

The Red Hawk Review

A Letter from the Editors:

Dear Readers,

The 2020-2021 school year brought with it many hardships. For this reason, we did not publish an issue last year, though we accepted work for a deferred publication. So, this year's issue includes a variety of submissions from 2020 and 2021. We're pleased to be back, and we're excited to share this issue with you.

This year's issue features stunning artwork, beautiful Spanish poetry, and a few excellent essays. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we've enjoyed putting it together.

That being said, submissions for next year's issue run from June 1st – December 31st. Send us your best!

Write On!

The Red Hawk Review

Artistic Expressions from Gateway's Talented Visual Artists and Wordsmiths

Congratulations to our 2020-2021 prize winners!

Prose: "A Stroll Through the Black Cat Alley" – Joan Rodriguez

Spanish Poetry: "Soy La Sombra De Una Gaviota" – Beatriz Rosales

Visual Art: "Mixed Media Landscape" – Ron Heller



Table of Contents

Cover Image: Mixed Media Landscape by Ron Heller

Spanish Poetry

Soy La Sombra De Una Gaviota – Beatriz Rosales

Cuarentena – Beatriz Rosales

La Luna Como Testigo – Beatriz Rosales

Felicidad – Beatriz Rosales

Prose

A Stroll Through the Black Cat Alley – Joan Rodriguez

The Flightless Fairy – Hailey Hoag

Artwork

Color Pencil Illustration – Evelyn Garcia Perez

Digital Illustration – Evelyn Garcia Perez

Charcoal – Jillian Busch

Digital Illustration – Jillian Busch

Oil Pastel Abstract – Katherine Noble

Abstract Digital Illustration – Ron Heller

Mixed Media Landscape – Ron Heller

Pen & Ink – Ron Heller

Soy La Sombra De Una Gaviota

Beatriz Rosales

Soy la sombra de una gaviota
Viento de otoño, mariposa herida
Paloma sobre su nido
Protegiendo a sus críos

Cascada que llora
noche y día
Soy pez de pecera
Y bandera sin colores

Soy aquella de la que se burlaron
Y tonta alguna vez llamaron
Soy quien soy por lo que deje de ser
Y ahora soy

Soy un pequeño gato en la incertidumbre
Y una leona luchando, soy la que sueña
en compartir mis letras porque no se cantar
Si fuera cantante fueran lamentos, tal vez llorare

Tengo mucho sentimiento
Por tanta injusticia
Mis letras me ayudan
A mitigar un poco mi agonía

No soy poeta sin embargo me gustaría ser
Con bellos poemas transformar la vida
Escribir cosas hermosas y animar a todos
Que se puede todavía amar y ser amado
Disfrutando cada día

Para algunos la vida es más difícil
Te lo digo con garantía
Pero todo se lo lleva el tiempo
Si lo aceptas sin apatía

Toma este ejemplo
Busca la manera de dejar tu dolor fuera
Tu frustración y tu alegría
Ante todo no te olvides de quién eres

Y de darle gracias al Creador
por estar vivo este día

Esta soy yo, la que en las letras se refugia
Y le dio sentido a su vida
Soy la sombra de una gaviota
Que vuela con valentía



Pencil Illustration – Evelyn Garcia Perez

Cuarentena

Beatriz Rosales

Hijos hoy los vi despertar
Durmieron bastante
No les voy a reclamar
Es un día retante

Vamos juntos a desayunar
Tal vez jugaremos más tarde
Si quieren pueden bañarse
O leer un libro interesante

Es tiempo de adorar
Al Dios omnipotente
Vamos a alabar
De manera reafirmante

Hay tiempo para amar
con fe mi familia saldrá adelante
Vamos a soñar con el futuro
Dios mediante

Sus miedos voy a calmar
Pequeños parlantes
La pandemia no les debe asustar
Aunque a muchos les espante

La cuarentena debemos guardar
Aunque no nos encante
Las órdenes hay que respetar
Y no ser desafiantes

Aprendamos a tolerar
Es un don ser paciente
Se que lo vamos a lograr
Si saben como frenar

