

**BOTTI
CELLI** MAG

Art &
Literature

Cover art by
Zane Miller

ISSUE 9

BOTTICELLI MAGAZINE

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A NOTE FROM BOTTICELLI'S FACULTY ADVISOR, ISSUE 9 SPRING 2016

It's been a pleasure to fill in for the inestimable Dr. Sophia Kartsonis this semester. The staff of Botticelli and I hope you enjoy the issue we created while she's been away.

In Issue 9 you'll find more fiction than ever before. We're especially delighted to present CCAD B.F.A. student Amala Sorhaindo's story "Lillian," as well as poetry and prose from current B.F.A. students, CCAD alumni, and professional writers from Columbus and across the country.

With respect to the visual, we're proud to include works in video for the first time! The issue's cover, in fact, is a still from first-year CCAD M.F.A. student Zane Miller's piece Zed. And as usual, we feature an array of painting, photography—even comics and illustration. You'll also find political satire by CCAD B.F.A. student Ryan Caskey in the issue; though Botticelli doesn't subscribe to any candidates or parties, by including Ryan's work we chose to reflect the dynamic political climate we find on campus and cross the country.

We'd also like to take this opportunity to congratulate the winners of the first annual CCAD Creative Writing Awards:

Fiction

First: Amala Sorhaindo, "The Man and the Hurricane"

Second: Adam Byrd, "David's Demons"

Third: Sarah Winegar, "Through the Wall"

Poetry

First: Alexandra Weibel

Second: Annie Noelker

Third: Mariah Holmes

Screenwriting

First: Allie Vanaman, Lophii

Second: Samantha Archual, Highly Suspect

Third: Amelia Sealy, Read All Over

And finally, the staff of Botticelli and I would like to dedicate Issue 9 to the memory of former CCAD president Denny Griffith. His love and enthusiasm for the work we do here—no matter the medium—sustains us every day. Thank you, Denny.

Read and enjoy!

-Lesley Jenike

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IF ONLY

Marcus Jackson

If only I could sing like Marvin,
in a blue room, while the rain sounds
like raw rice spilling.

If only I could sing like an overweight
bank account. If only I could sing
as southern as Muddy, as electrically
as Jimi. If only I could sing
in the subway, with train brakes
jumping in as my metal section.

If only a needle drank my cries
from looping grooves in black wax.

If only I could sing risen
the conjoined wishbones written
on sheet music. If only I could sing
fields onward toward burgeoning,
sing stubborn kings into listening,
sing babies in pain to sleep.

If only my voice were swallows
of ripe wine. If only my voice could be
a handsome hand on night's thigh.

Caitlin Tobin
Tower
Painting



Written by
Nicole Kurlich

Artwork by
Kristen Kurlich

JASMINE

Smell it, she said, cupping the mug blooming
under my nose while we sat cross legged
on her mother's kitchen floor, all linoleum and tennis shoes
I breathed in Tibetan peaks, August sweet,
dressed in green spider silk

I drank and now I see
her hands in my mind, curved knuckles
and the pillow pads of her palms, soap scented
We brewed tea in the microwave
while she painted my nails, skin blushing
rose petals all morning and at night

I close my eyes: mountains
so high our lungs clench, every breath
a gasp, every gasp
filling our bodies with warm fireflies,
jasmine buds, dewy damp, unfolding
with the stars. Imagine the Yangtze
flooding, bright, heaving.

We kept our sheets earthy, a map
of rivers, valleys, whirlpools. I kissed
her ruffled hair, coconut shampoo. My nails
dirty. I wanted her to paint them

but she pressed asters, sundried,
between the pages of travel guides
to places we would never go.
She grew gardens of dreams like peonies
in the backyard, fluffy blossoms raining pink and white
and amethyst over our patio furniture.
I planted cacti in pots on the windowsill.

The birds knew her better than I.
She hollowed out gourds and hung them from pines
for little round sparrows to make their nests.
She watched their children fall and fly
away for purple hills, as I

studied black-winged kites against a burning sun.
Her sage in my fire, I see
how smoke becomes rich as milk.
How it strengthens our bones as coals grow cold

how our hair will always smell of August.
How we must rise like mountains
towards a solitary sky.



AUTONOMY

John Sherer

Had I not misread her words, there
would have been
no ferry trips across the bay
together, no daydreams in
museums, or nights spent sweating.
You may choose your own
turnstile, but you may not
construct your own.
Each one is oily from the palms of
those who have gone before you.
Each one smoothly turns, and
stops with a clunk.
Your boots clapping on tile,
the long hall coming to a point in
the distance.
Somewhere in these tunnels a car
is parked;
the keys are in the ignition.

ORCHARD

James Croal Jackson

in the orchard, a mother drinks rosé, bites
into a granny smith. the other apples
are rotten now, well— autumn
peels history off barks. the trees become
malnourished skeletons, tiny skulls. forget.
over and over. bees gather nectar
and you almost forget to laugh. they pluck
the fruit. too young to remember, too
momentous. one time he played too close
to the hive— well, life isn't honey, she said,
even if you are mine. finding a diamond
in a diamond mine. hey, that's still special.
who's to say if it's worth anything. all her
jewelry. diamond in her open palm. show
me. oh, how it glistened— no one asks
anymore. she does not want anyone to



Ann Marie Dailey
Untitled
Photography

CARGO

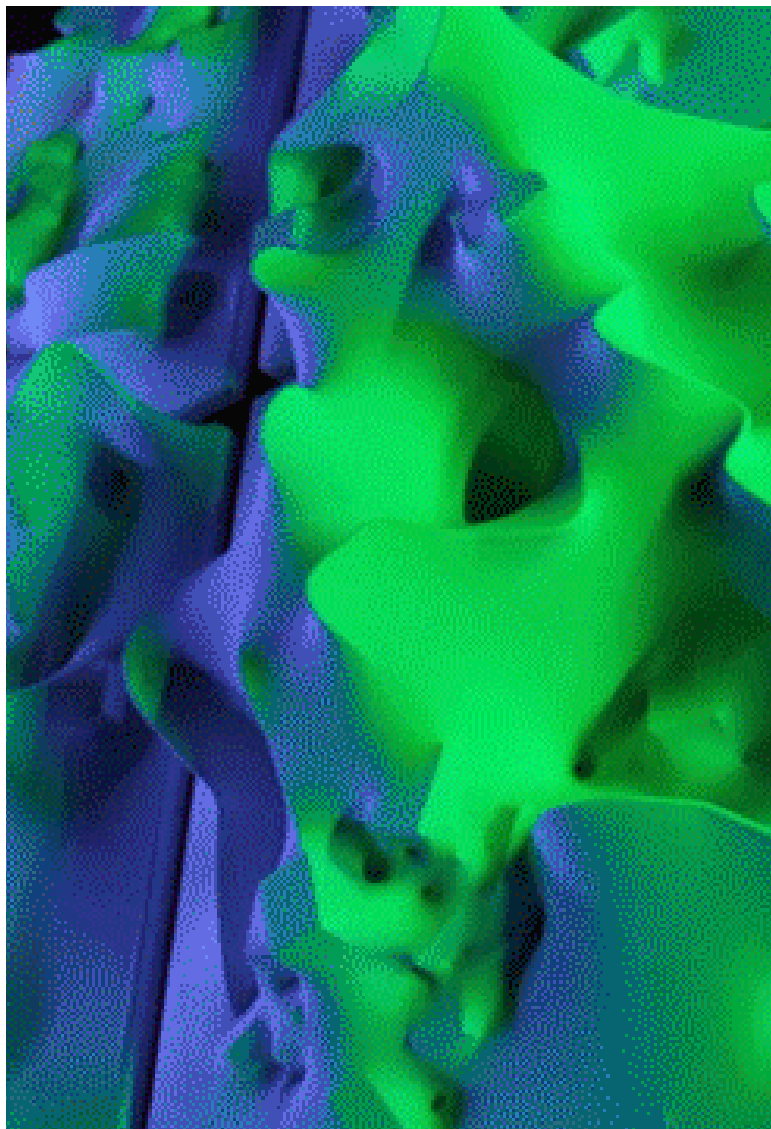
Hannah Stephenson

The big ships carry them in,
orange, blue, green crates
brimming with what, with stuff
no human hand will ever touch.
Machine-born, dragged by pulley
and iron claw, and dumped
into rectangular boxes. You feel
the weight of the cargo as it is lowered
onto the pier, as it is dropped.
In your heart, this is where you locate
the clangs and thumps, when you look
for them. There, and in the harbor.
Strange, that the heart is equal parts
biology and divining rod, that you
must sort the strains and bumps it feeds
to you. The steel boxes are unstacked,
giant building blocks divvied up, distributed
by forklift and crane. And then the harbor
itself empties, people into cars, to homes,
a re-enactment of the day's dismantling.

LANCE UPPERCUTSKI

James Croal Jackson

The laughing one!
This human animal
undercuts the social current
on the shores of Lake Michigan,
champions his fake son
Chev Chelly, '18.
It wasn't air guitar solos
and his lovable rolls of fat
gained from overconsumption
of Heluva Good, it was
the kid's smile at the funeral
of Lance's real son, Zack.
No one understood
how a father could laugh at his own son's funeral. This is how it is:
you can spend your life carrying the metaphorical weight of the
world on
your shoulders but you shouldn't have to carry your literal son's
death. Birth
to death and birth again. And death. All day it's co-workers at Wells
Fargo asking
are you all right. He chortles. The curvature of his lips doesn't mean
he forgot.



Zane Miller
Zed
Sculpture, Video

He remembers to forget
every time his 6 A.M. alarm chimes,
the bones in the skim he swirls in coffee.
When Lance is near the vault he remembers
how Scrooge McDuck could bury those moments
he felt most alone, diving into a space where
the coins clink all around and green is a pool you sink into, a chlorine
you drink, a mercury. You crave McDonald's just to fill yourself with
the thought of filling yourself with something, something tangible,
anything real even something fake and from nowhere your kid's friend
Chev stands in front of your son's purple casket with a mouth angling
the crust of Wonderbread, reminiscing about the time
you took them to the zoo
to remind them that gorillas
would be free if they could
choose. But they can't. So
you do.

WE EXPECTED NOTHING

Amala Sorhaindo

something better than before

Mastering the nature of the flock, I've returned.

Relic of quince in a vase

on our nightstand. Persephone

hates the earth; no—

the red, raw throat

of travelling from hell to earth.

Cataclysm of the heart. I have a grenade

in each coat pocket, and it's always been an issue

I am incapable

of being where I am not. This Philadelphia

street smells like wet sandpaper,

and at the market when you press

my palm to your scalp, what you

mean is, I know you've fucked

the Duchess of the Midwest.

I say, Darling,

did you already forget me, too?

Zane Miller
Zed
Sculpture. Video

VEINS

Burke Mayne

I drop 2 while you pick up one.
You place it in your mouth and it clicks one of your
molars.
A computer tab closes.
The three of us are really four.
Two letters combined that make the same sound.
You stand at the edge of a cliff of a chasm of a forest
of a divide
of a line that is both you and I.
I place it on my bare ass nipple and now I've ruined
dinner.
Three ounces left.
The 2 of us are really three.
2 days ago we saw each other.
I stand at the edge of an overcoat.
You can just cover the thoughts you don't want to see
right?
Oh shit, you've been flashed you've been raped
you've been assaulted
you've been told you've been cut, eaten, thrown, and
shit on.
You're shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.
Burned dinner rolls.



Ann Marie Dailey
Untitled
Photography

I'm on my own. You're going to call.
I'm serious. I'm not lying. Shit.
I drop 2 and you pick up one.
I just wanted to see that ass pop. Damn.
You're too fucking fine for that body.
Like really you don't deserve it.
You don't deserve me bitch.
You're tits are too fucking weak for my cock.
You cut off the last three fourths of your jeans and
thats why I wont touch you.
You wear sketchers and your condoms are from Wal-
Mart.
My tampons are ivory and you're toilet paper is
Crayola.
You and I belong in a shit movie sequel. I want to
court you.
Blue tux and White dress.
Blacktop and White dress.
Red Robin and White dress.
White dress and White dress.
I'll fuck your sister if you drop three pounds.
I grew old with you.
We sat patient

in a room with one window
and the doctor arriving tomorrow.
I had no faith and left the day after you did.
Lavender wafted three rooms down.
Dust and a ceramic rooster
and a rodeo on late at night
and a tire swing and a
wrought iron fence and a
collection of bears.
Veins.
Your place smells like alcohol and I fucking hate it.
I have developed a resistance to your bullshit a long
time ago
and I think its time to say farewell my swe-
I drop 2 while you pick up one.
We place it on her toes and she cries.
Its your turn because the system that we had
established says so,
and its making me resent ever dropping that in the
first place.
You don't deserve her.
We don't deserve her.
I don't wa-



NERVOUS SYSTEM

Mikko Harvey

Out on a date, my fidgety fingers rip at the doily. I know
we're supposed to canoodle later, but I'd rather just
wrap around your ankle,
hide like I did under Mom's dress when strangers
walked in. I'm kidding, kind of.
I do stare at the floor while other people speak. It's
how you get to know the hidden
parts of a room. The shoelace that frays like a dying
dandelion. And the mouse who lives
in the basement is frightened by our footsteps, but
he's got big plans to search
the silence we'll leave behind us for crumbs. I'm
getting lost. What I mean is,
when you say Dance with me I feel like a light switch
covered in dust. All I do
is sweat and make similes, because I don't
understand yet that light isn't meant
for understanding.

Jason Elizondo
Self-hybridizations | Siren, 2015
Adobe Photoshop CC

OPAL

Aumaine Gruich

A girl in a glass asylum
is dangerous. Just inches
away from freedom and
tightly wound. Hooded
with heavy boots she fancies
herself a figment. Her face
is a symbol of a face.

