

ORPHEUS

NUMBER 115.1

ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

As our staff assembled at the beginning of the semester to choose this magazine's theme, an undercurrent to our meeting was swirling heavily. The room felt as though it was teetering — unbalanced. In the wake of a stormy election, an inauguration, and a march on Washington, our staff appeared collectively adrift. Almost half of staff was in their final semester at UD. Themes were shouted out at random. Resistance — from someone in a pink knit hat. Rebirth — for the spring semester. Chaos — as usual. Silence, as we pondered our list upon the chalk board. What about... artifacts? from a senior. Like the things we've left behind. So, Reader, in your hands, you hold an artifact. In several months' time, this magazine will be one of many past issues of Orpheus. It is an artifact full of artifacts: writers and artists have left you an idea, an expression, a feeling. Please note what has been made and left behind here. In turn, we beg only one question: What will we leave behind?

JULIE BAFFOE
Editor

Every Orpheus created is now an artifact. Each issue represents the artists and authors within its pages and the designers who designed its form and appearance. For a few weeks, this issue will flood the halls of campus buildings and rest on tables and be held and viewed by those featured. And then another issue will be designed. A new copy will dwell in the same place you found this copy. I spent a lot of time looking through a stack of past Orpheus editions to gain inspiration for this design. My hope is that, in a few years from now, someone else will come across this stack, too, with this magazine now included, and will be consumed by the form, type, and art and literary inside just as I was. They will then think on how time has changed and how everything in creation will eventually be an artifact.

MEGAN BOLLHEIMER
Design Editor

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FRAGILE POETRY

like clay
I collapse in a
spinning room
while shaping hands
push prod pull
at this skin
forming me
shaping me
shifting me

patterns traced with
pencil sticks and
purple paint
royally applied
while rings rope
the opening
right above my
 fragile
print

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I want readers to consider the influences of their environment.

ELIA WILSON
FINE ARTS, SENIOR



DILUTED INTAGLIO PRINT

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

I've been banking on an afterlife over here... so maybe just my rotting bones.



TED RED GALA INKJET PRINT, VELLUM, CARD STOCK

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

Proof that we loved every minute of it.

THE SILENCE AND THE NOISE FICTION

A flurry of tiny white paint chips scattered on the front porch as she pulled the thin wooden front door out of its tight frame. The scratching of old dry wood and flaking paint on old dry wood and rusting metal echoed into the empty house – such a change from the smooth whoosh of the heavy, mahogany door she was used to. She breathed a sigh of relief at the cracking and crumbling noise, even after the past fifteen weeks of hearing it. Her key stuck in the age-spotted lock and scraped the keyhole loudly when she finally yanked it out. She swung the door shut behind her with another snowfall of paint and dropped her purse heavily on the small decorative table to her left. The bag slumped over and fell on its side with a thud as she stepped on the rubber backs of her own shoes to slide them off her feet. She pulled the lanyard with her ID on it off her neck and threw it and her keys in a jangling heap on top of the purse. All of this unloading made a ruckus, but once it was over, she stood quite silently on the small rug in front of her new front door. *New front door.* She wondered when she would stop calling everything new.

She had officially moved into this house on Mokena Street on July 22. It was November now, the thin tree outside was almost completely bare, and her belongings had settled into their new places on counters and in drawers much in the same way that bodies settle into bed after a long day. The silence of her empty house pulsed before her and she followed it into her new living room, allowing it to curve her back and slouch her shoulders. A long day. She had craved leaving her classroom

of twenty chattering four-year-olds for the last three hours of the school day, but now that she was alone, she wished for the company of little hands wiping constantly runny noses. As she folded herself into her old couch in front of the second-hand television in her new living room, she checked her cell phone for messages from children. She smiled at the comparison of her own kids to her class. Her youngest was eighteen, after all. The oldest: twenty-three, almost twenty-four. No more little hands or runny noses. No texts or calls, either. It was a Wednesday, so she was sure they were all busy. She was momentarily glad that no one needed Mom right now. No emergencies. No questions. No noise. Her kids were so noisy. She loved how she had made four noisy children though she herself was a quieter woman. The kids always had something to say, something on their minds. She knew that came from their father, but she still liked it. Though she never said it out loud, she was somewhat proud of herself for making four noisy kids. She had created her own four talkative best friends out of nothing.

