

Literature & Arts Magazine

PAN KU



The
H I S T O R Y
of
P A N K U

Starting circa 1964, Panku Magazine is a student run bi-annual literature and arts publication funded by Broward College. Our namesake is the Chinese God of Creation. Chinese mythology holds that Panku created the sun, the moon, the heavens and the earth. From Panku flew the wind and the thunder, and his fleas became the ancestors of man. Anyone endowed with creativity is said to be possessed by the spirit of Panku.



Submissions are accepted through our email at

pankumag@gmail.com

Contributors may visit our website for submission guidelines.

Broward.edu/Panku

Literature & Arts Magazine

**PAN
IKU**

VOL. 53 ISSUE II

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“Men and women and the
earth and all upon it are
simply to be taken as they are.”

Walt Whitman

EDITOR'S LETTER

Querido/a lector/a,

Bienvenido/a a la nueva edición de Panku. I am eager for you to explore a world of art and literature, a world of culture and perspective. Expression is fundamental; as we venture inward, we mature outward. We connect and share.

Our college comprises a rich and diverse and cultured student body. We understand that the multiplicity of culture, the variance of belief—in short, the world canvas we occupy—are vital wonders to be celebrated. So, we take this opportunity to draw attention to the following countries from which our editors, our contributors and their respective families emigrated: Argentina, Colombia, Cuba, Jamaica, México, Sweden, Ukraine, Venezuela, Vietnam. Nuestro equipo es uno de varios países. ¡Somos ricos en nuestra cultura!

We inhabit a time where safety is a concern. I reaffirm our belief in an equal and loving world—where every man, woman, and child has equal opportunity to pursue success and happiness and a better life, where they will not be denied a greater future based on the color of their skin or the nation from which they came. We embrace and thank the world for its hard-working and inspiring people; we exude gratitude that our contributors found their way to our magazine, that they felt compelled to create, that we shared our tangent in time; Latino, black, white, Asian; our team demographic is as fluid as the waves of historic immigrants landing at America's shore.

Readers of our past issue may recognize a conceptual difference in this issue. We have curated the pieces in movement toward light. We mean to say that we carry hope within us. We will not be inundated with negativity, nor will we surrender to despair. Rather, we will continue to live our lives with principle and with love.

As such, our love goes out to Neil Cohen, Associate VP of Student Affairs, to Jennifer Shapiro and Camille Keating for their overall awesomeness, to Paul Davis for keeping Downtown on lock, to Angel Clyman, to Toni Lewis, to Jan Johnson, to Teresa Diehl, to Marjetta Geerling, the entire WHC IT staff, especially Brian Kingston, to Sigma Kappa Delta, to Richard Toumey, to Maria Antunes, to Alvaro Cruz, to Victoria Mohan, and to our vigilant advisor, Vicky Santiesteban.

We welcome you into our diversities and our abstractions. Vos entras a la passion del artista estudiante. Buena suerte.

