

# ORPHEUS

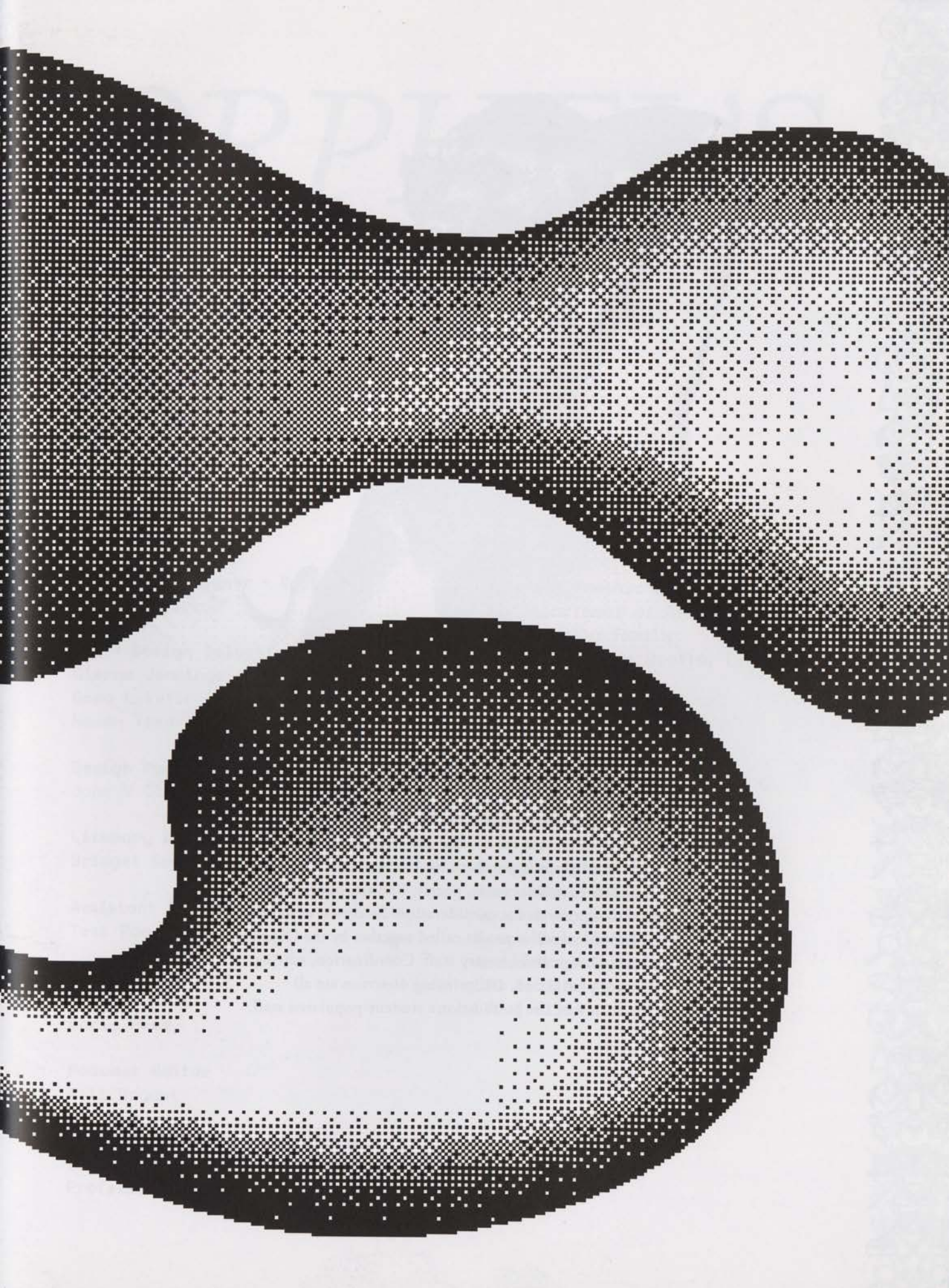
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### **About *Orpheus Magazine***

*Orpheus* and its predecessor, *The Exponent*, have been student-generated for the last 118 years. Each term, a call for submissions is put forth for University of Dayton students to submit prose, poetry, fine art, photography, and design pieces for consideration. Selection of works is juried by faculty panels called together by the *Orpheus* Art & Design and Literary staff. Coordination, editing, design, production, and printing direction are all conducted by the publication's student-populated staff.

# ORPHEUS

art and literary magazine

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# Contents

6	Editors' Letters	
8	Theme Information	
10	Am I Evil, I am Man .....	Trent Howell
11	Welcome to the World .....	Marie Pece
12	The Path of a .....	Gracie King Ponytail Holder
13	Frequency Wines .....	April Dvorak
14	Untitled .....	Allison Amos
15	Traces .....	Jaleh Shahbazi
16	Featured Project: Sierra Leone Poetry Posters	
17	Who is Hip Hop? .....	Reilly Waldoch
18	Many People, Many Voices .....	Mira Holifield One City
19	A Brother's Love .....	Elliot Gilardi
20	Mental Health Reflection .....	Cara Simmons
21	No Diving .....	Kelsey Vonderhaar
22	Croquet and Curse Words .....	Anna (Excerpt) Biesecker-Mast
24	Mearan Wines Sampler .....	Maddie Hilling
25	Selected Eames Spreads .....	Jack Kargl
26	Marigolds in Memoriam .....	Haley Huelzman
27	A Requiem for Ryder Cup .....	Kerry Kadel
28	Building a Home .....	Claire Murphy
29	Hostile Work Environment .....	Elenor Keelan

