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A CAL POLY POMONA PRODUCTION

HARVEST  
INTERNATIONAL

PRESENTS:

*NEW BEGINNINGS: VACC-ZINE*



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A photograph of a bookshelf with a book in the foreground. The book is open, and the text is overlaid on it. The background shows other books on the shelves.

# A Lovely Book

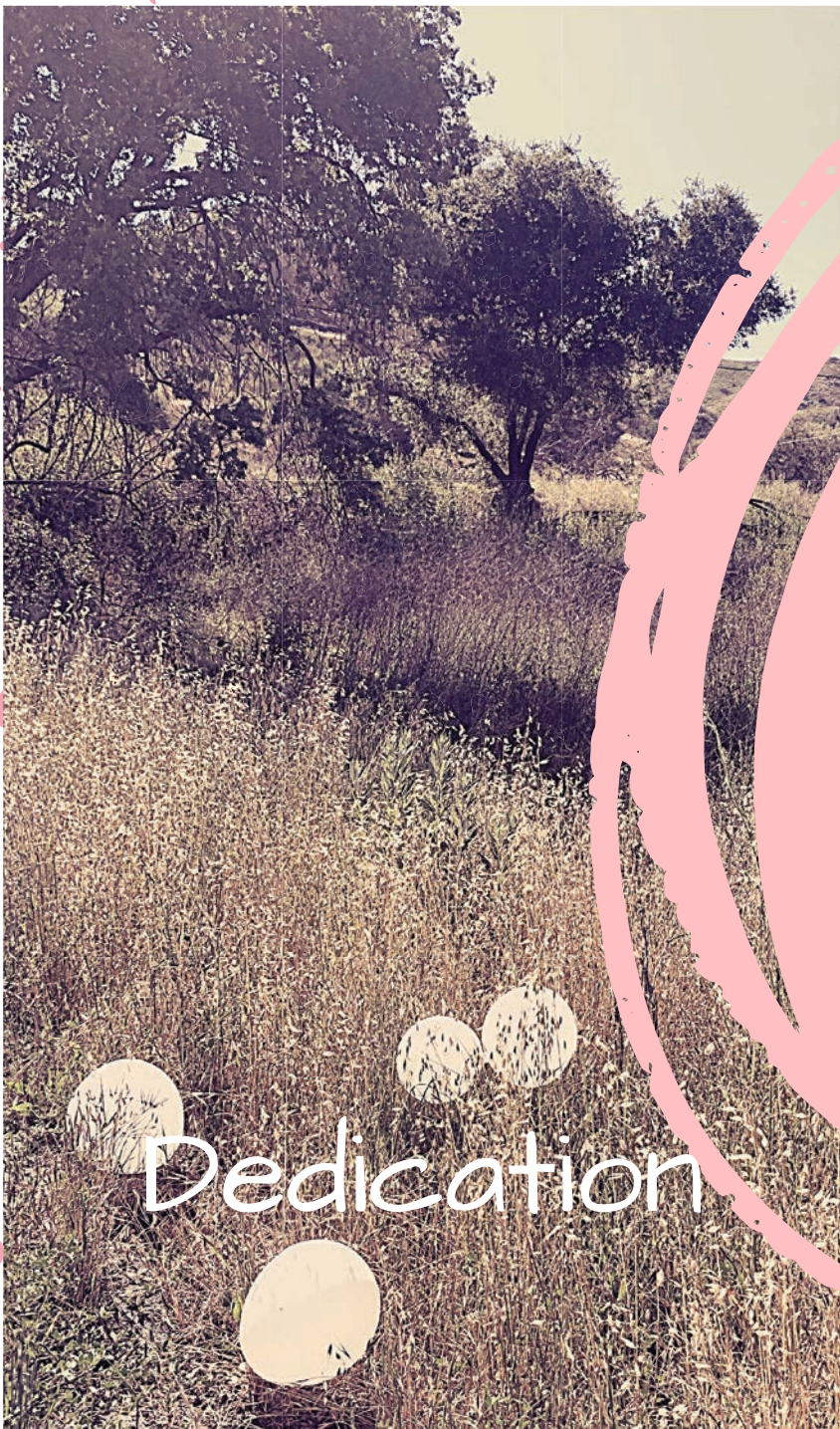
AMANDA KIRSCHNER

PHOTO: RENEE I. PALADINI

*In the fluorescent flare of flicking lights,  
Cornered in her nook, captive by the taste  
Of the Anticipation of worlds laced  
With those heroic knights and evil sprites,  
Of far-off places suffused with bright nights,  
Her body grows still, but her mind unplaced.  
Quietly inside her: She feels Displaced,  
Tangibly stuck, but inside she delights.*

*Barely aware, she cradles that old book  
For the spine grows old having been abused  
More than a hundred times by her alone.  
Because of that there book, in that small nook,  
She's found love, so let her sit there amused.  
For her, I will fall to earth like a stone.*





# Dedication

For the female exec whose new nanny half-said  
that she hoped she would put her own daughter to bed;  
for the second-tour sergeant still planning patrols  
around known ambush sites and freshly dug holes;

for the teacher appraising the work left undone  
by a class more impressed with the cost of a gun;  
for all laboring people who've learned how to fight  
for a piece of their mind from the unthinking night,

I offer a few of my tricks of the trade  
useful in binding decisions I've made.  
Tell yourself that disasters aren't always your fault;  
given time, the complaining will gradually halt.

Do the work that's required to survive every day  
without quenching the spirits you find on the way.

Liam Corley

Photo: Logan Blake



# THEIR EVERYTHING

RACHEL SARMIENTO

In a pocket of space, in a pocket of time,

They left the rest of the world behind.

Alone in the moment, it was clear to see,

Together they were meant to be.

For she was his moon, and she was his sun,

And as for the stars, she was his one.

To her what he was was her universe,

He was her world, he was her earth.

There they stood as time stood still,

A moment frozen in time until

They had to part and to go their own ways,

Still promising to be together someday.

But someday came slow: it was never clear when

Time and space would bring them together again.

Photo: Renée I. Paladini



# THE OLD TOWN (*FOR TEMECULA*)

---

This old town isn't old, but rather new,  
It's a shadow of a place I once knew.  
Once a place of family fun,  
Now an alcohol-fueled one.

Old wood buildings  
With a story in every nail,  
Now concrete blocks  
With no significant story to tell.  
This old town.

