

Olivet Nazarene University Digital Commons @ Olivet

TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine Archives
(1985-2017)

Student Publications

5-2012

TYGR 2012: Student Art and Literary Magazine

Jill Forrestal

Olivet Nazarene University, JForrest@olivet.edu

William Greiner

Olivet Nazarene University, bgreiner@olivet.edu


Patrick Kirk

Olivet Nazarene University, pkirk@olivet.edu

McKenzie Fritch

Olivet Nazarene University, mfritch@olivet.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/stud_tygr

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Graphic Design Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Forrestal, Jill; Greiner, William; Kirk, Patrick; and Fritch, McKenzie, "TYGR 2012: Student Art and Literary Magazine" (2012).
TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine Archives (1985-2017). 1.
https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/stud_tygr/1

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Digital Commons @ Olivet. It has been accepted for inclusion in TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine Archives (1985-2017) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Olivet. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@olivet.edu.



TYGR 2012
student art and
literary magazine

2012 TYGR
student art and literary magazine

Olivet Nazarene University
One University Avenue
Bourbonnais, Illinois 60914
www.olivet.edu

Department of English & Modern Languages
and the Department of Art & Digital Media

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 7 **THE TYGER** *William Blake*
- 9 **LETTER FROM THE EDITORS**
Photograph by Courtney Gawthorp
- 11 **BONDAGE** *Andy Luiten*
Artwork by Erica Kimmel
- 13 **HAUNTED** *Chase Cobagen*
Artwork by Alina Ellis
- 15 **APATHY** *Stephanie Edens*
Photographs by Lincy Panackal
- 17 **POSSIBILITIES OF DETERMINISM** *Jennifer White*
COMBAT *Jorie Hoffrage*
Photograph by O'Malley King
- 18 **LUCK** *Nick Wiese*
Photograph by Nick Garcia
Artwork by Maya Scott
- 23 **CYCLICAL TENSION AND RESOLUTION** *Vicki Smallegan*
Artwork by Aubrey Sarna
- 25 **O'ER THE LAND OF THE** *Ian Matthews*
Photograph by Chad Hemphill
- 27 **JACK BE NIMBLE** *Alex Smickard*
Artwork by Hannah Kruse
- 29 **ORANGES** *Katie Ponsetto*
Photographs by Alyssa Saathoff
and Chad Hemphill
- 33 **OUR DAILY** *Emily Spunaugle*
Artwork by Emily Cheeseman
- 35 **CARRY ON** *Danette Marko*
Artwork by Erica Kimmel
- 37 **PRETTY AS A PICTURE** *Lauren Brennan*
BLEACHED *Melanie Brennig*
Artwork by Maya Scott
- 39 **ENDING UP** *McKenzie Fritch*
Photograph by O'Malley King
- 41 **SHARKS** *Staci Bradbury*
Photograph by Nick Garcia
- 43 **OBSERVING SOLITUDE** *Andrew Leavitt*
Photograph by Henri White
- 45 **UNENDING DANCE** *Sarah Ward*
Artwork by Carolyn Goettsch
- 47 **FOOD IS RELATIVE** *Alex Cox*
Artwork by Alina Ellis
- 49 **WORDS** *Liz Abfall*
Photograph by Nick Garcia

EDITORS & STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF

McKenzie Fritch

ART & LAYOUT EDITOR

Emily Cheeseman

PHOTOGRAPHER

Alyssa Saathoff

READERS

Garrett Corpier

Autumn Keiss

Megan Dowell

Cherish Klossing

Stephanie Edens

Rebecca Lankford

Lauren Finney

Andrew Leavitt

Jenna Haenni

Ian Matthews

Chelsea Henning

Katharyn Schrader

Bethany Isley

Erin Stephens

Brenda Jones

Paige Thomas

DEPARTMENT ADVISORS

Professor Jill Forrestal, English

Dr. William Greiner, Art

Professor Patrick Kirk, Art

Cover artwork by Maya Scott

Copyright © 2012, TYGR

THE TYGER

by William Blake, 1794

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?

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

The TYGR literary magazine is a collection of work from Olivet's top artists and writers. Though a theme is never set for submissions, a cohesive tone seems to emerge each year through the poems, stories, and artwork that are submitted. The annual edition of the TYGR serves as a compelling insight into the moods and ideas of its contributors, showing the current "season" of art. We hope you enjoy this preview of some of the thoughts currently circling Olivet's creative minds.

Several people helped with the realization of this magazine. We'd like to thank the talented authors and artists that submitted work, as well as the many readers that helped with the selection process. A hearty thank you also goes to our faculty sponsors: Dr. William Greiner, Professor Patrick Kirk, and Professor Jill Forrestal, for their commitment and advice.

Best,

McKenzie Fritch and Emily Cheeseman

Photograph by
COURTNEY GAWTHORP





BONDAGE

by Andy Luiten

Eyes; “the windows to the soul”
What is it that they show?
If peering into these glass marbles
Will give insight, then what is to be revealed?

Chains. Deep inside the eyes
Of a human being there are chains.
They cling to our souls tightly
And constrict our movements.

We drag them around with us,
Oblivious to their weight and clanging on every hard surface,
We strain against them, not knowing
That we were meant to be so much lighter.

Things past have got a hold on the present.
Old war wounds left untreated fester,
So we bandaged them with chains to escape the pain.
But now they have become a part of us.
And we have forgotten who we were underneath.

A bird can only sing if it knows it has a voice.
A chain can only be removed if it is recognized.

