



*CABABI IS A TOHONO O'ODHAM TERM
THAT MEANS "HIDDEN SPRINGS."*



PimaCommunityCollege

CABABI

— ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

POETRY
PROSE
VISUAL ART

ISSUE 8
2022/2024



ABOUT THE COVER

"Southwest Sunset"

The Sunsets over the horizon of this beautiful desert landscape.

Location: Saguaro National Park East - Tucson, AZ

Adrian Flores
PCC Maintenance & Security.

SPECIAL THANKS

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Eric Aldrich
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Molly McCloy

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OF THE FACULTY AND STAFF OF
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Be in the 2024-2025 Cababi Magazine
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writing.

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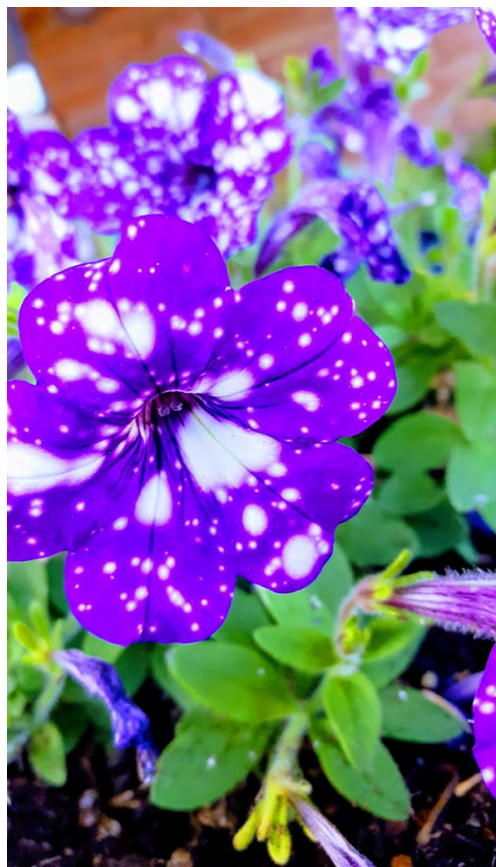
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by **Barbara Elgutaa**
Purple Speckled Flower



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by **Carolyn Sotelo**
Sparkle Cleaners



by **Ben Millard**

Sometimes in the desert at night
With the right medicine
Medicine springing from eternal earth
Blessed with the holy smoke of sage

The stars are so near and so bright
You can reach up and touch them

Splaying your fingers through
The viscous velvety darkness
Catching the stars in your palm
Sparkling, brilliant, cold hardness

And when you bring your hand down
The desert sighs a whisper in your ear
Your life is but a single breath
And your soul a single leaf

A leaf high in an ancient cottonwood
Turning gold with the first frost
Blowing away forever on
Winter's winds



SUN RISE

by **Ben Millard**

Grandma and Grandpa sit in their small kitchen
Drinking coffee talking softly
Watching the sun rise over the near mountains
Through the large triptych windows

The Sonora sun rise
Pushing night asunder
Coming up like thunder
Flowing down the mountain

The heat unseen yet flowing still
Over the windows' common sill
through screen and skin
warming arthritic bone within

Glorious morning's come upon them
Blessing all with its new promise
Grandparents rising to be on their way
They share a kiss to start their day



Adrian Flores, *The Three Amigos*
Photography

THIS MORNING

By **Catherine O'Sullivan**

This morning, I heard the wind whistling through the saguaros.
Half rattlesnake, half cathedral bells, a sound like no other, wobbling
in the bitter cold wind.

This morning, I saw the creosote cracking through the rocks and the
sand, remembering the rain, praying for more, sacrificing itself on
the altar of the sun for the slim chance of repetition, maybe coming
or maybe never, an act of faith greater than any novitiate.

This morning, I saw a nursery of juveniles, phallic and proud, reaching
for no one, contained in their gossip and hegemony, bragging of the
little they have done, and likely never will do, as the seasons and
the sun and the wind, and the sun and the wind embraced of the
seasons, laugh at them in the quiet of their eternal knowing.

This morning I heard the wind whistling through the saguaros,
amidst the shooters' green glass remains, languishing in the sun,
until grudgingly returned, like the youth of the boys with their pistols
and rifles, grown and moved on, hopefully to better things.

And I heard the wind whistling through me, and the buckhorn, and
the shy jojoba, with my dogs for companions, the desert sublime.

This morning, I heard the wind whistling through the saguaros.



Photo by **Amanda McPherson**
Nature's Work of Art

Student Work

by Cathy Thwing

Suppose you hadn't written
that essay
about the week
your kids skipped
supper each night.
You sent them to school
early, for free breakfast,
and had them stay late
for after-school snack.
Applesauce and cinnamon
buns only go so far.
Suppose you hadn't,
when researching *Homeless-
ness in America*, shared
that you and your boys
spent two months
in the car,
or on your sister's couch.
Would we then know
how much this "A"
has cost you?
More than your hopes
for a forever home,
and so much more than
it will ever pay.



Emily Jacobson
Winter Wonderland
Watercolor and Ink



Emily Jacobson
Silence of Snow
Watercolor and Ink

Across Town, or Even the Country

by Cathy Thwing

Around you
the scent of chiles
and turmeric. Curry
simmer.
Another kitchen
fills with the chatter
of three kids, a husband,
and the neighbor
from next door.
In a car
in the parking lot
of the library
where wi-fi
is free and sometimes
reliable, no one
cares that this joint
has been lit.
Laptops
flip open.
Somehow time
stitches together space.
We're here,
simultaneously there.
Let the writing begin.

Digging With Fingers

by Cathy Thwing

I till the garden
with my fingers,
for deep in the soil
sleeping toads wait
for summer rains
and then emerge to fill
the clouded night
with the sweet songs
of a thousand lambs.
A student asks
why she can't use
that subreddit
as a credible source,
and I remember
how I till my garden
and set down the shovel.



Emily Jacobson
The Presence of Flowers
Watercolor and Ink

Do We Remember a Time

By **Joni Peralta**

Well some they call it Eden and some say Paradise
And some they call it Motherland and some say Tree of Life
Do we remember a time?

When we feed as we need and we leave the rest
And god is in us all and all we see and do is blessed
Do we remember a time?

When we drew life from the land like the grass or lion or deer
When we had no need of greed or gold or guile or hope or fear
Do we remember a time?

When no one was up high and no one was down low
When we read the earth and sky so we could know which way to go
Do we remember a time?

When we felt our pain in common and we felt our joy as one
When we hunted all together and together filled our tumbs
Do we remember a time?

From two million years ago till the beginning of the now
We fell from the tree of life into the sweat of our brow

Now we have some that's born to suffer
and some that's born to rule
And we wonder where our God is and how to keep our cool
As we're burning ... and the world keeps turning ...
And the rain is falling ... and the old ones calling ...

Do we remember a time?

(Inspired by Ishmael trilogy by Daniel Quinn)

