

Creative Release

Fall Quarter 2019

A student-run outlet to showcase
independent art

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Editors note:

Hello reader!

Welcome to the first edition of the Creative Release Magazine. From our honest beginnings as a blog to our first physical copy, we have been able to turn our passion for expressing creativity into something tangible. Our goal is for our readers to have a voice through their work and have an outlet to showcase their creativity. We believe that the ability to create something new and fresh is important to extend a nurturing space and give people the opportunity to contribute to something that can help influence others or a healthy way to express themselves. This magazine would have been impossible without the active contribution of the community and hope that their work can serve as a source of inspiration for you to find something that you're passionate about for the next issues to come!

Our team:



Elisa Palma



Pavel Savgira



Beto Macedo

Poetry

The poetry pieces selected have their own distinguishable voice and style, essential to the creative expressions we look for. These poems speak of certain conflicts: society, friendship, God, love, and home. Some were written in rhyme, another broke a language barrier and composition, but all expressed themselves through different tones. One of my personal favorites is La Esperanza, because of its language style. I have not seen many pieces breaking a language barrier smoothly and captivating, yet this piece did so. La Esperanza's style is a combination of both English and Spanish, which brings me pride as a Latina to see writers telling the world that we exist and that our language is as important as any other.

- Elisa Palma

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The Prayer

by Alexandra Nguyen

Though God has granted you his wings
To lift you up on heaven's breeze
Come down, my angel, down to me.

And yes, this world, it sways and swings
But trust your feet and trust your knees
And come down, my angel, down to me.

And yes, the sun, it often stings
Upon the fairest skin, but please
Though God has granted you his wings
Come down, my angel, down to me.

And yes, you'll live among the kings
But do not leave me ground and seas
Though God has granted you his wings.

And though, the sky above, it sings
I cannot bear their melodies
So come down, my angel, down to me.

A selfish prayer I do bring
But never will I live at ease
Though God has granted you his wings
Come down, my angel, down to me.

4:32 Am

by Jessica Ruiz

You asked me if I trusted you and without
Hesitation I said yes
I reversed this question, threw it back to you
So you could hold it in your hands, hands that held so much
power.
And without hesitation your response was no.
I asked again, a few weeks later
And I had
Contemplated the question ever since you first
Answered and I asked you
Do you trust me now?
Now that my palm is pressed to your stomach
And our eyes are locked tight
And its 4:32 am and we're just starting our first morning.

Do you trust what I say
Trust what I mean when I look out to you, like I am in need of
someone to hold the doors open for me so I can board this train
car

Trust my eyes and my reality
My tone

Do you trust me?
And without hesitation
You replied no
You didn't

You don't
Trust anyone
You trusted no one and you never have

And I hear this, practically tasting my body become nervous,
Railroads are being built within my stomach, I feel it
Tie into itself, navigating from a central station and beyond,
And my thigh began to clench underneath yours
And I asked if you would ever trust me

And
Without
Hesitation
You
Said
No

And then I asked you why
I pressed on, maybe too far on like all of the flowers I wanted to
press because of my own needs of wanting them to stay, to fossil-
ize, become strong

And you said that everyone in your life ends up leaving and you
were okay with this and that this was life and it is the way in which
life travels on and tomorrow I could
Walk into a coffee shop, maybe one that I didn't particularly like
And run into someone random,
And fall in love with them.

