

IMAGES



A Literary & Visual Arts Magazine

2018

Delgado
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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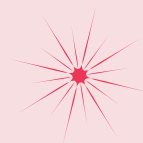
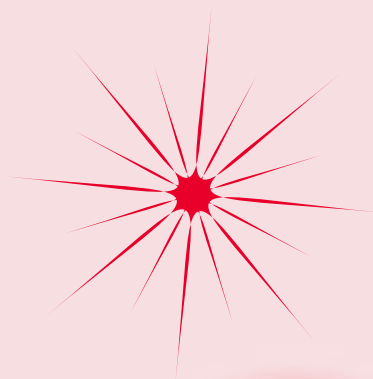
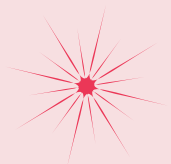
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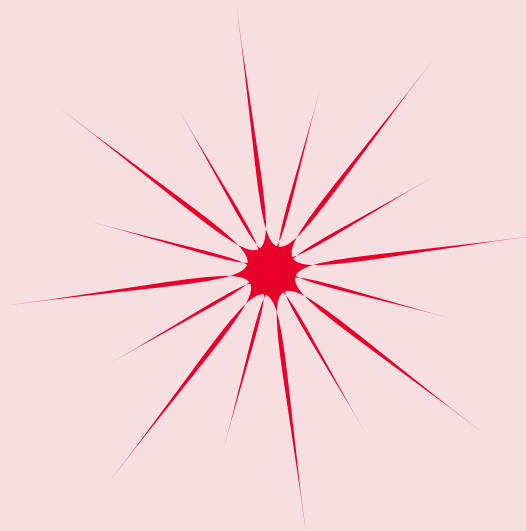
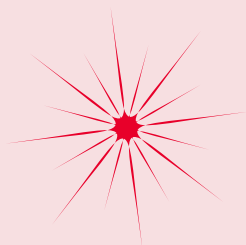
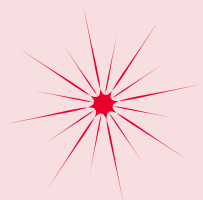
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POE





Where I am From

By: Queen
X

I am from backyard adventures,

the scar on my knee from the pecan tree

From racoons in the trash can, and the gator in the backyard

I am from nature

I am from presumed inferiority

The notion that I was owned

The reminder that I was conquered

I am the royalty of the Wolof

I am from former slave, and former slave owner

Shapen by force...

Bound in sin...

From Choctaw, Louisiana
And Chickasaw, Mississippi
The seed of the indigenous

I am brown, not like dirt...

Like a child kissed by the sun

Housewife

By: Jessica
Jackson

BORED today...early a.m.

Children at school
I refused to snooze
I was so damn bored

I needed actions, GALORE
Old ways were surfacing
URGING ME ON FOR MORE

Lurking, waiting to come forth
And go to any store

Seems to say to me
Tubes of lipstick
Without a penny spent
No fear, no fright...did I feel
I know how to steal
Yet I did think, this is it
No more will I give in

CONSEQUENCES?...well...
Excitement has already set in

Thought not wrong
GLAD I GAVE IN

Tubes of lipstick
All colors got picked
Without a penny spent.

DESIGNED BY: | Linda Volley |

Where I'm From

By: *Joseph*
Starns



I 'm from skinned knees.

Behind my bicycle I knew no fear,
Wore my scars as war trophies,
A testament to the invincibility of youth.

I 'm from sour air

That sings the nostrils with a slap of sulphur,
A stench that seeps deep into the skin.
Still smell it to this day.

I 'm from Sunday morning Mass,

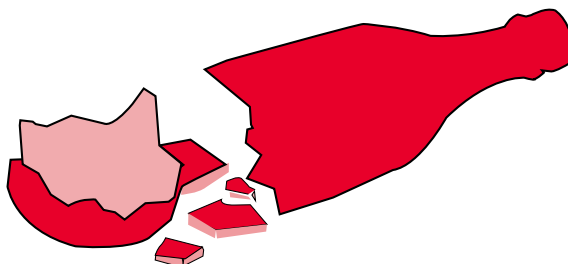
Awkwardly caught in the cutthroat choir,
Singing those ancient songs
That always left me out of breath.



I 'm from broken vodka bottles,

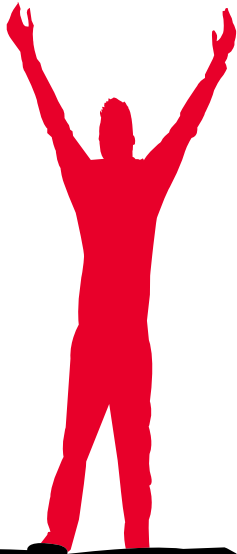
That cut through my father like an anchor to the sea.
Strapped to a hospital bed,
Hiding behind a big beard and subtle smile,
I saw him for the first time.

I am from mud, molded from my father's face,
Which I wear proud.



SOLACE

By: *Jan*
Monroe



Will it come in a month?
When the leaves transform
And the wind whispers peace?

Will the daybreak lay waste
To the quiet murmurings of uncertainty?
Or will this smile still hold itself from the laugh
As the moon grows fuller and thin again,
And the peaches ripen?

Who's to say it will ever come?
The world has made no promises
So, if it does,
Then let it wash over the aching branches,
The sullen muscles, the aging skin.

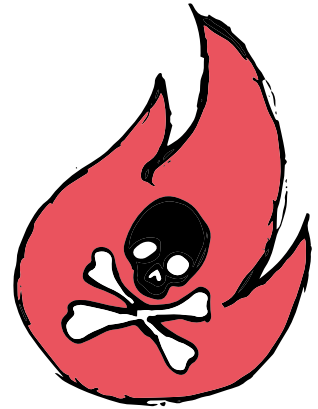
And if it doesn't
Then let us tie our shoes,
Button our shirts, and iron our creases.

Alexander Byrd, III

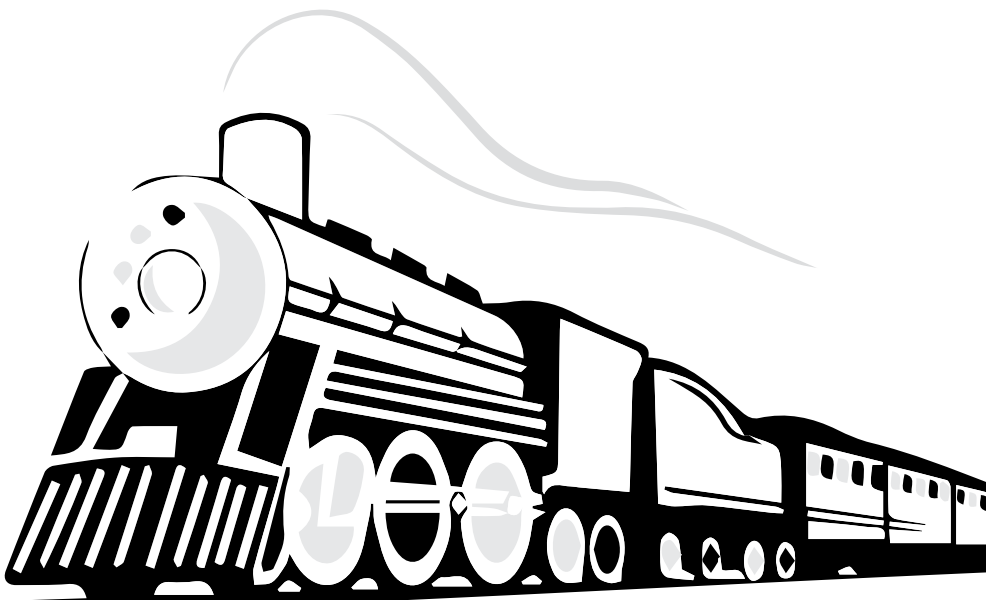
DESIGNED BY:

Where I'm From

By: Alexander
Chacon



I'm from a humid place
Where the bugs sing loud
From where the night sky is lit up not by stars but a toxic flame
Where the boats and trains scream at each other
I'm from a house where the only time English is spoken, it's by me
From where if you talk out of line, you get a sandal thrown at your head
I'm from where you can smell dinner from the sidewalk
I'm from where the dinners were loud, but not anymore
From where my dad would love to embarrass me when he farted in front of my friends
I'm from where we would spend hours riding our bikes through the woods
When it felt like the world would never end.



