

PHOENIX
NOW ISSUE 3
a publication of
The Phoenix Literary & Arts Society



Reawakening

Phoenix Now: Issue 3 is...

...an issue wherein we deal with the theme of **reawakening**. For this issue, we chose pieces that engaged the idea of a form of **reawakening** in the mind, body, or spirit within ourselves or within others. These pieces include creations which speak of the following: coming to a realization of what some people may be in denial of (**reawakening** the mind), or engaging the times when our bodies do not know when to rest and accept limitations (**reawakening** the body), or exploring when our emotions are rekindled by the promise of something previously thought unattainable, either positive or negative (**reawakening** the spirit). We hope you enjoy these selections and in meeting our contributors who agreed to share their creations with you!

Remember, each **Phoenix Now** issue may deal with anything from the darker aspects of humanity, to topics and ideas which explore the human condition and humanity's struggle. Our goal is to shed light on subjects and ideas that sometimes go "unnoticed" by mainstream society.

Phoenix Now is free to the public, is distributed to and available at all MATC campus libraries, and is also available online.

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- Phoenix Now Logo by: Brandon Haut, Lifetime friend of PLAS
- Front and Back Cover Art: "The Cost of Beauty" by Breanna Klugiewicz
- Editor and Faculty Adviser: Jason M. Kolodzyk

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Hatred by Joshua David Wright

Some of us were born to hate,
As others grew to learn hatred,
And as for the rest of us our experiences
Were the cause of our hatred towards another.

As for those who were born to hate,
You may have found that your parents' hatred is in your blood,
As they've hated against another race,
Or bullying,
Or abusive spouses.
The fact is,
You were born with the way your parents were as they teach you their ways.

Those of us who have learned to hate,
You can control your consciousness,
But with all of the factors in life that happen,
Some things just trigger in our minds,
That tell us to hate, whatever that may be.
To leave it alone,
To never go by it,
To never do what it is that's being done.

As for those many individuals who've learned to hate from their own experiences,
We cannot control what others do to us,
We can only control who or what they see us as,
If they still bully us around,
Abuse us within their power,
We will hate them for it.

As all of this hatred comes together,
It will overwhelm you,
Can make you tend to do things in a state of mind you aren't even aware of.
Whether it was to retaliate,
To release your anger on that being for whatever they have done,
Or in the complete other way of mind,
As you were raised to hate a certain way of life, race, etc.
To take action upon them because you hate what they do or what they are.

There is so many different types of hatred in the world,
You don't even have to go far to find it,
You'll see hatred in someone's eyes as that fire builds up.
Once you push them so far,
And they do retaliate,
As their mind, body, and soul snap into pieces losing all control of their
consciousness,
As they strike down hard to where it will truly hurt you.
You will regret that day,
Or all those days that you've done whatever it was to make them hate you.

Interview with Joshua David Wright on “Hatred” and “Mistakes” by Ashley Miner, Secretary of the Phoenix Literary and Arts Society student organization

Joshua David Wright (JDW): Hello Ashley, first I'd like to say thank you to the board of the Phoenix members who go through the submissions, and for choosing to publish mine.

Ashley Miner (AM): *You are most welcome, Joshua. What is your program here at MATC?*

JDW: I am in the process of entering the Renal Dialysis Technician program. I started this year as my first time into college, hope to finish within three years.

AM: *How long have you been writing poetry?*

JDW: I've only just started recently within two years after my father passed away; that is mainly where I came up with the “Pain” poem.

AM: *What made you submit your pieces to the Phoenix?*

JDW: It took a lot from me to submit them, or to even let someone read them. I've grown from young age to hide in my shell, so nobody could hurt me after the years of bullying throughout grade, middle, and some high school. Something about me has changed with my English communications course this year, just something is different about it, has gotten me to be more open and to express my own self openly. Hopefully to be even more open than I have been so far.

