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Entire Issue

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Blair and Sedgwick: TYGR 2019-2020

2019-2020

Student Art & Literary Magazine

tygr

2019-2020
Student Art & Literary Magazine

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Letter from the Editors

Everyone has a story to tell. That is, in essence, the purpose of being an artist and a writer. We want to tell a story. Perhaps it is our own story or maybe it is the story of another whom we have the pleasure of being able to share. Either way, we all have something worth telling about. We have a collection of emotions and experiences that have been interwoven into our lives, thus forming our journey and our story. In return, we all have a piece of ourselves that we wish to give back to the world and to the people that played such a significant role in shaping who we are. We are all the artists and writers telling the story of our lives. Each one of you - artist, poet, writer, or beloved reader - are all storytellers. You have something worth sharing with the world.

With the finalization of this TYGR, we come to appreciate the work and dedication of each member of our team. TYGR would not exist without the effort and talent of the writers and artists within these pages. Thank you for being a storyteller. Thank you for sharing a piece of yourself with the world. We would also like to graciously thank our staff, each of whom has put in considerable time and effort in making this year's TYGR magazine a reality. Thank you to Professors Greiner and Johnson for your support, patience, and guidance throughout this process. We are also grateful to Jasmine Cieszynski for assisting us throughout our transitional period. Each of you has contributed a necessary part to the completeness of this TYGR.

Finally, we would like to thank you, our readers. Without you, this body of work would lack purpose. May this year's TYGR express the weight of living. May it express the full capacity of heartache, loss, joy, love, and life. These are the things that make us human and the things that make our story worth telling.

So, take a deep breath, relax, and enjoy this part of our story.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Kyra Blair".

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Rachel Sedgwick".

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The Tyger

william blake

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, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? And 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 water'd 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?



Confused #1 | Bethany Hofer | Acrylic



Yes | Eazel I. Abbott | Acrylic

<https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/tygr/vol2020/iss1/1>

a love poem

josh bumgardner

I will take it all
Everyone you've had before me
The sister you love
And the pets you've buried
Every cigarette that's burned your lungs
Every drink that you couldn't keep down
And the dirty words behind your teeth
I'll take the bones you've broken
And the wounds you've etched
Every nose you've punched
Every blade you've held
And all the shame you have left
I'll take the pout of your bottom lip
And how it trembles when you're upset
I'll take your strong hands
I'll take your soft eyes
I will take it all
And stitch you back together
With the words that tore me apart
I'll love you wholly



Winds of Change | Megan Mishler | Acrylic

Trista

andrew perabeau

She stared off into the drizzle outside the schoolroom, getting lost in its noise on the pane which reminded her of rice spilling on the wood floor at home. Well that's not home anymore. Ma had told her "limpia el arroz," which she did, with the exception of three grains that went under the counter just to see if Ma would notice. She wonders if the new owners will find them. Maybe when she goes back, she can finally pick them up. But what's wrong with leaving her mark anyway? In fact, she almost hopes those three grains never move.

"Trista!" the teacher says. "Hello? Over here please."

Her own name is hard to recognize - it sounds so different.

She looks at the board which is full of figures she's seen before but in an order all messed up. Maybe it's a puzzle to unscramble them? Her gaze bounces to a familiar Elmer's Glue in the corner of the room. It's good to see a friendly face in the bull on the packaging. He looks so honest, so steady.

Her parents haven't lied to her that she can remember. The only hint of dishonesty was the time she went fishing with Papá but didn't catch anything. Ma couldn't tell the difference between the salmon from the market and the water, he assured her.

There is no reason not to trust them. But this time feels different. It's hard to believe that "todo va a estar bien" amidst all the late night whispers and what little she knows of the big words on the TV leaving no room for hope. And yet, she clings to those words. Not as lint clings to her jacket or her skirt to the back of her legs after sitting too long in a hot schoolroom, but rather as her mother clings to the handle on the ceiling of the car when her dad drives on hills or as a baby chimpanzee clings to its mother on TV. Todo va a estar bien. Everything is going to be alright.

As soon as a stable, comforting thought finally settles, the bell rings and the room erupts into chaos. The teacher yells for them to be seated and to line up calmly, but to no avail. Trista picks out another girl - a pretty, blonde, confident girl who raised her hand a lot and follows her. Apparently, it's time to grab the brown paper bag Mamá handed her in the morning during ¡Despierta América! and go to the cafeteria.

She sat alone. It's just too much work to try to communicate when you're eating. She wanted to enjoy her torta in peace. Ahh. The chorizo and the huevos and the queso and the toasted bread - she stopped mid-bite to breathe in through her nose the comforting scent.

Todo va a estar bien.

Before she could chew and swallow, though, she was approached! How could she go from feeling like a cheetah to a pet cat so quickly? He made her nervous with his crew cut and American-flag tee. The cautionary advice from her parents

and aunts and uncles and friends came rushing back all at once but she still had hope.

