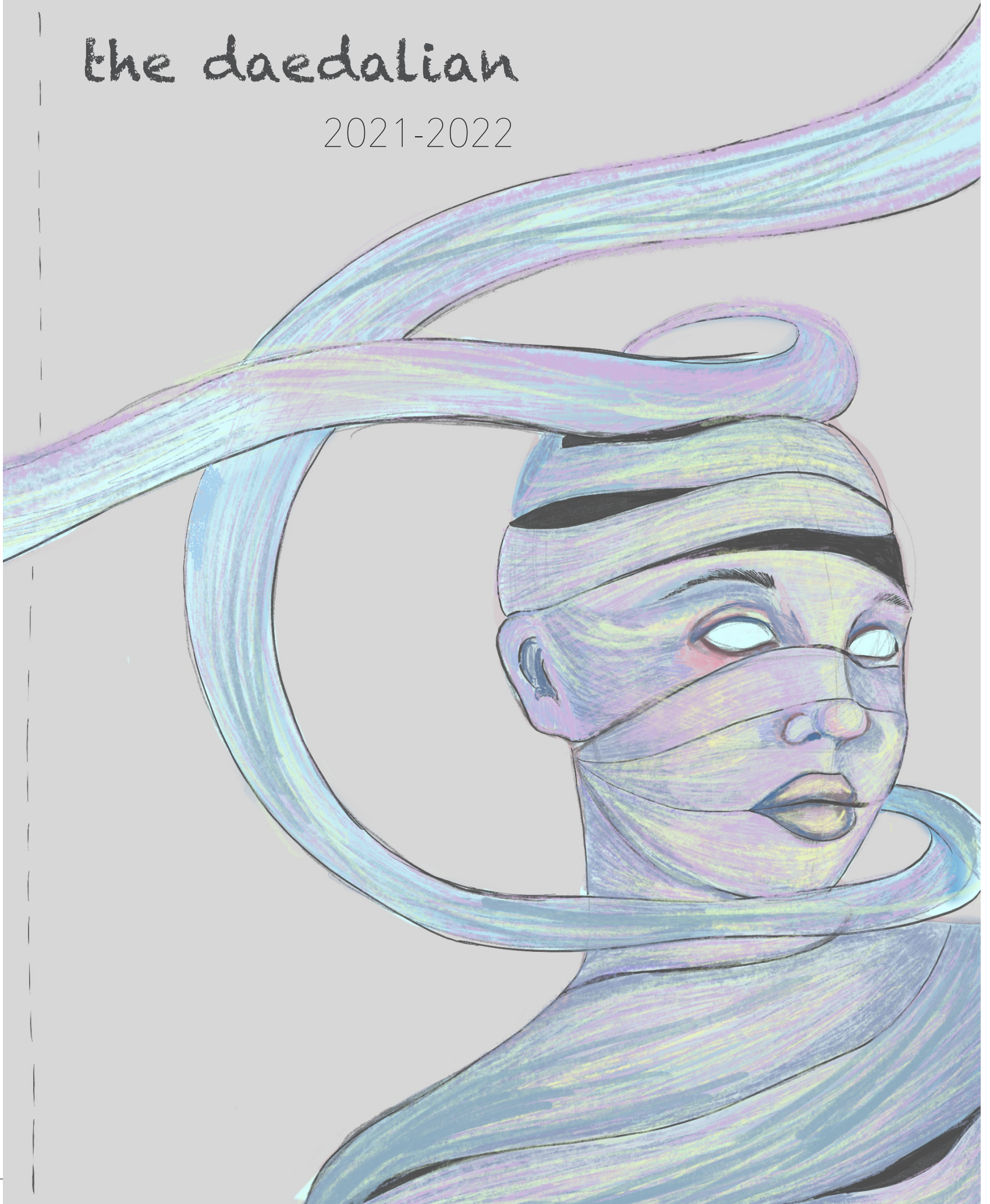


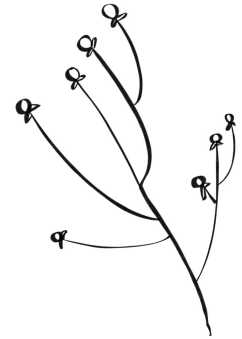
the daedalian

2021-2022



editorial note

Most years, the production of The Daedalian literary and visual arts journal follows a linear process in which student staff select winning submissions, lay out and print the journal, and distribute to winners during the spring semester. But 2020 was anything but a normal year and, in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic, staff had to put the production of The Daedalian on hold and transition the 2019-2020 edition to a special section on our website — so the original plans for The Daedalian remained unfinished. Because The Daedalian's theme for 2020 was always supposed to be centered around *Non finito* — an Italian sculpting technique paying homage to the idea that, because of the ever-evolving process of creativity, no work is truly complete — we decided to carry those designs over to the 2021 edition. In the spirit of *Non finito* and a period that has been both incredibly difficult for many and, strangely, creatively rich, we give you The Daedalian as it is in the hopes that it will inspire you to embrace the artistic process in your own creative endeavors and, like Plato, continue to strive for an enduring artistic excellence.



DAEDALIAN STAFF

ILLUSTRATIONS	Angelica Monsour
EDITORIAL	Katelyn Garst, Amber Gaudet & Gakenia Njenga
LAYOUT	Anissa Clark, Katelyn Garst & Amber Gaudet
ADVISER	Joseph Alderman



As adviser for the Daedalian staff, I feel a great deal of pride seeing this document come together after all of the trials and tribulations of the previous year. In the face of global pandemic, social unrest and ever-growing uncertainty, there is a degree of comfort that can be found in the fact that artistic creation will never cease as long as there are humans on this planet. The name “Daedalian” honors the spirit of creation and ingenuity displayed by the Greek figure