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from the *editor*

Dear readers,

There seems to be a theme of either transition or tradition in previous editors’ notes, but this year has combined the two. We started the process of updating our design and aesthetic both in print and online. We also looked back to our history of experimental and ambitious projects, and with the help of the wonderful Marisa Lu, we created a public art display for the magazine release. Our staff continued to grow, and despite the chaos implied by our magazine’s name, we found only cohesion and camaraderie in our meetings.

Special thanks go to our graduating seniors, all of whom will be dearly missed: Avantika Yadwad, Al White, Leland Cacayan, Juli Stressing, and Shannon Pender, whose work as fiction editor went uncredited in last year’s magazine. I would also like to thank Geeta Kothari and the students of her Literary and Online Publishing class for their help in reading and consulting for the magazine. Their guidance and counsel have been instrumental in further establishing ourselves and determining where we want to focus our efforts in the coming years.

Finally, I would like to give my warmest thanks to the artists and writers who contributed to this magazine, as well as our readers. Without your continued interest and support, we would not be able to produce the magazine that you now hold. Thank you, and I hope you enjoy!

Yours, Kim Rooney
acknowledgements

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Cover art
Cathedral Reflection | A.J. Weber, University of Pittsburgh
Perhaps you’ve heard about a WWII airplane resting on the bottom of Nimisila Reservoir
Sara Shearer
Hiram College

Perhaps your great-grandfather was fishing for bluegill or perch or bass on a mild July morning when the War crashed down to spook up the boats and the bounty and the basements, submerged, and brimming with silt.

Perhaps your great-grandmother lived high enough up the hill and looked up from the paper at just the right time to see the next day’s news before it was printed. Perhaps she and her fisherman came together at the spillway, spellbound by the rainbow froth of oil and a Corsair’s invisible, dying breath.

They might have laughed, despite his disquieting German name, when pilot Van Keuren shrugged, still dripping, and described his and his plane’s parting of ways: “It’s just like stepping out into a heavy rain.”
Perhaps, on another fishing trip, 
the bluegill or perch or bass 
your young grandfather caught and proudly gutted 
produced a small metallic ghost story 
for him to pass down 
and down 
and down.
Second Prize
Five Truths
Charley Cote
University of Vermont

I. Everything in grandma’s garden is dead
I know what it is to place buttercup beneath chin, to search for a warmth that can only be found in the yellow glow at the end of a stem. It wouldn’t matter if you asked me when I was six or if you asked me now what my favorite feeling is: I’d say lamb’s-ears. I once tried eating lilac, thinking it would make me more human.

II. The first thing I stole was a red necklace
I once had a collection of pigeon feathers and baby teeth with the blood still caked on. I liked the sound they made in the box, like autumn. Underneath my bed is a ten step plan on how to steal the moon. I’d have my own kingdom, no moat.

III. I didn’t want a baby brother
They told me in an Italian restaurant, and I kept turning the word betrayal over in my mouth, like hard candy. I didn’t want to touch the fat stomach and I didn’t want to paint the walls blue. But now when he’s reading to me in the car, I understand what it is to swallow pearls, to hold color.

IV. My mom asks why I never call
I imagine her putting daffodils in my room when I’m not there,
or vacuuming on Sundays. She wants me to stop drinking vodka, and I want her to stop drinking Diet Coke. For Christmas, I wrote her a poem about Alberta and she cried in the bathroom, telling me to leave the wrapping paper on the floor.

V. After my first heartbreak, I went swimming in December
It was the same water we had gone in before, only colder. I liked the way my heart stopped beating, the way I couldn’t hear the wind chimes anymore. I spit seeds onto the sand, wanting a miracle of orange trees.
Dr. August Abernathy was a genius, or at least that’s what they all said. Besides, who really knew what a genius was but if there ever was one it was August Abernathy. Degrees from five different Ivy League schools, one of which was honorary. Nobody could decide if the caveat “honorary” detracted from the impressiveness of the five degrees or added to it. He had put forward several revolutionary theories in physics, theology, and zoology. He had shaken hands with President Wilson back when Wilson was still a president and he had, it was said, almost won a Nobel Prize. But, at the last moment, he had deferred to the other nominees, so magnanimous was Dr. August Abernathy.

This was, of course, all fine and well. But there were ten geniuses loitering on the sidewalk corners of Wall Street at any given time, without food or work like everyone else. It didn’t pay to be a genius anymore, and even the terribly important genius of August Abernathy didn’t carry the weight it once did. No, what really mattered about August Abernathy was that he was a fine, God-fearing man who brought religion to the masses. His books interpreting Genesis and Revelation had changed the style of preachers everywhere. It was rumored he was in correspondence with the Pope. He was the moral leader the country had looked toward when Hoover had disappointed a nation and tents began to grow like weeds when nothing else would.
He was, in fact, so generous of spirit that he had recently decided to share his wisdom with the whole of America. He had announced on the steps of the small Lutheran church of his hometown that he was taking a tour of the many united states, providing free lectures to the masses and enlightening the depressed democracy. And wherever August Abernathy went, the crowds and the media followed. He brought business behind him like a parade. Wealth and notoriety sprang up along his route, as if he were a stream making its steady way through a barren desert. In these unpredictable times, one of the few things that everyone agreed upon was that August Abernathy could put a town on the map in the time it took an ironed blouse to wrinkle in the humidity.

Of course, the citizens of Auburn County were not so naïve as to think that a great man like Dr. Abernathy would waste his time with their town, a patch of land carved out by farmers fifty years prior, but they had applied nonetheless at the urging of Mayor Jameson, who was optimistic and pointed out that it couldn’t hurt to try. So when their application was accepted because the train from Minneapolis to Des Moines passed through downtown Auburn, a great celebratory town hall meeting was held and everyone but the new mothers and the grieving were in attendance. And after everyone had eaten their fill of the great heap of food that the seasoned wives had the foresight to prepare, Mayor Jameson called order and the matter of improvements to the town began to be discussed in earnest. With a man like August Abernathy on his way, the grit of dust and the years would have to be scrubbed off. Not to mention that the town ought to prepare itself for the tide of business and news-
men following in his wake.

Of course, as Mrs. Dougherty pointed out, the only place that the lecture could be held was on the front steps of Town Hall, because the library auditorium had been boarded up since the first crash of ’29, and the high school gymnasium would spit out a crowd in the late October heat. And it would look make the town look dapper when printed in the loving sepia of newspaper ink.

