



PRISM

2015

PRISM

2015



PRISM 2015

A publication of the LTU Artists' Guild, Spring 2015

Editor-in-Chief

Liz Love

Faculty Advisor

Sara Lamers

Written Submissions Editors

Nicholas Baxter

Tyler Trombley

Visual Submissions Editor

Liz Love

Cover Artist

Madalyn Eudy

Editorial Board

Nathaniel Edminston

Madalyn Eudy

Rachel Seeger

Kristen Smith

David Viette

Emily Votta

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.

Copyright © 2015 Lawrence Technological University

All rights of individual works revert to their respective artists upon publication.

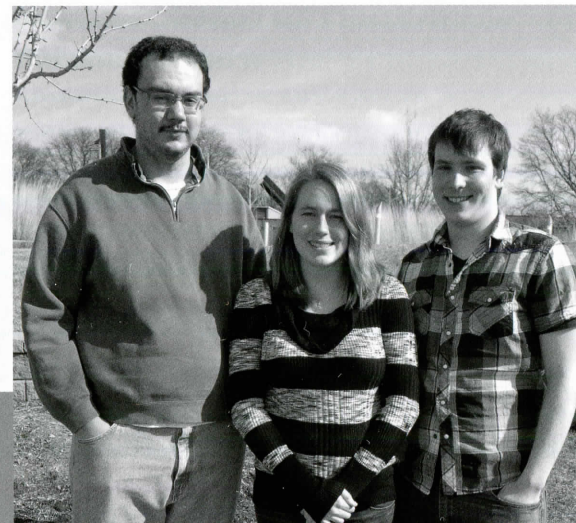
From the Editors

From the gritty to the sweet. Jail courtyards to sleeping kittens. Cynicism to serenity.

Through Prism, you can see the whole spectrum of creativity offered at Lawrence Tech. Here we offer a collection that weaves together written and visual works, forming a snapshot of an inventive and imaginative campus community.

We offer our sincere thanks to the College of Arts and Sciences and its Department of Humanities, Social Science, and Communication for continuing to support Prism. Furthermore, we give great thanks to Sara Lamers, our editorial board, and the many people who contributed to this publication. Prism would not exist without all of you, and we hope to have your continued support in the future.

Enjoy,



PRISM**2015**

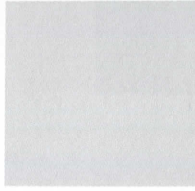
Contents

- | | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------------|-------------------|----|--|--------------------|
| 8 | Blackcurrant Jam | Sarah Fewkes | 46 | Refinery | Jacob Croop |
| 9 | Waves on Rocks | Jacob Croop | 47 | Plus Glow | Madalyn Eudy |
| 10 | A Drink for the Fellow | Phillip McMurray | 48 | Little House in Suburbia | Meredith Harper |
| 12 | Greene's | Alex Tillman | 49 | Things We Carry with Us | Katherine Schmidt |
| 14 | Then and Now | Josh Lance | 50 | Candy Canes and Christmas | Amy O'Neill |
| 15 | Adulthood's Double Abecedarian | Christine Jackson | 54 | Disconnect | Joel MacFadyen |
| 16 | Feral City Feedback | Paul Jaussen | 55 | Frozen | Andreea Vasile |
| 17 | Red Slant | Madalyn Eudy | 56 | And That is True Nobility | Brandon Nowakowski |
| 18 | Serene | Liz Love | 57 | Closest Wall to Hell | Melissa St. Pierre |
| 19 | Haddon | Sarah Fewkes | 58 | Expectation #33 | Paul Jaussen |
| | Glacier | Sarah Fewkes | 60 | l'écume des jours | Sarah Fewkes |
| 20 | Ominous Woodland Shack | Alex Tillman | 61 | A Room Without Light | Katherine Schmidt |
| 21 | Lost | Andreea Vasile | 62 | The Next Big Thing | Anna Asiala |
| 22 | Pilgrimage | Liz Love | 64 | Movement | Andreea Vasile |
| 23 | Expansive | Brett Redwood | 66 | He Walked with a Slant in his Step | Philip McMurray |
| 24 | Shame | Sarah Fewkes | 68 | Prison | Jacob Croop |
| | Calm Before the Storm | Nicholas Paul | 69 | Lost Inside a Fortress | Gania Kandalaft |
| 26 | A Bright Welcome | Gania Kandalaft | 70 | Oil Lamp | Anna Asiala |
| 27 | Mantis | Alex Tillman | 73 | Jail Courtyard | Jacob Croop |
| 28 | Historical Route | Andreea Vasile | 74 | Lovecraftian Synesthesia | Brandon Nowakowski |
| 29 | Undertaking | Meredith Harper | 75 | Storms Over DTE | Jacob Croop |
| 30 | Honeybees Singing on the Wall | Phillip McMurray | 76 | Corner Store | Steven Williams |
| | Reflection | Andreea Vasile | 78 | Weeks of Torment for Final Critique | Hanna Matievich |
| 32 | Corporate Identity | Liz Love | 79 | Old South Church | Gania Kandalaft |
| 34 | Desire | Liz Love | 80 | Sleeping Kitten | Alex Tillman |
| 35 | Transparency | Andreea Vasile | 81 | Artist Biographies | |
| 36 | Corner Street | Jacob Croop | | | |
| 37 | Through the Tunnels | Gania Kandalaft | | | |
| 38 | Mikndoviz Tower | Madalyn Eudy | | | |
| 39 | Ride the Bull | Jacob Croop | | | |
| 40 | Infinity | Andreea Vasile | | | |
| 41 | Acadia Red Rock | Scott Schneider | | | |
| 42 | Entombment | Liz Love | | | |
| 43 | Autumn Falls | Nicholas Paul | | | |
| 44 | Erupting Pantoum | Anna Asiala | | | |
| | Dusty | Andreea Vasile | | | |

