

CURIOS

A large, textured blue leather leaf is the central focus, set against a brown leather background. The leaf has a detailed vein pattern and a slightly irregular, natural shape. The lighting creates subtle gradients and highlights the grain of the leather.

2014

CURIOS

Our intent for Curios literary magazine is to foster the breadth of creative expressions across our northern Arizona community by providing publication opportunities to local writers and artists. Curios is produced annually by Coconino Community College students enrolled in COM 181 with the guidance of CCC faculty and staff.

For Submission Guidelines and Charitable Contributions, Please visit us at:
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CURIOS

Magazine

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THE GIRL WHO SPOKE UP

By Elaine Earl



A long time ago in a faraway land,
O'er the Isle of Foot, 'neath the country of Hand,
In the state of Bliss, and the city of Fun
On Goofy Street, from the House of Pun
Came an entertaining girl of remarkable caliber
With the gift of gab, talk, and jabber
Now this gifted girl became an amazing woman
She said, "so long" to her folks and started roamin'
She went all around the world and saw fabulous things
And the whole darn time she would talk and sing
They just couldn't shut her up. She had so much to say
There was never enough time or hours in the day
To tell them all her stories, report on all the news,
Give everyone her opinions, describe to them her views.

She knew a million jokes and she got a million laughs
with her stories about turtles and giraffes
She told of all the places she'd been and all the things she'd seen
With a sense of humor so sharp, and a wit that was so keen
Now her singing was superb!
Perfect pitch and rhythm too!
Every sweet and beautiful word,
Every note so perfectly true!
After she would sing, she'd tell a story or five
About all the ways she was happy and so glad to be alive
She always made folks happy and left them with a smile
And they begged her to come over and visit them awhile
She brought a ray of sunshine everywhere she went
Making others happy was how her whole life was spent
One day when she was old and gray she became so very sick
Her family drew near to hear her advice. She hoped that it would stick

She told them to always be thankful, for life is a precious thing
And even if you can't carry a tune, it still makes you feel good to sing
So sing and laugh, dance around and play!
Don't let those old blues bring you down.
Remember to be thankful for every day!
Life is just too short to frown!
After that she burped real loud and let out a weird little moan
She told them she was tired now and it was time for her to go home.
With tears in her eyes, she smiled one last time, then left that old body behind
Her heavenly eyes then beheld a world that sparkled and shined!
Somewhere the angels giggled and sighed
But their loving arms were opened wide
To that funny little girl with the silly little grin
They said, welcome home kid. It's great to see you again!



"Away We Go"
By Belinda Ayze



"Sun Fun"
By Bianca Fahy



HIGHER POWER = LOVE

By Maria Jensen

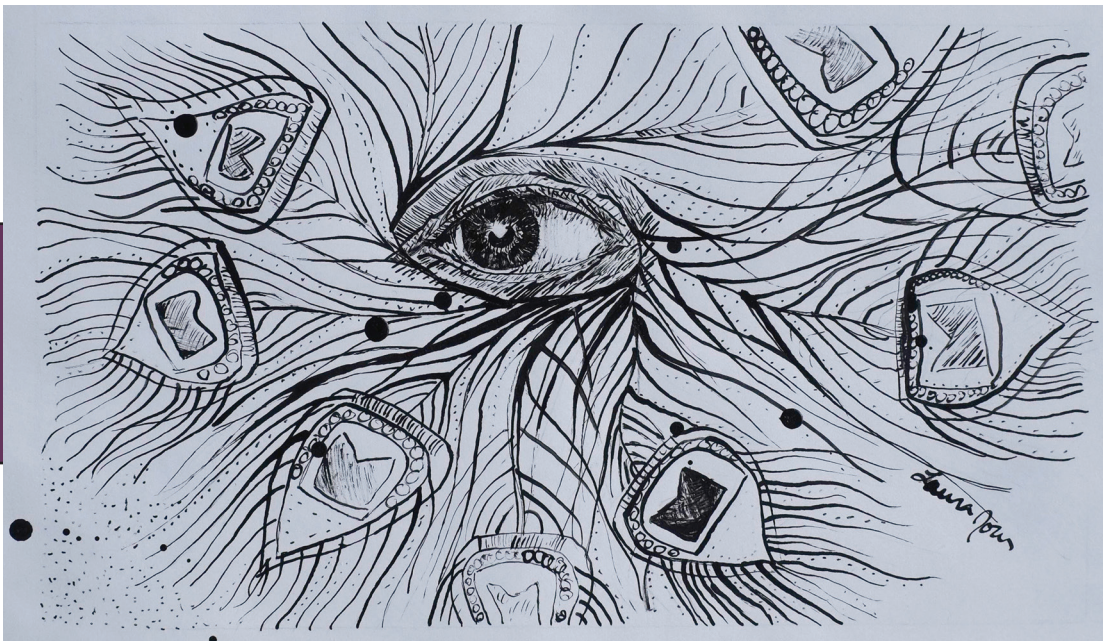
Stranger, or friend, whichever you are
please don't worry me,
I easily get the blues you know
if you knew what I could see-

