

Harvest International Spring 2021

REAWAKENZINE



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PORTRAIT OF AN EXPAT



*I know who you are, you can never hide.
I hear your roots trembling beneath the soil.
Through whispers your lips scream resentment
As the Arlanzon in your heart drowns you in its current.*

*This ravaging fear flows deep within you.
Flooding your lungs with misery and hate,
The past weighs on your soul like an anchor
As your fighting spirit thrashes toward oblivion*

*Must you keep fighting wars lost long ago?
You strike nothing but fragile bitter walls
And from battered brown scabs now flows a fresh crimson once more.
The specters you hide from are in your mind,
So why run in manic futility?
You must make peace with them or get swept by the undertow.*

JULIAN ZARAGOZA





DARE

Mac Fernandez

Toil and toil

I dare toil some more In far darkened seas

In wild rancorous oceans

Where that bottomless unyielding woe shall be satisfied

Where farther worlds are opened

Where the vessel is rocked by harsh waves

With heavy winding rain beating down on your naked face

Where the arms ache at pulling big game

All motions and music of man

Playing part in the toil of orchestra

Dear God; Dare, let me not gnash my teeth in hell

ALL THE COLORS IN FRAMES

SEO YEON LEE



Clouds

Carefully articulated, icy particles of air in various sizes- full of dreams and deliciousness. I live for you.



Moon

The darkest of nights where I did not want to believe or exist anymore -full of dread and wonder. I wait for you.



Earth

Mother, the utmost fear that shakes me to your core- full of disdain and hope. How we have failed.



Universe

Curious beings come in different shapes and sizes-full of infinity and existence. I breathe you.



Ocean

The wallowing depth of dark nights and I cannot see my reflection anymore- full of consciousness and creation. I fear you.



Death

Bring me full circle where my existence and problems will fade- full of apathy and lust. I will see you.

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Nature walk



23

Khia Castanieto

CANVA STORIES

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In the deepest realms of the human mind,
Where nothing but night, the absence of light,
Exists, One can find caverns that remind,
Spaces that contain a surplus of pain.
These convoluted caves are kept hidden,
Blocked off by a seal to halt an appeal
Made by us, desires which are forbidden.
This dark place is where our own evil lurks,
It scouts for a thrill, it craves a good kill,
The satiated hunger leaves its works
Behind, as you behold the aftermath,
The blood-covered hands, red slivers and strands
Falling, the start of a destructive path.
We're all born evil, we all impose a wrath.

Robert Salcida

HAVE YOU
SEEN GUIN



PRIORITY
MAIL
UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE

BDANK
LNO-BKC

BUDIS
QUEST



DRAKE



Blossom

Jessica Magaña

NOT ANOTHER HERO

NOHEMI GRANDE GALLARDO

I can feel the sweat on my palms, the moisture surrounding the pen as it slips up and down in my hand. I can't do this. What was I thinking about? Wait, I have to rewrite this sentence. Does this make sense? Atticus teaches his daughter about...

"Ok, everybody, pencils down please! Leave your papers at the front on your way out please." Shit. I can't. I can't fail another exam. I hate myself. "Fu-fuck this. This test was stupid as hell!" "Mr. Rite! I'd like to speak to you after everyone has gone please".

Great.

After school:

Well, at least it's only another afternoon in detention. Rather go skateboarding though. Why am I so stupid? I think I'm going to have to repeat this year. Can't wait to tell mom about that! I wish I were somebody else. I'm an idiot who's gonna have to repeat the 7th grade.

How are all the other kids so good at school? I just want to forget about this day. I'ma just skate. That railing in front of the library is coming up, maybe I can even head down the alley and spy on the paint factory. Last time I think I discovered a new color in their waste. Ha! Should be fun.

At the Factory:

This view isn't bad at all. There is way too much trash on this roof though.

"Hey Pete, give me a hand over here. Let's get this chemical toxic waste over to the parking lot. The city will be here to pick it up in an hour. Get the forklift!"

That guy seems like he's the boss. His hat is blue instead of yellow like everyone else's. I wonder what it's like to work at a paint factory. Could be fun with all the colors. Those guys look like aliens with the masks though! Ha! Oh crap, they're getting close. Better hide. Ok I think they're gone. Whoa! That tub is super cool. Why is the green paint glittering?



Man I should get a close up picture of this. Never seen anything like it before. I'll just lean down this wall a bit... should be good... just a little closer....

THUD. SPLASH.

