

ORPHEUS

ISSUE 118 | SPRING 2019

ORPHEUS

ABOUT ORPHEUS MAGAZINE

Orpheus and its predecessor, *The Exponent*, have been student-generated for the last 116 years. Each term, a call for submissions is generated and University of Dayton students submit prose, poetry, fine art, photography, and design for consideration. Selection of included works is juried by faculty panels arranged by Orpheus art, design, and literary staff. Coordination, editing, design production, and printing direction are all conducted by the publication's student-populated staff.

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LETTERS

FROM THE
EDITORS

Dear Viewers,

Throughout the process of designing this magazine edition, I found connections between each piece that developed into a personal, intimate exploration. The theme *Bound* speaks to these connections we hold in our human experience. As you move through this magazine, I hope you find yourself *bound* to these moments.

Thank you to the patrons for supporting this expression of creativity, as well as the additional support of those who made this edition's exposed signature binding technique possible. Thank you to the writers and creators who continually make this magazine all that it is. It has been an honor to bring light to these works and collaborate on Orpheus over the past two years. I am forever changed by this experience and look forward to seeing all future editions of Orpheus.

Jessica Burnham

Jessica Burnham
Lead Designer & Design Editor

Dear Readers,

I am going to let you in on a secret: the stories we tell rarely stay tucked away inside their pages. Once you have held a story close against your heart, once you have pressed your palm against paper and found the places where it pulses—there is no putting it down. In words and in art, we hold and are held.

Bound is imperative and invitation: Find yourself among these pages. Draw close. Lean in. Leave some of yourself in the margins. Take on our pasts and bind our futures together. Wherever it is you are headed after this, bring us along. Leave nothing behind. We are all a work of rupture—seamed and split.

No art is made in isolation. This Orpheus features the work of 22 individual artists, poets, and storytellers, but now—bound together in this magazine—these stories are the borrowed graces of lives shared and shaping. It is a privilege to introduce you to the souls bared on these pages. Be gentle with them, but don't be afraid to grasp them tightly. Leave a mark.

This is Orpheus: a testament to your softest places. It is the intersections where you bear the burdens of wonder, the spots where you are malleable to magic, the quiet nothings you can't quite empty from your pockets. I am so happy to be here with you.

No longer parts or pieces—Reader, this is all of us.

Mary McLoughlin

Mary McLoughlin
Literary Editor in Chief

BOUND

A bound is a **limit**.

To bound is to move forward.

To be bound is to be tethered.

Where we are bound is where we are headed.

And — bound within our pages — is **you**.

So, draw us near, tell us, show us.

What *keeps* you?

Who *holds* you?

To whom or what do you *cling*?

Claim **us**.

Artist, poet, dreamer, reader.

We are all bound to each other.

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MENSTRUATION
Maura Parker

PRECARIOUS

Maura Parker
Senior | Photography



DREAMING UNDREAMT

Anna Edwards
Senior | English

I. asleep

It was a silent whisper
in an endless dream
on a still summer night.

In these visions she stood
dancing in my rearview mirror
dancing in the highway's dust.

It was under pink skies
and beside bending cornfields
that she raced along.

She mouthed the words to me:
What do you want?
The question stood like a billboard.

Melting into that burned rubber tar,
suddenly she slipped out of sight.

II. awake

I fear my children won't find me beautiful
that in having their father's eyes
they will be unable to ever see me.

Or maybe I fear that in those eyes
she will appear. No longer a whispered dream
of highway dust and long black roads.

One day we will be driving,
I will look in the rearview mirror.
My eyes meet the gaze of those to which I am bound.

Sitting on velvet lined seats,
with their milk folded skin and small ears.
Two soft smiles and I blink.

I lose them to her inviting embrace,
and soon they too disappear.



CUT DOWN

Emily Bartolone
Senior | Fine Arts

hand that feeds

Rose Dyar
Senior | English and Human Rights Studies

i. polyethylene terephthalate

i want to bite,
but i can't chew plastic.
clear is not the same as transparent,
transparent is not the same as transparency.
which is, of course, to say that all these truths that i hold
might not be self-evident.
and what is the self
but a body of revelation
and looking?

you are clear, but you hide
lots of things: like cracks, and dirt,
the things i'd rather not see, like myself.
or all the reminders of thumbprints left over from
sweat and thirst. and finally the fact: clear can't conceal
cracked, which is what you are.
plastic promises only forever.

ii. malus sylvestris

i want to take a bite
but i can't get to the flesh.

i used to follow crabapples up the willowpath
to my grandfather's house. they were almost
sweet and tough to the touch
so i used my sweettooth to let them go
down into the ground. i'd push their faces into the gravel
to get to the juice
of the matter. i've only ever wanted
to see the insides.

which is why i wrote words,
like my name, or "love," over and over. used the gifts
of the juice to make their meaning real, to learn about
impermanence
and the goodness of fleeting things. was willing to watch
them dissolve into the ground: foretold disappearances,
the joyful mysteries of sounds and syllables and sinews.

i still write words and the juice still d r i p s
from my mouth because
i am not sure why the world spins and
i wonder what it means to break and

i want to ask it to sit down to tea but
i'm not sure it'd sit with me.

iii. apple iphone six plus

i want to bite,
but i can't swallow glass.
once, i put my cellphone into the washing machine.
by accident, of course, on a break from
typing-and-cropping-and-editing selves into and
out of existence. its insides are now soap-buds and
wires
and things i cannot see.

its screen, a reflection, of course, my face now shattered
by leftover cracks from laundry blades and bleach.
if i look hard enough i can find a connection
in the mess of pixel-words and half-lives
and people struggling to belong

in practice
for somewhere other than here.

iv. magnolia grandiflora

i want to bite,
but i can't stomach the thought.

pink floats like a dream down
from the clouds, and greets the ground with a kiss
like it is grateful for the chance to fall. like it is
grateful for the chance to try. shocks the cement
with its declaration that

you and i, we are here. we will keep being here
till winter, or after. and in the meantime,
we are here to dance and laugh and cry and shiver and
shake to discover how to be
together, how to lift up voices and get the words
to say what they need to.
one day, i will lie beneath a magnolia tree to dissolve
into the earth with joy.

time

...entering the topmost branches of one
...the tall trees, an invisible bird was
...striving to make the day seem shorter,

few minutes past six, by that is the
the wall. Minute by minute, new objects
Here, a brass wastebasket appears.
Here, a family photograph, a box of paper
There, a typewriter, a jacket folded on a chair.
utinous bookshelves emerge from the night

The bookshelves hold not books of poems. One put
an electrical transformer that yields constant voltage
when the power supply varies. Another describes
typewriter with a low-velocity typebar that eliminates
noise. It is a room full of practical ideas. In the
narrow office on Speichergasse, the young patent
his chair, head down on his desk.

dreamed about
dreams about
time. His chair

minimize friction. Another proposes an
electrical transformer that yields constant
voltage when the power supply varies.
Another describes a typebar with a
low-velocity typebar that eliminates
noise. It is a room full of practical ideas.

