



**BEYOND
THE
MARGINS**

Harvest International

foreword

This zine is brought to you by the team behind the scenes.

We have cultivated pieces that we believe encapsulate what it means to go “Beyond the Margins.” Going past the edges of the page to take you, the reader, into the minds of the Harvest International team.

We hope you enjoy.

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HARVEST
INTERNATIONAL

Move-in Date

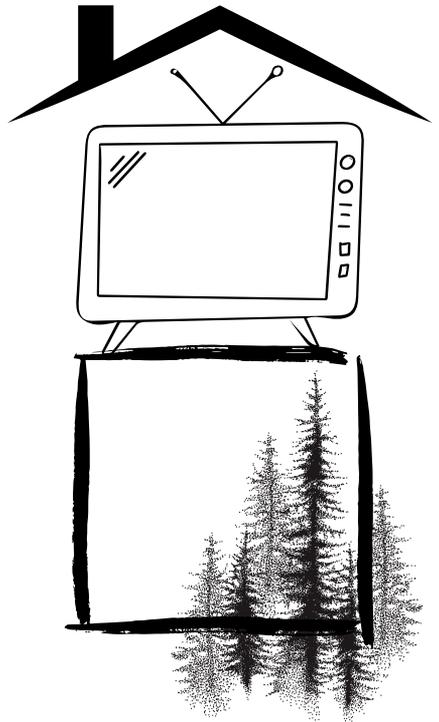
I've continued
Ripping days out of the walls
Trying to make them into weeks
I spend too much time
Floating with ducks in the trees
in a sticky haze

I've continued
Packing up these weeks in bows
Putting them next to dead words
Leasing new emotions
Every step out a memory fades

I've continued
Shoving months into boxes
Drowning in unopened space
The tv won't complain
about the clutter anymore

Relocating mugs of love
Relocating zip codes
and kind words
When the day ends
I just wanna make you
my home

– Denisse Jimenez



Her life was filled with joy,
9 beautiful children,
and 18 gorgeous grandchildren
Her husband passed years ago,
but she never let it get in her way

She stood by her children
and when she got sick,
her children stood by her
And when things got tough,
she believed everyone was against her

Her life grew bitter,
fights with her sons,
arguments with her daughters
Taking a toll on the person she was,
is

Days ending with tears,
heartbroken by the people around her
She often wished for death as an escape
from the agony

She never truly realized how much she was valued
Her life was akin to her favorite yellow carnations,
yet she ripped up photos from her youth,
never seeing her true grace

Now, in old age,
she views the wrinkles on her face
not as a trail of the paths taken,
but rather opportunities lost

And when she reunites with her husband
I wonder if she will even tell him about me
About my laughs, my tears,
And about the times I made her cry

– Emily Ramirez Rodriguez



semilla, mi corazon



entierro mis dedos en la tierra
húmedo caliente tierno
entre gusanos
y semillas
buscando su alma

recojo en mis manos de lo qué está hecho la vida

recojo mi corazón
enredado con raíces que no terminan

y le ofrezco mis huesos
aunque estén quebrados

quiero renacer

quiero renacer

quiero renacer

– Sophia Ramirez



Memories

I'm filled with immense sadness
sadness that I feel so deep
So deep that I cannot express
Express to anyone knowing I sound crazy
Crazy enough to believe it could be real
Real enough to know it will never be
Never be enough for anyone to stay
Stay is all I want from you
You won't and I know it
It's only a matter of when
When you'll leave
Leave me open and empty
Empty of all the love I gave you
You don't want it
It will stay there till I can't hold it in
In my head you'll stay
Stay taking up space
Space you don't deserve but you have anyway
Anyway, thanks for the memories
Memories that fill me with immense sadness

– Alyssa Borja



ascendiendo respetuosamente, luego un alto repentino, hacia la inestabilidad

siempre me preparo
y aprieto mis puños
y cierro mis ojos con fuerza,
pero me encanta su precisión
y atención.
hay cierta devoción
y ternura
en peinarme
después de pedírselo con humildad.
(incluso a mi edad...) (creo que
siempre lo pediré así...)

sabe exactamente cómo:
ponerme nerviosa,
hacerme enojar,
cortar mis frutas favoritas,
hacerme reír.
pero rara la vez que me entiendes.
parece que nunca logro conectar
contigo
en ningún idioma,
con ningún gesto.
¿cómo es posible ser tan
dolorosamente parecidos
y tan diferentes y tan distantes?