Artwork by
ERICA KIMMEL



HAUNTED

by Chase Cohagen

Artwork by
ALINA ELLIS

The driver let out a soft grunt and slung his weight toward his hand on the lever, opening the bus door with a squeak. The black boy, the same black boy who was at the Oak and Lake stop at 7:10 every weeknight, wearing glasses with his thumbs looped into the shoulder straps of his backpack,

stepped out from the curb directly onto the bus, his leather shoes not touching the street. He flashed his CTA pass at the seat-belted driver, and walked down the aisle to settle in his usual seat: a sideways bench seat, with his back to the windows. The stops between the boy's and the college were sparsely populated and the

bus remained mostly vacant, a glass box full of fluorescent light gliding down the streets, among the dimming buildings of Chicago, the thickening dusk.

Lake and Apple approached, and as the bus made its slow lurch to a halt, a staggering and laughing figure, born out into that night from under a neon script that read Debonair, waved the bus down with his arm while still yelling something back into Debonair, though its door had shut already. Stamping aboard, the newcomer, a tall and thick man with tan skin and jet-black straight hair, brought with him a cloud of alcohol. The smell could almost be felt through the skin. His belt buckle glinted in the white light of the bus' interior, the shining image of a bison. The man made no glance in the driver's direction, but the gaze of a thorn-crowned Christ, tattooed on the man's arm, met the driver's eyes for an instance as he passed.

The man dropped onto the bench seat immediately next to the boy, whose gaze remained straight forward, but seemed to intensify. The man looked from the boy's face to his backpack next to him, and back to his face before he spoke.

"Yousstudent?" A whiskey soaked slur.

The boy's reply was either nonverbal

or too soft to be heard by the driver. The man bent over to look inside the boy's bag.

"Histry..." came the audible voice, "English... Ha! Bible? Why dyou have the Bible?"

The boy's response was lost to the squeak of the wipers against half-wet glass. It had just begun to rain.

"Be careful there, kid. Listen. It's like. You seem like a nice guy and all. So, it's like, your brain. It wants to divorce your heart, and your heart wants to murder the brain. And when it ends. Either way. It's a world of pain." The man's head began to nod, his eyelids drooping. Then his head rose with a fleeting and momentary enthusiasm and asked, "How will you get there when you can't help but know it's not real?"

His question, punctuated by his head coming to a hard rest on the window behind him, would not be answered.

Later that night, with the boy learning of ideas in a room somewhere deep in the wet and blackened night, the driver will be poking the man awake, moving his shirt sleeve up enough to reveal the word "haunted" in plain text tattooed above the face of Christ, and He will not yet be waking. ■



APATHY

by Stephanie Edens

Stuck in this abyss
Empty nothingness,
Hiding, lying,
Living, trying
What else do you do

These veins,
Pathways for open wounds.
Something is wrong.
But as long as hands stay heavy
Nothing need be done

Welcome, Depression,
So long as this heart pumps
Stirs over something
Even if it's wrong
What else do you do

Frustration
Almost an epiphany
Almost feeling inside of me
But as long as hands stay heavy
Nothing can be done

Photographs by
LINCY PANACKAL

POSSIBILITIES OF DETERMINISM

by Jennifer White

A girl is jogging on the west side past his apartment, it is about 8 PM but not entirely dark, he knows it is summer. He pulls the gun from under his mattress and holds it to his temple, watching himself in the mirror. But he is startled by the girl's quick movement in the quiet street past the apartment complex. She pauses a few feet away, raising her arms over her head and breathing deeply.

The man in the apartment is watching her in the way someone falls into a trance. And then he's watching as another man attacks this girl from the darkened alley aside the apartment complex. The attacker holds a knife to the girl's throat; both are shouting and grappling for control of the knife. The man in the apartment pulls the screen door open, and standing on the balcony, fires a shot that enters the attacker's head at a perfect angle. It was his last shot.

COMBAT

by Jorie Hoffrage

Silence buried lies
And absorbed the tears that pleaded death.
Blanketed by skin, it lingered...
Beneath a stoic face
'til the day the wounds screamed
And the scars could speak truth.
Not without shame,
But fearlessly,
They killed the silence.

Photograph by
O'MALLEY KING





LUCK

by Nick Wiese

Photograph by
NICK GARCIA

Isaac groaned as he woke to the unmistakable scream of his alarm clock. There was almost no reason to wake up this early. Rolling out from the warm cocoon of his comforter and sheets, Isaac shut off the alarm; the blue numbers glowing 6:33. A bad start to a day that he knew would only get worse. Still drunk with sleep, he stumbled into his small bathroom. He turned the faucet on in the shower and glanced in the mirror. Grey eyes stared back at him, set under a mop of thick black hair. As the

steam began rolling out over the shower curtain, he turned away from his reflection. He stepped under the hot, pounding water, content to lose himself in blissful heat before the reality of the day became inescapable.

Isaac trudged up the stairs into the kitchen, striding immediately to the cabinet and selecting the largest coffee mug he could find. Glancing out the window as he poured his coffee, Isaac grimaced. *It looks cooold outside. Hopefully it will warm up by this afternoon.*

With a yawn he sipped at his coffee, staring into its black, bitter depths, attempting to convince his brain that today wasn't really happening.



The creaking of the stairs sliced through the silent kitchen. Isaac looked up from his breakfast and mentally accounted for family members. *Dad is working. Mark is on his way back from Houston.* Isaac had no idea why the baseball team had gone on a trip in March, but thankfully he no longer had to deal with the idiocy that was the high school baseball coach. Coach Mertz certainly knew baseball, but his coaching philosophy, as he stated it, was: "Do whatever I say, and stay the hell out of my way." Isaac had been a fantastic pitcher and solid hitter in high school, but Coach Mertz had destroyed any will that he had to continue playing after graduation with his abrasive coaching style. Mark was a senior captain, star shortstop, leadoff hitter and most remarkably, in Isaac's opinion, Kevin Mertz absolutely loved him. Mark, however, had no respect for the coach and did everything he could to avoid Mertz's never-ending plaudits.

"Mom? Why are you up?" Isaac called as he heard the distinctive last *rrreaaaaak* of the bottom step.

