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Margin is Haverford's themed student-edited publication.

Each issue features a topic marginalized in academic discourses, presenting submissions of critical essays, reviews, creative writing, visual media, and any other artifacts that critically or creatively engage the theme. We seek to publish the work of students, scholars, artists, musicians, and writers, both from within and outside of the Haverford Community.

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Design by Duncan Cooper
Cover: Detail from Blowin’ Up, 2017, watercolor and ink on risograph, by NDA.

Sponsored by the John B. Hurford ’60 Center for the Arts and Humanities.
Hello. Welcome to Margin.

This issue is about EXTRA.

Is it just millennial slang, or something more?

To be extra is to be bold.

To be too much. To be on the outside.

We have drawn our own borders to describe what it might mean to be extra. We chose five poems, five works of visual art, and one essay by artists and writers in and around Philadelphia.

What’s extra?

-Margin
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Sorry To All My Past And Present Roommates For The Number Of Times I’ve Played Love On Top On Repeat; Alternatively: You’re Welcome, Or, How Dancing Alone In Your Room Can Temporarily Give You Control Of A Body You’ve Learned Over and Over Again Belongs To Somebody Else, Somebody Who Is Not You, Or, What Do Your iTunes Play-Counts Say About You? Or, On Trying To Keep It Together When You’re Kinda Falling Apart, Or, When A Winky-Face Is Enough To Make Your Chest Tighten And Your Tears Threaten To Leak Out, Or, Shout Out To The Friends Who Don’t Ask And Sing Even More Off-Key Than You, Or, Naming Your Pain: The Only Way To Make It Real, Or, How Modulation Can Take You One Step Further When You Thought You’d Never Make It, Or, When I Need To Make Everything Stop/Finally You Put My Love On Top
they could never trust their own but they wipe with a thumb
misted sight after a shower, their eyes and their reflection
body clouded on a mirror, recalling from the smothering fog that their breath,
the uncertainty of blurred words growing faint, had heaved
on a page missing time and time again
the certainty of glasses onto polished glass

shrouding the stranger before themself.

the ghostly fingerprints that streak their image
will require words
when they face in the clearing mirror
their mother in rearview, looming with pink rubber gloves,
and they will forget their lines,
and they will stammer a plea.
I’ve seen your blue vanity,
blotted with impressions and cracked with age –
surely even you have felt there’s
nothing more chilling
than the inability to join name and body,
nothing more thrilling
than to touch there, there,
and stain the unseen clear
Identities
Alice Xingxer Hu
The spatial manifestations of the United States military is nothing short of extra. According to Professor of Anthropology and International Studies at Brown University Catherine Lutz, as of 2009, “90,000 troops and 115,000 civilian employees are massed in 909 military facilities in 46 countries.”¹ Yet not only are America’s foreign and domestic bases extra in their number, size, and scale, the way bases constantly regulate human movement also goes beyond the everyday. Military bases are semipermeable in the way they prevent certain people, objects, and ideas from entering and exiting. While the bases’ physical barriers operate as protective walls to outside threats, they simultaneously operate like prison walls, preventing (or slowing) prisoners, as well as refugees, from exiting. In effect, the speed and ease in which detainees are allowed to exit the base’s barrier indicates how well the detained people comply with America’s priorities. Bases have selectively released detainees whose behavior is deemed appropriate for American life, while other, less “American” detainees are held longer—sometimes indefinitely.

In some instances, the semipermeable barrier holding people within bases has opened quickly for skilled refugees that could help America, while bases’ gates have opened more slowly (and sometimes not at all) for refugees with poor English skills.² Bases are impermeable to

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² For example, in 1956, Operation Mercy facilitated the immigration of Hungarians fleeing their country after Hungarian Revolution. The Hungarians immigrated into America through the U.S. Army base Camp Kilmer in New Jersey. According to a CIA report on the mission declassified in 1994,
people seen as racially or physically threatening to American hegemony while other people whose presence could propagate the image of America as a generous humanitarian force are welcomed in society. The detention of foreign people with military spaces at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, and Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, demonstrate how foreign groups’ abilities, ethnicity and perceived ability to hurt Americans affect the permeability of the bases’ barriers and foreigners’ ability to exit their base confinement. Perla M. Guerrero’s 2016 article, “Yellow Peril In Arkansas,” describes how Vietnamese doctors brought to Fort Chaffee as refugees through Operation New Arrivals were quickly funneled off base and employed in American communities who needed medical professionals. In addition, an article in the Fort Chaffee refugee camp newspaper indicates how Vietnamese doctors and nurses had their journey to America expedited while other refugees who lacked the needed skills were forced to take beginner English language courses and classes about American culture in order to prepare them for American society. According to the newspaper Helping Hand, published by the U.S. Army’s 145th Public Information Detachment at Fort Chaffee, after the camp had been operational for three months, 120 out of 140 refugee medical professionals or “well over 80 per cent of all refugee doctors processed into Fort Chaffee [had] been relocated out of the center.” In contrast, other Vietnamese refugees who did not have the desired medical skills were left behind, forced to find Americans to support them through a sponsorship immigration program.