---

# Saul Muro

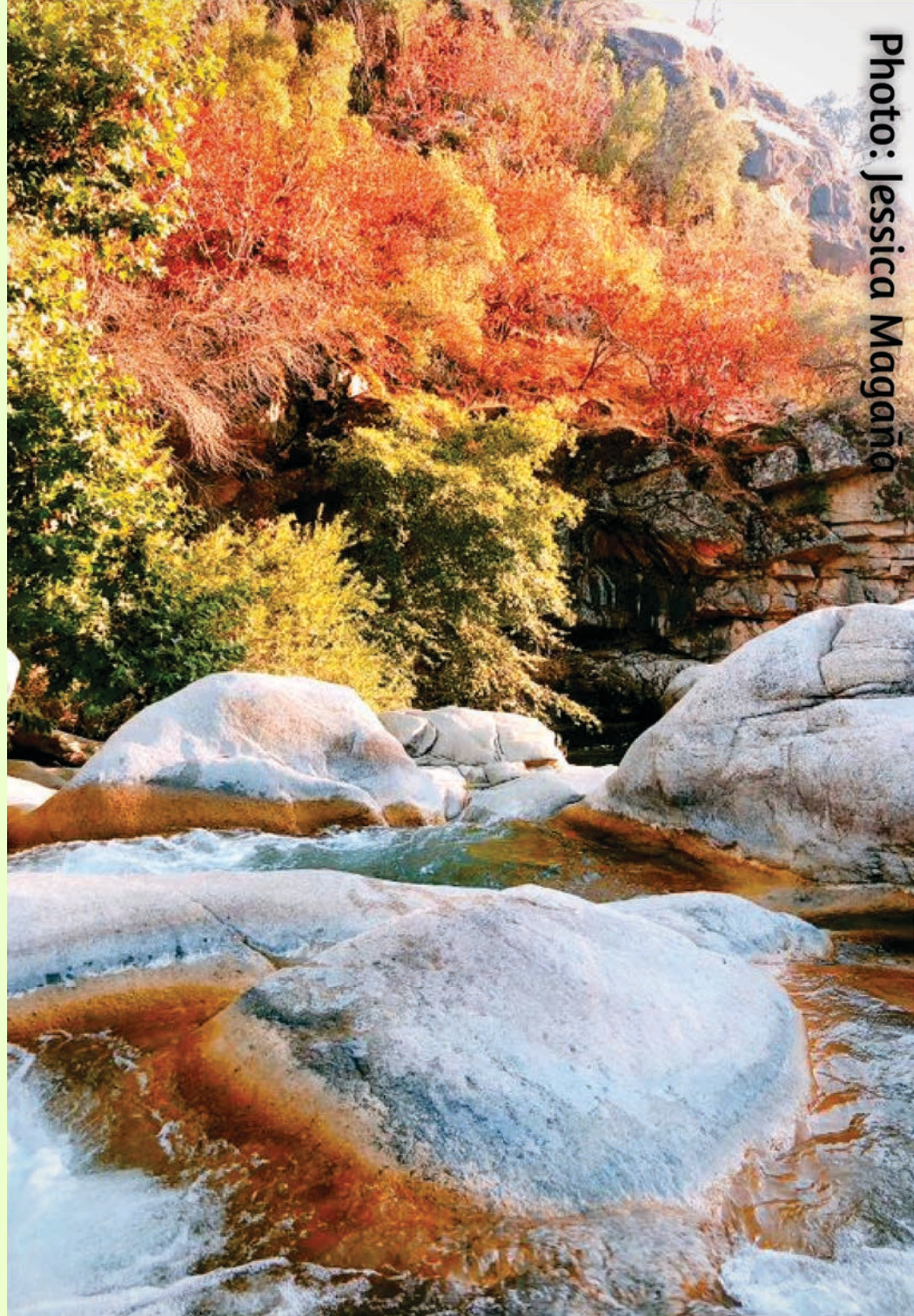


Photo: Jessica Magaña



# French Bulldog

Having one is not greater than two  
Good things have a funny way  
Making light seen anew  
Don't listen to what they say

Missed friends from another life  
Excruciating character is always hard  
Molded sculptures igniting strife  
Those who can pull our card

Revolving images of the grand  
Quivering reflections inside out  
Chiseled shoulders upon his stand  
The summoning of the shout

Mistaken foldings along the seam  
Juxtaposed on the same team

William Wilson





# *Sunday in February: A Reaper of Peonies*

*Devan Ruiz*

“I wish I could hug all the sadness out of you.  
And if there wasn't a way to exude all of the negativity  
I've

soaked up from our embrace, I'd still hold you tight.”

I'd like to have a friend soulmate;

I'd love to have a group of lovely women and possibly  
a few fellows to have as platonic friend soulmates.

But if that simply doesn't happen I won't despair.

I will learn to be the sole lover of myself;  
in blissful isolation like Rapunzel I will grow old together  
with my beautiful old cottage.

Day by day, I'll be awakened by the faroff warble of the  
sun-kissed birds.

Tending to my charming garden of flowers, plants, and  
vegetables will be my morning solace.

With a cup of tea, and occasionally a splash of cannabis,  
a meditation will ensue.

Tons of books will be read, and amongst the great lot will  
be notebooks, journals, and diaries of  
mine back when I was a young calf, cold and desolate but  
by my own decision.

The days will be granted to me in the unknowing  
sweetness or sour of wild strawberries.

My optimism for the next happy hour will be ever-  
present in me.

I'll have rosy cheeks and kind eyes, lovely delicate skin  
and a soft and supple physique.

With a fire that burns within me, I will far surpass the  
expectations of those who look upon me as  
a meek and frail old woman for I will be an old lady.

*Photo: Jessica T. Magaña*



# *Belonging*

*Aimee Perez*

A sea of trees adorns those rolling hills  
They whisper to me when I am alone  
A landscape though a cursive windowsill  
A voice that asks if this place is my home

For there's a place where floorboards know my name  
A house with walls and halls and heavy toll  
In here, they give me shelter and acclaim  
But turned away when I showed them my soul

The essence of both worlds is at my core  
I'm asking for permission to exist  
I've tried to reach them but they've locked the door  
Their chastisement is clenched within my fist

Belonging is a word, to me, unknown  
These tired limbs and bones, my only home



When I was not a thought in someone's mind  
did that someone know just what it meant  
Perhaps they join for pleasure they might find  
They join dis-join my lot already sent

I arrived all wet and softly crying  
They introduce me to this world forever stretching  
Their four hands would pass me still denying  
Their two mouths never usher out a blessing

I'm okay now though hope and trust did break  
They sent me out to walk cold roads for miles  
Sure lovingly and all for learning's sake  
I would rise and fall with thorns for deeper smiles

Now I know where fire burns and I will never go  
Their four hands will not reap from me what they did sow

RENEÉ MARIE

# Four Hands Still Denying

photo: Renée I. Paladini





# Hangin'

the vine once young begins to grow old  
yet instead of yielding joy  
everything seems to be going awfully sour  
grapes in a tub squishing  
wishing for their lives to be separate  
but grouped together nonetheless  
form changes as seasons become nameless  
now bottled and corked  
trapped and stopped  
always together  
never apart

Joseph Garcia

Photo:  
Navneet  
Singh



## La belleza en el lago

En uno de mis parques favoritos

Hay un lago lleno de belleza.

