

the
CAP
literary
magazine



COMMUNITY COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA

2005

the CAP literary magazine publishes writing and art by students enrolled in the College Achievement Partnership (CAP) at Community College of Philadelphia. One of several academic programs at the College, CAP is a network of faculty, counselors, and staff serving students in developmental English and math courses. The program is designed to prepare students for future college studies and to provide counseling in career planning and college transfer. Students' courses are supported by Learning Lab faculty who provide supplemental instruction and individual tutoring.

With those goals in mind, the magazine functions as an extension of and complement to English classes. Student writing from the magazine is used in many English classes for discussion and instruction. The magazine, like our English classes, encourages revision as a key element of writing improvement. Submissions are reviewed by all members of our editorial board, and editorial suggestions are frequently made to writers. During the spring semester, student editors are paired with a faculty/staff editor partner with whom they discuss submissions by e-mail and in person. This important feature of our editorial board promotes personal interaction among students, faculty, and staff. In addition, student editors' written comments about submissions are intended to further their own reading, writing, and analytical skills. Through this semester-long process, student editors benefit from participating in a collaborative project resulting in a professional publication and a valuable academic experience. As board members, students also enjoy the honor of being in a student organization officially recognized by the College through the Office of Student Activities.

The magazine accepts submissions year round and is published each April. We consider writing in any genre or style and on any topic. Students wishing to submit work should visit the Learning Lab, B 1-28 or stop by office BR-25N. All submissions must be accompanied by a Submission Form. In the next year, our new on-line version of the magazine will allow more students to gain access to our publication and contests throughout the year.

Each April, when the magazine is published, we host a day-long open reading featuring published writers. In addition, all members of the College

are invited to read their writing on this day. This year's reading on April 19th is a seven-hour long marathon of readings by students, staff, faculty, and alumni. All students published in the magazine, as well as the student editors, are recognized for their accomplishments and contributions to the magazine.

Winners of awards and prizes are selected by our editorial board, English Department faculty, and Learning Lab faculty.

By submitting work to the magazine, students agree to allow their writing (or art) to be used for educational purposes in classes and in magazine-related activities. We reserve the right to edit manuscripts, if necessary; however, our primary desire always is to maintain the author's original content, voice, and style.

For further information, please contact Leslye Friedberg, faculty advisor, English Department, office BR-25N, (215) 751-8657, or stop by the Learning Lab, BI-28, and read the material at our display table.

We look forward to seeing your work!

the CAP literary magazine

**Established 2001
Premiere Issue: April 2002**

**April 2005
Current circulation: 4,500 copies**

**Sponsored by The Office of Student Activities
Community College of Philadelphia
1700 Spring Garden Street
Philadelphia, PA 19130**

2005 EDITORIAL BOARD

STUDENTS

EMANUEL MCGILL, SENIOR EDITOR
AGNES SCOTT, SENIOR EDITOR
BRANDON TORRES, SENIOR EDITOR
ALICIA ANDERSON
YVONNE COLE
TIFFANIE ELLERBE
PRINCE ELLIS
LANAE EVANS
FREDERICK HENDERSON
AUGUSTINA IKEDICHI
WANDA MATTHEWS
NICOLE PECORARO
ANTHONY SEYA
JERRELL WALDEN
RAHMAN YANSANE

FACULTY & STAFF

BETTY CANNON
ELLIE CUNNINGHAM
NICOLE DUNCAN-KINARD
REBEKAH HIGGINS
JAY HOWARD
JANE JACOBS
LARRY MACKENZIE
ROSEMARY MCANDREW
OLYMPIA MITCHELL
JOHN PINTO
EVELYN BODEK ROSEN
PATTI SAVONI
ALISON TASCH
THERESA TSAI
MARY ANN YANNUZZI

FACULTY ADVISOR

LESLEYE FRIEDBERG

“You can’t move forward
without conjugating the verb
to be
in present as well as future tense.”

- Agnes Scott

“As a writer, I find inspiration writing the next thing, whether good or not so good. The next thing is the main reason a writer writes in my perspective. The elements that empower me to write, such as music, family, friends, love, poetry, and my surroundings fill me with the material and also freedom to say whatever. Yet, unfortunately, most people who want to write are forced to write the way they are told and taught. This creates a lack of creativity in the minds of not just writers, but for all people. I am concerned that writers today will not be able to say what they feel and will lose their inspiration to keep writing...meaning future generations will never read the tale of today’s world or be inspired by it to write and reflect about it. I plan to keep myself inspired to write the next – the next poem or the next essay – and to put it out to the world to empower the people today to keep writing and inspiration close.”

- Emanuel “D-Scribe” McGill

“Put the art before the artist.
Cherish the just desire
To be so inspired....”

- Antwan Jones

CONTENTS

FROM THE FACULTY ADVISOR...

TYREE BOLDS, <i>LIFE STRUGGLES, THEN IT'S OVER</i>	1
TYREE BOLDS, <i>IF I HAD ONLY ONE MORE DAY</i>	2
PERLA DEVANNEY, <i>LANGUAGE</i>	4
AL-MALIK JACKSON, <i>CHANGE: IS IT NECESSARY?</i>	6
AL-MALIK JACKSON, <i>LIFE THROUGH MY EYES</i>	9
ANTW AN JONES, <i>PICS OF MY L. SONG (DEJA VU)</i>	11
BIG 'LITTLE' SENTENCE CONTEST	18
EMANUEL MCGILL, <i>THE LAST TRAIN HOME</i>	20
JENNI ER RONAN, <i>AN INSPIRATION TO ME AND OTHERS</i>	22
AGNES SCOTT, <i>RECIPE FOR PEACE</i>	23
GREAT PARAGRAPH CONTEST	24
ANTHONY SEYA, <i>IT'S ALL ABOUT BUSINESS</i>	26
ANTHONY SEYA, CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S "THE YELLOW WALLPAPER"	27
A POETIC CONVERSATION: AGNES SCOTT AND TYREE BOLDS	29
AMELIA TAYLOR, <i>YOU</i>	32
BRANDON TORRES, <i>THE ANCIENT ART OF PROCRASTINATION</i>	33
MONIQUE R. WEAVER, <i>CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT CHILD?</i>	35

From the faculty advisor...

