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TYGR 2009: Student Art and Literary Magazine

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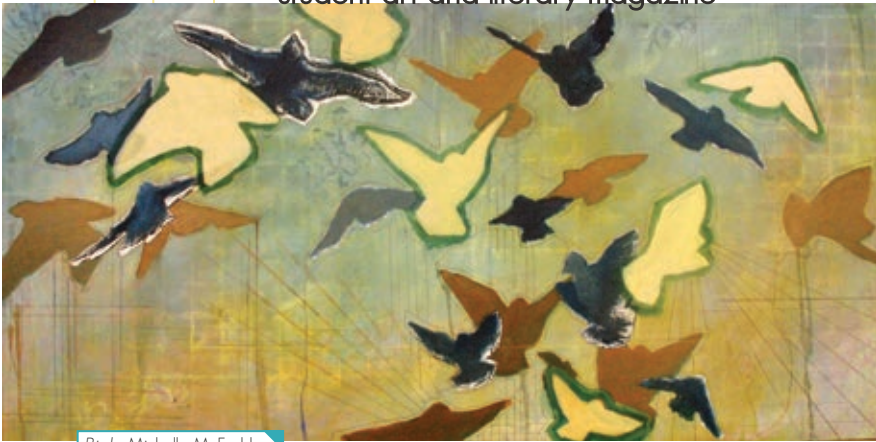
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TYGR

student art and literary magazine



Birds, Michelle McFadden

Olivet Nazarene University
One University Ave
Bourbonnais, IL 60914
www.olivet.edu

The Department of English & Modern Languages
in conjunction with

The Department of Art & Digital Media

William Blake

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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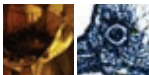
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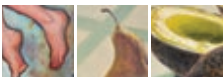
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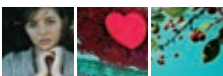
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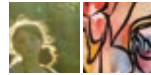
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THE SIREN SINGS SOPRANO

Joel Thomas

From here I see light blazing,
Outshining its tall, skinny street brethren.
The moans of the old Victorian bellow forth
As the now homeless tenants shriek with terror,
Only to be drowned by the siren's stimulated soprano.

The road, which earlier
Felt damp from its daytime blanching is changed.
The ground circling around lays dry, warm to touch.
The road dreads the weight of the red behemoth,
Which traverses the conjoining limbs of each street.

The red and yellow hues
Joyfully reach to the ebony sky.
The many tongues lap up the nighttime air,
Trying to skewer the stars and their mother moon,
Which peacefully watch the drama unfold from above.

The audience of trees
Gather round with elated expression.
With a leap the culprit would scald their hands,
Which applaud as the wind climbs through their arms
Feeding the gluttonous monster below.

Rain from hoses crashes down,
Squelching and smothering the roaring beast.
The synthetic flood once again dampens
The group surrounding the now scorched remains.
The nemeses now snuffed, the red behemoth
Sulks away. Its footsteps fall heavily,
As the saddened siren sings soprano.



Self Portrait, Corrie Wessman





I Brought You Flowers/Cosmic Remix, Amber Doan

THE ONE WHO CONTROLS THE LINE

Angela Lee

Controls where
children color brightly blue
and which parts they leave bare.

Sets the roles.
Dictates where the drivers drive
and where they cannot go.

Tells movie
stars what they can say, what they can't.
Says buy or sell quickly.

Forms the queue.
Always makes you read from left
to right. Stops and leaves you

hanging. At
the end of the line that you
know you toed, thinking that

you'd erase
all the boxes, bypass the
finish line, win the race.

But you can't.
Someone else draws the lines you
abide by—straight or *slant*.

Slanted in
your favor or—as usual—
against. Still, you're hoping

that someday
the current lineman will reach
his end zone, and he'll say

take my pen
my sword my power and you
will be what I have been—

The master
who controls lines, the drawer
the writer, prescriber

You will be
invincible at the front
lines, pushing the lines beyond.