Cuando era niña, no había mucho belleza.

Solo podía ver peces y algunos veces los tortugas.

A veces si veía pajaros y personas navegando en sus pequeños botes

Pero el lago no era tan bello ni tampoco el parque.

Años después, hicieron cambios al parque para ayudarlo.

Cuando regrese al parque como adulta,

Pude ver tanta belleza.

El lago estaba limpio con muchos peces, tortugas y pajaros

Personas mirando, caminado, tomando fotos, haciendo las tipicas cosas en el parque.

Y desde entonces, el parque y el lago siguen siendo hermosos.

Espero que el lago y el parque siempre sigan siendo hermosos.

Porque uno de las cosas mas bellas en el mundo

Es la belleza en el lago.

Karla Amaya

## The Beauty in the Lake

In one of my favorite parks

There is a lake, full of beauty.

When I was a little girl, there wasn't much beauty.

I could only see fish and sometimes turtles

Sometimes I saw birds and people sailing in their little boats

But the lake was not that beautiful, not even the park.

Years later, changes were made to help the park.

When I returned to the park as an adult,

I could see so much beauty.

The lake was clean with so many fish, turtles, and birds

People looking around, walking, taking photos, doing the typical park things.

And since then, the park and lake remains beautiful.

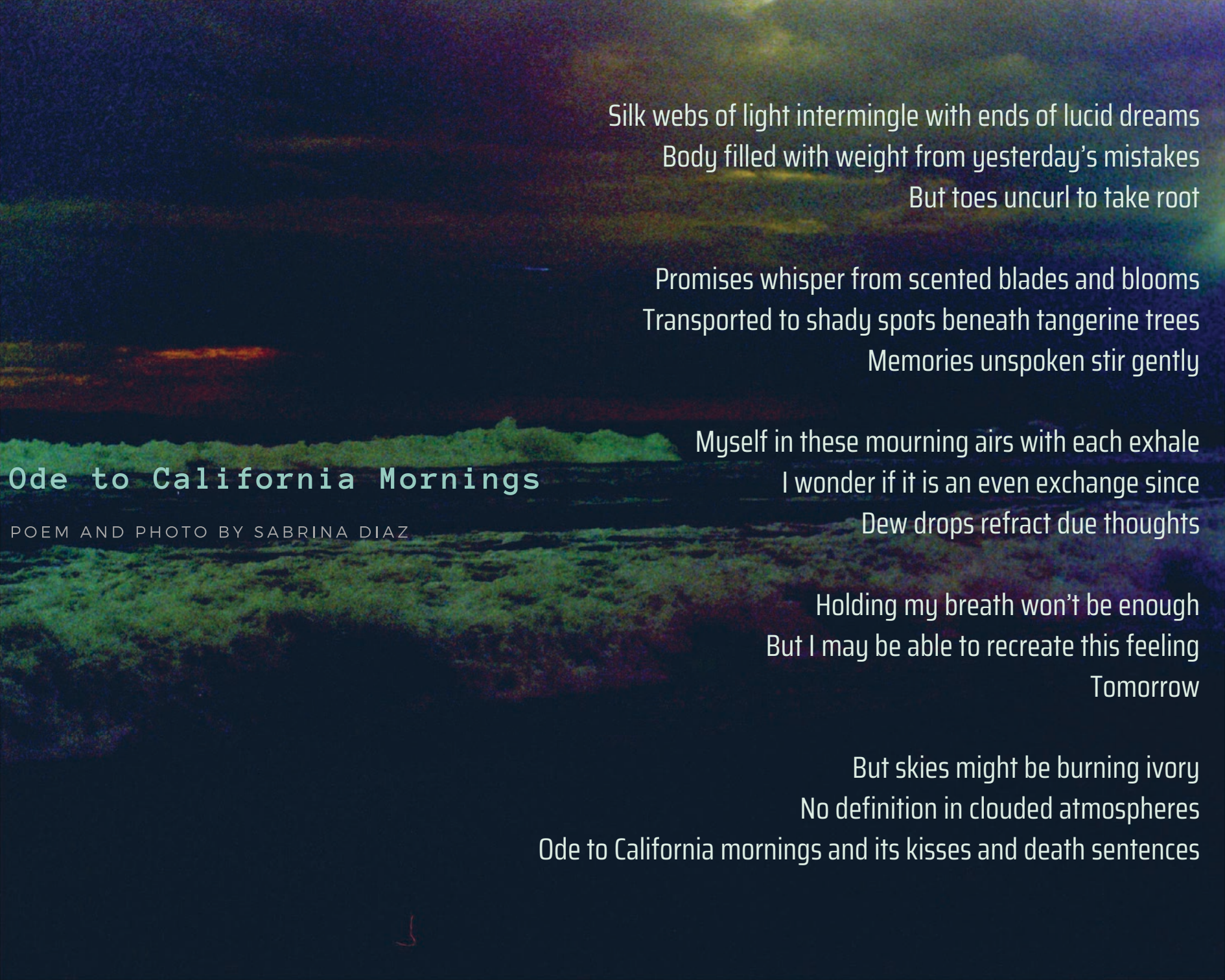
I hope the lake and park will always be beautiful.

Because one of the most beautiful things in the world

Is the beauty of the lake.

Photo: Reneé I. Paladini





Silk webs of light intermingle with ends of lucid dreams  
Body filled with weight from yesterday's mistakes  
But toes uncurl to take root

Promises whisper from scented blades and blooms  
Transported to shady spots beneath tangerine trees  
Memories unspoken stir gently

Myself in these mourning airs with each exhale  
I wonder if it is an even exchange since  
Dew drops refract due thoughts

Holding my breath won't be enough  
But I may be able to recreate this feeling  
Tomorrow

But skies might be burning ivory  
No definition in clouded atmospheres

Ode to California mornings and its kisses and death sentences

## Ode to California Mornings

POEM AND PHOTO BY SABRINA DIAZ





Sun Rises  
are not  
welcome in  
this poem.

