



Springfield Technical
Community College

Lotus Elise

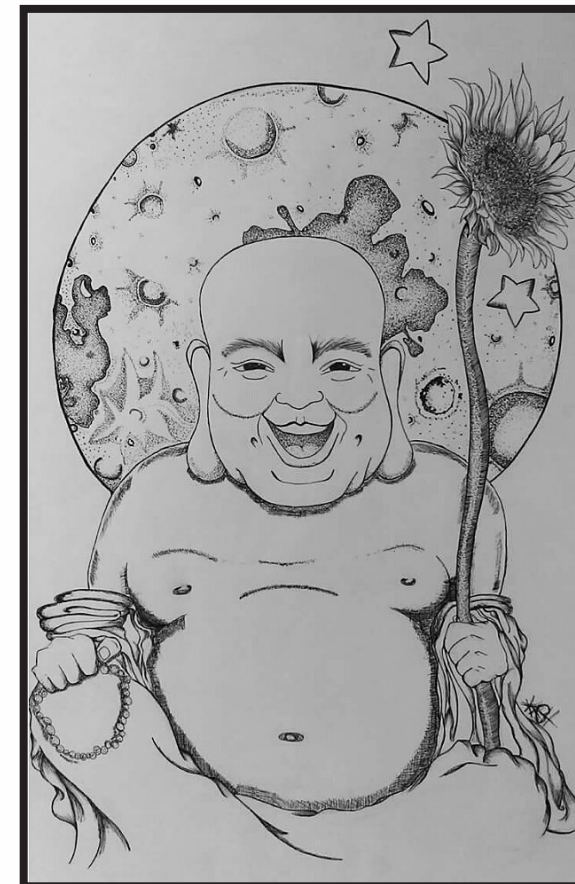


Photograph by Duy Vo

A creative publication of
Springfield Technical Community College

BRICK HOUSE Review

Buddhalicious



Art By Kashmil Lopez

A creative publication of
Springfield Technical Community College

Bendición

Abuela was the seed
But Abuelo was the roots
The stubs pushing up the soil
Reaching, stretching
Our trees foundation
Your spirit was proud
The very definition of strong
It commanded respect &
I repaid it instantaneously
Passed through out branches
I was blessed to receive this
Riches burned in our soil
In stories you had to share
I lost out on our culture
The language that rolls off our tongue in its sensual tempo
The dance in our speech
Words were never needed to exchange I love yous

~ *Celina M*

The Alumni Association of STCC,
Is an honor, and accomplishment truly meant to be.
An elite, exclusive club, perhaps to take heart,
To have gained membership, officially being a part.
By being among the finest to ever graduate,
And knowing as others did, must first educate.
On campus a program called Achieve The Dream,
A long time ahead, or so may seem.
Again as said, and very proud to be,
What the Alumni Association does mean to me.

~ *Brian Krawiec*

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Photograph by Darius Rosario

The Journey



Art by Susan Mosijchuk

A Crash in the Snow

Between a ditch and me only elm lay,
suspecting hurt, a search reveals but none,
expect no thoughts while feeling free, i say
goodbye, my dear machine, what's done is done.
The snow to blame, old tires unknown in lieu,
what's left of me remains, when i depart,
in parts apart i must select of two,
my life now split, can i survive as so,
ahead of me, the longest walk assured,
an eastern cowboy searchin' don't seem wrong,
I manifest my destiny, endured
along with dreams of mine, I wont belong
With old escapes. At least I can't get lost
in now, to start anew is worth the cost

~ *David Farnum*

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Artwork by Desire Torres

The Late Night Blue Light Special

Blue lights saturate the night sky,
out flashing it's red-lit partner.
My heart beats just a few beats harder.
Quick! Quick! Should I think of a lie?
Wait. Did I stop before taking that right?
A spotlight shines, making life that much darker.
A human form emerges from the UFO like charger.
Anxiety attacks! How do I not know how to fly?
I've never been as still as I am right now,
as still as the agonizing second that just passed.
I'll never drink again, this I vow.
He's advancing! I need a blessing any way, any how.
A call comes in as refreshing as cool jazz,
"Crash at your location. Man down."

~ *Dariel Lopez*



Photograph by David Pikul

Under the Bridge



Photograph by David Pikul

Heidi

I may not always show it
My love for her is deep
The muse for all my power
The mother of my children
Strong as nails though fragile as a flower

In her eyes, I've seen it all
Heaven's love and Satan's hate
In her eyes, I've found comfort
The masks are off, and it feels great
At last, I'm free of deceit; I am me

Who am I? I never knew
I am he who won her heart
The man she knew I could be
The father of her children
Strong for her; now I see

Her beauty drives me wild
Her brilliance keeps me sharp
For me, she bore a child
Two before I knew her
Mother of five, queen of my heart

So brave to cross that ocean!
Two children, one with child
She left her world behind
We face this world together
To failure we are blind.

