




April 2016

Full Issue

The Anthology

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the anthology

2016 WINTHROP ART AND LITERATURE MAGAZINE

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In loving memory of Paul C. Martyka, Associate Professor
of Fine Arts at Winthrop University.

“Now get back to work!”



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Letter from Editor

I am not too fond of writing beginnings. I usually blunder into them without quite knowing where they're leading to, if I'm going in the right direction, if I should just stop at the nearest gas station and push away my pride to ask if anything will even come from this journey at all and if not which way should I go next? It's the same with endings. They're sad, that's for sure, but what's so unnerving about The End is that A New Beginning is coming shortly after without any regard for our crying and our fear and our displeasure with the fact we can't stay stagnant forever.

I'm unsure of how to give a succinct yet meaningful introduction for a magazine that has been so close to my heart during the past three years. After moving up from being Poetry Editor to the highly-desired Assistant Editor position (although I vied for the more important Editor-in-Chief position against my good friend Patrick Kay, but I digress), I have had the pleasure of reviewing pages of beautiful poetry, glossy images of sculptures that I don't quite understand but enjoy anyway, and screenplays that involve sex and death and drugs or what have you, and I mean it when I say I have loved it all. I have loved the experience of working long hours alongside Patrick in the office, receiving e-mails expressing thanks or joy or threats to never submit to this publication again, stapling posters to trees and billboards and elevators, of driving to get eight cardboard boxes brimming with copies of our publication just hours before the launch party is supposed to take place. I have treasured it all.

It is 2:43 on March 5th, 2016, that I end this beginning with a strange bittersweetness that feels like indigestion mixed with mania. I am so grateful to all of you who have supported us by submitting your work, attending our events, or sent copies of our publication home to your parents or friends or partners. I am also especially grateful to our wonderful staff, Jami, Craig, and Laurie, this year, who have done their jobs without complaining, or at least have complained behind closed doors when Patrick and I are not around. Moreover, I am exuberantly grateful to Mr. T, who has not only sorted out all of our mistakes, but has also dropped by our parties to eat a cookie or two before rushing out the door again, on to find some other desperate souls to save. Lastly, I am overwhelmed with gratitude for my colleague and friend, Patrick Kay, with whom I have shared laughter, misery, and artistic as well as personal growth with throughout my undergraduate career. Thank you for letting me be your secretary.

I hope you all think as highly of these pieces as I do. This is the end of my introduction. I don't have any more to say.

Connie Shen
Assistant Editor

There's a two-story Barnes & Noble in Pineville. The ground floor is coffee table books, calendars, discounted paperback collections, and those soulless-eyed Funko Pop dolls created for any and all mass media enterprises. The elevator goes up to the fiction, the prose, the literary classics. The stuff you're taught in school. To the left, as you ascend, is a mural over the bookstore's internal Starbucks. It puts all the greats of Western literature in one room together: Eliot, Faulkner, Melville, the like. Maybe a Woolf or a Neruda thrown in for good measure. I believe the intended effect is for me to get excited, for me to be carried in to the great golden castle of literary significance and, I don't know, give Barnes & Noble more money. On one hand I get very excited at the mention of these names. On the other, well.

There's an inherent self-defeatism in young college students. I don't really blame anyone for it. You go from being the best reader and best writer in class to grappling with ancient texts and realizing that you've been formatting MLA incorrectly all your life. And then some day, maybe, you ride up that elevator and see that mural and decide to not submit to your college literary magazine because you were expecting to be the best poet in the world but the competition inside of your mind has ballooned to include all the dead Modernists. One can wait a lifetime to reach artistic perfection but even that perfection isn't fully achieved until a hundred years after death and two hundred JSTOR articles. All those legends of old, the mythological heroes of this incredibly short span of time, were the same as me. Just spewing out their sappy bullshit to local publications and saying "Well, I'm no Shakespeare."

More than one of your professors was published in the Anthology. Did you know that? You can embarrass them if you dig far enough. One past editor is a Pulitzer Prize finalist. That's really good. Someone in the hundred-year history of the Anthology will be taught in a class someday. And then maybe some other student from some other university will come make his pilgrimage to my office and ask to see the original copy in its original printed form, tenderly turning each page with reverence. Then through the grapevine I'll hear about the story and laugh to myself because all the Anthology is is a small publication at a small school and all I did for it was yell obnoxiously to kids about submitting. Every year it ends up inadvertently more than that, though. It's a holy book to someone, even if that someone's your mom.

It has been an absolute pleasure to serve on the Anthology staff for the past three years. I've learned a lot, sure, but more importantly I've seen my peers improve their work year after year. What starts as pretty-good-for-an-eighteen-year-old grows into excellent, grows into legitimate favorites on par with any legendary figure. I'm so proud of Connie and Laurie for their contributions to the Anthology over the years and it's been amazing to watch their writing get better

every time. Kelsey designed our issue this year; during her interview I was upset that her mockup examples were so great without me even seeing her growth and being able to appreciate it more. If you think Craig's art and Jami's poetry are good in this issue I hope you stick around, because it's only going to get better. Fake it till you make it, right? I kept badgering people about submissions and then got what I asked for in spades.

My sincerest hope is that one day when I ride up an elevator to the literary classics and look left to a mural, I'll recognize a friend. I'll beam, get shy, look down, try to maintain a cool demeanor. I won't turn to the nearest stranger and tug on their elbow, desperate for an excuse to say "Did you know I know them?" I'll keep it to myself because I'll be leaving the store soon, after all, and those friends are patiently waiting for me at home.

Patrick Kay
Editor-in-Chief

Defrosting Memory *Annalise Eberhard*

When Sylvester Stallone went to cat heaven, I wasn't expecting to find him a month later trashbagged in the freezer next to the blueberries and discounted Easter candy. Mom said she forgot to bury him. So I forgot to tell her that I was defrosting him in the attic.

I tiptoed climbed the stairs that night,
Covered in the squeaky wall sounds and gurglegargle digestion of the refrigerator.

He didn't look too good.
Kinda droopy like a balloon fart-dancing around the room until it's out of farts and squeaks into a puddle on the ground.
Or maybe he just looked like a forgotten Fudgscicle.
I like Fudgscicles.

Poked him in his belly a bit, but he didn't stir.
Didn't do nothing but be a lazy puddle of wet cat.

So I made him wear Bitty Baby's pajamas
And rocked him back-n-forth-like until he got soggy cat smell all over me
And I had to go to the bathroom to wash it off
And I forgot about him and got sleepy and went to bed on accidents.

Next day Mom found him when it got summerhot.
She must have smelled him cause he was being a little stinky-PU all curled up in his pajamas with no one to play with.

I never saw Sylvester Stallone again
Even though I checked the freezer for a whoooooole week.
Just blueberries and discounted Easter candy.

*Years later I tried to mold this memory into some grand metaphor--
Tried to curl it around my heart,
let it dance within my sinews and fill my lungs with short puffs of meaning.*

*But I couldn't.
Because sometimes a memory is just a memory,
And a squishy dead cat is just a squishy dead cat.*



Self Portrait in Thread *Emily Furr*
Embroidery Thread on Linen

fire control safety *Lucas Bryant*

I enjoy the smell of the burning leaves. Wood is also nice, but it's the leaves that really carry that musky smoke that tells you precisely what kind of tree they came from. Ashes all look the same, but when something is so sure of what it is even after its shape is gone, that's how you know you're having a delightful burn.

The leaves are just confident enough; they spend their last moments of existence telling you exactly what they are. Their smoke says it calmly yet with surety in silvery little voices, "I'm a hickory leaf!"

Rubber may be my least favorite. Rubber has no idea what it is, but is so unpleasantly insistent. It screams in thick black smoke, more trying to convince itself than the burner, like a drunkard that throws bottles and hollers, "I'm not an alcoholic!" Pity that rubber would be the first thing that burned for me.

That older boy in kindergarten, Jacob I think his name was, he broke my nose throwing one of those thick bouncy balls at me—probably just for attention. I tried to break his nose by throwing it back, but he caught it. And then the ball ignited itself just for me. It made a funny kind of fizzle as it melted, but the smell was awful. Jacob's smoke would be similar, I imagine, with the same obnoxious yells. "I am not an asshole!"

But then again, people are made up of a lot of things. The more complicated the thing that burns, the harder it is to tell what it will say. Leaves and rubber balls don't have much to talk about, so they're easy to understand.

When things mix and get old you'll be surprised by what they talk about when they burn. The old widow's house sat at the end of the street for years after she died before it decided to burn for me. The smoke of the wood mixed with the smoke of the carpet, the furniture, old pictures and documents, and even the mold. They all spun together. The smoke was light, but not warm, like a cold, weak hand on your cheek. The fumes were acrid, though, and stung my eyes, like they were pitifully begging, "Cry for me. My story is sad."

The play-fort in the back yard, pieced together as a child from bits of plastic and Dad's old twine, didn't choose to burn for me until I was already almost a man, but it held on to its childish attitude for all that time. It let out bitter, wispy smoke that made my face twist in that same way it does listening to a child's bratty outburst. "Go away!" it shouted. "Just leave me alone!" which I never understood. I knew what happened in that play-fort as a child, even if I didn't let myself remember until adulthood. I think it's tragic, really, that it would spend its last act of being refusing to tell me its story, even though I was a part of it.

Sometimes I wonder if fire has a way of telling the burning thing all the other smoke stories that have been told. The play-fort might have opened up if the fire had told it that Dad's smoke just made a sort of stubborn growl, or that Mom's let out a sigh of relief. Other times I wonder if the thing chooses the fire or the other way around. The thing has to choose to burn, I believe. You don't often hear of random blazes. They choose to burn because I'm the only one who can understand what they say with their smoke. It's easy to understand why they'd do it, too. The last wish of a thing tired of being is to tell its story.



