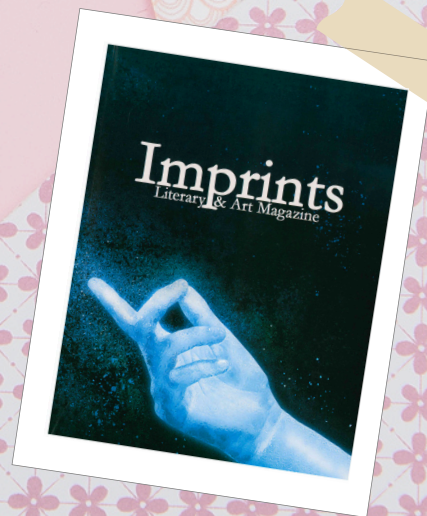


i m p r i n t s

literary and arts magazine



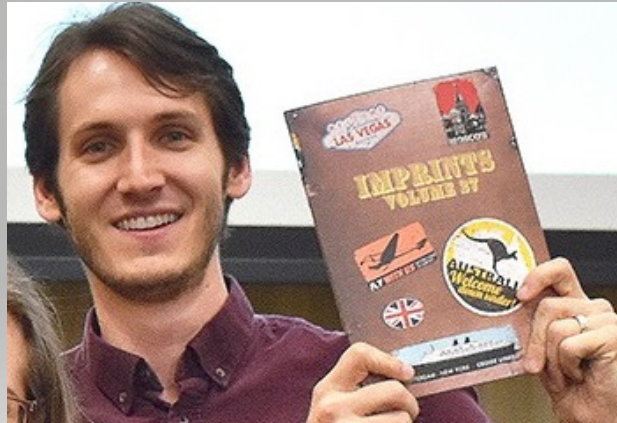
Debra Vasquez (Mrs.)



INSTRUCTOR, COMMUNICATIONS



COLLEGE of
CENTRAL
FLORIDA



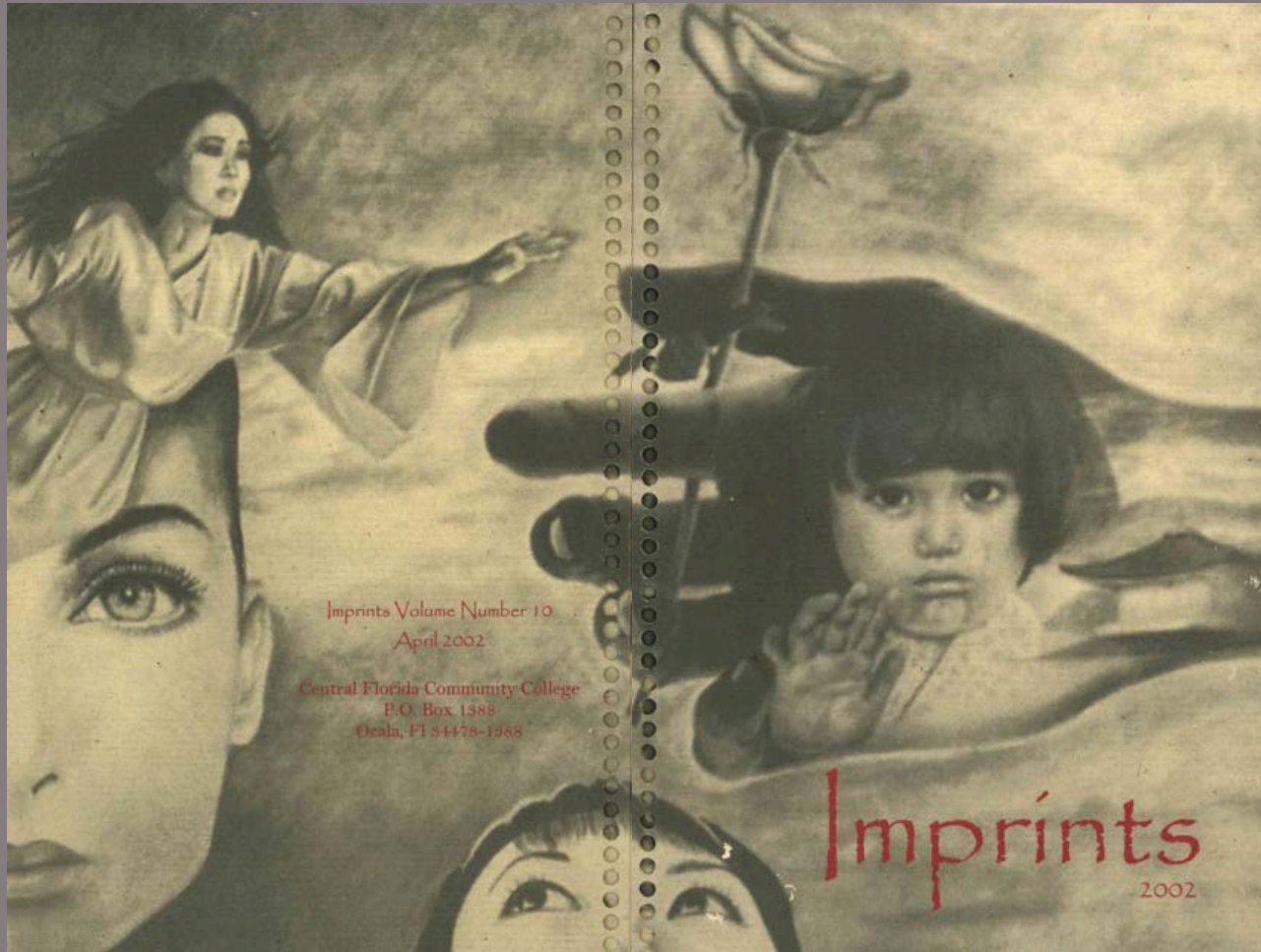
From The Advisor:

My name is Zackery Cote, and I'm the current Faculty Advisor for *Imprints*. But I am far from the first. Throughout its 30 year history, *Imprints* has had many different advisors. But perhaps none of them have made a greater impact than its founder, Debra Vasquez.

Debra was an Instructor at CF who tragically lost her life to domestic violence. But her legacy can be seen living all around the CF Ocala campus for those who care to look. A tree by the Library, a painting in the Student Center. But there is no greater example than the magazine you are holding.

For the 30th anniversary of the magazine, I wanted to pay homage to everything that has come before us, to appreciate, as much as possible, all of the effort and history that has gone into making this magazine what it is. With that in mind, we decided not to publish any student work this year, but instead to showcase our favorite selections from every previous issue of *Imprints* that we could find.

This decision was made primarily by me, but *Imprints* does not belong to me. It belongs to you, reader. And it belongs to The College of Central Florida. And hopefully, after 30 more years, it will still belong to the College of Central Florida. But perhaps most important: it will always belong to the enduring legacy of Debra Vasquez.



Imprints Volume Number 10
April 2002

Central Florida Community College
P.O. Box 1388
Ocala, FL 34478-1388

Imprints
2002



A Bug's View
by Kristine Switt



Markus the Love Bug
by Brad DeLoatch



Markus the love bug flew into the
rain
Raindrops hammer on the
windowpane

The sun came out to dry up all the
rain

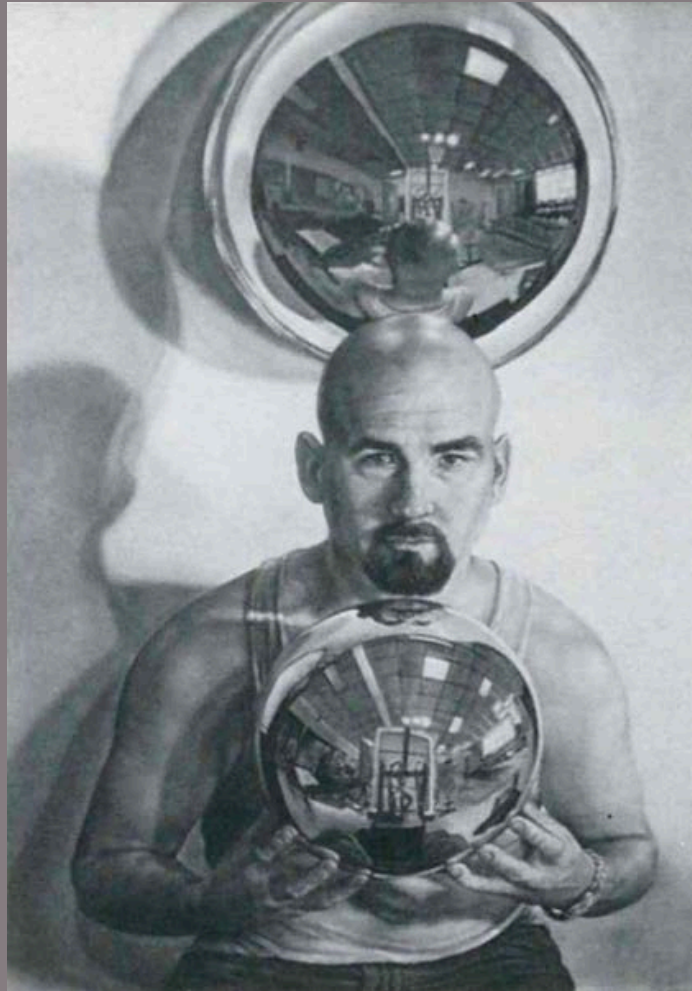


Then Markus collided with a
steaming freight train
No more happy flying Markus
Now we can see right through his
carcass

