

CAYEY STUDENTS WRITE

# ALL THINGS LOVE

ISSUE: FEBRUARY/MARCH 2019



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ALL THINGS LOVE is the newsletter you've been waiting for!

### STORIES, LETTERS, AND A POEM

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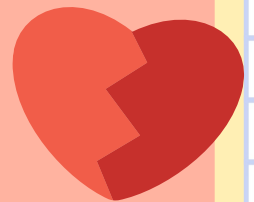
Would you miss me?

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My First Love

*Introducing a brand new section:*



### SCIENCE AND QUOTES



Most of our collaborators at Cayey Students Write are Sigma Tau Delta members. Sigma Tau Delta is an International English Honor Society.



# FROM THE INTERIM DIRECTOR'S OFFICE...

Our students, our daily inspiration...

Having the opportunity to share our days with young, energetic, talented young adults fills our lives with hope...

Hope that we can provide them the tools to succeed,

Hope that we can allow them to show their talents in every possible way,

Hope that they will find support in us and our institution to help them construct their dreams

Hope that they will find joy in discovering new knowledge and transforming it into wonderful realities

Hope that they can see a smile on our face and will hear encouraging words from us that will help them realize their potential

Hope that this country's decision-making processes will be made thinking of their future

Hope that all the parents of all our students will have the opportunity to celebrate their son's or daughter's success

Hope that we can contribute to the development of strong, sensitive, emphatic, caring, effective and powerful bearers of our history, education, arts, language, sports and sciences

Hope that in every corner of the world there will be an empowered U.P.R. Cayey's student showing the world why we are a great university devoted in heart and soul to the preparation of outstanding professionals.

This is my hope!

Dr. Carmen González-Alfano



## BUT FIRST... A WORD FROM THE SPONSOR

Cayey Students Write, Issue number two, 2018-19.

Greetings to all readers of the English Department's Newsletter: "Cayey Students Write- The English Department's Creative Newsletter." This is the second issue for the 2018-19 edition and one that was initially scheduled to be published by February, but after various attempts and several editing reviews and decision-making processes it was delayed. So, it now appears to the editors' satisfaction and excitement that finally this issue with its theme, Stories and Poems about Love, is here. The theme throughout the final selected pieces all address love in its multiple manifestations, or its lack thereof, in accordance to the perceptions of the authors of each respective piece. The result is a very brief issue—contrary to our last issue which became the most extensive—but the six works included reflect the best submissions that were received and which allowed each writer to express themselves concerning the selected theme. It was somewhat surprising to the editorial board that not as many students were willing to submit papers addressing the topic of love, and some of those which failed to make the cut combined it with other themes that apparently seem to be more appealing (fantasy-horror love stories, anyone?), but we do realize that love is one of the more complicated, mysterious, baffling, if not confusing, embarrassing, and strangest of emotions, and it could be that that may have deterred students from submitting. Nevertheless, the six works included here consist of three short stories, two letters, and one poem. These works were written by some of our English majors, Sigma Tau Deltans, and students from other areas as well. One of the writers preferred submitting her/his piece anonymously, a position that the newsletter has been willing to accept since its creation nearly ten years ago, and because the contributors are amateur and/or potentially aspiring writers, we allow them this prerogative; besides

some prominent writers in literature at some points at the origin of their careers did likewise, so CSW is not one to curtail any students ambitions or desire to remain unknown until she/he eventually develops the will to put name to paper and accept the reception, rejection, or what criticism (or not) may arise. So without further adieu, “Cayey Students Write” presents this edition and welcomes you to read the current issue. We hope you enjoy it... and we’re sorry, but we have no tissues.