a little flame inside you
and fear, but hope so sweet
don't let it burn to cold and ash
or my soul will never sleep.

Turning away from this
you lose your very self-
Revisit the time you said no
to Love
and don't put on the mask.



"Doodlebug"
By Susan Hepler



"Eye of the Feather"
By Laura Jones

DREAMTIME BLUES

By Marty Lara



I'd like to borrow your pain
and be its menu for a day or a year,
and after that you could clip me for coupons
whenever you want.
I'd like to take you on my board
and shoot the soundstream of a didgeridu's long bass note,
following its curl around the world
until we caught a Dreamtime wave,
or stepped off to climb the Northern Lights.
I'd like to be a glass cube hidden in a Byzantine mosaicdusted
with your gold leaf –
we would be a cryogenic objet d'art
forever. I'd like to be a snowflake
in free fall and find you in a storm,
and when you laughed,
I'd melt in your mouth.
I'd like to be a soul catcher
and paint you on my walls

so that you could come to my house
after you've gone.
I'd like to find that place
in the mirror where your eyes
go after you've ratted your hair
into a black dandelion puff-ball
and then come back to tell you
it's a good place to live,
let's go there.



FINAL CALL

By Kevin Mullins

In memory of Officer Jeff Moritz and all who give their life in the line of duty

Only empty hissing static,
answers every straining ear.
A dead-air eerie silence
in reply.

Awkward standing line-of-blue,
stretches thinly 'cross the ether,
each contemplating their own
number game.

Too brief...
the moment passes,
fading quickly to routine.
No honored pause is offered up
by time.



“In Time Alone”
By Michael Williamson



I AM STONE

By Brittney Horsnby

I run my fingers down the names of my brothers
and find my name etched on the wall.

Am I among the fallen?

The thought races through my mind--
the past I once locked away.

Is this my reflection staring back at me
Or is it my perished soul?

Am I just a name carved into the black granite
Lost forever in time?

I walk the earth as flesh--
my spirit is no longer.

I am my brothers.

I am stone.

"Places I Want to Go"
By Kate Heraty





I AM STRIPPED

By Brittney Hornsby

They captured me and sent me away
to a gloomy brick building of oppression.
They called me “Savage,”
“Uncivilized,”
“Uneducated.”
They beat me for speaking my native tongue,
Practicing my traditions,
Asking the spirit world for guidance.
I was forced into solitary confinement
for consoling those with no voice--
My hair ripped from my head.
It can't be true what the white man said.
Am I really lower than dirt?
Is this why I am bound to the ground

Day and night
with nowhere to run?
Assimilation has ripped me from my culture.
I am no longer one who walks
with the spirit of Mother Earth.
I
am
stripped.



"Brown Eyes"
By Kate Heraty



THREE SHORT POEMS

By Marty Lara

Your photograph--so powerful
on this summer's day.
Its displacement is amazing.
It seems as if you're here
and I'm not.

I feel like an old lion
in a gilded cage
watching the women
move about me
If I were an old lion
I'd swish my tail.

