

K I S H W A U K E E C O L L E G

Kamelia

2019 Literary & Arts Journal

Kishwaukee College

2019 Kamelian Literary & Arts Journal

Realizing that educational institutions should encourage intellectual inquiry and being cognizant that we live in a pluralistic society, the following disclaimer is given.

The ideas and opinions expressed in *Kamelian* are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Board of Trustees, the administration, the faculty, or the staff of Kishwaukee College. Material for *Kamelian* were submitted by students who have been enrolled in courses at Kishwaukee College during one or all of the previous three semesters. Outside jurors with professional credentials and knowledge in the respective fields reviewed all entries. The pieces selected for inclusion in *Kamelian* and the awards given were based on the jurors' opinions of their aesthetic merits.

On the Cover

K  **A**
Jewel Tip

Height: 5", Width: 7"

P


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Short Fiction

First Place

Second Place

Third Place

First Place

C.  Q
Organic
Height: 8", Width: 10"

First Place

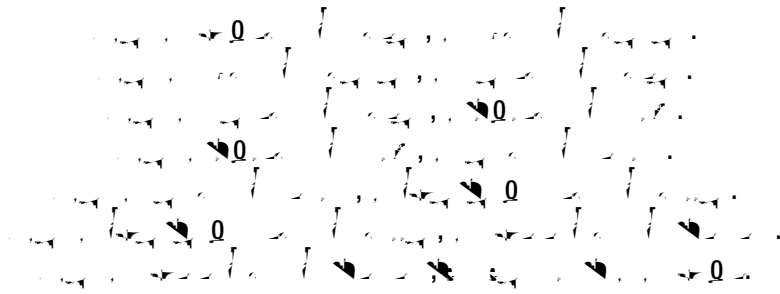
Where My Dear Heart Belongs

I roam among the apple trees
Listening to pink blossoms sing
Lessons told among the secrets
 In nitesimal amounts
Dancing in the silver breeze
Lullaby of nature's song,
 Yes
Here, my dear, belongs

Smashed against the desperate wall
Walking, trudging, shoelace, shout
 Crunching back, away, forgot
 Packing up what's left for not
 Opened eyes, inward cringe
Stepping through the shadows
 In and out of throngs
 Yes
Here, my dear, belongs

Wrapping up the moonlight
 Flying with the sun
Thoughts that wander too far away
 Dazzled in the brightness
Sunken ships repair, despair,
 Fear but roam along
 Yes
Here, my dear, belongs

C. A. A.
Second Place
P.



The American wilds had long been untouched. Life bloomed in nature as it had for hundreds of years. Yellowstone National Park had an ecosystem so healthy and unique, it was a land of pure beauty. The lush mountainsides whispered with songs from the trees in the wind. Waves of grass crashed like a reckless sea against the prairies. The rivers flowed through the same land as they did every day. The plants painted the scene with such color, no artist could ever match it. The elk continued to live under the rule of the wolves, as they had for every generation. It was a tapestry of Yellowstone, a woven relationship of the land, plants, and animals. The pattern was unchanged, until the modern world came into contact with it, and from removing one string, we unwound the beauty of Yellowstone. In 1970, wolves were eradicated from Yellowstone in the hope that more elk would be present for hunting. Instead, this was the start of a domino effect of troubles that destroyed Yellowstone's beauty.

In 1871 the Department of Natural Resources in Yellowstone thought that a great way to increase profits would be to increase elk populations for hunting. The problem with this is that the animals of Yellowstone had been in an unchanged balance between prey and predator. So the only logical choice for the DNR was to allow more elk to be hunted.

↓ M K

First Place

B...

Head in the Clouds

Height: 8", Width: 10"

Honorable Mention

P...

