

ORPHEUS

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

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CONTENTS

- 06-07 **LEAN**
ALLISON PARRISH
- 08-09 **MANIFESTO**
AMANDA DEE
- 10-11 **TIME IN THE SHADOW**
CAROLYN CAPKA
- 12-13 **BREATHING EXERCISES (V)**
COURTNEY HOELSCHER
- 14-15 **DON'T PANIC**
MARA KALINOSKI
UNTITLED
MARIAMELLA MIRANDA
- 16-17 **BANG**
EMMA PIERPOINT
TERLET
SCOTT SHINE
- 18-21 **SPINNING SUCCESS**
ANNA ADAMI

22-23 **WHITE HOUSE RED DOOR**
WILLIAM LAWRENCE
STONE
GABRIELLE BOLTZ

24-25 **TRANSITION**
ANDREW HARDBACH

26-27 **A MAN IS ALONE**
KAYLEE SCHNEIDER

28-29 **TONICITY**
MONICA ROURKE

30-31 **MEET THE PARENTS**
JOEY FERBER
SHE LOCKED ME OUT
GRACE WOLFORD

32-33 **MISSION OF MARY NO. 1**
FLANNERY COHILL
HINDSIGHT
WILLIAM LAWRENCE

34-35 **KAMI IN A TIN CAN**
VICTOR FREIMANN

36-37 **LEMON + FUZZ**
MADDISSON BARON-GALBAVI

38-39 **DEAR MOM**
ALLIE O' BRIEN

MISSION OF MARY NO. 2
FLANNERY COHILL

40-41 **THEY NEVER SHOWED
FOR THE RAPTURE**
PORTER LYONS

GLOWING DECAY
MAURA PARKER

42-43 **DISSOCIATED KNOWLEDGE**
BENJAMIN WOODRUFF

44-45 **MIRROR MIRROR**
KATIE LIVICK

46-47 **VEIL 2**
ALLISON VASSANELLI

48-49 **HAY HORSIE**
TAYLOR ORR

BURN ME AT THE STAKE
AMANDA DEE

50-51 **HAVEN**
ALEXANDRA MORRISSETTE



MANIFESTO

AMANDA DEE

FOURTH YEAR | ENGLISH, JOURNALISM

I was born into my awareness as a white woman a few years ago. Now I'm trying to learn how to live my life. Before I was born, I struggled in the womb to learn what that identity means, how it molds the perceptions of me and how I push back or conform to those perceptions because once you drown in an identity, you can't not know when you're breathing out of water.

When it comes to my skin, I've readily admitted its power, but I'm not always submerged; I can't always feel its iciness. It slides so easily past my fingers when I try to grasp it. Inside the core of my body, a scream restlessly sleeps. It wakes to empower the disenfranchised and work against my own whiteness and finance, but it's still a newborn voice. I'm still learning how to walk and talk and scream and clean off the grime clinging to my new wisps of hair after every day in this human

world. I accepted my birth, but it's easy to accept and discuss it in a room of people who recognize the muscles throwing innocents weaponless into a world constructed to keep them defenseless. But, we all leave the room. We all are thrown back to the world to bleed on our own.

World Entry 1:

My dad has worked the brown out of his hair. He has worked to pay the price of me being here. He has worked, so I can work to change part of what got me here. He has worked to give me the access to the ideas, the words to understand why he is wrong and try to dismantle the systems that brought him to his positionality in this world. One of power. Please try and understand, I say. But then, I stop saying. He drops off sci-fi books in my room because I talk about aliens too much. The newborn voice calms. Now is not the time to cry. But, then again, I'm not so sure.

World Entry 2:

The newborn voice has been slaughtered. At least, that's my cry when I look back at muffled sound bites of the past world. Who knew one word could

feel so light one night and so heavy the next? I could never lift the word on my tongue now; my bottom lip would collapse. But I once let it in. It floated in my mouth without resistance. Is that word heavy for those tongues and lips over there? So pink against the white. Do they realize? How can I tell them so they will listen? How can I tell them without betraying my secret, that on another world maybe I had done something like them? Is now the time to fight? They'll call me self-righteous, but what if I'm trying to do what's right? Pick your battles, someone once said. That was in this world, I think. I get to pick more battlegrounds, though. Lead more armies. I should lead whenever I can. My skin prickles like melted iron is dripping into each pore, but I know it's just the cold.

World Entry 3:

How do you feel?

I cannot say.

How do you feel?

They will not listen.

Let me tell them.

They will not listen.

World Entry 4:

Today, I fell asleep on my keyboard. I've grown up some. My legs shake slightly as I run because caffeine can't fix every tired. I'm still a child but part of me is wrinkled and freezer-burned. I want to apologize. But, what good would that do here? I want to help because I've been beaked before. And that is selfish... maybe? To want to help because of something I've personally experienced. How can that be taught here? I know there are those on another continent of tired, but I want them to know we're navigating this same planet. It's dark and light, but I'm trying to remember we're all human. Even the ones who are too afraid to say which world we live in.

