

IRIDESCENCE // BLAIR RANKIN

# THE DAEDALIAN

2014-2015

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

While *The Daedalian's* history is long and complex, our mission is simple: publish or perish. As a student-run literary and arts journal, we seek to encourage the writers and artists of TWU by providing students an opportunity to share their work. Submissions are solicited year-long, and a team of readers evaluates each submission with the artists' name removed. This ensures that submissions are considered fairly and without bias.

This year, *The Daedalian's* staff went through decades of past editions in order to draw inspiration for the design and layout. Our thanks go to the Special Collections staff of TWU's library for their assistance in pulling the vintage *Daedalians* from the storage vault. The combined efforts of all resulted in an edition of *The Daedalian* that maintains a long history of excellence while bringing the literary and arts journal tradition into the modern day.

We have done our best to showcase students' visions because we believe that there is something in their creative works—whether or not they are selected for publication—which is profoundly honest.

Because we could not sleep,  
And stayed up watching Jerry Springer together,  
And when a girl got dragged by her hair,  
We raised nervous hands to our scalps,  
Tender, flinching,  
And you said, 'when they go for the hair, all you can do is go limp,'  
And we nodded, unable to breathe.  
Because we could not sleep,  
And every time a door opened,  
You checked the parking lot,  
Shoulders rigid,  
Thinking they could find us,  
Seeing them everywhere,  
Almost believing them omniscient, omnipresent.  
Because we could not sleep  
And his ringtone followed me  
Even into the last safe place  
And my children begged,  
Don't answer it mom.  
Because we could not sleep  
For delusional fears about their ability  
To find and wound and kill and follow  
And every door or fear or noise or footfall was them  
And they were safe and dreaming  
In the beds where they last hit us.



THE SOLITARY BEGGAR // SHERYL ABRAHAM

## CONTENTS

### ART

- 3 Haunted**  
Tabitha Gray
- 6 Deity Stamps**  
Carla Benitez
- 8 Flowers in Her Hair**  
Tammi Paul
- Untitled**  
Sierra Taylor
- 12 Jazz Posters**  
Toi Ferguson
- 15 At Ease**  
Jose Elvis Vargas
- 23 Memories of Home**  
Tammi Paul
- 24 To The Setting Sun**  
Raechelle Robles
- 25 Everlasting Kiss**  
Angelica McClung
- 27 Carwash**  
Raechelle Robles
- 32 Beyond The Light**  
Tammi Paul
- The Tool Shed**  
Sierra Taylor
- 36 The Solitary Beggar**  
Sheryl Abraham
- 38 Iridescence**  
Blair Rankin

### POETRY

- 2 2(2x12)**  
Alexis Sikorski
- 7 Echo**  
Alexis Sikorski
- 13 Allusions to Wonderland**  
Hunter Kuehn
- 16 Autumnal Rhythm**  
Petina Powers
- 17 Gently Used**  
Morgan Staskus
- 18 Untitled**  
Andrea Johnson
- 26 It Was Italy**  
Kara Beadle
- 30 Goulash Recipes**  
Kyrie Delahoussaye-Kendrick
- 31 Fast Daydreams**  
Kyrie Delahoussaye-Kendrick
- 37 In Shelter**  
Andrea Johnson

### PROSE

- 4 The Artist and Her Visitor**  
Katie Olson
- 9 A Rambling Reflection**  
Sydnie Suttles
- 14 Me Hat**  
Katie Olson
- 19 Artfully Human**  
Nadiyah Suleiman
- 24 The Mango**  
Layne Russell
- 28 Predictable Companions**  
Katie Olson
- 33 The Journey of Tommy Anderson**  
Jasmyne Henry

My arms  
Reach to  
The heavens  
My legs  
Float off  
The grounds  
My eyes  
See right  
Through you  
My heart  
Shall have  
No bounds

Your arms  
Reach to  
Have me  
Your legs  
Run in  
Bold pursuit  
Your eyes  
Are stuck  
On target  
Your gun  
Is set  
To shoot

and looked up as everyone else did. My hope of freedom dropped. My mother already began to dump the clothing into the washer.

I could hear their screams of terror and loss as they were being placed to their death. I too was placed into the washer with them. I felt Janice grasp onto me and her tears wet the shoulder of my pajamas.

“I don’t want to die!” she cried. “Please, help us! You are human that means you can do something, right?”

All of them stared at me with their watery eyes and tears of sorrow. They looked up at me for guidance, but I was not able to provide them with that guidance. I could do nothing for them, and I too had the same fate as they. I was to perish just as they did.

The hot water began to rush into the washer. The voices of the people began to die away, being drowned and covered by the malevolent catastrophe. Their screams turned into mumbles and their gasps of breath were choked out by the demon that engorged them all. I looked at Janice as she cried and yelped for mercy. She begged for my help until her last breath was taken by the monster. The water reached my mouth and clutched around my body. Was there nothing I could do for these people? Was I really that helpless? Or am I just a coward who can only worry and never think of a solution that could have saved these people?

No! I can save them. It was my duty all along, and it must be carried out. The water reached above my head. I had no more air and my lungs gave way to my last breath to the demon which floated toward the surface. I am...

“No!” I screamed and arose from my bed. Gasping for breath, I looked around. I was in my room laying on sweaty sheets

and covers.

“I am alive,” I stated, too stunned for any other feelings. I heard the movement of water in the hallway. “The washer!” Desperately, I dashed toward the laundry room, forced the timer down on the washer, and sighed in relief. The washer was stopped.

Softly, I whispered, “You’re welcome.”

After her last word, a red T-shirt from the pile of clothing folded itself into in a woman with a long red dress. In fact, she was all made out of red fabric. The T-shirt literally folded her into a women.

"My name is Janice," she happily introduced herself with a smile of warmth. "And this is my friend..." Her hands moved to her right side where a black T-shirt formed into another lady.

"Juliet," her friend finished for her. "And I still don't like the way you fell on me."

"Ummm...I really am sorry about that," I apologized while still trying to figure out how this was possible, but then again, how was any of this possible?

"Oh, pish-posh, Juliet," Janice spoke to her friend. "Get over it." She turned and looked at me with another smile. "Well, you just looked dumfounded." She giggled. "Did you just think that we were nothing but plain old fabric?"

"We have feelings you know!" Juliet mocked at me with a snobby attitude. Janice swiftly gave her a menacing look then turned her attention toward me.

"We are alive," she whispered, softly and gently, each word speaking truth.

They are alive. All around me, I could hear the voices of all of the clothes as they swiftly formed in human figures.