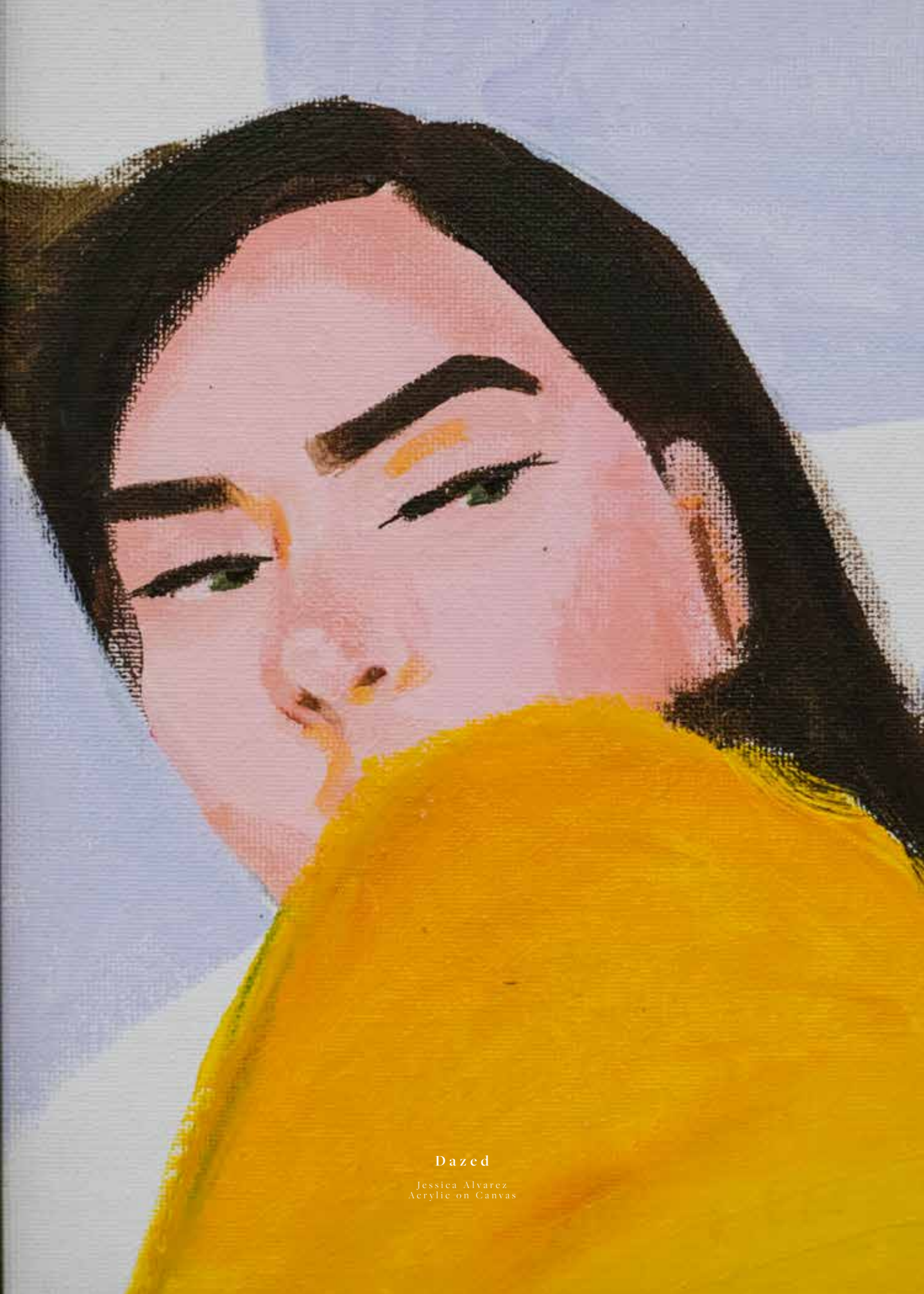
Faithfully yours,

Mauricio Correa
Editor-in-Chief
Pan Ku Magazine

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Mauricio', written over a light blue horizontal line. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'M' and a long, sweeping tail.

“Pero huelo la dulzura que recorre las calles, que me recuerdan que estoy en casa. Esa misma dulzura saboreo en mi cuerpo, en forma la única inocencia.”

A Través del Cuerpo de una Inmigrante



Dazed

Jessica Alvarez
Acrylic on Canvas



Abrupt Ebb

Briyana Butler
Bamboo, Paint



21 Autumn Street

Shamar Harriott

Imagine them.
Last century's slaves,
settlers from

another time. Building
this city, brick after red brick. I have come
to fill you with song.

I am
no Indian. There
is no

massacre waiting out
here. I am no Chechen. I bring no bombs.
I bring only these pills.

These angels
of a happy
life. It

is cold outside.
I climb the stairs to your warm museum. Behind
each stone door a woman

is praying
the rosary. A
different room,

a different woman.
A different agony. Driver, which way is Mercy Street?
I am late for my

conference with
Mrs. Death. Has
she telephoned?

The Chinawoman has
been in her pajamas all day. She has locked
her baby in the Crock-Pot

and she
is crying for
him. For

his interminable sickness,
his bald head. His flesh the color of lichens
bursting under the sun. Her

husband only
smiles. He misunderstands
the language.

I walk the
Freedom Trail and listen for those old spirituals. In
the North End I eat

pastries and
stare at Paul
Revere's house.

I go to
see the place where witches used to hang. I
am looking for something. A

woman asks
if I mean
to be

in Beacon Hill,
and I ask where the nearest chapel is. I
am lost, driver. I have

been out
searching for God.
But all

I have found
is this windowed womb and this woman in pajamas weeping
for her Wendigo spirit. This

city is
all buildings. It
asphyxiates me.



Ghastly

Pamela Solares
Film Photography

Antes.

Soy una niña.
Amo mi país.
Lo toco, y siento su calidez.
Veo la preocupación de mi familia reflejada en sus caras,
Y escucho la rabia y el miedo en la voz de la gente;
Pero huelo la dulzura que recorre las calles,
Que me recuerdan que estoy en casa.
Esa misma dulzura saboreo en mi cuerpo;
En forma, la única inocencia
Que me permite ignorar lo que escucho y veo.

A Través del Cuerpo de una Inmigrante

Alejandra Márquez Janse

Durante.

Soy una adolescente.
Le temo a mi país.
Todavía lo toco, pero ahora es distante,
Como si se escapara de mis dedos
Sin dejarme aferrarme a él.
Veo las lágrimas de mi mamá;
Sabe que no puede quedarse,
Pero irse duele más.
Escucho los gritos, las bombas, los disparos, y los llantos;
Ya ignorados no pueden ser.
Huelo la sal marina
Al acercarme a las puertas de embarque.
Saboreo la sal de mis propias lágrimas
Que acentúa todo lo que escucho y veo.

Después.

Soy una adulta.
Aunque, quizás, todavía soy una niña.
Extraño mi país.
Ya no puedo tocarlo.
Veo a mis papás luchar por encajar,
Y lo único que escucho es este lenguaje desconocido
Que todo el mundo aparenta entender menos yo.
Huelo estas calles extranjeras,
Recordandome lo que he dejado;
Y saboreo la amargura de la nostalgia,
Que intensifica todo lo que soy y siento.

