



April 2013

## Full Issue

The Anthology  
*Winthrop University*

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### Recommended Citation

Anthology, The (2013) "Full Issue," *The Anthology*. Vol. 2013, Article 1.

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# ARTS & LITERATURE

► *Winthrop University's* 2013 Art & Literary Magazine

*This issue was printed by Professional Printers in Columbia, South Carolina, March 2013.  
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.*

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### ***In Memory of***

Lacey Long  
Hotspur Halfling Valentino  
Anthology Staff 2007  
Anthology Poetry Editor 2008, 2009

*You continue to inspire us.*

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The Anthology would like to thank all of the creative students of Winthrop University, our volunteer staff, Pam Varraso, Dean Bethany Marlowe, the Student Publications Board, Merritt Droste, Megan Fleagle, Clint McLane and Jennifer Stoker at Professional Printers, Mark Burrell from Boingo Graphics, the Print Shoppe on Cherry Rd, and of course, Mr. Tselentis

For more information on how to get involved with this publication, please email us at [anthology@winthrop.edu](mailto:anthology@winthrop.edu) or visit our website at [www.winthropanthology.com](http://www.winthropanthology.com)



**There were Anthologies stacked high on shelves and hidden** away in drawers when I moved into my office in Student Publications over the summer of 2012. I was initially awed by the various fragments that had survived our previous staff members' exodus from the basement of Bancroft several years ago. I found old pieces of artwork that had been forgotten on the shelf, copies of past issues of the magazine on floppy disks (that couldn't be opened on any current computer), and the résumés of previous editorial applicants that were still stored in my desk. But what affected me the most was finding all of those old issues of the magazine— some of which dated back to 1985 and some of which still had close to a hundred copies left — that were stuffed away haphazardly throughout the publications office.

From the beginning, I felt a connection with what The Anthology had done over the years, and as our staff began discussing where we wanted to take this year's issue, we decided to honor both the old and the new. From a design perspective this meant retaining the classic "literary magazine" approach while presenting a bold "visual arts" influence, synthesizing the "retro" with the modern. From an editorial perspective, we wanted to honor one of Winthrop's oldest publications while pushing its potential even further.

In a large way, our goal of blending the old and the new was embodied by our staff this year. While many of us were returning staff members, we weren't interested in merely duplicating the work we did last year. Working together with our new members, we established a common goal and sought to expand the vision of the magazine. It has been my great pleasure to work with my fellow editors on this project. To say that they are a talented bunch is an understatement; our staff this year was comprised of true artists — they possessed as much ability for thoughtful critical evaluation as they did for creative invention, and they cared deeply about the representation of the arts in this magazine.

As we began receiving submissions this year, I knew that we would have one of our best issues yet. The total volume of work submitted was impressive, and it made our job of deciding what to publish pleasantly challenging. Obviously, there is a large percentage of student work that could not be published here, but that is not to say it was "un-publishable." Instead, consider that the pieces selected for this year are the very best of the best...of the best.

And so with the publication of this year's issue, the story does not end here. Yes, the issue has been printed, bound, and copies of it have now been added to the stacks on my office shelves, but creation is an ever-starting process. It is our hope that the Winthrop writers and artists represented here (and those who exist outside of these pages) will continue their endeavors in the creation of the arts. Yet, our hope is also for you, the reader of this magazine: may this Anthology refuse to stay closed and collect dust on your shelf; may it be shared, borrowed, or given as a gift; may the creative work of Winthrop University inspire you for many years to come.

— Alex Muller  
& the Anthology Staff 2013

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"I think it's..."

The boardroom fell entirely silent.

"...Absolutely wonderful! This should be our lead project. This should be on all the advertisements. I can see it now! Our website's splash screen, the side of a tour bus, the posters in front of every local shop in the nation, and every Barnes & Noble employee with it tagged to their chest. Good job. God, great job."

Mr. Green smiled and shook rough, dry, calloused hands with the dozen old men. Mr. White was next, and when he extended his hand, he beamed. Mr. White's pride made his hair on his head, in his nose, in his ears, translucent. He was proud to have made the right decisions. He was proud to have handpicked Mr. Green.

"You are the future of the industry," Mr. White slowly spoke while clasping Mr. Green's hands, "and I feel safe leaving you the keys to this machine."

When his left hand was finally let go, Mr. Green took a moment to adjust a lapel. As happy as he was that his project had been chosen, he felt the slightest twinge of psychological discomfort. He was 27, and everyone else was over 50. And his suit didn't exactly fit.

After the eleventh pair was shaken, Mr. Green propped his behind up onto the desk behind him. His spine contorted into a nearly unnatural position when he reached blindly into the first drawer and drew out a pen and pad, and his spine readjusted itself as he balanced the pad on his knee to write down what he remembered from the grocery list he had left at home. He knew he could be casual with the president of the company, Mr. Redd — a man both tall and thick, both friendly and distant, both charitable and successful.

"My friend, we could absolutely workshop a thousand ideas for promotion. We could go with an alternate reality game. Pay-to-play through Facebook. You know what, how about I go ahead and approve some tie-in books, as well? Now, this may sound a bit too insane, but how about the Super Bowl? I know, I know it's not our normal avenue, but I think this could work out."

Because of all the adulation, Mr. Green joked that he almost felt the need to bow. Instead he gave courteous nods and attempted to keep composure. He hoped but didn't fully believe.

Mr. Redd chortled.

"Well, I don't mean to overpromise. It's just that this kind of work is why I took the job in the first place. I always thought you did a good job with The Indonesian Orphan Assassins, but this puts you in another league. We'll talk about this with the marketing department later this week, all right? I'll see you tomorrow."

After Mr. Redd left, Mr. Green sat on the desk and stared at the commercial-grade carpet floor until he heard a quiet commotion behind him. Startled, he turned and saw Mr. Redd's secretary.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Green, I was just packing up," Catherine said. Although a young girl no older than 23, she was a veteran at the company. A high school internship led to a full-time salaried position, and she didn't complain about her secretarial position one bit considering Mr. Redd would take her out to lunch every day. Mr. Green immediately remembered the sketch he had made to present to the board. As inconspicuously as possible, he picked the sketch off of the footrest nestled between the desk and the potted plant and placed it behind the grocery list. He was unsure if Catherine would've approved.

"Oh, please, Mr. Green, I've already seen it. In fact, I'm excited about the story. Fantastic Woman really deserves it after what she did to Jeff Jordan. Sure, Hateblood is attractive as far as villains go, but that's not an excuse!" Catherine was only four years younger than Mr. Green. He had only recently left the enthusiast stage, but she was still excited about everything the company produced. He had to focus on business while she made phone calls and checked guests in.

They both went in the elevator.

He let her examine the sketch in greater detail as they made their way to the parking garage. She commented that she liked the attention given to Fantastic Woman's exploded breasts and ruptured spleen. She thought it really justified Jeff Jordan's scream of anguish and the gun placed in his mouth. As cool as it seemed to her, though, she did have higher hopes for next summer's kill-off.

Mr. Green contorted his spine to shut the front door behind him while he carried a carton of milk, a bundle of toilet paper, and an extra-large package of dog food. Instead of dropping one item to have greater motion, he instead placed his elbow under the doorknob and extended it in order to shut the door. On most days, Dana would have rushed to his side and offered an extra arm to drape grocery bags over, but on that day, she was too busy in the nursery, rocking Mr. Green to sleep.

"Hey, sorry, I didn't hear you come in," Dana whispered to her husband. "He's already asleep. And I'm worn out, too."

While Mr. Green and Dana put up their groceries, they told each other about their day. He, quiet and supportive, listened to her stories about her being 15 minutes late to work, her mother still refusing the hospice care the doctor had ordered, and the proportions on her drawing not working out as intended. He felt bad gloating, so he downplayed the success of his workday as much as he could. She still smiled.

When the lights turned off and the two pressed foreheads before falling asleep, Mr. Green heard Dana address him without a term of endearment or formality. She called him York, as his parents did, as he was baptized under. He called her Mrs. Green, as he legally created, as he always desired.

York woke in the dead of night. He turned to his right and saw his wife, breathing and beautiful. She was a fantastic woman, though she wasn't exactly Fantastic Woman. Her ribcage was unexposed to the outside elements. Her eyeballs hadn't been consumed by crows. She was alive, and there was joy to be taken from that fact. She had a rough day and would have hundreds of rougher

days, but he took pleasure in her even existing at all. The mother of his child and the bride of his dreams could be appreciated on her own merits, not as a test subject that served as an experiment for every horrible situation that came to mind.

Fantastic Woman was a childhood hero created in the 1930s. She didn't need her final scene to take place in a curb gutter. York mulled over whether or not to brutally assassinate the fictional person who inspired him. He could've told off his boss in a dramatic scene, hoping to unlearn all he had learned, or he could've make alterations to the work in secret. He could've let it happen and hope the five-percent boost in sales would be worth it.





▶ *Running Out of Steam* | Zach NeSmith



▶ *How to Fight, How to Sleep* | Lee Ann Harrison

Something about a fight

and the way words park in a narrow vein  
and fill fill fill  
stopping beats on the way to a date.  
Rowdy, high, pulsing expectant,  
pushed-up bra, pulled-down pants.  
Stopped, beats wander  
aimlessly away.

