

Journal of Visual and Written Arts

Chilam Balam

Spring 2005

#7



Image © 2005 Jazmin Ponthier



Chilam Balam #7

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Featuring:

Alicia Siu
Francisco Dominguez
Jennie Luna
George Cisneros
Jessica Winter
Salvador Sarmiento
Jazmin Ponthier
Luis Carranza
Jazmin Ponthier
Charles Mariano
Maurilio
Lupita
Steven Unger
Sandra Orozco

The Chilam were native priests, shamans or seers. Balam means "jaguar" and is used here as a title of rank, or to bestow respect. The original "Jaguar Priest" may have been a real person whose greatness prompted the use of his name for these texts.

Los llamados "Libros de Chilam Balam" forman una parte de las secciones mas importantes de la literatura indigena americana. Fueron redactados después de la conquista española, por lo que su escritura y su forma material son europeos es decir, su escritura es la que los frailes españoles adaptaron a la fonología de la lengua maya en Yucatan y el papel usado -por lo menos en las copias ahora existentes- es tambien europeo, formando cuadernos. Alguno, si no todos, tuvieron tapas de vaqueta. <http://www.mayacalendar.com/loslibrosdechilambalam.html>

cover art © 2005 Steven Unger

Chilam Balam #7

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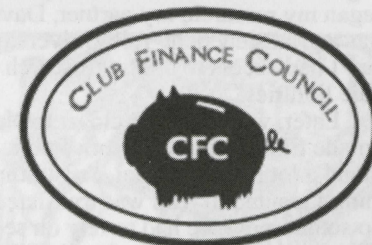


La Palabra



¡Hace la Fuerza!
La Palabra

SPAC 4th Flr
MU Chilam
Balam #253
One Shields
Ave. Davis, CA
95616 or
chilambalam@mail.com



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AGE OF BRONZE

THE STORY OF THE TROJAN WAR

Some Thoughts and Sketches

By Eric Shanower

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One day in February 1991, I listened to an audio tape of the book *The March of Folly: From Troy to Vietnam* by Barbara W. Tuchman. For some reason, her chapter on the Trojan War captured my imagination. Ms. Tuchman pointed out that whenever the characters made a really foolish decision, they always said something like, "Well, we couldn't help it, the gods told us to do it." This appealed to my attitude about the relationship of humanity to deity. The other thing that really intrigued me was the fact that there are many different versions of the Troy story, many of them conflicting. The challenge of reconciling all of these into one continuous storyline got me excited. And what better way to present the drama- the tragedy, the love, the war, the intense struggles both inner and outer- what better way than comics?

Well, I scribbled down a couple notes on a scrap of paper and put it in my idea file with the

Age of Bronze retells the story of the Trojan War in comics form, from the beginning- where Paris, a prince of Troy, unaware of his heritage, herds cows on the slopes of Mount Ida- on to the end where the city of Troy falls and the Greeks- properly called Achaeans- sails home. And I'm not leaving out *anything*. When it's finished, it'll be the whole story as it's developed over time. No matter how familiar you may be with Greek mythology or any of its literary or artistic descendants, I think you'll find some surprises in *Age of Bronze*. Of course, retelling the story of the Trojan War is the most important aspect, but *how* it's retold is pretty important too. I decided to suppress the supernatural elements of the story. I want *Age of Bronze* to seem as though I'm showing what happened on a human level- that if the Trojan War ever took place, what you see in my art is what it would have looked like. In order to do that, some intensive archaeological research was necessary specifically the Mycenaean civilization that flourished in Greece and the Hittite civilization that flourished in Turkey in the second millennium BCE.

One valuable discovery was the latest excavation at Troy which began in 1988 and ended for the most part in 2000. Can you imagine my excitement when I learned that Troy was being excavated again? I had to know everything they were discovering, because I wanted the backgrounds- the settings, the costumes, everything- to be as authentic as possible.

In the 1880's the German archaeologist Hienrich Schliemann discovered the site of Troy. He revealed to the world that the glorious, treasure-filled city of legend was a small hilltop citadel which maybe could have comfortably held a few hundred inhabitants- rather disappointing. Schliemann is even supposed to have pulled a few fast tricks to try to make this site seem more important that it appeared. But disappointing as it was, they puny citadel on the hill is what most people accepted the actual city of Troy to be.

The Troy of legend is just too grand and important to be a funny little citadel no matter how picturesquely situated. So I planned to deal with this problem by having many of the Trojans living just outside the citadel walls. The story required it. But how big would I need make any sort of outer settlement and where in the world were all those people going to go when the Achaeans attacked?

Then in the mid-'90s I learned that the new team of archaeologists working at Troy under Prof. Manfred Korfmann had discovered evidence of structures *outside* the citadel walls- basically an entire lower city- and the remains of a defensive ditch running around it all. This increased the size of Troy from the little citadel on the hill to a major Bronze Age metropolis. It sure was nice to have real life hand me something solid to build on.

For most of my settings in *Age of Bronze*, I work from photographs. In 1993, a friend of mine was traveling to Turkey with a group from her college. When I heard they'd be going to Troy, I asked her to take photos. What I particularly wanted was photos of what you could see looking away from Troy. All the books have photos looking towards Troy, and the only way to get that was to go there or- next best- have someone take photos.

(cont. next page)

By June 1997, I'd done years of research. I'd made extensive notes and plot outlines, written scripts for the first few issues, and sketched pages and pages of Late Bronze Age artifacts. But I hadn't yet done any character designs, and before I began drawing comicbook pages, I'd have to do that. I began with Paris, the young Trojan prince, but a couple hours into designing Paris, I found out that that month's Diamond comic distributor catalog announced a new four-issue series from Caliber Comics called *Troy* which would tell the complete story of the Trojan War, focusing primarily on the human characters rather than the gods. I was aghast- someone was inadvertently stealing my project!

But the only thing I could do was to stay on track with what I had planned.

Meanwhile, Caliber Comics' *Troy* series seemed to come and go without much fanfare. I never even saw an issue until last year when a friend sent me one.

Age of Bronze ended up at Image Comics. *Age of Bronze* certainly wasn't what I'd considered a typical Image Comics title. But Image Comics ended up being my best option, so in November 1998 the first issue of *Age of Bronze* was published by Image Comics. And the series is still going strong.

The sketches just below show designs for armor of some of the main characters. On the right are Patroklos and Achilles in their armor from issue 12, and at the bottom Odysseus and his men from the same issue.

