

# CREATIVE RELEASE

ISSUE  
#2

WINTER QUARTER: POETRY SHORT STORIES PHOTOGRAPHY



# Editor's Note

Hello Reader!

We are excited to present you with the second edition of the Creative Release Magazine. Our new issue has been expanded through a careful choice of poetry, inclusion of illustrations, a wider range of photography submissions and some excerpts from the Creative Release club on Foothill campus. Our goal stays for artists to have a voice through their work and have an outlet to showcase their creativity. The synergy between the photography and writing meet-ups stemmed a dynamic relationship that established new works while developing an inclusive community. Many of the pieces in this issue originated from members of the two sides and we hope it can serve as a form of inspiration for readers to produce their own creative pieces in the future. We would like to thank those who have submitted and the community of artists that have made this issue possible. It was very exciting working with talented illustrators, poets, writers, and photographers and we hope you enjoy their fascinating work.

**Created by** Pavel Savgira, Beto Macedo,  
Alexander Savgira, Elisa Palma

# Poetry

Creative Release's first issue established our encouragement of creativity in composition and style of voice. The poems selected for the Fall Quarter of 2019 had a variety of themes such as society, friendship, God, home. For this issue, we want to emphasize different aspects of one-self and the perspective of how one sees life—specifically, nature. A personal favorite of mine is “Left to Ask,” because of the strong imagery it beholds of an unhealthy relationship. It is illustrated rawly—almost bone-chilling of how tragic it is to lose sight of one's self and the fear it brings knowing you're not just losing a partner but yourself. The imagery simply made this poem impactful and powerful of the real heart-breaking truth.

- *Elisa Palma*

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1. **Ocean** *by Samuel Lindskog*
2. **Dead Rose** *by Ariana Coria*
3. **Who Am I?** *by Trevor Law*
4. **Left to Ask** *by Kimani Rose*
5. **Lifeline** *by Sofia Falco*

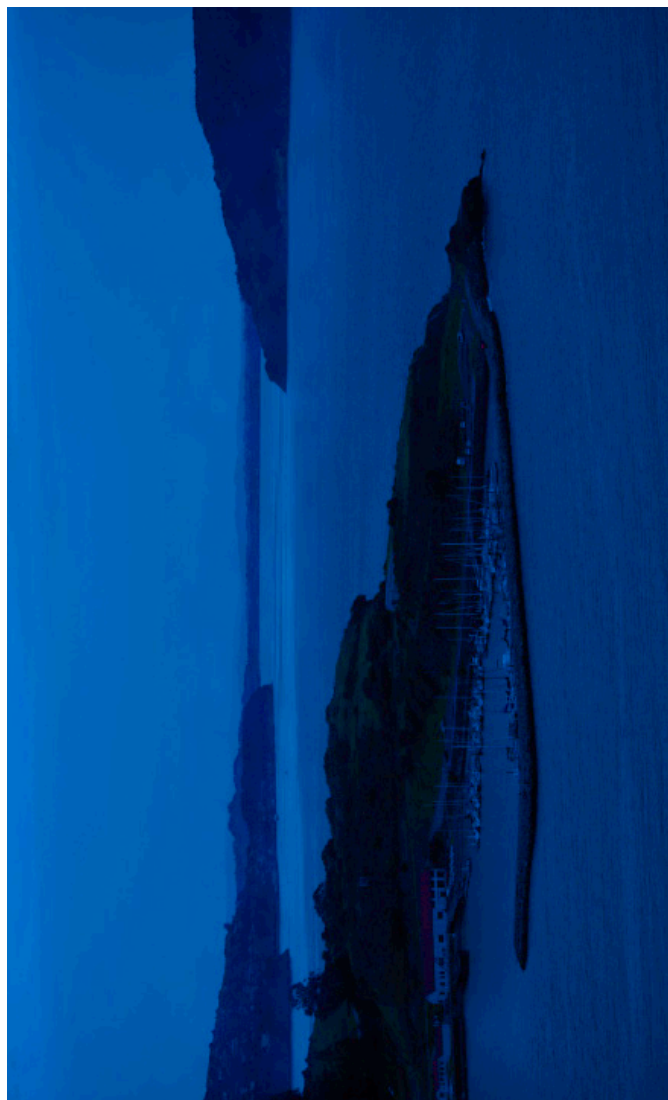


Illustration by Rose Huynh

# Ocean

*by Samuel Lindskog*

The black ground whispers beneath  
lights moving closer, then farther  
same in ways, yet different  
the ocean awaits

