

# THE PAJARITO PLATEAU

ARTS AND LITERARY JOURNAL



SPRING 2021

University of New Mexico-Los Alamos

# THE PAJARITO PLATEAU

ARTS AND LITERARY JOURNAL

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On the Cover:

Julie McNeil, "Woman holding basket,"

On the Back Cover:

Emily Jones, "Four Seasons"

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SPRING 2021

**University of New Mexico-Los Alamos**

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## FROST-19

### Stevannah Marquez (alumna)

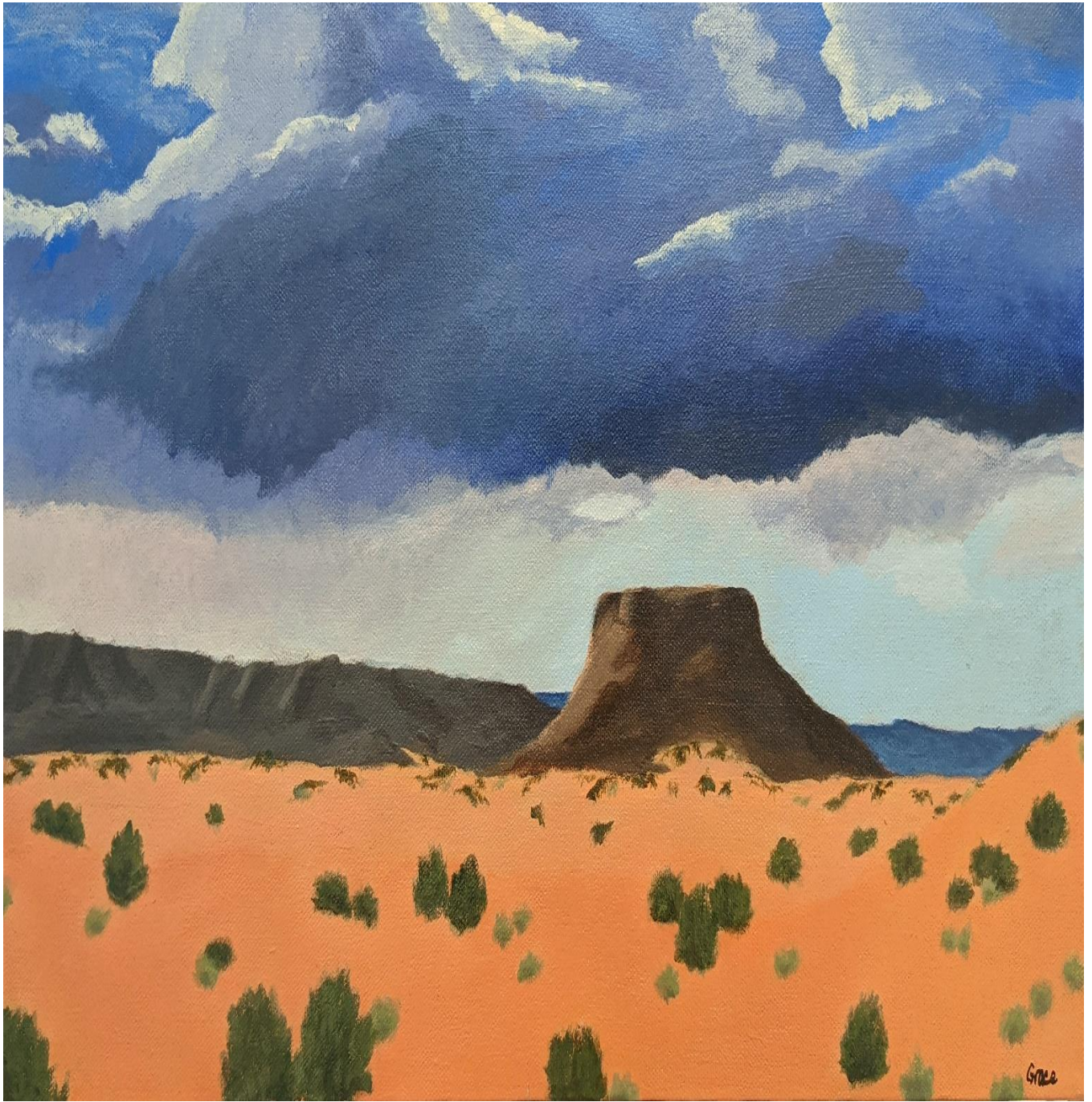
On October 14, 2019 I got the dream job I have been wanting and working hard for, my very first hospital job. Excitement ran through me for I knew I was going to get all of the knowledge and experience I wanted to gain to further my process of working in healthcare. On March 19, 2020 I received my very first COVID-19 patient. I was scared and wasn't sure if this was what I signed up for when I decided to walk this path. My family was concerned for my health and advised me to take care of myself first and to rethink my job choice. I really considered what my family was telling me but, is it worth it to throw all my hard work down the drain? The curve of this virus is getting bigger and bigger and plenty of medical professionals are afraid to step up to the plate and work in Frost-19 for obviously good reasoning. A few months passed, and I am faced with the choice of permanently working in Frost-19 until the curve is smaller. I think about all the warnings and possible consequences I have seen and heard from my family, friends, and news stations. I think about all the health care providers who have lost their lives to COVID-19 while working in Covid units, not enough PPE, restrictions on seeing family, and consistent fear of not knowing what is going to happen. With knowing all of the consequences I finally made the decision to work in Frost-19.