Something about a fight

shadowing the day like a weepy weeping willow  
long vine-y hair (whiny)  
covering the only lit paths to the sun.  
Sunlight tries to catch her breath in our slivers, shards.  
No luck.  
Dying to the night, she tosses and turns away.

Something about a fight

and the cool slam of a door  
the crisp break in a voice  
the blinding words blinding eyes that no longer see  
her  
me  
you

Something about a fight

and the dark dark bed, her virginal white sheets,  
feathers plucked in layer after layer of down  
and layer after layer of love  
making  
and carefully folded, just so. The way she likes.

It's a long way to the other side of a king bed.  
Even a leg can't land  
sullen, yawning in a grope.

Long, long way to heat  
and sorrys.

Something about a fight

and meanings that meant so much  
Shredded ideals flicker,  
flying, falling, silently,  
one-by-one  
to the ground.

Paper illusions build and build into piles of twisted origami cranes.  
Brutally, she snaps the necks,  
one-  
by-  
one  
and the cranes, cry,  
see all the others upside-down,  
limp heads dangling,  
hopeful, and hanging on.  
Dangling.

Something about a fight

and how bulging veins pull up festering words in stale sheets,  
wrapping cold within and keeping cold outside,  
squinting crane after crane into the big king bed,  
like a teddy bear sleepover gone wrong.  
Branches sweep against unshaved legs.  
Trying to spread her.  
Trying to let Sunlight back in.

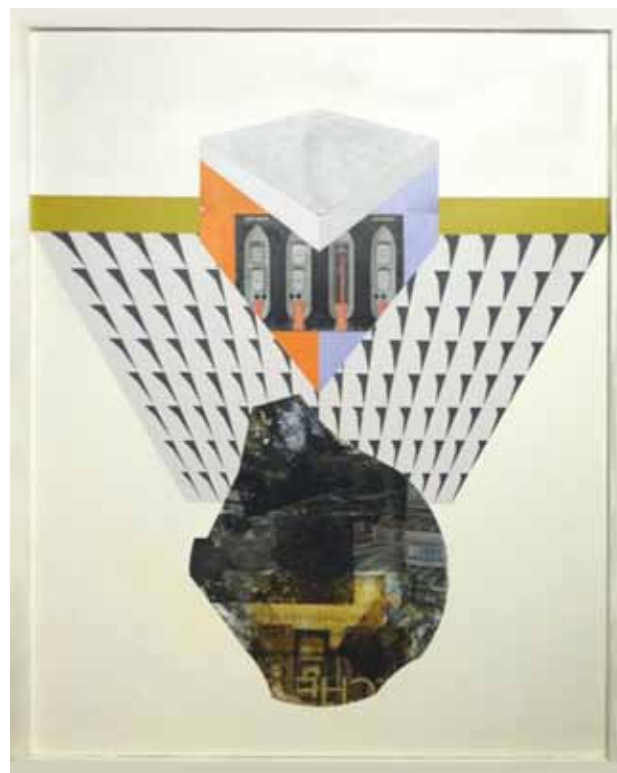
Her eyes, seeing the night of all dark nights, sleep,  
in the way  
only open-eyes-of-darkness  
sleep.

### ► ***Nightshade Nights*** | Loren Mixon

Heirlooms handwritten in elongated edges  
stick their spiny, frayed folds in corners and cabinets.  
Directions battered and stewed for melenzena midnights,  
letters faded and bitter — committed to heart, not memory.  
Lessons taught in degorging and gorging on basil pesto sunsets  
in cramped and fragrant kitchens — love warmer than stove.  
Rich and tender is the dusk held dear  
when mother and daughter create sturdy, simmering memories,  
from youth addicted to aubergine occasions and weekday wishes.

Now, often alone dancing the edible dance  
far from familial fortitude and long roasted pans  
I grasp for the tucked away ritual in the reaches of my mind:  
frying, breading, drenching, savoring.  
Imbibing history and images of Alberti's past,  
nourished by knowing love in nightshade.

### ► ***Expanding of a Sphere (Arrival of a Potential)*** | Jacob Olsen



► *Untitled* | English Grant



► *The Color Pink* | Holly Bechtler

Scarlet hot river emanation  
Dried itself up  
Ultraviolet white hot is  
Even still an understatement of the ringing in my aching cotton stuffed ear canals,  
echoing overrated nostalgia  
pathetically recounting the first kill and only of my youth.  
(If you don't count those *apathetic fishes*)

You are the clumsy, left hand shot  
That somehow occurred at the right place  
And wrong time  
A grotesque tear through an unlucky beating vessel of space so soundlessly  
Bursting through  
A time where blush derived from shame  
But now completely overwhelming adulterated glances  
intent on sending every bit of sincere air  
Hurling out of your lungs so that a poisonous pining may refill those  
Antlers with tokens of times first  
And flowers on the grave  
Of the color pink.

## ► *Hypotheticals* | Mirielle Smith

*Paige is sitting at a table with a cup of coffee. Across the stage is a bed. Beth is standing a little ways away from the table, looking at Paige, who cannot see or hear her.*

**BETH:** Ok, so maybe this is how it happens.

*Lights up. Beth sits down at the table.*

**BETH:** Hi.

**PAIGE:** Hi.

**BETH:** I'm Beth. You're Paige?

**PAIGE:** Yeah. It's really nice to meet you.

*They stand, walk hand-in-hand.*

**BETH:** So, I had a really great time.

**PAIGE:** Me too.

*They smile at each other. They go back to the table and sit — this time on the same side, comfortable together.*

**PAIGE:** ...and so my grandfather is standing there in his underwear, a pair of my mom's old cowboy boots, and a Captain America sweatshirt, screaming at the top of his lungs that he will be ready when he's damn well ready, and if we don't all stop pestering him, he's gonna stay out there on the front lawn making a scene, and then they'll have bigger problems than him making them 15 minutes late, and why are young people in such a damn hurry all the time these days, anyway?

*Beth laughs fondly.*

**BETH:** Your family is insane. You're a crazy person.

**PAIGE:** Shush. You love it.

**BETH:** Yeah. Yeah, I do.

*They rise and exit together.*

*Paige re-enters.*

**PAIGE:** Babe, come on, we're going to be late!

**BETH:** Why are young people in such a damn hurry all the time these days?

*She enters with a packed bag.*

**BETH:** Ok, I'm ready.

**PAIGE:** Don't think being cute is going to get you out of trouble, missy.

**BETH:** Paige, come on, we're going to be late.

**PAIGE:** I take it back. I don't love you. You're annoying.

*They put the case offstage and lie down on the bed.*

**BETH:** Hey.

**PAIGE:** Hey.

*They lie there, relaxed and cuddling, for a moment. They get up. Beth exits while Paige sits at the table. She plays with a cup, checks her watch, and sighs. Beth enters, sits down next to Paige.*

**BETH:** Hey, Babe, sorry—

**PAIGE:** It's fine.

**BETH:** Sorry.

*They stand and move around the table, so they are sitting in new places, now on opposite sides.*

**BETH:** I just don't see why everything has to be such a big fucking deal.

**PAIGE:** What? What are you — are you really bringing last week up again?!

**BETH:** No. Of course not. That would be stupid.

**PAIGE:** I never said you were stupid!

**BETH:** Whatever.

*They rise and move to the bed. They lie down, facing away from each other.*

**BETH:** I'm sorry.

*A beat. They rise and walk together, not touching.*

**PAIGE:** I think we should just, say goodbye now and save ourselves any more. We don't work.

**BETH:** I know. But...

**PAIGE:** I know.

*Paige walks away back to the table. She sits. Beth looks glum. Paige turns to look at her.*

**PAIGE:** That's not how it would happen.

**BETH:** Shush. You're a hypothetical.

*Beth makes a 'turn around' motion with her finger.*

**PAIGE** (as she turns): Yeah, but that doesn't mean—

**BETH** (simultaneously): Ok, let's try this.

*Beth sits down.*

**BETH:** Hi.  
**PAIGE:** Hi.  
**BETH:** I'm Beth. You're Paige?  
**PAIGE:** Uh, yeah. So...

*They break character, stand, and walk a bit away from the table. They stand awkwardly.*

**PAIGE:** Well, it was nice to meet you.

*Paige smiles noncommittally.*

**BETH:** Yeah. You too.

*They split off in different directions. Beth paces while Paige sits, watching Beth.*

**PAIGE:** Was that even worth imagining?  
**BETH:** Well, yeah. Now I know how I might react if it's really awkward.  
**PAIGE:** I feel like you could have worked that out as you went. Besides, don't be negative. Come on, try again.

*She turns forward, waiting for the scene to begin. Beth sits.*

**BETH:** Hi.  
**PAIGE:** Hi.

*They rise. Beth opens up an umbrella, and they walk with their arms around each other. They stop and look at each other.*

**PAIGE:** So, I wanna kiss you.  
**BETH:** Yeah?

*She leans closer.*

**PAIGE:** But it's too cliché. So I'm not going to.  
**BETH:** Seriously?  
**PAIGE:** Yeah.  
**BETH:** Wow. Yet, I still want to keep dating you.  
**PAIGE:** Crazy.

*Beth folds up the umbrella. They sit on the bed facing each other.*

**BETH:** Gorgonzola.  
**PAIGE:** Wensleydale.  
**BETH:** Stilton.  
**PAIGE:** Gruyere.  
**BETH:** Edam.

**PAIGE:** Our dishwasher is just never going to get emptied. Roquefort.  
**BETH:** This really was a terrible way to decide. Havarti.  
**PAIGE:** Manchego.  
**BETH:** Feta.