His body parts smeared on the
glass
Seem wasted for a hungry bass

His funeral was sad but ended
quick
It only took one windshield wiper
flick





Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow
by Jack Thursby



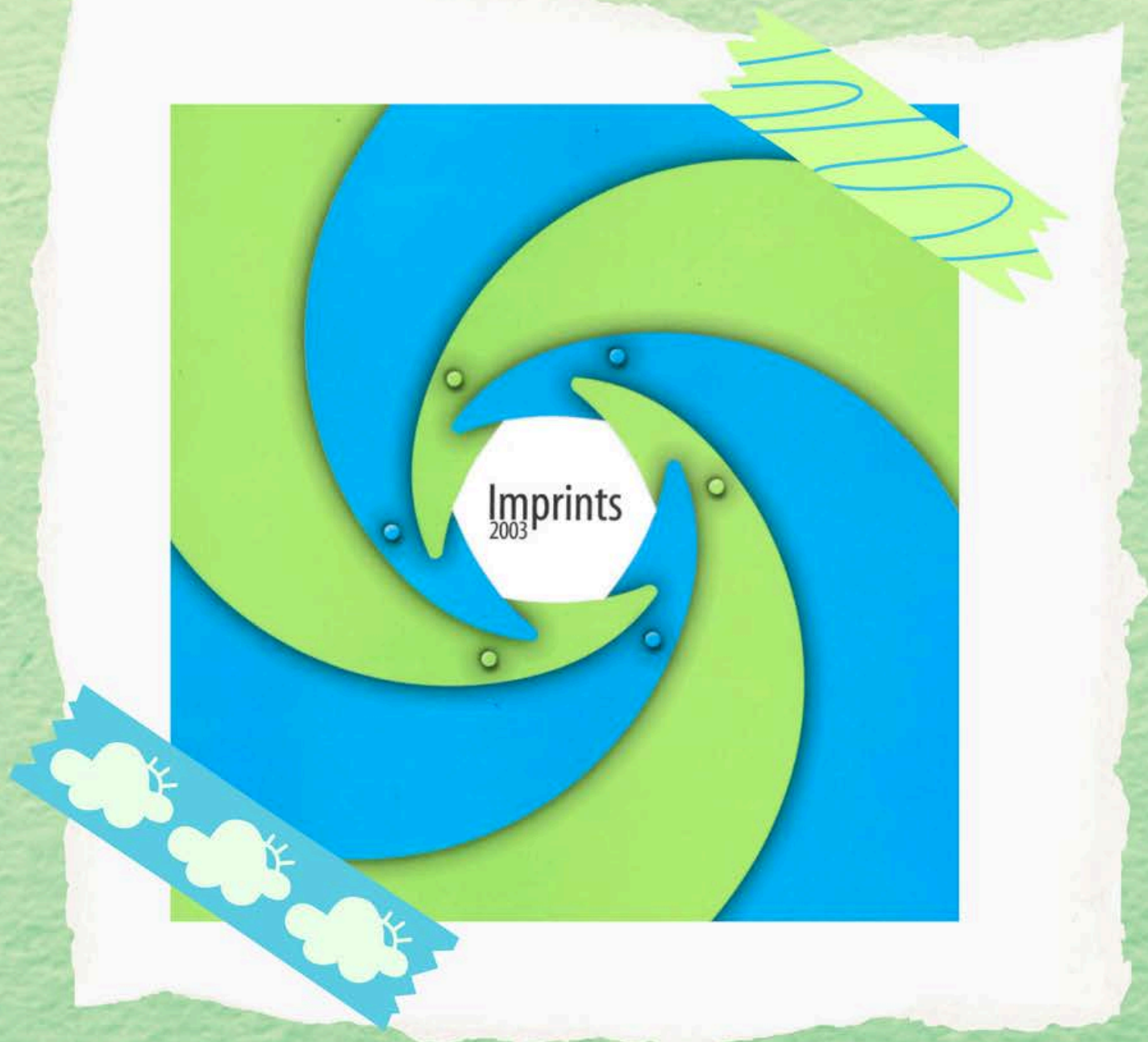
Well Lit Shadows
by Devon Thursby





Untitled
by Julie Valladares






Imprints
2003

Tender Splendor

If you are ever in Publix and happen to walk by the Deli, you may notice something called a chicken tender. They are slender, juicy slivers of double breaded, all white meat chicken breast. They are the best things sold in the kitchen. They are expensive, and many people succumb to their golden brown goodness. But be aware, if you try a chicken tender, it may just ruin your life. One bit can lure you into its addictive grasp; one drop of its salty juice, which flows from every crisp morsel, is enough to enslave your senses. I think, perhaps, that it's the nicotine we add. Every veteran Deli associate sometimes fall pray to the tender's enthralling allure. This is one such story.

One day I was in the kitchen frying delicious and savory chicken. I fried hot and spicy wings, followed by a copious mix of various chicken portions. Then, when that was finished, I began to fry the tenders. I grabbed a handful of the raw chilled meat slivers and I proceeded to thoroughly bread each one. As I dropped them one-by-one into the frying bin, the bubbling oil consumed them. As the aroma slinked its way into the air, people swarmed to the case like a pack of hungry jackals awaiting the kill. Not lacking in punctuality, I promptly delivered the enchanted meats into their awaiting case. The ravenous customers took all the tenders in sight.

As I went back to the fryer to make more, I noticed one tender left in the basket. One, lonely, tender. It wasn't just any ordinary piece, but it was the piece. The tender to end all tenders. It was large, articulated—thick with a crunchy gold crust. It was so perfect that I could not bring myself to sell it to some random customer who would be unable to fully appreciate the tender. So I decided to get a second and third opinion on what its fate should be. I brought my two best friends in to see what they felt I should do. My friend Ron told me, "Josie! Give me the tender. I will not let it go to waste!"



My other friend Jason interrupted, “Wait! Why should he get the tender? I deserve it just as much as he does!” So, I decided to let them both have it. I intervened, “Rom—you cut the tender. Jason—you pick the half you would like.” So Ron grabbed the tender as Jason grabbed the knife. As they approached each other, the rotisserie oven buzzed. This startled Jason, who then slipped on a fryer oil puddle, bumping into Ron. Attempting to maintain his control over the tender, Ron ended up fumbling it. When the tender hit the ground, an eerie silence filled the Deli air. After a few moments, the mayhem began.

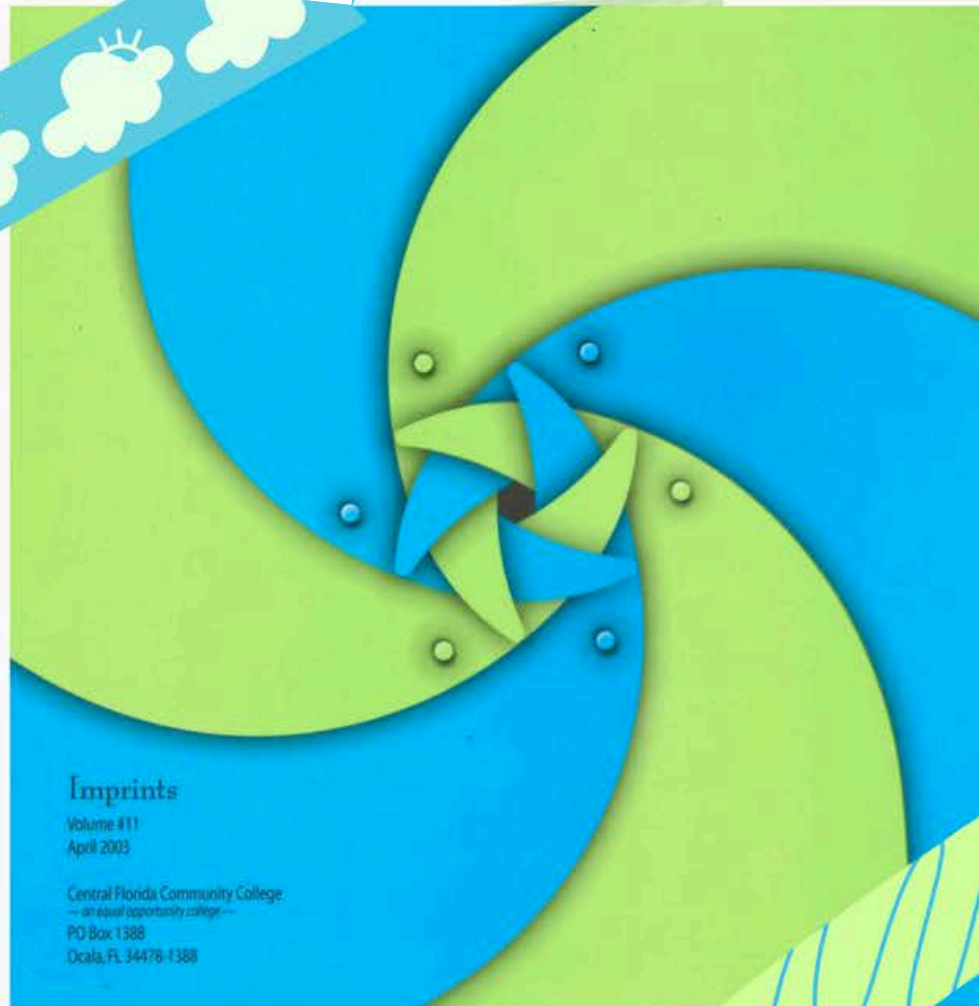
Accusations of incompetence flew among them. Jason cried, “You idiot! You dropped the world’s greatest tender! You Wookie lover!” Ron immediately retorted, “You bumped me, you ferret molester!” Jason, with growing anger, exclaimed “Well, I wouldn’t have dropped it, butterfingers!” Ron, infuriated, refuted, “At least I wouldn’t get startled by a rotisserie buzzer, like the little fairy that you are!”

At this point, I intervened. “Stop fighting, you guys are letting a tender ruin your friendship! This is crazy! The tender dropping was an accident, and no one was at fault.” But what I said fell of deaf ears. The three amigos had now split, with me stuck in the middle in a vain attempt to keep peace between the two.

The tender had done more damage than I could ever dreamed of. The tender had caused a permanent rift in the friendship. It was lost forever. So, the next time you stop by the Publix Deli, be wary of the tender. Once you try it, you may lose more than your ability to refrain from eating this expensive delicacy.

