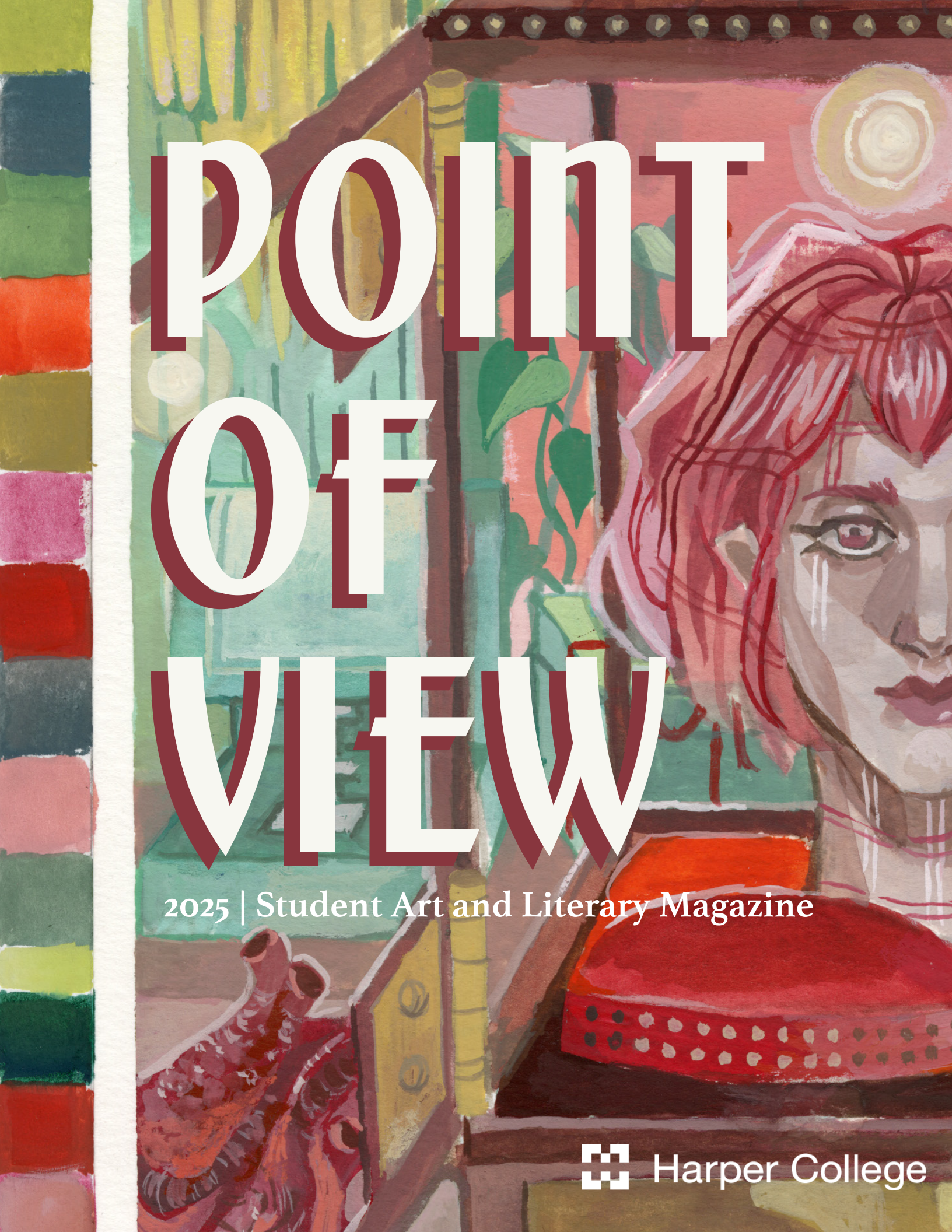


An abstract painting with a collage-like style. On the left, a vertical strip of horizontal color bands (green, blue, orange, yellow, pink, red, green, yellow, green, red, pink). The main area features a face with pink hair on the right, a sun-like circle in the top right, and various green and yellow shapes resembling plants or architectural elements. The title 'POINT OF VIEW' is overlaid in large, white, serif font with a dark red outline.

POINT OF VIEW

2025 | Student Art and Literary Magazine



Harper College

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Exposed

Isabella Runez
Ceramic
9.5" x 6.5" x 4"

Alphabet Soup and Other Recipes

Sarah Vail

Air is filled in the friendliest way at the moment
Baked cookies are pulled from an oven,
Chocolate near melting point. Cooking is often more
Demanding. Recently, I've been trying to deviate from
Eggs and toast, spinning around the kitchen with
Fine tipped knives, dicing shallots, investing further in
Groceries and recipes that make my taste buds
Hope for a spoonful of mushroom risotto.
Impersonating Barefoot Contessa and her elegance, I
Juggle sweet potatoes and throw them in a pot,
Knowing full well that the result will not yet
Lift me to the level of the little eatery I admire.
Mismatched chairs, french onion soup and a fireplace
Nestled in the corner of Urbana welcome hungry,
Odd assortments of eaters, even for breakfast. Each
Person should dine with whoever they please. Here, the
Quaint, wooden rooms draw attention to the food.
Raw honey drips off the spoon, sliding down
Sizzling goat cheese and sliced strawberries.
They look like two dimensional tents, dainty, and
Unable to house anyone. Drifting, I imagine a small
Village made of berries. Delicate flavors
Wander about the technicolor square, becoming
Extraordinarily curious of a yellow tree. Abruptly, fruit is
Yanked from branches. The fragrant release jilts me back,
Zest still clinging to the air.



LC-84

Lain Dennis
Textile
58" x 30" x 2"



Forest Wall

Stephania Sanchez
Ink
15" x 15"

An excerpt from:

My Daddy, the Narcissist

Cristy Shuck

WHY DOES DADDY SAY THAT?

Daddy tells me mommy's mean.
Everything's her fault.
Money's gone because of her;
She stole it from his vault.

He lost his job; he lost his friends.
All because of her.
I'm really sad he talks this way.
I want things like they were.

Daddy tells me mommy's bad.
I don't think that he should.
I want to love our mommy.
I want to think she's good.

ABUSE? WHAT ABUSE?

If my daddy hit me,
They'd take me straight away,
But since he messes with my brain,
They say I'm fine to stay.

Since he's screwing with my head,
They can't see my bruising.
Mommy sees. She understands.
It's a fight she's losing.