Photo by **Amanda McPherson**
Eyes Wide in Wonder





Painting by **Tatyana Thweatt**
Sunflower for Ukraine

Reunion

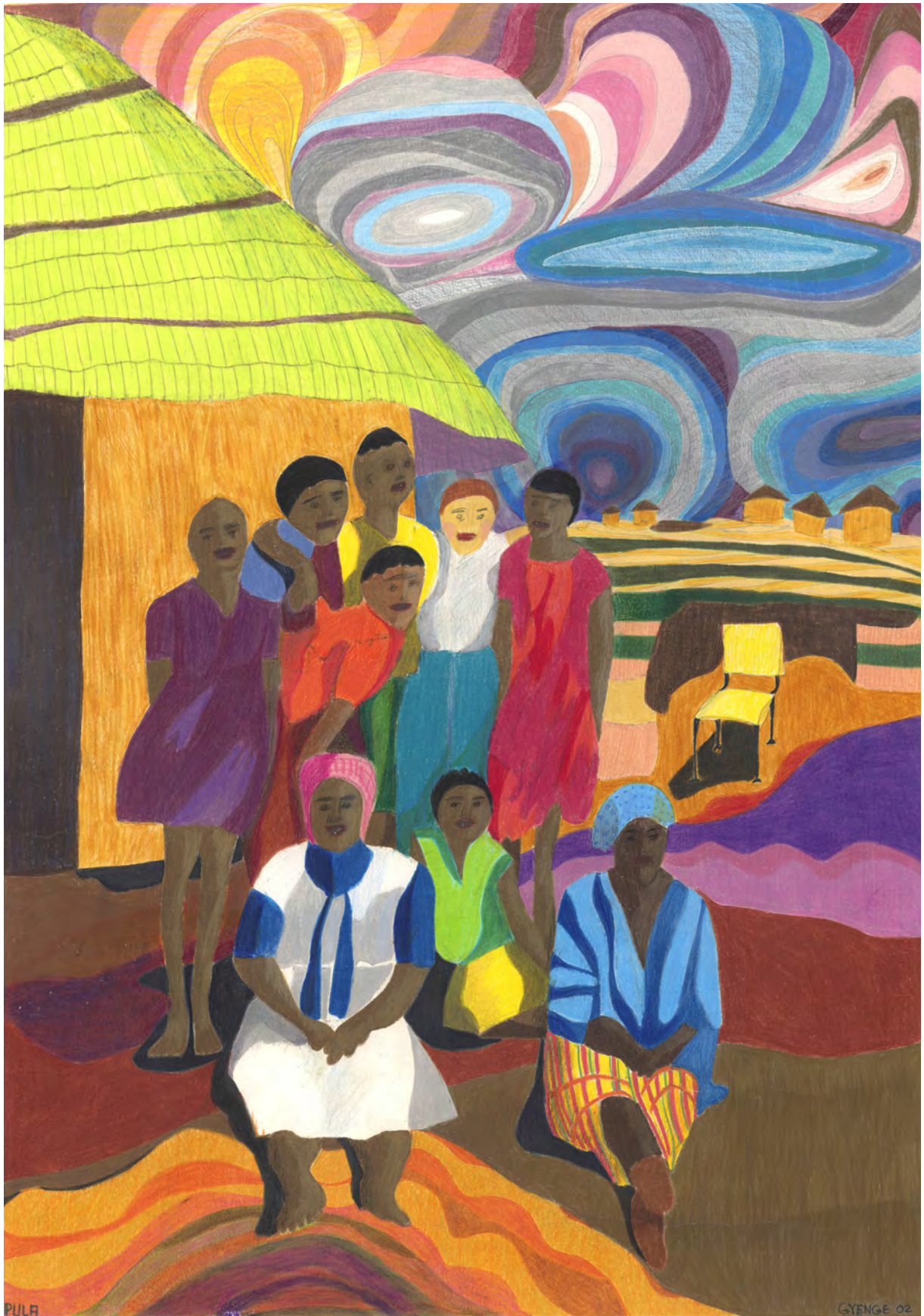
I breathe into you breathe into me
Open the deepest chamber of your heart
Imprint your body upon mine
Linger when we're together and apart

Pull me in to sacred space
Where each goodbye leads to hello
Augment forever memory
Of your manhood, my femininity

I walk into you come with me
Embrace our physicality
Each step of this unknown dance
Each joyous interlude and game of chance

Waken and increase my pulse
Surrender to your search for me
Profound sensation, sheer abandon
You find me find you

By **Dolores Rivas Bahti**



Alexis Gyenge
Pula



Photo by **Nina Nardolillo**
Hope in the Desert

Practice

I will walk with you
Near rivers wet with rain and melted snow
Around the corner for a pot of tea
Walk in beauty with you side by side

I will sit with you
At table set for two
In rose and birdsong garden
Sit and quietly rest with you by my side

I will speak with you
About everything you care to share
Despite distractions and demands
Turn and gaze and softly speak with you at my side

I will sleep near you
Your wrist resting between my rib and hip
Your hand a fan across my abdomen
Safely sleep, sweetly dream, wide-awaken with you. Beside me.

By **Dolores Rivas Bahti**

Blaze

Ignite and warm my heart
Play rhythmic chords on my fine-tuned harp
Highs and lows from gentle to sharp
Conjure winter fire, spring rain, summer pain, fall apart

Magic in the astral plane
Dreamer, Artisan, Healer, Magdalene
Buried anguish, emerald fire
Ancient heart's desire

Benevolent, tender and kind
Inky watercolor record, endless bond
Beyond measure, across time
Enigma, miasma, all sublime

Blue fire mirror in refracted light
Luminous isle in cerulean sea
Red-orange cumulus in indigo sky
This magnificence, this you and I

By **Dolores Rivas Bahti**

Photo by **Adrian Flores**
Sedona Sunrise





Photo by **Nina Nardolillo**
Into the Labyrinth



Photo by **Michele Rorabaugh**
A Quiet Winter Morning in Eldred, Pennsylvania



Photo by **Adrian Flores**
Robber's Roost

ACROSTIC POETRY by Ernest Willman

WHAT IS DEAF CULTURE?

American Sign Language
Poetry Version:



ear people, Deaf beings are just



qual as you are regardless of who you are



nd you are welcome to learn sign language



rolicking can happen with your body parts (hands and face).



ommunity of its own values, norms, and tendencies are



nquie and a sense of connection are what makes us



augh, live, and love together.



o learn a new language or culture can be hard, but



ltimately a group of people who you want to be friends with.



epeatedly victorious for the minority linguistic people;



nthusiastically to come and join to learn a new language and culture!



Photo by **Nina Nardolillo**
Explosion of the Senses



Photo by **Nina Nardolillo**
Tranquility



Arthur Lurvey
Mesquite End Tables



Javier Sergio Pedroza
Moonshot



Mike Rom
Drift

Luna Limbo

Bark and howl at the coming night
Shift and shimmy in the silvery light
Bound and leap over marshy ground
For there your prey will be found

by Fred Duren

Look for the innocent with fearing eyes
For they are the sweetest prize!
Stalk your prey with a silent rage
Silently moving in a concentric daze

Lo! A hunter appears on the edge of sight!
Sink into the tall grass to escape your plight

Fear the hunter who seeks your skin!

Thunder sticks crack and pound
Until you lie in a heap on the ground

Refuge may be a hole in the earth
Or behind a birch
Or an ancient cavern in the sacred lands

Lost in dreams of solitude
In a forgotten world of pain and absolution

Background art:
Mattison Casaus *Night Vision*

Of Silent Places

by Laura Bartkowski

The snow-covered ground is a white carpet for the tall pines,
Which stand, overlooking miles of stillness, serenity, silence.
At their feet, the river brings messages from far corners.
Hurrying to relay nature's truths,
They now can only mumble along slowed by the chill afternoon.

Green waves of a mountain meadow, its soul unceasingly teased by the wind.
Grasses in rhythmic formation gently motioning, slow sameness, blending together.
At intervals, flowers spritely accent this, individuals in a sea of conformity.
Nestle down here in warm, moist comfort;
Be engulfed in the smells of earth, flowers, life.

Brilliant sky-sun dominates the desert solitude.
Morning is an announcement in pastels,
Optimistic always, escaping dark once more.
Full day arrives showing its strength by seeking out weak and strong equally,
And sharing with them intense beauty.