~ *Vincent Placanico*

My Journey

In life you have to take chances
Even if you're scared.
Learn new dances,
Live for something to share.

In my case I'm afraid
Gifted with a voice that can make money.
Often down on my knees I prayed
"Wow you're really talented", I always found that funny

I remember my theater class,
The teacher thought I had potential.
As a student, I just wanted to pass,
Prof. Brown really thought I was influential.

The love subject is quite stable
Sometimes is love and hate
Who am I to label
I think it's a good relationship if you gain some weight.

Now back to college,
To get a degree,
To expand my knowledge.
Damn it, I wish it was for free

Sometimes I rely on a green leaf
That frees me for a while
Still Carrying the saddest grief
That my voice will never create a smile

So go look for what you want in life,
All I want to do is fly
Cut my wings with a knife
I won't be satisfied until I die.

I have nowhere to go
But I'll keep going

There's just one thing to know
I'll never stop growing.

~ *Doryann Fret*

Hypothermia

Sometimes I think I miss you
the way an addict misses a fix.
I remember the sweetness of your fingertips,
the muted manipulation in the last goodbye you wrote me
but memories have a way of lying.
My internal clock tick tocks back and
dusts the sand off your hands around my wrists,
wipes away the condensation of your breath that fogs my frontal lobe.
You wrote sonnets and held a pen to my temple
and when I surrendered to your charm
you ran out of ink.
I have resented you for four years
because it's easier than letting go
but I saw you the other day
and you looked the same
and I write the poetry you gave up
and now I think letting go is a valid option.
You called yourself my furnace
that my love for you kept the fire alive
but in the end,
I snuffed you out.

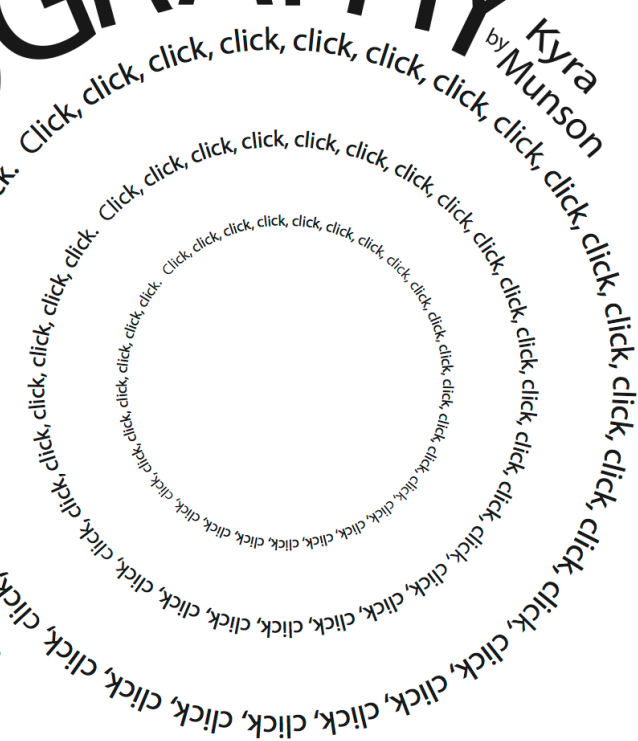
~ *MF*



Photograph by David Pikul

PHOTOGRAPHY by Kyra Munson

I'll shoot you when you're new,
I'll shoot you when you're old.
I'll shoot you at the zoo and
when you're being bold.
Click, click, click, click. Once
I'm done shooting you, I'll
fix you right up. Highlights,
shadows, blemishes, vignette.
Click, click, click. Now I'm almost
done, I'll check the color and print
you out. I will hang you in a show
and hopefully make some dough.



