

Одyssey

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# Odyssey

## Going Green

Volume 28 - 2011

Lake Sumter Community College  
Art and Literary Magazine

*Instructor Taralyn Pierce-Advisor*

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## Cover Art



Solitary Green Leaf on Wood background natural ecological photograph, iStockphoto

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## EDITOR'S NOTE:

The Odyssey is an annual magazine published by Lake Sumter Community College that shows the potential of their students and gives them the opportunity to show their artwork locally and statewide. Whether they have declared themselves as an art, science, math or any other major, they can still take part in this amazing opportunity. This edition would have never existed if not for the students of Lake Sumter Community College. We should not be afraid to start every day with a creative and open mind. I thank everyone that made this such a wonderful growth experience. Always remember that life comes at you fast. Don't hesitate. Make it a super-fantastic one.

Miguel A. Ulloa  
*Editor in Chief*

## THANK YOU

I would like to take this opportunity to write a thank you note to everyone that participated in the Odyssey this year. Thanks to all the judges and contributors for bringing this magazine to life. Without the judges we would not have had a truly competitive experience. I would like to give a special thanks to our Odyssey staff: Valerie "Piper" Manley (Secretary), Ashley Rymal (Graphic Designer), Scott Jackson (Assistant Editor), and our Advisor, Taralyn Pierce. I truly enjoyed being part of this amazing group. Thank you all for this wonderful experience.

Miguel A. Ulloa

## 2010-2011 CONTRIBUTORS

Priya Balkaran  
Kathleen Brugnoli  
Audrey J. Dench  
Amanda Dickinson  
Erika Fils  
Caitlin Hall  
Kathryn "Kate" Michelle Hall  
John Halligan  
Courtney Herndon  
Brandon L. Howard  
Jhanel Jaipargas  
Colleen O'Neil  
Nicole Kelly Palmer  
Richard Andrew Pemberton

Jasmine Quebral  
Christyle Rednour  
Yolanda Rosado  
Sherri Lynn Rose  
Jessica Marie Sultan  
Miguel A. Ulloa  
Alexandra N. Warr  
Caitlin Fogarty

## JUDGES

Christina Shiflett  
Abhiyln Cash  
Cindy Lackey  
Dennis Jochims  
Heather Elmatti  
Kristen Chancey  
Elizabeth Terranova  
Linda Karp

## AWARDS 2011 - Winners

### FIRST PLACE

Christyle Rednour - Black/White Photograph  
Kathleen Brugnoli - Color Photograph  
Christyle Rednour - Computer Enhanced Photograph  
Yolanda Rosado - 3-Dimensional Art  
Caitlin Hall - Painting  
Caitlin Hall - Mixed Media  
Christyle Rednour - Digital Art  
Alexandra N. Warr - Drawing

### SECOND PLACE

Christyle Rednour - Black/White Photograph  
Audrey J. Dench - Color Photograph  
Christyle Rednour - Computer Enhanced Photograph  
Kathryn "Kate" Michelle Hall - Painting  
Kathryn "Kate" Michelle Hall - Mixed Media  
Jasmine Quebral - Digital Art  
Caitlin Hall - Drawing

### THIRD PLACE

Kathleen Brugnoli - Black/White Photograph  
Christyle Rednour - Color Photograph  
Christyle Rednour - Computer Enhanced Photograph  
Kathryn "Kate" Michelle Hall - Painting  
Caitlin Hall - Mixed Media  
Jasmine Quebral - Digital Art  
Kathryn "Kate" Michelle Hall - Drawing

## FICTION

First Place: *Betrayal and Sacrifice* by Courtney Herndon  
Second Place: *Heart of a Knight* by Courtney Herndon

## POETRY:

First Place: *You Were That Boy* by Priya Balkaran  
Second Place: *Love, Hates* by Miguel Ulloa  
Third Place: *Shadow* by Brandon Howard

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SEE THE  
BOUGANVILLEA  
MIXED MEDIA  
KATHRYN HALL





FROGGY ZEN  
MIXED MEDIA  
KATHRYN HALL

Odyssey 2011



WE'VE ALL  
BEEN THERE  
PAINTING  
CHRISTYLE  
REDNOUR



MORNING  
VISITOR  
PAINTING  
KATHRYN  
HALL



*Odyssey 2011*



THE GOLDEN CITY  
PAINTING  
KATHRYN HALL

## MILAN

Richard "Andrei" Pemberton

Hearts do not bleed in arid desert sands.  
They parch umber through gates of heaven,  
Straightened has the ancient ankh's curved strand  
Thrust to Petros' arch, née Osiris' seven  
Fated to two-thousand years' resentment.  
Our marble empire and Liber's nature,  
Endless holy scriptures, manmade parchment.  
Bland pages speak of divine departure,  
"I have come not to send peace, but a sword,"  
Accept their truth and God, or damned thy fate.  
Poison spat from eastern tongues, the false Word,  
The Edict has been passed; it is too late.  
There lay no red roses on the grave of Rome,  
Instead she slumbers pale under the barbed throne.



