

BREAKWALL

VOLUME 10 • AUTUMN 2019

CUYAHOGA COMMUNITY COLLEGE'S LITERARY JOURNAL



BREAKWALL

VOLUME 10 • AUTUMN 2019

CUYAHOGA COMMUNITY COLLEGE'S LITERARY JOURNAL





ABOUT THE COVER

Breakwall's unique cover is crafted from handmade paper: a hemp/cotton blend from The Morgan Conservatory, the largest arts center in the United States dedicated to every facet of paper making, book arts, and letterpress printing. This issue is a collaboration by two regional institutions: an artifact from a community of creatives within Cuyahoga Community College and Northeast Ohio.

For more information about The Morgan Conservatory, please go to <http://www.morganconservatory.org>

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Design Editor

Steve Thomas

Selection Committee

Lee Chalmers
Roselyn Contreras
Naomi Lancaster
Jeff Lunter
Taeron Terrell
Olivia Villasenor

Faculty Advisors

Brian Hall, Liberal Arts—English
Jimi Izrael, Creative Arts
Steven Mastroianni, Creative Arts—Photography
Lindsay Milam, Liberal Arts—English
Jennifer Skop, Liberal Arts—English
Casandra Sweeney, Liberal Arts—English

Many thanks to the staff, faculty, and administration of Cuyahoga Community College, specifically Dr. Karen Miller, Dr. Michael Schoop, and Dr. G. Paul Cox for their support.

Breakwall assumes all responsibility for the content of this magazine.



Volume 10 - Autumn 2019

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY

Robin Adelman	
Cross Multiplication: A Love Letter	Page 22
Integrity	Page 21
Untitled	Page 20
Kaquitta Carter	
Risen Black Woman	Page 8
Katheryn Cooper	
What's It Like	Page 9
Kelly Heikkila	
Borderline Rock	Page 13
Cleave This Land Away from Me	Page 11
Millennial Autistic	Page 12
Michela Parsons	
Pride	Page 14
Stephanie Padron	
BLACKOUT	Page 15
Faith	Page 16
Photosynthesis	Page 17
Terri Patton	
Freedom	Page 18
Peace	Page 19

PHOTOGRAPHY

Elaine Brunschwig	Page 29 & Page 41
Holly Dolezal	Page 36
Alanna Hicks	Page 28 & Page 30 & Page 31
Lex Kononow	Page 26 & Page 27 & Page 34
Andrew Light	Page 36
Miranda Lyons	Page 38 & Page 39
Darryl Moore	Page 32
Josie Powers	Page 26 & Page 30
Josh Prezenkowski	Page 37
Dezmond Rozek	Page 33
Matthew Stafford	Page 40 & Page 42
Nicole Tiboni	Page 35

PROSE

Hope Beck	
Collapse	Page 52
Desire Path	Page 58
Melanin Tells	Page 62
Audrey Skula	
Hell or High Water	Page 46

CONTRIBUTORS

About The Contributors	Page 70
About The Selection Committee	Page 73
Call For Submissions (Literature)	Page 74
Call For Submissions (Photography)	Page 76

4

THE STORY OF BREAK

The Story of Breakwall

By Lindsay Milam

It took over four years to publish the first edition of *Breakwall* in the fall of 2010, and when I look at that book, I am proud of how the publication has grown. That first edition had 11 poems, 2 pieces of prose, 1 one-act play, and only drawings of photos taken by one of the faculty advisors during a chilly day visiting Cleveland's actual breakwall. It was produced by Bill Delgado's Graphic Imaging Technology class at Cuyahoga Valley Career Center, a technical high school in Brecksville, for a budget of pizza, pop, and doughnuts and printed on paper donated to the high school by local businesses. Looking at *Breakwall 1* now, I can still see the smiles on the faces of the students who worked on the journal and the pride of the students

4

who were featured.

Since that initial publication, over 500 students have been involved with Tri-C's literary and photography gem, either by submitting and being published in the journal or serving as jurors on the selection committees. We have published 108 poems, 47 prose pieces, 142 photographs, and 3 one-act plays. *Breakwall* has also won four Best-in-Show awards from the Associated Collegiate Press, a national organization that recognizes excellence in 2- and 4-year college media. In the past 14 years, our advisory staff has changed a bit, we no longer have a partnership with CVCC, and our budget has gotten a little larger than pizza, pop, and doughnuts, but we are proud

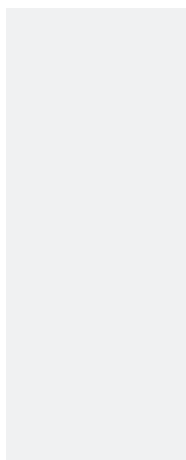
of the work our students have done to make *Breakwall* so special.

Even though we have just printed our 10th edition of *Breakwall*, one thing hasn't changed. The students who are a part of the journal, from the writers and photographers who submit their work, to the student jurors who carefully consider each piece for inclusion, to the graphic designer who creates the beautiful book you now hold, are proud of who they are, what they have accomplished, and what they aspire to be. They are part of the amazing *Breakwall* family: administrators, faculty, former and current Tri-C students, and community members who recognize that this place is truly Where Futures Begin.

POETRY

"POETRY IS NOT A TURNING LOOSE OF EMOTION, BUT AN ESCAPE FROM EMOTION; IT IS NOT THE EXPRESSION OF PERSONALITY, BUT AN ESCAPE FROM PERSONALITY. BUT, OF COURSE, ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE PERSONALITY AND EMOTIONS KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO WANT TO ESCAPE FROM THESE THINGS."

—T. S. ELIOT





Risen Black Woman

Kaquiitta Carter

I was raised black by eyes that were blue.
I was taught to recognize my beauty and strength through the world's blind eyes.
You know once somebody less attractive said they would always be prettier simply because they
were white.
Some people feel part of me dilutes who I am.
How dare anybody, black or white, question my blackness due to mine or my mother's shade!
I will not remain quiet allowing my blackness to be under attack.
My blackness shouts out with the slightest mutter of my name.
I have endured black woman's struggles.
I have endured black woman's pain.
I have learned long ago the unspoken black woman's truth.
A black woman must always rise while being pushed to fall.
Rise over all the hatred.
Rise over all the pain.
Rise over the whole world being on your shoulders causing your back strain.
Rise over your cries from trying to overcome all life's hurt.
Rise over a foot on the back of your head while crawling through the dirt.
Rise while dusting yourself off with pride.
After all of that, you still managed to still not fall, but instead you walked away with a confident
stride.
I am a risen black woman that has risen above all of this.
Just like many other black women I have often had to rise alone.
Rise with me black woman, rise regardless of shade, age, or size.
As long as we all rise together, we will remain strong never needing to ever again rise alone!



What's it like

Katheryn Cooper

What's it like

to have an appetite

Have you ever dreamt

that you turned to dust

No

it was just a dream

The next morning I called my mom

asked her to help me become a human being

Buy me groceries

please

I've never wondered

I've always been this way

Friends ask if I'm okay

Confused by connotation

Frightening when you understand the insinuation

Coffee

and cigarettes

Sternum protrudes through my chest

People don't talk about how

ballerinas

don't get periods

He said

you're my ideal body type

What's it like

10

Identifiable features
that make you feel like a woman
less like a creature
Curves and
symmetry
breasts
Legitimacy

Sometimes the thought of digestion
the act of chewing +
swallowing
makes me question
the entire premise of starvation
How bad could it really be
to collapse within yourself
vacuous
a shell of what used to be
free from the responsibility

Have you ever dreamt
that you turned to dust
You'll learn to cook if you're scared enough

10

Cleave This Land Away From Me

Kelly Heikkila

Cleave this land away from me...

Let Erie swallow off to distant shores.

Marble pillars stand upon sandy silted beaches

Winding staircases circle a crumbling ancient tower.

Running through wild flower meadows with bare feet painted red by rose thorns.

I discover new passages-

Crumbling canopies beneath the trees,

Golden embers dance along an aurora sunset.

Here on the precipice of everything, I rest my fears.

Shake down loosened tresses, long restrained.

The firmament of the heavens greets my wild darkened golden soul.

Like a monk at prayer, I bend and break towards the waves before me.

Slipping into the sunset, I become dangerously myself.

An unknown traveler

A pilgrim of the cosmos

A human in search of the rapture of life.