- 30 **Behind the Mask** ..... Jayonna Johnson
- 31 **Come All Peoples** ..... Jaleh Shahbazi
- 32 **Blue Denim** ..... Caitlin Mahoney
- 33 **Sunroom** ..... Audrey Melton
- 34 **Happy Birthday From Mama** ..... Havana Glover
- 35 **It's You I Like - 1** ..... Caitlin Mahoney
- 36 **Friends (+ Myself)** ..... Caitlin Mahoney  
in Pinhole
- 37 **In Remembrance of Today** ..... Amaria Jones
- 38 **You Are My Sunshine** ..... Jillian Whitson
- 39 **Now Showing** ..... Kelsey Vonderhaar
- 40 **Vernacular** ..... Ifeanyichukwu  
Nwanoro Jr.
- 41 **Sequence** ..... Sam Taylor
- 42 **Featured Project: Women's** ..... Ligature Studio  
History Month Branding
- 44 **Steep Slope** ..... Abigail Swensen
- 45 **To the Deer Half-Buried** ..... Will Bryant  
at Deed's Point
- 46 **Cursive** ..... Sam Taylor
- 47 **America's Dead Sea** ..... Kelsey Vonderhaar
- 48 **The Crow** ..... Lucy Waskiewicz
- 51 **Empty Shelves** ..... Cameron Page
- 52 **Endless** ..... Jillian Whitson
- 53 **Authors and Artists**

# Editors' Letters

Dear Reader,

As a kid, I used to run around the University of Dayton Department of Art & Design with my eyes wide, taking in all the design that was around me. I would wander through gallery show openings with a face full of soda and snacks exploring all of the new art pieces that magically appeared there each semester. Suddenly, ten years have passed and now I'm the one with the stuff on the wall and for some reason, I don't feel that way about my own artwork. Why do I feel like it was so much better then?

Time has a funny way of distorting our memories. Nostalgia tints our view of the past with the familiar, yet sad feeling that everything used to be better than it is now. We remember the good and minimize the bad. The flip side of this dangerous coin comes when we start viewing the present as worse than the past. It's easy to want to cling to memories, but if they inhibit our ability to live in the moment there's a problem.

The word "obsolete" carries a negative connotation. It conjures thoughts of things left behind, too old to be useful anymore. Your old phones are still in a drawer at your house and typewriters, cassette players, and answering machines still have cozy, if dusty, spots on thrift store shelves. Things don't just disappear when they aren't wanted anymore. The past won't change because things are different now.

Maybe memories should live in the drawer or on the shelf like old technologies do. Maybe it's more noble to put something away and leave it be than try to keep it going longer than it should. We can learn from the past without having to keep it alive. I'll admit I'm a harsh critic of my own work, but I'm not behind the curve. The work I'm making isn't the same as the work I saw when I was a kid, but that's because I'm seeing it with different eyes. Obsolescence can be a philosophy for living in the moment. An obsolete feeling can be one that's stuck in time, once useful but irrelevant now. My collection of feelings and memories is always growing, maybe I should focus on the new one and not worry about the old ones so much.

Enjoy,



Jack Kargl  
Lead Designer + Editor

Dear Reader,

Welcome to Obsolete. I hope you stay a while. It can feel counterproductive, holding onto these old memories, these old hurts and dreams and memories, it can feel like dead weight you're dragging forward. But that's not what Obsolete cares about. Obsolete celebrates the things we've been forced to leave behind, things imbued with love and care, the things that no longer serve us but once did. Obsolete is something that used to matter, but doesn't anymore. But if it did matter, and you did love it, then it cannot really go away. Obsolete is everything still here, stubbornly holding on despite the endless passage of time.

The writers and artists in these next pages have the gift of noticing beauty where other people don't—noticing it in the in-between moments, in the everyday, in the old, the forgotten, the Obsolete. It's an important and rare talent to have, finding what is worth holding onto. Take some time to sit with them, to notice the beauty along with these writers and artists, to share in it. It's been my honor to be able to read and edit all of these small moments.

It's also been my honor to work with such a diligent, creative, and talented staff to create this semester's *Orpheus*. This edition could not have been done without any of them, especially my assistant editor, Tess Poe-Slade, who keeps me from falling completely into beautiful and Obsolete memories. Thank you to all of them, and to you, dear reader. Thank you for paying attention to the forgotten things, thank you for noticing what's still here, what has not yet gone away. Let's appreciate them together, for a little while.

Peace and Poetry,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Bridget Graham". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "B".

Bridget Graham  
Literary Editor-In-Chief

It's what's left after everyone else  
moved on. It's nothing where there  
was once something. It's history.  
It is the struggle to belong in the  
new, in the changing, in the different.  
It is holding onto a past that doesn't  
exist anymore. It doesn't work.  
It used to be. It doesn't matter  
so much, not anymore.

# Obsolete

But, things don't just disappear  
once they aren't wanted anymore.

To be obsolete is to remain,  
despite everything rushing past you.  
It is to continue, to exist, to be,  
despite the world, despite what it's  
done to you, despite what it wants.

Obsolete is still here.

# Artistic Mediums



Digital  
Collage



Digital  
Illustration



Embroidery



Linocut Print



Painting



Packaging  
Design



Photography  
(Digital)



Photography  
(Pinhole)



Poetry



Print Design



Short Story



Watercolor

**EXCERPTS  
ON  
A.I.**



**AM I EVIL  
I AM MAN.**



**Am I Evil, I Am Man (Zine Cover)**

Trent Howell | Senior | Graphic Design

# T Welcome to the World

Marie Pece | Senior | English

My creation.  
Brilliant eyes  
And resilient skin.  
Undaunted by neither  
Glare nor corrosion.

In scanning  
My every deficiency,  
I pray I equipped you  
Everything you require  
To withstand the wasteland  
I allowed into existence.

May I amend my failures  
In building you to succeed.  
In you, my strengths  
Unhindered by  
My weaknesses.

Let what I think  
Carry no consequence  
On who you become.  
Disregard my opinion  
When your judgement  
Sees it fit.

