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# TYGR 2011: Student Art & Literary Magazine

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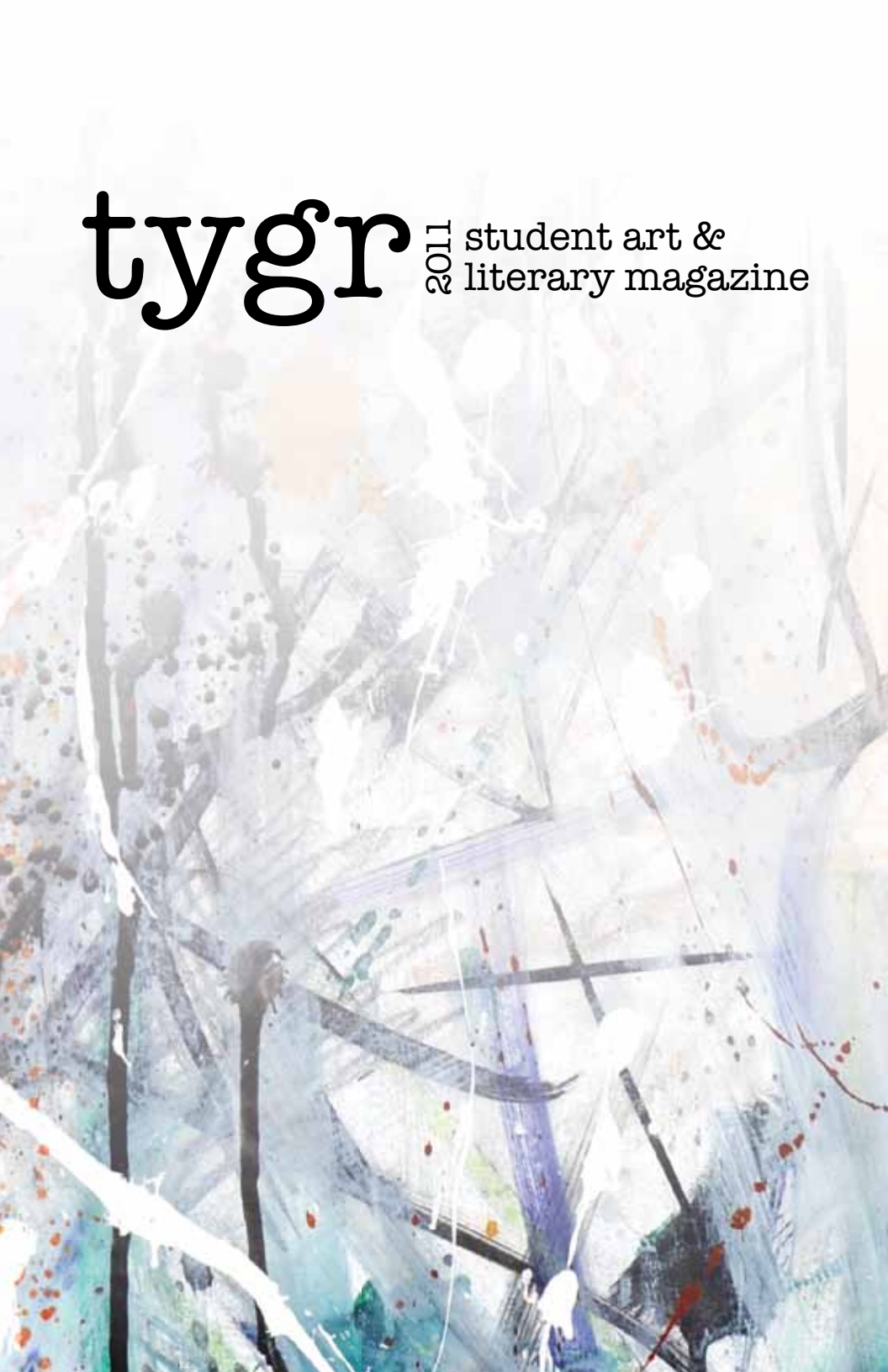
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tygr <sup>1101</sup> student art &  
2011 literary magazine



# tygr

2011 student art &  
literary magazine

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and The Department of Art & Digital Media

*Cover art by Maya Scott*

# The Tyger

William Blake

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Executive Editor	Kate Mansfield
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Assistant Editor	McKenzie Fritch
Photo Editor	Alyssa Saathoff

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Ian Matthews, Katelyn Flynn, Elise Foley,  
Jadon Huddleston, Jeannette Kirchner,  
Heather Mead

### Department Advisors

Jill Forrestal, English  
& Bill Greiner, Art

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 sieze 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?