AM: *What inspired you to write “Hatred” and “Mistakes”?*

JDW: With the poems I write, some of my personal life is what inspires it, or what I witness around me. How others' lives are, or what they have done in their lives, or what has happened to them due to others.

AM: *Would there be anything else you would like to add?*

JDW: I'd like to add, my thanks for choosing to publish these pieces, as I get to share my personal thoughts and feelings to others in the society who are gonna take the time to actually read them.

Mistakes by Joshua David Wright

We live our lives day after day
We've all had things in life that we wish we hadn't done
Things that have happened as result of others' actions
Things we have no control over,
due to not being able to change the past
All we have is our ability to control our present,
and our future;
These things, we call, Mistakes

You cannot run away from your mistakes,
As they will live with you,
In the back of your mind like a constant reminder;
Hoping to find your peace of mind,
Is a needle in a haystack
There is no peace of mind,
You can only ease it away,
But it's always there
It's a constant knocking on your head,
Telling you to hide yourself,
Don't let them in,
Because you made a mistake to be hurt.
Even others, they have other problems,
More so like
Not letting your own family in,
Hiding yourself farther and farther in the darkness,
To soon be overwhelmed and feel hopeless.

These things we cannot change,
But for us to move forward,
We must move on from our past mistakes,
Even if they were not our own fault or reasoning to.
Worst things you can do, is to hide away,
Not ever trying again,
Not letting the ones who mean the most to you truly in,
Drinking the pain away,
Getting high every day to ease your mind as they destroy your inside,
Even suicidal attempts.

Nothing in our power will change the past,
Only to what we do with changing our present,
And our future.



Playful Cat, by Juliana Nailen

Meet the Contributor, Juliana Nailen:

I am a 20 year old freshman at the south MATC campus. I plan on getting a degree in Photography but first I must complete my basic classes at MATC and then I will transfer to UWM and go through ROTC to become an officer in the Army. My work is very diverse, I like it that way, from black and white and color, to portraits, abstract, and animals. Creativity and artistic ability runs in my family so I am lucky. I've been told I am good at photography, so I'm trying my hand at a few new things to get my work out there.

Interview with Breanna Klugiewicz on “The Cost of Beauty” by Natasha Hollerup,
President of the Phoenix Literary and Arts Society student organization

Natasha Hollerup (NH): *Can you tell the readers a little more about yourself? Your blurb states that you are in your second semester at MATC, so what is your major? How long have you been a photographer?*

Breanna Klugiewicz (BK): I made quite the change to my course load this year because I decided to change my program plan from Associate of Science to Education. I had been preparing to be a Zoologist since I was very young, but after taking a couple of extensive science courses last year, I had realized that I wasn't extremely passionate about science. I have finally found my passion in the arts (specifically music, photography, and writing) and would love to inspire people like I have been in the past.

I have gotten a lot more serious about photography within the past three years. I have always been a writer, but once I tried my hand at photography, I found that it can be another way that I can truly express myself.

NH: *How did you get the concept of “The Cost of Beauty”? What is the meaning or story behind it?*

BK: “The Cost of Beauty” explores a definition that a lot of modern day women try to live by. Unfortunately, many women in this era find out what it may cost to be beautiful the hard way. Approximately one in four American women find themselves a victim of violence. The subject's vulnerable expression may be overlooked because of the wounds that cover her, but they serve as a reminder of The Cost of Beauty.

NH: *What made you want to showcase this picture in The Phoenix?*

BK: I love that The Phoenix lets MATC students showcase their passions. While a lot of students are studying by day, it's really interesting to see what one can create in their free time.

NH: *Where did you get your idea to take this photo?*

BK: I have always been inspired by Tim Burton's ability to make a character seem beautiful even if they are flawed. The subject's face, sans wounds, didn't seem enough to really grab one's attention. So with careful editing, I made the same picture transform into a girl with a deeper, darker story.

NH: *Why do you think your photo will stand out in Phoenix Now?*

BK: My photograph would stand out in Phoenix Now because of the dark demeanor. I have to say, I've never seen a picture of a young girl with a hard expression that was covered in wounds.