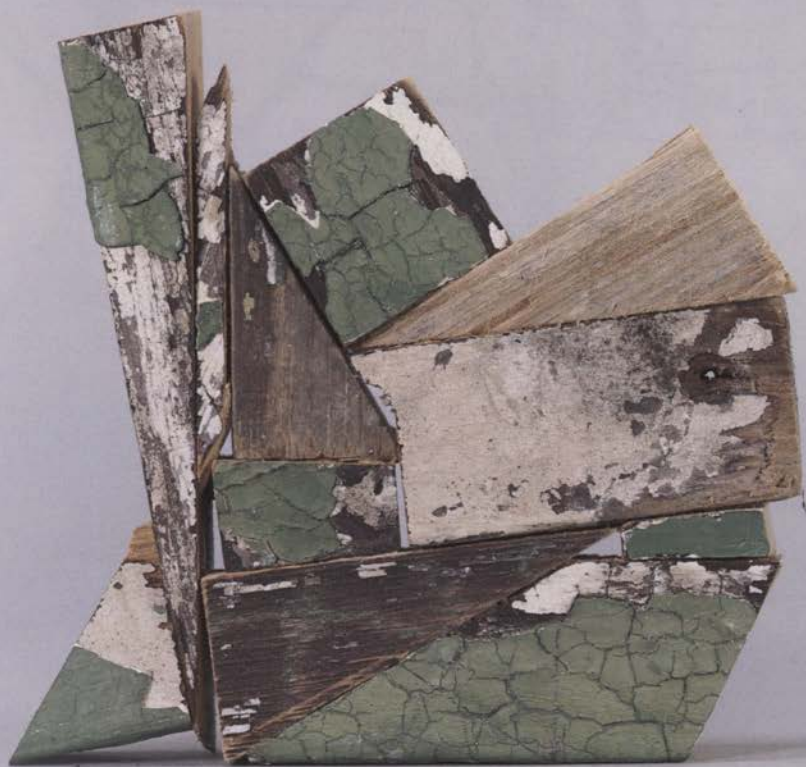
TIME IN THE SHADOWS

CAROLYN CAPKA
FOURTH YEAR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

INSPIRATION
MY IMAGINATION

BREATHING EXERCISES (V)

COURTNEY HOELSCHER
FOURTH YEAR | FINE ARTS



DON'T PANIC

MARA KALINOSKI
THIRD YEAR | ENGLISH

sitting silent in the front seat
eviscerated slowly
facing city deer
eyes like spotlights
soporose sinking, passenger side
really zen but
tight and pressurized,
gonna pop soon
organs all exposed
geometric blood spills, like ocean oil
semiotic movement of muscle
surely unintentional.
one—baby deer and doe want to walk across the road
and two—pliant hands open in lap, catching stray insides
let 'em go