-1794

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# Abeyance

Emily Spunaugle

Photograph by  
Tim Stephansen

waiting for the saturday evening post expecting  
blackmail or red letters i don't know which  
exorcisms howling from the catholic congregants yes  
oh yes the hands glued to sides and mouths clamped  
tightly on the eucharist. waving a dry bubble wand, it's  
like seeking recourse of course in the subtleties  
of language - is it "ahh-men" or "a-men" i guess we'll  
never know







## Milky Way Skin

Erica Jenkins

Freckles explode like popcorn on my cheeks  
Angel kiss, sunshine lick, polka dotted trick  
You cause them to clump together in constellations  
Filling the void the empty sky has given us  
This place is bare, this place is thin  
Just you, just me  
And my milky way skin

Photograph by Nick Garcia

Artwork by Alina Ellis



## Uninspired

Morgan McCririe

Sunlight bursts forth from behind a cloud  
As if throwing off her burial shroud.

Dew on the grass glistens in the light  
Saying, "Here I am; I survived the night."

The splendor of the morning demands to be admired,  
Yet, these little miracles leave us uninspired.

We despise the sunlight for waking us from our sleep,  
And curse the dew on the grass for wetting our feet.

# Art of Leaving

Nikki Lamb

Reaching, gnarled branches  
clasp onto leaves  
red as the scarlet letter.  
They snap as they leave the branch  
but make no noise  
when they hit the ground –  
a nearly inaudible gasp of pain.  
The forest floor is now littered with ache.

Planks on the footbridge  
clap and tap underfoot.  
The sound of steps  
echoes below –  
a hollow sound disturbs the quiet.  
The wood, once rough, is now smooth –  
worn from years of wind and rain.

Where does it go?  
Where does it lead?  
This bridge of fire tempts: follow me  
into the mystery and freedom  
of what you do not know.  
Span an arch of time  
from point A, where you Are  
to the point you want to Be.

Artwork by  
Erica Kimmel





# Ashes to Ashes

Natalie Bursztynsky

Freely fall, freely fly  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
Stumbling, bumbling, running 'round  
Before I lie beneath the ground  
Silent sleep and silent wake  
Now, instead, this world I shake  
In muted silence, make a sound  
Then ashes, ashes, I fall down

# Halona

Sarah Jensen

Mesas rise above the surface  
Mesmerizing swirls demonstrate  
Masterful skill – we are the central anthill

