

# ORPHEUS





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VOLUME 117, ISSUE 1

## ABOUT ORPHEUS MAGAZINE

Orpheus and its predecessor, The Exponent, have been student generated for the last 117 years. Each term, a call for submissions is generated and University of Dayton students submit prose, poetry, fine art, photography, and design products for consideration. Selection of included works is juried by faculty panels arranged by Orpheus art, design, and literary staff. Coordination, editing, design production, and printing direction are all conducted by the publication's student-populated staff.

# ORPHEUS

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Grotesque Light Condensed  
Grotesque Condensed

## COVER

Madison Kurlandski

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## LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

To the Readers,

I have enjoyed these moments of suspension with you more than you could ever know, dear reader. These long hours in between you being here and you being there, this magical time when you have not yet left, where there is still time to sit with me and your friends—it has meant the world to me.

But all of this is soon going to be past-tense, a memory we held once and never again. The only thing left behind will be the things we made during this suspension. Soon enough, the words and art you see in these pages will be bones fossilized in amber, a story told.

This edition of Orpheus could only be made in the present moment, could only be made with the artists and writers you find in the following pages. We cannot wait too long, because nothing will be the same, soon enough. The suspension will break, the moment will pass. It only lasts so long.

I invite you to stay with this moment while it lasts, stay with this Orpheus. Look through these pages and remember the moment before fate was decided for you. Remember those who created. I know I will.

Peace and Poetry forever,  
Bridget Graham

Dear Reader,

As the lead designer, I've worked to create a unique viewer experience that embodies the theme: Suspension. Suspension is tense but lofty and scary but freeing all at once. It captures all of the good and bad moments of the human experience.

While designing this magazine, I found connections between each work of art and arranged them in a way that flows seamlessly between these emotions. As you move through this magazine, I hope you feel immersed in the twists and turns that this edition offers.

Thank you to all the patrons who continuously support our expression of creativity. And thank you to the writers and creators who share their stories and experiences.

Sincerely,  
Madison Kurlandski



# SUSPENSION

## TELL US ABOUT

the moment right before you began to fall,  
a wasp stuck in a spiderweb,  
floating through empty space, suspended in orbit,  
being in between pushing and pulling, here and there,  
waiting, waiting, waiting.

## TELL US ABOUT

a place where once, just once—anything is possible,  
where time stops,  
where there is still enough time to do everything you hoped to.  
Where there is no time at all.

TELL US ABOUT SUSPENSION.



# ALONE ALLISON BURNS





Tickled pink  
Then black and blue  
A million hues undone  
With stained fingers and rotting teeth  
Chipped and chapped  
Clean and cleanse  
Purge then plead  
Cold sweat stuck  
Like a wet haze  
Down the back of my knees  
A speck on the seat  
Worth more than I feel  
Stuck with the taste of distaste  
As the spit  
Pours over like wine

# WAITING IN THE HALF-LIGHT SHANNON STANFORTH

And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go, for the children, they mark, and the children they know the place where the sidewalk ends.

Ten minutes past six, by the invisible clock on the wall. Minute by minute, new objects gain form.

Here,

a beam wanders as it appears.

There,

a raincoat on a wall.

Here,

a faded photograph.

a box of paper clips.

an inkwell.

a pet.

There,

a typewriter.

a pocket folded on a desk.

There

is a place where

the sidewalk ends.

And

before the street begins.

And there

the grass grows soft and white.

And there

the sun burns crimson bright.

And there

Outside, the tops of the Alps start to glow from the sun. It is late June. A boy on the Aare unties his small skiff and pushes off, letting the current take him to Aarstrasse to Gerbergasse, where he will deliver his summer apples and berries.

In time, the ubiquitous bookshelves emerge from the night mist that h

a

n

g

s

on the walls.

The others might exist in other worlds.

The young man shifts in his chair,

# waitin

for the typist to come, and softly hums

from Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*.

the moon-bird rests from his flight  
to cool in the peppermint wind.

In some distant arcade, a clock tower  
calls out six times and then stops.

The young man slumps at his desk.

He has come to the office at dawn,

after another

l

a

v

a

e

h

p

u

But the dreaming is finished. Out  
of many possible natures of time,  
imagined in as many nights, one  
seems compelling. Not that the  
others are impossible.

Upon arriving in two hours, each clerk will  
know precisely where to begin. But at this  
moment, in this dim light, the documents on  
the desks are no more visible than the clock  
in the corner or the secretary's stool near the  
door. All that can be seen at this moment  
are the shadowy shapes of the desks and the  
hunched form of the young man.