"I always get up this early; you're

just usually in a coma," came the reply as Isaac's mother wafted into the kitchen, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth and crinkling the skin around her blue eyes. "When is Mark getting in?"

"Eight. I gotta go get him." Isaac answered, spooning the last bite of cereal into his mouth. He stood and grabbed his keys. "Be back soon."

"Okay, drive safe. Don't provoke Coach Mertz."

"I know mom. I'll be good." Isaac replied with a grin as he walked out the front door. Hurrying through the crisp morning to his truck, Isaac began preparing himself for the unavoidable encounter with his former coach.



"Isaac! What are you doing here?" Mark called out as he trundled off the overflowing baseball bus.

"I got guilted into picking you up," Isaac replied with a smile, striding over to help his little brother load luggage into the bed of his pickup truck.

"How was the trip?" Isaac asked.

"Not bad. We got some good practices in," replied Mark noncommittally, glancing over his shoulder warily. Lowering his voice to a whisper, Mark continued, "Mertz is desperate to get me and Louis on his side so he

can control the team.” Isaac nodded knowingly. “But he still won’t listen to us,” Mark seethed as he shoved his gear bag into the back and slammed the tailgate, “so we aren’t supporting him.” Isaac nodded sympathetically.

“Yeah, I —”

“Nice trip, Mark.” Mertz interrupted, ambling over to the boys, “You and Gutierrez are looking good.” The coach sneered at Isaac. “Couldn’t stay away, huh? Too bad you couldn’t play college ball instead of hiding in your little brother’s shadow.” Isaac glowered menacingly at the beer-bellied barrel of a man standing arrogantly in front of him. Mark stepped between the sneering coach and his silent brother. “Let’s go home, Isaac.” Wordlessly, Isaac spun around and climbed in the cab of his truck, slamming the door.

“I hate him,” he muttered as he turned the key and revved the engine to life. “Why does he like you?” he asked, glancing over at his brother.

“Maybe it’s because I didn’t yell at him in front of the whole team for being an arrogant egotist,” Mark remarked, taking a sip from his water bottle. “Not that you’re wrong, I just didn’t say it,” he continued, laughing. Isaac chuckled and pulled out of the school parking lot. Comfortable silence filled the

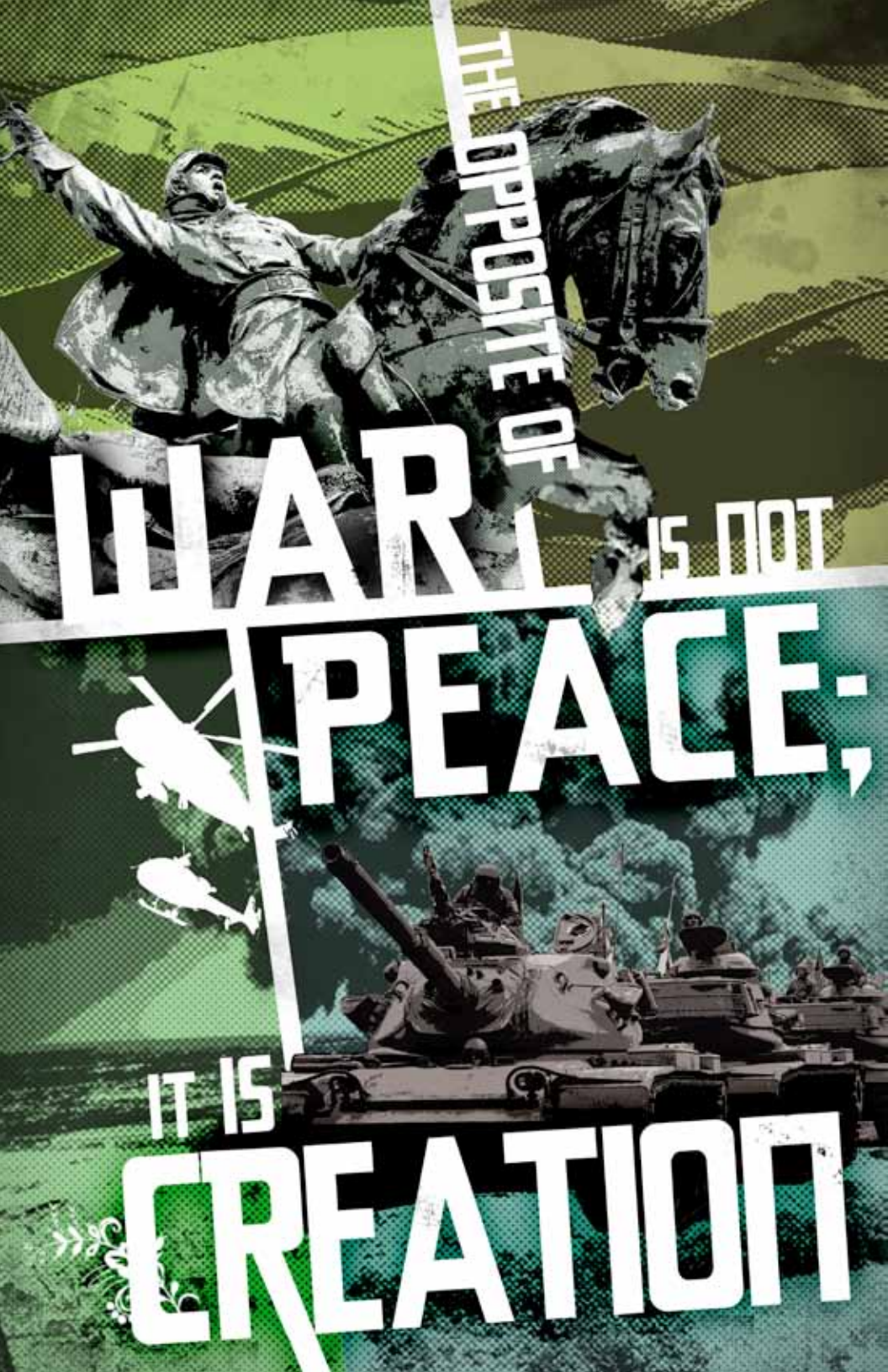
truck until Mark asked, “Do you regret not playing in college?” Isaac shrugged as he pulled out into the intersection, waiting to turn left. “Not really. I loved playing, but I don’t regret stopping.” *I am a bit jealous of you though, little brother. Always perfect at everything without having to try. Lucky kid.*

