

# As the Flowers Bloom

Harvest International

Spring 2025

# Foreword

Thank you so much to everyone who submitted their work. We appreciate your time and openness to share your creativity.

In this zine, we wanted to spotlight students' interpretations of the delicate time that is Spring. As the flowers bloom at the beginning of the season, so do our hearts. However, in late Spring, we find ourselves on the other side, among death, decay, and memories of what once was.

From the Harvest International team:

Sophia  
Pamirez



LTW

David  
V. Ortega

Anigail Cruz

Danielle Jimenez

Alyssa  
Borja

Yiming W.



Kenneth

Valeria Laguna

---

Don't forget to water your flowers

Don't forget.

Don't forget to water your flowers.

You didn't forget to turn in your assignment,  
You didn't forget to wake up and get to work on time,  
You didn't forget to pick up that breakfast order for the meeting.  
You didn't forget.

You didn't forget to submit the project,  
You didn't forget to follow up with anyone,  
You didn't forget to attend that meeting that could have been an email.  
Don't forget.

Don't forget to eat,  
Don't forget to get enough sleep,  
Don't forget to call your best friend and plan dinner.

Don't forget.

Sometimes we forget to turn the straightener off,  
Sometimes we forget to move the laundry,  
Sometimes we forget to unload the dishwasher,  
It's okay, you forgot.

But don't forget to water your flowers:  
Don't forget to do the things that bring you joy.  
Don't forget to do the things that make you happy.  
Don't forget that we can do things we want to do too.

Don't forget.



—Alyssa Hidalgo

---



## I Left the Garden of Eden

I left the Garden of Eden

Trading Dawn's beaming glow for a smoggy hazed sky  
Where hillsides used fog to hide from Sun's blazing eyes

Deep into earth, trees' roots firmly planted

But their lush canopies never branched farther than where demanded

I saw bridges grasp Ocean's floor -

Standing firm -

As Eden crashed her rigid waves with full ardor

I fantasized entering a dream darker

Than the asphalt where I now reside

But reminded I'm still alive

When I wake to roaring roads during late hours of twilight

How does a place shape a soul?

Does Hell's or Heaven's glory define a person whole?

Is it wrong to joyfully dance along cemented streams

And dread my return to the Cypress Evergreen?

Did Persephone love the dead underground or the blossoms of the living?

Could she recognize beauty in both turmoil and grace,

And rule as Queen, never feeling misplaced?

Wandering through metallic thickets,

I'm greeted by untamed twisting forests

That continue growing through

Arduous barbarous gratings

Refusing to bow to its oppressive subjugation.

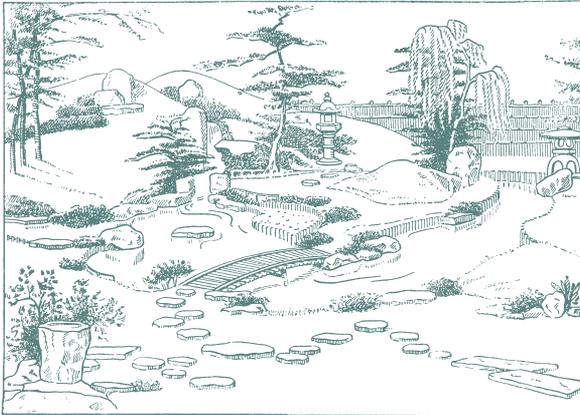




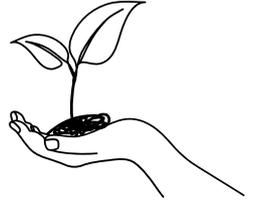
I recite the Garden's sweet lullabies of delicious honey  
Her voice ringing in my ears  
Now I hear the melodies of songbirds  
As they soar and sing fiery rejoices,  
Never recanting.

I fear the Garden's disappointment with my adventurous volitions.  
Has my expanded discovery of  
Imperfect place and fractured being  
Ignited a resentful jealousy  
That will never find forgiving?  
Will I find solace embracing both cities  
Or lose myself loving both equally?

-Azy



## the Seed



the Seed came from alien lands  
to plow itself into welcoming soil  
under aligning stars of the nightly Blue

the Seed came across a land with tallest trees  
dense Redwoods lumbering in the sun  
but before the Seed could plow itself into the soil  
the Redwoods ushered  
little seed do not plow yourself into our ground  
your stem will grow high and mighty  
and steal the sun from over our heads  
You do not belong here.

the Seed came across a field of snow blankets  
Poppies prospering in the midst of spring  
But before the Seed could plow itself into the  
soil the Poppies shouted  
devil seed do not plow yourself into our ground  
your pollen will infest our pure soils  
and attract malice among our field  
You do not belong here.



the Seed came across the ocean  
simmering Seaweed sunning in the clash of blue  
waves  
But before the Seed could plow itself into the soil  
The Seaweed murmured  
greedy seed do not plow yourself by our shore  
your roots will grow from under our feet  
and drain the ocean of its nourishing waters  
You do not belong here.

