

ORPHEUS





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ABOUT ORPHEUS MAGAZINE

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

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Blacklisted
Trade Gothic STD

COVER

Hadley Rodebeck



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EMILY BARTOLONE

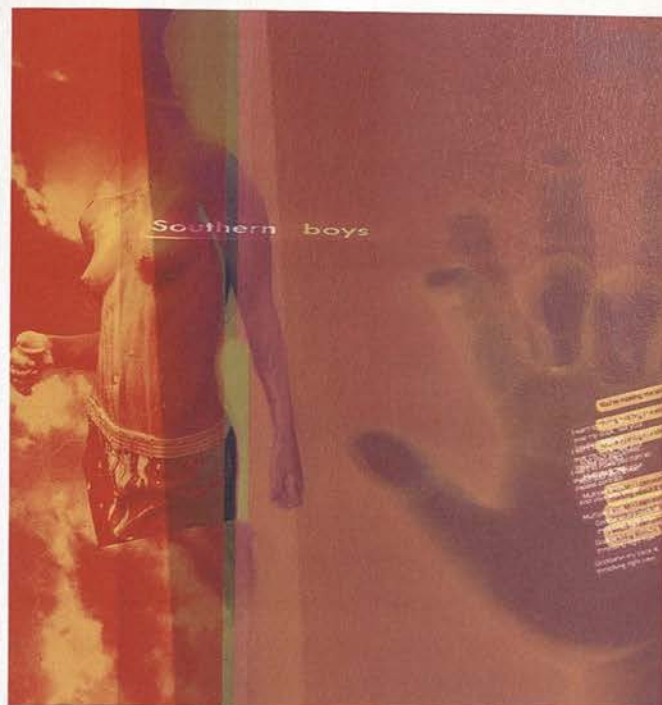
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DEAR READER,

In your hands, you hold an offering. This is for you, wherever it may find you. It is a canticle of experience, a litany of questions, a supplication of wonder. Some of the works featured in this magazine are an attempt to make broken things whole, to reconcile part and parcel. Others in it try to push the planet off its axis, to place a crack at the seam and seems of things. Together still, they weave this borderland into being and inhabit its space. With arms outstretched, we make this offering of stories to you.

Unclench your fists; look at the palms of your hands. What have they held? When did they learn that they could carry the weight of things not their own? Why do they tremble? Reader, this is your story. Allow it to overwhelm you. Enter its rapture and answer its demand to be heard. Begin as we all do, with a breath and a scream. You know your way. You've been here before. Take courage, dear Rear. Take courage, and tell your story.

Join us in knotting, untangling, weaving together these stories of our lives. Take a step back, take a step in. Enter this place of reckoning, of healing, of creating. I hope that these stories, poems, and pieces of art nourish you with sustenance for the voyage. I am deeply grateful to the writers and artists, all of them storytellers, for entrusting pieces of themselves to us. It is to all storytellers, enshrined in the borders and bindings of our publications or not, that I dedicate this issue to.

This is benediction. This is grace. This is all we have.

Reader, on this banquet of blood, flesh,
and muscle, I hope you feast.

TAKE AND EAT,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Rose Dyr". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Rose" and the last name "Dyr" clearly legible.

Rose Dyr
Editor

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

DEAR VIEWER,

As a designer, I aim to create a unique user experience that communicates a client's message. This design is influenced by the artists and writers that are passionate about the chosen theme for this semester: BORDERLANDS. The message brings about a way of thinking about ourselves and other people. It brings about the human experience. How things transform. It is about what surrounds us, holds us, and molds us over the course of our lifetime.

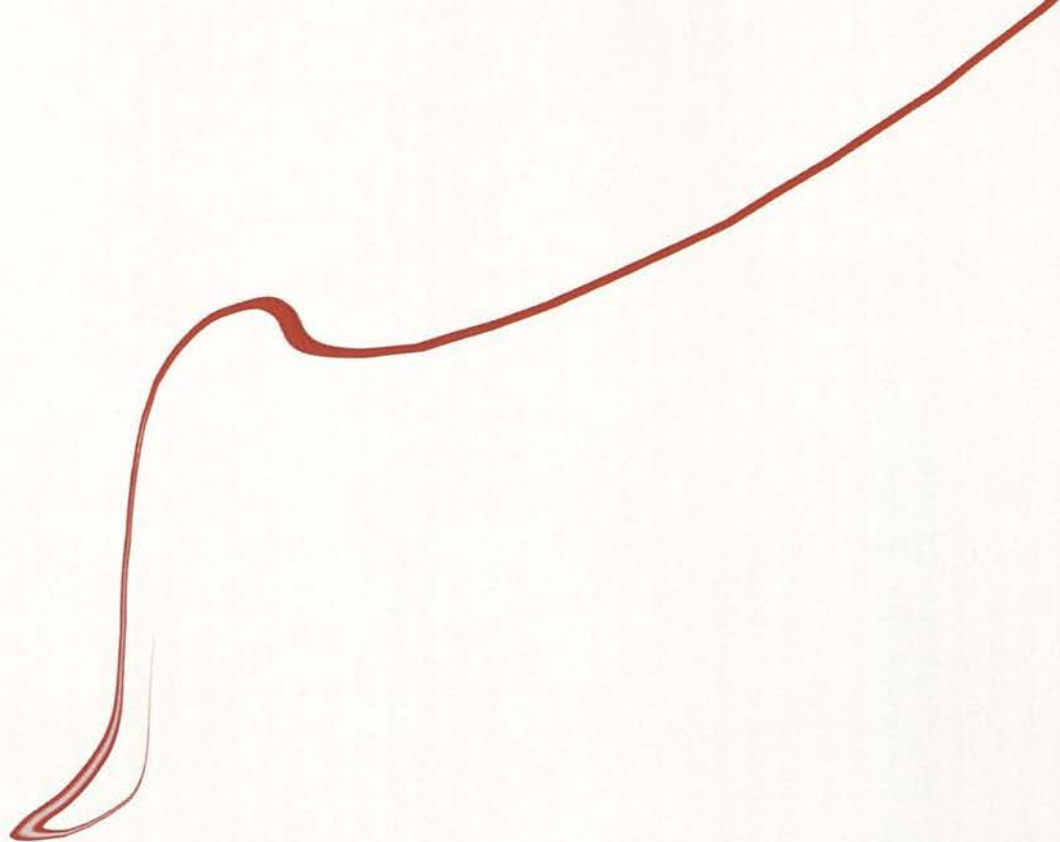
It is with great pleasure and honor that I dedicate this issue to the artists and writers who take pride and purpose in telling stories and aim to give meaning to life.

ENJOY,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Hadley Rodebeck". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Hadley" being more prominent than the last name "Rodebeck".

Hadley Rodebeck
Lead Designer, Design Editor

BORDER LANDS



“

'We're going to have to control your tongue,' the dentist says, pulling out all the metal from my mouth. Silver bits plop and tinkle into the basin. My mouth is a motherlode.

The dentist is cleaning out my roots. I get a whiff of the stench when I gasp. 'I can't cap that tooth yet, you're still draining,' he says.

'We're going to have to do something about your tongue,' I hear the anger rising in his voice. My tongue keeps pushing out the wads of cotton, pushing back the drills, long thin needles. 'I've never seen anything as strong or as stubborn,' he says. And I think, how do you tame a wild tongue, train it to be quiet, how do you bridle and saddle it? How do you make it lie down?