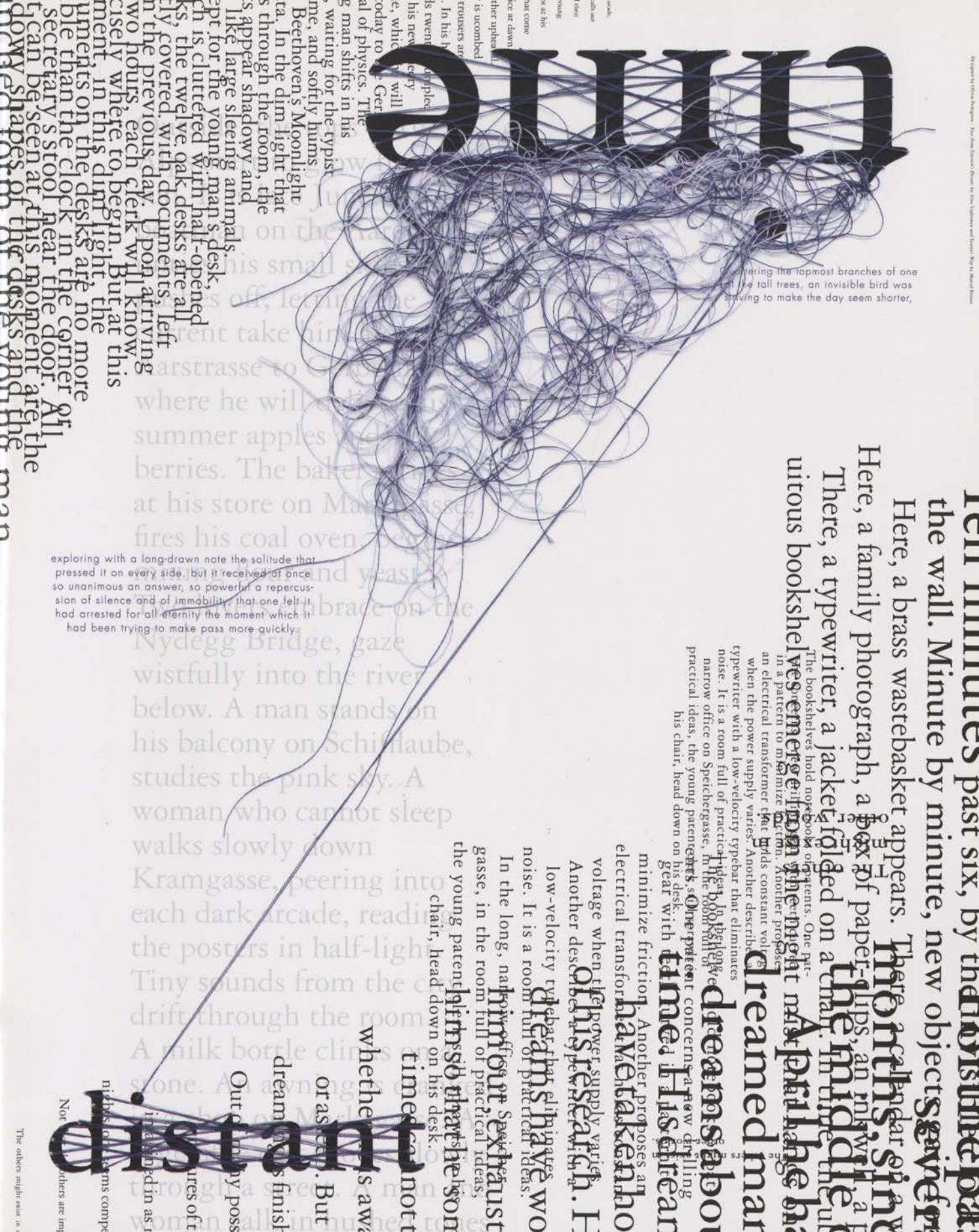
In the long, narrow office on Speichergasse, in the room full of practical ideas,
the young patent clerk sits at his desk,
chair, head down on his desk.