And then my feelings towards her could change
Feelings towards the coffee shop could change But What if the
person I ran into is you,

What if it were you.
It's 4:38 am and I want to roll off of the bed that we have both
found to be a sanctuary of solace

And I want to be trusted
I wanted to sink far beyond beneath the floor
And be trusted

Today Tomorrow and the next
What if I asked you the question again
And your mind changed
What ifs, they're impossible ideas, like
how many earths are out there in our universe
how many days does our earth have to keep spinning on its axis
how many calendar days do we have locked together
how many times will you type 'on my way'

Will you watch me dance today? Will that change soon?
Will we find harbor in another cafe tomorrow morning?
Like my thigh underneath yours this morning

What's important is this evening I will not forget, this conversa-
tion that has no bleakness through it at all

La Gringa De Tabasco

by Isabel J. Figueroa

You left Villahermosa because your father lost his job and was in
debt. You, your
siblings, and your mom applied for Visas because your father said,
“Go ahead of me, I’ll meet up
with you in the States when I’ve paid off my debt.” Your visa is
denied. You are denied of the
Dream, but it didn’t stop you and your family. You all leave Villa-
hermosa, take a plane to D.F
and then to Tijuana.
You and your mom are in Tijuana now, but Fanny and Jesus aren’t.
Two strangers, a
man and a woman pick you up in a grey van and they tell you,
“Your name is Jazmin” or
Jacqueline. You were four when this happened so you don’t
remember what name these Tijuas
had given you. You arrive at a house; it’s brown or tan. You don’t
know. You become scared,
because along the way you seemed to have lost your mother to
Rumorosa’s burning roads.
You’re alone now. And let me remind you, you’re only four years
old. In Tijuana.
With
strangers. Celebrating a stranger’s birthday party. Instead of par-
ticipating, you creep over to a long brown couch and sit on it. You
don’t
lay down. You don’t take off your shoes. You just sit there until
you fall asleep. You fall asleep

sitting in the same area, at the end of a couch with your head
resting on the arms rest.
You're awakened, to the view of a man and a woman putting you
back in the car;
confused but you go with it. They both sit in the front, but the
man in the driver's seat and the woman in the passenger's.
You stay awake as they begin to drive off with you.
The man turns around and says, "go back to sleep,"
and you do so because you are afraid of a higher authority,
especially if they are men.
You're in San Diego now. Fanny's there.
You feel relieved but stressed because you've never been
separated from your family.
Two weeks go by and your mom arrives. So does Jesus.

*

Fifteen years later and your father never met with you
here in the States.
You tell yourself it's because he hasn't paid off his debts.
But only your distressed memories know why.

The Dying Flower

By Santana Favela

The flower has drooped when nature given up on its nurture,
not because the mother of life forgotten their most prized possession,
but simply because one saw its beauty to not be the only beauty
above all others.

as each petal continued to have fallen day by day,
the flower became resentful for not remaining in rain.
one petal had fallen after another in release of its agony
with its last tenderness ending in love me not, so sadly.
the hopes for nature to returwn has come to an end,
it is already too late to question when it will be loved again.

To My Friend by Elisa Rerolle

When I think of you, I suffocate.
I feel my heart both squeezed of its air
And torn to its limits. Is it hate?
Thirteen years of friendship, turned to nightmare.
I feel so much pressure, never doing right.
I am always lacking in your eyes.
And I fight this hold you have on me, this spite
Slowly bringing our relationship to its demise.
BUT it's not all on you: dance turns to sparring takes two
I am inconsistent, (eternally) anxious, and emotional,
Avoiding confrontation — just trying to make it through.
No more denial.
You think I'm treating you poorly, unfairly,
But the thing you seem to forget, always
Is that with my condition I'm fighting all the time and barely
treading water. Toxic friendship just adds to the haze.
It all came crashing down last New Year's Eve, a night of stress
It sounds so insane, I know, that when you asked me to pick
you up in an Uber on my way, I said no. Total distress –
Couldn't you understand a panic attack was coming quick?
You see, I have reason to be scared, I'm not putting on a show:
Last September I was in France for my cousin's wedding,
a dream.
But that panic attack I know so well (I've had dozens)
and fear so
reared its head: my dad carried me back home,
torn at the seams.

So, I make hard (sometimes seemingly illogical) choices,
I respect
if you can't work with that.
There are no rules to the way my brain works, I've checked.
So let me know where you're at.
Know that I am trying my hardest, my best.
Does our friendship make it through this test?