Since its inception in 2001, the magazine has been dedicated to encouraging and recognizing the writing of students enrolled in developmental English classes at the College. This fourth issue reflects our ongoing success and, more importantly, our belief in the talent and potential of these student writers.

Our vision, however, goes beyond publishing a magazine. It is a commitment to involving students in a rewarding experience which fosters their immersion into college life. Through the magazine, students have the opportunity not only to see their writing in print, but to participate as editors on our editorial board. In addition, we encourage students to be active decision-makers in all facets of the magazine. As we develop new endeavors, such as our online version of the magazine, we hope to attract more students with diverse interests and talents. As well, the magazine provides a friendly connection among students, faculty, and staff, making it a true community project.

Again, this year, I enjoyed meeting new writers and welcoming back ones who participated in last year's issue. Several new staff and faculty joined our editorial board, and we have strengthened our ties with the Learning Lab, thanks to John Pinto's help. Ongoing financial support from the CCP Foundation Board, from Board Member Joseph Rizzello, and from our newly established magazine fund (through the Office of Institutional Advancement) allows us to honor more students with awards for their writing. Thanks also to Angel Rios, manager of CCP Bookstore, for supporting our "Great Paragraph Contest" by donating bookstore gift certificates to the four winners.

With any large project, there are always people in the background whose guidance and inspiration are essential. Tom Ott, Director of Developmental Education and Assessment has been my enthusiastic advisor from the beginning. A special note of gratitude goes to English Department and Learning Lab faculty for their constant support of the magazine and dedication to our students. Ellie Cunningham and Jay Howard's frequent advice and encouragement are greatly appreciated. David Watters, Director of Student Activities, continues to be an ardent supporter in every way. Many thanks to Sue Piergallini, Jean Kemper, and Dot Fischetti, the congenial and optimistic staff of The Office of Institutional Advancement. For the last four years, the success of our annual publication party and open reading owes a great debt to Patti Savoni's vitality and expertise. To Rosemary McAndrew and Melanie Morningstar, thanks for being everywhere when I need you.

I also want to acknowledge three outstanding writers serving as Senior Editors for this issue: Emanuel McGill, Agnes Scott, and Brandon Torres. All three are delightful to work with and have contributed much

energy to this issue. To the student editors in my English 101/108 class this semester, thanks for your helpful suggestions and insightful comments. You have been instrumental in making the magazine a reflection of the talents of students in the College Achievement Partnership. Finally, to the writers in this issue, thank you for sharing your words with the College community. Best wishes for continued success and happiness with your writing and in all your pursuits.

Leslye Friedberg

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks to the following for their support and generous contributions:

**Ned Bachus, English Department
Rufus Caleb, English Department
Betty Cannon, ITS
The CCP Foundation Board
Contributors to the CAP literary magazine Fund Ellie Cunningham, English Department
Matt Desiderio, Learning Lab
Fred Dukes, Counseling
English Department faculty and staff
Katrina Harris, Purchasing
Rebekah Higgins, Art
Jay Howard, Learning Lab
Jim Landers, English Department
Learning Lab faculty and staff
Rosemary McAndrew, Library
Bernadette McCottry, Office of Student Activities
Joan Monroe, Learning Lab
Tom Ott, Director, Developmental Education and Assessment
Susan Piergallini, Executive Director, Office of Institutional Advancement
John Pinto, Department Chair, Learning Labs
Angel Rios, Manager, CCP Bookstore
Joseph Rizzello, CCP Foundation Board Member
Jim Ruffins, Counseling
Patti Savoni, Institutional Advancement
Alison Tasch, English Department
Elaine Terranova, Learning Lab
Cyndy Walls, Counseling
David Watters, Director, Office of Student Activities
Simone Zelitch, English Department**

TYREE BOLDS

Life Struggles, Then It's Over

They tell me life's hard, and mine has just begun;

If I'm 21 now, then I'm scared for my future.

They say it's better when time progresses, but

When time does progress

Then how much is left?

And my number has been marked;

It's a sad fact but God's got us on a roll call.

I'm just waiting on the call y'all;

We're not promised wealth or beauty, but

Death is a fact.

So, the only thing I have is faith

That one day I might make it to the promised land, but

With the way I'm living that's not even promised, man.

I'm waiting for the alpha, the omega, the beginning, the end;

He's my alpha, my omega, my beginning, and my mend.

It's hard to trying to serve God when you're surrounded by sin;

It's even harder when most of your mends are the devil, man.

So I'm waiting till my flesh is no more

And my spirit's in the wind;

Surrounded by six

Knocking on the gates

And I'm gone.

TYREE BOLDS

If I Had Only One More Day

(In loving memory of Mary Appline)

"Nan"

If I had only one more day,

I would have told you that I love you.

Now you're gone; and we miss you.

The time we shared is branded in my memory forever,

But still,

If I had just one more day,

I would have hugged you in the flesh, kissed you on the cheek.

I'll always remember the months and days we cherished,

But still,

What I would give for one more day.

The wind of death has swept you up;

We knew this day would come,

And now we feel cold and alone;

Your death is a tragedy we must overcome.

OH GOD!!!

Is there anything of material value that I wouldn't give

For one more day!

Earth is not the end;

I know we'll meet again

Beyond this world,

But this minute, this moment

All I want is one more day.

PERLA DEVANNEY

Language

Language is power.

Each time a leader speaks order,

Action follows.

If he/she speaks weak,

Chaos follows.

Music is the language of the soul.

Through it, anger and joy exist,

This is a boring world without it.