time is not
whether it is a
or as a. But
dreams finish
Our company poss

distant
in the middle
others are im

Not
others are im

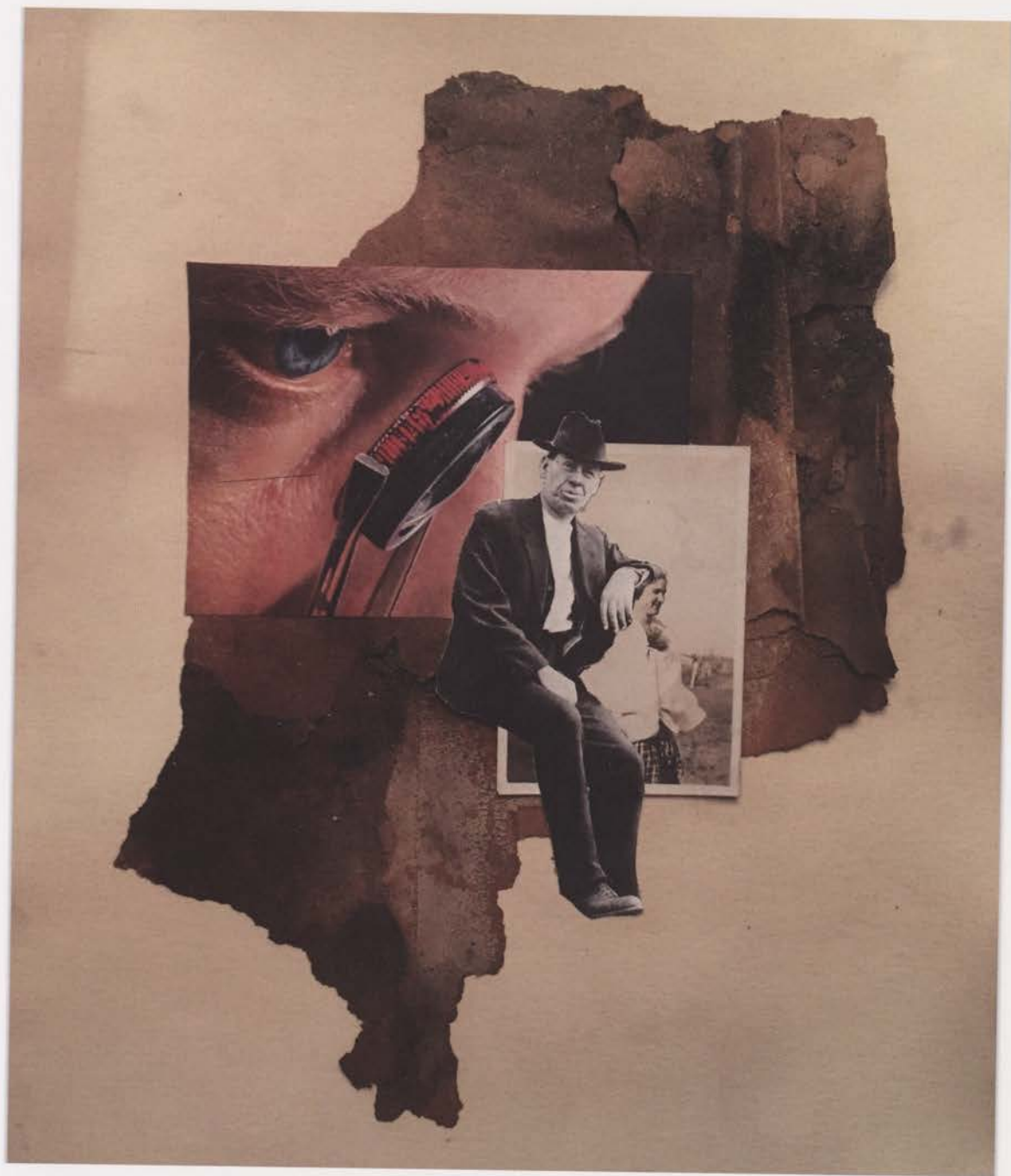
exploring with a long-drawn note the solitude that
pressed it on every side, but it received at once
so unanimous an answer, so powerful a repercus-
sion of silence and of immobility, that one felt it
had arrested for all eternity the moment which it
had been trying to make pass more quickly.



UNTITLED
Maddie Kurlandski
Junior | Graphic Design







THE BREAKFAST CLUB

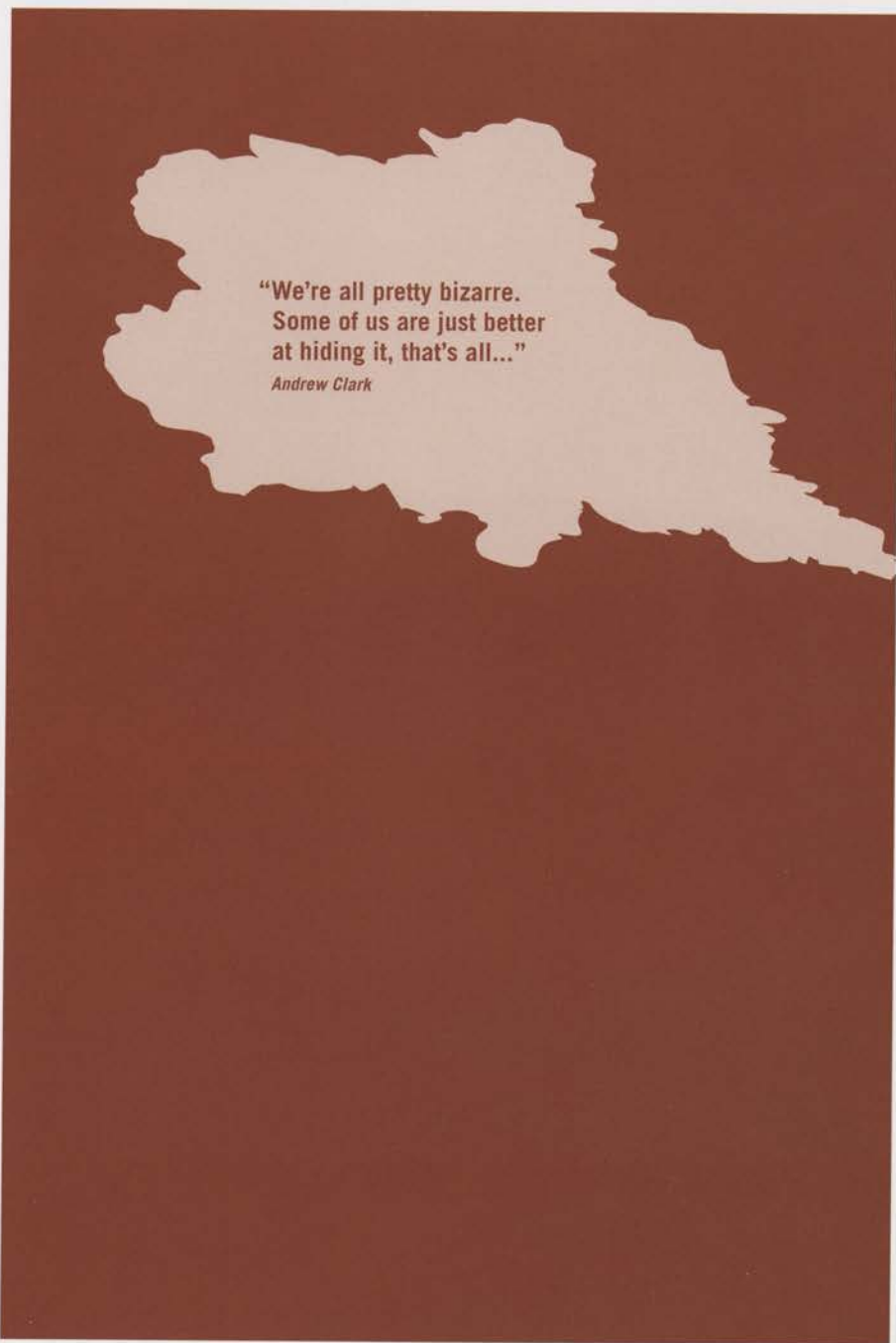


A JOHN HUGHES FILM · AN A&M FILMS/CHANNEL Production "THE BREAKFAST CLUB"
Starring EMILIO ESTEVEZ · PAUL GLEASON · ANTHONY MICHAEL HALL · JUDD NELSON · MOLLY RINGWALD · ALLY SHEEDY
JOHN HUGHES EXEC PROD DEDE ALLEN PROD Music Composed by KEITH FORSEY CO-PRODUCED MICHELLE MANNING GIL FRIESEN and ANDREW MEYER
Produced by NED TANEN and JOHN HUGHES · A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