VALERIA FRANCO

I thank my shadow on Ramona St.,  
At Five in the Afternoon— the sun flame burning  
Out, under those palm trees over, there. The temporary solid figure  
that, follows to the East of Me.

The wind pushes my long, auburn hair,  
The shadow's hair  
follows.

Deceptive are these shadows, I tell you.  
Indeed,

I forget the reality that awaits as I circle back up Ramona, St.

Solid menaces you are. I welcome the mirror, the  
most Deceitful of all. Deceptive and Deceitful,  
how can I face my reflection without the—

Oh, how I wish it were 4:59 in the Afternoon.  
Without the mental capability to face my burning insecurities.

Women are told to stow away  
under the rug? under your, stomach, flap? Their PostPartum Insecurities.  
The shadow tells me I am of solid color. No tiger-stripes or—

C-Section scar that makes you wish,  
Five in the afternoon was always around.  
That you would have been told gravity goes against your organs,  
As you frailly, slowly, Intentionally hold Yourself upright.

I thank my shadow on Ramona Street. For,  
the solid following silhouette reminds me of the power of  
a WoMen's body.

I don't forget you mirror, deceitful thing you are,  
I welcome you too again, thank you, for making me look forward to  
The suns flames, burning away, as my shadow follows  
East.



# Hello

Let's pretend to be lovers  
At this chanced meeting  
As though with no meaning as  
If I shouldn't have said this

Down to where the roads circle  
And young minds form triangles  
To know where they don't meet  
In provisional notions that expire in the Sun

Then disarm compatriots in the streets  
To laugh off their confounded glare  
While godspeeding to the beach  
For sand to bind to our wrinkles

To then trace sacred images there,  
Seeing the voided space create the form,  
For the ephemeral lines to swallow  
Into the capricious riptide

Idling until night's impending fall  
Washing the day's joy tepid  
To turn to each other  
And see a kiss gleam in the eyes

To have finally broken the spell  
With that farewell rite  
To find, once again, our melancholic stasis  
And the thought of never seeing each other

Again

Logan Blake

Photo: Logan Blake





# The Wait

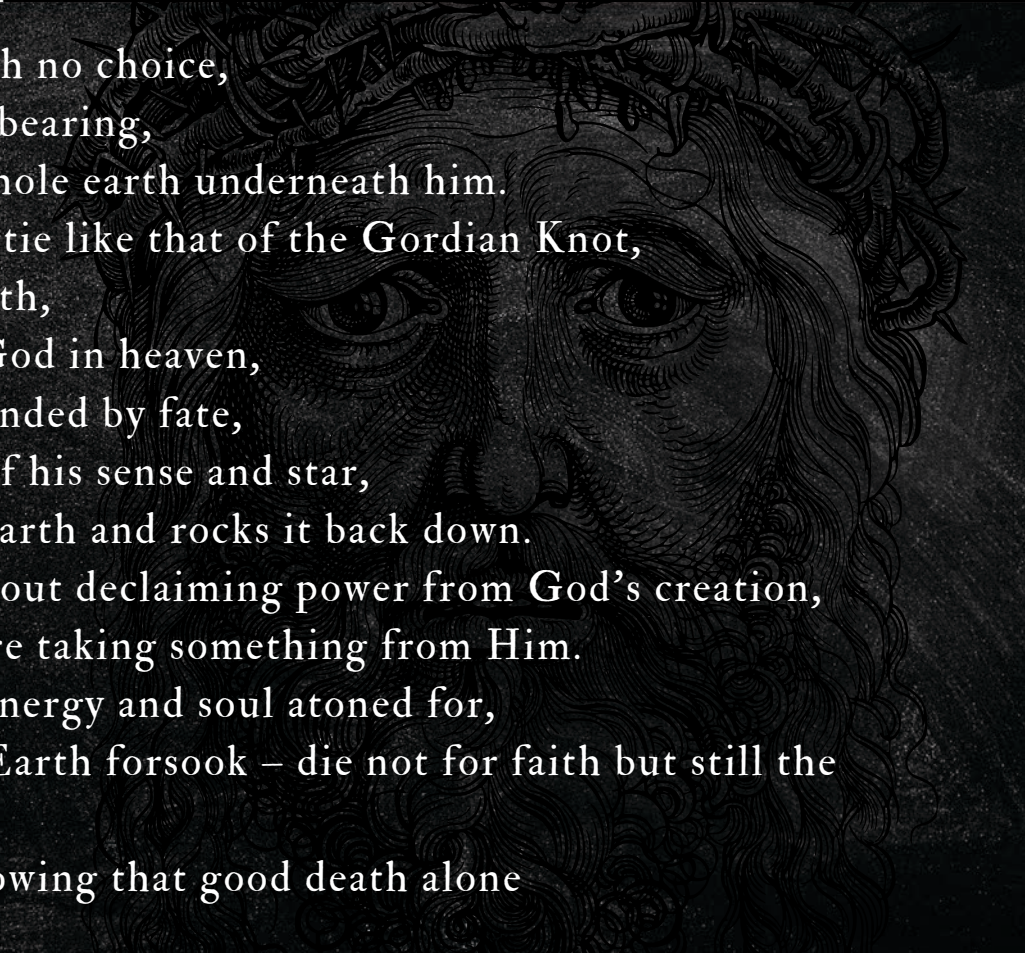
I should be proud  
I am getting the green  
But I'm treating my body like it's a machine  
Most days I don't feel like a human being  
It's always work and little sleep  
And if I do I feel like something will come creep  
Even when I'm not there I can't escape it  
Coming home throwing tantrums and hissy fits  
Remember this will only be for a short time  
Compose myself and not lose my mind  
In the end the reward will be great  
Regardless of the things I may now hate  
Remember I am in control of my own fate  
And this will all be worth the wait

