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KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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ANTHEON



PRESIDENT'S NOTE

Antheon is the direct result of the hard work, dedication and cooperation among students from various majors, diverse cultures, and different age groups who share the same passion for the arts. I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Dr. Orsini without whom we would not have reached the finish line nor produced such a polished publication. We are all deeply indebted to her kindness, patience, work ethic, and countless years of experience.

On behalf of students and faculty advisers involved in producing *Antheon*, we extend our humble hands of appreciation to the Kingsborough Community College Association for their continued support of the arts and for providing Kingsborough students with an opportunity to exhibit their individual talents.

Kashfi Fahim
President of *Antheon*

DESIGNERS' NOTE

The experience of working together on *Antheon* has been extraordinary for both of us. Our mentor, Professor Valerie Sokolova, was the hard-working source of our inspiration. She patiently pushed us to refine our designs while nurturing our creativity continually by seeking new material to guide us. She responded to every issue relentlessly with her big heart. A special thank you to Judith Wilde for gracing us with her charming art and for the use of clip art motifs from one of her assignments.

We're sure the experience gained here will carry over to our future work. May our designs enhance the work of our talented contributors as well as give pleasure to our readers.

Irina Samkova and Joanne Honigman
Designers of *Antheon*

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Endpaper Concept (based on Judith Wilde's poster),
Interior Pages (2-3, 4-5, 8-9, 10-11, 12-13, 16-17,
18-19, 24-25, 26-27, 32-33, 34-35, 42-43, 44-45,
52-53, 56-57)

Joanne Honigman

Interior Pages (0-1, 6-7, 14-15, 20-21, 22-23,
28-29, 30-31, 36-37, 38-39, 40-41, 46-47,
48-49, 50-51, 54-55)

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SNEAKERS
by Kevin Casey

CUPCAKES
by Ashley Rondira

ANTHEON



KITCHEN TOOLS
by Joanne Honigman



ONE LAST SHOT

by Steven Carpio

Adrenaline goes through his veins
Sweat drips like pouring rain,
Thirty-four dribbles towards five
As he keeps his hopes alive,
The clock reaches four
As he sprints down the floor,
Past the half court line
The offense is set up fine,
He shoots the ball toward the basket
As he remembers his father's casket,
At second one

The shot is done,
The ball goes thru the air
As the home crowd rises in despair,
The ball bounces
As the broadcaster finishes his announcements
The shot is made
As the home team is forced to fade,
And with a cry
He looks up at the sky,
As he remembers the man
Who said was his number one fan.

BASKET

by Nicole Pankowski

Remains
there on the table
As those in the house walk by
It dwindles down, holds less
And less
Like the hours of the day
No one blinks an eye

there on the table
Picked at everyday
Appearance is unquestionable
As it is everyday.

YATARI

by Piotr Korkuz



PORTRAIT
by Brenda Escava

LIONESS
by Chao Chen

UNITED WAY
by Asya Sheynberg

in this mission,
one,
eyes meet eyes and
words lips to leave

then

in this fight,
peace,
shouts break silence
like airplane engines do

and

in this flight,
love,
purse-sized qualms
are
carry-on luggage
&
for once,
non synthetic felt.

LIFE
by Kathleen Monahan

I look carefully
Down at the gray cement
beneath my feet

Its age can be seen
In the cracks--
The years of freezing,
Thawing, the slow
deterioration

Yet the sunlight
Through the cracks
Makes the difference--
A Blade of grass
Begins to grow.



CITYSCAPE
by Raymond Li

LIPS
by Junaid Iqbal



STILL-LIFE
by Hong Shen

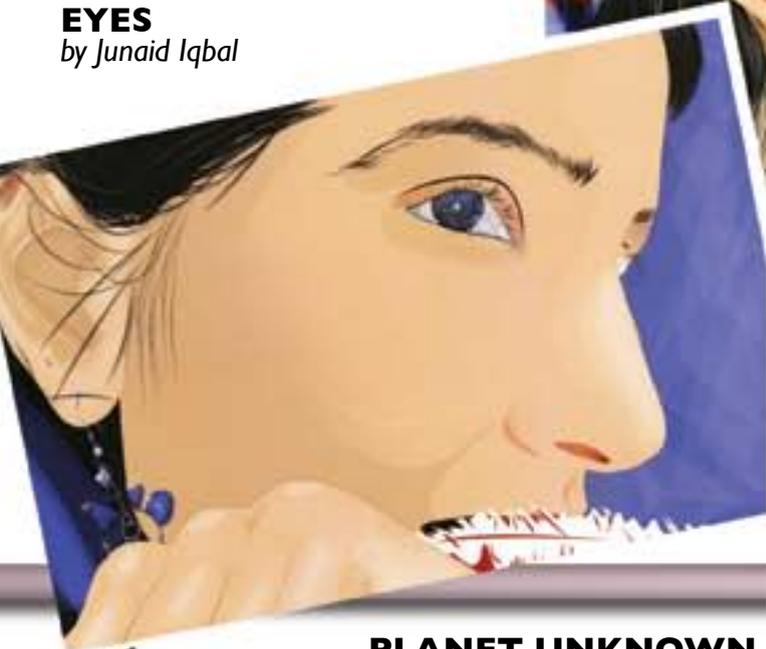
THE GUILT OF YOUTH
by Felix Guzman

Fast denied a desperate beginning only in dreams belongs my peace
Inspired designs of thoughts entertain man-child who chases sleep
Should the angels forgive my flaws only then might I find beauty
Sweet misery betrays common sense.
Mother, watch the sun fall politely onto the sea
Shaking the guilt of wasted youth.
Horizon, how awesome the scene!
Madness what for but to steal from us the truth in blood and body
Hope is embodied in passionate discourse between faithful ghosts
Destiny declares
world comes to an end
to educate they embracing shadows

AIRPLANE
by Jonise Meyers



EYES
by Junaid Iqbal



PLANET UNKNOWN
by Junaid Iqbal



CHILDREN'S BOOK ILLUSTRATION
by Chastity Lewis

THE GARDEN
by Samantha Cortez

Without a word
You left

In the air hung
A stinging odor.

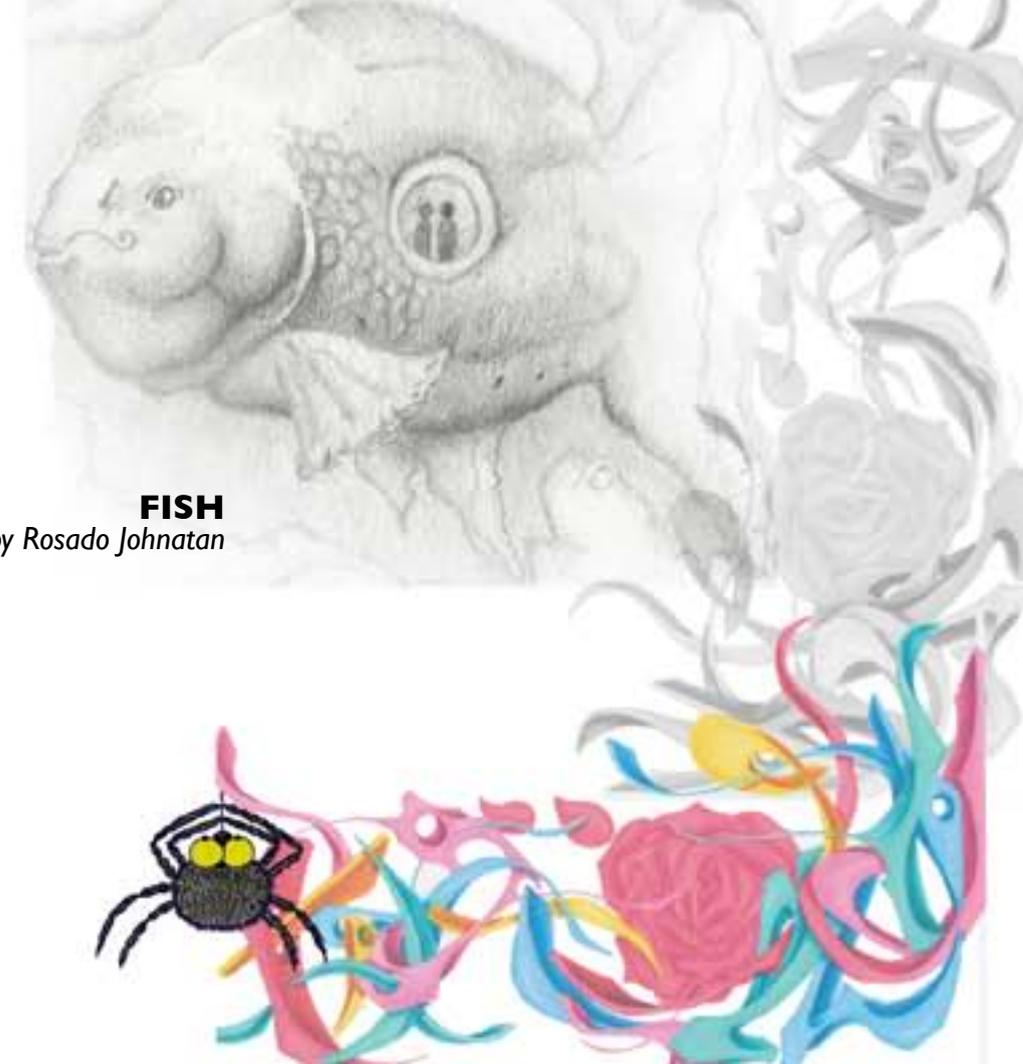
You were replaced by
dusty portraits, decaying
Dried up roses.

