



PRISM 2018

PRISM 2018

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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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A Note from the Editor

Explore the lives and musings of the students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University through the works published in PRISM 2018. The artists and authors of PRISM created works ranging from the triumphs to the sorrows, the raw and the playful, the introspective and the observational. PRISM is a collection of visual and written works designed to take the reader through a journey of discovery and emotion as each page is turned. A prism separates white light into a full spectrum of color, just as the talented artists PRISM have separated their life experiences and shared them through illustrations, photography, poems, and short stories.

We would like to give our sincere thanks to the College of Arts and Sciences and the Department of Humanities, Social Science, and Communication for their continued support. Special thanks is also given to Sara Lamers, the editorial board, and all of the artists who poured their hearts and souls into their work. Such a powerful publication could not be possible without the efforts of everyone involved.

Enjoy PRISM 2018.

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Toy Restaurant Across the Street

Alex Lanzetta

I could have sworn the worn yellow sticker stove flames were hot.
I could have sworn the torn painted Velcro steaks dripped fat.
Rising up just four feet tall, you never used to be small, I thought.
How long, toy restaurant, have you been standing out there like that?

You are the sharp glade in a wall of untamed green. So unnatural.
A pastel rectangle tilted across my old dirt street. Barely visible.
You slowly sunk five inches on one side down a mud slide.
When was the last time a boy in overalls made you a mud pie?

You used to glow the brightest blue, red, and yellow in sight,
but the crab grass's green by your feet has stolen your light.
And reclaimed by morning glory vines along your lines,
blooming purple, they're so vivid over your bare plastic outside.

I try, but I can no longer make out your gray oven handle.
Any why must a beaming sunflower cover your microwave panel?
Am I supposed to remember a toy restaurant with fake food to fake eat?
Because all I see is a beautiful flowery forest edge across the street.

A Violinist's Lament

Joshua Cambell

Eight years have passed since
I picked up the violin.
Eight years have passed,
Since I have gained the ability to
Lead a conglomerate of melodious bodies.
It's a rather thrilling power to command
Actually.
Audiences have been held captive by the
Sound that illuminates.
Composers of old worshipped this thing,
As if it is a holy cross.

"Black people don't play the violin."
My grandfather's words once contested my
Desire to take command of the violin.
His words served as a reminder that
The violin is a soul of color,
Or lack of color rather.
Eight years have passed,
And this 'white man's' creation
Has taken me places:
Auditoriums. Churches. Performance halls.

Eight years have passed,
And I realize now that all of this success is
Nothing more than a double-edged sword.
I have proven these words wrong,
And yet,
The source of those words cannot
Witness my rebuttal.

where the infinite starts

Sarah Fewkes

you called me the Sun. something evil.
moonlight-eater. murderer of stars.

for what are you begging? for whom?
you are desperate: I'll make you holy.

my agony will soothe the suggested-lines
of your forever soul. it will give birth
to poetry.

what name shall I use for you?
shall I call you savior? breathmaker? night-bringer?
little beggar prince, I'll let you cut me down
to make space for your midnights.

I'll give you the crowfeathers, I'll give you
the cold. I'll vomit the stars back up in evening
bile. I'll give you life, you'll give me myth.
I'll wait until you leave the room to
walk back in again.

I am killed stone dead by loving you.
I am voiceless.

I'll grow you. I'll nurse you.

the infinite starts not in my burning
but in your starlight.

Spoils of War

Carina Taylor

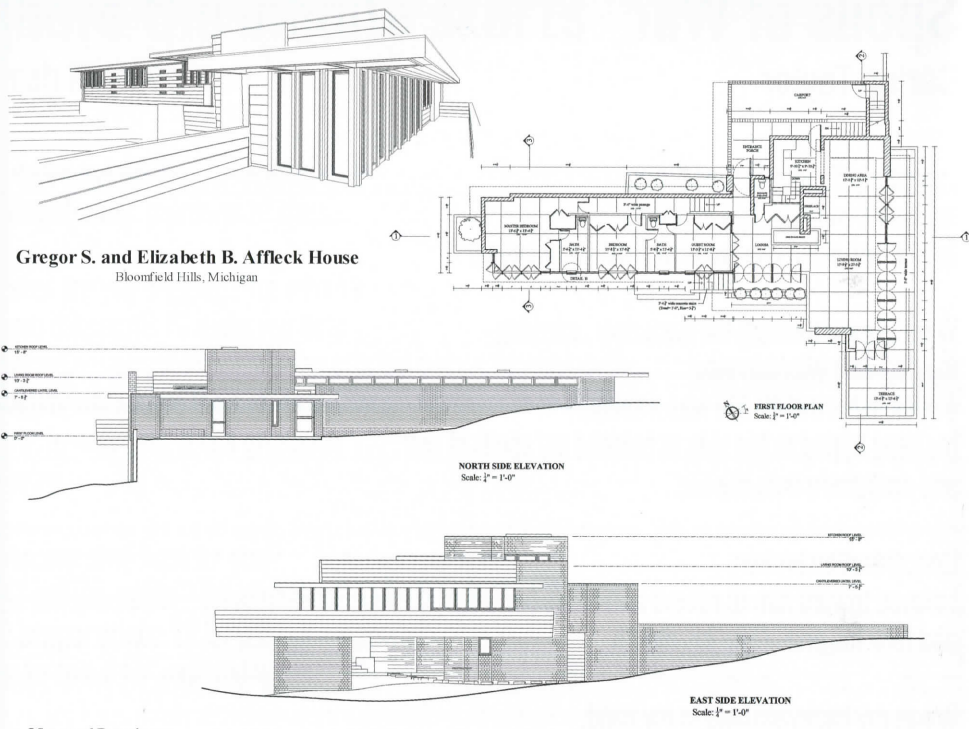
I spent my Sunday in meditation,
my hands working, lips together
as rain sprinkled teardrops against the window.

Wind skirted through the back door, carrying
my dog who was carrying
a stick in his mouth. He was a soldier,
his head tipped to the side to balance his spoils of war,
and drag them onto the tile.

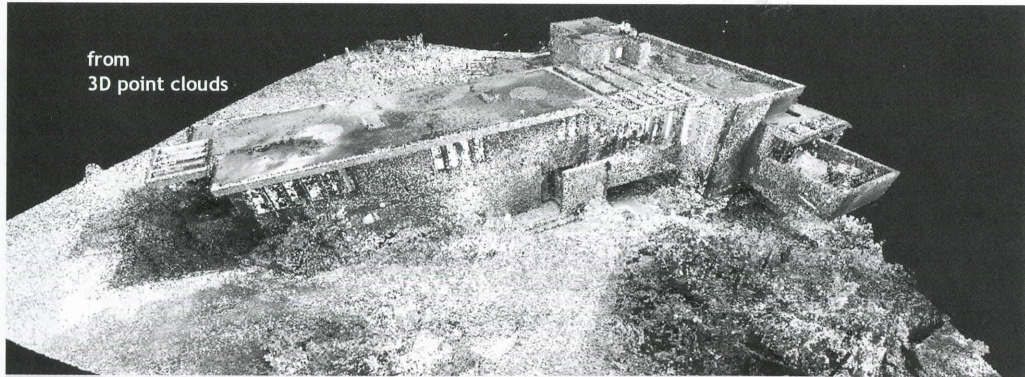
Concentration broken,
I moved toward him to relieve him of his burden,
and took his prize from his mouth.

It was my backyard held in my hand,
a relic of another Sunday. It was his great find,
and my great loss. It was a pride that he
and I could share. My dog had curled on the floor
in satisfaction and