Tractricious in Summer
Height: 8", Width: 10"
Honorable Mention


Grandma Sewing
Height: 10", Width: 8"

Third Place

-before the survey-

hanging in the balance,
waiting for the light,
for good news,
bad news,
a party,
or a prescription re ll,

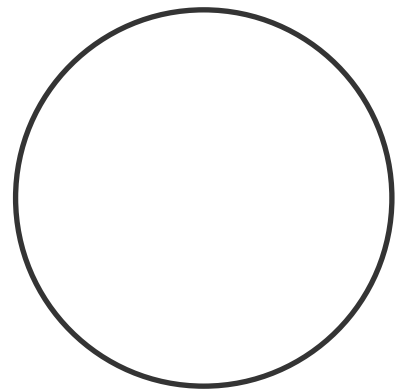
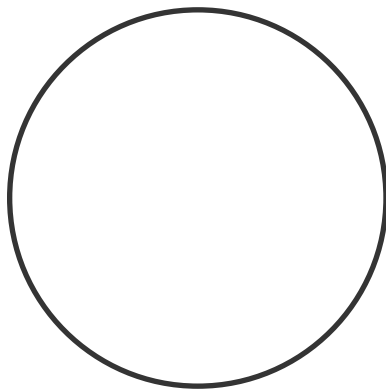
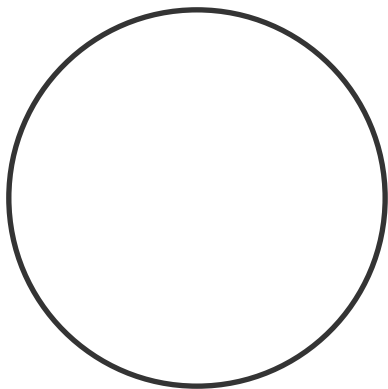
a fresh coat of paint,
a window cleaner,
an engagement ring,
or a restraining order,

mulling over a stale mug of coffee,
two days old, and picking up the crumbs from your toast
one by one,
listening to the phone ring,
the clock tick,
and the faucet drip.
everything is measured.

-30-



Honorable Mention



 **K**
The Drop
Ink & Charcoal
Height: 12", Width: 18"

First Place

Echo Hukoda's Dream Journal

Background: A short story about a girl in a futuristic time and advanced world who writes down her experiences/ dreams to alternate realities she has with the help of her spirit guide.

ring, ring!

I've always admired the bell chimes every time I step into the lost and found store, it's like the sound of the start of a race for curiosity when you walk in. The lost and found shop is small but it has really cool knick-knacks from the times of old. You could really get yourself lost in all the things in there. The things of old were said to be very primitive to how we live now, so my Mima says. She witnessed the full era transition when she was in her teen years and claims that when she was younger, they didn't have electronic telescreens which is a silly thing to say because she likes to joke a lot.

"how much for the hollow clamp box with the funny faces on it?" I asked in curiosity.

"four earth-bits" the man behind counter answered back.

The clerk checked out my item, I couldn't help but notice another funny thing I saw on the display under the register. It looked as if a book was bound by coils and I've never seen it in the shop before.

"Hey Kazzi! What's this wire thing under the register?"

Kazzi scratched his head while reaching for my request "ummm I don't know...let's see I think it has some words on the back...it says BookFactory product item: Dream Diary"

My face lit up like a billion-watt coil machine! The words sounded very intriguing to my curiosity.

"how much you want for it?"

"They are actually the same price, but your always in my store so I'll tell you what I'll give you the book free. How about that?!" he responded with a smile.

"OHHH thank you so much! You know I just love the stuff that's in here"

Kazzi wrapped up my things in twine and tied it in a knot, and I grabbed my findings from him and went on my way. Happy and elated with the new things I can add to my times of old knick-knack collection. Before I grabbed the door to leave, Kazzi yelled across the store all the way to the front

"AND THE HOLLOW BOX WITH THE CLAMP IS CALLED A LUNCH BOX. ASK YOUR MOM ABOUT IT WHEN YOU GET HOME SHE KNOWS! PEACE AND LIGHT"

"OKAY PEACE AND LIGHT"

As soon as I got home, I told Mima about what I had gotten from the lost and found store, I showed her the hollow box (that Kazzi called a lunch box).

"Kazzi said you would know about this"

"Wooowww, you really found this in that little old store?! We used to love these old things as kids...we used to show them off in front of our friends at school...now kids have no use for them"

"Now this thing" I showed her the diary

"Echo this is rare! Do you know what this is?"

"No what is it exactly?"

"It's paper!! Well its technically called a notebook"

"On the back it says it's a diary"



"You found a gem then! Diaries were something we used to write down our thoughts, feelings, and whatever else we wanted to write down that was going on in our lives. It would always start off like "Dear Diary" you would just pour your heart out with your inner emotions, but everything is electronic, now you just write things through the air, she sighed. But this will be good for you to write down about the little adventures you like to take around the sector"

ANALYSIS
Third Place

K  **A** 
Jewel Tip

Height: 5", Width: 7"

Second Place

P  **P** 

Noteworthy

See their Watching Place
of parallel horizons
For but hand or breath

Not by right but force
Do these citizens remain
Locked in quiet thought.