My excitement for the knowledge and experience slowly fades to sorrow and fear. The sorrow of seeing so many lost lives, the pain of watching families say final goodbyes without actually being there, holding hands until the final breath of life has left their bodies. Hearing the despair of health professionals not being able to save the lives of people who deserve to live. I

lived in nothing but sorrow and fear going home crying and feeling useless, powerless, and defeated only to wake up the next morning ready to continue this path. Fear of “What if I contract this deadly virus and give it to someone I love. What if we run out of PPE? What should I do?” were constant thoughts I had. Although working in Frost-19 did have its moments of sorrow and fear there were also moments of happiness and relief. After months of families not being able to see their loved ones in person, the day finally came when they were discharged. Happiness spread once they were reunited with loved ones. Happiness spread as if it was the virus itself.

Now I know this was the sole reason why I chose this profession. I want to support people in their time of sickness. Being able to help rehabilitate, reunite, and help people in a time of fear and sorrow. The feelings of powerlessness, uselessness, and defeat faded away as my excitement for working in the health profession grew stronger. Frost-19 is one experience that has taught me how tough this path can be, but this is the path I choose, to wake up every morning to help rehabilitate and bring happiness to people when it is needed most.





MESA

Grace Willerton (staff)

painting





Four Seasons

Emily Jones (student)

digital art

## THE GEORGIA O'KEEFFE GARDEN PROJECT

### Riqué Fernandez-Lymon (student)

For many years I wasn't sure what I wanted to be when I grew up. I thought I could be a great fashion designer or even a therapist. It wasn't until the summer of 2015 that I became absolutely sure of what I wanted to be.

In 2015 I started my internship at the Georgia O'Keeffe Museum, Home and Studio, in Abiquiu, NM. This internship was not what I had expected. The Garden Project started in 2014, intended to maintain O'Keeffe's Garden as she kept it when she was alive. Since 2015, I have participated in this project. Year after year, I was excited to go back. I have met many people and learned more about organic gardening than I ever thought possible. During my senior year I met with my mentor who recruited me for the internship in 2015. Mollie Pearson helped me apply for colleges, study for the ACT and most importantly helped me discover my passion. My goal is to become a horticultural therapist. This is therapy by incorporating plants.

When I graduated from high school, I felt sad because this program was for high school students. But today I am the Georgia O'Keeffe Garden Project Supervisor. I look back over the years and appreciate the values I have gained. Today I live by the word OPPORTUNITY. Every opportunity that has been given me I take because it leads to many other open doors. If it wasn't for the risk and the opportunity I took in my freshman year of high school, I am not sure where my life would have been heading.

Photos of the Georgia O'Keeffe Garden Project may be found on the following pages: 7, 12, 30, and 36. This is a garden I have had the honor of helping to plant, cultivate, and harvest over the years. I hope you enjoy the photos.



WHITE FLOWER (JIMSON WEED)  
Riqué Fernandez-Lymon (student)  
photo

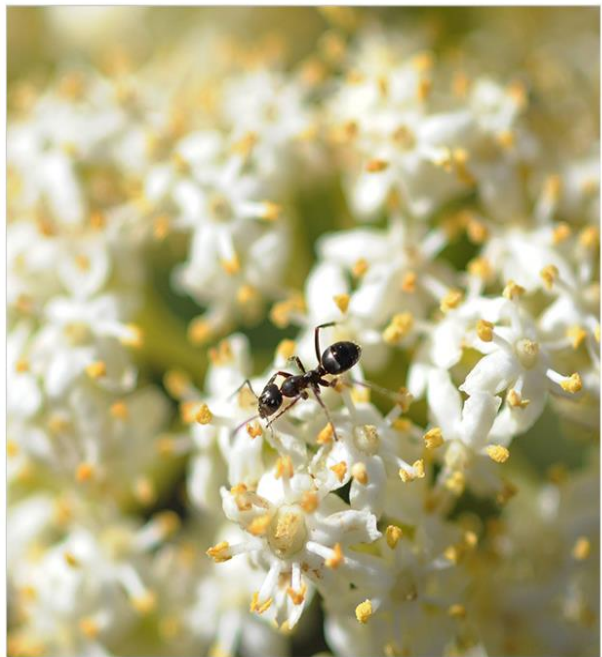




WOMAN HOLDING BASKET

Julie McNeil (staff)

