

5-2010

## TYGR 2010: Student Art and Literary Magazine

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### Recommended Citation

Forrestal, Jill; Greiner, William; and Wickey, Keitha, "TYGR 2010: Student Art and Literary Magazine" (2010). *TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine Archives (1985-2017)*. 3.  
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# tygr

student art and  
literary magazine

2010




**tygr**

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literary magazine

**2010**

Olivet Nazarene University  
One University Ave  
Bourbonnais, IL 60914  
[www.olivet.edu](http://www.olivet.edu)

The Department of English & Modern Languages  
in conjunction with  
The Department of Art & Digital Media



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## the tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

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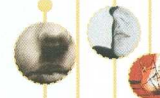
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Lauren Finney

## a young dyeing afghani

The hot prize of my long labor  
This yarn in my hands  
All day dyeing  
Steaming  
Dying

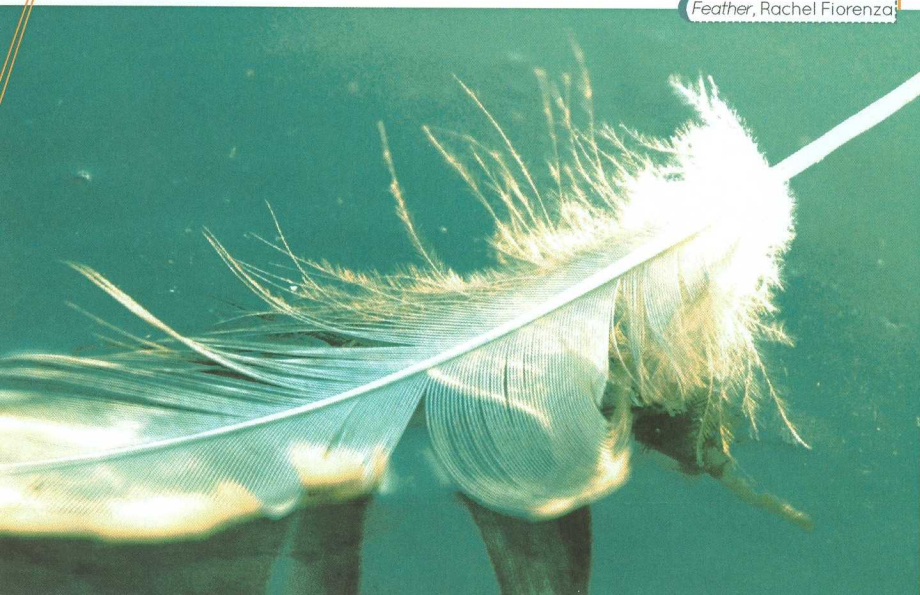
Working to live in this chaos  
Permanently stained tools  
My hands, blue forever  
for my family, a gift  
from what I do  
I dye.

# spring children

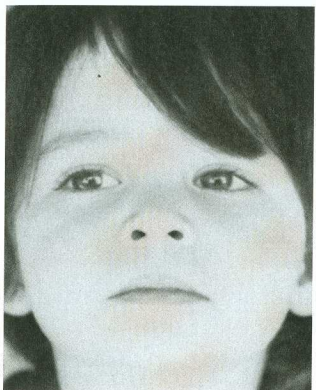
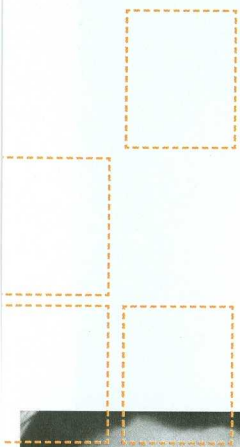
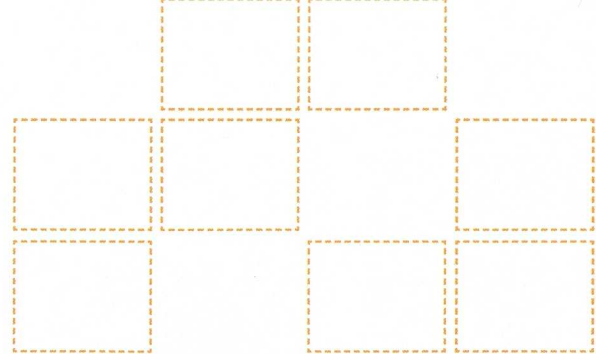
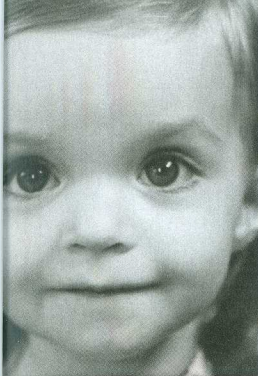
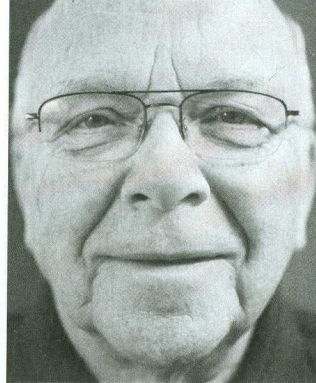
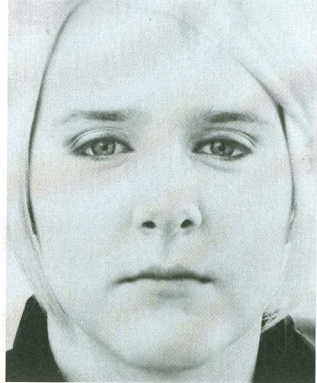
We pulled a boat across a green grass sea  
Beneath spring sun and bright white petaled tree  
or' wild waves of dandelion and lavender weeds  
paddling through a sweet and sunlit dream  
'til monstrous cloud crept over the day  
to blow our sun washed hopes away  
and cry those great wet tears of May  
to drench our thoughts and ruin play  
As puddle pushed us past petaled tree,  
we would no more float upon the green.  
No more rowing through backyard weeds.  
We reached blue gray waves, untouched sea.

Amber Doan

*Feather*, Rachel Fiorenza



*Along the Way*, Kaytee Johnston

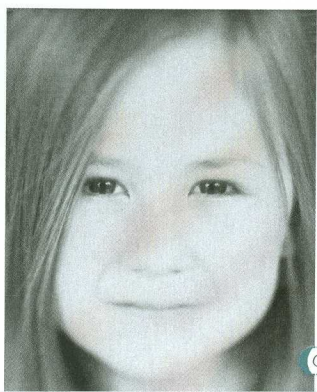
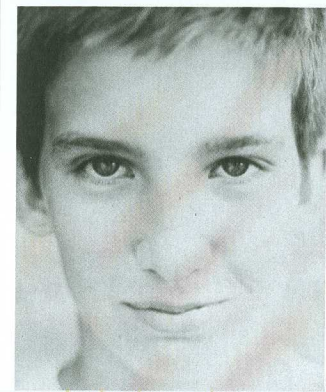
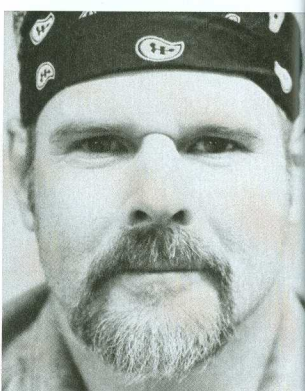
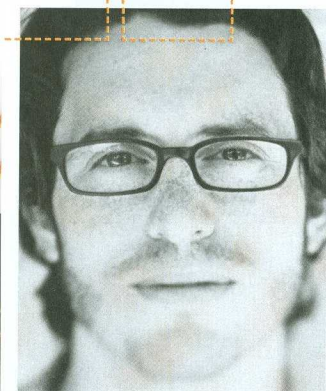


# to blow like dust

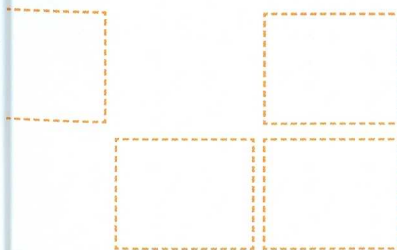
Ethan Law

Sometimes we weave wayward  
 wind among ruins  
 walls of cold stone  
 wondering where  
 to wander from here  
 to enter or  
 slip away.  
 We'll be loners with sad eyes  
 wan thinkers far away  
 we know our lot but search still more.  
 So when pushes are shoved  
 we won't be wasteful  
 we'll use them  
 to push us on our way.

Always castle ahead,  
 and castle behind;  
 because we're minstrels,  
 not princes.  
 We sing.  
 We don't dance.



Glimpses, Zack Frye





# where are you robert frost?

Everyday.

