

Mission Review!

2023

3rd Edition



Welcome to Our Mission Review!

We at The Mission Review! are passionate about literature, art, community, and diversity. Some of us in these pages are seasoned and experienced poets and writers. Others are conducting passionate early experiments. Some of us possess artistic vision stretching far into the future. Others seek momentary stays against the stresses of daily life. But we all create. And all of our voices and visions matter. This includes you! Let the literature and art in these pages activate your imagination inspire your creativity. Then join us. The Mission Review! is here to stay, a place to celebrate and uplift our diverse Mission College literary and artistic community.

Edited by English instructor Ted Shank, these submissions are from students at Mission College. We hope you enjoy them.

Cover Artwork by Isabel Espinoza

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GUIDED BY COOKIES

Julie Flores

You will chart
a new path
towards independence
today.

To reach distant places,
you must take
the first step.

Don't be tempted
by shortcuts.

They're never
worth it
in the end.

Beauty is not
In the face;
It is the light
in the heart.

Your wisdom
will influence others.

Your life will be
happy & peaceful.
Luck will soon
come your way.
If you want it...
Take it.
For all you needed
is a little cookie gifted
with parchment of red letters
to guide your way.

About the Author

Julie Flores is a Mission College alumnus and lifelong learner who returned to explore her interest in starting a food business by joining the Hospitality Management, Culinary Arts & Baking/Pastry programs. Julie advocates for the student's voice, works to improve the image around mental health, and pushes for a more sustainable campus and world. When not on a college campus, she is a world traveler, observer, photographer, free-form poet, and cat whisperer.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Haleema Aziz

My friend left recently.

We used to work together, keeping many ships from crashing into
the rocky shore.

I guess he couldn't stand it any longer,
the loneliness.

I thought we had a good thing going,
I wasn't ever lonely, I had him.

I had the sound of his soft, careful footsteps as
he walked up the stairs, as if it were made of clouds,
and any second he would fall through.

I had the sound of him in the kitchen, pouring
Early Grey into his favorite cup. The spoon making a clinking
sound as he stirred in honey.

I had the sound of him trimming the rosemary, the clippings falling
gently on my tiled floor.

I had the sound of his sigh bouncing off my walls.

He'd sit in the library in the afternoon, his pen making a scratching
sound as he wrote in the margins of my books. The rustle, whenever
he turned a page.

The only time I'd get a good look at him was in the
morning when he would comb his hair in front of the mirror.

Looking straight at me,
or so I thought at first.

Then I noticed the distant look in his eyes.

He would stand right in front of me,
yet seem so far away.

I should've taken it as a sign.

About the Author

Haleema Aziz is a Public Health major at Mission. She plans on going to paramedic school. In her free time, she enjoys reading, taking long walks, and telling awful jokes to her friends and family.

REMINISCENCE

Chih-Hsuan (Luke) Huangi

The sun grazes
through the room.

The heavy boots, once
worn by her groom.

The dust lifts up
into the light.

The floorboards creak
and there, a familiar
sound.

She looks up, but there was
no one around.

About the Author

Chih-Hsuan (Luke) Huang is a senior at Mission Early College High School who has a strong interest in traditional art, digital art, and animation. He also attends California School of Art and Design and is a graduate of Silicon Valley International School. He has published articles in Mandarin in The World Journal about Leonardo Da Vinci and other topics in art and science

DANCE

Greg Lu

Dance dance,

Thank you for telling me the meaning of the ambiguous.

Even this body not ever under my own control, I am still dancing.

Don't even blink. Let's dance!

With these chaotic steps, my eyes, my hands.

Just jump into this dark pool.

Sway your body and sing, pass the tiny box, pass the past.

Thank you for telling me it will never end if I run.

Even those eyes turn into bleak,
I am still dancing.

Fall down is fine, let's keep dancing !
Use our sense of touch to know,

the true meaning of living.

Get into this hideous ocean together.
Even don't know what this voice was born for,

let my finger down, let the bones show the path I should be.

Don't just stand in the blue room with her voice.

Just dance.

Even you can't dance without me.

Just keep dancing.

Meanwhile, you will be full.

Light off, fall down, resist the fact.

Even today, I am still dancing.

Even you should be waiting at the end of the road but you don't.

I am still dancing.

About the Author

A computer science primary international student from Taiwan, Greg Lu decided to pursue his studies abroad to expand their horizons and learn from different cultures and perspectives. Despite being a Computer Science major, he still enjoys writing novels in his free time, and dreams about creating a video game script.

THE STORM

Kael Martinez

A dark forest, a dark house.
Where dreams die and nightmares thrive.
A creator hunted by his creations
and a son who paid for the sins of the father.
The fire burning brightly and beautifully
against the night sky,
But you're safe now.
That's all that matters.

About the Author

Kael Martinez is a 3rd year Mission college student. He loves music, gaming, and food and hopes to fulfill his dream of making music. He is currently majoring in Liberal Arts at Mission College and plans to transfer to San Jose State University in order to get a Bachelor's Degree in Music.

LADY OF THE NORTH

Helena

She dances

Graceful arms she stretches high

Reaching up to touch the sky

Gingerly she steps around

Pieces breaking from the ground

And still

She dances

Fires raising deep within

Floods the land she knows as kin

Balancing on what is left

She does a twirl and though bereft

She dances

Watching her we sit in awe

Taking for granted all we saw

Even when we are long gone

In the skies, she'll carry on

Forever dancing

About the Author

Helena is a computer science student studying at Mission College.

THE SHIELD

Aparna Variyam

covid-19
spread
plastic sheets
in
the bank
around
the desk
between
every
two people
turning
voices
into
muffles
draping
bodies
of the living
and the
dead
plastic
before eyes
mouth
hands
catching breath
hiding smiles
blurring faces
saving lives
fake shields
white
thin
blank
once banned
now revived
but will this rotten shield of plastic
ever leave the heart?

About the Author

Aparna Variyam is a student of Spanish at Mission College with a passion for creative writing, art, and music. She has a post-graduation in English Language and Literature from Mahatma Gandhi University (Kerala), India.

THE HEART LINE

Aparna Variyam

I don't want to listen
to an astrologer
or see the crooked lines on my palms
doubling and tripling the loops of my fate
deciding on my destiny
challenging my faith
ruling over my belief

I don't want to look at the stars
without the innocence of a child
carried on a hip
that's worn from desire and load
with tears lining down
those chubby cheeks,
being fed full of orbs of love
more pure and perfect than the lonely moon

I heard the beats of my heart
through the lines that they drew
up and down to the T wave inversion
feeding me with life
blowing me the sense of right and wrong
for which I never pause
even a bit to listen

the long lines on my palms merged
smooth
the short ones ran here and there
and mocked me
the loops tightened around my neck
and strangled me
the stars yonder brightened up
and blinded me

my heart pulsated
with rhythmic throbs
made me squirm,
flinch, and take to heel at once
breathless I ran
to the finishing line faint
she turned
and I gave her my hand

Here

I just followed my heart.

LAST DAY HOME

Martha Rodriguez

Were you afraid?

On that last day, when your endless tears ran down your cheeks
while looking deeply into my eyes

As your entire face turned bright red

Did you know?

That would be the last time you could see me.

I could see you

Was that the reason for your tears?

Are you in pain?

As the nurses are changing your bed sheets
why are they moving you as if you are gone?

It hurts me

Why won't you answer me?