4 “120 doctors sponsored so far,” Helping Hand, August 7, 1975, published by the U.S. Army’s 145th Public Information Detachment at Fort Chaffee.
During Operation New Arrivals at Fort Chaffee, the Army used the base walls to regulate the quality and quantity of refugees leaving and entering the base. As Historian Jana K. Lipman points out in a 2015 article, “one of the key advantages of using military bases as refugee camps was of course that they came with clearly defined and secure perimeters and highly regulated spaces.”

During Operation New Arrivals, the Army used Fort Chaffee and Fort Indiantown Gaps’ barriers to effectively contain the Vietnamese refugees who were waiting for resettlement. The bases’ barriers, along with warnings that exiting without permission was against the law, allowed the Army to control the way the refugees immigrated into America. Furthermore, the U.S. military attempted to use a sponsorship program that required a church or American family to agree to look after refugee families before they could leave the base. The sponsorship program allowed Operation New Arrivals to select where in the U.S. the refugees would start their lives in America. Selecting the exact geographic destination of the Vietnamese and Cambodian refugees allowed the Army and other government agencies to spread the refugees around the country, in an attempt to prevent the accumulation of ethnic enclaves. According to Gail Paradise Kelly, a professor of education and history, at FIG, “camp management, the arm of the IATF [Interagency Task Force], pursued a policy of diaspora. Resettlement was aimed at preventing large clusters of Vietnamese, Cambodians, or Laotians from building up in any large area in the country.”

Kelly describes how sponsorship was a tool not only to help get the refugees started in a new society but also to spread them thin. From the Army’s perspective, sponsoring refugees with a church or American family minimized the risk that the refugees would become dependent on state welfare. Church sponsorship could also limit the formation of Vietnamese clusters, which could remind Americans of the Vietnam War that was still fresh in collective memory. In fact, this plan was not effec-

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tive, as refugees often move around the country closer to families or like ethnic groups. Kelly points out that soon after the refugee resettlement camp at FIG closed in late 1975, refugees had begun to move closer to one another which effectively established distinct ethnic enclaves or “Little Saigons.”

In her article “Where is Guantánamo?,” Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania Amy Kaplan discusses how the detention of Haitian political refugees at America’s military base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba demonstrated the regulation of human movement through the use of U.S. base barriers. In 1991, Haitians fleeing political persecution were detained by the Coast Guard in Florida and transported to Guantánamo Bay. The refugees were feared to be the source of the HIV/AIDS epidemic that affected the United States in the 1980s and 90s. The Haitian refugees kept on base were allowed to leave after considerable suffering in detainment and once it became clear that they would return to Haiti instead of immigrating to the United States. Guantánamo Bay’s base barrier is also historically notable as it switched from being relatively permeable, allowing soldiers to leave base to drink and meet prostitutes in nearby towns, to completely closed after the Cuban Revolution toppled a U.S. supported regime. Since 9/11, the base barrier at Guantánamo Bay has been similarly rigid while holding suspected Middle Eastern terrorists indefinitely.

U.S. military bases possess physical semipermeable barriers that admit certain goods and people while excluding other people and behaviors that are destructive to the American empire. At the same time, the destructive side effects of American presence are allowed to permeate through the barriers into the surrounding local community. In other words, bases’ semipermeable barriers resemble cell membranes that

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7 Ibid, 203.
admit advantageous particles through their membrane walls while re-
jecting other particles that are hostile or unhelpful. The semipermeable
base barrier is a spatial technology implemented around the world by all
five branches of the U.S. Armed Forces as well as other government and
diplomatic agencies.
Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers
Naomi Safran-Hon
Brown bodies came on boats
In search of Campbell’s soup.

