

# Bang & Whimper

2021

Dominican College



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Front Cover: Claudia Valentik

Back Cover: Yvanna Diaz

Editorial Staff: Kaitlyn Carpio, Jordan Iacobucci, Maya Gant, Karina Hill, Nicole Kordonias

Layout Design: Kaitlyn Carpio

Faculty Advisor: Dr. James Reitter

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Beautiful Disaster  
By Stephanie Katt

Should I  
Awaken the gorgeous monster  
The beautiful darkness  
The brutal Queen  
Blood that runs hot like hell fire in my veins  
The bringer of the sweetest nightmares  
Worth a thousand dreams  
Steele as cold as the knife in the back  
I am vengeance  
I am justice  
I am the beautiful disaster  
I am the eye of the storm  
I am awake



Photo Art By Angelina Peralta



Renewal  
by Stephanie Katt

Infinite  
The darkness becomes her  
Steele  
Cuts through the shroud  
Eyes  
Open to the light  
Blue  
The flames surround  
Renew  
The soul fire

Photo By Violetta Zektser-Jabr

My In-Depth Interpretation Regarding  
the Concept of Patience  
by Lilianna Papuli

I can't wait for summer, I can't wait for dinner, I can't wait for this semester to be over, I can't wait for my birthday. It seems that human beings just can't wait. Our minds have adapted to the constant accommodation of instantcy. Instant food, instant technological entertainment, instant shipment, instant downloading. The convenience of instantcy is negatively effecting our ability to practice patience. When an individual lacks patience they have difficulty accepting themselves as an imperfect human. Let me elaborate. We as a society are losing belief and confidence in ourselves because our success/results are not instantaneous

The devaluation due to failure is a misconception. Often times, it is overlooked that this world is not meant for us to have a perfect experience. No one made the promise that just because you tried you will succeed. No one made the promise that because you practiced you will be the best. No one made the promise that if you put a certain amount of effort in you will avoid all obstacles. However, failures contribute to a greater value. Failures are transformable. Once mistakes/obstacles are recognized and understood one can choose to expand their mindset or breakdown. In order to expand your mindset patience must be present within. Understanding that first tries are not going to produce phenomenal outcomes is necessary. Being patient with yourself will allow you to be consistent over a long period of time rather than breaking down entirely because you didn't get what you wanted after the first attempt.

Social media has created an environment where personal growth is represented through looking

physically better, having a better house or a better car, more money or more clothes than someone who posted yesterday. Younger generations are creating a false interpretation of how their life should be because of what is being presented to them daily through Instagram and Tiktok. This has influenced a mindset that reaches for societal goals rather than personal growth goals. Results of living with this perspective can be devastating and a reason of why young adult rates for anxiety and depression are increasing. We are not meant to be compared to one another. We're meant to compare ourselves strictly to who we were yesterday. Reflecting on personal setbacks and how we plan on growing from those setbacks. This kind of reflection takes an immense amount of patience because it can be frustrating but is a necessary skill. Without it people lose confidence in themselves, feeling not good enough after not achieving what they had intended as quickly as they had expected.

I'm writing this as an aspiring educator because I believe that the relevance of patience needs to be emphasized to all students younger and older. We owe the future generations of our society the reality of life. There will always be failures and obstacles to overcome. There will never be a perfect time and situation set up with an easy path to follow. Circumstances are constantly changing which means our plans need constant adjustment and individuals need to have constant perseverance.

I'm also writing this because Ramadan happens to be taking place in April this year. Along with strengthening empathy, mindfulness and self discipline Ramadan also requires one to practice patience everyday. Not that you have to be a Muslim to understand the power that come with having patience, I just found that this piece was relevant to write for this month.

