

HYPE

NJCU LITERARY MAGAZINE



ISSUE NO. 2

SPRING 2022

ISSUE NO. 2 UNITY

HYPE
NJCU LITERARY MAGAZINE

*Art and Literature by students and alumni at
New Jersey City University*

SPRING 2022

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The student editorial board considers submissions from all currently registered NJCU students and alumni. Submissions must conform to Hype Magazine guidelines regarding behavior and speech, and the editorial board will not accept material that aims to denigrate based on race, sexuality, or other aspects of identity. Decisions by the editorial board are final. Hype asks for first North American publishing rights. Authors and artists retain use of their copyrights, own their work, and have the rights to future use of this work. Hype accepts submissions on an annual basis. Submit to editor@hypelitmag.com.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This issue is dedicated to all those who contributed to its making. From our phenomenally talented submitters to the dedicated Hype team. The dominant presence of visual art and photography in this issue is all credited to our advisor, Theta Pavis, and The Gothic Times. It is their commitment to spreading the word of Hype that brought the amazing talent of NJCU into this issue.

Thank you to the student editorial board for your persistence and dedication to Hype; for following behind me even though I was only one step ahead. Thank you Gaby Maya, for wanting to be a part of Hype as an Alumna, and fostering our social media presence. Thank you Julie DeVoe for being a supportive and diligent managing editor. Thank you Abigail Ostorva for managing the many visual arts and photography submissions and being our qualified expert in selecting these submissions. Thank you to our designer, Kaira Marquez, following up our first issue with a beautiful, bold, elegant, and original second issue featuring your own clever twist!

Editor-in-Chief
Rebecca Richardson



Unity Editorial Note

We started preparing this issue in January 2021, during the time of the Attack on the U.S Capitol, the Presidential Inauguration, and beginning of the first round of COVID-19 Vaccinations. In a time of great division we craved for alliance, belonging, solidarity– anything to mend our wounds as a community. So we voted to dedicate Issue 2 to Unity.

In this issue, you will see pieces that represent the unity of self, family, and community, as well as their disunion. This issue is about the journey of divergence, the search for belonging, and the desire to be heard.

To quote alumna Peggy Jackson in Issue 1's Youth Editorial Note, "The Youth in this issue are an explosion of contemporary necessity, the means required to design a better, brighter world; a world worth living in at a time of learning."

In this issue, the Youth have returned– uniting to paint this brighter world!

Editor-in-Chief
Rebecca Richardson



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Graffiti
2019, Jersey City
Aliyah Wimberly

We Need Loving Unity

Revulsion has divided us, tainting our souls with one-sided opinions.

Amid the chaos that is surrounding us, we need people to stand united with us. To feel like we belong. The world does not seem to agree to disagree anymore. If they do not agree with you, you are automatically wrong.

There is a battle that we do not know about; mental struggles, learning disabilities, and things we choose to keep secret.

Passing judgment, rude remarks, and isolation is hurtful and can be damaging. But the truth is, we are all unique and we should be able to celebrate our differences.

To have our hearts pure, we need to cleanse our souls from hate. We need to learn how to love one another for who we are and welcome each other in open, loving arms.

Julie Marie Frances DeVoe



Begging for COVID
Acrylic and charcoal on canvas, 60" x 78"
Ethan Dsouza

BREONNA TAYLOR

Breonna Taylor

GEORGE FLOYD

George Floyd

Sandra Bland

sandra bland

TRAYVON MARTIN

Interruption Composition

2022

Andreina Rivero

SHINING MELANIN

Melanin, ancestral heritage from the energy of the sun raining down. Ancestors working, hunting, feeding their children in intense heat and stress and still stayed sound. Slavers from across seas tried to break em and make em hate themselves but the chosen few never gave in or backed down. Melanin skin has been whipped, chained, disturbed and beat. Bloodied throughout history time and again, but our ancestors, our people were too Strong and relentless to admit defeat. Our Melanin is a gift from the richest parts earth, the clearest seas and the heavenly skies. Fighting each day the image that your Melanin is like a mark of a demon, of those who are born to either Fail or Terrorize. White, Black, Brown or even Green, your skin is beautiful because your reflection contains Powerful history. In your veins, in your eyes, remember what lies inside is Royalty. The legacy that you will forge ahead for your children's children, remember that you will never be alone. Within you the heroes, black, hispanic and Indigenous history walk with you. Being proud expressing yourself, expanding the culture of melanin, forever making it rightly known.

