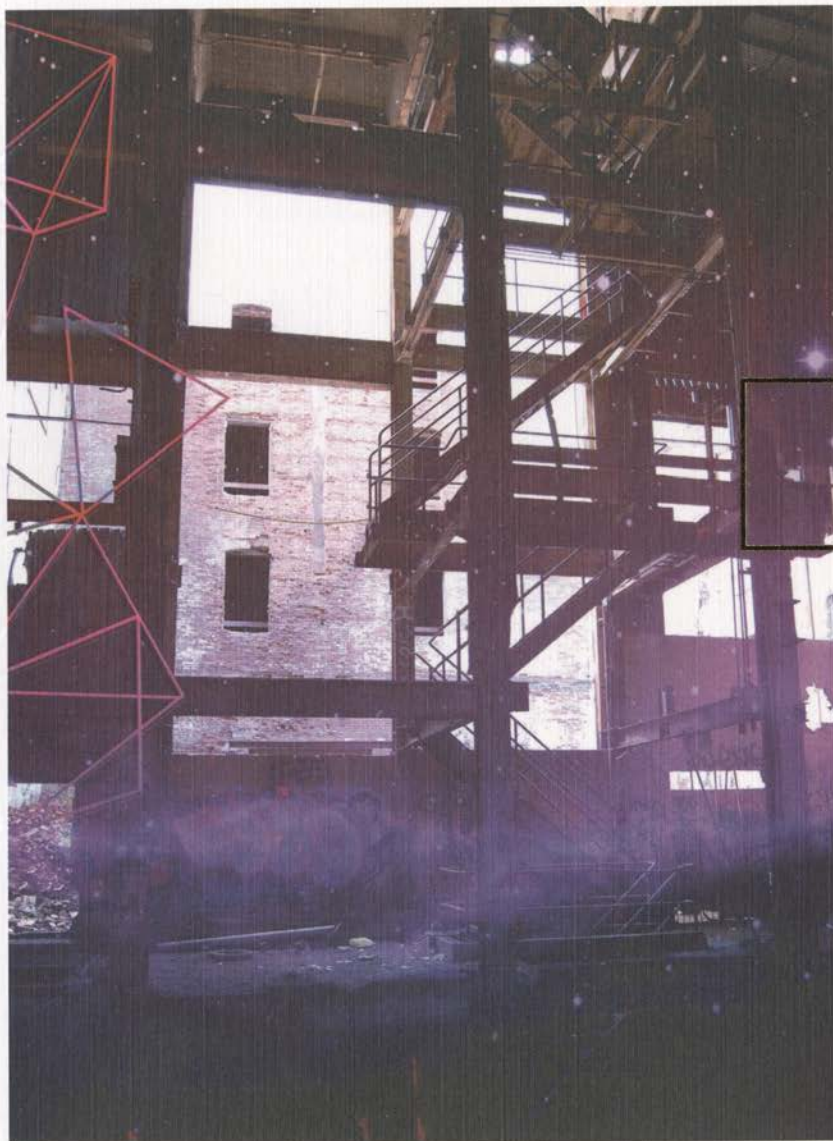


ORPHEUS

art & literary magazine
volume 112 // number 2



fall
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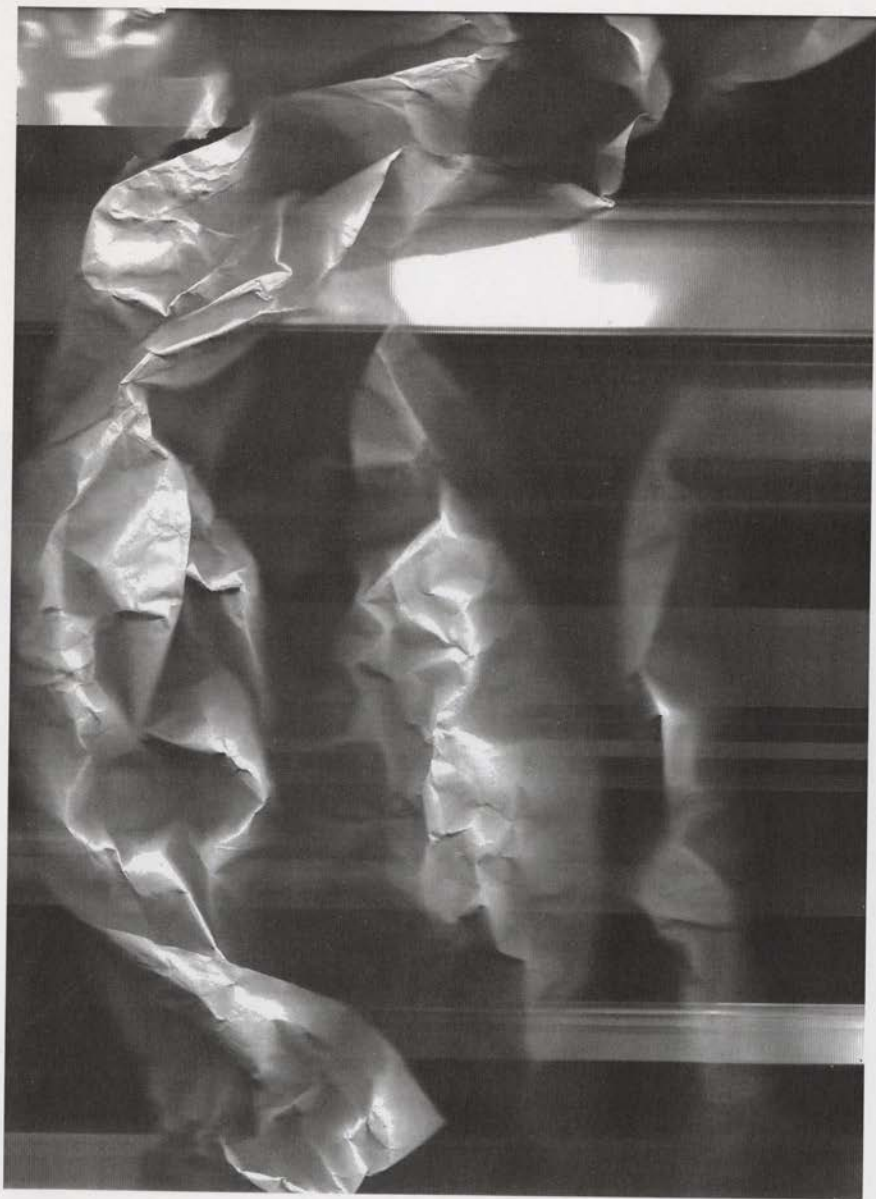
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THE ORPHEUS ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

is the University of Dayton's student-written and student produced art and literary magazine, published twice a year. Inspired by the light and dark places of contrast in the world around us, we selected this publication's theme of Light & Dark. Works may be reprinted or reproduced only with the permission of the author/artist. We accept poetry, short stories, photography, fine art, and design. Check out Orpheus — UD's Art and Literary Magazine on Facebook for updates and more.



maxwell feldmann

HEAP, PART TWO

FOURTH YEAR, FINE ARTS
MIXED MEDIA

favorite fortune?

