



▶ 2014 |  
Prism



# P 2014 | Prismi |





# prism2014

a publication of the LTU Artists' Guild, Spring 2014

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

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## from the editors

A prism is defined as a medium that changes the appearance of what is viewed through it. The same can be said of this collection of works that has been titled "PRISM." Enclosed is a collection of poetry, drawings, and photographs contributed by students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University. Each individual piece offers its own interpretation of a subject through the eyes of its respective creator. Much like a physical prism can separate white light into colors, this copy of Prism has separated the static of everyday life into various themes, as told by pieces of literature, pen, paint, and lenses. The entire spectrum of emotion is accounted for.

Prism was founded in 1978 by then-student and later faculty member at LTU, Paula Stofer. It was only printed for two years until Dr. Melinda Weinstein, with generous backing from the College of Arts and Sciences, resurrected the dormant Prism in 2000. Since then, every year has led to a more refined collection. The Artists' Guild continuously strives to act as a creative catalyst for students, staff, faculty and alumni.

We would like to sincerely thank the College of Arts and Sciences and the department of Humanities, Social Sciences and Communication for their support. Additionally, we give special thanks to Sara Lamers for the guidance in completing the finished Prism and to all the contributors who submitted pieces, which made this publication a possibility. We hope the university and students will continue to support PRISM for years to come.

Enjoy,

**prism2014**



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dear quaker cemetery  
Katherine Schmidt

My Dear,

You are ever so silent  
ever happy, ever growing.  
As I ride my bike past,  
you are so open,  
I want to walk up and say  
Hello  
to the man I'll never know,  
the woman with no family,  
young child buried far too soon.  
Oh, the tears,  
the ground reeks of salt  
and the grass dares not grow  
under the footpaths of the  
downtrodden and miserable.  
You seem so happy,  
but the graves are so sad,  
so sad and so full of sad love.

My love isn't sad,  
the passerby of yesterday



glass  
Rachel Seeger



## every time on part-time

Derek Diamond

The car ride to your job is almost over, but miserable look across your face says the journey has yet to begin. Troubles that await past the dreaded time clock are only a door away. Time to go to work.

Enter the domain where a machine crushes the bones of empty cans. A rancid smell of garbage and rotting soda poisons the air and seeps into your brain. Demolishing plastic drowns out the sound of a cliché soundtrack.

You start to clean the liquid that glues your soles to the floor and lets everyone walk all over you. Machines bellow to be changed and customers barking to change them. These babies won't shut up.

Break comes, and it's time to recover what's left of your sanity. The aroma of coffee caresses the nostrils. Your fellow slaves talk about the hardships they deal with as you scarf down salty snacks. Then it's back to the chaos and idiots.

After a period, it's time to return lost items back to the shelves. The crunching heard before is replaced with the screams of spoiled kids and the insufferable questions to find items in plain view.

Has humanity sunken this low in intelligence?

All of this chaos drives you insane, but at the same time gives you admiration for the other people that do your duties as well.

You can only carry on with the lack of respect and empathy of customers.

It's down the drain like the soda from the cans people don't empty.

## you left in the night and never returned

Sarah Fewkes

I hope you think of me today  
when you drink your morning cup of tea  
when the light spills through the space between your curtains  
when you miss your turn off the freeway.  
some days I lose moments  
the same way I lost you –  
I don't know that they've gone  
until I look for their shoes beside the door  
and find nothing.



After twenty autumns in Massachusetts,  
I've concluded the day after Halloween  
is the day the trees decide to give up their leaves  
in preparation for winter hibernation.

Occasionally,  
with these leaves come sticks and twigs  
and this year is no different.

There lay one stick  
different from the rest.  
Its curvature was like my grandfather's bow.

The same bow he taught me to how to shoot back  
when I was just old enough to hunt.  
The same bow I killed my first buck with.  
The one he used to teach my dad and my uncles to  
shoot a deer.

"Just below the neck where the white meets the  
thigh," he always said.

I couldn't just leave my grandfather's bow  
lying in the woods with the leaves and twigs.  
The same bow I lost when I was thirteen  
and never admitted until after he was gone.

I brought it up to eye level like I'd just seen a  
twelve point  
saunter up to the bait I put out the night before.

Bow string pulled between my fingers, my lungs  
full of air,  
I release my grip and the arrow tear through the  
deer's chest.

Before I make it down the tree stand,  
my grandfather is next to the buck with his  
switchblade out.  
Through his thick gray beard cracked a smile.





**invisible third**  
Maddie Eudy



the outdoors, black night,  
rainy and dim and cold  
and the contents of my lungs are  
in the air, floating  
like billowing white summer curtains in  
the patio light.  
I count out the letters in my name  
on my fingers – I am  
cold-bruised; swollen up from  
winter breathing down my neck,  
skulking behind me.  
one two three four five, I count  
and there is one letter  
for each finger; it seems  
lucky  
that I have a name to fill up a hand.  
it seems lucky  
that I have two;  
one to take care of myself,  
and another to hold onto you.

The Sailor knew there was no edge.  
Strong winds push his ship across the sea.  
Skillfully he steers.