Main Street, of course, would have to be revitalized. On this, everyone agreed, even if the mayor made a comment about extravagance during hard times. The red paint on the post office was curling off the wood like deer tongues and the streetlamps had become eerie guardians of a bygone era after the tornado of ’32 had led the glass from their panes like the Pied Piper of Hamlin. The train station had begun to quiver every time a train came through, and the old mill that used to stand like its own type of cloud had become grey gritty with smoke from the train. The streets were crusted with the manure of the horses the farmers rode to town, and with the manure came flies. The only green blades of grass in town grew in wisps on the banks of the afterthought of a river which trickled along the East side of town, but there wasn’t much a town could do about that. It was all they could do to keep their houses from drying up and blowing away.

As it was on the train that Dr. Abernathy would enter Auburn County limits, the houses along the railway deserved some attention as well. It was then that Mrs. Jameson, who dressed very well because she was the Mayor’s wife, pointed out that some attention would have to be paid to the property of Mr. Callum. Mr. Callum hadn’t gotten out much since Edna died. His land had begun in recent months to wildly defy its boundaries, while its proprietor re-
treated within his own.

Chiseling knives were taken to the post office walls while the typist was still recording the closing remarks of the meeting. The umber paint was baked to the walls, and soon the men were sanding the wood down so that red paint flecks flew like sparks. The sun was setting before the men stood back, sweat clinging to the napes of their necks, and regarded the walls stripped to the chalky wood. The post office stood thus the rest of the night, shivering and indecently bare, before work began again the next morning.

Mr. Dougherty, who had earned a degree in mechanical engineering before inheriting the hardware and repairs store from his father, had never had a sharp business sense. As dawn broke, he brought fresh paint cans to the post office, cracked the lid from the top like a tooth being pulled, and offered it free of charge to those doing the repairs. “Just tell the men from the papers that it came from Dougherty’s Hardware if they ask, will you boys?” he said as he stood back to watch the first ribbons of color appear on the walls.

The post office was already two coats more modest by the time Mrs. Jameson, who was sensible despite her shoes, cobbled together a party of workers to be taken to the Callum estate by wagon. There was some debate as to whether Mr. Callum should be communicated with, but Mrs. Jameson ruled with her abiding wisdom and status that it was always better to ask forgiveness than permission, and she hacked down the inaugural weed. The property was soon set upon by the masses, who left giant naked patches in their wake as Mr. Callum watched from behind the gauzy curtains.

As Mayor Jameson stood at his wide windows and watched the citizens of his town scrub the hard years off the worn steps of Town Hall, he breathed easier than he had in months. The town was
not doing well, financially speaking, though Mayor Jameson would never have let on how bad it really was. The town had invested much of its money in treasury bills, and there was no telling when those payments would be made good. During the crash, Mayor Jameson’s first act had been to pay out all the municipal bonds held by the Auburn County citizens, and after that, there just wasn’t much left. Certainly not enough to go around. He had spent countless nights squinting at the budget plans laid out on his desk, wondering where all the money had gone and which programs he could cut without affecting the quality of life of the citizens of Auburn. He had recently begun to worry that he would have to cut art from the school curriculums. But with August Abernathy and, more importantly, the business that followed him slowly chugging toward Auburn County, all would be well.

As the day of August Abernathy’s arrival approached, the new teachers explained to their students that if they worked very hard and learned very much, they too could aspire to the kind of greatness achieved by Dr. Abernathy. The old teachers threatened every student within earshot that misbehavior on the day of the lecture would result in expulsion. The school choir was instructed to forget all the literature for their November concert and instead learned four patriotic songs to sing for Dr. Abernathy. Julie Jameson was chosen to sing the national anthem, which Beth Dougherty cried bitterly over in the girl’s bathroom, choking on her sobs so that she was almost silent. The high school art students were commissioned by Mayor Jameson to create a welcome banner. Ms. Renwaski, who had replaced Edna Callum, worked with her art students so late one night that they were all escorted home in Mayor Jameson’s car.

Women got out the china their mothers had given them,
not expecting to serve anyone particularly prestigious but because, just as there must be a day of rest, there must be a day in which the good china gets used. Mothers scoured their daughters’ rooms for eye shadow and lipstick and their daughters argued that Carole Lombard said makeup was good for a girl, and their mothers replied that Carole Lombard could do as she pleased in California, but this was Iowa.

Men covertly disposed of the salacious magazines that were rolled up and stuffed between the rafters of sheds and taped to the backs of furnaces. Indecent postcards were removed from the linings of hats, and the enterprising young man who sold flip-books outside the corner store on weeknights stayed home.

In the shadow of the impending presence of Dr. August Abernathy, Mayor Jameson began to consider the reality of shaking hands with a man who knew more about life and beyond than any man had ever known before. What was more, he would be standing next to the man on the front of newspapers, in front of God and the world. The night before the arrival of Dr. Abernathy, he met Ms. Renwaski in the art room to assess the finished welcome poster and to break off their longstanding affair. He drove her home because she was crying and it was dark, and when he got home Mrs. Jameson said nothing about the lateness of the hour or the Claire de Lune perfume riding on his coattails.

As the new streetlamps were extinguished the following morning the town had already been awake for several hours. Curlers were lying on dressing tables, stray hairs struggling within them. Dressing gowns lay prostrate on beds. Girls ferreted mascara and blush from hollow bedposts that were undisturbed in the sweep performed by their mothers. Young boys undressed and wet their hair,
and emerged from the bathroom pretending that they had bathed
only to be chivied into the tub by mothers. Young men had been
sprinkling Main Street with water for hours, to tamp down the dust
and the smell of manure.

Mrs. Jameson had lain awake much of the previous night
with the sense that her husband was doing the same, so she was
irritated and puffy eyed as she hurried her family through their
morning preparations. Julie, who emerged from her room elated
with her upcoming performance, was wearing a skirt that barely
covered her knees and Mrs. Jameson accidentally called her a whore.
And though Mrs. Jameson regretted it immediately, the house rang
with screams and sobs for several minutes, and Mayor Jameson pre-
tended he couldn’t hear any of it with the bathroom door closed.
When the family set off for Town Hall, Julie wore her clothes as if
they scorched her. Both she and her mother hated the dress she was
wearing.