YOURS TRULY

Emily Brady
Senior | Graphic Design



**"We're all pretty bizarre.
Some of us are just better
at hiding it, that's all..."**

Andrew Clark



A PLACE OF PASSAGE

Jesse Chapman, with Illustrations by Emily Brady
Senior | Graphic Design





UNTITLED

Maia George
Junior | Photography

LOVE, INHERITED

Mary McLoughlin
Junior | English & Human Rights Studies

When you tell me you love me,
you mean, me:

sitting next to you in church
with hands curving the same way
as yours

the curly mop of hair
you used to spend hours untangling
and adorning with butterfly clips.

When you tell me you love me,
I feel you believe it

in the achy
heavings of your chest
when you draw
me too close,

as if the desperation of
holding me against your heart
could be enough to make
room for me there.

When you tell me you love me,
I want you to hold me,

but you
can't stretch your arms
around whom I have grown into.

When I tell you I love you,
I want to mean, I:

winding my fingers through
a hand I could never hold in front
of you

in the mens clothing
you say isn't clinging to my curves
in the way clothes should.

When I tell you I love you
I try not to believe

in the safety
clinging to your shirt
when it is all
I can smell

because I am afraid of
the tender warmth of your body
melting me into the child
who fit in your arms.

When I tell you I love you,
I want you to hold me,

but I
can't stop myself from
shrinking into whom I once was.



UNTITLED

Maia George
Junior | Photography

UNTITLED

Rowen Gray
Senior | English

VII

God is (raises arms to flexing point) ____ God is ____
It was a fill in the blank day.

Where did we come from. Where are we going

A thousand questions with no answers

Not in the right place. Kind of lost

Lost in thoughts. Not drugs

Not coherent. Just don't touch the mint box

The Great Observation

We cannot touch
without
being touched—
for every force there is an
equal and opposite
force (Newton's Third Law)

Funny thing is, when a bug hits a windshield, both the
bug and the windshield have the same amount of force
pushed (exerted) on one another, but only the bug is
noticed.

The bug splatters and
may be seen by one person,
if lucky.

IV

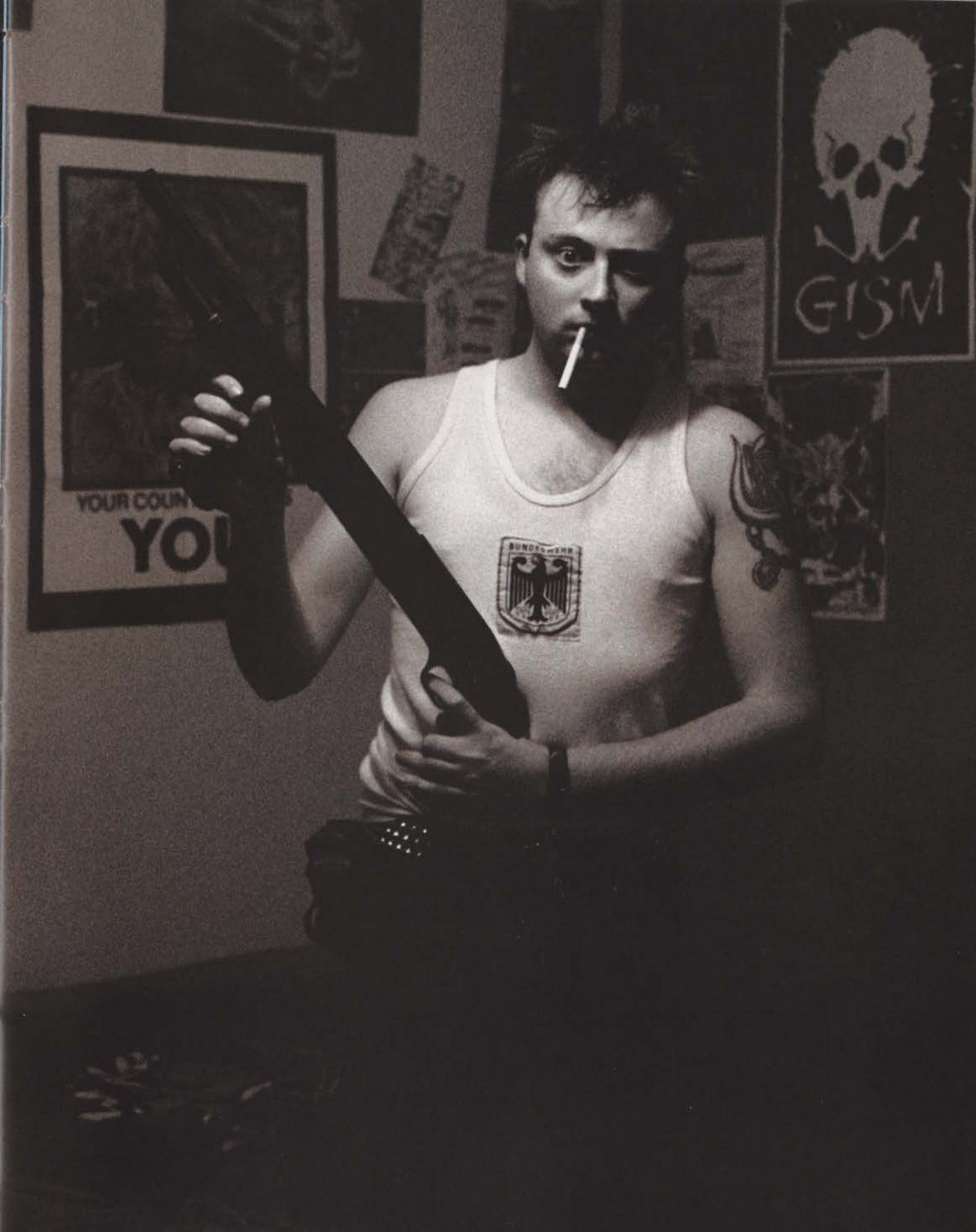
Pennsylvania Polka
Privy pennies
The amber Cadillac with, no plates
Willamania, riches a plenty
Jolt of Henny, from Cadillac Jenny

Pennsylvania Police
All over the streets
But not after me, laughs from Mackenzie
She doesn't know the half of it
In Florida they actually are after me.