Carved Vase *Sierra Hyer*
Ceramic

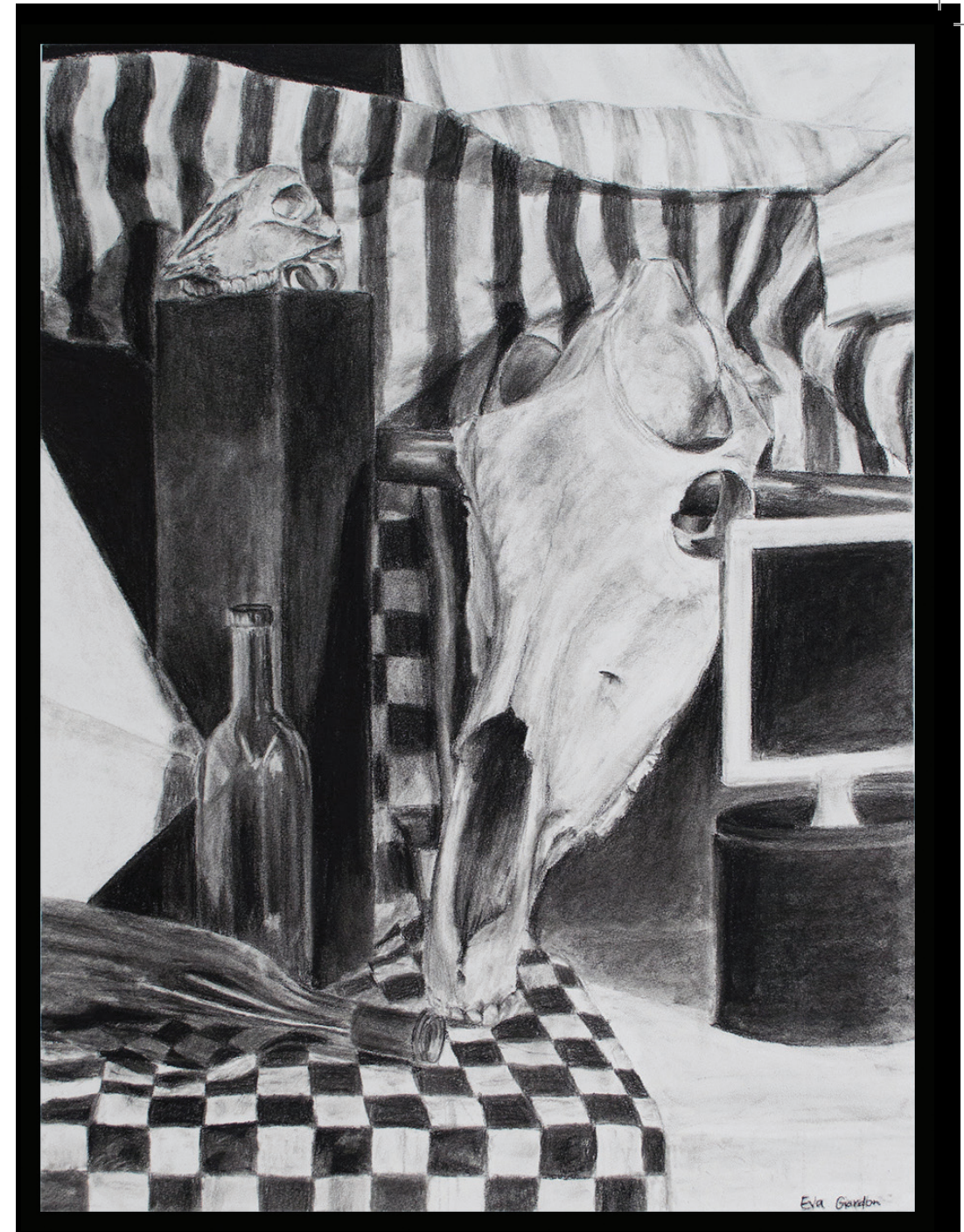
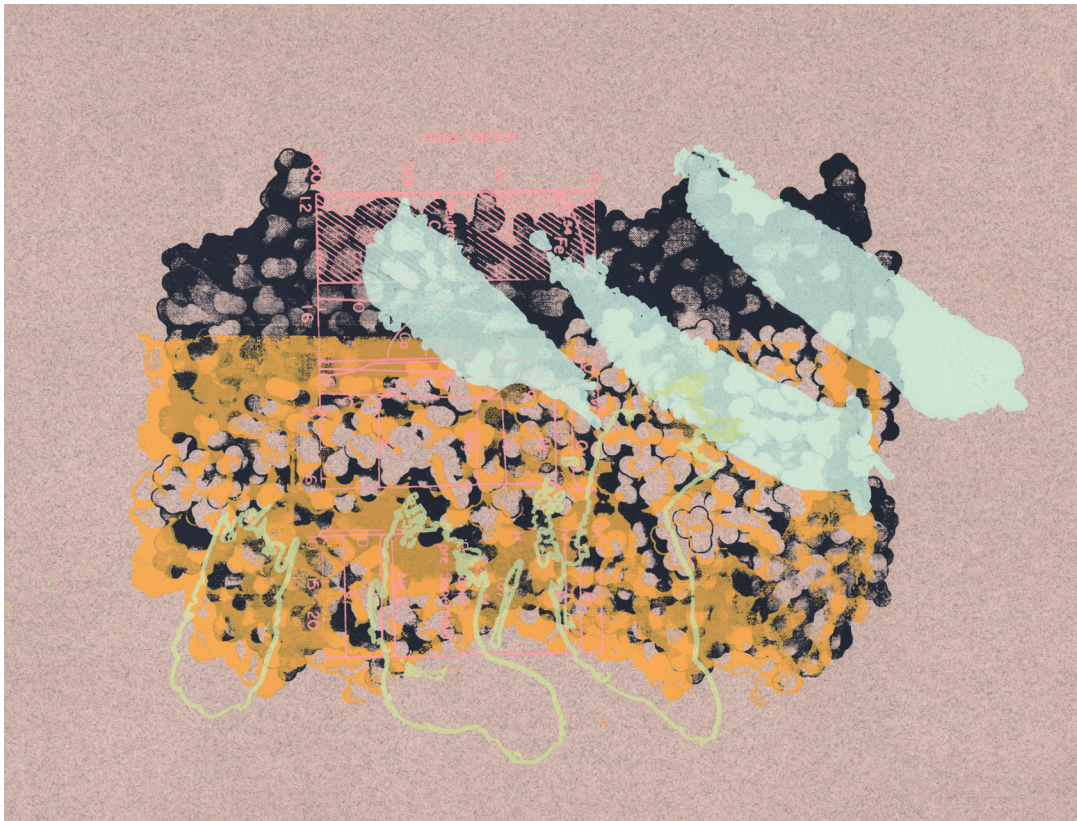
Trivia Night *Margaret Adams*

His enlightened eyes search within me.
"As mysterious as a cat!"
I recite to myself.

He unfolds my canvas before touching the brush.
I ignore the optimism
In empty walls.

He was not blind to my self-deprecation
Intrigued by it
Lusted.

Parasite Protein *Caroline Kalayjian*
Screen Print



Quietus *Eva Gordon*
Charcoal on Stonehenge

Deep South *or* 15 March 15 *E. Nicole Beach*

It's nice outside:
The entirety of my zip-
code basks in a
Sixty-Four-Point-Two-Degree
(Fahrenheit) sense
of pretentious indolence
that is synonymous with
the words

God's Deep South
ringing out of all our
preachers' mouths as if
the sweet Lord
Himself has blessed the congregation
with gifts of cheap beers, (bleached) blonde
women, and a country-singer-twang
as the rest of God's
Own Children
are forced to look on as they squint
past Yankee-tinged piles of
grey and ugly snow.

Street Lunch *Addie Crawford*

The smell slapped him in the face like a pissed off woman. Vance froze at the top of the filthy subway stairs, aggravating the walking briefcases behind him but too entranced to care. The producers had lied in the email stating, "lunch provided." Rehearsal had lasted longer than usual. Carla kept screwing up her lines, and the dancers couldn't manage to come on stage at the right cue. Two days until opening night, and exhaustion already teased him. Nick the street vendor stood in front of him, the smoke from the grill doing his advertising. Confidently making his way through the heard of this ways and that ways, Vance stepped up to the counter, greeted by Nick's Yankee accent, and placed his order for two of New York's most mouth-watering franks. Rifling through his backpack in search of his wallet, he slammed his gun on the counter, annoyed that he forgot to leave it at the set for the third day in row. "HEY, HEY, HEY!" Nick shouted, backing away from the counter as far as his tiny food truck would allow. "It's not what it looks like, man!" Vance said back. "It's a prop, see, it isn't even a real gun." Vance picked it up and leaned in closer to Nick. Whether Nick understood or not, it didn't matter. Three NYPD uniforms were already charging the truck. Before questioned could be asked, handcuffs clicked and stern faces drug Vance from his elusive lunch. "This will all get sorted out shortly," he thought, but his roaring stomach argued that shortly wasn't nearly short enough.

Feline Master *James W. Davidson, Jr.*

You ramble all about the room,
when I reach home each evening.
I wonder during my time away,
if you've missed me even slightly.

Though you wave your furry tail,
and brush your jowl against me.
I question while your motor purrs,
if it's love for me or wheedling.

Once your meal is in your dish,
your stomach no longer empty.
You hide away for your nap,
and leave me sitting lonely.



Complex Simplicity *Olivia Adams*
Colored Pencil

The Tide is Coming In *Rachel Burns*

City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin,
but still we've come to gaze at stars.
The tide is coming in.

Your eyes are closed in meditation or maybe in a dream,
while I watch the frozen astral dance that spans the ballroom sea.
City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin.

Orion stands, arrested, and Cepheus waits, enthroned;
the animals halt their gamboling.
The tide is coming in.

I pretend the waves are whispering what's playing in my head:
I love you, I love you, I love you—
City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin.

They watch and wait, those paling forms above, so
to bring you back to me, I say,
“The tide is coming in.”

Out of the darkness, your touch meets my hand,
a St. Elmo's brilliance that makes the stars look dead.
City lights have dimmed the night—I think that it's a sin.
The tide is coming in.

Savannah River *Lillian Peel*
Charcoal and Chalk Pastel



Cheers, Darlin' *Jami Bunton*

The tongue, stabs into the roof of the mouth,
Filling it, clogging it-
Causing the breath to catch,
A long, momentary pause-
for emphasis.

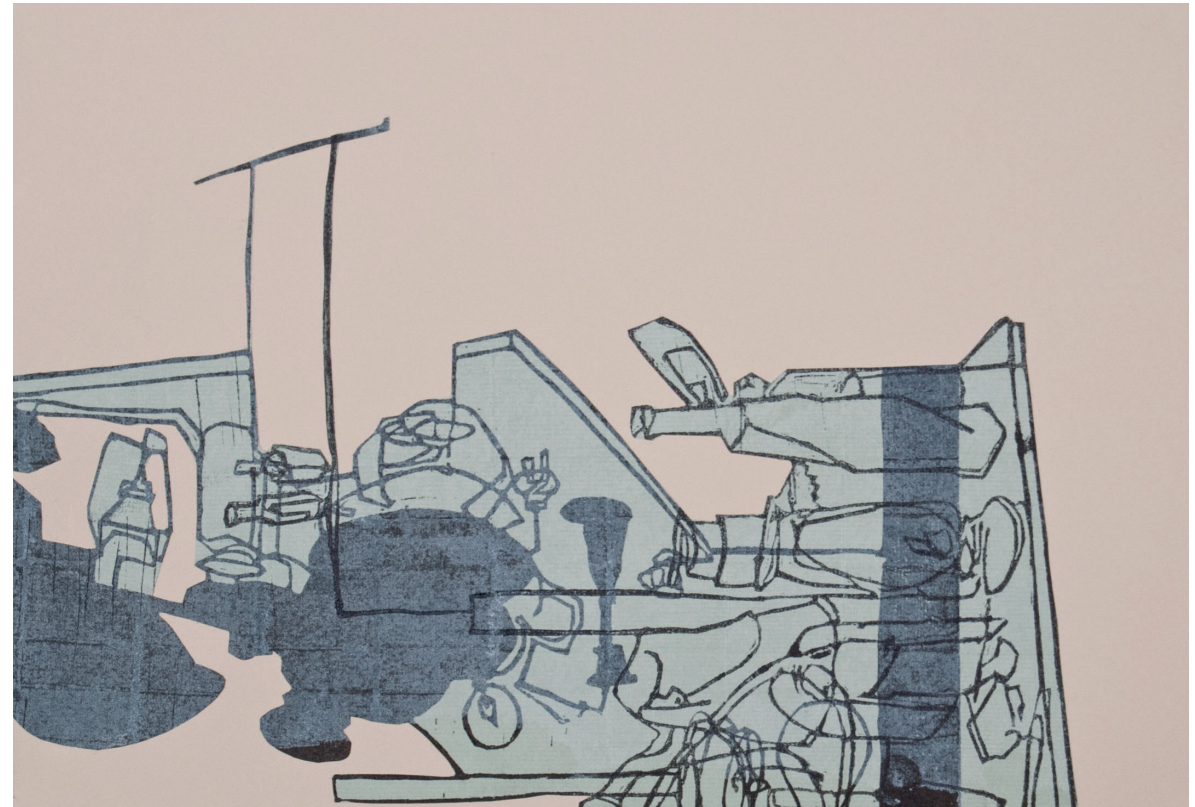
The eyes rest on the figure,
Appraising it, judging its worth
Like livestock in the market-
Perhaps that is
its significance

The hand brushes down the skin,
Tickling, making it
Shiver with what it holds back,
Doling out punishment,
as freely as it's received



Artifacts *Dylan Bannister*
Wax-cast VHS Cassettes

Swing *Jordan Sommer*
Collage



Sherbet *Lindsey Monroe*

The most offensive thing my mom has ever said to me followed her gifting me with a collection of Thoreau and a bowl of orange-lime sherbet. It all spawned from the actuality of me, my sister's love of pissing off my parents, and the avoidance of an honest answer.

Here are two definitions you should probably know before getting yourself into this mess:

a ac-tu-al lind-sey (an ak-choo-uh l lind-zee), n, **1.** a total dork who enjoys reading/writing words, karaokeing Linkin Park, and drinking gin and tonics. **2.** a non-religious, non-political, tree-hugging, cat loving ENTP. **3.** a gender fluid lesbian who is totally cool with she/her pronouns but not so much with dresses. [all-nature, no-nurture origin] – **Syn. 1.** real lindsey. **2.** human being. –**Ant. 1.** a pretend lindsey.

a pre-tend lind-sey (a pre-tin-d lind-zee), n, **1.** not lindsey. **2.** exists solely as an apology to her very conservative and very Christian parents who already have one kid not fitting the ideal mold. **3.** endangered species, nearly extinct. [of imagination origin] –**Syn. 1.** a lie. –**Ant. 1.** real lindsey

It was a random day. It wasn't supposed to be memorable. I got to see my awesome mom who is one of the silliest and most beautiful people I know. She'll read any book I lend her but reads them 80x slower than me, she exclaims "eeerrk skiiirrk" when she makes a sharp turn while driving, and she always texts this smiley face =). My dad was in Scumter either watching Fox News, listening to Fox News, or reading Fox News while wearing Crocs and a Life Is Good t-shirt like he does every day.

My 19 year old sister, Coraline who has green hair, worships *Bleach*, and sits around watching Netflix or playing video games waiting to turn 21, was also at home, but she had already set the day in motion long before I had even considered its existence. She and I are very different, so sometimes we completely misunderstand things that the other says. For instance, I might say "there's a girl I really like" and she might hear "there's a girl I think is sexy so maybe we'll get together and our parents will be pissed so let's make a statement."

So as that day coated itself with its horrible yellow Spring dust, my mom decided to come to visit me, and I was immediately more excited to actually crawl my way out of bed. We shared a tasty lunch, claimed some treasure at the bookstore, and we were on our way to get ice cream, when my mom suddenly mentioned that Coraline has been dropping "what seems like hints" about something I'm not telling her and my dad, and they need to know because my dad was "fuming" last night after Coraline dropped another hint.

