

# gardyloo

literature & arts magazine  
volume twenty-one issue one

# polybio

Structure & function  
of the polybio



The first gadyloo  
was published in 1996.

It's as old as a lot of  
our staff, and we like to  
think that it's growing  
along with us.

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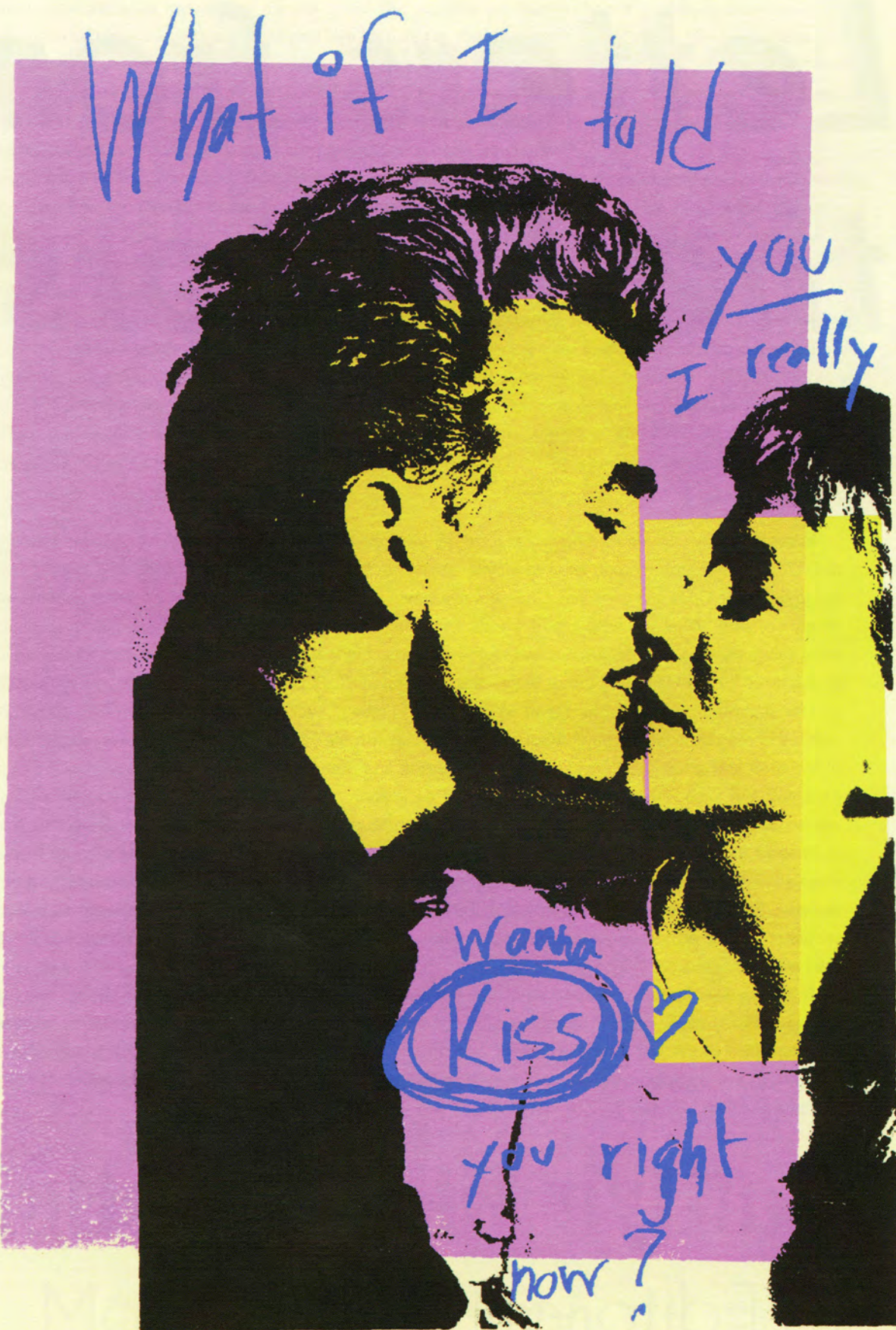
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# Colophon

This issue of Gardy Loo was created by staff members, using InDesign. The body font is Avenir Next and the title fonts are Caviar Dreams and Castle Press No. 1. The endmark is in Wingdings. Gardy Loo is printed using McClung Companies in Waynesboro, Virginia.

Submissions were accepted from any JMU undergraduate and chosen by staff members using a blind voting process. Students were limited to three pieces published per issue. Staff members were limited to two pieces published per issue.

Contact us at [jmuGardyLoo.org](http://jmuGardyLoo.org) or [jmuGardyLoo@gmail.com](mailto:jmuGardyLoo@gmail.com).



Lovesick (Silkscreen Print) Jorge Ariel Escobar

# Letters from the Editors

Issues of Gardy Loo are starting to run together into one long blur of paper and ink. This is my third issue as Editor-In-Chief and my sixth issue as a staff member (it's also the third time I've given my mother a shout-out in my letter. Does she care? No. Does she even read it? Nada). I love this magazine, but it is an incredible amount of work. What you hold in your hands is the culmination of well-over forty hours of editing, planning, scheduling, training, and designing, and that's just my part in the overall process. If we started adding in the time it takes for the Managing Editor to process submissions, for Committee Heads to prepare for selections, and for staff members to carefully read each piece and design each spread, then the number of man hours within this magazine would easily hit triple (perhaps quadruple) digits. And I haven't even started thinking of the time and effort the individual published artists and authors have given to their pieces. We're not a paid staff, but each semester I am amazed at the dedication of our members, who give up their nights and weekends simply for the reward of seeing their name in 12-point font.

In short, I'm proud of how much work we put into this magazine. Each semester we strive to be better, more efficient, and a better representation of this school. In my time as Editor-In-Chief, we've re-designed our website, increased our word-count for prose, focused more on design, and added Art Series to our blog. This semester we also added our copy-editing committee, but that particular project is Katie's baby, so I don't feel like I can claim credit.

This is my second-to-last magazine; it's my last chance to make a real impact before I begin training my successor. It's bittersweet, but I'm not as sad as I thought I would be. I'm incredibly proud of what we've accomplished in the last three semesters, but I'm ready to let someone else take up this role. Whatever happens in the coming years, I know I'm leaving Gardy Loo in the hands of staff members who love it, and that's all an editor can ask for.

## Kaitlyn Miller

### Editor-in-Chief

Every semester I tell myself that my life could not possibly get busier than it is already, but the universe never fails to take me up on that challenge. Here I am again, staring down three projects, two tests, many group meetings, and Gardy Loo design, all of which have to get done this week on top of my two jobs. Oh, and I'm also housesitting this week. Going to bed at 3 or 4am every night because I'm still doing homework is now something I've just come to accept, which really upsets my Fitbit. I'm really scared to tally it, but I'm pretty sure I've spent at least \$300 just on coffee this semester... and it is not even finals week yet.

I don't know when we decided that working hard was more important than our mental and physical health. While clearly I am an example of someone who takes this to the extreme, I think that it is easy for everyone to get wrapped up in the crazy pace of our lives. We feel guilty about taking a break, but that's exactly where we heal and recharge. Activities such as running, painting, and reading remind us of how wonderful it is to be alive and prevent us from just becoming robots who obey Asimov's Laws.

So, on that note, please stop stressing about that paper that is due at the end of the week or whatever else you have on the agenda. While all of those responsibilities are important, taking time for yourself is just as valid. Let the phenomenal writers and artists of JMU carry you away from that corner table in Carrier (your neighbors are being too loud to get any work done anyway). The talent that we get to work with never ceases to amaze me, and I don't say that lightly. Every single person who contributes to this magazine is an absolute rockstar.

If by some mistake you are still reading this, what are you waiting for? The good stuff begins on the next page!

# Rachel Owens

## Design Editor

I may be new to this position, but I wish to assure you that I am not inexperienced – your submissions are in good hands. I've held many positions in this magazine; I've been a staff member, a committee head, a published contributor, and now I'm the Managing Editor. That being said, perhaps the most gratifying position I ever held was that of an unpublished contributor. I've been in the position many people every semester find themselves occupying and I too have received that dreaded form rejection email more than once.

Some take this news poorly (and some voice these grievances loudly), but some take this news for what it is – an opportunity. To those who thank us for our consideration, I want to assure you that is us who should be thanking you. We thank you for submitting, for trying, for innovation. And when that innovation finally pays off, I'll be happy to align the page margins for you.

So keep writing and keep submitting – I look forward to sending your acceptance emails!