painting



ART YELLOW QUAD  
Anne Yarrow (student)  
photo/quad





NATURE ASPENS  
Emily Jones (student)  
digital art





UNTITLED

Jane Clements (staff)

ceramic





## BLACKBERRIES

Riqué Fernandez-Lymon (student)

photo

## LOSING AND FINDING THE YEAR 2020

Tara Lopez (faculty)

I have to admit: I like wearing face masks.

I have an array of them now, that unfurl like mismatched flags along doorknobs in my house and the gear shift in my pickup truck.

However, in a year that has been exceedingly short, but at the same time tediously long, I think I “like” the masks the same way I “like” Brussel Sprouts, exercise, and Classical music: I know they’re supposed to be good for me, so I resign myself to them, and “resignation” develops into a reluctant taste.

As I fasten on one, sometimes two, to my ears, I reflect on how immediately and dramatically our lives stood still last March - and how from a sudden silence, a new and haunting, pandemic-infused tone and rhythm could be heard.

I came back home to New Mexico because of the warmth and noise of my family, with a cacophony of news, ESPN, and *Univisión* on the five televisions that fused with laughs, shouts, and heated conversations... all part of my family’s boisterous and loving embrace.

Then.... then, the lights went out... and all I could hear were echoes... as phone and Zoom calls became the sugar substitutes for the real and close conversations we once had. It was like walking through an abandoned house – desperately seeking any human interaction in the dark, and the fear that the virus would silence even those muffled sentiments.

But a year later, like a record that had begun to wind back up in a distorted and off-note cover of the “pre-pandemic” tune, a semblance of normalcy emerged... and even some spurts of hope shimmered here and there.

But... As I leave for my run, for the grocery store, for an escape from my cocoon of quarantine .... I still struggle to find the right mask, to match my mood, to match my style, as I loop the strings around my ears.

Maybe, because I am trying to be exceedingly safe...or just pretending to be?

No.... what I am really doing is engaging in a ritual because I am afraid that the lights might go out, again... They might flutter and dim... so the mask provides some stability.... one recognizable marker in a year without any signposts... A year that we all have lost and are, now, struggling to find.





## SNOWY QUAD

Anne Yarrow (student)

photo/quad

## JUST IN CASE

A.J. Odasso (faculty)

Somewhere in the front yard,  
under those yew shrubs overrun  
with tunnel spiders, I buried  
a sandwich bag of loose change.  
It didn't have a patch on the gators  
interred beneath the pines out back.

You gave me nearly ten dollars  
a quarter at a time, over the week  
my parents went to Arizona  
when I was nine. Maybe it was  
because I got cut the day before,  
running up those concrete steps  
into your kitchen screen door.

I wasn't ever afraid of things  
that should scare me, but feared  
the unnamable. There was a yellowed  
letter in the locked china cupboard.  
I asked you once why it was there,  
and you told me, "Just in case."

You gave me full run of the keys,  
let me remove any fragile thing  
I wanted, but I never once

read that letter. Just in case.

There were strange things,  
arcane things, secrets  
in every heirloom I held.

I do remember the mundane—  
the food and the fireflies, books  
in that cabinet I could decipher  
from as young as three or four—  
but it's the beauty of those things  
I held that haunts me. Secrets mean  
there are words I'll never read.

Your house swallowed secrets,  
gave me a hungry collector's heart,  
left me fearless. That wound, brief  
but deep, scarred—my first of many.

At the end of the week, after walks  
to the park for ice cream sandwiches  
slowed by my limp, we tried to dig up  
my spider-guarded treasure with  
a grapefruit spoon. Beneath the spot  
I'd marked, we couldn't find it.

Year after year, I'd dig with spoons,

spades, and fingers if all else failed.  
You asked why I buried those coins  
in the first place. I said, "So you  
know I'll comeback. Just in case."





UNTITLED

Julie McNeil (staff)

painting

MAY 7

Isabel Stinson (student)

How often we take it for granted,  
when life presents us with chances.

We think to ourselves,  
there is always tomorrow,  
With all of its enchantments.

The days come and go, each similar,  
yet before we know.

Life has passed us by,  
each of our stories falling silently in the snow.

Twenty, forty, sixty,  
Where did it all go?