“I wish —“ he was stopped by a screeching thud and his body being whipped in every direction at once. Warm liquid dripped down the back of his neck. Mark must have sprayed me with a water bottle. Isaac grinned hazily, never noticing his brother’s water bottle lying in the middle of the road in front of him, surrounded by glass.



Isaac snapped out of his black reverie and looked up from his coffee to see his mother in her finest dress standing in front of him. “Come on, time to go.” Isaac nodded and stood to join his mother, straightening his tie as he did. What seemed like only minutes and yet also lifetimes later, Isaac found himself standing beside his brother. If only he had been as lucky as me, just this once. Isaac bowed his head and silently prayed his unanswerable prayer as he watched the casket lid swing noiselessly shut. ■

Artwork by
MAYA SCOTT



CYCLICAL TENSION AND RESOLUTION

by Vicki Smallegan

Life moves from

Pressing weight and
Agony of indecision
Night, blackest night
Immobilizing ropes wrapped about
Constricting, closing-up airways, chocking

And

White-hot coals
Riddling the soul
Arrowheads piercing:
Tough steel points
Heading through mind and body

To

Plowshares are made from swords
Everything is liberating
A calm dismissing the hanging storm
Chains snapping with a sharp crack
Energy to move again

But life moves backwards sometimes too

Artwork by
AUBREY SARNA

O'ER THE LAND OF THE

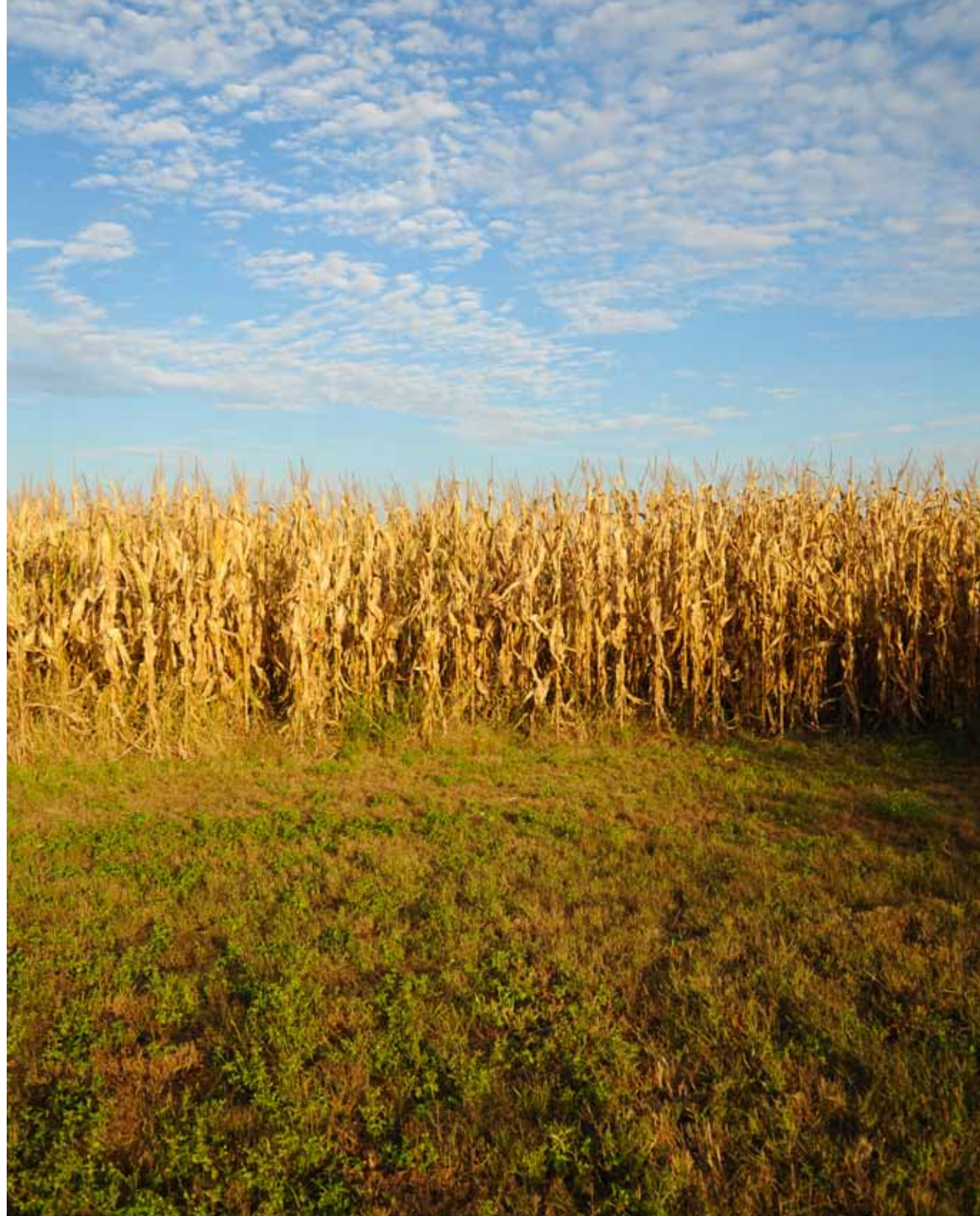
by Ian Matthews

there is nothing more American
than smoke trailing up from
a thousand cigarettes beneath
man-made stars,
a rainbow firmament
a pyrotechnic monument

ash falls from mortars and Marlboros
alike, o'er the land of the
drunk Vietnam vet
and the
burly biker lady whose lawn
you used to mow
and the
kids playing volleyball on
the sand by the funnel cake trailer

and now it's the grand finale
and the loudspeaker crackles out
"the stars and stripes forever"
and the pyros are letting loose
a barrage cause this is it til next year
so raise that frosty can to the sky
true patriot
smoke that filter-tip flagpole down
to the butt
toast to the heroes
burned out like so many fireworks
fallen like ash over the Mississippi River.

