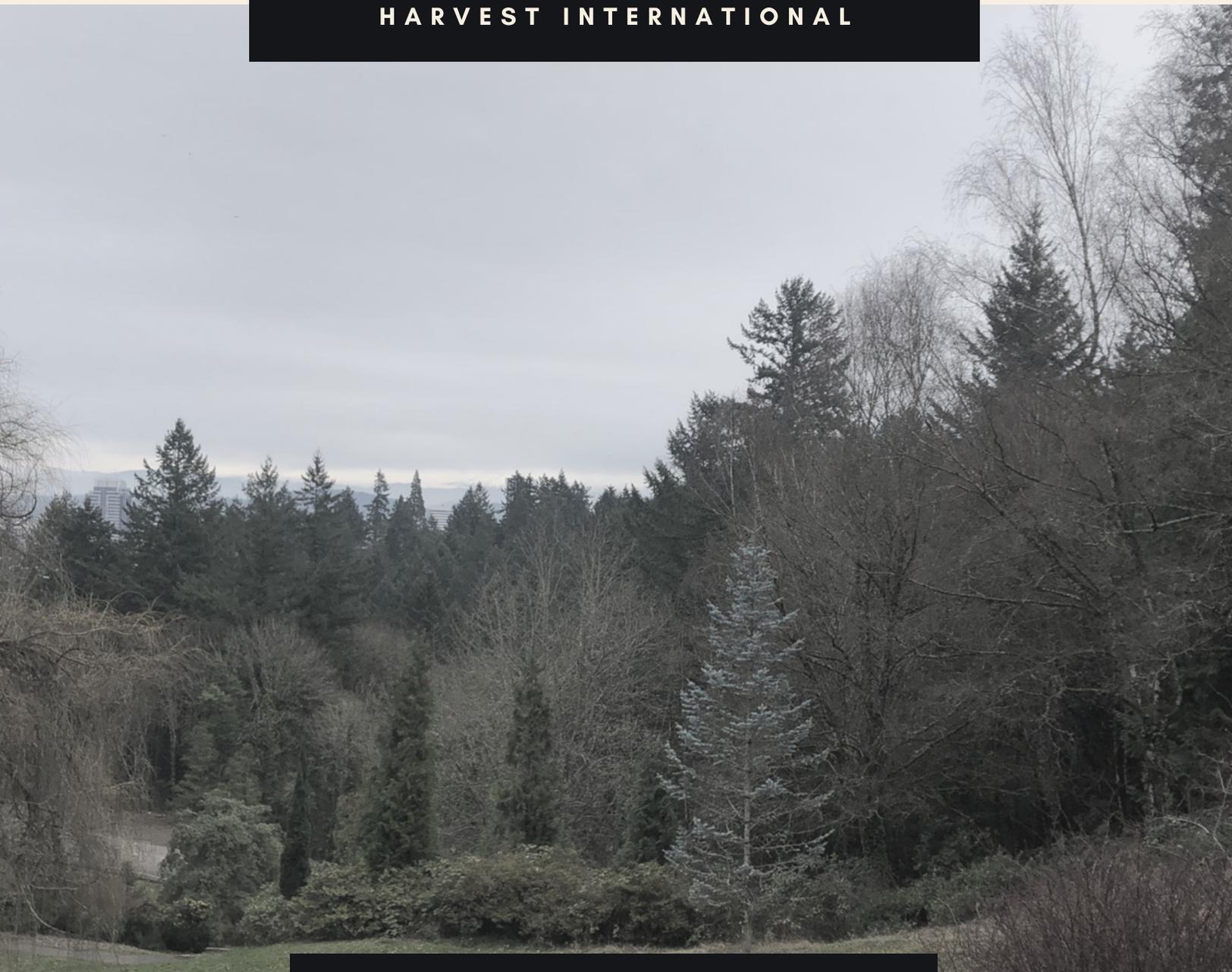


OCTOBER 31ST, 2020

HALLOWZINE

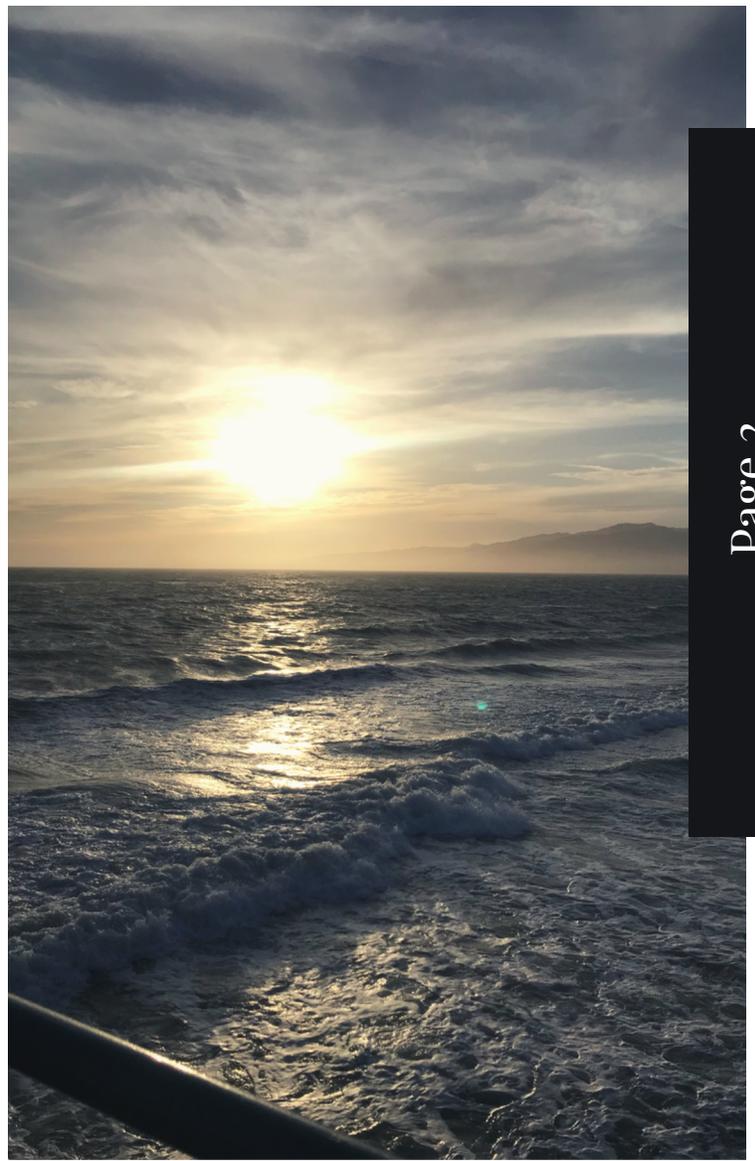
HARVEST INTERNATIONAL



FALL 2020

TABLE OF CONTENTS

02	A Smile Like the Sun
03	If I Could Forget
04	The Beauty of Autumn
05	Cetaceans: Whale I'm Anxious
07	Dos Poemas
08	Newport Beach
09	Flip
10	Alive in the Deep Sea
11	Tracing Time
12	Blue
13	Polaroids
14	I'm not sure if you noticed but I wasn't in class yesterday, could I borrow your notes?
15	Wisdom Flies on Wings
16	Time
17	Warm Breath and Cold Hands
18	Full Moon Rising
19	Editorial Team



PHOTOS BY GISELLE GRADILLA

A SMILE LIKE THE SUN

SKYLA SANTACRUZ

They smile like the sun.
And their scent? That of the ocean and its misty crashing waves.
Their hair? A waterfall that cascades into the softest curls that gently touch their face.
And their freckles? That of a galaxy connecting into the smallest constellation.
They're beautiful in ways I never thought someone could be.

IF I COULD FORGET

BRIANNA CORREA

Don't touch me, we are no longer one.
A unit divided amongst pocket universes.
You insist you say goodbye,
But our string had snapped long ago.

