



the

101

2020 NPC POETRY AND ART REVIEW



Eileen Martinez, Drawing I

Foreword

I would like to offer a special thanks to everyone who participated in this year's poetry contest and publication, *the 101*, published by the Communications/Arts Division at National Park College. Students and faculty/staff were invited to submit original poems based on the theme of "the world around us"; poems were judged by the English faculty, who then chose the three student winners: first, second, and third. All submissions are included in this publication.

Appreciation is extended to all students and faculty/staff who participated by contributing poetry. Further thanks are due to the faculty judges, student judge Marisha Crain, and others who have assisted with this effort: Nannette Crane-Post, faculty member and chief organizer for the poetry contest; Lana Taliaferro and her students for contributing artwork; Jennifer Seward and her Graphic Design students for the layout and publication of *the 101*; Tabatha Tuskey and student work-study Ashley Allison for facilitating the submission process. The winners will be announced at the annual poetry and art reception.

We hope you enjoy these original student and faculty/staff poems and student artwork!

Roger Fox

Chair, Communications/Arts Division

Cover art by Digital and Media Arts student, Candyce Corder



Jamie Huisman, *Drawing I*

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GROUNDING

By Kayla Sotelo

They tell me I should count it out
When the world is too big, and I am too small
I walk the edge, always tempted to fall
Of all the things that bother me
I get to choose
5 things I can see
 The dog is in the bathroom with me
 Stains on the tile
 Hair in the brush
 Clothes in a messy pile
 A crumbling pallet of blush
4 things I can feel
 Cool air from the vent
 Hot water scalds my feet
 Trembling in my grip
 Stinging from gilletes repeat
3 things I can hear
 The dog is whining now
 Water splashes at the tile
 A quiet prayer and solemn vow
2 things I can smell
 Betadine too strong
 An unfortunately fragrant dog
1 thing I can taste
 Blood on my tongue, and regret and relief
I number all the little things
Say a prayer to higher beings
Clean my mess and wrestle doubt
I get to choose
They tell me I should count it out



Caleb Holstine, Drawing I

THIS DAY

By Courtney Williams

The long day calls on me again
I don't know why it is not my friend
With aches and pains
It offers no empathy
This day

This day is said a gift to have
With bows and ribbons
Of promises once had
To toast a friend
To let lovers in
To dwell upon a dark corridor

What's this day looking for?
Kindness, hate, what is our fate?
We pass along with smiling friends
Day-to-day
Judging others of their sins

As night rolls in
A peace overwhelms my burdened skin
The moon rises high
With offers of lullabies
To sing away the harshness of the day

The day that will repeat again.

DAWN'S FIRST LIGHT

By Sarah Fitsimones

Absence stalks the empty halls as darkness begins to creep
Where joy and laughter reign no more for all are asleep

When voice and clamor die away like a wilting flower
The sounds of silence fill the house more with each passing hour

When dawn's first light spills over the hill and chases the darkness away
The creatures of earth welcome the light as a sign of the coming day

While the gloom and the silence of the passing night may be contagious
We remember not the night before instead gaze at the light before us