*They rise and move to the table, sitting next to each other.*

**PAIGE:** Hey, did you remember to book the tickets for Thanksgiving?  
**BETH:** Yes. I'm not completely incapable of being a responsible adult.  
**PAIGE:** Babe, last week you left your phone in the dishwasher.  
**BETH:** That is kind of a valid point. I will grant you that.

*They rise and lie on the bed.*

**BETH:** Night. I love you.  
**PAIGE:** Love you.

*They sleep for a moment. Paige rises and exits. Beth sits up and pulls out a letter.*

**BETH:** ...we regret to inform you that Paige Donahue was killed in the line of duty on the fifth of March. She—

*Paige pokes her head on stage.*

**PAIGE:** Seriously? What, am I a cop now? Army lieutenant?  
**BETH:** Air Force.  
**PAIGE:** That doesn't even make sense. How was I here so much if I was in the Air Force?

*Beth shrugs.*

**PAIGE:** I feel like less crazy normally goes into the pre-"hello" part of this kind of thing.

*Beth shrugs again.  
Paige sits at the table. Beth joins her.*

**BETH:** Hi.  
**PAIGE:** Hi.

*They rise and go to the bed. Beth goes to sleep. After a moment, Paige carefully gets up and tiptoes away, pausing guiltily when Beth shifts. Once she's nearly to the table, Paige breaks from the moment.*

**PAIGE:** I thought you had a three-date rule?  
**BETH:** Yes, and this is exactly why!  
**PAIGE:** Did you just try to use your hypothetical situation as proof?

*She sits down, not giving Beth time to respond before she's engaged in the next take. Beth sticks out her tongue and gets up to join her.*

**BETH:** Hi.

**PAIGE:** Hola. ¿Como estas?

**BETH:** Are you Paige?

**PAIGE:** ¿Beth? ¿Hablas Español, sí?

*They sit awkwardly. Both rise. Paige sits on the table, eyebrow raised.*

**PAIGE:** How did the date get planned without the complete language barrier being noticed?

**BETH:** Yeah, ok.

*They sit.*

**BETH:** Hi.

**PAIGE:** Hi.

**BETH:** I'm Beth. You're Paige?

**PAIGE:** No, sorry.

**BETH:** Oh! I'm sorry!

*Paige stands. Beth stands.*

**PAIGE:** Seriously?

*Paige sits again, gestures for Beth to proceed. Beth does.*

**BETH:** Hi.

**PAIGE:** Hi.

**BETH:** I'm Beth. You're Paige?

**PAIGE:** Ok, you know what? No. You're done with this. Time to just say 'hi' like a real person before I think I'm being stood up and leave. You can do it; it's a very short, simple syllable.

**BETH:** I'm not sure about this...

**PAIGE:** Well, I am, and I think that counts as good enough.

*Paige stands, tugging on Beth's hand as she does until the latter rises.*

**PAIGE:** You have got this. It'll be great. And what's the worst that could happen? Pretty sure you've planned out all the scenarios.

**BETH:** I'm kinda scared.

**PAIGE:** Yeah, well, welcome to the human race.

**BETH:** Says the figment of my imagination.

*Paige smiles at her and sits. Beth takes a deep breath and sits down.*

**BETH:** Hi.

**PAIGE:** Hi.

**BETH:** I'm Beth. You're Paige?

*Paige nods.*

**BETH:** It's really good to meet you.

*They smile at each other.*

## ► *Untitled* | Kaitlyn Walters



► **Alligator I** | Will Johnson



► **Moon Leaning Its Round Shoulder** | Lauren Clark

A bird,  
Splattered on the window of innocence,  
Creates the clearest view I've ever seen.

And trees,  
Sprouting up from manmade plots to please,  
Are surrounded by the rubber soul of Mother Earth.

The moon,  
With its wide, spheric hips,  
Rests upon the glare of tired eyes.

It waits,  
And with its scarred and freckled face,  
Watches as we crumble, crash, and burn.

It fades,  
Gray as the November dawn and noticing no change it turns away,  
Darkened by the lacking light of day.

► **Farah .2** | Kelsey Boatwright





Images filter in from time to time, snippets really, just snap-shots of things that don't exist, and so they won't exist, even if some of them are half-way clear.

Sitting almost bare on your kitchen counter  
Seems to be on repeat

But keep in mind, I have no idea  
What your kitchen counter looks like  
In fact, I wouldn't even know where to begin  
It's just a random counter that I've concocted

I imagine it's cool, like most counters are  
So I assume that their temperature

Would hit like a cold fire to my overly warm legs.

Regardless though, I'm sitting on this counter  
Wearing one of your over-worn buffalo print shirts

I know what those shirts feel like  
Having worn them before, just not yours  
It'll do though, that older memory

And I'm sitting Indian style  
Like a five year old at story time  
And that's how I feel almost,  
Listening to you ramble on about  
Literature, or jazz, or sex,

I've heard you just enough now  
To know this.

There is a cold bottle of something strong, too  
Resting pleasantly against the crook of my calf and thigh

I can envision this, you see  
Guessing exactly how these things might feel with you  
And those are the things I seem to be clinging onto

The rest is just an idea in my mind, one that can construct concrete details, but I can't construct you, your kitchen counters, or what type of bottle is being cradled by my leg because I don't know what you keep in your liquor cabinet, or even if you have one, but I'm sure you do.

And so, I'll continue  
To sit almost bare on your kitchen counter or something like it.



▶ *Concealed Compulsions* | Julie Hydrick



▶ *Graylyn* | Daniel Padgett



▶ *Self Portrait* | Phillip Perry



► ***Ill-Equipped*** | Rachel Phillips

A classroom of adolescent pock-faced teens is  
No place to learn about sex.  
Slideshows of foreign terminology  
And hand drawings of cartoon genitalia  
Don't prepare you for the real world.

What they can't teach you is—  
The way boys spin words to make your panties drop.  
The way your lips can perfectly form the word that could free you,  
Your heart beats so loudly that you can't hear yourself silently screaming—  
N-O.

School can't prepare you for the  
Absence of that monthly ritual,  
Or the feeling of being ripped open from the inside out.  
They can't teach you how to clean blood from cotton sheets.

► ***Hypertrophic iv. Prisma*** | Bryanna Smith



► ***Sabotage*** | Laura Ketcham



► ***Six and a Half Years of Roadkill*** | Chris Da Rosa  
*Prose Editor's Choice*

Albert Norman was driving his young wife and son to his mother's when he hit a turtle. They supposed it was a turtle; it was too dark to tell. Charlie swore he heard a definite crackling snap like when he'd thrown his jar full of dirt onto their gravel driveway, a high pitched shattering ripple of glass.

Sharon, Albert's wife, creased and smoothed her seatbelt to express her worry. The death of the turtle, if it had actually been a turtle, only caused a mild jolt of fear behind her eyes — a headache — as she wondered if the tire was damaged.

"Eehh, that sounded painful," Albert muttered, constantly glancing at the rearview mirror, "Should I stop? Baby, what do you think?"

"It's fine. Whatever you hit, it's dead." Sharon concluded. They'd been driving for about four hours through Virginia to get to Mrs. Norman's house, and Charlie was fussing. She felt like fussing too.

"Fiiine? I don't tink so! Dad, why don't we stop an' seh?" Charlie, six years old, protested. Sharon eyed her husband as he weighed her verdict and his own doubts about the turtle by waving gum at him. It was cinnamon flavored. She smiled to herself as he grimaced, pushing her hand away. Albert detested unusually flavored anything.

"Charlie, why would you want to stop and see?" He huffed. He supposed even if the turtle was still alive, it couldn't be saved. But was it still alive? What could he have done? He briefly romanticized the turtle's death — it's mouth open, gasping. Broken legs, cracked shell, desperate to live. It was the image of the dying turtle that drew him to the conclusion that its life was beyond medical attention. At most, he only could've run it over a second time. Sharon would have protested.

"It's dead, son. Road kill. Squashed little toes—"

"Albert, that's gross. Do not continue," Sharon breathed. She tried to lean her head against the seat's headrest. It was too high, and the back of her head teetered uncomfortably between the elevated part and the seat itself. Giving up, she looked out the window, focusing on the bright lights underneath billboard advertisements.

When she turned back, squinting at Albert's chin, she saw floating purple dots rise slowly like jellyfish racing to the surface. She blinked, and they started over. It was his chin that led to the creation of Charlie. Square and without loose fat hanging underneath, though his stubble rubbed her like sandpaper when she kissed him — she loved it. They had been drunk, excited strangers in a high from a graduation party. She'd woken up first, naked in the back of his truck in a secluded parking lot. Dressing, she'd pushed his head off her socks — orange stripes — when she noticed his chin for a second time. Albert had found his phone half an hour later with her phone number typed in it along with a voicemail apologizing for the deep bite on his jaw.

"Dad! It's probably lwaying there with is arms out screaming." Charlie thrashed, wobbling his booster seat. There were sandwich crumbs from

lunch wedged in between him and the seat. Very uncomfortable.

"Turtles don't scream, Charlie," Albert said, focusing on the road. It had taken him six months after the birth of Charlie to ask Sharon out and six and a half years to convince his mother to meet her. Two more months followed, assuring Sharon after she overheard his mother say she was a nasty tramp.

