

Harper College Student Art & Literary Magazine

# POINT OF VIEW

2019



Harper College



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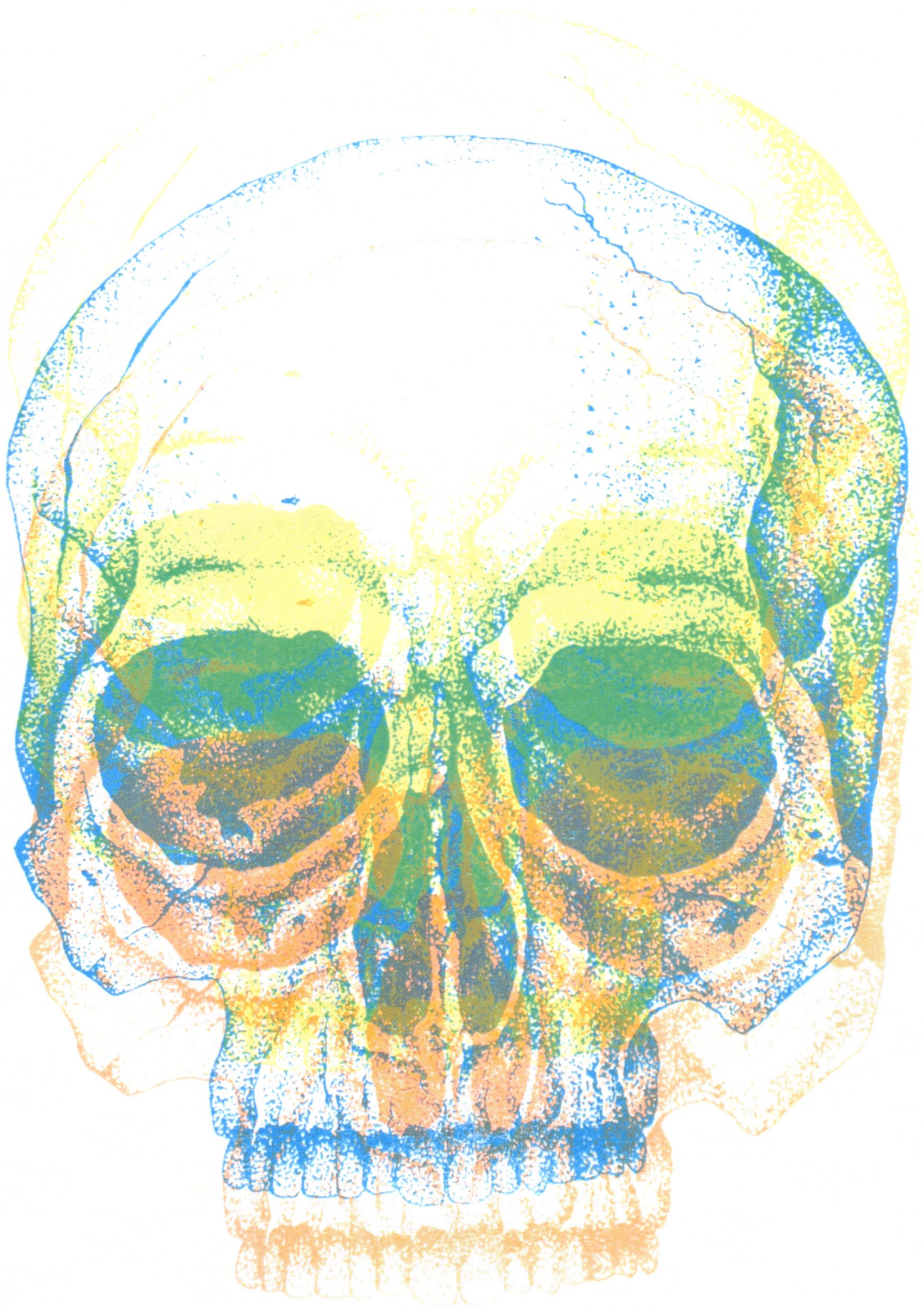
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Disclaimer: The authors'/artists' views are entirely their own, and may not reflect the views of *Point of View* magazine.  
Every attempt has been made to ensure accuracy of all information. We apologize for any mistakes or omissions.





**Skull**  
Samantha Calhewicz  
screen print  
22.5" x 15.5"



# Beat for Death

Jose Pantoja

Raging strikes explode  
off his heavily worn drum set while  
sweat slowly drips and covers fingers  
that cannot fathom death: he is drumming  
all pain and sorrow of his mother's passing.

Ears endure the furious slashing of his  
hickory drumsticks until sticks tear and  
legs cradle his head. Realization that ending of life  
requires misery hits.

His ability to shred and tear his drums  
will not help him with his loss.  
Lights will cast a somber  
shadow as he totters to a corner: he will  
rip his eyes out and grieve for his dead mother.