Twisting and writhing in its seat  
the mind quakes under the stiff wind  
numbness beckons, tempting shelter  
the ocean awaits

lightning, slashing rifts in clouds  
flashing swords, ripping through illusion  
shedding light upon the sky  
the ocean awaits

across the streams and valleys it marches  
the ocean, slowly drawing near  
its journey, futile yet inevitable  
through the fog it beats a path

twisting and writhing, the path persists  
wind and rain alter its design  
yet the end remains unchanged  
the ocean awaits



Illustration by Robian Ho

Poetry: Dead Rose

# Dead Rose

*by Arianna Coria*

Dead rose  
That aims for  
Self-love  
And recovery

To recover  
Takes the process  
To fall in love with herself  
And to be patient  
So she blooms  
Singing to the man up  
Every sunday morning  
A lullaby  
Yet she cries to the moon  
and creates faith within

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Author's note:

I wrote this when I was broken so I compared myself to a rose. I was aiming for self love and to recover. I started to go to church in 2016 and my life changed, thats why I said "Singing to the man up every Sunday morning...." Church changed me so much, especially the connection we get to sing every Sunday morning. I used to cry every night and would see the moon and pray to not loose my faith.



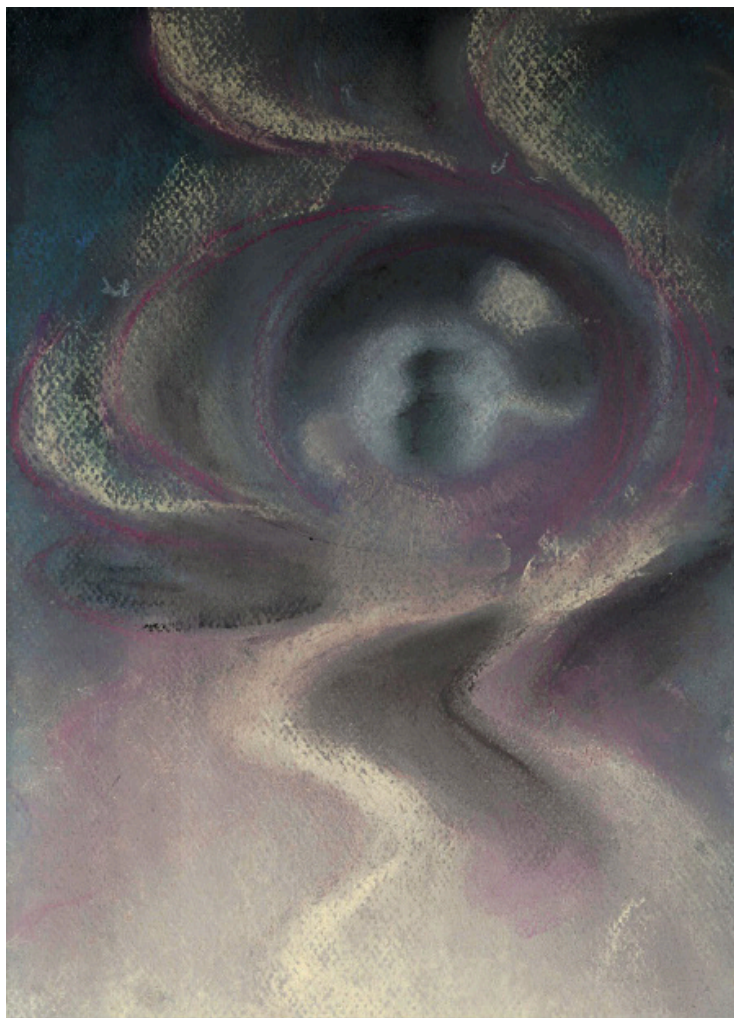


Illustration by Robian Ho



# Who Am I?

*by Trevor Law*

Who am I?

I am the silence in between.  
I am that which cannot be seen.

I am never born, and never die.  
I am beyond truth and lie.

I am love and hate.  
I crossed the gateless gate.

I am Life Itself.  
Yet I have no self.

Who am I?

I am  
I am You.  
I am my mother,  
My father,  
My brother,  
My experience.

