



PRISM
2016

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PRISM 2016

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Founded in 1978 by professor Paula Stofer, PRISM is a journal of art and literature featuring work by students, staff, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University.



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From the Editors

You are holding a collection of creative works produced by the talented students, staff, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University. Within, you will find poetry, photography, and visual arts that explore our human experiences. Each piece is like a ray of colored light, a unique perspective of the world refracted through its creator and placed alongside other works to create the wide and beautiful spectrum now in your hands.

We would like to thank the College of Arts and Sciences and the Department of Humanities, Social Science, and Communication for continuing to support PRISM. Additionally, we offer special thanks to Sara Lamers, our editorial board, and everyone who contributed to make this year's collection of works possible.

We hope you enjoy PRISM 2016.

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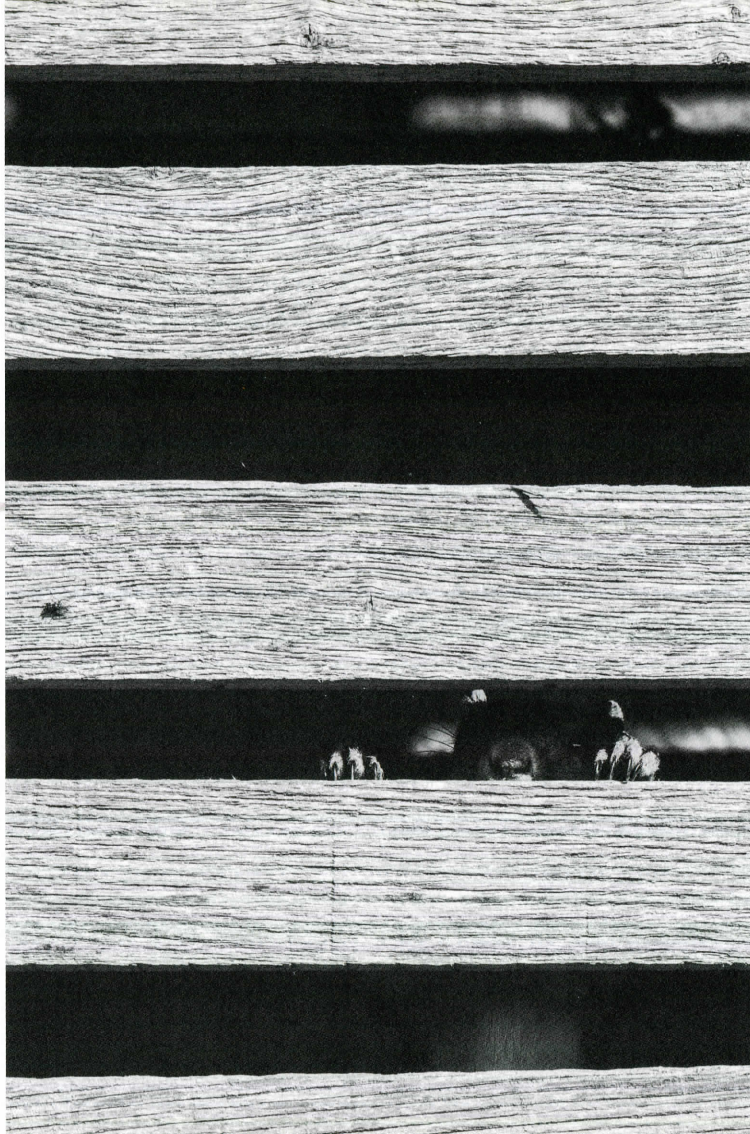
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Peekaboo

Andrew Kieltyka

Digital Photography



Everyone's Got a Pet Phone

Aaron Deaton

fits in the palm of your hand
it lives in your pocket

the compact companion
a friend in a case

feed it when it's famished
panic when it starves

plug it in to replenish
instant life support

it falls asleep with you
greet you in the morning

put it on the nightstand
until the abhorred alarm

perpetually bonded
a barnacle on a ship's hull

drag it to work
password protected

a cute distraction
pet it with your fingers

buzzing on the table
swipe up, down, left, right

it learns the newest tricks
show it off to friends

you can skip the meeting
an email will do

who needs the park
it's never cloudy online

talk to your lover, miles away
spy on your ex day after day

don't go camping
reception is dismal

take a picture of your face
you have to savor the moment

it's acting slow again
better scold it some more

don't socialize in person
take a picture of your face again

your best friend ages too
it's time to replace it

no need to worry,
the new version is better

Coca-Cola Haiku

Phillip McMurray

Sugar-sweet; worldwide
High-fructose corn syrup and
No cocaine no more

Make a Wish

Kexin Yan

Digital Photography



Habits Die Hard

Allison Bicknell

Staring at the screen and my eyes can't seem
to stray away.

The black coffee, burns
as it trickles down my throat. Life has become
habitual, nothing ever changes.

Fingers go limp as they stroke the keyboard trying
to connect letters to words.

What was life before this?
They say we can repress our memories. Vivid images
now
reside in a black and white photo album.

I used to see in color. Kaleidoscopes of blue, pink,
purple, and gold.

The shimmer your hair had when the sunshine hit it,
when your hurricane eyes pierced deep in my soul,

the way you puckered your lips.

Oh, how I miss the kaleidoscopes of you. The wind
whispers through the tress,

I can see it from the window as I take my eyes from
the
screen. I look back down at the red faded coffee mug
that you
chipped last January.

I need more coffee. My eyes wander to the screen.
Colors of black and white consume me.

Bringing Us to Winter

Therese Stuart

I trick myself, believe
it's the beginning of spring.
Maybe because of
the cool air, in spite
of the bright sun that shines
on these late fall mornings.

Like the time my family went
to Rome. Our fun was
over, we drove to the airport.
Through the endless rows
of yellows, oranges and
tans of all the homes.

Past the trees that looked
like giant stalks of broccoli.
Through the twists and turns of
the roads, up and down hills.
Not unlike the drive we took
when we first arrived.