For he who
controls the lines
defines all that we

think
say
and do.





THE MARTYR

Lisa Pesavento

Silence the tension and regret.
Pierce the darkness with that hollow stare.

Shatter the promise of sunrise
And escape into the night.

As the anxious crow stands watch,
Sing a song of bloody sacrifice.

As blade pierces heart,
There is an eclipse of life,

And the victim is still.

Remorse fills the void

That his soul once occupied
As the ticking pendulum mocks

The passing of life.

The fate of humanity flickers;

The outlet of forgiveness
Becomes a vacant tomb—

Anxious for visitors

And only death will suffice.



POLAROID 4x5

SAT. 1. 26. 08.





Night Exposure XII, Katherine Ufkin

CHRIST UNDERWATER

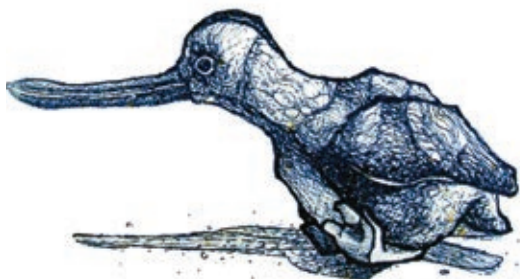
Meaghun Baldwin

Under the dark blue water of the cool Atlantic rests a smooth, strong statue of Christ. Colorful fish glide past and through His arms, and divers swim over to touch his fingertips.

Long strands of seaweed flow with the current and give an illusion of Him moving to the sounds that only the deep sea can create for those privileged enough to find themselves near Him.

There is an innate desire to push through the water and get so close as to see the sun-illuminated eyes gazing up at heaven from the depths of the ocean, hoping you will be moved to follow His stare.

How long has He been down at the bottom of the sea breathing in salty ocean water all alone day after day waiting for us to find Him on our journey unknown hoping we will take Him with us when we swim away?



Duck, Michelle McFadden

Skate, Peter Kershaw



Untitled, Emily Sheren



Brittany Bailey

HISTORY



These walls may be ancient and rugged,
but they still stand.

These books may be musty and tattered,
but they still speak.

These grave stones may be aged and forgotten,
but they still remember.

Who's to say that the past is the past?
Who's to say that history is forgettable?
Look around.

History is still standing.
There must be a purpose.



Millie Grace, Crista Hooven



Daddy Long Legs, Tiffany Vegh

SPIDER AND FLY

Matt Reynolds

sitting silent waiting watching
legs sense for a pull on the net
dark body hidden in the shadows
smooth trap hidden in the light

Eyes glint from reflected wing

Innocent benevolent naïveté that ends

Suddenly

As the silken net nears

Unseen by wing, for the trap is clear

Caught trapped innocent lost

As the legs sense the struggle

Wing against web

Shakes

Breaks

Tests the integrity of the trap

Dark body draws near, yet steers clear

“Til the victim exhausts from the struggle



Red Scale Day, Arissa Beck



Red Scale Night, Arissa Beck



Rebecca Lankford

AFRICAN

From 8 am to 2
I rise, fall, breathe, and live
I forget about you
The one whom I give

You're a different race
Full of culture and tradition
I don't even know your face
You're not worth a mention