Blackcurrant Jam

Sarah Fewkes

I can fit my entire family in the twelve inches of space that lingers between the teapot and the toast rack, yellow tablecloth, two mugs, and a smile. they've a feast before them; vegetables from the sunlit garden while I'm just barely knocking down a pot of Yorkshire on my way through the door. one egg. something about wind patterns over the pacific. my grandmother is knitting something purple, and I think about the smell of foxgloves. an aunt murmurs something in the background and I have to ask her to repeat herself, but she smiles when she speaks to me and says, "turn around, so I can see your dress" and I twirl while the scene stutters. the only thing that holds us together is one long, white cable, hooked into the wall. "I have to go." the tap drips. you have not tasted loneliness until you have been forced to measure distance in moments as well as miles.



A Drink for the Fellow

Phillip McMurray

Clink, clink, clink, clink
Sip and sip and sip The Drink.
Wine keeps me at peace and leaves me mellow.
More and more and more for the fellow.

I stumble about and my mind is afog
When I partake the curséd grog.
I thrash around and puke on the floor,
Slip on it, slosh in't and slide past the door.
I love my liquor and that sweetly spiced rum.
I shall live, drink, and die a bum.

Another, another, another, another
With friend, with spouse, with stranger, with brother,
He'll beckon The Need; he'll lose all control.
Those years of drinking will bargain its toll.
He'll be a stringéd corpse; I'll diminish his will.
He'll be a puppet and he I shall kill.

Clink, clink, clink, clink
Sip and sip and sip The Drink.
Wine keeps me at peace and leaves me mellow.
More and more and more for the fellow.

Clink, clink, clink, clink
Sip and sip and sip The Drink.
Wine keeps me at peace and leaves me mellow.
More and more and more for the fellow.

I gypped all my friends and I struck at my wife.
I shall be drunk for the rest of my life.
I know I'm a drunk and that I've hit The Wall.
Know I care not, no, care not at all.
This is the pledge that I have not forgot.
Beer is my blood and The Bar is my lot.

He's mine! He's mine! He's mine! He's mine!
Beer, whiskey, and smooth moonshine
Has destroyed his liver and corroded his soul.
He'll sleep sound in this dirty old hole.
I've done my job, his world set astrife.
My task complete for I've ended his life.

Clink, clink, clink, clink
Sip and sip and sip The Drink.
Wine kept him at peace, left eternally mellow.
He is no more, that foolish old fellow.

© TILLMAN LIGHT DRAWING



GREENE'S

GREENE'S

24155

HAMBURGERS

HAMBURGERS

Greene's
Alex Tillman//Digital Photography

Then and Now

Josh Lance

Already I have thought of my future
because my
childhood is so far behind me.
Distraught, I think of these past times, and picture
everyone running freely.
For back then there was no need to
go about thinking of the future. But these
happy times have come and gone, and
it is now the future that matters.
Juvenile delinquents will begin to transform,
kindly accepting adulthood,
learning what it
means to be an adult,
now that a job is what matters.

Over and over
professors told us,
quietly hinting at the future, to
read,
study,
try in school,
unless we want our childhood
visions to collapse under a
wasted education. Unless we want
Xanax to cure the pain we hold from our fallen dreams;
yearning for a second chance.
Zip-locked minds forever wanting to go back.

Adulthood's Double Abecedarian

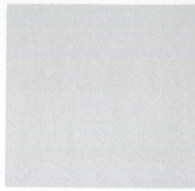
Christine Jackson

Adolescent memories set my heart abuzz
By cherishing their evanescent joy.
Cooking, carefully consulting the cake mix
Dancing, carelessly reflecting the moon's glow
Everything a reckless, rejoicing improv.
"Fiscal responsibility" as foreign as "seppuku."
Granted, once I learned, I'll never forget
How much I miss
Innocently simple life before a career.
Just like a well-timed tranq
Knocks one out of the loop,
Life forgot to leave a memo
Mentioning the ill-timed departure of fun.
Note that maturity may grant more than gloom,
Occasionally even obligation can enthrall.
Perhaps I can still pluck
Quiet hope from this snapdragon "swaraj."
Realize adulthood is just cannelloni
Stuffed with the malicious myth
That I'm ready to be self-supporting.
Unfitted for this life, I bluff
Vigilance, dedication, and experience
With resolving personal toil and professional backload.
Xerox machines never before made me this pessimistic,
Yet my adult life is at best a catacomb.
Zoning out is my only escape from this dystopia.

Feral City Feedback

Paul Jaussen

Soul in the Feral City
sounds like space
tuned to a cosmic fuzz
crackling through empty air,
as if it were 1971
and white boys
were deciding again
that the blues is actually European and LSD,
picking up the signal
of its own existence,
folding into a hum
of hearing and being
until the space breaks
into an indeterminate tone,
and hearkens back to its hopes
by crying into the future
through the fallow fields of its sound.



Red Slant

Digital Photography//Madalyn Eudy

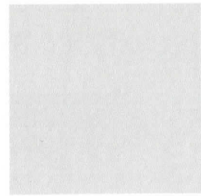


everything I ever knew hung in a bright-blue summer sky;
twenty-five long nights of red-eye flights,
pork pies and hazy, misty sights,
a cottage with a weathered thatch,
my heart's rusty, locked-up access hatch,
tiny buzzing honey bees, lightning-torn trees,
fairytale with rolled-up sleeves,
corn dollies and a washing line,
god's baby teeth and summer wine.

