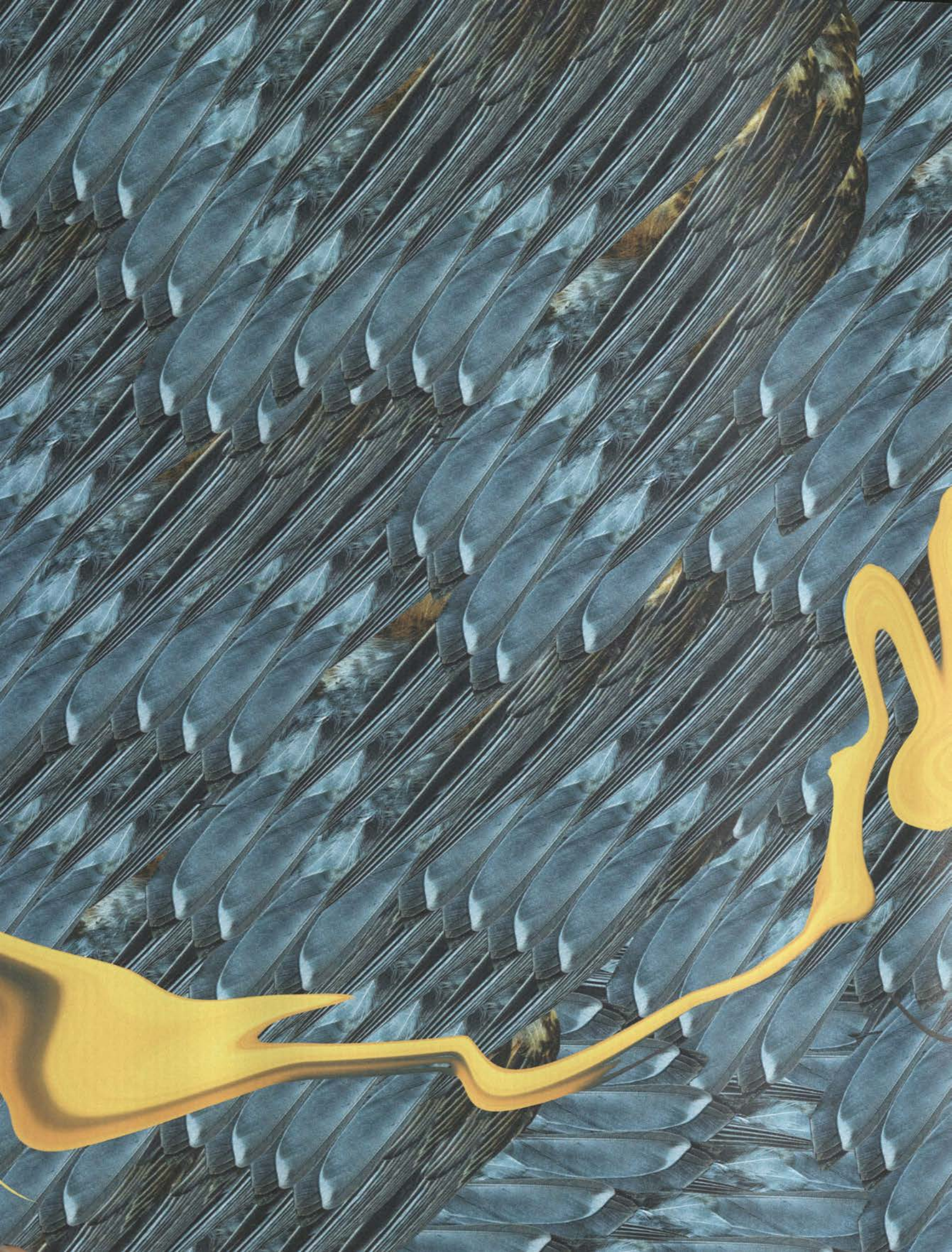


ORPHEUS





FALL 2017
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ORPHEUS

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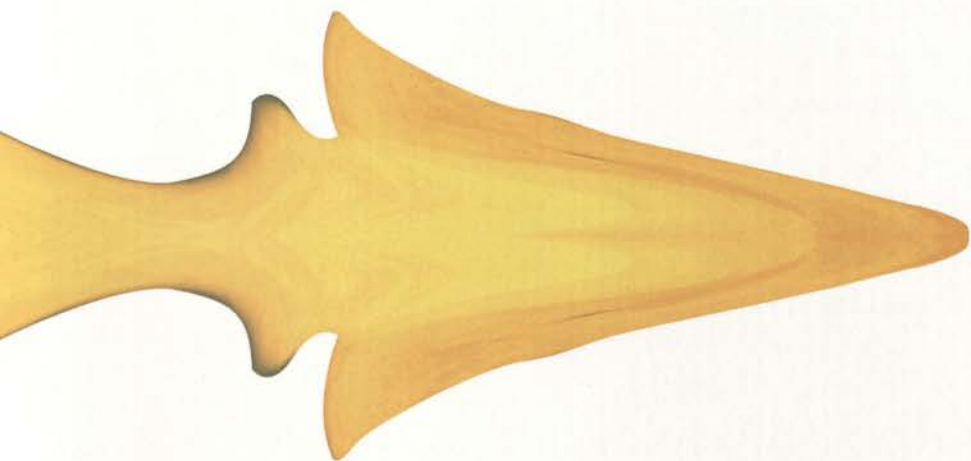
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FEATURES



Appropriation of Taylor Orr's *Untitled*.



Appropriation of Jesse Chapman's *Bird*. (Pg. 24)

IMAGES USED FOR COVER DESIGN AND SPREAD DESIGN

ABOUT ORPHEUS MAGAZINE

Orpheus and its predecessor, *The Exponent*, have been student-generated for the last 115 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.

TYPOGRAPHY

BLACKLISTED

TRADE GOTHIC STD BOLD

TRADE GOTHIC LT STD

TRADE GOTHIC LT STD LIGHT

TRADE GOTHIC LT STD BOLD CONDENSED NO. 20

HIVE/SWARM

A hive is a place of activity — a place of busy — a place of doing.

A hive is a cave. A hive is a community. To swarm is to move in large numbers.

A swarm is dense. A swarm is a sound — a rushing sound — an inescapable sound.

In the hive, we are productive. In the swarm, we are accepted. Yet, we feel alone inside the swarm. We are stagnant. The swarm moves, but you can't even see the tips of your own fingers or the ends of your own toes. Who are you? And then, still, we feel alone outside the swarm. We are reaching. We crave belonging.

THE HIVE, THE SWARM: DISGUST THE HIVE, THE SWARM: DESIRE.

