



VOICES

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VOICES

EDITORS

EDUARDO CERNA

ERIKA MEJÍA

VILMA MOORE

EMILY ROMERO GÁLVEZ

FORMATTING

EDUARDO CERNA

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

ALYSHA TIMMONS

DESIGNERS

ASHLEY SERRANO

ALYSHA TIMMONS

FACULTY COORDINATOR

DR. M. ANTONIETA GALLEGOS-RUIZ

DEPARTMENT CHAIR, INTERIM

THOMAS MCGOVERN

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A Message from The Editors

VOICES literary journal is a magazine developed by the students for students and faculty to enjoy. This of course could not have been possible without the contributions by students from all languages across the World Languages and Literatures department.

We would like to thank them for sharing with us their personal literary texts and allowing us the opportunity to share them with you. We would also like to thank the faculty who supported us and allowed us to come into their classrooms to offer the students this opportunity.

We want to acknowledge the support of Dany Doueiri, Arabic; Eric Elliot, Cahuilla; Hsiao Hui Shih, Chinese; Makiko Amaya, Japanese; Bomi Hwang, Korean; and Rafael Correa, María García-Puente and Esther Domenech, Spanish. The goal for the editors was to have representation from the various languages offered at the Department of World Languages and Literatures here at CSUSB.

The technical aspects of putting together this magazine would not have been possible without the support of Alysha Timmons, Multimedia Language Center director, and Ashley Serrano, graphic artist. We thank them both.

We thank Thomas McGovern and Juan Delgado for their contributions, which made the Writer's Corner possible.

We especially like to thank Thomas McGovern, interim chair of the World Languages and Literatures department, for supporting the printing of this journal.



EMILY, ERIKA, EDUARDO and VILMA

Arabic



حوائي المجهولة

Kerolos Mourks

من انت يا امرأة حتى على قلبي تتجرأين
من انت يا امرأة كي بجنتي تقتتحمين
انا مدلل إلهي و حتماً انت بي تحلمين
لكن كيف و انت بضلعي تحبين و تتشوقين
و أينما ذهب ت معك في منامك حين و حين تمشين
انت ابله يا عقلني كي تقبل حب قلب حنين
و انت يا قلبي أغبى لتدخلها عالمك الثمين
وليتها دخلت فھي تأبى فقولي لما لا تقبلين
طردت من جنتي لأجل اكون حيث انت تكونين
فإذا قلت ما فعلت كي احبك سأجذبني مهين
و إن قلت كم من الهوى احبوك سوف تصطجررين
لا اعلم ماذا اقول لتصير فرصة اياب تمنحين
و هياد للحظة كي تبصري ضلعي و تحبين
و كيف اعرف بحبك هل من عينك آن تنتظرين
و هل في كل آن تحبين فاني أحب كل آن كل حين
فان كن تتحببني فقولي كي لا أبقى حزين
لكني لا استحقق ولا حبك ولا استحق اليقين
فانا مدلل و جنتي جنة دلال و لهو و لست بمدين
و انت عالية بسماء إلهي و بنعمته تحليقين
انت قوية فكيف لا احبوك كلام قلبي لم تسرقين
بل القيته بيديك جزاف فخذنيه و اسحقين
لكن لا رجعة لقراري فها قلبي افعلي ما تشاءين
بل قلبي لرببي فحذارك بفؤادي تعثرين
و انا اعلمك حكمة و انا من خير العالمين
فقولي الآن وليس الغردي و لا تنتظرين
فاصارحك الآن وليس بعد فتبسمين أم تضحكين
اصارحك و امري على الله و اقطع الشك بيقين
انت يا صديقة على قلبي تتجرأين
انت يا صديقة بجنتي تقتتحمين
انت عالية بسماء إلهي و بنعمته تحليقين
فابلذك باني احب نعم احب فلا تندهشين
أحبك أنت احبوك كل آن كل حين

For my Unknown Eve

Kerolos Mourks

Who are you, woman, so you dare my heart?
Who are you, woman, that you burst into my heaven?
I am spoiled by my God, and you are definitely dreaming of me,
But how though, when you feel and love with my rib
wherever you go within your sleep and when you walk.
My heart is stupid to accept the love of a heart of nostalgia.
And my mind is crazy to get her into its precious world.
And would her get in?! She refuses, Why wouldn't you?
I have been driven out of my heaven to be where you are
If I say what I did to love you, I will find myself humiliating
And if I say how much I love you, you will get upset.
I do not know what to say, so you can give me an opportunity.
And Heh for a moment to look my rib and love.
And how do I know if you love it? Is it from your eyes when you look at it?
And would you love it all the time? Because, I do.
If you love me, tell me, so I wouldn't not remain sad.
But I do not deserve you nor your love nor certainty
I am spoiled and my paradise is a place of fun and I am not worthy.
And, you are high in the heavenly sky and in God's grace you are flying.
You are strong, how can I not love you? You didn't steal my heart,
But I delivered it into your hands, so take it and squash it.
But there is no way to change my decision, here is my heart, do what you desire
But my heart is for my Lord, so I warn you to not mess with it.
And I know you are wise, and I am one of the best to know you.
So, tell me now not tomorrow. Tell me and don't wait.
I will tell you now and not later, you would smile or laugh.
I will tell you to stop doubting with certainty.
My friend, you have dared my heart.
My friend, you have busted into my heaven.
You are high in divine heaven and in God's grace, you are flying
I inform you now that I love. Yes, I do. Don't be surprised.
I love you, I love you all the time.

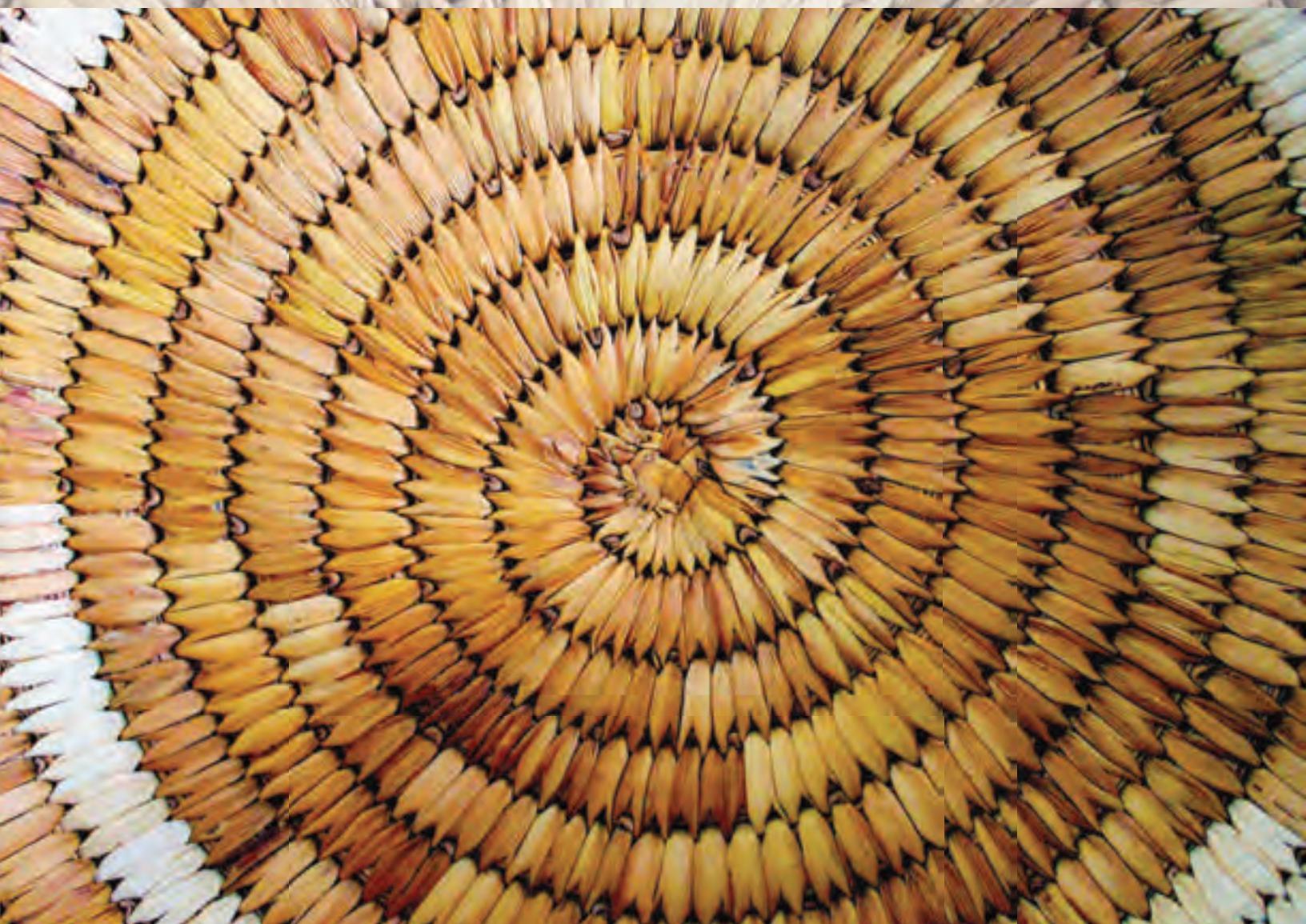
(Translation)