Busy, bustle, business as usual,  
wake up early, go to bed late, have  
breakfast on-the-go; hurry and  
clock in, clock out, live  
alone in a cubical without the sun.  
Gulp coffee in no-spill paper cups, choke down  
lunch in wax paper, brown paper, plastic bags  
at the desk, with files, folders, and signatures.

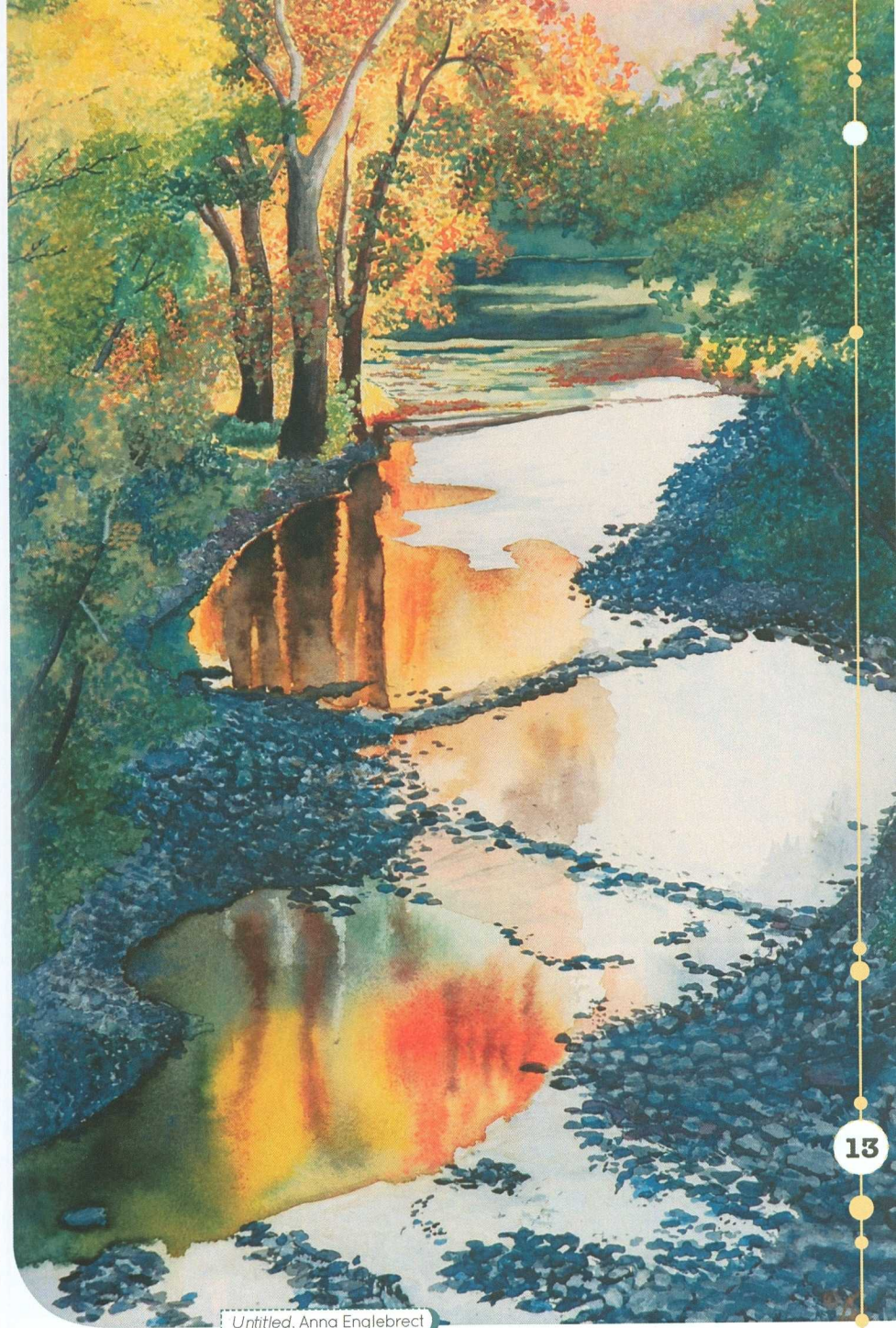
There are promises to keep  
and miles to go before you sleep,  
miles to go before you sleep.

Just Once

Be a swinger of birches.

Sit, sleep-in, soak;  
make breakfast the way grandma does  
with eggs in a frying pan, toast and jam.  
Enjoy gentle team from a painted ceramic cup,  
experience and explore tastes of earl gray, or  
peppermint, maybe a hint of lavender.  
But I was going to say when Truth broke in  
with all her matter-of-fact about the tea.  
Walk slowly and breath deeply  
on the road less traveled by,  
let it make all the difference.

Keitha Wickey



Untitled, Anna Englebret



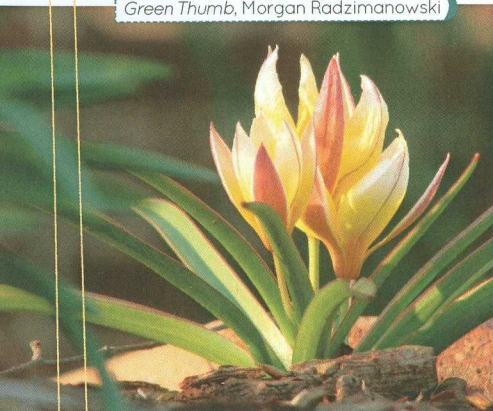
# i hid a dune

you flick your wrist and smack my snout. i would have kissed it were it not so close.  
were i to have had to run to it. my heart tinkers in itself; flipping valves and switch.  
when i inhale hard it cringes knowing the poison air will somehow smite it yet to death.  
i know my spine to hold the slouch of vicarious living. and its own.  
all somehow warping it in so it pricks my lungs with vertebrae long shattered, long feathered.  
the picture of the girl and her fox paused me.  
i feel things on the horizon colouring my vision pleasant and unpleasant purples.  
do ya know that you're the purple in me, i would pick up the book that i could change all this but what if i expect and become pregnant with even more pain's purchase.

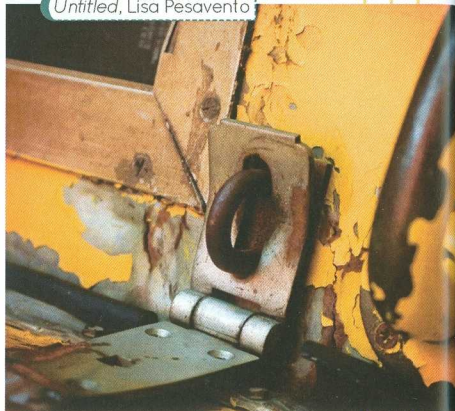
Faith Mingus

"lux in tenebris lucet et tenebrae eam non comprehendunt"  
if i were to draw in a truly pure breath, for once heal.  
difficulty swallowing is a side effect of every medication you've ever prescribed yourself, conscripted yourself to. you signed up for every wheeze and torment.  
using the very signature that you perfected at ten.  
i thought how ironic. a highway oasis, one with fast and fancy foods, one on the north side, other on the south. or east and west, whichever.  
but you agree with your secret lover to meet.  
but she goes north, you south and so, separated by highway median highway car truck semi car truck (solid barrage barrier of vehicular carnage),  
you blow kiss after kiss through the grimy glass of north, of south. east, west, whichever.  
time colours your ultimate rendezvous and so you leave, dissatisfied, dissuaded, and the highway becomes the signal, the sign to finish off your already rotten spoiled togetherness.  
you 'part' ways, never to meet,  
never to greet, never to learn a thing about the other.  
and rain, cliché, cold, and warm blurs your feet as you set a runner's pace...away.  
i leave only two windows down at all times, always two, never four, though rule broken yesterday.  
the cold of encompass wind, arms legs fingers encrusted in bumps and chills.  
when you stopped me, my teeth chattered and my nose blew.  
your eyes were warm though behind glasses that reflected speedometer and flashlight.  
i knew you'd warn me; i knew you'd tell me get to bed; i knew you'd want to know why my earthly possessions are piled there on the floor, covering the upholstering; i knew you'd want my heart to start back up again after the lights turned off; i knew you'd want to see the worst picture i've ever been; i knew you'd question the way i talk and mumble and slur things together, i knew you'd want to know why it was almost five ya em; i knew you'd tell me to behave better.  
but you looked like a father, a good one; a grandfather too, maybe, if i read your wrinkles right (tree, you).  
the poor child at the door. small and wasted; i don't know if my eyes can handle eyes like yours, child.  
you in your twelve-ness have seen far too much and hurt far too much and been crushed by dirt.  
dirt don't hurt but in such large quantities, i don't know what to think.  
thank you for the laundry monies.  
kindly you.  
i whispered 'fine' that time because you'd already asked not ten minutes before and i knew you recognized my face. a dollar twenty-six is okay for twenty ounces of pure and tainted awake.  
holding the door from such great distances with such great nonchalance and gauging is startling.  
and deigned upon by an instant smile; royal. i can't ever be okay.