***again and again***

*Teresa Hernandez*

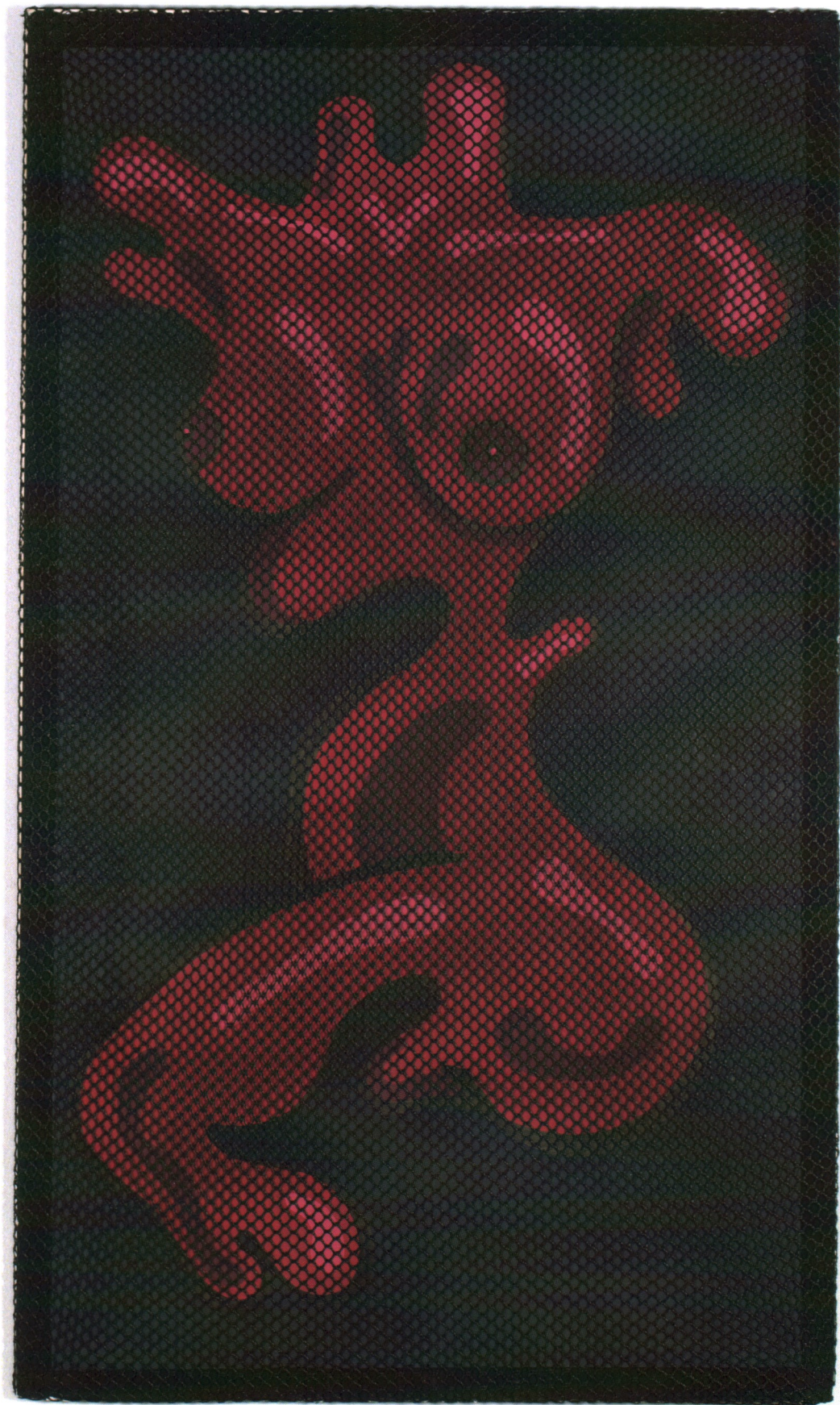
*pastel*

*41" x 29"*









***You Look Better Without Clothes On***

Margaret Griffin  
ink and gouache with fabric  
30.5" x 18"



# Dead Rat

Brittney Jones-Royal

My father is hiding in the attic.  
Not even the oppressive heat  
of the Georgia summer  
can bring him down.