Jenny and Mackenzie probably in Dennys
In Venezuela, me llamo Guillermo, Senorita
No better luck than Lenny, spinning like typical Jenny
There is the lovely Bonita, Rosita
But Freya always seems to lure me in
With empty promises that grin, always leaving deadly sin
She is relentlessly pursuing me
Straight out of a maudlin marquee

KIDS ARE ALRIGHT

Brandon Poa
Junior | Mechanical Engineering



LIKE FEAR OF FLYING

Nathan Mansour
Senior | Electrical Engineering

With white, wailing knuckles I held onto the remnants,
the remainder from a long, long division.
What I know
no, knew,

Not a dream, but not quite awake either.
Trapped in between moments prior and to come
Neither here,
nor there.

Afraid not of the dropping, but the stopping,
the acknowledgment of inevitable forces.
The wait,
before the weight.

Arthritic pangs and lactic acid buildup.
Gnawing joints no longer asking for permission.
Newly loosed,
Panicked buoyancy.

We plummet.
We thud.
We glimmer.
For the landing was gentle.

FRANK GEHRY BOOK PROPOSAL

Jeremy Rosen
Fifth Year | Graphic Design and English

you & me

Corinne Woodruff
Senior | English and Religious Studies

can i think without you?
can i be without you?

you came in a moment – frozen forever,
full of pauses and silences, and my mother's forced smile,
you were paperwork and hospitals,
pity dressed as empathy
and now,
you are the look in people's eyes,
the heaviness of their lives placed on mine,
the slight tremor in their voices underneath their hushed tones
you are my tears, the new curve of my shoulder,
the distance in my relationships,

you have stifled my voice – you have kept me quiet,
told me it is too hard to explain or
that no one wants to listen.
i worry it won't weigh on my the souls of my children
the same way it has weighed on mine,
and i am worried that makes me evil,
you are like no one said you would be,
but i think you knew that – you knew it'd be harder that way
harder to share, harder to compare, harder to be.
you are millions of questions, and no answers.
you feel like forever, you feel like today.

should i forgive you?
or, do i even have to?
would letting you go mean
i would lose part of me?

who i am, without you?



COLORED SPACE

Meg Gramza

Senior | Graphic Design

SELF-SABOTAGE

Maura Parker
Senior | Photography





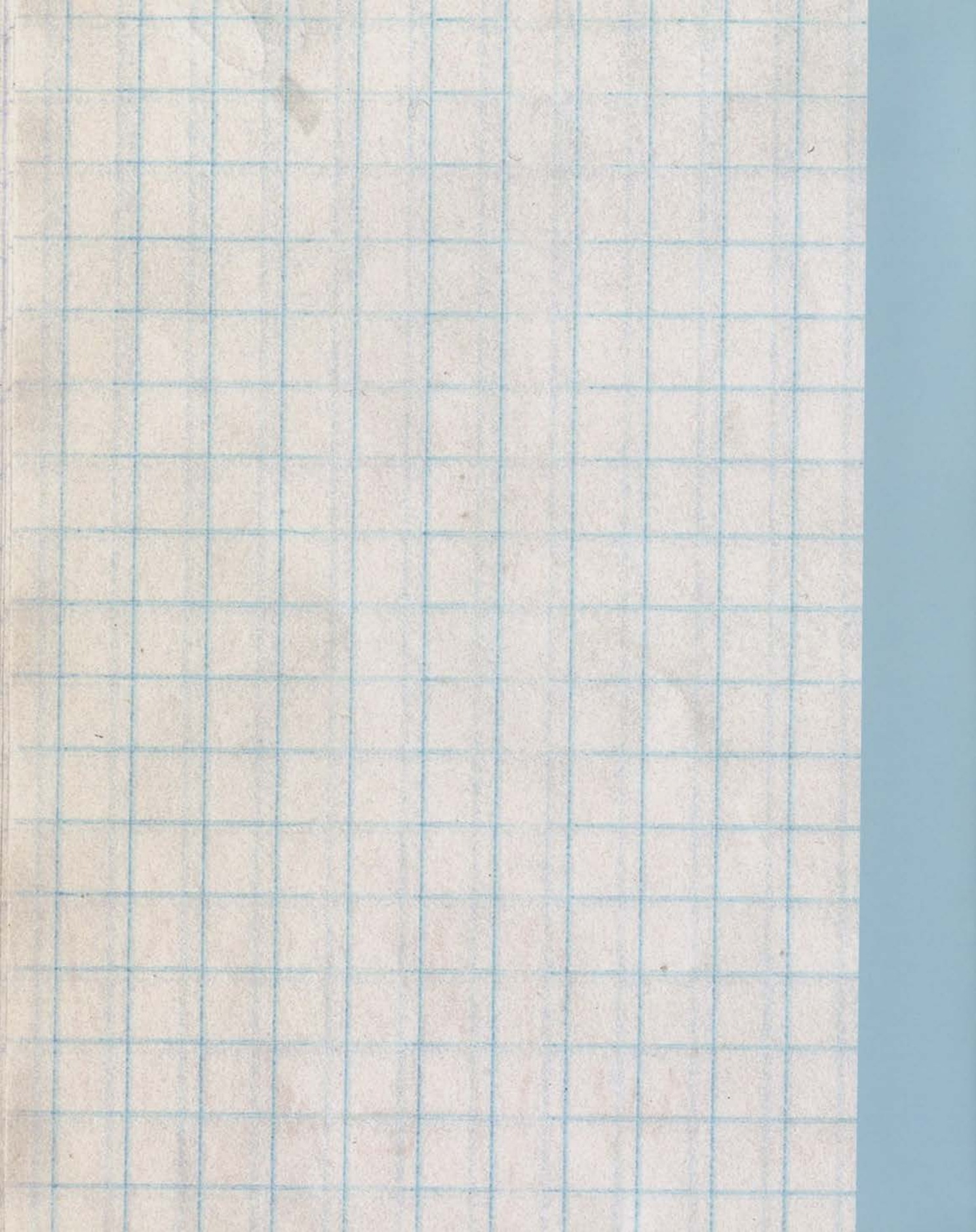
**WHERE DO WE PUT OUR FLESH?
VARIATION 11**