"Well whatda dey do when they get hur'?" Charlie asked. Sharon waited for her husband to answer, counting to 20, then 25 before answering.

"You know how their necks are all long and wrinkled? That's because they don't have any vocal cords, so they can't scream," she lied, unsure herself. She awkwardly stretched behind Albert's chair to reach the cooler, pulling down her shirt. He'd left the cooler there so Charlie could reach. Sharon thought he'd just been too tired to scoot it closer to her. The tips of her fingers wedged under the cooler lid, popping it open. After paddling her hand through half melted ice, she pulled out a coke, which Charlie grabbed. His small, fat fingers cried when they couldn't open the soda can. She snatched it back, opening while glancing at Albert to check if he was watching. She slurped loudly because he wasn't, the newly formed bubbles burning her lips and tongue. Both hands on the wheel, Albert's eyes quizzically darted to her smile.

"Here, sweetheart," she showed, passing Charlie the drink. It was too full, she thought, and I drank just enough so he wouldn't spill. See what a good mother I am? Why don't you defend me when you talk to Mrs. Norman?

Sharon wiped her hands on her jeans, wet and sticky from the coke. She pried her shoes off at the heel with the tip of her toes. Realizing they might smell, she put her feet up, tucking them under her jacket. Albert's nose was incredibly sensitive. Nestling her hands in between her thighs, she sighed. Mrs. Norman thought her a parasite to Albert, dragging him from his dreams. To some degree, she agreed with her after learning he'd put aside the Peace Corps and a Masters. Now, working on Walgreens promotions. She tried to comfort herself by focusing on her want to be a teacher and how she'd bravely given that up for Charlie. But Albert hadn't had 10,000 dollars worth of student loans to pay off like she. And a small moral side of her forced herself to acknowledge she'd given up being a teacher long before Charlie.

Charlie, still focusing on a turtle's lack of vocal cords while sipping his drink with two hands, shouted, "That's even worse! That turtle can't even scream! I saw an ant—Dad! DadDadDad! I saw an ant scream. Me an' um, him, that boy, you know? We're drawing wectwangles around an ant hill cause they can't cross id."

"Yeah they can. A dip in the dirt isn't going to change a thing," Albert argued. He worried his mother wouldn't like Charlie; he could be a bit stupid. His speech impediment didn't help.

"Sweetheart, he means chalk. Right, Charlie?" Sharon sharply defended, smiling at Charlie, who bobbed his head vigorously, "Albert, the anthill was on the sidewalk and they chalked a border—"

"I get it, I get it," Albert interrupted, impatiently tapping the steering wheel. He knew Sharon enjoyed correcting him.

"Yeah, we was chalkin' — see this scrape on mah finger? My chalk was tiny an I scwaped my finger." He thrust his hand high in the air for his parents to see a tiny scab.

"That's your knuckle, Charlie."

"Stop correcting him, dear. He's only six." Sharon defended, glowering. Let him tell the story!

"And I accidentally ran over stupid ant who was trying to cuss the rectangle before it be done. And it was blue and squashed — Dad. Listen! And it wifted up is head and looked at me with invisible eyes and screamed. Dad!" Albert forced himself to look up in the rearview mirror, feeling Sharon's tense annoyance. Controlling.

"How do you know it wailed, Charlie?" He asked politely to prove he was paying attention. Wrong question — Sharon's eyes snapped at him, propping her legs on the dashboard so he could smell her feet. Did a child have to explain every detail? Seriously, Albert.

"Is mouf was open, Dad! And its legs were-were pushing up-! I couldn't hear id scweam cause it didn't have vodal cords! Like the turtle! The turtle's cweaming Dad!" Charlie waved, furiously kicking his legs. His coke toppled from the cup holder, glugging down the boy's pants.

"Aaah, MomMomMOM!!" He howled, shoving the can off his lap. It rolled to the dirt stained floor, still glugging.

"Shoot, Charlie, can you reach that? I think we have napkins somewhere. Didn't we get McDonald's, Albert? Well? Didn't they give us napkins? Charlie, just — hold still, you're making a mess," Sharon ordered, frantically leaning over her armrest to sop up what she could, jamming wet napkins in a cup holder as she unbuckled. Swiveling over her purse and travel bag tucked between their seats, she reached her son, telling Albert off when he suggested pulling over. She was tired of anticipating meeting this horrid Mrs. Norman.

"We're already late as it is. I can clean him here. See?" She settled by her peeved son, pulling out a bath towel from Albert's suitcase. If she used the water from the cooler, maybe he would be clean enough for Albert's mother.

"Charlie! Stop crying! Don't spaz and get over it," Albert scolded, repeatedly peeking at his wife's distressed face.

"Gaah, Al. It's not that bad. Don't scold him! He's just a kid — can you grab me an outfit?" she shouted over Charlie's fussing. Didn't he remember Six Flags? At least your son didn't puke all over the window this time.

"I can't, gotta watch the road," he said. He always took the back road to his mother's house. It was dirt and full of potholes. If he wasn't careful, he'd run over another turtle. Sharon snatched the travel bag in between their seats, the strap whacking his arm.

Charlie allowed himself to be buckled next to his booster seat. Sharon crammed herself behind the cooler, her arm wrapped around her son in case Albert's driving got them in another wreck. The cooler was moist against her jeans. She pictured herself from Mrs. Norman's perspective. Wild, disordered hair. Empty chip bags scattered on the floor. Charlie not in a safe seat. She'd probably refuse to let them inside the house after calling DSS. Red and yellow lights flashed, blinding her.

"Looks like . . . an ambulance?" Albert stopped in the middle of the street. He threw himself out of the car as if it disgusted him, running to his mother's driveway.

Sharon patted her son on the head before climbing into the driver's seat and moved the car over the curb. The dim light of the car's headlights and warning flashes vaguely connected her to a strobe light as she pieced together a traveling silhouette of a stretcher. Charlie shouted excitedly, asking if they could ride in the ambulance. She ignored him, taking out her hair and sagging against the seat. A calm sense of relief trickled in her heart, spreading like medicine from a shot. Perhaps Mrs. Norman had a stroke. Perhaps she'd forget who Sharon was. An obligatory thought of concern wafted gently over her head in case Albert asked how she felt later.

"No, sweetheart, we can't. How about I get you inside and clean you up? Then we can have some tea to calm you down," she smiled, unbuckling their son.

"K. And honey? Honey honeyhoney? And then we can make a pwtend gave for da turtle."

► ***The Forgotten Wanderer*** | Dale Bridges  
*Art Editor's Choice*



► ***Chi*** | Heather Bechtler  
*Poetry Editor's Choice*

Blue tinted glasses  
That you'll never see  
Properly through  
Unless it's a copper correction  
Of the thinning stomach  
Or the grey eyes  
Grown salty and green  
As the fruit salad  
Frustration sloshed down  
In twenty-five bites  
Of thirty-two chews  
And a thousand swallows  
Singing over the exclamations  
Your mother exerted  
Over ten-thirty yoga exercises  
Illuminated at three in the morning  
On a half baked mind  
And a restless spirit  
Pining over insights  
Realized over twice more  
In the company  
Of blue tinted glasses.

► **Association** | Patrick Bryant  
*Editor-in-Chief's Choice*

remember

used human-oiled textile smell — animalscent of sweat of grease of man—  
backseat '93 plymouth, gray, looking up'n at'em out the window:  
9 old years the sun ... not the sun the kid looking at...  
warmth above the skin of his temple  
set upon, glowing haze from/through, the windowpane

staring off boredom at play of sun and powerline,  
now orbish miracle on black bough,  
now n/ever-ending serpent — *ouroboros* whipping through fire  
and forth back and over green-brown blur of trees the highway  
seeking out its tail, its gape a yawning stretch of midday  
into a midsummer night's camp site

snap back

noonish sun's photons' movement of brightness on brightness  
laced 'round black cable to sink upon gravel lot  
split by shadow — powerline veil cast upon rocks' eaves' shadows' darkness  
slipping on darkness like a cloak or lover's arms or image around the self  
tossed/tossing among sheets in frenzied lowgravity haze by lamplight

remember

firelight roaring like old country road sighing-pining for tired wind's  
droning passage over and through engined metal vessel—  
staring fixated on embered ashes ... not the fire reflecting upon itself ... the  
kid  
hypnotized by gray soft-fractured orange-red glow  
boiling its own image

lifted limply out from flooding deep-sea forest darkness—  
shyly but immanently unhinging its jaws to swallow them all:  
the voices strangely singing *there's a hole in the bottom of the sea,*  
*there's a hole, there's a hole, there's a hole in the bottom of the*

snap back

can't be that kid again within myself, my self must look without  
that self no longer myself ... any instant: a shade drawn over a shade  
drawn over the walls encircling the bed  
now cradling lovers now spent  
in exchange for a hope

for something more than the sucking draining slippage of time—  
spiraling body through its senses  
away from world-itself, down past all the gillish floating flakage of forms  
into the hole in the hole in the black hole in the bottom of the sea, asking  
when it stepped between — the light of and what exactly was — their youth  
to cast them here so hungrily upon each other

**NOTE:** *This poem is best understood in its original context. It is part of a digital multimedia project that I created for WRIT 502 (Cyber Rhetoric).  
The website is: <http://bryantp2.wix.com/writ502multimedia>*

► **Outside - In IV** | Lauren Copley  
*Assistant Editor's Choice*



► **Dévoiler** | Rachel Burns

We bathed in the shadow of a monastery, you and I. We looked up at it and laughed, wondering if we could be seen, half-hoping that we would. In the foreignness and the fragility of our state, we welcomed the exhilaration. To be looked at is one thing; to be seen is another matter entirely.