I tricked myself,
Believed that we were
going to visit America.
Going to start a journey,
something like a vacation,
a sort of beginning.

But that was not the case.
I was returning to America,
I was going home.
Cool days don't head
towards spring. They are
bringing us to winter.

Sleeping in a Borrowed Place

Allison Bicknell

Windows and rooms I pass through
are more a hideaway than a home to stay.

Coldness and forgetfulness fill the air
of grey and gloomy hallways.

The stained and faded picture frames
flake off pivotal moments that have
become nothing, but my worst enemy.

A fickle, flighty woman stands in the kitchen.
Blood is thicker than water and the only thing
we have in common is the tap we share.

This is my temporary home. Being numb for
so long will end in eighteen days.

Misery will manifest no more.

Dead Birch

Corrinne Greer

As it gets cold
Snows cover earth

Winds blow death
Nature tries to hold on

Seams fray
Snap
Woods collapse

Break to the ground
Carve at the leaves

Hardened by weather
Life withdrawn
Empty from within

The Stick

Marisa Shivers

The night's storm blew a branch from the oak tree
striking a homeless man, he began to bleed.
Alone he sat with the stick, so he picked it up
in his backpack it lived; it traveled with him.
But one day that week a stray dog came
hungry and dirty which saddened the man
no hope for this dog he thought to himself
Then he reached in his bag for the stick
the dog was delighted and wagged his tail.
The man and the dog played fetch
over and over again.

Fallen Leaves

Kexin Yan

Digital Photography



A Homeless Vagabond Finds Comfort in the Mists

Nick Thornton

I looked up, searching for the light of the stars.

I found only mist, swirling and changing,
blocking my vision like a blindfold.

The cold, white mist wetted my cheek,
reminding me of where I was.

I lay back on the cold, wet concrete.

It was too early to be outside,
but I had nowhere else to go.

The mists were the only home I had.

The mists seemed as lonely as I was.

The Hag

Rachel Seeger

What remains of a woman
croaks for crumbs on the precipice of a dark alley.
A few threads of hair cling
to moldy skin loose enough to shiver off her bones
in a strong breeze.
Each hoarse breath reveals the rot collecting
in her body cavities.
Her coarse, tuneless cry
is the only indication of life.

I drop a few coins and glance down,
expecting gratitude or emptiness
in the woman's gaze.
Instead, I am sucked into murky whirlpools,
blind eyes brimming with
impenetrable, seductive secrets.
I struggle for air as I spiral downward into
cloudy darkness,
my clear blue eyes exposing my naked soul
to her mysterious power.

With all my strength, I break the contact
before I am lost forever.

God bless you, child.

Her words claw my clammy skin
deeper than could the broken finger nails
that scabble for the coins.
What creature lives within that corpse,
peering out from behind foggy glass?
How many souls have drowned
in those treacherous waters?

Canyons

Nathan Kiecker
Digital Photography



Dark Forest

Rachel Seeger

Digital Painting



We Strive to Become the Night

Phillip McMurray

We strive to become the night.
Born from womb to live our lives in light,
We anguish the truth and must forgo the fight
Because in the end we must return to night.

Death does his task and his scythe does shear
When temporal objects, spatial and briefly near
Zing to nothingness and we lose our dear
Friends and family that depart from here.

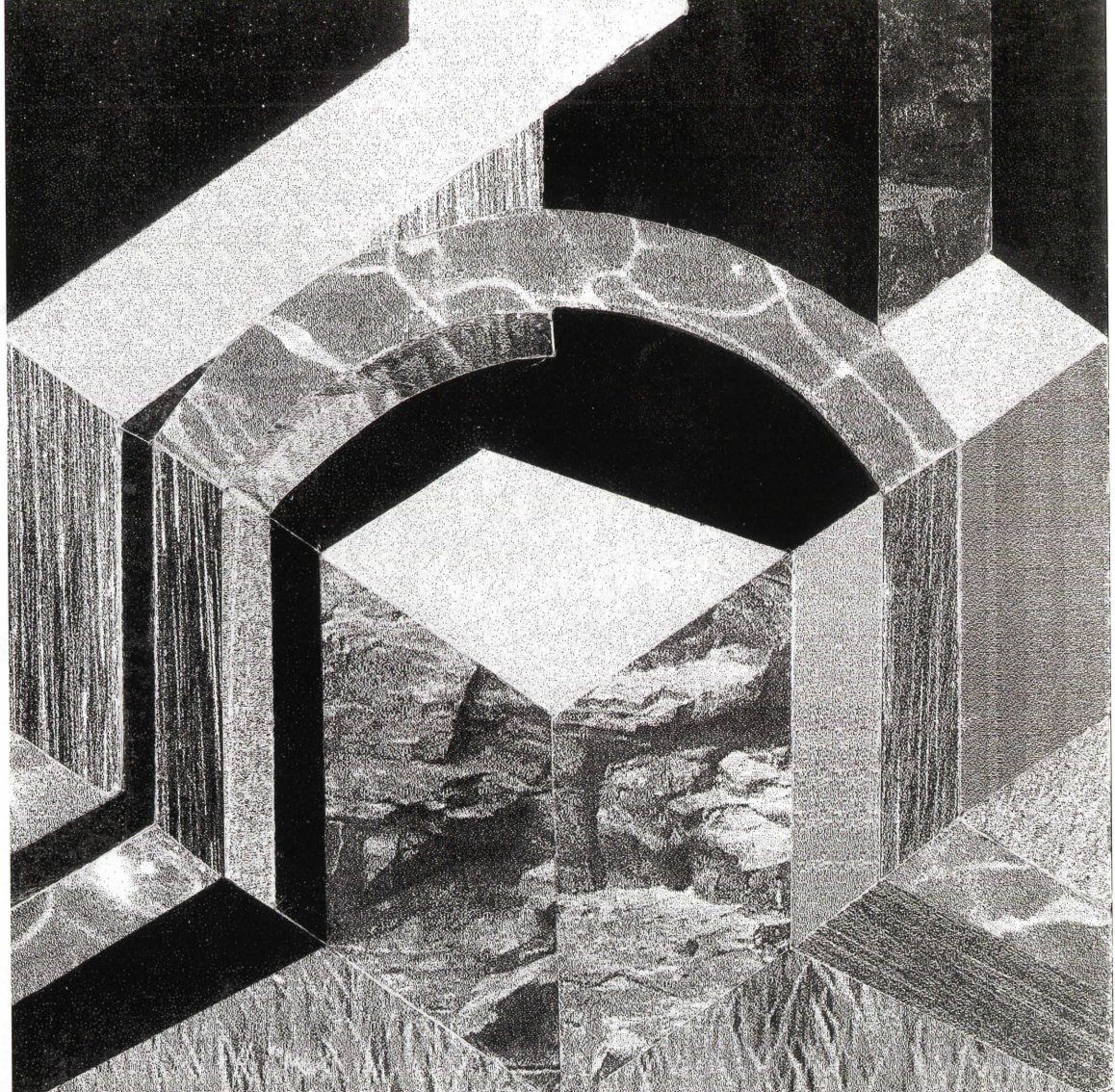
We strive to become the night.
Origins in night yet briefed in light,
We will one day return to night,
Even if the cosmos deem it wrong or right.