The Problem with Mortality

By: Patrick Stockamp

I miss the way I used to feel
acting without hesitation
not really fearing what can happen
going with the flow

I miss the importance everything used to have
It all used to be so exciting and original
now experiences are getting more repetitive
Like a familiar plot line, continuously reused.

I miss having more options.
The feeling of having enough time
even if things do not work out
All the doors are closing

Age has made me bitter,
but has also given me insight
Into what is important and
focus on what needs to be done.

I have figured out that there is not always time,
there will not always be another chance.
Take each opportunity as it comes and
do not become shackled to the past.

If only I understood this when I was younger.



MIRROR Before Me

By: *Taena*
Rayne

An *attractive, ornate mirror*
STANDS before me
in its handcrafted
wooden frame.

It's *carefully sculpted*
winged beings
walking on their
Golden streets.

A *delicate* silver inlay
brings to life
the **HOLINESS**
of their glittering robes.

Though these little
engravings
adorn its rim,
its **beauty far surpasses**
what's held *within*.

A **shiny** surface
from which I see
the only visage
who could be me.

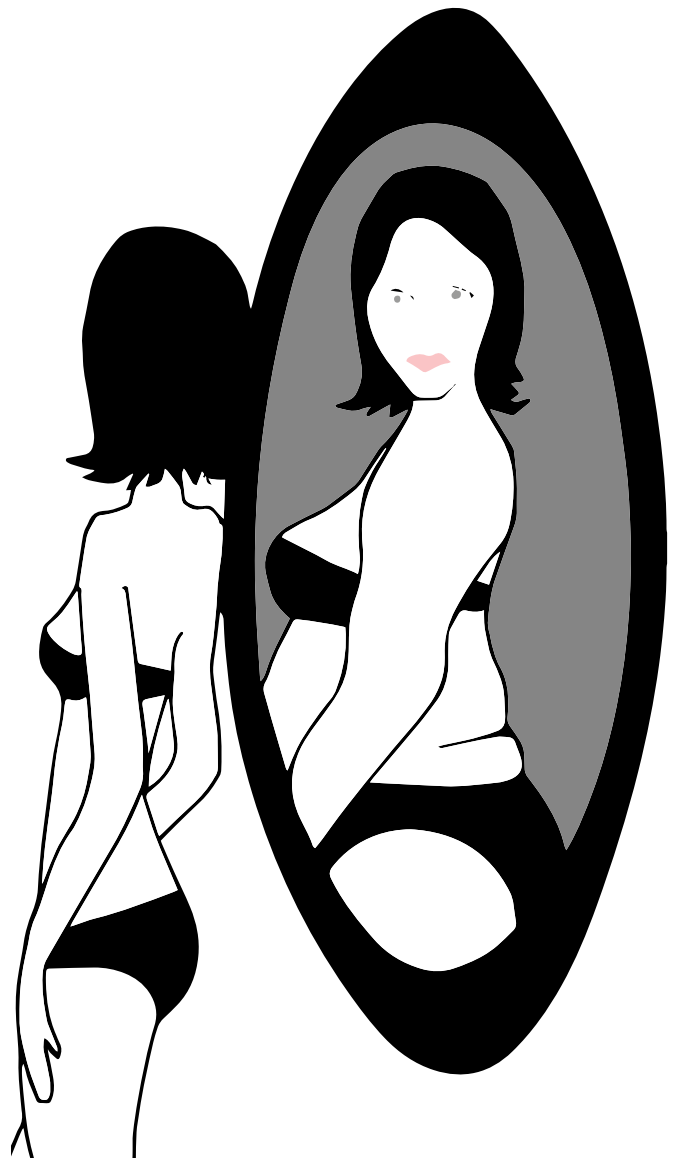
She's **short** and **round**
and fair of skin,
though unblemished
she hasn't been.

Scars titivate her
everywhere,
and that straight stringy
mess of hair
falls **lifelessly with no flare.**

Grey-blue orbs
that never stay
for green orbs
may peer out today.

She wears **dark colors**
to **hide away**
the **imperfections**
she might display.

Taking in this
unpleasant sight,
I turn the **mirror**
to the **right.**



Where I'm From

I am

from the Blue Ridge Mountains
by way of the flatline horizon of Texas and no work for
my father

By: Amy
Stone

I am

from hellbenders at the bottoms of clear-as-crystal
creek beds that, to this day, I can still catch with one
hand

I am

from them little hideaways in the hillside and the
forest that was a second home, and so I know
as well as any black snake, white tail, or whippoorwill

I am

from a house on a hill and three acres of land with a
rotted carpet and no bathroom sink

I am

from just as many bankruptcies as acres and a lien on
that house

I am

from sleeping in the cedar-smelling dogs' houses,
my own softness preserved by their warm, pilose bodies,
closing eyes and filling my nose with so much musky
sweetness that I can't hear all that hollering anymore

I am

from blacked eyes, bloodied lips, and the telephone
ripped out the wall

I am

from never a hand being laid on us the way they laid
hands on each other

But I am

also from bruises got by accident, trying to separate
grown bodies locked into battle like two dogs

I am

from them two fighting more viciously than any dogs I
ever saw

I am

from the middle of it all, where I stood because I
thought that was my place and purpose

I am

from finally knowing, at twenty-seven years of age, that
that is not true and never has been

I am

from midnight in my nightgown, nine years old, holding my
sister's hand and walking barefoot through the woods,
past pets buried beneath the dogwood tree to call the sher-
iff again from the neighbor's phone

I am

molded from my mama's firm courage and unwise love
that kept us in that mess. Spun from my black-sheep dad-
dy's coarse wool and laugh as explosive
as his temper

I am

from Warsaw, by way of Marta Fibich
leaving what was left of Warsaw in 1945
with her four sisters

I am

from the small apartment in Astoria, Queens
that they packed into like scared sardines

I am

from the Cherokee woman who married the pale-faced
invader and gave my nana her thick, dark hair
and tan skin

I am

from Scotland, by way of ancestors that came across the
sea. Then down from them hills and rode that
covered wagon west

I am

from an old murder, a failed suicide

I am

from white trash and red clay

I am

from blood, thicker than water and hard as a diamond,
and though it may poison me slow,
I know it also keeps me

Where I'm From

By: *Ahmad*
Perkins-McCullum

I'm from New Orleans

Haynes, where the train storms by, night and day

*I'm
from*

the house of terror and nightmares
the house of three Where that faded tan Jeep sat
the room where we played the PlayStation
the nature and bugs, which lived in that small backyard where we played
the park 'round the way, the one where mama said she had seen that
big 'ol gator as a small girl

I'm from the gumbo and the bowl that held its essence and spices
I'm from the advice my brother would give me as a kid
I'm from the unknown Mississippi city called SoSo
The same place that reeked of horse manure and chicken coops

*I'm
from*

the family reunions
the turkey necks, corn, and potatoes
the family drama and screaming kids
the delicious cakes made by Great grandmother before she passed
the Granny and Pawpaw The same ones who use "asshole," "shut the
fuck up," and "fuck" Whenever they spoke to each other

I'm from the family of craziness, madness,
misery, and pessimists
The family of soul food, dark advice, and good times
Now that's where I'm from