That summer in France, we wanted to be seen. We were both ready. You — you were finally more woman than girl, your face found itself under the flesh, your curves decided where they wanted to remain. Still, though, you were ignorant of your womanliness, and I loved you for it; I loved you for you. And I? I was ready, not as willing as you were but growing more and more certain every day that I could be loved, that I was worth loving. I struggled to find my center; years of being unseen had taken its toll.

After our shower, we stayed up on the chateau's terrace, watching the sun sink low over the vineyards. We sat silently and let the conversations of the adults waft in the air, mingling with the scents of Provence. The lavender breeze breathed through your hair, and I wanted to capture that moment forever — the pureness of your joy in the dying sun, lit up and unguarded, full of innocent sexuality. I was uncertain, but you were strong.

We had our first taste of wine that night, finding it not at all to our liking, the liquid too acidic for our virgin tongues. The adults broke the bread and spoke of life with voices full of wisdom and age over their fine cheeses. We listened, instead, to the plink-plink-plink of the ivy seeds as they fell from their shells and bumped against each other on the descent to earth. It was like the sound of rain, soft and promising.

Suddenly, though we ate dinner in the open air, I felt boxed in, caged by the enormity of nothing and everything all at once. So, I asked to be excused, that I was going to go for a walk, and we left. Above the chateau, farther up the winding hill perched an ancient fortress that begged for investigation. You ran your hand on the old stones. Its crumbling battlements held the hilltop together.

It was peaceful: us two, the old church, the history, the sun, the hills, the wind.

But then a motorbike disturbed our serenity. A man. His helmeted face followed us as he rode past, and we were frighteningly aware of our aloneness. We retreated up the hill to the stone cobbled houses the same families had occupied for generations. The gloaming deepened. We thought we were safe. You played with your lengthening curls that caused me so much trouble, but they crowned you so magnificently I could not allow you to relinquish them. I liked you in the shadows; you were softer, and your edges blending with those of the world around you.

I thought it would be safe to return back down to the remains of the fortress, so we made our descent, hastening now in the dying light. The others would begin to worry soon, but I so wanted to enjoy this moment of us together, in France, alone, with the world full of possibilities and the future unraveling slowly. We stood on the edge of it all, and then I heard the gravel crunching behind us, mocking my presumption.

You tensed instantly, and I pitied you, knew that he (his presence felt like a him) would see you, and I would not be able to bear the look in his eyes as he

examined you, judging your looks. You turned. He was nothing special, not like those French boys that they show on television. He was bespectacled with short smoker's teeth, black hair, and bad skin, which was tainted yellow. I couldn't tell if the color was natural or from the nicotine.

He spoke in rapid French, the kind I was terrified of in my high school French class. I spoke timidly; you couldn't look him in the eyes. "I speak English." Then he switched gears, talking in broken English, asking, "Where are you staying? Who did you come with? Can I stay with you up here?"

Panic set in, and I spat out, "My father will be looking for me soon, so hi and bye."

"Ciao," he replied, confused, as we brushed past.

I couldn't tell them what happened, so we went to the bathroom, and I locked the door. Outside, the sound of a motorcycle growled through the valley. You cringed. I couldn't look at you. I was too ashamed of my cowardice, of my neglect of you. We two, we could have been more than what we were, but my fears restrained us, my fears ensnared us. You were worth more than I could offer. You deserved better. Sick with anger at myself, sick with regret, I propped myself up over the sink and looked in the mirror, and there you were, my husk.





► **Pendant** | Lauren Copley



► **Weimar Love Song** | Mirielle Smith

I've been thinking about broken things lately,  
trying to find romance in them,  
trying to see why we find romance in them.

The idea of absinthe is much more romantic than the reality,  
and this is true for most drugs.  
The alcoholic artist has the most beautiful pain,  
we are sure of this.

We need people to be broken to be interesting,  
broken open like bottles on the floor,  
the way we like it when clocks are broken open,  
like to stare at the guts of the thing,  
the bits that make them tick and move and work,  
and maybe if we can study it all long enough we will understand.

Berlin between the wars is more tragic than Paris,  
but all we want is the shattered cobbled streets,  
the mournful guitars, the smell of baking bread and wine.

I took a walk this morning  
and now I wonder why the buttercup I picked  
is the only one with white, dead spots,  
which I only noticed after I picked it.  
It was more beautiful in the field on the side of the road,  
but it's just as poetic lying forgotten on my bathroom counter.

► **Ocracats** | Sarah Stokes



► **Stacy's Couch** | Carrie Dupre

Check back, to see if it is locked—  
Twist one            two            three.  
Stiff on Stacy's Dramine colored couch,  
She psychologizes — Something about God, and learned behavior  
But, everything is happening and I'm transfixed with the outside.

The rubber pinches my arm hair  
as I snap one — two — three.  
Prophecies by labels of OCD, anxiety—  
But a negative equals a negative—  
The shaking keeps me from sleeping.

Chemical imbalance or conditioning—  
Breath in, one, two, three  
During a bath when I was a child bubbles  
bounded down my throat and when I felt  
concocted choking, She said: "It's just a panic attack"

Mom told me she counts everything—  
collecting, one, two, three  
cats from the neighbors' litter,  
then Popop's face turned red.  
Brother found one dead — he put her in a box.

Staring at my family portrait  
I have one, two, three,  
Siblings — one afraid to catch dreams—  
Sister counts her peas, another takes pills for palpitations  
—All just as nervous as me

► **Invasion VII** | Erin Mitchell



► **Dentata** | Erica Hoelper



► **to be come** | Kaitlin Spellman

the present is wrapped in crinkled brown paper,  
the kind used when you purchase a gravy boat from the antique shop.

it smells raw  
like the fresh pages of a novel from grade school,  
those ones you read out loud in class  
that took your imagination into realms unseen  
the ones that linger like a dream  
with just enough tangibility to be unrecognizable in form  
but grandiose in nostalgia,  
or rather the hint of a greater reality  
beyond what is visible.

tied securely with an old piece of leather  
and a sprig of dried lavender  
a mysterious anticipation blows through your mind  
as you hesitate to unwrap this bundle—

the knot is pulled, tensions release  
fleeting by measure yet measured complete;  
this is now

► **Light Univers** | Savannah Holder



We said hello on a Friday. Not a very extravagant greeting, simply a passing discourse among acquaintances. Off to class we went without much time to waste.

I enjoyed our hellos all the same. You were wearing khaki pants and a flannel shirt that day, your usual, always cheerful attire. Perpetually smiling, your vibrancy radiated from your appearance.

I stood in line behind you at the convenience store that afternoon as the dark-faced man in front of you purchased his cigarettes. You stocked up on chewing gum for the weekend.

As I walked home through the crisp winter air, I thought of you for the first time in a long time. How many years has it been since we first met? What stopped us from being truly great friends? That was the end of that thought.

By the time I got home, I had forgotten all about you. Mental fixations of schoolwork and making plans for the weekend, desperately trying to come up with something worthwhile to do were to no avail, giving way to misery and boredom. Not the end of the world, however, but it could have been avoided — like so many other things. Work that night went better than expected. It wasn't the most exciting night of work by any means, but at least there was something to do, hustling about the restaurant, making drinks and serving food. More reflection as thoughts flowed as freely as the beverages from the tap.

Leaving with my hands shoved in my pockets to fight off the cold night air, I thought of you once again. I pictured our meeting earlier today, curt and laconic but also, for some reason, a fond and clear memory in my mind. I could still see your cheerful face but couldn't hear your voice. Your lips formed a silent "hello", but it looked more like you were saying "good-bye" when I replay it. This thought stayed with me as I drove home.

Saturday was a complete blur. I remember cutting the grass, but not much else. That night was miserable; in a bad mood from not doing anything, I walked around the house, not speaking to anyone or even making eye contact. I snapped at my mother at one point, but I quickly retreated to my room. Concentration was unattainable.

I found it a bit peculiar, as it happened for the third time that I thought of you Sunday morning waking up. This time, only your face was visible amidst a gray haze. Your features were accented against this blur. I didn't even bother to replay our meeting in my mind — the thought was becoming redundant. I then tossed you out of my mind as easily as I would have thrown used paper into the wastebasket.

You killed yourself on a Sunday. Then you were really gone. At first I didn't believe it when they told me — I didn't want to believe it. At least you weren't my best friend, or a huge part of my life; at least the most we said to each other was "hello" every so often. Thank God I didn't know your favorite color or anything, I told myself as I drove home from wherever I was when I found out.

At home, I thought about you more and more as the seconds and minutes dragged on. Why did I feel this way? Why am I so despondent? I could do nothing but sit and think. The contemplation of you being anything but alive and well paralyzed me with intense emotion.

An hour or two went by as I kept trying to picture you—not in line at the store but on the floor of your room. I drove myself mad with that. I can't imagine what your little brother must have thought when he found you.

I began to feel anger towards you. Why? Why the hell did you do it? You had fantastic parents, good friends, and a seemingly decent life. Looks can be deceiving I suppose.

That night, I didn't sleep much. My mind was full of random thoughts. They churned inside of my head as if a tornado had moved in. I longed for answers and closure. Neither was found.