In her ice bucket bag,
a stolen ace. Under her
nail beds, ash. In her head,
in place of god, a song—
Distant Fingers. These are
symbols of nothing. These
are purely aesthetic pursuits.

She takes the train alone
to day break. She polishes
the glass. She makes her home
where it is hard. She delights
in right angles and she waits.

Clark Baker
Untitled Portrait
Photography





PRE-ELEGY

John Sherer

After the tide floods above the silt where you sleep
and you are sore because you can't turn over,
you will hear, eventually,

a crab scuttling over your roof
and the receding hum of boats heading back to their
harbors.

Then you will dig yourself out of the ocean floor

and rise up from it, exhaling all the way
to your all-expenses-paid eternity.
There will be nothing to perceive

except for what it's like,
after so many years in clay,
to abandon the heavier elements.

You'll climb out of the middle of the sea—
first an elbow on the surface, then a knee.
Your steps will get softer and faster,

and the last wave from your wake
will glance off the shore's edge
at the moment you are set alight.

Ann Marie Dailey
Untitled
Photography

REVOLUTION

Kaylee Byrd

Oh marble man, whose hands created you?
Apollo carved from flesh, fire, and rage;
You won't die old and you haven't a clue.

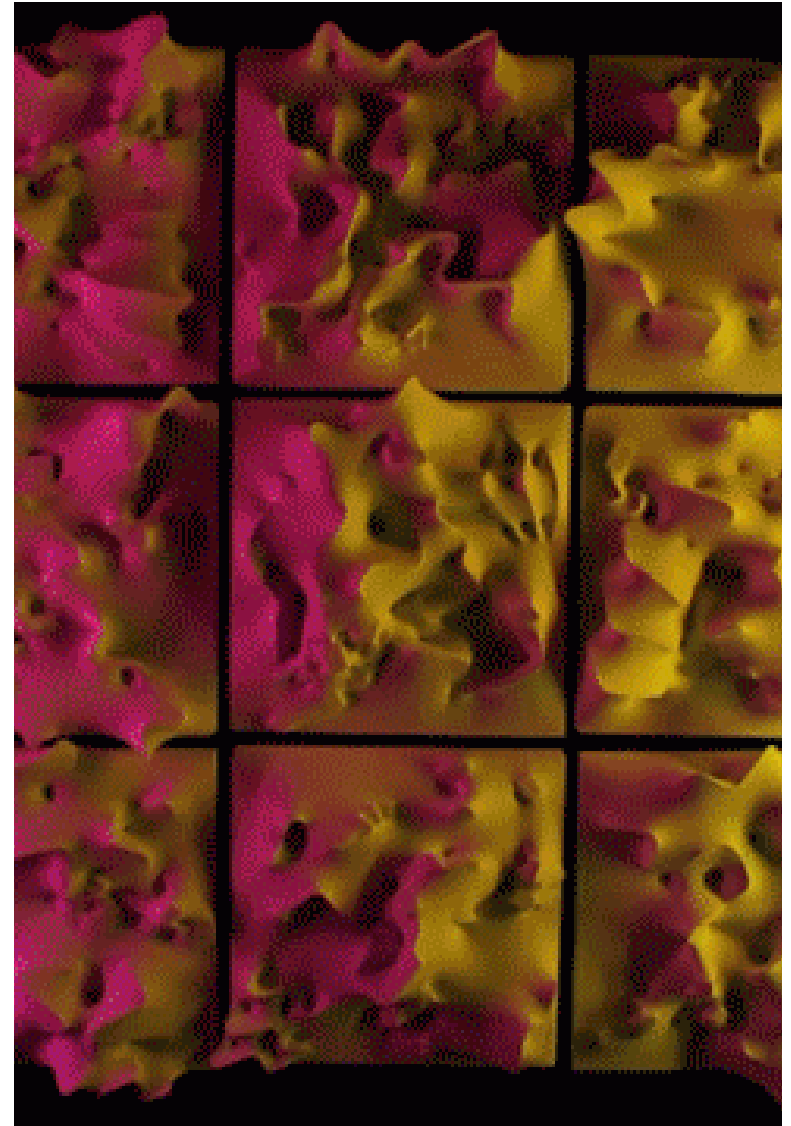
Breaking down pillars and crumbling pews;
The inferno is far too harsh to cage.
Oh marble man, whose hands created you?

Still cling to beliefs that you think are true.
Hold convictions far too strong for your age.
You won't die old and you haven't a clue.

You call out for justice, call out to who?
Heavy pulpit of doubt, cracking the stage.
Oh marble man, whose hands created you?

No one is rising, the faith has gone too.
Your name is erased from history's page.
You won't die old and you haven't a clue.

Only a martyr, the battle is through.
Life was your barter, gunfire your wage.
Oh marble man, whose hands created you?
You won't die old and you haven't a clue.



Zane Miller
Zed
Sculpture, Video

NONSENSE SENSE

Nicole Cmar

The backwards three
My signature move
Railing slides, clay pots, and ostriches
Beautifully odd hamburger cake
Light bright of Ohio bread
Lipstick colors the walls
A Crayola daydream
Ominous yellow light
Conjunction Junction –

What's the function
Of spilling grape juice on my shirt?
Running around with shorts on my head
Sword fight in the backyard
I am ruler of this playground
The brown bottle my poison
Slush puppies my tonic
The lovers
The dreamers and –

Caitlin Tobin
Ties
Illustration

You
Fruitloops and marshmallow soup
The gummy worm debate
Speed racer at midnight
A table tent for one
Funky Michael Jackson groove
Unsteady Elvis walk
Talk the talk
A missing sock.



██████████ AT TONDREAU POINT

Sara Shearer

██████████ the ocean ██████████
██████████ held us all in silence.
In the heavy darkness we could hear ██████████
██████████ wingbeats ██████████
██████████ as eyelashes crossed and uncrossed, blinking in a bunk-
bed.
I would bring my hand ██████████ to my face,
██████████
██████████ the pale flesh ██████████
To add ██████████ to the dark.

Then ██████████ light would appear ██████████ between door and frame
between window and blind.
I would stumble into the noonday living room
To find ██████████ a seven o'clock room instead.
I would
Wondering ██████████ the sea could be so still,
so still.

I ██████████ never
once copied its windswept curves ██████████ on a citrus-tinted day.

THE COTTAGE ██████████

Sara Shearer

Despite ██████████ being but a retaining wall away from our windows,
The cottage ██████████
██████████ a sneeze from across the point,
A mosquito's ██████████ from across the room,
A tiny snap ██████████
██████████
██████████ closer to ██████████
Pupils impossibly wide,
Attempting to find t ██████████ before giving up and allowing sleep
██████████ another layer ██████████

██████████ a line of ██████████ in the space
And the space
In groggy uncertainty
that it was
sit phoneless, bookless, aimless,
how
Wondering how I could be
An uncle had ██████████ met painted a sailboat on canvas in acrylic navy
and gray.
██████████ in graphite



Ann Marie Dailey
Untitled
Photography

THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF AWE

Rikki Santer

Consider the egg--
perfection of shape.
Improvise upon its surface--
how the universe began.

Hatch it on
a pretty pretty
picnic tablecloth,
yoke and albumen
first spun encaustic.
Refine it to delicate
transfers of leaf
bouquets, synapses
of benevolent
branches or
mummified tongues
of apparel. Bed it
atop a soup
of fossils, fan it to
fruition with fringes
of princess eyelashes,
glitter couture,
the dizzy orbits

of tender baby
boy conceits.
Scale its tiny ladder,
sail upon oceans
of plaid upon plaid;
over mountain tops
of musical scales;
vibrate through navy
skies of silver snakes,
electric moons,
fluorescent elderberry.

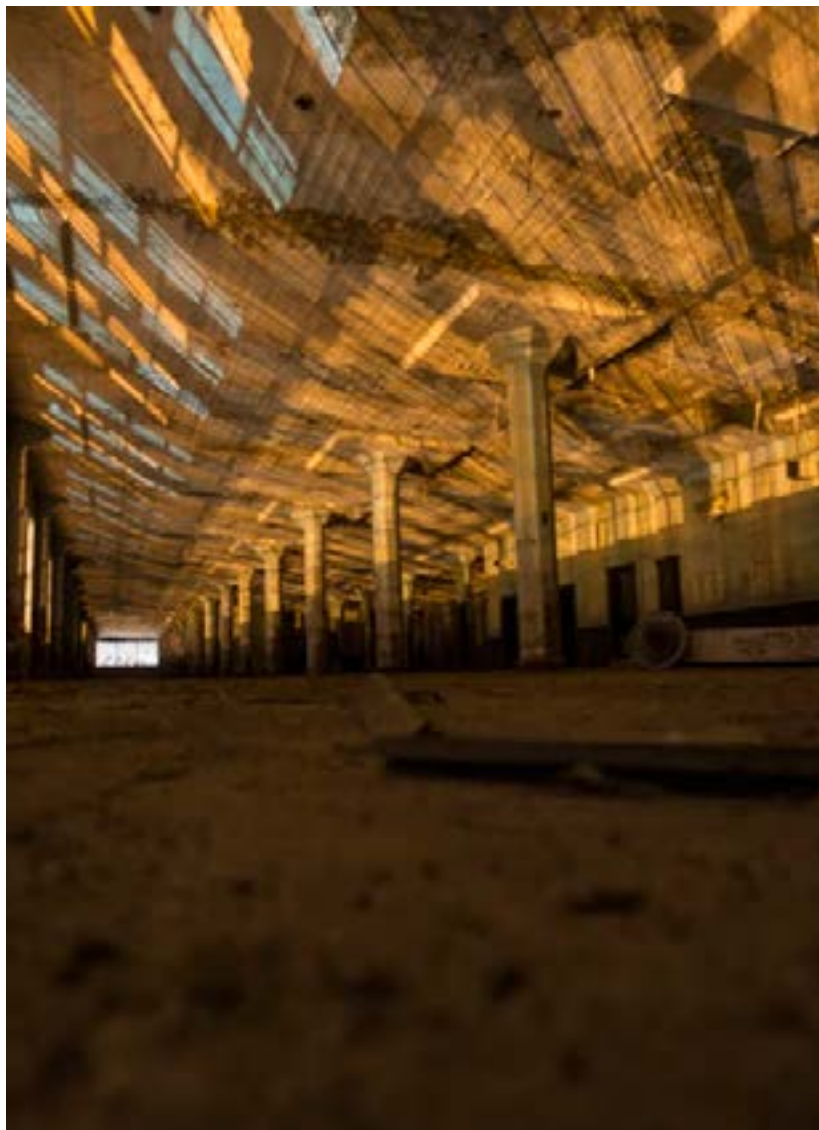
Should we be wary
of too toothy
a mouth, its horned
head bowed into
claws of prayer,
weary eyes
that peer through
clapboard houses
or fingers that
lasso and rope
our bulging towns,

break peacock feathers
into windshields,
scramble faces
into memento mori,
stir liquidscapes
of erotic blood cells,
or compress tiers
of exhausted terrain
that ridicule
our crystal towers
our dark and light
in back and forth?

The artists, in
and of their shells,
gaze out at us
side-eyed
half-faced
three-faced
masked face
to covet
the veneer
that surprises,
all signage
lit from within.



Gretchen Yerian
Family Portrait
Illustration, gif



EXPOSURE

Linda Fuller-Smith

Preparing to tar and pebble
their alley, the city lopped
our evergreen bush to bare

branches, exposing underneath
a cache of filthy t-shirts, empty
Pabst cans, styrofoam clamshells,

and combat pants filled
with stench and illness.
Hugging the corner

of our house, this overgrown
shrub acts as a shield
against erratic cars stealing

home from High Street bars.
But for someone it was secret
refuge, a place to sleep

William Arnold
Empty Space 2
Photography

on plastic bags under dense
gnarled branches, a mere
lathe and plaster wall

from my daughter's bed.
Knowing what I've found
may be all someone has,

I allow days for reclamation
before at last taking my rake
to snag and trash the mess,

pausing when I uncover
the small, plastic truck-
mint green with pink floral

decals. Faded and dirty
it rests on my glove, telling
relic, its truck bed missing.

THE REVELATOR

Rachel Toliver

I was unable to describe Sunday Blues Night, back when describing was what I did. One night, I thought I knew exactly how to do it. My drunken tunneling mind had finally made it through—through to the words that blues night was. I had finally bored to the inscrutable ore—blues night, me, it all—but I didn't have a pen! I borrowed a Sharpie from some squatter, and then made a big show of finding something to write on. Meanwhile, lead man Jim Trainer was wreaking his electric guitar into apocalyptic fury—Who's that writing? John the Revelator! I pulled a furl of ATM receipts out of my purse. The borrowed marker was sure to eek it all—beer cans beating out known rhythm; Jim Trainer one long straining, his cocaine veins a blue braid on neck and arms; the red-walled bar, and how it was ours—our upper room, our shared, out-branching nerve of flame. I wrote big, angular letters on my tiny, slick slips of paper.