The town began to congregate on Main Street an hour be-
fore Dr. Abernathy was due to arrive on the 12:14 from Minneapolis.
The county reporters arrived with cameras like enormous bellows,
and the crowd began to buzz. It was rumored that he had his own
train car, like the movie stars who advertised their newest films by
crossing the country in trains bedecked with red and gold banners.
And though the citizens of Auburn County would greatly have liked
to see a personalized train car, what really mattered was that Dr.
August Abernathy was stopping in their own town, speaking on the
steps of their own Town Hall.

A podium had been carried from the church basement to
the top of Town Hall’s steps and stood in the sun like a giant tusk.
Ms. Renwaski stood teetering on a ladder while her stu-
dents told her where to place the welcome banner, and the rest held it out of the dust of Main Street. Her waist looked impossibly small in the morning sun, and a tasteful sun hat deftly hid the redness of her eyes.

Mr. Dougherty joined the crowd late, wearing overalls and avoiding eye contact with Mrs. Dougherty, who had yelled at him the night before for having an invalid business model. But everyone agreed the post office was glowing in its new coat of paint.

As the minutes trickled by, the town laughed and argued and ate the food that always seems to turn up at gatherings of any sort. But as the Town Hall clock, newly wound, rang noon, the crowd paused and fidgeted and looked northward. Dust from the streets had settled on the fine shoes and white lace. Women’s hair and skirts stirred in the faint breeze and the sun made their scalps itch. Someone laughed nervously. The post office looked like a palpitating heart, red and surrounded by the heat waves rising from its tar roof.

The first shout came from Beth Dougherty, who was standing on the top of the choir risers. Glimmering in the distance and hardly discernable from the waving corn in the fields was a silver and black hope steaming towards Auburn. It was growing larger and larger and beautiful, because though the citizens were well acquainted with the appearance of the 12:14 from Minneapolis, this one held Dr. August Abernathy, who had eaten lunch with Andrew Carnegie and supper with Ernest Hemingway.

The shape of the train was discernable now, and it let out a great burst of steam and hollered its approach. The town let out a great cheer and rushed forward to better see the oncoming train. The younger children strained against their parents’ hands, invigorated by the excitement of the crowd rather than the situation. The
choir teetered on their risers to get a better view.

And now the train was rocketing past Mr. Callum’s property, which looked raw but orderly. Mr. Callum watched it pass from behind his curtains.

The train was close enough now to see the individual cars. Another cheer was raised from the crowd because at the end of the train was a sparkling blue car with silver ribbons streaming about it like a school of fish. In giant letters on the side of the train was painted the great man’s name. Mayor Jameson wiped his sweaty hands on the sides of his slacks.

It was coming fast now, fast in the deceptive and time-bending speed of trains. It was approaching the station, closer and closer so that the crowd once again pressed forward to better see the great man and his personal train car. The mill, repainted and sighing in the breeze, was soon engulfed with the smoke of the train. The train station had been reinforced with steel beams. Even though the train was getting quite close to it now, it stood stalwartly in its place.

And now the train was slowing, silvery and glittering. The town pressed forward. In the window of the special car of Dr. August Abernathy, they saw a face peering through the blue-tinted glass, curious and confused and mildly wrinkled. The crowd gasped to have seen him.

The train passed through the station at a leisurely pace and Mayor Jameson stepped forward, hat under his arm, preparing to shake the hand of the great man arriving. But the train had no sooner reached the end of the station, than it began once again to increase its speed. The crowd withdrew hastily from the speeding train, and watched as the special car of Dr. August Abernathy shrank from view, disappearing into the South.
Honorable Mention
It’s Like Leaving a Plate of Chicken Bones Out and finding Something Gnawing on Them
S.E. Frederick
Savannah College of Art and Design

Afterwards, before the sun comes up, he’s already fully dressed and you still can’t find your underwear, you will end up on the porch, smoking. You don’t say much. You exhale before he touches your mouth and kisses you with all of his body. He leaves. You stay outside where it’s cold and it feels as though you’re awake before the rest of the world. You can still smell him and he can still taste you. You think about how he told you how badly he wanted you. How being psychotic made you hotter. When you go back inside you keep the lights off. You fill the bathtub halfway up. There has never been a sharp pain like this. He did a good job. It hurts too much so you stay on your side in the bath for hours. You get up. Coconut oil and cotton panties. There is nothing you can say about this. It hurts.

Additional Works

Growth System
Alexandra Wolf, University of Pittsburgh
I smell like summer lemon orchards—

I am the state of Nevada
stuck between California and Utah.

vini vidi vici—

California brown bear means seagull in SoCal.
I am not named after my grandpa
and polished leather shoes.

Earth lemon spinning on its axis, between Cali and Utah

vini vidi vici—

I am a long highway in the middle of the desert
pulled between an ocean and a river
never getting wet. Always searching
for minerals to put on my tongue.

Desert doesn’t mean abandoned; it just means I am
filled with hot sand, leaking
because I’m stretched between San Diego and Salt Lake City

Like a curly telephone cord around the kitchen doorframe.
I call:
Vini vidi vici which means I’ve fallen in
the sand and sprouted a tree with lemon bulbs on one side
   and sprinkles of salt on the other
and when I arrive, it stings beneath my arms.
Gabrielle Kozlowski, University of Pittsburgh

Diner Breakdown
Apartments for Roost
Ryan Heber
The Ohio State University

People used to live here, 
but now it’s only pigeons. 
Dirty street birds 
leaping over dusty chairs 
like they own the place 
(they do). 
The sinks and bathtubs 
have been converted to nests 
stitched with silverware 
and teddy bear stuffing. 
Every window has broken 
and now doubles as a door, 
while the door’s double bolt 
has corroded to feathers. 
Newspapers line the hardwood 
but the classified section 
has run rampant with avian requests: 
*I’m a greyish pigeon 
seeking a pigeon of similar greyness.* 
Cold hearths hooked and nicked 
with quick claws unaccustomed 
to human foot traffic, lie barren. 
Once sturdy rafters have been 
frayed like twine from near 
constant peaking.
Collision Spring 2017

(It’s just good pigeon sense)
Wherever hands once touched,
a bird has found a coup
People used to live here,
but now it’s only pigeons.
Fawn
Kyle Ross
Allegheny College

The car ahead of me comes to a halt, only to propel forward once again and leave in the red glow of taillights a fawn, still flailing as I pass, struggling to stand, with her left hindleg dragging behind her, lovely symmetry of her young body disrupted and I disturb myself when all I can see, through a collage of crushed bone, muscle smeared across the road are the white dots canvassed on a brown coat, how despite the ruin of her vitals her markings remain.
Twisted
Jack Stauber, University of Pittsburgh
Pet
Jack Stauber, University of Pittsburgh
Thanks
Jack Stauber, University of Pittsburgh
Weighing Teaspoons
Shanley Smith
Hope College

Sing to the body who has forgotten how to properly fit a spoon inside its crumbling mouth.

