THE 2017 ANTHOLOGY
WINTHROP UNIVERSITY'S ARTS & LITERATURE MAGAZINE
THE ANTHOLOGY 2017
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2017 ANTHOLOGY STAFF
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WINTHROP’S ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE can be traced back to 1902. The Winthrop Literary Society partnered with the Curry Literary Society to publish a monthly journal of student work: prose, poetry, editorials, and non-fiction. This Journal was sold at fifteen cents a copy and was published until 1959. Five years later, in 1964, it was revived as The Anthology. The Anthology was different from the Journal in that it was published annually, instead of monthly, and was produced at no cost to students.

Since then, THE ANTHOLOGY has provided a place for students to showcase their creative talents. This list of contributors and editors for this publication is comprised entirely of students at Winthrop University. This year, the team of editors has worked tirelessly to put together a magazine showcasing the best Winthrop has to offer in literary and artistic talent. Enjoy!
the pallor and fatigue were just a part of every month, the minerals escaping onto her shorts and the cotton bedsheets that her mother made her wash and press in the garage during summer when it was hard to tell what was sweat and what was blood, like when she pushed those-four-gasping children from some silver world into this one, lifting the old skillet onto the stove, the click of gas-then-flame every night until they were old enough to know why she kept burning after the lights were out, after everyone was asleep
I can feel the beat of the Quarter. Even though the clouds covered the sun, even though the sidewalk have potholes, even though the air smells like week old piss. It still beats on. I had never been there much until after I grew up enough to understand how that part of the city worked. Yea, there were places like Decatur and Saint Louis which connect in a weird way. And Café Du Monde tucked away in a little corner but has a line of people that stretch and wrap around the streets. You got the clicking and clacking of those horse rides. The people who own the horses standing by on the street, waiting for anyone to come in and hop in and they’d shove off deeper into the city.

You can feel the beat of the Quarter. People moving and hustling around with their cameras and their memories. You got lost? Where you at? Near Café Du Monde? Take the street up Jackson Square if you’re trying to get to the St. Louis Cathedral. Trying to get to the Quarter itself? Trying to forget about your home or your wife and kids? Trying to get drunk and piss in the corner and make the city smell worse than it already does? Go up from Decatur a couple blocks, and you’ll know when you’ll hit Bourbon Street. Oh, you’ll know. You cross in and you see the straight line of signs. Full of bars placed inside old homes and livelihoods from some far off time that it almost doesn’t matter. People don’t drink right now. It’s too early. But you can still feel the impulse of the drink there. You can just hop from place to place. Cross the street and get something new to inject into your body. One moment the bars call you, then the voodoo store next door wants the open your mind to the possibilities of auras. Of magic and sacrificing and tomes. Then the silver and purple lights shine brighter and the music gets louder. The poles get shiny as the girls spin and twirl around them. Some DJ is yelling about Candy up on that thing, saying someone else is going to come out and it’s going to be a real party.

Come down off a minute. Breathe for a second. The trumpets are blazing their yellow brass underneath the lights. The drums sit still and vibrate. Take a moment and dance, sucka. Get down off whatever you are on and dance away on the Quarter. This is home to you, even though your home is somewhere else. I still feel the beat, and the jazz players march down the city.
My sister looks.
She looks away,
Away from me and from the other children,
Away from the dragon’s open mouth.

My sister sees.
She sees the evil spirits smother hope,
She is older, not protected,
Captured by the furious wolf.

My sister feels.
She feels grim leopard paws weigh
Down upon her shoulders,
Propelling her toward exile and extinction.

My sister knows.
She knows that soon, too soon,
We will know the dragon and the furious wolf,
And the grim leopard that carries off the young.
You are powerful when authenticity is your foundation, they said. So I find places where I can hear from Spirit and feel the thump of English, the bastard language, in my heart. Where a man shakes his leg incessantly, whether aware or unaware. Little Miss Barista is probably angry at her mom because her new beau was cast into “Too Many Tattoos Land.”

I question the simple—because it’s actually complex—while I bask in the passion of parlance and spirit-travel to my celestial quintessence.

Yet people watching, poesy writing, cucumber-water sipping (They say it’s good for you). Where the books are not free and the candy is highway robbery.

Felicia Chisolm

EDITOR IN CHIEF’S CHOICE

**HIGHWAY ROBBERSY**

WHERE THE BOOKS ARE NOT FREE AND THE CANDY IS HIGHWAY ROBBERSY

Kah—Indonesian suffix indicating the expression of a question.

in the good ol’ United States of America.

that which is “good for you” may still be an inescapable poison that even to partake of.

I fancy, though,

poesy writing,

people watching,

Yet her new beau was cast into “Too Many Tattoos Land.”

Where little Miss Barista is probably angry at her mom because she needs to move to “Too Many Tattoos Land.”

Whether a man shakes his leg incoherently, whether aware or unaware, and feel the thump of English, the bastard language, in my heart.

So I find places where I can hear from Spirit, they said.
OIL AND ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

CONNER

EMILY FURR
WHAT MY MOTHER NEVER WARNED ME WOULD HAPPEN

NICOLE LOVE
Turning to leave, the man reversed her movement, flattening Brie’s forehead against the fingerprints she left on the window yesterday. All she can see are the Krupzyks across the street, who are decorating their house with lights on Christmas Eve night. Wretched cords refuse to untangle for Mr. Krupzyk, as he tries to pry them apart without shattering the bulbs.

The man’s hand caresses Brie’s stomach. She swallows spit her muted cries collected.

Brie desires the Pepsi in Mr. Krupzyk’s hand. He hands it to Mrs. Krupzyk. She embraces the savory carbonation. Brie prefers Coke. Coke doesn’t leave her mouth sticky. Coke is vibrant and fun, but Brie wants a Pepsi right now.

The man’s hand approaches her pre-mature breast.

Mr. Krupzyk shoves the extra lights into a pathetic box. The same box from last year - holes on both sides and missing flaps on top, but Mr. Krupzyk insists on saving it. Brie contemplates bringing him a new box tomorrow.

The man strokes her left nipple. Her eyebrows sink into her crunched up cheeks.

Everything is moving slow.

Brie admires the way Mr. Krupzyk steps off his wooden ladder onto the grass. She imagines the worn sole of his old velcro shoes seep through the soil. Brie helped him put those shoes on after his surgery last year. They are brown with tan straps – the middle strap of the left shoe has lost its strength to hold. The Krupzyks admire their finished house. Brie pretends she’s with them, under the Christmas glow.
Let’s wake up in our own beds instead of at Camlann, where the sunrise reveals the fresh slaughter of the day. Let’s play a game instead.

There is no war aside from the one inside our heads, where Time reigns supreme and the fight doesn’t exist.

Let’s tie a thread to the ecliptic and pause the rotation, stop the hemorrhage that stains everyone red.

Let’s play a game where Time is just fiction, playing the Mordred of lore who says I Love You, before hugging from behind and running you through.
STERLING SILVER AND CAT FUR
SELF-RESTRAINT: UNSPOKEN: OBJECT
GRACE WINDEY
The rows of cushy seats stretched forward white and gleaming, like a pillbox. Other passengers chatted to each other, family members or perhaps new friends, but nobody sat beside him or noticed him. Perfect. He needed his own row on the plane – no witnesses to get suspicious, no chumps trying to make friendly conversation and setting off the roiling bile that stirred in his stomach.

Deep breath. Another sip of bourbon and soda, resting it on the briefcase in his lap. The flight attendant who had brought it to him attended the front of the cabin now. No sense in calling her back, although he wanted to, just for the poetic efficiency. One person attending all his demands the whole flight. It would be just like a movie scene. He would make do with the nearest one, though. It would be better that way, if he was being realistic. More people seeing him meant more confused and contradictory narratives when it came time to tell the police. That’s probably how it worked.