(After Sappho)

Life is bliss.
Fallen angels know this
and would forswear
their immortality
for a breath of fresh air
and the chance
of a cool wind.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD— LE LONG DE LA SEINE AU PRINTEMPS (WALKING ALONG THE SEINE IN SPRING)

By Samuel L Piper



Trapped in this body,
soul is my window on the world.
Spirit eyed, my being gazes out
to see what is,
glimpsing the parade of life
through panes sculpted to
the mosaic that is me,
each experienced edge ornately beveled,
prisming my perspective like Picasso—
kaleidoscopic footprints from the past
 haunting my view, walking into now—
and below it all a flower-box of friends,
each blooming in its own season
each shining color into my life

each sharing the light from their soul
to illumine mine,
otherwise dark,
without their smiling gift—
God's own light,
from them.
Here's Looking at You, Kid.



THE ANONYMITY OF URBAN GHOSTS

By K.F Mullins

A corner apparition
wreathed in
pathogens contagious
infects me
with a momentary loss of vision
with an electric whisper
I'm interred within
my glass and steel sepulcher
granting brief immunity
from such viral infestations
I flee on green
the raw reality
of a growing epidemic
found haunting
urban street corners
lurking among
drifting bags and boxes

“Forevermore”
By Jason Oberman





"I Got You Back"
By Jason Oberman

“What Is Left”
By Rodylan Cooley





REACHING FOR THE STARS

By Mary Foley

April 20, 2013

I never realized how bright stars were until I found myself shuddering in the cold at 3:30 in the morning last year, perched on the roof of my car with my head tilted up towards the sky. Watching the sky, my intent was to catch a meteor or two during the meteor shower, but I found myself distracted by the stars themselves--stationery and unmoving--but bright, bright, bright.

The twinkles in the sky were reminders of everything that I loved and everything that was going right. They were reminders of every good thing that I have. Maybe I am selfish in the sense that I want these to be mine, the balls of light that pose as cosmic energy, the stars in the sky composed of gas and plasma. I want to be a part of them as much as they are a part of me.

There is something comforting about knowing that the brightness of stars depends on the energy they generate; they are working hard to be as bright as they are. And the brighter they are, the less alone I feel. Even on the darkest of nights, the stars will be luminous and there will always be light to push away the dark. So push on, little stars. For my sake.

Ever since that night when I nearly caught a cold for admiring the stars, I had learned to appreciate the finer things in life. The little things add up to be much more than they seem, and I often take that for granted. Even the stars.

And just like us, stars must come to an end eventually. After all, this is the reason why I found myself hugging myself for warmth with my eyes shining in the dark. To watch the stars fall to their demise.

But unlike stars, I will not fall. I never want to find myself giving into the weight on my shoulders, no matter how hard it may be. After all, I have reminders of why I should not give up or give in, and they are all found in the sky long after I should be sleeping.

In times of uncertainty or sadness, I can just look to the sky to know why I shouldn't be anything short of content.

And find reminder number one.

Number two.

Number three.

Up until Infinity.



“Stop and Smell the Flowers”
By Cora Dean

THORPE PARK

By Krista Minks-Baker



The smell of fresh-cut grass always takes me back. Even with a park full of laughing, ever-energetic children with reluctant parents in tow, being in a park always fills me with a peaceful feeling.

When I was growing up, my single mother was severely outnumbered. There were four of us and only one of her. Even though my mom worked herself to half-to-death, my family was still very poor. For my hard-working mom, parks provided free entertainment and room enough for her four rambunctious kids to play. I grew up in a small rural town in Kansas. Like so many rural towns in middle-America, another rural town is only a short drive away. My mother would take us on drives through the quiet country to these small towns just to play in the parks. Sometimes we would pack our lunch of 'boney sandwiches' and 'pop'. Other times we would just go to have something to do. We would spend days in the warm sun, swinging on the swings, as if we could swing high enough to put our hands out and capture that glorious sun.

Thorpe Park in Flagstaff, Arizona, reminds me of the parks where I spent so much of my childhood playing. I still remember the first time I walked through the iron bar fence at Thorpe Park. The iron fence stood quietly trying to contain all happenings of the park. The peacefulness of the park at that time was a welcome change from the chaos that was my life. The weeks before walking into the park had been filled with that disarray that only comes from moving and resettling in a completely new place.