Daedalus, but perhaps we should ignore his most famous lesson. Where Daedalus warned his son to avoid flying too high, we all should aim to reach heights previously unattainable, for we have found that our wings are made of sturdier stuff than wax. The product you hold in your hands is the combined effort of our editorial, design and layout staff, as well as that of the writers and artists who submitted their work for selection, and I would like to thank all of these individuals for their part in its creation.

adviser's note

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She said...

Petina JD Powers



She said for,
All of the women. All of the time. All of our lives.

She said,
When I speak with my informed voice and lack of guile
I am called
Aggressive
Bitch
Whore - And, far worse

Remembering her own travails on her journey through life as a female
She said,
As a child I was patted on the head, told I was “cute,” and ordered to go play with my dolls
She said,
As a teenager and a young woman I was openly objectified, my work minimized, and far worse
She said,
As a woman of a certain age I, my intelligence, and my hard-earned wisdom are dismissed

THEY said, YOU had your opportunity.

She said,
WE have value. WE have worth. WE have a right to our voice.
WE have a right to opportunities at all levels, at all phases, at all time points in our life.

SHE said,
All of the women,
All of the time,
for
All of our lives.

If Moon were Fruit

Barbara McAlister

If Moon were fruit,

He'd be a peach
Of rare albino white,

His complexion lush,
His juices sweet
And dribbly when you bite.

His skin would be
A fuzzy smooth.
Can you imagine

A fuzzy moon?



Spring in the 1970s

Abigail Clark

Egret Among the Bald Cypress Trees in the Manchac Swamp

Ariel Kraus





A bad case of depression

Alexis Marie-Garay



Roses & Time

Addison Stone



Mountain Oasis

Ariel Kraus



In My Skin

Alexis Marie-Garay



What About Before?