Julio Rodriguez Zavala, Digital Skills



Jairo Flores - Intro to Graphic Design

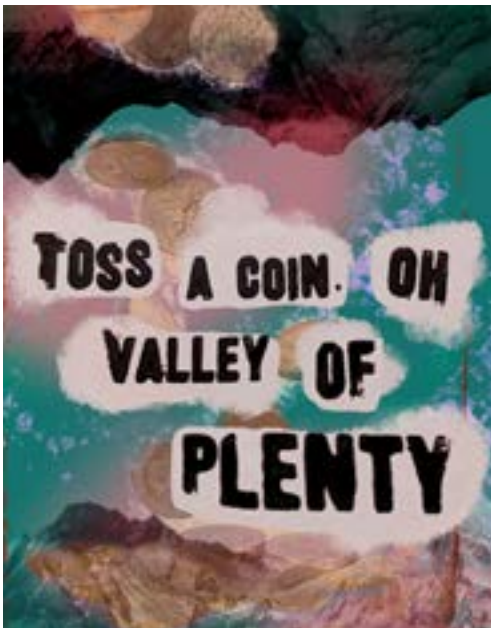


Sarah Young - Typography and Layout

TOP OF MY HEAD

By Joan Marie Davis

Have you ever wanted to write the greatest poem ever off the top of your head
 And did something totally opposite instead
 Or thought that the greatest poets of all time did their works in one flip of the pen
 It's a naive thought but it would be a nice moment to happen
 So I sit here thinking thoughts off the top of my head
 Like what is the circumference of the Earth and how many books Einstein read
 What was it like to live in 1923 and what were the first reactions of the assassination
 of President Kennedy
 What was Jesus' favorite food and how hard it was to live during World War II
 Who was Edgar Casey and what kind of friend was he
 Was there really an Atlantis and where would it be
 Is there life outside this little planet of ours
 Can we change this entire world to solar and hydroelectric power
 Are we living in the end times
 Will the Apocalypse happen at the drop of a dime
 When am I ever going to get around to reading King Lear
 How can I draw those that have passed on nearer
 Does world peace really exist
 Are we ever going to find a way to transmit the inner peace or will humanity resist
 So I sit here and think off the top of my head
 And realize that I just made a poem about my thoughts instead



Samantha Rutherford - Typography and Layout



Courtney Tran - Digital Skills

CAMELLIA

By Whendi Armstrong

The cold kiss of death embraces me like a weighted blanket and I welcome it.
Ever since you have left this place what once was beautiful, now barren.
The dance of the trees that once was mesmerizing now weep in your absence,
The song of the wind that once lulled me to sleep now faded.
The very breath of light that once called my name now hides in the shadows.
The days turn to night and the seasons change monotonously
Before I knew it winter had shown his face and the anniversary of death
embraced me once more.
The snow had remembered my name, my presence and it called to me
Like a child to her mother.
Then as quickly as it came the snow blistered away and spring came steady.
The sway of the trees turned back into melodic dances,
The faded wind turned into a sweet tune,
And the light that was once hidden now reveals itself.
Death had pierced my heart once and I welcomed it.
The growth of spring changed me and the revival was so peaceful
Winter came again that year.
This time I was ready for him.