# Katie Walker

## Managing Editor

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*\*denotes a staff member*

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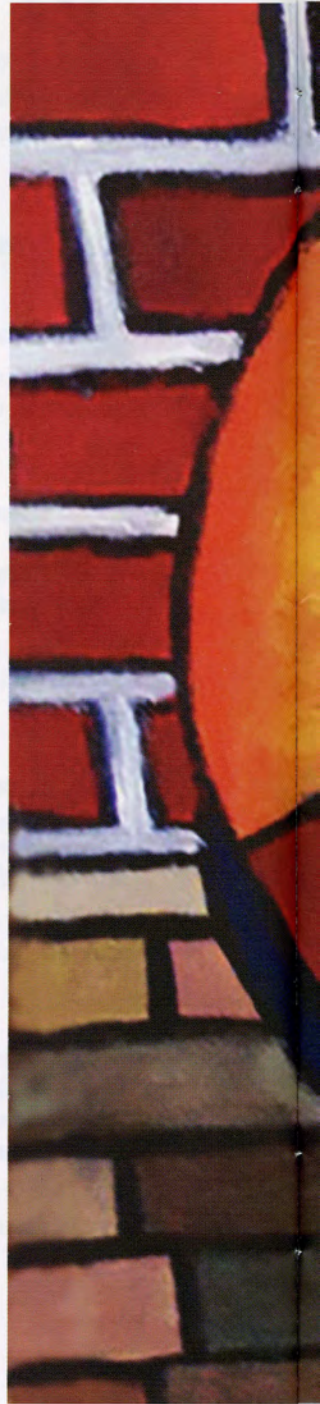
# contents

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# samsara

plainjaneglorry

there is a time  
in between 5:34 and 5:35 am,  
not recorded on any clock.  
it is the time when liquid honey  
drips from the clouds.  
the trees regrow,  
and a mountain spring bubbles.  
if you listen closely,  
you can hear the retracing of footsteps.  
the soft, hollow thud of  
a universe stopping to watch itself.  
across the hushed hills,  
i put my ear to the earth.  
the gravedigger digs, and newborns take a breath.  
the prairie grass dies and grows and dies and grows,  
and the universe pauses to hear it.





*Coffee Table* (Mixed Oils & Pastels) Henry Hernandez



Fracture Point (Ink, Collage, & Acrylic Paint) Mike Noe

# When

# God

# Drinks

Nico Penaranda

Our Father,  
who I hope art not listening,  
hallowed be Thy Name, Bud Light  
whose glass still buries in my back.

Thy kingdom comes  
and I was born to mother, praying  
thy pills be drunk,  
so she could leave me  
on earth and rest in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,  
I stole while you were hungover,  
and forgive us our trespasses,  
*I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.*  
As we forgive those who trespass against us,  
let me not forget yours,  
and lead me not into temptation  
that you will ever love  
me  
more than your bottle,  
but deliver us from the evil  
I call father.

# Nicknames

Eli Jacobs

"My dad calls me E," I had announced dumbly after the first few times she'd shortened my name to its barest recognizable element. Stretched out beside me on my parents' couch, she rolled out a peal of laughter from

between her teeth, looking curious. Sheepishly, I said, "It's not a bad thing. You two have a lot in common. A lot. It's kind of weird, actually."

"Aha! I like your dad! He's adorable." A sort of bright triumph—or maybe just satisfaction—slipped out from between the gaps in her grin. I didn't move away when she leaned up against me, her smile faltering as she asked in concern, "Is it alright to call you 'E'?"

I have trouble making eye contact with people under the most casual of circumstances, so I only glanced at her out of the corner of my eye and told her, *no, I don't mind it*. There's a nice androgyny about it that I like, an uncertainty. *No, I don't mind, Katie*.

Earlier than that, weeks earlier, we were sitting in one of the community college trailers—extra classrooms that were, conveniently, empty more often than not. It was just us two and

the clammy press of acquaintanceship against my throat. My mouth felt heavy when I spoke, but I tried to pry myself apart rather than miss out on another opportunity at friendship.

"I want to work on something with you," she told me, words burning slowly through the air. She had moved her body so that our shoulders were just touching, and I kept staring—somewhat alarmed—at the space disappearing between the loose fabrics of our sweaters. We sat on top of a fold-out table together, killing time between classes, lights off, leaving us illuminated solely by the watered-down sunlight filtering in through a couple thick, small windows sheathed with crinkled plastic blinds. "For the creative writing symposium thing, for class, I think we should collaborate. On something." She turned away a little but kept my gaze, her words feeling holy in my ears. The idea of it wasn't foreign to me, but the practice of it was. "It's weird. I don't like collaborating with other people when I write. It's awkward, forced. I feel like I can't connect with the other person, or it's like they get in my way. You, though. It's *different*, I don't know. I feel like we could make something wonderful. I *want* to make something with you." The dark eyes in the air beside me held a plea, and a challenge of sorts.

*This is it, this is how we connect, they said, make this connection with me, and do not be afraid*. I felt something dead, or at least malnourished, within me stirring, shaking itself, the matted hair on its flanks rising in anticipation.

Flattered, I told her, *yes, of course*.

Sometime later that week, we sat across from each other in a little café in town, holding steaming-hot drinks to ward off the

October cold collecting in our fingertips and flushed cheeks.

"I'm allergic to all the food here," she announced proudly. "Peanut and tree nut allergy. It's very serious. I could literally die."

"Black tea makes me sick," I told her in exchange. She looked into my mug.

"Isn't that what you're drinking?" Leaning across the table at me, her straight brows lifted and disappeared beneath the dark sweep of her bangs.

"Oh. Yeah, I guess so."

"Oh my god, E!" she cried out in a way that made me balk, laughter careening out of her like gusts of wind. Other patrons glanced over at us, more amused than anything. Katie had greeted several of them by name on the way in, and the people behind the counter as well ("Hello! Hello, Diana, how are you doing today? Oh! You look so cute, I love your bracelet!"). After stirring sugar into her tea, she folded her hands over mine. I started at her touch, unsure of its implications, uneasy with what other people might see in it.

"Tell me about yourself. All about yourself. I want to know everything." Her voice was low and light, but meaningful, her words shimmering like little offerings as she let them fall. Her clean, unadorned fingertips tapped my wrist reassuringly.

I looked away uncomfortably. I told her I didn't know where to begin, and she smiled.

"It's okay. I can start. My full name is 'Kathryn,' but I like to go by 'Kate' in, like, formal situations—you know, teachers and strangers. And I like the people I'm close with to call me 'Katie.'" She paused. I shifted and looked at her again, waiting. "Let's see... I went to a private Christian school up 'til the ninth grade. Then I was homeschooled. That was okay for a while, but later on it was awful, really sucked. And now I'm here! Where did you go to school?" I told her about it, other things too. Eventually, earnestly, and not all at once, I would tell her everything.

**I felt something  
dead, or at least  
malnourished,  
within me stirring,  
shaking itself, the  
matted hair on its  
flanks rising in  
anticipation.**

We were quiet together for a while, sipping, staring out at the street through the big, frosty windows. Conversation would bubble up now and again, then settle back into quietness.

"And what should we write about?" she asked eventually, "What kind of story should we tell?" I looked down at the table, remembering her thin fingers across my knuckles.

"I think... one about relationships."

"Yes. I love it. But what else?" That was it, I didn't know what else. So later on she told me, tugging lightly at my elbow, "Hands, E, let's write about their *hands*." ○

# O'Casey

## Told Me a Story

Honora Cargile

I came to Ireland because of the beautiful things the writers had to say.  
I came to Ireland to try to be like them,

but I cannot mimic the exile  
and I cannot take away the jail time.

I cannot list the names of my friends who now live in graves with bullet holes decorating their jackets.  
I cannot stand up, a lone woman, screaming my right to recognition to a room of men.

I am not them, in the worst possible way;  
I lack their voices.

So I journeyed here to find a writer—  
I found a writer of a sort.

I found an exile returning to a nation of the hungry;  
I locked myself in a jail;

I stood in graveyards, trying to remember the dead who cannot remember themselves anymore;  
I screamed from a mountaintop.

I am not them still.  
No matter how hard I fight for it,

the Irish are the Irish  
and I am me—

not Irish.  
I lack their voice;

something else.  
I am an American that cannot go home.





By Now (Ink & Colored Pencil) Martha Hemingway

# You Have No Blood

Marina Shafik

My Arabic class has only a few students, no more than 15. We're a diverse bunch; business majors looking to expand their résumés, international affairs majors trying to grasp the infinite world of politics beyond our own, others just looking for an exotic break in their mundane class schedules. I'm not sure why I'm here. I need the language credits, but why didn't I take Spanish? Learning a new alphabet seems like unnecessary added stress; no, I'm definitely not here for the credits. My professor starts teaching the class how to pronounce *kha*, a letter that demands a sound nonexistent in English, a letter that irritates the throats of students who quickly give up and hope he doesn't notice their collective decision to pronounce it as the English 'K.'

My mind starts to wander to my family home, where my parents no longer speak Arabic in the house for reasons spoken and more reasons unspoken (*your brother and sister don't know it, we don't want to interfere with your English learning, it's not important*). They still perk up whenever I give an indication of understanding an Arabic proverb or insult or expression that doesn't flow to English easily, a concept that doesn't force immigrants and first generations and second generations to adopt the jagged angles and ghost letters English heaves on them (*if you don't learn English you are asking for failure, you are asking for ridicule and hate crimes, hide your accent and hide it well, assimilation or deprivation*). I look around the room and wonder how many of them have tattoos written in Arabic (*it's only pretty when it's on white skin; some of us have to be careful using it in public*) and how many of them question why I'm here (*I can't believe she doesn't know her own language*), but I need to focus.

The professor moves on to *daal* (*oh thank God, this one sounds just like the letter 'D'*) and I think of my mother going to college in the U.S. with the most limited English and being expected to give speeches for a grade, and I know I've been given everything I have on a silver platter that was pounded flat by the generations before me who worked their lives away in the hope that their children would receive the opportunities that were promised yet also denied to them. I wonder if my ancestors are proud of their hard work or ashamed at what had to be given up to achieve the things we have. I hope they understand.