NH: *Who were your first artistic influences?*

BK: In my senior year of high school, I found myself being inspired by my photography teacher. While she didn't have a name that was extremely 'known' to the world, her ability to capture something amazing with a single shot inspires me to continue with photography.

Going down this a road, by Ashley Miner

1

Going down this a road
Its plenty twists and turns
Many paths that can be taken
Plenty mistakes to be made

And I keep ending up here.
I swear this street is
Not the last street
I'm on a different block
And I wasn't looking for a short cut

No matter which way I go
I keep ending up here!

Clearly I'm missing something
I haven't learned yet

I keep ending up here
Now I'm thinking this is
Where I'm supposed to be
In a place that's full of possibilities

I guess I'm supposed to
Make that first move and choose
Whoever thought I'd be leading me?

What if I lead me to a place
I ain't really supposed to be
I guess it would be better
Than here
Because I'm starting to know
This place too well

2

*I started off with
Plenty friends which
Dwindled down to a few*

*I found out that
This was just my journey
To take*

*After trying to drag so and so
Along
The path got so narrow I could only
Walk alone*

*I'm looking for street signs
How many miles left?
Wrong turns and one ways
Even a yield or stop sign
And it's just open land*

*After trying to lead
And trying to follow*

*False conductors and
Crossing guards
Unlit pathways
Roads with
No railways*

*Clear open space
No shrubberies
Or rose bushes*

I guess this was where
I met the drawing board
To map out my plan

I'm starting to see
A new path in the distance
But it's some construction
Before me
A few clouds in my way

I guess this road
Won't be easy
But it's one I'm willing to take

Ok I guess
I'm on my way
I'm starting right away

Like a blank canvas

*Waiting to be
Illustrated*

*What if I draw
The lines wrong
Can I really erase?*

*An imperfection
Can make a
Masterpiece*

Meet the Contributor, Ashley Miner:

I don't really know exactly what to say about the Phoenix literary magazine but that I love it. I've only really read the poetry and stopped and stared at the beautiful pictures. Although I do love the fact that the picture came from someone else other than the author of the poem and it still seems to coexist. That's brilliant!

A Burning Lie, by Richard "R.J." Plevak III

A Dragon is a creature of myth, too fantastical, too otherworldly for the real world. A real world in which nothing bad happens to the people whom do not deserve such things....right? If this were the case, then why was it that life had taken such an otherworldly, dark, sinister, demented, twisted, spiny turn that can only be comparable to the creature of myth itself? This creature now stands before me as I cling to the bit of wood that was to be my blazing grave. But I am getting ahead of myself. My mind has become twisted, foreboding and thick with cobwebs formed from what I thought to be truths and which I now know as only the lies which we tell to ourselves to get through the days.

I was born in the time of religious oppression— I believe history now calls it the Dark Ages. How right that sounds for this time period. And as I was born, as I first took my breath of air into my blood and fluid filled lungs, I could feel the rolling hatred from the room. I was not to be a male but instead a woman to my family, a worthless creation not worth the blood that flowed through my veins; how I hate them even though I miss them so. We were iron workers. The family business kept us fed and clothed, and even made us a thing of envy amongst the villagers. Oh! And how envy grows, how it twists, twines, and worms its way into your heart and poisons the mind with thoughts of how what is mine should be thine instead. And what an age it was, was it not? This envy had such a wonderful outlet back then. You do not know?! You cannot think how a time period can possibly be such a tool of destruction? Come on, yes you do my darlings. I have already given you a hint: what is more flammable to the church then paper or wood? That which threatens them beyond any other? Free thinking women! That's what it is my darlings, and do you know what they called them? What term was used to persecute them and bring ruin upon them and secret evil glee to others? A WITCH! They accused me of being a WITCH— me! A young girl, before her age of birthing even, and condemned to death at a fiery blaze! Ohhhh how I wish I could have cursed them, oh how I wish the curses the words which spewed forth from my lips actually had the power and the venom behind it that I felt inside my heart. But all was for nothing: I held so much rage for them and spat everything I could at them, but it was nothing to them as most of them just stared, some covering their eyes and crying to God to protect them from me.