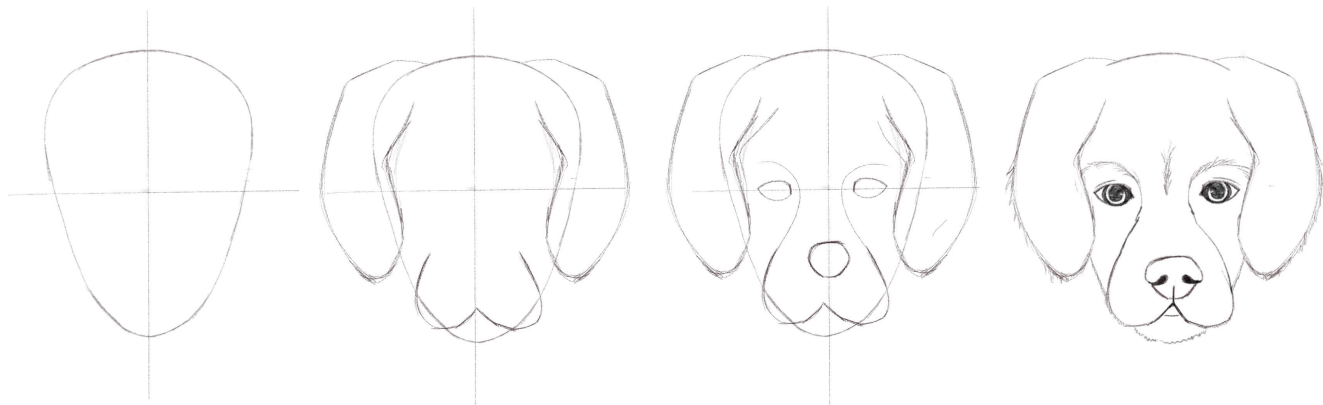
Shannon Simmons

If this is love, what was I before?
Or where or how or when or why?
Do you hear me as I hear you?
Or think about or feel or need?
I can't help but look back,
and when I do, there are holes,
black, black, black everywhere.

If this is love, what were you before?
Or where or how or when or why?
Do I heal you as you heal me?
Or warm or please or soothe?
I can't help but look out,
and when I do, I see you,
shine, shining, always with love.

The Gin Game

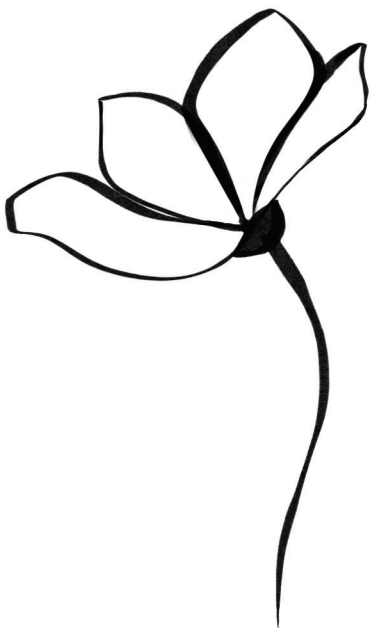
Jason Cravens





yes please

Jamie Murrison



Expecting

Mary Cooper

my Jan forthcoming

forever changing existence

wait hurry wonder

the in-between

Savannah Dali

I am the room in which all lost things find themselves
The toys we kept as children, the corsage you placed on my wrist at prom,
the record that played
your mother's favorite song
These shed skins of you I keep
in the half-faded alternate dimension that is the in-between

(It is there I exist)

I am the heart your sadness finds its way to
like a layover between flights to wide open spaces
(you left your heart break at the baggage claim)
Circled spots on a paper map you folded up
just to leave in your glove compartment
You give up, you move on
and the lock gets stuck.

I am the mind that collects your lost places
lost thoughts of your last two cents
your spare change waits for you
(to come home)
to come back through the air vents that
I've breathed your pain through
like that stolen cigarette we smoked together
the one you dropped and forgot about the stain it left on your carpet
I am the chipped paint on the walls of the hallways wherein we huddled
laughing together
amid the afternoons you don't remember
fading quickly and forgotten quicker

(Help! Don't you miss me? Do you really draw a blank when you try and think of me?)

This house is not a home but a graveyard
of mementos you buried, of loves you set free
Because it was not real
and now it never will be

(You give up, you move on, but not me)

I am the room in which you will find the key
Among all of your lost things
you placed before you walked out,

you locked the door on what exists in between
and now I am just another one
of your lost things



Backyard Delight

Mary Cooper

Shadow running free

Brother lazing languidly

backyard spring delight



Roots

Jamie Murrison



August, the Fugitive Season


Jason Cravens

August, the
Fugitive season—

I.
Interrupt or leave these conversations
Un**resolved**,

Salivate—
Let music glisten on your mosaic tongue.

II.
Imaginary, *indigent*—
Accidental beat poets, road scholars;
Packing for a journey but never *leaving*.



Bittersweet, a
Posthumous life—
A Canvas of tall grass rolling with the wind:
Unspoiled children, like
Ripe **fruit**
Neglected until rotten.

Theophobia

Garrett Gantt

Twenty-eight-year-old Oliver Cole had a strange friend.

He hadn't always been that way. They'd known each other a long time now — longer, really, than Cole had known anyone outside his family. Childhood friends. It was the first day of kindergarten when they met, and instantly they were thick as thieves — inseparable. They weren't particularly similar, as they grew older — Cole was more of the brash, sporty type, the more stereotypical boyish boy, whereas his friend Carter was different. He was more the sensitive, artistic type, much preferring to sit on the sidelines with a sketchbook or a novel while his friend finished soccer practice. But they complemented each other well, as Cole's mother liked to say, and it worked for them.