But the pain endured
became a seed in soil,
That enabled me to grow.

To reach as far as I could.
At my roots
To stand alone,
To blossom.

If your coldness has wintered others
As strong as I,
What a beautiful garden

You've have left behind
To Flower.



FISH
by Rosado Johnatan



SELF-PORTRAIT
by Irina Samkova

THE DAY WILTS

by Nicole Pankowski

The day wilts like a dying flower
The rain runs down the window
Or is it just a reflection
In old glass?

The water comes with such force that
The flower begins to fall apart
Little by little
Piece by piece
Raw petals
On the ground

At the end of the day
However, with a change of light
The window is clear
The flower whole

Yet all that I have been through
Leaves me with this stem
That used to be a flower

The day has wilted like a dying flower
And what's left is a dark sky
And time to grow again.

DRAGON
by Rongbiao Tan



SPRING FACE
by Piotr Korkuz

PUPPETS TYPEFACE
by Michael Kurtz

WATCH FACE DESIGN

by Diane Kim



TYPE COMPOSITION

by Gerardo Flores

ESCAPE

by Esther Freedman

A child's cries, silenced
In the strange black forest
Dark nights spent, running
As strong winds blow
Echoes of unheard pleas, weeping
Follow close behind us
Before us a guide, frightened
Leads us to freedom

BOOTS

by Oshra Bitton



PRIMARY COLORS

by Kuong Jing Alfred Li

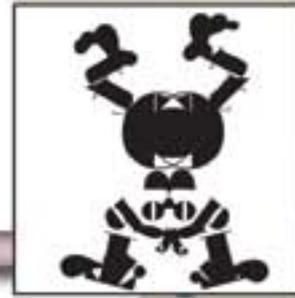
NOT CLEVER
by Lidia Maximova

call open
the jaws of frost
beautiful cold
sharp feathers on
the wings of winter
sticking to my window
where those of the not clever
summertime birds
snap clashed against
the hard clarity
between us

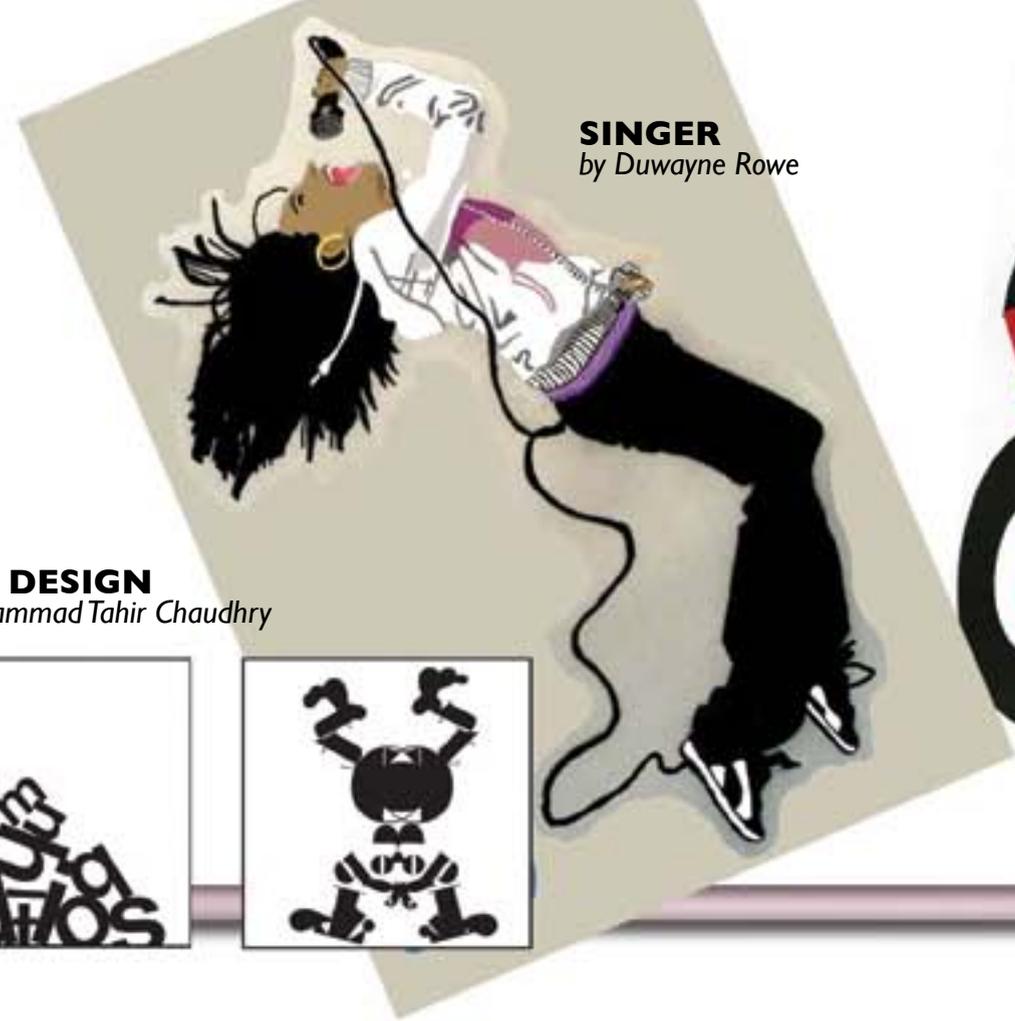


BISMILLAH
by Muhammad Tahir Chaudhry

TYPE DESIGN
by Muhammad Tahir Chaudhry



SINGER
by Duwayne Rowe



BUTTERFLY
by Piotr Korkuz

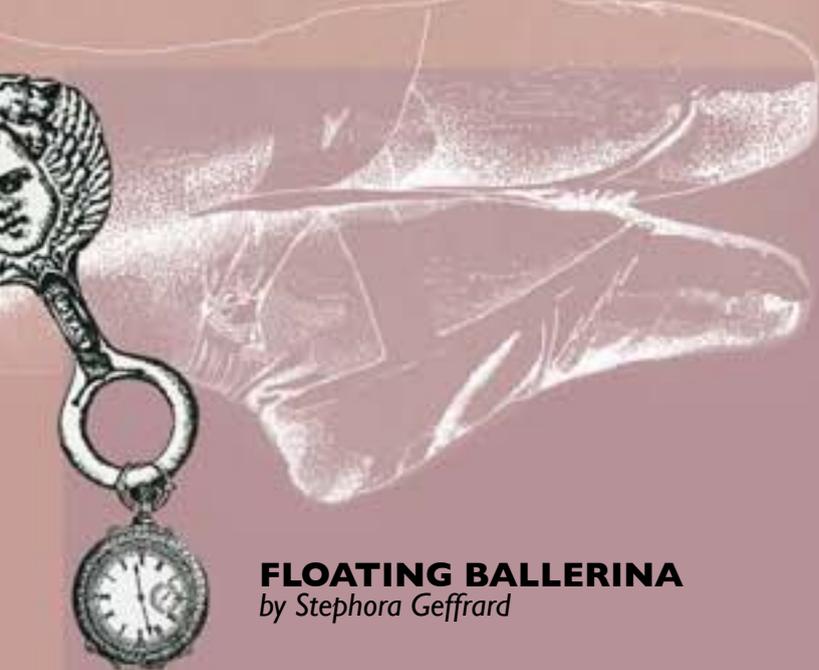
FAMILY MEAL
by Matthew Rubin

It's time for dinner. All to their seats.
The baby is hungry, let's give him eat.
Everyone's in order from youngest to oldest.
It's at this moment that order is about to be lost
And father insists on being at the head of the table, no matter what the cost
Mother scolds, "get your elbows off the table, and don't you dare slouch."