I know exactly what she's talking about. They're afraid that I might be *gasps dramatically* a lesbian. "Lindsey. I have to ask, and *please* be honest with me. Are you... *gay*?" Thinking of my mom's happiness and emotional well being, my dad's "fumes," and my role of pretend Lindsey, I respond with a panicked "no? [but then again I'm not

straight either, so I guess it's a good think you're so good at black and white thinking]" while I made my best pretend Lindsey smile. She looked physically relieved, and I'm sure I did too. That was so easy, maybe next time I can actually tell the truth! Except–

"I considered not coming up today, because I don't think I could have spent the day with you if you were."

"If I were what?"

"You know...*gay*."

There was a too-long silence before words actually showed up. "Ohh. Hah, really?" I tried to laugh it off and resist the urge to vomit into my lap as she moved on to "are you still up for dessert?" Despite the emotional damage to my stomach, yes, I was up for dessert. Did she really need to ask? Apparently not, because we are already in the parking lot of a Baskin Robbins. I didn't know how or when that happened, but I went with it because, well, ice cream. I chose sherbet containing my two most favorite flavors of all time while I held onto my bookstore prize. I let the awkward moment from earlier slowly fade out. The sherbet tasted amazing, Thoreau's writings belonged in my hand, and nature's yellow dandruff seemed less. My mom smiled at me; today was actually awesome. I smiled back at my mom, happy she was there.

"Thanks for the sherbet!"

"Thanks for not being gay!"

The sherbet in my mouth melted down my throat, the taste was stolen by guilt as I slowly let go of the spoon and slid my hands into my lap. Thoreau suddenly felt heavier and less significant as though every page was highlighted in its entirety.

"I think I'll just save the rest for later. My stomach kinda hurts."

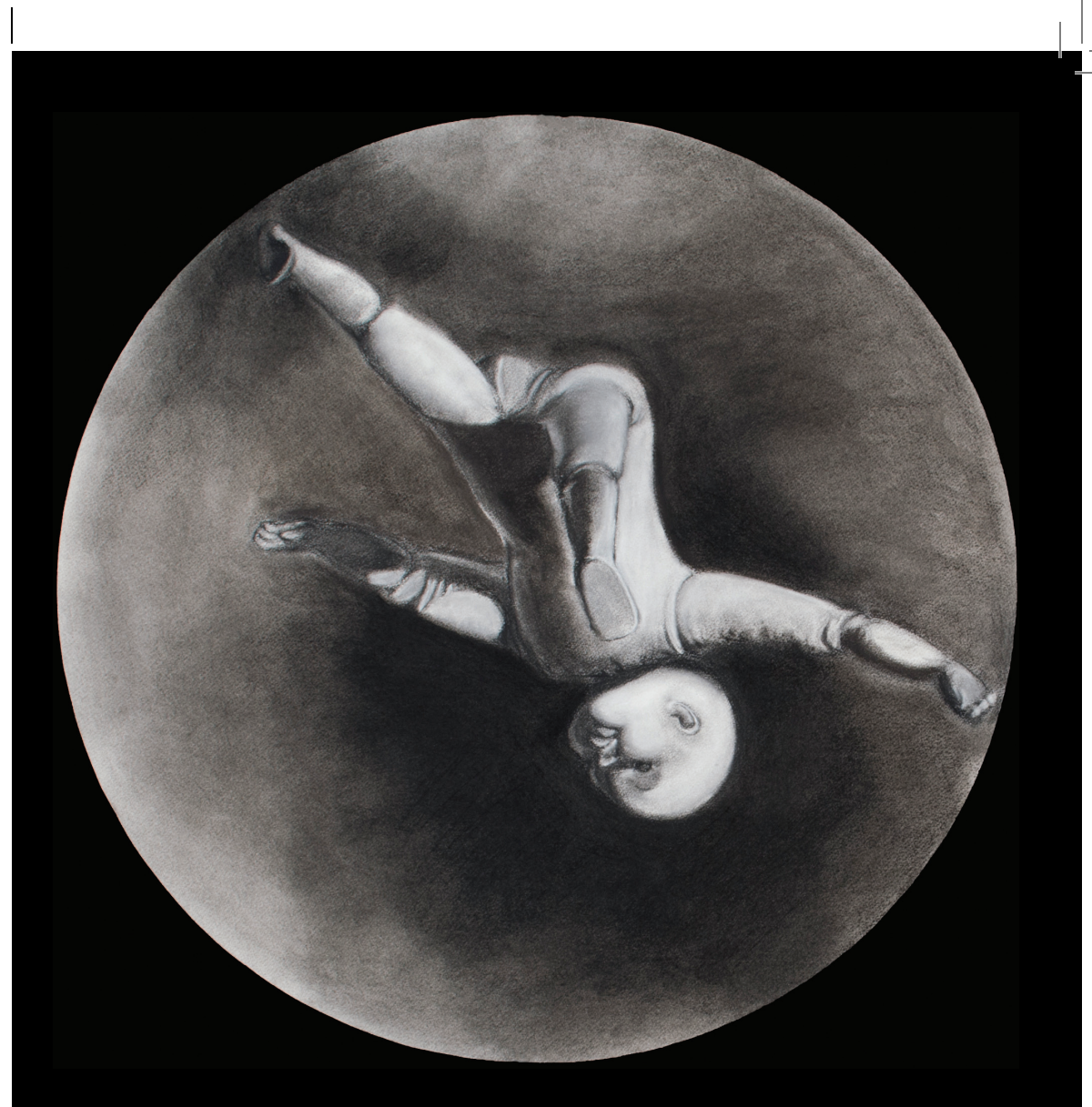
My mom was concerned. "I hope it gets better!"

"Yeah. Me too." My mom decided to start the return trip early so I could rest.

Back at home, I kept Thoreau behind my back so he wouldn't have to witness the wasting of sherbet, and the way it transformed into puke-colored ooze dripping down the drain.

Rip the Page Out, Throw it Away *Mitch Postich*

Once you are finished reading this poem, you must never read it again.
So read it thoroughly,
go over every line, just this once.
But if you see it in a book,
avert your eyes, flip the page,
do anything but read this. You only get one chance with these words.
Scroll down quickly past it when you see it on a web site.
No, don't even let someone read it to you,
just plug your ears,
hum loudly, drown them out.
It could be the best poem you've ever read,
but not now
and not tomorrow,
but maybe one day.
If you give it time and let it sink into the folds of your memory,
you might begin to miss it.
The bottom is close now,
and your time with it is nearly up.
So please never read this again. For me.



Untitled *Will Burke*

Recipe for My Agnostic Pantheistic Mind *Elizabeth Ponds*

Days to Prepare: 6,387

Days to Cook: 791

Number of Servings: 1

Ingredients

122 lb. of pure compassion

626 Ehrhardt Southern Methodist Church sermons (divided)

162 Southern Methodist Camp sermons (divided)

1 cult-follower father (pound Calvinistic doctrines and Judaist traditions with hammer)

1 black hand-me-down laptop and a catchy, social justice pop song

1 seed of skepticism and introspection

56 Joshua Tongol YouTube videos contradicting Fundamentalist Christianity

1 ½ spiritual awakenings (divided)

3 tons of depression

-3 friends

4 subscriptions to Atheist Facebook pages

2 Atheist friends

1 Power-Point presentation on Hinduism at Winthrop University

1 Wikipedia article on Panentheism

3 Tbsp. of hope

1 tsp. of faith

A decision

Directions

(Baker's note: do not begin this recipe if unwilling to complete every step. All parts must be mixed in proper order, without ceasing. If not willing to dedicate 7,178 days, go no further! Do not risk eternal damnation by stopping in middle.)

Pre-heat summers to 97° Fahrenheit, autumn and spring to 70° Fahrenheit, and winters to 45° Fahrenheit.

1. Lather brain muscles with pure compassion until soaked with a natural red color.
2. Embed Judaist traditions into brain. Never remove.
3. Siphon 260 church sermons through ears into brain once a week. Drop in 3 childhood friends after each sermon for thirty minutes, then take them out. Siphon in 10 camp sermons about original sin. (Brain may blacken some.)
4. In order, add 52 more church sermons, 10 more camp sermons, 52 church sermons, 14 camp sermons. Nail father's Calvinistic doctrines into frontal lobe with hammer.

5. Add 52 more church sermons, 28 camp sermons, 52 church sermons, 38 camp sermons, 52 church sermons, 48 camp sermons, 32 church sermons.

6. Place 1 black laptop in front of eyes. Add 10 more church sermons. Play "Same Love" by Macklemore into ears. (It should attach to and mix with the compassion in the muscles. Brain will grow redder.) Grow skeptical of religion.

7. Play 56 Joshua Tongol videos in front of eyes. Think for self. Care. Open mind to a God who is in all humanity. (Brain should be a normal red color again.) Sit amid 16 church sermons then 14 camp sermons with this open mind. Openly reject labels and love humans equally. (3 friends should stop appearing after sermons around now.)

8. Inject every brain muscle evenly with 3 tons of depression. Poke earlobes with 7 sermons while depression is in bloodstream. Use skeptical mind to point out all contradictions in following 41 church sermons. Cultivate Atheistic thoughts as eyes scan Atheist Facebook pages. Meet 2 Atheist friends who cultivate more atheistic thoughts.

9. Remove brain and its body from all sermons. Pull out thoughts and lay them on classroom table. Remove prayer, hope, faith, God. Reinsert thoughts into brain.

10. Research Hinduism and make a PowerPoint on it. Present in class. See and think and hear.

11. Research all the theistic belief systems on Wikipedia. See need. Pull thoughts out of head. Lay them on desk. Sift 3 Tbsp. of hope and 1 tsp. of faith on top of them. DO NOT REMOVE SKEPTICISM! Reinsert into brain, which should be bright red now.

12. Enjoy life.

“Welcome.” *Adam Matonic*

A watercolor stain turns
saturated and recognized
by street-dwellers and handymen.

The turning hand on the volume,
subtle and sudden till I’m changed—
eyes-widened, a tight-lipped smirk.

He says, “Run.”
I tell him no.

Icy-hot, alive, and sleepy by 10
After rapid light reflectors on
Every corner—over pastries,
Zebra striped, sprinkled monochrome.

Safe exchanges,
Brainwaves beyond platitudes,
A hesitant home.

Dreary streets brightsided
by ceaseless smiles.
The cynics slink in corners.
Sadness, you got to look for her.
Trouble? She’s mostly just fun.

Love, the popular girl’s well-earned spot,
A binding balm between streets.

Looking at decrepit, fluorescent
buildings—shallow sadness,
feigned empathy.

“Welcome.”
Sometimes there’s nothing
but meat, but smiles supplant doubt.
Gratitude exchanged for charm—
I’ll stay awhile.

Don’t let caramelized outsiders
Tell you different: You are Good.



Mad Hatter *Lindsey Bargar*
Digital Photography, Face paint, Mask with Lego Bricks

Original Sin *Rachel Shaffer*

She had the universe in her eyes
Cold stars, blue skies
You could wrap a blanket around her sighs.

Careful now, don't catch her death
Cover your mouth, hold your chest
Don't hold hands with her regrets.

She was the heiress, Queen of the land
Bundled in lust of her own brand
Run to the hills if you're a man.

She ran with wolves cloaked in royalty
Harbored her oceans, kept to the sea
Kissed lips wet with Jubilee.

If restored to her throne, she would climb
Beyond the stars, the sun, the sky
Free flowing souls will always thrive.

So they will keep her bound
To dark edges, cut corners in town
And they will write her name—
Sin—
With a frown.

A Baker's Dozen *Skyler Teal*

In a few hours we will see the nightfall of Friday the 13th, and its superstition-inducing power will only be enhanced by an equally-erie partner in crime: the full moon. Triskaidekaphobics and selenophobics beware! But for now, we are safely in the sunny hours of this unnerving day (in the Eastern Standard Time zone, anyways). Before the fear completely wraps its fingers around our sympathetic nervous systems, I am going to take the time to write a response to this question: What will I do tonight?...what *will* I do tonight? I think I'll grab a blanket, or maybe two, and I'll somehow convince my sister to hop in the car to accompany me on an adventure, then we'll set out for that big(ish), grassy(ish) field about a mile down the road. I see the suspicion arising in your face, but don't you worry! This isn't going to be some repressed delinquent side of me coming out in celebration of the date. I can't trespass on a field that's already mine now can I? Well, technically, it isn't mine, but it does belong to my family because collecting land is an old Southern tradition, you know, and they don't call this place "Teal's Mill" for nuthin'. One day I will probably inherit the responsibility of tending those age-old acres, but before I become that uninterested heiress, I want to enjoy the best part of having access to an open field in the countryside: the view. How else am I supposed to enjoy the moon in all her glory (provided that she doesn't don any clouds for the night)? Once properly positioned on the blanket(s), I will look up and say, "Hello, Moon," or maybe, "Hola, Luna," just in case ella habla Español, and then I will marvel at her perfect, circular beauty. I might ask her how it felt to have a human travel all the way from Earth just to stick a star-spangled banner into her dusty surface (to fight those damned Communists!) or I might just silently stare into the sky and let my mind (space) race with all of those probing questions that come at night when I'm at my most curious. I'm sure <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Moon> could ease my wondering, wandering mind, but I think I'd rather pretend that I live in a world in which information is not a Google search away and that I'm the first human to ever look up and ask, "What *is* that glowing, shape-shifting, sometimes-circle, sometimes-crescent, sometimes-something-different thing that sweeps across the sky every night?"



