

VOICES



West Valley College — Fall 2022

VOICES

Voices is a literary and arts magazine that showcases the diverse voices of West Valley College. It is published once every spring, and is produced by the members of the Voices staff and English 80 & 81. Current students, alumni, faculty, and staff of West Valley College are invited to submit their works of original fiction, creative non fiction, poetry, and art for publication.

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For more information, visit us at:
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CONTENTS

On the Cover:

Last Years of Independence
Amani Jordan

01

And So They Danced
Nineteenth

01

Janice Trail
Tracey Maytum

03

Untitled
Masatoshi Ishigami

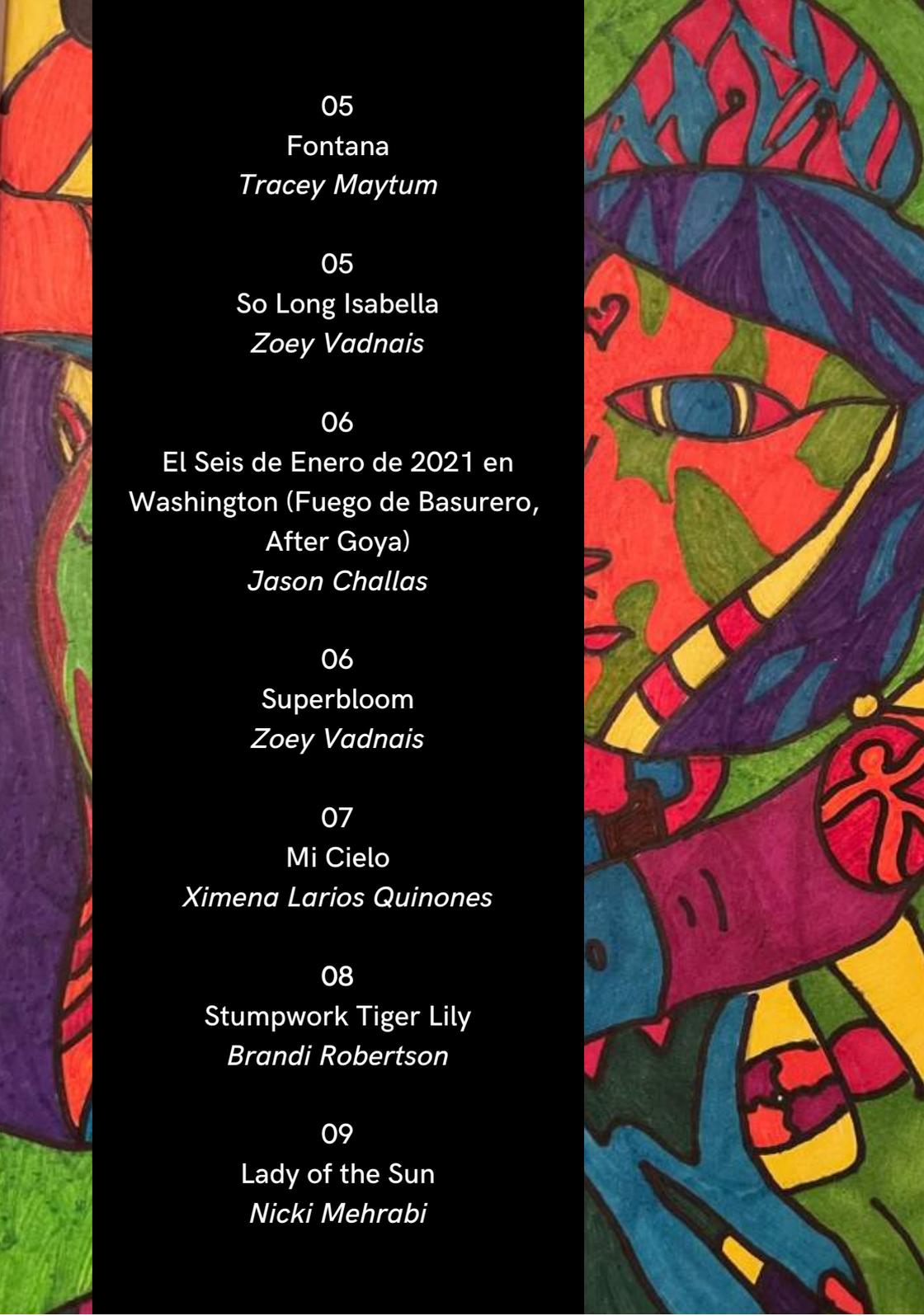
04

Sharkfin Cove
Samuel Spector

04

Zest of Life
Daria Dedkovskaya





05

Fontana

Tracey Maytum

05

So Long Isabella

Zoey Vadnais

06

El Seis de Enero de 2021 en
Washington (Fuego de Basurero,
After Goya)