Petra, Jordan

Photo by Rafael Ruiz

Cahuilla



‘Éxenuk Púwish Mekíya’i’ Táxliswetmi’

Merci Estrada

Yéwi táwwal héspen wéwenqa’al, yá’i’ éliqa’al wélet, pényúyqa’al héspen támiva’.

Táxliswetem hempeqóqlumwe’enqáwish pá’, máwa’ kill hem’ámiwenive’ témayka’, pánikenetpíyik. Súpllich, ‘úmu’ hícham he’máqi’i’ kútashkatemqaméxenuk písh hem’ámpí’i’ témayka’
‘í’ixish píyik, wáykiwene’ti’ písh pemiyíkawpi’, qwáyill písh kill hemchéxpi’.

Húnwet yáqa’al písh híchipi’: héspen ‘ívawe’en. ‘Úmu’ táxliswetem pemhée’anwe’en.

‘Éxenuk híchi’i’ pé’ húnwet. Yéyayen péniiichiqualive’ yúyat pá’, Húnwet héspen pélema’miyaxwe’en.

Pé’ish pé’ yúyat wángam pá’ hé’i’ peqóqlumwe’en. Pén háni’ ‘áy táxliswetem ‘ángapa’ he’máqi’i’.

‘Ípax túku’ tá’, ‘Áswet yáqa’al písh híchipi’: wák’a’ ‘á’amnawet miyaxwe’en.

‘Úmu’ táxliswetem pemhée’anwe’en. Híngqalipa’ tá’ héspenpeyúyqa’al ‘áswe’ti’.

Yúyat mú’aqiwe’en wákay pá’. Pé’ish pé’ kill miyaxwe’en písh híngpi’.

‘Úmu’ hícham pem’áyawwe’enpísh hemhíchipi’, yéyayen kill miyaxwe’en.

‘Áy háyvika’, Púwish yáqa’al písh híchipi’. ‘Úmu’ táxliswetem píshhemsésemwe’en.

Hémyaxwe’en pé’ púwish héspen ‘íñishill píshmíyaxwenive’. Kill miyaxwe’en písh péniiichihi’.

Yéyayen pé’ púwish yáqa’al písh kwáwawenive’. Pé’ish pé’ yál killmíyaxwe’en písh peqóqlumpi’ húnwe’ti’ ‘áyanuk. Pén héspenpey’ívawet’á’ yál tésa’.

Kill miyaxwe’en yúyat písh mú’aqipi’ péta’ ‘áswe’ti’ ‘áyanuk.

Pén háni’ ‘áy Púwish sýaqinuk kúyka’pechícha’i’ wíh tú’li’. Pepúwa’an’i’ písh selhátiwenap, píshtíngwaxpi’.

Pénga’ pé’ pé’ pechíkimi’i’ náq’á’ húnganax, píshtaxtíngwaxnipi’ pe’ívaqualive’.

Pe’ívanuk ‘íñish ‘áyaxwe,wéwenqa’al peypúwa’anka’ tú’li’. Pén háni’ ‘áy pechíkimi’i’

‘ángapa’ náq’á’ húnganax. ‘Éxenuk púwish héè píchanuk’í’ixinga’ wáykiwene’ti’ pehívin’i’. Pén háni’

‘áy ngúillew’i’ táxliswetmi’ meywáykinika’. Pé’ish pé’ wíhnga’ sáwaaqa púwispíh’i’ náq’á’ húnganax.

How Roadrunner Saved The People

Merci Estrada

Long ago there was a great storm during winter and the snow was very bad. The people got trapped before they could go to the valleys. One day, all of the animals gathered together to talk about how they were going to make their way to the desert to gather food so they wouldn't starve. Bear said he would go because he was the strongest. All the people agreed. So he went, but when he tried to move through the snow he was too heavy and the snow was too deep, so he got stuck. Then the people got together again. This time, Eagle said he would go because he had these great wings. All the people agreed. When he tried, the snow was coming down too hard and fast, and it piled up on his wings and he couldn't fly. All of the animals tried, but they could not make it. So, finally Roadrunner said he would go. All of the people laughed at him and said he was too little, so he would not be able to make it. But he told them that he was light and he would not sink like Bear did and he said he was fast so the snow wouldn't pile up on him like Eagle. Then Roadrunner went up to the fire and grabbed two coals and blew on them so they grew hot and red, then he put them behind his ears to keep him warm while he ran. He would run, and then stop and blow on the coals, and put them behind his ears again. And he made it down to the Desert and brought back food to feed the people. And that is why he has the two spots behind his ears where feathers don't grow.

-As told by my Grandmother Josephine Lubo Modesto, who was a member of the Cahuilla Band of Indians.

(Translation)

Neyqálak Wíhkwa' Pichemtéewwenipa' Táku'chi'

Aaron Saubel

Pensichúshmumiqa qaméxenuk neyqálak wíhkwa' súpllichmávish písh chemchích'awenive' kímungax, píshche mtáchawenive' pá' kúpva'al návaxish pá'. Chemtáxawqávive' sáwaaqa'al. Chéqe' kú'awet wén'e'.

Pá' chemtáchawe'en. Hé'i' lálmamwe'en, pá' kúpva'al pétuyka'. Tíwma' míyaxwe'en, táwpa', mávish písh. Chemtáchawe'en kímungax, neyqálakwíhkwa'.

Hen'íñishill nemíyaxwe'en wám, qunsúplli' hääqunwíh netáwpaki'. Kímungax chemqál'e'.

Michemtéewwe'entúkva'chi', sú'wetmi'. Chéqe' pensichúshmumiqa neyqálak níyikpísh 'ívilluqalive'.

Qahíyaqa'al. Yéyayen níyik kúktashqa'al. Ne'á'alximaxqa'al, nésunngax, pé'iy Kúnvaxma'li'.

Pá'chemtáchawe'en, pén neywáq'a'l. Pensichúshmumiqaqaméxenuk písh pentéewqalive' 'áwsunika'.

Héspentulsáwiwe'en. Sú'wetem héspen hempáluwe'en, hemháhtamwenive'.

Pichemtéewwe'en híghtete'iy, TákushHékiy. Pén chéqe' 'íva'nuk qamívax háti'i'.

Chéqe' púm yáx'i'!! Pís'i' Tákush Hékingax, 'áwsunngax.

Chéqe' hávun péniichi'i', háyvika' náwxwayka', 'áwsunnga'. Pén pénga' 'áy chéqe' chúxxýáx'i'.

Wílliwenet tévishnekish, 'ámnawet pekín'i'.

Tukushhátiqa'al, paltukushhátiqa'al 'íñish 'áyaxwe'en, pénselhátiqa'al, wíis, sélekish pén paltukushnekish, pén púm, péniichi'i' námñami' 'áyanuk! Neyqálak yáqa'al, " 'Áa, híi, híi!!!" Héspen wáy'i'.

Népuhi' pekét'i' hémay písh. Pensichúshmumiqa písh pentéewivichuqalive' qamíviyka' píshhíchive'.