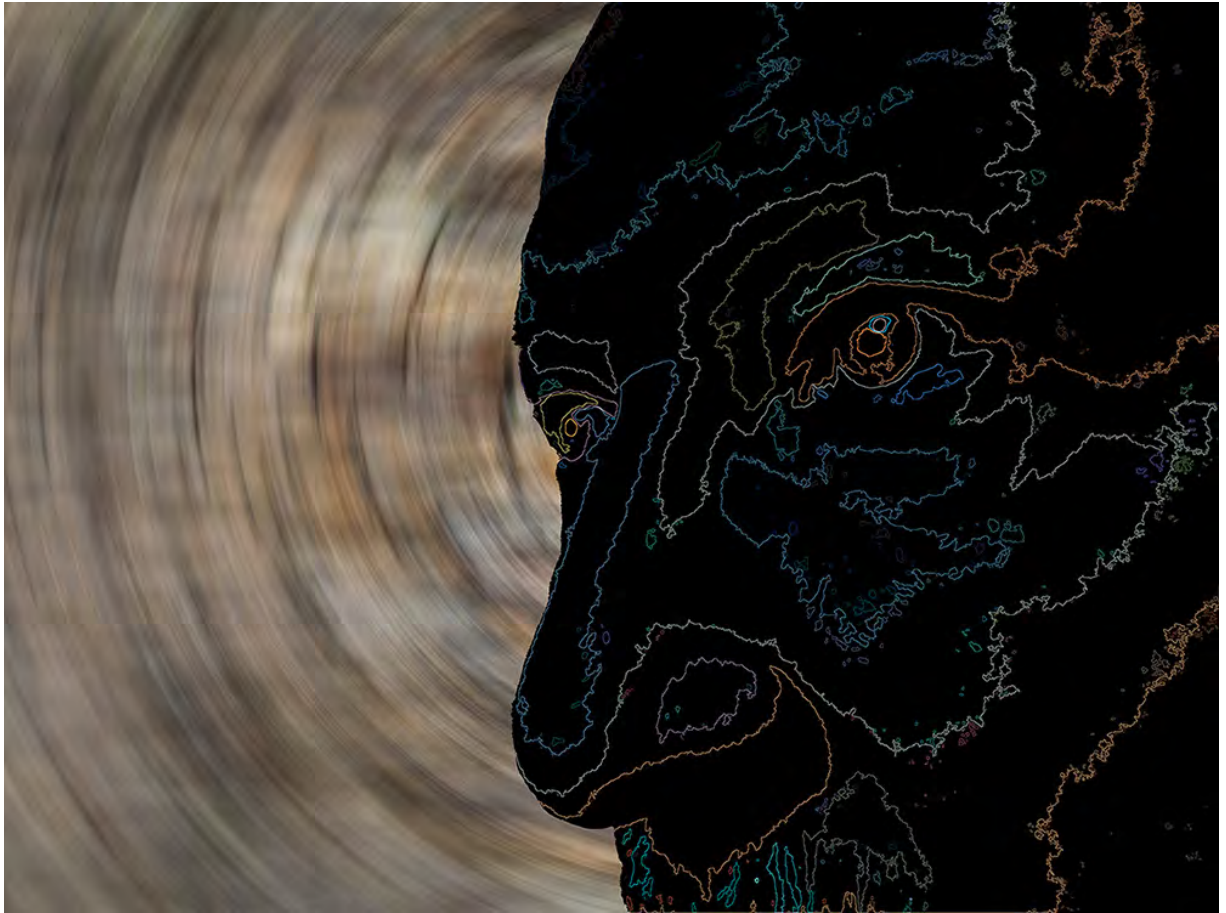
Evening leaves a last word behind,
In flaming orange trails,
And red exclamations,
Burned on the black background where it closes again.

All these, are wisest, speaking only in silence,
Conveying the necessary and true meanings, unembellished, sufficient.

Background art:
Veronica Willis *Trees and Sunset Clouds*



Digital art by **Mano Sotelo**
It isn't fair, I want my share



Digital art by **Mike Rom**
Deep in Thought

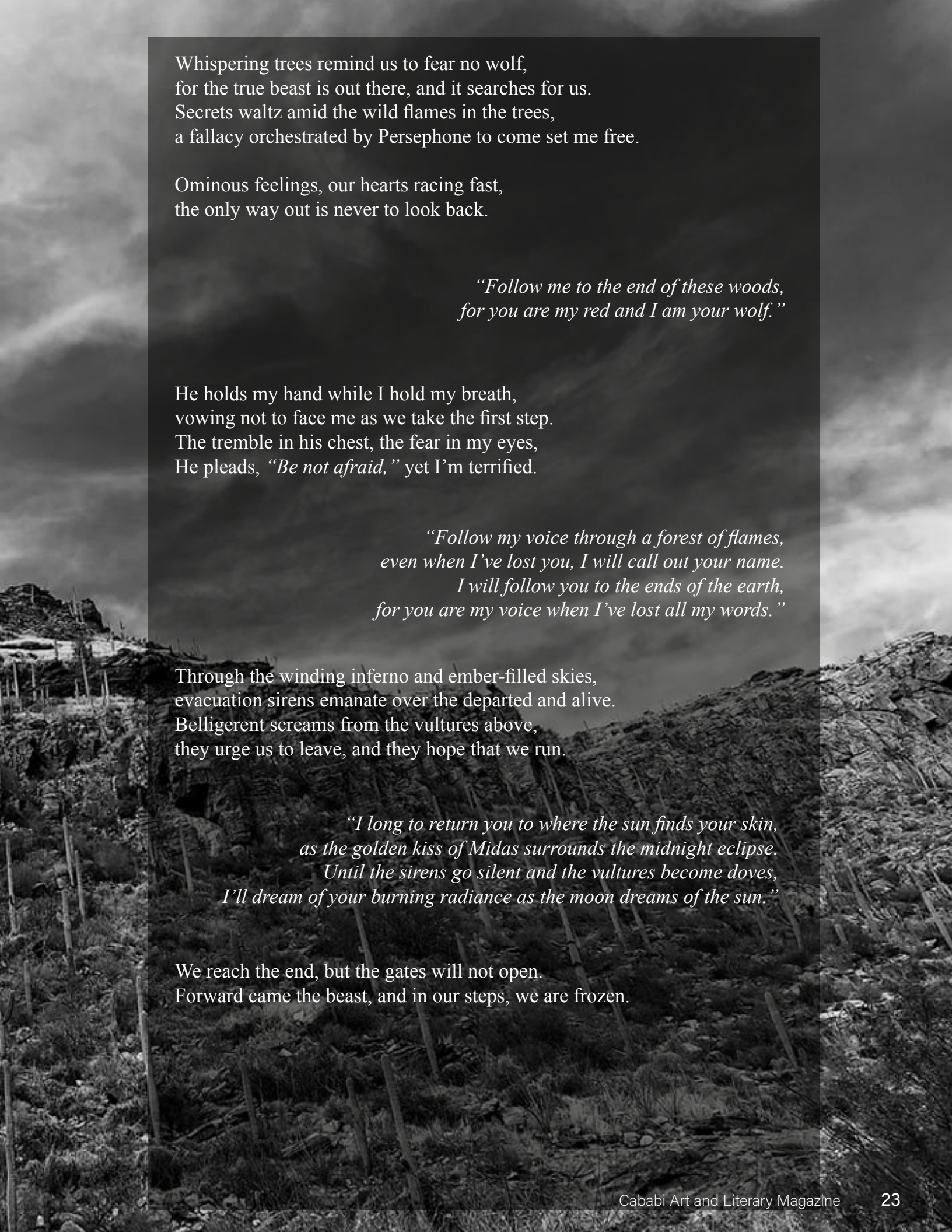


Photo by **Nina Nardolillo**
Ancestral Shadows

Winding Inferno

by Haziell Lopez

Background photo:
Catherine O'Sullivan *Rugged Western*



Whispering trees remind us to fear no wolf,
for the true beast is out there, and it searches for us.
Secrets waltz amid the wild flames in the trees,
a fallacy orchestrated by Persephone to come set me free.

Ominous feelings, our hearts racing fast,
the only way out is never to look back.

*“Follow me to the end of these woods,
for you are my red and I am your wolf.”*

He holds my hand while I hold my breath,
vowing not to face me as we take the first step.
The tremble in his chest, the fear in my eyes,
He pleads, *“Be not afraid,”* yet I’m terrified.

*“Follow my voice through a forest of flames,
even when I’ve lost you, I will call out your name.
I will follow you to the ends of the earth,
for you are my voice when I’ve lost all my words.”*

Through the winding inferno and ember-filled skies,
evacuation sirens emanate over the departed and alive.
Belligerent screams from the vultures above,
they urge us to leave, and they hope that we run.

*“I long to return you to where the sun finds your skin,
as the golden kiss of Midas surrounds the midnight eclipse.
Until the sirens go silent and the vultures become doves,
I’ll dream of your burning radiance as the moon dreams of the sun.”*

We reach the end, but the gates will not open.
Forward came the beast, and in our steps, we are frozen.