Maybe your harmonies will remind her what note arises when a fork sparks against the edge of a plate.

Give her time. She might learn to sing alongside your rich voice, even if at first her body rebels against its maple sugar quality. Give her time, and she will learn how to swallow by the spoonful again.

Hold metal against her lips and she will keep them sealed, but model the action and slowly she will pick up silver. Watch her long enough and she will learn how to swallow the heartbreak.
Why did we wear pink?

She was the shade of my baby blanket that I dragged around through my childhood and the hue that I begged my parents to color my walls. She was strawberry lemonade on a summer day. She was Barbie pink nail polish—the only color that I was allowed to wear at age seven. She was not the uncomfortable darkness that comes out at bedtime when the moon isn’t bright enough and there aren’t enough stars to blanket the sky. Nor was she the color of charred wood once the flame had long given up and the air was cool.

We wore pink simply because it was her favorite color. Because it was a celebration of life—of a war between body and disease that many tie up with a pretty pink ribbon. Those pink flowers that so delicately enclosed her casket matched the velvety nose of her cat statue that lay at the foot of her bed each time I went to visit—I half expected to see the cat there at her feet.

Did she have a name?

When I heard Grandmother’s name for the first time, it was also the last: Marjorie. As the preacher spoke her name I sat in the pew and saw margarine plopping into flour and her hands roll-
ing out the crust and slicing apples to fill my favorite pie. It had never occurred to me that Grandmother had a name and when I would hear her name, it would be foreign to me. I would never hear it slide off her lips as she told me herself, and we would never be able to discuss the irony of how similar her name was to butter for someone who liked to bake. Rather, I had to hear it stumbled out of the mouth of a stranger in a strange place.

*Does my mother believe in ghosts?*

She told me of the first night she slept when Grandmother died. How she awoke to see her in the corner of the room in her pink robe and how even in death, her white hair was perfectly in place as always. My mother just stared at her until her eyes watered and she couldn’t keep her eyes open any longer—and as my mother’s tears fell, she was gone again. Do I believe her? I don’t not believe her. I was jealous. There are times when I wake at night and long for that familiar presence to rub my back and brush my hair next to the fireplace. There are times when I sit at the piano bench and wish for the warmth of her next to me, hear her fingers across the keys, and listen to her voice as she plays a hymn just once more.

*What were the phone calls about?*

The phone rang a lot lately. Each ring caused another worry line to become embedded into my mother’s forehead. Three years after Grandmother passed away, Meemaw had breast cancer. She was the donut-baker, craft-maker, and zoo-taker who now wor-
ried hair loss over what she would make for dinner. I had to know what a Marjorie would name a Meemaw. The next visit, as I sprinkled the homemade donuts, I asked her: Vicki.

Was it positive?

My mother tested positive for the breast cancer gene mutation. The invasion of illness in the life of her Grandmother, her Meemaw, and her Mother has her worried. I worry that I too have a gene mutation that possibly decides my destiny with cancer. That my life will become too busy when I’m older and going to the doctor for a check-up won’t be a priority. That when I finally do go, it will be too late and they won’t know my real name.
Strength of a Hurricane
Nonfiction
Kjersti Chippindale
Pacific University

Category 1: 74-95 mph winds
Very dangerous winds will produce some damage: Well-constructed frame homes could have damage to roof, shingles, vinyl siding, and gutters. Large branches of trees will snap and shallowly rooted trees may be toppled. Extensive damage to power lines and poles likely will result in power outages that could last a few to several days.
Faster than a cheetah, the fastest land animal.

The first recorded tropical storm or hurricane to touch Long Island, NY, was an unnamed Category 1 hurricane in 1934. Like many hurricanes, this anonymous storm built in the Gulf before travelling north along the coast. It weakened as it travelled upwards, so by the time it swept into the North Fork it was maybe a thunderstorm to the area.

The first “documented” storm:
One of the most iconic weather disasters in history, popular culture, cinema, and religion is the story of Noah, his Ark, and the flood. In books 6-9 of Genesis the story of the earth is laid out, how mankind has created chaos and the world needs to be wiped clean and restarted. This is generally a story of dire destruction, but in a historical context it demonstrates the creation of modern mankind. Sometimes the only way to cleanse something is to destroy it first.
The same hurricane that pitter-pattered over New York killed thousands of people in Central America. The city of Ocotepeque in Honduras was completely flattened by over 25 inches of rainfall that flooded the local river. Over 500 deaths were reported. The only structures that remained standing were an old church and a massive tree in the center of town. They remain standing to this day.

**Trees:**
When my dad was born, his brother planted a tree in the front yard of The Cottage. I don’t know what kind of tree it is, and neither did he, but it is still standing every year we go to New York to visit our grandma’s cottage. My brother and I agree that it is the perfect climbing tree.

**Category 2: 96-110 mph winds**

*Extremely dangerous winds will cause extensive damage.*
*As fast as the fastball of a professional baseball pitch.*

The story goes that we wouldn’t have The Cottage if it weren’t for two martinis and a carefully executed steak dinner. Gramps – my great grandfather – was rude, harsh, grumpy, and just generally a curmudgeon who could only be reigned in by his wife Alga. Alga was a strong-spirited alcoholic who loved to be in control and loved a challenge – thus her marriage to Gramps. She decided that her son Henry and his wife Joyce deserved a summer house for their young boys.