He checked his ticket once more, as a reassurance. Dan Cooper, it said. It was just a name he had gotten off a Belgian comic book character, a heroic paratrooper. It seemed funny to him while he was standing in line working out what his alias was going to be, but now, thousands of feet in the air, it was a totem. He was a different person on this plane. He could do anything that Dan Cooper could. The bile in his stomach settled a bit. He only had half an hour to do this, before the plane landed in Seattle, and he had better not lose his nerve.

The nearest attendant was nearly two rows behind him, in the very rear of the plane. She was picturesque – a smart, modern hairstyle of bangs and a bob, and her blue, collared uniform with that just-too-short skirt revealing her nice thighs. She could be his leading lady, he thought, as she walked past him. A note was passed to her from his hand, before he really had any idea he was doing it. She plucked it almost unconsciously with her left hand – he saw a wedding ring – and slipped it into her pocket in one smooth motion.

His hand clenched on the armrest. She thought he was giving her his number. Nothing could be further from the truth. And now she was walking away. “Miss!” he leaned forward and whispered to her. “You’d better look at that
note. I have a bomb."

It wasn’t until she took the folded piece of paper out of her pocket that he allowed himself to look around, just in case anyone had noticed him. Nobody had. Still perfect. He leaned back, componing himself, reassured – what was a good movie scene without a little audience scare?

Instead he observed the stewardess's face as she absorbed the note. He didn't need to see it to know what he, in neat capital letters, had written on it –“I have a bomb in my briefcase. Do not try anything. Sit down next to me so that I can tell you what I need.”

Her eyes sucked back into her skull and her pretty throat quivered. She stole a glance at him. He allowed the corners of his mouth to move slightly upward. “I'll take that back, now.”

Hand shaking, she offered it and he plucked it away. It took all his concentration to not let his own hands erupt in a volley of vibrations, but he had to be smooth about this. Into his breast pocket it went, next to the ticket. He tapped the seat next to him expectantly.

She nodded and squeezed through – he sat on the outside seat and she had to shimmy around him, arcing her legs awkwardly so as to avoid jostling the briefcase. At one point she nudged it, the black leather corner poking at her exposed thigh, and she halted, trembling. But nothing happened. Nothing would happen, no matter what she did. The bomb was a fake.

Nobody needed to know that.

She finally sat down and stared straight at the seat in front of her, not making eye contact with him. That was fine. He allowed her to keep staring, her lips quivering and occasionally attempting to form words, rehearsing what she had to say. He enjoyed being the one in control, drawing out the moment.

After many such sluggish seconds, she turned to him and whispered, “Can I see the bomb?”

This was the gambit – if she knew anything about dynamite, she might be able to see that his was fake, that dynamite wasn’t really shiny bright red but usually some sort of dull brown. But why should she know anything about dynamite? He knew he was safe. Unlatching the clasps of his briefcase, he swiveled it to her and opened it up, just the tiniest bit.

The look of deepening horror in her eyes told him that his bluff had been successful. Two rows of four bright red sticks, mass of unconnected wires, and a clock that counted down to nothing were the only things in this briefcase, but it didn't matter. He snapped the case closed.
“I want you to relay this message to your captain,” he said. Instinctively his eyes met hers – damn! He didn’t realize she had actually turned to look at him instead of staring at the briefcase, perhaps curious at the eyes of a man who would try to hijack a plane. She saw them, alright. Her eyes were full of reproach and curiosity – not the anger and fear he had expected. For an instant, his reserve faltered. But he pressed on with his well-rehearsed demands.

I need $200,000 in negotiable American currency. I realize you don't have this on-board, of course. Once we land in Seattle and all the passengers of this plane disembark, I want that money delivered to me. A fuel truck should also be waiting when we land in order that the plane should refuel. I will remain here with the bomb, ready to detonate it should anything go amiss. Once I have the money, we will take off again with a skeleton crew and then fly south over California. I will also need four parachutes.” He delivered this all in one breath. He was unable to look at her, but covered for it well by looking at her earring, or her hands, or her nose, but never directly into her eyes, not again.

“Do you understand?” he asked.
She nodded.
“Repeat it to me so that I know you understand, please.”
“$200,000… we land in Seattle, refuel… uh, we take off again, fly south, and you need four parachutes.”

“That's exactly right,” he said. “Now go to your captain.”
A nod from her, and she got up and shimmied back out of the seat. Her walk back to the front was calm and composed, not at all the panicky reaction he expected and frankly wanted. Instead he sat, blinking too fast, heart hammering. Was it just because he had done it, finally, with no turning back? Surely anyone would be nervous if they created this situation for themselves. Hopefully it wasn't much. Oh, but those eyes...

Sunglasses. He had a pair of sunglasses in his other breast pocket. He fumbled around and put them on, and suddenly the world was darker and cooler, more manageable, more black-and-white, like an old movie. A movie he was the star in. He had to be.

Outside the window stretched the city of Tacoma, grey steel rivets piercing a lake in the shadow of a bleary mountain. Dark clouds roiled above, carrying rain and wind, enough hostile nature to beat a body to smithereens and scatter their remains in the sea, never again to be found. The clouds cared nothing for films. Their toll had to be exacted.
SMILE BABY, SMILE
KRISTEN ROWELL
SOMETIMES SOUL MATES DON’T END UP TOGETHER
ETHAN MITCHELL

And birds don’t flock together
And pain and loss can’t bear the whether-
Of distance tormented or distraught forever

POWER OF WORDS
LEILA LANGSTON

I am
Strong in mind
Pure in heart
Kind in spirit
Free from hurt
Aware of my worth
(Repeat Daily)
PAST MY LIMITS
CARSON CARROLL
I am explosive
Call me bomb or quake
Call me pain
A mother’s scream
Her son’s body
A fist, high and unafraid
I am a ticking, unstable thing
I eat bullets for breakfast
And hold freedom at night
I, too, am leaving the kitchen to sit at the table
I am the silenced voice
I am finally released
You will hear me and feel the earth
Shake.

THE QUAKE
RAVEN GANTT
TEAPOT
STONEWARE
CARSYN OSIECKI
PATIENTLY WAITING
KELLY WILLIAMS
The lake remains held in place by the hands of duck-weeds, twigs, and reeds. A thick layer of algae sits on its perfect pane of glass glinting off a white bone glow from the man on the moon. It mimics his scowl- a silent scream that echoes and shatters the glass creating ripples all across its surface. Whimsy and walloping creatures slug underneath its surface. They pace in circles waiting to nibble and lick on toes, leftover sandwiches, and hide in empty forgotten beer cans that sink as it swallows the dark body of water. Mud gurgles and blows dirt bubbles at the shore where you can still see imprints of ass cheeks, bare feet, checkered soles, and the scribbles of mad men done with slick wet sticks. The body lays there day in and day out month after month decaying and smelling of rotten fish. With every holiday and hot weekend, they come stripped down to their knickers and jump into the heated stew of things. Tonight I observed lovers slide in the bare-assed and kissing underwater letting in all the gory intimates of the lake into their mouths. All things dark and afraid come out to bask in the moon’s silent cry. Frogs and crickets give a symphony for the lovers to sing along. A snake slithers across the peeled skin of the body of water and swallows the moon like it’s a swollen egg, and it too cracks-its yoke spills out and so the night drips everything with charcoal. Without the moon, the trees, the bushes and shadows become dense, heavier, and darker. The lovers run through the water wildly kicking all living things aside to reach their clothes that hang limply on a dead branch. The quiet swoops in with strong chilly winds. The whole ecosystem gets goose bumps and huddles closer together. The leaves slap each other until many casualties fall to their death on wet moss and the trees all sway to the new rhythm of the night.

