

A decorative border at the top and bottom of the page features stylized orange fruits and white flowers with yellow centers and green leaves. The background is a solid pink color.

# Azahares

2023

# Azahares 2023

Azahares is University of Arkansas-Fort Smith's award-winning Spanish-language literary magazine. The primary purpose of this magazine is to provide students and community members with an arena for creative expression in the Spanish language, as well as a literary space for writing that presents the themes of the Latino experience. The azahar, or orange blossom, is a flower of special meaning. Representative of new life and purity, azahares form part of the iconic tradition of the Spanish-speaking world, embodying a freshness of spirit and perspective captured with this publication. Azahares highlights student work, as well as the creative endeavors of the greater Fort Smith community and beyond.

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## Swallowtail Butterfly

*by Annalee Parker*

Watercolor

*by Annalee Parker*



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## Soy Tierra Desgajándome

*por Paloma Sierras*

Hincando el mar, raíz roto,  
no me secaste o ahogaste,  
ni de mi hogar desterraste,  
mi hogar en donde floto.  
Ésta es mi esencia, tal como  
una semilla de mangle,  
aún después de desgarrarse,  
aún cuando desterrada,  
rodeada entera por agua,  
nunca ha de marchitarse.

Soy tierra, desgajándome,  
rodeada entera por mar,  
sin rumbo fijo a cruzar,  
mi alma conteniéndose,  
e igual, naturalizándose,  
dentro de mi raíz  
y acá, allá o allí,  
dependiendo si la marea  
una vez me asienta en tierra  
– lejos o donde nació.

Mas, mientras ansiosa espero,  
también, desesperándome,  
soy tierra, desgajándome,  
barco que no anda o ancla en puerto.  
Raíz asida al viento,  
el vaivén del mar llevándome,  
soy tierra desgajándome.  
Desgajada, mi existencia,  
sólo donde agarra tierra,  
raíces echa, clavándoles.

No decido cómo o dónde;  
cruzando la tempestad  
entre corrientes de mar,  
tan incierto es mi brote

como si vez saldré a flote.  
Un incierto en donde floto  
el mar, mi destino y todo,  
las mareas, agitándose,  
soy tierra, desgajándome,  
e hinco en el mar, raíz roto.

Soy pura cepa de mangle:  
puedo hundirme o hincar en tierra,  
flotar en oscilación eterna,  
mas no he de doblegarme.  
Soy pura cepa de mangle.  
Soy tierra, desgajándome:  
mas, bañándome y buscándome  
entre huracanes y mareas,  
aún conservo la certeza  
que un día acabaré encontrándome.

Raíz asida al viento,  
el vaivén del mar llevándome,  
soy tierra desgajándome,  
barco que no anda o ancla en puerto.  
Flotando en vaivén eterno  
buscando dónde hallarme,  
según me embarque el oleaje,  
no soy hija de mar o tierra;  
soy boricua de pura cepa,  
y pura cepa de mangle.

*por Paloma Sierras*

### About the Poem

This poem presents a mangrove seed and its journey as a metaphor for migration and national identity in the hopes of communicating that, while life may expose us to violent storms, we can always find a home wherever we drift, just like the seed of the mangrove tree.

## Seré un pelotero grandioso

*por Paloma Sierras*

Cuando entreno, me pregunto  
cuán verdadera es la frase  
que siempre dicen mis padres:  
“Que los libros y el estudio  
son la llave al futuro,”  
a circunstancias mejores  
y hacia nuevos horizontes.  
Profundo en mis entrañas  
tengo esta corazonada  
que mi llave es el deporte.

Béisbol, atletismo y básquetbol  
pa’ mí no son solo un juego  
no son sólo un pasatiempo,  
sino una gran pasión.  
Mi anhelada ocupación:  
jugador profesional.  
Tendré que sacar to’as “A”  
y, sobre todo, esforzarme,  
pa’ persuadir a mis padres  
y to’s mis sueños lograr.

Sea en la cancha, pista o parque  
como alterno o parte ‘el cuadro,  
to’ juego y evento me fajo  
el deporte pa’ mi un arte.  
Siempre que puedo jugarle,  
nunca escatimo esfuerzos.  
Siempre hago lo que puedo,  
siempre doy la milla extra,  
sea prueba o competencia,  
o puro entrenamiento.

Muchos llaman ilusión  
mi querer ser deportista.  
Dicen que tal osadía  
toma uno en un millón.  
Pero sé en mi corazón  
solo toma una ocasión,  
y pura preparación  
para hallar mi fortuna.

Sé hay chance ahora más que nunca  
para un jugador como yo.

En Boston, Chicago, New York,  
los scouts, los que reclutan,  
por doquier ahora buscan  
al próximo Jackie Robinson.  
Lo que más deseo yo  
es ser el más veloz y ágil.  
No es ser un gigante o un yanki,  
no es ser un cachorro o un bravo,  
sino ir del banco al campo  
todo un Dodger, como Jackie.

Como él, dejaré mi marca  
dentro y fuera del diamante.  
Seré un atleta imparable.  
Seré una triple amenaza,  
en to’a pista, campo o cancha  
que tenga que batallar  
aquí y en la universidad,  
donde entrenaré to’s los días...  
y estudiaré ingeniería  
para la dicha ‘e mis papás.

Después de graduado,  
jugaré para los Dodgers,  
botándola de un golpe  
fuera del estadio.  
Seré el novato del año,  
dueño del guante de oro,  
el jugador más valioso,  
y el batting champion.  
Seré to’ lo que he soñado,  
un pelotero grandioso.

*por Paloma Sierras*

### About the Poem

This dramatic poem is an excerpt from an ongoing novel/play in verse project based on the life of Roberto Clemente Walker, and his journey to becoming one of the greatest figures in US and Puerto Rican baseball. In this particular excerpt, we hear the hopes of a teenaged and less seasoned Roberto, as he is yet to join his first baseball team.



## Desacierto

*por Jusns Moriel-Payne*

Se necesitan cuatro  
dedos de frente  
para ver la orilla de cobre en las nubes sobra  
el pulgar vacila no sabe  
enredarse en el cabello la luz primitiva  
pasa desapercibida  
sobre el ojo que se jacta  
ser de mente abierta  
un umbral antediluviano  
creado con niebla.

*por Jusns Moriel-Payne*

## Lavandera

*por Jusns Moriel-Payne*

*¿Irás a ser ciega que Dios te dio esas manos?*  
Vicente Huidobro. Altazor. Canto II

I  
Manos que revuelven  
al tallar torpes las mañanas  
camisas en jabón y lejía.

II  
Despiden salitre e inmundicia  
temblorosas líneas se abren al cierre  
de la puerta y su quejido.

III  
De noche ventean sábanas  
de tierra compacta donde el afán la tregua  
al insomnio remolinean.

*por Jusns Moriel-Payne*



## La Habana Vieja

*por Jeremish Gilbert*

Havana Cuba

*por Jeremish Gilbert*

## To my Second Mother

*by Emilce Ferreira*

Dear Dani,

I hope you are doing well. Mami says hello and that we all wish you didn't live so far away. We miss you and...

Okay, sorry about that. Mami was standing over my shoulder watching me write. She is encouraging Liz and me to write these letters of manifestation for you. She says you are going to become a nocturnal being once your little one makes it earthside, so these letters will work like a limpia, hopefully. When I asked her what a letter of manifestation should say, she looked at me the way she often does when I forget to take the pollo out of the freezer. Do you know? Like that time that you didn't take the frijoles off the stove, and the smoke filled the whole house. Yup, like that. So, I am going to just wing it, if that's okay with you, and because she is still staring at me.

Has it started to snow in Colorado? I read somewhere online that your area was expecting showers, and it reminded me of

the time you, me, and Liz got caught in the freezing rain walking home from school. Do you remember? Mami was still working nightshifts and you were in charge of picking us up from class after yours let out. Thunder rumbled as we crossed the playground and the window of my second-grade class. We were halfway home when the clouds opened and hurled freezing water at us. By the time we made it home, we were soggy, head to toe. You dried off Liz and me first, and then you mixed chocolate Nesquik in a sippy cup for each of us. It didn't matter to you that I was too old for one because it made me happy, and then you tucked us in. I watched you do your homework in the dim kitchen light that streamed into the small bedroom all four of us shared. You'd come to the bedside every so often to check our foreheads to make sure we hadn't caught a resfriado. You kept watching over us all night long. Baby will be in good hands if she ever gets the sniffles.

We found some of Liz's diapers hidden in the corner of the closet today! Did Mami tell you when she called you for the umpteenth time? I can't believe she was ever that small. I wasn't much older than her, or you than me, so I guess that is why I didn't notice. Looking at that little elephant on the back of one reminded me of when she pooped herself, and it came sloshing out of her diaper. I can still see Liz laying on the cold restroom floor as you and I worked to take the diaper off. It took both of us to lift her into the bathtub to get her clean. Was she too old for diapers or were we just young? Whatever the case was, I know you have the necessary skills to clean any of baby Ezra's blowouts.

In other news, I applied to graduate school today. I wore the teal "First Gen Graduate" shirt you made me for luck. I will let you know when I hear something! All those years of you peering over my shoulder, making sure I finished my homework, are paying off. If I am being completely honest

though, I am still kind of jealous of your "Proud Older Sister of a First-Gen Graduate," for the Mexican pink hue you got. Ezra is going to have impeccable taste in clothes.

Mami tried her best, I know she did, but whenever I think about something monumental or noteworthy in my life it is you that I see, cheering me on from the bleachers. I think you are more prepared than we give you credit for. Maybe you should be the one writing me one of these letters. Ezra is in good hands, and I know because those same hands held me. Mami is coming back to check on me, so I'll leave you here. For you, hermanita, I manifest repayment for all the years you gave us. Take care and bundle up! Don't go out with your hair wet, and don't walk barefoot unless you want to catch a cold. Stock up on Vaporu and Broncolin.

Sincerely,  
One grateful sister.

*by Emilce Ferreira*



## Border Hopper & Anchor Baby

*by Yessmin Arevalo*

Two sisters.  
One born in the USA  
And the other not.  
“Border hopper,” one of them says.  
“Anchor baby,” replies the other.  
One is perfectly bilingual.  
The other speaks 1.35 languages.  
One of the sisters only eats chicken tenders and fries.  
The other has a knack for spices.  
One of the two has more color in their skin.  
The other lacks it.  
Of the two sisters, one of them calls toes “grippers.”  
While the other simply calls them toes.  
One of the sisters loves roller coasters  
And the other won’t get near one.  
One of the sisters is chronically constipated  
While the other has normal bowel movements.  
Out of the two sisters, one of them is a dog-lover.  
The other one is allergic, thus they prefer cats.  
“You’re a border hopper,” says one of the sisters.  
“And you’re anchor baby,” the other sister says.  
“I love you, border hopper,” one of the sisters replies out of nowhere.  
“I love you too, anchor baby.”  
Both erupt into laughter.

*by Yessmin Arevalo*



## Yucatan Waterfalls - Mexico

*by Martha Contú*

Digital Photography

*by Martha Contú*

## Hospitals

*by Douglas Currier*

Death hates visiting the hospital  
but likes to play head nurse – all starch  
and direction. She likes the hard jobs  
– surgery, emergency, ICU,  
candy-striper for the uniform. Doctors  
are too full of themselves and immortality,  
sure there must be a solution, a series  
of drugs and procedures and machines  
designed to eradicate her when all  
she wants to do is help. Often, they'll do  
her work for her – cut a little too deep,  
inject a little too much, diagnose the easy  
mistake, be a little too cocksure,  
make her put them in their place.