She won't give up. She fights so hard
For each and every battle.
She'll keep on fighting every day
For me, 'cause I'm what matters.

LIES, LIES, LIES

He says it's someone else's fault.
There's nothing he can do.
"Poor me, poor me, oh pity me."
Watch out, he'll blame you too.

The truth is inconvenient;
Doesn't get him what he needs.
He stretches, twists and steps on it,
Then tosses in a heap.

Why does my daddy lie to me?
I wish I understood.
Dads are supposed to tell the truth.
How do I know what's good?

He tells me he would never lie,
But things he says don't fit
With everything that mommy says.
I'm so confused... please quit!

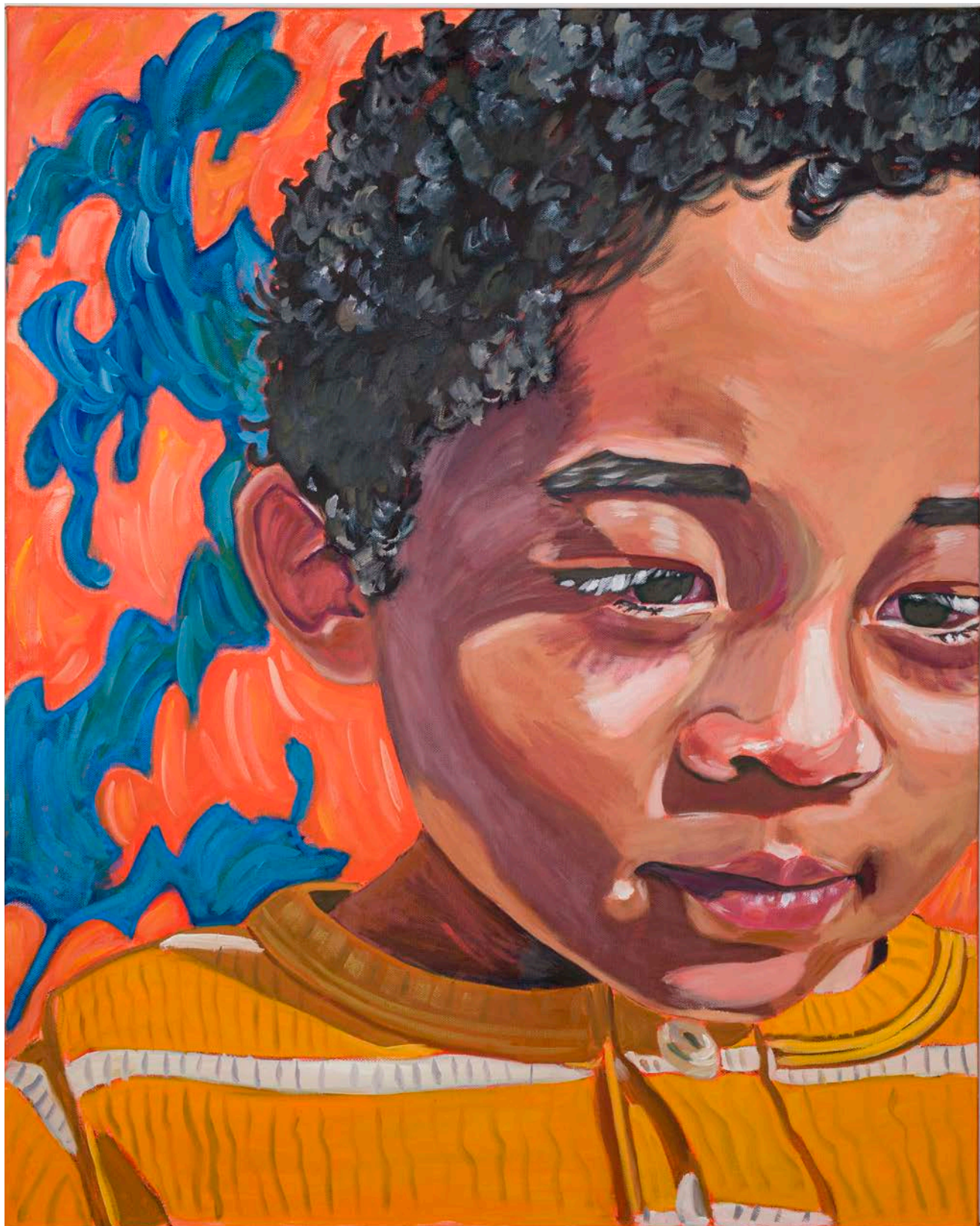
I don't know who to trust right now.
I must protect myself.
I won't believe a single soul.
My trust is on the shelf.

I'll take it out another time,
Once I can see what's real
And know it's dad who's spinning lies
And cares not how I feel.



Dirty Laundry We Pretend Isn't Ours

Danielle Paulson
Found and recycled fabric
70" x 61" x 12"



King Kanye

Isabel Guerrero
Oil on canvas
24" x 30"



50 x 19 x 4

Oli Hoeye
Papier-mâché, mixed media
36" x 16" x 8"

The Days That Followed

Matthew Bussen -*Vivian Stewart Award winner*

In the days that followed,
I walked and walked
with nowhere in mind.
I watched and watched people with phones in their faces
and a worried look in their eyes that is too powerful to hide
I awoke stricken with fear and indecision.
As did many in the days that followed.
I walked and walked.
That's all I could do.
I searched for an answer in people's faces
and still haven't found what I'm looking for.
And in the days that follow,
I'm told to wait for things to get worse.
In the days that followed
I began to envy the sycophantic and depraved for their unbridled optimism
when a gun is pointed at all of our heads.
I kept walking and kept my head down
paranoid by design that the guns would stay trained on me.
I held my tongue, and I regretted it.
In the days that followed
I stood guard and kept watchful an eye on the tree of liberty,
small and dreary, drooping down to one side.
With a greater scope I now realize
I am a man who waters his sad and desolate tree
wishing that tomorrow would bring better news.
In the days that followed
I read about great men
Like Lincoln, like Thurgood Marshall, like Frank Lloyd Wright, like
Hemingway or Whitman.
A great deal of pride is placed on the man I ought to be.
And in the days that followed,
I wanted to run away.
Wouldn't you run as far as your legs could take you?
Just to see if it gets any better? When
you begged the world for kindness and the twinkle you once could see in
their eyes, now
nothing but a memory lost to time.
In the days that follow
you'll spend the rest
miserable and unhappy,
bitter and alone.