The breeze provided a soft rustling of leaves in the trees, providing the base of the soundtrack of the park. Long gone are the days of big barrels to roll around in and monkey bars to hang from. No longer can you find a teeter totter or merry-go-round at any of the parks. I once heard, years ago, that the teeter totters and merry-go-rounds had caused too many injuries and had been taken out of parks and school yards in the interest of public safety. However, the swing sets remain, standing like old soldiers watching over the park, and the jungle gyms, as they were called back in the day, are now machines of discovery and fitness.

These new pieces of childhood machinery come with multiple sets of stairs to get up to the slide. And no longer is there only one slide. Now there are many different ones to choose from, including slides for the smallest of park goers. The children who now play on the equipment of the park are no less enthusiastic about their equipment than we once were. Their infectious laughter and sounds of youth only add to the ever playing soundtrack of the park. You can almost taste the pure bliss in the air at Thorpe Park; the bliss of the children playing on the equipment.

That first day in Thorpe Park, now almost a year ago, I ventured past the children at play on the equipment, and I began the hike up the hill. The farther I went up the hill, the more I felt as though I was transported to another place--a place of peace and quiet that I had not felt in a very long time. No longer could I hear the children playing or the cars going by on the streets. The soundtrack of the park had been reduced to the simple hum of the leaves in the trees.

The music of the children at play had been replaced by my breathing as it rapidly increased with every step I took farther up the hill. On my hike that day, I learned that people not only bring their children to the park, but they

also bring their dogs. On that first hike, I was sniffed at several times by dogs on the trail enjoying their own form of personal freedom from their leashes. With each swish of their tails I was sure that even the dogs seemed to be able to appreciate the peace that comes from being in the park.

Getting to the top of the hill that day felt as if I had arrived. I had arrived not only at the top of that hill but also at this new juncture in my life. The view, although not completely breathtaking, made me think that I was now looking at what my life now had in store for me. I stood on top of the hill until that golden sun faded safely behind the mountain.

After I conquered that mountain, I quickly descended back to the park. There I found that there was actual music filling the air. The music was so sweet and soft, it bordered on the ethereal. A small band had assembled and they were all sitting together in a circle to play their instruments. There are drums and guitars and the singer is singing words I cannot understand. What I did understand was that the music from that little band completed the soundtrack of the park that day.

I have been to Thorpe Park many times since that first day. I live only a few blocks from the park and find myself being almost supernaturally drawn there at times. My boyfriend and I have gone on long midnight walks to the park with “pink stuff,” our favorite cocktail, in paper cups. The park that serves as an inexpensive playland for children during the day turns into a romantic get-away for adventuresome lovers at night.

There is one particular bench in the park where we like to sit that isn’t immediately visible to everyone in the park.

We like to sit and watch the other romantic adventurers in the park at night. Hidden by the dark of the night, we hold hands and make out like teenagers and speak of loving things even as we laugh at ourselves for soiling the innocence of the park with our kissing.

When my children come to stay with me, they seem to feel that supernatural draw to the park as well. A stay with me is incomplete without a picnic in the park. We do not pack the “boney sandwiches and pop” of my youth. My children don’t even like bologna sandwiches or soda pop. Instead, we pack fancy sandwiches with turkey and Havarti cheese, fresh fruits, vegetables, and water to drink. It is always in those moments that I think back to my mom and realize that those road trips were never about the picnic or the park. I believe it more with every trip to the park with my own children that my mom simply wanted to spend time with us. It did not matter what we ate or where we played, it only mattered that we were together.

It gives me great pleasure to spend time with my daughters in the park knowing that they want to be there with me. It encourages me that in this day and age of technology and TV, they still want to visit such a simple spot like that of Thorpe Park.

“Desert Rose”
By Michael Luna





“Luna Flores”
By Michael Luna

THROUGH THE WHITE-FRAMED DOOR

By Jessica Hoyungowa



There is a white building that sits between houses on the east side of town. I call it my other home. It is engulfed by white mini vans and people with khaki pants that come and go. A place that is so small and cluttered with piles of vacuums, mops, and buckets, that it feels as if the walls are closing in on me. As more and more supplies are added to these piles, each item gets bigger as each day passes. They have become my number one enemy. As soon as I put one item away, another one reappears. It must be some sort of janitorial magic or something, because I sure can't keep them out of my office, even if I tried. Pretty soon, I will look like a student trapped inside a locker only banging on the metal to get out.