Who I am does not belong to me.  
Moment to moment, step by step, I am created and destroyed.

## Who am I? (contd.)

I am change,  
That has been the only constant for me.

When I look into your eyes I see myself,  
When I look into my own eyes I see love.

I am love, and so are you.  
That has been the only constant for me.

I am a process of discovery, and you are part of it.  
When I speak to you, you reveal me to myself.

# Left to Ask

*by Kimani Rose*

who really wins?  
when we're both getting stabbed in the belly

is it a race now?  
to see who's emboweled first?  
see who is spilling themselves to the floor for this

for this blood stained love  
this lie soaked in stomach acid  
the truth bleeds this color  
growth to spill from the lips of this farce  
this century long phantom care

it's not even about being right, but that's not a language you know  
accountability blows up in your face  
stops your heart  
leaves your drowning in self pity

wallow in this green green bog  
this poison of your own making

it's always "just this once"  
"I'll do better next time"  
"this time I promise it's different"

"just one more chance"

## Left to Ask (contd.)

just one more test of power  
one more sanguine relief  
one more imbrued disaster  
one more  
one more  
one more

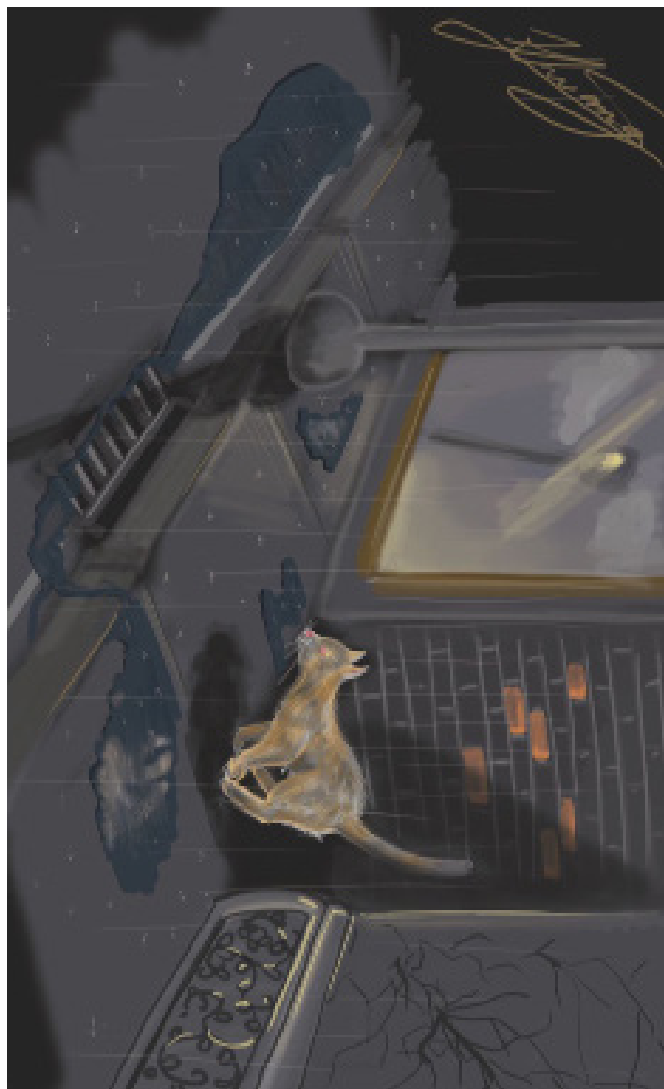
one more piece of me left hanging from misery's tree branch

my heart is the rock you enslaved into stone  
the wall you erected to keep us both safe was made of me  
and only me because you decided you needed more protection  
than I'll ever have

or maybe you liked watching me bleed  
watching me defend the injustice that did not deserve it  
you keep telling us we will always deserve it

and where does that leave me?  
another time spent hoping today  
isn't the day the guns come