Cuarentena te voy a recordar
Porque recupere el sueño ausente
Porque durante este tiempo repare
Mi alma errante

Por los días en familia
Luchando de manera constante
Porque el encierro me dio risas
Y lágrimas por los ausentes

Al prójimo debemos amar
Como un regalo constante
Es tiempo de pensar
Y de actuar honestamente

Un día más que narrar
Y mi familia disfrutar
No hay porque llorar
Aunque la pandemia sea agobiante

Cuarentena, hoy es un día menos
Que conmigo pasaste
Hay vida y por ahora
Eso es lo importante.



Charcoal – Jillian Busch

La Luna Como Testigo

Beatriz Rosales

Amor de juventud
noche de verano con mi amado
Sentados los dos en un puente
A la orilla del lago

Una suave brisa
nos deja despeinados
Nos miramos
Sonreímos ilusionados

Me pones tu brazo sobre mis hombros
Yo inclino mi cabeza hacia un lado
La noche tan callada
Suspiras , suspiro

Nuestros pantalones hasta las rodillas
Que hemos enrollado
Nos quitamos los zapatos
Los pusimos por un lado

Nuestros pies jugueteando
En el agua del lago
No te digo nada,no me dices nada
Nuevamente nos miramos

En la frente
Me das un tierno beso
Nuestros corazones
acelerados

Que bonito es el amor con el cielo estrellado
Y la luna como testigo
De nuestro amor de juventud
En mi memoria se ha quedado

Felicidad

Beatriz Rosales

Felicidad dónde te has metido?
No te encuentro, no te reconozco
No se de que color eres o como hueles
Ni cual es tu sonido
¿Por qué no haces ruido?

Tengo el color del otoño
De la nieve, de las flores
De las mariposas del cielo
del dibujo de un niño

Tengo el sonido de la música
Del latir de un corazón
De la lluvia, de las olas del mar
Del murmullo de un arroyo
Y la risa de un ser querido

Del viento del verano
Del cantar de los pajarillos
La voz de los que añoras
Y un poema al oído

Huele a un café por las mañanas
A pan caliente, a Navidad
A la comida de mama'
Soy la bondad de Dios
El consejo de tus padres
El hombro de un buen amigo
Vivo en tu esfuerzo

En tus triunfos obtenidos
En cada pedacito de mundo recorrido
Soy tu mascota que te recibe con ánimo
Soy el helado que aun no te has comido

Soy tu descanso
Y ocho horas en una cama bien dormido
No me busques en el trago ni en los vicios
Vivo en la salud, el orden, la limpieza

La puntualidad, en el amor y el perdón

En la libertad, en la fe, en tu hogar
Siempre estoy contigo
He pasado y ni lo has notado
Has estado distraído

Buscame en tus recuerdos
En el bien, en la gratitud
En la misericordia
En el beso de tu amado
Y el amor por ti mismo



Jillian Busch – Digital Illustration

A Stroll Through the Black Cat Alley

Joan Rodriguez

As a young boy, I often felt as though I had to keep my guard up everywhere I went. Being raised in seedy neighborhoods does that to you. That, mixed with the fact that my family could never afford a vacation somewhere far away, I always felt trapped and intimidated by what my surroundings had to offer. It wasn't until I graduated high school that I made the impulse decision to study at UW-Milwaukee. Like any other eager college student, I wanted to be far away from home and experience being on my own for the first time – it was an idea that both excited me and terrified me all at once.

Much to my surprise, Milwaukee was almost a carbon copy of Racine – just a bigger dot on the map with a bigger population. I started to find comfort looking at the skyline from atop the seventeenth floor in the North Sandburg Tower. I thought that maybe if I looked far enough away enough, I would be able to find Racine, or at least the closest highway that took you straight to it. Being in a bigger city with no friends or family, it felt suffocating at times. My anxiety would bar me from doing most of my film projects that involved going outside and capturing moments to turn into art. I was a stranger to this new city, but I already felt weakened by this strange power it had over me. I longed to explore and wanted to submit Oscar-worthy films – but I felt trapped.

