





# **AN AMALGAMATION**

**Volume 1** (eBook Sample)

**ALBERT MARTINEZ**

**An Amalgamation, Volume 1.**

Copyright © 2012 by Albert Martinez.

Edited by Jenna Dodson.

Cover, back cover, and definition page photo taken by Andy Chinn.

Images on pages 11, 16, 17, 30, 38 taken by Tamea Agle; pages 10, 20, 35, 40 taken by Josué I. Julio; pages 14, 34 taken by Albert Martinez; page 26 taken by James Tu.

Every effort has been made to obtain permissions for the image appearing on page 27. If any required acknowledgments have been omitted, or any rights overlooked, it is unintentional. Please notify the author of any omission, and it will be rectified in future editions.

Letters lovers wrote, handwritten by Jaquie Diaz and Albert Martinez.

Project design by Albert Martinez.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means – electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other – except for brief quotations in printed reviews, without the prior written permission of the author.

All models appearing in the images of this book have been used with their sole or legal guardian's permission, and have agreed to authorize Albert Martinez, without limitation, from any liability for violation of rights of privacy, publicity, defamation or any similar right, the right to reproduce, copy, exhibit-publish or distribute any such photograph, and waive all rights or claims against the release of this book and the images contained in it.

This book is published independently by Albert Martinez.

## **My deepest gratitude...**

...for these people because this project could not have come to fruition without them:

**Jenna**, for making me sound like an actual writer.

**Josué**, glad to have shared that talk with you on top of that hill.

**Tamea**, for saying yes to all of my ideas.

**Jose Bonilla**, you're a dreamer and for that I feel like I am not alone.

**Olivia Nelson**, for driving us that one time to watch the sunrise.

**Kim Alvarez**, I feel like we've known each other all of our lives.

**Monique LaMarr, Leonardo Romero, Erica Mora, Cyndi Salas, Simon Salas, Lucy Salas, Dianna Duncan**, your assistance has brought this project full circle.

**Lilia Martinez**, for the talk that night, and wanting to read this.

**Frank Herandez**, let's go to another concert soon.

**Tim Gomez**, for all of those memorable moments in New York.

**Irene Hernandez**, may you know peace abundantly.

The **Martinez** family, for the endless support and encouragement of my dreams.

**Joshua Nathaniel Martinez**, "I am always with you, and everything I have is yours."

love,

**Albert Martinez**





# amalgamate

[uh-mal-guh-meyt]

verb. (used with object)

to mix or merge so as to make a

combination; blend;

unite; combine.



I'm listening to Coldplay, and they always seem to be playing at the most epic, monumental moments of my life, whether they are exuberant or tragic.

Hospitals are the most complex places.

In one room a life is given, and joy overflows out from it into the halls. In another room a life is taken, and sorrow seeps out from under the crack of the door. The silence is deafening except for the cold flow of the air escaping the vents. The hallways are even worse. Tonight I stared at the lifeless body of my grandmother, Irene. She lay there, no longer in pain, but in the transition between here and eternity.

I once heard someone say that we live in the hallways.

As I paced back and forth outside of her room, the image of her yellowish-pale face panned through my mind. I thought of my son, and how happy I was the day he was born. Just a few years later, my heart would break through the loss of my grandmother in the very same hospital where my son was born. Hospital beds can be the most elated or agony-filled depending on who is in it.

How is it that we go from one room to another?

Both s e p a r a t e d by a hallway.

From life to death and somewhere in between the two we exist.

Maybe the better question is this: How do we live now in the hallways?

Some of us are pacing back and forth while on our phones ringing another about good news and celebration. Some of us are standing still looking at the old hospital carpet trying to grasp and accept the reality of our suffering and loss. Whichever the case, we are here celebrating for someone, and we are also there mourning for another. We all share in the glory and strife in the hallways.





Son, don't you know your life is not your own?  
Every breath you take fills my lungs  
Neither death nor life, neither breadth nor height could ever separate you from my love  
In my heart is where you stay  
Draw near O child, and I will wipe away your every weary tear  
So don't run, no, don't run from my love, because my thoughts of you are far from few  
They're as countless as the sand where water weds with the land  
When your heart is in the dark my eyes will be a guiding light to bring you home  
In my heart is where you stay  
Draw near O child, and I will wipe away your every weary tear  
So don't run, no, don't run from my love



5:12 a.m.

There is something marvelous about the ocean under a moon that glistens over it in the early hours of the morning. However, as awesome and inspiring even as the water, it quickly reminds me of how small I am by sending its ferocious waves that crash upon the shore. This is where land and sea meet. This is where something very simple and astonishing wed. I can't help but feel that something larger is going on around us.

5:18 a.m.

It is still dark enough, but the moon's illumination is being compromised by another, much broader light. Something bigger is on the way and I am a part of it.

5:32 a.m.

Perched upon a row of colossal rocks, my eyes are magnetized to the violence of the water rushing in and out below. Only then could I reflect the moments of chaos in my own life. Failed attempts at love, abandoned from those whom I loved the most, even the trespasses I made unto others. I could relate to the rage of the deep vast sea. I felt connected to the brokenness of the ocean's lonely, cold body.

5:42 a.m.

The moon is now an opaque, circular object floating against a lighter shade of blue sky. Suddenly, a hidden column of buildings up along the coast reflect light off of its windows. There's even a hint of sparkle in the tides. I turn around, and rays of light sprawl behind the mountains in the background to the east. Darkness will cease to haunt and torment the water. Suffering will soon end.