Illustration by Kaimar Liivamägi



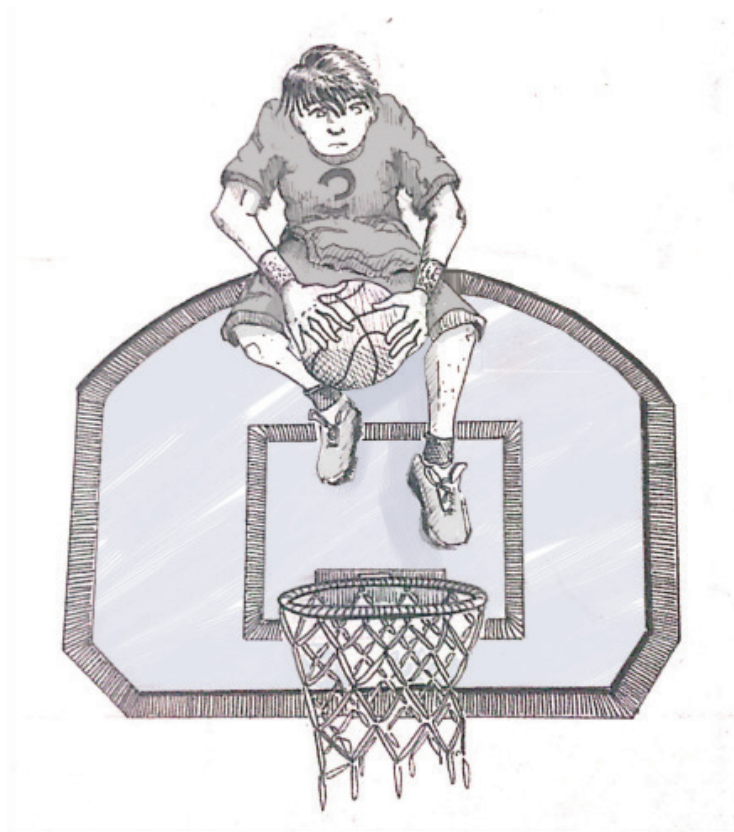


Illustration by Kaimar Liivamägi

# Lifeline

*by Sophia Falco*

My basketball is faded orange,  
a setting sun.

I dribble it on the  
cracked blacktop  
surrounded by redwoods  
to the beat of a lyricless song.

I make every shot  
in “Around the World”  
and so I play again.

When I’m on the court  
it is as if my world  
pauses and  
I’m finally free.



# Short Stories

Short stories in this issue were chosen to be experimental. Symbolism in *Minutes Lost* helps the reader discover something that has long been lost in the memory. The character goes through multiple flashbacks of his past, combining the topics of memory, responsibility, societal pressure and a dream left on the side. What is it that makes us forget what we love most? What does it take to remember? Niki Knauer's piece was a surprise. Taking the situation to the last extreme, she uses provocative imagery and emotion to question the way we treat humans, animals and planets and most spectacularly for me, questions the rightfulness of our system. Are we really doing the right thing? Are we ever satisfied with what we have?

- *Pavel Savgira*

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1. **Minutes Lost** *by Beto Macedo*

2. **The End** *by Niki Knauer*

# Minutes Lost

*by Beto Macedo*

Minutes lost, hours gone, days past, Hugo uttered to himself as he rubbed the rusty silver pocket watch. It was around 4:00 p.m. on a Saturday, and he had just finished one of his last midterms in Business Calculus. He placed the watch in his back pocket and proceeded downtown with his backpack over his shoulder. He took brisk steps forward as he caught a glimpse of himself in the black slab of a clothing store to his right. His brown hair was unkempt, but complemented his round face. He was near his destination as he pushed his black glasses forward onto the arch of his nose. His narrow eyes beamed the sign on top of the vanilla shaped building: “Jojo’s Coffee”. The door blew open and was greeted by the aroma of Venezuelan Coffee beans. Hugo quickly ordered his double macchiato with no whip.

It was his last semester at Stanford and knew that he needed to prepare for the workforce, an endeavor that was both exciting and scary. What would Don Gerardo do? Hugo thought to himself as he proceeded to daydream about the last time he saw his family.

