

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY UNDERGRADUATE ARTS JOURNAL
FALL 2013

SHALE



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This edition of Shale extends our philosophy of innovation in creative writing and the arts. This edition features French, German, and Korean pieces in a continuation of our embrace of World Languages. We also feature the first installment of our first serialized piece “A Disinherited Race.” We also introduce a staff section to display the talent of our staff members. We will continue this section for all Fall semesters in which Shale is published.

The English Department, Gaines Center, WRFL (the student-run radio station), and the Department of Modern and Classical Languages, Literatures, and Cultures (MCLLC) also contributed considerably to the printing of this edition and the meeting of all of the authors and artists featured herein. We also would like to thank the Office of International Affairs, the Writing Center, the English honor society Sigma Tau Delta, and the new student group Graphite for their continued support. We are also proudly partnered with the Bloomsbury Group, a student organization that embraces writers and artists of every medium and caliber. As this group is just getting started, we encourage our readership to inquire further by emailing bloomsburygroupuk@gmail.com. We greatly appreciate and celebrate these departments and organizations that continue to foster creative pursuits at this university.

On a more personal level, I would like to thank our advisors, Julie Human from the Department of Modern and Classical Languages, Literatures, and Cultures (MCLLC) and Julia Johnson from the English Department. I would like to give my deepest thanks to Dr. Lisa Broome and Connie Duncan of the Gaines Center for the Humanities, Jennifer Walton of the English Department and Liliana Drucker of the MCLLC Department for their vital contributions to the funding of this edition and its reception. We also welcome and thank our new partner, the Chellgren Center for Undergraduate Excellence, and especially Dr. Philipp Kraemer and Lynn Hiler.

Finally, I would like to thank Karen Abshire at Southland Printing. The printing services offered by Southland Printing has finally enabled us to achieve the highest level of material quality Shale has seen since its inception.

Please enjoy!

Sarah Hayden
Editor-in-Chief





Shale

University of Kentucky Undergraduate Arts Journal
FALL 2013

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ANNA HALL
Junior • Theatre & Secondary English Education

Black Barbie Doll

Marshall County:

year 1904,

Men angered by those prosperous blacks

who couldn't be beaten down

by lynchings, trials, or

just plain ole-fashioned,

down-home racism

(bless their hearts),

and who had the audacity to

buy tobacco land

-our land!

What does a man do?

RUN

THEM

OUT

Marshall County:

year 1990,

Sarah Byers tells my sister that her

bought-and-paid-for

safety standard plastic,

genuine Scary Spice

Barbie doll

is too different to play with Sarah's

pristine, white, better

Barbie doll:

She has to play over there.

Well, 84 years of progress, eh?

What does a man do?

She went home,

Barbie fearing the burning cross.

Her Kind

An imitation of Anne Sexton's poem of the same name.

I have fit in, a jungle cat,
prowling the polyester trees,
sniffing sales and growling gossip,
drinking from the watering hole;
keeping my nose up.
A woman like that is a closed book.
I have been her kind.

I have been a pool player,
shooting just so, flirting just so;
smoking, just so;
going along, wondering about later,
doing nothing in the meantime.
A woman like that is not insured.
I have been her kind.

I have prayed, preyed,
piqued, packed, punched,
packed a punch, and plucked
the fruit I hoped was ripe.
A woman like that is not ready to die.
I have been her kind.

Ode to Left Shoe

O, Left Shoe, behold how ballin' thou art!
Gracing my left foot with thy comforting hug,
fitting better than the right,
show my excess!
Uncreased, unmarred,
lovely Nike.

Exult, left show!
Squeak the song of my arrival
in the school hallway!
Plant the seed of my popularity, O Shoe,
and I shall quench its thirst with shoe polish,
vibrant swoosh.

Hoop, Left Shoe; propel me into my dunk!
Give me victory, O Shoe!
Let thy swagger carry me to new heights.
Deliver unto me a scholarship.
Get me out of here,
beloved hi-top.

BLADE ROUSE
Freshman • Economics

Ink

Luke—momma’s baby—inked
up his left bicep a year ago.

The typical medium:

a commemorative cross in black & grey, tattooed
in tender skin—an inclination toward
novel artistic embroidery. Married

to his flesh, his ink honors
our two fathers—
the one at peace & the other who ushered
his soul into the eternal Valley of Heaven
(or however that jazz plays).
“Rouse” rides the waves on a ribbon silhouetting

the cross like how I silhouette
this pen to spark
creation to these lines—w/ ink, the purveyor of story
everlasting on paper, yet undermined
by the parameters of life & laws of carbon decay
when injected into skin.

In one hundred winters my brother’s raw expression
carved in ink will dissolve
beneath the soil,
& perhaps,
this simple poem—my tattoo—
will be read above it.

AARON HENSON
Sophomore • English

Elegy in Autumn

The trees seem to whisper your name,
While the days become shorter.
Brightly colored leaves fill the air,
Leaving the trees bare and cold.
You lie beneath us,
Beneath the golden leaves,
Telling a story,
you want to tell,
and we want to know.
But you cannot speak,
and we cannot hear.
The world still being tortured
by your silent screams,
echoing throughout time.
Our ears burn,
Our hearts hurt.

The autumn leaves fall for you, Autumn.
Joining you in eternal peace.
The sun saddened by the
Pain, felt through the injustice.
The moon mourns as the stars dim.
Your soul taken from us
Prematurely, Way too early.
I realize now that a fair world
Does not exist.
As a family laments,
As my family laments.
The wind whistles woefully
While the world weeps.

KENDALL KREBS
Freshman • Sociology

Solitary Confinement

Novel Excerpt: Chapter 1

“So they said that it has to be kept in the fridge, and I was like, who in the hell wants to walk all the way to the fridge after they wash their face to get their pore minimizer? But I’ll tell ya, it works. Laura told me I looked eighteen the other day; I love her. I was thinking about getting a fridge in the bathroom so that I wouldn’t hav-”

That was the last thing my wife ever said. I had been reticent for eight years, smiling and nodding, smiling and nodding. I was making pancakes that day. I began to count the pancakes as she babbled on incessantly. One. Year one of this fiasco. I was pressured in to proposing. There were china patterns to pick, pictures to be taken, sex to be had. All by the book, all empty. Pancake number one slid off the pan and onto the aforementioned china. Two. I delved into making money as she delved into spending it. Sizzle, slide, flop. Three through six all look rather similar, the flimsy weakness of the core encased by a tougher exterior. Seven. Irregular in shape like a dangerous bacteria; disorderly, a precursor of events to come. I poured the batter for the eighth pancake into the pan, and gripped the edges of the counter as I attempted to block out the inane rambling. I couldn’t take another word. I wafted upwards with the scent of the pancakes and watched from above as I grabbed the pan, propelled by a mechanical force not entirely my own. I ended her life with one fell swoop.

I had never committed a crime. I was not a psychopath. I did not harbor homicidal animosity for any amount of time apart from that split second that inexorably altered the course of my life. As the blood that had initially gushed from my wife’s shattered skull began to congeal, I sat down to enjoy my last real breakfast as a human being.

Pan-American Highway

The illuminated face of the revered leader
Looms tall above the Pan-American Highway.
Omniscient, Omnipotent, Omnipresent.

The words splayed above his head,
Intended to instill obedience, read:
Cristiana, Solidaría, Socialista.

A man staggers out onto the highway,
As headlights expose his emotions.
Hurting, dejected, hopeless.

His eyes dart from the leader to the approaching car
As he welcomes death without a flinch.
Screeching, swerving, cursing.

Untouched, he limps into the night,
Watched by the eyes of the nation.
Desperate, drunk, human.

ANDREA PACE
Senior • English

Christina's World

after *Christina's World* by Andrew Wyeth

The air was stiff;
rain had eluded three long months.
Fields sat barren;
the sun, fierce and fiery,
transformed the thriving
farmland into a desolate brown.

She lay there,
amongst bristles and broken blades,
yearning to return
to the familiar farmhouse she called home.
But just as the crops died,
so had their living.

“The City,” they said, “would
provide a world of opportunity.”
But Christina's world
was right there on the farm:
 early, dewy dawns,
 tending cow and sow,
 picking wildflowers for the table.
What need she of the City?

She lay there
until she could not stay there anymore.

Navy Blue

Moon and stars
shine in radiant clarity,
thrown into sharp relief by
stark black sky.

Salt-scented breeze
tickles my nostrils and
tousles loose strands
of my free flowing hair.

My toes curl up and
straighten again, rhythmically;
squishing soft, gritty sand
between every crevice.

Deep, navy blue water,
roars as it crashes,
flows far beyond my comprehension.

Stepping forward into tepid water,
I close my eyes:

Burdens float off my shoulders;
worries drift from my mind;
peace and comfort flood my heart.

