

the
101



2021 NPC POETRY AND ART REVIEW



Orlando Ruiz Diaz - 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 "Rising Up." Also included in this year's publication are the three top poems from last year's contest, which was postponed due to the COVID-19 pandemic, so congratulations are in order to those contributors as well. All poems were judged by the English faculty, who then chose three student winners last year and this year. All submissions from this year's event 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 and others who have assisted with this effort: Nannette Crane-Post, faculty member and chief organizer for the poetry contest; Jennifer Seward and her Graphic Design students for the layout and publication of *the 101* and for contributing art; Lana Taliaferro and her students for contributing art; and Tabatha Tuskey 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



Kylie Roe - Digital Photography

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Rosa Amaya - Drawing I

Vacancy

by D'Vyne Vance

I am from the City of Sin,
from a broken home full of
grief, greed, going.

An artificial, anxious kind of home
that was a little more than
lonely.

I am from the devil's sand storm,
that swept through these rooms,
powerful, panicked, paralyzing.

From the rattle of the snake with the most
poisonous bite.
A creature who formed holes in the ground
—and in the hearts—
of those who ended their fight.

I am from Centennial,
yet despite thy name,
we had
not a cent
to spare.
Pennies for our thoughts were
small, seldom, sorrowful.

From this so called “beautiful” family lay lies like leeches
sucking the blood from our lips
leaving them to say nothing but hatred.

Our motel hearts are vacant of the love we all once had,
yet,
my family had learned to grow,
like the patch of grass
in the desert wasteland.

Second Place Winner, 2021

Winter's Flame

by Whendi Armstrong

I watch as the world burns
The flames dancing in my eyes

back
and forth

back
and forth

its authority beckons to me
Commanding like an Officer
I hesitate, but only for a second
I inhale strength, it catering to me ever so slightly
And onward I went
Into the fire
The flames engulfing me like a weighted blanket
The crackling melodic, the heat comforting, familiar
Something that I had once craved

The fire morphs into hatred and I begin to burn
Flesh to fire, ashes to ashes
Down
Down
Down
Into the depths of death where Hades dares to go

I see a light
It's the fire, it's back!
But wait.
It's me
I stand slowly, pushing doubt and worry aside
The flames deluge me, but this time it's different
I am free

Up

Up

Up

I am here
I am me
I am a phoenix from the ash

Third Place Winner, 2021

Rise Up

by Tikima Simpkins

BLACK LIVES MATTER

Yea, all 365

Not just when a bystander just so happens to film it live.

I've lost a lot of loved ones to that virus gun violence.

Where were their protests and advocacy riots?

The media wants us divided.

WAKE UP AMERICA LOOK

White kills black,

Forget the specifics that's the hook

Line and sinker - watch America fall

Racism is alive and hopping, it never dropped the ball

What can we do to make sure a nation's message is delivered after being sent?

We will educate our young ones & RISE UP together once again.



Jasmin Gonzales - Intro to Graphic Design



Gryphon Young - Digital Illustration

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

Second Place Winner, 2020

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

Third Place Winner, 2020

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



Ashly Lambaren - Painting I



Levi Diffie - Drawing I



Taylor Rowdy - Drawing II

A Spark in the Dark

by Grace Dutton

When the shadows feel consuming,
And loneliness assuming
Its place within your soul,
Never let the shadows think they've won.

Hold to the spark—the light.
It's always there, shining bright.
There is victory won by fighting—
The shadows soon are dying.

So in that place of sighting
The shadows and the light,
Always know, the shadows never win.

Broken at Peace

by Trinaty Ellington

The day you left I felt broken,
I watched your color drain,
And your body left cold.
The way I felt went unspoken.

You gave my life meaning,
When you became my hero.
You were the only father I had known,
But I was the one left grieving.

Eventually your pain went away
And I always hoped you'd get better.
Once Jesus called you home
All I could do was pray.

I would pray for all the pain to be gone,
And just wanted you to be here.
I always found myself crying,
And I wished it all could be redrawn.

I have tried finding peace,
But it is not very easy.
I wish I could get one last hug,
So, then I could be at ease.

It is now a year later.
And I still find myself upset.
But how could I not be?
I come to realize it is all for the better.

I hold onto the memories,
The good times we shared,
All the things you taught me,
And celebrate all the anniversaries.