Each morning I dread the walk from my car that I have parked on top of the soft colored rocks on to the concrete road which leads to the white framed door. The juniper trees hang over my car as I hear the rocks move beneath my feet. I could get used to the sounds outside of my office, instead of listening to an off-balanced washer with filthy rags. I hear the sounds of birds chirping and a cat who we named Tiger, run into the alley. I open the door with a sign that always says, "Open" even when there is no one in sight.

Although I would love to crawl under my desk and curl up next to my white dusty space heater, I can't. My

phone rings and I hear the voice of a woman who calls every Monday so we can cater to her every need. This is my job: Picking up my silver and blue cordless phone and answering like I am having the time of my life. The next few phone calls of my day are only from telemarketers asking to talk to the owner, which I always reply that he isn't there even if he really is. The owner is a tall, gray-haired man who has a heart of gold. Behind his small framed glasses, there is a man who works endlessly only to better his business in any way. Every day I cross the lines of his booby-trapped office with extension cords, vacuum parts, and mountains of papers, only to hand over the notes of the previous night. I think I have mastered the art of entering his room because I leave each time unharmed. A strong aroma of coffee with a touch of vanilla crème sticks to my work shirt as I continue my day.

As I watch the owner come and go in his blue collared uniformed shirt, I see hyenas creep past the white-framed door. These hyenas are the everyday workers who are constantly taking advantage of the nice man who I have been assisting for the past 4 years. They smile at him and look innocent while wearing their black T-shirt with the company logo. They ask for help with bills, but I can see right through them and their lies. Many times before we have helped the hyenas, but they have not been the best workers. They call every Friday and say they are "sick" or "stranded," but more than likely they do not want to work. My claws come out, and my cat-like attitude appears to protect the weak man who is too nice to say no to all the hyenas.

Before leaving at the end of each day, I try not to forget anything because driving up the stretched driveway in

the darkness isn't as welcoming as you'd think. The people with the khaki pants are long gone by 5:30 PM, and the only light you have are your head lights and the light in the alley. When I usually stop by there at night to pick of anything I have forgotten, I make sure to run in and run out. The daylight is much friendlier to me than the darkness, so I don't usually like going there at night.

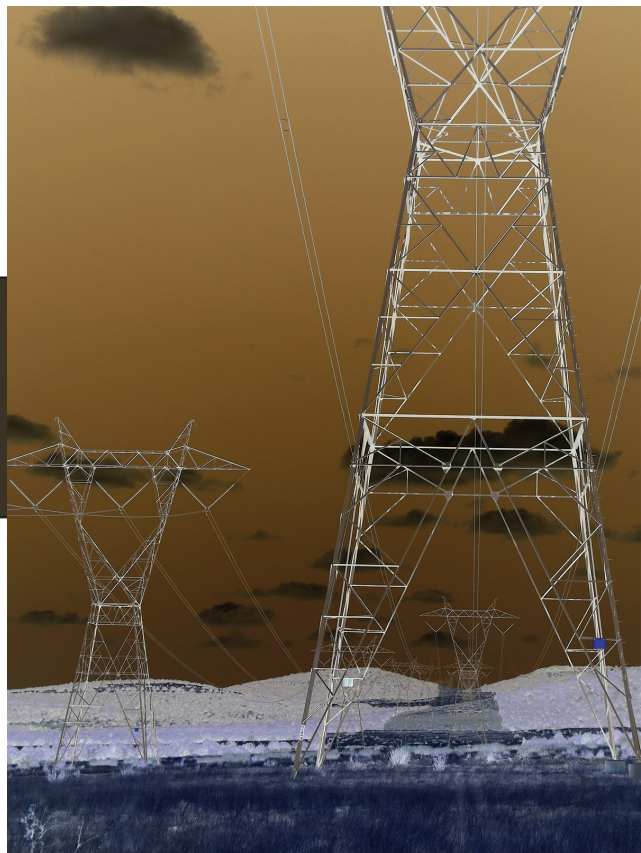
There are some days that I watch our pink-framed clock and listen to each tick of the clock hand, waiting so that I can return to my home life. There are also days that I don't want to end. Despite the fact that I can be faced with stressful situations, the small one-hundred-fifty square foot room is my getaway. It's my island, the one that remains undisturbed for hours until the people with the khaki pants come to slave away at cleaning porcelain thrones. The strong smell of bleach fills the air that once smelt of the ocean breeze of my island. The silence is broken by loud laughter, and horrible jokes; sometimes I even consider it my entertainment for the evening. A tornado of people, chemicals, and cleaning rags fill the room. Everyone bumps shoulders as if walking in Times Square during New Year's Eve. Before the clock strikes 5:00 PM, I quickly gather my things so I can escape the crazy janitorial world that I am in every day.

