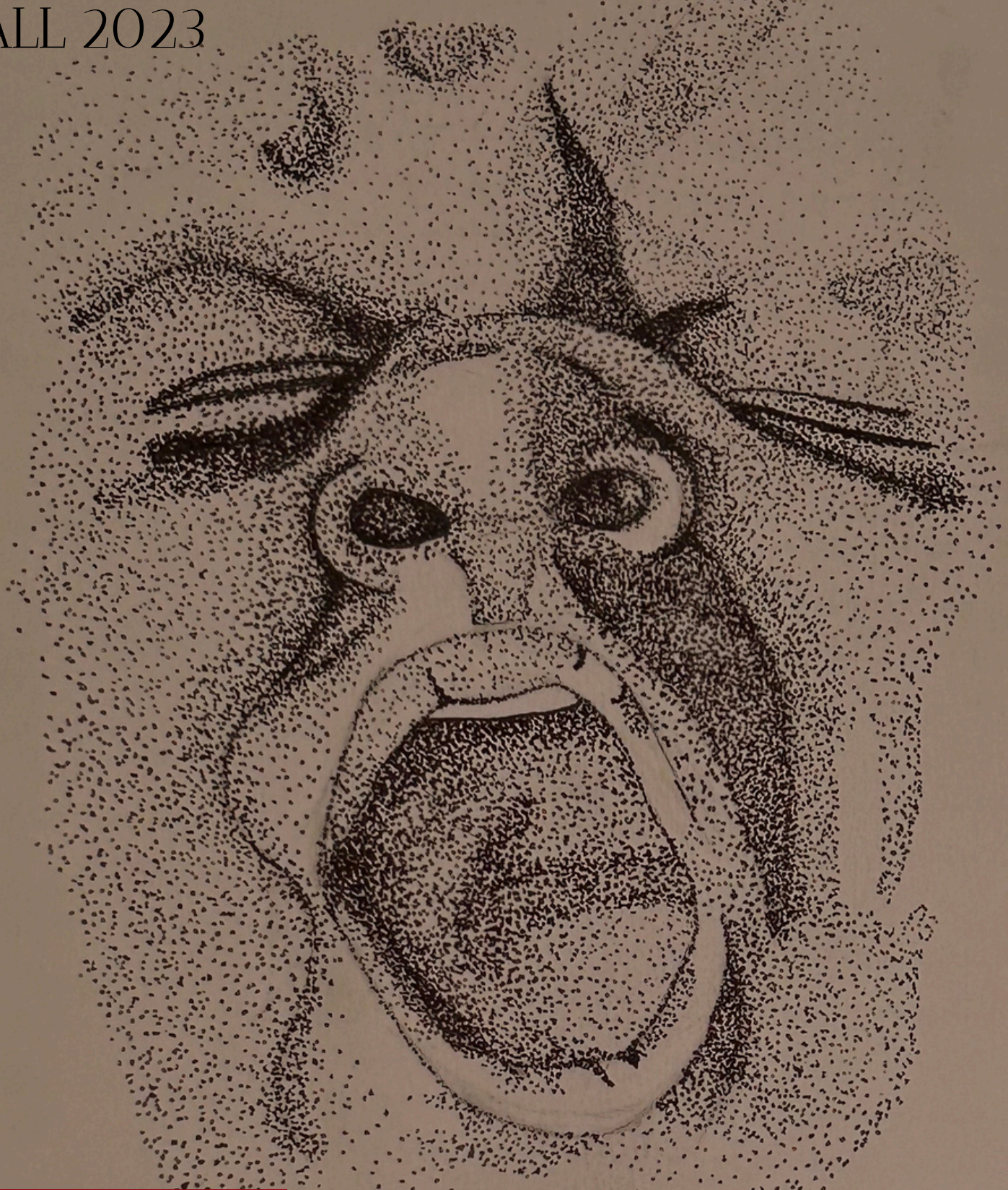


THE SHEAF: LITERARY & ART MAGAZINE

FALL 2023



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R E D





LOVE



BY: LASHONDA SMITH

LOVE WAS PATIENT
LOVE WAS KIND
HI, MY NAME IS LOVE
I AM DIVINE
SEE I RESONATE IN DIFFERENT SPACES
SHOULD HAVE LISTEN WHEN I WARNED
ANOTHER MAN IS WILLING READY AND
ABLE
TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.
NOW YOU'RE BITTER
BECAUSE YOU JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY I WON'T JUST,
GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE.
NO...
IT'S NOT THAT I WANT YOU TO SUFFER
IT'S JUST IN THIS SPACE, YOUR TIME IS UP
WITH ME
LOVE FOUND LOVE WITH ANOTHER.



CORAL HEART

BY: ALEXIS PEREZ

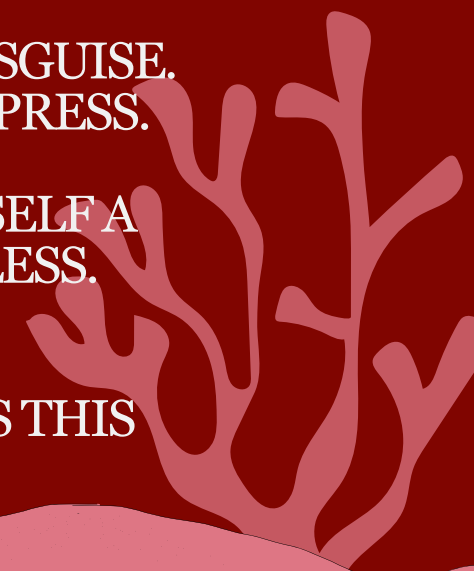
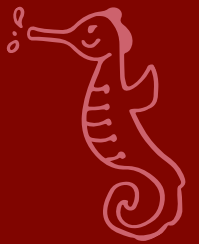
I HAVE NO MEMORY OF WHEN I GOT HERE.
FALLING IN THIS ABYSS, RECOLLECTING MY
PAST-SELVES, TERRIFIED AND FULL OF SELF-
LOATHING.