CLEAVE
AWAY
FROM
ME



Millennial Autistic

Kelly Heikkila

Here's to living independently, now and forever.
When G-d gave me sprinkles instead of lemonade,
I make a rainbow.
Unsolvable, unlovable, puzzle; I was told - to shut up.
Follow the rules and make my bed in order to survive.
Quiet canary, choking on coal.
Reckless caged bird.
Star pupil with A's for eyes.
My early bird hoarded worms-
None of it was truth.
Shadows brought in with lie and despair.
'Paint the curtains that way,' she said holding me tighter.
Still, saying nothing - I prayed.
In the homes of other families.
On the doorstep of the police station.
In the street before bedtime.
Cat like I preened;
Waiting upon a stolen goose with admiration.
Realizing only then, when I had lost every star in my quilt-
Every bow in my quiver,
and the coat was stolen.
Did I know truly that I'd risen from rock.
a meteorite with wings.
So I stole and sold those wings.
Until feathers lined my bed.
A nest of broken dreams and shadows.
That is the price of freedom.
No shouts.
No screams.
No life.
"Is it worth it?" he asked over coffee
"Yes, it is" I replied to the snake.
"Even if only to give it all up and be swallowed by you again,
yes the streets are worth it"
and he opened his jaw,
devoured whatever remaining puzzle pieces ceased to exist.
all that was left, was a mouse's ears- no longer listening.
and a memory.



Borderline Rock*Kelly Heikkila*

Sometimes my mind is broken.
Fractured against fault lines,
Rocky faults of my inner soul
Open like iridescent violet geodes.
Not fully formed volcanic.
Or slowly decaying sedimentary.
Conglomerate, has more composition.
I am a different stone.
Hewed from bedrock of instability
Forged from the fires of doubt.
Am I solid on the ground,
Or do I slip into the ocean unseen?
A new earthquake.
A devastating tragedy.
Never-ending misery,
This broken stone dying embers.
I no longer remember the mud from which I am formed.

Pride

Michela Parsons

PRIDE

I know you look down on me.

Are you proud of who I am?

I was left destroyed by the ones I tried to save.

God help me, I just want to be brave.

Are you proud of who I am?

I have left, everything unspoken.

I have burned the bridges and still smiled.

They always said I was too wild.

Are you proud up there?

I have painted my skin,

A sweet release to this world.

I no longer see the light.

Are you proud of who I am?

That's ok...I'm alright.

BLACKOUT*Stephanie Padron*

Ensnared in darkness,
Alone in time,
Sudden pulses to commit crime,
Nails scratching my brain,
You're not insane, you're not insane,
Demons tear my rib cage out,
Then tug on my heart without a doubt,
My soul raises then sinks into the purgatory,
Ashes and fire brush my skin,
I look down but cannot feel nothing within,
You're not insane, you're not insane,
Scolded I remain,
Molded by hate,
Plot twists took over my fate,
My soul cannot be tamed,
Why, how or when,
Would I be able to feel again?

Faith

Stephanie Padron

What do you believe?

Do you talk to the trees

Or have a third eye to see?

Do you praise The Almighty on your knees?

Do you believe we are boundless and live carefree?

In the cool mist of our nation's events,

Everyone has answers,

But none seem to exist.

I fear for the future,

Saddened by the past.

History is repeating itself.

Time is relapsing at last.

Pray for love.

Pray for answers.

Pray for our children and strength from our ancestors.

Photosynthesis

Stephanie Padron

I can feel the sun beaming onto my fragile skin.

Sun rays beam in symphony with my heart.

I reached out as far as I could for the light, but there I stood

Alone in a garden, pedals golden as the sun.

Alone in a garden, nature and I became one.

Leaves whisper amongst the trees.

Fog lingers clouding my sight.

The world stands still in this grim night.

Twilight is now creeping through the horizon.

I stand alone over my grave,

Building up courage I try to be brave.

Should I run away from this horror,

Or feed what I subconsciously crave?

Freedom

Terri Patton

FREEDOM

Sometimes we feel
we're on a road
to no – where

Seems endless the wondering

How do we get
to the road
to some – where

The more time we spend here on earth
we'll get better at this game
of hide and seek

We'll stop hiding
but keep seeking
what charms us
let it guide us
help us find, in mind, in soul
our path to limitless-ness ...
and Freedom

Peace

Terri Patton

The road was wide
and now seems narrow
Our faith not always clear

By day sensing life
through the eyes of a sparrow
Long nights with no dreams
just silent tears

The rain stopped new day
sun broke through the clouds
Living is livable out loud

Remembering the wrong, the right
can we make Peace
With what's been left behind

New choices seem to
take us prisoner
Closing in on all our fears

Spent years pretending we
know all that matters
Then realizing the unknown
brought us here

Time... a curse, a blessing
precious ever vanishing
Invisible like the wind

Let's be here now
ever present with every breath
As we make Peace
with what's been left behind

20

Untitled

Robin Adelman



20

Integrity

Robin Adelman

INTEGRITY

The persistent sponge

Clears away the filth

The ceramic is exposed

Vulnerable.

Cracked.

Failing.



Cross Multiplication: A Love Letter

Robin Adelman

CROSS
MULTIPLICATION:
A
LOVE
LETTER

With proportions
unknown

Trust in the
Math

=

X

The diagonal lines
will reveal
the path



PHOTOGRAPHY

"AT TIMES, ESPECIALLY IN THE ADOLESCENCE OF MY CAREER, I ALLOWED MY CAMERA TO PASS JUDGMENT UPON PEOPLE WITHOUT FIRST TAKING TIME TO UNDERSTAND THEM. I TOOK REFUGE IN THE ERRONEOUS ADAGE THAT 'A PHOTOGRAPH NEVER LIES.' SINCE THEN, I HAVE LEARNED THAT WHAT A MAN IS DOES NOT ALWAYS SHOW ON THE FACE HE WEARS. USUALLY THERE'S A DEEPER TRUTH SUBMERGED INSIDE."