**SUPERFANTASTIC  
DRAWING  
MIGUEL ULLOA**

UNTITLED  
DRAWING  
KATHRYN HALL



ANDY  
PAINTING  
NICOLE PALMER



WIRE CREATION  
PAINTING  
JESSICA SULTAN



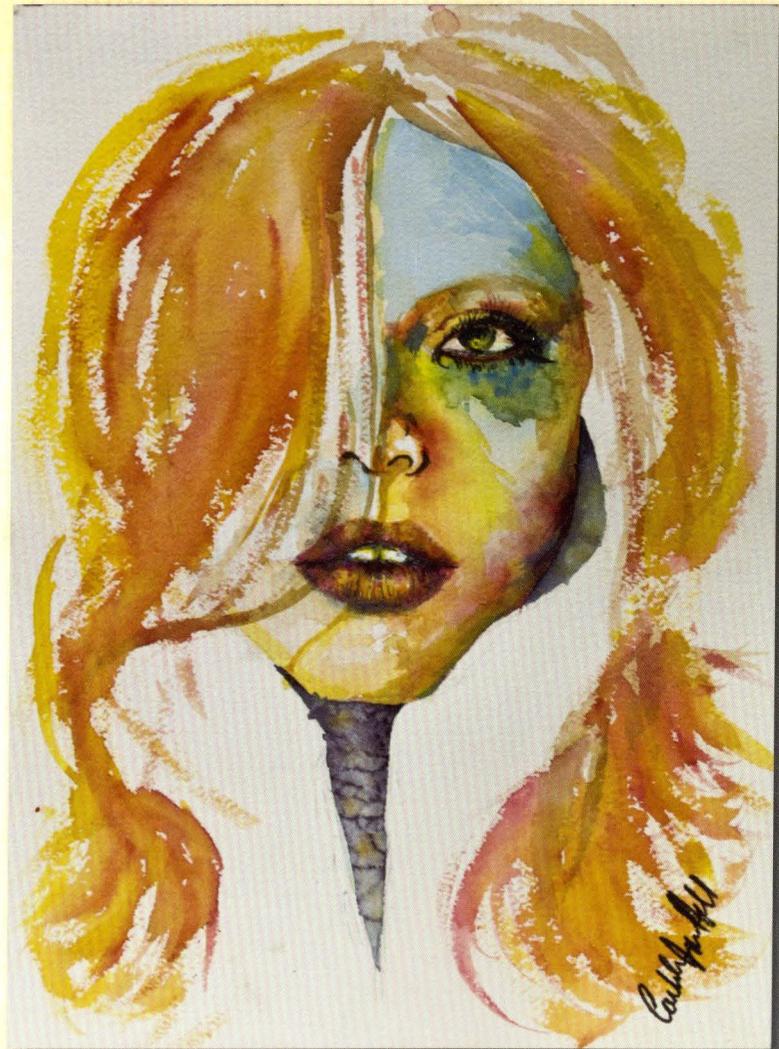


UNTITLED  
PAINTING  
NICOLE PALMER

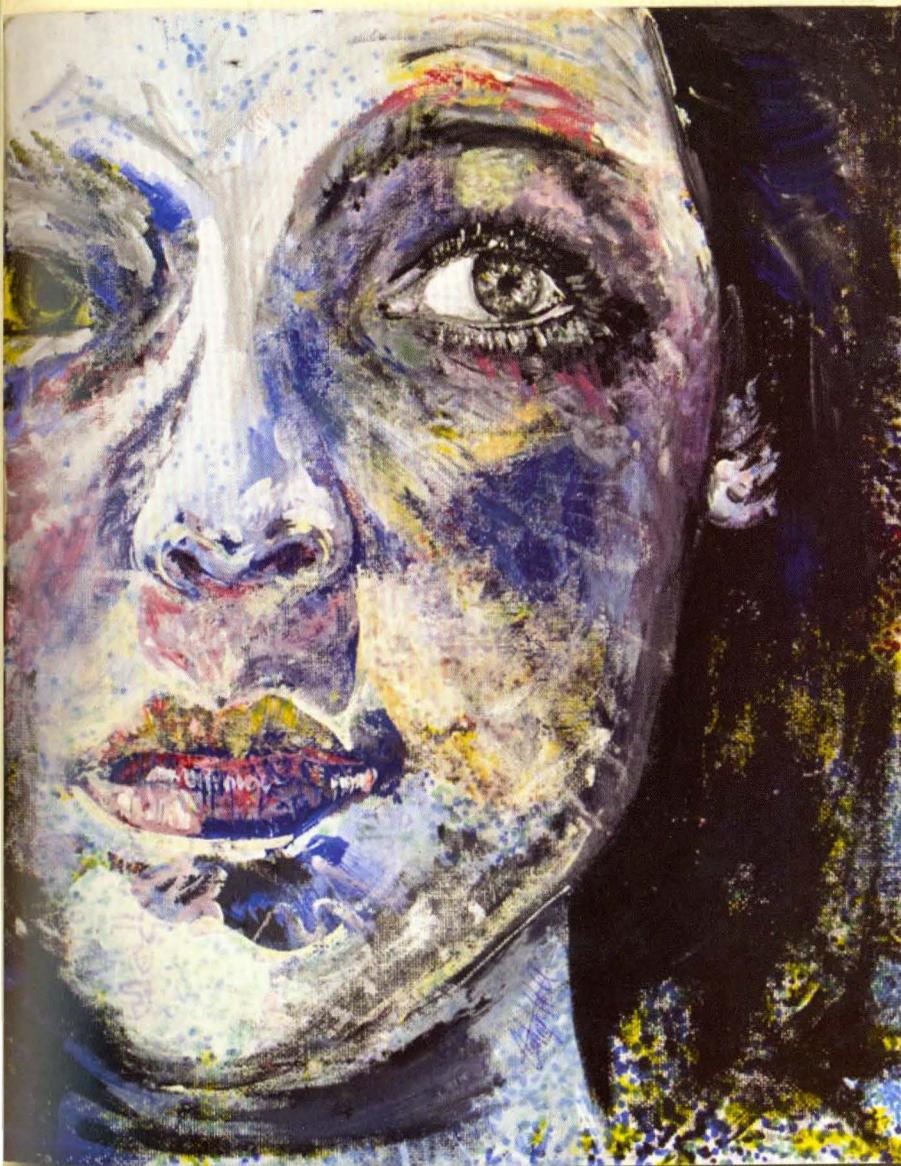
# HIGH ON THE SHELF

*John Halligan*

Our most treasurable time on this earth  
Is best spent with use of a dream catcher.  
For what we deem to have substance or worth  
Sums up the equation we call stature.  
If left to the eyes of the beholder,  
Far removed from the majority rule,  
Would levitate the weight off our shoulder,  
Thus knocking the rich asshole off his stool.  
Is what we want too far from retrieval  
Kept for those with unconceivable wealth?  
Why is it the root of all our evil  
That which we keep so high upon the shelf?  
My opinion is all the silver and gold  
For life of good times is easily sold.



