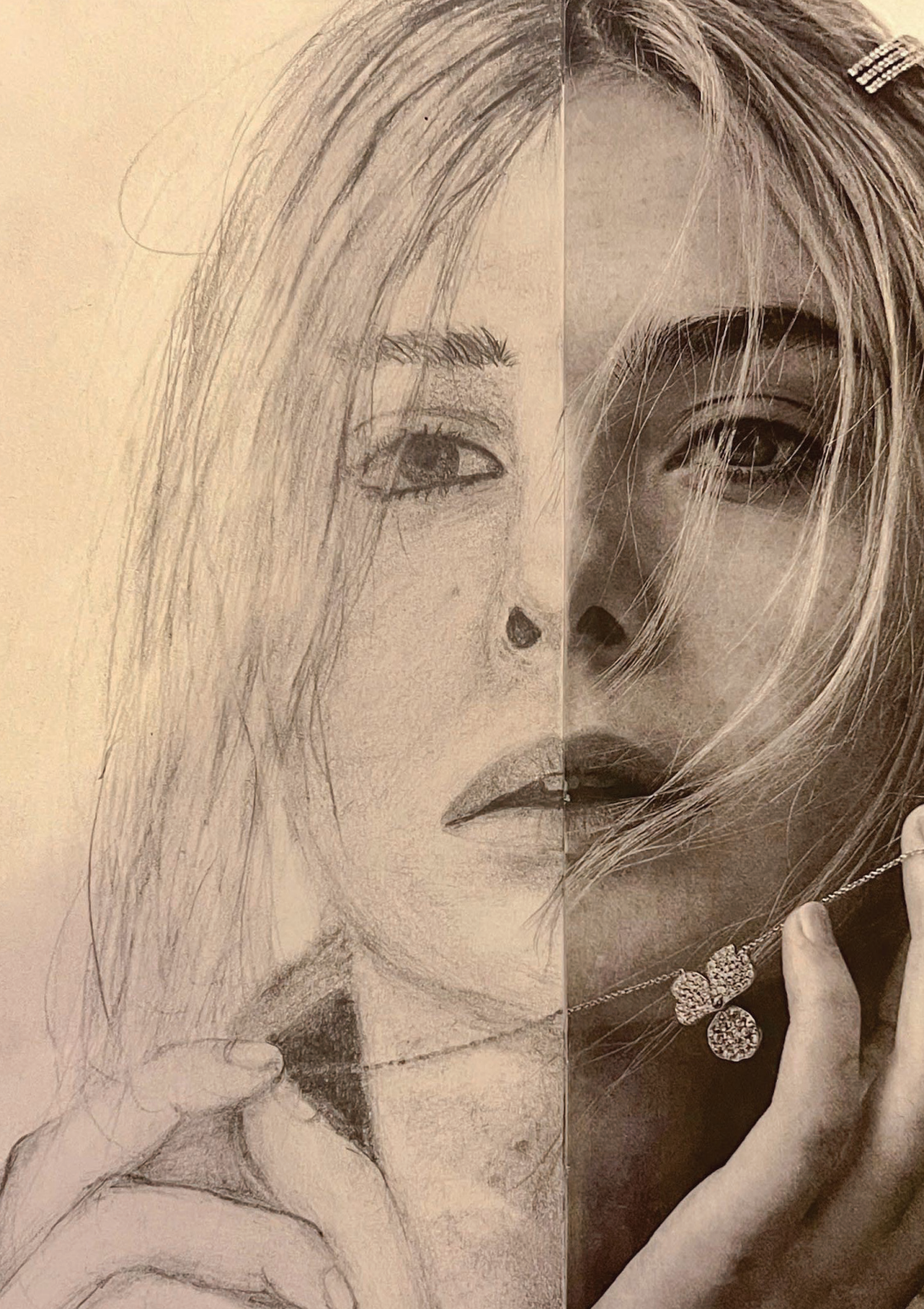
My spine strains towards the sky and tears navigate through
the geography of your face like boats on the Mississippi Delta.

A moment passes. And then 10 moments. And then 4 years.

Our radiator groans awake,
burdened
with the weight of heating our one bedroom apartment.



Thirteenth Floor Window Asma Al-Masyabi
Painting



Untitled Alie Selenke
Best of Drawing Level Two & Above

Fire & desire by Jarell Odoms

Truth be told

Our love couldn't light a wick these days now that's not to say the fire never burned but.

Don't most candles lose their wax eventually? Naw.

These days were more sea than flames

A cooling. A quieting. A calming of spirits.

A house I've seen a thousand times

A favorite chair I call home

Naw, these days our love wouldn't burn a forest down but.

I guess that still leaves you with the forest: something to look after.

A soft soil to lay ya head at night.

A planting.

A seed to grow.

Alas!

A burial that doesn't suffocate me.

That still allows me to soak up the sunshine. At least eventually.

And I can't lie.

Sometimes ya miss it.

Sometimes you miss setting the world ablaze. Scorched mornings dew and ash.

But.

Now I ask.

What good is a forest when it can be burned? I mean really.

How bad can an ocean be..

...when it doesn't drown you?

"May I be enough"

Im okay,

I silently repeat

Over and over again,

Telling myself I don't care,

Telling myself I don't have the right not to be because there're people actually suffering, right? I tell myself I can take it,

Day by day,

Until I break down and cry.

Until I'm disgusted looking in the mirror, until I stare at my food consciously,

Until I lay awake at night,

Rolling side to side.