Green Thumb, Morgan Radzimanowski



Untitled, Lisa Pesavento



# empire

When in Rome  
They demanded peace by the force of arms  
The people are a many-headed beast  
We are preparing for life  
On the grounds that it was impregnated with the  
blood of martyrs  
It is difficult to suddenly give up a long love  
The stars incline; they do not determine  
I was what you are, you will be what I am  
While I breathe, I hope  
Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutamus!

Paige Thomas



Day Lily Buds, Anna Englebrect

# the society that kills

## [The Spawning]

It began with the malice in one heart.  
 The killer of Austria's Ferdinand  
 Spreading the notion of destruction to the world.  
 Nations turned upon nations, making  
 Men mere tools in the hands of their leaders,  
 Their masters, their lords.  
 Blood was spilt without limit or pause,  
 And refusing to kill was now treason;  
 Treason punishable only by death.  
 "Sacred" was erased from the meaning of life,  
 The good fighting fire with flame.  
 But the art of the kill was too savage, too slow  
 Thus the civilized men used their knowledge and skill  
 To create faster methods to destroy  
 Those men who were once their brothers.

Sixteen million were slain and twenty-one wounded  
 Before the lust for human blood was restrained.  
 But sixteen million was just a blip on the scale,  
 Leaving ninety-nine percent in the world.  
 Yet man's practical sense had only diminished  
 And a second great slaughter occurred.  
 Now man's ingenuity for killing had only advanced,  
 Bringing a holocaust by gas, famine, and gun.  
 A holocaust only ending by holocaust itself,  
 The dropping of two nuclear bombs,  
 Which ended not only the rampant slaughter but  
 Two hundred and twenty thousand innocent lives  
 Plus more due to the plague since the end.

Since that slaughter, the world holds  
 A precarious peace; nations flaunting  
 Holocaust bombs with power fifty fold.  
 Nuclear warheads are aces in the global poker game  
 With the stakes at the roof and no one talking.  
 Each player can make his own nineteen of a kind:  
 "My god, his hand's huge! Hope he's bluffing."  
 This fragile state mate still miraculously holds,  
 Global war mostly avoided. And yet man still kills;  
 His greatest pleasures leading to death,  
 But seeking pleasure is all man knows and finding  
 Death is all he receives.

## [Gladiator]

Two warriors standing in the ring surrounded  
 By screaming fans who have paid to see a battle.  
 The Sound and the Fury some called it.  
 Two titans fighting just for fame.  
 A battle not to the death, but somewhere quite close,  
 A boxing match that has just begun.  
 Gloves swinging fiercely they hammer each other,  
 Looking to knock out cold.  
 One man gets angry and, refusing to lose,  
 Sinks his teeth into his rival's ear.  
 The crowd gets juiced up to a wild fury of excitement,  
 It's the best match they could possibly hope to see.  
 The fighter bites again and rips flesh,  
 One inch of ear spat on the floor.  
 The match is stopped, and this fighter expelled,  
 The audience goes home in a frenzy,  
 Their money will spent on a gladiator  
 Who was mortifying and brutal, but glorious.

## [Bleeding Flowers]

As one hundred and ninety-seven rounds  
 Fought and mauled their way through bodies of those  
 Who had previously had a peaceful existence,  
 Tech watched the brutal end of thirty-two lives and the  
 Wounding of seventeen others, before suicide  
 Used the same 9mm to claim one more.  
 Eight years before V-Tech,  
 A similar slaying occurred, terminating  
 The heartbeat of twenty-four, wounding fifteen, and ending with  
 One of their own bullets in each of the gunmen's heads.  
 Colorado and Virginia are only two such tragedies.  
 Many schools have felt these wounds and seen  
 This vicious bloodshed.  
 And the reason? The reason is man.

## [The Society that Kills]

School shootings, homicide,  
 Rape, adultery, smoking,  
 Drinking, tabloids, gossip, abuse,  
 Envy, cheating, and stealing,  
 Hating, cursing, abortion, mean looks,  
 Euthanasia, UFC, 24,  
 Braveheart, Halo, CSI, Death Race,  
 Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Gears of War,  
 Celebrities, sexy, hot, ugly, fat,  
 Anorexic, wealthy, poor,  
 You're not beautiful enough, small enough, strong  
 enough, smart enough,  
 You're too smart, too beautiful, too strong, too small,  
 You don't even have a -- he gets everything,  
 Shut-up you idiot, moron, whore, fu.  
 Death, killing, murder, everywhere, everyday.  
 The society that kills.

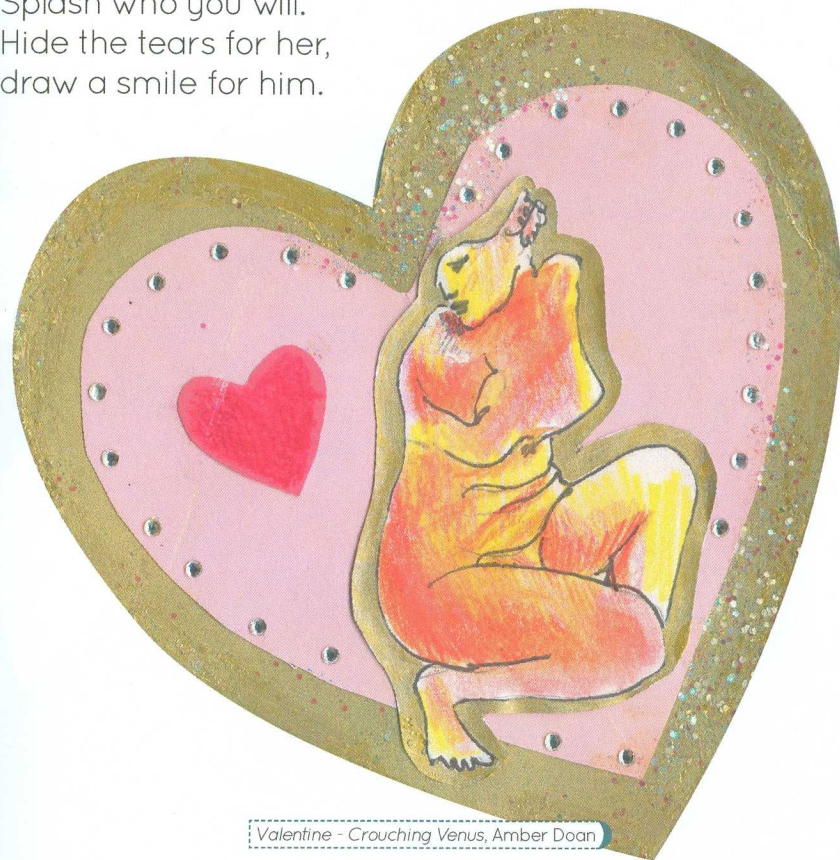
SOCIETY

# concrete

Hit the ground.  
Shatter the rosters,  
break the black off the cement.

Drown the fallen leaves.  
Rub the paint away,  
hide the "Do Not Enter" sign.

Splash who you will.  
Hide the tears for her,  
draw a smile for him.



Valentine - Crouching Venus, Amber Doan



Portrait of My Cuz, Jerry Scheller

# the mundane

Emily Wynstra

Some days, everyone looks the same.  
Spontaneity is merely a whisper  
Carried in the current of the wind.  
A weary eye replaces the sparkle of impulse  
Like an old pair of jeans, worn in the seams  
From habitual use.

