

The Writer's Block

2nd Issue | Block 6, 2025

Visiting Author: Soul Vang

Soul Vang is a poet, teacher, U.S. Army veteran, and an editorial member of the Hmong American Writers' Circle (HAWC). Come to **Cornerstone Room 131** on **March 6th at 6pm** to meet this incredible author as he reads some of his poems!

Student Publishing Fair

Are you interested in getting involved in campus publications, or publishing your own work? Come to the Student Publishing Fair on **March 3rd, in Worner Fireside, from 12pm-2pm!**

A Passage from *American Matrix* by Veerle Sanborn '25

So explode American man. Explode like the bomb you are. Show me the damage you have done the world all in one night and do it in my living room. Do it while I hold our son. Do it while our other son hides behind my leg and then behind the couch. Do it until I tell you I am leaving. Do it until you tell me I can have 10,000 more this time if that's what I really want.

Do it all over again. Tomorrow.

So I hold out. I hold out for a daughter. My blood bank is full and I am blessed with a daughter. Blessed with a daughter that picks you and the house and the dog and the cars and the clothes, just like I did. But I don't know that yet.

Because I don't know that yet, I raise you with love and an American name. You will know of Queen's Day, but you won't know it changes based on who rules. You will know Amsterdam as a vacation to another land. You will see my home and think of it as boring. You will see that life looks differently based on what and who you choose, and you will make the same choice I would've. Because in the end, you are we. But I don't know yet, that you will have to choose.

Senior Submissions

The first two submissions to *The Writer's Block* come from senior creative writing majors Veerle Sanborn and Esa George! Read their full pieces by scanning the QR code!

Stanza from *Poem #1* by Esa George '25

You always want to make sense of what you can't make sense of
as supplementation for your jagged existence,
Seek solace in a fragmented eclipse, revering
the first signs

Of early summer footsteps

Against concrete Sharpies I didn't mean to
sketch

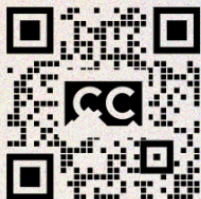
There is no concrete plan for us after this
how can something so old like myself and its
corpse

Be so wrongly steering away, every day, from
who I was

Into a great unknown abyss, that is longing,
crowding staircases when we should have been
taking the elevators

It is always leg day
between your legs and mine, I like when my
ear is pressed against lips that whisper
something ridiculous.

I channel a gullible hop-scotching girl
When I convince myself I can slurp the scotch.



Interested in contributing to *The Writer's Block*?

Email d_shaw@coloradocollege.edu to submit your work, send in book recommendations, or anything else you think would interest the writers of CC :)