Sissy cries out, "Timmy don't pinch me... OUCH!"
Timmy proclaims, "Sissy you're such a bore."
Grandma proclaims, "That's it! I've had it, I can't take this fighting no more."
The bickering and fighting, what can be heard?
"QUIET!" Screams Grandpa, "the baby just spoke its first word."

SNAKE PLANT
by Joanne Honigman





FLOATING BALLERINA
by Stephora Geffard

LOVE FOR US REMAIN UNRULY
by Felix Guzman

Though alone still breathe and forever
deny the breeze compassion
when dwelling in desperate sleep
The emotions once humanizing before
now declared trivial, what shame!
A life born of novelty!
Enchanting stares promise memories
be forgotten, to honor innocence
forgive the world its beauty
Fire entwined around match lights the path
through darkness disobey death's demands
Love, for us remain unruly.

MOMMY'S JEWELRY
by Kawana Barbour





BUTTONS

by Kathleen Monahan

Inspired by W C Williams
"Complete Destruction"

It was an Icy Day

the warmth of that smile
could make the day
stand still

the woman
searches
for her needle and thread

the replica of
a child
can only be visualized

the heart as
cold as
the day.

JUST ANOTHER OLIVE

by Asya Sheynberg

Aniline sofas swirl with cashmere sweaters.
The violinist plays away.
There's chatter, mixed with music,
What about, you don't know.

Winks and shakes
And then,
The music stops.
"Make yourselves at home!"
Should you say,
"Home is where the heart is?"

You stand. You're clearance stemware
With a crystal glass in your hand.
"Would you care for an
olive in your martini?"
The next tune, you know.

SQUID IN STYLE

by Josue Infante



FISH

by Adrian Salajan



FROGS

by Irina Samkova

SELF-PORTRAIT
by Duwayne Rowe



WATCH FACE DESIGN
by Diane Kim



FACE
by Hui Ming Wu



STILL-LIFE
by Duwayne Rowe



SMALL JOY
by Michelle Bolton



DROOL
by Michelle Bolton

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES
by Esther Freedman

Lazy days of summer
Full of sand and sun
Cresting ocean waves
Frightening undertows

Busy days of summer
Full of friends and fun
Bags of food and towels
Pails, shovels and tubes

Crazy days of summer
Starfish, crabs and clams
Tall castles and deep moats
Washed away by waves

Basking in the sunlight
Moving with the surf
Cold ocean spray cooling
The blazing white sand

Tasty days of summer
Sweet peaches and tart plums

Melting ice-cream cones
Dripping down my chin

Dark nights of summer
Skies aflame with color
Dazzling rockets streaking
Through the star-filled sky

Happy memories, Dear Mother
You are in every picture
Imprinted in my heart
And the album of my mind

FISH

by Chao Chen



FISHIN' ROD

by Piotr Korkuz

A DIFFERENT DAY

by Tonianne Druckman

not much matters here.

sleepy boys are off to dream
about dancing and drinking,
madmen are dreaming
about love and war.
nervous girls smoke cigarettes
and fret over laugh lines.
in another part of the world,
it would be done the same way
but in a much prettier language.
strange to think that my father's
awake this late,
in an arm chair,
in bay ridge.
his little babe
is nestled up close with her mother.

his face is filled with lines,
though he never smokes.
he hardly laughs.
he never changes.

maybe he's wondering
if he ever will.

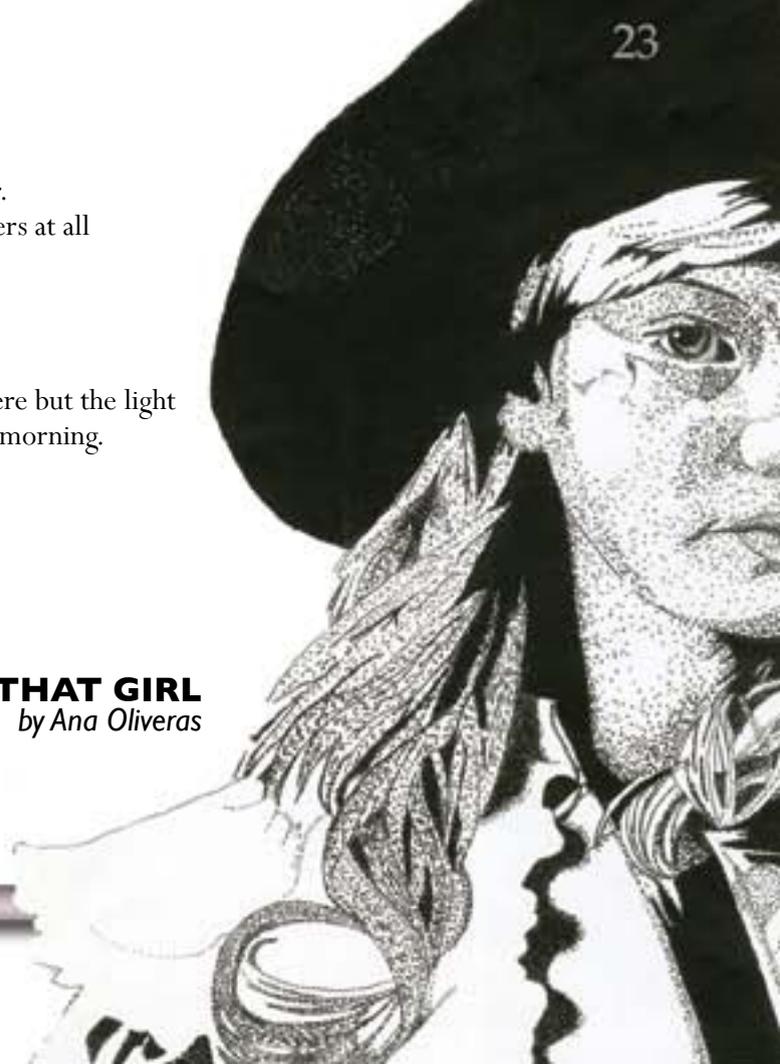
the boy beside me rises and falls,
as my cigarette burns low to the filter.
somewhere in the walls a spider is weaving
a web,
eager and hungry for its next meal.
the truth is, we're all starving,
made up of tiny machines that want
different things
that we could possibly never even have.

but it doesn't matter.
not much here matters at all
in this room,
in these hands,
in this head.

not much matters here but the light
that comes with the morning.

THAT GIRL

by Ana Oliveras





HERO
by *Tonianne Druckman*

“You are a hero.”
she says.
three times a day at least.
i hear her.
i look at her,
but i see right through her.

she’s never really there
or
i’m never really paying attention.

she’s under the same sky as me

every night, she sleeps
when i’m trying to pretend i still can.
she smokes the same cigarettes as me.
she worries the same,
cries the same way,
laughs just as loud as me;
we are bonded in the struggle.
we are bonded in fight and
flight and
blood.

but she’s so very hard to reach.