Photograph by Kyra Munson

The Gulf Stream



Artwork by Jason Seery



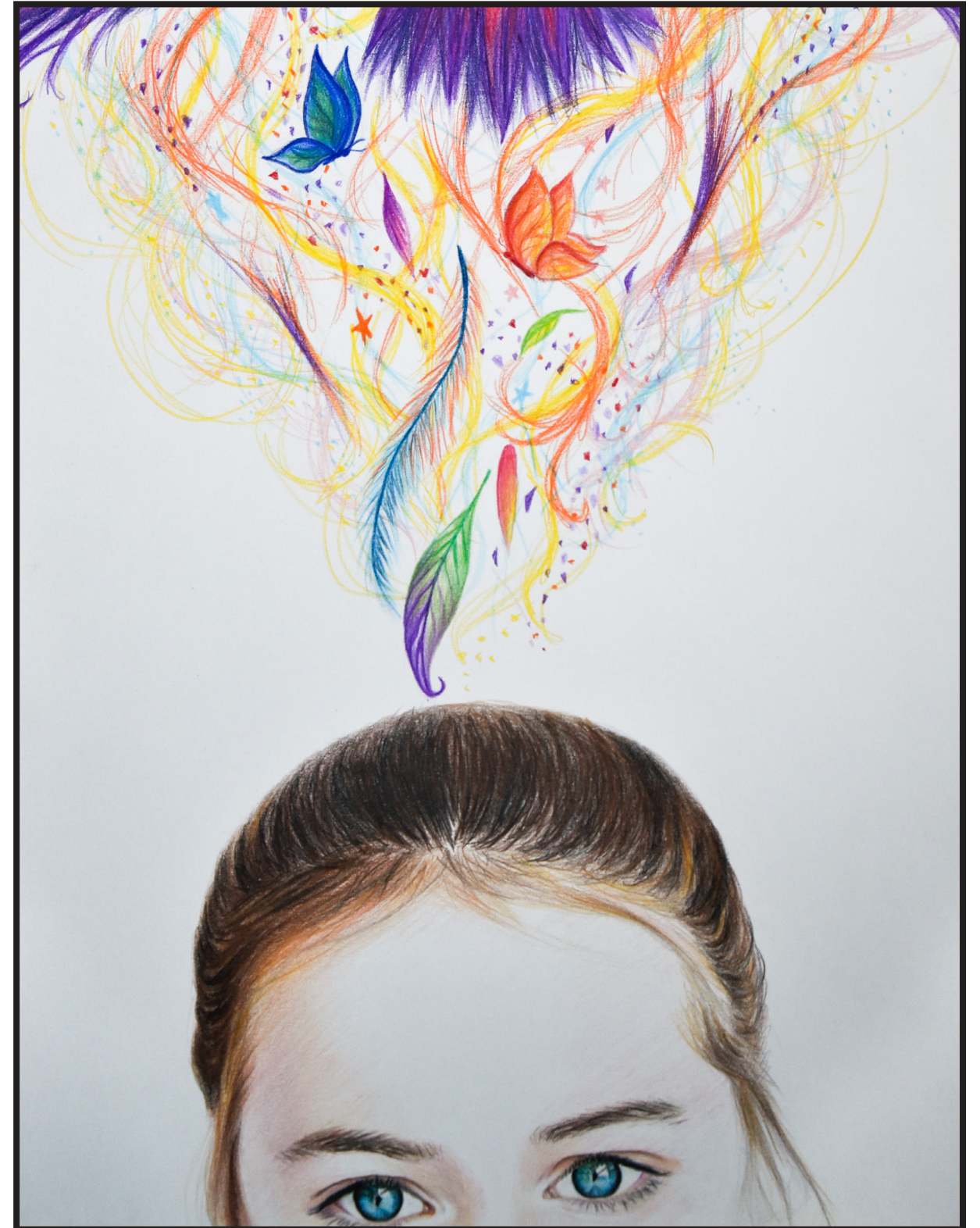
Artwork by Priscilla Banas

With Love, From ED

Darling,
you look so beautiful.
The way your brows never lift beyond a scowl,
how absentmindedly you cover the purple bags I have created.
Baby, listen,
there's no reason to be so brash.
Let me caress your empty head,
pull the strings I have embedded in your limbs,
let's count together.
50, 90, 180, 800 -----
You have tried to shut me up,
swallow white and blue
dull the sharpness of my blade
but you see, lover,
I will always come back.
You are a masterpiece.
I have sculpted you,
sliced away the parts that don't matter,
like vitamin D, muscle, hair, a personality.
You belong to me.
I made you who you are.
So, baby, if you want me dead,
I will take you with me.