# elegy on replacing you with a vacuum

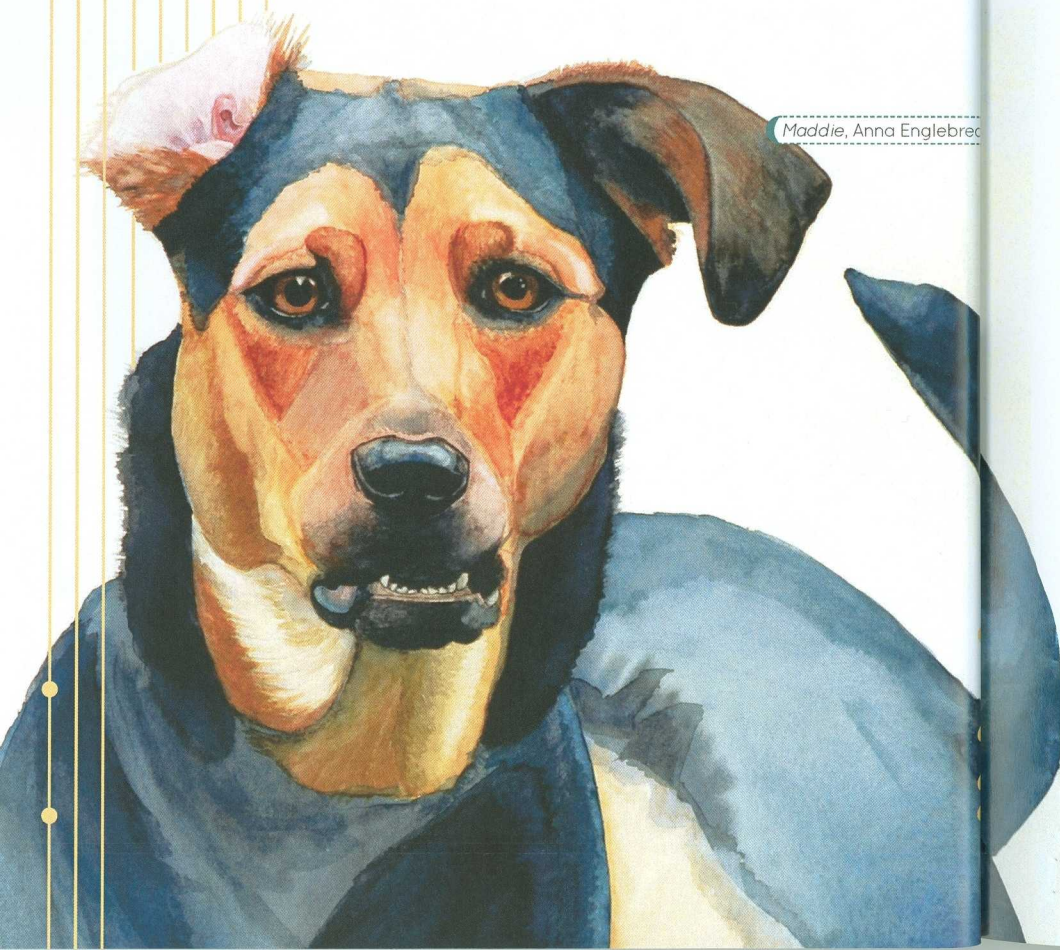
Angela Lee

Last movie night, we dropped some popcorn  
and left it on the floor for you. But then,  
we remembered that you were so buried  
in your new, dirtier occupation  
that you wouldn't be coming.

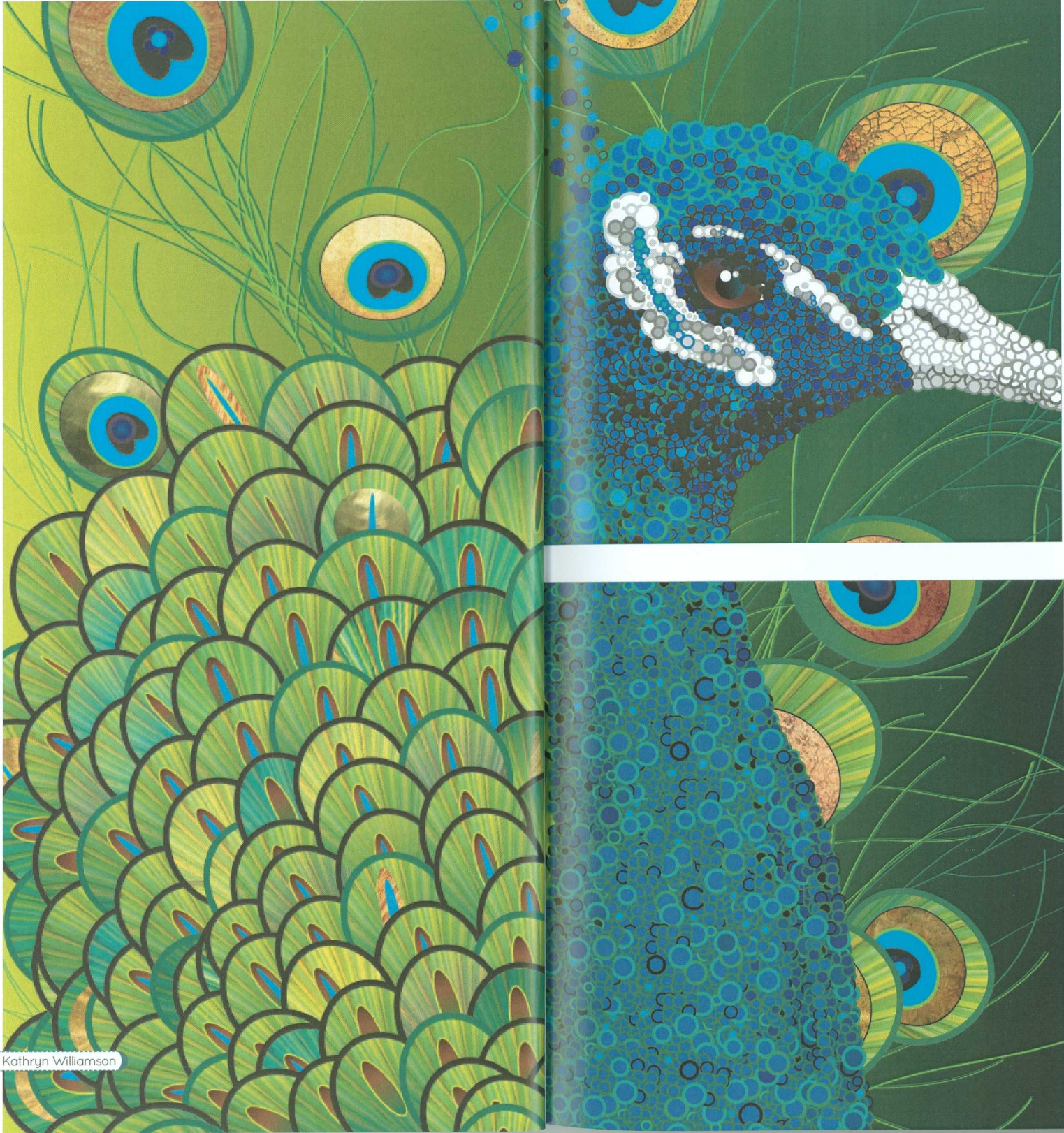
You left us with the vacuum,  
which lately, has been growing fat  
with all it consumes. It puffs up its chest  
and prowls the house like a tyrant  
because you are gone and no one here can challenge it.

When you were here the vacuum covered in its closet,  
You always fought so nobly snarling and slobbering.  
From your fangs seeped the full valor  
of Don Quixote's lance. Later,  
the enemy slain, you'd survey the mess—  
Popcorn or pizza,  
saucy-side down— and you'd lap it up,  
performing your duty, never complaining.

But now that you're gone, the vacuum has instituted  
an oppressive reign. It doesn't give back.  
Not like you did. It just sucks and sucks and sucks.



Maddie, Anna Englebrec





Britney Molloy

# confrontation

Deep breath, hold it in  
Take a step, and don't forget  
To exhale.

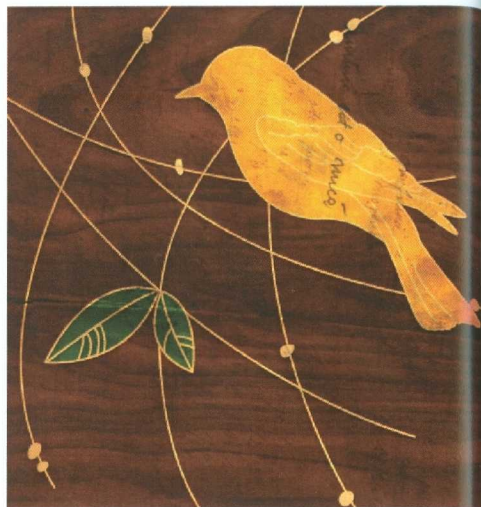
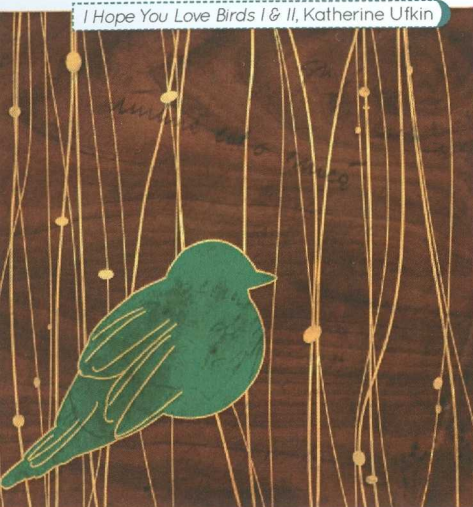
Nervous thumping, pounding, beating  
Your heart is as heavy as your breathing  
One more breath escapes your lips, tunnel vision  
On what is next.