Glacier

Sarah Fewkes

the water in your shower
streams over us—
we are mountains down which
rivers flow.
I love the sound of my laughter
when it touches yours.



Ominous Woodland Shack
Alex Tillman // Digital Photography



LD
Light Drawing



Lost
Digital Photography // Andreea Vasile



Pilgrimage

Liz Love//Digital Photography

Flick the cognition switch.
Electric bridge, the synapsis-
gap with sap.
What runs down the spine?
Through a wall pilot hole of the turbines spun line inside the dry.
Fixture down to ignition of an ideal picture.
Filament flight of light to thought...
Circulation—
of the thing, of the whole, through the wire,
as a link.
Inspiration

Shame

Sarah Fewkes

in the middle of my 1,989th night alive,
I threw my favourite desert-sand-gold teddy bear
across the room,
and as I turned my face to the covers, I heard his
mute little body crumple and thump against
the cold and unforgiving winter wall of my bedroom.
if you counted to five it would be too long
to describe the span of time it took for my face
to contort and for my tears to begin slow tracks,
hot and crusading, down my cheeks, and for my

short legs to launch me from the bed, arms outstretched
to cradle him close to me, as if I could undo what I
had done if I hugged him hard enough
or long enough. I didn't feel like that again until
I was nineteen years old
and I shouted at my father (whose frail body
was fighting him, and whose arms would probably,
mothlike, burst with silver powder if you touched him
the wrong way) because he could no longer manage
the staircase.



Calm Before the Storm

Nicholas Paul//Digital Photography



A Bright Welcome

Gania Kandalajt//Digital Photography



Mantis

Alex Tillman//Digital Photography

Historical Route

Andreea Vasile//Digital Photography



Undertaking

Meredith Harper//Digital Photography

Honeybees Singing on the Wall

Phillip McMurray

Honeybees singing on the wall,
Buzzing, flying, telling all,
About the duly dripped drops
Of honey, sugar, and soda pops.
Fluttering, landing on the flower's eye,
To bellow serenades as lovers walk by.

Beauty at best! Beauty behest!
And hers ascends above the rest!
Bright eyes to capture the glittering gleam
Of a blast of light crested across the stream.

Honeybees drinking the morning dew,
Whispering, chirping, I love you!
And as they drift about in the twilight's brisk
To the witty bit of a ritty-tisk-tisk
Some would say that by their ear,
They hum the songs of my love, my dear!

The tale is unveiled! At last revealed!
The secrets of my heart flow unsealed!
I know the rules, yet indulge my vice.
Love is love so sprit the spice!

Honeybees nesting at the start of night,
Resting, dreaming, no fear or fright.
Sweetly twirling visions of a candid realm
Where I am the captain and she is at the helm.