Yén pensichúshmumiqa 'úmu' híchaxi' píshpentéewive'. Hát yáx'i!. Péniichi'i' túkvash háyvika'.

Pénpetéteyaqa'al Táku'chi', yén qahíyaqa'al. Yáqa'al, "Kí'i', 'áy, " petéteyamaxqalive' Táku'chi' písh ngíipi' 'íka', kíll píshchemetúluspi'. Táxwika' néqi' níyaqa'al, "Qamíyaxwe'en 'ásan. Qamíyaqa." Pé' pé' 'ívilluqa'al Tákush píyik. Níyik yáqa'algahích'a' písh míyaxwenive'.

Yáqa'al táxliswetem hemtáxawhúngavey písh pe'éytuqalive', písh nékive' héma' chémemchemtéwlavey písh p eyáwichipi', háá háxami' súpul téwlaveypísh peyáwichipi'.

Pé'ish pé' píyik wáawayqa'al chémeta' píshpe'á'vamipi', chémish písh pekávaypi'.

"Kíll cheme'túlusna!" yáqa'al.

My Grandma and I Encountering Tákush

Aaron Saubel

I remember one night my grandma and I were sitting out, lying out, on this old-time folding bed that did not have a mattress on it. It was just a spring. We were lying on it. The ends, the legs, would fold in, underneath the bed. It was a hot, hot summer night. We were lying outside, Grandma and I. I was a little guy, I must have been about, what, 6 or 7? We were outside looking at the sky, the stars. I just remember my grandma talking Cahuilla to me. I don't know what she was saying, but she was just talking to me, telling me a story, I think it was about Kúnvaxmal. We were lying there, and she was just holding me. And, I remember looking up at the sky and noticing how dark the sky was with the beautiful stars, just shining bright. We were looking towards, what do you call it, Idyllwild Mountain, and all of a sudden, a light came out of nowhere, just boom! It went from the San Jacinto Peak. It just streaked across the sky, all the way to Idyllwild, and then it just faded. A big line, a white line followed. The lights were blue, green, greenish blue, more green and red, and two lights, and boom, it was just like a meteor. My grandma said, "Oh, híi, híi! She hollered real loud and she put her hands over my eyes and I remember trying to look and see where it went, but I remember seeing the whole thing. It flashed all the way across the sky, and she said something about Tákush. She said, "Kí'i', 'áy," telling Tákush to go away, to not bother us. I remember thinking, "What happened? What's going on?" She was talking to Tákush, in Cahuilla. She told me what that was. She said it was a soul-stealer, that it was coming either to take our spirits, or someone's. That's why she was hollering at it to go by us, to go by us. "Don't bother us!" she said.

(Translation)

The Greatness of Creator

Michael Mirelez

Néna' Túkvash 'Ámikangaxvish, 'áa, héspen 'et'ámnawet.
Hem'ívawen pen hempáluwen 'enúkam.
'Úmu' híchaxi' 'á'amnawet pén páluwenet - nékat 'é' 'ésunngax.
'Áyax chempúwa'anwen písh che'miyaxwenive' hish'enúkam.

My father from Heaven, oh, how very great you are. Powerful and beautiful are your creations.
All things great and beautiful have come from your heart.
Blessed are we that are your creations.

(Translation)

Qwápi'!

Wake up!

Elizabeth Rios

Támit chá'aqiqa. Níye' yáqa, "Qwápi'!".

The sun is rising. My mom says, "Wake up!"

Né' pen'é'nanqa písh páayqalive' Kawíiyanga' súnaxwenipa' pentéewqalive' pén pennáqmaqalive'...
I know it its morning time in Cahuilla because I hear and I see...

Súplli' éqwashmal, neyúull 'Íswet, 'í'ikqa múllakim yúkiwenetem paltukushnekchem mísh.
One boy, my little brother Wolf, playing with his green dinosaurs.

Mewíh né'achem 'á'walem túlekchem hem'í'ikwe símut pá'.
My two black pet dogs are playing on the grass.

Mepáh wíkikmallem tévishnekchem, hemtáxmuwe kélawat pá'.
Three white birds are singing on the tree.

Mewíchiw 'ístam níxi'chi'~péngkichem hemngáangwe pá' wáykingiva'al pá'.
Four gray coyotes are howling in the pasture

Némaqwanang púwichem pínga' hemqál.
Five roadrunners are on the road.

Nechá'aqiqa.
I rise.

Níye' yáqa, "Míyaxwe mutúleka", 'etne'áyaw'a' pén 'etpáluwenet."
My mom says, "Good morning, I love you and you are beautiful."

Nésun 'áchama' 'ív'i' támit hémax.
I am thankful for this day.

Chinese



Chinese Calligraphy

Emily Romero Gálvez



The art of Chinese calligraphy is of great importance in the Chinese culture. It is beautiful writing in an artistic form that demonstrates the importance of aesthetics in the Chinese culture. Here we see the students of the Department of World Languages and Literatures at Cal State San Bernardino learning about the ancient art of calligraphy. Professor Hsiao Hui Shih taught her students how to write "Spring" and "Luck" to celebrate the Chinese New Year, the Year of the Pig.