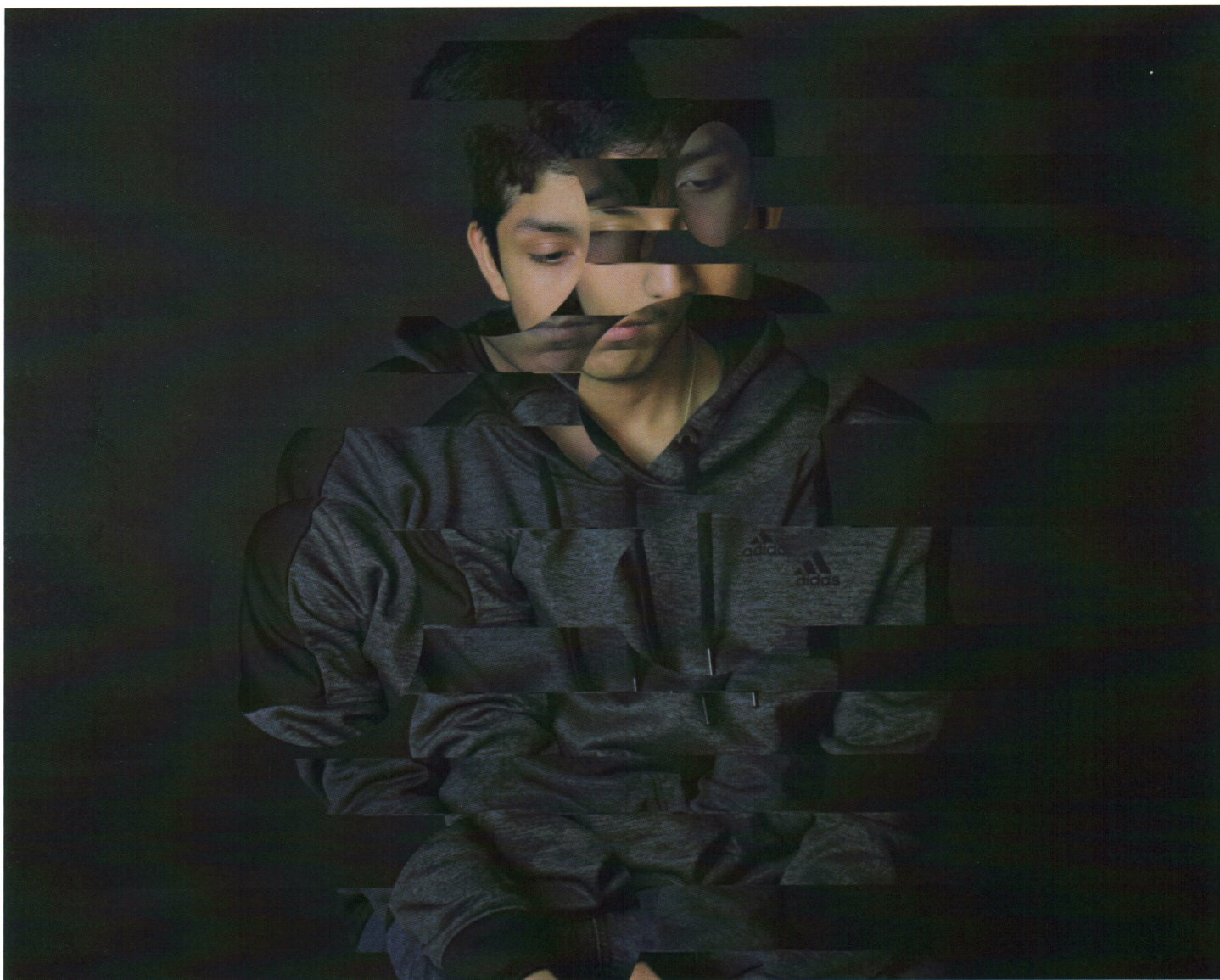
A dead rat rots in the yard.  
Flattened by the weight of the sun.  
Obsidian and ashen;  
burnt.  
Its black hole eyes  
pull all light into them  
until nothing is left.  
Nothing but the maggots.

I cried when the police burst into my grandmother's home.  
I was young then.  
The yellow haze of summer had smothered  
the endless expanse of yard,  
Littered with cinder blocks  
and broken swings and a see-saw  
that never saw use.  
My days were toads,  
and bugs,  
and sickly-sweet tea,  
and dirt-caked fingernails.

They took my father that day.  
The dead rat stayed.  
It stayed in the yard until well past summer's end.  
It stayed there and melted and melted.  
The maggots became flies.  
I became older.

I still remember  
that dead rat in the yard,  
it is my prison.





**Warped**  
Dario Bautista  
digital photograph  
8" x 10"





**Untitled**  
Bart Kamyk  
concrete, bronze  
1' x 4" x 4"





**Bereavement**  
Nicole Schemansky  
foam, steel, cement, gravel, sand, iron oxide, shoe polish, paint  
27" x 13" x 13"



## 24 Hours at 12 A.M.

Alex Trejo

The blind sways, a pendulum  
giving me access to the window  
Outside I can't see anything except silhouettes,  
trees waving with thousands of arms,  
lot lights polluting the spring night.  
Sitting up for a better view, one finger  
brushes the blind aside.  
A mother plays with her child's hair.

Turn around, check the phone  
12 a.m. Full circle with no sleep.  
Stand up, bed shrieks, lungs groan,  
heart crawls up the sternum to position.  
Gray sweats brush leg hair,  
a red Bulls hoodie tickles bare skin,  
Deerfoam slippers hug black socks.  
Open the door, don't let go of the handle.  
The lock doesn't click, mom sighs from her room.  
Grab keys so they don't jingle. Tug the door  
make sure it's closed. Open two more  
to exit the apartment.

Cold air whispers shivers  
as winter's nymphs grab arms,  
giggling in the wind as they  
prance, dragging me down the sidewalk.  
Nearly trip, jump off the incline,  
land on pavement that inverts  
like a trampoline, tearing so  
blue honey laps at slippers.  
Start to sink, plug my nose  
when my head goes under. Divers  
in indigo suits pluck my hair and  
share air with me through a Vader mask  
shaving my jaw with sandpaper gloves.

