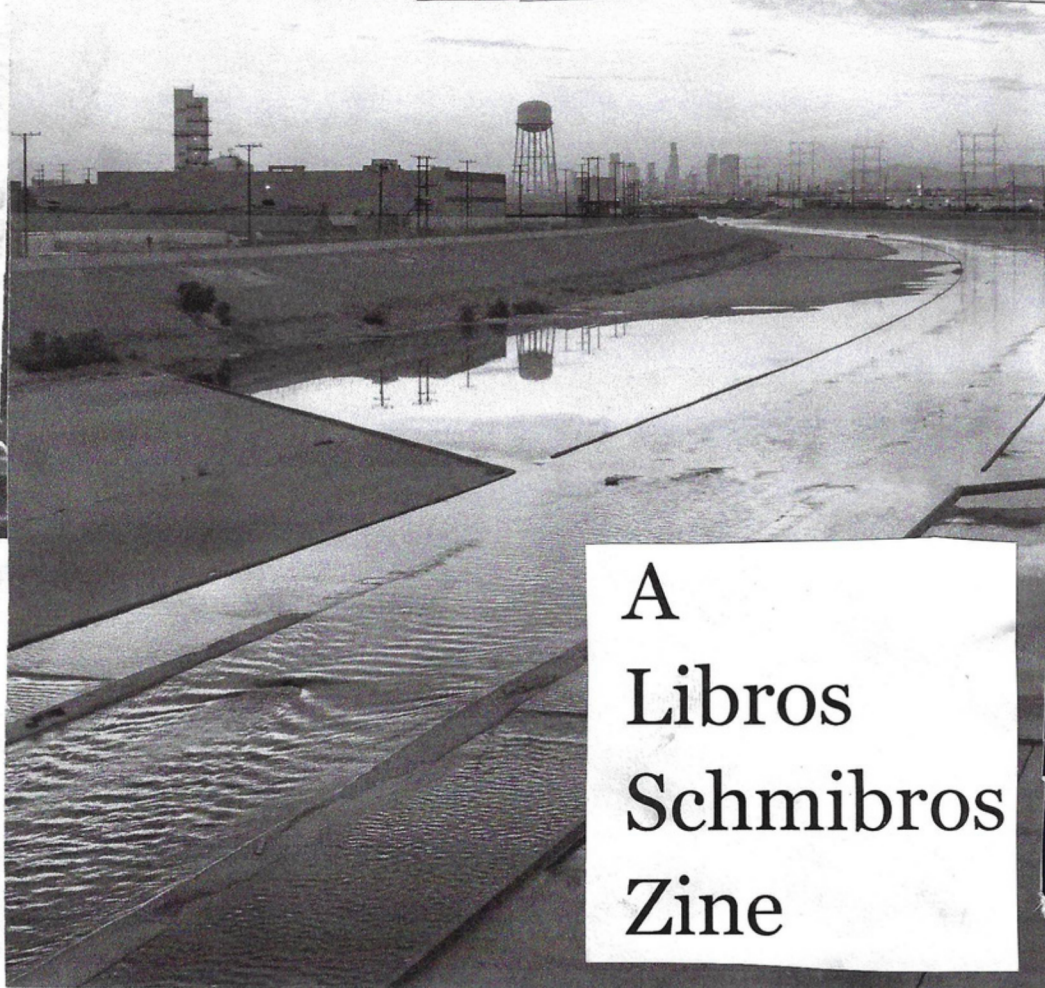


Where
the
River
Flows:



A
Libros
Schmibros
Zine

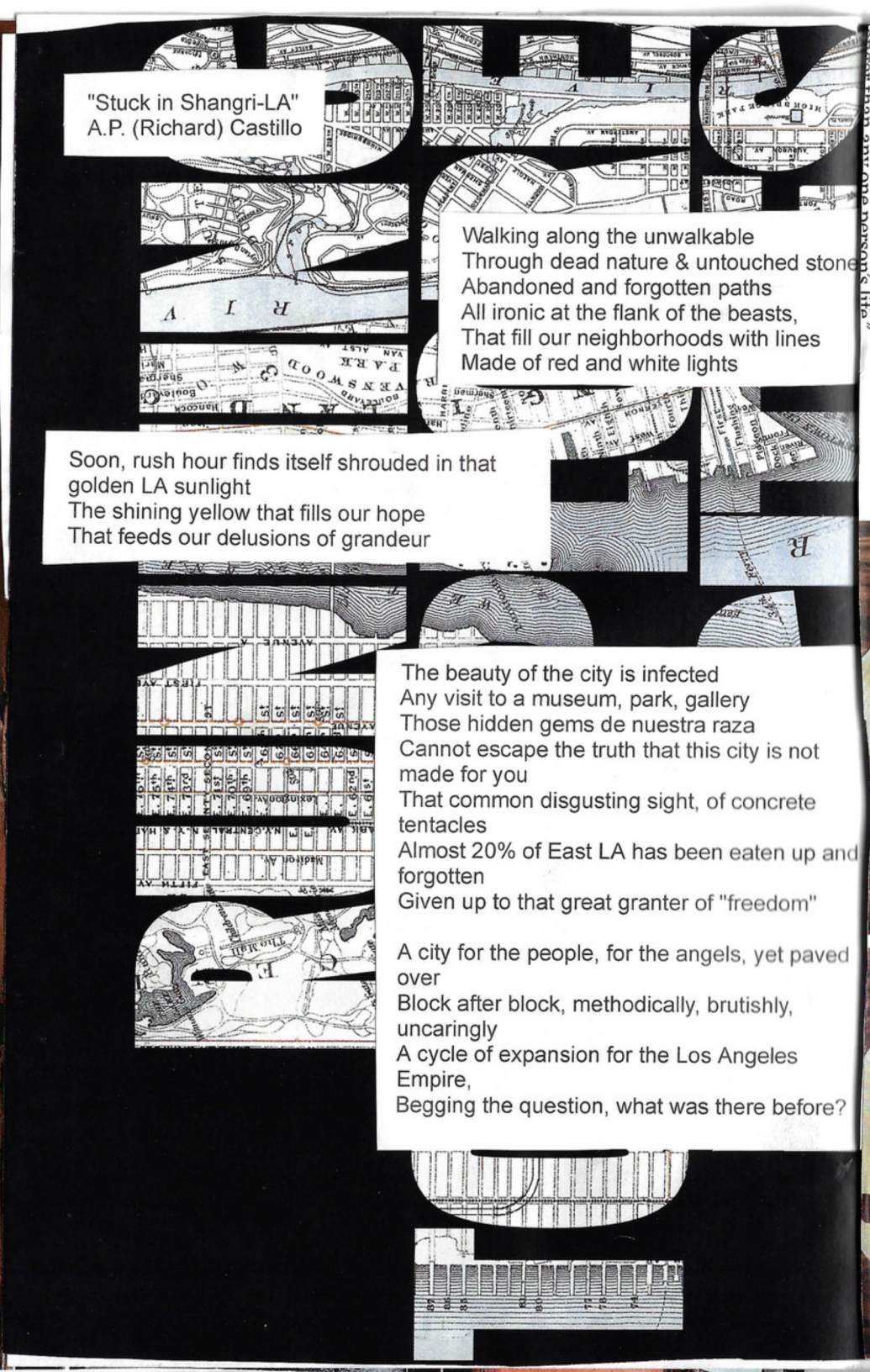
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Our Zine was written
by four Libros Schmibros
Summer fellowship Alumni, created
to describe our experience in learning
all about L.A. this summer.

We write to express our love of
Los Angeles

We hope that these pieces help
you love your community, and
encourage you to explore Los
Angeles's art and culture.

Thank you for reading, we
hope you enjoy! ♡



"Stuck in Shangri-LA"
A.P. (Richard) Castillo

Walking along the unwalkable
Through dead nature & untouched stone
Abandoned and forgotten paths
All ironic at the flank of the beasts,
That fill our neighborhoods with lines
Made of red and white lights

Soon, rush hour finds itself shrouded in that
golden LA sunlight
The shining yellow that fills our hope
That feeds our delusions of grandeur

The beauty of the city is infected
Any visit to a museum, park, gallery
Those hidden gems de nuestra raza
Cannot escape the truth that this city is not
made for you
That common disgusting sight, of concrete
tentacles
Almost 20% of East LA has been eaten up and
forgotten
Given up to that great granter of "freedom"

A city for the people, for the angels, yet paved
over
Block after block, methodically, brutishly,
uncaringly
A cycle of expansion for the Los Angeles
Empire,
Begging the question, what was there before?