Photograph by
CHAD HEMPHILL





JACK BE NIMBLE

by Alex Swickard

With flowing script from my pen's nib,
Blessed am I not, to behold such an enchanting gift
My own world still unknown, like a babe to its crib
For it is through words alone, that I may bridge this rift.
If an imagination were flame, and the words, a wick,
Our minds would thirst by candlelight,
Our minds would consume the candlestick
Burnt down, with the flame no larger than a mite.

But alas, if an imagination were flame, and the words, a wick
The flame and its fire could never grow
A fragile light amongst darkness, the single flame would prick
And all it would take to extinguish a thought, would be a
quick careless blow

For words alone are that, just words,
Without an imagination, the least it'd never show

Artwork by
HANNAH KRUSE



ORANGES

by Katie Ponsetto

The trees were always bright this time of year. The leaves shone with a new glassy green glimmer while the fruit slowly ripened. The moments passed by in a slow lull as Allie lay beneath the glowing orbs, waiting. Maybe if she was patient enough she would see one quiver and quake in that final moment of awakening, when its hopes and dreams would be realized and the fruit would be ripe for the picking.

As Allie lay beneath the tree in the orchard her mind wandered to Richard. She had seen him several days previous in the grocery store smiling blandly as he bagged up her groceries. Tall and fifteen pounds shy of being lanky, he moved with an awkward adolescent grace she could not ignore. The charming hunch of his shoulders as he handed her bags told her that there was more to this growing man than lank nondescript hair of no particular color. She smiled brilliantly, imagining his weak smirk broadening to a grin of contentment.

This instance replayed over and over in her head that day as the oranges ripened. Each gesture incomplete and halfhearted took on a new meaning of distanced endearment. For he had to know, he had to know their past umbilical attachment. The oranges grew to subtle fullness that day before her eyes. The sky slid from buttered pink to sharp blue then a dusty green. Heaving herself up from the gnarly grass of the orchard, she glided down the rows unable to see the ripened splendor she had waited for with starving desperation.

She arrived at the grocery store at exactly 9:30, right as his shift began. She glided through the store, letting the first food item that slid into her hand become her

Photograph by
ALYSSA SAATHOFF

purchase. Proud of her assumed connection she paraded to the line in which he was working.

“Is that all, ma’am?” he asked pointedly, eyes lined with the red remnants of tears, too insignificant for her to notice in her idealized masterpiece.

“Yes it is!” she cheerfully quipped, looking up at him through her thinning lashes disguised with several coats of thick black mascara which flaked with every blink into the creases around her eyes.

“\$2.16... p-please.” He said, the finality of the moment weighing on him with all certainty. Tabitha was pregnant. The innocence of their exploration had turned sour and she was ending everything. The life curled gently inside her, their innocence, their future. His first girlfriend, his first child... gone.

Allie proudly handed over her hard-earned welfare cash; it had been hard to figure out just when the oranges ripened and what they looked like along the way. This was the only way she could be pleased to part with it, by seeing it pass into the hands of her son. The boy she held for seven seconds before they took him away to their parsonage in the hills to care for him while she watched the oranges. They mirrored the expectation and growth with which she watched her belly for nine months after the accident that stripped her of everything but the orchard.

For eighteen years Allie had waited watching the great cycle of the oranges waiting for this moment. She had read the bold headlines, “Local Student Wins Trip to National Science Fair,” “Mitch Evens Named Student of the Month,” “Mitch Evens Leads Team to State” with fevered intention, clipping each season with perfect precision, storing each in her heart. He was perfect. He would be what she could not.

She placed her bag in her cart, smiling blithely; yes, he would never know her sorrow. She reached the barren parking lot, finally inspecting her purchase. Four oranges, their bruised flesh rotting in the summer heat, slowly disintegrating into the thankless plastic of their surroundings. ■



Photograph by
CHAD HEMPHILL



OUR DAILY

by Emily Spunaugle

Rush hour salvation -
an empty “save our souls” glaring
dot-dash from
cars in reverse,
cars making left turns,
cars on cold, hard city streets
riddled with chain grocers,
flanked by strip malls,
littered with asphalted cigarettes and
defaulted loans. Rivers of frozen pavement
wind around the edifices,
swirling and
eddy at the entrances of back alley bars
that thaw to receive
parched patrons. And this,
this is what we daily return to
after the pastoral decadence of
nightly inventorying legions of sheep -
this is what we return to -
a lifetime diary of the
accumulated dot-dash of lights
switching on to start and
off to end. This is what we know to be true -
we long for and yearn after the
rot and rigor of
curbside confessionals
and rainbowed puddles of dingy oil -
what else would merit our devotion?
On the bus I duck below the cloud of
my frosted exhale incense
to a clearer part of the glass on my
daily worship to work.

