

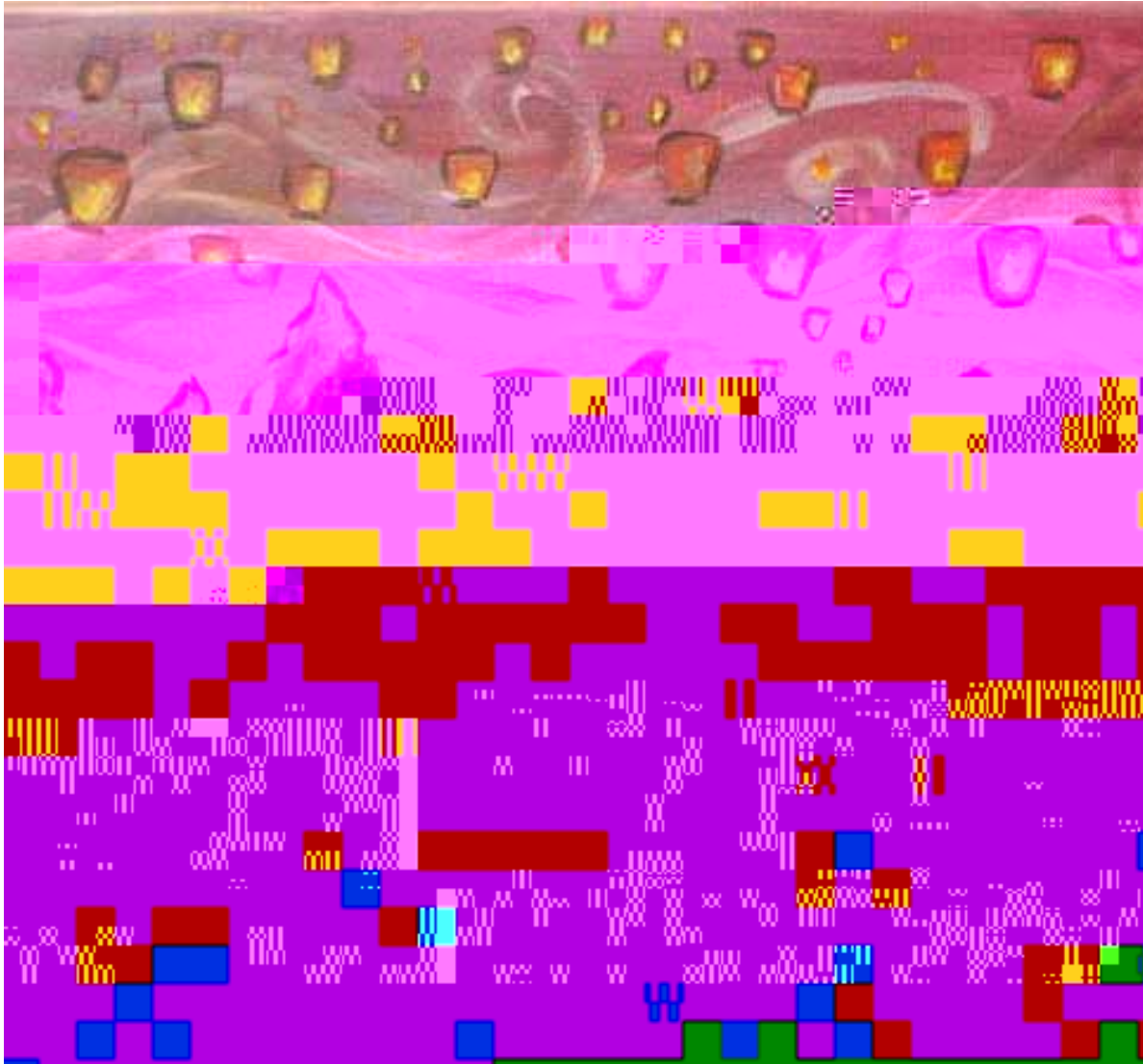
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HANNAH RICHMOND
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Azahares is the University of Arkansas - Fort Smith's premier Spanish-language creative literary magazine. The primary purpose of this magazine is to provide students and community members with an arena for creative expression in the Spanish language, as well as a literary space for writing that presents the themes of the Latino experience. The azahar, or orange blossom, is a flower of special meaning. Representative of new life and purity, azahares form part of the iconic tradition of the Spanish-speaking world, embodying a freshness of spirit and perspective captured with this publication. Although Azahares predominantly highlights student work, submissions are open to all members of the community.

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—Sí, mi amor. La carne huele mal porque está echada a perder, está morada. Quítale el pedazo morado y verás que lo demás se puede comer.

Mi otro niño llorando me dice, – Mamá, la carne tiene gusanitos.

—Déjame ver. Mm, es verdad, pero no llores, mi amor. La lavaré y le pondré un poquito de sal y te la vuelvo a cocinar. Ya verás qué rica sabe.

La verdad es que no tenemos refrigerador, tampoco dinero para comprar comida y carne buena. Por eso tenemos que conformarnos con la carne que el carnicero me vende barata, ‘en especial’ como dice él, la carne descompuesta.