Japanese

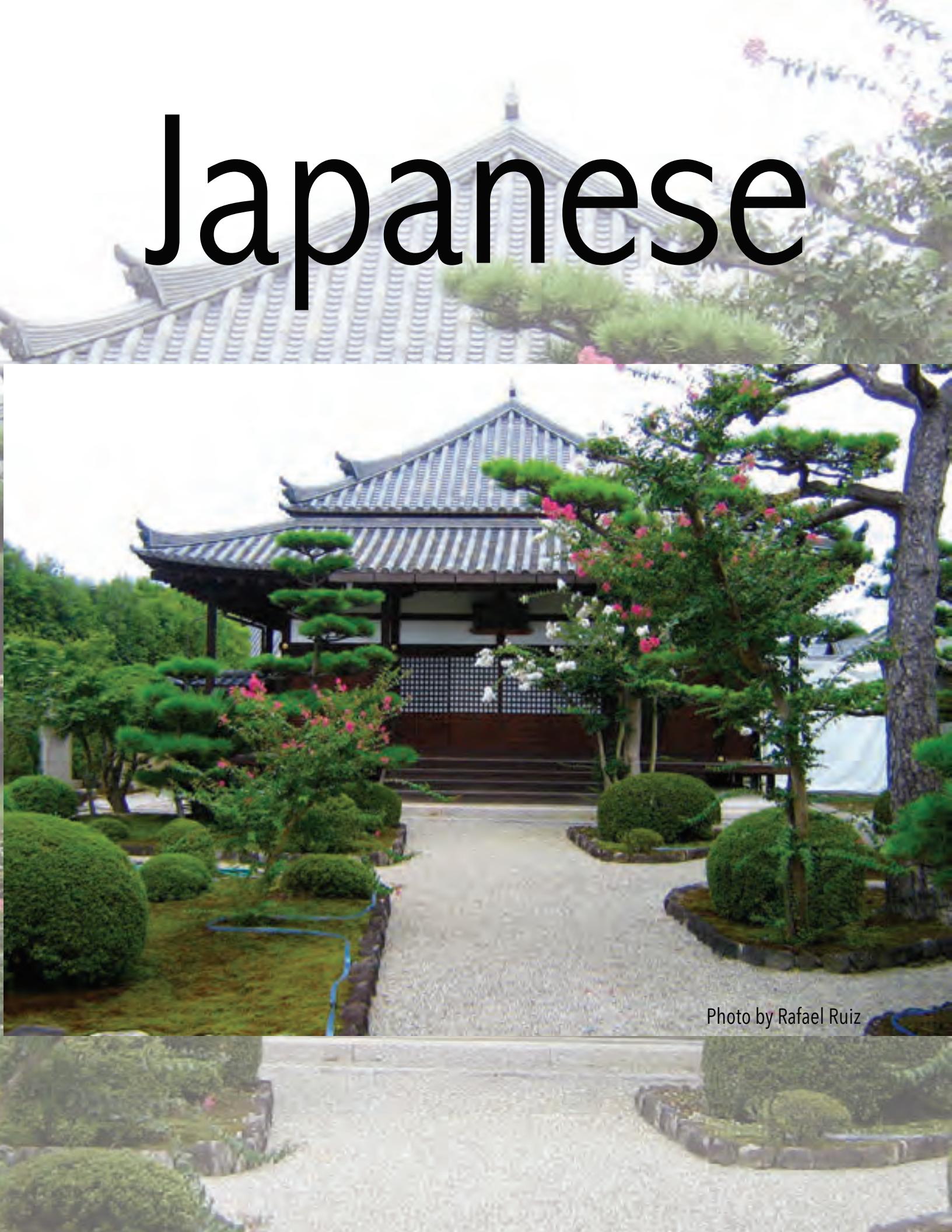


Photo by Rafael Ruiz

四季

Salem Valdez

春は咲く花のようです、
花は素敵なシャワーと共にやってくる。
愛は成長し、それは示すでしょう、
春は素敵な時期です。

夏は海風について話します。
それは来る、寒さを告げない。
愛は強く、長く続くでしょう
夏は美しい時期です。

秋は火のように見えます、
それは欲求を呼び起します。
愛は熱くなり、止められないでしょう、
秋は不思議な時です。

冬は寒いです、
しかし、愛はまだくすぶります。
愛はより賢くなり、間欠泉のようになります、
冬は素晴らしい時期です。

The Seasons

Salem Valdez

Spring is like blooming flowers,
Bringing with it lovely showers.
Love will grow and it will show,
Spring is a lovely time.

Summer speaks of the ocean breeze,
It doesn't tell of the coming freeze.
Love will be strong and last very long,
Summer is a beautiful time.

Fall looks like fire,
It calls forth desire.
Love will grow hot and will not be stopped,
Fall is a wondrous time.

Winter is colder,
But love will still smolder.
Love will grow wiser and become like a geyser,
Winter is a splendid time.

(Translation)

Oh no! The Deer is Eating Me

Timothy Tasmin



The deer in Nara, Japan are always hungry and will approach anyone with food. Crackers are sold to feed the deer. The deer can be a little aggressive, but they are very polite too. If you bow to them, they will bow back to you.

Korean



연락이 없는 친구에게

Inn Kwon

친구야 안녕, 그동안 잘 지냈니? 오랜만에 너에게 하고 싶었던 말, 이전에는 미처 하지 못했던 말들을 전하고 싶어서 이렇게 편지를 쓰게 되었다. 우리가 서로 연락을 끊고 지낸지 이제 어느덧 일 년이 되었구나. 처음 미국에서 너를 알았을 때 우리는 성격은 좀 상반되어도 너는 나랑 유일한 동갑내기 친구였고 취미도 비슷해서 우리는 같이 많이 놀았었다. 밥도 같이 자주 먹고 운동도 하고 게임도 하면서 너와 함께 했던 이 시간들은 현재 진행 중인 대학교 생활에서 즐거웠던 시간 그래서 좋은 추억들로 남아 있었다. 한동안은...

난 지금 우리가 서로 연락을 끊기 전, 그러니까 일 년 전 내가 너로부터 느꼈지만 너에게 직접 말로 다 하지 못했던 실망감과 서운함 또 아쉬움을 조금이나마 털어 놓으려고 한다. 내가 처음 미국에서 여자 친구를 사귀게 되었을 때 네가 자주 던진 농담을 아직 기억한다. “한국인이 아닌 외국인이랑 사귀니?”, “너도 이제 외국인 다 되었구나”, “나는 외국인은 좀 아닌 것 같다”. 나는 그런 너를 보며 편협하다 생각했고, 그렇게 시간은 그럭저럭 흘렀다. 그러던 중 한국 대학교에서 새로운 교환 학생들이 왔다고 네가 집으로 나를 초대해 주었고 그때, 나는 외국 친구들과 함께 왔다. 그날 술자리에서 너는 같이 온 한 외국 친구에게 호감을 느꼈고 나는 너의 그런 마음을 알았기에 너에게 물어보며 네가 그 마음을 나에게 털어 놓기를 기다렸다. 하지만 너는 나에게 먼저 말 해주는 대신 오히려 새로 온 한국 학생들에게 먼저 말을 하였다. 그 후로, 좋아하는 그 친구를 포함해서 다 같이 모일 수 있는 저녁 자리를 만들어 달라고, 또 가끔은 그냥 나와 술 마시면서 놀자고 하며 너에게 연락이 왔다. 나는 그럴때마다 항상 좋은 마음으로 너를 도왔고, 또 한편으로 너와도 즐겁게 놀 수 있어서 좋았었다. 그런데 네가 그 친구와 커플이 된 후, 얼마 가지 않아 나는 바보가 된 느낌이 들었다. 커플이 되기 전 나에게 주었던 계속 지속될 것 만 같았던 너의 연락도, 커플이 되면 나에게 식사라도 대접해 주겠다던 네가 한 말에 대해 그 어떤 연락도 없었다. 처음엔 나는 이해하려고 했다. 너가 그 친구와 연애하느라 바쁘겠지 그저 그렇게 생각했다. 하지만 너는 나를 신경도 쓰지 않은 채 연애하며 남는 시간엔 새로운 한국 친구들과는 또 재미있게 놀며 시간을 보냈다. 나는 애써 이해하며 너에게 한국친구들과 놀 때라도 나에게 연락을 달라고 부탁하기도 했다. 하지만 그 마저도 넌 나를 이상하게 생각하며 무시했다. 갑자기 마음 깊숙한 곳에서 엄청난 서운함이 몰려왔다. 마치 커플이 되기 전에 나에게 주었던 연락들은 오직 그 외국인 친구를 잡기 위해서였다고만 느껴졌다. 친한 친구에게 그냥 이용당한 기분이 들었다.

내가 이렇게 생각하는 것이 오해인지는 모르겠지만 나는 네가 커플이 되고 난 후 커플이 되기 전과의 상반된 너의 행동에 엄청난 실망감과 배신감을 느꼈다. 결국 내가 너에게 왜 연락을 하지 않느냐며 서운함을 드러내자 네가 나한테 했던 말 “너도 나에게 먼저 연락 안했잖아.” 기억할 거다. 그 모든 상황이 내가 너에게 연락을 먼저 안한 탓일까 되묻고 싶다. 돈을 빌려간 사람이 빌려준 사람에게 “당신이 나에게 돈을 갚으라는 연락을 먼저 안했으니 저는 그 전까지는 당신에게 돈을 갚지 않아도 된다” 하는 것과 뭐가 다른 건지. 물론 내가 너에게 어떤 보상을 꼭 바라고 도와주었던 것은 아니다. 하지만 네가 나를 정말 친구로 생각했다면 연애하고 남는 시간에 새로운 한국친구들과 실컷 놀기 전, 먼저 나에게 연락 한 통은 주는 게 최소한의 배려라고 생각한다. 하지만 결국 너는 나의 마음을 이해하지 않으려 하고 너의 자존심만 세우며 나 또한 너에게 먼저 연락을 안했다는 식으로 불평을 했다. 나는 너의 그 말을 듣고 더 이상 너와 친구 관계를 이어가기 힘들다고 생각했다. 당시 나는 밀려오는 배신감과 상처 난 자존심으로 힘들었기에 네가 진심으로 사과하지 않는 이상 너를 나의 인생에서 걸러야겠다고 생각했다. 그 후로 내가 연락을 안하니 예상대로 정말 너도 1년이 지난 지금까지도 연락이 없구나. 지금은 지난 일이라 너를 감정적으로 대하고 싶은 마음은 없다. 대신, 이렇게 글로 남긴다. 하고 싶은 말들을 다 하니 마음이 조금은 후련해졌다. 네가 이 편지를 볼 일은 없겠지만 만약 읽게 돼서 그 때를 회상하게 된다면 나의 마음을 조금이나마 이해해주길, 그리고 다른 이들에겐 나를 대했던 것처럼 안 했으면 한다. 자신이 원하는 것만을 얻기 위해 다른 사람들에게 마음의 상처와 피해를 주는 그런 인생은 지양하며 살아 가길 바란다.

아무쪼록 건강하고, 잘 지내라 친구야!