Well, almost nothing. The last message from *him* on her phone read, "Fine." Even through a text message, she could feel the anger and aggression dripping from that single syllable. Fine.

"Fine. Do whatever you want."

He spits the words onto the table.

She sits, silent. Her eyes are on the kids. They are silent too, but like hostages.

"I said, 'do whatever the fuck you want!' You want to be an ungrateful bitch? *Fine*. Get this fucking trash food out of my face, and don't speak to me until you learn some fucking *manners*. All of you!"

The kids stand up from the dinner table so hastily that their chairs cut into the hardwood floor. Each grabs dishes and silverware and rushed them to the sink. Angry red splotches creep their way up her son's neck. Her youngest daughter's face hardens as she stares blankly past the dish in her hand and the sink water splashing her shirt.

She stands up and begins wrapping up leftovers herself. He sits still, the deep red of his fourth glass of wine standing out in only a slightly deeper shade than his face. He scowls at each of them, nostrils flared, upper lip twitching menacingly. She watches each of her children return tensely to the table to grab another plate, another crumpled napkin. They try to put as much distance as they can between themselves

and him, even when her second daughter is forced to pick up his disgusting plate, dripping with foodstuffs and grease. The table is cleared, the leftovers in the fridge, the sink running loudly over the dishes. Once the dishwasher is full, she whispers to her oldest, "You can go."

Three of them turn immediately on their heels and retreat to small corners of the house, dark holes where screaming doesn't reach them. Her second daughter wavers slightly on the balls of her feet, eyes wide and eyebrows strung together with worry. "It's ok," she says, strategically placing a note of annoyance of her voice so that her daughter will leave immediately. She hides her grief from her daughter as she turns back to the sink and begins washing by hand the knives and pots that do not belong in the dishwasher.

He sits for a moment longer, staring straight ahead, before he stands up so violently that his wooden chair tips over and clatters onto the floor. He kicks it with an explosion of leather shoe on wood and then kicks another chair at the table, sending it crashing to the ground as well. He marches into the living room, separated from the kitchen only by the change of hardwood to thick forest green carpet. He grabs another glass from the cabinets and begins filling it with clear vodka. The alcohol sloshes

over the rim of the glass and wets his hand. The cup slips from his grasp and shatters, and she flinches when he roars with anger. He doesn't even bother to glance at the shards of glass on the carpet; he grabs the bottle of vodka by its neck and sits gruffly in his usual spot on the couch.

When he screams at her a half hour later, she is silence. Silence, a huddled body in the corner. Silence, eyes that look only downward as he spits in her face. Silence, an entire body that tenses as he wraps his fingers around her shoulders to hold her still as his curses fill the small laundry room. Silence, praying that her kids don't hear. Silence, still standing there minutes after he storms out the heavy mahogany front door. Silence, with tears rolling down her impassive face.

Noise, the pattering of bare feet on hardwood. Noise, her twelve-year-old son's whisper, "Mom?" before she can hide her tears on a rag. Noise, her gasp as he wraps his thin arms around her thick waist and squeezes.

The divorce had been finalized a year earlier. The big house was sold for much less money than it was worth seven months later. Her kids helped her move out that summer. For a few weeks, all five of them were there in that new little house. There was always noise when five people lived in a house with two bedro-

oms. But then they left. Back to Los Angeles, to Dayton, to Chicago, to St. Louis. Four noisy kids in four noisy cities with four noisy lives to live.

She looked up from her cell phone and looked around. The house was quiet. She looked behind her, out the windows that faced the street. There were no cars besides her red minivan parked along the curb. She looked back into her new living room.

"Shut up!" she yelled into the waiting air. It felt like the walls reverberated with her voice for a long time.

She smiled. Quiet, maybe. But silent, no more.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I want to create – in people – a restlessness.

EMILY BARTOLONE

FINE ARTS, SOPHOMORE



LUMEN NO.3 LUMEN PRINT

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I want to create work that makes people feel a sense of contentment and leaves them with a feeling of hope in opposition to much of what is currently happening in the world.