5:45 a.m.

Glorious! Glorious! Glorious! The sun has emerged. Daylight is now here. The sea begins to calm down. Rather than working against itself, the water now flows in harmony. The sailors haul their anchors up and set sail.

8:32 a.m.

As I look back on this morning, an image of the glowing moon remains stuck in my mind. Though my wounds were fresh and the water rough, the moon remained still. It is as if it were a precursor to the sunrise that eventually took place. It never completely faded either. Barely there, it sat still in the beautiful blue sky. It reminded me that the darkness was only for a moment. My suffering was temporary, and dawn was on its way. I found comfort in knowing that I wasn't alone on the dewy sand facing an entire body of treacherous water. Its radiance gave me more than I realized at the time, a light without dullness and a love that never fades away.

She is beautiful,  
and she doesn't even know it

Her soul, spirit-breathed  
Birthed by adoration and grace  
A time and place she knew peace  
Pure and innocent were her names  
She is alive and well,  
made alive and free,  
and she doesn't even know it

She is beautiful,  
and she doesn't even know it

Like every child she wanders east  
She craves beauty,  
and she won't be starved,  
but many will deface her image  
She longs for love,  
and she won't be denied,  
but many took more than they gave  
She yearns for hands that comfort,  
but the hands she held only held her down  
She begs for mercy,  
and many have passed her by,  
but on deaf ears lay her pleas

She is beautiful,  
and she doesn't even know it

She used to look up in awe to the sky,  
but now all she does is close her eyes  
and taste her tears as she begins to cry,  
asking herself the question: why?  
She feels unworthy  
as her wrists kiss the blade  
Bare and broken,  
she is alone and ashamed  
She looks in the mirror  
only to forget her face,  
only to forget her name  
Her value and worth escape her memory  
by those who offered her tranquility,  
and burdened her with their weight  
This will all soon change

She is beautiful,  
and she will come know it

Her suffering is but for a moment  
Her cries have not been hidden,  
but her tears collected  
to wash away the fear of uncertainty  
Healing will be in her eyes for all to see  
She doesn't know that she's been loved,  
she is loved, and she will always be loved  
Piece by piece, renewed and restored  
like dried bones clothed in flesh and blood  
There is purpose in her pain  
She will soon sing a new song of grace,  
a song of a relentless love  
A new dress will be sewn for her to wear  
that she may sing and dance in  
because she was made for finer things

She is beautiful,  
and she has come to know it

She is beautiful

She is beautiful

She is beautiful





There we were in the middle of the desert night. The instruments already prepped, resting on the stage. The lights on stage dim and fog rolled out from the sides of it. The anticipation of people who stood and waited for their beloved band was as thick as the desert heat. Then a large roar erupted from the crowd as members of this group walked on stage and took hold of their instruments, sustaining us through the night.

In between songs, I remember looking around at the sea of people in one accord pushing the air up from their lungs to sing words that echoed of solidarity. It didn't matter who anyone was, where they had been, or what they had done because to be human was a celebration. Or maybe it was because of all of those things that brought us together to proclaim and dance underneath a blanket of stars. I remember thinking there was no place I would have rather been.

Have you ever had one of those moments in which you were in a certain place at a certain time with a certain set of people, and wouldn't have traded places in that moment with anyone or anything in the world?

What is it about music that engages us so powerfully? Music is a language that speaks to the heart and soul on a level that a methodical, linear language cannot otherwise do so. While it pulls us into something, it also pulls something out of us. Amongst a large number of things, music stimulates a sense of nostalgia, passion and solidarity.

Even as I'm writing this, I'm listening to a song that takes me back to a specific time and place as if it were yesterday. Music evokes such a strong cord within community, and it is evident that within it we are all the same, longing for the same things, experiencing the same things. Could this begin to explain that urgent sense we get to let someone know that we love them enveloped in about three to four soulful minutes? Or what about the other end of that spectrum, the heartache? It's as if our souls crave to soak in these things.

Because the love and ache are both universal.

Whatever is being sung and symphonized, it lets us know we are not alone in whatever we are going through. We gather to participate and remind ourselves of these things so that we can continue being human. We come together in commemorating our humanity as a community. I am convinced nothing less of that which music affirms that we were made for one another.



I am Albert Martinez. I was born on July 4, 1985 in a little city named Whittier. I am a son to Albert and Cynthia Martinez and a brother to Alexander Martinez. I am a father to the most beautiful person I've ever come to know, Joshua Nathaniel Martinez. I am a dreamer of endless possibilities. I think I think too much. I like to write whether it be fiction or non-fiction. I am an avid coffee drinker (no cream or sugar, just black). I adore summer trips to the beach at night. I have dabbled in some producing and filming, and though I had no clue what I was doing (and still don't), I aspire to bring the things that are most important to me to the screen. I grew up on hamburger helper and it is still one of my favorite dinners to this very day. I believe in the healing of community. I absolutely love music as I am a musician myself. I first picked up a guitar at the age of nine and haven't put it down since then. I can also play bass, some drums, a little bit of xylophone/bells and maybe a chord or two on the piano. I am a huge fan of the band Thrice. I love Los Angeles which makes me a Lakers and Dodgers fan. I am an activist for love. I've got a lot to say. I hope to make something worth remembering one day. I am Albert Martinez.



A dreamer, father, author, composer, filmmaker, spectator, communicator.

[www.iamAlbertMartinez.com](http://www.iamAlbertMartinez.com)