Nothing to Nothing, Something from within
Is no longer held beneath.
These passion born fires have violent ends.

My tongue is coated in venom,
But I don't stand before a foe.
No, you are a stranger now.
You are cold winds against my ears.
Burning, but gone before I can curse you

If I could forget you, I'd live but another day.
But that silk has been dyed with the depth of our fallout.
The clouds hang over, beckoning my call,
But I'm all awash in tears and ash.



PHOTOS BY: AMY GUERRERO

THE BEAUTY OF AUTUMN

Smells of cinnamon, pumpkin, and other spices.
Beautiful red-and-yellow leaves falling down
To the soft grassy or hard concrete ground,
Always fun to jump in when sorted in a pile.
Taking a sip of a latte or some tea
Against the cold wind.
Munching on cinammon rolls or cookies,
Or candy as the ghosts and goblins
Haunt the special night of tricks with treats.
And then a lovely feast for a day of thanks
While the glowing Sun and bright Moon
Bring life and beauty to the Day and Night
And shine the world with such colorful sights,
The simple beauty and warmth of Autumn.

KARLA AMAYA

PHOTO BY: VASTI G.

CETACEANS: WHALE I'M ANXIOUS

BRIANNA CORREA

The sound is blaring and I can't see past the floaters in my eyes. I can't feel anything past the pulse in my skin, my breath is ragged and my feet are gone. All that I can smell is musty IPAs, or is that Corona, or Modelo? Is that even beer? Could be vomit I suppose, but definitely a smell. Faces, faces and more faces backing me into corners. Some of them out of my sight, so all I see is squared shoulders, hands attempting to balance, and faces. Blank stupefied faces of people who smell like IPA-Corona-Modelo-Vomit. And now they are touching me. My logical precise mind knows it is an accident, people are drunk and not coordinated. They are not here to harm you and they mean well. You mean well and you would lend a hand.

But I am not her. I am me, and I want to scream at each touch, smell, acidic taste, and maybe my heart will give out before this beat will. If another sweat slick hand touches my shoulder or lower back, I might join in with the vomit smell. All I need to do is hand the wine bottle in my hand to the host and leave. I promised my boyfriend I could do this alone. I will do this alone. Why do people's hands have to be so moist? Is it hot in here, are they covered in vomit, are they wet from alcohol, are they wet from touching each other, are they wet with unknown liquids that now are blending with my own sweat, how much bacteria does that add to my bacteria? And I'm going to have to scrub brush before I go back to our apartment, but I haven't bought a new brush in months, will I have to use the car scrubber in the garage?



There! I am now a swimmer in an Olympic pool. I don't feel the moist hands, vomit, or taste the air. The sound is gone and I am flying through the crowd. Did I bump someone? I'm not sure, but I'm almost done. This will be perfect, everyone will be so proud. My therapist might even comment that I'm making good progress. They all will be proud and alert! Someone is talking to my boss, my host, someone is talking to them and they are touching my boss's forearm and they are laughing, and I can't do this now. I can't go there. They will notice I'm slicked in sweat and sweaty bacteria from everyone around me. But everyone will be so disappointed in me, they are going to hate me, they will tell me they should have gone with me and that it is their fault. But it isn't anyone's fault, and why does it have to be? When I really just don't like bacteria, who does? Who is out here swapping germs on purpose? Who can't understand how disgusting everything is? I'm stopped in this impromptu walk way, and I should leave. I should walk back to the door. But the door is at least a 5 mile walk of anxiety, and my feet are glued to the ugly mustard carpet that has that texture of stuffed animals that have been held in a preschool and won't ever be washed, and eventually end up in the trash, then the dump, then in trash island, which why doesn't anyone ever mention that, the trash just living in our oceans, why are people so distracted? I guess I am too but at least I have my reasons. What about everyone else, aren't they just as worried- something has touched me.