## lf-light.

clinks on a stone. An awning is cranked in a shop on Marktgasse. A vegetable cart moves slowly through a street. A man and woman talk in hushed tones in an apartment nearby.

ombes and his trousers are too big. In his  
twenty crumpled pages, his new theory of  
will mail today. Tiny sounds from the city

Let us leave this place  
Where the smoke blows black  
And the dark street winds and bends.  
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow

# SUBMERGED APRIL DVORAK

Real men  
don't kill coyotes  
like how real coyotes  
don't kill roadrunners  
like how good people  
don't kill time.  
How far have we floated  
without looking beneath us?  
Time spent debating belief  
in the soil miles below us.  
Time spent spouting  
but not sprouting  
parsley or sage or rosemary only  
Time filled with  
longer growing seasons and  
two degree countdowns and  
mother, how can you not see  
we have stepped over the edge of the canyon?  
How long will we linger  
before our bones plummet?  
allow me to start this season's cilantro  
with what little coriander came from the last harvest  
and rest easy  
in the coming season of waiting  
allow me to pluck chickweed  
with the small, arthritic hands of God's image  
and rest easy  
in the coming season of waiting  
allow me to leave my finished flesh  
on the compost pile  
and rest easy.  
Will our dreams be soft  
after the crash landing?  
Real roadrunners  
take flight  
real coyotes  
scavenge  
real people  
breathe.

# COYOTE TIME NATHAN MANSOUR





The storied  
buildings are  
walls of a  
house that keep  
me safe and  
brought comfort.  
Floors on floors  
scratch at the  
clouds, stitched by  
white and yellow  
lines. Just as over  
the river a blind  
eye turned as  
neglected scratch  
at any scrape  
of freshness.

Mother Nature dug firm fingers deep into the earth and into  
the intimate spaces of families, of livelihoods.

The heat and heart of the calendar  
was not a deterrent for  
the breath and breadth  
of Her voice, only  
to leave twisted  
wood, blue  
tarps,  
and  
fractured  
souls.

It was never supposed to happen here.  
And not in one summer. I couldn't  
find my voice as others couldn't stop  
their tears. A  
modern American  
summer;  
a city  
healing.

Start by being nice. A first impression based in sincerity lays a solid foundation when immersing yourself in unfamiliar company. You cannot afford the luxuries of vitriol and bitterness on your scant social salary. Besides, people gravitate more towards those who display the simplest degree of human decency. It might be the sole magnetic aspect of your relatively dull personality, so milk it.

In demonstrating the plainest of courtesy, you integrate yourself smoothly. Your glowing reputation, barely two steps short of sainthood in the eyes of your peers, stands as a beacon of tranquility among the already tempestuous relationships lurking in the not-so-recent past. Take the role of neutral territory. Extend your companionship across previously drawn, yet unspoken, borders; your presence, a bargaining chip for bliss. Release your inner flower child and encourage an era of simply getting along. Relish in it but beware overindulgence.

Achieving unity requires a cautious mind on your part. Your tender scars remind you to keep it casual. Welcome connections but be hesitant in forging them too firmly. Aim for earnest interactions but prepare an exit strategy if an unintentional faux pas turns it sour. Serve the role of glue, bonding components who otherwise run the risk of ripping each other's throats out.

Maintain what you can. However, the inevitable end of the glory days prepares its ambush. Everyone grew so close, pumping pressure into the circle. Rubbing elbows for that long makes nerves raw. Bones to pick and cutting words increase in frequency. "Annoying" quickly develops into the most overused adjective. What you helped to create cracks and dissolves in the same amount of it took to produce. It only requires a couple blows to shatter everything.

Lose hope of the easiness you knew. Your responsibility now entails hearing the grievances of every party entangled in this mess. With no chance of escape, they recount to your face the betrayal and abuse you fought to separate yourself from. Know it will hurt. Do not point out their faults. Just listen to them while they search for constants.

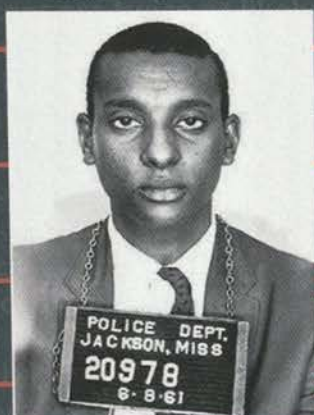
Stand strong as those commitments you expected to last lifetimes disintegrate into ash around you. In avoiding involvement in that alluring passion in the moment, many of your relations among them remain intact. Work to stay on good terms with every individual you met through this experience. Offer your innocence as an olive branch. Your familiarity with loneliness sits deep, so refuse to let anyone continue to feel what you felt. Use your fear of isolation as motivation if you must, although some call it selfish. Let your legs plant roots and your arms turn to steel cables. Unfortunately, as they distance themselves further, you risk allowing them to tear off your limbs and toss you into the void if they question where your loyalty lies. Refrain from giving apologies. Instead, hold pride in the fact that you tried, and remain open if any should return in need of a friend.