To a friend with whom I've had no contact

Inn Kwon

Hi friend, have you been doing well? Since there is something I wanted to tell you for a long time but didn't have a chance to deliver, I have finally decided to write a letter to you. It's been a year since we were in contact with each other. When I met you for the first time in the United States, although our personalities were a little different, you were the only friend who was the same age as me and who had the same hobbies. We had a lot of fun together. The times I ate, exercised, and played with you were fun times in my college life. Such good memories, at least for a while...

I am now going to share with you a sense of delusion and distress that I have felt from you, even though I have not spoken directly to you. I remember the jokes you often made when I first got a girlfriend in the United States. You told me that I had become a foreigner, and that if you were in my shoes, you would not have gotten a girlfriend who is not Korean. "What a narrow-minded person you are," I thought. Time went by. Then, when new exchange students from a Korean university came to our campus, you invited me to your home to hang out with them. I came with my American friends, and you developed a crush on one of them. I asked you if you were interested in her and waited for you to confide in me. But instead of telling me, you spoke to a new Korean student about it. After that, you wanted me to arrange a get-together with your crush and her friends. I did as you asked. I have always helped you with a good heart and I enjoyed doing so. But after she became your girlfriend, I felt like I had been fooled. You stopped contacting me. At first, I tried to understand. I knew that you were busy with your girlfriend. But you avoided and ignored me. Suddenly, a tremendous rush of emotion swelled in me from deep inside my heart. I was used. You used me to get together with my friend, who later became your girlfriend.

I don't know if this is a misunderstanding, but I felt a great amount of disappointment and betrayal at your contradictory actions. I confronted you to ask why you did not contact me and you said, "You did not contact me first." Is that what you think is the situation? I did not contact you first? This is like a debtor saying to a creditor, "I don't have to pay you back until you contact me to ask for your money back." Of course, I did not wish from you any reward or help. But if you really considered me your friend, you wouldn't have treated me like this, excluding me from your life. You complained that I was the one who did not contact you. You only cared about your self-pride, ignoring how others feel. So I came to the conclusion that it would be best for me not to go on with our friendship. At that time I thought that I would have to filter you out of my life unless you sincerely apologized for the betrayal. Since then, you have not contacted me, so I've felt no need to contact you. I have no desire to be emotionally involved in the past. Instead, I am writing to you. Putting down all the words I have wanted to say for so long, I feel liberated. You may not see this letter, but if you read it, I hope you understand what I have felt. I hope you do not treat others the way you treated me. I hope that you do not use others in order to get only what you want.

Take care, friend!

(Translation)

달

Samantha Hall

밤이 왔을 때
달이 없으면
집도 없고
솔직히,
나도 여기 없네요
밤이 왔을 때
달이 있으면
집도 있고
솔직히,
나도 여기 있네요

Moon

Samantha Hall

There is no home without the moon when the night came,
and frankly,
I am not here either

There is home with the moon when the night came
and finally,
I'm here

(Translation)

Spanish



La muerte de Necuhmetl

Masiel Corona

Necuhmetl, brota, nace,
y resucita
por los llanos de Apan
y el Mezquital.

Temprana, tierna,
y madura,
áupa sus fuertes y largos brazos
a Metztli y Tonatiuh.

Ignara, cándida, fruto de Tonantzin,
besa la mano de su sacro oficiante
y en un improvisto zarpazo,
él le desgarra el corazón.

Brota blanca sangre,
y en sangre blanca,
el sacerdote se bautiza
absorbiendo de esa sangre dulce y cristalina.

Mientras tanto,
Necuhmetl,
yace simple y castiza,
inmóvil y espiritual.

Insaciable el sacerdote,
sorbe el fruto por el cohctli
y confiándolo en el pellejo,
lo apresa y se va.

Necuhmetl, materia vana
nimia y vacía,
fluye y se vivifica en el líquido blanco
de la pila bautismal del Tinacal;

En la cual el supremo sacerdote;
el tlachiquero, bebe Octli, bebe Pulque hasta el final.

La Búsqueda

Miguel Ángel Romera Álvarez

Te he estado buscando durante tanto tiempo.

He estado intentando saber
si a quien veía era a ti, a lo lejos.
¿Dónde llegará esta aventura?,
Sí de ser o no ser y preguntarme:
¿A quién vemos en el espejo?
Ya seas tú o yo, nosotros, ellos.
Espejismo o crudo realismo
sigamos soñando o quizás,
es conveniente que despertemos.
Dudas, dudas, muchas indecisiones
si lanzarnos o estarnos quietos.
Aun así te seguiré buscando
hasta que te encuentre para decirte:
¡Te he estado buscando durante tanto tiempo!

Distancia

Miguel Ángel Romera Álvarez

Cuando te tenía me llovía la vida.

Ahora que no te tengo
Tu agua de vida se me va.
Seco está mi cauce.
Nostalgia, eres río que ya no tiene mar.
Mi cuerpo es desierto donde las dunas son lágrimas
en el que buscan tristemente, lugar en el que penar,
lugar donde recordar.

Un Remolino

Erika Mabel Mejía

Vivimos en un remolino de amor
Un amor con tanta fuerza
Un amor capaz de cualquier cosa
Un amor que no quiere límites
Un amor que gira y gira
Un amor que gira tanto
Que echa cosas a volar,
Tan fácil de fracturar;
gira tanto que a veces llega a lastimar
dejando huellas difícil de borrar
Hagamos un refugio
Donde nos podamos resguardar
Donde las cosas que salen volando
No nos puedan afectar.
Es un amor que fuerte es,
Pero tan frágil a la vez
Aunque no es fácil derrumbar
Pues tú mi fuerza eres
El que me da seguridad
La seguridad que me dice
Que contigo quiero estar.

Mi Nueva Identidad

Erika Mabel Mejía

Agitada voy,
Para recopilar todo lo que el día de ayer no pude ver
Descubriendo un mundo nuevo que ansiosa estoy por caminar.
Buscando mi nueva identidad
Con una caricia suya la he de encontrar.
Lo quiero a él,
Para que me acompañe a caminar
Toda una vida junto al mar
Pero ahora que pasará
No sé que es lo que quiere él
Yo ya arriesgué todo por él
Aposté hasta mi ser
Para ser la persona que él quería tener
Ahora sólo sé,
Que mi esencia huele a él.

Hoy... a mi Madre

María Guadalupe Ortiz

Hoy te escribo madre esta canción
Y canto con el corazón
Agradeciéndole al Señor
Que existes madre.

Hoy mil cosas te quiero decir
Agradecerte mi existir
Y el cuidado que a mí
Tú me brindaste.

Gracias quiero darte mamá
Gracias por cuidarme mamá
Por tus atenciones
Hoy quiero agradecerte mamá

Hoy a tu nombre le hago honor
Con esta mi humilde canción
Recibe todo mi cariño mami.

Hoy quiero expresarte mi amor
Con palabras del corazón
Pues no encontré mejor manera de decirte...

Gracias quiero darte mamá
Gracias por cuidarme mamá
Por tus atenciones
Hoy quiero agradecerte mamá.

Gracias quiero darte mamá
Gracias por cuidarme mamá
Por tus atenciones
Hoy quiero agradecerte mamá.

Tierna Existencia

Brenda Gillman

Perdido estoy en tu ternura
Cual ave en busca de amor,
Cautivas mi mundo
Sencilla y dulce flor.

Cuanto me enseñaste mujer hermosa
Fuerte como un roble, alegre cual mariposa
A través de tus bailes, destilas pasión
Aquella que uno encuentra en cada son.

En tu fortaleza me reflejo
Cual incesante luchador
En tiempos de tristeza
Mi refugio es tu canción.

Que agraciada soy ¡abuela mía!
Contigo crecí
Contigo viví cada aventura
Nada tendría sentido
Si tú en mi mundo no hubieras nacido.

Soy hombre

Miguel Bustos

Soy hombre.

Soy una formación de moléculas conjuntas.

Soy una creación surgida espontáneamente del infinito nada.

Estoy compuesto de solo once elementos esenciales; elementos cuales se encuentran en las estrellas del cielo.

Provengo de la misma energía que todo lo que existe.

Soy un homo sapien (que significa "hombre sabio" en Latín).

Soy un organismo que tiene 78 órganos; 5 cuales son vitales.

