



Serpentine Magazine

Issue 4 Vol. 3 Fall 2011
Including original literary works from Bianca Soto,
Joseph Potenza, Nina Giacobbe, and more!
Includes an interview with author Tamora Pierce!

Letter from the Editor:

Hello, readers! I'm Daniel Richardson, the new Editor in Chief of the magazine you're currently reading (if you need more proof, look in the column next to this writing). I can assure you that, while the staff is (mostly) new, it's still the same, good ol' Serpentine Magazine you're used to.

So, this being the first issue that the current staff has made on our own, things were a bit rocky with everyone getting used to their positions and responsibilities. I mean, yeah, we had the ghosts of Serpentine's past around to help us when we needed it, and it was all greatly appreciated, but I'm proud of what we've done here. So let's take a look, shall we?

A few of our staff went to New York Comic Con this past October, so you know what that means- SWAG!! Yeeeah buddy! But seriously, what that means is we have interviews for you! On the Serpentine side, we have Lindsey's interview with Tamora Pierce, a fantasy writer responsible for such works as *The Song of the Lioness* and *The Immortals*. On the Artifacts side, you'll find Heather and Tom's interview with The Guild's Zaboo himself, Sandeep Parikh! This dude also created *The Legend of Neil*, and if you don't know what that is, then kick yourself in the shin. Go on, DO IT!!

We also have something from this fall's Slam event. This semester's event included a bunch of firsts for us. First off, the first place winner couldn't be published in this magazine because it's pretty hard to transcribe the sounds of drum sticks banging on pots and pans, from what I've found out. Speaking of which, a quick shout-out to Jomar Vargas, because he definitely earned first place with his incredible drumming. The second first (that's weird to say/read/type) was that we had two third place winners!! Of those winners, you'll find Joseph Potenza's "A Hero's Work" featured here. Lastly, this was the first Slam where the audience cheered for the magazine itself at the end, which was pretty awesome of you guys to do. <3

On that note, keep reading because there's some really awesome stuff in here. And if you think your stuff is good enough to be in the magazine, come see us in our office!! Thanks for all of your support and see ya next semester!

~Daniel Richardson
a.k.a. Batman

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This issue was created to the following music:

Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness by The Smashing Pumpkins
Lots of Glee music.
Batman: Arkham City - The Album
Pretty Odd. by Panic at the Disco
Siamese Dream (2011 Remaster) by The Smashing Pumpkins
Born This Way by Lady Gaga
Good Apollo, I'm Burning Star IV, Vol. 1 by Coheed and Cambria
More! More!! More!!! by Stereopony

ser-pen-tine - a mineral or rock, essentially a hydrous magnesium silicate, $H_4Mg_3Si_2O$, usually dull green, often with mottled appearance - prominent in the geology of Staten Island

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Assorted Background Art for Serpentine
by Katie Seluga

I grasp my sword,

Its wooden blade poised to fell great foes.

I ready my shield,

Its cardboard sturdy enough to withstand mighty blows.

I don my cape,

The towel fibers able to resist a dragon's flame.

I set out on my quest,

A perilous journey in my backyard.

To save a princess,

Small, made of plastic and borrowed from my sister.

(Don't tell her, please)

I face off with a ferocious monster,

Its furry maw lets out a ferocious "Meow!"

I fight bravely,

Until it gets mad and chases a squirrel instead.

I cross an arid desert,

And trip over my shovel and pail.

I nimbly avoid a terrible trap,

Left by the dog on his walk.

I use my wits to break into the villain's lair,

By entering the combination to the garage.

I find myself face to face with a demon,

A vision so horrible only I can see it.

It is no match for my sword,

It slices through as if the creature is not even there.

I find the treasure!

Copper and silver pieces in a chalice labeled 'coffee'.

I return from my quest,

Because my mother called me in.

I feast mutton and ale,

Served between slices of bread and in a box with a straw.

And rest up for my next adventure,

A hero's work is never done!

A Hero's Work by Joseph Potenza

One of two Third Place Winners of the Serpentine Slam Fall 2011

Precious by Rebecca Hayes

Here you are, in front of the room.