Hugo stared blankly as he began to reminisce the smell of fresh tortillas and boneless chicken searing on the black pan. His mother flipped the tortillas with her fingertips rapidly on the stove as the pot of pinto beans broiled next to the pan. The small woman slowly moved to the sink, where she rinsed corn. Water splashed her wrinkled brown hands, as she hummed a tune rhythmic to the music that was being played. The music from the beat-up radio drowned the sound of the faucet and her humming as “Banda” music filled the kitchen. Hugo’s mom would laugh and talk to Hugo as she gleefully recalled her husband dance from the living room into the kitchen whenever the radio played. Her laughter quickly turned to sorrow as she expressed her sadness that her time with Don Gerardo was

no more. Hugo sat on the cushioned chair near the wooden dinner table in the kitchen , while his laughter turned into tears as he stared into the pocketwatch on top of the table. Hugo was in his freshman year when he lost Don Gerardo. Who would take care of the family and finance his education? Would I have to support my family? Hugo questioned

Hugo quickly slipped out of his trance and fixated on grabbing the coffee. He hadn't realized that an empty seat had opened and quickly parked himself near the window of the coffeshop. His fingers rapidly unzipped the backpack as he reached to get his laptop. The sleek screen reflected his tired eyes as he hit the power button.

While typing, a young medium-sized stocky figure looked over at Hugo as he stood in front of him and smiled. Uncomfortable from the amount of eye-contact he received from the man, Hugo shifted his eyes back to his screen. The man smiled and signaled Hugo for the time. Reaching for his back pocket, Hugo looked at the time in his watch, and proceeded to tell him it was 5:00 p.m. The mysterious figure was wearing the same black-rimmed glasses that he wore. Before he could truly analyze the man, he vanished and had placed a white note on top of the table. Perplexed by what had happened, Hugo slowly opened the note which read: Meet me on the corner of University Ave at 6:30. I suggest you come, my fellow poet.

With an eyebrow furrowed, Hugo tried to recall if he had met this man somewhere before. The words poet written on the note starred at him like an itch he couldn't scratch. He remembered his days when he would congregate with his peers to write poetry in high school during lunchtime. He entered countless poetry contests, of those he won most of them. Poetry became breathing when he was younger, but that all changed when Don Gerardo passed. Many questions filled his mind, yet his brain unconsciously filtered the event and stressed amounted over his upcoming final.

An hour passed and the back of his mind wondered if he

should meet the man. He seemed to be around Hugo's age and had similar hazel eyes like his own. Curiosity coursed through his body as he felt like he needed to know who the man was. Perhaps it was a fellow high school peer. Hugo thought to himself.

He looked at his watch, which read 6:00 p.m. Hugo began to drift away deep into his mind. He slowly began to remember a painful memory that he tried to repress of Don Gerardo.

The palm trees that stood in front of the small house swayed as the wind blew from the north. It was incredibly hot, yet the older man and the young boy shoveled dirt from the patchy ground. Hugo can remember his junior year summer working with his father like it was yesterday. He hated installing pools with his dad and his coworkers early in the morning. The grueling work was enough for Hugo to want to do summer homework non-stop. Nevertheless, his father would dig for hours on end, even when the sun intensified during the middle of the day. After his work was done, his clothes would be drenched in sweat while Hugo would help carry the heavy tools to their white Ford. Don Gerardo reached in his back pocket for a silver pocketwatch and smiled in satisfaction when he saw that the time was 6:30 p.m.

Before he got into his car, Don Gerardo ritualistically rubbed the small pocketwatch three times. Don Gerardo kept this memento that his father passed down to him and served as a way for him to always remember his father's hard work.

Hugo can remember the smell of the dirty 1980 white Ford truck as it slowly made its way down Miranda Dr. as the sun was beginning to set. Hugo stared into the distance as his father smiled. Initially puzzled, Hugo tried to make out why his father was smiling so much. Remembering it was a Sunday, mama had some hot pozole ready on the dinner table at 7:00 p.m sharp.

On their way down the street near the exit, Don Gerardo was mesmerized by how much his son had grown up. He came to every spelling bee, every award ceremony for his poetry, and even

Hugo's debate competition, even though he had a hard time understanding the fast-paced English. Don Gerardo quickly reached for his back pocket and handed Hugo his prized possession: His pocketwatch. Every second is precious *mijo*, every minute, and every hour. You are a smart man who is going to do great things. Just remember that life is short, do what you love. Don Gerardo said calmly. Astonished, Hugo thanked his father and put the watch in his back pocket. Hugo realized he was becoming a man, his father's assurance motivated him to achieve his dream of honing his poetry.