Rose Quartz

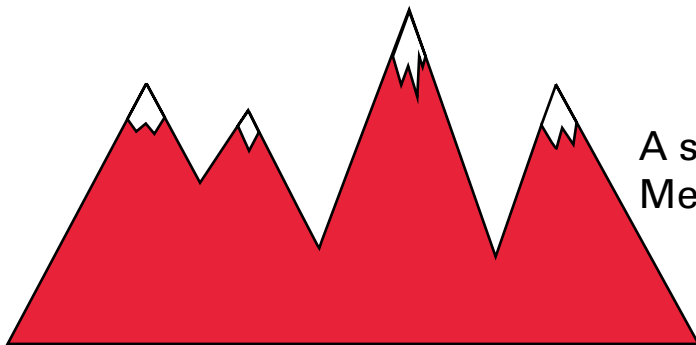
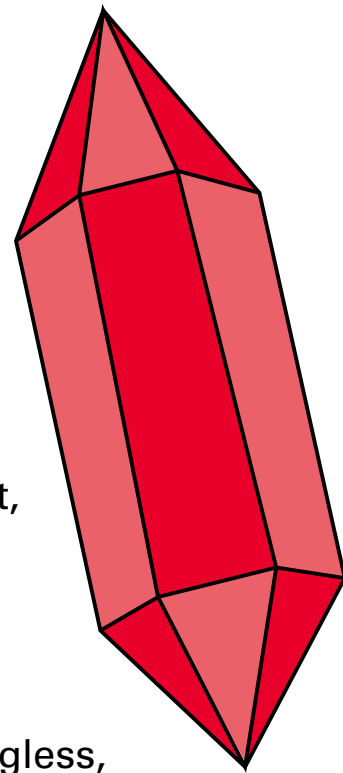
By: *Kendrick*
Dickson

A single stone cannot heal a nation,
Or sway its people, or seal a damn.

Not quartz, nor lime, nor amethyst.
Only the strength of a single man.

A single stone cannot cure your ailment,
Or forge a sword, or carve a knife.

A single stone is meaningless,
Quite the difference from a single life.



A single stone is purely potential,
Merely a rock until handed to me,

For with a single stone, I can make a mountain
Or whatever else I'd like it to be.

Inspiration

By: Jessica
Brodoti

You **inspire** my imagination to
roam wild and free
like an **untamed stallion**
in an open field of **infinite possibilities.**

Your spirit **radiates enchantment**
illuminating the dark corners of my mind.

I want to **step**
inside
your **thought**
like **Dorothy stepped into Oz**
leaving behind a bleak world of grays
for **vibrant colors** and **sweet sounds of song**
which **vibrate to my core.**

I want to **ride the roller coaster**
of your **word play**
'til it makes me dizzy
and still **not** get off the ride.

I want your imagery to come to life
and **dance vivaciously** before my **fixated face**

Your similes soothe and **serenade** my seeking **soul**
as I sit transfixed
on the edge of my seat.

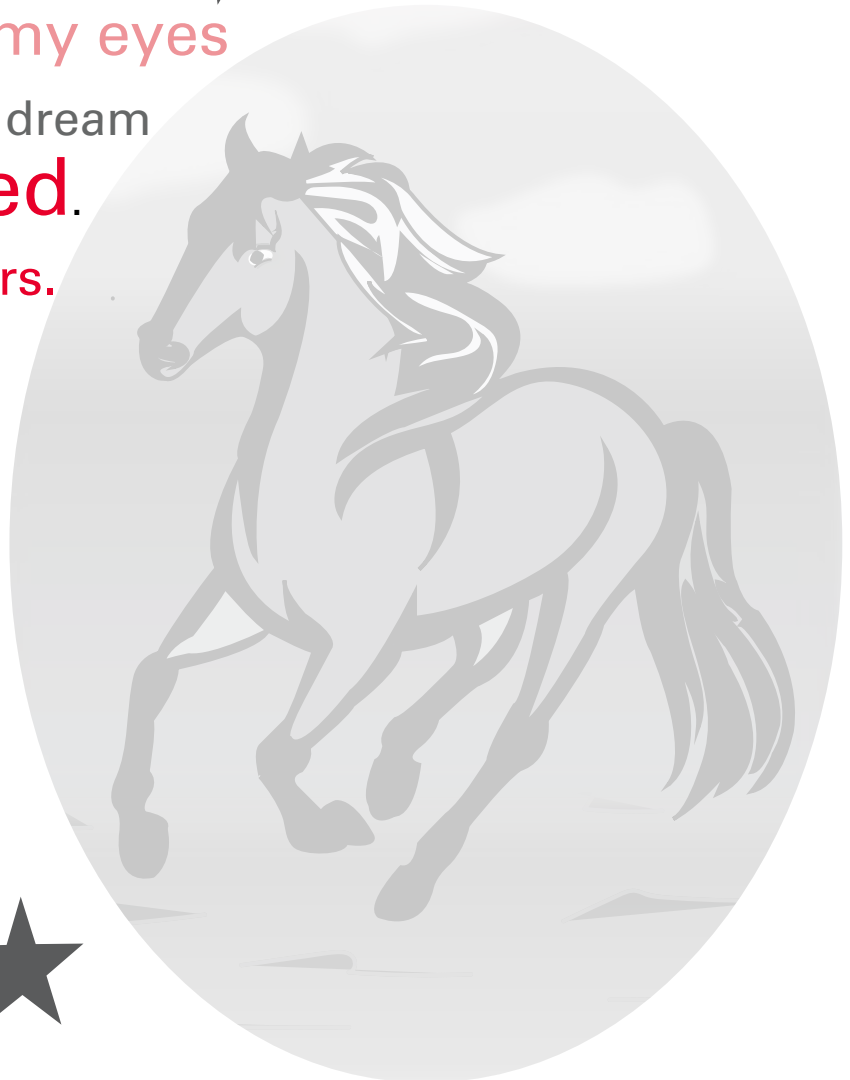
I **float** through your mind
on a **magic carpet**.

Personification navigates me
through your **imagination's**
unchartered territories
chauffeur me to a **destination**
of **linguistic ecstasy**

Please don't wake me.
For **if I should open my eyes**

to find that you're **only** a dream
I'd surely be **maligned**.

Keep the **ruby slippers**.
My **home's** inside
your mind.







Prose

Women's March

By: Elizabeth
Lee



DESIGNED BY: | Patricia Sabine & Jodie Smith |

“You don’t want to wake up on November 9th, and feel like you could’ve done more.” Hillary Rodham

Clinton said this just days before the 2016 election. It was my first time voting, and although I supported Senator Sanders in the primary, I still understood the historical implications of my first vote going to the first female president. Secretary Clinton was incredibly qualified, especially when compared to her opponent. I voted early Tuesday morning, and cried out of pure excitement all day. I raced home to watch the results. My excitement drained as the results poured in and the states turned red. I was devastated. I was one of those people who woke up the next morning wishing I had done more.

“I put on my ‘Nasty Woman’ t-shirt...”

Over the coming days and weeks I watched protests and demonstrations across the country on my television and through my computer, and I longed to be there with them. As the time passed, we heard the whispers of who was going to be nominated for the new cabinet, and it only got worse. Through the internet I heard of a huge demonstration taking place in Washington D.C. on January 21st, The Women’s March. I immediately looked up the website to read up on what was going on. I read that it was organized by a group of women who didn’t like what was happening and wanted to express that. I also saw on the website that

there was going to be sister marches across the country, and New Orleans had one. I immediately texted my brother, someone I trusted and knew was as surprised by the results of the election as I was. He was in.