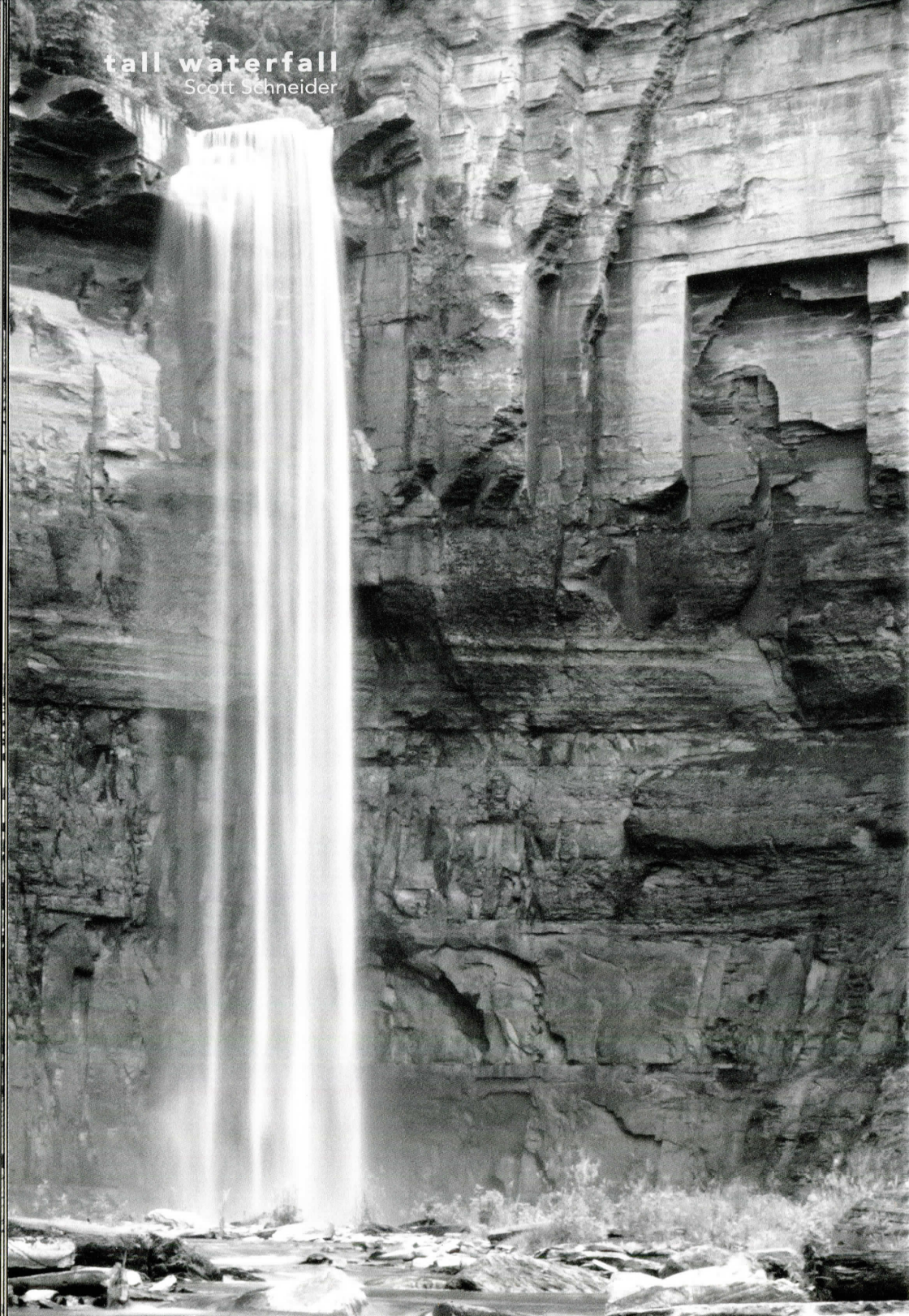
The ship, a lost planet floating in empty space  
with an unattainable destination.  
The sun is pulled downward by the horizon.  
Invincible he appears.

A legend, betrayed by his past,  
Unaided and alone he journeys, though  
land does not deliver an appearance.  
Darkness scares the light away, but  
the sailor was never introduced to fear.  
Bravely he sails.

Zeus stabs the sky with thunder bolts,  
and burps out with an echoing roar.  
Apollo walks the waters, rolling mountains of waves.  
Athena completes the storm with tears,  
her rain downs hard on the sailor's shoulders.  
Tiredness finds a home in his mortal body.  
Heavy he becomes.  
The endless waters continue,  
a never-ending journey.  
He sails up and down the mountainous waters  
that devour the deck. Direction is an  
illusion, the night gifts no mercy.  
The ocean grants no exits.  
The sailor does not give up.  
Brutally he continues onward.



tall waterfall  
Scott Schneider



apocalyptic race  
Katherine Schmidt

Bridges are burning in Brooklyn,  
Flames dance from the concrete  
To the wires, to the sky,  
to the water.

Bridges are burning in London,  
Flames race from the concrete  
To the cars, to the newspapers,  
to the people.

Bridges are burning in the night sky,  
Flames regenerate from each other  
To collapse, to expand,  
to glorify the sky.

Bridges are burning within us,  
Flames consume from the inside  
To outside, to others,  
to our souls.

Bridges are burning  
And we are the fuel.



## holiday memories

Sean Bailey

Home was the place to be  
when snow littered the ground,  
and mom sang merry tunes.

The sharp scent of cinnamon  
and cool aroma of pine trees  
invaded every home and store,  
lifting the spirits of all its occupants.

Embracing the warmth of a fireplace  
after a long day playing,  
laughing, fighting, and rolling in the snow  
was everything but uncommon.

Our parents laughed and prepared our dinner for the big day,  
while my sister and I shook the foil wrapped boxes.  
We went to bed with smiles and dreamed  
of the wonders the next day might bring.

It has been a long time  
since that cinnamon scent has conquered my home.  
I can't even remember the last time we had a tree  
instead of an empty space in the living room.

Now my sister and her father argue how  
she is right and he is wrong.  
They yell over me and my mother  
delaying our leave to the party.

They intensify and slurs are thrown,  
nothing that we have never seen before.  
tears run down moms cheek,  
and mom walks away mumbling.

"You act like you own this damn house!  
You have no respect for me or your mother!"  
"You get angry at the littlest things  
and then take it out on us!"

"Can you two just shut up  
and pull the stick out of your asses!"  
They are taken aback, faces of rage and fear,  
even I am surprised by my outburst.

He goes to finish packing the car and to wait,  
she goes outside to get some air,  
Mom continues to fix her makeup,  
and I finish packing the car.

We leave for the big party,  
pretending that everything is fine.  
We sit in silence, with the occasional  
remark on the weather or news.

Yes, home certainly was the place to be,  
when the snow littered the ground.



I race down the hallway  
when I hear the front door close.  
My small feet patter against  
the wooden floors and  
clumsily fumble down the stairs.

There are boots  
in the hallway,  
and raincoats!  
I wonder who  
went outside  
in this terrible weather,  
this hurricane.  
It's a natural force  
that could strip away  
all of the  
raincoats,  
boots,  
umbrellas,  
hats and gloves,  
and flannel underpants  
of the world  
to reveal what's beneath.

I heard mom and dad talking,  
They think God is coming.  
Do you think it's God?

Me neither.  
I think God loves me,  
loves you, loves us all.  
God wouldn't hurt me,  
It must be someone else.  
Maybe it's the Devil,  
but, probably not.

The weather is strange,  
the weather is strong.  
I want to go play  
out in the rain,  
but mom and dad won't let me.  
I even promised to wear  
my raincoat and boots!  
It must really be a storm,  
a wild force,  
the wilderness in the city  
if they won't let me play.  
Out in the wild  
is no place for children.