te extraño cada día,
incluso cuando se me olvida.
se me ahogan las lágrimas,
no importa cuánto tiempo haya
pasado,
cuando pienso en usted
o cuando le hablo a su foto.
(sí, esa que odias porque querías
enseñar piel.)
((me pregunto si de ahí sacamos
nuestro humor y personalidad.))

prometo que ahora puedo hablar
mucho mejor.
tenemos tanto de qué ponernos al
día.
como siempre.
pronto...

te odio.
no tengo ni idea quién eres.
ni siquiera puedo fingir curiosidad
para preguntarme cómo eras
de niña,
de veinteañera,
como algo más que la maldad
podrida que eres.
hubo una época en que pensé que
estabas muerta,
y ojalá todavía lo creyera.
ojalá fuera cierto.
hubo una época en que odiaba
mirarme al espejo.
quería desgarrarme la piel
para borrar cualquier rastro de ti,
cualquier semblante.

~~todavía no te conozco.
ni siquiera sé si alguna vez lo
haré...
pero te quiero muchísimo.
me recuerdas a la niña de cuatro
años.
creo que eres preciosa y perfecta,
y lo haré mucho mejor.~~

– valerie laguna

CIVIL BYSTANDER

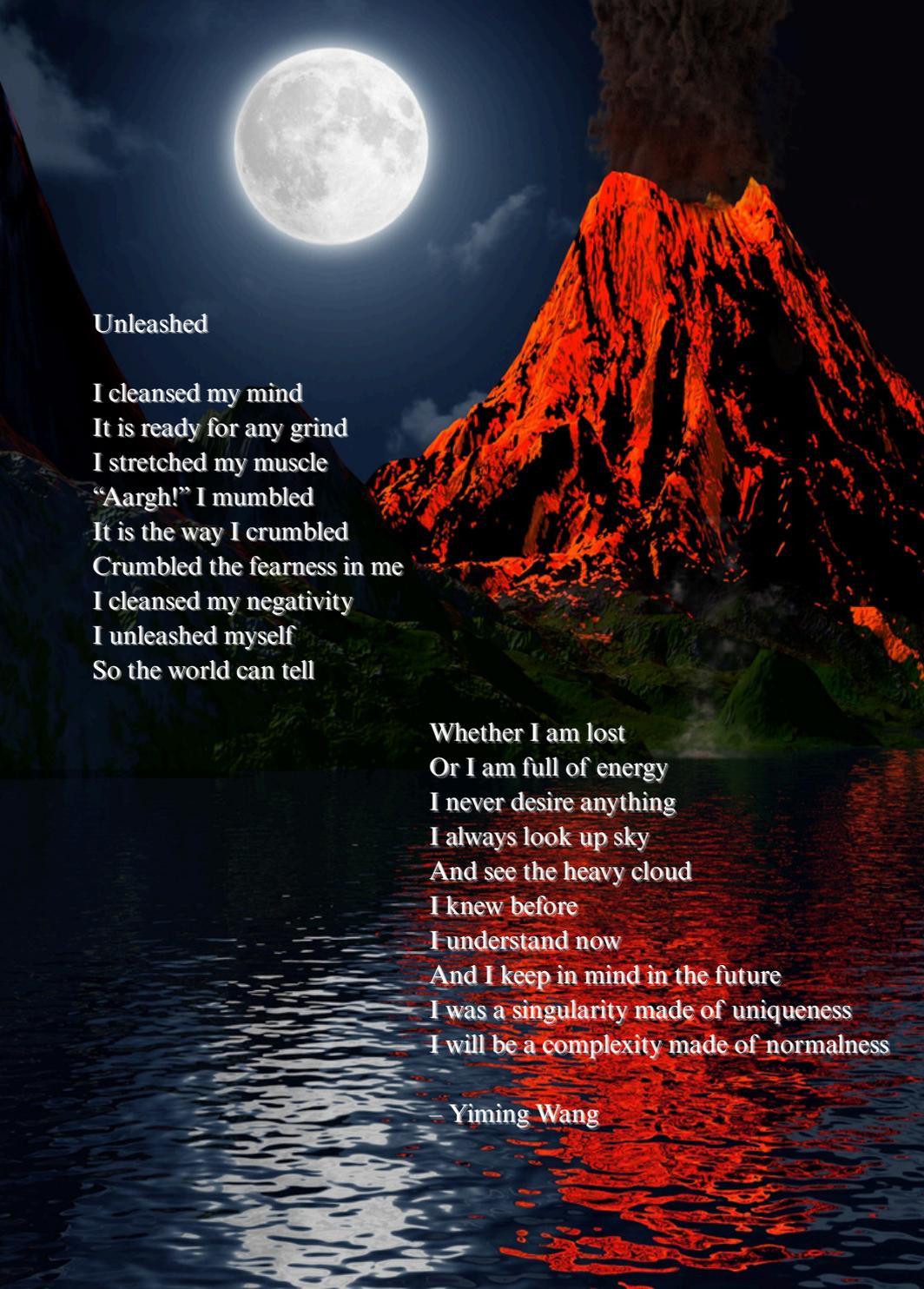
You ever wonder what it's like?
What do you mean?
You know, to be someone?
Well- I think everyone is somebody's someone.
No but like, to BE that person- for everyone...
That's a tall order friend.