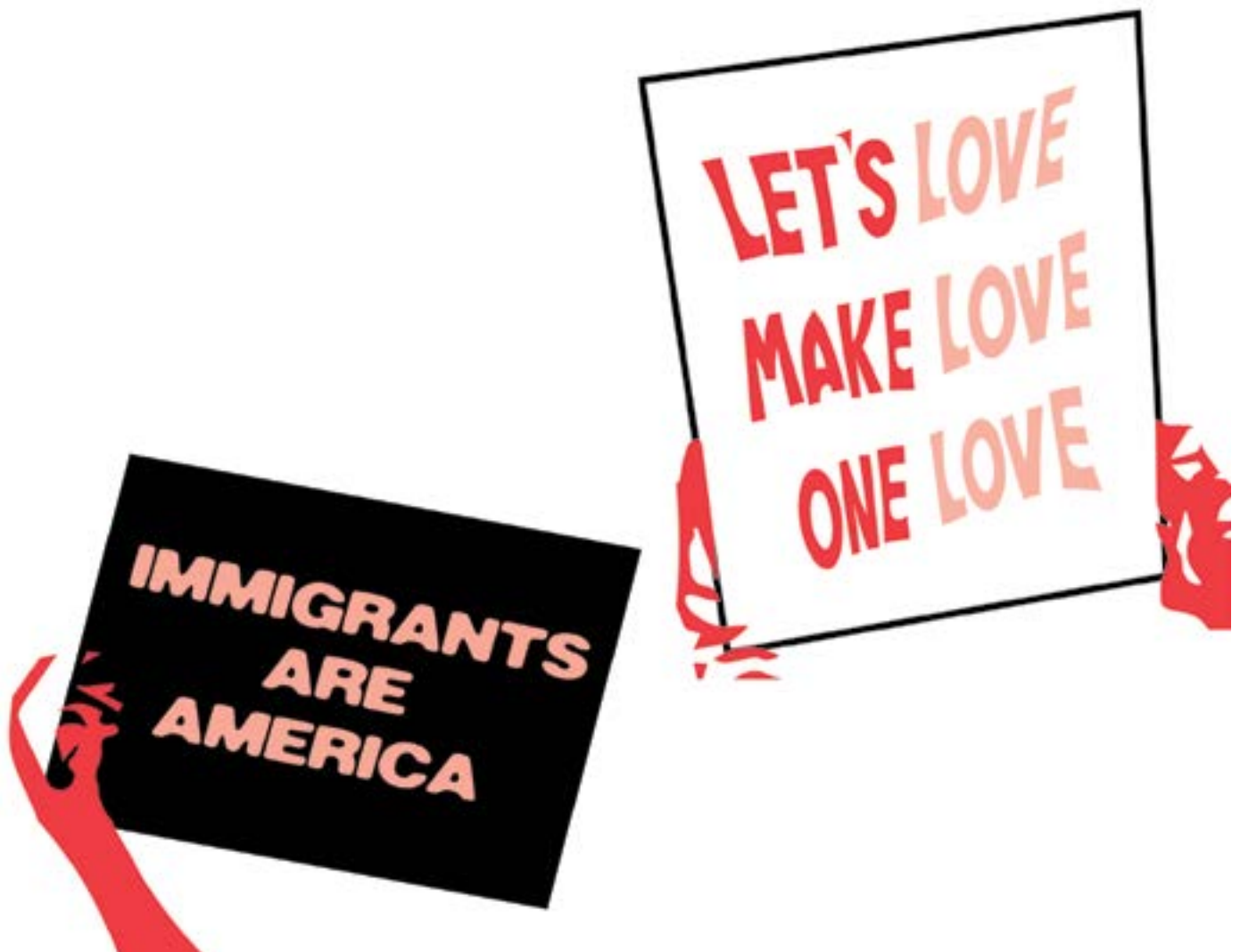
The morning of the march I woke up early to get ready and cried as I watched the speakers before the march in D.C. started. I heard women from many walks of life describe what they have been through and promise to fight against what might happen under this new administration. I put on my "Nasty Woman" t-shirt and headed out to stand up for what I believed in. As we pulled up to the meeting point and got out of the car, I took in all of the men, women, and children that were there and promised myself I would not cry. We got there just as people started flooding through the streets. I saw signs that still give me chills to this day, signs that read, "Love is love is love is love", "Immigrants made NOLA great

again after Katrina", and "We are the granddaughters of the witches you weren't able to burn". As we rounded the first corner, I heard the shouts echoing through the

"This is what democracy looks like"

streets, "Show me what democracy looks like; This is what democracy looks like!" We screamed these words and more while marching through the streets. While walking we ran into a cousin of ours, and it truly became a wonderful family moment. All of this love and positivity was so beautiful and heart warming; this is the America I know and love. Through all of our marching, we only encountered one small

group of counter-protesters, and while marching right past them we chanted, "Love trumps hate".



After all of the marching and a rally afterwards, even getting rained on, I felt so much joy. When I got home, I checked online and I saw that 1 in 100 people in the United States marched, and that isn't including the women around the world in foreign countries. I saw the signs, heard the chants, and saw the faces of the men and women that also fought for what they believed in across the world and America.

"Love trumps hate"

My life and perspective of the world truly changed after that day. I held hands with strangers as we marched through our city. I gained faith back in our country that I had lost after the election. I simultaneously felt my most vulnerable, yet most strong. I feel this strength anytime I hear of something that our current President is doing that I might disagree with, or saying things that make me nervous and start questioning everyone and everything I remember that day. The day of the Women's March made me not fearful of the next few years.

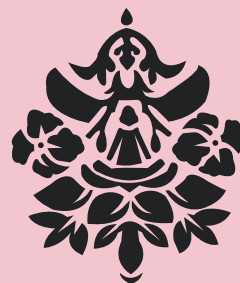


Prose



Vixens & Vinyl

By: Alyssa
Reyes



DESIGNED BY: | Catina Piper & Nikomia Henry |



It was around eleven o'clock Wednesday night as I walked down the infamous Bourbon Street littered with empty Hand Grenades. I tried to dodge the puddles, loud, drunken fraternity boys, and hobos under the neon signs of the dime a dozen strip joints. The smell was so warm and putrid that I did not want to guess what could make such an offensive mixture of scents. Crossing Royal Street, I spot a comforting sight, almost as if Batman's "Bat Signal" were shining on the building to my right. An enormous playing card was illuminated on the centuries old building, with "One Eyed Jacks" scrawled around the side. Two dancers clad in vintage dresses with megaphones were beckoning pedestrians to walk in, shouting, "No cover and no charge! Naked women! Free burlesque dance party!"

When I poked my head inside, it was as if I peered into a time capsule of old New Orleans: the red damask wallpaper gleamed over smiling patrons dancing in tune with the vintage records, and the bartender was pouring liquor every which way. Near the front door, I saw a beautiful art deco flyer with the glamorous Gogo McGregor posed coyly with a feather fan as the headliner. With all this excited, electric energy in the room, I knew I was in the right place for a true, intoxicating burlesque show full of showmanship and style.

New Orleans has a colorful history of appealing to primal desires. In the early 1900's, Storyville was the renowned red-light district of the Crescent City. Vaudeville then brought striptease and burlesque to the limelight in the national nightclub industry. Many of the famed dancers of the last century like Rita Alexander, the Champagne Girl, Lilly Christine, the Cat girl, and Evangeline, the Oyster Girl, got their big breaks right on Bourbon Street. In the 1940's, Bourbon Street was notable for its menagerie of nightclubs, featuring exotic dancing, comics, and singers with live bands, which were routinely featured in popular magazines of the time, such as *LIFE*. Although Bourbon Street is no longer the star-studded mecca of American entertainment that people would

dress in their best and line the block to see, performers like Gogo McGregor are keeping the traditions that were founded there alive today.

I got a chance to talk with Miss McGregor in the One Eyed Jack's dressing room after her production, *Vixens & Vinyl*, had concluded. There are many finer points that go into a burlesque routine as Gogo noted, "One of the toughest parts of being a burlesque performer is costuming. Almost every penny you make is put back into costumes and props. For me, hand making my costume and adhering rhinestones one by one and

sewing my dresses is as gratifying as the performance itself. There are a lot of blood, sweat, and tears put into our art." I could tell meticulous care and detail went into the ensembles. Her show dress fit like a glove and was embellished with emerald green rhinestones from top to bottom. As she stripped off the layers and satin gloves in tune with a beat from The Coasters, even her corset was embellished with the same beautiful

stones! It was evident that this was not just an outfit you could buy at any lingerie store and must have taken hours to make. It reminded me of the Las Vegas casino showgirls I saw in movies as a child.

McGregor's platinum streak of hair contrasted with the rest of her black mane while fashioned into stiff victory rolls, and her sparkly green dress twinkled as she she sparked a cigarette and exhaled: "My show has been running for four years, and it still entails both confidence and insecurity in equal parts as the producer. I am constantly doubting my work and

whether people will show up even though I promote, and it is terrifying. It

"Bourbon St was notable for its menagerie of nightclubs."