Every night  
My alter ego pushes and grinds  
its way out of my skin.  
I put up a fight  
but it still finds a way out  
where I thin.  
In the part of my hair,  
the skin between my toes,  
she comes from underneath my fingernails.  
Every day, I find, she carts  
away my sanity, she grows  
from my instability.  
There are tales,  
of how she acts,  
I've heard she's killed a man  
and that she drinks and swears.  
As the hours and the CD tracks  
slip away, awaiting Her arrival,  
an interesting feeling overcomes me.  
She glares at me with my own set of eyes,  
grins at me with my own lips.  
"Hello dearie, you here for a good time?"





**three and four - but one of three**  
Shayne Vallad

If you read forward and back  
You may notice a little stack  
Read the words line to line  
All phrases have a rhyme

First, words have a cause  
Words upon words specific clause.  
Of obvious reason is for sure  
This must end for a cure

Page of text being remembered  
It will bold like being ember'd.  
May you check out every rhyme  
Just watch out for the time.

Make with haste the guessing game  
You must find first what I claim.  
Feel the puzzle of words pry  
Rage flows each and every try



**split rock waterfall**  
Scott Schneider





**pink snow**  
Rachel Seeger

waking up never felt so **strange**  
Sarah Fewkes

sometimes I feel  
like a bright, washed-out, early morning.  
too much white, too much cold air,  
too much frost clinging to the grass,  
the skin around my fingernails gone  
numb and bitter and waxy-white.  
I feel as if I am just bare bones,  
bleached by the sea,  
beached driftwood and  
seashells that got left behind.  
sometimes I feel  
as if I'm the fog over the fields  
when the sun is just tiptoeing  
over the horizon, and casting down  
light that isn't quite there- if you  
know what I mean. sometimes I feel  
as if I am not quite here.







Just yesterday I was wearing my red dress  
And you were wearing the remnants  
Of that pink lipstick I used to like

Over a bowl of noodles and a large Pepsi  
With two pairs of chopsticks  
And one straw  
After which we adventured through the jungle  
Climbing the concrete trees  
Running past the vivid foliage of loose papers and blinking lights  
And observing our fellow wildlife  
In their silly serious costumes as they hurry to and fro  
Like the ants they step through without glancing down

And the world turns  
The sun and moon and tides breathe life  
The stars travel a path as simply complex as that  
Of their earthly counterparts  
But our hearts are locked  
And will not budge through all this commotion

The adventure is best travelled with a companion.











thinker  
Joe Long



helping hand  
Joe Long



**new perspective**  
Joe Long



**young love**  
Liz Love







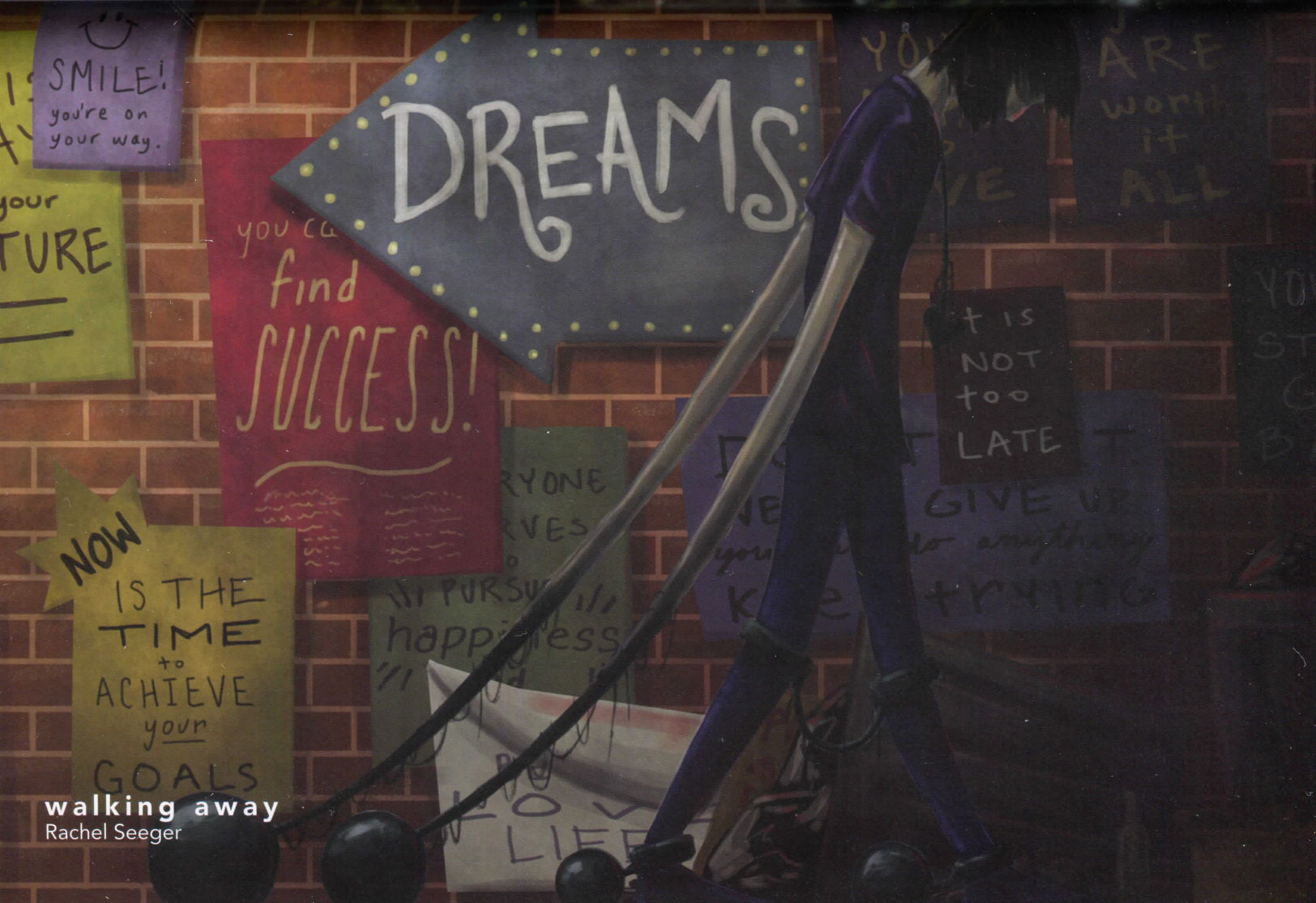
## the state we are in

Ashley Anderson

Amicable toward each other.  
Brethren among strangers.  
Carving out the future.  
Disappointed at the outcome.  
Empathy for the foreign.  
Fundamentals for the domestic.  
Good when it is convenient.  
Honest when it is necessary  
Innocent holding out for justice.  
Jumping at each opportunity  
Kindred spirits trying to survive.  
Loving themselves to stay alive.  
Many too hungry to care.  
No shelter for the weary.  
Opportunity has turned into despair  
Poor are now the lucky.  
Question the future of the Economy  
Ready for a Change.  
Similarities resonance of what remains.  
Time for equality to be present.  
Unity is a distant trip.  
Veins bleed red, white and blue.  
Warrior's patriotism remains true  
Xylophones chimes the rhythm of a broken heart  
Yearning for the best, searching for the most  
Zen and inner peace is a good place to start

