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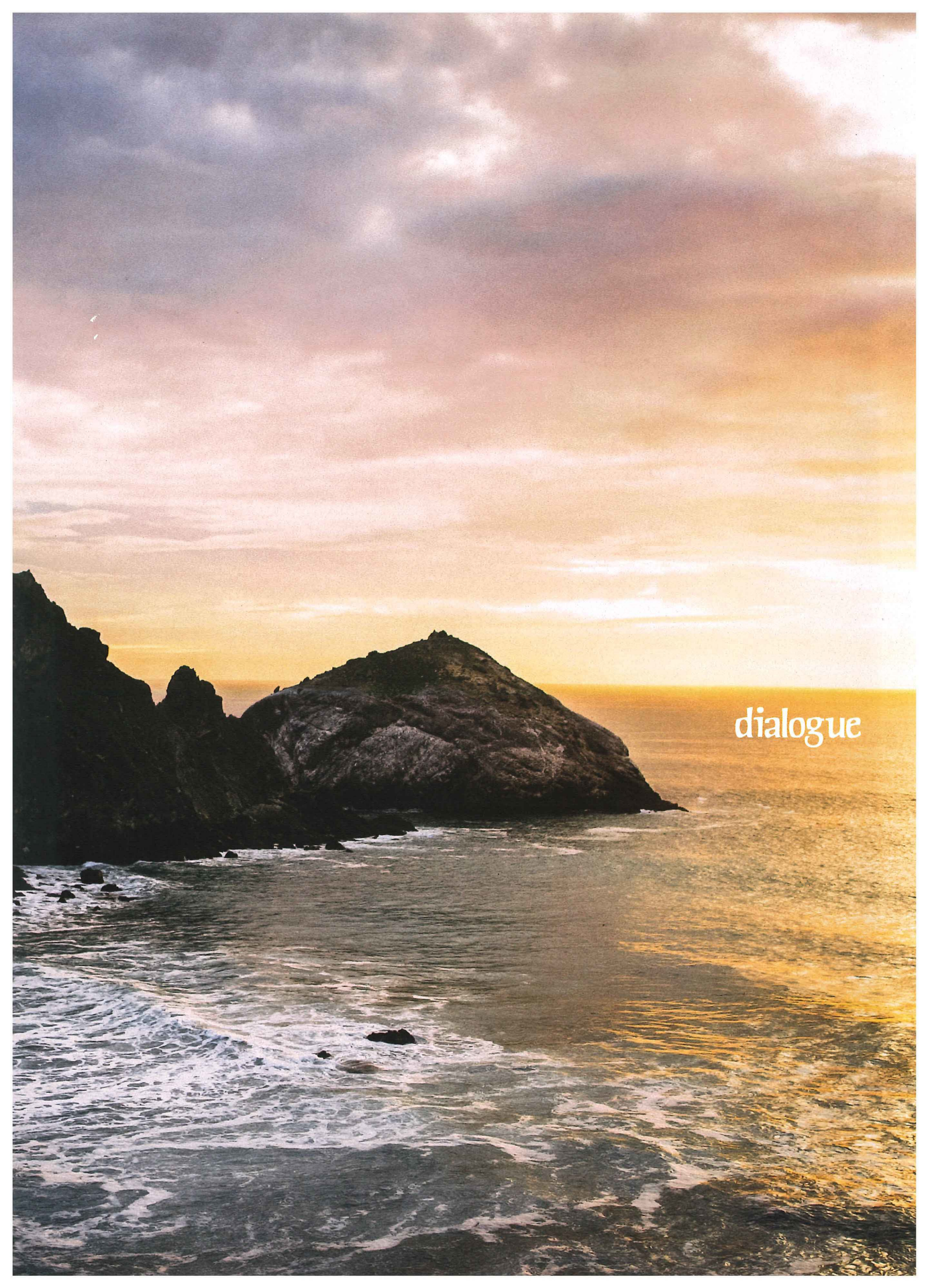
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dialogue

Calvin College's Journal of
Commentary and the Arts

dialogue

Volume 47 Issue 2

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A Note from the Editor

You wouldn't think that the Dialogue office could be a place for prayer.

Most people can't even find it. It's a small little closet in the basement of Commons Annex— no windows, no room to breathe. It's easily missed.

But I've said a lot of prayers in this tiny room.

In fact, every email, every poster, and every class visit has been a hopeful prayer for submissions of stunning artwork and powerful writing.

Flicking the lights on when I walk into the dialogue office, turning on the computers. It's always a prayer for good and worthy work.

And each published issue— even the one you are holding— has been a prayer of praise.

Dialogue isn't just a student organization. It is an admiration of the astonishing visual and literary art created by Calvin students. I'm honored to add my vision to a magazine that has published such important work since the 1970's.

And now, when I leave Dialogue and walk out of this tiny office, my prayers will change.

They will become prayers for the growth of a magazine I have poured so much of my heart into, prayers for a talented staff, for excellent and courageous editors.

Most of all, I will pray for Dialogue a powerful and lengthy future.

- Meg Schmidt, Editor-in-Chief

Notes from Layout

I think of graphic design as a puzzle, but with higher stakes and without a reference picture of the end result. Finding the place where each piece fits perfectly into Dialogue is demanding with high reward, forcing you to look at the art and writing with renewed perspective every time.

- Kendra Kamp, Layout Editor

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Excuse

Kyle Einfeld

It's been a while... I haven't written anything in weeks. I blame the weather.

I'm writing on loose leaf paper, at 2:18 AM, on a Saturday—2/21/15—while my roommate pukes his guts out in the bathroom behind a paper-thin wall next to my bed. The sound is brutal; it's like he's regurgitating his internal organs. I had a sliver of compassion and awkwardly asked if I could be of any assistance, but in his reply I only discerned weary mumbling, so I'll let him suffer in peace.

I blame the weather. For all problems.

Such is life in the arctic wasteland. Before I settled here, I never expected that the climate would get to me; however, in my mind it has developed from an innocuous facet of life into a cruel enemy. I was warned about it, but I thought I could handle it. No big deal. But when the weather tries to kill you, when the wind attempts to blast through your skin and freeze your insides, when the landscape transforms into a dirty ice-encrusted tundra, the roads

fall apart, the grass vanishes, the sun abandons us, and everything in general just sucks—you can ignore it no longer.

But that's just, like, my opinion, man.

Last semester I often walked home, slowly, alone, in the cool night. I planted one shoe after another onto empty streets, watching the night sky follow me, chasing an Emersonian high. I - unplugged - could dream. I - free - could walk. The only human contacts I experienced were the occasional headlights

that illuminated the steady black pavement and the spastic flickers of TVs sitting behind living room windows.

I had no desire to return to the place I started; no want to reach my destination. I was perfectly, honestly, content wandering in the space between.

Now I drive to avoid getting lost in a snowdrift or an avalanche. Even when I'm walking to and fro in the

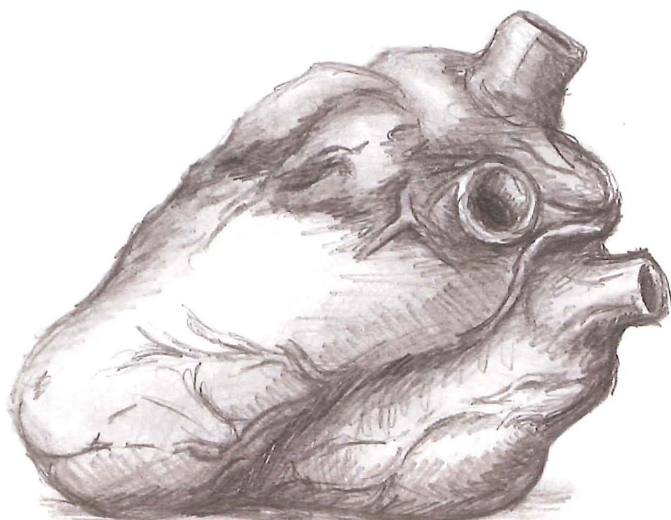
desolation of winter, I'm compelled only to look at my shoes so I may shield myself from wind and navigate black patches of ice. I travel from one place to another, working and sleeping and consuming and repeating, with no space to live in between.

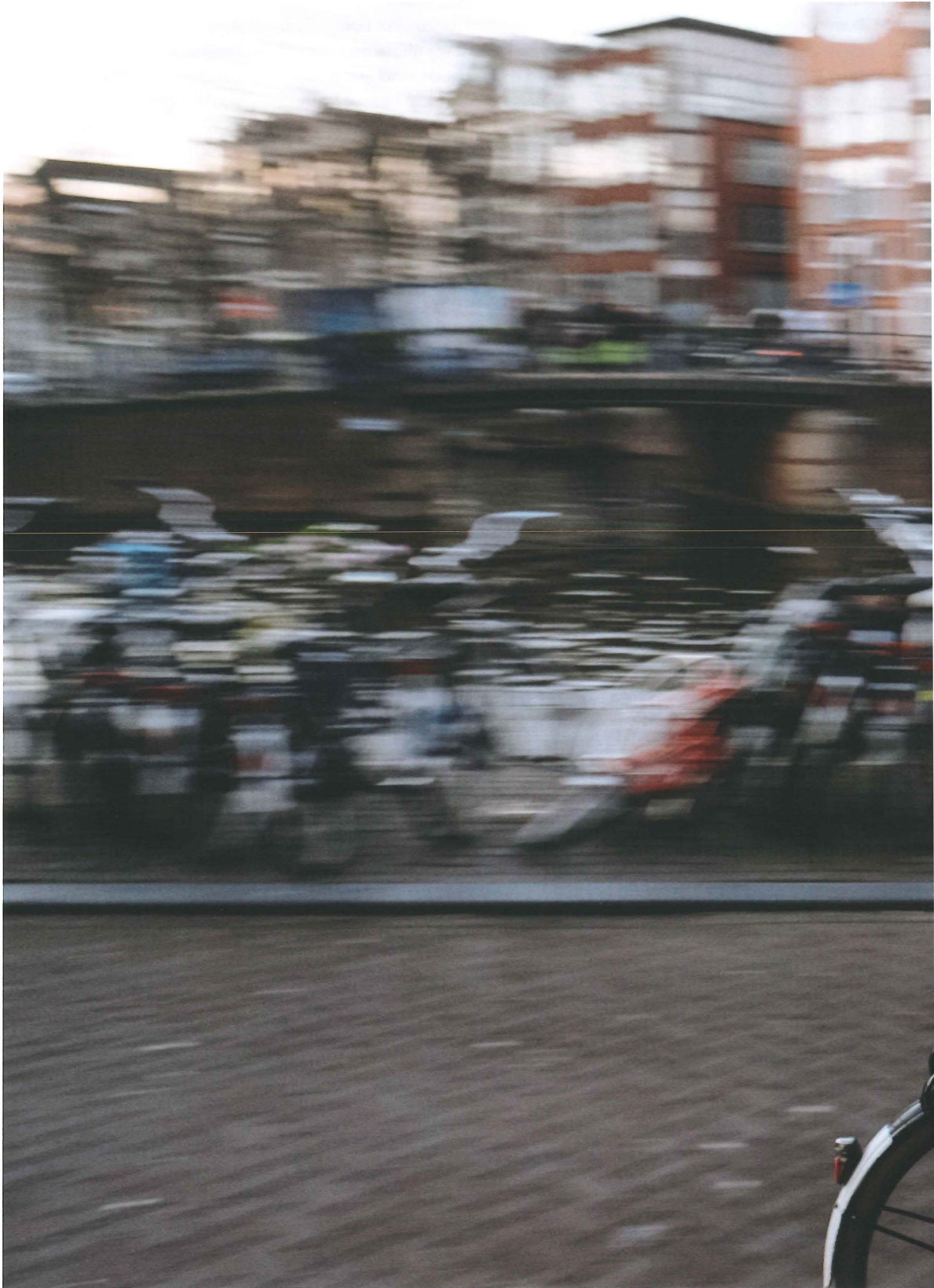
I blame the weather: for arriving late to class, for siphoning my will away, my atrophying limbs, my comatose disposition, my apathy, gloominess, frozenness.