Running lines, planning words  
Hoping, praying, that it won't be worse  
Than you expect.

Pounding heart, shortened breath  
Breathe in deep, hold it in  
It is time to begin  
The confrontation.

Amberguilty, Amber Doan





Keitha Wickey

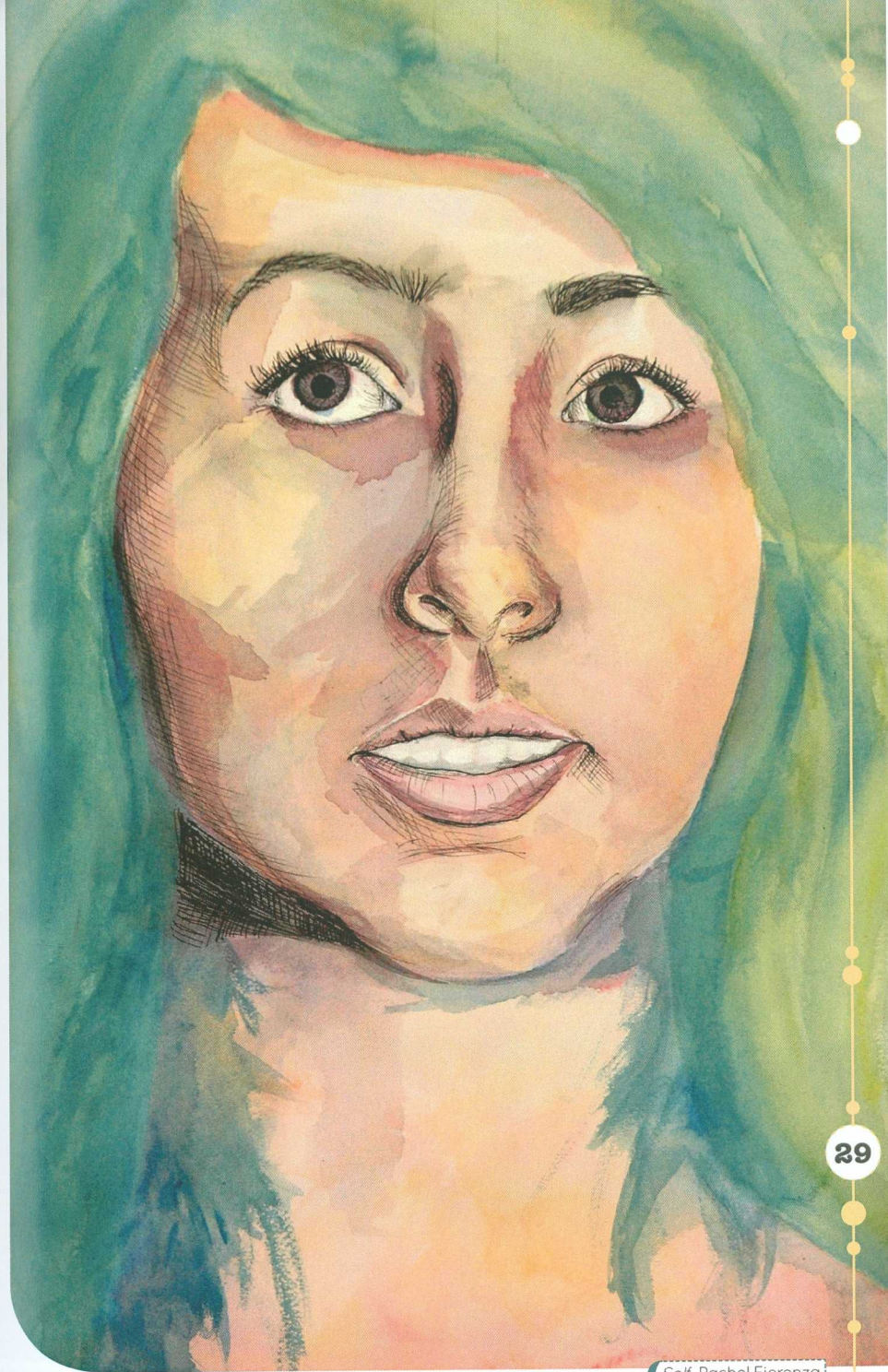
## early may

Sunlight casts its hopeful gleams on two little girls in early May.  
With look-alike flyaway hair, the playmates pick clover with wide smiles;  
thanking Mr. Sun for finally showing his soft yellow side.

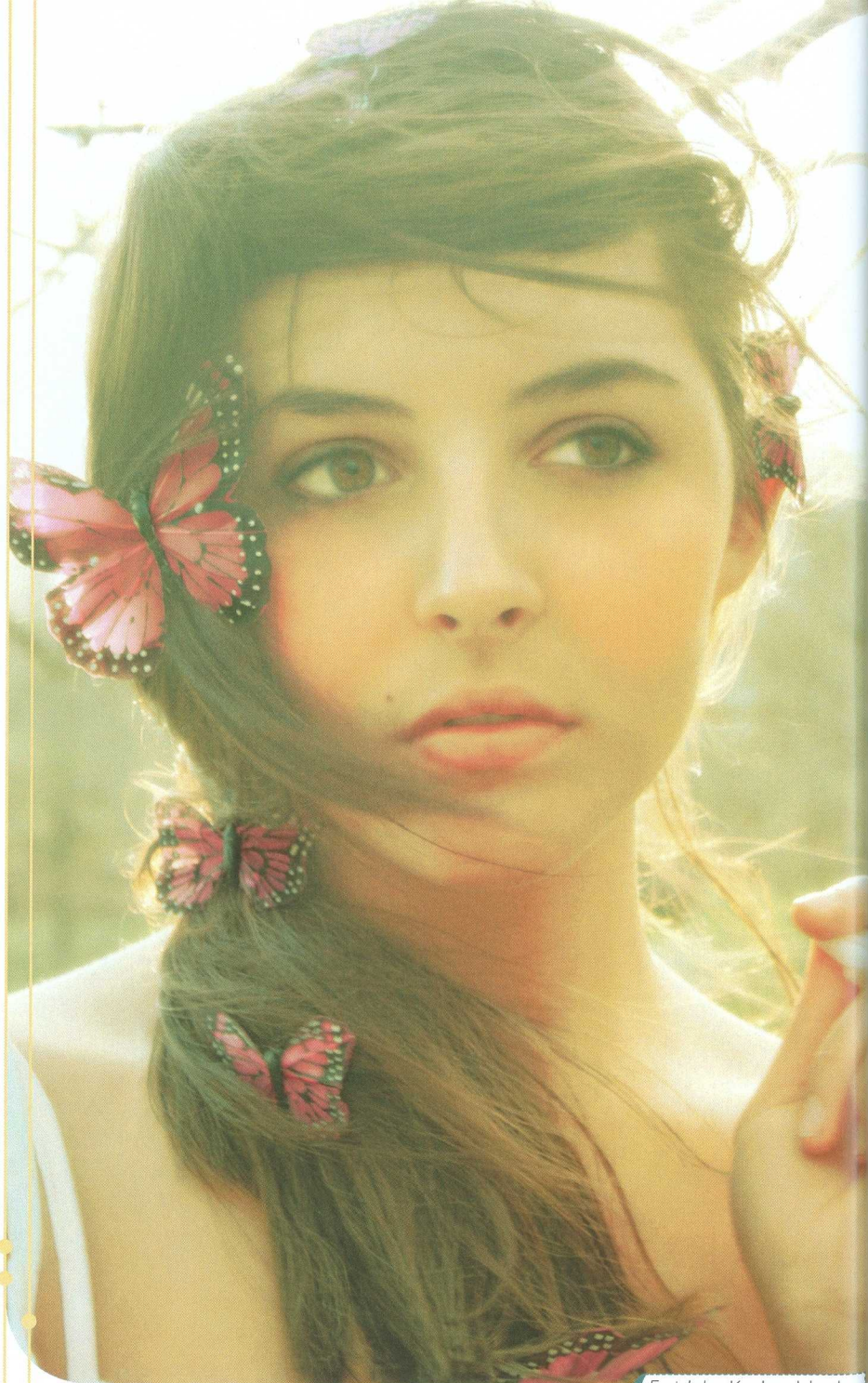
Innocently they enjoy a day  
years before the angst of hogging the bathroom,  
stealing prom dates, and  
lying to mom and dad.

Before becoming casual cohabitants, even enemies,  
before swearing never to speak again,  
before staying up late speaking the unspoken,

years before becoming lifelong friends, they were playmates  
picking clover and smiling in the sunlight of early May.