And then the fire came.

A tall man in robes, both solemn of face and thick of coin purse, carried a torch and marched towards me, eyes never leaving the cross in his hands, and closer the fire came. Closer and closer the fire came towards me, dancing playfully, energetically in the wind. It seemed to be all present were in a jolly mood for the solemn affair, all faces blank, all color seemed drained out of them and drained out of the surrounding area, but yet the fire burned bright, burned and shone with the ferocity of the setting sun. It seemed to meld with the brush beneath me, to bend and smooth it as the crackles and snaps rose to my ear. And I was lost to the smoke. It rushed into my eyes and blinded me, it pushed its way into my lungs and suffocated me...and I was lost. I was in blackness as dark as my thoughts and as bleak as my soul.

And then there was wind.

The fire was gone, the sun was gone, and all the people lay scattered and broken. I was glad and I was happy. And before me was a horror beyond belief. It hung there in the air, propelled by dazzling wings and was as dark black as the deepest bit of all creation. It offered me something. Something I was not suspecting and something I accepted. It said to me, for I remember it still, "I can give to you the power to stay alive and the power to get even, all that I ask for is you. I wish to have someone as brave as you to stand against an entire village and never show any fear, but only anger. I want you as a bride to me...and I will free you forever." I accepted and took that which was not mine to give, but yet I did it so. I felt my soul leave me, and something else come inside. The creature was no longer there before me, and I was no longer myself. I had become something more and something less, something that left none of the villagers alive, something that I hate, but also love...for it is me.

Meet the Contributor: Richard “RJ” Plevak III:

I will try and explain my short story titled “A Burring Lie” as only I can. Just so you know how I am, I type and do not stop. There is little form, little to no reason or any rhyme— just a free flow of expression. I lay it all out there on the table or on the keyboard and it sometimes ends well, and it sometimes ends poorly, but it always ends...eventually. The end is the hardest thing for me. But anyway. This piece, how do I explain this, well, “A Burning Lie” is pertaining to a time in the worst part of history—well, one of the worst. A time when anything could simply happen to you for what you have and what you do not. A time when the best way to get something was to take it, and it seems that this time comes back every now and then, which is a terrible thing to allow to happen, but it does all the same. All I did was make it a shade darker by creating a more real thing through turning it from something of the horror of the events to a horror of things that happen. Doing so can turn an innocent thing into something sinister and dark, like how life can burn you so much with everything that happens, that you become charred and burn back at life.



The Phoenix Literary & Arts Society

Present:

DOWNTOWN CAMPUS OPEN MIC

DATE: Tuesday, November 20th

TIME: From 11:00 am -1pm.

PLACE: “T” Building in the “Stormer/T
Auditorium” on the 2nd Floor

NOTE: The 2012-13 Phoenix will be released at
this event! Also, special guest reading by poet
and English professor, Patrick Moran!

TO PERFORM: Email kolodzyj@matc.edu
with proposed content by 11:55 p.m. on
November 19th, **or**, arrive and sign up at the
event by 10:45 a.m. Readings will be limited to
5 minutes.

Thin Ice, by Natasha Hollerup

It's wonderful, everywhere. So white

Kieran hated water, but the chill and the blades of his ice skates pushed him to the ice.

The river has frozen over.

He skated alone, rolling his hockey ball around the cold floor.

Not a soul on the ice,

Only me, skating fast

He wondered how fast he could go without the ice breaking, if he could get back through without being sucked into a current but still, he kept skating.

I'm speeding past to release, leaving

Little lines in the ice, cutting out little lines in the ice,

Splitting, splitting sound. Silver hails.

