A close-up photograph of a tiger's face, showing its distinctive orange and black stripes, a yellowish-green eye, and whiskers. The tiger is looking slightly to the right. The background is dark and out of focus.

Year of the Tiger

Harvest International
Spring 2022



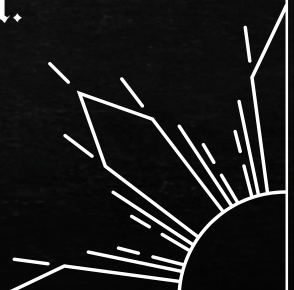
The Dawn


By Frank Greenhouse

A husk of a man whose will has been stripped,
Isolation decimates the strongest of souls,
Along fellow soldiers who veered off the path whose swords have long become
dull, Traversing a hollow land, witnessing false prophets who mimic,
a once profound freedom we once held dearly whose happiness held no limits.

The shroud of darkness dissipates. This new era brings blessings, Granting
the strength to at last mend our wounds with new dressings. The era of
plague declines, alongside radicals who dare berate
And feed off our miseries and gain wealth from our sufferings.
Yet when a new era of hope springs forth, they are quick to deliver their
useless apologies.

The flames grow from embers of years past,
delivering us into a new age of fire.
Allowing us, as a people, to finally shed tears of atonement,
and bask in the glory of a future whose struggles give way to enjoyment.



A photograph of a restaurant interior. The background is a red brick wall. In the foreground, there is a red table with a black metal napkin holder containing a white napkin, and two glass salt and pepper shakers. A black pendant lamp hangs from the ceiling, casting a warm glow. On the left, a framed picture is partially visible on the wall.

Hunger to Stomach

By Jazmin Arellano

I am so, so hungry today
I know I need something to eat
But I have nothing with to pay
And hunger is hard to defeat

I go about my day alone
In hopes I'll come across a feast
Yet my stomach shrinks to atone
Its appetite that's of a beast

It's been so long since I last ate
Since I last sat at a table
My fears served on a mirror
plate
Where I force my hand to stable

I'm so, so hungry I feel sick
I guess I have much to stomach

Lord of the Jungle

BY D. Martinez

Watch the fearsome apex hunter
Rule the jungle with his might.
Not driven by his hunger,
He kills for pureness of delight.

“What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?”
But a God who you and I
Know makes a fool deserve ignominy.

Sharpened claws on deadly paws,
Terrible fangs and ways of stealth
Find no match against the jaws
Of metal and ingenious wealth.

So, nature wails under his wrath;
It makes him feel so brave and bold.
As spears and bullets pave his path,
He hauls in foolish mortals' gold.

Midnight Ponderings
By Khia Castanieta

Here comes the night! -
Blown in like a breeze.
How easy it is to
Be made gentle by sleep.

Roar of Nothings

By Scott A

I found *nothing*.

I didn't know if I was smiling. It didn't matter. I was alone. No one could hear me, and I could hear no one.

The lights were off--the world nonexistent. It was like I was a new person in planes of existence beyond human understanding--a place where I could be understood because there was nothing to understand, because there was nothing.

Thoughts were meaningless and could be ignored. Appearances were hidden, voices were unheard, concepts were undetermined, and fear was absolved; I belonged to nothing.

Feverish darkness, roaring silence; nothing.

Loudres

By Khia Castanieto

Her pyre is torrid and burning

Always lit and never during

The night does it stop or cease

To flicker and flare or be at peace.

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