Comemos pollo cuando encontramos alguno muerto en el basurero. Qué duro es tener que decirles a los hijos que hoy no hay qué comer. Muchas veces se van a la cama con el estómago vacío.

Lloro y se me parte el corazón al oír el triste concierto de tripas rugiendo de hambre. Me hundo en el llanto y el dolor que me destroza el alma, saber que por herencia me tocó vivir en la miseria, la pobreza, la injusticia y la ignorancia. ¿Por qué, Señor, por qué?

¿Acaso no habrá una mañana feliz para nosotros los pobres? ¿Acaso nosotros no tenemos el derecho de soñar y recibir lo bueno de la vida, en grande? ¿Por qué me tocó tan mala suerte? ¿Por qué no conocí a un príncipe azul? ¿Acaso seré siempre una cenicienta?

Mi llanto moja la almohada y por fin, me quedo dormida en el piso húmedo y frío al lado de mis hijos.





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Carmen Deloya's family migrated seasonally like Monarch butterflies traversing the American west coast to the north and then south again. Home was Texas and Arizona for the winter, the Pacific Northwest for the summer.

Carmen was a healthy young girl who somehow never got sick so she didn't mind moving every five or six months to different climates. The traveling gave her the chance to admire the canyons of Colorado, the majestic Rockies and Pacific Ocean, scenic old-growth forests and the calm beauty of the southwestern deserts.

What she didn't enjoy was having to forge friendships over and over again at every new migrant camp. Actually, leaving her old friends was the worst part. But Carmen was quick to adapt.

As soon as she began walking and talking, Carmen's desire to learn everything about everything increased her knowledge base exponentially. Her parents educated and nurtured her as best they could, but sometimes she felt as if they had run out of things to teach her.

Grade school, too, was a boring pain in the neck. The schoolwork itself came easily to Carmen. In fact, her first grade teacher, Ms. Lundgren, was amazed when Carmen began reciting the entire English alphabet after one day, having never spoken English before the first day of class. She remembered everything. Sometimes she thought she remembered too much.

Within several weeks, she was getting perfect scores in math at the fourth grade level. She startled her teacher when she answered a question about global warming before the teacher had had a chance to ask it.

"The average temperatures of the earth and oceans are rising because humans are contaminating our air and atmosphere and the glaciers are melting."

Ms. Lundgren gave Carmen a momentary blank stare. "Yes, you're right. How did you know that?"

"I heard it in a documentary and I read it somewhere," said Carmen.

"No, I meant how did you know I was going to ask that question?"

Carmen smiled. "Lucky guess, I suppose."

But little Carmen knew it wasn't a guess. She'd felt the question as if it had been spoken in Ms. Lundgren's head so that only Carmen could hear it. She buried her head in her science book and avoided her teacher's puzzled look. This empathic ability was intriguing when she first noticed it and it was becoming more refined, but at this moment it felt like unwelcomed telepathy.



Actually, Carmen enjoyed figuring out how things functioned and how people reasoned things out. But it was the headaches accompanying her ruminations that bothered her. At this moment, she had only minor pain, enough for her to concentrate on other things and not read other people's minds.

She loved music, but that too, was becoming problematic. Carmen remembered all the words to songs she liked and could hum those songs in perfect pitch. The problem, though, was that the music sometimes kept playing in her head, even when she wanted only the quietude of her thoughts.



"You know what I could do?" he said.

"What's that?"

"I could pull over and sleep on the ground. We got a tarp and a couple of sleeping bags."

Carmen's mother turned to her father. "Out here, in the middle of nowhere?"

"Hey, it's only for a couple of hours. Besides, it won't be the first time we've slept outdoors."

Carmen's mother glanced at her with an embarrassment that was impossible to hide. "He means when we were young and camped outdoors."

Within fifteen minutes, Carmen's father found a pullout wide enough to park twenty feet from the roadway. Traffic was non-existent. Her father spread their tarp on the warm desert sand and rolled out two sleeping bags. Her two brothers slept in the back seat oblivious to the happenings around them.

"Carmen, you sleep with me in this bag," said her mother, unzipping the closest one to the car. "Your father will take the other."

Carmen didn't argue. Somehow she felt safer outside with her mother, than inside without her. They cuddled and shared each others warmth until Carmen finally dozed off.

It may have been minutes or it may have been hours but something stirred Carmen from her slumber. She could hear her father snoring a few feet away in his own sleeping bag.

Every now and then, he would grunt softly as if a jolt of electricity shot through him. She knew it was that ruptured disk pressing on his spinal cord. His doctor had recommended an artificial disk replacement but with no funds to pay for surgery, Carmen's father was doomed to suffer. She'd heard her parents discuss their finances and there simply wasn't enough money for expensive medical procedures.

It was then that a sudden bright light came down from above. A soft moan of bewilderment escaped from the tomb of her lungs. Carmen shielded her eyes and tried to look at it, but some force kept her from seeing it directly. It was as if a huge hand had reached down from the sky and prevented her head from turning.