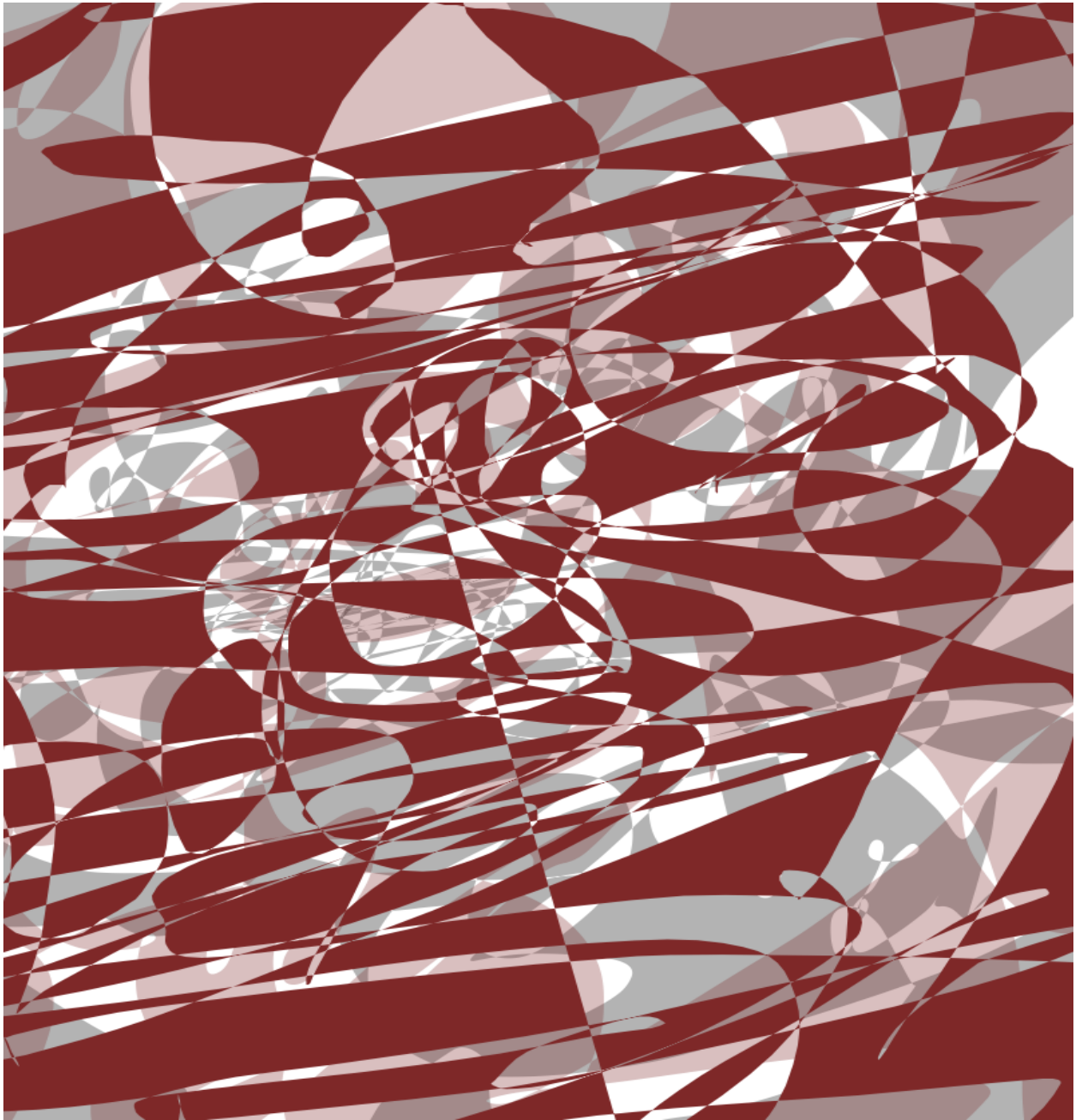
So fleeting, so precious,  
The birthdays, the presents.

What have we accomplished with all of our time?  
Does it all just amount to riddle and rhyme?

Will they remember who we all are?  
Will our memory fade away with the passing of a shooting star?

Or does it all amount to something more,  
A gift from the universe, waiting for us to adore?

So perhaps tomorrow we'll remember life's fragility,  
Empowering us to seize each and every opportunity.



ABSTRACTNESS

Emily Jones (student)

digital art



UNTITLED

Jane Clements (staff)

ceramic

# THE BEAUTY OF FAMILY IN *ANNE OF GREEN GABLES*

Megan Samora (student)

Many themes can be found in L.M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*, ranging from imagination to growing up, to friendship. One of the most impactful themes lies at the heart of the novel: family. Family can be thought of as a group of people particularly invested in one's upbringing and livelihood, nurturing them and allowing them to become the best that they can be. While there is a misconception that this group of people have to be related to each other by blood, there is still a lot of value to be found in the families that are created through human connections. A found family can be especially beneficial to a person who does not possess one of their own, as the family that they create can allow them to feel welcomed and help them grow. *Anne of Green Gables* is special in that it not only shows how precious and important family is through blood but the family that one is adopted into holds just as much significance. Montgomery skillfully captures a family in all of its forms, allowing the reader to understand what family can mean for them in their own lives.