Through the Body of an Immigrant

Alejandra Márquez Janse

Before.

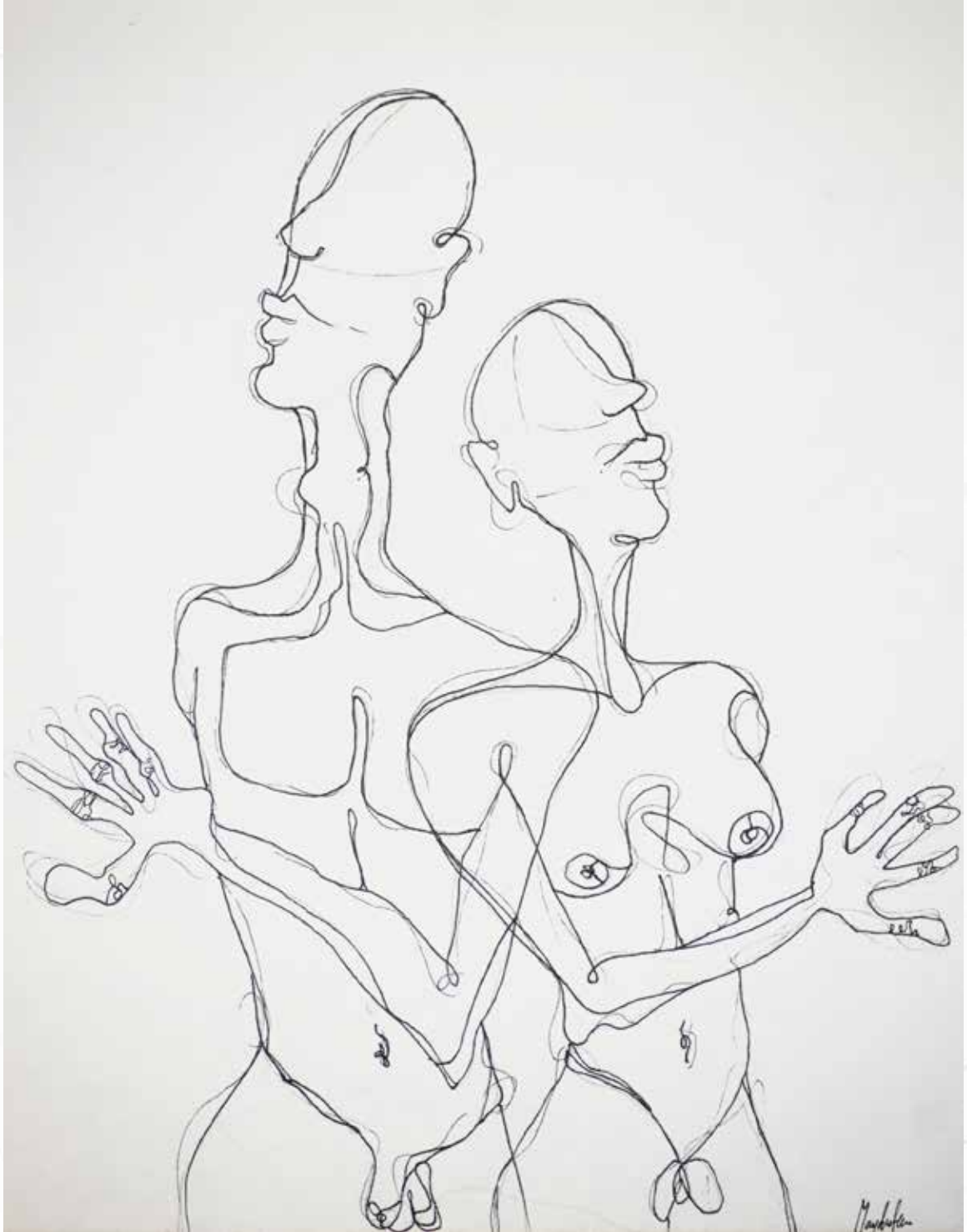
I am a child.
I love my country.
I touch it and feel its warmth.
I see my family's worry reflected on their faces.
And I hear people's voices full of rage and fear.
Yet I smell the sweetness around the streets,
Reminding me that I am home.
That same sweetness I taste in my body
Is the only innocence that permits me to ignore what I hear and see.

During.

I am an adolescent.
I fear my country.
I still touch it but feel distant from it,
As if it was slipping through my fingers
Without letting me hold on.
I see my mother's tears—
She knows that she can't stay,
But leaving hurts more.
I hear the screams, the bombs, the shots, and the cries—
They can't be ignored anymore.
I smell and taste the brackish sea
As I approach the boarding gates.
I taste the salt from my own tears
That accentuate everything I hear and see.

After.

I am an adult.
But maybe I am still a child.
I miss my country.
I can't touch it anymore.
I see my parents' struggle to fit in,
And all I hear is this unknown language
That everyone seems to understand but me.
I smell these foreign streets
That remind me of what I left behind.
I taste the sourness of nostalgia
That intensifies all that I am and all that I feel.