Carmen felt no fear and she was sure that at any moment her mother, or father, or both would wake up and witness this strange phenomenon. Instead, they remained sound asleep.

The light was stark white, lighting up a surrounding circular area about three times the length of their



“We know you are curious. It is natural for someone at your embryonic stage to want to see, but your tender eyes cannot yet handle the intensity of our being. It is better that you not behold us directly.”

Carmen's little analytical mind went to work. “We” meant there was more than one being. They knew who she was, or did they? To be in an embryonic stage only meant they recognized her young age compared to her sleeping parents or other adults. They also seemed to understand the limitations of human eyesight and thus were protecting her from physical danger.

“Are you God?” she asked.

“Some say we are God-like, but no, we are not the one you call God.”

Carmen studied her shadow cast on the stone beneath her feet. The shadow was moving which meant the star-being was moving too. “What do you want from me? You did not wake the others.”

The light seemed to diminish in intensity and then return to its original brightness. “We make contact with persons who have the DNA structure, the building blocks, we gave to your ancestors long ago. You are not perfect but you are structured with few defects and flaws. We are interested in observing your development.”

“You mean the computing of numbers, the reading comprehension and the telepathy?”

“Yes, and the perfect health and the reading of runic rhymes in ways of the world. You are what your mother said, a special child.”

She didn't like that label, a special child. To her, it was odd that other children generally looked the same, walked on the same earth and spoke the same language. Yet not one of them knew how isolated she felt or shared anything of a personal nature. She felt utterly apart and alien.

Carmen thought of all the moments of pleasure she had experienced because of her special skills but then recalled that there had been sad moments as well. There was the time she predicted her fast-driving neighbor's car crash, the death of the stray cat who'd come to their door for food scraps and then, of course, the prediction of her father's paralysis which she knew was a certainty. At that moment, Carmen made a life-changing decision.

“I don't want to be special. I'd rather be imperfect and normal like the rest of my family.”

“Why do you wish that?” The voice, which was not a voice, was neither angry nor sad. The star-beings spoke with a simple tone of curiosity and maybe, thought Carmen, with a tinge of disappointment.

“I just do, that's all,” she said.

“Have you thought about the consequences of being like the rest? You will no longer have the intelligence abilities you now possess, and you will be susceptible to disease.”



“Yes, and you know I have, but I do have one request.”

“Tell us what that is.”

Carmen knew her life would never be the same, but she was being honest and she had thought about it.

“I want you to heal my father. You know what happened. He acted out of care and love for my mother when he saved her from a serious fall. He’d give his life for her if it came down to it.”

“You are special indeed,” said the voice in her head.

A bright orange and black butterfly flitted into the dark as the light around her began to dim. Carmen began to wonder how she’d find her way back to the sleeping bag. She blinked once.

In the next instant, she was lying in the back seat of the station wagon as it rolled down the highway. Her brothers were silently watching the mesas in the desert as her parents carried on a conversation in the front seat.

“Boy, that hard ground did wonders for my back,” said Carmen’s father. “I feel like a new man!”

Her mother smiled at him.

Carmen sat upright. Just then a dust particle tickled her nose. She sneezed.

“Oh my,” said her mother turning toward the back seat. “I think our baby caught a cold last night.”

Carmen grinned. “Nobody’s perfect.”



Goya, te acaricio una vez más
Después de estar tan lejos por un día
Llego a ti, rozo tus cuerdas, toco tu cuello,
Siento tu cuerpo maltratado por el tiempo
Que aún produce sonidos frescos,
Sonidos de fantasía.

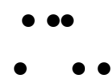
Aún recuerdo cuando el hombre viejo
Con voz paternal dijo que eras mía
Después de crear magia con sus manos en tu cuerpo
Dejó que en las mías resonaras.
Goya, has sido tal vez el regalo más sincero
Que he recibido en mi vida.

Recuerdo cuando cantaste por primera vez para ella,
Mi compañera, rubia como tú.
Sus ojos verdes se clavaron en tu boca
Y su mente se perdió en la suave lluvia de sonidos
Desde entonces nuestras tardes las pasamos junto a ti,
En pláticas, canciones, besos y risas.

En noches como ésta, eres mi única compañía,
Cuando ella se va, tú te quedas
Y susurras a la tenue luz de mi cuarto
Piezas clásicas que mis aún torpes dedos
Tratan de interpretar como aquel hombre viejo,
Al que tanto quisiera ver y abrazar otra vez.