And I know what you're thinking. Your livelihood shouldn't depend on the conditions of the atmosphere. Maybe you're right.

Look, I'm getting tired and emotional. Spring will one day sweep over the horizon like a bat out of hell. Suddenly trees will reanimate, grass will lovingly return, people might wash their cars.

And then I won't have an excuse.







Prisengracht
Matt Schepers

Check Engine Light (Abridged)

Coleson Smith

The trip commenced from the house they had lived in together for eight years. The humid, summer air clung to the brothers like their mother's words of warning to stay safe and be good. Silas responded to her like always, "I always am." His knowledge of what lay ahead relinquished any truth behind the remark.

The 2004 Windstar rested in the back drive. It had harbored the two on the move across the country and to countless other destinations. If the constant illumination of the "check engine" light didn't reveal the car's misfortune, the shoddy engine and brakes gave away its mechanical neglect. Now that the van belonged to the elder, Thomas, the front seat had become their smoking lounge. The interior's condition quickly dwindled. The fabric above each door sported a black smudge from their cigarettes. Soon, the air became choked with fumes.

It was in these summer days that Thomas found solace from the harrowing high school the brothers attended. He had always been somewhat of a social nomad, trekking from clique to clique in search of reciprocal affection, a scarcity amongst the cruelty of adolescents. But as the years passed and the bonds of others solidified, he found himself irremediably ostracized. They disowned him for things as mundane as his aesthetic eye, the lilt of his voice, the profile of his jeans.

But as Thomas and his brother shed their animosities formed in childhood they had begun to enjoy each other's company. This newfound fraternity brought with it the prospect of acceptance and mutual dependence.

During the first few afternoons he spent with his younger brother and his friends, he had begun to learn what it felt like to genuinely be wanted. The possibilities of the day produced a smile upon his lips that he hid from his brother by turning his head slightly to the left.

With cigarette in hand and knee on the wheel, Thomas inserted a CD into the player while merging onto the highway that would lead them to their friend's house. The car echoed with a ring until the eldest buckled his seatbelt.

The music sounded and the speakers that had once resonated with 90's country trios and dated rock blared with drum kits and synthesizers.

"What do you think? Jake showed it to me."

Without averting his eyes from the window scape Silas replied, "It's good," with a tone that suggested he had no interest in the conversation. His eyes were enamored with the geometries of the zooming bean fields. The proximal parallels transfixed his occipitals.

"So what's the plan today? Are we going to skim board in the creek at Grant's? I brought my bathing suit."

"Not sure. Nothing's set in stone."

Slightly perturbed, Thomas changed the subject, "Another cigarette?"

"Sure." Silas removed the pack from the driver's side cup-holder and ignited it with the car lighter that his brother had inserted into the outlet. They had now passed through the

inner city, suburbs and exurbs that seemed to signify cities like the rings on the cross section of a tree.

Despite the joy foretold of the unruly countryside, these rolling hills habituated by coniferous trees and dilapidated buildings were devoid of any accountability except for that which resided in the boys. They provided an escape from the confines of the ever-supervised city. Here the boys found peace of mind and privacy amongst the creek beds and abandoned houses. Far from the intervention of conventional law and order, they practiced few rules amongst themselves. The greatest offenses pertained to the withholding of a substance or unwarranted verbal abuse. Yet here, accountability vanished. Talking of one's feelings or vulnerabilities was squirm inducing; a subject that was avoided at all costs and when arisen, inflicted averted eyes and nervous laughter. This emotional ignorance arose as by-product of juvenile bureaucracy. Such were the costs of this freedom. This was a place to reveal unalloyed love or the comfort of apathy. Here in the winding country roads and acres of cow pastures lay a paradise or an exile for a group of adolescents.

The waling music subsided as the CD tracks proceeded and the misfiring of the van's engine became audible.

"Where is his house again?" Silas didn't answer, his attention was now directed at a text on his phone.

"Hello?"

"Oh, it's coming up on the right. You've got a ways to go."

"Oh yeah. I don't think I've been there since the last time I dropped you off."

Silas' eyes had returned to the window and he acted as if his brother hadn't said a word. He was wrapped in his own thoughts and any obligation he felt towards his brother remained with the imposed inhibitions of his mother at home.

Thomas slowed as he traversed onto a dirt road and the car rang with the panging of rocks on the wheel wells and the grinding of the worn brakes.

"Can I have Grant's number? I don't think I've gotten it yet."

While rolling down the window to smoke another of his brother's cigarettes Silas replied, "I'll give it to you later. I don't feel like taking my phone out right now," as if reaching into his pocket constituted a laborious task. Instead he inserted a CD containing his choice of melancholy music; a lull compared to the previous musical selection.

"Okay?" answered Thomas incredulously but he abstained from pressing the issue. The condition of his hair became a fixation of his hand. He now refrained from accompanying the beat of the music and the wailing had faded to a whisper. He checked his phone in hopes of discovering a text message but found none. His gray-green eyes that previously ventured to the landscape around him now were locked on the road ahead of him, longing and concerned. He was not ignorant to this realm's severing of obligation.

With the prolonged exposure to the

sun, a smell of hot rubber penetrated the van. Thomas cringed as the odor bombarded his olfactories while Silas seemed naïve to it as he took another drag from his cigarette.

"Take a right at the next driveway."

As the van veered onto the drive it passed two rusted out trucks that sat decaying in the fringes of the forest. The late afternoon sun peeked over the hills surrounding Grant's house and morphed the rustled dust into a golden haze. The sound of rushing water became audible when the van traversed onto the bridge over the infamous creek.

For a moment Thomas lost himself in the symphony of the sticks. He craned his neck to his left to view the house hummed unashamedly to this new melody. In his aurally induced euphoria a small smile again broke on his lips: things would be okay. He parked outside the house.

"So where has Jake been lately?" said Silas in an unexpectedly interested tone.

"I don't know. He hasn't texted me."

"What about Morgan? Have you talked to her much lately?"

"No not really. She's got a new boyfriend. Are Grant and Collin inside?" the elder was now tidying his hair in the rearview mirror.

"I think so." Silas diverted his eyes from a tire swing that hung from a tired limb in the distance to the condition of his fingernails.

"Well let's go in then."

But before Thomas could move from the driver's seat Silas said, "Hey. um, would it be alright if it was just us who hang out today?" the younger motioned with his head to the house, but Thomas didn't catch the subtlety.

"What did we drive all the way out here for then?" He closed his door and turned to his sibling.

"No, I mean just Grant, Collin, and I." It sounded worse when said aloud.

Thomas broke eye contact with his brother, and cast his gaze downward. "Oh, yeah. Yeah, that's cool. Maybe Morgan will text me back and we can do something." His stare became engrossed with his finger's tracing of the Ford insignia on the steering wheel. Banished from his mouth, the smile on his lips was now replaced with the slightest quiver. His fear had been confirmed.

"Okay, cool. You're sure?" The question inspired more out of protocol than actual concern.

"Yeah, it's fine."

His eyes were still motionless on the steering wheel. Any animation in his voice had now faded.

"Cool." The boy exited the passenger side door and ventured into the house, confirming his decision to remain ever content with his ignorance of his brother's need. Thomas turned the key in the ignition and made his way down the driveway to the country road. He turned up the volume of his brother's despondent music and maneuvered along the worn path, his eyes fixed on the road ahead of him.





Layers
Sara Martinie

Periphrasis

Rebekah Waalkes

i am the queen of
juice boxes and linoleum tiles, of
bleach and quilts,
of seeing person-forms in empty chairs.

i am queen of
old letters,
of dizzying envelopes, of
misplaced address books.

i am queen
of bright bright blues,
of white blonde curls pooling on my shoulder,
of sticky hands.

i am
of your sprawling corners,
your heathered-thin smile,
your blistered promise.
(i am of you)



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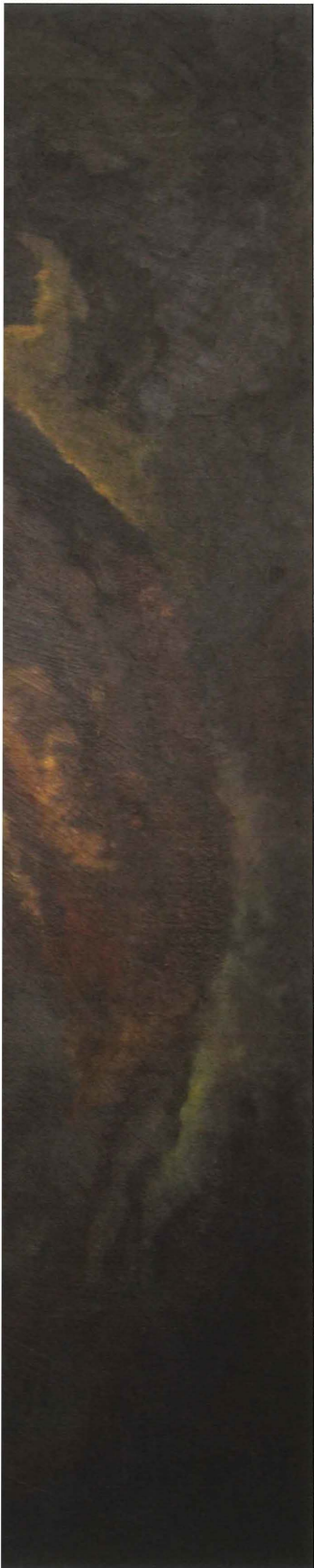
A Wanted Connection

Se Gyo Oh

A Wanted Connection
Se Gyo Oh



Chapter Four
Catlin Smits



Watercolor
Catlin Gent

The stream behind the window lattice is
murky, grey, bloated with rain.
It burbles,
infantile.

O Lord remember me purple
—I swear I used to glimmer
but I hid my glint. I buried it
in river mud.

And I cannot move, but for this
bit of blue that
tugs.