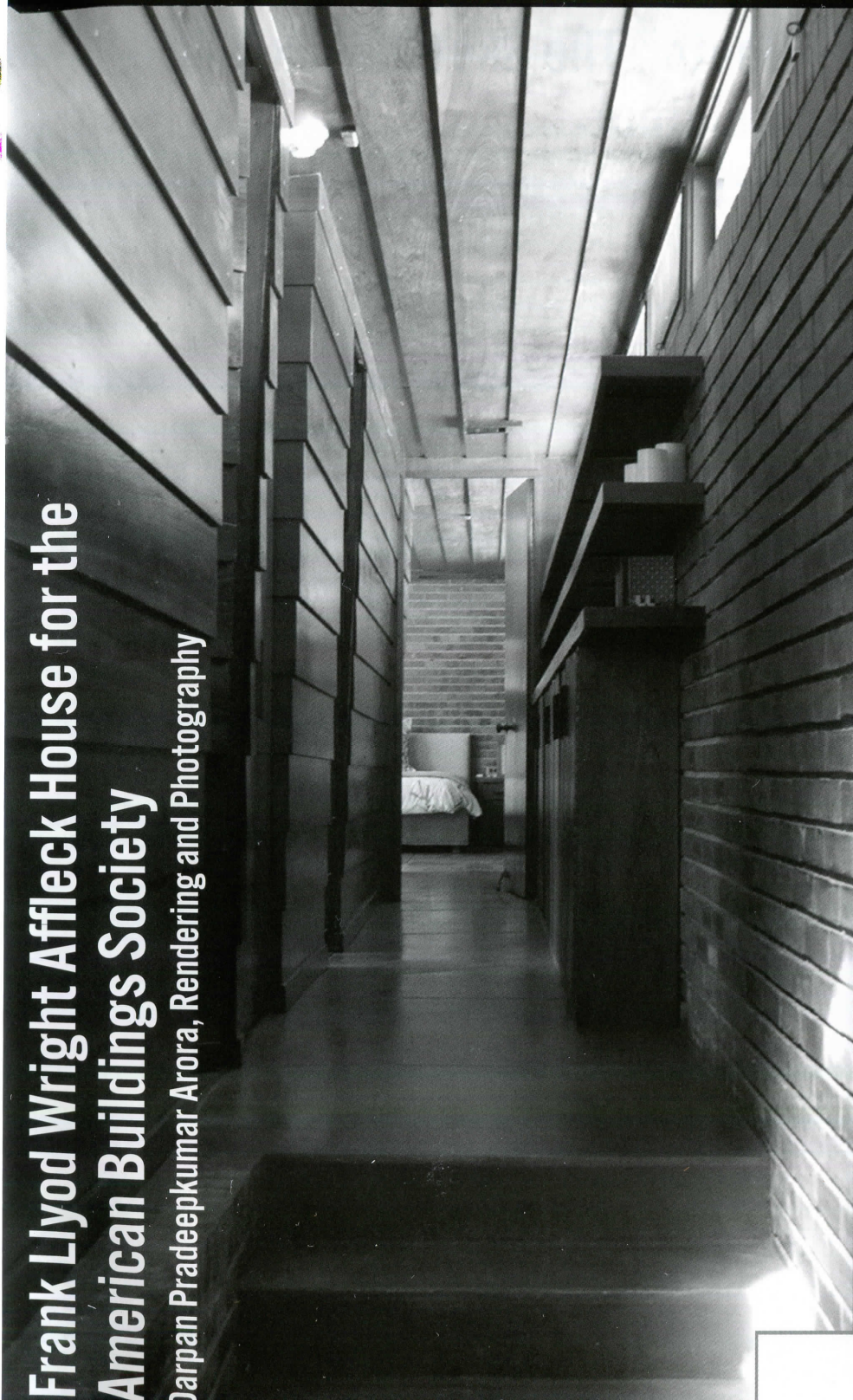
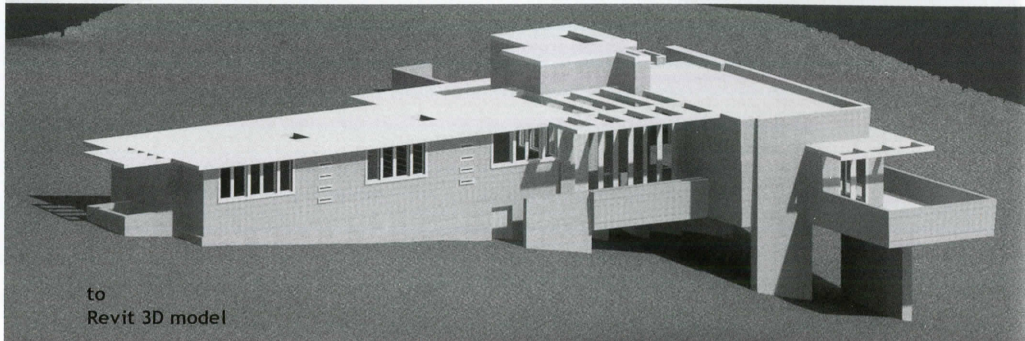
I watched the rain,
eyes tracing the swing set in the back,
recalling treasures buried beneath the seat.



Measured Drawings



Using 3D Laser Scanning for Historic Documentation of the Affleck House



Frank Llyod Wright Affleck House for the
American Buildings Society
Darpan Pradeepkumar Arora, Rendering and Photography

The Doctor, The Sketchbook, and the Architect

Sarah Britain

Its laced bindings
like grandpa's absinthe eyes scribbled with brainstorm,
suppressed in his recited residency wreckage, and morphed into
their annual student progressions resembling
cardboard and Strathmore green,
as rotting wrinkles decussate his smile with
stained speculations spilling onto their slates
of academically inscribed texture,
blood-shot memories in her graphite grain guided
by compass in coiled contours, directing dots
to her diagrammed realities, measured and detailed with their hands
addicted like Adderall to academia.



Book Boy
Rachel Seeger, Digital Illustration

Treading Water

Gabrielle VanAmberg

I had to buy milk, bread, and eggs.

That week, I saw a sunrise
for the first time in a while.

I started a new job,
and I woke up early
just in case.

I had to buy cereal, coffee, and creamer.

That week, John stopped by my desk with
a loose gait
and a toothy grin.
He got me to laugh
once.

I had to buy wine, tomatoes and mozzarella.

That week, John kept stopping by
with a cocky gait
and wide smile.
I gave him my number and
met him for dinner.

I had to buy Plan B, ginger ale, and Advil.

I can't remember
much about that night,
I want to say something,
but the details are too fuzzy.
I worked through the week dazed.

I had to buy milk, bread, and eggs.

That week, my boss yelled at me
for slacking off,
my gaze a hundred yards
out. I tried to focus,
but I kept remembering little details.

I had to buy boxes, water, and some wine.

That week I almost
quit my dream job.
I suffered temporary paralysis
every time he stopped by.
I know what he did.

I had to buy soup, bread, and crackers.

That week, someone asked me
if we were a couple.
I went to the bathroom
and vomited,
wondering if he assumed I was fine.

I had to buy some frozen meals, ice cream, and coffee.

That week, I still
went to work, but
every time
he leaned an arm on my desk
I thought about how the rough hand
was on my throat,
forcing me down
into complacency.
When he left satisfied,
and I was left scarred.
I'm trying to find ways to cope,
but I feel I'm at open sea,
abandoned,
no one can hear me
drowning.
He circles,
and I wonder
if he is going to attack again,
or when.

Patiently Waiting

Justin Kemp

The sky was gray and the wind was harsh.
We followed in each other's footsteps
as we moved passed bare branches,
sliding over the ice rink in our backyard.
The frigid frost could never stop us from
playing freeze tag, or forming our frosty snowman.

The screeching of steel collided against
the strength of metal as we entered.
There was the warmth of a flame,
a gentle reminder of summers' rays.
A heavy door snapped closed,
the world trembled,
and the door remained eternally sealed.
We kicked off our snow boots,
slid off our mittens,
and shivered out of our snow gear.
We moved along the marble kitchen tiles,
passed the center quartz
and planted ourselves on oak barstools.

The smell of sweet brown sugar filled us.
We could taste the chocolate fumes extracting
from the confines of heated steel,
as the rich centers started melting like ice,
and the cookie-dough started to take shape.
The same traditional cookies every year,
surrounded by the same decorations,
full of the same excitement for Christmas morning.
Here we waited patiently, enduringly,
for the buzzing end.

Civilization

Sarah Fewkes

*I can feel my dirt eyes opening to the dark.
crowned there: beneath stone, beneath hill,
all the hair roots rooting into ground,
neck bent back, mouth breathing
quaking mam tor.*

when I was born, it was to the earth,
I am convinced (beside where the river, woven between
my mother's legs, gurgles). an ear pressed against my chest
hears no blood-rush. in lieu of a heartbeat:
the snapping of teeth.

what must we do, except pretend not to be feral?
like you, I tamed myself, bit deep into the tilled earth and let it
bleed into me. let it change me from the stomach to the skin.
I became the monument, became the mausoleum.
sometimes I still cannot wrap my mouth around what I am.

the bed ties me to this house with rope-braid and dry herb,
bread-bake and cushion-feather. fog sweeps in at dawn and I
shield myself from it with curtain and with cloth. I give it nothing;
give in nothing. if it touches this skin, it will reign over me:
king of all my flesh. it will wake the foxes in my chest.

I live in daylight, pressing down the dark of my becoming,
cremating the savagery in my mouth. I step
on land as if it has nothing to do with me. feed this body as if
it has everything to do with me. I pretend to forget, but daybreak
cannot hold out against gravity. all my skin temporary. one day

I shall return
to the riverbank. I shall touch
the backs of muddy toads there. I shall dip
the ends of my hair down against the bluebells there. I shall submerge
the words on my tongue deep down the bills of the wild kingfishers there.

moor girl a girl no more: the muck here was my swaddling-cloth;
the heather my wedding veil;
the peat my deathbed.

Hermes' Haste

Rachel Zhou

Wild warriors
throw themselves
blind and bound by
swollen satellites
into crimson clatter as
screams slash
red-dipped recklessness
on chipped chainmail;
Horns howl,

signaling bloodshed with
themselves; and

I,
a winged whisper, watchful as a
dealer of death,
fly feverishly into
sinking sunlight,
unseen and unheard.

Of Dresses and Dirt

Rachel Zhou

My mother sat across from me in the carriage, gloved hands resting against the heavy fabric of her snow white dress. Two golden brooches engraved with our family's lion rested against her narrow shoulders as they held up a crimson cape that spilled onto the plush red seat around her like liquid lava.