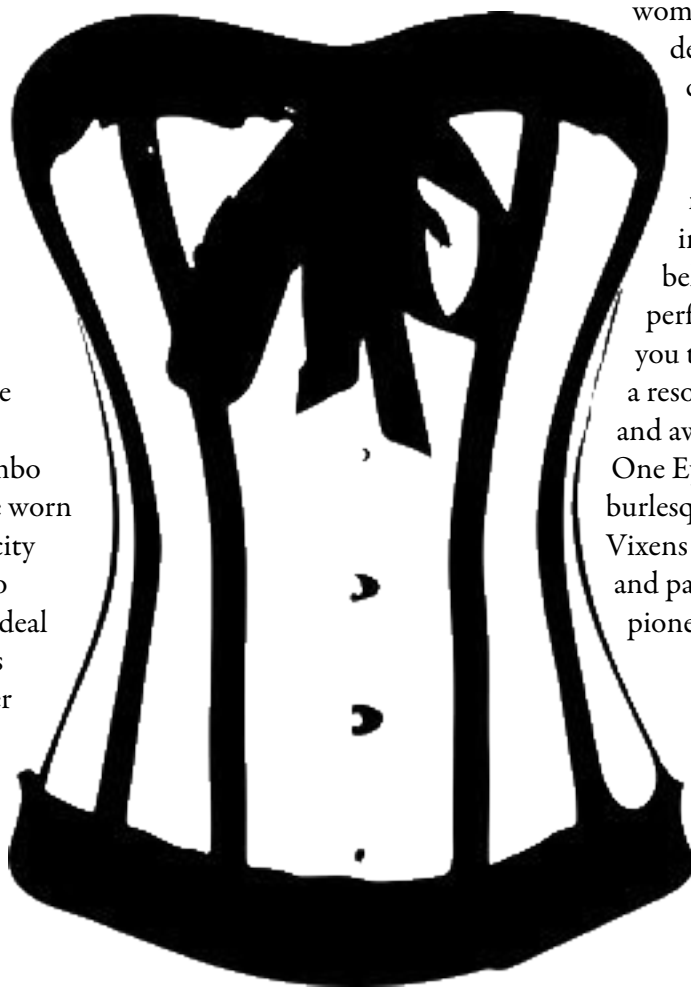


seems like producing a show is very easy because to the guest, it appears to go off without a hitch, but it is not. You cannot just hire someone and throw the performer on stage. There is a team of people working together to paint a beautiful picture for the audience. Keeping my staff happy is critical as is making sure we are all on the same page. It's not just tearing your clothes off, and the crowd claps. Producing is so stressful but very fulfilling at the end of the night."

Some of her routines boggled my mind; at one point, Miss McGregor goes to take off a laced corset behind her back at a rapid speed, easily unfurling the tightly strung contraption in mere seconds. She proceeded to throw the corset into the crowd and landed in a split; I had never seen anything like it. I counted six unique costume changes among the performers, and not to mention, Gogo was dancing as well as hosting the show. I could spot her going back and forth to the dressing room, D.J. booth, and to the crowd to mingle with patrons between sets.

New Orleans is a hodgepodge of culture, brimming with peculiarities from jazz to gumbo to burlesque. All of these are worn like badges of honor for the city worth celebrating for years to come, and they bring a great deal of tourism, which also means there is more than one dancer vying for the spotlight. As Gogo began to change from her show dress into a new tailored and retro outfit, she told me, "I feel lucky to be a full time performer here. I have gotten to travel cross-country, keeping this art form alive.

**"It's not
just tearing
your clothes
off, and the
crowd claps."**



I believe New Orleans is a special place with a strong sense of sisterhood in the "Burly" circles. There is, of course, competition. Behind you is always a prettier, younger girl with better costumes,

and if you don't do your job right, she will take it. You have to stay on top of your game while still being humble and kind. If I ever feel green with envy, I try to remind myself that they are keeping this business alive for all of us. As long as they are doing a good

job, that is a beautiful thing, and I support it. There are many powerful women here as there have been for decades, and I am proud to be considered one of them."

Overall, as I left that night, my mind was overflowing with inspiration and stimulation. I believe the tell tale sign of true performance art is if it makes you think and leaves you with a resounding feeling of wonder and awe. After my experience at One Eyed Jacks, I want to see every burlesque show the city has to offer. Vixens & Vinyl is a feast for the senses and pays homage to the burlesque pioneers of New Orleans.

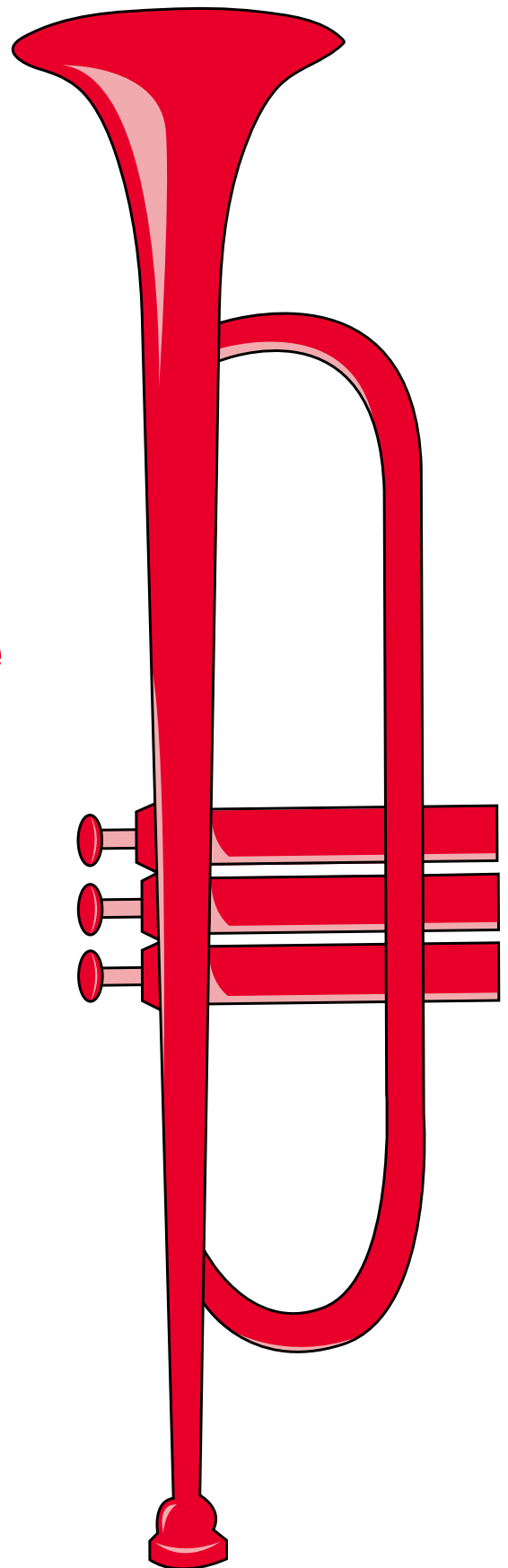
As the band banged their drums and blew their whistles, the thump-thump of a traditional jazz beat kept its time. The joining musicians pursued the rhythm, weaving their sounds in and out of its grooves. It made for a compelling tune. Not far off, a friend of mine found his way into the grooves as well. In a sea of partnered dancers, he held his space in the middle of the floor, busting solo Charleston moves. Every joint in his body stretched in perfect time, so the movements could flow as nicely as they did. Then, he did something that caught my eye. A leg here or there would turn in a peculiar way until it didn't look like the Charleston at all, but it did. This started a string of variations that struck my curiosity.

When the song was over, I asked him about it, the steps, and what he was ing to mess with them and see what you can do while getting to the backstep on time." It made sense. Another song started, and he did some basic Charleston moves while I followed alongside. One of the first moves I caught onto was a double-kick. Instead of kicking back on the count of seven, we'd kick forward again as we did on five, making me rush to get my foot back for one. Some steps were hard to get the hang of. One particularly complicated move was a step forward on five and pivoted to a one-eighty on seven, facing the opposite direction by the time we started again on one.