THE LAKE
REBEKAH DANIEL
OIL AND ACRYLIC
THINNEST OF WAISTS
JOANNA HENRY
Contemporate that is love folly is our attempt
To understand one another as though we are heaven sent
Useless words fall on deaf ears and screech as the banshee sheers
Love shreds through mortal flesh and leaves nothing left
Pain
Without love never the two will part
Leave me alone quietly in the dark
To embark on a journey worlds apart
To see the land fire and sea
And learn of others heartbroken as me
Shocked.
The world and take a stand
Never a time like the time at hand.
Learn again quietly in the dark
Reach out to your only friend
The devil dances silently in his den
And laughs at your moral revenge
Disturbance.
The ground quakes again, rattling the house of the Jeralds. Only a shake though, nothing serious like five years ago. People scrapped what was left of their lives and placed it in the hands of their crappy government again, to be let down, again, and move on like nothing happened, again.

Carlton Jerald takes another sip of his coffee. Martha scrubs the dishes. She scrubs the dishes with vigor, a little too much. Her manicured nails rip into her hands. She continues scrubbing. The dish water blushes scarlet. She continues scrubbing. Carlton thinks he did something wrong and takes another sip.

Need some sugar, he thought. It’s too black, too dark, like the house. Needs some sugar to lighten everything. Lighten the mood. Lighten the taste, so he can drink it better. He stands up, bending his face down to kiss his wife. Martha turns her head away. Carlton takes the sugar from the cabinet. He pours too much in his coffee. It’s too cold to melt the sugar. Damn. He drinks it anyways.

A lady trots downstairs. Her heels stir a lot of noise, and the baby upstairs cries in protest. The fragile thing. Martha walks out the kitchen, and goes upstairs, passing the lady with a crop-top, half of her skin exposed. The lady comes in the kitchen, going in Carlton’s coat pockets, and withdraws a fifty. Her and her heels clack out the house. Carlton takes another sip.

The crying continues, just like some people on the streets. Some cry tears, some cry with their hands, and some cry when they go tell the damn government how they should run things. But sometimes they don’t cry. They go to their God, Savior, or mothers in the sky, or to their ancestors in the ground. Someone will do the crying for them. The crying upstairs stops, and the house will remain quiet.

Martha comes back in the kitchen and goes back to scrubbing the dirty dishes. Carlton tells her “That’s pointless,” and Martha says
“So what?” She continues scrubbing. Carlton takes another sip.

He’s out of coffee. He goes to the cabinet and takes a box of rat poison. He offers it to Martha whose face blooms with a smile. “You first,” she chimes.

Carlton brew another batch of coffee, this one blacker than the last. He pours a teaspoon of rat poison in his coffee, stirring it carefully. Martha puts up the bloody dishes. Carlton sits down, reading the rest of the paper. The headline reads: “ANARCHISTS OVERTHROWS GOV’T.” Subheadline: “MAYOR EXECUTED: THE END OF YORK TOWN?” The Jeralds keep the TV off to keep out bad omens. TV loves spreading bad omens.

Carlton takes a sip of his coffee. It tastes bitter. He takes another sip. Still better. He’ll deal with it. Like he always has. Like they always have.
I used to think red was my color
Red lips,
Red passion,
Red Rage,
Red with the fire of life.

But it was in the grass,
In the trees,
In the walls of the room where I learned what love is
And in the mirror where my olive eyes took in the woman that I had become
That I realized it had always been green.

Green with life,
With youth,
With a new beginning everywhere I go.

Green that is endless,
Unable to be extinguished,
Like red’s burning flame.
Picture cars like Christmas lights
strung out and winding, bright
against blue-black bruised sky.
You feel the rumble of the rock-a-by highway.
Windows shield you from the cold.
A Cheshire grin cloaked in clouds glows.
As you breathe in, feel the dull roar of tired road
begging you to sleep.
As you take a split second trip to the concrete un-
der-world
Where bridge-trolls and tunnel-rats play in the dark
without breath, or sound, or light,
Only darkness and silence.
You exhale as the sun shrinks back behind you.
Even the static sound of the speakers can't make you
stay awake.
The right hand that holds your left sees
signs you can no longer read,
Pulling you under under the star-sprinkled sky,
Safe in a seatbelt and a borrowed coat.
Behind your heavy head rests his heavy arm,
Silent and still and warm.

Three.

Two.

One.

Sleep.
Dawn unfurled her golden fingers over the little, All-American town of Parry, New York, and with her rosy red lips, blew the gentle kiss of morning.

Somewhere in this town a postman walks along a narrow dirt path, worn by his own feet over the years, taking satisfaction in the mark he has left on the town he was born in and will never leave. He slips a letter into a makeshift mailbox—a tree limb and an old milk crate, that inevitably falls every year during some malicious storm but miraculously reappears.

The letter is addressed to a Mr. Croix Petit, whom the postman has never had the pleasure of meeting. Not that he’d really like to, or even have the need. He knows everything about him, and prefers to leave his appearance to his imagination. In his mind, Mr. Croix Petit hangs perpetually midair, one foot hovering over American soil and the other leaping from the splintering boards of a ferry, one that has just made yet another long journey from some alienated country full of people seeking a better life. The postman pauses for a moment and digs his heels into the ground. He wonders what brought Mr. Croix Petit to a foreign land. Surely, he has no family here, and while he speaks the language, it has been almost six months and he still does not have a wife. He couldn’t have left Paris to become a shepherd in a quiet American town, and be so lonely at that. The postman shook his head, and started on his path again.

A pair of eyes emerged from behind some calico curtains in the quaint little farmhouse over yonder—which, after roaming the land looking for a comfortable little place to spend the rest of its days, curled up beside a babbling stream and pasture suitable for sheep farming. Fixated on the postman, they did not blink or stray until the mysterious man was out of sight. When the coast was clear, the Mr. Croix Petit darted out to the mailbox so quickly that the curtains were half tempted to come with him. Without hesitation or even bothering to look at the sender, he ripped the letter open.

June 30th, 1919
Dearest—

If you might find it suitable, I should like to arrange another meeting with you, preferably in private, and away from your noisy flock of sheep.
Although it is my understanding that that does not give us many options. I suppose we could go to quarry and find ourselves alone there, but I have been told by that nosy postman that it is ‘haunted.’ I think he knows, my Croix. But they all know, I think—they just won’t admit it to themselves. But anyway, I suppose that leaves us with only one option. Meet me at the train station on Friday afternoon and we’ll take one of those luxury liners to Paris for the weekend. See you then, sweet.

Yours faithfully,
Frances Girard

Croix’s face lit up with a smile, and Dawn, seeing that the farmer had taken upon himself to illuminate the land, drew her shining veil beyond the great, milky clouds. Running back up to the safety of his cottage, Croix skidded to a halt in the parlor and gently collapsed into his old, oak rocking chair, that sighed in relief when finally, somebody gracious enough had come along to set it in motion again. Clutching the letter to his chest, Croix rocked absent mindedly as he stared out the parlor window. It was high noon and Dawn’s gentle mist of sunshine had transformed into melting rays that seemed to instantaneously scorch the Earth, and the sheep were not happy. One wandered out of the pen and pressed its face against the parlor window, bleating to no one in particular.

“Bonnet, chère,” Croix laughed. “Whatever are you doing?”

“BAA—AA—AA.”

“Bonnet,” Croix stood up a little in his chair, checking to see if that was really her. The blue tag dangling from her ear confirmed it was. Croix figured that if he had to tag and identify each of his sheep, he might as well give them names. “Bonnet, Francis wrote again today. And he spelled his name with an e, again. How queer. He is adamant that if someone were to find our letters, they’ll see the e and think he’s a woman. Ha! How queer!”