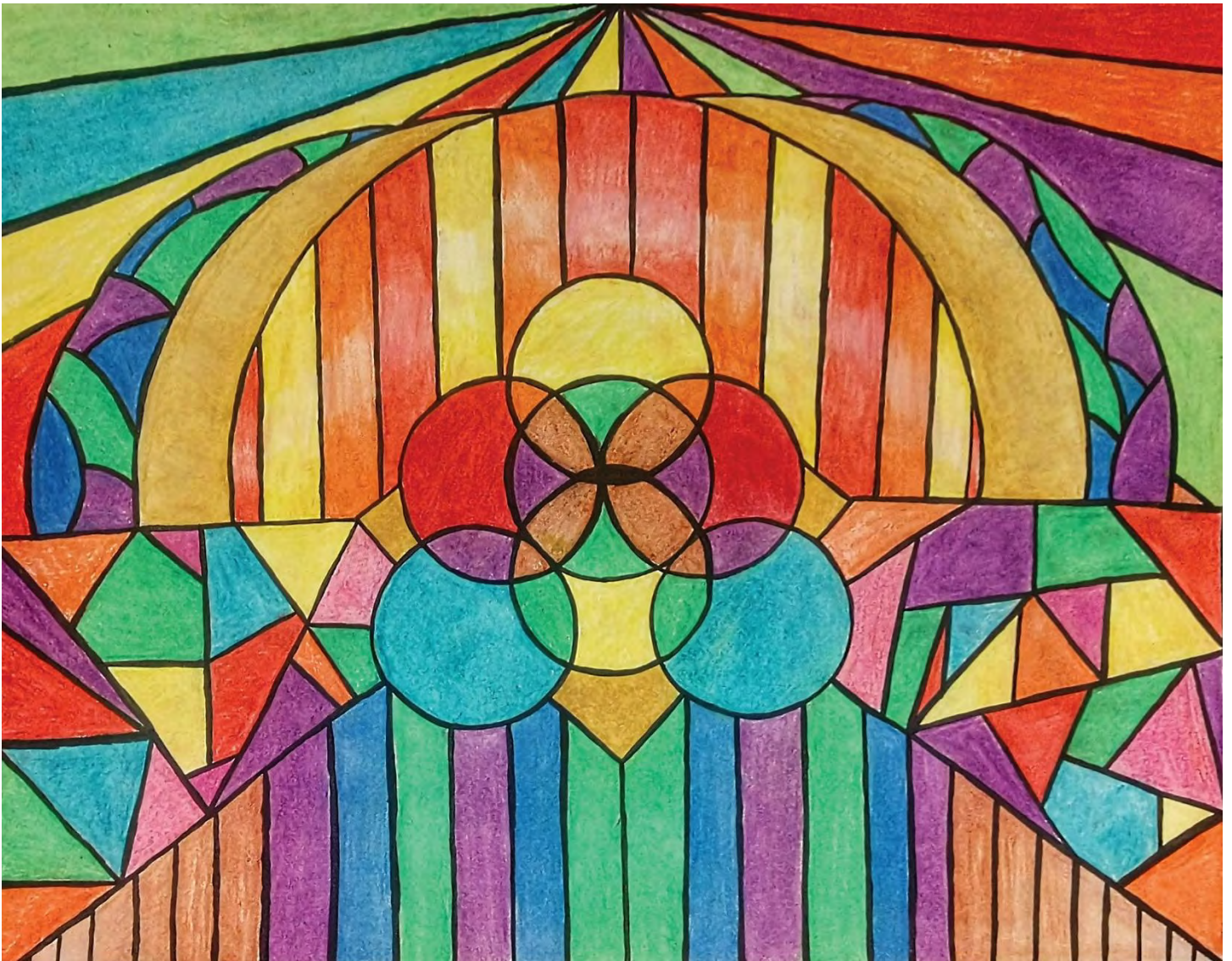
As time went by, I became acquainted with one of my suitemates named Aiyana. Aside from bonding over our mutual love of drag queens, eighties dance pop, and art, she had also expressed her concerns about being alone in a new city as she moved here all the way from Florida. We practically forced ourselves to go out into the world no matter how scary we thought it could be. From late night walks chanting the most mundane phrases in parking lots, to accidentally walking into a major street party, we slowly got over the fear of feeling small in such a big city.