HEIRLOOM TOMATOES POETRY

the businessman
beckons a cold metal revolver to invade my mouth
the trigger - pulled with a finger
controlled by phonetic strings

vocal cords
accidentally
intentionally
echo the horrors of history

—an empty, smoking shell lying upon the earth—
"why is it so quiet?"

because I am a mere farmer
meticulously tilling the ground

cardboard: my tractor
black marker: my tool
"they didn't know we were seeds"

beneath the surface
we cultivate
while you tamp the dirt
with ink
forming an
illusionarily impermeable
surface

against gravity
we grow
resisting the sole
your privileged boot

ragged nails
calloused hands
held above our heads
surrendered to strength

we are my father's heirloom tomatoes
like the vine: thick
like the juices: rich
we will harvest decadent fruits

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

Whimsy: in my writing, in my life, in the world.

THE TREES LIKE BLACK WEBS REACH POETRY

The trees like black webs reach
Toward a pale horizon,
Their branches longing for freedom.
The world is still, heavy with
Remembrance of yesterday.
Even the birds are quiet;
The weight of all that has been said
Drowns their song.
And even the deer stops
To lift its antlered head,
Taking notice of how much noise
The sound of nothing really makes.

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

When we are gone our words will remain, which is why it is best to use them well



ROSES OIL STICK ON STONEHENGE PAPER

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I want to create something that represents the beauty of life. It is important to be aware of the different objects within our existence, as well as the characteristics that make them visually interesting. I don't really care what I leave behind, though. It's about the experience of making and engaging with what is on this earth with me...

EUPHORIC MOVES POETRY

The black fabric looks like red, some maroon, under the black lights that are actually blue just called black. No the dresses are actually black the lights just make them look red. I already said that twice.

My toes are cracked but they don't hurt because nothing hurts behind the long velvet that hangs heavy. Even hurts less without it.

The lights make the black look black now because the lights called black that look blue are gone. And now they're white.

These don't have a tricky name that doesn't make sense they don't have a name at all but they don't need one. So bright I can't see the faces in front of me.

And I don't even feel like I'm moving or alive but I know I'm very alive because I'm moving so much. And because of the pounding in my chest, my ears. I can't ignore it because it feels so weird but I try to ignore it even though it's my favorite feeling in the world. And there is sand in my mouth like when you eat a stale cracker that has been sitting in a box on your shelf since you went to the store months ago that you never throw out because you're too lazy and because you don't have anything else. This is the opposite of lazy.

And then it's done.

And my throat is looking for any small breath of air it can find in my lungs and everything feels better and I don't care about anything. Not the black, blue, red, twice, cracks, sand or anyone.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I want to create a limitless environment that compels people to push themselves to be whatever they feel that they should be, whether one morning it be a dancer, the next a poet, a thinker, or a cage-fighting maniac.



JONES SODA BOTTLE ILLUSTRATION ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR CC 2015.3

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

The impact that we make on other people and the environment around us.

MAYBE I'LL BE CREMATED POETRY

Sometimes I wonder about the migraine,
the asymmetrical ribs,
the popping knuckle-joints,
a body that is cold more often than not.

Sometimes I worry about what happens
when that body ceases to exist and becomes
disintegrated stardust and budding sunflowers;
the motion that defines my vitality confines my being.

Sometimes I wish that the tension beneath my jaw
would cause it to crack —
split along the line of symmetry that is my cupid's bow,
and the vapor that is me would escape
into tendrils of sleepless nights and Christmas mornings.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I don't feel the need to leave behind anything physical. My hope is that the actions, smiles, and relationships that I create will remain within people I encounter. It's strange to think how we are each completely our own, and at the same time assembled from all the interactions and experiences we accrue throughout our lifetimes.

AMANDA SMITH
GRAPHIC DESIGN, SENIOR

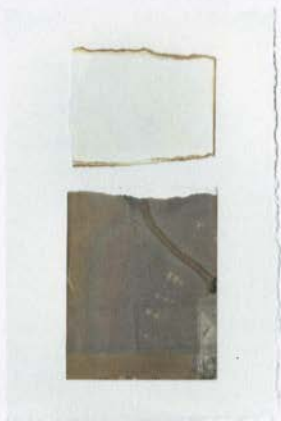


POSTMODERN MUSINGS INKJET PRINT, VELLUM, PERFECT BOUND

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

Impactful designs that make people stop and think.

TAYLOR ORR
FINE ARTS, JUNIOR



NEXUS PHOTO PAPER ON STONEHENGE

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?
nature will reclaim itself.

FUNGUS AMONG US 35MM COLOR FILM



WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

Since we are artists, all that will be left when we are gone are tokens from our life that give insight into how we were feeling or what was going on at a certain point of time, which is pretty cool when you really think about it.