Bounded and heated by gold leather skin,
Stretching and straining against the masses of
Steel bone and puddy.
Sour beans still tarred and wet in their throats.

Seasick and hungry:
A tang of rage at bold nothings,
Craving the sweet collapse of land.
Swimming through translation:
Blind men, aidless, learning braille

Ripe foreheads beaded by crowns of foul moisture,
Atop blossoms of wiry sprouts
That swallow their eyes.
Wicked vagrants possessing honest fantasies.

The roar of sunrise,
The allure of the same hymn
In a new land,
The beauty of a flag similar to
Home
and
Overflowing spoons of
Tomato soup
Para Rosita y Juan.
Kitchen

The sink                      She's drained
The dish rack                 She's well-balanced
The oven                      She's too hot to handle
The wall clock                She's on the go
The toaster                   She gets heated
The recycling bin             She's accommodating
The compost bin               She trusts her gut
The table                     She's intimate
The first chair               She's on edge
The second chair              She's firm
The third chair               She's still standing

Home Checklist II
M Slater
Dining Room

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The table</td>
<td>She holds court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The hutch</td>
<td>She’s protective</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The shelving unit</td>
<td>She’s a problem solver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fridge</td>
<td>She keeps her cool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The microwave</td>
<td>She takes her time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The first chair</td>
<td>She’s upfront</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The second chair</td>
<td>She’s no slouch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The third chair</td>
<td>She’s unshakable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fourth chair</td>
<td>She’s holding up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ceiling fan</td>
<td>She’s mind-blowing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bathroom

The shower head  She keeps it coming
The tub         She's filled to the brim
The sink        She cleans up
The soap dispenser  She's methodical
The toilet      She's strictly business
The toilet brush She makes the most of it
The mirror      She's steamy
The trash can   She demands attention
The towel rack  She lets it all hang out
CALLING HOME
Karen Mondaca

I wished i learned how to talk to my mom
Theres a lot of phone calls i owe her
Every call with something i left unsaid
Distancing happening at a faster rate
Than i would like to admit
I think about her a lot
Of all the things i owe her
But i just cant say
I mean, who wants to go to bed crying every night
To a mother you dont deserve
Who is also the dad you never had
And i dont have the words to say
That i wish she knew how much i love her
I know she lost more than she cares to admit
And i feel guilty for leaving
Because it was only me and her looking after the kids
My best friend
My mother
While i was across the country
Taking shots to forget
All the calls i never returned
She was there by the phone hoping I would call
You say brown like it’s a bad word
Like my being is sin and you loving me brings you to doom
You worship the deep colors of my skin
Saying you like vanilla but eating the sweet caramel that drops off my skin
You trace all the places you been to on my body
Confusing my body with a map
But there is only one destination
You say you only want a taste
Unfolding my legs like an Atlas
Getting lost in the pages and folds of my body
You say you know how to swim
But you keep drowning in the oceans of my body
You say you are like an anchor and you can hold me down
But I am not a boat
I am the ocean and I will drown you
You say you want to hold me in the palm of your hand
But I slip between your fingers because I never meant to stay
You want me to stay because I illuminate your life
But I burn brightly and cast everything in my path to flame
You don’t believe me
You kiss me
Pretending I am not fire and water
And when I’m not burning you I am drowning you
Always extreme
Always too much
And you always running to disaster
Like an intoxicating drug you can never get enough
You find my sweetness better than molasses
Slurping my brown sugar
And when you are not on a sugar high
You’re drunk in love
Always coming for more
You call me bruja
That I’ve cast a spell on you
That the sway of my hips calls you
Like a siren calling you to your doom
My lips your salvation
But you keep confusing me with your second coming
I’m not your God
My vagina is not your holy grail
Day and night you worship my body
When I don’t even want to stay the full night
Not into commitment just here for the time
You say my laughter scares you
As the cackles of all my ancestors come forth
Always ending in a moan
Calling the deepest parts of you
But you have nothing that I want
Here I am playing with the Devil
Sleeping with him
Painted red but always white
He calls me exotic
Because in this golden skin he’s tasted honey
Confusing my body with land he wants to own
But the deep brown hues of my body can only bury
What would be his biggest conquest is just a graveyard
I am not here to be owned
I am not here to be tamed
I howl with the wolves
Y así me voy hollering brown women
Untamable
Savage
Never yours
Not even for the night
Previous spread:
The Pharmacy
NDA

This page:
Blowin' Up
NDA
Love on Top, Sophia Abraham-Raveson ’18

Sophia Abraham-Raveson is an English major with a concentration in Africana Studies. She plays bass with her band Baby Bush and loves doing West African dance.