La Esperanza

by Sarah Salinas

It was clear to see we were hungry
the near empty plate I carried with skeletal hands
los niños with hollowed cheeks anticipating their next
bite

the waiting and begging for the next meal
coming home to a casa of mud and dirt
the casa filled with the sound of cards shuffling and
chips clattering
the casa where he sat drinking and draining our
esperanza away
the casa where I lay sick begging for an escape
there is a legend of the tierra de la oportunidad, land of
opportunity
the land where bellies will be full every night
the land where we'll have more than just the clothes on our back
the land where we can expand our minds to greater
reaches the land where we have a chance

I had no other option
no choice and no voice
no money and no job
what do i do?

when I told them I was leaving all they could do is cry
they begged and plead for me not to go
I knew they would understand someday

but the littlest one wouldn't let me go
wouldn't let me leave without him

I bought the clothes on my back
a small sack of food
a child in my arms
a dream for a better life for my family
three days journey through the harsh desert to the nearest
bus

we get to the border on a bus
we wait with many people just like us to get a coyote
we walked through trails and cross the roaring river at
night hiding in the shadows
Now we are here
now I have una esperanza
but that soon changed

I needed to bring the six children I left
to keep my promise to them
to do that I needed a job to pay a coyote
to get a job I need papeles to work
It wasn't an issue if you had papers
but I didn't have papeles

six years of taking care of children that were not my own
saving every penny, nickel, and dime
spending long nights and countless hours working
praying every day until they were finally safe in my arm
six years I lost in time

trying not to get caught by la migra
if you can imagine I didn't know a word english
la lengua of my people was all I knew
it was a big red marca on my back
branding me as an alien from out of this mundo
so I hid in the shadows

the pathway to citizenship was a narrow road
one wrong step and we could be sent back
we paid the fine, we paid our dues
and we waited in the back of the line
if we succeeded we would get the golden ticket

Ojalá que the land of opportunity is still true
Ojalá que you take to the streets too
Ojalá que you use your voice to speak for the ones that can't
Ojalá que you share my story far and wide so others can fight too
Ojalá que in this way you can help too

This is my esperanza.

Short Stories

Both short stories display vivid imagery that delves into the characteristics of each main character and the vast setting. The underlying metaphors and its attention to detail wants me to read more. One of these stories that successfully used imagery to depict the main character was, "Crooked". The first chapter does a very excellent job at showing the tough, yet old, Cero puffing out rings of smoke from his cigaro in silence. A hardened man past his prime in what seems to be a lawless environment contains unexplored layers of who Cero really is and why he became the violent man he is. I felt sympathetic towards Cero, as his sins plague his violent nature and robbed him of his youth.

- Beto Macedo

Selected pieces:

- 17 ||| Crooked. Chapter 1
by Elisa Palma
- 20 ||| Wednesday Afternoon
by Pavel Savgira

Crooked

by Elisa Palma

Gray.

A puff of smoke twisted in the air forming a dark, dangerous cloud, motionless in the thick terran. Not like his home planet—pure and innocent. He pursed his lips, blowing out the poison of his addiction; an addiction he welcomed warmly. He lifted his hand again, a cigarette resting between his fingers. He slipped it between his lips, and breathed in his sins. He removed the cigaro from hisv mouth and licked his lips, tasting the ashes of his crimes.

He adored it.

He yearned for it.

With his free hand, he gripped his cane by the black cat handle, braced himself, locked his knees, and leaned back against the wall. He sighed. It was silent, so silent; he didn't dare to taint it. He had been through many life spans, yet he vow to treasure peaceful moments such as this one five years ago. He shifted his eyes across from him. They softened as they took the view before him. It wasn't the best— it was dirty, smelly and it carried crimes. His sin.

No one knew.

No one would dare to ask.

And he didn't dare to speak of it.

