



April 2014

### Full Issue

The Anthology

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology>



Part of the [Ceramic Arts Commons](#), [Fashion Design Commons](#), [Fiber, Textile, and Weaving Arts Commons](#), [Fiction Commons](#), [Graphic Design Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Metal and Jewelry Arts Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Painting Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), [Poetry Commons](#), [Printmaking Commons](#), and the [Sculpture Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Anthology, The (2014) "Full Issue," *The Anthology*. Vol. 2014, Article 1.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2014/iss1/1>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@mailbox.winthrop.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@mailbox.winthrop.edu).



# THE ANTHOLOGY

WINTHROP UNIVERSITY'S 2014 ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

This year's issue was printed by Professional Printers in Columbia, South Carolina in March of 2014. Professional Printers is certified by the Forestry Stewardship Council and uses sustainable, "green" methods such as paper recycling, metal plates, and vegetable-based inks. A limited run of 700 copies was printed.

2014 © All rights reserved by the respective artists

#### 2014 Staff:

Editor-in-Chief: Alex Muller  
Assistant Editor: Rebecca Jacobs  
Graphic Designer: Rhiannon Bode  
Prose Editor: Patrick Kay  
Poetry Editor: Connie Shen  
Art Editor: Sarah Kinard  
Faculty Advisor: Jason Tslentis

Volunteer Staff: Rachel Burns, Lindsey Monroe, Lauren Miller, Rachel Trueblood, Emily Fitzgerald, Natasha Adams, Brittany Rauch, Addie Crawford, Samantha Baker, Sara Campanelli, Jamie Bunton, and Connor Renfroe

---

*The Anthology* would like to thank all the students who submitted their creative work this year, our volunteer staff, Pam Varraso, Meagan Fleagle, Dean Bethany Marlowe, Frances Parrish and *The Johnsonian*, Shaneequa Evans and the *Roddey-McMillan Record*, The Student Publications Board, Clint McClane of Professional Printers in Columbia, SC, the Print Shoppe of Rock Hill, SC, and of course, Mr. T.

For more information on how to get involved with our publication, please e-mail us at [anthology@winthrop.edu](mailto:anthology@winthrop.edu) or visit our website at [www.winthropanthology.com](http://www.winthropanthology.com)  
"Like" us on Facebook at [www.facebook.com/winthropanthology](http://www.facebook.com/winthropanthology)  
Follow us on Twitter @[wuanthology](https://twitter.com/wuanthology)

#### In Memory of



### SCOTT ELY

Associate Professor of English  
*Anthology* Faculty Advisor 1995-2009

---

An author of eleven books of fiction, short stories, and essays, Scott Ely was a central figure in the Winthrop English Department and the publication of *The Anthology*. His support, friendship, and dedication to creative writing will be greatly missed.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## Artwork

<b>metro I</b> Dylan Bannister	13
<b>College Life No.1 &amp; No.4 I</b> Anna Brenner	15
<b>Future I</b> Rachel Sullivan	20
<b>Tea for Who (stills) I</b> Nicole Davenport	21
<b>Turn to Clear Vision I</b> William Lattman	22
<b>oil on canvas I</b> Emily Handy	23
<b>Developments I</b> Aubrie Salzman	25
<b>Reflect I</b> Alexis Howard	27
<b>Untitled brooch I</b> Lauren Copley	29
<b>Medal to Art Nouveau I</b> Nathan Dodds	29
<b>And they thought I wouldn't notice I</b> Toyé Durrah	30
<b>Sobek, God of the Nile I</b> Chris Smalls	34
<b>Mad Hatter Maddie I</b> Tiffany Lament	35
<b>Inhale I</b> Kaitlyn Walters	37
<b>Framed I</b> Sarah Cason	38
<b>Orbit I</b> Greyson Smith	39
<b>Small pitcher and tea bowl I</b> Samantha Oliver	39
<b>Sensitivity I</b> Alexis Howard	41
<b>Destination Unknown I</b> Julie Hydrick	45
<b>Little Sister I</b> English Grant	47

<b>Spin I</b> Kelsey Boatwright	47
<b>Township Life in Mosselbaai I</b> Tiffany Lament	49
<b>Diverging I</b> Julie Hydrick	50
<b>Untitled I</b> Lauren Copley	52
<b>Luminous Luminosity I</b> Thomas Seay	55
<b>Curtain Call I</b> William Lattman	63
<b>Dēvadāra I</b> Joanna Henry	65

## Poetry

<b>Bronze Soldier I</b> Connor Renfroe	12
<b>Bonegrinder I</b> Richard McCarley	14
<b>Reflections I</b> Rachel Trueblood	22
<b>Khalil I</b> Aubrie Salzman	26
<b>The Trail I</b> Lauren Clark	28
<b>As Light Runs from a Frozen Star I</b> Lindsey Monroe	30
<b>Untitled I</b> Adam Matonic	31
<b>It is Better to Forget I</b> Lauren Miller	36
<b>Mqndr I</b> Loren Mixon	40
<b>That which goes through a child's mind upon birth I</b> Emily Handy	46
<b>Knowledge, Renewed I</b> Matt Higdon	48

<b>This House Holds Seven I</b>	Colby Dockery	48
<b>Taxidermy I</b>	Heather Bechtler	53
<b>Memories Like Muscadine Vines I</b>	Loren Mixon	54
<b>Untitled I</b>	Anthropos Apteros	64

## Prose

<b>Adult Food I</b>	Lindsey Monroe	16
<b>Rarity I</b>	Ashley Moore	24
<b>Leaving Snow White I</b>	Rachel Burns	32
<b>Dreamt an Ocean I</b>	Kendall Henderson	42
<b>Moving from England I</b>	Catherine Davies	51
<b>Look at Me, Look at You. And Don't Turn Back. I</b>	Hannah Bacon	56

## Editors

<b>Motet 10: Bordeneuve I</b>	Alex Muller	69
<b>Untitled I</b>	Rebecca Jacobs	71
<b>All Tied Up I</b>	Rhiannon Bode	73
<b>Yellow, the Color I</b>	Connie Shen	75
<b>It's not a space ship, it's a spaceship I</b>	Sarah Kinard	77
<b>Fictional Nonfictional Fiction Writing I</b>	Patrick Kay	79

# LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

**I can't believe it's been four years.** Four years of being able to shape and grow this unique publication, *The Anthology*; four years of seeing and helping showcase the creative work that my fellow students make; and the chance to work closely with some amazing staff members. My freshman year, I came in considering myself a writer, yet trepidatiously majored in art. Wanting to get involved in some manner on campus, I chose to volunteer for *The Anthology* without knowing much about it. The next year I had the privilege of becoming Assistant Editor to Aubrie Salzman. I have been able to fill that position ever since and have loved every second.

That year Alex and I served on staff together, and along with the other editors we formed a tight knit group that joked incessantly, tossed around ideas of how to build and strengthen all aspects of the magazine, and through each others' strengths and various majors influenced each other in our own creative pursuits. By the next year, Alex had become Editor-in-Chief, and I don't think anyone has served that role more faithfully, exuberantly, and impactfully as Alex has. He is truly one who leads by example, and through his insistence on high quality and high creativity from our editors, in our chosen submissions, and final design of the book, the magazine has taken leaps and bounds. With his major being English, and mine Art, we were able to take turns making sure that both aspects of our Literary and Art magazine were given full presentation, that the best work being produced on campus was hunted down and submitted, and that this final product showcasing Winthrop's creativity exuded its own inherent worth. Through this process and our friendship, our own ideas on art, literature, poetry, and the quality that our own work now exhibits, is a testament to the contagiousness of creativity that occurs when working together.

This year, our final year on staff, Alex and I have been tremendously excited to bring in new editors and volunteers, training

them in the process of what we look for in submissions, what level of work *The Anthology* showcases, the daily processes of what it takes to build a magazine—figuring out advertising, working with the designer on ideas for layout, pulling as many submissions as possible from friends and enemies, deadlines for printing—and in turn being blown away by their enthusiasm, fresh ideas, and level of commitment to making *The Anthology* great in the future. I have no doubts that we are leaving the magazine in great hands, with Patrick as Editor-in-Chief and Connie as Assistant Editor, and Sarah Kinard continuing to wrestle those art majors. You all have done a tremendous job first time out of the box this year and I am so excited to see what you guys do when you have free rein!

I just want to say thank you, first to Pam Varraso (she's the real reason this magazine stays together, folks); Mr. T, without whom I probably would never have applied to be on staff, and whose wisdom we always look up to; the staff this year for diving right in (and Rhiannon—your layout is incredible); all the previous editors that I had the privilege to work with and learn from (Aubs, Josh, Sarah, Tarah, and others, we miss you!!); and lastly to Alex. It's been quite a pleasure working alongside you all these years, sir. I hope we continue to collaborate in the future.

—REBECCA JACOBS  
Assistant Editor

## CONTINUED...

Writing this letter reminds me of signing yearbooks on the last days of high school: in the chaos of exchanging copies, I wasn't sure that I was ever writing to the correct person. In almost every case, I felt like I didn't have enough time to write the thoughts that *I really* wanted to tell my friends, and I'm worried that they'll look back years from now with a red pen in hand, critiquing my notes: *I'm unsure if this sentiment is fully developed. Ouch, comma splice. I can't even read this handwriting.* And so on. Imagine, then, the even stranger sensation of writing this letter now: I consider you a friend even if I do not know you. How can I write something to convey to you the things I feel? But I guess that's the point of writing. More on that later.

I'll be the first to admit how much of an *Anthology* nerd I've been during the past three years I've served on the staff. I've become fascinated by reading these letters from the Editors in the older editions: *What was it like to publish the first full-color issue in 2003? Or, What were they thinking when they did the design of 1998??* But if you read those old letters (and sometimes there are no letters), you'll often find only a vague sense of what it was really like to publish *The Anthology* for any given year. The Editor usually writes: *Well, we've had our share of ups and downs, but here it is. We finally did it, and we hope you enjoy it.* Although we can infer what those ups and downs might have been, we'll never know.

Essentially, we don't really know what the *it* is. But more on that later.

I'll be the first to admit that I'm an optimist, so in reflecting on this past year, it's hard for me to say truthfully *we've had our share of ups and downs*. Though I will say: it's tough to stay on schedule when there are multiple snow days during the spring semester, it's tough to decide which pieces we put into the magazine and how to arrange them. It's tough knowing

that sometimes, no matter what you do, the best writers or artists simply *won't* submit their work for publication. And it never gets any easier telling someone else *I'm sorry, but we won't be able to publish you this year.*

Perhaps what was most difficult for me was the idea that my staff and I had a year to get this book together and then published. And with it being my final year, I found myself putting this inevitable *thing* off as long as I could. (I'll be the first to admit that I resent planning ahead). Mostly, it was tough to think of finally being done with *The Anthology*. I suppose that this letter represents everything I wish it wouldn't: an end, a summation, a final signature.

