

The Stone Circle

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Arath Herrera

Made You Look

McLennan Community College
Journal of Literary and Visual Art

The Stone Circle is a semiannual literary and visual art journal published every fall and spring by McLennan Community College (MCC) in Waco, Texas. Students interested in creative writing, journalism, and publishing are encouraged to join the editorial committee. Visit www.mclennan.edu/stone-circle/ to read previous issues of our magazine, contact an editor, and find information about submission guidelines, writing contests, and events.

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Cover Art: Arath Herrera, "Made You Look," First Prize (Visual Art)

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Table of Contents

Prose

Hope Mitchell, "I Remember This Day" (First Prize - Prose)	3
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Poetry

Megan Roos, "Walks of Life" (First Prize - Poetry)	4
Ithzel Rubio, "Heavenly Bodies" (Second Prize - Poetry)	5
Azariah Bates, "Life's Questions" (Third Prize - Poetry)	7
Hunter Isham, "Sonnet 153"	9
Krissie Roberts, "While It Lasted"	11
Michael Castillo, "Leave Me Alone"	12
Azariah Bates, "Where Will You Be?"	16
Hunter Isham, "Sonnet 155"	17
Ithzel Rubio, "Humbling Roots"	19
Hunter Isham, "Spring"	22
Ithzel Rubio, "Pool of My Mind"	23

Visual Art

Arath Herrera, "Made You Look" (First Prize - Visual Art)	(Front Cover)
Lizbeth Ramirez-Gallegos, "Dallas Lights"	6
Jonathan Mebane, "Mountains of New Mexico"	6
Garrett Dildy, "Light Beam Bridge"	8
Sheena Williams, "Trevi Fountain"	9
Megan Roos, "Mint"	10
Yesenia Paz, "La Lumbra Vibrante"	10
Julie Benitez-Ibarra, "NYC on Film"	11
Elias Garcia, "Digital Biomedical Images Design"	13
Naomi Canale, "Rabbit" (Second Prize - Visual Art)	14
Krissie Roberts, "Sunset on Nu-uanu Valley" (Third Prize - Visual Art)	15
Abigail Sitton, "Texas in Bloom"	18
Megan Roos, "Potted Sprout"	18
Hailey Hill, "Frankenstein"	19
Andrea Luevano, "Siamese"	20
Aubrey Krumnow, "Fearless"	21
Arath Herrera, "Money's Prodigy"	(Back Cover)

I Remember This Day

by Hope Mitchell

First Prize - Prose

I thought as I looked up at the picture of my family hanging on the wall.

It is my favorite photo of us together. The battered, scarred up frame that held the picture couldn't detract from the priceless moment captured that day.

It was my Mom, Dad, my little brother, Michael, and I, enjoying life, without a care in the world. This was the only trip we got to take as a complete family.

I wish time would have stopped so I could relive that moment forever.

The weather was beautiful in Hawaii during that time of year. The hula dancers had just finished dancing to the beat of the drums.

Dad signaled to Michael, letting him know it was time to take a family portrait.

"Michael, fix your shirt, stand straight, and please don't mess up this picture," Mom said.

The light from the tiki torches made the photo look blown out.

Mom admitted with a hint of satisfaction in her voice, "I am so happy we took this trip!"

We couldn't help but agree. We sauntered around the sandy beach for hours. The warm, powdery yet firm sand slid in between the crevices of our feet.

Dad found some gently damaged seashells to bring home that now reside on the fireplace under this memory.

The entire family was together; this trip was the peace that we didn't realize Mom needed.

The view was breathtaking. Every evening we would watch the foamy waves crash onto the white-sanded beach. The shades of scarlet, canary, and amber would grace the sky as the sun set, almost too perfect to be reality.

"Do we have to leave?" Michael asked. "It is not like we have anything to get back to, right?"

Mom took Michael's hands and looked him in the eye, saying, "You'll be back one day, but it's time for me to go home."

I long to go back to that day. Everything made sense then.

It has been a month, and my life is still in shambles. None of us knew it would happen so soon.

"I wish you were here to see us now. I know you would be proud," I said, "I will always love you, mom."