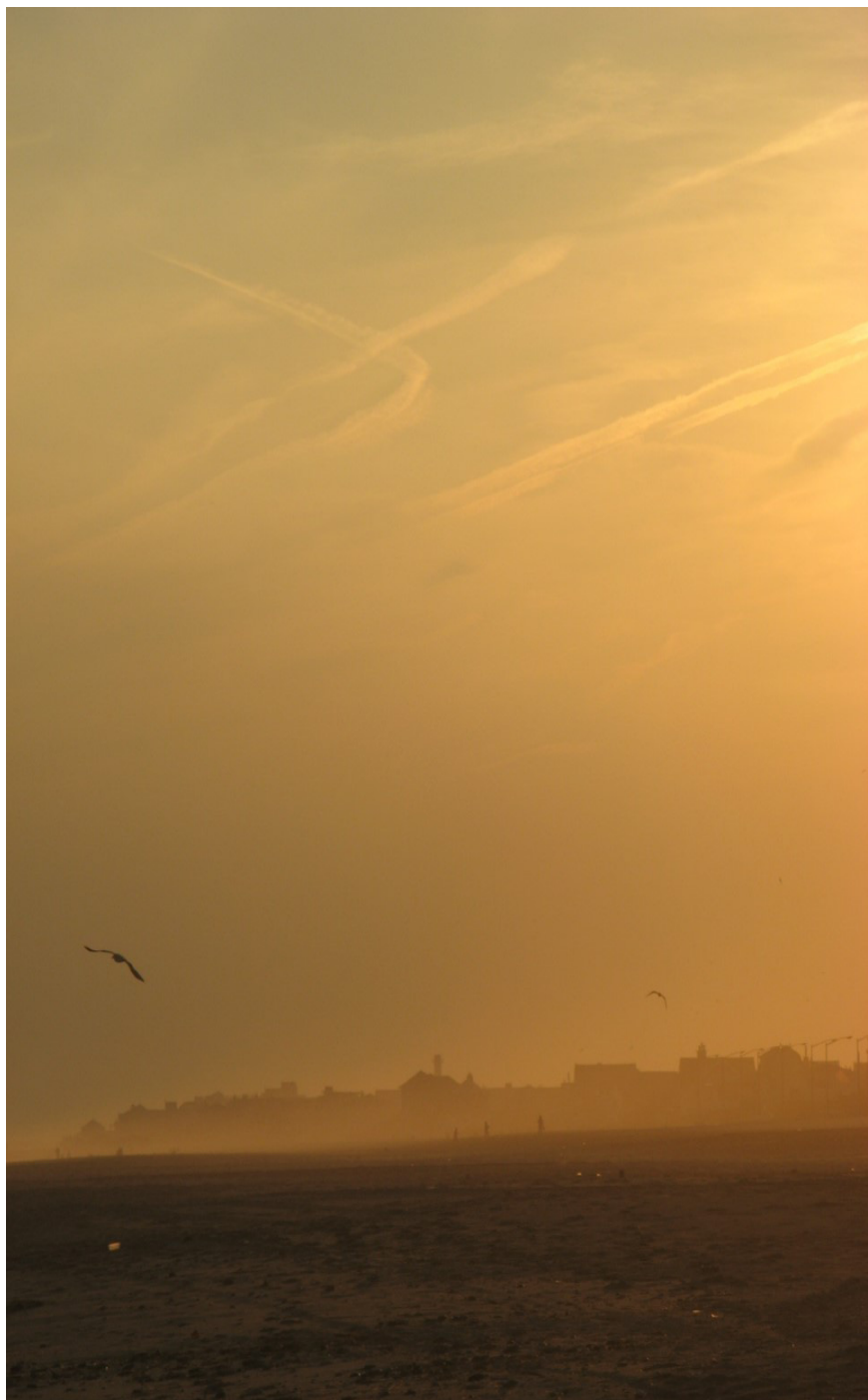


Photo By Violetta Zektser-Jabr

Почему я так сильно люблю тебя?

Теряюсь в объятиях твоих.

Весь мир стоит; как будто только я и ты  
запутаны этими нитями под именем ЛЮБОВЬ.

Как можно так растаять?

Больше нет Снежной Королевы.

Но есть та самая красивая, с волосами цветом вишни.

Она не бросит и просто будет ждать

когда наши мучения обретут покой

и мы сможем опять окунуться

В Любовь.

Translation of Russian Poem "Love"  
by Violetta Zektser-Jabr

Why do I love you so much?