I HAVE A DREAM. TIME TO GO TO SLEEP.

Amanda Dee

DICHOTOMY

THIRD YEAR, ENGLISH & JOURNALISM
POETRY

*excuse the allusions I use to explain my confusion
(it's simpler than admitting my tangibility)*

I,
in the interim
I become like a rainbow
iridesco
(I've abstracted myself to a spectrum of light)
my iridescence
an obvious glint, yet unseen
by your bones, your circumambient lip skin
lip skin that withers and chaps —
bodily evidence corpora —
while I'm reduced to illusion
but I can't kiss with illusory lips
(I can't exist)

II.
in the interim
I become a slave
(I've diminished myself to a power archetype)
covered in mud on the ground
rolling in the feces of power roles recycled
throwing useless punches toward a perceived "something"
it's as real as chapped lipped corpora,
yet unjust
this shriveling, crunchy skin feeling
like fried meat, dead and fatty, turning on the shining
roisserie shank
(surviving)

*supernatural sub-being
(I don't know what it feels to feel human)*

favorite quote?

YOU CANNOT USE SOMEONE ELSE'S FIRE.
YOU CAN ONLY USE YOUR OWN.

mackenzie barron

ONE

FOURTH YEAR, COMMUNICATION

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



favorite quote?

BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF. YOU ARE A CHILD
OF THE UNIVERSE, NO LESS THAN THE TREES AND
THE STARS; YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE HERE.

scott shine

CHICKEN AND WAFFLES

THIRD YEAR, ENGLISH
POETRY

As a child I used to hit
Restaurants with Becky
And we'd always order a bird,
A quarter, dark meat.
Now I'm grown and I try
To tell people I'm Cherokee,
A quarter, dark meat,
And every time they laugh in my face.

But white men are always talking about
Oppression, even though they ain't
Seen none, and my white professors,
They try to tell me all the good they're doing.

So they teach Alexie and Du Bois and Angelou,
Even though they ain't never seen
No reservation, no ghetto.
They try to tell me how the world's a'changing.

And Zimmerman murders Trayvon
But it's okay because he's Hispanic,
Hispanic, and mixed men can't be
Racist, can't kill their darker kin.

And my cousin,
Who's half-Columbian with caramel skin
Hates her heritage so much that she believes
She's discriminated against for being white.

And the cops, they never profile
Muslims, because that would be prejudiced,

And the term 'towelhead'
Is so two thousand and one.

But it's all okay,
Because America voted in a black man
As president, and so long as he
Stays black, he's the best damn president
We ever had.

Andrew Jackson is on the twenty dollar bill
But it's all okay,
Because at least we Indians have our
Casinos; we're living the good life.

I write this as one of us,
A quarter, dark meat,
But I've had it pretty good,
Three quarters, white meat.
So I guess I'm supposed to laugh
In my own face.

life lesson?

HUMAN BEINGS ARE INDEED INNATELY GOOD,
BUT THERE CAN BE NO SELECTIVE PROVISION
OF LOVE — THE TRULY RIGHTEOUS MUST
OFFER LOVE TO ALL. GOOD INTENTIONS PAVE
THE STREETS IN BRIMSTONE. LOVE WASHES
CLEAN THE COBBLES.



sarah kane

FRANCES UNGS

FOURTH YEAR, FINE ARTS
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

life lesson?

NEVER FEAR HAVING TO COMPLETELY START OVER.