Earth surrounds us  
Full of mysteries  
We labor to understand

Earth surrounds us  
Only our vessels remain  
Dust to dust

Photograph by  
McKenzie Fritch

# Sometimes the Rain is Enough

Alex Green

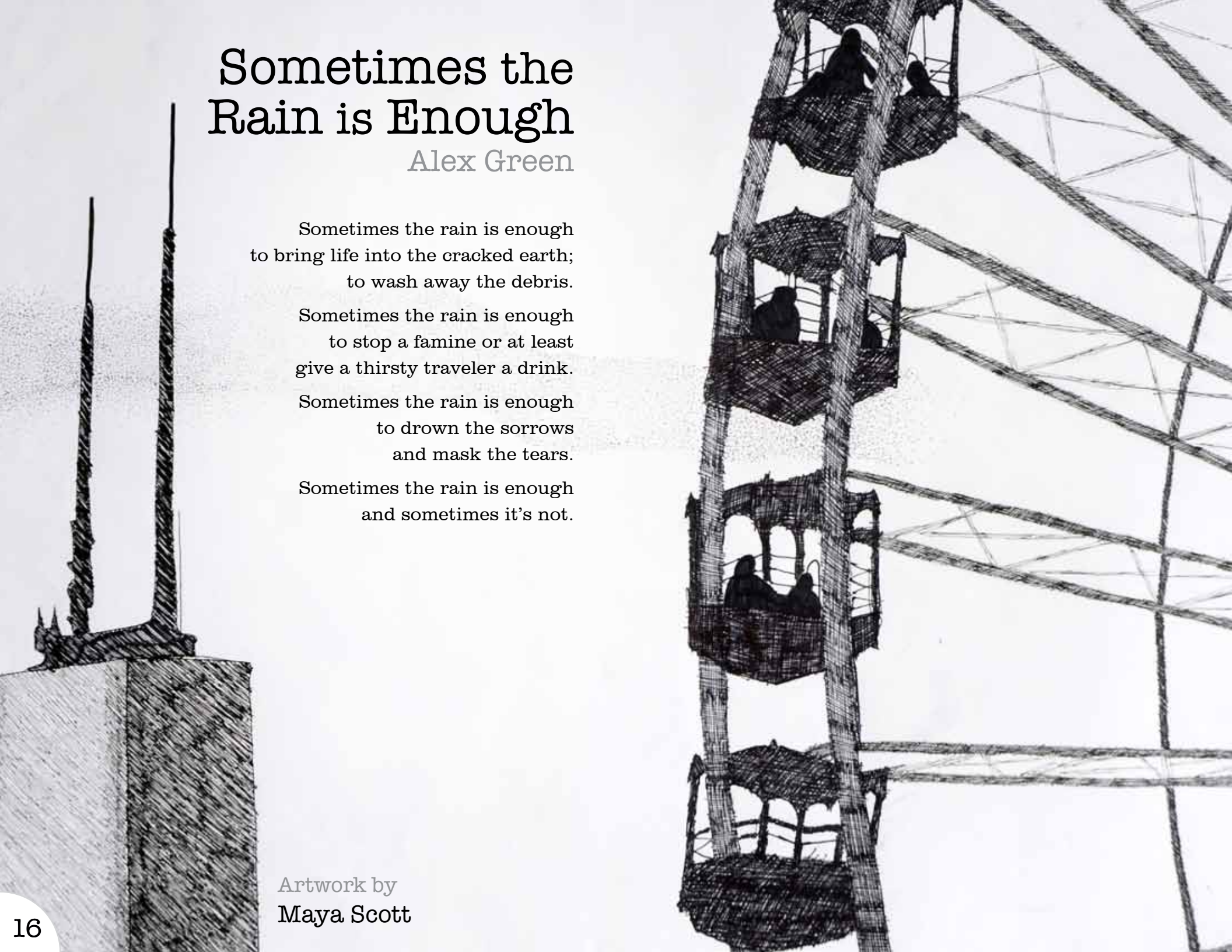
Sometimes the rain is enough  
to bring life into the cracked earth;  
to wash away the debris.

Sometimes the rain is enough  
to stop a famine or at least  
give a thirsty traveler a drink.

Sometimes the rain is enough  
to drown the sorrows  
and mask the tears.

Sometimes the rain is enough  
and sometimes it's not.

Artwork by  
Maya Scott





# Four to One

Tim Stephansen

Pancake batter chortles  
on the griddle in its  
best impression of its neighbor, bacon.

She makes the last for  
me and her. The kids  
three and four race outside, done.

Planet Venus and her  
many star-friends vibrate  
overhead as I drive

up the gravel road, passing  
three wooden crosses:  
one big, two small.

Today, cereal.

Artwork by  
Maya Scott







# Words of Silence

Emily Arnold

Speak the words  
And feel the gap inside  
Where those letters  
Used to be  
Jumbled and unformed  
They swirled beneath skin  
Reaching for a chance  
To become whole

My fingers jerk  
Across the keys  
Searching  
For the perfect combination  
To stretch this distance  
of silence and trepidation  
To fold our hands together  
And heal us

Tear this veil  
Of perfected pretensions  
With quiet lips  
Breathing sounds of hope  
Into the inclined ear  
Across miles of asphalt  
Cynicism  
And hesitation

Our words twine  
And freeze  
Upon our hope-parched tongues  
We grasp desperately  
At invisible threads of control

To realign  
These traitorous  
And exposed wounds

But thoughts reveal  
What we believed unseen  
And we blurt  
Our misshapen hearts  
Into creation  
Without censoring  
The real formation  
Of the letters of our lives

Photograph by Kaitlin Carlson



# Veil

Jeannette Kirchner

A religious symbol.