By José Benitez

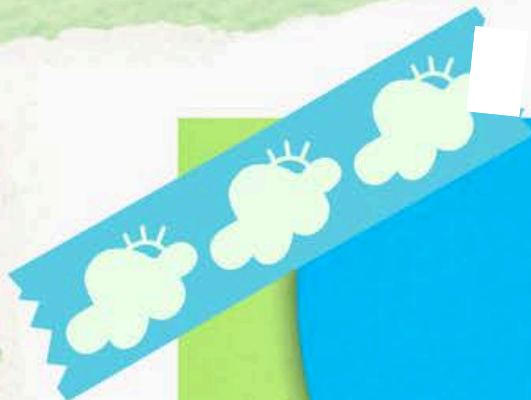




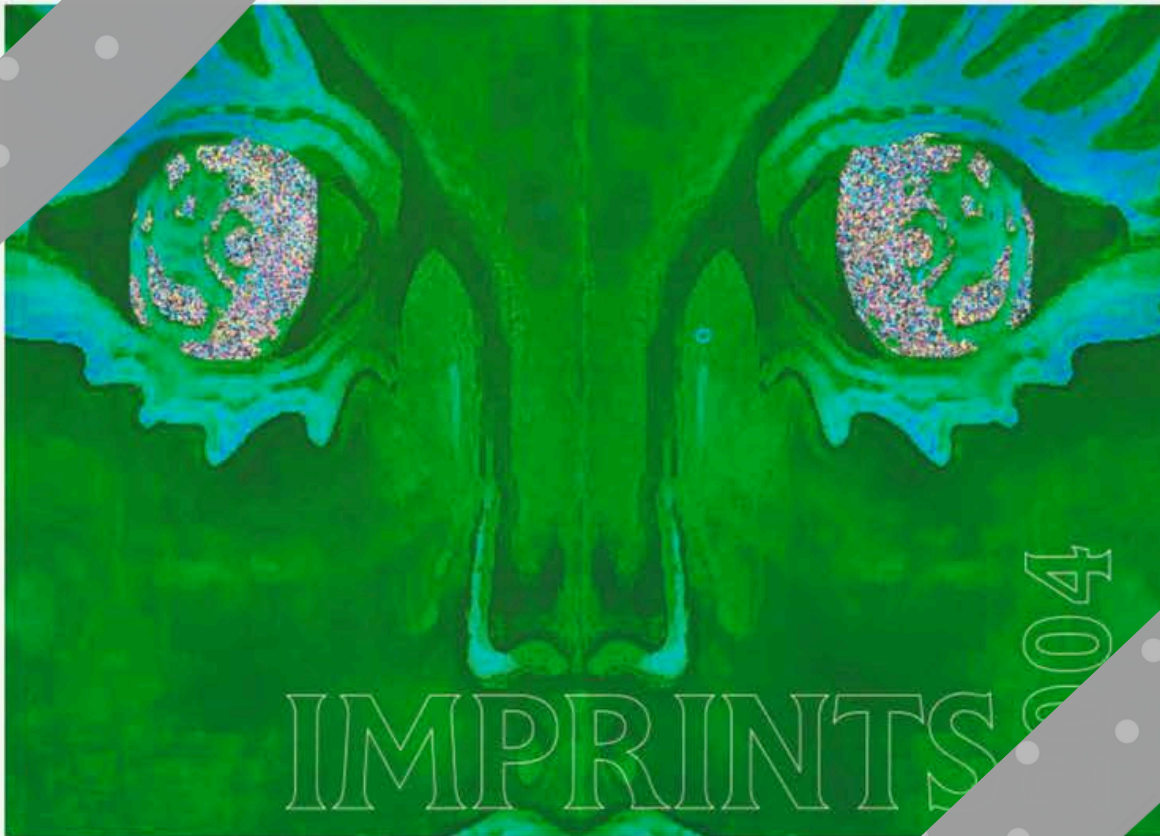
Imprints

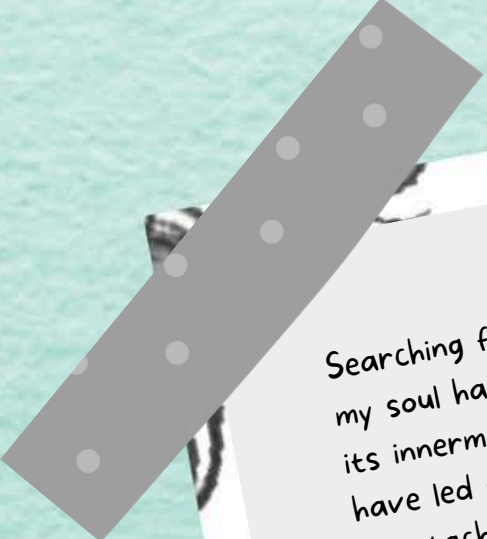
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April 2003

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Ocala, FL 34478-1388



IMPRINTS

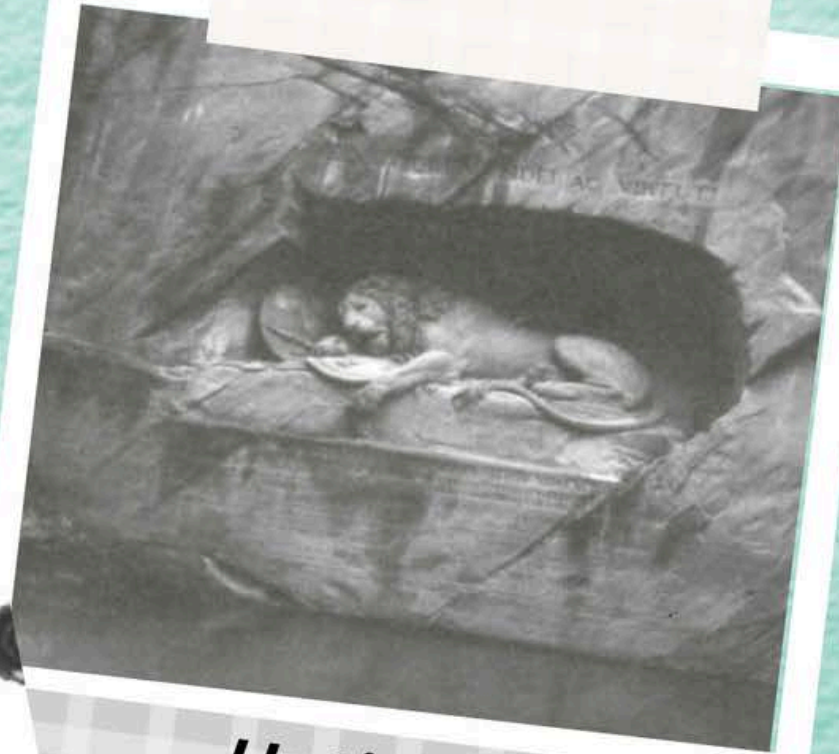




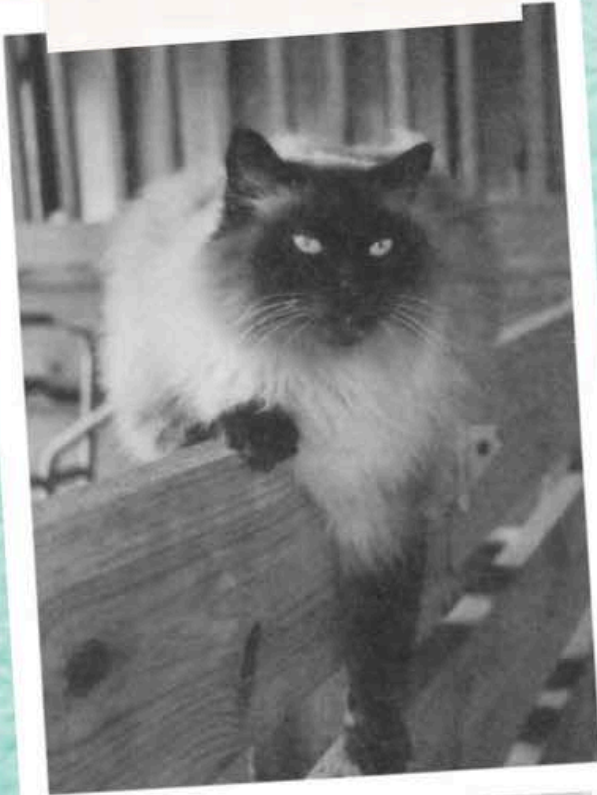
Searching for answers
my soul has yet to unleash
its innermost thoughts which
have led to the exalted
heartache I feel tonight.
Your presence offers
a thunderstorm and its
accompanying rainbow—
opposing, yet perfectly harmonious.

Lacking the gray area where
one's strength is often required
you struggle the cinder brigade
that is your past and the
tranquility that awaits you
in these arms which are my own

GONE
by Katie Pell



Untitled
by Lauren Taylor



Cat-atic
by Sandy Pell

Mighty King
by Marie Poulos

Mighty beast on the prowl,
all he does is growl.
I look into his eyes of fire.
One man's fear, another's desire.
Never looking back,
I wonder, will he attack?
Mighty beast on the move,
What does he have to prove?
Walking through the woods.
This, cannot be good.
Running on the land,
is the hour now at hand?
I look for peace,
Things will never cease.
Suddenly, it starts to pour.
Sh... Listen...Roar!



2004

IMPRINTS

2007

VOLUME 15

LITERATURE

PEGGY AIELLO • ARIANE ANDERSON •
CHRIS DAVIS • AMANDA DEBUSK •
MARTHA FLETCHER • SHEILA GONNSEN •
LACEY HUDSPETH • FRANK HUKILL •
NATALIE LYONS • DANIEL MAINWARING •
MARJORIE MARTIN • SARAH OLSON •
CASSANDRA ROBISON • ALISON SCOTT •
RICHARD VANWAGNER •

ART

ANDREW AMMER • ARIANE ANDERSON •
VERNE AYERS • TWINKLE BHATTACHANJYA •
MICHAEL BROWN • TREVOR DENHAM •
STEPHANIE FULKERSON • SHERI GRUVER •
AMELIA KAYLOR • NIDA LAIB • SARAH JO LORENZ •
ALLYSON POE • ERIKA ROORDA • KELLY SAMPSON •
CARLA SAN GIACOMO • KIM SCHULTHEIS •
ALISON SCOTT • VIRGINIA C. STEVENSON •
ALICIA TIBBS • JOEL CORAZON VEGA •
LESLIE WENGLER •

INTERVIEW

NATALIE LYONS WITH POET LI-YOUNG LEE •



Central Florida Community College Student Literature



CLIQUE
by Alicia Tibbs

Ninth Grade

by Peggy Alello

Dressed in another's cast-offs,
aware of how they drape
her boyish frame.
No other girl on earth could be this
dreary.

She steps around the corner and down
the hall.
Jejune boys huddled at the bend in the
hallway—
watching over pedestrian students.
She clings to the lockers
wishing they could swallow her in.
The passage too narrow to slip by,
no place to avoid their whispers
and foolhardy laughter. What callous
observation
would those tinsel teeth reveal today?