Your hair is such a thing of beauty.

There you are, carefully caressing it, combing it through your smooth fingers,

So smooth, you made me shudder in my seat...

Your smile is a thing of pure radiance,

Do you see their envy as well as I do?

If there could only try on your face for a

Brief moment; they'd spend the rest of

Their lives trying to accomplish your...

Sweet Perfection.

What I wouldn't give to just touch your skin.

To wear your rose pink lips on mine.

To feel the frame and delicate curves

Of your body and run my tongue along

the side of your neck.

What I wouldn't give to have you look my way.

Please look my way with your

Light wonderful eyes. Your

So selfish keeping your gaze

To yourself.

Just give me your Grace before I come undone.

There'll be no escape then...

No, you'll be mine forever in your

Sweet Perfection...

Space is magnificent, isn't it? It carries with it a vast wonder, a gigantic mystery, a puzzle for humans to solve. It's a puzzle we may never solve in any single lifetime. But we as humans always strive to solve these puzzles. Life, to us, is a game which we wish to unravel. Scientists toy with the ideas they have, scientists give reasons and explanations as to why something does or doesn't exist - why this lives, and this doesn't, or how it died, how it came about.

But sometimes, they can't explain anything.

It was the winter of 2016 when it happened. Christmas was just around the corner, and the people were becoming rather festive. Years of dilemma and drama had passed. The people did not worry about the burdens of war, or the supposed "2012" theories. It was all gone. Such deadly terrorists like Osama Bin Laden, and his successor, Rasheed Mil-Amhed, were put down by the military. The war in the Middle East was long gone. In fact, they had even developed a full democracy with our help.

I remember walking through New York City's streets, looking for a gift for my son. He was only three, but I loved him very dearly. He was my pride, my joy, my love, my life. Just like my wife. But my son was something more. We toyed with names like Philip and Matthew (my Godson), but in the end, we decided on Luke. It was a mixture between the popular science-fiction character and the Biblical writer.

I approached an electronics store with various television sets in the window, all turned on to the same emergency channel. Normally I'd focus on my music, but I had to turn off the device. It seemed urgent.

The cameras were our only information source; no matter how hard we wanted them to pan, or to focus, we couldn't get another view. We couldn't ask questions, because the reporters were being fed information.

A meteorite had crashed somewhere in Russia. The impact from it kicked snow and dust so high into the air that there was speculation that it would create an apocalyptic ice age. The scientists' reports said not to worry; due to the heavy cover of snow in Russia's northern region, the damage would be nothing more than a slightly increased snowstorm.

But that wasn't my concern at all. I was angry. Angry that such an event was unforeseen. Scientists claimed that they could detect just about everything coming at us. Meteors that could, or would hit Earth could be predicted years ahead of schedule due to our advanced telescope technology. Well, why couldn't they detect this? Why couldn't they tell us "incoming meteorite, Russia, on the fourteenth"? I'd rather put my faith in something easier to figure out, rather than something that takes weeks to decipher.

But there were other things about this that bugged me. They made my blood boil. It was the curiosity. A meteorite had just crashed on Earth, and the first thing scientists wanted to do was study it. The first thing civilians wanted to do was to have it ripped open. Carbon dating, material scanning, it was all bullshit. It was a meteorite, a rock, probably as hot as the sun due to the impact. Why were people so interested?!

It could have been covered with the some kind of deadly bacteria. I'm sure they had seen the science-fiction movies. It wasn't too difficult to realize the severity of the situation.

I think it was rather amazing about how fast the scientists responded to the public's questions. For people who didn't see it coming, they sure had a lot of answers to give.

"Based on the information we've gathered, it appears that the meteorite had refracted all wavelengths of light off of it. So much that it was literally invisible while out in deep space. We would not have seen the impact coming even if it was as close as the moon, or flying by the sun. We're not sure of its exact properties, but once we study it, we will return to the public with a full report on what it is made of. We're quite excited that such a meteorite exists. Hopefully, we'll be able to see if any others of its type have the same kind of material."