Wipe my eyes and wake up on the sun  
where bears trample photons leaving paw prints.  
Azure flames wrap around my wrists,  
searing my skin purple. Orange flares arch around me.  
A serpent from the stars bites a Betelgeuse  
apple with its fangs, dropping it in my hand.  
Take a bite and bitterness licks  
my tongue making me blind.  
In the darkness a translucent palm  
traces hand lines, glass fingers  
wake me again at 12 a.m.





**dis-ease**  
Adrian Santiago  
ceramic and copper  
11.5 x 6.5" x 5" x 6.5"



## how much does a bullet cost?

Austin Iwan

She was 63 now,  
2 years away from retirement.  
working 60 weekly  
at  
\$8.25 an hour.

46 years she nurtured  
her son.  
twice a day,  
she wiped his shit.  
rolled him  
once an hour,  
to keep bed-sores  
away.

three times a month,  
twelve  
months a year,  
she had her appointment  
at the shrink;  
150 dollar co-pay.

800 a month for  
pills that  
she takes 2 times  
a day.

doctor said  
she needs them  
to keep  
right.

756 months is  
all it took, to  
smoke her to the  
filter.

21 cents per  
bullet.  
3 to be  
divided  
between her  
and her  
son.



she kissed his forehead  
once.  
rolled her son to the  
left and shot him  
twice.  
he rolled to the  
right.

even now he  
was silent, as he had been  
for 46  
years.

she was too as she  
chewed  
the barrel.

in the end she was  
overspent;  
21 cents overdrawn.

146 hours  
before  
they were found.  
their flesh had  
soured,  
so the neighbors complained.

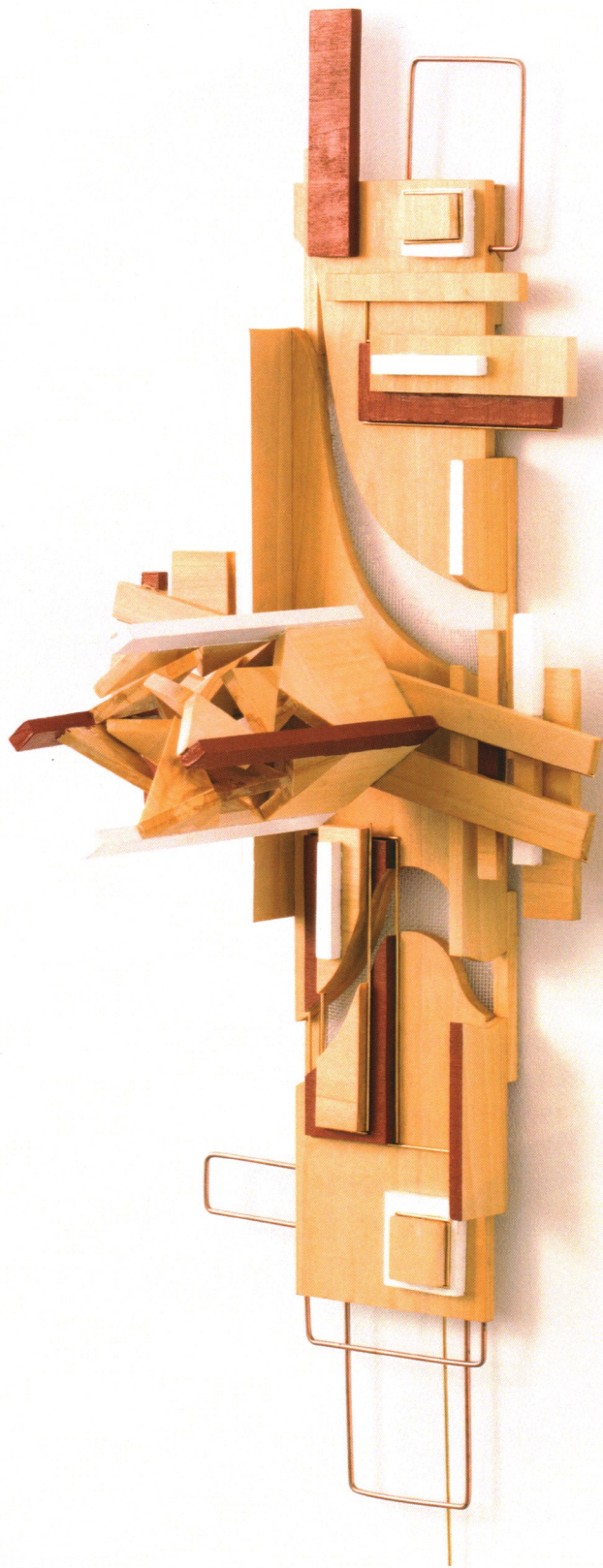
the landlord was  
livid.  
he had to spend  
\$4217 to clean  
them off the  
walls.