Nia *Emily Furr*
Oil on Canvas and Embroidery Thread

Poetry Editor's Choice

Satisfaction *Keelie Mlay*

In this silent moment
Two things cross my mind

This is enough

And

This is not enough

Contained *Rachel Trueblood*

tracing figure-eights in a mother's arm,
 a child asked "what is the sun"
 to which mother answered "it's the
 heart of our galaxy" and sweet child
 asked "what is our galaxy"

mother replied "it is our body of somethings"
 and child thought and said "don't
 you mean 'everything', not somethingsss? and what do you
 mean our body, I have my body and
 you have your body – we don't share one"

mother took child's hands and said
 "look at this skin, it is brown and warm, just like mine
 and your hair is coarse and short,
 just like mine, and your eyes are
 dark and your knees are dry and
 your toes are long and your elbows rough
 and you once lived in my body when you were smaller
 and all these parts are parts of one kind of body,
 as a body can take different forms"

"we share this galaxy and
 when I say it is our body, I want you to understand
 that it is the space we occupy, but do not control
 just as we cannot change the shape of our fingers,
 we cannot break Saturn away from its rings
 nor the Moon away from the Earth
 because these things are somethings

that are our constants and our
 galaxy holds all the constants we know, but not
 every constant known" and child said
 "I'm confused"

to which mother replied "I know
 but one day, you will see
 that you are
 not the body – but the
 somethings inside the body
 and you will realize that
 there are things larger
 than your skin and
 our planet and our galaxy

and you will feel smaller than the smallest you could ever know"

Glow *Amy Ciravolo*
Oil paint on panel



Awkward Questions and the Dichotomy of Spoken Language and Written Word *Lindsey Monroe*

I'm supposed to be reading about Derrida's preference for spoken language over written word and commenting on logocentrism in [insert book here] and deconstructing the human-animal binary in [insert other book here], but all I can think about is how your mind must curl around these words, squeeze the juice right out of them, so you can read them a different way, understand them a better way.

All I can think about is what you might say to me about them, and how I will shake my head in awe because I never knew it was possible to be so amazed by someone I always mistook for ordinary.

All I can think about is reading beside you, comfortable enough to swallow in the silence without it breaking, and me reaching over for your hand just because I can-- neither of us feeling obligated to keep holding on when we need to turn the page.

All I can think about is us, no longer reading, but instead painting a canvas full of our own words, blending our colors until one can no longer be distinguished from the other which is fine because phonocentrism is all about dismantling binaries, scrambling borders, creating aporia.

I return to Derrida, considering the origin of these thoughts, but the line is already blurred.

I return to Derrida, considering the originary complexity, and even though I haven't said anything yet, I wonder if (when I do), my words will be diachronic or synchronic, if an admission of feelings can even be referred to as a linguistic system, if any of this even makes sense.

I've returned to Derrida, but all I can think about is the genesis of these feelings, the structure of these thoughts, and the logocentrism reminding me that Derrida prefers spoken language over written word, (and I hope that I can trust him, because my mouth has been running this whole time).

Dry Drowning *Sara Campanelli*

When he breaks your heart, you'll feel like you're drowning, drowning in something that you can't see or touch but that will fill your lungs, your throat, your brain. You'll want to find a way to justify the drowning so you'll go to the bar around the corner so often that the bartender knows you by name and asks you about work. He'll start to give you a free drink every now and then. You'll think it's because you're a girl and you hear that this happens to girls frequently, but you'll soon consider the possibility that maybe the bartender knows a way to deal with your drowning.

As you consider this thought, he'll bring you another drink before your first is even finished, but this one isn't from him, he'll say, it's from someone else down the bar. You'll look where he points to a trio of men who seem like the only other building they've ever been inside is a gym, and you'll notice that the biggest one is staring at you with a practiced smile. You'll know from the way that he looks at every part of you besides your face exactly how to hurt him like the he who broke your heart hurt you, so you'll pick up his drink and take a sip before sliding off of the stool and into the crowd on the dance floor behind you. A quick wink will be needed to ensure that he follows you before you dive into the sea of thrashing bodies.

You'll pass through scantily-clad women dancing with men who look like they've just rolled out of bed, bumping and grinding their bodies together while the drinks in their hands rain onto the cement floor. The strobe lights will flash the throng of people with shades of deep green and blue and a cheap bubble machine will make the dancers look like they are trying to escape drowning, too. The man who bought you the drink will be right behind you as you rock with the waves of glittering dancers, swaying between their glazed-over stares, losing your drink somewhere along your path through the crowd.

All the while you'll be aware of the figure trailing in your wake.

You'll be almost to the other end of the dancefloor when he'll reach out and catch your hand. He'll twist his arm and pull you to him so that the two of you will be standing face to face, the crowd around you pushing your bodies closer together. He'll shout over the music that you're beautiful, and you'll shout back your thanks, but he'll pretend not to hear you so he can lean his head closer to yours. You'll know exactly what he's doing, but you'll place your hand on his neck anyway and he'll grab at your waist as you repeat your thanks. He'll smile at you with his perfect, white teeth and slide both hands to your back so that you're swallowed up by his broad chest.

He'll introduce himself as Scotty or Johnny or some other name that grown men use when they aren't really ready to be grown men, and then he'll tell you that you're beautiful again before you even have the chance to say your own name. You'll raise your eyebrows

at him and he'll laugh and take this as a sign that he should kiss you, and he will, and you'll cradle the back of his neck in your hand and hold his face against yours as you kiss. Someone will jostle the two of you and ScottyJohnny will tear away from your lips, looking to fight whoever was responsible for this jostling, but you'll touch his arm and he'll focus on you again.

You'll both move to a decaying couch and you'll kiss until he pulls away and tells you that he's sick of this place and his apartment is just across the street. You'll tell him that you're fine staying at the bar and kiss him some more before he pulls away again. He'll promise you breakfast and a ride home and to treat you like a queen, but you've had enough, and the game isn't fun anymore. You'll put your lips close to ear and just brush him with a whispered no before disappearing through the thinning crowd, heading to the bar and not looking back.

The bartender will be there already pouring the drink you will be about to ask for even though your head is starting to feel fuzzy. He'll tell you that the bar is closing and that if you'll wait he'll walk you home, but you say you'll be fine and you'll finish your drink until you're one of the only people left in the bar.

You'll stumble outside with the last of the crowd, vision blurred from tears or from drink or from both. You'll rest your forehead against the cool, gritty metal of a streetlight that stands just behind the small building, wishing that this streetlight had arms to wrap around you to keep you steady and loved and then hating yourself for wishing that.

While you're wishing and hating, a hand will clamp down on your shoulder and spin you around. It'll be ScottyJohnny, his face red from anger or from drink or from both and only inches away from yours. He'll growl about never being said no to before as he forces you down onto gravel that is slick with leftover rain. You'll struggle against his bulk, looking around in a panic to notice that his two buddies are the only ones in sight, both watching with disinterest as they lounge against your lamppost. Your heart will thud with adrenaline and you'll start twisting your arms out of his drunken grip, surprised when it works and he starts to lose his balance. You'll bring your knee up without hesitation and drive it into his groin so that he cries out and rolls off of you. The two friends will advance on you but you'll all freeze when the sound of a glass smashed against a wall makes you all look around.

The bartender will be standing in the doorway, glass shards at his feet, saying something about the police and nightly rounds. ScottyJohnny's buddies will look at each other and pick him up, vanishing fast around the building.

The bartender will walk over to you slowly and sort of squat down above the wet gravel, asking if you're okay but careful not to touch you. You'll realize that he has seen this

before, that maybe he tried to help another girl who was too afraid of his outstretched hand, and he doesn't want to scare you either.

But you won't be scared of him. You'll be shaking and could use a friendly touch, so you'll reach out to him and he'll help you sit up.

You'll both sit with your backs to a stack of pallets standing against the wall of the bar, shoulders and hips touching, heads inclined back against the damp wood. You'll feel your breath return to normal as you glance over at him. His hand will be bleeding from where a shard of glass cut him and you won't know how to fix it but he won't seem to care about the cut anyway as he stays there with you. And maybe you'll stop feeling like you're drowning, at least for a little while. The air around you will be still and quiet and you'll turn your attention to the midnight sky, wondering why the moon has to wane instead of just staying full all the time.

Untitled *Alexis Howard*



How to Sleep Through a Train in the Night *Logan Moody*

When the whistle sounds, please do not be afraid.

At first, it may sound as
an iron howl in the distance
or a storm gathering grey, a constant grumble
of swelling earth and sky;
but remember this—

summer nights need the savage dance of rainwater
to cool the grass at our feet, the wind soft on our faces.

Remember, too, that this all will pass,
leaving along its tracks a soft fullness
heard as a somewhere-symphony
playing under rolling blue waves.
Steam merges with pale clouds
as all noise drifts into the simple song of the owl.
And with flannel sheets pulled to your chin,
a time will come when
a whistle from the far-off countryside
carries you deep into the night.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff *Connor Renfroe*

And then it was the third Billy Goat's turn to cross the bridge.

And once again, the Troll appeared and demanded, "Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?"

And Big Bold Billy told the Troll, "It is I, the largest of Herd Gruff. I'm following my brothers across this bridge to yonder meadow so that I may eat the sweet grass what lies there."

And the Troll cackled, "No you are not! Your brothers have promised you to me in exchange for their own lives. So now I have waited away most of the morning for the biggest goat who could sate my hunger."

And Big Bold Billy, who is not easily fazed, was given pause by the Troll's claims. Had his smaller, craftier brothers really made that promise? Would they really sell Big Bold Billy for some sweet grass?

And this made Big Bold Billy angry. So he told the Troll, "If you would eat me, then come at me. But know that these horns might as well be spears for all their prowess at poking, and clubs for all their prowess at clobbering. Know that my back hooves can cleave boulders and rupture stones. Know that I will fight back, and that it will not just be defense, but that I will destroy you utterly and eat your carnage in place of the sweet grass."

And the Troll froze in fear because this was the first time a Billy Goat had challenged him. Baby Bleating Billy was instantly reduced to tears, pleading that the Troll take one of his larger brothers. Basic Braying Billy was clever and conniving; he bargained for his life in exchange for the biggest of the Billy Goats Gruff. But Big Bold Billy changed the paradigm and decided to tackle the challenge head-on. But, in any case, he was a Troll, and Big Bold was nothing but a Billy Goat, and the food chain was clear on who ate whom in these parts.

And so the Troll charged Big Bold Billy and Big Bold Billy lowered his head and caught the Troll on his horns. The horns pierced the Troll below his rib cage and exited through his shoulders so that the Troll was firmly held in place. Big Bold Billy threw his head back and the Troll slid off and crumpled into a messy pile. Then Big Bold Billy hopped up onto his front hooves and, with his back hooves, kicked the Troll with all the force he could muster. The Troll was sent flying into the dead plains that Herd Gruff had exhausted. The Troll hit the hard rock with a resounding splatter and pieces of him scattered all around.

And, as promised, Big Bold Billy ate up all those little pieces, even though the bitter taste made his lips pucker and tears to gather in his eyes. Once he was finished, Big Bold Billy rolled around in the Troll blood just to color himself up a bit. Then he marched back across the bridge to meet his brothers in the other meadow.

And when they saw their brother soaked in blood with puckered lips and watery eyes, Baby Bleating Billy and Basic Braying Billy began to cry out of fear that their brother would want revenge. But Big Bold Billy showed he was magnanimous and only punished his brothers with swift kicks to the rears, both of them. And then they continued to eat until the lush meadow became barren and they once again had to seek out sustenance.

Sorry to Disappoint *Rachel Trueblood*

i dropped a tube of
lipstick the other day, then
i stomped it slow. Thick

plastic paste stuck to
my off-white sole and i caked
the hardwood floor red

[the smudgesmear felt nice]
Like the way it feels dipping
hands in melted wax

Or the way the sun
glints smug enough to sear skin
Like wrapping fingers

in stray needle thread
so tighttighttight that a blue
swells to the surface

and i craved that small
feeling a little more so
i plucked a crayon

from a weathered box;
i squeezed it in my palm til
it snapped, and they sighed.



42 *Jason Sandy*
Photography

mothers *Andrew McIver*

I shutter to discover
that my mother reached
modernity in an instant.
Thinking of a grandfather clock
that burned up because of
grandma's great grease
fire. The one of '05.
That's what happens
when you talk too long
on a phone.

