

Bang & Whimper 2019

Dominican
College

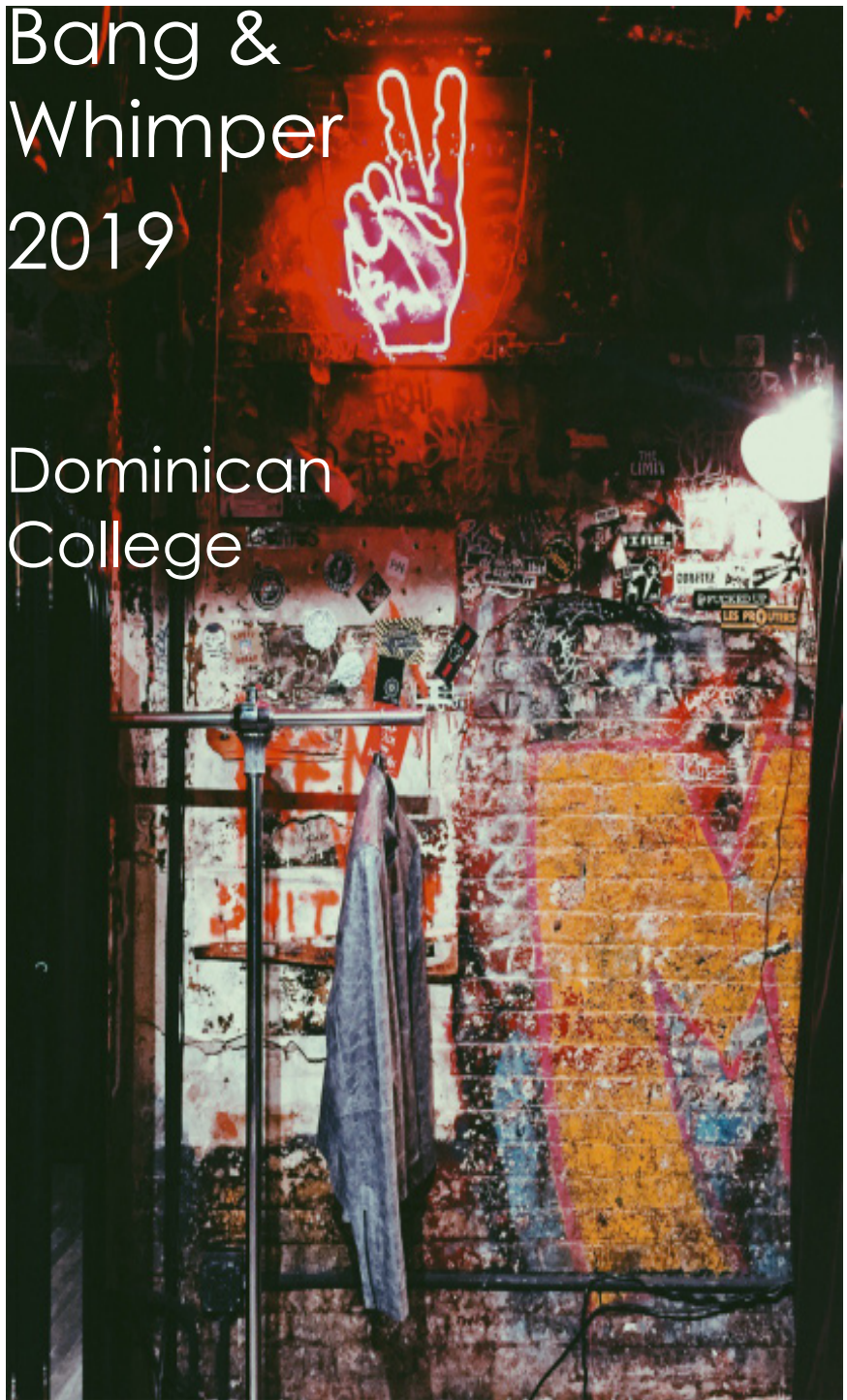


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Pointing Fingers
By Kirsorrie Gordon

Choose friends wisely,
Cliche isn't it?
So why does everyone still get it wrong?
As humans,
We talk,
Delay the action,
And expect to have success.