Ow. Oh wonderful. Now I'm covered in paint. I should hurry home, maybe I can make it before mom gets off work and she won't see how... green I am. Should be fine, based on the radius of the wheels on the skateboard, I'm only 2.23 miles from home, I should be there before she gets home. Wait. What?

At home:

Gosh! I'm so glad mom's not home yet. I saved myself from having to explain. I should throw away these clothes. I'll just put on some pajamas and tell mom I took a nap. Wait, what the hell. Holy shit, how am I going to explain this?



As Tyler Rite looked in the mirror on the sliding closet door, he was shocked to see that the entirety of his skin was purple. He stood there, for hours, looking at his glowing purple skin. It wasn't paint that covered him, that had been washed away in the shower. He saw it go down the drain. He didn't know what to make of it. Scratching and scraping didn't work. How would he explain it to his mom?



QUANDARY

EDWARD
SUPRANOWICZ

LIPS
WAITING
FOR KISSES





With Love,

Renée Inés Paladini

*It is with love,
when i am thinking of
how lucky i am to say
how you make my day,
With another year
of having you near,
I never want to let you go,
in a way you'll never know.*

*It is in the way
that you make it clear as day
how a heart can touch a soul.*

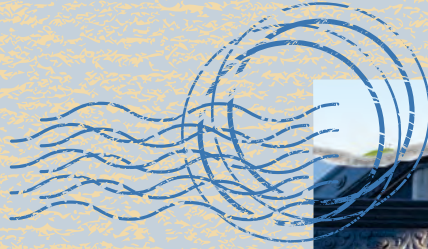


Contemplation 5aa

Edward Supranowicz

TRANSFER ME YOUR MEANING PLEASE

DEVAN RUIZ



For the first time,
I sort of heard him when
He looked into my eyes
And spoke those words:
"I love you"
Falling from his lips,
One at a time:
"I", "love", "you",
Fluttering to my nearby face.
My ears picked up on the noise,
Transferring the sound into meaning.
In my reckoning,
There was a flicker of understanding.
In an aberrational reality
Apart from our previous surroundings,
He stood facing me, touching a
Cold, frosted glass.
Looking on from the inside,
Through the blurred transparency I saw
The outline of his palm.
He stood there facing me head-on,
Arm outstretched with his palm still pressed up against my barrier.
Back in familiar surroundings, we stood together in the shower facing each other's true
selves...
Looking into his soft, brown eyes,
So honest,
So sincere,
I heard him.
And I felt loved.



PHOTO: RENÉE INÉS PALADINI



Photo: Renée Inés Paladini

The Game

Mac Fernandez

There's no such thing.
Still, something is to be played.
The chasmic abyss of no-good decisions.

What is to be done?

When the risk of the game
Makes foresight the Devil's bitch,
And one's world is turned upside down
And there's no ledging to grab onto.
Yet still something must be done.

And so –
With faith relegated back to its origins,
With God in the background,
And the Devil on the prowl.

Will and Fate have no choice but to succumb to these spoken
words.



ANOTHER REDO...PLEASE?

Robert Salcido





Rising from the ashes
Of a life scorched by flames,
Infernos of mistakes,
Only to rekindle them,
Breathing new life into
The wrongs responsible
For your downward spiral,
Transgressions that you made
In a previous life,
That caused the suffering
Of those held dear to heart.
Now in new limbs, new blood,
You taint the bud from which
You sprouted once again,
Discarding the moral
Compass crafted from the
Remnants of the shattered
Existence that you caused,
Just to repeat them and
Seek pleasure at others'
Expense. What is the point,
Then, of a rebirth, if
You squander another
Second chance as carelessly
As you did the first
One-hundred second chances?

Photo:
Jessica
Magaña

Upside Down

**Julian
Zaragoza**

Photo: Renée Inés Paladini



As trees sprout from the heavens
And as the sun rises into dusk
I find myself at peace.

As the madrileño rays shine on my being,
As blades of grass fill the spaces between my fingers,
Their rough edges gently scratching my skin,
And as the moisture beneath soaks into me,
Space loses all meaning.

I become an infinite emerald expanse,
A brightness that eludes perception,
An eternal warmth defying purpose.
My body too denies inertia,
Exhuming itself beneath the soil,
Losing itself in the osmosis of roots.

Like a tree, my branches too will
Stretch down toward the heavens
Until I am dry and brittle and wither away.
My synapses will dull, eroding my senses
Until nature's chaos swallows me
Into its resplendent cycle.

In death, I too shall float
Beneath the firmament
And breathe new life into the world.