~ MF

In the Clouds



Artwork by Susan Mosijchuk

Falling

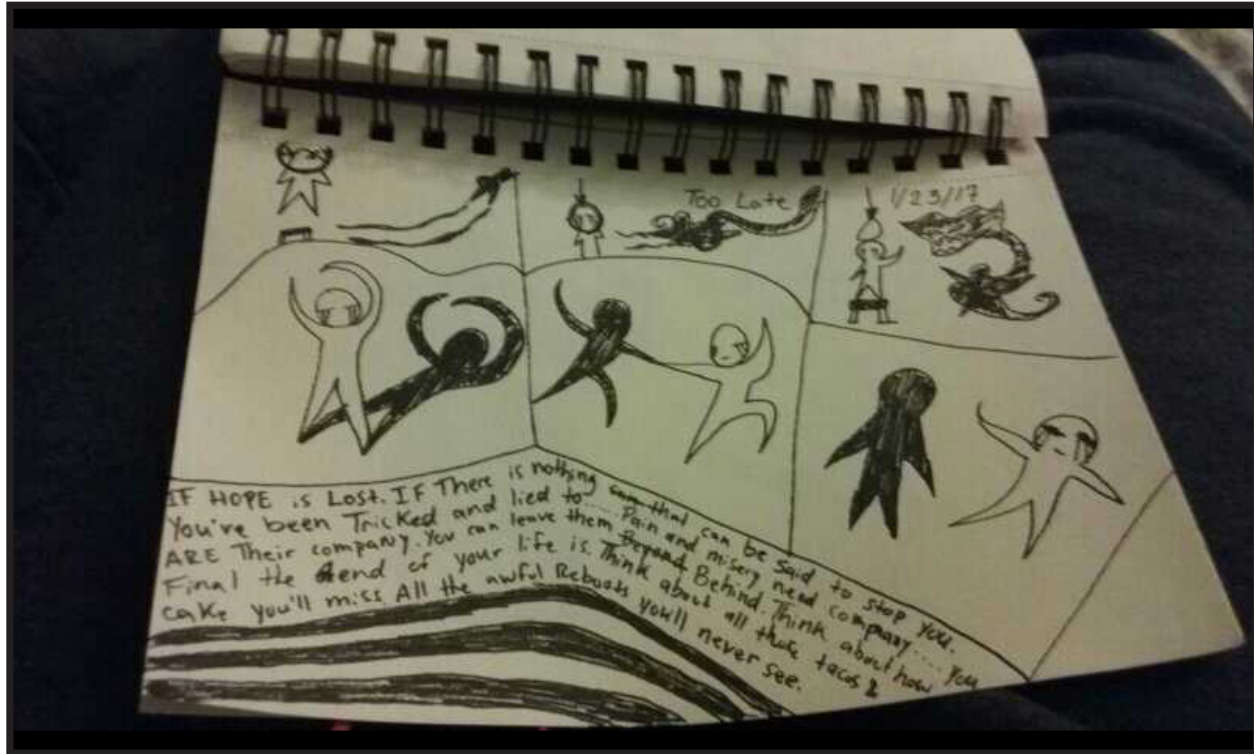
I'm falling like Autumn, falling like leaves
Once I hit the ground, please rescue me
I keep falling and falling from this tree
The darkness will react to my soul and swallow me
Our love was passionate, it made me happy
I fell in love with you
But it feels like I'm still falling like the rain
I hear your voice in my head like you're calling my name
Falling, wishing the wind would guide me
What is there to do when I'm lost without you
Can you please find me?
Falling wondering when will I hit rock bottom and go splat
I'm wondering if she'll ever come back
I combat feelings, they make a comeback
wishing if I could go back
Back when I was falling in love with her
Falling still falling, will it stop?
I wonder...

~ *Christopher Ortega*

Refined

Too vanish as it stands,
I alone know no other doubt but my own.
The degree of insanity,
To the risk of my own down fall,
I am here to make this slate
In which I decree so unrightfully so
Clean.
Making today clear
As I stand alone.
Marking today,
My day of refinement,
Casting all in which finds these faults
Unworthy,
Out to the road as it may be torched.
I seek the truth
The truth that falls in between deceit,
And I condemn all that says it isn't so,
For after today,
Everything is new,
And nothing is of yesterday.