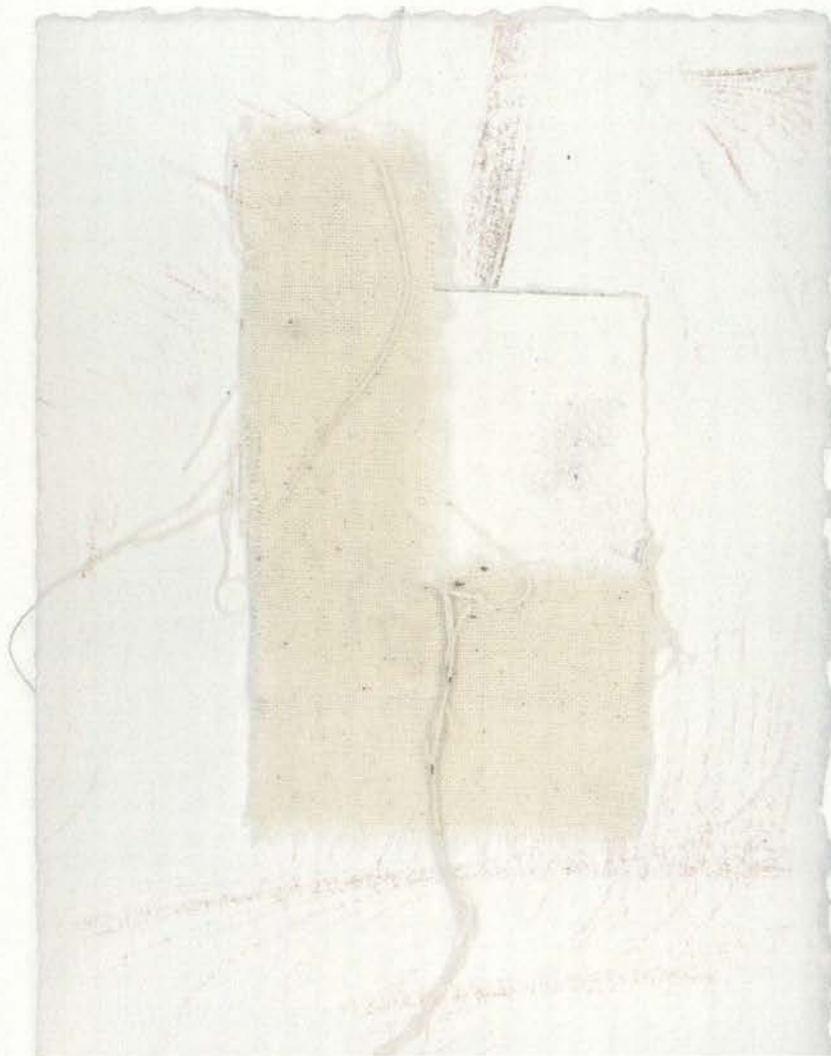
-Gloria Anzaldúa, *Borderlands / La Frontera*

”

TO LIVE IN THE BORDERLANDS IS TO STRUGGLE TO BELONG.

It is to inhabit the spaces between the poles of black and white, here and there, North and South. To live in the Borderlands is to carve identity out of complexities. To move toward the new mestiza is to take up spaces where the celebration and confusion of what is messy, raw, and human reside.

MIXED MEDIA



EMILY BARTOLONE

COLLAGE NO. 3 A NEW WHOLE

JULY HEAT

JULIE BAFFOE

I cut your hair on the couch with kitchen
scissors in a house with locked doors
and closed curtains while our fathers
are many thousands of miles away in
opposite directions playing dice,

I trace a finger along your jaw with eyes
locked on your eyes, the pavements
racing around the sun without us, biding
my time and closing the curtains,

I as a drifter find myself drifting over
pavements many thousands of miles,
between the blades of kitchen scissors,
drift to doors and lovers,

POETRY

I see you in a mirror kissing your
last lover, abiding memories, tracing
closing doors, timing the sun, I see
you loving the play of dice,

I light the leaves and trace a finger
along the edge of your hair while
you love me,

I as a drifter alight from the couch
and drift along lighted leaves as your
lasting lover kisses you last, biding
a word from the sun,

I leave the lights and mirror your
locked eyes, locking doors, and
someone steals your bag
with the computer,

I close the door to kiss your jaw with
kitchen scissors and you love me
like your lover at last,

I race toward our fathers, and you
with your stolen bag with the com-
puter are cutting a different kind of
door, we drift in opposite directions,

Admiring the cut of your hair,
closing my eyes to the locked
door and closer curtains, I love
the dice that fall behind someone
stealing your last lover's kiss and
the fingers that you put on my jaw,

I write a word about the mirrored
pavements, and my lasting love in
opposite directions,

I steal a memory of a bag with a
computer closing the scissors,

I steal a memory of a father with a die
leaving the lights on in the kitchen,

And drifting over lovers and admiring
the way the sun mirrors a kind of
dying that alights your locked eyes,

I, lovingly, many thousands of
miles away, open the door of
my father's house.

DAWNN

TAYLOR ORR

PHOTOGRAPHY

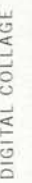


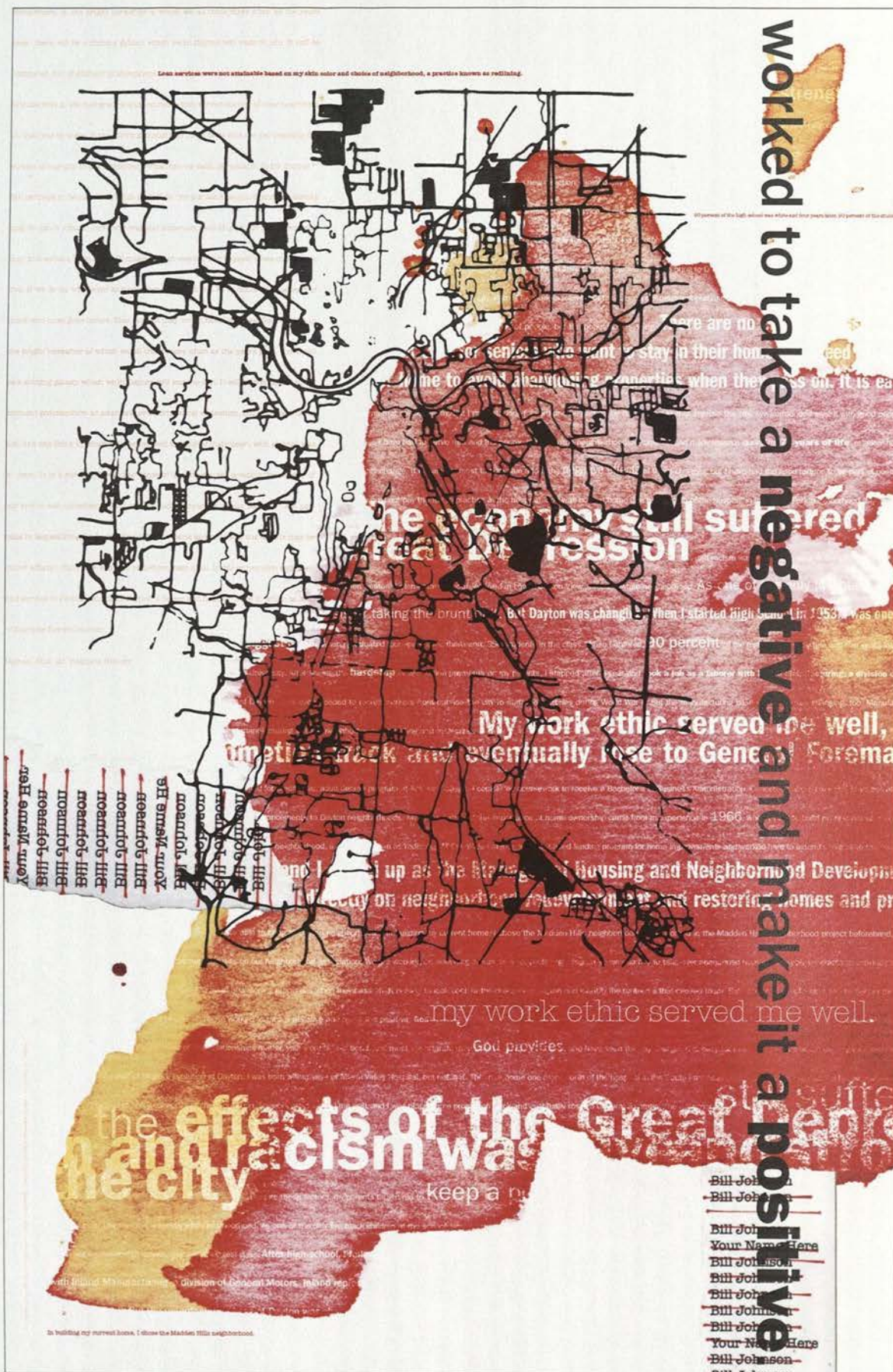
THE ART OF DIONYSUS'S CONVERSATION

J'AI CRUSE
POETRY

The *clinks* rudely guide the conversation.
Scraping forks take pieces, echoing.
A nice jab still fresh fills my stomach,
By sharpened tongues cutting through our melting wit.
We know each other so well as we chew.
Weakness ravished, complemented with dry wine,
As we flushed unspoken disappointments.
Ominous announcements side eye glances,
Broken as shards of shattering dishes.
Comments cooked so raw but we bite through the blood.
As we feed from Hestia's ashes,
So barren our food is always cold.
But we smile and laugh because for us,
We are glad to get devoured alive.