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It was possible to look back on yourself, your friends and the world you live in. - Reyes

Fidel and I were headed toward the river and we were deep in the bosque or river forest, the sun now only able to shower a ray or two to the forest floor through the tall, dense cottonwood canopy. The scattered Russian Olive trees were still in bloom, emitting their intoxicating fragrance and we were careful not to get too close to them and their vicious thorns. They grew tall and wide with light green feathery leaves, their small yellow blossoms pollinated by circulating bees so that they could later bear the fruit of the monkey peanuts in the fall. Our steps rustled the dry cottonwood leaves from last fall forming an inch high, yellow-brown blanket on the bosque floor. The rustling announced our entrance to the forest kingdom created by the river god and the giant trees that served as sentries. The cottonwoods were the masters of the river forest, growing to be eighty to a hundred feet high with huge branches that gave them a span that nearly equaled their height. Their bark was thick with deep crevices that allowed kids like us to grip the bark with our hands and lift ourselves with our rubber soled shoes whose tips fit nicely into the crevices. We could climb up the tree to sit on the upper limbs and view the world far and wide. In the summer, just weeks after school was out, we would pick the cotton pods or tetones before they opened up and use the individual tetone as the projectile for a slingshot. Each tetone would ripen eventually from a cluster of ten to twenty of them, rupturing and releasing the cotton ball that floated in the air, light and fluffy. When the tree released so many of its balls all at once, a moving whitish cloud surrounded the tree. The balls would float away and end up far from the tree as any slight breeze would carry them off like angels until they alit. Occasionally you would find them in your hair, and you'd be lucky if a comb could get all the cottony angels out.

It hadn't rained the last couple of weeks and the air in the bosque had a cool prickly dryness to it. It was midmorning and we could hear the river rippling through the rotting stumps and other obstructions brought about by the high waters of the snow melt just a month or so ago. The other sound was the slight breeze vibrating the full-bodied leaves of the monster trees surrounding us. We could see sparkly reflections of the river current through the willowy reeds growing on the banks of the acequia, the irrigation ditch, that paralleled the river in town, sometimes only a few feet away and sometimes as much as a mile away.

"Should we go to the acequia or on a river branch?" Fidel inquired.

"Let's start with the acequia and then go to the river at the end," I said, not really caring one way or the other.

The acequia was built to draw water out of the river stream and channel it away from the river and along the fields that the farmers flooded once or twice a week for their crops of corn, chili and squash, the staples of the Valley that had been grown for thousands of years by the Pueblo Indians. Newgrance and we were



and then of the Spanish colonists who had tried to scratch out a living here several hundred years ago. Generations later, families remain in the same farms and ranches, maybe because it was too far to go back in time or space and start anew somewhere else. The river helped us survive the dry winter, the dusty spring and fall and the scorching summer. And so it did for those early Spanish denizens,



end. Today we could enjoy the acequia for awhile and then move on to the river itself. Our swim trunks were already soaking wet, and our bodies had the skin bumps from the chilly water. We would shiver a bit until the sun rays hit us hard and gave us warmth, evaporating the little droplets, even those falling like



"I know, I know. I just wanted to feel the sun a bit. It feels nice after a swim," I stammered. Fidel had brought me back to San Isidro, the reality of swimming in a river channel near the bridge. I was still the boy from the west side of town with a mother who was a part-time plasterer. I became human again, feeling the pain and shock of somebody dumping cold water on you.

"It's time to go," he said. "My mother will be looking for me. It's getting close to lunchtime."

I got into the water to clean myself off. The bucket was rusty and the water poured on me had a noxious smell. I felt the cleansing water around me again, and I dipped myself completely, doing one baptismal dive after another before heading home. Despite the shock Fidel had delivered, I still felt refreshed and energized. The river had done its magic again, washing away the unsettled state that comes from not knowing the future. Somehow you are reminded that we live one youthful day at a time. And there is so much to observe and learn each day, especially with friends, and when there is a parent to protect you.

I walked fast to catch up with Fidel. We found our clothes and removed our trunks and wrung them dry. Our skin still had goose bumps from the swim. We dressed and put on our socks and shoes after cleaning the river sand and grass off our feet.

As we walked home, I could hear the river ripples become diTD 4soth nfi7 nj 0 -2uick1nct inhbsun a b stergized.





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Ahí está, llorando.

Con las piernas y brazos destrozados.

Todo por un hombre que aprovechando de su cariño la maltrató, la destrozó.

Alza lo que le queda de su brazo para pedir ayuda a una divinidad, a algo, a alguien.

A su alrededor una oscuridad cierra el mundo que antes brillaba.

Ahora está sola, pero sigue de pie,

Sigue luchando.





Ya viene la Santa Muerte con su hoz
Por el trabajador que no tiene voz
Ellos han trabajado bajo el sol quemándose la piel
Espero que ya entren en la tierra de leche y miel.

En este Día de Todos los Santos
No trato de darte muchos espantos
Sino escribo la verdad
Para honrar a los que satisfacen nuestra necesidad,
Y quienes merecen morir llenos de dignidad.

You crossed the border, the first of many a trial and test,



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Somos hojas que crecen en el mismo árbol...
El árbol de la vida.
Estamos separados,
Pero juntos también.
Separados, tomamos el sol.
Juntos, susurramos en el viento.
Debajo de la tierra,
Nuestras raíces están entrelazadas.
Tomamos nuestro alimento de la misma fuente...
Nuestra fe en Dios.
Es la fe que nos da vida.
Sin embargo, cuando caemos del árbol,
No es la muerte.
Porque cuando nos descomponemos,
Nos hacemos parte de la tierra.
El árbol nos absorbe,
Y nos unimos otra vez.