One important facet of a family is that it is protective. One's family aims to make sure that all of its members are cared for and protected. Family provides a roof over everyone's heads, works different jobs so that there is food on the table, and tries their best to protect the family from threats of the world. Whether these threats can be emotional, social, or physical, one of the core jobs of a family is to ensure each other's safety. This quality is captured to a tee in Mrs. Barry, the mother of Anne's dear friend, Diana. The protectiveness can veer into overprotectiveness in the character, as she refuses to let Anne play with Diana over a

misunderstanding including currant wine: “To do her justice, she really believed Anne had made Diana drunk out of sheer malice prepense, and she was honestly anxious to preserve her little daughter from the contamination of further intimacy with such a child” (Montgomery 125). Mrs. Barry refuses to listen to any explanations or reasonings that it was an honest mistake, even from Anne’s guardian Marilla. The potential threat against her family was too concrete in her eyes to be ignored, and so she acts justly.

This protectiveness over family is a quality that Mrs. Barry passes on to her children, perhaps in healthier doses. When Diana’s little sister Minnie May falls sick with the croup, Diana is in hysterics to make sure that she is well again. With her parents not home and no one else around to help, Diana goes to Anne for assistance. It is only through Anne’s prior experience and willingness to aid that Minnie May makes it through the night. The doctor who later arrives on the scene tells Mrs. Barry as much. Now, Anne is no longer seen as a threat, but another source of protection as well. It is only then that Mrs. Barry allows Anne to interact with her family once more. Montgomery shows that while family aims to keep each other safe, sometimes this tendency can be taken too far. It is important to strike a balance between sheltering one’s children and allowing them to experience the world for themselves. In her reconciliation with Anne, Mrs. Barry can find this balance. Anne is still the same imaginative and accident-prone girl as before, but now Mrs. Barry recognizes how valuable the young girl is despite these qualities. Montgomery writes more than just about the protectiveness of a family and further explains the importance of it. While the family is protective, it also understands.

Family members are supposed to understand each other very closely, at times even better than anyone else ever could. They understand the deeper motivations, the strange little quirks, the annoyances, and the things that aren’t ever really said. They can pick up on what everyone



else would neglect. This is perfectly captured in the relationship between the brother and sister, Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert. In a town where others may sometimes find them odd, they understand each other perfectly. Matthew is a shy, quiet, and hardworking man who does not often express desires of his own. The simple life that he leads is one that he is completely content with. Yet once he meets Anne, Marilla is instantly able to notice the change in her brother. Matthew pleads with Marilla to allow Anne to stay, arguing that they “might be some good to her” (Montgomery 27), and a shocked Marilla exclaims in response, “Matthew Cuthbert, I believe that child has bewitched you! I can see as plain as plain you want to keep her” (Montgomery 27). Matthew does not want a lot of things nor does he fight for the things he does want. But Marilla notices that Anne is where Matthew changes in this regard. It is partially because of this drastic change in Matthew that Marilla allows Anne to stay. In turn, Matthew understands Marilla enough to realize that if Anne is going to be successfully incorporated into the family, it has to be on his sister’s terms. She is the one who will take charge in raising the child while he is supposed to be there merely for occasional support. In understanding his sister and allowing her space, Matthew sees that Marilla grows to love Anne more than anything else in the world. Years down the road Marilla reflects upon her growing sentiments for Anne. “She had an uneasy feeling that it was rather sinful to set one’s heart so intensely on any human creature as she had set hers on Anne, and perhaps she performed a sort of unconscious penance for this by being stricter and critical than if the girl had been less dear to her” (Montgomery 233). In turn, as Anne is welcomed into this family more and more, she is also included in this deep understanding that they share for each other.

The Cuthbert is not a traditional family filled with what is considered “normal” people. They have tendencies that make them strange from others, such as Matthew’s hesitation to talk to



women or Marilla's complete abandonment of more vain matters. Now that Anne is one of them, she also shares in this camaraderie and acceptance. Montgomery writes of this as Anne immediately understands what Matthew is up to, even though he does not communicate it to others, "I know it as well as if he's said so, Matthew and I are such kindred spirits I can read his thoughts without words at all" (137). All of this goes to show just how overwhelmingly important family is. They both protect and understand out of a deep sense of love and loyalty. This blessing is not only reserved to blood family though, as one is encouraged to make a family if they lack one of their own.