Summer To Be

Alexia Bisak

Summer around the corner
leaves growing in the trees.
the air around gets warmer.
sounds of honeybees.
flowers blooming in the wind.
sun shinning through the trees
but everything feels aligned.
as the cold the summer breeze.

Metamorphosis

Abdul Rehman

in my little quiet cocoon,
i waited for the full moon.
between what i knew and what
 was to come,
right now was a world of pink
 toys and soft hums.

a boy, a dreamer, caught in the ray
of enchanting dolls and colors at play.
while imperceptible borders sharp
 and clear,
whispered “you should not be here”.

yet beneath the surface, in secret kept,
a lie, a deception, that’s where i slept.
each glance too long, each
 question asked,
was just too much, a heavy task.

but the future for me, had a sweet tooth
the chrysalis sheds, i reveal the truth.
what once was hidden, now takes flight,
i’m golden, born from might.

years have passed, and now i stand,
wings unfurled, my life in hand.
no longer bound by what i feared,
i’ve learned to love what once
 was seared.

in the quiet of my heart i find
the courage to leave old doubts behind.
like a butterfly, unbroken, free,
i’ve learned to embrace the new me.



Go Bury Me in the Garden

Katrine Renee
Ceramic
3" x 22" x 10"



Mother

Pierce Herda
Ceramic
6" x 16" x 5"

Seeing Red

Sarah Vail

God does not despise my sadness
But the **eyes** staring back in the mirror
Drag me to madness.

I stretch my hand to plant gardens
When fresh blooms can never stay.
God does not despise my sadness.

“Good Morning.”
I press my nose into my dog’s fur,
The smell of sweet shampoo & mud.
The chirps of **cardinals** on my feeder.
The gentle steam of my
 husband’s coffee.
The schedule I made, crisp as an **apple**.
I won’t get dragged into madness.

But when all my sisters see blue lines;
I see **red**.

Red that doesn’t stop.
Sometimes, even the chairs I touch
 turn red.
Yeah, if you look into my **eyes**,
my wrists are chained behind my back,
And I’m on my knees. Every month
My mouth is closer to screaming out
 blue fire.

God does not despise my sadness.

Manna from Heaven is my chaser
to a shot of Depression Reposado.
I can’t be mad at manna.
Manna means God is patient.
 God is Kind.

God does not despise my sadness;
Drag me out of this **red** madness.

Untitled Poem

Tsolmon Batjargal

The moon glazing us
Send down a teary feeling
Laughing right at us

Whispers of The Lorax at Midnight

Khushi Patel

While I hush before the night begins,
when the universe still dreams as a mystical place,
The air hums with joy. The needle is
sharp as a pencil. I wrap my arms around the Lorax.

The cotton candy stands tall,
crying for help to save me from this life inside the box.
Whenever I see my own journey,
a fragile note whispers— “THERE IS NO HEART,”

The wind calls my name,
offering gold, dust, and coins, guiding me towards a purpose.
“You already know how to give,” it says.
So I placed them in the hands of the homeless, bringing them joy.

after glimpsing the universe,
I drift to sleep around 2 AM,
but I won't lose myself in the cotton candy's embrace.
Instead, I sing the Lorax's song to my teddy bear,
until sleep gently takes me.

GOOD NIGHT!



Collaboration with Cornell

Katrine Renee
Wood, metal, fabric, paper, moss
34" x 34" x 6"

Aging Sestina

Sarah Vail -*Point of View Award winner*

Look as the three soft blades of the candle
drink up the final ounces of wax, orange and red filling
the wooden room. Warmth fleeting, the flames shrink to pearls,
smooth spheres, rolling in light, they relish in their resulting color
as grips on the wick fail. They are frail blossoms with roots
that can not find water. Short strokes relent. What remains is black

yarn running up the spiral staircase, all the way to the absence of black.
If all that we have is inside of us, we should put ourselves out like candles.
Clench the solid matter and pull it in close; use it sparingly, wrapping roots
around midnight conversations, friends with velvety couch love that fills
in the potholes life has worked into us. Black and blue colors
reveal that we are berries beginning to spoil, not timeless pearls.

Tiny dresses and hats are sanded away like holidays at sea, until a pearl
necklace remains the only smoothness about a neck, no matter the
number of black
nights spent receiving love bites. Like bread burning in the toaster, the
day goes colorless
suddenly. Seawater will recede enough to kill the cliff's mossy lining, leaving
green candy
to crumble into the foam below. The ocean gets its fill,
while we can't seem to get ours. Like ropes tied to anchors rooted

to ships we scratch for something solid on the seafloor, rooting
for comfortable pants and hollow praise. A pearl is a pearl
whether worn, discarded in salty depths or accidentally filling
the stomach of a mollusk enthusiast, and this plane ride is not a Black-
Jack round of heart/spade randomness that ends when we kick the can.
Did you know one airplane can refuel another mid-flight, with colorful

gasoline streams holding the space in between. Planets and colors
scream across the sky, but the drumbeat engine remains, rooted
and grounded in the action-verb kind of love, a material that can
be, like bread, made new. Look at the patches of moss that pearl
underneath muddy bottoms of rocks on the cliff where the herder guides
black-eyed goats to the green, one overturned stone at a time. Food fills

goat bellies. Hunger, moss. Hunger. Moss. Salty light fulfills
its day's work, and the herder, hers. Blue curls cascade with the color
of dusk past the shoreline as the girl and her goats begin to head back.
Hooves are quick to follow the worn pair of boots along the unmarked route.
Looking west, she lifts her hand to press between two fingers a single pearl,
a sign of the inheritance reflecting the sunset like candlelight.

The girl fills the fireplace, and the bottom of a crusty candle
is thrown on the blackened wood, wax reaching down like roots.
Gold colors bound around. Firelight and old sun hold onto the pearl.



Gagambayan

Shannen Eunice Cruz

Wood, book/paper, thread

36" x 27" x 21"



Time's Arrow

Margaret Luncsford

Tic,
Tic,
Tic,

Tic Tic Tic
Try and outrun her
but she has you surrounded.

Round and round,
the clock's hands
spin and spin.

The alarm will sound
no matter who.
One day

"Epiphanies" distracting,
Love, Knowledge, Power.
Look! Pointed lives.