Like this:

"Hello! Virginia? Is that you? It's Deana!"

(Slur it a little bit. She's drunk, ok?)

"OH YES, THIS IS SHE."

"Well good. The boys are on their way to visit tonight."

"THE BOYS?"

"The grandbabies. On their way to visit!"

"OH YES. WELL AIN'T THAT NICE."

"Yeah, it'll be nice to see 'em. We're gonna open up
some Christmas presents. And you know, Owen's got a birthday
coming up soon."

"IS THAT RIGHT?"

"He'll be eleven whole years old! Can you believe it?"

"I CANT."

"Well it's true! And Kelly and Paul, they're doing real good."

"REALLY?"

"Oh yeah, sure. They're doing it for the kids, I know. Trying
to straighten up. It's going real good.

We're all real proud."

"THAT'S GREAT DEANA."

"They got three months clean."

"OH YEAH?"

"Yeah, straight and narrow."

"REAL GOOD."

"I got to go Virginia. Got steaks in the oven and oil on the stove.
Can't cook a french fry without oil."

"ALRIGHT DEANA."

"Bye Virginia, I'll talk to you soon."

"BYE DEANA."

Woosh.

That's what happens when hot oil
and frozen fries collide.

Woosh.

And, for once, Deana didn't know what to say.

Like this: " ."

Deana didn't know what to think either.

Not once in all her years had she lit a whole house on fire in one instant.

What could she do?

"The front stoop is nice this time of year."

An easy thought to have.

"Early December, leaves are all gone, but not quite freezing."

(Grab your glass and don't forget the carton of cigarettes in your room.)

Deana stood, sipping a rum and Coke and smoking a Virginia Slim,
when the fire truck ripped right into her front yard.

The fireman saw a woman silhouetted by fire,

towers of it,

and they smelled—

eucalyptus.

It was the tree next to her house.

So close they burned together.

"Smell good, don't it?"

That's when we pulled up.

In a spearmint-green Buick Skylark

that mamma loved when dad bought it for her ten years ago.

Now it's too green or not green enough.

It used to be just the right size, when I was one.

But I'm eleven and my brother's seven and the backseat fits us tight.

Mamma is hysteric.

Grandma pulls out another cigarette finds a flame from her house,

lights it up, and takes a puff,

as if it wasn't our place to question why

grandma's house was on fire.

Woosh. Puff. Sip.

And how could she stand it?

The heat must have been unbearable.

So hot that firemen wore suits.

But not Deana.

Her whole life had been a flame.
She learned a long time ago that if you stand close enough,
you'll get burned but at least you'll remember it.
At least you will have known it happened.

Dad can't comprehend it.
He sees grandma next to the house
and thinks "that red-headed drunk sonofa"—
but gets cut off by the thought that inside the house
are all the christmas and birthday presents.
He's never been much of a thinker. He just does it.
He runs and grabs grandma who drops her drink and almost burns him
with the cigarette.

Mamma is still screaming.
"Kelly, calm down"
"Mamma, your house is on fire. What were you thinking
standing so close like that?"
"You want a cigarette?"
"Mamma, what were you thinking?"
"I wasn't thinking. I was making french fries."

Dad did what no one expected.
He ran into the fire.
By the time the firemen noticed and tried to stop him,
he'd already run back out with twelve presents.
When he ran back in, all that was left to get was the Christmas tree,
which he brought out, ornaments and all.
The eucalyptus collapsed.
Fell right on top of grandma's house.

"I liked that tree. Didn't yall?"
We did, grandma.
We liked a lot of things.

A china cabinet with mamma's wedding china
(grandma's china was long gone, thrown out the window,
flying saucers landing on Faith Church Road
a story below).
A roll-top desk with letters and old kodaks
(I was a baby once).
An attic full of halloween decorations

(mostly I would miss the old witch that would cackle and
scare my baby-brother, but there were boo-lights and
pumpkin-colored cobwebs too).
Tin cans of jewelry
(Mamma couldn't pawn a wedding band if she tried)
Music boxes that locked tight.
An old Gibson
(it was papa's but grandma kept it to spite him, I think).
Forest-green sheets on all the beds
(they smelled like thanksgiving).
Mamma missed the old grandfather clock
(the one that never moved,
but the key to open it was stuck right in the keyhole).
But Dad saved the presents
and a crispy Christmas tree.

I imagine that was the moment
Mamma realized modernity had come too fast.
Grandma had almost burned up.
And what could she have done?
She wished she would have opened the clock
and pushed the pendulum.
How necessary it is to move.

Candy Apple *Annie Doar*
Prismacolor Pencil



Untitled *Alexis Howard*



Blue Isn't *Rachel Burns*

No one back in the city has felt real rain. We were lucky to have had it soak through our jumpers and bask in the smell of it. We kept our faces beneath the youngling leaves, breathing between stalks so that we wouldn't stir them. If we moved we'd be dead. Despite the chase and the fear, though, I was glad for the feel of rain.

Your eyes matched the dark, saturated ground, except I've never seen the earth turn black with anger. But you also have Mum's eyes so I held onto that distant connection and welcomed the unfamiliar earth beneath my hands. No one back home has felt dirt, either.

Their orders were given in their helmets, but we could still hear their boots just past the walls. Stealth couldn't part of their training; why would it be, when they just shoot whatever moves. I wished we weren't so valuable together. Maybe if Mum had only been a quarter, an eighth, we wouldn't have been so obvious. There's ways around the blood tests, there's people you can pay. But the evidence is woven in our hair, our bones, our DNA, so close to who we are that I've forgotten who I once wanted to be before I measured myself with percentages.

The stone walls looked older than the city, though nothing is older than home. That's what they always said. Nothing there was like home: the monumental trees, the earthworms beneath us, the windows with colors in the glass. The whole sanctuary felt strange and watchful and I would have held your hand but I knew you wouldn't let me. You kept snarling silently, barring your food-gummed teeth, evidence of the last of our food. I couldn't remember the last time I groomed my teeth, my hair, my wild fear.

Rain from the leaves above dripped on our backs and the forest seemed quiet, but we didn't move, becoming part of the ruins. The soldier could have still been out there.

You finally let go of your grimace and nodded your head to a shard of glass lying between us. Glass in the city isn't colored but this was painted with blue, a shock of color in the cave of green and brown and grey we had found. Blue isn't a color in the city anymore. So, I understand why you wanted to reach out and touch the slick surface and I understand why you held it up to the clouded green light coming down from the tree canopy. Still, I wish I had touched it first. Maybe then you would have seen the soldier behind us and moved away, fled while he shot my leg instead.

But you were shot and then me too and the soldier is standing in the broken archway and I reach across to you and talk to you because I have everything to say to you though none of the right words have stuck around. She's listening to me and I hope she hears how human we are as we die. I think you might be gone already, but I have to keep talking as I dampen the soil with blood because I loved—love—you.

Haint *Emily Thomas*

Sometimes I feel you when everyone is asleep.
Standing in my doorway, guarding the dark.

It took me a long time to realize it was you.
After all, we have never met exactly.

Standing in front of your grave for the first time,
I remember my own father tensing up.

Maybe choked on his breath.
Buried in a cement vault, you

won't come floating in the Louisiana rain.
But I know it's you who comes at night.

You stand like Korea
and Vietnam
and the Southdown sugarcane.

Threshing, threshing,

I've swung your rusted machete around at imaginary fields,
cutting them down to let in the light.

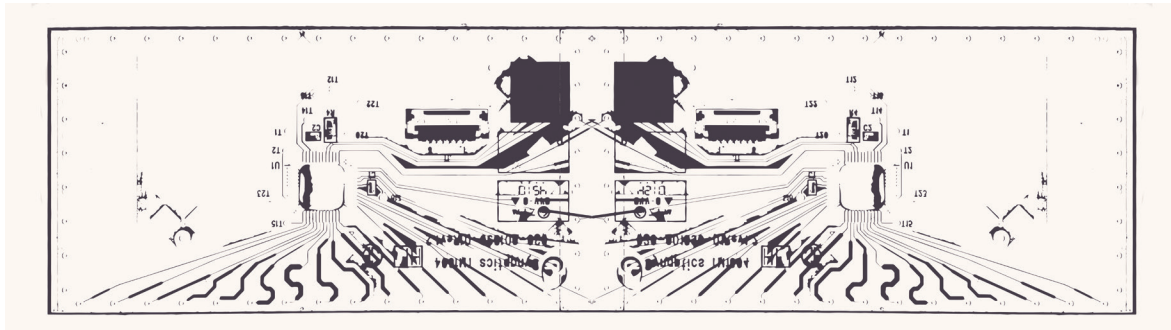
The Hillside *Amy Moore*

The wind blew, long and low and slow, and plucked at the hair on the back of May's neck. The blunt arcs of her nails pressed pain into one palm, while the other palm held a fist of rose and thyme. The hills seemed to sweep on for years.

May moved one foot, then the next, then stood on one, and then the other, in an attempt to shake loose the tense and coiled ache in her soles. She closed her eyes, heard clocks tick down deep in the drums of her ears, then turned on her heel and walked. She left on the ground her red and white-check quilt, as well as the food she had made in the thin light of that day.

Fuck this, she thought, though shame burned brands into her cheeks and tears streamed down her face. Her feet fell hard; she crushed each blade of grass as if each one was the friend who had made a fool of her. And she would continue to stomp all the way back to her car; her face would still burn when she threw down her rose and thyme; her eyes would still leak when she slammed shut her screen door and went up to her room and fell on her bed as one. When she had hoped to be two, at least for this one day.

Fuck this, she thought, and threw herself on her car seat, and told herself that she felt none of it, and turned up the sound as loud as she could and screamed all the way home.



Trackpad Circuit Mirror *Charlie Hickey*
Digital Collage



Elevator Death

22/50

Dylan Bannister 2015

Elevator Death Final *Dylan Bannister*
Silkscreen

Losing Her god and Singing in May *Felicia Chisholm*

Because her secrets are parasites.
Deep in her tissue they thrive.
Having gone to the Man making sure to be cloaked with atonement she weeps.
Deep in her separate entity—the soul—they thrive.

Though the Glory always conspicuous on her countenance as a songstress,
the graveyard inside her body still breathes. A dumping ground.
Suitors emptying deplorable spirits into her container while
she laughs a winner's laugh, but is an oblivious participant of idol worship.
Greed, rage, and murder taking residence in her sanity and yielding not
unto elders' warnings, her would-be discerning vision grossly impaired.

But time passes.

A night polluted with betrayal led her home, and her reflection
gnawed and groaned—demons exposing themselves, golden flesh turned sooty mire,
and a generation of parasites slither their way to the surface and rupture.
A bolting to bathe provides
no relief,
no cleanse,
no tabula rasa,
no forgetting that which is behind.
The urgency for consecration to replace her invisible incarceration now sorely evident,
as the stench of secrets fill her nose and sizzling tears pierce her pores.

Hoping for rescue once sleep arrives, but guilt haunts those hours, and the
desire to die deadens the delight of another Sunday morning.



The Paragon Concept *Dakota Burwell*
Butterfly wings, Moth wings, EcoResin, Glass, Pink Ivory Wood

The Gravity of a Life *Elizabeth Ponds*

I've got my ambitions, but I need the gravity of a situation.
I'm situated in the dead zone.
It's the Zone of Avoidance where telescopes will not discover me –
A lone planet sustaining life.

I've got a constellation, but I need the glitter of the Milky Way.
I'm waylaid by the weak force;
It's the force of our natures pushing and pulling without relief –
A dozen fixed orbital patterns.

I need to
b r e a k away.

No, I don't need to be Kelly Clarkson.
I need the gravity of a life
That drags me off my orbital plane to careen into a fiery wormhole.

I need out of this inner space
That pulls me in my circles on the way to nowhere but here.
I need the gravity of a life
That takes me through hyperspace to a zone of endurance.

This emp ty floating can fuck off into the void.

Paper Cup at a Coffee Shop *Logan Moody*

Do not microwave.

You will not have the opportunity to microwave this cup, as it is not for you.

This cup contains more than the beverage you have purchased, it contains a small portion of your hope.

Please handle with care.

When handling this cup to the person you are considering your coffee date, please use two hands.

If the person you are considering your coffee date arrives late, remember not to microwave.

If the person you are considering your coffee date is not completely satisfied with this beverage for any reason, this may reflect on you and/or your poor choice regarding what kind of beverage the person you are considering your coffee date would enjoy, revealing a fundamental issue in your compatibility with the person you are considering your coffee date.

If you are not completely satisfied with this beverage for any reason other than the aforementioned compatibility issue, we will gladly refund your purchase.

Remember, the person you are considering your coffee date may not consider you their coffee date.

If you are not completely satisfied with this outcome for any reason, we apologize.

When enjoying this beverage, notice any signs that the person you are considering your coffee date also enjoys their beverage, denoting a minor instance of success in compatibility between you and the person you are considering your coffee date.