Discouraged, the Seed found itself in a wasteland  
deprived of the dream once echoed around the  
world,  
Away from their gates keeping them separated  
from us  
the seed plowed itself into the sand  
Sitting under the sky devoid of stars  
Away from the sun  
Away from the soil  
Away from the shore

the Rose blossomed in the dark.

-Pan Dulce





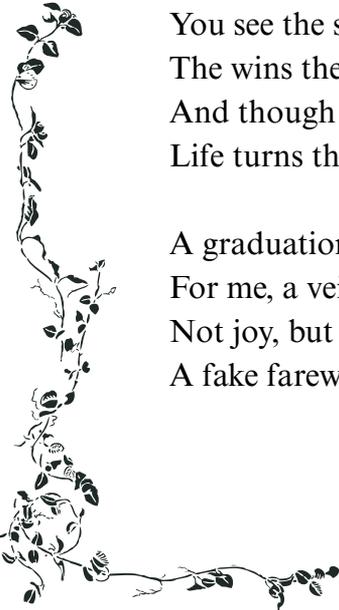
## Before May Bells Cry

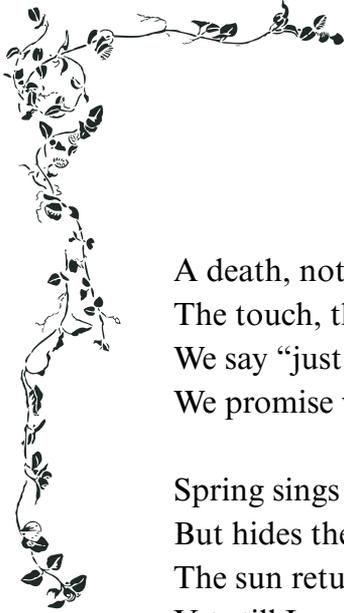
The heart yearns for what it knows  
The faces, places, and times it showed  
Familiar voices, laughter's light  
Echo softly in the night

Each year brings souls both old and new  
Each with a lens, a world, a view  
Their dreams, their fears, their silent fights  
Their sleepless days and starlit nights

You see the smile, but never the cost  
The wins they have earned, the things they've lost  
And though you walk beside them now  
Life turns the page and you wonder how

A graduation marked in cheers  
For me, a veil of hidden tears  
Not joy, but grief in soft disguise  
A fake farewell before goodbye





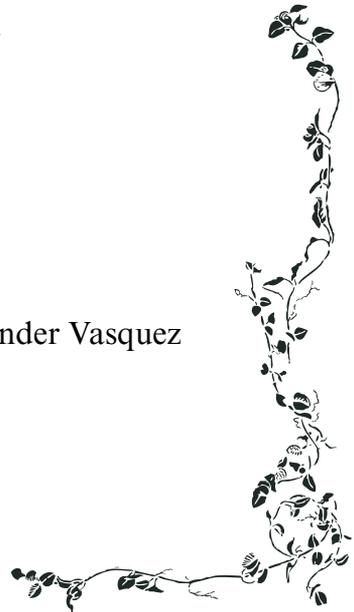
A death, not flesh, but moments gone  
The touch, the talks, the dusk till dawn  
We say “just call” and yet we don’t  
We promise visits but know we won’t

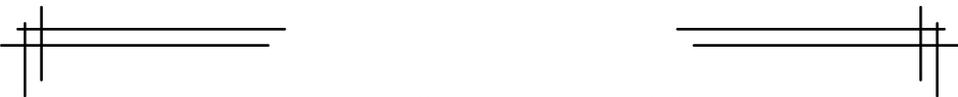
Spring sings of hope, of skies made new  
But hides the dread of parting too  
The sun returns, the flowers climb  
Yet still I mourn the stolen time

And all I wish before we part  
Is one more spring with all my heart

So hold your people while you can  
Before the next life path began  
Love them hard, time won’t stay  
Before the **May bells cry one day**

—Alexander Vasquez





## The Lavender Scare - Katie Tseselsky

The Lavender Festival was beautiful and it happened every summer.