*I wrote this poem while studying abroad in Accra, Ghana. I usually like to write prose fiction and nonfiction, but at a time when my thoughts felt much more fragmented, poetry felt more accessible.*

Chasm, Amy Kim SC ’20

Amy Kim is an English major from San Diego. Talk to her about instances of intersectional feminism in ‘children’s entertainment,’ and you might just have to saw off your leg to get out of the conversation. She misses her dog.

*In Plessy v. Ferguson, Justice John Marshall Harlan famously described Asians as “a race so different from our own” to argue against separate but equal. He noted how the spectral Chinaman could board the white car of the train while black American citizens “many of whom, perhaps risked their lives for the preservation of the Union” could not. The invisibility that haunts Asian American identity, coupled with that of queerness within the community, has become a riveting intersection of racial, gender, and intergenerational conflict.*

Identities, Alice Xingxer Hu ’20

Alice Xingxer Hu is an Asian-American artist based in greater Philadelphia and New York. She is a sophomore at Haverford College majoring in Growth and Structure of Cities. She is inspired by her own experience as a person of color and the strength and sacrifices of her family. You can find more of her work at: xingxerhu.com
My painting stems from my constant negotiation of identities: it's the feeling that I am never enough or that I never fully belong, but it's also the realization that ultimately, all of those identities are impermanent.

**Barriers, Rob Carpenter '18**

Rob Carpenter is a history major from Northern California. Examining the U.S. military’s history of humanitarian operations reveals how the military often operates in multifaceted ways. Humanitarian missions such as Operation Mercy and Operation New Arrivals have proven to exist in a grey area between complete benevolence and pragmatic egotism.

*In my essay, I examine how America’s foreign interventions return home and affect the way Americans first access our country, spatially, politically, and culturally. This essay would not have been possible without the generous help of Professor Andrew Friedman whose course, Cultural Landscapes of American Empire, was the inspiration for this essay. I am also indebted to Abby Cox of the Haverford College Writing Center. Lastly, I owe everything to the support of my family, particularly my mom, dad, and sister, Cass.*

**Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers, Naomi Safran-Hon**

Naomi Safran-Hon is an artist and painter with cement. She grew up in Haifa, Israel, and she holds a BA from Brandeis University and a MFA from Yale University School of Art. Safran-Hon's most recent solo show, *A Room with No Exit*, just opened at Slag Gallery in Brooklyn. You can follow her on Instagram at @saffron_n_honey.

*In my work I investigate the tension between domestic space and the invasion of outside forces. In the region where I grew up, war and violence penetrate every aspect of daily life. Intermixing cement and lace allows me to explore these moments of tension. Cement, an element of the external world, represents the forces that push into lace, a fabric that contains our*
domestic life. Shapes and patterns that are created in cement through the use of lace relate to surfaces and abstract forms as well as to the division and isolation of land. The shapes are taken from maps that show partition and control of land.

*Jose & Honorio, Karleigh Lopez*

Karleigh Lopez is a sophomore at Saint Joseph’s University originally from South Jersey. Karleigh studies Communications, English, and Law, and is a writer for the opinions section for the campus newspaper, *The Hawk*.

*My great grandparents came to America when my grandparents were children. They came to work for Campbell’s soup factory. I wrote this poem to pay homage to my Puerto Rican ancestry and to illustrate the struggles that they had to bear to give further generations, like myself, better opportunities in America.*

*Home Checklist II, M Slater*

M received her BA from the University of Pennsylvania in 2016. She has exhibited at Tiger Strikes Asteroid Philadelphia, The Woodmere Art Museum, The Brodsky Gallery, Fjord Gallery, and most recently at Little Berlin. She is the founder of the anti-branding and post-logo design studio BELSH (belsh.net). mslater.info / ig: @m.slater_

*M Slater is an interdisciplinary artist based in Philadelphia. In sculpture, text-based work, and photography, she deals with the constant negotiation of space. Looking at objects, rooms, and language systems, M considers how we interact with the things around us and the alternative possibilities that arise from the twisting and reshaping of our worlds.*
Karen Mondaca has recently started writing poetry and writes about her struggles with identity, growth, and love.