Self, Rachel Fiorenza




*Fairytales, Kaytee Johnston*

# wings of inspiration



Jessica Schewe

Woe to the author who aspires to be  
itself. Those who reach for the mighty pen  
realize too late that the travesty  
of majesty belongs to ourselves when



we dare to enter worlds of the written word  
falsely assuming human intellect  
can tap into the springs of treasured  
hearts and the flow would be ours to direct.

We aim not for the stars but the heavens  
themselves, but alas, we reach not the clouds  
nor the moon but mere dust and darkness when  
we lean on logic and talent so proud.

All of my work but hours spent in vain  
had not wings of inspiration came.



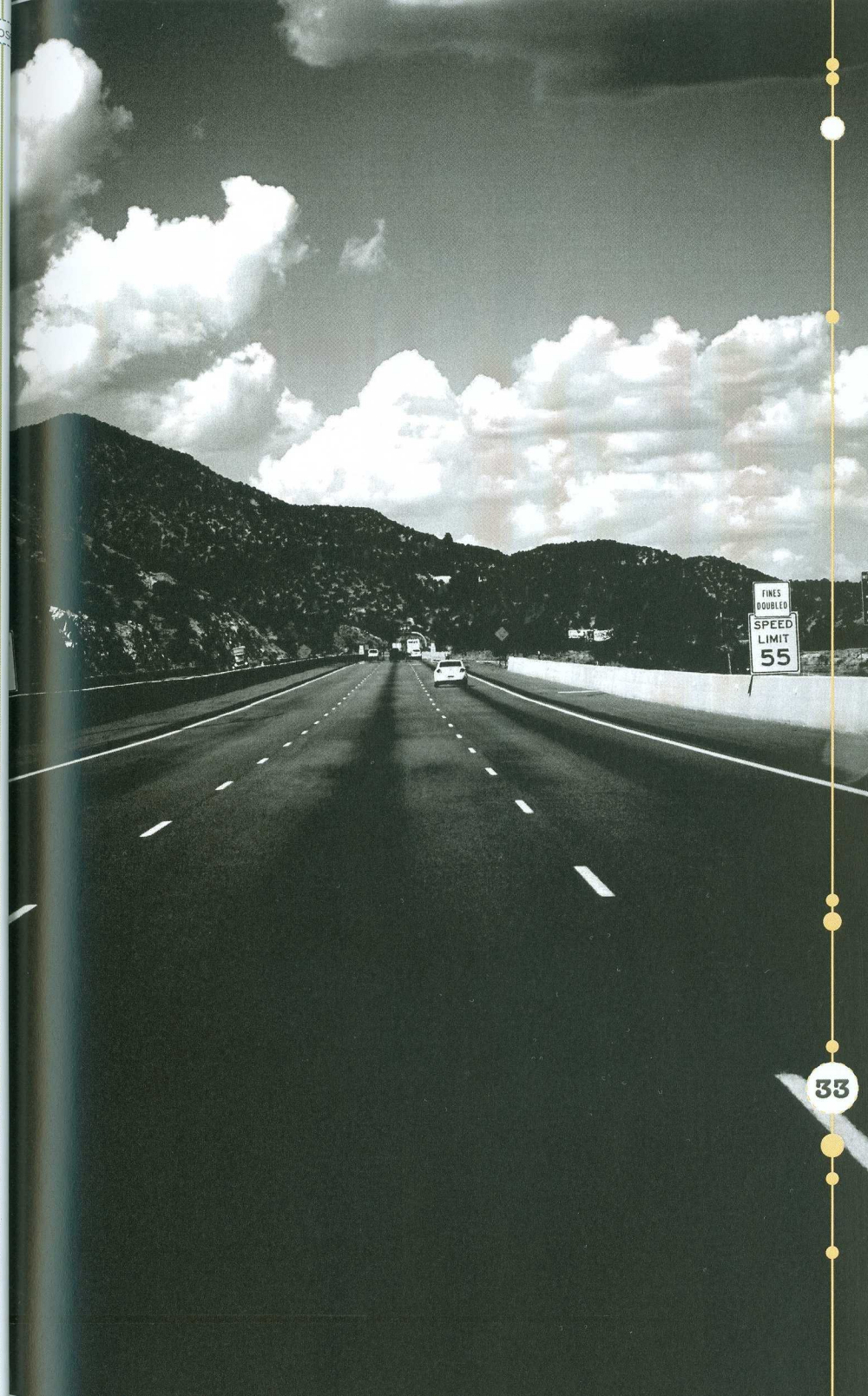
# let

Ethan Law

Let us feast  
On the soul  
Of the world  
Letting go  
Letting live

Let us bleed life onto these streets  
Our blood spilling molten throughout  
Burning buildings and washing all  
The pillars of flame rise up high  
And parties pour into the streets  
How the champagne is tumbling now  
The crowd is swaying and cheering  
Toasting to the birth of new worlds  
Celebrating death of the old  
The morgues and churches come toppling  
Plumes of ash puff white all over  
Fertilizing parched earth and seed  
Then the rain comes crashing downwards  
Dousing fires and the populace  
Still now, faces turn to the sky  
Feeling cool moisture strike their skin

Let's never be the same again



# jazz, man

Ian Matthews

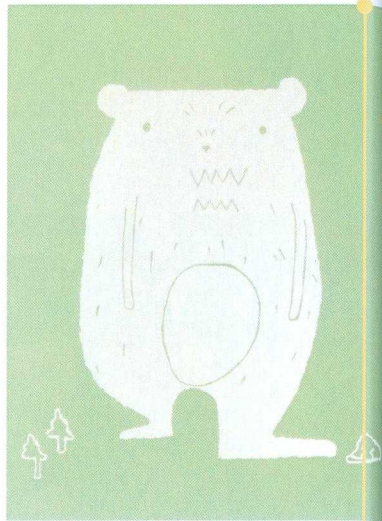
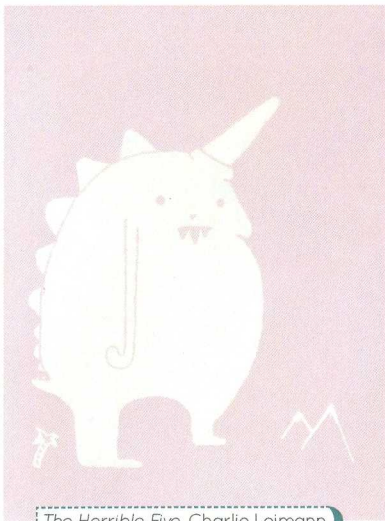
1  
twelve-bar blues; the key  
of D flat minor. his case  
collects dollar bills.

2  
burnished trumpet shines  
under the golden streetlights  
near the train station

3  
the city hears his  
song echoed by canyons of  
steel, glass, and concrete

4  
passersby are warned  
by the music and the thought  
of coffee at home

5  
he packs his horn but  
he's never really done; the  
city plays his song



The Horrible Five, Charlie Leimann

# 2009

"A New Age has Come!" the headlines read.  
And while the people celebrate in the streets,  
the walls crumble.

The savior's hand rises with the cries of the people,  
their voices carried to gods that have not listened.

After all those slit wrists by credit cards,  
one would think they would have noticed the blood.

The savior's suit radiates the light of the sun, hidden behind the storm clouds.

The message he speaks is carried by doves to the ears of the hopeful,  
drowning out the sound of the rushing flood.