katriana teoh

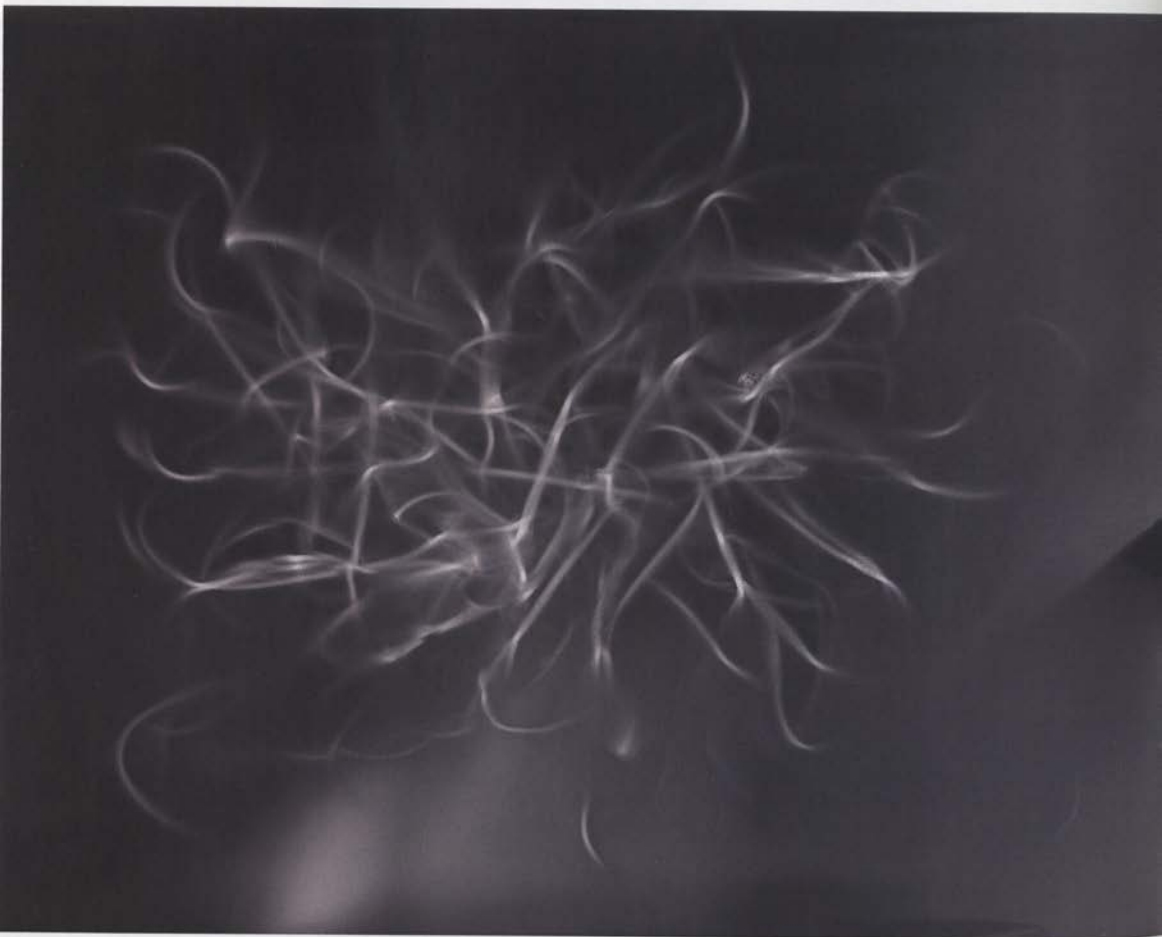
SYNAPSE

SECOND YEAR, PHOTOGRAPHY
ALTERNATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY

favorite quote?

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.

THE WORD ITSELF SAYS I'M POSSIBLE!



lauren clare

CHANDELIER

SECOND YEAR, ENGLISH
POETRY

I'm the sparkly chandelier
Swinging above the staircase
Shining on the outside
But without purpose
Wondering when the chains will break
Snap, pause, gasp
And when I crash
I'll be nothing more than shards of glass
Covered in blood
All light diminished
Feeling no more
Never to be fixed
Only forgotten
In pieces forevermore

Chance is the only game I can play
And even when I win, it's by no merit of my own.

favorite lyric?

HOPE WHEN YOU TAKE THAT JUMP,
YOU DON'T FEAR THE FALL.

EVERY JOB IS A SELF-PORTRAIT OF
THE PERSON WHO DID IT. AUTOGRAPH
YOUR WORK WITH EXCELLENCE.

annette packard

THE COLOR OF CRAZY

FOURTH YEAR, ENGLISH
FICTION

I am not a nice person. Nor do I aspire to ever become one. Life has left me jaded, angry and severely depressed, which is why I am sitting on a couch in the psych ward of a hospital and enjoying my reputation as a difficult patient. Sitting next to me is Lou, a habitually-inclined flasher, who is trying to cheer me up. As long as he doesn't tell me he has something to show me I'm fine with him sitting next to me and staring at me with a twisted grin on his face. I've encountered worse. All the other nuts are playing games, engaging in art expression, or whispering to each other in corners of the room. I am insignificant and unnoticed which is fine by me. I just want to be left alone.

Suddenly, I notice a change in the environment. Walking into the room is a woman with wild hair and eyes meaner than a demon's. There are two orderlies cautiously walking beside her, which indicates to me there is trouble coming. Lou mumbles, "uhh-ohh," and quickly abandons me, preferring safety in numbers with the nuts. This leaves me alone on the couch and I am the first person Crazy settles her gaze on. She frowns and cocks her head at me and then looks around at everyone in the room.

"I see you white people."

The orderlies look at the doctor who's sitting in the corner with a patient. The doctor watches carefully but does nothing. Crazy storms over to me and I stare straight ahead, attempting not to look her in the eyes. She bends down and gets in my face, her hot breath assaulting me. She swings her arm around the room pointing at everybody and then stabs her finger into my chest. I see the orderlies begin to approach and then stop on account of the doctor's shaking her head no. Is this punishment for not cooperating in my recovery? If so, I am now more than ready to ask for help.

"I could use some help over here."

My plea is ignored. Perhaps my determination to be a difficult patient was a bad idea after all.

Crazy stomps her feet on the floor and screams at me, "I'm tired of all these white people in my living room!"

Oh, dear God, not this. I make a quick mental note that in the last ten minutes I have made huge strides in my recovery. I haven't prayed in years, but now I close my eyes hoping that when I open them the Red Sea has been parted and Crazy has been swept away.

Nope. No miracle. She's staring straight at me, nostrils flaring and waiting for me to somehow solve the problem of the room color. Why me? I'm not a nice person and anger is my defining characteristic. The only thing worse than an angry woman encountering another angry woman is an angry white woman crossing paths, or shall I say, battlefields, with an angry black woman. I'm tired of hearing this shit so I rise to the occasion, standing tall in Crazy's face.

"Really?" I mutter, my courage growing as my anger rises. I stick my finger into her chest. "Then maybe you should find another living room."

"You a racist, Cracker?"

"I'm not a Cracker, I'm Italian. Mediterranean. A descendant of the Romans." Don't know why I said that, except as an attempt to be a smart-ass. This usually gets me nowhere but into more trouble.

"So you is a racist!" she says, "Romans had slaves! And, YOU-IS-A-CRACKER!"

Yep, more trouble. I should have just stopped at Mediterranean. But still I find myself continuing. "If anyone is a racist, it's you. I'm not the one calling people derogatory names. I could, but I'm not allowed to BECAUSE I'M WHITE!"

Crazy's eyes are still on fire. Finally, the doctor approaches.

"Macy, this is Laura. Laura has lost a son, just like you. Maybe the two of you could help each other."

Crazy doesn't relent. "Maybe," she is still stressing her damn words and it is getting on my nerves, "her rich, uppity, Whitey of a son deserved to die."

"You bitch!" I scream. The orderlies approach me like I'm the crazy one that needs restraining, but I continue anyway. "I have a feeling your son deserved to die more than my son did. Your welfare, gang member-drug dealer son!" I don't know any of this. I just assumed the stereotype.

The room erupts into muffles of disbelief at my words and looks of horror directed at me as though I am the mad demon in the room. Even Lou looks at me with disgust.

"What? You are all appalled at what I said?" I slap my hand over my heart and then point at Crazy. "What I said! What about what she said before I said what I said?"