Yo, everyday that's passin' by brings teardrops to my eyes
I would lie if I said there wasn't weight upon my shoulders;
Waited for this moment now I stomach this escape
This is why we call it "Faith"
The greatest that ever made it they never
Hesitated, I'm a civil bystander; how could I be elated?
Call it blue pill; the ignorance is bliss
The red pill gon' make me part take in none of this

The irony is-that it should
Should've would've could've
But colluded; takin' parts; mr tin man's heart
Is so cold
I'm feelin' so old
Wishin' that I never made the wish to be a grown-up; but "so what?"
Is what they tell me now, and what is allowed is to watch this hero-villain fight
Play out in this equation; theatre- despite my efforts
Gotta know a higher power handles the art
Button restart
It's cathar-
Tic

Yea, that's why they say I am
Livin' in a bubble; I pop it and bop it
Selfish foolish man
Self-diagnosis; man it's "hopeless"
Step into the world; show you "hope is"
Waitin' 'round the corner; like a Macy brick and mortar
Circuit City in my head; a Mervyn's online order
Rest in peace, say it "capeesh"
Just some food for thought;
Take it with a grain of rice, at least

- KEVIN SANTOS



Unleashed

I cleansed my mind
It is ready for any grind
I stretched my muscle
“Aargh!” I mumbled
It is the way I crumbled
Crumbled the fearness in me
I cleansed my negativity
I unleashed myself
So the world can tell

Whether I am lost
Or I am full of energy
I never desire anything
I always look up sky
And see the heavy cloud
I knew before
I understand now
And I keep in mind in the future
I was a singularity made of uniqueness
I will be a complexity made of normalness

— Yiming Wang

Floss

At the strip mall, I'm out of breath;
Her work is always intoxicating.
So I mindlessly check into heaven,
as I'm ready for the biannual occasion.

She's there, receiving her clients,
and following her in, I take a whiff
and start sneaking some glances,
but, wait a second, who is this?

Slim Jim, he's tall and cute, but still just a whore.
Well, I'll accept the assistance from his side chair.

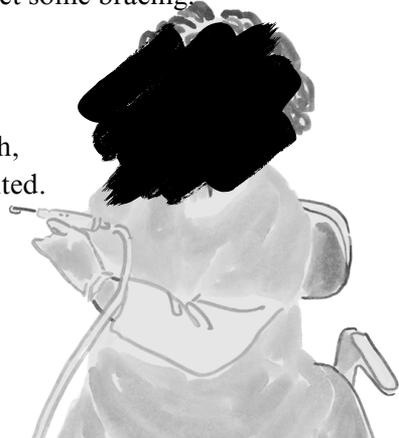
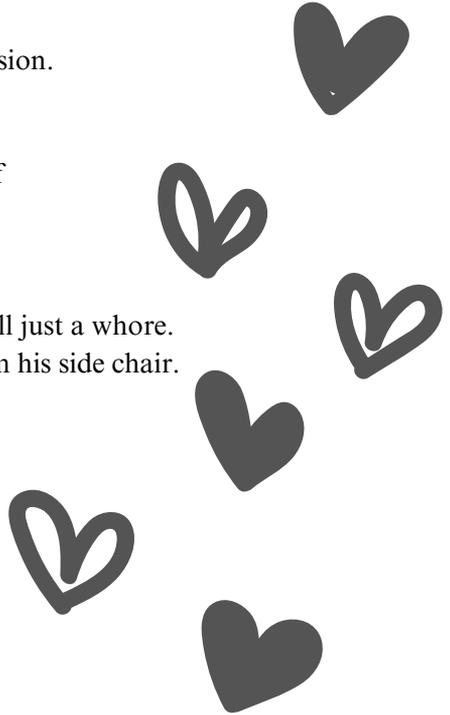
He sets up the sensors,
while I'm biting down hard,
and she's scrutinizing if
there's cavities to be cleared.