Cero took a swift of the smoke, and paused letting it stay in his lungs. It felt warm, yet it felt as if every part of his body had been consumed by darkness—evilness. Cero closed his eyes for a moment, exhaling slowly. He paused, imagining himself to be the

only person in the world. But when he opened his eyes, gaze landing on a corpse, he was reminded he couldn't forget the ones who were once alive. He wasn't alone. Nor will he ever be.

A dead rat, lying on the sidewalk, his head crushed open, revealed his brain that had been splattered on the ground. The blood was already dried and his little body had started to decay. The ground had black chewed gum dotted on the cracked cement; the sidewalk was also stained—Cero furrowed his eyebrows—maybe from oil or blood or pee. He didn't know what exactly it was, but it reeked of rotten food. He pressed his lips together, the skin on his nose folded, he winced at his throbbing knee. He needed his pills, but fuck, he took the last one just the other day. Cero figured he was going to need a distraction soon—maybe a woman to fuck—maybe some alcohol to distract him from the ache. His gaze drifted upwards as a loud gunshot exploded, its echo shook the skies. Cero quietly hummed as he smoothly put el cigarro in his mouth.

Gangs were common nowadays just like with la guerra—war against who? Don't ask him. But there were a few times where the gangs asked for his aid and Cero rolled his eyes at the memories. Honestly, he felt like he was surrounded by children; stupid, ugly niños. Like he gave a fuck. Thus, he was not very well liked. A few weeks ago, a gang named Silver threw rocks at his hotel, breaking his windows. Cero was actually watching those bastardos through his cameras and although Cero was itching to beat them up, he was sitting down in his old chair rather comfortably. If they had rushed inside, then maybe he would have done something—fuck, that sounded like a lot of work by just thinking about it. He blinked, snapping himself back to reality. Cero glanced at the window next to the door, there were a few pieces remaining. They were sharp and very weak; the small breeze made them sway.

From here, he could see a candle attached to the wall inside his hotel. He had asked his assistance to cover the window but she

didn't want to. Puta.

His shoulders flinched as a sudden scream broke out—a scream crying for forgiveness. Cero raised his eyebrows; that guy was really loud. If he had a popcorn bag in his hand then he would have gone to witness the guy get fucked over. But he preferred not having any bullet holes in his body so instead he stay put.

He shifted his attention back to the building in front of him. It was a hotel he owned. The front door had scratches. They were very visible because the door was black, and the cuts were either brown or white. Cero eyebrows pulled together. He didn't know how it happened, he had cameras everywhere. It just appeared one day. Well, whatever. This town - Unwanted - was filled with stupid people who sometimes were capable of strange things. He tapped his cigarrillo with his ring finger; a few pieces of ashes fell to the ground.

A roaring car gained his attention, and he turned his head towards it, lifting his eyebrows at the sound. A bright yellow car with a headlight not working drove straight down the road. The front window was clear, and he could see the driver holding the steering wheel tightly, his face scrunched up, his hair roughed up, and his eyes wide open. He hummed. Usually car's get stolen around this area so this was rare.

The taxi stopped in front of his hotel. One of the doors was pushed open. He sniffed, smelling the faint scent of feminine perfume. His lips twitched when he realized it was a woman. The pupils of his eyes stretched almost cat like. The man, from the driver's seat, jumped out. He ran towards the back of his car, his head whipping to every corner.

Their gaze met.

Wednesday Afternoon

by Pavel Savgira

As the Wednesday afternoon amidst Sacramento was getting warmer and the people started creeping into their homes in an attempt to not get sunburned, only a group of highschoolers decided to stay out. As the reader might think they were too young or too unaware to notice the weather, that was not the case. These five people, in arguably the best days of their life, decided to sit in the park with a very specific purpose. Once again, you might think it had to do something with serious problems, such as climate change or perhaps world hunger, not to mention more important problems, such as loneliness or uncertainty. Well now, you were indeed close to the truth, but you have to remember that with so many problems to solve and consider, their meetings were highly controversial and complicated. One could remind them that the future of this society and this planet relies on their shoulders, yet that wouldn't be anything new. So now, what could have they been discussing? Oh, now that's a good question and a good question can never have a single answer, especially considering the times the group happened to exist in. The questions and later, the answers were formulated differently by each member. If you consider Woody for example:

"Well, I was thinking about purpose and stuff... but can't find it! You know a film director, his last name was Bergman, and he was comfortable with just dying..."