Knowing that this was finally it, that describing was truly what I did, I wrote words all over my hands and arms, wrote words on my fingernails. I feared that the next day's anemic, hung-over morning would disorient my description, so I included arrows sequencing the order of my thoughts, as flow charts for myself, when I awoke. I was wearing my best Sunday night thrift-store finery—a coquettish pink angora sweater, a black skirt that arced out—and knew I made a perplexing picture, inking earnestly on myself, with a little sunrise of

eyeshadow on my lid, a sprinkle of sequins round my hem. But I was sure I had, really, caught the candlelit wink of all that world. I'd gotten it, exactly as it was—the busted PBR clock—the heft of heart in Jim Trainer's known call-and-response—the slurry up-swing of all-we chanting Who's that writing? John the Revelator!—the \$3 deal of Jack and Schlitz known as a Citywide Special—the flirty, flurried cigarette breaks, some guy's lighter flame hovering, pending and sincere. And how we were named—Rachel, Rebecca, Megan, Rob, Justin, Kate, Lindsey, PK—all the friends, and exes, and exes of friends, and friends of exes—and how we then were, spoken into form upon Jim's Jack Daniels breath. And how those not us then noted our boots, and our joyful throats, and the way we inhabited chairs. Back when describing was what I did, I wrote down all kinds of things I thought were witty. I wrote, Monday mornings take the functional out of functional alcoholic. I repeatedly described the bar as The see and be seen scene. I think I might have written something about 12 bar and 12 step, referring to Blues Night. I called it Booze Night more than once. I believed that I was a writer, that my drinking was research, that in the deepest amber nexus of the night, someone would tell me that one thing—that one thing that I'd need to know, that one thing that made the going out true, vital, worthy. Fodder, I'd say, and also Fodderific and also Fodder-tastic. And then I'd forget the thing that whoever had said, or the thing that whoever said would surface,

like shits that didn't flush right, the next day or days later, in a swill of apathy.

And Sunday Blues Night—out of all my nights measured in words and shots—was where the stuff of that life frayed itself out. There, Jim jumped on a chair, not just playing the guitar—wreaking the guitar, notes flayed and flying. Those walls thrummed uterine and sanguine, like a red velvet advent evening, like a ruby-tinted vesper gestation. I wanted to live all my life in that bar, with its lesser, tender lights, with its music throbbing sure as blood. It was just a bar, but each table had its little lantern, and each flame was a certain thing, and we always knew where the best seats were going to be, before they moved the tables out to make room for the band. The bar had no sign, barely had a name. We knew the rules, too, back when they weren't posted—Don't grab beers from the case yourself, don't stomp too hard on the heads of the Ethiopian bar below, bring your sorrow, fuck your sorrow, take your sorrow home without a sound. Know that the bartender is always right, and when he says You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here, take the hint, and look coyly at him, or look coyly at any other cute boy. But now that the bar has a name, there are little rules, rules written on notebook paper or cardboard or the plastic dividers that snuggle six-packs—and the first rule is, Don't be an asshole.

Nowadays, I have a different sort of life; I wake like a long tearing, very early, and carry very many papers, suspended from my shoulders, into a school, where I extend my very sincere palms and laughter towards my students. Now I'm a teacher, and describing isn't what I do anymore—no more the life lashed to the improbabilities of words. And drinking isn't what I do anymore, either—or at least, it's not the depth of what I do—so no more lashings of the improbabilities of that, either. I do drink, but I no longer pursue self-destruction as if it were a career. That was another thing I used to write—I pursue self-destruction as if it were a career. An alcoholic writer was how I described myself when describing things was what I did. An alcoholic teacher, though, is much more of a chagrining thing. I did maybe one Monday of slogging through the bog of my hangover—gripping out through sludge for a word, some quip, some clip of dialogue that didn't belie the long night I'd spent at the bar. Gosh, I was galosh-heavy and muck-tongued on that one Monday—that one or maybe two. A writer's hangover is a pearling upflight of birds, a baffled surge of light, a sudden naming—and earned, somehow, outbreathed sweet in the aromatic cross-hatching of morning coffee and first smoke. A teacher's hangover is an arid rasp, a despairing cough that sounds like whatever, papers dry and rattling and seeming to whisper of shame.

Now, most of what I do, even when I'm not at school, is being a teacher, and, most nights, the descriptions slither sideways into sleep. At the end of each school year, sitting outside with my students in the grass-smell stun of early summer, I say, Write yourself a letter. Seal it and I'll mail it to you next year. The next year, when the lawns are again a dizzying of dandelions, some kids take the letter with cringes, with abashment, with fingernails tentatively pinching it—if they could use tongs, they would—as if it were a toxin, a time-infection. Some kids say, I ripped it up, I shredded it, I laughed at it. In response, I always say, It's probably good to feel such constriction from your past self—if you didn't feel that way a little, you probably haven't grown. Thinking of those past descriptions like clothes so small they leave a tread mark on the thigh, clothes so small they nip zippers into waistline like incisors, clothes so small they feel like panic.

Those kids wrote their letters thinking that they were getting it, were inking in the loves that exist exactly on a June lawn when the world goes sequined with light and leaves and breeze. After a year's worth of nights and days, they squint at that sprawling cipher, the orderly words that captured their parent-feigning and their curfew fretting and all of everything that they were. And, after that year has passed, they find their loves fallow, their hates inflated, their descriptions an itch of the ridiculous. One girl had decorated her envelope with swelling

bubble-hearts, the algebraic equations of love—the same as it's always been—4-Evers, + and = signs. By the next year, I knew for a fact they'd broken up, as I placed the stamp over the math of her future. The boy's name was even included in the return address.

But, as I said, at least it took her an entire year to find her words clunking and bitter-tasting as old pennies, to think back on a moment's revelation, and recoil. One morning, I woke up, and remembered that I'd gotten Blues Night—that after the drinks and greetings and songs and drinks and drinks, I'd finally shot into that long-sought, elusive shaft. The true description of that dive bar Pentecost, that compressed flame of revelation, that Jim and us and song and thin electric tease of guitar string tickling my bare leg. All, of it was Sharpied on my arms! And, in that description—splitting like a geode to unfling a thousand tongues of light—there too would be my truest self.

I slung myself out of bed, nuzzling through the fug of last-night liquor. The digital clock seemed like red-rimmed cartoon eyes, waiting widely for the coming divination. My waking was all a surge. Though I couldn't remember walking home the previous night, I remembered the words that had been mined and hewn, the candlelight that had been pared-down and essential, hammered thin by the press of hours after midnight, linked in a tiny silver mesh of phrases.

Of course, the marks looked more like polygraph tests than writing. The letters looked like twigs arranged in a forest, arranged to spell some desperate warning. The marks looked like the blind trajectory of veins; they looked like a black trail slimed out by a slug snagged by the old garden trap of a saucer of beer left out. All that only means that the descriptions were nothing, described nothing. If they could have been read, they would have said something like Craigs-slip Him Corner-Eye Would It Wooden Here? Be? And so it was that, even when describing what I did, I never did describe Blues Night. I think it was shortly after that humiliation that I stopped trying. Shortly after that, I stopped going. And so it is, that those nights remain—sinking like the gold of a thousand galleons—flickering in some other young girl's drunken skull—washed off in another Monday morning, and another, and the next.

BLANKETTE

Aumaine Gruich

The moon, she thinks, illusions.

Landfill of Fantasia filters,
velvet orchid pumps, carbons, festoons.

The days of safeguards are gone;
one travels alone in pneumatic skies.

How many tricks propose
before he whose tongue
is a hot whip?

In a flood she learned
the blunt edge of lust. It hurt
like a new stone through the lobe.

It usurped all else. Toward the end,
she was nothing

but a noxious balloon skimming concrete
for some masked hero's song.

Nicole Bean
The Cold Is Coming
Painting

And she is tilted back to earth.
And she goes burning back towards earth.
Later, she may prop open the door,
notice the neon Dance! sign coaxing the alley,
and toe her way past the threshold.

The lunar mother hangs back,
silent, fresh glow like a baldaquin
decorating the scene in light.

But Madame beckons not, extends
no secret test for this new creature of sinew, of slate.



ARGUMENTS FOR FURNITURE

Rikki Santer

That first rock, first log
to support our repose
to hold up our world.

When is a chair not a chair?
When it's sentient, defiant,
protesting the amorphosized
foot, leg, arm.
No high back ideals here
just a need to serve,
to keep bodies off the ground.

How many chairs does it take
to heal the planet?
The laquerwork of promise,
the cantilever of belief.
Foyers connected
doorway by doorway
strung across the globe--
we are seated, waiting together.

Cradles for young Vikings,
seesaws for young at heart.
What is bruised, stained,

and broken
on a tree lawn.
What is leaning
on a dirt floor.
The cluttered landscape
of kitchen table
as I write this.

Behold the dictatorship
of the hand--
drawer rendered eunuch,
armoire defying gravity,
every stool a philosopher,
the moody horizons of bed.

Sit with iconic spells--
a painter's mother, war plans
negotiated in the round,
a golden girl's serried
samplings of porridge,
the ergonomics of psychosis
reclining, the electric last throne
for a killer.



Clark Baker
Ghost Series Part 2
Photography

Inventory the furniture zoo--
the most exquisitely
tensiled, tubular,
mortised, or mitered,
the rarest exemplar of line,
table with the deepest
identity complex,
cabinet with the best
sense of humor,
biggest bag of beans.

Furniture revives our sitter status
survives the timber of our days
and the rocker explains it all.
of tender baby
boy conceits.
Scale its tiny ladder,
sail upon oceans
of plaid upon plaid;
over mountain tops
of musical scales;
vibrate through navy
skies of silver snakes,

electric moons,
fluorescent elderberry.

Should we be wary
of too toothy
a mouth, its horned
head bowed into
claws of prayer,
weary eyes
that peer through
clapboard houses
or fingers that
lasso and rope
our bulging towns,

SILAS

Jack Malum

Iowa, 1876

Silas.

Silent and breathless and unmoving.

It was a hot night, late summer. Everything was at a standstill.

All around the earth flickered. Lightning bugs on the ground and heat lightning in the sky.

Static.

Surrounded by fields for as far as the eye could see stood stalk after stalk of blonde corn. In the middle of the fields stood a small, fresh cut clearing. In the middle of the clearing stood the single stalk of a tall, blonde boy.

His eyes, light blue, were staring at the stars overhead.

Waiting.

A large house, silhouetted by the silver light from the dark sky, stood a few fields away. Wooden silos were scattered about and swallowed up by the fields.

A tire swing he and his brother had built swung from a nearby sycamore tree. Several years ago they played on it from dawn until dusk and the next morning they woke with sunburns covering their necks and faces.

After several days, his began to fade along with the last weeks of summer.

But his brother's began to spread.

First across his back, then to his stomach, down his legs, and finally to his feet. His tongue reddened, resembling a sweet summer strawberry. The onset was quick and the symptoms severe.

He died of scarlet fever at the age of six.

Siblings, asunder.

In the years since, they've carried on. His father stayed outside sowing the fields. His mother stayed inside sewing handkerchiefs. He never spoke to anyone and she spoke only to herself.

Silence and soliloquies.

After some time, their tears dried up along with the grounds, but the sensation lingered. An aching pain, under-quenched and over-saturated; there hadn't been a drop of rain since the summer solstice. The air, the ground, the sky, and their eyes, all dry but ready to burst.

Earlier that morning he had helped his father plow the plot around the swing. Sweet corn, the last of the late summer harvest. One of the tools slick with oil, lost grip and slipped through his hand. Blood dripped from the tips of his fingers, and was soaked up by the thirsty soil.

And on that spot he now stood. The ground was dry again and desperate for another serving. The slit on his hand was scabbed over, drier even than the dirt to which it gave.

Succulence.

His shirt, lightweight, linen, white and left loosely open in front. His skin, sunburned. Flesh, flushed—handing off heat to the hot summer air, each trying to soothe the other, attempting solace.

Hopeless.

He picked up a stray corncob off the ground, held it in his hand, shucked the green husks and brushed the blonde silk strands over its ear. A chorus of cicadas hung in the hot air, singing songs of the coming silence.

Solitary amongst the sea of corn, his light blue eyes were fixed on the sky overhead, all dark, save silver, waiting. A soft breeze began to blow; high in the sky a steady whistling began.

The whistles grew louder and the wind rushed in, whipping at the wheat fields acres away. The wind died and the whistling began to subside, but he carried on the tune.

A serenade.

But the song was slow and a calm settled. The air changed, charged, and the hair on the back of his neck lunged towards it.

The wind began again, blowing his dirty blonde hair across his face. The clouds closed up and all that was left was the phantom glow of the

once bright moon. His light blue eyes met the dark one in the sky and a soft smile came across his lips.

It's starting.

He looked back at the house. The screen door was swung open and scratching against wooden splinters on the wrap around porch. On the windowsill sat a note he had left for his parents which said:

Some call it a sin. Some say, but I cannot.

Sincerely,

Silas

A singular flash of light lit up the fields, followed soon by the thunderous crashing of the clouds. The wind blew stronger and he stood straighter, steady and upright as everything else bowed before the sky.

A large panel of wood ripped off a nearby silo and came plowing across the field. Another bolt struck the field. Flames burst forth and the fire spread over the bone-dry ground.

The clouds grew angrier, lightness and loudness overtaking the once dark and silent acres. Never had the soil seen such excitement. The stalks began to uproot themselves in anticipation.

But, steady he stood. The ground around which he held was scorched, stark and naked. He watched as light erupted around him, turning more fields to flame. With resistance, he withstood his urge to run.

A bolt struck a nearby telegraph pole and he couldn't stand still any longer. He sprinted toward it, storming through the corn stalks, leaving small cuts across his freckled face.

But his moment had passed.