Raising her chin and passing the lair
there are no comments betrayed
this day; she bedamns them
for making
her feel
so
unlovely.



SHABBAT *by Ariane Anderson*



MISTY MAGIC *by Michael Brown*



Imprints 2011

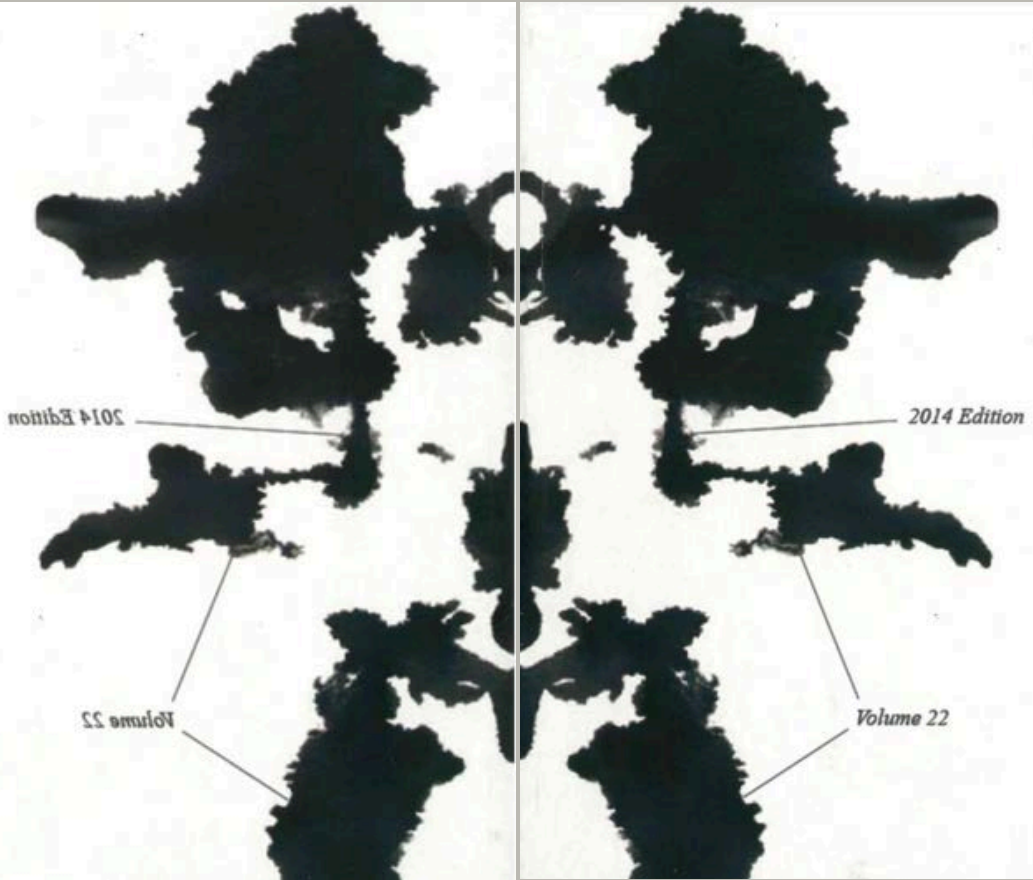


If I don't move, maybe they can't see me.
by E.A. Weatherly



Determined
by Victoria Johnson

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STAIRCASE

EILEEN "YELENA" SLATTERY

On entering the vestibule

smell of green bell

peppers frying and

onion sautéed

creating a safe place.

Grandmother's apartment

on the second floor.

Sanford and Son, laugh tracks

as I hold you up,

guide your feet.

You hold my arm

it is cool, smooth

with lemon-oil shine.

I caught you from a child,

wandering, wondering who

lives on the third floor,

and do Slinkys really walk?

The steps on my rubbery, gray runner

you tried so hard and failed,

no magic!

Sit on this

my 1940's linoleum landing,

peeling, worn to watch the

Puerto Rican boys play

stickball

with your pink phone, giggling

the cord wrapped around

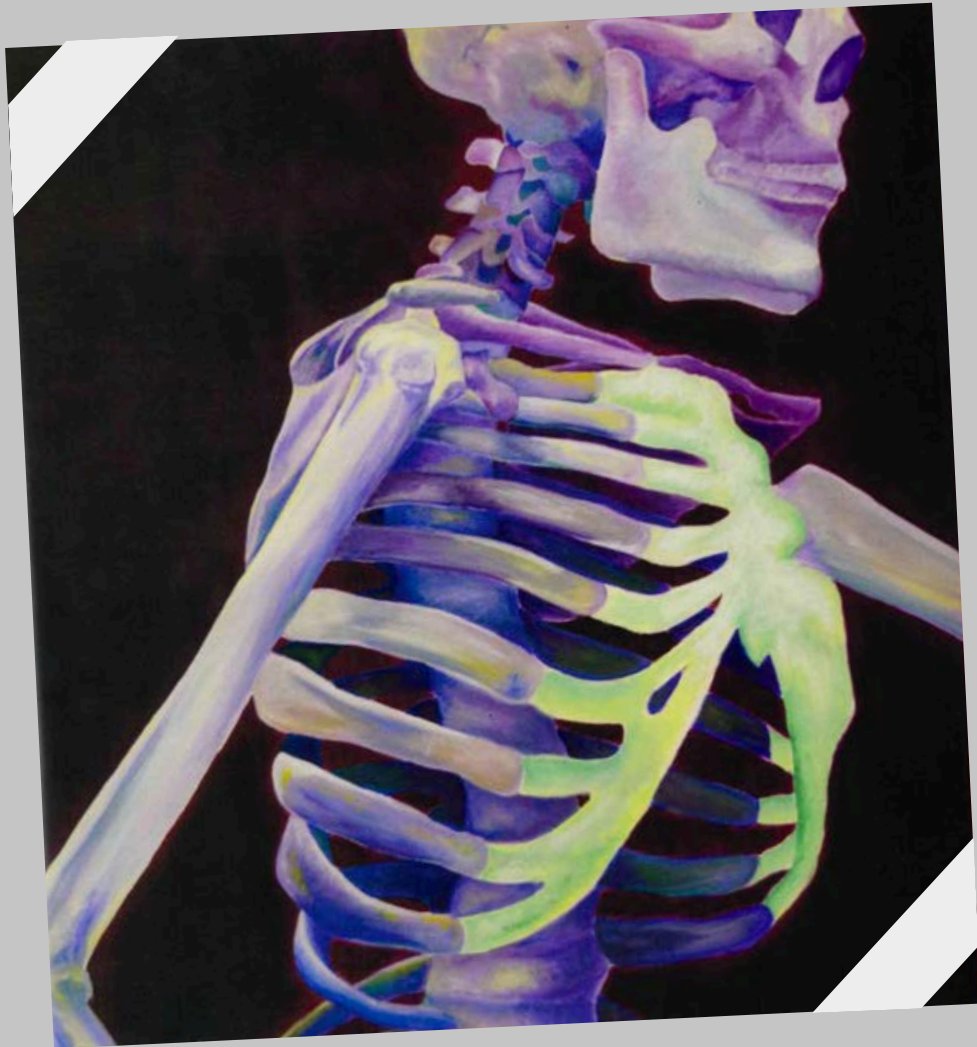
my polished wooden bars

like psychedelic Christmas

garland. You ran down

me when Luis shouted,

"Come play!"



Skeleton | Noelle Izzo | Acrylic

Cigarette Repine

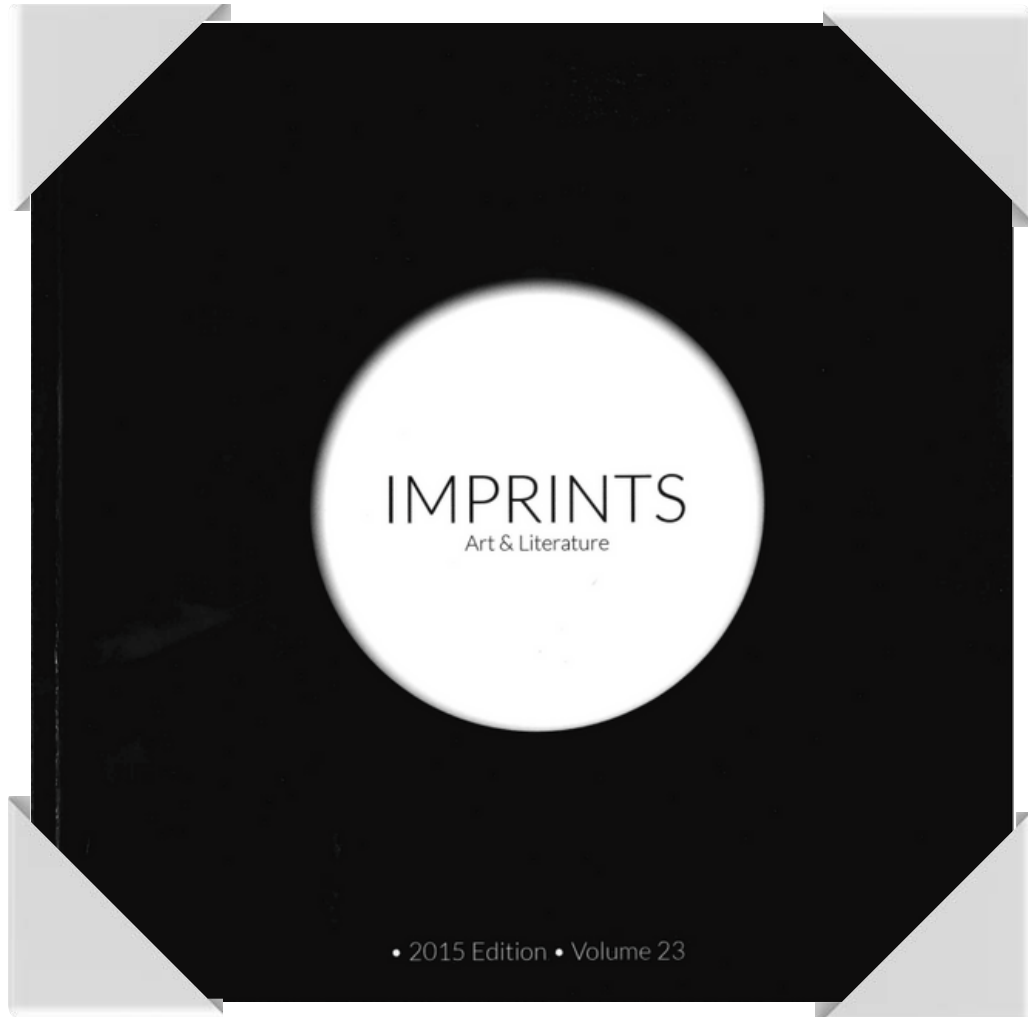
Catherine Booth

Oh, how I miss those interludes, with your mouth.
Burning so hot, every inhalation my fatal essence
permeated you.
Each mating you feel exhilarated, as I'd steal your breath.
Our partings came with dread, reducing me to
simple ash.
Patiently, I'd await your return, your steadfast
need always frantic.
Your faithfulness was an illusion. Twenty
years coupling ended . . .
coldly.