"I'm so glad you made it, is that for me?" I stare back at my boss, hair always so even, grey suit pressed and matched with some sea glass variant of blue, and a big even smile. "The wine is for the host, you are the host, so yes, it is for you, I didn't know if you liked wine, but my boyfriend said this one is nice." She nodded politely with a giggle, and grabbed the bottle from my sweaty grip. I bet I stained the paper, I bet it has my prints, I bet the bottle was wet and stinks, I have my bacteria all over the bottle that she will drink and maybe even more stuff that I don't even know. What a terrible idea, coming, bringing my sweaty bottle of dyed ethanol and handing it to my boss covered in filthy party hands.

"Jenny, you look really tired, must be that project holding you up, why don't you take the back way to head on out?" I breathe in, ground yourself, I beg, 'Cetaceans divide into Odontoceti and Mysticeti, Odo for teeth and Mysticetis have baleen.' I felt the words in my mind, like stones on a beach. I felt a wave wash over me and I was back, but it seemed as though the room had slowed, stuck onto an agar pillow.

"Ah, thank you Melissa, I think I might slip out, I'll see you on Monday," And before more could be said, I slipped out the back door, and replaced my earbuds in. The sounds of whales filled my ears, and I grinned. Everyone would be thrilled to hear I actually did it!

DOS POEMAS

ROBERT ROIS



Motociclista costeño

Por la litoral carretera
cañadas fingen sosiego
mezclando salitre y arena.

En moto, con un sordo ruido,
aire taladra los oídos
en su fuerte soplo vacío.

Me entretienen los olores
de la mariguana encendida
para eliminar sinsabores.

A más allá de setenta,
entre esperanza y la nada,
la velocidad es lenta.

¡Moto con hule por rueda!
Soy peatón sin acera.
Aguardo el destino que vuela
Y el viento me hunde la vela.

Estudiante graduado visto por fuera

¿Qué indecisión tendrá el pobre
que viene aquí a trasnochar
entre libros y telarañas?

Anda en la calle de día
y sueña contra el fracaso
pensando en las musarañas.

Plumas nuevas y lentes viejos...
¿Será sabio, reo o holgazán
el duende de sus entrañas.

Es solitario el forastero.
Parece ser galán sin novia
el joven de largas pestañas.

NEWPORT BEACH

REBECCA MACLEAN

I was called a dyke
while walking across the street
In my hometown

It took me 27 years to see that
Sexuality is a spectrum
Gender is fluid
And I love myself

To the female in the car,
I don't want to be another Becky
With long blonde hair in the orange bubble
For I was born in this city of hate
This city of Trump supporters
This white city of apathy

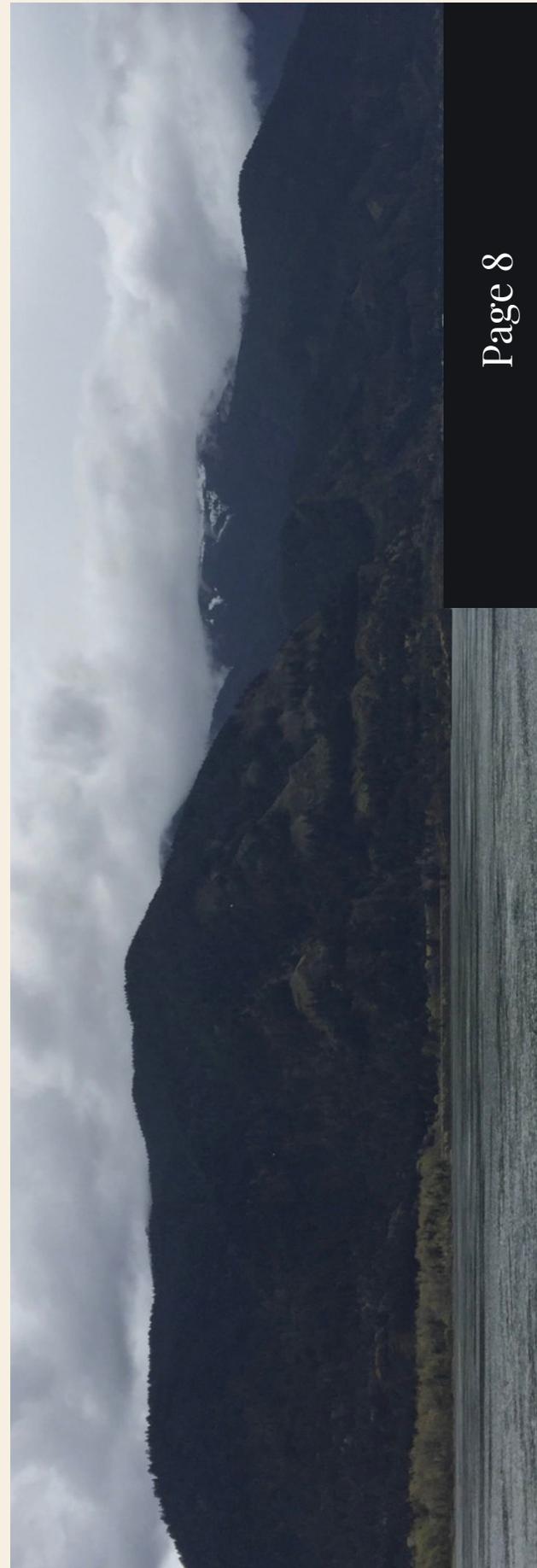
To the woman in the car,
Stay in your car