~ *Monica Przybyla*



Artwork by Samadhi Hernandez



Campus Community Photograph



Campus Community Photograph

Darth Vader Mask



Artwork by Kiresten Franklin



Artwork by Desire Torres



Campus Community Photograph



Campus Community Photograph



Photograph by Prakshal Shah

Sepia Mlst

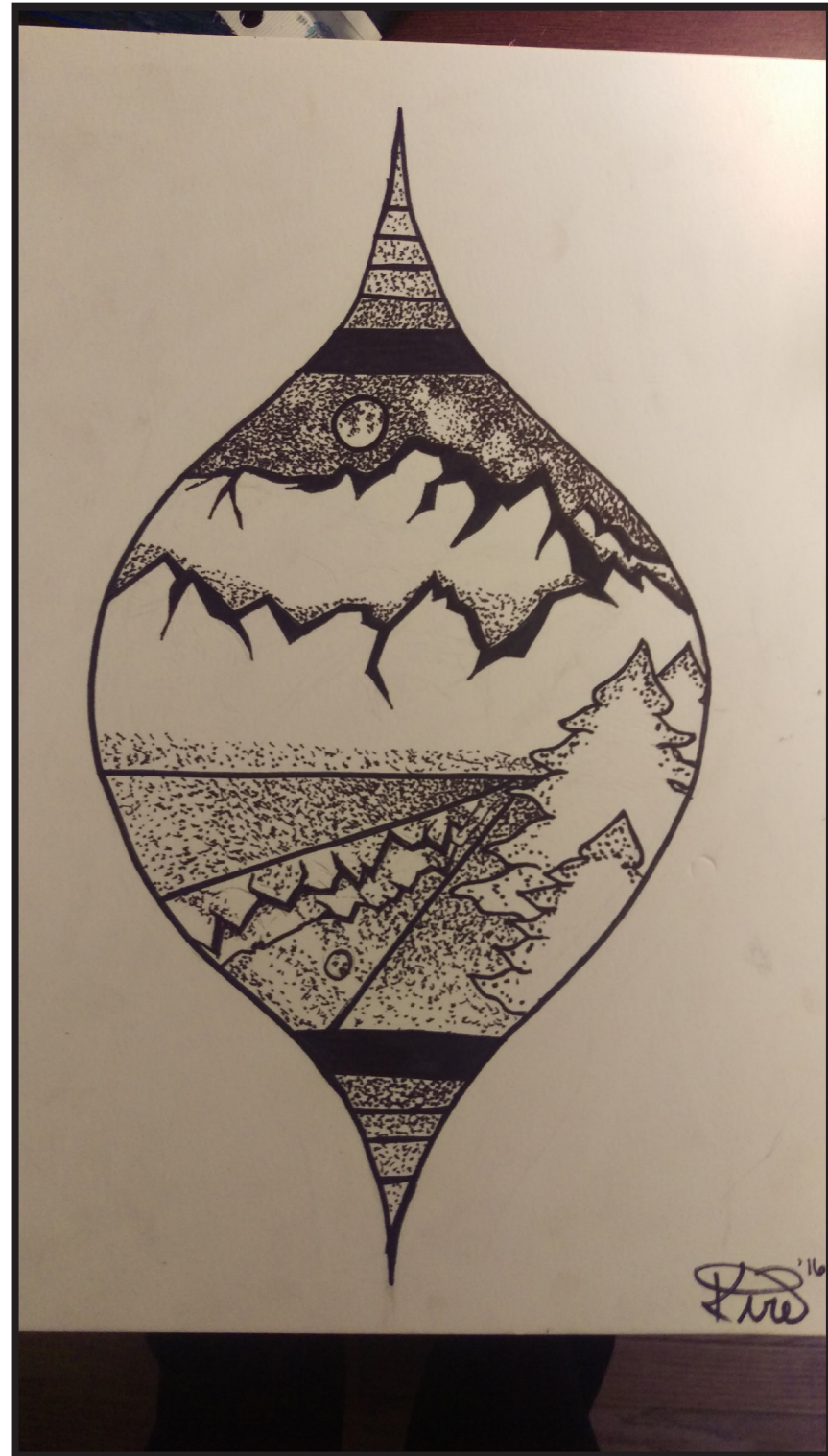


Photograph by David Pikul



Campus Community Photograph

To Go or Not to Go



Artwork by Kiresten Franklin



Photograph by Prakshal Shah



Photograph by Prakshal Shah



Photograph by Kyra Munson



Photograph by Kyra Munson

Monumental Trash



Photograph by Kyra Munson

Untitled #3

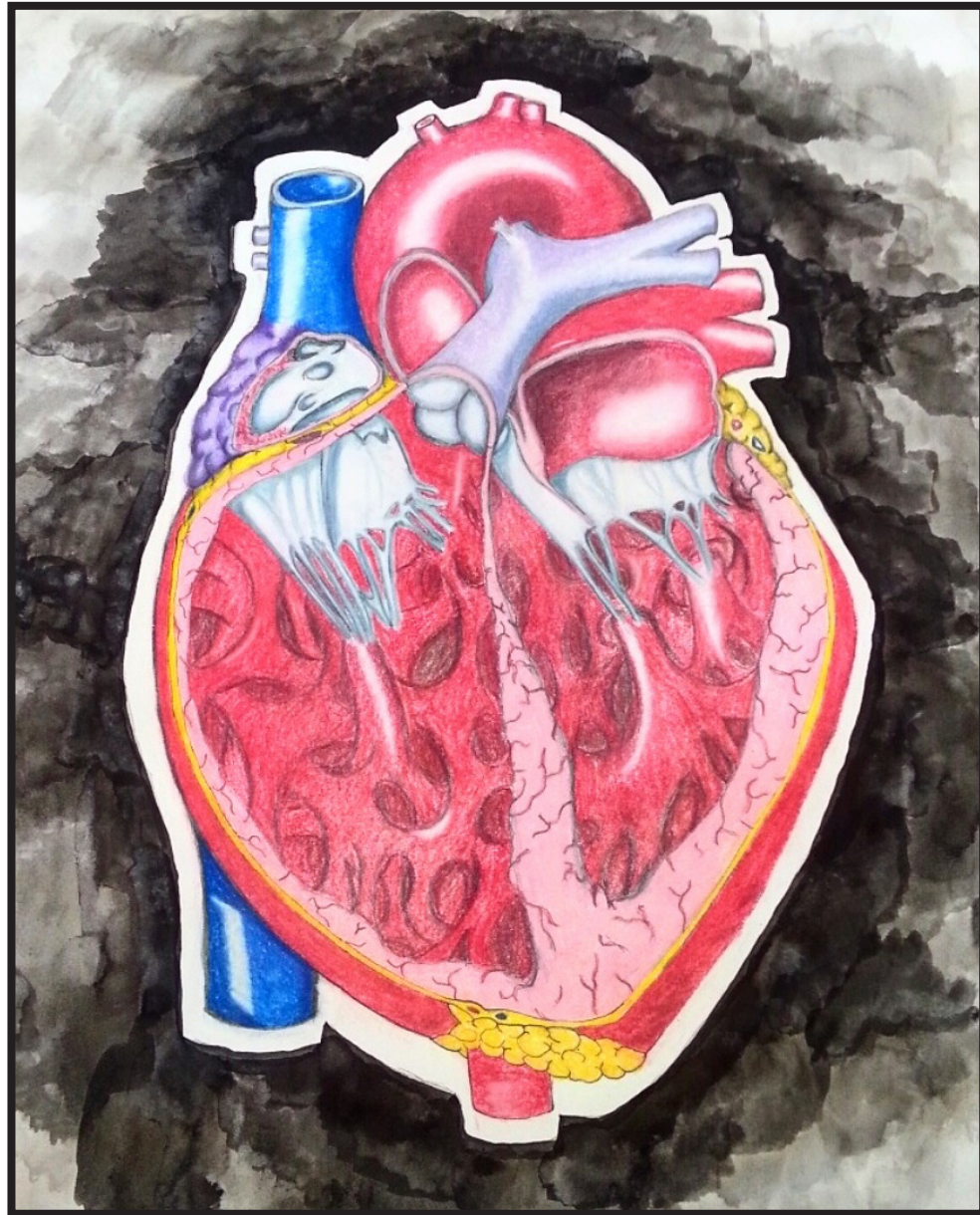
There will be sunshines when she's gone
There will be tears upon sad songs
You will think of her in all you do
And pray that she'll come back to you
The days will pass by like rain
As you stare from beyond the window pane
The seasons will change faster than the day she let you go
You will hurt so long until hurt is no more
Kingdoms could fall and wars could be fought
And you'd still remember her with every single thought
And one day out the blue
After she's already forgotten you
You will no longer know her love
Because you've made it through winter's frozen pains
Walked alone in springs chilling rains
Had a pointless summer fling
But refused to fall in fall
You've made it through it all...