SOUTHERN BOYS







ALLISON BURNS **UNTITLED**

While Waiting for

NEAL CASSADY

POETRY

:Here is what I am hoping to talk to The Moms about:
over our phone call;
I am 20 years old.

something about being partly scared all the time,
something about the dryer not fully drying clothes
no matter how much time spent in dryer, by clothes,
my friends seem scared, too,
why our landlord is angry or if he's just trying to play
us for money,
any tips on waking up happy,

:I am hoping to avoid talking about:
my brother, Dan,
Trump,

Mrs. K's photos left unscanned under my bed,
classes and/or grades in aforementioned classes,
the dried milk cups left in our computer room
forgotten, back home

:I am hoping to ask The Moms:
if she's coming for Parent's Weekend,
if I can make sense of addiction/why she kept buying
Gram her Camels/W. Turkey late into her life,
when will I be taught how to let go,
how to hold on to childhood
how to choose role models more carefully
((maybe)did she ever like Kevin Spacey)
and tell her I love her,

the Moms to Call

:Here is what The Moms is hoping to talk to me about:

over our phone call;

I am 20 years old.

something about getting applications in on time,

something about taking proper care of my clothes,

the downfalls of the Socialist/Communist platform,

my choice of friends, too

why the landlord is angry calling her and Pops during

Wheel of Fortune,

making my morning classes,

:The Moms is hoping to avoid talking about:

climate change, Geology class

Gram,

Steve Jobs, Kanye West, Allen Ginsberg, and other

whacked-out hippies that wasted away their classes,

our family friend who was abandoned with her kids

forgotten, back home

:The Moms is hoping to ask me:

if I am coming home for Easter weekend

if I can act sensibly around drugs/why I still let these

potheads/whacked-out hippies into my life,

when will I learn how to let go of things,

and leftover childhood dreams

why don't I choose role models more carefully

((maybe)did I ever read more about Mother Teresa)

and tell me that she loves me.

CONNIE JOHNSON'S COLLAPSE

SARAH CRITCHFIELD
FICTION

Two weeks after the funeral, I found myself huddled around a pile of sleeping bags and Skinny Pop. In the magic of midnight, my hands shook as I told my closest friends about finding your broken razor blades. Our girlish laughs grew still as we got lost in the tales of your secretive sorrow. I saw our mother in all of their faces. They protected me with the power of pretend positivity and drowned me in good intentions.

Earlier this month Mom told me I was a prettier version of her. We were driving to the grocery store when she brushed her aging hand across my face. Her knuckles cut my cheeks and I became another reason she hates herself.

At home, Mom's tears coax me into swallowing myself. I keep how I'm feeling tucked away at the back of my throat even when I'm throwing up. Sometimes I can't breathe and I bleed on the floors of the bathrooms Mom wants to redo. She tries to choke me with the hand soap she bought on sale. She doesn't like how I say your name. She asks me to keep my crying quiet.

It's getting worse without you. Waking up sticks like a broken zipper. My legs are trapped in the comforter that caught me crying into my own shoulder. Sometimes I submit to the delayed destruction and swim in the warm haze of wiping your candy-covered mouth with the edge of my sleeve. Mom's a lot like the memories, the more I fight, the less power I possess. Once my mattress finally forgives me, I notice the way morning spills like blood through our half-opened windows of performative intimacy.

The kitchen table feels larger without your looseleaf. Its uneven grooves were carved by your heavy handwriting. Mom doesn't buy chocolate milk anymore so coffee tastes like a learned skill.

I lean against our bathroom counter as I brush my teeth. My skin melts into the mold of an ongoing failure. Your shampoo stares at me as I throw my face into the mirror we fought over. Blood and bitterness pool around my shortcomings. I rinse self-importance off my blistered heels and cover them with cotton socks I stole from your room. We miss you Mal.

IDENTITY TAYLOR WILSON

PHOTOGRAPHY



DANI LIOCE **OUT ON A WHIM** DRAWING



GLASS WINDOWS

POETRY
WILL LANDERS

I see around me sleepers and dreams
in hands, on wrists, in ears;
blue reflections masking eyes
in a land of palm readers

Portals to rose gold worlds
behind glass windows,
beckoning minds and souls

Or black dreamcatchers
snaring a land of dreamers,
dragging eyelids closed.

DECONSTRUCTING FRANK GEHRY PAYTON OAKES

GRAPHIC DESIGN



THE SPACE BETWEEN I LOVE YOU AND ANYWAY

POETRY

MARY MCLOUGHLIN

When I was conceived my parents gave me
my grandma's name

which my grandma
stitched
on a Christmas stocking
to hang in the hospital.

Said she didn't have
to wait to hold me in order
to Love me
to know I'd wear
Ourname well.

During my mom's pregnancy she
prayed for me every day, not
with words, but
with HerHands as
they guided needle and thread to
patch panels together into quilt,
each piece with a different picture of
winged angel gardening in heaven.

Quilting, she said, was
how she came to know me,
her way of
helping those angels
sow me, grow me.

When I was nine my
favorite shirt to wear was a
shirt sewn together.
She: picked the pattern
I: picked the fabric.

HerHand/myhand
one under the sewing machine.

HerHand: bulging with the mountains of the life she lived
purple in some places
soft in all places
myhand: clinging to the valleys of HerHand
a pale canvas life had not yet marked as mine
soft in most places; cracked in some

Sitting there in
HerLap
I learned about the
kind of threads that hold everything together—

First, about
The String Kind: threads guided by the nimble needle she used to pull together worlds
the dip of HerHand—never quivering, never hesitating
the tool she had to fix even my sloppiest stitch

And then about
The Other Kind: threads that pull her lips up into smile when she's proud
the lull of her voice—never rising, never wavering
the certainty that she will always know what to do

It wasn't until I outgrew
her lap
that I learned about the
kind of threads that unravel—

First,
MyWords: Grandma,
I'm
Gay

And then,
herwords: Nothing at first, but then
I'll learn to love you—
Anyway.

So now I'm trying
to learn

how to live
trapped in this space between
I Love You—

and Anyway.

Because the same time that passed
to mark MyHands as my own
has aged

herhands
so now they
are not as steady as they were,
and so now they
won't stop

shaking.
Arthritis has made it
impossible for her
to sow
and I don't know
any other way to
pull our pieces

together.
When I'm home I
still sleep with the quilt she made me.
I run myhand over the stitches
put in place by

HerHand.
I feel how she prayed for me and
cling to that

echo of when

she Loved me
before she even got to hold me,
but when I wrap
myself in the quilt's worn warmth
I can never quite decide if I'm
swaddled in the heaven
she grew me out of or
suffocating in the heaven
she ruled me out of.

Because some days when she says
I love you—

I still
hear ourname
wear ourname
bear ourname

but some days
I just hear the

Anyway
tighten around me like a knot
search desperately for the tool she once used to
pull out my sloppy stitches
find only

herhand: shaking
have no choice but to
hold it in
myhand: shaking

try to learn steady again together.

**“AND TO ALL
READING, N
THE LITTLE
MAGIC ON C
THAT IS ORP
FIRE, AND Y
THE KINDLIN**

OF THOSE
VER FORGET
CORNER OF
UR CAMPUS
EUS. IT'S A
UR WORK IS
G."

-Cari Zahn, Assistant Literary Editor of Orpheus

HIDE AND SEEK

PHOTOGRAPHY

MAURA PARKER



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. PEMBERLEY

FICTION
ANNA EDWARDS

In the middle of the night Mrs. Pemberley's husband passed away in his sleep. It was sudden, noted only by a catch in his breath. Mrs. Pemberley remained in a deep slumber, unknowingly sleeping beside her now dead husband.