Ultimately, *Anne of Green Gables* is a story of found family. None of the events that transpire ever would have occurred if it were not for Anne's adoption. So much of who she is happens because she was given the chance to belong to a family of her own. With no blood relatives remaining who would care for her, Anne has no choice but to create her own sense of belonging. This is unsuccessful with her first two attempts at family, as they both have to give her up in the end. Yet Montgomery captures Anne's growing successes as she matures through the novel. She can find different forms of a family as she integrates herself into the community. She forms a "family" of friends, especially with Diana as discussed before. She becomes a part of the greater "family" in Avonlea. At first, it seems Anne will always be the redheaded sore thumb sticking out in the little town. Her differences are so great that it is immediately obvious she does not match the people around her. Two of her most key distinctions are her incredibly strong imagination and passion. Yet over time, her differences are no longer mocked nor scorned, but rather valued. There is no one else like her and that fact becomes cherished.

Eventually, Avonlea treats her as though she is one of them, and everyone celebrates her successes. Even one of the people who was the most concerned with her personality, in the

beginning, Mrs. Rachel Lynde, has to concede this, “I never thought that she’d have turned out so well that first day I was here three years ago” (242). Most importantly, however, is her found family in Matthew and Marilla. It is because of them that she is given the chance to grow from a rambunctious and hyper girl into a mature and capable young woman. Family is there to love, protect, and understand one another, and Anne finally finds that in the Cuthberts. Whenever Marilla finally tells Anne that she will be staying at Green Gables, the young girl is immediately able to recognize this as a blessing: “Oh, [I’m] something more than glad. I’m so happy. I’ll try to be so good. It will be uphill work, I expect, for Mrs. Thomas often told me I was desperately wicked. However, I’ll do my very best. But can you tell me why I’m crying?” (Montgomery 53). With her found family, the potential that was always within Anne is fostered. Despite all her growth and change, however, she still carries the same soul. Montgomery has Anne reassure Marilla of this when Anne is getting ready to leave Avonlea for Queen’s College, “I’m not a bit changed – not really. I’m only just pruned down and branched out. The real *me* – back here – is just the same. It won’t make a difference where I go or how much I change outwardly; at heart I shall always be your little Anne, who will love you and Matthew and dear Green Gables more and better every day of her life” (299). Her family did not erase who she was but rather allowed her to expand upon it. If not for her found family, she may not have ended up where she ends up later in life. It could have been possible, though it would have been much, much harder.

*Anne of Green Gables* shows families in every form and aspect. From the blood to the created, from the good to the bad, from the friendly to the familial. None of them are perfect by any means nor are their qualities good solely because of the families that they are a part of. However, their families do cultivate these good qualities in a lot of cases, helping them to become better people along the way. If one’s family fails in doing this, or they are missing a

family entirely, Montgomery shows how extremely important it is to find another one. This is because while a family is not essential to a good life, they play a large contributing part in it. Anne is a bright, creative, and authentic girl even before she first lays eyes on Green Gables. Thankfully though, the family that Anne finds is a loving one that prepares her to share all of her amazing qualities with the world.



CABBAGE

Riqué Fernandez-Lymon (student)

photo

## LEO GIRL

Isabel Stinson (student)

There once lived a girl  
with dreams in her head  
who flew to the North,  
In search of Tibet.

The sights, smells, and spices filled her up to the grim.  
Her dress sparkled and whirled, up with the wind.

Exploring tangerine tinted allies,  
the stars watched her like mischievous fairies.

Streets twisting and turning, she couldn't help but grin!  
As the bubbling bazaar always elated her with a hidden gem.

Exploring and gallivanting,  
she waited.  
Listening to the tambourine.

She came from a world so different,  
one where people lived to be obedient.

She questioned her life and why she expected for things to be  
always just as she wanted.

When the magic of it all lay in the unexpected.

She feared becoming older, with memory loss and cataracts.

Without having a chance to hear the mermaids of the sea,  
or feel a summer's breeze fly through her hair, on the night of her jubilee.