Claire Bowman
Senior | Fine Arts

NOMINALLY A LOVE POEM

Matthew Frazier
Sophomore | Philosophy and English

Two sets of eyes
Set upon each other
A duel
Twin rapiers finding armor's chink
Bodies pressed together, each pierced through
Two wounds, one embrace
Death and a hug
Dinner and a movie
And a love unsettled, uncertain
Pollen stirring upon the lips of a pond
The remains of a flower
And a reaching hand that scoops up the water
With the fallen floral powder
But finds only another hand
To grasp
Or to pull you in for a swim
Trusting buoyancy
But praying to drown in their swallowing presence
A tug and I am soaked through
And the pond becomes an ocean-void
Where sound is nullified
And names can be names
Labels which slip off the fluid surface of being
New difference which identity must suffer
A reminder that your world is disrupted by what is real
And your essential ideals, forged of steel
Melt at the profound touch of something unknown, uncategorized, and soft.



These
are

narrative
drawings

odd as it may seem, in a lot of ways,
cancer has opened me up to a world of
different perspectives & many
opportunities I may not have had (at least
in the same way) otherwise.

But what does that
say about me?

Where does "me" exist...

... & cancer begin?

Odd as it may seem, in
a lot of ways, cancer has
opened me up to a world
of different perspectives
& many opportunities I may
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in the same way) otherwise

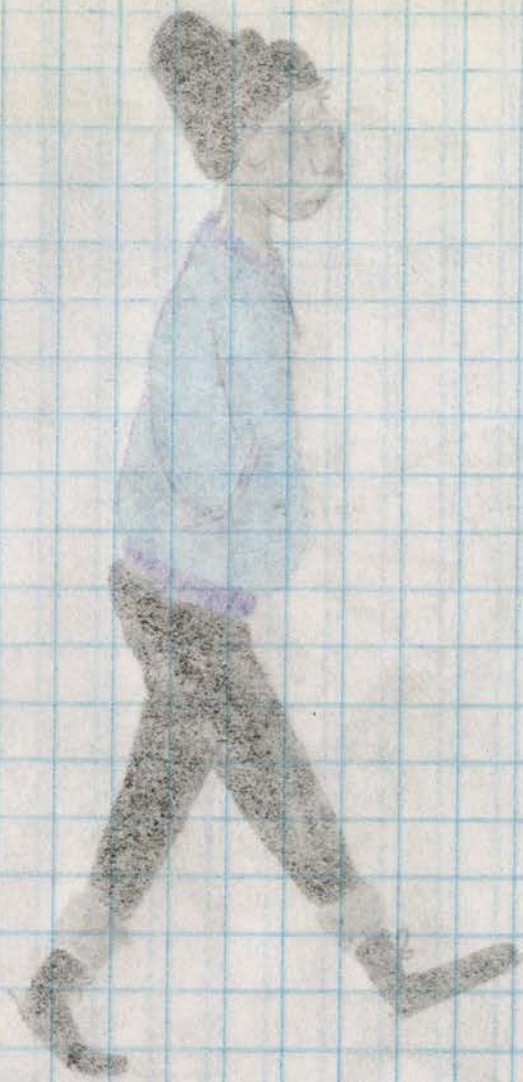
...

But what
does that say
about me?

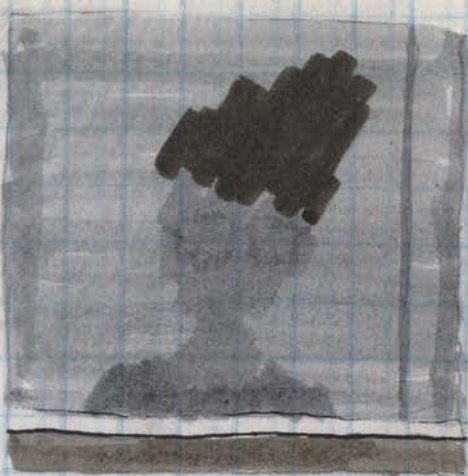
Where does "me" end...

... & cancer begin?

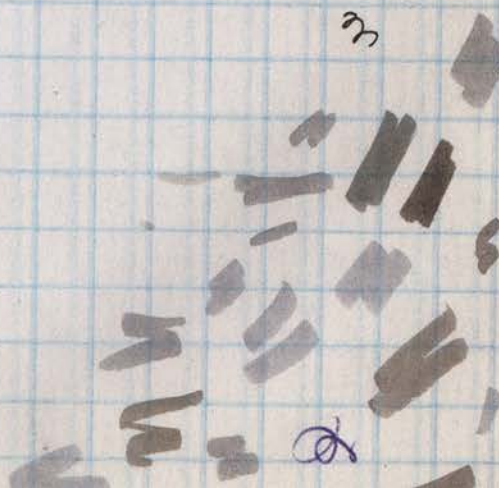




off
4.4.4.4



END.



500 times
1st post of
I really have
I don't want
it of course
at all

on the
I really have
I don't want
it of course
at all

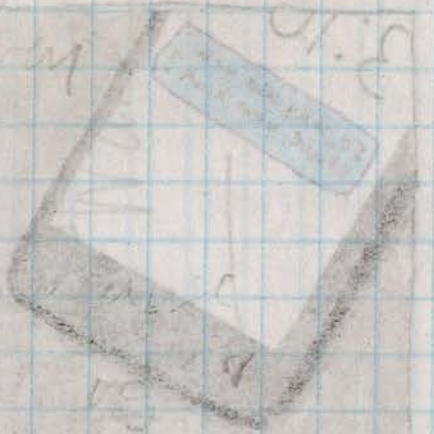
I don't want
it of course
at all

I don't want
it of course
at all

I don't want
it of course
at all

I don't want
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at all

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it of course
at all

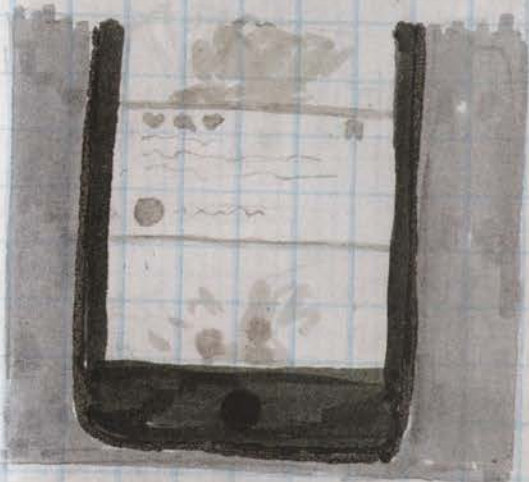


on the

Sometimes I wonder why I post about my illness on social media - what is the point?