Artwork by
EMILY CHEESEMAN

CARRY ON

by Danette Marko

Life beats down like a freezing rain
You lose all vision, blinded by pain.
All your troubles make you feel insane
Tears pour down out of an unclogged drain

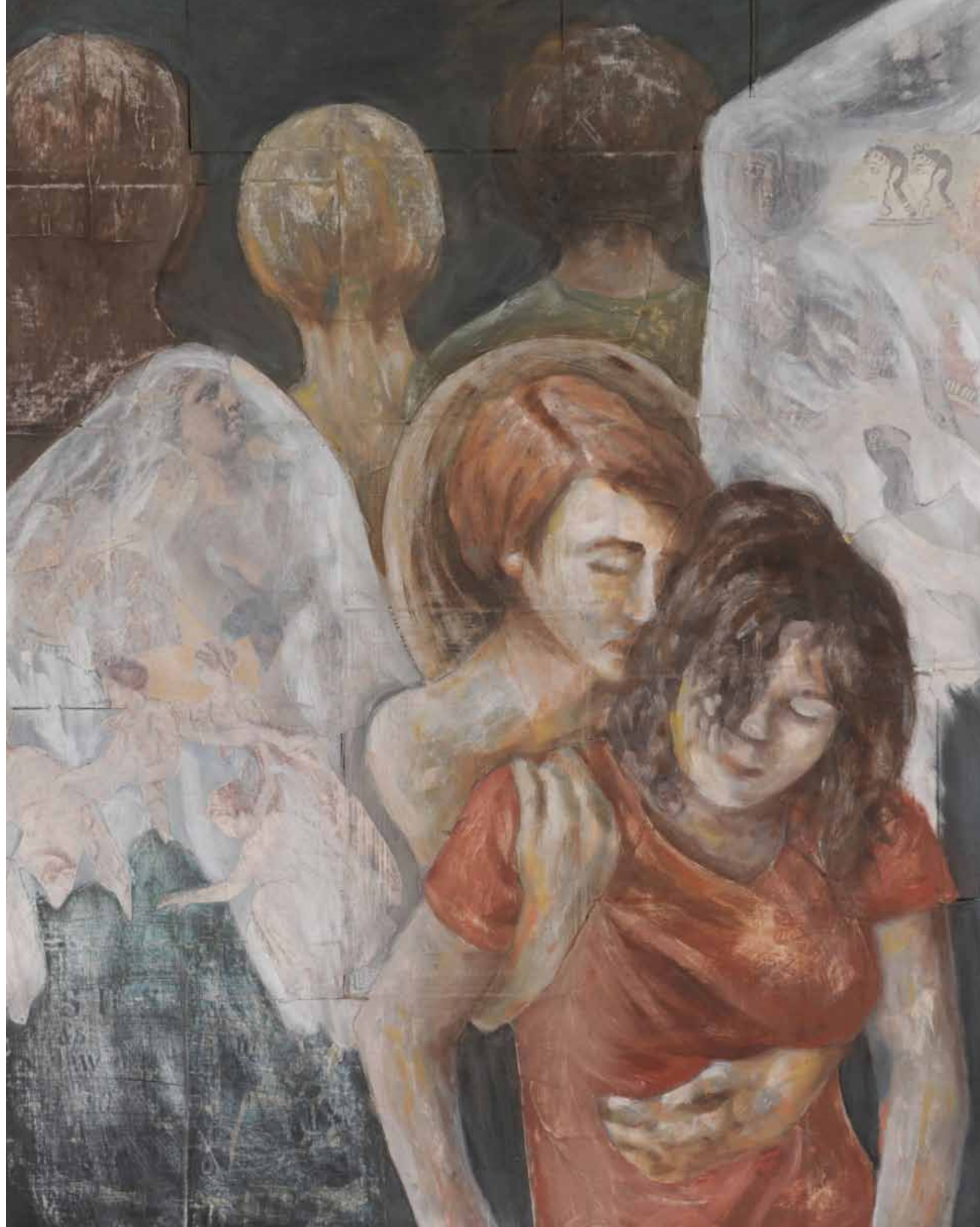
Not knowing the path that you must take
Worrying about the things you put at stake
Observing directions you once did forsake
Which way's real and which way's fake?

Wishing you could find the place you seek
But all this journeying has made you weak
For when one mountain's conquered you see another peak
And so your tears, they manage to leak

However, there is a light in this darkness
A shrouded of warmth to conquer all stresses
The Comforter to help clean all your messes
But only when one's humble and confesses

'Cuz just when all joy seems to be gone
There is really a light waiting to dawn.
For you can find hope in God's only Son.
Just please don't give up. You must carry on.

Artwork by
ERICA KIMMEL





PRETTY AS A PICTURE

by Lauren Brennan

On ice that glistens like white wine,
And skates that are scuffed and torn.
The white tutu against the darkness of the night
Shimmers with every twirl.

And skates that are scuffed and torn.
Ice shavings that sparkle like glitter
Disperse with every heel click.
The scene seems so quiet even with the sound of skates on ice.

The white tutu against the darkness of the night.
On ice that glistens like white wine.

BLEACHED

by Melanie Breunig

And the bride wore white,
ordering wounds to become faded scars.
She lost the shame and won the fight
Eight years ago seems so far.

Ordering wounds to become faded scars,
marching toward her future, her bustle toward her past.
Eight years ago seem so far
between a world that is broken and a hope that will last.

She lost the shame and won the fight,
And the bride wore white.

Artwork by
MAYA SCOTT



ENDING UP

by McKenzie Fritch

there's something important about an
early interstate in the rain
something good about the gray
slacks, umbrellas
high-heeled-downtown-on-time
parading up
eight o'clock crosswalks on a dim
Tuesday morning
two-fingered cigarettes trailing
white smoke against the
more general gray.
on a different day I'd watch them closer
stop the car, maybe,
to hear the rain and think about the comings-from
but my own black shoes are waiting
I turn right and take the interstate back home.

