

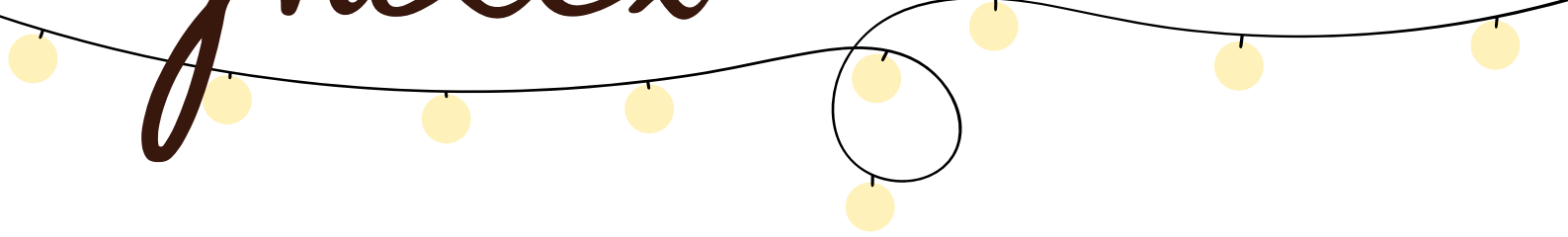
Cozy



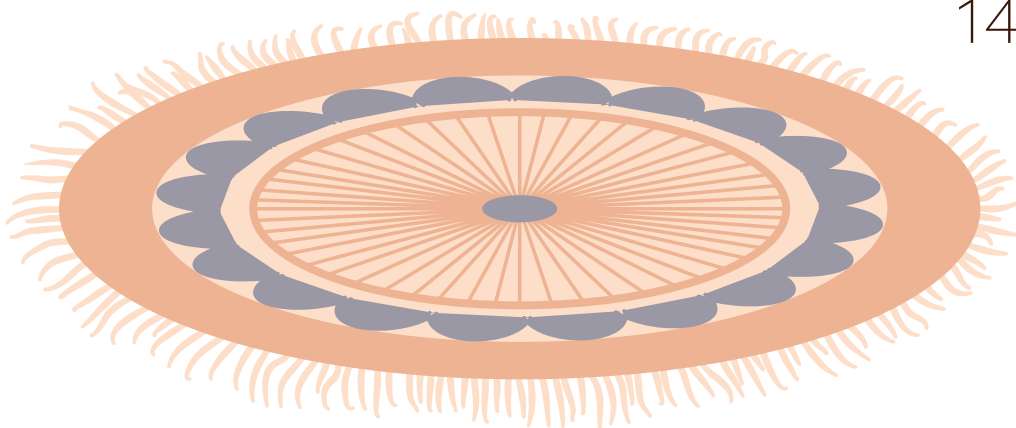
Harvest
International
Fall 2022
Zine #2



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Pienso en ti

by Karina Jauregui

En estos días nublados cuando la primera lluvia ha caído pienso en ti. El olor de la tierra toca mi nariz recordando esos días cuando nos llevabas al campo a explorar.

Las calabazas por fin están listas para y disfrutar con piloncillo acompañado con un vaso de leche para refrescar nuestras lenguas que quemamos por no escuchar cuando nos decías,

¡Cuidado está hirviendo!

En estos días cuando el sol se duerme temprano y el aire se siente más fresco, pienso en ti y en los momentos que pasamos juntos.

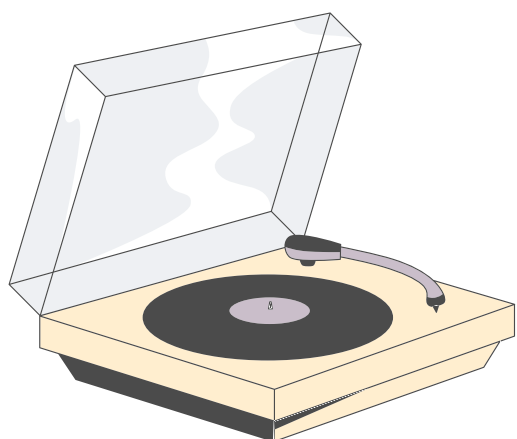
Le dije a Dios una última vez sin darme cuenta, pero estos recuerdos jamás podre despedirlos.