Within this janitorial chaos there is a gem that is so bright and pure. It is a woman who appears much later than others. She steps down from her big white horse and enters through the white framed door. Her words are powerful and impact is strong. This woman isn't a princess; she is a beautiful warrior who fights to get her job done. She works

much harder than any other who has ever been in my cluttered office. She is who helps hold up the janitorial walls with her fragile hands. She is a gem who is irreplaceable.

Among the other people who enter through the white-framed door, there are those who are looking for the start of their new life. They may also be looking for a sign of hope in between the red painted walls that surround them. Each person sits quietly at a wobbly table that hasn't been fixed and paints their name and information across blank pages. They spill their life story in front of an audience of one, using their resume as a podium. Sometimes leaving in tears, they are faced with disappointment or even excitement for the next step in their life.

If you are to look beyond the white-framed door, you will see more than a janitorial company. You will see a book that is waiting to be opened so others will hear untold stories of the people who hold together the room with red painted walls. If only the piles of equipment and dirty microfiber rags could speak, they would tell more than what we see on the outside.



"Lunar Storm"
By Michael Luna



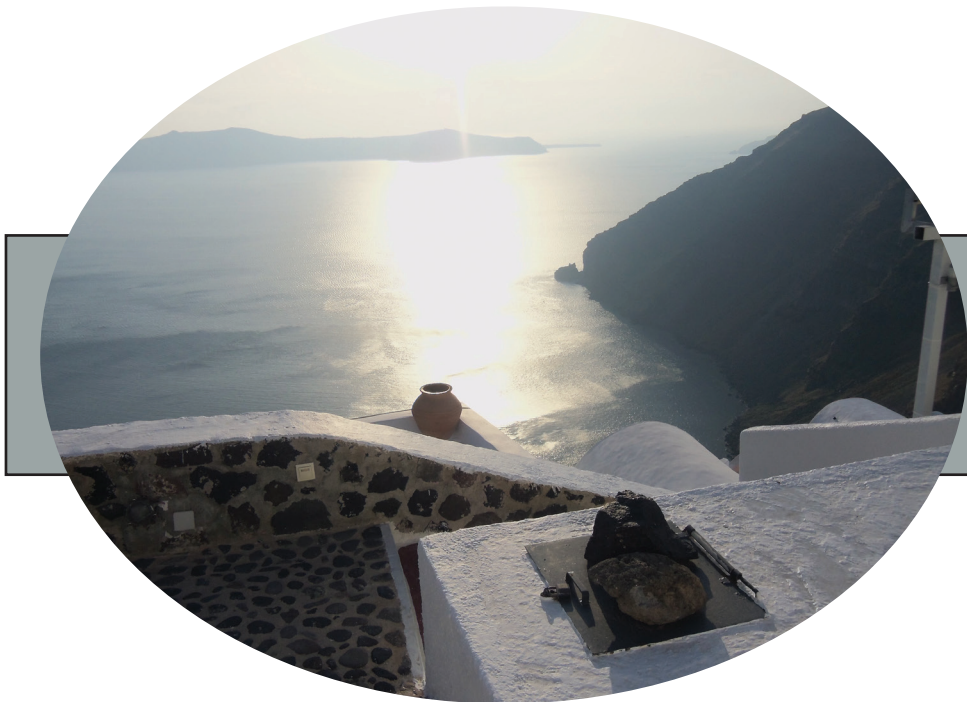