The Russian government wanted to take it first, but the American scientists seemed to have some kind of authority over them. In fact, what was really strange was that United States helicopters were already in Russia before any of the Russian forces showed up.

They even had cameras in these helicopters.

Several heavy-suited workers were on screen, making their move towards the large rock. The rock ... if you could call it a rock, looked as dark as all sin. Not even a charred-black dark, it looked like a black piece of metal, a very shiny black piece of metal. I wondered if it was even smart to approach such an object, barely an hour after it had landed.

The closer they got, the more the camera focused. The more people that arrived around it, the shiner it seemed to get. It was almost glowing. It was hard to describe, but it appeared as though it was simply getting "brighter" despite its black texture, as the world around it changed.

A crowd was forming around me, and some people were bumping heads just to see the screens.

One brave soul (the scientist) reached out, and placed a thermometer around the device. Now, I wear glasses, but I know for a fact that the device read 50 below. It was cold! Not only that, it was freezing! You would think that scientists would back away from such an object. No, they simply got more curious. Curiosity killed the cat? It killed humans as well.

This same brave and foolish man decided to be the first one to clip the rock. It would be carried away by a nearby battle tank, and hoisted up by helicopters in a nearby field. The man grabbed a hold of the crane's hook, and it struck against the rock.

It was the last mistake he ever made.

Death's Beating Wings by Jason Wisniewski

Poem You

by Alec Montalvo

I wanted to write a poem using "I" and "You"

But now that's over, so it wouldn't be true

I wanted to write a poem of the things we did,

But that's just cheesy, and "I'm just a Kid."

Remember when I built you a poem?

So I'll do it again, but this time, different.

I'll dig you a poem, alone by a tree,

But don't worry, it's figurative, this is poetry.

We had some times, happy and sad,

But the poems we had were hot on a notepad.

So when I write you this poem, consider me dead

Because it'll be the last time I ever give you, Poem:

You lay on your back, hot and ready,

I pull out my poem and start to get sweaty.

My poem runs deep, as you take it gently

You would always want seconds but my poems were empty

It's probably best that we parted,

A relationship on poems isn't the best way to get started.

So I'm glad we're over, like that heartbreak holiday

'Cause I can make a new poem, about a blue-winged jay.

... But then the doctor called, and we have a stanza on the way...

Designing New Things - Nina Giacobbe

The life

is greater than

Designs are newer than ever.

To decorate or to use as a new idea.

The Ocean's A New Wave To Learn From - Nina Giacobbe

The Ocean's a
New wave to
Learn from.

And how it can
Reach out
To know, how it
Really meant.

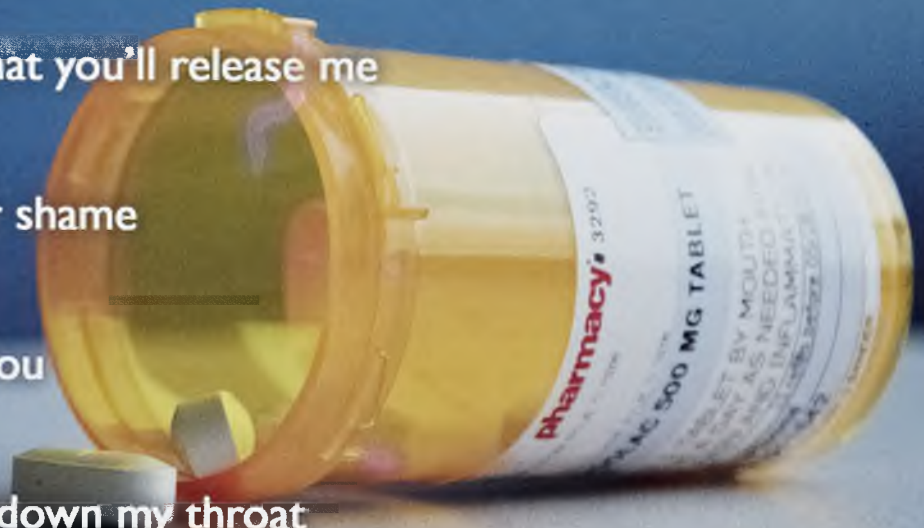
The times are
Often, art galleries.
To know from,
Oceans to
Plants. And
Gardens are
Usually green
But the sky is blue and life is
Destiny

The Stars Are Yellow - Nina Giacobbe

The birds are singing,
Like everyday
But the noise
And ocean
Blue,
In the blue.