Top: Copyright © 2001 Eric Shanower. All rights reserved. Middle: Copyright © 2003 Eric Shanower. All rights reserved. Bottom: Copyright © 2001 Eric Shanower. All rights reserved.



If interested in viewing full 10 pgs story please email lapalabra_ued@hotmail.com.



Sketches of Deidamia's costume and hair appear below next to a finished drawing of her from issue 14.

Below: Copyright © 2003 Eric Shanower. Right: Copyright © 2002 Eric Shanower. All rights reserved.



vague thought that sometime in the future I might have some free time to think about such a massive project. But the idea wouldn't let me go. When I went into bookstores, books having to do with Greek myth in general and the Trojan War in particular seemed almost to jump off the shelves into my hands. Finally I gave in and started work.

Easier said than done. The Trojan War story is at least 2800 years old, so it's had a lot of time to generate material. Fortunately at the time I began my research, my partner, David Maxine, was a grad student at Yale University, so through him I had access to a lot of research material at the Yale libraries.

Later, when we lived closer to New York City, I made trips to the New York Public Library and found a lot more material. Frustratingly, not everything I wanted to read was translated into English. So sometimes I've had to rely on secondary sources written about what I was looking for, or glean what I can from a text written in a language I can barely read like French, or just wait and see if an English translation ever appears. I've got a list of texts I'm still looking for.

Poemas de Oscar René Benítez

Origen

El hombre por su vanidad procura
ser muy original en sus inventos.
¿Quién inventó los mares y los vientos
y de todas las frutas su dulzura,
los grandes torrentes y nacimientos:
en fin, los verdes bosques, la llanura,
tanta vida vibrante de hermosura
y la marcha de tantos pensamientos?

Cómo creer ser una fuerza creadora,
si no podemos comprender la vida
que pululando en nuestra fauna y flora
nos brinda de una savia que convida:
mieles y cantos, un trino que llora,
una hoja, o una fruta desprendida.

Deseo

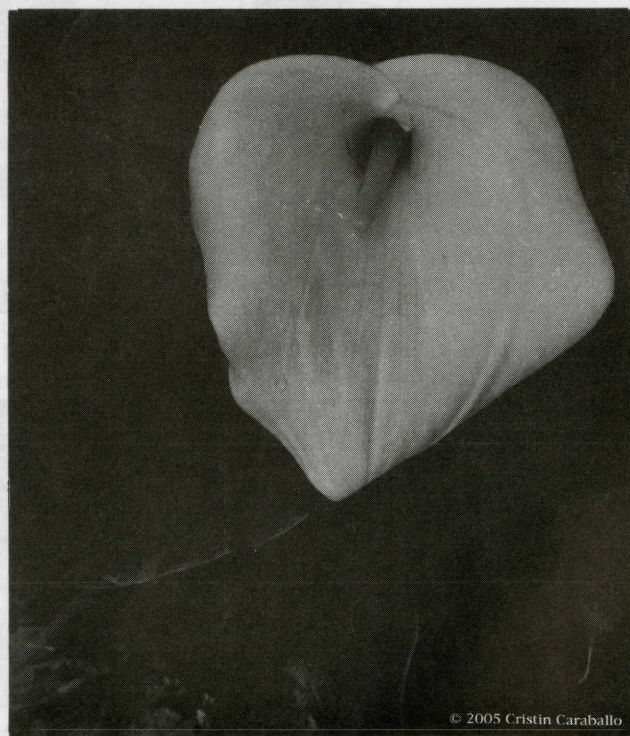
Quiero el sonido del viento
entre los árboles,
el de las olas rompiendo
su corona de espuma entre las piedras
un sonido de hojas,
de plumas,
de vuelos que rompan el silencio del

Quiero de pronto
olvidar la prisa
de las ciudades y la ansiedad
de una juventud
de cabellos pintados y violeta

Olvidar que electrocutaron los sonidos,
que comercian desnudez
de las manzanas
en calles luminosas;
olvidar

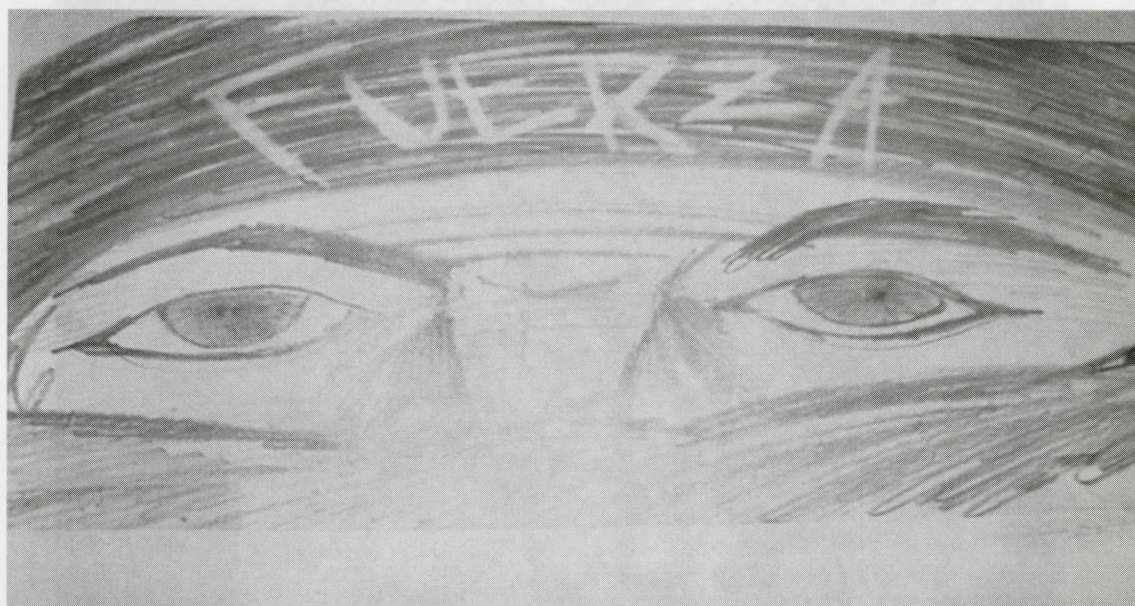
olvidar en fin
la marcha precipitada
de la humanidad
y la locura del hombre
que ya fabrica flores
y miembros de plástico;
cambiando
lo natural por lo sintético.
quiero por esta vez sólo
escuchar,
sentir,
percibir
esas pequeñas cosas,
los pequeños detalles
de la naturaleza
y sumergir mi musa
entre las hojas muertas y el pasto,
donde circulan vidas minúsculas,
pequeños mundos olvidados
donde anida la belleza
acostumbrada al calor y al frío
de la tierra,
a los pasos
del hombre sencillo
y de la lluvia.