Someday, I will stand here again,
engulfed by liberating water.
For now, I must step away and
continue leaving footprints in the sand.

JENNIFER WU

Senior • Psychology, Computer Science Minor

Viscera

Our words grow hands and grasp
each other, connections born
through their contact. In eyes
that open at night, we
become transparent to one another.
We all look beautiful in the dark.

We change each other by touches
and treachery. We are scalpels
and brushes, pens and keys.
We trust ourselves away to hands
that treat us like artworks, thieving,
flamboyant and anonymous.

My pride is an abstract appendage;
my love epidermal. My everything
is essence, never empty.
All the things you always adjust to
are just water. As you get older, time
after time, you stand in the rain
with your canvas, palette to the sky.

We are co-present in the fluid
in our eyes, floating in matter
that makes up our souls.
The wind blows, and you turn:
two eyes to the world, standing
right in the middle of the flood.

Blue-Green

We sip at each other,
sweet words,
empty faces,
hungry lips.
We hold oceans

between our teeth, suck
bloat the stomach.
We love to ache,
nurse soluble hearts.

We water
together, growing forests
in high tide, memorials
to the cycle of every year.
Treetops bury blue skies
tangle roots, trunks, and eyes.

I imagine twigs above us
holding hands. Their love
drives them to tickle their leaves.
I watch, a ghost below.
My eyes see lightning
between when they break;
back together, newly green.

Dawn and Sunset

The sun stretches
its muscles before setting.
Flowers bloom in bushes
between herbs and heaven
rising above like breath.
The world is around me,
breathtakingly beautiful.
In my dreams, I see myself
in a place no one looks or sees.
There, I take stairs slowly.
I bring myself out of my attic.
Day and night
converse, one reaches
over to the other
lovers caress,
comfort one another.
The sky turns red. Between
them bleeding, I remember
imagination
can make even celestial
beings human too,
a special occasion
or a tragedy.

ASHLEIGH A. HOLDEN
Senior • English

Vokka

What I thought was hide-and-seek was Mom and Dad hiding us from you.
You peered in our windows from the front porch while we stifled our
giggles beneath it, ringing our doorbell crying out “Ish anywon dere?”
It was a fun game to me, but really it was our parents shielding us from the
sorry truth.

You would take me for ice-cream in your eggplant Cutlass Supreme. It felt
like a rollercoaster ride of dodging, weaving in and out of traffic
When you closed your eyes behind the wheel, I thought it was a game.
I could never understand why my parents disallowed us to be driven
by you.

I always *wondered* what was in your little brown bag that was held so
tightly in your hand...

I slowly questioned why you were ostracized by the entire family...

Why they avoided you at all costs...

Why they treated you as a nuisance...

Then the games were no longer fun.

I too was embarrassed of your ways:

A memory of you relieving yourself on the side of the highway.

I would pretend I didn't know you in front of friends

As I grew older I became wary of you and saddened by your state.

Your cleverness fools me no more. You can't hide that you're a sick man.

Even your death was because of the “*vokka*.”

I mourn you from time to time, saddened that you missed out on a family
I know you cared deeply about.

The truth of the matter was; you cared more for the “Vokka” held tightly by the
neck of the bottle in your little brown bag.

In loving memory of Poppy, November 25, 1999

EMILY NEVELS

Sophomore • Agricultural Biotechnology & Pre-Pharmacy

The Cypress

He is on the brink of Insanity. The greedy vortex licking His feet
curls around His ankles like an eagle to a mouse.

He blinks back the fire.

He is the question to the age old answer.

He cages the beast thumping, thumping, thumping
at His ribs until they crack.

He is taking tea in the parlor, stirring in a bit of lemon.

“Care for more cream, sir?” He sets His spoon down, a clink on the fine china.

He turns His head slowly. He stands slowly.

He kills her slowly with red hands and lets her soul free,

like a moth crouching in the bright corner of the

Sill, writhing and shrieking and burning in the sun,

Until she meets the moon.

“No, thank you.” A wave of His hand.

He is writing on the chalkboard, His hand

Moving with the ritual of the characters.

The chalk is screaming like a woman on fire

As His hands grind its life away, its life dust

snow on His breath. It's killing Him.

He stops writing. He looks at this bone in His hand. He roars and thrusts

It into snapping jowls frothed with deceit, hungrily licking His fingers,

His tongue whipping like the pupils of a snake.

He writes the beginning of the next chapter.

Church. He is sitting in church in growling silence. The preacher, overcome
 with the Lord,
 shakes a fist at the people. And *He leaps and howls and beats his chest like
 an ape,*
rolling beneath the pews with black flames in His hands.
He hangs at the pulpit and cackles, clawing at His face, blood in His nails.
His eyes, rolling in His cracking skull, rake the audience for the answer.
 He stands with the congregation and
 Sings hymn number four.

ELLYCE LOVELESS
 Junior • English & Spanish

The Volta

There's a woman with cat eyes,
 who holds men like string,
 who dances like a river, rippling.
 Turn.
 Singing like a siren,
 she weaves her nettled web.
 She catches all the fervid fish, then ebbs.
 Turn.
 She sways in time to shadows,
 devours the night's raw song,
 she's carried on the dancing all along.
 Turn.
 And at the end of dancing,
 she poises for the kill,
 but loneliness runs through her vessels still.

CASSIE PAYNE

Freshman • Art Studio, Communications Minor

Young

You, little young thing,
sat in the living room
of your skeletal home-to-be.
You watched your father erect a cabin
from stripped pines,
breathed applewood smoke
from your nostrils
as great logs were loaded
into the hungry fireplace.

You, little young thing,
sunk your toes into Philippine beaches,
white,
white,
like the half of you
across the planet.
Your knees hugged by the water,
the sun came through the sea
in stained glass hues.
The ocean and sky
went stretching on and up
in cathedral blue.

You are older now,
sweet cocoa,
varnished thighs,
honey lips, swinging hips,
but
a little young
to start smoking
cigarettes on the curb,
a little young
to lock yourself
in dark bathrooms,
to waste the day
under smothering covers,
to think loneliness
is sewn
into your being.

San Fabian

She found her mother
in the morning air,
sandy toed,
water to the knees,
salty lunged,
alone in the ocean.

Gravel grinding between her toes,
seaweed on her footsteps,
daughter walked to the sea.
Daughter coughed stars and stripes,
struggled to take them back
in every national anthem she sang.
She rejected rice,
forgot Tagalog,
felt like an American
until someone pointed out the tan.

Here there were mountains
in the back yard,
rising like purple gods
breathing out the sun.
There was love despite poverty,
the poor lining the streets of Manila.
The heat sunk deep into the bones.
The skin was browner than dust.
Dark faces bargained
for fish,
fruit,
and life
in the market places.

They rounded the Pacific,
mother and child,
one running away from home
and one coming back.

Here,
the sea,
in the quiet
of the morning,
felt like
open arms
embracing
both their ankles
in loving washes.

I love as I find.

I keep your perfume on my desk. I take care not to smell it. I leave it there. Tonight I lifted it to my nose. My sniffs were hesitant. My shadow bled onto the wall like ink, spilling in motion when my hands pressed down on the white cap of the bottle. I rubbed it on my wrists. I pressed them together until I could feel my pulse on both limbs. They smell like baby powder now, sugar, fruit, and a little alcohol. They smell like doctor visits, when you took out your Revlon and Lancome.

You sat in your chair, patted it all on. I would walk in and see your face matted white, a little pearly dust on your cheek in pink subtlety, blue smeared on your lids, spreading from coaly lashes. I didn't like putting on your makeup because your skin felt thin, and gave way under my fingers. I am used to being firm with my paint and pencil, pens and keys, and you felt too delicate to decorate.

—

I see you womanly. When you smiled denture brilliant, I thought Shirley Temple. You used to tell me about how you were the cutest lady in Owensboro. I will always believe you.

Sometimes when I look in the mirror, I lean in close.

"Doesn't she look like me when I was young?" You said.

You were perfect peach. I am coconut brown.

Your nose was thinned, pointed. Mine is thick, end dulled.

Your eyes were British skies. Mine are oriental fields.

"No, I don't," I said.

But I wanted to.

—

When you looked away, I thought Vivien Leigh. Your brows came down, and your lips thinned in closure. Dad used to tell me you were a harsh woman when he was growing up. Sometimes I heard your voice break across the house when you yelled like a crow's cry. But I thought you were strong, not mean.

Towards the end, you just talked about medicine. I nodded like I understood, but your body was draining your character away, and the pills made it less painful for us all to see. You took them in blue rows and kept them untouchable on a shelf. I still feel a tinge of discomfort when I see orange cylinders.