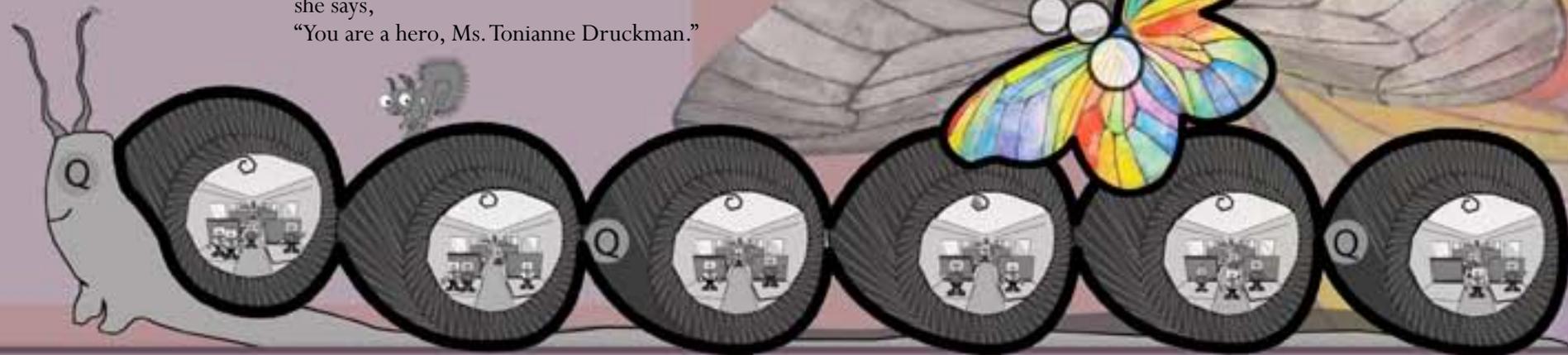
we are one in the same
on the receiving end
of a psychiatrist’s prescription pad.

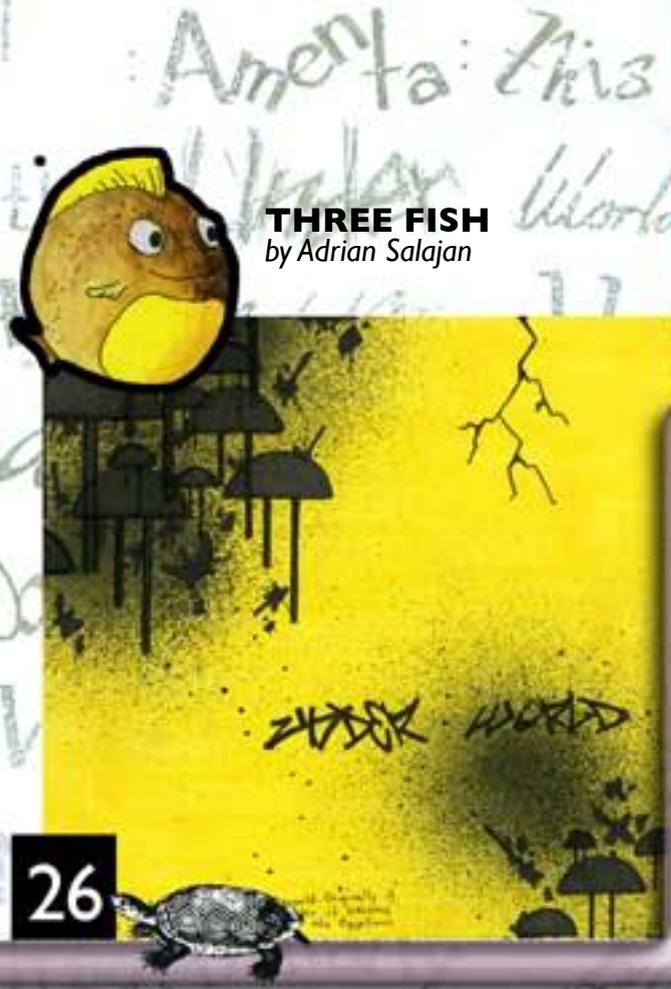
her tears are my tears.
her black pits of mood are mine as well.
we soar to the same dizzying heights and back.
but we never share much
with each other.
we just go through life
together
waving and bobbing in the ebb and flow of it.
(and on occasion, saving each other from
drowning.)

i wait for her arrival.
if she comes, she’s there in the morning,
sleeping beautifully.
she does everything beautifully.

i get up to brush my teeth,
still half asleep.
i look at myself in the mirror,
and i see her staring back at me.
she says,
“You are a hero, Ms. Tonianne Druckman.”

BUTTERFLY
by *Hope Goldstein*

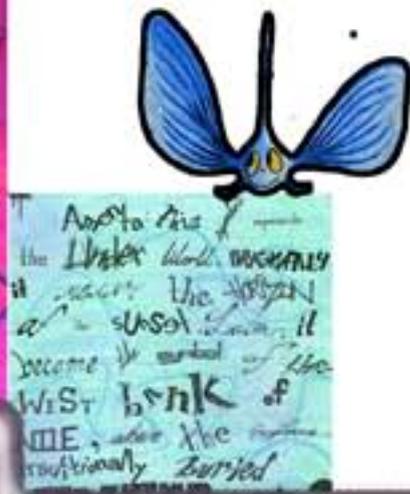




THREE FISH
by Adrian Salajan



TYPOGRAPHIC COMPOSITION
by Dorian Salas



A SHEET OF PAPER
by Stephanie Barron

A sheet of paper
On a bare table

My fingers run along the edges
Clouds begin to form

Here am I blowing in the wind
Light as a feather trying not to cut
someone with my sharp edges

A walk in the night
And the moon paints
a mural beside me

Hearts explode
Clouds open up
yet there's still something missing

Flying like the wind
I end up back where I began

Old Imprints follow
And the skyline echoes
beneath me

I stretch each finger
But the links that connected
to mine aren't found

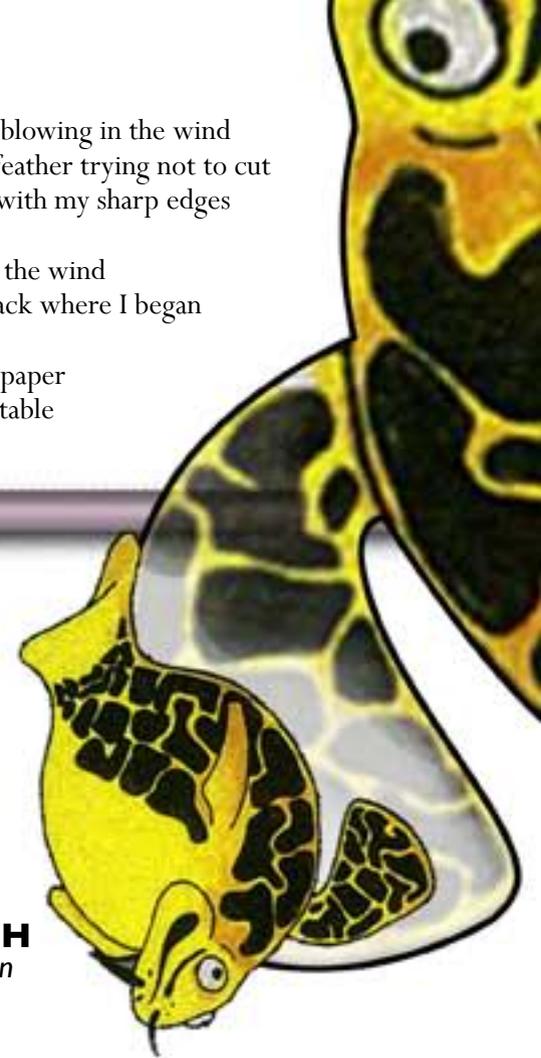
A sheet of paper
On a bare table

ALWAYS
by Halima Haider

Always abstruse
in the pages of a locked diary

She is made of passion,
a mocking bird flies over
Detrimental by nature, impulsive so charmingly

changeable mistress, never the wife
No one will read these pages tonight.



THREE FISH
by Adrian Salajan

STILL-LIFE

by Renee Lewis

THE WIND IN CLENCHED TEETH

by Felix Guzman



Irresponsible with regards to memory,
the allure of success proving damning
only through the emancipation of secrets do we live
The soul cries for knowledge of worth to another
sky bends light to darkness an all consuming sleep afforded
blatant romantics swear by their confused and biased hearts
Singed by the felled sun the ocean swells to calm the fever
defiant truths thread through lips' lonely thoughts
cradle the wind in clenched teeth angrily
Silence born of humility praise for destiny gifts of tragedy and triumph,
wisened by lessons learned, life reminds always of youth misspent
America sell me a dream I might profit from I am in love.