That is, until the accident.

Cole wasn't actually there for the accident. It took him a long time to ever get the full truth of what happened, as opposed to the scattered bits and pieces he was fed over the years. It was a boating accident of some kind — he was never quite sure on exactly what kind. He'd been texting him right before it happened. He knew his friend was getting on that boat, some kind of kitschy tourist attraction his sister had wanted to go on.

The next thing he saw about it was the news of the accident. Most of the passengers on board the nearly full boat died in the turmoil.

Carter did, too. By the time they fished him out of the water he had no pulse. He wasn't breathing. The paramedics that revived him estimated that he'd been clinically dead for anywhere from six to 12 minutes before they brought him back, according to Carter.

He was never the same, after that. Cole could only watch as his formerly kindhearted, happy friend withdrew into himself. He stopped all of his art. He pushed people away. It was as though, he thought, the cold ocean water had washed away something in his friend, something indefinable but irreplaceable.

He lost most of his friends, after that, repelled by his new clinical attitude. But Cole stood with him. His friend was going through something he couldn't even imagine. The least he could do is be understanding.

And then, around the time they were both around 25 years old, Carter dropped off the face of the earth. Cole wasn't particularly surprised — his friend was well into the throes of med school by that point, and even without that had been acting more and more distant even from him. He was, he realized guiltily, just a bit relieved — he had wanted to support his friend, and he loved him, of course, but it was exhausting, sometimes.

Three years passed with no word from him.

And then, he got a letter.

He was holding the letter in his hand when he showed up at the address it had listed for him, tucked inside his pocket. It had been a strange drive that brought him here, winding roads curling out of the city of his birth and up, up into the mountains beyond, so far off of the beaten path that the last few turns he took were down careworn, unmarked dirt roads. He kept the letter close by, glancing at it every so often to make sure he wasn't taking the wrong route.

And then, finally, it seemed as though the long drive was coming to an end. The woods opened up around a small clearing, crowded in and shadowed on all sides by countless trees. There, in front of him in that clearing, was the house.

It looked more like a warehouse than a house that someone would live in, large and box-like, with high windows and concrete walls. It wasn't a place he would like to live, but he could see how it would suit his friend as he'd known him. It probably cost a fortune — but even aside from the salary he could be making now with his job as a doctor, the settlement he'd gotten in the wake of the accident was so immense Cole wouldn't be surprised if he hadn't had to even touch a cent of the money he might have made since then.

Hesitantly, he climbs out of his car, and walks to what he assumes is the front door — and knocks.

It takes a moment, standing there in the cool mountain air. Then, there's a shuffling sound, and a series of metallic clicks like numerous locks being undone and the door opens.

"Cole," his friend smiles at him. Cole stares back.

His friend looks... different, from when he last saw him. Gaunter, paler, his skin drawn tight on his bones. The bags under his eyes were dark enough to cast shadows. His hair and clothes were in disarray, and Cole suspected that his friend hadn't seen a bed in far too long.

Doing his best to hide his misgivings, Cole smiles back. "It's good to see you, man. Your letter was a surprise- you know, texting me would have been faster."

He's quickly taken by the arm and pulled inside. The door is quickly closed and locked behind the pair. To his surprise (and slight discomfort) Cole counts a total of five locks on the door, each one clicked into place in quick succession.

"Yes, well," his friend murmurs. "I've never liked communicating that way. It's too...accessible. You never know who else might be reading."

He turns back, and quickly heads off deeper into the house. It doesn't look very much like a home on the inside either, Cole notes. It's far too — sterile. The halls they walk through are mostly empty, smooth concrete walls almost claustrophobic.

"I'd love to catch up, but I think it's best that we get to what I brought you here for first — there will be more than enough time later." Carter walks so brusquely it's hard to keep up, taking turn after turn down the nest of hallways. "Sorry that I couldn't be more clear in the letter. I thought it would be best to explain things to you in person."

"I thought catching up was why you invited me."

"Not nearly." There's a gleam in his eyes that Cole isn't quite sure he likes. "I called you here because I wanted you to be the first to see what I've been working on."

Together, they come to a set of double doors at the end of the hallway. Turning back to face him, Carter throws the doors open with a dramatic flourish.