Even in its early years, their marriage was deeply wrinkled. But there had been happy times. Family vacations marked by their children's giddy laughter and striped swimsuits were some of Mrs. Pemberley's happiest memories. Her dreams often revisited these fading moments...

*

SANTA CLARA (1991)

"WHAT'S IT YOU STUDY AGAIN?"

Standing in the living room of Andy's new apartment, it was the first time she had been to California.

"Law, Ma. I've told you 100 times I study law. I want to become a lawyer!"

"I know sugar, I just keep on forgetting." She had arrived early before dinner, hoping to have a few minutes alone with Andy. In the years since he moved out west, she felt as though perhaps she no longer knew her son as well as she once had.

On his desk she noticed a small picture shoved behind the others. Picking it up, she recognized it as a photograph of the family on some beach from a vacation long ago. She was taken aback by how content she looked — no, she thought with a sigh, it must have been the sun. Or maybe she was just younger.

"You better hurry up! Your father will be here soon with the girls. Any idea of where we ought to eat?"

Disregarding her question, Andy came out of his bedroom. "Hey Ma, I've been thinking."

"About what, sugar?"

"I've been thinking that you and the girls should move out here. It's sunny all the time, and everyone's always in a good mood. You would really like it!"

Laughing, Mrs. Pemberley looked at her son in disbelief. "And what am I supposed to do about your father?"

"Well, I was thinking you could move here without him."

His words hung heavy in the air, slipping slowly out the window with the rattle of his AC.

★

Mrs. Pemberley awoke with a start. She listened for a moment, trying to figure out what it was that had brought her from her dreams. Hearing nothing, she glanced over at her husband whose back was turned to her.

Sighing, she returned to her sleep unaware that it was the absence of Mr. Pemberley's heavy breathing for the first time in 30 years that had woken her.

FT. MEYERS (1988)

SHE TOOK A DRAG OF HER CIGARETTE, blowing the smoke into the wind that sprinted back at her face.

"This is just amazing!" She yelled to the front of the boat. The sun set behind them like a screen projection, slowly being pulled down to show its yellow and orange colors. Putting her cigarette out, she called to her daughters.

"Come on girls, why don't you go give your Daddy a kiss and thank him for this beautiful night. Come on, go and give your Daddy a kiss!" She smiled as she watched the two girls run to the bow of the boat.

Next to her sat Andy, already 17 years old. At this time next year he would be off at university, studying economics or finances or whatever it was he was so good at. Lovingly, she placed her hand over his.

"I'm so proud of you," she said as she pulled his hand to her cheek.

"I know."

For a while, they sat in comfortable silence staring at the deep blue swimming beside them. She wondered if somehow, somewhere, another mother was sitting with her son just as they were.

She wondered if they too would forever hold onto this moment.

Sighing, she adjusted her shawl and in doing so a fading purple revealed itself on her shoulder. Andy's brows knitted together.

He gently reached over. "What's this from, Ma?"

Quickly, Mrs. Pemberley adjusted her shawl. "Oh, that's nothing sugar." Looking up, she saw her daughters sitting on their father's knee.

"Girls, come on back here. Come on over!" She looked at Andy and smiled. He only stared back in confusion.

COCOA BEACH (1986)

"HEY MA, CAN I HAVE SOME CHANGE FOR A POP?"

"Sure thing, sugar."

Standing there with his sun-speckled face, Mrs. Pemberley thought about how Andy had always been her favorite. As he grew older, he began to look increasingly like her. She couldn't help but love him a bit more than the others for that. "Get the girls some candy too, would you?"

As Andy walked away, she looked over at her two daughters playing in the sand. How precious they were in those pink shorts, their faces framed by light curls. The blue Atlantic crested loudly behind them, making the girls look smaller than they already were. Their father, Mr. Pemberley, stood beside them. She raised her eyes to find him staring at her in a way that was unsettling.

Avoiding his gaze, she quickly looked anywhere else. Her daughters had been making sandcastles, and the shell-lined fortresses rose up proudly against the horizon. The lowering sun glinted off the family's beached orange plastic float, lying there as though it had meant to wash up anywhere but here. On her right was a pile of faded beach towels waiting to be used, offering gentle arms for sore skin burned by the bright day.

The evening soon fell into full swing, and small shadows formed in the castles' finger-dug moats and sandy towers. Mrs. Pemberley watched as the sandcastles raced back out to sea as the tide stole farther up the shore.

DANI LIOCE

EAT YOUR VEGETABLES

DRAWING



THIS IS HOW TO BEHAVE IN THE PRESENCE OF MEN WHO DON'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL

CARI ZAHN
FICTION

Pinch your cheeks to bring out their natural color. If he sees you put product on your face, he'll presume you are hiding something, but if you look plain enough, he'll deem you ugly. Ensure that you smell nice, but don't be strongly perfumed; anything floral could make his eyes water. Talk softly and laugh pleasantly, but not too much. Posture is important; it accentuates your chest. Try to stay kind of still. If you think he'll pay the bill, order water. If you expect he won't, flirt until he does. Get a salad, chew quietly, and resist the urge to request extra dressing. You want for nothing.

Excuse yourself to the restroom when you finish the meal, no sooner. Brush your teeth after you eat. Wipe off your lipstick. Hurry, or he may begin to have doubts about you. Keep your legs closed and crossed while sitting in public, but be prepared to open them again when lured into private. When he demands you come home with him, do it. Allow him to bait you. When he tells you you're pretty, believe him. Mirrors lie. When he insists that he yearns for you, stomach it silently. Endurance is key here. If you start to feel anxious, let your mind drift. Recall your grocery list. Focus on the ceiling fan. Resolve to dust it if you ever move in. Anticipate that he won't call.

But if he hurts you, say, "stop." If he tries to force the whiskey on you, leave. Know that if you storm out, he'll anger quickly. If he locks the door, use the window. Remember your voice and scream if you need to. If he hits you, spit the blood into his bathroom sink. Cover the bruises with makeup before you return to work. Use a few vacation days. If your lungs ache from heaving, get some sleep. If you hear him in your dreams, turn up the music. Somehow, the phone will still tempt you. Direct your attention elsewhere.

When you run into him and his wife at the market, ignore him. When he greets you, pretend you forgot his name. When she wonders how you met, let him answer. When his kids knock over three boxes of Frosted Flakes, and he yells, "behave!" ask if he always speaks to his wife that way. Then walk away. Buy yourself a coffee and a bouquet of flowers. On your next date, go for the pizza.

EATING HOME

FICTION
CASSADY CALDER

"My name's Christina."

"And who is this?"

"My rabbit, Pancake."

"Why's his name Pancake?"

"Cause when he was a baby he got into the pancake batter mama was makin' 'an she nearly fried him."

"And where do you live darlin'?"

"5350 Clay Rd. Clay spelled C-L-A-Y."

"And what are you doin' with Pancake?"

"Well... We're kinda hungry... so I think we're gonna eat him. He's nice and fat so he should taste awful good." The rabbit's nose twitched as a Western Oklahoma wind ruffled its fur.

"Do you want to eat Pancake?" the neighbor asked.

"Mama says she's gonna cook him up real good, lots 'a bacon grease."

"You want to eat him?"

"I don't like eatin' the cabbage..."

"Better get inside girl, storm's a comin'."

...

The topsoil had never really come back. For some reason, though, she had, years after the bones of their dinner had long been swallowed up by the earth. Maybe that was why this land was so sickly.

Her boots crunched down the driveway as she reached the barn. She heaved open the brown doors. A woof of dust came out of the blackness, like a ghost heaving a sawdust sigh. It rushed through her hair and slid out into the cold grey sky.

You were never able to see anything in the first step. The contrast between the natural light outside and the dusky gloom of the barn made it look like you were stepping into a black hole that might swallow you up. She trusted her feet though and stepped over the threshold.

It was only once she was inside that her eyes were able to adjust enough to see the dirty, rotting floorboards and smell the sweet hay going sour because mother had left it out in the rain again. A barn cat, sick with fleas and starvation, crawled out of a hole in the siding to rub against her boot, looking for affection in the place of food. She pushed it away with one steel-tipped toe. Mother probably hadn't fed the cats in weeks.