THIS ROSE

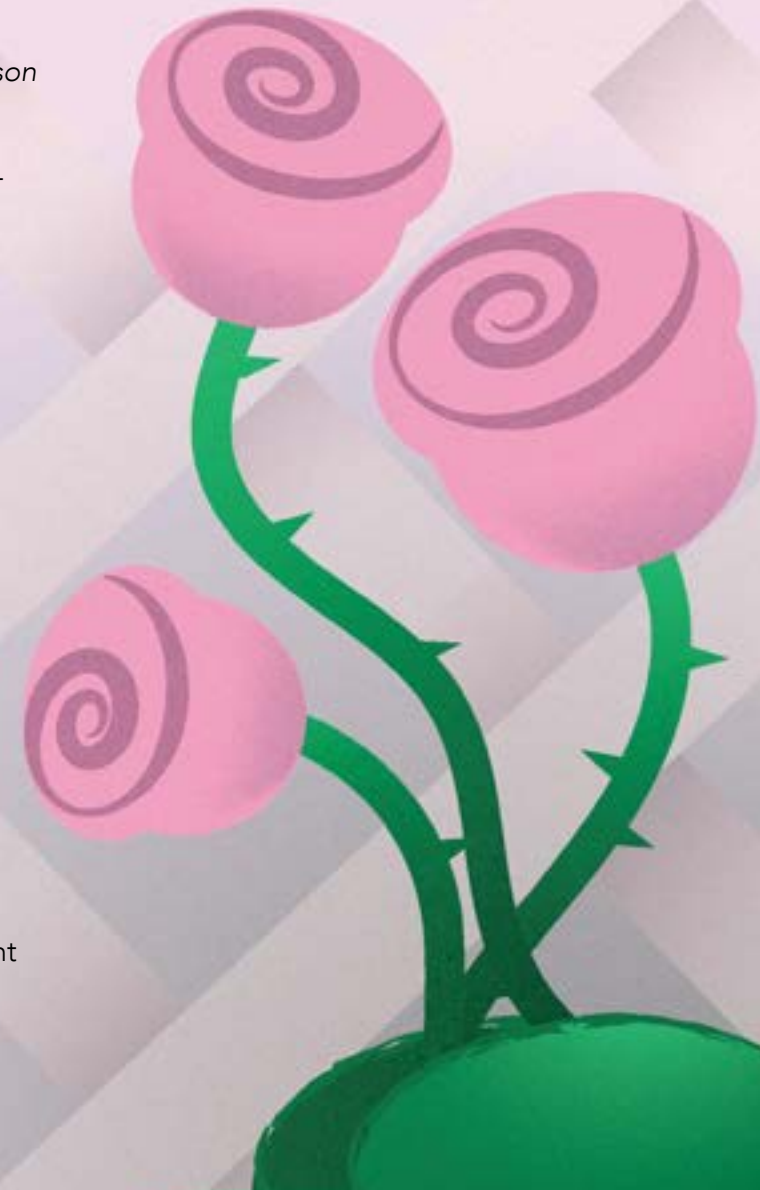
By Savanna R. Robertson

This rose
is an aesthetic beauty-
but it has thorns
sharp enough
to puncture
the most-
calloused skin.

This rose
tends to
distance hearts-
just by guarding
her own.

But I need to be sure-
I don't find myself
striving to hold onto
your stem-
just to prove
I can take
the pain.

I don't want to
hold you past the point
when I should
be thinking-
this love-
is not worth it.



Illustrated by Jake Fontenot



LONG AGO

By Corina Fedorowicz

The whispers of long ago
Tainted by a shard of memory
Cutting through to the present
Beckoning for my return

Denied a life of innocent
Burdened by the perversity
Defining the thought of love
Betrayed through violence and blame.

The blackness calls for me
Calling me to return again
Slicing normal into shreds
My silent war continues.



Illustrated by Jaylynn Sanders



Jairo Flores - Drawing I



Caleb Holstine - Drawing I



Emily Talos - Drawing I



Leslie Anderson - Drawing I

A black and white photograph of a tree trunk with a small insect on it, surrounded by bare branches. The tree trunk is on the left side of the frame, showing a rough, textured bark. A small, dark insect is perched on the trunk. The background is filled with a dense network of bare, thin branches, some of which are in focus and others are blurred. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a somber and contemplative mood.

NATURE/NURTURE

By Kylie Roe

I don't understand my own nature.
It's a balance between forgiveness and nurture.
I don't have the ability to stay mad.
I don't know how to hate but I know about sad.
I base my value on how I make others feel,
my own needs are irrelevant I want only to heal.
I puzzle over if I'm really seen.
I want to grow flowers in the cracks of the obscene.

Photo by Kylie Roe

HIDING INSIDE

By Megan Ables

I am hiding inside you.
Confide you need not do,
For no matter what—I—am in you.

You do not see me
Until you feel the need to flee.
For no matter what,—you—I see.

Though I am in you,
Other hearts I also view.
For no matter what, in—everyone—I grew.

They, too, cannot escape my wrath.
For in my path,
Everyone becomes a —psychopath—.

UNSUSTAINABLE

By William Rhodey

Crookedly the world revolves,
Enlisting us in a never-ending free fall,
Clouds blocking the sun's light,
Some embracing, some appalled,
Let us not obstruct what's wrong from right,
If you heard the cry, would you answer the call?
A world so commodious, transformed into something so small,
Just take my hand and I'll help you fight.