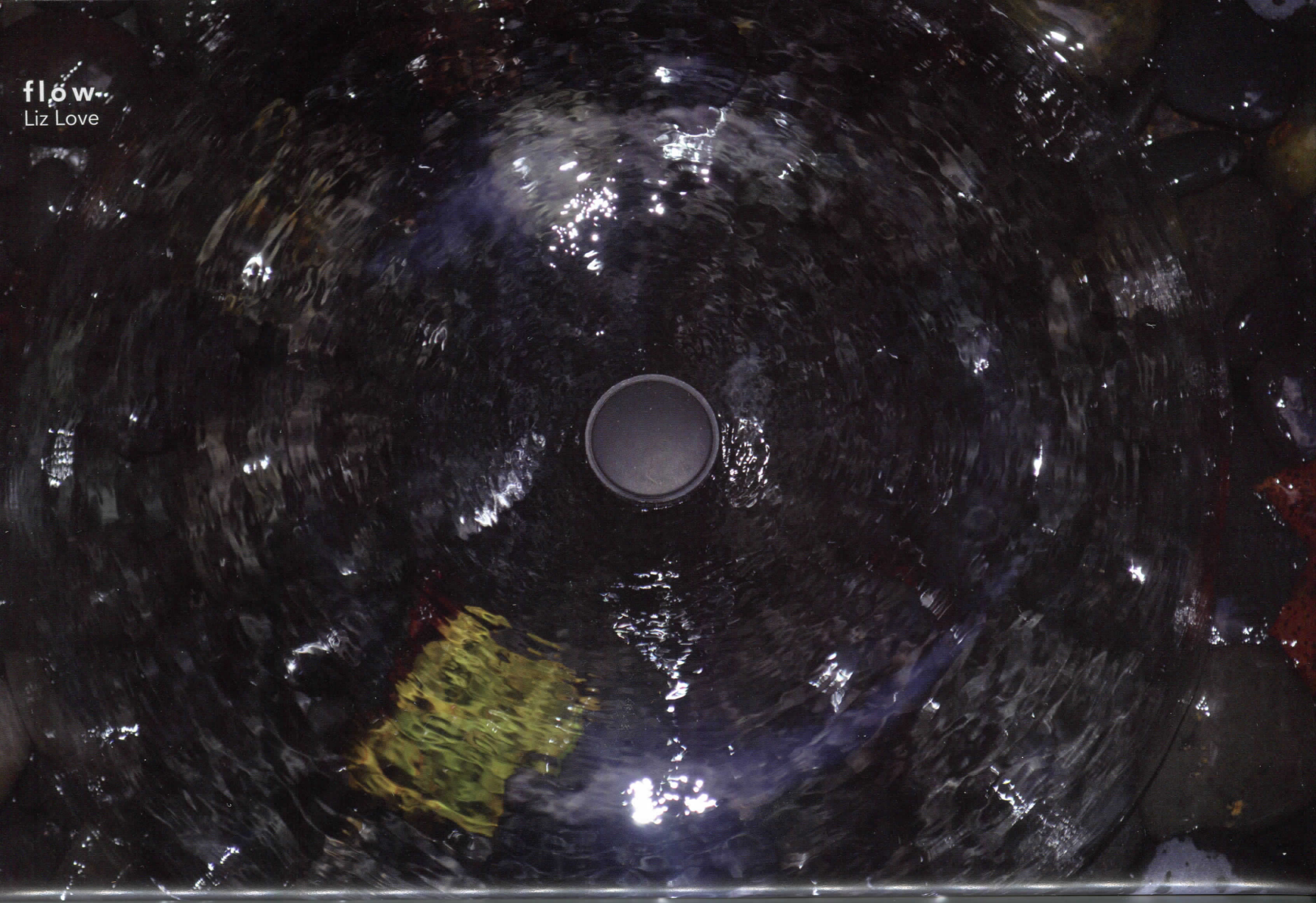








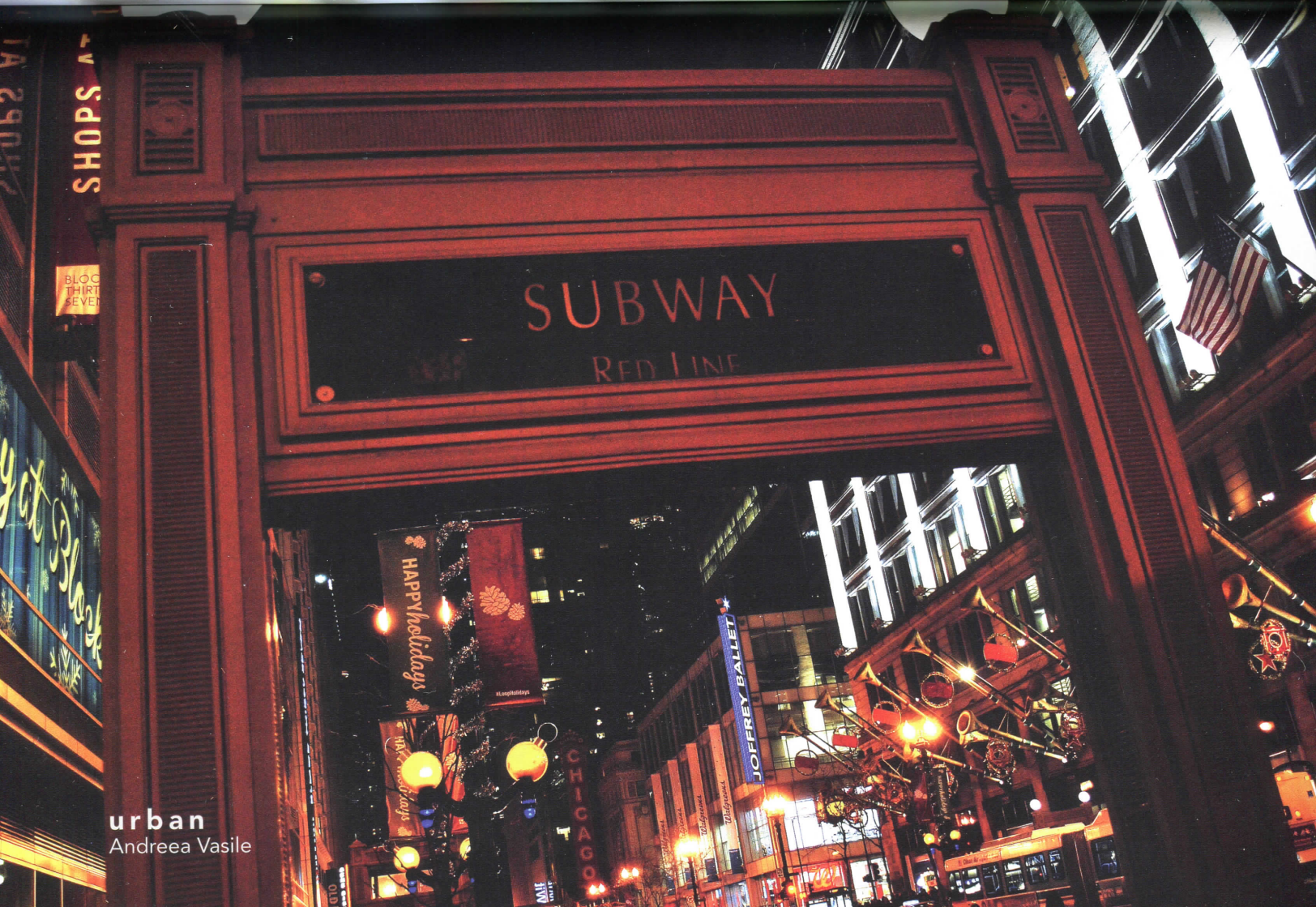
flow  
Liz Love



Itu  
Andrea Vasile



blooming  
Liz Love



urban  
Andreea Vasile

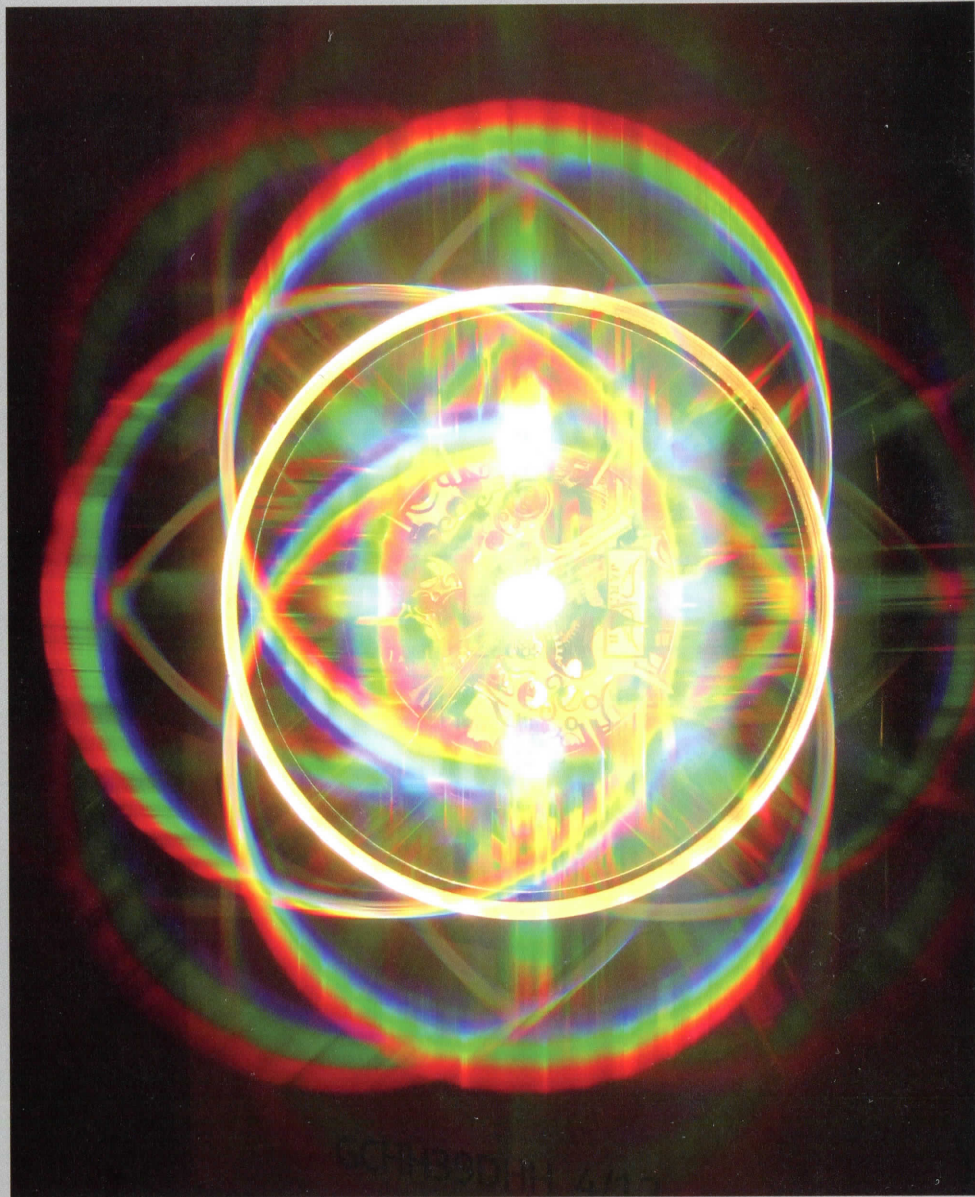


**island sunset**  
Joe Long



**lanturn**  
Liz Love





**diffraction of time**  
Ryan Daniels

I used to just watch the show, and then they threw me on the stage.  
I learned to turn myself around. Let's go, let's start, let's engage.  
Here a bit of confidence will get you a long way,  
but first you have to find it, just how I cannot say.

With the bright lights shining light in our eyes,  
we're just lonely magicians all craving a disguise.  
We start off learning to trust our voices,  
and then along comes the bigger choices.

How many words will you imprint to your mind?  
How many sides of humanity are you willing to find?  
Step right up and learn how to be someone new.  
Your director, your captain, will tell you who.