Untitled

Magdalena Van Thienen
Ink and Graphite

G I R L

By Michelle Wright

Wash the white clothes on Sunday, and put some bleach; wash the colored clothes after that, and put none; clean the house on Friday, first the living room, then the kitchen, then the bathroom; when cleaning the living room, straighten up the couch, but not before sweeping underneath; mop, but not before dusting; do not forget to dust the picture frames; when cleaning the kitchen, wipe the counters, but not before the dishes, start with the cups, then the plates and bowls; wash the pots and pans after that, if you do not have any pots or pans, then something is wrong; this is how you clean your room, so it looks presentable; this is how to not make it look like a pigsty; cook soup on Saturday, chicken or red peas only, and rice and peas on Sunday, use fresh coconuts when you can; this is how you grate coconuts, and this is how you blend them afterwards; this is how

you strain it once you are done, but not before you blend it again; start preparing dinner around twelve o'clock, but not before you cook and serve breakfast; clean up after yourself, you are not a pig; this is how you send the wrong impression; this is how you set the table for breakfast, use paper plates and utensils; unless it is Sunday, then use glass; this is how not to drop the plates; and this is how you clean up when you do; cook ackee and saltfish on Saturday, and porridge on Sunday, cornmeal only; on Mondays and Fridays, make egg sandwiches; don't forget the plantains; make chocolate tea on some days, and make mint on the others; this is how you pick fresh mint from outside, and this is how to pick fever grass; this is how you cut the plantain to serve two, and this is how you cut it to serve ten; this is how you stir the cornmeal so it doesn't burn you, and this is what to do when it does; make rum punch and carrot juice for Sunday dinners; this is how you blend the carrots, and this is how not to make it so sweet; this is how not to mess it up, and this is what to do when you do; this is how you scale fish so it does not get on you, this is what to do when it does; and this is how you season it; fry fish outside, not in the house; season your pork the night before, but only if you're jerking it; this is how you cut onions so you do not cry, and this is how you to stop if you do; Saturdays and Sundays are TV days, but for no more than four hours; Mondays to Fridays focus on school, don't even look at the television; when in school, pay attention; ask questions if needed, but don't be a smart ass; don't steal the spotlight; this is how to make sure you are seen; this is how you become top of your class, and this is how you fail; if you fail, this is how you pray I don't find out, and this is how you tell me; don't fight, unless necessary, this is how you make sure you win; this is how you stay out of trouble; and this is how you get into trouble; this is how you become sneaky, and this is what to do when you are not sneaky enough; This is how you throw a punch, and this is how you dodge one; this is what you do if you get a black eye, and this is how you cover it up; this is how not to focus on friends, we are all the

friends you will need; this is how you educate yourself; an uneducated woman sends the wrong impression, unless you are just trying to be ignorant; this is how you assert your dominance, and this is how you tell others what to do; do not speak loud; respect your elders; be mindful; do not talk back; do not argue; have some class, otherwise, you will send the wrong impression; listen, unless what you are being told makes no sense; then only pretend to listen; when you leave the house; this is how you behave; this is how you sit at a counter; this is how you hail a taxi, and this is how you hail a taxi when in a rush; this is how you order food at a restaurant, and this is how you wait for your date to pay the check; this is how to kiss someone good night without sending the wrong impression; this is how you break up with someone after you are done; this is how someone breaks up with you when they are done; this is how not to get hurt; this is how to hurt someone else; this is how you apologize if you are wrong, and this is how you apologize when you are right; this is how you say I told you so; love everyone you come in contact with, not physically but symbolically, this is another bad impression; this is how you love someone; this is how you hate them; this is how you make up your mind, and this is how you change it; this is how you be patient, things take time; this is how to make sure you are not too patient, you don't have all the time in the world; this is how not to rush yourself; this is how not to rush everything else; nothing good comes in a rush; this is how to tell when you are in love, this is how to tell when you love someone, and this is how you know the difference; make sure it is true; sticking to one person's love takes time, it does not occur right away; this is how to not bounce around from lover to lover, like you might want to; this is how you enjoy life; this is how to not have regrets, they only slow you down; this is how to make mistakes, plenty of them; this is how to explore the unknown,

do the unexpected.



The Beauty Is In Me I

Karina Era
Oil on Canvas

The Beauty Is In Me II

Karina Era
Oil on Canvas





In The Dark

Giancarlo Fantauzzi
Film Photography

“What scars of battle his mind has borne...
— He deplores mankind in his thoughts,
his core, and knows for fact—
there’s no God in War.”

Red Desert Rose

NOT YOUR USUAL BEDTIME STORY

By Alejandra Márquez Janse

Arrow is not scared of the monsters hiding under his bed. He is scared of the tall, muscular figures that have entered his room many times before. He is scared of their machines that blow up buildings and cause more harm than fangs and claws. He is scared of their vehicles that carry people away to foreign places more dangerous than other dimensions. He is scared of the figures who beat and harmed his older sister before taking her away in gigantic vehicles. He is scared of their brutal strength and unknown weapons that hurt his father to death.

