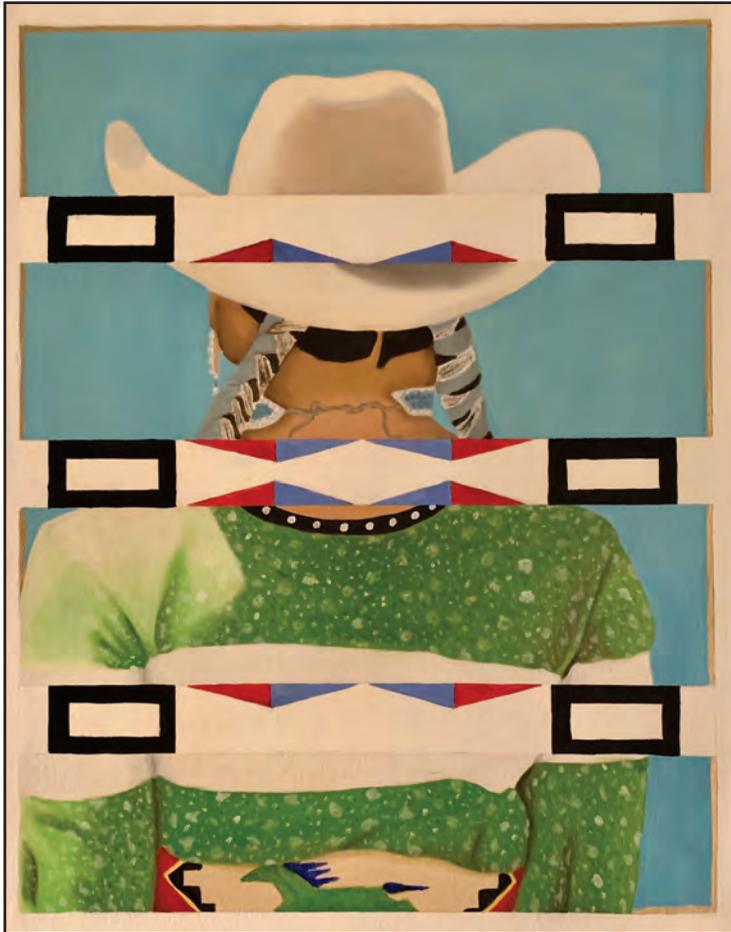


Kaleidoscope

2021



West Hills College Lemoore
Literary Magazine

About the Cover

“Waiting to Dance” is a 16 X 20-inch oil on canvas created by Alorha Baga in 2020.

About *Kaleidoscope*

An annual publication, *Kaleidoscope* was first published in 1998. Students in the ENG 025 Creative Writing class are responsible for many phases of creating the magazine. *Kaleidoscope* is funded by the college and supported by James L. Preston, Vice President of Educational Services; Debbie Rose, Curriculum Systems Manager; and the Arts & Letters Faculty. The writers and artists are members of the student body, faculty, and staff of West Hills College Lemoore.

Throughout the year, David Brooks (davidbrooks@whccd.edu) and Kristen Kennedy (kristenkennedy@whccd.edu) accept the art submissions, and Neomi Daniels (neomidaniels@whccd.edu) accepts the written submissions.

Curated By

ENG 025 Creative Writing Class

Editorial Board

David Brooks, Neomi Daniels, Marty Ennes, Libra Howard, and Kristen Kennedy

Layout and Design

All Valley Printing

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Blossom
by Alorha Baga



Kindred Spirits
by Elizabeth Hines

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Golden Sunrays
by Jesus Soto

In the Driveway

by Richard Miller

A long time ago, my dad asked me to look at the stars. He pointed to a star right above our house and said, “Son, can you see that star? That star wasn’t there until the night your brother died. That’s your brother looking down on us.” That was the first time I remember him trying to line up the stars.