—GORDON PARKS

25

Breakwall Vol. 10



25



Josie Powers



Lex Kononow



Lex Kononow

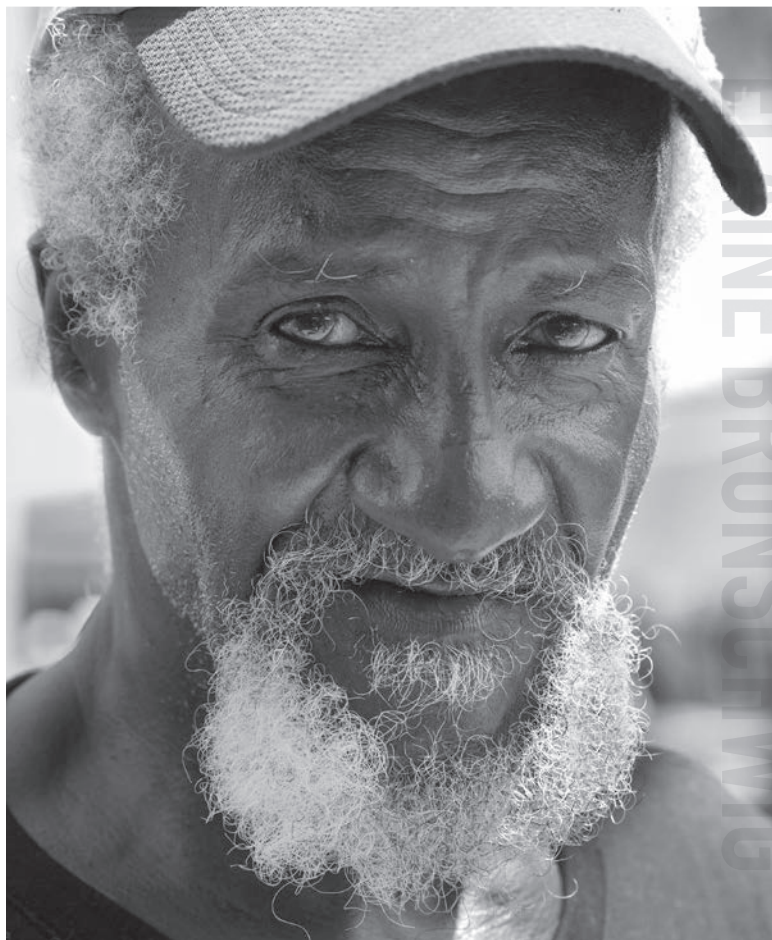
20



ALANNA HICKS

Alanna Hicks

28



ELAINE BRUNNSCHWIG

Elaine Brunswick



Alanna Hicks



Josie Powers

31



ALANNA HICKS

Alanna Hicks

31



Darryl Moore

33

Breakwall Vol. 10



DEZMOND ROZEK

Dezmond Rozek

33

LEX KONONOW



Lex Kononow



Nicole Tiboni



Nicole Tiboni



Holly Dolezal



Andrew Light



JOSH PREZENKOWSKI

Josh Prezenkowski

MIRANDA LYONS



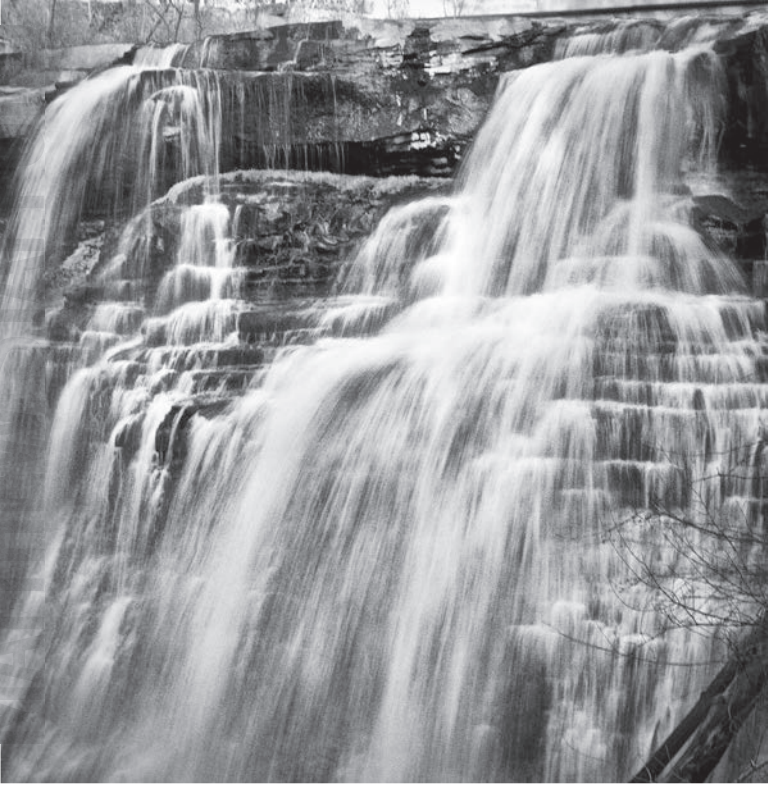
Miranda Lyons



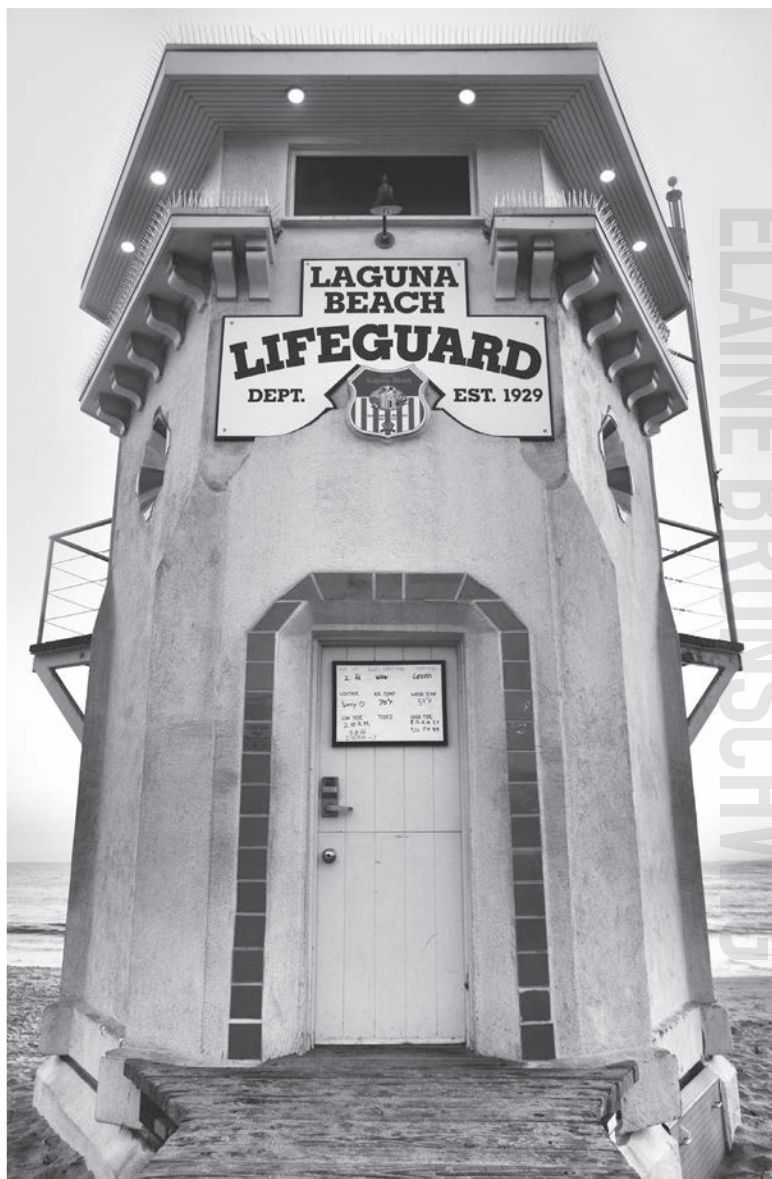
MIRANDA LYONS

Miranda Lyons

MATTHEW STAFFORD



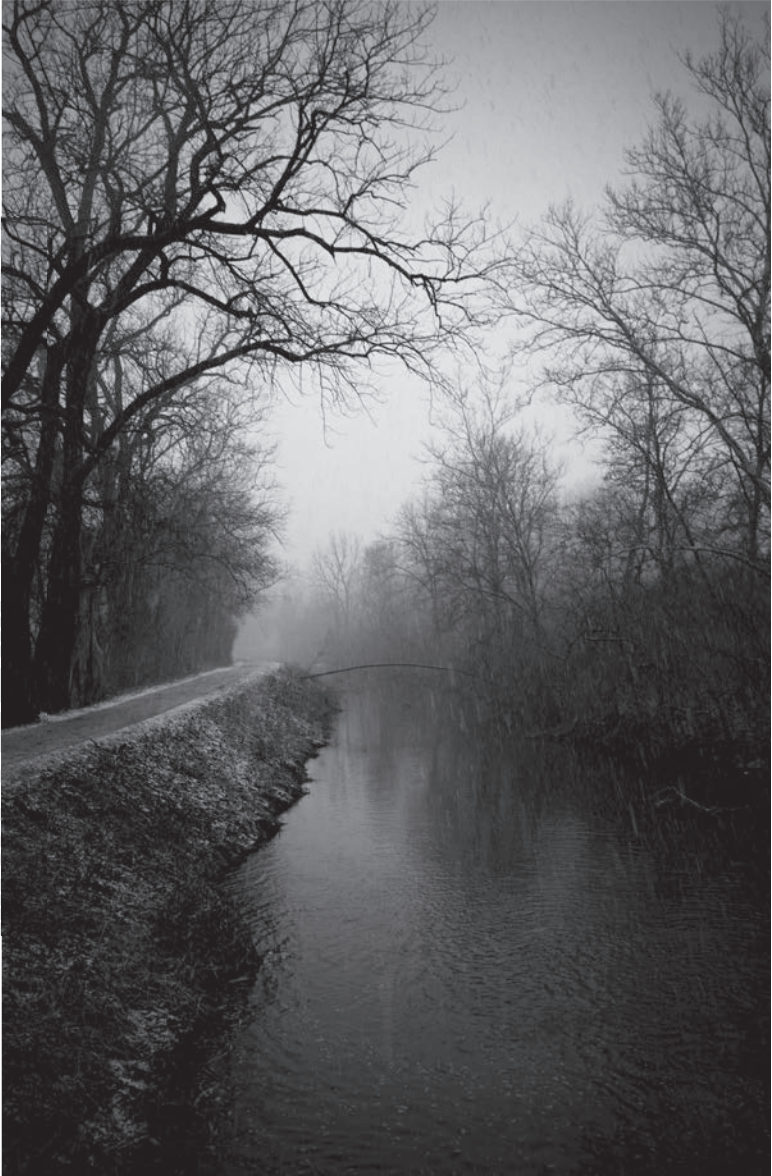
Matthew Stafford



ELAINE BRUNSWIG

Elaine Brunswig

MATTHEW STAFFORD

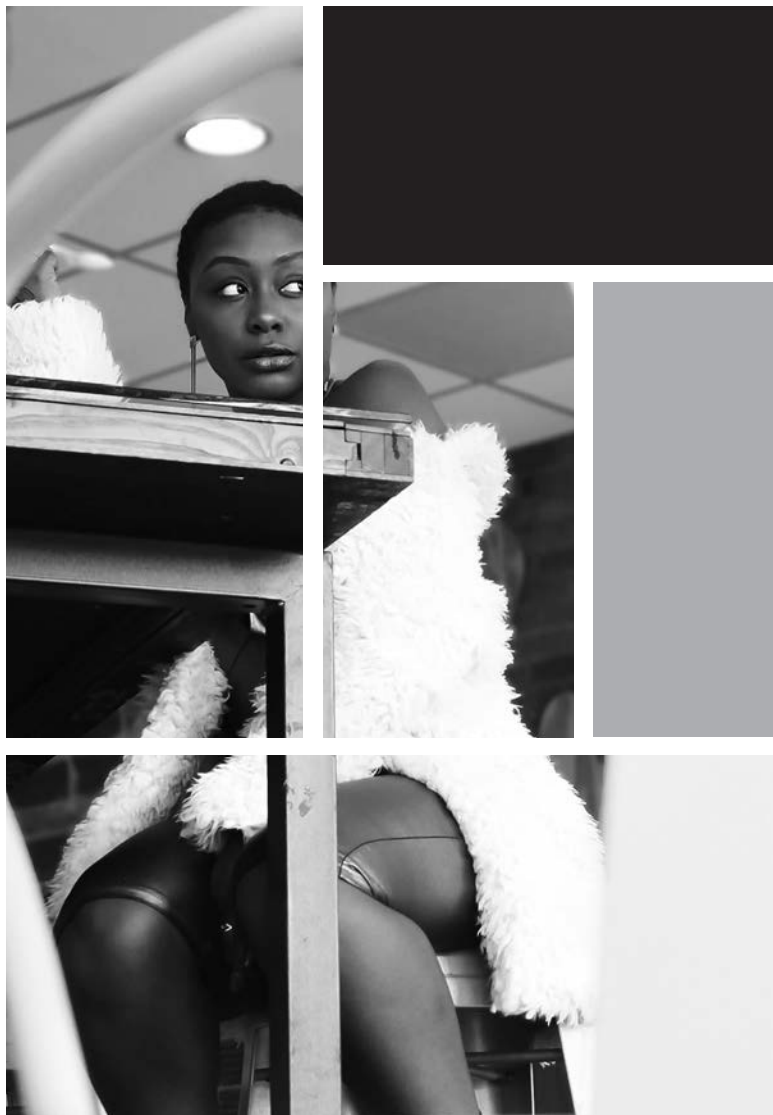


Matthew Stafford

PROSE

"ART, WHATEVER FORM IT TAKES, REQUIRES HARD WORK, CRAFTSMANSHIP AND CREATIVITY. AS A WRITER, I KNOW MY GRAMMAR, CADENCE, THE MUSIC OF PROSE, AND THE ART OF THE NARRATIVE."

—F. SIONIL JOSE



Hell or High Water

Audrey Skula

What is hell? Does hell really exist? I never worried about hell as a kid. I was a good kid. I kept my room clean, did my homework, ate my vegetables, and did my chores. The kids who went to Sunday school and youth group on Wednesday nights went to heaven. The pastors always told us that Hell was a place for evil people and sinners. The pastors also told us that the homosexuals were abominations and were on a one-way trip to the fiery inferno. I didn't worry about Hell until I was fourteen.

I discovered that I like girls when I was fourteen. I remember watching the movie *Divergent* with Shailene Woodley and Theo James. The other girls were obsessing over the male lead. However, I vividly remember thinking about how I wanted to hang out with the female lead, Shailene Woodley. It did not take long for me to realize that I was confusing wanting a friendship with her and a full-blown crush. Once I realized that I was attracted to her, life seemed so much more simple. Learning that I am a lesbian has been the greatest clarifier in my life. For me, that label has become a big part of who I am and how I have lived my life. Being gay is just part of being different. I love being different.

After my revelation, I had to tell someone. I chose to tell my cousin, Skyler, first. He and I had been really close as kids but grew apart as the years went by. I chose to tell him because he is an out transgender, man and I knew he would be supportive of me. Even though I knew he would be accepting I was still extremely nervous. I knew there was no way I could tell him in person, so the decision to text him was easy. How to start the conversation was much more difficult.

Me: Hey. How are you? We haven't talked in a while.

Skyler: Yeah it's been a minute. I'm good, how are you?

I had not planned to just blurt it out. But as I sat on my bed, leaning against

the pale blue walls, I could not bear the thought being silent any longer. I had to tell someone. The explosive need to express myself at that moment took over and I had to type those words. Even though I had never said them at that point, I needed someone to know.

Me: I'm gay.

Relief immediately washed over me like a wave bombarding the shore. I felt lighter, like I had been wearing a backpack full of rocks and someone decided to take a few of the rocks out. I still felt the weight, though, because I needed to tell my other family and friends. However, at that time, even in the smallest measurement, I felt a little bit more free.

Skyler: I know.

I was shocked by those two words. It had not occurred to me that even though I had been unaware of my sexuality, someone around me could be so attentive to what was happening. However, hindsight is 20/20 and I now realize that it was no shock at all that Skyler, of all people, would know before me.

After telling Skyler, I was high on acceptance. He had been so kind that it made me want to tell more people. However, I still had to be careful to whom I chose to confess one of the greatest things in my life. I still lived in Alabama, which is not exactly well-known for being on the correct side of history when it comes to the rights of minorities. Additionally, I went to a private Christian high school, and most of my friends were very religious, went to church, and I already knew how some of them felt about the LGBTQ+ community. I decided that I could only trust three people in my circle of friends, and I told only one of them that year. I ended up telling the other two almost ten months later.