—

You were a soprano. I only heard your voice in my toddler dreams. My tiny feet stood on waxy pews when I tried to pick out your voice. I was always in the back of the church. Grey with granite and blue with stained glass reflections, I never saw you singing. But to the right of the golden altar and under Christ's crucifixion, I heard you match Matthew's piano keys.

When you stopped walking, you stopped singing. There is a piano in my living room. It used to be in yours. It is a piano that only seems to know hesitant fingers and doubtful dreams. Hands that pick across it always stop when the rest of the body sees that something is hopeless.

Sometimes I hear my mother sit down and try to play chords. Her touch is hard with years of factory assembly and gardening. After 15 minutes, she always stops, and the cover is replaced.

Sometimes I remember how I sat on the bench at sunny 3:00PM. It was quiet. I poked middle C with little pressure. The result was a quiet whimper from the instrument. I didn't play more.

I heard the snap of plastic and the hum of wheels as you rolled over in your chair. I slid my seat back to make room for you. Your hands were dewy, and you said you were going to teach me how to go through scales. You made my thumb and middle finger run across the keys over and over. Then you said you were going to teach me how to sing one day.

"Why not now?" I said.

"I can't sing right now." You said.

"I'm sure you're not that bad." I said.

I was ignorant.

I pressed a note down, and you opened your mouth. Your eyes weren't on me but were risen up to my baby pictures and angel statues aligned at the top of the piano.

I heard your voice twist, fall, and finally break.

You shut your lips again.

I watched you grow sad.

I stood up again.

I pulled the wooden lid forward like a sheet.

—

Four Christmases ago, I was in your kitchen. The floor was sticky. The pots were burned with use. No one bought you new ones. Perhaps it was simply known that your tools were worn because they were treated as they should have been.

When you were accepted into the nursing home, the first thing you talked about was how terrible the food was. I'm sure you didn't mean to be arrogant, and even if you were, I know you can cook much better.

You made hundreds of dinners. I only know chicken and dumplings as you make them, and I can't remember how the recipe for pecan pie goes anymore. But your hand shook when you held a sheet of lined paper up. What was written upon it was spidery, pulled out in strings of ink from your mind.

You read, and I cooked. I see the syrup on the counter, the heaps of sugar, the pie crust we bought because you had gotten too tired to make it. You said something about using the leftover nuts for candy.

"We'll do it some other time, Hun." You said. "I can't sit in this chair for too long. My back is killing me."

The next year, we didn't cook at all, and we bought the pie.

—

Today there were strangers in my house. I think my uncle is in California again. I think my brother is working again.

Last night, they said it was Christmas Eve. I went to bed. Woke in smiles and Merry Christmas texts. I liked this December, but Christmas didn't come this year. I'm sure it was on its way, but it swerved off the road, missing me again because today there were strangers in your house too. We sold it to them two years ago.

If I walked in, I'm sure some walls would be knocked out. If I walked in, I'm sure some carpets would be replaced. If I walked in, I bet I would see the print in the floor where the piano once stood. I bet I could see the small scuffs on the plaster where your electric chair bumped the wall. I bet I could see the pine in my head, the one Uncle Jeff brought in because he saw that you didn't have a Christmas tree to put up that year. I can see the red paper crumpled on the floor, the ribbons shredded on the rug, the window glowing with snowy light, and I bet I could still smell the baby powder, the sugar, the fruit, and the alcohol behind me. I could smell it at the doctors, in the church I never came back to, on the piano, in the kitchen, and when you were dying, I kissed your forehead and felt your skull warm with fever and living.

I thought about whispering "I love you," but I didn't think it needed to be said.

Planetary Suicide

Hundreds of years had passed since humans took their beginning steps off Earth. Stars had died and planets had long withered since the first pair of human eyes looked into the endless black space surrounding his home, the lonely rock. It was a slow process from then on, space travel, humanity unable to be confined by their original planet and all its wonder. Perhaps it was the solitude, the radio signals never returned, the telescopes that never could reach quite far enough. But their eyes were always on the sky and their minds always engulfed in their own dreams. As they slowly developed, they realized that the devices and machines meant to make life easier only gave them more time to think about themselves. While the other creatures of Earth were much too busy nosing about for their food, humans sat in their homes with their screens, communication devices, and all their thoughts collected over the centuries. They did a lot of thinking. It is the only thing to do when you're alone.

Out in the span of nothingness, galaxies expanded in shining blooms. Planets were connected by trade routes stretching like veins, thick with life. They grabbed each other in the darkness and pulled each other close. There were wars, just as there are fights between good friends, and there was fear, just as terror inevitably comes with the unknown. But they swelled, vibrant in a universe that came to be for no greater purpose than to be. It was an accomplishment humans never quite managed.

One day, a lone metal pod traveled across the black, airless sea into the light of a foreign sun. It never paused, never slowed, but kept floating relentlessly on to a destination it accepted wordlessly. It came through an atmosphere that was not its own, bursting ablaze with the intensity of Florida's oranges, little Easter dresses, red silk of the east, and a child's eyes during laughter. The people of the planet panicked, avoided the resulting crater with much wariness before they finally inspected their visitor.

The pod lay silently in its new bed of soil, the hole cradling it after such a long journey. Four fingered hands touched the metal, stroked it, and cooed. It did not respond to their consolation, only let it come.

The visitor was then brought to the planet's scientists where they took the leap and opened the metal shell. They removed their lenses, pressed their grey lips together to keep them from shaking. Some took a step forward. Some began to weep.

Inside was a body, quite dead, unmoving and cold. It still did not speak as

the volume of the room escalated into hurried, frenzied shouts. Once sterilization was certain, they leaned closer to inspect their guest.

The creature had five-fingers, warm-toned skin that was soft under their hand-pads, perfectly preserved. There was hair on the body, only in particular places. The body was suspected to be male, but the number of sexes were numerous in different areas of the universe so it was not confirmed immediately. They discovered, as time passed, that it was a child.

This being was not recognized out of the millions of species scattered like sand throughout space. They took it in with great fascination, planning their tests to discover what had not been known before. Simulations of the creature's living conditions were developed, stories and art sprouted out of the curiosity growing in the imagination of the universe.

The people of the planet searched the pod again, finding smaller pods. These were inspected, examined, pored over. As their discoveries began to accumulate, the air of scientific progression began to slow as more information came into view.

There were small, flat sheets in the pods containing images. Large rocks topped with white ice crystals. Stalks of wood stood like paintbrushes against the atmosphere, green in hue, tossed with the air currents. More creatures similar to their visitor gathered in crowds, eating, laughing. And as more pictures came, the more they sat like children around a storybook, taking in the legacy of the humans.

They had their own wars, where they committed mass suicide. Saw their gods, who kept them moving in the blackness. Their saints, their Satans, their children, their hearts.

After all the photographs were reviewed thoroughly, they pulled a sheet over the child's quiet lips and closed eyes. They buried it, along with all the stories of Earth, under the ground. The people looked through their tapes from their telescopes, searching for the lonely Earth out in the shadow. This looking was fruitless and remained so for many years, until one evening, a young scientist found an unfamiliar planet suspended two worlds away from a small sun. It spun and circled its star loyally until the blue dot abruptly winked out, dark spilling in the space like water into a cup, drowning what tale humanity had to tell.

They eventually concluded that the humans died of loneliness. They looked out into the night and thought to themselves, "Who will love me?"

The gas planets and the moons and the stars and the comets all said, "..."

COLLEEN KOCHENSPARGER
Sophomore • Elementary Education & Psychology

storage space

they created eternity
but didn't know what to do with her
so she lived in a box
and came out for special occasions

birthday parties, and
the splitting of the atom

she outlived them all
foolish boys, playing at science
they said they'd be remembered always,
like those who'd come before

jonas salk, or
typhoid mary, perhaps

in her head she names every star
in between alphabetizing the stones and teardrops,
and waits for the world to wake up, and
come out to play

KAITLYN M. MARSH
Junior • Classics & History, French Minor

Tu Étais Triomphant

Toi, ma meilleure amie une petite fille
Et lui, un grand homme avec un cœur cruel
Il t'a pris soudainement sur le lit de ta mère
Devant les yeux de ta mère.

Il t'a forcée et elle ne l'a pas arrêté,
C'était son idée, toi à sa place,
Quand tu l'a défend beaucoup de fois.
Elle n'a pas montré de pitié.

C'est ta mère que t'a violé,
Prendre ta vie pure,
Rendre tes mains rouges,
Te faire penser que tu es une putain.

Et tu penses qu'ils t'ont faire maculé
Que leurs cœurs noirs ont pu te marquer
Une petite dame qui a eu un cœur pour L'Éternel,
Qu'ils ont eu le pouvoir de te rendre coupable,

Tu penses que c'est ton péché secret,
Une tâche que tu as caché sous
Une appliqué que tu as cousue discrètement
Avec les fils des années de tes larmes.