Jason Challas

06

Superbloom

Zoey Vadnais

07

Mi Cielo

Ximena Larios Quinones

08

Stumpwork Tiger Lily

Brandi Robertson

09

Lady of the Sun

Nicki Mehrabi

10

O Splendid Debauchery

Yuna Shegai

11

Nightmares Read Into Sorrow

Samantha Tallent

12

The Hearts That Were Silenced

Nicki Mehrabi

13

Love, If Not Loneliness

Yasameen Jalalian

16

State of Loneliness

Fidan Jabrayilova

17

Taiwanese Food

Hannah Chang

18

My Grandma's House

Priya Pasumarthy



20

Bridge

Masatoshi Ishigami

21

Maui

Grace Lee

21

Misty Morning

Zoey Vadnais

22

Pretty on Pink

Zoey Vadnais

22

Hanging Out

Zoey Vadnais

22

Bug

Tracey Maytum

23

Untitled #1

Walter Bonser



24

Buddha Nature
Michael Phuong

25

Seagull Spa
Hannah Chang

25

Bread Chef
Masatoshi Ishigami

26

Visitation
Agustin Tapia

28

San Francisco Victorian
Brandi Robertson

29

Pufferfish
Hannah Chang

29

Untitled
Hannah Chang



30

Wave

Anne Fernando

31

Pinocchio

Hannah Chang

32

Cows

Emily Pacini-Carlin

32

Ocelot

Brandi Robertson

33

Yes, YES

Emily Pacini-Carlin

33

The Tigers Are Out

Emily Pacini-Carlin

34

Last Years of Independence

Amani Jordan



35

The Self Is A Cruel Lover
Yuna Shegai

38

Untitled
Andersson Flores

39

Clydesdale
Camille Iswandhi

39

Untitled #3
Kimmie Moomau

40

In Memory of CG
Dylan Dann

40

Turning Points
Dylan Dann

41

Mama Bear
May Freitas



44

Window View

Hani Schumaker Jo

45

Learning Abandoned

Olivia Downey

46

Aethermaid in the Grotto

Drew Cobene

47

Fish

Masatoshi Ishigami

48

Medusa Vines

Evan Summers

48

Flower Skull

Evan Summers

48

Ammonite Skull

Evan Summers



49

Caverns

Caitlin Carey

49

Dust in the Wind

Zoey Vadnais

54

Mother of All Things

Drew Cobene

55

Cadet vs Cadet

Frida Cervantes

56

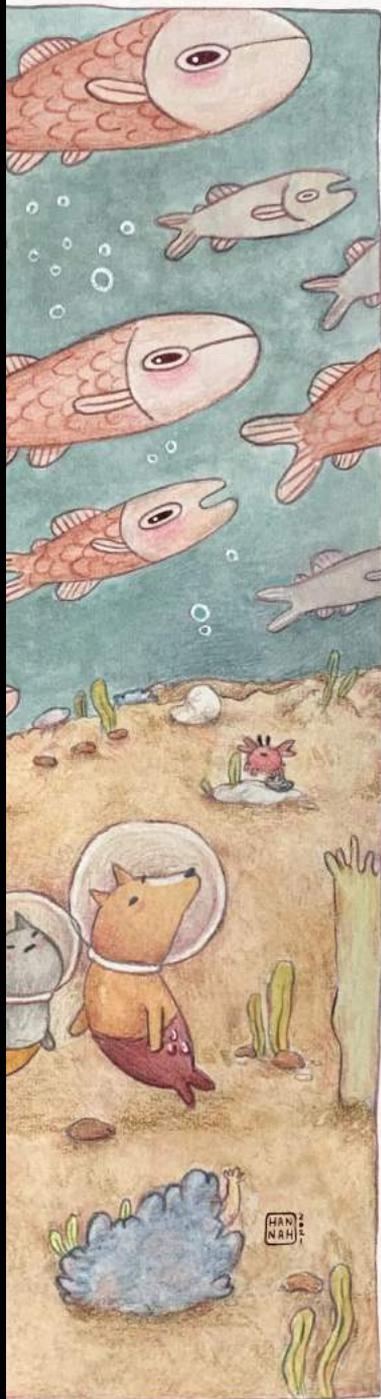
Enlightenment

Michael Phuong

57

For What It's Worth, I Had Fun

Emily Pacini-Carlin





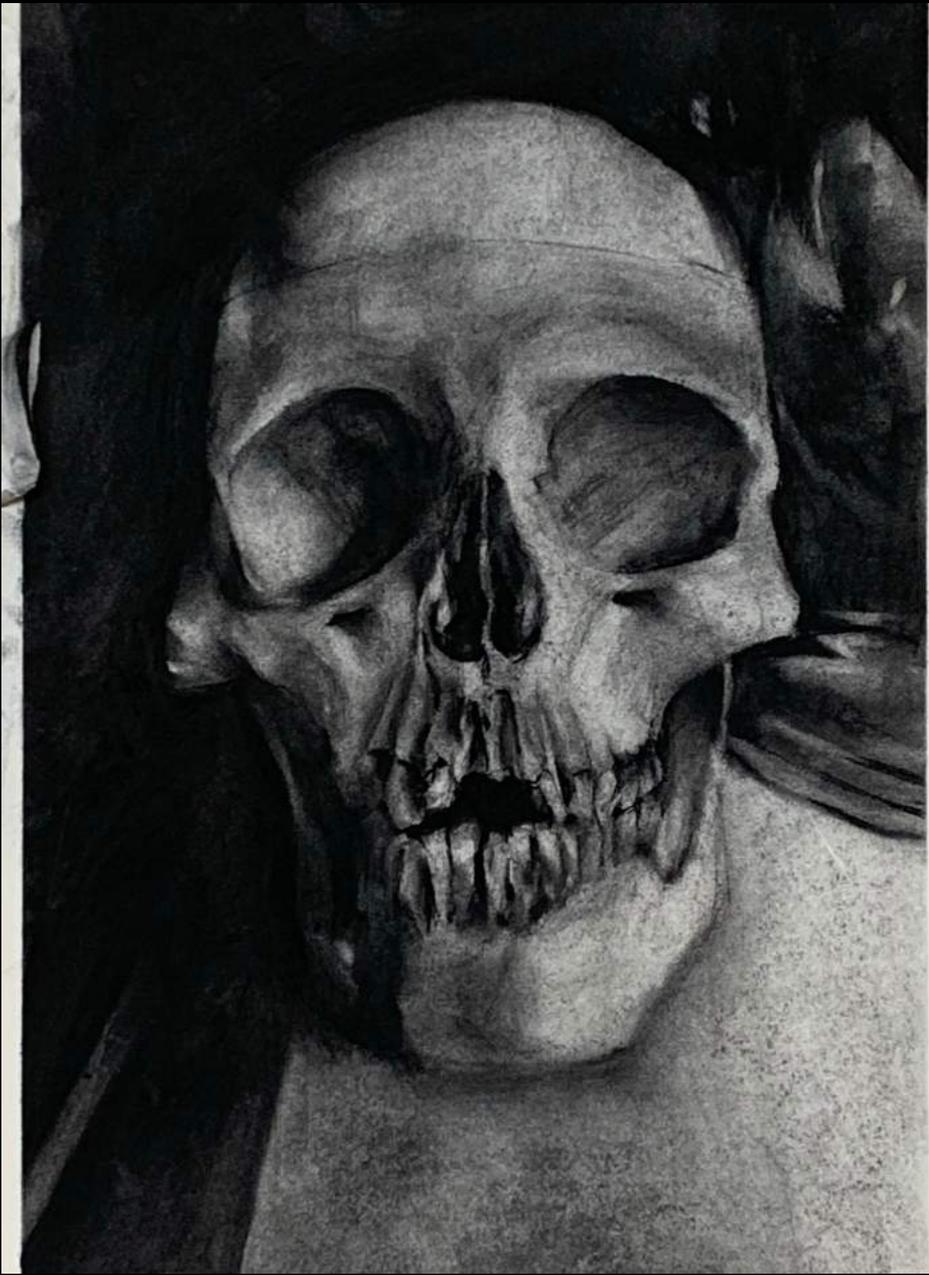
And So They Danced

Nineteenth

Janice Trail / Tracey Maytum

In between the moment that the branch broke off the old oak tree and the moment that it hit the pregnant vixen, they danced. One taller than the other so as to distinguish who was who but never did one lead for four steps. Under their feet did the forest grass grow and gray, did the brush burn and bloom, did the fungus flourish and fester. These two beings who loved all they touched and all that ever were and were to be. Only in these moments could they dance and love each other as they had untold ages ago. But they each knew that this moment would end like all the rest but so too did they know that they would be able to meet again in the future and feel the others love yet again. And so they danced. Here was the only time that they could, here was the only time that Life and Death could hug and hold their counterpart. For no matter how long they slowed time, they could only slow it.

Eventually the bough crushed the expecting mother's skull, a swift death was the only gift Death could give her for the moment she gave them. Eventually the kits in her womb would crawl their way out into the forest to look for a mother that would not be there for them. There Life gave the six of them a blessing to safeguard and harbor them against the rest of the creatures in the forest. And still the two danced. These rare and frequent moments where both life and death happen within an instant of the other. The six will grow into amazing foxes evading the hunters and eating their fill of the poachers' meals. However Life and Death did not care for the future; in this moment they only cared for the dance. And so they danced. Wielding primal powers the two weaved a new story for this small patch of land. They danced to the music of the world that any can hear so long as they immerse themselves deep enough to forget who they were, are, and will be. And so they danced. The music was enchanting but for these two the moment was ending. The dance can never be eternal and so they broke off to dance again, be it due to a mother's death in childbirth or because a forest burnt down allowing for the seed pods to open. Regardless, the dance ended and the two lovers had to wait for another moment where they could dance.



Untitled

Masatoshi Ishigami



Sharkfin Cove

Samuel Spector

Zest of Life

Daria Dedkovskaya



Fontana

Tracey Maytum



So Long Isabella

Zoey Vadnais



El Seis de Enero de 2021 en Washington
(Fuego de Basurero, After Goya)

Jason Challas

Superbloom

Zoey Vadnais



Mi Cielo

Ximena Larios Quinones

I would pick you ten times over

Don't you see, my love?

My heaven belongs to you

You carved out a space

within my sanctuary

Perhaps it is hellish

to crave you this badly,

how insatiable I am

What penance awaits me?

Is this unforgivable sin?

The genesis of my fall from grace?

You roll my name

around your tongue

like it is divine

like it is my body and blood

How could I not

be desperate for you?

I crave total annihilation

in your arms

I yearn for you
As the sky opens up
As the four horsemen charge at us
As the apocalypse approaches us
Would you stay with me?
I whisper my prayer:

“Quédate

Quédate

Quédate”



Stumpwork Tiger Lily
Brandi Robertson



Lady of the Sun
Nicki Mehrabi

Oh Splendid Debauchery!

Yuna Shegai

Oh splendid debauchery!

With your glittering sleeves you pull me into the ground,

Make me taste the earth, its bounty

The eighteenth year dubs me salacious;

Gluttonous and sacrilegious

In the back of my nape I hear

The voices of my forefathers, their chastising spiels

"Why, my precious pearl, my opal,

Your head's running amok!"

Yet in the spot above my breast

I hear my erstwhile self, from long ago,

Screaming for fresh air

For the blood in my heart is too raw, too hot

Pumping the girlish body it's too large for

She bends its tendrils like prison bars,

And splits its pulsing veins apart;