But in reality, I am writing this letter before we've even finished the book—several weeks before we even publish it. So when you read this letter, think of me at that point in time, a constant state of *in-between*, always thinking, yeah, *I've got a few more weeks. And then I'll write a really good letter.* May you always wonder *What were the ups and the downs?*

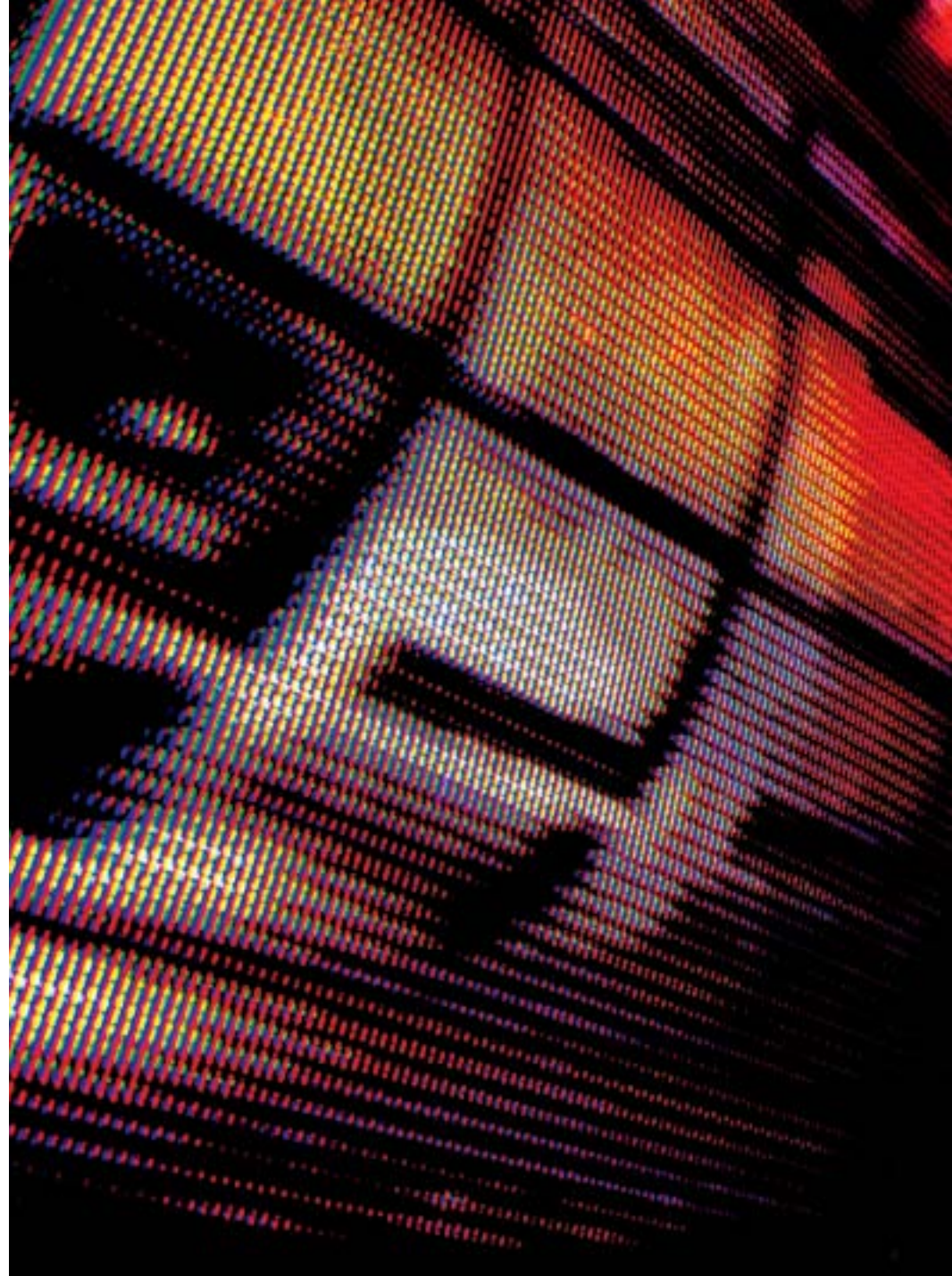
For my part, I defer to Rebecca. Her letter represents what mine cannot. When people ask me what I *do* with *The Anthology*, I usually say that I do a bit of everything, but really it's my staff that does everything: Rhiannon did the design, Patrick picked the prose, Connie picked the poetry, Sarah picked the art, and Rebecca kept me focused and filled in the gaps when I could not see the whole picture.

So what *do* I do? I sit in my office at the end of the summer before my senior year of college, before classes have started and before anyone has arrived on campus. I close my eyes and try to imagine myself writing this letter after seven more months. And then *it* is here. And I begin to write. But more on that later.

—ALEX MULLER  
Editor-in-Chief

## Bronze Soldier | Connor Renfroe

I was born at the end of my parents' silver age.  
The copper and tin were melded together,  
Pressed into a slab.  
They cut me from a sheet and  
Handed me off to schools to mold me,  
To churches to fold me,  
Hammer and form me  
Into a totem.  
My aesthetic changed to suit my owners;  
But when the war began  
I was tossed into the pot,  
Melted down and reformed  
As a sword, a shield, a plate on the breast.  
And when I had seen the end of that purpose,  
They saw fit to press me down  
And electroplate me to the shoes  
Of the iron generation.



Metro | Dylan Bannister  
VHS still, digital imaging



## Bonegrinder | Richard McCarley

A once loose tooth sticks to  
the inside lip of a mouth stained  
matching the owner's brother's fist.

Mom said: "Stop this shit.  
I'll whoop your asses."

Deterrence sits beneath soil and sand  
dug into by bullets searching for sweet chocolate  
used to fuel iron stomachs that rumble rumble  
as legs squeal like metallic wheels on tracks laid out by providence.

Dad said: "Don't go looking for a fight.  
Don't run from one either."

Skeletons are ground up in walk-in closets,  
sprinkled over steaks drenched in wine  
that taste like hymns and apple pie,  
paid for by the backs of dollar bills  
composing a book called "Bible."



## College Life No.1 | Anna Brenner

Charcoal 30 × 22



## College Life No.4 | Anna Brenner

Charcoal 60 × 48

It is a fine night out – cold enough to wear a coat, but not cold enough to need a scarf. The family is having a special meal together, and the husband, a soft spoken but loving man, is very much looking forward to it. The wife, a stern and unapproachable woman, is only eager to look important at a foreign restaurant. They are seated at a small, round table barely big enough to hold two meals. Their child is placed in a baby booster seat.

Their waiter is a man who looks like a kid in his twenties. He has greasy, too-silky hair, and his face looks like it's missing a mustache. He asks them what they want, and the wife, still glaring at her menu, politely tells him to please go away and come back later. The husband glances at the waiter and tries to give an apologetic smile, but he only feels in the wrong so he shifts his glance around the room uncomfortably.

The wife looks up at her husband and casually demands to know what he wants to order. He takes too long to tell her that he would like the Salmon Panang Curry so she interrupts to tell him that she would just *love* to have the Bangkok Duck. He quietly says that he's not surprised.

She glares straight into his soul and asks, "Why's that?" as she puts a smile of fake pleasure on her lips. She always has to appear stern yet happy to anyone who may glance her way. She has to be dominant.

He stutters for a while, but eventually manages to say that he isn't surprised because it's the most expensive meal on the menu. Of course, he doesn't mean anything by it. He would be glad to buy her anything she wants, but he had noticed the routine. She immediately begins harassing him about why the price was such a big deal, how much money they had, and how much money he made versus how much she made. When he reminds her that she brings home a majority of their money, she reprimands him for being anti-feminist. He decides to agree and end the conversation.

He tells her that he wants to order the Salmon Panang Curry. She simply nods and inquires about their baby, who sits quietly in a booster seat perfectly in between them. "What is she going

to eat? What did you bring her to eat?"

He speaks quietly again – as he usually does out of something that may be fear. "I didn't bring along anything."

She uses her eyes to slice him into pieces. "What?" She stabs at him with her voice. Always freshly sharpened. "Why wouldn't you? You expect our baby to eat *Thai food*?"

He swallows, trying to maintain even breathing. "I just thought... we're out at dinner as a family... maybe we could all eat something here? There's something she can eat here I bet." He keeps his eyes glued down at his daughter's tiny feet the whole time so he won't have to look at his wife.

His wife just scoffs at him. "I really don't think you know what's best for her. Otherwise you would have brought her baby food along."

"She's sixteen months old now. She doesn't need to eat that goopy mess anymore." He keeps his voice soft and his eyes on the ground. She does the opposite. They begin to discuss the menu. Or rather, he begins to discuss the menu; she just begins to analyze it and sarcastically demands for him to inform her of what baby Thai food he's looking at.

He glances down and flips through the pages of the menu. He isn't too excited about dinner anymore. He can't even remember why he was excited to begin with. Something about a first family meal out for everyone to see. He wanted to show off his family. But now he realizes that it isn't his family – it's hers. He glances up at her. She stares at him expectantly, waiting for him to please tell her what to order for their daughter. "Well... there's rice. She could eat cucumbers. We could have them bring out a lot of stuff separately for her, like vegetables. I'm sure families do that all the time when they have young children with them." He nods as strongly and as boldly as he can to support his idea; he is actually quite proud of himself.

Until she slams his face into the dirt.

She groans and rolls her eyes way back into the depths of her head – where the army of dung beetles lives – and stabs him with her pointy eyes again. She refutes his idea entirely. She can't eat

the rice because it's sticky and they don't want her to choke. They aren't going to order raw vegetables because those aren't a menu item. He thinks it's completely ridiculous that it has to be a meal listed on the menu. Normally he would hold back and let her have it, but this time he decides to put forth some effort.

"Now look, you were the one that said she couldn't eat a meal here. I'm just thinking of other options."

She looks at him in mock surprise. She doesn't think he is capable of the effort. She thinks he is pathetic. He gives in.

"Okay, so what meal should we get her?"

She grins half amused and half sadistic. He can see behind that, though. She wants to play a game. So he will play along. "Alright. Call the waiter over here."

They stare relentlessly at each other with near-equal glares while waiting for their greasy-haired server. He plays for a chance to fight back – not to tame or cage the beast, but to knock it down for once. She plays for blood.

The waiter arrives at the table. Are they ready to order?

The wife starts. "I would like the Bangkok Duck for myself, and my husband would like..." She smiles at him with her fake "I'm-a-good-wife-all-the-time" smile.

His turn. "Yes, I would like the Salmon Panang Curry." The waiter starts to speak, but the husband is feeling too-bold and continues. "But may you also bring us..." glance at the menu. First two items. "The Mango Chicken and the Pad Him Ma Parn."

Again the waiter opens his mouth, but the wife is quick on her feet. "And we would also just love to have a bowl of the Tom Kha and a plate of the Broccoli with Oyster Sauce. That just sounds delightful." She smiles that sickly sadistic smile of hers. As she glances at her husband's eyes, ablaze with fire, a battle begins. What their daughter is to eat no longer matters.

"Gai E San."

"Pumpkin Curry Beef."

"Mussaman Lamb."

"Spicy Basil Lamb."

"Kids do love their animals, am I right?"

"Oh yes, of course. So add another Bangkok Duck, dear."

"And the Pineapple Fried Rice with Tofu."

As they continue, their voices become louder and louder. People from the restaurant begin to glance over in confusion and curiosity.

"Volcano Beef with Avocado."

"Tao Hoo Tod."

"House Seafood Special."

"Larb."

"Yum Pla Muk."

"Evil Jungle Noodles!"

"Pad Prik!"

"Garlic Pepper Mushrooms!!"