A shield.

A choice – fought over.

A protection.

A status.

A mock of gender.

An opaque symbol.

A child's protection from the “bad.”

A person's inner reflection of goodness.

Identity determined through fabric and textile.

Artwork by  
Samantha Allen





# Wind Fairies

Ashli Marrier

Cotton, at dusk, rests so peacefully until the wild summer wind blows  
When the moon shines down and makes them dance  
Where the wind fairies will fly to, no one really knows  
Little children chasing wind fairies around the cottonweed  
At dusk there's a sparkle in their eye as they giggle  
One wish is all they get, one fairy to catch with greed  
When the wind fairies are finally at rest the children go to sleep  
Their dreams will be filled with blues and whites  
Through children's dreams the wind fairies creep  
Until again the wild summer winds sweep



# Burned Out

Lauren Finney

When I was a kid  
living in the O.C.  
I would take my skateboard  
after school  
and fly in the drained-out, stained  
swimming pools of the fortunate  
who didn't live with my family

Photographs by  
Matthew Reynolds





# Cotton

Jillian Karrick

She can't be more than ten,  
for the purity in her skin is unmatched.  
Her long chestnut hair untouched by society's cruel pen,  
dried by earth's winds.

The lake has no beginning.  
no end.  
The white water reflects the morning sun  
grazing her face.  
One hand clutches the white cotton dress  
from the ripples behind her thighs.  
The other skins over the first layer.

A toast made.  
Floating in a bath tub, delicately concealed in bubbles.  
Diaper clad, her first wobbling steps  
Clichés flashed across the screen  
Until this.

Her father gasps  
with the 200 other attendees.  
His glassy eyes weep at the innocent  
image of his little girl, in a cotton white dress  
Then.

His eyes scan to his little girl  
Who is still ten  
But wears a different  
white  
dress.

Artwork by  
Hayley Forrestal

# Overheard

Ian Matthews

on the grimy tile wall  
above the urinal  
in the gas station bathroom are  
the words  
'for a good time call alicia'  
and a phone number  
which i assume belongs to alicia

so i dial this number  
cause i could use a good time  
but  
a man's voice answers  
and i hang up



Artwork by  
Chris Bottari

Artwork by  
Emily Roseline



# Lovesick

Kate Mansfield

I can't open my mouth to speak  
for fear I will wretch up every  
thought of you.

My own heart will be a mess  
on the floor  
for every friend and enemy to witness.

I close my eyes to delay  
the sickness, but flashes  
of repressed daydreams  
meet dwindling delusions  
of sameness.

Deep breath after  
deep, deep breath  
bring words so close  
to the surface  
that I pause  
before an exhale betrays me.

You rest a palm  
on my white cheek  
and grasp my clammy hand.

I avoid your gaze  
as you lift my chin.

Too late.  
You're going to know.  
I love you.

Artwork by  
Alyssa Cramer







# That Gal of Mine

Emily Spunaugle

She's a  
platinum bombshell blonde  
fully loaded with plastic and metal –  
a regular LZ for deadly  
tubular vehicles delivering  
crimped tresses, blood-red lips, and  
darkened eyes she's a stiff  
drink of charged water  
that gal of mine.  
a real drop-dead heart  
stopper she'll give ya the time  
(within an inch) of your life.  
She's five foot eleven inches  
over out and  
under.