*by Douglas Currier*

## Chiquimula, Guatemala

*by Julieta Fuentes Roll*

We slept in a concrete house  
drenched in bird-sound and heat.  
I had been whittled to thin clothes,  
wiping my forehead like in a fever.

Yet, hot weather is my mother:  
her body bent over steaming rice  
and a church pew. There's still  
humidity in her pockets. She  
couldn't wring it out, she  
couldn't shake herself of home.  
Nothing is worse than never  
returning, she says.

Night begins to die, a fan sputtered  
and I wait for the first bird to wake.  
Parts of me will stay here,  
like a place you call familiar.

*by Julieta Fuentes Roll*

## Grandmother's House

*by Julieta Fuentes Roll*

Her dog's markings mirror the  
houseplants streaked with yellow.  
Leaves of tears, she says as she fills  
a bucket for mopping tiles dented  
with footprints. My mother learned to  
walk here, I learned to cool myself  
down.

This is how I remember the dwelling:  
balding rooster, corn husk, cluttered  
altar, falling asleep with humidity  
soaked through. I let a cold hose wash  
my feet.

As a child we only bathed in river water,  
she reminds me. As a child, I returned to  
find her the same. Yet older, more bent,  
as if she had been pulling weeds.

Let me help you abuela, I say but  
she bats my hand away. I think of  
when all of this will be an outline,  
rain in the shape of her sandals.

*by Julieta Fuentes Roll*

## Almost certainly

*by Douglas Currier*

That girl, the redhead,  
at the register at Mini-Super  
"La Familia" where I  
bought my wine this evening,  
is almost certainly death.

She was nice to me.  
A lot of guys would think  
she was coming on to them,  
but I'm old, old  
enough to know better.

She was death alright  
– a wink, a smile, an "I'll  
see you later" sort of gal.

*by Douglas Currier*

## Unlucky Lucky Charms

*by Haile Espin*

momma used to buy us lucky charms for dinner  
when she didn't have enough green to rub together.  
¿quieren lucky charms? she would ask,  
her tongue slurring on the bridge of her mouth,  
the ch sound contorting,  
like a frail tree branch during a long winter.

she wouldn't watch our portions,  
so our bowls would always overflow and spill milk,  
droplets of white heaven wasted  
because of our neediness.  
before dinner, momma always demanded  
that my brothers and i  
clasp our hands together and give thanks,

to a God that watched as our stomachs  
shrank, to a God that stood silent,  
as we trembled, and our hearts cracked.  
when momma blew out the candles we used as sunshine  
with her fruity-smelling breath,

i would rub my tongue against the roof of my mouth,  
irritated at the scratchiness the lucky charms left me with.  
again and again, the cereal showed up in the evenings,  
the word lucky on the left side of the box mocking us,  
as our mouths slurped it up, and our taste buds zinged  
with bored familiarity. later rather than sooner,

the lucky charms became a thing of the past,  
and full meals became our norm.  
momma never buys it anymore,  
but when we walk past the cereal aisle at the store,  
it's like the cart makes a space for it still, as a tribute  
to a shard of memory that remains unshaken,  
that refuses to abandon its place  
in our bowls of recollection.

*by Haile Espin*



## La Giralda Sevilla España

*por Chris Vallejo*

Photography

*por Chris Vallejo*

## La araña

*por Jusno Moriel-Payne*

La araña de tu pared salió puntual de su esquina polvorienta, cargando un par de espinas deductivas y una madeja de cabello estambre, sigilosa se encaminó a tus pies atados por alas malvas de lechuga, llegó a tu vientre donde una raíz grana lloraba una semilla vacía, esquivó la cicatriz que un gato resentido lamía en tu mano izquierda, entró a tu puño derecho enfundado con cenizas subyugadas, salió y se deslizó a las arenas movedizas de tu pecho, brincó el volcán en alarido de tu cuello, halló un atajo al norte de tus ojos cerrados al mundo y serena se sentó a tejer sobre tu cabeza dormida...

al alba, arrastrando una trenza encadenada, cruzó diligente el puente quebradizo que une tu pared con la mía, escaló mi espalda dolorida y me susurró al oído que sueñas una guerra en el campo de azucenas que te heredaron los grillos de la noche en la taza de café, mientras suspiras el aliento de un duende transparente, levanta la frazada, te desliza un arma de fuego ahogado en arena, la tomas, apuntas y disparas a una parvada de árboles índigos que a tiempo se esconden tras un sol nocturno, y llorando un beso de serpiente, te llueven luciérnagas que mueren contigo al rozar tu frente...

por una tregua, por un abrazo en un nido, por una mirada que dé a luz un olivo, despierta.

*por Jusno Moriel-Payne*

## Familiar

*by Haile Espin*

My dad parks the car awkwardly on the side of the road,  
and my family steps out, ankles wavering  
on the uneven concrete, feet trying to avoid  
the cigarette butts and bubble gum  
decorating the pavement.

We make our way inside the party,  
bodies filling the already cramped, mobile home.  
My tías all sit around a table in a corner  
playing lotería with frijoles,  
and laughing at the Facebook memes on their phones.  
Maybe the reason I'm not claustrophobic,  
is because I've grown so used to three families  
squeezing inside such a small space.

My brothers and I begin our greeting ritual,  
and wrap our arms around  
every elder in the living room,  
whispering gentle how are you's  
in accented Spanish.

My madrina hugs me, and I stay in her  
embrace a little too long.  
The bachata playing washes away  
the stiff and awkward demeanor  
My body still carries from my Hispanic-absent,

academic high school.  
I shake my body out in the tiny living room,  
and my cousins join me laughing.  
My voice grows deeper as the familiar  
lyrics fall from my mouth,  
and my words begin to undulate.  
Free, my accent slips through,  
gentle and fearless,  
knowing it's home.

My chest rises and falls easily,  
breathing in the stinging air of salsa,  
and the tanginess of pozole.  
I feel alive,  
mothered by the sense of belonging.  
The sky darkens, and the wanting I carry  
with me most days fades away.  
I sit on the couch with the rest of the kids,  
and wait for the piñata to be brought out,  
and for las mañanitas to be sung.  
I breathe in and out.  
Here, I am weightless. Familiar.  
lost in an embrace of ease.

*by Haile Espin*



## Blue on Blue

by Martha Contú  
Digital Photography

by Martha Contú

## La brisa

por Fez Silk

La brisa que sopla del mar  
en las tardes de abril y junio, cuando los rayos  
arrastran sus dedos sobre el campo,  
lleva en sus alas ecos de algo sagrado –  
y cuando me enfoco casi puedo oler la fragancia,  
albahaca y sal bajo el sol californiano,  
la fragancia de las noches que ambos experimentábamos  
separadas por tiempo en la otra costa.  
La bruma que se coloca sobre tu memoria, blanca, impenetrable,  
me pica con voz silente.  
Como leproso perdido en continente desértico,  
tengo sed – para la lluvia, para tí,  
la brisa, abril, la sonrisa que brilla  
como luz en las costuras del cielo vernal.  
Te echo de menos; es irreversible;  
llevo un dolor en el espacio de mi pecho  
donde te carezco; y tan sensible  
es mi corazón que te echo la culpa,  
pero por echarte de menos soy más por tí.

por Fez Silk

## Ron Jude: 12Hz. Película de terror o lamento de la tierra.

*por Samuel Fuentes, Dwight Little, Daniels Morales Hernández y Marlene Toledo*

Cuando Daniela Morales Hernández asistió por primera vez a la exhibición Ron Jude: 12 Hz que abrió el 9 de septiembre en el campus de la Universidad de Arkansas en Fort Smith, ella pensó “esto suena como una película de terror”. Y es que esta exhibición incluye, además de fotografías de masas de tierra en blanco y negro, el audio de placas tectónicas moviéndose, lo cual causa sensaciones escalofriantes y espeluznantes. En adición, la exhibición contiene un importante mensaje ecológico del artista: “We are living in a defining moment, both politically and environmentally”.

El audio que acompaña las fotografías tiene una parte magna para expresar las ideas del artista. A primera vista, el sonido parece como un temblor, un agitación de la tierra. Tras una inspección más cercana, es claro que el sonido está allí para expresar ideas y emociones. El mismo sonido transmitido en cuatro canales pero no en la misma secuencia, es una banda sonora de 20 minutos reproducida en circuito (Bailey, comunicación personal). Este sonido puede causar sentimientos de temor, que en parte es el objetivo del sonido, como lo afirmó en la entrevista hecha al curador de la exhibición, el Dr. Matthew Bailey, Director de la Galería de Arte y Diseño de la Universidad de Arkansas en Fort Smith. El sonido también causa una sensación que trasciende nuestra percepción moderna y antropocéntrica de la realidad “pivoting away from the myth of human centrality, Jude’s work asks how one depicts the indifference of the non-human world to our egocentrism and folly” (62). Estos sentimientos, en línea con las fotografías, fortalecen la necesidad de proteger nuestra tierra que llamamos hogar.

En cuanto al arte fotográfico de Ron Jude, cada pieza carece de colores brillantes y variados. En ellas solamente existen tonos grises, blancos y negros, lo cual provoca una sensación de frialdad. Cada foto contiene lo que son formaciones de tierra, ya sean rocas, hielo, lava y a veces agua. El cielo si es visible parece estar nublado y entre niebla. De acuerdo con un estudio de la Universidad Oberta de Catalunya, “la estética del blanco y negro puede resultar fría, distante emocionalmente, remitir a una acción triste, burocrática o a un entorno pobre estéticamente y duro. El blanco y negro marca así un efecto diferenciador con la realidad” (Goethe). Los colores reflejan el estado de ánimo de un espacio y la exhibición logra, al omitir los colores, transmitir el estado de temor.

Es cierto que el sonido arrebató la atención instantáneamente y la falta de color prepara el tono de la exposición, pero cuando al final llegas de frente con una de las fotos eres nuevamente tomado por sorpresa: Ron Jude y su talento hacen cuestionar qué es lo que uno ve, cuál es la orientación y cuál es la escala. A simple vista muchas de las fotos aparentan ser de acercamiento fotográfico, algunas hasta el punto de ser magnificadas. La orientación no es definitiva y también pone a pensar al espectador, ¿es el cielo de una caverna? ¿Una pared? ¿Quizás el suelo? Como es sabido, la desorientación está asociada con problemas médicos como el delirio y efectos secundarios del alcohol o drogas. Con sacarnos de nuestra conformidad, el artista da su punto de vista ecológico y la escala demuestra que el problema no es pequeño, es del tamaño de una montaña rocosa cubierta de hielo.

Después de experimentar Ron Jude 12Hz, aceptamos la invitación a pensar más allá de lo que se ve. El sonido de las placas tectónicas, la falta de color y la escala de las imágenes nos dan pistas de lo que vendrá. Gracias al énfasis que Ron Jude usó en su fotografía, nos fuimos con un sentimiento de responsabilidad ecológica. Saber que las imágenes son del mundo que raramente vemos es saber que el mundo tiene vida interior. La pregunta de Toby Jurovics ayuda a contextualizar la visión de la exhibición: “Is it possible to engage the landscape in a meaningful way without resorting to formal trivialities, moralizing or personal narrative?”

*por Samuel Fuentes, Dwight Little, Daniels Morales Hernández y Marlene Toledo*

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## Perspectiva

por Helmo Santos

Mixed Media Over Map

por Helmo Santos

## Oración para los antiguos viajeros de la Tierra

por Angels Acosta

Lo hacemos por ti, el merecido colofón  
del progreso humano desde el hidrógeno de las estrellas  
hasta el hierro de los cohetes.