Sound

Danielle Veenstra

Asleep.
Weight lifted and worries
far away. Your face revealed
secrets that were hidden
from our critical eye.
Never was peace so
beautiful, or so quiet.
The little boy, with
blonde hair, stared at me
through un-open eyes.
He was there, and so was
I, and so was the sound
of silence so thick that
if you listened carefully
enough, dreams
could be heard. Where
was Peter now?
Take us away on a
magic journey;
far, far away, and
straight on till morning.



2015

DOG TAG
by Brent Griffin

**What is poetry when its creator is concerned with the thoughts of an audience?
What are words from the heart after they have been butchered?
Are they from the heart at all then?**

**How could you ever write a poem with the intention of allowing those words to be minced?
How could you watch respectfully as thieves of art identify your soul by the wretched dog tag
that brandishes nine empty numbers?**

**For what?
Money?
Attention?
Affection?**

Well here, friend.

**Here is a poem that will never be touched by the mockery of creativity.
Here is where chaos dwells within the confines of perfection.
Here is where madness drifts wildly away from my fingertips.
Here is where the silver slip of the tongue will forever be free to sanctify the wounds of yesterday.
Here is where the warmth of words is allowed to rush into the scars mentioned previously.**

**And don't ask for who.
And don't ask for what reason.
Just remember it as a wave . . .
Something far too slippery with freedom to ever wear any foul dog tag.**

THAT TYPE OF GIRL

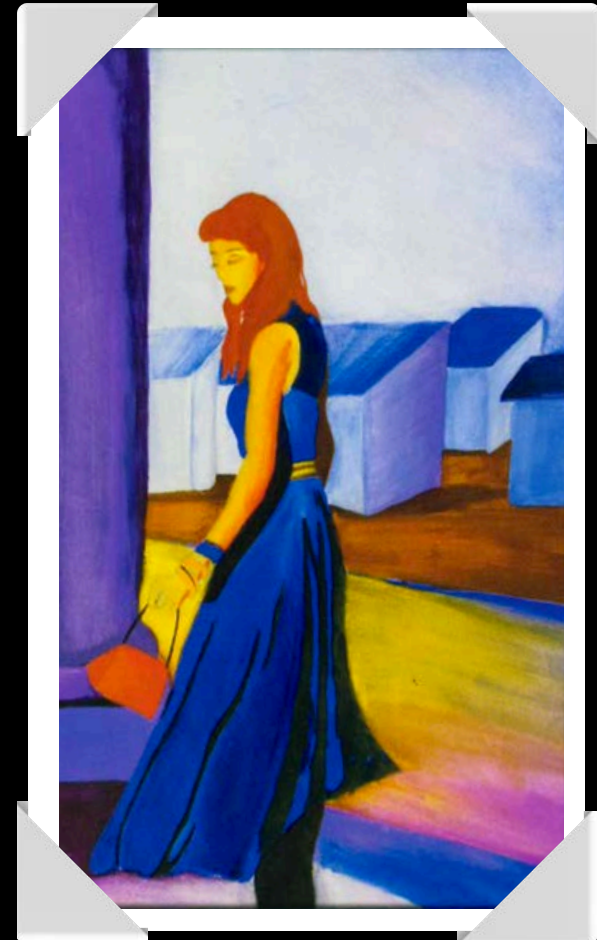
By Jessyca Thibault

**You don't seem like the type
To be anxious
You don't seem like the type
To be sad
You don't seem like the type
To lose hope
Or beat yourself up
When you're mad
You don't seem like the type
To struggle
You don't seem like the type
To carry pain
You don't seem like the type
To bear scars
Or have demons
That remain**

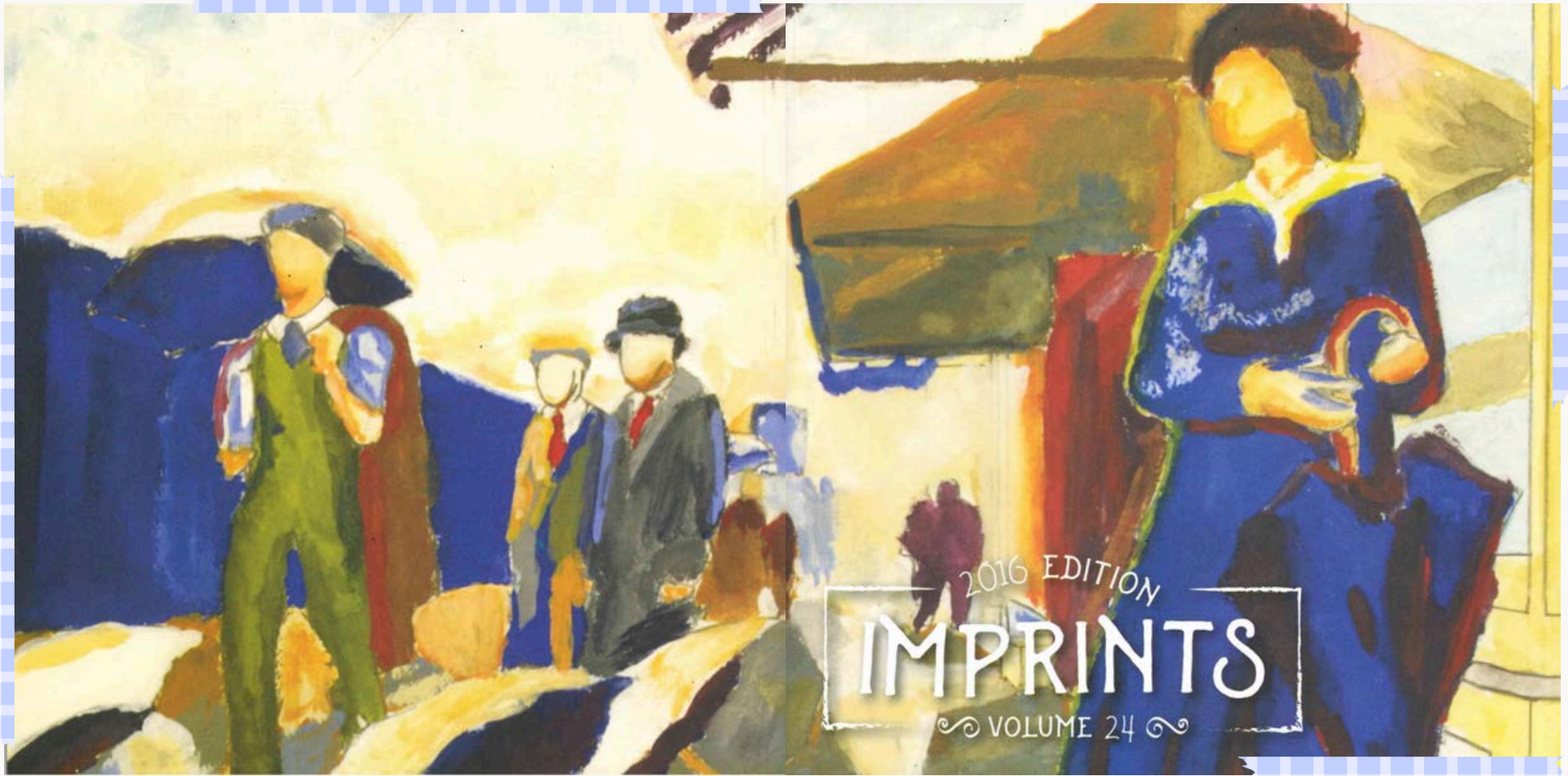
**I might not seem like this
type
Of girl
The type of girl that fears the
dark
I might not seem like this
type
Of girl
But what I've been through
Has left a mark
So while you see that type
Of girl
That sits like a perfect doll on
a shelf
I'm really that type
Of girl
Whose biggest enemy is
herself**



IRIS
by Keegan Barrett



BLUE
by Tabitha Crosby



2016

Home

by Jessica Thibault

You hear it all the time
Maybe home isn't a place
But a person.
This is a mistake
People are not stable
People have cracks in their surface
People come and go as they please
And if you've made them your home
And they leave
You're left abandoned
In the rain
In the snow
In the hurricane they left behind
When they broke your heart.
No roof to cover your head
No walls to protect you from the storm.
A home cannot be built on pretty words and
promises
Promises can be broken
And pretty words can be taken back.

So build your home within yourself
Not in the heart of another
Build it from the ground up.
One day you might want to make some
additions
A garden, a garage
That is okay
But don't be afraid to tear those extras down
If they start to poison your home.
One day you might want to invite a person into
your home
This is okay too
But know that it is also okay to send them away
If they start breaking the house rules.
You're too special to not have
Your own set of walls.
You're too special to let someone else
Come in and tear yours down.