The class discussion shifts to *dhal* (*the difference between dhal and daal is lost on most of us*) and I think I know why I'm here. Maybe if I get even a taste of the language my parents feel the need to hide, they will be free to dust it off and show the world their mouths overflowing with one of the most beautifully difficult languages humankind has ever created.○





*Young & Cold* (Photography) Janae Brown

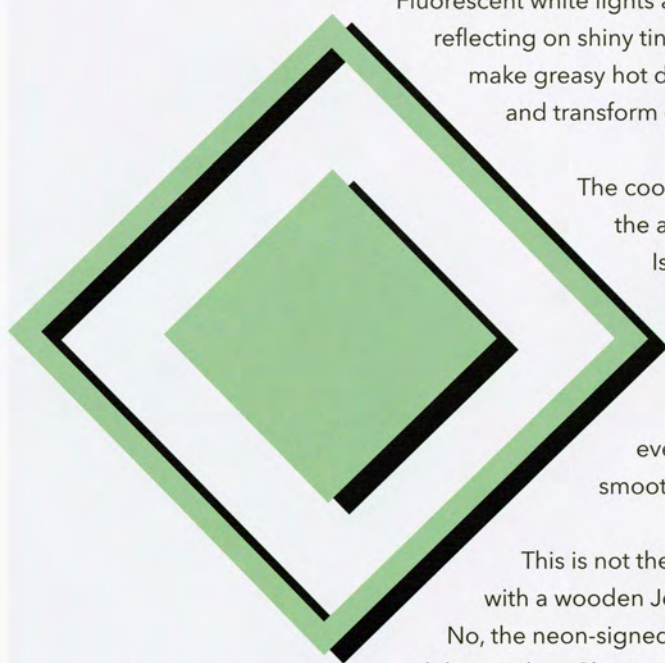


Pineapple Head (Illustration) Allison Shinsky



# A Reverence of a Gas Station

Rachael Linthicum



Fluorescent white lights against black pavement,  
reflecting on shiny tinted windows in the perfect night,  
make greasy hot dogs glow in their chrome rotisseries  
and transform candy bar wrappers into glittering jewels.

The cool, silver taste of tin caressing my warm lips—  
the artificial sweetness conjures the idea of a peach.  
Is it all the corn syrup hitting my bloodstream at once  
or my nightlife giddiness that makes my visit here holy?

The grimy, bulletproof glass doors open to a temple of vices—  
lottery tickets, cartons of cigarettes, cans of cheap beer—  
everyone, young and tired, makes their sacrifices at the register,  
smooth plastic or crumpled twenties and ones.

This is not the hard and stern marble building of my youth  
with a wooden Jesus, unaccepting of life's original, inevitable sin.  
No, the neon-signed church by the train tracks is where I worship  
while an urban Christ restocks beef jerky for us damned.

*Silenced.* (Photography) Janae Brown



# PERSEPHONE

Emma O'Brien

Springtime leaves Hades  
with whispers and kisses  
to plant snow peas and daisies  
among the narcissus.

Springtime paints with pollen  
a land of pastel.  
The Goddess of Flowers?  
Or the Mistress of Hell?

From where the snow melts,  
and meets piles of mud;  
so little is different between  
petals and blood.

Springtime's not green,  
but rather dark red  
like pomegranate lips  
from the land of the dead.

My mom really likes reading palms.  
Not because she believes in it—  
she just thinks it's fun.

I listened when she held my palm  
and said, "Look, Ubu, this is  
a relationship line. This is the line  
for the man you'll love most in the world."

I looked at my line—your line—in reverence  
for the next six years.  
I imagined the wedding.  
I named the children.

And then I met you,  
and my line had new meaning.  
But soon enough I realized something.

You had different lines.  
No one ever promised that  
the man I loved most in the world  
would love me back.



# *My Unworthiest Hand*

K.S. Robinson





AM Tulips (Photography) Megan Tabelon

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# Pizza Night

Sarah Koth

I remember heating up a frozen pizza for her and her brother one of the last nights I saw her. Thankfully, they wanted the same flavor—it was something simple and pure, like pepperoni. All of their high academic achievement awards hung on the refrigerator in the Tuscany kitchen: her report card, his soccer award, her art club, their yearbook portraits.

The three of us agreed to watch a movie together, and they lightly sparred over which one to pick. Her brother made funny faces at her, shook his head with a grin, and watched her as they talked film choices. He had changed, and it was then that I fully understood that her health might have, too.

*An American Girl: Saige Paints the Sky.* She sat on the edge of the couch in a pink and cream-colored blanket. She didn't want her brother to sit so close, and he teased her a bit from afar, kicking his soccer ball and watching from the kitchen. He stayed to watch with us for a bit, but no one minded when he strayed a while. He came back to check on her every so often.

Her audible, chopped breaths almost made me tell her brother

to stay with me and hold the phone with their parents' number readily dialed. However, something in the way that she sat—eyes larger than normal, her head bobbing slightly—told me to cling to this moment rather than to keep asking her if she wanted any ice cream or more water.

She was a star in almost every sense of the word. Well-known, radiant, at times distant and then brilliantly present. The entire county knew her and loved her; we watched her flicker and dazzle all at once. Her toothy, timid smile, a small frame, the pink and brown hats with a crochet flower hugging her scalp created a beautiful, burning star. The steady fuel of love surrounding her helped keep her strong core from collapsing. A steady light shone in her eyes, but it seemed to fade back into her the more the pain persisted—dimmed, but never snuffed.

I remember asking if she wanted me to tuck her in. Before this night, she would've said no, or maybe considered it with a shake of her head. Tonight, her thin, dark brows squished together as if confused at the question, and she turned slowly back with wide

and sunken eyes.

"Yes, come walk behind me."

We made our way up the stairs, both feet landing on each one, me two steps behind her. I followed her wobbly path down the hall and waited for the next direction. Wait in the hall as she dressed, she told me, but leave the door to her connecting bathroom a little bit opened. I was to come back to the room in a minute. For that minute, I went to see her brother, who juggled a soccer ball as we chatted. He told me about getting ready for high school and how his friends were doing. He continues to amaze me beyond his juggling record.

She called for me. I wish I had memorized her room better. It played on her innocence: purple and pink childhood, sky blue and princesses, animal friends and books, and her art draped around her room. Yet it hinted at her old soul: black and white floral fabric covered the bedspread, Bible verses painted on canvas hung on the walls beside photographs of the family, and a collection of medicine bottles peeked from her bathroom. Oh, Lord, I have so many questions—every muscle in her body worked to peel back the sheets, and I felt myself move to tuck her in before my thoughts processed the heartbreak.

She asked me to pray with her, and I have to pause every time I remember her soft voice praying.

She'd probably be embarrassed if I was talking about her like

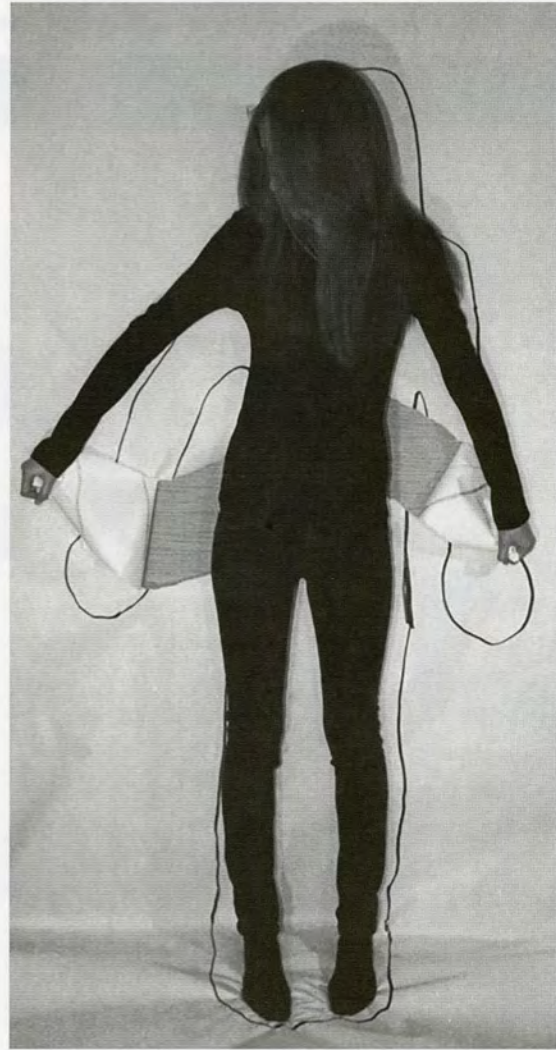
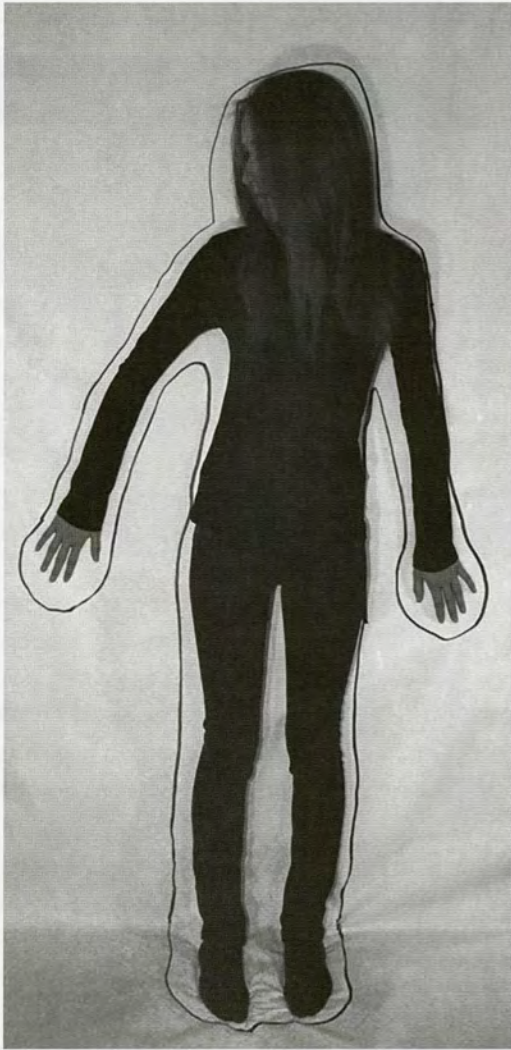
this. Crying might've made her eyes roll. If she knew how often, how exactly I thought about her. I can picture her hearing such things, her slightly turned profile, slight arms clinging to her elegant and kind mother, receiving adoring looks from her father, her brown eyes looking from the side, almost daring me to pay close attention. *I might miss something*. Her expressions were recipes: half of a dare, one (or more) hidden secret(s), a hint of sass, and a base of joy.