E Pluribus, Unum

Erin Koster

When the lights come up, the choir is still. The accompanist's fingertips rest lightly on the keys. The choir stands with spines straight, shoulders back, eyes forward in seamless, solemn, black-clothed uniformity. The director's arms rise through the thick silence, poised to break it with the drop of the downbeat. The audience holds its breath, prepared for the first note that presses into the silence to carry them away.

To the audience, the music arrives like a package on their doorstep: all they know about it is from a picture or a brief description, and suddenly, magically, it appears as if from nowhere in all its fresh, finished glory. They don't think about the ones who dug through the warehouse, packaged the product, shipped it across the country, and presented it to their front porch in a neat little box within three to five business days. To us, who can't even see them due to the dazzle of the stage lights, the music comes through hard work, sore feet, and long, long hours plodding step by step, over and over, through one short phrase at a time.

Choir members come in a variety of colors. There is the bass who asks about all the details and the tenor beside him who never remembers his pencil, the alto who has perfect pitch and the soprano whose score is riddled with markings. Underneath everything, the music is why we're all here. It's hard for us to breathe without it.

Every director, too, is different. His vocal warm-ups are all "ahs" and "ohs"; hers are senseless syllables jammed together into "zim-baw-zims" and "ooh-ee-ooh-ee-oohs."

They tell us to sing as if we're the official choir of the Amazon women, stepped out of Greek mythology just for this performance. They teach us how to add just a little "oh" to our "ah" vowels when we need it and remind us to spit out our consonants, but only after we've counted all the way to the rest. They raise their arms, and we breathe as one.

The audience has to listen if they want to understand. A good choir will do the work for the audience by enunciating consonants and rounding vowels so that the words sound like themselves, as drawn out as they are. But singing is not speaking, and the audience still has to listen closely. When we sing a foreign language, the choir must work harder. We must shed light on the song's meaning through sound instead of word, so that the audience can reach into understanding with the ebb and flow of each phrase. We draw them from their seats into a picture of mercy and grace.

And then the spell breaks.

One of the choir members can't resist the urge to itch his nose. Another has to brush aside that lock of hair that keeps falling into her eyes. Someone in the audience coughs. Someone always coughs. There must be something about concerts that makes people's throats uneasy, because a concert without a cough is like a day without a sunrise. It just doesn't happen.

The spell breaks when our oneness is shattered. And then we are just individual fragments standing on a stage, singing alone into darkness.

"Put your hands over your stomach."

I watch myself obey in the mirror. The girls around me do the same. I am not in choir today. This is self defense class, and we are learning how to yell.

"Now everybody take a deep breath," the instructor says.

Around me, shoulders jerk upward as the class holds its collective breath like we're waiting for an attack. In the mirror, mine stay level. The instructor turns to face us, "Does your stomach go in or out?"

The chorus is mostly made up of "in," drowning my "out." The instructor nods.

"If your stomach goes in, it's because you're breathing from your chest. When you do that, you're only filling up the top part of your lungs. It's better for you to push your stomach out and breathe from your gut so you can fill the bottom part of your lungs. Since there's more air, you'll be able to give a stronger yell."

"Don't be afraid to look fat when you sing," my high school choir teacher told us.

Titters filled the room. She smiled and continued. "You need to if you want to get a good breath. It's better for you in general to breathe that way, too, but most people don't do it naturally."

We try breathing again at the instructor's order. I take another singer's breath. More shoulders stay level this time. I don't know how to breathe with just the top part of my lungs

anymore; I've been a singer for too long. If I try, I feel like a scuba diver running out of oxygen.

We stare ourselves down in the mirror and breathe again. "Hyah!"

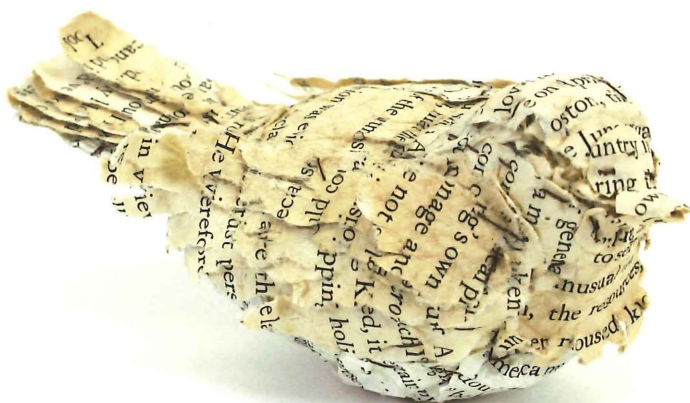
If I were not a singer, I would not be able to yell, because I would not be able to breathe.

We sing differently in choir than when we sing alone. Alone, we stand in the spotlight and shine. In choir, we must learn to disappear. We must all sing exactly the same shade of "ee" and drop the letter "t" into place at precisely the same time. But when the solo rises over the pianissimo of the rest of the choir, we get the chance to remind the audience that we are, in fact, plural. We are many individuals with one giant voice, working

together to build something new.

Singing in a choir is like building a house. It starts with scattered supplies that will eventually become different parts of the building, and first they need a solid foundation of breathing, vowel shape, pitch. The scales go up and down like scaffolding, building technique up into the house's base and frame. The notes, vowels, and rhythms are the drywall, insulation, and siding, and consonants cover the rooftop. Phrasing opens doors and closes windows. We paint on stresses and tones and cover the floors with dynamics. Unlike the house, though, the song can never be called "done." After the performance, there are still parts we know we could have done better, dynamic markings we missed and breaths we took at the wrong times. But there

are people living in the house now, and we can't take back our work. The last note rings through the auditorium or fades into the walls. The audience holds onto the feeling the piece leaves with them in the heartbeat of silence while the director's arms stay poised in the air, almost prepared to strike another downbeat. The choir remains at attention as the director's arms lower, slowly, slowly, until they come together, calm, beneath just a little smile for the silent, still performers. The audience knows that this time, it really is the end. A single pair of hands starts the applause. More pairs join in until the applause comes like rain. The house lights come up and we finally see them, these people with a hundred or thousand hands making sound together, like a choir of clapping, like us.







Levels of Darkness
Stephen Norregaard

Summer Solstice

Amanda Bublinec

Cigarettes hang from painted lips and fingertips,
smoke swirls around our eyes as we assume invincibility.
Laughter heals our minds though we're killing our bodies,
crawling into bed with lonely liars and careful fears,
Hiding behind closed doors that crack like the mossy bottle
when it slipped from your careless grasp to the floor,
In a moment that shattered our lovely existence,
our crystal charade of drug induced perfection.
Don't pretend your wrists didn't bleed like red wine
on pearly tile, or that I wasn't there to put you back together.

Hallucination in Rome

Juliana Ludema

As intercolumnar microwaves inevitably accumulate

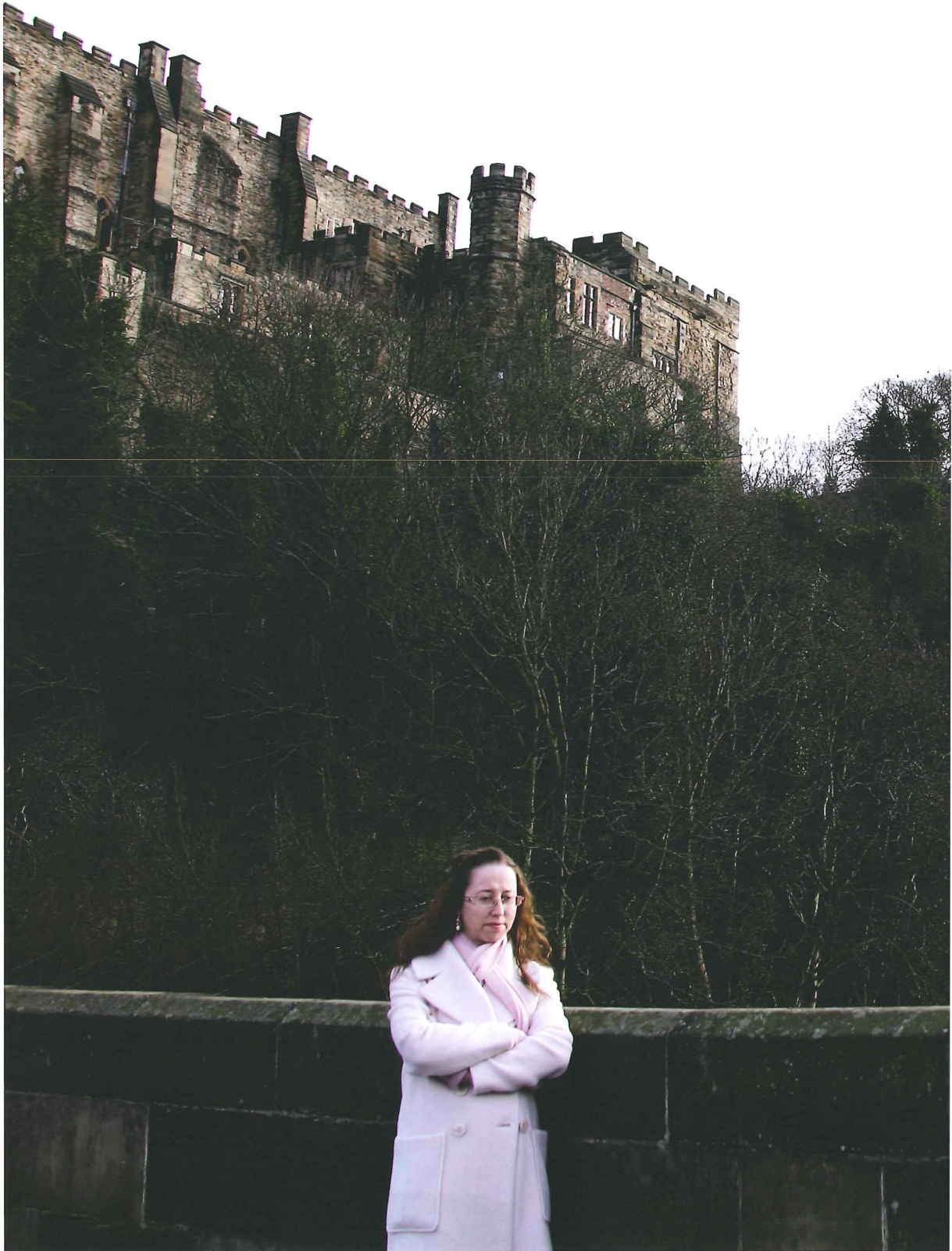
Macaroni dust and rust, fish paste and fruitcake,

Vitruvius peers, curious, trying to elucidate

Why modern inventions would dare deface

His perfect pillars' empty space







Durham
Hailey Jansson

Desecration

Kyle Einfeld

Ivy crawled from the trunk of a tree and climbed up and over the wrought iron fence. Marcus followed suit. Hundreds of headstones popped out of the mud, leaning haphazardly out of the uneven ground. The cemetery was getting overpopulated; soon the dead would be rubbing shoulders with one another. The moon provided enough light to prevent Marcus from tripping over some schlub's final resting place.