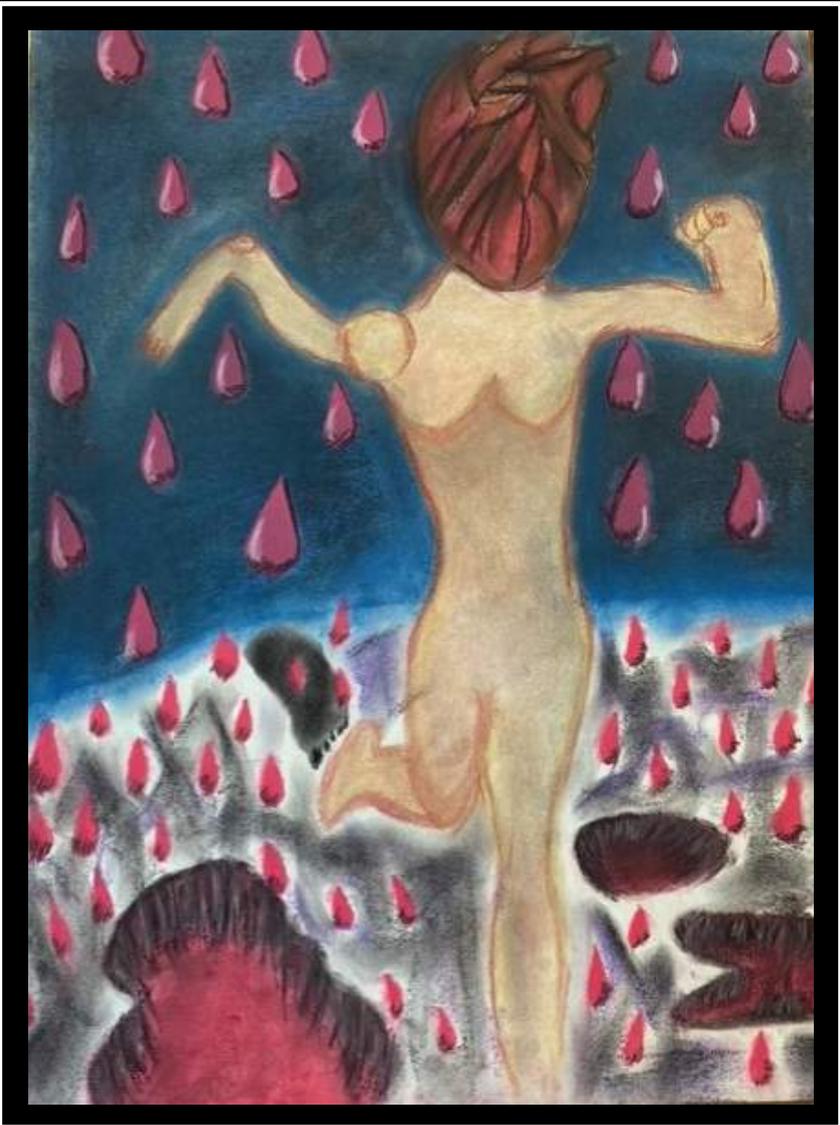
Headstrong and willful (like iron)

She pushes up, up, up into my throat

And in her mad, maenadic movement

She howls:

- "Oh splendid debauchery!"



Nightmares Read Into Sorrow
Samantha Tallent

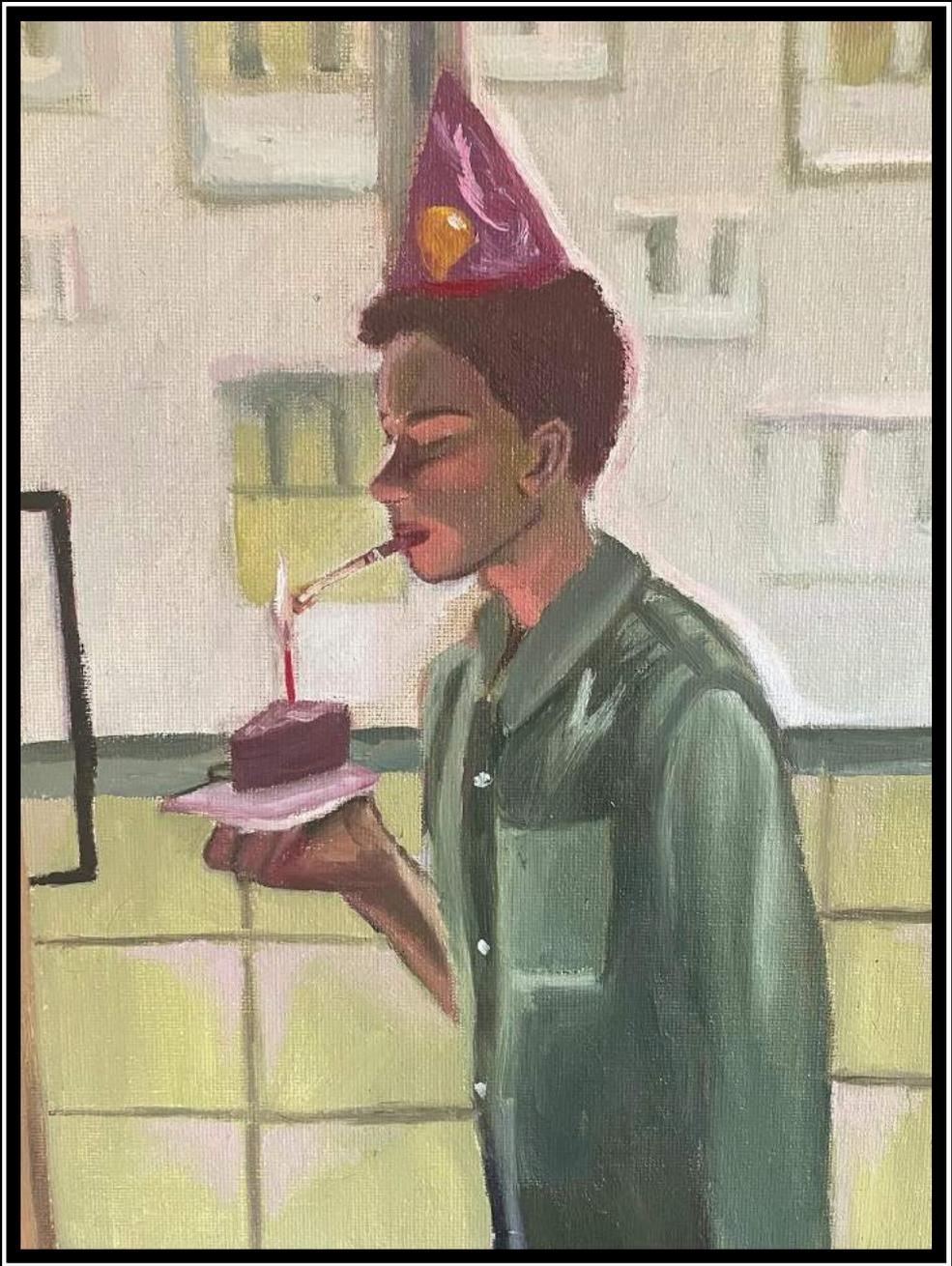
Love, If Not Loneliness

Yasameen Jalalian

i think it's time to make amends
your ghost, what used to be
pictures of us on my bedpost
smiles wide at seventeen
what was doomed from the start
skeletons trapped between the walls
caressed my mind, your midas touch
“don't look, before the fall”
you embodied my lack of hope
where i could never reach
my hands cold from holding on
to love i could never keep
mosaic of my memory
lost lover, my old friend
the people we once were
who we will never be again

any glimmer of hope
i shatter with the slightest touch
i can't hold you
when my heart breaks
what it loves far too much
my fingers shake
i can't explain
how i can't see what's there
the cracks in your resolve
knowing
i won't believe you care
it's funny how i lose my mind
drowning before the fall
on my worst day
i can't believe
you'd think of me at all
your day old tea
my faded dreams
our lives have just begun
the lukewarm afterthought i was
when you felt like the one

tightrope beneath my feet
the end is near, i know it now
that if i fell, i wouldn't scream
i couldn't make a sound
i chased my dreams to twenty three
life cherry sweet divine
the path less traveled took me down
just a matter of time
girls dancing in the window pane
crying outside the bar
our love at a red light
left in the front seat of your car
followed you down the rabbit hole
loved you, and you alone
to be lonely in love
with the person who felt like home
i came back down to earth
once dreamed of impossible things
that i could change myself for you
my angel without wings
my mind has sunken in
slipped far past where i used to be
i stood still, as life carried on
memories on repeat