Artwork by  
Carolyn Goettsch



# Ode to a Cliché

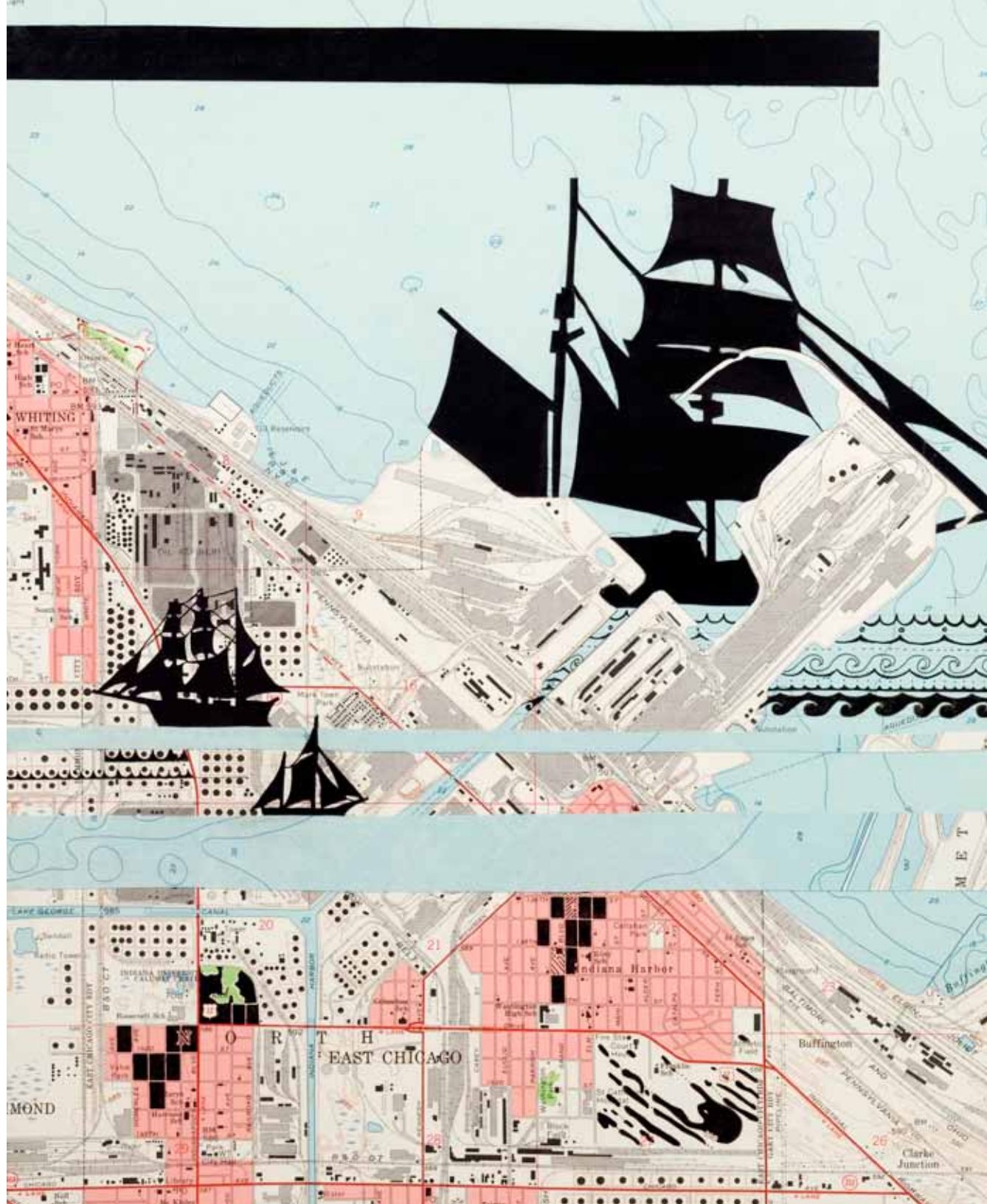
Lauren Finney

Two hundred years of overuse  
and this poor, battered,  
worn-out simile  
has run a hundred marathons  
fought a thousand battles  
been used a million different times  
on a million different lines

Why must people constantly  
reach for the same metaphors,  
abuse the ancient phrases,  
until they mean no more than shadows?

Let me swaddle you soft  
Set you by the fire  
Rest —  
And I will let you sleep.