Croix inhaled sharply. He had forgotten that the word “queer” was officially banned from his vocabulary. He used to never even think about the word. It hadn’t rained in three months? Well that’s awfully queer. Mr. Nicholas Martin didn’t pay his taxes for the second year in a row? How queer of him. Fanny, the minister’s daughter, was seen kissing her best friend Juliet on the lips? Queer.

And it was queer that Croix and Francis had taken so quickly to each other, after meeting at the sole restaurant in town, the Café de Moutons. It was a scene Croix often replayed in his head, searching for some memory of a sign or instant
spark that could have told him he was about to meet the love of his life. But that feeling, of a hand holding fast onto another hand, the warmth of another man in his bed, the comfort of having another person to endure a long miserable life with—it was all in the hands of the future.

The taste of whiskey takes him back. Croix never really was a drinker, but he figured since everybody else used alcohol to deal with their problems, he might as well. The bartender slid his drink across the polished bar and nodded to him. Croix kept his head down and didn’t acknowledge him.

“You new here?” The gruff man asked.

“Oui. Yes.”

“Yeah, you’re the fellow that just came over from France, ‘ouï?’” The man chuckled.

“Yes.” Croix replied, speaking carefully as to mask his accent.

“What brings you to Parry? Were you a shepherd in France?”

“No,” Croix laughed, looking up at the man with a smile. “No, I wasn’t, and now I’m dearly paying for it.”

The man tilted his head, intrigued.

“I originally came to New York City, from Paris. I had dreams of opening my own restaurant, of being one of those famous chefs that everybody flocks to see. I read a headline somewhere that a new restaurant opened in New York every week, and I—well, now I’m a sheep farmer who has no splendid idea what he is doing.”

“You failed.”

Croix’s eyes dropped to his golden amber drink. “Yes,” his voice wavered, as if he just admitted it to himself for the first time. “I failed.”

The bartender lifted his head and cracked his knuckles. A faint smile grew behind his unkempt mustache. “I failed, too.”

“Pardon?”

“I failed. I’ve heard your story a thousand times. And I’ve lived it myself. I was born and raised in New York. Ever since I was little—” The bartender gazed high overhead at the twinkling chandeliers. “Ever since I was little, I dreamed of opening my own delicatessen. I dreamed that before I was even born. It was my grandfather’s dream, too. And finally, one day, it came true.”

“But?”

“But,” The man’s gaze fell back down to the restaurant as he extended his arms. “Now I’m here. A bartender, who has no idea what he’s doing.”

Croix smiled and started into the glistening cup of sorrow in his hand. “Glad to know I’m not alone.”

The men stood in silence for some moments.

“But you know,”
the bartender finally spoke, startling Croix and sending ripples through his drink. “I guess it’s not so bad. I mean, I work in a restaurant, right? And Francis—he’s the owner—he lets me experiment in the kitchen. Café de Moutons is supposed to be French cuisine, but a little pastrami never hurt anybody.”

“That’s—”

“Hey, you should meet Francis. We could use an extra hand around here, if you’re willing. Unless you’re all tied up with your sheep, that is.”

Croix remained silent for some moments. He had never heard the phrase ‘all tied up’ before. At best he imagined himself huddled up in his flock, tied up by a rope and laid across some railroad tracks somewhere like in the picture shows. But he could sense the fear that an opportunity might be at stake. “No, no. I am not—tied up. Yes, I’d like to speak to Francis.”

Moments later Croix found himself talking to a man with a worn face and brittle gray hair, although Croix could see that he wasn’t terribly old—only forty or so. For the most part their conversation had been polite and introductory, with Francis inquiring about Croix’s former life in France.

“And I just packed up and left, I left it all behind.” Croix smiled.

“Amazing,” the bartender leaned in from behind the counter. “You didn’t have a missus or anything?”

“No, no,” Croix laughed. “I’m a single man.”

“And you’re how old, 32?” the bartender asked, amazed.

“Yes, 33 in two weeks.”

“Well that’s no problem. Ol’ Francis here is still a fine young bachelor himself, say, 45 now, I reckon?”

“29,” Francis smiled, revealing a slight gap between his front teeth.

“Well I’m baffled! Say, you two, why don’t you want to get married? I know women can be a handful to deal with at times, but, you know—” The bartender’s eyes twinkled as he repeatedly nudged Croix and winked at Francis.

Both men not-so-subtly cringed.

“Well isn’t that queer,” the astonished man muttered under his breath, returning to his task of polishing the counter.

In that moment, Croix and Francis looked at each other. They both knew. It was as if the universe had aligned so that these two men would click, here in this dingy, upstate New York, pseudo-French restaurant.
They told us that we were so magic, the demons couldn’t talk to us. But they never kissed us good night, so the monsters spent the evenings getting lost with us. I remember searching for love at a young age, and I remember seeing everyone I loved hiding behind the façade. Kindergarten, compositions were cathartic, so I couldn’t imagine running from the very place I’d started. Sitting in the darkness, I invited all my demons before the cookies could harden. They told us we were so damn magic …

But I figured it took practice, so I kept clasping my hands, asking God to show me His tricks. I kept drowning in that pillow full of tears, sinking in my Holy Spirit. I always saw the light in the distance while upholding the image … That I could make it. They slapped smiles on our faces because we had a roof, and food on our tables. Oppression openly made us thankful for the bare minimum. “I’m de— “

It’s a sin to say the last syllable. They call it “that crazy talk.” But Mama, I’m still counting all the bodies in chalk. I still wonder what their lives would be like, if they could have read that letter. I can never picture a full sized funeral, or any soaking sweaters. All I see is me … struggling to piece the corners together. Picture a world with no static. That’s who we are. We are magic.
STEEL, STRING, AND SPRAY PAINT
TOO SOON
KELLY WILLIAMS
NU GOLD, WOOD, ACRYLIC PAINT, AND SILVER

UNTITLED

DOMINIQUE GADSON
He had her at “Hail Satan” – the prayer Matt yelled in the middle of St. Peter’s Square. He told Elizabeth about it at taco night in her Dublin apartment before she knew she had him. It was only funny because a bolt of lightning had struck a nearby rooftop right after his prayer. Elizabeth chuckled before biting into her taco.

She had him at “Pina Colada” – the drink she inhaled at the Mexican restaurant beside Dublin Business School. She drank one-fourth of the pitcher of Sangria after that because “why does it taste so good though?” He raised his eyebrows and grinned past his big lips. But she didn’t wonder if she had him until later when their three-hour class had ended and he waited for her downstairs. Then her friends Cici and Clarissa wondered.

He had her in that restaurant in Derry when he sat beside her and glared at her arch nemesis across the lunch table. His eyes blazed behind his glasses in a way murderous enough to be mistaken for love. They swivelled to her and said, “Who does Lexi think she is being a fucking douche to you?” She wondered if he knew how comfortable she felt inside their bubble of mutual hatred. She wondered if he knew to what degree he had her.

She had him in Fitzsimmons of Temple Bar when she was dizzy on wine and rum and coke and Heineken, when she looked at him the way that girls are supposed to look at guys. She knew she had his fuzzy brain as the night got older and the dance floor got lit. She had his glassy eyes when her teal hair tumbled down and she stood up. He had her when she didn’t like him but liked the way he looked at her. He had her when he didn’t know how to dance but did it anyway because “Is it too late now to say sorrrrrrryyyy? / I’m missing more than just your body.” She had him when she sat back down and locked eyes with him too many times for the giggling Cici not to notice.

“You guys should make out!” Cici yelled into Elizabeth’s ear over the bass from “Hotline Bling.”

Elizabeth laughed and yelled back, “I don’t even like him.” Cici shrugged and returned to being lit. Elizabeth peered up hazily to see Matt dancing like an idiot toward her booth. He sat. They stared at the flashing dance floor. He got up.