Oscar René Benítez reside en Los Angeles, es ganador de los premios:
Simón Bolívar y Benito Juárez, y finalista del premio internacional de
poesía: Pablo Neruda. Es autor de varias colecciones de poesía y
novelas: "Inmortales" y "Las huellas de una lucha sin final",
su más reciente novela "Cuando concluyó la guerra" trata de los
problemas que enfrentan los inmigrantes Salvadoreños en Estados
Unidos, exiliados de la guerra civil salvadoreña.



© 2005 Cristin Caraballo





Versos sencillos

En situaciones violentas
amor y amistad resalta
Valentín donde te encuentras
que aquí haces mucha falta

no hay cosa mas querida
que yo cargo en mis andares
compañeros de la vida
amigos y familiares
contigo iré caminando
las calles de mi ciudad
juntos iremos sembrando
semillitas de la verdad

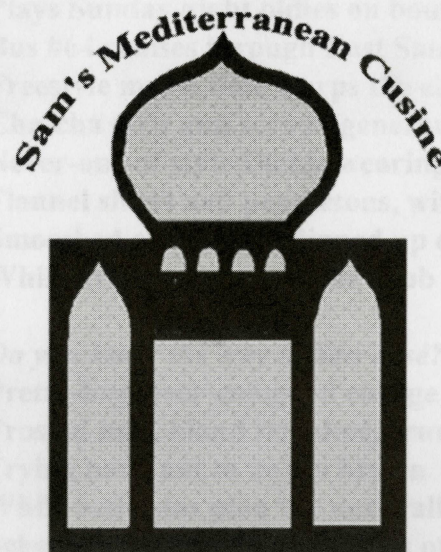
donde te encuentras santo mío
mi querido san Valentín
pues ya no gozo, ya no rió
desde que tu amistad perdí

aquí te esperamos compañero
compañero san Valentín
ojala llegues tu primero
que llegue el mundo a su fin

~Gregorio Salvador

Monkeying around

if I were a gorilla
big
harry
humongous
and growling
life would be easy
bananas
24/7
or
rabbit-on-a-stick
just throw out my big paw
pound my chest
flash
my snarling good looks
if I were a gorilla
900 pounds
of claws
and attitude,
I'd be king of the jungle
mightier than shit
~c.mariano



Sam's Mediterranean Cuisine

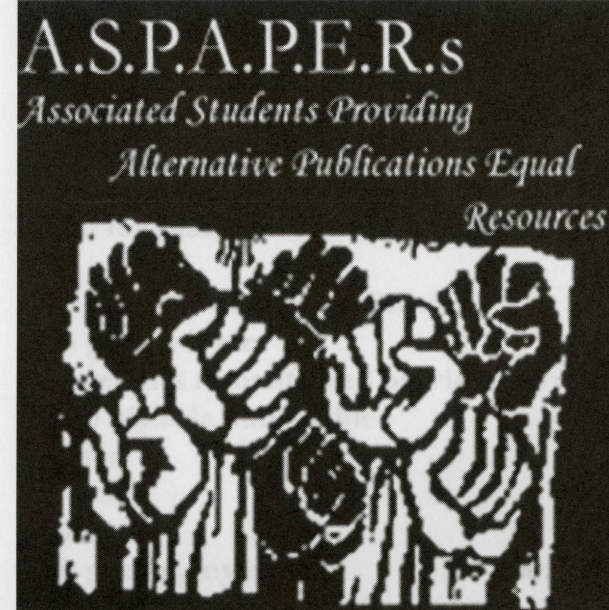
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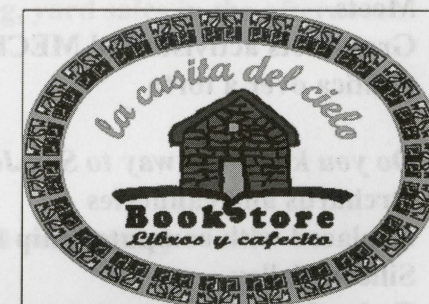
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la casita del cielo

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Mi Pueblo

-Jennie M. Luna

Mi Pueblo Taqueria

On the corner of King and Story

En mi pueblo San José

Do you know the way to San José?

Where tacos de carne asada and styrofoam

cup of horchata bring

together every walk of life.

Snake skin boot-wearing Banda Machos

Meets

Aztec Dancers despues de practica

Meets

white folks looking for authentic Mexican cuisine

Meets

Chuy the lowriding cholo y su clic

Meets

Aqua net perfect chulas who belong in

black and white studio portraits

Meets

Grassroots activists and MEChistAs discussing

politica over a torta

Do you know the way to San José?

Orchards and canneries

Replaced with computer chip factories

Silicon Valley

Technology

While descendants of the fruit packers

don't know, can't remember

that those houses were onceapricot trees and

land that could breathe

Those mountains had patches of green not

patches of cookie cutter shaped houses

Do you know the way to San José?

Migrant farmworkers settled in a pueblo

Called San José for stable cannery work

Our grandparent's work built the foundation

of this pueblo turned city

Only to be laid off, unemployed, forgotten

There's no monument in this pueblo to those founders...

Only a statue of Columbus in city hall...

(Cont. on Next Page)

Do you know the way to San José?

My pueblo, nuestro pueblo

Plays Sunday night oldies on boulevard nights

Bus #64 cruises through East Santa Clara down to the East Side Story

Freestyle music time warps the eighties

Cha-cha girls and second generation cholas intermingle with

Never-out-of-style Dickie wearing homeboys

Flannel shirts and pendletons, with only one button fastened

Smoothed out hats or flipped up caps

While driving Eternity Car Club Impalas

Do you know the way to San José?

Pretty-boy, over-cologned college boys compete for the

Frosted hair, blond streaked, crunchy permed Chicanas

Trying hard not to be too brown

While activistas plan the next rally

Scheduled to begin on the steps of the Plaza de César Chávez

And Danzantes return to Quetzalcóatl for the annual ceremonia

Do you know the way to San José?

Stories of my grandparents on a date watching Cine Mexicano at the Jose theater

Drive-in movies that were cheaper for a family of eight children,

especially when the little ones hid under a blanket.

La pulga-the flea market on a Saturday morning, yard sales in the afternoon.

Paleteros walk by with the sound of a small bell

And familias light the charcoal for the BBQ

Do you know the way to San José?