By: David Lizardi Sierra, Ph.D.  
Sigma Tau Delta-Alpha Zeta Alpha  
Sponsor

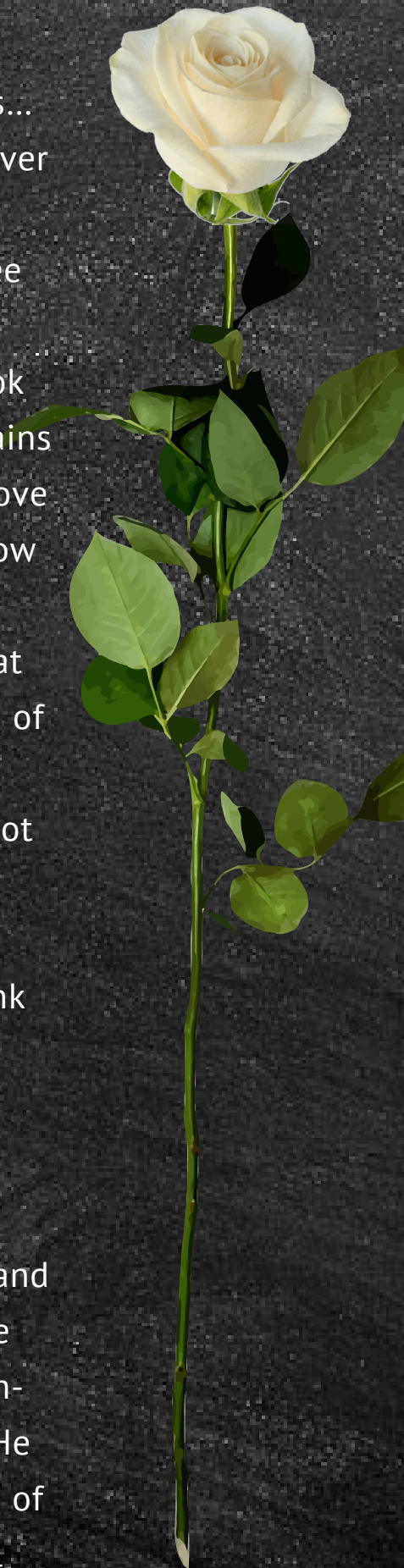
# WHITE ROSES

BY MADYANIS SANTIAGO

Everyone describes love differently. For me, love is... Elle. She looks so pretty. She walks as if her feet float over the clouds in heaven. Her voice is angelical. It sings a melody. Sometimes, I protect her. I watch over her to see that no harm ever reaches her. Maybe she wonders why she feels so safe even when she thinks she is alone. Look at her! When I see her, my heart melts, and my soul attains bliss. Although she cannot come close to me, I always love her, always. When she goes to school, her teachers endow her with vast knowledge about every possible matter. Later on, she dwells into her memories and reviews what she has learned on that day. She is so smart. I am proud of her.

But she cannot say the same about me. She does not know anything. That is why feelings are not my best friends. Melancholy attacks me while I wander; sadness chases me around all the time. It is better for me to think about pretty things. Flowers brighten up my days. I love flowers, roses, white roses to be precise. Oh! Like that white bouquet that rests on the dining table. That fragrance should be exquisite.

And...Carl, he looks so handsome. Every day more and more handsome. I always love his eyes. They seem to be made of the purest honey, dwelling into a hue of golden-brown colors. Those eyes pull my soul out of my body. He is so talented. His violin produces the most intoxicating of the melodies. At night, his imagination flows as musical notes, mixtures of broken dreams and crushed hopes.





The reasons why I fell in love with him are obvious: his numerous virtues. I always remember his heart as the kindest source of happiness in the entire universe. I cannot describe what I feel when I see him, but I miss him so much. He also takes care of his loved ones, as I do. He may wonder about the mysterious identity of the one who protects him, but he knows everything. I do take care of him, nothing should ever harm him but, it is known that life is uncertain.

Carl and Elle live in the same house, share the same blood, and the same story. They are father and daughter. Their lives are busy. They are always at school or at work. I am happy about that. The more they engage their minds in useful things, the better. Families have their issues, but love always prevails. And in times where sadness takes over the place, they support each other. Carl has been spending more time with Elle lately and that is amazing. They both are very lovable and they need each other so much. But I am aware of the pain I have caused them. That is why I am going to bring a new woman into their lives, a kind-hearted woman I met at a park one day. She seems very charming, very caring, but also very strong. She is just what they need. Her name is Aurora. Yes! Just like the majestic northern lights that Carl and I used to dream of watching together. I just made them accidentally meet at a friend's gathering one day. I think they liked each other. I can see that lost spark return to Carl's beautiful eyes. That spark he used to get when he used to look at me. Oh! This is real happiness. I think that now I can start feeling at peace with myself.



Wow! Look at them! They have all come to visit me. They bring me flowers, white roses...my favorites. What a mesmerizing collection of roses.

Elle is looking as divine as the most beautiful of the roses; Carl's face resembles a blooming rose even when submerged in the deepest of sorrows. And Aurora personifies beauty at its finest. To see them all here is what I wanted. I will always protect them, will always be with them. But something is not quite all right. Are they mentioning my name while tears roll down their eyes? Why is that? I am fine.