I know there will still be times when I cry,
But you will forever be with me.
You were the first man I loved,
And I am glad I got to tell you goodbye.

Until the day I get to see you,
I want to thank you for everything.
You were the best father,
And I will always love you too.

Untitled

by Sarah Churchwell

Crazy how life quickly changes.

Graduating high school yelling out “We made it!”

Staring at the people who had babies and mood changes
so quick.

College dreams so unreal

Thinking we are about to learn some life skills.

Robbed of our money, they are laughing like it’s nothing

9 to 5 flipping burgers,

Funny how life just becomes a blur.

Gotta keep pushing forward so you can be in first place.

Gotta have the knowledge, so you can strategize goals

We thought the world would be simple, but the young
dying young

Don’t misuse that education

We will not stand for this type of abuse, teach your babies
and stop being lazy

We can rise up but hey I might just be crazy.

No More

by Kylie Stewart

Every morning I would see her one line at a time
Everyday I would feel her say goodbye
Every hour I would wish for her to come home
Every minute I would ask why she does it when she's all I have
Just like every second I would wonder when she would come back
Every dream had been turned upside down
Thinking of every morning her face upside down
One then two
Three then four
Five tears six tears
Seven tears and more
Where is she, so lost, so broken
Where is she feeling so hopeless
Asking herself about the beauty she once had
Losing herself one drug at a time
Not seeing how far she has to climb
As broken as she was, as lost as she's feeling
She thinks she's all alone but inside she's just dreaming
Dreaming of a way out of this terrible nightmare
Not looking at the things she would leave behind
As she sat in the corner with her legs curled, crying and weeping at the floor
She looks at her children and says to herself
"They've had enough, no more."

One Step

by Savanna Robertson

one step, and
the wind cleaves
to my knees

one step, and
my desolate stomach
halts all thought

one step, and
obligation
grips my shoulder

one step, after
another, each one
lugging more and more

one step, and
my feet still rise
after the comedown

Rise, Warrior

by Blaine Falgout

Rise Warrior,
Take your rifle,
Take your sword,
Take your shield,
And mount your horse.

This is war,
This is action,
And this is more.

You may get hit,
And you may get hurt,
You may even die for sure.

But hold your ground, hold your space,
Rise warrior, in your place,
For the enemy comes to take it.

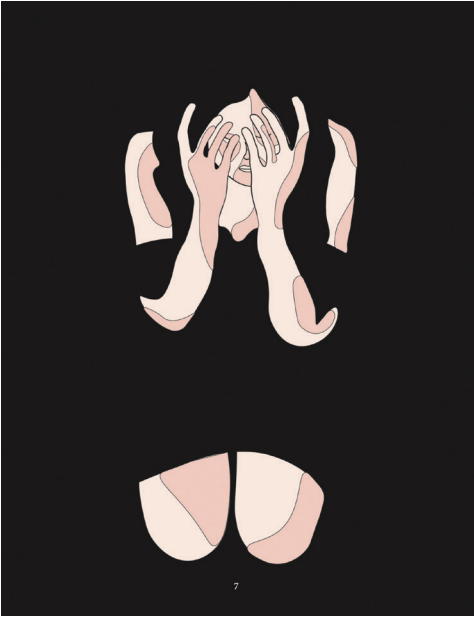
In the name of what you hold dear,
Rise warrior, from the ashes,
For the enemy may roar,
And maybe they can score,
But they never can escape,
The Power of a Warrior,
Rising up, against their horde.



Ava Norman - Digital Photography



Aspen Hill - Digital Skills



Arianna Arberry - Digital Illustration



Candyce Corder - Advertising Design



Daniela Marquez - Digital Photography



Jaylynn Sanders - Intro to Graphic Design



Ashlly Lambaren - Design I



Julio Aguila - Drawing I

Given

by Wade Derden

Take the hand, callused with years of labor,
The sinews of tendon, muscle in the grip.
Gentle the touch of something so worn yet strong,
A gift given on your behalf, a gift of love.
Reach for the truth as you overcome the challenge—
What knocked you down, what keeps you in place.
Take the hand given, not as a crutch but a provision,
A refuge against adversity, urging you to overcome,
The binding of palms, the exchange of electrons,
The intimacy of a touch intended to encourage:
These are elements in the communion of humanity
And you must take them as intended to move forward.
What is to be lost in accepting such aid, surely not pride?
Pride is a lie born of envy, a burden to be set aside.