Nick Felix

A Dead Story

We believed that our story had just begun.
We were in the park enjoying the fresh air.
It was a cloudy day, and we couldn't see the Sun.
You know that I love to play and run.
Do you remember this day when we were there?
We spent time together and had fun.
On that day, I felt that I was the only person who won.
It wasn't enough to run in a square.

I was like a child playing everywhere.
I know that you loved me. I was the one.
You told me before that my smile was your sun.
Karma was blind and unfair.
We couldn't face problems one by one.
We were killed by a silent gun.

Youstina Ibrahim



Balancing Act
Oil on canvas, 48" x 60"
Hannah Bouchard

For Daniel

how do you mourn an ideal? an abstract what if? this is less about what could've or should've been but what didn't or what shouldn't have happened but i want it but maybe i don't know what i want and it's so confusing because everyone thinks it's about attention or fetish or a phase or maybe *her dad didn't know her enough love so she acts like this* or maybe her mom didn't raise her right and *good girls don't shame to their families and don't bring this up on holidays monica you'll only make abuela upset why do you want to be different monica why can't you just bne good for me*

i'm sorry i'm sorry i'm sorry
i'm sorry i'm sorry i'm sorry
i'm sorry i'm sorry i'm sorry
i'm sorry i'm sorry i'm sorry
i'm sorry i'm sorry i'm sorry
i'm sorry i'm sorry i'm sorry

*you'll always be my little girl
my sister
my daughter
but never your own*

Monica Ortiz



Luminescence
2019, Mexico
Michael Maravillas



The Artist and His Friends

Acrylic and charcoal on recycled toned paper, 40" x 60"

Ethan Dsouza

Chaos of growing up

Somewhere in the chaos of growing up I lost myself
I lost myself when I let others dictate what to wear and what to share
I lost myself when I let other people cloud my perception of myself
I lost myself when I was too busy daydreaming of reaching mountaintops
when all I encountered was rock bottoms
I had such an idealistic view of love, of myself, and the world.

I slowly came to realize that this version I held so dearly to my heart
doesn't exist

And I was angry at the world and all its misgivings

But somewhere through that all that chaos while growing up
I found myself

then I found new love
And I found a new life
And I reinvigorated my soul
And I got over my strife
And now I am reborn
A new dawn has arrived
And there's no reason to fear
A new day is here

Suhas Vittal



The Fountain in Action
Charcoal on recycled toned paper, 48" x 36"
Ethan Dsouza



The Objects of the Intellect
Digital Illustration, 8.3" x 11.7"
Ethan Dsouza

LaLaLand

I'm having these dreams lately.
Not the Martin Luther type of dreams,
But more like fantasies.
I dreamt of a man on a cow,
Eating beef & drinking milk.
It was humorous.
It was almost hysterical when that cow took him to India
And the last meal he ate was a steak.

Other dreams:

I had maxed out all my American credit cards;
I changed my religion to Islam,
Had run away to Iraq;
Got married to a beautiful man,
To then was shot down by the US army
From a helicopter while we were walking in a park.

I had a dream that I was no longer materialistic,
Was not stressed anymore by money.
Also, that I painted really badly,
And then made up shit to explain it,
And sold it for a million dollars!

I had a dream, a fantasy,
An idea of a false, flawed reality.

Ethan Dsouza



LaLaLand

Charcoal and pen on recycled toned paper, 40" x 60"

Ethan Dsouza

Mother Nature Buys Herself A Gun

After mother! dir. Darren Aronofsky

mother nature wields a loaded pistol at the head of mankind
mother nature dares Man to not step any closer
for mother nature has learned self-defense

after you used Her hair as a blanket
made a home out of Her flesh
nourished yourself with Her bone marrow

how do we kill the very thing that gave us Life?

you give
and you give
and you give
and you give
and it's never enough

The Giving Tree was never a wholesome story to me.

of course, the thing that gets abused and exploited the most is personified as a woman.