She didn’t know to what degree she had him, but she wanted his eyes on her so she
pre-gamed in Ryan’s apartment with him and whole squad that final Thursday and said nothing while he sat beside her and got up and sat beside her again. She didn’t go out with everyone, so she snapchatted him lies later on. “You know I like you a whole fucking lot, right?”

“Yeah.”

And he bought it and she bought it and she was confident enough in her feigned heterosexuality to act the part. “Why the fuck didn’t you tell me you liked me a month ago?” She figured she was angry so she hardened her words.

“Because I’m awkward,” Matt said.

But they’d wasted all this time and now study abroad would end tomorrow. She had him there in Cobblestone, smooshed between the bar and all the middle-aged Dubliners, so he bought her last pint of Guinness.

She had him when she said goodbye with downcast eyes because she had to get some sleep tonight. He said, “I have to finish packing, but you should come over when I leave here.”

She said, “Okay.”

She had him more than she knew she needed to have him, and she went over and they talked about the people they hated. And he sat on Chris’s empty bed and she moved across from him and told him to move beside her because “if we don’t make out, Cici will hate me.” She had him when he glanced down at her bare feet. And then his lips had hers and she knew she needed them then and never again. They were hesitant and untalented enough to make her feel safely grossed out. Her lips had his for longer than she wanted but long enough to make him think she wanted him. She knew he wanted her at a greater degree than she would ever want him when he asked her to stay, and that was her cue to leave.
LAURA TAYLOR MCGUIRT

OIL ON MDF PANEL
My suffocated ability tries,  
Glass swallowed my cries,  
Camera in the corner like my eye,  
No shouted through the sky,  
With no voice as an ally,  
God sing to me your mighty lullaby.

My cheated body broken,  
Will I be woken/?  
Shower awakes the unspoken,  
Music heals like a token.  
Cleaned me, like I’d never been outspoken.

STOLEN  
OLIVIA JORDAN
NESTING BOWLS
CARSYN OSEICKI
DON'T SLEEP FOR FREE
SAM WALTON
Fifty odd minutes had passed me by and gravel crushed beneath the wheels of the car. House. I crawled into my green and brown hammock feeling like a child while everyone ran on inside. The litter of backyard bird-feeders were some of my father’s only good ideas. Twenty species chopping amongst the seed. Finches, robins alike churning and ticking like one green grandfather clock that beat into the ground (with an earthy heart). All the cardinals, like dear brothers, suspended in the gnarled and flaky cedars. Blue jays yelled like war bombers. 

--He knows what it is to be saved. 
--Honey, he’s six years old. 
--Why are you actin like he doesn’t? I’m proud a’ him. He hears Grandpappy and Grandmama speak on it. He knows. 
--Even if he does, don’t go blowin it up everywhere. I don’t care if he understands, that’s good, but stop talkin your mouth about it. 

This was Easter in all its prepubescent glory: a saved and conscious six-year-old, an old white squealing Baptist preacher, and me, Godless like the Devil. 

March 28th, the adjacent day. I woke this morning like a dam. All holes of my body jammed up and snotty. My mouth dry as red clay and sticking to my tongue. My closed eyes felt glued to my skull and red haze static sparkled in them. I got up, snot pouring out of my Hungarian nose. 6:37 a.m. The front room was one of cold and sombre darkness. Humble tip-toed steps with a cold plastic cup of water held in my large right hand brought my body to the black leather sofa. I sipped for a minute. I got back up without the water and brewed an old bag of tea and sat back down. Eyes saw symmetry wall door blinds wall. It was a little beautiful, like the tired rays of resting sunlight collapsing through the flaky windowsills at my father’s house after my parent’s divorce. It was his first home after the divorce. Mine too. The tea is chamomile. I added too much water and the stale tea leaves tasted like dishwater. I sip from it, the day trying to materialize in the head. 

My clothes here are too small and old and smell bad. I want to give them away. 6:50 a.m. Under the sink, a musky gray crawlspace that I would live under if I were a troll and had long greasy fingers, housed the trashbags. I stuck my hand in without looking plucking a thin white membrane
from the cupboard. My neck hurt from sleeping so poorly and the muscles ache. I scurried to my car with a white trashbag full of old small clothes. The cloth seats holding my body shivered beneath me. Fifty-seven degrees. These Days sprays through my car. It felt right enough. A sort of early Spring in the body. The yellow pollen seeding, trying to germinate like everything in the world. Nevermore, I put down the backroads. Scent of mild pine, trailers, and the Confederacy. Single-wide trailer: young woman, maybe 20, propping the front door open with the right half of her body while the left half smokes a cigarette, her stringy long wet brown hair hangs off her head, she shouts something inside, perhaps a warning to her diapered son or elderlyish mother whom she is the last daughter of. Scent of pine is more pronounced as the procession of skinny douglas firs grabs my car at thirty-five miles per hour.

Who could tell you that speeding past a cemetery is sinful? It’s wrong in many cases except for mine. My great-grandfather was buried out there. He was a racist farmer who died of lung cancer and being an anti-federalist. He believed in God even though he was short and hated to admit it. So I always speed past him. Or at least let the engine roar. Listen to that engine scream past you, ya old bastard. I might shake hands in shame.

The small amount of gasoline in my tank sloshed around like it always does as I pulled up in front of the Helping Hands Thrift Store on main street. My father’s town is a small pocketwatch held in the dress pants of white men under a tree of strange fruits. It is a small town. Lots of poverty and white people. I turn my car off in excitement for my own low-budget materialism to kick in. Floorboards ache and the raspy bell hanging above the door shakes like an old widow holding flowers for her dead husband. Musk and dust and power sweep through the room like a broad set of manly shoulders. It smells like the South. I first drop off the white sack of clothes I was so eager to rid myself of, then skim my way around the size thirty-nine camouflage bathingsuits, the abnormally truncated white t-shirts, and one hat that stinks like hot oil. The shoes: Reeboks from the early 1980s, cheap flip-flops, cleats from the local middle school’s running back, and a pair of dark leather and light suede dress sandals. I panned back around towards the front end of the store and notice a hysterical machine working with cogs and cloth. There is now twenty people up front tossing bags of
clothes around, handing hotel paintings to a neighbor, sorting innumerable romance novels into red dry bins, and a hefty woman huffing and sweating as she helps move a floral loveseat in the store with a college volunteer. I turn back around and slowly weigh down the floorboards to the books. I pick up and thumb through some 1940s picturebook and decide it is good. I buy it for a modest price and become happy. As I walk back out of the store, I feel increasingly embarrassed by eyes. Growls in my throat rumble up like small hollow vomit.

I crossed back over main street. Nearly hit by a drunk man in a powder blue truck who is probably half blind and breathes from half a lung. The air is dry and gray like the soggy bits of bruised skin laid out on asphalt. I felt cut open and wide. My car starts, waking me up. There’s a man, just across the railroad tracks, maybe one-hundred and fifty feet who looks like he’s yelling. Not like the type of yelling where you yell because of joy. He yelled and screamed and pointed at the white brick house like the house had a gun. The man at the doorstep of that house had a gun. My eyes zoomed in: a white metalled pistol, Smith and Wesson, 357. That’s a big man’s pistol. A pretty little shooting gun. The man holding the revolver pointed at the pointing man like a western cowboy, his body in-line with the aims. My mouth is agape, heart pounding skin, I sweat carefully. And, real slow, the gun fires and the bullet meanders at the pointing man at a great speed. His chest is hit.

I am returned at the house. Bluegrass music swirls around the yard.

-The beauty of the American West bleeding like a fool in the ground!