But I wouldn't know, because while everyone in town is gathered, I'm still deciding if I like the way my hair falls at my shoulders in the mirror. Lucy tells me it's beautiful, though, and I can always tell when she's telling the truth because she gets this excited little glint in her teeth when she smiles. So the Lavender Festival is beautiful, and so is she. But we were scared that summer – scared the way I get when the lavender tickles my nose too rough – because the lavender had run dry. I wouldn't have cared, but Lucy's face which usually felt like starlight sunk down into a storm upon hearing that there would be no lavender lemonade, and no Lavender Festival. I too started to ache, because I did wait all summer to see the sweet purple against her skin, and Lord would I miss that.

Jesse and Khal were the women who gathered the lavender each year, so I went to them to ask, "How can I bring the lavender back?"

Jesse did smile, "I thought it made your nose tickle."

And I said "It does, but Lucy means more."

I watched them exchange a knowing glance, and Khal said "Of course she does. Go to the wizard on Cresthill and tell him. He might bring it back if you're honest."

So I went to the wizard on the top of emerald Cresthill and when I entered his cobblestone tower I said "Why did the lavender run dry?"

And the wizard said, "Because the sun is too hot."

I said back "Why?"

And he said "I made it that way."

And I was angry. Angry, because the wizard did not know Lucy. He could not imagine her and understand the depth of those dark honey eyes. He did not know that her laugh took me over the moon. He did not know that the lavender was special and so was she.





“If it is so special,” he said, “why have you avoided it all this time?”

“Because,” I confessed, “I am afraid.”

“Of the way it tickles your nose?”

“Yes,” I said, “and the way she makes me feel.”

And the wizard grinned with resolution. “Yes.”

My eyes stung when I asked, “How do I stop fearing the tickle in my nose?”

The wizard said, “You don’t. You live with it. It is a guest in your house, a lost lonely spirit, so do not chase it with malice or ignore it. Let it stay. Eventually, it will not feel new.”

“How do I stop fearing her?” I said.

And the wizard said, “You trust the sparkly glint in her teeth when she smiles just at you.”

At me, at me. Lucy did smile at me.

“If I do,” I said to the wizard, “will you bring the lavender back?”

And the wizard said he would.

I said thank you, wizard. And he smiled you’re welcome.

That night Lucy let me climb through her bedroom window and sit across from her on her quilted bed. I loved her pink walls and pink lips and sugary pink smell.

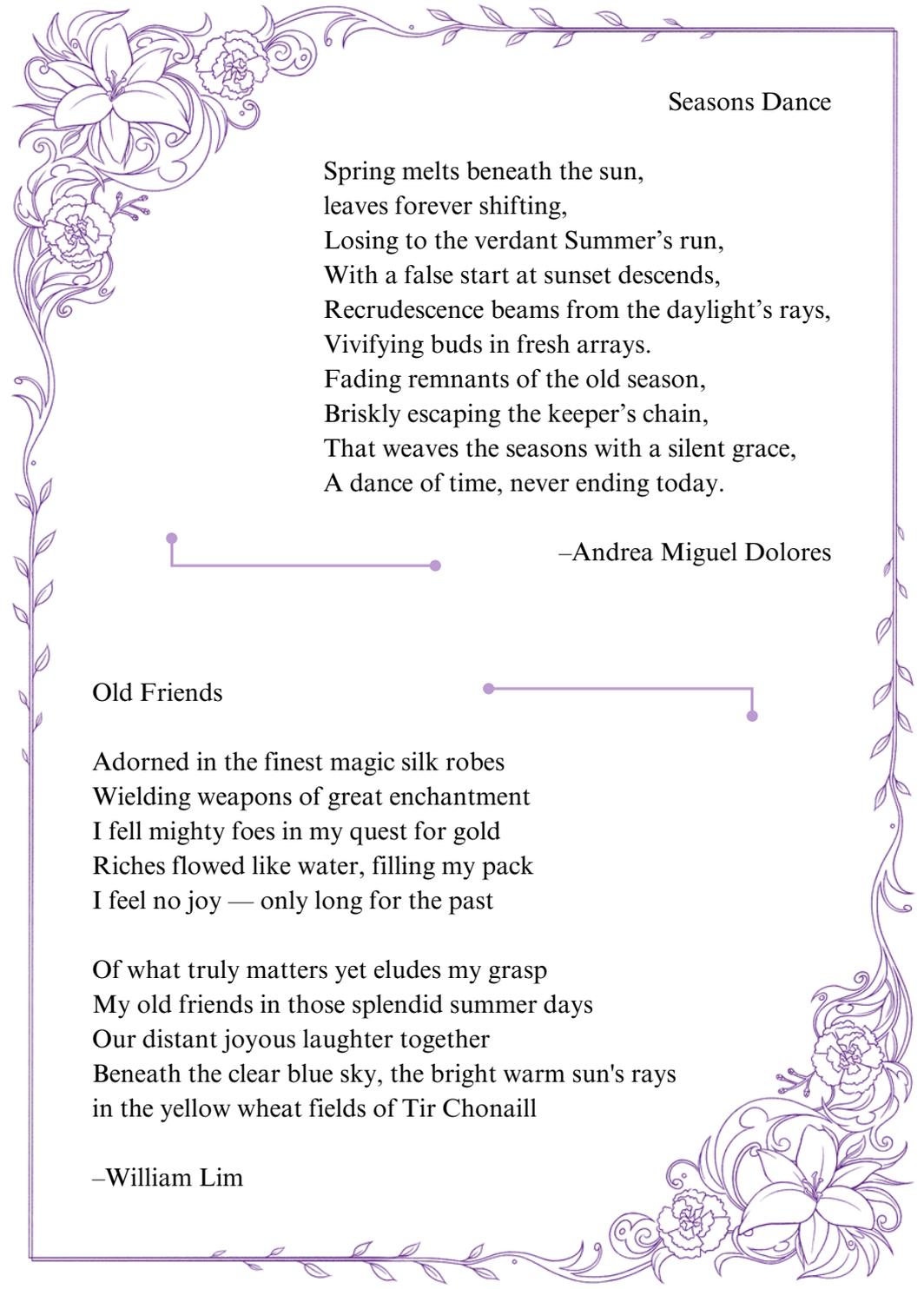
“Lucy,” I said, “I’m not afraid.”