I visited a small, dark corner of my mind. There, I wondered how you did it. There were guns in the house. I wasn't surprised when they told me that you shot yourself. The thought was like battery acid, corroding my mind.

Monday morning was the official period of mourning. People everywhere were sad, those that didn't know you, those who only recognized your name, and that was sad. The school was an insane asylum, leaving me wanting to scream, "Shut up!" and tell everyone to mind his own damn business and stop crying over someone that he didn't even know in the first place. It broke my heart to know that people only cared now that you're dead.

By mid-day, you could tell who the phonies were. You should have seen them; laughing and joking at lunch, casually conversing on the way to class — those who, a few hours ago, had been sobbing and praising the memories they had of you. I tried my best to ignore it, but try as I might, it was everywhere. I ate a few bites of food during my break, seemingly tasteless. There were a few moments in which I did not even desire to swallow. Imprisoned to the cafeteria, everyone around me seemed either too happy or too sad.

After sitting there for what seemed like two more hours, I hastily made my way to my English class. If there was one place that will make me feel any better it would be in a room full of books and stories. For about an hour, we discussed a piece of literature, something about a bad mother and a daughter with a lot of hidden potential. We also talked about you — I almost expected it. You were the hot topic in every other class, why did I think that this one would be any different? I was glad when I got out of there.

Feeling strange, I skipped my last class and drove around town. A bit of driving would calm me down as I could let my mind run away to some distant place and feel safe in the solitude.

A minute or two on the road was all it took. I still didn't feel good, but driving through the gorgeous day relieved me of some of the pain. I managed to end up at the same convenience store at which we had met just a few days ago.

As I pulled up, I sat there in my car and studied the building, its white brick walls with wide, clean windows full of bright neon beer signs, and enticing advertisements. The parking lot had a few bits of trash lying here and there, and the white parking lines needed to be repainted. No one was pumping gas. I stood there beside the car, the sun warming my face and arms and the steady stream of traffic floating by.

► **Pike Place** | Aubrie Salzman

I walked into the store, and a rush of apprehension hit me as the door closed behind me. There I was, standing where you stood on Friday afternoon. The place was empty except for the cashier. I approached the counter, hesitatingly.

I checked my wallet, stalling for time, but time for what I did not know.

I reached up to grab a fresh pack of cigarettes, but halfway there, my hand suspended in the air. I thought about you again. In a split second, my mind went back to Friday, but this time, I could see you clearly and hear you amicably say "hello." Fighting off the tears that would come soon enough, I reached down below the counter and grabbed a pack of chewing gum, enough to last the weekend.



► **Untitled** | Nadia Blackmon



► *Water Lady* | Rachel Sullivan



► *Through and Away* | Diego Segura

White blankets covering the sea of the sky,  
Moving fast, through and away,  
As white sheets of sea foam,  
Rolling tides shaped by a distant whistling of the wind;  
And the mirror of the heart of flames,  
And pearls dotted in a distant sea bed,  
And—

What a fathomless darkness!

Shown by reflection to be deep, deep blue:  
An endless, endless—

And through

And away

Oh lonely full moon that comes to earth,  
Dancing in rays between forests of grass.

► **Fossils in Wet Cement** | Lora Caldwell

You and I are the next generation of extinction.  
We are such fragile creatures not far removed from our animal nature.  
Me, hunting the intangible.  
You, chasing me.  
We throw the word "love" around aimlessly,  
But we don't care if we hurt ourselves.  
We're too busy thinking in terms too large to fully understand.

We are the definition of mischief.  
Sticking our hands into someone's back-breaking work  
Like children who have finger-painted the living room wall.  
We are proud of our creation.  
In this moment, it's art.  
It's a monument we so selfishly forged using fingerprints and wet cement,  
Glazed in naivety and hardened by the sun.  
One day soon, people will point to our hand-prints caked in dirt and leaves  
And brand the youth as nothing more than pesky kids.

Buried in sediment and encased in gray, we have left our mark for years to come.  
Though our bodies have melted into the earth,  
We, like the bones and secrets of distant creatures,  
Will remain side by side,  
hand by hand,  
In yet another material and fragile form.

► **Should** | Lee Ann Harrison



► **Crystal Jars 2** | Kathryn McGuire



► **Surrealistic Self Portrait** | Toyé Durrrah



► **Untitled** | Sarah Cason



► **Untitled IV** | Daniel Padgett

The morning we drank sour milk was the morning we devoted our stomachs to Veganism  
I walked a half a mile to buy a gallon of ice cream to celebrate the great-give-up  
We would have to adapt to romanticizing egg substitutes  
I ate it alone and then you gave me up for Lent



► ***Act Your Age, Not Your Shoe Size*** | Laura-Leigh Todd

"No ma'am, I'm afraid we don't have those shoes in an eight and a half," I say in my most apologetic, wish-I-could-help voice. The truth is we do have the shoes, several pairs in fact, but she isn't getting anywhere near them. Most people don't know this, but every time you step into a shoe store, you are being tested. If you pass, you get those beautiful black leather peep toes; but if you fail, we will let you walk out of the store bare-foot in the snow before you get to touch any of our merchandise.

Your evaluation begins the moment you step foot in the store. I greet you with a cheerful smile and a "Do you need help with anything?" If you smile and make a polite response, you're golden, but if you ignore me, scoff at me, or wave me away while still yelling into your cell phone about your problems with your boyfriend, well let's just call that strike one. The test of your worthiness continues as you browse. Looking at shoes without touching them or carefully picking them up and replacing them in the correct spot is a success. Leaving them on the floor, putting them back on a completely different table, or trying to squeeze your size nine into the display size six will not impress me. Strike two.

The most important part of the test comes when you ask me to do something for you. Politely asking, "Can you please see if you have these in an eight and a half?" means that you pass with flying colors. Shoving four different pairs of shoes in my hands and demanding an eight and a half and a nine in all of them is strike three, and you're out. Out of luck, out of shoes, and hopefully out of the store with my overly cheerful, "Hope to see you back soon!" still sounding in your ears.

Whoever coined the phrase "The customer is always right" had clearly never actually met one of these customers. Many customers don't know much of anything; they don't know how to be polite, they don't even know their own shoe size, and luckily for me, they don't know when they're being lied to. "So sorry we didn't have what you were looking for. Have a nice day."

► ***Albedo Detail*** | Sarah Scherini



► ***Untitled*** | Greyson Smith



► **Collage** | Heather Bechtler

London lobster pie  
Served with a side of strawberry  
Plus one, please  
A dinner date.  
A musical extravaganza to  
Beautify the hideous  
Surgical aftertaste.  
A peace of mind is collected  
Engrossed in adventure  
The uncanny youthful exuberance  
Of energy flow through  
Stained glass windows.  
Watercolor painted pews  
Inside a church that was never  
Meant for entering.  
Robotic, the horses  
Gleaming with sweat  
Drudge the asphalt,  
Children's fingers dripping  
Sweaty ice cream.  
Sun visors and family disputes.  
It will never be the same.

► **Ablution of the Self** | Sarah Gregory





## **Alex Muller** | Editor-in-Chief

Alex Muller is a junior English major with a concentration in creative writing and a minor in music. His most recent experiment in poetry has been the “motet,” a form he modeled after Middle Ages polyphony of the same name. In his version of the motet, the poem works first as a single piece read down the page, but also as three additional poems — one made from reading the first line of each stanza, another made from the second line of each stanza, and a final poem from the third line of each stanza. Muller currently lives behind the Hooter’s with his girlfriend and their two cats.

### ► **Motet 5: Paschal Song**

Grilled cheese and lemonade  
The eggshell canvas of the sky  
Blond hair brushed for Sunday Mass

on our front porch I am  
dyed in the faint saffron of April morning  
listening to the bells hum Easter hymns

picnicking with the ants and gnats  
the clouds are pale roses rolling  
boys are chasing pastel skirts

my mother is talking of South Carolina  
the yolkish dust of pollen chalk  
the noise of all things waking from winter.