At this point the waiter suggests that he bring them everything on the menu. "Perfect!" The couple yell in unison. They are so flustered and intensely concentrated on slitting the other's throat that they don't notice the people all around them staring. Even the wife – who usually tries to make her appearance perfect to everyone – doesn't seem to care that she is in public anymore. The husband just wants to show his wife that she does not own him; that she cannot control him. He is an animal, free and wild and untamed.

They bear their eyes into each other's like daggers until their food arrives. Once it is delivered, the family is moved to another table – a larger one for a party of at least fifteen. The baby sits at the head of the table drooling while the couple sits across from each other, now stabbing the food with their eyes. Soon with their forks and knives.

They dig into it, mixing meals, and yelling through their teeth as they chew the food. The more they eat, the more topics they have to argue about. With each different type of meat, with every vegetable, and even with every spice, some new topic of disagreement is born. The house. The mortgage. The car. Their jobs. Whose is better. Who makes more mistakes. Who didn't say "I love you" first. Who smiled the least at their wedding. Whose parents are more insane. Who chose the restaurant. Their yelling soon becomes so out of hand that people all through the restaurant stop to listen.

They spit, chew with their mouths open, and spew food as they yell. They snort and scream and snarl. They are both animals. Untamed, wild, and too-free for their own good. They are fighting for blood.

The people watching shake their heads in disappointment.

Still in full argument, the parents stand, grab their coats, throw several large bills on the table (hopefully enough to cover all the meals they had wasted, plus the tip), and sweep out of the restaurant. They don't hear the gasps behind them or the waiter calling after them. They don't even hear their own stomachs screeching at them in anguish. All they hear are their own words, colliding together and shattering. The pieces all fit together in the same pattern every time, though - which is ironic for such a discordant result as divorce.

Back at the restaurant, the baby sits alone, feasting on Thai food.



**Future | Rachel Sullivan**  
Watercolor and gouache



**Tea for Who (stills) | Nicole Davenport**  
Wax and tea

## Reflections | Rachel Trueblood

Laying on the ground,  
I wondered how long it had been since I'd seen his heart.  
And then I wondered if I gave a shit.

I wondered if I cared about the times when  
I shared too much of my soul  
or the days when I didn't share anything at all.

When I shoved crude chips of my skull down his throat  
or when I tried to overcompensate with lying lips.  
I wondered if he ever changed his mind  
because I changed my tone and then  
I wondered who was to blame.  
I wondered about shame and whether I had felt it rationally  
or if I'd been caring about the wrong people my entire life.



## Turn to Clear Vision | William Lattman

Destroyed RA color print



## Oil on Canvas | Emily Handy

Digital Photography iPhone 4

## Rarity | Ashley Moore

“Do we *seriously* have to climb these?”

Nervous chuckles rang through the mountain air as we crossed the threshold of the cool, dark forest and ventured into the blazing midday sun. Our sneakers, dusty and scuffed with dirt from our hike, thudded onto smooth stone as we approached the last section of our climb up Lookout Mountain. Straight ahead of us was a wall of craggy rock; the footholds were clear, but relatively terrifying all the same. The rocks were all sharp edges, begging to scrape us into pencil shavings if we were to fall.

Despite what one of my friends had just groaned in panic and exhaustion, I was exhilarated. The view from the top was supposedly tear-jerking in its beauty, and I had spent the last hour trekking through the wilderness to reach it. I forged ahead, thinking only of the emotion I hoped to feel when I reached the mountain's peak. I ground my heels into the last phase of our journey. I slipped once; for a heartbreaking moment, grotesque images of my crumpled body paralyzed me. After a moment of horror, I continued to climb. Each scrape against my palm was a battle scar I earned with pride.

Sweating and embarrassingly out of breath, I glimpsed the open sky ahead of me. My heart pounded frantically. What if the view wasn't as awe-inspiring as everyone said it would be? Every blood vessel in my brain threatened to explode; my legs screamed. I scrambled up the last of the rocks and -

My heart shattered.

The sky was almost translucent in its clarity. The sun beat down on me and I realized this was probably the closest I had ever been to it; I took its scorching, blinding heat as a greeting. Welcome, small one. I wasn't expecting you.

What struck me most was the not the sky, however, but the land beneath it. The mountains flowed into one another in a way I could never have imagined. They were folds of fabric draped casually across the earth, and I wondered what was hiding in the pockets. I opened my mouth to comment to the others, my eyes on the soft creases of the world. *It's like fabric*, I wanted

to say. *Look, it's not mountains at all.*

“Wow, it's quiet up here,” someone said behind me.

A sarcastic sigh. “Ah, yes. The sound of undeveloped land.” Laughter. An unexpected tear slid down my hot cheek. They were right.



**Developments | Aubrie Salzman**  
Film Photography

## Khalil | Aubrie Salzman

Khalil  
who cups his hands  
cupped palms together

(Khalil)  
who eased his way past  
easy turns  
eating  
mangos, seeds,  
and flowers off the trees.

Khalil  
who mastered peace  
at the age of eleven  
  
who mulls his breath  
before breathing,  
  
who pours his skin, dips in a toe,  
deems it too hopeful.

Khalil who knotted his arms  
to lift his chin  
at a generation of lost generosity,  
forever fascinated and unfamiliar  
nodded in smoke clouds of curiosity,  
and with knots in his hair  
climbs calmly in the flies,  
burning his hands and his eyes  
on his crimes but by then

he is Khalil who is God's friend  
(but who is God's friend?).  
He is Khalil,  
all tension and touch  
telling me to meld into

Khalil  
who knew no anchor  
but anchored me and  
angered me

who touched my face  
feeling truths behind my eyes.  
I tried and he dried my sweat,

Khalil  
who cups my hands cupped small together.



**Reflect | Alexis Howard**  
Digital Photography

## The Trail | Lauren Clark

I know it well,  
The trail to the old rusted car  
The left turn down toward the pond  
Filled with our fifth-grade reflections.  
That place where we hid when our parents  
Found the hole we dug  
In hopes of treasure.  
We would run,  
Barefoot in warm summer rain  
To catch frogs with our open hands.  
We kept them  
In that old chicken coop  
Behind your house.  
We heard your mother scream  
And ran out,  
Back to that place  
Where we never grew up.

Though now,  
I go back and look down  
Into the water  
Staring at the face that chose to age.  
But behind that reflection I still see us,  
Mud-covered, barefoot, and running.



## Untitled Brooch | Lauren Copley

Enamel, sterling silver, copper, and stainless steel



## Medal to Art Nouveau | Nathan Dodds

Cloisonné, brass, copper, Lucite, stainless steel and fine silver



## As Light Runs from a Frozen Star | Lindsey Monroe

Drowning in the context you tried to hide me in,  
my originality was overshadowed  
limited to less than the sky  
though it deserves  
the limitlessness of the universe.  
I became asphyxiated by the waves  
of your manipulation  
and love  
as they washed over me  
like a polluted estuary  
that kills shiny, cerulean fish.  
The brightness in my soul  
was dimmed, and  
my bluebird song finally found  
inexorable release in its surrender.



## And they thought I wouldn't notice | Toyé Durrah

Digital Photography

## Untitled | Adam Matonic

I am imprinted by his back.  
I was whiplashed by his  
taut-then-slack grasp.

I was unzipped by a hand,  
once warm and sure, that  
now plants in the hand of a man  
I've never seen but on a  
gleaming, sterile screen that  
leaves an outline seared on my eyes,

So hellbent on staying shut  
to banish a sight over which  
I've been so set on seething.  
I open my eyes to see my  
fists bound around nothing  
but my own folded, cold fingers.

My knuckles drain of blood,  
as my grasp tightens vice-like  
and my eyelids clench, and once more  
I see his back imprinted on my mind.  
My grasp slackens, leaving my whole body  
lax, nonporous, and hollow.

## Leaving Snow White | Rachel Burns

Her face was ashen and it worried me. “Get in the car, Jerry,” she whispered. With Zee you didn’t ask why, or how, or anything else. She swept you along in her uproar and you held on as tightly as you could, trying to survive. I knew I had work to do but I fell to her winds anyway.

In the falsely golden light of the overhead car lamp, she was a testament to tragedy and one couldn’t help but be drawn to it. Her large, liquid eyes struck your heart. Eyes that saw down, down, down into the deepest, dimmest, darkest spaces of the soul. They saw everything you had been, everything you were, and everything you could be. Somehow they knew about the lie you told in first grade, the first heart you broke, and still they lighted on you and took in all of you. They did not judge, but suspended censure with calm, becoming distance. The distance in them made you want to build a bridge across that ocean lurking within just to see what was beyond.

Every time I looked at her that was what I saw. So, of course, I got in the car.

Already a terrible driver, her distress made her reckless but the set of her jaw froze any attempt of mine to arrest the wheel from her. “Where are you going?” I asked. I had hoped to distract her from her inner turmoil. Instead, she let out a shaky sigh that threatened tears and whispered, “Anywhere and everywhere and all the world between.”

“Zee, have you been drinking?”

She tucked her hair behind her ear and let out a girlish giggle, eyes still on the road, pleased that someone paid attention to her sin.

I grabbed her wrist and said, “Pull over. Now.”

“Such a man,” she giggled, “so forceful.” But she listened and we found ourselves parked by some road that stopped ten feet in. It was such a pointless piece of work, wasted tax money.

“Now, Zee, what’s wrong? Is it school? A boyfriend? Your family?”

The laughing face she had held onto as she giggled softly lost its strength until her lips trembled and she sank her head onto my shoulder, leaning across the console. In the end, the

words came out fragmented between briny shudders and sighs.

“I feel broken, Jerry. No, not broken—shattered. Shattered, like a window—not a plain kitchen window over the sink, more like a big, grand statement in glass with color and everything. Shattered—like someone chucked a baseball through my very core so that all the beautiful things that made me lovely and wanted in the first place are lying pathetically on the floor while the rest of me dangles, skeletal and empty. My goodness—gone. My worth—gone. But that’s not the bad part. The bad part is that I’m sitting there silent but for the screaming whole of me that is crying out to the missing shards, longing for the resuscitation of my mangled core. No one hears. They just let me sit there, the wind whistling through my emptiness.”

She had rolled up the windows before she had spoken. I wished that she had let them remain down so that her words could leak out into the noisy beyond, out of this world her very presence had made about the two of us. Instead, all her histrionic unhappiness sat stagnant in the air.

“Zee, calm down.”

“I can’t! This is my world! This is how my brain has painted my life and I can see nothing beyond it because there is nothing beyond your own brain.” She massaged the back of her head through her hair. “When you die your world ends. There is nothing but perception, nothing but ideas. And all of mine are bad, Jerry. Bad, bad, bad.”

I stared at this wild thing beside me, the distant street lamps the only source of light. Her nose and lips were red from crying, her hair dark in the night. I wanted to hold her, caress her, take on her pain, and it was very clear that she expected me to do all this—only, I knew that if I did take her in my arms and draw into her inner well of personal insanity I would be filled with that arcane blackness too.

I opened the door, the sudden car light making us both blink. Even with the return of the golden light on her face, I saw the unhinged fear and loneliness in her lovely eyes. I adored those eyes, and so I walked away into the ugly, mundane night.