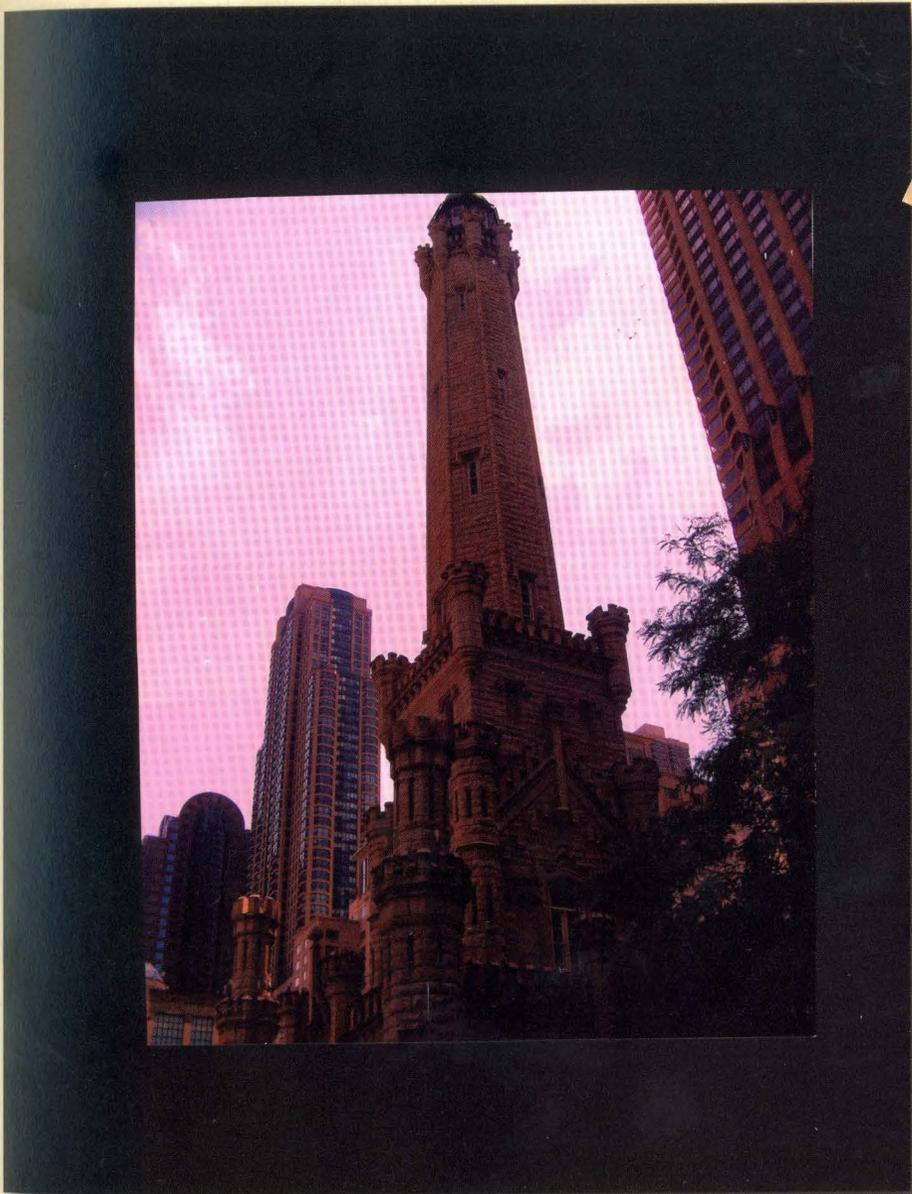
FRAGMENTATIONS  
PAINTING  
KATHRYN HALL



JANA  
MIXED MEDIA  
CATTILIN HALL

UNTITLED  
DRAWING  
KATHRYN HALL





UNTITLED  
COLOR ENHANCED  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
CHRISTYLE REDNOUR



UNTITLED  
DRAWING  
JEANEL JAIPARGAS



UNTITLED  
BLACK AND WHITE  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
CHRISTYLE REDNOUR



HOMELESS ALONE WITH NO  
RESOURCES AND IN DIRE  
NEED OF HELP OR ASSISTANCE  
IN ANY WAY, I'M LOSING  
HOPE AND MY ONLY GOD IS  
THIS THE ONLY GOD IS  
TURNING TO YOU FOR ME, I'M  
WHO NEED UNDERSTANDING AND WHO  
BELIEVE IN PROUD AND JOYFUL LIVING

# LOVE, HATES

Miguel A. Ulloa

How can I fail to overpass the blissful evening that I met your very own lips.  
Till this day I remember the symphony of my hearts rhythm when we kiss.  
From the day you abandoned me, my heart felt dull.  
I don't want another love to knock on my door;  
Please come back to me, re-enter my body and soul.  
Because,  
Hate and rage are only feeding my impatient heart with loneliness and misery.  
Tears sprinkle rain to the roots of desiring hopes;  
Soaking the ambition of harvesting a new cherishing love.  
Neither poet nor composer am I;  
I am just Romeo who fell in love with Juliet's lie.  
But,  
When your soul mate leaves,  
Don't hold them back, let them go.  
The ones worth having around will never go.

LOVE  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
JASMINE QUEBRAL



UNTITLED  
COLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
KATHLEEN  
BRUGNOLI



# ONE EYE BLIND

Caitlin Fogarty

Eight black legs stretched up from the white floor. Four wooden, four fleshy. A red rectangular barrier confined them. They moved and squiggled like black lines left behind by a snake's belly across the sand. The wood ones connected to a flat line, a table top covered with plates and indiscernible food products. The fleshy ones bent and contoured as they formed laps, waists, connected to torsos, grew arms and heads. ON the right of the table, the legs were skinny and still haired in a prepuberty girl way. The child's hands gripped her utensils greedily, impatiently. Her head looked to the nothingness to her right. A cirrose blank. The legs on the left were shaved and neatly crossed at the ankles. Her wrists were relaxed, formed a cradle in her lap where her hands rested in mundaneness. There was a small crease to the right of her lip. Perhaps almost a laugh or almost an argument. It couldn't be certain. She too sat as if the nothingness to her left possessed some pull on her. But there was nothing there. Not a dot, not a line. Not anymore.

"Mom, where's my etch-a-sketch?" I said.

"I threw it away," mom said.

"What?"

"I gave it to the children's hospital or something."

"Why?"

"I don't freaking know, Denise. I don't know."

"I had a picture of grandpa at dinner on there."

"You're twelve years old, get a grip."

Everybody at the funeral stared at Uncle Mark because he had only one good eye. The other one had been sewn shut. It looked like a corpse's eye, pale white flesh stretched tight, the way I imagined grandpa's looked now. Only he was cremated and blowing around the world. Little girls and little boys probably were eating him out of their sandboxes. Cannibal children, stop eating grandpa.

We needed to steal a boat. We couldn't be pirates without a boat. And since piracy was the only noble profession for a one eyed man, and it meant everything would be upturned, all things found out in the whole wide world. There was only one thing to do. Trick mom into taking us to the marina. Say it reminded us of grandpa.

We want to smell the salt air like grandpa.

See the boats and think of all the bad guys grandpa fought.

Follow the north star home like grandpa.

Then when she wasn't looking, we'd break the ropes and sail out to sea.

(continued on pg. 29)

UNTITLED  
BLACK & WHITE  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
CHRISTYLE REDNOUR



*One Eye Blind* continued

The eight legs again. The cirrose blank provided opportunity. There was now room for something else to grow. To the left of the girl, there's something else in the frame. Perhaps a smudge or an intentional blur. It looked like a distorted TV channel that wouldn't change. It couldn't be real. A misfire in the eye, a trick of the light. No one gave it any thought, any attention. It's almost forgotten.

I read books on pirates. About all the greats: Black Beard, Blue Beard, Long John, and Davey Jones. Pirates needed to have beards and gruff accents. I couldn't remember what Uncle Mark's face looked like other than his eye. He had blond hair that was always short. And he was tall. But, could he grow a beard? I couldn't, but I could be the cabin boy since I didn't have any boobs, and rub dirt on my face for a tanned look. Uncle Mark had a northern accent. He was from Maine or New Jersey or England.