Arrow is not scared of a monster's snarl either. He is scared of the figures' voices and how they make his mother scream. He is scared of the noises when the figures arrive—alarms ringing, bombs blasting, planes rumbling, buildings crashing, orders blended with cries for mercy. He is scared of the silence when they leave, the mute sound of death and defeat, the smell of blood and smoke that lingers in the streets. Unlike any other child, Arrow is not scared of monsters grabbing his foot while he sleeps. Instead, he is scared that humans will take his life away while he is awake.



Spirit

Shamar Harriott

He has moved through you the
way light moves through stolid
glass, washed you like dew
from grass in a rain storm.

And what have I done but walk
tea leaves looking for a god
and a reason?

Mysticism is lost on you—
I watch you rage shut
and distill a fire

and empty your soul
of charms and spells.
I watch you shatter
like a moonbeam
in the heart of morning.
You quail like a
cactus in an iron kiss.

Empty mud house,
hearth of bone.

My heart calcifies
like a fingerbone
in its velvet rage.

You told me once
that you felt like Lilith—
you could never be as weak as Eve.
You could never be a
seashell waiting for a sea.
You could never carry
an alabaster jar
or live at a man's feet.

But, the spirit of the Black Madonna
has been cast out. St. Anne has gone
to her housewives and you have
gone to salt and broken apart.
Now, you are only fragments
in a stagnant sky.

Once, you were the heart
of some moving thing—but he has taken that from you.
You are petrified
beneath your bandages.
He strips you.
Like ink, he empties himself into
the memory of you.



What Can I Be?

Michael Lozano
Digital Photography

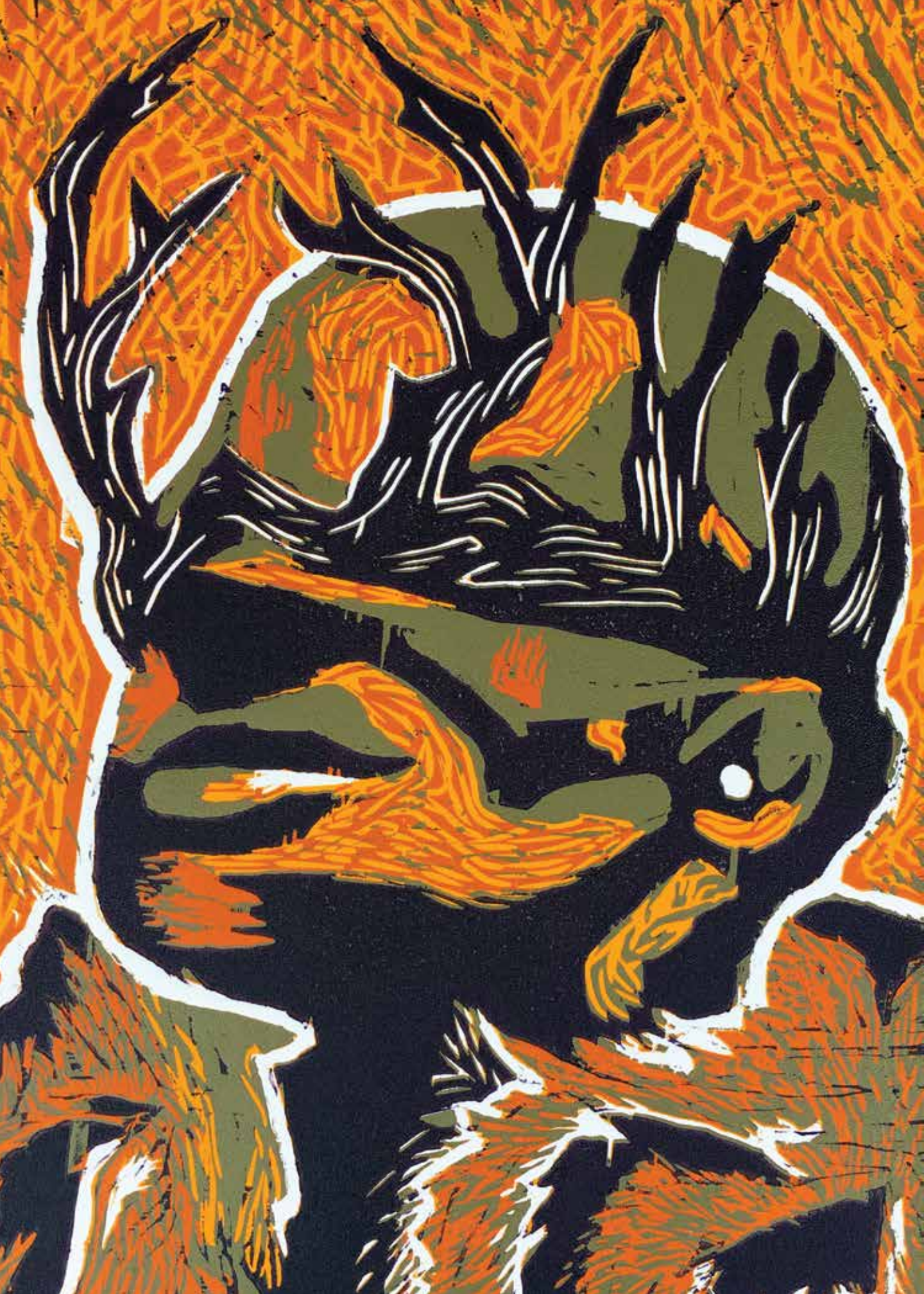




Monotype

Oleksandra Sinkova
Acrylic Diptych on Canvas





Red Desert Rose

James M. Partain

The wind swept swiftly across the desert floor
as pungent jet fuel stung his nose.
At the rear of the plane they lowered the door.

