

F O U N D
F A M I L Y



FLIGHT

2024

AN ANTHOLOGY OF STUDENT ART AND WRITING
MOUNT SAN JACINTO COLLEGE

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THIS ISSUE OF FLIGHT MAGAZINE, FOUND FAMILY, ASKED ARTISTS TO
ENGAGE WITH FAMILY IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

THE STAFF APPRECIATES THE CANDOR AND HONESTY WITH
WHICH ALL ARTISTS APPROACHED THIS THEME.

THIS ISSUE ALSO CONTAINS THE FLASH FICTION AND POETRY
WINNERS OF THE GOTHIC HORROR
WRITING CONTEST.

THIS ISSUE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN
POSSIBLE WITHOUT THE HARD WORK AND DEDICATION OF
THE STUDENT EDITORS:

ZACHARY CONQUEST
FICTION AND CREATIVE NONFICTION

LOGAN BARR
POETRY EDITOR

Gothic Horror Contest Winner: Flash Fiction

A Desperate Letter from a Werewolf by Luigi Taormina

October 16th, 1838

Hello Dr. Lambert.

I hope this letter finds you in good health.

I've written this letter to find you and your... special services posthaste. Although I thought of the many horrors of the night as nothing more than tall tales meant to scare children to behave themselves, I've come to the grim realization that they are indeed true. I found out about one such horror last night, and I found out after I awoke in the middle of the night, holding Ms. Lester's forearm whilst the rest of her lay on the floor, pooled in crimson blood, and shredded and gored to a point of disfigurement that I cannot begin to describe.

I've figured that her parents are dead by my hands, if you may even call them hands, these monsters, as well. The poor Lesters. I never wish to bid any of my neighbors this sort of distressed rest. And as neighbors went, I gave them my utmost neighborly love. I can't believe what I've done to them. I feel terribly ashamed that I forfeit this family from finding a proper suitor for young Ms. Lester. She was so fair and smart. She reminds me of my late wife, Meredith, in her younger years.

Now, Ms. Lester always had on a perfume that her mother had brought her from the Frenchmen in one of the northern regions of New England a long time ago, and I think it may have been that familiar scent that awoke me last night. That and the sharpest smell of iron.

The horrible legends are true! I found myself with extremities of hair that I never imagined I would have... and I couldn't think, much less feel conscious of what I'd done, but I was conscious enough to remove myself from the Lester's floors, and then her house, and the town in quite a rabid and resenting manner. Yet I felt one feeling through the course of this. Hunger. Boiling, searing hunger! Before long I found myself upon the same woods outside of my home, finding the many scents and smells of the night. And the smells of the many people that I know and the game that our huntsmen seek every day. They all smelled delicious, and I feel distraught about having felt this way.

Please, I implore you to help me! I've the means to compensate you for the services you offer. If you may find me, I will turn myself into the peelers over at Bedford Square, near Tottenham Court Road. They should have cages strong enough to hold a beast like me inside. I only hope that you do find me there, as this feeling of searing hunger hasn't dissipated, and I hunger very... very much, even now in broad daylight...

Sincerely,

Albert Fletcher

Gothic Horror Contest Winner: Poetry

A Girl Left Town

by Israel Hernandez

My love, where is thy heart which beats for mine
For alone I'm left in swirling darkenss
I crave thy soft touch leaving me divine
Ye, I'm here alone, hollow and heartless

Noises envelop me ringing in close
The wind sways the trees as it does my hope
Have you left our love thinking me morose?
Shall I curse thy love as my antidote?

At once, a silhouette unveils quite near
My blood freezes as I remain aghast
But, the darkness lifts and all is made clear
There stands my love glowing like the moon, vast

I madley embrace him, our bliss re-found
It's thatn that I feel my blood spatter down

Gothic Horror Contest Runner-up: Poetry

Skeletal Sweetheart

by Noemi Saucedo

To have touched your flesh was my greatest thrill;
All my life, it was after you I sought.
Without a breath to give, I'm cold and still;
My devotion will sweetly start to rot.

I lie, beneath a bed of cobblestone,
Buried in the dirt with my love for you.
Oh, won't you join me as I decompose?
My dear, your visit remains overdue.

Black widows weave their webs in my ribcage,
Catching flies where my heart used to reside.
Gone mad from romance, an ending quite strange.
Wearing lace as a corpse, not as a bride.

Messenger bird, a raven from my grave.
Written in ink, in death it's you I crave.

Mothers Daughter by Ava Halligan

I sit quiet, reflecting on the sick, disturbing impurities
of this world
At the hands of a god I had never learned to love.
I gasp for air, for an incentive to pick myself up off the
floorboards
And just as I'm about to catch my breath, I am met
with a cold gaze.
Chilling, but reminiscent of my mothers, my grand-
mothers and those before.