State of Loneliness

Fidan Jabrayilova



Taiwanese Food
Hannah Chang

My Grandma's House

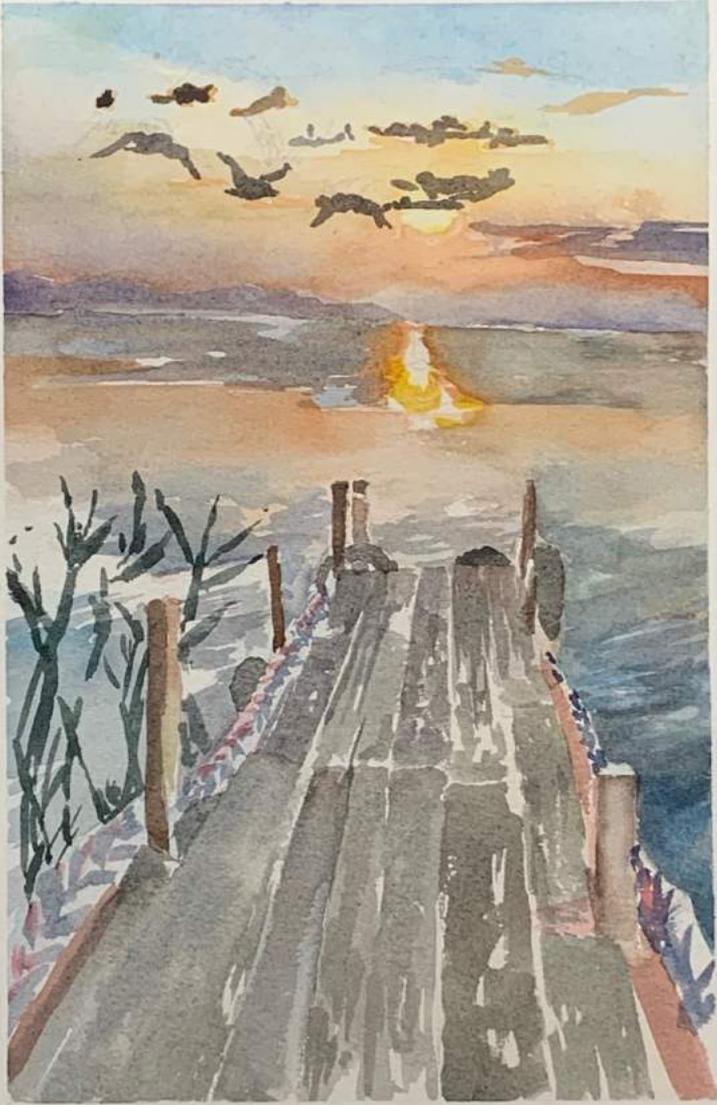
Priya Pasumarthy

My Grandma's House, now in dust /rust,
and an abode to termites and their guests.
She built her dream home
and reared kith & kids on her own.
Stood up through the ebb and flow
of life, bold and all alone.
Then her family grew
Love, being loved is all she knew.
She waited for us over the summer
and showered love once with her.
We met an unbounded freedom,
the royalty that caressed her dome.
Her little descents played on the verandah,
wooden dolls set up play shops with kids.
We(kids) voiced for ice sticks from the vendors
and granny got all that were our likes.
At dusk, we chased the stray puppies
off the yard, by dawn they were all back;
At the bed, we mocked its little barks.
We plucked the sour mangoes and
lemons, its sourness cracked

our follicles and lips. Turned to a bit of folly
hung on the branches, showered in
its inflorescences. There were sly
spectators, the apes, watching us, and felt shy.
At dusk, she lit the oil lamp and her family
offered prayers & rituals that ended happily.
In a flash went on vacation, to bid farewell.

Later on, she departed with a final farewell.
Slowly My Grandma's house got deserted
silence, darkness and hollow reigned.

Her voice, love, and chats stay exact,
her fondles, and cuddles stayed intact,
who lives in me to see my next descent down,
Then to be picked up from here and to go on.



Bridge

Masatoshi Ishigami



Maui

Grace Lee

Misty Morning

Zoey Vadnais



Pretty on Pink
Zoey Vadnais



Hanging Out
Zoey Vadnais



Bug
Tracey Maytum

Untitled #1

Walter Bonser

"Untitled #1"

I live on a world with an atmosphere of hydrogen
and oxygen.

We've lived ten thousand years in the miscible two.

On the far side of the planet a madman wields
flint and steel and stands poised to strike them!
Conflagration of combustion will burn our world
to nothing, and nothing can stand in the
fireball's way!

Buddha Nature

Michael Phuong

A new car that looks and smile
Makes me convinced life is worthwhile
For it to break down and die tomorrow
Should I laugh or cry in pain and sorrow

Benjamin leaves provide a nice shade
Covering my body from head to toe
For Autumn might come and blow it tomorrow
Should I laugh or cry in pain and sorrow

From time to time, I check my mirror
To see if beauty has grown any clearer
For my skin to dry and wrinkle tomorrow
Should I laugh or cry in pain and sorrow

Laugh because nothing last forever
Like everything in the universe that changes whenever
Look deep at the treasures within your heart
There lies true happiness, Buddha nature.



Seagull Spa
Hannah Chang

Bread Chef
Masatoshi Ishigami



Visitation

Agustin Tapia

One second, two second, three second, four second... on and on time flows, bye. Only a few moments until it is, inevitably, my turn in the chair. I can't get out of this one, not this time. I think back on all the things that I've done up until this point. I began thinking back to all the things my parents told me what, and what not, to do. Everything, from the minute, trivial things like how to fold a piece of paper, to how to brush my teeth. And I didn't always listen, obviously. I'm here about to get, "the treatment." I'm sure it's a nice process, I would believe that it is, except that the crying and screaming from my fellow victims, doesn't exactly help ease my discomfort.

There's just that much less time left until my turn. I'm much more fidgety, there's only that much less time left until my turn.

I close my eyes and retreat into my thoughts to collect myself. But all I can think about is all that I should've done. How I should've folded those pieces of paper better, or how I should've brushed my teeth better. But to no avail. No matter how deep I retreat into my mind, my body lays on a cold slab of metal. It lays on that slab, ready to be sacrificed. I force back the anguish clotting in my throat, knowing a single leak won't keep it from escaping my mouth. I should've been better.

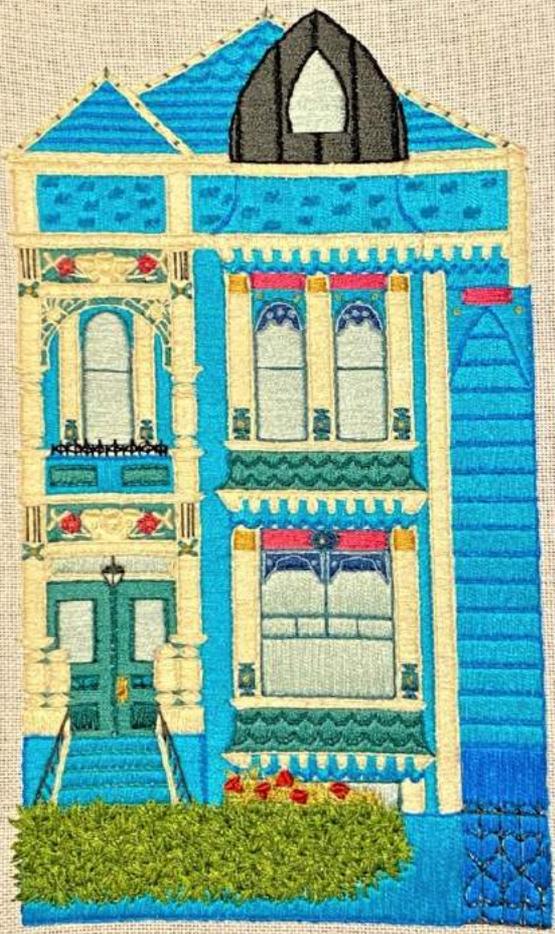
There is even less time left until my turn now. The sudden realization jolts me from happier times, and I notice the clamor of tools and instruments clinging and clattering. With fewer screams and crying from my fellow victims. I never really prayed before, but I am beginning to think that maybe it's time to meet my maker.

There is even less time left until my turn now.

The time has come, I don't need to stare at a clock to know. From the sound of the boots, booming their way towards me, I know that this is the end. I tried reaching a hand out to my side wishing that there would be someone to grab it and ease my discomfort. But to no avail. My hands are too tense, clutching the cold metal bars that keep me from sliding off the slab. The end has come.

This is the end, but there are no tears, I won't give them that luxury. From the corner of my eye, I can see them cleaning their tools of trade, laughing and smiling at each other as if they haven't been using those on people, as if they were out in the town on a Saturday night. One of them locks their eyes with mine. They see my despair and discomfort, and smile. They excuse themselves from the conversation, and all eyes are now looking at me, all smiling. The single person was in front of me now, all I was able to do was let out a sigh. Is this your first time? I answered with a yes. They chuckled.

That first dental appointment went by quickly. My six year old self felt surprisingly good about it, since there was nothing to worry about. Except for that pink stuff at the end. Even to this day, I don't like that pink stuff.