"Twelve years in the making," he boasts. The room they walk into now is big, far more expansive than any of the others they passed, like a factory floor. And it's absolutely full of strange things- some Cole can easily identify, like tables with beakers and bunsen burners and goggles, and some that are completely strange to him, machines with dials and buttons so numerous it would take him weeks to even begin to learn how to operate them. In one corner a pile of boxes is piled, all covered with some kind of canvas cloth. It looked like a much more sophisticated (and expensive) version of some of the labs Cole passed by at his old college. "Twelve years of non-stop studying and research, but it's all coming to fruition now. It wasn't easy, believe me. So many things to learn, and all the red tape was almost enough to hold me back- but I didn't stop."

"What exactly were you working on?"

"This."

He leads his friend to one of the many tables, crouching down and fumbling for something in a drawer. He withdraws some kind of portable ice box, dramatically setting it on the table and opening it. He pulls the lid off, releasing a cloud of fog, and reaches in.

In his hand, now, he holds a closed beaker, which he sets on the table between them. The beaker is full nearly to the top with some kind of clear, viscous liquid, bubbles forming at its base.

"What is it?"

"It's the first step towards defeating death, Cole."

Cole looks up at his friend, brows drawn, face a mask of skepticism. There's a boastful smile on his friend's face, and Cole finds himself looking away again, baffled.

"...You're going to have to explain it a little more."

"Gladly." Carter picks up the stoppered beaker, swirling it like a wine glass. The liquid moves sluggishly inside.

"It's a serum. It's designed to stop the breakdown of telomeres on human cells. A once weekly intramuscular injection should be enough to do it. Or, to put it in simpler terms — it stops your cells from breaking down in the natural aging process." He sets it back down. "I've tested it thoroughly, don't worry. Of course, it's only a temporary solution to our very permanent problem- addressing one aspect of the disease."

"So it's...what, an immortality serum?"

"If you'd like. But as I said, it can only do so much — it will stop aging, but our bodies are still vulnerable to illness and injury. It gives us more time, but not infinitely so — not yet."

Cole stares at the beaker, full of sudden misgivings. "But...why? I mean, I know why, but why go so far? And why alone? You could have gotten someone's backing for something like this, couldn't you?"

Carter slams his hand on the table, rattling the glass. "Because Cole, I'm the only one who understands the stakes of this game, and thus the only one who would be willing to do what needs to be done to find a solution."

"Alright," Cole placates. "What are the stakes, then?"

Carter sighs, runs a hand through his hair, and leans against the table to support his weight. "You already know that I died when I was sixteen."

Cole nods, unsure of where he's going.

"I never... told you. Told anyone what it was like. What I saw." He pauses, mouth opening and closing as though grasping for words. "Before I died, Cole, I believed that this life was all we had. That death was as simple as the lights being flicked off — everything goes dark forever, and that's the end. And I suppose that frightened me in its own way, when I thought about it, but...when I died, I realized that wasn't true."

"But isn't that a good thing?"

"Not what I saw," he shakes his head. "Not what I saw. When I was dead, Cole, I saw heaven. I was welcomed into that place, that perfect place. A day, a week, a thousand years — they say I was only gone six to 12 minutes, but time had no meaning there. And it was perfect, Cole, unimaginably beautiful, everything in its place as though it was meant to be — I don't even have the words to describe to you all the things that I saw."

Cole is only more confused, now. "Then why fight so hard to avoid it?"

"Because, Cole, that's just the thing. Everything there was perfect. Everything was complete. Everything was already in its place. Humans were made to create. We are born in an unfinished state, constantly fluctuating and changing and becoming. But instant, automatic perfection — it destroys that. There was nothing left to be done, because everything had already been done perfectly. Nothing left to make, because everything had already been perfectly made. There were no changes to be made in yourself, because you were already the most perfect version of yourself possible, so far removed from the person you were in life that I wondered when I came back if it was even me at all. You could not deviate from that perfection — it was natural law. A sprawling, infinite Stepford place, stretching on for eternity. There was no place for humans in that place, not truly." He takes a breath. "I'm not afraid of death. I'm afraid of the divine."

Cole sits there for a moment blankly, unsure of how to respond. Finally, he shakes his head. "But, how do you even know that what you saw was real? Couldn't it have just been... a hallucination? Some kind of dream?"