Our time expires.
Lying in the muck,
cold and stiff.

Anointing figures and objects,
anything that will lead
us to the slaughter.

When the smoke clears,
and they drag you away,
uncurling your clenched fist,

We're clawing to be satisfied.
Nothing slows nor halts,
fighting with every breath,

What will be revealed?
A white flag?
A broken sword?

our lives erode in the battle.
Reality escaping us,
silenced and forgotten,

Make haste,
for time's arrow
merely marches forward.

but ring out she will,
our mortality prompted.
The shrill ring of defeat.

The Blank Slate

Natalie Daich

As their new and empty slate, you stood there:
trembling on those yellow footprints for all to see.
Every single part of you; now removed,
ready to replace each thing that made thee: thee.

The eagle, globe and anchor
had all but scrubbed away your traits.
As their new and willing troop and warrior,
you engulfed every single thing they'd state.

You see, your brain had been all but emptied
ready to replace this bright, new life you sought.
"Only for the strongest of the warriors," some would say.
And you worked. You trained. You fought.

This wild place became your world.
In your adult life, it's all you ever knew.
You had started as but a sapling there
and from that place, you grew.

Gruesome hours from dawn to dusk,
the extra chevrons dictating your each day:
until the dirt and grime became a part of you.
As far as you knew, it was the only way.

From the deserts to the tundras,
from the rainfalls to the snow:
you worked that cannon with your sweat and blood.
Thunderous booming! The Howitzer would blow!

You had become everything they'd asked of you
Including the removal of who you were before.
You gave them every fiber of your whole being.
And then you gave them more.

Yet, once the time approached,
and it was your time to go away:
“Pack your things and leave right now!
Another minute, you cannot stay.”

Yes, when you had entered bootcamp
you had given them away your things:
your phone, your wallet- your identity.
All those things you could not bring.

But when those things had been returned
parts of you, they remained to keep.
Instead, replaced with the rest of your issued gear:
Stockholm's Syndrome, you would reap.

One minute, you walk the halls of school
the next moment, you're back within the fleet.
Former troop: gutted and emptied
from the heavy price they got to keep.

That place will always be a part of you
while you're no longer any thought to them.
A letter, a paper. A number.
Yet, they remain the roots from which you stem.

“Who are you?” some now ask
and deep down, you also wished you knew.
You trained. You fought. You failed. You won.
And for what? Who is this person now anew?

Former troop: gutted and emptied.
Who are you without the fleet?
Who are you when you walk the halls of school
from the heavy price they got to keep?



Nature's Essence

Emily Podejko
Digital Photography
16" x 23"



Flesh to Flora

Isabella Runez
Ceramic
12" x 16" x 9.5"

Day And Night

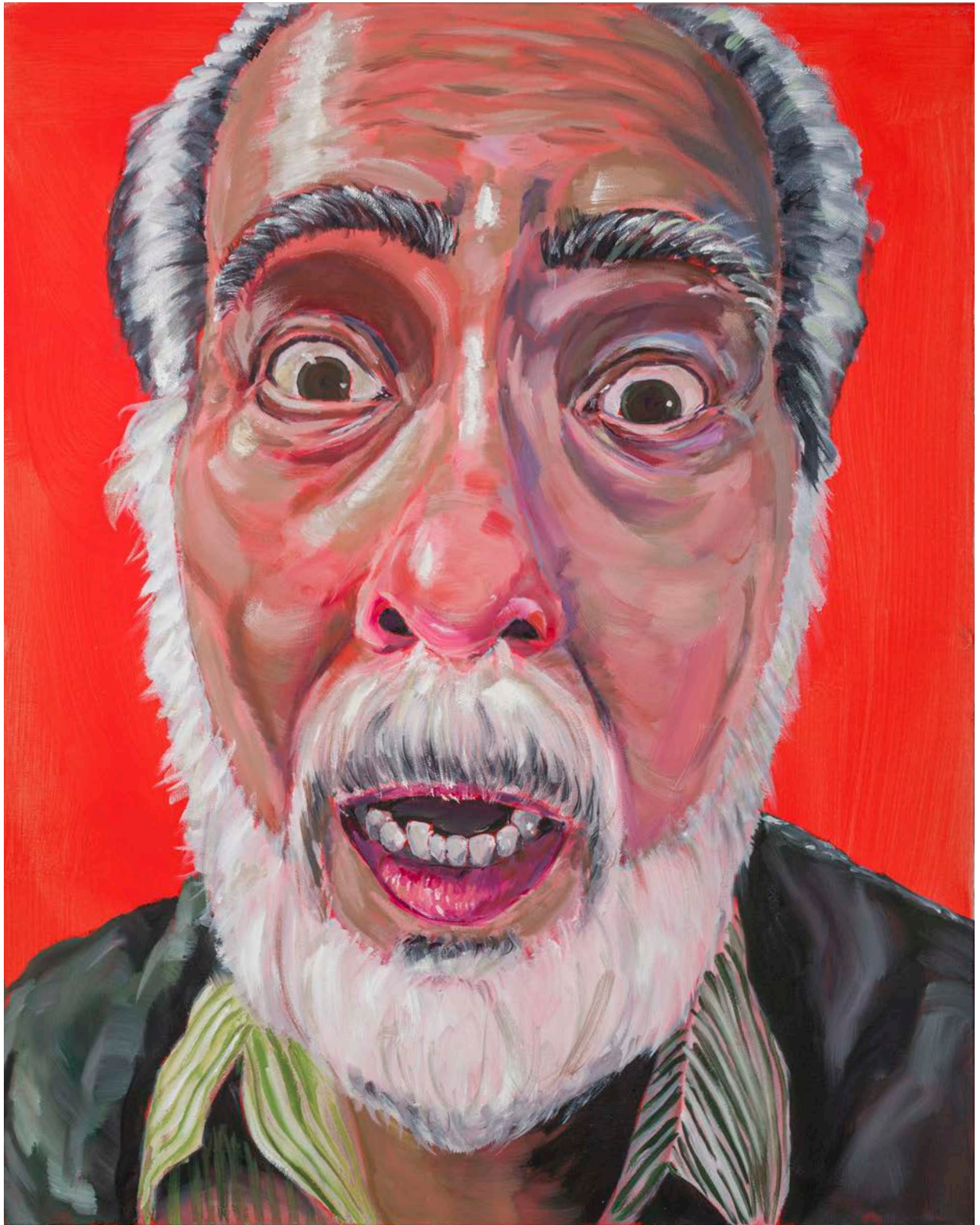
Jake Goodwin

The bright stars in the night begin to glow,
As golden light slips past the fading sky.
The night wind stirs and starts a gentle blow,
And creatures wake as sunlight says goodbye.
The air grows thick as buzzing wings appear,
While shadows stretch and dance across the ground.
The chirping crickets hum so soft and clear,
Their voices rise in nature's nightly sound.
The owls take flight, the trees begin to sway,
The moon climbs slowly, shining through the dark.
The breeze moves leaves in such a quiet way,
And stars above all shimmer with a spark.
Though day must end and drift beyond our view,
The night reveals a calmer world in blue.