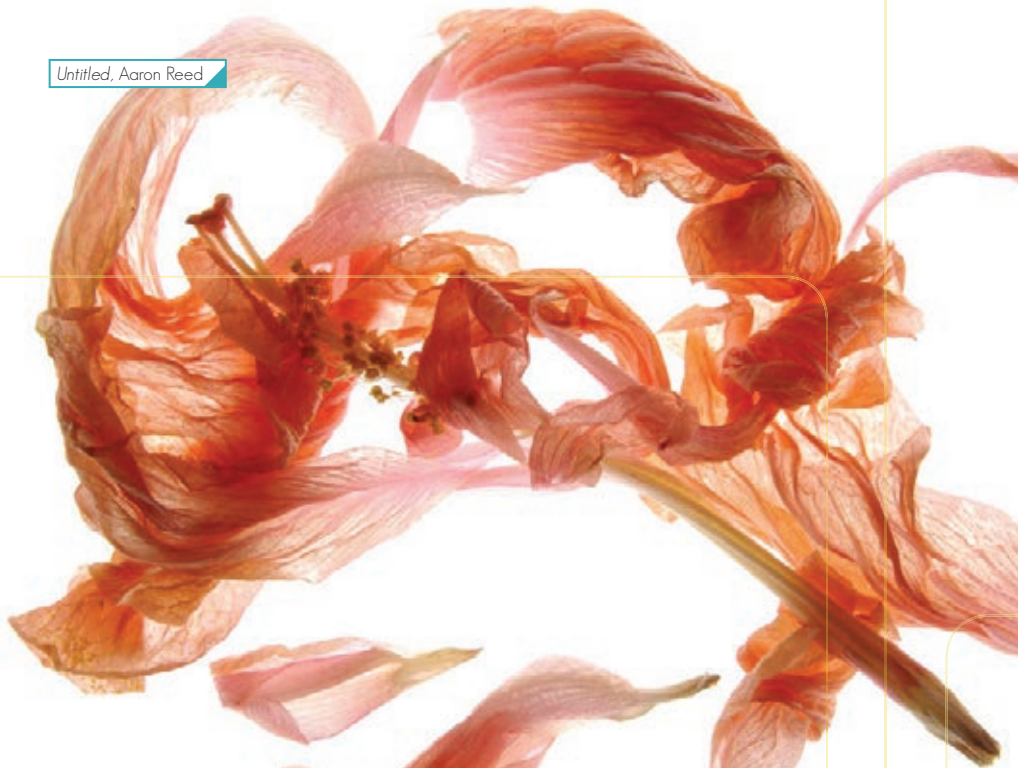
Culture rejects you
Society moves on
You're left in your slew
of disruption and the corruption going on

child, hold on
we're coming in the dawn



African, Annie Shaughnessy





SHATTERED

Jadon Huddleston

"How does God judge suicide?" It seemed simple enough, but I didn't know the answer. Sure, killing was wrong, but suicide, that seemed like a whole new level.

Matt glanced over his shoulder. "Dude, it's 8:30 and my brain wouldn't wake up for 500 bucks," his returned text read. I slid my phone back into my pocket. If my best friend didn't want to discuss it, then why bother asking? Maybe the answer wasn't even all that complex. Maybe God really did hate murder in all of its forms. Stuffing my hands deep into my hoodie pocket, I slid further into my tangled thoughts. Mr. Collins rambled on, but I didn't even know what he was talking about. A vibration in my pocket brought me back to reality. "It couldn't be worse than these chem formulas. Why did you ask?" Matt's text read.

"I don't know. It just seems to me that if God is loving, wouldn't He feel really sorry for a suicide," I wrote back.

"Sure He's loving, but the Bible says not to kill. Wouldn't that include shooting yourself or cutting or something?"

"But suicide seems different," I wrote.

"I don't know, man," his text replied. "That's deep."

I didn't send a message back. I didn't even know what I wanted to hear. What I needed to hear. A few minutes passed. Mr. Collins lectured on, oblivious to my brooding. I grabbed my pencil from its place on my empty notebook, looking right past it in my hand, but moments later it was broken in my hand. The snap and quick pain in my palm broke my stare. The whole class skidded to a halt. "My... just broke... Just broke my pencil," I stammered, holding up the pieces to defend against the staring scrutiny of my peers.

Except for the occasional glance in my direction, the class resumed its former state as Mr. Collins returned to his lecture. I clenched the broken pencil in my fist, my knuckles growing white. My hand started to bleed. Why me? Why did my life and all my plans have to shatter? I buried the pencil in my pocket and pulled out my phone.