Why wasn't it me? I'd already written some stories and learned how to drive. I'd already had my first kiss, first boyfriend, first breakup. I'd already traveled and made plans beyond next week. Why couldn't she? This wasn't right. Yes, we had different kinds of tumors, but they were both near the same place. But why not me? She offered everything, and it seemed that no one could offer her much.

Do I have the privilege to feel such a loss? Do I have the place to mourn for such a life? I keep answering yes, although more shaking questions leak out in conversations had only within quiet rooms, likely in the dark. Deeply wounded by the silence but still here, I tend to find a peace among those moments. They're quiet, soft, and envelope my tension with the faithful truth that she and I both know.

She is not lost, no, but she is not here. She continues to be. ○

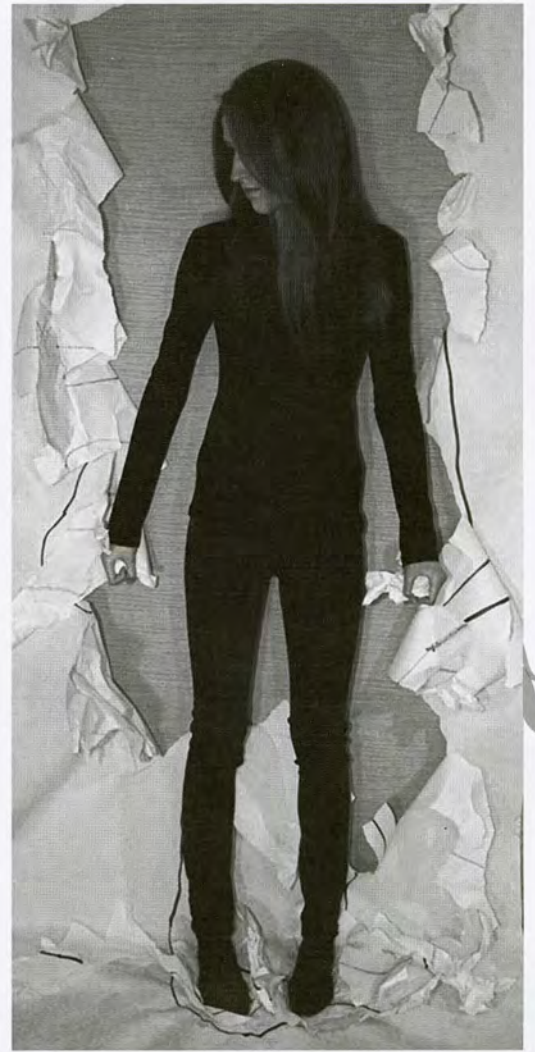
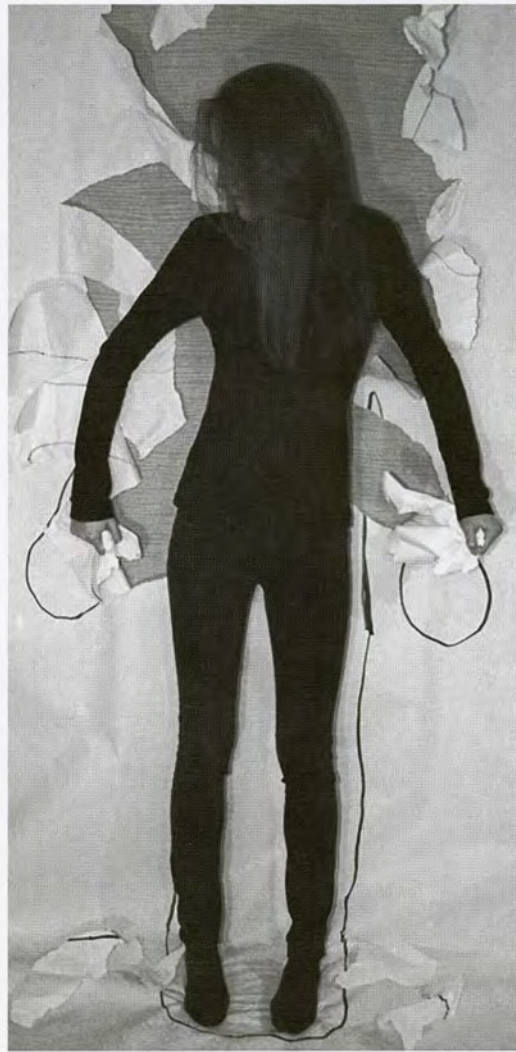
**However, something in the way that she sat—  
eyes larger than normal, her head bobbing  
slightly—told me to cling to this moment  
rather than to keep asking her if she wanted  
any ice cream or more water.**



Paper Doll Series (Silver Gelatin Print) Jessica Ostrowski-Wright

# Breasts

Vaden Vosteen

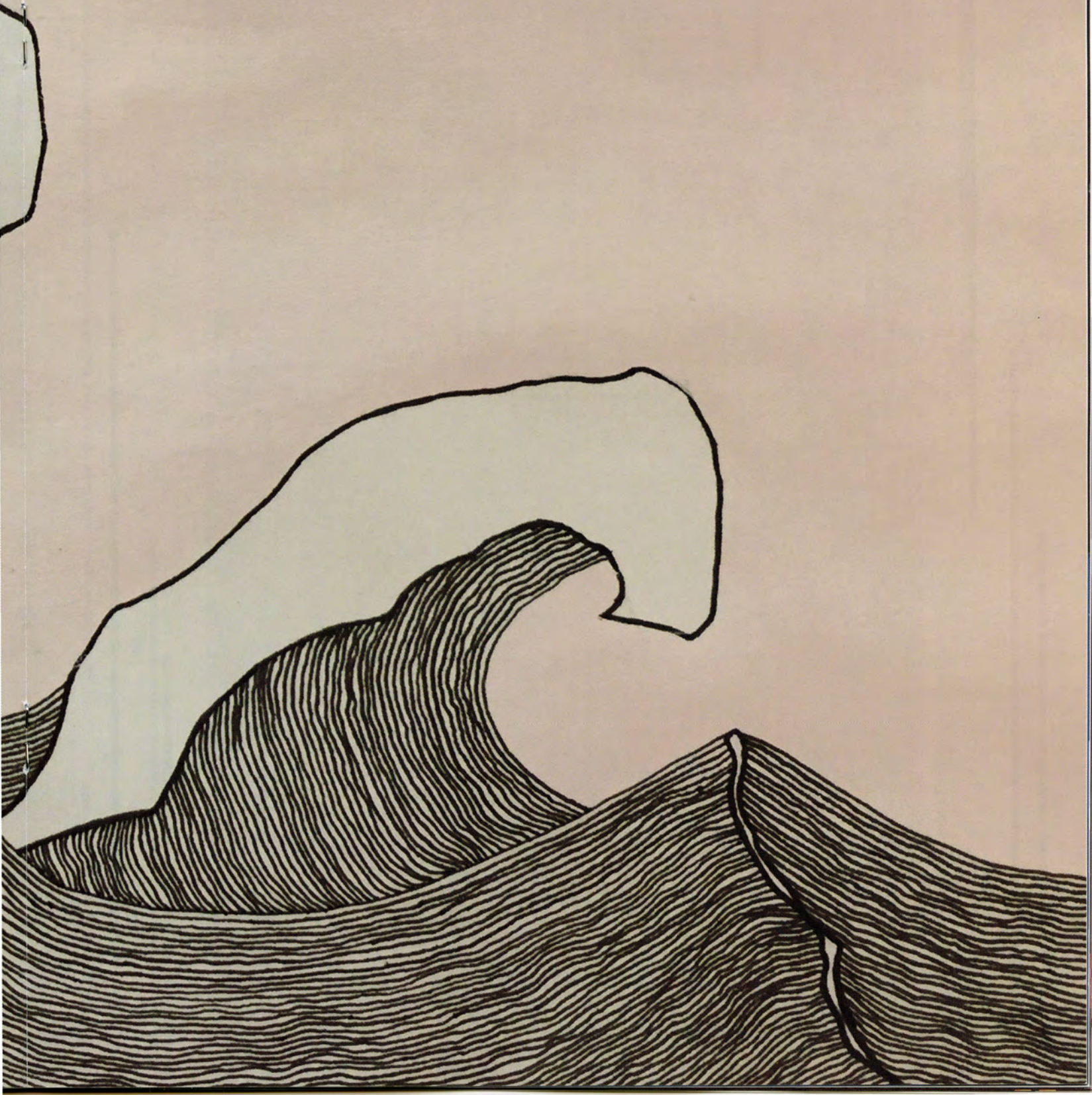


when we first met,  
in shame my mother bought me undershirts.  
white and beige and light pink,  
extra fabric to keep these new, protruding nipples  
protected and hidden.  
we grew quickly through the alphabet  
but I barely noticed your size,  
and then she was crying on the bus  
because the sixth grade boys drew a stick figure  
with two round torpedoes pushing out in front,  
gravity defying cruelty.  
I didn't understand what was wrong  
with becoming a woman.

we keep our distance for a while,  
shyly, me not knowing what to make of  
skin stretching away from me.  
added weight to my scale and numbers to my size  
alien proof of what I am, who I am.

we meet again later,  
in triumph, when you find equilibrium.  
we say we are friends now,  
regardless of days when phantom needles  
pierce my chest, of days when men stare too long,  
of days when dresses will never fit.  
now we can stand and look at each other in the mirror,  
your soft cream resting on my ribs.  
I cup you and my nipples gently peak,  
small sign of what my body might do one day,  
of what miracles we could do.  
I pull off the dress, and the undershirt,  
and see there's nothing wrong with being a woman.