Et tu habilles les vêtements
Qu'ils t'ont donné dans leur méchanceté,
Et ils pensent que tu es un échec
De leur idée de toi,

Parce qu'ils t'ont voulu
Devenir laide comme ces deux

Étaient, mais ce n'était pas qui tu
Étais, ma meilleure amie,

Tu étais un livre immaculé,
Plus chéri du Dieu que mille vierges.
Il y n'a pas une marque sur ton cœur
Et le mal de cet homme était ta pureté.

Tu étais une pile de douze pierres
Que Josué a mis au milieu du Jourdain,
Un mémorial pour les pensionnaires
De tristesse, que Dieu triomphe toujours.

Tu n'étais pas ce qu'ils pensaient,
Ta mère et lui. Tu étais le plus belle
Parce que dans leur concupiscence
Tu étais pure.

DORIAN HAIRSTON
Sophomore • English

Arcadia

Her lips were strawberries,
her hips made love to the beat
her feet caressed the floor,
as I stared at God's finest.

She was sepia, I think
she winked, but it was dark,
so we kissed,
like moonlight does a stream.

We danced like leaves
watching the ground slowly
wait for our arrival,
falling deeper, and deeper.

We did love,
she longer than me,
her sheets scattered
like our bodies were.

She cries still, I think
I hear her voice
every time another
cries, too.

But that was long before
the one night,
when her tight red dress
howled like a wolf,

for me to enter.



Art



DAHEE SON

Sophomore • Studio Art & Arts Administration, English Minor

Portrait of Inside Jokes

Ink & Pen



KATHLEEN BLAKENEY
Senior • Art Studio, Art History Minor

Self Portrait
Watercolor & Ink



AMY HOAGLAND
Sophomore • Art Studio, Psychology Minor
Disintegration of the Nuclear Family
Deconstructed Kitchen Table & Vinyl Lettering



AMY HOAGLAND

Sophomore • Art Studio, Psychology Minor

Hat Man

Chinese Rice Paper



JESSICA HOPE WHITTINGTON

Junior • Art Studio (Printmaking & Sculpture)

Atlas-T

Intaglio on Paper



JESSICA HOPE WHITTINGTON
Junior • Art Studio (Printmaking & Sculpture)

Renew
Oil on Canvas



TARAN PARSONS
Senior • Art Studio

Bound
Colored Pencil, Chalk Pastel, Ink

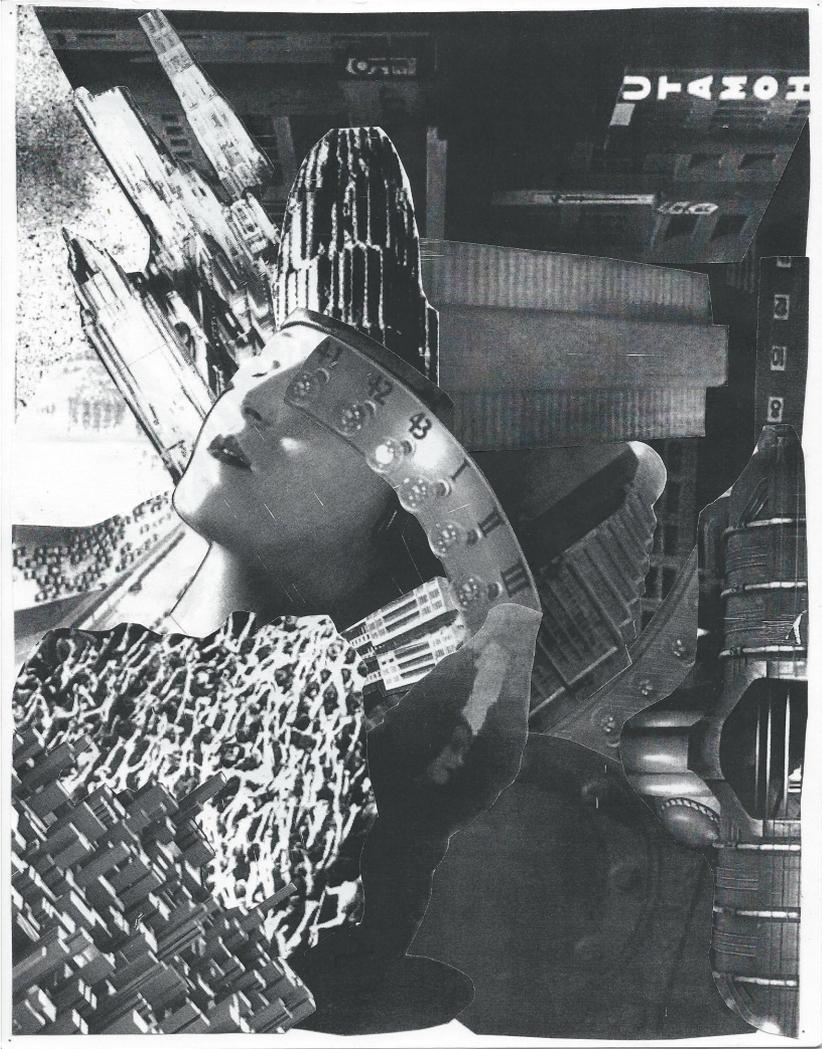


TARAN PARSONS

Senior • Art Studio

The Harvest

Stone Lithography



SARAH WAGNER

Sophomore • Architecture & English • STAFF

Collage

AUORE DARY

Freshman • Undergraduate Studies

Rose De Vie

Mickaël faisait les cent pas dans le couloir. Les cris d'une femme se firent soudain entendre. Il releva la tête précipitamment et fixa la porte qui se trouvait devant lui. Mais personne ne vint. Un autre cri fusa. Puis ce fut le silence.

Mickaël sentit l'angoisse l'étreindre. Des gouttes de sueur perlaient à son front, ses mains moites tremblaient, son cœur tambourinait contre sa poitrine. Le couloir lui sembla glacial, les lumières blafardes l'aveuglaient. Il s'assit sur la chaise placée contre le mur pour tenter de se calmer.

Malheureusement, être assis n'arrangeait pas les choses. Il se mit à taper du pied de la jambe droite, celle qui fonctionnait. Cela faisait déjà deux ans que sa jambe gauche l'avait abandonné. Une bombe, en plein désert. Il était en mission en Afghanistan, dans cette guerre qui n'en finissait pas. Oh, bien sûr, on lui avait mis une prothèse qui lui permettait de marcher normalement. Mais ce n'était pas pareil. Ce ne serait plus jamais pareil. Ce n'était pas *sa* jambe, elle n'appartenait pas à *son* corps. Elle était une étrangère débarquée sur une terre et cherchant à la conquérir sans se soucier qu'elle ait déjà été peuplée auparavant. L'entente était des plus difficiles. Sa prothèse lui faisait mal de temps en temps et quand il l'enlevait, il se retrouvait parfois à ressentir des douleurs ou des picotements imaginaires sur un membre tout aussi inexistant. Le concept du «membre fantôme», c'était comme ça que l'appelaient les médecins. C'était bien beau la théorie, mais ça n'arrangeait pas son cas. C'était fichtrement embêtant d'avoir mal quelque part où la douleur ne pouvait pas exister et où, pire encore, elle ne pouvait pas être soignée.

De nouveaux cris arrachèrent Mickaël à ses pensées. Il se releva brusquement. Il avait une folle envie de débouler dans cette salle d'hôpital et de forcer le personnel présent à l'intérieur de l'autoriser à y rester en leur criant: «C'est *ma* femme!».

Oui. Sa femme. Celle qu'il avait épousée six ans auparavant, celle qui l'avait attendu lorsqu'il s'absentait pour la guerre et qui l'avait accueilli à bras ouverts quand il avait été démis de ses fonctions à l'armée à cause de son invalidité. Sa femme qui, en ce moment même, accouchait de leur premier enfant.

Il était resté dans la salle avec elle pendant les premiers instants de l'accouchement. Mais, à mesure que la douleur s'intensifiait, elle avait commencé à serrer sa main de plus en plus fort et il crut qu'elle allait lui broyer les os. Qui aurait pu imaginer qu'elle possédait autant de force, du haut de ses 1m55? Elle l'avait ensuite traité de tous les noms, l'accusant d'être la cause

de ses «douleurs incommensurables». Il avait été éberlué de l'entendre prononcer un mot si littéraire dans des circonstances pareilles. D'abord amusé, il avait vite perdu son sourire quand l'une des sage-femmes l'avait obligé à sortir, prétextant que sa femme avait besoin d'être «la plus calme et concentrée que possible».