Monica Ortiz



Melancholy Red

Mixed Media on canvas, 16" x 20"

Bukola Adeleye

Unparalleled

A storm was coming
Yet you stood with your strength
Unparalleled
I felt like I would have flew
You held me and we stood
Unparalleled
In the eye of the storm
You did not budge
You did not move
There you stood
Unparalleled
You looked at me and said
Don't forget that you too are
Unparalleled
You let go and just as the storm passed
With it you flew
There I stood alone
Truly unparalleled

Ivana Estime

Jello Off the Shelf

I have walls made of jello.
Skin rubs together, HARD.
My heart is but mellow,
prevents the flames to spark.

Skin rubs together, hard.
My fears of being seen
prevents the flames to spark:
Oh! how beautiful thighs can be.

My fears of being seen
started when I was twelve.
Oh! how beautiful thighs can be.
Worries put onto the shelf

started when I was twelve.
When my skin got exposed
worries put onto the shelf,
the little girl... disposed.

When my skin got exposed
my heart is but mellow,
the little girl disposed
I have walls made of jello.

Gabrielle Maya



A Path Less Taken
2017, Hoboken, NJ
David Wilson



Lady of the Sea
Mix Media & Recycled Materials: newspaper,
tape, spray paint, plastic straws, sea shells (collected
not bought), 5" x 8"
Mildred Roman


Voices

Peggy Jackson

The walls around me are made of dense mud, independent from blossoms. With my nails, I etched a family. Their bodies are choppy lines; faces are meandering circles. There is a sun above, though it shines without light—the way most things shine. I give voice to the bodies. They speak of war within the walls. They ask me for nails to scratch, feet to run.

I once reshaped them into mounds, boulders, streams. But the waves crashed too often, too suddenly. They washed away the mounds, smeared the canvas to a soft nothingness.

When the storm settled, I etched again, more voraciously. My fingertips bled. The crimson was hypnotic. I used it to paint flames at the base of the wall. They were barely a finger high. But they grew: up like vines, sideways, even downward. I tiptoed backwards to avoid their heat, only to find the flames at my heel. I blew my chest dry. But the flames didn't recede; they funneled into a wildfire. Their fumes exhausted me into a summer trance. I was lost in a hazy ripple of mud. The figurines were twisted in the red, bodies mangled. They pressed me for release. I wasn't their sun, they cried. Neither too, were they my features.



When I came to, the walls were ash. The cool toned mud darkened to charcoal. The canvas was too burnt to see into or scratch beyond. In a corner, I excavated for months, lost all but two nails. When I felt the cold dirt, I spit and mixed, spit and mixed. With the concoction, I painted the now-figures on the pitchy walls. I couldn't waste what little mud I had on smiles or mouths. They couldn't speak. So, they hummed.

I missed the voices I couldn't construct. The ones lost to the echo, beyond the walls. The voices of my mother, father, brother. For so long their voices carried and cradled me.

The figures' hums were, at first, a melody. They were wool blankets, warm chamomile, and wind. But as the song aged, the hums became trapped screams. Their sounds were AK47's, detonated bombs, and tightroped children. They couldn't be soothed. But they could be quieted. I excavated again, poured my final drops of youth into the mud. And with a trembling finger, I drew one last figure: A circle. One meandering circle with unlit rays.



Green Lights All The Way

Series by Aliyah Wimberly

2021, North Carolina

During March 2021, my mother, my aunt including my baby cousin and I drove down to North Carolina to visit my grandfather, also known as Pop-Pop, for his 75th birthday. We couldn't visit him on his birthday the year prior due to the coronavirus lockdown, which in turn prevented him from meeting his newly born granddaughter. Our reunion wasn't entirely wholesome, there were fiery alcohol fueled outbursts and moments of severe boredom due to the quietness and expansive landscapes in North Carolina. However, these moments captured during my time there is an appreciation of my family and our imperfect past that made us who we are today.