I had a friend who I was not very close to, but she and I were involved in several extracurriculars with. Her name is Grace, and she would

40

later become my best friend. I chose to text her as well. The method of abruptly texting *I'm gay* became a viable option once again. She responded almost immediately.

Grace: Bitch did you really think I didn't know?

Once again, I was shocked that someone else was aware of my sexuality, and I had not been. Nonetheless, her reaction was very Grace-esque in her delivery. Sometimes when I'm sad, I think about that message and it always makes me smile.

The time came and I had put it off long enough. I felt that I needed to tell my family. The most important person in my family at that point was my grandfather. He was the main paternal figure in life, since my dad worked a lot. I was the first born of my parents and my grandfather's oldest grandchild (do not tell my little sister, but I was his favorite). I felt that if I was going to tell my family, he should be the first. He taught me a lot throughout my childhood. He taught me how to ride a bike and dusted me off when I fell. He was my papa.

Papa picked me up from school almost every day. On the way home one Tuesday that December, I chose to tell him. I still don't know why, in this moment, I decided it was the right time. I sat silently in the passenger seat of his truck as he pulled into my driveway, but I didn't move from my position. I looked over at him; he had not changed in years. He still wore that same Crimson Tide football cap and never once did he let his white beard grow long, keeping it full, but still close to his worn skin. I used to think of him as old, but as the years have gone by I think of him as seasoned and experienced in the things I have yet to see in my years. I felt frozen in the moment, looking at him, the words caught in my throat.

After what felt like years, but was probably only a few seconds, I spoke. "Papa, I have something I want to tell you." He considered me a moment before he nodded, indicating for me to continue. I couldn't look at him. I

48

chose a fixed spot in the floorboard of the truck and stared. I thought it would take me forever to force the words out, but my body decided to erupt the words from my mouth anyway, whether I was truly ready or not. “I’m gay.”

Time seemed to stop, if only for a second, as I breathed a moment after the words came out. I hadn’t realized I was crying, but tears streamed down my face and I plucked up the courage to look at him. Sometimes I wish I had not looked at him in that moment, because he looked at me in a way he never had. Disappointment. He was disappointed in me for the first time in my life. He was always beaming with pride at my accomplishments, however small they were. An A+ on a test, turning in a project on time, or finishing my homework; it never mattered because he was always proud. The look was no longer present. Tears fell down his face. I had never seen him cry before, and I certainly never thought I’d see him cry because of me. But there we were. In his truck, parked in my driveway, in tears because I was gay.

In a split second, his expression changed, not to anger, not to hatred, but to sadness. Some time had passed and I spoke up. “Papa, please say something,” I croaked out. He looked at me and said, “I don’t want you to go to hell.” I didn’t know what to say, so I didn’t. I turned to my right, opened the door of the truck, grabbed my backpack, and hopped out of the truck. I all but ran inside the house and straight to my room. He didn’t come after me, and out the window I watched as he drove away.

Hell. It had finally caught up to me. I had been consciously ignoring the idea of Hell and God because I didn’t want to think about it. What if I really was going to Hell for being gay? Why would God condemn me to Hell for something I can’t control?