"Hello. I'm Trista."

"Hi, I'm Paul."

He didn't have that rasp that sounds like he's weathered a centuries-long-struggle between us and them. It was a pure voice. Smooth and uncorrupted. They would be friends. Communicating was still a struggle but there was a soccer ball outside which they kicked around during recess after lunch. She knew he could play with the other kids, but he decided not to.

Having someone to stand by in line was so nice. Of course, they weren't supposed to talk - the "shhh!" of the teachers translates easily from back home. But just the presence of someone who also acknowledges hers.

As the little hand moved toward 3 and the big hand circled around one last time to 12, she knew it was time to go home. She was going to walk the three blocks but Paul offered to give her a lift home, and she agreed.

As the car pulled into the dirt driveway of their apartment - the apartment Papá assured Ma and her was only temporary - the tone in Paul's mom's voice changed ever so slightly. She remembered that voice from the principal talking to her mom. She didn't like it.

As she got out of the car to run inside, the screen door flew open and she was met with the pillowy hug of her mother, burying her head in her shoulder. But suddenly she felt dread, like everything but her stomach went into freefall. How can Ma say thank you to Paul's mom? How could they set up a playdate?

It was at this moment that she realized this feeling would last her whole life. School was okay, and home is great - but

the mix is unbearable. She felt like the yolk of an egg being passed back and forth to rid of the whites, losing just a little bit of mass each time, but she desperately wanted not to have been cracked at all and to stay in the comfort of yesterday. Safe with the rice on the kitchen floor.

Mirai Future

laura baugh

The smell of tatami and smoke wafted about the room,
As the group of friends aged with the waning of the moon,
Gesturing wildly as they retold the stories of their youth,
Cigarette smoke permeated the air,
and the froth of beer was on their lips,
They would grow old,
but their hearts would always remain foolish and untamed
Until they drew their last breaths.

A room full of budding prospects;
A teacher,
A soldier,
A salesperson,
And another youth searching for direction.
Amid the liveliness, he sat rather still.
The shadow of indecisiveness ghosting his features.
Little did he know, his destiny was not undecided,
It just had not begun yet.

It would begin, at the fall of the sakura,
And it would continue until he too,
grew old but still foolish.
One day he would mature,
And bring about laughter
Like fine wine served in delicate glasses,
The dark and heady liquor swirling in a vortex of memory,
Both lost and yet to be made.



Outstretched Hand | K. Hope Tarleton | Charcoal on Paper



Leaves in a Prairie | Alison McHugh | Watercolor

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Decomposing

cara triebold

Her lips dried up and fell away
She took apart her made-up face
And in the night and through the day
Her folded body, violet, lay.

Reaching deep inside her brain,
She felt a slow, violent strain
And harmonizing with the pain,
She thought she heard him come again

She grew leaves from out her elbows
And they grew down around her toes
Along her spine: violet roses
Her vines and veins anastomosed

She grew leaves from slits in her wrists
The vines she grew enclosed her fists
Her roses bloomed in violent tints
Covering handprints on her skin.

She lay quiet: decomposing,
Her body slowly eroding
A girl only in a poem
And all that is left:
Roses.



Cleopatra | Marcella Axelrad | Photograph

loose love

kelsie davis

I fall in love all the time. Trust me. I'm a professional. Probably just about every single week I fall in love with somebody new. These aren't real romances. They're barely even imaginary romances. It's really more of an intellectual and emotional exercise in how attached I can get to things that I'll never have, and then how quickly I can move on from them.

When I was six years old I fell in love with a kid named Jimmy. He was really good friends with my older brother. I was smitten with him all the way up until he shoved me down the playground steps

during a game of tag and I somersaulted over myself and landed on my head. He came to see if I was okay, which was very noble of him, but it didn't matter because I decided then and there that I never wanted to see him again. Poof, game over.

The next time I fell in love, it was a doozey. Dark hair, dark eyes, and the nicest boy I'd ever met. Again, he was good friends with my older brother... there might have been a trend there. His mom would watch my brothers and me when my parents went out or had to stay late at church, and I got along really well

with her. I was strategizing from a young age. For this love story, there was no falling out. I think I may still be in love with him – but in a “that was a long time ago and I haven’t seen him since I was eight” kind of way. Still, he’ll always have a little piece of my heart, way off in the corner.

After him I took a bit of a break. The next time I fell in love, I was thirteen. Oh yeah, this was the big leagues. Teenagers. Texting. Hugging. Hanging out. Talk about a recipe for some young heartbreak. He won my heart when he told me he thought I was “cute.” Coincidentally, I also thought he was cute. So that’s pretty much all that was necessary for a relationship to bloom. It lasted three months until I got bored because we were thirteen and there are only so many times you can have the same conversation while texting.

After that one I got a little pickier over who I fell in love with. There were boys, there were interests, but there was a lot less capturing-of-my-heart. Boys were teenagers and obnoxious and loud. They mostly just annoyed me.