"Hello."

"Hi."

"Good Afternoon."

"How's it goin', homie?"

I could not believe what was happening. Everything was alive and breathing. Everything had a life.

Suddenly, I heard my room door open, and the clothes returned back into their original forms. My mother entered the room with a white laundry basket picking up each piece of clothing off the floor. I could hear her muttering to

herself (probably about how irresponsible I was), but I could not pick out her distinct words. Eventually, she reached the pile of clothing where I stood.

"Mother, stop!" I yelled, but she gave no reaction. Instead, she picked up the pile of clothing, dragging me along with it, and dropped us into the basket. Struggling, I tried to reach to the top of the pile. Janice, Juliet, and the others helped me rise to the top.

Again, I called out to her, "Mother, stop, please! It's me!" Alas, there was no reply, not even a grimace of recognition. She could not hear me.

"Where is she taking us?" Janice asked me who was back into her human figure.

"She is probably going to take us to the washer," I answered, curious as to why she asked the question.

"The washer?" a man questioned, his voice sounding old and croaky. I turned in his direction and saw a gray sock form into an elderly man with a wooden cane. I nodded to his response. He crossed his legs and sat down, rubbing his chin out of thought.

"Some say that is the place of torture and death," he stated with a grim look in his eyes. "While others say that it is a place of rebirth."

Instantly, I heard the voice of someone cry, "Oh, the mutiny! Lords have mercy on us!" Others began to speak and cry aloud their prayers to their lord. I looked at Janice. She too was grasped by the depressing feeling of a possible death. I stood up with courage and leadership.

"We can do something," I spoke aloud above all the other voices, but my fear began to pull me down making me hesitate. Pushing it back, I continued, "A plan. All we need is a plan and we can get out of this!" As I spoke, I heard a click



HAUNTED // TABITHA GRAY



## THE ARTIST AND HER VISITOR

Katie Olson

The artist sat at her worn and aged desk adorned with a clutter of paintbrushes, charcoal pieces, and sketch paper. The wind blew a gentle breeze over the artist's station on the balcony, but she hardly noticed. Her latest piece was a soft outline, the beginnings of a woman.

The hips were round and curved elegantly as they merged into the smooth roads that formed the torso. The arms were long and flowing like streamers of a kite. The neck formed gently with shoulder and collarbones to hold the angled head in place.

If only the artist could remember her face.

To her, sketches took on a life of their own with each etching of the pencil. And this particular subject seemed to beg for more detail. The artist tucked a few locks of stray hair away from her face and continued to work diligently.

Hours passed. The sun set over the horizon of her balcony. Yet she could not stop sketching, shaping, creating the image of this beautiful woman that formed in her mind. In the dim light from the inside window, the artist continued to draw until her fingers ached. The lead smudged her palms and the pencil dug into her delicate bones, but she couldn't bring herself to reach an end. Not when her lovely visitor begged for adoration, like an ardent new lover.

So the artist made romance with her work. She spent days forsaking eating and sleeping for the solace of her perch on the balcony. Between huffs of crudely rolled smokes the artist continued to pour life into her sketch. The woman on paper

seemed so lifelike it frightened her. She looked regal with her sharp, long nose and angled chin with a soft gaze and long lashes with full lips.

It would be a shame, the artist thought exclaiming, to leave this charming seductress without color.

So the artist gathered her best colors. The siren's call overwhelmed her senses and the artist gave in to temptation. Her sketch overwhelmed an entire canvas. The woman's full figure sashayed in pose. Her eyes conveyed the words only the artist could hear, sweet nothings and promises of adoration. The artist painted obsessively, filling in her visitor's missing pieces, breathing life into her with dark flowing hair and luminous green eyes. The artist bothered not giving her subject clothing, she stood crisp and perfect without need for such barriers.

Once she finished days later the artist surveyed the pretty face that stared upon her. Was this really her creation from her own mind? The artist could never be sure. While the paint dried the artist broke from her visitor's spell for a time. After all, music was her first love while art remained a mistress.

Music consumed her with a fury once again. The artist set aside her paints for her guitar to play in smoke filled rooms filled with swaying bodies hypnotized by her songs. She did not return to her apartment for many a night.

One early morning when the moon still held sway over the sky the artist stumbled into her home, lips still stained red and her fingertips bruised from the strings of aged guitars.

## THE JOURNEY OF TOMMY ANDERSON

Jasmyne Henry

I awoke with a jolt and a pain smarting in my head. Softly, I rubbed soreness and began to look around. I was in my room. Unused toys and clothes, smelly and dirty, scattered the floor as always. But as I looked around, I noticed something. Everything seemed unexceptionally bigger. The computer next to me and even my boring Math textbook were all towering above me as I stood. My heart stopped as I tried to grasp my situation. What is going on? What happened to me while I was asleep? How could this have...A voice interrupted my thoughts.

"What is that?" I heard someone exclaim. I turned around. Two moths, white and fuzzy, were silently conversing about the unknown intruder that stood before them.

"I think it's a human," one replied to the other with a dash of disgust.

"A small human."

"What an ugly thing!"

"Hush! He's looking at us," one of the moths stated while pointing its fragile wing at me. Quickly, I rushed over to them to contradict the insult, but they flew off before I could speak.

Ignoring their departure, I noticed a small boy in front of me. Long black hair slightly covered his dark blue eyes. The black and red flannel pajamas hung off of him loosely. I smirked and touched the mirror, my fingers barely brushing the glass.

Looking back at the landscape of my room, a grin formed on my face for I could not hold back the urge of wanting to explore this new world. I looked over the edge of my desk and remembered the

pile of clothing right beside it. I walked backward until I was content with the distance between me and the edge. Using all of my strength, I ran and then jumped. The soothing air whistled through my hair and fingers as I fell. At that moment, I was floating as if the principle of gravity had never existed. The wind gave me power beyond my imagination. Until, I hit the ground. The clothes below me cushioned my fall. I leaned my head back and laughed. All I could do was laugh. I could not comprehend my intention of doing such a thing, but still, I would give anything to feel that thrill once again.

"Would you get off of me!" a woman's voice demanded.

Immediately, I got up and replied out of instinct, "Oh! I'm sorry." Looking around, I saw no one, but the clothing upon which I stood.

"Well, you should be sorry," the woman's voice spoke once more with the tone of a reprimanding teacher. "That was extremely rude!"

"Juliet, leave the child alone. He had no intention of bothering you. It was an accident," another woman said. Her voice was calming, but still had an edge of strictness. "Don't worry about her, dear boy. She is just in a bad mood this afternoon."