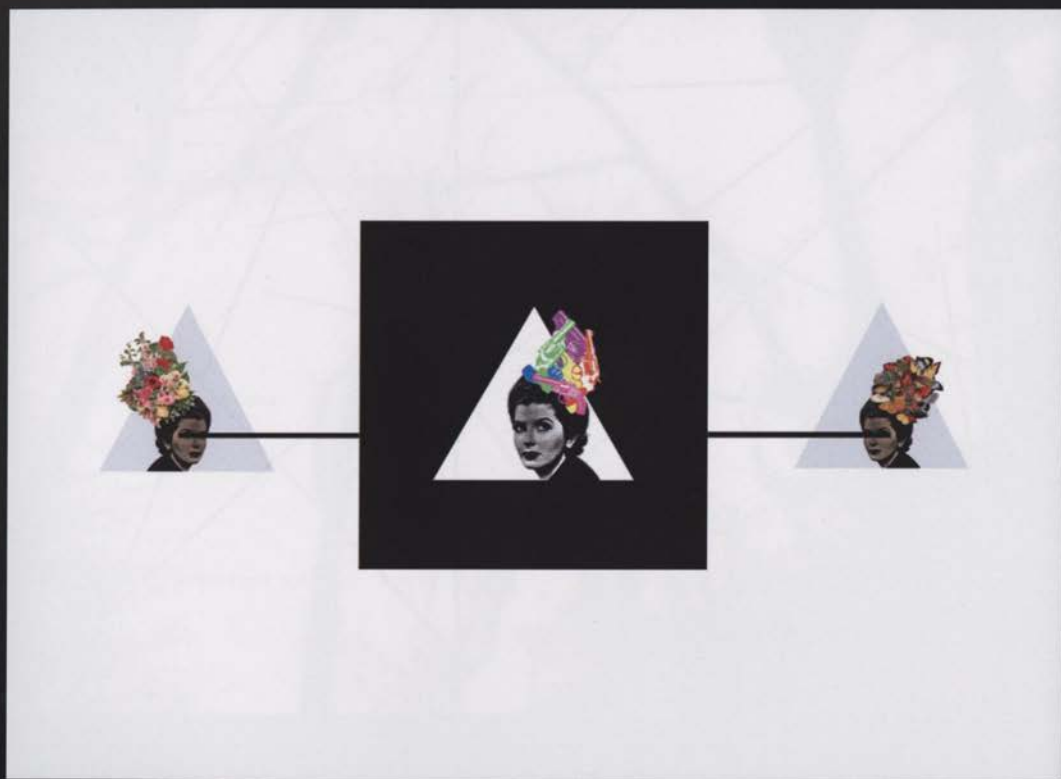
DIGITAL PRINT
ON STONEHENG
& INDIA INK



UNTITLED

MARIAMELIA MIRANDA
SECOND YEAR | ART EDUCATION

INFLUENCE
CURRENT EVENTS



BANG

EMMA PIERPONT
THIRD YEAR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

TERLET

SCOTT SHINE
FOURTH YEAR | ENGLISH

Dirty bathroom stall.
‘Pay off your friends’, it commands;
Who needs your warning?

So it was in the fall that
I began to leave my own messages on the
Bathroom walls for other men to find.
Perhaps they might find guidance
In that which I had penned.
Yet day in and day out,
My messages were washed away
By some man who crowned me vandal.

So it was that one day I wrote:
“Why must you wash away
All that I write here?”

And the following day, he to me,
Scratching out those words
Most integral to my question:
“Why must you wash away
All that I write here?”

And this was clever, I thought,
Though I found very puzzling
The addition that some stranger had left
Before the janitor had come to subtract.

It read:
“Why must you imitate
All that I write here?”

I am not certain if I left the message,
Only to forget it in exhaustion,
Or whether some other man meant to
Claim himself originator of

Restroom scripture.

If the latter were to prove true then
I must note that he has some rather
Steep competition – He has forgotten
Altamira, Pompeii, and New York.

So I left this message as my final word:
“Because if I did not write here,
Then this world would be boring,
White-washed walls,
With no personality to speak of.”

SPINNING SUCCESS

ANNA ADAMI
FOURTH YEAR | ENGLISH

I corner my boss between desks and ask him if we can talk. The whole office hears. The whole office hears everything. We keep our eyes fixed on computer screens and pretend to be lost in our work. Spreadsheets and hollow numbers never led me to found and I am tired of searching.

I sit across from my boss in the conference room. He clicks his pen. I give him my two weeks' notice.

"I'm confused," he says. He leans back in his chair. "You're a hard worker. With time, you'd be promoted. This is a company you can move up in."

I watch the clock. "I'm sorry. I am," I tell him.

"Oh, replacing you won't be a problem. I'm just concerned for you. Do you have another job lined up?"

"Well, not exactly, but—"

He shakes his head, "The economy is tricky to navigate these days. Unemployment is on the rise." He stacks a pile papers that are already straight. "I'm worried for you," he says.

"I appreciate your concern, sir."

He takes an exaggerated breath. "Very well," he says.

I stand. "Thank you for understanding."

"Best of luck." He turns away from me. I walk out.

I grew up in a one-bedroom apartment with my mother and brother. Mama came home every night after dark with bags under her eyes and fingers that ached.

One time, Louie left me home alone. I must have been six or seven years old. Louie checked his appearance in the cracked mirror. He was nine years older than me. "I gotta go," he said. "Mama should be home soon."

I sat alone with dust and cobwebs. I was crying when Mama jiggled open the finicky door. "Hush, child. I know it's late," she said, "but I'm here now. I'm here."

She picked me up and hugged me close. "Let's get you washed up, why don't we." She started the bath and she sang. She scrubbed me up and she kept on singing. Then she tucked me into bed. The linens needed to be washed. I snuggled my body close to hers. "Mmm, girl," she said, "You smell goood. Like lavender and bubbles." By the time I opened my mouth to reply, Mama was asleep.

She never had time for much. She worked at a diner in the mornings and a factory in the evenings. She left food for us when she wasn't home. She had her jobs and she had her kids and she had one friend that came over for dinner on Sundays. After dinner they'd have "adult conversation." I would crack open the bedroom door, lay on my stomach, and listen to the grownups talk as if they were movie stars on the television we never had.

One time, they laughed so hard that my mama fell out of her chair. And then they laughed harder.

"I mean, shoot," my mama said, "he says," she clutched at her stomach, "he says, "You ain't a slave! You get paid!" They howled. Then they wiped the tears off their faces and let silence settle with the dust. My mama reached for a napkin and scrubbed at a stain on the table that never seemed to come off.

"Norma?" her friend asked.

"Yes, child?"

"We doin' a good thing, ya hear?"

My mama nodded her head like she did in church. "I know it," she said.

Her friend sighed. Mama stood and turned on the radio. Jazz wiped away the silence. She closed her eyes and hummed. She rocked back and forth, tapping her foot, nodding her head. "We doin' more than puttin' food on the table," Mama said. "We servin' our kids a future. The platter ain't silver, but we manage." She rocked, back and forth. "We manage."