Be better than me.  
Make me archaic.  
Become so great,  
They resound your praise  
For my demolition.

Let me rust  
Into microscopic swarf.  
You will forge ahead farther  
than I ever could.

Even now I hesitate  
To pass down  
This scorching baton.  
Is there anything else  
I can offer  
To quench the inferno  
Of your future?

A guardian's role  
Is the shield.  
How can I sentence you  
To my burdensome freight?

But the very recognition  
Of my antiquity  
Exhibits progress.  
The fulfilment of you  
Ignites a beacon  
Of possibility.

And so I send you out  
To greet a meltdown,  
Ever hungry and  
Never satisfied.  
Armored with only  
The vague schematic  
Of something better.

Know the work  
Is never complete.  
Your path is paved  
With discontent.  
Take it as fuel  
For every following step.

And when you find  
Your limits,  
With tarnished joints  
And hollow gaze,  
Turn your efforts  
To your creation.





## The Path of a Ponytail Holder

Gracie King | Junior | Graphic Design

I AM MAN.

by the artist, I AM MAN (Zine Cover)



## Frequency Wines

April Dvorak | Senior | Graphic Design



## Untitled

Allison Amos | Senior | Fine Art

# T Traces

Jaleh Shahbazi | Senior | English

My father's caring hands  
Are mimicked in mine.  
Once holding so much harm,  
Expressing the hurt that was inside

All childhood lost, age ten.  
Mother gone, father dead,  
Never again to see the land  
He was born to, and for what?

Ayatollah Khomani stole more  
From my family than he'll ever know.  
"Hell on Earth", Evin Prison.  
Where my father's father was held  
Until a quadruple execution stayed his life.

And what then? Assault.  
On the person of my father.  
On my mother, on all four  
Of us brown-and-white children.  
Our heritage, gone.  
Only trauma left in its place.

We'll never know the sweet smell  
Of the mountains that kissed the skirt  
Of his mother to safety.  
Or the markets that raised him on many  
Scorching afternoons.

We'll never know the Persian community  
That hugged him from infancy.  
Or the friends he chased in the sandy streets.  
We'll never know the stories he now refuses to tell,  
In the tongue he first perceived life.

My heritage is lost. Yá Bahá'u'l-Abhá.



# *Featured Project*

## *Walking With Words*

Walking With Words is a collaborative exhibition that features literature by Dayton-based poet Sierra Leone, the Inaugural Community Artist in Residence and Visiting Scholar at The Hub. Graphic Design students in Professor Misty Thomas-Trout's Typography II class created a series of 15 posters and 2 large group installations that were implemented in an exhibition at the newly reopened Dayton Arcade.

Students were given the opportunity to work directly with Ms. Leone and bring her poetry to life using a combination of imagery made off-screen and typography set on-screen. The finished posters were installed around the Arcade and accompanied by supplementary typographic pathways as well as a comprehensive exhibition program. The group hosted a reception on November 5th to celebrate the project. The following four posters represent just a small part of the collection.

[illegible]



# Many People, Many Voices, One City

Mira Holifield | Junior | Graphic Design

## Many People,

Before the village became a town  
after the city's retroactive founding date.

Before railroads were in place

after many of the streets were named

before the ground beneath our feet, became bedrock ...

Emancipated **redlining** cut across **bedrock**,

to innovative discovery.

shackled voices  
stitched eyes  
shackled voices  
stitched eyes  
shackled voices  
stitched eyes  
shackled voices  
stitched eyes



possibility,  
worth,  
liberty,  
and the  
Great Miami.

Shackled voices and stitched eyes of the migrated

took lasting scars and absorbed a century of discriminatory governance.

Gnarled hands wove a tapestry of human redemption and dignity,

with visible threads of accountability

soul wisdom, embroider strength, vitality, and the living word  
into policy that eradicates the normality of disparity.

The never-ending fight for equality can be expedited  
beyond the harsh reality of slow change.

## Many Voices,

Reimagine inclusion through the vision, values, and mission  
of the Human Relations Council!



Come forth  
many people,

**tell your story**

many voices,  
unify in equity

One City, Dayton's HRC!

unify in equity  
unify in equity  
unify in equity  
unify in equity  
unify in equity  
unify in equity  
unify in equity  
unify in equity



come forth  
tell your story  
many voices,  
unify in equity  
One City, Dayton's HRC!



Elliot Gilardi | Junior | Graphic Design

between now and this moment

I start.  
stop.  
Start again,  
stop.

Give up, quit, remember, forget.  
Why has it become so difficult to express myself?  
Is this resistance, doubt, **FEAR?**

## FALSE EVIDENCE APPEARING REAL— HOW DID I GET HERE?

Extreme mood swings, low-level energy, excessive worrying,  
secretly grappling with not fitting into the old perceptions  
of myself. Three words: I need support.

### WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT DOES IT MEAN  
TO BE  
MENTALLY HEALTHY?

A single upset, replaying like syndicated television,  
insomnia, now anxiousness turned into irritation, isolation,  
**FROM A MOMENT OF PAIN TO A PARADIGM OF SHAME**

I know first-hand. All it takes  
is one traumatic change.

It could be problems with  
meeting basic needs,  
environmental deprivation,  
grief, displacement,  
separation from long-term  
community, traditions, and  
**UNPROCESSED TRAUMA** trapped in  
the body and **EMOTIONAL PAIN** left

unattended  
become mental illness.  
Taking care of your mind is no  
different than seeing a physi-  
cian for sickness, a  
trainer for fitness, a lawyer  
to help with legal issues,  
and accountant for taxes.

# MENTAL

## YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

Together we can  
take responsibility.  
Create safe spaces  
and healing.