When enjoying this beverage, the person you are considering your coffee date may not enjoy you as much as you enjoy them.

This cup is made of 100 % recyclable materials.

We ask that you be respectful of your fellow customers and keep your voice down as you enjoy this beverage, as they may not want to hear you and the person you are considering your coffee date discuss hometowns, prior broken bones, hobbies, etc. as they enjoy their beverages.

If you are satisfied with this beverage, please let our baristas know by ringing the bell.

If you are satisfied with what you are considering a coffee date, please let the person you are considering your coffee date know by sending them a text message no less than four hours

from now to inform them of your satisfaction.

If the person you are considering your coffee date is satisfied with what you are considering a coffee date, please wait until they tell you themselves and do not harass them for information, as we do not condone harassment.

If both parties consider this a coffee date and are satisfied with their experience, please consider a second date.

If a second date is shared between the returning parties, please consider a further relationship.

If a further relationship is explored between the returning parties, please consider marriage.

If a further relationship is only considered by one party, please do not harass the opposing party, as we do not condone harassment.

Careful, the beverage you are about to enjoy is extremely hot. Enjoy!



I Do Not Look Up Enough *Grace Windey*
Intaglio Print

Post-Burial Eulogy *Skyler Teal*

Everyone was crying.
Me? For a man I barely knew
Outside of our family legends,
And who barely knew me
After the disease had shut off power to half his brain.
I didn't know how to feel/think.

The preacher delivered her sermon
Over a twice-lifeless casket donned with flowers
And with memories only painful in that moment.
"He was a great man, a faithful child of God.
I have no doubts that he (He?) is looking down upon us right now."

Yes, I'm sure he was
Looking down, or up,
Or straight forward from a pew in the back.
He loved attending funerals,
And his honest wife had always laughed, saying,
"He would attend his own if he could,"
So I believed it must be true.

It was hard to celebrate the life
Of a man that seemed so far removed,
But I guess, maybe, he knew more than we did then.
He had learned the capital-T truth about Life and Death and the After-Life-and-Death,
Something we could only imagine.
Made in the image of a Maker, we longed to make it a happy place,
Using words of hope and faith as anchors to reality
As we sat crying our uncertain tears.

Lent *Keelie Mlay*

Give away your guilty pleasures
Forty days without your sins
No more kisses, no more treasures,
No more crying over him



Sock Monkeys *Carsyn Osiecki*
Charcoal

Lightbulb II *Amy Ciravolo*
Conte, Collage, Photo transfers



Daddy Wanted to Teach Me *McKenzie Miller*

That heavy summer day, before Daddy had to go cut Mr. Ferguson's grass and trim bushes, we snuck through our back woods onto a neighboring golf course. The sun incubated a stubborn moisture in the atmosphere – not quite fog, but it made my skin drip and feel far too close to my blood. The air brooded; it was like the day was waiting for something to bring it crashing around our feet.

We set out to feed our family of three and half (with Mama pregnant with my little brother-or-sister, she needed more than either of us). Daddy carried a crude bamboo cane with fishing line and a bubblegum pink Barbie Girl fishing rod that he had happened to see in one of his customer's garbage cans in the city, still in its packaging. We didn't have any fancy tackle or lures but Daddy wanted to teach me how to eat.

The angry weather had scared off all but the most determined golfers so we were mostly alone. The pond we were fishing was covered in a mucky layer, prompting Daddy to ramble on about algae blooms and El Niño and how the liberals were full of shit but global warming might exist because it was too damn hot out here. The cloying stench of dying fish slithered through the heavy air and put meaning to the too-big words he was throwing at my tiny head.

"If the fish are dead, why are we fishing?" I asked.

"Some of them are still alive and they're dying with the algae in the pond. It's easier to catch them like this."

I'm still not sure he believed his own reasoning, but he couldn't tell me then that we couldn't afford even the dollar-brand hot dogs without buns and Grandma's borrowed ketchup to eat that week and pay bills. So he made it a tactical game – catch the fish when they are weak.

"Just remember to watch out for turtles. They don't breathe water like the fish, and they don't turn loose like a fish either". I didn't hear, focused on swatting the algae with my pink reel, full of energy even though I hadn't eaten a real meal in weeks.

Daddy tried to teach me how to cast my line, how to watch for bites, how to reel it in. I quickly grew bored and he grew angrier with each of my tiny, throaty sighs. I was released from his lessons by a bite on my line. I shrieked and jerked my rod wildly, not having paid attention to anything Daddy had told me. He took the rod from me and smiled a huge chewing-tobacco smile, said it felt like a good catch.

He hoisted our trophy from the slimy pond only to see a yellow-bellied slider struggling against the hook lodged in its wrinkled throat. Daddy threw the rod and screamed at me.

"I told you to watch out for the damn turtles!" His face flushing a dangerous near-purple, he pulled out his pocket knife and pushed it into my hand, careful even in his anger to keep the blunt end facing me.

"Your mama won't be able to cook this," he said, and I thought I heard his voice break on the final word.

"You have to take care of it." He spat, turning away.

I studied the turtle's struggle, eyes burning, and realized there was no way to

get the hook out without the creature biting me. I looked to Daddy for guidance, but he wouldn't face me.

I pressed the knife to the turtle's wieldy throat and dragged it across in a quick, sawing motion. The little thing's struggle was quick and feeble. Its shell was covered in hot, sticky blood and my hands had tiny scratches from its final rally. If I hadn't held the final result in my dirty, shaking hands, I could have almost pretended that I hadn't done it. Daddy only wanted to teach me to eat, instead he taught me how to give up on a lost cause.

Sea Child *Annalise Eberhard*

Whenever I pick spinach from my teeth,
I remember green, translucent webbing
and her salt-frosted hair hanging low and wild
as she sang of watery freedom.

She would greet the morning sun on sea-slimed rocks,
diluting her jagged memories in dying waves
and praying water-logged worms would bury her secrets
in their hidden world under the sand.

I pulled her back to bed with me
and held her close under our patched family quilt—
never letting her leave my protection
and the safety the land provided her.

Slowly, I fell in love with her wind-blown movements,
craving her dry bread and over-seeped tea
as I ignored the neighbor's raised eyebrows and frozen stares—
Because she made meaning of my life.

When she found her skin again, she slipped inside the sea,
consumed by the cold, unforgiving waters
that both gave her life and stole her life from me.
and I am left alone on the rocks. Waiting.



New Beginnings *Kristen Rowell*
Oil Painting

Editors

Editor-in-Chief

Patrick Kay returned to Winthrop after dropping out twice. In his schoolless downtime, he considered many bachelor's-not-required occupations including becoming a professional wrestler, a preacher, a Peace Corps member, a YouTube vlogger, a multimedia conglomerate, or a politician. His first publication was at age six in a one-page, two-sided video game publication of his own creation which reviewed classics such as LEGO Island and Fatty Bear's Birthday Surprise.

Assistant Editor

Connie Shen is a Literature and Language Major with a Creative Writing Minor graduating May of 2016. A writer of poetry, short stories, and non-fiction, her work revolves around the many facets of queer, mentally ill, and Asian-American identities. She will be joining the MFA program for creative non-fiction at UNC Wilmington next fall.

Poetry Editor

Jami Hodgins is a sophomore English major who serves as Poetry Editor for The Anthology. She is a peculiar individual who views life as a perpetual adventure; she has a deep admiration for the enigmatic. Jami loves pasta, black-and-white photos, trees, semicolons, live performances, dark chocolate, old movies, list-making, and getting lost. She also thinks that referring to herself in the third person is pretentious. She is a work in progress. (To be continued...)

Graphic Designer

Kelsey Law is a senior Illustration major from Greenville, S.C. When she was little she picked up every pencil and drew everything she could possibly imagine. She grew up with a deep love for books and stories and aims to continue the tradition by creating new stories of her own to share with others. When not making bad puns she dreams about space and constantly finds herself drawing comics about kittens.

Prose Editor

Laurie Hilburn is a senior English Major, concentrating in Literature and Language, with a double minor in Creative Writing and Women's & Gender Studies. This is her last semester at Winthrop University, so she hopes to go out with a bang, or at least not cry as much as she has been lately. She is planning on taking a gap year after graduation to figure out employment, traveling, and graduate school opportunities, or at least to recover on sleep; she hopes to find work as a writer for a video game company or magazine, as then it will be the perfect excuse to stay in bed and on the computer all day long. In the meantime, she remains content with her excessive Wonder Woman paraphernalia, her giant fluff ball of a cat named Theo, the lovable nerds she calls friends, and these amazingly creative years at Winthrop University and The Anthology magazine.

Art Editor

Craig Stewart is a printmaker and sculptor who grew up in the small town of Liberty, South Carolina. He currently resides in Rock Hill, SC where he is working towards completing his BFA at Winthrop University. His art has explored symbols, dichotomies, and our relationships with objects.

Did Ingmar Bergman ever exist? *Patrick Kay*

Did Ingmar Bergman ever exist?
or was he always
the nine-dollar burrito a film student
buys to tell his parents
he is refined now

Did Audre Lorde take pen to paper?
or did her words
grow on boardwalk t-shirts
so girls could debate the intersectionality
of boys they kissed

Did Christ ascend to Heaven?
or did a thief steal his story,
blow it up, add theatrics,
give it to mom, pawn it at church,
and sell it to me?

Jiejie Connie Shen

In Chinese, her name meant bravery, courage. In English, the name changed into something sinister, taking on a new meaning each day—sometimes weirdo, sometimes chink, sometimes simply the strange silent yellow girl who sat in the back, seemingly without words. Torment came afresh each morning to greet her, lazy with eyes still crusted with morning sleep and joyful with overgrown tongues sticking from the corners of their thin red mouths. They would gather about her in a circle, forming a pink-fleshed forest.

“Fanny rhymes with ugly.” A whisper came trickling into her ear from the seat behind her like a lost ghost looking for its home. Fan knew not to turn around and look at the fat moon-faced monster who the voice belonged to. To do so only made them all the more violent. Outside of the classroom, a small bell screamed and announced the end of class. The girl pushed herself up from her desk to leave, but not fast enough. Fan bristled as the monster’s blonde-furred paw clenched her shoulder.

“Fanny means vagina. Did you know that? Maybe that’s why you smell so weird.” Fan’s mother had long ago taught her the way to tell with white ghosts just as these—do not flee and they will soon flee you. At least, that was what Ai-named-Sherry had said when she told Fan about her journey to America.

“One of them tried to cheat me of my money, but they did not succeed,” Ai-named-Sherry had said after closing, scrubbing at the pools of peanut oil that had sat collecting in the wok. The veins in her arms glowed purple underneath the florescent lights as she made soapy motions in the sink. “There were many men in navy suits, asking me for answers. ‘When did you come to this country? Where are your papers? What relatives do you have in the States? What are their addresses?’ I did not know what to say. We had come over here to raise you; my belly was so swollen I feared it would burst. I ran to the back and told your father what was happening. He has never been scared of anything (in China, he was the one they called to drive out the spirits of dead baby girls from their parents’ homes), but in that moment, I saw something like fear. ‘No English,’ he said. He passed them the \$6,000 that he had been saving inside of the cabinet for you. Believe me when I say that it hurt him to do that. The navy-suited ghosts took the money and left and never came back. If he had fought back, we would have been sent back to China. And that is what it means to be a man.” A disappointment had surged through Fan’s stomach that night after her mother finished the story. Tired after story-telling and hours of working in the restaurant, her mother turned off the lights and went wordless up the stairs. Fan listened to her parents breathing up above in their tiny room, their snores mixing with the damp, greasy scents.

To Fan, paying ghosts to leave seemed cowardly. Her mother had told her stories about witches, women who drank the blood of goats and received eternal life and spat curses at villagers who tried to approach them. Fan admired these creatures, so vibrant with their sallow skin and sullen speech.

“Some *wu* even sacrificed their own to receive favors from the gods,” her mother, Ai (whose American name was Sherry), had told her once as they rolled chickens in sauces and batter. Her father was outside, calling the crippled grandmother still in China

who Fan had never met.

“What do you mean, mother?” Fan had asked. Her small fingers made circles in the salt-and-pepper seasoning spread across the metal counter. “They would give up their happiness to receive good fortune?”

“No, *gau*, stupid girl. They killed their own families.”

A familiar thrill rose in Fan’s stomach and coated her throat with bile. By the time her father had returned from talking to *pou-pou*, slamming the back door behind him and retying his apron with strangely shaky fingers, Fan had already decided that witches were more powerful than men—they could easily overpower white ghosts and wouldn’t have even thought to pay them to go away. They would have just eaten them instead.

After that, each hair tug given, every slur thrown out by a classmate elicited a small and quiet curse. Sometimes it was written down on loose paper, sometimes muttered under her breath, but always in Chinese. Picturing the moon-faced ghost behind her, Fan paired him with a curse of a long and painful death by boils that erupted from his body and smiled at the thought. She etched out the characters in her notebook for death (死亡) as well as the ones for pimples (暗瘡) and sketched an image of his face for good measure.