# IMPRISONMENT OF AFRICAN

## STOKELY CARMICHAEL

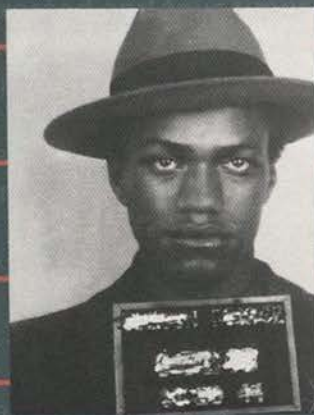
SOCIALIST ORGANIZER IN CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT, AND PAN-AFRICAN MOVEMENT



19. ATTEMPTING TO INTEGRATE A "WHITES ONLY" CAFETERIA

## MALCOLM X

MINISTER, HUMAN RIGHTS ACTIVIST AND PROMINENT BLACK NATIONALIST LEADER



19. ALLEGEDLY STEOLE AND PAWNED HIS SISTER'S FUR COAT

## JO ANN ROBINSON

EDUCATOR, CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT AND WOMEN'S POLITICAL COUNCIL ACTIVIST



44. INITIATED THE MONTGOMERY COUNTRY BUS BOYCOTT

# AFRICANS

## TIN LUTHER KING

MINISTER AND ACTIVIST,  
RECOGNIZED AS LEADER OF  
CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT



IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT  
OR LEADING A MARCH

## ROSA PARKS

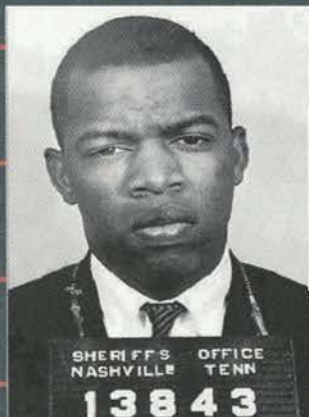
CIVIL RIGHTS ACTIVIST, STARTED  
THE MONTGOMERY BUS  
BOYCOTT, SEAMSTRESS



42, REFUSING TO MOVE FROM HER  
SEAT IN BLACK AREA OF THE BUS

## JOHN LEWIS

CONGRESSMAN, CHAIR OF  
THE STUDENT NONVIOLENT  
COORDINATING COMMITTEE



25, LEADING A MARCH THAT STOOD  
AGAINST LACK OF VOTING RIGHTS

## HUEY NEWTON

CO-FOUNDED THE BLACK  
PANTHER PARTY  
POLITICAL ACTIVIST

21, PROTESTING AGAINST POLICE  
BRUTALITY IN URBAN AREAS

#STANDUP4HUMANRIGHTS

DETAINED JUSTINE LIPTAK



1.

Our world burns around us.  
This winter, we don't wear coats.

Climate change deniers blame  
the blaze on the wrath of God.

Some days, I forget about the fires until heat travels  
impossible miles to make my palms sweat.

Most days, divine vengeance scares me  
less than human apathy.

When I try to wash away our sin,  
desperation wrings my hands red to blister.

2.

As we walk, we talk about  
the characters in the books we've read,

how they are always beholding beautiful things  
and then coming to their grand realizations.

There's a word for that, you tell me—  
Epiphany.

When we drove through New Mexico, you told me  
the desert reminds you that you are made of bones.

In Dayton, there are fewer vistas to introduce us to ourselves.  
During months of bare trees, I'd rather lose my self than find it.

On days I suffocate under the burden of failing skin  
I pray my epiphany comes as an out-of-body experience.

3.

To be afraid of uncountable grains of sand is to know  
that everything under your feet could fall away,

to understand that you can't know the earth you stand on  
with anymore certainty than the way it feels right now.

On nights when light pollution steals stars  
from our sky, eternity feels like a threat.

Yet you do not fear infinities. Before we go out,  
you stamp make-up stars onto our cheeks.

It's not quite a prayer, but you manage to sneak a bit of the  
heavens into sticky Brown Street bars never meant to feel holy.

4.

On the first day of frost, ginkgo trees lose all  
their leaves at once.

I struggle for words sturdy enough  
to slow the spinning of a world unraveling around us.

I am not secure enough to meet the fleeting nature  
of this yellow flurry with bravery.

You twirl—  
moved by the same urgency that paralyzes me.

You tell me: to love a ginkgo tree is  
to rejoice in the crescendo.

You show me: to love a person is to tuck a leaf into your pocket,  
to stretch that wonder across the expanse of a year.

5.

These days, I struggle against a longing for a home  
land I can't quite remember.

You garden, full of the grace it takes to tend to the fragile,  
to find peace among roots not yet strong enough to hold you.

You tell me God gives us imaginary numbers  
to close impossible gaps.

I can't count my way home on clenched fingers.  
I don't have a mind for math, but

The callouses on your palms help me believe  
our hands are made to mend what we break.

6.

In Dayton, epiphanies come as instructions  
slippery enough to almost miss.

I buy my pomegranate seeds prepacked—  
sheathed in plastic, detached from the earth,

until you show me how  
to be gentle enough with my hands

to open up a pomegranate, to free its seeds,  
to permit my body to do something tenderly.

7.

I am far better at penance  
than I am at reconciliation.

I want to hold your hand, but my arms hang too long.  
I feel damned by hands not designed to find yours.

I learn faith through the ways you reach for me anyway.  
Your belief—unrelenting—bridges our distance.