Mi pueblo is me

Sometimes romanticized barrio reality or played-out fantasy

Pero historia undeniable

pasión

corazón

home

Mi pueblo, my world

Watching from the inside out and

On the outside looking in

You can take a girl out of East San Jose, But you can't take the

East San Jose out of the girl

Just sitting here en mi pueblo-taqueria-in San José

Listening to the radio blasting

Hoping

waiting for someone to make me a dedication

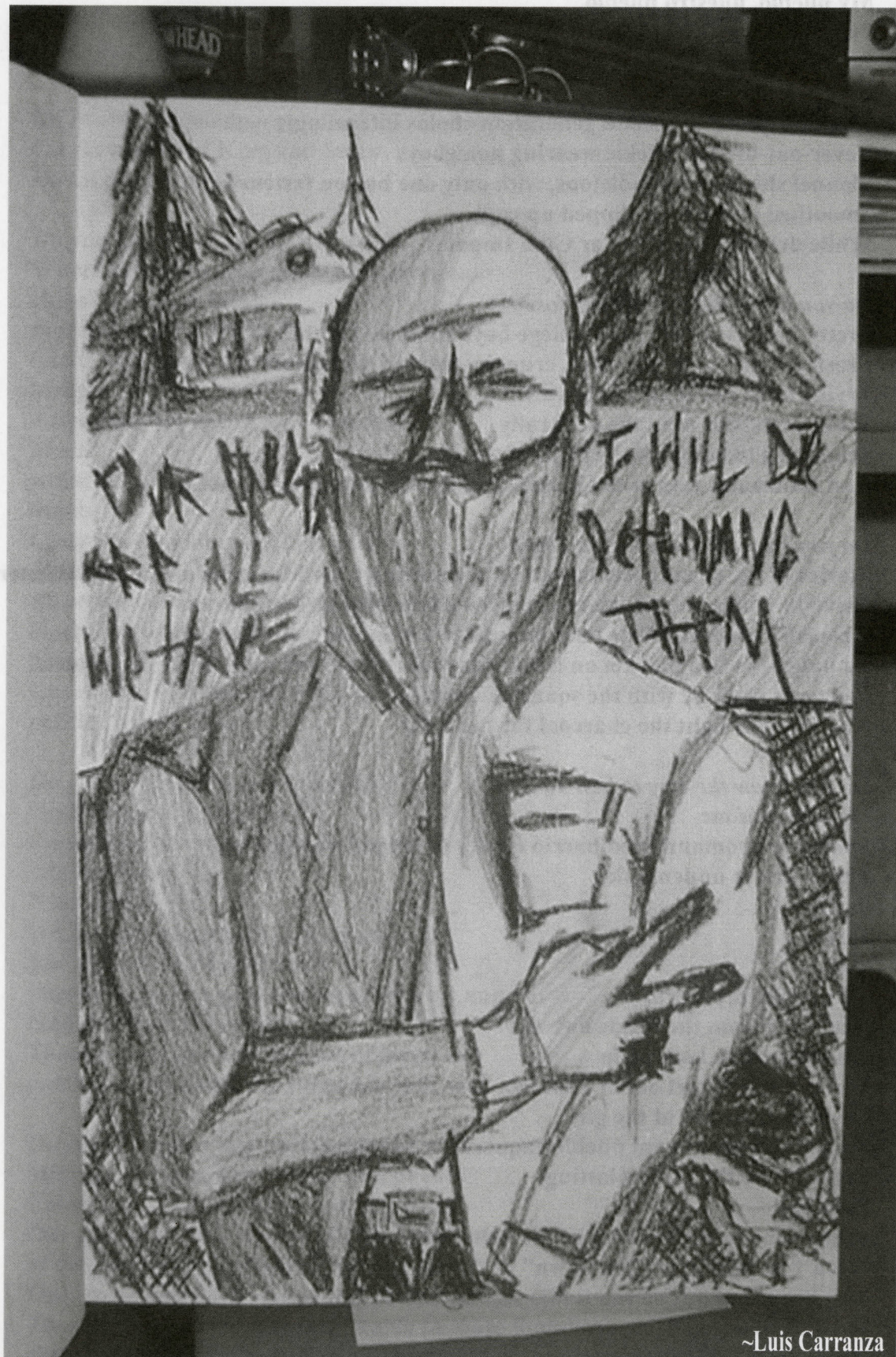
"Don't let no one get you down" or "smile now, cry later"

Just one shout out on the Radio Aztlan airwaves to all my gente...

to all the barrio,

to San José,

mi pueblo.



~Luis Carranza

mighty mouse

how many times
can i pull this off?
how many lives
can i save?
wearing me down
and that phone booth
i used to change in,
you know, clark kent
to mighty mouse
in a blink,
graying
at the speed of light
so many
dark,
mysterious characters
lurking inside too
thought they were figments
flashbacks
from the drug days
used to hold them down
by drinking myself
stupid
big, bucktoothed
hairy dudes
back,
like old debts
to collect
"here i come
to save the daaaay!"
yeah, that went over well
not impressed
stomped
my ass silly
"you're a rat,
not a mouse,"
they yelled
"turn in
your cape
your multiple personalities,
and hit the road"

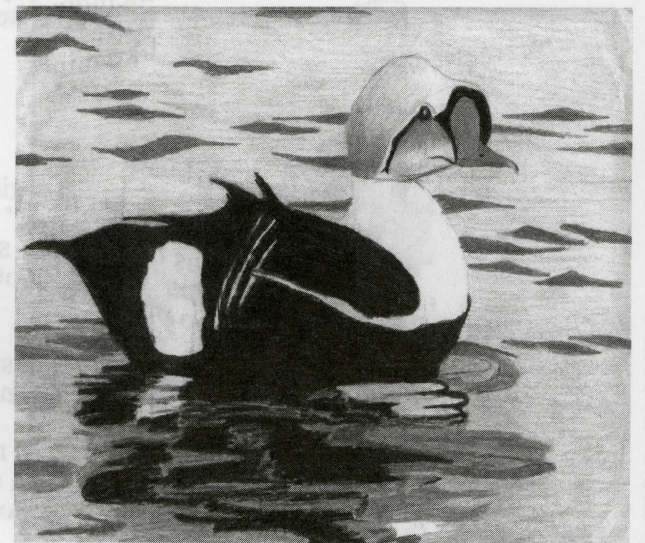
~c.mariano

La Casita del Cielo

Era un maravilloso día
Junto a mi madre caminando yo iba
Cuando en aquel momento vimos lo que sería
Ver mis sueños realidad podría
Un perfecto lugar sería
Cuan grande fue mi alegría
Que a mi padre entonces llamaría
Muy seguro yo sabía
Que todo esto el transformaría
Y mis sueños realidad serían
Trabajando muy duro estaría
Y así mi librería yo tendría
Pero gran pregunta fue la mía
Al no saber como la administraría
Pero en mi corazón yo sabía
Que mis padres otra vez esto arreglar podrían

Para Annette y Alfredo

~Alejandro 2005





Real Spanish

"Hola Paco, que tal, ¿como estas?"
who talks like that?