I looked around once more. There was no one. Where could these voices be coming from?

"I don't mean to be impolite, but where are you guys?" I questioned with curiosity.

"Oh, we forgot to properly introduce ourselves."



BEYOND THE LIGHT // TAMMI PAUL



THE TOOL SHED // TAMMI PAUL

To her horror, the apartment stood in disarray as if Mother Nature had swept through in full fury. Clothes, sketchbooks, supplies, and even dishes lay scattered across the hardwood floor. Dumbfounded, the artist raced to the open doorway of her balcony, fearing the worst. Her fears magnified when she ripped the door away from its frame to survey the scene before her.

The beloved desk remained in place, but gashed by deep scratches in the wood. Her paints stained the balcony ground, littered with cigarette butts. Her paintbrushes lay sadly broken in a pile on the floor.

And for the finale, her ravishing visitor was nowhere to be found. The canvas had been ripped at the edges from the wooden frame. The artist collapsed to her knees in shock and awe. Why and how were the first questions that came to mind. What muse had she offended so?

The answers were not so easily revealed to the artist.

Two years later, the artist roamed the crowded streets, starving and alone. She survived on the kindness of strangers and the less savory tips of patrons. Her wild eyes roamed for a wallet to snatch from an unsuspecting victim when a hard emerald gaze stopped her in her tracks.

No, that was impossible.

Yet there was no mistaking the seducing red lips, the long vines of dark hair, and delicate yet strong frame. The woman, her beautiful visitor for a time stood watching her without pity. Then those un-sympathizing lips formed into a smooth smile and before the artist's eyes

she turned away in one swift motion and disappeared into the crowd like a ghost transparent.

Obsession and neglect are cruel lessons that turn full circle.



DEITY STAMPS // CARLA ALEJANDRA BENITEZ DAVILA

Kyrie Delahoussaye-Kendrick

A dwarf rose in hand, I saunter,  
to a place in the breeze I can ponder.  
Word vomit dry-heaves in a diet of only water.

Twelve months ago, I was rapidly approaching a hell,  
the stench of a past, thank God I forgot the smell.  
Instead, in newfound life, I dropped sin in a well.

I ate a last supper of saucy stew. Later, came sleep,  
to give up human nature to Him without a peep.  
Like His forever, my promise I will keep.

For today, I will not eat.

Kyrie Delahoussaye-Kendrick

It began at the brink of pubescence.  
I broke the spine of an American Girl  
book. On the cover, the only variance:  
their height, their skin color.

Like the ebb and flow of rainbows,  
this land, homogenous, mixed  
in itself—where beauty is measured symmetrically,  
with permanence. But bulimia is colorblind.

A few years passed.  
Bullet points  
became check-boxes.

I wished on stars that it could be easier,  
the stuffing and expelling,  
the gnawing feeling of my visceral cavity  
fighting its civil war.

The last supper: a first try of goulash  
In a spotless apartment.  
Porcelain never looked so pearl.  
I stained it burgundy with tomato sauce and chyme.

A year and a half later,  
hunger still doesn't taste the same.  
I threw away the recipe.

Alexis Sikorski

I've never really seen myself as someone who's fought for anything  
anything  
But boy what I would've fought for you  
Every word you said sent me turning  
turning  
Bouncing from wall to wall, mountain top to top as I waited for you to turn my way  
way  
And it was never quite right I know  
I know  
But I always wanted it to be  
to be  
But I'm looking at my face in the sea  
the sea  
And the waves are distorting what I can see  
I see  
But I can see you so clearly  
clearly  
But you can only see yourself  
And this is how we live  
we live  
Nearly the same but never close enough  
enough  
A lover and his shadow  
shadow  
A pretty voice but quiet echo  
echo

Editor's Note: "Goulash Recipes" and "Fast Daydreams" are parallel poems.



FLOWERS IN HER HAIR // TAMMI PAUL



UNTITLED // SIERRA TAYLOR

pillow. She doesn't say much of anything usually. Today she greets me with "hello," and her eerie voice rings through me.

I stay in bed for hours as Depressive watches the fleeting happiness of the night before crumble. I feel on edge, angry even, and bitter towards myself. I can't believe I drank so much. I'm such an idiot. I should have stayed home and finished homework, cleaned house, read, wrote, or did something other than go out just to come home sick and sad and alone, unless you count Manic as company.

I tell myself I ought to crawl out of bed and eat something. But even my limbs don't want to cooperate. Instead I shut my eyes and return to nightmares of people I've escaped from yet still feel haunted by. When I wake up, I'm too emotionally and physically drained to leave the comfort of my bed. When I do finally give into the urge to eat, it's dark, and I regret having wasted my day being miserable in bed. Depressive follows me like a faithful dog, looking pleased with the outcome of her visit.

I sit there at my kitchen table and even after all of that rest I still feel stupidly exhausted. But that is my life, always caught in between my two companions.

One day I call them both together for a little talk. They look so strange side by side before me. Manic with her shifty smile and mischievous ways, and Depressive with her empty eyes and chilly disposition.

"I think you both know why we're here," I say hesitantly. They both look at me without saying anything. I study both of their expressions then continue.

"I can't seem to be rid of either of you nor can I ignore you, but it's hard to live with both of you. So, I guess I just want to know why you're here in the first place?"

I'm afraid of the answer. I'm afraid of my own madness. And these two companions standing before me know what's inside me, from my skeleton out.

It's Depressive that speaks surprisingly. Manic starts to answer, but the darker side holds her back with her dead gaze.

"We are the two halves that makes you whole. You cannot live without one or the other because we've always been a part of you," the Depressive says sagely.

I fall back in my chair shocked. The truth hits me like a wall of bricks. I want to know where this leaves me, how do I continue on, but I'm shaken to express my fears.

Manic runs to attend to me. I lean on her gratefully to keep from falling. Depressive stands up unceremoniously and begins to walk towards me. She pauses on the other side of me and puts her icy hand on my shoulder.

"We are here to stay, whether you want us around or not."

Katie Olson

I woke up and discovered “her” hovering over my bed like a impatient hummingbird. Today, she’s a teenager with shocking white blonde hair, tan legs and mischievous eyes. I can only imagine what she’ll try to bribe me into this time.

I call her Manic.

She’s practically jumping out of her bones; she’s so damn thin and perfect. I turn over on my side away from her. “I’d rather stay in bed today, thank you,” I mutter.

“Oh no you don’t,” I hear her answer determinedly. She pulls me out off the mattress with surprisingly strong arms. I end up on the floor swaddled in my own comforter.