A mother sings, talks and smiles to a baby,

A reassurance of joy and comfort

That everything is going to be fine.

A soothing music affects mood,

Makes one happy and enhances creativity,

And would surely lead to productivity.

A rap song inciting violence

Would surely influence

And pollute the minds of the crowd,

Especially the juvenile delinquents.

A pastor's homily
Would turn a tough person
Into tears and compassion.
One's language determines
If a person is educated or not
The choice of words
Tells it all.
Language spoken or not
Is a tool of communication,
A universal tool.

AL-MALIK JACKSON

Change: Is it Necessary?

(Does one need to change to better oneself?)

A A A yo

What's up?

Long time no see

What, you don't mess with me no more

Cause you going to school?

I thought I told you school was for fools?

How you going to be down when

You always in school?

Words I hear on my way to school

I try to block it out.

Maybe I should knock him out

But do I want to go that route

Punch him in the mouth for running his mouth

Is that what it's really about?

NAW!

They trying to pull me back

Get me off track

They like crabs in a bucket

Should I say f-it?

And let them win

But I learned a lot about time management

Should I waste my time arguing and fall off track

Or bounce like a rebound

YEA!

I might do that

SEE

I go through that

KNOW

People going to hate you for whatever you do

Knowin' that whatever you do

If that means making a change to better yourself

Do that

Don't let them pull you back

Why throw nonsense in my face to try to

Destroy my deception for perfection

Just cause you yearn for acceptance

Ever since an adolescent you were skipping school

Missing your lessons

And you still blame it on depression

And the white man how he had you stressing

OH, let me guess then

Mom wasn't around to help you with your lessons

Why can't you see
I have set goals to achieve goals
Not set goals to deceive goals
Because I learned without effort there is no success
SO, if that means sacrificing
To achieve my goals, I am going to do that
SEE!
With growth comes responsibility
To be all we can be
Not being hip to fit in
I used to be in the in crowd
Now I am in the out crowd
Lookin' in
I know change ain't easy
It's hard for some to accept
It's a long process
You must apply yourself
Not deny yourself
First you must have knowledge of self
To better yourself
With school comes knowledge
And knowledge is power
With power we can conquer
All obstacles that come in our way.

AL-MALIK JACKSON

Life Through My Eyes

Life through my eyes

Can drive the average man crazy

Lookin' at a life of crime

Babies killing babies

Brothers killing brothers

Sisters killing sisters

Life through my eyes Am I dreaming?

If I am, someone please wake me up

Because my heart can't take it anymore

Me seeing black on black crimes

Why must crime have to be black on black crime?

Cause Uncle Sam has made the black communities blind

He's making us think that we are all bad

And he's polluting the streets with drugs we never had

Life through my eyes

Is this the same blacks I see committing all these crimes

The same blacks from back in time

When we were free from all this crime

When we were kings and queens at one time

Until

The beast came and took our lives

For us to work for freedom

And didn't waste no time

Once we were free

In initiate crime

He (Uncle Sam) gave us all we needed to provoke these crimes

He gave us a scarce resource of jobs

And placed us in low income neighborhoods

He designed experiments using blacks

But he called the housing developments

We call them projects

Uncle Sam also gave us an abundance of drugs, guns, and beer

And to make his plan complete

He built prisons and mad his own laws that were stricter for blacks

To further take away our freedom away

Something that took centuries to get back

Life through my eyes

Someone please wake me up

Or lay me down 6 feet deep

Cause I'd rather die before

I watch my neighborhoods slowly decrease.

ANTWAN JONES

Pics of My L. Song (Deja Vu)

Pretty, Beauty, Cute.

You are the image of,

All else is a trace.

I give you thanks

Cause the Lord is beautiful in all his grace.

So I give thanks,

For every chance I get to talk to you,

Face to face.

So let's put Money in the bank,

Not the green, with the president's face.

More like, Whatever it takes,

For the feeling,

I can hardly Harlem shake.

In every thought I think,

For all you ain't

The picture I paint,

"Til I run out of ink.

See you...

(Bridge): All else falls to a faint.

Everything falls to a faint.

Pass me a pen.

So I can paint In,

All you ain't.

(Hook): My word play says

What I can't explain.

The pen provides the ink.

Let me think.

Give me a moment to paint In,

All you ain't.

You are by far, a work of art
You know. A pic of angel
Playing a harp.
And we all play our part.
But for this masterpiece
I gave a piece of my heart.
A piece of my ether,
A piece of my smarts.
From the flame we spark,
It all starts from one brush stroke.
A piece of ether
In every note,
Take this as a quote,
Of what you are,
Art of ether.
And I'm feeling your feature
As much as I'm feeling you
Like I'm feeling your cinnamon skin.
Your ice tea eyes
A perfect blend
Of heavenly sin.
And this artwork.
One of a kind
From the stardust
That shine in our eyes

Like a twist of that haze
Or that Mary Jane.
Your eyes making me high.
.I'm beginning to get thirsty. Hallucinate.
And...

(Bridge): Repeat

(Hook): Repeat

Mix words in a hurricane
Can of paint spray,
Love rain, Great praises.
Yeah you. Ten times amazing.
Yon, hundred and ten per cent.
Magnificent, Ain't he ingenious
The way he do this?
Capture a picture
Da Vinci couldn't paint.
An invention he can't make.
That most haven't tasted Love.
That turns sinners to saints.
And that's not the icing on the cake.
What makes you great, like Frosted Flakes,
Or all four of those lakes?
Alleys of art, In the art gallery.
Crowds surround me.
Awe and wait. For what I put on display.
And I didn't shape her out of clay,

As they anticipate. Pull a new canvas,

Out my backpack.

Each holding a different rap.

They clap.

I wait for applause.

Few strokes.

Louder awe and a silent pause.

While...

(Bridge): Repeat

(Hook): Repeat

For my Deja vu.

For what I spit.

My L song in pics.

Put in comic strips.