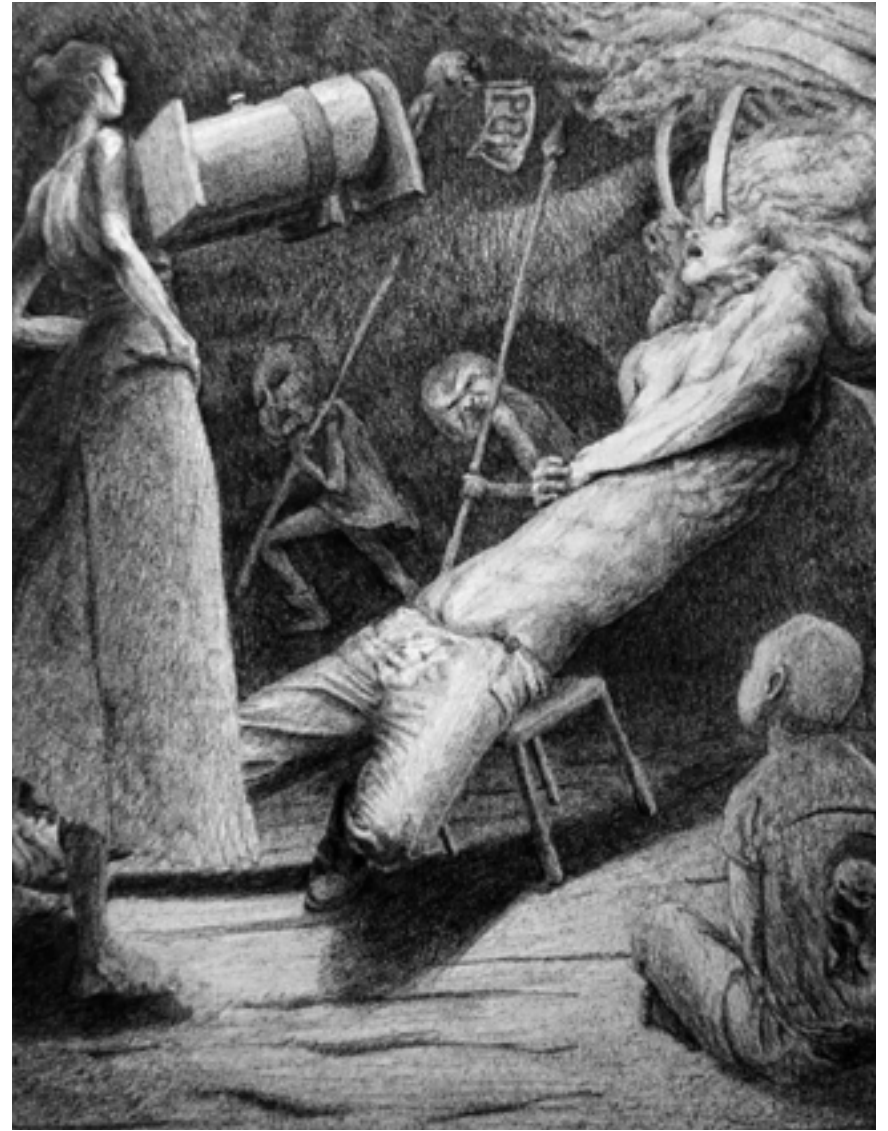
He cut back, bolted toward a plow two fields over, and grabbed the metal wheel with his left hand just as it happened.

He could feel it through his entire body.

The groundswell.

His toes tingled and his tongue tightened. He steadied himself,
swallowed hard and succumbed to the darkness.

All silver,
Silent and breathless and unmoving.
Silas.



Thomas Tran
Canons
Illustration



Nicole Bean
Dream Scape
Glass Casting

DECEPTION

Yzella Vidaurre

Nyx makes her way inside her home closing the door behind her with a bang.

Hanging her coat, she calls out her husband, “Honey, I’m home.”

She takes out her phone dialing 411. When she puts the phone to her ear she hears, “911 can I help you.”

Nyx gasps quickly hanging up, then calls 411. She triple checks to make sure she puts in the right number this time.

It rings until someone answers and Nyx asks, “Can you give me the number of an Italian restaurant called The Little Italian.” They do as she asks and when the restaurant picks up she continues, “Hey, can I make a reservation for two tomorrow at seven. It’s our anniversary tomorrow...yes, thank you. Goodbye.”

That’s when she faintly hears the TV sounding in their bedroom.

She trudges up the stairs making her way into their room. Upon entering, she notices the window is open. She sees him lying there staring at the news blaring on the lifelessly.

Nyx smiles at him and kisses his forehead until his head tilts away from her trying to see the TV. She rolls her eyes then makes her way into the bathroom to shower and get comfortable. When she emerges, she finds him in the same position.

“You want some food, honey.” Nyx asks her husband.

His head tilts downward in a nod as a gust of wind breezes into the room, so she smiles accepting that as a sign of confirmation.

Nyx heads downstairs to make something to eat. Looking around she decides on a tuna sandwich. When she finishes after ten minutes, she sets the sandwiches down on a plate before taking out her knife from the cupboard. She expertly flips the knife in her grip before cutting the tuna sandwich in half. With the plates in hand, she rushes back up to her husband.

After placing the plates on the bedside table, she crawls into bed with her husband. She puts her arm around him waiting for him to exhale. Nyx uses her other hand to start combing her fingers through his hair.

“I had a horrible day at work,” she speaks, leaning her head on the pillow beside him. “My friends keep hassling me about why they haven’t seen you in a while. They should know that you’re busy.”

Nyx tilts his head towards her. She loves speaking to her husband as he always listens. He waits for her to finish rambling before stepping in to reassure her that everything will be okay in time. He stares back at her with his blank expression, giving her no judgment that also displays his boredom.

She snorts at his expression before curling up to his side to eat her sandwich. Just as they finish eating, she hears a knock resound against the front door. Quickly she kisses his forehead before picking up the

plates to head downstairs.

Looking in the direction of the door, she calls out to alert whoever is on the other side, “I’m coming..just a minute.” The knocking stops as they patiently wait for her. She puts the plates into the sink before heading towards the entryway.

Opening the door, Nyx comes face to face with two police officers. They instantly cringe but at what she doesn’t know but she frowns none the less.

“May I help you gentlemen?”

The surly looking one stares directly at her while the other looks beyond her to see in the house. “Yes, Hello. I’m Officer Johnson and this is my partner Gideon. Miss, are you alone?”

She shakes her head turning to look upstairs, “My husband is upstairs getting ready for bed. We just finished dinner. Now can I help you both with something?”

The lanky one that I’ve deduced was Gideon was obviously surveying the house asks, “We received a call from this residence and we are now obligated to inspect your house. Can you step aside, miss.”

Her eyes widen in shock. “That was an accident. I was meaning to call 411 to reserve a table for our anniversary.”

“Regardless its protocol, Miss,” Gideon says. “Please step aside.”

“No,” she demands blocking the entrance.

“What is that smell, Miss,” Johnson sneers.

She tilts her head curiously as she looks back into the house. “What smell,” she asks, confusion written clearly across her face.

“Do you smell it?” Johnson asks his partner, who nods.

Her mind runs through what they could possibly smell, then it clicks, “Oh, you must mean the tuna sandwich I made for dinner.”

Officer Gideon shakes his head. “No, I don’t think that’s it.” Then he nods to his partner who shoves past her to inspect the house.

“Hey,” she demands. “Get out of my house. You don’t have a warrant.”

“We may not have a warrant, but we do have probable cause. Something doesn’t smell right in here.”

Their nose scrunches up the further they travel into the house and she grows agitated. The surly one nods in the direction of the stairs heading upwards.

“Don’t disturb my husband,” she hisses protectively.

They look at her before turning back towards the stairs and racing to the top. Caught off guard, she races after them to see them entering the bedroom where they halt in shock. When she tries to barrel through them, Johnson simply grabs her before roughly shoving her

against the wall.

“You are under arrest,” Johnson growls. “Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.”

Her eyes widen in shock. “Arrested! What did I do? Tell them, Laurence. Please. Don’t let them take me away.”

They both glance at her in disgust before cuffing her hands behind her back then shoving her in the direction of her husband. Gideon grabs her head and forces her to look at Laurence lying in the bed soundlessly. She glances at his still form then back up at the officer in confusion.

“You don’t see it do you,” Gideon asks her in bewilderment.

Laurence lays on the right side of the bed. They smell the years of decay that his body gives off. They see his fleshless expression and withering skin. What is left of him is rotten beneath his shirt and trousers. He seems to be merging with the mattress by this point with layers of ash surrounding him.

They haul her up onto her feet before leading her outside to their car. Once inside Johnson calls it in, “We have a 419 in here. Send forensic.”

The responder announces, “They’re on their way.”

TAXIDERMMY

Lexi White

It comes in with the tide
by the side of the road; a quick exit.
Dry white, other times soaking red
as the earth collects its tax
in a circumstance not so dire
if there's no one to mourn, no one dear
to hold tight. So they take the body and dry
it, that way the pose will last for the new term.
Maybe someone will write about it in their diary.

William Arnold
Honduras
Photography



OFFERINGS

Alejandro Bellizzi

I put a place
mat on the table.
I place a mat on the plateau.
I cleanse the chipped saucer in the sink,
under faucet fall.
I hover on the mat, upon the hover
lays the meat
between meat and ceiling, we intervene.

Below the table, four stilts,
a rug stapled by steel-trilithons
entrenched in a skeleton of pine and pink
insides, unseen and untouched, a prelim
between myself, the meat, the plate, the mat,
the polyfinish, the stain, the grain--its bottom and
legs,
the bushels of beige stitching--and the concrete slab
that guards it from the bulbous clod of our earthly
quarantine,
a dent in the star-wire's captive slope.
I do not dare touch my naked self
to the armour of the temple's carpet. A toe-cloak, an
ankle deep sweater of which there are many in cycle.
I do not dare touch my naked self
against the offerings--they must be impaled

Forked, knifed apart, then abducted/lifted by an
even smaller saucer with a handle from which I may
safely hold it closer, closer, but never upon my skin.
When the offering has grazed me,
forgive me, and in grace I wipe it from my lip with a
disposable towel.
I throw the towel so far away, in a sterile cannister,
in a sealed, plastic pocket
that when full, I tie, then move to a secondary
container in a chamber dedicated to keeping all
exposed elements in their rightful place, to buffer its
journey into the outside,
to be abandoned in the hellscape, where damned
merchants will seize it, crush it in the belly of their
motors in the dead of night where no one can see or
hear, and finally drive it all away, so far away to a
place I never see or go or dare to place.
I do not dare touch my communion.
This is where we place our temple,
so as to let the flesh of life remain unspoiled
and enter, to annex the chosen.
I stare down upon, poke the meat, it has no blood.
Breathe, prod the side
of salad into proportion and hymn:
You are my sacrifice.

BACH IN LEIPZIG

John Sherer

It's Tuesday morning, not yet dawn, and Bach is up
before his students mumble their morning prayers.
He perfects his recent compositions—
puts aside a finished funeral song
and without re-dipping the quill
checks over a duet for the week's cantata.
His ambition is to return nature—
no key should be cacophonous.
Joy and grief should go to war. As a young man,
he had a gig in Arnstadt,
where he disturbed the clerical board:
to make a suitable offering to God, he played
long, ecstatic preludes to the hymns,
tumbling through so many keys that, when he
finished,
the congregation couldn't sing the melodies.
While Leipzig slowly warms to the sunlight,
he looks closely at the swarming notes
with eyes that will soon be ruined from overuse.
Every day he writes hundreds of notes,
rarely checking one at a keyboard;
he has no clavier in the room.
Right now he doesn't think of the eternal—
only quavers, semi-quavers,
and uncovering a way from E to G.

He isn't worried over time he'll lose
to complacent choral students. Right now
he doesn't fear for his unmarried daughters,
nor for his third son, who disappeared at twenty-
three.
For hours music suspends him.
He neither floats nor sinks, and needs no air.

UNTITLED

Roger Brightley

I'm good with words; not good with names, I tell them

They tell me, improve your memory.

I'm good with words; not good with names, I tell you

You smile because you know

I don't care for names; I register people by the words they use.

I'm good with numbers; terrible with dates, I tell them

They tell me, *what a horrible friend you must be to forget birthdays.*

I'm not good with numbers; terrible with dates, I tell you

You smile and draw cross an invisible tally on my forearm,

DD/MM/YY are not marks I take account of,

751 — the number of times you've told me you love me

I'm good with you; uneasy with others, I tell them

They tell me, don't be such a recluse.

I'm good with you; uneasy with others, I tell you

You smile and kiss my eyebrow,

And I know you're saying: you're safe here.

I'm good with fleeting happy; I'm not good with happiness, I tell them

They tell me, *don't kill yourself!*

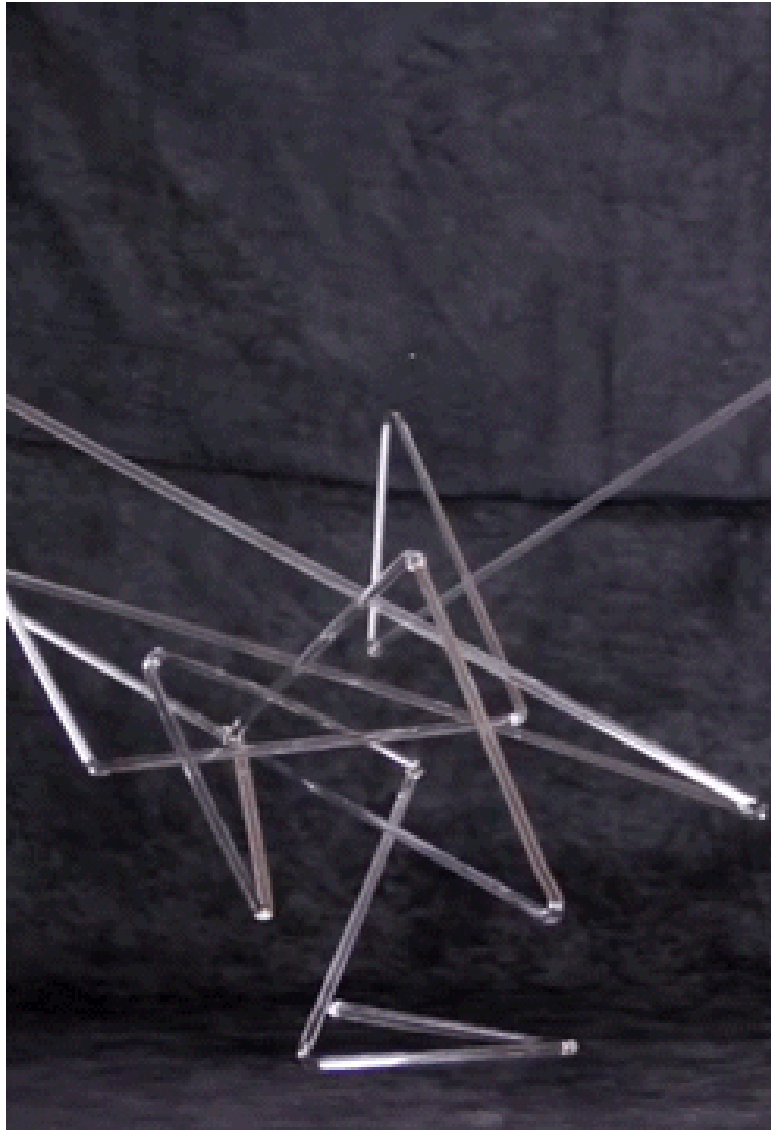
I'm good with fleeting happy; I'm not good with happiness, I tell you

You smile saying, *baby, happiness isn't here to stay, but I am.*

And I'm good with that.