Little white one
You beckon me
Like so many times past
But this day I hold fast
And submit to you
You and your promise that you'll release me
Once I give in
And then
No more pain or fear or shame
And what remains
Will be so sweet
When I rise to receive you
And you
So sweet and white
Will slowly mark a path down my throat
And like in hundreds of unfulfilled wishes before
I Am Cured

Surrender by Laura E.E. Murray



The Girl – Tabitha Wasserman



I don't cry for the person I lost,
I cry for the person I thought I had.
The first person I truly fell in love with.
The girl I remained best friends with for 3 1/2 years,
Even after you cheated on me...
The girl I looked at other girls with.
The girl whose shoulder I cried on,
Laughed on,
Even slept on,
And offered mine in return.
The girl who kept all my darkest secrets just that –
SECRETS.
The girl I made peanut butter & banana sandwiches for.
The girl I thought was my ride or die.
The first girl I went to when life was crumbling around me.
The girl I broke necks with (fuck turning heads).
"No one saw that (except the whole world)."
The girl who knew how I was feeling with just a glance,
And the girl who made all my troubles seem to blow away,
With just a few words.
The girl who dedicated "Best Friend" by Auburn to me.
The girl I fought with the man I loved for,
When he wanted me to stop talking to you,
And I told him that he couldn't expect me to give you up
for him.
The girl who let me see behind some of the masks.
The girl who could make doing nothing fun.
The girl who put Jolly Rancher gummies in her nose,
Just to make me laugh.
The girl whose side I never left,
Even when you grimes'd it up.
Everyone you've known in the time I thought I knew you,
Has left your side at least once,
Everyone except me.
So I just have one question:

WHY?





Sometimes I wish for simpler days.
I miss the friends I had.
When the first kissed ended in blood
And seconds caused the cheeks to go red.
When mouths flew obscenities
And hands were uncontrolled.
What laughter filled hallways
And bells flagged when to go.
When twelve o'clock was all the clear
And we boldly snuck through the doors.
When the train cars were nearly empty
And emotions were no longer controlled.
When the salty breeze kissed bashful faces
And hands slowly intertwined.
When sneaking through the lobby
And halls made hearts beat faster than time.
When keys lightly jingled in the lock
And shoes came off of feet.
When the television came to life
And bodies crawled under sheets.
Where clothes dressed the floor
And flesh and flesh combined.
Sometimes I wish for simpler days,
But time is lost in time.

Simplicity – Rebecca Hayes



Interview with Tamora Pierce

by Lindsey Norman

Tamora Pierce is an American young adult fantasy author. She has published over 25 novels in her decades-long career and continues to be an inspiration for generations of teens and young adults. I was lucky enough to meet her this year at New York Comic Con; it was truly gratifying to meet an author who had such a profound influence on me during my early teen years, and an even greater honor to interview such a successful writer for our readers at Serpentine Magazine...

What prompted you to write for the young adult audience?

Actually, it was my agent's idea. Before it became four books for teens, it was a single adult novel. I had gotten turned down from some adult publishers, so I had gone to New York and got a job with a literary agency. While I worked there, I found out that 8 out of 10 writers don't make a living at it, but I had received some fan mail from teenagers. I talked to an agent who represented Judy Blume at the time, and she agreed to take a look at it. I knew it would work since I had been reading it when I was working at a group home for teenagers. [My agent] Claire was right, and it would help me get my foot in the door of the publishing world. When it was done, I knew I liked writing for teens, so I stuck with it.

What challenges did you encounter in writing for that age bracket?