"You okay man?" Matt's text read.

"I'm fine," mine replied.

"You sure? For a second there I thought you were freaking out on me."

"Yeah. I'm... rough night."

"Rough night? I thought you and Katie had plans," his text read.

"Yeah, fell thru," I replied.

"What happened? I thought you and her were really serious."

"She... wasn't home."

"Have you talked to her yet?" his text asked.

"No."

"You should call her, man."

"I... can't," I replied.

"What? Why not?" he text back.

"She... was bipolar," I wrote.

"What? I didn't know that. So what's going on?"

"She wanted to be a missionary, a missionary to Africa, she was going to teach, I was going to be a doctor, and we were going to be missionaries to Africa,"—warmth filled my eyes and I struggled not to explode—"but she's gone, she threw herself off a bridge and in front of a car, but she wanted to be a missionary... a missionary. She wanted to be a missionary." I couldn't fake it anymore. Tears poured down my face; my nose started to run; and my hand still bled. I sent the text, got up and left class, fighting the urge to scream, scream that Katie wanted to be a missionary, that God shouldn't condemn her, and that I wanted her back. But Mr. Collins droned on, unaware of my absence, and my only pencil was shattered.

Christa Van Bruggen

PLEA OF GREEN

I hold no worth in this world
My beauty taken for granite
My strength and endurance ignored

The emerald skin of Mother Nature
Relentlessly trampled, never cherished
Beaten under hoof and foot

Never given to the ill
Never potted just for beauty
A prisoner of the Earth



Avacados, Peter Kershaw



Pear, Peter Kershaw



Jump, Michelle McFadden





The Science of Sleep, Katherine Ufkin

I MISS THE STORM

Jessica Schewe

You were an instant charmer.
Your booms and flashes dazzled me;
dazzled us all.
I enjoyed the stories you told,
the pictures you painted,
the company you provided.
No matter how thick the darkness,
your orchestrated performance
could lift my spirits
like leaves on a tree
caught in your breath.
Our times together were
seldom and sporadic,
but cherished more than chocolate.
I loved every resounding gong of thunder,
every lightning-bolt calligraphy
you etched into the sky;
we all did.
I'd sit and watch,
gazing out my window,
feeling your light on my face,
knowing how lucky I was to be
basking in your glow.
Your generosity goes unchallenged.
You gave without asking
anything in return.
You gave your heart.
With every flash and
every bang
we felt your love; we sent ours too.
But
it must have gotten lost
along the way.
The seas got hectic,
the winds uneasy.
A storm was building like never before.

A change.
A horrid change.
Years of bliss melted into
months of bitterness
that dragged on longer than the years.
Misunderstanding and
confused intentions poisoned
the static in the air
until suddenly,
a spark.
Lightning bolts exploded into
atomic bombs.
The earth no longer sighed in your presence,
it quaked.
Your rains no longer refreshed,
but destroyed.
You left us broken and empty.
We, the houses that toppled,
we, the uprooted trees,
we came together
and started slowly
building back to how we were
before you.
Boarding up bad memories.
Nailing in place a life
that is sturdy and dry.
Trying to forget
the pain
that you caused.
But despite the destruction,
fearful faces, and hardened hearts,
there is a part of me that will
always long
for your thunder and lightning again.
I miss the Storm.





Angela Lee

NUMB LOVE

I love you where emotions cease—
no blindness of infatuation
just clarity in mediation

I love you where the light grows dim—
no truth encased in bright white lies
oppressive dark in no disguise

I love you where the waves stand still—
no vain motions faking progress
fast frozen here in sweet distress

I love you were the silence wails—
no noise to sooth my lonely fears
just soundless clanging in my ears

For when I saw and felt and heard you,
I knew you not at all

But in the numbness of the still

dark

silence-

I finally discern your call

Untitled, Arissa Beck



Expired Message, Arissa Beck





Lull, Kaytee Johnston



Ben I, Corrie Wessman

HERO

Matt Reynolds

You don't raise heroes
You raise sons
A hero by mistake
No braver than an ordinary man
When it comes time to die.
Dreams of being an honest coward
Like those whose hearts are filled with fear of death
Pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection

It takes a hero to go into battle
Difference between hero
And coward
Braver five minutes longer
One step sideways
Love for mankind

Heroes know that things must happen
So sing your death song
And die like a hero indestructible
Going home.