Getting lost in your embrace

The whole world is standing still; as if it's only you and I

Tangled in these threads under the name of Love

How can I melt like this?

Snow Queen is gone

Only the cherry-coloured beauty is still here.

She won't leave and she will wait

Until our torments will find peace

And we can dive into Love again.

# Hindsight

by Jordan Iacobucci

It's funny, the things you never expected to happen are the ones that seem most obvious in Hindsight. You look back, and see all the little pieces falling together one by one, like raindrops running into a makeshift river—the hands knitting every little string together so that, once it is done, it is almost as if they had never been separate at all.

Hindsight is seeing the river and wondering if it would have ever existed should the ground have tilted ever so slightly the other way, to see every string grafted into the knitted quilt. It is the continuous reexperience of memory beguiled by guilt and pleasure. Guilt, in that we always could have done better. Pleasure, in that we can never do worse.

Our mind careens to near and far, contemplations and mass calculations that could have changed everything but never did—and never will. We tell ourselves what's done is done, yet wonder nonetheless, and “What if?” becomes the most dangerous question of them all.

“Perhaps if you'd had the Foresight” says Hindsight, “for then, you'd surely have seen what I see now!” It sneers at you with its mangled teeth, each rotten with every passing malfunction. You believe it when it tells you that you've failed.

Darkness descends, the sun dissolves and the stars fall from the sky. It taunts you to your face, “you've failed! You've failed!” Its voice burns in your ears hotter than your body can take, and its words strike you dumb, makes your voice a distant memory. It's over, it's over, there is no escape. You'd prefer a nightmare, for at least you'd awake and be freed from this wretched hellscape you're living. At least then, it'd be over.

Yet—time passes by—even when the world stands still.

Hindsight dwindles away into distant memory, just the stench of its rotten teeth lingers in its wake. And with its ugly head reared no more, you can start to hear the raindrops falling one by one, and you know that somewhere they will gather into one flowing river. You are shown the strings, you see the quilt, every little piece enjoined to its perfect partner. You see it all before it happens—because you've been there before. You've confronted the dreadful face of Hindsight before, and no more will you give it reign. Now, the "what ifs" turn from past to future, and all things are made new.

New life, new chances. New strife, new circumstances. Yet, is there really anything new under the sun?



Photo Art By Julianne Milano

A Christian Walk  
By Julianne Milano

Tonight I take my first steps outside, into the large tremors that shape this world. I see them everywhere; some are deceitfully colorful, pretending to guard those foolish enough to take refuge in them. While others are more blunt, reflecting the insatiable desires that render the heart and mind useless. They envelop and destroy those who are so incredibly deceived that they ironically pity me. They look upon me and make the misguided assumption that I am on my lonesome. Yet I am not alone, nor do I feel alone. He walks beside me, directing every step I take. He watches me, and for the most part, I watch them. One person, in particular, has caught my eye: the girl in the stained glass window. She is a sight to behold.

Her lips are beautifully pursed, with raven hair touching the edges of her perfectly cylindrical face and her eyes that shine bright in the desk's light reflection. Yet, she is trembling. She seems to scramble with every word she writes, filled with the insecurities of one who knows nothing but claims to know all. However, I can not judge. As I have made many presumptions in the past and even now, I am quick to note any, or should I say, every moment of hers. The quivering of her flushed lips or the twisting of her frizzy hair. And her eyes, her eyes which before I could see anything, were overshadowed by my reflection. Clearly, she is telling me something that most people don't like to hear. I'm sorry, I know she can't hear me, but I'm sorry. I move along to the next block, hoping that everything turns all right for her, knowing there was more I could do.

Homesickness  
By Christian Domingo

The flag is unfamiliar,  
the landscape is not similar,  
The weather is so different,  
the surroundings are silent,

I thought of sunlight, but it was snow.  
Everyone here is so awkward,  
they never fathom my wound,  
their accent is so different,  
but it is not relevant.

I tried to laugh,  
yet it is not enough  
to cover my sadness  
that can't be my happiness  
I feel homeless,

because of my loneliness,  
I don't know why,  
I wished I could fly.