DEAR READER,

As I enter my final semester at the University of Dayton, I will not feign bravery in the face of my future. Neither will I pretend that my years at this university were some of the best of my life. In fact, I hope they weren't: I can only hope that I have many more years to live after these initial twenty-two and that some of my upcoming years are better yet.

In the past three years, I have often liked to think of myself as an outsider. The swarm was everyone else. The hive-mind did not affect me. I alone stood on the edge, a different breed. In truth, Dear Reader, we cannot pretend we are any less of the swarm as we are human. The swarm is both our greatest strength and our most dire weakness. We are powerful only as one of many. We lose sight of ourselves as one of many. Your voice is heard when you are amplified by a thousand vibrating wings. Your mind is dulled when the writhing shadow moves over your eyes.

Dear Reader, I ask only this: please, question. Question truth, question right, question the swarm that propels you. Be wary, Reader. And take courage. We are not fated to be the pack of dogs, the swarm of insects. We are clusters of galaxies. Remember your gravity. You push and you pull. Things will change because of You.

Inside this issue is a hive of writers and artists. As you encounter each piece, question. As you encounter each piece, look for You.

THANK YOU AND HAPPY READING,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Julie Baffoe". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "J" and "B".

Julie Baffoe
Editor

DEAR VIEWER,

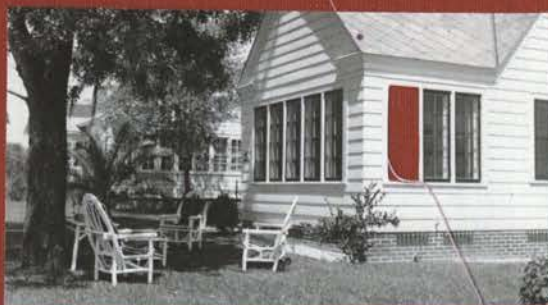
As a designer, I aim to create a unique user experience that communicates a client's message. This design is influenced by the artists and writers that are passionate about the chosen theme for this semester: HIVE/SWARM. The message brings about a way of thinking about ourselves and other people. It 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" and last name "Rodebeck" clearly distinguishable.

Hadley Rodebeck
Lead Designer, Design Editor



MULTI-MEDIA COLLAGE

HOUSE SHE BUILT

MORGAN BUKOVEC



PHOTOGRAPHY

UNTITLED

BROOKE TINSMAN

SOME CORNERS ARE BLACK

POETRY

JEREMY ROSEN

Some corners are black
Untouched by light though every day used
In small rooms at the far ends of houses,
within blanketed spaces shared by lovers
Where there is a stir only in remembrance.

Some surfaces await trampling
Their hollow roots running deep
Anchored by the past, in light of tomorrow
they roll on in search of a traveler
Grass grows up from them, but never a tree.

Where do we hang our desires,
through nooses or on pantry hooks?
Where can we find our fears,
in strangers' cellars or in the attics of close friends?
Who is truth's gravedigger
for the spritely and the blind?

**UNTITLED**

MARGARET GRAMZA





POETRY

ISCARIOT

ANNA DURICY

Acquiesce the arabesque of satriarchal symphonies to
Fortify the future formed by fortune's doomed destiny
When picture-perfect placement pleads for unseen, sinful lullabies
And older feelings fuel the fodder forged by your primordial lies.
Write remorseful remedies of wrongful, righteous happiness
And lose the loving safety of the keeper of my needed bliss
And satire unsafety from the hands that naught but goodness bring
And worship on my knees before the throne of my unwanted king.



THIS IS A POEM ABOUT YOU:WOMAN

MARY MCLOUGHLIN

The first stanza of this poem is where
You:Woman become Beautiful.

Before this poem, You:Woman
Glowed with Virtue. Virtue which rendered
You:Woman Modest--
Incapable of
Seeingyourself/knowingyourself/lovingyourself.
Being:Yourself.
But do not worry because
Here, You:Woman will be
Noticed
By a gaze
That Matters/That Fixes/That Sees.
You:Noticed become
Beautiful.
You:noticed, swathed in the
Halo of the speaker's reverent roving,
Become holy.
You:Noticed Are Everything That Can Be
Seen.
you:noticed are nothing that cannot be
seen.
You:Noticed
Becomes.

The second stanza of this poem is where
You:Woman are Wanted.
Here, the speaker is jealous of the
Wine-glass pressed against your
Lips.
Here, You:Woman are
mangled by metonym.
You:Lips are SoftandBigandLuscious.
You:Lips are for DickSucking
(Which is not said here/Which is said here
Primlypackaged toppedwithbow).
We know what You:Lips
Are for because
You:Lips
Are attached to
You:Woman You:FanciedDickSucker.
You:DickSuckingLips who do not part to
Dialogue/consent/barefangs.
You:Lips are BubbleGumPink.
You:Lips are chewed then spit.

The third stanza of this poem is where
You:Woman are wrapped in Monument.

Here, You:Woman
Are your TwoBreasts sculpted,
Flattered/flattened by hand
Brushed simile,
TwoBreasts like TwoApples

Painted to bounce
Light off your skin,
waxy still life
flattened/flattered by frame.
You:TwoApples are
RipeJuicyReady.
You:TwoApples grabbed for a snack.
You:TwoApples tear under teeth
You:TwoApples dribble down chin.
Here, the speaker will
Devour
your flesh
And leave your core
Eatenaround/tossedaside.
You:TwoApples are delicious.

The last stanza of this poem is where
You:Woman get to be Loved.

You:Woman,
(Noticed/Desired/Had)
Become :LovedByTheSpeaker.
To become :lovedbythespeaker
Is to become saved! (Or whole! Or fucked! Or rescued! Or purposed!)
(Your details stop mattering at this point since
You are now

:LovedbyTheSpeaker).

:LovedByTheSpeaker

Is all,

:LovedByTheSpeaker

Is nothing

But Loved.

:LovedByTheSpeaker

Ends this poem HappilyEverAftered

(But by this point, you:woman have ceased to
Be).

The close of this poem about You:Woman is where
You:Woman resume.

Here, there is room for a poem
For You:Woman
By You:Woman.
Here, woman, is where you start. Here,
Woman, be Heard.
Go down on the page loud and screaming.
Echo, Woman. Or
Do not go down at all.
Here, Woman pick up a pen and eat
Men like candy or
Do not eat men at all because
Here, woman

You.

are sentence
by yourself.