Giggling Manic says “C’mon, we’re going to have some fun tonight.”

I cringe inwardly at thought. When it comes to Manic, fun can mean almost anything.

I force myself to dress, to brush my teeth, to even try to make something of my face and hair. Manic is fluttering behind me. The feeling in my chest tightens. I’m not good at social situations.

We climb into my shiny red car and take off. We don’t bother to make small talk. Manic knows I’m not much for conversing. We speed down the highway until we reach our destination.

“So where the hell are we exactly?” I inquire. The GPS didn’t exactly give me a name for the brightly lit club shining against the darkness of the parking lot.

“A LGBT night club,” Manic chirps and flies out of the car in her excitement.

My stomach drops. “Dancing, women...oh no.”

We push our way inside and I find myself downing drink after drink. Somewhere along the way I stop caring and start dancing. Manic is nowhere to be found. I find myself “stomping” with another pretty blonde girl who’s laughing at my pitiful attempts to match her moves. But I don’t care. I’m having too much fun to care. It’s like I’m on top of the world and nothing can keep me tethered to reality. All I can sense is the booming music and the sweaty bonds crowding around the DJ’s table. And for the moment that’s all that matters.

I barely remember getting back to the car. Manic is holding my hair while I throw up in the parking lot. I’m surprised I even got that girl’s number. In the back of my head I tell myself she’s probably not interested, but for now the bubble of happiness inside me can’t be popped.

Manic volunteers to drive home and I slump in the passenger seat with my eyelids drooping closed. I’m going to have a hell of a hangover tomorrow, but for now at least I have a good memory for me to replay in my head in the meantime.

The next day I pay dearly for my night out.

The other companion in my life, Depressive I call her, lays in bed next to me.

She stares at me while I sleep, and even though my eyes are shut, her cold, dead gaze penetrates me. The tears leak out in the corners of my lids. When I do open them I shudder at the appearance of this visitor. Her skin is tinged grey with decay, her teeth sharp and carnivore like. Her dark hair lies in tresses across the

Sydnie Suttles

The hustle and bustle of the city square quickly fades away: the soft cooing of pigeons, the hopeful please of “Selfie?” from various men who want to scam me, the excited cries of tourists, and the casual conversations in Italian by the locals, all gone with just a few steps to the left and a turn to the right and is this the way to the bridge or is it over there and I think the map may be upside down and am I lost?

I am. All I have is a map with tiny street names, limited Italian skills, a shy and confused friend, and sloshing canals. Venice is a mystery. A very wet and damp mystery, with a climate completely unsuitable for those humans whose hair has an inclination to kink and curl and frizz. And that frizz head has managed to end up on the opposite end of the island far from where the tourists can mill about in relative comfort and familiarity.

Is this really a city of parties, Casanova, sex and intrigue and mystery? It seems hard to believe, because too much drunken revelry would most likely soon turn into drunken revelry. This city is beautiful, yes, but does not seem to be built to party. But a city of wealth and prosperity and fine goods, that it does seem to be. The beauty of the canals flowing under archways, lined with colorful buildings of architecture through the years; the feeling of safety and peace within the walls around squares and in canals; the art of Murano glass and Venetian masks and espresso bars by the dozen, the excessive abuse of commas and punctuation.

Getting lost in Venice was an

experience, because I feel the beauty and history I saw was not where the tourists flocked. My expectations were a city of life, but it seemed as lively as a mummy in that it certainly did resemble what it once was but in no way could be considered the original. Not that I was disappointed, but when reading about the escapades of sin and iniquity and the proclivity to party and enjoy art, a city full of tourists, pigeons, and scam artists is less than magical in one way, but more magical in knowing that even hundreds of years later, Venice is much the same in looks.

And in looks seems similar so the city of Florence. Narrow alleys that once held carts now are dangerous due to cars, the art of man adorns the streets, and this still feels like a place of wealth and love. Florence: the birthplace of the Italian language and a land of long lost loves and lingering lavishness. True to the nature as a city of prosperity, Florence now has the more modern expensive business: modern jewelers, modern leather workers, modern high fashion, and modern extremely overpriced status items. Considering the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio concerning their sought-after lady friends, I see how such a city could evoke those feelings.

Getting lost in Florence did not bring the same panic it did in Venice. In Venice the tales were of careless abandon and false happiness and wealth, in Florence they were of love. In Venice I felt like I would be consumed by the canals, in Florence I was consumed by the majesty. I walked in the great constructions of

beauty and worship that struck a sense of spirituality even in a non-believer, I felt the unrequited love of something so awesome that has stood the test of centuries and turmoil, something worthy of all my adoration but would never return it, in the way Petrarch longed for Laura so I longed for the art.

Art is something subjective but concrete, fragile but permanent, not changed with the ages yet different at each moment in time. Florence is a work of art. From the treasures of the Uffizi to the breathtaking marble edifice of the Duomo to the linguistic accomplishment of poetry, Florence is living artwork. In the wise words of amorous Petrarch: "Love found me unarmed and helpless; he saw that my eyes were an easy way to my heart." It is easy to love the beauty, to be stricken by something so appealing it must be a thing of divine virtue. And just as Laura was a work of art that could never be truly possessed, art and the city of Florence are not something to be personally owned. Many can love it, none can possess all of it, just hope that one day we can be a little bit closer to the epitome of all that is right and good in the world. In that way, Florence is my unrequited love. I explored the streets, wandered, tasted and tried, experienced, but only had a glimpse. I know nothing. I saw nothing. I experienced nothing. And I can never truly see, hold, feel, know, and love all there in the endless beauty of such a place. I can climb to the top of the Duomo, but each climb will be different, and I can never climb all the climbs. I can walk the Uffizi and never comprehend every piece of art. I can walk the paths of the greats, but they will still be dead. It is an unachievable love that can be loved but never love back. Florence is Laura.

But still of separate but equal love

is Rome, or specifically the idea of the old Rome, since the old Rome is dead and gone while modern Rome is built on the skeleton and ashes of history. Not to say modern Rome is inferior, but just as language changes so that when someone says "awful" nowadays they mean "terrible" whereas it used to mean a more neutral "something that fills one with awe," Rome has changed so that when we say "Rome" we have two different ideas of what the city is, and neither is better than the other, but that they are different. And when one is expecting the modern city to be the old city of legend and fable and fact and fiction, it is quite underwhelming.