Photograph by
O'MALLEY KING

SHARKS

by Staci Bradbury

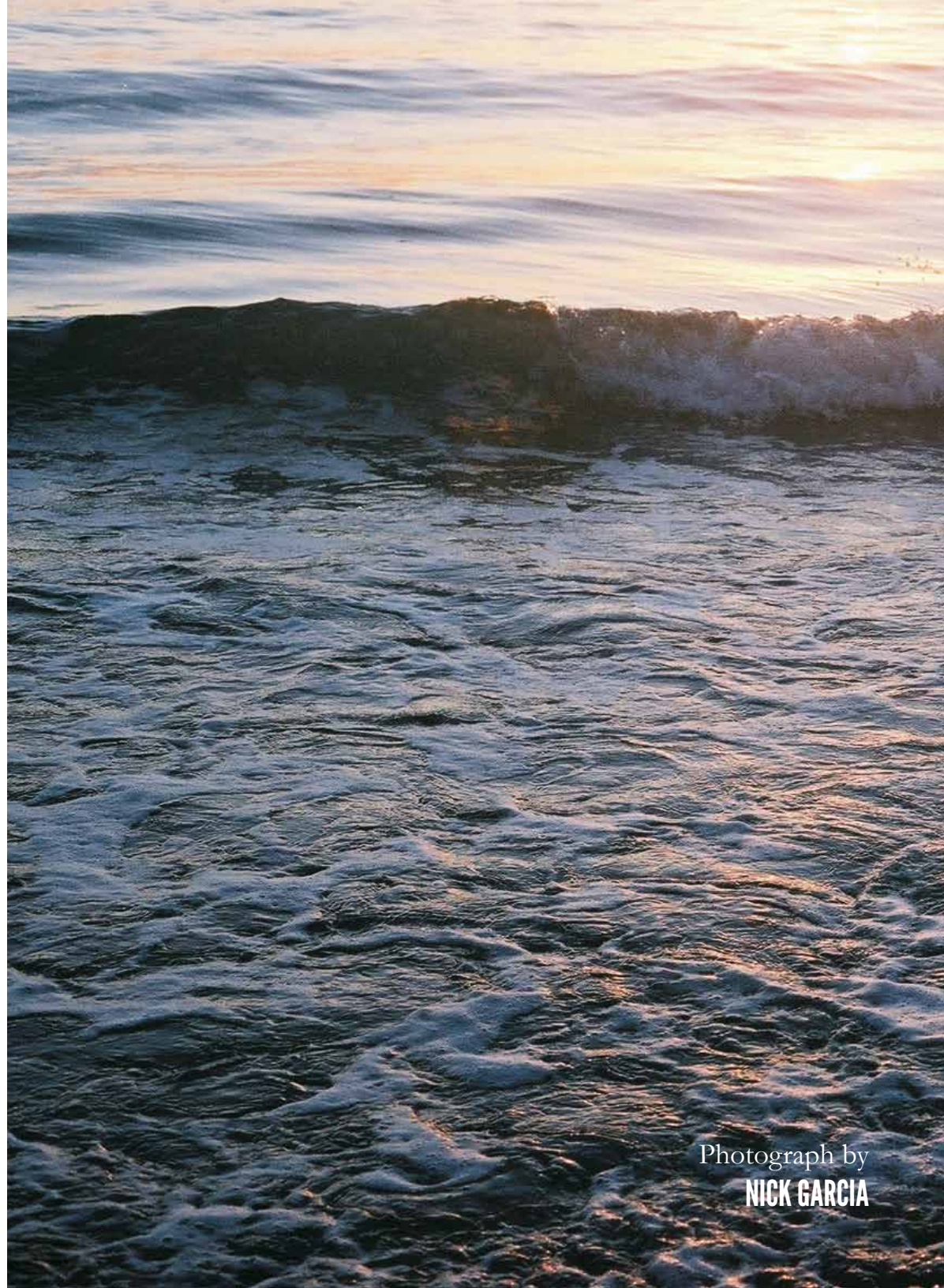
When the ship goes down
it seems like the worst part: twelve minutes of panic
from the torpedo to the touching of bottom
yellow flames and screaming explosions
skin melting off your face
traversing smoky passages searching for air
there's no help anywhere for the sailors already lit
no time for friends, just the stumbling up to sky and water
hoping to get overboard before the water gets over you

Yet encountering the water is inevitable –
the escape from a subdued ship is into the enemy
and each soldier he houses

after the initial chatter wears itself out
the screams begin
as they attack

Surrounded by your former comrades
you are now on your own in hand to hand combat
against a hand-less death that comes instead with teeth
kicking only works for hours,
and you've got days.
bobbing around in the cold embrace of fear,
only your neck is safe, exposed to salty wind that ruffles your hair:
flail every limb when a worn out tire fin brushes your leg,
so as not to lose one.

No time to hear the shrieks all around,
because below the veteran guerillas
plot against your dangling legs.
all that time onboard, fighting
while the real enemy below quietly ushered you along
waiting stealthily for your ship to go down.



Photograph by
NICK GARCIA



OBSERVING SOLITUDE

by Andrew Leavitt

My mind aches and bleeds in my cave of solitude
I sit here alone and rock back and forth against the cold rocks.
The moon shines slightly into the hole I call my home and I shy
away from its splendid light
I bleed thoughts out into the air and they float away from me, never
to be captured again.
I need a bucket or a scrap of paper
Same thing.
I need a pen that I can stab into my mind, catalyzing the flow
I'll catch it on the paper, my bucket, so it will never get away.
For I can't bear the thought of others picking up my ideas from
wherever they travel to when lost to me
I can't stand the idea of my contemplations and philosophies being
lost in the great sea of creativity, wherever it may be
And so I record, forever vigilant to my daily observations,
scrutinizing and real, hand aching at the expense of my words
And I love every day's work like it was play

Photograph by
HENRI WHITE

UNENDING DANCE

by Sarah Ward

Never will it stop, never will it slow.
The light illuminates their silhouette.
As steady as the arms of those who row.
On their turning I would make a firm bet.