Pretty soon, we were just having fun with it, and I didn't care too much about where I was when the one came back around. That's when a third person joined in, kicking through with steps neither of us had seen before. We were forming a circle of solo dancers, each doing our own interpretation of the same steps. As we clapped to keep the beat for one another, a fourth man jumped in. Now, still in the middle of partnered dancers, we formed a square, kicking across from each other, switching sides when the music called for a change, as it often did.

With sweat dripping from my skin and an ache in my body halfway through the song, I had to take a break. But there was no way I could walk away now. Something was coming, and we could feel it. Whether it was through the anticipation of the music, a suspended chord, a lagging horn, the musicians were leading some sort of crescendo and trying, discreetly, to let us in on it. There was a moment coming, and it needed only to be felt. A melodic chorus from the band finished by putting an exclamation mark on its question. The southern drawl of a trombone jumped in to

**"You
already
know the
steps."**



answer, all while a set of drums proved itself a mediator. At this point, the three of us were standing in a circle around the fourth, still kicking, still sweating, still aching, and still smiling all the way through. Then one of us would break in, forcing the other back into the outside barrier.

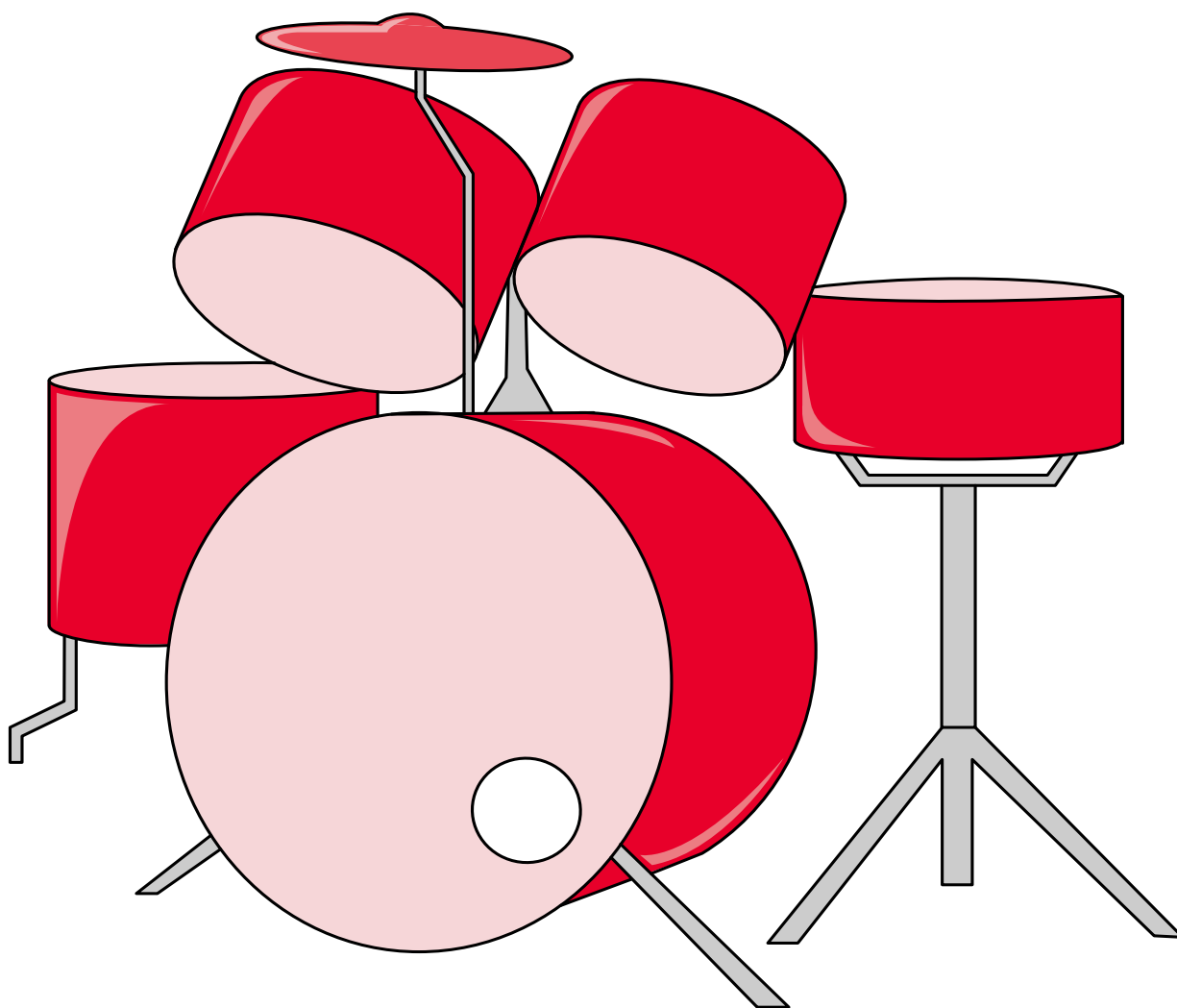
As this was happening, the trombone's plea was interrupted by an aggressive trumpet with a punch packed like a schoolyard lunch. We felt this and matched it as best we could. In the middle of the circle, one girl's legs moving like a grasshopper in a hurry and were an embodiment of the cries we were hearing from the stage. They flowed together as one, it seemed. The trumpet spoke what she couldn't as the dancer lifted her limbs to its voice. They were two separate forms of the same conversation. Now, there was a shift in tone, and the

trumpet started to sound like it had said everything it needed to. It wrapped up the speech with a high note suspended as the others came back in full force with the melodic chorus. As if practiced, we abandoned our circle and formed our own chorus, facing each other in a square as we had in the beginning. And now we were the ones answering boldly what had been asked, like the trumpet with its potent declaration. Our kicks in sync like some jazzy line dance, each of us provided a touch of innovation to the picture we held as

a whole. The song was coming to a close.

As the last notes rang in unison, we let out the wildest motions our muscles could bear. Then the ringing of the big brass band was met with silence, and the silence was met with applause. We doubled over and exhaled and clapped and smiled and wiped the sweat from our faces, thanking each other for the dance and dispersing into the crowd.