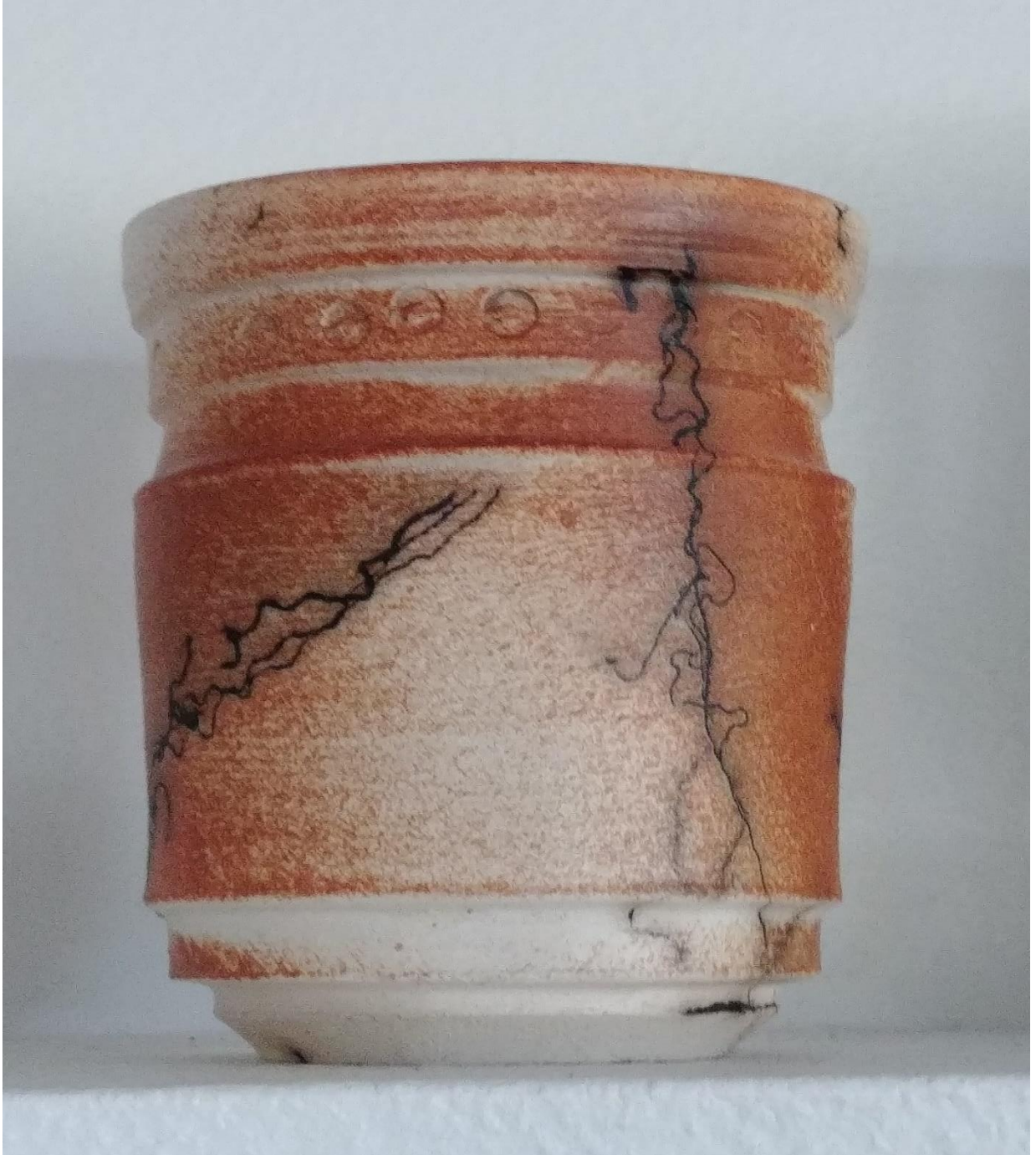
And so as a Leo would live life without a moment's hesitation,

She boarded the train,  
in hopes of finding some stimulating conversation.





BIG ART ALCHEMY  
Emily Jones (student)  
digital art

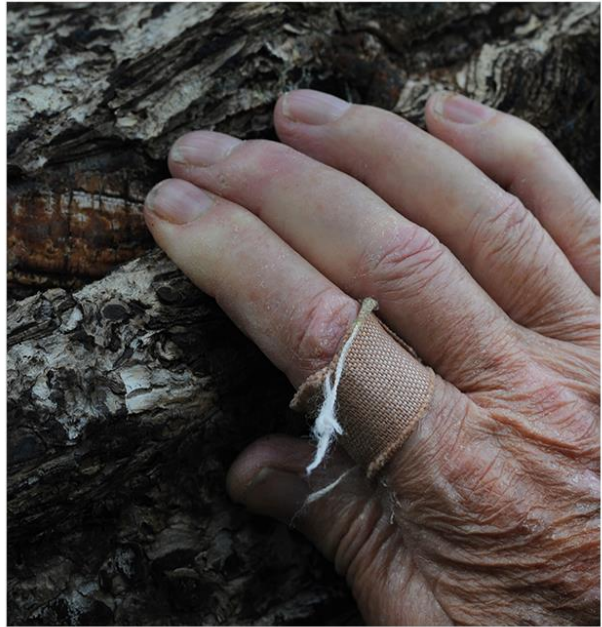
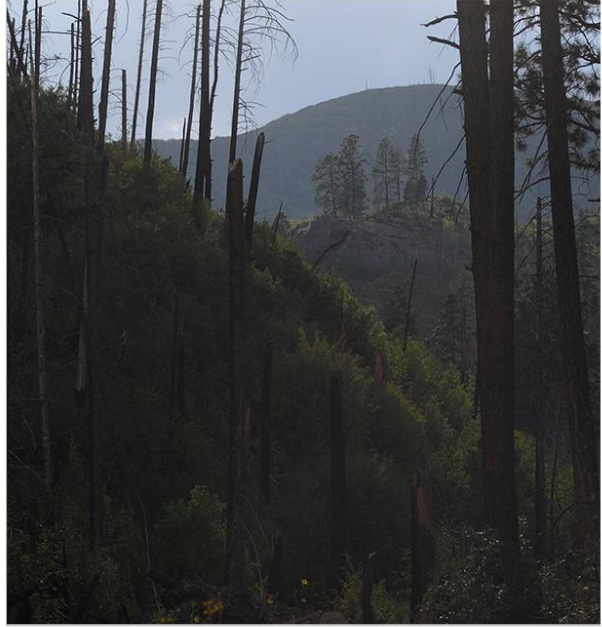