Favorite place in LA

★ Hollenbeck park is a place I like to go to clear my
mind. A place to let go and think about plans for
the future. I close my eyes and imagine the things
I usually don't see happening for myself. I catch a
glimpse and go after it.

Gaps

★ There are many gaps throughout LA. A gap
between LA and Boyle Heights, a gap
between the people of Boyle heights and
our city's representatives.

I am not

★ Im not the natural history museum. I am not
a piece on display Or the plants in the garden.
I'm an observer of the display but im not the
natural history museum.

Who am I to say

★ Who am i to say that i am not the flowers and trees
in my backyard
They have a life and and a family just like me, The
need water and sun just like me

Who am i to say that I'm not the squirrels rustling
through tree leaves.
They need love and attention just like me

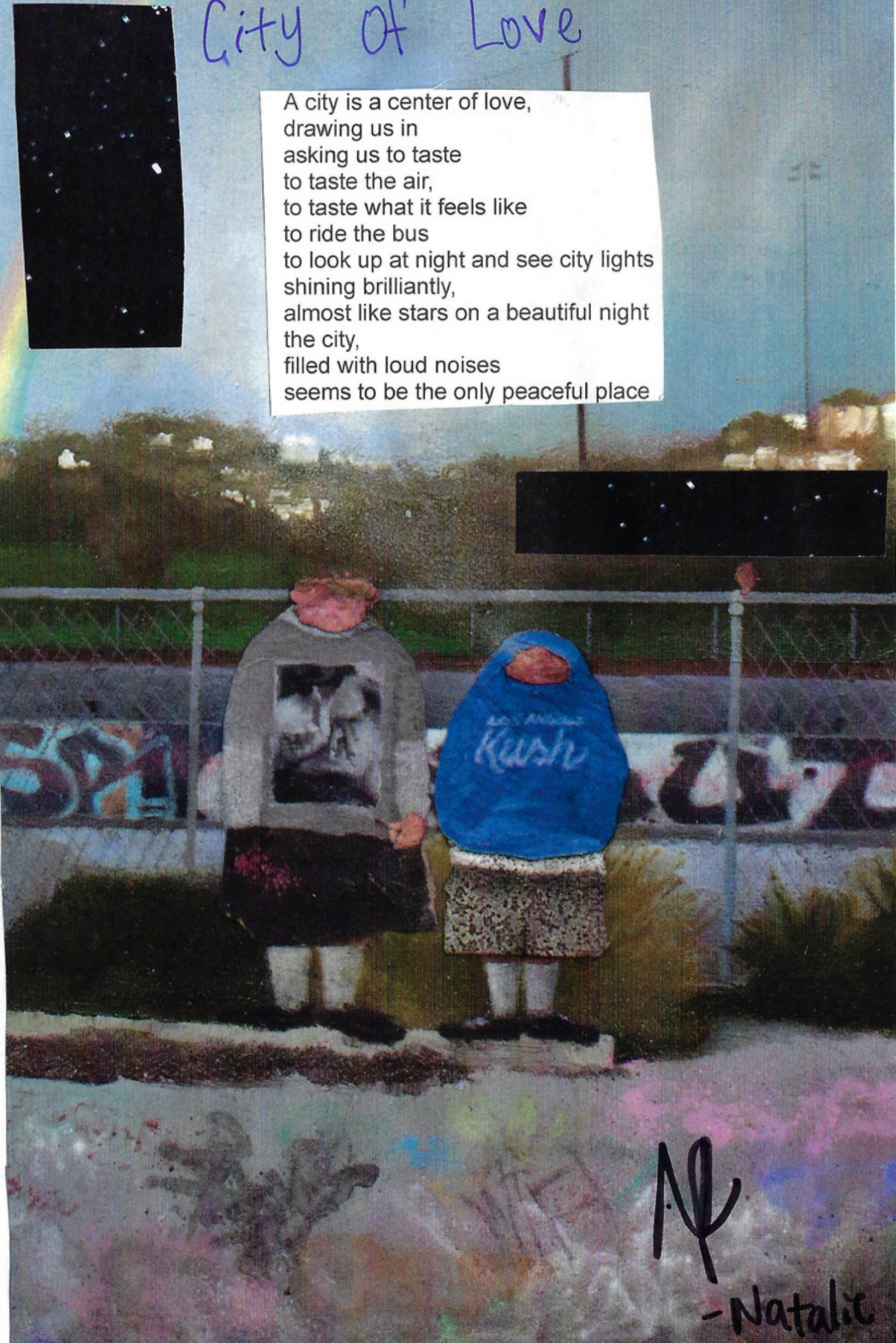
LA freeway

Some of us turn north onto the 110 and head for
our weekend while the highway hypnosis takes
over and all you can think of is coming home to
rest, playing your favorite playlist, and letting
music spark your imagination

By Jazzell Ramirez

City of Love

A city is a center of love,
drawing us in
asking us to taste
to taste the air,
to taste what it feels like
to ride the bus
to look up at night and see city lights
shining brilliantly,
almost like stars on a beautiful night
the city,
filled with loud noises
seems to be the only peaceful place.



N
-Natalie



Returning to you

When the sun dips below the valley,
and the moon peeks above the mountains
I return to you,
a beautiful view,
lights illuminate
my dreams, plans, and future

N
-Natalie



Mi comunidad
My community
is a place many people don't see
There was never any trick or treaters to give
candy to
Or any people to scare
It's almost like no one really cared
Although my street is pretty empty
Just a few cars passing through,
There are other days that it's filled with joy
And that's the great of it

It's what I grew up with
Parking a few blocks away because there's a
party
Hearing the loud
Spanish music, that
you can feel in your
chest and saying "
Why didn't they
invite us?" as a joke

When I pass by my neighbors in the early
morning
Mi papa dice " Buenos Dias"
He talks to them for a few minutes
Which makes him forget to warm up the car
sometimes
And on those certain mornings
I wonder how it's so easy for them to talk to