Artwork by  
Hayley Forrestal







# Abeyance iii

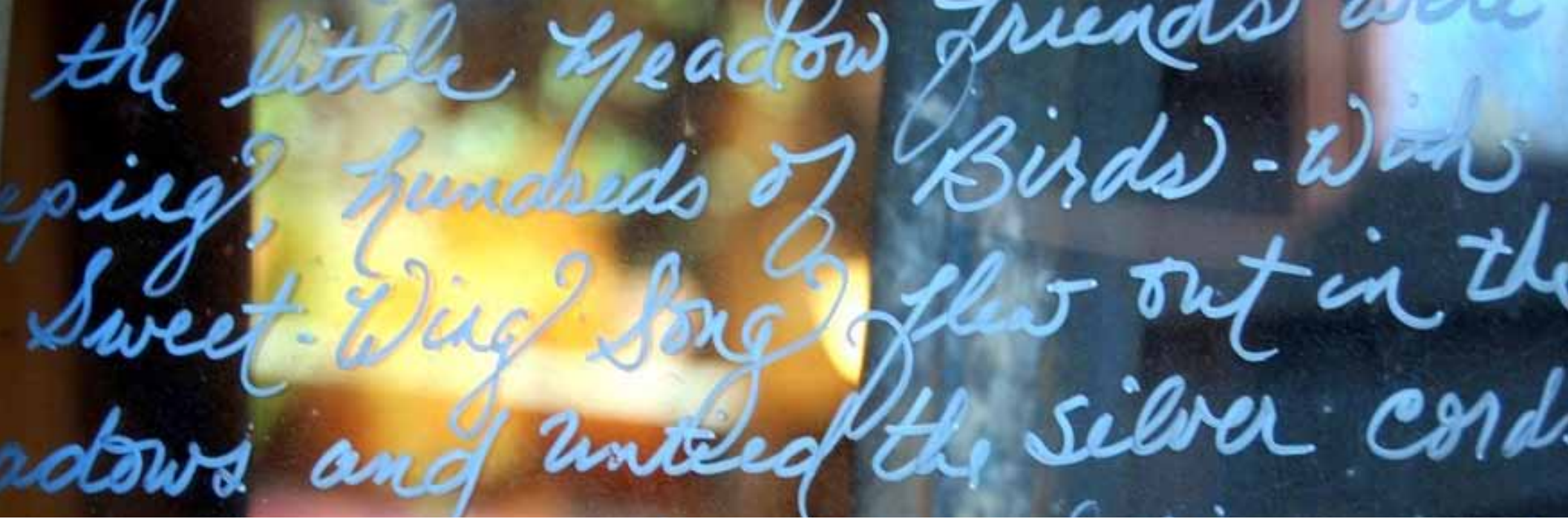
Emily Spunaugle

today  
it makes two weeks  
that she sent her dear john  
to dear henry signed in  
tea and cream and  
blood flowing from  
china cups and paper cuts –  
Unthinkable –  
to live beyond polishing both  
tilegrouttile and  
image, smoothing  
fittedsheettopsheetthecomforter  
and caretaker of children contemplating  
door-window-door  
suspended  
between here and the not-here, between  
cornflakes and fruitloops and life and  
living somewhere beyond this  
postmark purgatory.



Artwork by  
Erica Kimmel





## Ripples Tabitha Eckert

Your Nikes scuffed, scudded, scraped,  
still somehow,  
missed the sidewalk cracks.  
Like the morning traffic,  
braking at the red light,  
missing white lines barely,  
but still stopping just beyond.  
And I couldn't even fathom  
how you flowed the way you did,  
without stop or static  
swinging jean-cased leg -  
about across after against along around -  
jean-cased swinging other,  
ceaselessly, and still  
scuff, scud, scrape.  
Like ripples in the river,  
twisting twirling round each other,  
flickering, flowing, fluttering,  
swift and smooth and sputtering.

And though our paths converged,  
inside me I drew back:  
all détente, all hesitant,  
humble swami prostrate -  
at before behind below beside beyond -  
altar of encounter.

Namaste between our eyes, flicker in the water.  
Like the morning traffic,  
like ripples in the river,  
you swished by on time's crosswalk  
and submerged within my past.

And still you emerge, submerge -  
rising sun on crosswalk,  
lamplight in my kitchen;  
flow through my alertness,  
jolt my deep unknown -  
Gangster-on-the-crosswalk,  
Ripple-in-the-river-of-me.