I fell in love with a guy who was a freshman mentor. Yep. I was a freshman. That’s really all I want to say about that one.

My freshman year of college I fell in love for 2 weeks. Tall, cute, and easy to talk to. He brought me a chocolate frosty and told me about his family. The expectations were slowly rising. At this point in my young life I had never held hands with a boy, kissed a boy, or anything remotely resembling physical affection. After 2 weeks of being in love with him he tried to put his arm around me and just like with Jimmy, poof, all affections were gone. I’m not sure what the science was behind that poof. All I knew was one minute it was there, and then the moment he tried to touch me, it was not. That was a pretty clear sign. Love = demolished.

And then there was this really moody guy who took photos and was super artsy. He was one of those brooding guys who just seemed so complex and deep. I

never had a conversation with him. Not once. Just from afar, I thought maybe we’d travel the world together. The complete dream.

Then I met this one guy who really intrigued me. He was so upbeat. I remember the first time I saw him, I just kept looking at him. In a room full of people who looked very uncomfortable, he was laughing and just leaking joy. I remember he made me smile and he wasn’t even talking to me. He was the first guy that interested me – not just in his looks or even his personality, but in how he was. Vibrant. Kind. Genuine.

The next love story came in a very real and very intense kind of way. My first relationship. Quirky. A little dorky. Kind. Funny. Interesting. He was the first guy who I thought might be into me too and held my attention long enough to even allow for possibilities. I kept waiting for it to fall through – a week, two weeks, a month, until finally I realized that maybe it wasn’t going to fall through. It did. A year and a half later. Oof. That was a bad one. All the pain and heartache that comes from walking away from something safe and sure. But it wasn’t the right one. I had more falling in love to do.

After that I fell in love with a friend. This was my fantastical love. My “never-gonna-happen” love. My “wouldn’t-it-be-nice-if-it-did” love. My “don’t-push-it-farther-than-friendship” love. And I didn’t. But man, did we fall in love in my head. The whole kit and kaboodle. We’d joke around, or have long conversations, or wave to each other from across campus and I’d think, “you better knock it off, don’t you know I’m in love with you?” But I knew deep down that there was no chance. Not happening. Never a possibility.

Next I fell in love with the guy who sat directly across from me in church. I caught him looking at me, too. It was a fun mental romance; one with just enough encouragement to be entertaining. He’d come over and talk to me, and I’d flirt with him in a friendly way. I think we only had a total of 10 conversations all summer long. It all came to a halt when I asked

if he wanted to get coffee and he said he wasn’t ready for a relationship. I, shocked from the jump that was made to that conclusion, told him I also didn’t want a relationship, to which he wasn’t quite sure how to respond. I left to go back to school a week later. No harm, no foul. I couldn’t even tell you his last name.

I got back to school and fell in love with a guy I adored being around. He made me laugh, he could hold a conversation with me, and he wanted to spend time with me. I couldn’t shake it. He was my “what if?” love; my “I’d pick you in a heartbeat” love. First of all, he brought me food, so just from that, I’m sold. He got along with my friends, he sat in Denny’s with me talking about life and our interests until three o’clock in the morning. He was my friend. I trusted him.

It seemed like that was all my love stories were – grabbing on and letting go over and over again. I was always curious but not interested. Engaged but not invested. Hold, release. Cling, set loose. Hello, goodbye. And then I never held onto them again. So imagine my surprise when I kept falling in love with the same person. I found myself circling around and around to the same guy – remember him? I’ve introduced him a few times. The guy who leaked joy, who was later the guy I thought was never going to happen, who was later the guy I trusted.

I didn’t expect him to keep coming around. So when he showed up one night to ask me out on a date, I realized that the right love doesn’t disappear when you let go. When I tried to let go, it came back, little by little. Or more likely, it just stuck around. It gathered up all the loose love that was spread around and tied it together in a bow, put the bow on a bag of my favorite candy, and showed up at my doorstep.

Thawing

alexandria degner

When the snow all melts away
Will you be scared of what's underneath?
When all that's left is what you say
Will your words set her free?

She has been numb for too long
Longer than she has been covered with snow
She thinks everything about her is wrong
When she starts to slip away, let her go

Her heart has been frozen for many years
Being comatose is no way to live
Her body remains in winter, I fear
And she hopes you learn to forgive

When all the snow melts away
Will you be scared of what's underneath?
All that remains is her thawed body,
Is she dead or just asleep?



Dawn and the Dusk | Michelle Elizondo | Acrylic on Canvas



Female Icon | K. Hope Tarleton | Gouache on Paper

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The Glass Girl

cara triebold

There once was a girl made of glass. She was translucent. Almost invisible. You would barely notice if she passed you in the hall. But if you listened closely, you could hear the crystal strands of her hair clink together as she walked.

She was a living ghost. She sat in class quietly filling a notebook with doodles. Her teachers had to blink twice during roll call.