I...am feeling dizzy. I can see my silhouette expanding or fading... I do not know what is happening. But now those roses rest over a stone; a stone that rests over the idea of myself, of who I was. Ah! Is this for real?

Finally, I understand why I cannot touch my beloved ones, why they do not see me, why it looks like they were ignoring me all this time. It is my turn to let them go, for love is everlasting as my love for them will never die. I say goodbye and bestow on them my blessings: eternal dew drops of love.





# TIME

To my Love,

With you I want to go ice skating, I want to go to the amusement park, to the library, to the park. I want to take long walks holding hands, eat some ice cream and go to dance or maybe to the movies; that would be nice. Because being with you is what I want.


I still remember the first time we met. I remember, you waiting for me, outside the subway station, looking all cool and hard to get. On the other side, me, hoping to meet someone that wasn't an old creepy guy like on previous occasions. But, in a play from destiny and, probably, a bit of luck as well I met you.

I remember when you asked me to be your girlfriend. You were so nervous to the point of shaking, even though, you tried really hard to hide it. I remember the way you nervously held my hand and the first time your lips touched mine, like a breeze on a hot summer day. Oh~ God knows how much I miss that.

The day has gone cold. It had disabled me to move any farther. Now, the only thing I could think of is how warm your hugs were. Oh~ Love, you don't know how much I want to hug you and hold your warm hand now. But I guess that wouldn't be a good idea.







I wished all my life to find a guy just like you. But, now that I had found you I will have to say goodbye. It's a shame that destiny didn't give us enough time to enjoy each other's company, each other's dreams. I never really believed in anything like that, but now, I hope that you will find your way and come back to me.

I can feel my soul climbing outside my body. I can't move my hands, I can't feel your warmth. I can see the light at the end of the tunnel now but I don't want to leave you without saying: "you shall not cry." Be happy and have fun, even without me, because I will always love you. Even in the afterlife.

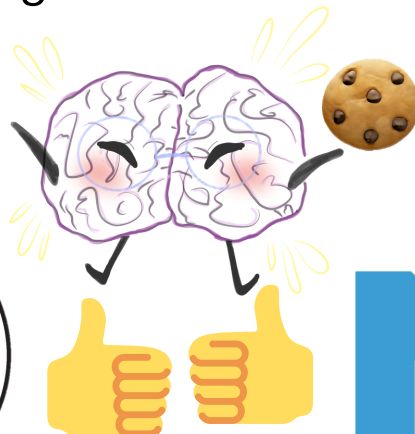
*K. Mejias*

# SCIENCE & Quotes

In this newsletter we are introducing this brand new section called "Science & Quotes." This is a space where arts and sciences can merge and make everyone experience wonder and imagination.

This month we created a wonderful infographic with our buddies over at NeuroBoricuas. We gathered their research on what happens in our brains while we experience feelings of love and heartbreak along with quotes we thought would help you understand these feelings even more. This project wouldn't have been complete without Brainy sketched by our talented artist and friend Cookie Queen.

It was accomplished through great teamwork and with hopes that you would learn something new. Thanks to everyone who helped out!



# BRAINY

## IN LOVE VS HEARTBREAK



EVER WONDERED WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR BRAIN WHEN YOU FEEL LOVE OR HEARTBREAK?

LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

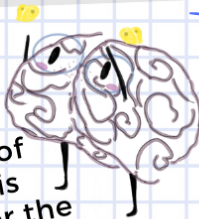


Being in love releases dopamine, a neurotransmitter that controls the brain's reward and pleasure center, which makes couples feel happy around each other.

### Stress Hormones Are Triggered

As a result of the heightened brain activity, your body is prompted to release stress hormones, including cortisol and adrenaline.

The release of dopamine is responsible for the butterflies in your stomach.

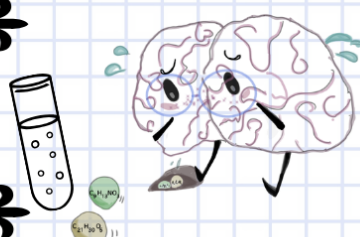


Emotional pain that feels like physical pain  
Heartbreak pain can have an extended duration of time for days, weeks and even months.

We adopt a behavior normally associated with drug users.  
Levels of serotonin drop, being responsible for the feeling of desire.