The New Fawn

by **Mattison Casaus**

It's the hardest, yet easiest job.
Though the days are long,
the months pass by
like stones skipping on water.

What I would do to see myself
from her wide, dark blue eyes.
Does she see tiredness through peek-a-boo?
Does she see the effortless affection?

Milestone memories flood my phone
as if they're pushing back the life before her.
Who was that doe without a fawn?
Who was that sow without a cub?

With every new cry, step, or tooth
comes an influx of emotions.
Such as radiant exhaustion.
Such as anxious benevolence.

Though it's a parent's curse to worry,
I leap into the next chapter.
Just like she does off the sofa.
Just like she does into a pile of leaves.

As much as she questions the world,
I question my luck
because I know ever since having her
I am a much better version of myself.



Photo by **Tineke Van Zandt**
Sycamore



Photo by **Tineke Van Zandt**
Blue Bird



Photo by **Tineke Van Zandt**
Heron



Photo by **Tineke Van Zandt**
Stalking



Photo by **Tineke Van Zandt**
Wood Duck

A Mother's Figure

by **Mattison Casaus**

I recently googled 1950's females.
Each had aprons, powdered faces, and dresses
with their home cooked meals prepared in heels
holding multiple babies as motherhood successes.

I stared into the bright screen
in sweatpants and a ponytail.
The dirty dishes keep piling it seems
as constant clutter with no avail.

The notion that motherhood is effortless,
that we were somehow bred,
causes overwhelming stress.
The two lines on the tests are often misled.

Truth is mothers are even more amazing.
Mothers, today, do it all.
Constantly thinking of those they are raising.
It makes me relieved to have a mother to call.

So, then I googled current mother illustrations.
I found one tired woman with six arms.
She was a superhuman with powers for organization.
Forget the exhaustion, she had strength and charm.

To those that do it all: care, work, clean, bathe, and make meals,
thank you for doing it, even without an apron and heels.

INCHWORM

by **Sarah Ruth Jansen**

Someday you will love me
as much as you love biking;
you will wake up
and realize,
“I love him as much as I love biking,”
and you will smile so big like you do when you go off a jump
or speed past a MAMiL (Middle-Aged Man in Lycra) on the Loop
or vanish for a month to ride the Great Divide,
leaving me wondering whether
I ever met you,
but still –

someday you will love me
because I am a patient man,
and like that inchworm sliding
up your leg
at the folk fest,
I will slink right into your heart
and make my gentle home there.



Painting by **Isabel Luevano**
Apple Painting



Photo by **Barbara Elguta**
Green Plant

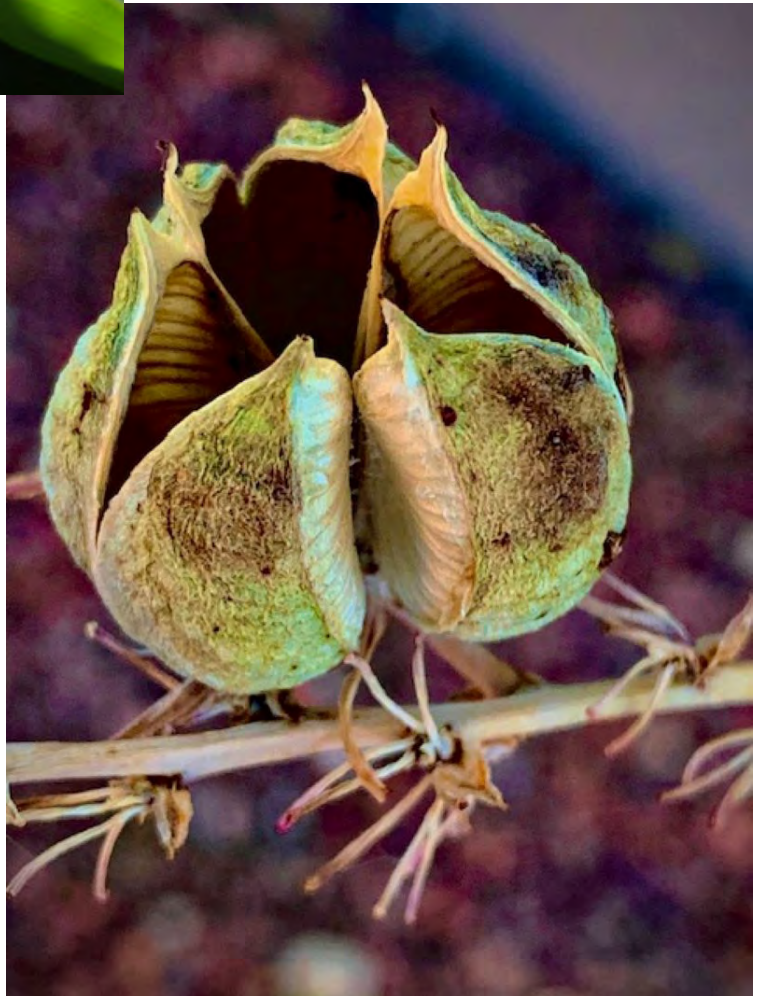


Photo by **Laura Bartkowski**
Seed Pod

As is the case today, the 60s and 70s were times fraught with social upheaval and great personal anxiety: civil rights, Vietnam, the counterculture, Watergate, gas shortages, high interest rates, the seeds of world terrorism. In response to this, during the mid-seventies, budding entrepreneurs came out with the mood ring and the pet rock. The mood ring would change colors based on how you were feeling: from green/blessed calm to black/super stressed. A certain leafy substance was suggested if you wanted to keep your ring in the green zone. Pet rocks were for the busy urbanite who didn't have time to clean up dog poop but still wanted a warm relationship with a non-sentient object.

I named my pet rock Ralph. We were an item for a couple of months. Where I went, Ralph went. True buddies. I eventually released Ralph to a rock pile in back of my apartment complex, so he could be with his own kind. It was an emotional farewell. This incident makes me think of all the ways we impute enduring value to certain inanimate objects that enter our lives.

There is that item of clothing that we just can't let go of. A t-shirt that is mostly threadbare that we got at a rock concert years ago. A team ball cap with busted brim and faded colors that we still wear on special occasions. A treasured prom or wedding dress. The old sneakers that are unwearable, but memories keep them secreted in the back of the closet. Our existence tied up in bits of fabric.

I have close to three hundred LP's in a storage unit. Why not dump them? Because they framed my life from the mid 50's until the early eighties. Someday I may still want to cradle my worn copy of *Elvis's Golden Records* or caress the English pressing of the Beatles' *Hard Days Night*. Gaze lovingly upon that seminal album, *Sports*, by Huey Lewis and the News. I may even buy a turntable. CDs occupy the same emotional space. My very first CD, Roundup, a collection of Western movie themes, still speaks to me from a prominent bookshelf. How can I have a relationship with an MP3 song downloaded on Amazon? We need a tactile friendship. Heck, I can't even get rid of an old video tape I recorded that shows the incredible restoration of the Sistine Chapel.

ROCKS HAVE FEELINGS TOO

by Robert Matte

For many of us, male or female, four wheel transportation is a ticket to our hearts. The car, truck, or SUV that is just the right color, style and/or engine size. We accessorize the inside with rear view mirror doodads and color coordinated dash mats. We put decals on the rear window and add bumper stickers. Order a vanity license plate. This is who I am. While some of us recycle vehicles every couple of years, many of us hold on to our cherished transportation for years on end. It becomes part of the family. I named our long series of white mini vans Moby I, Moby II and Moby III for Moby Dick, the great white whale. Trading in an old reliable one for the next shiny version was always gut wrenching.

Our homes clearly have a defining place in our life stories. We associate phases of living with the houses and apartments we have known. Such as that old ramshackle starter home that protected us so many years ago. The one where the plumbing frequently backed up and the roof always leaked. Or the wonderfully built house that had views to kill for. But as Thomas Wolfe said, “You can never go home again.” In other words, you can never re-capture the experiences of the moment at those unique residences. In Florida, the previous family homesteads of my grandparents and parents were both bulldozed years ago. Not even a physical footprint left of those halcyon days of being in the family embrace. Still, the memories from those houses linger on.