She ate sound. She left behind rooms filled with silence. She drank feelings like a kind of tea. Curiosity in the cold mornings, envy in the afternoon, melancholy at night.

No one wanted to get too close to her. They were afraid they would accidentally brush her the wrong way and she would shatter.

One day, after her morning cup of curiosity, she found herself forcing her way toward the center of the crowd. She slipped through tight spaces on purpose. In a reckless move, she ran headlong into someone who was looking right through her. For a moment, nothing happened. The boy was a little stunned, but gradually recovered. The glass girl teetered for a moment. Crevices grew across her skin. Slowly, she watched parts of her body crack and shatter. Glass shards littered the grass at his feet. She reached for a piece of her own body and let it bite into the boy's skin. Bright red, hot blood dripped onto the grass. She was not invisible. She was not soft.

She was a girl made of glass.

Disconnect

michael jorgensen

She wasn't like the others, all hypnotized by the screens before their faces—the blinking, multi-colored lights bouncing off their pupils, reflecting in their irises. She wasn't with the others, all connected—always connected—by an application in the palms of their hands.

He thought of the “zombies,” the ones who found the need to bury their faces into a device amidst a crowded room, or the ones with the pods inside their ears—all of them passing potential friends, lovers, colleagues without a single glance or nod or smile. All isolated. All addicted. All slowly dying.

He hadn't realized the immensity of the problem until just recently. He had always considered himself an old soul, seeking the truth in nature and in literature and in people. He knew that the culture had been suffocated in mindless entertainment—reality television, a thousand different channels, websites of all imagination, applications of any interest or desire—but he had somehow always managed to escape these so-called “traps.” He saw it all as a massive disconnection; what could it possibly lead to aside from depression and obsession? None of the lives that they presented to their followers were actually their

Peace Throughout Stress #9 | Hannah Mobley | Mixed Media



own; faces drowned in filters, candid photographs, the same basic quotes from the same basic movie or television show. All seeking attention. All disconnected. All the same.

The early-autumn sun was now hidden behind the peaks of the forest of buildings. He missed his home with the never-ending prairie, the late-setting sun, the peeking holes of Heaven. The constant choir of crickets and the gentle breeze of summer were now replaced by a free-form jazz piece featuring the voices of businessmen, the horns of taxicabs, and the continuous beat of a rap song playing at a party two doors down. Like every Friday night, the beat would bounce against the dormitory walls until the wee hours of the morning. All of them together. All of them falling willfully in line with the masses while drowning their brains in liquid toxicity. He pitied them.

The incoming darkness crept into the room, causing the nearby hanging traffic light to intensify in brightness and color. The mint-green lamp shone partially into his second-story window, painting half of his resting face in its hue. He sat up in his bed, still fully dressed from head to toe; his sandy hair stuck up in back from the brief afternoon nap. He stepped towards the window and closed the blinds to shut out the rest of the world. Just the two of them.

As he crawled back into bed, he looked intently at her prominent features. Her small, slightly tilted nose. Her long, dark, full eyelashes. Her freckle-spotted cheeks. Her bright blue eyes. Her thin upper lip. Her flowing golden hair. She sat there like a film on pause; like a portrait being painted before his eyes. He was certainly attracted to her, but it went far beyond her outward appearance. He saw true life in her—in her smile, in her laugh, in her personality. She legitimately cared. She legitimately listened. She wasn't like the others. They connected.

"Dr. Bickle told me I should talk more today," he said looking up at the water stained ceiling. "I think he really gets it. He understands."

She awoke from her rest and looked up at him fondly.

He continued. "Even these other kids, they just don't get it. They're all just here to punch in and punch out. They don't care about education. They don't care about anything."

She smiled curiously, her tilted head softly nodding. "Hmm. Tell me more about that."

"I mean I could go on all day, Samantha. They all just want to get back to their so-called 'reality' as fast as they can. Hell...half of them just listen to music throughout the entire day. They sneak those stupid wireless headphones under their hats and hoods and hair. Just constant hip-hop pounding through their skulls. I don't get it. Most of the profs don't even care, though. Most of them are just here to punch in and punch out too."

Samantha laughed, dropped her eyes towards the floor, and then leaned in towards his right ear. "I like the way you said that," she softly whispered.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood straight. A wave of calming ease shot down his spine. "Thanks baby. I'm so glad you get it too."

She blew softly into the other ear. "I just want you to be happy."

He thought of his mother. She had said the exact same thing over the summer: I just want you to be happy. How could he be completely happy? The fuzzy sound of a theremin buzzed through his ears as he thought of the Beach Boys song "I Just Wasn't Made For These Times." He didn't feel at home in 2019. He would rather live in the 50s or the 60s. Hell, even the 30s and 40s would do. War would be better than this era of lazy isolation. At least life was real back then. People loved others...not just their belongings...not just themselves.

