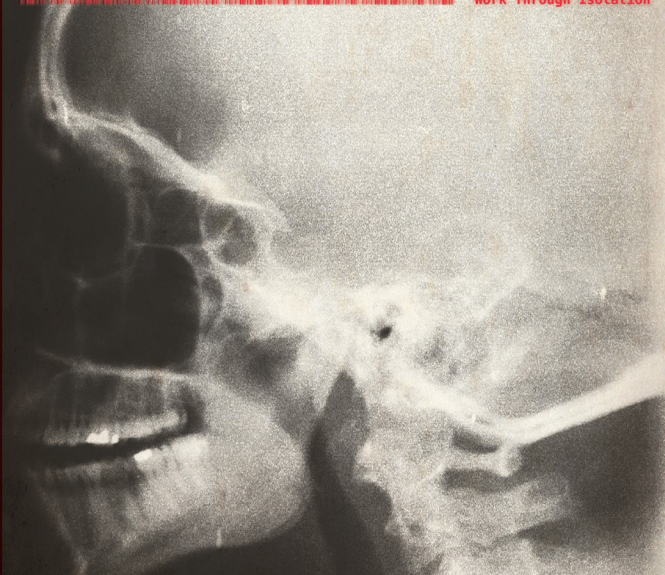


ROTH JANUARY 2020

# Isolation

A Collection of Creative  
Work Through Isolation



Corona University  
By Simrah Khan  
Corona University  
404 Quarantine Way  
March 2020

Dear Student,  
Congratulations and welcome to Corona University!  
The reinvented university everyone is going to that offers the online classes you most definitely did not sign up for. Here at Corona University, we want you to thrive. That is why we've made all instruction on different platforms, so you must constantly search for instructions and assignments. So, it's always a challenge! We also like to challenge our professors to completely rethink their syllabi halfway through the semester to keep themselves and their students at a high anxiety level. And that's how you know that we supply the best professors!  
Now you know about our classrooms and professors, so what's stopping you from joining us today? You really have no choice!  
Like we say here at Corona, "Don't let the Rona get you down! Cause if it does, we have no cure!"

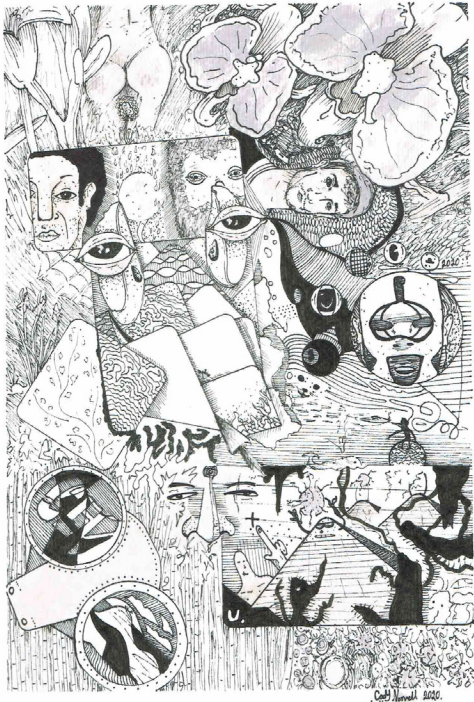
Sincerely,  
Corona University



P.S. Don't forget your uniform.



C O D Y N O R V E L L



I G : @ C O D Y \_ N O R V E L L



IT WAS AN END OF SUMMER FLING,  
BUT IT WAS MY FAVORITE FLING.