So, cherish the clothing, music, vehicles and houses that we collect along the way. All the stuff that maps our lives. Now, if I can just remember where I put that little plush skunk I had as a kid, the one that survived a hotel laundry back in 1956.



©Stillfx/Adobe Stock



Excerpts From Life

by **Michael O'Bleness**

How did we know? Early November the sun already low in the southern sky. The flagstone of the backyard patio retaining the overnight chill against all efforts of a waning sun. The essence of rose petals lingering softly, an aromatic feast, as velvety on the nose as to the tactile senses. I wonder if Dakota is still able to appreciate the world, or at least this sanctuary, through her most keen sense. She has been extracting herself from our midst, preferring the solitude underneath the apple trees. I know, Kim knows, we have seen *Marley and Me*. This thing growing inside. At first, we considered ascites, maybe a recurrence of a fat tumor? A trip to the vet was not so forgiving. This thing consuming her made it clear it would take what it wanted physically. Dakota remained content, our presence as always sparking a display of excitement and warmth, a shared companionship. Forever mindful, leaving the cool flagstone for the soft garden mulch. Dropping into position for one last moment of relief. Unable to rise, I gathered her into my arms, the three of us making one final visit to the vet.



Photo by **Laura Bartkowski**
Cactus Flower



Illustration by **Carolyn Sotelo**
Green Plant

Excerpts From Life:

Kim and I spent our time yesterday cruising the AZ highways and byways... for me it remains one of those viscerally exhilarating moments... sitting astride 1600cc's of chromed iron and leather at 70mph, all the senses engaged raw in tune with the drone of the engine, saguaro arms waving, beckoning, enticing us to behold what is yet to come, the Arizona desert rises up to greet us and falls away through each curve... awe and wonder of being...



Digital art by **T. Adam Baldry**
View from Agua Caliente Canyon Ridge

by **Bernard Ngovo**

In Liberia, as in many countries, folktales are very common, especially in tribal societies. These folktales, which form a significant part of unwritten Liberian literature, are often told around a fire in the evening, after dinner, by professional story tellers who are older men and women – men and women who were also told these tales as they were growing up.

Folktales in Liberia are categorized into several types, one of which is dilemma tales. Dilemma tales have morally ambiguous endings, and the audience, both adults and children, are expected to resolve or at least speculate on the problem posed in the story. In order to arrive at a solution, the audience must hotly debate among themselves as to what would be the best solution. If the audience fails to reach a solution, the narrator will offer their own solution.

One popular example of dilemma tales is about two male characters who challenged each other to a sleeping contest. While the structure and theme of this tale are the same among those tribes in Liberia for whom it is part of their oral literature, each tribe or narrator may have a slightly different variation. Some tribes or narrators, for instance, may give names to the two characters; others, as evidenced in the version below, have nameless characters.

Two Remarkable Deep Sleepers

There lived a man who was considered the deepest sleeper in his town, if not in his clan. It was said that he slept more than any other man in his town or clan. He would sleep for a year or more without waking up to eat or bathe. The news that he was the best or the most remarkable sleeper spread in all the villages and towns like a wild fire in dry vegetation in the north of the country. Men and women would abandon their farm work for a whole week or more to travel to this wonderful sleeper's town just to see him sleeping and snoring heavily, like a drunk benumbed.

In the south of the country, there lived another man who was also considered the deepest sleeper in his town. His reputation as the deepest sleeper was also propagated like the reputation of the man in the north. As was with the man in the north, farmers, pregnant women and nursing mothers from far and near would travel for days to this man's town to witness him sleeping.

Both men heard of each other. Each beat their chest and bragged that he was the deepest sleeper the world over. So, both sleepers challenged each other to a sleeping contest.

There was a cosmic, famous open-air market in another town between the town in the north and the town in the south. Men and women from all nearby towns and villages went to this market every Friday to sell their merchandise and produce. The citizens of the town in the north and citizens of town in the south were elated when they heard that their respective heroes had challenged each other to a sleeping contest. Each town boasted that their hero was the deepest sleeper in the whole country and would handily defeat his rival.

The town chiefs and elders of the two towns met and set the date for the contest between their folk heroes on one of the market days. Various groups of musicians and praise singers from each town escorted each sleeper to the contest. On that eventful day, there was an overflow of the market – with bachelors standing at the outskirts to scout for single women.

The town that hosted the market every Friday was built on a hill which overlooked a river that served as the source of the water needs of the town. The two challengers were carried in a hammock, accompanied by drummers and dancers, by their respective towns to the bank of this river. Once at the river, two men lay down to sleep at the same time. All the townspeople and supporters of the contenders went back home, leaving the sleepers alone. Both men slept for one week. Two weeks. Three weeks. One month. Six months. A year. Then it began to rain one evening. It rained, and rained, and rained until the river overflowed. The floods finally receded after one week. The men were still sleeping, but they were no longer on the bank of the river. For a year, people went to the river every day to see if the two men were buried in the sand; they were not.

After ten years, a fisherman caught a very large fish. This fish was so big that it drew the attention of the villagers. When the fisherman, in the presence of village onlookers, cut the fish open with a sharp knife, a wounded human leg shot out. The sleeper from the north of the country stretched out of the fish's stomach yawning and complaining, "who is disturbed my sleep? I was in the middle of a dream."

At the outskirts of the town, there stood a giant termite hill. One day a woman went to this termite hill to fetch some dirt or soil to daub her stick house. While she was digging on the side of the termite hill, she suddenly hit someone's leg with her hoe. An indignant man emerged from the termite hill, wiping his face. He pointed at the stupefied lady, and said, "why did you hit me with your hoe, thus waking me up from my enjoyable sleep? Don't you know where to go get soil to daub your house?" The sleeper from the south of the country walked to the town where he and the man from the north commenced their context, smeared with brown dirt from head to toe. The townspeople, including children, thought he was a ghost who had escaped from his grave.

Audience or readers, who do you think was the deeper sleeper? The man from the north or the man from the south?

A Rhythm of Opposites

Written and narrated by **Matthew Chandler**, 'A Rhythm of Opposites' is an award-winning fictional memoir about two brothers who find themselves on two very different paths in life. Eli Andrews, the younger of the two, decides to tell their story, the whole story. "Because there are so many lessons to be learned from it. So many ways to do better. To be better." Told as if sitting in a room with a friend, Eli shares it all. Every laugh. Every cry. Every hero and lesson along the way. You are the friend. 'A Rhythm of Opposites' is the conversation in a book length podcast.



