

Lemurian Revival



Spring 2026



College of the Siskiyous Writers Club

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This anthology is compiled from College of the Siskiyous students, faculty and staff.

Welcoming new club members

The College of the Siskiyous Writers Club is an awesome opportunity for College of the Siskiyous students, faculty, and staff to explore their creativity and enhance their writing skills. We provide a supportive community where members can share ideas, work on writing prompts, and develop their craft. Joining the club opens doors to endless possibilities and personal growth in the world of writing. We look forward to growing the Club!

Our agreed upon goal is to have fun!



Honeybee

This past summer, one of my favorite morning activities was to go outside and spend some quality time with my zinnias. This was my first year growing a mega crop of zinnias, and I am thrilled by the abundance of colors and blooms. Life teems from these gorgeous bursts of joy, providing a constant hum from tiny buzzing creatures. I noticed as fall approached and the mornings became colder, sleepy little bees would be nestled between the zinnia petals, resting all cozy and confined. It was like they overindulged themselves on copious amounts of pollen and passed out, only to become petrified by the cold. This is clearly the only explanation, because a normal, sober honeybee should be all safe and warm in its hive before dark. I observed this intoxicated bee behavior pretty consistently as fall progressed. This morning, however, proved to be the first frost of the year. I went outside thinking I could harvest one last bouquet of Zinnias, but, alas, they were frozen, and they lacked any slumbering companions snuggled amongst the petals.

Seraphina Lashley



Dear Computer

O my computer, how sleek and black! How beautiful you are! Epitome of high technology, I love so much about you. Never change!

No, I mean really, never change. All these updates - cut back a bit, okay? Maybe just a smidge? Improvement is good, but too much of anything is unhealthy. I hate to say it, but I'm afraid you've got a problem.

I know you're just trying to help, to keep yourself free from viruses, to provide me the newest and greatest clickbait and advertisements, and to rearrange my most commonly used menu items into an increasingly byzantine labyrinth which I'm sure would perfect, intuitive sense to me if I were only as smart as you, my computer. I know you're just trying to help.

Still, you don't have to try quite so hard for my sake, you know?

I mean, I absolutely love that Disney-themed children's game you downloaded on the off-chance I might want to play it, even if I have never given you any indication that I like Disney, have children, or would at all enjoy playing this game. Really, you didn't have to do that for me. If I want games, or news, or weather reports, I'm perfectly capable of getting them myself. In fact, to be perfectly honest, I *don't* absolutely love that game - I haven't even played it, truthfully, and I don't intend to. But it's the thought that counts.

Really, though, you shouldn't have to change yourself quite so often. Once a month is kind of a lot, don't you think, and I know you run updates more often than that. That much focus on change just doesn't seem healthy. You don't have to change so much - I love you just the way you are.

Well...actually, if you want suggestions, I do have a *few* ideas for improvement.

Like the task bar, for instance. I think it's great that you give me the option to put it on either the top or the bottom of my screen. That's cool, it really is. I like options. But my previous computer - and I don't mean to compare you to my previous computer, but my previous computer gave me *four* options for the task bar: top, bottom, left, and right. And that was kind of nice. I mean, my monitor's a lot wider than it is tall, and most of my application windows are square, so if some space is going to be taken up by the task bar, it makes more sense to put it on the left or right, doesn't it? Food for thought.



Or what about that extra screen that shows up before I can sign in? Sometimes the pictures are pretty, but it's really just one additional, unnecessary thing for me to click through after starting you up and before entering my password. You could easily go straight to the login screen instead. I know you can, because my previous computer - but let's not talk about my previous computer. This is about you. And, sure, it's just one extra screen. It only takes a few seconds to click through. But maybe it could be optional? Options are good. Giving me options would be much more thoughtful than enforcing unilateral changes.

Still, I'm not expecting you to change-not in this way, at least. You probably won't. I'm just suggesting.

And really, I love so much about you. I love the improvements to my productivity. I love the way you crunch the hard numbers so I don't have to. I love that you can show me any photo or video I care to name and a great many I don't. I love that you connect me to a whole wide world of information and interactivity.

You don't have to change for this relationship to work out. In fact, I'd rather you didn't. But if you insist on change, I've got a few suggestions.

Galen Ferrel



Anthropomorphism

It's been cold in the mornings. The type of cold that causes me to curl and change. My mother warned me, her strong figure rising from the earth. The time shift, the quieting of those who move around. I used to see many of them at full speed glistening with sweat, the rhythmic fall of their feet. Now I only see one engaged in such activity and he doesn't glisten, his clothing now fully covering his legs. He arrives in the dark and speeds by; he never looks at us. I see a woman with a black dog most afternoons, she looks at me sometimes but she always has headphones on. I don't think she hears me bristle in the wind, hears the soft hum of my existence. All the children are gone, to where I do not know. Some return in the evenings but only a few and they rarely leave the playground. We are alone standing over the cold grass. The local pool I can barely see is stale, full of dirt and now some of my fallen brothers.

The dark I didn't mind at first but then the rain and wind came. I held on for dear life - swaying, shaking, and soaked through. I know my life is temporary but this all went too fast. The warmth as I unfurled, the sun warming my veins, the heat, the soft rain, and now I am a light shade of yellow ready for my new beginning. I know all isn't lost, I will eventually become earth and there I will become grass, maybe even a small white daisy. I feel the branch that has been my home for 7 months move back and forth and I become nervous. My sibling's sound like the stream nearby as they vibrate in succession. I am pulled upward and join the chorus. My mother shifts in the strong wind and speaks. She rarely does so we listen.