They have one goal, one pattern, unending.
What they really represent is hidden.
They are only capable of lending.
But once lent, it's locked away – forbidden.

The hands that once evaded take a chance.
Impossible for their kiss to be late.
They join together in a lonely dance.
In one moment they take charge of their fate.

The winding hands have made circles – Tick tock.
Midnight comes but once a day for the clock.

Artwork by
CAROLYN GOETTSCH





FOOD IS RELATIVE

by Alex Cox

She sits fidgeting with her thoughts,
bringing to motion any distraction possible.
She claims that she is “full.”
We believe her.

He destroys the last bite,
using insecurity to disguise the taste.
They all yell, “be a man!”
The bite sinks deeper.

The frail woman lies sipping her food,
silently praying for one more day.
The nurse whispers, “She’s been so strong.”
The room falls silent.

The baby wonders how to act,
as the woman searches the frigid ground for crumbs.
Her Ma announces, “None, today.”
The wind nags stronger.

Artwork by
ALINA ELLIS

WORDS

by Liz Abfall

Sticks and stones have nothing on words.
Words do more than bruise and batter;
They stick.
Words linger and haunt
Long after the scars of childhood have faded,
Long after the bruises dissipated.
I am left with only words.
I can hear them still:

I don't want to be with you.

And then she was gone.
Year upon years have gone by.
I have long forgotten the sound of her voice,
Yet I hear her words.
The deep pain of abandonment
They spoke into my life
Told me since that day:

You are not worth it.

The unconditional love of a mother for her child
Is painfully conditional.
Her words spoke the conditions:

It's not what I wanted.

All attempts to forget
The words that altered my life
Fail.

I needed new words.
Not from her;
Those could not be undone.
I longed for new words.
Words that said:

You are my child.

I will not leave you.

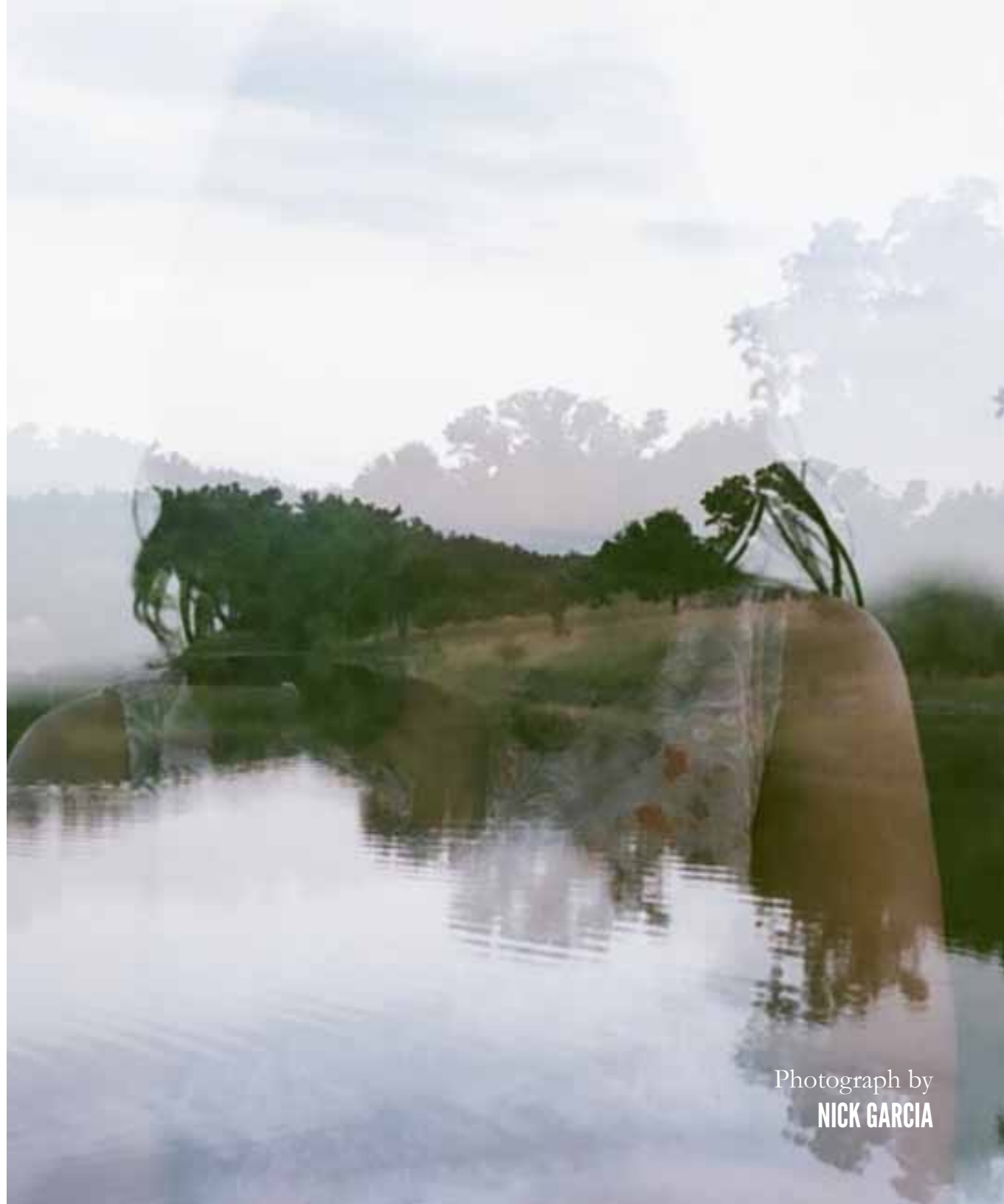
I love the orphan.

You.

Are.

Mine.

Words that touched the soul.
Words that were unbelievable.
Almost.



Photograph by
NICK GARCIA