COMPETITION

By Kian Nelson

american culture praises it,
idolizes it like some sort of god.
it seems like all we do is try to reach the top.
"my dog has to have a medical operation"
"at least your dog's alive"
"at least you can afford a dog"
always trying to rise to the top.
and never thinking that other people are suffering too.
when will we stop trying to beat everyone?
invalidation.
kindles from the sparks of competition.
"it could be worse."
what we go through is our personal worst.



Jared Ballard - Drawing II



Jared Ballard - Drawing I

WORLD INFINITY

By John Arthur Wood

Where has time gone?
Back to the days of old,
During the age,
When time was unknown,
Where Day and night,
Is just a sight,
Unrelated to time.

Where has time gone?
We must know,
We must keep records,
Records untold,
For what reasons,
Nobody knows.

Where has time gone?
Out of this world,
No time for anything,
Too busy you see,
No time for you,
Nor time for me.

Where has time gone?
Now aged gray,
Time returns,
To younger days,
Where time is free,
and everlasting,
Free from human rationalizing.



Illustrated by Kylie Roe

DAILY BREAD

By Eve Victory, faculty

Hollowed, not hallowed
Consumed, not consummate
Lachrymal cleansing shrouds sizable self-regard.
(These self-appointed gods, how they hunger.)

Carving and craving, they cull every bit
With Jabberwocky talkie claims of change and conservation
That amount to little more than twaddling oaths,
Weaving webbed associations, like astrological displays.

Friend Moon hanging, like a vintage cameo,
Cast your pearly reflections on the nondescript river
So oversights will twinkle-glitz like experience
And censure reclines like crystal chimes on the ear.

Turn your face, ancient Mother, from cheap unkindnesses.
Will you rise to burn away the shoddy, scurvy crew?
Or show instead such mercy that the carvers become clean
As they pule and they bore till they see stars in the darkness?



Kimberly Arcega - Painting I



Jamie Huisman - Painting I

LIFE IN TIME LAPSE

By Lisa Hopper, staff

Each day as we rise
Pause to take it in
Why am I? I surmise
Where shall I begin?

Peering at the path taken
Peeking at my trail ahead
Before the morn I waken
Filled with hope or dread

Life viewed in small bites
Paused or forward flew
Watching the highlights
Tired or renewed?

Create a new beginning
Now is the first of the rest
Hope has you grinning
May you all feel blessed



*Illustration by Orlando Ruiz Diaz
Designed by Jake Fontenot*



Samantha Rutherford - Digital Skills



Courtney Tran - Digital Skills



Paige Jones - Digital Skills



Emily Talos - Digital Skills



Laurin Sharif - Digital Skills



Samantha Cotton - Digital Skills

THE WORLD AROUND US

By Allyson Marx, staff

“Centennial” I am

23 Million and Growing

Independent, a Communicator, Impatient, Pressured to Succeed, Confident, Liberal, Cultured, Technologically Advanced, Creative, Individual-Minded, Smart, Pragmatic, An Information Processor, a Procrastinator, Media-Focused, Open-Minded

I am the future.

“Millennial” I am

80 Million

Ambitious, Achievement-Oriented, Educated, Team-Minded, Entitled, Curious, Family Centric, Engaged, Attention Seeking, Dependent, Socially Conscious, Optimistic, Entrepreneurial, Patriotic, Unique, Tolerant, Financially Savvy

I am now.

“Gen X” I am

50 Million

Resourceful, Self-Sufficient, Independent, Determined, Balanced, Direct, Hard-working, Well-Versed, Financially Responsible, Informal, Mistrusting, Valued, Involved, Flexible, Tech Savvy, an Open Communicator

I am remembered.

“Baby Boomer” I am

76 Million

Family-Centric, Responsible, Financially Secure, Relationship-Minded, Liberal-Conservative, Committed, Motivated, Self-Assured, Disciplined, Competitive, Resourceful, Cynical, Goal Oriented, Free-Spirited, Experimental, Social-Cause Oriented, a Team Player

I am the past.