We strive to close our eyes.
Despite your protests and convulsive sighs
Lamenting your hows or wheres or whens or whys.
We are destined to shut our eyes.

Though all life summates in doom
And the embalméd corpse is encased in tomb,
We, for a moment, can suspend our gloom.
The flower, while watered, will spring and bloom

Escherian Letter

Alexandros Tsitlakidis
Digital Art



Sewol Mourners

Sheila Gaddie

Digital Photography



A Careless Night

Derek Freeman

Out with the boys
for a night on the town. We
decided to hit the bar,
to hit the drinks. We
weren't going home sober.

The bustling city streets were filled
with mysterious voices and polluted air.
On the inside, you could barely think.
Cigarette smoke and rock n' roll
plagued the air. Silver darts
pierced the wooden walls, pool balls
violently cracked into each other. It
seemed like a thousand people
were talking at once. Ears full
of jumbled words, eyes
struggling to focus, my mind
racing, my thoughts stumbling.
I HAD to get out of there.

*I saw Jason rush outside.
Probably for a phone call.
I heard a loud scream.
Plenty of those here.
Ten shots in, I didn't care.*

*Last night was really something.
Come to think of it, I haven't seen Jason since last night.*

Into the Woods

Kexin Yan

Digital Photography



Dandelion

Kexin Yan

Digital Photography



Flower Boy

Rachel Seeger
Digital Painting



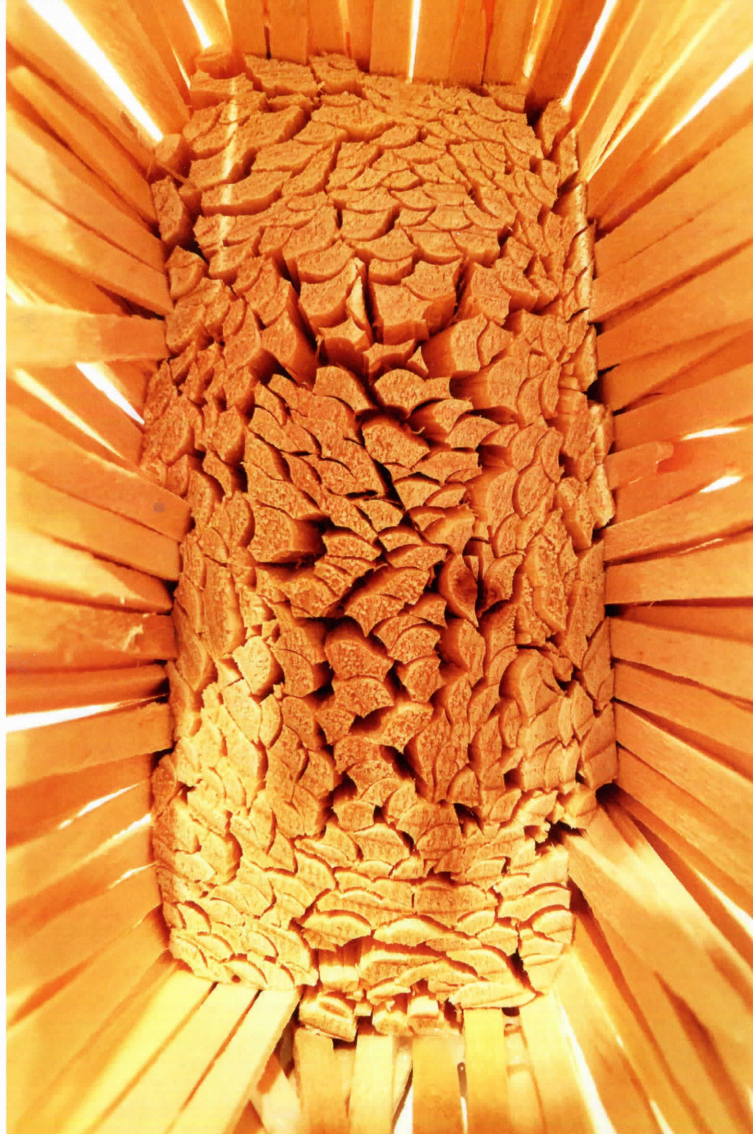
Birdy

Rachel Seeger
Digital Painting



Glow

Arley Gonzalez
Digital Photography



Steady Water

Kai Schmidt

I try so hard
to be everyone else's steady water,
their calm in the storm,
mountain of zen,
and fortified island
That I forget to be my own.
My world is a whirlpool
My mind is a hurricane
My actions end in a tornado
My life is caught in the Bermuda triangle.
But for you, I am steady water,
calm in your storm.