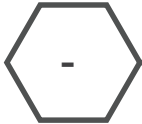


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Daban las seis de la mañana cuando Mariano se enderezó de la cama. Su cuerpo encorvado por el cansancio se semejaba a un signo de interrogación. Sus pies aún le dolían de tanto caminar el día anterior. Varias ampollas amarillentas que brillaban de regordetas se le habían reventado. Se retorció de dolor al dar el primer paso. El rozar de los zapatos en la carne viva le producía escalofríos. Era como si una mano invisible hubiera cubierto con sal las heridas de sus pies. Salió de la casa rápidamente. El aire fresco de la mañana golpeó su cara refrescándolo un poco. No tardaba en amanecer. A lo lejos sonaron las campanadas de la iglesia llamando a la primera misa del día. Mariano no pudo evitar que se le enchinara el cuero al oír el aullido lastimero de un perro en la oscuridad mañanera.

"Pobre, tendrá hambre," pensó, mientras frotaba el viejo crucifijo de plata que colgaba de su cuello.

"Bueno, ¡y a mí que diablos me importa ese perro! ¡Ya bastante tengo con mis tres escuincles y mi vieja!"

Apurando el paso y apretando los dientes hasta hacerlos rechinar por el dolor que le causaban las heridas en sus pies, Mariano siguió su camino; tenía que llegar a la casa de su compadre Antonio antes de que éste saliera rumbo al basurero municipal.

"¡Buenos días, compadre!"

"Vaya, pensé que no ibas a venir, compadre."

"No tengo otro remedio. La botana en casa se ha agotado por completo y por más que busco chamba, no puedo encontrar nada. Ya tengo tres meses sin trabajar. ¡Ya ni pa' los frijoles nos alcanza! Si hoy no consigo nada que comer, tendré que vender este crucifijo que me dio mi abuela antes de morir."

"¡No te preocupes, compadre! En el basurero encontrarás que comer. Con buena suerte y llegamos antes que todos los demás y nos surtimos pa' la semana."

Mariano suspiró profundamente; se trepó en la bicicleta detrás de su compadre. Al menos, el suplicio de caminar terminaría momentáneamente.

Antonio empezó a pedalear la destartada bicicleta que se pandeaba bajo el peso de los dos hombres dando la impres. ir lba el viesbarta endeuandlqura oment LaDla igbocdestadtado.de sutonio emb18(otaba enr)18(ep ts hoTJ 0 -1.25

"¿Qué será aquello que brilla tanto? ¡Con un poco de suerte es algún reloj o algo valioso!"

Animado por el billete que acababa de encontrar, Mariano apuró su paso hasta llegar al lugar. Una resplandeciente y enorme hebilla de oro sobresalía entre la basura.

Rápidamente, como la jauría a la presa, Mariano se lanzó a recogerla. Una peste nauseabunda que entró por los grandes agujeros de su nariz chata lo obligó a retroceder un poco.

"¡Cómo apesta aquí!" exclamó, volviéndose hacia donde estaba la hebilla fulgurante.

Al tratar de apoderarse del tesoro que creyó haber encontrado, no pudo. La hebilla de oro estaba pegada a un cinturón de cuero negro. El cinturón pertenecía a un hombre que yacía boca arriba muerto. El estómago hinchado del cadáver hacía casi desaparecer el cinturón resaltando aún más la hebilla de oro. Los ojos de Mariano casi se salieron de sus órbitas. A pesar de tantos crímenes cometidos en la ciudad en los últimos dos años, Mariano nunca había visto un cadáver.

¡Los si... sicarios!" gritaba Mariano histéricamente señalando hacia donde estaba el cuerpo.

"¡Dios mío! ¿Encontraste un muertito? ¡Pongamos pies en polvorosa antes de que se arme la bronca. No sea que vuelvan los sicarios y hasta nosotros la llevemos por sgonos!"

Temblando de terror los dos compadres subieron a la bicicleta. En la plaza principal se detuvieron para tomar un respiro y controlarse. Silenciosamente se sentaron en una de las viejas enmohecidas bancas de ferro de la época por riana. Gruesas gotas de sudor corrían por sus frentes. Sus corazones palpitaban ruidosamente como caballos desbocados. Sus bocas reseca y entreabiertas trataban de respirar. La mente bloqueada de Mariano no lograba apartarse de la grotesca imagen que había visto.

"¡Qué bueno que no lo viste!" dijo tristemente. "¡Quisiera no haberlo encontrado! Tiene razón mi vieja cuando dice que no debo andar en las calles después de las diez de la noche. Las cosas ya no son como eran antes en este pueblo."

"¡Tienes razón compadre! Me dijo el Chema que la semana pasada alguien dejó una hielera en la central de autobuses. Cuando el guardia la abrió, adentro había tres cabezas. Hasta ahorita la policía no ha podido encontrar los cuerpos. ¡Sepa Dios 'onde estarán! Seguramente los Sicarios les dieron chicharrón."