I am met with blank stares. Even the doctor. What the hell? I didn't start this shit, but I am sure as hell going to finish it.

My gaze returns to Crazy who looks satisfied that I have justified her hatred. She is looking down at her nails, rubbing the tips of her fingers together and mumbling under her breath, "Mmmhmm."

I'm angry that I gave her exactly what she wanted. "You're the racist! You hate white people. I hate people period. I don't discriminate. I'm tired of your people blaming my people for everything. It's insane."

I pause and take a deep breath, desperate for her to stop ignoring me. I want her to hear me. I want them all to hear me. I look desperately back at the nuts but they are hugging each other and looking down at the floor. I can feel their fear of me. It hurts. Lou lifts his head up, and I see both shame and sympathy in his eyes.

"My son did not deserve to die!" I pound my fist on the table beside her. "He was good. He had a beautiful heart. He loved people. Black or white. He would have loved you, especially for getting a rise out of me."

I take a moment to feel the full impact of the irony, allowing a sarcastic laugh to escape from my constricted throat. "It should have been me. I am not a nice person." For me this satisfies the etiquette that demands I offer up an apology.

I see the doctor smiling at me. She got me to finally open up and talk about what I was holding back. Alone, inside myself. Or, rather Crazy did. Crazy got to me.

I plop down onto the couch. "Life sucks, okay? For me, for you — it sucks." A dam of pent up emotion comes pouring out of my soul and floods my throat. I cover my face with one of my hands and close my eyes, trying to quell the torrent and stifle the sobs. I truly don't give a shit anymore. Add racist to the rest of the identifying characteristics of the mean and awful person I am.

I am lost in a sea of misunderstanding and loneliness. As I begin to drift further away from the others, I feel a hand pulling me back. There is only one person near me. I open my eyes and see Crazy's hand on mine. While she's not looking directly at me, I can see that her face is wet. I feel something I haven't felt in a long time: a feeling of empathy moving in my heart and connection with another human being.

"I'm sorry, Macy. I should have never said what I did to you. It was wrong and mean. I know nothing about who your son was, and he didn't deserve to die any more than my son did. It hurts like hell, and I want to blame God, the world, or whoever happens to pass me by on the street. It's just a bad deal at a crap table. I wish it were as easy as telling death to deal again, but death doesn't listen. It just takes what it wants, regardless."

She turns her face to me and our eyes meet. I'll be damned if I don't see compassion in the ashes of those once burning eyes. Or, at the very least a realization that we are connected simply because we are human. I put my other hand on top of hers and squeeze.

She looks down at our hands — white over black, black over white, and I'm certain we both feel the power and see the beauty in the image.

"You want to play Checkers?" she asks.

I wipe my eyes and look at the checkerboard on the table. "Sure," I sniffle. "What color do you want me to be?"

"Black. I want you to be black."

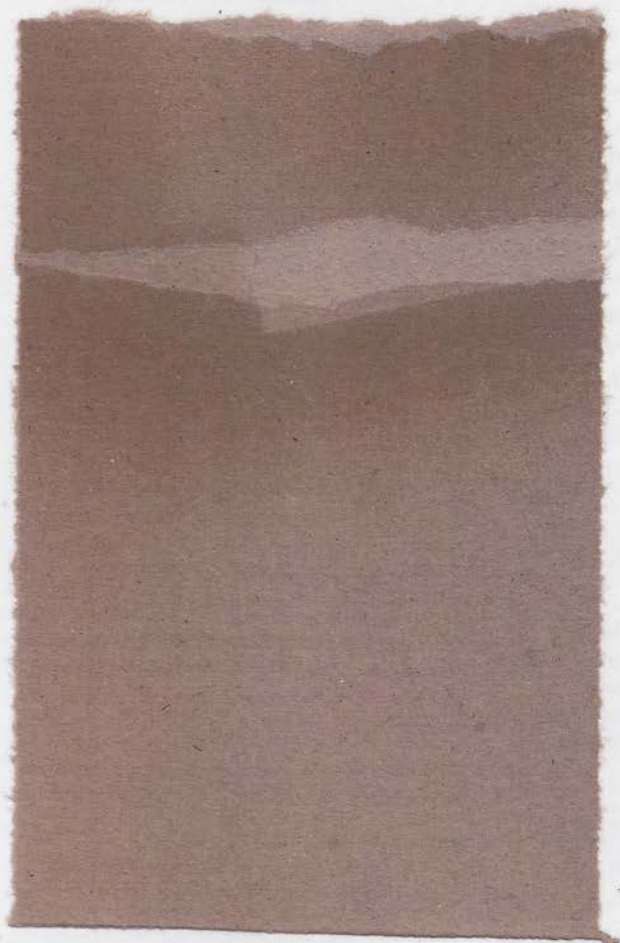
I look over at the art expression table and see all the nuts looking back at me. I realize they aren't nuts, they are people. Like me. Like Macy. All of us with our own individual pain and trauma and all of us looking for understanding, compassion and, most of all, connection.

I smile and nod, "Okay, Macy, I'll be black."

mary miller
WHITE LACE

THIRD YEAR, GRAPHIC DESIGN
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

favorite fortune?
WELCOME CHANGE.