The cemetery started level with the street, but sloped gently upwards until it arrived at the crest where the grave of Moses A. Chesterfield, a civil war soldier, rested. Marcus didn't care so much about Moses; he only wanted the civil war memorabilia that probably gathered dust by his coffin.

As far as hobbies go, grave robbing is one of the less glamorous. Statues, urns, and historical relics all fetched a decent price if sold in the right place. Marcus enjoyed snatching treasures, but he also felt like he needed to leave a mark. He used a hunting knife to carve his initials somewhere on site of his escapades. He was sentimental like that. It was leaving an impression on the world; it was like Buzz Aldrin's footprints stuck eternally on the moon. He usually chose a bench, statue, or fountain, once in a while, a headstone. He wouldn't need his own headstone when he died, his name was already all over the place.

After a short climb, he reached his destination. Moses's chamber. A wrought iron gate guarded the entrance and two white slabs served as the door. The words, "A Soldier of the Civil War" marked the entrance. The gate opened without resistance. But his buzz evaporated after he

pushed back the white slabs and found that the floor and walls were bare. His mood deflated further after he opened the coffin, revealing only Moses's brittle skeleton. Stumped, he could only look into Moses's empty eyeholes and take the loss. It was possible that Moses didn't have any treasures entombed with him, but it was also possible someone else beat him to the punch.

Marcus carved his initials into Moses's skull, a jagged "MK" directly in the center of his forehead. He threw his knife back into his pack and turned to leave, but just as he passed the threshold of the gate he heard a noise rise up from the bottom of the hill. A mass of dark figures moved toward him and he could soon hear them speaking. Instead of running, he panicked and squirmed back through the gate and doorway, closing it behind him. The voices grew louder, and to his dismay, the figures stopped only a few feet from the crypt's entrance. Through the crack between the door, Marcus pressed one eye and could clearly see them.

One had a horse head mask. Another had a gas mask, another a bird's. Those wearing masks were covered with heavy red robes. At least seven had blindfolds and only wore boxers. They carried buckets in one hand and gallons of milk in the other.

Then the horse spoke up. "Alright fresh-meat, you've made it this far, but that was obviously the easy part. It's time to prepare for a memorable night. Put down the buckets and remove the blindfolds." The seven shivering ones did just that. They all gaped about in disbelief.

"Aw, Jesus," said a scrawny kid.

"Shut up" shouted the bird. The kid yelped as someone pelted him hard in the nose with an egg. "How many times to we have to tell you to not speak unless spoken to? Go take a run down the stairs and come back up."

As they waited on the maggot, Marcus finally connected the dots. He was witnessing a hazing ritual. The dark figures were just a bunch of kids, not necessarily a threat. He stayed in his hiding space anyways.

Maggot appeared again. "If you survive the night," Gasmask said, "you will be considered more than our teammates; you will be our brothers."

Marcus couldn't help but become fascinated with the proceedings. He had never experienced an initiation like this first hand. More members moved into his view, picked up the buckets and circled around behind the new recruits. They ordered the recruits to fall to their knees.

"As a Knight," the horse cried, "You will learn to bathe in the blood of your enemies on the fields of battle."

Simultaneously, the older members dumped buckets of liquid over the freshman. They all yelped and recoiled as red splashed over them and doused their bare bodies in stickiness. Marcus guessed it was fake blood, but he couldn't be sure. "On the fields of battle, you must ignore the limitations of your bodies. Move past discomfort, and most of all pain."

Yeah," the bird said, "just start drinking the milk. Really chug those suckers down." The freshmen drank so fast it began streaming down their cheeks.

"Don't stop! Knights never relent," said the bird as Maggot gasped for air. He shrieked in pain as the bird lashed at him with what looked like a power chord. It made a thud as the plug met bone. Marcus shifted uncomfortably. He had his knife, but there might've been thirty of them - ignorant enough to pick a fight.

"Now run down the steps. Then back up and around old Moses's grave." The freshmen disappeared as the rest of the group began to howl and jeer. As they returned the bird lashed at them with his whip and the others bombarded them with eggs. They began to drink the milk again after looping around the crypt. "Get used to it young ones. We are doing this until you each finish your gallon."

About halfway through the gallons of milk, the kids started puking. They puked on graves. They must have spread milky spew all over the pathway leading to the crypt. Still, the leaders did not relent, whipping them even more furiously. Marcus still did not move.

The night dragged on and Marcus was baking in his own sweat. The coolness didn't seem to reach inside the crypt. Marcus checked the clock on his phone discreetly. The last kid, the little guy, finally drained his jug after literally an hour and half of misery. But after cheering and applause, the horse quieted the crowd. "That was decent freshies. But now the final challenge. Each of

you must walk into that crypt and kiss the bones of old Moses." The crowd whooped. The freshman groaned.

Marcus felt his face heat up. He decided to stay completely still and he carefully backed as far as he could into one of the dark corners adjacent to the door. He laid his knife and backpack at his feet and gripped his shovel in preparation.

Maggot stepped into chamber. The kid shook and mumbled to himself. "It's so wrong. So freaking wrong. How could they do this to a brother?" The kid was lathered in blood, sweat, milk, and egg. He moaned and placed his hands on the edge of the casket, which Marcus realized he had neglected to shut. The kid bent over and hurled into Moses A. Chesterfields skeleton.

"Oh, God," the kid mumbled. The group outside roared with laughter. The kid turned around. It took a moment to register Marcus standing still in the corner. But when he did, he erupted in screaming terror. Marcus clenched his shovel and leapt out into the open air. "How dare you desecrate my grave," he shouted like a lunatic. Before he could finish his sentence all the Knights had already turned tail and bolted down the hillside in different directions, tripping over gravestones and rolling down staircases. Marcus continued flailing madly until each figure faded into the night.

Stunned, yet proud, Marcus turned back to the crypt to retrieve his backpack. But as he walked back into the crypt, he felt something sharp poke at his side. The kid. Maggot had his knife. He took a step back towards the door and the kid

stepped with him, keeping the point of the knife at his midsection.

Marcus stared into his wild eyes. The kid was baring his teeth and tears flowed down into his open lips. He had welts and gashes where the whips had torn away skin. Real blood was mixing with the fake.

"Who the hell are you?" He said.

"Hold on, I'm on your side. I was just here. You know, to enjoy the view."

"You think this is some goddamn joke?" The kid said, trembling. "You were here the whole goddamn time and you just watched?" He pressed the knife a bit harder and Marcus was forced to step backwards out of the crypt. "You're just as sick as them."

"No, I'm not," Marcus shook his head.

"You and everybody else watching. Like it doesn't matter. Well it does matter. How can you do this to a brother?" He surged forward another step and Marcus's heart clanged in his chest. Then, the kid lowered the knife and walked past Marcus like he wasn't even there. "How can you do this to your brother?" Maggot faded into the blackness along with the hunting knife and backpack.

Once again, Marcus was alone. Now, the cold night seemed more silent than ever. Exhausted, he let himself sink into the graveyard. He let his mind wander. Suddenly, like never before, he envisioned all the spectators underground. He was sitting on them—right now. He grew a bit dizzy.

Maybe it was the puke everywhere.





Octopus Ink

James Li



Six Nude Studies
Catlin Smits

A Likeness

Rebekah Waalkes

Seurat - - -

I am seven years old, at the Met in New York. I don't remember anything except seeing the dots—wanting to see them close—and being told that I could not. The painting is fairly mediocre from afar, but up close, as the tiny points fragment and illuminate, I can see the dots layering flat colors into fully fleshed people.

I am entranced, I must get close. I am tired from walking and wearing flip-flops, which my whole family said was a terrible idea, but I cared about fashion as a seven-year-old homeschooler, so no way in hell was I about to wear tennis shoes with shorts like the other kids, *okay?*

"Too close!"

Two words from my mother, and I am throwing a tantrum in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Stained Glass - - -

I am ten years old, set free from the grasp of my parents and siblings, wild and wandering through a small art museum in Toledo. My goal is to get lost, irrevocably and irresistibly alone in the deep blue galleries and winding marble stairs. As soon as we were through the heavy doors, my family separated. We will find each other by some marble fountain when we are done—in hours, probably.

I twist into the galleries, skimming past every piece in my goal to be separate. I fly past the tribal masks and sarcophagi, the Early American wing and the post-modern art, alone and uninterrupted. No docents ask

me where my parents are—if I don't linger, I won't be caught. I slip down the sculptural staircase into the basement, the dark medieval wing. There is a hallway ahead—completely dark so patrons can see the stained glass windows of churches lit from behind. I creep into it slowly, slowly, and stop. I see him.

My father stands completely alone, facing the stained glass, silent tears running down his face as he looks at the window—blue and red glass, bright in the brokenness of pieces, dark black lines of connection, and in the middle, a shrunken Christ stretched out on a dark brown cross.

I slowly step back around the corner and leave, up the stairs, through the Victorian wing, past the fountain.

Van Gogh - - -

I am nineteen, in the National Gallery in Washington, DC, with my mother and sister. My brother and dad are apartment shopping—Mike is moving to DC this summer for graduate school. He is officially not ours. The theme of our trip.

We will have no more sleepovers in Mike's dingy Pittsburgh house, no more drives together back to Ohio for breaks, no more arguing about who gets the room I took over when he left for college. We are here to find him a new home, a new center to his ever-starry orbit.

My mom and Kara and I are exhausted from wandering through the city, and so we do something we never do in art museums—sit. Just the three Waalkes women for once.

We sit for hours in the basement of the National Gallery, reveling in the air conditioning and lively company. We talk about next year, when Kara will come join me at Calvin College and when Mike will move down here to DC and I will stay put and what will his weekends be like and what will ours be like and this is such a season of possibility, my mother says.

After hours, when we are finally ready, we ascend the stairs into the real gallery. We walk through together, stopping at the same pieces. We sit on plush couches and discuss the symbolism in each Annunciation, marvel at the grand mountains of early America, study early Cassatt sketches, marvel at an exhibit of Wyeth's windows.

We three, a trinity of exhaustion and July humidity and blistering shoes, are pulled deep into the air conditioning and marble walls, and lured in even further by the words 'New Arrival' emblazoned on a sign.

Of course we must see—it is a Van Gogh. A favorite of all three of us, since the early days of homeschooling and my mom teaching us art history in a co-op. We drift through the Impressionism wing until we find it: a teal and blue and green and yellow masterpiece of light. The colors swirl together; the brushstrokes are thick, pushing layers of paint into ridges and rivulets that I long to touch.

A simple, bright picture of the countryside—we cannot look away. While the room bustles with visitors, we are immobile in the expanse of noise and movement. We stand still, transfixed and together.





Paynim
Jack Van Allsburg

Avé

Julia LaPlaca

"But, DAD! Dogs pee on this rock!"

"Just sit down and try to look holy," he replied.

I slumped next to the rock. I was wearing my bathrobe. Dad peered through the camera he had placed on a tripod; it wobbled a little because the sidewalk was uneven.