So, I can be the dyke if
That holds back the sea of hate
That keeps the words from landing
Somewhere they would do damage

I will stretch my arms wider
Wear my baggy clothes
And reclaim my city
Face the car with my middle finger
And let them wonder where it's been

Let me walk with the nerds
And drug addicts
The people who are scorned
The Naruto runners
The rainbow knee socks
The tails and ears
The fanfics

For I am drowning in plastic



FLIP

REBECCA MACLEAN



PHOTO BY ROSIE GUERRERO

Poetry is a Rubik's cube to solve
The algorithm has rules
Capitalize proper nouns
Left, left, up, right turn
Use punctuation.

A fixed number of messes
Nothing unexpected
Habitual
Compulsive
Sit at work eight hours a week
Sit in class for six
Write for two
Take the 57 South to the 5 South
To the 55 South to the 405 North
Break the rules for emphasis
Put the cube back on the dresser
Pick it up again and mess it up

Poetry is a mystery.
The letters are shy,
I take my glasses off to write.
Ignore the red squiggles
A spout of words that must flow
Will I know what it means
Will I look at it again?
My fingers chase the shadow of words
My ears listen to the letter drop onto the page
Some words splatter
Some bounce
Pull it back apart
See what's inside
All I really ever do is watch.

ALIVE IN THE DEEP SEA

I lived in Black water once.
It is not as barren as they say it is.
Creatures without Latin names,
They thought I was strange.

They are the Nightmare's.
Horrified, I couldn't look away
There was no need for eyes!

I learned them all
Spinning cycles of routine,
But They already knew me
Swirling maliciously amid my feet.

They whispered, "watch me."
Moving sharp scales across my limbs,
Salt burned and decomposing.
They never fully consumed me though.

Soon my skin was peeling away in layers
Sunken eyes and loss of flesh.
In the Darkness, I couldn't look away!

Evelyn Peña



TRACING TIME DES A.

How do we grasp time?
The longest climb

Only progression
No regression

Only seen through the wrinkles we wear
The weight of our walk
The sliver in her hair
A reminder of life
Children elsewhere

Unexpected
Yet expected

Only seen through rising moons and setting suns
Forever doomed
Yet so soon
A reminder of life
Dashing blues

Infinite
Yet finite

Only seen through memories of light
Laughter so divine
Slow fading eyesight
A reminder of life
Setting sunshine

A walk through her lifetime
Traces of her in my
climb

BLUE

REBECCA MACLEAN

You looked so smug with your lips
wrapped around that brand-new e-cigarette.
Like a melon-berry twist scented badass.
I wish we had gone outside,

where the cars splash water from
The broken sprinkler. Outside,

where I hope the snails are
going somewhere real important
Somewhere that's worth it. Outside,

Where I pull you away from the
brown blades of grass that have
worked too damn hard to push their way
through the cracks in the sidewalk.