Soy un ser con 5 sentidos.

Soy parte de una especie que sabe construir tanto como sabe destruir: avanzar y retrasar. Soy un ser con la habilidad de expresar y sentir emociones. Un ser capaz de infinitas cosas. Pero sin ti no soy nadie ni nada.

Sólo quiero ser, el dueño de tu corazón.

Tú me enseñaste...

Brenda Cortez

A vivir y disfrutar el momento sin importar
que va a pasar mañana o si es muy pronto
para amar...

Tú me enseñaste a desatar
todas mis ilusiones y pasiones
sin temor de pensar que me
podías lastimar...
¡ya que en tu mirada
se borraron todos mis temores!

Tú me enseñaste a amar libremente
y solo bastó con verme en tu mirada
brevemente para darme cuenta
de que en tus ojos encuentro
la certeza que tanto añoraba
y el amor que solo tu supiste
alimentar conforme el tiempo pasaba...

¡Y tú me enseñaste a creer que si existe
un renacer y por eso siempre te amare!

HERIDAS INVISIBLES

José Lázaro Arroyo Torres

Las gotas de lluvia seguían cayendo lánguidamente. La tormenta no había parado ni un segundo en todo el día...

Carlos Torres estaba tendido boca arriba convulsionando y cubierto en sudor, mientras Morfeo le seducía y susurraba al oído una dulce quimera a mitad de la noche...

Cuando el Sargento Torres recobró la memoria se encontró con que estaba tirado boca abajo sobre la arena y en posición fetal, casi como queriendo regresar al vientre de la madre tierra. Aunque ya consciente, no quiso abrir los ojos, los cerró igual de fuerte como abrazó la tierra. Finos granos de arena le golpearon el cuerpo, sintió que diminutos puñales le perforaban la piel. Pensó que las aspas de aquel helicóptero UH-60 Black Hawk del ejército lo partía en dos. Escuchó muy lentamente el instante en que cada una de las aspas hechas de titanio y fibra de vidrio golpeaba contra el suelo compuesto por partículas desagregadas de las rocas y se hacían añicos. Cuando sólo se escuchó el zumbido del rotor girando, el cual se alimentaba por dos motores turbo eje, General Electric T700-GE-701C 1890 shp, El Sargento Torres trató de levantarse, pero las 6.70 libras que pesaba el saco de cien municiones para la ametralladora M-240B que llevaba cargando alrededor del cuello, le derribaron de nuevo a la arena. Como pudo, se quitó el saco de proyectiles y puso una rodilla sobre el suelo para poder evaluar la situación. Su mirada recorrió los 360 grados del perímetro y se detuvo en dirección a las diez horas en punto. El helicóptero estaba en llamas, los soldados que quedaron dentro del aparato durante el accidente salieron despavoridos como cucarachas escapando del insecticida. El Sargento Torres descubrió que a unos cuantos pies del helicóptero había un soldado tirado boca arriba que no se movía. Se levantó con mucho dolor en un hombro y la espalda, pero al ver a su compañero inerte corrió rápidamente hasta llegar a donde el Cabo Sisson estaba recostado. El Sargento Torres se arrodilló y puso su mano sobre el casco de kevlar de su compañero y gritó -¡Puta Madre! ¿Estás bien? ¿Estás bien? ¡Contesta, con una chingada! ¡Médico! ¡Médico!-. El Sargento Torres miró directamente a los ojos de su compañero cuando trataba de ayudarlo. Una mirada que el joven sargento recordaría el resto de su vida.

El Cabo Sisson estaba recostado en una fosa. Su cuerpo estaba hundido en la arena, como si algo muy pesado le hubiera aplastado. El Sargento Torres tomó la tira de arrastre del chaleco antibalas y comenzó a tirar a su compañero para alejarlo del peligro, cuando de repente escuchó que uno de los médicos le ordenó-Déjalo, Déjalo donde está porque puede que tenga una lesión en el cuello o la espalda-. El Sargento Torres se volvió y acomodó la cabeza de su compañero en la arena, una vez más le volvió a mirar directamente a los ojos. Fue el color verde azulado del iris en los ojos aún con vida del Cabo Sisson lo que llamó la atención del Sargento Torres. El color del iris le ayudó al Sargento Torres a enfocarse en la pupila de su compañero. Agonizante, sin decir una palabra y a través de sus ojos, el Cabo Sisson le pidió ayuda a su Sargento para que no lo dejara morir. Aquel día, el Sargento Torres a través de las pupilas ingresó por unos instantes al alma de su moribundo camarada. El Sargento Torres vio una foto de la chica rubia de la cual su compañero se había enamorado unos años antes cuando cursaba la preparatoria y con la cual tenía planes para casarse una vez regresara de la guerra. El Cabo Sisson pudo a través del Sargento Torres pedirles perdón a sus padres y a su novia por no poder cumplir la promesa de regresar a casa. Poco a poco los médicos de combate apartaron al Sargento Torres. Los médicos cuidadosamente cortaron el chaleco antibalas y el uniforme del Cabo Sisson y descubrieron que un pedazo de

hélice le había perforado el pecho. Al iniciar las maniobras de resucitación, el pecho del soldado sucumbió a la presión tal fuera una almohada. Cada una de sus costillas estaba rota. El médico se volvió para ver al Sargento Torres y le indicó con la cabeza que no había nada qué hacer. El Cabo Christopher A. Sisson murió a las 0005 horas del día dos de septiembre del 2003 en alguna parte del gran desierto al suroeste de Bagdad, Iraq.

Tras la muerte de su compañero y mientras el Sargento Torres se apoyaba en la áspera arena para vigilar la parte del perímetro asignado se dio cuenta que estaba resguardado bajo una majestuosa y saturada cúpula estelar, simétricamente bifurcada por el camino cósmico creado con leche derramada de los pechos de la celosa y vengativa diosa Hera. El Sargento Torres recordó que alguna vez leyó acerca de la Obusitis. Una enfermedad física-mental que padecían los soldados de trinchera después de ser bombardeados con artillería pesada durante la Primera Guerra Mundial. El Shell-Shock, Kriegszittern, temblores de guerra y lo que después se conocería como trastorno de estrés postraumático (PTSD). El Sargento Torres no podía parar de temblar ni dejar de recordar los ojos de su compañero muerto y se preguntó -¿por qué carajos tiemblo? ¿Por qué putas tiemblo?- Él no estaba dentro de una trinchera ni mucho menos siendo bombardeado con artillería, - ¡Chingada Madre! ¿Por qué no puedo controlar mi cuerpo?-Volvió a preguntarse el Sargento Torres. Este suceso cambio para siempre las noches del soldado...

De repente y con un alarido estremecedor Carlos Torres se levantó de la cama. Estaba empapado en sudor y sentía que el corazón se le salía del pecho, respiraba como si acabara de correr por una hora. El reloj que estaba sobre la cómoda marcaba las doce horas con cinco minutos de la madrugada. Carlos Torres sólo durmió unos cuantos minutos víctima del desvelo creado por las constantes quimeras. Es el mismo sueño que le persigue a diario desde el dos de septiembre del 2003, una vez más, no logró conciliar una noche tranquila de descanso, la cuarta noche aquella semana. Ya pasaron más de 6 años y Carlos Torres sigue soñando la misma pesadilla...

Las gotas de lluvia creaban una plácida sinfonía al golpear el paraguas. Carlos y ella estaban sentados en una pequeña banca frente al estanque a mitad del Campo Grande, rodeados de un grupo de vanidosos y gallardos pavos reales. Quizás son las mismas aves que alguna vez se les confió la valiosísima empresa de tirar el carroaje de la celosa diosa Hera. Dentro del resguardo del paraguas y de sus fuertes brazos y sintiéndose a cada segundo un poco más embriagada por el suave aroma cítrico de la fragancia de Carlos, ella se alejó lentamente de la mirada de Carlos. Ella quedó muda y no supo que decirle, sólo le abrazó tiernamente al tiempo que caía una de las lágrimas frías de Carlos por la mejilla de la joven. En ese instante ella comprendió el sufrimiento que día a día por los últimos diez años carcome silenciosamente a Carlos y a miles de soldados de la infantería aerotransportada que han estado en combate. Hay muchos soldados con lesiones físicas, pero hay miles más con heridas invisibles. Heridas que algunas veces nadie detecta hasta que ya es demasiado tarde.