LA FLEUR INKJET PHOTOGRAPHY



WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

Unfortunately, probably mostly our trash. There will also be a muddled view of the history we make today.

REIGN, RUGGED WOMEN, REIGN POETRY

Close eyelids. Open notebooks. Pose pen.
Play with dirt: sculpt. Harken hands to
shape the globe. Spiritually transcend to
a place of ultimate inner strength.

Swirl a stick in the mud. Pick up the soil; let
it be roughly rolled between fingertips. Press
it down upon the seeds of sunflowers. Let the
garden blossom with your powers of cultivation.

Violets and daisies spot the ground. Pick
the wildflowers of blue and purple, and tuck
them in the folds of your hair. Let the tou-
sled locks be caught in the breeze.

A solution to encompass: a mixture of boiling
water and Kool-Aid dust. Dip ends of hair in vat
of alternative dye. Seas of royalty shall crown
your parietal ridge as you ascend your throne.

Stand atop the mountain. In your hand, hold
a twisted branch as your scepter. Look over
your kingdom: the liquids, the earth, and
the winds that correspond to the world.

No frivolous tulle necessary. Instead, grace your
limbs with an attire of a checkered nature: a
buttoned flannel. In correspondence with the outer
layer, embrace the juxtaposition of skirts and
dresses. Due to their enchanting powers, swirling,
twisting fabrics lend their recommendation.

Do not fear the skin that coats your stringent
muscles hiding beneath your garb. Swim-
ming in lakes and jumping off cliffs incites
a bold, temerarious spirit. Stripping off gar-
ments and submerging in water leads to a
freeing interaction with the elements.

Legs function as a means to propel along
the fields and carry the body over valleys.
The lower appendages also condone
the swaying of hips in rhythm to beats
of a spiritual drum. The circular vol-
ume control demands to be cranked to
the right. Tunes that foster fairy voices
float through the mesh of a machine.

The cravings of the body, predominately the
taste buds, must be met. The spice of life
must be embodied in the zap of unnatu-
rally orange fluid or particles of fiery red
and yellow flakes. These materials ought
to attest to the peppery strength of the
tongue for they should be sprinkled upon
all consumable nutritional substances.

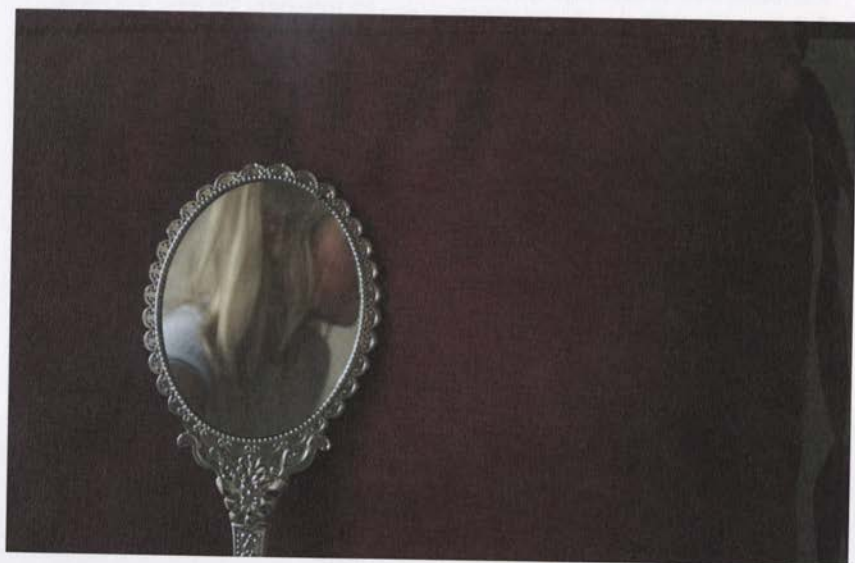
Allow the smooth, carbonated beverage
to slip between your parted lips. The
off-colored drink shall fizz through your
throat and into your belly. The carbonated
bubbles will charge life with effervescence.
Hold the golden goblet, obscuring the Ale-8
label from sight, and drink profusely.

Open ears and mouths to belly-laughter.
The cozy cackle of vocal chords strums the
mind like a harp. Embrace our tribe with
open arms. Interlock phalanges, for the
touch of palms transfers to the joining of
hearts. Unite, rugged women and reign.