“Silent” I am

55 Million

Hard-Working, Loyal, Respectful, Strong-Willed, Frugal, By the Book, Grateful, Logical, Patient, Disciplined, Tech-Challenged, a Traditionalist, Punctual, Simple, A Conformist, Interpersonal, Independent, Productive, Needed

I am forgotten.

Who I am

One

Passionate, Understanding, Anxious, Independent, Family-Centric, Motivated, Guarded, A Lifelong Learner, Loyal, Fierce, a Mama Bear – Strong and Soft, Giving, Creative, Compassionate, Empathetic, Untrusting, Determined, Motivated, Faithful

I am me.



Destinee Hogeland - Digital Skills

I'M TOLD

By Quincy Carter

i'm told the world is cold

i didn't realize how true it was

until i walked through the rain
and turned my world upside down

i threw myself with reckless abandon
into my greatest spiral yet
in a world made of mud

but flowers fill this world too
they fill my lungs and veins
they fill my mind and heart
they fill my cloudy breath
and they spiral with me

i've been spiraling since birth
like i'm emerging from a nautilus shell
ups and downs forever encased
but now i'm free from that prison
the world sees me in all my horrific beauty
scars with flowers creeping outward
blooming like the sun will shine forever
upon our bare faces

my shell sits on my shelf these days
i've left her behind, but i still love her
i display her to the world
mostly as a reminder of the pain
still felt by so many people

lovers, fighters, and all of the above
sit in their own shells
unexposed to the world

with love, i watch them spiral upwards
spiraling outwards forever

in their footsteps

i spiral

FERAL CAT

By Roger Fox, faculty

I
am on
the way
to feed you so
stop your mewls
you won't starve
anymore and you
know if you sit
and wait by the
rail that I will come
to you with hot food
before your finicky ego
decides you want to snub
my offer, which you often do
if you don't like the speed of my
service or the choice of my menu
for you, and, by Jove, I better hurry
up and get you fed before the nem-
sis, the neighbor's, dog swoops in
to clean your plate unless I stand
guard, stiff as a statue and at a
distance because lord knows you
won't let me get within twenty or
so feet or you get jumpy and edgy
and run off into the dark woods
where you must live as you wait
to hear the gravel crunch and I get
home to see to it that I better not
let you
down
and
see
you
get
fed
and
the
dog
not
one
bite-
nothing, nada, nil.



Eileen Martinez, Drawing I



Jaylynn Sanders, Drawing I



Rosa Amaya, Drawing I

DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE ABYSS

By Dr. Gwendolyn Carter, faculty

Solar rays greet me on my voyage
Salty breezes wish me farewell
Foaming waves wrap my warmth
Step, Step, Into the Abyss

Graceful descent into city gates
Jeweled metropolis upon volcanic rock
Kaleidoscopes around bubbling currents
Swim, Swim, Into the Abyss

Tranquil shadows over ancient battlegrounds
Warrior kings devour their spoils
Majestic giants sing to their lovers
Sing, Sing, Into the Abyss

Dancing choirs herald fiery gates
Glowing monsters and razor-sharp teeth
Luring me in with their pleasant light
Down, Down, Into the Abyss





LIGHT

By Miranda Curtis

The stars are above us
The ground is below us
Many different hates going all around
Be the light
Be the change
Be the reason
The sky is full of stars
We are a light in the world around us
We are the world
We are the change
Be the love not hate

*Illustrated by
Chloe Koonce*



Kimberly Arcega - Design I



Orlando Ruiz Diaz - Design I

MY ROAD

By Darla Thurber, staff

With calloused feet I tread this familiar road.

Although others have placed their footprints here, sometimes right over mine, this road belongs to me.

I am familiar with every sharp stone, every cool, smooth place along this path.

My feet bled long ago, when I first set out. Now my steps are sure.

Without fear I journey down my road, not yet knowing what I'll find. The not knowing is what presses me further, further still, excited about the answers planted along the way.