One of my publishers, not Random House [Ms. Pierce's current publisher], had some book clubs. A few of the book clubs were a bit conservative, and I was cautioned about some of my content. I got by with what I published. But in my book *Shatterglass*, originally the street entertainers were prostitutes; in *Will of the Empress*, some of the marriage was the kind where they carried women off, and the deal was sealed with rape. Of course, the book clubs protested. I found other ways to make my point, but I don't intend to back down again.

You have long been praised by fans and literary organizations for your strong heroines. Did you have a specific intent putting so many strong female characters in your novels? If so, what was it?

Basically, I wanted to write the books I wanted to read as a kid. When I was growing up, I read a lot of boy's adventure books, and I did not understand why there weren't girl adventurers as well. So when I started to write, I started writing girl's adventure stories. Becoming a feminist in my teens also really reinforced that drive.

Do you think you've seen progress over your years of publishing in the way girls and women are handled in young adult novels?

Yes, definitely, but I don't think there has been enough. When I started, about 7 to 8 out of every 10 books had male heroes. Later, in the 1980's into the 90's about 6 to 7 out of 10 books had male heroes. But now I'm getting the sense that the numbers are starting to creep back up again. Even in LGBT books, the majority of the heroes are boys, and that was a very recent study. We still have ground to break. Even though there are girl heroes out there, we have more to go. We are 51% of the population.

Many of our readers are aspiring writers themselves- many of them say that getting their work out there is one of the most intimidating things to do. Do you have any tips for hopeful writers, especially in regards to self-promotion?

You just have to pretend you are not shy, make believe you're not nervous. That's what I had to do. Keep reminding yourself that your work is not doing anyone any good sitting on the computer or in a drawer. I was really poor starting out, so I really had nothing to lose by sending my work out. I allowed myself to feel sad for one week when a novel came back, one day for a story or article. Then I sent it back out. Keep writing new stuff, and send that out also.

Many of our writers would love to make the transition to novel writing. What would you consider the most important thing to keep in mind about the novel writing process, especially compared to writing a short story?

Find an idea that helps you keep going past the short story 'wall'. Whether it's a new character, or a twist in the road- make something happen for the main character to get into. Have things happen that help you learn about the character, such as an emergency or a dramatic situation that carries the story further along- a car wreck, a storm where they lose power, someone breaks their leg, there's an epidemic... Make sure there's action taking place that helps you learn more about how they act in a crisis.

Do you have any upcoming projects in the works now that you've finished with your current book series, *The Legend of Beka Cooper*.

Oh yeah! I have five books that I'm contracted for. Not all writers do it like I do- I like the comfort of having the contract. Some writers don't get the contract until they finish the book. When they're all done, they go to the editor and say "I have a book here." Others contract for two books at a time, others for one book at a time. Personally, I like to have multi-book contracts.

Do you have anything else to say to our readers?

Just to keep at it. I like to steal ideas from history, crime, military history. I draw inspiration for characters from TV, movies, people I know. You never know what will be useful- if not now, then down the road.

Serpentine Magazine

CSI's Source for Art, Literature and Awesome
Wants YOU!!



(See how lonely this dude looks? You can fix that!!)

We are always accepting submissions from you, the students! Drawings, short stories, poetry, photography, anything original!!

Stop by LC-226 or shoot us an e-mail at magazine.serpentine@gmail.com!

Don't actually shoot us, though. Please.

My Declaration!
by Bianca Soto

*So sick of everyday scrutiny I must endure from
Everyone around me.*

*I'm over the mentions of my assets,
lack there of or the extremes of others.*

*I'm so annoyed by the judgments over
the way I dress, how I talk, what I do.*

*If you don't like my curves, my accent,
my attitude or my clothes then good bye.*

*I don't want ask for or need your approval
because it isn't necessary.*

*I am who I am and I will NEVER
apologize for it so don't expect that.*

*Let it be you, friend or foe keep
your negative comments to yourself.*

*With or without the haters I'm still
gonna shine so worry about your own.*

The Glass

by Dorothy Lundgren

I can see you sitting there.

I can hear you talking and laughing.

But this glass; this damn glass wall

Keeps me from getting to you.