"Don't you think the Johnsons will mind that we are in their front yard?"

Dad didn't answer. He looked through the camera. "Ok," he turned to my little brother, "Push this button when I say."

He nodded.

Dad looked at me, "Just hold the baby." I grasped the doll's foot and rolled my eyes (I have a good eye roll— when I can get away with it).

Dad walked over; he was wearing his bathrobe too; his t-shirts and shorts clashed beneath. My summer clothes were getting sticking under my white, fluffy robe. It was September, but still warm. And, maybe I imagined it, but the pee-rock was whiffy.

"You know, I really do see dogs peeing on this rock. And I don't really look Jewish."

"You'll be fine." he smiled

I think he was enjoying this.

Dad sat on the rock and crossed his legs his ankle on the opposite knee. He held the baby forward over his open lap. I knelt— smack against the pee rock-- and gazed at the doll.

Dad yelled, "Ok! Push the button."

Dad removed my scowl in the final picture. It wasn't the first time my siblings and I had helped him with one of his illustrations. He liked to take pictures and then draw from those. He said it was best to draw from life, but he didn't have time for that. At least photos gave him a sense of proportion.

For a mural in the same series, Dad took pictures of himself dancing with a stuffed animal aka a "shepherd dancing with a sheep" in the front yard.

THAT attracted some attention. My mom got a phone call from Rhonda, our concerned neighbor: "Hello! Just calling to say Hi! AND is that YOUR husband out front hugging a stuffed dog??"

It was.

When Mary, sensing a glory beyond her control, turned around to the fatal words "AVE" did she know that moment inspired centuries

of scrutiny? Forget the centuries of art history— what WOULD the neighbors have said about such a scandal?

"Well, well well!," a first-century Rhonda purrs, "That nice little Mary down the street seems to be putting on, ahem, a little weight, hmm?"

"I know!" Gladys Kravitz hollers from her back porch, "And did you see how she was just whisked away one day to that cousin of hers-- mighty convenient."

Rhonda's eyes narrowed, "I always blame the man in this situation."

"Ha!" Gladys leaned farther over the fence, "It takes TWO to Tango." And isn't this Mary-girl the one with a cousin? You know, the dame with a bun in her 70-year-old oven."

"No, you don't say? Sheesh! What a family."

"Will wonders never cease!"

Mary was from a small town. It couldn't be avoided. She was the oddest thing to have happened there and everywhere.

All generations have called her story blessed; and we can't stop looking-- still. We scrutinise the story with the ferocious curiosity of Gladys Kravitz intrigued by an unbelievable story. In it, we return to a divine mystery mixed with blood, sweat, tears, and urine.

What a picture you make, blessed Virgin— the magnification of where God meets man.

My dad's nativity illustration hangs in a church now; and Mary, to my blushing chagrin, looks just like me. The lines of the painting blur and sweep— subdued and indistinct. But there's no disowning the prominent nose that leans over the Christ child-- or my white, whiffy bathrobe.

But can we— poor artists and imitators (a whiney twelve-year-old slumped on a pee-rock), can we ever really paint you— the invisible hidden within the visible? Eternal truth buried in a slice of antiquity?

Are these scraps of magnificence, story, and song enough to give us a sense of proportion— to break our earthly distractions, attitudes, and questions?

Scatter the pride in the imaginations of our hearts and let us imitate your down-to-earth obedience, and magnify the ponderings of your heart (no matter what Gladys Kravitz may think).







God's Road
Britt Botterman

The Path to Loneliness

Corry Remy

The sting from your hand still reverberates upon my face, as the blood from contact mingles with my tears. Are you even ashamed, or is the blame all mine? You inhale quickly, while you shove your hands into your pockets, turning your face so I can't see your eyes. I want you to see me. I want you to see what you have done. Somewhere in the distance, dwindling notes of Coldplay can be heard. You begin to speak but quickly stop your tongue, pretending to be engrossed in the skyline. Your jaw bone thuds in and out. In and out. In and out. A game you often like to play. You lift your hands and gently glide them over your face, swiftly revealing the tips of your tattoo peering out from the edge of your sleeve. I remember when you got it. You were so proud because you designed it yourself. Are you still proud? Do you still feel manly? My blood runs until it pools in the corners of my mouth. I don't make any movement to wipe it away. It seems as though I cannot stop anything these days. You start to scuff your shoe, back and forth upon the gravel. The rhythm is branded into my mind, like the ticking of a clock. Please. Don't. But you keep moving your shoe, back and forth anyways. A car passes, illuminating your face for mere seconds, just long enough for me to see the scratches in the dusky light. I hope you're hurting too. The car's taillights flash red as it slows to make the corner. Red means stop. My pants are red. But you never cared for rules, now did you? You begin to run your hands through your hair, while admiring the ground. You might as well be looking in the mirror. A breeze runs through the space between us, making you shudder. You are cold. I feel my blood trickling down my

chin until it drops onto my chest, reddening my t-shirt. You gave me this shirt, do you remember? It was the day you surprised me with a day trip to Pentwater. I loved that day. Church bells begin to chime: dong, dong, dong. And for the first time, I feel regret for the cross that dangles from my neck. There is no God. You turn your head and nod in response to a runner that passes us by. How are you fine? You begin to pop your knuckles, a stage in your process of relaxation. I try to breathe, but the hand that once clamped down upon my mouth makes everything harder. In response, you sigh deeply. You finally look at me. However, you skip over all the bad and go straight to my hands. I wonder if you notice that the paint on my thumbnail is chipped. "Baby, look." Don't worry, I am doing nothing but looking. It is you who is yet to see. You reach for my hand, and I give it to you lifelessly. With it elevated in the air, my bracelets fall to reveal oval shaped marks. Marks that your fingers fit upon like perfectly matching puzzle pieces. Your hand smoothly glides until our palms lay side by side, and then you twist them until they're interlocked. I wish you would have just gone slowly. A car pulls in the driveway and blares its horn. You look over me and smile. When you step closer, I flinch, causing anger to flare in your eyes. Your grip on my hand tightens as you pull me to your side. "It's just our little secret." You push me away and release a little laugh as a gust of anguish leads me to moan. "Don't wait up, okay?" I've waited too long. I've always been waiting for you to finish. You turn away from me, and I watch your back as you move further away. Will you tell them? Over the dwindling notes of Coldplay, I hear a faceless voice ask, "What happened

to her?" And then I hear that all too familiar voice reply, "She went down. Hard." Your maniac laughter matches the squeal of the tires as the car pulls out into the street. For an instant, I imagine a car coming and it being too late for you, but you escape seamlessly. I wait until you are no more than a speck in the distance before I turn to walk into the house. What now? I open the door to find her sitting on the couch, watching another movie that turns out fine. She looks up and asks, "Did you he go?" I nod my head as the hand that clamped down upon my mouth still hinders its use. "Huh? I did not hear him leave." No one ever hears anything. I walk into the bathroom and stare at myself in the mirror. An endless void is all who stares back in return. I watch the blood trickle downward as water washes it gently away. After patting my face dry with a towel, I remove my tarnished shirt. Glancing up, I find the cross standing out starkly against my bare skin. I gently guide my hands to release the necklace's clasp, and I watch it as the silver vanishes into the company of used feminine products and Q-tips. I pull on my black, Hemingway shirt and grab the keys to my car. Putting my Cabriolet's top down, I look at the sun just starting to melt. As my engine roars to life, I think back to how you could never drive a manual. As I pull out into the street, Coldplay takes over my stereo. As I drive, no thoughts run through my mind excluding the continuous repetition of the word, "fine." I pull into our spot. The one where we would sit in your car and watch the sun morph into nothing. You said you loved me. A man with his dog was walking by, but stopped when he noticed me. "Are you okay?" I am fine. "Are you sure?" Yes. I'd just rather be alone.



Looking Up
Claire Vanden Berg

Pink Polish

Chloe Selles

She sheathes her nails in
bright pink polish
studded with sparkles
(for extra shine)

that cracks
and peels

shedding pink
dust wherever
she goes.

Her sturdy fingers scrape
dried food from plates,
Caustic Antiseptic
Stings fingertips,
pink shreds cling to sewn threads,
nestle in hair-roots.

Each night, in rough,
erratic clots,
she coats –
Over the chips and chinks,
patching the pink
Blockade:

a tacky veneer over
a fixed transparency.

Frail

Stephanie Bradshaw

A girl stands before an empty mirror. She wears no shirt, only a pair of dark, slim jeans.

Strength: she has increased the weight on all of her exercises. She has not seen any of the other girls lift quite as much as herself. Do the guys watch her? What do they think of her?

She cannot look at her eyes in the mirror, but she follows the rippling skin on her back as her arms raise above her head. The bones move in slow fluid motion, but there is no visible sinew, no muscle. No tendons pulse. Not like the guys.

She flexes her arm... her neck... her abs... The mirror reflects no difference, no bulges, only the oddly defined marks of bones. She runs a hand over her bicep and feels the rigid threads beneath.

Strength is there – invisible.

Turning sideways,

she is appalled by the distinction of her ribs,

and quickly pulls on a shirt

taking an oath

never to let

anyone

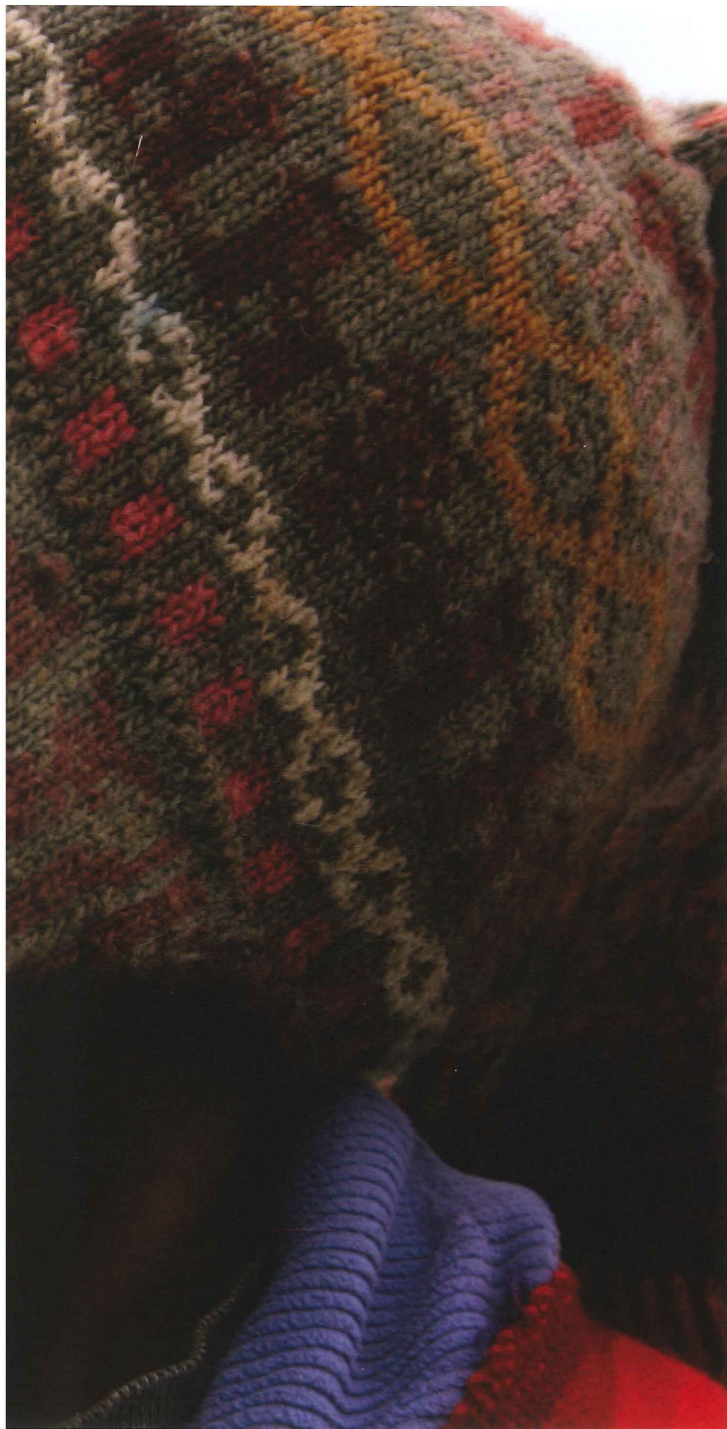
see.