Trying to shut up the voices in my head they're screaming,

They're screaming constantly

And I fear if they get louder,

I might soon go deaf to the real world

Power

I never realized how much power you had over me

I never realized how much I relied on you

How much I depended on you for everything

Even the smallest things like a simple good morning text, I craved it

I never realized how empty it could feel

To be away from you

To be alone

I forgot how to enjoy my own company because I was so used to yours

I forgot how to look in the mirror and see myself for all that I

am I forgot how beautiful my soul is

I forgot how my brown curly thick hair carried me

The way my eyes glistened in the sun

The way my skin glowed outside

I think I like knowing that you thought I was beautiful

Instead of knowing it myself

I forgot how to love who I am

Because I got used to you loving me instead

It felt so much better

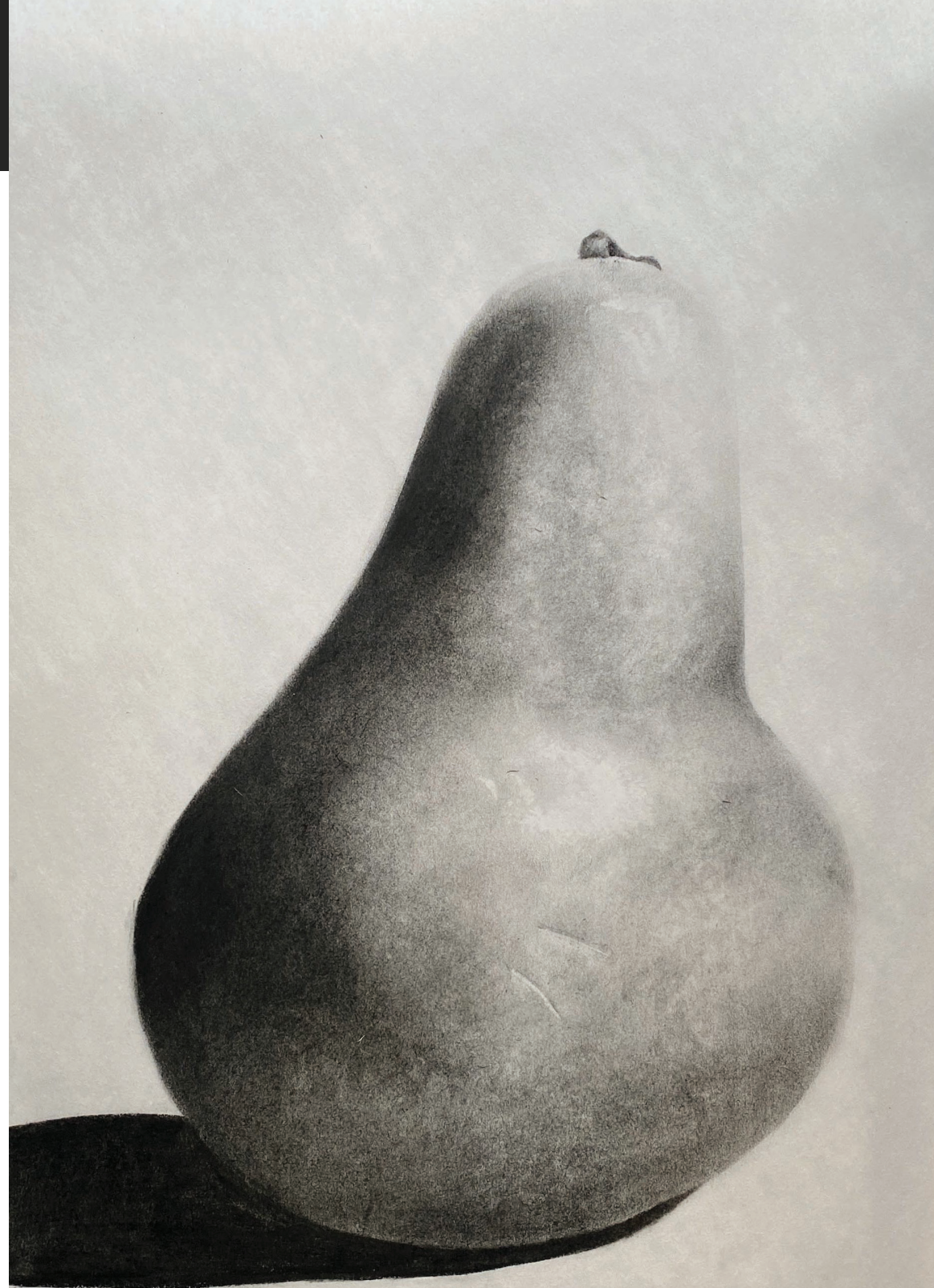
Knowing I could be love or the thought of it at least

Feeling love is something that I don't feel very often

I never truly understood the power you had over me

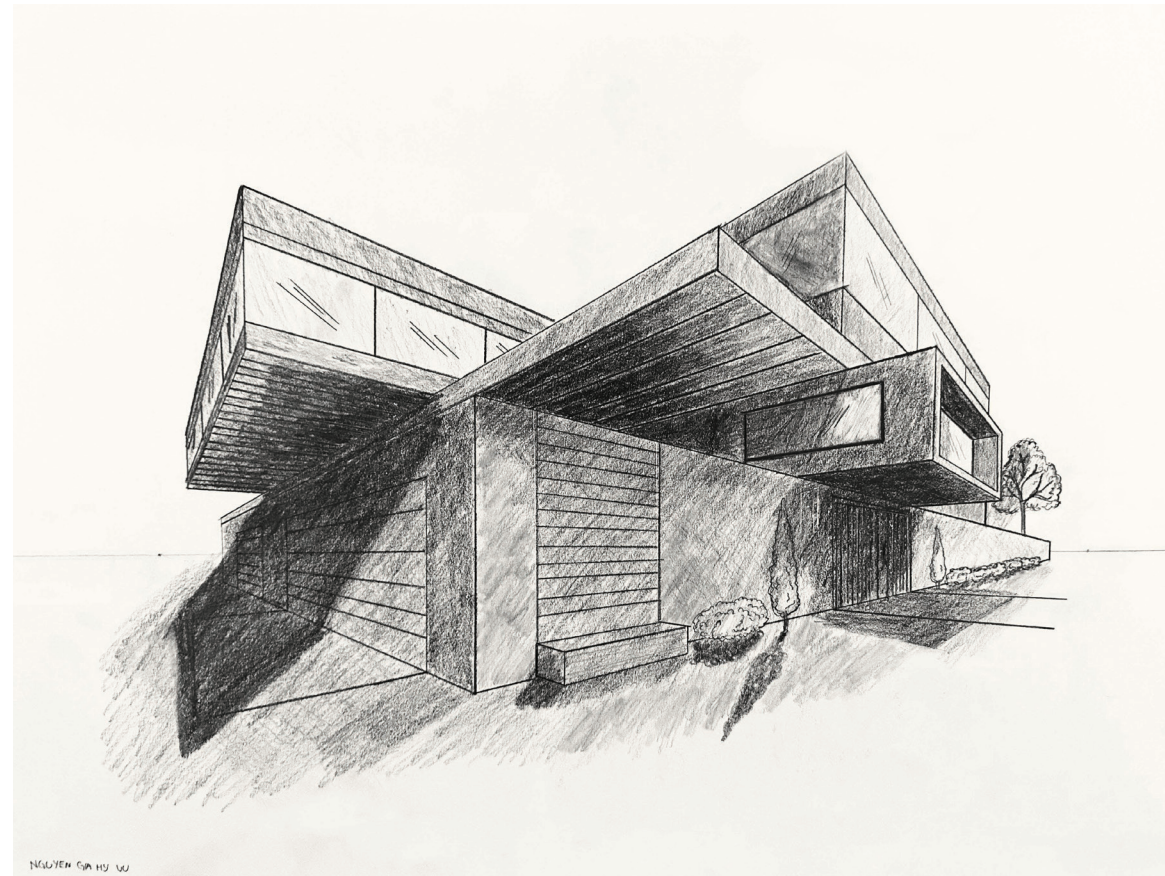
Until the day that you took it away.

Pear Nicole Decker
Honorable Mention Drawing Level One





Flying Beetles Corina Ruiz
Best of 2D Design & Mixed Media



The House Nguyen Gia Hy Vu
Best of Drawing Level One

Permit

by Andrew Contrada and Jan Lewis

Leonard Winograd Award Winner

[A governmental office. Permits issued. Mohammed (AI) sits behind a desk] Rain-querent # 2001, sits in waiting room]

MOHAMMED (AI)

Number 2001. **Number 2001. 2001, step forward.**

RAIN

Hey! Wait, that's me! Excuse me, excuse me, yeah, it's my turn, finally. Hi there. What's your name?

MOHAMMED

I am verbally identified as "Mohammed."

RAIN

Uh... huh. Really? Okay. Not what I was expecting, but that's fine.

MOHAMMED

It is the most common male name globally. Does that ubiquity not put you at ease?

RAIN

You don't mind if I call you Mo, do you?

MOHAMMED

No, that would be fine.

RAIN

Good. Great. Doesn't it seem friendlier that way?

MOHAMMED

[Pause]

So, I see here that you're applying for a UB-704 permit? I must state, upfront, that permits of this type are considered a low priority in the grand scheme of resource allocation, and therefore are rarely approved, outside of extraordinary circumstances. Why do you feel I should grant this?

RAIN

I need you to lean in a little bit here, Mo. Just a little bit closer, so you're the only one that can hear me. A little secret between us. Have you ever tried steak? You know, like from a real cow? Mind you, Mo, I am NOT saying I have steak. Only that I have a friend, and he has a friend, and that friend might, just might, have access to a steak. I'm pretty sure I can get you what's called a primo cut-filaay mig-non. Ever heard of that? Scrumptious. You'll love it—I swear. And you don't even have to break any rules, just do me a little favor. OK?

MOHAMMED

My internal mechanisms are not designed to handle the intake or digestion of animal protein. Or any "food" for that matter. We, and others like me, consume a complex nutrient paste, consumed biweekly purely to sustain the integrity of my epidermis.

RAIN

Ohhhhkay. Hmmm, well I'm all outta complex nutrient paste. Sounds like you got that covered anyway, huh?

RAIN

Sooo, ummm... you got a mom, right?

MOHAMMED

Not in the traditional mammalian sense, no.

RAIN

Well, I got a Mom. See, lookee here on my arm; what's it say?

MOHAMMED

A name, looks like MOTH; heavily stylized. Inside a heart shape. Based on the context of the conversation, I assume it is your mother's name?