Well that's why our best friend told lies about us.
That's why our best friend slept with our lover.
That's why our best friend purposely controlled us for
the insecurities.
That's why our best friend took every good out of us
and turned us bitter to the one friend who will never
fulfill evil deeds.

So, what now?

Trust issues.
We have trust issues.
Yet we were warned by our parents that,
They were not good to be around.
Hey even the Bible says to associate wisely.
People turned against us,
They smelled the horrible intentions of our best friend.
But we still see the good in our best friend.

We sit and regret all the personal truths,
We shared.
We feel exposed.
We feel stabbed.
But who do we think we are to feel sorry for ourselves?
We have no right to.

Get mad at me if you want.
Realize people always reveal their heart condition,
As simply through their actions.
From the first day we meet them.
We deny their ways and make excuses.

And guess what?
That is why we have many other issues in our lives.
We are the ones who show the vulnerability.
Stop being naïve.

Agape
By GinaMarie Skokos

Her soft curls wrap around my fingers as I hold her head
on my chest
Beneath her is her tensions she has released
My stomach starts to unwind its knotted vines and frees
the butterflies
Her lips are parted ever so slightly, and her eyes begin
to close
Her breathing slows, and I realize
I am her sanctuary and she is my home

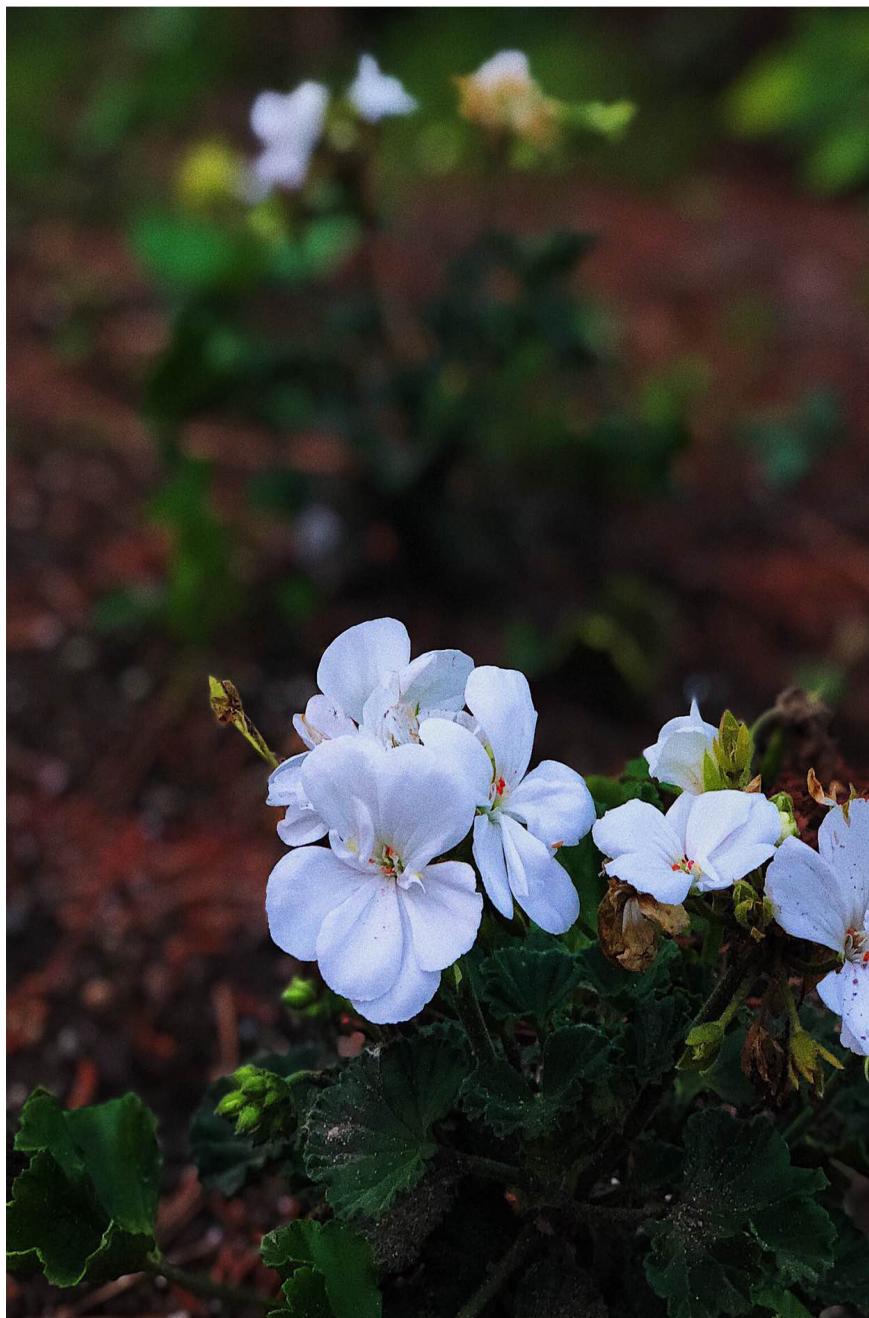


Photo By Taphara Brize

An Excerpt From *Today's Tomorrow*
By Jordan Iacobucci

THE STORY: The Howard family struggles as they deal with news that a young boy up the street was shot and killed in an armed robbery gone wrong.

James, the concerned father, chooses to lie to his three children about what happened, telling them that the rumors are nothing more than a cruel joke, rather than tell them the tragic truth. In a heated discussion at dinner, James's wife and father try to talk some sense into him...

SCENE 5 - KITCHEN – NIGHT

The three children have been sent away from the dinner table, leaving the adults to talk.

JAMES

What was that look about?

POPS

You can't hide it from them forever, James! And what will they think when they find out at school that it wasn't a joke? Not only will they realize that they lost a classmate, but they've been lied to too!