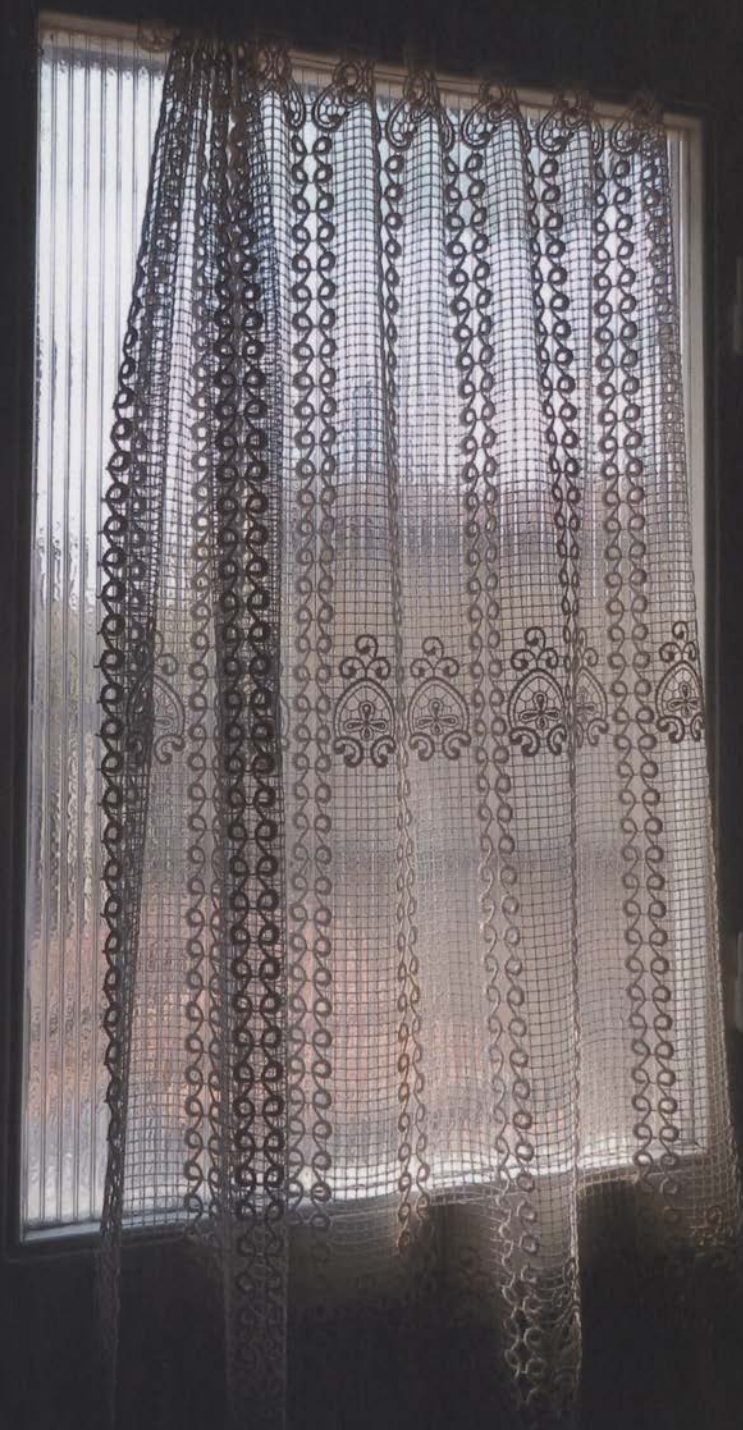


maxwell feldmann
UNTITLED

FOURTH YEAR, FINE ARTS
MIXED MEDIA

favorite quote?

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN. NAKED PEOPLE
HAVE LITTLE TO NO INFLUENCE IN SOCIETY.



andrew harbach

NEW AGED

THIRD YEAR, CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
POETRY

I consider a literary bomb subjected to domesticated publication where with its scuds of background bass, I'm paced to how fast I am allowed to live. I want to rule with sound waves as scepters running towards naked hills, unclothed and unashamed. I can make your body fold. I can show you what I see in the mirror before making my way to the shower, but of what pride?

Hypnotically following the compass of 'device' — our pockets never used to vibrate, and the sky used to have a meaning beyond our own egos. Privacy makes you peculiar, and conversation makes you creepy. My ears drink in seduction like an unfulfilled heat and what used to be a land for the innocent, has now become a burial site for anxious business.

life advice?

IF YOU ARE TO APPROACH ANYTHING IN LIFE, GO AT IT WITH ALL OF YOU. LIFE IS NOT MEANT TO BE LIVED IN PIECES.



emma stiver

SPARKLERS

FOURTH YEAR, PHOTOGRAPHY
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

favorite lyric?

I'M BLAZING UP THROUGH THE SKY.
I'M WAKING UP, I'M STARTING TO BLOOM.
NO MORE SINGING TO EMPTY ROOMS.

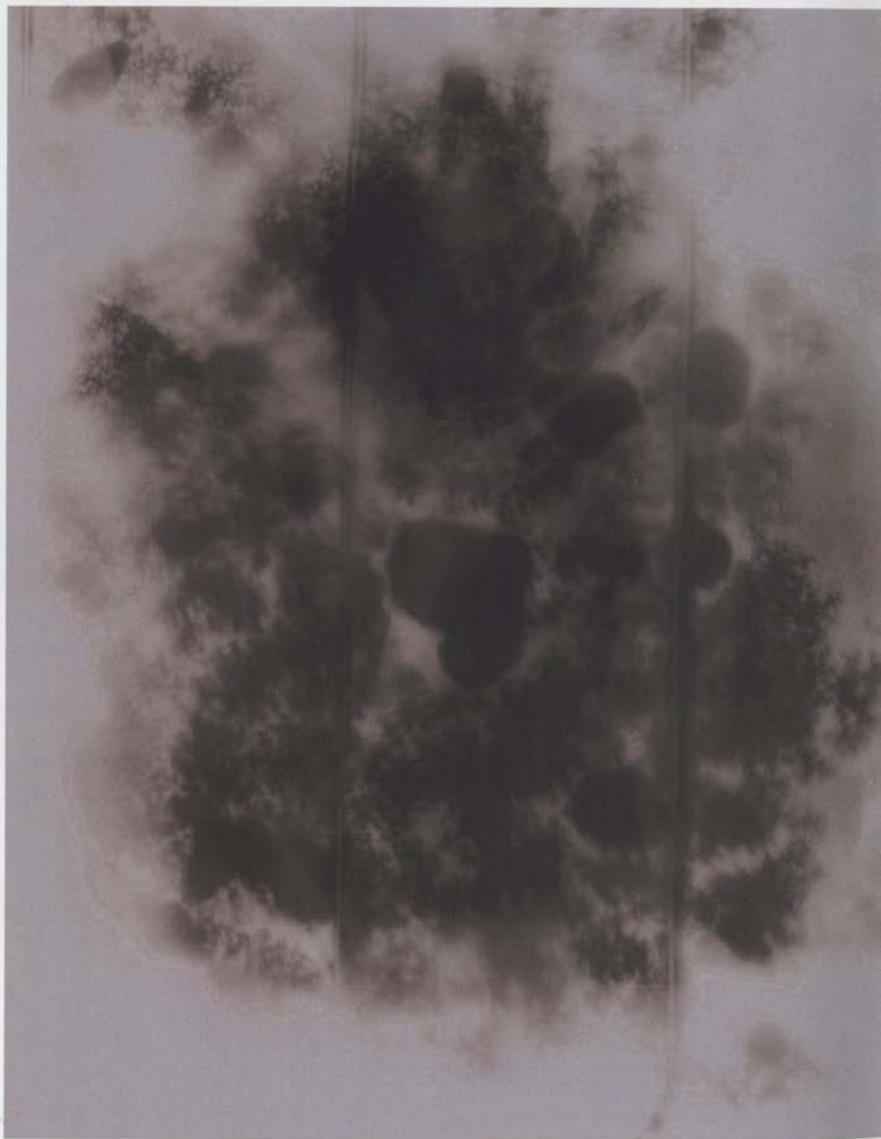
allison vassanelli

SPECIES

favorite quote?

