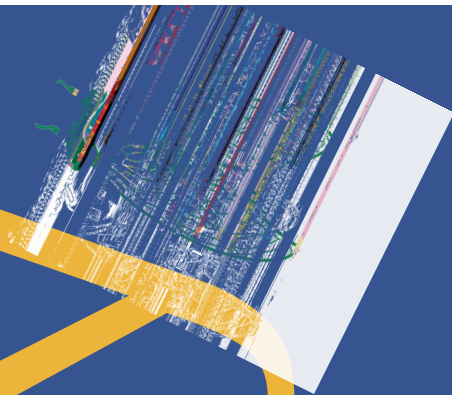
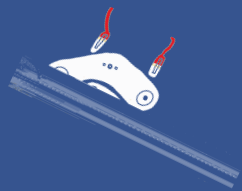


# Portfolio



# I, Chicano

Devin Encinias

I, Chicano, fruit of thy womb, deep roots...  
corn crops, brown face, and a painful scar.  
The only home I've ever known.  
Its wind, from which my breath is cut, the soil in my bones.  
Nations, kingdoms, world wonders to behold;  
Graces, praises sang to a great spirit, and four grandfathers, in four hundred tongues.

I, El Indio, twenty two generations of weight,  
Broken promises, empty words,  
Void of fear and shame,  
Different plagues with similar symptoms:  
"Kill the father, rape the mother, take the child".  
Sacred chains of kinship, broken by greed.  
The greed of rugged individuals, working toward a common goal.  
My home, the home of my father, and his before him... open for sale and self-ment by my own image in the  
mirror that I still cannot recognize.

Porque I, Mestizo, am a blend,  
of stories and ages that move the breath in my lungs and blood in my veins;  
Old Mexico, Modern America, New Spain.  
Witness the rise and fall of kings and priests alike, so many, all the same.  
Fences, walls, carving the skin of my mother, rods of iron and fire, wicked deer with no antlers and skin of  
steel.

I Mejicano, throw a dance in my walk  
Practice cumbia in my step, write corridos when I talk.  
Smell cebolla on my breath and post up on the calle, next to that outline of chalk.  
Hear my Chevy turning over, oldies bumping,  
Bien planchado, con cuidado, ready to get into something.  
Say my prayers, throw on layers, hit the spot and give saludos.

In the morning laugh it o , limoncito in my  
menudo.

# How to Remember Your Mother

Shanlla Remtulla

Shake grass seeds onto the lawn when it turns yellow/ never wash a cast iron skillet/ do not try to revive what has already died/ mix it with something new instead/ go to the mosque on Fridays/ kneel/ your mother has bad knees/ kneel/ remember that you do not have to pray/ that is for you, not for her/ stop saying sorry/ please/ thank you/ i forgive you/ you do not owe anyone shit/that is for you/ and for her/ say the word shit several times/ that is her favorite word/ never ever use a measuring cup/ measuring cups are white people shit /don't taste food/ feel it/ lock yourself in a room with all of the lights on / don't come out until/ you know what you did wrong/ count to three/ count to five/ count to ten/ recite the Quran on the way to school/ the grocery store/ the gay club/ nobody has time for faith anymore/ love women with/ unwavering confidence/ love men with/ cautious optimism/ that is for you/ and for her/ wear shoes that are two/ different colors/ salt the perimeter of your house/ draw a black dot/ behind your ear/ evil is not welcome here/ when you are reborn/ choose to be her/ play like children are supposed to/ do everything s (se/ d)6 (aw 35947 5.61766 9.c2bld/ rite )TJ jmhmen you are reborn/ choose to be her/ play like children are shing no7o!! I

# Can a memory move genetically?

Helena Neufeld

Somewhere in the late 60s:  
A German school bus full  
of Air-Force brats. My father  
hears Sgt. Pepper for the first time  
on some other kid's radio.  
He's in his own sixties now,  
a low lit, cluttered office.  
I sit across from him  
in quiet attention, there are  
only words. But I swear:  
I feel the floor of that  
school bus at my feet,  
a diluted version of  
his own recollection. A landscape  
that I've never seen:  
Green hills, softly rolling.  
The seats on the bus, The Beatles  
disguising themselves,  
I feel his neurons fire, his interest pique.  
Our favorite Lonely Hearts Club Band  
and we're streaming it  
through the decades. Gripping  
genius in sharp relief.  
A musical gene flow, as if  
our blood is more than just matter.