Subconscious Songs

by Raquel Duron

My blanket devoured me last night
Marshmallow pillows muddled with mushy palms
My lethargy took over, I dreamt of you again
Your laugh saturated my bedroom
Whirled by the ceiling fan
A subconscious song, I love listening to
A fervent feeling
To be with you, feeling closer to me
After drifting further away
Your arms consumed me, better than any blanket
Until I woke up
My dream state daze disappointed me
A warm reminder, my blanket was the only thing left



Coffee & Hot Chocolate

by Alyssa Hidalgo



you say I'm like coffee

bold, full of energy, and sometimes an acquired taste.

but how else am i like coffee?

does that mean i can be bitter? do i come off too strong?

if i spill am i a stain that's tough to get rid of? do i leave a lingering taste in your mouth on my bad days?

you said no, it's nothing like that,

you said it's more like im made for you, with everything you like and nothing you don't.

what keeps you going during those early mornings and late nights.

something to splurge on that always makes you feel good and sometimes leaves you wanting more.

and i have to say if i'm like coffee, then you're like hot chocolate.

sweet, warm and inviting.

you're what i reach for when my days are cold,

you're comforting and always the right temperature.

you can accommodate for the preferences of others, with soy milk or abuelita chocolate.

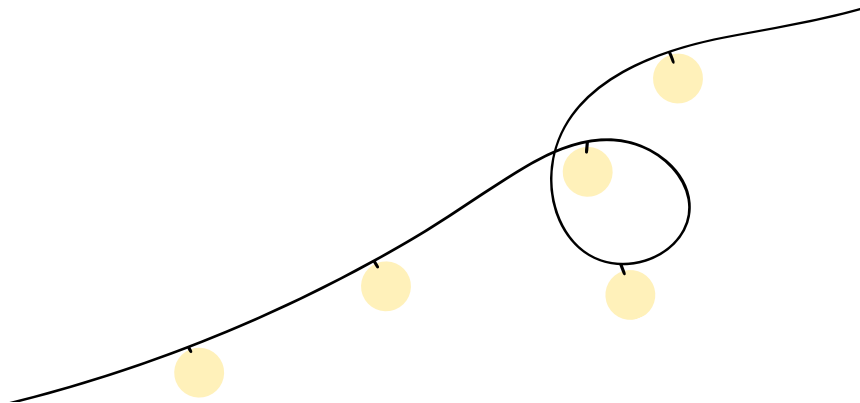
but whenever i hold you in my hands,

its always you, just the way i like it.

Cozy to Me

by Alicia Chhuon

Cozy is a day spent inside when it's pouring
A night cuddled up with a blanket and a book.
Cozy feels like the winds of change roaring,
A scented candle lit and placed in a nook.
When Autumn has come and the sun dwindles,
The trees age and the leaves fall
As Relationships and friendships start to rekindle
Cozy is an abundance of love for all.
When the freshly cut Christmas tree shines bright
And joy and bliss is felt in the air.
The stars in the sky decorating the night
The feeling to which nothing can compare
Cozy is waking up to the smell of morning dew,
But my favorite type of cozy is when I'm with you.



Comfy. Cozy

by Alyssa Tenorio



The feeling of the Autumn air.
Sipping on a hot latte..
Clutching my cardigan closer to my person
Pulling my beanie down
And wrapping my scarf tighter
Nothing can beat this feeling.

Watching the leaves change
From green to red.
From red to orange.
From orange to yellow.
From yellow to brown.
Nothing can beat this feeling.

Sitting with a thick wool blanket
And fuzzy socks on my feet.
With a feel-good movie playing in the background
And the smell of pie in the air.
Nothing can beat this feeling.

Full and Satisfied

by Gabby Niko

The windows upstairs shudder as the autumn winds weave through the neighborhood. The sole candle we had carries the smell of artificial pine throughout the house. It was only half past five and the sun already fell behind the hills behind the backyard. The faux leather couch is cold under my rough hands as the newscaster rambles on quietly about another rise in flu cases. My eyes don't stray from the ceiling when I hear the garage open. Her bags, umbrella, and bottle clanking against the doorframe echo the walls, announcing her entrance. I think about helping her with her things or welcoming her home, but my body refuses to move. She throws her keys on the side table, as she usually does, and then heads to the kitchen to wash her tupperware, as she usually does, and changes the channel to the music station, as she usually does. She'll then go upstairs to take a shower and write her book while I go prepare dinner. I take my phone out when she plops on the couch next to me and lets out a long sigh.

"Long day at work?"

Eyes closed, she nods. Maybe she'll rant to me. There's usually some story or drama that's exchanged at work, which typically drains her. But she stays silent. Her brows aren't creased like when she's usually sad.

"You're extra quiet today. Is there something wrong?" I place the back of my hand on her forehead. No fever.

"No, nothing's wrong. You know how it is getting closer to the holidays. There's just more to do."