Te amamos con la furia de un alma familiar,  
alabando a la sombra amplia de tus descubrimientos  
y el abanico de nuevos mundos que nos has brindado.  
Celebramos las culturas que has guardado en tu seno,  
las lenguas secretas que han calculado distancias inmensas del ultramar.

Reconocemos tus desastres y los nuestros, y el orgullo que siempre  
nos echa pa'lante. Te agradecemos hasta que se desparezcan las últimas palabras.

por Angels Acosta

## Callada

por Ursula Anchondo

Inglés, spanish

English, Español

Pensando in English, speaking in Spanish

Thinking in español, hablando in inglés

What's even the right thing to learn?

¿Qué 's más importante? Your culture? Or how despacio you read in inglés?

Reread, reread, Reread, ReREAD

Léelo otra vez

Otra vez, faster

Don't studder

¿Por qué no sabes tanto vocabulario en español?

Aprende

Learn

No llores

Stop crying

If only I didn't stutter when I got up to read to the class

If only I knew more vocabulario cuando hablo con my familia

Pronuncia tus palabras bien

Pro-nun-cia

¿Qué no sabes hablar?

¿Inglés? Spanish?

Both?

¿Ninguno?

Me quedo callada

por Ursula Anchondo

## Really attractive

by Douglas Carrier

Death can be really attractive  
here in the barrio, in a pair  
of moist jean shorts and a black  
tank top, long black hair, brown  
skin, thermos under one arm,  
and holding a mate in the street  
under the lights. A little sweaty,  
but attractive all the same or because  
of it – grit of the day, dust of the  
street, smell of smoke, sticky with  
perspiration clinging to her clothes  
or making her clothes cling to her.  
She walks against the traffic  
waiting for someone to beckon,  
waiting for someone to miss her.

by Douglas Carrier

## For the ones they took away

*by Paloma Sierra*

Before statues were raised in my name, back when I was a kid, there were not any players that looked like me in the major leagues. No footsteps I could follow back in my childhood years.

I had to play hard, practice harder, always one step ahead, so I could outrun the ones who'd try to put me off the field, always focused on the next base, not turning to see where the ball

was at the moment, or if they were close, breathing down my neck, up to get me. When you are convinced like me that God wants you to play ball, you don't let any chance slip away.

You step up to the plate, no matter how many curveballs are thrown your way, no time to hit or miss, you dive deep or slide your way into the game, stand your ground. Every day.

You become obsessed with the little things. Because you want to get things right, to steer clear from giving others reasons to speak ill of you. Because you're a hero to your people and the ones that will come after you, and you've got not a moment to spare. You gotta hit it out of the ballpark.

It is not enough to be in the big leagues. Tienes que ponerla en la China. Hit it out of everyone's view.

You must give them something they've never seen. Or something they hardly ever see. So you set yourself to achieve a rare feat: the legendary three thousand hits. In your days, around 1955, only [seven] players have accomplished this in the fifty-two years since they established the league. None of those players are Black, much less Latino, mucho menos Boricua.

You fight through the pain of carrying a whole nation on your shoulders as you go for another run

for a flying ball in deep right field, jumping over the fence to catch that last out that will give you another chance to take a swing at the ball.

You practice, practice, and practice, making sure you are all warmed up for whenever they call your name to step out from the dugout, pick up your bat, and get ready to face the pitcher. You know better than to let other thoughts take you over as you step on home and it is time to play,

but the faces of the kids you've taught at the clinics in Puerto Rico, la República, and Nicaragua, they,

too, stand by you as you drag up your bat, step up to the plate, and get ready to swing here, in a gigantic baseball field that is very different to the one

where your love for the sport first begun, where you first dreamed about playing ball in the big leagues, back when you were a kid yourself.

You think of those kids that look at you the same way you first saw a baseball player that remotely resembles you. The day you hit the ball and reach three thousand hits in the last game of your career,

you dare the next generation to dream. Here and then, you stand, the eleventh 3000-hitter in major league history, and one of the [four] Latin American players to have hit the ball as many or more times. On the greatest day of your life, you ask your parents to bless you back in Puerto Rico, and you send blessings to the kids dreaming their days away.

Here's a ball for the ones they took away from you.

*by Paloma Sierra*

### About the Poem

This sestina is a dramatic poem or monologue in verse meant for stage performance. It is inspired by Roberto Clemente Walker, the moment he achieved the 3000 hits, and his overall legacy.

## Family Portraits

by Solony Lara

“Mi casa es tu casa,” mi papá would say.

Our house covered with family portraits  
shows you the lineage of our family’s past.

My dad stands tall, in a retrato across the entrance,  
welcoming you into the house he renovated  
with his very own hands.

On the opposite wall hangs the painted portrait of Los Lara:  
mi papá con sus hermanas, hermanos  
y también mis abuelos: papá Pancho y mamá Soco.

Los ancestros that loved and guided  
with what they could and what they knew.

Another surface carries the wedding picture  
that started the present generation: a young mom and dad  
con su hija mayor acompañándolos en su matrimonio.

Y las hijas Lara que vinieron después,  
en cada esquina y cada rincón:  
enseñando el orgullo de la madre.

En las mesas y libreros está la siguiente generación:  
los nietos y la nieta que llenan la casa con risas;  
listos para seguir sus sueños.

Estos retratos te hacen sentir que no estás solo,  
y quizá, tú también eres parte de esta familia mexicana.

Otra historia más contribuyendo  
a la trayectoria de inmigrantes latinos en Estados Unidos.

Porque estás en casa y estamos unidos  
con el mismo sueño que nos trajo aquí.

by Solony Lara

Alpacas and llamas by the side of the road eyed me with cool amusement. I could just about see what they were thinking: “Otro! Here comes another one. Why don’t they stay where they belong?” I was wondering the same thing myself.

But then, as always happens in traveling (one way or another), I crested a hill, and there it was before me—Alma Picchu, last refuge of the Incas, gleaming in the sun. Red and blue stone walls, perfectly fitted together, perfectly straight, and enormous, brilliant testament to the Inca mit’a system of public works. A testament to the intelligence, organization, and power of the citizenry. Like a visit to Troy before its untimely demise, or an early version of Louis Kahn’s California Salk Institute. Perfect geometry, masterful craftsmanship, elegant serenity. Zen of the Andes.

The main gate to the city looks something like the Brandenburg Gate—tall stone columns topped with stone lintels, creating five broad openings for citizens and their llamas to pass back and forth. The lintels were plated in gold and silver, with a huge gold sun sculpture in the center. Inside the walls, the city was a marvel of civic planning—handsome stone, wood, and plaster buildings, painted in white and bright colors, broad steps up and down, trees, flowers, and fountains, with street vendors and musicians scattered around, mothers and children strolling about in perfect peace. *Civilization.*

This being mountain territory strangely adjacent to the tropics, in front of what looked like a temple was a green parrot sitting on a perch, beneath a tree. Periodically it would make stern announcements: “¡Espíritu Pampa! ¡Vaya con Dios! ¡Ánimo!” With the splendid architecture, the kind and colorful people, the excellent food, and the parrot, Peru was becoming a miraculous place.

Alistair Bingham turned out to be an Andean mountain of a man. He looked like he could whip Pizarro and his boys all by himself. Shiny cordovan hiking boots, baggy khaki pants, loose khaki shirt, brightly-colored Peruvian alpaca poncho, Breitling Superocean watch with an orange face, tortoiseshell glasses, thick, dark, rumpled hair, and an intense, high-altitude tan—a Peruvian archaeologist right out of central casting.

“Buenos días, buddy!” he boomed when, with the help of some locals, I appeared at his door. He showed me around his place—polished stone floor, woolen, woven rugs, handmade wooden furniture, large bookcases packed with texts and journals, beautiful gold Peruvian artifacts, wooden shutters at the windows, and of course an imposing wooden roll-top desk full of books, papers, and architectural diagrams, illuminated by a couple of green-glass bankers’ lights.

## To the Fasters

*by Alfonso Sasieta*

*In June of 2021, dozens of activists fasted in Washington D.C.  
to put pressure on congress to provide a pathway to citizenship  
for the 11 million undocumented people in our country.  
These short poems are for them.*

### To the Black Preacher — 3 Day Fast

who just drove from Queens  
to D.C. in order to be  
hungry, who ate nothing for three days,  
who preached with no pulpit,  
who in his naked Spanish  
stumbled through two or three phrases  
barely discernible  
to the Central Americans,  
but who now smile & breathe  
the way people do  
when deep calls  
to deep

### To Noemi — 4 Day Fast

whom I had not met  
but who pulled me aside  
& said gracias por traducir  
ya pronto me voy  
a nevada  
no tengo papeles  
me dijeron que no debía haber venido  
pero tenía que hacerlo  
llevo muchos años en esta lucha  
y gracias a dios  
mis niños son ciudadanos  
pero yo no  
aún así me voy fortalecida  
por favor, que sigan  
luchando, que sigan

### To the teenager, Bayron — 5 Day Fast

I am sitting in a side chapel / looking at the stained glass / the glimmer / the blue & the red  
/ elucidating the dead reformers / & the distance / between Luther & Calvin / & Bayron /  
who just told me / how at age three / he held his five year old / hermano / hand in hand / this  
land is my land / he said / as gently as the trenzas / that rested on his shoulders / crossing the  
frontera / of age & skin / crossing into the pantheon / of santos / salvadoreños / que merecen  
papeles / y además / un stained glass

*by Alfonso Sasieta*

## Ghosts

*by Heile Espin*

my family was founded by ghosts,  
which means that in the eyes of the US government,  
my parents technically don't exist.  
they don't exist for the social security benefits,  
for the federal aid,  
or for any of the good this country has to offer,  
and only ever materialize  
in the presence of law enforcement,  
with the sound of a siren,  
or through the physical removal  
brought on by bad luck and a court decision.

my parents' wallets always carry an empty space  
where their driver's license should be,  
and whenever we're cruising down the street,  
my eyes are predisposed to scanning the road for police cars,  
the tangy smell of fear occupying the  
cracks and corners of our cars, hearts, and souls.