Once again, Hugo surfaced to reality, realizing that he was daydreaming again. Tired of studying, he made up his mind and left the coffee shop to the corner of University Ave. After spending minutes walking, he saw the back of the head of the man. Hugo looked over to the stranger and the mysterious figure signaled him with a wave. The lamp post above illuminated the stranger's brown unkempt hair and round face. Hugo sat down right next to him and shocked by their similarities, questioned who he was. A wide smile followed that resembled Don Gerardo. I am you the stranger said. The poet that never was.

After a couple of seconds of silence, Hugo drifted off and entered a deep memory of his small room. The space was neat and complimented the light blue colored walls. The drapes in his room were translucent, the light from the sun softly hit Hugo's desk. Hugo looked at his brown desk, while Hugo's duplicate stood in the corner staring at the young man's next move. Uncomfortable, Hugo stood frozen, well aware of the patches of dust and cobwebs on the drawer knobs, he hadn't opened it since the death of his father. Hugo's doppelganger slowly walked over and opened the drawer of the wooden desk. Crumbled notes and shredded notebooks with black marker etched out words. Hugo's chest tightened.

You see the world in colors, you disliked working in those hot summers outside, you were never one to be a businessman. Hugo's double said. Hugo knew this, but he knew that with the death of Don Gerardo his mom and his family would be sucked into an

impoverished lifestyle with limited support. Immigrants from mainland Mexico they had nothing, Don Gerardo was the pillar for the impoverished lifestyle with limited support. Immigrants from mainland Mexico they had nothing, Don Gerardo was the pillar for the family both emotionally and financially. So, when Hugo's father suffered a fatal heart attack while installing pools in the hot L.A. sun one Sunday, Hugo knew that he needed to support the family. What money can you earn being a poet? Hugo said as he began uncrumple a sheet of poetry. A familiar voice echoed across the room and sighed as the man held onto Hugo's right shoulder.

Mijo it's ok. Time waits for no man. You must do what you love and everything will figure itself out. You are more than capable of making money with your talents. Do not put the world on your shoulders Hugo. Aware of who he was, a tear dropped from Hugo's face and the doppelganger that was next to him suddenly vanished. Don Gerardo smiled and embraced Hugo once more before disappearing.

Hugo sat alone on the bench on University Ave as half of his face was illuminated from the light post. Time seemed to stand still when he rubbed the pocketwatch. The glass on the watch was cracked, while the hands of the clock stopped moving. Hugo reached for his backpack for a notebook and a pen. It was 8:30 p.m. and the winter cold combined with wind chills reached 28 degrees. Hugo opened the notebook and began to write: Seconds gained, Minutes secured, hours ahead.

# The End

*by Niki Knauer*

## The Last Human

He looks you know not how, since you are dead from disease or hunger or exhaust or age. Your body threaded into the ground and into the crevices of the earth, swallowed up and swallowed whole, soil shaping itself between your fingertips, over your eyebrows, through your toes. Hugging you tight,

so tight,  
that your flesh sticks and wanders away, and all that remains is a glowing white skeleton laughing!

ha

ha

ha!

sharing a joke with its neighbor also laughing, mouth creaked open in a smile

ha

ha

ha!

at how dumb were the dinos, who mowed green grass patches, not a care in the world, till they sizzled and sizzled out,

ha

ha

ha!

couldn't twiddle their thumbs and build wooden hutches to hide under, escaping the apocalypse.

humans were smarter, squatting under their roofs, shielded from a darkening sky and looking out through tinted windows at a sparkly purple earth. snorting dust in the allies, drinking fire in the tunnels, screaming and dancing and flailing together, minds paralyzed and swimming in substance, bodies free to be free from caring too much.



thinking about thinking too much about thinking and not enough about living.

caring completely to live, pinching thoughts of death far far behind a curtain plaid and bland that reminds them of grandmas baking cookies in the kitchen, concept of time a measurable quantity, ticking toward zero.

all people will die, coconut bruises on their foreheads, or truck tires over their bosoms, all people will die, but will all people live?

having seen all the sights

having smelled all the smells

having done all the do's.

milking possibilities until the udder is empty and they can leave no regrets trailing on their tails, whispering could haves in their ears. raising their children to be

bigger to be

better to be

stronger to

demand

of life all there is and to expect nothing less.

children teaching their children to try harder run faster work longer. children dying,

eyes bloodshot

blanketed under a ground too treaded, prodded, kneaded.

baked by scorching glares and scorching sun rays, hardened to a crisp. the rain massaging the earth's tired muscles and greasing its aching joints, pattering less and less until one day it stops! the day God gives up crying.

children reaching for the forbidden fruit never change, hunger pangs for a sweetness they can

only imagine.

sad children never satisfied, gnawing on goals with sharp edges.