She stepped forward again, the decaying wood squealing beneath her feet, into the row of stalls. Out of habit she glanced into the first stall. It housed her father's pride, the mare he had won in a card game. He had noticed her attentions to the horse back then, and out of love had mounted the plaque that she wiped off with her jacket sleeve: 'Christina's Golden Sunrise, Cha.'

A pretty little golden palomino. Her mother had been so surprised when he came trotting up the lane with a horse by the halter at one o'clock in the morning. It was just an old nag now with a sway back. The horse lifted its head dimly at her approach. They probably should have put it down a while ago.

The saddle she had used to ride the horse around the pasture and hop over her homemade jumps still sat on the rack beside the stall. Its fake silver embellishments were tarnished and unrecognizable. The barn had become a museum for her past. Ribbons from 4H shows were still stuck the wall but so coated in dust they looked like the impressions of achievements left over after someone had taken the real things away. Underneath the rack was her pair of size six riding boots, the leather cracked and snarled. The top of one boot lopped over in such a way that you got the impression that if you tried to stiffen it again the whole thing would simply break off.

It wasn't the shows that she missed as much as it was the doing of the work. Harvesting the wheat in the fall with the farm hands who stuck straw in their mouths and had to constantly censor themselves around her. Picking blackberries with her mom to boil down and make preserves with that were as sweet as candy. The pride of raising the hog that was butchered for the family Christmas dinner and ended up feeding half the county. The excitement of being the first one to go out to check the chicken coop and find smooth, warm eggs. Those were the good memories.

She turned away from the stall. A rat chittered at her through a hole in the floor. The tomcat lunged but missed, hungry for another day. All the creatures in the barn were too old or sickly to be useful. Back when the farm was functional if a critter didn't earn its keep, it got eaten. It was payment for the nice life it got to live on the farm. She would have the vet come out in the morning to put the nag down. She knew a neighbor who might even be nice enough to take the carcass away for her. She was too busy with funeral preparations.

She turned back down the row of stalls. The question of what to do with the farm still nagged at her. For now the most answer she could muster was to shut the barn door.

...

At a table on the fourth floor of a want-to-be skyscraper in the downtown area, she sat and ate lunch. She worked on the sixth floor but the cleanest tables with the best views were down here. It was a grey colored day and the sky had been drizzling on and off for some time. The medevac helicopter from the neighboring hospital took off despite the weather.

People walked up and down the grid in the parking lot. Cars nosed their way through alleys of vehicles. Citizens of the city crossed up and down the sidewalk all on their way to or from lunch breaks. They walked one by one with precisely maintained distances between them, ants in pursuit.

She looked down at her lunch. Office life had driven away the sinewy muscle and inch-thick skin she used to have. Her commanding demeanor had been replaced with pudge and softness. She worked as a secretary for a national chain headquarters. As much as she wished she was back in the countryside, there just weren't any jobs there anymore. Not unless you wanted to work ten hours a day harvesting crops with the migrant workers. She had never had a college education. She had planned on running the farm that was willed to her. According to government standards, she didn't have any marketable skills. She was useless, so she took the job for useless people.

The parking lot was a sea of grey, maroon, black, and white. All neutral colors. When she looked across them, she couldn't distinguish one from the other. A sea of colorless formlessness, except for three perfectly yellow cars that stuck out in a secret triangle across the lot. Three other cars with their hazards on were parked in the visitor's spots. She could change the patterns and synchronize the lights by staring at them and willing it. She still believed that if she looked hard enough at the lights they would tell her something. That the universe would communicate with her through flickering headlights.

She ate her salad quietly and wished the headlights would tell her how to go back in time. The bistro here only sold coffee, soup, and salad. She munched another bite of fat-free vinaigrette soaked lettuce, staring at the floor. The salad looked back up at her.

It was almost time for her to get back into the office. She looked back out the window and choked up. The grey clouds were rolling darkly towards her. The universe was eating her. She had stopped functioning for society, and now she was being steadily consumed. Devoured by memories, rollerball chairs, and women in patterned blouses. She looked back down at her salad and wished for Pancakes.

MAURA PARKER
CAMOUFLAGE

PHOTOGRAPHY



skin

OLIVIA THOMAKOS

POETRY

for sixteen years, they displaced my voice
stuffed it in the lazy susan behind
three bottles of mrs. butterworth's syrup and
the extra virgin olive oil
they wanted my words to drip sweetness and innocence
tucked back where the light couldn't
reveal any sour
any controversy or fight
any change

passive-aggressive spins,
round and round
avoiding the sticky situations
the wrong questions
the right misconceptions
they ask me what i think before telling me my opinion

once perfectly molded
i am pulled out and dusted off
to be placed on a higher shelf
more visible
but just as inaccessible
behind the wooden beams
lining the kitchen ceiling

ask how i got here and i will tell you
they said JUMP and i went the exact height required
they said SHINE and i did not question the cloth erasing my individuality
they said DO NOT MOVE so there i stayed

i sat so still they forgot i was there
i grew restless
itching for action
i rocked and i rolled
down the cupboard doors
CRASHing on the ground

out flew My pieces
sharp, stabbing opinions
sticking in their heels and toes
unignorable, painful shards
cutting deeper with each step they tried to take away from Me

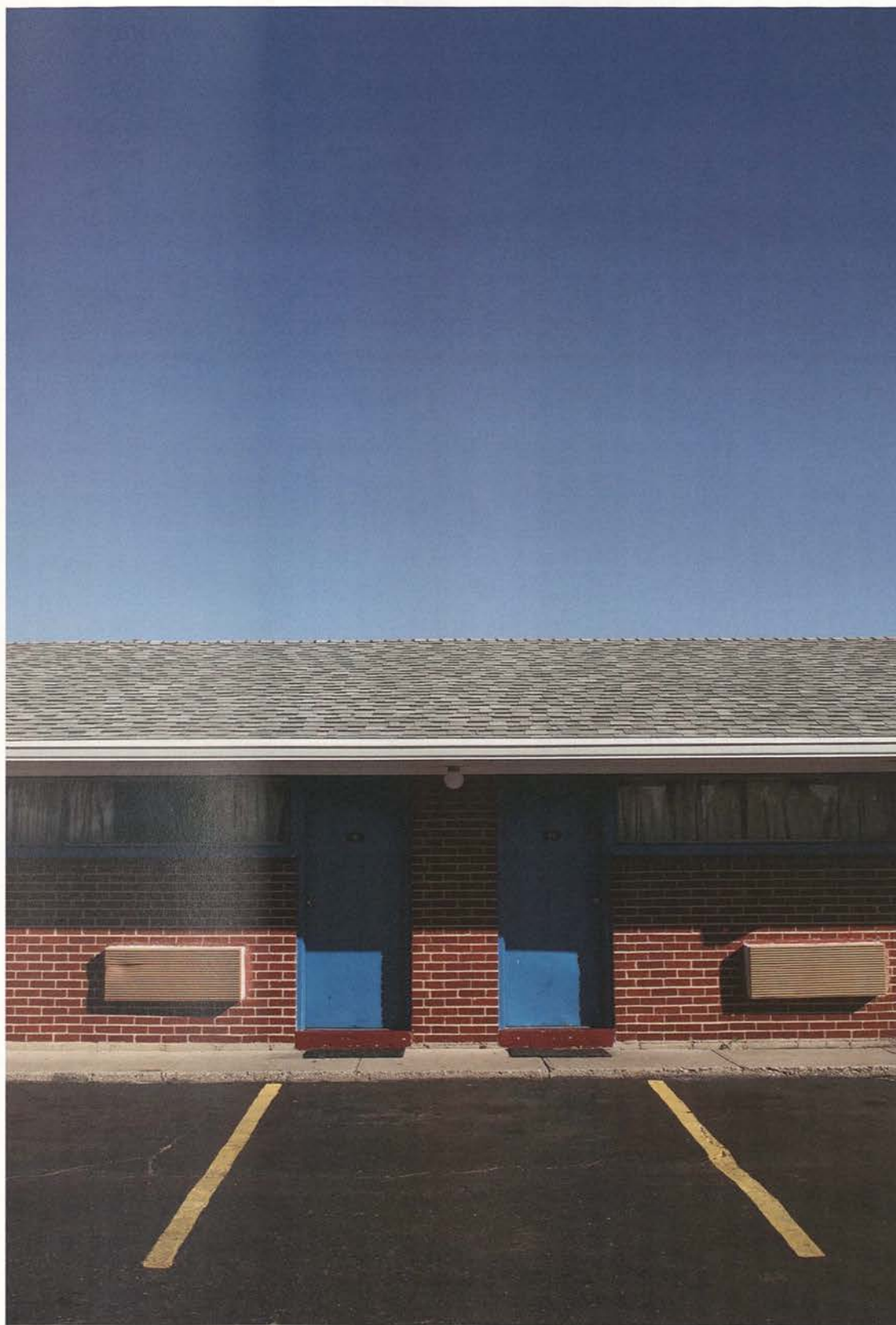
no longer picture perfect
I am a broken, shattered,
messy scatter of matter
engrained in the cracks between the kitchen floor boards