"Denise, dinner," mom said. Uncle Mark was sitting to the right of me at the table.

"That's not where you sit," I told him.

"This is where I always sit," he said. But it was too close to me. He had never sat there before.

"You sit somewhere else. Always have."

"Where?" he asked. I didn't know. His shadow was there, at parties, at my parent's house, at dinner time without movement.

"Somewhere else," I said. He ate a large bite of mashed potatoes.

"Eat," mom said.

The white circles turned. Dials creating the world. Building blocks stacked into an architectural blueprint or modern art. A large circle towered over the woman and child. It sat on top of an oblong, a squashed doughnut. Picasso, Monet, Dali. There was no face, no soul, and no spirit. Where were the emotions? The girl would not cry, or cheer, or laugh. But the blocks would be remembered, recognized. The girl knew the cirrose blank and puzzled at the blocks.

Mom took us to the harbor. Grandpa's boat, a piece of it at least, was still docked at the marina.

"I want to go swimming," I said. From the water, we could get to a decent, floatable boat docked in the bay. Maybe even make our first conquest over civilians. I had brought my eye patch and sling shot. But I wouldn't share my patch with Uncle Mark. He had cancer or been born without an eye and I didn't want his bad eye juices to contaminate my eye. Anyway, Uncle Mark would look scarier without the patch on.

"Uncle Mark, come swimming with me."

"No way," he said, "I don't swim."

"Come on."

"I'm afraid of water. I can't swim."

"How can you be afraid?"

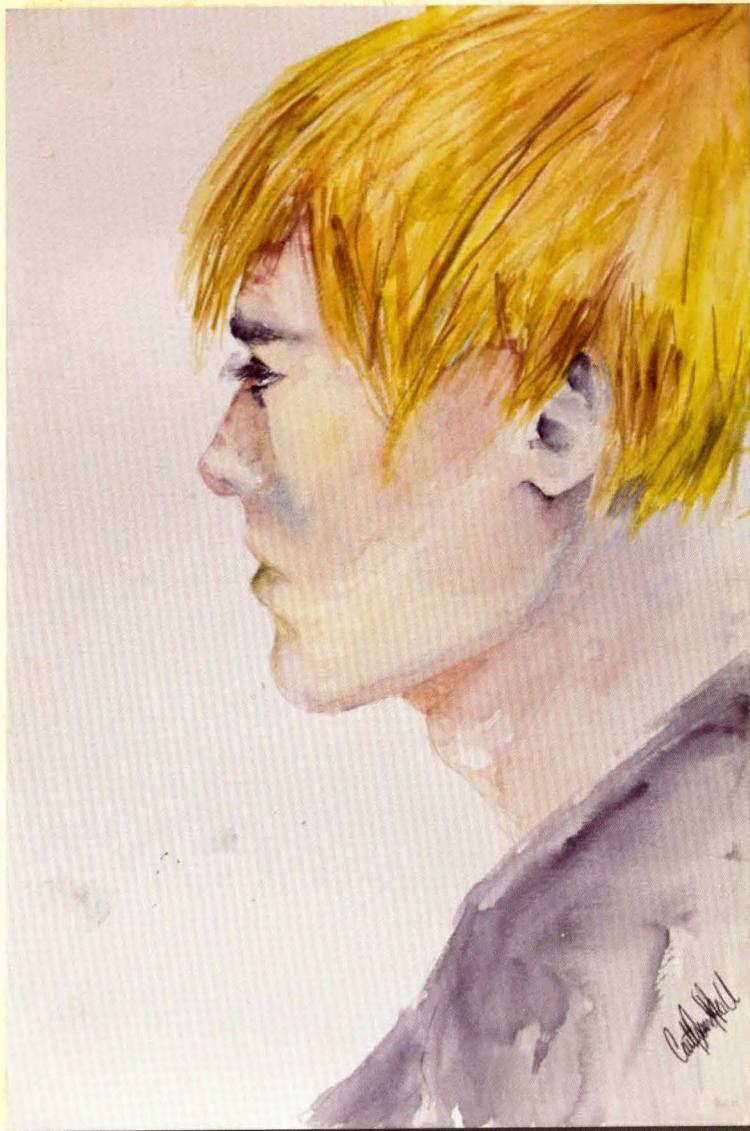
"Your grandpa almost drowned once. Call it hereditary."

"He was a sailor."

(continued on pg. 51)