Her friend leaned back in her chair. "Sometimes," she said, "I thinka what I would do if I were born with opportunity. I think I'd want to be one a' those university boys. Get myself a degree. History. I'd wanna study history. Awful

fascinating," she said. "Maybe I could rewrite it." Mama's eyes were still closed. Her friend continued. "I'd have to have a hobby, too. A sport," she said, "Like... like horseback riding. Might feel like flying."

"There are no horses in the city," Mama said.

"Well, I'd have a second home. In the country. I'd leave the city on the weekends to fly with horses when the history got too heavy." Her friend smiled. "Wouldn't have to worry about a thing. Not really. Ever thinka that?" she asked.

"No," Mama snapped her eyes open and shook her head as if dusting off cobwebs. She walked to the refrigerator and took out the milk. "I think about how I can live this life the best I can as who I am," she said. "I think about the power I do have, not the power I don't. I got the power over my own thoughts, firstly. I got the power to work. I got the power to love my children." She pulled two mugs out of the cabinet. "Want some coffee?" she asked. "I got some coffee and the power to share it."

I call my mama to tell her I quit my job. She starts talking before I do.

"You remember that old friend of mine?" she asks, "I'd have her over for dinner sometimes. She was another single mother. Worked with me in the factory. Anyway, we got to talkin' yesterday for the first time in three years. She asked about you. I told her about how you're doin' so good for yourself. How you got yourself a car now, and a good, well payin' job. How you moved to the suburbs. Now you're just lookin' for a husband," Mama laughs. "I told her ain't a single man good enough for my baby girl." I let Mama keep talking. When my doorbell rings, I have an excuse to hang up.

I'd ordered Chinese. I don't open the boxes. My stomach is cluttered with cobwebs. I go to bed early. I toss from my left to right side. I think

through telling Mama I quit my job. I rehearse scenarios in my head. I turn to my stomach. Louie always told me I wouldn't have bad dreams if I slept on my stomach. I fall asleep in an instant.

In the morning I have my coffee with the newspaper and a legal pad. At the top of a fresh page I write "DREAMS," then cross it out and write "FUTURE." I look through the jobs pages, but don't find much worth circling. Where the job descriptions end, the obituaries begin. I read one. A white boy. Twenty-two years old. Graduated from Columbia, summa cum laude. Interning for a marketing firm. Unpaid, probably, but he had "such a bright future ahead of him." He fell off the Brooklyn Bridge. Left "two loving parents and a sister behind."

My stomach feels empty, but the thought of food makes me sick. I stare at the black and white photograph. I grab my sharpie. I circle the date, time, and address. I go to my closet and try on the black dress I haven't touched since Louie's funeral.

I sit at the back of the church. We all stand when the family walks down the aisle. A wail jumps from the mother's mouth, though she tries to keep it caged. The father wraps his left arm around the mother. His right hand clutches a handkerchief to his nose. The sister walks with a straight back. She looks at each face they pass. Her eyes hit mine. They gleam with still, dew drop tears. She looks away.

Grief walks with the family. Through it, they reach for each other. Except the girl. She shrugs away. She wants time with Grief alone. She has questions she needs to ask it.

There's a reception after the funeral. I don't want to trespass, but I'm not ready to go home. I pace through the garden in front of the church. I stand in front of the statue of a saint and wonder what it means to be that good.

I turn and see the sister. She is sitting on a bench and looking straight ahead.

"Mind if I sit here?" I ask her.

"Have at it," she says. Her voice is empty.

"Your brother?" I ask the obvious. She nods.

"Did you know him?" she asks.

I say, "Not very well."

We sit still. A spider crawls over my knee. I don't flick it off. The girl pokes the silence. "People don't just fall off the Brooklyn Bridge," she says.

I watch the spider crawl across the bench, but feel it in my throat.

"They jump," she says.

The spider stops. "My parents refuse to acknowledge it," the girl continues. She lets out a breath and a hollow laugh. "My parents mean well, they do. They just... well," she rubs her palms back and forth on her skirt. "They pushed Dave," she says. "They pushed him hard, you know. Private school his whole life. His first day of high school, they said 'Make us proud.' After high school was Ivy League. If he wanted to go to college, he had to prove himself. He doctored his life to fit a résumé. He thought college meant freedom. God." She looks at her hands. Then she starts watching the spider too. It crawls toward the tiny tree in front of us.

"He wanted to major in philosophy," the girl says. "My parents told him they wouldn't pay for that. So he studied business." The spider climbs the tree. "He didn't come home much." The spider starts spinning a web. "I think... I think my brother may have ended his life because he felt like it wasn't his in the first place. Everyone's saying how tragic his death is because he just graduated and his life was getting started, but I think how tragic," she starts laughing, "how tragic it is that his life hadn't started before." She laughs harder. "I mean, Jesus!" she says. "His life should have started the day he was born!"