Reflection

Andreaa Vasile//Digital Photography



Corporate Identity

Liz Love//Digital Photography and Instillation



Desire
Liz Love//Digital Photography



Transparency
Digital Photography//Andrea Vasile



Corner Street

Jacob Croop//Digital Photography



Through Tunnels

Digital Photography//Gania Kandalajt



Mikndoviz Tower

Madalyn Eudy//Digital Photography

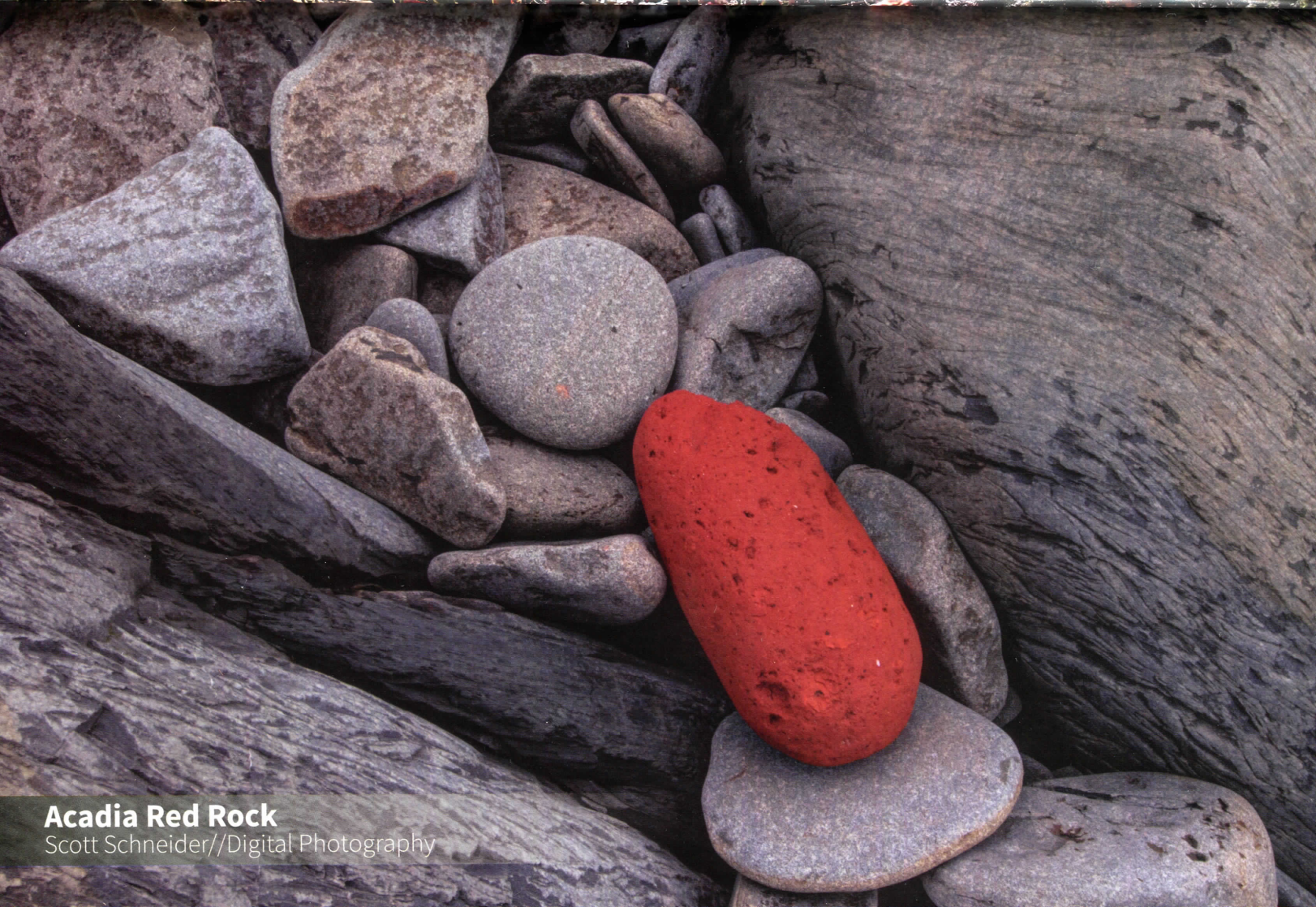


Ride the Bull

Jacob Croop//Digital Photography

Infinity

Andrea Vasile//Digital Photography



Acadia Red Rock

Scott Schneider//Digital Photography

Entombment

Liz Love//Digital Photography



Autumn Falls

Nicholas Paul//Digital Photography

Erupting Pantoum

Anna Asiala

We lie dormant, waiting motionless for the Earth to move around us, beneath us. Quiet are the days and the nights, we wait, and we wait. The air is calm and clear, unclouded. Leaves of trees remain unmoved, blades of grass unfluttered.

Around us, beneath us, quiet are the days. And the night's silence is deafening. The last crumbling, colorless leaves of trees remain unmoved. Blades of grass, unfluttered, entrap the morning's golden droplets. The

silence is deafening the last crumbling, colorless grains of our crust. Dried bits of our stony bodies entrap the morning's golden droplets. The sun's rays warm our faces from East to West, blanketing the

grains of our crust, the dried bits of our stony bodies. Peach and soft yellow cradle dawn's horizon. A torrent of sun's rays warm our faces from East to West. Blanketing the dusk horizon, a pool of fiery ripples. Our craters' rims, a

peach and soft yellow cradle. Dawn's horizon, a torrent of stone and flames, careens its way toward the dusk horizon. A pool of fiery ripples, our craters' rims, a colliding of two crusted plates. Our summits erupt into

stone and flames, careening their way toward the trembling ground beneath. Our bodies, a colliding of two crusted plates. Our summits erupt into fragments of stone and the Earth is silent. No more

trembling ground beneath our bodies. A gray plume of ash settles among the fragments of stone, and the Earth is silent. No more will we lie dormant, waiting motionless for the Earth to move.