Since the ‘80s, my dad had projects. The projects were vast and many like: a gold mine he wanted to mine, a fire suppression system he wanted to sell to the landowner, or a computer program he made with a doctor friend to pass information to the pharmacist because doctors usually have bad writing. In his mind, it was going to make him somebody, and we would be financially secure. As a child, I was elated thinking of the life I would have, the things I would have, and the places I would see. Project by project, something always got in the way. The mine was salted, the water tank on the fire suppression system was too heavy with all the water for the axle, and the doctor cut him out of the deal.

My dad’s dreams haven’t stopped. Due to his misfortune in business, his now ex-wife made him seek advice from a psychiatrist to see if he suffered from delusions of grandeur. To me, his stories are credible even today. He is on his phone and tells me he is talking to investors and the CEOs of major companies. He shows me groundbreaking batteries he acquired that will power cell towers. In my mind, that doesn’t make him somebody, but he always had and continues to have worth to me. His stories of becoming rich never stopped. But my time waiting for money to be happy ended in the ‘90s.

A long time ago,
my dad asked me to look at the stars.
It is something I will never forget.
Not because of the wonder of what was out there.
It was for the appreciation from the stars of what is here...
A boy and his dad in the driveway.

red chrysanthemums

by Jacob Reina

he scales alongside
an old tainted railway bridge
tracing the shadow
of a phantom being
who overlooked a ravine
and a shallow stream
then from the steel ledge
splattered all her dreams
and now a white cross
with a garland of oak beads
rests upon these grounds
with flowers for memories



Typhoon II (One-Point Perspective)
by Darius Loera



Crystal Rivers
by Elizabeth Hines

Until You

by Amelia Lewis

I never knew what people really meant when they said that someone's arms could feel like home...

Until You

I never knew what peace was to be found in the presence of someone who truly quiets your mind...

Until You

I never knew what it felt like to really be able to just breathe...

Until You

I never knew the endless capacity of my heart to care for another...

Until You

I never knew what it felt like to live without fear and anxiety...

Until You

I never knew what a cheap imitation of happiness I had been settling for...

Until You

I never knew the joy and laughter someone could bring to my heart...

Until You

I never knew what it meant to feel truly safe and trust another...

Until You

I never knew all the things I held inside of me, all the things I could become...

Until You

And I thank God each morning that I wake...

For You



Eternal Blacksmith
by Maria Cisneros



Muse
by Maria Cisneros

Recipe #666: Deviled Gays

by Wren Wilson

1. Place a dozen bad eggs in a pot of conditional love, bring to a boil, and leave to sit for eighteen years
2. Strain and dunk them in a bowl of icy homophobic remarks, then use threat of disownment to crack the hardened shells, and peel to reveal their soft interiors
3. Cut them to the core and carefully remove the sense of self from each, place them in a bowl and mash them down with gay conversion therapy
4. Add bigoted beliefs, misquoted Bible verses, social hypocrisy, outdated heteronormativity, and scientific inaccuracies before mixing well
5. Spoon mixture back inside the empty shells, and sprinkle each with a pinch of self-loathing
6. Place on an offering plate and serve to God, chilled.



Two-Point Perspective (Disneyland)
by Viviana Quezada-Ramirez



One-Point Perspective (Disneyland)
by Viviana Quezada-Ramirez

My Love is Light

by Amelia Lewis

I wish there was a way to make you feel my love
For it to wrap around you and warm you like the sun on a summer day
A day at the lake
Your body chilled by the water
It creates a shiver as that cool air glides across your skin
The world is harsh and cold like that
It causes our flesh to ripple
It tears at our hearts, like thorned branches tear at our skin
Lie down in the sand a while and let my love envelop you like sunshine
Let it dry away the droplets of water dotting your skin
Let it lull you to sleep under its afternoon rays
Feel safe within my warm embrace
I want to light your path like the moonlight on the darkest of nights
When the demons haunt you
When you are lost
When you can't sleep
Run fast and free through the woods, knowing my light will guide you
Let loose the animal you cage during the day
I have no fear of him for we are both creatures of the night
Howl loudly to my light, blanketing the sky, and see that I will always answer your call
I wish there was a way to make you see my love
It shines in the day
It glows in the night
It is constant and it knows no end.