This was a usual thing for him to say, yet Annie replied:

"You need to stop watching these movies! Simply because you can't find a girlfriend, it doesn't mean your life is immediately like a Scandinavian movie and you're bound to die from despair like the main characters."

"Eh, you're unlucky indeed to think that way, movies are the only thing to live for," replied Woody and kept thinking of the quote from "Autumn Sonata" that he had seen yesterday, leaving him confused and not particularly cheerful.

Hannah did not share his confusion and continued:

"Well, classical stuff, yesterday we were discussing college admissions and now you are bringing your films up again," finishing another bottle of water. She truly hated the fact that they couldn't just go home and relax, yet Woody and Annie much preferred the outside and Rick just did not care enough. He was laying on the grass with his new favorite joint. Against his tradition, he joined the conversation this time:

"Have you ever thought about what you are going to do with all those degrees?"

"Work of course, what else is there?" replied Hannah.

"Not much, not much..." mumbled Rick and added, "And why would I work?"

"To survive man..." said Hannah, feeling like the only one to bring any sanity into these pointless conversations.

Rick was waiting for her to bring this boredom back up and got back to smoking quietly.

"Mark should've really been here by now" mumbled Woody. Mark was the last part of their group, but he worked today. Nevertheless, Mark held a reputation of a person who could always bring something to discuss. Trying his best to make some pocket money, he delivered newspapers during the summer break. He would always have a paper left to read and discuss, which was somewhat more fun than just sitting on the grass. The time was now almost 3 o'clock and the temperature was increasing with a tempo similar to the one with which the American reserves grew in Iran.

"Last time he brought the New York Times, it was outwardly boring, I hope they gave him something new," said Woody. "I know we are all bound to die from climate change anyway".

"Well, calm down Woody, it can't be that bad anyway," replied Hannah, moving her hair off her face.

"I wouldn't say that," said Rick. "The environment is burning away almost as fast as my joint."

"Oh, you and your hippie notions," added Annie. "Why

would you even care? You lay down there on the grass, your eyes on the joint, I do not see why you should be concerned.”

“Really? Rick usually talks nonsense, but his time he’s really got a point,” said Woody.

“There’s Mark,” said Rick “he is carrying a pretty fat stack of paper!”

“Yeah, he is indeed, I just hope it is not the same shit as last time!” said Woody, trying to decipher the signs on the stack of paper Mark was holding.

“And what exactly do you mean by bullshit?” asked Rick.

“Well, I am not in the mood to read about Trump and his fellow... fellow...” said Annie, but her face expressed deep confusion as her eyebrows rose as a signal that she was missing the right word, “well, liars, of course, who else.”

Sweat on his neck and a stack of white paper in his hands, Mark approached the group. He had a bottle of previously cold soda in his hand, which he now would rather throw away than drink. He greeted the group:

“Hey! Well, guess what!”

“What? What have you got, because the last time you really brought a bomb,” smirked Woody.

“Hey man, chill... just chill, you know! I got some good stuff for you today,” continued Mark.

“Alright Mark, you really could have brought something better than “Washington Post”,” said Annie, slightly disappointed. “Are we going to read it?”

“Of course, it is our tradition, plus it’s a highly respectable paper you know...” mumbled Mark and quietly added, “At least in Washington.”

“I’ve been in Washington...” added Rick, but his interest in the conversation again started to decline, as he started to search for another rolling paper in his pockets.

The whole group, except for Rick, of course, was now forming a circle around Mark. As a good host, he gave everyone a copy.