Birds in Flight

Andrew Kieltyka

Digital Photography



Hampi, India 2014

Steve Rost

Digital Photography



New Dehli, India 2014

Steve Rost

Digital Photography



He and She

Phillip McMurray

Both contain

One "h"

One vowel

One syllable

And

Represent

One person.

They are

Equal.

Why claim otherwise?

Clouds

Rachel Seeger

Digital Painting

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Ghost

Nathan Kiecker

Digital Photography



The Eye

Nathan Kiecker

Digital Photography



Wildwood

Arley Gonzalez

Digital Photography



The Hull

Andrew Kieltyka

Digital Photography



Revenant

Nathan Kiecker

Digital Photography



Autumn Tears

Lenny Sherman

Fire burns
letting go of embers, ash, and soot,
the smell of timber pervades autumn sky.

The blanket of fall spreads atop soft ground,
orange and red, brown and yellow,
faded green,
organic flakes of tree skin that crunch
beneath a toddler's yellow rain boots.

He picks up a handful,
grabs it like tufts of hair and
throws it into restless,
whispering wind.

Streaks of color whisk away,
golden with rays of waning dusk. A
kaleidoscope of colored flakes,
crisp and vibrant, look more
alive when dead,

inhaled by eternal sphere of warmth,
commanding them to rise and fall in
some valley on the horizon.

Specs of color,
egocentric in their flight—
a rainbow inhaled by
Sun's eternal breath.

Their brethren look up in awe,
stepped on, crunched and pounded
into the earth, tormented by
autumn's aroma.

Tattered water wheel sputters,
laughing at ground's misfortune. For
even a watermill is able to
enjoy the bliss of it all.

Autumn Tears (continued)

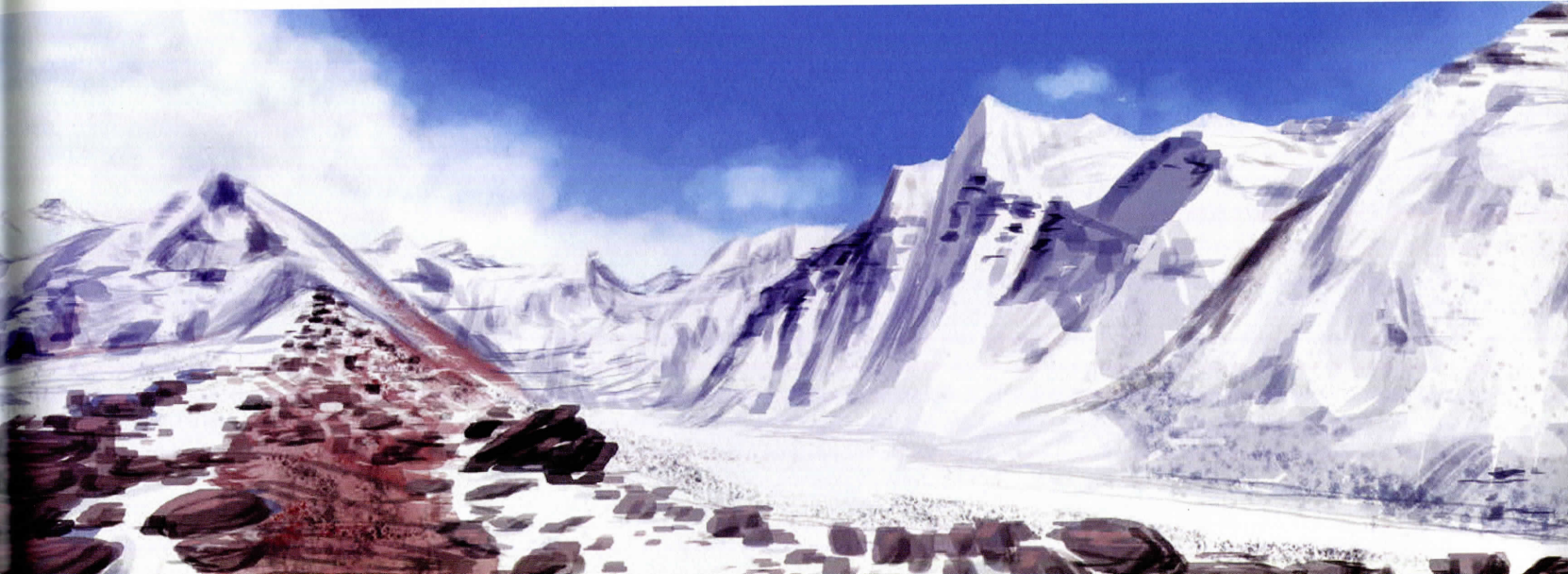
The crippled leaves begin to
weep into the earth, stung and
embarrassed despite how they
illuminate the dirt and muck.

For the dead, no matter how
vibrant in life,
shall forever color the Earth.

Mountains

Rachel Seeger

Digital Painting



Talking to Me

Gary Kieltka

Digital Photography



Southfield Storm

Alex Tillman

Digital Photography



Fear of the Storm

Lenny Sherman

Why, in this ravenous storm, is
the real danger confined to these
dark walls?

When I was little,
beyond an age I can recall,
my grandmother threatened us
with a stick.

The image haunting, the memory
invading my mind, a ghost
that inhabits an old, rickety house.
Crackling limbs scratch squared glass, fingers
tap-tap-tapping in the storm. Lightning
casts the only illuminance,
the abandoned home
swallowed in darkness.

I see her, backlit and framed
against the glass. Hunched and

almost harmless, but with the demeanor of a
rabid dog. She wields the stick above
her head, twirling it,
playing with it, allowing it to
dance along her fingers like a baton. If only
her spear had the same harmless purpose.