**"They were
two seperate
forms of
the same
conversation."**



Prose



TRAIL



MAGIC

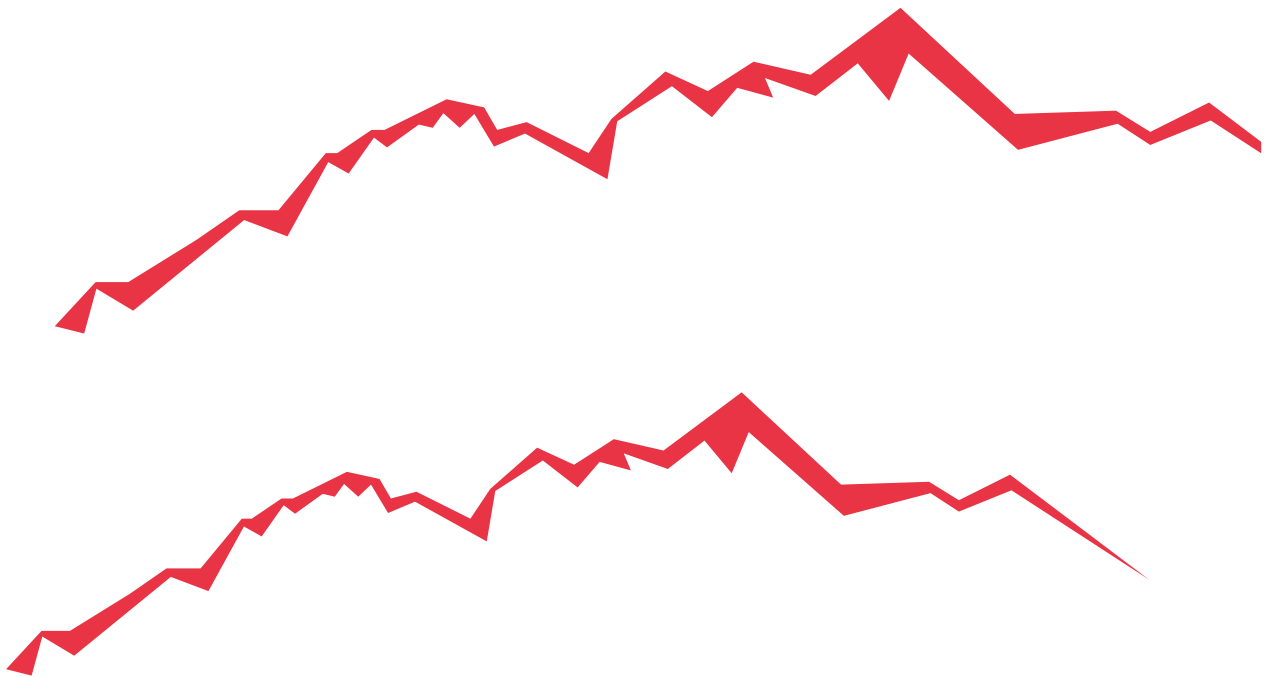
By: Nicole
Anderson

DESIGNED BY: | Alexander Byrd, III & Trey Ball |

I first heard about the Appalachian Trail when I was in my early twenties. Bethanie Underwood, a friend from high school, declared one day, "I'm leaving Thursday, headed for Springer Mountain!" Affectionately known as the A.T., the Appalachian Trail is a two thousand, one hundred and ninety mile footpath that meanders through the Appalachian Mountain Range, spanning from Georgia to Maine. When Bethanie told me about her plans to do the trail, I couldn't help but become completely intrigued. The thought of carrying everything I needed to survive on my back and walking through such a broad range of varying landscapes in one of the oldest mountain ranges in North America, seemed quite romantic and captivating.

"Small trail towns cater to the hikers..."

Most people hiking the entire length of the trail, called thru-hikers, hike from the south, starting at Springer Mountain in Georgia, and end at the northern terminus, Mount Katahdin in Maine. The average thru-hiker takes five to six months to hike the entire trail. That works out to an average of 12-17 miles a day, with plenty of town stops to keep the hiker resupplied and refreshed. About once a week or every few days, depending on how many miles covered, there is a town crossing along the trail. Sometimes that means the traveler walks right into the town from the woods, and other times he/she may hitchhike from a small country road that leads down into the nearest town. For most hikers these resupply points



are very much looked forward to. Small trail towns cater to the hikers and have everything they need or desire: from Jacuzzi tub rentals to duct tape for wrapping up blisters to gallon tubs of ice cream for sale at the local diners.

Most backpackers begin their journey late April to early May. They hike in Spring, *ideally* one step ahead of the worst of the hot weather and infectious insects. On May 6, 2007, Bethanie began a journey that would forever change her. When I asked her what some of the highlights were from her trip, she spoke of the overwhelming kindness, generosity, and selflessness she encountered throughout her entire adventure on the trail:

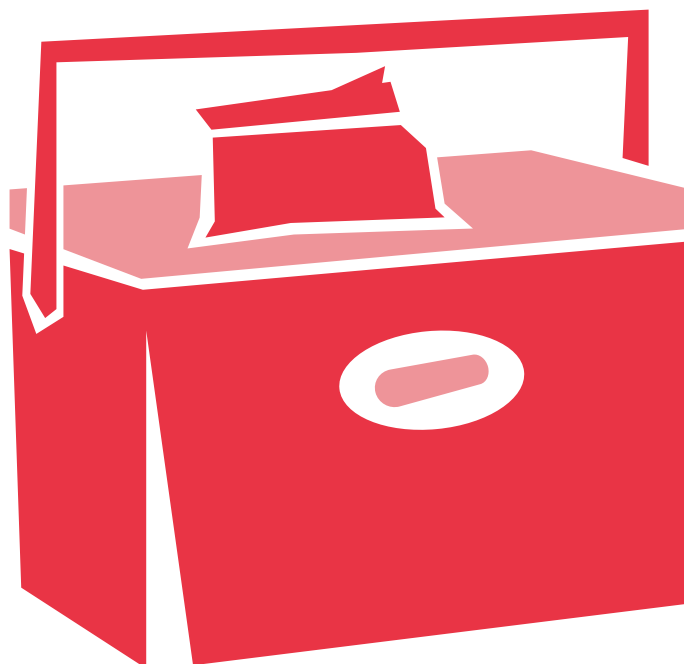
“There was one night that I was just about ready to quit. It was mid-June, I had been hiking for a little over a month at that point. I had never realized how

torturous mosquitos could be, those suckers are relentless! I’d be walking down the trail, swatting my sweaty bandana at ‘em left and right, they just kept on bitin’. My calloused and blistered feet felt like they were just about ready to give up on me. I was itchy, tired, dirty, and ready to hightail it to the nearest airport and book a one-way flight to Honolulu. It was getting dark,

the mosquitos were getting worse and the batteries on my headlamp were dying. I just wanted to sit down and cry. It was right about then when I saw a glimmer of something red in the distance. After all this green I had been looking at day in and day out, that red thing, whatever it was, sure did catch my attention. As I got closer

I realized it was an ice chest. A big, red, Igloo brand ice chest, a note that was inside of a ziplock bag was taped to the top of it. It said: ‘TRAIL MAGIC- Take what you need to getcha down to the road crossing. Take a left, house is about 50 yards down past the creek. If your reading this before 8, dinner’s on us.

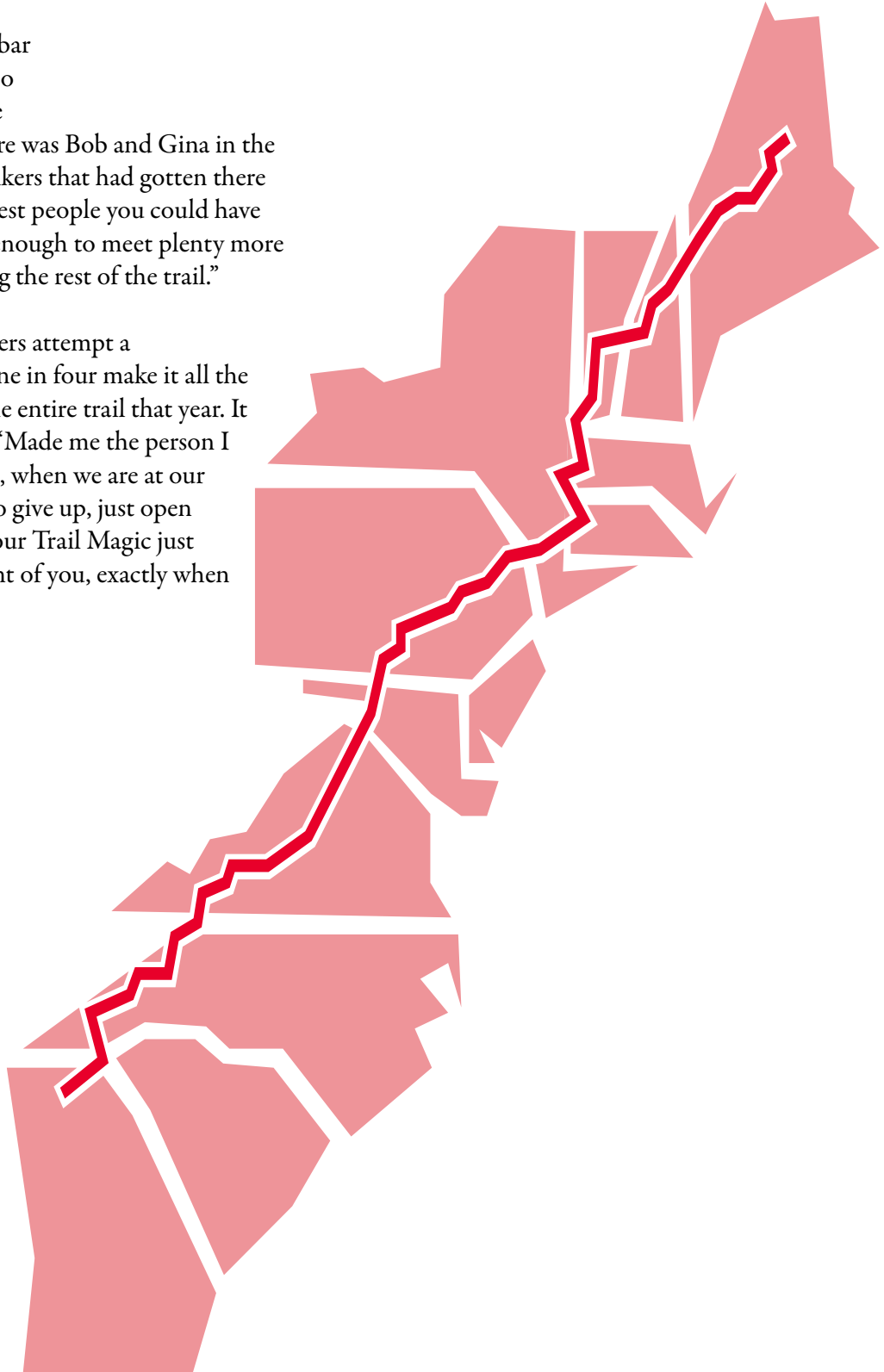
“I was just about ready to quit.”