Thus describes the voice
Of silent orchestration
O great paradox.

Tarry now stranger,
To offer sweet translation
Choosing as you can
Changing sight to sound
Hiding readily from eyes,
Metamorphasize

Hands, then, set you free.
E'en tho you shed a tear, for
inked by hands art here.

Things once cherished, O
Purest Manifestation
Scattered cross the page

How now can it be
(I have found mysteriously)
Only grow with age

C. A. ...

Honorable Mention

E. R.
African Violet
Watercolor & Coldpress
Height: 11", Width: 12"

Third Place

Close Encounters

Margret

"I know it's not really part of your job, typically." My hands are frozen, I couldn't bend them if I wanted to. I press against counter, staring at the man through the glass. His eyes are glazed over, but I think he's really trying to understand. He's incredibly

"I don't know much about him." I tell him. "Not who his parents are, or where he came from exactly, or even-" I give a hysterical laugh that I don't know. "Or even what his real name is. But-but he looks like this." I press the newspaper clipping against the glass with Torin's picture. It has been folded, unfolded, crumpled, spoiled with water, wrinkled with steam from the trains, and tattooed with a single footprint when there was a desperate moment and my evidence was nearly lost.

"I do know that he loves Beethoven." I said. "He might have been humming it. Maybe. His favorite time of day is three, when our house is filled with sunlight, and he hates scarves, so he probably wasn't wearing one."

The ticket master's face is still blank, eyebrows rumped.

"You have to remember." I said. "Please."

A gunshot breaks through the night.

Old Man

I used to watch everyone come in and out of these trains. People (women mostly), with endless differences. There was a lot you could tell about a person by the sorts of hats and shoes they wore. It was a science.

Then I was suddenly drafted.

People these days, they think if we pretend nothing happened, it never happened. That's fine for them, but then it might creep up on us again. I always hope that I'm dead before the next world war, then I'm twisted with terrible guilt. But what can I do? I'm practically as blind as a bat. War will do that to you. My hearing's also useless whenever I forget to charge my battery, like to do. It was good until about eleven p.m., and then nothing.

And now there's this girl at my window. I can't make her out that well but I could swear she's no older than fifteen. She's trying to tell me something, pressing a piece of paper against my glass, but I can't make out what's on it.

There's a security guard around here somewhere. Maybe I'd better find him. \

A gunshot breaks through my silent world, and I seize up.

Security Guard

It's always a quiet time at the station. Just me, Tommy at my heel, and the old man at the ticket booth. An easy job that could get deadly in an instant. That's what I'm always reminding myself.

We already did the parole around the perimeter of the place. Now we're heading back to the front. Old man has PTSD from the war. I like to keep an eye on him.

I'm surprised to see a girl standing at his counter, talking, practically shouting at him through the glass. I stop where I'm

Tommy

Humans have this idea that dogs can't see color. No joke. There are a *lot* of loons in this world, which is why I was l get into *my* line of business. Some dogs have to jump through hoops just to get their daily bread. *Literally*.

I have *real* purpose. I protect my person.

We *always* take walks though the train station at night. The smells are interesting to the point of inebriating: trash cans, popcorn, money, cheese, ham sandwich, *three* different kinds of metals, lettuce, mayonnaise, bacon, tomato (must be a BLT), newspapers (hundreds of these), plastic, pigeons feathers, coffee, cigarette smoke (blowing in from the building around the grease from the trains, shaving cream from the old man.

Sunlight *that's* unusual.

There's someone at the counter. Harmless, but stressed out.

It smacks me suddenly, forcefully. I'd know the smell anywhere. I pull towards it. My person starts talking to himself. "Tommy? What? What is it?"

That smell is a deadly smell. I have to move. *Have* to. It's ve feet away, crouched behind that column. Tall. Male.


I can feel its heartbeat: racing. Ready to shoot.

Everything around me disappears as I yank free.