Carter scowls. "I don't know how to describe it. I just know." He shakes his head. "It doesn't matter. The serum is done, now. And that's why I called you here. Because I want us both to be the first to use it."

Cole bites his lip, staring at the strange serum in the beaker. Every rational part of him screams that this is insane, but...

This is his friend. If it will make him feel better, then so be it. Besides, it's not like it's anything irreversible, according to what he said — what's the harm?



“Alright. Let’s do it, then.”

Carter smiles at him, and Cole does his best to smile convincingly back.

“Excellent. I’ll go get the syringes — wait here for me. I’ll be back in a moment.”

He leaves out a separate door from the one they came in from, and Cole waits.

And waits.

It takes longer than he expected (not that he minds the delay — in fact, part of him would rather turn around and walk back to his car right now, before Carter has the chance to return). He starts to wander, idly, around the room, leaving the serum unsupervised. Gently so as not to risk breaking anything, he runs a hand over delicate machinery.

And then he comes to the boxes.

He’d noticed them before, piled in the corner and covered in those canvas sheets, but he hadn’t paid them much attention. Now, though, boredom brought about by waiting brings them to his attention. He wonders what might be in them — more of that serum, maybe?

Cautiously, he lifts the corner of the sheet, peering under — and gasps.

It was not the end of the world.

It was, however, the end of him. At least, that’s how it seemed in the moment. And for 16-year-old Carter Holmes, he wasn’t sure which was worse.

Above him, an unknown stretch of water between him and the precious gasps of air his lungs were already starting to scream for. Below him, an endless expanse of deep, dark waters, full of creatures and vistas so foreign to him that even were his mind not lost in panic, he wouldn’t be able to truly conceptualize them.

Or maybe it was the other way around? Which was above, and which was below? He was all turned around, twisted in this place without gravity. And his time was quickly running out.

Fear overwhelms him as it feels his lungs are about to burst, and in one terrifying, desperate moment, he opens his mouth, and screams.

The water floods in.

He’s back where his friend left him by the time he returns, making quick work of assembling the syringes and drawing up the doses.

“Carter,” Cole asks. “How did you say that you tested this?”

“I didn’t. But I don’t mind telling you — there was nothing particularly exceptional in my methods. I started with the theoretical, moved on to animal trials, and finished with a few runs of human trials. As I said, nothing notable.”

“And where did you find the people?”

He knows. And with that question, he knows now that Carter knows that he knows.

“Didn’t I tell you, Cole? Other people wouldn’t have been willing to do what we know needed to be done.”

He could smash it. Right now — he could reach out, faster than the other man could react, smash that vial and run, call someone, put an end to this sinful fantasy once and for all. It might destroy his friend, but...

It was probably the right thing to do.

Or...

He could do what he’d done for so many years before. He could be there for his friend. He could roll up his sleeve and wince through the shot and put away from his mind what he’d seen hidden away in the corner of the room, rotting and vile. And maybe he could help him. Maybe he could convince him to do things better.

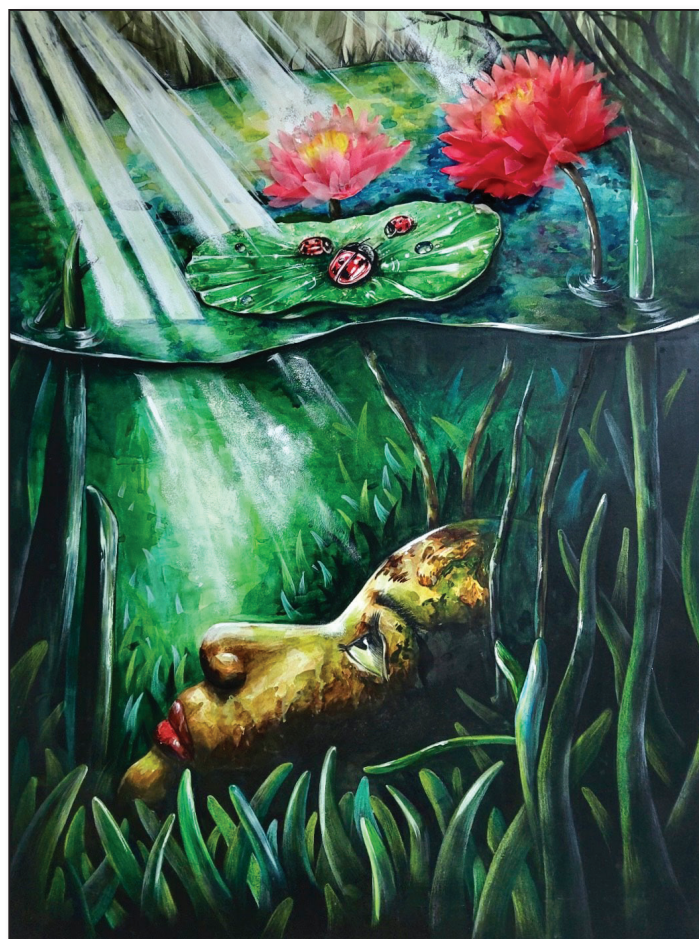
Or maybe not.