De là où il était, dans le couloir, Rachel avait plutôt l'air d'être tout le contraire de calme! Il se sentait impuissant. Il avait toujours détesté se sentir ainsi. Pourtant, ce sentiment lui était devenu familier depuis qu'il était un soldat à la retraite. En effet, qui aurait voulu employer un homme handicapé? Techniquement, il n'avait pas besoin de travailler. L'armée lui versait une pension. Mais Mickaël ne se voyait pas rester à ne rien faire. Et il ne se voyait pas non plus travailler derrière un bureau. Ses choix étaient donc restreints. Par chance, il avait fini par trouver du travail chez l'épicier du coin. C'était un homme âgé qui n'avait plus toute la force de sa jeunesse pour accomplir les menus travaux dans sa boutique et pour porter les plus gros cartons. Mickaël accomplissait donc ces tâches à sa place. Cela lui donnait le sentiment de se rendre utile. Il s'était même pris d'affection pour cet épicier dont la vie avait été bien remplie et qui possédait une culture telle que les conversations entre les deux hommes pouvaient parfois durer des heures. Manuêlo Cortez, puisque c'est comme ça qu'il s'appelait, appréciait beaucoup le charme de Rachel. Mickaël avait vite averti Manuêlo qu'il avait tout intérêt à arrêter de faire les yeux doux à sa femme s'il ne voulait pas se retrouver avec son poing dans la figure. Rachel trouvait toute cette situation très comique. Mickaël ne voyait pas du tout ce qu'il y avait de drôle là-dedans.

Mickaël marchait de long en large dans le couloir de la maternité en se tordant les mains quand les cris de Rachel se turent subitement. Puis il entendit un nouveau son. Des pleurs et des cris. Si étranges, et pourtant si étrangement familiers. Il comprit qu'il s'agissait de son enfant. Il était père.

Il n'eut pas le temps d'enregistrer cette information qu'une sage-femme, celle-là même qui l'avait mis à la porte auparavant, l'invitait maintenant à entrer dans la salle d'accouchement, un grand sourire aux lèvres:

-Tout s'est bien passé. Félicitations, Mr. James, vous avez une fille.

Mickaël, tout confus, se dirigea à pas lents vers la porte. Ce n'est que sur le seuil, quand il vit sa femme, le visage rouge, souriant, en sueur, les cheveux dans tous les sens, si belle et tenant *leur* fille dans ses bras, ce n'est que devant ce tableau, plus magnifique que tout ce qu'il avait pu voir jusqu'à présent, qu'il réalisa soudain: il était père.

Il sentit alors un calme immense l'envahir, tellement différent de l'angoisse qu'il avait ressentie dans l'attente de ce moment.

Il s'approcha du lit et s'assit sur le bord, à côté de l'oreiller. Rachel leva les

yeux vers lui. Son sourire ne la quittait pas. Ses yeux bleus étaient brillants.

-Tu veux la tenir? lui demanda-t-elle. Sa voix était rauque à cause de ses cris de douleur.

Mickaël baissa alors les yeux vers le bébé qu'elle tenait dans les bras, emmitoufflé dans une couverture. Leur fille. Elle avait arrêté de crier. Elle bougeait ses petits bras. Ses yeux bleus fixaient ses parents.

Mickaël, ce grand soldat musclé qui avait affronté la guerre et la mort, se sentit intimidé par ce petit être. La tenir? Et si elle se brisait? Est-ce que ses mains à lui, qui avaient tué, pouvaient la tenir? Ne serait-elle pas répugnée par ces mains qui manquaient tant de délicatesse?

Il tourna la tête vers Rachel. Son regard était doux et encourageant. Elle comprenait, mais elle avait confiance en lui. Peut-être avait-elle même plus confiance en lui que lui en avait pour lui-même. Et si elle pensait qu'il pouvait tenir leur bébé dans ses bras, alors peut-être en était-il capable. Après tout, les femmes ont toujours raison, non? Il décida que, pour cette fois, il était prêt à accepter ce fait.

Il tendit alors les mains vers sa fille et la prit dans ses bras. Elle ne se brisa pas. Elle ne pleura pas. En fait, elle lui sourit. Une vague d'amour se déferla en lui. Son sentiment d'impuissance le quitta. Là était sa place. Un grand sourire éclaira son visage. Il se pencha vers Rachel et l'embrassa.

-Comment va-t-on l'appeler? demanda-t-elle.

Ils n'avaient pas vraiment réfléchi à un nom. Ils n'avaient même pas voulu savoir à l'avance s'ils auraient une fille ou un garçon. Ils avaient voulu garder la surprise jusqu'au bout.

Ils baissèrent tous deux les yeux vers leur fille. Le nom s'imposa à Mickaël comme une évidence:

-Hope.

Rachel sourit en signe d'acquiescement.

Hope. L'espérance qu'il y a en chacun de nous, qui nous fait vivre et avancer. L'espoir d'un jour nouveau, d'un monde meilleur. L'espoir que Mickaël, même aux heures les plus sombres vécues en Afghanistan, avait pu voir. Parce que l'espoir, c'était peut-être le dernier sentiment encore commun à tous les hommes.

KELSEY BROCK
Senior • Elementary Education

La Giaconda

You cannot see it, the life behind these eyes.
Dull colors not depicting the joy inside this canvas of life.

Feeling of movement is unknown.
For eternity I will remain this way.
Looking at me with your curious gaze,
eyes exploring my very few dimensions.

A strange life I live, one full of judgment.
Feelings never to be shared, never to express my love.

Admired? I have been.
Cherished by many.
Yet, unable to return this precious gift.
Few have lived a life like mine, on display.

A never ending life.
A terribly, terribly lonely life.

MIRANDA HOLM-HUDSON
Freshman • Secondary English Education

She lay alone

She lay alone on the grass with a book in a golden place
Edged with evergreens and adorned in flowers
Where the clear sky was too cerulean and the blazing sun too bright to lift her
head

And the ground was shadowed in blotches of dew
For there remained night's lasting breath
As she inhaled the musk of the pages, brittle and jaundiced
Rustling lightly under her fingers
The aging novel quivering In a gust that stirred her hair and leaves

A warmth bled into her soul
Restoring grays to hues
And a long frozen pain was melting, fading
Faded to somewhere never forgotten but not mused in remembering
Its darkness now powerless for evil yet present
Within a heart roughly bound in hope

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY
Senior • Economics

Alpha and Omega

The clicking and whirring
of the natural world
awoke beautiful giants
on the horizon.

A loose clockwork dripping
onto the land above
the folds of water rang true
to its obtuse perfection.

An eye stares down
through mangled grates
hiding its sight upon seeing
its twisted reflection.

Together the whole
was a dismantled proof of existence.
A god (our God) only grants
distinction to the tireless
and relief to the relieved.

This dawning reaffirmed the darkness
which was thought to reside in the light
and the transcendent prose continued
until it had forgotten its beginning.

Evergreen

A silent witness bears
its calloused exterior
and with a majestic demeanor
tears apart the horizon to say,
“I am forever and eternal.

Stay with me until the final
days, when these tourists
depart and we may be allowed
a time to freeze and become
one on this rock.”

A lasting desire seeps
through the essence of nature
and existence, while remaining true
to the rhythm of land as the looming
dusk approaches.

Within the final hours,
an everlasting calm breathes
a final breath and devours
the sun, causing the leaves
to stir and the sky to blush.

Inevitability

Insatiable desire meets
abysmal indifference.
Unspoken words bring
bitter tastes.

cold rusty copper

Intangible phrases
spill from my mouth,
landing on dead ears.
This heart jumps in anticipation.

flutter skip leap

Daunting silence,
deafening silence,
turns to maddening calm.
Nothing in return.

useless feeble heart

I am bare.
Sliced open in front
of the world,
forever scarred.

hopeless stinging emotion

I want to flee,
hide myself away,
never to emerge.
I am nothing.

silent peaceful death

MITCH WILEY
Junior • Communications, Sociology Minor

9:01 a.m.

He couldn't get the phone out of his
tight jeans pocket –
the exam began a minute earlier.
His trembling fingers couldn't grab hold of the mess of
clanking keys.
That old rustic door wouldn't shut;
it's wood decayed and paint chipped.
When it finally did, a misstep scattered the books
and loose paper onto the dewy grass.
Everything out of order, he kneeled down to
sort the newly damp notes.
Knees of his jeans now a shade darker,
and his brown loafers spotted with blades of
yesterday's mowed lawn.
Sighing heavily, he gazed at the sky,
noticing a flock of geese.
He took a long look at the flying V, marveling
at how even it was; each one knowing
their place as they glided out of sight.
The geese gracefully flew as if nothing
else mattered but
order and peace.
He wondered if they knew what they had.