"Maybe I'll go out tonight," he said, rubbing the scruff on his chin. "I'll go out and see the world! I'll put in my

headphones...maybe play some, umm, some Nick Drake or some Bill Evans or even some Bernard Herrmann, and just watch the people. The neon lights always look so pretty in the puddles on the streets. Maybe I'll sneak into a jazz club and try and convince the bartender that I'm 21. Or maybe I could go to a night club. Not some trashy club with grinding and twerking and trap music, but like a real dance club. With people doing the salsa or maybe even just slow dancing. I don't know. I just...I just am so tired of this whole thing. I read these books and I see these films and I talk to scholars...and life just seemed so much better before our lives were lived on screens. I mean, Flannery O'Connor said that a writer should have enough experiences by the time he or she is 20 to last a creative lifetime! Nothing happens now. If I wrote a book based on my life experiences...it would just be about me complaining. I could talk about my hopes and my goals, but at the end of the day...nothing has really happened. We're all so connected by all this technology, that none of us really know anything about each other. We'd rather look at a screen than look in each other's eyes! We're covered in bubble-wrap..."

"That sounds so interesting. So fun."

"I wouldn't say that it's fun. I mean, I love that I can get immediate directions to anywhere on my phone. I love that I can look up anything about anything whenever I want to. I can literally listen to any song ever recorded with just one simple click. I just hate what it's doing to me...to everyone. If I didn't love old stuff and books and art...I'd be...I'd be just like all of them...all the zombies. What goes through their heads? How do they like the stuff that they like? Don't they have emotions and ideas? Don't they have dreams? I don't know Sam...maybe I will go out tonight and—"

A knock on the door interrupted his train of thought.

"Shit...shit shit shit," he murmured under his breath. "Maybe they'll just go away if I keep real quiet."

"Oh...you are so smart—"

"Shut up," he said, turning back towards Sam.

Knock. Knock. Knock. "Yo Ted!" Knock. "Teddy!" Knock. Knock. "T-Bear...it's Jermaine! Open up!" yelled the voice behind the door.

"Alright fine," he said with a loud groan. "Hold up I'm coming."

He rolled out of bed, still wearing his jacket and boots. He flipped on the dorm room's solitary light and proceeded to unlock the door handle while keeping the chain lock attached to the frame. The bright hallway lights caused his pupils to dilate. In the doorway stood a young man wearing a dark hoodie over a purple polo. He was a large man, probably close to six and a half feet tall with caramel skin. He peered into the crack of Ted's room, catching only the bright green eyes of his classmate.

"Teddy!" he said in excitement. "My guy! What you up to in there?"

"Ah you know...just writing. I might get that assignment for Benson's class out of the way."

"On a Friday? Come on man. There's a ton going on tonight. That poet who Bickle was talking about today is gonna be at the bookshop on 66th. Plus, the film club is showing *The Shining* at the rec at 10. A little early in October for Halloween movies, if ya ask me...but it'll still be dope."

"I don't know man...I've got a lot to take care of. It sounds fun, but...I don't know. I'll let you know."

"Well dang dude...you wanna at least hang out for a bit? Maybe work on our film project?"

"I uhh...I can't Jermaine," said Teddy nervously. "I'm kind of in the middle of something."

A suspicious smile slowly grew towards the corners of Jermaine's face. "You got a girl in there or something?"

Teddy awkwardly returned a toothless smile towards his classmate and then quickly dropped his head to the carpeted floor. "Maybe."

"Okay!" Jermaine yelled, covering his smile with a closed fist. "My boy Teddy Leonard got himself a female lover! Yo Leo," he yelled across the hall. "Big Ted over here got himself a lady friend—"

"Hey," Ted said, unhooking the door's chain and stepping partially into the hall. "Don't make it into a big deal. It's really nothing."

"Alright Mr. Bigshot," said Jermaine, extending a high-five towards Ted. "Hey, I also wanted to say," he whispered quietly, leaning in towards Teddy's right ear. "Thank you for those pills the other day. They mellowed me out, man. You always taking those?"

"Occasionally. It was no big deal, though. I don't really need them. I've got a whole container of 'em."

"Alright man. I might have to hit you up again in Benson's 8 AM on Monday. Oh that class is a killer." He went in for another high-five. "I'll catch you later tonight. Make sure to hit me up. A bunch of us are leaving at 8 for the poetry talk."

"I'll let you know. See you."

Teddy closed the door and walked slowly back towards the bed—scattered red light from the traffic lamp poured through the cracks of the blinds and onto his sheets. He rolled into the covers and placed his arms behind his head.

"You're so special. I just wanted you to know that," Samantha said softly in his ear.