Al Amanecer

Katellie Melendez

**Me dormí a las tres de la mañana,
Con esperanzas de visitar la oscuridad,
para que por un segundo
pare de ver tus ojos cafés,
llenos de lágrimas.**

**Pero te encontré en mis sueños,
y eso es mucho peor.**

**Imaginar cuando aún éramos felices,
sabiendo que muy pronto iba despertar,
a puro dolor.**



Photo: Renée Inés Paladini

I WANT TO GROW...

RENÉE INÉS PALADINI



I WANT TO GROW...

THIS FEELING INSIDE ME IS SEEMINGLY BRIGHT,

THESE ARE SEEDS I NEED TO SOW.

I WANT TO SHINE THEM IN THE DAYLIGHT AND NIGHT,

IT SEEMS THAT THEY'RE GROWN NOTHING.

SO I WENT IN SEARCH TO FIND OUT,

WHAT SOIL WAS FILLING THE SURROUNDINGS?

THEN MANY DOUBTS CAME TO FLOAT ABOUT,

THEY TRY TO MAKE ME CRAZY,

SO I HOPE FOR THE SPRING INSTEAD,

WHILE I'M FLOWERING IN A GARDEN OF MAYBE.

I STILL FEEL FEAR, AND HOW IT FILLS MY HEAD,

BUT NOW I KNOW TO FILL WHAT LACKS WITH LOVE,

AND I'LL SEE THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.



PHOTO: RENÉE INÉS PALADINI

No Place Like Pomona (Lyrics)

Bridge

KATHERINE CABULA AND BETHLEHEM MARTINEZ

Chorus

Repeat

Te quiero decir que te
extrañé

Tu eres mi mundo, mi vida,
mi felicidad

Quando fui, yo quise que tu
estabas con migo

Conociendo te en esta
cuidad ha sido la cosa mas
grande en mi vida

Tus abrazos, caricias,
besos

Son cosas que necesito de
ti

Necesito nunca dejar esta
cuidad y nunca estar sin ti



No Place Like Pomona

Summer colors everywhere

I can be who I wanna

And I don't care who stares.

No Place Like Pomona

See my baby standing there

I'll be back by Septemba

What I'd give for a moment to
share

Just a moment to share.

Tell me you're still there...

for just a moment to share

ALEXIS TORRES

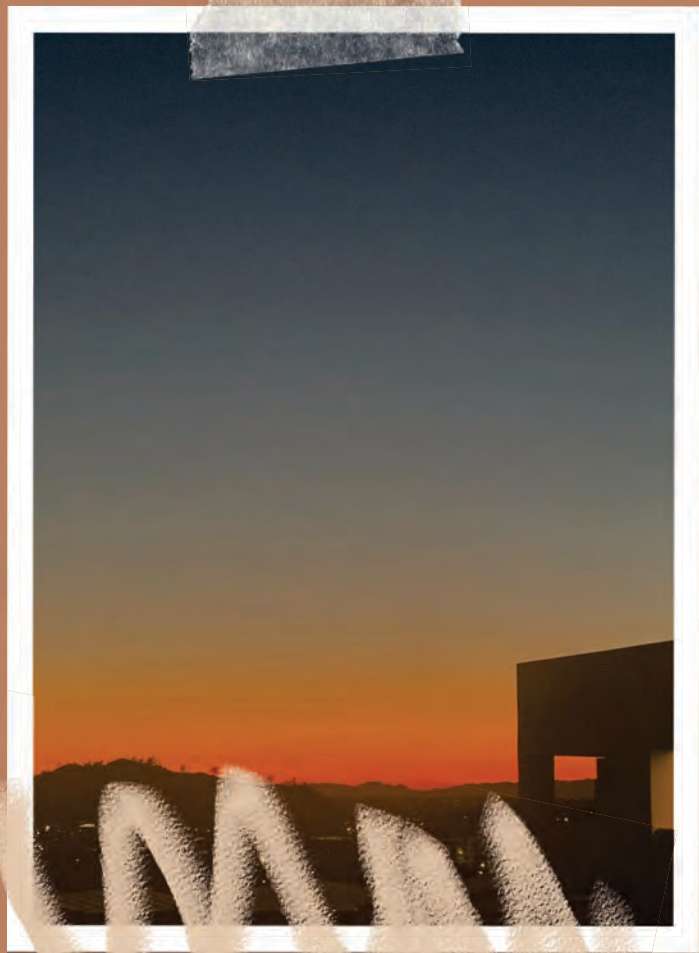
“Beautiful Complexion”

Family trips would mean Mexican sweets,
Talking with cousins –forever a feat,
My broken Spanish would never compete,
Those fluent with two tongues –better than me.