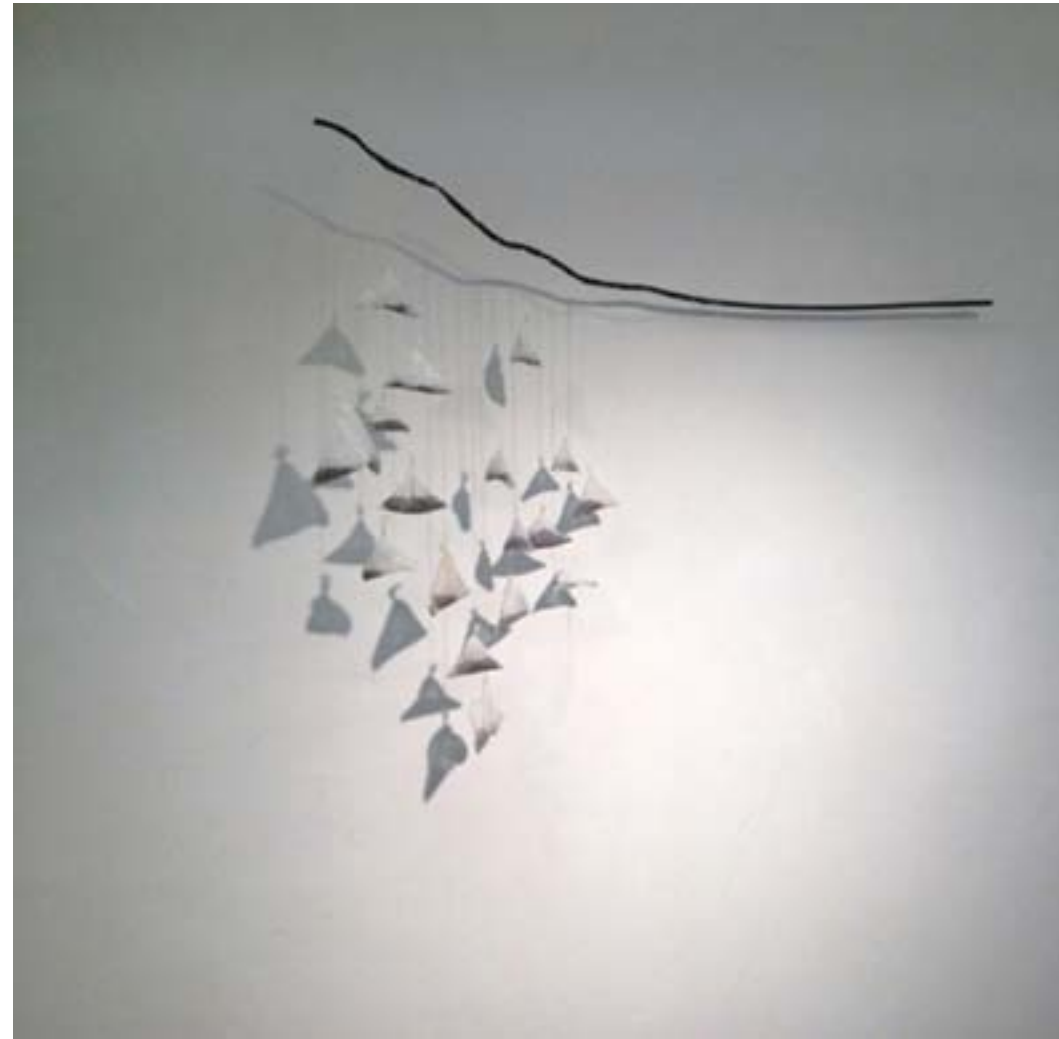
**Sobek, God of the Nile | Chris Smalls**  
Copper, Enamel, Gold Leaf, Cotton, Mixed Media



**Mad Hatter Maddie | Tiffany Lament**  
Digital Photography

## It is Better to Forget | Lauren Miller

I can imagine  
that a vase  
porcelain, delicate  
does not feel  
strong  
when it considers  
each crack.  
To remember each  
chip—  
shatter—  
break—  
I can imagine  
when it does  
make the mistake  
of remembering,  
it does not think  
“How strong I must be”  
but instead  
“How much longer can I last?”  
I can imagine  
that a vase  
broken, unmendable  
does not feel  
strong  
but  
very, very  
tired.



**Inhale** | Kaitlyn Walters  
Forged steel, lavender, silk, thread



**Framed** | Sarah Cason  
Ceramic, steel, and pigment



**Orbit** | Greyson Smith  
Oil and graphite



**Small Pitcher and Tea Bowl** | Samantha Oliver  
Porcelain

## Mqndr | Loren Mixon

POETRY EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD

*I want to work with bones and stuff*

3:54 text— my advice requested

*Is a 3.426 a good GPA?*

5:43 text— she strives to prove mom wrong

*Sending you Miranda-love! [picture of a clown]*

9:21 text— to scare me and induce laughter

We found *Mqndr* scribbled on macaroni framed artifacts—  
piled upon each other in matching flannel  
whispering to me at Christmas that as a child she  
pitied the letter, abandoned and underused,  
bastardizing her name to create a home  
for the lonely Q

Bone sisters, more than blood,  
connected by vexatious vertebra stacked to  
support and strengthen.  
As pinched disks creak and groan,  
she swats it away with warmth of a curved cushion  
curled around her neck—  
a humiliating tear smeared on her cheek,  
she forces the betraying body to smile,  
denying its power in false ocular floods.

She is my sister-in-spine,  
with shushed determination,  
and the loudest love I get.



## Sensitivity | Alexis Howard

ART EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD

Digital photography

I sit in the cubicle like I always do. It is 1:59 P.M. In at least six minutes, maybe more, she will arrive. I am sitting in my cubicle, the man beside me is typing too loud and forceful like he always does, and the cup of green tea beside my own keyboard is getting cold, the little Lipton paper hanging limp over the lip of the mug. It is an East End coffee shop mug, from my happier days when I went out at night into the cold dark air and smelled the smoke and the streetlamps and the skin and drank coffee and spoke with people. Now I see water. Cold, murky, green and blue, and full of algae and passing fish who watch me with their darting eyeballs trying to decipher me.

She will come in soon. I wonder if I will get in trouble if I put on headphones. The girl across from me plays the radio from her telephone set, and it pauses every time she gets a phone call and talks for several long minutes, playing with the slightly greasy strands of her blonde hair and chewing on pink gum I can smell from my desk. She eats a Tupperware container of slimy salad every day, dripping with oil and blue cheese that smells disgusting. I have to look away when she eats, and I wish I could plug my ears and I want to go into the bathroom and put my head under the running water from the sink, the cold tap, not the hot.

On my lunch break we are allowed to leave the office for a short time to get ourselves a bite to eat. I feel heavy, like my boots are full of water clomping down the cramped wooden staircase that leads from the office on the second floor down to the whitewashed sidewalk of downtown. Walking down the sidewalk feels like being on the ocean floor as I weave between the tall, shimmering buildings and schools of barracuda and herring orienting themselves in one direction and circling their confused predators. I hold my breath and kick pebbles as I walk. I wander in and out of cafes and markets, looking for something I want, and finding nothing.

I trudge back up the stairs with a small loaf of bread wrapped in crinkly plastic wrap and a small package of rosemary

butter that cost too much at the organic grocery store down the block by the apartment complex on the edge of downtown. I imagined myself in my cubicle buttering the small slices of bread and eating them daintily. It sounded romantic and pretty, and maybe I would look pretty. The bread would be soggy from the water in my daydreams but I would hold my breath and eat it and enjoy it.

I eat a small bite of bread. Nothing is ever quite as good as one imagines it. The bite is dry as sand and collapses into a mouthful of crumbs on my tongue which I struggle to swallow as I realize I have nothing to drink. With my mug in hand I carefully weave through the cubicles to the break room, where I overturn the tea into the deep sink and wash it down the drain. The dripping tea bag goes in the trash.

At 2:13 P.M. she arrives. She wears a burgundy trench coat that cinches around the middle and shows off her trim waist. Her face is clear and soft like a china doll. She is all laughs and smiles in a cloud around her head, glowing like a halo as she smiles and smiles and perches herself on the lap of the nearest man sitting in his cubicle, fumbling with his pen. She is Mr. Collier's daughter, so she can do whatever she likes. She flits through the desks, her bones hollow like a tiny red and brown sparrow darting from branch to branch. She slips into her father's office on the corner with the windows. I duck my head down into my cubicle and slurp on my fresh mug of tea. I take a big gulp so my cheeks bulge with hot water and hold my breath for as long as I can. I count to thirty one before my throat tightens and my skull threatens to collapse.

She comes every third Friday, when she drives home from the university because she has no classes on Fridays. Somehow I have always eluded her. She chats with her father and romps around the office like it is her playground, teasing the men and annoying the women. Her father takes her out to a big lunch and they always return with squeaky Styrofoam boxes of leftovers. I gulp some more tea and wait for them to emerge and fly away together, watching with my eyeballs hovering just above the fence of my cubicle walls

Oh my god, she says. I know I am caught. Hi, hello, how are you! And she taps at my glass and sticks her head up close so her

features are warped. I surface from the water and the words bubble up through my lips to say oh hi, I am fine, how are you.

It's been so long oh wow I can't believe we haven't seen each other here before have you been working here long oh don't you miss high school, she says. Don't you go to school or is this part time, what have you been doing since graduation? I shrink deeper into my chair and bury my mouth and nose into the steamy circle of my mug and peer up into her waterfall of questions. I say, I am well. I do not go to school. I have worked here for a few months. The carpet is wet under my rubber soles. She does not stop smiling and asks me what else I have been doing.

Gray water swells from inside the file cabinets and slides silently down the cold metal. The fluorescent lights overhead flicker with moisture that drips into her hair, and she doesn't notice. My tongue freezes. I say nothing and hold my breath inside my nose. We should catch up, she says, her voice obscured by the dripping. The rest of the office is a clatter of professional e-mails and phone receiver murmurs. It's been so long, let's get brunch this weekend!

I place my mug on my desk with caution. I remember that I was at thirty one before I started trembling and brace myself into my chair. I resist drowning in her words and letting their black seaweed fingers twist around my ankles and pull me into the cool dark. She straightens up and waves, and her little hollow bones float across the glassy water pooling around our feet like a tiny leaf suspended on a creek surface. She clings to her father's arm. I spin my chair back to my computer, where water bubbles up between the letters on my keyboard and over the edge of my small clay flowerpot. Mr. Collier opens the office door and a rush of foamy water slaps him in the face and sweeps her off her feet. They float beneath with their faces unchanged. The water rises quickly, reaching my knees and my elbows and my neck. The men and women and birds and bugs paddle their way to the top, their mouths opening and closing for air. I grip the arms of my office chair tight and hold my breath, just like I practiced, as the salt water creeps toward the ceiling.



## Destination Unknown | Julie Hydrick

ASSISTANT EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD

Digital photography



## That which goes through a child's mind upon birth | Emily Handy

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF'S CHOICE AWARD

mind is sparks—  
stars shooting ever whiz-way  
but quik!shot through,  
harpooned  
with wire coiled to a spring  
to bouquet antennae on me,  
or, no,  
each star a bee on a string  
strung out to nectarseek and  
bring(string) it back to the hydraulic honeycomb,  
bee-loved home  
and  
conversations quickshoot  
through on the telephone  
wires wrapped thick and peep-prone  
(glasses or no)  
overflown  
coop'd, nest'd, behest'd bequest for  
the best bedrest side manners  
and frontseat banners for  
plans in dayplanners that took a backseat to  
white sheet, tabula rosa-cheeked  
then  
flatline, fräulein  
well  
Time to shine.