"Maybe I could go with Jermaine. Maybe I could make some real friends. Understand some people better. Stop judging everyone...but...it is possibly supposed to rain tonight, and I've

heard this guy speak before on YouTube, and I've seen The Shining fifty times... maybe I'll just watch it here on DVD. Make some popcorn—"

"Oh yeah? You had a long day, huh? Well I'm here to make it all better. Shh, just be quiet now. I'll help you get to sleep. I'll—"

Teddy looked down into his cracked laptop screen. Samantha stood there in the video's frozen window, overtaken by a buffering image in the middle of the monitor. He read the video's title once more, "Samantha Comforts You After a Long Day // ASMR," before the battery died, turning the screen into a black mirror.

Two lonely green eyes reflected on the glass. He was alone. Always alone.

He considered calling home, or going to the library to read, or walking around the city, or even going to the poetry reading. As the images bounced around the inside of his mind, he helplessly inserted the DVD, returned to his bed, and disconnected from the world.



To Notre Dame

aubrey thomson

April 15th, 2019.

It was supposed to be a normal day today.

I am in the library, writing a paper

when on my newsfeed I see

headline

after headline

after headline

proclaiming the news no one expected—

“Notre Dame is *burning*.”

I scroll, barely able to look

but unable to stop

gazing at a masterpiece of

history

art

culture

religion

blazing violent red,

screaming tendrils of smoke.

Jaw dropping,

eyes brimming,

my back hunches over

the small screen in my hand

displaying images that

sear my soul.



Late Night Walks | **Tori Fox** | Watercolor



The Face | Chloe Bogicevic | Digital

Published by Digital Commons @ Olivet, 2020

Queen Cassiopeia

alexandria degner

I found the Big Dipper in his freckles
and I knew then that he would never truly
belong to me
I traced the constellations on his skin,
thinking that
maybe it would make him stay
here, with me, on this planet
instead of in the sky
I was only seventeen when you pointed out
Cassiopeia up in her chair, a vain queen
and I wondered why that made you
think of me
I was determined to find her on your skin
on your back or
on your cheeks or
maybe your arms
because she's up there basking in her fame
I just want to be beautiful for you,
not vain.

to be

kyra blair

today
my existence feels slightly out of order
though chaotic is probably more accurate
for it finds me messy-minded
with recycled thoughts spilling over worn edges
like the overfilled cup of coffee
sitting abandoned on my kitchen counter
it is chaos that sees two green eyes
encountering empty reflections
slowly choking the color out of rosy cheeks
and effortlessly running away with
the little life that is still left inside
unable to recognize that there is more of it
buried underneath the daily dose
of distractions and decisions
however hard i try
i just cannot seem to find it
because
i am too busy taking wash rags
to the imperfect person inside of me that is
trying and trying and (still) failing
to clean myself off
before i come to the altar
when did i begin to worship the idea
that this version of myself is not worthy
of entering the throne room
therefore, his invitation goes unheard
and i continue to live each day
without really living
trying and trying and (still) failing
to scrub away what makes me beautifully human
in the first place.



Uneasy | Bethany Hofer | Acrylic



Structure of Innocence | **Meg Kettelkamp** | Mixed Media

Published by Digital Commons @ Olivet, 2020

A Game of Life

elisa klaassen

I sit in my little plastic car—
its red paint as vibrant as a maraschino cherry.
A cherry I will never taste.

Giant hands reach down for me—
bad cuticles, dirty fingernails, and all—
crude
 clumsy
 careless
 creator.

I think
he tortures me.

Subsumed by the winds of fate,
I'm swept off my feet again.

You see,
I'm a plastic piece in the game of Life.

I brace myself in the cruel caresses of his hands
waiting for a rough landing.
He spins a wheel beside me.
I watch with
masked horror
as the wheel
lands on a fate that will

crush me.

I'll collide with a new life event—
the winds of my destiny nearly suffocating me as
I'm rushed across the road that
I
must
take.

For a second,
I'm flying.
But then I crash hard.

"Tornado hits house,"
my new tile says.
I helplessly survey the damage.
Looking up at the hands that control me,
I try to shake my own fists.
I
am
immutable.

At the end of my long road,
those familiar hands present me with
a monetary award and
a happy retirement.

My
 painted
 pained
 plastic
 perpetual
 smile

glares up at those hands hotly.
My coffin closes
again
as those rough hands place the lid
over my box
and
tuck me away in the closet.

A happy retirement.
A happy retirement.
A happy retirement.

Is this the meaning of my Life?

lost or Found

michael jorgensen

Safe and warm along the ledge,
I cast my apparition to the tide
While it hovers over all it is:
The resting place where I've arrived.
Am I the dam?
Standing strong and structurally sound.
Am I the stream?
Rapidly rushing, never ceasing,
Just another drop in the river.
Perhaps I am both.
Perhaps I am neither.
I jump.



The Cliffs of Moher | Megan Mishler | Acrylic



You Have Eyes

elisa klaassen

You have eyes
I have eyes
like the wide
eyed man in the bar
expanse of the sky and they twinkle
and form wrinkles
when you smile like the shimmering stars
in all their iridescent light...
glitter on God's canvas.