# WHEN MY DUST HAS SETTLED

Nico Penaranda

When my dust has settled,  
will you still feel the burns  
of the straps we tied?

Will the chords I wrote  
still ring through your lungs  
like uneven melodies?

Will the tattoos you inked  
still mean what  
the needle drew?

Will the hollow love of  
clapping voices and  
screaming hands still fuel  
our damned world?

Because blood  
doesn't pulse  
when no one  
listens.





Right Where It Hurts (Silkscreen Print) Jorge Ariel Escobar

"She could really put you in a mood. The whiny voice mixed with the pursed lips—woah. But, what else are sisters for, if not to annoy the living crap out of you?"

"You can't say that at her funeral, for God's sake." Eddie said.

"Why not? It's the truth," I told him.

He looked at me, gathered up his bag, and walked to the door.

"That's messed up, man." He left. Now you can see why I never tell anyone anything. They all judge me.

That afternoon, I went to May's funeral. I was really more concerned with how uncomfortably restrictive a suit can be than whether or not the priest said her name right—not like May the month, but longer, and drawn out how she liked you to say it. Mayyy. He didn't say it right, but, like I said, the suit was annoying and I just wanted to go see a movie or read a book or something. You get downright exhausted nodding at every random person that comes to the viewing, so that by the time the actual thing is happening, you're too tired to be polite. But, everyone always comes to the funeral, to pay their respects or whatever. Not that any of these randoms knew May's middle name, but, you know, they're here to pretend they did.

The good part, though, is getting packages of food from strangers. I love casseroles.

"Nate, pass me the salt," Charles says. Charles is a boring

person.

I pass him the pepper by mistake, and he doesn't even notice. Just pours the freaking pepper all over his soup. That's what happens when your girlfriend dies. You start thinking salt is pepper.

"Have you registered for all your classes yet?" Charles asks, shoveling what must be some insanely spicy soup into his mouth.

You know how sometimes you can hear people eating, chewing, or—God forbid—swallowing? I hate that. I can always hear him eat.

"Yeah," I tell him.

"What ones did you choose?"

"AP Bio, Contemporary Issues, English... and whatever my math is supposed to be for this year."

That's all he asked about, because he's Charles.

Mom and Dad were still on vacation somewhere in Canada, their tears likely mimicking Niagara Falls, so I drove the car to school.

You see, the problem is, I'm a terrible driver. You've never seen anything like it. It's not so much that I don't turn on my blinker, or that I speed. I use the blinker, and I'm cautious. I can just never figure out which lane is the left lane, so I always end up turning down a one-way road with head-on traffic or something—it's scary. The stupid lines are never painted bright enough.

# IT'S A LITTLE

# COO

When I get to school, I see Eddie across the parking lot. He comes over and says sorry about running out the other day and can we hang out soon and so on and so forth.

I tell him, "Yeah."

When we are excused to go, I get a list of summer assignments I have to make up from the teacher. At the bottom, he wrote, "My condolences to you and your family," because he couldn't say it to me in person or something. Who gives assignments out during the summer anyway? That's just annoying. Better condolences would have been to let me skip the assignments.

My next class was Math. I tried not to kill myself.

By the time the day was over, I was desperate to get home. I drove down a one-way only once, and this time it wasn't an accident. Still made it home in one piece, though. As always.

I forgot to do my homework, and planned on doing the make-up summer assignments never.

"Dad spends how much to send you there, and your Math grade is a C?"

Mom was yelling through the phone. I get it. Really, I promise, I do. The thing about my life is that I have all the "necessary tools" to succeed, but I just can't quite make it work. Something is off-kilter, something is off and I don't know what.

"I'll bring it up, It's only the first half of the quarter." I received

a sigh. Ugh.

"You'd better."

I said I would, didn't I?

I got a C in Math *and* Bio that quarter.

I was tired, and I didn't care.

Before midterms, I got wasted in my basement. It would've been fun if I hadn't been alone because Eddie bailed last minute.

I ended up puking in the toilet, and while I was doing so Charles noticed my heaving. Swear that guy hadn't left my house in weeks.

"Oh, Nate," was all he said, but I think it was the pity in his voice that pissed me off to the point that I started crying. It wasn't about Mayyy, though, that's the thing. I cried because Charles is the last person you want to talk to when you're throwing up boxed wine and whisky.

I cried because my parents didn't lock up the alcohol in the house when Mayyy passed, only the medicine cabinet, because they knew, like I knew, that I'd never have the guts to do what Mayyy did that afternoon. That sunny (or was it overcast?) afternoon when they found her with her hair fanned out, framing her cold face, lips blue, eyes open, waiting for something to change. They knew that I would stay the same good ol' Nate—the worthless, depressed kid who listens to music in bed and sings himself to sleep because no one else will. ○

# LD

# FOR MAY

Carli Woodyear

# It's a Man's World

Sydney Esther Thier

They say she came  
from a rib-shaped seed—  
small and unessential.

Her existence  
depended solely on his,  
"I am of you and for you."

She was defined  
by what came first;  
Strength; Masculinity; He.

Doomed by Her femaleness,  
bound by the attention of men  
with ulterior motives.  
Foolish; Silly; Weak.

The Mother of All Sin—  
still paying for the ignorance  
of her sons.

But, if they are correct,  
She was borne  
from the bones  
that guard the chest—  
powerful and protective.

Her existence  
derived from his,  
"I am of you,  
but I am not owned  
by you."

Defined by what  
he cannot be;  
Giver of Life.  
Matriarch.  
Woman.

Denounced for Her femaleness,  
innate in her evilness,  
tongue clipped  
by the arrogance of men  
with ulterior motives.

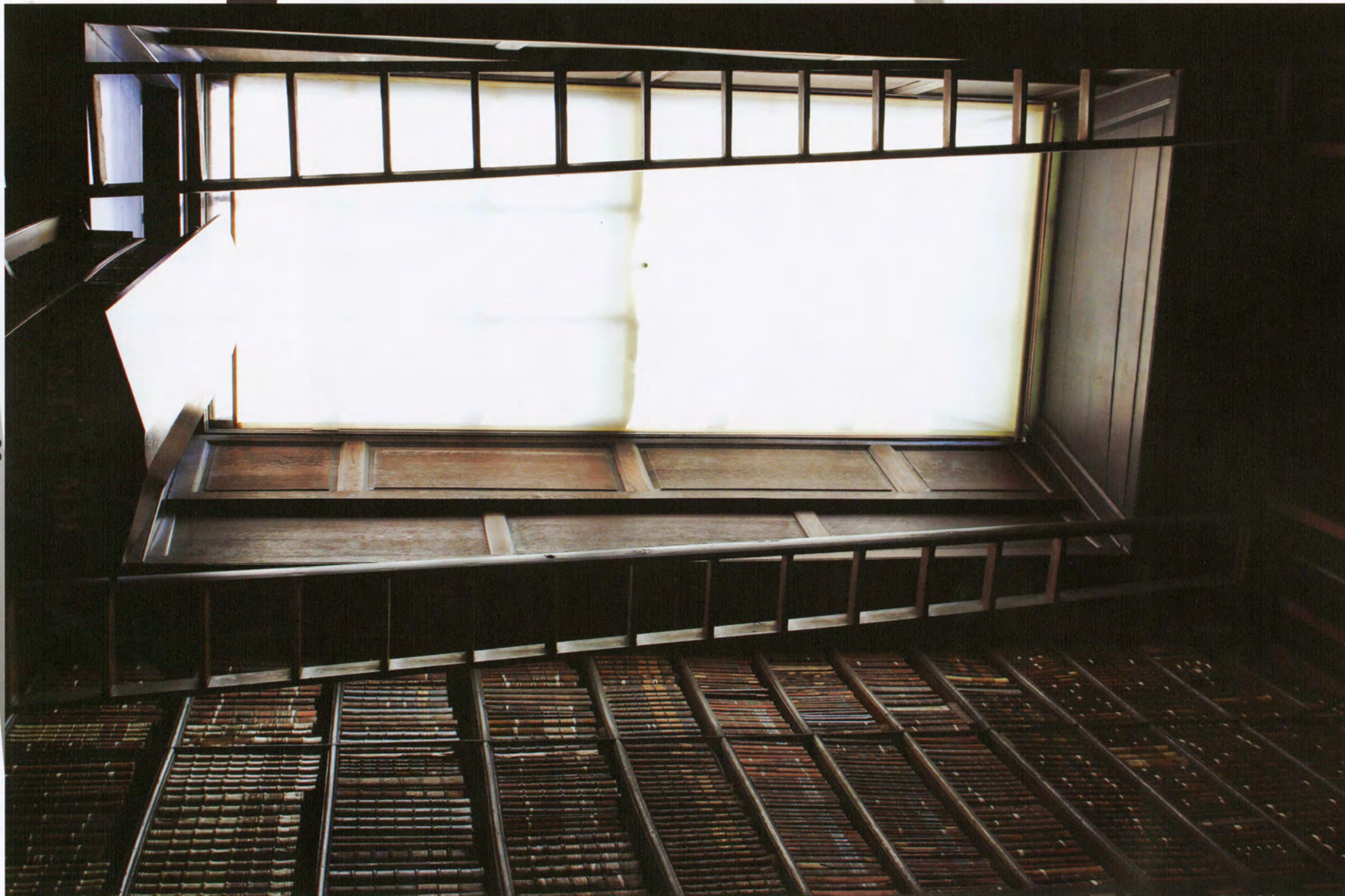
Foolish?  
Silly?  
Weak?