A favorite memory of mine was when we celebrated our birthdays by spending the day by the East End. It was early February of 2020, weeks before the world turned upside down due to the pandemic. We decided to stroll through this little crevice behind the Oriental Theatre known as the Black Cat Alley. The original plan was to take a few photos and then hit the next thing on our bucket list, but I was completely immersed in what I saw that day. Vivid and lively murals lined the walls, and there were even a few paintings done on the pavement. However, some of my favorite art I saw that day wasn't the big flashy displays.

I discovered that I can be very detail-orientated and fixate on things people tend to disregard. I found that there was so much beauty in the sloppy graffiti tags that littered every back door. I marveled at the wall covered in nothing but power meters and knowing how artists tend to find unusual inspirations for their displays, I genuinely thought it was part of the gallery. My favorite musing from that day was seeing a giant electrical transformer box covered in anything from stickers to graffiti. I always had a soft spot for big collages of stickers, and I stood there trying to dissect every individual one plastered onto the big green box. Art is subjective, but one can't deny the tie it shares with nature. After all, what is art if it isn't a person's

interpretation of life? The various colors, shapes, and messages I saw that day were as breathtaking as if I were to look down from a mountain top on some far away island.

If you're wondering, the photos we took that day turned out to be complete cat shit (pun intended). Coming from a lower middle-class upbringing, the idea of 'do it yourself' is rooted in me for life. Seeing all those parodied designs of mainstream logos printed on cheap vinyl paper resonated deeply within me. Some may call it vandalism, others may see it as 'no good' street art, but to me its human nature displayed on brick and mortar for others to interpret it. I no longer felt trapped by the city. Rather, I started to feel deep admiration for the ways it expressed itself through the universal language of art.



Oil Pastel Abstract – Katherine Noble

The Flightless Fairy

Haley Hoag

Bloom woke up and stretched. She climbed out of her acorn shell bed and walked over to her closet. Pulling out a bright red rose petal dress she held it up to herself and smiled, "Perfect!"

She quickly changed out of her lily leaf pajamas and slipped on the dress. As she did so, she brushed her hand along her fire red, butterfly-like wings and stopped at a large tear in one of them. She shed a tear knowing that unless a way to heal wings is found she'll never fly again.

A loud knock sounds out on her door. "Bloom? You up?" a voice calls.

Bloom smiles as she recognizes the voice of her best friend, Maryweather. "Yeah, I'm up! I'm just getting changed!" she calls back.

"Well hurry up! They might have found a solution for your wings!" a new voice, Fabeline, shouts.

Upon hearing that Bloom rushes around her room. She brushes out her long red hair out of her dark red eyes and ties it up in a braid. Then she tugs on simple red flats that are made from rose petals and a bit of magic. Fastening a rose-shaped clip onto the base of her braid she grabs her wand, which looks like a flower bulb with vines wrapping around the central shaft, with twisting leaves to form the grip, and runs over to the door. Throwing it open she almost knocks her friends over as she goes. "Whoa! Slow down there, Bloom!" Maryweather laughs.

"Sorry," Bloom apologizes. Then she notices what they're wearing and snickers, "Did you two mean to dress like twins today?" Both of her friends are wearing tulip petal dresses with matching shoes and hair clips. The only difference was that Maryweather has a darker skin tone, brown eyes, and black hair while Fabeline has paler skin, blue eyes, and blond hair.

The two glare at each other and speak in unison, "No, she copied me." They look at each other in surprise and start to argue, continuing to speak in unison, "No, you copied me! No, I didn't, you did!"

Bloom starts laughing and pushes the two apart, "Okay, okay, stop! Neither of you meant to copy the other. Can we get back on task, please? You guys said they might have found a way to cure me?"