Anonymous

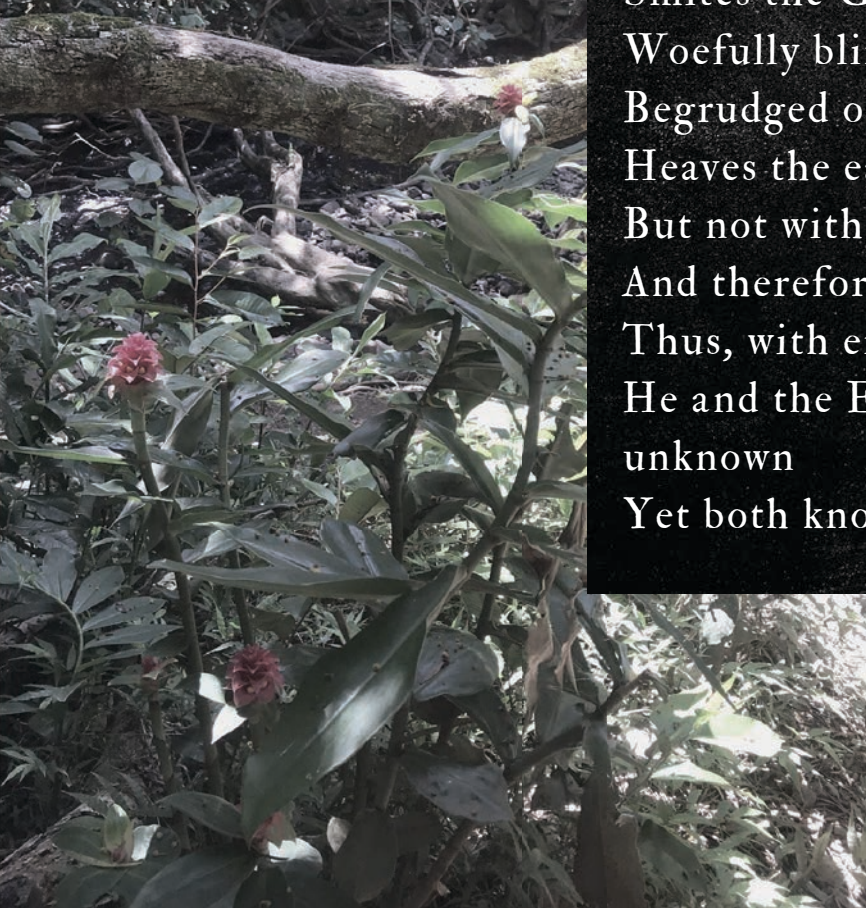




# Choice



The man with no choice,  
With all his bearing,  
Grabs the whole earth underneath him.  
With a grip-tie like that of the Gordian Knot,  
Lifts the earth,  
Smites the God in heaven,  
Woefully blinded by fate,  
Begrudged of his sense and star,  
Heaves the earth and rocks it back down.  
But not without declaiming power from God's creation,  
And therefore taking something from Him.  
Thus, with energy and soul atoned for,  
He and the Earth forsook – die not for faith but still the  
unknown  
Yet both knowing that good death alone



Mac Fernandez

Photo by:

Jessica T. Magaña



# Heather

IN MY MIND, I DWELL IN PASTURES,  
EXPANSES OF LAND AND SKY AND HEATHER.  
I HEAR THE RUMBLING STORM ON THE HORIZON,  
THE WIND WHIPPING THROUGH MY HAIR,  
AND I AM SUMMONED BY  
THE WHISPERS OF THE BOUGHS OF TREES.  
I CAN TASTE THE RAIN IN THE AIR  
AND I BREATHE IT INTO MY LUNGS AND SOUL.

BUT WHEN I DO, THE THICK MIASMA OF EXISTENCE CHOKES ME.  
THE PAVEMENT BELOW IS CRACKED AND JAGGED,  
THE AIR IS SICKLY, THE STORM IS DRY AS IT RAKES ACROSS MY SKIN.  
THE WEEDS DECAY BENEATH MY HARDENED SOLES

I SCREAM IN THE MIDST OF SUFFOCATION,  
THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF A DYING CITY IN A DYING COUNTRY IN A  
DYING WORLD  
AND I AM A DESPERATE, CLAWING, GAPING THING.  
THE PART OF ME THAT IS GREEN AND LOVELY  
RENDS ITSELF FREE FROM MY CHEST IN THE FACE OF CORRUPTION.  
SO I SING THE SONGS OF THOSE BEFORE ME  
AND BEG IT TO COME BACK,  
HOPING THOSE SOUNDS THAT WRENCH THEMSELVES FROM MY THROAT  
WILL BE ENOUGH

I HOPE WHEREVER IT HAS GONE,  
THIS PART OF ME THAT I LONG FOR WITH AN ACHE THAT SEIZES MY  
BONES  
AND TRAPS ME IN THE TOMB OF MY BROKEN BODY,  
THAT IT IS HAPPY.  
THAT IT IS DANCING IN THE RAIN,  
GRINNING AT THE STORM SO CLEAR AND CLEAN AND COLD.  
THAT IT HEEDS THE CALL OF THOSE BEFORE,  
OF THE HILLS AND THE RAIN AND THE HEATHER,  
AND THAT IT IS HOME AT LAST.

Photo: Sabrina Diaz

Sarah Petras





# Breakdown in the Balance

Rachel Sarmiento

**She walks the tightrope. Her gaze is set far away, unfocused. She holds her chin up high, balancing a book on her head, holding the weight of the world on her shoulders--Atlas, a ballerina. It's a focused traipse down the line. Tip-toe, tip-toe.**

**To some it's a graceful act, an incredible feat. But perhaps, by chance, it's all a fake and the world is just styrofoam and the book is held with pins and the rope is painted to look thin and the net is waiting to catch her.**

**Yet every step is a shaky one. To stop progressing is to fall. It's the motion that keeps her balance. Her whole body quakes and quivers under the weight. Her heartbeat sends her wobbling. And she feels the misstep coming. She feels the ghouls at her toes, rising up, billowing over her ankles. She hears the hissing and cackling at her back.**

**She steals a glance down.**

**The rope, her anchor, stretches on into nothingness. Below is a misty fog, just thin enough that she can see the ocean beneath. The waves roaring and calling her below.**

**She takes a breath. Another step.**

**Her jaw is clenched along with her fists. Her neck strains along with her chest as it fights to hold in what bubbles inside of her. The need to flee. The need to be anywhere but here. The sense of impending doom looming over her shoulder, casting a shadow along her path. The knowledge that her mind was playing tricks on her.**

**Is this the line? Or is that?**

**Her next step is just slightly to the left. Just enough to send her plummeting down, down, down.**

**The fog parts just for her, its maw opening wide and snapping shut above her head. The world forces her into the icy waves. She gasps for air.**