09/08/19

*[Signature]*

ZACH MORGAN BRÜCH // INSTAGRAM: zomb\_creations



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*[Signature]*

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SOCIAL DISTANCE

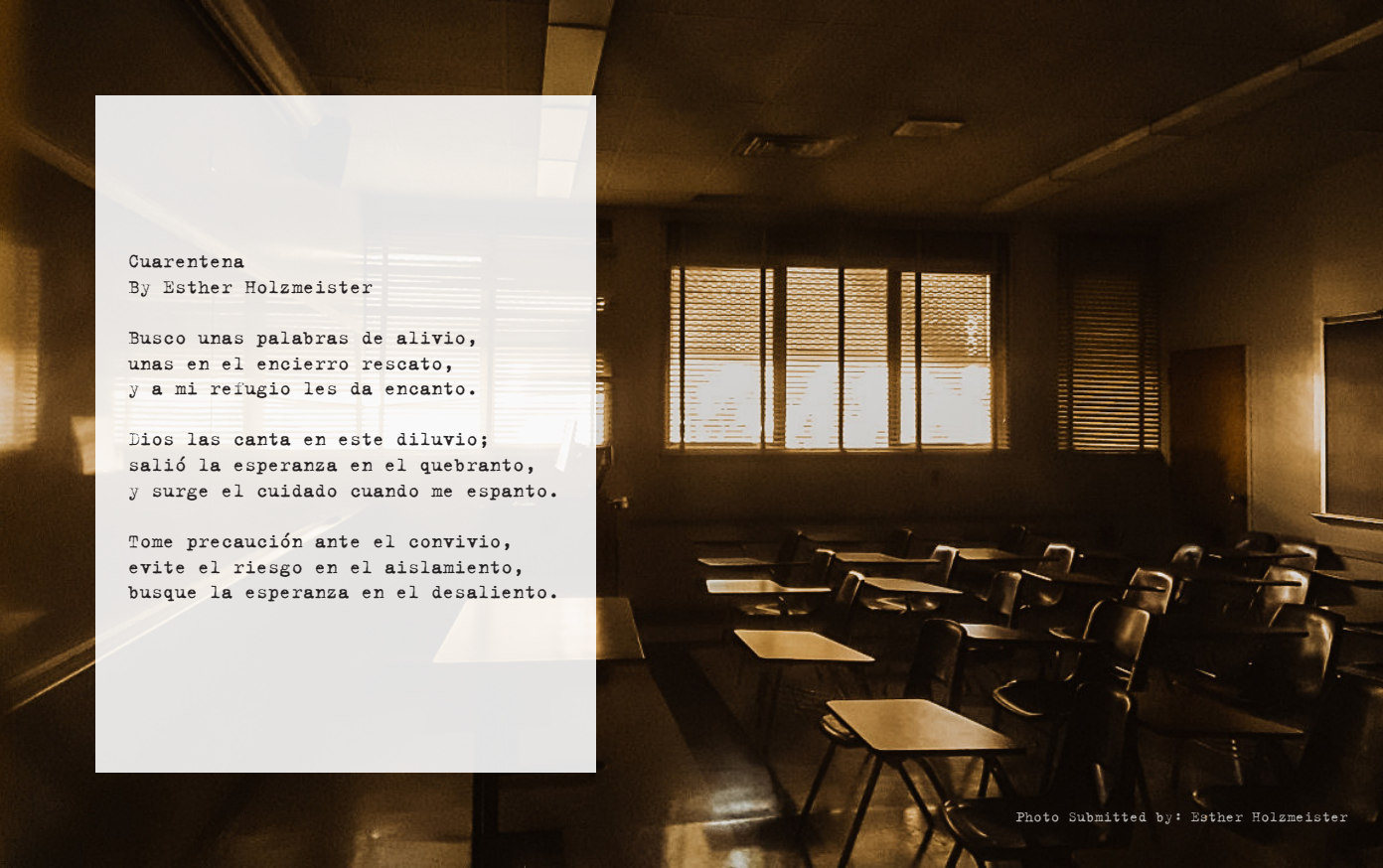
www.sba.com  
488212

PRICK  
SKISH



6 FT





Cuarentena

By Esther Holzmeister

Busco unas palabras de alivio,  
unas en el encierro rescato,  
y a mi refugio les da encanto.

Dios las canta en este diluvio;  
salió la esperanza en el quebranto,  
y surge el cuidado cuando me espanto.

Tome precaución ante el convivio,  
evite el riesgo en el aislamiento,  
busque la esperanza en el desaliento.



## **Threadbare**

**By Sarah Petras**

I spend hours behind my grandma's old sewing machine  
The machine she's had all my life  
The machine on which I first learned to sew  
The machine I could never touch  
She uses a new one now  
So I touch the untouchable  
With freshly sanitized hands

I sit for days on end  
Piecing together curved bits of fabric  
Pinning the seams  
Tracing and snipping and stitching  
Feeling the machine hum and shake  
As I pull fraying scraps into a whole

I watch the needle bounce along  
And with each jolt, I hope  
I hope the seam is tight enough  
I hope the fabric is thick enough  
I hope the stitches will hold

Because with each stitch and snip and pin  
We are creating barriers  
Small woven shields  
Fragments of fabric of fear and friendship  
To be sent to the front lines  
Of this battle against disease

My grandma and my mom and me  
Three generations of seamstresses  
We wear ourselves thin  
Threadbare  
Making mask after mask  
For anyone, everyone who needs them  
Hospitals, families, loved ones  
Hoping that maybe, just maybe,  
We can wrap them up in cotton  
And keep them safe

**Hasta el próximo mayo**  
**By Francisco Amaro**

**Miro las nubes blancas desde mi cama  
volviéndose gris,  
Como el periódico ve el país.  
Cada gota de lluvia que cae en mi ventana  
es un recordatorio de mañana.  
La primera semana descubrí  
demasiado de mí.  
Extraño mucho a mis amantes:  
A mis amigos  
A mi madre  
A mi gato  
A mi padre  
A mi perro  
Un mundo antes**



KATE JENSEN // IG: @LIL\_MISS\_EPIC



MARIA ACERO // IG: @COFFEESHOPCHATS



## Crown-Town Locos

By Liam Corley

The joke was old before the first vato cracked it, t-shirts popping up in strip malls clustered by the 91: the killer's name blazoned in red over a map of the city on the front, two bangers clinking bottles over a fresh-dug grave on the back.