GEOMETRIC ABC

by Joanne Honigman

BERRIES

by Irina Samkova



FAITH

by Kathleen Monahan

Stairs with rotten wood
The hazard
Of walking up but your dream is
At the top of the staircase



EX LIBRIS

by Piotr Korkuz

You take caution as you place your foot
On the first step
Take a deep breath
Continue up
Creak creak snap!
The railing just came off
That doesn't stop you
Left foot right foot
You are almost there
Spider webs begin to disappear
The stairs get sturdier
As you remember the struggle to get here
You made it through
And look around—
So vast, so bare
So full of light

30



31

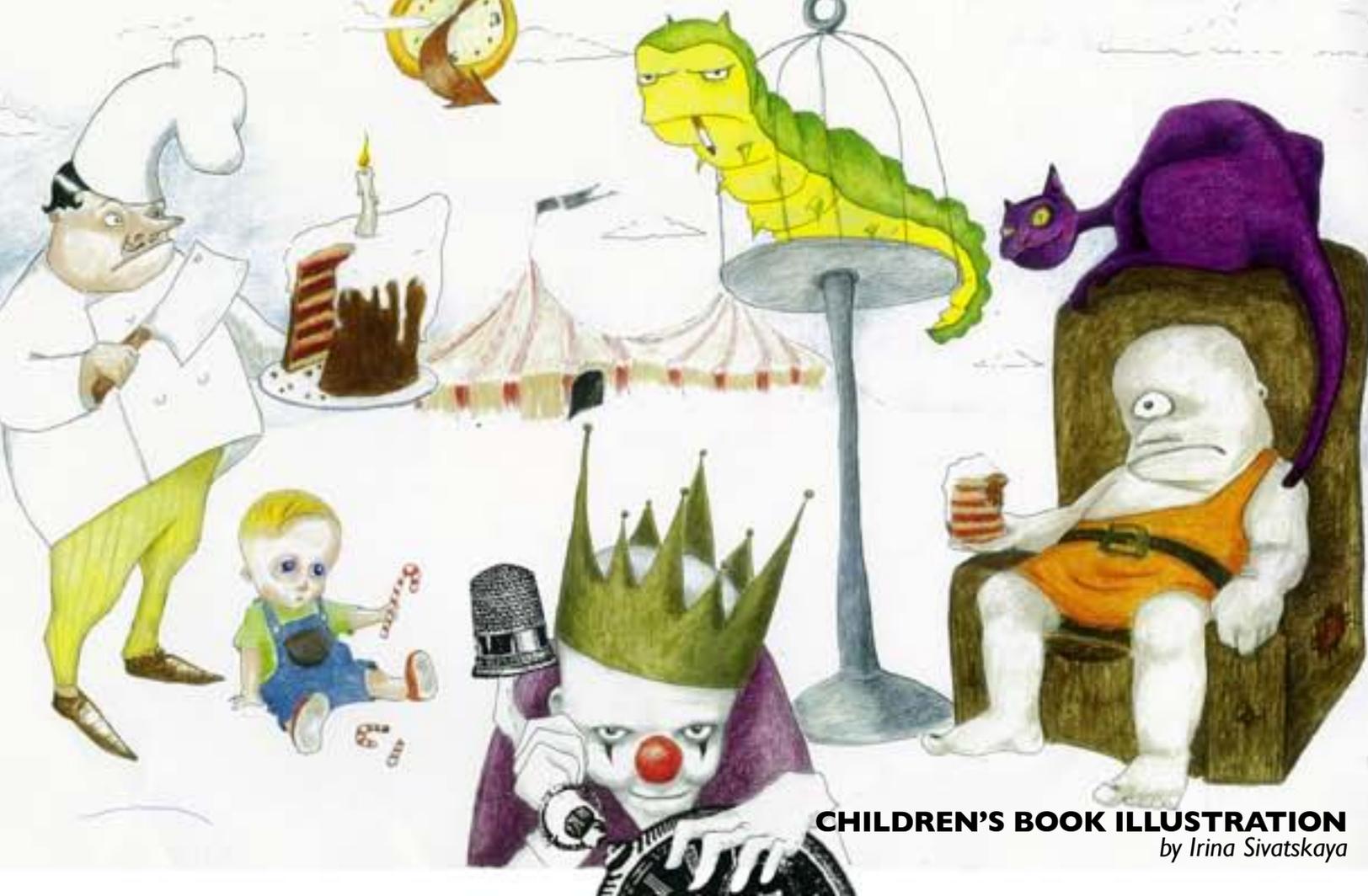


OVER THE CITY

by Piotr Korkuz

GEOMETRIC AB

by Joanne Honigman



CHILDREN'S BOOK ILLUSTRATION
by Irina Sivatskaya

CATHARSIS
by Robin Frankel

you were sweet
he sweet talked me
I was scared stiff
my dad raped my mom
what men can I trust?
everybody left
my family
my friends
even classmates
all I have is myself
I don't want to give myself
not to you
not to him
not to anyone
but I burn
my core yearns to be filled
my heart sings to be repaired
and I cry in the darkness
who?
who is safe?
not him! you answer

you can trust me, you say
how do I know? I ask
trust your heart, you say
my heart sings.
but not for you,
but for me,
because in the end
all I have is myself
and for now, that is enough

BEHEMOTH MANIAMAL
by Irina Sivatskaya



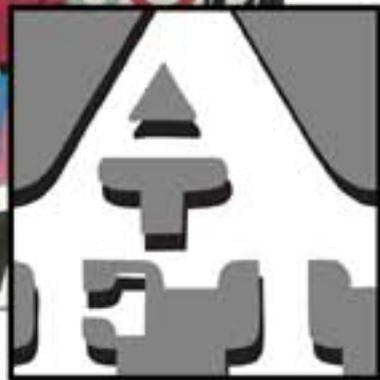


BRISK EVENING

by Mariya Ziskin

Leaves falling like snow
Smoke rising to meet them
Goodbyes exchanged for hellos
Out there, fires smolder
As she falters before reaching.

i gotta have it
RANSOM NOTE
by Jonise Meyers



TYPE DESIGN

by Muhammad Tahir Chaudhry



GRADATION

by Chao Chen



RENOVATION*Jumary Goitia*

I'm renovating my home, making a change.
 Maybe it's in a woman's nature, or I'm reaching a certain age,
 where things just aren't what they seem
 and perfect can only be reached in our dreams.
 Yet, I have plans on my "perfect" being achieved,
 so I've decided to change the scene.

First things first, this place is bruised.
 The walls are all painted black and blue.
 I've chosen to go with the lighter hue
 Although a bit difficult to choose,

I figured after all I've been through,
 I'm just about done with all the blues.
 Next, my furniture is all red.
 Never been my color, but I once said
 I wouldn't change it if I were dead.
 I'm a woman of my word, but moving on,
 these windows need to be redone
 Or we can cover them with planks of wood
 painted with scenes that say, "life is good."

Which leads me to the door, which will be locked
 and hinged
 but before I do, let me say this:
 Love is a game played by kids.
 Nowadays, no one can truly commit.
 So on that sad, but true, note
 I turn my heart off with the flick of a switch.
 After all, "home is where the heart is."



COLLAGE PORTRAIT*by Miriam Stirewalt***TOUCH***by Christine Layugan*

touch the copper,
 touch the metals
 give them the change they're owed
 they're yours forever, your hands, forever, miss.
 but behind the counter is your place for now.
 and touch the cotton papers
 touched by everyone else in this city
 touched by the beggars and those they've begged
 from the strippers and those they've stripped for
 in machines, in piggy banks, streaming out from the pockets of tourists
 they've been new, they've been used
 and you can't claim to ever own 'em now because of this
 but those right there, those hands right there
 the ones that hand out and give back what's yours and
 what's mine
 you can keep those forever.

BOTHERSOME BOROUGH BOONS*by Chad Elleston*

It was soggy and dreary in Brooklyn that night. The sidewalk was drenched with rain accompanied by the stench of the subway, and I didn't care about the time, day, or even where I was. Staring up at the smog-filled sky, realizing that it was folly to think a star could shine in this city. As I turned my gaze back to the streets where I stood, they seemed desolate and bleak before me. The occasional car passing added to the beat that is Brooklyn. The sounds of cats in the alley and rats in the trash cans filled the once silent streets. Then, like a cascade, other sounds became apparent: the sound of the trains passing underground followed by a woman yelling at her spouse, a man talking on his phone not realizing how loud he really was, a plane flying overhead, the echoes of

busses that passed by, and the tone of a car brake's screech. The only thing I didn't hear was a scream or a fight, which meant so far it was a reasonably good night, and while I imbibed this complex scotch that is Brooklyn, I realized I was already drunk. Numb to the unsettling fact that this city is where I hang my hat. Sheltered by apartment complexes and brownstones, these all-too familiar walls I call home. A ceiling of dreams and a floor of woes, all these I valued so, and I think it only right for me to state that only in Brooklyn can a drunken fool find enlightenment while walking in Park Slope on Avenue Eight.