JAMES (*angrily*)

How am I supposed to tell my children that the world that they live in is a dark and dangerous place? How do I tell them that everything will be alright? Even I don't believe that anymore!

MIRANDA

We shouldn't keep things from them, Jimmy. Pops is right.

JAMES

Not you too, Miranda.

MIRANDA

All I'm saying is that one way or another, they're going to find out. Wouldn't you rather they find out the right way?

JAMES

Maybe. But I'm not ready for that yet. Look at them, they're still innocent! I don't want them to lose that-not yet.

MIRANDA

We don't have forever, Jimmy. They'll hear about it at school tomorrow.

JAMES

If you think I'm sending my children out in that world tomorrow, then you're crazy!

POPS

So, what're you going to do? Keep them holed up in this apartment for the rest of their lives?

JAMES

If that's what it takes!

MIRANDA

Honey, you're being irrational!

JAMES

Am I the one that's irrational? Or is it the world out there that's irrational?

MIRANDA

Jimmy-

JAMES(*the anger welling up*)

No! Miranda, I go out in that world every single day, and I see things that churn my stomach! People living on the streets! Everyone always looking over their shoulder, never knowing when the knife will stab them in the back! (his voice begins to break) And it's always been like this, hasn't it? People have always been this way! From the earliest days... each other.
(strengthening his voice)

We kill each other off. That's what humans do with the intelligence we have. We use it to eliminate everyone who disagrees with us and, at the end of the day, we laugh!

Because, deep down, we are vile creatures, made to be killers! *(There is a silence that hovers over the room.)*

POPS

Boy, you know that everything you just said is crazy, don't you?

JAMES

Is it, Dad? You should know! You saw worse things than I ever did when you were in Vietnam. You know what mankind is capable of.

POPS

You're right, son. I did. I saw things that I won't soon forget. And when I got back, I was in the same place that you're at now.

JAMES

Then you should see th-

POPS *(voice suddenly raised)*

NOW YOU LET ME SPEAK, BOY!

(James and Miranda are startled by the sudden outburst.)