Photograph by  
Erin Blucker



# The World Breathes

Bethany Abbott

The air is still  
The world, it seems,  
has taken a collective breath,  
a nervous inhale  
The silence screams to be filled  
I am drawn to obey


Fear fills me as I reach out  
to place my fingers on the keys  
They are smooth  
I know this touch, this feeling,  
I remind myself

I inhale with the world  
I begin to play,  
something beautiful,  
something I know all too well,  
But it seems something new

The air is filled  
and the world breathes

Artwork by  
Josh Stone





# Whirlwind

Tabitha Eckert

Cresting wave of rushing sand, wind out of a breathless land,  
Whipping, twining, flaming bright with the coral-blue twilight,  
Unexpected, unprojected – unprotected I meet you.

My footing gone in flying spray, turned to dust and swept away,  
Or lodged in clothing, lashes, hair and rasping skin the wind lays bare –  
Touch of ages, voice that rages your rampage is deep voodoo.

Breathe your myths of ne'er-will-be, undefined divinity:  
All the yearnings of my soul for more-than-full and more-than whole.  
Limit-breaking, sureness-shaking, trance-like waking – promise me.

Shimmer, flicker, fiery light; hide the sun, obscure my sight.  
Snatching jealous loneliness consumes the air, leaves me breathless.  
Empty hands, fiery demands – these I withstand, false entity.

Just one instant, and you're gone, faceless, traceless, and moved on.  
I'm here ragged, raw, but *live*. Each time, whirlwind, I survive.  
*O Goguwān, O Harmatan, Soul Saharan – try again.*

Photograph by  
Tim Stephansen



# Dusk

Ian Matthews

so it's me and jack  
on the edge of the night  
framed against  
alarming, stunning brilliance –  
this in-between time  
when the day is dying and  
the night is reborn:

orange smeared into  
red smeared into  
starry, infinite black –  
an oil-painted post-sunset  
second, frozen just long enough  
to be on purpose,  
posed for nobody to photograph,  
dancing to a symphony of silence –  
the lush, heady sound of

nothing.

and for a second, i think –  
this must be what eternity is

and then the sun dives  
all the way over the horizon  
and the world goes dark  
and me and jack go back inside.

Photograph by  
Jake Rattin



# Burying Jack

Ian Matthews

their shovels sing in the soggy dirt,  
cutting last spring's grass as  
a congregation of three crows  
and a grey sky on the verge of tears  
looks on from the power lines  
across the road.

Father and son carry the 120-pound  
bundle (he'd been on a diet)  
wrapped in a blue tarp  
all the way across the yard.

That dog's going to give me a heart attack –  
says the father.

They flatten the ground over the bundle,  
then toss the shovels in the garage.

The crows fly away, remarking –  
what a lovely service.

The sky concurs.



# First Flight

Sara Marrs

Grasping the matted hair of a doll  
with one hand  
and ruffling her dress  
with the other.  
She stood.  
Looking down  
she shifted  
back and forth  
from the fifth to sixth stair.  
On the fifth  
she crouched setting the doll on the carpet  
as if in a chair.  
Her eyes, then, fixed ahead  
looking into the horizon.  
She jumped.  
Suspended.  
Poised in the air  
hands above her head  
with fingers spread wide.  
She landed on her feet,  
her arms smacked down to her sides.  
Marching back up the stairs again,  
she contemplated her next jump.