I'm hurting!

Another day

Another day passing by

I came back again

Please open your eyes

Another day

It's been a month and a half

Please open your eyes

Can you hear me?

I want to say good bye

Please open your eyes, just one more time

One more time

About the Author

Martha Rodriguez is a returning student at Mission College. She attended Mission ten years ago and wanted to come back to finish an associate degree in communication studies. She loves being a hairstylist and enjoys enhancing the natural beauty in every person she gets to work with. Life events happen and make our plans take unexpected turns. She has decided to complete every course needed for an associate degree.

FEELING SMALL

Christina Walsh

Stop
Look up,
What do you see?

I see a vast open blue ocean
To sail from sea to sea

Stop
Look up,
What do you see?

I see a big black hole
Stretching across the galaxy

Stop
Watch and see
What happens when it looks back down at me.

About the Author

Christina Walsh is an English major here at Mission College. She plans to attend UC in 2024 and is undecided for which college but knows that she wants to apply to attend Stanford and UC Berkeley. She often excels in her English classes and loves to write essays. The most important thing for her to write is persuasive essays about crucial issues in today's world that need to be addressed. Her hopes are to solve problems and create a healthier home on Earth for generations to come.

SILENT MOTHER TONGUE

Chiamaka Anudokem

“Silence, silence,” says my science teacher Mrs. Barbra to the class to quell their laughter. I have just answered a simple question about the digestive system, specifically the mouth. The class bursts into laughter, rupturing the little self of esteem I had built over the couple of days I had spent in my new school in Nigeria. Uncontrollably they laughed, uncaring of the effect it had on me. At that moment, I promised myself I would never speak in class again. Then it dawned on me. Why must I punish myself by robbing myself of my language? Why must I be silent? During the next five years in the school, I learned that this case was much more than embarrassment and mockery: it was an attack against my language and identity.

Gloria Anzaldua’s essay “How to Tame a Wild Tongue” conveys the pain of silence, the unpleasant feeling of being completely stripped of your tongue. This pain is prominent in a fierce question by Ray Gwyn: “Who is to say that robbing a people of its language is less violent than war?” (qtd. in Anzaldua 471). This question gives insight into the situation, pointing out the world’s negativity toward languages. The answer is as persistent as the question; if you uproot and silence someone’s tongue, the damage is equivalent to war. People nowadays forget that language tells everything as it symbolizes culture and, most importantly, identity.

As Anzaldua writes, “So if you want to hurt me, talk badly about my language. Ethnic identity is twin skin to linguistic identity—I am my language. Until I can take pride in my language, I cannot accept the legitimacy of myself” (Anzaldua 476). This quote has a profound meaning; it’s both simple and complex. Anzaldua radiates a belief that she is nothing without her language; Her language is a significant part of her life, and she cannot imagine life without her language.

I can relate to Anzaldua’s belief myself. I am from Nigeria, and among all the three major tribes, I originate from the smallest, Igbo. Though I cannot speak it fluently, my language strongly defines who I am. It is my heart, bones, and skin; it’s my identity. Even when people try to make me feel shame about my culture by mocking my clothes, food, or my home décor, I still stand my ground. Even when the shame got to me, I still embraced my identity.

People are forced to feel shame for the most common and unexpected things like food, clothing, and even hairstyle, just because there is an expected stereotype that needs to unexpectedly be achieved unless it is classified as strange or even unusual. Anzaldua faced this stereotypical shame when she wrote, "I grew up feeling ambivalent about our music. Country-western and rock-and-roll had more status. In the 50s and 60s, for the slightly educated and Agregado Chicanos, there existed a sense of shame at being caught listening to our music. Yet I couldn't stop my feet from thumping to our music, could not stop humming the words, nor hide from myself the exhilaration I felt when I heard it" (Anzaldua 478).

I can strongly relate to Anzaldua's experience; when I was younger, a special memory I had of my mother's famous girls-night-out was rocking out with my mom and sister to a famous artist in Nigeria called 'P-square'; we would shout out with all our energy trying to speak Igbo as fluently as them. They were my favorite band, and in elementary we were told to talk about our favorite musician of all time and present it to the class.

One child named Dat went up and spoke about someone that was not common to a so-called normal American kid, and the way they responded was not so great. When it was over, my friend whispered, "Thank God we're not weird like him, right, Amaka? Hey, what is your favorite singer?" And I respond at once, Katy Perry. I felt so bad for Dat but more ashamed of myself than anything else. When I got home, I changed my presentation to something more 'American,' more normal, a nasty stereotypical complex I'm starting to repulse against now. The person of today has gotten a wake-up call; my confidence in my culture is as smooth as the thumping of Anzaldua's foot as she listens to her cultural music, homing the incoming of the end of these toxic belief systems to make you feel like you don't have a right to enjoy your own identity because it's not normal.

Identity is in the soul, meaning that your current location does not describe your identity; it's more than that. Identity is one of the most critical miscalculations of life that usually goes unnoticed. Anzaldua agrees when she writes, "Deep in our hearts, we believe that being Mexican has nothing to do with which country one lives in. Being Mexican is a state of soul—not one of mind, not one of citizenship.

Neither eagle nor serpent, both. And like the ocean, neither animal respects borders" (Anzaldua 478). This quote speaks of the soul. It tells us how there is no other way to distinguish your culture. Even if you were born in the heart of Mexico, it's not enough to define you. Your cultural identity is within, its soul tied.

In the same light, I was born in San Jose, but even with that, it is not enough to change or alter my cultural identity. I am soul-bound to my inherited roots deep in the eastern heartland of Nigeria. Even if I spent most of my days in California or received inherited citizenship by birth, it still doesn't decide my cultural identity as does any location.

So, overall, Anzaldua's essay yearns to teach us a brilliant lesson about the general value of language and how we should never dwindle to the toxicity of inbuilt stereotypical boundaries. We should embrace who we are with our language regardless of the negative attention that comes with it. Anzaldua sets a clear example as she writes, "humildes yet proud, quietos yet wild, Nosotros Los Mexicano-Chicanos will walk by the crumbling ashes as we go about our business. Stubborn, preserving, impenetrable as stone, yet possessing a malleability that renders us unbreakable, we, the mestizas and mestizos, will remain" (Anzaldua 480). She is trying to show the strength of love she holds for her language by saying those words. She believes that even if the world fights her people, they will continue because they are as impenetrable as stone.

Your language is your identity; this feeling should be implanted in people, like a sixth sense. People should have a developed sense of pride and an understanding of their languages, which is a significant aspect of life.

Work Cited

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About the Author

Chiamaka Anudokem is an African-American student who originated in Nigeria. She is a first-year student at Mission College. Chiamaka Anudokem is currently studying human biology to pursue a career in nursing and plans to attend San Jose State University in the next two years to become a travel nurse.

EAT FOOD

Aruna Voleti

Michael Pollan, in his article “Defense of Food,” advises his readers to “Eat food. Not too much. Mostly plants.” He wants his readers to be healthy and not eat processed foods, as they are not equivalent to real food. He says that those foods are not good for your health and not to trust “anything that does not rot.” He claims that companies add unknown substances to these foods and lie about what is inside them. He says that naturally available foods are the only type of food that anyone should eat for which you should go to farms. He advises his readers to eat simpler foods and “not eat anything your grandmother would not recognize” to lead a healthy lifestyle (Pollan 10). While Michael Pollan is right about processed foods having unknown substances and additives and not being good for one’s health, he is incorrect in saying that buying always only from a farm is always good for one’s health and you should avoid supermarkets.