POPS (CONT'D) *(Calmer)*

When I got back from Vietnam, I swore to myself that I would never bring a child into this world... because I didn't want any child of mine to have to see the things that I saw. That all changed when I met your mother, James. She was the first thing in a long time that made me happy again. She showed me that things can be good, no matter how bad the world outside may seem. She eventually talked me into having a child. And do you know what? That was the best decision of my entire life. When you were born, you became my life. And yet, if I'd had my own way, you would have never even existed.

JAMES

What's your point, Pops?

POPS

My point is this: you're never going to be able to stop all the bad things that happen in the world. You can't control any of that. But you can control yourself. You can't let fear control you. Don't let your fear keep you from living your life, or from letting your children live theirs.

JAMES

Well that's all fine and good, Pops, but how am I supposed to do that?

POPS

Have a little faith, son.

JAMES

In what?

POPS

In tomorrow.

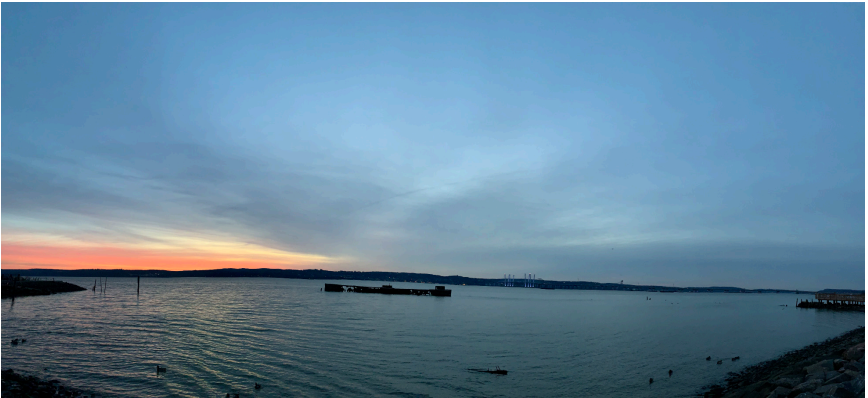


Photo By Derek Bansil

L I Have to Take
By Jordan Bernacet

It's not you, it's me.
Freedom brought temptation and
My dumbass thought this was easy.

The warm lies covered a cold truth
Our heat changed with the seasons
Now I don't have any more blankets for you.

I thought this was something I could handle
The fire faded and I couldn't find the wick,
There was nothing left to light our candle.

We tried and tried to figure this out
I love you but
I lied and lied now I have to do without.

You are an Angel and a Saint
I wish you nothing but the best.
Time for me to go, this is an L I have to take.

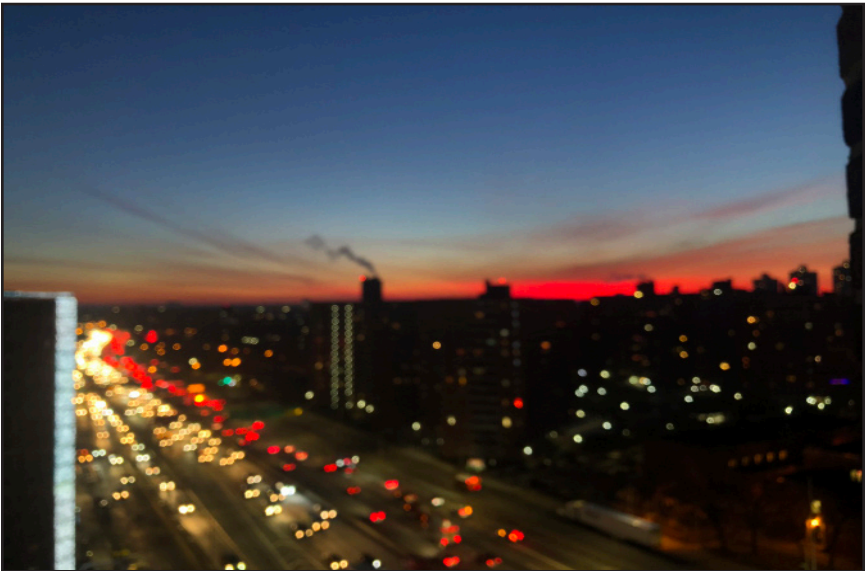


Photo By Lauren Wilkins



Photo By Lauren Wilkins

Nights Like These

By Malia Catalina Robinson

Nights like these I want to hold you,
Get to know the old you
And everything in between.
I want to share with you my dreams,
Only you know what they mean,
You take apart my every seem
Just to stitch me back up.
You showed me that I could be loved
But that's what messed me up.
Because on nights like these
The bed is empty.
Which leaves plenty
Of space for me to think about
Why you're not here.