Memories flood on my mind,  
and reminisce what I might find  
that I left behind;  
my only weakness  
is my homesickness.



Photo By Violetta Zektser-Jabr

## The Last Time

By Jordan Iacobucci

You watched a smile spread across someone's face  
Glimmers of toothy grins and rosy lips  
Those smiles are all hidden now

You said "Goodbye, until we meet next!"  
As you all went your separate ways.  
Some were never seen again.

Did you know it would be the last time?  
Did you know the world would end?  
And had we, would it be different then?

Last times were meant for cherishing, for never letting go.  
But how can we hold on to what we didn't know?

The Yellows and Blues  
By Nicole Kordonias

The yellows and blues, what a muse.  
Our minds get so confused.

Yet there is such beauty on our journey,  
So much we've yet to uncover.  
I'm so lost listening to the thunder.

Forever changing yet, always cruel.  
Similar to the feeling, when I'm with you.

Oh, the future I see in you.  
The light in your eyes is so focused, and bright.

Reminding me of the yellows and blues I see at night.

What beauty lies ahead is a secret.  
To be uncovered in time  
You fill my soul with satisfaction.

Sometimes I want to cry  
Watching the cars pass by,  
Fast moving, colors glooming

Bringing me back to you.  
The yellows and blues,  
Forever it's you.

Face to face with you,  
All my fears had disappeared.

Our story took flight  
I embraced the blissful light

The colors were oh so bright, as I turned to my right  
I saw the love of my life.

The person who made dark, colorless days bright and new.  
Something I'm so glad to experience with you.