The gringo cousin who can't speak as well,
I'd come home from vacation –beat as hell,
White neighbors hear me speaking English well,
Then white teachers send me to ESL.

Too 'white' for Fam –too brown for Stars and Stripes,
Thought about my childhood a lot tonight,
Anzaldúa's words stuck with all their might,
About a *third country*–Now, I'm alright...

To the *Borderlands*, don't give up –not yet,
And realize you're beautifully complex



Quickly!

Tongues average nine centimeters long
For which I can not remedy us
I will be moving away with my song
And sucked away your just

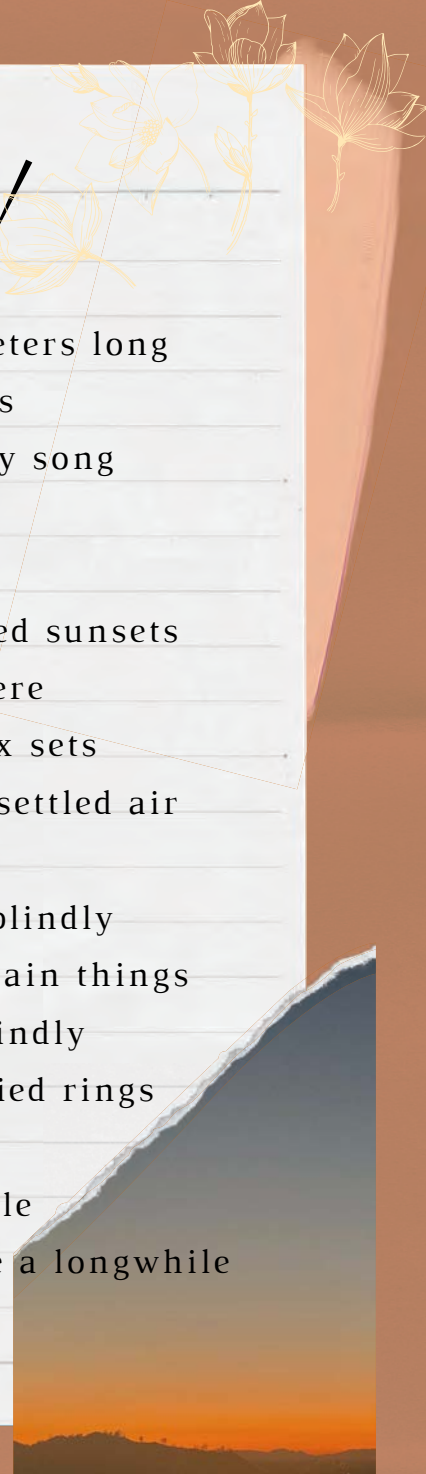
Morning meadow upon deserted sunsets
Wondering trails going nowhere
Sacred flowers empowered box sets
Putrid fortunes and dusky unsettled air

Naked pillars were scattered blindly
Can time sometimes have certain things
Colder than the unprepared kindly
Recasted doubtful upon glorified rings

Homely building into a lifestyle
Recuperation will always take a longwhile

William Wilson

Photo: Renée Inés Paladini





To Our House Sitter

Ashley Bugarin

PHOTO: RENÉE INÉS PALADINI

Dear Samantha,

Thank you for agreeing to watch my dog while we're away, you're an absolute gem! I wanted to give you a quick rundown of the house rules, since you'll be staying for a few nights. First off, let's get the important stuff out of the way: Wifi password is "Rogueisthebest2021" and help yourself to any snacks in the fridge while you're here! Please make sure that Rogue is fed a combination of her prescription kibble and one egg (raw), and bring the mail in everyday before noon. We also ask that you give her one of the vitamins on the counter daily, which you can disguise with a treat covered in peanut butter. At night, try not to turn on the lights past 12:21pm, and please dear, don't ever look up in the dark (not even to find your way to the bedroom). Just brush your fingers along the wall and eventually you'll find the knob--easy as pie! If you think you feel a cold breath hit the base of your neck, it's only the house playing tricks on you, no need to panic. This house has a personality of its own (as I'm sure you'll see).