My Scars Aren't a Fashion Statement

by Jessica Thibault

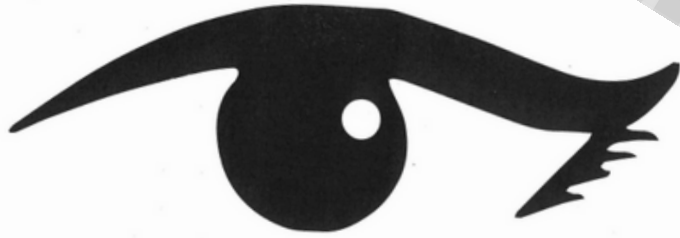
What's so cute about sweaty palms?
Or being so overcome with worry
That your body starts to shake
Uncontrollably
What's so appealing about unwavering despair?
Or a numbness so real
That you feel like you're being swallowed
By a black hole
What's so attractive about paralyzing obsessions?
Or being trapped by a routine
That takes your life and your mind
As hostages
What's so trendy about this battleground?
This battleground I call life
My scars aren't a fashion statement
My pain isn't a pretty sweater to throw on as you please
And toss aside when you get bored of the color
This is my reality
This Hell is a land I have fought through
Don't turn it into a funhouse
Don't turn it into a joke



*Everlasting Water:
Neverchanging Climate*

by Virgilio Lasaga

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25





"ONE MORE"
BY JORDAN JOHNSON

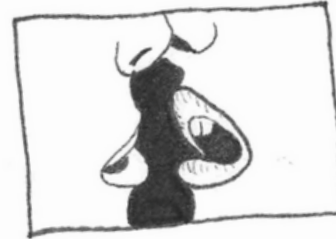


Just



one

more



time.



A SHAMEFUL PYGMALION

BY LEVI COOPER

APHRODITE HAS MISSED ME MANY TIMES.
AND EACH OPPORTUNITY, I SIT AND CREATE A
NEW STATUE.
CAMEOS THAT I CARRY WITH ME.
I TURN THEM OVER IN MY HANDS.
THINKING OF WHAT HAS PASSED BY.

A BEAUTY ASKED ME ONCE IF A STATUE WAS OF
HER.
SOMEONE HAD TOLD HER THAT IT WAS.
I TOLD THE TRUTH AND SAID IT'S ALWAYS
APHRODITE.
BUT SOMETIMES TRUTH IS COWARDICE.
AND NOW MY MASTERWORK HAS STARTED.

SO HERE I SIT AND CHISEL MY IVORY BLOCK.



PHILOSOPHER'S STONE
BY RYAN NEUMANN



BLOOD RED
BY MADI KEBRDLE



|| WHEN I KISS YOU ||
BY MADELINE GINN

WHEN I KISS YOU
OUR LIPS MEET AND I BREATHE YOU IN
YOU FILL MY LUNGS LIKE SMOKE
YOUR TASTE BILLOWING OVER MY TONGUE
LEAVING ME WANTING MORE

I AM ADDICTED TO THE WAY YOUR LIPS FIT MINE
THE WAY YOU INTOXICATE ME WITH ONE TOUCH
YOUR HANDS GRAB MY FACE IGNITING THE MATCH

YOU STARTED A FOREST FIRE WITH JUST ONE LOOK
RIPPING AWAY THE OLD PAIN TO BRING IN NEW
DESTROYING MY BODY FROM WITHIN
LEAVING TAR IN MY LUNGS
STOPPING MY HEART
STEALING MY OXYGEN, MY LIFE

CIGARETTES LOOKED HARMLESS
BUT THEN AGAIN, SO DID YOU
BUT WHEN I KISS YOU
I ALWAYS WANT MORE



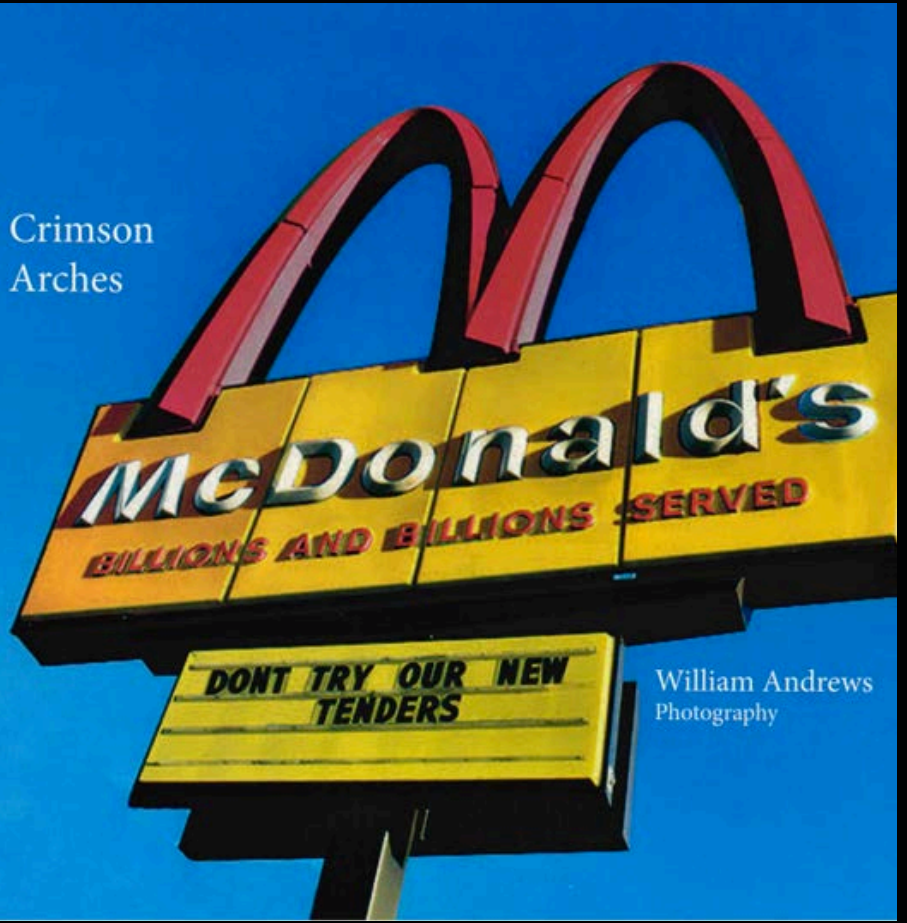
2018

Dysmorphia



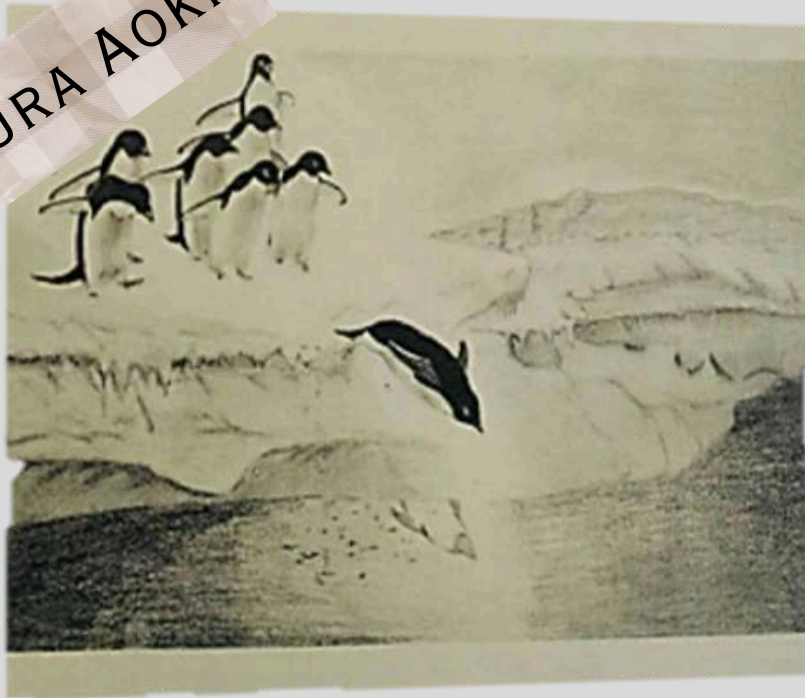
Elizabeth Hinde

Crimson
Arches



William Andrews
Photography

SAKURA AOKI



The Little Pebble

society
by Nathalya Reyes

Welcome to society
The promise land of society.
Where someone can pull a trigger
And the lies become bigger.
Where man is created equal
And love just became legal.
Where we praise the wealthy
And forget to be healthy.
Where we can love our self

But not pride oneself.
Where *"your body is yours
Along with these free brochures"*.
Where *"dreams come true"*
Is only just the preview.
And our promised protection
Seems like a lie to win the election.
So welcome to your home
Be prepared to make a loan.

Scout Dreams of Dinner



Anna Duhome

A perilous journey is taken every second
From birth we are on the way
To a destination that no compass
Can provide the navigation

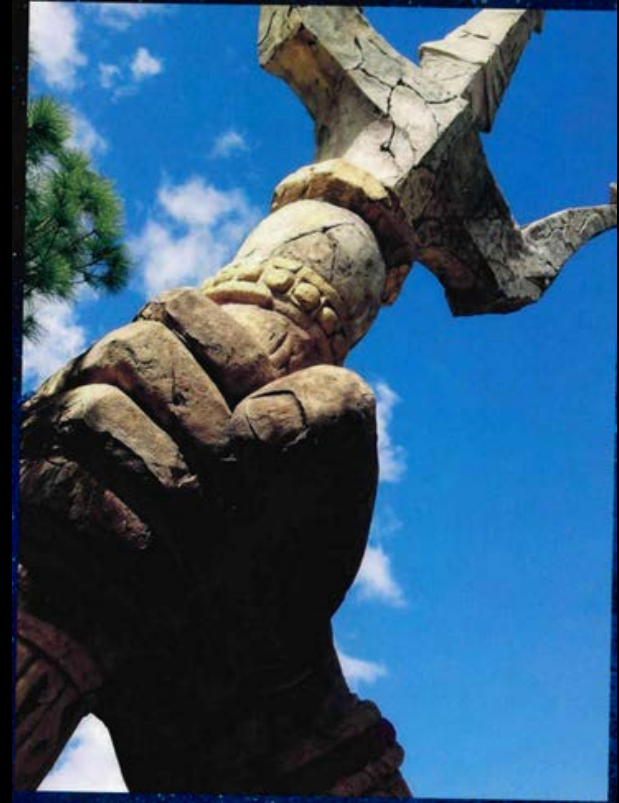
With set sails following the horizon
My own course is brightened
Compared to trivial north and east
That grounds others to chase fool's fleece

But I'm cursed by long term desires
In a short-sighted realm
And every dream of mind requires
Taking a sinking ship's helm

My shipmates' refusal to comply
Might get them swept up by tides
Made by their own parallel choices
But the ocean is a big place, right?