She had her head turned towards Yvette, her handmaid, who was sitting beside her as they conversed quietly, the rough grumble of the carriage wheels against the dirt road drowning most of it out. When my mother caught my eye, she smiled as she turned toward me, her pin-straight hair brushing against her shoulders. I sat up even straighter than before and returned the expression.

"My dear, how do you like your violin lessons?" As the carriage bounced along softly, I saw the gold of her earrings peek out from behind the inky curtain of hair to reflect the blinding sunlight streaming in through the right window before being concealed again.

I disliked having to wake up so early every morning to listen to Madam Willow screech at me for every little mistake. I disliked the kinks I would get in my neck from cradling the violin between my chin and shoulder. I disliked ruining my small hands and fingers as they ripped and burned against the unforgiving strings during each lesson. A lady should have beautiful soft hands, not ones full of calluses like my big brother's.

"I like them very much mother." I looked at my mother's hands, hidden under white cotton gloves, but I could not recall the last time I held them.

She nodded with approval.

"And I see that the dress fits perfectly," she commented in a smooth voice. I looked down quickly to absorb the deep red of my outfit before looking back into my mother's brown eyes. "I will have to give my thanks to Madam Lori when we return. Yvette, once we reach the town, bring me two birds and the necessary materials. And I need you to arrange a meeting with Lady Ann – assure her that it will take no more than a few minutes and that we only need to discuss..."

My mother returned to her business matters and I looked down, shoulders slumping slightly.

"Little lady, are you excited to see the town? I know you haven't been in almost four years." I turned to look at Lucy, the handmaid my mother selected for me when I turned six two years ago. She was more than twice my age, but her bright smile made her look younger.

I grinned reflexively, but quickly tried to tone it down to no avail.

"I am looking forward to it." I struggled to sound aloof. I saw Lucy's

mouth quirk up knowingly.

Heat crawled up my face and I turned away to look out the window where oceans of grass rolled by us on soft hills. I tracked the big mansions we passed, counting the seconds in my head before another one interrupted the sea of green. On the 246th second after the seventh mansion, I heard another carriage coming up, the old wood groaning as the wheels fought against the gravel. I turned my head slightly to catch the carriage in my eye, but loud laughter gripped my ears before a little boy and a man rode into view on the coachman's seat. The boy flung the reigns without care under the man's watchful eye while the mules whinnied and kicked widely. My neck craned over to follow them as they passed my window; I didn't even notice my mother's arm moving until the thick red curtain rolled over to block my view. A gasp stuck in my throat as I jerked away, my body snapping back to the posture I was taught to always have.

"My dear, be careful of the dirt," my mother's smile was soft, but it was not as bright as that man's.

When the carriage slowed to a halt on the smooth paved road of the town entrance, the sun was still high in the sky. Yvette got off first, her dress just short enough so that it did not slide against the steps. My mother was next and as she ducked her head against the door frame, I could see the people of our modest twenty-something company bowing – all the guards and servants and even my brother bent at the waist respectfully. She walked purposely down the steps, needing neither help nor hand from the footman. Lucy followed and then it was my turn. I barely needed to lower my head as I carefully stepped through the opening. I took the hand the footman offered me and gripped it harder than I intended to as I descended. He must have known about my uncertainty because his grip was strong and sure as he helped me down until my flat shoes touched pavement. He released my hand as I did and bowed low.

"Thank you," I heard my mother say, and my heart jumped. She was going to scold me for not expressing my gratitude. Before I could however, she continued in a strong voice laced with years of authority, and I realized that she herself was thanking our company. "It certainly must have been a tiring journey," she continued and I watched her gaze brush over everyone. "You all have my leave to rest for the day and do as you will. Sir Ghant will lead the way to the inn."

"Phew!" My head jerked towards the sound of the voice. It was my

tall curly haired brother, raising both arms into the blue sky with a giant smirk playing on his face. I raised a hand to cover my giggle – like a lady.

“Not you, Wyatt,” my mother added, one eyebrow raised. She wasn’t mad though, I knew; I could see the smile even though her lips did not show it.

“Your father insists that you two spar this afternoon,” she said as our company prepared to head towards the inn.

“Splendid!” My brother’s reply was easy and simple.

The four horses that drew our carriage whinnied as the servants led them toward the stable. I looked up in awe as corded muscles rippled under the silky black hairs; I was not tall enough to touch their backs, but I knew that riding one would make me seem very tall. My brother was always galloping through our lands back home with his personal guard, but mother said that I must not – not yet at least because “little ladies should not have bowed leg.” Father permitted me to ride, but only with him on his horse and if I sat side ways.

“Come, my dear,” my mother called, looking at me directly, able to find me despite my height.

“Yes Mother.” My back straightened and I clasped my hands in front of me as I walked towards her, one foot in front of the other and shoulders back. I heard Lucy fall into step behind me.

My brother jogged up beside me and held his hand out for me. I grasped it like every other time, and looked up to see him looking at me, amused. I flushed, knowing that he knew how hard I was trying, and gripped his hands, calloused from years of swordplay, tightly. I looked ahead and saw my mother turn to walk toward the market with Yvette beside her. A gust of wind tore through the company and mother’s cape flew out behind her like a lion’s roar. I watched in wonder and admiration as the shadow it cast seemed to swallow me whole.

I could hear the market before we got there; the voices of many, the sounds of horses and dogs, the music of bards, and other undiscernible clamors coalesced into a jumble of noises that had me walking faster – though never breaking posture. It was always quiet at home and even quieter when my tutors left for the day and I was instructed to study alone. My father was almost never home; he stayed in town to run his banking business – “but I would never miss one of your birthdays, Winona,” he had reassured me, kneeling down to look me in the eye. My brother only came home occasionally from hunts and other things I didn’t know about, but he always came back with presents like the piece of amber he

gave me two weeks ago. Mother was home the most often, only leaving once or twice a year for around two months at a time, but she was usually very busy and in her office every day writing letters and having meetings. Though we frequently had dinner together, there were some days that she was too busy to come down so I ate alone with Lucy watching over me.

“Mother,” my brother called suddenly. “I’ll be going to Father now.” He gestured to the road forking to the left.

My mother stopped and turned to nod.

“Let him know that we will be back by evenfall.”

“Will do.” He turned to me and gave my hand a squeeze. “Have fun, little sister. But not too much.” He winked and was off. Though he did not wear a cape like mother and father, the red clothes on his back ruffled with the wind and no one could deny that he was a Karnak.

I turned to my mother who was watching me, hands clasped in front of her. I instinctively imitated her.

“My dear, are you tired?”

“No, mother.”

“Then we shall continue. The market is only a little ways off now.”

When we continued to walk again, Lucy offered me her hand with a kind smile. For a second, I wanted to take it, but then I didn’t. Ladies did not need to have their hands held. Lucy let me have my way and settled with tucking a stray lock of hair behind my ear.

A large banner up ahead denoted where the market officially began, but there were stalls even before that, with wares from across the seas. Trinkets, silks, and steel glittered in the sun as people crowded around the vendors yelling about prices and deals. Earthy vases and blue and white pottery littered long tables next to sword displays while rolls upon rolls of cloth piled on top of each other on another nearby stall. A large group of women and children surrounded one stall, but I could not see through them to find out what was so interesting.

Mother led us to stop at one stand showcasing extravagant hair pieces in all different colors.

“Now here’s a lady with a good eye!” The shopkeeper bellowed before bowing. His large stomach strained against the blue silk wrapped tight around his waist. “Well met, Lady Karnak.” His smile made the skin around his eyes crinkle up like a candy wrapper.

“Well met, Len.” Mother nodded at him before picking up a hair clip with red jewels encrusted in the shape of a rose. “My dear.” She held it against

my hair, but did not touch me. "This would look beautiful on you."

"Right you are!" the big man laughed, his stomach bouncing. "That one's from a jeweler across the Shattered Sea. They say it blesses maidens to grow up to be just like their lady mothers!" He gave me a big wink and my heart swelled with pride.

My mother must have seen the look on my face because the next thing I knew, we were walking away from the big man and I had a new hair clip adorning my bangs.

"Thank you, Mother." I was not sure how successful I was at keeping the enthusiasm from my voice.

"Of course, my dear. You must look impeccable for your father tonight." She smiled at me and looked like she was about to say something else before she was interrupted.

"My Lady." Yvette came up to us and bowed. When had she left? "Lady Ann is waiting at her manor."

I felt a tap on my shoulder and I turned around to see Lucy grinning at me. From behind, she brought out a big, slightly dirty, shiny blue bouncy ball that reflected the bright sunlight. Excitement crawled up my throat before my mother's voice pierced through me.

"- be careful and don't wander too far away from - Lucy, where did you get that? Remove it from my daughter's presence immediately. I will not have her new dress ruined by such dirty childish games."

"Yes, my Lady. I'm deeply sorry," Lucy replied, ashamed, as she bowed before stepping away, taking the ball with her.

"My dear, do not forget who you are. You must be polite, but you have been raised to become a proper lady. Childish games are beneath you and you are better and cleaner than other children, so do not go near them unless absolutely necessary," my mother explained as she looked down at me while I gripped my hands in front of me to hide the trembling.