Spitting, spitting snow.

Kieran bent down to tie the laces of his boots and found someone watching him from the other side of the snow.

There's something moving under,

Under the ice; moving. Under ice; through water.

Kieran just thought that it was a mirror image of himself, so he stood and continued to skate along, ignoring cracks of ice breaking down.

Trying to (it's me), get out of the cold water (it's me)

He caught his balance and looked down once more, but the same face appeared from under the ice. He didn't want to stay around anymore, so he began to head back to his bench. That was, however, before the guy from the ice grabbed his ankle, causing Kieran to fall. Then, the ice man began to pull Kieran along with him.

Something (it's ME!), someone, help them.

Meet the Contributor:

I'm Natasha Hollerup and I'm a student at MATC, studying liberal arts and planning to study Global Security once I graduate. When I'm not watching horror movies, sleeping or trying to navigate my grades, I'm writing (unless I have really wicked writers' block).

P.S: The lyrics that are italicized are from a song called "Under Ice" by Kate Bush.



Silent, Skinny, by Breanna Klugiewicz

Meet the Cover Artist Contributor:

My name is Breanna. I'm in my second semester at MATC. I have been on a bit of a 'hiatus' from photography for a while because managing fifteen credits wasn't as easy as I thought it could be. Needless to say, I have officially pulled my camera case out from underneath an ever-increasing pile of textbooks and opted to try my hand at different photography styles.

The Skinny, by Breanna Klugiewicz

I used to be frail,
lost,
and clandestinely brash.
But now I am nothing more than
the ghost of a deafening bystander
whose lack of words
scream
at your misunderstanding.
You think you know what I'm going to say
when I don't say anything at all.
But in reality,
It isn't me, who's not saying enough -
It is you, who has said too much.

Paint Us a Picture, by Jason M. Kolodzyk

A silhouette, long in the day
two broad strokes, two hands embraced
Walking a gothic bridge
Paving the way
A path
A possible future
With haste they stroll
Having no time for delay
The future does not wait.

They disappear into a picture
A sun setting in orange flames
Neither giving away
The possible.

We race toward today
It is upon us
The moment in texture
The frame holding focus
With true belief
Reality finds a way
There is nothing you could say
To change it.

Self Starter, by Latoya Greer

Your eyes are the window to your soul.

Viewing all perspectives from new to old.

Trying to fall in love, it's hard but you will.

Waiting for someone to see the true you but, your heart is at a standstill.

Making sure others don't view you in a different light.

So you try so hard to fight for what you think is right.

While you take a chance on love again, you don't want your heart broken twice.

So instead of committing yourself to love, you prevent yourself from paying the price.

If love is meant to be, why god didn't make a man especially for me.

An honest, smart, handsome, hardworking brother you see.

A protector of any situation now that's the kind of man I need.

I refuse to have a pretender on my side, and another mouth to feed.

A man who thinks that I want to bear his seed for free.

I don't need a weak brother thinking money grows on trees.

Reflections, by Latoya Greer

Reflection of myself in the mirror.

The woman that I am verses the woman that I want to be, making my vision clearer.

I try so hard to give a hundred percent to my greed

That I do not have anything left for me.

Hatred inflates my heart with retaliation.

The need of wanting to hurt others for my devastation.

I am tired of stressing about things I cannot control,

Emotions that I can no longer withhold.

Jealousy and envy seems to be my number one enemy.

Obstacles standing in the way of my dream, it seems unreal to believe.

I am a diamond buried under the dirt, waiting to be discovered.

Hoping that one day that I will no longer be covered.

Meet the Contributor, Latoya Greer:

I currently work as a caregiver and I am going to school to become a medical assistant. I love writing my feelings into a poem— it's my vacation.

Cognitive Disparity, by Terrance Ilion

I've heard people say that the hood is good but if that's all you know then I guess you would.