When I first set foot in Rome, then, it can be logically concluded I was a bit disappointed. I grew up reading stories of Romulus and Remus. I read stories of Cleopatra's torrid affairs with Roman men of note, of Caligula and the rumored horse, of painted statues in magnificent colors, eagerly translating stories of the Roman Forum and Roman Market and Lycurgus and the snakes. The Rome of these times is not that Rome. The Rome of these times smells like a busy city, a scent I abhor. It smells of smoke and cars and modern times. I see cars, not carriages. I see the police, not the Praetorian Guard.

It feels like a lie. It feels underwhelming. Everything is ruins, shambles, a shell of the former glory, though glorious still to have survived the ages. But like Mark Twain, it has been said before, "What can I discover?—Nothing." I can say my feelings, but in all the centuries before me they have surely been felt before. I can appreciate the history given that I know the history unlike Dorothea, but at the same time it is less than majestic.

Now, the idea that it was underwhelming and a bit "been there,



CARWASH // RAEHELLE ROBLES

Kara Beadle

It was Florence all along.  
 It was the taste of leather between my teeth,  
 the color of a tangerine.  
 The sweet succulent kind,  
 that dribbles down your chin after taking a big, juicy bite.  
 It was the warm, salty taste of bravery  
 that came in the form of a sandwich  
 and paradoxical stairs that leave your whole body aching.

Or maybe it was Venice.  
 On roads built with waves  
 and glass made of air;  
 a main course of ink so thick you could write with it.

Perhaps it was Assisi.  
 The ideal of Italy,  
 with looped streets carved through the pure green mountain,  
 winding like the vines that climb the stone walls.

It may have been Rome with a view.  
 Humble, with grand, cobblestone earth walked a million times over.  
 Where the collective human unconscious left its personal stamp  
 in the shape of a boot.

It was Italy after all.  
 Ending in a candlelit Pantheon  
 and a final bite of pasta,  
 smuggled back in a stomach overflowing with reminiscence.

done that” seems at odds with my ecstasy and behavior on the trip. But I feel my excitement at actually being in the forum, surrounded by thousands of years of history and accomplishment that has stood the test of time, was the only true amazement I felt at Rome. Modern Rome is nothing special to me. Modern Rome is like Dallas: interesting, but not my cup of tea. The modern streets and modern sights are nothing unique. The unique feelings are things that cannot be uniquely expressed. The common feelings of disappointment are ones that can be understood, but expressing my amazement at the ruins and history is like describing the color green: what grass feels like, the taste of crispness, the scent of fresh laundry, the sound the wind in the summer mixed with a hint of the sun’s happiness, what you feel when you want something you can’t have, when you yearn for those summer days, when you see the one you love flirting with someone else and your hot red rage subsides and you’re left with throbbing green envy, to wish to be taken back to the days of relaxed playing and the scents of the earth and the light tickling on your feet as you run barefoot through a field. Descriptions for the color green that evoke feelings but not a description, and Rome is the color green. Feelings can be felt, but no words come close enough to the feelings to give anything other than an approximation.

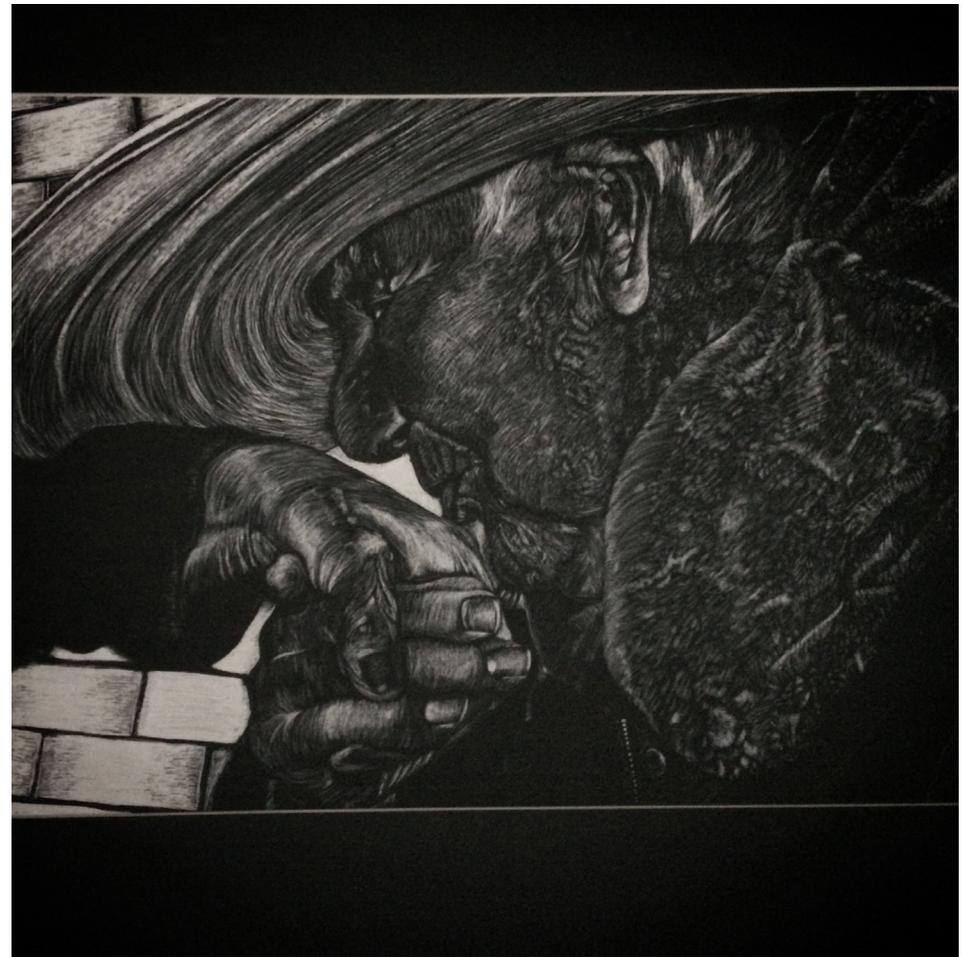
All about Rome has been said, is being said, and will be said again. It is underwhelming, disappointing, and extremely joyous and an important moment in my life. Rome is green, yellow, blue, orange, red, and a color halfway between brown and purple but is neither. It is the feeling of nostalgia for things that never happened and the wonder at what could be but never will, wound

around the skeletons of things that are no longer but have not been consumed to be forgotten into the earth, only reimagined into something that is similar yet myth and truth, like the capricious child of Death and Life is not yet living or dead but somewhere in between, existing in an incomprehensible state that flickers in between mediums.