Suffering doesn't teach us love.  
We remake each other, straining toward the edges of our skin,

finding mercy: new ways to rest in these bodies,  
little magics to ground us here, prayers to hold us together.

# ESSENTIAL ALLISON BURNS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELIZABETH WEILER

As the sun sets on the river,  
the living and the dead come from their homes  
to dance amongst the Spanish moss  
to the music of the fountain in the square.

Below their feet  
The sidewalks ebb and flow,  
A tide of brick  
Set in motion by swollen pine coffins.

The streets are lined with shops and bars  
Aged in design  
But modern in service.

When the firefly's glow softens the bold of the signs  
They revert to their true forms.  
Hotels default to antebellum hospitals,  
Restaurants seat and serve their afterlife-long guests.

I am here  
In their home  
Waiting  
silently in the parlor  
To be received

By the woman who was hanged  
for the town's first murder,  
Begging to see her child,  
Or the soldier who lost his leg,  
And felt every slice of the blade,  
Searching for a replacement amongst the sleeping guests,  
Or the man whose body was hid  
With a dented candlestick  
In the walls of his lover's inn,  
Waiting for his justice.

SAVANNAH ISABELLA FUSILLO



My feet are killing me but no way in hell am I going barefoot on this ice cube of a sidewalk. Jesus Christ, I didn't realize I was walking home on a fucking glacier. Why did I decide heels were a good idea for tonight? You know what? No. In my defense, I was supposed to be heading home in a nice, warm 4.8-star Uber with my friends and a driver named Daniel. It's not my fault my roommates both decided they wanted to bring a little friend home and also not my fault those little friends took every spot in the car. It is, however, totally my fault because I insisted that I could just walk and meet them at our apartment; they were too drunk to stop me. Not that they didn't try. I told them I'd call another Uber, but that'd be another ten minutes of just standing there on the corner looking like a damn hooker. I really don't mind walking, either. It's nice to have a little quiet after the hurricane of bodies that decimated the club. But when I say "quiet", I'm ignoring the occasional police siren in the distance and the constant high-pitched ring in my ears. My hands and face are stinging, but I appreciate the cold; it keeps me awake.

I assess my surroundings and realize how ridiculous I look. Sure, in a club, the silvery shimmer skirt and matching shoes blend right in, but on Unity Street at three in the morning, I look like someone dropped a broken disco ball in a dumpster. "Dumpster" might be a little harsh, maybe a recycling can. Still trash, but a little classier, maybe? Anyways, I'm not in a necessarily dangerous area. I'd like to think I'm not that stupid, even with a few drinks in me, but I'm not in a sanctuary either. I check over my shoulder again and grip my phone a little tighter. The fluorescent white of the streetlamps blends with the colorful Christmas lights that nobody wants to take down yet, making a surprisingly dim glow that blankets the pavement. There are other people out tonight, thank God. Complete strangers to me, getting in and out of cars, laughing, holding hands, stumbling around with their drunk food of choice. Seeing them makes me want nothing more than to be at home in bed right now with a giant bowl of mac and cheese.

I snap out of my trance and notice a group of men and women walking on the sidewalk towards me. I see myself in the few women with them. Granted, they look a lot warmer wrapped around the arms of their lovers. The men who aren't accompanied by anyone but each other are the ones that put me on edge. Like clockwork, my rehearsed confidence, designed for moments like these, takes over my body. I straighten my posture and put on my "Don't Fuck With Me" face. They're practically harmless, being such a big group, but walking fast and holding my head high doesn't stop the glances and the comments they make to each other a little too audibly. I roll my eyes and stop under a streetlight to check my phone. 3:07. Shit, I completely missed 2 calls and a text from Rosie.

She's probably freaking out right now and I already know what the message will say: just making sure I'm okay, offering to meet me. For once, I'm actually happy she stayed in on a Friday. Someone's got to know where I was if I get picked up and shipped off to Russia or something. I know it's a stupid thing to be worried about, but I guess that's the world we live in. I quickly respond that I'll be home soon, not to worry about me, and the other two probably need more help than I do.

3:08. I lock my phone as I notice another group—smaller, scarier—all stumbling, probably slipping, and failing miserably to hide it. No women this time, and I sure as hell don't see myself in any of those men. I see potential danger, even if they're swaying so much that I'm surprised gravity just hasn't taken over yet. I have to try hard to hold in a laugh, the last thing they need is something even slightly resembling a smile. I brace myself and this time, elect to check my phone for an unnecessary amount of time in order to avoid eye contact, swiping back and forth between pages of apps. 3:09. I look back up after what I figure is enough time to have them pass me, but they haven't. Well, most of them have, but one must've decided to stay back and pull out a cigarette. Great.

"Hey, you got a light?" he calls out.

I look behind me, hoping he was just talking to one of his friends. Weird that they didn't notice, he must've been trailing a little behind. I turn my head back, ready to resume the act when I notice he's looking directly at me.

"No, sorry," I quickly respond, shaking my head and looking past him.