Pollan warned people about processed food that contain high substitutes and various food additives that spoil the digestion system. He says, a lot of these companies purposely try to make you addicted to such foods. “We are eating a lot of edible food-like substances, which is to say highly processed things that might be called yogurt, might be called cereals, whatever, but in fact, are very intricate products of food science that are really imitations of foods” (Pollan). He means that milk substitutes such as non-dairy beverages and almond milk are poor imitations of the real thing. This is true for many other foods as well. For example, Sara Lee’s soft and smooth whole-grain bread contains so many ingredients like monoglycerides, azodicarbonamide, high fructose corn syrup, and added other food additives for taste.

Part of the reason why this happens is that many companies do their own research and push their own agenda to get customers to buy their products. For example, Coca-Cola published a research article on how you can counter soda and sugar with more exercise. They push back against organizations and people that say their products are unhealthy and lobby against unfavorable laws. Pollan says that these foods are not good for you and that these companies are not your friend. Pollan is correct in this regard because if you read the back of the label, you would not be able to recognize half the ingredients that are there. Many of these products aren’t good for your health and people need to be educated on them as you can’t trust a lot of the information out there.

Pollan says that buying food from the farmer's market is fresh, nutritious, and healthy. He also suggests that people should buy natural foods like milk, meat, and vegetable at supermarkets and farmers' markets. However, there is no proof that the foods at a farmer's market are nutritious and organic. Oftentimes, a lot of farmers at these markets are not really certified. No one knows what substances farmers add unless there is certain proof that something is organic. However, at stores, there is generally some certification before they go on the shelf. Many farmers use pesticides and hormones to increase the production of food which is often more unhealthy than processed foods. Pesticides can lead to neurodevelopmental issues and might even lead to cancer in severe cases.

Dairy and meat are generally good for one's health but, sex steroids like estrogen may be given to livestock to increase production. Scientists say that Organic milk has the same protein, mineral, lipid, and vitamin content as normal milk, but it is also homogenized. There are possibilities that homogenization would lead to health issues such as lactose issues.

Conventional meat also has side effects such as obesity. No one can tell if the farmers are growing their plants and raising their livestock in a healthy way and should be cautious when buying at farmers' markets. That is why supermarkets might be better in some cases because a buyer will at least see if a product is organic and healthy before buying it. And most of the time, supermarkets ensure, the product they sell go through a quality check.

Pollan also advocates for avoiding buying food at supermarkets, convenience stores, and fast-food outlets. The food industry is huge, and it plays a major role in the market. There are so many varieties of food products and processed food sold in the market. Pollan said, "Don't eat anything your great-grandmother wouldn't recognize as food" (Pollan). This is not a good piece of advice. The foods that is available then and now are completely different. There are new cuisines and new dishes, but more importantly, there is more food than ever before, so many old people never ate anything that we have today.

Moreover, before selling any products in shops, FDA would give a clearance certificate. The FDA is not as useless as Pollen makes it out to be. Upton Sinclair's novel *The Jungle* inspired many reforms and started the FDA in the first place. The FDA has standards and they do not really advertise junk food as being healthy. Furthermore, their certificates are for organic and more natural foods and warn people, which is what people see when they buy products. For example,

customers who are allergic to milk prefer to buy almond milk or soy milk, which will not harm a person thanks to FDA approval.

Also, many alternatives are healthy. For example, whole milk has a lot of fat and calories, so many opt to buy low-fat milk. Corn and peanut oils have high calories and fat that causes heart attack so people would prefer low-fat saturated oils like sunflower and vegetable oils. Cereal bars, protein bars, black bean chips, oatmeal, whole-grain bread, roasted nuts, and seeds are also very healthy.

Of course, not everything in the market is healthy, such as Cinnamon Toast Crunch, but we can look at the nutritional information for that. Pollan also says that people should “avoid products containing ingredients more than five, unfamiliar, unpronounceable and high fructose corn syrup” (Pollan). Today, most products have more than five ingredients. Most food products sold in the shops are labeled and describe the percentage of calories, ingredients, and other instructions given on them. Customers can use those labels and figure out if a product is healthy or not at all. So many of the products at supermarkets are healthy and are placed with unhealthy items. It is perfectly fine to shop at these places as long as people are intelligent to select the right product.

In his article, Michael Pollen suggests that processed foods are unhealthy because of the different chemical substitutes and additives present in the food. He advised only buying real food that is available in the supermarket and farmers’ market. However, in the farmer’s market, most of the farmers sell food items like vegetables and fruits that are grown with pesticides. Only organic certified products can really be considered healthy, and that is something one will not find at a farmer’s market.

He also advises his readers to stop shopping at the supermarket. However, all products at supermarkets are not that bad, most of them FDA approved and labeled, most of which have actual merit to them. People go to the market and select their choice of food that is good for their health. So, although Mr. Pollan is correct about processed foods having unknown substances and additives and not being good for one’s health, he is incorrect in saying that buying always only from a farm is always good for one’s health and you should avoid supermarkets.

Work Cited

Pollan, Michael. In *Defense of Food*. Penguin, 2009.

About the Author

Aruna Voleti is currently just taking English at Mission College to improve upon her English.

REFLECTION: THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR

Isabel Espinoza

The year has just begun, yet here I am. Here I am in the same place as last year. Here I am with the same numbing and dull emotions. The difference is that there is no hope for me anymore. The will to do anything is long gone. I am simply here, there, anywhere. No matter what I do, I cannot find the old version of myself. Is she lost? If so, where did she go? I need to find her. I know she is somewhere within me, but I still can't find her. When I look in the mirror, I do not recognize the person looking back at me, and I'm disgusted with what I see. I lost the motivation to care for myself.

The appearance that I once took great pride in is gone. The beautiful voluminous curls that once gave me great confidence have been slicked back into a tight, neatly done bun. Then, as I look into the mirror, those cold, tired eyes stare back at me. Each time I look into that mirror, those eyes pierce through my soul and remind me of my insignificance.

Sometimes, it just feels like too much to handle. Every day is a never-ending process. Each day, the process becomes more challenging to manage. Every day, I put on this façade to mask my struggles. Every day, I smile and lie to everyone, saying I'm okay. As the days pass by, it becomes more challenging to maintain this lie. I can't keep pretending to be someone I'm not.

But a simple comment reminds me that I haven't masked my struggles enough: "Jeez, you've changed," my sister said. Is it that noticeable? Do you think I haven't noticed? But it begs the question: "Do you really need to remind me?" I know I've changed, and I don't like this version of myself. Myself...? It doesn't even feel like I'm a different version of myself. It feels like someone took the old version of me and replaced her with what I am now. I miss the old version of me where I was happy and didn't need to fake every human emotion to feel normal.

I do not recognize the person in the mirror staring back at me. She is cold. She is distant. She is emotionless. But she is also tired. She's alone, scared, and unsure of what else she can do to get better.

Part of me cannot help thinking: “Who is this person I share my life with? Why is she here? Why can’t I get rid of her and bring the old me back?” Maybe I’m not asking the right questions.