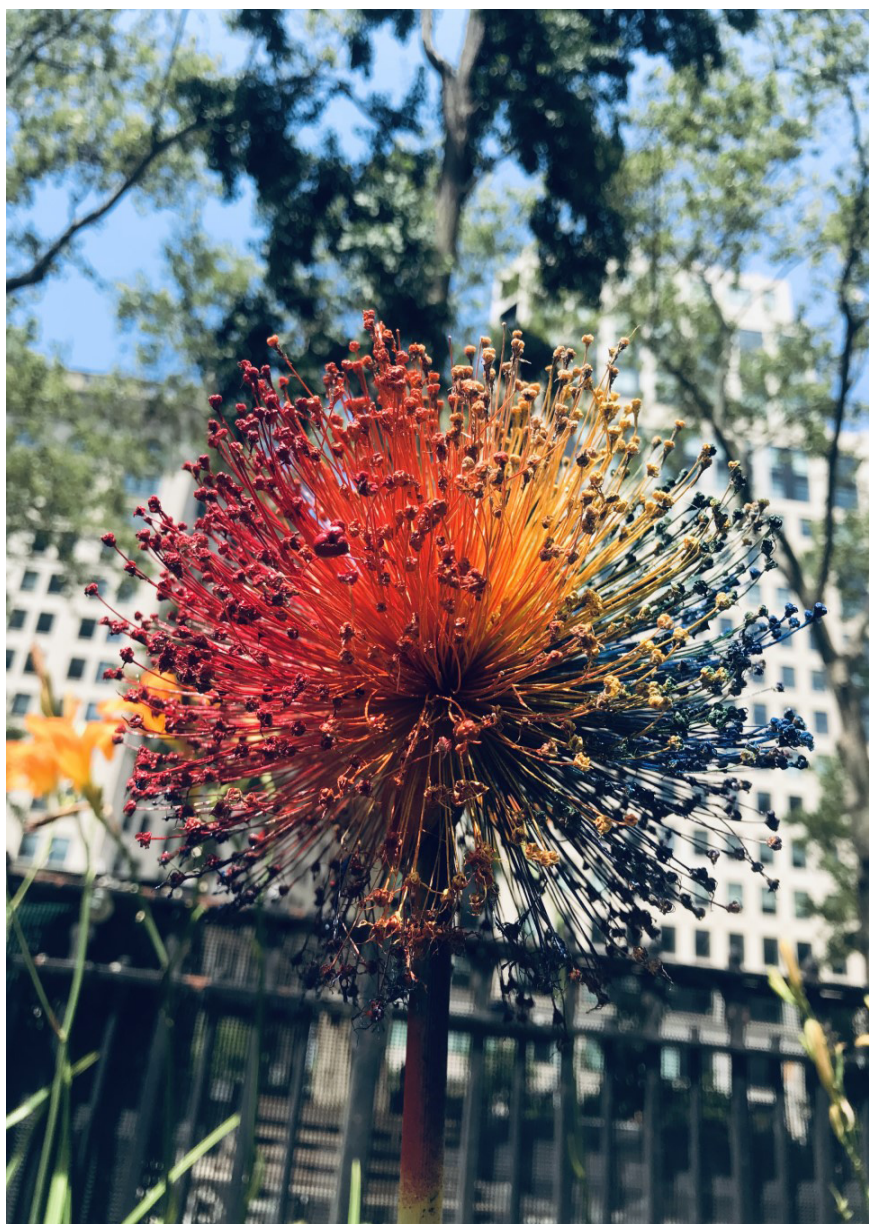


Photo By Violetta Zektser-Jabr



Photo By Violetta Zektser-Jabr

The Cleanse  
By Stephanie Katt

Light pools  
Before my eyes  
The night sky swirls  
With unseen potential  
Stars shining with  
Truth  
Water surging in waves  
Emotion  
Tears fall  
Silent  
The air whispers  
Hope  
The smell of earth  
Steadfast  
Lonely  
Not alone

A Simple Rose  
By Nicole Kordonias

Your petals,  
the inner beauty constantly ignored,  
Maybe there's more.

Your thorns,  
That protect,  
But don't mean to harm.

The symbolism,  
Your simple beauty guides.  
That a rose simple can't hide.

Divinely structured,  
and angelic,  
Other flowers could get jealous.

You feel complete and utter bliss,  
as a rose,  
But you also feel the sadness,  
felt by the world.

As you are left in a vase,  
For days and days.

Until suddenly,  
Your colors don't shine anymore,  
Your colors fade.

You're a rose,  
just seeking to be adored,  
and not ignored.

When your value is lost,  
And your color fades.

# I was Once and Empire

By Matt Demelio

I use to be powerful. I use to be beautiful. I was once an empire. I am Atlantis.

The mighty Poseidon, God of the Sea is my creator. He created the continent that I am. I was composed of many ringed canals and islands. In that blue ocean, he had five sets of twins. The firstborn was a demigod called Atlas. He was mighty just like his father. And I felt grateful and gifted that I was named after Atlas. The ocean was named after him as well. I was powerful and beautiful just like him. I was created in that ocean.

My people...oh my people. I loved them with all of my heart. Our culture was more advanced than any nation in the world. Our ships were magnificent in design and durability. We were the marvel of architecture and engineering. My people use to be intelligent, creative, beautiful, and kind. With the fortune from the Gods and the people that raised me, I felt alive. I contain so much knowledge and many secrets. Keys and doorways to change this world whole. That was long ago. I was once an empire.

I had control over a portion of the Earth. I conquered the Mediterranean and had land in the great plains of Egypt. My navy was the strongest in the world. I had everything. Yet, I still wonder why I deserved this. The torment I go through now. It wasn't my fault that I'm suffering now. It was my once great people and the Gods I held dear to my heart, that turned against me.

Unfortunately I have realized for awhile now, that nothing good lasts forever. The men, women, and children that use to raise me were cherishable. They ran everything. From the small markets in the streets, to the crowded and lively ports, and the government that lead my empire. Those were the best of times. Where I was truly

alive. Over time, my people went down a path I never thought of seeing. Their hearts became black with darkness. The senators and soldiers became corrupt and greedy. They were only a fraction of the madness. Sooner than later, I became an empire of sinners. Not everyone turned to this evil. There were still many that had goodness in their hearts and wanted to protect me. The ones that truly loved me for who I was.