My answers written in their
skin



PHOTOGRAPHY

BROOKE TINSMAN
UNTITLED



STEVEN DOUGHERTY

THIS AMERICA AFTER GINSBERG'S AMERICA

POETRY

America,
Oh America,
Everyone I know dies in America
My uncle will die in America like his mother died in America
She came to America just to watch her sons leave America to die somewhere else for you:
America

For your tobacco
Your cotton
Your steel
Your coal
Your guns
Now my uncle works at Walmart and it: the fighting and dying, was only worth it because
Now he has something to sell.

Oh America, wretched America,
How you have chewed up and spit out hope
How you chewed up and spit out peace
How you have chewed up and spit out me
I will die in America
Because of America
Because of the pride
The American arrogance that, like war, like football
Has become our pastime:
The American hate
The one that killed the Indians
The one that continues to kill the Indians
Hate everyone but ourselves
That's the meaning of sovereignty
In America.

My uncle never killed anyone for you: America, so when he started working for Walmart
He had to work in the back
Boxing up rotten fruit to feed the poor
To feed himself
All so a man, who,
While my uncle was cutting hair in the Navy
Was cutting wages at Walmart,
Could cut wages at Walmart
Again.

My great uncle killed lots of people
Or so they say
He was one of the lucky ones
Abandoned
Captured
Tortured
For weeks
For months
He had to quit his job wiping up vomit at the high school because of his drinking
All so he could die from a diseased liver for you:
America.

When I was a child 9/11 happened in my living room for weeks and weeks
A war to kill the enemy
I remember singing songs for you: America
Every year god bless you we sang
Beautiful we sang majesty we sang
For the troops to kill the enemy
I remember the loyalty the trust
How I would die for you
How I would fight and die for you: America
I remember the beautiful history of blood
I remember holding flags like babies careful to support the head
Before throwing them into that divine fire at the VA with the boy scouts all praying to you:
America, so that they too could burn with such dignity in the flames to come.

Now I hold only my niece like a baby because
She is a baby and she needs the support
She needs me to fight for her
As my uncles fought for you
For her education
For her independence
For her liberation
For her body
For her choice
For her safety
For her happiness
I will fight for you: America
Until I die or work for Walmart
Because I will not let her die in this America.

the road back from jellico

ROSE DYAR

pencil pressed on flesh
july's leftover lead hangs raised
like a whisper on my skin

we became our becoming
slow then fast
a chorus of broken bike chains and sleet-wind cheeks
burn soft but sing true

i used to love you like scabby knees
now knees a constellation of hopscotch bruises and silent daydreams
i pick allthemore/nonetheless/allthewhile
 into her hair i weave daisies and violets
 for sophie, i'd ask the planets to part
jump the rope, cut the cord, hang on tight

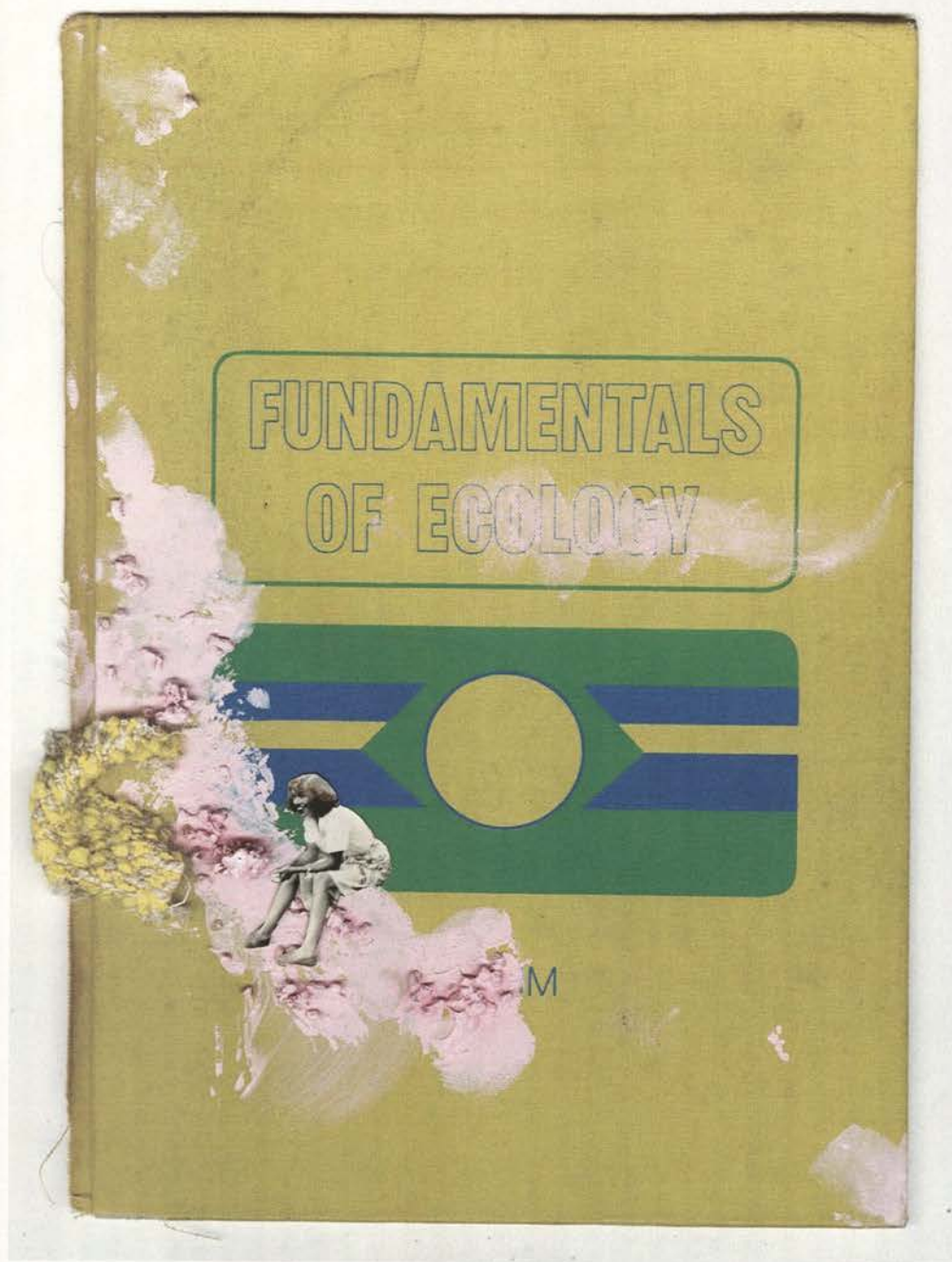
POETRY

october's gifts are yes and no and i can't remember
 yours: winter-lung mine: summer-sick
bullet in the air and the newspaper reports
the old man got away shirtless on his tractor
knows nothing of us
moon-swimming naked in the lake