"Yes, Mother." The shaking in my voice terrified me. What will Mother think now? I heard Lucy return to my side.

"I must go now, my dear. Be careful."

"Goodbye, Mother," I recited, trying to keep my voice neutral. I was used to the disappointment of having her leave me.

She gave me a nod. I wondered if I would nod as much as Mother did when I became a lady. I decided I wouldn't.

Lucy held my hand as we walked through the street and I took in all the sights around me: colorful towering banners of different sellers marked their locations and the people walking around were dressed in some of the weirdest clothing I had ever seen, nothing like in the books Madam Laura had me read. Some men didn't wear shirts, settling only with strips of fabric tied to their arms. Some women wore headpieces that draped down to tie across their breasts and golden rings around their thighs and ankles and no shoes. Some had hair down to the ground while others had no eyebrows and even more had skin as dark and smooth as the sweet and bitter treats my brother sometimes gave me. I fingered the thick fabric of my long sleeve dress as we passed by a group of entertainers wearing only wisps of material as thin and transparent as the wind they danced with. I had dancing lessons back home too, - "the waltz," Madam Elena had called it - but nothing as feverish as those dancers' movements.

A ways off, I saw a bright red ball roll across the street followed by a group of screaming children. Their sweat glistened in the sun and their laughs pierced the yelling of all the adults around them. *How undignified* I could hear Madam Willow's voice in my mind: she had said the same thing when she had retold one story or another about loud children - but my heart was not in it. I felt that same sense of excitement course through me and my hand twitched.

Lucy looked at me, her light brown eyes boring into mine when she caught them.

"Would you like you go play with the children? It can be our secret."

"No. I'm a lady, not a child," I replied. I tried to stand up straighter.

"And I would ruin my dress."

Lucy did not say anything and we continued to walk through the crowd, stopping occasionally at stalls that interested us. I saw the red ball again when it rolled up to me and knocked against my dress, leaving a dirty mark when it rolled back. I clasped my hands forcefully in front of me to keep myself from picking it up and running to join them.

The group of children finally caught up and all of them stopped and gasped when they saw me, or rather, the golden brooch on my chest.

"We've gone and done it now," I heard one of them say. They were all dressed poorly, some even in rags that hung off their skinny bodies. Their playing only made their clothes that much filthier.

"Bow, you idiots!" I heard another hiss, and they all did so, heads hanging low.

I felt a sense of accomplishment at being recognized and I puffed my

chest out.

"No harm was done," I returned as I tried to remember the sound of my mother's commanding voice from this morning. "I-."

"Hey! What happened-" Another boy came running up before stopping abruptly, confused by what he saw. I watched him as he stared at the bottom of my dress and then the dirty ball and then my dress again. He came up to me, eyes steady as they made contact with mine. He was no taller than me; I felt the urge to shrink away, but stayed put - because I was a lady.

"We're really sorry," he said suddenly. It was not what I was expecting. He didn't even bow. I could see his friends behind him straighten and look at him with wide eyes. "We didn't mean to ruin your dress. Honest." He reached into the pocket of his shabby shorts and pulled out a piece of candy. "I'm sorry." There he went again - saying sorry. I wasn't sure how to respond. "Here," he said as he offered me the sweet. I looked at it; the wrapper was heavily wrinkled and dirty on one end. I heard the voice of my mother from earlier and of Madam Willow drill me on never speaking to, much less touching, the ratty children in town: "Ladies do not concern themselves with such things." I vaguely knew that Lucy was watching me intently, and so was this boy. I don't know how long he stood there with his arm outstretched, but when I finally took the candy, not caring that my fingers brushed against his dirty palm, he smiled a childish smile that showed his slightly crooked teeth. I wondered if I looked as happy as he did when I smiled. I wondered if I could be a child too.