Laurel Wood



Mary and Pop-pop



Pop-pop's Granddaughter

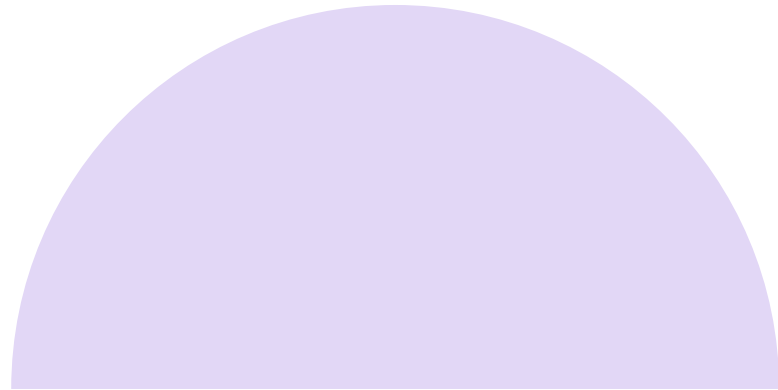


Card Table

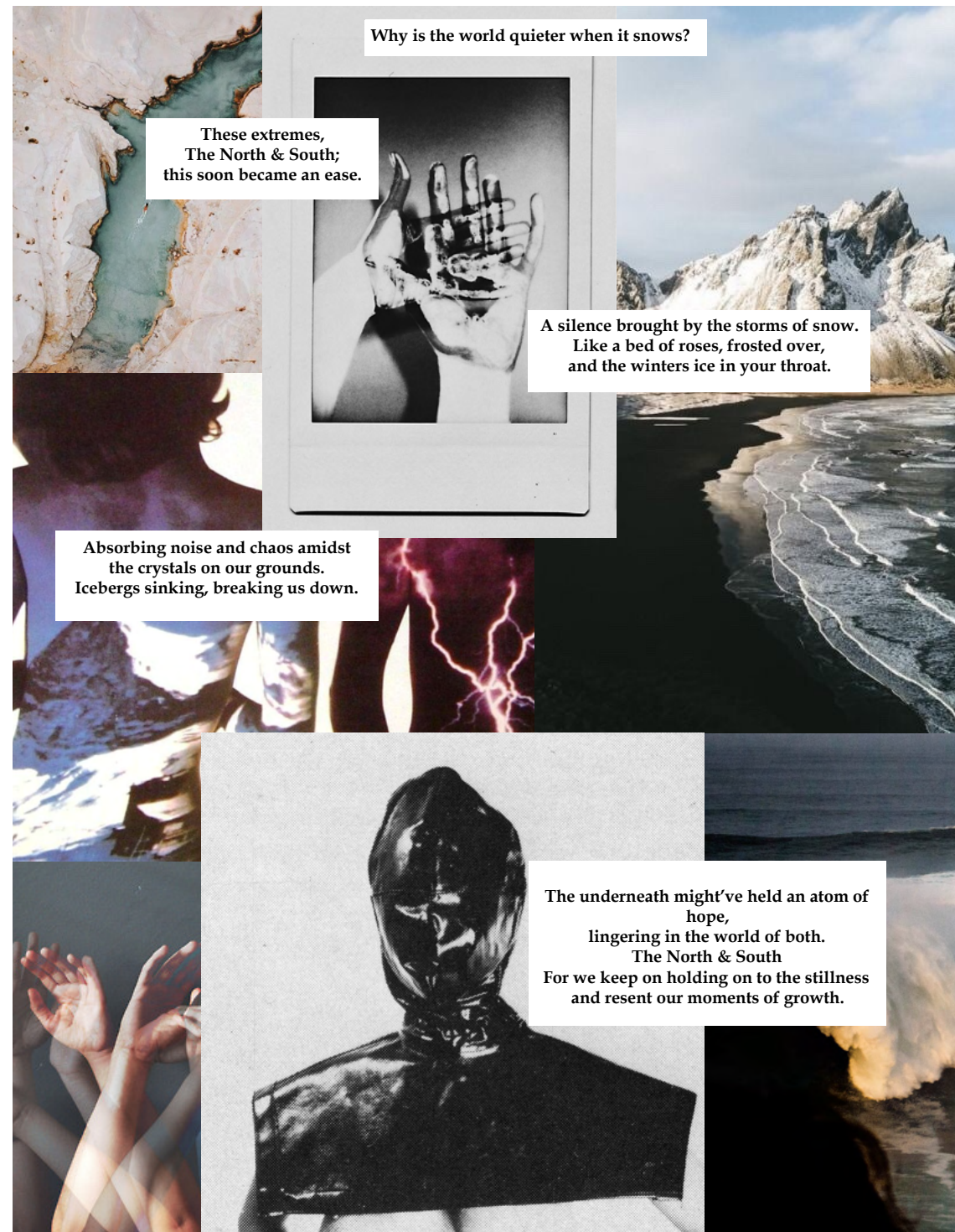
Gray

Gabrielle Maya

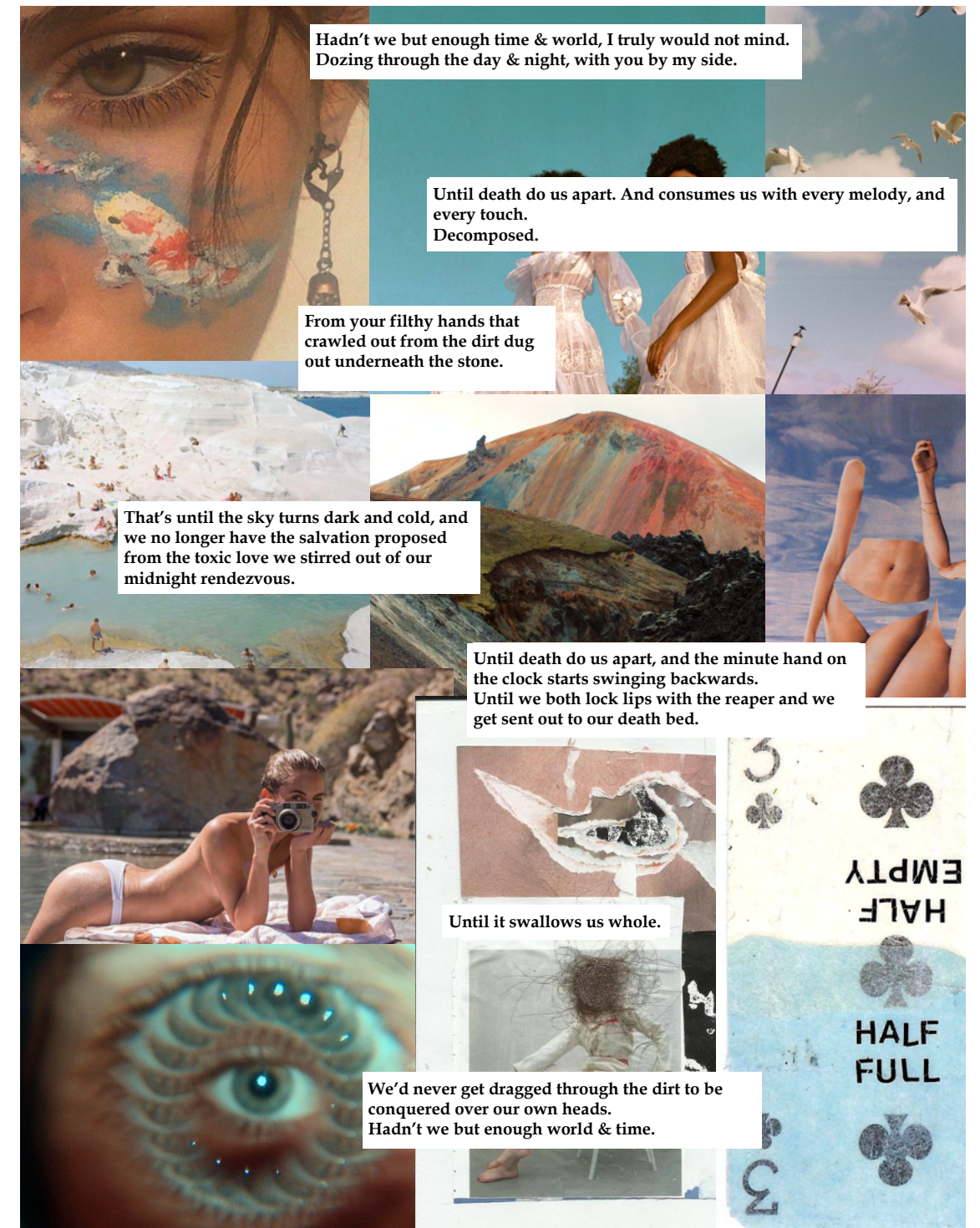
You sometimes wonder when the fighting will end. If somehow all colors can make amends. But when you mix them in a pot, a melting pot of a city that turns black. At night where crime is a constant. Where a dark man comes too near. My dear, you are terrified and clutch your purse. Out of habit, is it racist? How tragic, can your day be when you stand in the spot. Where five men died two nights ago. You go to a low wage pay day. You glide your sweaty hands reach for your sides. Thighs quiver to gain balance on the subway. You justify that you clutch your purse for all colors of men 'I am a non racist'. You feel eyes retell your story of poverty to a luxury condo in the city. You wonder if your dad's drunken slurs and mom's quivers screamed privilege. Sigh.... This is too much to think about as a white blonde green woman on a Sunday subway.