The snapshots are pristine,
I'm the best she's ever had,
but that wasn't a surprise
given the records in her hands.

They laid me down, dressing me up like their plaything.
This feeling is euphoric, maybe I should get some bracing.

She pulls a tray over with her tools,
but never starting with my favorite toy.
I'm a tease, so first it's a polish and a wash,
getting my teeth sterile, ready to be exploited.

All ten of her fingers grabbing
me, God, I think I want to ____.
Cuck, he's off to the side, attentive,
only ever telling me to "suck."



This light is blinding, I only feel their passionate touch,
but I spotted it, the tiny sickle meant to cleanse the sludge.

She starts poking around into holes
where gum should be, it's orgasmic,
scraping off all the disgusting gunk,
performing her oral surgeon magic.

I can't tell if it's the pleasure or the pain
making me squirm, giving me internal knots.
I feel like I'm dying. But I think I need more,
until she spots my mistake, asking "Do you floss?"

Floss? Floss. I've forgotten to floss. I'm so fucking stupid.
I let her down, my angel in disguise, our relationship polluted.

It's so hot, I can't indulge anymore.
My mind's blank, I think I'm choking.
I'm shooting blanks, how embarrassing,
while they finish up and fix my coating.

She gets up, collecting herself,
leaving me alone with her servant.
He's wiping me clean, orienting me,
telling me I can spit out the detergent.

I'm rinsing myself out, watching as my blood stains the sink.
The signs of her heavenly work, wounds that brand me a deviant.

I feel vulnerable, broken, while I pay for her service.
A goodie bag to go like I'm only good for my teeth.
"I'll see you again next year," while she let a smirk surface.
I've been seen. We're full of shame, our cravings hidden beneath.





Voicemail

Hey, I wanted to call you and tell you that I miss you. I hope you are well and everything is great. Despite the fact that we are no longer on speaking terms all I've ever wished for you was the best. It's hard to accept this silence from you and maybe it's been good for you but I've never been one to like the silence. The only thing I have to remember you by are the memories and photos. You always cross my mind, especially when Christmas and Thanksgiving come around. It's been different these past two years. And I feel like the older I get the less I want to celebrate; I don't see the point. I wish things could go back to how it was when I was younger. I wish things were different, but they aren't and I can't help but feel cheated and robbed. Anyways I know you're pretty busy so I won't keep you up, so just call me back when you can.

– Abigail Luna Cruz



“Good Night, Sweet Prince”

Sweet honey—sour love
My soul could never have enough –
Breath drawn—eyes closed
Envelopes ready with every fold

The last words I said that night –
Were like a bee choosing flight
Contemplation of possible isolation –
But instead, I chose impassioned remonstrance

A series of flashing lights in green –
Messages sent but feeling less seen
This hatred I have come to suppress—
Solace will come only when I confess

Lamp light left on –
For it was my hand that did
And he never turned it off –
But placing a hand on my ribs



My sweet prince—at night’s end
I’ve come to make such simple amends
I place a goodnight—gently on your ear
Hasty I was to entertain such fears!

– David Artiga



Sun King

The sun is king here
with no equal in the sky.

He screams at my skin
and my skin starts to cry.

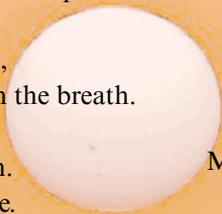
My head looks to the heavens
for any sort of salvation,

met with no rain, no drop,
no spot of salivation.

So I course through the land,
my foot slipping each step.

My feet coarse on the sand,
and body hoarse on the breath.

The sun screams at my skin.
My skin turns to fire.



My clothes ocean wet
and my mouth never drier.

My vessel starts to redden
as I journey the dunes,

and meet voices in my head
as I pray to the moon.

I beg to save me from this death,
o to not see my maker soon.

But the sun is king here
and there is no equal in his sky.

And the sun is king here
and in his dirt here shall I lie.

– Christian Devila

recognition

The Harvest International team would like to recognize Dr. Kraemer for orchestrating a fresh group of students to produce honest work to the best of their ability, Maria Rodriguez for helping us with order management, Gabrielle for her hard work at Bronco Copy'n Mail,

and to you, the reader.



harvest international

Enroll in the course for Fall '25!

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