Chadwick Boseman-Hero in Person
by Jesus Soto



My Jewel
by Sabrina Aguirre



Typhoon I (Atmospheric Perspective) by Darius Loera

a spring day ending

by Jacob Reina

standing here alone
on the bank of a canal
thoughts of you arrive
with the coming breeze
blowing in the branches of
blooming almond trees
and the buzzing swarms
of a thousand bumble bees
and standing here now
with the waking stars up high
thoughts of you will stay
until the nesting birds fly

A Declaration of Love

by Jay Oliveira

The human soul is a beautiful thing, something so unique and lovely. It is made up of a culmination of experiences and feelings. Your soul is warm, tinted with the reds, oranges, and yellows of autumn. You are a rainy day spent curled up in a bay window with a warm cup of tea and a well-loved book, the kind with a creased spine and pages that are worn. You are a pile of cozy blankets. You are soft sweaters and old movies. You are sleepy kisses and fireside conversations. You are old records and whispered confessions under the stars.

Home has always been a feeling for me, and nothing feels righter than sitting in your arms. You turn me into a well of emotions. You say my name and I light up; you call me yours and I am full of butterflies. When you grab my hand, I am aflame with admiration. Your laugh is so wonderful, it brightens a whole room and makes my heart melt like butter. You are sweeter than honey and you are filled with passion.

I want to lay in your arms and wake each morning next to you. I want to place gentle kisses on your forehead and run my fingers through your hair. I want to laugh so hard that I'm in tears because you've done something silly. You are very clever, ever quick when it comes to thinking on your feet. You are charming, knowing exactly what to say to make me weak in the knees. You make me feel safe, comfortable.

I want to stay by your side until the end of time. You are always on my mind, and I break into the softest smiles knowing that you love me as much as I love you. I desire to get so lost in you. I want to see the light in your eyes and get dizzy from your kisses. I want to get so tangled up in your embrace that I can no longer tell what is me and what is you.

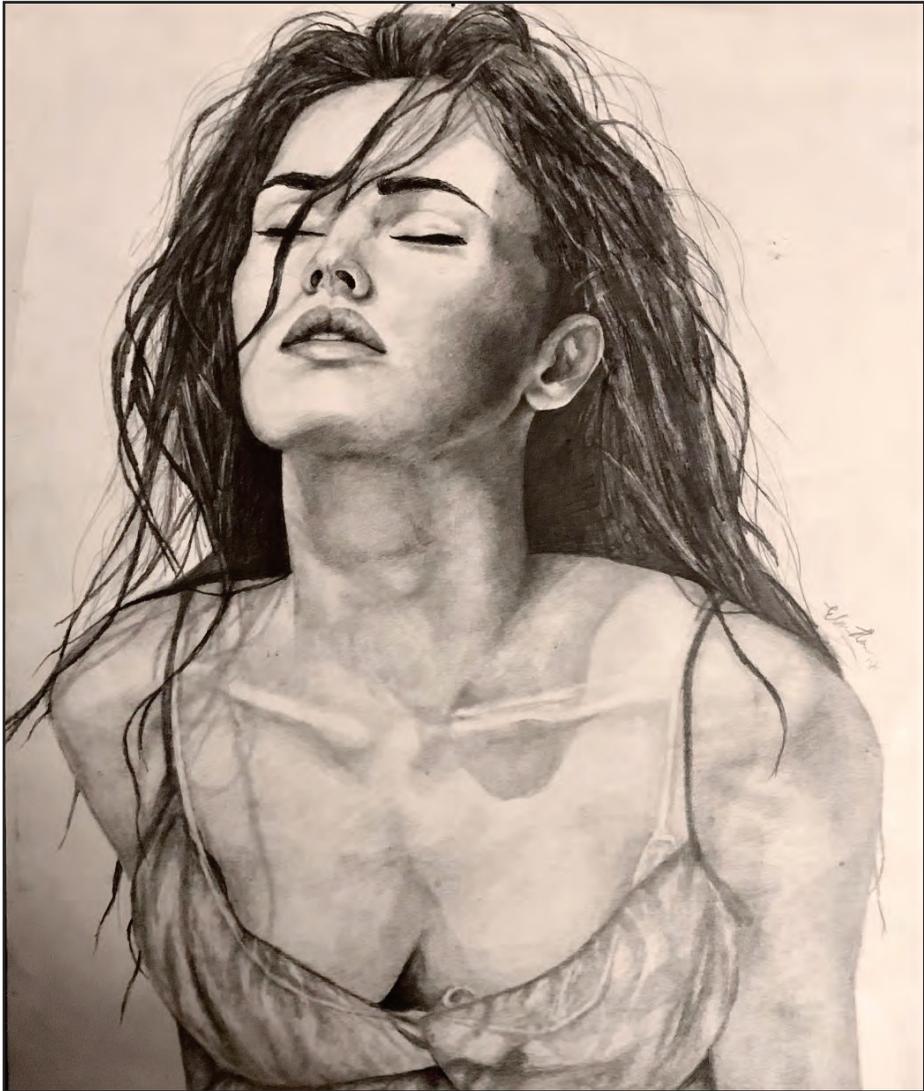
The world is so much brighter, full of light and music and laughter now that I have found you. Each gentle kiss fills me with electricity, and it makes me so happy to be alive, so glad that I get to exist here in this universe at the same time as you.