I knew that if I didn’t tell my parents when they came home that they would hear it from my grandfather or my grandmother who he, no doubt,

told the moment he got home. I laid back on my bed thinking of all the possible ways my dad could react, but in all actuality, I had no idea. We never discussed politics, the news, or any of that. I had no plausible perception of how my dad would answer. I ran every scenario and still had no prediction. I didn't have to muse for long because he came home not long after I did.

When I walked into his office he glanced back at me and asked: "How was school, today?" Our usual after school/work conversation that normally ended with "When will mom be home?" was about to take a different turn on this day. "It was good." I paused for a second. "I have something to tell you." He continued to fill out paperwork and add up numbers as he nodded and said "Okay." I hesitated a moment and then I said: "I'm gay, dad." He stopped tapping at his printing calculator and spun slowly in his office chair to face me. His face was curious, but not stunned. He studied me for a moment before he spoke. "At the end of the day, as your dad, I want you to be happy. Are you happy with being gay?" I nodded quickly, unsure how to respond. "Good," he said promptly before turning back to his work.

I stood amazed at the conversation I had just had with Dad versus the conversation I had with Papa less than an hour earlier. Shocked, I turned on my heel and walked out the door, closing it behind me. I stepped into my room and fell face first on my bed. My dad just wanted me to be happy. He didn't care about gay or straight, successful or deadbeat, male or female. He just wanted me to be happy.

A few hours later, my mom came home. I waited awhile before going to her room. She sat on her side of the bed munching on some cereal (her typical dinner). The low light of the room almost made it difficult to see her from the door. I walked closer and leaned against the wall to the side of her bed. She looked tired from her long day at work. For a brief second, I almost decided not to bother her. But she looked up at

me expectantly, waiting for me to speak.

To this day, one small moment has always stuck out in my mind from our conversation. She said, “I’ve known you were gay since you were four years old.” That sentence echoes in mind sometimes and it reminds me that my whole life my mom knew who I was and never treated me any differently. She still loved me with every ounce of love she could spare.

Three of the five people I told that year said that they already knew. Hindsight is 20/20. Now, I know that the thing I needed to hear in those moments was “*I know*”. It wasn’t “I still love you” or “are you happy?” I wanted to know that someone else had already come to the conclusion for me, and they didn’t care one bit. They knew and that was all I needed to hear.

The process of discovering my identity and coming out gave me a monumental and comforting verdict. Yes, I was born gay, but God didn’t create me this way with the intention of condemning me to Hell. God didn’t create me this way just to send me to Hell, because God doesn’t exist and neither does Hell. Even if Hell is real, I don’t care. I don’t care if Hell is real because, in the time that I have, come hell or high water, I will be different because I love being different.

Collapse

Hope Beck

Astraeus, Prince of the Earth District, sat disinterested upon his throne. Left cheek resting in the palm of his hand, he sighed heavily through his nostrils. Soon his Nebulae would be filling into the *Mauna Kea* room for their *Collapsing*.

He didn't really enjoy being a part of his people's rebirthing. When a Nebula Collapsed, Astraeus would feel himself being crushed under the weight of the pain and turbulence that certain Nebula suffered. It was the only way one could be rebirthed.

He wouldn't admit it verbally, but he felt a piece of him break each and every time the Collapsing was to happen. He dared not complain. It was a Prince's role. Solely made for his kind. He crossed his legs at the ankle, steeling himself for the cluster of Nebulae to come.

breathe in.

exhale.

His eyes opened, making contact with the eye holes in the hood of his Nights. He nodded and they glided to the wooden doors, opening them simultaneously. Legions of those who could no longer bear the weight of their suffering flooded into the room, writhing against one another to be the first to Collapse.~*~

His throne was carved from fine mahogany with the intricate insignia of a snake coiling around and around the throne. It bore a golden shimmering crown, while colorless white stars were chiseled here and there around the throne. It sat on a balcony, overlooking the hall. It was an impressive piece of art, but it was obstructed from view by the Prince himself.

The Nebulae girl glared at the royal being. It was not uncommon

to dislike the ones who had say in everything you do, but dislike was not a strong enough word for her. She didn't want to have anything to do with him or his kind, yet here she was, attending a Collapsing. She remembered that she had no choice. She wasn't here for herself, but for her *Binary*.

She never dreamed she'd be here; Collapsing was something broken Nebulae needed, but she was only damaged. She knew she wouldn't be chosen. She could only hope she had a chance to request a Collapsing in another location. There was only a slim chance it would be successful, but she was determined nonetheless.

Standing there, being pushed and pulled by the ocean of Nebulae, was beginning to bother her deeply. They cared not for personal space, rubbing against her, their skin scorching hers even through the protection of clothing. She pulled into herself, shrinking as much as she possibly could. She glanced around, ensuring herself of the exit.

The girl noticed how the Knights were fixed with shining armor that donned a hood with a triangular opening, leaving just the eyes exposed. Their shoulder pads are fairly oval, quite short and small in size. They're decorated with metal chains covering nearly every part of the shoulders. Two stood by the doors, while two guarded the Prince.

She didn't understand why he'd need that much protection. No one here would try and hurt him. Including herself.

Everyone here was in need of something only he could provide.

Even myself, she mused.

~ * ~

It had felt like countless hours had passed. This Nebula was more irritated than ever. Being in the presence of those who were broken, feeling the heat of their dispairst wafting around was both disconcerting

and disrupting of the mind.

She was nearing the throne of her Prince when she noticed that his eyes were closed. He wore a grim expression, his eyes moving rapidly behind the lids. She scoffed, was he really slumbering while Nebulae were here begging for another chance at a better life?

His Nebulae were suffering because of the decisions he made, and all he could do while they were begging for Collapse was rest?

In a fury, she pushed past the remaining Nebulae that it took to get her to the front of the balcony.

Shaking and fists clenched, she glared at her prince. On either side of her, the Nights shifted slightly towards her, hands tightening around their weapons. She noticed but didn't acknowledge it.

He felt the burn of a glare. A shift in the morbid atmosphere. It distracted him. It pulled him out of his stupor. He let his eyes snap open, sitting forward, breathing in sharply.

Silence was all she could muster as she glared up at her Prince. Eyes. His eyes were the color of the earth-kissed by summer rains, a hue that promised to bring life to dormant seeds in growing forests. The more she gazed, the more she could see. Flecks of amber mixed within the brown, the rim around his eyes were that of burnt umber.

She felt as though she could dive deeper into his eyes, see more than he was willing to show, but he averted his gaze, clearing his throat loudly.

“You are not to meet my gaze, Nebula.”

His voice was that of thunder. Rumbling through to her being. Like rain pelting against the tin shelter of her home, it soothed her, almost brought her to peace.

Almost.



Despite the warning in his tone, she kept her head raised defiantly. She reveled in the shock on his face, eyebrows raising high. His jaw clenched, eyes narrowing.

“Kneel.”

“No.”

Still.

The room behind her came to a standstill. There was nothing, no sound of clothing rubbing against skin, no sound of the other Nebulae. Her heartbeat echoed in her ears as both Nights stepped forward, unsheathing their swords. They were as beautiful as they were deadly. The hilt was spiral wrapped in a dark green cord, the blade was short and triangular. It was made of a material she didn't recognize. It reflected no light, black as night. The Earth insignia was carved into the blade, the snake looking more threatening than the blade itself. She took a hesitant step back.

“Hold.” The Prince shifted back into his throne, steeping his fingers.

The Knights instantly halted their movements.

His eyes wandered over his Nebula, void of any emotion. She wondered what he was thinking. Would he execute her for disobeying his commands?

“You aren't here for a Collapsing. What gravitated you here?” He spoke lowly as if he didn't want anyone else to overhear.

She swallowed, collecting her words from the hole they fell into. Straightening her posture, she took a deep breath in. “I do not need to Collapse. I request a Collapsing elsewhere for another Nebulae,” she exhales.

There was a moment of complete silence again. The weight of many



56

eyes on her caused her to shift uncomfortably. She usually relished in not being noticed by others, but she really had gone and ruined that for herself with her acting and not thinking first. There was no taking back blatant rudeness to a superior.

He grinned. Not genuinely and not quite pleasantly either. It was slow, spreading across his face with smooth ease. It was a grin that dripped of malice, dropping the heated temperature down a few notches. His stare was unwavering, meeting her defiant eyes, looking right through her defensive act.

She shuddered viciously.

“You think you can drift in here, disrespect me, and then *ask* for a Collapsing to take place elsewhere?” He roared. Despite his false contorted facial features, the way he was relaxed into his throne, he radiated anger.

For but only a moment she regretted this. Knowing that she’d never get him to do what she asked for now. Her Binary would suffer even more now and it was all because she couldn’t control her emotions. She shook her head, trying to physically rid herself of the degrading thoughts.

your fault.

collapse.

he will suffer.

suffer.