This piece reflects some of my biggest insecurities especially after heading to college. My mother was both my mom and dad. She raised six kids, three with learning disabilities and somehow always had enough energy and love to smile. With going to college, I felt incredibly bad to leave her alone with all our issues in Arizona. I don’t think a lot of people recognize the class jump that happens when a low-income person comes to a place where they do not have to worry about food, shelter, etc. Every single day, I was having access to things I didn’t even know existed but back home my mom was struggling with rent payments, buying groceries and because we didn’t have a car, she couldn’t take my siblings to their therapy sessions. No matter if you couldn’t change the situation back home, you still feel guilty because you weren’t even there for moral support. Every phone call with my mother was hell, you hear all the struggles happening and you’re stuck in gringolandia planning the next social or pregame feeling guilty because you don’t have to worry about rent money or food insecurity. It got to a point where every call made me guilty and every time I would hang up I would tell my mom I would call her later and I mostly didn’t.

Brown Sugar

Overall, this poem is about Latina sexuality and the complexities of having white partners. Here, the Latina owns her sexuality and talks about the complexities of power with her white lover. Fetishization, ownership, and taming are all mentioned as patterns of colonization but the Latina not only is aware of the issues of this relationship but consistently shows that she owns her body, her time, and ultimately decides how involved she gets with her white lover. This is not to criticize white people or white men, after all, this is here to show some of the complexities of dating/hooking up with white men from the perspective of a woman of color.
NDA is a public and gallery artist based out of Philadelphia. Although his background is in printmaking and illustration, he is now mostly recognized for his focus on murals and large-scale public work. By combining surrealism, comic humor and real life observations, NDA seeks to shine light on the human condition while at the same time making his audience laugh. His bright and expressive work can be seen around the world from Mexico to Norway. Recent projects have brought him to the Lower East Side for a pop up show in an abandoned market as well as the Newark Museum and a mural with the Philadelphia Mural Arts Program. NDA has also exhibited his work in cities along the east coast such as New York, Philadelphia, Newark and Miami. He has been an artist in residence at Staufferstadt in Strasburg, VA and the Sunnhordland Folkehogskule Teaching Residency in Norway. Additionally, he has been featured in the New York Times, Ginko Press and Esquire.
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Design by Duncan Cooper

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Blowing up Blowin’ Up, 2017, watercolor and ink on risograph, by NDA.

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More? Is it just millennial slang, or something else?

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How the U.S. Military’s Semipermeable Base Barriers Operate and Adapt as a Spatial Technology of Empire

Rob Carpenter

The spatial manifestations of the United States’ military is nothing new. According to a CIA report on the mission declassified in 1994, “The American military’s base network in the Middle East contains over 1,000 military facilities in 45 countries.”

For example, in 1995, Operation Provide Relief the United States military was deployed to the Middle East. This deployment consisted of 115,000 military personnel, 90,000 troops, and 600,000 tons of supplies.


Yet not all (or refugees with poor English skills.) Bases are permeable to certain restrictions on who enters and who leaves. While bases’ gates have opened more slowly (and sometimes indefinitely) for skilled refugees that could help found the American life, bases’ gates have been closed more tightly for refugees with poor English skills. In some instances, the semipermeable barrier holding people within bases has opened quickly for skilled refugees that could help America, while bases’ gates have opened more slowly (and sometimes not at all) for refugees with poor English skills. Bases are impermeable to certain restrictions on who enters and who leaves. While bases’ gates have opened more slowly (and sometimes indefinitely) for skilled refugees that could help America, bases’ gates have been closed more tightly for refugees with poor English skills. In some instances, the semipermeable barrier holding people within bases has opened quickly for skilled refugees that could help America, while bases’ gates have opened more slowly (and sometimes not at all) for refugees with poor English skills.
people seen as racially or physically threatening to American hegemony while other people whose presence could propagate the image of America: A Chronicle of the Vietnamese Immigration to the United States (Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1977), 62-63.

Gail Paradise Kelly, From Vietnam to America: A Chronicle of the Vietnamese
6

Perla M. Guerrero, "Yellow Peril in Arkansas: War Chri
5

Jana K. Lipman, "A Precedent Worth Se
4
tive, as refugees often move around the country closer to families or like ethnic groups. Kelly points out that soon after the refugee resettlement camp at FIG closed in late 1975, refugees had begun to move closer to one another which effectively established distinct ethnic enclaves or "Little Saigons."