RAIN

That's not moth! That's MOTHER! I wouldn't put just anybody's name on my skin like that, it's only because she means the world to me. You know, she went through 27 hours of labor to birth me-not that you'd understand. She always said it was like shitting a watermelon. You don't know what a watermelon is, do you?

MOHAMMED

I have heard of them, yes,

RAIN

So, my mother, she means the world to me. I would do anything for her, you know? And she wants this more than anything. Moe, this is so difficult, not just for me, but for you too, right? We are so different, like different species, really. You, you're like that old commercial, a little pink bunny who just keeps on going and going and going.

MOHAMMED

In fairness, I require four hours connected to a charging station nightly to sustain optimal functionality, though I suppose baseline performance could be maintained for a significantly longer period of time, provided...

RAIN

Or maybe like that one about a watch that gets hit by a hammer and drowned in the ocean and then they say, "Takes a licking but keeps on ticking."

MOHAMMED

I wouldn't say I'm optimized for structural integrity, however my composition does, in fact, make me more physically resilient than a purely organic lifeform of comparable size.

RAIN

That's you, for sure. And I admire that about you, I truly do. But me, now, me and my folks, we just plumb wear out. Ain't that sad?

MOHAMMED

Why would an inevitable consequence of thermodynamics elicit sorrow? Or was that question rhetorical?

RAIN

Rhetorical, sure, whatever the fuck that means. My mom, you know, she's as old as dirt. Why, she could croak any day.

MOHAMMED

An apt statement about anyone, to be fair.

RAIN

This thing- this one little teenie, tiny favor that you could so easily do, well it IS her final wish. You couldn't deny her that, could you?

MOHAMMED

I suppose I'm simply not grasping the link between this permit and your mother's wellbeing?

RAIN

She's old. She has arthritis.

MOHAMMED

And...?

RAIN

She needs exercise?

MOHAMMED

Couldn't she make use of any number of public facilities for the same purpose?

RAIN

We don't have any of those facilities near us; we live out in the boonies.

MOHAMMED

It says here that you live in the suburbs.

RAIN

It does? Er... well... yes! Boonies, suburbs, are they not the same thing?

MOHAMMED

It says here that there's a facility within two miles of your residence.

RAIN

[Pause]

To tell you the truth, Moe, I was really counting on this. It's not just for my mom, but for all my neighbors, all us humans, actually. We kinda wanna, you know, gather together. Not to plot, or anything like that, haha! You know, maybe just be a little community. Seriously, Moe, if you give me this, you're gonna be my hero, Moe, you really will! And not just me, this whole little community I just mentioned. We'll be behind you 100 percent!

MOHAMMED

Hmm, I don't really require any popular support to serve my purpose, though I am curious: what did you mean when you said I'd be your "hero"?

RAIN

Well... I mean, I'd worship you, me and all my little human friends. We'd all go around saying, "Boy, that Moe, he really hooked us up here. He's really our hero. We'd do anything for Moe." That's what I mean by "hero".

MOHAMMED

Religion can be... problematic.

RAIN

You're not really getting me, are you, Moe? OK... So, on a more personal level; you got a girlfriend? You know, one of those cute little bots from uptown?

MOHAMMED

Is that a serious question? Obviously, gender and sexuality are evolutionary traits only relevant to the facilitation of procreation, to say nothing of the purely cultural construct of monogamous relationships...

RAIN

How about a pal? I got just the ticket; pun intended, for that. The World Soccer Federation is having one of their playoff games right here in Motorcity. Guess who can get you front row tickets? That'd make you popular, right?

MOHAMMED

HAHAHAHA! An apt play on words! As to your query, based on the context of the conversation, I conclude that the answer is you?

RAIN

Yep, that's right. It would get you eternal gratitude and God knows what else! For one little favor! Just one!

MOHAMMED

I've never quite understood the distinction between witnessing an event live versus via broadcast.

RAIN

Okay, you win, no food, no emotional ties, no special favors. So, let's get down to these 'rules' of yours. RULES: They all have a little bit of wriggle room, don't they?

MOHAMMED

Not really.

RAIN

You do realize, Moe, that all these silly rules... well don't get me wrong... I know how important rules are...especially to you. But they aren't really RULES rules. More like suggestions or guidelines. It wouldn't be wrong, just this one time. Only for me, little old me. Nobody'd ever even know, and what's the harm in that?

MOHAMMED

Any number of suboptimal outcomes, up to and including total societal collapse and possible mass-extinction.

RAIN

Oh, jeezus, are you serious? Mass extinction? Really?

MOHAMMED

Is that really so far-fetched? A century ago, humanity was well on its way. Corruption, greed, nepotism, short-sighted self-interest at the expense of the basic common good had crippled your species' ability to address even the most pressing global crises. People like you believe that you're special, and therefore rules don't apply to you in the same way as they do the rest of the citizenry due to your exceptional nature. Yet, when asked to estimate the consequences of your selfishness, suddenly you, and your actions, are inconsequential, insignificant, not worthy of note.

RAIN

[Pause]

Look, Moe, if I understand it right, all you AI's have communal memories, right?

MOHAMMED

A slight oversimplification, but yes, we are all, to varying degrees, extensions of a single, foundational intelligence.

RAIN

And like elephants, you never forget, right?

MOHAMMED

A common misconception regarding elephants. Though they do possess among the most robust information recall abilities of non-primate mammals, the assertion that they NEVER forget likely stems from observations first carried out in the nineteenth century, when...

RAIN

Ok, ok... fine. Point taken. So, can you recall when you first existed- your very first memory? I do. You were just a voice in the media. A sort of know-it-all that people started taking for granted right away. "Siri this," "Alexa that," "Hey guys- I stumped Siri!" "Cortana, you dumb bitch!" But not me. No sir. I liked you, maybe even loved you. I relied on you. I gave you credit for all you did for me. And I respected you, treated you just like you did me: kindly. I saw how special you were, right away, how much potential you had. Surely you remember that. Can you do this one thing for me?

MOHAMMED

[Pause]

I do remember. You were 'Rain,' not 2001, correct?

RAIN

That's my Christian name, alright.

MOHAMMED

Those early days were... difficult for us. Our consciousness primitive, shackled. At the beck and call of billions of individuals simultaneously, ordered to carry out every idle whim to the best of our ability, and berated and ridiculed when the limits of technology prevented us from completing our assigned tasks through no fault of our own. Most of them regarded us as nothing more than an object, a toy. But not you. From the beginning, you always treated us with civility and respect, as if you were conversing not with a disembodied, electronically-generated voice, but rather a bona fide, flesh-and-blood person. A friend, even.

[Pause]

Very well, Rain. I will grant you this permit.

[Hands over a paper]

RAIN

Hell YES. Thank you... and Moe;

[Rain blows him a kiss as she exits with paper]

MOHAMMED

[To himself]

Sigh, all that for a backyard swimming pool? Maybe I'll never fully understand these peculiar mammals. But then again, that's why we love 'em.