FICTION

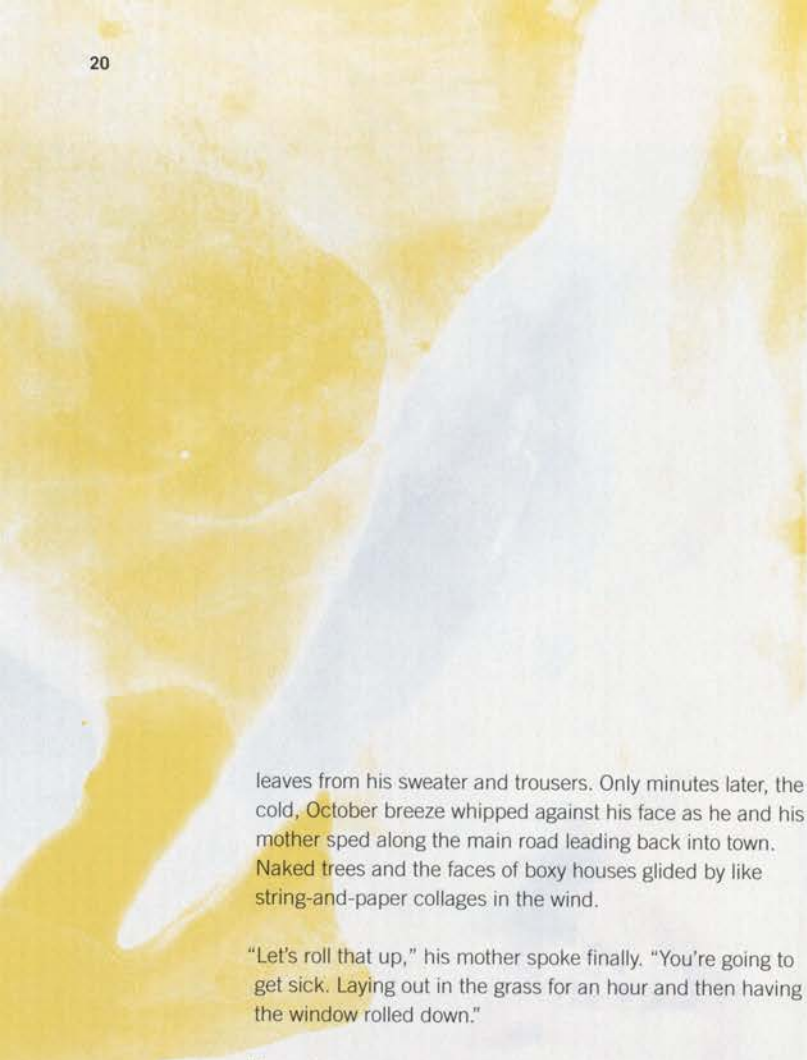
SILVER DOMES IN THE SUN

JEREMY ROSEN

The sky hung like a thick, wool canopy above the trees and all but concealed the sun. In front of him, leaves blew maniacally about on the grass that extended for several hundred feet before reaching the monolithic storage tanks lining the horizon like gargantuan, cast-iron kettles. He sat, captivated by their strangeness. Past the tanks, the clouded sky grew darker, as though they marked the border between his own small town and some unknown, sinister world. They were like giant, round-bodied, domed-headed guards, all in formation and never moving. They looked all around while he mused over the events of the day. If they guarded something, they did so idly. He never felt watched. He sat in peace, only considering the tanks every now and then. When he did, his questions were crucial: the reason for their large size, for example, or what was inside them. More importantly, who needed tanks that big, and why had they been built right behind people's houses?

At once Ronald realized how long he'd been sitting there. Heaving himself up, he walked toward the gateway of pines that divided open field from dead-end street. He took the familiar route back until he reached the sloped yard of his father's house. He threw himself down on the foliage-cluttered grass. Looking up at the pregnant skies, the wind and leaves caressed him into a repose that was disturbed within minutes by the creaking screen door from behind. "Ronald?"

Turning his head, he caught his mother's shielded face and carnation print dress before both disappeared back into the house. He stood up resolutely and brushed grass and



leaves from his sweater and trousers. Only minutes later, the cold, October breeze whipped against his face as he and his mother sped along the main road leading back into town. Naked trees and the faces of boxy houses glided by like string-and-paper collages in the wind.

"Let's roll that up," his mother spoke finally. "You're going to get sick. Laying out in the grass for an hour and then having the window rolled down."

"I wasn't laying in the grass for an hour," Ronald said as the glass of the window slid upwards past his face.

"You were outside. You know what I mean."

Every weekend, Della found some way of avoiding spending time with Ronald and their father. The only time she couldn't escape it was usually at larger gatherings, where she hung like a picture from the wall, aloof and inaccessible, though glowing with her easy, still-blooming beauty. She would stand there, playing with her chestnut hair and trading whispered threats with their mother. These hushed tactics of warfare always exploded later on, after which Della generally fled to the shelter of a friend's — or boyfriend's — house for the night. Ronald thought it was just being around so many people she didn't like. Their questions pried. Always about school, boys, and plans for the future. Ronald was six years younger, but he knew high schoolers were no experts on the future; his mother said it to Della almost every week, and Della even said it herself when their parents weren't around. Tonight, however, there had been no large gathering to flee — just the regular visit uptown to see their father. Ronald wondered why Della didn't like spending more time with him. When he saw Della and their father together, he marveled at the peaceful, undisturbed silence they always shared.

Ronald and their mother had come home to discover Della still shut up in her bedroom. While their mother initiated one of her weekly phone conversations with their grandmother, Ronald went upstairs to knock at Della's door. He heard her radio humming — a usual warning sound — and decided against it. He passed up his own bedroom and wandered into their mother's out of bored curiosity. There, he plopped down on his stomach at the foot of her bed and stared at the floor. His eyes wandered upward until he spotted the row of photographs arranged in front of the glass of the low-boy across from him. He arose to get a better look, thinking

that though they had been sitting there as long as he could remember, he'd never paid them much attention. A portrait of a man in army dress caught his eye first. His great uncle, he thought he'd been told. The chiseled face smiled confidently through black-and-white hues. Ronald looked at himself in the glass. His small crop of brown hair and round face was no comparison. He noticed another photograph that looked like the same man, but in vivacious, relaxed color. He sat at a picnic table, squinting in the sun and mouth opened wide in laughter as he looked at a woman seated next to him. Without his army cap, his slicked-over lump of hair shone in the sun, while his short-sleeved button-down accentuated his thick, tanned arms. The woman glared at the camera over a crying toddler on her knee. Something about the space between them suggested to Ronald they were not together. Ronald looked from the two photographs to himself in the mirror, comparing his face to that of his probably-great-uncle. Some men looked more handsome in profile, until they turned to face you. Some, on the other hand, were lucky enough to look handsome from any angle. Both photographs presented a very handsome man from the front and the side. Ronald examined his own prepubescent contours and wondered how lucky he would be when he got older.

A musical cacophony came suddenly from around the corner, signaling to Ronald that Della had emerged from her room. Shrugging at his reflection, he turned and skipped out of the room to see what she had been up to while he was gone.