UNTIITLED

Jane Clements (staff)

ceramic





OAK HAND QUAD  
Anne Yarrow (student)  
photo/quad





O'KEEFFE GARDEN

Riqué Fernandez-Lymon (student)

photo



RESIZED/SCORPION  
Emily Jones (student)  
digital art



## Contributor Bios

Jane Clements is Program Manager, College and Career Readiness, Adult Learn Center at UNM-LA.

Riqué Fernández-Lymon (pronounced (Rick-aye) is currently working on her Liberal Arts Degree at UNM-LA. She grew up in Espanola, NM with a younger brother. She graduated high school in 2018 and has been attending UNM-LA ever since. Throughout her three years at UNM-LA, she has been given many opportunities such as being a part of PTK Honor Society, working in C.I.C. as well as work study. She enjoys writing, taking photos of nature, gardening, and helping those in her local community. She currently works at the Georgia O’Keeffe Museum Home & Studio in Abiquiu, NM as The Garden Project Supervisor. She will be graduating from UNM-LA in December 2021. She is the student editor of *The Pajarito Plateau*.

Emily Jones is a New Mexico-born artist who has been doing art since childhood. Her artistic interests include painting, drawing, digital art, character design, sculpting, and animation. Emily grew up in a small community called Sunspot, NM, where she grew a fondness for nature and space. Emily attends UNM-LA.

Tara López is an Adjunct Instructor of Sociology at UNM-LA and is a native New Mexican with roots in Talpa, New Mexico. She is also an Associate Professor of Sociology at Northern New Mexico College and is currently working on a monograph, *Chucotown Soundtrack: El Paso Punk Rock*, which will be published in 2022. López loves teaching, running, listening to music, and skateboarding in her free time.

Julie McNeal is Fiscal Services Tech in Accounts Payable at UNM-LA. She has been drawing and painting since before she could write her name. Sold mostly via word-of-mouth and a Facebook page, her boldly colored work can be found in private collections throughout the US, Australia, Japan, Canada, and Europe.

Stevannah Marquez was born and raised in Chimayó, NM. As a child, she had no idea what she wanted to do when she was all grown up. She had a good childhood, and although there were some financial difficulties, her parents gave everything they could. Hard work was always a must in her family. Her grandmother was always an important part of her life. At an early age, Stevannah noticed her grandmother had become sick, and began to take care of her, which inspired Stevannah’s interest in learning about the healthcare industry. Stevannah graduated high school in 2018 from Espanola Valley High, then moving on to UNM-LA, where she studied nursing. She graduated with her CNA license from UNM-LA in 2019 and continued her path to working in the healthcare industry. She is a former student editor of *The Pajarito Plateau*.

A.J. Odasso is a Ph.D. candidate in English at the UNM Main Campus, and teaches English at UNM-LA.

Megan Samora is a senior at the UNM Main Campus, where she is majoring in Psychology and minoring in Studio Art. She also takes classes with UNM-LA. Her favorite pastimes are writing, reading, and spending time with her loved ones.

Isabel Stinson is a student at the University of New Mexico, currently in her freshman year at UNM Albuquerque and at UNM-LA.

Grace Willerton is an academic and career advisor at UNM-LA. She is inspired by students' stories and supporting their career preparation. She loves to sing with the LA Big Band and church worship team, to dance to any music, and to get outside with her family. She's also an identical twin.

Anna Yarrow earned her CAN, EMT-Basic, and EMT-Advanced certifications at UNM LA. She works as a caregiver for a ninety-year-old mountaineer and documents their outdoor adventures.

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