Measure, Sift, Pour, Repeat

by Gwendolyn Carter

That's teaspoon,
Not tablespoon.
Measure, sift, pour, repeat.
Stir gently into warm water.
Nope, too hot!
Measure, sift, pour, repeat.
Knead until springy.
Hard as a rock.
Measure, sift, pour, repeat.
Prove for one hour.
Forgot the covering.
Measure, sift, pour, repeat.
Prove for one hour.
Thirty minutes is good enough.
Measure, sift, pour, repeat.
Bake at 350 degrees for one hour.
Distracted by emails.
Measure, sift, pour, repeat.
Bake at 350 degrees for one hour.
Thump, thump!
Measure, slice, spread, let's eat!

Sanctuary

by Melony Martinez

I find sanctuary in the wet, green moss on the shady
north side of the trail
The floor that skitters with the movement of life
The sunshine that scatters through the canopy of pine
needles

The forest works alive with motion
And yet there is calm in the silence of the wood
All playing their part in peaceful existence, mostly

The give and take of rotting matter feeding the cycle of
new growth
Some flourish while others adapt to the discomfort
Growing where they're planted and healing the wounds
of their lot

Nature finds a way to survive the violence of drought,
wind, fire, or flood
And the seeds of resilience live on in the next generation
Stronger, wiser

The Window

by Abby Saveall

Clear and clean and smooth
And like undisturbed water,
Ruined by a rock



Rosa Amaya - Intro to Graphic Design



Ashlly Lambaren - Drawing II

We Monsters

by Christi Gravett

Half asleep, my cheek against the small bones of your chest,
I can only see, through heavy lids
a space in the corner, between floor and ceiling
to the right of a glowing television
through our boy's swaying hips
and the blanket he swings from side to side,
worn over his shoulders like a cape

He is our boy now, isn't he?
My boy at breakfast and bedtime,
but yours
wherever there's action

Lines of dust have piled up
in what remains of the light
and I wonder how many spiders we've killed
since moving here,
death by sneaker,
steamy bug spray or sticky hotel

I imagine never having flushed them,
see the three of us looking on as they pile up—
stacks of shiny black and mottled gray,
fine hairs covering tiny boxing glove mouths

A heap of legs and empty eight-eyed carcasses,
bodies limp with time,
barely recognizable at such a height

How long
before our tower reached beyond the AC vents
and the blown popcorn ceiling?

If I took one spider's life
every other day,
182.5 spiders a year,
placing one on top of the other,
how long
before our tower of death reached critical mass
and toppled
in a dead spider domino spiral
toward the floor,
all grotesque and horrible?

You pull my fingers under your shirt
over an areola, searching
for a lump—
some source of discomfort

I don't want to measure time's passage in absences

I'd prefer us hideous, distorted in spirals,
sewn together, interminably
in an accident of limbs
and all the things we lapse into oblivion

When Do I Think About My Dad?

by Sebrena Lewis

I think about my dad when I see old barns, a hay field, cows, trailers and livestock yards.

I think about my dad when I hear that incoming whistle blow, stop for trains to pass, and cross over old rail road tracks.

I think about my dad when I see fences being mended, barbed wire, post-hole diggers and flatbed trucks.

I think about my dad when the weather changes each season, and when the time changes from more day light to less day light without good reason.

I think about my dad when I see fuel prices, road maps, campgrounds and rest stops.

I think about my dad when we pass tractor supply stores, antique cars, dealerships and co-ops.

I think about my dad when I hear church bells, old time gospel music, quartets, and perfect harmony.

I think about my dad when I drive to work, plan vacations, and when I visit my childhood home and family.

I think about my dad when I sit down at the piano, work on any kind of home improvement project, and make a burrito.

I think about my dad when I till a garden, fertilize the soil, see the sprouts spring up and pick fresh tomatoes.

I think about my dad when I mow the yard, see chopped firewood, unidentified trees, and chain saws.

I think about my dad when I put on work gloves, sunscreen or a hat and coveralls.

I think about my dad when I set my thermostat on 72 degrees, and when I scan through the stations and land on an old song from the era of the Bee Gees.