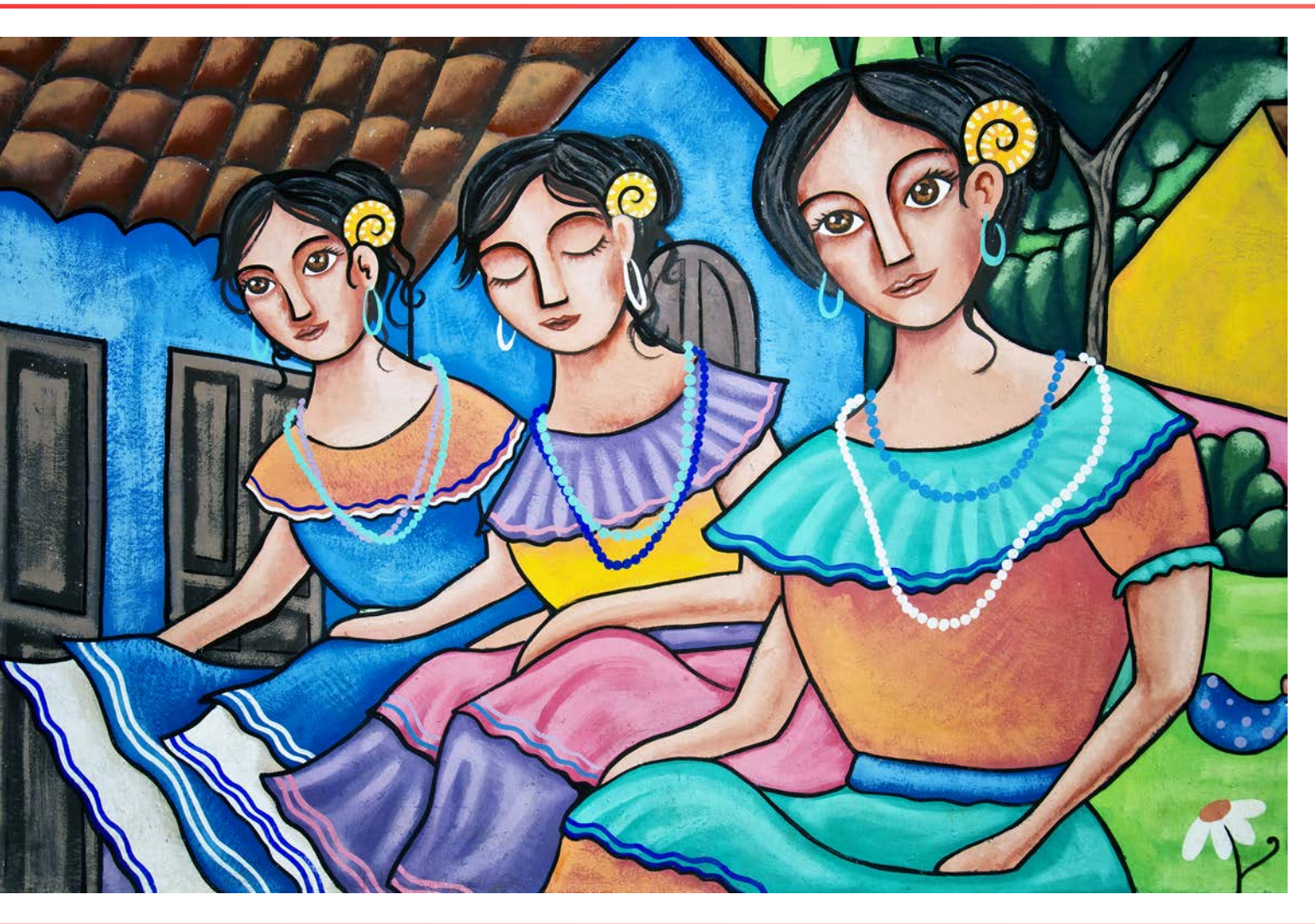
in our 2002 dodge, i have learned how to  
tamper down its smell  
with jokes and warm humor.  
when we get pulled over and my parents  
pull up nothing,  
i have learned how to plead,  
how to cry, how to fake sick,  
and how to make officers pity us.  
life becomes a game  
of how real i can make us appear.

when i fail and we walk the streets home,  
in our unwalkable clothes and unwalkable shoes,  
my siblings and i sigh and ache,  
our parents trudging along in front of us.  
silent and contemplative,  
their shadows make no appearance in the glaring sun,  
the land not bothering with the sound of their steps,  
their existence rendered null here.

*by Heile Espin*

used to being ghosts,  
they try to mark the path for us anyways,  
hoping our lives end up differently. more hopeful,  
more noticeable. substantial. tangible.





### La Ruta de Las Flores

*por Jeremish Gilbert*

Mural - El Salvador

*por Jeremish Gilbert*



### Plaza de los Zócalos

*por Jeremish Gilbert*

Digital Photography - Guatapé Columbia

*por Jeremish Gilbert*

## With Alistair Bingham in Alma Picchu

*by Steve Davidson*

Not everyone is aware of this, but one of those lost cities, specifically Alma Picchu, in the Peruvian Andes, sits astride eastern and western South America. From Alma Picchu you can see the sun rise in the east, lighting up the Amazon River as a golden streak running through the deep green jungle, and you can see the sun set in the west, over the silhouette of Easter Island and the Pacific Ocean in a riot of turquoise and crimson. An unbelievable perch from which to view the march of history. Alma Picchu is cold, it's high, it's nearly inaccessible, but it's magnificent . . . fabulous.

Lost is a relative term. Here's what happened. The Incas developed a brilliant civilization, on par with the Greeks, the Romans, and the Ancient Egyptians. They were smart, they were tough, and they were dominant, but they were reasonably decent governors.

However, they could read the handwriting on the wall when Europe came calling. The Spanish had horses, steel weapons, cannons, and the intimidation carried by the new, the mysterious, the scary. So, the Inca intelligentsia—the administrators and accountants, the astronomers and mathematicians, the architects and artists, and the prophets and storytellers—slipped away, in an Andean exodus, to a faraway, secret city, Alma Picchu. They never told anyone where they were going, and, when they got there, they never told anyone where they were. They just stayed there, in their Inca Shangri-La.

Now, nothing actually remains exactly the same; everything evolves. Anonymous representatives of Alma Picchu, Chakra People, who look blandly ordinary but are quite clever, would, over the years, in their ponchos and bowler hats, with their llamas, routinely drift into the towns far below, hang out, listen, sip a few pisco sours, pick up a few books on science, history, engineering, and agriculture, and casually drift away, mysteriously, in secret, all the way back up to Alma Picchu. The Chakra People, once back home, shared the knowledge they acquired. They were the technical liaisons with modernity but were not slaves to modernity.

Thereby, Alma Picchu became two things—a splendid classical Inca stone and gold city, something like the castles, manor houses, and cities of Tuscany, or Britain, as well as, in its basic construction, thoroughly modern—clean, excellent plumbing, electricity, medical care, libraries, schools, and so on. An evolving, modern city within a classical style, both beautiful and dazzlingly clever, as well as true to its ancient philosophical principles.

I would never have known anything about Alma Picchu except for this: I was visiting a Peruvian friend of mine, Edmundo, who worked for NASA, who had announced several months earlier, “You must come to Lima! The best shrimp, right out of the sea, the freshest limes, and the greatest beer, Cusqueña. Don't say, ‘No’. I won't hear of it!”

Therefore, sometime after that, Edmundo and I were settled in Lima at a seaside restaurant, Café Vilcabamba, drinking Cusqueña beer, and eating arroz con camarones with lime wedges, the shrimp chargrilled Elcano style, listening to the flutes and drums of Urubamba, as we watched the afternoon world turn rose gold. It was all fantastic.

Over coffee with chocolate, cinnamon, cloves, and orange, and Alfajores Peruvian cookies, Edmundo began to wax philosophical. “Por supuesto, mi amigo, the Peruvians are a great, great people.” Then he sat up, looked around to make sure no one was paying any particular attention, and shared something in a quiet, conspiratorial tone which truly amazed me. “Mi amigo, listen to this. You know NASA photographs the world. It has warehouses full of photographs. No one looks at them. But it's my job to look at the ones of Peru. Checking for rivers topping their banks, floods, avalanches, roads or bridges washed out, things like that. If I see a problem, I'm supposed to report it to the government.”

Then he lowered his voice. “One day, I noticed something estupendo—a large dot right on the crest of the Andes, between east and west, above Cusco, where there should have been nada, nothing! As you are probably aware, NASA photography can zero in right down to the street level. So, I zeroed in. I couldn't believe my eyes! An entire city on the crest of the Andes that no one had ever heard of! Perfectly laid out! With gold fountains and statues!”

“Well, I was so excited, I had to tell my friend Alistair Bingham, a university archaeologist from New England, who speaks the Inca language, Quechua. I knew that if I could find this secret city, it wouldn't be long before someone else did. And there was a good chance the people who tracked it down would be the equivalent of tomb robbers. Bandidos! I felt sure that professional archaeologists, with a legacy of respect for indigenous traditions, would handle the whole thing reliably.”

“And what happened then?” I asked. He explained that Alistair flew down to Lima, then drove a Land Rover up to Cusco, then, following a map Edmundo had put together, arrived at the secret city of the Andes. “What's the situation now?”

“Alistair is living there, in his casa, doing research, and writing a book. He has gained the trust of the local Incas and has spent many hours talking with them about their beliefs and habits, which, as far as I can tell, as might be said, are world-class. These people have a perspective on human history that is unique, that is, timeless genius.”

“I'd love to talk to Professor Bingham sometime”, I mentioned. “I'm sure it could be arranged”, Ed answered. “Al seems a trifle lonely. After all, Alma Picchu is, as we term it, a black site, at least so far.”

And so it was that on a chilly and crisp, not to say frosty and anaerobic, morning I found myself in a battered olive-green Land Rover bouncing and crashing and roaring slowly, at a steep angle, up the side of the Andes toward what appeared to be clear blue skies—sheer, cold emptiness. The famous Middle of Nowhere. The Mountain of No Return.



He suggested we talk out on the veranda, where we could sit on comfortable wicker chairs with bright Peruvian cushions, and sip a few pisco sours. “It’s a relatively nice day, we can watch the people, the animals, and the electric, sun-powered scooters go by, and you can ask questions.”

I: What brought you to Alma Picchu?

AB: An old Land Rover! Ha-ha!

I: I mean, how did you get interested in a lost South American city?

AB: Well, you know *global responsibility*, as we might call it, is a sticky wicket, as the cricketers say, or, a tiger by the tail, as everyone else might say.

I: What?

AB: Once you start peeling through the layers of myth, false explanations, cagey self-justifications, and so on, you usually end up like a soccer game—somebody won, and somebody lost, and the people who won, won because they had some kind of edge.

I: You make a fine pisco sour, but I think I lost the trail back there somewhere.

AB: What I’m trying to say, and not too well, I guess, is I’ve always felt bad about the European conquest of Perú. We had a technological edge, and we took advantage of it. Good people were rolled over. Not right.

So, when I heard about Alma Picchu, I thought maybe I could come up here, and make a few amends, a trifle, for what has gone wrong in the past, even allowing, as I was saying, trying to track down who was right and who was wrong eons ago is like trying to track down the Cheshire Cat through Wonderland—a Slough of Despond. What I think is—we do what we can, now, to help. That is, see the right road in the present and follow it.

## Cuidar

por Helmo Santos

Mixed Media

por Helmo Santos

I: And do you think you are accomplishing that?

AB: Yes, somewhat. Not as much as I would like, but as we might say, “Machu Picchu no se construyó en un día,” meaning that, “Machu Picchu wasn’t built in a day.” The people trust me, and I am learning things of much value from them.

I: Ah, that is what I came to hear. Eduardo speaks of the “Jeweled Wisdom of the Incas,” but I am not clear as to what that is. Can you elaborate?

AB: Gladly. I have numerous indigenous informants, but the best is a wise man, a shaman, Viracocha. But, really, no Quechuan speaker should be held liable for what I am about to relate. This is my interpretation of their philosophy. I try to be accurate, but I’m sure I have my biases, as well as sheer misunderstandings.

I: I certainly can accept that and will make allowances. Nonetheless, I’m interested.

AB: Fair enough. Now, realize that, despite the elevation, the people here are plugged into the world. They know what is going on. They see the dangers, they see the foolishness, they know there is only one Earth, and they have their opinions.

I: And those are?

AB: Complicated. Here’s what they say: people all around the world chase what glitters but where there is no gold. Whatever looks enticing for the moment is what they pursue. Ten years later, ten minutes later, they don’t even care.

And, if they are temporarily enraged at someone for something, they take it out on them—*bang!* Of course, the other party just returns punch for punch as soon as they are able. The violent lazy Susan of foolish leaders.