CONEY ISLAND LOGO*by Anzhelika Toursunova*



FLOWERS
by Shafaq Naaz

WHETHER YOU'LL GO
by Asya Sheynberg

She thought (she thought)
about seasons,
how they change into change,

but she just goes.
She catches the smell
of melting snow and
of spring so discernible.

And he thinks
she had thought
about

that too.

She thinks of arriving.
Her legs in green pants,

Hearing of them
in maybe a song.

She's arrived
and listens to him listen
and she knows.
But it's been so long.
But there's nowhere to go.

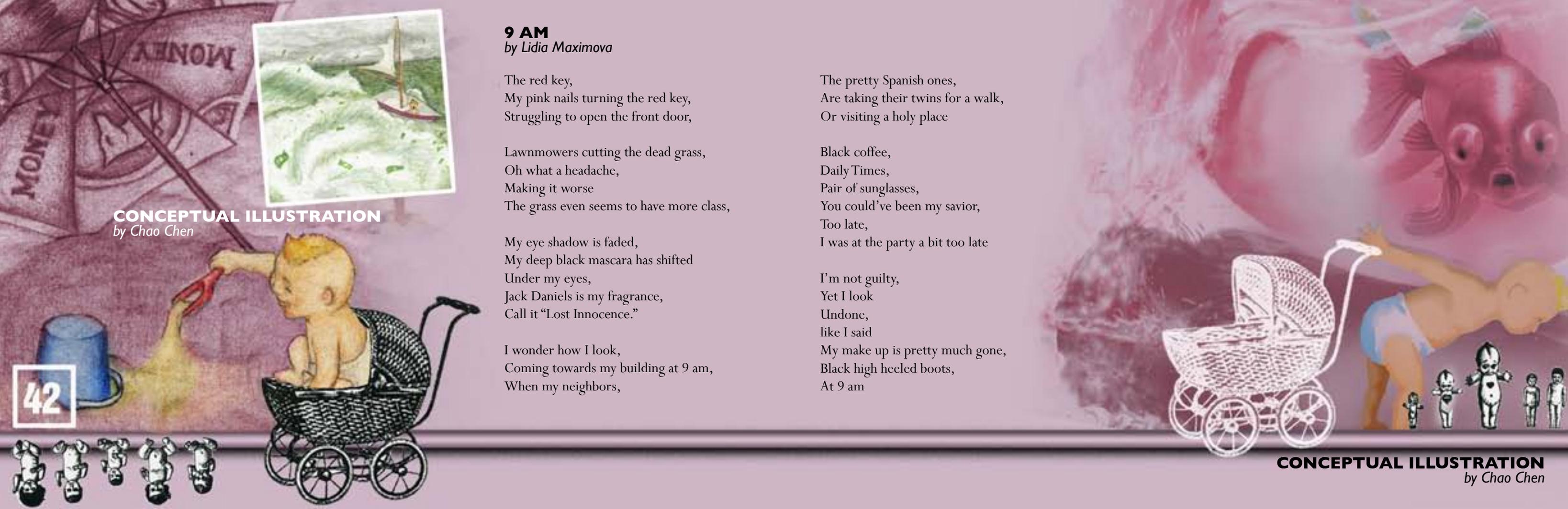
(she thinks it's summer now, or
already fall.)



PORTRAIT
by Ivan Alkhovsky



PORTRAIT
by Olga Dobraya



CONCEPTUAL ILLUSTRATION

by Chao Chen

42

9 AM

by Lidia Maximova

The red key,
My pink nails turning the red key,
Struggling to open the front door,

Lawnmowers cutting the dead grass,
Oh what a headache,
Making it worse
The grass even seems to have more class,

My eye shadow is faded,
My deep black mascara has shifted
Under my eyes,
Jack Daniels is my fragrance,
Call it "Lost Innocence."

I wonder how I look,
Coming towards my building at 9 am,
When my neighbors,

The pretty Spanish ones,
Are taking their twins for a walk,
Or visiting a holy place

Black coffee,
Daily Times,
Pair of sunglasses,
You could've been my savior,
Too late,
I was at the party a bit too late

I'm not guilty,
Yet I look
Undone,
like I said
My make up is pretty much gone,
Black high heeled boots,
At 9 am

CONCEPTUAL ILLUSTRATION

by Chao Chen

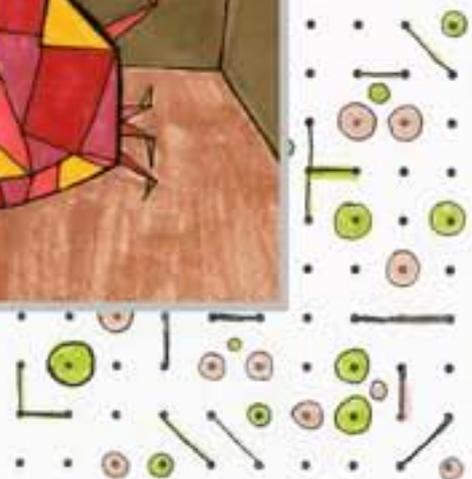


FISH
by Adrian Salajan

THE CRABSTER
by Catherine Rosario



ZEN IMAGE
by Monika Golianek



MUSIC
by Janet DiGeronimo

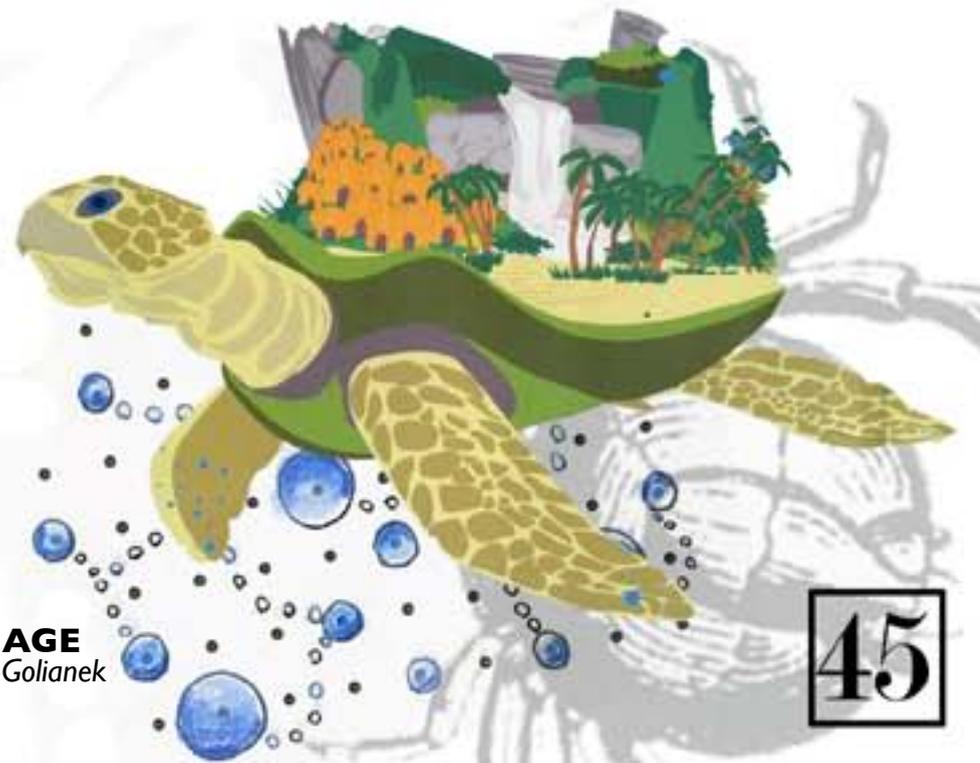
The music fills her ears,
in an otherwise silent room.