Little Sister | English Grant  
Digital Photography



Spin | Kelsey Boatwright  
32mm color negative scan, 11 x 14

## Knowledge, Renewed | Matt Higdon

Forlornly we miss Lady Wisdom's words  
As she calls aloud to all in the street,  
While we, in our deconstructionist chords,  
Play our music to a vagabond's beat.

Modern methodologies map the realm of "real"  
In compartmentalized, enlightened strokes,  
But Love joins the Physical and Ethereal  
And, through its union, new knowing evokes.

## This House Holds Seven | Colby Dockery

I am the watchful eyes of every muscle and every curve. I am the breath between kisses and the shivers of being touched. I am the downward rush of blood and the pleasuring ache. I am the tight fitting dress and disheveled hair. I am the loosened necktie and the worn-out bed. I am Lust and my door is red.

I am the useless possessions and the overprotection. I am the thirst for power and the all or nothing. I am the desperation and dissatisfaction. I am the endless wants and the silver tongue. I am the knife in the back and the tightest hold. I am Greed and my door is gold.

I am the scorching eyes and the raised voices. I am the bared teeth and the ravenous snarl. I am the coldest heart and the sharpest tongue. I am the bleeding gash and the bullet wound. I am the severed ties and the bones that cracked. I am Wrath and my door is black.

I am the endless supply and the gaping mouth. I am the broken budget and the not enough. I am the sugar coated and the never filled. I am the anything goes, the sweet and tart. I am the all-consuming and the torn apart. I am Gluttony and my door is orange.

I am the standing ovations and the achievement awards. I am the unrevised and the overestimated. I am the condescending eyes and the refusal for help. I am the always and the never. I am the victory laugh and the drunken pilot. I am Pride and my door is violet.

I am the soft pillows and the silk sheets. I am the substitutions, I am the minimum. I am the not today and the maybe never. I am the road most traveled and the cleanest of hands. I am the fair-weather friend and the swift adieu. I am Sloth and my door is blue.

I am the beautiful smile and the effortless body. I am the well fed family and the inseparable lovers. I am the mental stability and the fearless soul. I am the towering mansion and the sleekest car. I am you, I am them, and all that's inbetween. I am Envy and my door is green.

This house holds seven - me and you.  
Which of these doors have you left askew?



## Township Life in Mosselbaai | Tiffany Lament

Digital Photography



**Diverging | Julie Hydrick**  
Digital Photography

## Moving from England | Catherine Davies

*H*opefully security dogs can't read minds. He's watching me like I'm a cat's tail swooping on the table above, ready to fall within mouth's reach. His black eyes can see my mind. I'm an idiot for thinking the word terrorist. I can see the world news now: "15 year old English girl jailed - telepathically admitted to being a terrorist to a security dog in the airport."

*This is ridiculous, nothing can read my mind . . . still, better think about something else. I can't wait to see dad. I hope this America place has K.F.C. so we can do our just-us movie times and sneak chips into the theatre in our pockets again. I'll ask mum if they have K.F.C.*

"Mummy?"

"Not now, Catherine"

*FINE. I'm going to keep sitting here on this awful chair thinking the word terrorist. We'll never make it to America! Terrorist. Terrorrrrrissssstttttt! TERRORIS - that dog looked at me. It's reading my mind . . . I DIDN'T MEAN IT!*

*It's weird coming back from college, being the one paying for our Subway meals. I feel like this is the first time we've sat together talking since we moved. I wonder what he'll say.*

"Your mother and I had to leave you to fend for yourself because we had to devote our time to helping Adam find the right school for his autism, and to make sure Emma and Sophie fit in because they were younger."

"Yeah. I understand that."

*I wish you knew how much I sacrificed. How much I still sacrifice. But I'll never tell. I'll protect my family. No matter what.*

"Catherine, get up, we're boarding the plane. Keep an eye on Emma and Adam."

*All right, I'm ready for this. No one will split us up. We're going to get on this plane, fly to America, and daddy will meet us there. I wish Mini-Mitzey could be here. Hopefully her new owners give her the good type of cat food and let her lick the gravy*

*off their plates when they're done. I wonder what South Carolina is like? I swear mum said there's a beach called Murder Beach –*

*“Catherine, keep walking, you're holding up the queue.”*

*OH! More security dogs, I'll send them a message so they're not suspicious.*

*I. Am. Not. A. Terrorist. I'm just trying to get my family to America.*

*We're moving there. Do you understand?*

*They didn't. And neither did I.*



**Untitled | Lauren Copley**

120mm Film

## **Taxidermy | Heather Bechtler**

Tiny clumps of hair

Once caramel in color

Crumbles beneath the lowest

Lair of pallid

Trampled dust.

A lump in the back of my throat

Rises as the bone shows.

Our teeth have clanked

Collided in battle, our hooves

Finger-less and delving, we were

Ambiguously a hiatus in the water-color

Sticky like honey whilst Satan licks up my spine.

Burning sweet like the water that runs from the Nile

Into the mouths of every little insensate frame and comatose sky

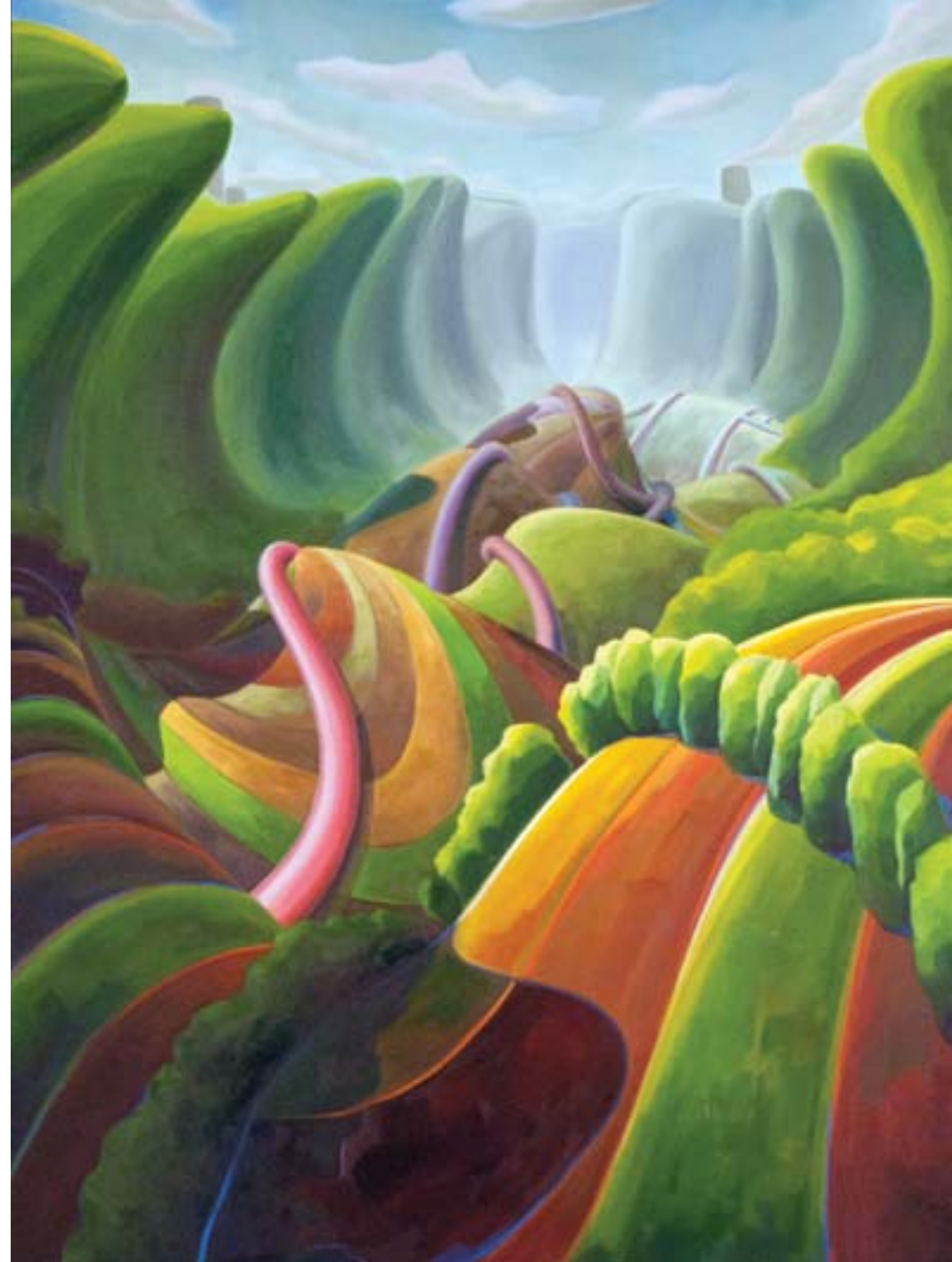
Lacklustre pallor only children could buy.

## Memories Like Muscadine Vines | Loren Mixon

I am from Sunday morning donuts  
sickly sweet, that make cardboard communion wafers  
taste a little bitter,  
from jack and ginger poolside  
the crudely painted tiki sign illuminated by lightening bugs,  
from barefoot heat blisters  
cooled in crabgrass and sprinklers,  
from duffle bags packed and biking  
to the creek down the road,  
planning creekbed homes with minnow parents,  
from making wild onion and wisteria perfume  
to spill on my favorite stuffed animal.

I am from fried turkey and lasagne  
on an Italian Thanksgiving battered in the South,  
from the Carolina holidays every Saturday in the Fall  
where leaves crunch under your feet  
as you throw footballs outside the stadium  
where Howard's Rock stood, stately,  
from sleepovers in basements with  
a million taxidermied eyes staring back at you  
and antlers to hang your coats on,  
from the dollar movie theater that closed  
eight years ago  
where my mother used to go on dates.

I am from memories I cling to  
like muscadine vines and  
putting tender feet on burning pavement  
to remember the past.



## Luminous Luminosity | Thomas Seay

Oil on wood panel, 34 × 48

## Look at Me, Look at You. And Don't Turn Back |

Hannah Bacon

She woke up unsurprised, unflustered, but could feel the faint stirring of something in her chest.

It was too hot to lie under the old blanket because the windows were always open, and even though it was October, the air was still heavy. The room permeated with the stench of beer and cigarettes and dust moths, but these things comforted her because they remained the same. Smells never changed; they stayed with you, and every time you smelled something baking you remembered Christmas with your grandmother. Every time you smelled pine you remembered walking through a silent forest. Smell was constant.

Pain was constant as well. Physical pain you forgot, but pangs from the wounds scarred deep within yourself stayed. *I have to tell someone what to do*, he had said one afternoon. They were driving down a back road; always driving...*It's in my blood. You fight back a little. It's kind of fun, you know.* He pulled out a cigarette, lit it. *But in the end, you'll give in. Because you know I'm always right.*

*You know I'm always right.*

In the discomfort of heat and a bad headache, she did her best to shift onto her back, hoping not to wake him up. Peering down at herself, she could see the yellowing bruises on her breasts, her shoulders, her thighs. Faint fingerprints from when he begged her to understand, implored her to know the difference between his love and the rest of the world.

The bottle of vodka was nowhere to be seen, but she knew he had finished it off hours before collapsing onto her in the dark, raising his arm up and bringing it down on her as if it was an unassociated limb. It had its own mind. She fought it at first, made excuses for it. By the time they had both fallen asleep, she had tried to build a fort of pillows around her body as a small defense against what lay next to her.