Sunshine Blade

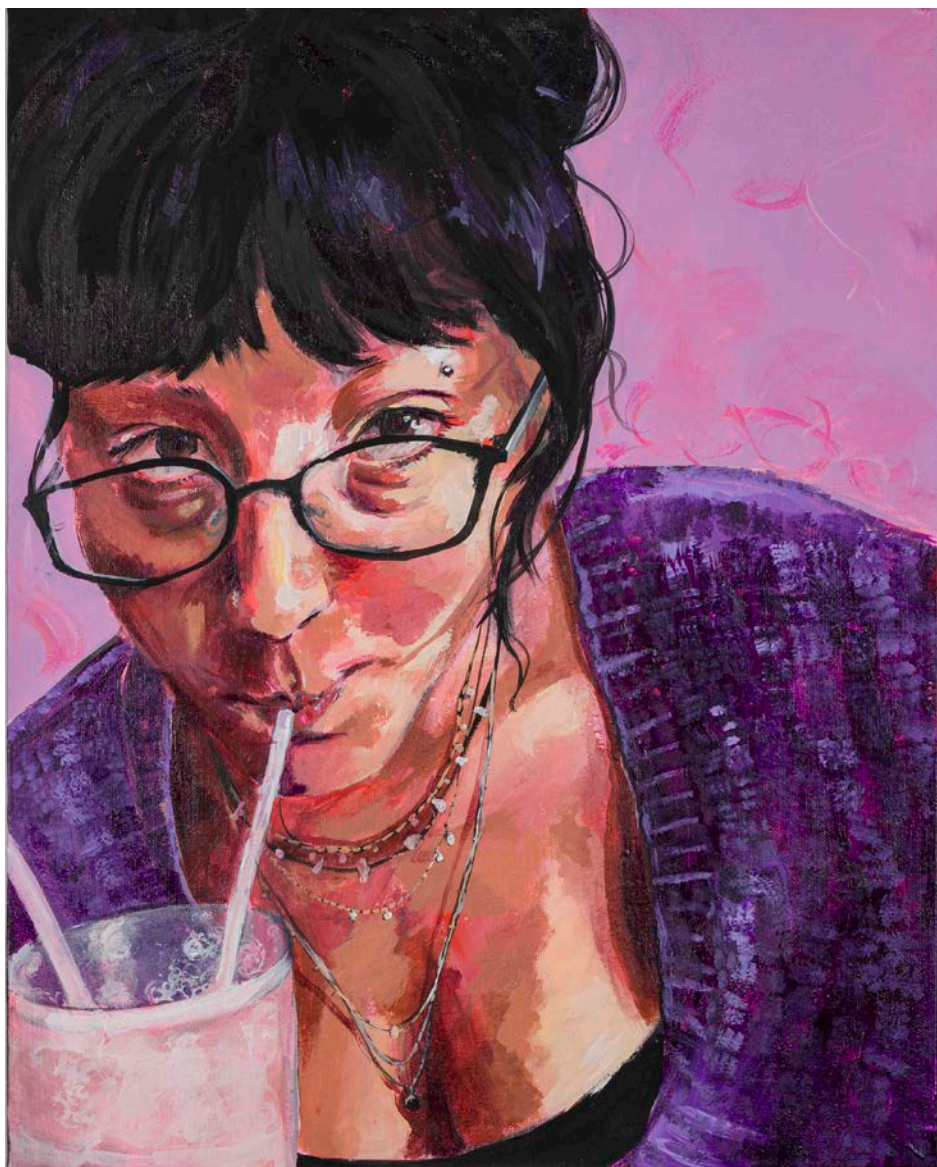
Alyssa Lopez

The light peeked,
smiling back at me,
filled with sunshine,
yet the blade poked,
cutting through silence.



Babu

Katalina Rohde
Oil on canvas
24" x 30"



My Friend Princesa



Oli Hoeye
Acrylic Paint
26" x 20"

What Makes Me a Man?

Neo Bermudez

“You’re too sensitive for a man”

“Toughen up. Men don’t do that shit”

“You’re not gonna get away with that as a man”

Telling everyone who I was

only to be informed I was improper in my own identity.

Societal pressures attempt to slither into my behaviors,

I find myself needing to prove my existence

To an unresponsive audience

That scrutinizes every maneuver I make.

Use a wide stance,

Talk with your chest,

Don’t show too much unless it’s a red-hot rage

that deters away any of the former’s objections.

“If you wanted to be a man so badly, act like one”

I was raised as my mother’s daughter

and I stand here as her son.

Who was once

A strong woman now

has plunged to

a weak man

Twig arms and soft skin,

under eyes smeared with warm makeup

Emotions emit from every exhale I take,

Filling up a room till there’s nobody left to argue.

You’re too stagnant to be a man.

Toughen up.

Bruises

Margaret Luncsford

When you touch me,
I know,
It's not love.

Blue and purple.
Yellow and green.
Spotted everywhere.

I am your canvas,
finger paintings brought to life.

I am your masterpiece,
born from your image,
torn from your ribs.

When you touch me,
I know it's not love.

I stand in the mirror,
Exposed, staring.
Admiring.

Light as a feather,
taking inventory of every mark,
every shade.

Blues and greens,
Yellows and purples:
Colorful reminders.

Reminders of your affection,
Reminders of your attention.
A morse code

embedded in my skin.
Its secrets only
I know.

You know.
When you mark me,
I should know,
It's not love.

But when the colors fade,
and the brushstrokes dull,
with no successors,
I will not be art.

Nothing remarkable.
No galleries
where I hang.

Pushed to the back,
Collecting dust.
No,

When you touch me,
It's not love,
I know

but you light me up.
In yellows and blues,
greens and purples.