They say that when it rains,
all the trash makes its way
down to the ocean.
I wonder if our love floated down the gutter.

I wish we had gone outside-
where your hands finally steady
as they light your cigarette.

Where I swear, I can hear the disapproving tisk
of my mother every time you flick ash
from that slow burn between your fingers.

For a moment, I thought about telling you
that me being here is a mistake.

Instead-I sit next to your sticky chest,
watch the fluorescent red light
on your plastic dose of nicotine,
and try not to breathe.



PHOTO BY: EMILY OLMEDO

POLAROIDS

BLANCA ROJAS

Bell rings. Better be off your seat and out the door.
Bell rings. Everyone runs. Straight to the lunch line.
Bell rings. Friends already holding places in line. Bell rings. Guys sweet-talking girls to get 'cuts.' They settle for 'back cuts.'

Front of the line; faster you get your food. Faster you get your food; the quicker you eat. Now, you've got time. Time to make out behind the bleachers. Time to hang out with friends.

Bell rings! Bell rings!! Bell rings!!! But, I'm talking to Mr. Anderson about my grade. I don't make it. Not even close.

It was a day like this that I met you...

There you are. Fifth in line. Wearing dark grey khakis, bleached white T-shirt, and tennis shoes. Hair, sleek and smooth.

I walk by too close. Hair strands stroke your face. You touch my arm. I feel embarrassed. I start to walk away. But, you just smile and let me 'cut' the line.

Bell rings. Time for lunch. And, there you are. Hair, sleek and smooth. You let me cut the lunch line again. I stand in front of you and smile. You touch the tips of my hair and smile back. You give me 'cuts' the rest of the week. Maybe it means you like me.

Next week, bell rings. You're not in the lunch line. Maybe he's sick. Bell rings. You're not in the lunch line. Maybe he ditched school. Bell rings. You're not in the lunch line. Maybe he got suspended.

Bell rings. You're not in the lunch line. No dark grey khakis. No bleached white T-shirt. No tennis shoes. No hair, sleek and smooth.

I wonder about you.

Another week passes, bell rings. I rush and get close to the front of the lunch line. I eat quickly. More time. Going to hang out with friends near the bleachers. The girls are already there checking out the guys. Patty's at it again with those tweezers. She thinks I'll look prettier if I just let her do my eyebrows. I put my hands to my face and shake my head. My friends just laugh.

Some girls come by. One of them passes around some polaroids. And, there you are... Polaroids of you. Dark grey khaki pants.

Polaroids of you. Bleached white T-shirt.

Polaroids of you. Tennis shoes. Polaroids of you. Hair, sleek and smooth.

But, you're not standing in the lunch line. You're laying inside of a coffin.

Polaroids of you. No more smiles.

A couple of girls start to cry. A pain grows at the pit of my stomach. I stare at your Polaroids. One girl gets angry because she thinks I want to keep them. I take one last look and let you go.

Bell rings. Now, you're resting in peace, and I'm at the back of the lunch line trying to make sense of it all.

I'M NOT SURE IF YOU NOTICED
BUT I WASN'T IN CLASS YESTERDAY,
COULD I BORROW YOUR NOTES?