The threat of that wood
splintering on my face, an image of
broken slivers digging deeply into
my pores like shards of glass. A sting
that never goes away, like the heat of a
flame that is neither visiting nor
taking residence, yet lingers,
burning and biting,
tearing at singed flesh.

The stick, in
gnarled hands, reflecting
in my eyes. Grandmother

Fear of the Storm (continued)

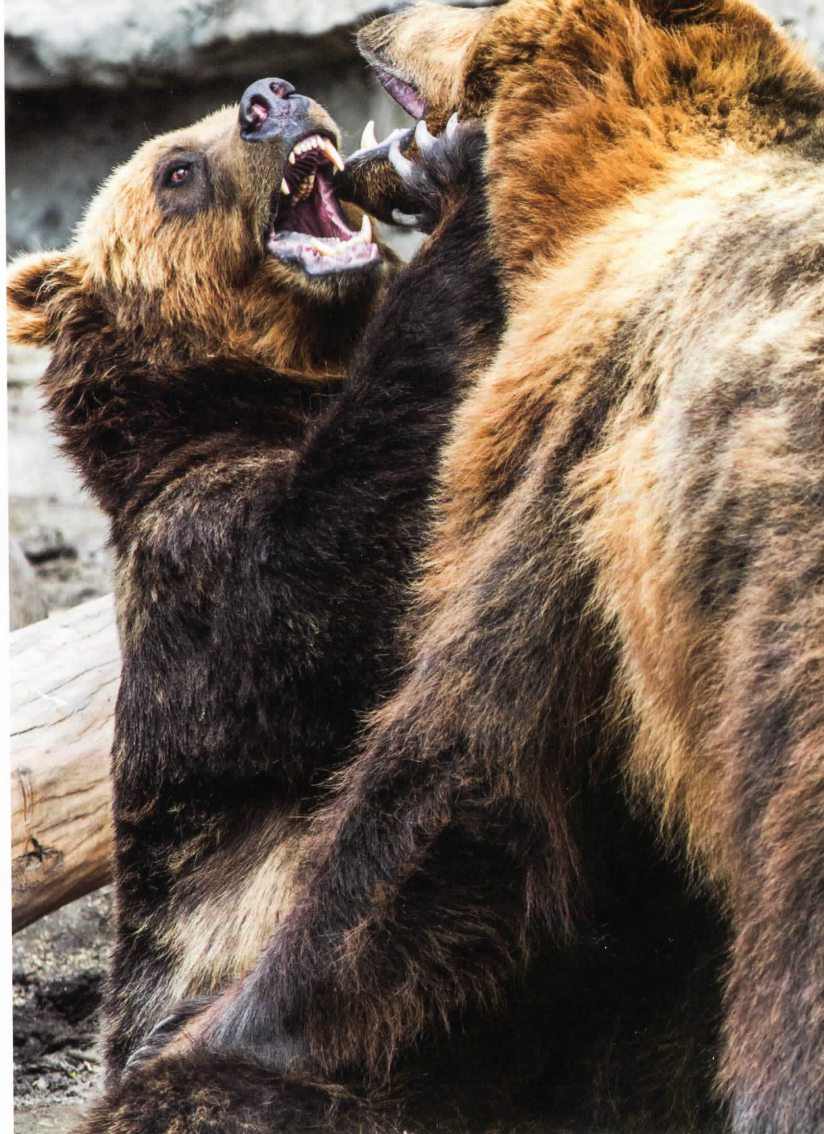
watches me. The lightning crackles—or is that her laughing? Knowing that at any minute, one or the other might strike.

The fear is worse than the strike, which never comes.

Bear with Me

Andrew Kieltyka

Digital Photography



The Cellophane King

Phillip McMurray

A great king once ruled the lush green lands
And in triumph sat upon his throne,
To rule the sea, expanse, and the desert sands
With the queen he called his own.
He lauded her beauty. Her skin against the silk
Caressed her face like the ship that hugs the gale,
And her skin was as white as unspoiled milk
Hidden under her headdress: a royal purple veil.
The king removed the veil to observe her face
Which scared the earthworm that traversed the skull
Of his former lover—long dead under palace space.
In his madness, he exhumed the body from its hole,
Wrapping the corpse to prop her upon the throne
Of his barren land—still the queen he called his own.

Three in Red

Rachel Seeger
Digital Painting



RACHEL SEEGER

Aztec Blood Cartouche

Alexandros Tsitlakidis

Digital Art



Intertwined

Arley Gonzalez

Digital Photography



Absolute, Beautiful Cataclysm

Zak Klekamp

A land of gray and black layers of ash
but before vibrant green blades of grass and leaves.
Cause? A war-stricken world pushed to the limits
doing the unthinkable with weapons of mass
destruction
eradicating the men, women and children all over the
planet.

Feral creatures deformed and mutated
going about their new lives of mindless hunger and
rage
hiding from new threats, the people of this new land
see only danger
it is everywhere now, seemingly impossible to escape
these
jumbled features of this place that is now considered
normal.

Kids kicked kick-balls in the days before the bombs,
laughing and playing, not paying

mind to the troubles and struggles.
Now they whimper in the desolate near empty land
only to live a life of little to no luxury.

Perhaps tomorrow when
quenched thirst will be a possible,
rumbling tummies filled and silenced,
sizzling succulent shrimp,
tall glasses of water.

Underneath all of gray and black ashen covered dry,
cracked dirt
vibrant green stems of plants and grass arise.
Wilted charred trees fall to let fuzzy, green sprouts
pop out.
Xenial people allowing people into their homes, first
signs of society
yet danger will always exist as it always has.

Zenith, where we look to divine. Don't expect
assistance, new beauty can foster from within.

Blood Orange

Rachel Seeger

The skin is taut, the meat
juicy and ripe for sacrifice.
Gently easing the tender body
from its pithy coat requires patience,
a soft touch. It would be sinful
to bruise such innocent flesh.
The ritual requires a perfect,
naked specimen, and
practiced fingers strip away
each fibrous article until
the dark fruit is exposed.