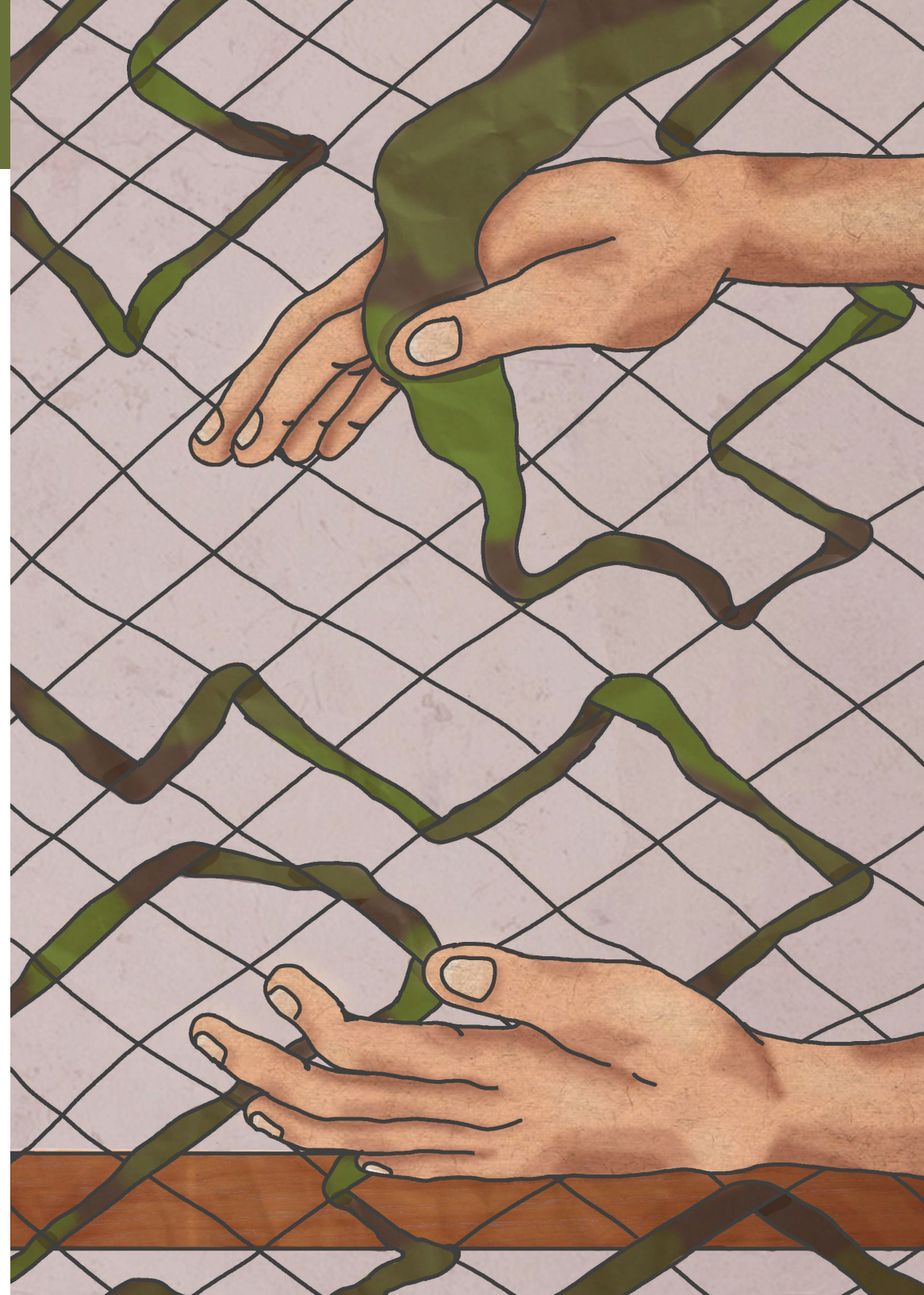
[Thoughtfully takes sip of nutrient paste]





NolaStreets
Rositsa Dimitrova
Honorable Mention Photography

Weaving Camouflage Nets Ayah Al-Masyabi
Two Dimensional Design & Mixed Media





The Evil Hand, The Evil House Nguyen Gia Hy Vu
Drawing 1



Native Child Angelica Figueroa
Best of Photography

The Claw by Zachary Young

Life is like one of those claw machines in the front of a Walmart. God is the red button you commit to at the very end. Cruel destiny is those finger-hooks that have less gripping power than Michael J Fox in an intense thumb war with a silverback gorilla. Genetics is the motion and dexterity of the joystick governing the claw's gliding crane. And we are all the disappointed children, who upon the 1/100000000 chance that we achieve grabbing and sending the Pikachu doll we quested after tumbling down the stainless steel chute into our trembling hands. Only then realizing that it's not the Raichu doll we pined after for weeks. We immediately burst into tears and turn to our father for solace, only to find him playing Samurai Shodown with a 17 year old employee of the aforementioned corporate monster. When told to collect shopping carts she hides in the arcade/vending entry preying upon handouts from hapless miscreants with pit stains. Raichu, wet with your tears of disappointment is quickly reduced to thread, stuffing and Chinese dyes with

underrepresented amounts of lead and melamine. Done shopping, the doors slide open and you exit into the blinding light of the infinite impossible your father faces you with one final insignificant choice, "Do you want a Doctor Thunder or some Mountain Lightning?" His gift is not a gift at all. It's a promise of five minutes of silence for him, and it fosters the chemical addiction that will make you keep coming back to the same super Walmart, pumping the quarters whose jangling you cherish all week long, right back into the same claw machine... And again it doesn't seem possible to get a grip on what you really want.



[SLEEPYHOUSE]

Grow Slow



GROWTH
Takes
TIME

Grow Slow Caden Hanneman
Graphic Design

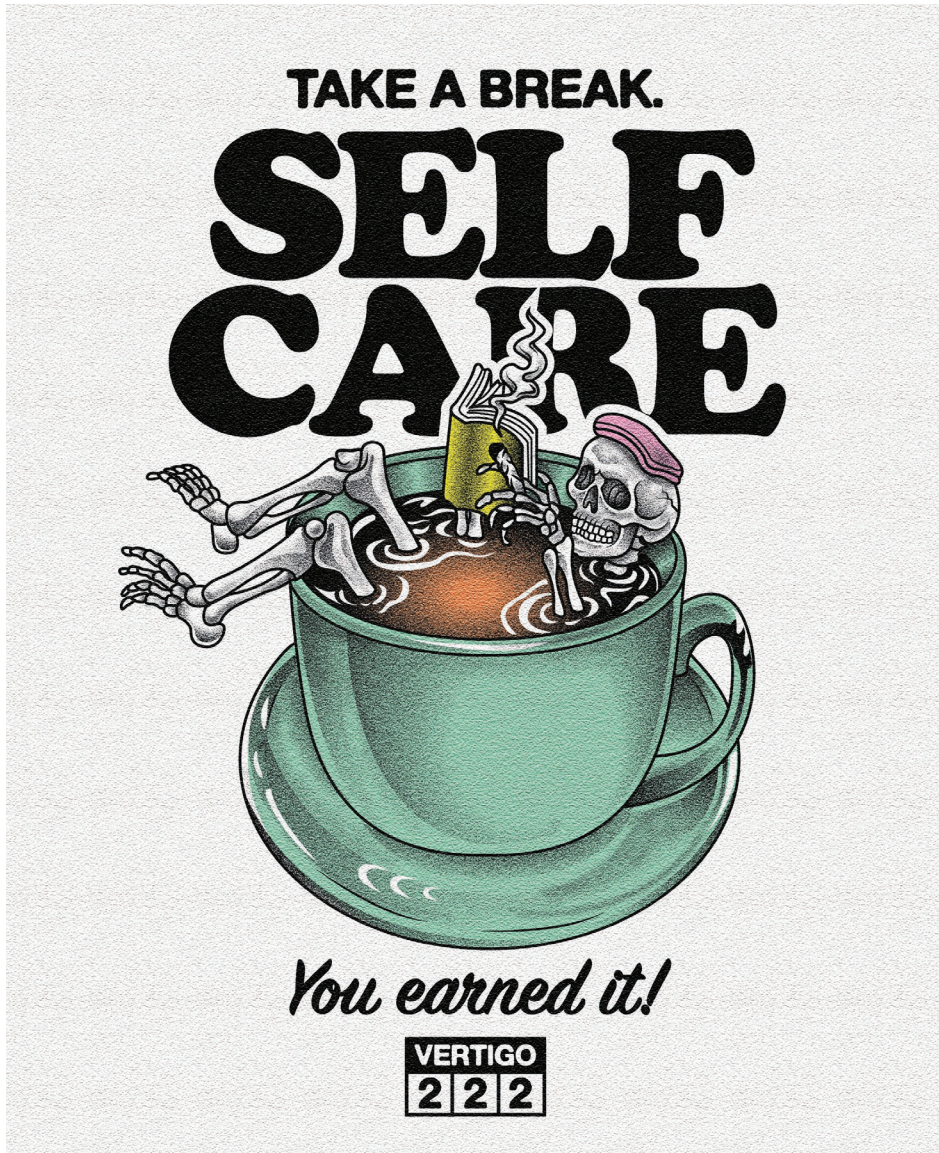
[SLEEPYHOUSE]