Although I don’t know who this person is in the mirror, I see the pain behind her cold, tired eyes. I feel the weight of the world’s pressure, almost too heavy to hold alone. I admit I’ve changed and don’t like the person in the mirror. Still, I don’t have to be at odds with her. I do not have to be torn between the old me and the person in the mirror. And “getting better” should not be returning to the old version of myself. The goal, instead, should be to regain happiness and maintain a balance between me and the girl in the mirror.

About the Author

Isabel Espinoza is a second-year student at Mission. She is an English major and is passionate about writing, activism, and nature photography. Isabel plans to transfer to Santa Clara University, where she can earn her bachelor’s degree in English and minor in creative writing. She dreams of being an author and bringing more Latina’ representation to inspire other Latinas to follow their dreams. “My primary purpose behind my writing is to inspire, motivate, and better my readers’ lives. I want to bring strength and hope to others struggling with mental illness, and I also wish to bring more representation into this world. If I can inspire, better, or change someone’s life through my writing, my mission as a writer will be complete.”

FATHER'S BOUNDLESS LOVE

Le Minh Tri Nguyen (Tri)

Have you ever shown your love or gratitude to your father? If not, then this essay is perfect for you, and if yes, then it will help you to appreciate your father's sacrifice even more. In this world, parents are the ones who will always adore their kids no matter what. Mom is the one who constantly shares and looks out for her kids, paying close attention to every meal and sleep. Whenever there is a good or sad tale, she is a friend with whom you can always share it. However, the father is different, he never expresses his love for his children. Father is usually a quiet sacrifice for his kids since he loves them so much but doesn't know how to express it to the outer world.

Robert Hayden's "Those Winter Sundays" is one of many excellent poems on fathers. The author's childhood memory of his father's invisible sacrifice is the inspiration for the poem. Only when he reached adulthood (or became a parent) did the author realize all the struggles a father endured in order to take care of his family. Three key symbols, "Winter Sundays," the title, "cracked hands" (line 3), and "fire" (line 5) were used by Robert to describe his father's boundless love.

Robert primarily conveys the symbolism of "Winter Sundays" through the poem's title, which foreshadows a dark event that will occur in the poem. First, we believe that "Winter" is a season that is characterized by extreme cold. When compared to other seasons, why winter? Perhaps because the author wants to highlight the fact that this is the final and worst of the four seasons. Humans are not immune to the dread that the winter's cold may kill us if we are not properly prepared. We will quickly conjure images of wintertime in frigid blue tones, which frequently bring up images of sorrow, supporting the poem's depressing mood.

Furthermore, "Winter" is a season of inaction when everything is essentially "frozen" in expectation of something (spring for example). And "Sundays" will make us feel calm and relaxed because it's a day off for individuals to recharge. We wonder, why Sunday and not the other days? Because he intended to emphasize everyone's "vacation", the author purposefully chose

Sunday. "Winter Sundays" will have a striking contrast when the two words are put together. We experience sadness on one side while experiencing delight on the other.

However, it has a deeper significance that the father in the poem still gets up early to go to work even though it is his day off on this chilly winter day. From there, the father's anguish can be summarized in the two words "Winter Sundays." The two words don't mean anything outstanding, but their emphasis on one another makes this season among the toughest of the year. The father in the poem wakes up early out of habit to provide for his small family, regardless of the weather or the day on the weekend. After enduring those rigors, perhaps the father is looking forward to something, just as winter is waiting for spring. Robert is so talented that with just two simple words, he helps readers understand the negativity through just the symbol "Winter Sundays."

Next, the author utilizes the image of "cracked hand" (line 3) to illustrate the father's sacrifice for both his son as well as his family. Many people believe that a hand must be soft and uncracked in order to be attractive; however, it is apparent that for the author "cracked hand" is the most wonderful hand. Most of the time, when we read poems about fathers, we see the ugly side of fathers rather than the beautiful side. But first, we must comprehend why a regular hand might turn into a "cracked hand." Although it appears to be a rough hand, it actually has incredible beauty inside. This beauty is the beauty of labor. The father in the poem is not required to work during the week; instead, he might be required to perform manual labor through the weekend.

Additionally, he had to leave early for work on chilly days. As a result, we can see that his "cracked hand" is a result of the sacrifice he made for his family and kids. If the author hadn't felt that cracked hand in the past, Robert would be certain that his father's hand is the most exquisite hand in the world. The hand is evidence of the father's unnoticed work and sacrifice. Without that ugly hand, neither the author nor his family would have a happy and prosperous life. All the hardest and heaviest things belong to the father. From there, it becomes clear why the author respects the "cracked hand" so highly. That hand is nothing to anyone, but to children (especially the author), a father's hand is unquestionably the most beautiful hand. Even if the hand is not warm, it will undoubtedly bring the family warm things.

Last but not least, the author uses the image of “fires” (Robert, line 5) to express the father’s love. The term “fires” itself has many powerful connotations. The first thing that comes to mind when we heard the word “fires” is strength and devastation. However, it represents heat in this poem, a warmth that every child desires. The only thing that can defrost out the chilly “Winters” is “fires,” which is the only thing appearing that can warm the entire poem. The stark contrast between the cold and the heat demonstrates the significance of fire in this poetry. In fact, the father in the poem utilized fire to warm his family and drive away the winter chill. He sacrificed his sleep to wake up and warm the house before everyone else was awake.

Additionally, “fires” serves as a reminder of life. If this poem is characterized by the bitter cold of winter, and the “fires” that will make us feel life, feel the love of a father for his family. In comparison to the huge cold, he is shown as a small fire that is nevertheless sufficient to heat his entire home, which shows us a home full of pleasure and joy. This fire will never be extinguished by the cold of winter, but instead causes it to grow larger and larger, signifying the father’s unwavering love for his kid. Although a gentle love, it has an unsurpassed scorching love hidden deep inside.

In short, through the three symbols, the title, “Winter Sundays,” the phrase “cracked hand,” and the word “fires, the poet Robert has masterfully captured the limitless love in the father’s silence. Unlike mothers who will always be friends and always accompany their children, fathers will always be behind to safeguard their beloved children when they need it. Dad is not too ostentatious but silently sacrifices his whole life for them. Through the poem, we will feel the author’s regret for not saying words of love to his father. In order to avoid regretting it like the poem’s author, if someone still has a father, please love and express gratitude to them. Fathers deserve to hear those words, so don’t allow shyness or fear to stand in your way.

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About the Author

Le Minh Tri Nguyen (Tri) was born and raised in Vietnam. They have been in the US since 2019 It wasn't too long, but it was enough for me to adapt and study in this foreign country. They are currently a third-year student at Mission School and plan to transfer to San Jose State University next year. Their current major is Software Engineering, a really hard industry, but they love being exposed to computers and math.

BURNIN' FOR YOU

Christina Walsh

The cartoon I chose to analyze is titled "When bodies start stacking up from climate change-related disasters, will these monsters be held to account", Jim Morin. Date of original publication was 9, Aug 2018 for the Miami Herald. Morin has a large collection of political cartoons and won the Pulitzer Prize in 1996.

I decided on this topic specifically because climate change is threatening the future of earth as a habitable planet largely due to the overuse of fossil fuels. The judgment the cartoon is making is a claim of fact that big billionaire business leaders are exploiting devastating amounts of fossil fuels to gain profits while the levels of greenhouse gases build and cause global temperatures to rise. In a perfect world, this level of greed would be considered insane when we know what the business-as-usual future holds. The cartoonist uses pathos to purposefully conjure up feelings of fear for the non-reversible damages of climate change due to the over use of fossil fuels, and anger towards the big business's that profit at the expense of a threatened extinction.