This makes the two turn back to her. "Yeah, the Queen told us to come and get you," says Fabeline.

Maryweather nods, "Yep, she told us to get you to the palace as quickly as possible, so you know what that means."

Bloom's eyes widen slightly in excitement as her two friends spread their wings. Maryweather's are brown with black markings while Fabeline's are white with yellow markings. The two grab Bloom's arms and take off. As they fly, Bloom looks down and sees all the other fairies hard at work taking care of nature, practicing their elemental magic, or building things for their fellow fairies to use. Bloom sighs, before the great battle for their home with the pixies she had been one of the best when it came to using nature magic, she had always made the flowers bloom their brightest, which is how she'd gotten her name. She remembers the

battle and how the pixie she had been fighting and slashed her wing with their sword and sent her tumbling back to the ground. While she can still use her magic she can't perform her tasks since all of them required her to fly.

Bloom is ripped from her thoughts when her friends set her down on the front steps of the palace. She stares up at the large structure made from a large quartz crystal and decorated with every type of gemstone you can think of. Bloom looks at her friends and notices that they are turning to leave, "Hey? Aren't you coming?"

"No, the queen told us to drop you off then return to work," Fabeline says sadly.

Maryweather nods, "Yeah, we'll see you later though!"

Bloom nods and starts to climb the steps to the palace's front entrance. Once she reaches it she raises her wand and points it at the large doors. A wisp of pink magic floats from the tip of the wand and the doors slowly creak open. As she enters she is greeted by one of the Queen's many butlers, Cliff "Good day, Bloom, her majesty is waiting for you in the throne room."

Bloom nods, "Thank you, Cliff." She then walks down the long hallways of the castle until she reaches a large door decorated with diamonds.

She raises her hand and knocks on the door, "You're majesty? You requested to see me?"

The Queen's voice responds instantly, "Come in, Bloom."

Bloom walks into the throne room and kneels on one knee at the base of the throne, "Good day, your majesty."

The Queen smiles at her with an expression of amusement, "Please Bloom you don't need to be so formal. You know I have given you permission to call me by my name, or have you forgotten it?"

Bloom's face flushes in embarrassment, "I haven't forgotten it, Fauna, but I feel that such a name is unfitting someone as powerful as yourself."

Fauna laughs, "Bloom, we were friends back when I was only a princess, as such I give you permission to continue to call me by my true name. I don't just request you do this as your queen but as your friend. Also, there is no need to stay kneeling like that."

Bloom rises and gets a good look at her friend for the first time since she had entered. Fauna's amber colored eyes were sparkling with excitement and her usually full-length fairy dust dress was traded for a simple golden-yellow sundress made from sunflowers. "Maryweather and Fabeline said you found a way to heal me?" Bloom asks.

Fauna's face saddens, "Yes a method has been uncovered, but I don't know if you'll like it. Come with me."

Goldy leads Bloom to a large laboratory-like room and calls over one of the fairies working there, "Buckthorne? Could you explain to Bloom what you found that might help her?"

"Of course, your majesty," the male replies and turns to Bloom, "We were studying the ancient texts last night when we discovered the story of a princess from back in the first Pixie wars. She suffered a similar injury to what you received. The texts state that despite her injury and inability to fly the fairy she shared the Pulse with still accepted her. It says the love between the two was so strong it healed her wing."

Bloom frowns, "So in other words, true love can heal my wing?"

Buckthorne nods, "So it would seem. It's been proved that true love influenced many things throughout history."

Bloom looks up at Fauna, "I'm grateful for the information but as you already know Hydro dumped me when he learned that I could no longer fly."

Fauna's eyes darken at the mention of her old friend's ex-boyfriend but simply says, "I know, but it's kinda your fault for dating someone you didn't feel the Pulse with. You know that we fairies find out significant others through the Pulse. In order to try and find your true partner, I want you to ask around the village."

Bloom nods, "Of course... I'll head there as soon as I've had time to ponder things." Then she turned and walked out of the room and back to the front entrance.