San Francisco Victorian
Brandi Robertson

Pufferfish
Hannah Chang



Untitled
Hannah Chang



Wave

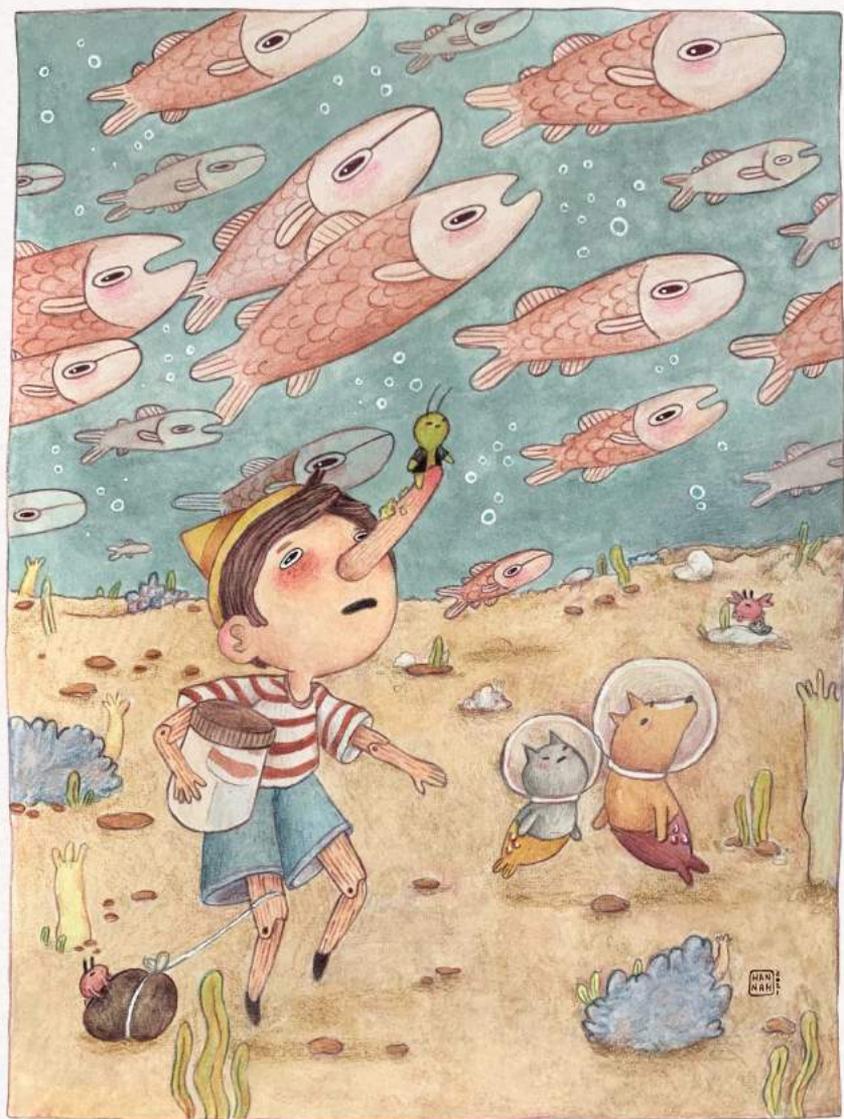
Anne Fernando

Don in white cap pure
you march on, feeling so sure
the blue coat of many color
cobalt, turquoise, aquamarine no duller

Why do you tirelessly maneuver?
the fierce forces you endure
In a hurry to rest, it seems
but only to start over with a beam

Tossing seaweed like spaghetti
you create the best jetty
for fishes to thrive and birds to gather
and many critters to shore you scatter.

Wave after wave you inspire
no obstacle too great makes you perspire
With your enthusiasm and quick readiness
you bring purpose and joy to repetition



Pinocchio
Hannah Chang



Cows

Emily Pacini-Carlin



Ocelot

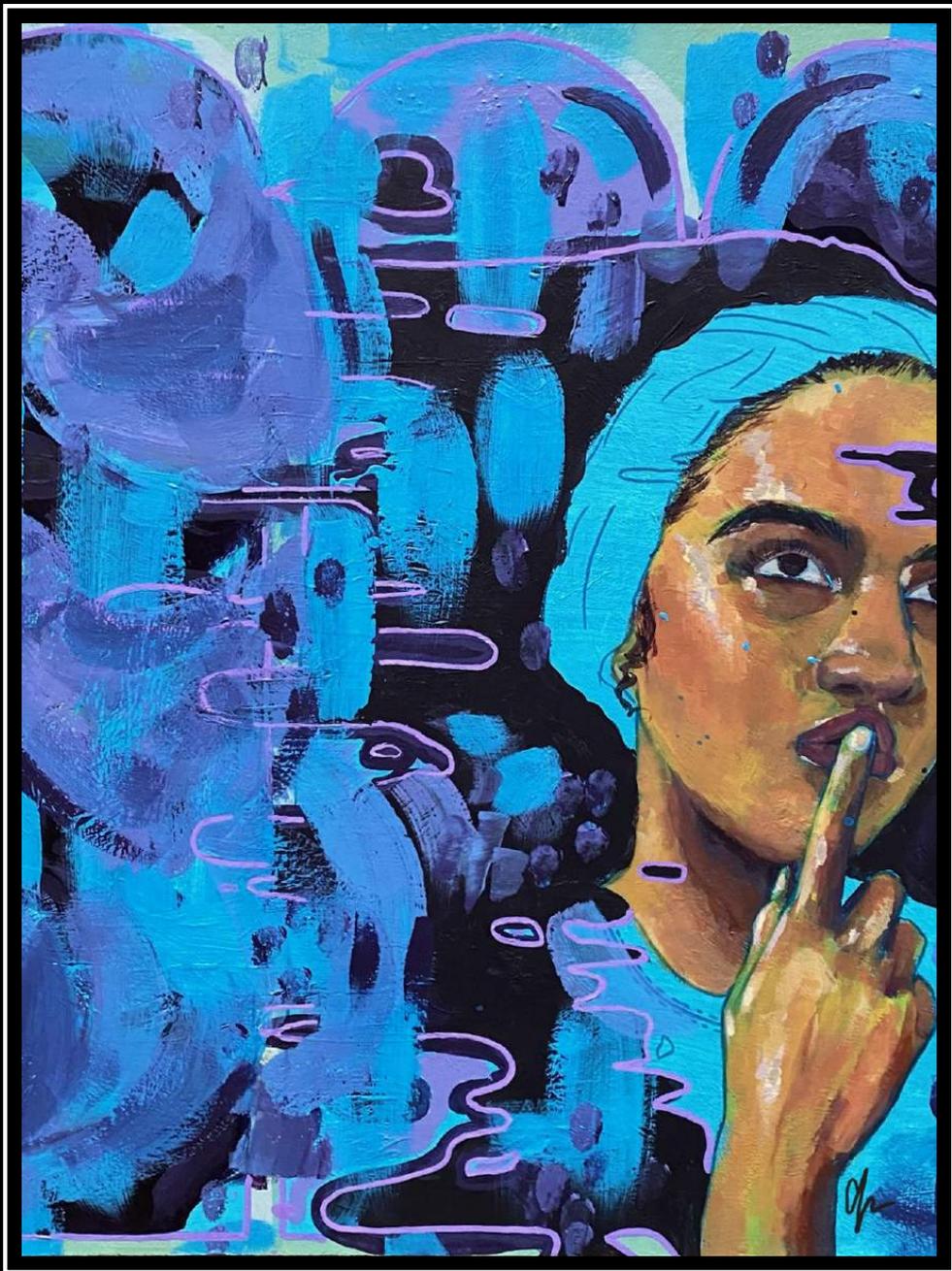
Brandi Robertson



The Tiger is Out
Emily Pacini-Carlin

Yes, YES
Emily Pacini-Carlin





Last Years of Independence
Amani Jordan

The Self is a Cruel Lover

Yuna Shegai

The Self is a cruel lover.

What am I if not loyal? What am I if not steadfast in my fixation?

The bouquets I throw her way are lush and bountiful, each petal an attempt to convey my devotion to her and only her.

Daisy for attachment.

Jasmine for faithfulness.

Clover.

Carnations.

Violets.

Valerian

I dutifully throw each flower stalk into the tongues of the Self's flame, being careful not to burn the skin on my palms and knuckles. Frankly, the burns no longer sting like they used to, for they are nothing but a reminder, a numbness I trace over with my fingers when the Self is away.

The Self gorges on the flora offered before her pyre, stuffing each flower into her gaping jaws as if it was the last meal before her execution. With each ravenous bite, the image of the guillotine becomes clearer in her mind. Her black eyes widen as she swallows.

Long live the Queen!

The flowers are worn and tired, and their crumpled calyxes tremble in the Self's cut-up hands, sighing their last adieu to the green meadows which brought them forth.

My gaze hollow and unwavering, I watch as the Self spits up her colorful meal, the purge streaked with pink, white, and green, and the perfumey stench of wildflowers permeates the air.

The Self is angry with me. Her screams, something akin to an animal in an iron trap, tell me of her starvation, her ambition, her determination, her constant need for more.

How many times has she rejected my love? How many times has she taken it all, swallowing it up and leaving no trace? How many of my attempts at confession were fruitless?