Oh! And that smile. I love your smile, it is so
crooked
bright and happy.
Are you happy? You seem so
annoying, unfriendly, and unwise
happy happy happy like a
cruel animal that doesn't deserve life
sunflower on a sunny day amidst
the irrepressible swellings of summer's abundance.

Your legs are so
fat
shapely and strong, I'm
shocked
jealous, and your nose is so
Oh! So pointy and witchlike and long
regal like a queen who knows her own
wickedness
wonder and worth despite a world
that seeks to degrade her name.

You are such an
ugly ugly ugly
attractive human being and I
abhor abhor abhor
adore you.

3:03 am

josh bumgardner

I can still feel your lips
on my left cheek

And how they left me
charred and smoldering

Don't you see the constellations there
on my skin
Perseus and Orion and
Hercules

Do you really want to see
the sky burn
right here in front of you

Then pull the shadows
from between my lips
and fill me with
light
because that is all I can see
in you



Atmospheric Wonder-The Turtle Experience |
Hannah Mobley | Acrylic and Glitter on Canvas



lost Boy

aubrey thomson

When my big brother was a scout,
his troop leader called him lost boy.
And no,
it's not because he fought pirates
in Neverland
alongside Peter Pan
I know what you're thinking.

He was called lost boy
because he was always forgetting something:
his jacket

his hat

his this

his that

always something.

His mind was like a snow globe
that someone took
and shook
and jostled all around
sending snow spiraling,
scattering, and
settling on the ground.

He'd try to gather his thoughts
but you can't glue snow back together.
It would always melt in his kind,
warm hands.

The same kind hands that
cradled the bird
with a broken wing
to take it inside
and nurse it back to health—
give it its strength again.

The same warm hands that
in the heat of anger
ripped glasses
from faces that dared
to prick fishing hooks through
the bowed legs of his amphibious friends,
casting out their broken bodies
to serve as bait,
the faces laughing all the while.

Gentleness is not always timid.
Gentleness is a passionate advocate
for the small, the helpless, the lost.

I guess my brother is a lost boy after all
battling bad guys with hooks,
defending his friends with passion
and showing no mercy
to those who have none.



Crumbling Castles

elizabeth shearer

It's funny how those high school summers
can seem like an eternity,
with enough time to fall in and out of love
and try on different worlds like costumes.
you can build an empire and watch it fall
all before the days grow cool.
Our worlds are different now
And our empire is long gone.
Destroyed by space and pride and unspoken words.
Now all I have left of castles and fairytales are
ruins and memories
and what I think is regret.
And looking back I don't mind it because
regret
is better than shame
and it's better than picking fights and passing blame
and it's better than trying to say we're okay
in a broken tower with crumbling walls
and pretending that nothing could ever be wrong
because try as we might we can't wish our empire back to
wholeness.
we can't wish ourselves back to wholeness.
It's funny how those high school summers
can seem like an eternity.
with enough time to say goodbye
and become the dragon you spent months fighting.
you can have the time of your life
and watch it fade to memory,
all before the days grow cool
I tried the fairytale romance,
It belongs only in books.



Rainy Day Lovers | Abigail Baker | Watercolor

Mundanity's Complaint

david duwal

Wriggling blue-steel falters still as I gaze,
Dripping act like water off lips pallid with laze
Of waves forbidding me the slightest bit content
As comes from watching lake pulse—slow, iterant.

Sky, as I look, now ceases the same.
Sensing my beam, crisp wind stales tame:
From streaming sweet paths through my hair, absolve.
And, there, dark-gray halts its attack on mauve.

Left, I glance toward the persons who pass,
Limbs cemented in air with sights downcast;
One holds a dog on a solid firm lead,
Whose tongue rests lifeless from panting with need.

Onto thick sand, slowly, I trudge,
Seeking any sensation; pith I begrudge.
Reaching at earth for grains and fingers to interlock
Turns clawing my nails 'gainst newly formed bedrock.

Grimacing with pain, I elate: Down my face moves tear!
But opening my eyes morphs to ice that which felt dear.
Begging violently, I, in agony and strife:
'Oh! Lord, give dull living some joy and some life!'