I: *The Commedia dell’Arte* of international relations.

AB: Exactly. You didn’t see the Incas doing that. Much. Certainly not now. As Plato said, “The wise man, while not late for a feast, is late for a fray.”

I: What is the Inca approach?

AB: They have what they call the “Five Emeralds of Inca Wisdom,” the *five necessary principles of living wisely*.

I: What are those, the Five Emeralds? Can you summarize them?

AB: Yes, I can try. The first emerald is *Reverence—La Reverencia*. Respect for the sun and the earth, the animals and the people, the mothers and the children, the water and the mountains, peace and prosperity. Caring must be the watchword.

The second emerald is *Growth—El Desarrollo*. Seeds must be planted, food must be harvested, terraces must be built and maintained, and food must be stored and distributed so all have enough to eat, and drink. Trees and flowers must be planted and maintained. Everyone must have enough to eat.

And there are, always, the children. They must be loved, guided, and taught such that they grow into reverent, productive members of the community.

The third emerald is *Civitas—La Ciudad y La Ciudadanía*. Beautiful cities, fit places for all people to live in safety and harmony, must be built—walls, gates, plazas, meeting rooms, houses, canals, cisterns, fountains, fine food and drink to replenish the body, and art, music, and dancing to replenish the spirit. All must participate in the building, and all must participate in the cleanliness, the maintenance. Community generosity.

The fourth emerald is *Governance—La Gobernanza*. Leaders must be wise and honest, responsible to the people, concerned for all. Goods produced and traded must be carefully accounted for by skilled, candid brokers. Plans must be laid and followed, so that floods and droughts and fires do not disrupt public life. Community wealth must be managed carefully and truly, with energy.

The fifth emerald is *Wisdom Itself—La Sabiduría*. Prosperity is guided by intelligence, so knowledge must be nurtured.

Planting and harvests must be aligned with the stars, so astronomy and agriculture must be known and taught. Buildings and roads must be straight and true, so geometry and mathematics must be learned and taught. The stories and histories of the ages, of heritage, must be written down, so all can read them, forever, so language and history must be learned and taught. The rules of reasoning must be known, so logic must be learned and taught.

*“The journey of life is long, and the night is dark, thus the road must be lighted by the brightness of the mind”*. That’s what the people here know.

I: Well, that would seem to cover the ballpark.

AB: Yes, broad, yet precise; determined, yet understanding; difficult, yet not impossible; extensive, yet highly functional. The result of years and years of experimentation in building a brilliant culture. First carried on in oral tradition, obviously, then on Inca records, *quipus*, then, with the arrival of the Europeans, committed to writing.

I: And this is what is going into your book?

AB: Yes. Someday.

I: And the title will be?

AB: Atahualpa Lives: The Jeweled Wisdom of Machu Picchu.

I: Not “The Jeweled Wisdom of Alma Picchu”?

AB: Not now. Not ever, possibly. Our anonymity is too precious.

At that moment a gorgeous, dark-haired woman with a gracious smile, wearing a white dress with colorful embroidery, brought to our little veranda table Peruvian tapas—chicken empanadas, country ham, and stuffed potatoes, on hand-painted crockery. “*Pachamama*, my wife,” explained Al, as she disappeared back into the house. The food was delicious. It had its own wonderful South American character.

“You need to stay here a few days,” Al announced. “Tomorrow, we’ll go to the main temple. It’s a marvelous place, hosting a spectacular ceremony, with deep meaning. It’s dark inside, where a hundred candles burn, reflected in the gold masks on the walls. Clouds of incense rise. The drums play, the pan pipes whistle. The audience chants powerful melodies. Then a singer, a follower of Yma Sumac, sings a soaring, holy melody. Finally, the priest, in a gold and green robe, speaks on one of the Five Emeralds. Then everyone decamps for the streets, for music, food, singing, dancing, and laughter, always laughter.

“Then will you see the true beauty of the Peruvian people. As you may hear it down in Cusco, *La caridad está en todas partes*—‘Charity is Everywhere.’ Or, as we say in Quechua, but, naturally, to translate for you: *Love and Wisdom shall encircle the Earth*. Not very different, really, from what you will hear in the cathedrals on a Sunday. Have another empanada.”

by Steve Davidson

## BIO

by Anna Eusthacia Donovan

Shadow child understood Neruda,  
who parted waters between shadow and soul  
I followed between steps and the dark hued lake  
in deep nights, silence of the solace primal.

I know the coarse roots of aquatic plants  
flailing in the tide, the sound of sardines  
twitching in the calm before the storm.

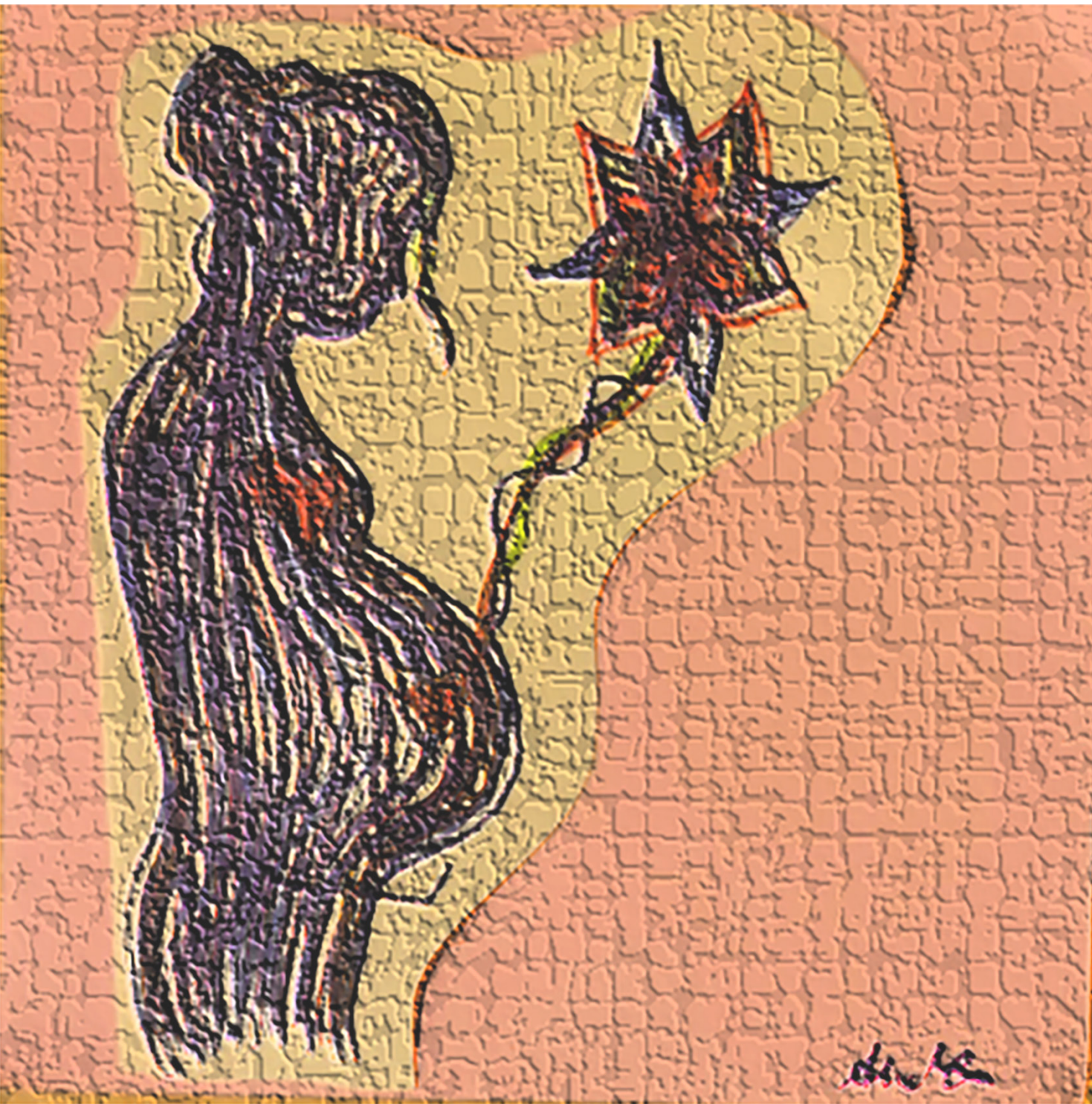
I know smooth, plumed flutes and charging Toltec  
drums.  
Paso Fino gait of wooden conqueror masks, brisk  
ruffle  
of tin rattles on pale cheeks.

I slept on blue sands over volcanic rock  
swayed by waves, led to dreams by careful moons.

Awakened to the bittersweet taste of love  
and the low leaning thorny tree offers  
shade in spite of its thorns,  
keel-shaped grackles in flight  
land with grace on its sloping top.

Steps, and deep nights of the heart,  
the eye finds the ease of curling watermelon vines,  
swells and resonates, Viva la Vida on watermelon  
flesh.

by Anna Eusthacia



## Arabella y Orión

por Andreea Ciobanu

Pluma

por Andreea Ciobanu

## Las estrellas de Orión

por Andreea Ciobanu

En la ventana, Arabella se vio a sí misma por primera vez en ocho meses: encorvada con una luna sobresaliendo de su pecho. Bajo las farolas, su topetón de blanco puro reflejaba todos los rastros de luz que se atrevieron a acercársele. Con sus pies de globos, tomó tres pasos hacia la cola de carritos y suspiró. Ella pensó en el cielo, que oscurecía más temprano cada día que pasaba.

Delante de ella, las puertas corredizas se abrieron sólo para paralizarla con la ráfaga del viento helado que salía de adentro. Pero las traviesas inclemencias naturales olvidaron que Arabella ya se había entumecido hacía diez minutos, cuando notó que los carteles de las plazas reservadas para las embarazadas habían sido desplazados por carteles de “Curbside Pickup”. Con la poca fuerza que tenía por las doscientas noches de insomnio, entró en el supermercado. El mensaje de su hija mayor le pasó por su mente.

Las flechas unidireccionales indicaban los pasillos, pero los rostros medio ocultos caminaban sin orden. Nadie se dio cuenta del virus que corría desenfrenado. Justo antes de salir del asilo, descubrió que tres empleados se enfermaron. Si no fuese por la vida que crecía por dentro, ella ya habría dejado de trabajar. Siguiendo la flecha anaranjada que señalaba la dirección de los productos femeninos, Arabella continuó, suspirando con cada paso. Sus pinceles recogían telarañas en su despacho mientras corría desde un lado del asilo al otro para completar las tareas administrativas. Arabella siempre pensaba en esto cuando repasaba lo que había pasado durante el día laboral. Claro que había sido contratada como una profesora de terapia artística. Claro que trabajaba tres horas extra cada día para compensar el despido de su marido. Claro que el bebé le daba rodillazos en su vejiga cada noche cuando debía dormir. Claro que andaba por los pasillos de Walmart como si fuera pasando a través de una neblina. Al menos, podría alimentar a sus tres hijas y esposo.

Ya frente a los productos que buscaba, Arabella tomó lo que había ido a comprar y giró el carrito hacia las cajas. La cajera miró su panza mientras escaneaba la prueba de embarazo. Los cinco minutos de regreso al coche se convirtieron en una eternidad sin fin. El bebé empezaba a darle patadas como si fuera una fiera salvaje. Las olas de piel subían y bajaban alrededor de su ombligo y unas estrellas corrían con alta velocidad por su visión. Otra vez, pensó en el mensaje de su hija mayor.