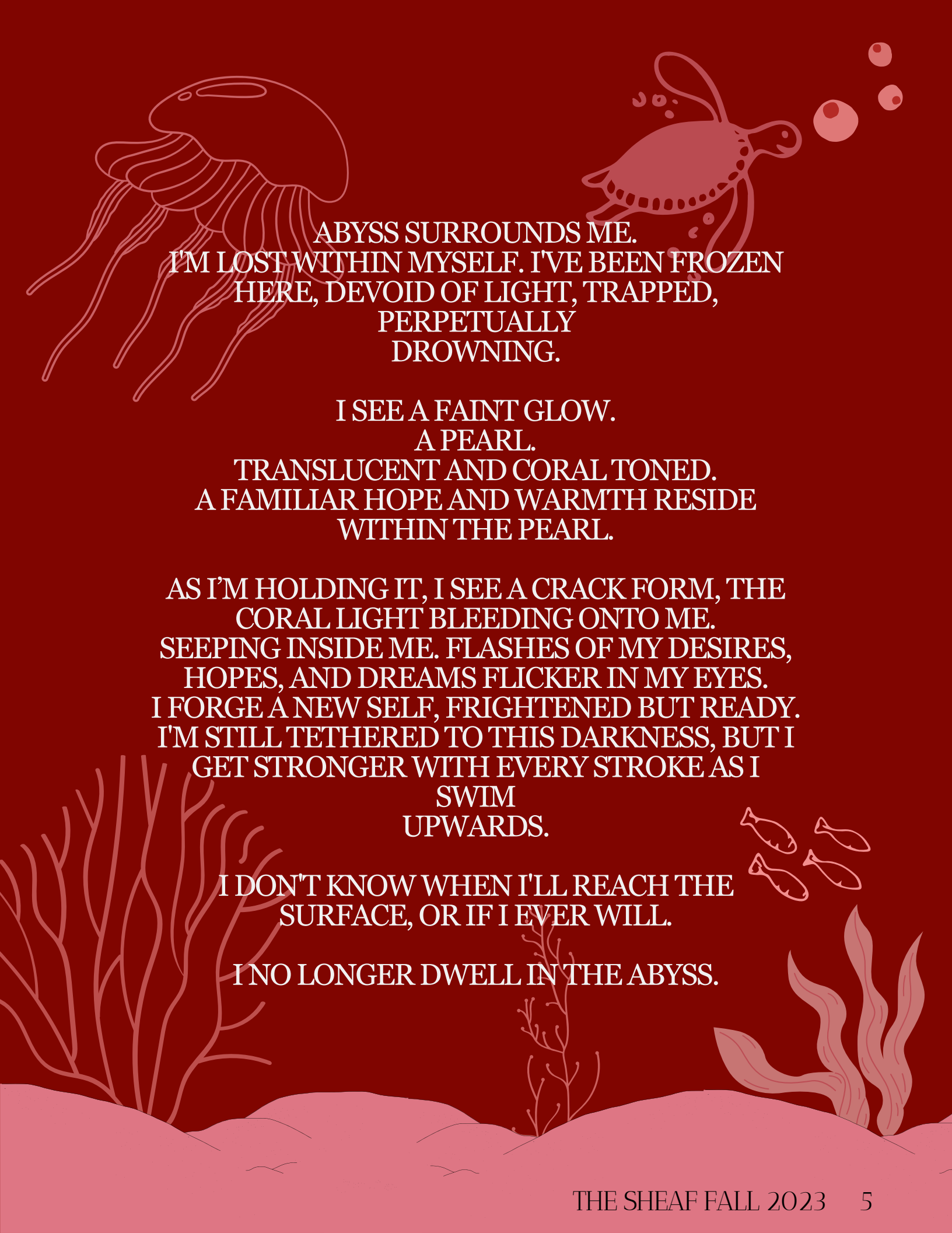
FACED WITH MANY FALSE IDENTITIES. FACED
WITH SOMEONE I DON'T RECOGNIZE.
I DON'T KNOW MYSELF; I MAY HAVE NEVER
KNOWN ALL ALONG. I'VE BEEN TOO MANY
PEOPLE,
KNEELING DOWN FOR OTHERS. AN ACTOR ON
A STAGE, PLAYING THE PART THEY WANTED OF
ME.

A FACADE INFLICTED UPON MY HEART AND
SELF. NO ONE KNOWS ME, NOR I MYSELF.
AWAITING THE EMBRACE OF OTHERS; I'M
SCARED.

DESPERATE FOR ACCEPTANCE; I DISGUISE.
FRIGHTENED OF REJECTION; I REPRESS.
WHY DO I PERSIST AS I AM?
I HELP EVERYONE BUT DENY MYSELF A
SAVIOR. I'M POWERLESS. HELPLESS.
I SANK.

STATIONARY IN THESE DEPTHS AS THIS





ABYSS SURROUNDS ME.
I'M LOST WITHIN MYSELF. I'VE BEEN FROZEN
HERE, DEVOID OF LIGHT, TRAPPED,
PERPETUALLY
DROWNING.

I SEE A FAINT GLOW.
A PEARL.
TRANSLUCENT AND CORAL TONED.
A FAMILIAR HOPE AND WARMTH RESIDE
WITHIN THE PEARL.