Kathryn Daiber
You Take My Breath Away
Illustration



FIBERGLASS ANTLERS

Kaylee Byrd

The metropolis has its own cadence.

Rockefeller, I blame you.

Standard Oil pumping new unreceptive rhythm into
an old city

It is true, we do praise the innovation

The trails are alleys now, the branches street lamps

When I trample into puddles, it's rainbow slick that
stains my boots

Playing concierge for the plague

Our pocket change is the color of changing seasons

Here we breathe our paychecks

Exhaling chimney smog and petrol

Buildings wheezing and bending from the strain

Crumbling and swept away to be sold

A penny for a brick

Still worth more than your soul.

Zane Miller
Glass Paper Clip
Sculpture, Video

SULTRY WINE

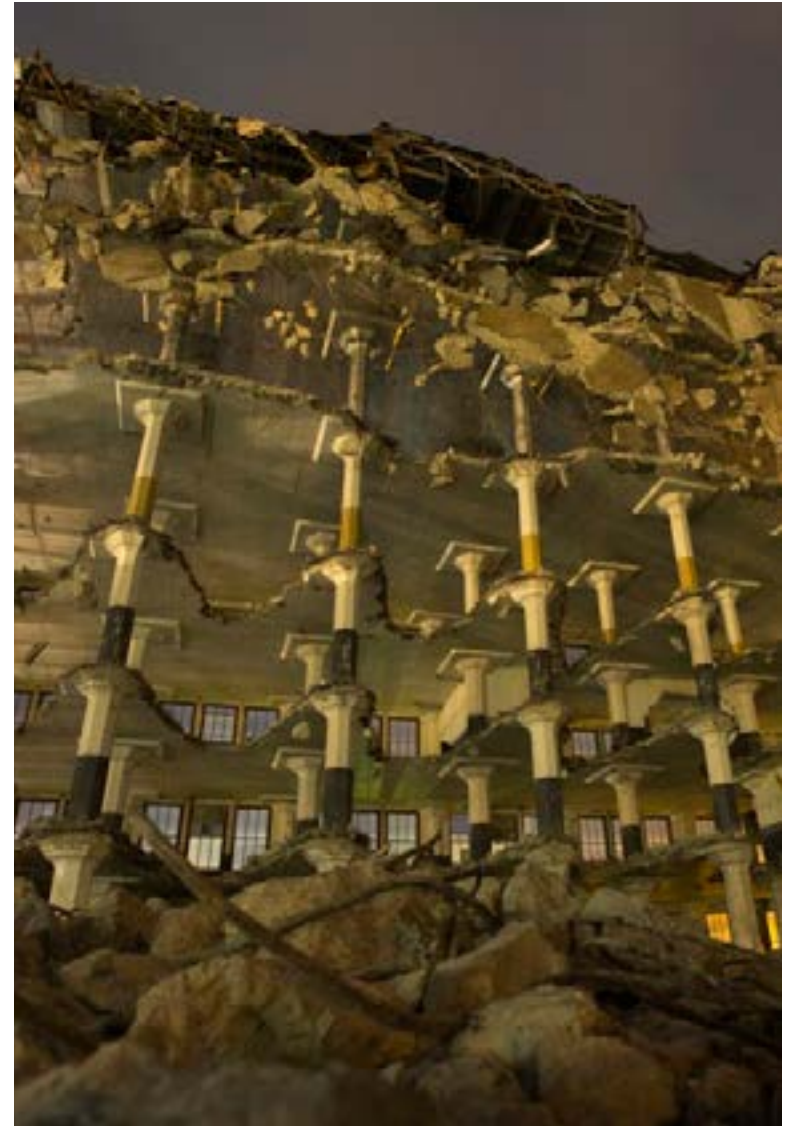
Shanice Linton

A voice like the wind harmoniously serene,
A silent crafted song composed with gold.

The stars melt in a hypnotizing aura,
While her mind sways to the sound of his andante
vibrations,
He undresses her shielded thoughts in the wet
autumnal glow.

His austere masculinity taunts her thighs,
Stripping away all of her insecurities,
Her sculpted vulnerability drips of intoxicating wine,
While evocative eyes admire an ingénue being.

She indulges in a beverage of excessive adoration,
Desperate to kiss the lips of a blissful soul.



William Arnold
Empty Space 1
Photography

THE COLORS OF YOUTH AND WEALTH

Jen Town

Where were you while heads of state wrote themselves into every constitution? Selecting your Sunday scarves, pale turquoise held against your skin, colors of youth and wealth. They blind like snow on a sunny day. Your friends have betrayed you to yourself. The trucks on your road shake the fragile window panes, glass longing to loosen from its frame, your furniture carved as though from ancient India—everything in your household longs to be from somewhere else. Yet your hands remember shaping things from clay, pots brought home to mother who placed them on shelves in a room where visitors would sit. All you wanted was to be at home when the weather grew sullen, to take summer trips to the coast, to sign your postcards with love. You'd settle for this life of not knowing—a quiet place where one can harbor the simple beliefs of childhood: rope swing, the disturbed pool swallowing your body whole.

Clark Baker
Ghost Series Part 1
Photography



LILLIAN

Amala Sorhaindo

“Good afternoon, Kelsia,” my friend, Doreen, called as she entered my little shop, tripping over the uneven, concrete steps.

“Afternoon,” I grumbled, fanning myself with my hand. It was always too hot in this country. Whoever said that Dominica was blessed with cool, tropical breeze was a good-for-nothing, boldfaced liar.

Doreen took a seat at one of the mismatched stools and slumped over the scared, wooden counter; her wide frame took up at least half of it. “Why you don’t have a fan in here? You know how many customers you would get coming in to cool off?”

“Yes, to cool off; not to buy anything. This isn’t a hotel,” I grumbled. She shook her head in amusement. “Anyways, guess who I just saw pass down the road with a girl on his arm?”

“Who? Ralph?”

“No. Kerwin.” She smiled cheekily with a raised eyebrow and a pointed stare.

I rolled my eyes.

“Your Kerwin. Your brother.”

“I don’t get paid to watch him; he can do what he want.”

“You know I hear from his teacher that he have a new girl each week.”

I laughed shortly and suddenly. “He like his father.”

Doreen shook her head. “Well, you better hope he doesn’t turn out like his father. It’s 1983, we have a woman prime minister; men shouldn’t

act like that anymore.” I nodded firmly in agreement. “Anyway, I came for a Red Cap; you know which one Granny-Babso does like.” I pulled down a bottle of Rum from the shelf behind me. “Forty-two twenty.”

She handed me a fifty dollar bill just because she knew I did not have any change. I sucked my teeth in irritation as I smoothed out the crumpled, orange bill. Queen Elizabeth II smiled at me from the paper as if making fun at all the trouble my half-brother caused me. I rolled my eyes at the image; white people never had any problems. Doreen wasn’t the only person to tell me about Kerwin. By the time I closed the shop that night I had heard about his new woman from about five people. I did not care. Not one bit. Kerwin could have his fun; he could have all the fun in the world. I did not care what the boy did with his life. He could come home late and wake up Aunty Marcie, but he would not wake me; I slept soundly through the night. I did not care about him or his new woman. As long as she did not interfere with his studies, we had no problem. The boy did not need to be worrying his head with little, uppity girls when he should have been studying his schoolwork.

It was a week until Kerwin told me anything about the girl. I wanted to bring it up, but I wanted him to come to me first. Besides, I had heard the story twice over from every mouth in Paix Bouche; my shop was the place to gossip. Drunk, old men playing dominoes on the

tables I set up on Friday nights had looser tongues than a bunch of washer-women. And the very same washer-women, who bought soap-powder from me every morning, told me everything they overheard. I knew how Kerwin walked with this girl on the main road for every vehicle and donkey-cart that passed to see, or how they spent evenings by the river. I knew how she dressed, in long skirts, petticoats, and a large hat on her head, like she believed we were still a British colony. I knew how nobody seemed to know who she was. She had just appeared and attached herself to my brother like a succubus, a Lajobles.

Doreen joked that the girl was actually a Lajobles. She said if we lifted up her lace-lined hem we would find a hairy, cloven foot. She laughed when she told me to make Kerwin turn his clothes inside-out to break the spell she had on him. I just sucked my teeth and called Doreen foolish. She boasted of Dominica's progress, but believed in something like a Lajobles. Still, Kerwin was positively bewitched by this girl, Lajobles or not, I couldn't help but be a little bit worried.

I waited patiently for Kerwin to come to talk to me. He knew I knew that he had been staying out late when he should have been doing his home-lessons. I could tell he knew that I knew from the way he left the house each morning like a shooed fowl, barely giving Auntie Marcie a kiss goodbye. I simply watched him go with my arms folded across my chest and my lips pulled tightly. Auntie Marcie smiled toothlessly and told me to watch him closely; boys like him always ended up in

trouble. Especially since he was red-skinned and red-skinned people's blood ran hot.

"You know who that girl is?" I asked Doreen when she handed me her shopping list one evening.

She shook her head. "I ask everyone and is just like she jump out of the bush. No one know where she came from, but I hear her name is Lillian. Why don't you ask Kerwin? He should be an expert on her by now."

I sighed as I read through her list. "How many bottles of coconut water you want? And I out of eggs."

"Three is good. But you should watch him; that girl is strange."

"Strange how? And don't tell me nothing about Lajobles."

Doreen raised her eyebrows high and pulled up a stool. She leaned across the countertop and urgently motioned me to come closer. "Well, I haven't seen her properly, but Henrietta tell me she saw them on the road once and is a grown woman he find himself with."

I frowned and jerked my head away. "What grown woman would find herself with that little boy?"

"He's seventeen, Kelsia, not your little brother-"

"He will be my little brother until he pass that damn CXC exam."

Doreen laughed, "It's not that easy."

"It well easy. You was just too foolish."

She chortled again. "Maybe so, but I was never delusional and feel big

enough to go The University of the West Indies.” She said the name with an English accent and burst out laughing right afterwards.

“Shut your mouth, girl,” I snarled and turned away to get the coconut water from the small fridge at the back of the shop.

“They even send a letter just to say they reject you,” she called loudly from the bar.

I wanted to knock Doreen on her head. Even after all these years, hearing her say that still stung. I had put all my hopes into getting into university and they all were shattered by one sheet of paper. And just like that, I was stuck on this tiny island with no choice but to take over the shop when it became too difficult for Aunty Marcie to walk.

“I sorry,” I heard the stool creak as Doreen changed her position. “It really was a shock that they didn’t let you in.”

“Anyway, what about this Lillian?” I asked as I walked back to the counter, and slammed the bottles down, then turned back around to get the rest of her groceries before she could even blink.

Doreen hesitated for a moment. “Well, apart from Kerwin, she doesn’t talk to anyone else. I also hear that she make him skip school yesterday and Eddie saw them hiding in his banana plantation.”

I clenched my jaw at that bit of news. I told Kerwin time and time again not to play around with his schoolwork; he was never going to get anywhere if he didn’t have an education. His mother was not slaving away in The States just so he could fool around down here. “I

go bust his tail when he come home tonight.”

Doreen smiled and rolled the bottles into the crook of her arm. “Be careful he doesn’t fight back.”

“You think I doesn’t know how to handle that boy?” I huffed.

“Anyway, go home, girl, I ready to close up.”

After I had put Aunty Marcie to bed with a cup of chamomile tea and a Paracetamol tablet to ease the pain from her varicose veins, I waited at the rickety, kitchen table for Kerwin to come home that night. Only prayers on the radio kept me company as I picked the flaking paint off the table. I had even kept the overhead light bulb on just so Kerwin knew what to expect when he got back. He stumbled into the kitchen sometime around eleven o’clock. I did not want to say that I took pleasure in the way his face turned from absolute bliss, to confusion, and then complete panic, but I did. Once he noticed me, I folded my arms and placed them on the tabletop. He swallowed thickly and shoved his hands into his pockets. He was still in his school uniform; jacket, tie, and everything, but I wasn’t even sure if he had been to school today.

“Mmmhmm, Kerwin,” I began slowly, softly, “you know what time it is?”

He lifted his wrist to look at the watch his mother had sent him from The States. “Ten past eleven.”

“Don’t play smart, child. What you was doing out so late?”

He shrugged and looked everywhere except at me.

“You went to school today?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“But is yesterday you skip?”

He looked at his feet. I refrained from grinding my teeth in anger; I prided myself on remaining calm in these types of situation. I would not shout unless he made me. The radio started to crackle and the ‘Hail Mary’ cut off, started again, and then was silenced.

“Is Eddie who tell you that?” Kerwin asked after a while.

“No, Doreen.”

“That old gossip? You know not to believe anything she does say.”