"¡No friegues, compadre! ¿En serio? ¡Tú me quieres asustar más!"

"¡No, compadre! ¡Es la neta!"

"¡Pos yo ya no quiero estar aquí! ¡Ahorita mesmo me pelo pa' l otro lado!"

"¡Tas loco, compadre! ¿Piensa irte caminando desde aquí? ¡No tienes feria pa' l camión!"

"¡Mira! Encontré mil pesos en la basura. Con esto me alcanza pa' llegar a Ciudad Juárez y allí ya veré como me la rifo..."

"¿Qué? ¡Pos yo me pelo contigo compadre! Aquí tengo una feriecita que me pagaron ayer por una liebrita que me eché lavando la troca de Ramiro. ¡Si vieras el troconón que trai! Cada año viene del otro lado pa' ver a su familia. ¡Le ha ido rete bien por allá! ¡Siempre anda presumiendo hartos dólares!"

"¡Ya ves! ¡Dios aprieta pero no ahorca, compadre! Por algo me cayeron estos pesitos. Vámonos. Cuando llegemos allá le hablaré a mi vieja. Si le digo ahora capaz que empieza a joder de nuevo con su cantaleta y hasta me quita la morralla."

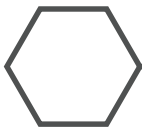
"¡Sí! ¡Ándale! ¿Qué esperamos? Aquí dejo la baika al n y al cabo ya no tarda en tronar de lo destartalada que está."

La inmensa ciudad sucia y ruidosa los recibió como queriendo tragárselos. Miles de carros viejos circulaban rápidamente por las calles llenas de baches. El sol se empezaba a ocultar. La noche pronto llegaría.

"¿Qué te parece si dormimos aquí en la central camionera? Es más seguro. En la mañana tempranito cruzamos la frontera."

"Me parece una buena idea. Pero necesitamos echarnos un taco. Mira todavía me quedan unos pesitos. Vamos a ese puesto. ¡Tengo un hambre terrible! ¡La grande ya se come a la chiquita!"

Rápidamente devoraron unos tacos que, de no haber sido por el recuerdo del muertito, a Mariano le hubieran sabido a gloria. Después de comer se acomodaron en uno de los asientos de la central camionera donde decenas de per sonas dormitaban esperando su siguiente salida. Por la mañana muy temprano llegaron a la frontera.



A través del puente internacional se veía otro mundo. Un mundo ajeno a sus calamidades. La esperanza de un futuro mejor.

"Por aquí no podemos pasar, compadre. Tendremos que caminar hasta donde no hay tanta vigilancia y brincar nos la barda."

"¡Corre, compadre! ¡Si ves la migra te escondes entre los arbustos hasta que pasen!"



"Vamos, compa. ¡No te me rajes! ¡Sigamos caminando! Ya no tardamos en devisar el rancho que dijo tu amigo." Mariano ayudó a Antonio a ponerse de pie. Arrastrando la pierna que se entumecía más y más con cada segundo que pasaba, Antonio trataba de caminar. Un indescriptible dolor le recorría desde el tobillo hasta la espina dorsal. Un sudor copioso cubría su frente y la ebre no se hizo esperar.

"¡Estás ardiendo, compadre!"

Antonio ya no contestó. Echando el pesado cuerpo de Antonio a sus espaldas, Mariano empezó a caminar penosamente tratando desesperadamente de llegar al rancho o algún lugar donde les pudieran ayudar. Volteó la vista hacia el horizonte. Un interminable pasto seco se recortaba a una distancia que parecía alargarse con cada paso que daba. El sol, como una llamarada, parecía ponerse más intenso y rojo.

Mariano sentía que ya no podía caminar más. El cuerpo de su compadre se hacía cada vez más pesado ante el sofocante calor y la falta de agua. Trataba de mantener el paso pero sus ojos cansados cubiertos de un polvo blanco se negaban a mantenerse abiertos. De pronto, Mariano sintió que el cuerpo de su compadre se a ojaba. Lentamente lo recostó en el suelo. Los ojos de Antonio estaban entrecerrados, parecía dormir. De sus labios resecos corría un hilillo de saliva pegajosa.

"¡Compadre! ¡Compadre! ¡Contéstame, no seas gacho!"

Antonio ya no contestó. . . su pierna hinchada, amoratada y calenturienta mostraba los efectos del veneno del bicho.

Con lágrimas que brotaban desde el fondo de su corazón, Mariano tuvo que abandonar el cuerpo de su amigo.

"¡No te vayas a ir a ningún lado! ¡Aquí me esperas! ¿He? ¡Ya regresaré con ayuda!"

Un silencio sepulcral acompañado de un viento caliente fue su respuesta.

Mariano llevaba varias horas caminando sin saber a donde se dirigía.



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All written submissions must be primarily in Spanish, or if in English, they must thematically reflect Latino culture. All artwork and photography must reflect the culture of the Spanish-speaking world. All works will be edited for correct grammar and punctuation.