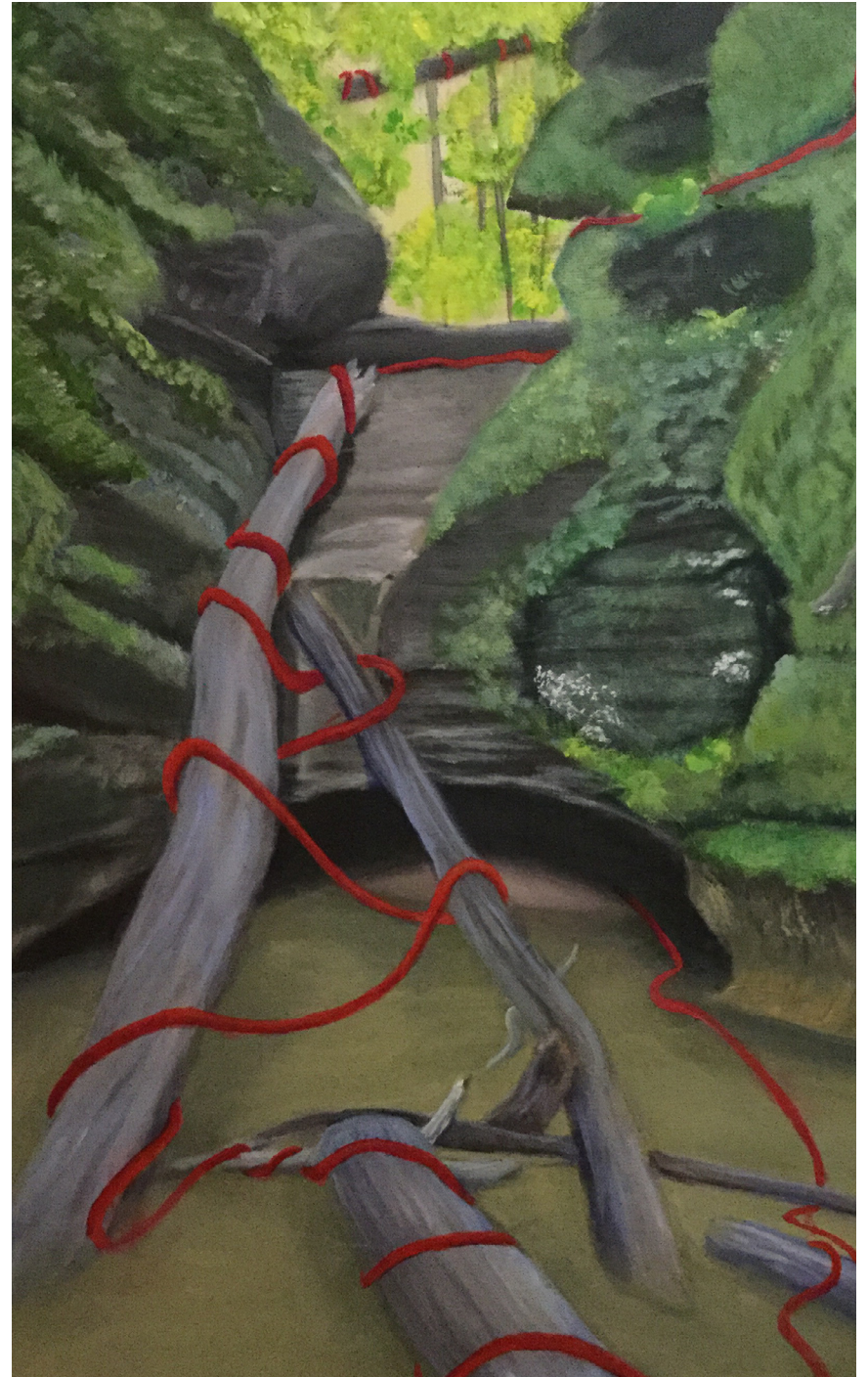
Untitled | Graham Hughes | Photograph



uprooted

kyra blair

in the same way
that the quiet dawn pierces the shadows
you pierce the darkest parts of me
two hazel suns
take hold of my hideaway
uncover page after page
of poetic bruises and scars
uproot them with gentle fingertips
draw them into the morning light
allow the ache of living to be seen
and show each line of poetry how it is to be loved
this is the fabric
of what it means to be human
i stumbled upon it
accidentally
when your eyes
dripping in hazel and golden kindness
met the yellow wildflowers growing
untamed and desolate in my own.



Unmei no akai ito | Michelle Elizondo | Acrylic on Canvas



New Haven, Connecticut | **Tori Fox** | Watercolor

Adagio

alexandria degner

adagio; take it slow
slow summer sweetness tastes like youth
and seventeen, sweet innocence on a popsicle stick
in the evening glow, everything is golden and maybe
the sun has exploded
even if we burn, nothing feels better
than right here, right now

adagio; take it slow
slow sultry strings ring in the park's amphitheater
walking her home at four a.m.
the time where it's neither late nor early and maybe
those three words will escape your lips
even if it hurts, nothing feels better
than right here, right now

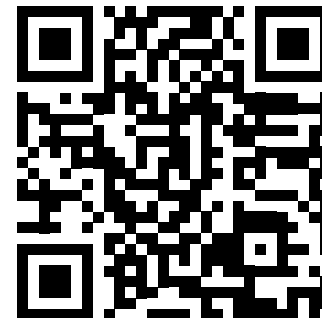
adagio; take it slow
slow seasons slip right through your fingers
if your eyes are always on the sun,
does time really then pass? then maybe
like adagio, we will live in the ease
even if it doesn't last forever, nothing feels better
than right here, right now

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