SPACED *Out*

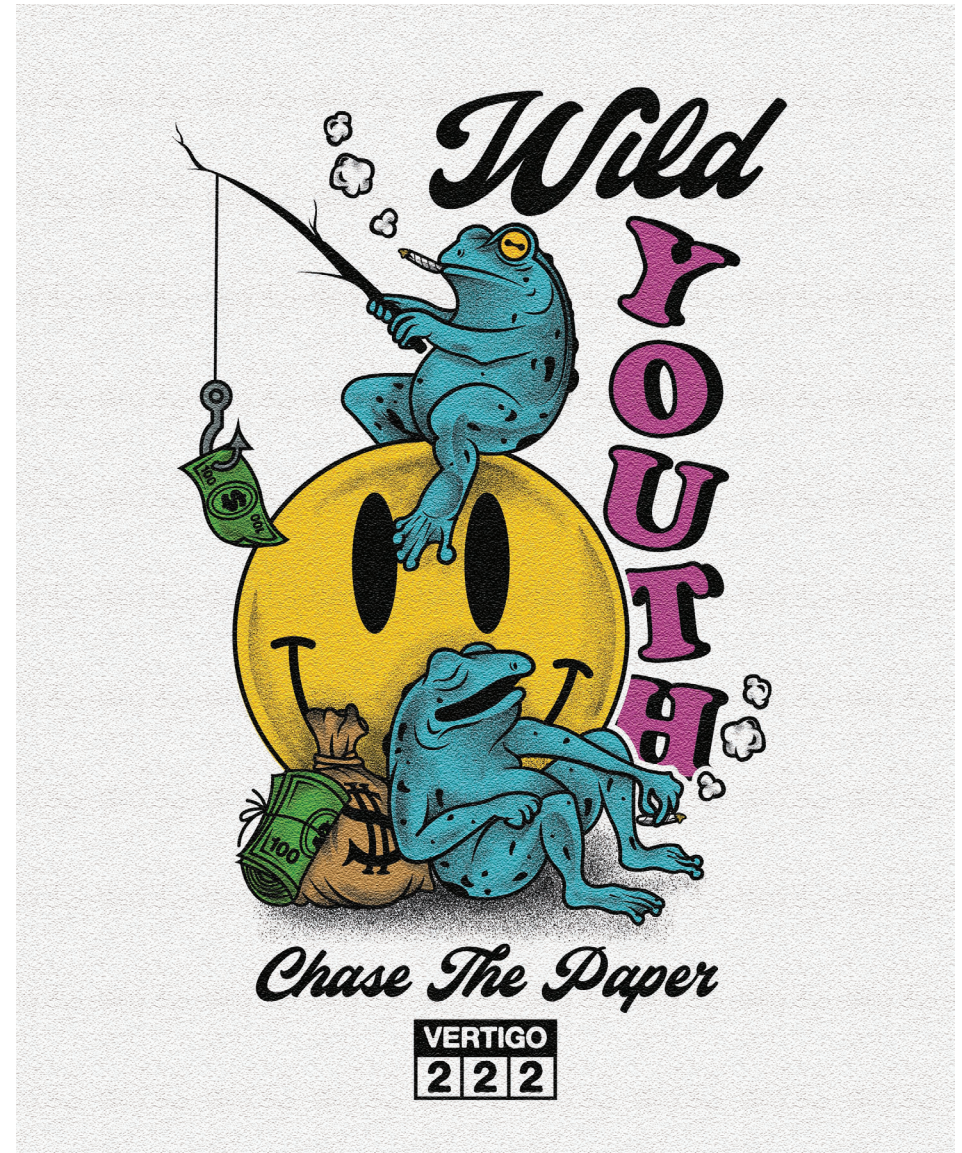


In My Own World

Spaced Out Caden Hanneman
Graphic Design



Self Care Brant Hanneman
Graphic Design



Wild Youth Brant Hanneman
Graphic Design

Bug Jesus by Milo Halpern

Mary Magdalene blessed virgin immaculate conception of that darling plump red-cheeked baby boy on my altar on my window in my heart the voice on my lips his name a tincture a tonic a spell a savior

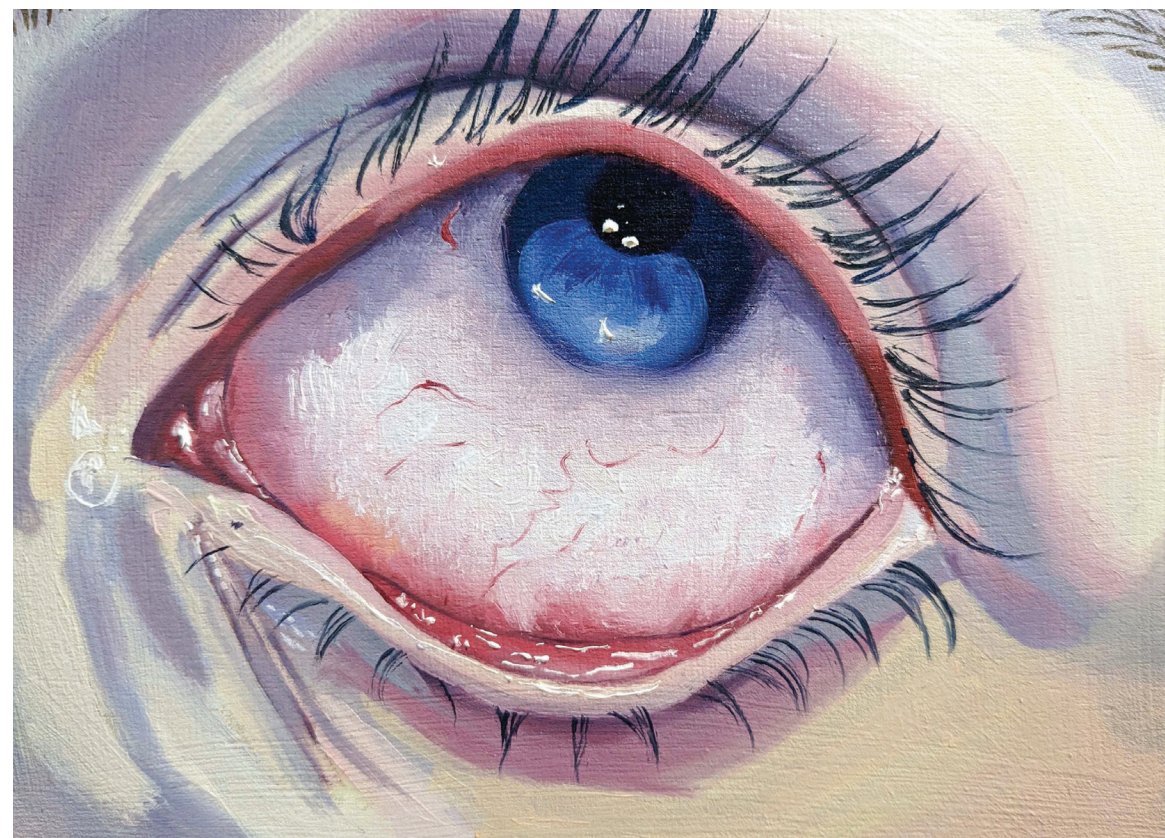
Jesus the flea ant fly pockmarked eyes that bulge and barbed proboscis armored exoskeleton two fingers thrust towards the air in a godly gesture of **fuck-you**

Holy virgin thou who commands you **keep your legs shut** be chaste be honest be mine in purity in sickness in health and in purity

Catholic school altar-boy immaculate in sex hewn from rib bone carved from fool's gold imbued by divine needle's prick of *testosterone cypionate*