At the end of the summer she and my grandma Joyce drove out to 7 Simms Lane, Sag Harbor, NY to find The Cottage. Tiny, rusty, paint chipped, far from any neighbor, facing a bay that would be filled with jellyfish and clams; it was perfect. Alga drove back to Gramps,
got him drunk, and finally convinced him to sign to deed on August 30th, 1954. On August 31st, 1954 Hurricane Carol struck Long Island, a Category 2 hurricane that was the most destructive storm in recent memory.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>How a hurricane gets its name:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prior to 1950, the general public was not taking hurricanes and tropical storms seriously. Meteorologists thought that by giving them names, people would feel a more human connection and be threatened by these storms. There are currently six lists of names that meteorologists rotate through over the years, but particularly terrible storms get their names retired. For example, Hurricane Katrina will forever represent the storm that displaced more than 400,000 people from their homes.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Things that are stronger than hurricanes: |
| 1) Palm Trees: They are much more flexible than other trees, and their leaves are able to fold and flutter under high winds. This flexibility enables them to withstand hurricane-force winds. |
| 2) A Home in Florida: After their home was destroyed by two hurricanes in a row, a couple in Florida spent $7 million to build a home that could withstand 300 mph winds. It has since withstood three hurricanes, including Hurricane Katrina. |
| 3) Roxy: A 4-month-old Yorkshire Terrier went missing during Hurricane Sandy, but thanks to relief efforts and especially thanks to the power of the internet, the beloved pet was somehow found after the storm and returned safely to her owner. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category 3: 111-129 mph winds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Devastating damage will occur.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Similar to the speed of a professional tennis serve.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Hurricane Sandy urged more than 500,000 people in New York and New Jersey to ask for federal aid, and more than one third of those that asked made less than $30,000 per year before the storm hit. People below the poverty line were unable to recover from this devastating blow, increasing the homeless children population by 77% in New Jersey alone.

The summer after Hurricane Sandy the neighbors who had lived next to us my whole life were moving out. The damage from Sandy was too much for them and scenic waterfront property was no longer worth the upkeep. A pediatrician and his psychiatrist wife, who could afford to commute in from the city every weekend, finally placed a financial cap on what they were willing to give to maintain this place called home.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Most Expensive Hurricanes in the United States:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Name</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katrina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I was born in Connecticut in 1994, but at 3 months old we moved to New Mexico. 18 months later my brother was born, and we stayed in New Mexico until I was 6. My parents divorced and my mom moved to California, while my dad stayed in New Mexico. We bounced around a lot between those places after that. My brother considers New Mexico his home, since that’s where he was born. I consider
California my home, since that’s where all of my friends are from. However, my dad no longer lives in New Mexico and my mom no longer lives in California. Both of the physical homes we cared for belong to different families, or perhaps to no one at all, but a part of them still belongs to us.

Of the 25 most expensive homes on the market in the U.S., 20 of them are either in New York or Florida. The most likely places to be hit by a hurricane are Florida, North Carolina, Louisiana, and New York. Every year a more costly hurricane rises up to sweep away the arrogance of the American; every year our attempts to bribe nature into letting us live in extravagant peace are laughed at.

**Category 4: 130-156 mph winds**
* Catastrophic damage will occur.
* Faster than the world’s fastest roller coaster.

Elberta and Thomas Hudson had barely been in their new home in North Carolina for a year when Hurricane Floyd, a Category 4 storm, struck and forced extensive evacuations.

In an interview a few months afterwards, Elberta said, “I would pray, because when I left Maryland I had a big house, and when I got here I was kind of disappointed… and I was like, well, Lord, I can’t believe you had me come down here in this little house like this, you know. But the Lord just told me to trust him. So when I was, I woke up—they took us when we left here from the flood to the shelter. It was at Burgaw Middle School. And I woke up that morning, and I just was overwhelmed, and the tears just came. I said, ‘Well, Lord, I asked you for more space.’ And I look and I see all of us had our own cots, you know, ‘but I didn’t expect you to give more space—.’
But it gave me joy...But it was just so humorous when you—he didn’t say you’ve got to be persistent or you’ve got to be precise about what you want. So I did ask for more space, and I had more space at the shelter, but that wasn’t my idea when I asked him [EH is laughing].”

**Hurricane Preparation:**
In 2007, in the wake of Hurricane Katrina, an architecture organization based out of New York hosted a competition to design the best method of providing emergency housing if New York were to be hit by a Category 3 hurricane. Four years later, in the wake of Hurricane Sandy, there was some confusion and outrage that none of these ideas came to fruition due to insufficient funding and political support. It is easy to plan as long as you don’t really believe it will happen to you.

Wreckage from the 1938 Hurricane that ravaged Long Island. More than 700 people died from the sheer force and destruction.

A view of the sunset from our Cottage. A bonus of being on a bay is that the sun both rises and sets over a beautiful body of water.

**Category 5: 157+ mph winds**
*Extreme catastrophic damage will occur.*
“New Orleans (No. 1150)”, a poem written shortly after Hurricane Katrina, by John Litzenberg.

Dear America:

The day after Katrina passed by New Orleans and the reporters at the Royal Sonesta Hotel on Bourbon Street, in the goddamn sacred French Quarter, were saying “New Orleans has been spared”

I knew it would come to this.

The day I heard the levees at the river and the lake had been breeched, leaving New Orleans East and the Ninth Ward underwater,

I knew there would a Convention Center horrorshow, the elderly and infirm, the HIV-positive and countless streams of self-medicated mentally disturbed

wading through miles of toxic shit and the garbage from under the streets of the Quarter.

I knew it would become a race issue for people outside New Orle- ans.

People who don’t know what it’s like to live in a mixed white black neighborhood that is also middle class.

People who aren’t privileged to understand, just by driving down three blocks on St. Bernard Avenue, say, that there are only four kinds of people in this world: rich people, poor people, people pretending to be rich
and people pretending not to be poor.

In other words: the haves, the have-nots, and the have-credits.

What good is sending people back to Covington, to Metairie, to Harahan ... to the freaking CBD?

Without the Ninth Ward, without the poverty that birthed jazz, without those underprivileged, undereducated, underemployed, underwater souls who would care about the City that Care Forgot?

The great boot of Louisiana is now a dirty sock. With its great expanse of money-making Democratic blue washed out and only the tired elastic red left at the top.

I’m tired. And I’ve lost my home.

And Mayor Nagin, nothing you can do can bring it back. ‘Cause unless it’s exactly the same, it won’t be New Orleans.

Death of a Hurricane
The Cottage was in the middle of nowhere in 1954, but now it is in the heart of the Hamptons, one of the wealthiest communities in the United States. My entire family pools money together every year just to afford the property taxes, and my grandmother is seriously concerned that her pension is going to run out before she dies and she won’t be able to afford The Cottage any longer. At the end of my dad’s life, he was unable to help with the taxes at all and was ready to exile himself from the home he had visited every year of his life. I took money out of my savings account to fly him to Sag Harbor, to
see The Cottage one last time while he was strong enough to travel. He spent two months breathing in the salty air before it got too cold and he had to go to my grandma’s winter home in Virginia. He only lasted three weeks away from The Cottage before he passed away.