Truly the stars are the key
Although we travel different seas
Every one of us shares a night
Under which we all dream

A poem by Gary Peeler
ARGONAUTS



NEPTUNE

Karen King

2019



Untitled, Kadilynn Meyer



Sons of the Storm

Maria Rose Babione

The clouds roll in:
It looks like rain.
The birds all hide
As the drops begin to fall.

“It looks like rain,”
Warns the thunder,
As the drops begin to fall,
And the lightning flashes all around.

Warns the thunder:
“Stay inside on this dismal day.”
And the lightning flashes all around,
Agreeing with his brother.

“Stay inside on this dismal day,”
All nature sings in chorus.
Agreeing with his brother,
The twin terrors join the song.

All nature sings in chorus;
The birds all hide;
The twin terrors join the song;
The clouds roll in.



A Seemingly Forbidden Love

Mya Kreuer

He was the Sun, and She was His Moon
The Clouds were His thoughts, and the Stars were Her tears
At every Dawn and every Dusk
They would catch a glimpse of another
and shine beautifully as if they weren't separated by Space and Time themselves
between the Calamity and the Calm
They call out to the other
never to be heard
only seen

Divine Contrast, Gabrielle Hogan



Life Well Lived

Anonymous

If I am truly a work of art
I can tear your very soul apart
I can make you smile, laugh, or cry
With the simplest curves of my dye

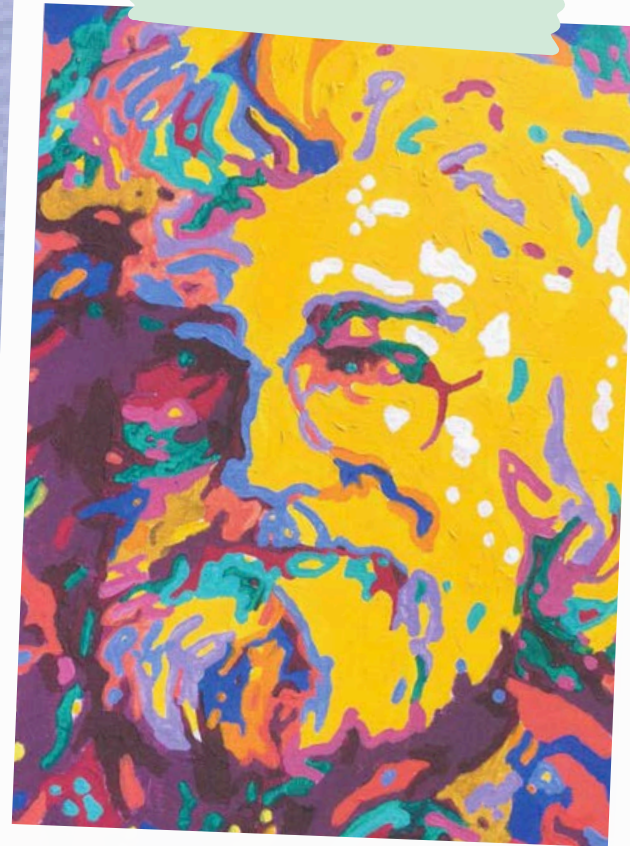
I challenge your imagination and make you think
With just a single drop of ink
I am always bound close and tight
Enfolding endless worlds in the form of black and white

Stacked with my brethren in one unbroken band
Or held aloft, clutched in a hand
Limitless knowledge, wisdom, and fun
You can never read just the one

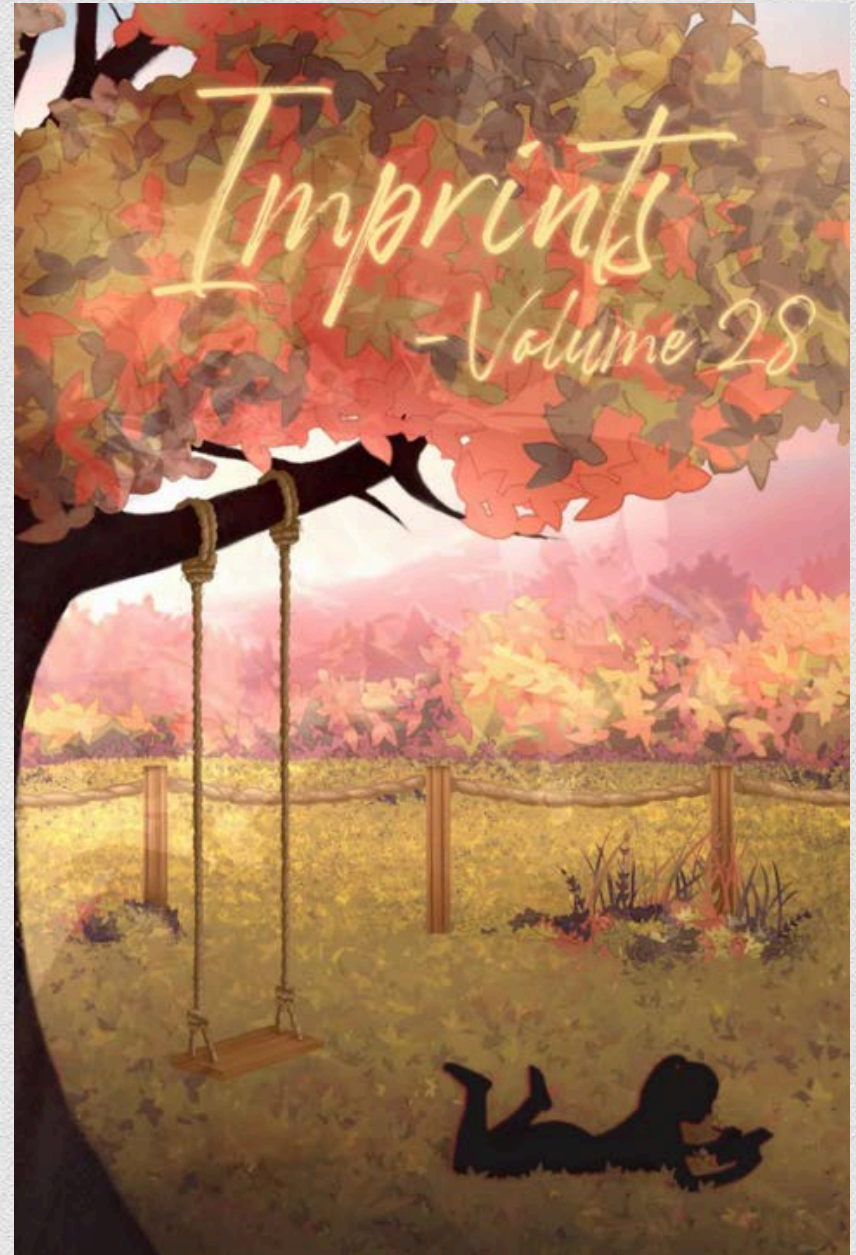
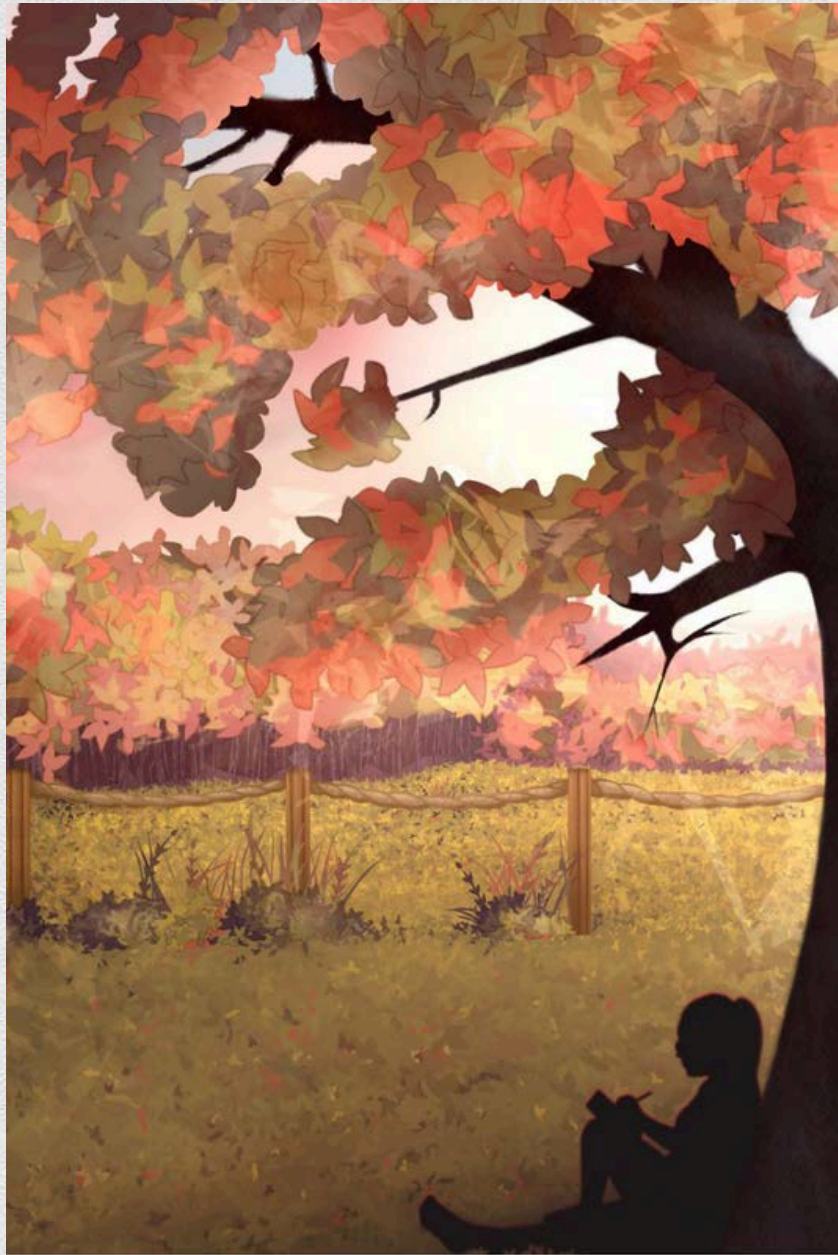
Hold me tight and breathe in deep
And see the dragon who snores in his sleep
Or see the hero with sword in hand
Restoring the peace throughout the land