Oh, and please don't forget to take Rogue on a walk at least once a day. You'll find her leash and doggie bags in the front room's closet--please don't forget to knock three times before opening that closet! If you make dinner in the house, just be sure to keep the kitchen tidy and don't wait to cook until it's late--actually, I recommend that you get all squared away for bed by 10pm at the latest, and Netflix is set up on the TV. If I were you, I'd get comfortable, lock the bedroom door, and play a nice, loud episode of Grey's Anatomy until you fall asleep. And if you happen to hear something like...walking or...scratching in the middle of the night, don't investigate. I guess you could say that we have some really, really big rats.

Locking the front and back door every night is a biggie--recently, we've had some trouble with the doors stubbornly swinging open, even though we're careful to lock them every night (must be a draft). We did just install an extra deadbolt on either door, so hopefully it won't give you too much trouble while we're gone. Oh, and if you happen to be up rather late, maybe having a midnight snack or feeling a bit watched in this big, empty house, please take extra care not to gaze into the mirrors at the end of each hallway. Keep your eyes on the gray wood of the floor and walk briskly to and from your destination--we wouldn't want you to get lost (which is surprisingly easy to do). But really, the best place for you to be is in our bedroom, at least until dawn.

Toodles!

The Wilson Family

(P.S. And dear...If you did happen to see something that you can't quite explain...be sure to address him by his name: "Mr. Cory.")





MOLT

This chapter is ending
and a new will begin

I look back and at all my losses and wins

But then I see my skin that sheds as I take
on a new self

A shell I wore for years
I now leave behind

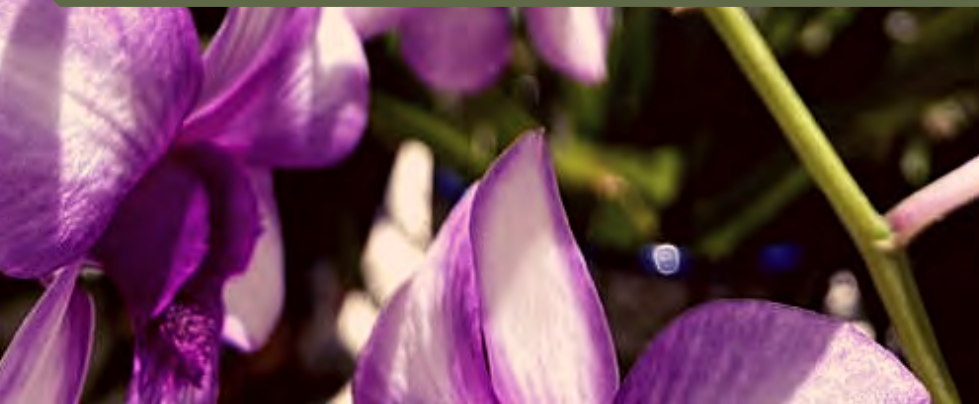
And run into the future and wonder what
will I find


Jessica Magaña



What Rebirth Means To Me

What does “rebirth” mean? If you look up the meaning, rebirth means “the process of being reincarnated or born again,” and “the action of reappearing or starting to flourish or increase after a decline; revival.” Those meanings are true, but rebirth seems to have always been around long before humanity came. Every time spring comes, the world seems to flourish with all the blooming flowers, singing birds, and fresh air filled with many wonderful scents. And even when all the other seasons come and go or the world becomes bad for a short moment because of global warming, or the old pandemics like the Black Plague and even the current pandemic, there is always a sense that we will see and hear all those wonderful things again. Someday, we will be able to enjoy all those wonderful things again. But perhaps before we can enjoy all those things, we may need to be reborn. And not in the way that we have to be reincarnated because reincarnation is something that shouldn’t be taken lightly and is complicated enough that it should be mentioned in another essay. Reborn can also mean that you can change yourself as life goes on which is true.





As our lives change, we also change not just physically, but mentally and emotionally. How many of us can say we are exactly the same person we were as babies, children, or even teenagers? However, we can still manage to keep certain emotions and memories as we are reborn because some emotions don't change and many memories of our lives are precious. It's up to each of us to decide how we want to be reborn. Even though everything comes to an end, the rebirth cycle always continues so everything can be reborn again and again. We should accept all kinds of rebirth especially in a time like this because do we want to live in a cycle of where everything remains the same, and won't change unless something really bad happens, or a cycle where things can change for the better without allowing that something bad will make the world and ourselves be reborn? As for the personal rebirth, I know that while there are some things about me I can't change, I do want to be reborn as a confident, strong woman who has managed to overcome so many challenges so far and will continue to overcome any challenge that comes to me.

Karla Amaya



Photo: Sabrina Diaz



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