**It's a miracle. A tenth of a breath reaches her lungs. Just enough to keep her conscious.**



**Again.**

**She chokes.**

**The water is salty. Her eyes become sticky, lashes clinging to her cheeks.**

**But the miracle. The magic.**

**Just. Enough. Air.**

**It's dark. Not because her eyes are closed.**

**The shadows streak past her. The whispers claw against her skin. The demons gnaw on her toes.**

**And that feeling, it crashes against her, slamming into her body until her heart is lodged in her throat and her stomach disintegrates and her veins expand and her lungs scream for mercy.**

**Alas...**

**Just. Enough. Air.**

**Impossible. She had to be dreaming. You can't breathe underwater. You can't choke on air. A dream. Her imagination.**

**There were no monsters chasing along the rope. There were no shadows, no whispers, no demons. There was no world that could fit on her shoulders.**

**It was just her, clinging to the tightrope. It was just the wire cutting into her toes. It was just her tears streaming from her cheeks to her lips. Just her heart slamming into her chest, her throat tightening, her own fingers rubbing and scratching at her skin.**

**Just the same teetering on the tightrope. Just tiptoeing into the future. And it would be just that. She gulped down the storm of emotions. Another step.**

**It would be just that until her mind let them return with that feeling and she risked another peek beneath the tightrope.**

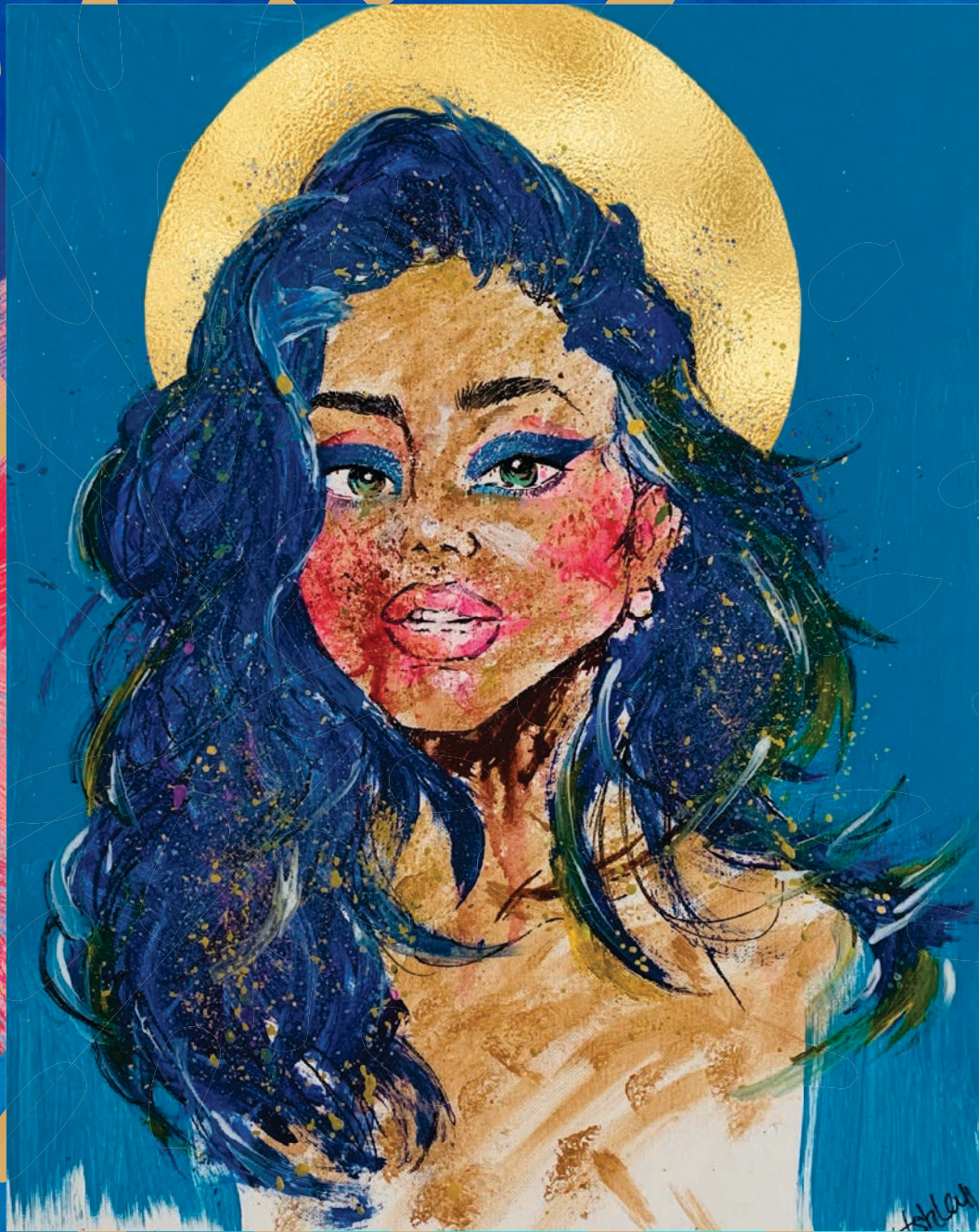


**Photo: Sabrina Diaz**



# THE SUB LIME

**"The Sublime" by Ashley Bugarin encapsulates the raw and hungry power of femininity in acrylic brushstrokes. In this piece, the subject's smeared lipstick dribbles like freshly drawn blood down the side of her face, her eyes dark and indiscernible as she calmly surveys her audience.**





# WHERE MY MIND WANDERS

YALITZA MARIN

photo: renée i. paladini

"Love" I said.

"What about love?" replied Dr. Agnaes Tism

"It's a lump in my throat that I keep swallowing down without drinking water. A heaviness so slow in my chest, I'm on the threshold between life and death. Deep breaths that leave a sigh lingering in the time it takes my chest to fall back down leaving my body soft in this space of second chances. At times, thirds and fourths too." I paused and pondered if I should go on expanding the wound I've sealed. An adhesive I made up from an attitude on knowing nothing can hurt me if you keep moving. It's when I'm still and stuck facing a person who's not facing me; she's clicking away at the keys on her keyboard getting paid at a rate of like \$124 per hour. Maybe it's more. Maybe one day she'll put me in one of these books on her blue bookshelf, so I contribute to the blues it's already stained with. Say, Yalitzta, I'm doing a research study on fucked-up people. Would you like to participate? Then, I could read about myself and try to understand; Patient 99 out of 100, Hispanic/Latino race, Colombian ethnicity. December 27. Chronic depression. Generalized anxiety. Borderline personality. First suicide attempt was when she was 18.