Or maybe Mark Twain was wrong, and that while everything that has been said has been said, but no two sayings are the same and no two feelings are the same, and he is an unappreciative jerk that cannot comprehend doing something not for the sake of novelty, but for the sake of the fact that there is nothing new.



2016 MONTREUX JAZZ POSTERS // TOI FERGUSON



EVERLASTING KISS // ANGELICA MCCLUNG

Layne Russell

My teeth against the seed  
 and juice all down my chin,  
 I stand above the sink  
 and slice away the flesh.  
 My tongue inside the skin;  
 the last bits won't scrape free  
 for juice-slick knife or sticky hands  
 or tooth or tongue  
 or thirst or greed.



TO THE SETTING SUN // RAEHELLE ROBLES

Hunter Kuehn

I don't want to die in this state,  
 an executioner of sadistic stance,  
 a God in my lowly world.  
 Can't you see—  
 I have lost myself!  
 Here now as mock law revels in my defeat;  
 memory dispatches thoughts of a discontented youth:

"I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked;  
 the curious cat replied, "We're all mad. I'm mad, you're mad."

I too was a child in yesteryear;  
 til' the court came:  
 Philosophy, my friend,  
 Rambling, my lover,  
 Hysteria, she is my accomplice,  
 Madness, he is my truth.  
 They brought forth dark, dreary, dank Sundays.

The seventh day of a week,  
 fourteenth in two;

the panic returns, a looping chase with a pale rabbit .  
 It's cyclical, almost sickeningly predictable.  
 "Alice,"  
 I wish to say, head on block,  
 "submit to the Queen, embrace the Cat,  
 love the Hatter, dance with the Hare—  
 you'll go mad, give it time!"

Katie Olson

Carriages whisked through the bustling streets during Market Day. Vendors in bright colors showed off their best wares to men in dark frock coats while their wives leaned on their arms, laboring for breath in their bone-crushing corsets. Children raced in between the legs of adults on their metal garnished hobbyhorses in the absence of haggard governesses. So many souls crowded the city even all the way out to the local docks where fishermen made port after collecting their dues from the sea.

With all of this hustling and bustling about, no one paid mind to the old man slumped among the piles of old gears and shattered clock faces.

He must have been a man who had caught the scent of wanderlust and never recovered. Upon closer inspection, you could see in his eyes that his mind traveled through the past to faded memories that no one else could recall. In his mind, he still surveyed the cloudless skies from the decks of his great airship, lived and fought by the lawless rules of piracy, and lusted many a woman whose tongue was as quick and deadly as her gun.

Now he laid back and looked up blankly at the sky. The tightening of her Majesty's noose made him a poor man. But grief, drink, and eventually madness stripped away the only lady his heart ever belonged to. Sometimes he still saw her gliding above all the other new and pristine monsters made of metal, while hers remained strong and noble with her timber and sails. But for those who encountered this odd fellow, they thought him to be another destitute of society; a

problem for someone else to solve instead of the well-to-do inventors, scientists, and socialites who now dominated the most extravagant layers of the country.

So instead, the old man sat in his pile of discarded gears and clock faces. He never ventured very far. Occasionally, someone from the local tavern would walk over nervously with a meager bowl of soup or a piece of bread. He seemed to pay no mind; in fact, he steadily withered away into the background of the city. Out of sight, out of mind.

Until Fate drew down her cruel hand during Market Day.

The wind began to blow down upon the street without so much as a greeting. It followed by a heavy crash and the sound of metal being sucked into the water. The force was enough to send the children spiraling to the ground. People began to scream and trample over one another in the ensuing chaos. At the docks, the fishermen watched in horrified awe as the dirigible began to sink into the ocean's depths. It happened so rapidly no one really knows for sure what happened next.

Among all this chaos the old man stood up straight. He was suddenly aware, alive! More alive than he had been in years. Maybe the crash brought him to his senses. Or perhaps he still held the seed of madness within his bones. However the case, the wind came again and sent his cap flying off the top of his scalp. He jerked his head up and frantically tried to grasp it. But the oiled cap, darkened by years of stormy weather and laborious love of the skies was snatched away and sucked into a watery grave below the

felt I was looking straight at an answer to an unknown question. The girl-demon had long, black hair and large, brown eyes that unmistakably darkened under thick eyelashes. I felt the resemblance to the woman must be coincidental, but I reminded myself that she had painted it.

Other people began to crowd around the painting. I edged away, suddenly averse to any conversation. As I walked across the room, I saw the woman standing at a distance talking to an old couple. She looked over at me, and I nearly cried out. Her eyes flashed red, and I distinctly saw a pair of grey horns glinting in her hair. I blinked, and they were gone, her face returning to normal. The woman turned and disappeared through a doorway, the couple following her. I stood dumbfounded. What had I just seen? Was it a trick of the light or my imagination? Deep down I knew neither of those explanations was correct. I felt strange. I didn't feel terrified

and disoriented as one would expect for someone in my position. Instead, I felt the most wretched I'd ever felt. It threatened to rip me in half. My heart ached with sorrow for this woman I hardly knew. What had she done to deserve this sadness and suffering? I told myself I was being silly. I didn't even know if this woman had lived through suffering or sadness. But the memory of those deep, dark-brown eyes told me otherwise. Much to my surprise I found myself crying. I stood in the middle of the room and let myself cry openly. As the hot tears fell down my cheeks, I felt oblivious to the crowded room.

"I'm so sorry. I wish you the best of luck," I whispered. I wasn't sure if I was whispering to her or myself. But as I walked out of the building and into the cool crisp night, I felt sure that somehow she would know.



MEMORIES OF HOME // TAMMI PAUL

can begin to feel alive is by inflicting agony on those who can feel.”

I waited expecting her to say more, but she seemed lost in thought. This strange woman had such strong views about this painting; I wondered what had brought her to these conclusions. I let my eyes wander over the painting, contemplating all she had said, trying to piece together her explanation. It seemed different now, every dancing image held a secret meaning. I fantasized I was catching a glimpse into their past lives as I looked into each face in turn. As I romanticized theories as to why the figures were in Hell, my eyes stopped at a peculiar figure walking through the gate. I was astonished to see it was a girl demon walking into Hell amidst all the newly arrived humans. This could shatter the woman’s ideas about the hierarchy of the images. I felt excited that she might be wrong, for her story made me nervous and frightened. I pointed it out to her, trying to contain my enthusiasm.

“What do you suppose that means?”

“It’s quite simple,” she said smiling, crushing my hopeful pride. “That is a human that has already suffered the equivalency of Hell on Earth.”