The urn had no response; I placed a teary kiss under the engraving of my Mom's name.

Walks of Life

by Megan Roos

First Prize - Poetry

Tattered sneakers
Press into the cement sidewalk
Turn down an alley
Roaming, searching,
For Home

Shiny pumps
Descend from a sleek limo
Strut onto a hotel's tile
Striding, pursuing
Home

Plastic flip flops
Shaking off sand
Soaking in shallow water
Wandering, seeking
Home

Walks of life
Each a unique story
Differing in most every way
But always thirsting
For Home

Heavenly Bodies

by Ithzel Rubio

Second Prize - Poetry

Always my sun,
You called me your moon.
You brightened my day.
I revolved around you.
Day after day,
The nights flying by,
We danced in our circles
Time after time.

I can't shine without you,
My beaming bright star,
Dark ousted by rays,
Created by love afar.
But every so often
As I wait for a new dawn,
Hours shift past,
Then I realize you're gone.

I miss my bright sun,
The center of my life.
Do you miss me,
The light in your night?
Give me your burdens to bear
When you return to me soon.
I will always be there,
Forever, your moon.



Lizbeth Ramirez-Gallegos

Dallas Night Lights



Jonathan Mebane

Mountains of New Mexico

Life's Questions

by Azariah Bates

Third Prize - Poetry

I'm trying to figure this world out,
How it works and what it's all about.
What do I do, and how do I fit in?
How do I act, and where do I begin?

Did it start with my birth?
Or something before?
Did I start as an egg?
Or something more?
Did I have a previous life?
Who was I before I was me?
Was I someone better or worse,
Someone important or a nobody?

Does it matter who I was...
When I don't even know right now?
Will I ever get the answers?
Does anyone even know how?
What am I supposed to do until then?
Just sit on my hands and wait?
Am I destined for something?
Am I foretold to be great?

Maybe I'm a character in someone else's story,
Put here for others and not for me?
Or maybe I don't have a purpose,
And what I think is my reality.
Quite possibly I'm fake,
Just a sim in a game,
All zeros and ones,
No purpose, no name.

That would be easier than this constant confusion.
Maybe all the answers are just an illusion.
Maybe we're not supposed to know or find out,
Who we truly are and what life is about.



Garrett Dildy

Light Beam Bridge

Sonnet 153

by Hunter Isham

Raw, unrestrained love binds us together.
Passion in our hearts, but not in our words.
Although your love is like Texas weather,
You make my heart sing with the songbirds.

Plaguing my world with your intense fervor,
I shudder at the thought of losing you.
With the entire world as our observer,
I promise that we will always pull through.

The entities of the world binding us,
They are stomping out our flourishing bloom,
Leaving us with nothing more to discuss,
Trapped in an unfathomable gloom.

Our time together on Earth is finite,
But love's power transcends even lifetimes.



Sheena Williams

Trevi Fountain



Megan Roos

Mint



Yesenia Paz

La Lumbre Vibrante

While It Lasted

by Krissie Roberts

It was fun while it lasted.
Our friendship was so bright.
But now, I feel like time was wasted
Because I almost lost my sight.

Such a beautiful dream
Turned into a nightmare.
You were nice to me, or so it would seem;
It feels like you do not care.

I have waited so long,
Trying to be understanding and patient,
But now I'm just trying to stay strong
Because my feelings are soon to be vacant.

It was fun while it lasted.
Our friendship was so bright.
Time was definitely wasted
Now, you are no longer in my sight.



Julie Benitez-Ibarra

NYC on Film

Leave Me Alone

by Michael Castillo

It's getting loud
In my mind.
I try to rewind,
And think of ways I can fix it.

Theres a man going wild,
who keeps writing notes
With words that he spoke,
But he can't remember who he is.

I'm attacked on all sides
in this prison I'm in.
I'm tempted to sin.
I'm ready to throw in the towel.

I'm screaming inside,
but my voice it is calm.
I'll just wait until dawn
And hope that I'll see you tomorrow.

I'm breaking inside,
But it's your hurt, not mine.
Just leave me, just leave me alone.

You have to get out
and take all your pain.
I'm going insane.
You're breathing fogs up my vision.