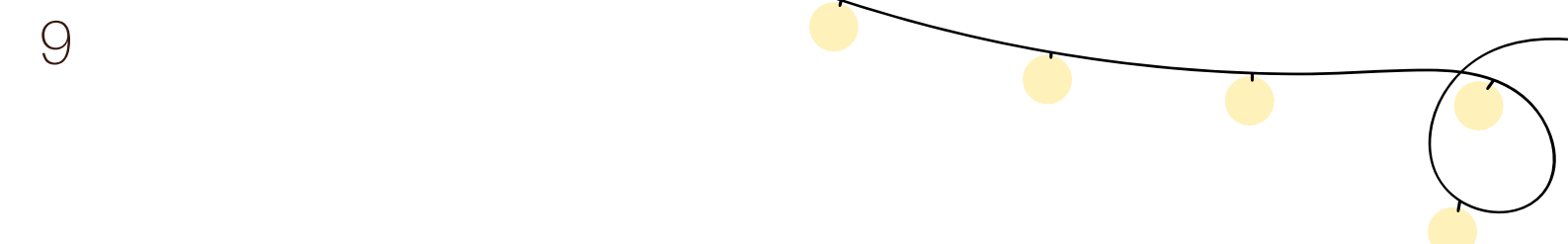
I comb my hand through her hair, her fine hair slipping through my fingers. She takes a deep breath in and out. She pulls out her phone but her eyes lock on me.

"What do you want from Panda Express? I'm Door Dashing it right now."

"Uh... do you want to share that combo you usually get?"

"Okay! I'll have them throw in an extra scoop of everything."

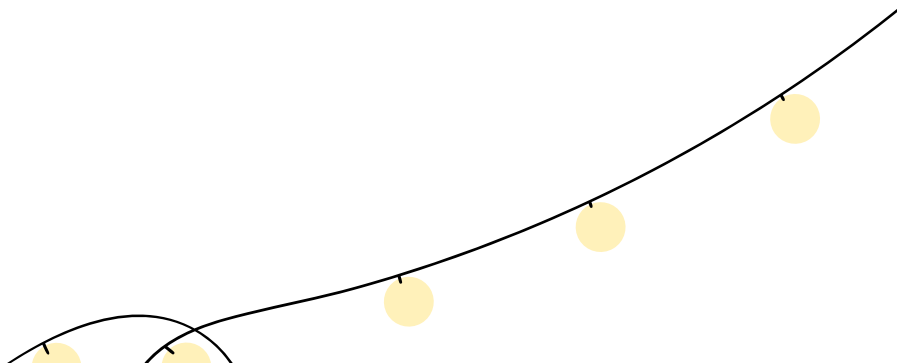




We both sit on our phone in silence, waiting for our food. The light outside had completely disappeared and we still hadn't turned on any lights in the house. The only light was the candle sitting on the shelf and the TV monitor displaying Michael Buble's face. I look over and her face is dimly lit by her phone screen. She'll occasionally chuckle and my notifications will ring. We sat there just like that until the doorbell rang. I quickly picked up the food and she had already grabbed an extra plate from the kitchen when I sat back down on the couch. Bing Crosby sang softly as we devoured our orange chicken and chow mein.

The plates were spotless within half an hour and we were slumped on the couch the second half, letting the music almost lull us to sleep. Our legs were stacked on top of each other like jenga pieces, hands on our bellies. She was scrolling on Tik Tok, her comical snort breaking the silence every so often at a cat doing cat things. I reluctantly untangled myself from her legs and managed to stand up. She stops to watch me as I grab the trash and dishes. Heading to the kitchen, I kiss her forehead and tell her to get ready for bed and that I'll join her soon.

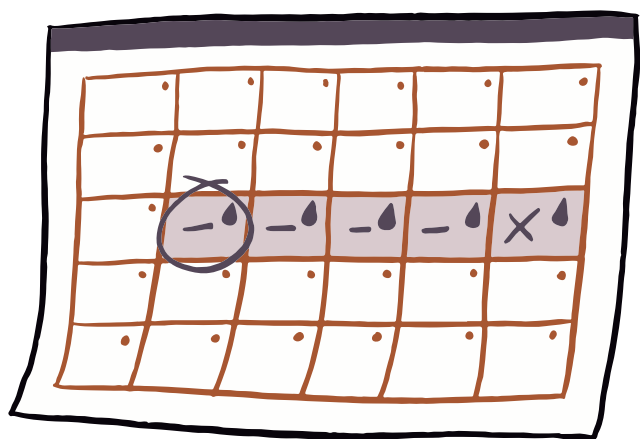
Raindrops hit the kitchen window as the water runs onto the dirty dishes. The water I put in the teapot boils. I hear her singing in shower as I stir a spoon of honey into her 'Mrs' mug, with my stomach and heart, full and satisfied.