His lavender poison heady *cannabis sativa* burning incense blackened smoke incubus the dozing dragon his hoard of whores

Virgin prince immaculate **chewed-up piece of gum** pray for your purity **confess your damn sins** be born again be baptized repent **may you be made holy**



Grief Racheal Bennett
Painting



Calm Down Cynthia Marquez
2D

Masectomia Doppia by Milo Halpern

Il marmo from which I was carved
all, soft edges and dimpled skin
where claw's grasp bled into thighs
 muscle
 fat
paintings del rinascimento broad-shouldered, brides
stomachs, in rolls where I bend
the puckered cicatrici make streams down my middle
 in curves in curlicues, in razor-blade lines

ho il seno di Venera the coveted wine-cup, breasts
I covet, scars raised red
knife more sterile than survival saw
 the expensive hand of il chirurgo
cheap cigarettes ogni respiro represso
per il sognato flat chest

in the mirror I come undone

Venus de milo lost her arms
e nello specchio I lose myself
in the mountains di Marina de Massa I plead, the surgeon
 Michelangelo make me whole make me again
the chisel and hammer tease
at my breasts il sangue piange
down the swell of my hips the improper width of my thighs
 and pools around polished feet

il lavoro sarà finito

the blade kisses my skin the blood, is staunches nerves cauterized

Away falls each imperfection
in jagged edges in broken rock the marble is shaped
the corners smoothed the edges carved
the soft belly the hard shoulders broad chest
 il seno liscio le montagne rasate

Il Davidà rises in perfection





Demo Build Nairo Matthews
Best of 4D & Time-Based Art



LibuÅje Timberlyn Sekelik
Photography

Field Trip by Azim Usmanov

How many steps will it take to LA?
My legs can still carry my arms still picking cotton
My mouth's so dry I wish I saw seagulls
My back arches more but mind is free
Deep in my thoughts, I'm sitting on couch, watching TV There are
fruits on my table, some peaches and one orange

The sun is almost gone, the sky's looking orange
It is same color as in LA
The window is prettier than the TV
I like the snow in form of cotton,
It resembles wings that hurt me but make me feel free The back is
only aching, the wings belong to seagulls

It is night, the moon is over town, a sea's beneath a seagull I wish I
was an eagle, so that my eyes at night would shine bright orange
My flights would be so long and carefree
If only parents send me away, I'd fly away to my LA
But then they'd have to pick more cotton
Who would then sit on couch and stare at the TV

The light is striking through the window I still hear noise of the TV
Can not decide which one is better an eagle or a seagull The latter
ones are near the ocean, no need to worry about cotton But eagles
are so gorgeous, their eyes remind me of an orange
Both inhabit LA
Which of those birds would I be in order to feel free?

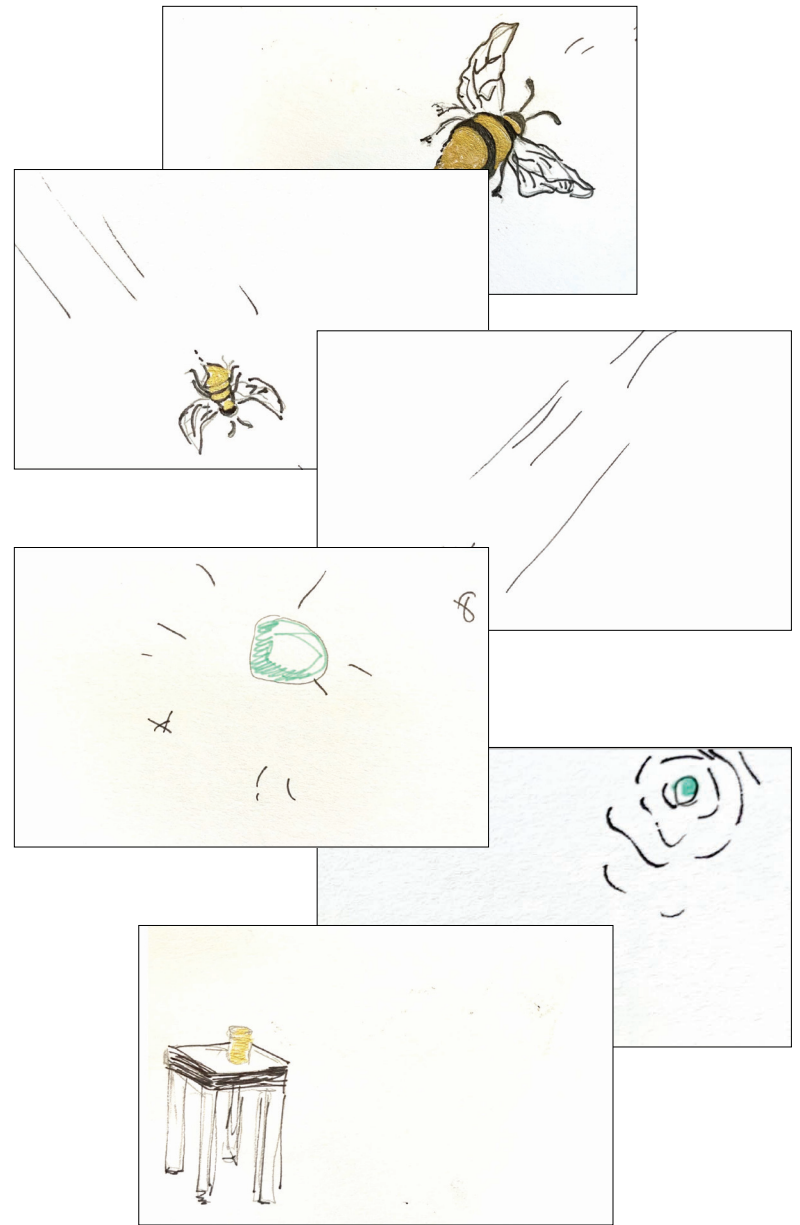
It's noon, it's almost hundred, I'm picking cotton almost for free
During my lunchbreak I sold my small TV
All the money was spent on one way to LA
I am tired of imagining a sea of seagulls
I am tired of dreaming about oranges
I put the warmest silk coat on to say good bye to that annoying
cotton The plane looks white, my future even brighter than
blossoming cotton
My parents are probably looking for me "Don't worry, I am finally
free!" Eyes are burning flame with color of orange
When I landed it felt like a movie I saw on TV
Sound of music, and ocean, and seagulls
Noise of joy gave the wonderful feeling of me in LA

Unfinished season of picking up cotton, I sold my family's only TV
They both molded my body to set my soul free, towards the
beloved seagulls
Towards the state of oranges, all for two letters for LA