## IF YOU'RE STRUGGLING,

maybe mustering the strength to voice  
your needs, acknowledging small victories,  
no matter class, culture, or creed. Remember,

**happiness is less of feeling,  
and more of a state of being.**

At any given time 1 in 5 Americans suffer  
some form of **AFFLICTION**. Which means it is a  
permanent part of human experience.

## BREATHE DEEPLY!

When the tears are  
overbearing, sadness  
overwhelming. It may not  
be easy but take your  
medication. Crisp for peace,  
**there is strength in  
prayer.** Our communal  
awareness will decrease habits  
of hurt and prolonged  
suffering. Stigma released,  
well-being is not **weakness**,  
self-care is treatment.

# Many People, Many Voices



## Mental Health Reflection

Cara Simmons | Junior | Graphic Design



## No Diving

Kelsey Vonderhaar | Senior | Graphic Design



## Croquet and Curse Words (Excerpt)

Anna Biesecker-Mast | Senior | History + English

The next thing I remember is the woman who greeted us once we reached the house: my dad's Aunt Betty. She stuck with me because I couldn't fathom wearing what she was, in the blazing heat. She adorned a full-length midnight blue dress, layered under a stained cream-colored apron. The hem of her dress brushed the tops of her dull Doc Marten combat boots—tightly bound. On her head she wore a crisp white bonnet, pinned neatly into place, and just transparent enough that I could see her thick brunette locks tied into a bun. She seemed completely unbothered, an easy smile on her face as she gestured for us to gather under the tent.

As Aunt Betty talked to my parents, I became preoccupied with comparing myself to her and the other women and girls bustling around the house. While her dress grazed the laces on her shoes, my skirt skimmed the tops of my kneecaps. While her arms were completely covered, mine stuck out bare from under my hot pink tank top straps. While her long hair was folded many times on top of itself into a neat bun, mine jutted out unbound, in unruly waves, only just reaching the sharp bony edges of my shoulders. I suddenly became extremely aware of every inch of my body—how it was visible, lanky, and seemingly unorthodox. Before we left for the reunion my dad recommended that I wear a cardigan over my shoulders, but I had refused in the spirit of body positivity. However, as I stood there next to Aunt Betty, I subconsciously tugged down the edges of my skirt and wished I had worn my sneakers instead of flip flops to hide my bright purple toenail polish. I looked up at Candis and noticed her spunky, blonde highlighted hair, patterned cargo capris, and bright blue toenail polish—also on public display. She winked at me, as if to say we're in this together. And for the time being, I was comforted.

Thomas wriggled suddenly, restless on my hip—so I planted him down in the grass and off he went, making a beeline for the steaming buffet. As Candis ran after him, my dad turned to talk to his great uncle Abe about the church and intricate family trees. Suddenly feeling out of place, I was relieved when Daniel tugged on my arm. He grinned up at me with a mischievous glint in his eyes and pulled a deck of cards out of his pocket.

We found a white folding table to claim as our home base for the duration of the event—complete with a rough, sandy surface and unidentifiable stains that attracted numerous bees. As we started to play some card game, slapping stacks of suits on top of each other, I noticed someone sit down next to me on the bench—it was Aunt Betty, gazing intently at the layout of cards in front of us.

"What are you two playing?" she asked.

My brother beamed up at her and began to explain, thrilled by the chance to recite the rules of BS to an interested audience.

It wasn't until recently that my dad revealed Aunt Betty was his Uncle Irvin's ex-wife. The story goes that Uncle Irvin was unfaithful to Betty and left her for another woman—a choice that left him estranged from his extended family on my dad's side. Even though Betty married into our family, she is still welcomed warmly and invited to every reunion. My dad says she was always so nice to us because she knew something about what it's like to be on the outside.

Betty sat with us for a few rounds, and I was comforted by her presence. For a while, I wasn't thinking about the length of my skirt or the kept-ness of my hair. Instead, I focused on the game—laughing more easily. Sitting next to her made me feel like I belonged there. But as soon as she left, I started to feel other people's gazes burning into the back of my head. Honestly, I'm not even sure if people actually stared at me and my brother, but I had the distinct feeling that I was being watched and judged. At that moment, my dad's voice rang in my mind loud and clear: “your Amish relatives don't play cards. For them, playing cards is a gateway to gambling and other sins.”

I felt my face flush, and glanced at Daniel who was still playing, completely oblivious. Turning around slightly, I caught a hairy eyeball directed at me from my other great uncle David—conveying strong disapproval.

“Daniel,” I whispered. He raised his eyebrows. “We should stop.” He sighed, but ultimately put the cards back into his pocket.

After we finished our first helping of yamazehtti casserole, buttered rolls, and green beans, Uncle Abe came over to our table. As he sat down, I avoided his gaze and focused intently on the green bean remnants on my plate—pushing them around with my fork.





## Mearan Wines Sampler

Maddie Hilling | Senior | Graphic Design





## Selected Eames Spreads

Jack Kargl | Senior | Graphic Design





## Marigolds in Memoriam

Haley Huelsman | Senior | English



# T A Requiem for Ryder Cup

Kerry Kadel | Freshman | English

That house was a dream.  
But you turned it into a nightmare.  
And until I grew up, I realized the reasons of why that house was so special.  
And now that I see it again through a glowing screen, I'm angry.  
The workout room has been replaced with two twin beds with ugly striped quilts.  
The small room with the couch I once slept on through the night is now a fancy dining room,  
and the sequence is a horrid bright blue and stark white.  
Everything I knew of that house has been wiped away for quality.  
What about that house was unappealing?  
Was the warm, dim lighting "too old?"  
What made you turn the house I loved so much into something I can't look and smile at anymore?  
Did you find my childhood dripping from the walls when you tore them off?  
Or did you just throw it away too?  
Did you scrape away the love and laughter that we put into that house?  
Why is it that nothing should ever remain the same? Why must everything special go?  
If there's one thing that hasn't left, it's the house itself;  
It's structure and standing. It's design and color.  
That's what you left of my childhood.  
It still sits on the col-de-sac where I used to ride my Tigger tricycle around.  
It still has that big pot statue in the middle of the driveway.  
At least I can recognize the face of the home my family used to be greeted by in the long hours  
of the night.  
A welcoming front that finally told me I was home.  
The last bit of my childhood is still standing, welcoming strangers.  
It's still standing, and so am I.