Photo By Christine Ditzel

Kisses and Mugs
By Lacey Spampanato

Steam rises from her lip, dancing with the scent of sweet
Earl Gray
Her body is unremarkable yet the peace she gives him
is unmatched.
His coarse palm rests along her side, lightly grazing
her handle
Their lips meet and both their needs are met
She has been used
While he has been awakened
He places her in the sink to be cleansed
Only to then return her to her rightful place
She rests in solidarity on the shelf
Waiting to be needed once more

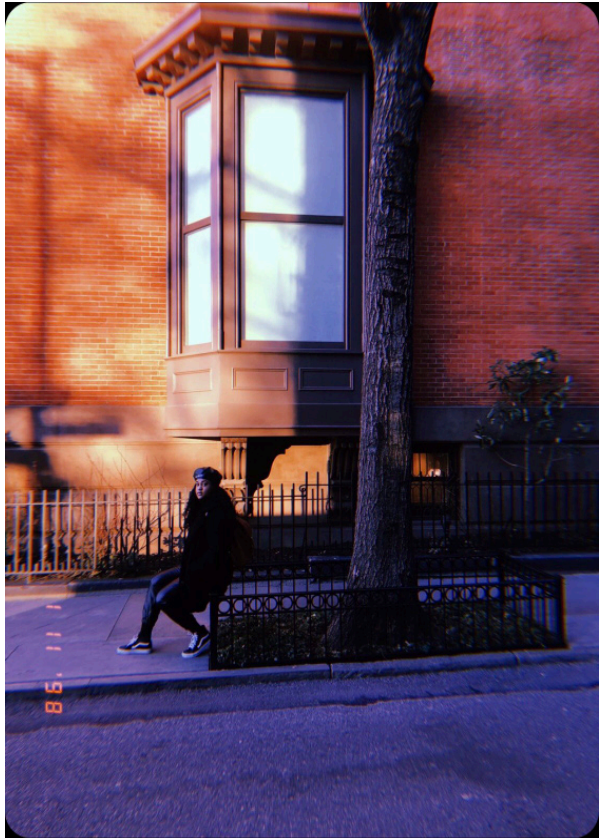


Photo By Lauren Wilkins

I'm Not a Love Poet
By Luis Bermudez

I'm not a love poet
But if I was I would be able to
Describe you the way art critics describe
The Mona Lisa, breathtakingly beautiful,
A work of art, a piece to inspire the future artist,
Easy on the eyes, a masterpiece that will never be forgotten
But instead my hand cramps and all the similes and
metaphors I had just vanish without a trace
And I forget how to write and my creative intuition ceases
to exist. And I just sit there smiling and staring at the paper
like an idiot.

I'm not a love poet
But if I was i would be able to walk right up to you and tell
you that every time you speak your voice is one of the most
beautifully composed symphonies ever written, that every
time you look in my direction my heart forgets how to work,
that your eyes twinkle and shine like a pair of new diamonds
in a jewelry store, or how every time I get to catch a glimpse
of you, I can't help but think damn god does
make miracles happen.
And I don't even believe in a god that much
But instead, I panic my brain shuts down and the only words
I can muster up are "Hi, how are you?"

I'm not a love poet
But if I was I would be able to answer when my friends ask
"what it is that makes you so fascinating to me?" why every
time you occupy my thoughts like wall street, I start to swoon.
How every time you glance in my direction my heart forgets
to send oxygen to my entire body. How every time you talk
to me my train of thought crashes and burns. How every time
you walk past me you send the butterflies in my stomach
on a rampage.
But I myself have yet to figure out that answer.