I think about my dad when disaster relief teams are sent out for tornados, hurricanes, fires and floods.

I think about my dad when I go camping, cruising, biking, hiking or get stuck in the mud.

I think about my dad when we file taxes, make big purchases, or have various repairs and expenses.

I think about my dad when I see a Christmas parade, car show, paint booth or drive a vehicle that is foreign made.

I think about my dad when I pet his dog, hug my mom and see his grandchildren meet milestones that move them toward becoming accomplished adults.

I think of my dad when I look in the mirror, hold my daughter's hand, and when my kids participate in choir and band.

I think about my dad when I envision pearly gates, streets of gold and friends and family who have come and gone.

I think about my dad when I long for more.

More peace, more comfort, more understanding, more wisdom and more time to live and forgive and not to miss anymore.

I guess the better question really to ask is
When do I not think about my dad.

In loving memory of Alvin "Larry" Hutson

11/4/48 – 11/30/20



Sarah Rudder - Digital Skills



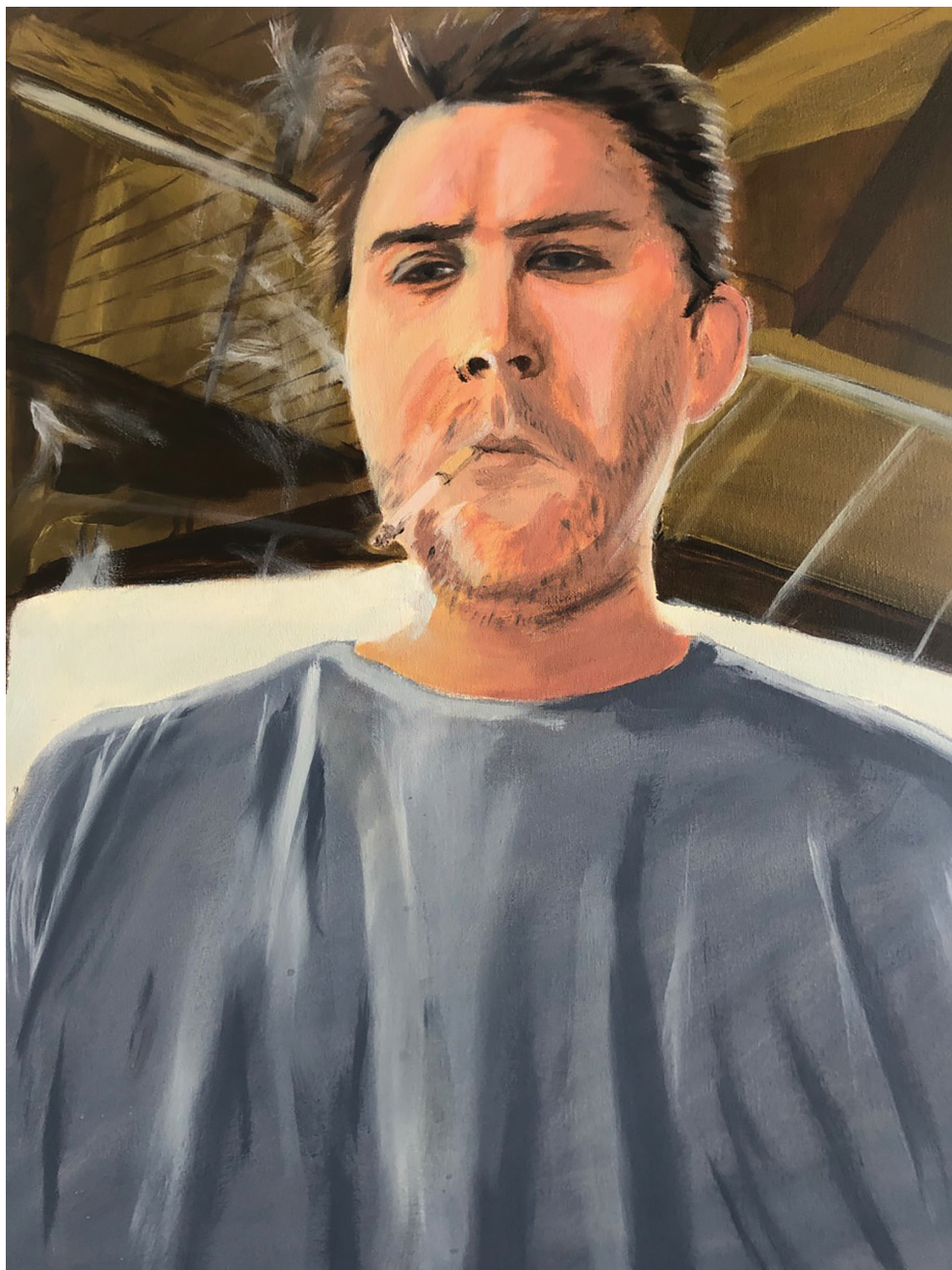
Amanda Poole - Digital Skills



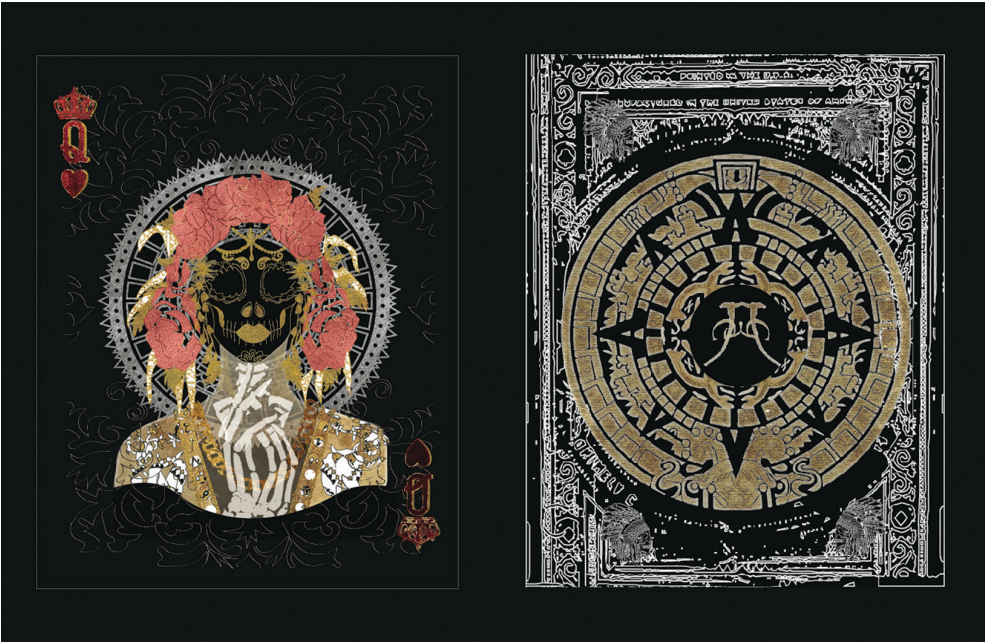
Kali Markowski - Digital Skills



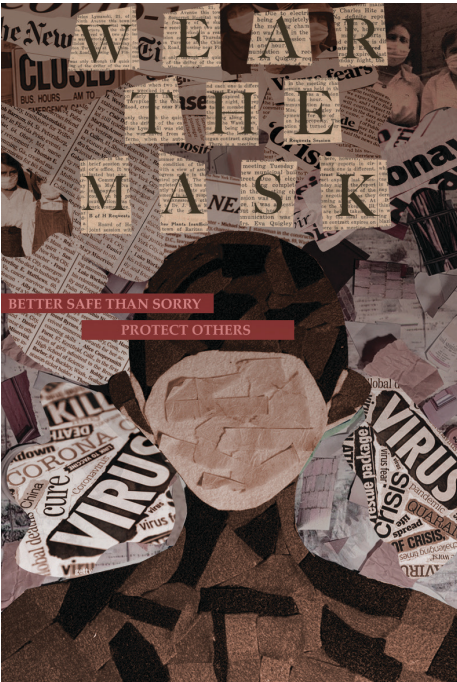
Kylie Roe - Digital Illustration



Ryan Burton - Painting I



Jasmin Gonzales - Digital Illustration



Alisia Jarquin - Intro to Graphic Design



Tucker Van-Pelt - Drawing II



Aspen Hill - Drawing I



Caleb Holstine - Drawing I



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