Colors brought
to the surface
only by you.

An artist is
not an artist
without their art.

A canvas
is nothing
without the artist.



The Song of a Bird

Lain Dennis
Window, mixed media
72" x 35" x 12"



Self-Portrait

Elizabeth Theiss
Ceramic
13" x 12" x 8"

Hermit

Matthew Bussen

This morning, I tore down the drapes on my bedroom window
not knowing I would have it by tomorrow.

I spoke with you on the phone and counted my blessings

As I held you in my pocket.

All the times in high school wasted

spent on reading tea leaves from shoelaces

always wearing lies an arm's width away.

They all disappeared.

Last night I fell asleep to my deep-seated fears

written in the fog on my window.

By morning my words had faded

and all that was left was my fingerprints on the glass

Outlining you on the sidewalk watching me from above.

When the Day Slows Down

Ammar Siddiqui

The sunlight falls across the quiet street

And gently warms the rooftops, soft and slow.

The day and night feel like they almost meet,

The sky turns gold, then purple, then let go.

The wind moves through the trees with gentle sound,

It brings old thoughts I thought I left behind.

Some make me smile, and some just hang around,

But all of them still live inside my mind.

I think about the things I never had—

Like moments that felt right but didn't stay.

But even when the sky is turning sad,

There's peace in knowing I'll be okay.

So, I just sit here, quiet for a while,

And watch the stars begin to slowly smile

Autumn's Quiet Embrace

Khushi Patel

The leaves lose their grip slowly as heaven is painted amber.
The burning colors of crimson, gold, and rust drift in glimmer.
There is a chill in the air, with a frostbite,
Whispering of the season, all has been forsaken.

The earth here is strewn with carpet dreams,
As beams of sunlight appear ever so briefly.
The murmurs of a little stream glide past the trees,
With water so clear, whispering an ancient longing.

The branches, like hands, reach out for the skies.
As the birds take off from below, their wings rising high.
Each step crunching away-so sweet to the ear.
As autumn thereby paints the land with colors dear.

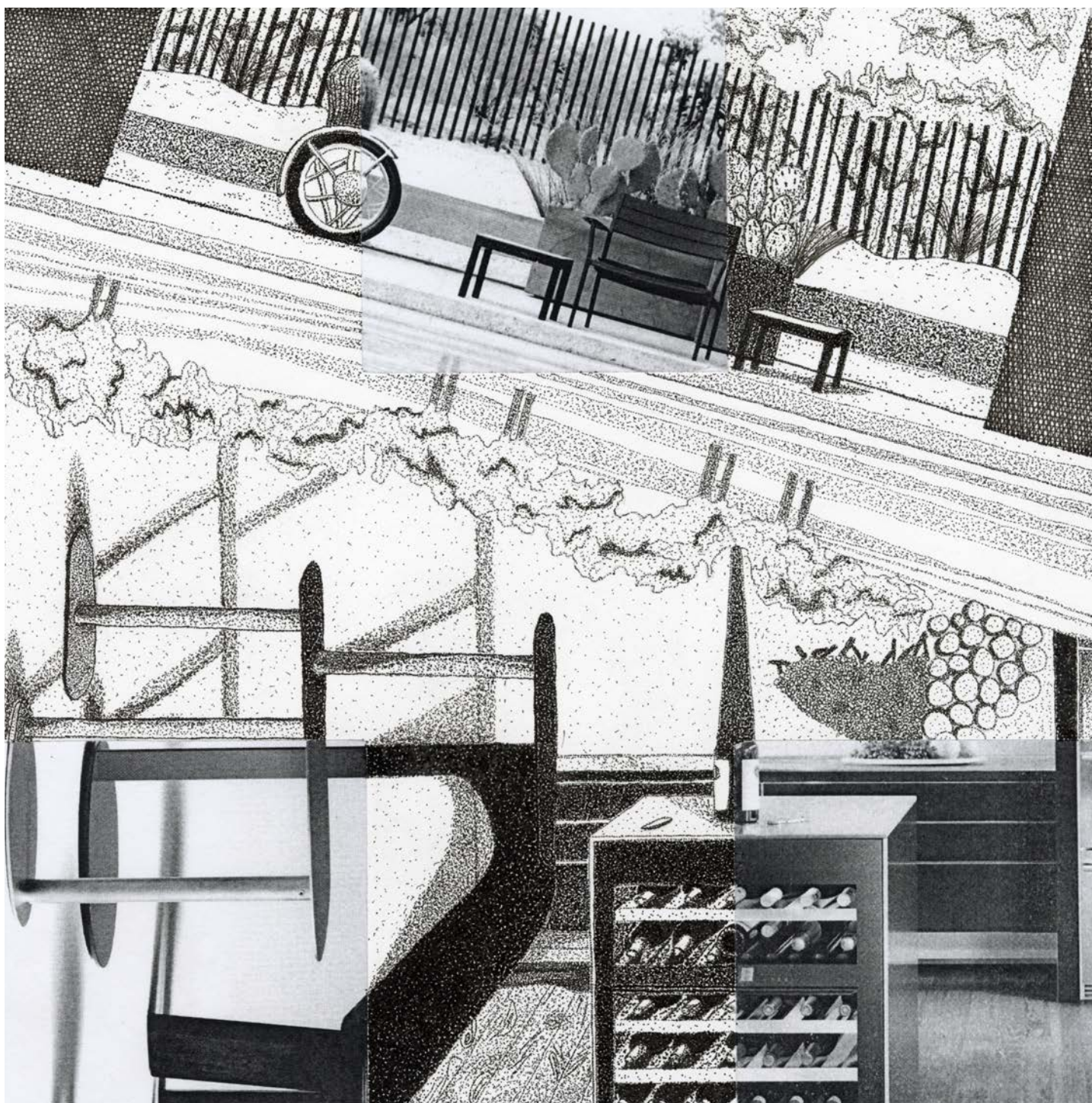
The sweet scent of the earth and the pine mingles in the wind,
Time dances away where nature is intertwined.
And at this moment, wide-open and calm,
I reclaim it all, painfully aware that it is transient.