A Path Less Taken
2017, Hoboken, NJ
David Wilson



NRTH&SOUTH
Katie Borjas



WRLD&TIME
inspired by To his Coy Mistress by Andrew Marvell
Katie Borjas

I want to be loved

I want to be loved.

I want to be loved for being different.

I do not want to be hated for things I cannot control.

Just because I have trauma, does not mean I can not walk like you, talk like you, think like you, be like you.

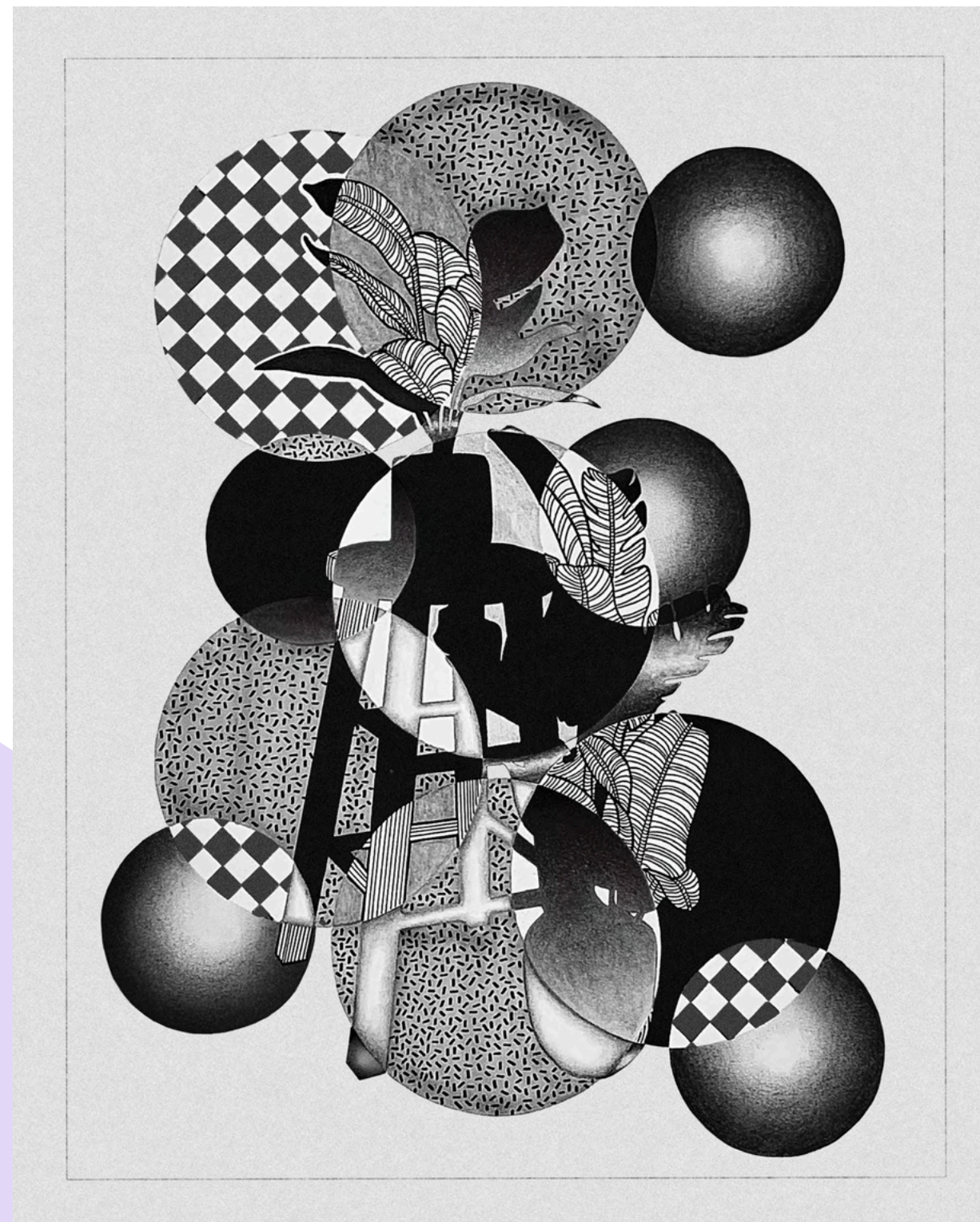
Every time I am isolated, I question what is wrong with me?
I try to blend in with everyone, yet no one gives me the time of day for long.