I am my mother's daughter:
A basket case, a legacy of compulsion,
Unwanted and feared by those I hold close.
A Greek tragedy, reminded that self-love will always be
fabled, mythical, and out of my reach.
I am every insult and every slight that has been thrown
my way.
Although I would not go searching for it, if death were
to find me I would not flee.
And if life welcomes me, why must it be so unjust and
cruel?
So I wonder, how I can escape?
How can I escape the inherent predisposition that is my
own ways?

Dear mom by Logan Barr

Dear mom,

When nature finally takes hold and death grasps your soul, when you have met eternal rest, I'll be glad. A sweet kiss of eternity mixed with goodbye, your heart stops beating with mine. At your last breath may your heart finally release all its outrage, like blood slowly leaking from your veins. May leaves fall over your troubled eyes, blocking out the erupting sunshine. May vines braid themselves within your hair, intertwining you indefinitely with the love you found on this earth. May rusts and smut devour the pain your body holds, letting lichen finally set your mind at ease.

I pray you find peace before the earth consumes you, repurposing your flesh as food for weeds. May I use this delicate bond of mother and daughter to finally set you free.

May we stand together in this life and go down together proudly. May I tuck you into the soil, just as you did for me, and kiss your sweet forehead goodbye. And may grass's sprout and roses bud from where you are reborn. May I understand you and you understand me.

Sincerely,

The daughter who loves you more than you'll ever know

The Train is a Trap for Those
Confined to Labor
by Gianluca Canseco

The train is a trap for those confined to labor,
An assembly of servants who live on new land.
Your head is full in the humidity of the pack;
So much commotion, so much to be misery.

Many grieve but are fortunate,
Their families still playful,
Far from the fires that
Singed their home.
Rags to riches, fairly distant.

The trap that takes us to freedom:
Freedom from bandits who kill good men,
Freedom from corrupt authorities,
Freedom from the land that breathes.

You miss the land so much,
But if you close your eyes,
Take a long deep breath,
Place your head on the wall,

You'll hear babies crying,
Men who greet in delight,
Women laughing at adversity,
Children singing in the sorrow.

The land is here,
Even off the ground,
Everyone, breathing.
You are a part of it.

Rebirth

by Anthony Gaba

A phoenix rising from the
fields of ash.

From silver spoons to
dirty rags,
She must learn the most
basic of tasks.

Naivety at its best, with
dreams filling in the rest.
At adversity, she laughs.
Perseverance the cape on
her back.

She holds a name bearing
Hope,
Facilitating prosperity,
afloat.

For her lineage,
Her blood,
For her people.

Don ancestral

by Reinaldo de Ferndandez

Language: Spanish

Desciendo de la Gran Madre y el Gran Padre
Nieto de la Tierra y del Mar
Soy Hijo Primogénito de Juya.
Mis ancestros me honraron
Con el don de la palabra
Para llevar por el mundo
La magia de nuestra Gran Nación.
Soy el Jima`ai de la Poesía,
Coronado con aguas de cristales
Y vestido con médanos de oro.
Mis raíces comienzan en Castilletes
Y finalizan en el Río Limón,
Abrazo la quietud virginal
De la Laguna de Sinamaica
Porque soy pariente de Apañakai;
Mi destino consiste en entrelazar
—mediante cantos celestiales—
La mística añu
Y la esencia wayuu.

Ancestral gift

Language: English

Descending from the Great Mother and the Great Father
Grandson of the earth and the sea
I am the Firstborn Son of Juya
Honored by my ancestors
With the gift of the word
To carry around the world
The magic of our Great Nation
I am the Jima`ai of Poetry,
Crowned with crystal waters
And dressed in golden dunes.
My roots begin in Castilletes
And end in El Río Limón,
I embrace the virginal stillness
Of Sinamaica's lake
Because I am blood of Apañakai;
My destiny consists of intertwining
—through celestial songs—
The mystic añu
And the wayuu essence.

LAÜLAWA SUMAIWAJATÜ

Language: Wayuunaiki (Wayuu Native Language)

Naijejichi taya tü miusutka tei ja muusia tashi
Nülüin mma ja müsia palaa
Tayakai nuuchon palaajaachikai chii Juya.
Naaa touthukana naapüin napülain
süka nanüikü süpüla talüjain süpapüna mmaka
Tü süpülaika tü miusuka woumain.
Taya chii jima'ai tü pütchiika,
Wanaasü sumaa tü wüinka ja kashein jasai jorottusü.
Tayakai chejeewai chaya kastillete ajatsu yaya eerü palastüin
wüinka limuuna,
Tajuupatüin tü süpülain tü karouya jaka süpüshin taya apañakai;
tü tapünaaka jia tü eiraajaka süchikü
anaawa namüin añú ja müsia wayuu.