"A Rhythm of Opposites" is available at:
www.redcircle.com/a-rhythm-of-opposites



Dolores Rivas Bahti
Breakthrough
Watercolor



Pottery by **Barbara Carey**
Handmade Pot



Photo by **Matthew Medeiros**
Cooper's Hawk

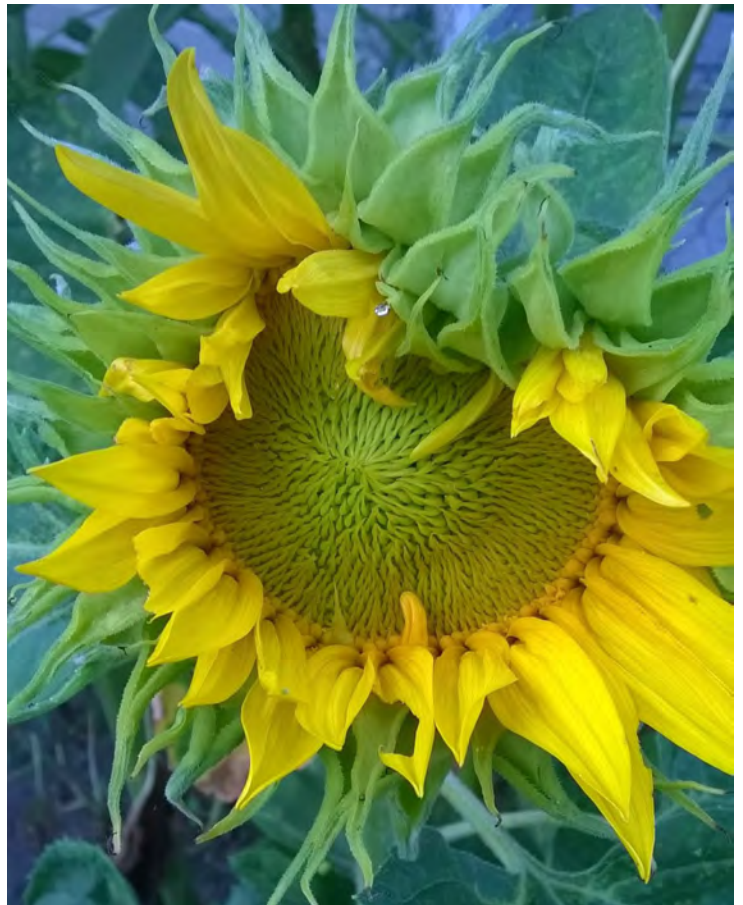
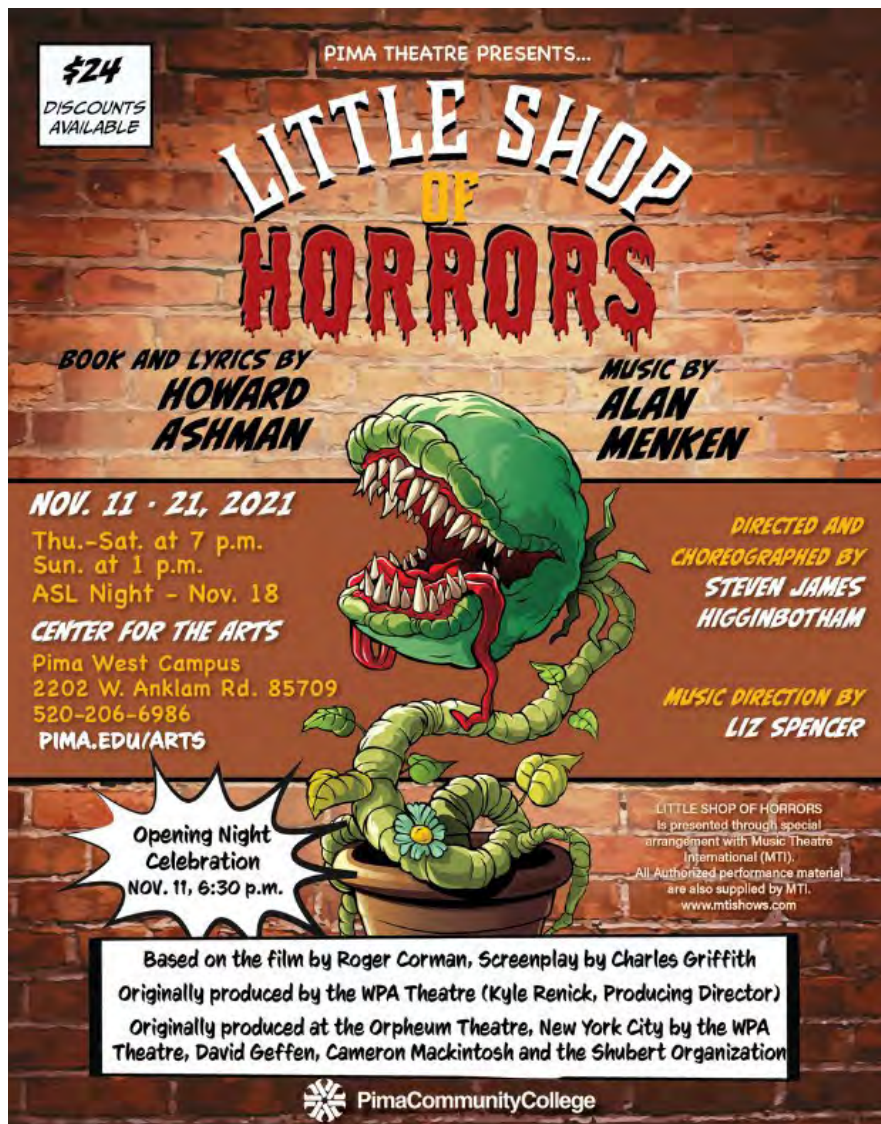


Photo by **Theresa Dodge**
Sunflower



Submitted by
Steven Higginbotham

"Little Shop of Horrors" is a horror comedy rock musical about a humble florist who uses a man-eating plant to get rid of his enemies and raise his status.





Artists' Bios

ADRIAN FLORES is maintenance specialist - crafts dept - PCC Maintenance & Security.

Adrian was born and raised in Tucson, Arizona. He was drawn to photography from a young age, learning traditional film photography and the darkroom process. When he's not working at Pima you can find him working at his family's stained glass business "Tucson Stained Glass" or out exploring the desert landscapes around Tucson and the rest of Arizona.

ALEXIS GYENGE BFA, M.Ed. My career as a commercial interior designer afforded me a life of adventure and extraordinary opportunities. In 1988 I contracted with U.S.A.I.D to provide the design and project management for their new offices in Gaborone, Botswana, minor renovations to the American Embassy and the design and planning of Botswana's 25th Anniversary of Independence held at the palace grounds. While on the continent I traveled to adjacent African countries. I was gobsmacked by swirling skies, saturated colors, new forms of architecture, communal spaces, textures, and patterns. A new understanding of different peoples and how they create and occupy their spaces affected my approach to the teaching and practice of interior design. The adventure left me enriched and grateful and ready for another.

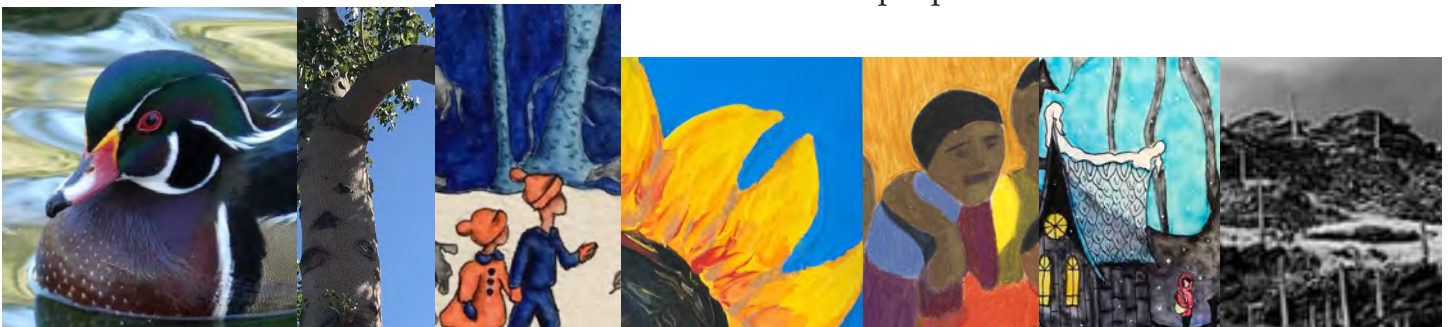
AMANDA MCPHERSON is an Early Childhood Education adjunct faculty instructor for the West campus. She also works part-time for The STEMAZing Project with the Pima County Superintendent's Office, facilitating STEM workshops for teachers. She

enjoys, hiking, kayaking, photography, and traveling.

ARTHUR LURVEY is a retired computer engineer. He currently tutors at the West Learning Center. When he is not working, he takes classes in furniture design and construction through Pima Community College.

BARBARA CAREY has been teaching English Language Acquisition for Adults in ABECC at the El Pueblo Liberty Learning Center for over 23 years. She feels privileged to work with such highly motivated students and is grateful to learn from the different cultural perspectives her students share. In her free time she enjoys spending time with her husband and two sons, hiking, reading, and playing with clay.