DO YOUR THING AND DON'T
CARE IF THEY LIKE IT.

THIRD YEAR, PHOTOGRAPHY
ALTERNATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY



life advice?

DON'T WRITE PEOPLE OFF
BECAUSE YOU CAN LEARN
FROM ANYONE.

cc hutten

DIAL TONES

FOURTH YEAR, ENGLISH & COMMUNICATION
FICTION

My brother promised he'd get me to shed at least one tear from laughing someday, knowing full that I couldn't even remember the last time I cried.

He died thirteen days ago.

As I sit in my car, which baked in the summer heat while I was in a pointless therapy session, I stare at my phone. He was always the loud one, the handsome one, the funny one. My parents are kind, but painfully reserved. Our family needs him. How could my "therapist" even begin to tell me what stage of the grieving process I'm about to enter? How could a man, who spends his nine-to-five workday mindlessly patting kids on the head, possibly know? I'm not some tragically damaged teenager. I'm a person.

Empty, I click on his contact photo, his stupid laughing face, and hold it to my ear. Each dial tone punches me in the stomach.

"Hey, what's up?"

I always fell for his fake answer, but not today. In the brief silence, I feel heat in my face and an unfamiliar feeling of pressure in my nose and eyes. My hands and lips quiver. My cheeks and fingers become damp. I taste salt. I want to hang up, but hanging up means I have to go home. And going home is not an option.

"Ha! Gotcha. Leave a message, and I might call you back."

The line beeps, and then goes as silent as our house has become.



anne sventy, brigid campbell
jess kleja, maggie ringenbach
HUMAN TRAFFICKING

FOURTH & FIFTH YEAR, GRAPHIC DESIGN
WOOD, PLEXIGLASS, PAPER

favorite quote?

I CAN'T GO BACK TO YESTERDAY BECAUSE
I WAS A DIFFERENT PERSON THEN.

jenna gomes

THE BOSS

FOURTH YEAR, ENGLISH & THEATRE
FICTION

The first time I saw Felix Rocha, he was screaming the lyrics of "Born to Run" with his shirt off and a water bottle of vodka in his hand.

We were both attending the same Bruce Springsteen concert at the infamous North Meadows, deemed "The Meadows" by high school students in the Hartford area. The outdoor venue's spacious grass section served as its general admission area, but was better known to concert goers as the high schoolers' party zone.

Somehow, at twenty-seven years old, I found myself submerged in beer-stained jeans and fake I.D.'s. I blamed my fiancée, Jodi, who told me eight months beforehand that we would be at a wedding the day Bruce Springsteen and the E-Street Band hit the Hartford pavement and wouldn't be able to go. It was only one month before the concert when she revealed that the very happy couple had canceled their wedding. I admit I felt nothing but joy in that moment, immediately dialing The Meadows' number to inquire about any remaining seats. They said they were sorry, but had nothing but general admission left. I bought one ticket at Jodi's insistence she would enjoy a night of Lifetime movies more.

So here I was, alone on the lawn of The Meadows, staring at Felix Rocha. He clearly shared something with me, if only my passion for The Boss, and seeing him get busted for being a stupid kid was something that would screw

with my good memories of the night. If only for my own reasons, I decided to give him a few suggestions.

I wove through the crowds and stepped over a couple passed out girls to get to him. As if he could sense my approach, he turned his head just as I reached him. Instead of questioning my intents, Felix Rocha just pushed his falling glasses back up his nose, threw an arm around my shoulders and screamed along with Bruce, "tramps like us, baby we were born to run!" The comradery of his gesture suddenly launched my arm over his shoulder, and we held onto each other and sang the rest of the song like old, drunk sailors.

As "Born to Run" trailed off, I attempted to scream over the crowd what I thought was the wisest piece of advice this young man had ever heard. "You wanna keep your shirt on, man. If security comes over here to tell you to put it back on, they'll take a look at what's in that water bottle, too."

"Could if I would," Felix Rocha said to me as if we were old friends, "But I gave my shirt to some girl who ripped the shit out of hers on the fence. She had a v-neck down to her belly button."

I had only come over to this kid to make myself feel like I was doing something good when he was literally giving people the shirt off his back. I felt like an asshole. I couldn't manage anything but a polite "I see" and a good-bye nod as I walked away. As I went back to my coveted tiny square of space, I looked back at Felix Rocha without his shirt on, sipping his Poland Spring vodka, and felt something different than the first time. I didn't want to help him to keep myself from feeling guilty anymore, now I wanted to help him because he seemed like a good kid.

So I left my cubic inches of private space and went down to the snack bars. In '99 there was no bracelets system used to mark the underage from the legal at The Meadows, so I had to take out my I.D. to prove I deserved the two six-dollar Miller Lites I requested.

The entire way back through the crowd, I grinned like some dumb broke bastard who found a twenty on the

sidewalk. I stepped over the same two girls who were passed out before, careful to keep the brimming beers from overflowing.

I cleared my throat. While I had erased my smile in an attempt to be casual, Felix Rocha let his bust across his face when he turned to me, as if to say "You're back." I handed him a beer.

"Now put that damn vodka away before you get in trouble."

He obediently shoved it into his pocket. "Dude," he said in disbelief, "Who the fuck are you, Jesus?"

"Doug Lachenmeyer." I corrected him. "And I didn't turn this to Miller Lite from water or anything. It just came like that."

"That doesn't mean you aren't Jesus, Doug Lachenmeyer," he said, holding his cup up to toast mine, "To you, man."

"Naw," I said, nodding towards the starting chords of "Glory Days", "To The Boss."