A group approaches; you wave and get up to leave.

I scream I yell for you to come get me

But you can't, you can't see me through this glass wall.

What is this glass?

It's the distance, the cell phone, the video chat.

I can't get to you with the distance, can't see you over the
cell phone, can't hear you over the video chat. I can't be with
you like I want to through this damn glass.

I have to break it shatter it crush it to have you and be with
you and love you like you deserve.

Broken by Jonathan Diel

He's loved you since he first saw you
But you always say no, as if he won't do
Ever since he met you, ever since day one
He thought you were the most beautiful creature under the sun
You are his sun, you are his moon
And just the sight of you makes him swoon
He tries every day of his life for your heart
But you just rip and tear his apart
Every day he sees you, his heart just glows
But as you reject it, it's like the cold wind blows
He takes your objection like it doesn't bother him
But really inside his life light grows dim
His love knocks in his chest, begging to be free,
But it remains locked up, waiting for you to use the key
All day, and almost every point in time, you are always on his mind
To him, you are perfection, the pinnacle of humankind
A chill rushes through him; darkness clouds his head,
And all he wants is to make amends.
He says he's not hurt, he's fine, he pretends
As you say the words that kill him – "Let's just be friends."

Mending Hearts

Joshua Sorensen

I ruffle your beautiful, flowing locks of hair, and notice that cute little shimmer upon your face, and see how the duration between breaths become faint - that's me getting you comfortable. As if it is a cue, I put my hands up your "v-neck", feeling what you keep covered from foreign hands. I could care less about your breasts; everybody has them. I'm interested in what they cover. I part your ribs, the blood flows outwards, some touches my lips; it's fresh and untarnished. Am I the first to rob you of your purity? I must be - those I've encountered in my past, their veins were cold; most led me to a vacant crevice inside their chests. I'm done here, so you snap out of the trance I've put upon you. Grab your clothes that were kicked under the vanity, the light switch is right outside the door. No need to turn it on though - my face is one that you might not want to remember. Little do you know, I look like your next lover, and the one after that.

We are all the same. Some stay the night while others are already waiting at the light at the end of the block, while you cry, asking yourself, "Why must they all be assholes?" Sweetie, you're the asshole, or need I say, the women before you were assholes. She set you up for failure as she tickled the black hair on my chest with her left hand, and robbed me of that dignity with her right hand. It is a never-ending cycle; everyone becomes a crook, stealing what has been stolen from them to mend together pieces of others' hearts to make their own. They hope that one day they will find that first lover that had stolen their heart. As for me, I am done pursuing the unobtainable, knowing that the heart she stole from me on that cold December night has been stomped on, severed, and given to the undeserving paws of lovers who barely stayed past the first kiss.

Can they see it in her eyes?

Her mouth opens in hope of something spoken
yet at the tip of her tongue the words hide.

So little truth flows from the words she speaks.

And nobody knows the secrets she keeps.

And nobody will care when these lies seep into the air

'cause she'll do her best to put blinds
on their ears that filter what they hear
so she can get away with her slow decay.