A hurricane is formed by warm water and air conditions, and this warm center is its energy source. When a hurricane moves away from this warm weather, often north or over land, it loses its energy source. Without a central warm engine it slowly starts to expand until it loses its power and its energy fails it. A hurricane is considered ‘dead’ when its winds fall below the critical speed of 74 mph, when it has traveled so far from heart it cannot sustain itself any longer.
A Game for the Whole Family

Ashley May, SUNY at Albany
Divisions
Cole D’Aurizio, University of Pittsburgh
An extension on the theme of relics:
Jacob Richards
University of Pittsburgh

The second definition for the word ‘relic’ is as follows:
“a part of a deceased holy person’s body or belongings kept as an object of reverence”:

EX:
• A bone fragment of St. John the Baptist
• The hypothetical toe of St. Mary of the Mount

though I’d argue one of two things—

Either:
• Relics can be birthed from more than just saints
• Holiness is much more common than the pope lets on

because Her cane is a relic and
His desk is a relic and
Her bed is a relic too.
and one day maybe I’ll be Your relic but

the word relic comes from the latin word reliquiae which means “remains”

and a form of the latin verb relinquere which means “leave behind”
I lay in Jesus’s exalted waterbed, finding tiny ecstasies that make heaven tick. Perpendicular to the curve of the earth, I stand tall, proclaiming to all that

I’m materialistic and addicted to artifacts.

I have wooden floors floating in my house—murmurs of the trees they were extracted from which I bless with barefeet

but I’m plump with the knowledge: when I die they’ll be a relic of me and sweet feet as well.

How holy am I?
Fly Me to the Moon, Alien Boy
A Lost Boy Speaks Out
Jacob Richards
University of Pittsburgh

Fly me to the moon, alien boy.
Grab me the way you did last week, all skinny black ties and bright
Blue button-ups in the corners of mutual friends.

Flustered, I allowed anecdotes to fly
from between wine bottle lips: In summer I tossed myself through plastic pasta
strainers, prayed to wishing stars, and threw myself out
windows to the sound of birds who never quite learned to fly.
I threw myself out windows 'til you caught me one night
between velvet shoulder blades. We left the party after puns

and chocolate cake and fly-swatter hugs—I haven’t slept since.
In dusk I will gather my sheets
and, with any godforsaken luck,

fly to heaven above. I wake—at midnight—to a boy soaked in the outlines of androgyny and botched social cues.
I rise, nailing our shadows together to the wall; we lay

across frosted hard wood floors. Sparks fly—imagine that:
platonic love between son of Pan and one of the lost boys
of Christ. I’m queer at face value and dwell too much in potential.

You command me *Fly*, and I’m perched on a crude drawing of a windowsill, stomach turned to metamorphic rock and I wonder if there isn’t a metaphor hidden between the lines.

You push, I pull, we flinch flock fly to the damn heavens—away. Over hours of the sweating clock we grow together to the sound of waves breaking against human skin.

We butterfly stroke to alligator blues; the boats up here rock like clockwork. Struggling to keep up, you ask

what happy thoughts fly within me. In theory, we’re meant to be. I laugh in emerald at your reddening face ’til the mood of everyone in earshot turns teal.
The House That Once Owned the Entire Town
S.E. Frederick
Savannah College of Art and Design

The house that once owned the entire town. The old wooden farmhouse, minus the silo, is still standing. Barn for horse stalls, for drying meats. An upstairs with an overhanging exit for throwing hay bales. A stack of shelves for canned fruit in heavy syrup, sea salt and garlic pickles, apple pie filling with extra cinnamon, stewed plums.

Mother, in the summer, makes jam with grapes and blackberries, once used for making wine from the bushes in the back, now pushing, as if exhaling, pressing their fence down. She uses vanilla bean, slices of grapefruit, some rosemary. She spends the day over the polished wood table, removes her wedding ring because of the acid in canning, she says. The curtains she made, blue and small yellow flowers, keep the kitchen busy.

I spent the afternoons eating Rainier cherries on the porch, picking petals off of the tiger lillies keeping the the corner of the barn cool.

Tomato sauce with basil, pesto with onions. Summer was sticky with a breeze outside. Summer was sticky with syrup inside.

I remember july with spoonfuls to my mouth and a hand underneath my chin, for spilling. Taste, try, sip. Dripping from the corner of my lips, grape seeds almost bitten hiding in my teeth. The house does not take over the whole town anymore, not even the entire street. Large gray Victorian home, locust trees full of beans in little brown pods. Cherry blossoms in the back by my father’s woodstack we use in the winter. My mother’s
spoon turns, mixes. Like clockwork, she is near my mouth.
To Keep the House Alive
Aleeza Furman, University of Pittsburgh
The Children’s Room
Aleeza Furman, University of Pittsburgh
The Pirate Queen
Aleeza Furman, University of Pittsburgh
Greyish-beige flakes, coarser than expected, speckle the ground. The ashes hadn’t been pulverized, and I could see sharp fragments that looked like pale splinters. Only when I was eating dinner hours later did I realize what part of my friend those were.

Last May, while taking a shortcut through Allegheny Cemetery, my friend Patrick told me he believed funerals were for the living, rather than the dead. I knew he was thinking about his father’s death. Having, at that time, only experienced death in remoteness myself, this sudden comment resonated inside me. I had nothing to say; grief was foreign to me. I wondered what he meant.

The deaths of my Gran and Grandad Seph happened in Northern Ireland, an infrequently visited second or third home to me. Most time spent in the company of my mother’s parents was before my concrete memories began to form, so their deaths were distant, though unsettling. Plane tickets to Belfast cost over $1000. Youth and physical distance alienated me from loss. I wasn’t at either funeral.

I met another close friend of mine, Parker, this time last year. Bright, blonde, lively are words that come to mind. His smile was
one that hit you in the knees. I’d never seen a smile that could be
described as ear-to-ear before. Parker knew what living was about,
hardly seemed to sleep, always on an adventure, living life with the
same fervor as the largest of stars.