Do I really need everyone to see posts about something so personal?

Do I just want attention? Or am I just making it easier on others?



Am I really concerned with other people's comfort with my illness?

But cancer has affected every aspect of my life...

my hair...



my view on hospitals..



how I have to deal with ALL illness



why should it affect social media?

I don't post to be "strong" or "inspirational"

I hit "share" because what is happening + what happened are things I am still processing + will never stop processing + that's okay..

E
N
D
.

Share

PITHAIR

Maura Parker
Senior | Photography



PANTONE

Sierra Kochersperger
Freshman | International Studies

Dear Passion,

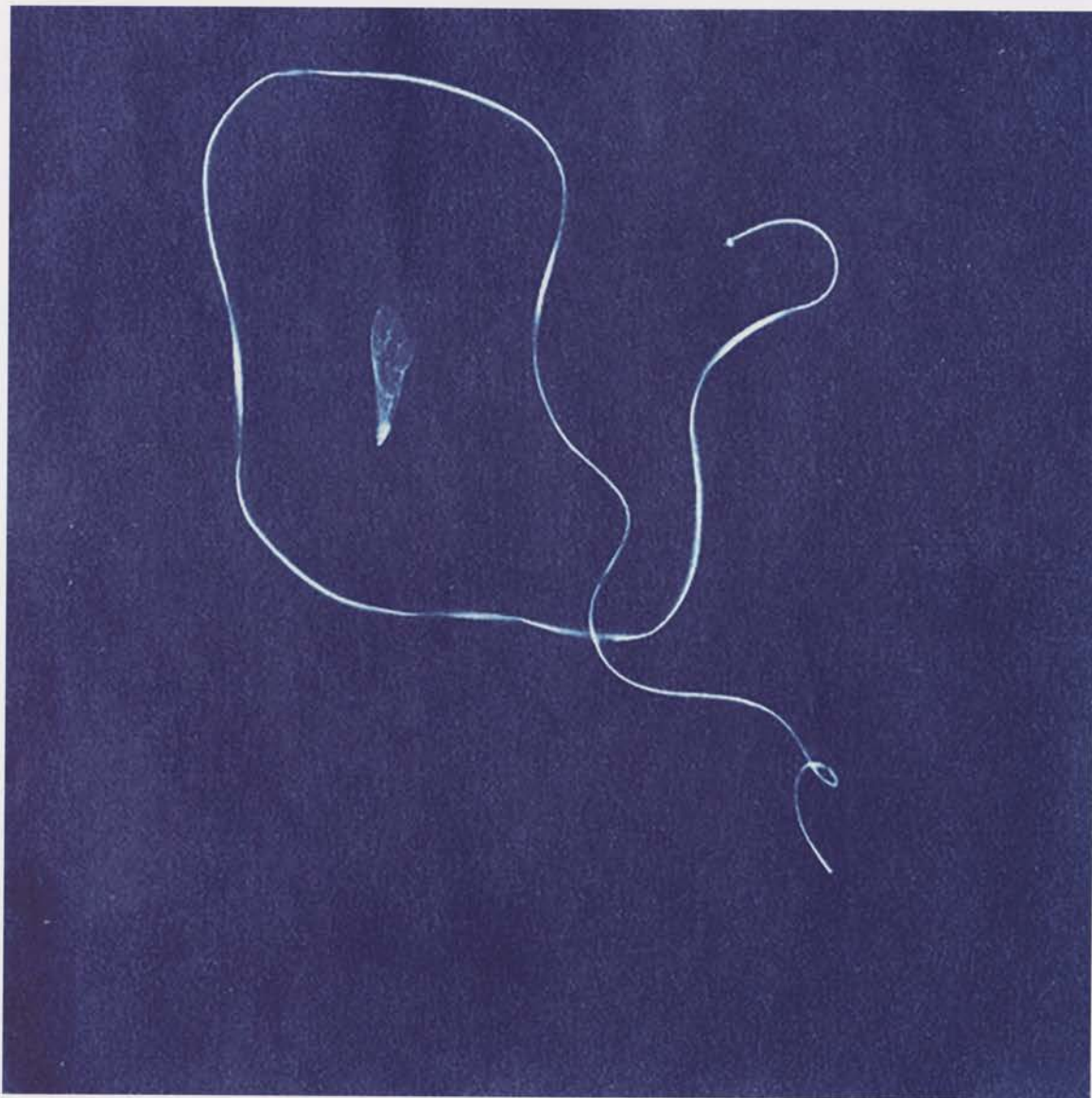
When I think of you I imagine dusty pink. Mostly because when we talk about you in school, we think of heat. But your rosy cheeks are nothing compared to the specks of apple cinnamon that adorn your nose, or the way your rain drum colored jacket hugs your broad shoulders.

The sound waves that are evoked each time you appear make me think of the color mesa rose, a soft purple that caresses the inside of my ears, and really, the inside of my body. You speak with confidence and a sort of sly-ness, a branded melon and champagne ombre. Bold and then soft. These colors reminding me of how prominent you can be while still hiding away. Always waiting in an obvious place.

I think of lavender fields and baby's breath when I think of you. Whether they get picked for someone or whether they are left to grow. A mix of lucite green, royal lilac, and whitewash just floating in the breeze. You remind me of flowers being brought home for wives. You remind me of small children twirling the blossoms between their fingers, happily. You remind me of drunkened bumblebees flying in the haze of an Aurora red colored day.

I have not felt your primrose yellow grip in a while. Have not felt the way you seem to swirl from my feet to my head and then higher. I have not tasted your strawberry grey lips in a while. And no matter how many colors I search for, I will never be ready for whenever you appear. I will not be ready to label the color you make my insides feel. I will not be ready to label the way you seem to have a hold on my smiles, making them brighter than any spiced coral hue. I will never be ready. Because each time we meet, it is different than the last time that I have shaken your hand. You are always different.