*Where had you gone last night...? Remember it. Feel what was ignited there.*

The stupor she was in had worn off quickly, she remembered,

almost as violently and abruptly as it had begun. They left her house in the middle of the night. He had been so proud of her. He had been so supportive. He had held her hand. He made her feel important, if only for a moment.

"Stop crying," he ordered as they sped down the narrow, winding road, which upset her stomach again. "This is a good thing. This is huge. You can't let the distrust of some teenage girl drive your decisions. You made the right choice."

"I'm sorry," she said, knocking her head against the window. "I just hate when anyone is mad at me. I hate when people are mad."

It was true that her sister had pulled her aside in her drunkenness to express her feelings about him. It was decided that she would stay with her friend tonight, so she wouldn't worry her sister more than she had to. "I don't like him," her sister had said. "He tells you to shut up and the dogs are scared of him. Promise me you aren't going home with him." She had promised, then packed a small bag and stumbled into his car. Lying to her sister was something that seemed so necessary, but it cut like a knife all the same.

His large, calloused hand gripped the gear shift tightly. He was annoyed and wanted her to sober up, but she could not stop crying long enough to sit up straight. "You," he began, pulling out a cigarette, "you are weak. You don't have to be. But you are a doormat. Everyone tells you what to do. But really, no one cares about you. They want you to be like them. Your life is driven by others' opinions. I am the only person who can help you see this. You can change."

She gasped, choked. Her wide, makeup-stained eyes searched the blurry streetlights in the dark, as if to ask them if this was all true. It was true that much of her life had been a series of "yeses," and very rarely did such an answer bring about positive outcomes. But she was comfortable with this niche. She knew the right words to say, the right things to do. All she had to do was follow the main character's lead, and then, for a while, there would be love.

Tears halted. "Everyone tells me what to do," she whispered. "Everyone tells me what to do. Nothing is real."

"Shut up."

“Nothing is real,” she whimpered again as they pulled into the driveway. The house was small and not maintained very well. The man who owned it spent most of his days lying on the couch guzzling cheap beers and watching TV Land, only getting up to drink with his friends at the kitchen table in the evenings.

After he finished his cigarette, they went into his bedroom. She wanted nothing but to sleep and escape the painful feeling in her stomach and her head. But he reached for her with hungry fingers, kissing the back of her neck. She groaned in her half-awake state, pushing his hand away. He did not know how to make love. Gentleness was not a language in which he was familiar, and because he had many more partners than she, he taught her what he knew. The rough nature in which he reached for her was frightening. *But this is what it will be like*, she thought. *This is what I am made for. This is what I am supposed to be.*

He was infuriated by her meek protest and cursed at her, threatening to leave. Throwing on some ratty gym shorts, he left the room, probably to smoke a cigarette outside. The fear of being alone in the house beckoned her to follow him. Squinting in the dark she could see he had flipped the picnic table over into the brush. He was snarling, cursing, crying.

These things may have, a week ago, perhaps, moved her, made her feel sympathy. Now they seemed like steps in a procedure. This man, to her, was lifeless. His face showed no anguish, no fear, and no love. He did not know these things. He knew cars, he knew anger, and he knew persuasion. Living was a business to him, a cold thing he could pass over the table and then slip quietly out the door, not looking back to see what happened to the person who had been sitting across from him.

She looked up at the sky. That was the nice thing about October; it never rained and every night you could look up and see stars for ages. Stars had their place. And then they disappeared, died; but there was still a trace of them to see in the big black sky. The only thing to interrupt such a brief peace was a muffled “fuck” from the tall grass nearby.

The dirt looked comfortable, so she sat in it. The tire tracks had worn their path into the ground and the earth was flat. This could be all she knew. She could live in this silence. And yet, somewhere,

she heard herself speaking. No one was listening, they couldn't be, because she was used to hearing noises in the silence. The cold was welcoming, wrapped around her naked legs and forearms, reaching under the tee shirt she wore and hugging her waist. It pulled at her, and at the same time, the ground and sky pulled as well.

*Please, please, show me something real.*

It took her a moment to realize that these words echoed from her own mouth. The words drew from her full lips, the ones dotted with a freckle he teased her so mercilessly about earlier. He treated these small things, these flaws, like problems. She was a problem and he loved her violently because she listened. And she listened because she mistook his words for caring.

She spoke the words again, louder now. “Please show me something real.” The request was turning into a demand. She felt powerful, she felt lighter. Her head hurt. She looked over and watched as he kicked over a lawn chair, drooling and crying hysterically. *Let him. Remember this again. Do not forget this or you will go back.*

After brutally finding his place between her legs he would slide off and squeeze the soft flesh of her stomach in his hand. *It's kind of nice that you're chubby*, he'd say in his gruff voice. *Former fatties never truly gain confidence. It means you can lean on me. You're going to need me from now on.*

Now, she stared at a reflection that wasn't there in the ground. “Show me something real.” Tears sprung back out of her eyes again, spotting the dirt, turning its dust dark. She could no longer tell if there was nervousness there, if this was a cry for help, or if the words were her banner, her affirmation that she had flesh and bones and a heart. Again she said it, her throat clenching and her words catching.

She remembered sitting on the shower floor. Hot water pulsed on her naked back, razor in hand, legs spread. She heaved out another cry as the wave of humiliation washed over her. She could hear him sigh from the other side of the shower curtain. *It's a quick fix. The way that looks...I have taste. It's distasteful.* Leave me alone, she had said, her voice high and shrill. Leave me alone so I can do this for you.

Now, he looked over at her sitting, and then approached her. She stood then and he grasped her arms, holding too tight. She couldn't

get herself to reciprocate the physical plea he made. He sensed this and was then anxious. She had seemed to be unshakably loyal and now she was wriggling free, was running past breaking waves in the ocean where she could no longer be touched. She could be carried off by the water and never be seen again.

It was then that he stood on top of the car and reached for the phone line. "You don't fucking care," he croaked. "I could kill myself right now. I'm going to do it and you'll be sorry." It was then that he tore her back down again, just as she pulled him off of the car in that moment. She felt her gut being tugged on, as if something yanked her back down into the darkness in which she had tried to escape from.

*You had been so close again.*

He smoked another cigarette and then gathered her trembling body under his arm, pushing her into the house. He did not touch her again that night, but the arm did, rising up and crashing onto her over and over again until she could make no more protests.

So she lay in bed the next morning, feeling something that was not quite desperation. In the course of this time, something had died; her soul, however small it had been before, was shriveled in a corner of her. But now, a possibility of resurrection... it enthralled her.

It was a persistent, gentle nudge, as if someone was gently pulling her in to hear something. It told her to lean in, and with shaky apprehension, she waited. She inhaled sharply. She lay there, fearing the words which she knew would come. She waited a long moment. And then the voice again—whether it was hers, she did not know...

*Get up.*

The words were not so much of a command as they were a reminder. His arm, draped over her middle, seemed like a prison. He was a snoring corpse now. The drinking would keep him down until late afternoon at best. And yet his arm, the attacker that came for her so often, held on. Hopelessness flooded her. And yet, the ever-present voice called out again. It said, *Get up. You can.*

They had driven her car. Actually, *he* had driven her car; he criticized her driving often. She thought of the old silver coupe parked in the gravel driveway...but where were the keys? Her best guess was

in the pocket of his jeans, which lay next to his side of the bed. If she waited for him to wake up, they would probably spend the day together, driving her car, using her gas.

*I hate short hair on women. You're hot, but you kind of look like a dyke with nice tits.*

He would grab her thigh in public, take her nose between his thumb and forefinger and say something about its size. He would hiss at her under his breath in front of their acquaintances. He would pull her on top of him, forcing her to give everything she had until she could no longer feign ecstasy and would fall against his chest. And this would go on.

*Stop acting like a bitch and freaking the fuck out... I'm just saying that I'm smarter than you, okay? I'm being honest. You're good at other things. You have compassion, at least.*

The words burned. They singed into her soul, resuscitating it. *Get up.*

She remembered him handing her a razor, laughing at her humiliated tears as he pointed to the bathroom door. *Fix the fucking problem, there shouldn't be hair down there—*

*GET UP!*

And then she was moving, her heart boiling with a slow anger. Confusion was there. She had been a fighter. She had believed in goodness. He had been good. He had looked at her with some sort of admiration...*because she listened.*

Running shorts, shirt. Never mind brushing her teeth. Now, where were the keys? She glanced at his seemingly lifeless body, listened to his staggered, drunken breathing. She picked up his jeans and reached in the pocket. Cold metal met her hand and it felt like running into an old friend on the street. Her pulse did not quicken, but she was afraid.

*So many times, now. Let this be it. There is the door.*

She could hear the television from the living room. Lucille Ball's voice trailed the hallway. His roommate slept on the couch, tucked under a dirty sheet with a tall boy parked next to him on the coffee table. She glanced at the clock: it was nearly ten. He wouldn't wake for another hour or so.

Bag in hand, she fled the house. Her car waited for her and she tripped over a rock getting to it. Cursing under her breath, she turned the keys in the ignition, eyes squeezed shut. Put the car into



reverse. Pull out of the driveway. Onto the main road.

*Free.*

As she sped down the highway, she called her best friend and told her, in between crying heaves, to meet her in the parking lot of the PetsMart. Hanging up, she realized that she was not running from the man who had abused her, controlled her. He would certainly have been upset once he woke to find her leaving, but he would have let her leave—after a fight. She was not running from him. She was running for her soul.

He had threatened to leave her before, and on her knees she had begged him to stay, pressing tear-soaked cheeks into his stomach. She did not love him, though; she did not know if she could live without a master. Her head was stronger than her feet.

But her feet were with her again. She had her legs, her torso, her arms and hands. Her hands were cold and clammy, and they scrambled to hold onto the loud little thing inside of her. The voice, she knew, must be hers. It was loud now, praising. It was intertwined with her heartbeat, which thudded in her ears.

*There now, woman. Do you see what life looks like?*

And as she watched the sky laced with trees from over the dashboard, she knew that this was her confident, shattered yes—her life was still yes—dispersing over the world around her. This would not be over, surely. But she was starting. And so she drove on.



**Curtain Call** | William Lattman  
Digital Photography

## Untitled | Anthropos Apteros

a  
freckled canvas  
stretched over frail bone frame  
(not frail. thin yes but  
electric) lies  
in bed  
in winter thinking  
of  
some untouchable i'm sure.  
abstracts stitched  
and quilted and  
layered. unknowing  
clouds unsleeping  
keep her.  
and  
time is stuck  
its wings pinned  
down. the yawning arc  
—that was the moon—  
fixed forever/for now  
waits to rise or fall  
whichever.



**Dēvadāra** | Joanna Henry  
35mm Film

**THE STAFF**



## Alex Muller | Editor-In-Chief

Alex Muller will graduate this spring with a degree in English Creative Writing. This past semester, he compiled a collection of nearly 40 original poems for his honors thesis. Recently, he has been focusing on a poetic form that he invented, the “motet,” which contains movable lines and can be read multiple ways. He has served as the Editor-in-Chief of *The Anthology* for the past two years, and he was the Prose Editor in 2012. His poetry has been published in *Sanctuary* and *Kakalak*, and his critical writing has appeared in *The Sigma Tau Delta Critical Review*. He usually encourages everyone to write lively, humorous biographies, but here he is being dry and, to an extent, laconic.