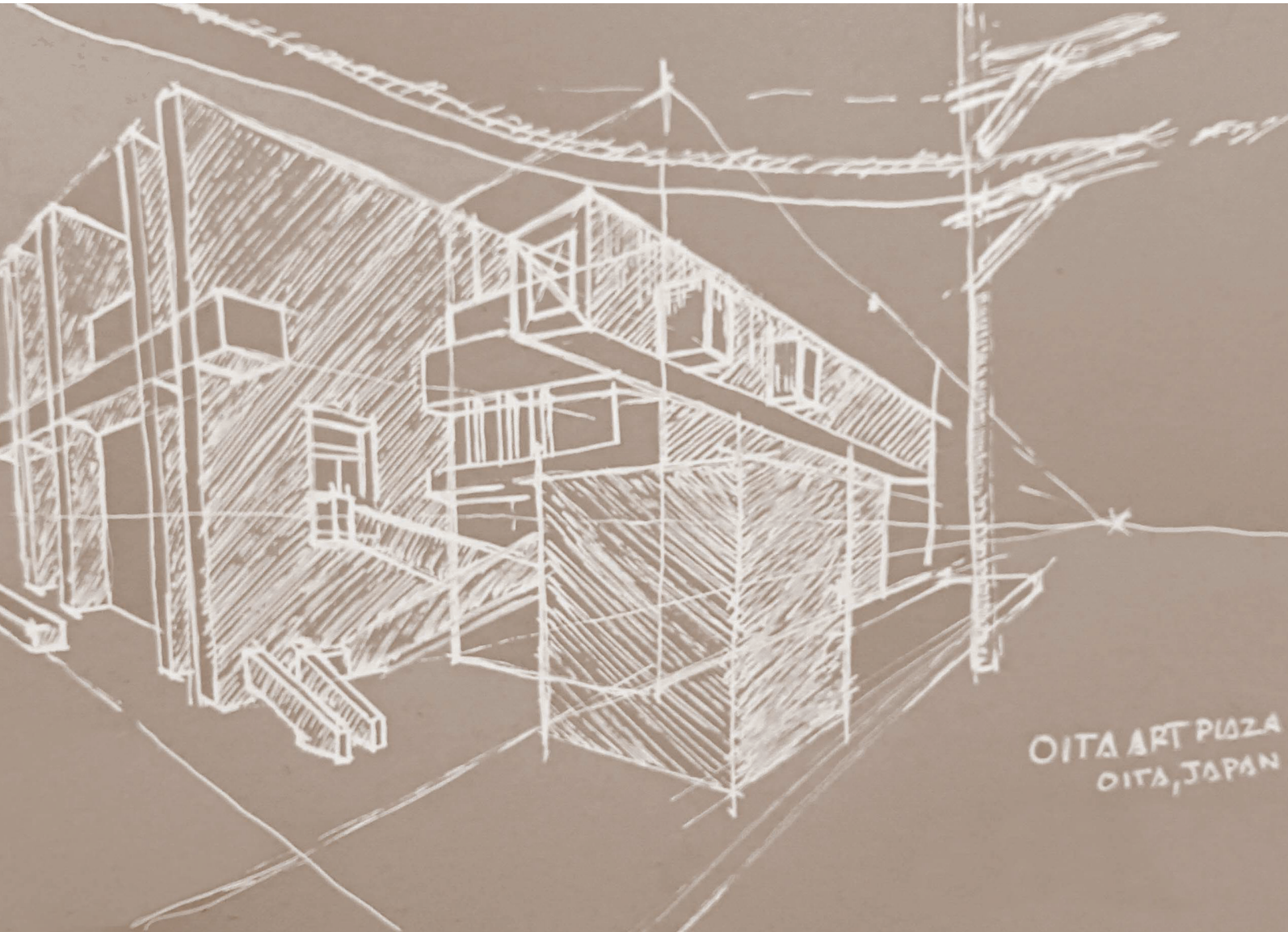




Farnsworth House Sketch John Carlin
Best of Architectural Studies & Technology



Bee and the Jar of Honey Rossi Dimitrova
4D & Time-Based Art



Oita Art Plaza Sketch John Carlin
Best of Architectural Studies & Technology

Untitled
by Alejandra Avila

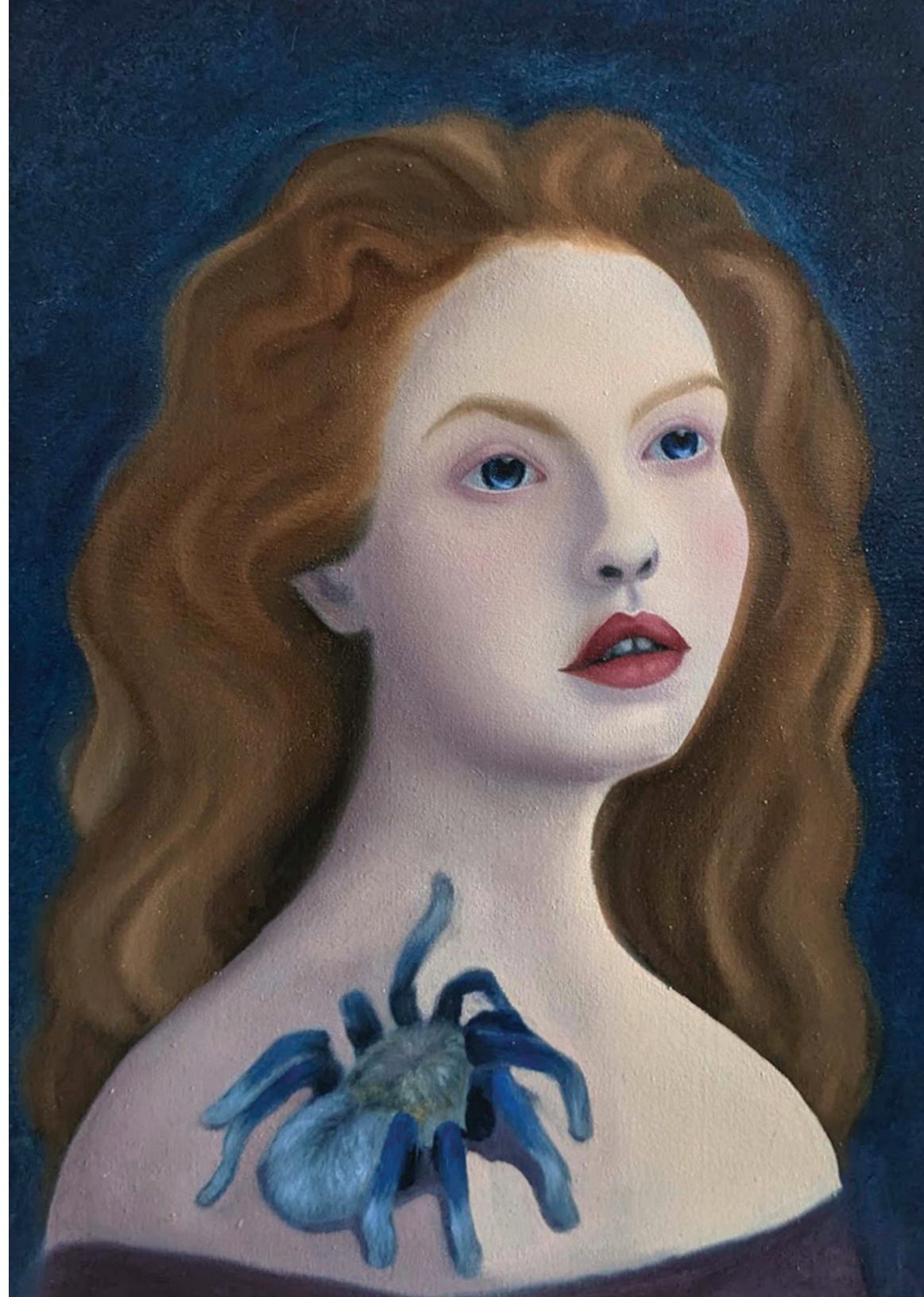
So beautiful and
peaceful—

Your empty carcass
I have kept,

you will be with me
forever,

so lifeless and so
still.

Bad Company Racheal Bennett
Painting





Teddy Asma Al-Masyabi
Drawing 2

A Son by Emily Chavez

The build-a-bear glares at him from across the yellowed tile hall. Its fluorescent lights cause a migraine and a slight twitch in his eye, he had only been in a mall once before. If it weren't for her he could never crawl back in. It was for a good cause, it was for a good cause. A young employee approached him immediately, "Have you ever been in before?"

"Yeah," he says quietly, walking over to the apple-colored drawers.

Atop the drawers sits a shelf crowded with bug-eyed stuffed cartoon characters and cheetah print bears. Buckets of their skin pile underneath these premade models for the taking, the first step in parenting this new creation. It's hard to find one that breathes with a permanent smile like the one in his childhood, but it's the eyes that remain in his memory, black as space and just as deep. All the bears look blankly just past his shoulder. Except one. Its fur was molasses, spiked out the way his hair would be if he didn't care for it. That was the bear chosen.