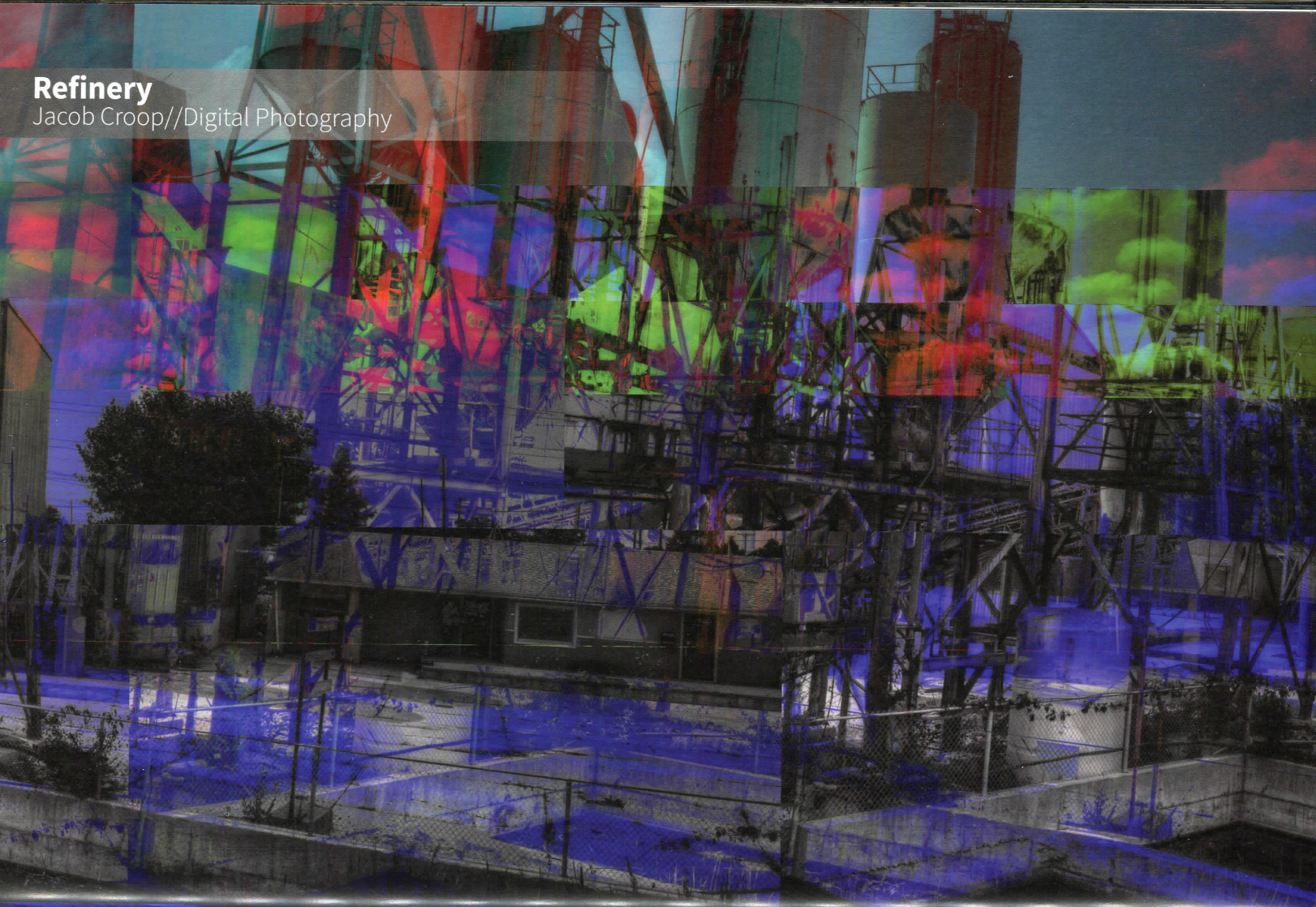
Dusty

Andreea Vasile//Digital Photography



Refinery

Jacob Croop//Digital Photography



Plus Glow

Madalyn Eudy//Digital Art

As people, we are material,
carrying wallets and purses,
keys and phones,
notebooks and cameras,
pills and joints and good luck charms.
As humans, we are more.
We carry ideas and reasons,
imaginings and wonder,
questions without answers
and answers without questions.
We are made of this,
each of us.
We are keys and questions,
books and liveliness,
summer breezes and heart halves,
we are human beings.
We are a people of symbols,
each of us carries a heavy load with our soul.



Little House in Suburbia
Meredith Harper//Digital Photography and Installation

Candy Canes and Christmas

Amy O'Neill

I have a photograph of me standing in front of our Christmas tree wearing my favorite outfit: a pair of red and white checked pants with a matching red and white checked jacket. The 1970s era was famous for checked pants. I remember telling myself that I was special because I had a matching jacket. I actually thought that my blue shoes harmonized that outfit. I was in kindergarten. What did I know about fashion? But in my childlike mind, I truly thought that I was making a fashion statement. I looked so small, yet I had the biggest smile on my face. Of course I was happy. It was Christmas. We didn't have a lot of money, but I remember that particular Christmas. Maybe it is because the photographs captured the memories so well.

If it weren't for photographs, I am not sure I would even remember my childhood. The snippets of recollections that come back to me while looking at these photos seem like something I may have seen on television instead of having lived. Certainly that straight-haired little girl with bangs wasn't me. I could never have been that innocent.

As you would expect, Christmas must bring out the best in children. My two older sisters had a reputation of devilment, although the photographs of them from that Christmas painted an image of angels: Janet, a profile of her, kneeling at the foot of the Christmas tree, unwrapping her present with anticipation pouring from the gaze on her face; Audrey, beaming as she holds up a blue and white, lace and satin dress with a flowered design, to see

if it would fit; and then there was me, the most innocent angel of all, smiling contented at the camera. I always find it sad when going through old pictures to find that the photographer isn't in any. It had to be Mother taking the pictures. She and Dad divorced when I was a baby. Janet and Audrey were old enough to use the camera, but neither thought to capture any memories of Mom. There is five years difference between each of us girls. In another photo, I am sitting on my knees in a chair, between Janet and Audrey. Janet has to be about 15 years old, to Audrey's 10 years old, long-legged, beanpole, baby-faced self, but they are both the same height. Even though my eyes were closed in the picture, I was still the best looking one because I had sense enough to dress up for Christmas. They were both wearing jeans, Audrey in a white pullover shirt and Janet in a blue and white, checked button-down flannel. Obviously, my red and white checks were appropriate for Christmas. The checks are a giveaway to the 70's era. Then again, the green and white striped wallpaper on one wall, green paint on another, a dirty eggshell coat on the third visible wall, all topped off with some sort of green and white flower-like designed flooring, could have been a sign from the hippie 60s. At least the Christmas tree covered most of that dreadful wallpaper.

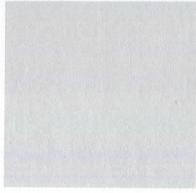
Somehow, we managed to have a real Christmas tree that year. The fresh pine aroma lingers through my thoughts and into my spirit when I look at these photos. It is almost as if the pine tree engulfs my minuscule

body. I recall how I had trouble putting the candy canes on that tree. On a fake tree, the needles are stiff. On a real tree, you have to hang the candy canes on a branch because the needles aren't strong enough to hold the weight. I'll never forget the trick I used to keep the candy canes on the tree. Instead of leaving the canes in the packaging, like you are supposed to, I took the wrappers off. Since the needles were so delicate, I licked the candy cane so that it would become sticky, and positioned the cane on the tree. Of course, the pine needles were stuck all over the cane, but I thought that was the solution to my problem. Plus, as an added bonus, I ate a lot of candy canes. I had sticky fingers, face, hair and clothes all Christmas season. Everyone thought I was wearing peppermint perfume. I gave a sheepish giggle every time someone told me that I had the fragrance of minty fresh candy canes. Honestly, I think only one person came up with the minty-fresh line, but I kept it alive by chanting, 'minty fresh' all season long. Not only did I look (and smell) like a candy cane with my red and white outfit, I could have been an ornament on the tree in that photo.