Most of us will never be before a bigger crowd.  
Some of us will never again be this loud.  
But no one comes here to be a star.  
We come to pretend and to find who we are.





birdcage  
Rachel Seeger

Lounging in the corner of the couch  
wearing your stripes that keep you sane,  
your hair all done up,  
even though you're having a bad day.  
Cradling a throw pillow,  
you seem so tired,  
so distraught.  
Your fears have been chasing you  
in automobiles while you run,  
unaware, in your tennis shoes.  
Has anyone ever told you that  
your life is a beautiful fairy tale?  
May I be the one to save you?





Voices, voices trying to reach me  
All in my head  
People I've never met  
And never will  
Have they ever existed?  
I could have made them all up  
But I wasn't trying to  
Why are they here?  
Whispers, shouts, conversational tones  
They do not let up  
I am not scared though  
As long as I don't engage out loud  
It's only then where the danger comes  
Think me crazy  
Think me mad  
A tragic figure, eccentricity gone too far  
But I like talking to them  
They're pretty good friends  
You can't blame me for that  
I'm just being social  
Isn't that what you wanted from me?



Voices, voices trying to reach me  
All in my head  
People I've never met  
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You can't blame me for that  
I'm just being social  
Isn't that what you wanted from me?





I am sure that I am not alone in expressing the desire  
To throw off these silly, uncomfortable clothes  
And this silly, uncomfortable job to  
Run naked, free and heathen  
As my ancestors did in times long past.

But these clothes, this job, these rules I follow  
Are all voluntary shackles  
That bind me to the safety of society, for God knows  
If I tear free of my shackles  
Society would cast me out, and I'd be forced  
To live as my ancestors did,  
Running through the jungles of world  
Naked, free,  
And heathen.



## do I have to eat it?

Brandon Lentz

My family of four sat at the dinner table.  
A cup of milk, steak, apple sauce, and  
this unknown thing sat on my plate.

It was some kind of amorphous meat  
drenched with green slime.  
Vegetables sprinkled over the concoction while  
noodles wrapped all around it.  
These disgusting decorations made  
it look like a Christmas tree.

Like any new food  
I hated it instantly. Still  
my parents made me eat it.  
Were they trying to poison me?

I took my time munching on  
what I knew was food,  
hoping that the  
mountain of goop would go away.

My family finished eating and  
left me stranded at the table to  
battle with the gunk on my own.

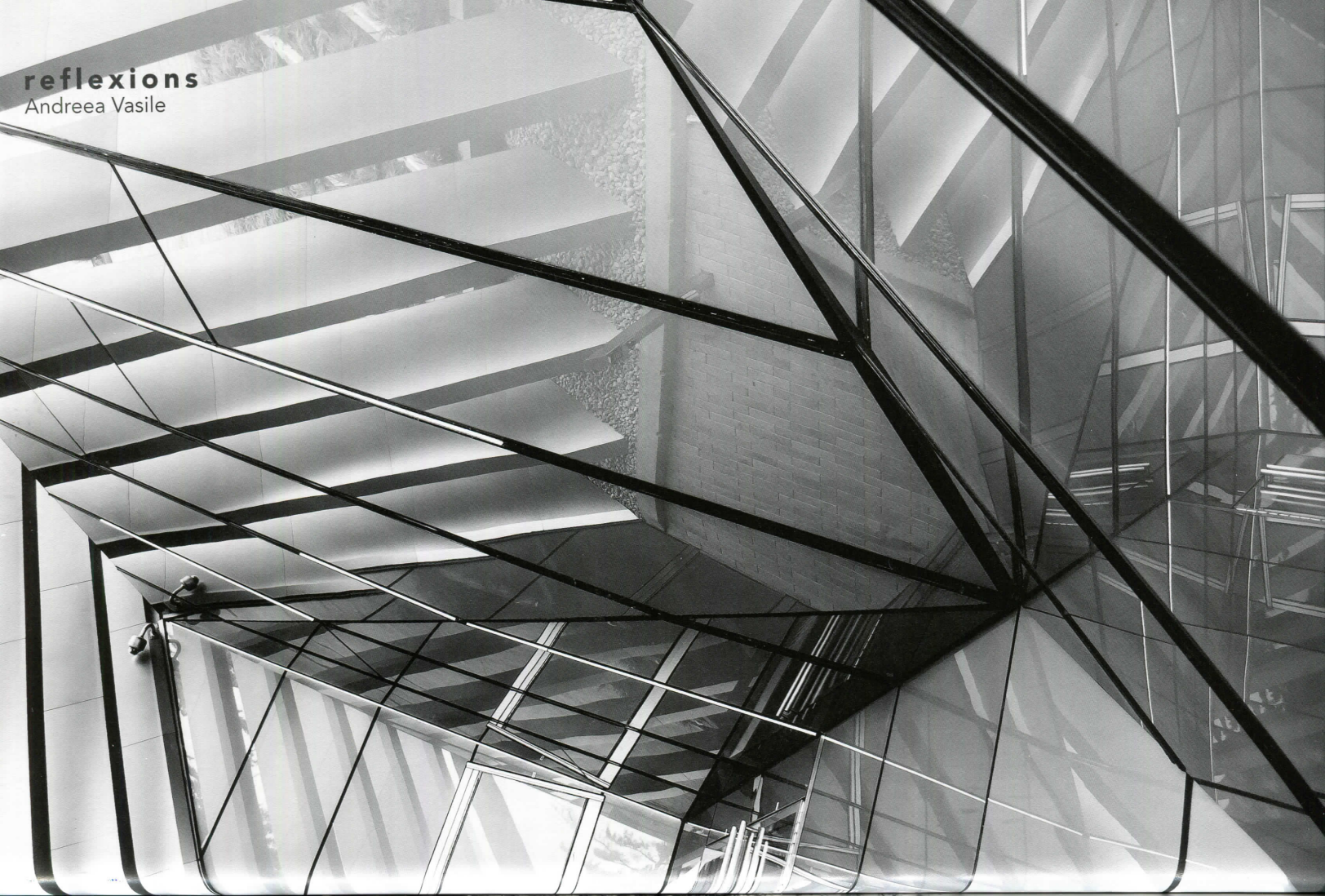
Inevitably, it went in my mouth and  
almost came back up.  
If there were  
starving kids in the world,  
it was because this was  
all they had to eat.

Luckily I had a friend with me.  
No novice to new food, past experience  
taught me that I would need milk to  
stomach it down.

Once I put the mess in my mouth,  
I swigged the milk to destroy the taste.  
Eventually it was all gone.  
My plate spotless,  
I had survived another meal.



**reflexions**  
Andreaa Vasile



**lilluokaiani gardens**  
Joe Long



## into the water

Ashley Maier

What you see before you  
will not look the same again.  
It is a moment, as you are,  
in the blink of space.