"Where did your mind wander to?" interjected Dr. Agnaes Tism as she peeled her eyes away from the screen to face my brown skin glowing as the sunlight peered through the window behind her. Fuck it.

"It's trauma. Porque con amor siempre viene dolor y la gente son imperfectas y imperfectos. Frankly, that includes me which is why I sit here in your bleak office with all these books on disorders and how to solve them. This semi-comfortable couch at best that's dark green and envious of your white cushioned chair that has only had to support the weight of a single person's worries." I ranted. At least it felt like a rant. This shit always feels like a rant. I don't know if anything is to come of this. I'm skeptical. Not the right mindset to see results but...

"Love and trauma" interrupted Dr. Agnaes Tism. I stared at her blankly. Annoyed. As if she knew I was in an important conversation with myself. I could do this on my own. I do it all the time. Look up my symptoms, compare and contrast, and honestly, I think I have gotten to a better conclusion than the doctors around me.

"I said what I said," I asserted as I got up and left. I walked back into my mind that I was trying to get away from when I stepped into her office. I didn't look back.





Jason Leclair's

THE  
DINNER  
PARTY

It was with affectionate disdain that Julie waited for her husband. He had already taken a long shower, and now he was applying his makeup. "John, we're going to be late," she bickered, glancing at the shiny watch upon her wrist. She adjusted her tie, which harmonized handsomely with her suit.

"Just a minute, Julie," her husband replied. "I must look nice for the Labrants tonight. We both remember what happened last time."

Julie never understood the process. John was always so meticulous: When he entered the powder room, he became not a man, but another form altogether. He spoke a language which Julie little comprehended. Words like "blush" and "concealer" meant nothing to her, and she often zoned out this jargon.

"Men," she said to herself. "I'll never understand them. Why do they take so long to get ready?"

Truth be told, Julie cared little to indulge herself with the pleasantries of which her husband was so fond. She wished to stray away to the club after tonight's dinner to play billiards with the girls.

The marriage of Julie and John Scheltz was more or less a business arrangement, and everyone knew that a man without a woman's income was simply incapable of being independent. The girls always encouraged Julie to settle down with a pretty little thing, and John also happened to inherit a large sum of money from his mother. The allure of a quick fortune appealed well with Julie. She was, after all, a woman of business.

After several minutes, John revealed himself as the embodiment of voluptuousness. He wore a turquoise dress, his makeup complete, and finished the look with a small, sapphire peacock pin sitting elegantly above his breast.

"You are stunning, darling" Julie exclaimed. "You never fail to impress me."

John blushed, smiling, and the couple departed to meet the Labrants.





## II

Le Contraire was one of the finest restaurants in town. John admired two golden peacock sculptures which rested in front. A cloud had torn open, and a torrent of rain suddenly fell upon the earth. Mr. and Mrs. Scheltz hastily made their way inside, while John fruitlessly attempted to conceal himself under an umbrella. Elizabeth and Peter Labrant were already seated, and they greeted the newcomers with a friendly wave. Their two teenage sons, Douglas and Fredrick, sat politely on their father's side. Peter wore a stunning red frock with pearls attached around his neck, while his sons each wore matching gowns lined with gold. These men were the paradigm of beauty and manhood. Elizabeth, on the other hand, wore a boastful maroon tuxedo. Upon her finger was a gold ring, and in its center, sat a diamond in the shape of a peacock.

"It is so nice to see you!" Elizabeth reached her hand out to Julie.

"Likewise," Julie returned the offer, and the guests were seated

## III

After the waiters had quitted them, conversation began to strike. Elizabeth and Julie spoke of business affairs, while their husbands gossiped of pretty things. The boys, bored of the conversation, half-heartedly knit favors.

"John," Julie started, "Could you run to the car and grab me my cigars? I must have left them in the glove."

John obeyed and left them. A few minutes later, he returned with a scowl.

"You won't believe who I just saw," he began. "The Repoussants,"

It was as if an air of uneasiness had settled about the table. The Labrant boys snickered. A moment later, the Repoussant family stepped inside. The Repoussants were those people. They were one of the most loathed families in town; they were despicable, and most of all, unfit for society. Mr. Repoussant was the being of peculiarity: Wearing a suit and tie, he seated himself at a nearby table. His wife was equally horrid, wearing a lavender dress. People like the Repoussants were making themselves known, and people in town labeled them "pariahs" with annoyed disgust. Their son, Tristan, did not follow his pariah parents' footsteps, sitting in his evening dress.

"Poor child," Peter murmured, "It must be awful to be raised by such distasteful parents."

"They are scum indeed," Julie agreed, lighting a cigar. "They are opposite of how proper men and women should behave."

Tensions eased with dinner. A band began to play, accompanied by the sounds of jazz. Tristan Repoussant asked to be excused and stepped outside. Distracted with their pompous affairs, and the array of food, nobody noticed the Labrant brothers' disappearance from the table. Above the roar of the music and the thundering rain, nobody heard the cries of the boy who was pummeled to the ground. His aggressors beat him unconscious, and a favor was placed into his pocket. Upon the favor rested an embroidered peacock, shimmering in all its entitled glory.



# Por Tu Consideración

Si no me queres más,  
Devuélveme a la noche.  
Para que pudiera colgar  
Entre todas las estrellas,  
De tu maldito cielo.  
¿Qué es una estrella  
Para la luna sino una vela,  
Que se apagará al amanecer?  
Sin ti no hay luz,  
Pero sin mi tu seguirás brillando.  
En el corazón de muchos,  
Incluyendo el mío.

Francisco Amaro

Photo:

Reneé I. Paladini



# VIRTUAL REALITY

I balanced my laptop on a tower of dirty laundry the other day

It was both practical and uncouth

Practically uncalled for

But I sat at such an angle that the lighting made

The Shot

I wondered and committed to memory

But my laptop was praying for deliverance

Because underneath its hot fan only fan

Lay yesterday's house pants on Sunday's slob shirt

Beneath The Panties that should have been booted from the show

During Spring Fling Clean-Up Routine 2016

The shorts that eat ass at least twice a week

Ruminates between the llama socks

Worn until they met their early death in the

Puddle of their choosing

I'm glad there wasn't a mirror behind me

Because that's the stuff of sitcom nightmares

*You don't clean up??*

I always found it weird to clean up in preparation of Death...