## Motet 10: Bordeneuve

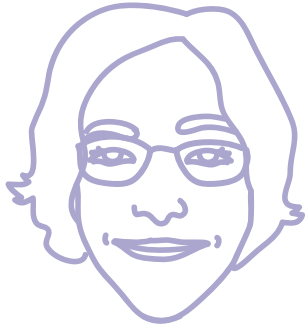
This morning  
God is  
White-bearded Yesterday

I was watching  
the garden growing:  
the weather was awful

a spider tripping on its own legs  
at first all unseen reaching but then  
gray and curling colorless

the clumsy origami of passing time.  
the cycle of sprouting hand-shakes and *hello-agains*.  
nothing but sun tomorrow.

\*\*The motet can either be read as a full poem or as a separated piece: the first line of each stanza makes an individual image, the second line of each stanza makes another, and the third line of each stanza makes another.

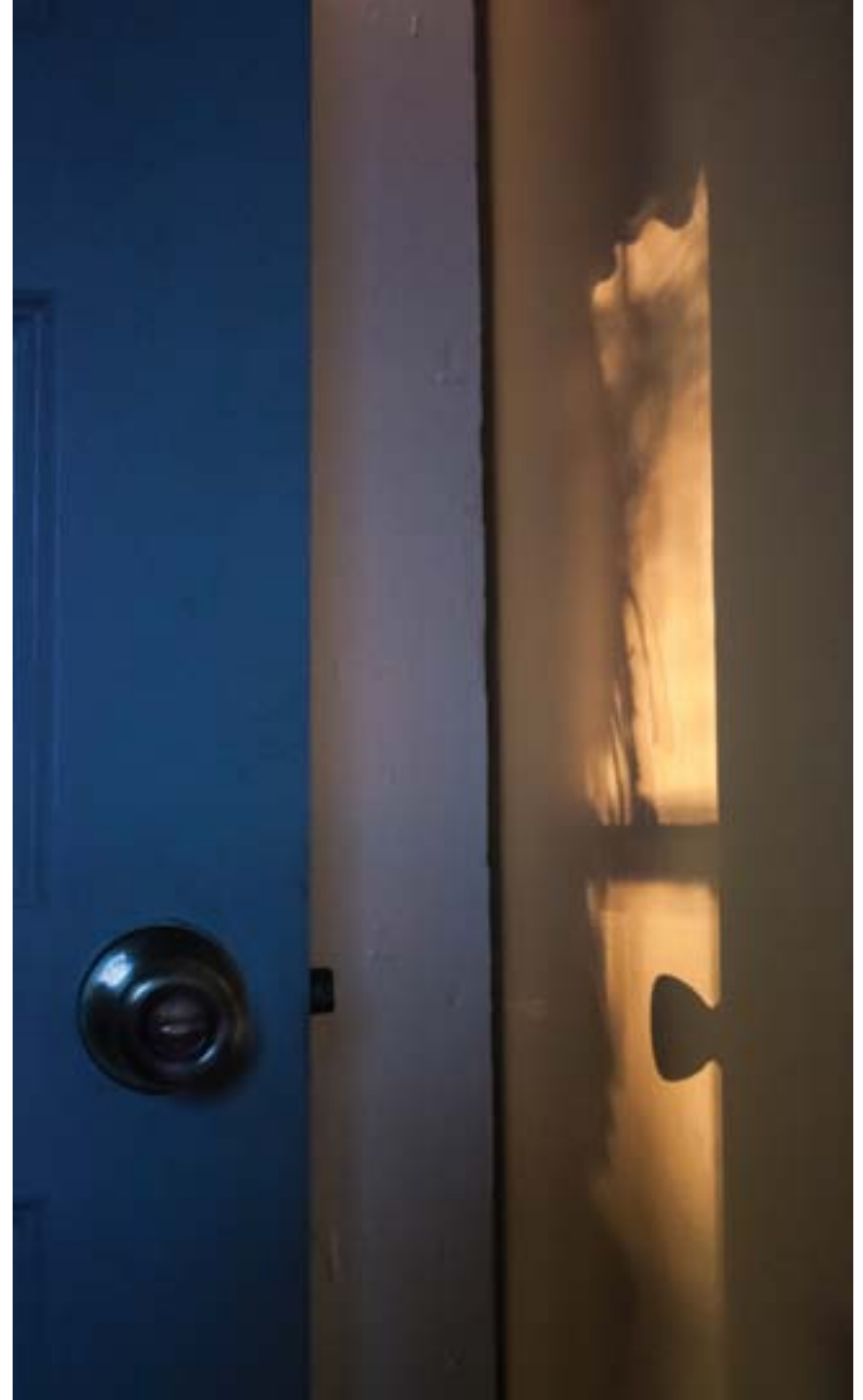


## Rebecca Jacobs | Assistant Editor

Rebecca Jacobs will graduate this spring with her BFA in Fine Art Photography. She grew up loving words and images and cannot bear to live without either. The communication of thoughts...emotions...experiences...fascinates her, and thus she hopes to use her skills in anything related to their creative exploration, whatever job description that might be. Her favorite poets include e.e. cummings, Billy Collins, and John Donne; and important photographers include Saul Leiter, Harry Callahan, and Uta Barth.

---

While there is still an earth, and still a sky  
And questions to ask  
And reasons why  
There's a break in my heart  
And it's for you



Untitled  
Digital Photography



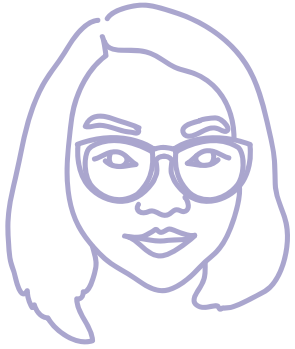
## Rhiannon Bode | Graphic Designer

Rhiannon is a graphic designer, illustrator and nature enthusiast whose interests are as lofty as her vivacious, curly hair. As a designer, Rhiannon is constantly drawing inspiration from the world and people around her. Four years of study have taught her that she never wants to stop growing and striving to learn more to enhance her skills. She is excited to graduate this spring with a BFA in Graphic Design and set foot into the real world. When she is not behind a computer screen designing, Rhiannon can be found kayaking the coastal waterways, throwing pots, or lounging in a hammock getting inspiration for new meals to cook from her vegetarian cookbook. She is thankful to have been able to work and collaborate with such amazing editors to design this year's *Anthology*.



## All Tied Up

Wood, nails, dental floss, and lots of love



## Connie Shen | Poetry Editor

Connie Shen is a twenty-year-old Japanese Chinese American woman who spent her childhood experimenting with the power of words. She likes cereal, Greek mythology, and nice socks. In the future, she hopes to open a feminist book/record store and take more walks. Her friend once described her as a “pretty peach pastry,” which she thought was really nice. Next year, she will take over the position of Assistant Editor for *The Anthology*.

## Yellow, the Color

Yellow, the color of  
ignorant, fat bees drinking nectar to get drunk  
dancing circles around the dizzying yellow sun  
stinging red-faced, tight-lipped business men  
on their pinstriped, pillowed skin  
that reeks of sadness.

Yellow, the color of  
purloined letters that escaped their owner’s pocket,  
read aloud at slumber parties by middle school girls  
dressed in yellow training bras and panties  
that they proudly show each other,  
a sign of womanhood.

Yellow, the color of  
the stoplight that mediates between red and green,  
the hesitation between yes and no,  
the color of both dusk and dawn

Yellow, the color  
of my people (or so they tell me)  
the color of Orientalism,  
the color of questions like,  
“where are you FROM?”  
“do you eat dogs?”  
“how are you so pretty for an Asian girl?”

Yellow is not the color of my grandmother’s  
Japan, the sky unfurling into a mushroom cloud over her  
elementary school, swallowing up the city.  
it is not the color of the fields of rice we harvest, and it is not  
the color of the characters I use to write my best friend’s name.  
it is not the color of the subway lines or the cherry blossom trees,  
the solemn temples or the brooding mountains,  
and it is not the color of the fat tears that fell  
from my grandmother’s face when I told her  
I still remembered everything.



## Sarah Kinard | Art Editor

Sarah Kinard originates from Columbia, S.C, and she is currently working toward a degree in Fine Arts at Winthrop University where she has maintained a 3.0 GPA. Sarah has held an internship at the Mint Museum in Charlotte, NC for the past 3 years, and she manages the Loading Dock student gallery in Rock Hill, SC. Sarah is engaged in creating and evolving her work, and her recent projects concentrate on collages derived from prints and found paper.



## It's not a space ship, it's a spaceship

Collage, 10 × 10





## Patrick Kay | Prose Editor

Patrick Kay is some insane amalgamation of smart and dumb and finds influence from the back of cereal boxes just as much as he does from Walt Whitman. He enjoys much of the activities of the sedentary lifestyle, which is a huge bummer for his desire to not be dead. He hopes to graduate with a degree in creative writing and then creatively write professionally somehow. Next year, he will be taking over the position of Editor-in-Chief of *The Anthology*.

## Fictional Nonfictional Fiction Writing

“They were all written by me,” he says. “I made them up for this exercise.”

I chose the high fantasy over the twee indie story. I went for the one that sounded like a He-Man episode, the one where apostrophes are in the middle of first names. Khuz’har. X’onic. Rek’falz. What’ever. I am lacking context, and I appreciate it. I do not know the villain or his backstory, and I do not know the princess or her backstory, but I do know that all writing should be different from my own. My own is boring. It is confessional in the overwrought Dashboard Confessional sense and in the frightening Sylvia-Plath-sticking-her-head-in-the-oven sense. What do I have to write about? If I rack my brain for stories, what can I come up with? What can I relate? What would fascinate listeners when they accidentally slap the dial in their car and end up on NPR?

Okay.

So there was this one time when I had my last day of high school. The day ended early so my friends and I headed to Taco Bell for lunch. No one probably remembers it but me. Just a little feel-good celebration, nothing major or anything. I liked that last full year in Indiana of just driving around with nothing specific to do. Later on that night I had a party, and at that party I freaked out over irksome little details, nothing really worthy of my reaction. It made me feel bad later.

Whoops, that sucked and went nowhere. Better try again!

So there was this one time when I attended college but didn’t really go to any classes and had to drop out and ended up in the hospital for a bit and then later on I would attend college but not really go to classes and had to drop out and ended up in the hospital for a bit and—

Dammit, that’s not funny either. That’s not what you people

came to read! That's the Livejournal, not the novel. Not the heart-warming tale. I cannot write conclusions to my own confessions. I do not know the endings to my own stories. I have felt in flux since self-awareness kicked in. My youth leader told me and tells me that I lead while being in the pack. My brain works in quantum mechanics. I am an adult and at the beginning of my adulthood. I am making the right choices while determining which choices to make. I see myself cathartically printing out this page and tearing it up eight years from right now. I am aware of my sexual impulses, aware of the expectations I place on others, aware of Blackmon Road, and aware of Nicosia. Awareness of my greater story means I cannot wrap up my tales with neat little bows. When I am eighty I will be thinking of myself at eighty-one.