You make my heart flutter when you lean your head against my shoulder, and I want the feeling to last forever. I dream of the day when I can hold your face gently in my hand and tell you I love you before I pull you in for a kiss, and we spend eternity holding each other close. You are so special to me; you make me feel so loved, and I know I can be myself around you.

No amount of words in any human language will be enough to convey the amount of love I have for you, so I can only pray that my actions will be enough. I hope with every kiss, you will be able to feel how much I love you. I hope with every hug, you'll be able to tell that I never want to go. I hope that every time we lace our fingers together, you can tell that it is exactly where I long to be, right next to you. I adore you with every ounce of my being and I look forward to every single day with you. My darling sweetheart, there is no one else I would rather love.



Roses in Spring by Elizabeth Hines



Megan Fox
by Elizabeth Hines

Dark Ends

by Maleina Harvey

I could be your biggest accomplishment,
I could be your biggest dream
I could be the source of pain that your eyes deceive
I could love you one day
Maybe I could just leave
Because seeing you like that right there made me cause a scene.

I am hard to love
It's written in my seams
Little things that you can't see
Because deep down I'm redeemed
Little as a child,
I had no company
All to my lonesome,
I could barely breathe
Living since that day it's really hard to believe
Mostly because the pain he caused, it killed me slowly.
Marking all the food so we really had nothing to eat
I cried myself to sleep every night, ooh he was so mean.

No doubt
I'm going to see his face again and tears will probably burst in eye.
But I will always remember what my momma told me "Baby Don't Let Him See You Cry"
Power is what he held
Power to my soul
A remote to all my feelings
I really had no control
He tortured me
He made me think about life right before death crying every night
Like I had not a single person left.

But I am alive, believe it or not.
Soul is dead to the world
I got a lot of humor but not to fill this post
This is about dark ends
Darkness is where it leads
I'm stronger than I was
I can finally breathe
Yes, it's pretty scary to read what I just wrote
But deep inside I hurt,
But writing this for all to see,
It really was a cure.



Total Embrace
by Mubarak Ndoley



Need Name
by Joseph Doty



The Experimental
by Joseph Doty



No matter what we still have each other
by Maria Cisneros

Loving You Broke Me

by Amelia Lewis

Loving you broke me...leaving you put me back together again.

How do you thank someone for breaking your heart and forever changing your life path? I don't think there is a card for that.