I must be alone
to clear up these thoughts.
My soul's been bought,
But you choose to quit all religion.

I'm breaking inside,
But it's your hurt, not mine.
Just leave me, just leave me alone.

I'll see you again
In heaven or hell.
I guess time will tell.
You'll have to make that decision.

All I have are words.
They're empty but true.
I can't see you through.
I don't have the strength; I'll just give in.

I'm breaking inside,
But it's your hurt, not mine.
Just leave me, just leave me alone.



Elias Garcia

Digital Biomedical Images Design



Naomi Canale
Second Prize (Visual Art)

Rabbit



Krissie Roberts
Third Prize (Visual Art)

Sunset of Nu'uuanu Valley

Where Will You Be?

by Azariah Bates

When I've had enough,
When the going gets tough,
When the edges are rough,
Where will you be?

When the days grow longer,
My worries grow stronger,
And my fears grow taller,
Where will you be?

When my thoughts are scattered everywhere,
And I can't tell here from there.
Will you look at me without a care?
Where will you be?
Will you be here with me?

Will you leave like everyone?
I know I'm just a girl, a scared one,
But I'm tired of it; I'm so done.
Where will you be?

Will you run scared, like rats?
Will you scurry away, like bats?
Will you hide under something, like cats?
Where will you be?

Or will you stand tall with me?
Will you rise above so we can finally be free?
Will you set fire to the world and hear its plea?
I need to know now.
Where will you be?

Sonnet 155

by Hunter Isham

The words have leaked from my breast,
Leaving splatters of color wherever I go.
I leave home to create a new nest.
Will we last forever? We do not know.

The floodgates of emotions are flowing.
This forsaken dam has finally burst.
The words in my heart are overflowing.
Sadly, in love though, we are just unversed.

Overwhelming fervor has taken grasp.
I know for this one, I can make it last.
We speak until our voices rasp.
To make her happy is all I've been asked.

Through adversity, we'll be tenacious.
For everything she is, I am gracious.



Abigail Sitton

Texas in Bloom



Megan Roos

Potted Sprout



Hailey Hill

Frankenstein

Humbling Roots

by Ithzel Rubio

A sprawling nation of wealth,
Always barreling toward the future,
Is enough to make anyone forget their people.
When this life threatens to tear my culture away,
I stop to remember my past; the hunched people in fields,
With calloused fingers, sore bodies, bruised bodies,
Who work blazing days for small meals.
What wondrous stories they could tell,
Of a Loving God, of a simpler time!
It was enough for them to hope for a better world,
One where their children could live carefree.
I choose to remember, to carry my roots with pride
Because without sturdy, strong roots
An enormous, everlasting tree could never grow,
Never bear its generous fruit
Freshly watered by the blood, sweat, and tears
Of those who came before me.
With that fruit, I will feed my children
And give them strength to carry on.



Andrea Luevano

Siamese

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Aubrey Krumnow

Fearless

Spring

by Hunter Isham

The sweet smell of spring arriving on time,
Bringing with it the blossoming oak trees.
Oh, it has arrived! It is spring-time!
Can you feel that loving, wonderful breeze?

The roses and lilacs, spreading their scent,
Spreading their color in passionate bloom.
Through the grassy meadow, she and I went,
Gawking at life beginning to bloom.

The sun fondles all the life on Earth,
Waves wash away impurities.
Everything returns, ready for rebirth,
The world grants us our securities.

Because of her sweet heart, spring has arrived,
Bringing with it the blooming of my own.

Pool of My Mind

by Ithzel Rubio

With every breath I take
In the pool of my mind,
I'm constantly drowning
And wondering why.
There's hardly any water,
Yet the bottom looks much farther
Than in any pool I've ever seen before.
I just let it slide.
It is not deep at all
In the pool of my mind,
But I've seen many drown in
Shallow waters, surrounded.
Even great swimmers have drowned.
I cannot let it slide.
I don't know how to swim
In the pool of my mind,
But I'm too scared to know
What it takes to stay afloat.
I'm content to lounge in
The shallow pool of my mind,
Hoping I never fall in
The deep end.

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Arath Herrera

Money's Prodigy