When does my heptalogy become bound in a neat box and sold on store shelves for a low price of seventy dollars? No, when does my heptalogy become available in PDF format for seven dollars? When can I stop writing about THIS? When can I beat my head against the edge of my desk to make heroes fall out? What can I secrete that inspires? When will all young adults stop calling themselves "young adults" and simply write for adults? When will I stop being told that it's good to write about black and white nude photographs, hookah, acoustic guitars, incense, and that time Travis put his foot through the drywall? When will my colleagues look at *The Graduate* as courageous honesty and not life's template?

"My Khuz'har," the father said, "When you meet the gongorad of Mount Tyr, what shall you do?"

"Father," replied the young Khuz'har, "I shall stab it in its tar-black eye with my gilded rockedge."

"Well, that's not entirely necessary," the father said. "You may as well wait until its set is done, has made all the autographs required of it, and personally sit down with it to ask for advice concerning relationship issues. Perhaps in twenty-five seasons you will consider attacking it."

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Anthropos Apteros** is sophomore Dance major at Winthrop University who, upon graduation, plans to move to Southeast Asia with his partner and teach contemporary dance to orphans and the underprivileged. He one day hopes to surpass Walt Whitman as both a poet and a lover. He loves you very much.

**Hannah Bacon** is a sophomore from Fort Mill, South Carolina. She loves poppy flowers, Cherry Garcia ice cream, Roald Dahl books, and comfortable silences. She does not like writing about herself in the third person, but is grateful for this opportunity.

**Dylan Bannister** originates from the microscopic Sandy Springs, South Carolina—nestled between Clemson and Anderson. With deep-seated obsessions for nostalgia and technology, he has been polymerizing the two in his recent works. While breaking from compiling weird VHS stills, he can be found surfing the information superhighway and collecting Pocket Monsters.

**Heather Bechtler** is a junior Music major and Psychology minor. She is interested in studying yoga and music therapy in the near future.

**Kelsey Boatwright** can be said to be just like any other free-flowing matter, trapped inside the universe. She is very intrigued by the concept of time and is drawn to photography because of this, as she uses film to document her life and the things that she finds of importance. She likes peanut butter and books.

**Anna Brenner** is a Photography and Drawing major. When she isn't making art, she is deep in thought, instructing Zumba, playing children's card games, or laughing. She enjoys movie nights, alternative rock music, staying up late, sushi, and *South Park*. She thrives on failure and pressure; they motivate her to accomplish great things. For her, art is a way to escape.

**Rachel Burns** is a sophomore who recently converted to the English department. Having spent the majority of her life telling stories, for others and for herself, she's as pleased as punch that this is her second year being published in *The Anthology*. Her future plans include studying abroad, writing in her journal, and trying to find the story she's meant to tell.

**Sarah Cason**, in realizing that she must intentionally write an abstract in third person about herself, has decided to share what her current thoughts are at this point in time: She was raised in the geographical province of South Carolina, which was determined to be a state originally on April 23, 1788. She does

not identify with being a South Carolina citizen, nor with being a United States citizen. Due to her parents' decision to reproduce in South Carolina, her consciousness coincidentally came into existence in this area of planet earth. She is an artist because she feels alive in the act of manifesting her soul and mind in three dimensional space. She plans to create, meditate, and travel after graduation in a life-long journey of discovering what it means to be alive. She enjoys banana pancakes, nature, thunderstorms, and smoking natural herbs.

**Lauren Clark** was born and raised in upstate New York, and, consequentially, was rarely around large bodies of water. When she realized that her dream of becoming a professional deep-sea diver was going nowhere, she decided that poetry would suffice. She is now a mildly experienced poet and has hopes of graduate school, a large bag of money being randomly placed on her doorstep, and, eventually, a career in which she gets to drink coffee and write poetry all day.

**Lauren Copley** recently graduated from Winthrop with a BFA in General Studio, with concentrations in Photography and Jewelry/Metals.

**Nicole Davenport** was born and raised in Anderson, SC. At Winthrop she is concentrating in Sculpture and Printmaking, and she is excited about finding ways to combine the two. In her free time, on the rare occasion she finds any, she likes to read mysteries and marathon-watch crime shows.

**Catherine Davies** is completing her Masters this year and plans to teach English. She enjoys eating bacon, steak, and chicken, binge-watching Netflix, and meeting new cats and dogs.

**Colby Dockery** is a junior English major with a love for languages, stories, and performances. He enjoys late night adventures, procrastination, and pretending to know what he's doing. One day, he hopes to be a published author of fiction and travel the world.

**Nathan Dodds** moved to Charleston, S.C. in 2008 and lived there for 5 years before coming to Winthrop to pursue his artistic endeavors. While living in Charleston, he gained a passion for warm weather, turn-of-the-century architecture, and seafood. He draws much of his inspiration from the Art Nouveau and Bauhaus Movements.

**Toyé Durrah** is a small town native with worldly dreams. He is a lover of both art and poetry while majoring in Art at Winthrop. He has a thirst for knowledge and a passion for the unorthodox creativeness that he pursues in his work.

**English Grant** is a graduating senior excited to receive her BFA in Photography in May of 2014. Through her time at Winthrop, her work has explored many different pathways, and her piece in *The Anthology* this year represents where she is standing right now. By manipulating existing light and color, English creates surreal portraits of her loved ones that allow the viewer an intimate look into her world.

**Emily Handy** is currently pursuing an MA in English at Winthrop University where she is also a graduate assistant and tutor at the Writing Center. Since obtaining her minor in Creative Writing from Purdue University, she has found that the best time to write is between wakefulness and sleeping. She is deeply grateful to *The Anthology* for giving her an opportunity to expand her creative venues beyond somnambulism, and she hopes this will be the first of many publications.

**Kendall Henderson** is a freshman and aspiring young adult novelist. She likes reading in quiet places and drawing. She is a Barbie computer game enthusiast.

**Joanna Henry** was born and raised in Florida, and moved to South Carolina in 2007. She is currently a junior in the Fine Arts program. Joanna works in a variety of mediums to create abstracted landscapes and images.

**Matt Higdon** is a commuting senior and an English major. He has had nonfiction published in *Crosstimbers* and poetry published in *Aries Magazine*. Matt lives with his wife, Alana, in Rock Hill. After graduation, he plans to pursue a Master's degree in either History or Biblical Studies.

**Alexis Lorraine Howard** was born in Wilmington, NC and from there, moved to Indian Land, SC, then to Chesterfield, VA, and then back to South Carolina to attend Winthrop. She is currently a sophomore Fine Arts major with a concentration in Photography, but will be leaving next year to move to Holden Beach 9 (even though she does not like long walks on the beach). She hopes to one day move to Australia to further pursue her passion for photography and become best friends with a kangaroo.

**Julie Hydrick** was born in Lexington, South Carolina where she spent her time traveling and camping in the mountains. She is in her final year at Winthrop University, majoring in Commercial Photography and Ceramics, after which, she plans to move back to the mountains. Her work comes from everything she feels, sees, and experiences.

**Tiffany Lament** was born and raised in Seneca, South Carolina. She is a senior Commercial Photography major and will complete her BFA in May of this year. After graduation she hopes to travel and return to the site of her Wildlife and Adventure Photography internship she completed this past summer in South Africa. As a pole vaulter, Tiffany is interested in odd and extreme sports and plans on making a career in Action Photography.

**William Lattman**, who prefers to go by Will, is a freshman, BFA Commercial Photography major from the golf capital of South Carolina, Hilton Head Island (a town full of old, retired people and tourists). When Will isn't stuck in Rutledge or shooting photographs, he enjoys singing, acting, socializing, and his "Dang!" hat.

**Adam Matonic** is a junior Mass Communication major. You might have heard his radio show on WINR, seen him sing onstage in *The Sojourner* and *Mollie Sinclair*, or read his words in *The Johnsonian*. In his spare time, Adam likes listening to audiobooks, taking selfies, tweeting tweets, doing yoga, and talking about doing yoga.

**Richard McCarley** is a senior Creative Writing major enthusiastic about storytelling rooted in visual mediums, such as comics. He studies art in his own time and dabbles in poetry and filmmaking. He loves people's smiles and strives to enjoy life in all its facets.

**Lindsey Monroe** is a junior English major who buys books before food and writes poetry before papers. Her life goals include becoming a novelist, publishing a book of criticism on *The Hunger Games*, and raising a pet bunny named Bumby.

**Ashley Moore** is a senior English (Secondary Education) major who will be graduating in May. In her spare time, she enjoys reading, playing board games, and taking pictures of her cats for Facebook. She would like to thank Dr. Jane B. Smith for her inspiration and guidance in writing "Rarity"; this is her first creative writing publication.

**Lauren Miller** is a sophomore English major at Winthrop University who plans to run away to New York City if she ever graduates. She has a difficult yet committed relationship with writing.

**Loren Mixon** is a senior English Education major who surrounds herself with all things creative: a perfectly placed pile of pajamas, stacks of papers arranged in sculptures, and lines of modern art around her hands—exclusively inked in red.

**Samantha Oliver** moved from Canada to the Carolinas nine years ago, where she resides today. She received her undergraduate degree last December, and is looking forward to all the struggles and adventures her career in ceramics will have in store for her.

**Connor Renfro** is a sophomore English major who might want to be an editor when he graduates. He used to write a lot for fun or to express himself, but now he mostly does it for class.

**Rubrie Salzman** graduated in December with a major in Nutrition and a minor in Dance. She was *The Anthology's* 2012 Editor-in-Chief.

**Thomas Seay** is originally from State College, PA. He attended Edinboro University of PA where he received his B.S. degree in Art Education, along with a degree in Graphic Design. After graduating in 2005, he moved to the Charlotte area where he taught elementary art in Lincoln County and began to show his work throughout the area. He has taken a number of painting classes at CPEC and participated in collaborative efforts such as Project Art Aid in 2010 to raise money for the American Cancer Society. After teaching in the public school system in NC for seven years, he has decided to pursue an MFA in Painting at Winthrop University, where he is currently a graduate assistant for the Fine Arts department.

**Chris Smalls** is a senior Visual Arts major concentrating in Jewelry/Metals. He is currently the Vice-President of the Guild of Emerging Metalsmiths and serves in many capacities around campus, such as singing with the Winthrop Chorale and Chamber Singers. His artwork is fueled by research, with much of his subject matter mined from foreign and ancient cultures. More of his work can be viewed at ChristopherSmalls.com and on Facebook at Christopher Smalls Arts Blog.

**Greyson Smith** is working toward a B.S. in Business Administration/Accounting as well as a B.F.A. in Art. He was formally a gallery assistant for the Winthrop University Galleries but is currently holding an accounting internship at 701 Center for Contemporary Art in Columbia, SC. He plans to pursue a professional career within the arts as an accountant and eventually as an arts administration and/or drawing professor.

**Rachel Sullivan** is a senior who will soon be out in the real world with an Illustration Degree and a minor in Marketing. She loves painting girly things and hopes to get a job doing editorial fashion illustration or working on children's books. She also runs a fashion blog where she shares her outfits and an Etsy store where she sells her work.

**Rachel Trueblood** is a sophomore English major at Winthrop. In her free time, she likes to read internet feminist rants and complain about the lack of money she has to purchase assorted lipsticks and piercings. Rachel hopes to teach abroad for a year after graduation and then attend graduate school in the United Kingdom.

**Kaitlyn Walters** graduated from Winthrop University in December of 2013. Her desire to encounter different and beautiful parts of life has led her all over the world and has influenced her art making. She is currently adjusting to being an adult in Greenville, SC.