General Submission Requirements and Guidelines:

t &BDI BVUIPS PS BSUJTU NBZ TVCNJU VQ UP UISFF PG IJT IFS XPSLT
t &BDI BVUIPS PS BSUJTU NVTU TVCNJU B XPSE CJPHSBQIZ JO 4QB
and saved as a Word document.

All submissions must be emailed to mary.sobhani@uafs.edu with AZAHARES 2014 as the Subject Line. All submission packets must include the Submission Form with a valid signature.

Poetry Submission Requirements:

t 1PFNT NVTU CF TVCNJUUF E JO UIF QBHF MBZPVU JOUFOEFE GPS QV
t MJOF NBYJNVN QFS QPFN
t 4BWF BT EPD PS EPDY mMF

Prose Submission Requirements:

t NBYJNVN XPSE DPVOU
t 4BWF BT EPD PS EPDY mMF

Artwork/Photography Submission Requirements:

t \$PMPS BOE CMBDL BOE XIJUF TVCNJTTJPOT BSF BDDFQUFE
t *OEJDBUF NFEJVN VTFE XBUFS DPMPST PJMT EJHJUBM QIPUPHSBQ
t 4BWF BT KQH mMF XJUI BT IJHI B SFTPMVUJPO BT QPTTJCMF CFU

Anticipated publication date for the next edition of Azahares, is Spring 2014.



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2014

Artist/Author Information:

Name: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Phone Number: _____

Email Address: _____

Are you a current UAFS student? YES NO

Submission Information:

Please indicate the title(s) and the genre(s) – poetry, prose, art, digital photography, essay – in the table provided. If submitting artwork, please indicate medium:

TITLE	GENRE
Submission #1	
Submission #2	
Submission #3	

*A maximum of three submissions per each author/artist, regardless of genre.

*Blind-selection process: please do not include your name on the submissions themselves.

Along with this form and the works listed above, please include a 60-word biography for our contributor's page, written in 3rd person, in Spanish. Please send all information to mary.sobhani@uafs.edu.

Statement of original work:

I hereby declare that all submitted items are my own and previously unpublished. I grant permission to the Azahares Editors to use my works for publication and promotion of this literary magazine.

Author/Artist signature Date

All submission materials should be emailed to mary.sobhani@uafs.edu or mailed to:

Mary Sobhani, Managing Editor
Department of World Languages
P.O. Box 3649
Fort Smith, AR 72913-3649



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John Paul E. Abellera's works have been published in The Philippine Star, The Manila Times, Literary Apprentice and Sip. He has co-written screenplays for Star Cinema and Skylight Films. He is a winner of the Catholic Mass Media Award for Best Short Story and the Maria Clara Award for Best 4DSFFOQMBZ)F JT BMTB NFNCFS PG UIF 1IJMJQQJOF \$FOUFS PG *OUF &TTBZJTUT /PWFMJTUT BOE UIF 4DSFFOXSJUFST (VJME PG UIF 1IJMJQQJOF at the Instituto Cervantes de Manila.

María Acevedo was born in Chihuahua, Mexico. She graduated Summa Cum Laude with a BA in Spanish Literature from the University of Central Oklahoma. She obtained her Master's degree in Spanish Literature from the University of Oklahoma. She is currently working on her Ph.D. in Latin-American studies with a minor in Anthropology at the University of Oklahoma. Her area of interest is in neopolicial novel, Latin-America 20th and 21st century and creative writing. She has written many short stories and is working on her first novel.

Martha Bieber, cuyas acuarelas muestran escenas de la vida de Bolivia, vivió por varios años en Cochabamba, ciudad andina. Sus pinturas intentan representar el ambiente y la cultura rural de Bolivia. Originaria de Costa Rica, la vida la ha llevado desde Cartago, su ciudad natal, hasta Paraguay; desde El Salvador hasta Fort Smith, Arkansas donde ahora reside.

Marta Bran es nacida en Honduras y trabaja en la Universidad de Arkansas – Fort Smith. Se siente muy honrada de pertenecer a este hermoso, gran y exitoso equipo, su posición una de las más importantes: trabaja en el área de limpieza. Disfruta y ama su trabajo. Que Dios bendiga a todo el personal que trabaja en UAFS.

Andrea Lucas, estudiante subgraduada de la Universidad de Arkansas – Fort Smith, estudió español en Costa Rica durante el verano del 2012. Con sus fotografías, desea capturar la esencia de la magnífica naturaleza tica.

Michael M. Pacheco's debut novel, The Guadalupe Saints, was published by Paraguas Books in April 2011 and recently won Second Place in the 2012 International Latino Book-to-Movie Awards. His poetry has appeared in "200 New Mexico Poems." His novella, "Seeking Tierra Santa," was released in May 2011. He has been published in Southwestern American Literature, The Gold Man Review, Foliate Oak Literary Magazine, Box re Press, The Acentos Review, Red Ochre Press, Label Me Latina, VAO Publishing - Along the River II, St. Somewhere Journal, and AirplaneReading (twice).