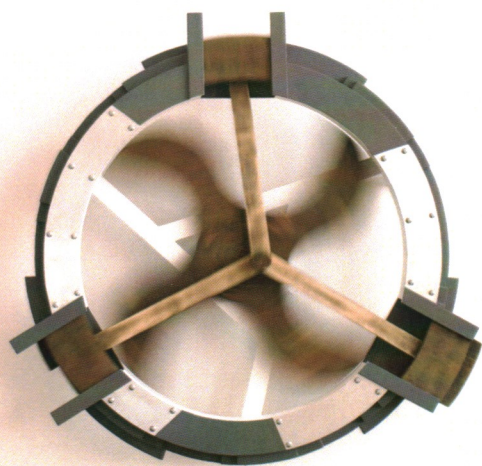
**Malady**  
Adrian Santiago  
ceramic and copper  
6" x 5" x 4.5"





**Lined**  
Angella Kilabo  
wood, brazing rod, paint  
26" x 10" x 8"





**Untitled**  
Bart Kamyk  
wood, motor, metal  
30" x 30" x 4"



# of our garden

ian doering

## ***meeting you***

in early April, we began planting rows of tomatoes, grown from a glance,  
that interlaced fingers and sprouted heart-shaped leaves.  
dug our hands into the fertile earth, which turned soft from December,  
sowing seeds, traveling possibilities and fantasies of our garden.

## ***loving you***

brazen sun burned our freckled backs as the  
dahlias of August opened their cardinal mouths.  
blistering heat led a soft and lengthy kiss.  
our large squash grew firm and the plump tomatoes spewed jellylike pulp.  
the stars fed our divine soil, illuminating the freshly-dewed,  
velvet skin of stones hanging from the apricot tree.

## ***leaving you***

something in me wasn't ready for the rotting stink of autumn.  
I felt guilty,  
tearing at our toasted tomato vines that grew with so much care.  
I thought to myself,  
*the pale blossoms might still have time to fruit*  
and yet  
I achingly ripped their sunken arms from the root  
and tossed them into the steaming compost.

## ***remembering you***

I cannot bring myself to consume the  
garlic pickles and homemade cherry ham  
collecting dust beneath the frozen cellar door.  
no, not yet.  
I fear if I take a bite, the splintering cedar door  
will burst open, burying me in the bitter cold.  
and what if I never thaw





**Untitled**  
Lea Hines  
mixed media  
16.5" x 12" x 5"





**Cow-eyed**  
Grace Yim  
digital image  
12" x 18"





**Dead Fledgling**  
Erin Hankins  
oil  
9" x 12"



# The Bar

Gabriela Patricio

I stood tall as a tree struggling to see over the wideness of the wooden counter,  
Yet I worked—Moving the margarita umbrellas, jars of pickled sweet red cherries and sour  
lemons that shined like the sun under the gloomy glow of the bar.  
All of this to catch a glimpse of my father's hands,  
Crafting a Bloody Mary under the life sucking fluorescent lights of the restaurant.

It claimed to be a mexican restaurant, but no one that looked like us went to go eat there.  
"FAMILY FRIENDLY" declared the banner resting on the window.  
Next to the neon Corona logo. Still,  
The squeaking of woods stools and drunk regulars cackling made me smile.  
That was my cue after all.

My dad would sneak me into the bar and there I got to play bartender.  
"One Bloody Mary for you kind sir!" I declared.  
People would always look at me in strange way.  
Their heads tilted the slightest bit, with wide eyes  
And an uncomfortable smile, as if it was tickling through them  
They weren't offended,  
They weren't angry,  
They were confused.

It was the foreign innocence of a seven year old that shook them in the most pleasant of ways.  
My help caused the crumpled up bills in the fishbowl to climb to the rim  
To the left of the margarita umbrellas, pickled sweet red cherries, and the sun lemons.  
And I, in return would receive the promise of a Barbie and a Happy Meal.  
If only I could go back,  
To the duo that was my father and me.  
Now I find myself under the life sucking lights  
Crackling away, sailing on squeaky stools





***I Don't Have a Dirty Body***  
Debby Cunningham  
ceramic and found rock  
6" x 22" x 13.5"





***Day Dream***  
Kaitlyn R. Kropp  
digital photograph  
5" x 7"





**Untitled**  
Debra Rachel Paneral  
mixed media  
26" x 16"

# Where Have All the Children Gone

Jessica Sandacz

11 small children swaying on the swings  
one falls off, linked metal clinks  
10 small children running up the slide  
one sees me and tries to hide  
9 small children hanging from the bars  
one starts crying when I brush his arm  
8 small children digging in the dirt  
one runs away with a torn apart shirt  
7 small children searching by the creek  
one disappears during hide-and-seek  
6 small children playing with their toys  
one vanishes quietly without a noise  
5 small children sitting in the park  
one falls asleep, it is getting dark  
4 small children walking next to me  
one trips and falls, then there are three  
3 small children sitting in the sand  
one stiffens up as she feels my hand  
2 small children head home across the lot  
one asks the other "why are you breathing so heavy?"

"I'm not."



# White Abyss

n s brennan

Metallic aftertaste  
stains my throat like spilt  
milk on carpet. The elixir  
enters, on schedule, yet  
no one has arrived.

Beeping tethers me to that spot,  
a seat belt sensor.  
the lines of my veins  
extend to tubes of fluid  
constricting them.