“If she’s suffered on Earth, then wouldn’t she go to Heaven?” I asked, still trying to find a loop-hole in her story.

“You think just because someone suffers that automatically makes them a saint?” she laughed. It was the most emotion she’d shown, and my surprise overshadowed my embarrassment at her mockery.

“You shouldn’t believe everyone’s story,” she said suddenly. “People who appear miserable may very well be happy, and people who appear happy could very well be miserable. The wealthy may be poor, and the poor may be wealthy. But above all, the people who suffer the most

in this world, whether they are aware of it or not, will almost always meet a tragic end.”

“So anyone who suffers will go to Hell?” I asked incredulously.

“I didn’t say that,” she said calmly. “I said they would meet a tragic end. That doesn’t necessarily mean they’ll end up in Hell. There are places more tragic than Hell.” Her eyes grew dark, and I had the childish impression that they were retreating into her head. At that moment, we were interrupted by a young man with a boyish grin. He smiled politely at me, and then turned to the woman.

“Sorry to bother you Madam, but someone has bought your artwork, and they wish to meet the artist.” He was practically beaming at her, but she remained poised and didn’t return his smile.

“Hmm...You’d better have someone take it down then,” she said nodding towards the painting she had been staring at. It took me a moment to realize what she was saying, but when I did my eyes widened.

“Wait a minute...this painting? You painted this?” I pointed at the painting as if to make my question clearer. She turned to me, a small smile playing on her perfect lips.

“Yes,” she said staring at me with placid eyes.

“Madam, please.” The young man took her arm and led her away from me. I stared after them with my mouth slightly open. How long I stood there I wasn’t sure, but I could feel a few people staring at me so I tried to regain my composure. I looked back at the painting. A man was putting a “sold” sign next to it, and another one was speaking to a delivery man. I found myself looking at the girl-demon entering Hell, when something suddenly struck me. I looked harder at the tiny figure and

docks.

“...me hat...”

The first words he’d spoken in years. The sound seemed foreign to him. He had long spent too much time inside of himself. But the realization was briefly lived.

“...me hat..!”

The old man tried to run despite the protests of his aching bones. His legs carried him to the docks in his stricken state. There was still time. Time could be rewritten. He could relive his best days once he entered those shimmering waters.

Or least that was what the fishermen speculated after they snatched him by his arms.

At first he kicked and screamed and cursed them, but the struggle exhausted him. So when they let him go the old man only responded by dropping to his knees. The sea had taken from him the last remnant of his identity.

Of course, no one understood this. They just stood as he clutched his chest. A single tear slid down his cheek swiftly like the edge of a knife.

“...me hat...”



AT EASE // JOSE ELVIS VARGAS

## AUTUMNAL RHYTHM

Petina Powers

The full breezes of the autumn air redolent  
with the scent of trees preparing to lose their leaves  
winter grass peeking up between the brown stubble  
rain washed dirt and Fall blossoms make me aware  
that this is a season beyond compare.

I catch my breath at the enormous  
orange-tinted moon filling the sky  
goose bumps prickle along my arms as I try  
to capture in words this natural high  
Rhythm surges through my blood  
as I sit here in the evening chill  
welcome—after a hot, humid summer of nature’s sacrifice  
the essence of autumn washes through my senses as if caught in a flood  
the sturdy aster’s petals gleam in the moonlight  
I give in to the rhythm on this blustery night  
and blend into the scenery



WATCHFUL // MORGAN STASKUS

“What specific emotions do they have?” she asked, making me even more exasperated.

“Fear, sympathy, hate, pain, anger, confusion, heartbreak...” I looked at her “Do you see the same?”

“Oh yes, but I also see liberation, joy, pity, shame, and envy.”

“That’s interesting, but...I’m afraid I don’t see your point. Why are their feelings so important?” I asked befuddled.

“The demons have human emotions,” she explained. “Look at the devils, they have no emotions. They have no love, no fear, no shame, and especially no sympathy.”

“So?” I prompted.

“How can you not see?” she said with a hint of annoyance. “This painting is showing how Hell can change a person. At first you start out human. You pay for your deeds by living in the fire—look at the agony and suffering of the humans. The pain is unimaginable. They struggle through it for years until they can’t endure it anymore and then...part of them habituates to the fire. Oh it still hurts them, but they aren’t aware of it. They’ve become numb to it; they no longer feel their flesh burning off or the flames scorching their organs. They just stop feeling the physical pain.”

It was the most she had spoken to me, and I felt overwhelmed with her words. We stood for a moment in silence, but eventually I felt compelled to continue.

“What happens after that?”

“The humans begin a metamorphosis,” she said letting her eyes stare unseeingly at my face. “They take the form of a demon. Demons feel no physical pain. You could stab them in the eye with a three-inch sword, and they wouldn’t even flinch. However, they do feel emotional pain, but not as humans feel it. The demons perceive emotions tenfold stronger than

the average human. They live in a sense of ever-changing emotions. Guilt for all they’ve done or haven’t done, regret for their past transgressions, commiseration for the other humans still feeling the physical pain, love and longing for the people they’ve left behind, loathing for their situations, the world, and themselves. They live like this until they go mad with the constant conflicting emotions...and then what do you think they turn into next?” she asked.

“Devils,” I said quietly.

“Yes,” she breathed. “They turn into devils. And why do you think devils make people suffer?”

I got the distinct feeling that she didn’t expect an answer; I waited awkwardly for her to gather her thoughts.

“It’s because they can’t feel,” she sighed, and I hoped she wasn’t exasperated by my idiotic silence. “They lack emotions. They have lost all physical and emotional feeling. Have you ever met anyone who can’t feel?”

“I can’t say that I have,” I said uncomfortably.

“I have,” her tone unreadable, a mixture of remorse and irritation. “At first you don’t notice it. You assume they show their emotions like everyone else, if not to you then to their confidants, but then you notice nothing touches them. Nothing makes them sad, angry, happy, or scared. You might think it would be nice not to feel anything. But imagine it. You wouldn’t feel love, you wouldn’t feel excitement, you wouldn’t feel surprise. What is life without feelings, the spark that makes life meaningful?” She continued speaking as if she hadn’t asked a question. “Devils relish in suffering because, while they may no longer be able to experience it, it is the one emotion they can understand. They’ve suffered so much that the only way they

looking at it much longer than I had. She didn't look at me at first, but once I asked for her thoughts pertaining to the painting she glanced sideways at me. She let a small, polite smile spread across her flawless complexion, but her eyes stayed distant and sad.