Still

by Joseph Garcia

i sit still
 i wander
 bout what real
 i ponder
 i cant feel
 no longer
 in my mind
 i hunger
 for some time
 alone
 wish i could turn to stone
 in my heart i found my home
 it was filled with fool's gold



Amiss

by Joseph Garcia

i'm amiss
 when i reminisce
 i'm amiss
 when i'm missing you
 comfort's kiss
 so hit or miss
 i wonder if
 you're missing me
 forgive me
 for my parti pris
 i wonder if
 things'll be the same
 a new day
 a new month
 a new year
 i hate my brain

A Little Slice



by Kat Cabula

Life is like pumpkin pie.

Everybody is supposed to take a small slice of the pie, but some

take more than others

I heard an artist "made history" recently. I saw their work dominate every music chart.

They've been around for nearly two decades.

From girl-next-door, to blonde ambition poster child.

Corruption is so bad and they don't even try to hide it anymore.

It's disgusting. Meglomaniac billionaires buying social media platforms, trying to control the narrative.

One man starting a war to annihilate a nation.

Basic civil rights questioned in a courthouse.

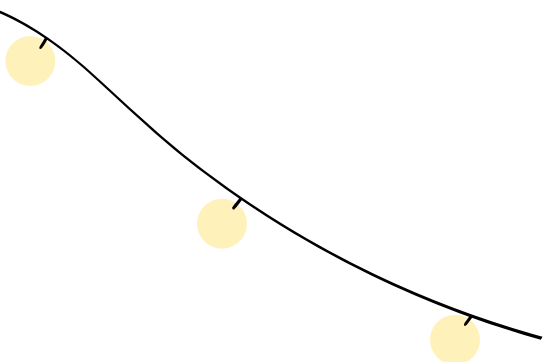
Regimes threatened over a woman's right to wear what she wants

The One Percent

They call themselves the one percent

The world is like pumpkin pie- there's plenty for everybody

But some wouldn't even spare a little slice.



Free Fall

by Eliana Rodriguez

a gentle breeze and changing leaves,
while the moon hangs in judgment
longer days & less shine but,
time flies & through a picturesque eye being cozy remains constant
in the little things around me.
the comfort of free falling into a white cloud as the scent of apples
& cinnamon fills the room,
the easiness of watching a film with a warm cup of hot chocolate,
or the reassurance of a literary hug that demands emotional
attention,
songs that place you in a trance-like state
as you reminisce about feel good moments,
or the warmth of the fleecy bits that touch my skin and make me
feel
a warm embrace in a time of trouble or stress,
that outweighs the warmth of a blanket as the rain hits my window
how the sputtering sound of flames warm my cold rosy cheeks
and on a dim lit evening I am,
cozy in the way of how time stops
but gives a gentle reminder that everything will fall in its place

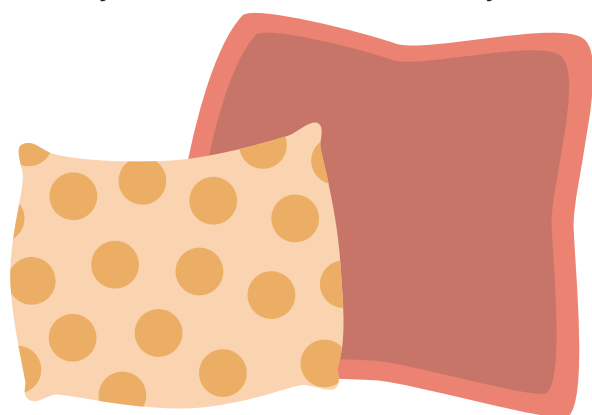
My Idea of Cozy

by Brendan Aggeler

Coziness, in my opinion, is comfort and relaxation together. Being comfortably warm (and no more than comfortably) and being able to rest and enjoy it. For me, that means the day's homework is done or there's no homework. And it most often takes the form of kicking back in my chair, or reading, or messing with hobby stuff, or lying down in my bed. It can also be taking a nice relaxing shower, though that doesn't come as often as it really should as I end up getting too bogged down in working on stuff and not having the time.

Honestly, I don't have as much time as I'd like for any of it. I'm trying to adjust things and myself to have more time, but that's a work in progress. It's also a story for another time. For now, while I don't have as much time for coziness as I would really like or would need, I try to make the best of what I do get. And it's been helping me make it through the semester. I may actually take some time for myself soon, for the sake of renewal.

I would like to end by saying, don't take coziness for granted or dismiss it. Life likes to get in the way of you having time for it, but it's important. So do your best to make time to be cozy, even if you can only wrangle a small amount; even a small amount can make a big difference. And when you have time to be cozy, do it alone or with family, take advantage of it. Your body and mind will thank you.



Credits



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