AS I'M HOLDING IT, I SEE A CRACK FORM, THE
CORAL LIGHT BLEEDING ONTO ME.
SEEPING INSIDE ME. FLASHES OF MY DESIRES,
HOPES, AND DREAMS FLICKER IN MY EYES.
I FORGE A NEW SELF, FRIGHTENED BUT READY.
I'M STILL TETHERED TO THIS DARKNESS, BUT I
GET STRONGER WITH EVERY STROKE AS I
SWIM
UPWARDS.

I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL REACH THE
SURFACE, OR IF I EVER WILL.

I NO LONGER DWELL IN THE ABYSS.



BLUE

GIVE ME A PLOT

BY: REBECCA MARTINEZ

I ALWAYS TRIED
TO PIECE
TOGETHER THE
STORY OF MY
FUTURE BUT
EVERY ATTEMPT
ENDED IN PITCH
BLACK WITH
ENDING
CREDITS...
CLOSED RED
CURTAINS...
LOCKED DOORS...
EMPTY SEATS...
NO TICKETS
SOLD...
I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN LEFT WITH
WONDERS OF:
WHO WOULD BE
IN THE CAST?

WHERE COULD IT
ALL TAKE
PLACE...
WHAT COULD
THE
SOUNDTRACK
BE...
BUT THE PITCH-
BLACK SCREEN
CONTINUED TO
STARE RIGHT
BACK AT ME
WIDE AND BIG
A STORY ABOUT
THE FUTURE IS
MEANT TO BE
FULFILLING
THIS WAS JUST A
TITLE WITH MY
NAME
BUT NO MOVIE

BY: PHOENIX ORTIZ



RUNNING

BY: LINDSAY HARPER

RUNNING.
THROUGH DARK NIGHTS, AND
LIGHTENED DAYS.
THROUGH WINDY FIELDS, AND
SILENT FORESTS.
IN THE EXTREME COLD, AND
BLISTERING WARMTH.
RUNNING AWAY WAS NEVER
CRUEL.
IT COULD BECOME A NEED.

IN DREAMS AND REALITY
A CONSTANT NEED, AN ITCH TO
SCRATCH.
FREUD ONCE THOUGHT OF
DREAMS AS,
WISH FULFILLMENT
AM I RUNNING AWAY FROM
SOMETHING?

ARE THERE PROBLEMS ON MY
MIND?
STRESS FROM A NEW THING IN
MY LIFE.
A BREATH LOSING, CHOKING,
COLD SWEAT INDUCING
PROBLEM.
A NEW FEAR, A NEW IDEA OF
PERFECTION?
RUNNING.

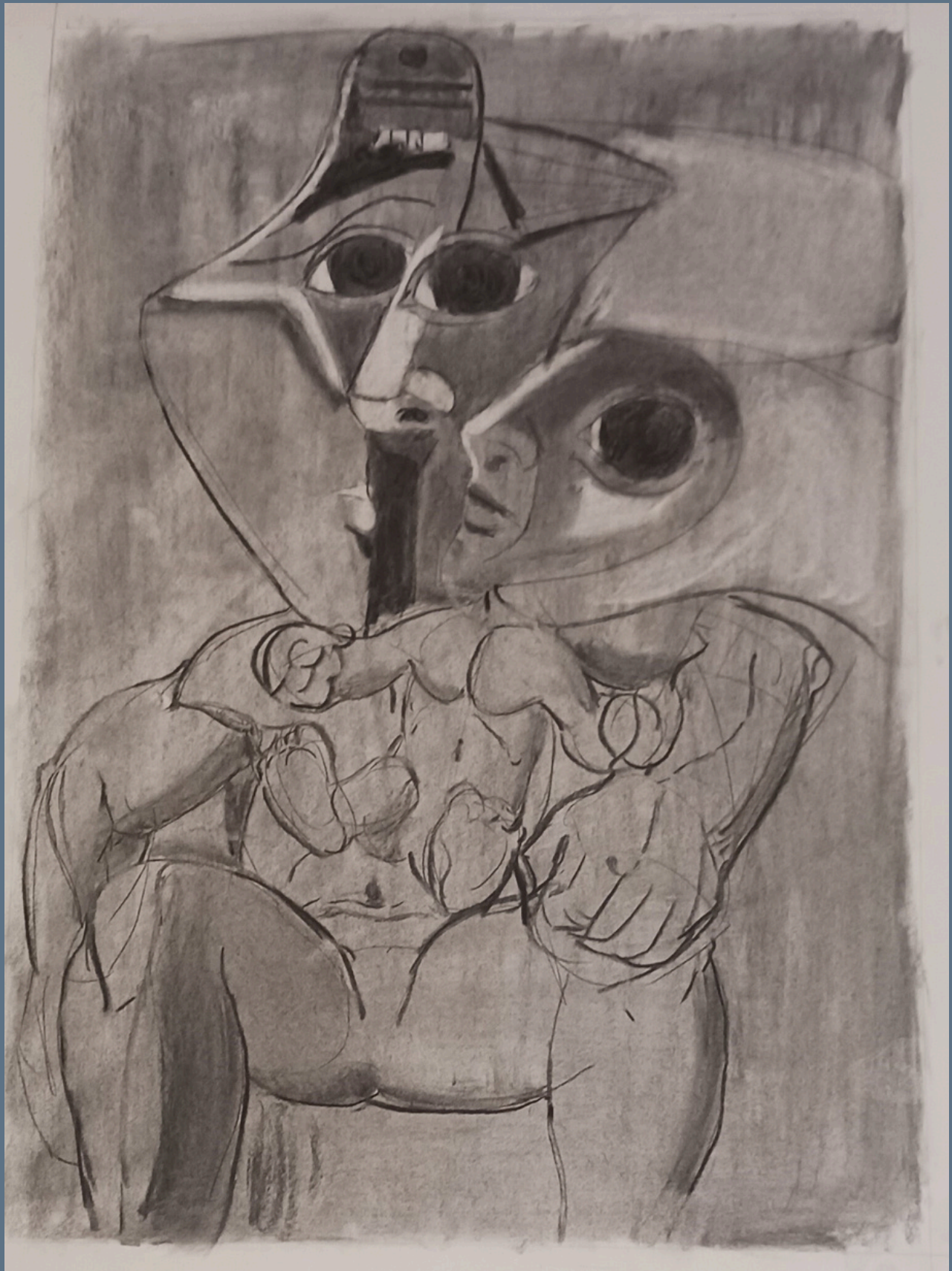
THROUGH THESE DARK LONELY
NIGHTS.
NO ONE IN SIGHT, AND
THOUGHTS FILL MY MIND.
THROUGH THE FOREST, A
MYRIAD OF COLORS.
PEACEFUL WITH ANIMALS