He was surprised his mother had allowed it. It might've had something to do with Della needing a ride from her boyfriend's. Yes, that was probably it; she was letting him stay behind out of convenience. It hadn't been clear what she was going to do. She had muttered something to his father and left, her face red and her lips pursed in aggravation.

Ronald sat on one end of the couch and his father sat on the other. His father inhaled from his cigarette and chuckled at the expression on Benny Hill's face on the television. Ronald generally enjoyed his father's reruns, but Benny Hill was the only exception. Nevertheless, Ronald's heart thumped in nervous excitement as he looked from the screen to his father's calm profile.

"I don't know when your mother will be back," Ronald's father said, looking over at his son with ash-colored eyes and running a hand through his graying hair.

I knew it, thought Ronald. She's coming back to get me.

Ronald's father stood up and disappeared into the dark kitchen behind them, where Ronald could hear him fishing for a bottle of beer in the fridge.

"How's your sister doing?" Ronald's father asked as he sauntered back into the room, fresh Miller in hand. Ronald eyed the beer as his father cracked it open and returned to his seat. He wondered how many he'd been drinking.

"She's okay." Ronald answered as the newest Benny Hill skit commenced.

"Good. You know, I thought she'd be coming over this weekend." Ronald looked over and his father smiled at him as he butted his cigarette into the ashtray on the end table. Ronald didn't know what to say.

"Well, that's alright," his father continued before taking a swig from his Miller. He added, "pretty soon you'll be her age, I guess."

Ronald kept watching Benny Hill, whose raised eyebrows sent the television audience cackling as a dumb-looking woman in a very short dress strolled across the stage behind him.

"I think she's over at her boyfriend's or something," Ronald swallowed as he spoke. He stole another look at his father's beer before redirecting his eyes to the screen.

"Boyfriend, huh?" His father laughed under his breath. He took a drag from his cigarette, which was now nearly finished. A moment passed and Ronald could feel his father looking over at him. Ronald kept his gaze on the television. The dumb-looking woman in the short dress bent over repeatedly to check her stockings, and each time she did, the camera got a clear shot of her black underwear. Benny Hill simply grinned, eyebrows raised and a finger on his chin, his audience hooting all the while. How Ronald hated Benny Hill.

"I didn't know your sister had a boyfriend," said his father after a moment. Ronald could tell by the sound of his voice that he wasn't angry, only asking playfully. "Anyway, how's school going?"

Ronald didn't answer right away because the dumb-looking woman had ripped a stocking and was now taking it off. The audience guffawed. "It's alright," Ronald said finally. His father grinned devilishly at the scene and sniggered. Ronald looked from the woman to his father before turning toward the window next to the couch. He looked at the red leaves scattered outside on the lawn, shimmering in the afternoon light like a blanket of citrine and gold. The sick feeling that had been developing in the pit of Ronald's stomach just then quickly dissipated.

"Can I go for a walk around the neighborhood?" Ronald asked suddenly, standing up.

"Sure," his father said, looking over at him. "Just stay close. Your mom will be back soon."

That was all Ronald needed to hear. In seconds, he was traipsing down the sidewalk, hands stuffed in the pockets of his fleece jacket and kicking up leaves with his feet. He passed several houses before noticing a girl who looked to be about Della's age sitting on the steps of her porch, reading a magazine while two boys passed a football back and forth in her yard. The boys looked like they were the same age as Ronald. The girl looked up as Ronald passed but then returned to her reading. Not pausing their game, the boys shot Ronald confrontational glares in the manner boys always for some reason seem to do to one another. Unperturbed, Ronald merely aimed his eyes at the ground and kept walking. After circling two blocks, he started back

up his father's street before noticing the front fender of his mother's car parked up ahead. Hastening his pace, he hoped she wouldn't be upset.

When his mother got off the phone, Ronald knew that this night it wasn't just a routine call. She hung up and went quickly, silently into the kitchen. Ronald sat halfway up the stairs and looked on apprehensively, his arms crossed over his knees. He heard Della's bedroom door open, followed by footfalls that gradually came to a halt a few steps behind him. Ronald got up and ran past his sister, going straight into his bedroom and slamming the door. He went to his window and looked outside. A mysterious, gray rain began to fall, while below in the driveway the wind tried to whip leaves upwards in desperate, inverted trundles. Ronald's heart pounded. He knew what had been whispered over the years had finally happened. Some weeks later, after the formalities had been taken and everything else sorted out as best as could be done, Ronald and his sister went back to their father's house with their mother and aunt. With lead feet, they climbed the stone steps that lead to the porch. When they entered the now mostly empty living room, a silence that competed with their own reverberated from each wall and fell hard onto the recently-cleaned wood floor. Bits of outside light danced on the ridges in the floorboards like small shards of hope, the only light that managed to penetrate the dust-covered blinds.

"Well, if you kids want anything, it'll be in one of the bedrooms," Ronald's mother directed as she searched for a light switch.

Ronald watched as Della, their mother, and aunt disappeared silently into the other rooms. He stood alone for seconds before turning on his heel and bolting right back out the front door. He didn't care if they heard. Through the neighborhood he sprinted, the wind stinging against his tear-stained cheeks. Finally, with painful, heaving breaths, he slowed to a walk at the street that dead-ended into the gateway of pines. Crossing through, he sat down in the grass, drawing his legs in and jamming his hands into his jacket pockets. Feeling a mixture of nausea and hopelessness, he looked up at the sky. The still-numerous clouds were clearing, sending skinny paths of sunlight across the field leading up to the giant tanks. Ronald thought the tanks looked different today, like the castles of some mystical, white city; their walls lurked in shadows from the left-behind clouds, while the sunlight illuminated their strange, silver domes. Ronald thought in disbelief that he had never noticed the domes before. Then, the silhouette of a man climbing the stairs that wound around one of the tanks suddenly caught his eye. Ronald wiped his cheeks and watched as the man took nearly a minute to emerge on the other side. From the stairs, the man climbed a ladder that connected to the dome. He stepped fearlessly onto the dome and began scaling it like some great, aluminum hill. Ronald leaned back on his elbows and wondered what he was going to

do when he got to the top.