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

a planet. pessimistically: where humans are smeared and nature is ravaged.
optimistically: where voices are raised and seas are not.

SYLVIA STAHL
PHOTOGRAPHY, JUNIOR



UNKNOWN, PART I PHOTOGRAPHY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?
Inspiration.

A BULLFROG ELEGY FICTION

On a June morning, I wake up to fog. I go outside and the air rolls a gentle mist around me. I can make out blades of grass and the fat, gnarled roots of trees, but looking up, I can only see the steely blue-white of early morning fog.

I hear a bullfrog croak from the perch of my foot. He is wonderfully slimy. I pick him up and, seeing that he has something to say, I let him whisper slimy words in my ear. He tells me to see the willow lady. I spin around, but I can only see blades of grass, roots of trees and the blue-white of early morning fog.

I think he wants me to get on my hands and knees and follow him across dew-strung grass, so I do. I hold his frog hand and crawl on one palm and two knees as the bullfrog croaks along to an early morning song.

When we reach the roots of a tree I have never seen, the bullfrog hops up to the tree's base and pats it with webbed fingers. I do the same with unwebbed fingers. I feel around the knobby bark and I close my eyes because it feels right. I move my hands the way that fat raindrops pitter patter. I smile as her face comes into my hands, traveling up my arms and into my mind.

"Hello, willow lady."

I feel her cheeks rise as she smiles a hello. Then my hands and her smile fall. My palms become sticky as she cries milky sap tears.

"Why are you crying, willow lady?"

Her branches breathe a mossy breath as she gestures to the morning scene. I nod and join her — she crying milky tears, me crying dewy tears, as a bullfrog croaks an elegy.

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?
the stories of the things we did and did not do.

GIFT REFLECTION

i was going to burn it.
spent hours stripping it apart
into easily digested pieces
to better control the flames -

i carried it in a bag,
the two-cent plastic kind
you find discarded after
shoppers finish their days,
because it didn't deserve
more ceremony than it
was already afforded -

i walked it to the edge of the pit.
felt the sting of cold air
and heard shriveled leaves
tickled by wind
high above and realized -

the air was dry.
the landscape was painted

in beige and brown -
colors quickly converted
to the red, gold, and blue
of heat - caressed by that wind
hungry to devour -
to make beautiful
what was once bland.

eyes squeezed shut,
i turned around,
and walked away.

and so it sits,
in pieces,
— still —
waiting for a
calm, cool, and quiet
moment
to burn.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I hope to leave behind art as a kind of footprint. Even if no one sees it, it's proof I was here.



HAND IN HAND MIXED MEDIA

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?
miscellaneous knick-knacks.

CIRCLE K POETRY

We'll make the trek to the freezing land of Alaska
but we'll be sweating when we arrive
cars will pass
blowing exhaust in our already dirty faces
and I'll pet the dog with golden shaggy fur
who tries to dodge my outstretched hand

The smell of lemonade is on my hands
the powder of the mix stuck under
my fingernails from our business endeavors
earlier this afternoon

Lexi always bullied me up and down Harrow Place
I didn't want to play on her computer anyway
my Sims always died because you have to tell them to eat

Frick
My chain fell off my bike because my dad didn't buy me the one
I actually wanted and fixed up a boy
bike that he found on the side of the road
this ain't my first rodeo though
Missy Pee Wee will delay the excursion to fix it

Lexi popped a wheelie over the curb
right before the traffic light turned red
and I'm stuck on the stupid corner of
boston Road and West 130th
carpe diem I'm going for it

The gum on the second shelf is staring at me
but there are slushie machines of red
blue and neon green waiting for my sweaty
sticky hand to pull the lever

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

When we are gone, our rotten food in the refrigerator and our attitude and love will be left.

ALEXANDRA MORRISSETTE
FINE ARTS, SENIOR



LIGHT ON WATER OIL ON HOTEL KEY



THE WAVE HAS TWO SIDES OIL ON HOTEL KEY

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?
nothing. the party leaves with us.

JESSE THOMPSON
VISUAL ARTS, JUNIOR



INTIMACY HAS A NAME PHOTOGRAPHY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

A legacy.

GRANDMOTHER'S PERFUME FICTION

Once, when I was a young girl, my teacher told our class to bring in something that represented a family member.

People brought in signed baseballs, sepia soaked photos and spools of ribbon. One girl said she was going to bring in her grandmother's perfume.