RICK FREEMAN

Senior • Secondary English Education

returning from Orange, in a Honda and a fury

the blues greens browns blurr down into the grays and blacks of the pavement and you can only barely hear the clear sky's sprinkling rain, muffled by panes of glass and the stereo that doesn't know a thing about your life or your mood or anything about you at all as it chooses one by one by one the singing songs of your not so delicately designated soundtrack and your legs can only stretch so far your arms only so high, stifled by tight spaces low ceilings and droning voices and the miles they roll and the signs stay the same though the names and numbers change and multiply the closer you sneak towards her devil-white city. and so you don't have much choice but to try and hide your eyes under lids of lead that you can't quite keep tied down that always seem to float open and can't seem to stay shut up long enough to let the sun's white burns on the whites of your eyes heal and so your heavyweight eyes are up for the count and you haven't much choice but to try and keep trying to keep them occupied because the devil will find work for that which is idle. so you add the grand sum of the numbers of the signs and try your whole souls best to find the license plates and models and makes and all the store fronts and states interesting as they pass you they pass you bye but the truth is that numbers and letters that don't mean much more than regulations and codes and couldn't ever mean much to you at all and so you listen for a moment to the music you've been dealt before you fold your hands and content yourself with twiddlin' your thumbs, and your thumbs roll over and over one another like lovers in the grass until the breaks check you hard and snap you back from the fields of listlessness to which you'd willed yourself away and you remember you have something stowed away untapped, that you've got a book waiting beneath the seat and so you try and focus your heavy eyes on a few of the twentieth centuries most naked poems but the window stares at you with all the worlds outside, fleeting blurring buzzing by and so your eyes are shifting back and forth between words like 'eyelashes' and 'unblooming' and the hollow stares of the running mountains and melting trees and when your eyes

move like this they're bound to get sick and sick you'll get laying there in the floorboard. you try to read but it makes you sick(isn't it awful how when the miles and the world have their way anything you love can be taken from you and made to make you sick?). But this train(car) has gotta stop sometime because not even the days before Christmas can last forever, and i'm beginning to smell a chill in the air and when it's fully there i'll be back where i was before i left—with you, my friend.

I taped her picture

I taped her picture
to the gray window frame,
and on the last day of
winter with the window open
it moves
like it's the only thing
in this entire apartment alive.

Though often underlooked

Though often underlooked,
the sun is quite the charitable man:

aside from the obvious life breathed into
baby's breathe and all the green leaves,
there are the playful shadows he passes
down to the afternoon grass
and the light he shares with our
otherwise blindgreen eyes.

And he's always giving away shades
of pink—
to the morning's new sky;
to the creamy clouds of dusk;
to the shoulders of young people,
buzzing about in the summer.

Yes, of course, the pinks always
fade— sometimes to whites
and blues, others to black,
others to golden freckled brown
—but, regardless, they'll always
come back: twice tomorrow
and again next summer,
when the young people are
older, but still young
and always dancing,
the way dust dances in the light
when the kind-hearted sun falls
back into the swallowing sea.

NAZEER SHAIKH
Junior • Biology, Neuroscience Minor

Life in a Georges Seurat Painting

Honey-dew fields,
Dotted with golden leaves.
Tickle bare skin,
As the sun watches over.
Caressing flowers with heat.

The aroma looms around,
Inviting curious senses.
Enveloping them in unfamiliar bliss.
Unable to return to past pleasures.

The quiet breeze sings,
An invisible siren.
Its tune so enticing,
Only death can separate.

Every feeling, unique,
Where rare is common.
Every sense, amplified,
Until new is normal.

JON FISH
Freshman • Political Science

A Disinherited Race
First Installment

The artificial lights glowed dimly in the room above the street. A man of some forty or fifty years sat at a small desk and slowly but eagerly unwrapped a medium-sized parcel, stopping now and then to rest his arthritic hands. The man continued to unwrap. One strip of paper. Another. And there it was. *Silas Marner* it said in dark, embossed print. Well, it didn't say it necessarily. It wasn't like the soundviewers or the talkers. It was called a book. The man knew that, but few people did. In fact, few people could actually hear the book say *Silas Marner*. It didn't actually make a sound, but when the man looked at it, a sound came into his head. Reading, it used to be called. And this man could still do it.

"Ah," he sighed as he extracted the book from its tight cardboard packaging. He brushed invisible dust off the cover and set it upon the table. "*Silas Marner*," he said aloud. This would be an interesting book. He had a feeling.

The man was called Harc. As a boy, his name had been Harvey Colson or something like that, but as he grew up, it became, simply, Harc. No one had called him by two names in at least thirty years. Not like this Silas character. Harc thought for a moment about what that name would become. Silam, Siler, or just Sim or Smar. Yes, Smar, it would be. So short, so easy to speak, it would save so much time. Harc remembered when his Depart had released statistics about the average time saved just from saying a one-part instead of a two-part name. According to his good friend Thu, the shortening of the name had saved at least six years over the course of one's life. The statistic seemed abnormally high, but then again, Harc had not lived during the days of the two names. He had merely read about them. In fact, once he had read about a writer with five names. Five! Harc could barely think of such a waste of time. This fellow's friends must have thrown away a whole year of life on him alone. John. That is what he would be called. For a second, Harc thought about removing the redundant h within his mind, to save time, but then he remembered that no one could read it anyway so it would not actually waste anyone's time.

Now, though, he had something to do. This book, *Silas Marner*, would

keep him occupied for the next week or so. It was a hefty book, a gift from his friend Morg who worked in the Sub Depart Finder in the Depart Old. Morg was an expert Finder, and he had promised Harc that whenever he found a book that he hadn't read he would send it directly to him for study. However, while Harc learned a lot from these books, he read them mostly for enjoyment.

He turned open the leather-bound book and flipped past the first few pages of notes and copyrights. When he found "Part 1, Chapter 1," he stopped his heedless flipping and resettled the spectacles on his face. CHAPTER 1, he read. IN THE DAYS WHEN THE SPINNING-WHEELS HUMMED BUSILY IN THE FARMHOUSES—AND EVEN GREAT LADIES, CLOTHED IN SILK AND THREAD-LACE, HAD THEIR TOY SPINNING-WHEELS OF POLISHED OAK—THERE MIGHT BE SEEN IN DISTRICTS FAR AWAY AMONG THE LANES, OR DEEP IN THE BOSOM OF THE HILLS, CERTAIN PALLID UNDERSIZED MEN... Harc stopped. "Pallid." He did not recognize the word. With the unexpected muscle memory of one who had done something many times before, Harc spun his body in his chair and reached for a thick book off a low-hung shelf. Across the book was printed the long word Dictionary. An unnecessarily long word by normal standards. The soundviewers that told one what a word meant were called *dicters*. Much easier on the ear and tongue.

"Pallid, pallid," Harc whispered to himself as his index finger strolled through pages of text. "Here it is," he said, pressing his finger down against a specific block of text. "Pallid: pale; faint or deficient in color; wan." Harc thought about the words for a moment until he grasped the meaning of "pallid." Shelving the dictionary once again, Harc turned back to *Silas Marner*, but was interrupted by the sound of a door crashing open. In another moment, the door leading to Harc's study burst open, and through it came a streak of red. Rone, Harc's eight-year-old son. Rone charged around the room a bit, making fake airplane noises, before he crashed into his father's lap.

"What are you doing, Da?" the shock of red hair asked innocently. "Watching the, um, um..."

"Book," Harc helped him.

"Yeah, *brook*."

"No," Harc responded. "*Book*. Bee, o, o—" Harc stopped. His son couldn't read. Spelling wasn't any use.

"Book," he repeated again, but his son had stopped listening. A pair of goggles was suddenly strapped around his head. An eyeviewer. Two pieces of

a soundviewer sat tight on the sides of the boy's head where the goggles connected, covering his ears.

"P'choo! p'choo!" Rone said in a child's crude imitation of guns going off.

Harc forced himself to laugh. "That's right son. You're a real airman."

Rone continued his simulation. The soundviewers were blocking out his father's voice. In another moment, the boy had darted back out of the study, his wingspan tautly outstretched like the wings of an airplane.

Harc smiled weakly, although he didn't know for whom. He turned back to the book.

...CERTAIN PALLID UNDERSIZED MEN, WHO, BY THE SIDE OF THE BRAWNY COUNTRY-FOLK, LOOKED LIKE THE REMNANTS OF A DISINHERITED RACE.