Tenth round, over halfway through  
the eighteen-cycle treatment. Lights off  
or dimmed on a special floor for migraines,  
symptoms that systematically  
drain me, I succumb to the pain.

Snow tumbled, a sheet lain  
over the city to cleanse it. Sterilizing  
it as nurses had done to my room  
and would do again. A minor with minor  
privileges except a choice to stay.

Inside and out the window blends  
into a white abyss,  
continuing its consumption of me,  
as it does the cars on the streets below,  
my family barricaded out.





**Landscapes—Memories**  
 Emily A. Moe

print from photo-sensitive plate, with aquatint, handade and pressed mulberry fiber paper, kozo paper, tulle, and cotton thread  
 2' x 1'



**Desert Flower (White)**

Mia Ishiguro  
porcelain soda fire  
8.5" x 9" x 9"





**Untitled**  
Adrian Santiago  
ceramic  
9.5" x 6.5" x 6.5"

# Last Living Will and Text-ament

Jessica Sandacz

*for Jamil Naber*

It snowed half an inch overnight.  
People here are treating it like the apocalypse. If  
this is the end, u may have my mint collection of  
Game of Thrones DVDs (please keep them mint),  
my three extra iPhone chargers,  
and ur stuffed sloth Bo-Dangles back  
(if u bury me with the above-mentioned sloth I  
will haunt u like Freddy Krueger & only say em-  
barrassing things should u contact Long Island  
Medium Theresa Caputo).

Make sure no one posts ugly memorial pics of me  
to Facebook, don't care how memorable or heart  
wrenching the moments are—if it's my bad side,  
weirdly shadowed, double chin, and/or any photos circa 2007—  
be like Negan  
and shut that shit down

I want to be buried in my pink dress. Not the  
wine colored pink, but the one I wore on my 3rd  
date with...omg, I can't remember his name—the  
dude who owned the pizza place and had the  
Adam Levine complexion. Remember we said  
if there was going to be a second date it must  
require dim lighting and a moderate consump-  
tion of tequila. You know which dress that is  
right? And if that dress doesn't fit, would it be  
too much to ask to have you just take an exacto  
knife and slice out about 5 lbs? I don't care from  
where. Use your best judgement. I'll be em-  
balmed so it shouldn't be too gross. Youtube it  
first, and if it's too gross don't do it.



I have 3 important messages for u to deliver: Tell Chris he was the love of my life. Tell Jones he was the love of my life. And tell Xander he was good in bed, but that I wasn't actually in love with him. Then find my phone and delete any texts with the name "Chris" or "Jones" or "Xander"-better yet, just smash it. Try to get it into 30-40 pieces ... or if that's too hard, you can drop it off a boat like the old lady with the necklace at the end of Titanic. There, I gave you a "choose your own adventure" moment.

Speaking of choose your own adventure, Alissa is only allowed to come to my funeral if she dumped the dude with the man-bun. And please be the one to give my eulogy make me die heroically

like saving a deaf child who's partially color blind

The snow looks like it's going to reach over an inch by nightfall. I'm thinking I may have to eat the neighbor's dog. She looks like she'd taste chicken-like

If I nom Cuddles, please provide reparations

Ok

Delivered





***The Faith and The Sorrow***  
Gene Zielnicki  
stoneware and other materials  
17.5" x 9.5" x 4"



# Hereditary

Jenna Jurek

If mom never smoked Marlboro Reds,  
I wouldn't be lighting up at the park,  
jotting down my thoughts in the leather journal  
she bought me when I was sixteen.

If father never broke his back,  
I wouldn't be slipping his Vicodin  
in my mouth, hoping it will  
trigger the sleep I desperately need.

If my best friend never drank,  
I would've never swallowed Cuervo after Jack,  
sleeping with girls I would've never fucked sober  
to book the vacancy in my bed,  
I wish I could find peace in.

If Grandma didn't pass when I was twelve,  
I would have had a role model.  
Her face scrunched and spat  
after one sip of alcohol.  
She had never brought a Bic to her face  
to ignite tobacco-filled paper between her lips.

Now lighting a smoke,  
clinking empty, clear green bottles  
on the concrete basement floor beneath me,  
I leave the girl I just met last night  
in damp twisted sheets, to step outside.

Looking up and past the black storm clouds,  
I search through each angel.  
My eyes meet with Grandma's and I ask...  
*Are you ashamed of me?*

# Each Kiss of Yours Made Me Feel More Alive

Teagen Petersen

Pills dissolving in a pink potion  
It bubbles and fizzes  
An inviting aroma floating  
I cannot help but to gulp it down  
Hiccups arise with your laughter creeping around the room  
Shrinking down to doll size  
No one can hear my cries  
That is a partial lie  
No one could hear them when I was grown  
These lips have consistently been seen as stitched  
Silence was an expectation  
A constant ripping at the heart by all  
But my screams were even rejected in the dark  
Then I caught your eye  
And now mine will become black buttons  
At least this dress finally fits  
My hair will never grease  
You will forever be with me  
I think it might be the other way around  
My head feels airy and light  
Soon there will only be quiet  
A promise of perfection  
No longer longing and hastened hardening  
Stitches switched to a smile  
Now these tears are solidified in time  
This doll is soon hung up with the rest  
Never to be thought of again  
A glazed over glare has always been how he cared  
Too bad all the dolls were mistaken by a lack of love.