Gritting her teeth, they only swarmed faster, invading her mind with no remorse. More relentless. Her own anger at herself and at the Prince, the shame, the guilt boiled up within her. Why? Why was she this way? Why couldn’t she protect the only thing she cared for?

56

She fell to her knees. The Knights stepped into action, standing protectively in front of the throne. Not striking, but watching. Waiting. A darkness creeped up her spine, branching slowly throughout her being. It stung as it caressed her body, easily overwhelming her. It was only a moment later before she blacked out.

Desire Path

Hope Beck

I stormed away from my home, the screen door slamming shut behind me. I rushed down the street as fast as my achy legs could manage. I was perturbed as I held myself to hopefully stop the shaking.

Ma had brought home another man. They both had reeked of alcohol when they stumbled into the house together. I was huddled into my cover, reading, hoping I would stay unseen. Though luck was not on my side, and when Ma made her way into the kitchen for more to drink, the man approached me. When I looked into his distant, unfocused eyes, I knew his intent. That was when I hurriedly got to my feet, to escape, but he was fast, despite his supposed drunk state.

My breath came out shaky. I had managed to escape physically unscathed.

When I felt I was far away enough, I slowed my pace to a trot. I knew my mother was hurt, she had lost the love of her life. My father, just like many others in my community had left their wives and children for reasons unknown. Her way of forgetting the pain was divulging into poison and men. I couldn't help but think, especially at times like this, that she was no longer my mother, that I no longer existed in her world.

She wanted to forget, just like the rest of us. We all tried anything we could to escape our unfortunate reality. When drugs were given to our community, how could anyone say no? It was the easy way out. A scapegoat.

Though everyone was not like me, who instead decided to escape within books, where I could safely roam other worlds and get lost. Not many people could read much anymore anyways. I lived in a sad, hopeless community. That happened to be our nickname. The Hopeless.

I wiped furiously at the tears leaking from my eyes. My chest ached, tightened from years of holding back pent up frustration and tears. I *hated* the position I was forced to live in. I hated that my people had to be trapped. I don't know how many times I questioned the skies. *Why? Is there really nothing we can do?*

But I stopped speaking to the skies a long time ago.

I shoved my hands into the pockets of my tattered sweats, deciding to lose myself in the environment. The sun was warm against my back, a nice change from the frigid house I lived in. I gazed up, towards the very skies I cursed. Even from its lack of response to my pleas, it was beautiful to look upon. Especially on days like today.

Fluffy white clouds lazed through the skies, while birds drifted through the air. Free. Untethered to my world. Unknowing. The wind blew against my skin gently, as if to caress my problems away. Calming me, whispering into my ears, promising me a better life to come.

I looked back, observing my surroundings. It was a huge contrast to the beauty of the skies. The lone torn couch in a dead field. Yellow grass. Trash littered across the cracked pavements. Even more trash overflowing from dumpsters, where emaciated cats scrounge for something to keep them alive.

As I walked towards the local corner store, I watched two grungy men exchanging money and drugs. I crossed the street before getting any closer, careful not to make eye contact. There were no police to be found in this community. The Higher Ups saw no reason for there to be.

I sighed, head down, walking briskly towards my destination.

Many people, who can help it, don't live down here in Pariah. It's because of the conditions in which the people here lived under. And the people themselves. We were the uneducated, the unruly, the poor. There were endless names in which we were called, "dangerous" being the most

60

common. It didn't matter how much money you had in Pariah; if you were down here, you were stuck.

Finally, I made it to where I could collect my thoughts. I walked towards the alley, already feeling at peace with myself. I took my time, trailing my fingers along the brick walls of an abandoned church, shuffling my worn shoes through the gravel.

I stopped briefly to examine the graffiti. "ZEN" in white paint stained the side of the church. It brought me a sense of peace when gazing up at it. I always wanted to meet the artist, though whoever they were had probably escaped this place.

I emerged from the alleyway, going to perch on the steps of the old church. I took a deep breath, inhaling the sweet scent of life. The pine drafted across the abandoned street, filling me with joy. I gaped at the beauty that was far from my reach. Vibrant grass grew healthily, various colors of flowers danced to the winds tune, while leaves of the elegant trees shaded creatures from the sun. Creatures I wasn't familiar with.

The street that divided my world from *theirs*. The people that live beyond were called Arcadians, living in Arcadis City. Us Pariahians weren't allowed to cross the street, forbidden from a rich community. It was the same for them, yet they had no reason to come into our territory.

I simply watched from my spot, jealous of the life that was evident in the nature. I could only imagine what the city looked like. Probably even better than what I was seeing now.

I sat there, my fingers tapped the side of my leg. I exhaled through my nose forcibly. Humming, I fold my hands together, as my leg starts bouncing rapidly.

I noticed the leaves waving in the wind, seeming to invite me to come on over. I bit the nails on my fingers, looking left and right down the vacant street. I stood and headed over to the edge of the street. I quickly

60

double-checked behind me, down the alleyway, though I knew no one would be there. My heart hammered in my chest, as I continued to chew on my nails.

What are you doing? You're gonna get so busted. What's gonna happen if I do? But do I care?

I bit my lip, before closing my eyes and crossing over the line that once divided me from something so forbidden to my kind. Once I felt the softness of the grass, I opened one eye at a time.

Still here. Breathing. Sweating too, for nothing.

I stood stiffly. I didn't want to move another muscle, but the trees had tempted me this far. Nervous energy flowed through me violently. Yet, I felt calm? I laughed out loud, emotions bubbling out of me. My hands shook as I grazed my hands through the grass blades. The feeling of finally getting that juicy burger after going so long without eating swelled within me.

I never knew grass could be so soft, I wanted to ditch my shoes to feel it between my toes, but I held back. I looked around. The fattest bumble bees zipped around the rainbow of flowers, while a tiny furry brown creature watched me from its position on a tree.

I frowned when my eyes discovered a path, one that the lush grass didn't cover, leading deeper into the woods. I didn't understand why there would be a pathway here, when no one was allowed to come this way. There was an official elsewhere into the next city entrance.

The curiosity overwhelmed me pretty easily. Giddy with excitement, I began following the path into the woods. Through the towering foliage.



Melanin Tells

Hope Beck

Nala

I never understood why I couldn't just be homeschooled. Mama definitely was a better teacher than anyone at this school. Learning about the many different wars that occurred, which could simply have been avoided if *someone* had just stayed out of it. Now that I think about it, going to school was sorta like going to war.

Minus the murdering part.

There were people who got into other's business. Starting things. Fighting. Arguments over trivial matters. Lies. All that sort of thing.

I didn't like it here because I didn't belong. I didn't look the same as everyone else. No one accepted me for me.

I had something that's called albinism. My skin was stripped of any pigment, an uncolored coloring book. My hair was blonde instead of black or brown. Mama told me a little about my condition. I have to wear stupid glasses because it affects my eyesight, along with having to wear stupid sunscreen.

On my first day at school, I received a lot of stares. Greetings were replaced with whispers. People were confused. People aren't good with change.

"She can't be black."

"What's wrong with her eyes?"

No one attempted to approach me, so I didn't make the effort to approach them. I wasn't some monster. I just looked different. After that first day, I begged mama to let me stay home. Though I had no choice. She thought it would be good for me to get use to other people and make



friends. As if. The only thing she could do was reassure me things would get better and talk to the teachers for me.

Talking to them only made it worse. Instead of being talked about, I now received pity looks from every adult, which didn't make me feel better about anything.

I sighed. I watched as kids flooded the front yard of the school, waiting for my ride. I sat in a tree that overlooked the yard. Scanning my surroundings, my eyes caught on a particular group of kids.

Squinting, it seemed to be three boys by the side of the school, hidden from view. There were two bigger boys whose backs were facing me. They had a smaller boy backed into the wall. His was face blurry, my eyesight failing me, but from their body movements, I knew something was off.

Glancing around, there were no teachers in sight. No one had yet noticed the dispute. I didn't think anyone would either. Sighing, I hopped out of the tree and made my way briskly over to the group.

As I approached, I caught a part of the conversation.

"Give it back!" The bullied boy squeaked. He was backed into the wall, hugging himself, his hands gripping his upper arms tightly. He was frightened, yet determined to get what was his.

"Nah, this is a stupid necklace. I think I'll keep it."

The bullied boy was shorter than the two bullies, looked to be in a younger year than them as well. They dangled a cord chain necklace above the boy, just out of his reach. He desperately jumped for it, his golden curls bouncing wildly.

My temperature began to rise, my heart beating faster in my chest. I could watch this no longer.

“Give it back, please! It’s mine.” The boy cried, his eyes red with unshed tears.

