

Fall 2020

A Celebration

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What began as an image became a story. I pictured hands raised into the air, basking in the moment and enjoying the little victories. I wanted to talk about a celebration yet not portray it as an isolated event. I didn't want to show happiness in a bubble, I wanted the truth behind it. I wanted to talk about the things that we fight the hardest for and the moments when we were inches from quitting but then didn't. These are the reasons we *celebrate*.

ARTIST STATEMENT: ANGEL MAURICIO MARQUEZ

A decorative graphic consisting of several parallel white lines of varying lengths, slanted diagonally from the bottom right towards the top right, set against the orange background.

- ▶ Lips chapped
 - ▶ The passing winds burn
 - ▶ From the smell of salt, I'd say it's close
 - ▶ but it's never easy remembering the beginning.
-
- ▶ These toes have gone numb,
 - ▶ cyclically slamming down onto the concrete
 - ▶ Joints stiff,
 - ▶ like a hinged gate left alone after a Floridian summer.
-
- ▶ How close could we be?
 - ▶ I'm not quite sure if this scene seems familiar
 - ▶ or if it's simply a figment from my memories,
 - ▶ a thought recycled from a distant youth with blurry blockbuster daydreams
-
- ▶ My legs and hands start cramping.
 - ▶ The right knee buckles but I straighten back up
 - ▶ as if a single thin string
 - ▶ held together all these broken things
 - ▶ from falling into pieces.

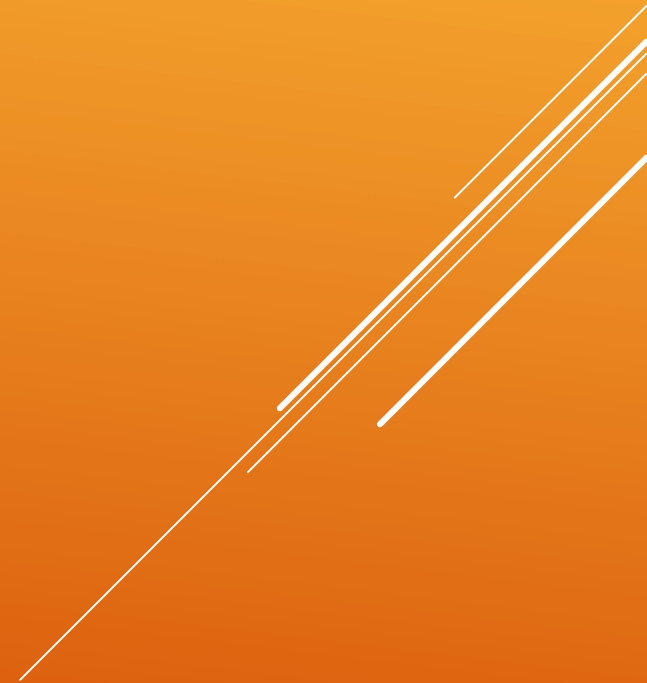
- ▶ If I slowed, I'd topple over, I thought.
- ▶ The tiny voice settles in
- ▶ doubting my decisions,
- ▶ pain its main ally.

- ▶ Dissonant, my mind.
- ▶ Yet around the corner I see gull's
- ▶ swimming against the elements.

- ▶ The ocean waves before my eyes, its crash a valiant battle cry.
- ▶ So I raise my arms into the night
- ▶ and stumble across that yellow line.

- ▶ The tape falls
- ▶ and sinks below the grains of sand.
- ▶ A wail escapes itself from beneath my hands.

- ▶ Knees drop down onto the ground.
- ▶ too many failures, I cannot count.
- ▶ Tears collect at the corners of my mouth
- ▶ and I think to myself,
- ▶ now this
- ▶ is a celebration



- ▶ Angel Mauricio Marquez is a Latin American first generation army soldier, third year osteopathic medical student and occasional writer.

ABOUT THE ARTIST: ANGEL MAURICIO MARQUEZ