Constantly searching for acceptance, I feel defeated.

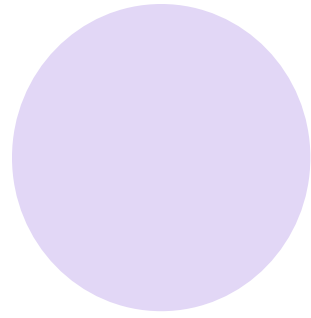
Julie Marie Frances DeVoe



Blooming Frame
2016, Center Park
Michael Maravillas



Poto
2021
Graphite, marker, gel pen on bristol paper
Andreina Rivero



Believe in Myself

There are many times
where I doubt myself.
There are many times
when I feel insecure.
Someone once told me
that believing in myself is the cure.
I tried to believe in myself but it's hard.
The kind voice whispered
that it's hard but not impossible.
I realized that I am responsible
of watering my own roots.
If I don't do that then
I will never grow my own fruits.
The fruits of love and joy.
The sweets life said I am meant to enjoy.
Believing in myself is the key,
so that I can finally be me and free.

Gabriela Quinde



Fairy Girl
2021
Masai Maple



Fairy Girl
2021
Masai Maple

Stars

Sunrise and Sunsets.
To new beginnings.
And to a life of no regrets.
Running towards the unknown.
Stars shine when they're alone.

Gabriela Quinde

Thunderstorm

Another day has passed me by,
and doubt began to dim my mind.
A nimbus cloud took over my sight.
It fogged up everything
I once saw with light.
In the middle of the dark clouds,
thunder was born
and fought with all these doubts.
The mysterious thunderstorm
brought me back to life.
It told me to never give up
and continue to fight.
The warrior spirit within my soul
blew all the dark clouds away.
The air brought me clarity
and made its way.
I can finally see the light of day.
I had to pick myself up to start a new page.
The thunder was my rage
who released me from this cage.