Mirror Mirror
Christina Vera



Dreaming
Maria Risanger



Imuoto
Erin Koster

Her fingers have pressed trees
into precise, practiced creases,
branched out their long necks
and pushed their bright,
dainty leaves into flight.

Silence and stillness
spin them ever
so slowly;
a mere breath
makes them tremble.

They dangle in their quiet world
above, my scarce fraction
of a senbazuru, my calm,
stately companions,
my ever-present paper peace
hovering overhead.



Fahrrad
Jonathan Manni

A Memoir of Water and Blood

Rachel J. House

I suppose it began at the river; I suppose it was my Jordan that I crossed; I suppose it was a slow sinking, but no worries, I can swim or float - is there a difference? I can see it - of course I can. The small girl, ruddy face, curly hair entwined in the breeze, dirt-covered shirt, muddy sneakers, standing at the edge of the river, above the dam, before the turbines. Standing, balancing, tipping - is there a difference? "I'll jump," she screams, her small voice muffled by the water. Say something! So I said something, and she stepped away from the Acheron; the memory was engraved into my skull.

I suppose I remember the river because no one should be forced to face the roaring sea without a steady voice shouting amidst the waves that they too can walk on water. I suppose I saw "mine" written in the sand on the bank of the Jordan. Now that I come to think of it, it may have said "mene."

- - -

If you look for my town on a map, you will see water: lakes and rivers, and possibly - if you put your face close enough to the paper so that you can smell its age - you can just make out the thin outline of my town. A part is mine, for I have claimed it, or it has claimed me.

- - -

Blood ebbs and flows like water; pity, the water has turned to blood. It turned red with our prayers and with our cries and with our wars and with our love and with our famines and with our vogue. Water ebbs and flows like blood. Pity my blood hasn't turned to water; her's almost did.

- - -

When I was younger, I poured buckets of water into my sandbox to create streams and ponds for my Barbies to swim in. I crafted beach chairs out of mud and umbrellas out of leaves. I remember that one day I forgot to cover my masterpiece, and it rained. The streams became rivers and the ponds lakes. The Barbies drowned in the flood. The mud dirtied the water, and the leaves floated gently on top. They looked like lilies.

- - -

I suppose it will never end, but if it does, it will be fitting that it does so in blood or water - is there a difference? I suppose I was born in blood and raised in water. I suppose I may still have sand between my toes.





Oosterschelderkering
Matt Schepers

Reflections

Lauren DeHaan

Lavender. Honeysuckle. Bare feet.

It's June.

Anna tiptoes from one stone to another, careful not to step on the earthworms sliding across the slick surface. The air hangs heavy with summer rain. The rolling clouds begot thick, rumbling thunder, like the inside of a grandfather's belly.

The linens hang on a string fastened between two birches. Anna grabs one piece after another and throws them into her basket.

She scurries inside as rabbits and mice scurry to their nests and burrows. Once out of the rain, she removes her sunhat revealing tight, crimson ringlets. She dabs their ends with a cloth.

"Did you get it all?" calls her grandmother from the back of the small cottage. She is 72 years old, no longer beautiful but retaining a former debutant air. Sagging skin detracts from her lively green eyes. The pigment has long since left her own ringlets.

"Yes," replies Anna, glancing out the kitchen window at the line to make sure. The garden is different in the rain. More lush. She loves it. Loves all those summers in the garden. The smell of dirt and tomatoes. The earthen smells seep into the little cottage. Worms, rosemary, fresh bread. Anna reaches for the tea kettle, fills it with water, and places it on the stove.

"Anyone want tea?" Neither of the women respond but she takes out three mugs anyway.

"I put in some extra sugar for you, sugar," she says as she hands the last mug to Amy, who is sitting in her wheelchair by the door.

Silence. It's been this way for eight months now. Things were better right after the accident. Amy didn't stop talking until a few weeks later, then weeks of silence turned into months. As the seasons changed she retreated further into herself. Anna blames herself and her two broken ribs. Only two. Only ribs.

Their mom was killed on impact, but their dad held on four agonizing days. Anna remembers the machines, the harsh smell of the hospital floor polish. The bed pans and hospital robes. Overly sympathetic nurses.

The cottage is always warm, never florescent. Natural. Light.

"Maybe when it stops raining you two can head down to the church and pick up the pies I ordered?" says their grandma.

"How about it, Amy?"

Silence.

Anna knows she doesn't like going to that church. Anna doesn't like it either. Too many memories.

The rain stops a few hours later, so Anna pulls on her rain boots and grabs her sweater. It's a warm day but she knows it will be cold inside the church. She grabs a sweater for Amy as well.

"We're heading out to get the pies," Anna shouts from the door. Amy is still reading her book about arachnids but Anna is ready to finish their task. "Do you want to take the book with you?"

Amy places the book on the coffee table and waits for Anna to push her out the door. They head down the sloppy gravel road. Anna tries to avoid the puddles but some are

inevitable. The wheels of the chair kick up little pebbles as they go. Anna's muscles burn. Her calves stretch into ever smaller angles with the ground as she pushes forward. The walk is long. Most people would drive.

The sun makes reflections in the small pools of water, filling the potholes. Anna pretends it is light reflecting off small fish. They move forward, one girl pushing the other.

The church itself is a small, white building with eight stained glass windows, four on either side. The doors are wide open and Anna can feel the cool air seep out of the blue sanctuary.

Mrs. McCoy is sitting at a large folding table in the narthex with pies stacked all around in white boxes.

"How are you girls doing today?" she asks.

"We've come to get the pies," Anna replies. They had ordered one peach and one blueberry. Both Amy's picks.

While Mrs. McCoy finds their grandmother's name on the list, Anna looks at the windows. The sun is shining through now, coloring the dark, wood pews. The glass isn't in any particular design. The windows in their church back in the city all depict different biblical scenes. These are just glass. Beautiful in their arrangement of colors, but lacking meaning. Anna thinks maybe that is the point.

Amy is looking too. Their mom had once said looking at those windows were like looking into the mind of God.

Anna wonders what Amy thinks of God now.

"Here you go, dear," says Mrs. McCoy as she hands Anna two white boxes.

"Thanks," says Anna.

"How is physical therapy going, Amy?" asks Mrs. McCoy.

Silence. Anna shifts her weight from one foot to another and looks past Mrs. McCoy back to the sanctuary.

"It is going well," she responds for her sister.

Mrs. McCoy gives a warm smile. Anna knows she is no stranger to suffering. Anna had noticed when the color left Mrs. McCoy's cheeks five years ago, the day her son was killed in Iraq. It only returns when she is in the kitchen. She bakes every evening as if he will walk right in and fill his stomach with three servings of her famous pot pie. Anna pictures the tranquil Mrs. McCoy clearing his unused plate night after night.

"We have to go now," Anna continues.

"Goodbye, dears. Tell your grandmother I'll see her at knitting club."

Anna and Amy head back down the crumbling gravel road.

"You can't be silent forever," Anna says, "and you were just rude to Mrs. McCoy. She needs help right now, too."

This isn't the first time Anna has scolded Amy. Incidents have been piling up. A harsh word after supper, a pointed glance at the grocery store.

Amy moves her hands from her lap to the sides of the chair. Her back becomes rigid.

"You don't understand." Amy grips the tops of the wheels on her chair so that they stop.

Anna takes a step back. She is relieved. Annoyed. She likes her sister's voice.

"What don't I understand? Because I'm pretty sure we were in the same accident. They were my parents too."

"You got back up."

"You didn't try hard enough."

"Why bother?"

"I'm sick of your pity party."

"I'm sick of you looking at me like that."

Anna knows her sister is angry, but she doesn't want to stop. These are things that should be said.

"Look at you like what? Like you don't do anything?"

The afternoon sun is making everything warmer. Beads of sweat trickle down the back of Anna's neck. The humidity causes her thighs to stick to each other under her dress.

"I don't see God in those windows," Amy breaks the quiet. "I look every Sunday. Mom didn't know what she was talking about." Her hands fall back to her lap and the muscles in her back loosen.

Anna realizes that is it for now. She grabs the rubber handles of the chair once again. Peace. Setting sun.

Anna wakes up around 5:30 the next morning. She grabs a light jacket, slips on her rain boots, and quietly leaves the cottage.

She used to take early morning walks with her father. He would say that seeing the first light of every day is a way of showing thanks to God. Anna anticipates the first light. She makes her way toward the church, hopes it isn't locked. She is surprised to find that one of the church doors is ajar. The sun is just coming up. A brilliant sunrise, the kind they sing about in hymns. She slips through the door into the cool building. Shivers.

There are flowers left over from a baptism the week before. They are fading, just like the darkness. The day coming into focus.

Anna looks to the sanctuary and stops. There, standing in the pastel light of the early sun through the stained glass, is a girl. For a brief, wondrous moment, she thinks it is her mother. The girl's long, pale hair twists in a single braid down her back. She is tall, beautiful. Anna looks at Amy with wonder. Her arms are raised towards the cross, her white, linen dress cascades around her body to the floor. She is still. Frozen. Minutes pass. Amy's dress becomes reflective as the sun strengthens. She is bathed in a mosaic of light. The colors fall around her body in no particular pattern.

It has been a year since Anna has seen her standing. Anna slips back out.

By the time she gets home, the morning has really begun, and she is angry. Livid. Amy is hiding. She thinks of all the silence. The stupid wheelchair. The icy sanctuary. The garden is warmer. Natural.