“Well, consider the meeting open,” exclaimed Mark.

“Check that out!” started Woody. “White house weights responses to potential Iranian attacks, including troop increase. ‘My dad would probably be mad, he always speaks of the Vietnam war and the lies that Nixon told...’”

“Okay, okay now, who the hell is Nixon?” asked Annie.

“Well, the president of the United States of course, or at least he was, I think...” mumbled Rick.

“Well, I bet you he wasn’t nearly as good as Reagan,” thought Annie out loud.

“Thanks, Annie, for another brilliant historical insight,” said Woody. “By the way, Mark, what about Aimee?”

“Didn’t she dump him?” Asked Annie.

“Who dumped who?” said Mark. “I dumped Aimee! What did she say to you guys?”

“Hmmm... ‘Responses to potential troop increase’,” said Rick. “Aimee sounds like Trump, Aimee Trump,” he started rolling on the grass from laughter, as he realized it could have been a real person.

“Well, I don’t see why its funny man,” said Mark. “The guy is legit ruining the country, by the time we have kids, what will this country become?”

“What kids Mark? What kids are you talking about?” exclaimed Woody, “I sincerely hope that you don’t actually think any of us will ever have kids.”

“Okay, okay, whatever, you do you, Woody,” said Mark. “Look, testimony on Mueller probe to be refused.”

“Ooooooh... well, now, that’s just great,” squeaked Annie. “So I am not the only to refuse testimonies, am I now?”

“It’s ok, Annie, we still haven’t found a single person to voluntarily listen to your testimonies, since you last told us about how helpless you feel at the look of that fucker, Bob,” said Woody. “Sweet Jesus, I still can’t imagine what would happen if you were actually to bring him the group...”

“‘China... China and the war’,” slowly read Rick, as he was turning the “Washington Post”, getting himself together to re-roll

his second joint, since he dropped it earlier.

"War?" asked Woody, looking confused. "What War? Rick, goddammit, give me that newspaper, I don't see any war in mine." Rick passed him the newspaper and laid down on the grass again.

"Ah, the trade war, I thought we're talking actual war," said Woody, exhaling calmly.

"War, trade war, this war and that war, all the same," said Annie. "Can we talk about something more interesting?"

"Yeah, I agree, how about we move on?" said Mark. "I think we shall get on the road."

"What are you, Jack Kerouac?" said Hannah, her voice sounded harsh, she was annoyed by today's agenda as throughout the whole conversations she was trying to discuss college admissions, but most importantly their future. "How can you possibly be so ignorant? You sit here and brag endlessly, you're 16, imagine yourself later!"

"Imagine... Imagination works..." said Rick.

"Some kids lead organizations and create businesses, looking for every opportunity to show themselves, while I am sitting here with you, looking at this stupid newspaper that doesn't say anything besides White House, War, and China, along with listening to Rick and his theory of the next joint inevitably succeeding the first one in combination with Woody's outstanding pessimism. Think about the future, about college, about what the hell you empty heads are going to do with your lives..." concluded Hannah.

As you might have already noticed, the group's meetings were often heated. Hannah was always a flag of sanity and while it never affected Rick, who, by the time she finally decided to adjourn the meeting was already high enough to ignore her, it usually lead other members of the group to become aware of their responsibilities in the face of the bigger world. They stood up in resilience and while Mark went to give out the rest of the newspapers, the rest of the group dissolved into the unknown future. Only Rick remained, attempting to roll another joint, yet he too had to leave since his bag was now empty.



Moments To
Come
Photographs by
Pavel Savgira

As a photographer, I take inspiration from Henri Cartier-Bresson and his "decisive moment" philosophy. Photography is a special creative medium that combines chance, intuition, geometry and emotion.