Lustfully,
Me



BEE WING

Shannon Stanforth
Sophomore | Graphic Design

the wind screams on its way to fitz

Bridget Graham
Freshman | Political Science

God speaks to me in between classes, but I can't reply
because people will think I'm weird.

This pisses Her off. *They already think you're weird,*
God says. *And yet they like you anyway.*
Who do you think did that?

They are angels in disguise, these people around me.
Devils, too. I love the same, which is not enough.
They are divine, they are hellish. I dance with them the same.
Is all that red the blood of the martyrs?
Or the eternal punishment of sinners?

Same difference, God says.

I believe in Hell but I'm the only one who's going.
Everyone else is wonderful. Everyone else is terrible.
I am God-sent. I am Damned. I am obsessed with Jesus Christ,
but I punched him in the face last week.

I know, I know, I claimed I was a pacifist, yet here I am,
regularly getting into fist-fights with the divine.
Wrestling with angels, call me Israel.
Call me the father of nations.

Or mother. My hips are wide enough,
I could find the soft and warm places,
could split myself open, if you need me to.
I can sew myself back up. I've done it before,
Though God claims credit for it.

Maybe She did. I don't know, I don't
really remember.

MENSTRUATION

Maura Parker
Senior | Photography



MAURA PARKER

Senior | Photography

Visual artist and storyteller who can likely be found, somewhere in the Midwest. Hoarder of all things shiny, synthetic, and colorful. Random passions include: ranch dressing, comedic memoirs and existential space facts.

ANNA EDWARDS

Senior | English

Jam, butter, and a thick slice of deliciously toasted sourdough bread.

EMILY BARTOLONE

Senior | Fine Arts

I am a problem solver; I like to explore this by continually making marks, reacting to them, and discovering their true complement. I use materials — and their distinctive qualities — color, and composition to do such.

ROSE DYAR

Senior | English & Human Rights Studies

My blood flows with the ink of blue Bic ink pens and Lake Michigan water.

OLIVIA PETTIGREW

Junior | Graphic Design

Easily spooked, clearly quirky, and likes to laugh; she once took a quiz that revealed she has the soul of an 80 year-old man.

MADDIE KURLANDSKI

Junior | Graphic Design, Minor: Marketing

I am a junior graphic design major and marketing minor at UD. From a young age, I have always enjoyed making art. Over the past few years, this has developed into a passion for graphic design. I am excited to see where this passion, mixed with my hard work and dedication, takes me for the years to come.

CLAIRE BOWMAN

Senior | Fine Arts

I'm a fine arts senior here at UD, wrapping up my last semester of undergrad. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio to two UD alum, it was pretty easy to find a place here in Dayton. After I graduate, I will be pursuing my Masters degree in Printmaking at whatever university gives me the most money. Fun fact: I am terrible at writing bios, so props to you, reader, for making it this far into my paragraph.

EMILY BRADY

Senior | Graphic Design

A born and raised Clevelander with an appreciation for illustration and old movies.

JESSE CHAPMAN

Senior | Graphic Design

As a photographer and designer, I seek to preserve the old. Many times the themes reflected in my work represent the past. Growing up in Dayton surely must be the reason I was driven to these ideas and places. This city is a great example of how things from the past become forgotten and untended to. In my photography specifically I aim to capture architecture, relics, and anything considered mundane that has been forgotten and give it new life.

MAIA GEORGE

Junior | Photography

I grew up and currently live in Cleveland, Ohio. I am a Junior Photography major, with hopes to minor in Art History. My work primarily focuses on landscapes that capture detailed moments within different environments.

MARY MCLOUGHLIN

Junior | English & Human Rights Studies

Within everything I've ever written are borrowed magics from words I've loved and felt love through. After these years together on Orpheus, I owe the best of my words to Rose and Anna. For moments of your powerful graces and pastel peaces, thank you.

ROWEN GRAY

Senior | English

Unfiltered, untitled, and nearly undocumented. Always in pursuit of truth. Inspired by the greats including Aristotle, Sartre, and Hemingway. Read *The Stranger* or *The Sun Also Rises* and change your life. Catch me on level 6. Yarg You Too

NATHAN MANSOUR

Senior | Electrical Engineering

Currently infatuated with studies of smallness.

BRANDON POA

Junior | Mechanical Engineer, Minor: Photography

My primary medium is digital and film photography. I have also been exploring the film-making process as an officer of Universal Media Filmmakers Club. The most at home I have felt on campus is at the art department. Probably late at night in the dark-room alone, or talking to the lab monitor.

JEREMY ROSEN

Fifth Year | Graphic Design & English

Where have all the flowers gone?

CORINNE WOODRUFF

Senior | English & Religious Studies

On the endless pursuit of my Elysium.

MEG GRAMZA

Senior | Graphic Design, Minor: Photography

I consider myself both a graphic designer and photographer. Everything I make is a result of exploration. My favorite part of the exploration process is watching these passions come together.

MATTHEW FRAZIER

Sophomore | Philosophy & English

Matthew has engaged in a tumultuous relationship with words, especially torn between philosophical and poetic discourse, for longer than is healthy. The battle between his interior life (see: erupting pit of hell) and his ability to 'express himself' has always been lost; yet, here he is, trying his best. He writes to reach others with tendrils of his work, no longer committing his art to the narcissistic project of "being understood".

MARIA GORDON

Junior | Art Education

Maria Gordon is a pre-service art educator and artist that makes comics about things that happen and some things that may happen. More of these comics can be found on Instagram at @themgordon.

SIERRA KOCHERSPERGER

Freshman | International Studies

I am a first year international studies major fascinated by the stars and the wonderings of the mind.

SHANNON STANFORTH

Sophomore | Graphic Design, Minor: Sustainability, Energy, and the Environment

As an artist, designer, and lover of nature — I believe in the ability of art and design to inspire social good. Art and design allows me the opportunity to share my joys and concerns with others. It just so happens that one of the things that brings me the most joy is also the thing that I am often most concerned about: the environment. The happiness that I derive simply from being in nature is a feeling that I think should be available to others; I hope you agree and I thank the Orpheus staff for the opportunity to share my work with you.

BRIDGET GRAHAM

Freshman | Political Science & Human Rights

After this, we'll go the Beautiful. In the meantime, let's make something that looks like it.

BIO GRAPH IES