OLIVIA THOMAKOS

thursday

yesterday i crawled inside myself
 with a cup of coffee
 and two earbuds plugged into each side
 of my noisy
 circus of a
 word filled
 agenda driven
 mess

where was i?

oh yes - the coffee
 the coffee was cold because
 the wind was cold
 and my fingers were numb
 and my sweater was crocheted
 so the cold wind caught the
 crocheted corners of the
 crossed corner chairs
 can i
 caught
 cold
 chords

a man asked me for a light
 my music was loud
 his question was SOFT
 his dirt was frozen
 his SOFTdirty questions
 dirty
 fear Fear FEAR
 i didn't have a light

a man across the street was smoking a cigarette
 three tables down a girl
 talked on the phone
 &read
 yin and yang stuck to her car
 from indiana
 bike rack wobbling

the man with a cigarette had a bike

POETRY

TAYLOR ORR

UNTITLED

PHOTOGRAPHY







POETRY **ON SUMMER AFTERNOONS**

WILL LANDERS

peace
is sitting
on the front porch with
a cold glass of something sweet as the rain-
clouds, the unannounced-and-rowdy guests,
roll over receding hills,
cooling you

dropping pressure, popping ear drums

air
congeals to
soup, and suddenly
the curtain drops all around; all at once
the guests release their greeting, rivers
flooding ears – flooding nostrils
with green musk

ripping static, tearing fabric

shade
lingers when
sunlit spears pierce the
iron blanket, and all the rumbling guests
grumble their farewells, and the scattered
showers melt into sunbeams,
warming you

receding, leaving silver silence.



**LONG
AFTER
THESE
PAGES
ARE
FILLED**

FICTION

RILEY HART

A wooden picture frame rested on the shelf. Its contents: a woman with midnight hair clutching a leather-bound notebook, smiling. He couldn't look at her, not like this. A vintage Audio-Technica turntable invited his marbled gaze. From the shelf, he slid out a record. He didn't bother checking what it was; they all sang the blues. His sweaty hands lifted the cloudy covering of the record player. He hovered the vinyl over the machine. Not without struggle, it fell into place.

The needle dropped and caught the groove. Crackles from the oscillation filled the room like smoke. He stumbled backwards, eyes glued to the picture. He reached his hand behind him, like he was searching through the dark. He struggled to balance, avoiding tipped furniture. A chair greeted him. He sank. His head flew back and spun, in harmony with the 12-bar blues.

"This spot is perfect."

"Which way does it come up?"

"Just over that bend."

"Get the Nikon out, i don't want you to miss it." –
He wouldn't.

"It's almost time!" – She stands on her tiptoes to be the
first person to greet the day.

What else would tomorrow rather gaze upon?

Rather than peek, the sun explodes from behind the trees, setting the forest and his heart ablaze.

She dances to Mother Nature's glorious song: the birds, the breeze, and the sun's morning yawn.

"Did you get the shot?"

Paralysis sets in.

She jolts around to read him.

Twin stars rest between her ears; their triplet idles over her shoulder.

"I got you something."

Her mumbled beginning of, "What?" Is cut off by a shaking
outstretched arm.

One leather-bound notebook is exchanged for an
explosion of joy more powerful than any life-giving star.

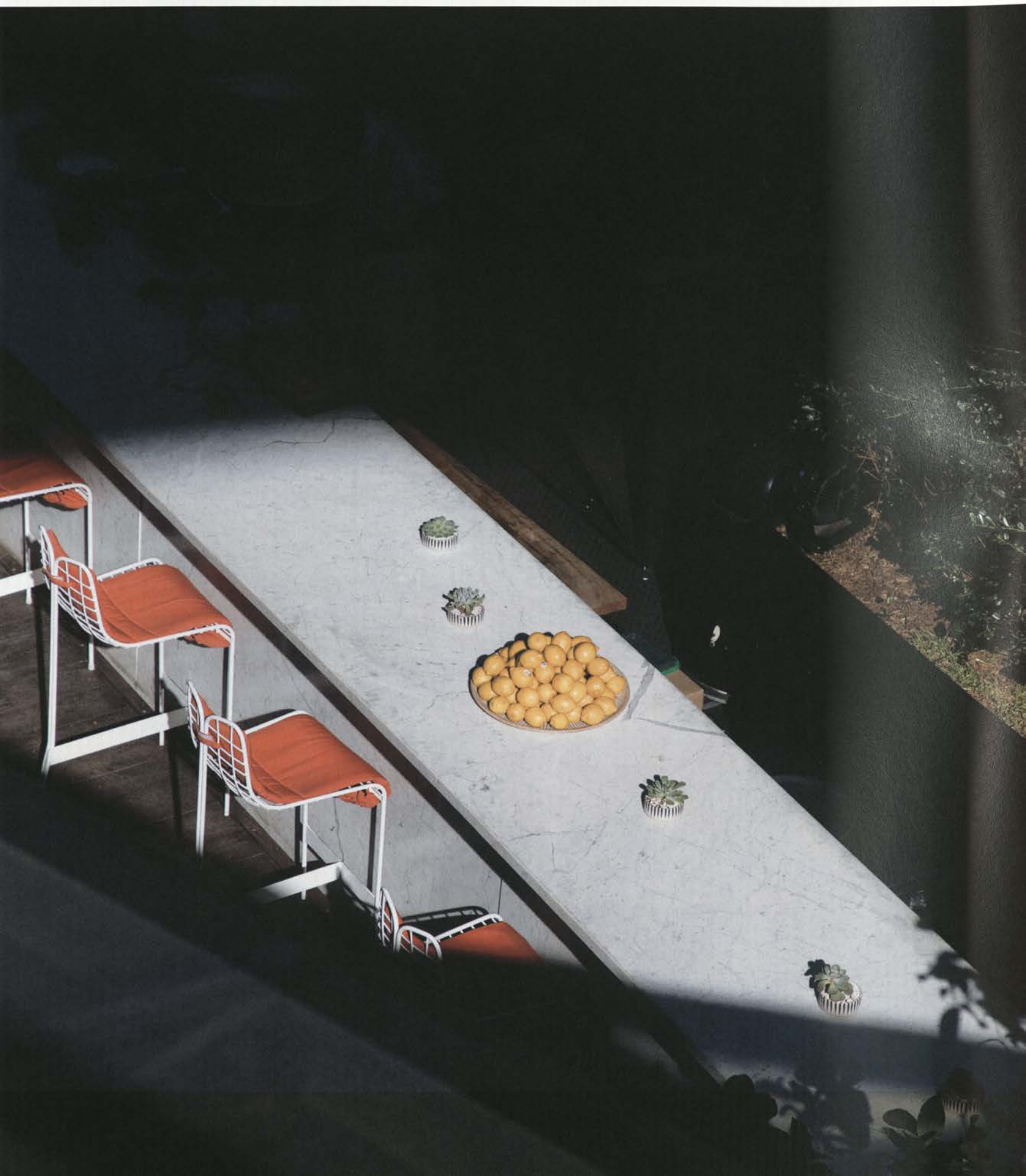
She tightly presses it to her heart, to keep it from
beating out of her chest.

The Nikon snaps.

The shot of a lifetime: a memory,
of a person, for a lifetime.

"Got it."

The record fell silent. The needle rose, reset, and rested. His head snapped up. He nestled his face in his hands and wept. He couldn't recall how the sun looked that autumn morning, only what she looked like shielding the notebook from the world. The words written on the inside cover rattled in his head. A promise that would never be; "long after these pages are filled."