Harc worked at the Depart Old, which used to be called something else. The Department of Older Works, Harc remembered. Or perhaps not. Perhaps it had always been the Depart Old, and Harc's way of rewording things had just gotten such a time-consuming idea in his head. Harc's specific area was the Sub Depart Sound-Art. It was his job to read written things and turn them into soundscapes. Written things could only be enjoyed by a select few, but everyone could enjoy the omnipresent soundscape. Soundscapes played out of soundviewers, just like eyescenes played out of eyeviewers. Harc's own son never actually listened to his father's soundscapes: all books and *magazines* and bits of messages called *letters*. Many of Harc's soundscapes were put in storage, great shelves in the Depart Arch, never to be taken down again. Harc's friend, though, who shared an office with him, *did* read commercial soundscapes. His name was Fworn. Fworn had a beautiful voice, half-male and half-female, that pleased the ear so. That is why he had the privilege of reading things that people actually listened to. Harc's voice was gruff and slightly off-putting. His would never do as a commercial voice.

"Hello, Fworn," Harc mumbled as the young man walked into the office. He had a habit of walking in late. "What work do you have today?"

"Another script" Fworn shrugged. "Another *airman* script. I don't know what's with these people, always want to hear about airplanes. I don't think I can read all the *fwooshes* on here. I'll need Tane's help." Tane worked in the Depart Synth Sound. "What about you, Harc? Anything good?"

Harc smiled down at the stack of papers on his desk. "A little essay. A man named Bertrand Russell." *Bruss*. "I think I'll need my dicter for this one. No man can be expected to know some of these words—" Fworn had drifted off

to his cup of coffee, stirring in the cream with utter thought.

Harc returned to his papers. *Encomium*, he read. He tapped the side of his soundviewer. “Encomium,” he spoke into the set’s little microphone. “No results found,” the dicter said into his ear. “En-coam-ee-um,” Harc said again, clearly. “No results found,” the dicter repeated.

“Useless,” Harc muttered.

“Maybe you’re saying it wrong,” Fworn suggested. The coffee had not occupied him long.

Harc tapped the device again. “En-cahm-ee-um.” “No results found.”

The man sighed. “I thought these dicters were supposed to get *smarter*.”

“I don’t think so,” Fworn said as a matter of fact. “Ulo told me that they take out words with each new edition. Something about saving time. You know how it is.”

Harc sighed again. “Did you know, Fworn, that *dictionaries* actually *added* words. Bigger and better, whenever anyone invented a new one. All we do is get rid of them, make them shorter. At some point, the lexicon must’ve just stopped growing. It must have reached its peak, and now it’s all a decrease. One of these days, we’re going to come back to our logical starting place. We’re going to have *no* words.”

Fworn cast a half-interested glance at Harc. “Lexicon? What’s that?”

Harc breathed out hard and resolute: “Never mind.”

He returned to the essay. *I should’ve just brought my dictionary today*, he thought. He took his old fingers and placed a little pink piece of rubber by the word “encomium.” As he read into the recorder, he left a blank space where the word’s translation would go.

The hours passed slowly that day. Harc’s office rarely got much traffic, but today was an extreme example. No one passed for a long while, until about two o’clock in the afternoon, when a messenger came in, waiting behind the wooden counter separating Harc and Fworn’s desks from the entrance. Fworn was stuck in a bit of reading (“Watch out, Jim, the bogey is right on your tail! Hold up, I’m coming around!”), so Harc stood and greeted the man.

“Do you have something for me?” Harc asked.

“For Fworn.” The messenger gestured toward the young man, still reading intently from behind his desk.

“I’ll give it to him.” Harc held out his hand, but the black-haired messenger withdrew hastily.

“No, *Fworn*.” The man insisted again. He nodded toward Fworn.

Harc surreptitiously glanced at the parcel the messenger carried. WORK ASSIGNMENT #10029-18 its label read. It was just another script.

"I'll give it to him," Harc said again, re-extending his hand.

"Fworn!"

Harc shook his head and returned slowly to his desk. After about ten minutes, Fworn took a break and poured another cup of coffee. "What do you want?" he asked the young messenger.

"For you," he said, holding out the bundled script.

"It's just a work assignment. Couldn't you get this for me, Harc?"

"I tried. He wouldn't let me."

Fworn looked at the messenger, visibly annoyed, and returned to his desk. The messenger stood there for another minute or two, without either Harc or Fworn speaking to him. Suddenly, he pressed his soundviewer eagerly. "Oh, okay." He left the office.

Harc frowned and continued his work. The time continued to drag on. Fworn finished the first script and got to work on the second ("Another airman script"). Harc squandered his time on Bruss' confusing essay. It contained so many ins and outs, so many nuances. It was no wonder why this soundscape would go on the shelves; no one cared about this stuff. It was useless garble, philosophical musings with undertones and overtones, a cacophony of meaning. No one in this day and age cared to analyze this stuff, to study it, not even Harc's Finder friend Morg. Harc didn't entertain. His job was to preserve. In this world, all that mattered was entertainment and preservation, Fworn and Harc, and the former mattered much more.

Staff



ANITA SHANKER
Sophomore • French & Biology

Mon premier l'abricot

Nous pareissons sur le bord de la rivière avec notre cubi de vin en luttant et riant avec nos mots étranges et pâteux. Chacun a essayé de prouver son unicité, tout en aspirant à être exactement le même. Tous les sept avons bu loin dans la nuit, dans l'obscurité qui nous empêchait de rentrer chez nous. On est allés loin, très loin de la ville qui a porté nos amitiés vacillantes et puis on a continué à lutter et à rire et à boire jusqu'à ce que chacun de nous tombe entre des bras maladroits ou dans les poubelles tâchées de bile. Et comment pouvais-je dire non à ces bras maladroits qui ont eu la courtoisie de chuchoter que j'étais belle?

Translation

We lounged by the river with our boxed wine, struggling and laughing through our accented and slurred words, trying to prove our uniqueness, while yearning to be just the same. The seven of us drank deep into the night, into the dark that made it impossible to go home. We drove far, far away from the city which bore our flickering friendships and continued to struggle and laugh and drink until we each fell into fumbling arms or bile-stained trash-cans. And how could I say *non* to those fumbling arms that had the courtesy to whisper that I was beautiful?

KENDRA SANDERS
Junior • English & Film

My Daphne

Let us dine in low rumbles
where air whips its hair
against our faces
and hovers in thick
gasoline waves
made visible by artificial light
 it falls and collects under noses
and we shy away the cold, damp graze
of midnight tables
wobbling their legs against vibrant woods
soaked in savory sauce smells--
the aromas breed beneath frosted yellows
and crawl from shelter into open blue
waving to the old woman redly draped
a short stroll away
and then I look to you
 and learn
you'd rather be the tree.

YVONNE JOHNSON
 Freshman • English & Computer Science

Tief vergraben

Das erste Mal, als ich ihn sah, war er in einem großen Sarg aus Eichenholz. Ich stand in einer Reihe schweigender Menschen. Jemand spielte Klavier. Babys weinten. Jeder bekam seine Zeit, den Mann zum letzten Mal zu sehen. Leider konnte man nicht die Uhren kontrollieren. Niemand konnte die Zeit zurückdrehen oder auch nur in der Zeit verweilen. Soviel war gewiss. Mit jedem Ticken der Uhr geht man einen Schritt auf ihn zu, nähert man sich dem Tod.

Ich beobachtete, wie die Leute seine faltigen, schwieligen Hände greifen. Sie brachten ihre eigene Finger zu ihren Mündern, um ihr stummes Schluchzen zu verbergen. Eine alte, gebeugte Frau hatte wieder die Größe eines Kindes neben dem großen Mann in der samtene, ausgepolsterten Ruhestatt. Ihre verschwitzte Hand streichelte seine Backe. In diesen Moment wusste ich zwei Dingen mit Sicherheit. Eins, nie wollte ich einen toten Mann berühren. Zwei, ich gehörte nicht hierher.

Hier kannte ich niemand, außer meinen Eltern. Das bereitete mir Unbehagen. Ich war das fremde Mädchen, das diese Zeit der Trauer störte. Aber ich war nun mal schon hier und deswegen traf ich meinen toten Onkel. Diese Menschen, diese Cousins und Onkels und Tanten, mieden die hübsche, dunkle Frau neben meinem Vater. Sie nannten ihr furchtbare Namen in Flüsterton.

Ich war dran, um den Sarg langsam vorbeigehen. Ich musste ins Gesicht starren. Dieses Gesicht war einmal eine lebendige Rosa, aber Tod verließ eine unansehnliche Blässe. Die wollten mich traurig zu fühlen, aber alles ist mir gleichgültig.

Er sah aus, wie er in einer Fabrik herstellen war. Seine Wangen wurden mit Erröten von einem Behälter angemalt, bestehend aus kreischende Käfer und Staub. Seine Lippen waren trocken und grau, trotz der hellrosa Lippenstift, die gebrauchten wurde. Der Tod war nicht schön noch war dieser Mann.