I asked
nobody, she said
when growing up in school
this was textbook Spanish
taught in school
"but Mrs. Meyers,
no one talks like that in our house
what Spanish is that?"

"its Spanish
from Spain,"
she said
"but we're not in Spain"

I answered
I read that Spanish aloud
to my dad
and he said,
"what language is that?"
"it's Spanish,
from Spain,"

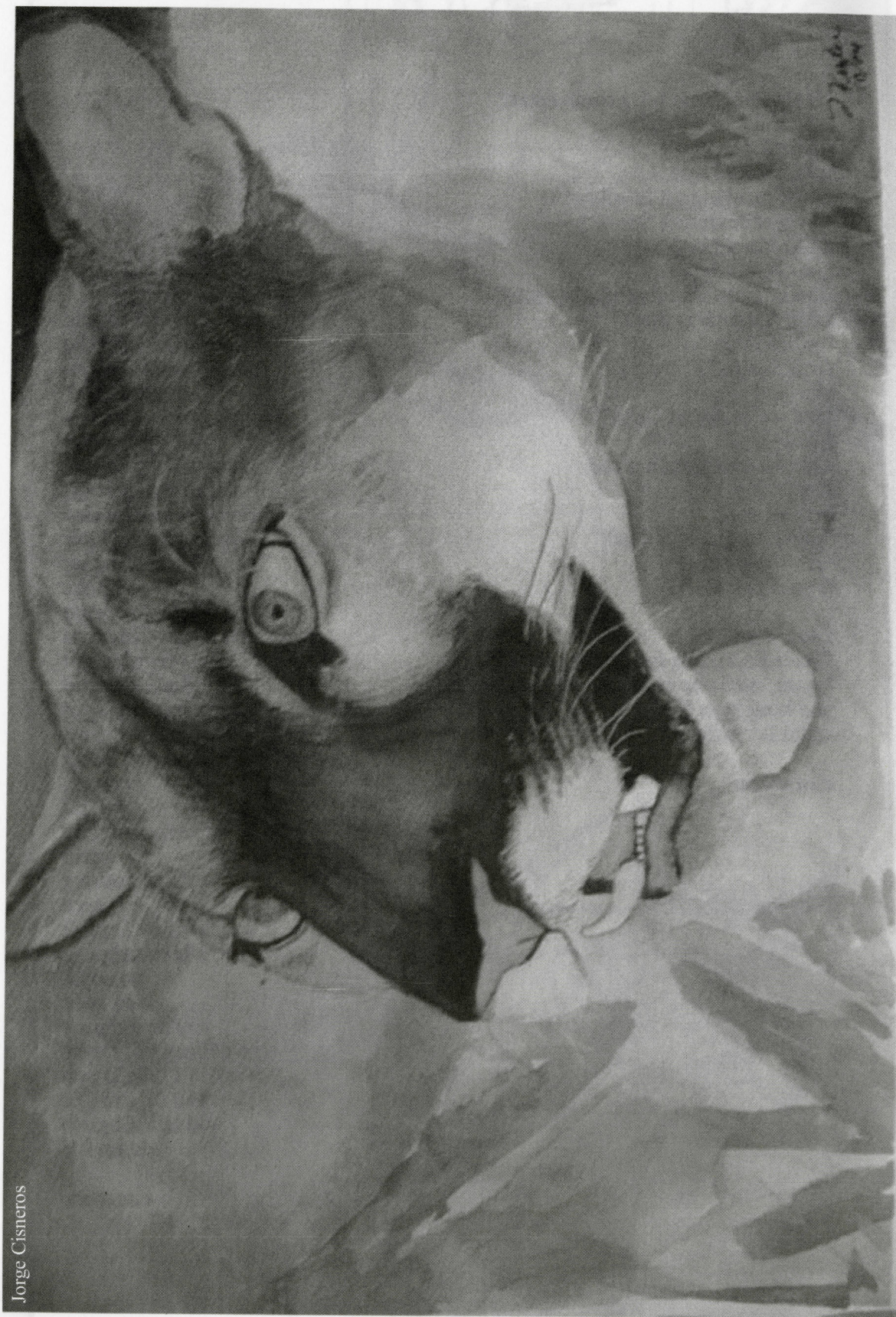
I told him
"Hola Paco, que tal, ¿como estas?"
"yeah, well she needs to get that board
she bought in Spain,
outta her cola"

c.mariano

influence

do you think
everything I write
is Mexican
do you think
I speak proper English
for a Mexican
and where the hell
do you get off
picking someone else
because he's whiter
or browner
I read books
like a Hoover vacuum
it ain't all about Chicanos
just regular shit
I ain't stupid
look into my eyes
say,
I am, a human being
Yo soy....
no, no
you're messing up
again
you're nothing
zero
speak when I speak
I am, a human being
yo soy...
look man
you're a mirror
stop rolling your eyes
when I talk to you
stand up straight
and talk English
damn it!!

c.mariano



Jorge Cisneros

La Biografía es un poema
 ¿Es un poema, la historia misma
 que forjo mis primeros pasos en los
 reglones movedizos de un pensamiento
 extraño?
 ¿O es el marco guiando las líneas
 de la vida?
 Somos todos un poema hablando
 caminado, sembrando
 las palabras que nos engendraron en un
 acto de amor, pasión y pecado
 Mi biografía comienza cuando nace el día
 El año, el fuego y el relámpago
 No fue ayer, **SOS**
 Fue el principio de mis abuelos
 El atardecer para los más antiguos recuerdos
 Comienza cuando el primer indio nació
 Con carne mestiza y sufrió el desprecio
 De su propio color
 Comienza cuando el agua nace un en ojo
 De Dios entre criaturas ajenas a nuestra vista vana
 La historia no comienza hoy
 Solo soy un capítulo, talvez una línea mas
 En lo que empezó muchos años atrás
 Soy el suspiro del futuro, el recuerdo atrapado en
 Un cuerpo que me niega la cordura y la reconciliación
 Con mi historia viva y el crimen de un ladrón
 Biografía es el acto de vivir sin la pena de
 Existir,
 Vivir en poema infinito escrito en las estrellas
 La biografía, vida transformada de forma inhumana
 En un poema sin palabras
 Poemas de rosas, canto y amores
 unidos en el corto pasaje del arco iris y sus colores

Sandra Orozco
 "Xilca"

Betty, La Niña

Betty se llamaba la niña
Que descalza corría por la pradera
Cazando mariposas azules,
Descubriendo figuras en las nubes,
y tejiendo coronas de florecitas blancas;
mientras el rubio sol con sus calidas manos
le acariciaba el rostro,
y el viento aventurero despeinaba su pelo
y recitaba en su oído poesía de Neruda.