The Mother of All Sin  
held a man's world  
in Her hands  
and cast him out  
of Eden.

The Mother of All Children—  
shamed for picking an apple from a tree  
when perhaps the greatest sin of all  
was making Her a mirror for Him.



*Nymph* (Makeup, Styling, & Photo editing) Amelia LeCroy, (Photography) Amanda Shrader



# Clonmacnoise: The Silent Screamer

Honora Cargile

What is the word for this place? It's not a ruin, nor a cemetery. No words convey its gravity. A boneyard. The dead live here and I visit with a terrible sense of dramatic irony wherein I know what happened here, but the men who litter the underground only know it in death. That haunts me.

The film they show is corny. I laugh at parts, and the music drives me crazy in that repetitive, *Clockwork Orange* sort of way. Still, I understand what it is trying to convey at its core. It wants me to know that this place was once holy, peaceful, and complete. It wants me to see what doesn't exist anymore and that annoys me far more than this sticky-sweet music ever could.

The grounds are green and grey. It's a terrible juxtaposition of the living and the dead; the soft earth and the hard stone; the fresh and the decrepit. It wants so badly to be recognized as more than a ruin. It's a testament to what they did. It's a reminder to the world and to everyone that participated in this assault on what was once holy. The remnants of these walls, this

home to the faithful, withstood plagues and raids. It speaks to the Irish way of rebuilding what is torn down and uplifting the downtrodden. There is never an occasion to remain fallen. Even now, this place tries with the last of its strength to not crumble.

The monastery tries to tell its visitors what has been done to it. The door here whispers back, apparently, echoing what was said. The door is like me—at an entire loss for words. It lacks my thumbs and I lack the language. I don't have the Irish words, and, more pressingly, I don't have the English. There are no words to convey this extent. No adjective to tell of the green, no grammatical tense to explain how truly old this place is, no punctuation to describe how it tries to, but cannot, scream. The stone and I stand face-to-face. It is begging me to tell this story and I am failing.

The grave-strewn ground is the only part of this monument that can actually tell. It lists the name of those who have come to rest in this place. It is what claims ownership. This is no longer a home to the living, but to the dead. ○

# The Two Men

Keith C. Williams

One-man One wrestles with One-man Two.  
This One wears pink, the other One blue.  
One-man Two now counters One-man One.  
Long have they fought in my bastion.

Soft-rose – I know the value of pride –  
for this truth I should not have to hide.  
I ask, really, what's wrong with a hug?  
"You're not much a man," the barb had dug.

Roaring-navy – I straighten up firm –  
true male; definition of the term;  
taunt to anger: I tighten my fist.

Why does it matter whom I had kissed?

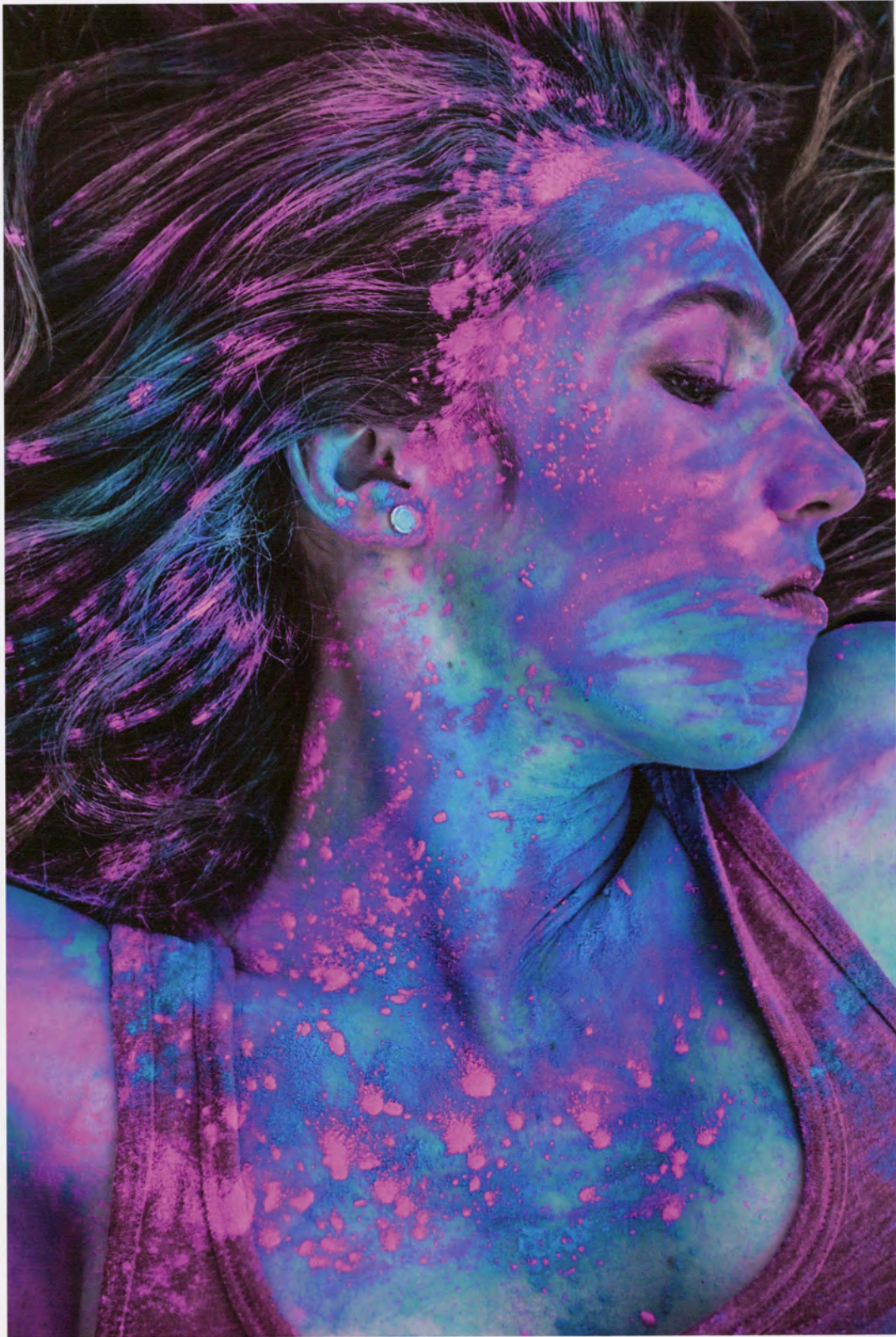
How do I win when the two fight on?  
Which should I be: the Gentle or Brawn?  
The World is known to prefer one way.  
But I'm not sure; there are two who play.

Many things said to condemn the sprite;  
Stoic Blue over Pink now asserts,  
so I can walk on, endure what hurts,  
hold my head high, and ignore the slight.

With all the demands placed on the brick,  
Calm Pink leads Blue forth in silly joy:  
Earth and the air, since I was a boy.  
Maybe I really don't have to pick.

Each has skills; integral unity.  
Accept as is, whenever I doubt;  
Just look for that fact beyond their bout:  
They might be two, but they're one in me.