Portrait of Lovers

Ray Mills Award winner

Grace Haapapuro
Graphite, charcoal
18" x 24"



Pattern Puzzle Project

Esdras A. Aguirre L.
Ink on illustration board
15" x 15"

Unspoken Peace

Victoria Pankiv

Whistling trees cries of birds
So much to say with so little words
By myself and free to roam
This is where I feel at home
Surrounded by the great unknown
Do not enter the danger zone
If you do you will find
The greatest peace comes from your mind
Let go of things you cannot hold
Trade your fear for something bold
In the quiet, you will see
The world as it's meant to be
 And in the stillness, you'll awake,
 A life that's yours, not one you fake

Continued Growth

Kevin Hutchen

The sun ascends, a new chapter of fate
Rays radiate with each and every hour
Unwritten lines, my future lies in wait
Today will be great, I am in power
A lesson passed down only makes me strong
New knowledge is what I like to savor
I focus each day on the rights and wrongs
All the while, does very many favors
The new challenges are what helps me grow
I wield new courage like never before
To craft new skills that lead me to new flow
I choose not to stay shallow anymore
 From dawn to dusk, I now close one chapter
 I will keep on, forever to master.



Hallway

Takeru Nagaya
Charcoal
18" x 24"

Untitled Poem

Ammar Siddiqui

The sun is laughing
 running across the warm sky
 waving down at me



Self-Portrait

Grace Haapapuro
Watercolor
22.5" x 30"

Calling Grandma

Margaret Luncsford

“Did you call your grandmother today?” my mother questions me from the kitchen, the sound of running water and clanging dishes almost drowning her out.

I pause. She knows my answer.

“You know you should really call her, she loves hearing from you.”

I have to choke back a laugh. I know I should call her, but the last part has to be a joke.

“Okay, I will,” I respond cheerfully.

The water turns off.

My mother comes stalking around the corner, eyeing me, deciding whether I mean it or not. I give her a smile and go back to my book. She walks away, satisfied enough. I try to finish the chapter I’m on but the words won’t stay in my head.

I close my book, glancing at the clock on the wall: 6:30, she should be done eating by now. I walk into the kitchen, grabbing the phone off the wall.

My hands are shaking, they shouldn’t be.

My heart is pounding, it shouldn’t be.

I dial her number.

I hang up after the second ring.

God, stop being a little bitch and call your grandmother. Deep breath in. Deep breath out.

I dial the number.

“Hello?” I hear the sweet voice call out on the other end. The one that read books to me and told me to go to bed when I stayed up under the blankets. Breathe out.

“Hi Grandma! How are you?” I reply cheerfully, hoping it’s a good day.

“I’m doing just fine Carrie, how are you?”

I sigh. “No Granma, it’s not Carrie. It’s Georgia.”

“Oh gosh, you sound just like my daughter. I’m sorry, where do you know me from?”

“It’s Georgia. Your granddaughter? Carrie’s daughter? That’s why I sound like her.” I hold my breath, hoping that it clicks.

She laughs, “Quit prank calling me and come home, supper will be ready soon.”

“Grandma, I’m serious. I was just calling to check in on you,” I plead with her. With God. Please remind her.

“Stop calling me that!” she snaps. “I don’t have any grandkids, unless this is your way of telling me, which it better not be. I told you to stop hanging around with that boy.”

A tear rolls down my cheek. My heart stops pounding and instead sinks into my stomach.

Today is not a good day.

I force out a laugh, “I totally got you Mom!” I somehow manage to choke out, hoping it seems lighthearted enough. “I’ll be home for dinner soon.”

She pretends to yell at me. At Carrie. The call ends with “I love yous” and I place the phone back on the wall. I slide onto the floor, pulling my knees into my chest. Breathe in. Breathe out.

I hear my mother’s feet start pounding down the hallway. I wipe my face and pull myself to my feet. She can’t see me like this.

“Did you call your grandmother?” she asks, looking at me expectedly. I look in her eyes, her beautiful, tired, sad eyes. She can’t lose any more sleep over Grandma, over me. Over the alien that has invaded my grandmother’s brain. Stealing away the best parts of her.

“I just tried to, there was no answer. She must be eating still,” the lie comes out all too easily.

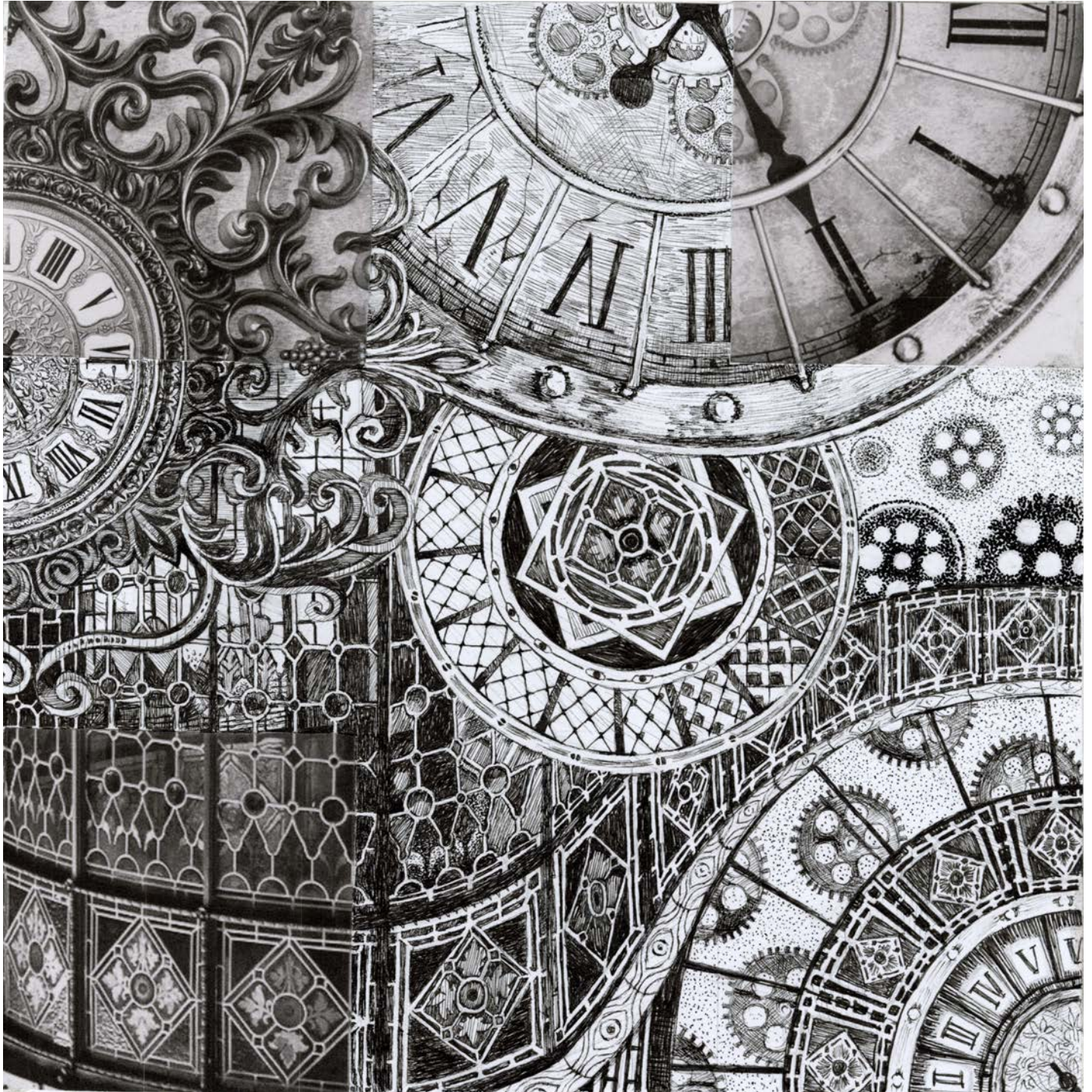
“Oh. Try again in an hour or two. She asked about you the other day.”