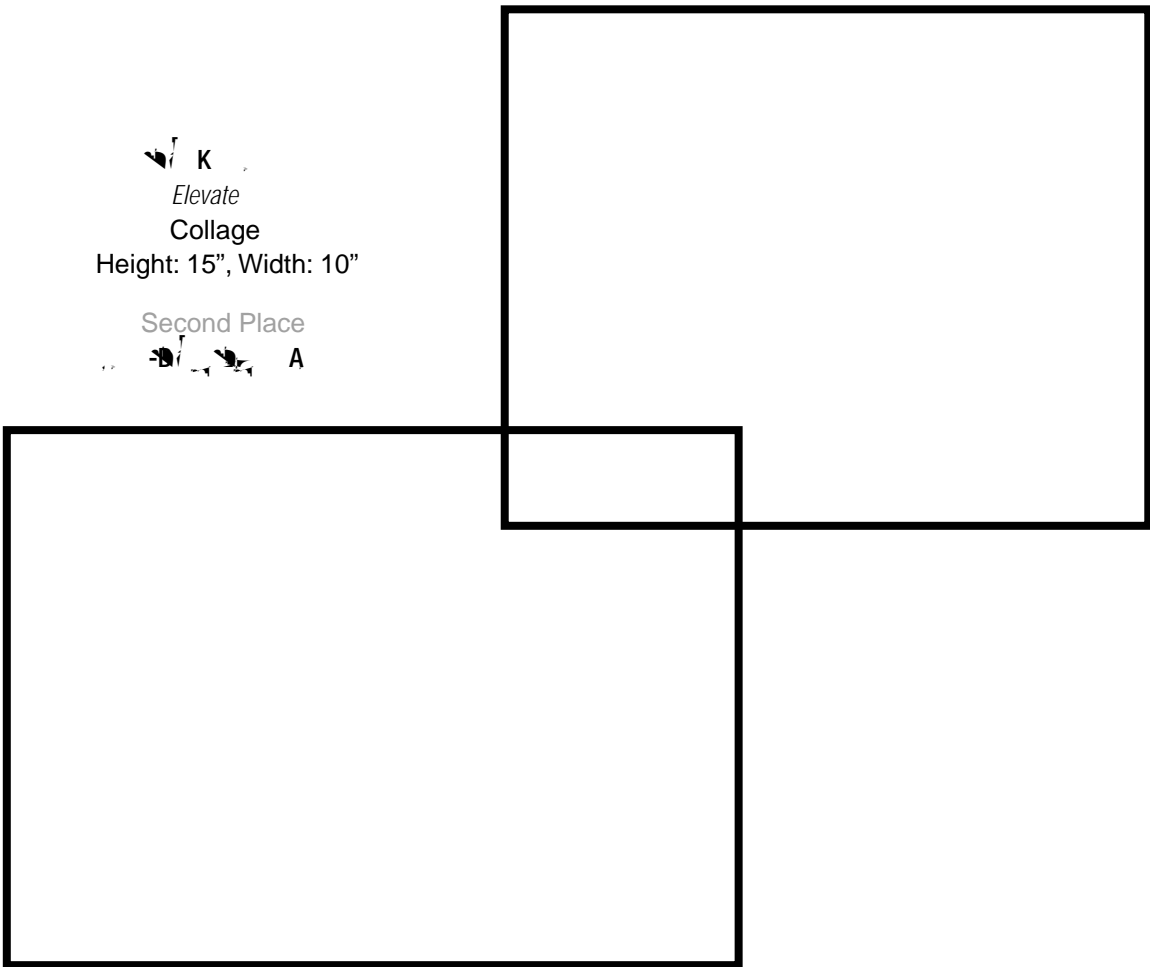
Gunshot. Pain.

Torin

Sometimes I blame it on my parents. I never really knew them, which isn't my fault. Sometimes I blame my o()Tj E

 K
Elevate
Collage
Height: 15", Width: 10"

Second Place
 A



Ding always called it a new opportunity. This was his way of softening the blow, putting a ribbon on an ugly gift. There isn't any time to stop and smell the roses, he always told Ash, chewing on the penlight that he held in his yellowish teeth. Got to get a move on, can't stand around and watch the grasses grow.


They were always on the move. Traveling from an apartment in the West to a campsite in the South, by train, taxi, subway, bus (although Ding didn't like busses), and occasionally hitchhiking. Study the hitchhikers, like I used to do, and see you can spot them: Ding could be identified by his knapsack. He wore that knapsack everywhere. Sleeping at the train station, walking to the grocery store for a newspaper, even in the shower. It was as much a part of Ding as his lumpy work boots, or his greasy strings of hair, which were in danger of reaching the back pocket of his jeans soon. Ding loathed long hair, but he never seemed to have the time to cut it.