Tired of not receiving a response, the fat boy-monster took a black fluffy piece from Fan’s ponytail and pulled. A small scream emerged from Fan’s mouth despite her will to stop it. The monster delighted in how brittle her voice sounded, so breakable and small. The sound that made him stop from doing so again was the clearing of the teacher’s throat. Putting on a face of guilt, the boy pulled back his hand and placed it underneath the desk. Together, Fan and the monster looked up, expecting to see the teacher marching toward their desks, referral in hand. Instead, they were surprised to see the teacher beaming, hand curved around the shoulder of a small girl who stood behind her.

“Class, I’d like you to meet Mei.”

Mei looked up and saw Fan sitting in the back row. Their eyes spoke to each other in Cantonese. “*Jiejie*,” Fan’s eyes glinted. “*Jiejie*,” Mei’s eyes returned softly back. Sister.

Together, they endured the torment, their arms intertwined as they walked through the school building, one tall with sharp elbows, the other round with puffy cheeks. Fan had taught Mei how to be a witch on the first day she came, sitting in science class surrounded by plastic skeletons and anatomical hearts.

“Here is how you perform a curse.” Fan pointed her pencil toward her target, a girl with brown hair who enjoyed tripping her in gym class, and waved. “Ni kan. Watch.” She drew the characters for “sickness” and “stomach” on a sheet of paper, carving out a circle around them. “Now turn it three times and ask the gods for it to happen.” A fast learner, Mei performed the curse quickly, muttering a small request under her breath. Eagerly, they watched to see if the girl would fall onto the floor vomiting, but nothing happened.

“Sometimes, it takes a while for it to work.”

“I see.”

Mei was the one who convinced Fan that they should begin wearing capes. Her mother, a seamstress, fashioned long black cloaks made out of curtain fabric. The velvety warmth felt heavy upon their skin as they surged across the tiled floors.

"Look, look," they laughed, peeping out from around bathroom corners and hallways sticky with prepubescent sweat, "the Chinese think that they are witches." The bravest of the bunch cut off a piece of Fan's cloak with a pair of sharp red scissors. He was a braggart with fat red lips and stunk of his parents' cigarette addiction.

"What are you going to do now?" He bragged, brandishing the square of black fabric in front of their faces. "What are you going to do now, weirdos?"

Fan and Mei continued to scrape the bottoms of their Tupperware, quiet as the stagnant leaves outside. He watched Mei slurp a noodle and saw a vampire draining a man of his blood. Fan shoved a clementine in her mouth and ate it whole, bright orange flashes of rind and seed caught between her cavernous teeth. Their twin capes rippled with their motions as if enchanted. The boy swore he felt his feet tingle.

"Freaks," he muttered, tossing his stolen token to the floor. The boy decided to stay away from them, witches after all. Underneath the table, Fan felt her friend's small hand clasp her own in victory and smiled.

On their walk home, they went over the day's accomplishments with one another.

"Remember how scary his face looked when he ran away."

"His ugly face. His ugly red face."

"And when I whispered in Chinese to you and Marsha screamed."

"Yes, yes. She sounded like a donkey!"

The girls laughed until their lungs were void of laughter. Mei drew a bag of candies from her backpack and offered one to Fan. They sucked on sweets until their mouths felt raw, falling into sugared silence, happy with their day's work.

When they came to the part, Fan departed first. Stretching out a pink-gloved hand, she waved goodbye with all her might. They yelled their secret names loudly from a safe distance so that the gods would not suspect them of evil.

"*Zigian, wu jeje.*"

"*Ziajian.*"

That night, as Ai-Called-Sherry washed the dishes in the sink, Fan grabbed her mother's wrist and whispered low.

"I want a story about sisters." Fan's eyes glistened black as beetles in the shadows of the lamplight. "Tell me about two Chinese sisters who love each other."

Ai frowned. "I don't know any happy stories. Only sad ones."

"What about a medium-happy one?"

"What about medium-sad?"

"A quarter-sad."

"Okay."

So Ai constructed her own story, woven from myth and modern legend. "Once there were two sisters who shared a common father, the Dragon King. The older one was beautiful beyond words; the other, smarter than all scholars. They saw a people caught

in drought and sorrowed. Each had the power to channel water from their fingertips or steal them from mountainsides: because of their kindness, water flowed freely and in abundance." Ai's voice drifted, brow furrowed in thought as she tried to think of something to change the coming sadness. "The sisters were quiet about their powers, always acting out of humility and patience." Fan walked over to a table and rested her head upon it, hearing the sound of the story echoing in the wood. "They did not ask for anything except for peace. But once, and only once, the second daughter made a mistake. Upon listening to human praise, she fell in love with them. The first daughter, pining for her sister's love, waited for her to fall asleep one night and crept inside her room." Fan's eyes began to flutter. "The first daughter raised a sword above the bed and aimed..." Ai turned to see her daughter sleeping and thought it best to not finish, instead returning to the washing of dishes, preparing for what the next day would bring.

Mei was sitting with Sandra when Fan came into class the next day. There was no cape around her shoulders so that they laid bare underneath of her tank top, pieces of pale skin glinting as she moved. Fan marched up to their desks and spoke to Mei in Chinese, ignoring the white ghost beside her.

"What are you doing?"

"Sandra is nice. She's not mean like the others."

"Where is your cape?"

"It got too hot."

Furious, Fan whipped off her own cape and threw it in Mei's face. The children ogled at her white-hot rage that sizzled as she ran past them to the bathroom, tendrils of black hair and tears sticking to her cheeks. Once inside of a stall, she sat on a toilet seat and seethed. Was there a curse strong enough for sisters who betrayed their sisters? Ripping off a piece of toilet paper, Fan blew her nose and thought about what to do.

Fan ignored Mei's anxious glances throughout the entire class period. As the class lined up to go to recess, Mei ran up to Fan and offered her the cape.

"I forgot mine. I promise I'll wear it tomorrow."

Unfeeling, Fan ignored Mei's pleas and stared straight ahead. The other girl shook her head slowly, returning to her place next to Sandra in line.

Once outside, the children ran off to form groups. Some collected by the monkey bars, some in the sandbox; others played marbles on the cool black asphalt. Fan watched as Sandra pushed Mei on the swing set, her small legs pumping the air. Fan ripped pieces of grass from the ground and watched ants make hills to pass the time.

A crunching sound rang through the air, followed by a number of screams cutting across Fan's clouded mind. With a jolt, she saw Mei's body laid out flat along the dirt, ten feet from where the swingset stood. Her leg was draped loosely at her side. Fan felt a sharp thud inside of her stomach when she saw a single bone sticking strangely from Mei's knee. Fan thought about the time her father had rescued a baby bird that had

fallen from its nest, its legs pointing upwards toward the sky. It had died a day later. A gurgle from Fan's stomach alerted her that she was about to puke.

As the teachers arrived to carry Mei into the nurse's office, Fan wiped the vomit from her mouth and watched from a distance. They lifted her fragile body with a collective heave. Mei's cry cracked through the atmosphere. They began to advance toward Fan, but it was too late to escape. They would know that she was the culprit, the jealous one who had cursed her only friend out of spite. She watched stark-eyed with fear as Mei's limp body was hurried past her, carried toward the door. Looking up, Fan saw the monsters gathered around too, some with shovels and jumpropes still in their dirt-crusting hands. In Fan's mind, their plastic toys looked like pitchforks and torches, glinting in the mid-afternoon sun.

"It's their fault," Fan thought to herself, "They were the ones who made me hurt Mei." And yet, Fan knew this was not true—that maybe, in the midst of her make-believe, the magic had begun working after all, making Fan pay for her lies, her anger, her need to keep Mei as hers and hers alone.

As Mei passed by her, carried by many white hands, their eyes spoke to one another once more.

"Are we still sisters? Do you forgive me?" Fan asked. She felt her face bloat with feeling, struggling to withhold the tears.

Mei did not respond.

Goodbye *Jami Hodgins*

You were like a book that I checked out from the library of the world:
At first, I was mesmerized by your cover;
after reading the synopsis on the inside flap, I knew I wanted to have you—
so I checked you out, aware of the return date
stamped on the little manila slot on the inside of the back cover,
which I soon chose to forget.

When I took you home, I intended to put you somewhere
"systematic," where you would blend in with my other mundane habits.
(A desk? A shelf? A pedestal?)

But instead I placed you on my bedside table,
because I experienced some
Inexplicable Comfort, knowing that you were there
and I could open you at my leisure
and escape the world that was enclosing around me.

I put you there so that I could have you near
when I wished to stroke your spine and breathe in the scent of your pages
or curl up in bed with you and revisit my favorite chapters.

I didn't want to return you;
I wanted to engrave my name on the blank space
of the paper-covered cardboard behind the flap of your front cover.
I wanted to put you in my bag and carry you around,
so that no matter where I was, I could always get lost in you.

I wanted to know all of your nuances.
I wanted to annotate you, marking up your every page with fragments of myself.
I wanted to diagram your every sentence and dissect your binary oppositions.
I wanted to intimately know and befriend every character within you—
flat/round, static/dynamic—

You were neither classic nor contemporary.
You were not romantic or Naturalistic or Existential.
You gave me the distinct feeling that I had read you before,
although I knew I hadn't.
And I wanted to discover the source of that unprecedented nostalgia—

But you were overdue.
(And by the way, your kiss left a bittersweet taste in my mouth.)



Sacrifice to Teiresias Kelsey Law

Temporary Laurie Hilburn

Sex with Andy.

The words stare back at me, foreign. I've rewritten the phrase three times now, shifting its existence from one page to the next. But, it's not real yet—I turn my pencil and erase the gray lines, withdrawing them from duty, from when they were supposed to materialize into action tomorrow.

Andrea takes a seat across from me. "I'm sorry, Victoria. How about Tuesday?"

"You'll be in Atlanta until—"

"Wednesday morning." Andrea sighs. "Okay, how about..."

She chews at the end of her pen—a residual marker from when she quit smoking a year ago. Her teeth marks leave imprints on most of our writing tools, soft little messages of how nerves shiver beneath her composure. She wears tailored blazers, professionally indomitable. But, her mouth betrays her confidence—not her voice, but her teeth, tugging and gnawing for something to bite, to inhale, to unravel the taut rope of tension that snakes down her spine.

"How about Friday?" She glances up at me. "I'll be back by five. We can have dinner and then—"

"I have physical therapy at four. I'll be exhausted."

"Fine."

She's getting frustrated. She used to tell me how much she enjoyed me being such a challenge, difficult, unconquerable. Now, she just says, Victoria, please, be reasonable, please.

"Andy..." I can't reach the words, so I press my hands flat against the table, grounding myself. "Andy, I'm—"

"Trying." She pulls the pen from her lips like a cigarette, barely refraining from puffing out smoky ink. "I know. I'm sorry I'm so busy."

"Don't apologize for that. You like being busy."

But, I don't meet her eyes—I'm so focused on looking down at the table that Andrea's move to sit beside me makes me jump. She catches my hands in hers. "I like being with you more than being busy." A tentative, warm laugh bubbles up from her chest. "I'd love to combine the two and get *busy* with you—I mean, we're both trying, right?"

Her smile, the little tether of connection, the hot ghosts of nicotine along her voice—it flickers more to life in me than I've known in a while and I almost flinch, staggered. But, her grip is impossible to break—even when I'm sure I have.

She peers over at my calendar. "How about Sunday evening? I'll be done with work before lunchtime. We'll have the evening all to ourselves."

She's serious. About Sunday, about planning it then, about devoting her time to me. Like with her touch, I am daunted. I haven't believed lately—in her, but not in me.

Gently, I pull my hands free from hers and reach for her chewed-up pen.

"Sunday, it is."

As she kisses my forehead, I write down the phrase again. I press all my weight into the page, forcing myself to feel each curve and puncture, dedicating each line of the day to the words: *Sex with Andy*, it reads when I'm done, this time immortalized in ink, and I swear I feel its force reach all the way to my toes.

I've been in a wheelchair for the past six months.

But I am not wheelchair-bound. I am wheelchair-often as opposed to wheelchair-assured; I am wheelchair-sporadically, when the pain floods, when I step onto the floor and feel nothing but air rush around me as my knees buckle and I collapse onto the ground. The spinal cord injury came with a car accident, a moment in time that came as fast as it went, but the paraplegia is what continues to swerve, to crash, to burn against my life. The doctors say it is a temporary paralysis; my spinal nerves were not severed, but they were damaged and inflamed, and the surgeries showed how the nerves shut down in order to heal, to give my legs some time to recover from the excruciating pain that likes to scream from below my waist. My mobility assistance mechanism, so official in its declaration of disability, waits at my bedside.

Victoria, you can't walk today, it says to me. Just sit down.

I don't want to, but I do.