In her article "Where is Guantánamo?," Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania Amy Kaplan discusses how the detention of Haitian political refugees at America's military base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba demonstrated the regulation of human movement through the use of U.S. base barriers.

In 1991, Haitians fleeing political persecution were detained by the Coast Guard in Florida and transported to Guantánamo Bay. The refugees were feared to be the source of the HIV/AIDS epidemic that affected the United States. They would return to Haiti instead of immigrating to the United States, thus ending the threat of the HIV/AIDS epidemic. Since 9/11, the base barrier at Guantánamo Bay has been similarly rigid while holding suspected Middle Eastern terrorists indefinitely.

U.S. military bases possess physical semipermeable barriers that are permeable to advantageous particles through their membrane walls while rejecting other particles that are hostile or unhelpful. The semipermeable base barrier is a spatial technology implemented around the world by all five branches of the U.S. Armed Forces as well as other government and diplomatic agencies.

In the article "Where is Guantánamo?"...
Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers
Naomi Safran-Hon

Brown bodies came on boats
In search of Campbell's soup.
Bounded and heated by gold leather skin,
Stretching and

During again
The masses of

Steel bone and puddy.

Sour beans still tarred and wet in their throats.

Seasick and hungry:

Blind men, addled, bearing brilliance.
Swimming through translation.
Crying the sweet collapse of land.

A ring of rage at bold nothings.

Joy and hunger:

In search of Campbell's soup.

Jose & Honorio

Karleigh Lopez

Wisdom vaguets possessing honest lampadestes.
Theo sallow their eyes.

Ripe blossoms of my spoils.

Ripe forbeads beaded by crowns of foul moisture.

JOSE & HONORIO
The third chair
The second chair
The first chair
The table
The compost bin
The vegetable bin
The broom
The vacuum
The oven
The dish rack
The sink
Kitchen
Shoes in the entry
Shoes on the edge
Shoes in the hallway
Shoes off the hanger
Shoes on the floor
Kitchen
The ceiling fan is spinning.
The dining room is dimly lit.
She's standing up.
She's wearing a hat.
She's looking at the floor.
She's holding her coat.
She's a problem solver.
She's perspective.

Dining Room
Bathroom

She kept it coming

She's a busybody

She's strict

She demands attention

She has it all hung out

The wall rack

The trash can

The sink drainer

The toilet brush

The mirror

The shower head

The tub
CALLING HOME
Karen Mondaca

I wished I learned how to talk to my mom
There's a lot of phone calls I owe her
Every call with something I left unsaid
I wished I learned how to talk to my mom

My mother
My best friend
You say you are the one who cares
You do not believe me
But I am not a poet
You say you are the one who cares
You can hold me down
But you keep drowning in the ocean of my body
You say you know how to swim
Getting lost in the pages and folds of my body
I Wonder when I lose my legs will I lose you
You say I only want to escape
But there is only one destination
Confusing my body with a map
You leave all the places you been on my body
Seizing skin like vanilla but eating the sweet caramel that drops on my skin
You worship the deep colors of my skin
Like my being sin and you bringing me down to doom
You say brown like it's a bad word

BROWN SUGAR
Karen Mondaca

You find my sweetness better than molasses
Like an intoxicating drug you can never get enough
And you always running to disaster
Always too much
Always extreme
And when I'm notするために、I am drowning you
Preceding I am not fine and water
You kiss me
You don't believe me
But I am not a poet
You say you are the one who cares
You can hold me down
But you keep drowning in the ocean of my body
You say you know how to swim
Getting lost in the pages and folds of my body
I Wonder when I lose my legs will I lose you
You say I only want to escape
But there is only one destination
Confusing my body with a map
You leave all the places you been on my body
Seizing skin like vanilla but eating the sweet caramel that drops on my skin
You worship the deep colors of my skin
Like my being sin and you bringing me down to doom
You say brown like it's a bad word

She was there by the phone hoping I would call
All the calls I never returned
Taking shots to forget
While I was across the country
I know she lost some who she cares to admit
That wish she knew how much I love her
And I don't have the words to say
To a mother you don't deserve
It's not right to say
Of all the things I owe her
I think about her a lot
There I would lie to admit
Pretending happening as a Lester face
Every deal with someone I left unsaid
There's a lot of phone calls I owe her