BARBARA ELGUTAA is the Program Advisor for Social Science and Liberal Arts, at Pima Community College, West Campus. Barbara began taking photos at the age of 12 when her grandmother gave her a 110 camera. She began using a Canon AE as the official photographer for her high school yearbook and discovered she had an intuitive relationship with the camera. She loved taking athletes' photos especially, capturing their movements on film, as if stopping time in motion. Her photos have been displayed at the School of Middle Eastern & North African Studies at the University of Arizona as well as a photograph of a Guatemalan girl for a photo contest (UofA). She loves taking photos of flowers, markets, sunsets, butterflies, Pow Wows, architecture, and when traveling as well as people in their natural state. She is





interested in capturing the simplicity of the moment and movement. When taking photos of butterflies, she moves in as close as possible to reveal its delicate movements, at times, almost touching its wings. In any photo, she is looking for that which is unseen or unnoticed and is inspired to capture the moment.

BEN MILLARD is an adjunct instructor, student, and fan of PCC working at the Northwest campus. Old guy, beer drinker, math teacher extraordinaire. Love the college's mission but mostly the students.

DR. BERNARD LINUS NGOVO was born in Liberia. He studied English Education at Cuttington University in Liberia. He was awarded a Fulbright scholarship in 1978 for a master's degree in English as a Second Language at the State University of New at Albany, and was awarded another Fulbright scholarship in 1988 for a master's degree in literature at Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, IL. Bernard also earned a master's degree in Reading Education and a doctorate in Curriculum and Instruction at Northern Illinois University. In Liberia, he served as Dean of Instruction and instructor at the Zorzor Teacher Training Institute, taught at the University of Liberia for two years and at Cuttington University for four years. He came to Pima Community College in 1996. Besides teaching courses in ESL, Education, and reading at Pima, he has published several articles in professional journals.

CAROLYN SOTELO (Fine Artist) is a contemporary fine artist known for her exploration of Tucson's nature and historic

landmarks. Carolyn draws inspiration from the local culture and personal experiences by infusing the inspiration of cubic shapes and a stained-glass appearance to capture the essence of images she is painting. Her work shows depth, emotion, and thought-provoking narratives.

CATHERINE O'SULLIVAN is a writer, author, and tutor at Pima Community College, West Campus. She has an undergraduate degree in philosophy and an MA in journalism. She sometimes writes poetry. Catherine has worked as a waitress, a planetarium lecturer, a writer, journalist, mother, and loads of other things that are spiritually fulfilling but monetarily not so much. She lives in Tucson with her dogs Flower and Barley.

CATHY THWING has been teaching at community colleges since receiving her MFA in Creative Writing from Eastern Washington University. At PCC, she teaches as a part-time instructor through PimaOnline. Her students' joy in uncovering their authentic writing renews her own turning to poetry. Her poems and short stories can be found in *Poetica Review*, *Gyroscope*, and *Woodcat Review*. Gardening, cello, yoga, and video games fill her life's other nooks and crannies.

DOLORES RIVAS BAHTI, PCC Adjunct Instructor in History and Art History, belongs to a family that has lived and breathed the Arizona-Sonora Desert air for more than a century. She teaches at the West and Downtown Campuses, and currently holds an appointment as Research Associate in the UA



Spanish and Portuguese Department. She now dedicates herself to exploring her place in the world and expressing her creativity in art and poetry.

ERNEST WILLMAN, M.Ed, ASLTA Certified, is an Instructional Faculty at Pima Community College on the West Campus. He teaches American Sign Language and Deaf Culture through face-to-face, virtual and online courses. Before joining PCC, Ernest was a secondary teacher and taught ASL and Deaf studies. He previously was a substitute teacher for PK-12, adjunct faculty at Gallaudet University & Georgetown University, and employed in Federal Government, private sector, and non-profit organizations.

Ernest earned his Bachelor of Arts degree in Communication Studies and American Sign Language from Gallaudet University. He also graduated from Drexel University with a Master of Education in Higher Education. He published his thesis with ProQuest in Drexel Library, provided multiple global presentations on diverse contents, and served in multiple leadership roles in the workplace, local community, and nationwide level. He is currently a secretary of the Arizona Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf (AZRID). He also owns a business that focuses on life coaching, leadership consulting and translating (English to ASL or International Signs).

On a personal note, Ernest grew up in Ohio and came from a Deaf family (Deaf parents and siblings). Ernest also knows International Sign and Pro-Tactile ASL (DeafBlind's language). He also has been to over 50 countries and his favorite countries are India, Sri Lanka, and the Maldives. He loves to cook at home and almost never cooks the same

meal. He's an extrovert which means he gets energy from people - please share your energy with him if you can.

EMILY JACOBSON received her Bachelor of Fine Arts at Utah State University. Her emphasis was in drawing, but she loved printmaking and photography as well. Currently, she has a small photography business where she focuses on portrait photography. She also has a great love of painting, specifically with watercolors. She loves all things art and enjoys sharing her love of art with others. Emily currently resides in sunny southern Arizona and works at Pima Community College East Campus Library and enjoys spending time with her family.

FRED DUREN is a Student Services Specialist at District in the Registrar's Office. He transfers coursework from other colleges into Pima CC. He is a tournament chess player, cat aficionado, and an amateur poet.

HAZIEL ZAVIER LOPEZ is a PCC employee working in the Adult Basic Education for College and Career department of PCC as a Support Technician. As a former GED student graduating from that same department in 2017, Haziell went back to that field as a Support Tech in order to encourage others to succeed academically by showing students understanding, compassion, and a strong dedication to learning all while assisting them on their academic journey. Getting this message out does not stop at the office, as Haziell has gone on to be heavily involved in promotional work in mail fliers for the college's Adult Education side and starring in PCC commercials. From representing

Adult Ed. as a Student Senator to being an Ambassador and meeting with Arizona state legislators at the state's Capitol, Haziel knows the importance of education and the vital role that it plays in the lives of all ages.

ISABEL LUEVANO is an illustrator currently working in Tucson, AZ. She has been working at Pima's Desert Vista Campus as a Writing Tutor since 2019. She received her Associate of Fine Arts - Visual Arts Concentration from Pima Community College in May 2020 where she confirmed her passion for illustration. Isabel is currently continuing her education and is anticipating completing her Bachelor of Fine Arts with an emphasis in illustration and design at the University of Arizona in May 2023. Her intent is to capture feelings, moments, and aesthetics through her artwork. While her primary medium is in digital illustration, she aims to explore a survey of media, techniques and approaches to art through both a creative and communicative lens. She is looking forward to a career that combines her love of creative writing and visual media, which would be used as a means for sequential storytelling and expressive design work.

JAVIER SERGIO PEDROZA is adjunct faculty in the business department at Pima. He facilitates mostly online courses, although he has instructed in face-to-face, virtual, and hybrid formats. Most of Mr. Pedroza's courses center on management and marketing with some business classes. He also is the Discipline Coordinator for Marketing and Management as well as the Subject Matter Expert in those areas contributing to the development of the curriculum. Mr. Pedroza's

professional experience prior to joining the academic ranks includes broadcast news management, reporting, and producing for English and Spanish-language media organizations, major collegiate sports marketing, and corporate community affairs.

JONI PERALTA is from New Orleans. She left in 2005 during Hurricane Katrina, traveled around the USA for a few years, and arrived in Tucson 10 years ago. Xhe has a master's degree in math education and is a math tutor working at the Learning Center at Desert Vista Campus and remotely online. A *passant-blanc* (white-passing) Creole from New Orleans, Joni has ancestors from Europe, indigenous Americas, and the old trade routes all over the world. As a pantheist (from Oxford Languages, one who identifies God with the universe, or regards the universe as a manifestation of God), Joni works with the ancestors, who inspire xer work in the arts and in math education. Xhe is passionate about establishing a society free of racism and other forms of oppression, a multi-community in which liberty and justice are real for all. This passion is reflected in xer work as a math tutor as well as an artist. In addition to tutoring math, Joni writes essays, poetry, and music; sings, plays guitar and djembe drum; and performs at drum circles and open mics around Tucson. Joni's poems are meant to be songs, and xhe hopes that these poems will sing in you.