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Fingers sticky with lollipop syrup prodding daddy, daddy tell me the story about the unicorn that growled and prowled, white like an angel and mean like the devil, beady yellow eyes burrowed deep in its head waiting under the covers of good little boys and good little girls for the lights to blow out and the candles to sizzle and the pink ribbons to loosen and the blue pajamas to button...to pounce! slit their stomachs and dig deep in their corpses, searching, searching for the last bit of fish bobbling about after dinner. guns popping like popcorn, pop! fleshy firecrackers spraying the snow... mary crinkling her nose at the thought of white crumble, crunchy and cold, crisping her tongue and burning her cheeks like daddy says it did. and he tells her to imagine twirling every which way and seeing white far and high, white clouds splattered over a white sky shimmering over white ground pounded by white paws. a trail of wandering scents and wandering gazes, screams and giggles of children burrowing their heads into the dandruff of the earth. Little curious children following the pathways of the paws, dizzy in the circles, dodging all the corpses.

curiosity.

to explore.

killed the cat.

the big black cat. the freckled cat. the cat with mismatched teeth.

then the dog.

the dog that guarded the moon, the dog that guarded the sheep, the dog that circled its pack, the dog that circled its nest. then.

when the cats were all gone and the dogs were all gone and the birds flew into the

sun

and the fish spiraled out of the

sea

stomachs screamed and lips shriveled.

laws couldn't exist without trees for the paper, and morals leaked from minds thirsty for survival. humans chewed on rocks, then bones, then flesh... still warm and ripped straight from hearts. belonging to neighbors and to friends, aim the bullet! on the calf you tore from his mother's warm side and crammed into your pocket, his soul wrapped up in greasy green bills.

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## The Last Polar Bear

He looks drunk and dazed, bumbling along in a yellow grass field. as if waking up on the morning after, squinting his eyes at the sun illuminating steps towards a doorstep he doesn't belong to. His limbs tossed about and his tie jumbled. his shirt peppered with stains, smells of alcohol and perfume swirling into a nauseous aftertaste tickling the back of his throat. he staggers to his feet and into a city alive with commotion he cannot fit into, the strangers shoving him far from their flow. he sways between the streetlamps, his gaze focused forward and his feet keeping up. where does he live and where will he go, he doesn't know, but there's no point standing glued to the sidewalk, melting into a puddle oozing through the cracks. creases and cracks on his dry skin, stretched gaunt over his bones, stretched so tight it seems as if there's not enough fabric to cover his body. seams of blue veins knitted together, hugging his clickety clackety bones tight, muffling their rattle. weaving through his ribcage, winding tighter round and round, a merry go spiraling

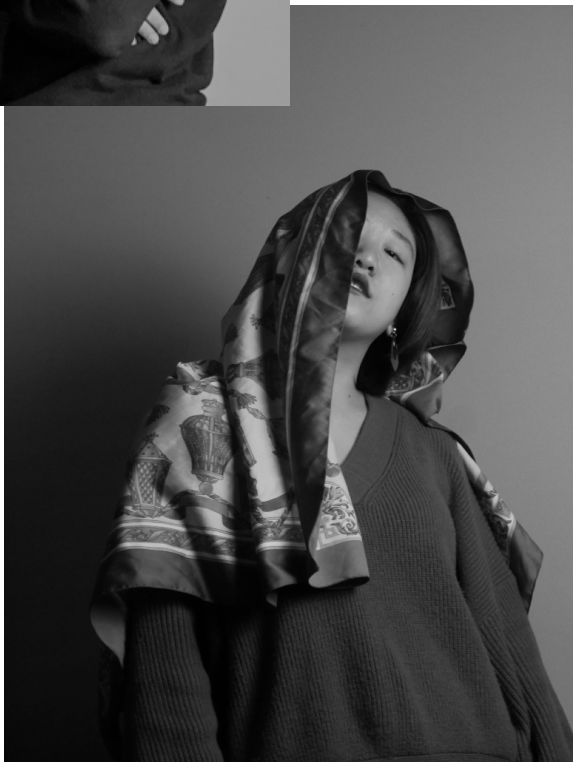
up, up, and away!

riding into the stars by the tail of a million neon balloons, and catapulting!  
into the sky, a  
twinkling constellation  
for eternity  
to trace.