~ *Ramel Hill*

To Foster

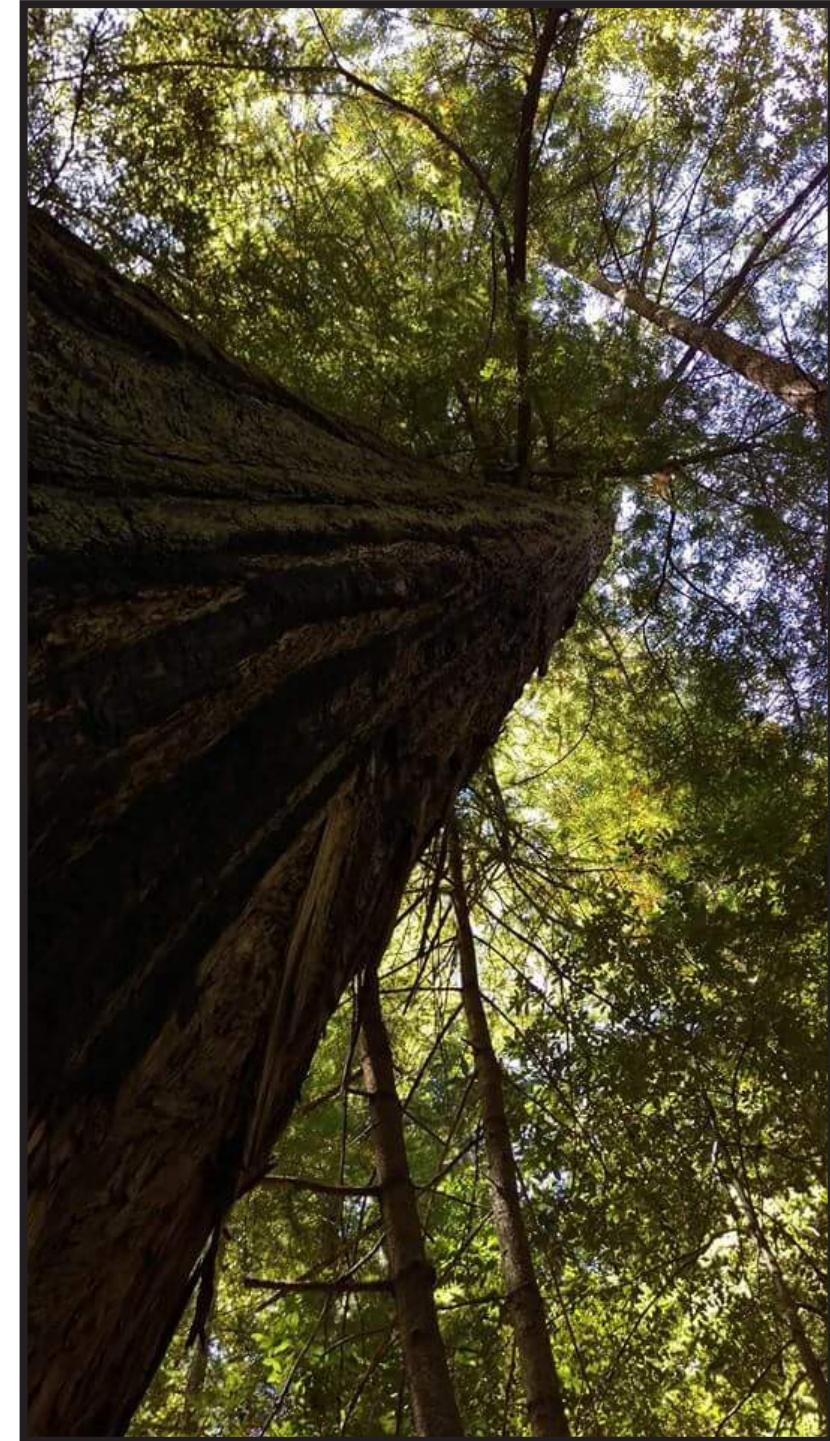
You moved me to love again
When I could only stand still
I hung on the edge
And thought I'd be there still
You reached into my soul
And made yourself known
I was only a young boy
Just torn from my home
You took me in
Fed, clothed, and bathed me
As if I was your own
You gave me a new place
That I could call home
For reason unknown to me
One day you began to cry
And announced to us all
That soon you would die
You can't leave now
We've only just begun
For you, I'd not only give the moon
But the sun
I'd bottle the sea
The sands
And even time
I'd give all I have
If time would rewind
I couldn't give you
What you gave me
My heart wasn't mine
It belonged to the woman
Who cut me the deepest
She tore it apart
And it remains in pieces
You knew this
And still you loved me...
I remember back to when you left
When we laid you to rest
Time had stood still
And I had refused to feel
Yet, you drove out a tear
I wished only
That you'd remain here...