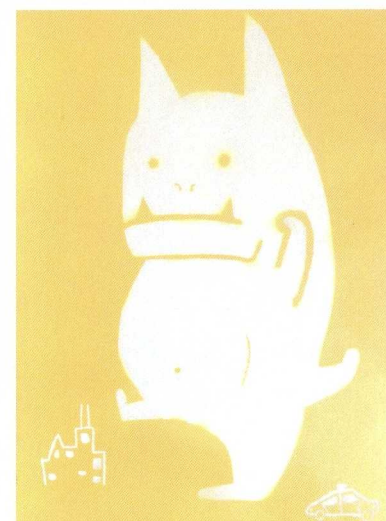
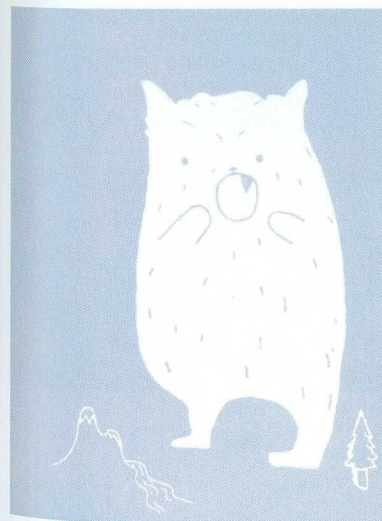
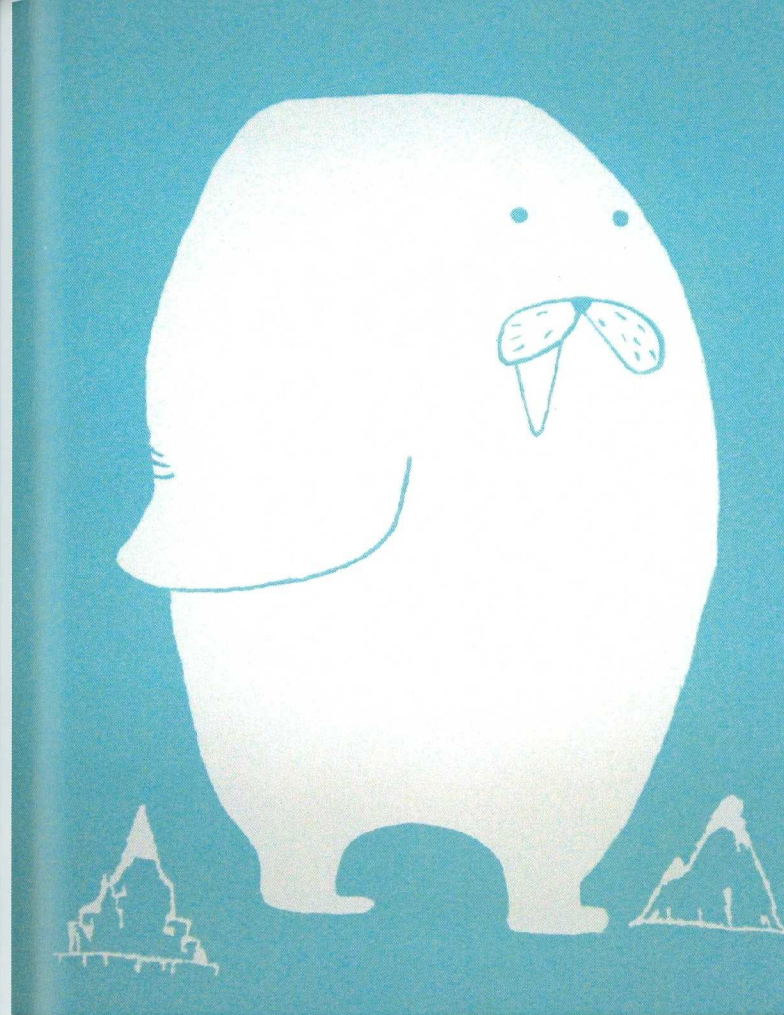
The water level rises while the eyes of the listeners glaze over.

Cries of joy keep coming and the savior keeps speaking.

His message drowns the people

and as the celebration ends,  
the only sounds heard are gulls crying out  
on the newly created sea.

Andrew Wahler





La Montagne, Caleb Chastain

# balancing act

Laura DeMerrell

Going Green:  
Over used, meaningless.  
Try  
Save the earth.  
What's the  
Balancing act?

Gentle patter rain,  
Chaos strewn leaves, dead bushes  
Going Green.  
Curse the street sweeper  
Beeping exhaust.  
Empty clean street, straight lines.

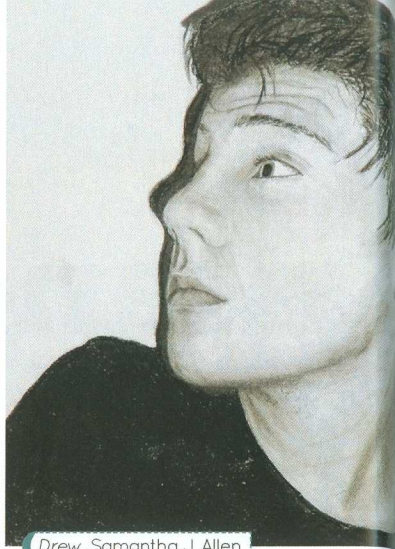
Smoke and rain.  
Unspoiled, green woods—  
This?  
Live in this?  
Not me  
I'm no Crusoe.

New technology.  
Exhaust-filled technology  
Cleaning streets,  
Leaves, and dead bushes.  
Calming, clean street  
Patter rain, chaos leaves.

On-going  
Soft scouring rain  
Cleans.  
Street sweeper  
Cleaning.  
Who's Going Green?



Variety 5, Terese Byrne



Drew, Samantha J. Allen

Ian Matthews

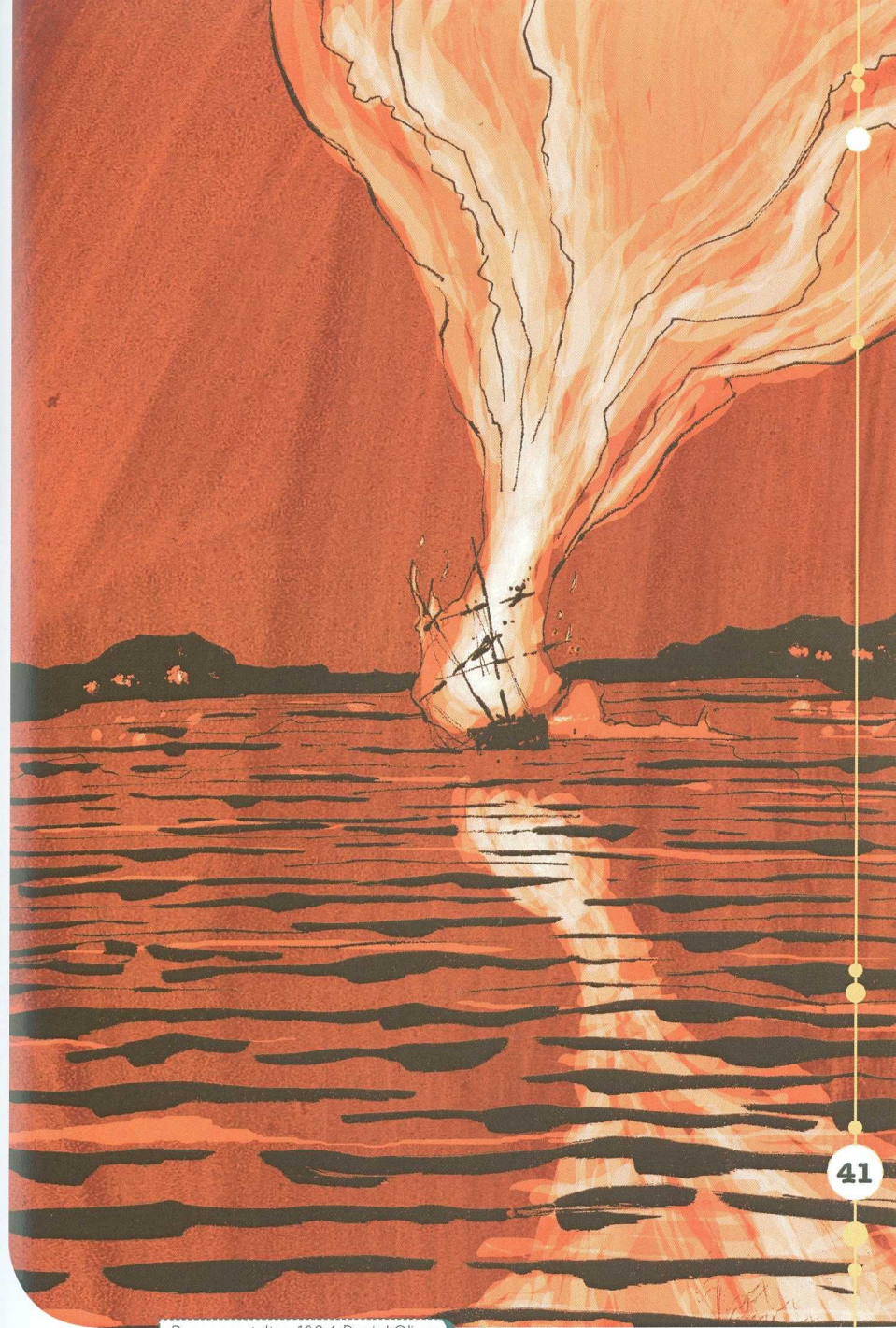
# last words

A single death is a tragedy.  
A million deaths is a statistic.  
Such is life.

Drink to  
No more games.  
Drink to  
No more bombs.  
Drink to  
No more walking.  
Drink to  
No more fun.  
Drink to me.