Gabriela Quinde



Dance With Me
Mixed Media, 11" x 11"
Keiry Calero

If This Ain't What Love Looks Like

It is about letting go of control

It is losing your grip over it all

Letting things slip through your fingertips

It is about surrendering

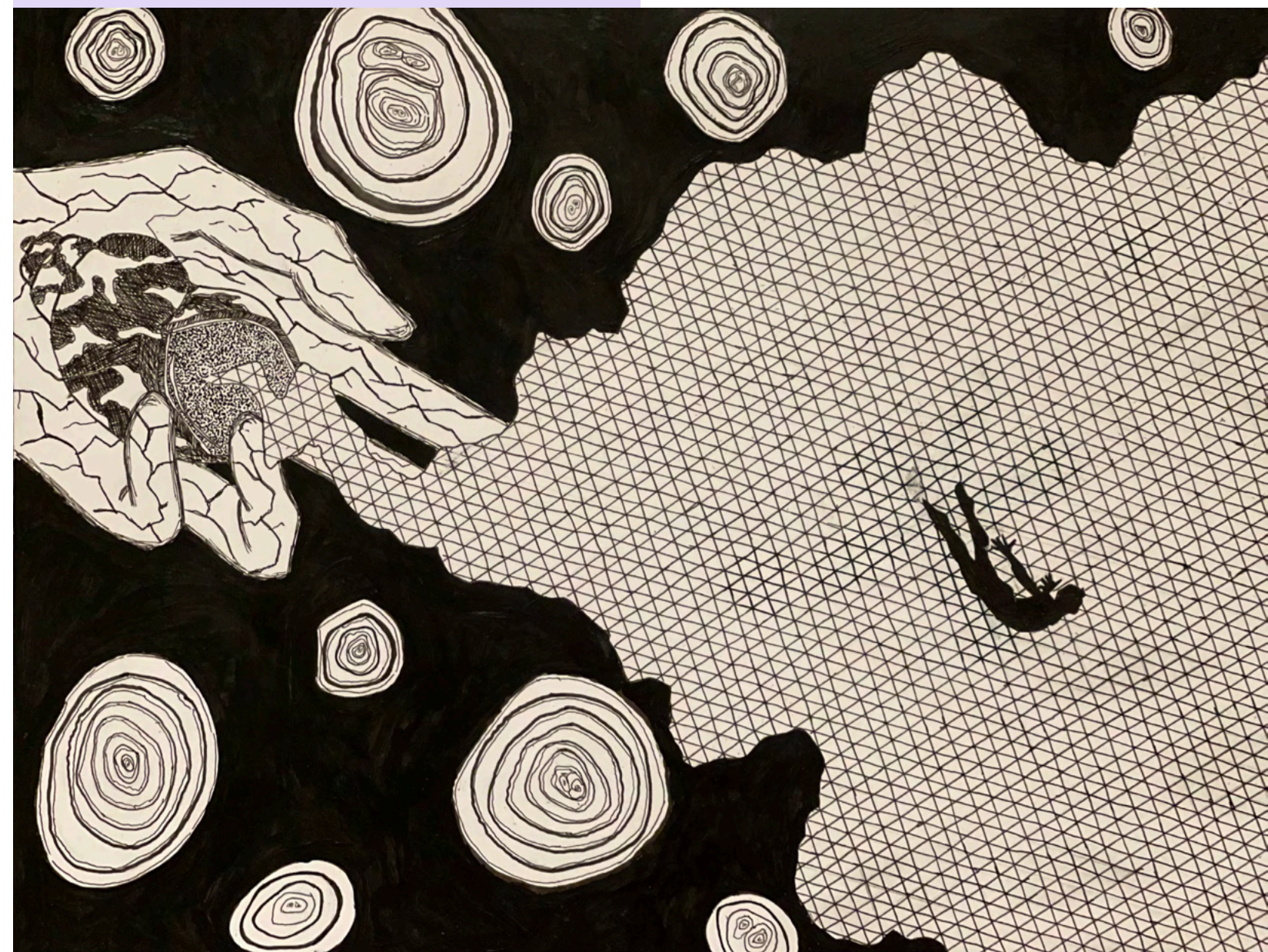
It is about accepting my diagnosis of
Rheumatoid Arthritis at such a young age

It is about letting go of connections that do
not serve a purpose anymore

It is about acceptance

It is about letting go

Keiry Calero



If This Ain't What Love Looks Like
Illustration on paper, 11" x 14"
Keiry Calero

Out of the ashes

Look at this land being torn asunder
Through the scorching drafts of air I fly
Down below the bombs explode with thunder
My crimson red feathers shimmer through the sky

Suddenly my lungs fill with smoke and ash
A bullet flies with a sonic boom
My chest is hit in a flash
My last heartbeat, and my body falls, zoom

I can no longer maintain composure
Feathers shrivel and turn to ashy flakes
My fall from grace isn't yet over
Out of the fire, the ashes I shake

Against all odds innocence will reign
I am a phoenix, I will rise again

Suhas Vittal



The Pieces of My Mind
2017, Hoboken, NJ
David Wilson

Student Knight Media

We became united through our love of journalism.

Some of us became involved with the HYPE Magazine.

A few went to do the podcast.

But the thing that combines us,

Is Student Knight Media.

We will always cherish the time we spent.

Writing, taking photos, making lovely art, interviewing students and teachers.

But now the time has come where some of us depart,

And we will move on to other things.

The one thing that remains,

Is the love we shared for Student Knight Media.

Julie Marie Frances DeVoe



The Dusk Road
2021, Secaucus, NJ
Michael Maravillas



Slow Blooming
2019, Jersey City
Aliyah Wimberly