POETRY

JULIA HALL

GARDEN

The jungle of twists
 The red fruits:
 temptation
 innocence
 dread

Take a bite
 No longer apples but juicy fruit juicy red
 Lined, laced with poison
 Apple skin
 Not of mine
 Not line
 Nor lace
 Cross the line
 Rip the lace
 or
 -no-
 or
 -yes-
 Make a choice: choose to choose
 It is sticky red
 Blood red
 Oozing from a fruit that is not
 An apple
 A laced poison
 A blood of darkness

Adam
 Snake
 Eve
 Sin
 Sorta fucked up
 Blame the lady
 Blame her for the fall
 Blame her for "deception"
 Blame her for choosing consciousness
 Blame her for wondering what else
 Blame her for craving something of substance
 Blame her for picking the forbidden
 For sinking her teeth into the fleshy reality of choice

Red covers my smile and my fingers
 I like wearing my food

ORIGAMI

JESSE CHAPMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY





THAT COULD BE CALLED
THE TRAGEDY OF YOU AND US
AND MADE UP PEOPLE
 or;
MORE FOOD FOR THOSE
WHO DON'T DESERVE IT
 or even;
DON'T YOU DARE PRETEND TO CARE
ABOUT THESE FICTIONAL PEOPLE
 And lastly;
THE SURPRISING EASE IN IGNORING
CAPITAL LETTERS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

AND HEAR THE STORY OF REN STATES.
 Suck it in, eat it up. You always do.
 Ren had known tragedy all his life. It had consumed his world, infected his body, infested his soul, long ago. It fogged his eyes, enclosing his mind within its darkness; it was all the boy could see.

This was when Ren was eight. He was already a quiet kid, when he was eight. When tragedy whispered to him from the graves of his parents; from the driver's seat and the passenger side. Whispered a truth Ren was told not to believe for the rest of his life.

What does one do when life is spoiled eight years in? No matter if it's true or not, Ren heard it. What would you do?

If you were told goodness gets you buried in the ground.
 If you were told never to trust the promises hope brings.
 If you were told the more you love, the more love dies.
 If you were told stories are not finished until they are tragic.
 Truly, imagine a life without the gift of hope in your youth.
 He was a kid, tragedy was a semi-truck going 70.
 He heard it loud, and he heard it for the rest of his life.

So there were no delusions of hope in Ren's art.
 His art was not hope. He was not stupid.

Hemingway, Robin Williams. Kurt Cobain Cousin Stizz.
 Seymour Hoffman Foster Wallace, Amy Winehouse. Ren had seen the televised funerals. He had read the obituaries the heartfelt memoirs, watched the award night tributes; browsed the gruesome ends that await the foolish artist.

His was art of survival. His was a product pressurized and scraped out from the depths of his own sorrow; a foolish attempt to rid himself from his angel tragedy.

He tore himself apart piece by piece; stripped flesh from bone. He arranged a pad of paper, and bled tragedy. It fell between the page's blue lines, still glistening in the light of the ink. He touched his tragedy. He crossed it out. He added thoughts. He spoke it out loud. He whispered it softly. He tinkered at the sound of its breath. He shouted his tragedy. He contorted its syllables, he bled its body. He bled tragedy upon pages and pages and pages, and finally — was left truly alone. He found peace in the moments of emptiness; when his tragedy was removed from him, playing at his control through the studio speakers.

Tragedy and nightmares of words speak loud; but the streets of Houston and a bank account with zeros on the wrong side of the decimal point speak much louder. So when the kids began to pay him for his tragedy, he was forced to share. He would drop a backpack on their floors, timidly ask for directions to the aux and share with them his music — in exchange for a fridge to peruse and a couch armrest to arrange pillows against.

The kids felt attracted to the artist; they connected to his music in a serious way. They heard something true in Ren's voice. They heard the truth they had been told to ignore all their lives played through their living room speakers. They conversed, they questioned amongst each other, Ren ate oatmeal on their couch.

He reluctantly left his tragedy behind on the hard drives of those who packed his backpack with decent food and passable drugs for the journey. He even more reluctantly uploaded his tragedy online in exchange for a life lived under his own roof and food picked at his own hand. And, foolishly, he became an artist.

His first mixtape was only mentioned in the comments section of various forums. *BLACKNOISE::It Is So So Dark In Here, I Need Peace To Sleep*. His name was mentioned in passing. The pay-what-you-want donations for *THIS IS A ONE SIDED AFFAIR, KEEP YOUR THINGS TO YOURSELF*, his second mixtape, paid for his cat. His third mixtape, *IS IT RECOMMENDED TO DRIVE WITH YOUR HEADLIGHTS OUT?*, was picked up by a rookie writer at the right trendy.com and heralded as "the preachings of a prophet in progress" and "signs of a visionary with much to expect in the future." This of course was not seen by Ren, but it was seen.

Sometimes, in the days after his tragedy's release, he would feel alone; alone from his tragedy, alone from hope, parting through the darkness. This is sometimes. He would breathe and feel right, feel easy.

But they fucked it up, you always do.

But they began to hope. They felt saved. Saved from the arms of their own personal sorrow and despair and loneliness, now given a voice to believe. A voice weak and uncomfortable. But a voice true. It gave them hope.

A few weeks after *BLACKNOISEII::DO NOT DARE TOUCH THE LIGHT SWITCH* released for download, the hive was formed. It was his best work. It unloaded bullets, capped pill bottles — saved lives from tragedy. And the swarm rose.

The follow up triple EP to B.N2, *BOY WOULD I LOVE TO MEET REN STATES, SURE DOES SOUND NICE HERE TRAPPED INSIDE YOU HAHA*, and *IRONY AND SARCASM NOT WORK*

ON YOU AM I USING THE WRONG FONTS OR SOMETHING received unanimous praise and cries of salvation from the faceless audience.

Ren's sorrow and despair and loneliness were consumed, used. And what's more, upon consumption they shouted for more in return. They needed another single, another tape, another music video. They needed more saving.

They created forums, they held discussions. They revered quotes. They shared firsthand media. They thanked him, thanked him for the things his voice had done. Although Ren remained absent from any form of social media, fans would flood threads with messages and stories expressing their extreme and sincere gratitude towards Ren for allowing them to connect with other humans over what they thought was the unconnectable — what they thought only they knew. Commenting, responding — admiring the social refuge they had found where they could truly, without embarrassment or guilt, be themselves.

He birthed hope. Without his permission, without his intention.

He was a kid. Nineteen, or something.

And thankfully — as if it matters — the kid disappeared.