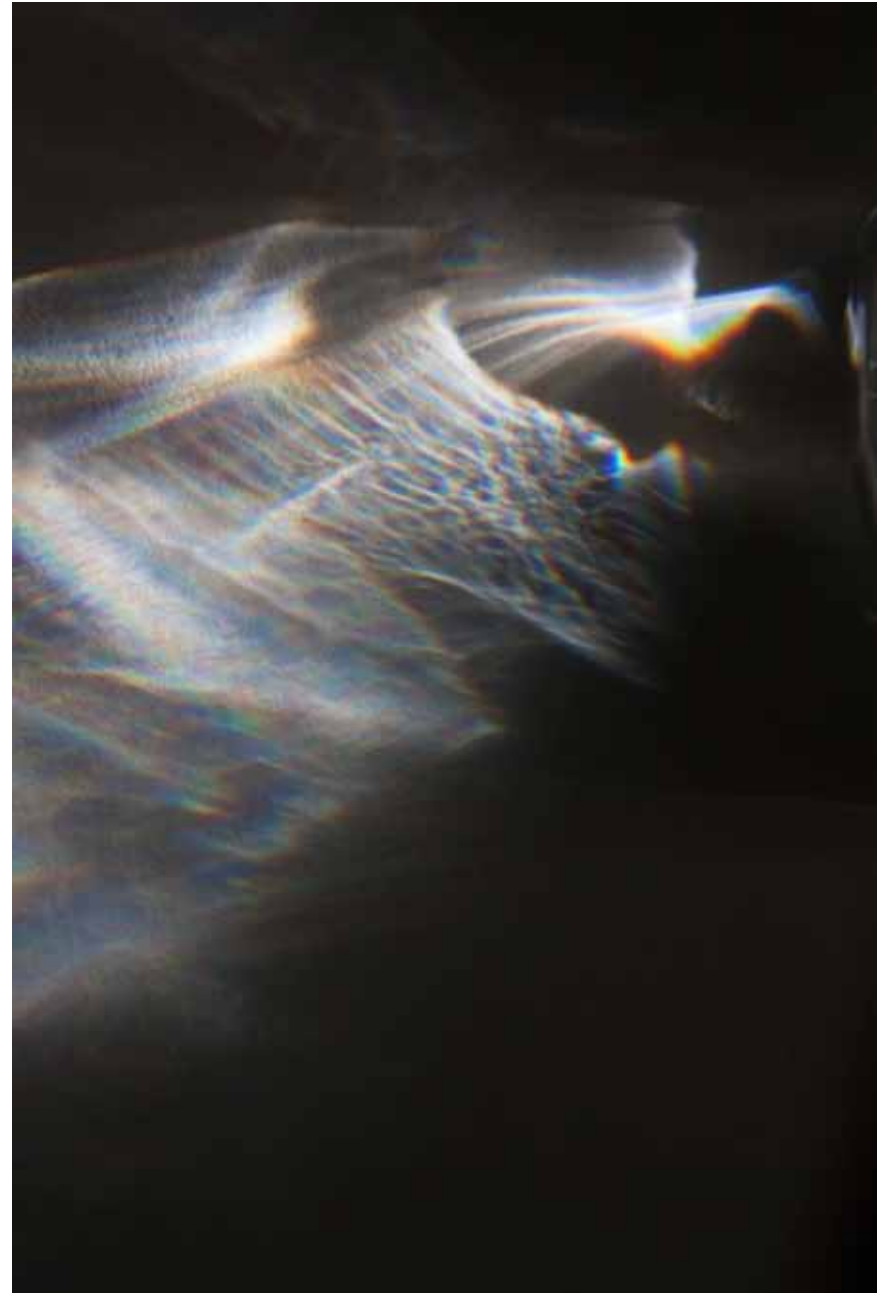
**Rebecca Jacobs** | Assistant Editor

Rebecca Jacobs is a Junior Fine Art Photography major. She loves words and the ability to convey powerful emotion through both words and images.

► **More**

I am starting five poems at once — tonight, now.  
Well, maybe not five. I haven't counted yet.  
So much inspiration comes from interaction and chance conversations.  
Good watchers make good writers, they say. Or good listeners, I suppose.  
Or maybe it's the grating of the mournful cries, calling out, mingling with the  
watchful earnestness of my soul lunging towards You that  
sharpens the iron like  
flint.

► **Untitled**



**Tarah Catalano** | Graphic Designer

Tarah Catalano is a senior Graphic Design major graduating this spring. Along with the Anthology, Tarah works on campus as an instructor for Adobe Photoshop, Illustrator, and InDesign. She is also on the College of Visual and Performing Arts Dean's Student Advisory Board. In her free time, Tarah enjoys playing sports and being with her friends and family. Tarah recently won a Student Addy award in the AAF Charlotte competition for the point-of-purchase display shown.

► **Campfire Delights**



**Josh Dunn** | Poetry Editor

Joshua Dunn is a senior English Literature major and Creative Writing minor.

► ***The Tribal Blues***

The girl with the tribal blues  
painted beneath her eyes,  
which shine like raccoons'  
in the night, is dancing her  
wilderness — she has knocked  
the books from off the shelf.  
How her feet fall so lightly  
on them, lifting again, and falling,  
conjuring not the rain  
but the drowsy spirits of animals  
inside our chests. How her shirt hangs  
so loosely on her breasts,  
how like deer skin sliding off the bone  
when she dances, and the whole room  
rattles in the tambourine choir.

## Joseph Giordano | Prose Editor

Joseph Giordano is a senior English major and Creative Writing minor. A New York native, Joseph loves survival horror video games, Raymond Carver's short fiction, *Breaking Bad*, Internet memes, and Tilda Swinton. He may or may not have cosplayed as Peeta Mellark for Halloween in 2012.

## ► *Crumbs*

"Hey, fat-fuck."

I pretend not to hear. I refuse to wince or flinch. My eyes bore into the book before me, but I cannot read any words. The letters are interchangeable. When my eyes attempt to connect a string of words, the thread unravels, and a tangled mess appears on the page.

I'm sitting on bleachers in a gymnasium. The sound of sneakers squeaking on the polyurethane floor — smooth and reflective — bounce and echo. My adolescent fingers, plump as sausage links and slick with sweat, grip the paperback as footsteps approach.

"Fatty, it's your turn," the same male voice on the precarious cusp of puberty declares. He has a speech impediment; "your turn," is pronounced "yee-oooh tu-uhn." I'm silent and immobile. Suddenly, Kent, the bespectacled tall boy with a mop of black hair that seems like a decrepit dead crow, snatches my book.

"Whatchu readin', DiGiorno?" That's his prescribed nickname for me after the frozen pizza brand. Hilarious.

I sullenly look up at Kent and his two short minions. All 250 pounds of me sulk there, wearing a sweater to cover the folds of fat of my physique. My cheekbones are buried beneath a flabby film of fat.

"To Kewl A Mockingbud." A scoff trails behind his voice. He tosses the novel aside. "Coach says it's yuh tu-uhn," Kent says and swaggers away, a grin plastered on his face. During basketball practice, the jelly slouching off my biceps jiggle like water balloons I once threw as a slim child.

After I arrive home from school late in the afternoon, I devour a pizza, a cup of ramen noodles, and a plate of chicken nuggets. I wash it all down with whole-fat chocolate milk. Afterwards, I go up to my bedroom with a box of cookies.

I lock my door.

Outside my window, the autumn evening sun pours across a thicket of dead trees. Skinny and skeletal branches wave and whisper hateful words. I plant my overweight self before a television and watch the only DVD I own of my favorite show. I'm content with watching the same four episodes repeatedly. I shovel the cookies into my mouth. When the disk finishes, the box is empty, and I am finally full. A small pile of crumbs has formed on my lap.



## **Veronica Gonzalez | Art Editor**

Veronica Gonzalez spent the past 4 years pursuing a degree in Commercial Photography at Winthrop University. Unlike most, she can find a way to appreciate all types of art and hopes to cultivate the growing artist in a career as an Art Editor/Director. She is spending her final semester abroad (halfway across the world and as far south as you can without touching Antarctica) in Dunedin, New Zealand. She has loved her time at Winthrop University and will always keep in touch with the good people she has met in her time there. For now it's Bon Voyage! (Records and Registration, if you could, simply mail her diploma to her parent's house in Chapin, SC, thank you.)

## ► **Untitled**



KONTAKT

**Heather Bechtler**

Heather Bechtler is a sophomore Music major with a concentration in Voice and a Psychology minor. She aspires to be a music therapist.

**Holly Bechtler**

Holly is a hopeful sophomore with a life interest in music therapy. She survives on procrastination, good literature, music, photography, and peanut butter.

**Rodger E. Bishop II**

Rodger Bishop is a junior English major with a focus in Literature and Language and a minor in Spanish. When he is not studying for exams or reading literature, you can find him sitting with Ernest Hemingway in the first row of the wooden barriers at a bull ring in Spain, helping Thoreau tend to his bean field in Concord, or driving around the country in Ken Kesey's psychedelic school bus, Further. Rodger enjoys reading, writing, bicycles, coffee, and talking with close friends.

**Nadia Blackmon**

Nadia Blackmon is a senior Fine Art Photography and Printmaking student with a minor in Art History. She mainly works figuratively and has a deep love for the dark, obscure, and unusual. In her final months at university, she hopes to fully integrate photography, printmaking, and art history in her works on a larger, grander scale. After graduation from Winthrop, she hopes to attend the fine art graduate school program at Pacific Northwest College of Art in Portland, Oregon.

**Kelsey Boatwright**

Kelsey Boatwright is a Fine Art Photography major originally from Charlotte, NC. Along with film, she enjoys hiking with her dog Dakota, writing, and traveling. Boatwright is currently a sophomore and plans to pursue photojournalism after graduating.

**Molly Boucher**

Molly Boucher is a sophomore earning her B.F.A. in Commercial Photography at Winthrop University. Her passion for creating visuals began at a young age, leading her to choose a career in the arts. While photography is her focus, Molly is experienced in film and editing, textile sewing, and mixed media as well. She plans to continue her art career in Atlanta, GA in the coming months.

**Dale Bridges**

Dale Bridges is a senior Commercial Photography major from the very small town of Dacusville, South Carolina. The first camera he ever picked up was his father's Nikon FE2 when he was seven, and from then on photography was more than his passion. He attempts to find meaning and purpose in life through his images and always has a narrative behind a photograph to help

guide the emotion and scene. In his opinion, photography can portray beauty better than any medium, and even in the darkest of exposures, there is still something very beautiful about the still image.

**Patrick Bryant**

Patrick Bryant, aka grizzly BEHR, is a graduate student pursuing an M.A. in English-Literature. He has recently been mourning the loss of his beard due to a freak trimmer-setting malfunction. But it appears that some stubble is again accumulating, and he can only hold out hope for a near-future that, if not bright, will at least be hairy.