At my feet is the present that I had asked Santa for. It was a toy cow. In another photo, I am milking that cow. Kneeling down, in my red and white checked outfit, with flat brown hair, (let's not forget the straight edge line of bangs across my forehead), I have my hands on the tiny bucket capturing the imaginary milk flowing from the cow's udders. The imaginary milk was some sort

of powder and water solution, but to that six-year-old child, it was milk. I knew that I was supposed to be the farmer, but I also played the role of the cow. I would "moo" during the milking process. Unfortunately, I wasn't an expert farmer. My bucket was too small for the amount of fake milk that my cow produced. There was free-flowing milk all over the house. When I managed to capture the liquid sensation, I pretended that I was the best farmer in the house. I offered up the cow's milk to everyone who would pay attention to me. My mom was always a good sport. To this day, I am not sure if she actually drank the colored water or just pretended to. The adolescent farmer in me wants to believe that she did, while the logical adult in me thinks that she just pretended.

I cannot remember much from my childhood. Like everyone, I suppose, I choose to remember the good times. The scent of peppermint and pine always seem to unlock lovely reminiscences of that Christmas so long ago when I wore a red and white checked outfit; licking candy canes to put on the Christmas tree; followed by serving my family 'fresh milk.' I will always remember the time when I looked and smelled like a candy cane, but in my imagination, I was an expert farmer, milking my cow named Bessie.



To reconnect.

Coiled chords, tangled
neurons within a carapace skull.
Spinning lungs spew heat
as tasks render fragmented
data, access random memories
streaming, connections and tethers
freeze production...

Escape
control, shift your processes
away from the keys locking
your fingers and eyes to simulations,
blank. The dark screen frees
minds to wander, clearing
human bandwidth. Others'
work not interfering, rest
voices and find your one
note, focus on details
of fun, family, and friends
joking, conversing over coffee
warmth.



Frozen
Andreea Vasile//Digital Photography

And That is True Nobility

Brandon Nowakowski

In my heart
Is my family
The love of my life?
There's one thing I've come to realize:
All my life is under their control.
Not
That any other way would be better.
Yeah, I see now how it was
A mistake, loving her.
It wasn't
Something I should have done in the first place.
What I've been punished for is
Absolutely reprehensible, and our ancestors would be ashamed.
What they did is
What's best for me.
This isn't
How a noble should behave.
I don't care
What my Heart Says is True.

**Read the lines in order, then reverse order.*

Closest Wall to Hell

Melissa St. Pierre

There is a crucifix on the southernmost wall
Of the bank.

People transact
Sweaty money, from wasteful
Palms. Gracing the counter, seeking
Redemption for greater sins,
More than counting
Withdraws.

It watches through dusty eyes
The clock. Counting the seconds
Until it can go. Home.

It is a mustard stain
On a linen blouse.
The kind of blemish that wills one
To confess.

Is it an SPF for income?
Does it block harmful tens?
Guaranteeing only honest Abes?

Or, is absolution still for sale?

Expectation #33

Paul Jaussen

Montana folks

wear geologic time.
Shelter in the dusk
of plate-hewn ranges
rising like temples,
a continent's igneous shrine.

Folks smell altar smoke

from the gods
firing the draws
in hard back country

as crisp shades
the patriarch imagined he tasted
on the three-day ride
to Moriah,
eyeing
his lamb-substitute
son.

Folks wonder if the burning

forges the land holy
if the offering
is accepted,
or if the summer fires
do nothing more
than gather up dead bodies
of aspen and pine.

(Just as the old man knew
that the knife and heat
would make the boy
a mere lamb
eating leaves
and crawling on the earth,
disappearing into
mounted sparks
leaving nothing
but rock
and the cold
stars).

Grasses are always the first
to return, forage
for elk calves who wander stands
of crucifix trees.

l'écume des jours

Sarah Fewkes

you can trace the entire arc of my life
in film;
long hours in
dark rooms, other people coughing,
earthquaking of stereo tête-à-têtes and
strangers hiding their intimacy in my ribs.
halls of seats and specters
whose consciousness lingered in the air
like stale smoke (or space dust),
teaching lessons on letting breath and
the crunch of candy wrappers
cover up all the sounds that tears make
when they slide across faces made of clay.
I mark days in caramel drizzled over
the salty tang of popcorn
and slow kisses.

A Room Without Light

Katherine Schmidt

But there are people inside!
Knock on the windows!
Bang on the doors!
How can they stand it?
They must be mad!
A room without light,
how dreadful,
how sorrowful,
a room without light
a room bathed in darkness
like endless night.
O, how we all fear for our lives
in the dark,
O! how we all fear.
Lift up your hearts to the lord,
children,
lift them up high
so HE can see them
so HE can reach them,
so HE can steal them.
A room full of shadows
those people must be corpses,
to sit for so long with their fears
so out in the open.
never show fear, children,
never shed tears.
While you're at it,
forget that you're human as well.
Now, sit in the darkness
and keep still
as you wait for the day that
HE will save you.

The Next Big Thing

Anna Asiala

Take this pill, your pound cake
thighs will morph into wafers.

Mix this cayenne with that
pucker juice, molt that suit of lard.

It's called hot-jujitsu-yogalates, you have
to try it! Your glutes will thank you.

Your hair has been longing
for this Moroccan Argan Oil-infused comb.
Arachne will covet your filaments.

Look at her, the It girl, she
does it. Notice the bony protuberances
thrusting underneath her swath

of vellum flesh, her abdomen drawn in
towards her pelvic pit. Seek refuge
in the sheltered hollows of her face.

She's the next big thing, the It girl, until
she's not. Today she gnaws
raw spinach and almonds.