And she can get away with what she doesn't say,

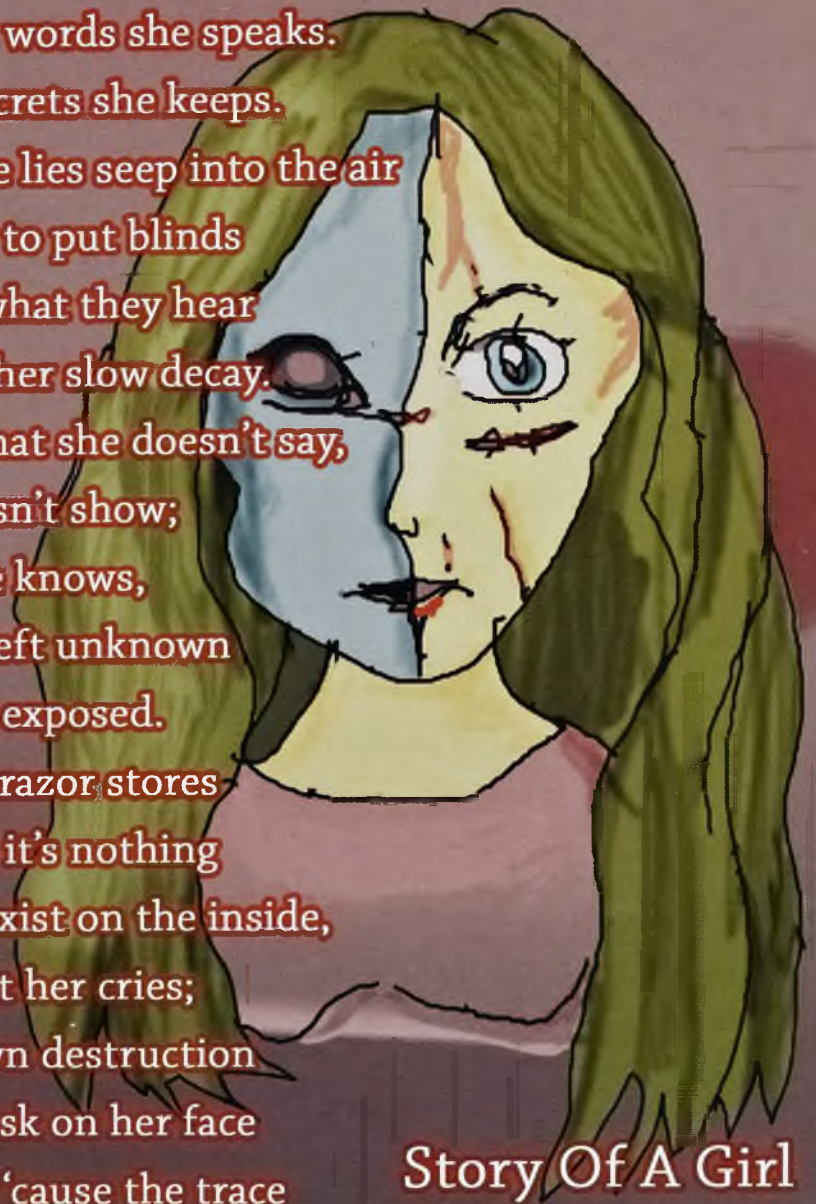
parts of her she doesn't show;

the real her no one knows,
though the filthy rags left unknown
are dying just to be exposed.

Behind closed doors a razor stores
scars on her wrist, yet it's nothing
compared to the scars that exist on the inside,

to the pain that assist her cries;
to the remains of her own destruction
that lies beneath the mask on her face
in need of reconstruction 'cause the trace
of herself is starting to reveal.

Everything she conceals is trying to escape,
finding holes in the tape that can only hold so much...
until all it takes is one touch to break.



Story Of A Girl

-Julia Aponte

Angels,
white winged soldiers of God,
sporting golden armor,
carrying their flaming swords,
singing songs,
preparing for war,
changing our world,
shaping our world.

For we are the children of God and they his creations,
they are our brothers.

I am not a Bible pusher because
my brother is an angel.

He doesn't wear golden armor,
or carry a flaming sword,
he doesn't have white wings,
but he can fly.

My brother is an angel because he can always smile.

Even as a child,
burned face,
diagnosed with autism,
one mother,
father that was never there,
rent controlled apartment,
annoying brother,
a smiling face.

My brother is an angel,
cause through all the pain,
the surgery,
all the words he will never know,
my brother is a god damn angel.

His smiling face filled with Gods grace,
the devil at his back but he will never touch,
my brother is an angel.

Not because he is protected by the power of God,
not because we live 4 floors above ground,
because he is my brother.

My brother is an angel,
and I am his protector.

My brother is an angel that I won't let anyone touch.

My brother is an angel,
he's annoying as sin,
his voice like nails on a chalk board,
his laugh loud and obnoxious,
but,
my brother is an angel,
and I love him,
not like you would love a lover,
not like the corporations make you think
about love all fluffy and pink.