*Brightened.* (Photography) Janae Brown

# PHENOM



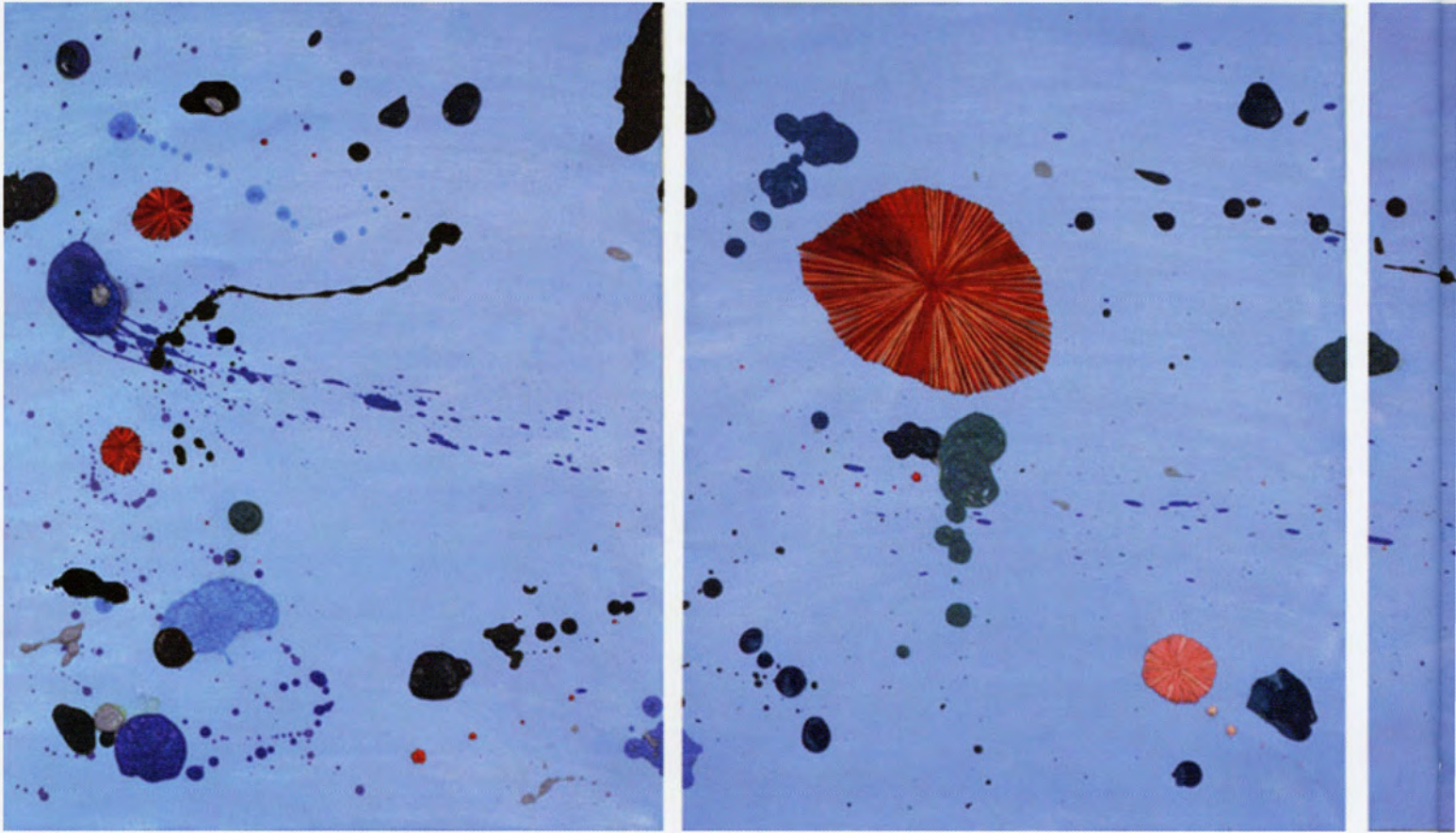
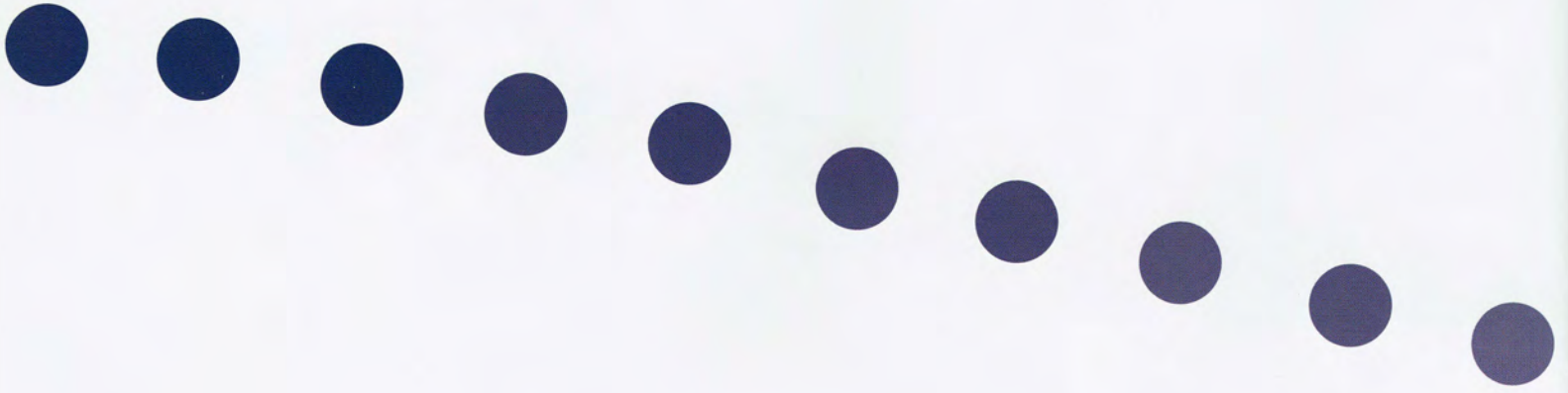
6:50pm (Photography) Megan Tabelon

# ENALISM

plainjaneglory



A man walked on the asphalt steaming  
Wondering why it was steaming.  
A man sat on a bench raining  
Wondering why it was raining.  
A man dropped his bottle breaking  
Wondering why it was breaking.  
Then the man cursing, picked up a stone being  
And wondered what it was being.  
A motion passing, he thinks it's a woman  
And wonders, well what is she being?  
The man looks at the woman  
Asking  
Are you breaking or steaming or raining?  
The woman is silent, the man cursing  
Knocks her head with the stone being.  
She drops like a rock,  
Or perhaps a stone being.  
The man staring, looks at the stone  
And he looks at the woman,  
And he cannot tell being from being.  
So he walks down the street weeping.



*Calm or Calamity* (Oil & Embroidery Thread on Canvas) Maria Stiven



# Sangria

Sydney Nolan

Lips stained red from sangria.  
You would swear it's the blood of men.  
For her eyes, steady, stride unbroken,  
she doesn't flinch for catcalls.

Lips red, Maybelline lush.  
She feels the alcohol behind her eyes.  
She stares at passing cocks with Rolex watches,  
knowing behind the bluff is a man  
trying to live up to daddy's expectations.

She's solid and whole,  
not giving herself to past lovers,  
but taking with her pieces of them,  
like their passion, lust, and merciless words.

Her lips are stained red with sangria.  
They used to be stained from themselves,  
from nights she chewed them apart  
because of men who chewed her apart.  
But she is now too tough to be chewed,  
and too full to be swallowed whole.

Her lips are stained red with sangria,  
which she sits drinking at a table for one.  
Watching men pass by,

eyes questioning the empty seat across from her.  
She's too whole for company.



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# Ends

**No  
nerve  
gas, no  
napalm,  
just  
good, old-  
fashioned  
kinetic.**

I walked down the sidewalk of what had once been the Roanoke Market Building and tried to fight the fear churning in my stomach. A cop walked by me—red, white and black armband soaked from the rain—and I fought the instinctive urge to cut and run, run far from the industrial stink of downtown, far into the mountains where they could never find me, to get away from there. I swallowed my doubts and checked the device I was carrying. It left me with a bit less of a guilty conscience than the last one. The resistance knew this attack would claim civilians, so they didn't have anything very nasty in this one. No nerve gas, no napalm, just good, old-fashioned kinetic. Nothing but the best for our fellow Americans

As the cop walked past, I looked at his soaked armband. If there hadn't been white on it we might have been friends, I thought, trying to take my mind off the mission. That's an upside of living in Virginia. The resistance here is pure Anarchist and not the Soviet-backed Communists you'd find on the West Coast or the sellout Anarcho-Capitalists you'd find up north. That's the one thing we have in common with the Fascists. We both know that you can't have both government and liberty. We both know the war put that idea to rest.

I shook my head of politics and went into the building. The banner above the entrance read "Virginian Nazi Party." Now something else churned in my stomach—disgust. So they wanted to sell their country up the river, did they? Well, I'd give them a party for the ages.

I walked up to the front desk. The receptionist was attending to a heavysset SS Officer. The eyebrows over his blue eyes were pressed into a frown. He was saying something about membership dues being raised and how this was exactly what he fought against. I did my best to ignore him and tried to look inconspicuous. The building was packed with people, some wearing uniforms and some in casual wear. I tried not to look at the families. Some were there for the museum of the War of Unification, some were there to sign up, others—the ones I tried hardest not to see—were there

# and Means

Frank Smith

to see loved ones returning from the war in Italy. Despite my best efforts, I caught a glimpse of a little girl in a pink coat embracing a man in uniform, probably her father. I spun my eyes to the desk and tried hard not to lose my lunch. I just kept telling myself what that Machiavelli guy said in the book Allen had given me: "The end justifies the means."

The SS officer finally went off in a huff. The receptionist turned to me and asked if she could be of assistance. She was a twenty-something blond with big, blue eyes and a sweet smile and voice, almost enough to make up for the black uniform she wore. A couple years earlier I would have asked her to dinner. Now I just asked her where the bathroom was. She said it was to the right and apologized for the wait. I thanked her and walked down the hall, silently repeating the mantra, "The end justifies the means." I repeated it as I walked past the men's room and went into the broom closet beside it. It's an old resistance trick. They always put the broom closet near the bathroom, and you want to plant your device in there because they always run the gas pipes beside it, because it keeps the noise of the pipes from getting too loud.

I took a deep breath and took out the device. I carefully opened up the cardboard box it was in and started arming it, doing my best to remember what Josh had told me to do. Just punch in the code. When it arms, the light will turn red and you'll have a minute to get out and not be a martyr. Josh always made things sound simple. Do X and you'll get Y. No emotion, no remorse—just facts. The perfect scientist and soldier. I punched in the code, the light turned red, and I set the box down and walked out as fast as humanly possible.

I made for the exit. I tried to ignore the crowds bustling around me and hoped none of them saw the cold sweat that had broken out across my face. I checked my watch. 45 seconds. I finally escaped the suffocating sea of people and got to the exit, waving goodbye in more ways than one to the receptionist who told me to have a nice day. 30 seconds.