Like a cartoonist's first issue,

Make exclusive, word play.

Sketch your appearance.

The kinda cuteness that embodied a movement.

And I figure with my music,

I can paint your whole perfect surface,

So perfect.

So don't be nervous.

See you dance behind a curtain.

If you're uncertain,

I'm resurging.

I'm your insurance.

Cause you got my interest.

I see the difference.

This Miss.

Mixed like a chemist.

Personality meets beauty. So perfectly,

To put it quite so simply.

Wow. With your Mona Lisa smile.

It makes...

(Bridge): Repeat

(Hook): Repeat

More special than a snow day in the summer,

You are one of the world's wonders.

A wonder of this world. Girl.

Beyond beautiful. Walk with a halo,

But still with an attitude.

Like say, what yo. Like you already know,

Most wonderful thing,

Since the painting by Michaelangelo.

Using the colors of the rainbow,

My eyes as a window,

Color you in, your angelic glow.

Colorful colors that are true,

Bright starlight view,

Image of my Deja Vu.

Very few yet, Best this,

Silhouette of a brown fade.

Put my words in play.
Let them fall in place.
My way to escape. When I write,
Like a hypnotic dance,
I fall in a trance.
And it's like...

(Bridge): Repeat

(Hook): Repeat

Put the art before the artist.
Cherish the just desire.
To be so inspired.
Name great before you retire.
Retain the hour.
Paint the Leaning Tower.
Shower rose petals.
Put letters together.
Figures of speech.
Considering each. Piece of me.
Piece by piece. Bits of pics.
In one sit. Picture it.
Moves I pick. Until I slip.
Idea clashes then click.
Write it until my arm's stiff,
In the image. Of my Miss.
Black to gray,

Script a rainy day

My vision.

How can I say

Blur. In words.

Of my last view.

My Deja vu.

Put through.

Pics of clips.

I just vision this.

Pics I draw for you.

If I don't see you.

Remember of you

In my Deja vu.

While I think...

(Bridge): Repeat

(Hook): Repeat

BIG 'LITTLE' SENTENCE CONTEST

LINA RUSH--FIRST PRIZE (\$50)

HONORABLE MENTION

JACQUELINE LORICK

MAKADA MORTIMER

RICHARD PEREZ

THERESA SPELLMAN

CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE WRITERS AND THEIR ENTHUSIASTIC

INSTRUCTOR, JIM LANDERS!

The contest required students to compose one sentence in the style and structure of E.B. White's opening sentence to Chapter XIII, "Ames' Crossing" in *Stuart Little*, specifically describing a place (or person) using an initial prepositional phrase followed by at least four relative clauses all beginning with either "where" or "who" and concluding with an independent clause. The sentence must be in present (not past) tense. Entries were judged on competence, originality, effectiveness, and artistry. This is E.B. White's sentence: "In the loveliest town of all, where the houses were white and high and the elm trees were green and higher than the houses, where the front yards were wide and pleasant and the back yards were bushy and worth finding out about, where the streets sloped down to the stream and the stream flowed quietly under the bridge, where the lawns ended in orchards and the orchards ended in fields and the fields ended in pastures and the pastures climbed the hill and disappeared over the top towards the wonderful sky, in this loveliest town of all towns, Stuart stopped to get a drink of sarsaparilla."

JUDGES: PROFESSORS JAY HOWARD AND ELAINE TERRANOVA

LINA RUSH

In the spookiest section of Philadelphia, where it's dark and scary and the trees are dead with fright, where blood-curdling screams echo through the cold night air, where petrified statues stand with expressions of horror, where bats circle overhead and weeping willows just break down and cry, where wolves howl at the light of the moon at the end of the drive on a dead-end street across from the cemetery, just past the crash site, stands the house of Jason Cornwell, who the townspeople speak of along with flying ghosts and headless horsemen, and no one dares to enter 2242 Liberty Avenue, for they might not return.

JACQUELINE LORICK

In the loneliest section of Philadelphia, where the edge of the city limits combines an urban flavor with a country atmosphere, where the homes are a mixture of townhouses and twins evenly spaced apart, where there is always a peaceful calm and silence throughout the community, where sprinkled throughout the neighborhood are older single homes with beautiful well-kept English-style gardens, where one can stand at her kitchen window facing the back yard to see many different birds, squirrels, raccoons, possums, and an occasional rabbit, where neighbors seldom visit one another, in this loneliest section of Philadelphia, I think of my good friend, Valerie living at 2792 South 79th Street, living alone.

MAKADA MORTIMER

In the most beautiful Northeast section of Philadelphia, where the streets are clean, free of debris, and as quiet as a whistle in a drawer, where the houses are nice and well-decorated every single holiday, where the blocks are full of tall, green, leafy trees, where the birds sing all day long, in this most beautiful Northeast section of Philadelphia, Barbara lives at 6801 Cottman Avenue and she sight-sees while she drives to work daily.

RICHARD PEREZ

On the noisiest street in Philadelphia, where trains and trucks pass every morning, where people who wake up at 5 o'clock in the morning don't need an alarm clock, where all houses have dogs that bark every night until morning, where summer comes with many birds singing and children playing until midnight, on this street Carlos Perez lives at 5808 North Marshall Street, the noisiest street in Philadelphia.

THERESA SPELLMAN

In the roughest section of Philadelphia, where the buildings are old, abused, and hazardous, where the houses are so small that the neighbors are confined to one side of the street and are forced to park on the sidewalk, where the children can play outside only during the daytime because the streets are too dangerous, where the drug dealers and crack heads stake out corners trying to make a hustle or get high, in this roughest section of Philadelphia, at 32nd and Susquehanna, Monet walked to the corner in fear for her life.