Published previously in *The Write Place*

Photograph by  
Alyssa Saathoff



# Write in Light

Kate Mansfield

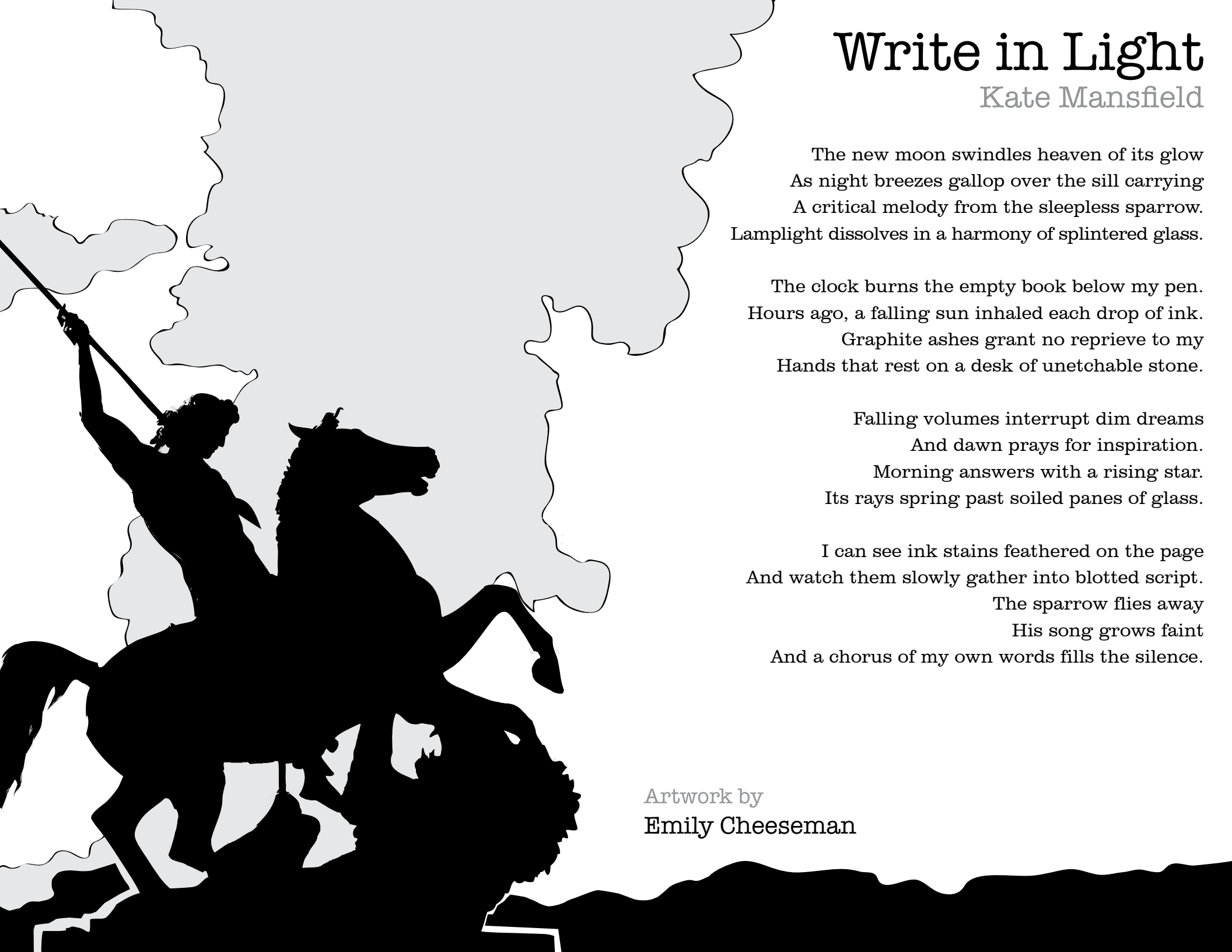
The new moon swindles heaven of its glow  
As night breezes gallop over the sill carrying  
A critical melody from the sleepless sparrow.  
Lamplight dissolves in a harmony of splintered glass.

The clock burns the empty book below my pen.  
Hours ago, a falling sun inhaled each drop of ink.  
Graphite ashes grant no reprieve to my  
Hands that rest on a desk of unetchable stone.

Falling volumes interrupt dim dreams  
And dawn prays for inspiration.  
Morning answers with a rising star.  
Its rays spring past soiled panes of glass.

I can see ink stains feathered on the page  
And watch them slowly gather into blotted script.  
The sparrow flies away  
His song grows faint  
And a chorus of my own words fills the silence.

Artwork by  
Emily Cheeseman



# A Letter from the Editors

Our goal for the 2011 Tygr was to showcase the quality and creativity of the work by students at Olivet Nazarene University. We worked to compile a publication that both students and faculty can proudly claim as a product of their community.

This magazine could not have been completed without the dedication and enthusiasm of Olivet students and faculty; we would like to offer excessive thanks to Professor Forrestal and Dr. Greiner for providing sound advice, guidance, and encouragement. We also thank our staff and, of course, we thank all our readers for taking the time to peruse the pages of this publication. Our hope is that Tygr will always serve as a reflection of the talents and capabilities of the community of Olivet as a whole.

Kate Mansfield & Emily Cheeseman  
*Editors of the 2011 Tygr*