When the sun rises it is not for us.  
It simply hangs in a sky we touch  
only when we grow tired  
of our own gravity.



## lounge in the rubble

Maddie Eudy

Someday it will fall  
and not come back around.  
So in the meantime,  
while the universe's lungs  
give you breath

will you surrender to  
the fear of what's next?  
Or will you gather the energy  
of millions of years in the making  
and dive right into the water?





Sailing, I knew there was no edge. Endless waves, the ocean stretched on forever. Hope for landing sank with the sun over the horizon, the cold wind the only embrace I've known for some time. Do I remember the warmth of the others? If I were

home, their warmth surrounds me. My children beaming, my reflection in their smiles. Love radiates from the hearth as I tell them stories. I tell of epic voyages across the vast sea. Of magic unimaginable. Of poor farmers who grow into valiant knights. But not of me, who grew a family. Sometimes I wonder. If I were

a poor farmer, burning in the sun. Hot like the fires of dragon's breath. I know only labor and fealty to the king. Children run free in those seas of green and amber, they haven't heard tales of hardship. To live so carefree is a mystery to me now. All riches elude my grasp. If I were

A dragon, my keep lofty, my hoard ever growing. Beds of gold, cold as steel and the whipping winds of the harsh ocean. Alone with my glory, I no longer know wonder. Fires of attacking sailors, the sound of battle the only song I've known for some time. I no longer know the gentle song of innocence. If I were

a child, so innocent and care free. Stories of princesses and dragons, of mysticism and exciting danger spark through my mind. What is there to remember of yesterday when  
today  
is a new adventure?  
Today I'm a knight. Tomorrow an emperor.  
I wonder what adventures I'd have if I were a sailor.



I woke up to the sound of rain in the morning air,  
the sound of it crashing down on the tree outside my window,  
thrashing each leaf before it drips away to the ground,  
the greenery twitching and flinching with every drop that falls.  
I can imagine the whole world is being rained upon  
by some great cloud that doesn't know when to give up.  
I know I should close the window, but I love the smell of it  
the feel of rain is the one thing that brings me back, time and time  
again.

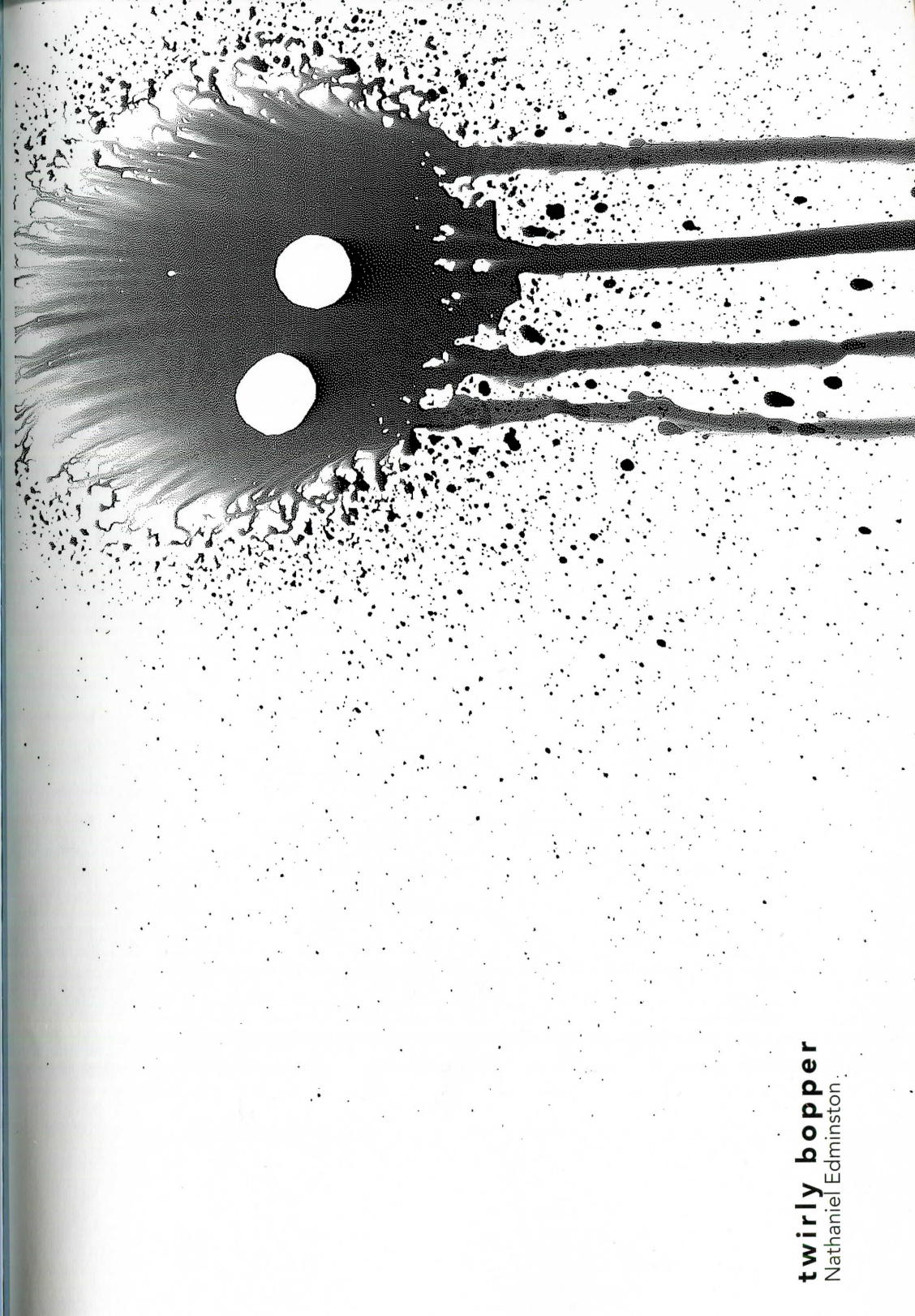
I can picture home and the sound of a kettle whistling  
as long as I shut my eyes  
and I can still feel your lips against mine  
(as the water leaks down our faces and hands)  
the rivers swell and gorge to the riverbanks  
like great, hulking signal fires  
I've got a message for you, they cry  
please come back to me.

What is more beautiful than bastard sword?  
Its steel glist'ning upon the battlefield  
In mortal man it acts as if a ward  
To friend and foe, it would be wise to yield,  
Lest you, or those you love be turned to Grim  
Since bastard sword can bring no other end  
But death, or pain, blood drawn, limbs lost for Him  
These wounds no pass of time will ever mend.