Dedicado a todos mis hermanos de la Compañía Bravo y Charly 3-325 AIR, 82nd Airborne Division que peleamos juntos en la OIF en 2003. Experiencia que nos cambió la vida.

Airborne, All the way!

Therapy

Bianka Sanchez

Every day after my dad came home from work, I complained about my day.

And every day, my dad would say to me, "que difícil es tener 10 años," validating my complaints, all the time. I went to bed everyday knowing that my dad understood me and faithfully knowing that the brown chair was our therapist.

My dad would rest on the brown chair, tired from a long hard day at work and the brown chair held him, while my dad listened to me complain about my 10-year-old problems. But, the weekends were different.

I didn't have anything to complain about on weekends. I slept in, and my mom actually would make us breakfast instead of having to rely on cereal before we were rushing to school.

On weekends, that brown chair held us both while we watched soccer the whole day.

On weekends, that brown chair held us while we took a quick nap during halftime.

On weekends, that brown chair held us while my dad kept an eye on my sisters playing outside through the window and would hug me extra tight when my sisters would call me a baby.

Regardless how tired my dad was, that brown chair in the living room was our time; my safe space to spend time with my favorite person.

Vacío de obscuridad

Jesús García

Va a ser mi primera vez usando la máquina del tiempo y no sé si irme al pasado o al futuro. Pero nada más voy a cerrar mis ojos e ir a una destinación aleatoria. Apachurré el botón y sin ninguna noticia empezó. ¡AH! ¡Se siente frío! Ojalá que me lleve a un lugar maravilloso. A un lugar que brilla sobre otros lugares. Con belleza de los cielos y un ambiente hermoso. Pero ya llegué. Ya llegué a mi destino y no es como pensé. Estoy en una obscuridad eterna en donde uno puede correr por millones de millas por cualquier lugar sin fin. El lugar está iluminado solamente con una sola llama flotando sobre mí. Me sigue por donde voy, pero no me calienta. Este lugar está más frío que en las noches de los desiertos y ya no tengo salida. Estoy perdido en mi oscuridad. ¡Pero ahora veo a alguien! ¿Quién será? Me enfoco en la cara de la persona hablándome de lejos. Sí, está diciendo mi nombre. ¡Ahí voy! Me voy acercando cuando empiezo a conocer a la persona. Es mi mamá, llora por mi ayuda y no la puedo alcanzar. "¡Ya voy mamá!" Pero lo más que corro, lo más que se aleja mí mamá. Se me está muriendo mi mamá y no puedo hacer nada para alcanzarla. "¿Jesús, Porque no me ayudas? ¿Qué te hice para que no me ayudes?" Los escalofríos me tienen temblando sin control. La llama riéndose de mí con voz de demonio. Se oye familiar la risa. ¿De dónde la conozco? "¡Ya voy mamá! ¡Te quiero alcanzar, pero no puedo!" Mi mamá contesta en agonía, "¡Ay mijo!, ¿Por qué me abandonas?" No estoy seguro de quién es, pero la risa de la llama sigue. Después de horas de pensar de quién era la risa, ya sé de quién es. La risa es mía.

Detrás de las montañas

Juanita Cervantes

Fue un fin de semana cuando mi madre me levantó a mis hermanos y a mí. Con una voz de desesperación nos decía " ¡Levántense! Ya es hora de empacar las maletas ". Media modorra me levanté sin comprender qué estaba pasando. Con lagañas en mis ojos le pregunté a mi madre ¿A dónde es que vamos mamá? - nos vamos al norte- me contestó. Para nosotros el norte estaba detrás de las montañas y yo imaginaba que era el país de las oportunidades donde se barría el dinero. Esa mañana del 3 de marzo del 2008, fue el día que me cambió la vida. Mi madre tomó la decisión de inmigrar a los Estados Unidos después de la muerte de mi padre. Puesto que la gente del pueblo ya no nos tenía el mismo respeto como cuando vivía mi padre. Ademas, mi madre deseaba reunirse con el resto de la familia que vivía al otro lado de la montaña.

Recuerdo esa mañana serena con el canto de los gallos, como si ellos pudieran presentir la tristeza que yo llevaba dentro. Esa tristeza que sentía al abandonar la tierra que me vio crecer. Los árboles tan altos que me cubrían, con su sombra cada vez que paraba para tomar un descanso. Pronto llegó la hora en que mi tío José nos recogió para llevarnos a la parada de autobuses más cercana. Sentada en el asiento de atrás observaba por la ventana mi rancho y me despedía con lágrimas en los ojos. Recordaba cuanto ame esas mañanas tan frías, esos paisajes tan verdes, el tiempo de lluvia, y esos recorridos tan largos que teníamos que caminar para llegar a casa. En la camioneta podía sentir la vibra de todos mis hermanos que al igual sentían un sentimiento de no querer abandonar nuestro humilde hogar. Ese viaje fue el más largo de mi vida.

Fue impresionante observar la transcendencia de como el clima cambiaba de mi rancho hasta llegar a la ciudad de Mexicali. Fue un camino en el cual no pude dormir y dolorosamente no pude disfrutar. Cuando llegó el momento de cruzar la frontera sabía que no existiría la posibilidad de regresar otra vez al cual fue mi hogar. Observé a mis alrededores y me percaté las montañas verdes se habían ido, el pastoral se convirtió en un desierto seco, como el vacío que sentía dentro de mi corazón por haber abandonado mi vida del rancho sin poder haberme podido despedir de mis amigos y aún más de mi padre.

Al poner pie al otro lado de la frontera, comprendí la decisión de mi madre. Era un cambio en mi vida con el propósito de alcanzar el sueño americano. Ese sueño de tener una mejor vida y de tener la esperanza de algún día volver al otro lado donde están los pastorales verdes, donde existen vidas que esperan con devoción de que llegue alguien al ranchito para ayudarlos con sus necesidades.

Writer's Corner



Thomas McGovern

Juan Delgado

Interview with Juan Delgado

Emily Romero- Gálvez

Professor Juan Delgado is not only an English professor at Cal State San Bernardino but is also a well-known poet and the poet of "Vital Signs." His poetry and Dr. McGovern's photographs depict the cultural beauty that can be found in the city of San Bernardino, California.

From a young age Professor Delgado was always interested in the arts. Being raised as a Catholic and being surrounded by the choirs and the mosaics of the church during Sunday mass were constant art stimuli for Delgado. Storytelling, reading, and music allowed him to see how art could communicate abstract ideas, feelings, and thoughts. Delgado shared the beauty he saw of the world everywhere, even in the simplest of things. Like the way a tortilla was made, how it was rolled, pressed and cooked, or the "corridos" that his family would sing and how they would share their family history.

It was by his mother's advise that Delgado gained great knowledge. She was an intellectual giant that would always tell him stories, history, and philosophical concepts. Through her he learned how to look at the world, the importance of his Mexican culture and history. He stated, "she taught me things that I would have never been taught in class, she introduced me to different thinkers, activists, cultures, and taught me to question everything." All of these aspects were part of his foundation in being able to find inspiration and ways to give back through his poetry.

During his student years at CSUSB as an accounting major, Delgado became more interested in improving his writing skills. There he met professor Larry Kramer, who taught poetry. This class changed the way he thought about writing. Delgado stated, "Kramer encouraged failure, he encouraged us to take risks and to learn from them, to challenge yourself." It was the first time he felt that he could truly write about what he wanted; he was able to write about his culture, his story, and his background. However, the most important influence of professor Kramer was that he believed in him and encouraged his writing.

Juan Delgado was able to reimagine the beauty the city of San Bernardino had lost. He did not find this beauty but discovered the beauty that was already there and all he did was reframe it in better lighting so that it could be seen. His book "Vital Signs" is a walking book, "we no longer walk in this world, I grew up walking though these streets with my mother; she would always ask me Juanito, ¿ en dónde estamos? (where are we) and I would notice all the murals, the landmarks and the landscape." His book is also a fight for his neighborhood; it's been six years since his book was published and going back to visit these murals fills him with tristeza (sadness). The murals have either been whitewashed and covered by American flags or destroyed. The beauty and originality of the city of San Bernardino has been homogenized and Delgado wants to fight for his city and for its uniqueness. The intolerance of these murals is why Delgado fights to keep the cultural representation of the mural alive because like him, they represent a mixture of cultures through which he sees them as mirror reflections.