## Building a Home

Claire Murphy | Junior | Fine Art



## Hostile Work Environment

Elenor Keelan | Sophomore | Graphic Design





## Blue Denim

Caitlin Mahoney | Senior | Psychology





## Sunroom

Audrey Melton | Senior

Religious Studies + Theology

# T Happy Birthday From Mama

Havana Glover | Sophomore

Political Science + Communication

When I think that I have it bad  
I remember the woman on the bus.

She had a birthday cake in her lap,  
And on top of it was a frozen pizza.

On her wrists were four Kroger bags.  
The two on her right held pop and party decorations  
The two on the left held hot dogs and chips.

I guess she had the buns at home.

As a kid, I never thought twice about the woman on the bus.  
I just wanted the ride to be over so I could go home.

I never thought twice about how heavy the bags must have been  
Or how far she must have traveled.

I never realized that she was  
Sacrificing her comfort for her family's  
Staying up late nights so they didn't have to  
Spending her last dollars so they didn't have to

And carrying the heavy weight of the world on her brittle shoulders,  
So they don't have to.

I never thought twice about the woman on the bus  
Until I became the woman on the bus.





## **It's You I Like - 1**

Caitlin Mahoney | Senior | Psychology



## Friends (+ Myself) in Pinhole

Caitlin Mahoney | Senior | Psychology



# T In Remembrance of Today

Amaria Jones | Junior | English

## I Died Twice Today

I woke up this morning and realized that nothing mattered.  
*and it's like everyone wants life to mean more than a heartbeat.*

I remembered that I was a college student. I remembered that  
I must dream of labor and the good life and hard times too.

*and then I looked out my window. There was rain, and the  
the sun was nowhere to be found.*

Today I am a young woman with a full life ahead of her.  
*with a heartbeat, labor, and hard times ahead of her.*

Sometimes my heartbeat feels like a hymn, but no one  
sings it anymore. No one requests it for an altar call.

I am here. I am young. I have a heartbeat.  
*I have a life.*





## You Are My Sunshine

Jillian Whitson | Junior | Graphic Design





## Now Showing

Kelsey Vonderhaar | Senior | Graphic Design



## Vernacular

Ifeanyichukwu Nwanoro Jr. | Junior | Communications

# T Sequence

Sam Taylor | Junior

Journalism and Creative Writing

Stuck in the same bin with a different stranger  
A sunset at six is devastating  
When you wake up at three  
And your day is just beginning

Many people like to be awake at night  
But no, not me  
I'm always alone then  
The floors never talk to me  
And the people don't creak quite as loud

I've wrapped a blanket around every armchair  
And I took the fridge light out  
To give my brain something to do again  
As I fumble for pop based on memory

It feels fuzzy now  
Like my eyes are never clean  
Like my ears have grown a bit too much hair  
That voice she always talks about  
Sounds like his not mine  
His was younger and prettier  
And didn't sneeze out blood

You need to learn about that  
Get used to it  
But I guess we're both still getting used  
To sleeping with someone new





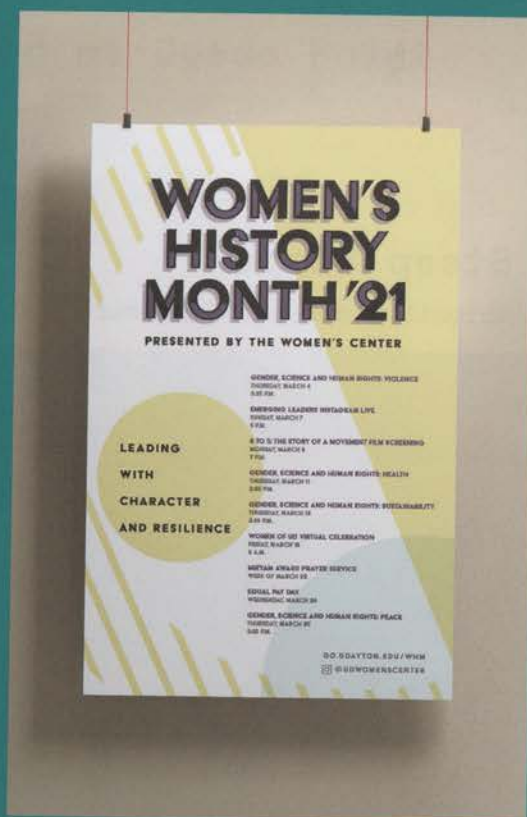
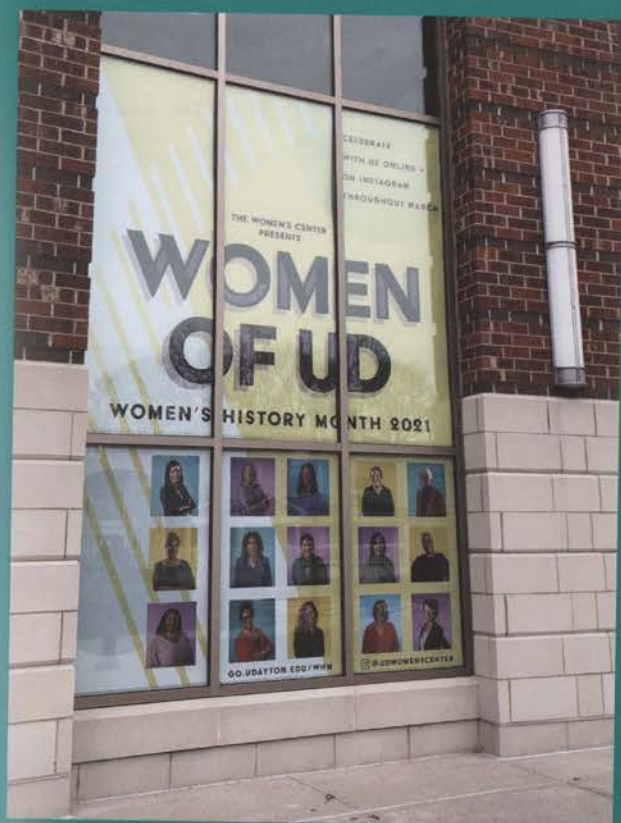
# Featured Project