MAKING PECULIAR NOISES.
SO WHY AM I RUNNING?

THROUGH THESE SUN SHINING
LIGHTENED DAYS.
THE SUN SHINING SO BRIGHT,
I START TO LOSE EYESIGHT.
THROUGH THE WIND WHIPPING
FIELDS,
FILLED WITH YELLOWING
WHEAT.
PEACEFUL WITH THE SOUND OF
THE STRAW RUSTLING,
THE BARN OWLS IN THE
DISTANCE WHO-ING, CRICKETS
CHIRPING,
THE SOUND OF NIGHT SLOWLY
CREEPING IN.
SO WHY AM I RUNNING?

IT'S HUMID, BUT IT'S BALTIMORE.
THERE IS NO IN-BETWEEN,
AND THE WEATHER IS ALWAYS
CHANGING.
WHY AM I RUNNING?
WHY AM I RUNNING?
PEACEFUL THINGS DON'T STOP
ME.
THOUGH REST IS WHAT I NEED.
TIRED OF EVERYTHING, FROM
THIS RUNNING AND OF LIFE.

TRIED SO MUCH THAT
SOMEHOW,
I STOPPED RUNNING.
THOUGH NOW I AM STUCK IN A
RUT WITH NO WAY OUT.



BY: IRVIN ALEXANDER JOSEPH



GROWING UP

BY: CARYN A. ALBELO

PEOPLE TALK ABOUT HOW GOOD IT FEELS TO GROW UP,
TO FINALLY BECOME YOUR OWN PERSON AND DO
THINGS YOU COULDN'T DO.

I FEEL TRAPPED

I FEEL LIKE I GREW UP AND ONCE I LEFT THE BUBBLE I
WAS IN, I WAS HIT WITH ALL THESE EMOTIONS.

ALL THESE EMOTIONS THAT MADE ME REALIZE TO MY
FATHER FIGURE, I'M NOT ENOUGH.

I AM A DAUGHTER WHO STILL NEEDS TO MATURE, WHO
DOESN'T DO ANYTHING ON HER OWN.

I AM THE DAUGHTER OF A NARCISSIST.

AT NIGHT I GO TO SLEEP NOT EVEN KNOWING WHOSE
DAUGHTER I AM ANYMORE.





EMOTIONAL SUPPORT, EMOTIONAL BALANCE THAT I
NEVER RECEIVED FROM A MAN.

INVALIDATED FEELINGS, NOT ALLOWED TO CRY OR
SHOW EMOTION BECAUSE I'M NOT THE VICTIM
EMOTIONLESS, WALLS BEING BUILT AROUND MY
HEART

BECAUSE TO ME I'M GREAT
BUT TO HIM, MY BLOOD, I AM NOTHING.
PERFECTION IN MY MIND DOESN'T EXIST.

I WISH GROWING UP WASN'T A THING.

GROWING UP MEANS YOU ARE LET GO OF AND
FORGOTTEN ABOUT.



YOUNGER ME WAS LIVING IN A FANTASY
SOMETIMES I WISH I COULD HAVE STAYED THERE.

GROWING UP SUCKS.



BY: MIRANDA ROSE ROSSI



ORANGE

OURBOROS

BY: LAUREN E. MCGOVERN

WHEN DID SELF-
CANNIBALIZATION BECOME A
SYMBOL OF PERFECTION?

CYCLES, LIFE AND DEATH...
SOMETHING OF
TRANSFIGURATION.

THE SERPENT EATS ITSELF.
WE ETCHED IT INTO BOOKS,
DECLARING IT ENLIGHTENED.
AND YET IT CHOKES ON THE
RATTLE-TIP,
EYES WIDE AND PUPILS SLIT.

OH, OUROBOROS,
HOW DOES YOUR TAIL TASTE?

WE CALL THE HOUND A
FUNNY BEAST.
JAWS SNAPPING AT WHAT IT
CAN NEVER REACH.
BUT WHEN IT COMES DOWN
TO THOSE OPHIDIANS,
THE GESTURE IS DIVINE.

YET WHEN I RUN IN CIRCLES,
I FEEL MUCH MORE LIKE A
DOG.

REITERATION IS THE CURSE

THAT DENIES
COMPLETION.
REPETITION, THE ART OF
GETTING NOWHERE.
I'D ASK YOU, CANINE,
HOW DOES YOUR TAIL
FEEL ON YOUR TONGUE?
BUT IT SEEMS WE'RE BOTH
DESTINED TO WONDER;
HOW MUCH MORE WOULD
WE ACCOMPLISH IF WE'D
JUST KEPT OUR EYES
FORWARD.

PERHAPS IT'S A
MAMMALIAN CURSE.

I WASN'T PAYING MUCH
ATTENTION,
AND SO I BIT THE NAIL OF
MY THUMB DOWN TO THE
QUICK.
I FELT THE IRON IN MY
LIPS AS IT BLED.
SOMEHOW IT TASTES LESS
LIKE ENLIGHTENMENT,
AND MORE LIKE A LACK OF
THOUGHT.