“Thanks for burning down my world. I rebuilt it into something far more breathtaking than it was before...Love always, your princess”

I feared that the fire that lived inside both of us would burn us to the ground one day. Funny how it ended up destroying everything around us...everything between us...and yet, there we both still stood.

Your clothes lightly dusted in ash. Meanwhile my body was still up in flames. One of us had to be sacrificed in order for the other to make it out alive.

It's taken time, but I finally forgive you.

Now if I could only forgive myself.

Bystander

by Wren Wilson

They say that being a sexual assault survivor
means that you can never leave the scene of the crime.

The caution tape is torn down from the doorway
The police perimeter to keep everyone out is gone
The dust used for fingerprints is wiped clean
The bags for evidence are taken out with the trash
The case is closed and filed away with the records
But his presence still remains.

I see him in my American Government textbook
Hear him in the laugh soundtrack on the sitcom Friends
Taste him in cheap fruit-flavored vodka
Smell him in raindrops on sidewalk hedge leaves
And feel him with my back pressed up against the wall.

I drive my car to work every day
and remember the feeling of sitting as a passenger
on the left side of the car
as we drove down the Japanese highway
to the closest military hospital
able to perform sexual assault forensic exams.

I report to my retired chief supervisor at work
and remember all the chiefs
who gave up on me while I was still serving
too broken to be of use anymore
their energy and efforts better spent
on a sailor who still had a future.

I give my corporate boss my doctor's note
and remember the years I spent fighting
to receive the four-letter diagnosis
the Navy prohibited my therapists from assigning
but the VA gave out like a participation trophy
labeled "#1 Military Sexual Trauma Survivor".

I laugh when a coworker feigns surprise that I'm back
and remember how it felt to sleep for fifteen hours
the night prior while I dreamt of chasing my assailant
round and round the room begging for his attention
as if I hadn't just spent the last five years
a living memorial to both of our military careers.



Sun
by Alorha Baga



Kyoto Pan
by Joseph Doty

These Heels by Marisa Tipton

I have nowhere to be
I have no one to see
She is out like a light
And she was mostly a delight

I am typing this now
With a furrowed brow
Wearing these heels
Loneliness giving me chills

I was once driven and mad
With goals and dreams to be had
Now I am on my own
Pretending to be wanted and catching a whiff of his cologne

Knowing full and well
I was only under his spell
Recognizing my self worth
Like a whole new me is ready to be birthed

These heels have been stagnant
The owner consistently absent
Unable to show confidence
Especially not in abundance

But here I am today
No matter what, I'll be okay
Because I am a survivor
No longer under fire

Able to breathe
No longer able to deceive
My own worth and being
Ready to start believing

In the me
That is meant to be
The future life
To continue without strife

Feeling truly alone
No longer a Queen on her throne
The want for survival
A constant internal uprisal



Typhoon III (Two-Point Perspective)
by Darius Loera

Learning How to Pray

by Tyree Reed

As I, a little boy, went to bed every night,
My mother taught me how to pray.
She told me to pray when I got up every morning.
When I started reading the Bible,
The Bible taught me how to pray in a certain way.
I learned how to pray this special prayer,
Only by trusting in the living God.
I learned to have faith and believe in God
When I lifted up my hands to pray.
I know that when I prayed
This helped me build up my relationship with God.



A Rainy Day in Yatsushiro
by Joseph Doty

Praying gives me strength, motivates me, and sets me free.
Praying helps me to forgive people.
Praying fills me with his Holy Spirit
So that I can treat other people right.
I know that when I pray and praise God in the Highest,
Blessings come flowing down like a river.



Star Wars Tribute-Padme Amidala
by Elizabeth Hines



Star Wars Tribute-Rey
by Viviana Quezada-Ramirez



Frank Rocha
by Ethan Rocha



Three-Point Perspective (Disneyland)
by Viviana Quezada-Ramirez

Biographies

Sabrina Aguirre lives in Corcoran, California and is currently attending West Hills College Lemoore for a Studio Arts degree. She is also pursuing a career as a tattoo artist and building her art portfolio.