JOHN  
PAINTING  
KATHRYN HALL



Odyssey 2011



MOTH TO BLOOM  
PAINTING  
KATHRYN HALL

TAKEN BY SURPRISE  
MIXED MEDIA  
KATHRYN HALL

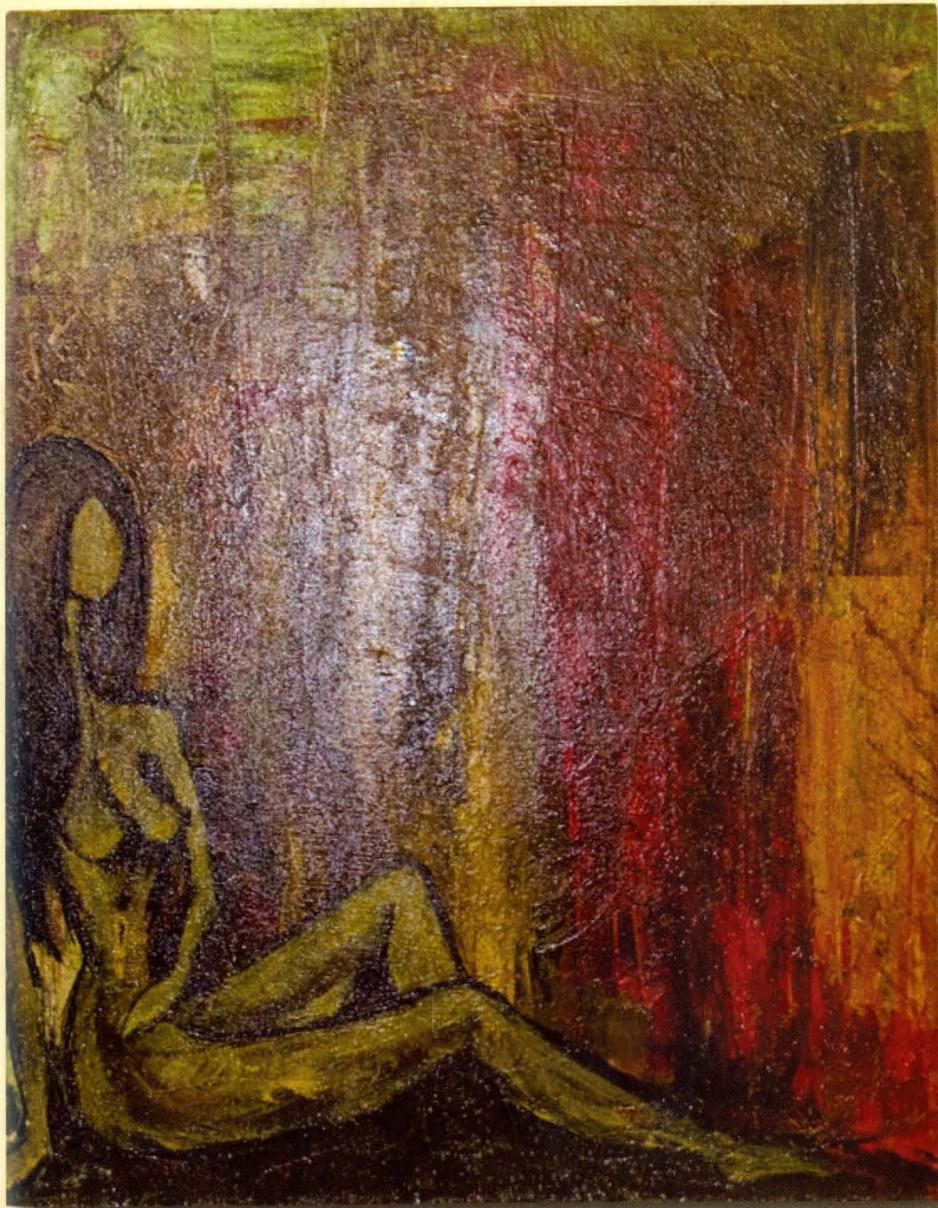




GARDEN NYMPH  
3D ART  
YOLANDA ROSADO

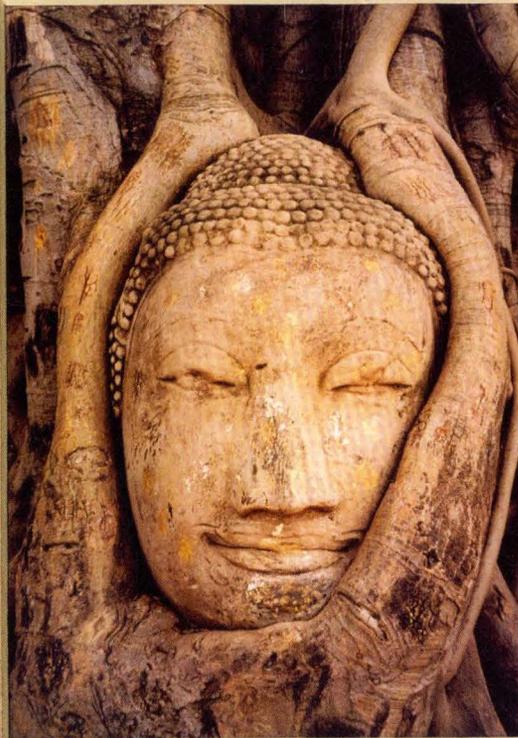
FAILBOT IN  
THE SKY  
DIGITAL ART  
AMANDA  
DICKINSON