The air was mild and smelled of paprika. Barbed pieces of skinny wire in the cloth couch made my lips hurt. I thought of the pain and where it came from. Its silver bitterness building and sloshing in my lips like little circles. I close my eyes and I could see: the brand new blue of the setting sun where my body was in the grass. I feel the grass. I go back outside because I missed it. It was here. The shining red clay and the small grass like fingers under the late baking sun. Forever I thought, the sun. I stand to it now with my arms paling and the ticking hands beeping like night cicadas on the bottom bunk of my bed. Skin shining to the sun, here I am shoning backwards to you. Orange blossoming just below the telephone wires, I sank back into the grass and sighed.
I stopped looking up at the stars when I was seventeen
My -5.00 eyes weren’t made for tiny orbs that run away
With the space over my head.
My mind wasn’t made to believe in stars that manipulate us with their
old light,
Placate us with the Sun they abandoned to give us life.

If humans and aliens alike live in the gutter,
I’m not laying on my back like the procreators.
I’m traipsing about the length of it,
Sighing the leftover air,
Caressing the cheeks of these fleshed-up Gods,
Searching for stairs to the heavenly dirt.

But we don’t, Mr. Wilde,

I live in an apartment with a nice kitchen
That my roommates don’t know how to fucking clean.
And I swing my head round horizontally
Because I refuse to miss one expression on the faces of the Gods
Who stare at the grey stones, yes,
But into my wide eyes some too.

I refuse to miss This – the Now – the Earth,
This reality more Divine than the Irish God will ever be.
This is not the gutter like those Catholic schools brainwashed you into
believing.
This is Heaven.
We are the Stars.
I’m walking steady on this rain-soaked Isle.
And I’m keeping my gaze level with all the rest of Yous.
CANDLE KEN
CHARLIE HICKEY
I’ve seen this place one time
Before the children ran rampant,
Like the splendid acts of circus shows.
An impeccable surface,
Some thought it was the curves of a woman-
So firm and round,
Pronouncing strength at the
Dead end of town.
Perhaps endangered of the torment it endured,
To settle here for ages
But in your age-
You’ve distinguished delicate decadence.
You sing songs of old melodies
Pertaining to chivalry and disobedience,
Ideas that have long lost its cadence.
What is it your hiding?
Behind the chains of the sealed door.
The lost prisoners of the ones before.
Behind the brick wall-
Upon the stairs
At which I thoroughly stare.

UPON THE BRICK WALL
BEHIND THE STAIRS
MARGARET ADAMS
Rejoicing and singing,
amens and hallelujahs,
white building on a grassy hill.
Reared in ascetic principles,
judgement pervasive with praises,
white building on a grassy hill.
Flared nostrils and rolling eyes,
upturned lips and folded arms,
white doilies on holy heads.

“Don’t you be no Jezebel!”

“Fire and brimstone will
swallow you up!”

“Who is Jezebel?”

“But I love him and he loves me.
We’re ready for this!”

Psyche and physiques ripened for
consumption. Eager lovers on
a frosty Saturday.
Crispy-quiet countryside,
satiated puffs fade
into frosted spruces and pines.
Two toasted-honeycomb
bodies harmonize
in heightened intensity

and release ...
Fear of damnation ensues, hovering hot and deafening
under a smog of iniquity darker than tombs of death.
Contrite and weeping,
utter anguish her every breath.

They’ll stare me down
They’ll smell my betrayal
They’ll hear of my carnal act
I can’t face them tomorrow
Can I just die?
It’s my only escape
I’m tired of condemnation.

I just

need

an away.
Wash me with your colors,
Bleed me a rainbow,
With brush and paint,
Turpentine in hand,
Make me,
And make me beautiful.

Build me up,
Layer by layer,
Mix colors and hues,
Dig me out
From deep recesses
No one’s dared explore.

Give me your stress,
Your anxiety, desire.
Give me your heart,
So I may be keen
To return it
One day.

THE BOY IN RED

Let me be your masterpiece.
I swear I won’t disappoint,
Allow me simple pleasures,
The stroke of your brush,
Touch of your hand,
Drop of you love.

Let me fall in love with you,
You are my sun, my world,
Without you, I am nothing,
Yet still, with you I am but paper,
Oil on canvas,
How easily I can crumble…

Especially as you light me aflame.
INSTALLATION
YOU ARE YOU
JORDAN SOMMER
I pity the fool
Who thinks he is innocent.
Innocence is nonexistent
In this iron clad world of convicts
Protected by the “standard” norms.
Our blindness is indulged
With a tight-lipped smile and an averted gaze.
Injustice surrounds us,
But we hesitate to concede
Our imperfect reality.
Feigning ignorance,
We welcome bliss
Until our lives become amiss.

INFORMED CONSENT
LEIGHA STAHL
CONTRIBUTORS
MARGARET ADAMS is a recent graduate from Winthrop University. She has been writing flash fiction and poetry since she was twelve, and is currently working on her nonprofit; Water for Workers, which supplies water to construction workers.

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ZURI ETOSHIA ANDERSON is a mass communication major and psychology minor with a concentration in print from North Charleston, SC. She enjoys a variety of hobbies including journalism, writing, video games, TV shows, Japanese media, YouTube, drawing, and movies. Zuri plans to publish her childhood stories and become an online journalist and media commentator/analyst.

TAYLOR BRUENNING is a sophomore English major with an emphasis in Creative Writing and a minor in German. She is an active member in the LGBTQ community, and strives to include queer characters in all of her stories. She hopes to travel the world teaching English and continue publishing her work.

CARSON CARROLL is a sophomore Commercial Photography major from Charleston, South Carolina. She does mostly portraiture work but also enjoys creating layered conceptual images. When she is not out shooting and/or editing photographs, she is most likely eating avocado toast, dreaming about the salt air, or taking her dog to the dog park.

FELICIA CHISOLM is a graduating English Major from Chester, SC who will be pursuing a Master’s in Secondary Education shortly after graduation. Being a devoted English Major, she has confessed that the tremendous growth in her vocabulary has made it difficult to smoothly articulate words in general conversation. In her words, “There’s just too much to say at any given time.” Nevertheless, she is completely astonished and humbled by being published twice in the Anthology this year. Moreover, her Study Abroad adventure to Italy in 2015 still permeates her being, almost two years later.

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EMILY FURR is an artist from Charleston, South Carolina. She enjoys painting, playing with her cat Bowie, and eating ice.

DOMINIQUE GADSDEN is a jewelry and metal smithing major from Columbia, SC, currently residing in Rock Hill, SC. Dominique is inspired by flora, color, and geometric shapes. She experiments with combining organic materials and geometric forms to create jewelry that fits into minimalistic aesthetic.

RAVEN GANTT is an English Major attending Winthrop University. Her passions include writing, activism and food. In the near future, she will be launching a blog that features her work.

DOUGLAS GILBERT is a nontraditional student and emerging literary writer from Winthrop University. He has published multiple technical and management articles in engineering journals and won the 2005 Feature Article of the Year Award from the ASCE Journal of Management and Leadership in Engineering. He teaches mathematics at York Technical College, Rock Hill, SC.

JOANNA HENRY is originally from Florida, and relocated to South Carolina in 2007. Inspired by nature and her culture, she creates abstract and realistic pieces that represent her creative vision. Her particular mediums of choice are oil and acrylic paint, and ceramics.

CHARLES HICKEY is seeking a B.F.A. at Winthrop University with a concentration in sculpture. He is from Atlanta, Georgia and has interned at the Atlanta Contemporary Art Center and the Carving Studio and Sculpture Center in West Rutland, Vermont. After graduation in May he will spend the summer back at the Carving Studio and Sculpture Center as the assistant studio manager. In the fall Charles will begin graduate studies to continue a body of work that promotes dialogue on social problems.

OLIVIA JORDAN is from Anderson, South Carolina and is a sophomore at Winthrop University as a business administration management major. She first became interested in writing in sixth grade, and has been pursing it since.