EMANUEL MCGILL

The Last Train Home

Last train ride, last time to reflect on the day

Last thoughts of the world, last time I will see that day

For the next day brings nu-old experiences

Renewin' the old past will keep me in limbo, A limbo that torments souls like yours

Hopin' for the same feelin' to come again

Like the last train home feelin'

The feelin' you get when one is awaitin' your homecomin'

Midnite dust entices the vibe as I look towards the Ben Franklin

It will be the last time I will see it like that

Inner-climax for the last time that day

In the fashion that is not quite familiar

I can't afford to delay that with all the might inside me

I'm reachin' my final destination

On the last train home

The last train home, last train ride

Last time to see the stars twinkle like sapphires

Tomorrow, they'll twinkle like a whole new other gem

Last time to look into the mirror called Delaware

Last time Momma sees me like me

Last time Andrea will receive a kiss like the one earlier

Last time I race thru tunnels like a prairie dog

Last time I'll ask, "Do you feel me, dog?"

After the last track is played on my Discman

After the last pull of the sweet Cherry Vanilla Black & Mild

I'm home.

(Dedicated 2 the ones who never came home and the ones still waitin')

JENNIFER RONAN

An Inspiration to Me and Others

In so many ways, I admire my husband because he is a generous person, a patriotic American, and a role model for me. My husband and I have been married several years. He is the best thing that ever happened to me.

I admire my husband because he is a generous person. When I think of the word "generous," I think of Chris because he makes everyone his first priority. For example, one time he bought my mother furniture when she needed it, even though it wasn't necessary. Chris is very generous with his time as well as his money. For instance, he replaced his mother's rugs and took the time to paint her house. After all that Chris does, he even makes time to cook and clean for me. My husband once surprised me with a new 2002 Chevy Cavalier, and I was so excited.

In addition, I admire my husband because he is a patriotic American. Chris is now a Navy recruiter. Every morning, Chris puts his uniform on with pride. Being in the Navy gives him the belief and willingness to defend his country. It makes me proud to know that he is making an impact on other people's lives. When Chris goes to schools as a Navy recruiter, he reaches out and educates the senior students on different options in life. Chris also goes on six to nine month deployments, not knowing where he is going or when he will return. This does not bother him as long as every day he gets to wear his pressed white uniform and shiny medals. He is very passionate about his work and loves serving his country. This makes me honored to call Chris my husband.

Last, I admire my husband because he is a role model for me. Chris teaches me and others to believe in ourselves and our futures. Perhaps his most outstanding quality is his personality. My husband has the ability to brighten everyone's day when they are sad. He will stop at nothing to make everyone laugh by using funny faces. Usually, he makes funny faces taken from the movie "Ace Ventura Pet Detective," such as stretching his mouth and rolling his eyeballs. He really is funny. Another great quality that makes Chris a role model is the love and compassion he has for his family. For example, we have three nephews that he enjoys taking to the park or swimming as a way of spending time with them. I feel that this is a wonderful thing to watch. There are so many young adults who look to him for strength to lead them down the right path. These are the qualities that I feel make a good role model.

One of the greatest pleasures in life is being able to admire or look up to a person. I can only hope that someone else gets a chance to respect and believe in a person the way I do about my husband. He has given me strength and a positive outlook on life. With his patriotic attitude, thoughtful compassion, and positive outlook, Chris is an inspiration to me and others.

AGNES SCOTT

Recipe for Peace

Take one cup of every nation,

Three tablespoons of exchanging

Thought and ideas,

Add no fear.

One and a half cups of humor,

Seven and a half cups of patience,

Nine cups of time,

Use your own judgment.

Add some warm loving care and respect

For your fellow man, woman, and child.

Now you have all the ingredients:

Mix well, and it's done.

The key to this recipe is to pass it on.

Great Paragraph Contest

This is the second year for our paragraph contest in which students are invited to write a paragraph on any topic and in any style. The paragraph must not be longer than eleven sentences. Co-sponsored by the Learning Lab, the contest was judged this year by Matt Desiderio and Joan Monroe, both members of the Learning Lab faculty. Each winner receives a twenty-five dollar gift certificate courtesy of CCP Bookstore. Congratulations to these students and their instructor, Jim Landers!

RAYNA BOSTICK

When examining the educational system in the city of Philadelphia, I begin to feel discouraged. I am a product of the Philadelphia Public School System, although just four years, but now I am raising a child in the exact same system. I can see that this system has not changed, and this situation disheartens me as a parent. It's quite likely that the things I did not learn in school my child probably will not learn also unless other action is taken. When examining the options average citizens have for quality education for their children, the prospects seem to be very limited. The problems in our city's schools range from a lack of parental involvement, an abundance of violence, a lack of materials, a lack of quality teachers, and last, but definitely not least, an overall negative attitude on the part of a lot of the students today. What can we do as citizens of this city to change this problem? The first thing I believe is that parents of this city who are angry and disturbed about the state of education that our children are receiving need to demand a change. I believe the parents of this city need to participate in the learning experience and get MAD about the lack of change in their children's education. Can we predict when change will come? No, but I strongly believe that it can be done with the participation of parents, students, educational leaders, political leaders, and finally a miracle act of God.

SHEENA FONVILLE

Have you ever had a person that influenced your life greatly and made you wonder what your life would be like without that person? I believe that everyone does but may not know it. That is how I feel about my mother. My mother has been a dramatic influence in my life because she is an encouraging, supportive, and understanding person. My mother is a beautiful woman both inside and out, and she has a great sense of humor. She always has a smile on her face, and there are times when she can be mean and evil if she wants to be. Whenever I need someone to talk to, she is always there. I do not know what I would do without her. My mom always wears body sprays that smell really good. Sometimes I can smell her spray throughout the house. That's how I know if she is at home or not, especially when I walk into her bedroom and the scent of body spray is very refreshing. So you see, my mom influences my life in many different ways.