I have yet to figure out why you captive my mind or how
your smile captivates me
Tho I'm not a love poet
If I woke up tomorrow
Wanting to write a love poem
It would be about you.



Photo By Cynthia Castro

The Fire Department
By Scot Orser

Big red trucks and heavy gear
Every call, we`re always here
No snow days, no holidays
We sit and wait to run into a blaze

Fires, car accidents, and so much more
We can breach any door
A job for few, a lifestyle for many
Some don't even make a penny

Some Volunteer, some paid
We even do first aid
True heroes don't wear capes
A job that truly keeps you in shape

We do engine, we do ladder
The type of call, doesn't matter
Family away from family, home away from home
The big bumpers, with shiny chrome

My life, my world
Run into hell, battle the underworld
As soon as the tones drop
Whatever were doing we stop

Loud sirens, that deep air horn
I knew what I wanted to do, from when I was born
A dream come true
I love my job, do you?

Lauren Wilkins



Photo By Lauren Wilkins

Wonder Woman's Quiet Battle
By Taphara Brize

How will you feel if Wonder Woman falls on her
golden sword?
Can you hear her loud silence?
She's bleeding sadness, can't you see that?
Can you even see her crawling in her skin?
I bet you don't know anything about her Quiet Battle.
The battle where it is her against the world,
Her smiling to keep you warm,
Her ignoring how badly you're painting her personality,
Her ignoring your mud-slinging,
Her hollering about how deeply you're stirring a knife
in her wounds,
Her inundating her pillow at night because you said she
does not meet the standards
Because her skin color, her beauty, her religion, and her
sexual orientation are different
from your perfect illusion.
Can you accept the fact that the strongest isn't strong
all the time?
Most importantly, can you please swallow your mean
tongue, cleanse your
evil heart, and respect this warrior goddess?