each other

And on a Sunday afternoon
When all my family is home
And we hear the same ice cream truck
song that I've heard for the past 15 years
My parents go outside and say " Se
quieren algo, salgan"
So we go outside in our pajamas
Which makes my eyes burn because the sun is
too bright

It's not the same as it was three years ago
The little donut shop is still there but the prices
went up
And The Liquor Store changed owners and to
this day I still remember how it first was It
changed through every season and I changed
with it
I've grown to love my community even more
The dollar tree where I buy balloons for every
birthday
Or the bakery we go to in the morning

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SILVER CREST
DONUT SHOP
RESTAURANT & BAR

WE NEVER CLOSE

And when I get off at the bus stop
cross the busy street
Seeing the bright orange place at the corner of
the street
Entering feels like a different atmosphere

almost
Just like I'm in Mexico
The fresh smell of the
pupusas they make
and the nice greetings
The ladies who call
me "Mija"
It reminds me of my old summers

It's where I greet the small dogs when I walk
home
Or where I see the little kids and it feels as if
I've grown too fast
Where the stores go on for blocks and blocks
And where the fair is on for first week of June
Those rides were never
safe but the memories
there will forever stay And
the pine tree has to be at
least one hundred feet tall
And if it talks it would say "I've seen you grow to
this very day"

So maybe my community might not be
Beverly Hills
Or in Malibu
But it's where the leaves fall
And the sun shines
Where the rain pours
And the sky shines

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Our sincerest thanks to the team at Libros Schimbros who helped organize and run the 2023 Summer Fellowship. Our specific thanks to David Kipen, Colleen Jaurretche, Alberto Sahagun, Cuauhtemoc Hernandez, Lester Segura, Tom Laichas, Diana Romo, Cynthia Rand- Thompson, Chris Ortega, and Derek Mejia. Thank you to all the donors who helped make the program possible. Many thanks to the artists, curators, and poets who gave us their time and creative insights that helped spark our imaginations, and allowed us to see our city differently this summer. To our family and friends we give you our love and appreciation. Lastly, thank you to the reader for allowing us to share our words. We hope you enjoyed our insights.