*My anger and frustration should be apparent being
raised in a house with a single parent*

*My mother isn't really the blame but still the one taking it
She's doing everything she can working and school just barely making it*

*Today was not unlike any other
being the man of the house and watching my brother*

*Role models are few; there is the drunk guy on the corner
One of many sporting a wild Irish rose bottle and a pair of bongos*

*Sitting on a blue milk crate he didn't say much
With his red black and green medallion always in clutch*

*Everywhere I look some form of dysfunction
Alcohol played a role in each and every function*

*The block was hot, drugs and booze it did not stop
Every night hearing gunshots, lines of adults waiting for rocks*

*Man, it feels that we were destined to fail always something or someone to take
the wind out of our sails most of men in prison or jail*

*So many displaced souls whole generation with no goals
Ghetto games play out with unwritten rules
kids getting shot just for their shoes*

*I've heard people say that the hood is good
but if that's all you know then I guess you would.*

Never Give Up, by Terrance Ilion

Trophies of failure and plaques of plunder, hang on walls of shame
Illumination of the mind's eye steeped in darkness and despair,
broken by a beacon of hope,
light that shines like the North star to runaway slaves searching for liberty,
financial freedom to pursue happiness.
cognitive incandescence
illumination of the intellect
a flare to the lost, wonderers of this world, walking without direction.
casting shadows of men's future destiny
testimonies of success and accomplishment,
emancipating words acting as light to the blind
parables, stories of mountain valleys, snow capped peaks,
rivers and waterfalls, ruins of past wars.
words gently lift and propel me from my cerebral confinement
yokes and fetters fall to the wayside
while sitting on the clouds seeing the world as a whole
I look up, as the stars start to align and spell
Never- give- up

Meet the Contributor, Terrance Ilion:

I'm going to parlay my Associates of Arts into a BBA from UWM. I love the response that I get from my poetry; to inspire is my main goal.

**How To Join the
Phoenix Literary and Arts Society (PLAS) Student Organization:**

If you are interested in becoming more involved in The Phoenix magazine, or in conversing about literature, art, or photography, perhaps you would be interested in possibly joining the now-forming Phoenix Literary and Arts Society?

To complete your intent to join, please complete the following **two things** at your earliest convenience:

1. Go to this webpage <<http://matcphoenix.com/phoenix-student-organization/>> and fill out the student organization form please.
2. Enroll in our Phoenix Blackboard website. Then, log in, look around, and begin participating!

Directions for how to complete #2 above:

- > 1. Login to Blackboard
- > 2. Select the “Community” tab at the top of the screen
- > 3. In the search box on the left side, enter “The Phoenix”
- > 4. Locate the organization within the listing.
- > 5. Select the down arrows next to the name and select “enroll.”

Submission Directions for Phoenix Publications:

- Phoenix Now submissions must be “black and white” in color but, while the content is geared toward the struggles and imperfections of humankind, we will consider all submitted work for publication.
- The Phoenix submissions are not regulated by color or theme.

We are now accepting submissions in the following categories:

1. **Art:** Digital, Electronic, Pen and Ink, Pencil, Watercolor, Acrylics, Pastels, and more.
 2. **Writing:** Fiction, Nonfiction, Poetry, Essays and Plays and other forms considered.
 3. **Photos:** Digital Prints, Electronic, Transparencies, Black and White Prints, and Color Prints.
 4. **New Categories:** Short Comic Strip AND Short Graphic Novel (**NOTE:** there must be **narration** and/or **dialogue** used in both of these new categories!)
1. Go to: <<http://matcphoenix.com/>>.
 2. Click on the words “Submit” (in the upper right hand corner of the screen).
 3. Follow the directions to complete the submission form and to attach your work.

Note: We are only able to accept MS Word and RTF files for literature and .jpg or .gif files for art and photography. Written work should be no longer than 4,000 to 6,000 words, and we prefer that such work be closer to the lower number.

Thanks.

*Written Work Approximate Length Clarification: 14-21 pages in Times New Roman font, 12 point size, double-spaced.

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