**Rachel Burns**

Rachel Burns is a freshman. She has been writing since she was five, beginning with her magnum opus "Princess Rachel" (she also provided the illustrations as well). Though she only considers herself a dabbler in prose, she enjoys the process and that frenzy of excitement that hits her when she happens upon a new idea.

**Lora Caldwell**

Lora Caldwell is a senior Accounting major. After graduating in the spring, she will begin the M.B.A. accounting program at Winthrop. In her spare time, Lora enjoys reading, writing, and crunching numbers.

**Sarah Cason**

While attending Winthrop University as a Fine Art Sculpture major for the past three years, Sarah Cason has explored the physicality of different materials, often relying on intuition or serendipitous events. Reoccurring thematic in her work include the aesthetics of organic form and visceral expression. It is her intent to channel her creative experiences at Winthrop into the elevation of her work and intellect as an artist.

**Lauren Clark**

Lauren Clark is a junior English Education major. She is a member of the Winthrop Literary Society and the Winthrop Ultimate Frisbee Team. She is an aspiring teacher, poet, and traveler.

**Lauren Copley**

Lauren Copley is a senior studying to receive a B.F.A. in General Studio with concentrations in Photography and Jewelry/Metals. She has always enjoyed communicating through art and seeing the beautiful and the divine in even the most mundane things. She lives in Rock Hill, SC with her wonderful husband Josiah and her kitten Bobbie.

**Chris Da Rosa**

Chris da Rosa is a Sociology major and Writing minor. She prefers writing plays and short stories. *Watership Down* and *The Little Prince* are her favorite novels.

**Carrie Dupre**

Carrie DuPre is a Mass Communications major originally from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. She spent the fall 2012 semester as Fox Charlotte's news intern. In her free time she likes to play with her clownish cats Skitzo and Tiny, read, watch Asian drama, and of course, write poetry.

**Toyé Durrah**

Toyé Durrah has always had a love for art and began drawing at a very young age. Drawing and photography have both become his most pursued endeavors. The source of inspiration he uses is the desire to create work that can reflect his style in a most honest fashion.

**Ashley Felder**

Ashley Felder is a sophomore Fine Arts major from South Carolina. She is interested in making art that lifts and enlightens the spirit from suffering.

**Katrina Flood**

Katrina Flood is a transfer student from Columbia, South Carolina. Her major is Interior Design and she aspires to be a set designer.

**English Grant**

English Grant is a junior at Winthrop working to receive her B.F.A. in Photography. In her work she constantly pushes the boundaries so that each image is something wholly unique. She is led by instinct rather than planning, preferring to not know the outcome until the image pops up on the computer or appears in the developing tray. There is a thrill to not knowing what you are doing until you have done it, and she thrives on it.

**Sarah Gregory**

Sarah Gregory is a senior Sculpture and Drawing major from Lexington, South Carolina. Her work explores the capability of mundane materials to transcend into a more meaningful form, a sort of poetry of objects.

**Lee Ann Harrison**

Lee Ann Harrison creates in both the literary and visual arts. She attended Winthrop and graduated from Queens University. After completing post-bac courses in creative writing, she studied art at Penland, CPCC, and MCC. Lee Ann returns to Winthrop to pursue her M.F.A. in Visual Arts.

**Erica Hoelper**

Erica Hoelper is a senior B.F.A. student at Winthrop. Her work explores identity and image within the physicality of the body. She is most interested in the materiality and objecthood in the field of sculpture.

**Savannah Holder**

Savannah Holder is a senior graduating in May with a degree in Visual Communication Design and a concentration in Graphic Design. She hopes to use design as a catalyst for change or an aid in solving problems. Savannah is passionate about fighting social issues and hopes to get a job that allows her to do that while utilizing her skill in design.

**Katie Horrigan**

Katie Ellen Horrigan is an aspiring high school English teacher with a penchant for John Steinbeck, Frank O'Hara, her dog Steinbeck, writing about tomato plants (but not tomatoes) and cigarettes (but not smoking).

**Julie Hydrick**

Julie Hydrick likes photography and ceramics. She likes building things and remembering every moment in her life. Julie wants to get off the grid and experience backpacking and living out in the woods. Julie connects herself to art and to her family. Her specialty is seeing the opportunity to experiment and creating a reaction.

**Will Johnson**

Will Johnson has been drawing since he was two years old. At some point he began to make things as well. Now he even takes pictures sometimes. He is graduating from Winthrop University with a B.F.A. in Drawing and Sculpture this spring and will continue existing in some form after that.

**Patrick Kay**

Patrick Kay is a 23-year old English major. He likes to write when he isn't too worried about what he's going to write. He's probably sleepy.

**Laura Ketcham**

Laura Ketcham is a junior Design major with a concentration in Illustration. Her goal is to make a career in the concept industry, but she also enjoys graphic arts, sequential illustration, and character design. She works in both digital and traditional media, including ink, graphite, and watercolor.

**Kathryn McGuire**

Kathryn is a junior General Studio, Drawing and Ceramics major. She thrives on coffee and colored pencils and is often inspired by her mountainous upbringing and her curiosity about life.

**Erin Mitchell**

Erin Mitchell is a senior art student who will receive a Bachelor of Arts degree with a minor in Business Administration and Art History — in other words, she’s an indecisive over-achiever. Although painting and drawing remain great passions, she also enjoys watching anime and over-dramatized Food Network reality shows like Iron Chef. After graduation, Erin plans to work and save some money to attend graduate school for Business or Arts Administration while continuing to seek recognition and income from her art.

**Loren Mixon**

Loren Mixon is a junior English Education major and a Theatre minor. She enjoys writing at ridiculous times (what else is 4 am for?) and drawing stories from the lives and people around her.

**Zach NeSmith**

Zach NeSmith is a junior Photography major. He likes to work in multi-media and video.

**Jacob Olsen**

Jacob Olsen is a Fine Arts major specializing in Sculpture and Photography, originally from Charleston, SC. In his work, he explores the use of geometric form, symmetrical composition, color, and the abstraction of found imagery from magazines to communicate a larger theme. He tries to challenge the viewers’ perception of space and logic by creating a layered viewing experience through which a viewer must travel for understanding.

**Daniel Padgett**

A Spartanburg native, Daniel Padgett is a Photography student at Winthrop. His life is made up of spontaneous trips across the world and hours spent writing songs.

**Phillip Perry**

As an artist, Phillip Perry is interested in identity and how each person’s identity can be portrayed. Through self-portraits, he manipulates his appearance to explore various identities or “characters.” He creates these characters because he is interested in people and, more importantly, how his personal identity is influenced by others. He hopes that his work influences each individual to explore other aspects of his or her own identity.

**Rachel Phillips**

Rachel Phillips is an aspiring writer, poet, and teacher. She is a lover of words and all things written.

**Aubrie Salzman**

Aubrie Salzman is majoring in both Dance and Nutrition. She believes in poetry, pre-existing beauty, and pretending you know what you’re doing.

**Sarah Scherini**

Sarah Scherini is a senior Fine Arts major at Winthrop with a concentration in Sculpture and Painting. She’s been listening to the same Spoon album while creating her work for the past six months. Her hips know all the moves.

**Diego Segura**

Diego Segura is a sophomore English major with a focus in Creative Writing. He enjoys writing poetry and reading spiritual topics.

**Bryanna Smith**

Bryanna Smith is a senior Fine Arts major with a concentration in Drawing and Sculpture. Much of her inspiration comes from the body’s ability to regulate itself, make repairs when needed, and play host to a mind. She uses her work to explore what might happen if these systems were altered or uncontrolled.

**Greyson Smith**

Greyson Smith is a senior studying Art and Business. He is interested in both the artistic process and how to manage it.

**Mirielle Smith**

Mirielle Smith is a senior English major with a focus in Creative Writing and a minor in Anthropology. She hopes to be a screenwriter after Winthrop and is currently working on two feature length scripts and one sitcom pilot. When not writing or reading, Miri enjoys travel and watching too much television.

**Kaitlin Spellman**

Kaitlin Spellman is a Fine Arts major concentrating in Painting and Photography with a minor in excessive electives. She gravitates towards culture and diversity hoping to be a nomad for the better part of her life. Her passions include running, writing, languages, wearing scarves, salt water, red wine, feathers, bacon, and people.

**Sarah Stokes**

Sarah Stokes is a Commercial Photography major. She is interested in color interaction and reflective surfaces, which are often seen in her photographs. However, she is always experimenting and enjoys documenting aspects of the world that aren’t often paid much attention. Photography appeals to her because within every photograph there is a melding of a perfectly replicated aspect of reality and an intrinsic aspect or idea of her own being projected onto that reality.

**Rachel Sullivan**

Rachel Sullivan is a junior Illustration major who works mostly in watercolor. She loves painting girly things, buying clothes, and petting her cat.

***Laura-Leigh Todd***

Laura-Leigh Todd is a junior English major with a double minor in Marketing and History. She has written articles for her local newspaper in Union, SC, and is hoping to pursue a career involving writing after graduation.

***Kaitlyn Walters***

Kaitlyn Walters is pursuing a Fine Arts degree in Photography and Sculpture. She's passionate about the process behind creation and finds it more fascinating than the end results. Because of this, traveling the world will be an integral part of her life forever and ever amen.