The offering is presented
to the bottomless maw, and
protruding bones slice into it greedily.
A stream of sweetest nectar spills forth:
red lips slurp it up.

Each bite is quickly followed by another,
plump morsels torn
from the now shredded corpse
and pile on the slimy red alter,
mouthful after mouthful until

they are gone.

The beastly void is satiated once more
and settles down to sleep
until it demands another victim.

Dying Fire

Aaron Deaton

Embers crackle faintly as I contemplate putting on another log. I will be going to bed shortly so I decline. An extra piece of wood will be helpful for the morning fire. Kindling searching is tedious after a damp night. After I wake, I will look for twigs and branches, leaves if dry enough.

As the temperature drops, my legs shiver. I scoot closer to the remnants of the fire, fold my arms into my torso to capture heat. Cool air weighs upon me, a conifer chill. Ash crumbles softly from the logs, gathering in a snowy pile. Coals emit a soft, red glow unable to escape the edge of the pit.

A screech echoes above my head, probably an owl.

There is something comforting about this time of night. The mosquitoes have retreated into the deeper parts of the woods and the leaves on the trees have settled in the absence of wind. I put my hand in the wet grass. I fight a yawn. The last piece of bark extinguishes.

The Fright

Therese Stuart

I don't think I understood the fright,
the reason he clutched my arm
and kept asking if I was alright.
What frightened me was his alarm.

The reason he clutched my arm
was my lack of ability to stand.
What frightened me was his alarm,
not the comforting grasp of his hand.

No longer a lack of ability to stand,
but no memory of what took place.
The comforting grasp of his hand,
all that I needed to keep a calm face.

But no memory of what took place
could forget the care that he took.
All that I needed to keep a calm face,
was feeling his love with one look.

I'll never forget the care that he took,
Or how he kept asking if I was alright.
But feeling his love with one look,
I now think I understand the fright.

Sharp

Andrew Kieltyka
Digital Photography



The Memories that Hold Me

Therese Stuart

The house on Oliver, a hill in the back,
a river down below. The second floor hall,
with all but a few spots that creaked.

It's not the memories they hold,
but the memories that hold me.

The upright piano, the golden words
"Yamaha" to the right of the keys
that clank due to the penny they held.

It's not the memories they hold,
but the memories that hold me.

The pine tree outside of grandma's
house with a bird's nest at the top,
I'd never have found if I hadn't climbed.

It's not the memories they hold,
but the memories that hold me.

The napkin, crumpled and torn
went through the wash but still
you can see the ink of its words.

It's not the memories they hold,
but the memories that hold me.

The oversize knit sweater with holes
in the sleeves, It kept grandpa
warm when he couldn't himself.

It's in the memories they hold,
the memories that hold me.

Wrong Turn

Amber Goulet

I made a wrong turn into a sun mask
that led me down a road filled
with deserted cars and abandoned farms.

Dark houses with boards across their windows,
strands of hay where grass used to be,
gravel roads instead of pavement, and darkness
where lights should have been.

A scarecrow peeked from the deserted cornfield,
stitched
face warning off any sign of life, stiff
arms outstretched covered with black birds, and a red
plaid shirt draped around him.

A dead end in front of me brings the first sign of life.
Family of deer grazing in the open
field, ears perked, standing still, trying to blend
in with their surroundings.

They graze on the hay, they
sleep in the woods, they
keep their family safe, they
call this deserted street home.

The First of the Month

Phillip McMurray

On the
First of the month
The rent is due
To occupy my
Small cramped flat
And I gotta
Scramble up my pittance
And hustle what I can
To make ends meet
So the damn
Check won't bounce.

On the
First of the month
The landlord comes
To take my money
So I can stay
In his desolate lot
With the barred-up windows
And them holes in the walls

And that warm refrigerator
That ain't got no food
Inside it.

And he don't care
No, he don't care one bit—
Just takes my check
And he walks away
And smiles 'cause
He lives in
A nice, picket-fenced house in
The better neighborhood
Where he knows
Someone as poor as me,
Livin' check-to-check,
Workin' day-to-day—
One dim sunrise to
The next dark sundown
Still couldn't afford a mortgage
On the first of the month.

Cycle of the Plains

Colin Ross

The wind flows through tall grass
swaying blades.

Up to the sky, nothing but blue.
Rays of sunlight pouring down.

Rustling weeds reveal
deer galloping across the fields.
Besides them, silence,
nothing to be heard.

Slowly, the Sun concedes
heralding crickets to begin their symphony.
The horizon, unscathed by lights of civilization,
gives way to starry maps.

Its oppressor absent,
the Moon peeks over the horizon.
Its silvery gaze illuminates the ground,
Signaling the nocturnal syndicate to return.

Animals of the night wake from slumber,
starting their dark adventures.
In the air silence no longer reigns,
only the sounds of nature unseen.

The unfortunate beasts of daylight,
those unable to find a suitable home,
become sustenance for creatures of the night.

Shrieks resonate through the air,
harmonizing with the crickets' songs.
Without their shining protector,
creatures of the light fall victim to darkness.

The Sun returns to end the madness,
forcing the Moon out of power.
Bathing the night-born in shining light,
The Sun forces them back to their slumber.

Cycle of the Plains (continued)

Bringing forth its windy blessing
the Sun rallies the survivors.
The Sun repairs the damage,
allowing serenity a temporary return.

Adherence

Andrew Kieltyka
Digital Photography



A Recipe for Conversation

Rachel Seeger

Add eggs, milk, and vanilla and beat until creamy.

Catch the reference, or at least don't ruin the moment by requesting explanation. Just laugh along.

Flour, one and a half cups, grated ginger to taste, half a tablespoon of baking soda.

Is it my turn to speak? Or should I just nod along and smile affirmatively?

Knead the conversation until a light thumb press bounces back. If subject matter is dry, add a few splashes of new topic as needed. The oven timer should be set to fifteen minutes as a precaution: over-cooking will quickly ruin an amicable chat.