His first true glimpse at the horrors of war.
A uniform stained as bright as a rose.
It was no longer fake, no longer folklore.

One friend lay dead, one tattered and torn.
His ideals lay beside them, now juxtaposed.
He'd lost his friends, and esprit de corp.

It was then he resolved to settle the score.
From the brown dust desert floor, arose
the need for vengeance, to make the enemy his whore.

His heart and resolve, his implements of war.
He looked down with peace at the enemy's death throes.
He took a father, or a son on a faraway shore.

What scars of battle his mind has borne.
He looks in the mirror, but can't face the gaze.
He thinks of mankind with much deplore,
and knows for a fact, there's no God in War.

Opposite page

Hectic King

Josh Emanuel
Reductive Woodcut Print



Amalie

Michael Lozano
Digital Photography

Stå Aldrig Still

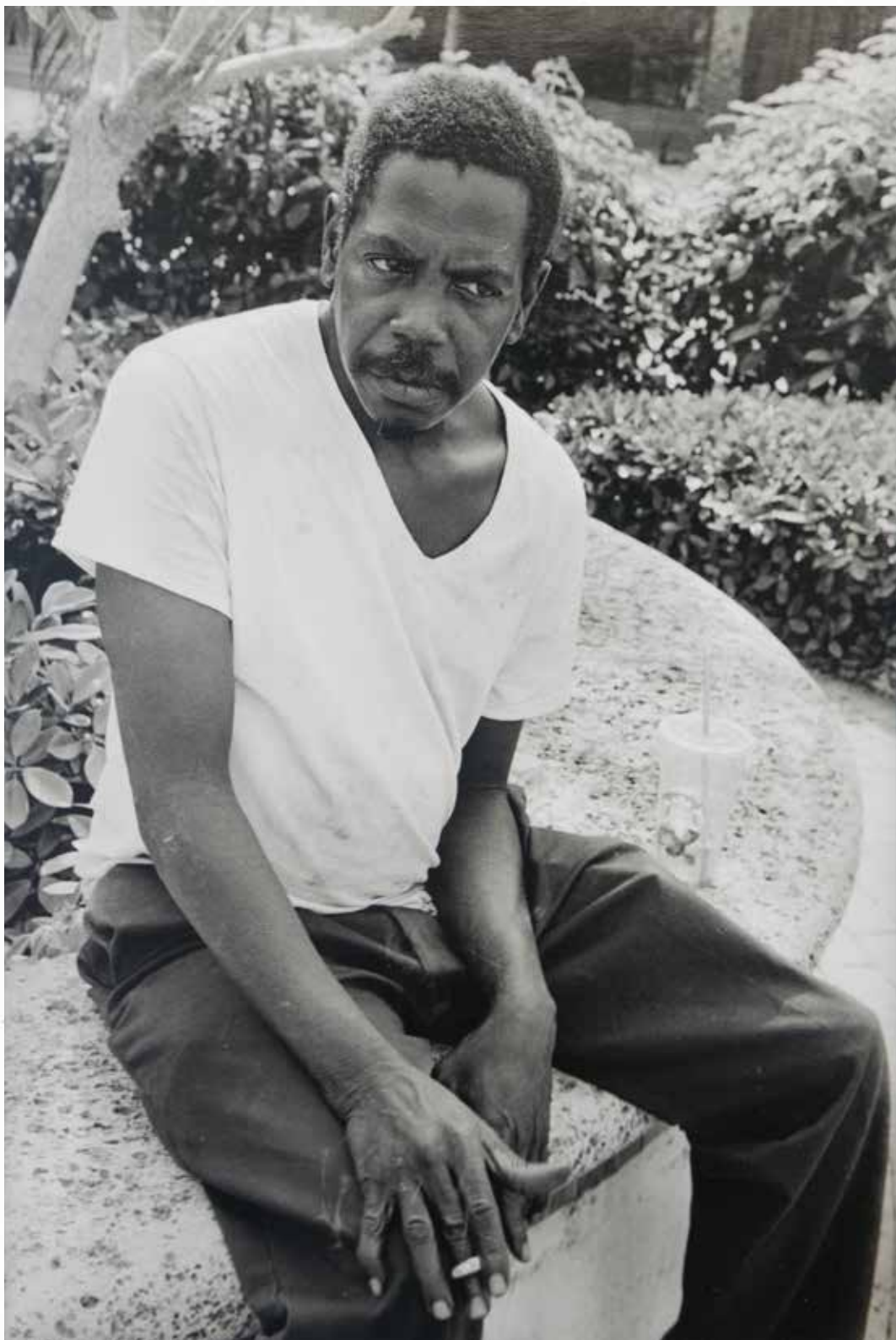
Mirjam Frosth

i stood
on wet cobblestone in kalmar
and saw spraypaint
scrawled across the side of h&m.

it said
stå aldrig still.
(never stand still.)

i laughed, took a picture, went back to the station,
and fidgeted the entire ride home.