"My thoughts? I am puzzled as to why you have sought my opinion. I am hardly qualified as an art critic."

"I don't want the technical opinion of an art critic," I said, frowning. "I want yours."

"Why?" she replied bluntly.

"Curiosity, I suppose. Out of all the beautiful, peaceful paintings here tonight," I said, gesturing to the full art gallery, "you seem fixated on this one, why?"

"It has meaning," she said, still not looking at me. "Any pretty picture can be pleasing to the eye, but that doesn't mean it holds a special meaning or shows us something extraordinary."

"Every painting has meaning," I said stiffly.

"True," she said calmly, "but different art speaks to different people. People of all walks of life find different truths in what they perceive as good art. This is the only painting in this gallery that I personally have found to be truthful. It may be dark and difficult to understand, but I admire its honesty."

"How can you say that? This isn't truthful. It shows a scene of fiction! How can you say something is true when it doesn't depict reality?" I felt she was talking in code, and it bothered me that I couldn't quite decipher her message.

"How do you know it doesn't depict reality?" she asked sharply. For the first time in our conversation she looked me fully in the face, and I found it uncomfortable. Her eyes were narrowed, and her mouth was set in a firm line that

gave me the painful impression that I had said something incredibly stupid.

"Well—I mean—isn't it trying to show Hell? How does any living person know what Hell is like?" I asked desperately, trying to redeem myself in her eyes.

"I don't suppose anyone knows," she said, relaxing her face, restoring my dignity in the process. "But the artist can show it to us from their own point of view. Everyone has their own Hell. Someone else's depiction could be something totally different, but I feel we can learn something from each one."

"So is that what you think this artist is trying to do, show us their own personal Hell?"

"No. It has a much deeper meaning than that. This artwork has a broader view. A more worldly view, if you will. It encompasses everyone's Hell."

I waited, hoping she would continue speaking, and after a moment I was rewarded for my patience.

"Hell is just the background, like the setting of a story," she continued. "It means to show you more than just Satan's abode; you have to look past the flames."

"At what?" I asked, searching the painting for a hidden meaning. A desire to understand what this woman saw in the fiery pit of anguish burned through me, causing me to glance frequently at her face, hoping for a glimpse of emotion. She remained expressionless, giving nothing away, and showed no interest in making eye contact.

"Look at the demons," she continued. "What do you see?"

"I see them dancing."

"Yes, but look harder. What are they feeling?"

"They appear to feel different things, and some seem to feel everything at once," I said frustrated.

Worn grey fences  
surround a two-story house  
with a sturdy foundation.  
Gently used.

Dents here and scratches there.  
Teeth marks from the puppy,  
who has yet to grow up.  
"A beastly Peter Pan."  
Nothing wrong with that.

Gently used is the house  
with the family that knows  
a four-letter word can't describe  
the eternal bond they share.

Gently used.  
Every corner is lived in  
and with that comes  
spills, crayon, paint.

Gently used are the books  
that really speak to your soul.  
When you bend back pages  
and read over and over,  
as your eyes widen in awe  
of a story that was printed on  
what once was a blank page.

Gently used is my home.  
Once empty, white but new.  
Then we filled it  
with memories and laughter  
I can still hear echoing  
through the halls.

White became brown, blue, green.  
Empty became full.  
New became used.  
Why must everything be new?

Even though life starts out new,  
it too eventually becomes Gently Used.

Andrea Johnson

Some hornet,  
 thinking this a wild place  
 has made its home beside our wreath,  
 mistaking our curiosity for friendship,  
 perhaps,  
 or accepting our comings and goings  
 as a minor nuisance  
 to be tolerated.

Our failure of hospitality,  
 the fact that we will watch her  
 until her young are nearly hatched,  
 letting her build and lay  
 until our fear outweighs  
 our wonder,  
 proves what?

The progress of paper cones  
 built and filled, conscientiously  
 begins to nag  
 our every arrival,  
 threatening,  
 reminding us  
 of the purchase of poison  
 unused, sitting guiltily by.  
 I am no better than she  
 and may be worse  
 but my children  
 rush past the door  
 and I tell myself  
 she would  
 attack us too,  
 if pressed.

Nadiyah Suleiman

She stared at the painting, contemplating its dancing images in silence. To me, she seemed sad, almost depressed. She was a statuesque woman with long black hair and big brown eyes that darkened under thick eyelashes. Eyes that seemed to convey every emotion at once, yet none at all. It was as if she looked past the painting, intent on something only she could see. She stood tall and proud, but an aura of suffering surrounded her. I followed her gaze, puzzled by her grim fascination. The painting depicted intermingled devils and demons parading wildly as they circled a raging conflagration burning with white-hot intensity. They brandished copper-gold sticks crowned with large fiery orbs that crackled with a fierce energy. Humans were scattered across the canvas; a few were drawn to the fire mesmerized by its enticing flames, while others ran in terror, fleeing to the outskirts of the painting. However, most of them had sunk to their knees, faces contorted in agony praying for mercy. In the distance, devils were ushering a long line of humans into the painting through a wide, rusty gate. Devils and demons could be distinguished by their different horns. The devils had long, menacingly sharp horns covered in dried blood, while the demons' horns lacked height and were kept clean. They both shared the same vicious smile.

What was so spectacular about this painting? What was it that had captured her attention? There were other exhibits in the gallery that were more vibrant, more horrific, more enticing. But I couldn't

avert my eyes. The images seemed to leap out at me causing everything around me to become muffled and distant; the only definitive thing that seemed to exist was the painting. The feeling wasn't peaceful; the hair on the nape of my neck stood up as if someone was watching me. As I spun around, the noisy crowd pulled me back into reality. I turned back to the painting, and upon further contemplation I decided. The source of my discomfort stemmed from the array and depth of emotions expressed on the demons' faces. At first I presumed their emotions reflected that of the devils' faces, stone-faced and unforgiving. However, the demons' eyes were brimming with emotions that threatened to overpower the painting. Some had pained expressions on their faces, as if remembering an unpleasant memory while others had mischievous grins and were dancing faster than any of the demons and devils alike. But all demons guarding the humans shared a sympathetic, almost fearful look that confused me. The longer I studied the painting, the more incongruous they became. The painting seemed to focus on the demons, and yet I couldn't place their significance. The humans had obviously come to answer for their evil deeds, and the devils were their guards or possibly their tormentors. But what was the demons' role?

I gathered my courage to approach the one other person who appeared as captivated by this scene as I. I hoped the dark-haired beauty would be open to conversation and be kind enough to provide insight on her own interpretation of the artwork. After all, she had been