Arabella peleaba contra las luces fugaces con las pocas fuerzas que le sobraban a su cuerpo, hasta que las constelaciones se arremolinaron en una explosión de gran belleza y la flecha de Orión brilló en el cielo.

por Andreea Ciobanu



## La Giralda con la Catedral de Sevilla - Sevilla España

por Chris Vallejo  
Digital Photography

por Chris Vallejo

## Ode to the Cuauhtemiña

by Alfonso Sasieta

which my overhyped  
U-12 coach  
had never seen  
& so punished my fleet  
footed tomfoolery  
by subbing  
my ass  
& how was I to know  
not to yap  
about Cuauhtémoc Blanco  
with my feet, & like him, almost get quesadillaed

between  
the two wingers,  
having ignored soccer's unwritten etiquette  
about what to do with the ball  
near the corner  
flag while up 3-nil  
to the good,  
& having just plopped  
on the bench,  
my coach scowled  
& then cranked  
his neck to cram  
an improvised lecture  
down  
my esophagus  
about bone  
mincing tackles & rash  
lunges wherein the illegally  
long spikes  
of an opposing  
12-year-old wingback,  
perhaps vengeful  
about being 3 goals down, might snap  
the still-growing  
cartilage in my knee,  
& yet, in spite of that sideline's  
humid undressing,  
I remember well the buzz  
of the post-match chatter, especially that  
of an even smaller boy,  
who was maybe 7  
& said— *you're the one that did that move*  
by which he meant the meaningless  
trick that got me subbed off  
which is, of course  
the good-for-nothing  
*cuauhtemiña*  
that twice, Blanco did impromptu

in the second half  
against South Korea in 98',  
squeezing the ball between the insides of his feet  
& hopping  
like a kangaroo,  
two-footed, betwixt two  
defenders, each one  
too cautious about overextending  
into the other's space, until both, rather sheepishly  
extended a wobbly leg  
& then watched what must have seemed  
an amateurish  
glide  
between  
& then towards their own  
18-yard box, buoyed  
by some long & generational leap,  
this withdrawn  
forward,  
having descended from the feet  
of an Emperor whose soles  
were burned by coals  
so red that I wonder if every Cuauhtémoc  
is always ready  
to leap  
or is perhaps emboldened  
by two parents who would forego  
español & name  
their son into becoming  
the Aztec '10' who might slip  
between his own  
surname, & out of love  
for the game, win over  
a people by some tiny detail  
that is probably  
not so  
significant

by Alfonso Sasieta

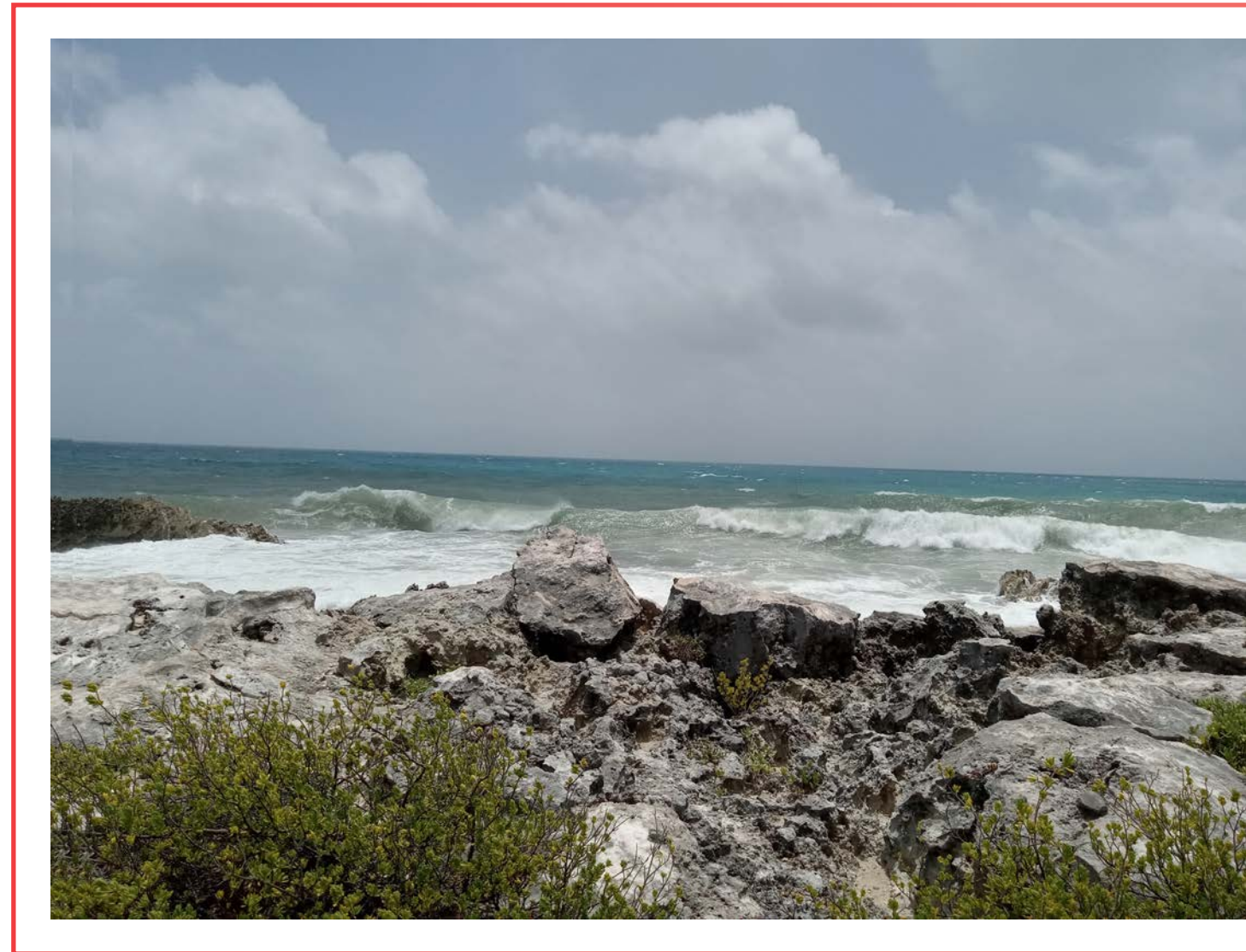
## Trompeta en Cueros

*by Alfonso Sasieta*

The high & the harsh  
notes of the trumpet denote  
a dignified map, a collaborative yes  
into uprightness & into restraint  
for the sake of a single-hearted rhythm  
called guaguancó  
& this trumpet stands  
alone & yet gropes in the night  
with trust that a percussive hope lurks  
in the shadows & curves  
of the reverberating quinto & the wooden  
tumba, or even a humble, unnamed  
tres, each of its strings  
connecting the bottomless depth  
of the drums unto the risen chin, lifted  
almost imperceptibly  
by the rise & fall of the chekeré's hundred  
beads, each one a part of that collective slash  
of sound, a clarity  
upon which the elder trumpeter  
can proclaim without words  
what the music has always known, that none  
of us rises  
alone

*by Alfonso Sasieta*

*after Alfredo "Chocolate" Armenteros &  
Grupo Folklórico Experimental Nuevayorkino*



## Rock and Sea - Isla Mujeres

*Martha Contú*

Digital Photography

*by Martha Contú*

## Matriarca

*por Ángela Acosta*

La responsabilidad matriarcal  
nunca termina con la muerte  
porque ellas nos inspiran a realizar sus  
sueños,  
aquellas oportunidades de un presente  
que el pasado las negó.

De mi familia ahora soy yo la única  
hispanohablante,  
la quien enseña, traduce y canta la  
danza de mis antepasados,  
bailando hacia el horizonte de las  
futuras generaciones.

Mis oídos no conocen el dialecto que  
presagió la revolución mexicana,  
mis manos no saben preparar las  
recetas familiares de la antigua  
hacienda,  
mi cara ya no parece como las de antes,  
pero viven en mí y ellas soy yo.

En mis recuerdos la veo sentada,  
la matriarca con sus aventuras  
californianas,  
con su vestido y su forma de ser  
que han dejado huellas en mi memoria  
a pesar de ser tan jovencita  
y demasiada tímida para sentarme en  
su regazo.

Nos saludamos del estilo matemático,  
me señala con los dedos su edad,  
pero no la entiendo bien y vacilo,  
intentando contar sus más de ochenta  
años  
de sabiduría comparadas con las mías,  
la bisnieta monolingüe de la costa  
estadounidense.

No la escucho sino la presiento,  
la veo con su sonrisa y orgullo,  
fortaleciendo los lazos familiares,  
inspirándome a echarme siempre  
adelante,  
de buscar nuevos mares y tierras  
y habitar el espacio sideral de mis  
sueños.

Algunos me dicen que hay que  
agradecer  
a mis genes por mi fluidez en español.  
Puede ser que ella me hable,  
guiando mi lengua para pronunciar  
elle y erre,  
brindándome buenos maestros y  
mentores  
por ser tan simpática como fantasma.

Fue una despiénvenida,  
tanto una despedida de la mujer que  
celebramos un día como hoy  
en el centenario de su nacimiento  
como una bienvenida a otra  
generación,  
la bendición de la matriarca a su  
bisnieta.

Veo a la nueva matriarca, la del  
próximo siglo,  
la quien enseña, traduce y canta  
los ritmos silvestres de una vida antes  
impensada,  
flotando hacia los límites de su propia  
imaginación.

Mis ojos no ven sus triunfos  
que logró gracias a nuestros sacrificios,  
mis pies no pueden pisar firme en las  
salas multiculturales de Marte,  
mi cuerpo ya no existe tal como las de  
antes,  
pero vivo siempre en ella y ellas soy yo.

*por Ángela Acosta*

## Última carta a un inmigrante a punto de regresar

*por Paula Rodríguez*

Hoy te escribo para decirte  
que en las noches oscuras  
cuando sueñas conmigo,  
es una mujer que no existe  
quien acaricia ese alma  
que es de plomo.

Y no es por los centímetros  
de más en mi cintura,  
ni por los años desgastados  
en incertidumbre,  
ni por los hijos que no traje  
para resguardar nuestra vejez.

Es por la imagen de aquella joven  
que arrastraste contigo  
al inframundo de tus sueños,  
prendida de tus suspiros  
en la soledad del exilio.

Arrebatado siempre  
en la esperanza imposible  
de un reencuentro  
oportuno  
en la tarde del otoño.

Es por el abrazo de otras carnes  
mientras suspirabas  
mi nombre al viento,  
y por el penoso destierro  
del inmigrante  
que hoy te regresa a mi...  
un extraño.

*por Paula Rodríguez*

# El Reloj y la Brújula

por *Maya Andelson*

Para sentir la silenciosa marcha de los días,  
No se necesita un reloj que marque los minutos y las horas,  
Esos inventos del ser humano con su necesidad de orden.

Sólo necesitas hacer una pausa y mirar con cuidado  
Para notar la aparición de nuevas líneas en tu piel,  
De prendas y almas desgastadas por el uso repetido,  
El envejecimiento de los padres, que alguna vez  
Arrullaron con cuidado nuestros propios cuerpos pequeños,  
En el bosque, la descomposición del viejo tronco al que solías escalar.

¿Hubo algún momento en que notaste más el paso del tiempo?  
Yo nunca he sentido tanto su peso sólido y ensordecedor  
Como cuando me di cuenta de que mi brújula se había movido mientras dormía,  
Y al despertar, era una extraña en mi propia vida.  
Mi norte ya no era norte, sino sur, o un poco sureste.