What Do You Fear?

Sarah Garcia
Film Photography

Rejection

Colleen Kastner

Kitchen scented with roasted garlic
Silverware and white dishes glow
In the last of the candlelight
Flickering like the television
That shouldn't be on

Fresh floral sheets on your single bed
Crisp untouched covers pulled back
Just in case you changed your mind
A single pink rose on the nightstand
Stands alone in a crystal vase

Smiling faces in laughing crowds
Social selfies silly posed groups
Champagne toasts raised glasses
Perhaps they thought
I already had plans.





Lounge

Briyana Butler
Digital Photography

“I know my destination is home and if
there’s anywhere to belong
It’s where your soul is shown clear
and the streets are alive
Under the sun.”

Wanderer



Life As We Know It

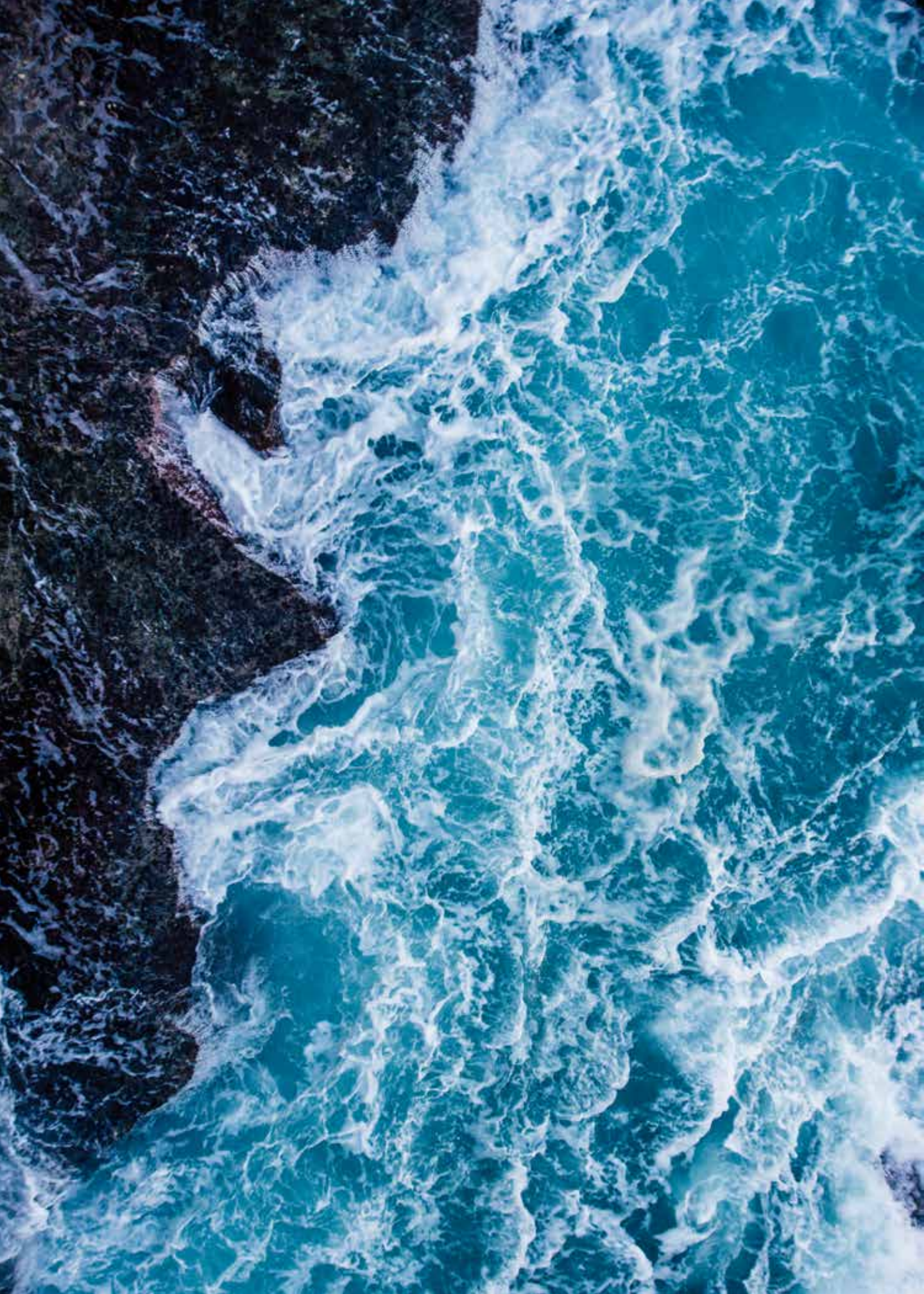
Victoria Mohan
Digital Photography





Apollo and the Gulls

Aaron Stefan
Mixed Media



Wanderer

Leah Fleurimond

Time will tell all these things that I have done.
Watered down or swollen, the mouth will tell.
Along blurry trees and the open road unknown,
My roadtrip blues play the bass to them too,
And Lovesong strums softly across my fingers.