Tenía siete años, era inquieta y risueña,
De mente inquisitiva, con ansias de aprender;
Tenía ojos ingenuos de mirada profunda,
La nariz respingada y unos labios en flor.

Al terminar la escuela
Apresuradamente se dirigía a la vasta campiña,
Cuya fértil matriz
Daba a luz sembradíos de tupido follaje
y delicioso aroma.

Recorría alegremente los cafetales,
Recreando su mirada en los frutos de color carmesí
que en la distancia adquirían la forma
de collares de brillantes rubís.

Los plantíos de tabaco le fascinaban,
le gustaba ocultarse bajo la sombra
de las enormes hojas para observar curiosa
la labor diligente de las hormigas,
obreras industriosas
que marchando ordenadas en línea recta,
o en forma de abanico
transportaban fragmentos de hojas secas,
trozos de madera,
y agujas puntiagudas de árbol de pino
que usaban con destreza para erigir sus nidos,
a la vez que abastecen
su almacén de alimentos para el invierno
recaudando semillas y hierbas frescas.

Su pequeña figura se deslizaba
entre las tiernas cañas
que al igual que soldados bien entrenados
se formaban en filas disciplinadas
luciendo con orgullo su traje verde,
suscitando revuelto en sus vecinas,
unas milpas altivas de largo tallo
que conscientes de su esbelta figura
se menean coquetas
sacudiendo su melena dorada
pretendiendo ignorar la atención de que eran objeto.

En las tardes lluviosas se sentaba muy quieta
Junto a los juncos que crecían en el río
Para escuchar atenta la sinfonía orquestal
que producían los grillos al agitar sus alas,
emitiendo sonidos monótonos y agudos
que contrastaban con el croar bullicioso de las ranas,
las cuales eufóricas saltaban en los lirios morados,
moviéndose agradecidas con el vaivén del agua.

En las noches oscuras estudiaban intrigada
los cúmulos de astros celestiales,
deseando en su interior poseer el poder
de incorporarse a ellos y fulgurar en lo alto
con tal intensidad y fluorescencia.

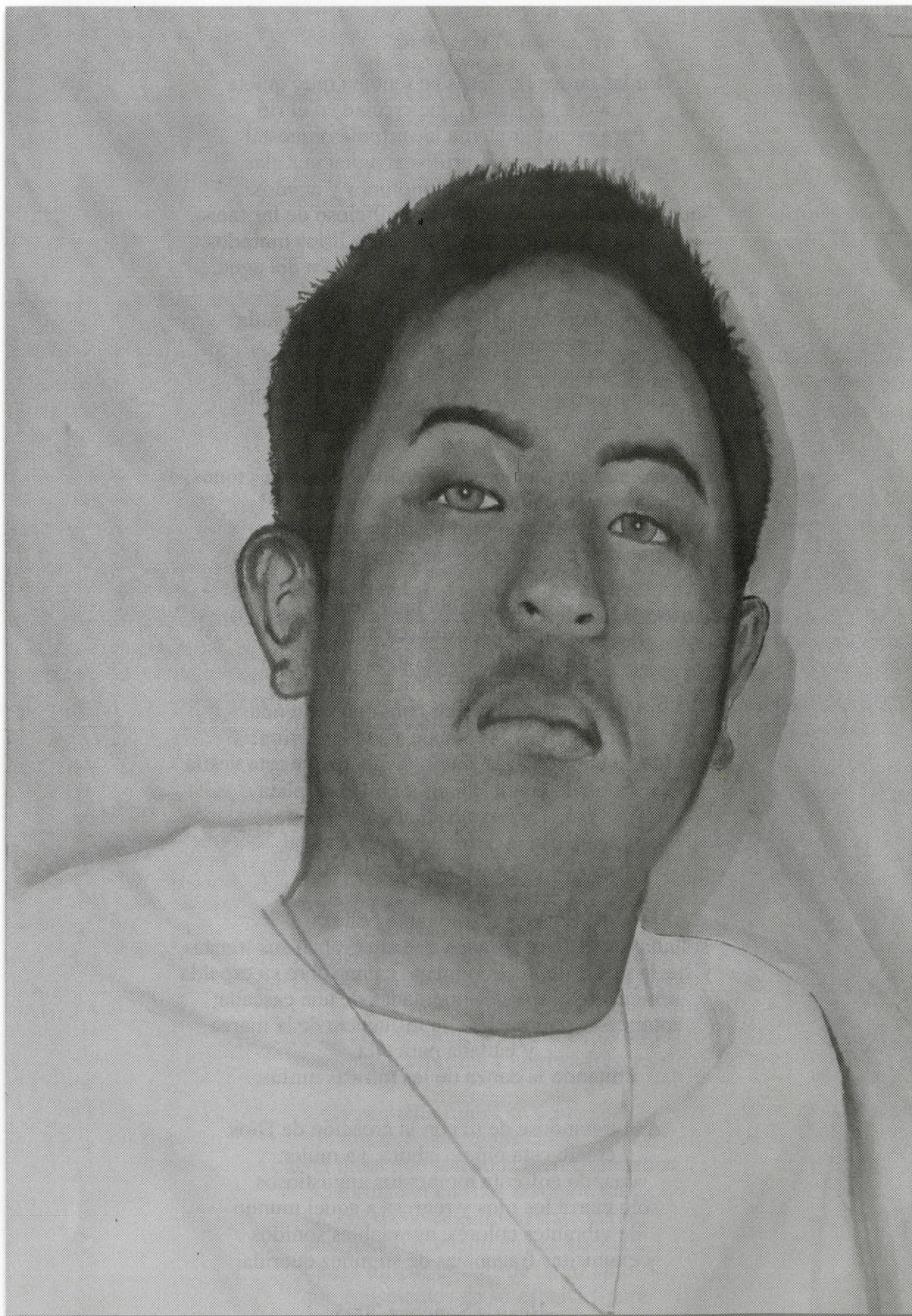
A veces atrapaba luciérnagas de incandescentes tonos,
y en su infantil candor se imaginaba
que eran estrellas diminutas
que descendían traviesas para jugar con ella.