“That old gossip is my very good friend. Now sit down, I want to talk to you.”

“I have school tomorrow, and geometry lessons to work on.”

“Well you should have thought of that before you spend all that time with Lillian. Sit.”

He sat, grumbling something very rude under his breath. I pretended not to hear it.

“Who is Lillian?”

He fixed his eyes to his lap and twisted the tight curls at the base of his neck with short, jerky flicks of his wrist. “A girl.”

I fixed a cool stare to the top of his head.

“A girl I met,” he mumbled when the silence became too loud.

The radio crackled and the prayers started up again. I sighed once it became clear that he wasn’t going to continue. “Okay, I won’t ask anything. But just keep good head. I know you can act like your father sometimes.”

His mouth twitched into a snarl. “He’s your father too.”

“And also half the village father. Just don’t be foolish and don’t get no girl pregnant for me, you hear?”

He sucked his teeth and stood up so quickly that he nearly knocked over his chair.

“Go study your work, boy. I want to see straight As on your next report.”

He rolled his eyes and left the kitchen, looking almost relieved.

I didn’t hear much more about Lillian after that. Even Doreen had nothing else to say about her, except that she didn’t trust her one bit.

Lillian was pushed to the back of my mind until I realized I was out of White Oak and the Village feast was coming up. I never understood why everyone had to celebrate a Catholic feast by drinking as soon as they got out of church. But it brought good business, so I didn’t complain. Herbert Severin, a kind, old man had offered to give me a ride to Portsmouth in order to restock my shop. As his rickety pick-up truck – the only pick-up in the village – rambled down the road I saw Kerwin and Lillian walking in the opposite direction.

The girl was dressed in the old plantation fashion that I heard she was

fond of. I did not judge people by what they wore, but nobody in their right mind would wear such a dress to walk along a road. Also, her hat; large, made of felt with plastic flowers set around the band, was pulled down low to cover most of her face. I stared her down as we drew close and turned around in my seat to watch her as we drove past. I decided then that I didn't like her. What kind of person would dress like that? Could she even breathe in that dress, with her breasts hoisted up so high that it looked like she wanted to eat them? And she was going after my brother? My Kerwin, who obviously did not know what kind of woman he was dealing with? That pretty, frilly dress never saw any hard work in its life. She was the type that would suck him dry like an oversized mosquito. He was just a foolish boy who was so overwhelmed by her so-called beauty that he would not know it was too late until she had given him dengue fever and left him to die. When the pick-up turned a corner and I couldn't see her any more I realized that I was grinding my teeth together and clenching my hands so tightly that I could feel my nails cutting into my palms.

"You okay, Ma'am?" Herbert asked, chancing a glance away from the windy road.

I nodded once, still clenching my jaw.

For the rest of the week I could not get the image of Lillian out of my head. I could not stop thinking about her and Kerwin walking down the main road. And each time I thought of her I got angry; Auntie Marcie told me all my teeth would fall out if I kept on grinding them so hard. Doreen told me that I needed to talk with my brother, and that Lillian had bad news written all over her.

None of Doreen's other friends liked her either. I meant to get rid of her, and after I met Kerwin's teacher on my way to the shop I knew that I had to do it quickly. She asked me if I had withdrawn Kerwin from school because he hadn't been to class in almost two weeks. I almost didn't make it to work after she told me that; I almost turned around to find that damn boy and beat him until he was black like the pitch on the road.

I didn't get a chance to talk to Kerwin until the night before the feast. He should have been down at the church helping to clean; he had promised Father Desmond, but he was going out with that wo-man, yet again. I managed to corner him in the kitchen before he snuck out. "Where you think you going?" I sneered, hands folded tightly across my chest.

He stупesed, sucking his teeth in annoyance, and looked at me from the corner of his eyes. "Is none of your business."

"Oh? None of my business? You better listen well, little boy. You think you can walk around like you is big man? Let me remind you who house you does live in and who does feed you and put clothes on your back."

He stared at me unimpressed, and that did nothing to help me cool my anger.

"So, you want to throw away your education – your entire life – for some woman you don't even know? You have good head?"

“Lillian isn’t just some woman,” he yelled, taking a step towards me. I didn’t realize just how tall he had gotten until then. He towered head and shoulders above me, but I planted my feet and stared at him with narrowed eyes. “Then who is she? What is her last name?”

“That doesn’t matter.”

“Where is she from?”

He glared down at me with a strange sheen in his eyes, like a dead fish. “Where is she from?”

There was a long pause where we stared at each other.

“You don’t even know. And how can you throw away the rest of your life just so? For some garbage you found at the side of the road? I thought you were smarter-”

“Shut your damn mouth-”

“If you see you wake up Aunty Marcie, it will be you and me-”

He swung his fist at me and I don’t remember reacting. The next minute he was gone, running away from the house and I was standing in the doorway with a frying pan in my hand and faint stinging throb in my bottom lip. Fuming, I locked the house that night.

I did not expect to see Kerwin at the feast the next day. I did not want to see him. If he was out with Lillian then, so be it, I was ready to wash my hands of anything to do with him. The fool did not deserve my worry.

“What happened to your mouth, Kelsia?” Doreen asked the next

morning, as she stopped at my shop before ambling off to church. I took a deep breath in, letting my nostrils flare wide. “Mind your own business.”

“What happen?”

I scowled at her. “If you don’t stop asking I going to give you a bust mouth of your own.”

“Okay, papa.” She held her hands up, palms facing out, then pursed her lips and sniffed before waddling off without another word.

I spent most of the day tidying up my shop for the feast. I organized and re-organized the bottles of rum, seeing Lillian’s petticoats swish in their reflections. If I wasn’t going to make money off of the alcohol I would have thrown the bottles to the ground.

The church service ended sometime around mid-afternoon and, like fowls released into the yard, the village people came barreling into my shop. I couldn’t think of either Kerwin or Lillian while I was pouring glasses of Red Cap, White Oak, and Soca Rum and breaking up drunken fights with a stick I cut from a guava tree. I was exhausted, the sun beat down on the galvanize roof, tripling the heat inside, and my lip stung anew from when I had thrown back a glass of rum to help me get through the day. Loud calypso music made my head throb. It did not help that some goat had decided to die in the field next door. All I could smell was decaying flesh mixed with sweat and rum, and combined with the noise and heat it made me feel sick. Still, I was

doing well to distract myself from thinking too much, but I swore that I saw the devil herself weave in and out of the crowd.

The villagers drank me dry and I had to threaten to swing my guava stick at a few people when they saw me start to close the shop. The sun was starting to rise as I stumbled along the road back home. Dusky light seeped into the dark sky, but I stumbled along the uneven gravel anyway. I tripped over a shallow pothole and cursed aloud. I could not wait to get home, to put my feet up and get the dead goat scent out of my nose. It smelt even stronger now; I placed my hand over my nose, but it smelled as if it was coming from right behind me. I also caught a whiff of something else; a spicy, earthy perfume. I glanced over my shoulder in confusion, but the smell was gone and all I could smell was rotting flesh once again. I continued to shuffle on, but it wasn't much longer until I heard a soft clanking noise and uneven clop-clopping mixed in with the sound of my shoes crunching gravel. My ears were still ringing from the loud music, but I was sure that I heard the sound of chains. I stopped walking and something, something, told me to turn around.

The smell of rotting flesh was overwhelming now, but the clanking and clopping had stopped. It made sense, in my drunken mind, that Lillian would be standing behind me. I didn't scream or run; I stared at her like I had been expecting her. She stood there in her dress with petticoats and wide brimmed hat and I asked the only thing I could.

“Where is Kerwin?”

She smiled and in the dim morning light I could see chipped, crooked, yellow teeth, and wrinkly skin pulled tightly across dark, cracked lips. I wished I hadn't left the guava stick at my shop because I wanted to lash the smile off her face.

“Where is Kerwin, you damn devil-woman? What did you do to him?”

She smiled again. My stomach twisted and my hands went cold.

Without a word she picked up her skirts and brushed past me. I gagged as the scent of rotting flesh hit me with full force. The clanking was as loud as the music had been, and as her skirts fell around her ankles, I saw a dark, hairy, cloven foot. I drew in a shuddering breath, my knees gave out and I collapsed, skinning my shins on the gravel.

“Lajobles,” I hissed. The tale had died as years had passed; no one but people as old as Aunty Marcie truly believed in things like that anymore. But the cloven-footed monster stood right in front of me, tale or not, she was there.

Lillian glanced over her shoulder and smiled once more before clopping away. I stayed like I was, on the ground, with my heart pulsing deathly slow and my hands shaking violently.

Doreen found me a few hours later; she must have been looking for me, knowing I had walked home alone. I had not moved, I could not move. The word Lajobles echoed around my head as forcefully as the music

had. Even though I was already on the ground the world felt like it was swaying.

“Kelsia?” Doreen called as she ran up to me. “Kelsia, what’s wrong? What happen?”

I didn’t respond. She helped me up, clucking like a hen, and walked me home. I silently eased myself onto a chair at the kitchen table, while Doreen handed me a glass of water and felt my forehead for fever.

“What happen?” she tried again.

“Kerwin,” I said with a raspy voice I didn’t recognize, “where’s Kerwin?”

Doreen frowned. “I go tell some people look for him. But first tell me what happen to you.”

I shook my head; not believing what I had to say. “Lajobles.”

Her frown deepened.

“Lillian, she took Kerwin.”

I felt my body start to shake; short spasms at first then I hunched over the table trembling furiously. Doreen put her thick arms around my shoulders.

“Don’t worry, we’ll find him,” she cooed, like she was talking to a baby. “We will find him.”

When I came to my senses I suppose I wanted to put the blame on something, especially when Kerwin didn’t return the next morning, the one after that, or any other morning. A Lajobles was easy. The

villagers were always superstitious particularly when things like this happened. They said that all the signs had been there; the way Lillian had appeared out of nowhere, how she dressed, and why Kerwin was so entranced by her. The skeptics amongst us thought that he had run away to teach me a lesson; he had found a ride all the way to Roseau to start over with the love of his life in the big town. Either way, I didn’t see or hear from him again.

Aunty Marcie spent each night sitting with me at the kitchen table, waiting to hear a knock on the door and his familiar call of ‘Ma’am, I’m home’. She cried every night that no knock came. I comforted her, and tried to ignore her breaking voice when she said what a good boy he always was. I wrote a letter to his mother in The States and told her that she didn’t have to bother to send any more money since he wasn’t going to school. I don’t know if she ever got it; the post was unreliable. A part of me was glad that I didn’t have to speak with her face to face. I had been charged with taking care of her son, and I didn’t want to admit that his disappearance was mostly my fault.

Lillian, too, had disappeared just as suddenly as she had appeared. I could still smell the scent of decaying flesh, and my dreams were filled with donkey-footed women in long petticoats. I should have known something was wrong from the moment I had seen that strange, dead fish look in my brother’s eyes. I should not have locked him out of the house that night and I should have chased Lillian away as soon as she

had stepped foot into the village. I should have, but I didn't and now
Aunty Marcie cried herself to sleep every night and a red rage boiled
slowly under my skin.

THEY FLEE

Hannah Stephenson

Ok, you're beautiful, the snow is caught
around your eyes as it falls. So what.
Your limbs are long and slim, poplar,
birch. I pledge to say what you are,
to try, to see you within all beings
that I watch. The three deer, fleeing
the hill after staring at me through
my windshield. Their loping ascent into
the woods, away from the road. But
how do they become the beloved. What
do they have to do with you. The land
willingly transforms for me, will stand
still so I can look, brings me snow,
deer, dawn. I look, even as they go.

SILVERWOODS

Burke Mayne

“Your aunt called today.”

16... That is how many wrinkled this watery bitch had between her hairline and before we get to her multicolored eyes.

“She wants her check tomorrow.”

One was blue and the other is almost like moon grey or something. It was like it never fully developed. I remember the Silverwood’s Yorkshire terrier had eyes like that... Blind as fuck.

“I mean its been three weeks, I think she deserves it by now...”

If you’re born blind what do people look like to you? What kind of world do you live in? Who are you?

Honestly the shittiest name for a bar I’ve ever heard of. Why fake Irish? Why not galactic overlord or a bar that only serves triplets? See thats the theme bar I want.

“...you’ve been at O’Hannigans for quite a while so I think you can afford it.”

“Anyway, just see me by tomorrow with the check”

My aunt and her wife live three doors down from me. Directly across from our apartments are no others, just a blank wall all the way down a hall. When I left my apartment I could hear the rain on the roof carrying the chill that comes with mid-November in Iowa. I didn’t turn to walk down to my apartment.

I walked toward the wall at a pace set for a marine or a robotic trance dance. As I approached tan, beige, lame filled my frame. An overhead light built me a drywall cosmic myopia. Valleys, plains, planes, trains. My own brain claimed flames. Computer chipped precision left to a nail and the microscopic wonder wall cause me to fall. I could hear barking and like a spotlight the moon grey eyes from her wife and a suburban memory were illuminated. “Enveloped” is the best word for what its like when silicone and plaster encase you cells. Bells ring, yells sing, tells fling and breathing becomes a struggle. “Not allowed” it reads, time to smuggle.

“I don’t remember the carpet being this orange”

My aunt called today. I hear barking.



FORGIVENESS

Shelby List

The breeze carried small particles of water through the air that landed on the little hairs of Jordan's brown arms. Jordan sat with their legs dangling over the edge of dock; the tide was rushing away. Large ships cruised across the waters, creating wakes that rocked and thrashed against the other boats out at sea. Speed boats of all sizes cruised along the shore line. A pontoon boat circled in a bay where the waters were calmer and its loud music could be faintly heard over the waves. A small sailboat appeared on the horizon, expertly navigating the rough waters and moving towards shore.