“Okay, I will.” Only this time I know I won’t. The woman who asked for me is no longer there.



Lattice

Debra Rachel Paneral
Found material
77" x 32" x 28"



Extensions and Connections

Grace Schiltz
Micron pens, collage
12" x 12"

Embrace the New

Khushi Patel

The morning broke into a soft, tender promise of rebirth,
In every light, it has a chance for a new place

The snow would fall loud, washing away our new,
Each snowflake whispers a tale of the new moon.

What if I broke into time's mended embrace,
To fill the cracks with glue, not with your yawn.

Like the moon sprouting from the sun's glow,
Our hearts, once frozen, warmed by new mirth.

The future has faded from the hope we get,
But in every sunrise, a fresh burst of new start.

Haiku

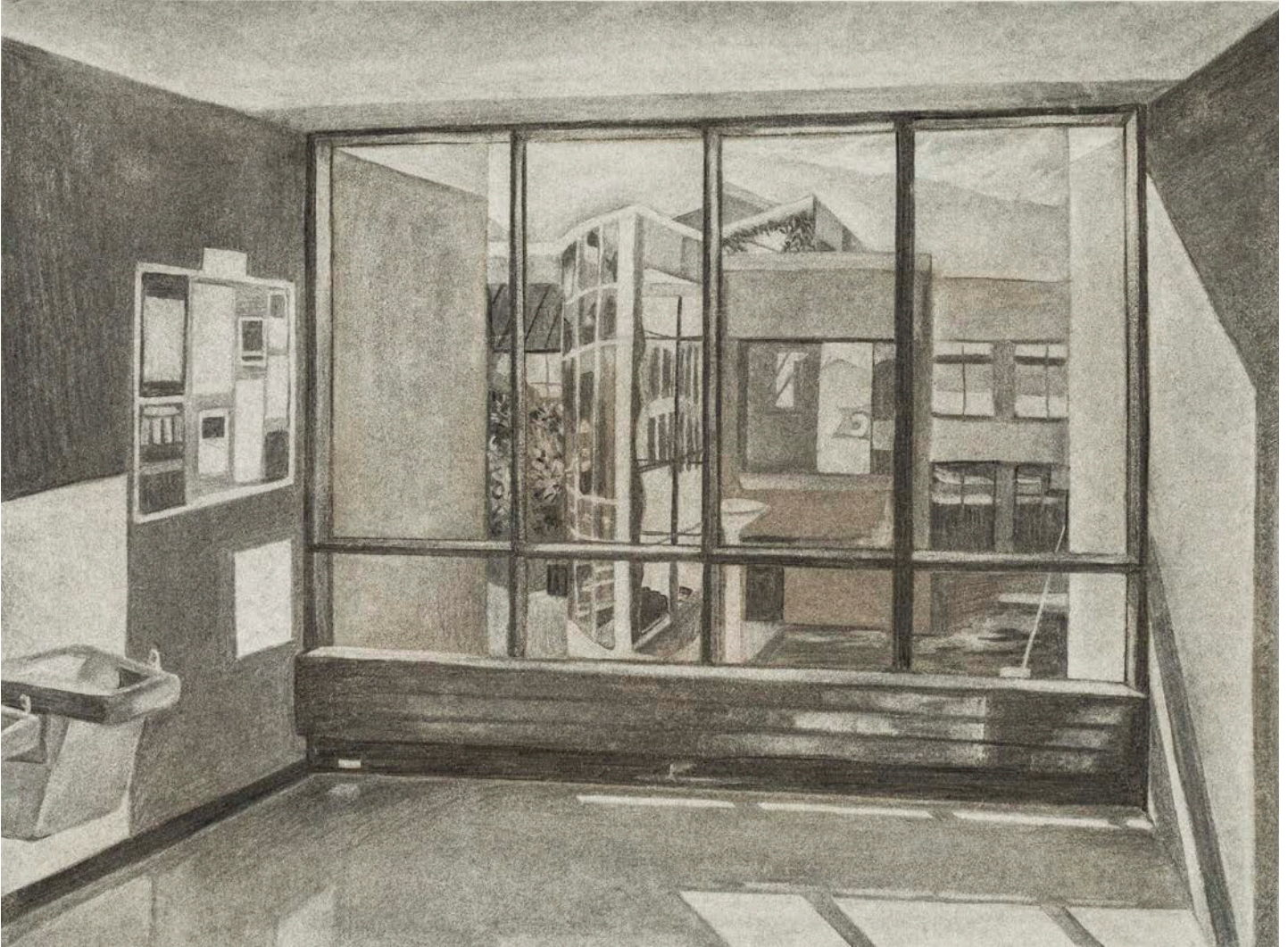
Ana Maric

Leaves are whispering
the clouds gathered many secrets
the sky starts to cry



Plaid is in Fashion

Grace Schiltz
Gouache
12.5" x 11"



Harper Hallway

Maria Vorobets
Charcoal
18" x 24"

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