Global warming is largely due to the production of greenhouse gases like carbon dioxide which is released by burning fossil fuels. These fuels are derived from fossils of plants and animals that are buried deep in earth's sediment and most prominently found in the form of coal and oil. We rely on fossil fuels to produce the energy we use for our everyday activities from the moment we wake up to when we go to sleep. Mellisa Denchak wrote an article about "The Dirty

Facts" of fossil fuel use. She states, "even today, oil, coal, and gas serve about 80 percent of our energy needs."(Denchak.) This is an extremely large number to have when we know that there are alternative ways to get all the energy we need to survive, like wind and solar power.

[Denchak] also mentions coal being the [biggest release of carbon: "Indeed, in terms of emissions, it's the most carbon-intensive fossil

fuel we can burn”(Denchak). The article then goes on to state the repercussions of the overuse of detrimental fossil fuels. One example is water pollution. Denchak writes, “Meanwhile, all drilling, fracking, and mining operations generate enormous volumes of >wastewater, which can be laden with heavy metals, radioactive materials, and other pollutants. Industries store this waste in open-air pits or underground wells that can >leak or >overflow into waterways and contaminate aquifers with pollutants linked to cancer, birth defects, neurological damage, and much more.”(Denchak.)Water pollution effects the human race as well as contributing to land and marine animal extinction. When oil spills into the ocean, the water becomes an acidic dead zone and no animals can survive in those dead zones.

In the cartoon, there is a depiction of a tiny version of Earth burning on a stick over a billowing fire. The artist’s impression looks similar to a marsh mellow roasting over a campfire. The area of the fire takes over half of the image and is heavily inked which gives the reader insight to the oppression that the planet is being subjected to because of global warming.

This [imagery] gives readers a perspective on the risks of global warming and wildfires. Earth is in a state of alarm with high rates of wildfires and deforestation across the globe. The burning of fossil fuels emits greenhouse gases which warm global temperatures and cause climates to be drier and increases the risks of drought and wildfires. Raymond Zhong writes about global warming and the connection with wildfires: “the extreme heat wave in the Pacific Northwest last year almost certainly would not have occurred without planetary warming caused by greenhouse-gas emissions.” (Zhong.) This statement entails the perils of carbon dioxide emissions which are largely due to the use of fossil fuels.

The other half of the cartoon is largely representing the big business side of fossil fuel use and the billionaires that profit from this nonrenewable resource. A very large heavy-set man is depicted holding the stick that an extremely small earth is roasting on. In his other hand is a substantially huge bag labeled “fossil fuels” with a dollar sign which is symbolically supposed to be a massive bag of money.

The man seems to be in a trance because he has white eyes and a devilish grin on his face. He is morbidly obese because of his greed being so great. He has words in red coming out of his mouth that read, "BURN, BABY, BURN!" This use of words in red looks devilish to me and is working to show the carelessness that big business leaders have when it comes to climate change and the addiction that these billionaires have to the use of fossil fuels because of the drastic amounts of money they make from it.

Research has been done to show that billionaires have a larger consumer carbon footprint than the rest of the of the population. Jason Hickel who researches ecological economics writes about the 1% of the population contributing extreme levels of carbon emissions: "The richest 10% of the world's population is responsible for more than half the world's total carbon emissions since 1990" (Hickel). He says that this is because, "it's not only that rich people consume more stuff than everybody else, but also because the stuff they consume is more energy-intensive: huge houses, big cars, private jets, business-class flights, long-distance holidays, luxury imports and so on." This information is alarming because we need to lower our emissions to create a safer planet for all of us, including the richest of the rich in this world.

In conclusion, the cartoonist effectively uses pathos to frighten and anger viewers when they see the fact that big businesses are contributing largely to climate change because of their

use of fossil fuels. The cartoonist also captivates the audience with persuasion to believe that big business leaders profit from the detrimental threat of extinction from climate change. Global warming is largely due to the use of fossil fuels and we all need to work to reduce our carbon footprint to reduce water pollution, deforestation, and wildfires. Research has shown that billionaires contribute more than half of the world's emissions and they should be held accountable for their actions. We need to open our eyes and minds to the fight against climate change if we want the future of our planet to be habitable, and rely on more renewable energy and less fossil fuels.

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About the Author

Christina Walsh is a second year student at Mission College. She is majoring in English and has hopes to become a writer and an English Professor here at Mission in the future. She wants to apply for Stanford and UC Berkeley next year for the Fall 2024 school year.

Memoir Paragraphs from Mission College English Learners

The following paragraphs are from a group of beginning-level English learners from Cuba, Mexico, Turkey, Egypt, Japan, Russia, and Vietnam.

When I moved to the U.S. in 2022, my life changed. Everybody spoke English. I missed my family and friends. It was a different culture with different weather. The beach was very cold and dirty here, but in my hometown it's so beautiful and clear. Also, the people here aren't friendly, but in my country they are very friendly. I study English at Mission College now, so it's very good for me. I have good friends. Finally, I think that I will love this place.

- Barbara Alejo Jimenez

Barbara is from Cienfuegos, Cuba. She likes to walk on the beach, and she likes to travel.

When I decided to play the flute, it was a big change in my life. When I was a child, my cousins and I decided to learn music with my uncle. He is a musician and his father was a musician, too. The lessons of music are very interesting because it is a different language. I learned the notes, learned the time values and read sheet music.

The choice of an instrument is so important. At first, I thought I would play the violin because I like the "mariachi", and my sister chose the transversal flute, but when my uncle bought the instruments, my sister loved the violin and dislike the flute, so we decided to switch the instruments. I never saw the transversal flute before, so I was very excited. Now I'm a musician and have many friends in different cities. I think the flute chose me and I love it. Choosing the flute was a wonderful change in my life.

- Nancy Allende

Nancy has been a student of ESL at Mission College since 2022. Check out her music project in Mexico by going to Instagram @nuestralenguavive.

When I got married in 2019, it was a big and amazing change in my life because my husband lived in America and I lived in Turkey. We waited for a green card for me. The green card procedure was complicated and very long. In 2020, the pandemic began. So the procedure stopped that process for a long time. Also, flights stopped around the world. He could not come to Turkey for eight months. At the end of the three years, my green card was approved. I moved to San Jose two months ago. Now, I live here. I meet new people from other countries. I learn different cultures. And, I go to Mission College to improve my English skills.

- Gizem Altun

Gizem is 29 years old and from Turkey. She got married in 2019 and now lives in San Jose; however, her mother and sister still live in Turkey. Gizem's hobbies are marbling art, ornamentation, painting watercolors, and cooking.

When I was 22 years old, my mom traveled to another country to visit our relatives. There she had a sudden heart attack and died. It was a big change in my life. My dad traveled to her funeral. After her death, I became responsible for my dad, my younger brother, and my home. At the beginning, life was hard but later I was able to manage. Now I can take care of my family easily because I have experience from this big change.

- Amal Elghalayeny

Amal is from Egypt, and she has lived in California for one year. She studies English at Mission College, and she enjoys entertaining her grandsons. In her free time, she likes to work out at the gym and read stories.