His advocacy for his students, his school, his city and his culture all reflect on the kind of person he is. He cares about those around him, especially his students and wants to impact them in the same way that he had been influenced. Delgado's advice to those students that wish to pursue a career in writing, to those that contributed to Voices and to all students in general is to "hang out with people that believe in you, those who see all the potential in you."

Interview with Thomas McGovern

Erika Mabel Mejía

What made you become interested in photography?

My mother always took pictures and I was interested, but only understood photographs from the amateur point of view. A photo class in college in 1976 taught me to read image and to begin to understand the power of the medium.

What specific themes do you look for on a photograph?

I find the real world fascinating and think a still photograph can be a wonderful way to see the minute details of our environment. I am very interested in things other people ignore.

What is it that makes you think "I want to take a picture of this or that"?

It's initially an intuitive, visceral reaction, then an intellectual one that informs what it is about the scene that makes it both interesting as a subject, and interesting as a photograph.

Is there a relationship between your work in photography and your work in literature?

Yes, I like that pictures can inform narration without necessarily being illustrative. Pictures don't have to be literal to tell a story, they can tell a story through vantage point, juxtaposition and mood, as well as the subject matter.

Why were you interested in collaborating in the book "Vital Signs" together with Juan Delgado?

Juan is a very intelligent and sensitive guy but also very down to earth. He is very unpretentious and very enthusiastic so he's easy to work with. He has a million ideas and he and I have a shared sensibility about what makes life interesting and important.

What was the main purpose of it?

To share our vision of the work and how our mutual as well as individual points of view can be so different but also harmonious.

How do you think that it can make an impact in the culture?

I don't have any illusion that photography or poetry or art can have a major impact, but I do know how art has affected my life and hope that the work Juan and I have done and will do can have a small impact on others.

Have you thought about making future projects?

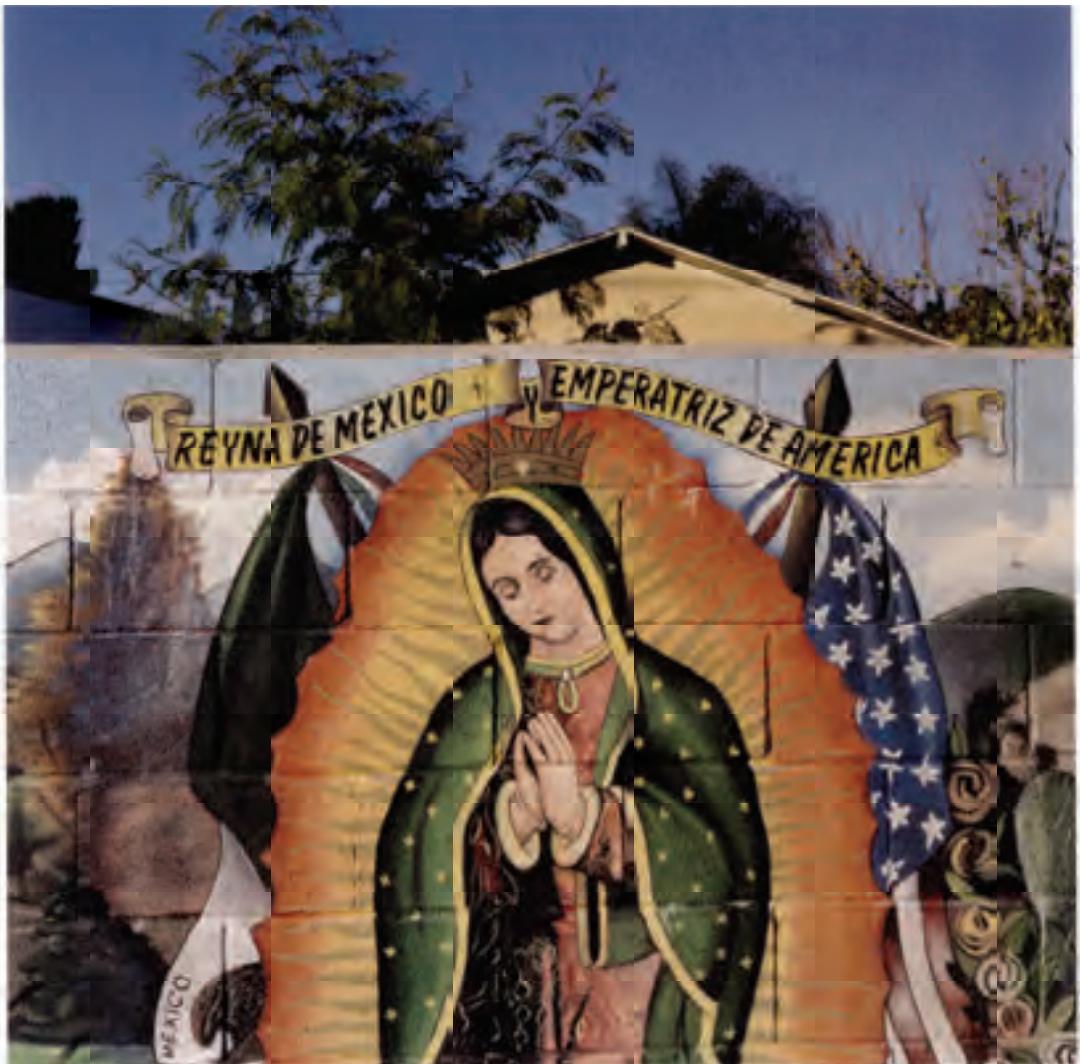
I have a lot of ideas. I just walk out my door and look around and there are many subjects and ideas to make art and photographs about!

We know your photography has been recognized in many venues and mediums. Which one of those are you the proudest?

My books are my greatest pride. I love books and have a large collection of art and photography books. As a young artist my goal was to have a book of my work and now, I have four! The beauty is the life of books and how you can share them with so many people. I also love how books feel in my hand, how they smell and the graphic design and typography.

Thanks for letting me talk about my work!

-Thomas McGovern, San Bernardino 2019



From Vital Signs

Photo by Thomas McGovern

¿Quién eres tú?

Juan Delgado

A maze invites you in.
No need for doors,
no worries de uno desapareció.
At the level of the dead,
a cricket hops by.
Entre nosotros a butterfly
affirms how light
you are on your feet.
The ring patterns on its wings
sink deeper,
a yellow tracing
your new eyes.

¿Quién eres tú?
You bend down
enough to see
the budding de otra ala,
trembling like a grass-blade.
There is no worry
of a closing door.



Photo by Alysha Timmons

FACULTY COORDINATOR

Dr. M. Antonieta Gallegos-Ruiz

Voices literary magazine was founded by Professor Gallegos-Ruiz in 1994. She has coordinated this journal ever since and has been solely responsible for seeing that it is offered and developed through the Spanish 394B Practicum course. The course is designed to teach students to select creative works in order to properly design and format a magazine. Professor Gallegos-Ruiz states she began the magazine in order to promote student creative expression through the genres of poetry, short stories, drama and later on photography. Developing skills necessary to bring the magazine to fruition allows students to become familiar with the tasks needed in magazine publishing. Another one of her goals is to have the many foreign languages offered in the World Languages and Literature Department represented in the magazine. Throughout the years, students who have participated in this course have returned and commented that working on the magazine taught them to appreciate creative expression while receiving a rewarding experience.

As a Latin Americanist, Professor Gallegos-Ruiz teaches Latin American Literature in general with areas of expertise in poetry, literature of the discovery and conquest of America, and Mexican Literature and translation. Currently, Professor Gallegos-Ruiz is working on a trilingual anthology of indigenous Mexican languages in Spanish and English. She is also participating in the Faculty Early Retirement Program this year after 28 years of tenure here at CSUSB.

by Eduardo Cerna



Department of World
Languages and Literatures

(Donations \$5)