Otherwise, set up camp in the yard and we'll cook ya breakfast. Bob & Gina' I opened that ice chest up, and my heart near 'bout skipped a beat. There was Snickers, potato chips, ice cold root beer and sweet tea, all there for the taking. A chocolate bar had never in my life tasted so good! I walked on up to the house and sure enough, there was Bob and Gina in the kitchen, feeding two othehikers that had gotten there earlier. They were the sweetest people you could have asked for. And I was lucky enough to meet plenty more folks just like them, all along the rest of the trail."

Each year, thousands of hikers attempt a thru-hike, but only about one in four make it all the way. Bethanie completed the entire trail that year. It was a journey that she said, "Made me the person I am today. Sometimes in life, when we are at our absolute lowest and ready to give up, just open your eyes and your heart, your Trail Magic just might be there, right in front of you, exactly when you need it."

"...only about one in four make it all the way!"



Gallery

By: Claire
Rudolph



By: Miranda
Barajas



DESIGNED BY: | Tedd M. Walley |

By: John
Adkins

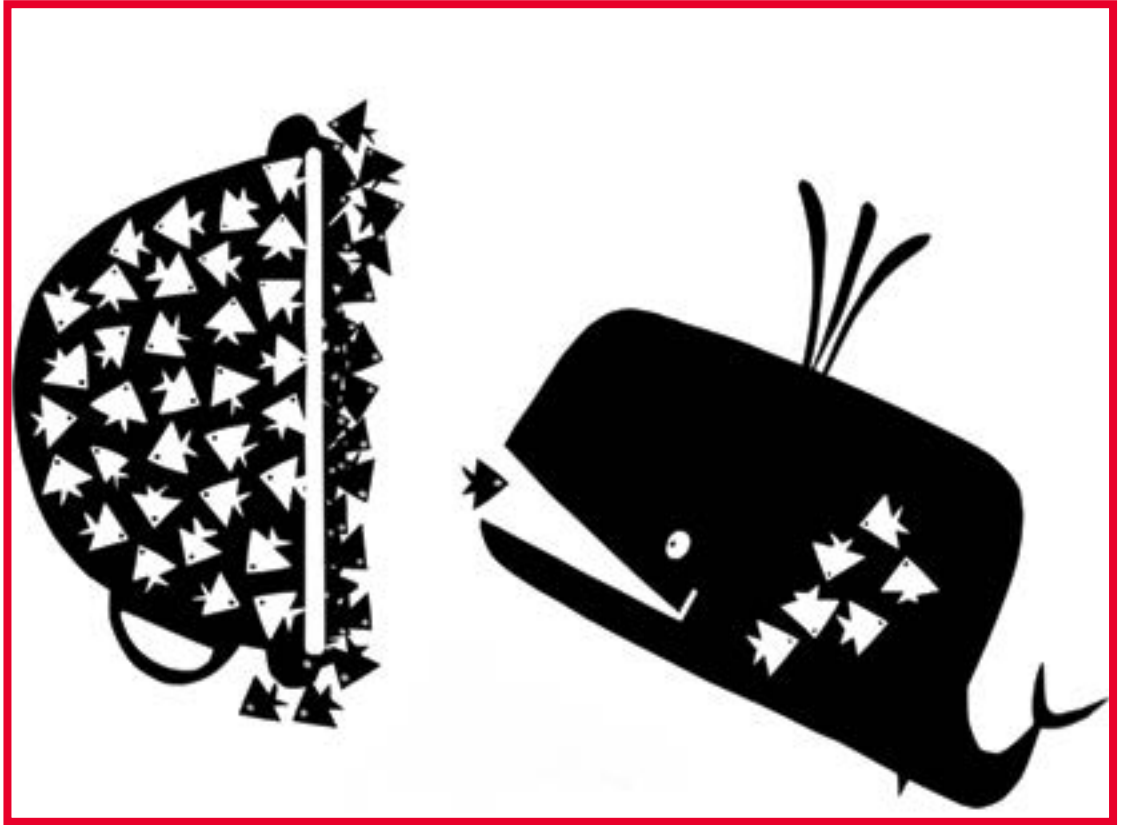


By: Francesca
Sendra



Gallery

By: Hailey
Frey



By: Justin
Aninacion

Submission Info

Delgado Community College's award winning publication *Images: A Literary and Visual Arts Magazine* is seeking submissions of original poetry, short fiction, and creative nonfiction. Each piece of written work must be saved separately as Rich text Format (.rtf) and sent as an attachment (do not paste into the body of an Email).

We also accept select resolution (large) photos, paintings, and sketches (send as attached JPEG files and include the contact information in the body of each Email submission).

Please note that the format and layout of literary pieces are designed by the graphic arts department and may appear differently in the magazine than they did when originally submitted.

Be sure to include on each piece submitted:

Name
LoLA number
Phone number
Email Address
Title of piece (if applicable)

Send all original work to:

Images@dcc.edu
Subject line: Images Submissions

***Images accepts submissions from
enrolled DCC students only.***

Colophon

IMAGES 2018

The magazine was written, designed, and illustrated as a **Delgado Community College** student team effort. Melissa F. Diaz, Gina Ferrara, and Tedd Walley were the project's faculty advisors. The student designers were: Richard Ball, Jason Bonck, Alexander Byrd, III, Christopher Chung, Quanda Freeman, Nikomia Henry, Luis Cotto Jiminian, Cody Landry, George Murray, Kyle O'Neal, Calvin Phillips, Catina Piper, Patricia Sabine, Michael Seigler, Jodie Smith, and Linda Volley.

Editorial Content

The editorial content is composed of student submissions of art and literary work solicited and collected by the **IMAGES**

Co-chairs: Melissa F. Diaz and Gina Ferrara. Committee members are: Melissa F. Diaz, Gina Ferrara, Lilian Gamble, Jennifer Kookan, Brad Koski, Christine Mitchell, Deborah Reed, Wendy Rihner, Miguel Romar-Manuel, and Tedd Walley. With special thanks to Leslie Salinero.

Two Type Families

are **Garamond Pro** named for sixteenth century engraver Claude Garamond. **Univers Ltd STD** was designed by Adrian Frutiger and released in 1957. The colors used throughout were Black and Pantone 185c. Page Layouts were designed by students of the Delgado Visual Communications-Graphic Design program as their final project for Digital Pre-press and Printing class. It was designed utilizing the 2012 iMac and using Adobe InDesign, Illustrator, and Photoshop CC 2017 software.

Funding

was provided by the Communication and Arts and Humanities Divisions of Delgado Community College.

Delgado's alternative covers featuring submitted designs for the Images 2018 magazine.

Covers are designed by students in VISC 234 Digital Pre-Press of Spring 2018.

From left to right: George Murray, Trey Ball, Catina Piper, Linda Volley, Jodie Smith, Calvin Phillips, Kyle O'Neil, Patricia Sabine, Cody Landry, Nikomia Henry, Quanda Freeman, Luis Cotto, and Alexander Byrd, III.

Front and back cover was designed by Christopher Chung.

Cover Choice
Runner Up