Cuando había luna llena
se escapaba de casa par admirarla,
robaba del jardín de su abuela
pétalos de gardenias y crisantemos
que lanzaba en el aire como una ofrenda
y un humilde homenaje a su hermosura;
envidiaba en secreto el atavió elegante que esta vestía
bordado con millones de hilos de plata
y cuyo resplandor
confería la tierra un aspecto irreal
de luminosidad y fantasía.

Extasiada ante tanta belleza
soltaba los listones rosados que amarraban sus trenzas
y sus largos cabellos libremente caían sobre su espalda
semejando corrientes onduladas de una cascada;
entonces se entregaba a la influencia de la marea
y bailaba para ella
imitando la danza de las míticas ninfas.

Así, tratándose de tu con la creación de Dios
creció esta niña....ahora, ya mujer,
cuando enfrenta momentos angustiosos
solo cierra los ojos y regresa a aquel mundo
de vibrantes colores, agradables sonidos
y exquisitas fragancias de su niñez querida.

~Beatriz Sánchez 2005



Self portrait © 2005 Eric Or Plaza Robles High

S R R C

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The SRRC is where activism and social change is possible. Internships and employment opportunities are available.

The SRRC empowers students by transforming their education so that "I" address the "whole" student by affirming the social, political, spiritual, cultural, and intellectual aspects within them.

Yik'al Kuyum: The Chicano/o Latino Holistic Student Support Program

Yik'al Kuyum exist to address the specific cultural needs of Chicana/o Latina/o students. They use a holistic educational model to help students develop a consciousness of Chicana/o Latina/o issues. With this new knowledge students can shape their own educational destiny and challenges social inequalities.

NEUE: Natives Empowering through Unity and Education

NEUE supports Native American students. In collaboration with other student organizations and campus programs they strive to create an atmosphere that respects, supports and celebrates Native cultures. Their goal is not only to motivate but, also, to provide practical preparation for the transition to a university.

ACE: Africans & African Americans Cultivating Education

ACE exists to increase access and the numbers of African & African Americans pursuing higher education. ACE offers both a youth and college mentor program called African Sistahs and Brothas (ABS), as well as a variety of holistic projects and workshops to help black students succeed at UC Davis. Some of those programs are: Soul Speaks, PRIDE Retreat, Fall Leadership Conference, internships, and weekly study halls.

Bridge: Filipino Outreach & Retention Program

Created in 1990, Bridge helps educate students about college preparation and college life through the perspective of college students. They have a variety of academic and cultural workshops, weekly study halls, and mentoring programs in order to support Filipino students.

SAFE: South-East Asians Furthering Education

SAFE aims to retain college students by empowering them to actively pursue their education. By learning to evaluate one's educational experience from a holistic viewpoint and shaping them to meet personal needs, SAFE hopes students will succeed in the university. They also serve as a like between the Southeast Asian community and the university.

GAAP: Graduate Academic Achievement & Advocacy Program

GAP seeks to remedy the severe lack of diversity among graduate scholars at UC Davis. Their goal is to provide holistic support to current graduate students and facilitate pursuing graduate school for undergrads. Among their projects is a mentorship program that matches graduate students with current UCD undergraduates.