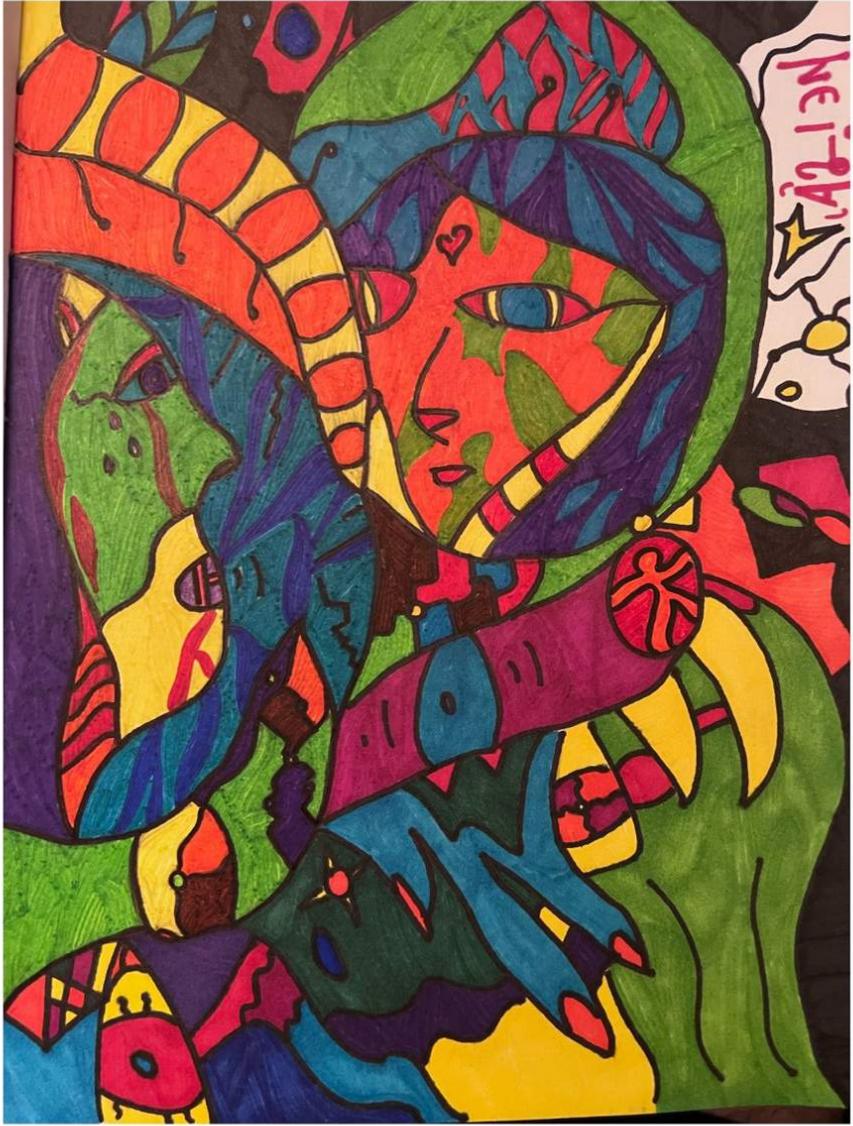
I think I've lost count.

Weary eyed, I look down at my hands, all torn up from rose thorns and stung to blisters by the nettle; my feet, aching with each step, and each muscle yearning for the comfort of the soft grass underneath them.

The Earth pulls me back down, but I am steady. I know the Self does not love me and refuses to do so for being set ablaze hurts less, you see but I am resolute.

Day after day, I hastily tear up the ground for thyme and tarragon, tie up poppies and lilies together with cheap twine, and wear my flesh down all to satisfy her.

The Self is a cruel lover.
I try to love her back.



Untitled
Anderson Flores



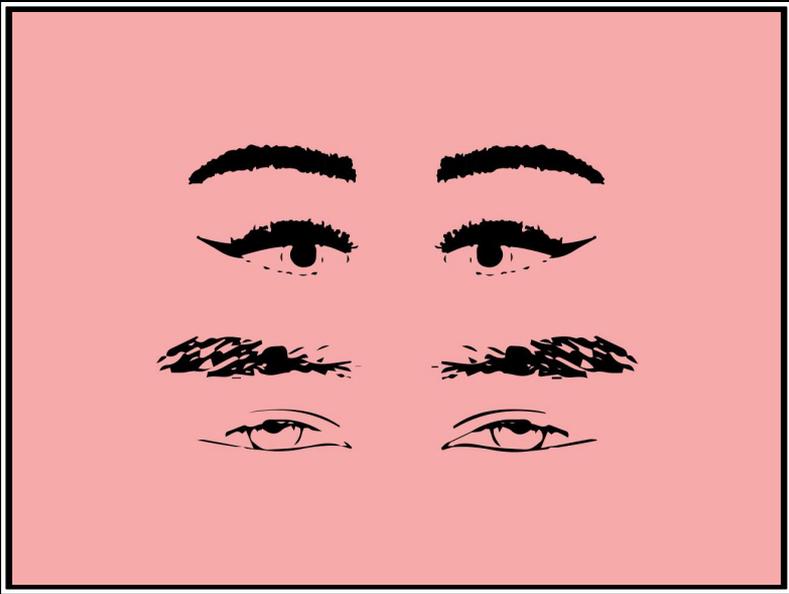
Clydesdale

Camille Iswandhi



Untitled #3

Kimemie Moomau



In Memory of CG

Dylan Dann

Turning Points

Dylan Dann



Mama Bear

May Freitas

I looked through our empty
kitchen cupboards.

“Hey, Babe.

Can I have some money,
so I can go get something to eat?”

I asked.

“No, there is a frozen pizza
in the freezer.
Eat that.”

“I’m sick of pizza.

I don’t need much money.”

“No, end of conversation.”
He walked off
and slammed
the bedroom door
behind him.

I barged
into our bedroom.
and poked my finger
into his steroid muscled chest.
“You’re not my dad.
This conversation is not over.”

The vein in his neck pulsed,
his eyes bulged,
as he pushed his hand
into my chest.

“What the fuck
are you doing?
Don’t ever fuckin’
touch me!”

I realized my mistake
and tried to creep
backward.
He puffed
his cocksure chest
and charged at me.

He flung me
across the room.
I thumped the wall,
hitting my head.
My ears rang
as I lay there stunned.

My rage was building,
I looked for anything
to throw at him
and spotted a small dinner fork
on his nightstand.
He laughed at me.

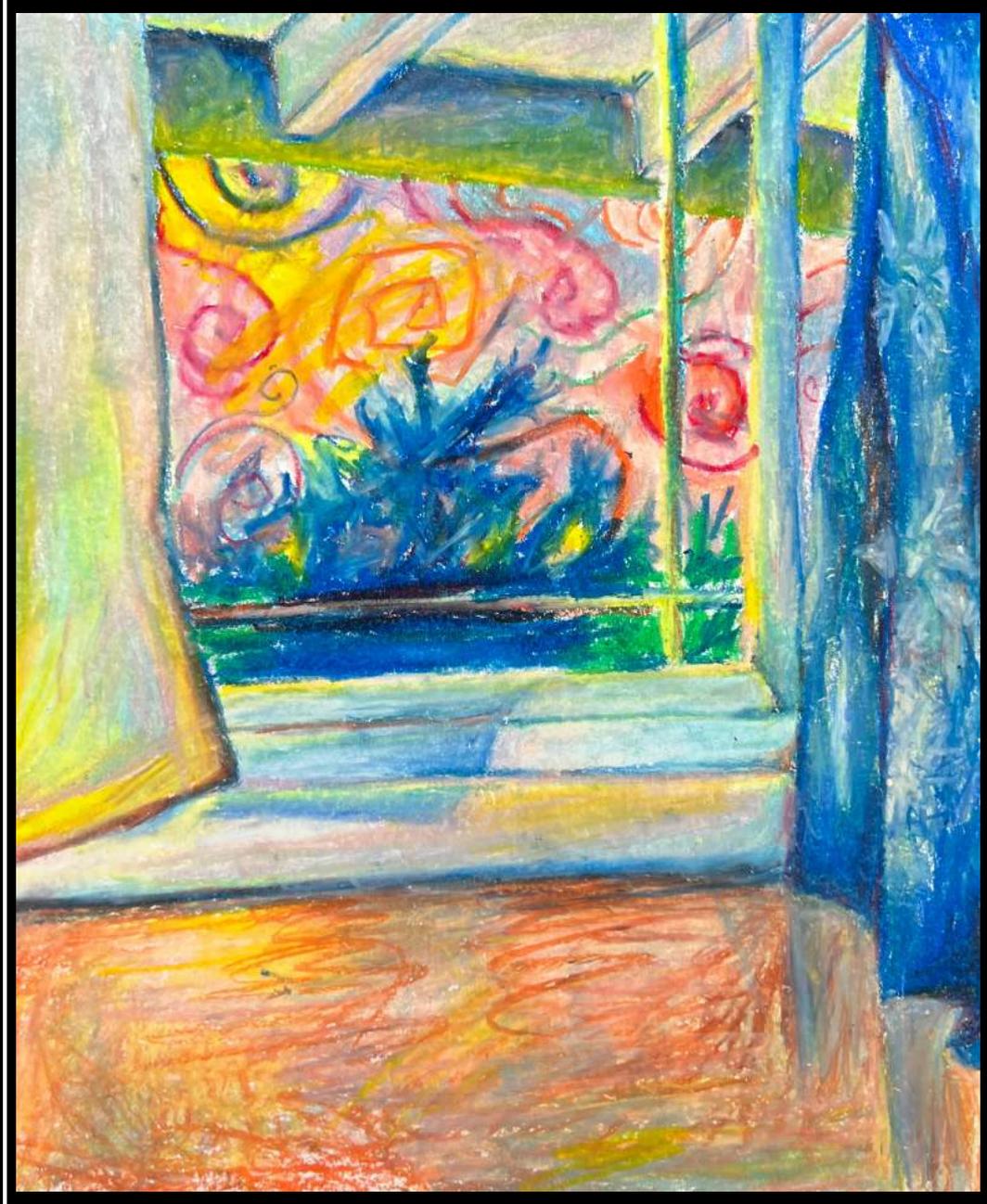
“What do you think
you’re gonna do with that?
Stab me?”