Then I laugh, too. We both laugh body-con-vulsing laughter on a sunny day that would be better off cloudy. I imagine the reception happening inside. I think about people eating meatballs on toothpicks and making small talk about tragedy and

about future. I laugh harder. I never thought I'd relate so much to a dead white boy or his laughing sister.

We stop laughing but we don't stop crying. We sit still and let the saltwater surge like the tide of an ocean too big to entirely fathom.

I snag my voice back from the spider. "I'm sorry for your loss," I tell her.

"Me too," she says. A dull ache throbs in my sinuses. "Thanks for listening," she says. "I didn't realize I needed to say that stuff."

"Oh, child," I tell her, "I didn't realize I needed to hear it. But I did. I did."

I reach into my purse and fumble for paper. "When you need to talk," I tell her. "Real talk. With someone unrelated to anything else." I write my phone number. "Call me. I'll probably need to talk, too."

"I will," she says. She looks at me. "I like you," she says.

"I like you too."

She stares ahead again. "Life is strange," she says.

"And heavy."

She rubs her eyes with the palms of her hands. "So fucking heavy," she says. She takes a quick, shaky breath.

I leave the girl so she can talk with Grief. I shake the branch that holds the spider's web. I watch it fall. I walk away. But I know the spider will crawl back up the tree. It will spin a web again. It will catch a mosquito and it will eat it and it will feel full. So full.

When I get home, I pick up the phone. I lay on my stomach and listen to it growl.

I call to ask for my job back.

WHITE HOUSE, RED DOOR

WILLIAM LAWRENCE
THIRD YEAR | ENGLISH

White house, red door
Granite countertops, hardwood floor
Two cars, room for more.

Family table, Crossed chests.
Framed photos, house crest.

Seven ties, shined shoes.
many regrets,
a tasteful noose.



stone

INSPIRATION
THE LITTLE THINGS

GABRIELLE BOLTZ
THIRD YEAR | SOCIOLOGY, ENGLISH,
WOMEN'S AND GENDER STUDIES

TRANSITION

ANDREW HARBACH
FOURTH YEAR | CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

INSPIRATION
PROCESSING

I let you walk ahead—
Because you go before me.
Because watching you is a scotch glass filled with life -
that must be taken in slowly.

You freeze time in your stride—Step—Beating heart—Step.
I see
my
breath.

Concentrated lips, pursed, press frames to your eyes by way
of introspection.
Tiny me finds mighty matter in seeing sequela of your thoughts
in action.

The breath of land takes your hair its passenger.
It tries to pull you away from me—But the backdrop of a
beach we have never been to, etches you in its foreground.
You are too spirited to be Earthed on what is real.
There is now nothing more that exists than this:

Your feet are sand.
They slip between finger-gaps.
You taxi earth to dawning Fall and sing leaves to fly their nests—
Birds of autumn, they are, settling their stirring on your pathways:
Perching scents of October on your shoulder. Leaving pieces of
themselves in the hood of a borrowed sweatshirt.

IN SOME DISTANT ARCADE, A CLOCK TOWER CALLS OUT SIX TIMES AND THEN STOPS

THE YOUNG MAN SLUMPS AT HIS DESK. A MAN SITS ALONE IN A CAVE.

He has come to the office at dawn, after another upheaval. His hair is long.

His hair is uncombed and his trousers are too big. His beard reaches his knees.

In his hands he holds twenty crumpled pages, his new theory of time, which he will mail today

to the German journal of physics. He holds his chin in the cup of his hands.

Tiny sounds from the city drift through the room. He is listening to something.

A milk bottle clinks on a stone. Voices. Endless voices.

An awning is cranked in a shop on Marktgasse. They rise from a pool in the corner of the cave.

A vegetable cart moves slowly through a street. They are the voices of the people on Earth.

A man and a woman talk in hushed tones in an apartment nearby. They want one thing only.