Ash didn't look anything like his father. His bright, hazel eyes contrasted with Ding's dark blue ones, and his rumpled hair and rather perplexed expression, which he always seemed to have no matter how hard he tried, looked nothing like Ding's rough, impenetrable face.

Ding would be standing on the edge of the road, looking anxious, keeping one knurled hand on the strap of his knapsack, the other hanging over the edge of the road, thumb pointed to the sky. Ash would be standing off to the side, basking in the heat. I could never tell what Ash thought of Ding. He never seemed to be afraid of him exactly. He certainly wasn't fond of him. Nobody could be. Perhaps it was because of the repulsive smell that hovered around Ding, like a protective charm. Or maybe the way he didn't really have any eyebrows, just folds of skin that hunched over and stabbed at you from across the road until you had to check and see if you were bleeding.

Ash, on the other hand, possessed the air of one-trying-to-keep-clean-even-if-one-did-not-own-a-bar-of-soap. He seemed intelligent, too, like a person who somehow manages to know a great deal of things regardless of a lack of schooling. The boy had a knapsack of his own, though not nearly as sturdy and large as Ding's. He kept a weather-beaten book inside of it, which seemed to be filled with facts that he thought everyone ought to know.

I overheard a conversation the other day. They were standing under the overpass while Ding squinted and cursed at a wrinkled old nerf skin thasej EMC 3.6 0 Td [(I ov)553 squ? Do werey es darktrunk?


Forest Treasure
Height: 8", Width: 10"

Honorable Mention


 **N** **B**
Beauty is Nature
Watercolor
Height: 8", Width: 10"
Honorable Mention

Perennial Noise

open windows deaf

across small yard and ceiling

again green slithers

E. R.

Honorable Mention

“CRACK!”

I'd race my little brother, Luke, down the stairs for front row seats to the show.

“No fair! Hey, get back here!”

“Boys.”

His utterance echoed. One word is all it took to kill two birds with one stone. Once a race has started, you adapt. Once a race is over, you reflect. What racer do you aspire to be in the many races you'll face? I couldn't help but feel ashamed. This time, for what I'd done.

“We'll be having breakfast a little differently today, or should I say, you'll be the ones to prepare it!” Mama wondrously proclaimed.

All of a sudden, I was swiftly guided onto the tightrope; a rickety, over-used step-stool. Mama's breath, like a gust hitting me, kept me from falling. Papa's eyes peering out the sides of his glasses. I couldn't hear his fingers leafing through the pages anymore. Again, I was supported but amplified by the preheated stovetop radiating. The uncertainty began to set in.

I took an egg, felt its weight in my hand. I didn't move for what felt like forever. I couldn't. This wasn't how I'd envisioned this to go... Head down, not looking my grandparents in the eye in fear they'll see through me; displaying my own moral failure, as Luke would say, no shortcuts to take. There were no rules to bend. Am I really no good? Will I be found out? No. Focus... I couldn't lose.

I half-heartedly tapped the egg to the pan, nearly dropping it altogether. I began to shake uncontrollably. Am I a fraud? I'm not. “3” ...even took the easy route...but was what I did really that bad? Focus!

I glanced at the egg. Will this moment be the difference between success, or a chain reaction of many steps to come? This isn't the first time I've cheated either...Have I already fallen too far down the pyramid to be redeemed? Is this who I am and ever will be? A Liar. Fraud. Cheat. Written all over the lines on my terrified face.

Mama, empathic, reading every word.

“You gotta crack a few eggs to make a good omelette, sweetie!”

Stop thinking. Adapt. Focus!

“CRACK!”

Papa's coffee; cold and untouched. He'd set his paper down now, stood tall, and walked to place his hand on my trembling shoulder. The whites pooled into the pan; yolk a bit disheveled, with shells peppered around the edges. It was anything but an exemplary start. Mama delicately plucked shells from the mess to console me. Hidden tears jumped from my cheeks onto the burning skillet, the egg sizzling by the heat. Then I felt something. The touch of another hand, Luke's. At once our eyes locked. There was no hiding anymore.