LYRIC KNUCKLES is a sophomore at Winthrop University. She is majoring in English with a secondary education focus. She plans to teach on the high school level, mentor young adults, and become a published author.

JONATHAN KOLB is a senior English major at Winthrop University. He writes stories of varying quality, so take that as you want.

WILL LATTMAN is a senior BFA Commercial Photography major from Hilton Head Island, SC. His love of music and pop culture are major influences in his work. He loves to work with lighting and to “go all out!” in his photo shoots.
Being weird is normal; being normal is weird.

**NICOLE LOVE**, from Blythewood, South Carolina, is currently a Graduate student at Winthrop University studying K-12 Art Education. She earned her Bachelors of Arts degree in Fine Arts and a minor in theatre also at Winthrop University. Born into a military family, Nicole’s childhood consisted of continuous traveling around the United States and exposure to diverse environments and cultures. This exposure heavily influences her vast conceptual art work including What my Mother Never Warned me Would Happen. Key themes in this work include culture appreciation from Japan and personal written narratives within each individual paper crane.

**TAYLOR MCGUIRT** is a native to Rock Hill and an oil painter here at Winthrop who is currently studying abroad in Porto, Portugal. She is truly honored to be apart of The Anthology while across seas. She enjoys painting detailed portraits while also dabbling around in some photography. Taylor would like someone to save her a copy of The Anthology if at all possible because she wants to commemorate this spectacular accomplishment.

**OWEN MEDGYESY** is a befuddled post-modernist who enjoys the ambiguity and vagueness of language. Unconcerned with economy, his prose rambles, divulges, and permeates the gray matter of the mind. His influences include, but are not limited to, James Joyce, William Faulkner, Allen Ginsberg, Terrence McKenna, and John Cage.

**KEELIE MLAY** is a sophomore English major with a minor in Secondary Education. This is her third published poem, and she is currently working on a fantasy novel. Keelie loves writing, reading, the arts, and procrastinating her schoolwork by writing and hanging out with friends. One day she hopes to rule the world of literature and have the biggest fandom in all the land. She’s already casted the movie for her book.

**CATHERINE NUNN** is a sophomore English major and Spanish minor with a love for writing poetry that started her second year of high school. She has written over 200 poems since then and her favorite poet is Richard Siken.

**CARSYN OSIECKI** is from Greenville, South Carolina and is a junior at Winthrop University. She is pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts in general studio, concentrating in ceramics and painting.

**LILLIAN PEEL** is a painter/printmaker studying at Winthrop University. Her work often involves the female figure, and abstract representations of her surroundings and environment.
ELIZABETH PONDS is a senior creative writing major who likes Taco Bell, singing, drinking wine, and hanging with her fellow queer folk better than she likes literature. She wants to be an LGBTQIA activist/writer/counselor in the South for as long as she can hold out hope for humanity.

MITCH POSTICH ate something he dug out of the couch once because he thought it was part of the donut frosting he just dropped, and he’s never been the same since. He is a senior English major at Winthrop University from the town of Simpsonville, South Carolina.

KRISTEN ROWELL is from Beaufort South Carolina. She is a junior here at Winthrop University and is working to receive her Bachelor of Fine Arts with concentrations in sculpture and painting. Experimentation is a very important process in all of her artwork. A key theme in her work is the depiction of the difficulty that comes with the search for truth.

JORDAN SOMMER is a sculpture and printmaking student from Lexington, South Carolina. Her work remains graphic and is often influenced by her inner dialogue. She’s inspired by list-making, receiving handwritten notes from friends, collecting tiny things, neon colors, and weird stuff she remembers from middle school. After graduation, Jordan will work as a farm intern at Sweet Acre Farm in Lebanon, Connecticut where she’ll gather eggs, sell flowers, and harvest organic vegetables.

LEIGHA STAHL is a senior Biology major at Winthrop University who will pursue graduate study in the fall. In her free time, she enjoys writing poetry to reset her thoughts and hiking to refresh her spirit. She believes inspiration is limitless and can be found by people who are willing to see and feel it.

EMILY THOMAS is a senior English major from Charleston, SC. She plans on pursuing an MAT in English education and an MFA in creative writing, but her back up plan is to become a goat farmer on some sunny island. Her most recent writing is a reflection on femininity and identity.

DANIEL WALTER is a junior music major with a minor in creative writing. He has been writing and playing music for around 10 years, heavily influenced by writer Robert Frost and musician Winton Marsalis. He’s a Pisces who enjoys long walks on the beach under a full moon with someone special, like a shaman or Oprah or something.

SAM WALTON is a photography major stuck in an extended mid-life crisis, terrified of graduating before he figures out what it means to be a functioning member of society. His work draws upon the sense of wonder and overzealous curiosity that has shaped his life, regularly getting him into the best kinds of trouble.
KELLY WILLIAMS is a St. James High School graduate from Murrells Inlet, South Carolina. She is currently a junior at Winthrop University and working towards a B.A. in Art Education. In her 3 years at Winthrop, her artwork has been a part of 6 exhibitions on campus, including 2 solo exhibitions and the 2016 Undergraduate Juried Exhibition. While her work varies in medium, she often creates work that interacts with the viewer and reflects her own personal struggles and emotions. Dedicated to her art, she is often found working in Rutledge and taking short naps in empty studios. After graduation, she hopes to teach at the secondary level and pursue a Master’s degree.

GRACE WINDEY is an interdisciplinary artist from Greenville, South Carolina. Her time at Winthrop University has been spent crafting sculptural objects and installations out of personal experiences, and playing with the impact of performance art. She hopes to attend graduate school for jewelry after completing her bachelor of fine arts in sculpture. Ultimately, she would like to open a maker’s space to continue to cultivate the community she has grown into.
Craig Stewart is an artist from Liberty, South Carolina working primarily in Printmaking and Sculpture. He makes art about everything and nothing and has zero answers to all questions. When not working for The Anthology or making artwork, he spends his time (and money) buying records and going to concerts.
Look! Man — no, cavities!

Disadvantageous

7/10

CRAIG STEWART
Rachel is a senior English major and will be graduating in December of 2017. Her focus is creative writing, specifically fiction, and she’ll be pursuing an MFA after her undergraduate studies. She loves black tea, Indian food, and her cat, Chirp.
Onetwothree
    Poison-ivy licks our
Legs as we devour chocolate
Eggs, crouched on our
Knees.

Fourfivesix
    Branches stretch to scrape our
Thighs, entire worlds within our
Eyes, upon our
Lips.