# Cicada

Hannah Pritchard

Heart spread out like fragile wings—  
cicada, paper lantern, bone porcelain.  
Is that what I am now? Gentle pencil  
traces of a moth pinned down.  
I am frozen in time, I am mosquito,  
trapped in amber syrup, I am unchanged  
since last time I saw my mother.

Heat and stick remind me of L'Estaque in summer,  
braid my hair with smoke of lit up Gauloises—  
not suddenly, I am back to thin-bodied thirteen  
sitting with feet dipped in familiar stream,  
feeling rocks in my palms and tossing them  
to become smooth in the brine.

# Goldfish

Hannah Pritchard

Shadows breaking away, I bide  
time, hold tongue to cheek,  
keep breath from leaving. Le  
palm touching glass, right  
fingers grasping air, nothing but  
dust stirred whirling, windowbeam  
casting molds of a room turned  
colorless with light. Fleeting

and understood,  
missed in midair  
as my promises o en are; words  
said as whispers turn stony,  
sink to tank bo om, disturb goldfish.

I do not rip out my heart, but pull  
at it tenderly, so as not to break  
the bulb. Uprooted,  
I try not to be frightened  
by the emptiness under my feet.

Altitude takes pressure with it,  
pulls apart tin cans and li s paper  
from the table, steals my words  
and draws water out of my chest.





# Spoke

Hannah Pritchard

Prefrontal cortex painted aubergine —  
binding me in perpetual uncertainty,  
the poetry in June comes out all wrong.

Invention coming hard and fast  
through the window, fastened  
to my shoulders, releasing me  
from the cage.

Imagine my dismay in being.

Of fragile wing,  
this falcon has either found its tame  
or had it shown.  
Do not fly far from here, do not  
perch yourself on any rough branches—  
you were meant to be bridled,  
coaxed and loved.  
Situating yourself among the heathers.  
Let them feed you from a leather glove.

Do not ask for what is not given.  
Do not be unloved.

We are bound with string.  
We are given freedom in exchange  
for thoughts of being free.  
In violent shadows of nostalgic dream,  
we put playing cards in the spokes of our wheels  
and let ourselves go.

# Ballad of the Barrens

Harrison Poiss

Some men wear a face of apathy  
As they mill about the land.  
Their eyes stay fixated on the ground  
Or on the phone in their hand.

The real world remains unobserved  
And in effect unaltered.  
The days are short and the nights are long;  
The sun seems to have faltered.

I saw a group of young men walk by;  
They laughed at me as I passed.  
I don't know what it was all about,  
But I felt like an outcast.

Some men wear a fake and phony smile  
As they mill about the land.  
They act happy, polite, and friendly,  
But they're sinking in quicksand.

Everything in this place has perished  
Except the vultures stay fixated on the ground





Some men are eager to trade their pain  
For something to make them numb.

# Glass

Riya Bhalwal

Time and time again my heart shatters  
At every such instance  
He who wields the hammer steals a piece  
I repair her without noticing she is not whole  
And give her to someone else  
With a shiny mallet in his pocket  
One day I shall not have a heart to give at all

# Notes from April

Helena Neufeld

We ought to wade out into the sea, you and I—  
solve this like sickly Victorian women.

Last week, as I was among friends and sinking into hazy revelry,  
it was word from you that took me by the upper arm  
and hauled me up to the realm of thought.

I want the freezing water to swallow us, spit back us out.  
I want the salt to scrub this stuff from our skin.

“You do not always know what I am feeling”  
Words tumble over themselves in my mind,  
pebbles buried out slowly in a swi



# Wildfire

Ka Brown

I tried so hard to hate you.

Poured gasoline over everything that reminded me of you.  
Set fire to my hair and clothes,  
because they are filled with your smoke.

# After You

Ka Brown

I wash the worry out of my hair  
I scrub the shame off of my skin  
I cauterize the cowardice that lives here  
I purge myself of parasites

I plant passion in my pores  
I deposit devotion in my eyes  
I lodge lust for life between my teeth  
I sow my own seeds

I secure myself to ecstasy.

# Second to Last Supper

Dylan Carpenter

Divinity is a shepherd,  
On a hill, blazing toward that  
Sweet chapel ripe with poinsettia  
Atop the altar of Sunday  
And stained glass — a mosaic to  
The obelisk in all of us,  
As the dust settles and stirs so  
Entrenched in solid oak-shaped pews,

My body is the children's  
Choir and the organ has become  
My own mortification now—  
A mutilation morendo  
Of not yet He / not yet all Hymn;  
The service begins, whispers die,  
Yet the daybreak bell chimes on high:  
O'er hilltops o'er glory, it's over.