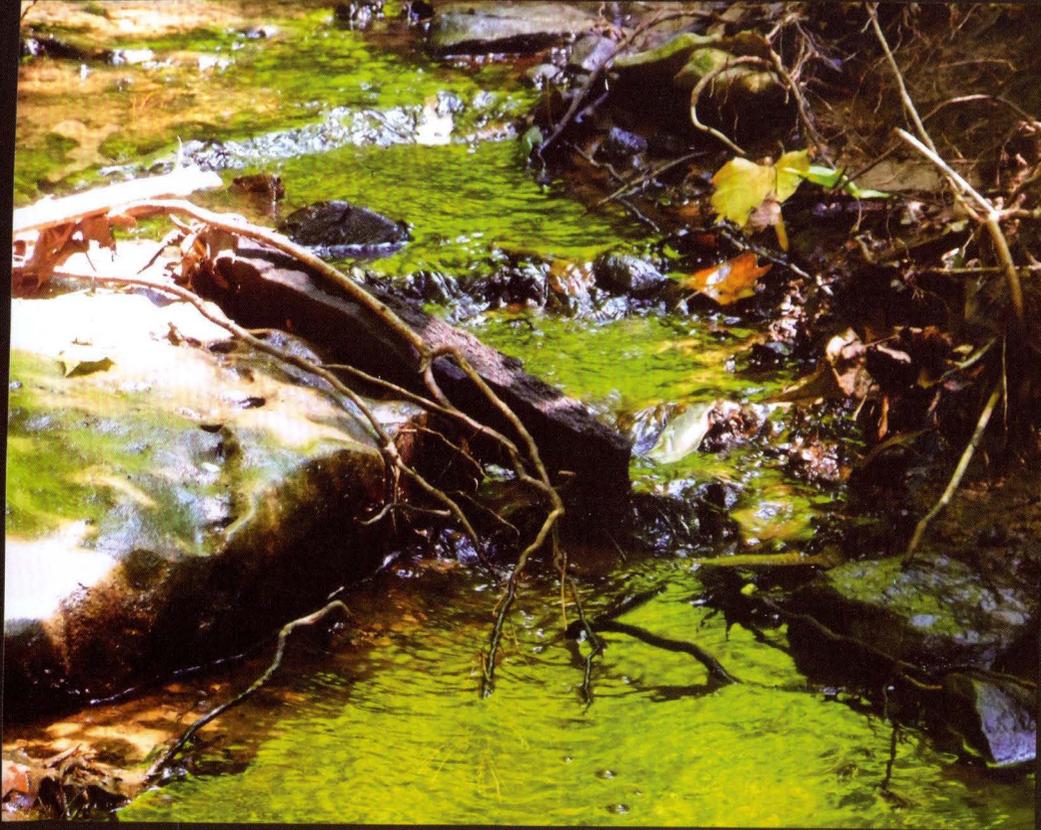


FALL  
PAINTING  
JESSICA SULTAN

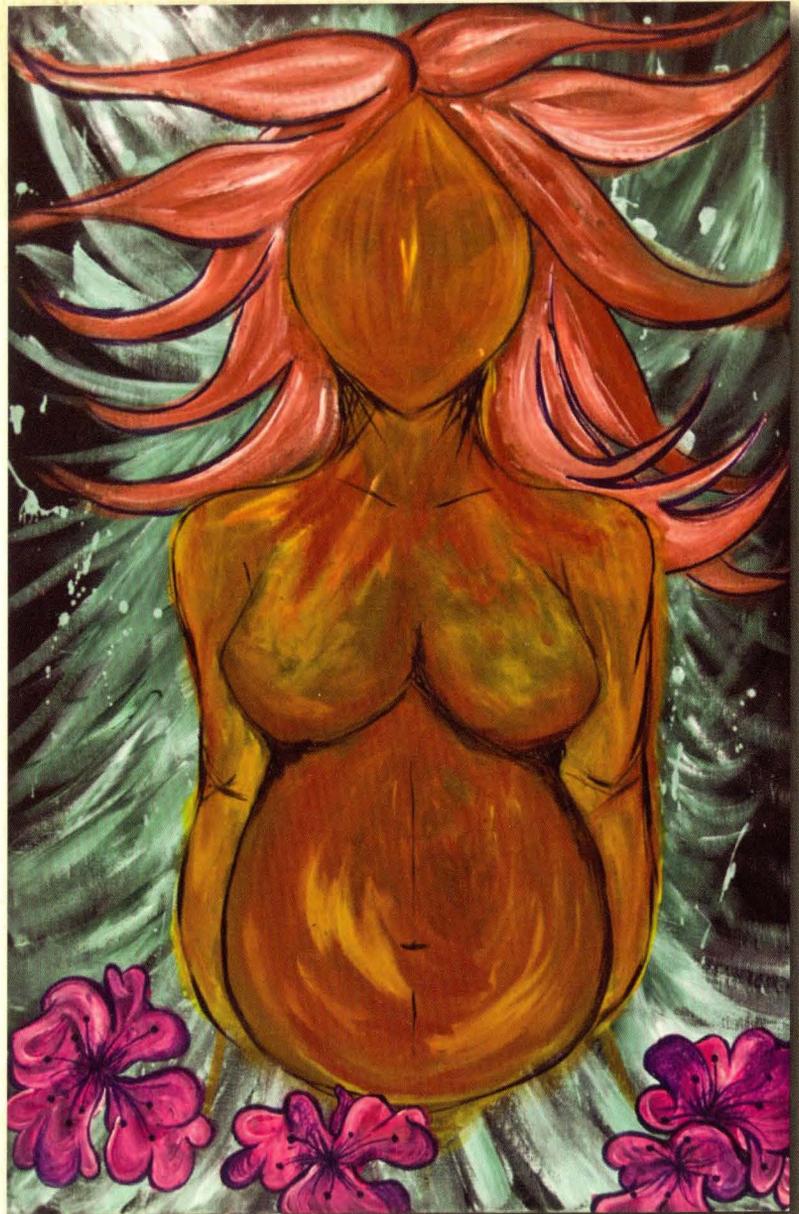
BUDDHA AND TREE  
THAILAND  
COLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
AUDREY DENCH



UNTITLED  
COLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
CHRISTYLE  
REDNOUR



TELLING YOU  
PAINTING  
JESSICA SULTAN





UNTITLED  
COMPUTER  
ENHANCED  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
CHRISTYLE REDNOUR

# TRUST

Priya Balkaran

The quick, rash things, that came out of their mouths,  
You didn't believe them, but it left their doubts.  
You tried, subtly, to see if they were true,  
Yet maintaining the faith he had in you.

And after a while, all your trust grew.  
You cared for him, and oh, he knew.  
Advantage? Hmm what does that word mean?  
It means, naive girl, things are not what they seem.

It's not good to jump to conclusions, you know,  
But you're tied in a knot, just like a bow.  
So yes, you accuse, and in the end,  
The guy you could have loved is no longer even your friend.

But wait, stop! Is it all your fault?  
Things seemed to come to a pretty quick halt...  
He liked you, didn't he? Or at least so he said.  
So why was he so fast in making the past dead?

But now you know the truth, it's uncovered,  
All this time, he had another lover.  
And your fight? The one you thought you'd grow from?  
He just used it as a means of freedom.

But, don't cry, sad girl, it'll be alright.  
One day you'll meet a guy, and you'll be his life.  
But one thing you learned from this whole game  
Is if you don't believe the trust, it will only end in pain.



NUDE STUDY  
MIXED MEDIA  
JESSICA SULTAN



HIDDEN INNOCENCE  
PAINTING  
CHRISTYLE REDNOUR



ASHLEY & CAT  
MIXED MEDIA  
CATTIN HALL



QUADWALKER  
DIGITAL ART  
AMANDA  
DICKINSON



# YOU WERE THAT BOY

Priya Balkaran

You were the boy, who made me smile,  
Who made me laugh when I wanted to cry.  
You were the boy who I thought would always be there  
When I felt so alone and like no one cared.

But I was wrong, or so it seems,  
Since you told me the news; but what does it mean?  
That we're no longer friends? Or that you no longer care?  
And here I thought you were always going to be there.

With you, looks didn't matter,  
Your smile was always so strong, didn't shatter.  
Your presence left no disappointments, your personality the sweetest sight.  
When I was around you I felt the brightness of the thousand stars in the night.

Still, you remain that boy that was once mine.  
Not literally, but just for the time.  
And now you're the boy, who I couldn't just toss.  
You are the boy, that sadly, I lost.

CATLIN REW  
MIXED MEDIA  
JESSICA SULTAN



# SHADOW

Brandon Howard

By nature, I am shadow.  
I appear only when the sun shines,  
Revealing the light unto the dark,  
Therefore luminating your own silhouette.  
It doesn't matter which direction  
Rays hit, I will be there.

Like the "Jackson 5," I will be there,  
Just call my name, I am shadow.  
Try to exterminate me, in every way and every direction,  
But to rid me, you must rid shine,  
Allowing the shade to jump to your silhouette,  
So that there will be no room left for the dark.

Some say that I am you, only dark,  
Who cares, I'm still gonna be there  
No matter what, I must spend eternity with my silhouette.  
I am omega, I am shadow  
And even if there is no shine,  
Look indefinitely, for I'll be looking in your direction.

Just try to escape me in every direction.  
I intend to show the world, your inner dark.  
The earth you trek will have no shine  
But festering and rooting here and there.  
The ultimate terror, I am the shadow  
(sigh) yet a slave to a silhouette.

A peaceful, calm, collective silhouette  
Mislead by light into a new direction,  
Coursing the ground is the shadow.  
A relentless shockwave of limited dark  
Covering your tracks, I am there,  
But I crave the abyss as the light shines.

As the northern lights shine,  
So does your lofty silhouette.  
Pursuing always, I am there,  
Every corner, every angle, every direction,  
Even in the coldest alley, dark,  
But even then, I am still shadow.

But alas, I can be in any direction, but in order to truly be seen, I need shine  
And remember, when there's a shadow, it must have a leading silhouette  
It will be then that you see me there, like a cave; cold, creepy, mysterious and dark.