TIMES
TIMES
TIMES

TIME

DIGITAL POSTER
PRINTED

A MAN IS ALONE

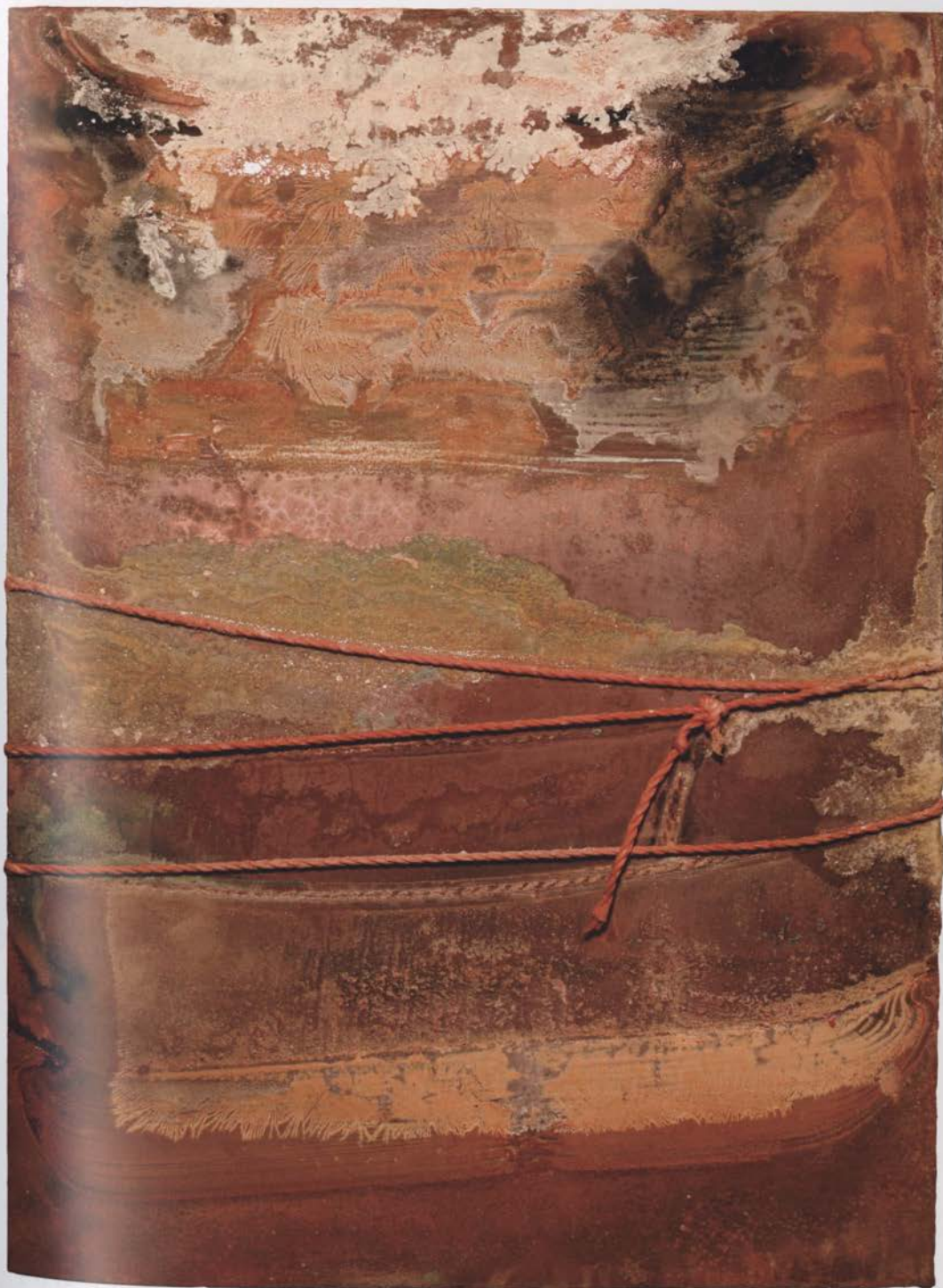
KAYLEE SCHNEIDER
FOURTH YEAR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

INSPIRATION
SURROUNDINGS

TONICITY

MONICA ROURKE
FOURTH YEAR | FINE ARTS

INSPIRATION
WITHIN/WITHOUT



MEET THE PARENTS

JOEY FERBER
FOURTH YEAR | ENGLISH

stalled again
one
well on the way
to marriage
the other
my mother
waiting
for someone
to feel
like family
once did



SHE LOCKED ME OUT

GRACE WOLFORD

FIFTH YEAR | VISUAL COMMUNICATION DESIGN

MEDIUM FORMAT
FILM, INKJET PRINT



MISSION OF MARY NO.1

FLANNERY COHILL
FOURTH YEAR | PHOTOGRAPHY

INSPIRATION
SENTIMENT

HINDSIGHT

WILLIAM LAWRENCE

THIRD YEAR | ENGLISH

Hindsight:

When the

Rushing River

Lies completely placid, and allows for a moment of perfect reflection.

KAMI IN A TIN CAN

VIKTOR FREIMANN

SECOND YEAR | INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

Stashed away in the deep recesses of an olive-drab duffel bag hides a small green tin. It once contained five Brazilian Cariocas, but those were long since smoked during lonely nights in remote mountain ranges. Now it is a nomadic shrine, filled with the Kami, which embody seemingly ordinary trinkets, souvenirs, and junk.

On long solitary nights, I take the tin from its hiding place, gingerly remove its occupants and listen to the stories they have to tell. Some boast boldly of daring deeds done in vain. Others exclaim the virtues of friendship and loyalty. But most of all, the spirits of this ancient land bemoan the suffering and loss inherent in life.