Meine Cousins wisperten miteinander, dass sie einen Brief im Sarg schieben. In seinem Mund. Ich stellte meine Cousins neben den einzigen Gerichtsmediziner in der Kleinstadt stehen vor. Sie benutzten seinen ersten Name in lässiger Rede. Könnten sie ein kleeeiines Stück Papier im Mund einzufügen, bevor die Lippen zugenäht sind? Sie baten ihm. Ich wusste nicht viel über

die Toten. Würde die Totenstarre schon den schlafenden Körper paralyisiert, seinen Mund unmöglich zu öffnen? Ich wusste nicht, wenn ich meine Cousins glauben könnte.

Was würde einen Brief tief vergraben im Mund des toten Mannes sagen?

Translation: Buried Deep

The first time I saw him, he was in a large, oak coffin. I stood in a line of silent people. Someone played piano. Babies cried. Everyone had their time to say goodbye to the man for the last time. Unfortunately, we could not control the clock hand. No one could turn back time or stay there in that time. That much was certain. With every tick of the clock, we took a step closer to him. We took a step closer to death.

I watched the people grasp his wrinkled, calloused hands. They brought their own fingers to their mouths to mask silent sobs. An old, crooked woman appeared child-like next to the giant man in the velvet, padded box. Her clammy hand stroked his cheek. In that moment, I was absolutely sure about two things. One, I never wanted to touch a dead man. Two, I did not belong here.

I did not know anyone here, except my parents. That made me uncomfortable. I was the stranger who disrupted this time of mourning. But I was already here and because of that, I met my dead uncle. These people, these cousins and uncles and aunts, avoided the pretty, dark woman beside my father. They called her terrible names in hushed tones.

It was my turn to edge past the coffin. It was my turn to stare into his face. This face was once a lively pink, but death had left an unsightly pallor. I was supposed to feel sad, but I could only feel indifferent. He looked plastic, manufactured in a factory. His cheeks were colored with blush from containers of screeching beetles and powder. His lips are dry and gray, despite the light pink lipstick. Death is not beautiful and neither is this man.

My cousins whispered to each other about how they slipped a note into his coffin. Into his mouth. I imagined them standing beside the only coroner in town, using his first name in casual speech, and pleading for him to allow

a small slip of paper to be inserted into his mouth before it is sewn shut. I did not know much about the dead. Would rigor mortis have already paralyzed his sleeping body, his mouth impossible to open? I did not know whether I could believe my cousins.

What would a note buried deep in the mouth of a dead man say?

C.J. CARTER
Senior • English & Philosophy

Sonnet 1

O Duty! Must my fortune from me steal?
 Tyrannous law! "Treasure her no more."
 My lack a virtue's comfort cannot fill:
 A beggared heart left porous stone for ore.
 The gold you steal takes of me my last sense—
 Blind eyes deprived of light because your shade,
 A tongue now tasteless left from your offense,
 Ears sorrowed for her whisper's music stayed.
 With Want now I remain as constant friend,
 And Duty, you, by theft us two made meet.
 But Want begs Me acquaintance once again:
 With humbl'd heart here four make from us three.
 This fourth on man does fortune true confer,
 And found in Him He then returned me her.

MARSHALL BLEVINS
Senior • Art Studio

2.

Hot summers holding hands into the Maryland bay water
You cant swim and I cant really love
And whats the difference anymore.

You can walk in slow
Step by step
get accustomed to the fervor
or like us, we dove in
leapt, jumped, cannonballed
I held your hand but you lead the way
And is anything scarier than saying I love you first
Or the abyssal wonderment of meaning and trust,
Intent and purpose.

I don't mean it most of the time,
Or I do and love isn't all it's cracked up to be
Like everything else.
So this lovely furious spiraling summer ends
With me walking out of the water.
I cant say if you will sink or swim.

KELSEY POTTER
Sophomore • English & ISC

Takes More Than One Bullet

Parchment never knows where it may end up.
When I was clean I wondered who would use me.
I pondered who would deem me suitable, and
dreamed of my owner's words.
I craved to feel the ink gliding across me.

Soon, his speech was scrawled upon me.
I should have felt honored.
He tucked me close to his heart,
forcing me to carry his awful words.
I felt his harsh breaths as he stepped forward.

If someone had asked me, if I had the voice,
I would have said that I hadn't meant to save him.
An intruder ripped my soul and tore my middle,
Staining my perfect skin with his blood.
In the end, I was destroyed for the Bull Moose,

And I laughed when he lost.

MARY KATE ELLIOT
Junior • English & French

the joys of incorporeal polygamy

the door closed behind me and the air turned to paper, wisps of vanillin
and hints of age, a rose decaying in the garden – myself an illustration,
all dark, shadowed ink and negative space between my lines and the words.

i touch the spines, rigid binding encasing warm, living flesh – the scent
of paste
clinging white and sticky to their pages, obscene.
each dead skin flake sloughed off by the labour of reading.
i trail one finger through the dust motes and touch history as a lover would,
reimagining vertebrae beneath my palms, smooth skin, my mouth gossamer,
forming their letters with reverence.

a library is a church of sorts and i want to worship in the most carnal of ways, a
Lothario leaving ruffled pages and scandalized librarians in my wake, ever
on my
quest of endless conquest, each sheet of paper a new body on which to lay my
eyes and feast my hands like those before me.

those in the street might think they know how i leave by my fever-bright
eyes and
tooth-bitten lips, my unruly hair and rumpled clothes, but i would say to
them only

“i have been reading”

and they will not understand.



THE STAFF

SARAH HAYDEN • Editor-in-Chief

Senior • Political Science, Classics, & History

I am interested in ancient Roman armies, coups d'état, divination of various cultures, and poetry.

KATIE CROSS • Assistant Editor-in-Chief

Junior • English, Psychology Minor

I am interested in everything and nothing, depending on the day. But generally, I like creative nonfiction, poetry, reading, coffee, red lipstick, old video games, vintage vinyl, and movies that none of my friends like.

C.J. CARTER • Managing Poetry Editor

Senior (victory half-lap) • English & Philosophy

I like fantasy fiction, guitar, basketball, golf, talking about philosophy and theology, video games, all things Lord of the Rings, Shakespeare, and the Oxford comma.

ALISON POWER • Managing Poetry Editor

Sophomore • Biology, English Minor

I enjoy playing the guitar, writing poetry, creating all kinds of art, and spending time with my fantastic family and friends. I am an alum of the 2011 Governor's School for the Arts in creative writing and hope to become a Physician's Assistant in the future.

KENDRA SANDERS • Poetry Editor

Junior • English & Film

Interests include listening to a lot of Radiohead and Atoms for Peace (on a bit of a Thom Yorke kick), shooting and editing video, watching films, reading literature, and contemplating the deeper meaning of human existence (when time permits).

EMILY BARNHILL • Poetry Editor

Senior • English, Communications Minor

The little things in life make me happy. Books in any form, diet cokes in styrofoam cups with NO ice, fluffy dogs, strong coffee, DanceBlue, and Oxford commas. “Good friends, good books, and a sleepy conscience: this is the ideal life.” -- Mark Twain

MARY KATE ELLIOTT • Managing Prose Editor

Junior • English & French

Interests: hot tea, chilled coffee, David Sedaris, queso, dance, proems, bicycling, art, cats.

ANTHONY JONES • Prose Editor

Senior • English, Economics Minor

When I'm not working on classes or my own creative writing, I can be found hanging out with my brothers of Pi Kappa Phi.

KELSEY POTTER • Prose Editor

Sophomore • English & ISC

My interests include comic books, poetry, television shows, and Romantic poets.

CECILIA AMADOR • Spanish Editor

Senior • English, Philosophy Minor

I am an international student from Guatemala and outside of my studies, I enjoy reading, traveling, cooking, writing, and fashion.

RACHEL JANG • Korean Editor

Sophomore • Biology & Pre-med, Neuroscience & Psychology Minors

I am a Korean international student who likes to write anything and everything, plays violin, sings, and taking pictures (both digital and film). I hope to engage more Korean students to writing and more English speaking students to be introduced to Korean.

YVONNE JOHNSON • German Editor

Freshman • English & Computer Science

Some of my interests include studying languages, writing, doing triathlons, watching anime and exploring social psychology.

ANITA SHANKER • French Editor

Sophomore • French & Biology

My interests include learning about other languages and cultures, baking, and playing board games.

MARSHALL BLEVINS • Art Director

Senior • Art Studio

Photography, drawing, reading, eating cereal and drinking hot chocolate are all of my most dearly beloved past times.

SARAH WAGNER • Layout Manager

Sophomore • Architecture & English

Interested in building spaces, literary and physical.

NATHAN R. PETRIE • Social Media Manager

Freshman • English (Imaginative Writing)

When not scribbling poetry, I play saxophone, operate a ham radio station, and search for geocaches.