A HOUSE DIVIDED

Sara Marsh

Pray that we're not the ones to judge
There's a sea of broken people
Who mourn the thorn is stuck
In the side of the body
Great Schism, roiled by heresy, based on differences
For the first thousand years,
There were no denominations in Christianity as there are today
Now I beseech you, you all speak the same thing
Knock down the walls of the church
And build a bridge across the valley we created
That there are no divisions among you
But that you are perfectly joined together
In the same mind and in the same judgment
Pray that we'll be walking in the light of love



Can I Keep It?, Peter Kershaw



Wonderland, Kaytee Johnston



Waterflowers, Beth Anderson

THE SUMMER REMINISCE

Chad Steinborn

When I go outside and look at the sun
I am reminded of all the summer fun
Sounds of kids playing ever so loud
Bright blue skies and the puffy clouds

Sounds of birds chirping a melody so sweet
Smells of barbecues and sweet summer treats
The cool morning when the sun first awakes
A swarm of boats out on the lakes

Scenes of sunsets just before dark
All the people picnicking in the park
Sights of the stars glistening at night
Full moon shining ever so bright

Quiet whispers of the summer breeze
Calm winds rustling through the trees
Fireworks bursting on the Forth of July
The start of school and the summer good-byes





Andrew Wahler

THE GODS WE CHARGE WITH

From 8 am to 2
let us bow down at the altar of our gods
where the plaque underneath their image says:
"consume.devour.repeat"

Our lives show the perfect image that we were created in.
Our card collection and our collection agencies testify to them.
The amount we have done in their name makes them smile.
We have obeyed their laws to the fullest.

"They can tell you apart by the way you live"
our sacrifices of our dreams at our altar,
lit,
floats towards the offices in the heavens above,
bringing thrills to their nostrils.

"Well done my faithful servants.
Feast forever, for tomorrow those who deny
the bounty of the harvest will pay.
And they will pay with 25% interest****"

our gods have demanded so much from us
and have reached into our core,
so personal,
so plastic.
they know us on a level deeper than Jesus.
they speak to our wants
and fulfill them.

consume, devour, repeat.
Jesus would have made a killing if he preached that.
Fool.





Dollars and Cents, Charlie Sheets



Adrienne Kelly

MONDAYS

Next. The keys on the old computer clack in steady rhythm. People pass before it on the other side of the counter. The rhythm stays the same. People mill around this busy waiting area. No energy is felt in their movements. Rather, the stagnancy of dreams deferred resounds. The only hope heard is the fleeting promises of the politicians on the television above them. For them, change is waning hope relegated to a dream.

Goldie shuffles to the counter. Come to get her weekly ration of government food dressed to the nines in all her finest jewelry and best hat, she gives the air of

one who is clinging desperately to her last shred of dignity. She smiles and converses politely, gets her supplies and vanishes into a world that cares less for her than they do her fake diamonds and peacock-feather hat.

It has been said that death and poverty are the two greatest equalizers of men. Not so in this dismal place. There exists a social hierarchy here: a silent elephant in the room governing all who ask for its resources. Significance is a more precious commodity here than food itself and these masses will grasp it in any way they can. Marsela Perez comes to the counter to ask in heavily accented and halting English for a registration form amidst soft jeers of "spic" and "wetback" from the African American men sitting in the crowd. A White woman glares at a black one who "took her number." DeAndre and Luis laugh at the "white trash" man asking for food for his family. People crowd the counter demanding, not asking, that their immediate needs be met. Sarah Mikel yells at the registration worker because her name is missing from the list of "regulars" for the third week in a row.