Jordan cradled a small hedgehog in the crook of their right elbow. As they stroked the small creature with their left hand, its spines rose and scratched Jordan's worn skin. A seagull streaked by overhead and let out a high pitched squawk. The hedgehog tensed and pushed into Jordan's stomach, digging for safety with its claws. Jordan winced and gently pulled the little animal away from their soft belly only to have it sneer and snap its needle-like teeth into Jordan's wrist. They sighed and let their arms go limp. The hedgehog eased its grip and went back to slicing into Jordan's side with its thin nails.

Jordan lifted their head to see the solitary sailboat appearing to be twice the size as it was when they first caught sight of it. The breeze picked up, stinging Jordan's open wounds. Jordan saw the small figure on board the sailboat adjust the sails quickly, not being set back for even a second.

Jordan looked back at the shore line where a line of gift shops, bars, and small café's stood back just enough to be out of reach of the waves. Their stomach gurgled but they knew no shop would allow them to bring their pet inside and they could not bear to leave it alone, outside, unprotected, for the duration of a meal.

"We could use a little help today," a voice called from down the dock. Jordan turned to see a boat of fisherman unloading their catch for the day. "If you wanted to make a few bucks today, we sure could use you."

Jordan's coarse black hair whipped around their face as they nodded. As Jordan stood, their pet snapped its little jaws on their finger. Jordan gasped and cradled the savage animal until it pulled its teeth out of their flesh.

"Well? Are you coming or not?" the fisherman yelled.

Jordan looked up from the hedgehog and said quietly, "No," as they shook their head. Jordan tucked their skirt under them as they sat on the edge of the dock again.

An eruption of laughter echoed from the pontoon boat in the isolated bay. Jordan pondered approaching them, but when the small mammal noticed Jordan's full attention was no longer on it, its spikes stood upright and impaled Jordan several times.

Jordan whimpered and tried to calm the little monster. A gust of wind caught Jordan's floral skirt and made it billow like a balloon.

The sailboat began to move into the dock. Jordan drew a quick breath in awe of the boat's efficiency. The hedgehog shuddered and condensed itself into a compact ball. Jordan rose the animal to their face to examine it closely. "What's the matter, little guy?" Jordan said sweetly. Each cut and scrape the animal had given Jordan throbbed as the cool, wet air rushed by.

"Come with me," the sailor said.

The boat had halted right in front of the end of the dock where Jordan had been sitting. Jordan looked around to see where the vessel was anchored or tied to the dock but couldn't see a single rope hanging over the edge of the boat. Jordan stood and stepped back slowly. Their hedgehog uncoiled some and the sharp edges of its spines began to press into Jordan's arm. Jordan stopped and looked at the long-haired, middle-aged sailor.

"Come with me," the sailor repeated and stretched an arm out towards Jordan.

As the sailor reached out, the hedgehog quivered and withdrew its spikes. Jordan reached their hand out to meet the sailor and jumped on board with his help. Once Jordan stood securely on the boat, the hedgehog squirmed and jumped out of Jordan's arms. It hissed and scurried around Jordan's feet. Jordan knelt and scooped it up, "It's alright. You're ok." Jordan stroked it soothingly.

"You should sit," the gravelly voice of the sailor instructed. Jordan complied. The sails filled with air and the boat soared out

into the ocean. Before long, all the commotion of shore had shrunk to match-box-car-size chaos. The only noise in Jordan's ears was the washing of the waters beneath the boat and the small barks of the distressed hedgehog.

The sailor anchored the boat and adjusted his canvas pants before sitting across from Jordan. "Where did you get it?" he said.

Jordan cuddled the animal against their flat chest, as if it were an infant. "Oh," Jordan spoke looking towards the horizon. "It just showed up one day. Crawled into my arms and wouldn't let me put it down." The small animal head-butted Jordan's jaw, scraping across Jordan's facial stubble.

"When did it show up?" the man asked gently.

"Uhm," Jordan looked towards shore. "The morning after Christmas."

"What did you do for Christmas?"

Jordan looked at the homely man in front of them. "What my family and I always do. We have dinner at my grandma's and open presents and just talk and stuff." Jordan looked down at their hedgehog that seemed to be trying to make a nest in their skirt by walking in small circles on their lap.

"Do you enjoy this tradition?"

"I guess. Not as much as I used to, anyway," Jordan didn't take their eyes off of their pet.

"Why is that?" the man stroked his long beard.

“I don’t know. The dinner part is always good. The present part is usually ok. But my grandma can be a little mean during the talking part, I guess.” Jordan looked up at the man. “I think grandma’s the one who sent it to me, now that I think about it.”

The man looked Jordan in the eyes and after a moment, he rose and rooted through a box secured in the bow of the boat. He came back with a burlap sack and handed it to Jordan.

“What?” Jordan asked the man, raising an eye brow and holding up the bag. The hedgehog screeched and began to dig its claws into Jordan’s legs. It bit at Jordan’s hands when they tried to comfort it. It whined and barked and ran up and down Jordan’s torso, puncturing their skin all the way.

The man watched Jordan struggle with the little monster with concern but without judgment. “Enough!” Jordan said firmly and snatched the creature up and threw it in the bag. Jordan stood and flung the sack into the waves.

Jordan’s mouth dropped open and they lost their breath. “What have I done?” they breathed.

Before they could leap into the ocean after the small beast, the man stood and placed his hand on Jordan’s shoulder. “Let it go,” he said calmly.

The waves died down, as did the breeze. Each moment, the bag with the demon sank deeper and deeper into the sea. The wounds from the tiny claws and razor teeth clotted and formed scabs. The

throbbing tears in Jordan’s flesh eased and soon, though the marks from the small beast remained, the pain Jordan carried with them faded away completely.

The man invited Jordan to sit again, and he returned them to shore. As Jordan climbed back onto the dock, even the scars on their skin began to lose their color and blend in to Jordan’s dark complexion.

“Does she even know her gift has hurt me like this?” Jordan asked.

“Does it matter?” the man shrugged. “It can’t hurt you anymore.”

“What if she tries to give me another one?”

The man looked at Jordan for a moment before smirking and saying, “I have lots of sacks in my box.”

Jordan smiled and nodded. The man did the same. They waved good-bye as the sailor steered his boat away from the dock and out into the calm sea.

Jordan heard echoes from the partiers on the pontoon boat in the bay. They shook their head and smiled to themselves as they walked down the dock towards the storefronts. They saw a sign in the window of their favorite café that they hadn’t been in since Christmas that read “No Pets Allowed.” They smirked as they walked inside.



Adam J Gellings
Cafe le Dome, Midnight (Paris, 2015)
Photography

HOW DO YOU SAY, FRANCE IN FRENCH?

Shanice Linton

The streets beam with inspiration at night,
Its glowing colors, warm and dreamlike.

The perfect ambiance, the soothing atmosphere,
Where the bread is warm and the grapes are fresh.

I'm in love with colorful walls and bricks I've never seen,
Romantic bridges I've never crossed, landscapes- yet to photograph.

The religious ones have gotten to it before I have,
Attempting to implode artistic soil of poetic treasures.

My land, my dream, my foreign home: Who are these troublesome
men?
Immoral acts can't defeat integrity. Your creativity is so rare it's
heavenly.

Your buildings don't die your towers stand tall,
Poetic residents uplift, and dance in your liberal voices!

Palms kiss unfamiliar palms; lips touch white and colored cheeks,
Confident voices echo choruses of liberty, equality and fraternity.

SEASONALLY AFFECTED

Hannah Stephenson

The seasons affect us, whether daylight drains away in the afternoon or evening. The snow and ice chase us indoors, slow our steps, our driving, our blood. We see branches, bare, as bones. Plants persist in the winter, but they do not grow. Evergreen and ochre bark instead of pink or white petals. Shadows bloom in the tree limbs and thus, some place inside us. There was once a purpose for our sadness and fatigue in winter. We were naked and cold, or we used to be bears and still experience the urge to hibernate. There are many ways to bring light into your life in the winter. Buy a lamp, arrange for a mechanical dawn at your bedside. Tell your cells that this bulb is the sun transformed into a potted plant. They may or may not

fall for it. There will always be darkness in you. What can you build with it, with your sensitivity.

Adam J Gellings
Garden Windows
Photography



THE ACCIDENT SURVIVOR DREAMS

Johnson Cheu

I am four, skipping among
the marigolds
waving at the sun.

At six, I burn
up the sidewalk, bounce
up the stairs

to say, Howdy to Howdy Doody.
At nine, I race
the grocery cart,

grabbing the golden Sugar Smacks.
I am sixteen, strolling
along the sand, holding hands. Everything

I know of love — the lassitude
of her breathing, the moistness
of her lips — all I know

the stars, sky, and she holds.
My mind plays everything
in slow motion. I remember

my body skiing,
the boots hugging toes, the tenseness
of hip bracing, the slope

of back. Leaning in,
my body marries wind, flying
for seconds before —

I am making love
to the wind, ground, stars.
My body holds

magic marcy's.

Seek & Find

can you help marcy?

Marcy the Magician has lost 13 of her most magical items. Can you help her find them?

* find

- a crystal ball
- a magic wand
- a set of cards
- 2 gem stones
- a trumpet
- 3 pins
- 2 hats
- a rabbit
- a cape



Nicole Cmar
Magic Marcy
Illustration



Nicole Cmar
HiRes
Illustration

BALD

Nicole Cmar

Hair

can be:

Long

Short

Greasy

Fleecy

Clean

Dirty

Extra Flirty

Yoko black

Wiggity wack

Knotted

Spotted

Wavy

Wild

Dyed

Done

In a bun

Afro cool

Made of wool

Straight

Curly

Slick

Sleek

On a beard

Super weird

Angled

Tangled

Uneven

Un-kept

Taken by fleas

Down to the knees

Thick

Thin

Or...

On a man named Jim.

One things for sure

It's hard to un-trim.



EFFORTLESSLY

Audrey Stemen

I want to talk to you.

Not texting, not email, not snapchat, or subtweet at each other meaninglessly.

Effortlessly.

I want to talk to you

You, as the one who carries your unique voice that I've grown to love.

Effortlessly.

I want to hear the pauses in between our spasms of laughter and smiles.

They actually tune out everything outside of our voices and our bodies that carry them.

Those pauses are where I could imagine the exact moments of embrace

And sudden bursts of memories that always ended in “I love you, I love you too.”

Effortlessly.

I want to talk to you,

At 4:32 in the morning or 1:58 in the afternoon —

Any time of day or night is fine with me,

As long as I get to talk to you soon.

Effortlessly.



Cailey Tervo
The Maiden and the Sea
Illustration

for years it was the same

she would wake up



walk out onto the dock



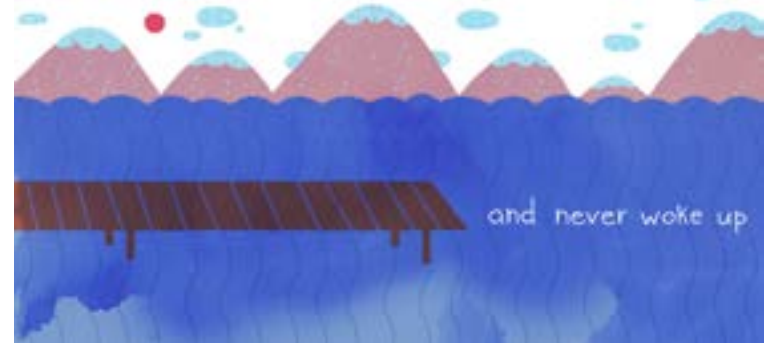
and sing

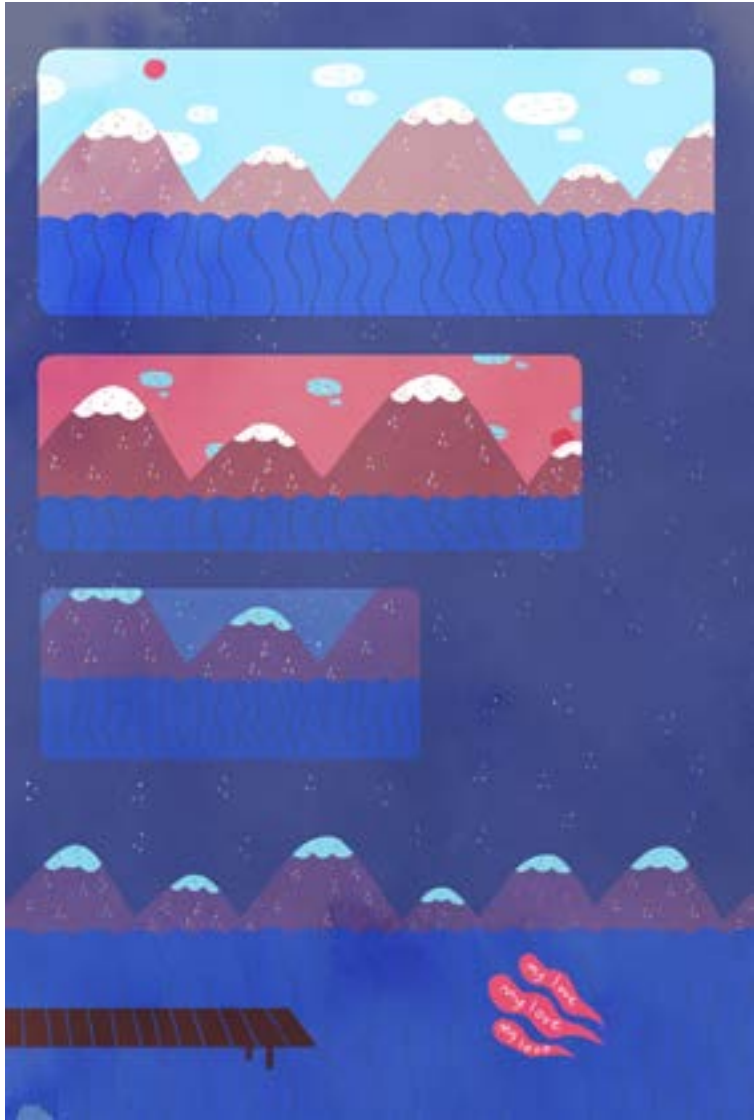


but one morning the singing stopped



and the maiden slept





return to me

ARTIST STATEMENT

Ryan Caskey

“I’ve never been much for politics, but never have I ever seen such a clear distinction between right and wrong. There are certain media outlets that portray an inaccurate, biased view of the presidential candidates. So I decided to illustrate how I personally see them. I think Bernie Sanders is the hero America deserves.