**Flaw**  
Keish Camara  
pastel  
29.5" x 41.5"



# Once Upon a December

Dani Morrison

The anastasis of my heart  
Is painted like new Russian art

In diaries  
In folded clothes  
Buried deep inside my home

If you are my devil, my pen is Christ  
Come to save me from Sheol

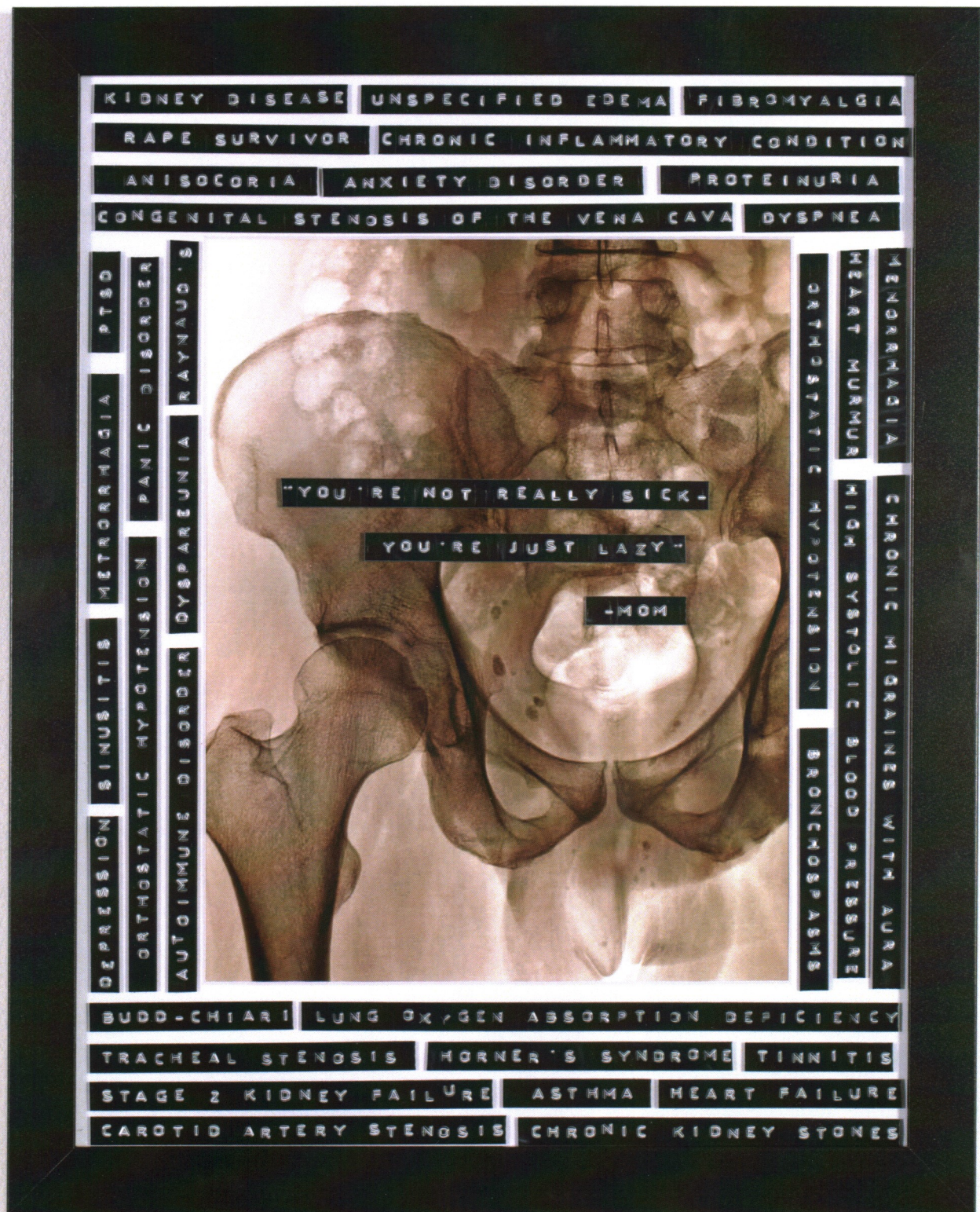
From middle earth  
From molten lava  
From charming, ice-imprisoned Judas