Mermaid Rock

Rachel Seeger, Digital Illustration



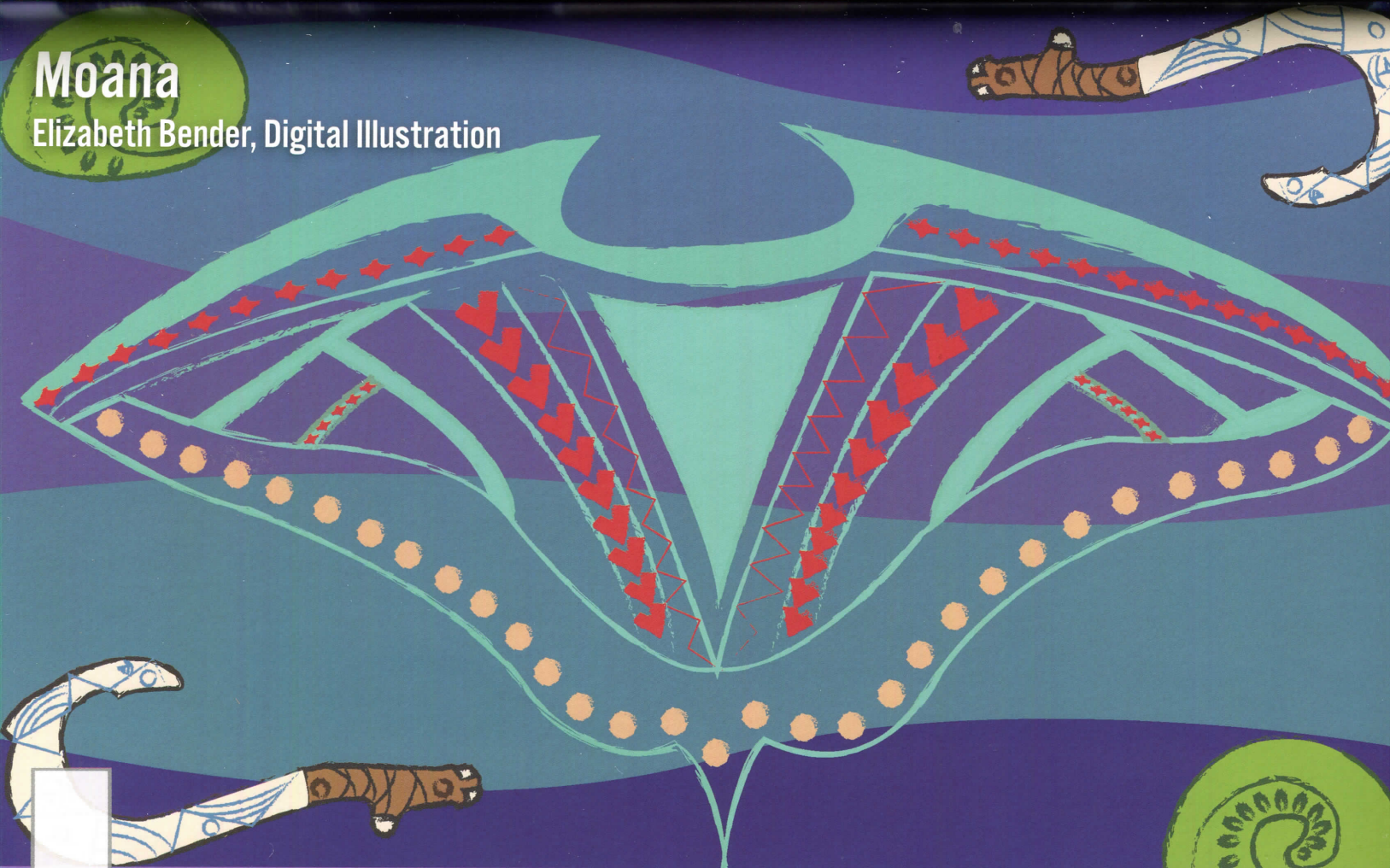
Born for Mischief

Jo Caputo, Photography



Moana

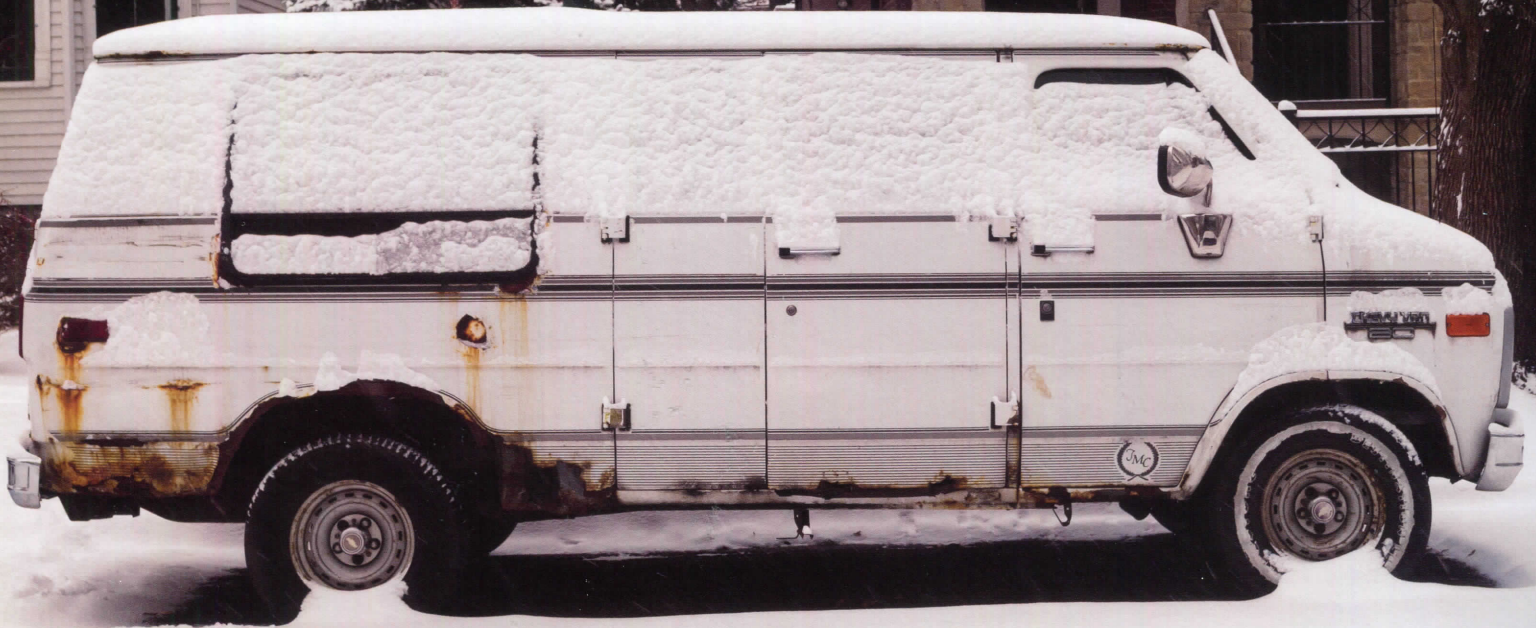
Elizabeth Bender, Digital Illustration





Christmas Eve 2017

Alessandro Pagura, Photography



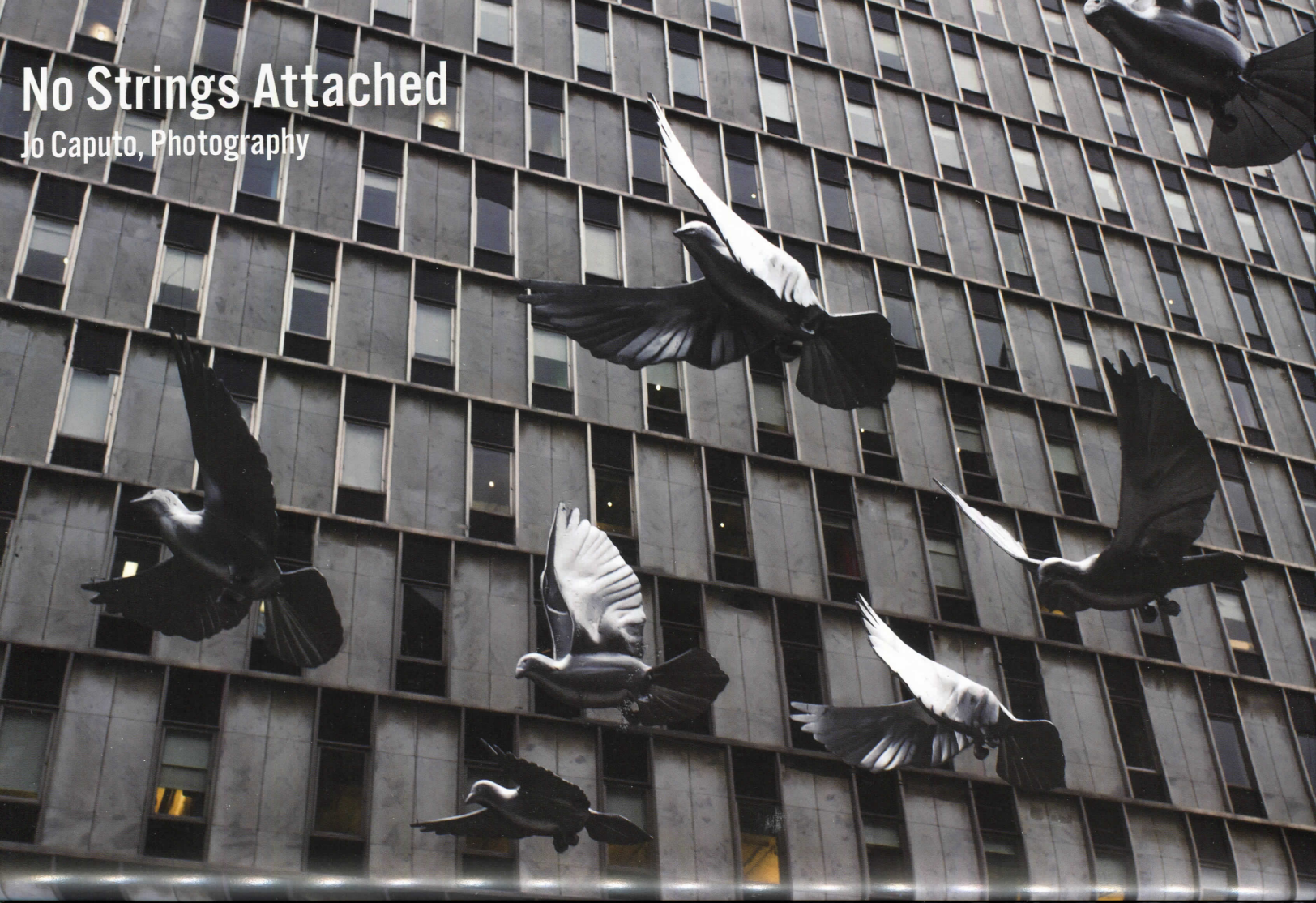
City of Gold

Jo Caputo, Photography



No Strings Attached

Jo Caputo, Photography



Hunting and Gathering

Xamaka Latham, Photography



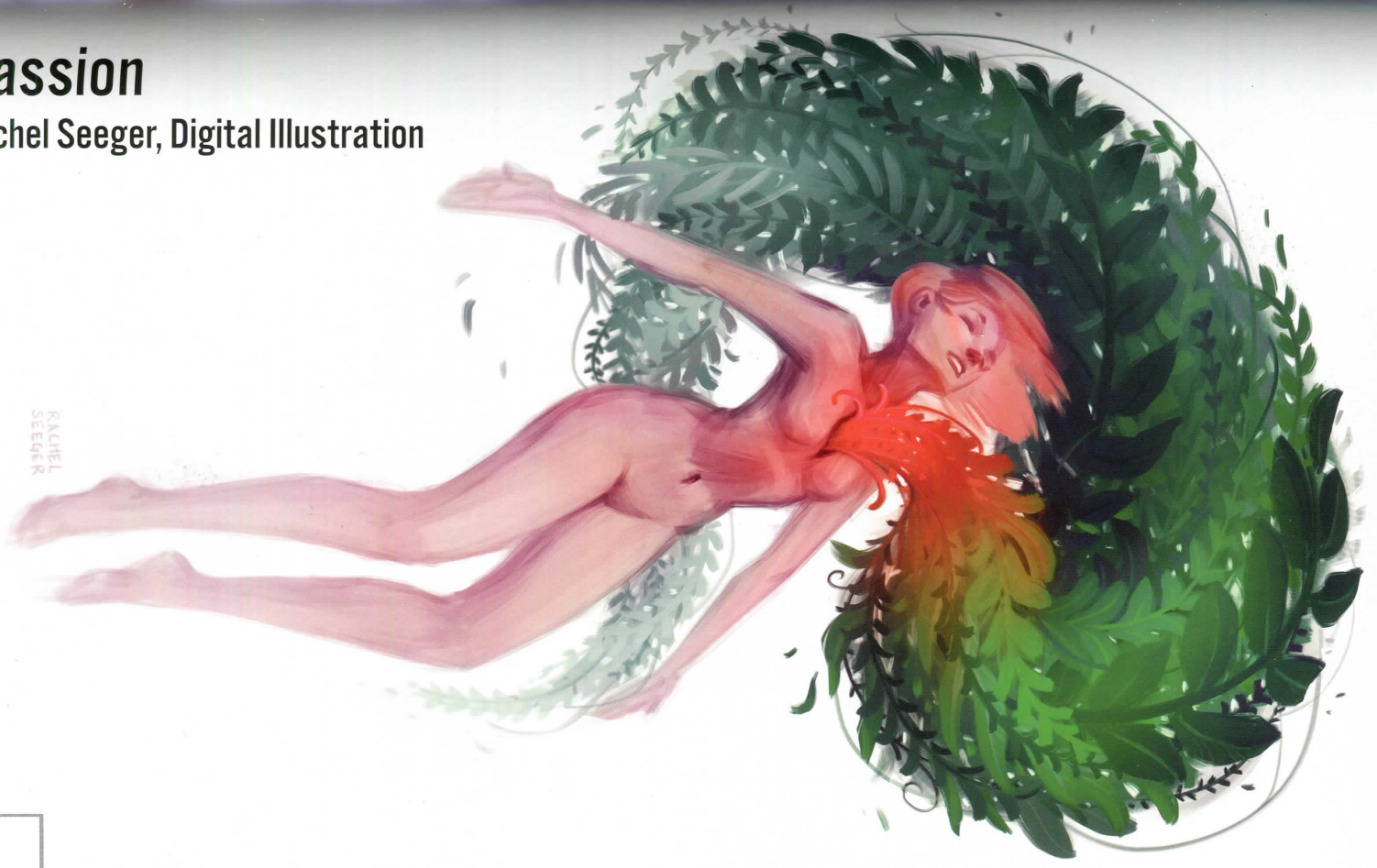


Decomp Romp

Xamaka Latham, Photography

Passion

Rachel Seeger, Digital Illustration



RACHEL
SEEGER



The Upside Down

Nathan Kiecker, Photography

White Feng

Xamaka Latham, Photography



The Photographer

Sam Olson

The bazaar's awnings and umbrellas cut cool swathes of shade into the blazing courtyard. Lysa passed beneath one of these awnings, wiping grimy sunglasses on her shirt in a familiar dirty brown spot. The stalls of food, handmade pottery, cheap trinkets, and worn books and papers packed tightly around the bazaar's path, closing a canopied corridor around the customers. Lysa's spine twisted away from pillars, merchants, and other obstacles, her hand gently guiding a swaying camera bag out of their way. Through pungent smoke and beads of sweat she spotted sizzling lamb and peppers sharing a cozy grill and was pulled toward it by her groaning stomach. Sitting stiffly at a small bar, she placed an order with the sunken eyed cook, her hand darting in front of her camera bag before it hit the edge of the bar and cradling it.

Lysa reached down to untie her heavy hiking boots, groaning softly at the release. She overturned one, letting a shower of sand and pebbles join their kin on the bazaar's floor. Her brow furrowed at how much of the oppressive grain fell out. Her brow relaxed and her eyes closed tenderly as she stretched her cramped toes, fanning them out in her socks. Opening her camera bag gingerly, she made her standard check of her sleek digital camera, her baby, her moneymaker. Her fingers danced over it, pressing and flipping, looking for any damage and, finding none, placed it carefully back into the bag next to a smaller, scuffed polaroid camera. From her backpack she pulled a map and a water bottle, equally tattered and dented around their edges. She splayed the map laboriously on the sticky bar in front of her, the edges curling back in defiance. The map was heavily annotated with cities crossed out or circled with red, blue, orange, and purple marker and laden with doodles in its margins. The path of marks led from Diyarbakir up to Ankara and nearly to Istanbul. With one hand her finger traced the serpentine route across the wrinkled surface, and with the other she raised her bottle to her lips, emptying the last sips eagerly.

She placed the bottle next to her, eyes never leaving the map until the bottle's side caught her eye. The bottle was coated cap to bottom in Polaroid pictures, held in a collage by peeling tape of different colors. The polaroids were especially poignant memories, very personal to her. The pictures were all familiar to Lysa, but still attracted her eye to the smattering of lovingly faded skylines and landscapes. She picked up the bottle, more gently than before, her thumb pressing a rogue strip of tape back into place. She rotated the bottle in an invading ray of sunlight to her right, displaying shimmering green auroras, sun baked ruins, bright smiles in front of warm skylines in Brussels and Austria, and unaware Alaskan Marmots and black bears. In the center was a gently aged

picture of Lysa and a young boy, maybe 4 years younger than her, holding onto a pair of bikes and smiling with the same smile, same bright eyes, same button nose, and the same home lounging behind them. A knot formed in her throat, but she took an extra few seconds to look, mirroring their smile in the shade of the smoky bazaar.

A plate appeared in Lysa's peripheral, loaded with rice and a few kebabs, still simmering. The succulent smell of lamb and peppers filled her nostrils, pulling her toward the plate. She thanked the cook, her eyes widening with hunger and her hands aggressively folding the map. She all but dove into her food, lightly kicking her shoeless feet beneath the bar. The bottle sat patiently in the invading sun, the young woman and boy smiling at Lysa while she inhaled her kebab.

A renewed Lysa returned the dusty boots to her feet, muttering an apology to them as the familiar weight tugged at her ankles. She stuffed the map and bottle back into her bag, standing from the stool and dropping some money onto the bar by the aftermath of her meal. Flashing a shallow smile to the cook, she returned to the smoky corridor of merchants, guiding her camera bag to safety. She passed out of the bazaar's shade, swallowed once again by the oppressive sun.

People flowed like myriad rivers through the courtyard ahead of Lysa, disappearing into their own tunnels of shade except for one man. He stood in the center, swiveling erratically to face different members of the crowd. Lysa stalked toward him, bringing his blurred form into focus. He was a squat man with damp spots beneath his arms and at the small of his back. A fat backpack tugged his shoulders downward. He held a small but thick book in one hand, clumsily searching its pages with the other. As Lysa got closer she could see a sliver of his face. His lips fumbled as quickly as his hands and his eyes darted between the book and whichever person had stopped to listen before wandering off in confusion.