When I got a dog ten years ago, it was a big change in my life. First, I changed my lifestyle to a well-regulated one. I got up early in the morning in order to make breakfast for her. I went for a walk with her twice a day. I also made her dinner at about the same time every day. Secondly, I started to clean up my room every day. My dog was interested in everything she saw, and she tried to put it in her mouth. I made sure that there was nothing harmful for her, such as food, papers, gadgets, trash, on the floor. Thirdly, living with a dog expanded my circle of friends in my neighborhood. I got to know people who loved dogs, regardless of their age

and gender. I felt very happy to have friends who had the same interest. Lastly, I started to pay attention to the environment from a dog's point of view. For example, I searched around parks, cafes, and restaurants that are dog friendly. Also, I carefully selected the route to get to such places because some things can be very harmful for dogs even if there is no risk for a human. Ten years have passed, and I am still living with her. Thanks to my dog, I am keeping my healthier and happier lifestyle.

- Noriko Fujikawa

Noriko is from Japan, and she has lived in California for 5 years. She studies English at Mission College. In her free time, she likes listening to music.

When I started college, it was a big change in my life. It was my first time living on my own. I moved to Nara Prefecture from Iida-city, my hometown. Nara is in the Kansai region (western Japan) and near Kyoto. Kansai people were very friendly. In addition, I felt that they were talkative. Their culture was a little different compared to Iida (eastern Japan). The accents also were different. They were exciting to me. Because their intonation was the opposite of mine. After that, I started living in Osaka, got a job, and married. I was surprised at first, but I learned the Kansai dialect naturally. Now that I have moved to California, these experiences of mine are very helpful because I have come to accept the differences in culture and language.

- Hidemi Genno

Hidemi is from Osaka, Japan, and she has lived in California for a year. She studies English at Mission College, and she enjoys hiking or traveling. In her free time, she likes to watch stand-up comedy acts and anime.

When I moved to Santa Clara, it was a big change in my life. We lived in a small apartment. I missed my family and friends. My oldest son was a little sad. He didn't like the neighborhood to play with. I didn't have any friends. I had left many things in my old house. I felt a little sad. Now many things are better for us. We have a big place to live. I have many friends, my husband has a better job, and my three children are happy in their school. Changes are good. We are glad to live in Santa Clara.

- Francisca Jaramillo

Francisca is from Mexico. She's 40 years old, and she has three sons. She likes to learn English and she wants to improve her skills. In her free time, she enjoys dancing and hiking.

When my family moved to Brussels, Belgium, the weather was cool. Everybody spoke French and Flemish. We chose French. My children went to a French school. We lived in a big apartment in a nice neighborhood. When we lived in Belgium, we traveled to many countries. Europe, Russia, Africa, it was all a wonderful country. I lived in Belgium for six years and then moved to New York. We spoke English. Of course, the children went to an American school. I think the children had a hard time while the words were different. We love a country called American, and we had a very good time.

- Fumiko Inoue

Miko grew up in Kobe, Japan. She lived in Belgian Bressell for 6 years, New York City for 4 years, and San Jose for 4 years. She speaks French and a little English. She studies English at Mission College. She is taking three ESL classes now. She enjoys herself every day. In her life, she has traveled to 35 countries, including Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and Russia. Her favorite places are Vienna, Austria, and Yellowstone National Park. Her dream is to go around the world and eat food from all over the world. And she wants to talk to people from all over the world. That's why she is studying English hard. Her hobby is tennis, so she plays tennis with various people.

The most significant change in my life is moving to the USA. I immigrated with my family for the sake of the future of my children. In Russia, I didn't have free time to study English because I worked a lot. I didn't drive a car because there was heavy traffic on the roads. I went to work by subway. Now, I am studying English and driving a car. I hope to find a job in the future, and I hope that my children here will grow up free people who can have their own opinion.

- Elena Kruglova

When my family moved to Saigon, it was a big change in my life. The city was big and crowded. Almost everybody spoke Chinese. My father had me go to a Chinese school. In the school I didn't speak Chinese, because when I lived in a small town most people spoke Vietnamese. I couldn't speak Chinese it was very difficult for me. I took a course in listening, speaking, and writing. The teacher was friendly and taught passionately. I studied at the school about five years. Now I can speak Cantonese, Mandarin, Vietnamese, and a little English. It helps me when I work at a Chinese company in Vietnam, and I travel to Asian countries, I don't worry about the languages. I appreciate my father. He gave me the chance to learn Chinese. That was a big change in my life.

- Anh Ngo

When I moved to the U.S., it was a big change in my life. My husband moved to an American company, so the whole family came to the U.S. It was a little lonely to leave my country, but I came to really like the weather, the people, and the culture here. I wanted to make friends here, so I tried to speak in English without being shy. And I got my driver's license for California. I also learned enough English to go shopping by myself. So now I feel that I am not just an immigrant, but that this is my country.

- Sachiyo Shimizu

Sachiyo was born in Kyoto, Japan and has been learning at Mission College for two years.

When I moved to the United States, it was a big change in my life. I was born and raised in Japan. My husband's work took my children and me to many places in Japan. We moved four times in six years. But it was no problem for me because it was a domestic move. In my 50s, we moved to the U.S. This was a big surprise for me. I didn't know the country well and I didn't speak English well. I had a lot of worries. But now, I am very comfortable here. There are many things that I didn't know until I moved here. I am learning English and I enjoy it. American culture and nature are interesting. My everyday life has many surprises and discoveries here. I'm having a great time like an adventure! Moving to the U.S. and having many experiences allowed me to see things from different angles.

- Hiromi Kuwahara

Hiromi came to Santa Clara from Japan in 2019. She loves birds, dogs, and watching planes!

When I was 53 years old I was diagnosed with cancer. It was a big change in my life. I had surgery and treatment, but I was scared to death every day. One day I realized how short life is. If my remaining time is limited anyway, it would be better to try new things and live happily than to live worrying about when I would die. And I had changed. I moved to California last year. I'm learning English, going to Mission College to study ESL, and making new friends from all over the world which makes me happy. I decided to live only looking forward. I enjoy my life every day because I am alive now!

- Ikuyo Nukiwa

Ikuyo is from Yokohama, Japan. She loves cooking and is a certified macrobiotic and practicing vegan.