He takes a step back, blocking my path. Even being five or six feet back, I can practically see the alcohol radiating off him like a bright, drunken aura. I slow my pace to give him time to move, but he doesn't. My heartbeat picks up and I feel the cold rush of uneasiness rise from my stomach, up my spine, eventually flooding my consciousness. I take a deep breath and the frigid air burns my nostrils. No need to panic yet.

"Try the store on the corner. I'm sure they have something." Shit, why do I keep talking? By now, I'm right in front of him and—shockingly—he's still there.

"Long night?" It's apparent that he isn't going to move from the center of the sidewalk. I quickly glance around as he puts his cigarette back in the box, looking for someone, anyone, that I can pretend to know and rush over to greet like it's the first time I've seen them in forever. Unity Street is suddenly a ghost town. Of course it is. He looks back up at me, waiting for a response. My skin crawls as his eyes make their way up and down my body.

"Listen bud, no offense but I've got to meet someone back home and she—"

"Well hold on there, little lady." Gross. "I was just checking on you. Girls like you shouldn't be walking home alone, especially not this late."

This time, my eyes scan him. He looks like the kind of man that was born wearing a suit. His hair, which I assume is usually combed neatly to the side, is a little messy, but I don't think he notices. He looks tired. Even in this horrible lighting, I can see the wrinkles under his empty eyes. Final analysis: a perfectly put together 40-ish-year-old man has stopped me on the street at three in the morning and called me "little lady". If it wasn't clear enough before, that is my cue to get the hell out of here.

"I appreciate the concern, but I'm really late."

I start to slide past him, trying to make myself as small as possible. I wish I could just shrink away, evaporate from the situation. He reaches out and grabs my jacket. Fuck.

"Sorry. I'm sorry, okay? I didn't mean to scare you there." His words slur but his grip is strong, almost painful. I look down at his hand, now wrapped around my entire forearm. He notices and immediately lets go, almost surprised at himself. "Come on, sweetie. My car is right here, I'll drive you home. It's freezing tonight."

Okay, now it's time to panic.

Why I just agreed to get in this stranger's car, I don't know. I couldn't find the words to make an excuse. His car really was right there, and my brain just froze. He opened the door for me and, with his hand oh so conveniently placed on my lower back, ushered me into the car. And now I'm here. Shit. The grayish tan fabric above my head is disconnected and hanging off the ceiling as if it, too, knows it's in the wrong place. My mind is running a million miles a minute, but my body is completely still. I keep my knees pressed together tight, my right arm leaning against the inside of the door. I notice it's not locked. Good. I need to get out of this car. I need to get out of this car. I need to get out of this car. I need-

"See? Doesn't it feel so much better in here?" I hadn't even noticed that he started the engine and started to light a cigarette with the socket from the dash. "So, where to?"

I can't tell him where I live, can I? No, that's just pure stupidity. Okay, okay. Pause. Think. Just tell him the street and that'll buy you some time to figure out how the hell you're getting out of here.

"Somers." Bad idea. Bad, bad idea.

"Now that wasn't so hard."

His hand puts the car in drive, but it doesn't return to the wheel. Instead, it takes a place on my left thigh. The smell of smoke and beer, the drinks from earlier still swirling in my stomach, now this. I feel like I'm going to vomit. That's it, I'm going to vomit.

"I...um...I think I might puke, could you maybe pull over?"  
The disgust in my voice isn't an act.

"Oh, don't worry, sweetie. We're almost home."

Home, he said. No, not "home". Not "we". My home. My leg. My night. Not yours. None of this is yours. I look out the window, four more intersections and I'll be home. I can make it. I slowly wrap my jacket a little tighter and begin maneuvering my feet out of my shoes. I can't make any big movements because his damn hand is still comfortably resting on my skin. I don't know how perceptive he is in this state, but I don't care to risk it. I pull down the visor and fix my hair in the mirror, glancing over at him. Oblivious.

Five. My shoes are off, but he doesn't notice. My left hand is

gripping my phone so tight that I feel like I could crack the screen. Four. It lights up with a message. I don't have time to read it. Three. I take a deep breath. My hand moves from my hair to the door. Two.

"I just realized. I never asked, what's your name, sweetheart?"

My face hits pavement as I roll. I feel the same sting on my hip. It doesn't matter, I need to go now. I don't know if he stopped the car. I don't know if he pulled over. I don't even know if he noticed. I don't care, I run. I stumble a little, my feet have gone numb. I think I feel blood dripping down my temple, but I don't care about that either. The air is cold. I need it to snap me out of whatever the hell just happened. I run past the deteriorating grocery store. I run past the weathered church on the next corner. I run past the little blue house on the next. I turn onto my street and run to my building's door. I don't have my key, it's in my bag, the same place as my shoes. I buzz my apartment. I buzz again. I hold down the button until Rosie opens the door and I collapse into her arms. I don't realize I'm crying until I'm curled up in the stairwell while she stares at me in shock.