He threw up his arms
and looked me up and down,
trying to bait me into a fight.

“That’s what I thought,”
he said with his smug smile.

It hadn’t occurred
to me to jab him with it.
“Yes!” I growled,
lunging forward
and thrusting the fork
into his right knee.

He limped away,
like a wounded dog.
I picked up the fork
and wiped off the blood
onto my maternity shirt.



Window View
Hanl Schumaker Jo

Learning Abandoned

Olivia Downey

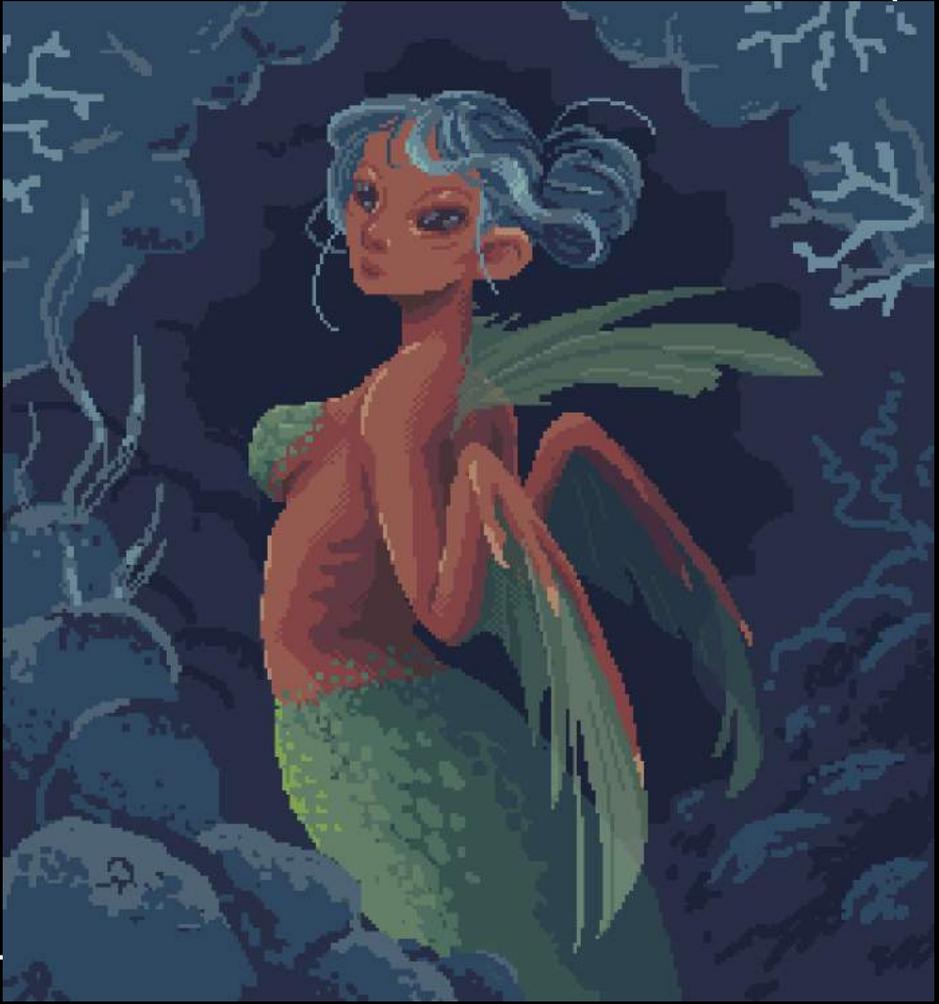
Head higher than ever, the feeling I was able
to do anything, be anyone.

Ready to learn, to grow, and have fun —
I knew that I belonged.

I moved to the middle, that's where everyone was.
Started falling behind, I couldn't raise my hand because
the teachers all looked the other way.
I had too many questions is what they'd say.
I told myself to stay strong.

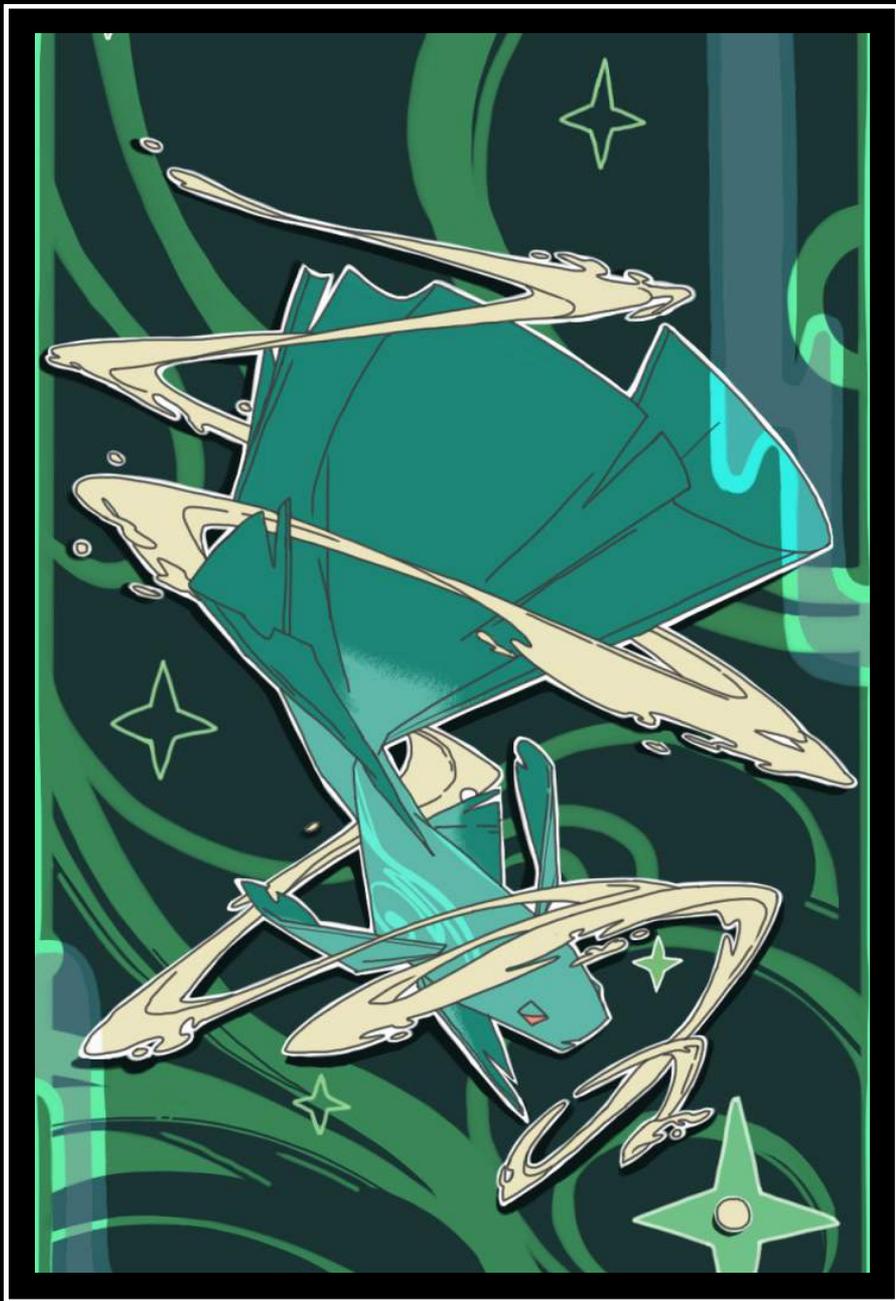
I huddled in the corner squared into the wall,
chair leaning so far back but no one worrying if I'd fall.
Eye rolls and annoyed sighs aimed at me.
Silent rules I had somehow broken loudly.
I realized that something was wrong.