Today you'll crunch radishes and sip
low-sodium broth. Widen the gap
between your thighs. Banish the
nodules of lard from every
crease and fold. Seek
shelter in the sallow
craters beneath
cheekbone mounds.
Deny the pangs in
your hollow gut, and

tag, you're It.
You're the next
big thing.



Movement

Andrea Vasile//Digital Photography

He Walked with a Slant in his Step

Phillip McMurray

He walked with that slant in his step,
Walkin' and jivin' to a different pace,
Blissfully commuting the busy sidewalks.
Glidin' through the streets
Without a care in the world,
Enjoyin' the warmth of a radiant sun.
With confidence and spring he walked in the streets
For when life tilts your walk
Slant your head and give a willy smile.
For who can harm the man who walks
With a diamond-crafted charm?
So his is the world to change.

He walked with that gait in his step
And he just kept limpin' along
Though his legs were weak
And his arm was crooked
For the tilted chance of genes
Left him paralyzed.
And so his speech was slurred
'cause his throat would close up
And his hands were stiff
Which made his grip weak
And his handwriting was weird
Because he couldn't hold the pen.

His walk was disjointed
So he walked with a cane
And the therapy
Helped a bit but couldn't save
Him from the taunts and jeers
Of the normal boys.

They laughed at him
And his straddling walk
And his twisted lips
And for shame they
Couldn't see that underneath it all
He possessed a true, beautiful intellect.

He could write poetry
And quote Shakespeare
And was well versed
In history and science.
He loved his family
And his friends
And never passed judgment
On anyone, no matter
How normal or battered they were.
But still they lamented him
And refused to listen
And joked at his deformities.

Still he walked through the streets
Blissful, happy, and free.
His deck was rigged
But he smiled anyway,
Barely able to lift his lips,
Just strong enough to smirk.
But that smirk had the strength
Of a wide, toothful smile.
And its radiance
Shone through the streets
And put to shame
Those fools laughing at him.

Prison
Jacob Croop//Film Photography



Lost Inside a Fortress
Gania Kandalaft//Digital Photography

Coarse gravel bits grind beneath. My soles, disproportionately large, have tread this path before.

Salty air tickles the tip of my tongue. Clover puddles linger in fresh-cut grass, lichen and moss conceal the boundary of fieldstone boulders, and piney sap oozes from evergreen giants that loom higher in the sky. Brown paint flakes from the shed's sagging tongue-and-groove and fresh lake trout dangle from scalloped chains. Luggage wheels thud up the concrete steps where I skinned my six, seven, and eight-year-old knees. At nine, either I grew wise, or my knees grew higher.

The screen door screeches, and slams shut. Mothballs and English Leather battle to infiltrate the air. I pass the olive sofa, the drop-leaf dining table, and the walnut secretary that houses envelopes, crayon boxes, and fifty cent coloring books, then the wall of familiar faces, framed in Wal-Mart silver. The oil lamp still rests on the yellowed oak sideboard, its wick growing shorter every year. In the kitchen, sunlight gleams through a divided pane.

Steaming smoked Salmon settles into repurposed Cool-Whip and margarine tubs. My fingertips pinch the smoky chunks of fish, and my jaw tingles as I rest the briny flesh on my tongue. Doubling back towards the olive sofa, I glimpse a black and white photo of Grandma as a young woman, seated playfully, flirtatiously, in young Grandpa's nervous lap. Grandma hums her way to the steaming Cool-Whip tub, limping along

on aged legs. Grandpa reclines on the plaid La-Z-Boy while cousin Tammy swishes carpet angels on the shaggy rug, her limbs gliding across the tufts of wool, her auburn hair spilling over the fibers like tiny tributaries. Fresh angels lie among the faint shadows of angels, shaped in years past by much tinier limbs, each strand pressed one way or another, and disturbed only by a small trail of footprints.

For nine summers I sat on the olive sofa,
stared at the flock of wooden seagulls migrate across
the living room wall, navigated the framed marine maps, thumbed
through albums of familiar faces, and watched Grandpa light the
oil lamp. He'd strike a match, let the orange flame dance at his
fingertips before dragging it across the delicate, frayed
fibers of the oil-soaked wick, and with one puff of
breath, he would blow out the match's flame.

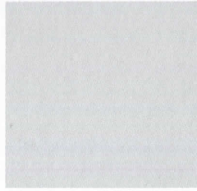
My tenth summer is no different, only
Grandma limps a little more. Wooden seagulls migrate,
I navigate the marine maps and flip through the albums, and Grandpa
lights the oil lamp on the yellowed oak sideboard. The wick, once
long and fresh and crisp white, has withered and curled
around itself, stained a pale golden brown from years
of being soaked, then ignited.

I remain seated on the olive sofa, entranced by the oil lamp's
flickering flame, its movement slow and stealthy.
The braided fibers of the wick bend toward the
oil reservoir, like an old, arthritic man, worn
and tired. The oil edges up the wick, and
the flame creeps down.



Lovecraftian Synesthesia

Brandon Nowakowski



What does it mean?

When you hear a song, and all you taste is Purple?

When you eat a sandwich, and all you see is Tuesday?

When you see the clouds, and all you smell is a Cheeseburger?

When you smell blood, and all you feel is Contentment?

When someone touches your cheek, and all you hear is Dog Biscuits?

Am I, perhaps, a dog?

For some reason, I am inclined to think otherwise.

But, it is important to account for personal bias in such things
so, for the time being, let us entertain the possibility.

Entertainment only though;

I am not over-fond of playing host for extended periods.

Speaking of playing host, who are you and what are you doing here?