BIOGRAPHIES

William Arnold

Born on Christmas day and raised in Springfield, Ohio - I received my BA in Sociology while minoring in Art, from Otterbein University. I then worked for the Ohio AIDS Coalition and Camp Sunrise for nearly a decade. Currently, I am pursuing my MFA here at CCAD, focusing in Photography. I strive to be a fine art photographer that uses the tradition of documentary photography to share my pictorial vision. I have always aimed to unearth reality authentically, and without guidance – I am enthralled by the hunt for subject matter; I tend to not construct it.

Clark Baker

A current Cinematic Arts sophomore with a minor in Photography at Columbus College of Art & Design. His focus is in narrative storytelling and screenwriting, but has an interest in all aspects of the filmmaking process. Lover of horror movies and all things spooky.

Alejandro Bellizzi

Alejandro imagines telling people he is a Post-Disciplinary Artist, but hasn't actually done so yet. He Thinks-Writes-Performs-And-Makes. Sharp as a whip, driven mad by visions. Resides in Columbus, Ohio. BFA from the Columbus College of Art & Design. Moved to Miami, then back to Columbus. Alejandro is in severe student loan debt. While using contrived syntax to describe himself in third person, he uses humor to preach nihilism. Alejandro does many things, sees things. Harbors many secrets. Draws pictures, write book, no sell, no

sell or people ever see, no career, no money, no community, no love, nothing but certainty and dream of respite through the glow of certain death, the sublime release of peering at the whole sky. All alone in world. Walk to therapy. Work night at deli, walk home under moonlit halo like true poet. But Alejandro never give up on dream of sharing sublime awe. Someday everyone see. Everyone understand. When Alejandro feel weakness, sadness, eternal demon spirit from beyond whisper in ear and share dark powers. Gives Alejandro strength to endure, to be best, absorb all suffering, release full ultimate power. His wide range of self-mocking work suggests that despite our doomed isolation, we can at least pretend. Alejandro Bellizzi is a contemporary afterbirth of Amelia Bedelia or Don Quixote, possibly a hack.

Roger H. Brightley

Roger H. Brightley is a restless soul, whose sensitive fire is assuaged only in the cascading waves of hope and acceptance. In a more materialistic and physical sense, he's a mid-thirties happy-go-lucky fella who resides in the beautiful climate-controlled region of East Africa. His hobbies include whistling whilst working, bleughing at those partaking coffee and traveling whenever the winds lift his sails. He holds a managerial white-collar position in Marketing, but he loves nothing more than carving a slice out of his day to kick back and write, sending his thoughts off to his Tumblr blog (infamouslyroggy.tumblr.com) on the swift wings of technological convenience. His co-written collections of poems, *Unsung Ballads of Buttered Toast and Jam*, and *This is Not a Movement* are available from Amazon, Book Depository, Barnes & Noble etc in print and as an ebook from Kindle.

BIOGRAPHIES

Kaylee Byrd

Kaylee Byrd is a CCAD student majoring in Animation with minors in Creative Writing and Cinematography. While their primary focus is animation, writing has always been a part of their life and they have received numerous awards for poetry, essays, and screenwriting. They continue to pursue their love of writing through their animations and creative

Ryan Caskey

Ryan Caskey is a freelance illustrator from Columbus, OH. He is currently working to get his BFA in Illustration from the Columbus College of Art and Design. Ryan specializes in both comic book and horror artwork.

Johnson Cheu

Johnson Cheu's poetry and essays have appeared in publications such as Family Matters: Poems of our Families, Screaming Monkeys: Critiques of Asian American Images and Staring Back: The Disability Experience from the Inside Out, and most recently in Chatauqua Literary Journal and 3ElementsReview. Twice nominated for the Pushcart Prize, he served as the inaugural fiction/poetry editor of Disability Studies Quarterly, and he is currently an Assistant Professor in the Department of Writing, Rhetoric and American Cultures at Michigan State University.

Nicole Cmar

Nicole Cmar is a senior at CCAD majoring in illustration and minoring in creative writing. She's had an illustration in The Portland Mercury and helps run the AOI Show. When she's not making art or writing, she's probably painting a house, eating noodles, watching Bob Ross videos, or telling people that Yoko didn't break up the band.

Kathryn Daiber

Katy Daiber is a freshman fine arts student who enjoys folk music and nature. Her artwork has appeared in Kit and Ace's Gallery Hop Show and Young Hearts at Sean Christopher Gallery, this year. Katy's art also appeared in Tigress Online Magazine where she was interviewed in the article: "Using Art to Heal from Anorexia." Katy also posts her artwork and writing on her instagram @art.katy.

Ann Marie Dailey

I am Ann Marie Dailey and I like making pretty pictures with design. I am currently a Junior at Columbus College of Art & Design studying Advertising and Graphic Design. Focusing on conceptualizing ideas, brand development, typography, project management and using it all with photography. Please contact me if you're interested to meet and talk about what you like!

BIOGRAPHIES

Jason Elizondo

Jason Elizondo is currently studying Fine Arts at the Columbus College of Art & Design. Elizondo's work is an exploration of contemporary identity through the body and meticulously constructed archetypes as well as themes and ideas of gender, race, religion, and class. He is influenced by queer theory, feminist studies, and pop culture. His interest in synthetic storytelling is derivative of his childhood obsessions in fantasy, artifice, and unobtainable perfection. Elizondo also uses his own body as medium through sculpture, photographs, videos, drawings, and paintings.

Linda Fuller-Smith

Once a professional dancer with Ballet Met in Columbus, Ohio, Linda Fuller-Smith moved to Southern California where she received a degree in Creative Writing from Long Beach City College. Back in Columbus, she now works as a merchandiser for a bookstore and is a member of House of Toast Poets. Linda is writing a series of poems about the 1927 bombing of Michigan's Bath Consolidated School and has poems published in journals and anthologies including Birmingham Poetry Review, Frogpond, and The Baltimore Review.

Adam Gellings

Adam J Gellings is a MFA student at Ashland University, where he studies Poetry. You can find his work in Short North Gazette and Mill Magazine.

Aumaine Gruich

A poet currently living and working in the Midwest.

Mikko Harvey

Mikko Harvey is a student in the MFA program for poetry at The Ohio State University. His poems appear in places such as Sixth Finch, New Ohio Review, and Best New Poets 2013. He is a poetry editor for The Journal

James Croal Jackson

Lives for art, adventure, and music. His poems have recently appeared in Rust+Moth, The Bitter Oleander, and Glassworks. He moved from Los Angeles to Columbus, Ohio in 2015, after living in and working from his Ford Fiesta for eight months, spanning thirty-seven states. Find more of his work at jimjakk.com.

Marcus Jackson

Marcus Jackson was born in Toledo, Ohio. He earned a BA from the University of Toledo and continued his poetry studies at NYU and as a Cave Canem fellow. His poems have appeared in such publications as The American Poetry Review, Harvard Review, and The New Yorker. His first collection of poetry, Neighborhood Register, was released in 2011. He lives with his wife and son in Columbus, where he teaches in the creative writing program at the Ohio State University.

BIOGRAPHIES

Kristen and Nicole Kurlich

Twin sisters Kristen and Nicole Kurlich hail from Northeast Ohio. Kristen currently studies illustration at the Columbus College of Art and Design. Nicole studies English at Albion in Michigan. In their free time, they enjoy reading, drinking coffee, and color coordinating their outfits.

Shelby List

Shelby List is a Religious Studies major and a Sociology Minor at Hiram College. They will be attending Case Western Reserve's Mandel School of Applied Social Sciences to pursue a masters in the Fall. During their time at Hiram, they have received an two honorable mentions in Hiram's internal writing competitions. Shelby has had a short story published in the online magazine, Word Worth and several of their poems have been published in anthologies.

Jack Malum

A writer living in Seattle, WA

Burke Mayne

Burke Mayne is a conceptual artist working in a variety of mediums. His work is experimental in that it is pushing the borders of the mediums where the concepts take place. His video poetry speaks on relationships and the implications that the contemporary world forces on them, while his music explores the egocentric work of art

and its artists. In this work he opens himself to others by revealing inner thoughts and an emotional past. The didactic created by the work as a whole flow in a cohesive style that allow the viewers to form ideas and reactions from a body rather than a single work. Like the complex people and thoughts his work attempts to evoke, he creates an interwoven and prolific portfolio of concepts. Burke is a student studying Cinematic Arts at the Columbus College of Art and Design.

Zane Miller

I am a 1st year MFA student currently exploring phenomenon, paradox, and illusion. Narratives among these subjects are presented through installations fueled by continuous exploration and integration of multiple mediums in 2D and 3D space. I am interested in physical properties that exist in our observable universe but are often overlooked. Currently the physical properties I am exploring involve light and shadow, along with object characteristics including place, space, and displacement. Zane A Miller - www.zaneamiller.com

Rikki Santer

Has appeared in various publications including Ms. Magazine, Poetry East, Margie, Slab, Crab Orchard Review, RHINO, Grimm and The Main Street Rag. Two of my published chapbooks have explored place: Front Nine, and Kahiki Redux. Clothesline Logic, was published by Pudding House as finalist in their national chapbook competition, and my most recent book, Fishing for Rabbits, was published by Kattywompus Press. I am also a MFA alum of OSU.

BIOGRAPHIES

Shanice

Shanice is a British born, Jamaican raised Art Director & Filmmaker who enjoys directing films with complex narrative plots while creating aesthetically emphatic production designs. She is currently in her final year at the Columbus College of Art and Design, studying Cinematic Arts and Creative Writing. Shanice's surrealistic approach to films tends to address real life issues in a very stylistic way. She particularly displays a heightened appreciation for experimental storytelling through poetry and narrative pieces.

Sara Shearer

A junior at Hiram College who is involved in all things writing: she is the president of an on-campus writing club, the intern of the college's Center for Writing and Literature, a tutor, and editor of the college's poetry review,. She is excited to help the Shearer legacy live on at CCAD through her poem about our favorite family vacation spot.

John Sherer

Holds degrees from the University of Chicago, the University of Houston, and The Ohio State University. His poems and reviews have appeared in Hot Metal Bridge and Gulf Coast.

Hannah Stephenson

A poet, editor, and instructor living in Columbus, Ohio (where she also runs a literary event series called Paging Columbus). She is the author of *In the Kettle*, *the Shriek* (Gold Wake Press), editor of *New Poetry from the Midwest* (New American Press) and *The Ides of March: An Anthology of Ohio Poets* (Columbus Creative Cooperative), and a poetry and arts blogger for *The Huffington Post*. Her writing has appeared in publications that include *The Atlantic*, *32 Poems*, *The Journal*, *Sixth Finch*, *Poetry Daily*, and *The Nervous Breakdown*. You can visit her online at *The Storialist* (www.thestorialist.com).

Cailey Tervo

Cailey is a children's market illustrator, designer, and comic maker based right outta Columbus, Ohio, where she received her BFA in Illustration from CCAD in 2016. Some clients include *New Moon Girls Magazine*, *The Sequentialist*, *CCAD's Blog*, *Flower Crown Magazine*, and *JAW Magazine*. She is currently working at a Columbus-based clothing company called *TeesAndTankYou*, where she developing their line of children's graphic apparel.

Rachel Toliver

Has work published or forthcoming in *The Pinch*, *The New Republic*, *Monkeybicycle*, *PANK*, *Third Coast*, *Phoebe*, *Brevity*, and *Literal Latte*. She is an MFA student in Nonfiction at The Ohio State University.

BIOGRAPHIES

Jen Town

Jen Town's poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in Mid-American Review, Cimarron Review, Epoch, Third Coast, Lake Effect, Crab Orchard Review, Unsplendid, and others. She earned her MFA in Poetry from The Ohio State University in 2008. Her manuscript, *The Light of What Comes After*, was a finalist for the Moon City Press Poetry Award in 2015

Thomas Tran

I was born and raised in Houston, TX and am an illustration major at the Columbus College of Art & Design. I enjoy telling truthful, moralistic stories, accompanied by grotesque, gestural figures, in nature. It allows me to display a purer message that recognizable people and objects would dilute.

Yzella Vidaurre

A freshmen majoring in graphic design at CCAD with a minor in creative writing. She enjoys both reading and writing as in any situation it can be a great comfort. It's the swirl of words as they weave with emotion that makes writing all the more enjoyable.

Lexi White

A 3D modeling and texturing student from the Columbus College of Art and Design who enjoys doing homework and spending time with her dog Cinnamon. The anagram poem "Taxidermy" is her second poem to be featured in Botticelli Magazine.

Amber Winkler

Amber Winkler is a photographer living and working in Columbus, Ohio. She works both in digital and film photography. Amber's current work reflects upon the idea of reassembling memory and dream from the subconscious. Work initiates contemplation, frustration, and relief.

Gretchen Yerian

Hi, my name is Gretchen E. Yerian. I'm currently a sophomore at CCAD studying Illustration and Advertising/Graphic Design. I'm very passionate about sea life and often feature it in my work. Recently I've been focusing on concept illustration and motion graphics. I often share my work on my Instagram ([gretchlapod](#)) and Tumblr ([octodraws.tumblr.com](#)).