Karen Mondaca
And when you are not on a sugar high
You're drunk in love
Always coming for more
You call me bruja
That I've cast a spell on you
That the sway of my hips calls you
Like a siren calling you to your doom
My lips your salvation
But you keep confusing me with your second coming
I'm not your God
My vagina is not your holy grail
Day and night you worship my body
When I don't even want to stay the full night
Not into commitment just here for the time
You say my laughter scares you
As the cackles of all my ancestors come forth
You say my laughter scars you
When I don't even want to stay the full night
Day and night you worship my body
My vagina is not your holy grail
I'm not your God
But you keep confusing me with your second coming
My lips your salvation
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ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Love on Top, Sophia Abraham-Raveson '18

Sophia Abraham-Raveson is an English major with a concentration in Africana Studies. She plays bass with her band Baby Bush and loves doing African dance. I wrote this poem while studying abroad in Accra, Ghana. I usually like to write the poem while sitting in an empty room, which makes me feel much more fragmented. But a time when I thought felt much more fragmented was during my time abroad in Accra. Ghana. Love on Top, Sophia Abraham-Raveson '18

Chasm, Alice Xingxer Hu '20

Alice Xingxer Hu is an Asian-American artist based in greater Philadelphia. Her work at xingxerhu.com

In Plessy v. Ferguson, Justice John Marshall Harlan famously described Asians as “a race so different from our own” to argue against separate but equal. He noted how the special Chinaman could board the white car of the train while black American citizens “many of whom perhaps live far from the press” are forced to sit in the “second class” car due to segregation. The invisible that haunts Asian American identity, coupled with the idea of togetherness within the community, has become a racialized and gendered, and intersectional conflict. The invisibility of the woman of color who serves as a wife and mother to her family, and her filtration, and her sacrifice, is a race so different from our own. To see African American women from San Diego, talk to her about instances of identity. Amy Kim is an English major from San Diego. Talk to her about instances of intersectional feminism in children’s entertainment, and you might just have more fragmented, people feel more accessible. West African dance.

East Asian Studies: She plays bass with her band Baby Bush and loves doing African dance. I wrote this poem while studying abroad in Accra, Ghana. I usually like to
My painting stems from my constant negotiation of identities: it’s the feeling that I am never enough or that I never fully belong, but it’s also the realization that ultimately, all of those identities are impermanent.

Jerusalem in Plastic Flowers, Naomi Safran-Hon

Naomi Safran-Hon is an artist and painter with cement. She grew up in Haifa, Israel, and she holds a BA from Brandeis University and a MFA from the University of Pennsylvania. Her most recent solo show, a Room with No Exit, just opened at Slag Gallery in Brooklyn. You can follow her on Instagram at @safran_honey.

In my work I investigate the tension between domestic space and the invasion of outside forces. In the region where I grew up, war and violence penetrate every aspect of daily life. Interweaving cement and lace allows me to explore these moments of invasion. Cement, an element of the external world, represents the forces that push into lace, a fabric that contains our domestic life. Shapes and patterns that are created in cement through the use of lace relate to surfaces and abstract forms as well as to the division and isolation of land. The shapes are taken from maps that show partition and control of land.

Jose & Honorio, Karleigh Lopez

Jose & Honorio is a history major from Northern California. Examining the U.S. military’s history of humanitarian operation reveals how the military often operates in multifaceted ways. Humanitarian missions such as Operation Mercy and Operation New Arrivals have proven to exist in a gray area between complete benevolence and pragmatic egotism.

Barriers, Rob Carpenter

Rob Carpenter is a history major from Northern California. Examining the U.S. military’s history of humanitarian operation reveals how the military often operates in multifaceted ways.
Calling Home, Karen Mondaca '18

Karen Mondaca has recently started writing poetry and writes about her struggles with identity, growth, and love. This piece reflects some of my biggest insecurities especially after head surgery with dental implants and orthodontics, but also shows the complexity of power with my white lover, ritualization, ownership, and taming are mentioned as patterns of colonization but the listener only learns the importance of power with my white lover. The piece acknowledges the latina's own sexuality and takes on the white privilege. Here, the latina owns her sexuality and the complexities of having Brown Sugar

Overall, this poem is about Latina sexuality and the complexities of having white men call her later and mostly didn't...