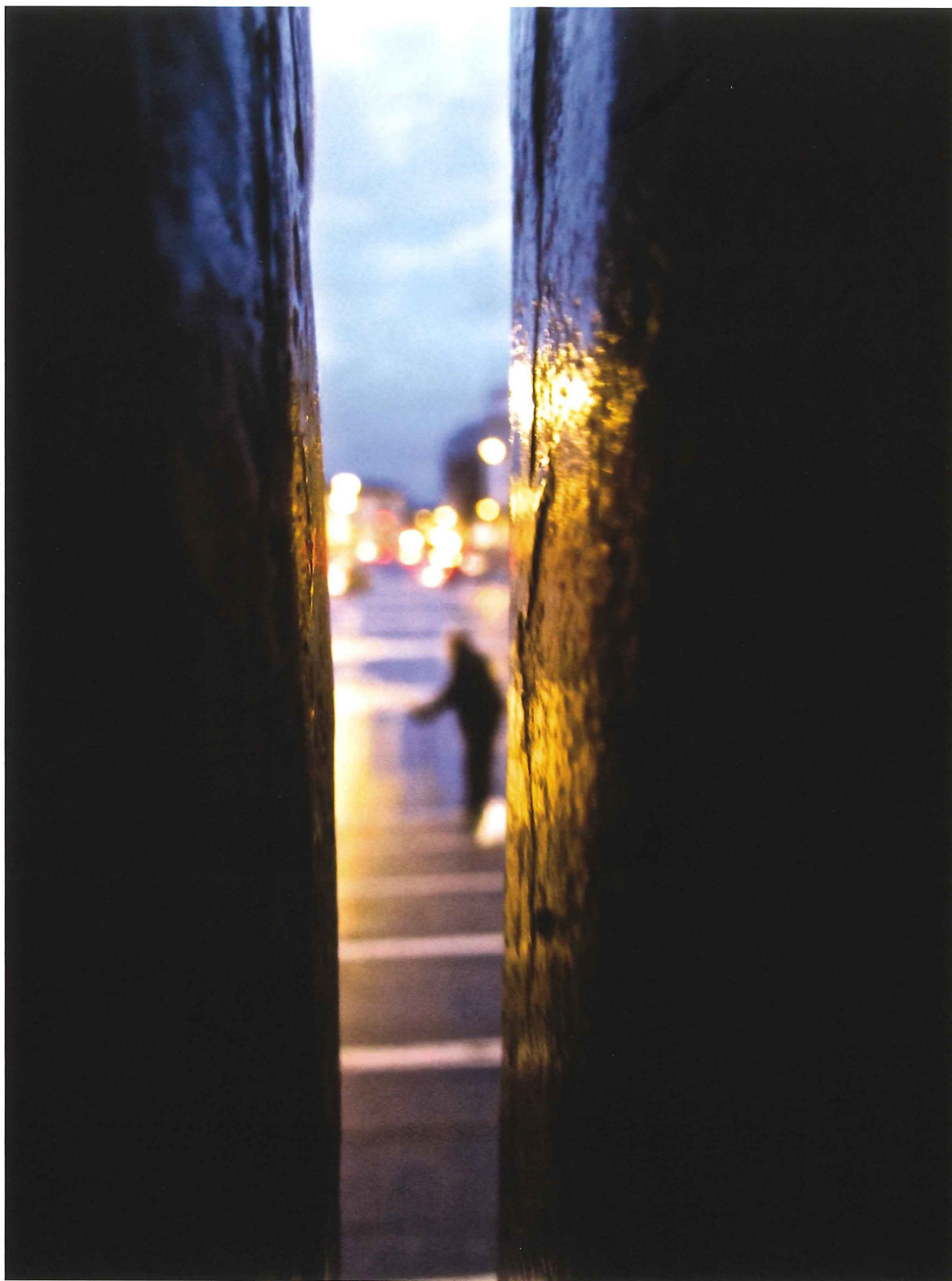
By the time Amy comes rolling up the road in her wheelchair, Anna has established her own kind of quiet. A bitter seed has been planted.

Anna waters the lavender plants, the honeysuckle. It is June.

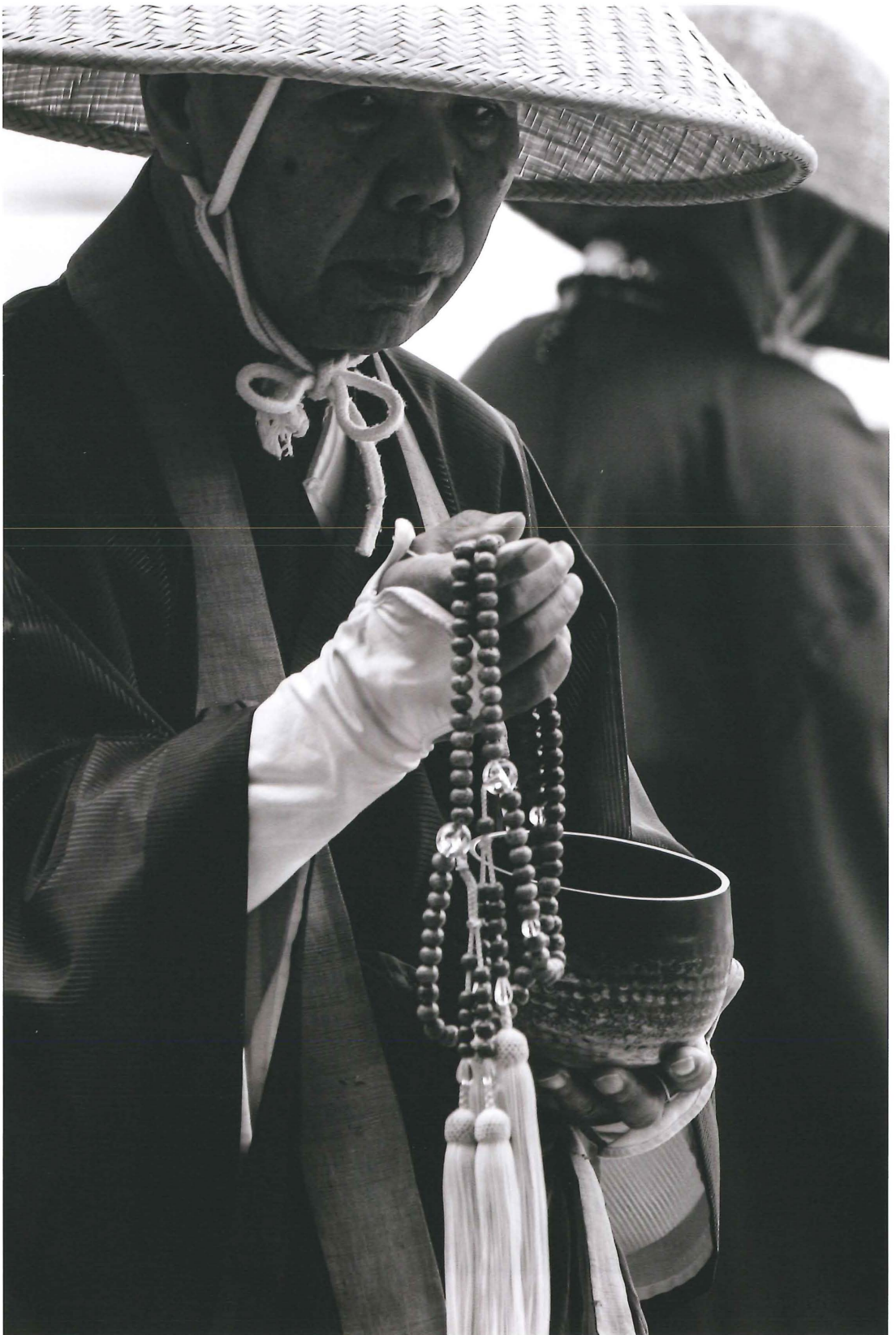
1. Heat 2. Witness 3. Responsibility

Katerina Parsons

When I was ten	In the church play
They told me	I was not a martyr
I was the flame	Beneath the martyr's feet
I rattled sticks	The sound of fire cracked
The louder	She cried out
(I was	Sure God would save her)
The fiercer	The flames licked
I burned	I watched her burn