“Come ‘n get it then, stupid.” The second bully taunted.

Quickening my pace, I came up behind them. They hadn’t noticed me, so I snatched the necklace out the of the taller bully’s hand.

The two bullies turned to look up at me, eyes widened. When they realized it was just a girl, the two smirked, simultaneously crossing their arms.

“Give it ba- ”

“Shut up,” I growled, cutting him off. None of this was necessary. Picking on someone over a necklace? Really?

“No, you shut - ”

“Ah-ah.” I interrupted again, stuffing the necklace into my sweater pocket. “Leave him alone. He’s done nothing to you and for you to pick on him is utterly disgusting.”

The main bully’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion. I rolled my eyes.

“Whatever you just said, I won’t listen. You’re not my mom.” He replied, stepping up to me.

“Yeah! You’re not his mom.” Repeated Thing 2.

My eyes slid to him and he instantly shut his trap, backing away. Looking back at the main bully, I spoke again. “Leave this boy alone.”

“Make me.” Thing 1 hissed.

I smiled to myself, happy to help. I stepped even closer, stomping the heel of my foot onto his toe. Before he could react, I grabbed his ear, twisting it just like mama used to do to me when I didn’t listen.

“Ow! Owowowow!” Thing 1 hissed in pain. “Lemme goooo!” He clawed at my hands to release his ear.

“Only if you pinky promise,” I mused, “to leave this boy alone and never pick on anyone ever again.”

“Fine, fine! I’ll pinky promise.”

As I released his ear, he stumbled back, clutching it. I held out my pinky finger, waiting. The bully hesitantly reached his pinky out to mine. Once together, we curled them around each other, sealing the deal.

“Good boy. Now be on your way.” I released my finger from his, stepping back so that he and his buddy could skedaddle.

Once they did, I turned to face the boy. His sea blue eyes were wide in amazement. I studied him as he studied me.

He had a sandy complexion, his skin smooth and tawny, while his golden curls sat over the top of his eyebrows. He had the fattest cheeks that reminded me of my baby sister. I had to restrain myself from squishing them.

Cocking my head to the side, I gazed deeply into his sea colored eyes, diving deeper into their depths. The longer I gazed, the more uncomfortable I felt. I shivered, blinking rapidly. His eyes, they looked so familiar. Where had I seen them before though? I didn’t even remember seeing this boy here at school.

Reaching into my pocket, I pulled his necklace out. Observing it, I could tell it meant a lot to him. It was a beautiful sea foam colored gem that cooled my heated hand. It reminded me of his eyes. Maybe that was where the feeling of familiarity had come from. When I took the gem from the bullies.

“Here.” I reached my hand out towards him, offering his necklace back to him.

He gently took it from my hand. “Thank you,” he breathed, his cheeks tinged with red. He looked down, shyly, clutching the necklace to his chest.



I smiled brightly. “No thanks needed.”

I dunno why, but we both stood there for another moment or so, just staring at each other. It was getting awkward. I blinked once, nodded my farewell, and began walking away. Though I was I stopped short by a small tug on my sweater.

I looked over my shoulder to see the golden haired kid holding onto the back of my sweater. His head was down, his curls shielding his face. This brought a smile to my face. He was so adorable.

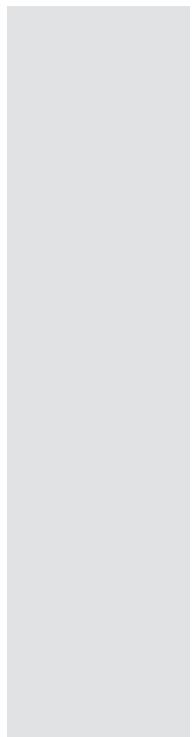
“You...you have really pretty eyes,” he murmured. “I also love your ‘fro.”

I felt myself tense up, speechless. No one had ever complimented me. Besides my mother and one other. I thought everyone else saw my eyes to be strange and abnormal. Different.

I nodded hastily, realizing I should probably respond. “Oh, um. Thanks. Your eyes and hair are really pretty too.” I shook my head. Really? Pretty? Regardless, the boy blushed an even deeper red, pulling his hand away. I giggled, walking back to the tree, waiting to be picked up. I smiled to myself, thinking of the golden haired kid.



CONTRIBUTORS



70

About the Contributors

Robin Adelman is an English major at the Metropolitan Campus. She facilitates the Safe Zone seminars at Metro to spread awareness about LGBT issues and also works in the TRIO office on campus, assisting first generation college students succeed with their college aspirations.

Hope Beck is still just a small town girl. The good news is, she's no longer livin' in a lonely world. She believes it's amazing that the mind is always working, cogs turning 24/7, until she sits down to write. Just. Staring. Blankly. Into a white screen.

Elaine Brunschwig is both a student of photography and a professor of Biology at Tri-C. She has enjoyed taking photographs most of her life and decided last year it was finally time to go back to school to get her degree in photography.


Kaquitta Carter is the author of "Risen Black Woman," and she is a first-year student at Tri-C majoring in Health Information Management. Originally from the Southeastern Ohio border near West Virginia and Pennsylvania, she moved to the Cleveland area three years ago.

Katheryn Cooper moved to Cleveland and began her journey at Tri-C West in Spring 2018. She plans on transferring and continuing to pursue her passion by achieving an MFA in Creative Writing. Her aspiration is to one day teach at a university.

Holly Dolezal is a quirky twenty-three-year-old majoring in Media Arts and Film, and the things that bring her the most joy in life are watching bad horror movies, applying special effects makeup, and singing in her car. She enjoys taking photos of anything unusual, from odd toys to foggy days.

Kelly-Margaret Heikkila is 25 years old. Her first published poem was in 6th grade when she won third place in the Martin Luther King Jr. Poetry Contest while attending Woodbury Elementary School. She has two cats and loves camping, theatre, and the great outdoors. She is also a lifelong Unitarian Universalist.

70



Alanna Hicks is a 20-year-old Tri-C student majoring in photography. Photography has been a passion of hers since she was 13 years old. Since she picked up a camera, she knew she longed to work in a studio and travel to take pictures of the world. She also longs to be a psychologist working within schools to help students, as well.


In her entire 26 years on this Earth, nothing has satisfied **Alex Kononow** more than taking photos of everything. From the oil spill on the ground to that woman in the chair that seems extremely focused on the article that popped up on her phone, capturing moments that we don't appreciate enough is one of her favorite things to do. Down the line she'd love to travel and continue taking photos so that she can tell a story and make people feel something.

Andrew Light is a student at Cuyahoga Community College working on his degree in Photography. He enjoys taking landscape photography and shooting live photography of local bands. He works with the Cleveland-based cover band We Are The Radio doing sound and lighting. In his free time he enjoys seeing a movie or play board games with his friends.

Miranda Lyons is a photographer in the Cleveland area. She has been interested in photography since she was 15 when she got her first camera for Christmas. She has attended photography classes at The University of Akron and Cuyahoga Community College and also has experience working as a director of photography.

Darryl Moore's passion is telling life stories through photos and film and believes that everyone has an interesting journey that should be shared with the world. In 2005, his artistic career began when he acted in his first film. He became a member of SAG-AFTRA in 2009 after working on the film *Lottery Ticket*.

Stephanie Padron is a first-generation American poet who has been writing poetry since she was nine years young. Fast forward to today, she is now 27 and is passionate about writing poetry and short stories. She aspires to become an author and continue writing poetry to inspire young writers.





Michela Parsons is a student at the Tri-C Eastern Campus working for her Associate of Science degree. She hopes to continue her education in the science area and eventually become a doctor. Michela also has a passion for writing, reading, and traveling. She hopes to publish her work and tour the world one day.

Terri J. Patton, writer, musician, and painter, is a former student of CCC. Born in Ohio, Terri was a long time resident of Los Angeles, California. She travels the US and abroad to satisfy her curiosity for life. Presently, Terri lives in Cleveland and is the assistant /coordinator at Gallery East, Tri-C's Eastern Campus art gallery.

Josie Powers is a student at Cuyahoga Community College.

Josh Prezenkowski is a photography student at Tri-C. Josh likes to photograph landscapes and use strobes to create images. He likes to think outside the box and try to create something new. His plans after college are to be a freelancer and work for TRG.

Dezmond Rozek is a student at Cuyahoga Community College.

Audrey Skula is a current student at Tri-C and Student Ambassador at the Western Campus. Born and raised in Alabama, she moved to Cleveland in the summer of 2018 and fell in love with the city. She began creative writing and poetry in high school and has studied writing ever since.