I SUPPOSE SOME THINGS
JUST OUGHT TO BE LEFT
TO THE SNAKES.



RUNNING ZOMBIE

BY: LAURA SCHUBERT

FASTER, FASTER!
LIFT THOSE ERODING LEGS AND RUN
FASTER
SLAM YOUR SHOES ONTO THE PAVEMENT
AND USE THE MOMENTUM TO GET A HEAD
START

FUNNY, THE SHOES HAVE SOLES WHILE
YOURS HAS ASCENDED
OR DESCENDED
WHATEVER

YES YOU'RE A ZOMBIE, BUT WHAT EXCUSES
IS THAT?
SO RUN FASTER

YOU EAT OTHERS TO COMPENSATE FOR
YOUR EMPTY SKULL AND HEARTLESS CHEST
BUT THAT WILL JUST SLOW YOU DOWN, SO
ONLY FOCUS ON RUNNING

IF YOU MAKE AN HONEST EFFORT YOU
COULD CATCH UP TO THE ALIVE VERSION
OF YOURSELF

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT:



BY: MARIA ROBLES



BY: MARIA ROBLES





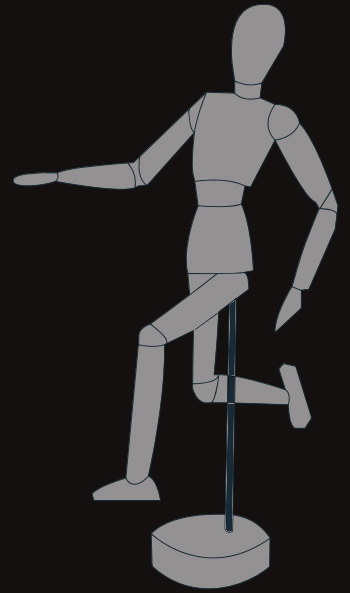
BY: REBECCA MARTINEZ



BY: ALEXIS PEREZ



BY: EDIMARY REYES





BY: ANGEL ZAMORRA





GEREN



BLOODSHOT MOON

BY: ALEXIS PEREZ

LACROIX MANOR
FRIDAY NIGHT. OCTOBER 27TH. 8:47 PM.

I HEARD A GRIM YELL COMING FROM THE CENTER OF THE MANOR. THE DOORS LOCKED, BARRING ANYONE FROM THE ENTRY. THE GROUNDSKEEPER IS ABLE TO FORCE THE DOORS OPEN, BUT NOTHING IS FOUND THAT SHOWS INDICATION OF A BARRICADE; NOR HAD IT APPEARED THAT THE DOORS HAD BEEN LOCKED.

RED, GOLD, AND BLACK DECORATE THE ROOM. ORNATE PILLARS WITH ROSES AND CROSSES. FESTIVE SUPPLIES ALONG THE LEFT WALL. TOWARDS THE RIGHT, MIRRORS. IN THE BACK DRAPES HIDING HUGE WINDOWS THAT SHOW THE GARDEN. THIS IS THE BALL ROOM THAT MADAME LACROIX HAD THE MOST PRIDE IN A GIFT FOR HER WIFE, LADY CLAIRE.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE IS FOUND IN THE CENTER DIRECTLY UNDER THE CHANDELIER LIGHTING UP THE ROOM. CRUCIFIED IN HER POSE. ROSES LAY AMONG HER, OUTLINING HER BODY. THE BULBS POINT TOWARDS HER AS THE STEMS ARE AWAY FROM HER BODY.

THE BLOODSHOT CURSE HAS TAKEN ANOTHER VICTIM, FROM THE LACROIX FAMILY NAME. ONCE A YEAR THE BLEEDING MOON APPEARS DURING THE HARVEST MONTHS TO THE LACROIX FAMILY, AS

HAS HAPPENED FOR GENERATIONS. SOME CALL IT A
CURSE OR BAD LUCK, OTHERS SAY THEY
CREATE THEIR DOOM DUE TO BELIEF IN THE SO-
CALLED CURSE. ONE THING IS CERTAIN, EACH YEAR
A TRAGEDY BEFALLS THEIR NAMESAKE.

WE AWAIT MADAME LACROIX. I HEAR THE STEP OF
HER HEELS DOWN THE HALLWAY, AS SHE GETS
CLOSER, RUNS TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM,
HOLDING HER DEAR CLAIRE. SHE SCREAMS AND
SOBS.

TEARS ROLLING DOWN HER EYES. THE ENTRY DOOR
SLAMS SHUT.

CLICK.

DARKNESS BEFALLS THE ROOM. A THUNDEROUS
CRASH WAS HEARD, METAL TWISTING AND GLASS
SHATTERING. MY GUT WRENCHED AS THERE COULD
ONLY BE ONE OUTCOME. I SCRAMBLE ALONG
THE WALL TOWARDS THE OPPOSITE END OF THE
BALLROOM, APPROACHING I OPEN THE DRAPES,
LETTING WHAT LITTLE LIGHT THERE IS IN THE
NIGHT SHINE THROUGH.

AS I FEARED, AS WE ALL FEARED, THE CHANDELIER
CRASHED INTO MADAME LACROIX AND LADY
CLAIRE. ANOTHER TRAGEDY CLAIMING TWO
VICTIMS. THOUGH I MAY NOT BE FAMILY, I SEE THE
BLEEDING MOON ABOVE THE CENTER OF THE
GARDEN. THE MOON BLEEDS INTO THE FOUNTAIN,
PAINTING THE WATERS RED.