I walked out into the street and started to make for a back alley when I heard a voice say, "Hey, wait!"

I tensed and instinctively went for my Walther P72. I turned around and saw the cop from earlier. He was holding out my wallet in his hand.

"You must have a hole in your pocket or something. This dropped out." 15 seconds. I took the wallet.

"Thanks," I said, and, deciding to ignore the white on his armband, added, "Now can I help you?"

"Sure?" he said, looking puzzled.

"Duck," I said, and ran away as fast as I could. As I dived into an alley, I looked back. The cop took two seconds before he finally lowered his head, seemingly to humor the stranger with the lost wallet. Three seconds more and he would have been dead. The explosion ripped through what had once been the Market Building, breaking windows and spewing debris into the street. The cop was thrown to the ground, the pavement tearing his soaked armband to shreds. Then the gas pipes started reacting. More explosions rocked the building and flames started pouring out of the shattered windows. I could hear screams inside the building and the wail of incoming sirens.

I ran down the alley towards the pick-up point. A stolen army truck was waiting for me at an abandoned lot just in sight of the ruins of what had once been the Market Building. Elder was waiting for me in the back of it.

"I see the operation was a success," he said without a hint of emotion in his voice. "Are you hurt?"

"Nothing physical," I replied as I got in the back of the truck.

"This will send a powerful message to the Fascists," he said, handing me a helmet for what he knew was coming. It happens to everyone after they hit their soft target. I took it without paying much attention. I was staring at the ruins of the Market Building and silently repeating, "The end justifies the means." The EMS team had already arrived and was going through the wreckage, looking for the lucky and unlucky. I saw a sheet being laid over a pink jacket. I turned my face to the ceiling, called Machiavelli a filthy name, and lost my lunch in Elder's helmet. ○

# Samson

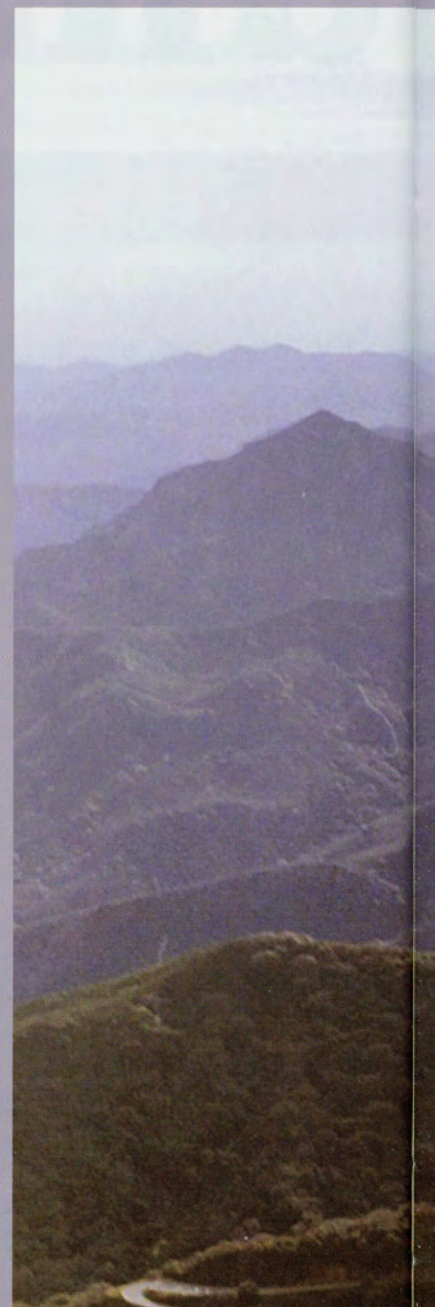
Marina Shafik

Did you cry for your loss—  
the loss of your strength—or did  
you weep with joy, for all the  
weight had been lifted  
off your shoulders with just  
a pair of scissors?

How could you have known  
not to trust a woman with  
a voice like honey and skin  
like cinnamon, her perfume  
drowning out the silver glare  
of the instrument in her hand?

It's not your fault, but now  
your hair, once a black river,  
is scattered on the floor  
along with your faith and  
your strength and  
your pride.

Don't cry for your lost mane,  
Samson,  
for your hair will grow back,  
but your trust will not. God will  
forgive you, but you will never  
forgive yourself.







*Infinity Mountains* (Photography) Megan Tabelon





# STARS

K.S. Robinson

The moon once outranked the stars.  
Who would want to be a star  
when the moon was always bigger?

But then it was discovered  
that stars can be seen from so far  
because they burn so brightly.

The moon is a dead thing—  
it only seems bright because of the sun.  
A star burns. It lives.

Being far but ablaze  
will always be preferable  
to being close but dying for it.

*Guitar and Flowers* (Mixed Oils & Oil Pastels) Henry Hernandez



Cómo Se

Cristina Aragón  
Dice?

Saturdays are always  
for Abuelo's y Abuela's.  
We trek to their home,  
which is a temple  
for the other land—

the land of black sand beaches and the volcano Izalco  
and mom and dad's childhood and *la mara salvatrucha*.

*Cómo estas, niña?*

I'm good, Abuela.

Why is the music so loud, Abuela?

*Por qué es la musica tan fuerte?*

(Thanks, Dad.)

*Tu abuelo es sordo.*

Oh.

His melancholic ballads come to me,  
they are the songs of the other land,  
and yet, they make the atmosphere  
lighter than my sunless skin  
when I put my hand against Abuelo's  
(40 years of living in El Salvador will do that to you).

The *sopa* is ready  
and the table is full of chatter,  
words crawl back and forth  
like the jaguars in the jungle of the other land.

They pounce, too,  
but only at me,  
because they know I cannot say anything in return.

Hey, Dad, *cómo se dice*—  
anything

# Hollow

Giuliana Macaluso

It had reached that vague, interstitial hour that lies somewhere between dusk and nightfall by the time he emerged from the pub. Darkness had swallowed the romantic, golden glow of the sky, ushering society back to their homes and inviting the night crawlers to surface. He hadn't realized how long he had stayed.

He clutched his threadbare overcoat closer to his body, suddenly aware of the crispness in the autumn air. A hollow silence had settled over the city, broken only by the faint sputtering of an engine somewhere in the distance. Yielding to the crippling monotony that the impending night promised, he exhaled and began the trek home.

The shadows crept along the cobblestones, haunting misrepresentations of the sources of their existences. He stumbled across the uneven ground, the fogginess of his mind matching that of his breath, visible in the changing air. His legs objected to his demands with every step.

The journey felt longer than usual.

He struggled against the dimness to force the frame of his building to come into focus, unable to determine whether its lopsidedness was caused by poor architecture or by the unsoundness of his mind. He conquered the sunken stairs, failing to avoid the areas that creaked, and neglected to shut the door as quietly as possible behind him - the walls were thin, and he wanted his arrival heard.

The door to his flat was too large for its frame, a miscalculation that caused it to unfailingly protest his attempts to open without difficulty. He could feel the bitter air within through the gap at the base. The door groaned under his force and surrendered, a familiar smell of stale whiskey greeting him. He crossed the threshold and halted abruptly; he had forgotten to check the mail. That made three days. He would do it tomorrow.

He searched for the light, scratching at the wall in vain. It evaded him.

For several minutes, he stood in the darkness and stared into the abyss, his trembling hand finding the hollow of his stomach. He had forgotten to buy groceries. That made four days. He would do it tomorrow.

He felt his way toward the mattress on the floor in the corner, kicking off his boots as he went. He wrapped himself in his sheets, gasping at the mild shock of the chill. He hoped he hadn't tracked mud throughout the flat. He would survey the damage tomorrow.

He lay awake for moments - or hours, maybe - for the thoughts wouldn't relent. Slowly, finally, he slept. ○



Talk (Photography) Rachel Crowe

# art series

For the first time ever, Gardy Loo will be displaying art series on our website, [jmuGardyLoo.org](http://jmuGardyLoo.org). Instead of only having a few pieces within our pages, artists have the opportunity to showcase a more robust series on our blog. Below is a preview of what's available digitally—be sure to scan the QR code to visit our blog!



*Amanda Pfost*



# Brandon Doyle



To see the complete galleries for the two art series featured here, scan this QR Code with your mobile device or go to [www.jmuGardyLoo.org](http://www.jmuGardyLoo.org)!



# design index

The names and numbers listed below are the designers of each set of pages. These staff members created the layout of these pages, but not the content.

<b>v &amp; vi</b>	Kaitlyn Miller	<b>25 &amp; 26</b>	Emily Setelin
<b>1 &amp; 2</b>	Rachel Owens	<b>27 &amp; 28</b>	Kaitlyn Miller
<b>3 &amp; 4</b>	Rachel Owens	<b>29 &amp; 30</b>	Marina Shafik
<b>5 &amp; 6</b>	Kaitlyn Miller	<b>31 &amp; 32</b>	Erin Masterman
<b>7 &amp; 8</b>	Aereen Lapuz	<b>33 &amp; 34</b>	Katja Wisch
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<b>21 &amp; 22</b>	Kaitlyn Miller	<b>47 &amp; 48</b>	Rachel Owens
<b>23 &amp; 24</b>	Kaitlyn Miller		

**au revoir!**



"Gardyloo" (one word) was originally used as a warning cry by chambermaids as they threw the contents of their chamber pots into the street. It might have come from the French *garde à l'eau* which means *look out for the water*.

**Why did editors of the past pick it as their magazine name? We have no idea. But we like to think that it reminds us to keep looking up.**