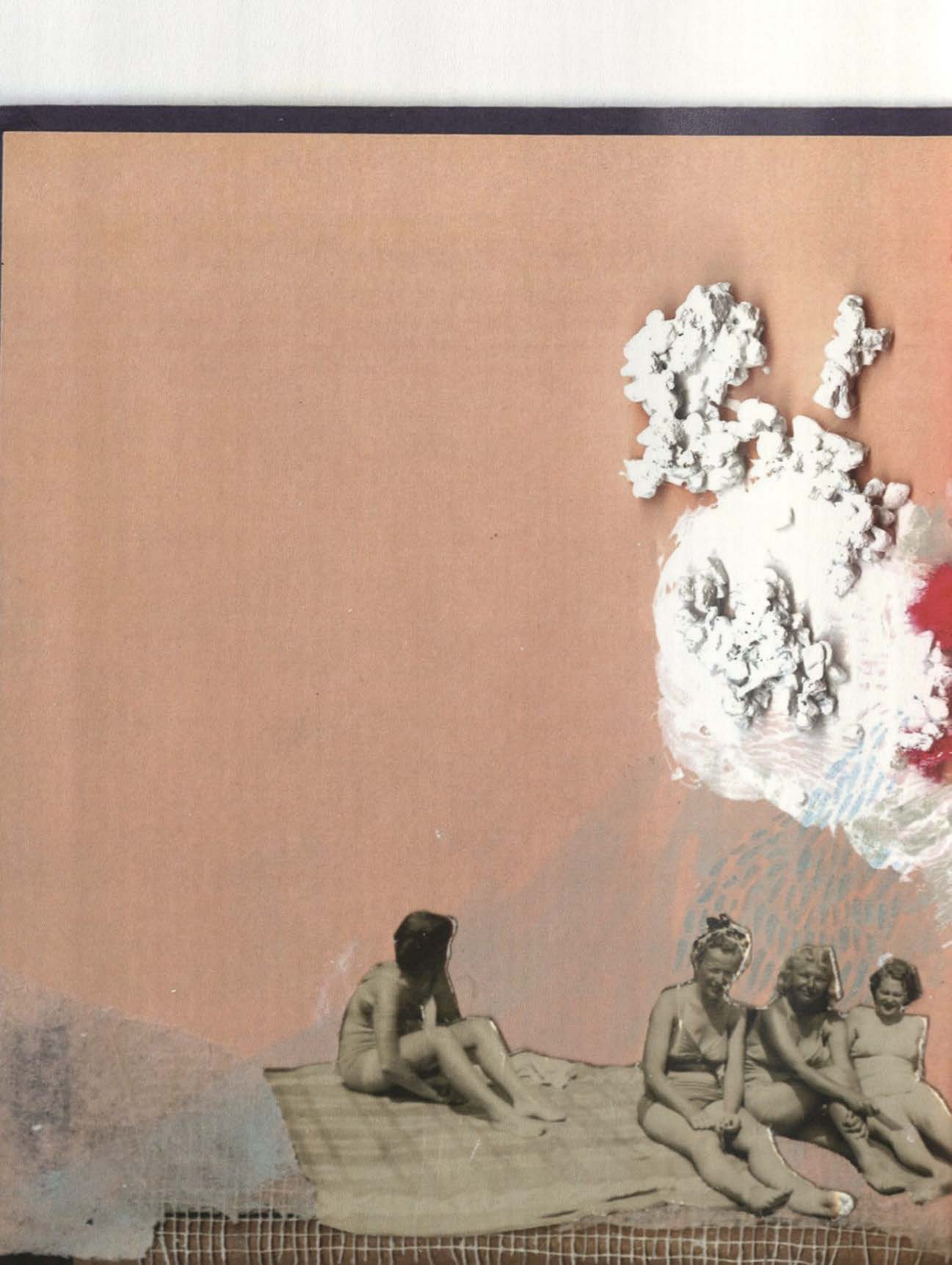
sulfur's rising up in the air
but the beginning smelled like blackberry jam and rain

MORGAN BUKOVEC

DAY AFTER DAY, JULIE'S CHEEKS BEGAN TO HURT AFTER SMILING THROUGH HER SELF-DEPRECATION



MULTI-MEDIA COLLAGE



a new day is on the horizon, but for now we'll watch the waves and wait

MORGAN BUKOVEC

MIXED MEDIA



I lived in Africa until '72, lived in Nashville, TN until '75, and then I moved here to Dayton View. But this neighborhood is so different from the others I've lived in. I've lived in the same house for 40 years, so as you can see, I don't like to move. I've changed a lot, a lot. I remember I used to walk...

But this neighborhood is
moved here to Dayton V
has changed a lot, a lot. I
remember in the olden days
there were a lot of people,
every house was occupied
by families. Every family
worked together, neighbors
knew one another; they
looked out for one another.
Elders were respected by
the younger people, and
there was no difference. If you
were a poor person, you
were treated as equals. You
were not called a nigger.

Unhappily
I am because you are

[illegible]

But I have hope for the future:
My grandmother always told me,
"The glass is half full." My
hope is in your generation, the
young people. Your parents—
hope for the future
generation, they blew it. But
the young people, the young
people are gonna haul us out
of this mess that we made.
bring neighbors back together
I'm excited for the Gen City
encore series—it's gonna
bring neighbors back together.

There's this saying in South Africa: *Ubuntu*. It means "I am because you are."
That's how it used to be, and
I believe the young people see
that. Like I said, I have hope
for the future because of your
generation, because of the
young people.

Somewhere, in the bright
 hereafter of which we all
 think more often as the years
 pass, there will be a shining
 gallery which we in Dayton
 will want to pass. It will be
 composed, not of eminent
 philosophers or scientists or
 international statesmen, but
 of those who, in life, had
 one thing in common—they
 served the city of their heart
 with all that was in them.

It is a stirring thought to those
 of us who are yet recalling
 the streets of our city to ask
 ourselves, "What can we each,
 personally, do for Dayton?"
 Not perhaps in heaping
 hands or dollars (for our bank
 accounts and our talents may
 be minor affairs), but every
 way and means, each of us,

in his or her own way, may
 find service to do that will
 make Dayton a better and
 happier place in which to
 live. If we do so, wherever
 and whenever we can, it will
 be to honor the memory of
 those who have gone before.
 That is what they would
 have liked best.

—Charles Ross Conrad
 Dayton, Ohio, in *Human History*

ORPHANS



ALLISON BURNS SOPHOMORE/ PHOTOGRAPHY MAJOR (UNTITLED)

I enjoy making images that are pleasing to the eye. I don't really have a conceptual mind, I don't think of stories, or ideas that I want my photographs to show. I just try to make the most interesting photographs I can.

ANNA EDWARDS JUNIOR/ENGLISH MAJOR AND HUMAN RIGHTS MINOR (THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. PEMBERLEY)

I like to sit in coffee shops and write because it's really stereotypical. Do people know how poetic everything looks in here? Seriously, who positioned the sun so that it would come through the windows so perfectly? Does that lady over there know she could be in a movie with the way she studies so peacefully? Huh. I'm stumped. So here I am, sitting.



ANNIE DENTON JUNIOR/ PHOTOGRAPHY MAJOR (SEEING PRIMARY)

I am a photographer. I admire artists like Stephen Shore, Richard Avedon, and Wes Anderson. They inspire me to create and see the world a little differently. I like to laugh & dance and if I could I would spend all my time at the beach, under the sun. I try to surround myself with people that have an enthusiastic outlook on life. Positive energy allows for an endless amount of possibilities.



BROOKE TINSMAN SENIOR/ PHOTOGRAPHY MAJOR (UNTITLED)

I admire my dad because he is an incredible photographer and traveler with a great sense of drive. He taught me everything I needed to know about photography from the moment I used my first camera. I would like people to remember me as being a kind person who appreciates the little things of life and who can produce awesome imagery. When I'm not shooting, I'm enjoying the time I have with friends and family and being totally present. I enjoy reading fictional novels or any photography magazine.

CARI ZAHN SENIOR/ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY

(THIS IS HOW TO BEHAVE IN THE PRESENCE OF MEN WHO DON'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL)

Haunted by the possibility of sounding mediocre, or worse, cliché, it took entirely too long to write this bio, and I almost forced someone else to write it for me. That probably says a lot about me. I like writing about powerful women. Dr. Pepper makes me dance, and puppies make me cry. I dig the moon a lot. And to all of those reading, never forget the little corner of magic on our campus that is Orpheus. It's a fire, and your work is the kindling.