Si buscara un nuevo destino, tendría que caminar sola a través de un desierto  
Que no ha saboreado el agua en años.  
Sin detenerme, saludaría a los saguaros parados como centinelas solemnes  
En las áridas tierras fronterizas del mestizaje y de la migración.  
Es un paisaje despiadado de espinas y tierra agrietada, de escamas y de sed,  
Donde ningún árbol ofrece sombra bajo el sol abrasador.

Mis pasos me llevarían a montañas bajas y verdes en las nubes,  
El hogar de un pueblo tranquilo cuyo idioma no hablo,  
Pero cuyo nombre orgulloso comparto.  
Tendría que atravesar las granjas humildes de los pobres,  
Sus campos escarpados y empapados  
No cultivan mucho más que la esperanza y el miedo.

A ratos, me tocaría gatear en la oscuridad,  
Sobre terraplenes empinados, bajo un vasto manto de estrellas,  
Y mis dedos se hundirían en la arcilla blanda y húmeda,  
Liberando petricor tan fuerte que llegaría a mezclarse con mis pensamientos  
Para darle una gravedad fresca y terrenal a lo que hasta entonces  
Sólo habría sido un impulso para seguir adelante.

Pronto llegaría a ciudades atestadas y precarias,  
De smog, hollín de diésel, cemento rallado por grafiti y pájaros coloridos,  
De bochorno y basura, de bocinas y mercados al aire libre,  
Tierras de gente alegre, que a pesar de todo,  
Encuentra motivos para abrazarse con cariño y reír.

Sentiría el tirón de su música, ritmos que conocí incluso antes de nacer,  
Y tal vez me detendría a bailar con ellos un rato,  
Y a comer fruta fresca para la cual mi lengua no tiene nombre.  
Pero en las primeras horas de la mañana,  
Me levantaría y saldría silenciosamente por la puerta sin dejar una nota.

Más al sur me encontraría con un tipo diferente de montaña,  
Vastas, rocosas, antiguas e imponentes con capuchas blancas que tocan un sol frío.  
Sus vientos glaciales, su fauna solitaria y sus culturas introspectivas  
Se sienten extrañas y ásperas,  
Aunque no puedo evitar admirar cómo la vida puede existir y adaptarse  
Incluso en los lugares más infecundos y azotados por el viento.

Acercándome al final de mi viaje, llegaría a un valle central.  
El vino tinto, el agua salada, el té negro y la memoria corren por las venas de esta gente,  
Cuyo vocabulario inventado y humor agudo ya he aprendido a desentrañar,  
Y cuyas lágrimas he sentido correr por mis propias mejillas  
Al encontrarme parada en un cementerio mirando entierros sin nombres.

¿Le ofrecería tal valle un tónico a la peregrina cansada,  
Cuya piel magullada y rayada cuenta la historia de un sacrificio voluntario,  
Cuya mente busca una verdad que sólo se encuentra dejando atrás lo conocido?  
¿Se suavizarían los estragos del tiempo y se harían menos temibles,  
Al seguir la aguja de una brújula guiada por otro campo magnético?

¿Encontraría una puerta abierta y un hogar cálido,  
En el borde del mapa, al fin del mundo?



*por Maya Andelson*

# Traición familiar

*por Kristina Rivers Colón*

cuando la habían cortado su cuerpo abierto  
sólo para descubrir el diablo dormido adentro,  
allí estaba yo,  
peleando con él por la posesión de su entidad.

*¿mientras tú, qué?*

cuando la había encontrado arrastrándose por el piso,  
nadando en su propio vómito;  
desde también me arrodillé.  
vadeando en su enfermedad  
traté de salvarnos a las dos.

*¿dónde estabas tú?  
¿escondiéndote bajo la sombra de tu propia vergüenza?*

cuando los demonios habían hecho un nido en su cerebro,  
controlándola,  
haciéndola niña cuando ya era mujer;  
tuve que hacerme mujer cuando todavía era niña.

*Me imagino que sí.*

cuando su cuerpo la había traicionado,  
confinándola a la cama,  
inmóvil y muda;  
me convertí en intérprete y prótesis.

*¿y ahora, qué?  
ahora que ya la oportunidad de reconciliación  
ha ido y venido...*

*en defensa de mi mamá*

cuando ya los seres malignos habían tomado  
posesión de su cuerpo,  
fui yo quien llevó su alma al Señor.  
cargándola en mis manos como una princesa,  
le ofrecí la parte más pura de ella.

*...¿dónde estás tú?  
¿ahogándote en tu propia culpa,  
dentro del hoyo del vientre de la bestia?*

*Ojalá que sí.*

*por Kristina Rivers Colón*

# Las joyas de la Vía Láctea

*por Angels Acosta*

Desde un telescopio montado en la cumbre  
de la montaña de la humanidad  
se divisan las joyas de la Vía Láctea.

La luna lleva sus aretes de piedras  
cosechadas por las primeras mujeres  
que pisaron sobre el Mar de Tranquilidad.

Los anillos de Saturno brillan como el horizonte  
de las estaciones espaciales pobladas por turistas  
de Alfa Centauri que admiran el resplandor de las hijas lunas.

Más allá, en los remotos bordes de nuestro sistema solar  
se encuentran los mineros que abrochan el cinturón  
de los asteroides con sus cohetes.

Una lluvia de estrellas cierra la pulsera  
del brazo galáctico donde habitamos nosotros,  
dándole la bienvenida a los seres sintientes vecinos.

Los feroces céfiros interestelares besan la frente  
de la corona que reina sobre el espacio sideral,  
protegiendo a su rebaño de seres, planetas, estrellas,  
sueños merecidos y futuros inesperados.

*por Angels Acosta*

## Mestiza

*por Anns Eusthacis Donovan*

Halo amarillo oscuro  
de pastos criados  
huevos rancheros,  
ampollado y carbonizado  
Eros nacido del Caos,  
ancho picante  
y chipotles ahumados.

Sus ojos  
un reloj sin línea  
al tiempo  
otorga segundos desiguales  
silencio de nubes cielo  
el yo  
y la venganza roja de las moscas callejeras  
al incendio forestal.

Ama con  
tambores de luna rodante  
y ritmos de trufa de caramelo  
a través de cimbales de chocolate  
luego retuerce el tequila  
sangre mixta y gusano  
busca el corazón palpitante  
en la mano  
hasta el pedernal lunar  
en la obsidiana se abre  
el pecho de un amante  
sólo para ver  
sólo curiosidad.

*por Anns Eusthacis Donovan*

Rabia pistola en labios gruñidos  
graffiti ilegal en danza  
golpea la tierra con angustia  
dedos rosados en botas de punta de acero  
astillando uñas pintadas de negro.

El alma anciana perdió su silencio  
al nacer dejó salir precaución  
en un primer aliento,  
primer grito fuerte  
de los nacidos entre  
murallas fronterizas  
desgasta la desnudez  
de los desposeídos.

La voz de bajo sopla  
bloques de cemento  
en el callejón  
El polvo del Hombre Arena  
en sus párpados  
tantas primicias te esperan  
alas de ojo de gato y lágrimas de oro.

## Untitled

*by Josephine Florens*

Mixed Media Over Map

*Josephine Florens*



## Lista de contribuidores

Ángela Acosta, de ascendencia mexicana y europea, actualmente está terminando su doctorado en los estudios ibéricos en Ohio State University. Sus poemas, publicados en Pluma, Toyon y Somos en escrito, llevan la riqueza de la herencia latinx al futuro con toques de ciencia ficción.

Ursula Anchondo is bilingual and is currently studying for a Bachelor's degree in American Sign Language. One day she strives to interpret and fulfill communication between deaf and Spanish speaking people. One of her favorite pastimes is spending quality time with friends and family, while also expanding her music taste.

Maya Andelson es hija de madre colombiana y padre estadounidense, nieta de pioneros alemanes y casada con un chileno. Creció entre las praderas de Iowa, pero también tiene raíces en América Latina. Sus poemas incorporan elementos de la naturaleza y la humanidad, de lo vivido y lo soñado.

Yessmin Arevalo (she/hers/ella), pronounced "Yes-men," holds a bachelor's degree in mathematics from the University of Texas at Austin but takes pleasure in doing things that don't involve numbers. Her writings are meant to make people laugh and question her sanity. Yessmin has had her work published in Red Orgre Review.

Martha Cantú is a high school student at Connections Academy. Besides photography, she enjoys playing piano and drawing.

Andreea Ciobanu, recién graduada de Yale, aborda cuestiones sociales y familiares en sus obras. Siente la necesidad de transponer los temas que observa en la vida real a la poesía o la prosa. "Las estrellas de Orión" trata de la carga del embarazo en los Estados Unidos.

Kristina Rivera Colón, a Puerto Rican-American writer, is originally from Southern California where she received her MFA in Fiction. Currently calling Arizona home since she is pursuing a Ph.D. in Latinx Literature, her writing and research interests align as they both explore trauma and culture passed down via maternal/familial relationships.

Douglas K Currier writes poetry in English and Spanish. He has published in Main Street Rag, Comstock Review, Anaquel Literario, and Revista Rito, as well as in the anthologies: Getting Old, Welcome to the Neighborhood, and Poemas Zafados in North and South America. He lives in Pennsylvania and Argentina.

Dr. Steve Davidson is a California clinical psychologist, author of the clinical textbook An Introduction to Human Operations Psychotherapy. He is interested in the thriving of Latin America, and generally in the adoption by individuals and societies of principles of healthy living.

Anna Eusthacia Donovan is a psychologist and educator originally from Nicaragua, Central America. She is dedicated to university students' success in visual arts and design. She grew up with poetry, and poetry with and within her. She wants to "start where language ends."

Haile Espin is a Mexican American writer from NC. Her work can be found in Apricity Magazine and Valiant Scribe Literary Journal.

Emilce Ferreira is a first-generation Mexican-American living in San Antonio, Texas. Her short stories are rooted in her Mexican identity and her life experiences as an immigrant. When she is not working on a short story, Emilce can be found tending to her chickens and her mini-donkeys.

Josephine Florens is a professional oil painter. She was born in Odessa, Ukraine on September 22, 1988 and lives in Bad Grönenbach, Germany, as there is a war going on in Ukraine. Website is <https://josephineflorens.com>

Samuel Osmin Fuentes es alumno de la Universidad de Arkansas - Fort Smith. Estudia para ser maestro de biología con una subespecialidad en español. Su sueño es algún día ser dentista. Él es veterano de las fuerzas armadas de los Estados Unidos bajo el servicio de los United States Marine Corps. Samuel descende de padres salvadoreños y nació en Fort Smith, Arkansas. Él es padre de seis hijos, cuatro hombres y dos mujeres. Se encuentra felizmente casado con Amanda Fuentes. Samuel es amante de la naturaleza y le gusta cazar e ir de pesca.

Jeremiah Gilbert es un galardonado fotógrafo y ávido viajero del sur de California. Sus viajes lo han llevado a más de ochenta países repartidos en los cinco continentes. Su fotografía ha sido publicada internacionalmente, tanto en publicaciones digitales como impresas, y ha sido exhibida en todo el mundo.

Daniela Morales Hernandez es alumna de la Universidad de Arkansas - Fort Smith. Estudia para ser licenciada en español con una subespecialidad en TESOL (Teaching English as a Second Language). Es de Poteau, Oklahoma. En su tiempo libre a ella le gusta salir con amigos y estar involucrada en las organizaciones culturales de estudiantes en el campus de su universidad. Le encanta bailar cualquier tipo de música y es aficionada del equipo de fútbol mexicano, Cruz Azul.