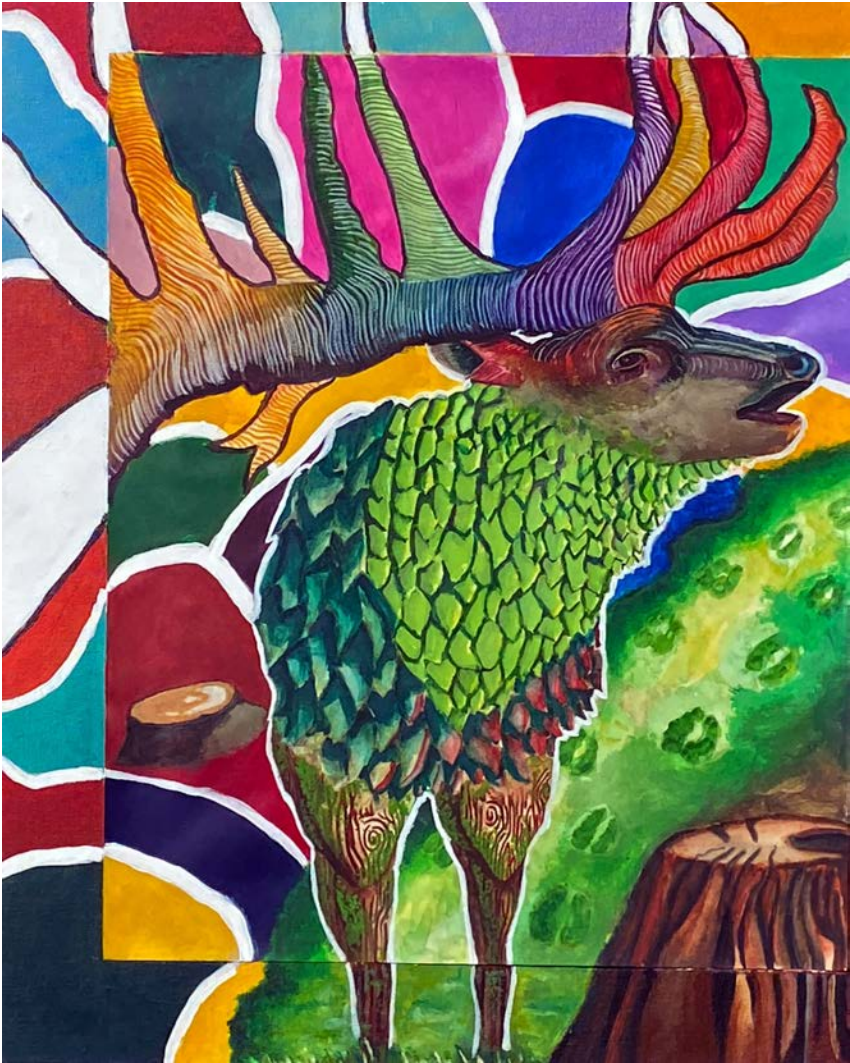
When I was a little girl, I became very ill. We went on a picnic with my big family. My siblings and cousins were there, too. The picnic area had many puddles. We played in the water together. And then I went home and I got really sick. I felt very tired and I couldn't walk. My mom was very upset and we went to the hospital urgently at midnight. The doctor said to my family "your daughter got infected in dirty water; she may die from infection." My family felt so sad and they didn't know what to do. They waited three weeks, and I started to get better. They were so happy to see me healthy again. Then I started school in good health. I didn't remember much of those days, except for injections, the smell of medicine, and my little hospital roommate. I hope he is recovered, too. It was a meaningful event in my life. Now, I know the value of my health, and I wish everyone healthy days.

- Merve (Marway)Yazmaci

Merve (Marwa) was born in Istanbul, Turkey. Her hobbies are handcrafted arts, for example, ebru paintings. Ebru works of art are created from designs, patterns, and motifs onto sheets of paper, fabric, and other canvases. Ebru painting is popular in Turkey and Central Asia.

ELK

Chih-Hsuan (Luke) Huang



About the Author

Chih-Hsuan (Luke) Huang is a senior at Mission Early College High School who has a strong interest in traditional art, digital art, and animation. He also attends California School of Art and Design and is a graduate of Silicon Valley International School. He has published articles in Mandarin in *The World Journal* about Leonardo Da Vinci and other topics in art and science.

ROSES

Aparna Variyam



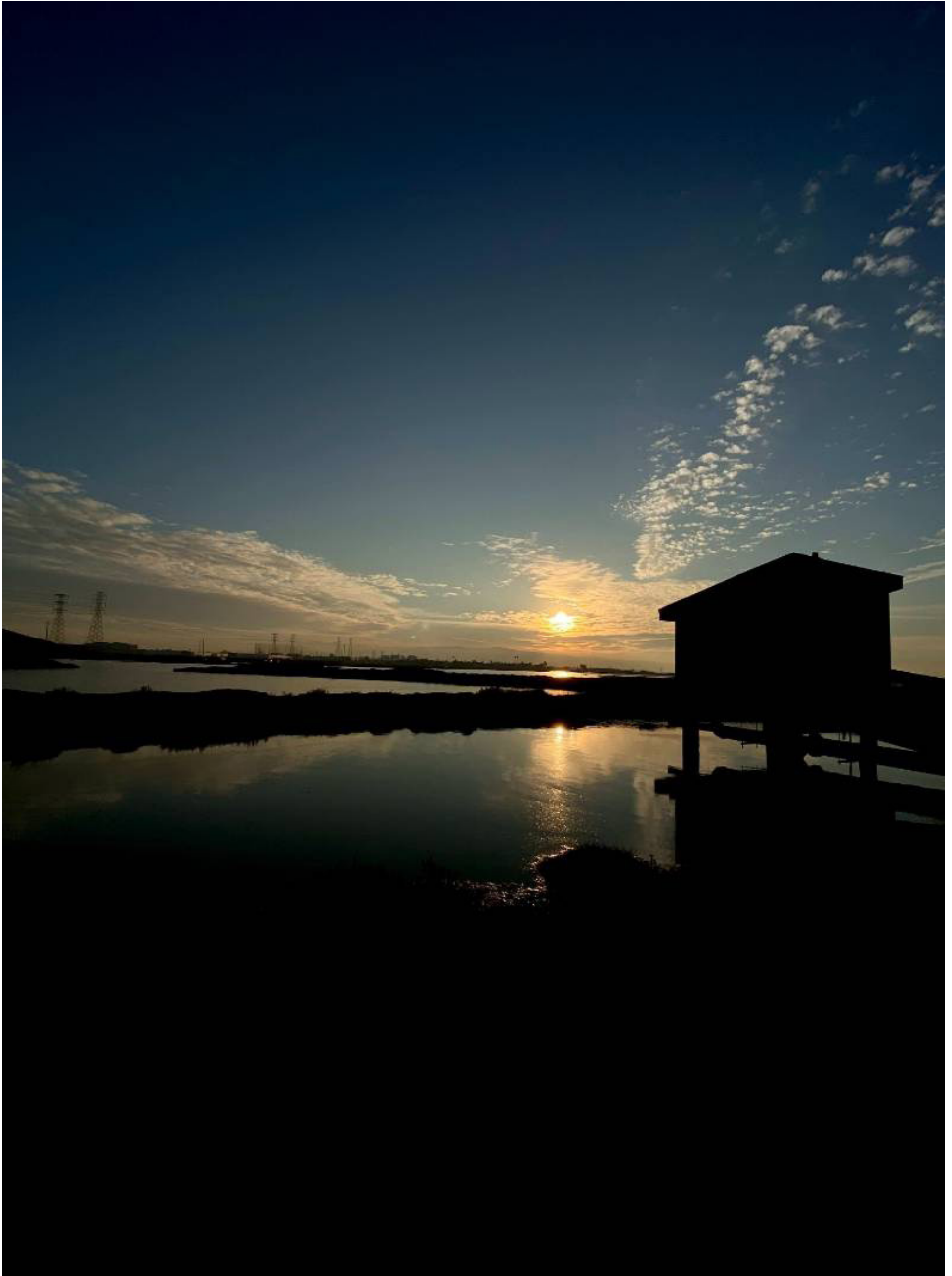
About the Author

Aparna Variyam is a student of English at Mission College with a passion for creative writing, art, and music. She has completed her post-graduation in English Language and Literature from Mahatma Gandhi University (Kerala), India.

She enjoys learning Indian Classical music and loves to experiment with different mediums of art. She has worked as a healthcare content writer and social media marketer for several years. Aparna lives with her husband, Girish, and daughter, Parnika.