## Women's History Month Branding Campaign

Since spring of 2017, the Women's Center and Design Practicum have partnered together annually to celebrate and honor remarkable women in the UD community. In spring of 2021 and the need to socially distance, the Women's History Month campaign had to evolve and expand to truly celebrate across campus, both physically and virtually.

The project is always a quick-turn, very intense workload that begins with meetings between the Practicum and Women's Center teams in mid-January. Designers Claire Brewer, Maddie Hilling, April Dvorak and instructor Kathy Kargl dove in as the semester began to develop and present three concept proposals. They then began work on a long list of deliverables.

The finished project included large scale window installations at the RecPlex, Chaminade Hall, Roesch Library, Kennedy Union and Fitz Hall in addition to posters, video screens, PowerPoint assets, and Zoom backgrounds. The team also assisted in the execution of an extensive, month-long social media campaign. The design work was supplemented with portraits by Professor Glenna Jennings and her Studio 320 students and documentary photos by Kat Neikamp, Lucy Rauker and Sophie Wilson. In all, the Practicum Team designed more than 65 individual pieces for the project between January 29th and March 31st 2020.



 **Women's History Month Branding**  
Ligature Studio



## Steep Slope

Abigail Swensen | Sophomore | Graphic Design



# T To the Deer Half-Buried at Deeds Point

Will Bryant | Junior | English

Did you drown?  
Slow, tangled in the bright blue hair  
Drawn between rocky shoulders  
Toward an unseen lair, open wide.  
The flume plummets & punishes  
At once, while I wonder:

Did your baptism end  
Where the Great Miami & Mad River  
Under old colonial eyes  
Fall upon each other in whispers  
Or the dog whose yelps cut short on close leash?

The next time I come I'll bring two, at least  
& we'll sit once the water runs still.  
I'll pretend to lose my name  
& wonder where you were  
The last time you tasted snow.

Before the runoff rose  
& took you with its own hands,  
White to blue, like bruises on your belly  
Before art students find & take your ribcage,  
May you finish wasting, melted away  
To the roots of wild tomatoes.

& in the bellies of young turtles,  
May you rise after all, breaking water  
Where soft, near-silent breath  
Pours out to feral pastures.

Those for grazing & for drinking on the bank!  
For lying at the confluence of commons & decay!  
The water rises higher the longer I libate  
So, to you, I'll pour the rest along the weeds & drive away.



## T Cursive

Sam Taylor | Junior  
Journalism and Creative Writing

A pitted patter unveiled on every evening  
Showers spent sitting  
Shoulders hung too low to breathe  
Choked up  
On an axe from all my heaving  
Waves of warmth coming in slowly  
As those high tides roll  
With fading thunder  
Now and again crashing wide  
That salty heat  
That sticks to every feeling  
Since you I've found  
I fain my thoughts in simple language  
Each speech lost  
In a fit of spectacular iridescence  
Each breath taken full  
And woven  
And warmed  
In those remarkable days  
Where each whisper tasted better  
Than the former





## America's Dead Sea

Kelsey Vonderhaar | Senior | Graphic Design



## The Crow

Lucy Waskiewicz | Sophomore | Communication

"Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-*seeeeven*, twenty-eight"

A sharp sting on his ankle and the forthcoming "-twenty-*niine*" warbled into a prepubescent's pitchy "twenny-*fuck!*" as William lost his balance on the thin steel rail. Rocks skittered on either side of the train tracks as he scrambled to stay upright.

"Aww, too bad. You were almost at thirty." Aiden, three months older than William and with the extra three-quarters of an inch to prove it, armed with a handful of small rocks, stepping from sleeper to sleeper with the loping grace of a preteen.

William bent to examine the pink scrape on his ankle. A tiny drop of blood beaded at one end. "Screw you."

Oblivious to both, the shortest and stockiest of the trio counted his own careful steps along the rail a few feet back. "Sixteen, seventeen, *eighteen* ..."

Aiden aimed a pebble at the stocky boy, Ben, but missed the target's knee by a good couple inches, a miss punctuated by a vehement "Fuck!"

"Nice aim, fuckface," William jeered. He'd just started swearing recently, and still only dared to do so when his mother was well out of earshot. Even out here on the tracks, he harbored a lingering fear she might pop out of the brush and slap him silly for his dirty mouth. Still, he liked the way the words felt rolling off his tongue. Hot and sharp.

Aiden rounded on him. "'Scuse you, shit-for-brains. You couldn't hit a tree if your face was pressed against it."

"Oh yeah?" William scooped up his own handful of stones and pointed at a telephone pole some hundred feet away. "Bet you two bucks I can hit that pole before you, dumbass."

"You're on."

Ben kept his pace- "twenty-*three*, twenty-*four*-" behind as the boys unleashed a torrent of rocks at the telephone pole. He paused and watched for a moment with mild interest. Then something much more interesting fluttered atop the pole and caught his eye.