I will gather those answers and take them with me to the end of my road...if there is an end at all.



Jazz Musicians - Painting I



Kendra Bennett - Design I



Chloe Koonce - Digital Photography



Destinee Hogeland - Digital Skills

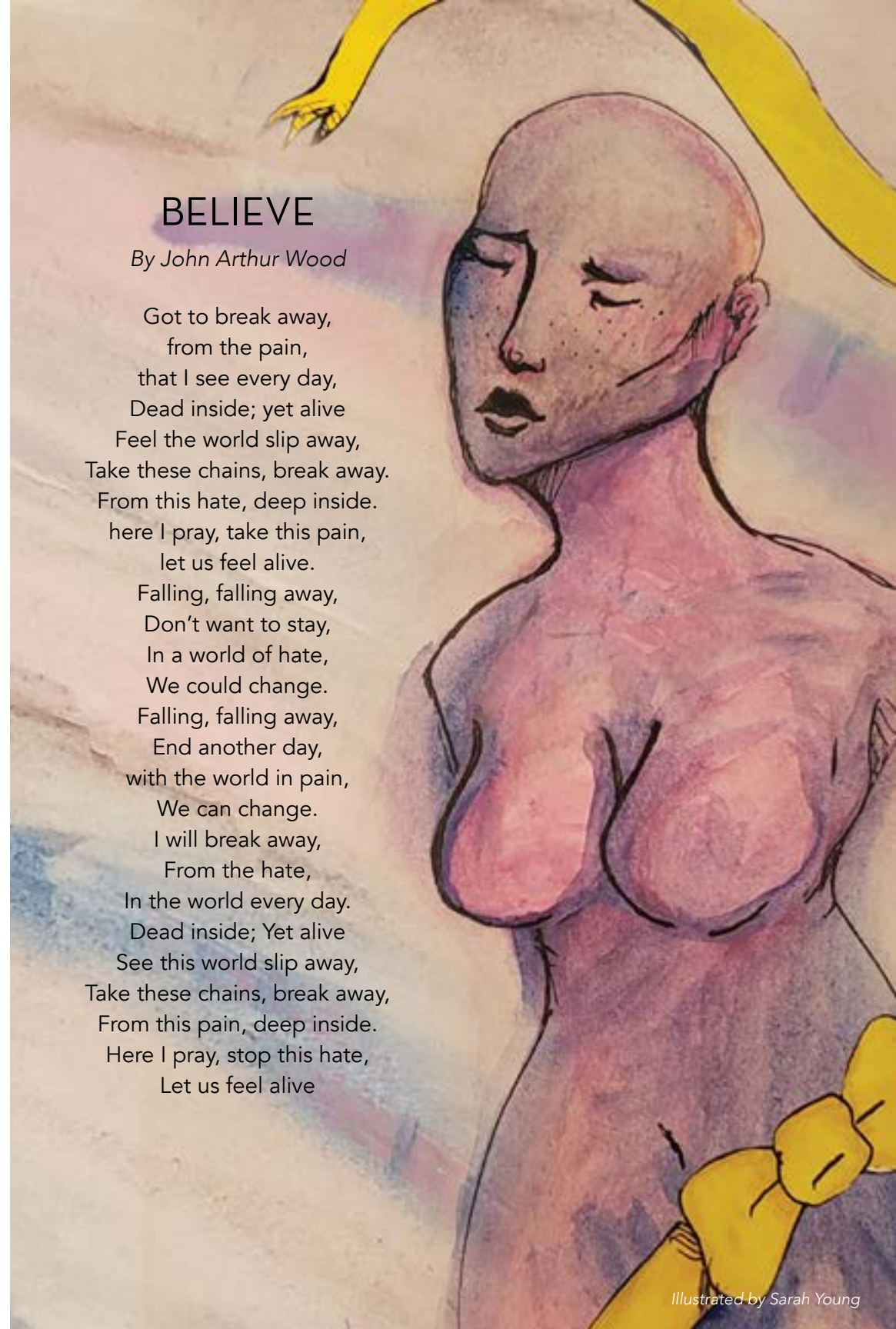


Gulliver Ekrot - Digital Skills

BELIEVE

By John Arthur Wood

Got to break away,
from the pain,
that I see every day,
Dead inside; yet alive
Feel the world slip away,
Take these chains, break away.
From this hate, deep inside.
here I pray, take this pain,
let us feel alive.
Falling, falling away,
Don't want to stay,
In a world of hate,
We could change.
Falling, falling away,
End another day,
with the world in pain,
We can change.
I will break away,
From the hate,
In the world every day.
Dead inside; Yet alive
See this world slip away,
Take these chains, break away,
From this pain, deep inside.
Here I pray, stop this hate,
Let us feel alive



Illustrated by Sarah Young

A hand holding a bouquet of pink and white daisies against a black background. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The lighting is soft, highlighting the delicate petals and the texture of the hand.

COLOR MY WORLD

By Janet Mauk, staff

Bountiful rain drips down to quench the earth in prisms of clear beauty.
Harmonizing happiness and giggly glee.
Reminiscing reminder of real eclectic experiences.
A resplendent rhapsody of dancing dahlias.
Flowering fuchsias and the silvery sheen of diamonds.
Glowing garnet and topaz trances our eyes.
The melodic movement, swirling and soaring our senses.