My great friend Athens saw and was in horror by the corruption that took over me. They tried to help me. Athens use to love me. However my people in their wrong state of minds; saw its help as a threat and the darkness made their next decision. My people declared war on Athens. If only I could have talked to them. I would've told them to end of all this chaos. That our neighbor was only trying to help us so we wouldn't fall forever. They probably wouldn't have listened to me though. Evil is a power I wasn't strong enough to defeat. Why didn't the Gods help me? What did I do to make my people turn on me? I only ever loved them. I wish they were still here.

Athens, if you ever see me again or find this message, I want you to know that I am truly sorry. I wish I saved my people and I wish they never attacked you for when you just trying to save me. I'm sorry, please forgive me.

Soon enough, the mayhem had reached its end. Athens didn't conquer us. No. We had a bigger power come in to stop it. The Gods lead by the almighty Zeus came together and decided our fates. The Judgement was swift and destructive. Father Poseidon, where were you? Did you hide from us and our judgement? Or were you the one who helped Zeus decide what would happen to us? Father, if you ever see this message, I want you to know that I forgive you. You created me and for that I can never hate you. I understand that the disruption I caused needed to end.

I still remember the day. How could you forget the day when your life would change forever? The day started out amazing. The waves carried the boats calmly and swiftly. The Sun shined on me and gave me warmth. The markets were busy as usual and it reminded me of my glory days. I know my empire was still at war somewhere with Athens, but I didn't let it affect me for once that day. I felt alive. Until a giant earthquake shook me relentlessly. I became nervous but that wasn't the first earthquake I ever felt. It caused disarray in the city but I knew my people would bounce back like they always do. I was so wrong. Waves rolled over the shores next. Ships flipped and the ports were soon flooded. Shortly after, waves as high as the sky came and knocked me out. My people...oh my people. Their screams and pain still plays in my mind as clear as day. Oh, I wish I could've saved them. If anyone is left from my empire and sees this message, I'm sorry. I love you and I wish I could have done more to protect you. Then in that same day, I sank into the ocean that I was born from.

I would assume my empire is gone. The marvelous ships, the wonderful knowledge and secrets, my destroyed beauty, and the remains of my people all lay down here in the ocean with me. I am alone and scared. Scared that no one will help or reach for me. If someone were to find me, I could still help benefit the world. I hold knowledge and wonders that would open people's eyes. Please do not let the judgment I received decide my fate forever. I was powerful and beautiful. I was once an empire. I am Atlantis.

Is anyone trying to find me?



Photo By Yvanna Diaz

Jumping Jacks in the Sky  
By Jordan Iacobucci

Don't worry your little mind  
The things of this world will pass in time.  
Tensions may rise, but they also must fall  
And all are forgotten come curtain call.  
Still, they all worry, they fret, and they cry  
While I'm doing my jumping jacks up in the sky

Don't worry your little mind  
The things of this world have their rhythm and rhyme.  
Evil abounds, but it never stays  
For good is the color of future days

Don't you worry, don't fret, and don't cry  
Just keep yourself moving, dancing so high.

Don't worry your little mind  
The world gives you a nickel, you bring back a dime  
And in the day when silence may fall  
You will be the one to rise up and call:

"Don't you all worry, nor fret, please don't cry,  
Join me and let's all work out in the sky."

## Editorial Note

Thank you to all of the contributors in the Spring 2021 issue of *Bang & Whimper*! It's been a challenging year or so, but what helps us all get through such challenges is expressing ourselves in unique and creative ways.

*Bang & Whimper* has always been about sharing the voices and perspectives of the Dominican College student. While this is important and enlightening, it becomes critical in difficult times. The entire DC community is appreciative of such sharing.

I'd personally like to thank our *B&W* intern, Kaitlyn Carpio, for publicizing, designing, and laying out this issue, as well as the entire Editorial Staff.

If you would like to join the team next semester, please contact me at [james.reitter@dc.edu](mailto:james.reitter@dc.edu).

If you are interested in submitting material for the Spring 2022 issue, please send your work to [bangwhimper@dc.edu](mailto:bangwhimper@dc.edu). We'll be back in print for our next issue!

Have a wonderful summer.

Be well and stay safe,  
-Dr. James Reitter