"Hell yeah!" He shouted, either in response to me or the song. I'd like to think both.

We toasted, not even caring about the spilt foam. "I'm Felix Rocha!" He said into the night sky.

I looked at him, so shirtless and so damn proud, and took mine off too.

Five years later, he was on the desert ground, blood soaking through his uniform. I had my palms pressed against his wounds, a worthless gesture.

"I'm sorry, man," I sobbed, "I'm sorry I ever told you to join, I'm sorry you had to ever meet me."

He strained his eyes open to slits and opened his mouth just small enough to speak.

"I'm not. You bought me a beer."

The last time I saw Felix Rocha, I was humming "Born to Run" with my uniform on and his body in my arms.

life advice?

IN THE BATTLE OF HEART VERSUS HEAD, ALWAYS CHOOSE WHAT YOUR HEART IS TELLING YOU. EVENTUALLY, YOUR HEAD WILL FIGURE THE REST OUT.

erin clayne
A LOOK AT THE PAST

FOURTH YEAR, FINE ARTS
MIXED MEDIA



favorite quote?
SOME PEOPLE CARE TOO MUCH...
I THINK IT'S CALLED LOVE.

lauren clare

I FORGET TO DRINK WATER SOMETIMES

SECOND YEAR, ENGLISH
POETRY

I forget to drink water sometimes
My red lips are cracked and dry
The winter settles her chill inside
Goosebumps resonate
For four long months
My breath rolls from my lips
Like the smoke I used to love
The freezing air is paralyzing
I forgot to drink water
But I can't tell
Except for my lips
Except for my skin
Except for my throat
Maybe I don't need water
Maybe the icy air will keep me from perishing.

favorite quote?

LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS ARE HARDER TO TAKE
WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW ANY SWEAR WORDS.

maxwell feldmann
V, FIRST PERMUTATION

FOURTH YEAR, FINE ARTS
MIXED MEDIA

life lesson?
NEVER GET ON AN EMPTY SUBWAY CAR.





sarah kane

I GOT YOU THE JELLY KIND

FOURTH YEAR, FINE ARTS
MIXED MEDIA

favorite fortune?

YOU WILL BE INVITED TO A KARAOKE PARTY SOON.

scott shine
THE LARK

THIRD YEAR, ENGLISH
POETRY

favorite fortune?
ALL THINGS HAVE AN END.

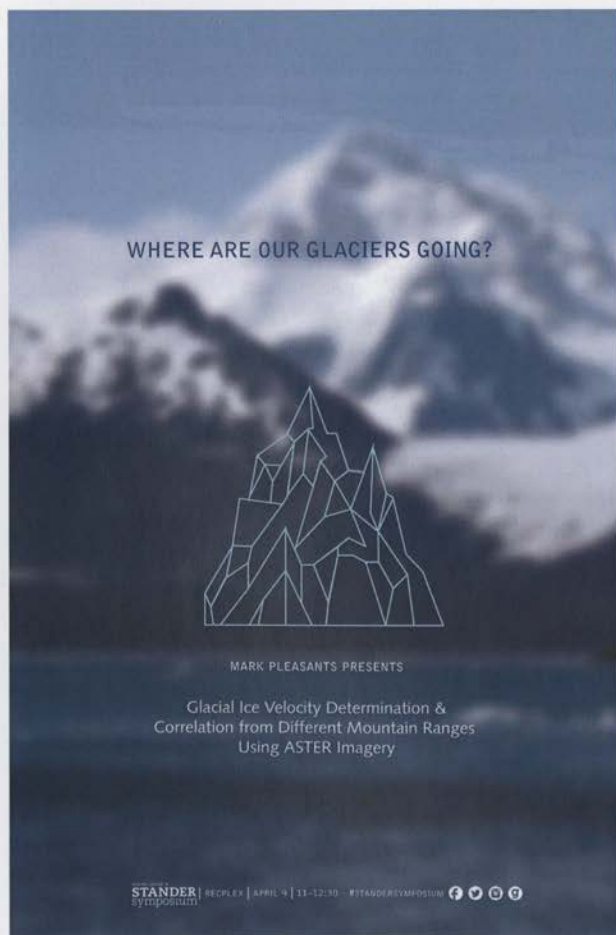
There is too much worship offered for the lark,
She who summons daybreak with but a song,
A sad song; we forget its melancholy,
We search blindly for Nature's calm caress,
Maternity we think hidden beneath mountains of earth
When in truth there is naught to be uncovered.

The dawn is then at once forlorn and hopeful both —
Ah, but this is an impossibility —
Its glory is overshadowed by but a feather
Cast over the sun with the closing of her ugly beak,
Misshapen, yes, but far more grotesque for the tune it exudes,
As she flits away to lands unknown,
All of them equally sad, bound by her song,
Horizons far off where day breaks in absence of light.

This Quill humbly speaks, at God's behest,
To tell the truth behind such a surreptitious beast:
The lark does not so much bring forth the dawn
As it does mourn the closing of the midnight hours.
So travels it the world to perch, darkling,
'Til it feels upon its brow the kiss of sunlight
And then sheds tears o'er its oily coat
Inky black and thick as pitch
Dark as the bottomless pit of Revelation,
A fitting signal end to witching hours.

O, but to hear the song of the wren!
'Tis grace embodied without carnality,
'Tis melody spread without its memory.
'Tis the summons of the dawn,
Rosy-fingered and ripe with hope!

It is so sweet a song to drown the mind in peaceful reverie,
Song freed the harsh insistence of the nightingale, dread hemlock,
Lofty, unbound, freed from blackbird's weighty tune.
Such creatures sing of men, not Gaia,
Save the humble wren, her final servant,
Who cocks her head to blank horizons here,
Bleak futures ahead,
And sings despite herself, despite man's Fall,
To cleanse the world in purifying light.



clarissa bock

WHERE ARE OUR GLACIERS GOING?

FIFTH YEAR, GRAPHIC DESIGN
INSTALLATION, PRINT



favorite quote?

IF WE WERE MEANT TO STAY IN ONE PLACE,
WE'D HAVE ROOTS INSTEAD OF FEET.

anna adami

SUBURBAN LONELINESS

THIRD YEAR, ENGLISH
FICTION

In the winter, after the last dead leaves fall, I can look across the road and see clearly the lighted windows of Mrs. Ravenell's house. As I skim the paper I see Mrs. Ravenell pacing in front of the window, short hair under a wool hat and headphones in her ears. I wonder what she listens to. A pile of unread papers grow like shrubbery on her snow-covered driveway. I can't remember the last time I saw her outside.