Who is your voice, saying anything  
To conquer those who you desire

Anything with an untouched body  
A lifeless eye  
A loving heart

Hi  
Do you remember me?  
I am Eve  
You bastard  
I will tear you apart





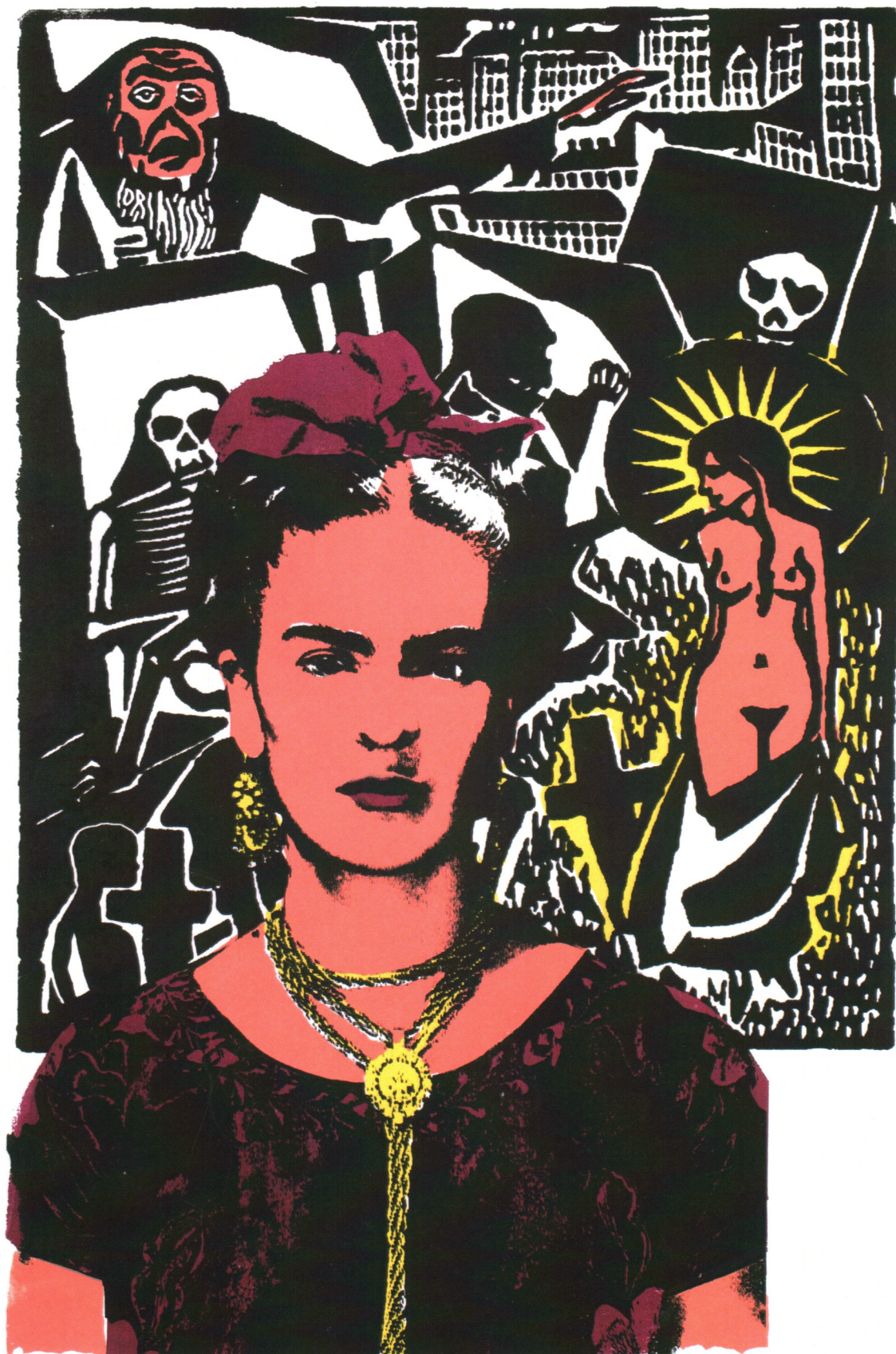
**A Mother's Words**  
 Jessica Sandacz  
 mixed media  
 11" x 14"





***Death of The Bumblebee***  
Kellie Gilliland  
screen print  
15" x 22"





"Frida—Hollywood" 15" x 22"

4/2019

Francisco Muci

**Frida—Hollywood**

Francisco Muci

screen print

15" x 22"



# AWARDS

**Ray Mills Award:**

**Nicole Schemansky, *Bereavement***

**Vivian Stewart Award:**

**Brittney Jones-Royal, *Dead Rat***

**Point of View Award:**

**Dani Morrison, *Once Upon a December***

**Art and Design Editor:**

Ekaterina Sverkunova

**Front Cover:**

**Mia Ishiguro, *Desert Flower (White)***

**Faculty Art and Design Advisor:**

Karen Patterson

**Faculty Literary Advisor:**

Jessica Walsh

**Ray Mills Award Judges:**

Lea Hines, Bart Kamyk, Angella Kilabo,  
Adrian Santiago, Nicole Schemansky

**Point of View Award Judges:**

English Department Faculty

**Vivian Stewart Award Judges:**

English Department Faculty

**Photography:**

Steve Donisch

**Scanning and Printing:**

Harper College Publishing Services



**Back Cover:**

**Kellie Gilligan, *Death of The Bumblebee***




Special thanks: Patricia Bruner, Sandy Barney, Jason Peot, Sam Rosby, Nancy Marquez, Epifanio Perez







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