A man walks in and asks for a food proxy form for his mother. A woman provides proof of her address with her Dish Network premium cable bill so she can get her free groceries. A man asks a volunteer if the center has a program to help with rent money. A woman steps out of her new Camry and takes a seat next to the disabled veteran with tattoos drawn down the one arm that still remains after the grenade that changed his life. The same man from before comes in with the proxy form obviously forged. Another man tells the registration worker that he is homeless, the first truly homeless person of the day. The worker raises her eyebrows and clicks her tongue to me and tells me that the number of actual homeless people who come to the center is very low. Most people at least have a house and cable she says.

The service period concludes and the crowd disperses with their week's worth of prizes. Some will come back tomorrow and try to get more food. Some will never come back. Either way, the computer will keep clacking, taking down names, addresses and creating significance for the insignificant in the land of hope and big dreams.





A SUMMER
NIGHT

Jessica Brown

we drive country roads
looking out at the stars
which dance above us
ignoring “better” judgment
to let ourselves just be happy
to be in the moment, as never before
feeling alive
sufjan playing in the background
the whisper of wind through hair
crickets in the distance
headlights pointing the way
alone in the universe
an island
floating through the countryside
on the edge of the unknown
the beautiful possibility
of Love, of Life,
of the next bend in the road.



Night Exposure X, Katherine Ufkin





Ren, Michelle McFadden

WANDERING MIND

Christy Claypool

Our minds leave us with so many places to run to

running

running

running

But where?

Here.... There.... Then.... What if.... Why
Racing around without a safe haven we move
But are continually left without answers

Do you move to the unknown?
Or return to comfort?

It m o v e s
Do you stop?
Do you answer?

Or

Do you let it consume until you're in the dark?

It will move
Do you stop and answer?

Or

Do you let it consume you until you no longer have a place of refuge?



Hell, Alex McGrath



File Cabinet, Georgia Merki



WRITER'S BLOCK

Leigh Sullan

What are its cubed walls made of?
Perhaps, microscopic evidence of what has clogged
all means of inspiration:

Translucent layers of missing napkins—
with brilliance inscribed into their stains—

Weeks of forgotten ideas
becoming debris of wide-ruled amnesia;

Skin cells from the hand
too overwhelmed to reach for the pen;
Thick, hovering clouds of imagined scoffing,
sound waves from words of praise

heard in the middle of dreams;
Residue of rain from last month's thunderstorm,
the hours from that overcast afternoon
we stayed inside and felt intrinsically moved,

the yawns from afternoons we didn't;

The scent of coffee we purchased

to help us wake our senses—

This is what the writer's block is made of,
One humble box, opaque with absent letters,

Barriers as thin as the second

We change our minds.



Brad, Arissa Beck

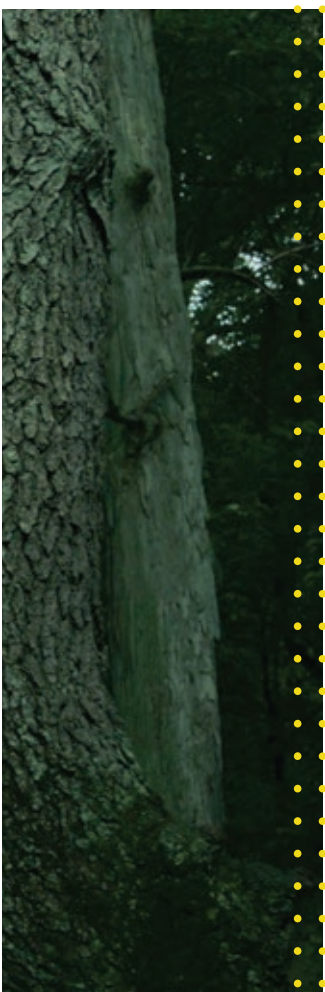




Playground, Kaytee Johnston

SAVOR THE STILL

Tim Stephansen



As the Mustang's lights flash off to my right
There's too much going on in my head
To savor the still of a starlit night