Laid out on her bedroom floor.
Surrounded by her sheets of notes,
shapes that speak a language of their own.

The view outside her window,
a world of possible harmony.
From the counting crows high above,
To the beetles inhabiting the earth.

She listens closely to the rhythm
that soon reaches the depths of her soul.
Before too long she drifts away,
carried by sounds now her own.

ECUADOR
by Geraldo J. Flores



ZEN IMAGE
by Monika Golianek

ANTHELMS
by Irina Samkova



ENGINEER DEAR
by Christine Layugan

and i've breached to bitch and bridge the tunnels
all the way out and through these slopes, these mountains.
i have been made to be and have become:
the tools, the steel to plow through
the dirt
the mud
the boulders of rocks.
and i've made these holes and crevices and cavities and caves
for your safety and mine,
to escape into.
to hide.

i've been made to be the machine
made of hands and ideas and clever innovations not once thought of
by forefathers, ancestors, wise ones way before my time.
impatient, i am.
exasperate, will do

so then my time has come and is here and i will do what i want with it.
and what i want is to have you feed my minutes
hone the hours. have time piss away and pass with me.
i'm afraid to call you because my time succeeds.

and reckons against the punctured holes of my making.
but you will not answer, you will not come,
i'm convinced you won't be there waiting for my arms to wrap
around your body,
and your soul i've mined
like the caves,
like the crevices,
like the cavities,
and the cracks.
i'm letting go but not entirely.
i'm letting go but not in full
because i think it's up to you to make up all that i lack,
it's up to you to make us break and whole again.
and again.
and again.
and again.
and forever and again.

NYC
by Josue Infante

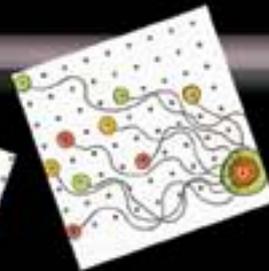
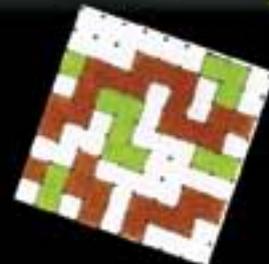
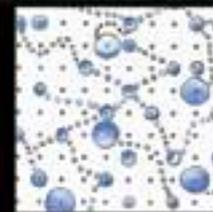


STAMPS
by Helen Wong



FROGGIE
by Irina Samkova



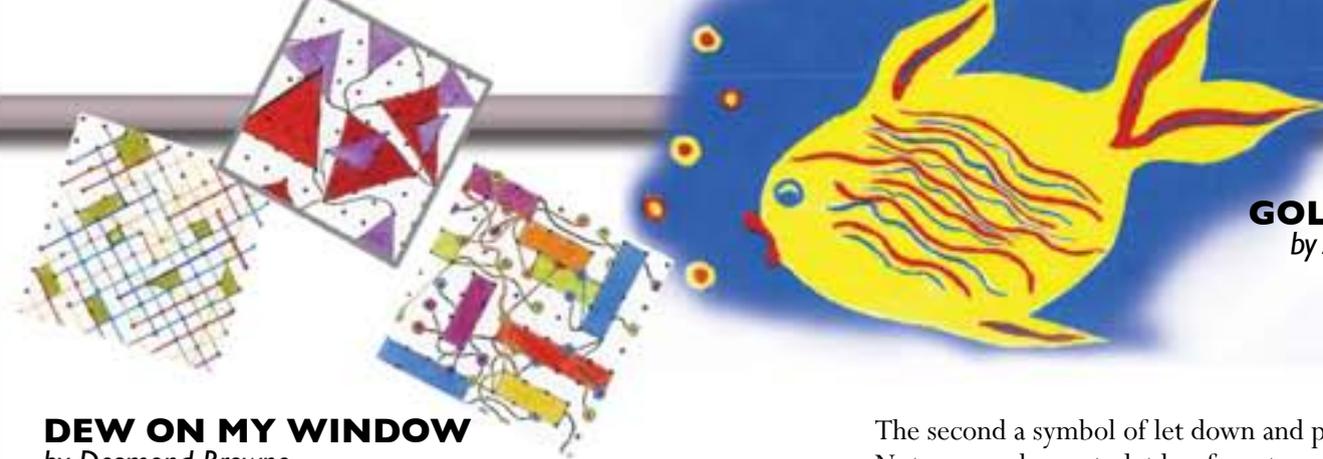
**THROWING IN THE TOWEL**by *Danielle Johnson*

I've watched my life go from a room
little more than a cramped closet
to a shared apartment
to search for an apartment

I once thought I'd have everything

I'd ever need
now I only have the need
constant worrying
endless court dates
hopes for adjournments
abatements
dismissals

longing for
water splashing on the rocks
receding back to the sea

**GOLDEN FISH**by *Aviguil Nuamat***DEW ON MY WINDOW**by *Desmond Browne*

It's five o'clock on another winter night
He closes his doors to keep out the cold
Prepared for bed he turns out the lights
But goes to the window for stories untold
A silhouette of curves that are all too familiar
Tainted by dew from his breath on the window
Only in his mind can he be satisfied
Painting pictures of the girl in the window he so badly wants to know

He knows her routine for his built on hers
So caught up with curiosity it's become an infatuation
To gaze at the eye candy that will soon become his curse
The hopes of ending curiosity await inhalation
For now... Now he sees not one but two silhouettes

The second a symbol of let down and pain
Not even a chance to let her forget
Not even a chance to tell her his name

The gaze grows stronger as the two figures dance
In the perfect harmony of a situated couple
He turns away but can't help to glance
To make sure he hadn't seen double
But no... as tricks have been played not on his mind
And the foggy window kids him not at all
Bad news is always perfectly timed
And his hopes all begin to fall

A rush of emotions he cannot explain
For someone he never knew
The foggy window now a symbol of pain
It hurts to even look through

FLOWER PRINCESS*by Mandy Lau***YELLOW ROSES***by Samantha Cortez*

You sent me flowers,
Yellow roses.
You remembered,
Good friend.

I form no illusions.

No teddy bears,
Candy-coated chocolates,
Heart-shaped balloons.

Your way
To say,
Still friends.

When you remember
Send me flowers,
Yellow roses,
My friend.

I know they hold no secrets
no fantasies.

I'll form no illusions.