ALEX MERCADO

I was dozing off in class about to fall asleep while we were learning about life when I thought, "Learning is a part of life; it's important to understand more about situations and learn how to cope with everyday struggles inside and outside school." From the streets, one can learn different things about how to survive without a job or paycheck, and this is just as important as to those who learn the typical American way, from books in a classroom. From rat-infested subways to the scent of suburban fresh cut grass, it is important to learn one simple aspect of life. Those who are born wealthy and those who strive and struggle through life's mysterious and unpredictable obstacles can both smile happily for what they have done. Now I'm in a big, blue house with fancy cars in my driveway like the ones in those extreme car magazines. I live on a road where no other cars can pass through, just like the one in my dream. This is the dream I had when I was younger in school, as I dozed off in my eighth grade class.

TAINA VILLARCEAU

On September 11, 2001 the United States of America fell victim to one of the most brutal and barbaric attacks in the history of this country. Thousands of innocent people were murdered by Al Qaeda terrorists. Since the attacks, people have asked the question: Could these events have been prevented? Months before the 9/11 attacks, a man named Niaz Khan approached the FBI claiming that he had been trained by Osama Bin Laden and Al Qaeda to hijack planes and was sent to the U.S. to orchestrate an attack. Khan told the FBI that he and a group of men were trained to smuggle weapons and overpower passengers and crew members. The FBI was not fully convinced that his story was true so he was put under FBI investigation. Khan passed not one but two polygraph tests. The FBI was still not convinced that his story was true so he was put under further investigation because they felt his story didn't add up and they could not confirm his story through facts that he had provided. Although Khan had passed several polygraph tests, high ranking authorities ordered that Khan be sent home because they did not fully believe him and felt he was causing unnecessary panic.

ANTHONY SEYA

It's All About Business

I see this guy who was a bright student all his academic life

And got this job, worked harder, and got this promotion;

Yet he wonders why he is still poor.

It's all about business.

I see this system that magnifies "school" and promises

An image of future security for those who get good grades,

But hides the message of freedom.

It's all about business.

I see those people on the streets who refused "school"

And then deal and sell weed believing that's what they were born for.

Some of them succeed; others don't.

It's all about business.

Now I see those extremely powerful persons. Do you see them?

They control, decide, and determine everything.

They've got all the money.

Well, it's all about business.

ANTHONY SEYA

Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper"

Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" is a wonderful short story written from a feminist point of view and describes a woman's struggle with deep insanity. It was published in 1892 and immediately created a wealth of critics and thoughts from readers about Gilman herself and her work. Today, in the literary world, there is a tremendous array of comments and studies about feminism and, more specifically, "The Yellow Wallpaper." Hundreds of different articles about this story can be found in many informative sources. Thus, I browsed the Internet and came up with three distinct approaches to the story: Adam Leed's *In Control*, Mason Tobak's *Gender Oppression, t.i.d.*, and Deborah Thomas's *The Changing Role of Womanhood: From True Woman to New Woman* in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper."

In Adam Leed's essay entitled *In Control*, he explains how Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" is all about control. As a thesis, Leed asserts that "The Yellow Wallpaper" is about a woman's quest for control of her life. The first point that Leed highlights is that the narrator is completely controlled by her husband, John, and oppressed by the wallpaper. Leed says that the fact that the narrator is forced by her husband to stay in a bedroom she is uncomfortable with is an essential clue of control. Also, John controls his wife mentally forbidding her to write. The second point is that the narrator begins to take control of her own life. Leed writes that the narrator "has had enough and takes matters into her own hands." She rips off the wallpaper and gets distant from her husband who falls into a faint as he enters the bedroom. Leed ends his essay saying that, by the end of the story, the narrator has gained control over both husband and wallpaper and dominates them. However, although reasonable, Leed's essay is not as scientifically documented as Mason Tobak's.

Tobak's essay *Gender Oppression, t.i.d.* is an in-depth analysis of Gilman's story from a medical perspective. Tobak points out that the widely accepted interpretation of Gilman's story is simply false. As a matter of fact, Tobak's first point is that it is probable that Gilman had access to psychoses states and psychiatric information and used this information in her story to highlight the fallout of male medical instructions. In fact, Tobak is skeptical about the way Gilman describes the medical and psychological details and asks, "What are the chances that Charlotte Perkins Gilman could write in such a brilliantly evocative way as an act of pure imagination?" The second point and "possible scenario" that Tobak presents is the following: Gilman might have been insane because of a drug called bromide that she took excessively. Gilman then experienced the bad side effects of the drug. This analysis is strong. Nevertheless, it is completely different from Deborah Thomas's view.

Thomas's approach is that Gilman's story symbolizes the "Cult of True Womanhood." Thomas defines this as an ideology that men used, prior to the twentieth century, to confine women into their so-called "roles" which are religious piety and submission toward their husbands. Thomas points out first that women were enslaved in the private sphere or the domestic sphere by this ideology whereas men were benefiting from the public sphere or market place. The "rest cure" that Dr. Weir Mitchell prescribes to Gilman is a representation of the ideology of "true womanhood." Thomas also says that fortunately, as years went along, women revolted against their confinement and freed themselves from the "Cult of True Womanhood." A new ideology was born, the "New Womanhood."

Adam Leed, Mason Tobak, and Deborah Thomas's analyses of Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper" are all very interesting, senseful and reasonable, although they have different perspectives. However, Leed's essay In Control is the most convincing to me. It makes more sense that "The Yellow Wallpaper" entirely conveys the idea of control, that the story is neither about drug overdose nor religious practices but simply about a woman who is controlled and who finally gains control. Besides, the drug overdose and religious case could well be both originated from the idea of control. For example, women too much controlled can knowingly or unknowingly overdose on drugs. In the same way, men who control too much can consciously or unconsciously create and use religious ideologies. Control is therefore the origin of any ideas about Gilman's work. I believe that Gilman's message through this story is that women can gain control of their own lives in this patriarchal society.

In conclusion, Gilman's story is probably one of her strongest and most symbolic works written from a feminist point of view. It was severely criticized in the early nineteenth century. As a matter of fact, some editors refused to publish it. Today, the story is impressively well-known and studied, and women have acquired way more freedom than ever before.