She sits on the steps and thinks about everything that has happened, *"Is there anyone I felt a pulse with? Anyone, who could be that person?"*

She then remembers something from the battle that had left her flightless. As she had lain on the ground struggling to get back up after her wing had been slashed, the who had wounded her pixie had landed over her, pinning her, and prepared to finish her off. Bloom remembers squeezing her eyes shut expecting to die only to hear the anguished cry of the pixie. As she had opened her eyes, she remembers, a fairy in blue armor standing over her with his midnight blue wand pointed at the pixie as he blasted it with ice magic. Once the pixie had been frozen solid, he had looked down at her with a worried expression. He'd scooped her up and ran off the battlefield towards the medical center. He'd left her in the care of the doctors and rushed back out to the battlefield.

Bloom's eyes fly open, *"Him! I remember feeling the Pulse when he saved me! I have to find him!"*

Bloom leaps up and runs down the steps of the palace, jumping over the railing of the balcony there and starting the fall toward the village below. She uses her wand to create a vine and lassos a large tree branch that is near the cliff. She swings down into the village and lands lightly. She walks through the village and asks if anyone knows a male fairy with ice magic. Everyone she asks says no that they didn't know anyone with such abilities. Bloom finally walks down to the fairy ring at the outskirts of the village. Like all fairies, she knows that the fairy ring can occasionally grant wishes. She walks into the circle of magic mushrooms and kneels down, wishing, "Please," she whispers, "If he's still out there and if he is truly the one who can heal me please, let me find him."

No sooner does she finish her wish than a male voice speaks behind her, "Might I ask who you are talking about?"

Looking over her shoulder, Bloom gasps and stands up. Standing just outside the fairy ring is the same fairy who had saved her. "I... I was looking for you, actually..." Bloom admits.

The fairy tilts his head, "Why?"

Bloom explains everything that has happened since he had saved her and tells him about what the Queen's researchers had discovered. Once she's done she looks him in the eye, "I wanted to find you to ask you something in terms of all this."

The boy nods, "Sure but first I think you should know my name. I'm Aspen."

"I'm guessing you know who I am already since I'm the only fairy to lose their flight and live during the war... but I'm Bloom," Bloom replies, "But what I wanted to know is, did you feel anything strange in your chest when you saved me?"

Aspen thinks for a moment, "Y-yeah... I did. When I looked into your eyes I felt this... this sort of rust of emotions and energy that I couldn't explain. I blamed it on the battle but do you think...?" He trailed off.

Bloom nods, "It was definitely the Pulse. I felt it too and I had never felt it with anyone else before."

Aspen smiles shyly and stutters, "Then... could we... you know..."

Bloom's eyes widen, "A-are you sure you want to? I-I mean I can't fly so I'd just be a burden wouldn't I?"

Aspen hugs her, "Don't think like that, you're beautiful just the way you are. I... I know that we only just realized that we Pulsed back then but I... I haven't been able to stop thinking about you."