I nodded. That's a good idea. I'll do that too. I went home that day and began gathering my grandmother's perfume. I ran outside, my white babydoll dress a cape as I windmilled down the hill. I held onto my dandelion crown with one hand.

As the wind blew, I ate my hair.

As I fell, I ate the grass.

I sprang up and skipped over to the witch hazel shrubs. I gathered leaves and bark, keeping them safe in my waistband. Then I ran to the side garden and picked a few sprigs of lavender, adding them to my underwear crown.

I followed the stone path around to papa's workshop and shoved my hand into the wood shavings bucket. I closed my fist as tight as I could as I ran up to the house and into the kitchen.

With two feet and a hand, I climbed the cabinet and fished down a mason jar. I sat down on the white tiled countertop, dumped the sawdust in the jar, then pulled out the witch hazel and lavender, and I put those in too.

Jumping down, I made for the library and pulled down a book. I flipped through, admiring the ants dancing across pressed wood pulp. The ants stopped their dance and I ripped out two pages, then stuffed them in the jar. I twisted the lid on tight and admired the jar from all angles.

Then I ran outside onto the porch and held the jar up to the sky and the light trickled down from the scrawny pines, and that day I learned what the world alchemy meant.

I brought my grandmother's perfume to class the next day. I was so excited. I kept unscrewing the lid to sneak a whiff of my grandmother. Multiplication and spelling smelled lovelier than they ever had.

The other girl who also brought in her grandmother's perfume went first. She passed around her bottle and everyone smiled. Her grandmother smelled like roses. Then I passed my grandmother's perfume around. I was the only one that smiled.

My grandmother smelled like witch hazel and lavender and unstained floorboards and thick novels.

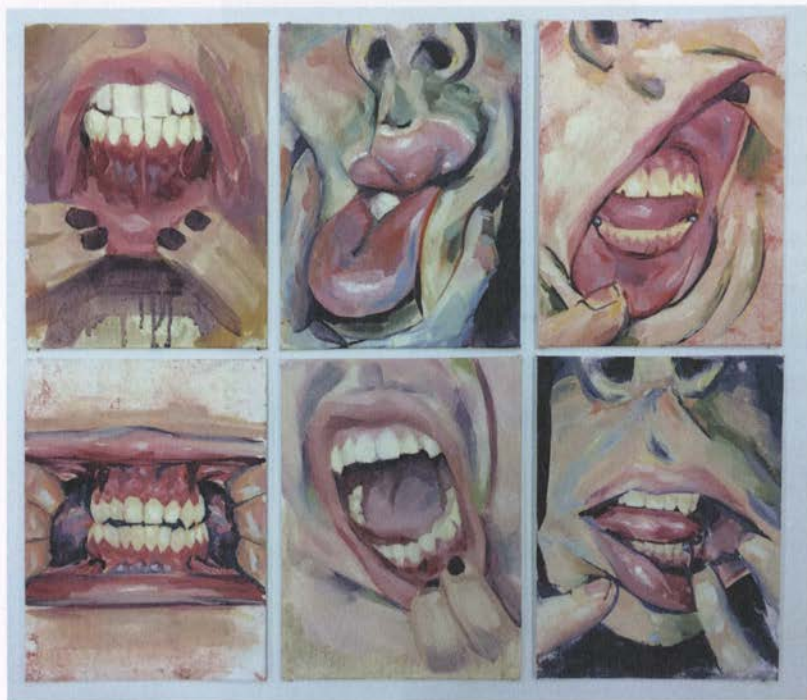
My grandmother did not smell like roses.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

a world that sees people as people, and realizes how beautiful our shared humanness can be.

KELLY MCGUIRE
FINE ARTS, JUNIOR

TWELVE HOURS OIL ON CANVAS BOARD



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

I want to leave behind work that will inspire others to create something. If someone sees something I have made and it ignites something in them to begin creating on their own, I would be honored to be their inspiration.

THE ELEGANT HAND POETRY

Hunter Stewart. First to hold my hand in guidance class of all places at the age of five, during my first encounter with love of choice. Like to hold hands as a first step in love, to entangle your thin, fat, long, short, sweaty or not fingers with someone else who might just have the same or different phalange ailments as you, to say publicly, even if it is in private, that this person is a person I choose to come in contact with, as in love, as in Cupid, as in Jesus, as in Santa, but none the less, still, in hand holding.