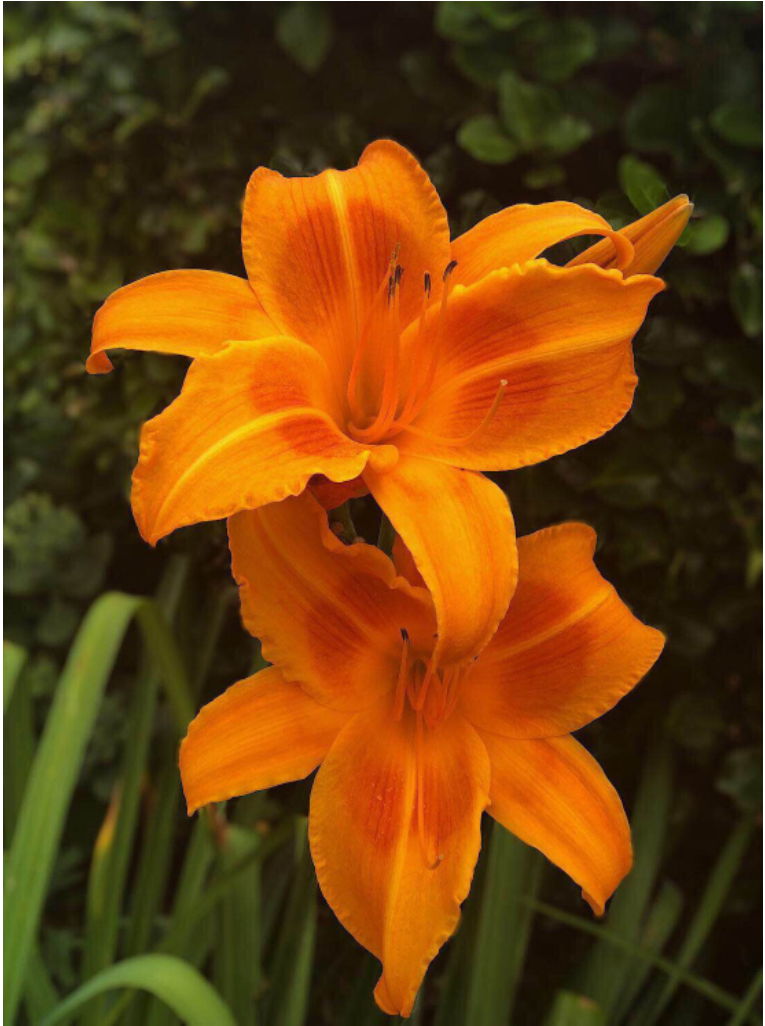


Photo By Taphara Brize

Sound Sacrifice
By Christine Ditzel

Four run rampant.
Meager monsters, harbingers of havoc.
They howl for food
Sling outbursts to and fro
Discard toys and schoolwork everywhere
And seek the spotlight
Stealing what's left of my life-force.
Clothes dress the ground and sofa
Masking the dry bottles left unhidden
'Til I go a-foraging,
My trail of breadcrumbs
The undressed wood.
You are landlocked on the couch
I navigate schools, waitressing, and motherhood
Not to mention fatherhood
While he drifts somewhere lost to time
Though I am called 'Sister.'
Why don't you leave too?



Photo By Lauren Wilkins

The Forgotten Soul
By Dominique Alexandre

The flames burn the tears that flow down my eyes. The air tingles my hair that rest on my shoulders. The grass protects my bare feet from the cracking pavement. Where do I go from here? I'm left with the aching pain in my soul. The fire increases, my heart begins to pound. "Lord... save me, I promise I'll make the right decision next time." Suddenly I'm underwater. How? The flams have disappeared and I'm drowning. I close my eyes and let my body go. My inner slow emerges and I'm free from the pain. I open my eyes... to my surprise I'm home, where I belong.

my toxic marriage with depression
By Erin Briggs

and here he comes again
dancing as if he's never left and
I know that this was imminent,
his return, his inescapable fire
I cannot do much but let him enter
It is no longer my fight,
stones lined in my shoes, ball and
chain suffocating me, helplessly helpless,
I know I'm going to drown, with no time
to breathe in
how am I to ask for help when it's my
own fault
I'm sinking into him,
no one can stop us now

Stuffed Bear

By Jordan Iacobucci

Why are you looking me like that?
We both knew this day was coming.
I can't keep you with me forever.
...stop staring at me!
You're making me uncomfortable.
Those dead shark eyes and expressionless face.
It's not my fault you wound up in the basement.
It's not my fault your new home is a box.
I know, I know. We've had some good times.
But I had to grow up eventually.
I'm sorry I couldn't bring you with me to school.
I'm sorry you couldn't come when I moved out.
You don't have to hold it against me.
...If you don't stop staring at me, I'll throw you out.
I'll do it.
I don't care what good times we've had.
Those moments when I clung to you on frightening nights.
Those days when you were my only friend.
Okay, you called my bluff. I won't do it.
But I don't have to do this.
I don't have to take you out of the box.
I don't have to take you back upstairs.
I could just as easily leave you here to rot.
But I never would.
There's another little kid who just can't wait to meet you.
They just don't know it yet.
I wish I could make you understand why I left.
It's just what we humans do.
We grow, we age, we leave.
And, sometimes, we leave precious things behind.
It's nothing personal.
Stop looking at me that way.
I made sure you'll end up somewhere nice
Where the kids will treat you well,
Where I'm sure you'll be happy.
You deserve it.
But, so help me, if you don't stop staring at me, I'll give you
to the dog.

Gleam

By Christine Ditzel

"Twinkle, twinkle", you say,
But no stars there be.
Clouds and smog aplenty,
So let me see the stars you
Sing of.

The sun blazes
Down.
Brilliant but without twinkle.
Constant.
Only gone when the clouds
Come to play.
Stable and pleasant otherwise.
But how 'bout a little less?

The moon glitters.
She has a pretty face, supposedly, or
Maybe a man living on her,
But neither do I see.
The glitter breaks apart the dark,
Getting everywhere.
Unable to escape or walk away from.
Without her it'd be pure gloom.

But even still,
Without that twinkling little star,
She pleases me naught.
Only do I long for what is not.

Will I ever glimpse
Alongside the dark, dark night
A twinkle, somehow solely mine?