A POETIC CONVERSATION: AGNES SCOTT AND TYREE BOLDS

[Editors' note: After we enthusiastically accepted two poems by Tyree Boldt, he mentioned that he had also written a poem in response to reading Agnes Scott's poem, "Only the Trees Were Listening." Agnes was last year's winner of the Rizzello Award for Excellence (a \$500 scholarship), and her poem appeared in the 2004 issue of the CAP literary magazine. We are pleased to reprint Agnes's poem here along with Tyree's moving reply, "Whisper."]

"Only The Trees Were Listening"

Only the trees were listening
When I woke. When I watched the
Sun coming up.

Only the trees were listening
Trees, tell me what you hear of my people.
Fallen sisters and brothers, you were
Running and running.
Those dogs, those dogs fed on your falling tears
Of blood. So, I lay down to rest and sleep awhile
And I died.

My spirit at that moment jumped up
And out of my body. Time to take a walk.
I need to see all of this. They tell me only
The trees were listening.

Black man so beautifully carved from God's creation.
Stolen pride weak from whips, killing just to stay
Alive for the master's work.
I can't help but wonder if the master's spirit...
Oh, the master had no soul. No damn good.
Well, he said, too damn bad. Only the trees
Were listening. I own you.

But what did they really own in all their owning?
Our true value, our soul, they never got that.
You must understand that God had a lien on our
Body and a mortgage on our soul.
They didn't understand that.
Stretched forward, bent over, from sun up
To sun down, no smile, struggling, sweating to
Keep breathing.

Our bodies the color of brown sugar
And black molasses. Sometimes we are the color of
Coffee mixed with cream. And the master just
Had to have some. Only the trees
Were listening.
We would rather have died than let you rape us,
So you raped us, and then we died.

Singing to make the day pass sooner
Oh, Lord, the man ain't seen no joy. Our children don't smile.
 What's all this sorrow for?
Oh, Lord, the man ain't seen any joy.
 But the day never did pass sooner.
 Dat day jus' as long as ever.
 Only the trees were listening.

Fathers and mothers of the earth, we cried for awhile.
Fruitful nation of kings and queens that you were and are
 Dropping aimlessly from ropes sloped down to nearer
My God to thee. A closer walk with thee would have been
 Much sweeter.
 Only the trees were listening.
Trees, tell me what you hear of my people.
 They say only the trees were listening...

AGNES SCOTT

Whisper

Last year, Miss Agnes Scott told me
the "trees were listening."
I said, No, Miss Scott, they are no longer listening.
They are whispering about Malcolm's sacrifices and Martin's dreams.
Ahh!!! He had a dream, and now I have a dream.

They're whispering about the black Jesus, the colored Messiah,
And one tree whispered a prophecy
And it came to pass.
And another tree whispered his skin is the color of brass
And his hair is like wool.
This is written, this scripture, not on paper;
These words are somewhere beneath the earth chiseled on stone.

And Miss Agnes Scott told me
That the trees were listening.
I said no!!
Miss Scott, they're no longer listening.
They're whispering about Maya Angelou
And Langston Hughes.
She said they listen, but I said
No, no, no, Miss Scott.
They whisper about Betty Shabazz and Mrs. King
They whisper about Miles Davis and Madame C.J. Walker
They whisper Medgar Evers and
They whisper Masjid El Hajj Malik El Shabazz
They whisper about the civil rights movement
They whisper about the March on Washington
They whisper,
They whisper,
They whisper.
The trees will never forget
Because they're good listeners.
They whisper!!!

TYREE BOLDS

AMELIA TAYLOR

You

When I am

Near you,

Close to you,

By you,

My heart beats faster than the red hand ticks on the clock,

My blood heats my body making it burn twice as hot than it was

before.

When I am

Far away

From you,

I dream of touching you, feeling you, kissing you,

I wonder what it would be like to spend the rest of my life with you,

Loving you,

Caring for you,

Holding you.

I love you.

BRANDON TORRES

The Ancient Art of Procrastination

In dealing with the everyday challenges and adversities of college and the strenuous work accompanying it, I have mastenninded brilliant and diabolical methods in putting off studying my assignments and wasting time in a psychodynamic and metaphysical world. After departing the hostile confines of Community College and navigating through the Philadelphia metropolis, I return to headquarters to strategically plan a devious step-by-step procedure in eliminating all study assignments to achieve my ultimate goal: world conquest. During my planning process, I suddenly enter a psychodynamic phase where nightmarish fantasies plague my mind. and I am able to metaphysically take on various shapes, forms and personalities.

I initiate this process by grabbing a book of the most powerful and most underrated tools in murdering time and eliminating study assignments. I begin by reading my favorite material, ancient mythology. As I am reading, I feel a sharp stabbing sensation shoot up my back like a cork off a champagne bottle. As I turn around, to my shock and amazement, I discover that it is English, who is still bitter from our last encounter back in December. This time, he is equipped with poisonous blue and red pens and two heavy textbooks. After the initial attack, I feel a bit woozy. but soon I regain consciousness, and through the power and magic of my book, I am able to transform into the Mighty Thor crushing the red and blue pens into oblivion with the striking brute force from my hammer. When it is time to go for his main source of power, the textbooks, I simply turn into the horrific mythical beast, the Minotaur, and devour them one by one. After seeing this display, Dr. Paulk doesn't want to spar with Minotaur. He takes off and returns to Cornell University, where he teaches the Cornell method to his students. Before going out in a ball of flames, the defeated English warns me that we'll meet again in August.