I will defend my brother with my fleeting life,
my brother is an angel.

Angels by Shaquille Russell

Braaaains

by Alec Montalvo

I heard it on the news and didn't want to believe it

The dead have awoken, I couldn't perceive it

A virus they say?

Don't get bit, you'll have remorse

Dodge, swing, hit as I found a driver

When you come back as a desecrated corpse.

He said, I'm out of gas and the car attracts them

I ran outside with the city in front of me,

So I took a large swing and I axed him.

Packed with zombies all hungry for me

I felt more remorse that I killed a live man

Some with no limbs, hands, or jaw

Other than the zombies that destroyed the earth's plan

I guess when they bite, they would gnaw.

I went to the store, right down the road

I found a bloody axe on the street

It had but one entrance, and food that showed

I picked it up where it lay at my feet

I barricaded the door but forgot to check the back deck

I shouted, "Time to chop some meat!"

Where a zombie came out and chewed on my neck

A swing at the neck, and off with the head

I guess I thought I would be on top of this,

A swing at the heart, oh, he's already dead

When I was in the middle of a zombie apocalypse

I run down the street, looking for a survivor

I see you

Standing there

I know your every thought

Every fear

I know you

I see that you are afraid

Afraid of the dark

Panicking

Looking for a way to escape

Ahh, but you are blind are you not?

You feel the fear do you not?

You feel it, swallow it like deadly cold

It freezes your throat

You cannot scream

It freezes your lungs

You cannot breathe

It freezes your stomach

Turning it into an icy pit

You feel yourself choking

You cannot defend yourself

The dark

It whispers to you

It whispers of evil and despair

You cannot move

The cold you swallowed

It has frozen your legs

Now you cannot run

You stand there

Thoroughly petrified

You are no longer human

You are nothing but fear

You stand there

I see you

I hear your thoughts

I feel your fear

I taste your blood

I smell pancakes

Ahh, the morning brings forth light

I was dreaming

Only dreaming

I inhale my pancakes

I leave for school

I step into the sun

All is good

Petrified in Shadows

by

“Goldeye” Lauren Kennedy

My eyes open to darkness,

It is late.

Bedroom door is closed.

I hear her tears.

Clambering to my door to hear

Her raw

From the finish score

She is Forlorn.

I'm afraid to open it,

Young and scared I listen closely,

To the nightmare of diving hearts and

Loosely carried burdens of parenting and love.

She cries tonight, waiting for her husband to return.

He walks through the front door,

With whiskey vision and unbalanced precision.

Her confidence has built its army,

And she swarms the battleground.

My heart is racing,

I can feel hers within my chest.

Then voices share gunfire

And bodies are bombs

The battle has ended

And all hope is gone

A stool falls to the tiles,

Making the sound of wood hitting an empty church hall.

A second drop is developed,

And her voice is unspoken.

A single pair of footsteps pace throughout the room

They have a terrified bestial nature to them,

I can picture my father pacing over her body,

Like a lion about to feast upon its prey.

I run back to bed,

Eyes closed again.

A mixture of sweat

And tears mask my thoughts.

He was gone when I awoke.

Six months passed until I saw the beast.

A rehab center in Pennsylvania.

It never stepped back into this home.

Dispute Alec Montalvo

LOVE IS THE MOVEMENT ★

To Write Love on Her Arms is a non-profit movement dedicated to presenting hope and finding help for people struggling with depression, addiction, self-injury and suicide. TWLOHA exists to encourage, inform, inspire and also to invest directly into treatment and recovery.
<http://www.twloha.com/>

College of Staten Island Gay/Straight Alliance

- We seek to provide a safe space for CSI students and promote unity and acceptance on campus.
- Come talk about topics that interest you and play games in an open-minded environment.
- Invite your friends and make new ones!
- Meetings every Wednesday in 2N-108 during club hours, 2:30-3:30 pm.
- Light refreshments will be served.



ART CLUB
STATEN ISLAND COLLEGE



The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund was founded in 1986 and is dedicated to the preservation of First Amendment rights for the members of the comics community.
<http://cblf.org>