Hannah Richmond, originaria de Fort Smith, Arkansas, estudió psicología y español en la Universidad de Arkansas – Fort Smith y se graduó en 2012. Ahora viaja por el mundo en servicio de la humanidad y con su arte deja volar la fantasía. Ahora reside en Bangkok, Tailandia. Véase <https://www.facebook.com/WhimWonderment>.

José Santillán es estudiante en la Universidad de Arkansas -- Fort Smith. Nació y vivió en México

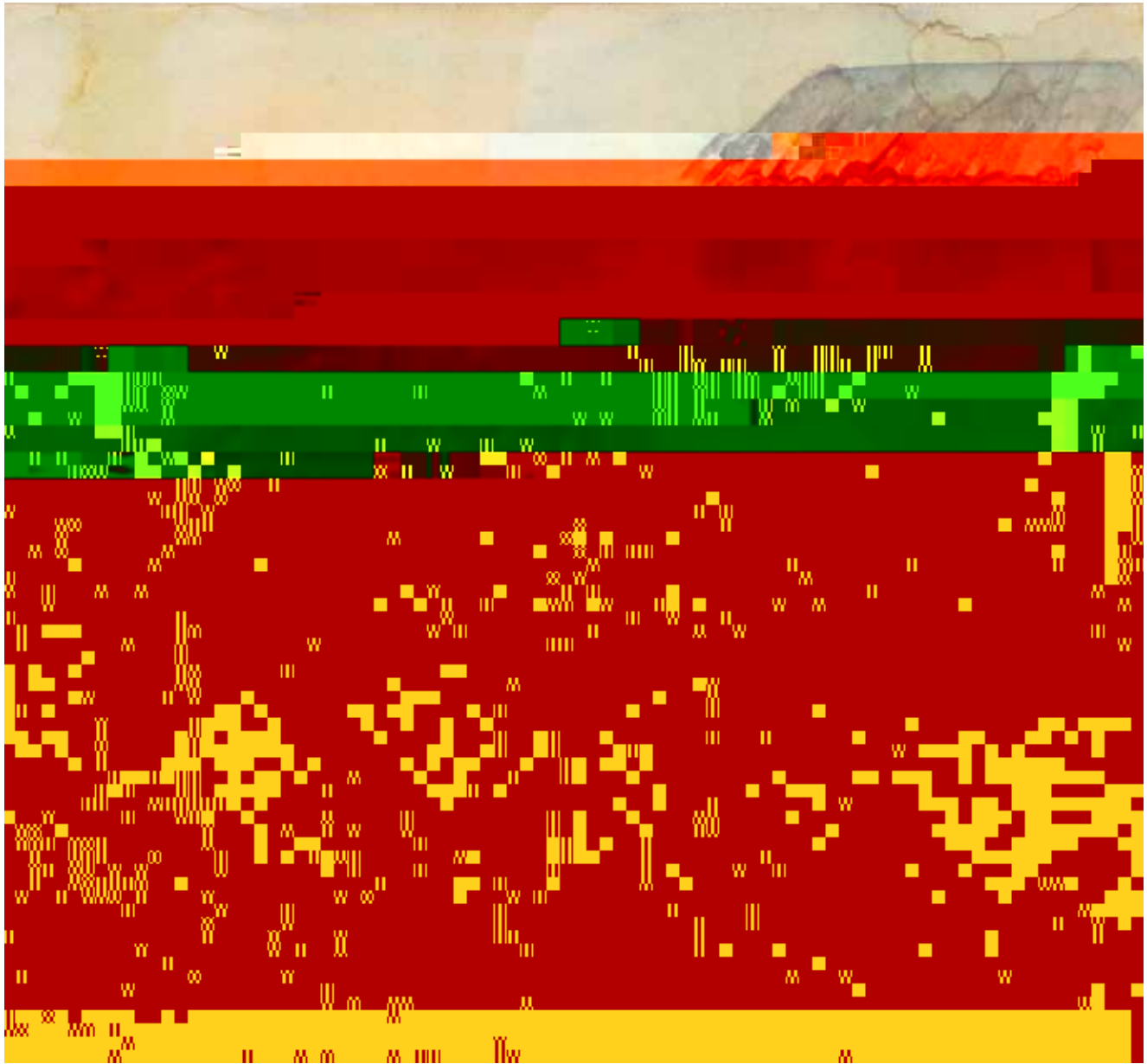


hasta los diecisiete años. A José le encanta el arte. Su pasatiempo preferido es pintar al óleo y tocar guitarra. El poema que escribió fue inspirado en su vieja guitarra clásica.

Andrés C. Salazar es profesor de investigación en la Universidad de Nuevo México de Albuquerque. Nacido en la región nortea de Nuevo México, vive en Santa Fe y actualmente está como instructor visitante en Southern Methodist University de Taos.

Jennifer Wilburn es estudiante de posgrado en Duke University y UNC-Chapel Hill trabate de posgrado e.





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