**Withdrawal symptoms**  
Heartbreaks can activate the same mechanisms in the brain that get activated when addicts are withdrawing from substances like opioids.

Chemical concentrations in the brain when you are in love are similar to those who suffer from OCD.



Your Brain Looks Similar to A Newly-In-Love Brain

Dopamine leaves the brain wanting more, and since you obviously want more after a breakup, there are a lot of similarities between the mind in these two wildly opposite emotional (and relationship) states.



“ IN THE WORDS OF REMARKABLE ARTISTS ”

"We loved with a love that was more than love."  
~ Edgar Allan Poe

Love can be confusing sometimes, but that shouldn't stop anyone from finding it someday.

"Take your broken heart, make it into art."  
~ Carrie Fisher

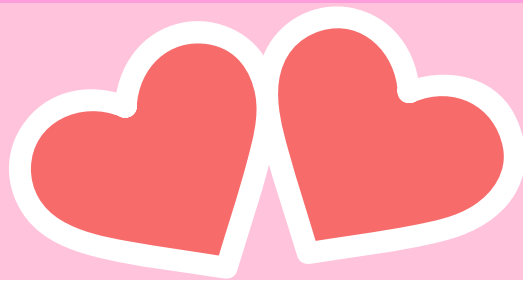
Don't let heartbreak defeat you. You will feel hurt for some time, but you will heal and be stronger.

Read more at:

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/the-squeaky-wheel/201801/3-surprising-ways-heartbreak-impacts-your-brain>

<https://www.bustle.com/p/5-fascinating-things-heartbreak-can-do-to-your-brain-8367658>

With love,  
Brainy by Cookie Queen



## Would you miss me?

There he went, walking to his next class. I wish I could walk by his side and talk about whatever. Apart from being a science student, I don't know much about him, but I still seem to have deep feelings for him. The few times we've spoken I've felt as if my heart wanted to come out of my mouth. Just looking at him awakens butterflies inside me. Does he feel the same? He probably doesn't know, but sometimes I just wish I could read his mind. I would love to know more about him and I feel I could even tell him how I really feel. Still, I am afraid, how would he react? What am I talking about? I don't think I could, his eyes and smile would probably paralyze me. I guess I'll stick to befriending him... for now.

I was at the mall one day, buying a gift for my friend's birthday. When suddenly, I saw the cutest little heart shaped key chain that said "I love you" when you pressed it. I instantly thought about him. Maybe I could put it in his backpack or give it to him in a goody bag full of candy. It was perfect! So, I bought it and was really happy about it. I was starting to feel hungry, so I decided to head to the food court on the second floor. While I was on the escalator, all I could

think about was how much we would laugh about the cute gesture. That was until I heard a weird noise coming from the escalator. It stopped, so I decided to walk to the other end. When I got there the platform under me opened and I started falling. Everything turned black.

After a while, I was back at the mall, but I saw myself on the floor. I didn't understand. I was apparently out of my body and the only way I could do this would be if I was... No, it couldn't be. I was... I had left that body! I couldn't believe it, there was no way I could tell him now. I saw the people getting close to my body, scared and crying. I also heard a mall cop calling for help. After a while, I looked away and saw him walking out of the music store. He wanted to know what was going on, so he got close. He seemed confused, but when he finally recognized me, he ran and sat beside my body. With tears rushing from his eyes, he took my hand, and whispered: "No, I'm sorry. I wish you knew that... I love you!" The mall cop was trying to make way for the paramedics and ordered him to move aside. He kissed my forehead goodbye and stood up. Suddenly, I heard my mother's voice and I woke up.


~e



Letter to the One I desire:

So, it's been so nice seeing you again. It's been so long since our last encounter. Almost fourteen years now. I know you barely remember because I too have some flashing images coming and going, hardly something whole, but the thing is that those images are the beginning. I mean, we can complete that story now. We can add some flavor to those kisses we used to give each other and some spice to the moment we are living. We can use all five senses this time.

Years ago, we were strangers sharing a new experience. Now, we are guests getting it back. I am planning on giving this whatever it could be not an end, but a really thought-provoking turn to our instances. Maybe we can treasure them together, or on our own in the future. We could meet from time to time to keep the fervor alive, too.



How does time manage to have two souls getting to each other at the right time? Perhaps it is not the accurate situation, but who's perfect, right? I do not know yet if you believe in destiny. Honestly, I do not care if it is destiny or just some human-made

chance. I just know that I cannot miss the event to have you all in...my heart, my mind, and my soul. Who knows where else!