Lysa sighed and approached the man. His voice became audible over the din, a high tenor stumbling over common Turkish words.

She interrupted him, "Ya know, you should've looked over that book before you came to Turkey." The man spun on his heels to look up at her. His face was round and open with wide eyes and messy curly hair. Lysa thought he looked like a barn owl but without the mystery and the predatory nature.

"Oh thank god!" the man grinned widely and took a step toward Lysa, "someone who speaks English! I've been trying to find someone to help me,

but no one seems to speak enough English to understand me! And I've tried to translate myself but I'm so unfamiliar with the alphabet and I-"

"What do you need help with?" Lysa cut him off with a raised palm.

"Oh, pardon me, what a jabber jay! I'm trying to get to a particular library I believe is in this city. There's something there I'm looking for, a very special book but damn my creaky memory, I can't seem to remember the name exactly! I think it began with a K. Or was it a B? I think-"

"Slow down!" Lysa snapped, raising her palm again, "Listen, can you describe it?"

The man's eyes sparkled, "Oh, yes! It's an old tome, terribly hard to find these days. It's about a princess who lived within the moon held between the horns of an astral bull, and a noble thief who-"

Lysa interrupted again, rolling her eyes, "Not the book. The library."

"Oooh yes of course!" He leaned toward her, hands splayed out as if he were going to tell a story to a child, "It has these lovely arches with red pillars over some sitting room windows and a little garden out front with these beautiful flowers."

"I think I know the place. It's not far from here," Lysa responded, "Do you have a name, Mr. Jabber Jay?"

The man's trusting features widened and he abruptly thrust his sweaty hand forward, "Oh, goodness! Where are my manners? My name is Anders, amateur historian and globe traveler! That is, an amateur at both, globe traveler included. I've not travelled much 'til recently, and only through a few other European countries. But I do know my share of history! Especially when it comes to eastern-"

"I'm Lysa." She grabbed his hand and gave a firm shake, forcing her lips into a thin smile, "Follow me, I'll take you to the library."

Lysa stalked off into the river of people, guiding her camera bag away from anyone who came too close. She was chased by a stream of thanks and compliments from Anders. The stout man's legs shuffled almost twice as fast as Lysa's to keep up with her. He prodded at her as they pushed through the crowd.

"So what brings you here to this beautiful country?"

"Photography."

"Oh, Fascinating! Have you been a photographer long?"

"Yep."

"Don't you ever get homesick? I imagine you've been away long!"

"Sometimes."

The longer Anders's questions, the shorter Lysa kept her answers. After ten or so she couldn't help but clench her fists. Her answers had to audibly scrape by her teeth. For ten minutes the questions and comments wouldn't stop. Lysa thought to herself that the man was terrible at picking up hints.

After several minutes of Lysa stalking around people, potholes, and signs as if to subtly escape the stumbling Anders, he pried, "You're... not much of a people person are you?"

Lysa stopped in her tracks and turned to Anders, fuming, "No, what I am is tired after a long day of trekking across Turkey on my horribly blistered feet, so I haven't really been sitting around hoping for a clueless, unprepared tourist to drill me about myself so I can be extra stimulated while I'm trying to relax for a moment!" Her chest heaved and her face glowed red from the heat and her frustration. Anders sank into himself, pulling away from his guide. His expression pinched into one like a beat dog. Lysa sighed. An apology sat on her tongue but before she could release it she turned back around and resumed her long stride.

"Come on, let's keep going." She was met with silence.

Anders took the hint finally, and for several minutes they continued in silence. Without the extra noise Lysa's fists opened, her shoulders relaxed, and her teeth unclenched. Her eyes started to wander across the skyline as they walked. She avoided the more modern structures, favoring the older buildings and the trees. The sun had finally started to fall and the cool shadows it left behind made the domes, minarets, leaves, and signs pop a sweet purple hue against the warm sky. Her eyes passed onto the signs, written in Turkish mostly. They advertised food and merchandise in neon scrawl and announced roads leading to an airport and the route to Istanbul. Amid her scanning Anders's voice stung her softly.

"Who's that?"

She snapped her head round like a bird, but saw no one who stood out in the shifting crowd.

"On the bottle." Anders corrected sheepishly.

"Oh... that," Lysa reached into the side pocket of her backpack and pulled the bottle out, holding it in front of her. She flattened the peeling corner of a picture with her thumb and traced the two faces in the center picture. She expected herself to blow him off again, but she spoke before she could stop herself.