But don't forget to give me a hand, as in help, as in lifting the heavy box I can't, as in changing the tire of my car's failure, as in doing something together, maybe love, maybe not. So, maybe it isn't Santa or Cupid, but maybe just a capitalist Tooth Fairy. I am not sure but still, it is a hand.

But also, don't forget to give me a hand for this piece of brilliance, as in clap, as in appreciate me, or her, them, or us. Slap your hands together, Why? I'm not sure, but apparently it means you are pleased, so won't you just stop for a minute, Easter Bunny, Santa, and give me a hand. Clap. Or maybe I'm supposed to give them a hand, or maybe it is all for you.

I don't know, I'm just not sure, but any way you take it, isn't it such an elegant hand.

Holding, clapping, slapping,
helping, loving, Elegant Hand.

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?

When we are all gone from this world, there will still be people trying to do their best, just like we try to do our best, just like those who came before us tried to do their best. I want to leave behind my best.

ALEXANDRA MORRISSETTE
FINE ARTS, SENIOR



ONLY TEMPORARY OIL ON MASONITE

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?
Memories

LOST POETRY

We were,
lost at the grocery store
in-between isles of pre-made meals
and sales on oranges.
We got
the essentials
chocolate milk and cigarettes,
the bagger boy thought I was cute
so you said no bags,
then we
hit the road
hard
so we couldn't feel our broken hearts
just tires on pavement.
We went
west,
flying toward the sun
expecting a burn.
We ran
out of gas
before we ran out of road
so,
We walked
I stuck my thumb out
and you your middle finger,
I punched you in the side
but they stopped for you.
We lost
the light we were chasing
in the rear-view mirror of a stranger's car,
it died slowly
like God and Santa Claus,
left us like it was never there.
We slept
on top of motel sheets
in our day-clothes
it smelled like roses and floor cleaner

like your grandfather's funeral,
mourning.
We left
our backs got burned by the sun-god-santa
you wanted top-down
bottom-up
I wasn't ready.
We went
anyway,
the roads like snakes
turned straight,
and
the houses like soldiers
came to greet us
at the gate.
You drove slow down my street
past
the well-groomed pocket-dogs
and men in shorts on lawnmowers.
I held your hand
you smoked the last cigarette,
the chocolate milk was sour.
We were
stuck in a cul-de-sac
unraveling.
You
kept the car running
while I
got out crying.
Then you
hit the road
hard
tires on pavement
speaking
words like clouds
and I was
lost.

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?
All of the bears.

PETRICHOR POETRY

The end is petrichor.

13. A dozen men march to death; to dust. 1. I got my first pocket-watch when I was eleven. 14. The one on the right is me. 2. The note with it said: *don't be late* -Dad 15. *Faster*, he yells, *it's time*. 3. I never was in those days, you can't be late to freedom. 16. A sound like a mountain. 4. I remember the summer-seconds longer than the others. 17. The ones on the left are dirt and ash. 5. Swimming naked in the lake at night. 18. The rest march on. 6. The world a perfect mirror of heaven. 19. The oily-air begins to burn outside my lungs. 7. Floating through galaxies in the moon-water. 20. The ones in the middle turn to smoke 8. I used to dry off on the still-warm rocks by the shore. 21. The heat is unbearable. 9. I remember the face of my father when he died. 22. Two left we march on. 10. It was the first time I was late. 23. The earth like a rage shakes me. 11. It never happened again. 24. I am alone with the dust. 12. The world was gray when we buried him. 25. Blood and soot and fire.

It began to rain.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO CREATE / LEAVE BEHIND?

Bear tracks

GABRIELLE BOLTZ

SOCIOLOGY, ENGLISH AND WOMEN'S AND GENDER STUDIES, SENIOR



STORM ACRYLIC PAINT

WHAT WILL BE LEFT WHEN WE ARE GONE?
hopefully when we're gone there will be trees, and quiet.

ARTIFACT(S)

Unique to humankind, are those things which we have made and have left behind. Indeed, artifacts are those objects, institutions, and, in some cases, ideas, that arise only when human need and desire are mixed with a substantial amount of time. From time arise artifacts, apparently no longer appropriate, relevant, or important, but truly the defining pillars of human history, of faith in ourselves. As we trace the path of artifacts, we are led by not only unstoppable waves of change, but by the inevitability of time and the formidable knowledge that the dust we scrape from these tangible things is collecting every second.