After my triumph over English, I go to the lower part of my domain to operate the television, my favorite instrument of escapism and evil. This will be the most essential device in my diabolical plan to put off all study assignments, because this device has destroyed the minds of students from elementary to college. As I turn the switch, I feel magnetized by the television's powerful electronic rays. I am sucked into a world of great mystery and odyssey. After visiting several different networks, I finally land on the Discovery Channel observing many sites of the ancient world. While I am observing these sites, I am approached by two individuals who want to have a word with me. Just looking at these creatures, I know that they are employed by Anthropology because of their ape-like features, language, and primitive weapons. I assume that they have uncovered my diabolical plot to put off all assignments and, if they are captured, I will be forced to study and learn everything about them, including fossil remains. Through the power of my remote control, I transport myself to History International, where I step upon an unguarded German World War I trench filled with ammunition and artillery. I then transport myself back to the Discovery Channel, where I am ready to do battle with the prehistoric cave dwellers. My gas warfare and flamethrowers are too much for their primitive weapons, and they retreat to their caves. never to be heard from again.

After my victory over the ape people, I decide to go to the Weather Channel for tomorrow's forecast and a brief vacation. while vacationing on this island, I am surrounded by native, savage tribes. When it looks like Anthropology's workers have finally defeated me, I turn into a hurricane, producing powerful cyclonic winds and

heavy torrential downpours that flatten villages and destroy huts. After witnessing the wrath of my destruction, the native tribes want to make peace. Defeating the tribes, I leave the island with Steve Maggaret and Danny-O from Hawaii Five-O, who both wish me luck on my journey back home.

The next stage in my process is to assemble a powerful and indestructible stereo system that will be strong enough to block out any study signals with its loud harmonious sounds, rhythms, and bass. In the middle of assembling this weapon of mass destruction, I'm interrupted by my toughest adversary, Political Science. Many sinister, arch villains before have fallen victim to its economic principles and different ideologies, but my technology is far more advanced than my villain predecessors. When it is time to take on this difficult and dangerous foe, I turn into an evil Dr. .Strangelove-type of scientist. The earth-shattering supersonic bass is strong enough to crush any fascist or communist regime. When it is time to take on the duo of Adam Smith and Karl Marx, my razor sharp music disc cuts right through the pages of Communist Manifesto and Wealth of Nations, leaving them both powerless. After being vanquished, it warns that there is no escape, that it is everywhere, on TV and radio, watching my every move.

After my victory over Political Science, I finally get to relax and enjoy the summer?

MONIQUE R. WEAVER

Can't You Hear That Child?

Can't you hear that child? Screaming for help.
Pleading with her mother not to hit her again.
She promises not to do it again.
She is willing to do her homework the way that her mother wants it.
She will try again.

Can't you hear her screams?
Pleading, don't hurt me again.
I will do all my chores; I will make the house pretty again.
Please, just don't hit me again.

Can't you hear that child? Screaming don't touch me.
She's hitting and scratching pulling
And pushing and kicking her mother's boyfriends and cousins away.
They are trying to pull her every which way,
Trying to take her innocence away.

Can't you hear that child?
I can.
What's wrong with you?
She's screaming, trying to keep those men from touching her yet again.
You know the ones, pulling her legs apart and touching her anywhere, all over again.

Can't you hear that child?
She's crying for help, asking anybody, somebody for help....
Oh! I'm sorry.
That's the little child that still lives in me.

the CAP literary magazine Fund

Through the Community College of Philadelphia Foundation, a fund specifically designated for the magazine has been established. *the CAP literary magazine*, now in its fourth year, encourages the talents and potential of CAP students as writers, editors, and artists.

Contributions to the fund will be used in these ways:

- **awards and prizes to students for submissions to the magazine and contests**
- **scholarships to students who demonstrate interest and promise in creative writing**
- **stipends for "guest" student editors (serving on our Editorial Board by invitation) .**
- **scholarships for students to attend area writing conferences and workshops**

Each April, the magazine hosts a College-wide publication party and open reading, at which time students will receive these awards and scholarships. You are cordially invited to attend this event and meet the recipients of your contributions.

If you would like to support the magazine with a tax-deductible contribution, please make your check payable to the Community College of Philadelphia Foundation and designate your contribution for *the CAP literary magazine* Fund. Please send your check to the Office of Institutional Advancement, MI-19, 1700 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, PA 19130. For further information, contact Susan Piergallini, Executive Director, Office of Institutional Advancement, 215-751-8205.

We thank you for your support!
The Editorial Board

AN ARRAY OF EXCITING CREATIVE WRITING COURSES AND ACTIVITIES
AWAITS YOU
AT COMMUNITY COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA....

In addition to this magazine, Community College of Philadelphia proudly publishes student writing in two other literary magazines: **Limited Editions** considers writing and photography submissions from all CCP students. An award-winning college magazine, **Limited Editions** is published each spring. For further information, contact Professor Julie Odell, faculty advisor, English Department. **New Visions** accepts writing from students in ESL (English as a Second Language) courses. The magazine provides a glimpse into the lives and cultures of CCP students from around the world. For further information, contact Professor Francie Blake, faculty advisor, English Department.

The Creative Writing Program offers beginning and advanced courses in poetry, fiction, playwriting, and screenplay writing. Courses are available both during the day and evening, as well as online. Small classes and personal attention afford students an encouraging environment in which to develop their writing. Our impressive faculty includes numerous distinguished writers. Information about the creative writing program may be obtained by contacting the English Department, BR-21, and by referring to the course listings in the college catalogue.

The Creative Writing Club meets regularly throughout the year offering students the opportunity to share their writing and participate in literary activities. For more information and meeting times, contact Suzanne Lang, faculty advisor, English Department.

The Poets & Writers Series is a popular, longstanding event each spring on our campus, featuring nationally noted writers reading and discussing their work. All readings are free and open to the public. For dates and further information, contact Suzanne Lang, Kelly McQuain, or Simone Zelitch, English Department.

The Judith Stark Creative Writing Contest is open to all students at the College and awards prizes in poetry, fiction, and playwriting. Each semester, winners of the contest present their work at readings which are open to the entire College community. For contest guidelines, contact Simone Zelitch, English Department.