I forgot to tell you of snow, when you fall, you will freeze and take a hardened shape. You may crunch under some human's boot. It may be purposeful or an accident, it may bring joy, it may go unnoticed. Some of you may remain beneath me, others will travel far across this landscape, seeing and smelling things, you could only dream of. Parts of you will be soaked into the earth as I have described but other parts of you will soak into the snow. Tiny particles may even evaporate."

The wind pauses and so do we. The silence of our curiosity palpable.

"You will disappear with the snow and become water vapor, some of it rising to the clouds. It may even become cold enough for these particles to collect into ice and fall back down. You are not dying. Whither you become earth or water you



will return to feed your future siblings and future life. You are the food that will feed worms and the moisture that will feed the grass”

I don’t want to feed the grass and who wants to be worm food?

Marissa Adlard



Broken masterpiece

Each human is a scattering of shards, fragments of beautiful living, of pain and of joy. Here our character is built. Through the order of our reconstruction, we reveal our shine with continuous polish, or let ourselves dull.

I am not broken. But, I am split into a million pieces. A masterpiece that I assembled. My fragments held together with tape and glue, binding life together. Each bound piece containing a saga.

I smooth the edges of the tape where I have joined joy to a piece of heartache, a piece of desire to a piece of loss; and together they tell my story. Endless fragments of love, disappointment, joy, and adventure, each shard reflecting my past. Individually they are just words, but together they make a mosaic.

The glue still sticky on my fingers. It never has a chance to dry. I pick up some possibility and wonder what puzzle piece it will slide into. Loss fits perfectly into death, amid all the faces, next to the realization that there is only one end. I handle them with care as the splinters are sharp. Sharp enough to sever a piece of my soul, to make another shard, another splinter, another fragment.

My life's work, my accumulation of fragments. I will always be gathering remnants to tape and glue. As I gather, another floats to the ground enticing me to notice. An idea, a realization, an epiphany. I will salvage them as trophies of my humanity and a life well lived.

I pick up one fragment of contentment, and for just a moment, my masterpiece is complete.

Seraphina Lashley



See

We are here on this earth for the first time,
looking through her eyes,
made of blue birds and glass,
made of training wheels
on sidewalk
around and around
panorama
rolling down kelly green grass hills
burritos and blueberries
on
lips, pink and fresh, like
dandelions that we blow
wish flowers,
pulled apart monkey bread by
breath
bobbing
bits
balancing
seeds into air of
sunshine, slides
climbing clouds
slides, running
glitter shoes,
faster, feather-light time,



jiggling serious, marbled
earthdom, existing exactly as
we were meant to see.

Sarah Steger



Interview With Mario Cintron by Devon Hansen

On October 20, 2025, I had the honor of interviewing Mario Cintron for the Lemurian Revival. Mario is an Instructional Support Specialist and Academic Coach at College of the Siskiyous who strives to make a positive impact wherever he goes.

Mario credits several factors for taking his current role at College of the Siskiyous. He previously worked with K-12 students and saw the need for a consistent support system for safety. He believes everyone responds well to consistent safety and security. He recognizes this student population covers a wide range of individuals, including caregivers, parents, veterans, and returning students. He felt it would be a deep honor to be a part of this college community. It is easy to see Mario has a deep connection with the human experience, and essence.

When I asked him what makes him walk into a room and want everyone to leave in a better place, he said everyone is valuable, everyone has something meaningful to share, and growth from human interaction is possible.

I asked Mario what made him such a genuine person with a huge heart. Mario says his parents are his role-models. His parents are always observant and looking out for what will enrich his life. They taught him how to nurture relationships with others. He talked warmly about how his parents believed in him from a very young age, how they taught him independence, and that wherever someone is in life, there is a path forward.

During the interview Mario said his favorite quote of the moment is “look once, listen twice.” He went on to say that in a world that is so overwhelming, looking once and listening twice can relieve tension so we can receive meaningful information. He went on saying it can be a “humble check” and that he wants to see people as they are.

When asked for some kind words people can say to others when meeting for the first time or when someone is hurting, he answered with “I can see how you got there” or “I can see how you would think that.” These words to Mario echo wanting the conversation to move forward and to be grounded in a place of mutual understanding. We don’t have to abandon our values to say these things, it just helps us appreciate the other person. “I noticed” is another phrase he points out can be used to deepen the connection and make someone feel valued.

I went on to ask Mario what superpower he wants. Mario says his one superpower would be to tap people on the shoulder to take off ten-percent of the pressure they carry. He thinks it is good to have a sense of drive and challenge and to work on growing ourselves in unfamiliar territory. He doesn’t want to remove all the pressure but wants to give people a relief valve. I can say from personal experience that Mario already gives people that relief valve in a different, but still positive, way.



When asked what fictional character from a book or a show he relates to, he said he relates best to the protagonist from his favorite book of all time, *Life of Pi*. He relates to the boy Piscine, or “Pi,” and his adventures on a boat out at sea with a couple of animals, one being a tiger. He relates to how he adapts to life’s challenges. He wants to be someone who can step toward uncertainty with curiosity.

When asked about clear thinking, Mario said it is like a clear and smooth lake. It involves being mindful of what is brought to the surface and bringing up what is there, rather than what is believed to be there, which helps meet another person where they are. Most people, he said, will back out of saying something from a place of uncertainty, but Mario said he’s willing to dive in and fail gloriously!

The final question of interest concerns which three books he would select if he were stranded on an island. In reply, Mario asked, “why must you torture me?” One book is *Clan Apis* by Jay Hosler. The second book is *Call of the Wild* by Jack London. The third book included would be a collection of Australian Aboriginal folk tales.

This interview has truly provided more proof that wherever Mario goes, it is a better place for having him there.



Mario Cintron, Oct 2025



Elijah Harmse



Raúl Esquivel



Emily Yost



George Goodenough