Another friend, another relationship not right
Another reason I've remained single instead
As the Mustang's lights flash off to my right

Another love turned into a battle site
Just for one moment our worries shed
To savor the still of a starlit night

Our cares—a mountain of great height
Blocking the road—eclipsing the view ahead
As the Mustang's lights flash off to my right

Something seen in the eyes of night—
It brings a peace to one's restless head—
To savor the still of a starlit night

Leave all that's become an object of spite
Simply trust, and remember instead—
As the Mustang's lights flash off to my right—
To savor the still of a starlit night



Jessica Schewe

PARKING LOT

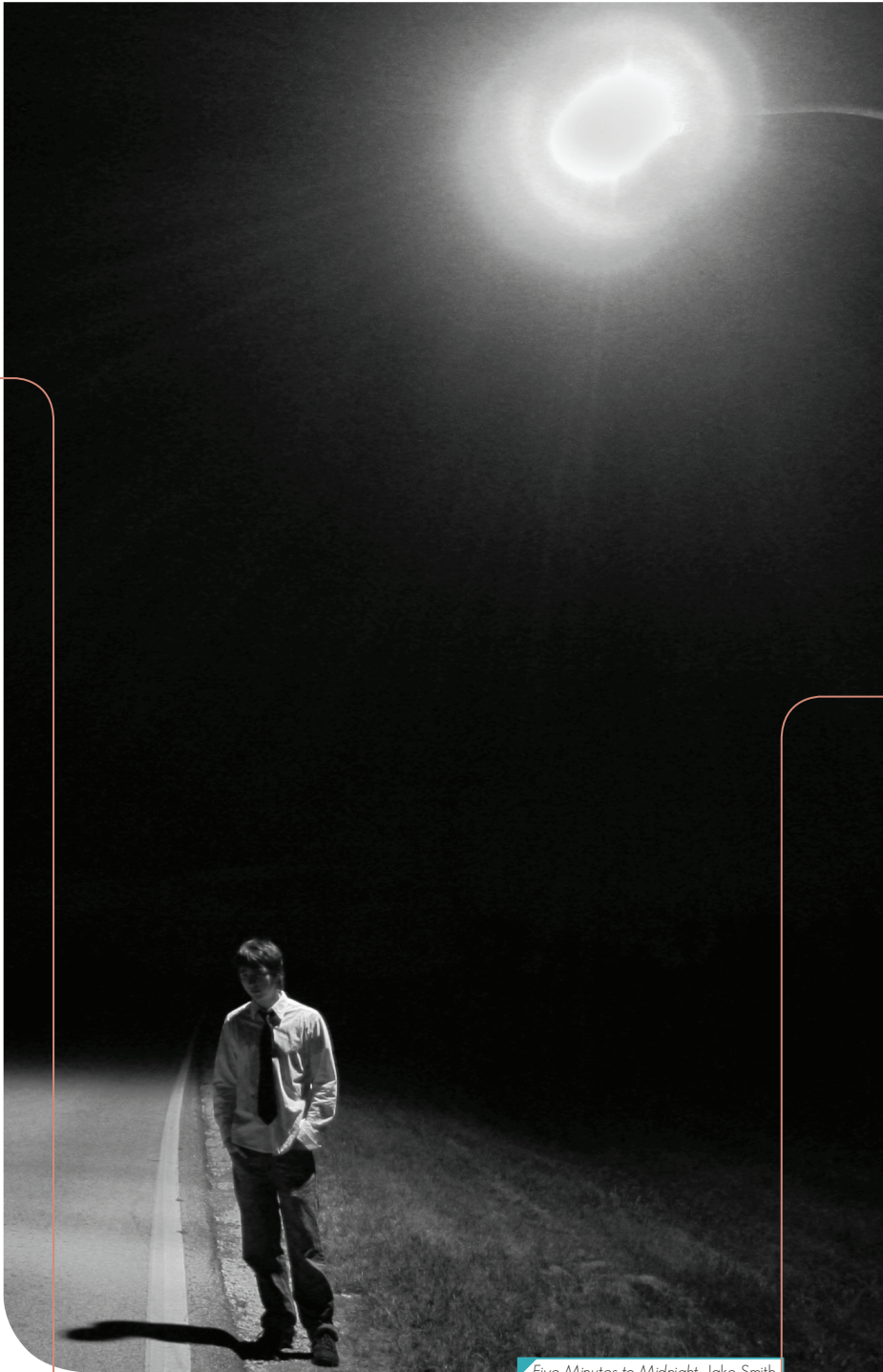
She walks alone through the cold dark parking lot towards her apartment located just outside the school's boundaries. She pulls her coat tightly against the wind and crosses behind the empty business center and gym building, trying to avoid black patches of ice and speeding cars ten times her size. They rush past her, as cold and unfeeling as the wind. The roar of their frozen engines hits her ears before the headlights ever do. The sound approaches, growing louder by the second. She can never tell where they are coming from, just always behind her. Her muscles tense with the approach of every reckless vehicle, going much faster than they should over ice and nightfall. Every time the sound passes and she's still standing, her muscles ease back into a state of heightened awareness.