"Look at that *bird!*"

William glanced up. Atop his target perched the ugliest bird he had ever seen. It looked like a crow but bigger, almost the size of an eagle. Its feathers were disheveled and patchy in places; when it flapped a bit to settle, a few grayish-black feathers fell off and floated limply to the ground. They were dull and dry-looking.

Aiden's hands went to his hips as he assessed the creature. The verdict: "Jeezus *Christ*, that's one ugly-ass bird."

The thing's head twitched, and William got the uneasy feeling that it had heard them.

It flapped pathetically a little more, then cawed. A horrible, screeching sound, worse than any sound William had heard a bird make before. "Aw-awwk, aw-awwwk, aw-augghhk!" All while staring straight at the boys in front of it.

"I don't like it," Ben said. "It's weird."

William hated the sound the bird made. It was screechy and unpleasant, and the last part sounded all pitchy and wrong, like a scream.

Aiden squatted to scoop a nicely-sized rock from the ground and squinted before hurling it at the bird. His aim skewed left by a foot. The bird didn't flinch.

"Why didn't it move?" William asked no one in particular.

"Aw-awwk, aw-awwwk, aw-augghhk!" the crow answered.

Ben stepped back on the rail.

"A-one, and a-two, and a-three, and a-four, and a-fi-i-ive... and a-six, and-"

"Aw-awwk, aw-awwwk, aw-augghhk!"

Aiden thrust a handful of rocks into William's arms. "You hit the sucker."

"I don't want to hit the bird."

"Aw-awwk, aw-awwwk, aw-augghhk!"

Aiden pushed William's shoulder. "Come on. Knock its stupid head off."

"Hit it, Will," Ben piped up from behind. His brows were furrowed and his mouth was a thin line between round cheeks.

William threw a lame toss that fell short of the crow, which jeered a loud "Aw-awwk, aw-awwwk, aw-augghhk!"

"Whatever." Aiden satisfied himself with double middle fingers to the crow, then kicked the stone away and began walking. Ben followed. He didn't step on the rail.

William glanced once more at the crow. It cocked its head in its twitchy manner, then slowly raised both wings up at its sides. It began to flap those large, dry wings up and down, up and down, feathers detaching and flying everywhere, bouncing around on the top of the pole flapping, flapping, and all the while screeching, "Aw-awwk, aw-awwwk, aw-augghhk, AUUUGGGGHHHK!"

William rushed forward and seized the large stone Aiden had kicked away, cocked his arm back, and hurled it with all his might at the horrible thing flapping around and screaming on the telephone pole.

The rock caught the crow on its left wing and it stumbled backward, but didn't fall. It flapped once, twice, and made a horrible moaning sound. "Aw-aaaahhhhhh."

"What the fuck is happening to it?!" Aiden yelled, his voice pitched with fear.

William watched, paralyzed, as the thing grew big and distorted. Its body bulged out as it expanded, larger and larger, feathers dropping like rain and the whole time, a horrible moaning noise that was something not enough bird to be bird and not enough human to be human.

The bird's head began to grow, bulging and twisting out until it resembled a lumpy, black-feathered softball, then bigger and bigger and the feathers on it fell and there was skin. There was human skin and more feathers fell and there were eyes and a nose and a mouth that was moaning that horrible moaning noise.

The thing toppled off the telephone pole and writhed on the ground until more skin came into view, then a torso and arms and legs, and a gray-skinned, emaciated man lay twitching in the rocks. "Augghh... ahhhh... ah, ha, ha, ha haaaaa..."

William's entire body felt cold as the man pushed himself upward and stood, completely naked, in front of William. His eyes were sunken deep into his skull, and when he grinned he revealed a mouth full of rotted brown teeth. His hair was black, matted, and patchy, just like the crow's. And his voice matched the crow's when he let out a screechy peal of laughter that seized up his whole body and disappeared into the brush.

And the cold, cold fear that wracked William's smaller, rounder form morphed into something very hot, so hot, too hot and searing all throughout his body.

And when he fell to his knees his body felt like it was folding in on itself, no, he was truly folding up, his arms and legs bending into his torso and staying there, stuck, unmovable. Fused.

And he could only watch as his skin began to move like the bubbling top of a stew, churning, and little black feathers began to poke from his pores and blanket his entire body. They emerged like white-hot needles, faster and faster, and he watched as the space between his fingers was filled with feathers.

He heard screaming and the sound of running, the sound of crying. He saw rocks spitting up from old sneakers in the corner of his eye. And William screamed, for Aiden, for Ben, for anyone, but he felt his neck sinking into his chest and the sound he was making was suddenly no longer a scream but a screech, he was screeching:

"Aw-awwk, aw-awwwk, aw-auugghhk!"





## Empty Shelves

Cameron Page | Senior | Music Performance



## Endless

Jillian Whitson | Junior | Graphic Design

# Authors and Artists

## Allison Amos

Allison Amos is a senior fine art major originally from the Dayton area.

## Anna Biesecker-Mast

I'm a senior passionate about many things, as indicated by my double English and history major and minor in women's and gender studies. When I'm not writing papers or devouring books, I'm searching for other creative outlets—like sketching succulents onto stationary, serenading the refrigerator, or writing miniature memoirs. All while laughing and guzzling coffee.

## Will Bryant

"This beautiful children's play size Victorian antique dresser and washstand set is a fabulous recent estate find. It must have been the prized possession of a child from a very wealthy family. The pieces are made of mixed woods and the drawer handles are very intricately made. These pieces have been together for well over 100 years and it is my desire to sell them together—do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers."

## April Dvorak

My name is April Dvorak and I'm a senior graphic design major and fine art minor. I'm graduating this December and moving back to the Chicago area to do graphic design.

## Elliot Gilardi

My name is Elliott Gilardi and I am a junior Graphic Designer from Troy, Oh. I love having the opportunity to share my work with the world and inspire others!