ABU GHRAIB



11/30 7 — J. Dominguez 2005

Francisco Dominguez

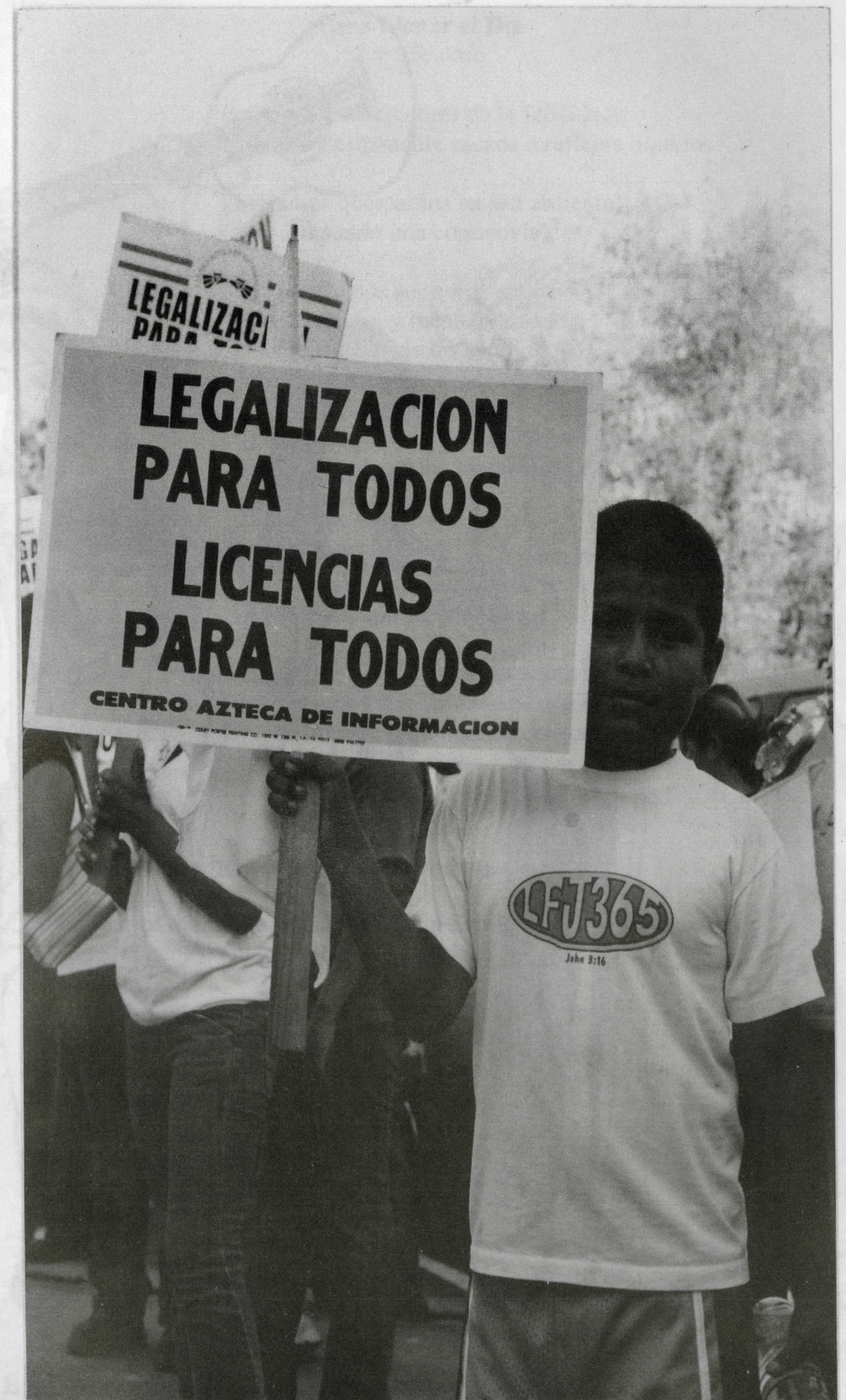


Alicia Siu

FRENTE AL OCEANO

He llegado en el momento de la anticipación, con mi cargamento vacío.
Me acurrucare en la arena, cerca de los remolinos salados,
detrás de las rocas negras, gastadas;
detrás de estos montículos sagrados, donde se posan los cangrejos con alas,
y las mareas dibujan listones de arena, húmedos.
Me saturare del sol y la brisa, contando la espuma que desaparece inmediata.
Me instalare bajo las palmas, al lado del estero donde los caballitos de mar han
muerto,
despreciados en el engaño de la marea.
Y beberé de los cocotales solitarios, tendidos en sombras paralelas.
El eco de las olas repetidas, con su vaivén infinito, lamerá los momentos nocturnos,
o cuando me encuentre cautivado por la espuma.
De mañana frotare mis ojos con la claridad de las aguas, y me quedare contemplando
las gaviotas dormidas.
Sentiré bajo mis pies lo blindado de la arena mojada, mientras camino en la playa
minúscula, detrás de las colinas.
Los pescadores vendrán inconclusos, y hablaran de fantasías, acomodándose al
Recodo de mis preguntas.
Ellos verterán redes vacías como ofrenda, y me saciare en su compañía.
Mis ojos luego, se hartaran de la soledad mientras los pescadores parten.
Me andaré al malecón, y encima de las olas que rompen, hurtare el jade de ellas
para mantenerlo intimo.
Las ráfagas de viento caerán a bocanadas en mi pelo de medusa, y se perderán tras
los pasos ocultando mis huellas.
En las horas tardías la luz se ira instantánea, y los ruidos distintos iniciaran la
sinfonía.
En esa oscuridad plena, usare el ábaco para descifrar el número de estrellas.
Recostado en las sabanas que fueron piedra el murmullo retoma mi inconsciente;
duermo ahora, empapado en la belleza.

~Luis Eduardo De Anda



Legalizacion para todos Madera, CA Summer 2004 Photograph by Javier Gardea



~Kelly Maravilla

Para Llenar el Día

Por: Telónio

Podríamos ser amantes de la felicidad,
Quien permanece eternamente casada a reflejos líquidos

Podríamos quemarnos en sed ardiente,
Tomando una copa jovial.

Podríamos ser moribundos,
Bienvenidos y bienaventurados,
Al amparo de las sombras,
Sombras que danzan solas y se espuman como humo verde.
O

Podríamos llenar nuestros labios
Y alzarlos a los lambidos
Del desafío

Podríamos escondernos tras una lengua mecánica,
Boca llena de canicas,
Y escupir al aire libre.

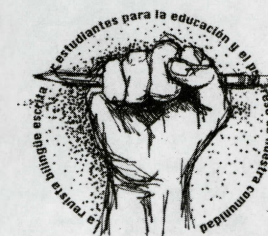
Podríamos fijar la vista en horas subterráneas,
Aquellos péndulos que llaman nuestro nombre
Continuamente pidiéndonos consuelo

... by Leah Sicat

Sitting in the van between my cousin and my niece
Driving to the airport
Flying out of Manila tonight to arrive in San Francisco tomorrow
My fingers gently touch the beaded necklace
I smile
The van abruptly stops in front of Apung Piciang's house
I look out the window and wave
Apung Piciang, my dear grandmother, waves her hand, smiles, and tries not to cry
As she stands outside her front gate
I smile
She doesn't want to be forgotten.

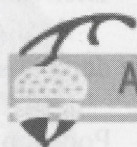
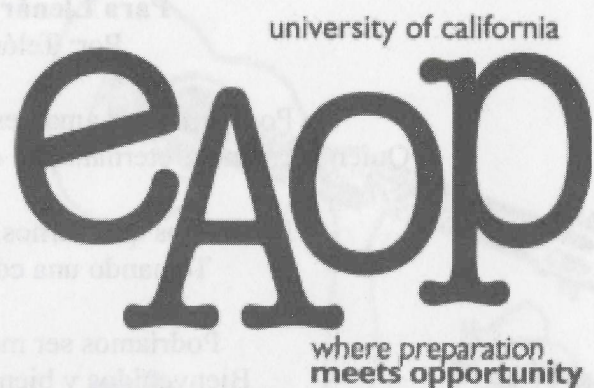
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Sacramento City Unified School District
San Juan Unified School District
Stockton Unifie School District
Washington Joint Unified School District
Woodland Joint Unified School District



Academic Advising

By monitoring the student's academic progress, staff continue to advise students on the course sequence necessary to meet UC eligibility requirements.



Academic Enrichment

Integrated throughout EAOP activities and workshops, this criteria is designed to enhance the student's skills and confidence on specific subject matters.

Entrance Exams

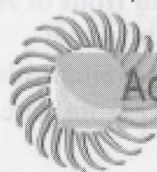


The Entrance Examination Preparation Program is designed to prepare student's test taking skills. The structured layout orients students to the American College Test (ACT), and the Scholastic Assessment Test: SAT Reasoning Test & SAT Subject Test.



Family Programs

The Entrance Examination Preparation Program is designed to prepare student's test taking skills. The structured layout orients students to the American College Test (ACT), and the Scholastic Assessment Test: SAT Reasoning Test & SAT Subject Test.



Academic Enrichment

Clear understanding of UC admission is crucial to a student's successful preparation. Information for freshmen and transfer studens is available.

EAOP
University of California, Davis
One Shields Avenue
3100 Dutton Hall
Davis, CA 95616

Toll Free: (877) 823-3267
Main: (530) 754-8106
Fax: (530) 752-9326
Email: eaop@ucdavis.edu
Web: eaop.ucdavis.edu



Chilam Balam

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