In another six months, I won't need wheels anymore. Then, I'll have leg braces and a walking frame—then, I'll just be *mildly* disabled. Then, the doctors say, I'll have my legs back altogether; there will be muscle atrophy, but with continued physical therapy and patience, I'll be back to keeping up with my girlfriend as I was before. *Before.*

I've been having intimacy issues.

Visualize your arousal, my therapist has told me. He's the one who suggested we schedule our intimacy, believing the anticipation would help jumpstart the heat. Like being turned on is just a thing, an actual switch that was shut off the moment I woke up from the accident, and just needs to be pushed up again, with a quick electric click. Like desiring my partner, wanting her close, to be mine again, is something tangible, to be shaped back into normalcy. Like sex isn't as numb to me as my legs, as foreign to me as my ability to walk.

Like it isn't paralyzing to wonder if, without sex, love is crippled too.

I close my eyes and think of the first time Andrea and I kissed.

I had felt so young in her arms; she seemed so mature, wiser, and far more secure in her sexuality. She was a hot blaze against my tepid flicker in the night, laughing at my nervousness, kissing it away. It wasn't until I met Andrea that sex became more than *just* sex. Sex was great, an activity, a primal urge, but sex with Andrea was just a preface to something greater—she didn't just fit with me, but *I* was able to fit too. It wasn't just the touching, or the nakedness, or the orgasm, that I desired for again—it was the completion, now withdrawn and fragmented, as though my wounded nerves also severed the connection between my heart and my body.

It was summer when we met. A friend of a friend was throwing a party, celebrating the Fourth of July. Fireworks streaked across the night sky, shaking the rooftop of the apartment complex, illuminating brief gasps of awed and intoxicated spectators. But, in our dark quiet space, we kissed. Our drunken hands scoured each other's bodies to try and memorize what might be forgotten by the morning. She wore a slinky black dress, decorated with silver sequins that pricked my hands when I tugged her closer, and black heels she kicked off to better meet my height and capture my mouth with hers. She tasted like lemons and strawberries, hiding the bitter taste of alcohol, sweetening my tongue and lips. She pinned me against the bricked corner of the rooftop, hard edges biting into my back; she sucked on my tongue, laughing against my lips as a moan clawed up my throat and echoed between us, and then she breathlessly pulled back.

"My name's Andrea," she whispered, cheeks flushed and eyes magnetic. She

brushed the tip of her nose against mine, a gesture so sweet against our heat that I felt it simmer all the way to my toes. "But you can call me Andy."

"Victoria?"

Andrea's voice resonates me back to the present, pulsing my body to life.

"Baby?" She pushes open our bedroom door.

I take a breath and pull off my shirt.



Putrid Desire *Craig Stewart*
Soft Ground Intaglio Etching with Chine-collé

Contributors

Margaret Adams believes that poetry is the force that overcomes obstacles. She wishes to give that outlet to kids who struggle in their daily life.

Olivia Adams, a native of Greenville, South Carolina, is a General Studio art major in painting and drawing. She especially enjoys working in oil paint, colored pencil, and charcoal. Currently her work explores the relationship of ancestors to their descendents in mixed media drawing.

Dylan Bannister emerged from the quiet Sandy Springs, S.C. He is pursuing a B.F.A. at Winthrop University, majoring in General Studio Art with concentrations in Printmaking and Drawing. Fusing his fascinations with nostalgia and technology, his recent work is informed by the analog video aesthetic. Bannister's pieces are generated from captured stills and clips of dated VHS recordings, which he often re-works with traditional media and techniques. His greatest artistic challenge is bridging the opposing forces in his work: technological and traditional, digital and physical, static and kinetic.

Lindsey Bargar has lived in Spartanburg, South Carolina for the last 14 years of her life. Here she learned to love taking pictures because she was home-schooled and there was not very much else to do. She bought her first camera in 9th grade and has been enthralled ever since. Nowadays she is focused on graduating from Winthrop University while living with some sweet friends and cute cats. Lindsey hopes to keep taking pictures, aspiring to sharing her love of photography, and someday holding an art residency for doing exactly what she wants.

Em Beach is a Spanish major at Winthrop. She spends much of her time reading Latin American short stories and eating with friends. When not contemplating the specificity of language, Em enjoys playing solitaire, piano, and Dungeons & Dragons.

Lucas Bryant is a Spanish major who speaks 47 languages, including the entirely silent dialect of the Mole People. Lucas is a Scorpio who enjoys long walks on the beach and smoking cigarettes in his bathroom.

Jami Bunton is an integrated marketing communication major from Charleston, S.C. Her dreams include finishing a novel, traveling the world, and adopting 13 rescue dogs.

Will Burke's untitled artwork can be seen on page 29.

Rachel Burns's hobby is throat-punching postmodernism. Her goal is to have a bust of herself and/or a tapestry depicting her life story in the Bancroft Reading Room. She also writes about cigarettes because that's the only thing one can do as a graduating creative writing major.

Dakota Burwell is a 22 year old artist living in Rock Hill, South Carolina. Focusing

primarily on sculpture, he makes work that comes from and references his environment. Natural materials and found objects are his way of creating artwork that is critical of the wastefulness and lack of sustainability of traditional art materials.

Sara Campanelli is a senior English Major graduating in May. Her lifelong dream is to own a secluded mountain cabin so she can work on her writing without distraction. It will be fully equipped with a satellite dish and Wi-Fi, of course.

Felicia Chisholm is a post-traditional student in her last semester as a junior. She is an English major down to her bone marrow, with a concentration in Literature/ Language & Secondary Education; Religion is her minor. She expresses deep gratefulness for this being her second publication in the Anthology. Oh, and yeah, she studied abroad in Italy Fall 2015 and still can't believe it. She asserts, "It's entirely too much for me to process. Gosh!"

Amy Ciravolo is from Aiken, South Carolina and is pursuing her Bachelor's of Fine Arts with a concentration in Painting, after which she plans to pursue a Master's in Teaching degree at Winthrop. Though painting is her medium of choice, she also enjoys drawing, serigraphy, and photography. She finds inspiration from the mundane objects around, most recently incandescent light bulbs and folded paper, and from other artists including Dana Oldfather, Robert Hauzar, and Wayne Thiebaud.

Addie Crawford is an English Major from South Carolina in the process of seeing the world and learning to write things that people want to read, both of which she plans to never stop doing.

James W. Davidson, Jr. majors in Philosophy and English at Winthrop with aspirations of becoming a teacher and writer. He has had prose accepted in 50 Word Stories and Mulberry Fork Review.

Annie Doar is a sophomore Art major and Art History minor from Spartanburg, S.C.

Annalise Eberhard is just an ordinary senior Secondary English Education major. Writing in third-person makes her uncomfortable.

Emily Furr was raised in Charleston, South Carolina where she developed a passion for creating and a love for art. Emily is currently a senior B.F.A. candidate specializing in Painting and Drawing. In addition to art making she enjoys playing with her cat, Bowie, and eating ice.

Eva Gordon is originally from Murrells Inlet on the coast of South Carolina. She is currently living on campus to study Art Education here at Winthrop. Her life and art are often influenced by the ties of a close-knit family as well as the ongoing search for

autonomy and self-assurance. She prefers 2-dimensional mediums such as acrylic and oil paint, charcoal, and colored pencil, and she aspires to be an elementary school art teacher.

Charlie Hickey is from Atlanta, Georgia and is currently pursuing a BFA in sculpture. He is a monitor of the Woodshop, Metals Studio, and Foundry at Winthrop and has interned at the Atlanta Contemporary Arts Center. Over the summer Charlie will be in a three month resident internship at the Carving Studio and Sculpture Center in West Rutland, Vermont where he will assist in a wide variety of workshops. After graduation he plans to go to grad school to further his education in hopes of being able to support himself with his work one day.

Alexis Howard's untitled artwork can be seen on pages 44 and 55.

Sierra Hyer is from Greenville, South Carolina. She is a ceramic major who enjoys to throw on the wheel most. Sierra wants to focus more on doing meticulous, detail oriented work like this piece. She is inspired most by things in nature.

Caroline Kalayjian grew up in North Augusta, S.C. before moving to nest somewhere in Rock Hill in the recent past. Her interest in biochemistry, cellular variety and activity are the primary generators of her pieces. She works in painting, printmaking, and multimedia collage and is inspired by famous artists such as Helen Frankenthaler and Vija Clemens (and Bob Ross, of course). She can be found lurking in the library or running around campus when not in her studio.

Adam Matonic is a social-butterfly senior at Winthrop University majoring in Mass Communication. Formerly Twitter famous, these days Adam prefers to write poetry rather than 140-character jokes about pop culture. Adam is head copy editor of *The Johnsonian* and student director of Safe Zones at Winthrop. A native of Pittsburgh, Adam is still acclimating to the exceedingly good manners here in the South. Follow him on Instagram: @adatonic

Andrew McIver is a senior English major from Blythewood, S.C. Besides being his first creative publication, "mothers" is a selected piece from his recently completed collection of short stories and poems entitled *sunday*.

McKenzie Miller is a senior English Literature and Language major with a minor in Music. This is her first publication, featuring her fondness for small town figures in her writing. And, despite the events in her short story, she cares deeply for all animals be they furry or reptilian.

Keelie Mlay is a sophomore undergrad student at Winthrop University. She recently changed to an English Major to follow dreams of becoming both a teacher and a writer. This is her first published work.

Lindsey Monroe just graduated from Winthrop this December with a B.A. in English. Her plans for life include being happy, writing poetry and nonfiction, and cuddling her cynical, chubby cat Shiloh against his will. Her heroes include Derrida, Sarah Paulson, the entire Winthrop English department, and her sister Coraline. She hopes you enjoy her work, which she dedicates to her dad, who never gives up, and to her mom, the greatest person she knows.

Logan Moody is a graduate of Winthrop University as of December 2015. Now that he has finished his undergrad, he spends most of his time planning for the future and drinking a variety of craft beers. Logan has not come up with a plan for his life beyond this.

Amy Moore is a junior English Literature and Language major from Greenville, S.C. She (obviously) enjoys writing as her main hobby and is honored to be published in the Winthrop Anthology.

Carsyn Osiecki is from Greenville, South Carolina and is pursuing a BFA in General Studio, concentrating in Painting and Ceramics.

Lillian Peel is a current student at Winthrop University studying painting and printmaking. She creates works in relation to botanical studies and the figure. She hopes to earn her degree, have solo shows, and have displays in an array of exhibits, galleries, and museums in the Southeastern region and beyond!

Elizabeth Ponds is a junior Creative Writing major from Lodge, S.C. who feels the Bern. She hopes to be an author, a book editor, and a human rights activist. Writing succinct autobiographies excites her like nothing else. #Yasss

Mitch Postich is from Simpsonville, South Carolina. He majors in English while minoring in Writing, so really it's no wonder he's so pretentious. It's an affliction he will probably have to live with for a long time. Pity him.

Connor Renfroe is a senior English major. He plans to continue his study of literature in Munster, Germany. He enjoys long walks and black coffee.

Kristen Rowell is from Beaufort, South Carolina and is a sophomore at Winthrop University. She is getting her Bachelor of Fine Arts with concentrations in sculpture and painting.

Jason Sandy is a Winthrop student, currently working towards a BFA general studio degree with concentrations in drawing and sculpture. When Jason is not at Winthrop, he spends his time coating himself in the blood of dead animals. He isn't a violent social deviant, however, he just works as a butcher.

Rachel Shaffer is a junior English major with a concentration in business writing at Winthrop University.

Jordan Sommer, born in 1994 in Columbia, South Carolina, is currently a student at Winthrop University seeking a B.F.A. with a concentration in sculpture and printmaking. She enjoys collecting tiny things and hopes to one day hold a Ph.D. in fine art, despite being crazy, she knows.

Skyler Teal is a senior English major who enjoys thinking and thinking about her thinking. Sometimes she even dares to write about her thinking. This year is the first time Skyler has ever been published because she used to be too scared to share any of her work because she thought everyone would point and laugh saying, “Now who does she think she is?” She doesn’t think that anymore.

Emily Thomas is a junior English major with plans of pursuing an MFA in creative writing. Recently her poetry has been more experimental, but it has led to the discovery of her unique voice.

Rachel Trueblood is a senior at Winthrop University pursuing a B.A. in English and a minor in Women’s and Gender Studies. After graduation, Rachel plans on moving to Charleston, S.C. to become a core organizer for the Girls Rock! Charleston After School Program. She enjoys salt and vinegar potato chips and hanging out with her cat, Gertrude.

Grace Windey is pursuing a B.F.A. in Sculpture from Winthrop University. She hopes to attain an M.F.A. and open a “marker’s space.” Her most recent bodies of work have focused on ideas of anxiety (specifically traumatic causes, scars, and acceptance) and the condition of becoming a vessel through restriction. Despite the delicate subjects Windey addresses, she feels that her work speaks to the humanity of these common circumstances. Windey works in a range of materials (primarily in performance installations and conceptual metal smithing), but searches mainly to resolve her concepts with a diversified approach.