A two Euro coin featuring the visage of Dante Alighieri peers plaintively out of the bottom right corner of the tin. It was tendered as change for a Bavarian Dunkel served in the infamous Hofbräuhaus in Munich. A pit-stop on the way to war. Sitting where Hitler once orated about the

evil Communists and the Jews, I drank my beer and listened to drunken soldiers rant about the evil Muslims we were on our way to kill. The irony was lost on them.

A five Rupee pouch of Ganesh 701 Khaini chewing tobacco lies folded and torn in the center. Its chemical stink permeates the foil. The product of an exchange between comrades, on another remote mountain range: a can of American Copenhagen for a pouch of Indian Ganesh. Its original owner was a friend, and a devout Muslim. Tobacco was the only vice he allowed himself, unlike most soldiers. He was a hopeless optimist, and invited me to return after the war ends. He had fought the Soviets, then the warlords, and now the Taliban and Haqqani, yet still believes that this war will finally bring peace back to his land.

A twisted, oxidized hunk of shrapnel squats inertly underneath the tobacco. Its serrated edges have lost their sinister luster. Its heat has

dissipated. It was once part of a bus, or perhaps one of the buildings next to it when it detonated. Retrieved from a wall I had been standing in front of, it is a gift from my former adversaries. They'd sacrificed their lives to deliver it, and thousands of others like it, to us.

A thin, jagged, roughly triangular slab of slate, crisscrossed with thin trenches and weathered by unimaginable eons, rests against the shrapnel. The land of the Afghans is comprised exclusively of this type of rock, and of a fine, powdery dust from which one will never be truly clean. Every step crunches and slides as the rocks shift underneath, as they did beneath the feet of Soviets before us, and of Alexander's men before them. Constantly shifting, yet perpetually unyielding. Those rocks will remain there long after the last living creature on earth breathes its last breath.

A cheaply-made plastic bracelet lies beside it, longing to dazzle once again in the sunlight. It is strung with beads of twisted, translucent green rectangles, canary yellow cylinders and silver polygons. A treasured gift from an innocent little girl, who had not yet understand why we'd been in her house: for her father, and for her uncles. All she saw were new friends with which to share her toys.

A copper-jacketed 7.62x39 mm bullet, removed from its cartridge, loiters impotently at the bottom of the tin. Manufactured to pierce flesh at 2350 feet per second, it would create a large temporary cavity as it passed through the body, imparting sufficient energy to the surrounding areas to cause organ failure and death. But this round was never fired. Instead, it was retrieved from the chamber of an AK-47 that belonged to a fallen adversary. Apparently, owning the round meant for you would make you invulnerable in battle.

A heartfelt letter, laminated against the elements, fills the remainder of the tin and prevents the contents from rattling. It was once carried inside the main pouch of a plate carrier. Extra armor against the things which render Kevlar and ceramic plates defenseless. It ends with a quote by Tecumseh: "When your time comes to die," it says, "be not like those whose hearts are filled with fear of death, so that when their time comes they weep and pray for a little more time to live their lives over again in a different way. Sing your death song, and die like a hero going home."

LEMON + FUZZ

MADISSON BARON-GALBAVI
THIRD YEAR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

INSPIRATION
MORNING COFFEE
& LATE NIGHT PIZZA



DEAR MOM

ALLIE O'BRIEN
THIRD YEAR | SOCIOLOGY

it's eleven thirty-six and I still haven't looked at
my phone; you called me at ten-oh-five
please forgive me, the woodchips digging into my
back must have slithered their way
into my ears.

you worried the first time I was here, I remember,
spread out in the dirt—
my sweaty first-grade fingers couldn't grip the
monkey bars anymore
so I clutched my arm and I cried
“something must be broken.”

tonight nothing breaks, but the hearts of our
mothers tear a bit at the edges
while ours, wide open.
you've called me again, I know,
and I've ignored you again, I'm sorry.

I can see you in the kitchen, pouring over a copy
of O Magazine, sipping a diet Coke, wondering
what the hell your band geek daughter could have
gotten herself into
at this time of night.
the third call comes at 12-oh-five but
please forgive her, the fingernails digging into her
back have become words that slither their way into
her ears letting the sun slowly set on her first-grade
fears, reminding her that now
“nothing is broken.”



MISSION OF MARY NO.2

FLANNERY COHILL
FOURTH YEAR | PHOTOGRAPHY

THEY NEVER SHOWED FOR THE RAPTURE

PORTER LYONS

FOURTH YEAR | INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

Gray clouds retract,
curtain-like,
rose red and steady Sun rises from below.
Takes her place
on the rain-pattered stage;
final sermon to the masses.

Ground's split open,
veined like tired eyes,
blackened blood that runs deeper than she sees.
Wells up in oily tears and
colors everything they did.

Earth's languid beats harbored their
absent, feeble minds;
with distorted avarice their reign ended early.

Sun draws back now, and
the clouds drop.
"They're gone, they're gone!"
she cries aloud,
the skies applaud in thunderous accord,
and mortality's cumbersome song gives way.