Rinse the apples, then slice thinly and top with cinnamon mixture.

Taste the batter and add ubiquitous commentary if desired. Try varying the recipe with your own mix of spices or a pinch of xanthan gum to add density. Don't worry, a yolk broken here or there won't ruin the zesty punch of a good recipe.

Grandma's Necklace

Amber Goulet

Dangles from the mirror every night,
from my neck every day. A gold chain
that shimmers in the sunlight.

The charm –
diamond chips along the outer edge,
inner strip of pebbles –
drapes low on my chest, a heart
made of skin in the center.

There is a diamond sliver missing
on the right side. She noticed one of the chips came
loose one Christmas Eve
while we were baking cookies. She was so worried
we mixed it into the batter, that we checked every
snickerdoodle
to see if they shimmered, that night.

Every Christmas morning after that we laughed and
reminisced
where the diamond could have been. Maybe she really
lost it
on the plane? Or while on a sandy beach in Florida,
perhaps it was stuck like glue on one
of the presents, or mixed in one of the ceramic angels.

I touch my necklace as I remember that day.
Edges worn from my grip,
Grey hair entangled
in the clasps, her memory intertwined
in every link.

Hit Play

Dominic Bucchare

As I hit play, I hear that satisfying click.
The record spins
the needle lifts its pointy tip.
Cranking the speakers makes me grin

Watching the record dance.
Sultry spinning like a colorful tornado.
Blues, reds, pinks, and white.

Jazz music carries weight.
Medicinal melodies penetrate.
Rhythmic bass lines with up-beat trumpets,
occasional scratches oddly calming.

Our souls are like the grooves and needle.
Once the tip and record make contact,
nothing else matters.

Your world may seem hectic,
Spinning as fast as the record.
Be the needle,
make music around you.

Twenty-Four Years

Colin Ross

Absent skies free sunlight,
bright rays blanket the ground.
Cheers roar through the sky
drowning the Stadium in thunder.
Everyone stands, bellowing
frightening battlecrys.
Green Bay's offense fails to score
holding fast, Lions fight for victory.
Incomplete. Intercepted.
Just like previous weeks
kicks missing left and right.
Lions capitalize on failed plays
moving the ball forward.
Newfound passion ignites spirits,
overwriting many losses.
Packers scramble to score
quick plays amplify failure.
Rising above the competition
screams of discontent echo through the stadium.
Two points, not even a field goal.

Under ten seconds remaining,
volume rises, fans stare down the kicker.
Winding up, kicker takes his shot.
Yellow and green look on, as the ball falls short.
Zealous as ever, Lions win their first in twenty-four
years.

The Sun Keeps Time

Kelsey Haener

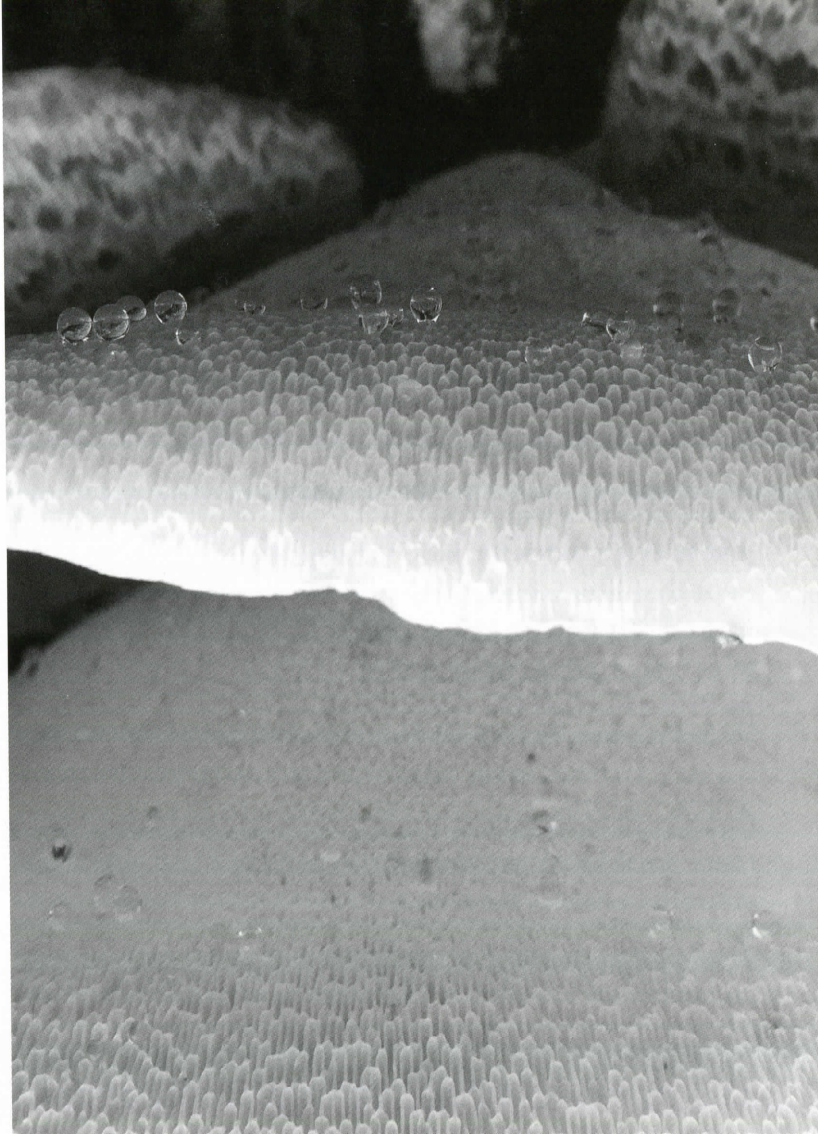
At dawn the hungry
Baby birds
Chirp so loudly that
Dogs wake to cover their floppy
Ears and quickly
Fall back into slumber.
Gloomy, rolling clouds
Hover in the sky,
Indicating rain
Just ahead.
Kittens snooze on the
Living room floor, while
Mice sneak past
Not making a sound
On the stained hardwood.
Pretty colored
Quails sit outside,
Resting after a meal of
Seeds and a mixture of grains.