Orange groves and cattle breezes,
A surprise, you call me in the middle of the night
I can't wait to get home, I say,
Though indeed I am leaving it.

In every river, marsh, and hidden valley
I wonder of the secrets that creep among the lichens,
bark, and footprints.
Secrets known by all
Who care to see the stars visible in daylight.

I am going where this highway takes me,
Everywhere I will go, as the wandering soul I am is distant,

Deep, dark blue and white showers of mist.
I know my destination is home and if there's anywhere to belong,
It's where your soul is shown clear and the streets are alive
Under the sun.

Opposite page

Untitled

Ryan Ramkissoon
Digital Photography



Translucent

Magdalena Van Thienen
Acrylic on Canvas

Buoyant View

Thomas Alford

The gentle cotton of the day—
Look down on hawk and eagle flight,
From where the harps of cherubs play.

With dinosaurs— and lions too! Upon the kindly breeze you lay.
Sometimes a gray, most often white,
The gentle cotton of the day.

You waltz above gold fields of hay
And peep from lofty heaven height
From where the harps of cherubs play.

How vast and broad your awesome splay—
What power thine, in lily white?
The gentle cotton of the day.

For now, no cannonade, no white to gray,
No crashing discharge makes a fright.
From where the harps of cherubs play.

O' gentle fleece, look down on clay,
Then, with zephyr's breath, take flight.
The gentle cotton of the day—
Where the harps of cherubs play.



Ballerinas of Harrison Bergeron

Fernando Agustín Henin
Acrylic on Canvas



Little eye, little arms swollen with
morphine. Little queen on a throne of tubes.
Your crown is a blue light and
your scepter is a machine.

You beep, beep, beep.

Small thing, small Thumbelina
shut up in a silicone flower, we want to free you.
Like sparrows
we beat our wings against your prison—

all you can do is blink.



Pure

Sarah Garcia
Film Photography



ARTIST BIOS

Photography

Giancarlo Fantauzzi is a photographer that has won an award for his piece 'In The Dark' and been featured in the Central Campus Gallery.

Sarah Garcia is a photographer currently working towards her degree in Business so that she may open her own photography studio.

Michael Lozano looks to sounds and foreign places for inspiration. He is a film buff and aspires to one day be Director of Photography.

Victoria Mohan is inspired by the ups and downs of the human condition. Her hope is to thrill all walks of life through her photography.

Ryan Ramkissoon is completing his AA and transferring to study cinematography. He loves to work with new and interesting people.

Literature

Thomas Alford seeks to further advance his artform and talent after receiving his AA degree.

Leah Fleurimond is a writer aspiring to inspire. She enjoys old records, photography, dogs, and above all contrite poetry.

Shamar Harriott is a two-time winner of the Robert Meek Memorial Writing Contest and currently writing his first novel.

Alejandra Márquez Janse is a Venezuelan dual enrollment student. Her biggest aspirations is to become a writer, journalist, or school teacher.

Colleen Kastner is a creative writing and art student from South Africa. A former journalist, she is currently working on her first novel.

James M. Partain bases his writing from his experiences as an Infantryman. He hopes to use his writing to help future generations of veterans.

Michelle Wright is a Jamaican psychology major and is currently finishing her final semester at Broward College.

A r t

Jessica Alvarez is inspired by colors, music, fashion, and people. Her art is a reflection of that.

Briyana Butler is a designer eager to learn new mediums and meet new creatives.

Josh Emanuel loves illustrating using traditional methods and exploring new ideas. His true passion lies in graphic design.

Karina Era is an artist of Uzbekistan decent. Her artworks strives as a reminder that "in art, there is beauty... and it can heal."

Fernando Agustín Henin is an Argentinian artist who began creating at age 10. Since then, he has sold numerous art pieces around America.

M. Mendez is an artist with hopes of becoming a creative director or gallery curator and above all, a master in every artform.

Oleksandra Sinkova is an experimental artist creating art with different styles and forms. 'Monotype' is inspired by her sister, Alina.

Magdalena Van Thienen appreciates deep conversations, sharing art with friends, thrift shops, and tea. She is not an artist, but an artisan.

Mauricio Correa

Editor-in-Chief



Antonella Avogadro

Associate Editor



Cameron Walsh

Managing Editor



Michael Nguyen

Layout Designer



Alexandra Berlin

Film Editor



Mirjam Frosth

Literary Editor



Christopher Jenkins

Art Editor



Maya Rollinson

Staff



A misty forest landscape with evergreen trees and a bright sky. The text "PAN KU" is overlaid in a white, elegant serif font.

*PAN
KU*