I don't hold any grudges.  
I must end it.  
This is my doing.  
There's no hope left.  
Sorry it happened.  
I'll be at peace.  
No one had anything to do with this.  
Sorry it happened.  
My decision totally.  
Sorry it happened.  
I must go in.  
I'm going home, babe.  
I'm bored with it all.  
It is very beautiful over there.  
The fog is rising.  
Drink to me.

Adieu, mes amis. Je vais la gloire.  
I love you, Mom.



Reappropriation, 1804, Daniel Oliver



# pripyat

Emily Spunaugle

April is the cruelest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land  
We're dead in this ghost town  
And cold war kids were hard to kill.

Reactor 4 suffered a massive  
Catastrophic power excursion  
Trapping them under  
A blanket of potential death.

They say now the most  
Effective protection method  
Is ingesting stable iodine compounds.

Or just a measure of responsibility.

Two decades pass  
The locals will recommend vodka  
To flush the radioactivity out of one's system.

But the clubbed feet and  
Emaciated bodies can't be drank away

What if I say you're not like the others  
Look at your face, don't cry  
Don't raise your eye  
It's only teenage wasteland.

*Porphyria's Lover, Terese Byrne*



# the vault of the heart

I own a safe that is locked up tight,  
And no one has ever seen inside.  
With a shell of steel and a door of iron,  
Lovers and strangers should give up trying  
To open the vault of my heart.

My safe has been shot at by angry voices,  
My safe has been torn at by jeering noises,  
But my locked box has thick walls of metal,  
And though they try, they have yet to unsettle  
The door to the vault of my heart.

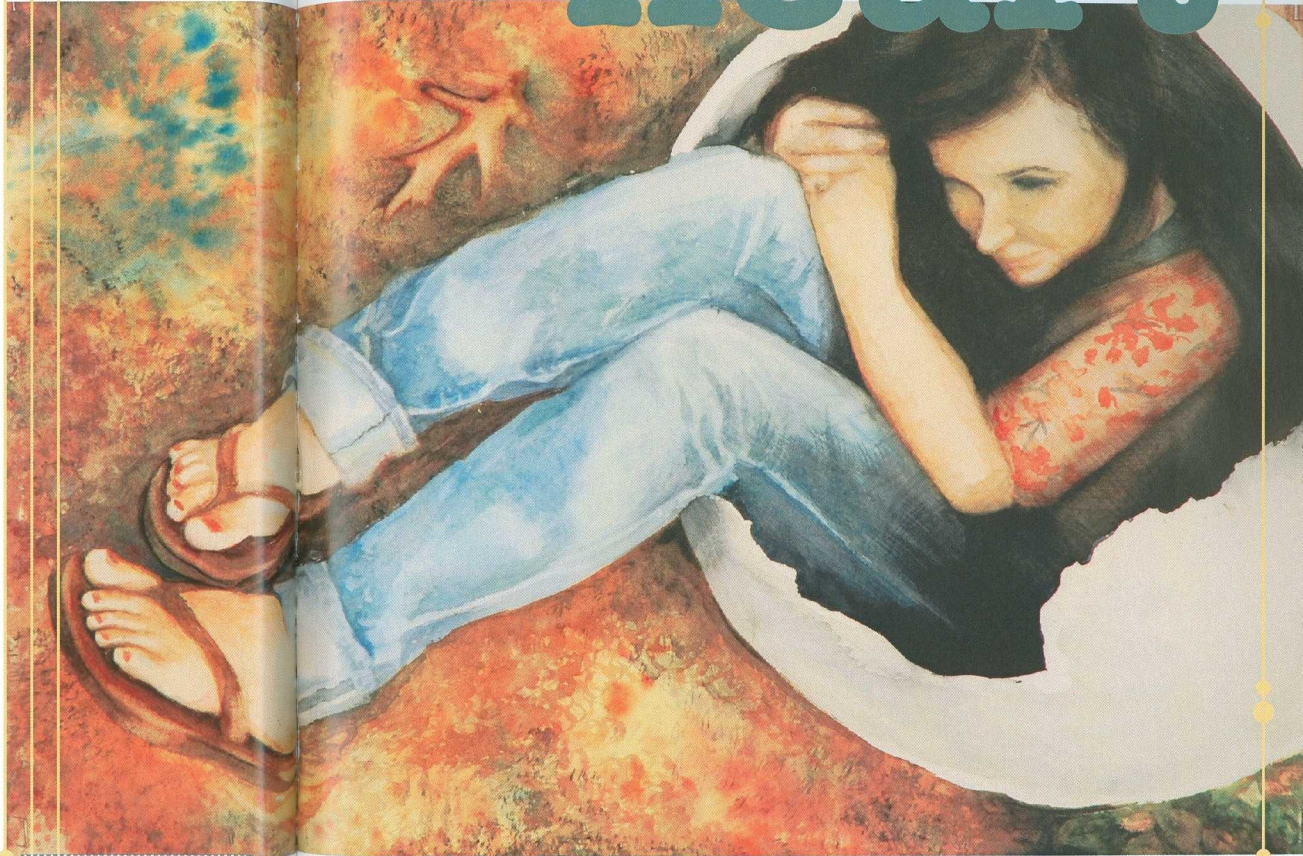
Friends smile and try to pick the locks,  
Lovers whisper and try to peek in my box,  
But my metal safe goes on overshielding,  
Protecting that which I keep hiding,  
Unseen in the vault of my heart.

One day in secret, I opened my safe  
To mope, and stroke it, and then replace it.  
But torn and bruised and beaten and shredded,  
Just like the steel case that should have had it protected,  
Was the prize in the vault of my heart.

So weak and distraught I became at this fact,  
That with a caring man, I made a secret pact.  
He said he'd die to help my prize heal,  
And all I was needed to do was reveal,  
The pieces in the vault of my heart.

When he had done his part, I had to do mine,  
So I relinquished my key for the very first time.  
He gently opened and removed my prize,  
Then obliterated my safe, the sovereignty in his eyes  
Smashing the vault of my heart.

Shouting in terror and furious rage,  
I ran to the wreckage of my heart's iron cage.  
But there before me the man did present  
The treasure which was fixed and perfectly mint,  
Freed from the vault of my heart.



*Self Portrait, Erica Kimmel*



Couture Amour, Kaytee Johnston

Amber Doan

# everyone sat quietly

Everyone sat quietly,  
in each mahogany pew  
When the organ began to play.  
Clambering down the aisle,  
He came.  
He sat in back,  
plopped onto the red cushion,  
dug his thick toe-nails into the carpet,  
and searched for mites.  
His tough pale skin  
caught the candle light's glow.  
Two or three school boys  
looked over their shoulders  
and snickered.  
He ignored them.  
When altar boys,  
with porcelain faces,  
brought incense swaying,  
he poked his long nose into the air  
high above his head and licked it.  
A woman shook her strawberry locks  
and covered the eyes of her young son.

He ignored her.  
When the priest opened the Holy Word,  
his largely cupped ears twitched.  
The priest stared sternly  
beneath a furrowed brow  
into the mist  
and gripped the altar  
with soft delicate hands  
to read the words  
"Do not cast your pearls to earthen pigs."  
He ignored him too.  
And when congregants rose for communion  
To partake in the body and blood of the Lord  
He also rose but,  
waddled instead to the back,  
and burrowed into the coat rack.  
When the school boys gawked  
with the woman with strawberry locks  
He didn't know it.  
He tore off three coats,  
made a nest,  
and slept.  
Aardvark's are nocturnal, you know.

Her Mother was the Land, Katherine Ufkin

# a letter from the editors

Thank you so much for perusing through this year's Tygr! Our vision for the 2010 publication was to build and expand on the 2009 edition by creatively showcasing a compilation of the talent of Olivet students in an even stronger contemporary style. Through high-quality images, unique written pieces, and a sleek design, our staff has truly brought about a vivid publication that, we feel, highlights Olivet's finest artists and writers. For this 2010 edition our vision was that this publication will become a new way for Olivet writers and artists alike to feature their pieces for a larger audience.

Of course, we could not have even begun to finish this project by ourselves. We'd like to offer a special thanks to our art director and graphic designer, Katherine Ufkin, who offered her fresh ideas for the design and put in many long hours to make this publication possible. We'd also like to offer thanks to the Tygr reading staff who waded through endless subscriptions to choose the best pieces for print. Furthermore, we'd like to offer thanks to Professors Forrestal and Greiner who did all of the tiresome legwork necessary to bring such a publication into existence, and who held us accountable to deadlines in the midst of a busy semester.

Finally we'd like to offer the most gratitude to you, the readers, who have patiently looked through the pages that we've worked so hard to create. This book was designed with you in mind, from its colorful images to its poetic lines, the 2010 Tygr is a publication that aims to please both its contributors and its audience.

Keitha Wickey and Amber Doan,  
Co-editors of the TYGR