To my surprise, Mama happily exclaimed,

“What an incredible start!”

“Can you boys come over to cook for us all the time?”

Papa flashed his million-dollar smile, patting my head.

“I'm proud of you boys. You're growing, but just look at how much room there is left to continue! If you allow yourself. We're here to support you.”

As a kid, I'm not sure I consciously grasped what was being said to me. I just knew my grandparents listened, and said what I needed to hear in the right moment. That unconditional love shown to me paved the way for a growth-oriented state of mind.



“Luke, I don't know if I admitted fault or not on that day; but I did cheat, many times over. I'm incredibly ashamed and I apologize. I'm sorry.”

My grandparents (proudly) hugged me. I felt a sense of relief. I was forgiven. I was loved. I was supported. I was safe. I was home.

B. H. ↓
Emerging

Sterling Silver, Opal, Carnelian
Height: 2.5", Width: 2", Depth: .5"

First Place

B  **H. J.** 
Sea Predator

Acrylics

Height: 11", Width: 14"

Honorable Mention

 **A** 


-the night to the sleeper

Moontime,
the night closes its fists around me
and rocks me to sleep,
whispering in my ear
that tomorrow
is fresh around the corner.
I lie belly up
like a dead fish in an aquarium
and watch the walls swim
beneath the paint,
waiting for the night
to close off my spinning head.

*(O you foolish sleeper—rest your eyes
and close off your mind
to the turning clocks.
They circle
around your head
like vultures
waiting to pick
pick at your remains.
Tick tock, child.
Tomorrow is a new day,
full of new creatures and places.
Maybe it's time to phase you out, little fish.
Today is gone, and tomorrow has little room to spare.)*

Honorable Mention

R.

 C A
From Which Imagination Flows
Oil Paint
Height: 28", Width: 22"

Second Place
 A

K
Lonnie Watts
Pen and Ink/Stippling
Height: 17", Width: 11"

Honorable Mention
A

A Dreamer's Nightmare

Here lies a dreamer. She's a fearful girl—beautiful, but full of naïvety. She does not realize that her dreams, once innocent thoughts, can indeed be devilishly painful things.

In the light of day, this girl had foolishly thought that all her dreams could be easily obtained. However, she soon realized that dreams left unattended, for even a moment, can get lured away and destroyed. Now, as she covets her dream, she's let fear take root, and a new nightmare has arrived.

She's a dark-haired sweetheart with chewed up nails and a face contorted with confusion. Lost is that spark of curiosity, and her confidence has retreated deep inside. The blankets—the covers that used to bring her comfort—are twisted around her legs. Even with the discomfort, she continues to lie there, motionless, with her tormented head laid on a pillow of rock. Microscopic thoughts penetrate through the peace and pick at her unconscious like needles. Blood and fear pump through her veins; her breathing is thready, and sweat is heavy on her pores. Thoughts of lost opportunities torture her, and a sense of urgency settles in her gut.

She pulls at her unconscious, wrenching herself from the misery. Her dark eyes, now wide open, blend with the night, and her heightened senses absorb every detail surrounding her. She can still feel the essence of the dream—see the horror of that moment when it transformed, turning against her. Memories of it haunt her every thought like a living, growing being. A sort of demon echoing her regrets back at her, every time amplifying them—twisting their appearance until they grow larger and grotesque out of proportion.

She knows that inside her mind, the monster has the advantage. If she could only get it out of her head...

Almost intuitively, she reaches out toward the answer, curling her trembling fingers around the nearly forgotten weapon by her bedside. She stares at the object clutched between fingers drenched in cool sweat. As her eyes adjust to the night, she can make out the outline of a sleek pen and the almond-shaped blood-like drop protruding from its tip.

Like torn fragments the thoughts come: open the prison door; free the monster—the devilish thoughts from their mental prison. This dream is terrible, alive, and painful; give it what it needs in order to heal. Write...clear the mind...make the intangible words and thoughts visible for all.

She sits up, the panic in her chest urging her to use the pen as a salve for the pain and a weapon for the fear. Answering the bidding, she reaches out and grasps the parchment that had been lying previously useless by her bedside. It begins to write, and it amazes her how something so small and insignificant could become such a lifeline.