Trains roll through the
Uneven fields, going a
Vast distance to transport
Whatever they carry, perhaps
X-ray machines or
Yams, as the sun now rises to its
Zenith.

Moist

Nathan Kiecker

Digital Photography



In the Commonwealth

Derek Freeman

As the farmers harvest their
beets and the shepherds herd their
cattle, I hear a little knock on my
door. It's the neighbor's boy
Earl, he came to ask me
for a bundle of sticks to help
get a small fire going. "Sure!
Head out back, I'll let you
in the shed." I had
just enough extra for him. I always
kept that little shed
locked. You never know when
mice might get in there and
nest. I gave Earl his sticks and sent him
on his way, he asked if he could
pay me, but I politely declined.
Quickly he sped down the
road, anxious to get his fire
started. I noticed then how
tall the corn stalks were getting. Well

under way was the harvest, but ol'
Victoria needed repairs. It'll be a
week before I can get her up and running. The
xeric stalks starting to crack and break,
yesterday's dust storm may have
zapped any chance for profit this year.

The Infinity Room

Rachel Seeger

Art by Yayoi Kusama

Glass mirrors, LED lights, wood, metal, rubber, plastic.

Slip into a box and out of space-time:
tumble among all the little souls
dancing through colorful lives-- a shifting rainbow
of fire anger, ocean sadness, sunshine joy.
Drift with a shining school of fish,
scales sparkling, frozen in rhythmic gyrations
of a journey across the mysterious ocean floor.
Wander the avenues of this electric metropolis
powered by ideas of glowing minds
pushing stubbornly against the encompassing void.
Plunge into the myriad of rebel stars, entropy fighters
burning on despite the oppressive nothingness
of an indifferent universe.

In this breathless, eternal second,
the body melts away, and
a dazzling lightning orb bursts forth
within the pulsing galaxy.

Through the Looking Glass

Nathan Kiecker/
Digital Photography



Artist Biographies

Aaron Deaton is a dual major in Architecture and Civil Engineering. He has also developed a feature film as a Quest project.

Alex Tillman is a junior Transportation Design student and professional photographer from North Carolina. He concentrates on automotive photography, but has shot a little bit of everything from weddings to road rallies.

Alexandros Tsitlakidis is a freshman majoring in Graphic Design. In his pastime, he drafts stories and screenplays, acts in theatre, draw, works out, does martial arts, watches movies, and plays video games.

Allison Bicknell is a senior at LTU. She is in the Media Communications program and hopes to be a sports reporter.

Amber Goulet is a senior majoring in Media Communications. She loves to take pictures, watch sports, and be outdoors. She hopes one day she can combine these interests by working in marketing for the Red Wings.

Andrew Kieltyka is a senior in the Graphic Design program. Outside of Graphic Design he has a strong passion for photography.

Arley Gonzalez is a third year Architecture student from Grand Rapids. When Arley is not in studio, she is catching up on TV shows and watching movies.

Colin Ross is a senior in Computer Science attending LTU. He enjoys extracurricular activities such as cross country running and robotics.

Corrinne Greer lives a life that focuses on how surroundings affect the emotions and minds of people. She wants to become an architectural designer to benefit lives by altering environments.

Derek Freeman is a Game Art student. He plays video games in his free time, and he finds traditional reading and writing to be rather boring.

Dominic Bucchare is a senior in Computer Science with a concentration in Game Development. He will graduate in May 2016. In his free time he enjoys playing guitar, reading, playing games, and collecting vinyl records.

Gary Kieltyka graduated in 1980, when LTU was known as LIT, with a BSBA degree. He enjoys photography, wine collecting and hybridizing Hostas. He really enjoys his photography outings with his son, Andrew, a current LTU student.

Kai Schmidt is a junior in the Audio Engineering program with a passion for poetry. Though she doesn't have much time to write anymore, her days are filled with wandering thoughts in various poetic forms.

Kelsey Haener is a fifth year student-athlete majoring in Mathematics and graduating in May 2016. She played volleyball for four years and was a graduate assistant her fifth year.

Kexin Yan is a master student in Environmental Graphic Design. She holds an undergraduate degree in Architecture. Kexin is an artist, and she has loved everything about art since she was a child.

Lenny Sherman is a fiction writer, screenwriter and poet, as well as an LTU senior. He currently lives in Roseville with his wife Amanda and his two children.

Marisa Shivers is a senior in the Media Communication program. She likes photography, cooking, and reading.

Nathan Kiecker is a sophomore in the Architecture and Design program. He is passionate about his work and has a variety of skills in many fields of study.

Nick Thornton is a 21-year-old Computer Science major. His major hobbies are video games and the Internet. When it comes to reading and writing, he prefers the fantasy genre.

Phillip McMurray is a junior majoring in Psychology. In his spare time he loves to write poetry and act in dramas and musicals.

Rachel Seeger is a senior in Game Art and the Editor in Chief of this book. She has never been an editor before and is flying by the seat of her pants, as usual.

Sheila Gaddie is a librarian at LTU. Ms. Gaddie has studied fine art at Wayne State University and LTU. Traditional Japanese woodcut printing is Ms. Gaddie's medium of choice.

Professor Steven Rost is currently Interim Chair of the Department of Art and Design in the College of Architecture and Design. Most recently his work was exhibited in Shenzhen, China and the Brick Gallery at LTU.

Therese Stuart is an aspiring author who just finished an Associates of Science. She has been writing since grade school and doesn't think essays are all that bad.

Zak Klekamp is getting a Bachelor of Science and Technology. He likes long walks inside of his head and then placing the story of the walk on paper.