DIVINE NIGHT

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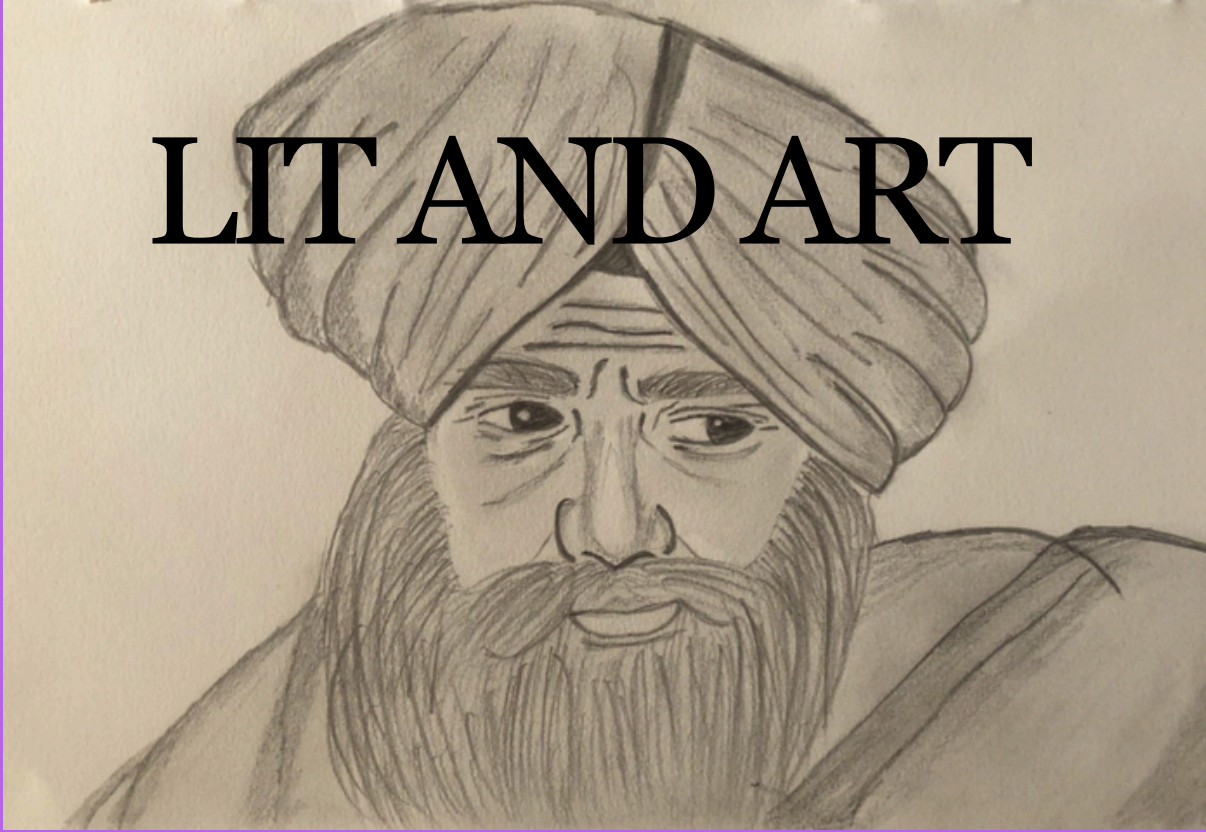
BY: JADE DESIREE NELSON

A NIGHT WITHOUT
STARS
A SLEEP WITHOUT
DREAMS
BEING IN THE
DARKNESS
ONE MAY BECOME
FRIGHTENED
DON'T BE AFRAID
DARKNESS IS WHERE
CREATION BEGAN
WHEN THE SUN SETS
AND THE LIGHT FADES
AWAY
ITS THE RETURN TO A
FAMILIAR PLACE



PURPLE

LIT AND ART



BY: MANPREET KAUR

IN A LAND FAR AWAY FROM WHERE SHE
WAS BORN,
A SIKH GIRL GREW UP AMIDST A WORLD
UNKNOWN.
WITH A HEART FULL OF LOVE AND A
SPIRIT SO BOLD,
SHE MADE HER WAY IN A PLACE THAT
WAS NOT HER OWN.

THOUGH SHE LONGED TO SEE THE LAND
OF HER FOREFATHERS,
TO FEEL THE SUN ON HER FACE AND THE
EARTH BENEATH HER TOES,
SHE COULD ONLY IMAGINE THE STORIES
HER GRANDPA TOLD,
OF A HOME FAR AWAY THAT SHE
WOULD NEVER KNOW

AND AS TIME PASSED BY, HER GRANDPA
GREW OLD,
HIS DAYS NUMBERED, HIS SPIRIT TIRED
AND WORN.



SHE DREAMED OF THE DAY SHE WOULD SEE HIM AGAIN,
BUT FATE HAD OTHER PLANS AND THAT DAY NEVER
DAWNED.

HER HEART BROKE WHEN SHE HEARD THE NEWS,
THAT HER GRANDPA HAD PASSED AWAY IN A LAND FAR
AWAY.
SHE WISHED SHE COULD HAVE BEEN THERE TO HOLD HIS
HAND,
TO SAY GOODBYE AND LET HIM KNOW SHE LOVED HIM
EVERY DAY.

BUT THOUGH SHE NEVER GOT TO SAY GOODBYE IN PERSON,
HER GRANDPA'S SPIRIT LIVED ON IN HER HEART AND SOUL.
AND SHE KNEW THAT WHEREVER SHE WENT IN THIS
WORLD,
HER ROOTS IN THAT LAND WOULD ALWAYS MAKE HER
WHOLE.

SO SHE HELD ON TIGHT TO THE MEMORIES AND STORIES,
OF HER GRANDPA'S LIFE AND THE LAND HE CALLED HOME.
AND SHE CARRIED ON WITH A HEART FULL OF LOVE,
AS SHE MADE HER WAY IN A PLACE NOT HER OWN.