"That's my brother and me. We're-" She almost cut herself short,

"We're standing in front of our old house in this picture. We'd just finished riding our bikes down to the corner store and my mom ambushed us with the camera. It was August I think, and... I'm sorry, I'm rambling."

"Well I can sure understand that!" Anders had stepped up behind her and perked up again. Lysa pulled away from him at first, but her posture softened and she turned the picture slightly toward him.

She spoke again, "He always dreamed of seeing every corner of the world, so I made him my little co-explorer as long as mom would let him be. That was until... until he couldn't anymore. I've travelled alone since then, but I've gotten used to it." What the worn picture didn't show was the current state of her brother's bike, crushed by a car tire and hidden in a shed by their mother. Lysa tried to push it from her mind but didn't need a picture to see it. A familiar knot formed in her throat.

Anders spoke again, "That picture must be a comforting memory to you, yes? I can understand that too! The book I'm looking for is a comforting one to me. It's a story my grandmother introduced me to, one of her favorites. And she collected a lot of stories."

"Why come to Turkey to get a copy?" Lysa asked, steeling herself, "I'm sure you could find a copy closer to home or online."

"Possible, but not what I'm after," Anders's brow furrowed and his voice became sturdy, unwavering, "She had a beautiful old copy of it in print, illustrated in an old fashion. But that copy managed to disappear in a rather unfortunate way. Few things remind me of her as much as that old book, so I determined to set out and find a copy just like it! A fool's errand I know, as I said it's exceedingly rare. But she told me of where she got her copy a few times so I figured I could manage it. Luckily you were here to pull this jabbering mess in the right direction!" His broad smile returned, fighting his wide, trusting eyes and messy curls for space.

Lysa's own lips perked up at the corners as she turned to walk again, "Come on, we're almost there." She paused, then gently asked, "So. Is your grandma still around to help you find this book?"

"Well, No. I'm sad to say she isn't. She hasn't been for almost a year and she won't be. She passed away last autumn. But all the more reason to make this fool's errand." Lysa could hear his voice quiver lightly behind her, but it never stopped dripping with kindness.

"I can understand that." She responded softly without turning, straining to keep her voice from quivering similarly.

Anders didn't propose a question this time.

After only five more minutes of tracing the purple skyline, the library came into view, exactly as Anders had described it. The sun landed neatly on the garden out front, framing a mini paradise in front of the red pillars. Where earlier it had been invasive and oppressive, Lysa was now analyzing it with an artist's eye. It was a kinder light here.

"It looks exactly as I'd imagined! Splendid!" Anders careened past Lysa, glowing with joy and hopping with energy.

"Finally! Now just to find the-" He stopped in his tracks, spinning back to beam at Lysa, "Pardon me, I almost forgot! Thank you so much for rescuing me Lysa, I'd still be the most bumbling fool in that bazaar if you hadn't shown up!" He'd extended his hand again.

"Don't mention it," she was trying to contain a growing smile. He was contagious. She shook his hand for the second time that day, then watched him turn back to the library. An urge started to well up inside her, forming words in her mouth. He was more contagious than she thought.

"Wait, Anders," He spun comically fast, messy curls bouncing, "After you find this book... do you want to grab a kebab? I could give you directions out of here." He beamed even brighter than before. His grin was winning the battle with his eyes.

"I wouldn't miss it! Maybe I can take a look at the rest of those pictures. Don't go running off!" He spun again and disappeared into the shade of the library. Lysa's eyes hung on the door for a second too long before turning back to garden. Golden hour was creeping up on her and she seized the opportunity, reaching for her digital camera from its bag. But next to the gleaming black moneymaker she saw the little old Polaroid camera. She thought for a still, quiet moment before taking the smaller camera out of her bag instead. She lined up the shot deftly, moving mechanically to find the right angle. The little camera spit out a Polaroid that Lysa took gingerly and began to shake. She searched for spare room on her bottle and passed her eyes over the picture of her and her brother again. But the knot didn't come this time, instead she just found her co-explorer, looking brightly back at her. Looking up again, her eyes traced over the garden along the low walls in their rectangular pattern, settling on the flowers. Anders was right, she thought to herself. They were beautiful.

Rumple

Andreea Vasile, Photography



Her Swiss Alps Wish

Laura Bruton

She is by my side,
my hand burning, lack of circulation, begging for her to stop squeezing.
My big sister,
glistening brown eyes barely visible through her bundled body.
I take a deep breath,
the crisp, unforgiving air punishes and scorches my lungs.
My eyes close.
The pounding of the falling snow consumes and deafens me.
Tears stream down
my red-hot cheek, freezing before they can reach my jawline.
I open my eyes.
The crystal light burns, leaving me blinded for a second or two.
She nods, seeing
the hole blistering in my heart, the nauseating reminder she left:
our mother.

High, rigid rock stretches to infinity, encircling and swallowing us.
White surrounds us.
This silent storm will drown the town, leaving nothing exposed.
Our mother:
her dying wish to explore these backroads and climb these mountains.
I hold my bare hand out.
The snow is forgiving in my palm, but as it melts, a harsh reminder:
ice and frostbite.
As my numb hand opens the urn, her transparent hands rests on my shoulder.
Her wish now fulfilled,
as we, standing together, look to the heavens, release her in the wind.
The ashes scatter.
Grief and joy dance with the snow, carrying her weightless body.
My sister
embraces me, our crumbling, aching bodies unable to move forward.

Winter

Sam Dresser

I miss the cold winter
The arctic burns your skin winter
The crawl up in your marrow winter
The huddle together to escape her cold embrace winter
The all life flees months before she comes winter
The takes all of spring's greatest storms to drive her out winter

I miss the cold winter
Not this forgot to be cold winter
This confused early bud winter
This muddy shoes leaving tracks on the carpet winter
This light jacket is fine winter
This bark brown and grass yellow winter

I miss the cold winter
The snow piled way up over my head winter
The frost stays over half the year winter
The too poor for heat winter
The put on another sweater winter
The maybe I was just a boy winter

Maybe I'm naïve and nothing's changed winter
Or maybe we were all naïve winter
Thinking it would always last winter
Thinking we couldn't hurt winter
Now the arctic burns winter
I miss the old winter

Wanderers

Sam Olson

By the river past the sleeping village
between the whispers of the brush,

restless wanderers flock to an
inn, a rare solace. Inside, the
huddle of weary, frozen travelers
pale with clinging frost writhe and grasp

at wisps of healing fire.
The gathering of callused hands
graces a hearth blessed
by soot and cinder.

All along the river the ancient
pale, intertwined
grove of birch trees and mountain flowers
split worn, flat stones between them,

Cracked in patterns, speckled
with orange petals.
Autumn sun approaches,
blooming with a chill.

The wanderers rejoin the sleeping village
exhausted, waking harshly
to return to seeking. All around them
the unfamiliar, winding paths.

But behind them
the hearth dims, its flock has fled.
The innkeep inhales solitude, wishing
her son safe travels.

The free have scattered, wary
but wide-eyed,
while the innkeep's shackles tie her
to the hearth, brand her the shepherd.

The peaking light of
dawn climbs, the waking village
has saluted the wanderers,
young and old.

And the innkeep sits
in disappointing comfort,
poking embers and passing
between dappled light.

by the river past the waking village
She waits for the next flock.

The Lion and the Cub

Derek Shunia

Stars illuminate darkness.
Hanging lamps light
the jungle ahead, it
is silent here tonight

Seventy miles per hour. In my red
leather seat, the cub is tame. Electronic
music blaring, windows down, bright
wicked white eyes of a lion approach

from behind, the roar of a
lion, 6.2 liters of supercharged fury
Hellish feline charges on
My friends scream. Go get him!

The heart of the cub thumps
eighty, ninety miles per hour, quickly
ascending towards light speed.
one-twenty miles per hour and climbing.

Moving so fast, traffic now
stands still. The white eyes of the
lion grow, its roar getting louder still.
Edging towards speeds of

One-forty miles per hour, just to keep pace.
Peripheral now blurs, tunnel vision takes over
He's within spitting distance, but the lion
faster than the cub, and he disappears

into the wilderness ahead.
An evil red glow illuminates in his wake.

Tylluan

for Jill

Sarah Fewkes

*"I saw, unhappy, what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate:
Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade."
Ovid, Metamorphoses*

they tried to drown you. do you remember? it was
beneath where the nuthatches nest. they took your dress
piece by perilous piece, and built patchwork homes.
the pond where it happened
whimpered.

my sweet tongueless cryptid. white-knuckled. if you
run back to the place where it began you might lose yourself.
instead, pile the catastrophe back in on itself. grow a forest
out of it. spit on him: dark and lovely. thick, rotten
absinthe.

you are what was left after the breath came back. you must
know what I mean. the primal thing after the heart-stopping. beyond
language. there are barbaric hymns dedicated to you,
almost-music played on trees and
blood.

they tried to burn you. do you remember? it was
over where the whitetails rut. they took your voice
vowel by venomous vowel, and invented false gods.
the pyre where it happened
howled.