3:10. I blink a few times until the image is out of my mind. The man down the street pulls out a lighter and the end of his cigarette glows orange. We make eye contact for a moment and he nods a greeting, eyeing my outfit. Before he can say anything, I unlock my phone, call Rosie, and cross the street. "Hey girl... yeah, I'll be home in a second. I'm okay, just do me a favor and stay on the phone."

The last time I wrote a poem, you got into a car crash,  
And the next day the notebook filled with all my happiest poems was stolen.  
I had stayed up even though you said everything was fine,  
Because I needed to make sure there was no red on your face  
Despite the fact that recently,  
That has been my favorite color.

The thing that ties me to you is all muscle and sinew  
The sick stuff of the body, pinkish and pulsing  
Bloody and raw.  
We don't really talk about it, but it holds us up anyhow.

It is selfish, wishing you here,  
Where the sun only shines through muted grays  
And my head never quite reaches my shoulders.  
You would be miserable, and there would be no way for me to be  
The beautiful and terrible thing I have become.

You have traveled to the far reaches of space,  
Surrounded yourself with novels and summerwine  
And cobblestone streets.  
You are a pink magnolia and daffodils,  
Blooming just in time for spring.  
I have been growing fields of wheat in the backyard.  
A vast life in a few square miles.

But the air is different where you are, the root of my blood.  
This rough and tumble place that calls to me  
As strongly as the soil and soul of our  
Childhood home. Eternity belongs to us.

I want to be whole again,  
We were never meant to be so far apart.  
I want to press my face back into yours until we're one thing again,

I can't stand this space between us.  
Miles or millimeters.



Outside, the tops of the Alps are to glow from the sun. It is late June. In a true war story, if there's a  
 at all. A boatman on the Rhine carries his small boat up him along Aussergasse to Gerberngasse, where  
 can see it out, and pushes off, leaving the current to him. I extract the meaning without unraveling  
 he will see his summer apples and berries. You'll find much to say about a true war story,  
 the deeper meaning. And in the end, really, there's nothing much to say about a true war story,  
 "True war stories are not gone. They do not indulge in abstraction or  
 of time. His desk, for the past several years, has been cluttered with the posters in half-light.  
 him out, exhausted him so, and yet because it abstracts the past into the middle of April, he has  
 cannot tell whether he is awake or asleep. But the dream is not a dream. Out of many possible nations  
 of time, imagined in a many-nationed world, it seems coping with the other worlds.  
 I can't believe it with my stomach. Nothing turns side. It comes down to gut instinct. A true war  
 story, if truly told, makes the stomach believe. The young man shifts in his chair, waiting for the  
 type to come, and softly hums from Beethoven's Ninth Sonata.

# it's like the thread that makes the Cloth

...comes and then stops. The  
 come to the office at dawn, after another upheaval. His hand  
 big. In his hand he holds twenty crumpled pages, his new story of time, which  
 he will mail today.  
 ...ends from the city drift through the room. A milk bottle clinks on a stone. An awning  
 ...ked in a shop on Marktasse. A vegetable cart moves slowly through a street. A man and  
 woman talk in hushed tones in an apartment nearby.  
 In the dim light that seeps through the room, the desks appear shadowy and soft, like large  
 sleeping animals. Except for the young man's desk, which is cluttered with half-opened books,  
 the twelve oak desks are all neatly covered with documents, left from the previous day. Upon  
 living in two hours, each clerk will know precisely where to begin. But at this moment, in this  
 dim light, the documents on the desks are no more visible than the clock in the corner or the  
 secretary's stool near the door. All that can be seen at this moment are the shadowy shapes of the  
 desks and the hunched form of the young man.  
 Ten minutes past six, by the invisible clock on the wall. Minute by minute, new objects gain  
 form. Here, a brass wastebasket appears. There, a calendar on a wall. Here, a family photograph, a  
 box of paper-clips, an inkwell, a pen. There, a typewriter, a jacket folded on a chair. In time, the  
 ubiquitous bookshelves emerge from the night mist that hangs on the walls. The bookshelves hold  
 notebooks of patents. One patent concerns a new drilling gear with teeth curved in a pattern

# TEXTILES KATHRYN NIEKAMP



**BONELESS BRANDON POA**



IT ONLY HAPPENS SO OFTEN CARTER SPIRES

It only happens so often  
i.e. it's been three years since intimate barrier number one was broken  
and now I'm driving of sorts  
enveloped by a lovely male voice trying to reel me into his dashing lure of aesthetic tales and  
rain droops and sloops as my body trembles with ever increasing frequency, fuck  
those dry crinkled toes dig into the cold ribbed motion propeller with ever ignorant intensity  
where'd it all go  
Tuesday pizza night fanatics  
roaming the wild couch crevasses of the sunken jungle in chaos  
searching for the shimmer of satisfaction in your eyes  
even when there was the  
breaking down the day she left in fury and  
fury met with fury with consolation with reality  
because it's just easier to be numb yeah  
now it's broken down for good  
it only takes some #15's and 34's and clapping along  
walking about the green and brick and sitting to some song  
the rhythms return and ooze into the gaps of familiarity  
wipe my melted face off this steering wheel please and get a grip  
maybe it feels good to have a listener  
cars are just computers these days anyways