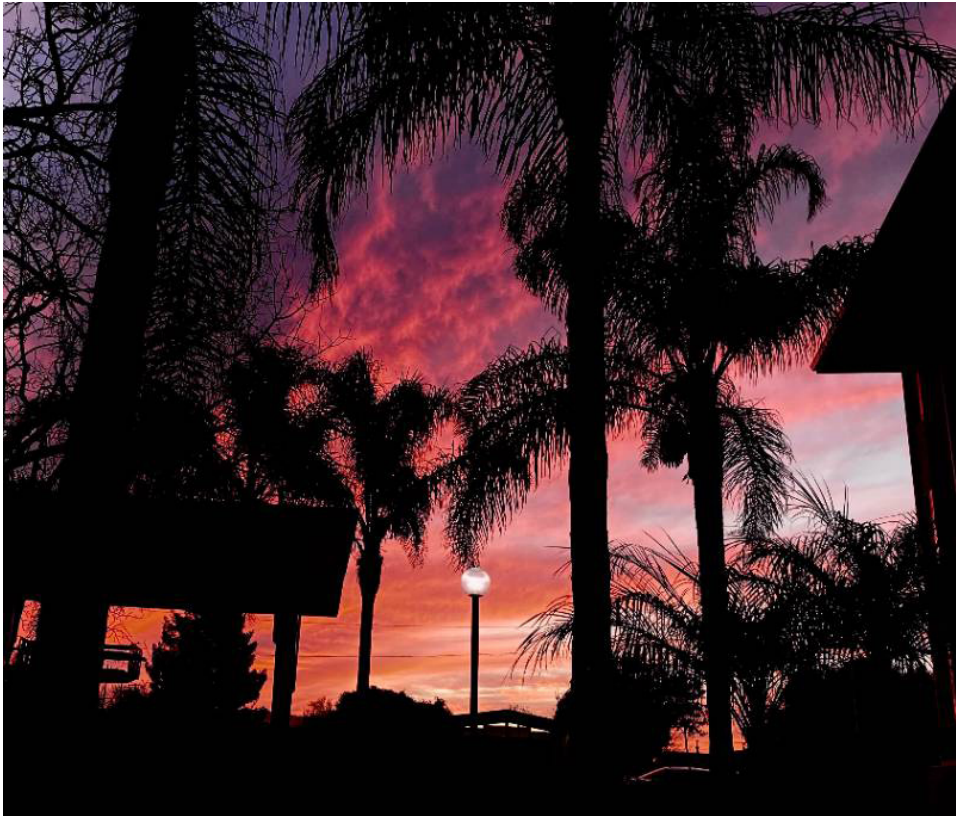
BAYSIDE VIBES

Isabel Espinoza



CAUSES OF EUPHORIA

Isabel Espinoza



About the Author

Isabel Espinoza is a second-year student at Mission. She is an English major and is passionate about writing, activism, and nature photography. Isabel plans to transfer to Santa Clara University, where she can earn her bachelor's degree in English and minor in creative writing. She dreams of being an author and bringing more Latina's representation to inspire other Latinas to follow their dreams. "My primary purpose behind my writing is to inspire, motivate, and better my readers' lives. I want to bring strength and hope to others struggling with mental illness, and I also wish to bring more representation into this world. If I can inspire, better, or change someone's life through my writing, my mission as a writer will be complete."

THE TALE OF TAMAMIZU

Tam Ho



THE NORMANDY SR-2

Tam Ho



About the Author

Tam My Ho is a second-year student at Mission College. She is majoring in English and hopes to teach English abroad as a career in the future. Tam is planning to transfer to San Jose Staté University in Fall 2023, which would make her the first in her family to attend college. She was born in Vietnam and immigrated here to the United States of America at a young age. Living in California for most of her life, she has fallen in love with the Golden State and will always consider it home, even with her wanderlust.

These two pieces she decided to showcase were inspired by interesting fictional stories, one from Japanese mythology and the other from a video game, that captured her imagination and brought her into a different world.

SNACK

Nhien Nguyen



SPELL

Nhien Nguyen

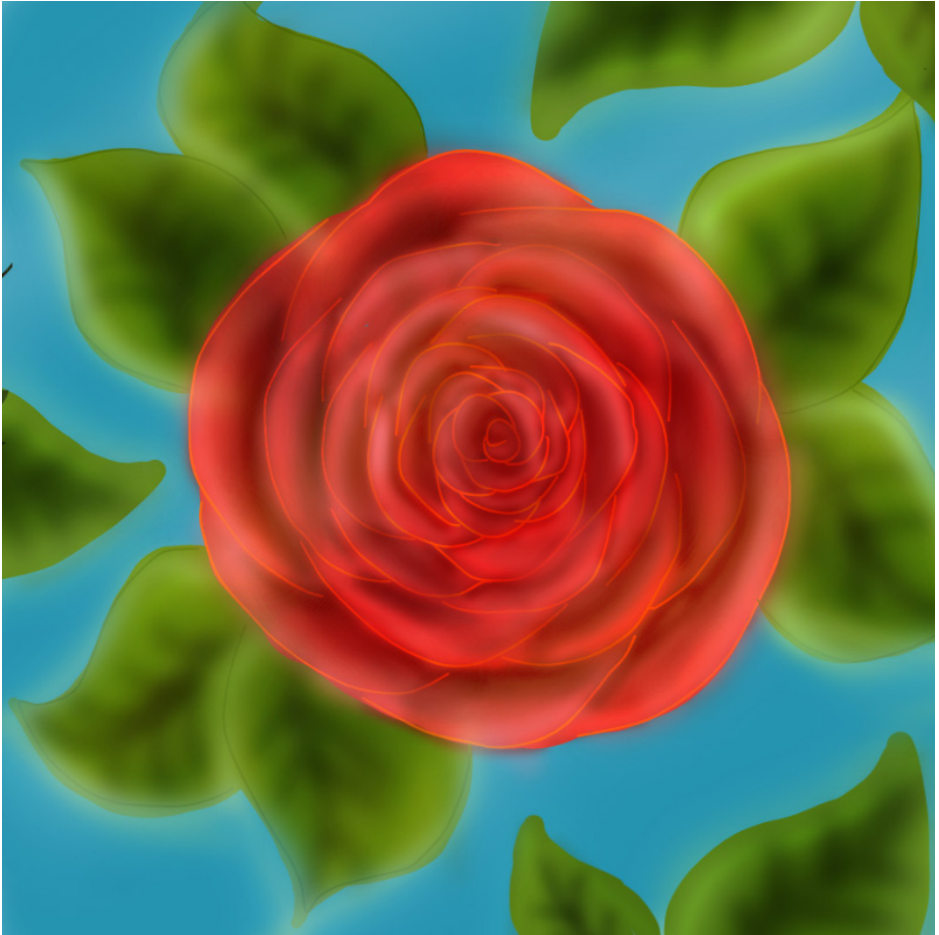


About the Author

Nhien Nguyen is a Graphic Design student with a strong interest in traditional and digital art. Her artwork is mainly about fantasy and adventure. In digital art, she enjoys using photo manipulation techniques to create fantasy creatures like dragons, mermaids, witches, etc., to incorporate with fairytales.

ROSE

Saba Jannat



SUNSET

Saba Jannat



About the Author

Saba Jannat is a second-year student at Mission College. She is aiming to complete the IGETC certificate as well as get a Biology AS-T here at Mission. She hopes to pursue a career in the medical field in the future. She enjoys reading, drawing, and hiking in her free time and tends to find inspiration in the world around her.