"Sometimes," she writes, her pale lips mouthing the precious words, "I'm afraid I'm going to be locked inside of my own mind—lost in an imaginary world of imagery, dreams, and nightmares. It's as if that anything can happen, yet what transpires is not real. Anything I wish will come true, yet anything that I fear will haunt me.

"A maze of slippery thoughts and long-forgotten ideas surround me. What happens if I get lost? What happens if I can't get out, paralyzed with this fear of the unknown? What happens if I want to escape—lost—if I want to get away from this miserable reality? Here, at least, I can't err; I can dream as well as anyone else. In this place, the only mistake I can make is to believe too wholly in the power of imagination.

"Dreams can be beautiful, but they can also be discouraging. Why? Because without a clear purpose and constant care, they evaporate into nothingness—simply a foggy memory that stands for a few moments and energy. Dreams are just that—dreams—unless you can work up the courage to extract them from your mind.

"I love dreams, and I hate them. They speak of opportunity for the future, yet they remind you of wasted time, causing you to regret your past choices. Why are you always denied success? Why does death always overcome your dreams before you can really understand your need for them clearly?"

"When will it end? When will you make something that lasts through the cruel cycle of time?"

Taking a moment before proceeding, she lifts her chin, and closes her eyes. A glistening teardrop escapes, slipping from the corner of her eye. It's a sign she knows—an exterior sign of a deeply personal internal change.

Taking a breath, she continues: "But I now realize that dreams are a necessity. One cannot live without dreams for the future. I want to do better, to become a better version of yourself.

"Before this, I was convinced that I must let go of my dreams in order to make my life whole again, but now I understand: sometimes a dream to a slow, agonizing death may seem, at first, like the best way to remedy the problem, but it will only cause further pain in the long run. You can't spend your life afraid that time will destroy your youthful daydreams. Instead, you have to fight for what you believe is right and realize that dreams aren't always as they first appear. Sometimes dreams don't die, but, rather, transform—the death of one dream is the birth of another. You'd have never known that, however, unless you had first chosen to shed the fear and follow the unknown. The choice is simple: either I must fight for the dream, or I must set aside any chance of ever achieving it in order to give myself the peace I need.

Like the snap of a rubber band as it loses its tension, the muscles in her arm and back clench once more, then begin to relax. The paper in her hand is covered with her thoughts, fears, and dreams; the words are crammed together, fighting even on the page for space to express their importance. Though the chaos on the page appears overwhelming, she at once feels the clearness in her head. That cluttered mess of worry that was once caught in the recesses of her mind is gone. In its place is a calm reassurance and an orderly space, cleared of all distractions.



The pulsating beat that was once thumping at her temple has begun to subside. Her heart rate is lessening, becoming less frantic and more soothing. Her muscles continue to loosen, and the pen slips from her grip. A metallic clink sounds as it hits the floor, and she feels a sense of relief to be calming, like the beginning phrase of a lullaby.

E. R.
Plato's Cave

Ceramic, Underglazed & Glazed
Height: 5 cm, Width: 8 cm, Depth: 7.5 cm

Honorable Mention
A

 J 
Still-Life
Oil Pastel
Height: 19", Width: 25"

Honorable Mention
 A 

No one at school understands what I go through
because they are from a world foreign to me.
A world that taunts me from a distance.
A world I only get small bittersweet tastes of.
A world I can't keep
for it is quickly stolen back from me.

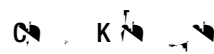
That world is fluency.
Fluency, the ability to say what you want to
easily and articulately.
Fluency comes naturally to 99% of all humans.
But not to the overlooked 1%

Welcome to the world of stuttering
The world where we fight for every sound.
The world where just the act of talking is a chore.
The world where talking is tiring.

E. R.
Man as Microcosm

Acrylic & Oil Pastel on Stretched Canvas
Height: 36", Width: 24"

Honorable Mention
A


First Frost of the Year
Height: 8", Width: 10"

Honorable Mention

Frost Lines

three o'clock haiku

paper pen two feet away

sunrise amnesia

E. R.

Honorable Mention

B. H. J. King Cobra

Sterling Silver, Jade, Jasper
Height: 3.5", Width: 1.75", Depth: .75"

Honorable Mention

E. R.
Flowing Gently
Height: 10", Width: 8"

Honorable Mention

P.



Windy City

Bulb Painting

Height: 14", Width: 11"

Honorable Mention



Editor
N. G. [unclear]
Associate Professor of English