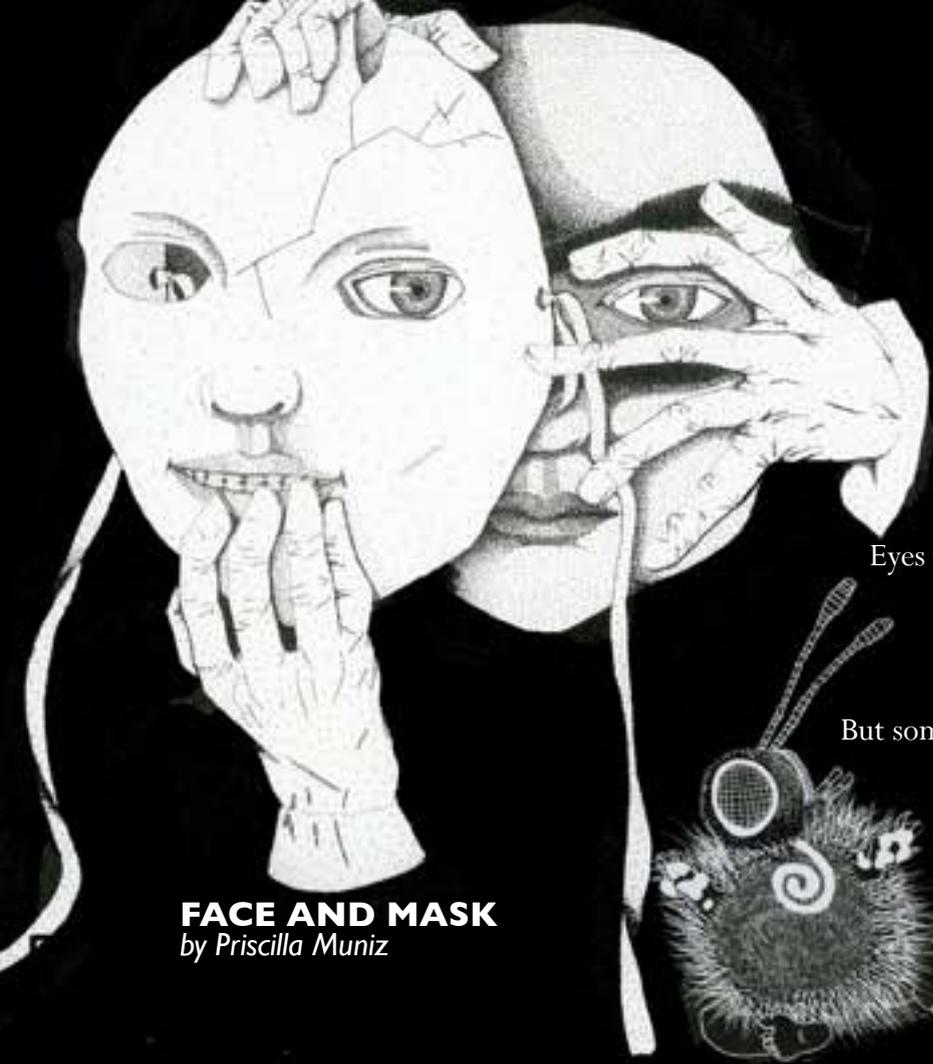
MOVING ON*by Nolasco Thomas*

Never not knowing what to think
but at the same time thinking everything
like a storm brewing over the ocean
or like an artist getting ready
to make her masterpiece
never rushing but the mind racing like Nascar
still procrastinating yet trying to get thoughts together
writing things down or recording things on video to keep track
to keep going

TIGER WITHIN*by Piotr Korkuz*

50





FACE AND MASK
by Priscilla Muniz

OFFSHORE
by Mariya Ziskin

Your skin shaded ultramarine,
You were a starless sky hovering above me,
You were a moonless night,
Eyes too dark to reflect the ocean stirring beneath you:
A passive tide.

I swallowed your breath
But something so empty could not make me feel whole.
Your tongue left me thirsty
Your hands left me cold.

Something so empty,
Could not make me whole.

HODGE PODGE
by Lea Zimmerman

HOME
by Golda Becker

Dear Diary,

I've been tying together my shame for a proper repen-
ing. For years I've tried to wash out the stains. I've soul
searched till I went blind from strain. I still was never
sure why I did all that I've done. I was born with the gift
of art. When I was young my mother would call me her
little July-art.

I dreamed of wild impossible things that seemed so real
to me. If I could just see something on paper, then just
maybe it could be real. Ponies sliding atop rainbows.
Barbies living on a pink moon, wearing the latest in
space fashion. The possibilities were endless. So it had to
come crashing to an end.

I was eight when my parents never came home. The
babysitter called the police and I was taken to start life
all over. I thought I'd never find a home again.

For I knew that home was a feeling of belonging and not
built on bricks. I never painted again. I broke in each
new bed with my tears of frustration. In time I addressed

each new couple who took me in by name and not by
a title that they didn't earn. I was no longer young. I
turned fifteen, but I still hadn't found a home. I became
what all girls want to be. My body looked like that of the
Barbie dolls that had taken over my first bedroom. My
long, wavy hair was as black as night and my large eyes
were a deep green. I could be a model, they told me. If
only I would smile.

What they didn't understand was how being alone could
make your old wounds keep bleeding. I stopped caring. I
stopped feeling. I stopped thinking. I wore black, believ-
ing it matched my soul. I was sucked into the crowd
that gave me all the cocaine and alcohol I could take in. I
woke up in odd places and stole what I could to get back
to my current bed.

(continued on page 54)





LETTER "J"
by Jaely Jimenez

CHOBITSU
by Piotr Korkuz

Then one time I went too far. I long ago stopped listening to the people who took me in. I knew soon I'd be leaving. I passed out on the sidewalk much farther from the Wellers' house than I intended. When I woke up I had nothing but the clothing on my back. They found the car I stole on the front lawn of the Wellers' place.

So then I sat in a cell once again, waiting. But it wasn't the Wellers who came. It wasn't a new family who thought they could help. No, this was the man who brought me out of there, every time I sat in the cell.

He brought me to his home. I stared enviously at the pictures on the wall that mocked me. A powerful burning took place in my heart. A piece of paper was thrust into my face. I stared open-mouthed, not caring how stupid I looked. It was an adoption paper. Mr. O'Connell was proving to me that he wasn't giving up. I tried to read what it said but I feared smudging the ink with my tears. He told me to walk upstairs. I'd been in this house many times after all my acts of mischief, so I knew my way around. Mr. O'Connell was always the best social worker because he never



ZEN IMAGES
by Sylvia Chung

LETTER "A"
by Jaely Jimenez

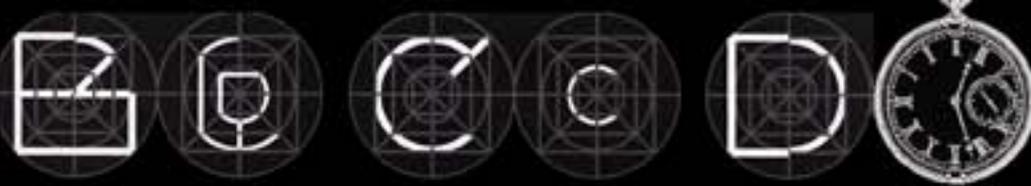


ZEN IMAGES
by Sylvia Chung



tried to lie to me. And he was the only one who would trust me in his house. The door on the left stood ajar. Inside were a basic bed, desk, and dresser set. However, something stood out. An easel was placed in a corner of the room. Paint and spare canvases surrounded it. I hadn't realized he remembered. I hadn't thought about painting in years. I used to be so sure I could never let it go. I turned back around to find Mr. O'Connell smiling. Then he said the one thing I would never forget. The one thing I've waited years to hear. Welcome home July.

I am now writing this all from my new room. Mr. O'C—I mean, Dad, has gone out to the store to get wall paint. He is going to help me paint my walls however I want. I did it. I'm home again.



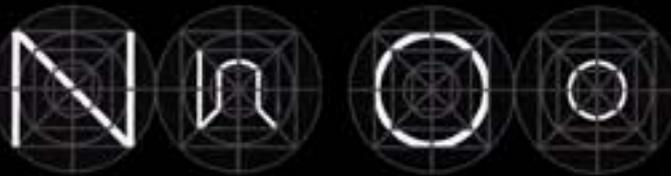
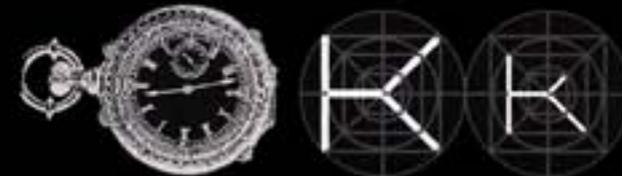
YOUR BODY by Danielle Johnson

Your body like a sand dune
Under the thin blue sheet

I see every breath you take
I feel your warm body next to mine
I smell the scent belonging to only you
A smell like the taste of sugar and salt

Sitting on the bed I see the morning sun
I feel the warmth of the rays on my skin
Like the first step into the shower on a cold morning

As I type away at the keyboard
like a pianist developing a theme
You turn to me and smile
Rolling over once again to continue your way
Through your dream



LITTLE GIRL COMES HOME by Tonianne Druckman

there's a four year old in clogs
running around some street
in the heart of southern Brooklyn.
it's 1991; summer blazes
and threatens to roast her tiny body.
she cares not.
skipping along,
she carefully avoids
the hot lava between
the cracks in the sidewalk.

when mommy puts her to bed,
she's wild.
things move in the dark;
her face morphs and changes in the mirror.
insomnia paints dark circles
under large, dark eyes
thickly lashed.

her long and skinny frame
is perpetually adorned with
seashells and mermaid prints.

she dreams of the sea.
there is an ache within her
to sing songs on ocean rocks
and bask in the sun's sticky glaze.

twenty years brought with it
its fair share of costume changes.
the city is a harlot, now.
they gave Coney Island a facelift
and Williamsburg a pretty new dress.

the little girl is now a strong, traveled woman;
heavy-breasted
heavy-hearted
but still, somehow,
deeply rooted to
the city that always inspired her to dance.

and she can still skip the same manic beat
to the pulse of 86th street
over the hot, molten lava.



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