# Tiny Fragments

Photographs from Creative Release Meetings

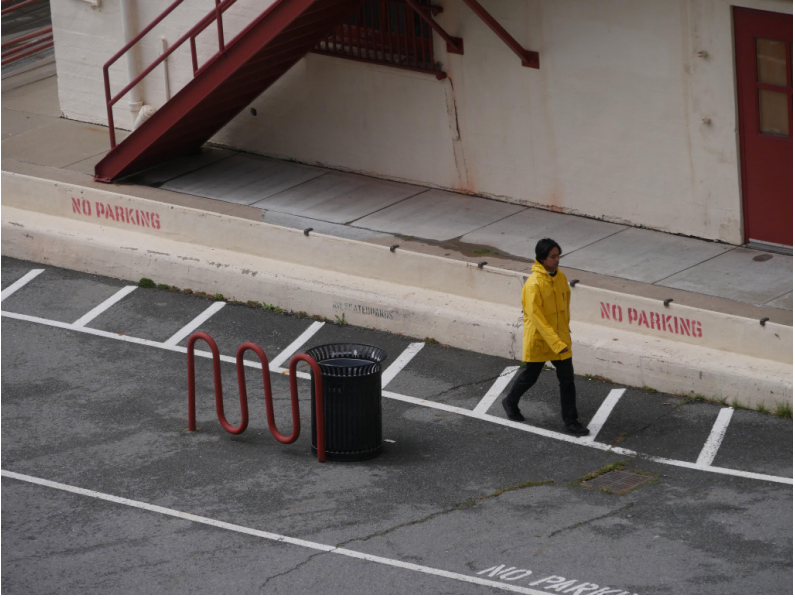




Top: Pavel Savgira

Bottom: Valerie Legates





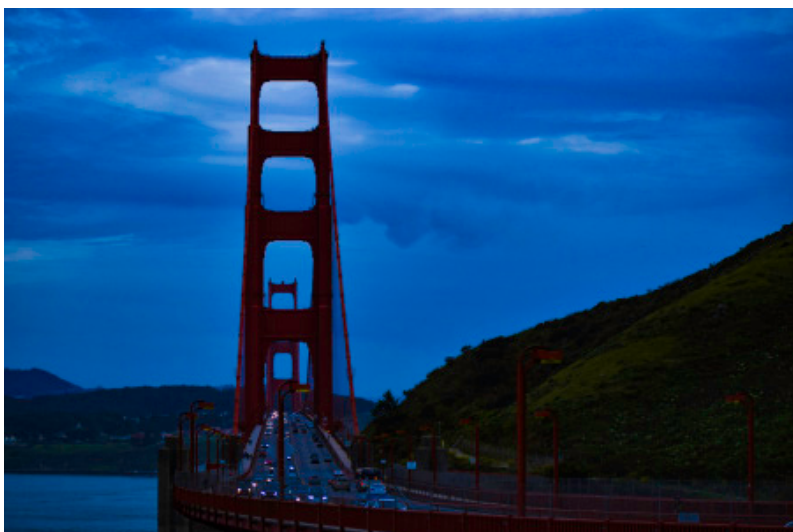
Top: Pavel Savgira  
Bottom: Arianna Coria





Top: Eponine Sun

Bottom: Rose Huynh



# Want to be a part of Creative Release?

Please join us in our weekly meetings on Tuesday from 2 to 3 pm in room 6307 in Foothill. If you are not on Foothill campus you can still take part by opening a creative arts club on your own campus and reach out to us for future collaboration. We are excited to get to know you and help you in any way we can.

If you wish to get in contact with us or submit your creative pieces to the upcoming issue, please reach out to:

[thecreativerelease.com](http://thecreativerelease.com)  
[creativereleasemag@gmail.com](mailto:creativereleasemag@gmail.com)

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.

“Art affirms all that is best in man—hope, faith, love, beauty, prayer... What he dreams of and what he hopes for...What is art?...Like a declaration of love: the consciousness of our dependence on each other. A confession. An unconscious act that none the less reflects the true meaning of life—love and sacrifice.”

*- Andrei Tarkovsky*