Are you thinking the same about me or it is just me living the illusion of a new romance, a new story in which two bodies are prepared to encounter themselves into a shaky, moist and profound experience? What are you adding to this, apart from your hard thoughts of me on top of you, or beneath...in front maybe? Are you expecting the same results that I do? Is there something else besides the explosive moment of a long flow of emotions and excitement due to the abrasion?

I wish I could be able to perceive the signals you hide behind those beautiful lines in the messages I read when I wake up. How much of that are we keeping on our path? Because we are skipping many details here due to our experiences in life, our age, individual interests and natural needs (like any other human) which have already been discussed, but what else are

we keeping to ourselves? How much longer are you planning to be on my side? We do not have plenty of time to express our emotions. We are busy, I understand that. Maybe it is too soon for that. When is it correct to give one's all? To let you in? Will you go out? Will I? Tell me your thoughts! I want to be in

them. Not in all, but at least in the most erotic ones. In those responsible for driving me insane for your presence, your smell, your taste, and your touch when you are caressing me. Those instances making me wish to have the power to stop time and erupting blasts so loud that even gods become curious about our enjoying pleasantries, wishing to become as humans as we are. I mean, all things love. And by that, I do not confess I want a commitment, but we can make the effort to love everything we do from now on. Let us enjoy the ride! For the moment, I will just wait for you to come by and say the words I eagerly expect. Those words you know so well how to pronounce when having me all yours and craving for more. You alone brighten my day.

Willingly yours,  
Jak.



# A LOVE BETWEEN PAGES

By Ivan Santos

I have spent my entire life thinking that real love does not exist. It is just something that people came up with to try to make you fill the void that you were born with. I tried and ignored the thought of the wind blowing the scent of your perfume, and that everywhere I looked I saw your reflection. Even the song of the birds outside my window reminded me of your sweet voice. That would somehow always calm the storm of my heart.

When I looked for your piercing blue eyes in the depths of the city, your lips denied me the pleasure of their sight. They would scream at me, telling me that I was no longer yours. When did I stop belonging to myself? How did I stray from the path? I could no longer even remember my name. I could only remember the color of your soul, peaceful white, the taste of your heart, sweet and right, your coal hair, and the fact that you were art. How could I have forgotten our encounters? I had no memories of them. I could only remember a bridge above a pond filled with lotus flowers.

I stood here, waiting for your return, because it was here where I first laid eyes upon you. It was here where I confessed my feelings towards you. When the sun began to set, I pointed out two shadows in the distance. One looked exactly like your figure; the other was a taller, broad

shouldered knight. You were swearing your life to him. You were gifting him your soul, the taste of your heart. I was losing what once was mine. I was losing the only thing I could remember right before my eyes.

I have spent my entire life thinking that you were my chance at real love. Thinking that this was not all a trick of the mind. There were many things that did not add up. Why were you always my first choice but I your second? Am I never enough?

I closed my eyes to think clearly, but when I opened them you were no longer before me. You were never a part of this world.

I found myself in a library overflowing with books, overflowing with souls similar to yours. It was then when I summoned the courage to look at myself, savoring the description of your lips that were never part of this mortal world. How I ended up between pages was beyond me, but it had always been easy to fall in love with things that are far from reach.

# My First Love

By Marialin Batista



“What to do with one’s life?”

The search for the answer was  
far away from where I was,  
and living for the sake of living  
was just the hardest task.

Until one day I heard  
the sweetest of sounds,  
it came from a dainty entity  
that lived in the clouds.

And suddenly I knew that life  
was to be by this being’s side,  
to understand and to touch  
its melodies and its rhymes.

However, as time went by  
the ways of life changed my path,  
and I gave up the chance  
to have the eternal prize.

Life brought alluring new ways  
for me to redeem myself,  
but none of them as mellifluous  
as my loved one’s offer to stay.

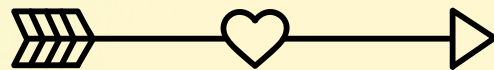
And so, as I looked back  
to the hiraeth of pieces by Bach,  
I wondered if there was a chance  
to go back,

or a chance to live on  
with the memories that we made,  
and the love that I won.





# CREDITS



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## STORIES, LETTERS & POEMS

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# Cayey Students Write



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Thank you for reading!