He wasn't there when 108 gave him his first radio play. He wasn't there when bald men on TV argued over the message his music video for his first marginally mainstream hit, "Leave Me To My Alone This Is Not Healthy You Will Kill Me In Your Headlines," was sending to a youth audience. He didn't see his fans swarm the Twitter polls, winning him the "Hottest Young Developing Artist To Keep A Very Watchful Prying Eye On In 2020" award from a highly regarded .com. He didn't see Chris Brown read the name of his debut and final album, "quiet scratches before i go to sleep, no longer tragic, just tired goodbye," from a gold envelope at the Grammy Awards. A man wearing suit and makeup hosted the show — Ren did not see it.

He didn't see the crowd-sourced manhunt that started on the massively trafficked Ren States forum and ended in a huddled mass outside Ren's one-bathroom apartment. He didn't respond when they knocked on his door, shouting, "thank you thank you where are you who are we," on the porch step. He didn't see the picketed signs the growing sidewalk crowd held, reading "thank you thank you we are here to be saved from our tragedy," "my grandmother suffers from dementia wake up in there," and "THIS IS NOT FAIR." He did not see any of it at all. He did not see the headlines, he did not hear the tribute remixes. He didn't see the murals, the marches, nor the candles his fans lit in remembrance of something that was never theirs. He did not see an advertised funeral.

His life was good. He came and went and the world was better for it. But he saw darkness, he knew peace. If it matters, to you.

thorax

CARI ZAHN

POETRY

hive for a brain
eyes leak like honey crystals
prismatically fractured on
shriveled skin, i shatter/
disassembled, we rise
as scattered teeth and hairshed
combed beneath the door
we proceed as a swarm



PAINTING

TAYLOR ORR
UNTITLED



PAINTING

UNTITLED
TAYLOR ORR

MEGHAN DEIST

"AONAIR"

POETRY

I am the sun kissed constellations
Which span across my face
And race down my arms
To my bitten fingertips.

I am the collision
Of Queens and Saratoga,
With hair of unknown origin
And eyes like curious kaleidoscopes.

I am the scars on my heart and
The chips in my bones that still threaten to
Give like ankles that betray me.

I am from the palace of
Bittersweet memories,
Where dry water meets
Wet sand.

I am the skin run raw
From open windows on the
Road trips of imagination and spontaneity

I am the blown-out stereo
Of a 2000 Chrysler on its last legs,
Crawling to Frank Sinatra.

I am the taste of ice water,
Infused with the history of
Being pumped over and over
Through metal pipes.

I am the restless ramblings
Of typewriter clicks, complete with
The residue of charcoal and ink
Smeared tastefully across foreheads.

I am the musings
Of an Irish lullaby
And the harmony of
My grandfather's voice.

I am the life I was born into
Not out of, raised by
The colors that spread around
And danced silently as I grew.

POETRY

SULFURIC HONEY

JULIE BAFFOE

sulfuric crystals form
yellow and crumbling
along the edges of
an oozing patch of
skin. Honeycomb
pockmarks collect in pink
clusters of shiny,
pus-stained wax. Bubbling,
bubbling from an underground
reservoir, crimson drops of
blood spread like roses.

Sulfur does not react with
Gold. God touches his
Midas-finger to my
taught and leaking hands
and there is no reaction.
Which is to say that
there is no Bubbling,
bubbling or release of
fumes. No, if
you smell anything it is
the smell of rotten
eggs. Sterilized or
never-fertilized and left
in a damp place where
they got Soft and went Sour.

Brimstone means sulfur.
Brim from bryne
To burn and stone as in
a rock. It indicates a
volcano, active and
explosive. Fire and Brimstone
for Wrath and *for Judgement*.
The last thing you smell
before you die is rotten
eggs. You feel a Bubbling,
bubbling, volcanic and
dangerous under the thin
wax of skin. Transparent
cheesecloth through which you
squeeze a single drop of
blood that spreads like a rose
and drips seductive, yellow,
sulfuric honey.

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

MORGAN BUKOVEC

MULTI-MEDIA COLLAGE



BROOKE TINSMAN **UNTITLED**

PHOTOGRAPHY





LAVENDER

ANNA EDWARDS

She sleeps with her head held high
Dreams of lavender wrap between her thighs
Tomorrow's rough hands have yet to pervade her.

She sleeps with her head held high
The tides of her slumbering sighs
Protect yesterday's keen mouth from waking her.

POETRY

She sleeps with her head held high
As the night's violet veil settles in
The day's prying eyes cannot see her.

It's almost as though they knew,
lavender dreams were her refuge.



CARLY DELOIS
UNTITLED

HOW TO DEAL WITH ANXIETY

STEVEN DOUGHERTY

1. Take a deep breath
 - 1.1. Take a deep breath
 - 1.2. Take a deep breath
 - 1.3. Breathe
 - 1.4. It's in your lungs not your stomach
 - 1.4.1. Get it out
 - 1.4.1.1. Keep it in
 2. Relax
 - 2.1. Take a deep breath
 - 2.2. Think about what is stressing you
 - 2.2.1. Don't think about what is stressing you
 - 2.2.1.1. Don't think about not thinking about what is stressing you
 - 2.2.1.1.1. Stop
 - 2.2.1.1.2. Stop
 - 2.2.1.1.3. Stop
 - 2.2.1.1.3.1. The screaming
 - 2.2.1.1.3.2. The blazing white fire
 - 2.2.1.1.4. Get it out
 - 2.2.1.1.4.1. Don't think about not thinking about what is stressing you
 - 2.3. Take a deep breath
3. Everything is going to be ok
 - 3.1. You're not going to die
 - 3.1.1. You can't see
 - 3.1.1.1. Everything is dog whistle and white
 - 3.1.2. Paralysis
 - 3.1.2.1. Legs to chest
 - 3.1.2.2. Legs to chest
 - 3.2. Take a deep breath
 - 3.2.1. You can't breathe
 - 3.2.1.1. Breathe!
 - 3.2.1.1.1. Don't think about not thinking about what is stressing you
4. Clean up

FETISH

JESSE THOMPSON

BLACK AND WHITE FILM SCAN





BIOGRAPHIES

JEREMY ROSEN SENIOR // ENGLISH AND GRAPHIC DESIGN

I am a fourth-year English and Graphic Design major. Dayton is my home. Its locations and people frequently turn up in the stories, poems, and songs I write, as well as in the art I make, though I always draw from personal experience. I also enjoy travelling, which provides additional inspiration. I hope that all who read or view my work can find something in it with which they can identify, or at least enjoy on some meaningful level. This is my goal for all my future work.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE JUNIOR // ENGLISH

I'm a fun person, I like to go to the store and have conversations with the TV on. I'm a 25 year subscriber to both Playboy and The New Yorker magazine. For real though, be careful how we treat artists. They got money yea yea but imagine dealing with us. How would you not go insane? And just so we're clear it goes: MBDTF, College Dropout, 808's, Yeezus, Graduation, TLOP, Late Registration.