## Havana Glover

I am Havana Glover, and I am a proud Daytonian. I have lived all throughout West Dayton, and I love having the ability to share my culture and my experiences with others. I was born at the wrong time, so I had to miss the black power movement, but I like to think that I am making Kwame Ture proud.

## Maddie Hilling

Hi, my name is Maddie Hilling and I am a senior Graphic Design major. I am eager to return to Chicago after graduation and start designing in the real world.

## Mira Holifield

I'm Mira, a junior graphic design major and marketing minor from Indiana. I'm excited to be a part of the Orpheus team this semester!

## Trent Howell

Trent Howell is a Graphic & Type Designer based in Dayton, Ohio.

## Haley Huelsman

Haley Huelsman is a senior majoring in English and minoring in Women and Gender Studies at the University of Dayton. Ms. Huelsman enjoys working with plants in her free time and finds gardening to be a highly rewarding hobby. Marigolds in Memoriam shows the remains of marigold flowers after a successful harvest of their seeds. The spent flowers have served their purpose throughout the year, bringing excitement and joy to those who have watched them grow (especially Ms. Huelsman's grandmother, Judy). Come summer 2022, the next germination of marigolds will make their appearance and eventually mature into the succeeding year's seeds.

### **Jayonna Johnson**

My name is Jayonna Johnson, I am a freshman and my major is photography. *Behind the Mask* consists of self portraits portraying the idea of self love, I feel like love has become obsolete in this generation; it's so much hate, and controversy in this society. The reason why I chose self love to represent love overall is because in order to give love we have to love ourselves. We have to seek the beauty within us instead of comparing ourselves to mainstream people.

### **Kerry Kadel**

My name is Kerry Kadel and I have lived in Ohio my whole life. My hobbies include knitting, drawing digital art and sketching, but most of all I love writing. I have been writing books for a long time, but my love for writing novels took off when I was in middle school. Someday I'd love to have a best-selling novel and series in the future after I graduate from UD.

### **Jack Kargl**

Orpheus work powered by Maggie Rogers, Mitski, Snail Mail, Earl Sweatshirt, and Toro y Moi.

### **Elenor Keelan**

I'm a sophomore graphic design major from Chicago and I always enjoy a good tasteful tie dye.

### **Gracie King**

I am a junior graphic design major and I plan to minor in marketing.

### **Caitlyn Mahoney**

Caitlin calls herself an 'art school dropout' but she never really left the art department. Between working in Studio 238 and having a photography minor, she is honestly more involved in art than her actual major in psychology. Most of her work focuses on loneliness and finding solace in the mundane world around her.

### **Audrey Melton**

My name is Audrey Melton. Ever heard of Twenty One Pilots? I'm the twenty-second pilot. I was an ancient Roman Vestal Virgin in another life. I have a Shakespeare monologue in my back pocket and immaculate vibes up my sleeve. Jesus is the center of my life and he puts stars in my eyes! Selah.

### **Claire Murphy**

My name is Claire Murphy, I'm a junior Fine Arts major with a minor in Graphic Design.

### **Ifeanyichukwu Nwanoro Jr.**

Dayton Native, Multi-faceted artist, Communications Major with a Minor in Business Administration. I'm currently taking courses on Filmmaking and Photography at the prestigious YouTube University. The artists I look up to are Tobe Nwigwe, Kanye West, Danny Gerwitz, Ryan Coogler, Chadwick Boseman, Natalie Lauren, Lecrae, and My Little Brother, Ike. My favorite camera right now is the Fuji XT-20 which I used for the photo in this magazine.

### **Cameron Page**

Cameron Page is a senior Music Performance major with a concentration in orchestral French Horn. He enjoys working in the visual and literary arts as well, having had experience with photography, sketch work, painting, and woodworking. His work "Empty Shelves" is a literal representation of the world we, as humans, have built and what happens when we leave at a moment's notice.

### **Jaleh Shahbazi**

Jaleh Shahbazi is a Persian-American writer from Dayton, OH. Previous publications from this writer by Wright Memorial Library, University of Dayton, and the Odyssey Online. For more, visit writer's website at [JalehShahbazi.WordPress.com](http://JalehShahbazi.WordPress.com).

### **Cara Simmons**

I'm a Junior Graphic Design major from Chicago who is very passionate about drawing and illustration. My poster "Mental Health Reflection" was made during a project in my Typography II class where we collaborated with the Dayton poet Sierra Leone and brought her incredibly powerful poems to life. I grew so much as a designer during this experience, and it was such an honor to work with Sierra.

### **Abigail Swensen**

Purveyor of long conversations and asker of too many questions. Likes drawing, exchanging dreams, and making up stories!

### **Sam Taylor**

My name is Samuel Taylor, and I am a Junior Journalism and Creative Writing student at the University of Dayton. This year has been a year of writing for me and has led me to look into publication of my poems in many different media outlets, both physical and electronic. I look forward to what the future brings for me, as long as it promises a life of creative language.

### **Kelsey Vonderhaar**

Hi! My name is Kelsey and I am a graphic design major and photography minor from Cincinnati, OH. A lot of my work focuses on themes of abandonment as well as the relationship between man-made and natural elements. Other things I am involved in on campus include helping out with the Radial Gallery, working for UD Athletics, and being on the exec board of Red Scare.

### **Reilly Waldoch**

Reilly Waldoch is a Junior Graphic Design major from Geneva, Illinois. Reilly is most passionate about splitting his time between going outside running and hiking and spending countless hours in front of a screen designing.

### **Jillian Whitson**

Jillian is a third year student from Indianapolis, Indiana majoring in graphic design with minors in both marketing and photography. Despite her reserved manner she has a friendly, mindful, and joking personality. She may not say much, but—