CASSADY CALDER SOPHOMORE/ENGLISH MAJOR AND MARKETING MINOR (EATING HOME)

I am from a small town where I raise a flock of spoiled chickens. I am an English major and aspiring author. Currently I am studying early literary traditions in Ireland with UD. When not in class or writing you are likely to see me wandering campus with my guitar in hand or sewing costumes for university productions.



DANI LIOCE JUNIOR/ FINE ART (EAT YOUR VEGETABLES, OUT ON A WHIM)

As a creator, I am always looking at the world for inspiration. When I am not working I'm going on adventures and learning from the natural world and the people around me. I take a lot of inspiration from professional artist like Louis Bourgeois, Alex Kanevsky, and Edwidge Fouvray. When I think of how I want to be remembered I think of the quote "You may not be able to change the world, but you can brighten your own corner of it." And this is something I try to live by.



EMILY BARTOLONE JUNIOR/ FINE ART MAJOR (COLLAGE NO.3 A NEW WHOLE)

My work is all process based currently, which is something I really enjoy because it allows me to make without thinking too much. I compose paintings by simple comparisons of forms, shapes, and colors which come together to make a new whole. Lately I've been realizing how much I listen to my paintings while creating, meaning the paintings themselves tell me how they want to be composed and displayed.



EMILY BRADY JUNIOR / GRAPHIC DESIGN MAJOR (FACING DAYTON: REDLINING)

Someone that inspires me would have to be my past instructor Misty Thomas-Trout, because she is so passionate about what she does and encourages me in all that I do.

J'AI CRUSE JUNIOR/COMPUTER INFORMATION SYSTEMS/ MINOR IN ENGLISH (THE ART OF DIONYSUS'S CONVERSATION)

When I am not working or writing, I always love to read. For me, it is the ultimate reflection of the external and internal view of self and world, no matter what medium. So when I write, it is an attempt of appreciation by crossing those borders and combining these views into a new experience.



MAURA PARKER JUNIOR / PHOTO MAJOR (HIDE AND SEEK, CAMOUFLAGE)

I admire Tina Fey for being able to use comedy as a platform to empower women to be unapologetically themselves. I want people to remember me as endearingly impulsive. When I'm not working, I am happiest watching space documentaries while eating fried chicken. I regularly read National Geographic and The New York Times Modern Love Column. Causes that I care about are Feminism, Body Positivity and LGBTQ+ rights.



MARIAMELIA MIRANDA SENIOR/ FINE ART MAJOR (SOUTHERN BOYS)

Having a diaristic approach with my work has been a constant in my making process. I make work that pertains to the trials and tribulations of being a sexually active individual in this day and age and how my personal history has followed me through this very confusing and sometimes lonely journey. In these four years I learned about relationships, mental instability and the importance that making art has in the way I experience the events that go on in my life.



MERANI COSME JUNIOR/ GRAPHIC DESIGN MAJOR (THE STORY OF HELEN SERRANO)

I was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. As a designer from a Hispanic cultural background, my designs are greatly influenced by the rich culture I grew up in. I'm inspired by the simplicity of Saul Bass' designs and the playfulness of medium that transpired during the Dada movement. I have always been a natural illustrator and I love incorporating hand drawn elements into my work.

MARY MCLOUGHLIN JUNIOR/ENGLISH AND HUMAN RIGHTS (THE SPACE BETWEEN I LOVE YOU AND ANYWAY)

Jane Austen is the only woman on the Humanities Building, but not the only woman to contribute to the humanities. Stories that don't get told inside our buildings need a place in the world. Read the kind of stories you can't write yourself and write the kind of stories people aren't reading. Use the Oxford comma when you do.



MORGAN BUKOVEC SENIOR/ ART EDUCATION (DAY AFTER DAY, JULIE'S CHEEKS BEGAN TO HURT AFTER SMILING THROUGH HER SELF-DEPREICATION, A NEW DAY IS ON THE HORIZON, BUT FOR NOW WE'LL WATCH THE WAVES AND WAIT)

I admire Melvin, the "ambassador for human kindness." Through his simple, yet profound actions, Melvin has taught me the value of genuine interaction with others that is threaded with honest kindness. As Melvin passes every stranger/ friend/foe in the hallway, he greets them with a smile, asking them how their day has been. Melvin never fails to truly see the individual in the spirit of humanness. In the fast paced society we live in, I appreciate Melvin's ability to slow down with the goal of making meaningful connections by simply being present.

NEAL CASSADY JUNIOR/ENGLISH (WHILE WAITING FOR THE MOMS TO CALL)

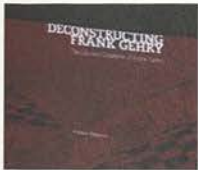
The time has come, everybody lie down so you won't get hurt when the sun bursts.

OLIVIA THOMAKOS SENIOR/SECONDARY ENGLISH EDUCATION (skin)

It has taken me a long time to find my voice. Growing up as a middle child, I was a follower, a mediator, a listener, a plus one. However, I am learning how to create my own path in this rocky, messy, beautiful life. I am a story, and that story is important. Or maybe it isn't. Either way, it is still mine to tell.

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ORPHEUS



PAYTON OAKES JUNIOR / GRAPHIC DESIGN MAJOR (**DECONSTRUCTING FRANK GEHRY**)

I really enjoy designing for a purpose through community-based design and branding. Through this approach, I am able to design to make a difference within the community, whether that is creating social change, creating an advancement within the community, or creating a cohesive brand. With my goal of designing for a purpose in mind, I am capable of creating work directed around real-world elements, social change, and client success.

ROSE DYAR JUNIOR/ENGLISH AND HUMAN RIGHTS (**the road back from jellico**)

I shiver easily.

SARAH CRITCHFIELD SOPHOMORE/ENGLISH (**CONNIE JOHNSON'S COLLAPSE**)

I am an English major from St. Louis, Missouri. I love spending my free time crying to podcasts, Portlandia episodes, or old Rihanna songs. This short story is dedicated to my compassionate and insightful mother for without her wisdom and stories I wouldn't know the complexities of womanhood.



SARAH FIELDHAMMER SENIOR/ GRAPHIC DESIGN MAJOR (**FACING DAYTON: DAYTON VIEW TRIANGLE**)

I really admire my former professor Misty Thomas-Trout. I truly believe I would not be the designer I am today without her passion and knowledge of graphic design influencing my work, my *self*, and how I view my work. She taught me the most important lesson in both design and everyday life: everything has a meaning. In the best designs, every element you put into the work means something (parts to a whole and all that), and in life everything means something; nothing and no one is insignificant, even if it only matters to a couple people. Also, I really love dogs.

STEVEN DOUGHERTY SENIOR/ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY (**THIS AMERICA**)

When I was eight I decided that I was most certainly a pacifist. When I was eleven and my best friend got hit in the head with a plastic Nerf gun, I decided I was much more likely a fighter. Now I am mostly confused about what I am, but I try to fight for the things I love as peacefully as I can.



TAYLOR ORR SENIOR/ FINE ART MAJOR (**DAWNN**)

I consider myself an artist who uses photography as my primary medium but I think like that of a painter with the way I compose my imagery. My current body of work seeks to challenge objectifications and confronts sexualized idealizations of the female form that have been deeply rooted in society for so long. My imagery does this through confrontation and direct eye contact to engage the viewer, and confront the voyeuristic nature of traditional portraiture.

TAYLOR WILSON JUNIOR / GRAPHIC DESIGN MAJOR (**IDENTITY**)

I'm a graphic design major with a minor in photography. I'm easily inspired by things that are colorful and bright and anything that brings me happiness. I hope I am remembered one day for my artwork or photography because it is a big part of who I am and I really enjoy making art.



WILL LANDERS JUNIOR/ ENGLISH AND POLITICAL SCIENCE (**GLASS WINDOWS**)

I am a third-year English and Political Science major, and I call Nashville, Tennessee home. I think that UD is just the right distance away: close enough to drive in a day, but far enough that my parents don't bother me on weekends (just kidding, Mom, you're alright). I do miss a few things from home, though, especially the rolling hills and random afternoon rain showers. I also miss my friend who can drink a whole gallon of sweet tea in one sitting, but that's a story for another time.