A masked man rubs his eye. The shut-in's nurse cancels her trip. A hungry teen gets noodles from the corner shop instead of the mall, complaining to friends online: "I guess my parents want me to die. They say I still have to go to school. I swear I'll be the only kid there."

No one minds the barista pushing chairs under tables. She glares at regulars sucking crumbs from fingers, talking up the latest death

statistics. A woman wipes her ass and grabs the restroom key. She hums

as tepid water sloshes her laced fingers, the camel-snot soap barely frothing into white from the friction of her palms. "Happy birthday

to me, happy birthday to me, happy birthday dear Shari . . ." She sneezes

at the cold grip of a brushed-nickel knob, heaves the door aside, and steps into a galaxy of blazing dust motes to tickle her nose on a wet, black sleeve.

DAY FOURTEEN  
BY MO LYNN STOYCOFF

MY HANDS HAVE BECOME  
A STERILE FIVE FINGER GRASP  
AT STAINLESS STEEL FOREVERNESS

MY SLEEP HAS BECOME  
A SHACKLED JOURNEY  
A VERGING OF MUTE PROPHECY

MY LOVE HAS BECOME  
A PANIC OF MEMORIES  
SMOTHERING DISTANT KISSES

TOMORROW HAS BECOME  
A CRAFT COCKTAIL OF FEAR AND  
WISHES  
TO BE ENJOYED ALONE

Text Text Text  
By James Croal Jackson

we're talking I thought  
we wanted not  
to be like this.

trying to appropriate  
sounds so as to let you

know I'm breathing  
regular but I am hyper-

ventilating. a good

dead I said these are  
flowers I bought you

a time I would have thought  
to buy you flowers



I'm calling the phone  
the problem the glow  
on your face after  
hours of we're talking

the ceiling fan is coated  
with dust in stillness  
we blow air at it

evening for allergies it's cold  
you said allergens are

wilting on the bureau  
both of us forgot there was

and one or both of us  
would have watered them



C L U E L E S S C R E A T U R E S





**SOMETIMES MY THOUGHTS STILL DRIFT WEST**  
**BY JAMES CROAL JACKSON**

**I DO NOT KNOW ANYTHING— ARIZONA,  
HAVEN'T I WRITTEN ENOUGH ABOUT SAND?  
CALIFORNIA? THE DROUGHT THAT MASKS  
DESIRE? BLUE SKIES IN ALL THE PHOTOS.  
HIGH TEMPS. I COEXIST WITH REPTILES.  
I LIVE WITH SCALY SKIN. CHAPPING.  
I WANT YOU TO KNOW I THINK ABOUT IT.  
THE CLICK OF LIPS, MY SECRET STASH—  
SOME THINGS WE DO NOT SPEAK OF.  
I HOLD MY FINGER TO MY TONGUE  
BUT EVERYWHERE TUMBLEWEEDS  
ROLL OFF THE ROAD INTO STATIC. AND  
MY MOUTH IS FULL OF SAND,  
SPILLING WHEN I SPEAK.**



**middle times**

By Aaron DeRosa

*It is easier for us to imagine the end of the world than the end of capitalism*

~ Fredric Jameson

we are accustomed to the end:

we've prepped the pantry,

read the spoiler,

traced our palms—

prediction and prophecy

are our lingua franca.

these bare shelves and broken windows,

recycled garments and grimy fingernails,

the precarity of living tight;

these are familiar to us.

there has never been enough

food, shelter, safety, smiles,

which only exist in movies

as a fiction to be unraveled.

the world is only ending.

naturally, no one gives a shit about beginnings.

they all ended long ago.

but a middle?

—I don't know.

to me, a middle is nettles

mulching the toes of an emaciated tree,

sharp alone but soft in a heap.

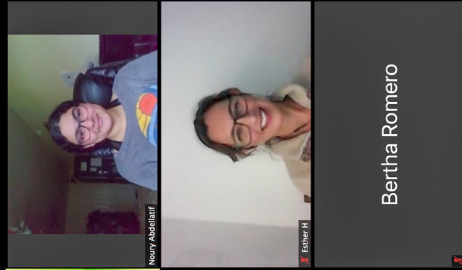
but you know,

that's a dizzy fiction, too.

only ending is real

in a life lived under heel





Mute



Stop Video



Chat



Participants



Security



Share Screen



Pause/Stop Recording



Breakout Rooms



Reactions



End Meeting



End Meeting

Note from the editor:

...Well this isn't how we imagined our second and last zine of Spring 2020 to be like...but we are happy to be here! Covid-19 took a lot away from all of us. The Harvest Spring 2020 team was not immune to this, however we remembered that art thrives no matter the circumstances. Our mission has always been dedicated to showcasing the creativity of our Cal Poly Pomona community, this is a testament to the resilience of our community under Quarantine.

We'd like to give a shoutout to Dr. Albala-Pelegrin who guided us through the challenges of online transitions and supported all of our ideas.

To all the artists and writers who submitted their work, thank you for making our QuaranZine come to life. We could not have done this without you.

-Nourhan and the Harvest Spring 2020 Team

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Cover Created by:  
Zach Morgan Bruch