And she, because she is pure and perfect and Lucy, said, “Hm. I don’t know if you ever were. I just don’t think you were ready yet.”

“Maybe,” I said, catching the twinkle when she smiled back. “But I am now.”

I went to the Lavender Festival that summer with Lucy on my arm. Her lips tasted like citrus, and the air smelled like love again.





## Seasons Dance

Spring melts beneath the sun,  
leaves forever shifting,  
Losing to the verdant Summer's run,  
With a false start at sunset descends,  
Recrudescence beams from the daylight's rays,  
Vivifying buds in fresh arrays.  
Fading remnants of the old season,  
Briskly escaping the keeper's chain,  
That weaves the seasons with a silent grace,  
A dance of time, never ending today.

—Andrea Miguel Dolores

## Old Friends

Adorned in the finest magic silk robes  
Wielding weapons of great enchantment  
I fell mighty foes in my quest for gold  
Riches flowed like water, filling my pack  
I feel no joy — only long for the past

Of what truly matters yet eludes my grasp  
My old friends in those splendid summer days  
Our distant joyous laughter together  
Beneath the clear blue sky, the bright warm sun's rays  
in the yellow wheat fields of Tir Chonaill

—William Lim



under the sun

under the sun  
the smell of damp grass overwhelms me,

my eyes glisten as the light reflects  
caught in a feeling of pure bliss,

i wondered if you ever noticed me.

i felt the rush  
but never felt this free as i do now,

lying around as the world comes down.  
i see the world from your eyes—

we are no longer young but  
i'll always find something there to cherish.

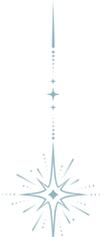
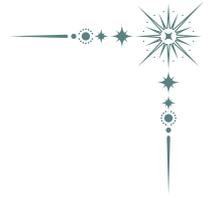
a renewed shift when life's in everything,  
as the sky opens for us

the reappearance of green and newly blossomed flowers  
feels long awaited,

knowing spring as a time we'll miss  
but never truly leaves

as fate comes to embrace us once again.

—Eliana Rodriguez





## April Showers

Now I waltz around your yard, admiring the flowers  
Watching the ants on the ground build their tiny towers  
Disregarding the arrival of Spring's impending showers  
That will soon leave them scrambling to rebuild for hours.  
And don't these operations seem much like ours?  
Construction upon the knowledge that love often sours?  
For try as we might to beg and plead with higher powers  
Ours is a love that springs up to be devoured

## May Flowers

It happened sweetly, in the Spring.  
As I lounged around, waiting to hear your ring.  
Thinking of all the joy and impulsivity you bring  
To my mundane life with this lovely thing.  
This thing, which the town deems a fleeting fling—  
Surely quick to pass, like a honeybee's sting.  
But the memories of the back to which I'd cling,  
And the boy who pushed me so high on his swing,  
Are a souvenir of the times, to which I sing—  
*"I hope to see you again next Spring."*

—Celeste David



# Acknowledgments



We would like to give a special thanks to:

Dr. Kraemer, Maria, Bronco Copy'n Mail,  
those who submitted, our own publishing team,

and to you, for reading.



Harvest International  
California State Polytechnic University, Pomona  
April 2025