Rhodos, Greece
By Linda Barker

Santorini, Greece
By Linda Barker





*“Walking in My Dream”
in Santorini, Greece
By Linda Barker*



*“Living in My Dream”
in Santorini, Greece
By Linda Barker*



"Red Mountain"
By Bianca Fahy

"Burning Skies"
By Bianca Fahy



"Snow Fun"
By Bianca Fahy



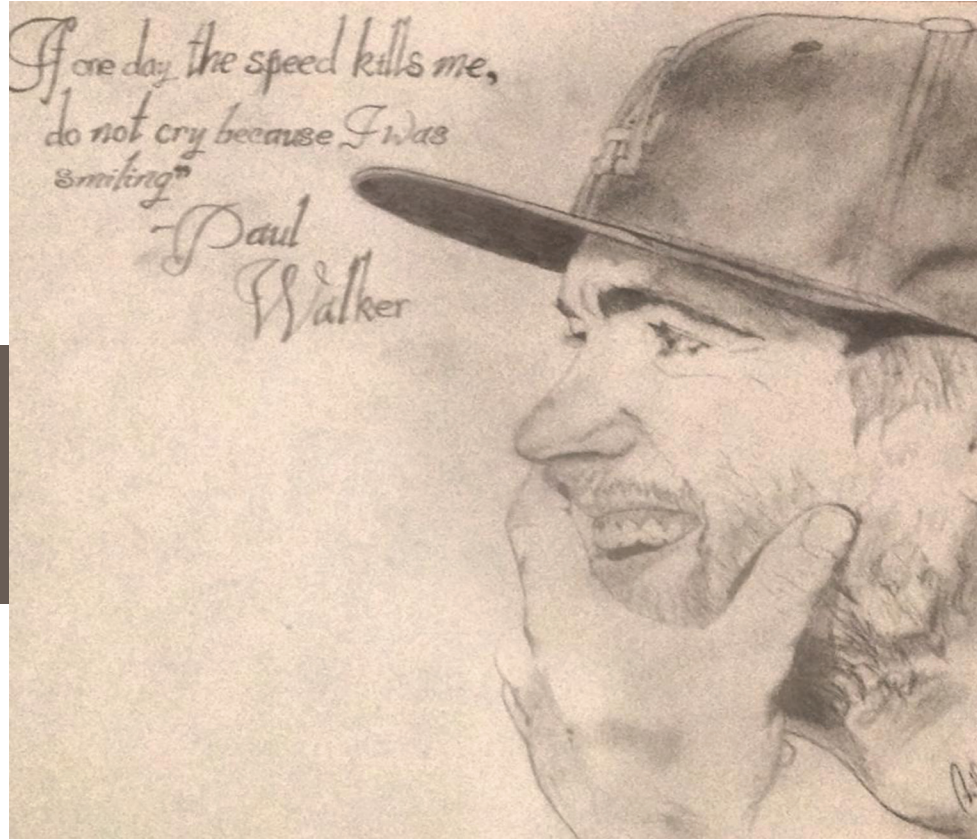
“Eden Snow”
By Bianca Fahy



“Cactus Bird”
By Bianca Fahy



"Paul Walker"
By Caitlin Gates





RAINDROP

By Elaine Earl

Go little raindrop, go into the sea.
Into the oceans of people like you and me.
Go little raindrop, go to the shore.
Then jump into a river and swim some more.
Go little raindrop, go high into the sky.
Go far above the rainbow, go way, way up high.
Go on a journey that never, ever ends.
Love everyone you meet and make lots of friends.
Fall little raindrop, fall down to the Earth.
Start fresh again with a brand new birth.
Go little raindrop, go into the ground.
Travel inside the world so big and round.
Go little raindrop where your little heart takes you.
Go back to Heaven and see who God makes you.



"Raindrop"
By Elaine Earl



COSMOS

By Isabel Marshall

I have decided
You are a galaxy, darling.
I know, because every time you look at me
With those star speckled eyes-
I know every time you touch me,
With your electrified fingers.
I know every time you open my soul,
Swallowing me, in a black funnel of love,
I am aware of your beauty
Your beauty so powerful, I know,
It is infinite.



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