As tires skid nearby, she wonders what it would be like to get hit by the SUV that just passed. Her body would no doubt double over, her two knees making a CRACK CRACK noise against the bumper until the sharp pain of her head hitting hood crowds it out. Her silhouette, created by the fast approaching cars, would go from lighthouse to firework, appendages peeling out from the center.

Zoom. This is ridiculous, she tells herself. Of course no one would hit her.

Zoom. Another car goes by as she walks from between two parked cars. She walks into the headlights of what she thought was another parked car. Halfway to the sidewalk, she finds out she was wrong.

The car accelerates and rushes forward, making her hair fly behind her as she just steps out of its path. Of course no one would hit her.



Five Minutes to Midnight, Jake Smith



Claire, Corrie Wessman



Amber Doan

UNVEILING THE RONDANINI PIETÀ

Cold Stone with Rough edges
Broken and unfinished
Within the Dank museums, but further back
Among the halls of ghostly memories,
Dark imagination

Morality uncovers Devastation
Shockingly Regret cannot carry
A Weight of Sorrow
Even as the soul's drifting
Suffering's chiseled in Stone

Just as you suspected
You're the last one dead
Lifted off the Battlefield
Shortening the distance to Love
Someone reached to hold your weary Head

And when finally giving up
The Curtain was pulled back



A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear TYGR Readers,

Thank you so much for your support of our vision. We wanted a new innovative TYGR to kick off the start of the Second Century of Olivet, and a lot of literary and artistic talent went into this vision, making the TYGR what it is today.

We especially want to thank the “head honchos” who stuck it out with us for biweekly meetings: Katherine Ufkin, Arissa Beck, and Professors Greiner and Forrestal—what would we have done without you. Also to all the staff members who navigated through piles of entries, made last minute corrections, or hunted down the right pieces, thank you all. And special thanks to Professor Kirk’s Graphic Advertising class for coming up with great Fall submission advertisements. This has truly been a group effort.

And of course, we owe it all to you, our readers. We do this all for you, and you make all our efforts worth it. We hope you have enjoyed this year’s edition of TYGR and will look forward to all that’s to come in future years; we know we are. So keep writing, and keep creating, and keep submitting.

Welcome to the Second Century.

Sincerely yours,
Amber Doan and Jessica Schewe,
Co-editors of the TYGR