Sevengeightnine
    Twigs & twine can make us
Heroes, leafy crowns pronounce us
Pharaohs, of the
    Pine.
James Rode is a Computer Science major who stumbled into the Anthology office and claimed to be capable of reading. He enjoys replacing the sleeves of the Harry Potter novels with those of canonical literature to give the illusion of being well-read.
Jet bet me I didn’t know all the cuss words. I told him I did. He told me to write them down here, on this piece of paper, with, here, this pencil. I did. He took the paper to the cool kids who sat under the sill of Ms. Peters’s classroom window where they would peek on her leaning over and grading our geography tests. Jet said he knew h-e-double hockey sticks. They stared. He said he knew hell. Garrett told him he’d teach him what hell felt like, so he did, right there. Garrett popped Jet right on the nose in front of Ms. Peters’s open window, and she came running to it and about choked Garrett with his own navy blue polo and pointed at Jet’s nose bleeding into the red dirt which was also dirtying his hair I bet. Garrett’s goons looked scared as they followed him, led into the building by a raging Ms. Grayson. I helped carry Jet, by which I mean I ran alongside Terry while he ran to the nurse’s office as Mr. Dawson had asked us to, and we always did what he asked because he gave us Dum Dums when we aced his spelling tests, and he made jokes about irony, which I won’t learn about until next year. I heard Mrs. Croft yelling from her office near the front door, telling Garrett he is in “serious trouble”, which is something I heard when I gave Lucy the bird. I don’t think Garrett’s bad. He’s a year older and knows more than Jet and me do, so this whole thing was probably something like when Jet threw a rock, hard, because Garrett bet him he couldn’t even hit the kindergarten classroom’s window, and Garrett went and told on Jet because Jet had broken the kindergarten-er’s window. I know you’re not supposed to hit anyone, especially not girls, but Garrett was probably trying to “take matters into his own hands”, which I know, and put Jet in time out. That’s not fair, though, because Jet just wanted to give Garrett a fist bump and ask how he’d gotten such big arm muscles. Maybe he thought Garrett would tell him if he told him he knew hell. I would have, because that’s what cool kids are impressed by: big kids. Jet’s a nice guy. But I don’t have big arm muscles, so I just offered my half-eaten Dum Dum to Jet as he sat in the big chair where you sink so far in it’s like you’re being swallowed up by ugly, greenish pleather, which I know about, in the nurse’s office, looking dizzy, and he whispered to me that I misspelled shit, which he knows and would have told Garrett if he’d had enough time. I said boys will be boys and Jet grinned around his Dum Dum and tried to kick my shins but I saw it coming and moved too far away for him to touch me, and that’s when you called me in, so now I’m here telling you all of this.
Susanna is a junior in the Graphic Design program who seeks to draw inspirations from all aspects of her life. She enjoys listening to music, loves to travel, has impeccable fashion taste and loves experiencing art and design in all of its various forms.

SUSANNA MCCRAY
GRAPHIC DESIGNER
REMEDY+ WATER
SUSANNA MCCRAY

PACKAGING DESIGN
Emaleigh is a sophomore English major minoring in psychology. She is currently attempting to mentally write seven novels while passing all her classes and getting enough sleep. She struggles to play guitar and make meetings on time.
It comes out of nowhere. When you're not looking for it, that's when it'll strike. That's what they tell you, when you are growing up with fire in your veins and a lump of coal for a heart. They tell you to watch out for the monster called compassion. They say that it will ruin you, corrupt you, and your tiny soul that still believes in a thing so silly as trust, believes it. You believe everything they tell you. It's what you are meant to do. To listen to those who know better, to believe what they tell you, and do as they say. And you do. You do everything they say, to the letter. You are without fault.

As you grow, they trust you more. They stoke the fire you carry, and ensure that none of its warmth touches your coal-heart. They give you a reason to battle, and watch over you with smiles as you train, push yourself harder every day just to gain one of those rare congratulations. You become the best.

Because even a child raised without love craves praise. Even a child taught to fear the monster called compassion craves the feeling that accompanies a “good job”. Even a child like you wants to be told you are enough.

No, that you are more than enough, that you are perfection, that you will be unstoppable. You want to be the best for them.

Before they know it, you’re an adult, one of them, watching over children just like you were. You watch as they train just like you did. You teach them to beware of the monster called compassion. The monster that can strike at any moment, so they have to be on guard. You describe it to them in the best way you can, tell them the warning signs. You ensure that they know how to avoid it.

You’re pulled away from working with the children before long. They say you’re too volatile. You have too much fire running through your veins, and your lump of coal heart is too cold. You’re confused. This was what they wanted you to be, wasn’t it? What you were brought up to be?

But no matter. You still did as they said. They sent you out, out into a world you hadn’t seen since you were-

You can’t remember how young you were when you came to them. You have no memories outside of their world. No memories of any rules outside of their rules. No memories of
anyone but them.

You were seven in your first clear memory with them. Seven years old, with thin straw-colored hair plastered to your forehead and clothes that didn’t fit right. There had to be something before that, with them or someone else - what is the word? family? - but you don’t remember. You try, more because you feel like you have to than because you really want to, but no answers come to mind. So you push it out of your head.

The world is not what you expect it to be. It is something other.

You see the monster everywhere, and you don’t know how these people can live with it. The monster lives inside of them, like a parasite, and they don’t even notice it. Or they do, but they don’t see it as the monster you do.

You shudder every time you see the monster in action, squirm every time it extends its claws. There’s no escaping it, in this world. You hate it. You’re not sure if you mean the monster or the world.

You swear to yourself that you will never become like them. That you will never embrace the monster like they have. You repeat what you were taught: it is a monster. It sucks life out of everything. It is to be avoided. Don’t let it take you. And you don’t.

Sometimes, they look at you like they expect you to embrace the monster. You don’t. You sneer and glare and make everything better - worse in their eyes, of course, because they let the monster take over and rule them. They are the monster, you think, but they don’t realize. They never will.

They watch you, and they think you’re broken. They look at you, and they think you’re lost. They listen to you, and they know someone hurt you. They know you, and they know you are the monster.
Jami Hodgins is uncertain about life. She has a tremendous amount of love for other people but often struggles when it comes to self-love. She’s a bit cynical and a bit naïve. She’s the textbook definition of an INFJ. She has a passion for storytelling, people-pleasing, and Netflix-binging. She wishes that people could preserve their childlike innocence and is trying to hold on the sliver of faith she has left in humanity. Oh, and she likes to write.
Spring came, and I watched my grandmother wither. I was in the room when she died, but I didn’t even notice when she grew still. She didn’t look dead at first. Not until the nurse came in to detach her from the weary ventilator that breathed for her. In that moment, I wanted to rewind the years and relive all the evenings when I would sit on the kitchen counter, barefoot, gap-toothed, and lick the tea-cake cookie dough from the bowl while she sang melodic praises to her Almighty God. I thought the balls of dough she spaced out on the pan looked like planets, worlds I wanted to discover.

When I was eight, I woke up in the middle of the night, hearing the monsters clawing underneath my bed. The moonlit window called my name, and I answered. I saw the old man next door yank a young blonde from his doorstep by her wrist, and I saw her left earring—a gaudy, lonesome sapphire teardrop—fall into the grass, lost in the night, before she disappeared through his dimly-lit threshold. I remember thinking, shouldn’t they be in bed? And when I saw the light flick on in his bedroom window, I learned that beds were used for more than sleeping and shadows told all the stories we never wanted to hear.

A few weeks later, I watched a woman roll down the window of her grey Prius and ask for directions to the nearest gas station. I heard the fifteen-year-old boy, street-smart, empty-pocketed, tell her the wrong way to go. I didn’t see the boy or the woman again.

Years passed.

On my way back from an interview for a part-time job I wasn’t sure I wanted at a commercial novelty store in a run-down strip mall, I saw a little girl, pig-tailed, purple-jacketed, console her weeping mother two seats up from me on the bus.

“It’s okay, Mommy,” she said.

“No, it is not okay,” her mother whispered back.

I saw her reflection in the window as she looked out at all the people unknowingly passing her by. I read in her eyes that she had seen wars, while most kids her age had seen the smooth, white-painted sides of fences and the shadows cast over them by trichromatic flags pointing toward heaven.

First semester of my sophomore year of college, I watched the girl in the corner of the classroom grimace at the guy groping for her attention, crooning “baby” into the ear she had intentionally
curtained with her long, brown hair. I watched her cringe when he leaned closer. He pulled away, laughing, and shifted his weight to hide the bulge in his pants as the professor walked in.

After that, I saw sleepless nights. I sat through my classes, nodding my head to keep from nodding off. When one of my professors came in and told us to describe our experiences with cognitive dissonance, I quietly contemplated. I tried to figure out whether or not I partook in the phenomenon. My mind had learned to keep secrets from itself when I was young. I saw everything and nothing—beautiful, horrendous. My most heavily veiled secret is this: I saw the world eat itself. My stomach churned as I sat on the kitchen counter, and I watched. This time, I did not lick the bowl.