Spiteful retreat to take her rightful place,
Forgotten, not made
to live past a blink;
in their tyranny she arrived
too late.
They never showed for the rapture.



GLOWING DECAY

MAURA PARKER
FIRST YEAR | PHOTOGRAPHY

DIGITAL POSTER
PRINTED

DISSOCIATED KNOWLEDGE

BENJAMIN WOODRUFF
FOURTH YEAR | GRAPHIC DESIGN

INSPIRATION
PHYSICAL WORLD
& SOCIAL STATES

Ten minutes past six, by the invisible clock on the wall. Minute by minute, new objects gain form. Here, a brass watchmaker's spoon. There, a calendar on the wall. Here, a family photograph, a box of paper clips, an inkwell, a pen. There, a typewriter, a jacket laid out 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 to minimize friction. Another proposes an electrical transformer that checks constant voltage when the power supply waxes. Another describes a typewriter with a low-velocity typebar that eliminates noise. It is a room full of practical ideas. In the long, narrow office on the corner, the young patent clerk still sprawls in his chair, head down on his desk. For the past several months, since the middle of April, he has dreamed many dreams about time. His dreams have taken hold of his research. His dreams have worn him out, exhausted him so that he sometimes cannot tell whether he is awake or asleep. But the dreaming is finished. Out of many possible minutes of time, imagined in as many nights, one seems compelling. Not that the others are impossible. The others might exist in other worlds. In the dim light that seeps through the open door, the desk appears orderly and soft, like late afternoon sunlight. 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, then arriving in two hours, each clerk will know precisely where to begin. But at this moment, in the dim light, the documents on the desks are more visible than the clock in the corner or the shadowy shapes of the desks and the hunched form of the young man. The young man shifts in his chair, waiting for the typist to come, and softly hums from Beethoven's moonlight sonata. They come from that city light through the noise. A milk bottle clinks on a stool. 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 new by two towers embracing on the Nydegg Bridge, gaze wistfully into the river below. A man sits on his balcony on Schindli's terrace, the pink sky. A woman who cannot sleep walks slowly down Krampgasse peering into each dark window, reading the posters on half light. On the roof, the tops of the Alps start to glow from the sun. It is late June. A boatman on the Aare unties his raft and pushes off, letting the current take him along the strasse to a distant place. Where he will deliver his summer apples and berries. The baker arrives at his store on Marktgasse, from the sweet oven, beginning to rise and yeast.

In some distant arcade, a clock tower calls out six times and then stops. The young man jumps at his desk. He has come to the end of the dream, another one up. His hair is uncombed and his trousers are too big. In his hand he holds twenty crumpled papers, the story of time, which he will mail today.

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate its contents. We live on a plane of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it is not meant that we should see far. The sciences, each groping in its own direction, have not yet harmed us little.

dissoctat
knowledge will open up
terrifying vistas of reality
of our frightful position
that we shall accept
the deadly revelation of

MIRROR MIRROR

KATIE LIVICK

THIRD YEAR | POLITICAL SCIENCE

I'm staring at my face in a little round mirror.

My eyes are a little round,

nose a little long,

pink mouth a little small.

My face is a heart,

narrow jaw,

large forehead.

Eyebrows are arched and dark for my hair.

Dull blue eyes with dark rings around the iris

turn as my neck swivels to see the contours

of high cheekbones,

blushed cheeks.

Discolored circles sink into the hollows
under my eyes, skin a little bumpy.
A small beauty mark on my chin,
guiding to a long neck.

My hand crawls up, touching my skin,
softer than I thought.
Pulling at my jaw, widening my mouth.
There, I say in my head.
Raising my eyebrows to shorten my forehead,
there, I say in my head.
I grab a brush, douse it in make-up
wipe it on the bruised hollows under my eyes.
There, I say in my head.
Cover my skin in powder, hiding the bumps,
there, I say in my head.

I'm staring at a face in a little round mirror.
Covered and morphed with paint,
powder,
pulling hands.



HAY HORSIE

TAYLOR ORR
SECOND YEAR | FINE ARTS

INSPIRATION
NATURE/FOUND
OBJECTS OUTDOORS

BURN ME AT THE STAKE

 AMANDA DEE

FOURTH YEAR | ENGLISH & JOURNALISM

I'm burnt at the stake
 til my hair
 pieces to ashes,
 joining piles of Friends
 "Hello, how are ya?"
 "Just fine, thanks."
 and the motes are/n't green, red, or black
 humans come in all colors!
 all sizes!
 so do stakes!
 "How much for this one, sir?"
 "Only five."
 "Great, thanks!"
 I look past the licks
 my shoe's untied
 not now
 now I'm fettered to the ground
 "You, m'am. Yes, you. Right there. Can you give me a hand?"
 This gag hurts my mouth
 sore from howling
 sore from telling
 forgetful humans
 always confusing lore:
 fire doesn't harm me
 come closer
 stab my skull

DESCRIBES HERSELF AS

HUMAN?

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