But why? Why does the Father deem it good  
To purge the Holy Land of Arab men  
By force? Because the Vicar says we should  
"And it will please the Lord; lead us to heav'n!"  
What is more beautiful than bastard blade?  
Lives lost, blood shed, the Catholics shall invade.



Asshole, she shrieked, and  
before he could forge a defense, she  
cut him off, cut him  
down, cut him apart.  
Every failure flooded from her tongue,  
flowed from his wounds;  
Great waves of pain from his  
hemorrhage, waves of tears from her  
irises. She struck for his  
jugular, with thoughts of the  
knives that  
lacerated and  
maimed, leaving her  
nearly lifeless. Then the  
offensive was over, and with a  
pause, she turned and  
quickly  
ran. He stood and  
stared, weak and  
trembling. Then  
understanding arrived, and hesitancy  
vanished.  
With a deep breath, he made himself  
xyloid to handle the pain, and  
yearning for healing, he  
zealously chased after her.





five little zombies  
(to the tune of five little monkeys)

Ashley Maier

Five little zombies jumping on a bed.  
One fell off and lost his head.  
Mummy found a doctor and the doctor said,  
"Well it's time that I fled."

Four little zombies jumping on a bed.  
One fell off and lost his head.  
Mummy glared at the doctor and the doctor said,  
"What was a zombie doing on a bed?"

Three little zombies jumping on a bed.  
One fell off and lost his head.  
Mummy chased the doctor and the doctor said,  
"Can you eat someone else instead?"

Two little zombies jumping on a bed.  
One fell off and lost his head.  
Mummy bit the doctor and the doctor said,  
"Hey now, I don't want to be dead!"

One little zombie jumping on a bed.  
He fell off and lost his head.  
Mummy turned to the doctor and the doctor said,  
"Brains!"

Burning candle  
Gentle light  
Separates this Holy  
night  
Partake of wine, warm and tart

Take in wonders, the room goes dark Gaze into  
the flame, its abundant radiance Breathe deep the  
spices, its sublime fragrance Extinguish the light  
with wine, a mitzvah  
The lights return, though we're still in awe

Holiness from everyday

Light from dark  
New week begins  
New joys embark



**ms. audrey**  
Rachel Seeger



## Artist Biographies

### **Ashley Anderson**

is a junior. She is 21 years old. Ashley enjoys being outdoors and hanging out with friends. She enjoys being with her family.

### **Sean Bailey**

is a junior in the Computer Science Program. He wants to operate his own game studio one day but his true passion is to become Santa Claus.

### **Nicholas Baxter**

is a junior in the Humanities program. He enjoys Creative Writing and hopes to take more writing classes in the future.

### **Ryan Daniels**

is a recent graduate majoring in Physics. Photography is a hobby for him just as much as an opportunity to explore the physics of manipulating light for art.

### **Derek Diamond**

is pursuing a degree in Computer Science.

### **Nathaniel Edminston**

is a graphic design student who grew up with a love for art and design, and loves to experiment and work with many mediums and methods.

### **Maddie Eudy**

is a junior in the Graphic Design program and is pursuing a minor in Media Communication. She enjoys various kinds of artwork as well as great story telling. She has dreams of changing the way people perceive art through different types of media, such as film, graphics, and illustration.



**Sarah Fewkes**

is a freshman studying Molecular and Cell biology. In her spare time, she writes poetry inspired by romantic topics such as first snows, first loves, and cellular mitosis.

**Larry & Friends Design Co.**

is a dedicated group of students in the art and design sculpture class. Night Light Detroit is their first large scale publication, and they have a student film festival being hosted in Detroit in May.

**Brandon Lentz**

is 21 years old. He is a student at Lawrence Tech majoring in math and computer science.

**Royale Letourneau**

is a 4th year Computer Science student with a concentration on game software development. Much of his time is devoted to writing code for games and applications. He values motivation, knowledge, and creativity.

**Joe Long**

is an alumnus who is very involved in the Society of Dramatic Arts. Joe focuses on landscape photography wherein the world sets the scene. He just tries to do it justice.

**Liz Love**

is a junior in the graphic design program and she loves traveling and viewing fine art. She is a member of DPhiE, AIGA and Cross Country. She prefers using typography and photography as a medium for art.

**Ashley Maier**

is a senior majoring in English and Communication Arts with a minor in Technical and Professional Communication. She is a member of DPhiE and SODA. Almost all of her jobs also involve acronyms.

**Dan Rosendale**

is a graduating senior in the Computer Science department. He is from Chicago and plans to get married to his fiancée , Becca Mooi, in 2016.

**Rachel Seeger**

is a sophomore in the Game Art program. She enjoys indulging in all forms of art and hopes to use it to change how people look at the world.

**Katherine Schmidt**

is an audio engineering major who's been writing poetry since the 7th grade. When not hunched over paper with a furiously scribbling pen she likes to play various instruments including ukulele and kazoo and read, a lot.

**Dr. Scott Schneider**

when not saving the Universe, sometimes does some landscape photography. A reference to the movie *Four Weddings and a Funeral* got stuck in his head when selecting images, so he presents: Four Waterfalls and a bolt of Lightning.

**Alexandria Steele**

is a Digital Arts student inspired by her Greek heritage and hobbies, with a love for fine art mediums, particularly paint and pencil. She also loves comic books.

**Elizabeth Steenwyk**

has had a passion for drawing since she was a little girl and enjoys dabbling with different mediums, techniques and lots of color.

**Isaac Sweet**

Poems, like games, are an art made to evoke feelings. Isaac is a CS Game Development Major that has been going to LTU for 3 years. As a game developer, he knows the art of ludology. Conveniently, poetry requires the same creative muscle.



**Shayne Vallad**

is pursuing Bachelor's Degree in Computer Science for Game Development. He has been working for a little over two years at Vectorform as an Interactive Developer. Besides his experience working, he enjoys designing and developing games as much as he plays them. He has spent most of his life working with computers and loves learning about them every day.

**Andreea Vasile**

is an international student from Romania majoring in Architecture. She loves traveling and she captures through her camera's lenses anything interesting that she sees.

**Jonathan Vitale**

is a 21 year old from Sterling Heights, MI. He is currently a Junior majoring in Electrical Engineering here at LTU. When he's not working or doing homework he enjoys spending time with his friends, playing sports and catching up on some Top Gear (the UK version of course).

**Mari Weaver**

is a third year Information Technology major who just cannot get rid of the writing bug. Where it came from, she just don't know. She also really loves music, reading and theater.