IN THE BALANCE  
DRAWING  
ALEXA WARR



# AUDREY DENCH

I.

When you are old and lean upon a cane,  
And your glasses nest in your wild white hair;  
When I am bent with age and worn with care,  
Will you still love me in this headlong way?  
Shall we walk together in monsoon rain,  
Forgetting umbrellas, our gray heads bare?  
Will you still think me fine, or call me fair  
After youth and beauty have slipped away?  
You say you shall, but the wind is sighing;  
Dusk rakes his phantom fingers on the hill.  
All the brightness of the day is dying  
And all the restless trees are standing still.  
Rise and light the lamps, for dark is lying  
In defiant shadows upon your brow.

II.

I am shipwrecked in these long blue islands,  
Tangled in Sargasso depths, my hull burnt  
To the waterline. I have found refuge  
In the low sweep of your infinite skies,  
In the vernal tides of your boundless heart.  
I have no want for half-remembered ports  
Where men wear bleak faces on winter streets.  
I will chart a map upon the sand:  
Terra incognita, I shall call you,  
And depict all manner of strange creatures  
In the margins, that none may venture forth  
To lay false claim. When the rescue ships come,  
I will remain here unprovisioned, for  
You are my homeland. I need no other.

III.

Down in the valley came the Hound of Cullen,  
Down the narrow valley, bright sword in hand.  
Riding Lia Macha came Cuchullain  
Across the river to the High King's land.  
And were you Emer in her tower high,  
And I, the hero of Connacht with his men,  
I would lay siege a thousand days and nights  
And, kneeling, take then your snow-white hand.  
Dream not, for I have little to give you;  
Poor substitute for a hero am I.  
I have only this small love to give you,  
A handful of dreams and a traveler's life.  
Fly far from your tower on unbound wings,  
For I would not chain you to such gray things.



UNTILED  
COMPUTER ENHANCED  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
CHRISTYLE REDNOUR

*One Eye Blind* continued

“Grandpa almost drowned the whole eight years he was in the navy,” mom said. “The navy picked a ninny.”

“But we have a pool,” I said.

“I won’t even take baths,” he said.

“Uncle Mark never learned how to swim growing up in Kansas,” mom said. “Grandpa didn’t make him practice. He was a pushover of a father.”

“You’ve swam in our pool,” I said.

“I can’t. I didn’t,” he said. There was no image in my brain of his tall frame making crashing waves with a cannonball, beating everyone at pool volleyball spikes. But he had been at our house, out on the pool deck, doing something indistinguishable, unmemorable thing.

“No way. No how,” I said.

Ten legs now. The empty balloon pops into crevices and cracks. Deep eyes that cradle softness behind the puffy eyelids and dark circles. This is tiredness and not hopelessness. A nose protrudes steeply, but no sternly. It needs to be blown several times a day, gathers a familial respect, expectation. At Thanksgiving it’s as popular as the turkey carving, ensuing cheers and laughter. Lower, two mini pillows sewed on as lips. Perfect for sending children into fairy tale dreams. For eating their favorite chocolate chip mint ice cream. Hands, feet and legs form naturally. A full man ripens.

Uncle Mark dropped a bag in my lap. I opened it. An etch-a-sketch was inside.

“I haven’t seen that thing around in a long time. You used to draw really nice pictures.”

“I did?”

“Yeah. And I should know. I went to art school.”

“You’re not an artist.”

“I am.”

“You work at some place.” Not interesting or unique. Not an artist’s studio filled with color, life, thoughts and feelings. An empty shell of a place.

“I work in web design at my job, but I’ve painted my whole life for myself.” I looked at the screen, hoping to see what I had left, to see my old drawing. But it was only lines drawn by an unknown artist, a bumpy car ride, a bored child in a store.

“A replacement?”

“Let’s start again.”

I shook the screen blank.

“Help me,” I said. “Now you.”



# DAM YOU

Erika Fils

I like you so much, I get nervous thinking about you.  
So much so, I want the best for you.  
The best for you, the very best for you.  
So only the best of my intentions will do.  
Only for you my dear pool,  
Yes, just for you.

You deserve much more than I can give.  
You deserve empty streams that you can fill,  
Streams that you couldn't fill with me,  
No, because I'd be too selfish to  
Let you go; not completely.

I'd take you to a stream and you'd roam.  
Roam and I'd keep, keep over you. Keep  
Beside you. Sheltering you from that harsh rain,  
From that rain that used to beat down on you.  
Keep over you. Nothing can get past me to you.  
Not to you.

Because you're mine and I belong to you.  
That rain beats down on you no more; not you  
It beats down on, mean, pounding my back, but not yours,  
Cause I'm strong enough for you.  
Strong enough to keep you  
Safe.

Yes, I like you so much, I get nervous when you  
Leave me for too long. When you  
Drift down that stream we call home,  
That I call lifting.

I get so nervous over you;  
Seeing things that you go through.  
Keeping you from that streams that steals you,  
So I keep over you.  
Keeping over you-to keep you from that straying stream,  
That stream branching left and right, left and right,  
That stream that once was so clear in sight,  
Now goes off with different tides.

I like you so much; I'd be too nervous to ever leave you,  
So I keep you and guide you,  
Safe, where the currents can't reach you.  
Safe, where that rain can't berate you,  
Because I can protect you. I'll keep over you,  
Keep over you,  
And keep you  
Safe within my walls, I'll reserve you.



EMOTION  
PAINTING  
NICOLE PALMER

# DESTRUCTION OF THE HEART

Priya Balkaran

The boy told the girl that he loved her oh so,  
Yet whenever she talked to him, he remained on the low.  
His words were just words, no meaning or feat,  
Yet to hear them from him was nothing but sweet.