## GRACE BURKE VENNND LOGO & UX DESIGN



I WANT A PRESIDENT STUDENTS OF SOC 342 SPRING 2020

BASED ON "I WANT A PRESIDENT" BY ZOE LEONARD

I want a change in the president. I want to see someone new and different, someone who goes against the norm, someone who isn't white, male, and over 50. I want a president who struggles with anxiety and someone with depression for vice president. I want someone who speaks openly about their mental health and who understands mental health is just as important as physical health. I want a president who has had to think of every exit in school in case there is a shooter. I want a president who has lived through trauma and has faced loss and understands what it's like to wake up and face the day knowing they carry mental illness. I want a president with a complicated family structure and I want a president who didn't grow up in a nuclear family and I want someone who knows what it's like to cook dinner for themselves and who grew up underprivileged. I want a president who grew up without a father. Someone who lost a parent at a young age, someone who has had to have grownup responsibility at 8 years old due to the death of their father. Someone who has experienced life as an adult without being able to enjoy their childhood, someone who understands loss and how to overcome it. I want a president who knows what it's like to be disowned by their family. Someone who knows the pain of losing everything and someone who knows what it's like to once have had nothing. I want a president who understands the value of hard work. I want someone with autism for president. I want someone who played professional sports and someone with student loan debt and someone with sleeve tattoos and piercings and who knows a language besides English. I want a president born to immigrants who knows the everyday struggle of immigrants in the United States and the flaws first-hand of the American immigration process and who understands desperation and the reasons why immigrants are forced to migrate. I want an immigrant for president. I want a president who has been called a terrorist based solely on how they look. I want a president who is part of the LGBTQ+ community and who has feared walking down the

street embraced by their significant other. I want a president who has been bullied. Someone who knows what it's like to not fit in because of who they are. Someone who understands what it's like to not be heard because she is a woman. I want a female for president. I want a black woman for president, a Latina for president, a queer woman for president, a girl for president, a mom for president. I want someone who has felt objectified for president and I want someone who has been sexually harassed. And I want someone who knows what it's like to be scared to walk home alone and who has looked at their phone to avoid a group of men on the street. I want a president who respects everyone and I want a president who isn't racist or homophobic. I want a president who fights to eliminate inequality even if they have not experienced themselves. Someone who understands intersectionality and can talk about privilege and has studied bell hooks. I want someone with passion, someone who will change the country for good, who has a positive presence on social media, and who can connect with the youngest generation. I want a president who has made mistakes and is willing to own up to them, who embraces their past mistakes before the media exposes them. I want an open-minded president who has the ability to look outside themselves, who cares about the happiness of others, who puts the interest of the collective first and foremost; someone who focuses on the people rather than themselves and wants the best for all people and not just rich white people. I want a president who serves the people, not one who expects the people to serve them. I want someone with very limited money and political experience. Someone who defies all expectations. I want an independent for president, someone who is a neutral party and not a democrat or republican. I want someone who acts, not just talks. Someone who is willing to listen to the struggles and perspectives of others.

I want a president who tells the truth.



**SALIS MEGAN LEWIS**



# ELEGY FOR FEAR WILLIAM BRYANT

Paisley, I was eight  
and I rocked you to sleep  
raised from my bed in concern you'd  
choke on your cries  
pacing in socks and too small pajamas  
patting your back while tracing lines  
on dust on hardwood  
dreams came timeless and I'd  
sob in the morning  
not remembering ever having gone to sleep  
once I left you on the rocking chair  
and woke to find you  
tangled, screaming  
bright red and breathless  
convinced I saved you another night

Ollig, I was ten  
laying wide eyed under my bed  
craft silent prayers  
to sustain you overnight  
to keep you safe from a robber  
animal or God  
negotiated broken limbs to spare you  
and when you cried I rose  
the form of fear passed between us  
which I now know is why you shake  
for raw meat, home invasion, murdered pets  
were all once my own and now with  
every hug I try to take them back

Shepherd, I have learned now  
to have faith in safety  
but still lay mute  
awake in the house  
which will never not be new  
knowing better I will still  
construct your cries in white  
noise from A/C and pat  
quiet over and smile  
having checked your breath  
in the soundless hours of the night  
there is no place my ears will not  
find you and  
compel me to listen  
and knowing better I will  
still find cries from siblings I was  
too young to break for  
I cannot sleep yet  
for the rest of you

Where there  
is dark  
silence  
any gap to fill with sense

I find myself  
vacant and thus taut  
lovingly, necessarily  
finding each of you

UNTITLED MAIA GEORGE



## ALLISON BURNS

PHOTOGRAPHY | SENIOR

I am a Senior Photography major, with an Art History minor. The included photographs are part of an ongoing project for my senior seminar class.