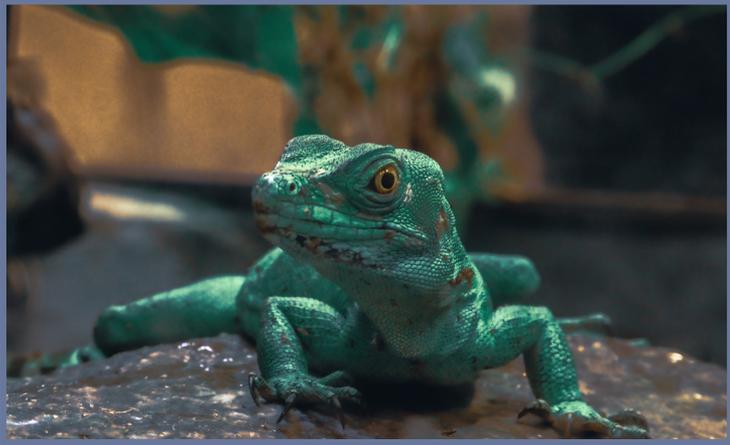
All elements combined promise a picture, yet it the result cannot be foreseen and that, according to Cartier-Bresson, is the best part of photography. The thing you expect less of all when taking pictures is a "good picture", but rather you run after the feeling of life that fails to stop in an attempt to save a second of its beautiful presence on your camera. As the master said himself, "The photograph itself doesn't interest me. I want only to capture a minute part of reality."



Flora&Fauna

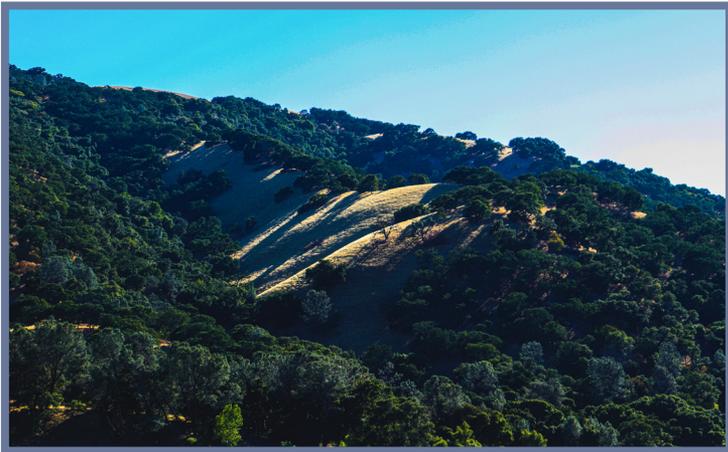
Photographs by

Victor Porras





From the collection of dew on blades grass to the breathtaking vista from the rugged mountain tops-flora on fauna bloom tranquility into creation. The ruination of such a natural existence is often disturbed and hindered by the needless pursuit of entertainment sought after by people.



Thanks for reading!

We are an actively expanding movement and we are always looking for people who are willing to be an ambassador and promote the idea of self expression. If you are on Foothill campus simply come by to the weekly meetings and we can fill you in. If you are not on foothill college campus you can still become an ambassador in your college or highschool and we will do our best to help you. For further directions, questions or proposals feel free to email us.

If you would like to submit your work to the magazine/blog please submit to the next issue via email:

creativereleasemag@gmail.com

Also, feel free to contact us if you want to be enlisted in our email chain for any events, creative writing club hours, and any questions.

Upcoming events on Foothill Campus:

- Creative Release magazine presentation and workshop
- Weekly writing, photography, art, film meetups
- Luncheon and conversations

Lastly, we highly encourage you to keep up with our blog to make sure you never miss a new piece:

<https://medium.com/@creativereleasemag>

Creative release is a quarterly magazine that is designed for everybody to have the opportunity to share their own story. By reading our magazine you discover the young voices of our generation and an uncensored view of the way they see life.

“Love. Fall in love and stay in love. Write only what you love, and love what you write. The word is love. You have to get up in the morning and write something you love, something to live for.”

- Ray Bradbury

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