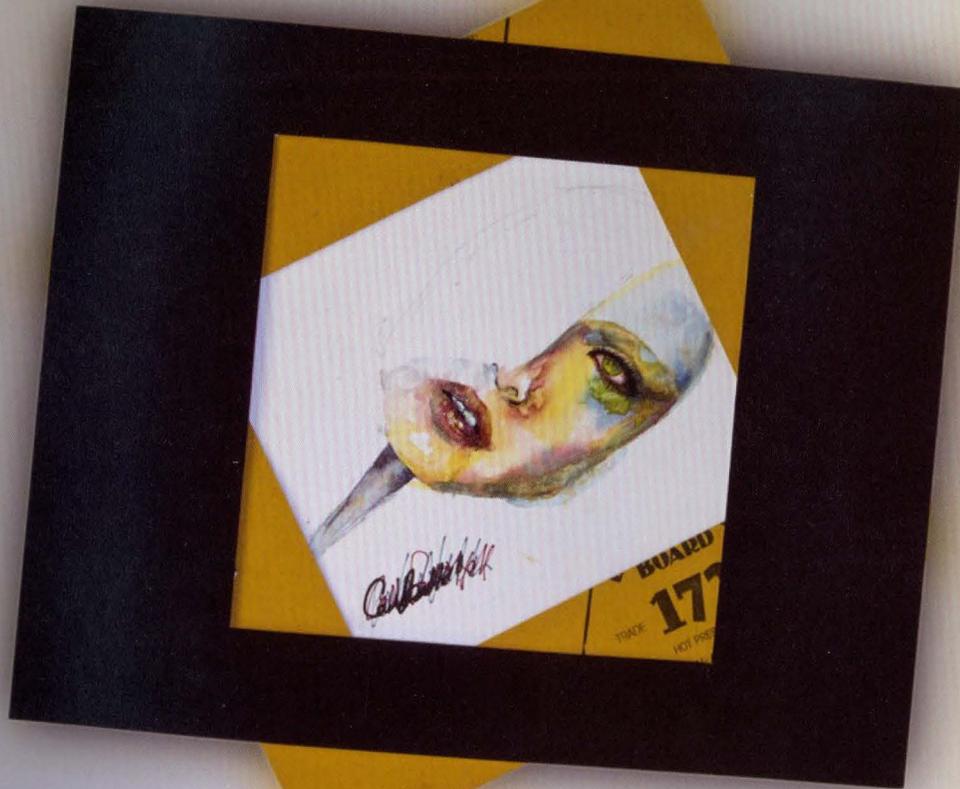
Oh! Why did she fall for the sweet talking boy?  
He only played with her, like she was a toy.  
Although there were plenty more better than he,  
“I just can’t let him go,” sadly knew she.

So suffer in misery, when he would not talk,  
It’s only your fault that you cannot stop.  
For he’s probably sweeping some girl off her feet,  
While you lay alone, acknowledging defeat.

But wait, don’t go! It’s not the end!  
For it’s all forgotten when he writes to you again.  
The sadness, the pain, all easily erased,  
For those quick believing words he has to trace.

You live for the moment you say, not for the past,  
Whatever happened, happened, and there it will cast.  
Yes, you do have a mind, but your heart has its own,  
And its most sacred fear is being alone.

So although you’re just his candy (there’s much more in the store)  
He’s your everything, and all you care for.  
So forget the bad time, that caused you such sorrow,  
For you have naive thoughts of a hopeful tomorrow.



FRAMING ENVY  
PAINTING  
CAITLIN HALL

BIGGER THAN YOU  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
JASMINE QUEBRAL





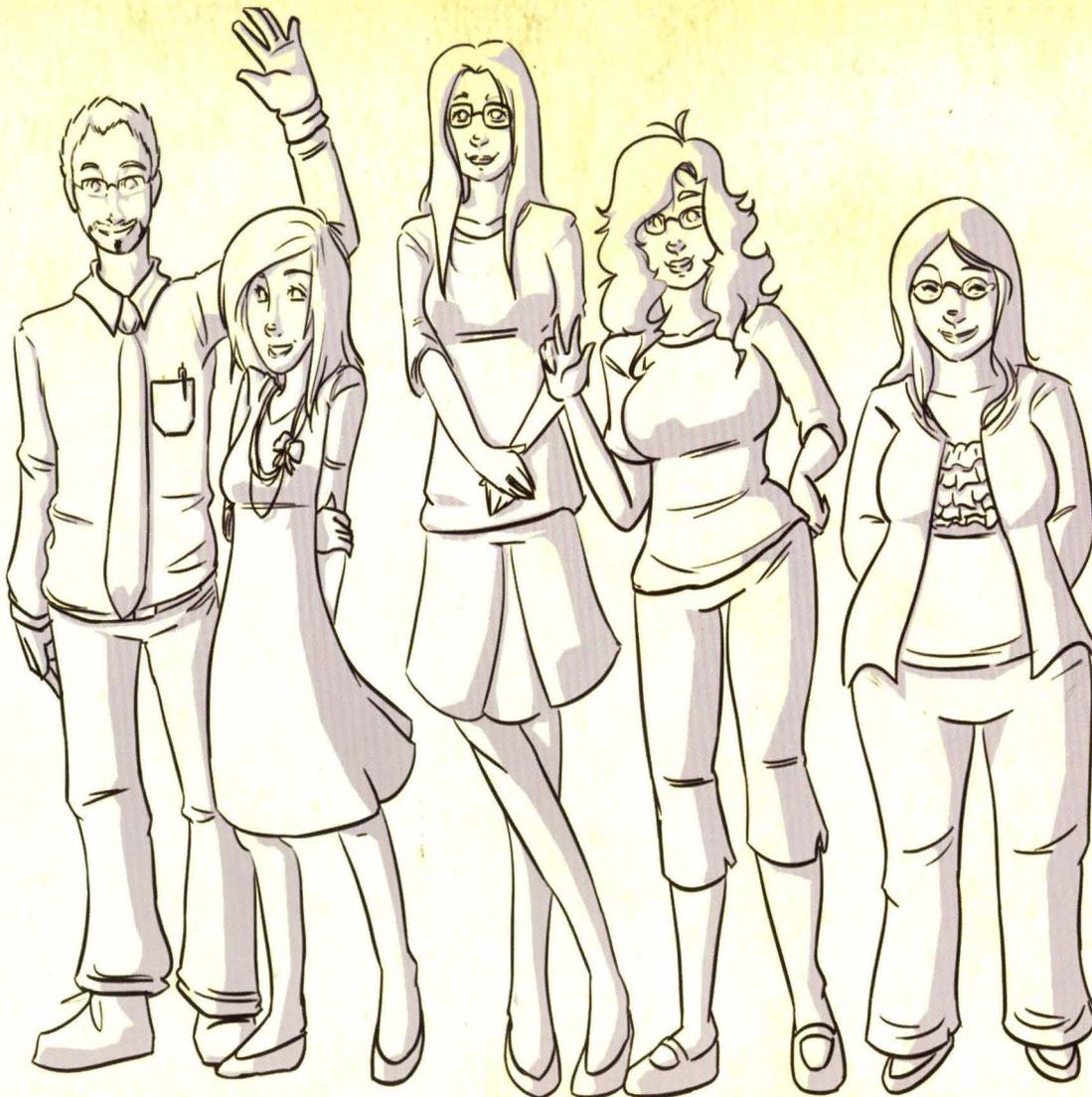
HOT FLOWER IN  
A COLD PLACE  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
JASMINE QUBERAL

ODYSSEY  
DRAWING  
ALEXA WARR



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Odyssey 2011



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