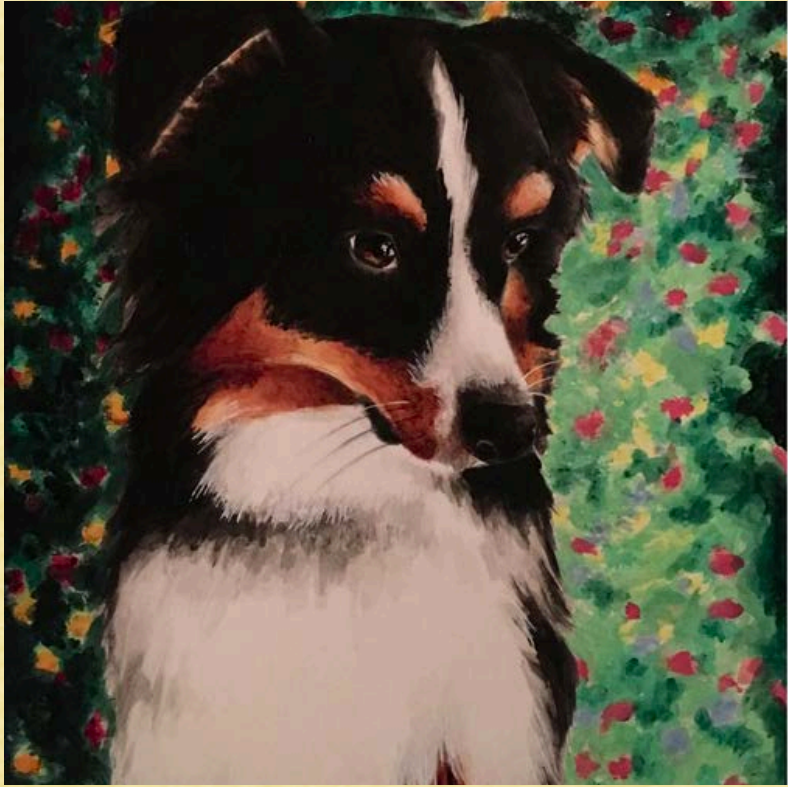
Or feel the piercing instant grief
When something loved is taken by that dark and fatal thief
Or feel the infectious joy and cheerful laughter
That quickly follows the happily ever after

You could go for a swim through my pages
Gleaning the wisdom of endless ages
Living countless lives in just a few hours
Enriching the life that we call ours



Ripple, Julia Allen





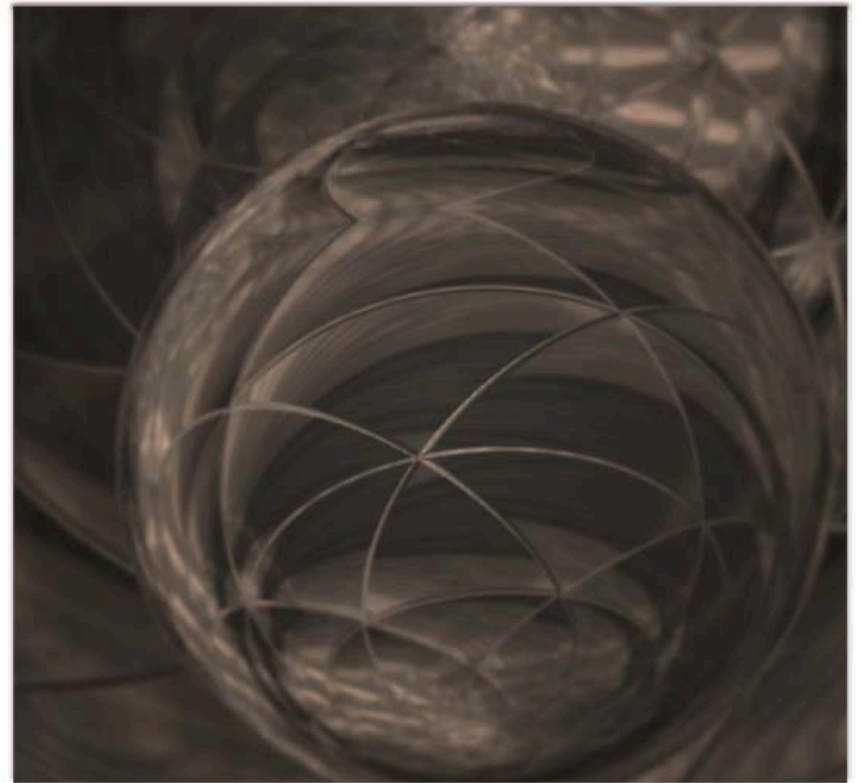
GRACIE - STEPHANIE GALLANT

**THE ROOSTING TREE-
KYRA CLAXTON**





Untitled – Santiago Traverso



SHAME AND PRAISE – STEVEN VARGAS

ADMIT ONE

2021-22

IMPRINTS

2021-22

CINEMATOGRAPHY

29TH EDITION

Sunlight Girl Patience Zinke

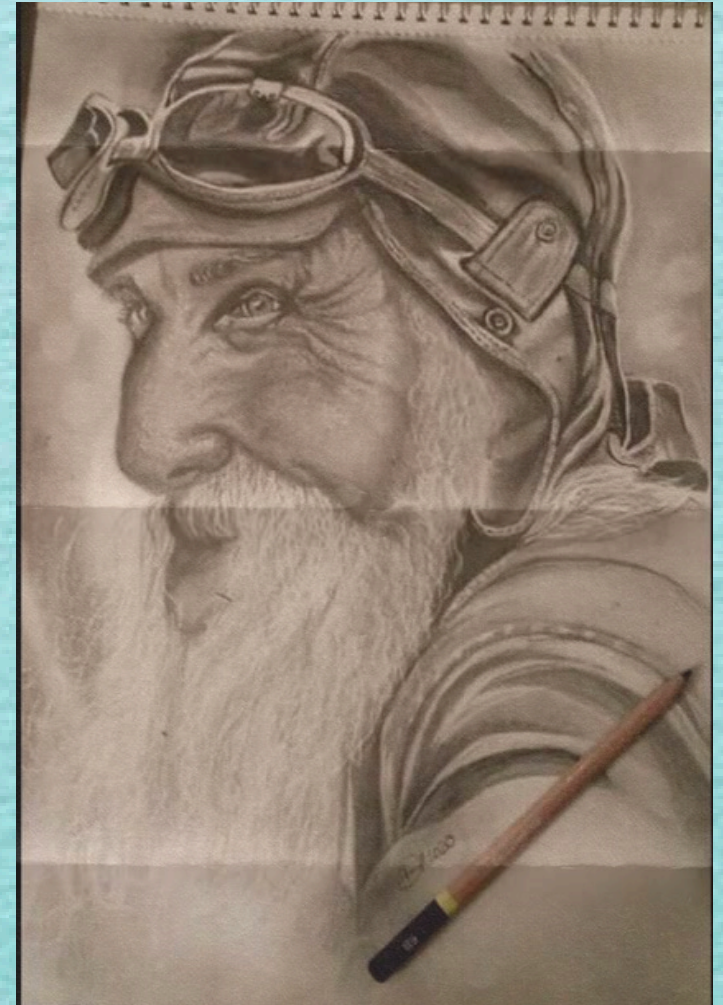
Like sunlight, you awaken me
And beam down on my soul relentlessly.

I must admit, your sunshine drains me
Sweet in the morning but charred in the evening.

It burns in the most magnificent way,
Singeing the dark that resides in my brain.

But, sunlight girl, it pains me to say
I was not made for living in the day.

You shine too bright for my midnight soul
We exist on opposite ends of the world,
To keep your fire, to keep your gold
My sunlight girl, you must let me go.

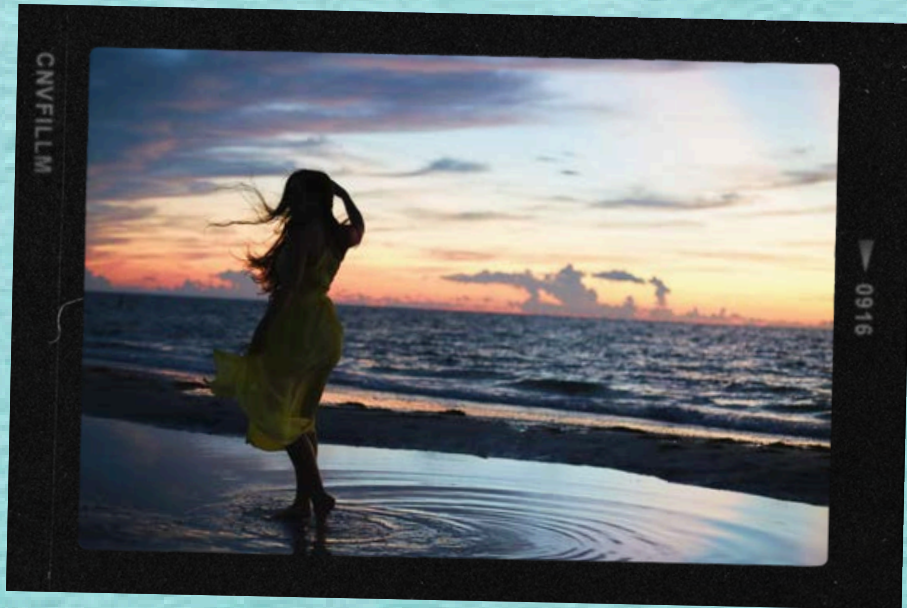


Fly Solo - Donna McDaniel

Thor Takes on a Sea Serpent - Rachel Zabinski



Calm - Mikalia Flood



Mariposa - Camryn Smith

College of Central Florida offers equal access and opportunity in employment, admissions and educational activities.

The college will not discriminate on the basis of race, color, ethnicity, religion, gender, pregnancy, age, marital status, national origin, genetic information, sexual orientation, gender identity, veteran status or disability status in its employment practices or in the admission and treatment of students.

Recognizing that sexual harassment constitutes discrimination on the basis of gender and violates this policy statement, the college will not tolerate such conduct. The following person has been designated to handle inquiries regarding the nondiscrimination policies: Dr. Mary Ann Begley, Director of Diversity and Inclusion – Title IX Coordinator, Ocala Campus, Building 3, Room 117H, 3001 S.W. College Road, 352-291-4410, or Equity@cf.edu.