Matthew Stafford is a student at Cuyahoga Community College. He is graduating in 2019 with an associate's degree. In the fall of 2019 he will be attending Baldwin Wallace University. He picked up photography as a hobby during the spring of 2018. For photography inquiries, message him on Instagram @themattstafford.

Nicole Tiboni is a photographer based out of Cleveland, Ohio. For the past four years, she has been challenging herself from behind the camera lens. She specializes in portraits, events, and travel photography. Nicole considers herself a visual story teller. It is a passion of hers to share stories with the photos she creates and capture.



About the Selection Committee

Lee Chalmers was born in Ohio but has lived in Oklahoma, Texas, North Carolina, and Louisiana since joining the US Army. Once he was honorably discharged, he returned to Ohio and used his Post 9/11 GI Bill to attend a multitude of classes at Tri-C and start a new life.

Originally from the Dominican Republic, **Roselys Contreras** brought her scholastic career to Cuyahoga Community College and is going to Cleveland State University next year. A passionate about reading, International Business major, Roselys is a lover of all things literary.

Naomi Lancaster is a student at Cuyahoga Community College, pursuing a Small Business Major. She is interested in becoming an entrepreneur and owning Naomi Christina Photography. She is passionate about photography and discovering new coffee shops and bakeries in her free time.

Jeff Lunter has lived in Ohio and started at Tri-C in the Fall of 2018. A lover of graphic design, coding, writing, and everything in between, Jeff is finishing his degree in 2020.

Tae Terrell is from Cleveland, Ohio. He is a licensed massage therapist and a bar manager. He is in school for nursing and has plans to become a holistic nurse. He's an avid reader and has been writing for enjoyment all his life.

Olivia Villaseñor graduated from the Media Arts and Filmmaking program at Tri-C in 2017. After graduation, she took additional coursework in photography at Tri-C in order to deepen her knowledge of lighting and cinematography. Formerly a Media Arts Tech for the college's Student Equipment Services, she currently works as a producer and writer in the Television and Media Services Department, in addition to acting as a freelance editor for music videos and documentaries.



BREAKWALL 2019-2020 CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS (LITERATURE)

Breakwall is Cuyahoga Community College's creative and literary arts publication. This publication is a high quality, easily accessible creative outlet for students to showcase their talents in the arts (poetry, fiction, drama, essays, feature articles, photography, graphic art). All Tri-C students, current and former, are encouraged to submit.

Each contributor may submit up to three pieces, in any combination of genres:

Prose/Drama/Feature Articles: 3,000 words maximum per piece; one-act plays are appropriate for the size constraints of the publication. Please double-space submissions.

Poetry: 1,000 words maximum per piece; please submit in the page layout you intend.

Photography: See separate sheet for guidelines and form.

All pieces must be submitted in electronic format. Save all text files as .rtf, .doc, or .docx and all visual images as .jpg files on a flash drive or CD-ROM. The drive/CD must contain all submissions plus a 50-word biography of the contributor, written in third-person point of view. Submissions will also be accepted through e-mail.

Only submissions that are complete and follow all guidelines will be forwarded to the selection committee.

Selected works reflect the aesthetic judgment of the selection committee and no work is guaranteed publication.

Please double-check for grammatical and typographical errors prior to submitting your work. The editors are not responsible for publishing errors contained in submitted items.

The editors use a blind submissions process. Therefore, **do not include your name on the submitted entries**-include it only on the Submission Form where you list the title(s) of your work(s) and your contact information. In early spring 2020, selected contributors will be notified of the intent to publish their work(s). Anticipated publication date is summer 2020.

SUBMISSION DEADLINE: FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 2020

You may submit your drive/CD in one of two ways:

Mail/in person:

Breakwall, c/o Lindsay Milam
MLA 223-S
2900 Community College Avenue
Cleveland, OH 44115

Via Email:

Lindsay.Milam@tri-c.edu

If you have any questions, please contact Lindsay Milam at Lindsay.Milam@tri-c.edu or at 216.987.4544.



BREAKWALL 2019-2020 CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS (LITERATURE)

Please answer all questions on this form. To submit your work, follow the directions on the Call for Submissions.

Contact Information:

Name	
Address	
City, State, Zip	
Phone#	
Email	

**Which Tri-C campus
do you attend?**

- Metro Campus** **West Campus**
 East Campus **Westshore/CC Campus**

Submission Information:

List the title(s) and genre(s) of your submission(s). Please be sure that only the titles of your submissions appear on the copies you are submitting to the editorial committee. There is a maximum of 3 total submissions per contributor, regardless of genre. Genres include prose, poetry, drama, essay, or photography.

	Title of Submission	Genre
Submission 1		
Submission 2		
Submission 3		

Biography:

Please include a 50-word biography with your submission. If your work(s) are accepted, this biography will be featured on the Contributor list. If you do not include a biography and your work(s) are accepted, your name will not be listed on the Contributor list. Use third-person point of view when composing your biography.

Statement of Original Work:

I hereby state that all works submitted are my own and previously unpublished. I grant the editorial committee permission to use my works for publication and promotion of Breakwall, which may include publication on the future Breakwall website.

Contributor Signature

Date



BREAKWALL 2018-2019 CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS (PHOTOGRAPHY)

Breakwall is Cuyahoga Community College's creative and literary arts publication. This publication is a high quality, easily accessible creative outlet for students to showcase their talents in the arts (poetry, fiction, drama, essays, feature articles, photography, graphic art). All Tri-C students, current and former, are encouraged to submit.

Photography: Only black and white submissions will be accepted.

Save as a .jpg file format with a quality of [9 Photoshop or 90 Lightroom] with a resolution of 300 ppi. Image size must be 11" as its longest dimension.

All pieces must be submitted in electronic format. If your photograph is selected, you will be required to write a 50-word biography of the contributor, written in third-person point of view.

Only submissions that are complete and follow all guidelines will be forwarded to the selection committee. Selected works reflect the aesthetic judgment of the selection committee and no work is guaranteed publication.

Double-check for grammatical and typographical errors prior to submitting your biography.

The editors use a blind submissions process. Your files will be renamed before they are shown to the jurors. In early spring 2017, selected contributors will be notified of the intent to publish their work(s).

Applications can be found in the **Class Folder** on the Metro and West servers, but must be submitted to the Breakwall folders in the **Student Drop** servers

Folder Naming:

Last_First_Breakwall

File Naming:

Last_First_1_email address.jpg Last_First_2_email address.jpg Last_First_3_email address.jpg

All 3 files and your application must be placed in your folder. Take a high res photo of your completed application or fill it out electronically. (Smart phone camera image is adequate)

Submission Form Naming:

Last_First_BreakwallForm

The Breakwall form may be filled out submitted electronically or can be photographed or scanned once it is signed.

Submission Deadline: Friday, March 13, 2020

Only applications that arrive by the due date will be accepted.

Submit your personal folder via:

Western Campus and Metro Campus:

In the *_Breakwall* Folder found in the Student Drop server

Eastern Campus:

In the *_Breakwall* Folder found in the Student Drop server in the *_Breakwall* MacWork Dropservers

Questions? Contact Steven Mastroianni via email: steven.mastroianni@tri-c.edu



BREAKWALL 2019-2020 CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS (PHOTOGRAPHY)

(Only page 2 should be turned in.)

Contact Information:

Name	
Address	
City, State, Zip	
Phone#	
Email	
Which Tri-C campus do you attend?	<input type="checkbox"/> Metro Campus <input type="checkbox"/> West Campus <input type="checkbox"/> East Campus <input type="checkbox"/> Westshore/CC Campus

Submission Information:

	File name (See call for submissions form)	Genre
Submission 1		Photography
Submission 2		Photography
Submission 3		Photography

Biography:

If a photograph of yours is selected, you will be required to write a fifty word autobiography written in a third-person point of view. This biography will be featured on the Contributor section of the issue. If you do not include a biography and your work(s) are accepted, your name will not be listed on the Contributor list.

Statement of Original Work:

I hereby state that all works submitted are my own and previously unpublished. I grant the editorial committee permission to use my works for publication and promotion of Breakwall, which may include publication on the future Breakwall website.

Contributor _____ Mobile _____
 Signature (Required) _____ Number (Required) _____

Contributor _____ Date (Required) _____
 Print Name (Required) _____

The Contributors:

Robin Adelman • Hope Beck • Elaine
Brunschwig • Kaquitta Carter • Katheryn
Cooper • Holly Dolezal • Kelly Heikkila • Alanna
Hicks • Lex Kononow • Andrew Light • Miranda
Lyons • Darryl Moore • Michela Parsons •
Stephanie Padron • Terri Patton • Josie Powers •
Josh Prezenkowski • Dezmond Rozek • • Audrey
Skula • Matthew Stafford • Nicole Tiboni