Through the Cracks of the Church
Carlie Bergsma



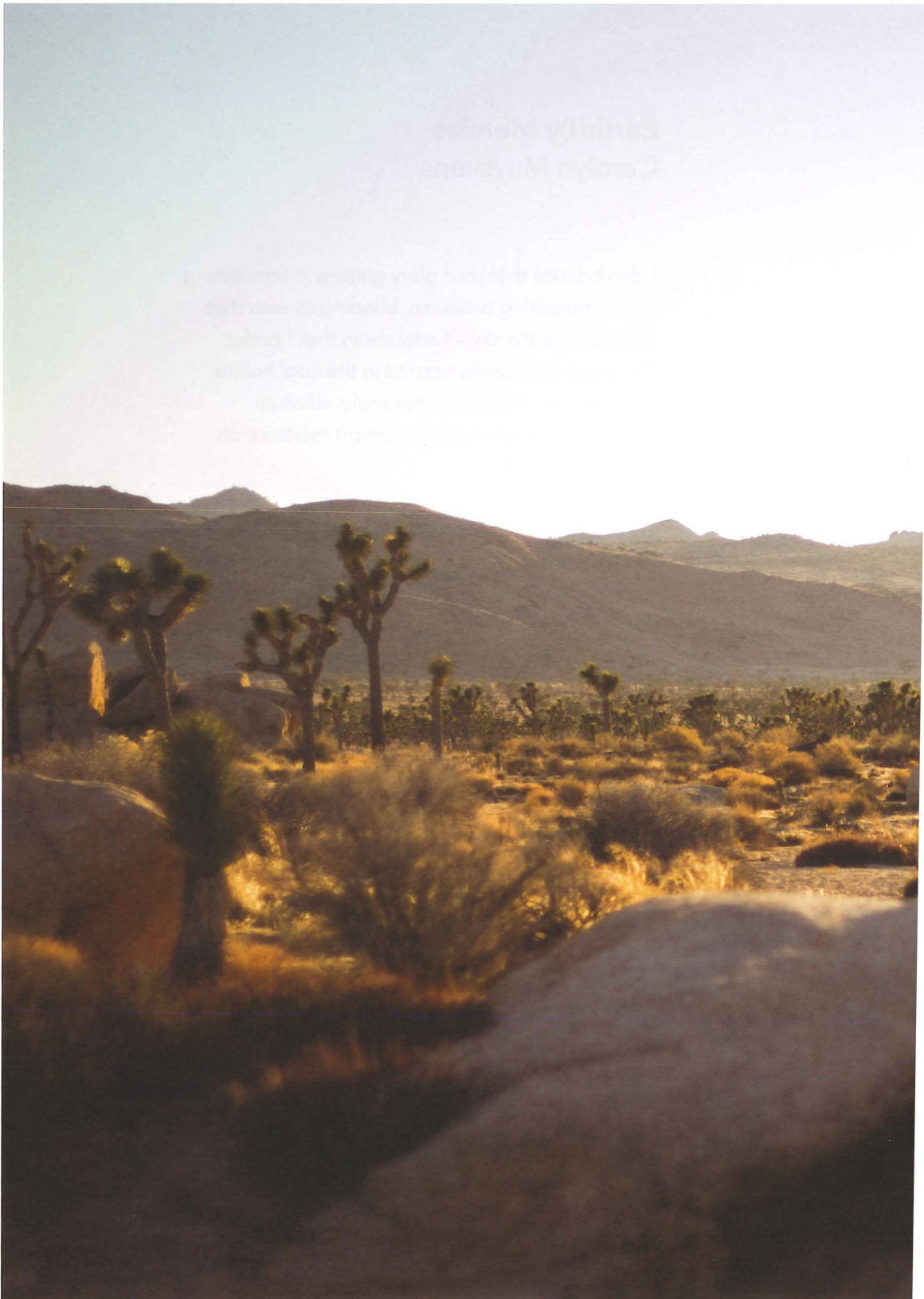
The Begging Bowl
Anna Delph

Earth(I)y Mercies

Carolyn Muyskens

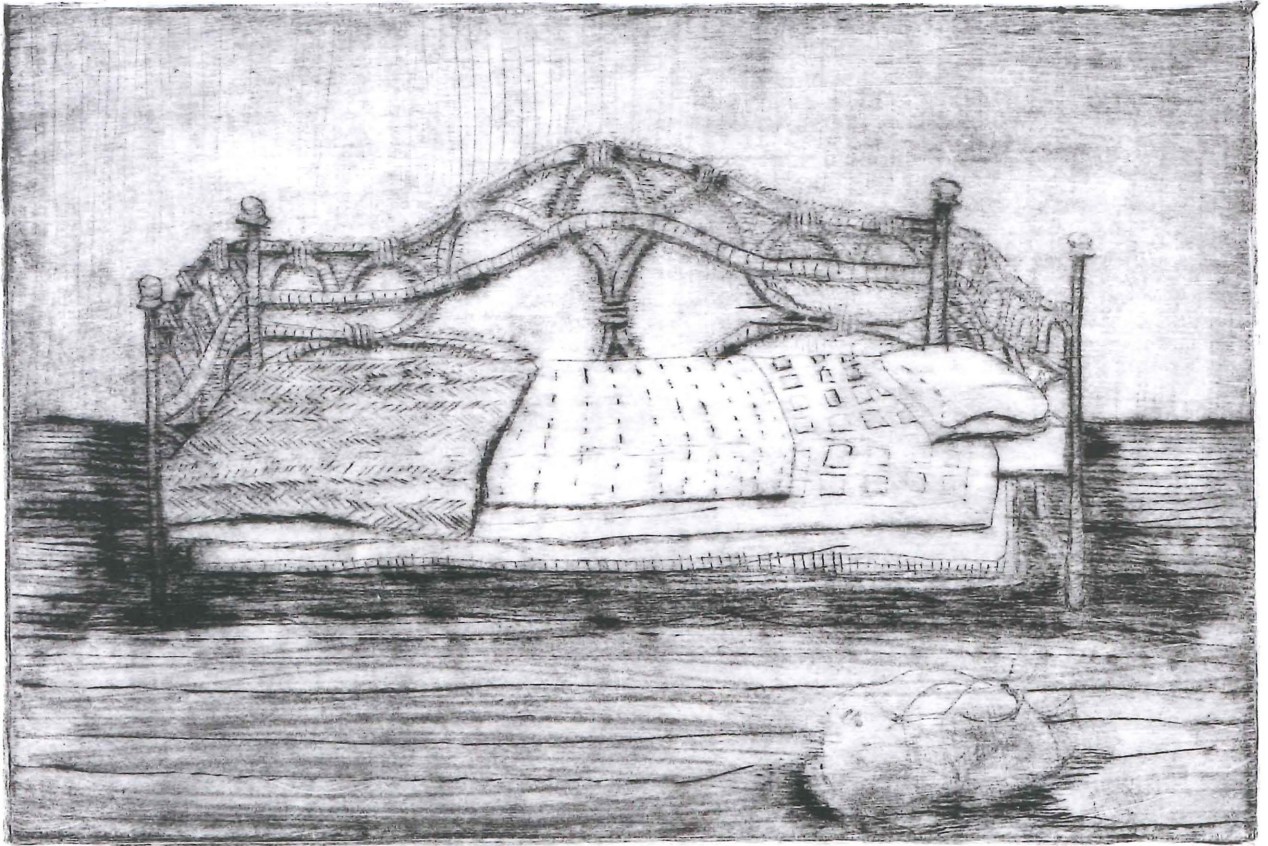
I don't doubt that your glory gleams in scintillating rays, coruscating brilliance, blinding streaks that blaze across the sky – I only mean that I prefer the grace that dwells nestled in the cool hollow of hoary oak, the damp that soaks alluvium, sopping moss percolating verdant moisture up through dank soil.

I don't doubt that for some, effulgence begets your imminence, your presence exposed in the glistening lucidity of light – I only mean that the sun can be terse and unforgiving, whereas the mire beneath my big toe is malleable, yielding to my rigid frame, eager to welcome me down into its silt embrace.





Sunset on Joshua Tree
Jenna Griffin



My Bed
Megan Grimm

If I Could Walk on the Ceiling

Jeff Peterson

If I could walk on the ceiling-- if I just one day found myself able--I would first evaluate the situation: How did I get up here—are my feet sticky or has my personal gravity been reversed? What would happen if I were to step outside?

How will I go to the bathroom?

Then I would explore the space. I would make my way, maybe tripping over rafters and support beams and stumbling upon ideas as they floated up from heads beneath me. Obviously, if I could walk on the ceiling, the next logical step would be to practice my tennis as there would be no dearth of suitable courts. But if the ball hit the net, would it fall down or dribble and roll on the plaster? If I dropped my racket accidentally, would it make a sound like a distressed banjo, maybe twirl once, and then lie on the floor, taunting me with its irretrievability?

Once I got my bearings, I think I would find that one girl, or perhaps that one other one, and kiss her like Spiderman, although that would require that we be in a room of conducive vertical dimensions.

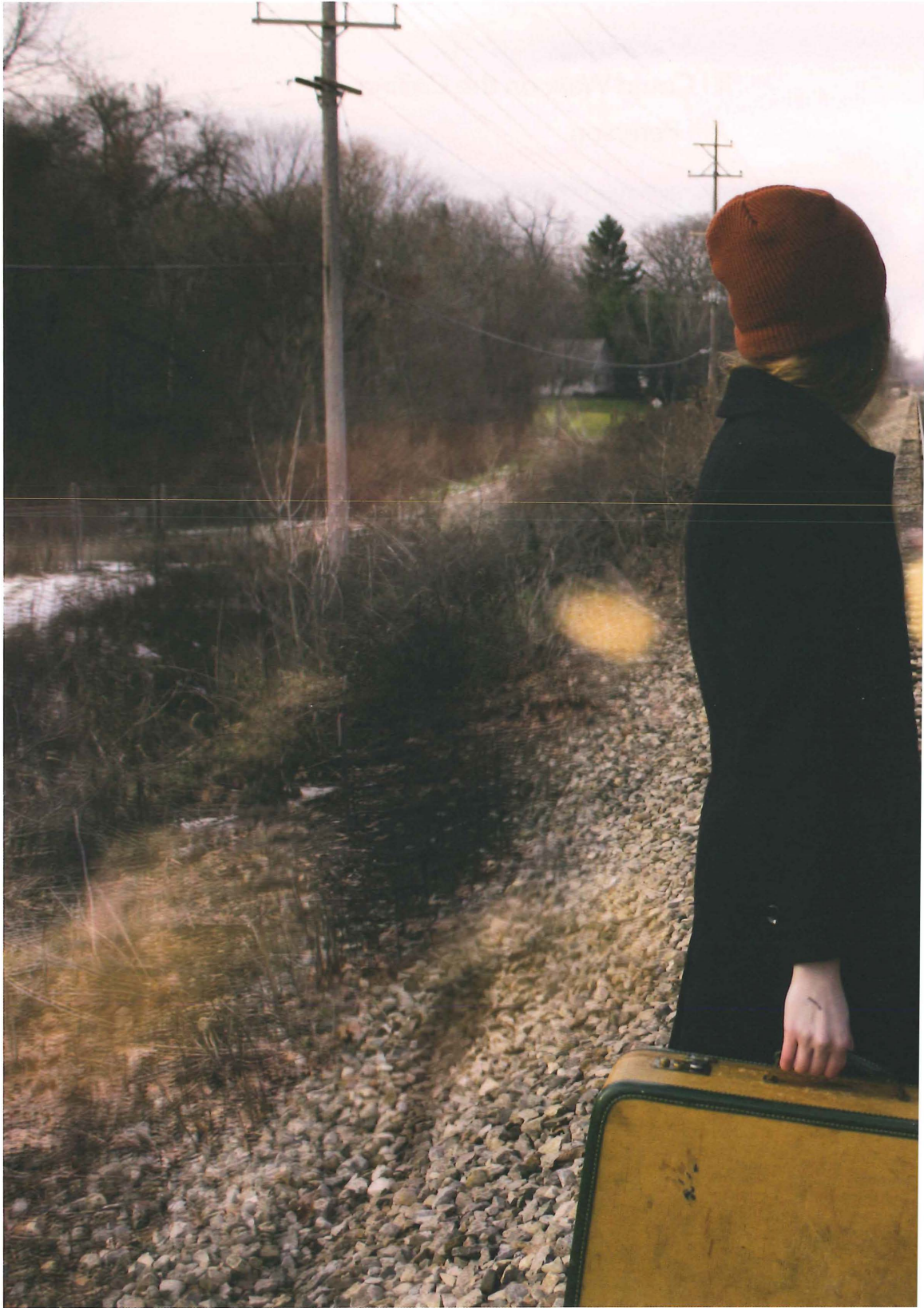
If I could walk on the ceiling, I would fly in a planetarium. I would tread carefully inside cathedrals, second-hand-smoking Advent candles if I could manage getting downtown or to Paris or Moscow.

And then what if I ran out of places to walk? I think I would eventually get a little lonely. People might get tired of craning their necks to talk to me, they might get tired of feeling like they're being watched, and I might get tired of feeling like I'm not. Because once they've recovered from their amazement, they will return their focus to the things in their lives at eye-level--to school and jobs and right-side-up friends and family—and I really don't want to have to spit for attention.

So I think I would jump. I would start jumping over and over, trying to reach the ground, trying to tumble down to the floor where I feel safe—even if I break my back on impact, I just want to feel safe again.

But I wouldn't get that far; I'd stop because I would notice something. I would look around and realize that I was able to see the world as it was before it turned upside-down. And then I think I would just sit. I'd sit and stare at this strange thing until the blood finally rushed to my head and my eyes went black.

Then, maybe, I would fall back down.





Going Home
Corrie VanderBrug

Credits

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Orange Tree
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