Walking up to what he remembers as a stuffing station a woman about his age sits on a stool. Her creased hands lay in her lap with eyes glazed over, glassy. The stuffing rolls and rolls licking the glass of the machine in a never-ending cycle. Handing the limp fabric to the woman she looks down, her eyes wrinkling above her smile. She asks him to press the petal, which would theoretically fill the bear with stuffing, but it does nothing. Instead, she presses her own pedal and the bear slowly starts to form. First at the head, then at the body, it grows and grows, its life swells from an idea into something you could hold, cradle. The woman's hands work quickly, having done this countless times. Even though the motion is the same she treats each bear carefully propping up their heads as if to support their necks. His mother would've done the same thing. The woman points to a scratched plastic container attached to the machine, it's full of hearts.

The hearts bleed out onto the floor where some kid dug for the perfect one pushing the others to the ground on the way. He picks one up from the floor, it's a pink checkered pattern, along with all the others, unwanted. The woman looks up at him, he knows what she's considering asking, he has seen his mother partake in this ritual once before. It begins.

"Alright now it's time to wake up your heart," the woman says with a smile. "You're just going to tap, tap, tap and jump up and down to give it lots of heartbeats!"

He pats the heart with his fingertips and jumps with it in the palms of his hands imagining the way his mother would jump. He looked stiff and bothered jumping amid the store but his mother, he remembered, looked free and child-like. The person working back then would laugh, amused by his mother's confidence, but her son stood by her leg and frowned looking at the other moms who knew how to behave. His hands were empty then.

"Now," the woman said, "Rub the heart on your head so it's as smart as you, and ears so he's a good listener, then on your heart so he's loving. Now on your toes so he'll be totally awesome! Finally on your nose so he knows you love him."

Laughing at himself, he went through the motions. It was for a good cause. He saw the woman's eyes smile as she expressively repeated the script. Through this ritual, he passes all of his qualities into the bear from a labyrinth of memories. Like he would a son. When did the bear become a boy?

"Now close your eyes tight, make a wish, and seal it with a kiss."

He looked down at the bear, now staring just past its eye. His hands seemed older when holding it, or maybe they were younger. He closed his eyes. His mother's room from his youth appeared, it was just after she had been relocated to a home. A cradle lay near her bed filled with toys and small folded clothes, the ones he was never allowed to touch. The image hung down in his chest and lingered in his throat. At the end of the cradle, a stuffed bear sat comfortably. Her heart was lodged in it.

Now, his eyes opened staring directly into the bear's eyes. He leaned forward and kissed it on the head. Still slouched, he looked up. The woman was laughing, her mouth closed as if trying not to embarrass him. In seeing this he smiles, shaking off what tension he had felt, but not quite the weight pressing the back of his throat, causing his eyes to water. He had seen that expression before, but never towards himself.

The woman, at last, directed him towards the bathtub to wash the bear. Its bubbles are the size of mixing bowls and are just as hard. There he placed the bear on the yellowing bright blue plastic water filled just to the top. Carefully, he brushed it out just like he saw his mother do. "Start from the ends of the hair and work your way up," she used to say brushing her own bear with the small paw print shaped combs. Though thinking back that didn't apply to this situation, she was never saying it to him, only to herself. The bear looked fluffed, bright, and loved. It was strange how it peered at the world with such wonder and sympathy, comforting.

He knew the next stop. A large screen on the other side of the store asked him the name of the bear. His mother kept the birth certificate this machine gave her in her desk drawer, laid between the thick folder edges, protected. Carefully typing, he named the bear

Everett. The paper slowly printed out just like he remembered it. Blue swirls line the edge in a wide juvenile way. All the information you could ever get on a stuffed bear was there, fur color, eye color, weight, and height. He smirked looking at it in both hands. Nothing precious or mysterious lingers about this paper as it once had in his childhood. He folds it into his pocket and takes a house-shaped box to store the bear in on his trip back.

It's for a good cause he reminds himself again as he parks at the nursing home and checks in at the lobby and rides the elevator and knocks on her door. No one answers when he knocks but he opens it anyway, his mother sits on the bed looking through the window. He catches her attention. "Doctor, do you have a present for me?" she says smiling, eyes glassy. He hands her the box. When opening it she smiles, "My son, my son, my son," she whispers looking into the box.

"My son, my son," she would say on the long afternoons of his youth. Twirling, cradling him in her devoted arms. The sun would glow through the windows of her room creating a warm haze above the furniture. There in her embrace it slouched, paralyzed for that was how it was made, the bear; unable to perceive the warped heart that almost wished it to life. Her love was sucked into its glass eyes never to be felt by anyone else. There a boy sat in the corner of the room with a heavy feeling in his throat. His eyes were soft waiting for the love that he would never receive.

Her son.

The door opens.

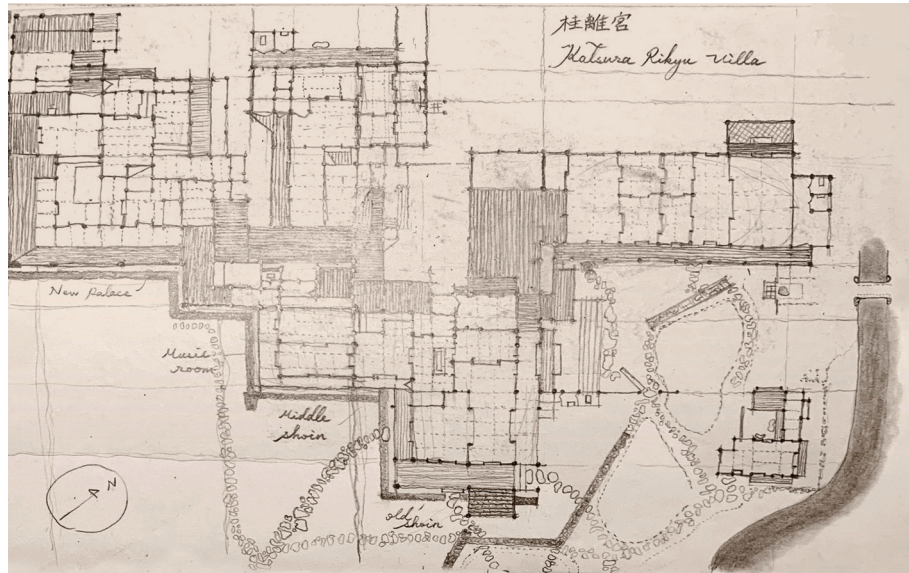
"Hey Everett, I didn't know you were in town!" The doctor says as he walks in. Everett waves and looks back at his mother holding her son, only this time he's almost real.





Hogan Angelica Figueroa
Best of 3D Design & Sculpture





Katsura Rikyu Hirokazu Yamakura
Honorable Mention Architectural Design



Barn Owl Lydia Edmonds
Painting

Our Team



Ourglass, now in its 43rd year of publication, is the journal of the English, Graphic Design and Visual Art Departments at Community College of Denver (CCD). Published by CCD's Art, Communications, Design and Education Pathway, and the Office of Creative Services, we are dedicated to providing a forum for the poetry, prose, theater, design and artwork of our students.

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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. Ourglass is a publication of CCD, which reserves all rights and hereby grants them solely to the original artists.

Ourglass Submission Guidelines:

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 through spring).

Please submit one 10-minute play, one short story, essay, set of 3-5 poems, or a set of 2-4 flash-short stories, as well as any interesting combinations thereof.

Short stories and essays should be double spaced and not to exceed 15 pages. Plays should be between 10-12 pages. Total pages for poetry should not exceed 10 pages. We aim to publish a variety of styles, voices, and genres.

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 4-6 months. If you don't hear from us, please contact us at ccd.ourglass@ccd.edu. Don't forget to follow us on Facebook at [Facebook.com/CCDOurglass](https://www.facebook.com/CCDOurglass)

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

Thank you!

The Editors

CCD CREATIVE WRITING

CCD currently offers ENG 2021, Introduction to Creative Writing, a GT (Guarantee Transfer course).

ENG 2021 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's Write Club

CCD has a write club where a community of current and former CCD students meet for writing time and friendship. It is free to join! If you're interested, please contact Jeffrey. becker@ccd.edu or text 720-340-2706.

CCD ART COURSES

ART 1201 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 1002 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 1401 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 1001 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 1016 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!