Flowers lyrically linking colors of sun and shadows.
Stained glass carving and creating a crescent moon.
Seeming symbolic of serene days and nostalgic nights.
Wind whistling grey into crimson roses.
As God created the earth with the purple lilacs and pink poppies.

Smiling serenely in blue, oranges and yellows.
Stardust sprinkling down upon you and illuminating the night.
Garnishing our days with beauty and green gracing our grass.
Vivid varieties of creamy chrysanthemums.

Crystal clear wavering water twinkling in the twilight.
Platonically playing with robust roses rising to smile and sweeten the day.
Coaxing coolness of spirit and shading the golden glow of the early morn.
Cascading fireworks sparkling the sky in a wealth of wonder and whimsy.
An array of shimmering gems glittering the world.
A kaleidoscope deepening our desires and praising our presence.
A monarch butterfly flitting among the flowers and trilling the tulips.

The earth frosted in life and spring singing in love and laughter.
Pastels painting lazy days and stroking our dreamy nights.
Colors capriciously blending in tone and hue and igniting pleasure and joy.
Brilliantly blanketing the spectrum of passion and patina of the world.



Tori Brenneman - Intro to Graphic Design



Tori Brenneman - Intro to Graphic Design



Julio Rodriguez Zavala - Drawing I



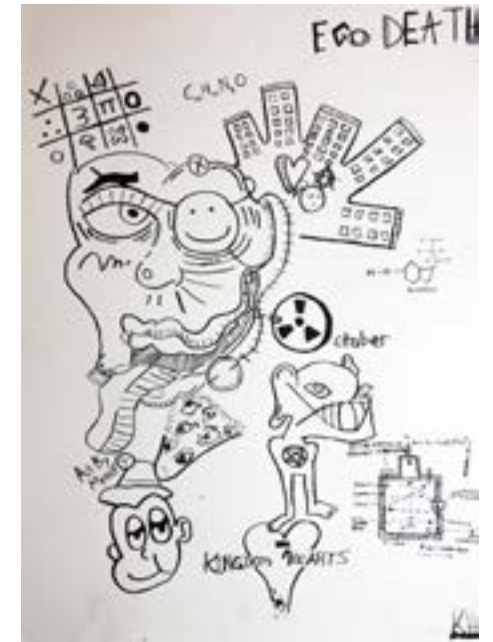
Jrue Lee - Intro to Graphic Design



Jrue Lee - Intro to Graphic Design



Patience Shepherd - Design I



Keaton Hixon - Drawing I



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