We formed a deep friendship very quickly and seemed to understand
each other in unspoken ways. Our friendship was grounded in our
shared capacity to care more deeply for others than for ourselves. I
picked up on his tendency to beat himself down over small things
and tried to remind him to be gentle with himself. He noticed my
tendency to turn to a bottle when I was upset and would coax me
into talking instead of drinking. Such deep caring often blurred the
line between friendship and romance. Sometimes he would sleep on
the floor of my dorm room after a late night. One morning, I didn’t
hear my alarm for class, and Parker woke me up instead by planting
gentle, butterfly-like kisses all over my face.

_A coin, placed over each eye, paid for the journey across the River Styx._

The Ancient Greeks buried their loved ones with coins, called drach-
mas, placed over the body’s eyes or in its mouth. They believed
passed souls journeyed to the underworld. According to Greek
mythology, the enormous black River Styx runs through the under-
world, connecting the different realms. The ferryman Charon re-
ceives payment in exchange for passage down the river. Relatives of
a deceased person practiced this coin ritual without fail – even if it
was their last coin, even if they had to beg or borrow, the deceased’s
loved ones would ensure passage through the underworld and on to
whatever waited in the afterlife.
How does a belief in the afterlife change the way a person grieves? I imagine it provides a lot of comfort, and maybe even rationalizes death. How does this differ from the grief of one who doesn’t believe in any afterlife? Is one kind of grief more difficult than another?

“He died with his sword in his hand and so went straight to heaven.”

Patrick’s father died when he was in elementary school. I’ve sometimes imagined what it would be like to lose a parent, especially at a young age. I met Patrick years after his father was already gone. We didn’t know each other very well when he told me how his father died: in an accident in his own lab. He told me how when he and his mother arrived, he was still alive. Patrick watched his father – clothes charred, skin scorched, disfigured – die in his mother’s arms. He said, later, that he had thought about it a lot, and that that’s how he wants to die – in the arms of someone he loves. But who says anyone has a choice in how they die, or who they leave behind?

In Norse mythology, the cause of death determined which realm of afterlife one would reach. To die of old age was dishonorable, and led the spirit to Helheim, the worst realm of afterlife. Falling on a battlefield as a brave warrior sent the spirit directly to Valhalla, the realm of the gods. The bravest of warriors, who died with swords heroically raised, often received sea burials. After the body burned up in a funeral pyre, Vikings placed the ashes in a small ship and set it out to sea, sometimes setting the ship afame to honor such great bravery. The smoke carried the soul onward to Valhalla.
It takes between 40-50 million years for a star to form. The first step begins when an enormous dark cloud of gas and dust begins to contract under its own weight. The process is called “infalling.” It is grievously slow and violent. The force of contracting matter causes it to fragment within; the cloud simultaneously curls into itself and shatters apart. I can almost empathize with these massive interstellar clouds. I felt as though I were infalling during my first experience with real grief. A cloud of dark matter within my abdomen began to collapse inward: too heavy. I felt like I was fragmenting from my inner-most level to the surface. When the interstellar cloud has contracted enough – has become dense enough, strong enough, from its own fragmentation – it can fuel itself, and becomes a stable, brightly burning star. I wondered if, after turbulence had jarred me to my core and destroyed my foundation, I, too, would ever stabilize.

“He died with his sword in his hand and so went straight to heaven.”

I believe in science – it comforts me when life seems unpredictable and abstract. I’ve never really believed in an afterlife of any kind; growing up in a thoroughly agnostic family, I’ve always thought that when you die, you’re dead – that’s that. The finite aspect of living gives my life greater value. No room for waste; lack of quantity leads to emphasis on quality.

Death occupied many of my adolescent thoughts, though. I wondered if it was painful, or ecstatic, or maybe it was more like simple fading. I wondered if it was ever violent, like the death of stars, wondered if it was ever barely perceivable, like the death of a cell. I
wondered if death delegitimized life; to what extent does one’s life matter after death, after family and friends have died as well? I wondered at the purpose of living when it was always directed towards an inevitable loss of significance. I wondered how others didn’t get discouraged and want to give up when they wondered things like these.

Scattered ashes in the woods, a favorite place for adventures: I remember what it felt like to realize that those splinters were bones. The realization made me sick in the middle of a noodle restaurant.

Archeologists encounter death routinely on an excavation site. An older woman in my Russian class last semester once spoke about it when I’d asked what it was like. Her name was Jennifer, and she had worked on a site in Ethiopia some years ago. She described the patient, painstakingly slow way that they would dust away dirt, how gently they’d handle the ancient pots and tools they found. She told me how exciting it felt to physically delve into history and put together the story of how these people lived – and died. They uncovered artifacts and remains like puzzle pieces, fitting them together to form a picture of another kind of life. Skeletons were no different from spears. It had all become a part history, so no one got sick from seeing bones. Jennifer laughed as she talked and then wondered how death can be treated so callously when considered historical. *It’s as if, when all of a person’s living relations have also died, and the memories of a person have died with them, the person’s body becomes an artifact. No one feels the loss of this person anymore, you know, hundreds of years have passed. But there’s still a sense of reverence in the digging site. These bones still deserve our respect.*
Until recently, I’d experienced death only by watching others grieve. After my Mum’s father died, she came down with what my own father called “the Bed Bug” – meaning she stayed in bed and cried and didn’t want to eat. At the time, I was too young to really understand that Grandad Seph was gone forever, and that was why my mother stayed in bed. *Why doesn’t she go to him on a plane, like we did before?* I imagine were my thoughts. *Why does she stay in bed if she wants to see Grandad? She just needs to get out of bed and then we can go and see Grandad!* But I remember feeling some sort of palpable shift and sensed deep pain in my mother, even though I didn’t understand. I called it “heartburn,” not knowing the actual meaning of that word.

Parker died when I was two or three steps above my lowest, most vulnerable point. It felt like my organs had been cleaved in half. *Hit and run. He was crossing Bates Street. They think the driver will turn himself in.* The driver didn’t. Months later I still can’t keep the image of road-kill out of my mind.

I try to feel his essence in breezes and tree rustles. I don’t. I try to believe that he’s in heaven, that we’ll meet again someday. I can’t. I think of the line of poetry, about dying with a sword in hand. I’m not sure whether or not my friend died with a figurative sword in hand. I’m not sure if it matters if I don’t believe in heaven. Pale boy, standing in the road in the dark, with a sword raised high – it’s a nice image. Nicer than roadkill, but less authentic.