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Hackett Catholic Central High School

Sarah Britain

Annual Reunion

Fourteen late summers old,
commenced suffocation in prestigious pits of peril
possessed by spotless surfaced white droplets of God;
they fall in anticipation of Thanksgiving recess.

It is the only relief of their navy-blue succubus
plaid in salacity,

now diverging behind sealed green rusting ingress,
to their sanctioned schedules.

First Period

Composed tossing and tumbling purgatories,
with a crowned crucifix front and center,
leading thankful prayers
of adhered hypnotized choristers.

Elders scorn splintered thorns,
whipping wounds against juvenile's
flawed jabs at geometry.

Bells call,
all stand by instructed gridding.

Guardian's green greed redeems satchels
upon their backs,
bearing calculated careers
in suppressed sin.

They wept.

Adoration

A choked chapel
smothers repulsed prophets of posterity,
students redundantly recite defiant beliefs.

Pews span hours,
withering youth's greenness.

They were their own, only
apostle.

The Final Bell

Divine perfection of seven sessions
complete lead engravings of hypocrisy.

Commenced classes crumble green doors,
and satirically cast cracks in Ten Commandments,
through which they escape:

shackles shed by sunset.

Nocturnal Divergence

Sweltering
gaze of purple, green, blue hair strands,
dispensed plaid.

Inscribed skin concealed beneath collared sleeves by day,
envelopes worlds untraveled by night.

Ascending shackles reveal
repugnant men married to industry
leading thankful prayers,

and adolescent actors.
They are only fourteen summers old.

Astronomy 101

Bonnie Meyers

My memory eldest was of black
and white nebulas in a screen,
my nose stung sickly smells of
flowers
smoke
funerals.

My grandmother who was not
claimed she taught me at age 3,
turned those constellations into
thoughts
words
commands.

My mind orbited black
blue green red collection,
bonded and wished for
touch
breath
love.

My heart had a hole
collapsed in from gravity,
pulled and destroyed remaining
meteors
comets
light.

My thoughts were black
stuck on the void between stars,
safe in solid thoughts of
supernova
gas
escape.

My mother saw the stars
bleed from my eyes and arms,
cried how I dared to
hurt
suffer
leave.

My actions invited black
matter from coldest void,
but I shook off the
dust
shudders
summons.

My stay in solid white
rooms ended,
talking filled my mind with
skills
knowledge
life.

My mind stayed black
holed and gaping,
but new life showed me
fuzzy
friends
love.

My heart is now whole
filled by furry and favored friends,
the black hole is gone.

Alien Encounter

Alex Foreman

From the views of an alien,
we are interesting. We are like nothing
there, in the galaxy, as complex

as a car or a Rubik's Cube—then we stop.
The slow dancing in the feet.
That's what disgusts me, one alien

whispers. *Somewhat as if they're
very bored, as if they can't learn
through the videos—not exactly*

*a sight of pleasure, but a scattered
flailing, over to walls, over
an entirely horrible grasp. As if*

*they can hate stuff
greatly to blabber through it—*
And they're wrong. We'll always

understand what *freedom* holds,
or *unify*—knotty as a knot
of rope we are, mysterious,

all our motions—the elegance,
the happy faces, the slender
footed, hard-tapping noise.

Dad

Rachel Zhou

Whites, grays, and blacks,
flash against his
leather face,
as he sinks
into the worn cushion,
soft static Mandarin
swirling around us.

Crow's feet
smother him,
Scarred skin
swallows him -
All of it
Testament,
to what he has sacrificed,
to what we have received:
once with green hands,
now with blue -
"Don't worry about us" -
"Nonsense" -
now with the strength
of a foal
that cannot stand.

Behind my lids
in the dark,
I can feel
the heavy drum
of his heartbeat,
thick and slow,
like ancient honey,
through his sandpaper hand.

Encircled by English
In the light,
the ringing
doesn't stop.

Denali

Sam Olson

In the valley echoes are immortal.
Every pine rustle,
every fraction of wind,
every salmon that leaps while slowly
dying, lives forever in the echoes.
They bounce from rock to
rock to tree to the woodcutter's ears.
Every bounce weakens them but
magnifies them all the same,
until they join the divine
haunting ambiance.

Immortality is rare in the valley.
Fish die, deer die,
pines wither, flowers rot,
even the mountains are doomed
to weather.
The woodcutter knows
death, sighs vain curses
while he works.
The ambiance has long faded
behind the ax's crack
ringing.

Warm memory is even rarer,
fleeting among beasts short lived,
absent to the pines,
absent to the stone.
But to the woodcutter Denali
holds echoes of an old
friend, a hound, lying permanently
beneath a makeshift headstone,
polished so much as to catch
his eye between swings
and wake a mortal echo

The valley forgets these echoes.
They warm like the pup
in a young man's hands.
They follow like its paws,
forge ahead,
burn brightly and soften
with time like the hound
it becomes, until it rests, weary.
The memory softens too slowly,
burns too brightly,
distracts from his work.

A tail strikes at legs,
harbinger of joy.
The ax cracks.
The tail grows still,
aligning with a pointed nose.
The ax cracks.
A warm body comforts,
breathing sweet sighs into the black.
The ax cracks.
Old legs shake up the steps,
fur graying and tangling.

The valley forgets what lies under the rock.
But the woodcutter never will.

Greyhound

Carina Taylor

Greyhound 072917

The bus ground to a halt and the lights flickered on,
whites and yellows bouncing off the heads of teens
whose foreheads pressed smooches into gray seats.
My eyes peeled open from my chilly morning nap
and my arms pulled me,
unwilling, to my feet.
You patted my shoulder, urged me on.

The air was thin and if your lips weren't
frozen together, you would have said something snide,
"They should have cancelled school."
Snow billowed like woolen blankets over the concrete, but
if you walked carefully and were
heavy on your feet,
you wouldn't fall.

In summer, I took a bus for the first time
in a long time. It was not yellow, but gray and I
was the youngest on board.
(I skipped a year of school.
I was always the youngest.)
For most of the ride I leaned my head back
and peered out the window, wondering if the winter bite
was as strong where I was going as where I had been.
We rode steadfast until morning, just in time to hear the school bell ring.

Artists' Biographies

Alessandro Pagura is a sophomore in Industrial Design. In his free time he likes to play music and do photography.

Alex Foreman is fascinated by the unknown, which inspired a couple of poems. He also enjoys clever wordplay.

Alex Lanzetta is a determined Computer Scientist pursuing a business in game development, music, production, and app design.

Andreea Vasile recently graduated with a B.S. in Architecture, and is currently pursuing her masters degree in Landscape Architecture at Harvard Graduate School of Design. Lately, she has been enjoying experimenting with various mediums.

Bonnie Meyers is an easily-distracted Computer Science student who graduated in 2014 from Marian High School in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. She enjoys tabletop games, absurdist humor and playing with dogs.

Carina Taylor is a third-year Game Art student whose interests seem to be changing daily.

Under the guidance of Professor Daniel Faoro and with help from the College of Architecture's administration, **Darpan Pradeepkumar Arora** prepared the HABS documentation. Darpan is a graduate student.

Derek Shunia is a Computer Science major. He has a passion for music, cars, and technology.

Elizabeth Bender is a Graphic Design senior. When she isn't working on class work, Elizabeth loves to create 2D Illustrations and animations of things that inspire her.

Gabrielle VanAmberg is a third year game art student. She is involved in SODA, Delta Tau Sigma Sorority, and is a Resident Assistant in South Housing.

Jo Caputo is a photographer seeking to enhance the perception of everyday life, demonstrating this through depicting unique angles of common objects and places.

Joshua Cambell is a senior majoring in Clinical Psychology. He wishes to incorporate his passion of music and writing into his field of study.

Justin Kemp is a senior majoring in Information Technology, and has never written a poem before this semester. He learned a lot from Creative Writing and has more appreciation for the art.

Laura Bruton is a senior majoring in Molecular and Cellular Biology with minors in Chemistry and Psychology. She enjoys playing sports and eating popcorn.

Nathan Kiecker is a senior in Architecture and Design. He is passionate about his work and has a great base knowledge in various fields of study. These include, flora and fauna, the art of photography, and problem solving techniques studied in Psychology. He maintains his focus on academic work yet still is able to play golf, hike, and critique films in his free time.

Nicholas Paul is a passionate Mathematics and Computer Science graduate 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.

Rachel Seeger is a 2016 graduate of the Game Art program. She currently works as the lead artist at Dreaming Door Games, where she happily spends her days drawing dragons, spirits, and beautiful scenery. More of her artwork can be found on Instagram and Twitter.

Rachel Yazen Zhou is a homesick Game Artist who just wants to go to sleep.

Sam Dresser is a fifth year Game Art student who loves art in all its forms and wishes to push forward the gaming medium as an art form.

Sam Olson is a Game Art student who spends much of his time in the studio painting illustrations for games, escaping his loud roommates, and eating Thai food.

Coffee keeps **Sarah Britain** stirring, and laughter keeps her living.

Xamaka Latham says: “ ‘Kill two birds with one stone. Save two birds with no stones.’ Brought to you by How to Save a Mockingjay.”