I stumbled out confused, inert, and unprepared.
Found out many people were open minded and judgement impaired.
Voice snuffed like my imagination,
a zombified educational creation,
I failed to master wisdom's fine song.



Aethermaid in the Grotto

Drew Cobene



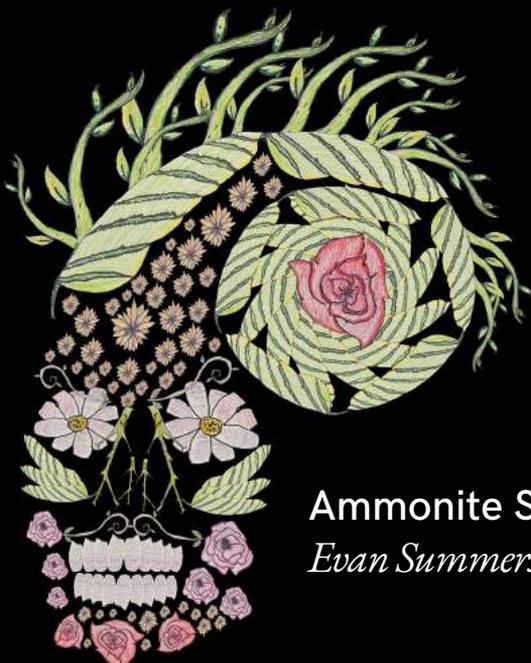
Fish

Masatoshi Ishigami

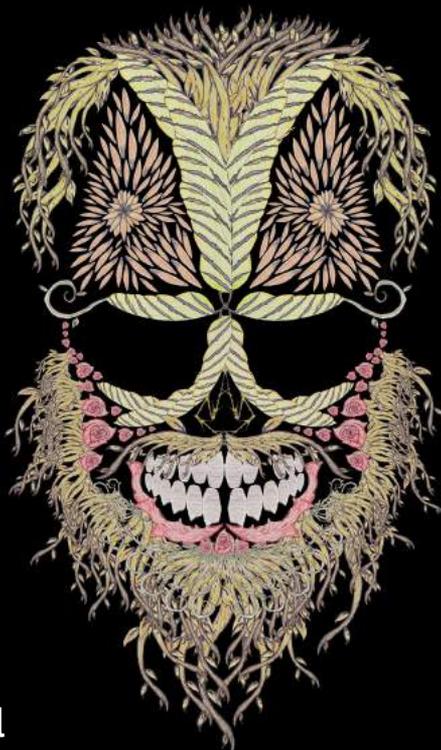
Medusa Vines
Evan Summers



Flower Skull
Evan Summers



Ammonite Skull
Evan Summers





Caverns

Caitlin Carey

Dust In the Wind/ Zoey Vadnais

The soles of her sneakers pounded against the damp ground as she ran through the gaps in the trees surrounding her. Ducking under branches and hopping over roots not daring a second to glance back. She couldn't remember why she was running, she couldn't remember how she had gotten here or where here was, all she knew was that she had to keep running, had to keep pushing forward. Twigs snagged and snapped against her skin as she ran, trying to put together in her mind what was happening when a dark predatory growl rumbled the ground from behind her. All thoughts were scattered from her brain and she sprinted faster, trying to escape whatever creature was hunting her down. Diane crashed through the trees and started to sprint through a large clearing in front of her before the ground began shuddering underneath her. Skidding to a stop just in time to watch the ground split open, spreading wide to reveal an endless cavern.

She was trapped, there was nowhere else to go, this was how she would die. As her panic started to set in, and she glanced around helplessly to look for somewhere for her to hide, she caught a flash of light in the corner of her eye. Whirling around to look at the cavern, she watched as bulbs of red light slowly appeared, flickering slightly in the expanse of darkness. A tendril seemed to curl out from the one closest to her, reaching for her, and all instincts screamed for her to grab it. Reaching her hand out Diane took a step forward, and the tendril snapped out, wrapping around her arm and tossing her into the cavern below. She screamed, flailing helplessly as she watched the world fall away from her. This was it, this was how she was going to die, she wasn't going to see her friends or her parents or her pets again. Squeezing her eyes shut she prayed it would be a quick death, that she wouldn't feel a thing. And then she was floating again, the sensation of falling switching gears. Diane dared to open a single eye to see the sky coming toward her now, before she once again plummeted. She watched in awe as a third red light shot out and caught her, tossing her in the air again. They were carrying her down to the bottom of the chasm floor. She hadn't thought anything like this was possible. And she laughed. Straight up laughed as she let the red balls of light toss her around like a rag doll. Watched the sky bounce as she was tossed about, and finally chanced a glance at the trees she had been running in a moment ago. Glaring at her, at the edge of the cliff she had jumped from, was a hulking creature.

Sharp claws jutted out of massive paws, but it didn't look like any animal she had ever seen. Grayish blue leathery skin, pulled across a four legged muscular frame, with sharp golden slits glaring right at her. Acidic saliva dripped from the deadly canines jutting from its mouth, burning the grass under it while it snarled in her direction. She had definitely made the right choice to jump. Down down down she went into the cavern as more and more red lights floated into view. The farther she went down, the warmer it got, and the darkness that had swallowed her before, was now seeming to lighten. She looked around as she was tossed and carried down deeper in, and it almost sounded like music was floating up from the bottom. There was cackling, and a sweet but slightly haunting tune as the lights transitioned from throwing her to carrying her. It set her down on a warm plush rug. She looked around confused and surprised by the strangely normal decorations at the bottom of a cavern. She looked around, confused as she saw paintings hanging on the walls. There were different depictions of men with pale, muscled skin, sitting atop different types of thrones made of bone, wood, fire. All of them were stunning if not slightly horrifying, and she found herself following them down a long hallway. As she went, torches hanging by the paintings lit up in blue flame guiding her farther down the plush hallway rug laid under her. The hall eventually opened into a wide cave like room. The stone wall returning as multiple torches lit up, one by one, flooding the room with a blue glow.

She looked in the center and all of the breath was sucked out of her. In the center of the cave was a throne, made of bone. A human skull sat on top of the throne and seemed to have red flames glowing in each of the empty sockets. That was not what had pulled her to a halt. It was the man sitting in the throne. An exact replica of the creatures who had been in the paintings in the hall. He was absolutely stunning, chiseled torso, sharp golden eyes, pale skin that seemed to glow in the fire. The creature leaned forward while he watched her, his chin resting in his hands.

“Mmmm you’re not supposed to be this far” His deep voice purred. Diane opened her mouth to speak but no sound came out. “His plans are moving faster than I would like. Dear princess just keep your head up, my men are coming to find you, and keep you safe.” Princess? She wasn’t a princess. Just a normal girl who was an outcast at school, how did this creature even know who she was. “Just wake up Diane, and hold on.” he smirked before he stood, and a faint roar shook the walls. His smirk vanished, a frown pulling at those sculpted features instead. “Shit, he senses you. Wake up! You need to wake up Diane!” He ran for her, holding out his hand. The fire from each of the torches curling into his palm as he looked past her. “Damn it Princess! Wake up! Wake up!” he yelled before the ground shook as another roar, closer this time, rumbled louder. She took a step back, looking at the floor just in time to see the ground open beneath her and swallow her whole.

Fire licked at her ankles and yanked her down into a massive fiery pit. It burned, it felt like her skin was melting off. It was too much, the breath being pushed from her lungs as she was pulled deeper into the red flames. She tried to scream but no sound came out, until finally she slammed into nothingness the black consuming her.



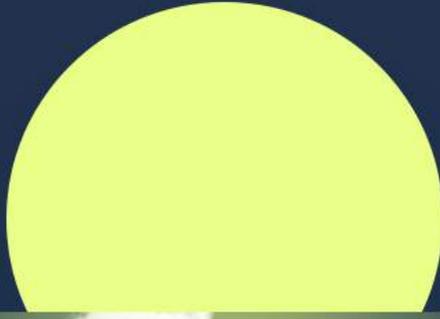
Mother of All Things

Drew Cobene



Cadet vs. Cadet
Frida Cervantes

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BY MICHAEL PHUONG

Enlightenment
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