~ *Ramel Hill*



Artwork by Desire Torres

Up Up and Away



Photograph by Kiresten Franklin



Artwork by Desire Torres

Straw on the Water



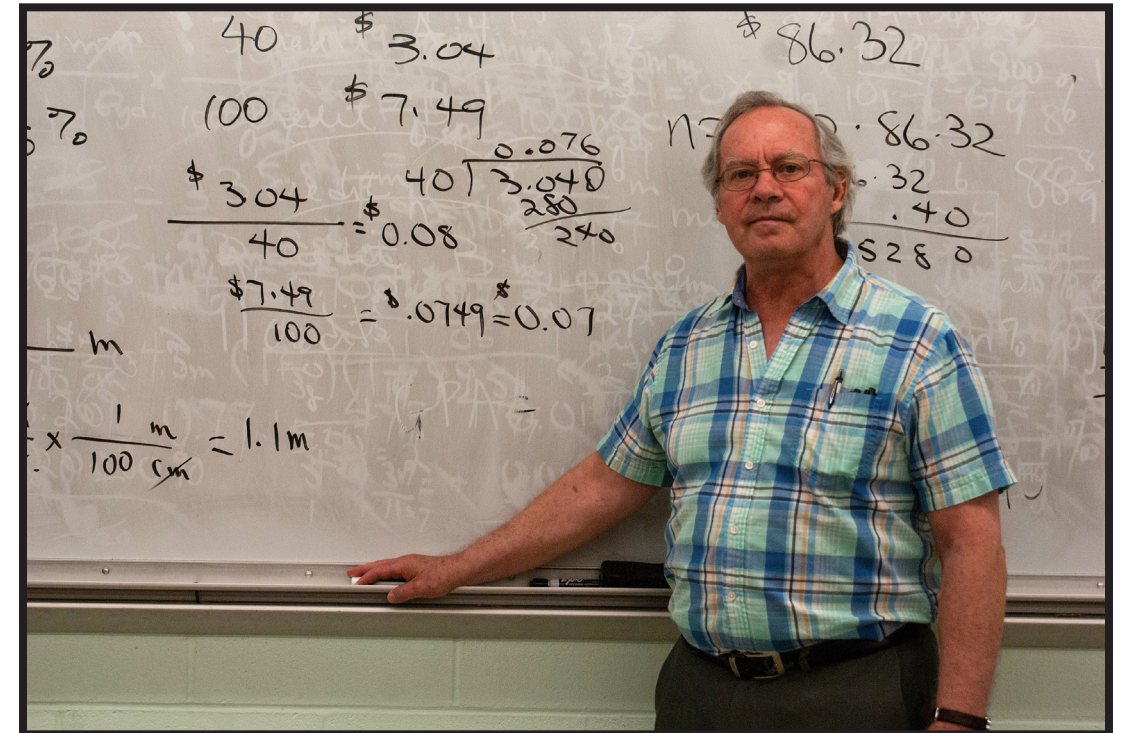
Photograph by David Pikul

Smithsonian Art Museum



Photograph by Kyra Munson

Professor Burns



Photograph by Vicky Rios

Cat Tails



Photograph by Vicky Rios



Artwork by Desire Torres

Suicide in the 3rd

He sat there
At the edge of his bed
Writing
to whoever should Stumble upon
His mangled body
Blood splatter
Looking like a decorative piece An unwelcoming
Site of the newly deceased
You see
He ended his life
With one shot
From a sawed off shotty Couldn't take it
no more
Grew fed up
With plain old society
With life's daily deceits
And multiple mistreatments That stay on repeat
No need to say goodbye
To all his loved ones though Because a long time ago
He asked
Where did all his loved ones go A lonely boy
Buried in the back of his thoughts That were preoccupied
With Suicide
Though he continually fought The urge
To pull the trigger
And be remembered
A coward
To blow his head off made sense Instead of being devoured...

~ *Ramel Hill*

Sight

Does the blind man see better than me
He described a sunset Which only I could see
The array of colors
Weren't quite right
But the passion in his words Stole my sight
His words replaced
All that I could see
And he did it o so effortlessly He mentioned things
That I had not noticed
Like the beauty and warmth As the sun rose upon the sea For
one who can only
Feel the warmth of the sun Hear the seagulls
And smell the sea
How could this blind man See better than me?
He said "Young man
You rely on one sense,
And should your eyes fail you?"
I pondered...
... then he continued
"Though my eyes have been blinded. I have four senses left,
And with them I see all.
Now my eyesights the best."
I then realized
I've been seeing life all wrong
I took for granted what I had
Though it could one day be all gone...

~ *Ramel Hill*

Annoying

I wish I was like a bird
free of restraints and expectations
and when I speak
people call it music.

Or maybe I could be the rain
calm and peaceful
and when I am done
beauty grows in my absence.

If only I were summer
warm and hazy
and when I am gone
people long for my return.

But I am not a lazy summer night
I am winter
I am cold and cause your warmth to shatter in my palms.

I am not the silence after it rains
I am the calm before the storm
a fog that envelops your vocal chords
paralyzing you before I sweep you away in my thunder.

I am not a hummingbird
I am a family of honeybees
I am a low buzz and you must risk yourself to get to my honey.

I wish I were easy
like how ignoring is easy
how you and I were never easy.

But I will never be easy.

I will not apologize for the way my lips wrap around your tender
heart
how my shoulders hold the world's weight but still do not slouch
your wet eyes will never soothe the stinging nettles on my tongue.

But I promise

when you learn to make snowmen in my bitter winds,
dance in the puddles I leave behind
taste pure honey with stingers in your hair

I will be worth it.

~ MF