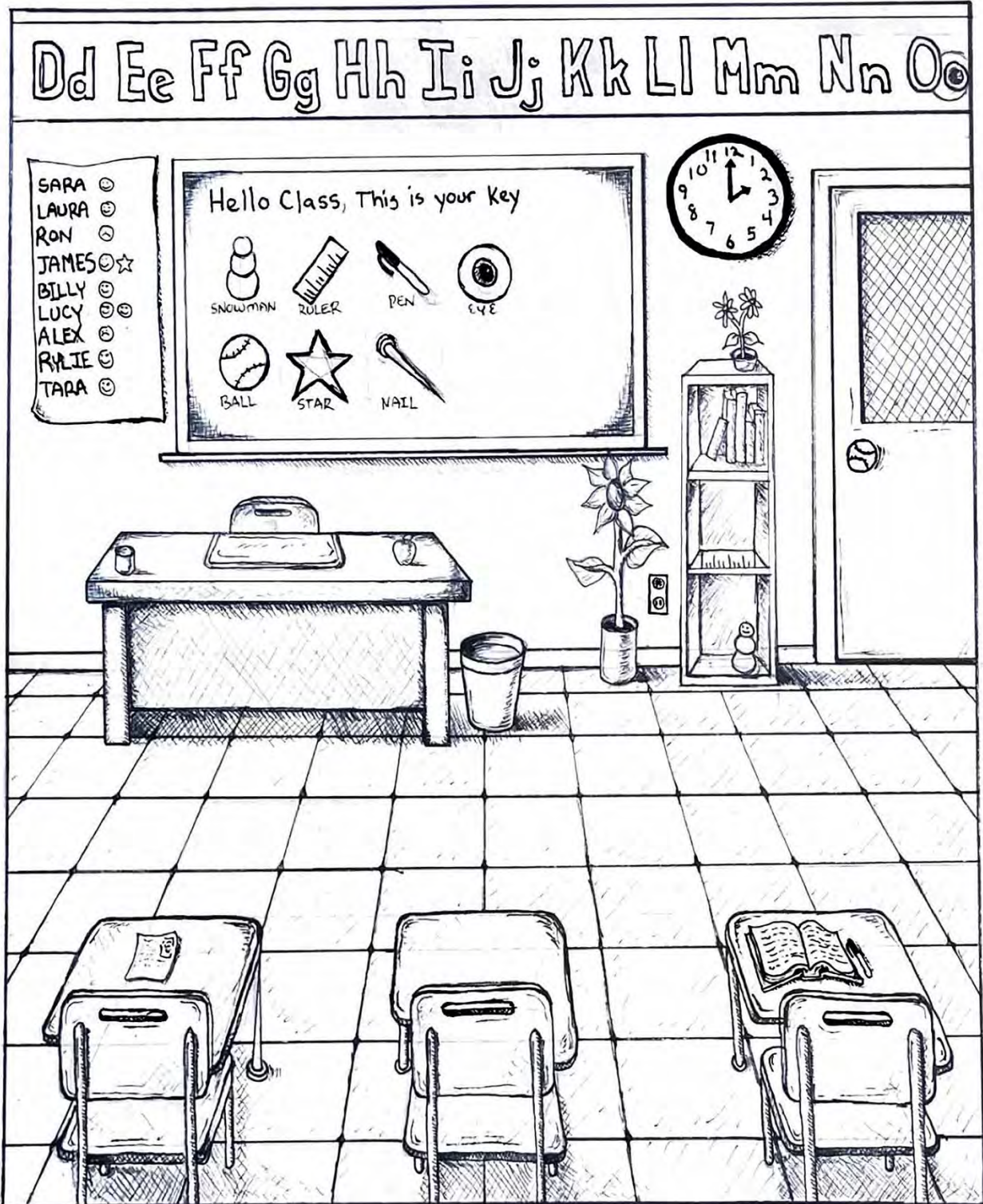
Bloom blushes, "Then why didn't you seek me out?"

"I was too shy," Aspen admits. Then he looks up, "But I'm not now!" Then he kisses Bloom right on her mouth. Bloom's eyes widen, then slip closed as she kisses her new boyfriend back. The kiss only lasts about thirty seconds but when they let go Blue's eyes lock onto Bloom's wings in surprise. Turning her head, Bloom gasps to see that her wings aren't just healed but are now a gentle magenta pink instead of fire red.

She turns to Aspen and hugs him, "It worked."

Aspen hugs her back, "True love always works."

"Yeah," Bloom whispers, smiling. Then the two of them walk, almost run, back to the village to show everyone what had happened and to start the rest of their lives together.



Pen and Ink – Ron Heller

Editors

Jessica Gleason

Dr. Colleen Connolly

Dr. Amy Hankins

Dr. Katy Schroeder

Lisa Packard

Anna Stotts

Kathy Nordhaus

Kyle Kendall

Laura Laznicka

Contest Judges

Reyna Juarez

Lisa Kusko

Dawn Haggerty

Lee Wagner

Thank you to The Gateway Foundation for sponsoring this year's prizes!





Digital Illustration – Evelyn Garcia Perez



Abstract Digital Illustration – Ron Heller