## ANDREW BUCHANAN

SECONDARY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION & LANGUAGE ARTS | SOPHOMORE

Born and raised in Dayton, Andrew was profoundly affected by the events in the summer of 2019, which inspired his poems. His love for his city is evident to those who know him best and is quick to share the best local restaurants. Andrew is a Sophomore studying Secondary Religious Education & Language Arts. Andrew enjoys good music, good food, road trips, and photography.

## APRIL DVORAK

GRAPHIC DESIGN | JUNIOR

April Dvorak is a junior from Chicago, Illinois. She is a graphic design major and a fine art minor. She loves drawing and painting.

## BRANDON POA

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING | SENIOR

I'm a cowboy.

## BRIDGET GRAHAM

HUMAN RIGHTS STUDIES & POLITICAL SCIENCE | SOPHOMORE

Groucho-marxist who enjoys poetry about God and family, the great outdoors, and mornings where you are tired from joy, not sleep.

## CARTER SPIRES

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING | SENIOR

What's up with the first pancake (interrobang)

## CASSANDRA SMITH

GRAPHIC DESIGN & MARKETING | SENIOR

Cassandra Smith is a 5th year student from New Jersey with a double major in Graphic Design and Marketing.

## GRACE BURKE

GRAPHIC DESIGN | SENIOR

My dream job would be to design cookbooks while trying all the recipes in them; since professional food-taster was not an offered major.

## ISABELLA FUSILLO

HISTORY | SOPHOMORE

Isabella is a sophomore majoring in History and minoring in Pre-Law and Spanish. She draws inspiration for her writing from both personal and shared experiences. Isabella would like to thank Professor Katrina Kittle for encouraging her as a writer, sharing her passion for literature, and being an over-all amazing person.

## JUSTINE LIPTAK

PHOTOGRAPHY | SENIOR

After graduation, I hope to pursue a career in fashion photography. I hope to end up somewhere warm and happy. Traveling the world would be pretty cool, too.

## KATHRYN NIEKAMP

GRAPHIC DESIGN | JUNIOR

Kathryn Niekamp is a native to rural northwest Ohio. She is currently a graphic design major and photography minor at the University of Dayton where her education drives a passion for incorporating imagery into her designs.

## MAIA GEORGE

PHOTOGRAPHY | SENIOR

I am a senior photography major who is from Cleveland, Ohio. My body of work focuses on the themes of memory, loss, and family. I am interested in documenting the spaces around me and how I can share parts of who I am through the medium of photography!

## MARIE PECE

ENGLISH | SOPHOMORE

I'm working everyday to like the sound of my own voice. I don't always know if I'm supposed to be where I am now or where I should be going next. Hopefully, I can leave behind something I'm proud of, and I'm thankful for every opportunity to create I receive along the way.

## MARY MCLOUGHLIN

ENGLISH AND HUMAN RIGHTS | SENIOR

A lifetime of Catholic school left me haunted by original sin and human skin, until you, Reader, came along and showed me how good it is to be surprised by sunsets and soft cheeses.

## MEGAN LEWIS

GRAPHIC DESIGN | SENIOR

The end goal is to go live in a cottage somewhere, have a garden of my own, and make bread for the rest of my life. I'll get back to you on how that goes for me.

### MEGHAN DEIST

VISUAL ARTS | SENIOR

My major is Visual Arts, but I'm pretty sure everyone thinks it's photography. I like to make fried eggs, I say "Oh, for sure" way too often, and when I grow up I want to be an illustrator. My favorite band at the moment is Yoke Lore and maybe that has to do with my love for eggs— But I'm not in a place to unpack that right now.

### NATHAN MANSOUR

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | 5TH YEAR

Figuring out how to live with the fear of incoming objects. Trying to be better about cleaning my room and believing in transubstantiation. Otherwise, I'm just happy to be here. Peace be with y'all.

### SAM TAYLOR

COMMUNICATIONS | FIRST YEAR

Sam Taylor is a first-year student pursuing a career in communications, more specifically journalism and media production. He has always enjoyed writing poetry, and has actively submitted his works to literary magazines since his sophomore year of high school. His favorite topics to write about include body positivity, self-care, and mental health.

### SHANNON STANFORTH

GRAPHIC DESIGN | JUNIOR

Shannon Stanforth is a junior graphic design major with sustainability, biology, and fine art minors. You might see her around campus here, there, here or there...and there, and there, and there. Or perhaps, like the moon-bird, she is resting from her flight.

### WILLIAM BRYANT

INTERNATIONAL STUDIES | FIRST YEAR

Will Bryant is a first-year student from Dayton, OH with an ancestral home in Speedway parking lots. Among Will's accomplishments include; 1.) Breaking only one bone and 2.) Having tried rollercoasters. He is the second oldest and favorite in a family of eight, and his favorite color is a nicely undercooked pink.

### STUDENTS OF SOC 342 SPRING 2020

UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF DR. ANYA GALLI ROBERTSON

This poem was created through the collaborative efforts of the 25 students. After reading Zoe Leonard's 1992 poem "I Want a President," students each wrote three statements of their own reflecting the experiences, identities, and characteristics they want to see represented in the White House. These statements were combined in the style of the original poem.