I do not recall inviting you into my house.

Your face reminds me of the smell of calamari,
while the scent of your eyes brings Bach to mind.

In fact, your overall flavor is quite a sight to behold.

...Why are you looking at me like that?



Corner Store

Steven Williams

Gravel crunches under our feet with each step we take.
We leave the alley and cross the street
stepping on shards of shattered bottles.
It's early spring, robins chirp
in the branches outside the store.
The corner of 20th Street and Griswold.

The door gives its familiar chime as we enter.
We browse up and down the few cramped aisles
slipping sweets inside our pockets.
There are no cameras here.

One of us actually buys something
to keep the owner distracted while the other three score.
He's a nice older man, his skin wrinkled,
hair grey. He makes cursory glances our way,
but returns to ringing up his "customer."

We quickly thank him and make our escape,
our pockets heavy with candy plunder.
We start eating as we walk home,
gorging on Chick o Sticks and Almond Joys,
candy cigarettes, Mike and Ikes, Zours, and Hershey Krackels.
We took a little bit of everything.

One time my brother stole the box of lottery pencils.
He walked out of the store,
pockets full of little green graphite filled cylinders.
I don't remember what we did with them.
Probably set them on fire.
We lit a lot of stuff on fire back then.
Boxes, broken toys, old furniture swiped from the trash,
nothing was safe if it was flammable and abandoned.

My cousin gives me an Atomic Fireball,
he had saved his favorite for last.
The scent of cinnamon makes its way to my nostrils,
the warmth on my tongue,
my saliva, like sweet lava down my throat.
Our breath, a cloud of cinnamon scented guilt.

Weeks of Torment for Final Critique

Hanna Matievich

It's a hum
in my mouth, a flap,
a patter repeatedly on the skin
of my organs, bile rises to
the tips of my
irises, adrenaline forces
a journey through veins which pump
needles, that pinpoint each
follicle, a movement of skin
to raw chicken patterns, drip
rivulets of moisture down my
nape into fabric stuck
against shiver wrecked flesh, to await
their verdict of my blood
soaked masterpiece.



Old South Church

Digital Photography//Gania Kandalaft

Anna Asiala

is a senior Architecture student. She is a married mother of two beautiful daughters, and in her spare time she enjoys writing, painting, and photography.

Jacob Croop

is a first year Architecture student. He likes to take pictures of stuff sometimes.

Madalyn Eudy

is a senior Graphic Design and Media student. She creates her work to convey a sense of emotion and mood in the passing or the viewing audiences. She loves to experiment with her work through different types of medias and methods.

Sarah Fewkes

is a sophomore majoring in Molecular and Cell Biology and minoring in Chemistry and English. She enjoys long walks on the beach and angry feminist rants.

Meredith Harper

is a senior in Digital Arts. She enjoys photography and pageantry in her free time.

Christine Jackson

is pursuing a Computer Science Game Software Development degree. She intends to graduate in May 2015. She knows that mentioning dragons makes anything at least three times better.

Paul Jaussen

is an Assistant Professor of Literature.



Sleeping Kitten

Alex Tillman//Digital Photography

Gania Kandalajt

is a graduate Architecture student. She believes that if you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.

Josh Lance

is a senior and a member of the Men's Varsity Soccer Team. He is majoring in Media Communications.

Liz Love

is a senior in the Graphic Design program. She is a member of DPhiE, AIGA, Order of Omega, Artists' Guild and Cross Country. She loves traveling and viewing fine art.

Hanna Matievich

is a senior in the Architecture program and is set to graduate in May 2015. She studied abroad in Paris this past summer to take Allied Design Studio: Urban Planning. She found a passion for traveling and hopes to return to Europe in the future.

Joel MacFadyen

is a Game Art senior at LTU. He enjoys dance and storytelling, and hopes to create moving and thoughtful experiences through his work.

Phillip McMurray

is a Pre-Med student. In his spare time he loves to write poetry and act in dramas and musicals. Typical topics found in his poems are: love, language, and whatever wacky idea that pops into his head.

Brandon Nowakowski

is a fifth-year student of the Game Art program who believes that the primary purpose of any work should be to entertain. "If what you produce isn't interesting or enthralling in some way, then people won't pay very much attention to it. Just have fun making it, and odds are they'll have fun experiencing it."

Amy O'Neill

is a senior expecting to graduate in May, (providing she passes Statistics!) She was offered a job working for the Government. Looks like she will have plenty of time on her hands to do some writing.

Nicholas Paul

is a passionate Mathematics and Computer Science student. Much of his time is devoted to programming, spending time with friends and family, and his education. He also enjoys reading, photography, exploring northern Michigan, and Mackinac Island fudge.

Katherine Schmidt

is a junior in the Audio Engineering Technology program who aspires to one day work with musicals and put her talents to some form of good use. She has always been crazy about words, reading late into the night and writing poem upon poem.

Dr. Scott Schneider

Thirty words to describe the biographic awesomeness of Dr. Scott? How about three: too few words. So he didn't. #AnotherThreeWords #AndThatToo #HeStopNow Mic drop.



Melissa St. Pierre

is an Adjunct instructor in English. She writes poetry, flash fiction, and creative non-fiction.

Alex Tillman

is a Sophomore from North Carolina in the Transportation Design program. He has been an avid photographer since he was 10 and has no plans of ever quitting.

Steven Williams

is a senior in the Game Art program. He enjoys reading, drawing, and playing board games with his roommates and best friends.

Andreea Vasile

is a junior in Architecture who is extremely passionate about art and likes to work with a variety of media. Photography is by far her favorite because she believes in each individual having a unique way of perceiving and capturing moments and places.