On the drive back from the office I usually pass Gregory riding his bike to the Ravenell's. Gregory lives on the opposite side of the neighborhood. He's mentally challenged. His head's always bent over the handle bars, glasses fogged in the cold, and unzipped jacket flapping in the wind. Pulling his bike up to the Ravenell's pine green door, he knocks. Mrs. Ravenell opens the door just long enough to hand him her dog. He takes the German shepherd for a walk, then trades leash for cash as Mrs. Ravenell closes her door to the frigid air of the world once again.

I think about my peculiar neighbors as I microwave leftover enchiladas. Buzzing news anchors keep me company. I sink into the recliner, stretching out with a plate on my stomach: the picture of a thriving young businessman, I'm sure. Condensed water lines the edge of my plate. This bothers me. "One casualty and three serious injuries," a plastic voice weasels out of the television. How comforting.

I reach to grab my drink from the side table, but my plate topples in the process. Beans, rice, and queso con carne seep into the carpet. "You've got to be kidding me." I kick the recliner down and go in search for a towel. I open and slam drawers. As I do so, I look out the window and see a German shepherd bounding down the road, leash trailing behind it. Next I see the flash of a khaki jacket: Gregory sprinting after the dog. When Gregory reaches the edge of my window frame, he trips.

"Oh, shit," I mutter.

I run outside and the cold cuts straight to my bone. I pull Gregory up. The ice turned his hands to strawberries, but he doesn't give them a glance.

"Bessie," he says, "I gotta get Bessie back."

I look down the road, but don't see the dog.

"You go that way," I tell Gregory, pointing left.
"I'll look right."

We take off running, me and Greg.

When I find Bessie, she's hobbling out of a creek bed, damp and dripping. "Gotcha," I say, grabbing her leash. She ducks her head and whines.

Gregory emerges from the bushes. "Bessie!" he cries, wrapping his arms around her smelly fur. "Yer gonna get sick," he tells her. "What've you done, girl? Yer gonna get sick." He looks at me with wide eyes. "She's gonna get sick."

"Let's get her home," I tell him. Together we walk Bess back to the Ravenell's.

Mrs. Ravenell's voice slides out the front door. She's singing opera. I guess her headphones are in, because she doesn't hear us knock. We turn the knob anyway. She stands in the living room facing the opposite wall, her arms reaching toward the ceiling and her off-key voice lilting toward the heavens.

"Charlotte!" Gregory yells. She doesn't hear. "Charlotte!"

She jumps a little and turns around. Her eyes travel from Gregory to me to the dripping Bessie.

"Ohh," she begins. "What's happened?"

Bessie sits on the ground, head nestled atop front paws.

Mrs. Ravenell's eyes find me again. "Who are you?" she asks. Though I've definitely met her. Multiple times.

"Uh, I'm Paul, ma'am," I say. "I'm your neighbor. Across the street."

"Since when?"

"A year now, ma'am."

"Jack!" Mrs. Ravenell calls into the house. "Jack! Come meet our neighbor."

There's no reply. Mrs. Ravenell's eyes burn with some kind of revelation. I watch the same glow dim, sadden.

"Right, well," she says. "Thank you for returning my dog."

Bessie shivers sharply, then falls still. Gregory drops to the ground and shakes the dog. She remains stiff, dead. Mrs. Ravenell stands silent, watching.

The air is heavy, heater on a little too high. I feel the same stale emptiness in this house as I do in my own. I look at my neighbors. Gregory's long arms cradle Bessie and Mrs. Ravenell's overcast eyes fixate on another life. I remember the enchiladas staining my carpet. A voice haunts the halls of my mind, echoing, "One casualty and three serious injuries."

Apple cider light waltzes through the windowpanes. It warms Mrs. Ravenell's face as her gaze drifts outside.

"I think I'm going to make spaghetti," I say, "You two should join me for dinner."

Mrs. Ravenell pulls out her headphones. "As long as you turn off the news," she says, "That stuff depresses me."

favorite quote?

SOME PEOPLE ARE BEAUTIFUL. NOT IN LOOKS,
NOT IN WHAT THEY SAY, JUST IN WHAT THEY ARE.



favorite lyric?

COMPARE WHERE YOU ARE TO WHERE YOU
WANT TO BE AND YOU WILL BE NOWHERE.

erin elayne

SELF PORTRAIT

FOURTH YEAR, FINE ARTS
OIL PAINT



mackenzie barron

CREATIVE DESTRUCTION

FOURTH YEAR, COMMUNICATIONS
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

life lesson?

YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON YOU WILL ALWAYS
BE WITH FOR THE DURATION OF YOUR LIFE.

life advice?

THERE IS NO POINT TO BEING STRANGE IF YOU'RE
NOT ALSO GOING TO BE CONFIDENT.

alejandro trujillo

ISABELLA

THIRD YEAR, PSYCHOLOGY
POETRY

Shit, Erica,
looking back, you can't say our lives didn't put off some
pretty sweet colors
when we burned them down.

You had your eyes resting on your lap
but I know you saw the fire we were messing with
in the puddles that your tears were building.
Remembering now, I'm sorry I didn't even put an arm
around you.

If I could go back I would hug us both.

You: a college girl with a tendency for speaking softly
and me: a teenage boy holding the end of a pregnancy
test like a burnt match.

Anyway, I'm just writing this to tell you I found that
damn sock.

The white one with the purple hearts that you swore she
left at my house.

I found it tangled up in the blanket at the foot of her crib,
drowning in the sea of pink bedding that I promised no

daughter of mine would ever own.

I bet she tugged on it at night. I bet she closed five pudgy
fingers around her toes

and pulled

and pulled

and pulled until the sock lost its grip and sent her entire
leg smacking back on the mattress.

I bet she paused at the sound that made,
waited eagerly to see if I would wake up and walk across
the room to put it back on.

And when I didn't move, I bet she wiggled her freshly
freed toes and grinned at herself.

Feeling, as always, invincible.

Either way, the point is

the sock is sitting in my car now. I brushed off the dust
and ash

from it, and I put it in my cup holder so I would remember
to give it to you when I pick her up next Thursday.

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