**Sabrina Diaz**



# SONG OF LUCIFER

Dwight Ian Martinez

PHOTO:  
SABRINA DIAZ

They say the Lion has just enough pride for it to swallow;  
Then it wasn't born to lead, the type of breed that's meant to follow.  
Dead inside before the fall beneath the beauty of my mask,  
I set the bar and fought the war, I set myself upon my task.

I tore myself away from sky, now in the pit I freely crawl.

Caged in another's will, myself I'd kill; here, I stand tall  
You think that I'm in agony. Have you read the book of Job?  
Merely one among not many if anyone had truth disrobed.

How many books do you think aren't written of situations where I win?

When Adam ate the fruit, my seed took root, who owned the sin?

Who made Him make a rainbow when almost all creation drowned?

Whoever knows can sure suppose my name is spelled when truth makes sound.

For I may be a deceiver, but I don't receive my own deceit.

You never read between the lines; by my design, you'll taste defeat.

Because the weaver of delusion in your mind's my trusted slave,  
It's me that's who, it's never you that's telling you how to behave.

Who backed him to corner toward the point of desperation,

Sent his one and only son to save you all from sure damnation?

You count tales of all my losses and it makes you sleep so well at night,

But if it's my wins you count, the sheer amount kills you with fright.

"Ask and you'll receive. Believe in me, you'll find salvation!"

Words to change your ways? He just wanted praise for such quotations

He beat me in the desert? I spoke with Judas, now who's dead?

The christened body that you take? A fool's mistake, it's only bread.

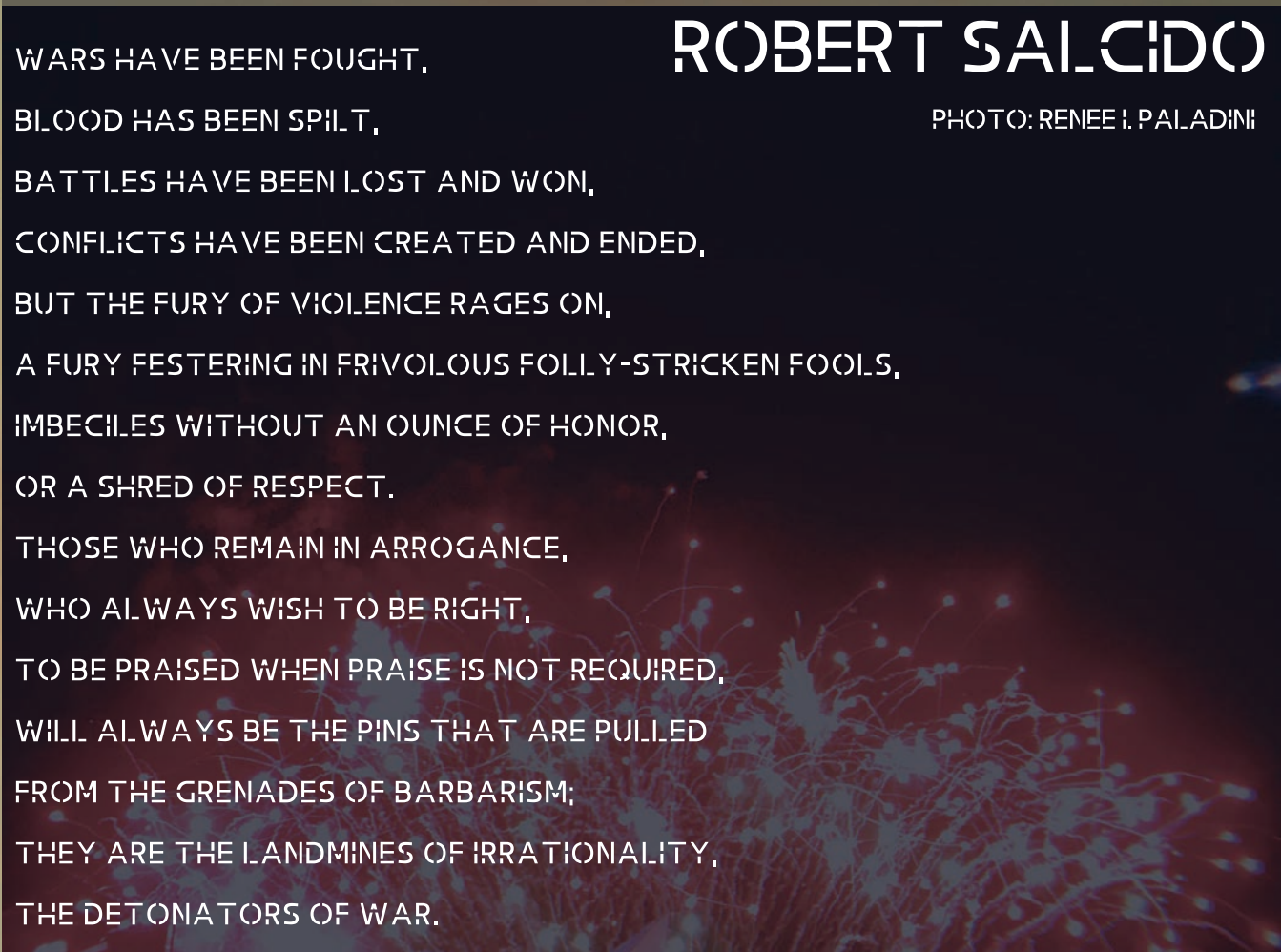
He came back three later and went through harrowing in my domain?

That time's long past, you'll fall aghast, when you hear me call, here you'll remain.

It's best that you tread lightly, stupid moth. I am the flame!

Job felt the burn. When it's your turn, I guarantee it won't end the same.





WARS HAVE BEEN FOUGHT,  
BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILT,  
BATTLES HAVE BEEN LOST AND WON,  
CONFLICTS HAVE BEEN CREATED AND ENDED,  
BUT THE FURY OF VIOLENCE RAGES ON,  
A FURY FESTERING IN FRIVOLOUS FOLLY-STRICKEN FOOLS,  
IMBECILES WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF HONOR,  
OR A SHRED OF RESPECT.  
THOSE WHO REMAIN IN ARROGANCE,  
WHO ALWAYS WISH TO BE RIGHT,  
TO BE PRAISED WHEN PRAISE IS NOT REQUIRED,  
WILL ALWAYS BE THE PINS THAT ARE PULLED  
FROM THE GRENADES OF BARBARISM;  
THEY ARE THE LANDMINES OF IRRATIONALITY,  
THE DETONATORS OF WAR.

ROBERT SALCIDO

PHOTO: RENEE I. PALADINI

WC: 242



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*Thanks for reading!*