FRANCISCO AMARO

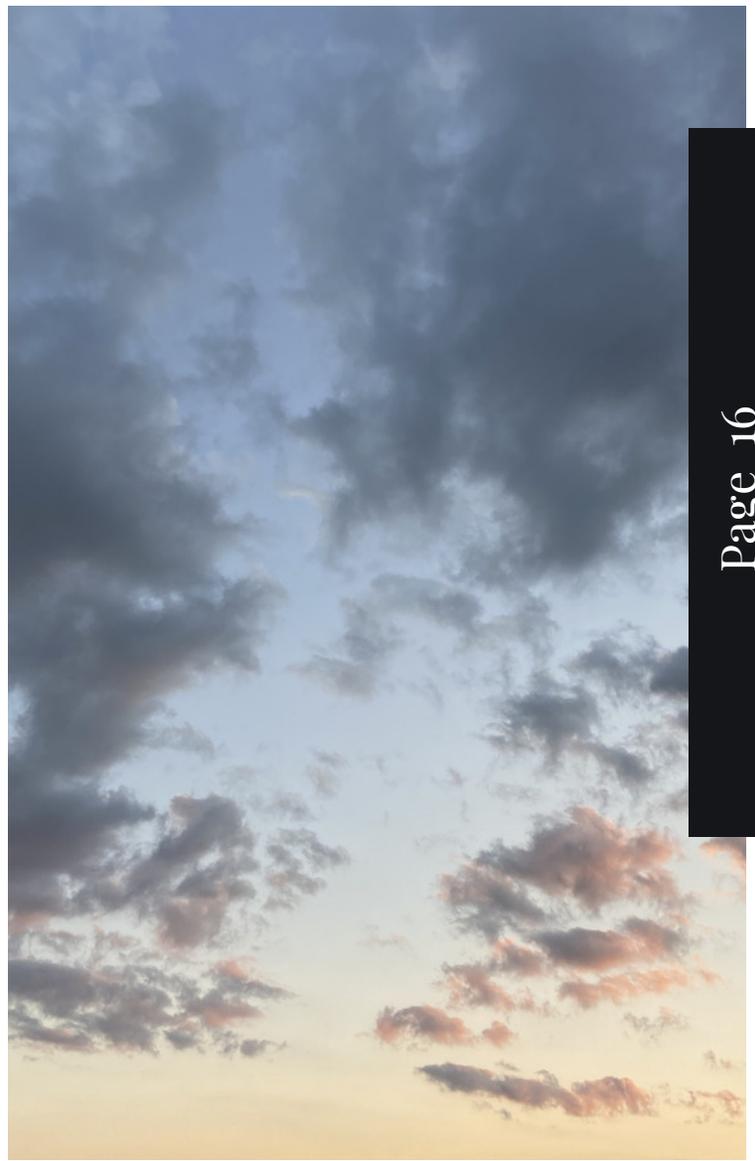


Es algo como un recuerdo,
cae de las nubes que sostienen tu cielo.
Debajo de tu almohada viven
mis sueños.
Quiero ser la lluvia
que se hunda en tu piel.
Soy como una abeja
y tu dulce, como miel.
Nuestros ojos susurran secretos
cuando se entrelazan-
que solo nuestras almas
pueden comprender.

PHOTO BY: VASTI G.

WISDOM FLIES ON WINGS

It comes in passing
Above us
Upon the ground we may not see them
We may not hear their messages
The words of warning and advice
Go unheeded
Carried off by winds
Much louder than their whispering voices
I tilt my gaze to the sky
Watching their words fly by
I wonder how long they have been singing
Who had heard their songs?
Did they hear them in time?
Or was the last note they heard one of melancholy
Of dreams untapped and unrealized
The chains that bind us down from joining them in
their flight
Keep us from their songs
They are the ones we put on ourselves
But the shackles have been loosened
Wings freed and flowing
I join their chorus of wisdom
And hope others may finally hear our song



PHOTOS BY: BRENDA CERVANTES

TIME

Always behind, I long to travel to a place,
Where time was still,
Because here time is unforgiving.
Time makes me uneasy,
Time is only for the living.

SKYLA SANTACRUZ



WARM
BREATH AND
COLD HANDS

With warm breath and cold hands,
You were the sun, truthfully!
All
mine at last—
Until I was freed from your grasp.

Once
close, we are now apart—
With Delight you pierce my heart.
For I was blind,
To let this relationship start.

SKYLA SANTACRUZ

FULL MOON RISING



My hope is not all gone.
Although I cannot bind
The trust that is undone
When faith deserts the mind,

The soul I seek to find
Is no heraldic elf,
Mysterious and unkind,
Existing by itself;

It is another self.
This guest who waits beyond
Our mortal, earthly turf
Shines bright, and draws, full
round,

A strong maternal bond.

ROBERT ROIS

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