YOU DON'T GET TO CHOOSE YOUR DAUGHTER

BY: LAURA SCHUBERT

I WILL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE TRYING TO BE HALF
THE WOMAN THAT YOU ARE

YOU MUST BE TIRED OF ME CONSTANTLY APOLOGIZING

I KNOW I DO IT OFTEN, BUT I DON'T LIKE DISAPPOINTING
YOU

PLEASE BE PATIENT, BECAUSE ONE DAY I WILL MAKE IT
UP TO YOU

I WILL BUILD YOU A PALACE FAR FAR AWAY FROM THE
ATROCITIES OF THE WORLD

A HOME YOU CAN CALL YOURS, A HOME STRONG AND
BEAUTIFUL LIKE YOU

NOT TO BE REPETITIVE, BUT WOULD YOU BELIEVE ME IF I
SAID I AM SORRY?

I AM. I AM SORRY.

I AM SORRY FOR ALL I HAVE DONE, AND WHAT I WILL
CONTINUE TO DO

YOU DON'T GET TO CHOOSE YOUR DAUGHTER, BUT I AM
GRATEFUL THAT YOU ARE MY MOTHER.

THANK YOU.

GENUINELY INDIGENOUS

BY: LAVENDER OTIENO

IN NORTHEAST AFRICA, WHERE THE OMO VALLEY
AND THE NILE RIVER MEET, LIFE IS SWEET.
THE FOOD IS PURE, THE WATER IS FRESH AND
ABUNDANT. CROPS ARE RICH, THERE IS COMMUNITY,
SHELTER, LOVE,
AND WISDOM BEING SHARED AMONGST NEIGHBORS.
THE SUN IS REGULARLY ABLAZE, ONLY HIDDEN
DURING
THE RAIN, IN THIS LIFE ON THE EQUATOR.

IN AMANI PROVINCE, WHICH TRANSLATES TO PEACE
ZONE, A YOUNG WOMAN NAMED DALINA LIVES WITH
HER FAMILY, EXTENDED FAMILY, AND FAMILY FRIENDS
IN WHAT IS PARADISE. GENEROSITY AND COMPASSION
ARE EMBEDDED IN THE PEOPLE OF AMANI'S DNA.

ONE WARM MORNING, DALINA'S FATHER ABA,
RECOMMENDS HIM AND HIS CHILDREN GO LOBSTER
FISHING. DALINA ASSISTS HER FATHER REQUESTS BY
WALKING OVER TO HER NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE TO TRADE
COW BUTTER FOR FISHING BAIT FROM HER NEIGHBOR
WHO SHE ALSO CALLS ABA, OUT OF ENDEARMENT. THIS
SECOND ABA IS OLDER THAN DALINA'S BIOLOGICAL
FATHER BY FORTY-FOUR YEARS, YET HE IS STILL
STRONG, VIBRANT, AND INTELLIGENT. UPON
RETURNING HOME, DALINA, ABA, THE ELDEST
BROTHER JABRO, AND YOUNGEST SISTER YAYA, TAKE
TRAVEL ON A LOCAL NEIGHBOR'S TOK-TOK TO THE
COAST OF THE INDIAN OCEAN TO GO LOBSTER FISHING.



ON THE SANDY SHORES OF MALINDI, SOME MILES FROM HOME, THE FAMILY OF AMANI PROVINCE TAKE A BREAK TO HYDRATE WITH TROPICAL FRUITS AND COCONUT WATER FROM THE LOCAL TREES BEFORE SETTING THEIR SAILS. ABA BECAME SURPRISED THAT THE TIDES WERE MORE ROUGH THAN USUAL ON SUCH A WARM DAY, BUT BEING INDIGENOUS TO THE REGION, ABA AND HIS FAMILY INTUITIVELY NAVIGATE THE OCEAN AS THEY CONTINUE TO FISH.

SUDDENLY, IN THE DISTANT VIEW, ANOTHER BOAT SLIGHTLY BIGGER THAN ABA'S CAPTURES THE GAZE OF THE FAMILY. THIS UNFAMILIAR BOAT HAS ANCHOR ROPES WHICH ARE IN TANGLES. THE ATTENDANTS ARE SCURRYING TRYING TO UNDO THE MESH AND ROPE ENTANGLEMENT. DALINA'S FATHER ADVISES HIS CHILDREN, "WE SHOULD HELP THESE CIVILIANS WHO SEEM TO BE STRUGGLING TO ANCHOR THEIR BOAT, AND PRESUMABLY A CATCH".

BOTH BOATS COME ALONGSIDE ONE ANOTHER. DALINA, JABRO, AND YAYA REALIZE THAT THEY'VE COME FACE TO FACE WITH A FAMILY SHARING SIMILARITY IN AGE, AND GENDER YET THEY APPEAR RATHER DIFFERENT THAN THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLE OF EAST AFRICA. THEY DO NOT SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE, ALTHOUGH BODY GESTURES ARE UNIVERSAL WHICH BRINGS ABA AND HIS FAMILY TO FURTHER HELP THIS SEEMINGLY LOST FAMILY ANCHOR THEIR BOAT.

DALINA ASKS HER FATHER, "ABA, WHY DON'T WE HELP THE TRAILBLAZERS WITH A MEAL AFTER DOING ALL THAT WORK?", "YOU'RE RIGHT DALINA, THOSE TIDES MIGHT'VE BEEN TOO MIGHTY FOR THEM TO NAVIGATE" ABA SAYS.