I pushed memories down at first. The hurt seemed more than I could bear. Now I wish I’d photographed the way his mouth would fall slack when he concentrated on his homework. Most of Parker
seems to have been lost in the darkness of my grief. My memories feel like dry sand. It seems the more desperately I try to recall, try to clasp memories in my hands, the faster they sift between my fingers. The mourning interlude, during which I pushed thoughts of Parker from my mind, faded images of him, the way the sun fades photos. I can remember that when we went on hikes, I’d tire more quickly than he did. He’d sling me over his shoulder and joke about carrying a sack of potatoes home, making my stomach cramp from laughter. I can recall that he held my hair, then long and pale, for me one time and, stroking my back, squeezing my hand, called me a “pretty puker.” But he’s become a silhouette in these scenes. Features became fuzzy. I don’t remember if his eyes were more like the sea or more like the sky. I don’t remember how he looked when he got nervous. I don’t remember the timbre of his voice anymore.

I believe that, in a sense, all things must end because otherwise they may not be cherished the way they should, but I fear a time when Parker becomes as distant as Ancient Ethiopian bones. I’m helpless in that sense, armed only with my fuzzy memories.

They say our passed ones live on in our memories. That’s terrifying, not comforting. My memories have done an awful job of keeping Parker alive so far. Will there be anything left of him within me in a year?

****

“He died with his sword in his hand and so went straight to heaven” is a line from a poem by Taylor Mali, titled “Tony Steinberg: Brave Seventh Grade Warrior.”
Pansy
Emma Vescio, Duquesne University
I’m driving in a storm on the stretch of interstate between Lincoln and Omaha, that long curve before the river. The raindrops wash the dirt from the windshield and drown out the radio hosts, and now I’m trapped in the sheets. The sky strobes—no epileptic warning—and I see it. Driving down the road in the wrong lane, toward me, it appears to not swirl at all. The sheets no longer trap me they paralyze me. I look to my right, see my mother sleeping. Crane my head back, see my father sleeping. I say out loud “I’m not sure we’re in Kansas right now” and Jesus Christ my last unheard words can’t be a butchered *Wizard of Oz* quote. The sky cracks and in the swirling I say it again, only louder.
Siri, dictate this:
Madelyn Pospisil
Northwest Missouri State University

staring contest with the fluorescent light above me as I lay on the floor arms spread out legs crossed stretch my hips hurt I hate fluorescent lighting I keep my eyes open as long as I can they water I squint I don’t want to get up I can’t stop staring at the rectangle light emanating I uncross my legs cross my arms across my chest pretend light is not shining and pretend I’m alive and can stare as long as I want without my eyes hurting because that’s all I want for the water to stop making a trail from my eye to my ear I hate when it gets in my ear I’m not sad I’m just staring too long isn’t good for my brown eyes that white it washes them I imagine red veins creating maps I imagine my eyelashes covered in dust covering the maps undiscovered I stop imagining because the light is so bright everything is so real I just stare until it smudges
Ruffled
Anish Kumar, University of Pittsburgh
Reveal
Alexandra Wolf, University of Pittsburgh
Juggling Oranges
Angie Taylor
New Mexico State University

It was not a clasping
of fingertips at arm’s
length—you spun me
in a circle—singing

“Together Forever,” a sharp
rendering of Saturday’s Warrior.
Or the first time you erased
the space between

you and me, and your
mouth became mine, swallowing
all the air in the world—a
single ream of ribbon beginning

to fray. Nor when obedience to
a religious ideal pushed
me to kneel
at an altar, entwining

fingers in covenants I feared
to keep—promises reflected
in the gold-plated
mirrors behind our heads,
images smearing
into one, for eternity.
But in a tight
rented kitchen, the scent of

saffron and curry saturating
the matted carpet, and
fluorescent bulbs gifted
a jaundiced glow

to our daughter’s eyes, wide
in amazement as you held
three oranges in the air
twirling a seamless

circle of flame, an open
window of revelations
I’d never
bothered to see.
AN ENGINEERING ACCOMPLISHMENT OF NO MEAN PROPORTIONS

Sara Shearer
Hiram College

A two-mile long stretch of water, a sizeable body of water, two roads already under seven feet of water, another watching the tongues of progress inch forward, eight inches away, eight inches away, seven inches away, we’re not ready, we’re not ready, where else can we put 150 acres? In the hills? In the trees?

NEW ASSIGNMENT

The WPA will plant 150,000 trees for you and construct picnic tables for you

ALL FOR YOU

So you can look over the brownish blue green at where rooftops used to be while you eat your fried bologna sandwiches and your children beg to toe the water

DO NOT COMPLAIN

Because when the reservoir breathes it resuscitates the entire Portage chain so your grandmother doesn’t have to sit on the porch and stare at mud splitting in the sun like her father’s hands after a long day of making do in the basin. But that’s something we shouldn’t think about because there’s plenty of inside work now, in office buildings that look over mossy canals, under stale white light that does not break the skin or tint it darker than newsprint, and it’s beautiful beautiful beautiful water

IT LOOKS ALL-NATURAL

It’s there to feed, to give, so when you visit Grandma you won’t see unsightly brown, an abomination of brown, in your perfect town, whose slogan is “behave”

BEHAVE

Or we’ll toss you over the spillway, where you’ll lay at the bottom, looking up, like you’re in a field resting and watching a sky full of little red bobbers and swatting the fishhooks like flies

BEHAVE

BEEHIVE

BEHIND

Not anymore; never again. See, Nimisila represents two years’ labor and the fulfillment of hopes, because it’s an engineering accomplishment of no mean proportions, and its benefits will not cease with our generation.
Despite the ocean being but a retaining wall away from our windows, The cottage held us all in silence.

In the heavy darkness we could hear a sneeze from across the point, A mosquito’s wingbeats from across the room, A tiny snap as eyelashes crossed and uncrossed, blinking in a bunk-bed.

I would bring my hand closer to my face, Pupils impossibly wide, Attempting to find the pale flesh before giving up and allowing sleep To add another layer to the dark.

Then a line of light would appear 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. I in graphite
The Cottage at Tondreaus Point
Sara Shearer
Hiram College

Despite 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,

Pupils impossibly wide,

Attempting to find the pale flesh and allowing sleep

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

Wonder how the sea could be so still,
so still.

I never

once copied its windswept curves on a citrus-tinted day.
Storm Field (Foxes in the Woods)

Henry Hu, University of South Wales
Venice
Arielle Serota, University of Pittsburgh