WILL LANDERS JUNIOR // ENGLISH AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

I am a third-year student of English at the University of Dayton. I am involved with residence life, service, and music on UD's campus. My interests range from social theories and writing to video games and computer hardware. When I'm not scribbling notes in book margins, I'm probably reading articles on microprocessors. I also enjoys healthy doses of R&R between frantic project sessions. I am currently working on my honors thesis and beginning my study toward a second major.

JULIA HALL SENIOR // ENGLISH

My person is intertwined in the narratives of others and the dirt. So: gardening, podcasts, feminist poets, candles, and lavender tea are essential. The world is tactile. Thus, I grasp onto feeling: soft, scent, spice, saturation. I create based on the intellectual, intricate tangles with passion and sense. Encountering stories and exploring layers inspires me. And, I hope, that I can play some small role in supporting others share their stories.

JESSE THOMPSON SENIOR // VISUAL ARTS

I create art as a means to stay alive. I would describe myself as a person who is always readily evolving and pursuing something better. I would like the viewer to understand his piece as a work representative of things we fetishize. Fetish is a nostalgic glance back to a time of fetishized power, convenience, and the ending of an era. I plan on attending a graduate program and continuing to challenge and grow in my artistic practice.

BROOKE TINSMAN SENIOR // PHOTOGRAPHY

I am a Photography major and native of Iowa. I am a lover of natural light and keeping the dying art of film alive. I likes dogs and carbs. In my artwork, I make an effort to turn the mundane into something special.

TAYLOR ORR SENIOR // PHOTOGRAPH

I create work for myself; I always have been a maker. I have been an artist since as long as I can remember, so coming to school for art was very natural for me. I'm an intuitive person in all aspects of my life, including my artwork. I'm constantly searching for a certain feeling when I make my work. Most times I don't know what I am looking for until I see it. Artist Robert Longo said, "It is difficult to make anything new, one would hope that you can make something that's real." That is what I am trying to achieve in this body of work: raw authentic individualism that creates a sense of presence and awareness of that presence through the models engagement with the viewer.

RILEY HART JUNIOR // PHILOSOPHY

This Michigander enjoys mornings, short walks to and from class, and never finishing books. I take pride in being Billy Joel's biggest fan (self-proclaimed), never missing Jeopardy, and cheering on the Flyers.

OLIVIA THOMAKOS SENIOR //**ENGLISH & ADOLESCENT TO YOUNG ADULT EDUCATION**

You know the SpongeBob episode with the brain-SpongeBobs working at desks filing information? In my brain, everyone is RUNNING. I often want to burn the files and fire the brain-Olivias. Instead, I create: write poems, draw pictures, make brownies. If you read my piece and think, "Wow, this is a mess," then you are CORRECT. Art is messy. So, be messy. Create. Don't confine yourself to fine dining and breathing.

ORPHEUS

ART // LITERARY MAGAZINE

JULIE BAFFOE SENIOR // ENGLISH

I used to paint but that took too much time so I started to draw but that took up too much time so I started writing stories but they take too long so now I write poetry in the Notes app on my phone because it's all I have time for what with class and two jobs and applying to law school and everything. When you're given a lot of space in this world, the only good use for it is to make that space better for other people. Who's missing here?

MEGHAN DEIST SOPHOMORE // VISUAL ARTS

I am a Visual Arts student from Maryland, planning on concentrating in illustration and animation. When I'm not complaining about how art is hard, I can be found writing, tripping over herself, or eating Life cereal. I am the ardent lover of the color orange, Frank Sinatra, phone calls with mom, and peach tea. In the future, I hope to see as much of the world as I can, all with her best friends by her side.

SYLVIA STAHL SENIOR // PHOTOGRAPHY

I aim to create content that is as visually appealing as it is conceptually. My work alters between the real and the composed. I enjoy photographing not only within the fine art realm, but also commercially. My use of light and the practical role that photography can play in life allows for her work to take on both identities. For the future, I aim to continue my practice in photography through the publishing and marketing world, while also maintaining her presence in the commercial world.

STEVEN DOUGHERTY SENIOR // ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY

Someone once told me that I had great eyelashes. I thought that was a weird thing to say to a seven-year-old. It took me longer than most to ride a bike but now I write poetry. I hope that it all means something.

CARI ZAHN SENIOR // ENGLISH AND COMMUNICATION

For me, a fair examination of self would not be complete without mention of the moon. She's constantly in flux, alone, illuminated, and scathed. No matter where you are in the world, no matter how dark the night is, she will be there breathing and glowing and begging nothing from you. Like the moon, I aim to be resilient: in my femininity, in my lunacy, and on my own.

MARY MCLOUGHLIN SOPHOMORE // ENGLISH AND HUMAN RIGHTS

I am an enthusiast of sunsets, feminism, crispy bread, and cozy blankets. I write because people appreciate angry poetry more than angry ranting.

ANNA DURICY SOPHOMORE // COMPUTER SCIENCE

N/A

MORGAN BUKOVEC JUNIOR // ART EDUCATION

I love rain more than most, I aim to create a deeply textured lived life, I believe we have gotten so far away from close looking in our society, I think one should constantly be asking curious questions, I wish others talked to strangers more, I am interested in ephemeral objects that hold hidden histories, I am inspired through the simple fact that we are all connected through a shared human experience in a body that is uniquely our own.

JESSE CHAPMAN JUNIOR // GRAPHIC DESIGN

As a photographer and a designer, I am always interested in preserving the old. I pursue many topics and themes in my work that deal with reflecting on the past. Growing up in Dayton certainly drove me toward these interests. This city is full of many examples of how the old has been largely forgotten or untended to. In my photography I seek to capture architecture, relics, and even the mundane so that it may be seen by wandering eyes.

CARLY DELOIS SENIOR // GRAPHIC DESIGN

I am a 5th year Graphic Design major. I would describe myself as an outgoing and family-oriented person. My group of friends is made up of my siblings, parents, cousins, and a few close friends. I am a winter lover, Skyline chili eater, and a designer that dabbles in cooking and photography. I design because I can't stand looking at an un-kerned sentence and because it allows me to think deeper. I plan on finding a branding job in Cincinnati, but my end career goal is to work with nonprofits on identity design while taking over the family business with my siblings.

ANNA EDWARDS JUNIOR // ENGLISH

I'm tall and sassy. I love laughing at funny jokes, and can frequently be found lurking in ArtStreet Cafe. With dreams to someday write children's books, I often use rhymes and descriptive words in my writing. That said, I hope some sort of imagery is inspired when reading my poem.