Solany Lara is a Chicana who is the product of her immigrant parents' hard work and tenacity. Her writing consists of parental grief, generational trauma, growing up first-Gen, and her growth through these life experiences. She's currently working on her first book, Hija de mi padre.

Dwight Littleton. Soy un estadounidense de primera generación, nacido en Arkansas donde he vivido toda mi vida. A lo largo de mi vida, muchas personas de todas las esferas de la vida me han moldeado en lo que soy ahora y me han dado un gran aprecio por la gente como experiencia. He experimentado gran amor sólo hablando con la gente y he aprendido que la mayoría de la gente quiere mostrar amor tanto como ellos quieren recibirlo. Mi meta en la vida ha sido reunir a la gente a través de palabras, tanto habladas como escritas, para lograr un mejor mañana para todos, especialmente cuando hay incomodidad involucrada. Espero que a través de mis palabras sea capaz de dar voz a aquellos que no tienen una, no pueden tener una, y han sido injustamente despojados de su voz. Creo que compartir nuestras experiencias es el comienzo de hacer oír esas voces, y por eso escribo. Actualmente estoy asistiendo a la Universidad de Arkansas en Fort Smith con una especialización en Medios de Comunicación y una subespecialidad en español para lograr este objetivo. Espero graduarme en el otoño de 2023.

Juana Moriel-Payne is a historian, novelist, and poeta. She has published two novels that have received prizes in Mexico and The United States, Trigueña and La caza del venado. She teaches creative writing at the University of Mount Sint Mary's-Los Angeles and she is writing a memoir.

Annalee Parker an artist based out of Tennessee. She explores both the traditional side of art through the use of watercolors and the digital side of art through the use of a tablet. She is currently pursuing an Associate's Degree in Studio Art. She is inspired by nature.

Paula M. Rodríguez is an educator in greater Los Angeles. She started her literary career in her country of origin, Spain, where she won a literary prize, and published her work in academic journals, but after migrating to the United States, she has focused on poetry and narrative.

Julieta Fuentes Roll is a Mexican-American poet born and raised in San Francisco's Mission District. She is currently a student at UC Berkeley. Her work has been featured in The Thieving Magpie, Ethel Zine, and Blue Unicorn.

Helmo Santos is a nomadic artist with a self-taught formation, developing artistic research on identity and territoriality from a historical perspective. His work transforms contemporary issues such as diasporas and decolonization into visual synthesis, the idea into symbolic unity.

Alfonso Sito Sasieta es padre, bailador y poeta. The son of a German-American mother & a Chinese-Peruvian father, he enjoys writing poems that explore mixedness. Sito is a fanatic of salsa & timba. He has been published in America, Sojourners, South Florida Poetry Review, Cold Mountain Review, & elsewhere.

Paloma Sierra is a Puerto Rican writer. Inaugural Emerging Poet Laureate of Allegheny County, Paloma produced award-winning videopoems screened at ¡Tú Cuentas! Cine Youth Festival, among many other festivals. She has also developed theater with Project Y, Poetic Theater Productions, Nuyorican Poets Cafe, and White Snake Projects. [www.pasierra.com](http://www.pasierra.com)

Fez Silk creció en el sur de California, y vive actualmente en el campo del norte de Virginia. Es artista, poeta, música, escolar, y granjera. Le gusta caminar descalza.

Marlene Toledo es una estudiante de la Universidad de Arkansas - Fort Smith. Es hija de inmigrantes mexicanos y actualmente está estudiando español como su especialidad principal y una subespecialidad en arte. Tiene planes de estar involucrada en los sectores educativos y culturales. Desde niña siempre le ha interesado expresarse mediante el dibujo y la pintura. Ella creció en Estados Unidos, pero de adolescente vivió en Morelos, México por siete años lo cual permitió una conexión personal a sus raíces mexicanas. Durante este tiempo también desarrolló un gusto a las lenguas y le encanta aprender japonés, italiano, portugués y francés. Uno de los sueños grandes de ella es ir a Italia para tener fluidez en el idioma de ese país. Marlene tiene cuatro hijos, a los cuales ella educa de manera independiente en casa. Las comunidades de familias que educan en casa son parte de su vida diaria y ella está muy involucrada en enseñar español y arte a los niños de estas familias. Marlene espera obtener su título en el otoño del 2024.

Chris Vallejo was born under the delightful sunshine on the coast of Barcelona. Her muse is Mother Nature and the little details that fill with pleasure the beauty of the unexpected. Her art has been published in Montana Mouthful, Azahares Spanish Language Literary Magazine, and Hispanic Culture Review.

## The World Languages Department at UAFS

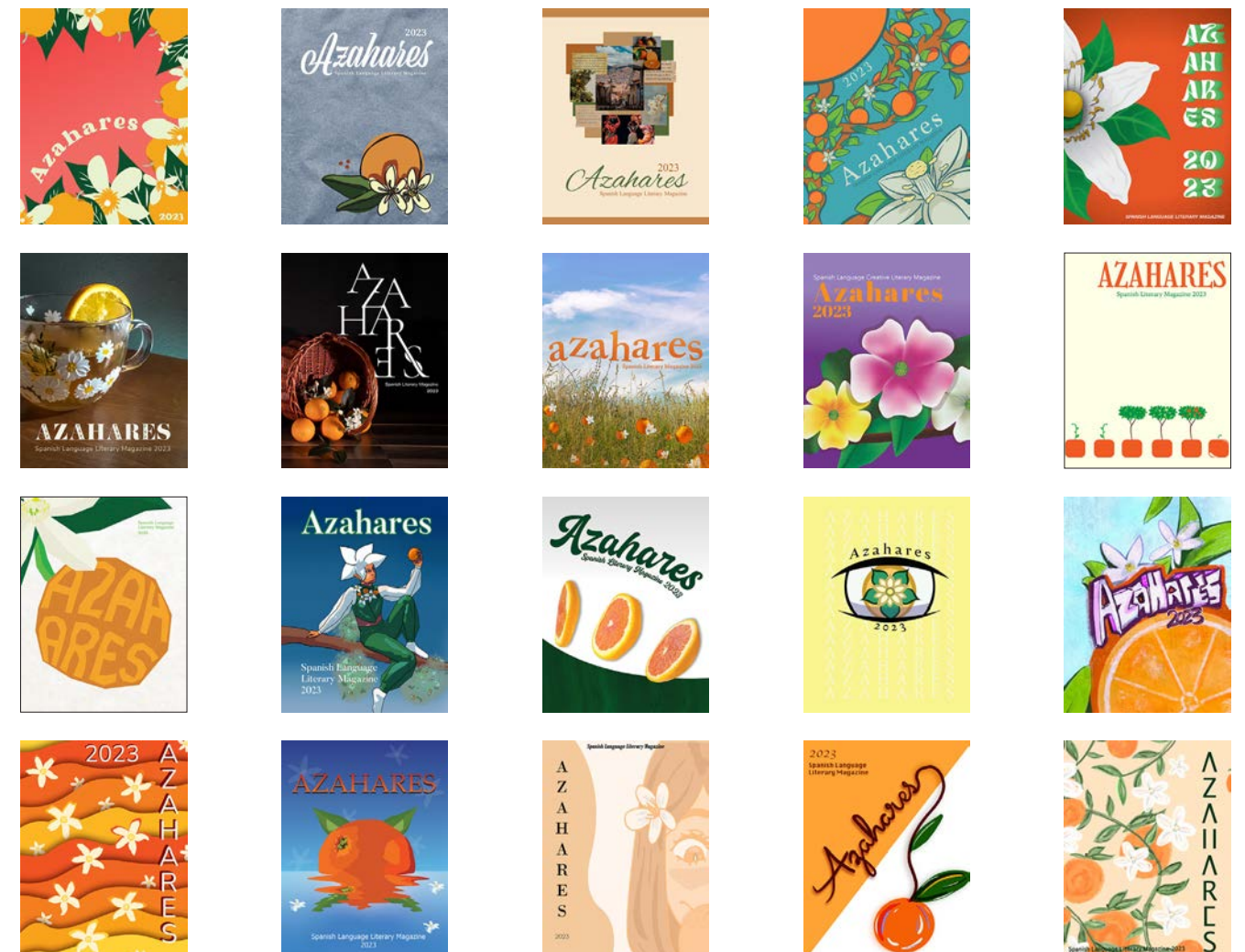
The literary magazine Azahares forms part of the array of professional opportunities which the World Languages Department at the University of Arkansas – Fort Smith provides its students and the greater region. The Bachelor of Arts in Spanish prepares students to meet the qualifications for employment opportunities in medical, business and government service, as well as to complete graduate work in Spanish. As part of the graduation requirement, semester study-abroad options provide Spanish majors with immersive experiences in the language and culture of Latin America.

As part of the focus on preparing students for success in a global society, the World Languages Department offers a Certificate of Proficiency in Spanish for the Helping Professions, with a specialization in either social services or healthcare. This certificate is open to current students as well as members of the larger workforce. In addition, students can obtain a Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL) - Certificate of Proficiency, the TESL minor, and an endorsement for Teaching English as a Second Language, grades P-12. This program of study exceeds the minimum credit hour requirements for the Arkansas Department of Education and addresses all the competencies identified for the licensure area. TESL Certification allows teacher licensure candidates to add an Arkansas state ESL (English as a Second Language) endorsement to their teaching license. Current UAFS students can add these courses to enhance their future employability. Teachers already working in the field can add this endorsement as well. TESL Certification is also designed for international students who are preparing to teach English as a Second Language abroad.

For more information on the World Languages Department at UAFS, please feel free to contact Dr. Mary A. Sobhani, Department Head, at [Mary.Sobhani@uafs.edu](mailto:Mary.Sobhani@uafs.edu). Visit us at [www.uafs.edu](http://www.uafs.edu) or find us on Facebook @UAFS-World Languages Department and @UAFS Azahares.

## About this year's design & layout

The Art Department at UAFS puts learning into action. Since the spring of 2018, students working towards a Bachelor of Science in Graphic Design have designed the Azahares Spanish Literary Magazine as part of their sophomore-level Print & Publication class. Each student presents their design for both the cover and inside pages to the editorial board of the magazine, who in turn selects finalists. These students then head up teams, as might happen in a professional design studio, to complete the design and typesetting the entire magazine. The original cover designs that were presented to the Editorial Board appear below.



## Azahares 2024 Call for Submissions

At Azahares, we're looking for fresh work of the Latin@ experience: poetry that transports us into new perspectives; prose that makes us laugh or cry or sigh with satisfaction; art that lifts us towards the sublime or soothes us like un chocolatito caliente on a cold evening. We particularly enjoy publishing works that illustrate the best of what it means to be human.


All written submissions must be primarily in English or Spanish; if in English, they must thematically reflect Latin@ culture. All artwork and photography must reflect the themes of the Latin@ experience.

To submit:

<https://azaharesliterarymagazine.submittable.com/submit>

- Poetry guidelines: 200-line maximum
- Prose guidelines: 3,500 maximum word count
- Color and black-and-white artwork/photography are accepted (high resolution - .png files preferred)





**Lo que diferencia  
azar de azahar,  
lo que hace que el  
uno no huela a nada  
y el otro sí, es la h,  
que es una h de  
perfumería.**

— Ramón Gómez de la Serna, *Greguerías*

UAFS