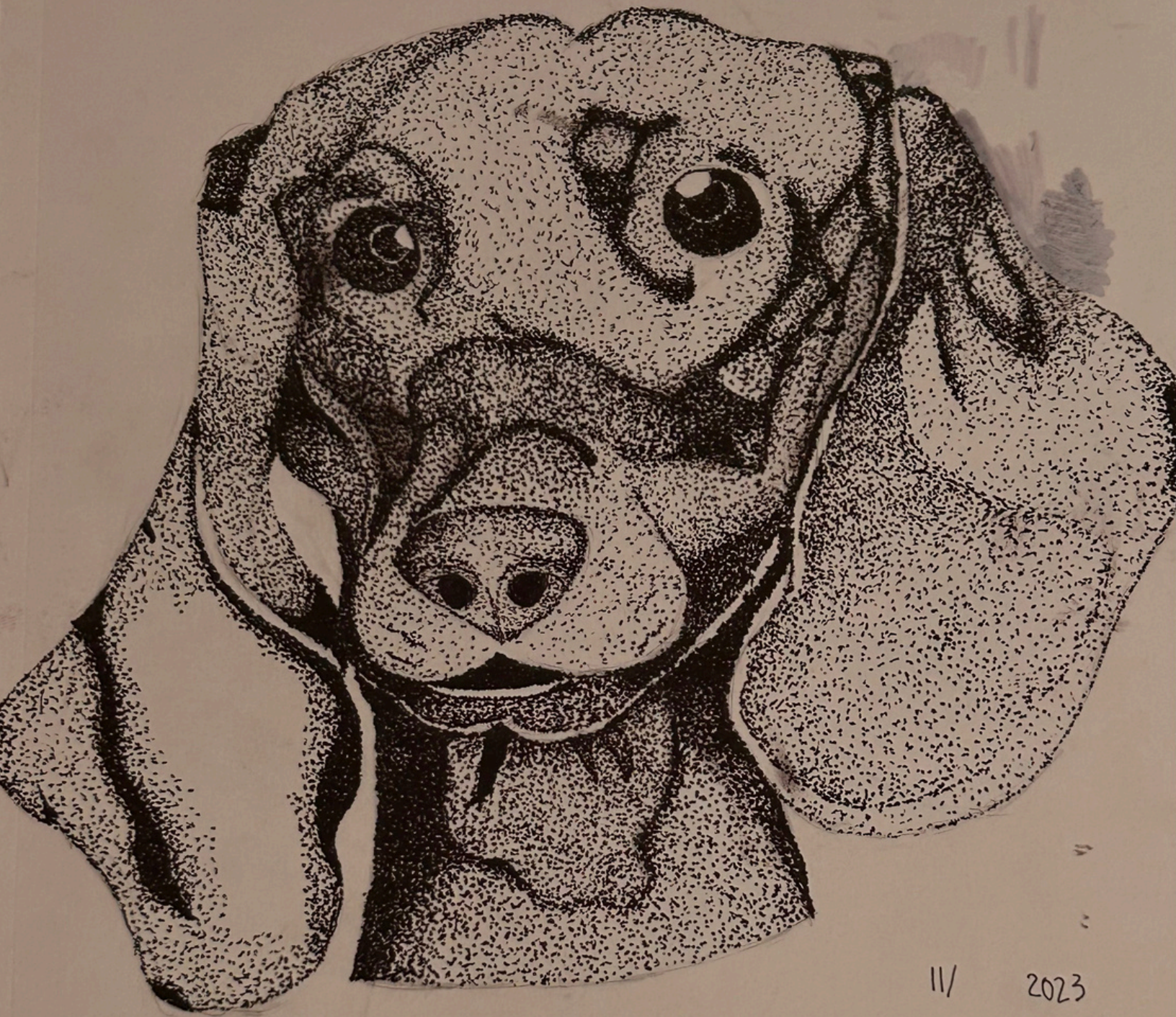


AFTER DOCKING ASHORE, BOTH FAMILIES WALK STREETSIDE WHERE THERE ARE TONS OF FOOD BEING SERVED BY DIFFERENT VENDORS, DIFFERENT METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION, AND A VARIETY OF SELLERS.

THE SUN IS SETTING. THE EVENINGS' ENERGY IS MEMORABLE, AND THE STREET FOOD IS NUTRITIOUS. WHILE FELLOWSHIPPING, DALINA, JABRO, AND YAYA, LEARN THAT RAHNI, SAMSON, AND BELLE ARE COINCIDENTALLY A MIRROR OF THEMSELVES. CONCLUDING THAT TRADITION OF FELLOWSHIP REGARDING FATHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN SURPASSES AMANI PROVINCE.

AFTER A PROMISING EVENING, ABA SIGNALS HIS NEW FATHER FRIEND THAT REST SHOULD BE ASSURED, AND HIMSELF AND HIS CHILDREN ARE WELCOMED TO COME BACK TO AMANI. WITHOUT WORDS, FATHER GREW TEARY EYED, PRESSED HIS PALMS TOGETHER, AND ACCEPTED THE INVITATION.

THERE WAS NO CONQUEST AND DESTRUCTION, THERE WAS NO DIVIDE AND INVASION. THERE WAS SIMPLY A MUTUAL RESPECT AS ONE RACE, THE HUMAN RACE. HOSPITALITY AND CARE FOR ONE ANOTHER, IN TIMES OF ADVERSARY, AND NEED. LIFE IS SIMPLE WHEN KINDNESS IS EXTENDED, NO MATTER WHAT THE DIFFERENCES ARE. TO COME ACROSS THE AMANI PEOPLE, IN A TIME OF CONFUSION, FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN WERE HUMBLY GRATEFUL. KINDNESS, COMPASSION, AND GENEROSITY ARE AS RICH AS THE BLOOD OF THE PEOPLE OF AMANI PROVINCE IN OMO VALLEY, NORTHEAST AFRICA.



11/ 2023

THANK YOU FOR READING THE
SHEAF FALL 2023 MAGAZINE