Alorha Baga resides on the Santa Rosa Rancheria. She has been creating art since childhood. Her focus is contemporary Native art and nature. She is scheduled to graduate in spring of 2021 with an AA in Studio Art.

Maria Cisneros is an aspiring character designer and animation artist from Hanford, California. She is currently studying for a degree in Studio Art. She loves to create and illustrate fan art from shows or video games. In addition, she creates characters and stories about them. Maria's inspiration comes from myths, legends, and the world around her.

Joseph Doty is a former participant of the JFT program, where he taught in Yatsushiro, Japan. He currently lives with two dogs who inspire much of his work during social distancing.

Maleina Harvey is from Danville, Illinois but now lives in Hanford. She has a 3-month-old daughter who resembles her more and more every day. She enjoys spending quality time with her family, journaling, and watching *911 Lonestar*.

Elizabeth Hines is from Lemoore, California. She focuses her studies on visual arts and history. Apart from drawing, painting, and some photography, she writes and is skilled in archery.

Amelia Lewis is a four-time RONE book award judge and book blogger who beta reads for self-publishing authors. She loves nothing more than a rainy day, a cup of tea, and a good book.

Darius Loera is an art major at West Hills College in Lemoore, California. His work is influenced by Japanese culture and architecture, specifically the Edo period and Hokusai books. His series depicts villagers running for refuge from an impending typhoon symbolized by the objects (i.e., papers) being blown away in the wind. Darius hopes to create conversation through culture, style, and media choice.

Richard Miller Jr. was born in 1984 in the small town of Hanford, California. He is an advocate for children and is currently working on a career and life path to serve both his little family of three and their community. Other joys in his life, besides writing, are cooking, working on cars, and spending as much time as he can with loved ones.

Mubarak Ndoley is a student at West Hills College in Lemoore, California. This artwork was focused on the theme of identity and was created for his final art appreciation project.

Biographies

Jay Oliveira is a nonbinary author and artist from Hanford, California. Their method of writing is focused on feelings more so than the story itself - while the two are often connected. Their work reflects their innermost intimate feelings, an invitation to their thought process. Writing for them is a release and helps for a better understanding of their emotions for both the reader and for themselves.

Viviana Quezada-Ramirez lives in Hanford, California. She enjoys watching international movies and reading romance and young adult novels. Viviana is striving to become an art teacher and hopes to have her art displayed in many art galleries. She spends most of her time drawing portraits of her favorite idols, actors, and anime characters.

Tyree Reed was born in Compton, California. He and his mother moved to Hanford when he was very young. He stayed for many years during his childhood life, and Hanford is where he resided and grew up. Now, Tyree lives in Lemoore with his mother, sister, niece, and nephew, and he has been living in Lemoore for four years in a residential neighborhood. Tyree's sister, niece, and nephew have a black Yorkie that is a little over a year old. The black beautiful Yorkie is the most precious thing in the house, which is a huge blessing to everyone.

Jacob Reina is a reading tutor living in Fresno. He has two children, one cat, and one dog.

Ethan Rocha was born in Salinas, California. He loves video games, art, and music. This work was created in tribute and respect to his grandfather.

Jesus Soto is from Corcoran, California. He expresses his creativity and worldview through art. Personal interests include animation, Anime, and Manga. He wants to become an animator for Pixar.

Marisa Tipton is from Texas and will soon be moving back from Visalia where she lives now. She is a veteran and a single mom of two.

Wren Wilson is originally from the American South and was stationed in the Central Valley while serving.



Panda Break by Jesus Soto

Kaleidoscope 2021
ENG 025 Creative Writing Students

Samuel Avina
Viviana Brenes
Nicholas Dibble
Yelsie Gomez
Gregory Gonzales Jr.
Lori Ann Hull
Dakota K. Macedo
Melvin Nalls
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Jacob Reina
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you can go anywhere™***