LAURA BARTKOWSKI has worked at PCC as a Microbiology Specialist and Lab



Technician at East and NW Campuses. She enjoys the outdoors and capturing pictures of the great Sonoran desert. As a grandmother of two, there are multiple opportunities for humorous and happy photo shoots. An avid nature lover, her poetry usually involves an accent or aspect of our bountiful and beautiful world.

MANO SOTELO teaches drawing, painting, and design courses and is full-time faculty in the Visual Arts department. His work has been exhibited in museums across the United States, local and national juried and invitational shows, and a variety of Tucson galleries. Mano's work has also been highlighted in competitions hosted by The Artist's Magazine, International Artist Magazine, and American Art Awards. Extended bio., artist statement and artwork can be found at: www.sotelostudio.com

MATTHEW CHANDLER is an actor, writer, and producer who works at the West Campus as a Program Advisor for the Health Related Professions. Matthew earned his Bachelor's Degree in Theatre Performance and his Master's Degree in Post-Secondary Education from Northern Arizona University. After pursuing a professional acting career in Los Angeles for seven years, Matthew and his family moved to Tucson to build a beautiful life together in the Saguaro city. Matthew's audiobook, 'A Rhythm of Opposites', is his first in the genre. He is honored to share this award winning and important story with the Pima community!

MATTHEW MEDEIROS has been a biology and chemistry adjunct instructor with Pima

college since 2013. I earned my doctorate in pharmacology at the University of Arizona. I do photography as a hobby, but enjoy reading, weightlifting, and running when time permits.

MATTISON CASAUS is a current Writing Adjunct Instructor for the Northwest and Downtown Pima Community College Campuses. She has taught academic writing courses for six years. Although she mostly writes short stories and poetry, she enjoys all types of art. Drawing and painting have become a popular hobby in her spare time. As a new mom to a three year old girl, Mattison has used both writing and art to embrace all of her new life changes. She hopes you enjoy her work and notices the beauty that life brings.

MICHAEL O'BLENESS for over three decades, has led an extensive career in the medical field as a registered nurse. Prior to embarking on his vocational path, he pursued an education at the University of Texas at Tyler, where he obtained a Bachelor of Science in Psychology, with a minor in Biology in 1984, and earned a Bachelor of Science in Nursing in 1986. He continued his academic efforts at Baker University, attaining a Masters of Nursing completed at Grand Canyon University, Phoenix, AZ, in 2014. As a commitment to his field, Mr. O'Bleness has been active with several industry-related organizations, including the American Nurses Association, the American Society of Bioethics and Humanities, the Sigma Beta Tau fraternity and the TriBeta Biology Honor Society. Mr. O'Bleness has built a prolific career in the field of medicine and contributed to Saint Luke's Mid America Heart Institute





as a registered nurse educator from 2001 to 2002. Since 2009, he has served as a registered nurse at Aurues Medical, where he has been contracted to work in interventional radiology and the cardiovascular lab. Throughout the course of his career, Mr. O'Bleness has authored "Contrast-Induced Nephropathy: What Do We Know? A Literature Analysis" in 2017, and co-authored "Species and Sexual Specificity of Pheromone Trails of the Garter Snake, *Thamnophis marcianus*" in 1986.

MICHELE RORABAUGH is a Master Scheduler at the Northwest Campus. I am originally from Bradford, Pennsylvania and have lived in Tucson for 15 years. I love the desert, and the vast differences between Arizona, Montana, and Pennsylvania. From the snows of the northeast to the glorious sunrises (and sunsets) of the desert west, each day brings new opportunities for me to enjoy being outdoors and getting random shots. Nature has given me so many opportunities to capture beauty in the moment.

MIKE ROM (Instructional Media Services, Downtown Campus) has a BS in Film and Television production (not that kind of BS). He worked in the movie industry in Tucson for over eight years and did everything from art department to office PA to special effects explosives assistant. When he started working at Pima College in the AV Department, he expanded their offerings to video and computer graphics. He was also able to indulge his creative side through their Digital Art classes. He took sculpture and drawing classes and learned how to paint with acrylics. Mike started photographing flowers for

his wife's paintings—she works in oils—and eventually framed his own work and put them into art shows at the Blue Raven Galley and Gifts. He sold his first piece in his first show and has done pretty well since. He shares a website with his wife at RomByDesign.com, to exhibit his art.

NINA NARDOLILLO is originally from Russia and moved to the US eight years ago. She received her Bachelor's Degree in Cartographic Sciences from Moscow University of Geodesy & Cartography. Nina previously worked as an instructional faculty at four universities in Colombia (South America). In spring 2019, she graduated from PCC in AAS in Digital Arts/Graphic Design. Currently, she is a Program Assistant for PimaOnline Student Success Department, Northwest campus. She fluently speaks English, Spanish and Russian languages. Nina has been passionate about photography for many years, and she took additional classes in photography at PCC. Her photographs were published in SandScript 2018 and 2019. Three of her photographs and her poem recently were published in Cababi 2019/2020. Two of her photographs were displayed in three local photography exhibits in 2019-2020.

ROBERT MATTE, JR. taught writing and literature for thirty years at Pima College and the University of Arizona. For the past several years he has been a writing tutor at East Campus. He is also a retired army officer and a practicing ventriloquist. Mr. Matte is the author of several chapbooks and full length collections of poetry including *Star Kissing*, *Eating the English Army*, *Asylum Picnic*, *Fort Apache*, *Digging for Bones*, and a new collection,

Coyote Moon Trailer Haven. Mr. Matte and his wife live next to a critter filled arroyo in Tucson, Arizona and are constantly filled with awe and wonder.

DR. SARAH RUTH JANSEN teaches philosophy at West Campus and Downtown Campus. A Tucson native, Sarah took her first philosophy course at PCC! Sarah's other passions include cycling, trail running and writing. Sarah is currently taking courses in poetry, fiction and acting at PCC and is very much enjoying her "second education" in the arts.

STEVEN HIGGINBOTHAM is originally from Cleveland, Ohio, and he has worked as an artist, educator, administrator, and leader in professional arts organizations and educational institutions across the United States for over 25 years. Steven earned his undergraduate degree in Theatre Education from the University of Arizona and his terminal graduate degree in Directing for the Theatre from Florida State University. As a director and choreographer, Steven has staged over 50 full-scale productions throughout his career, with selections ranging from plays to musicals, classical to contemporary works, and comedic to dramatic styles. Currently, Steven has the honor of serving as Dean of Arts at Pima Community College in Tucson, Arizona, a position which includes advocating for and supporting academic pathways and co-curricular activities and events in various departments, including Digital Arts, Fashion Design, Performing Arts, and Visual Arts. To view a selected portfolio of Steven's past artistic projects and creative work as a director and choreographer, please visit <https://www.stevenjameshigginbotham.com>.

T. ADAM BALDRY is an Instructional Technologist based at the Northwest Campus. He is an Arizona native that loves spending time out in the desert and the pines of Mount Lemmon. He doesn't think of himself as a designer, but he does like to design when inspiration hits. He often finds himself impressed by the beauty of nature while on hikes and likes to take simple photos that will translate well into digital illustrations. He prefers to pull traces of humanity from digitally illustrated photos when possible in order to get a glimpse of what these scenes would have been like before humanity put their stamp on them.

DR. TATYANA THWEATT is the discipline coordinator and a full-time faculty at PCC NW Campus. She teaches all communication (CMN) courses. She has been teaching at Pima since 2010. Her background is in linguistics, translation/interpretation, and teaching. Dr. Thweatt's research interests are in intercultural communication and cultural competence.

THERESA DODGE is a Library Services Specialist at Downtown Campus Library. Her favorite subjects are always found while out roaming around Southern Arizona.

TINEKE VAN ZANDT is full-time faculty in Anthropology / Archaeology at the West Campus and Department Head of ANT / ARC / GIS. She enjoys spending time outside and observing the natural world.

VERONICA WILLIS was born and raised in Tucson, Arizona, and has worked for Pima College in the library since 2007. She enjoys art and baking, and is always trying to do new and exciting art. Art is what she uses to stay calm and express herself.