His friend watches him, syringe in hand.

“Are you ready, Cole?”

Worth of Life

Yee Rim Choi



“Worth of Life” is still the most personal to me because it portrays my feelings on the subject of life and death. Although such heavy subjects are not commonly thought of when you are in high school, my family and I had to endure the terrible experience of my father passing from the unfortunate experience when I was only 10 years old. It made me more mature, and I learned not to take anything for granted. Since then I used making artworks as my therapy, and I must say it has helped me a great deal emotionally to this day.

The Lighthouse

Megan Torrez

The night was unusually dim. River was used to stars hiding behind dark clouds. He watched out the window, trying to find the horizon, only seeing a faint wave on the black ocean. With the quiet wave, there was a familiar stillness in the water. He liked to watch the nothingness outside, broken up only when he received a new patron. He was used to the quiet. He quite liked it at times although he left him a bit bored. He didn't have the knack for it that she did, but it helped pass the time. Hardwood floors that hardly showed use. The white walls bare except for the small picture of a boat to give it color. Even that failed to liven up the room. River sat behind the old desk. Knitting needles worked at a hat. His last customer taught him how during her stay.

The sea breeze knocked on the door a few times. River ignored it until a soft voice called out from behind.

"Is anyone there?"

He jumped up to answer it, opening it as the stranger was about to knock again. Fragile could not begin to describe her. She was 5-foot-nothing, dwarfed by his tall frame. Wispy as though her own clothes could pull her down. The most notable thing about her was her bright green scarf.

"I saw your sign outside," she said in a hoarse voice. "You wouldn't happen to have a room available would you?"

"I've got a room." River said, keeping an eye on her neck. He could see that her neck was bruised. She fluffed her scarf. "No charge," he said. "I could use the company. Not many people out this way."

"You don't have to do that." She eyed him with unease. He saw her reach back for the door handle.

He waved her off. "Pay in the morning if you want. Just sign your name in the book, fill out some forms, and I'll show it to your room."

She looked around. "This place is kind of small."

"Not a lot of guests this way. I rent out the spare room to those who need it."

"Not a lot of traffic for the lighthouse," she shrugged. He handed her a stack of forms from under the desk. "You'd think you would be able to see it from here."

"It's not on right now. Trust me, you can't miss it when it's on." He peeked at her name as she filled them out: Penny Hays.

"That doesn't seem safe for any stray boats," she said. Penny looked over and saw his hat in progress. "You knit?"

He blushed. "Just a little, but I'm rubbish though. You?"

"I wish. I tried to make a scarf once but failed epically." She pointed to her scarf and beamed. "Haden buys me enough to keep me warm."

"Haden is?"

"My fiancé," she said, holding out her hand to show off a modest ring. "October 13th. We met at a Halloween party and decided to get married on our anniversary. Almost 3 years!"

"Congratulations," he said, checking her forms. He beckoned her to follow him down the short hall to the spare room. River unlocked it. Inside, shades of blue engulfed the room. Dark carpet squished under

their feet. Pictures of the ocean filled the white walls. A large bed against one wall, a pale quilt covered it. River had made the quilt himself, another bored craft in an attempt to cheer the place up. A small table sat in a corner with two chairs around it; on it, was a bottle of Scotch and two glasses.

River sat down. "So did Haden leave the bruise?"

Penny reached for her neck. "Thought I hid them well enough. We just got into an argument. I fled before it got too bad. Just needed to get away for the night."

River poured himself a drink, motioning for her to sit down. "For the night?"

Penny collapsed in the chair. "He didn't mean to. Money has been hard lately and he lashed out. He's not a violent guy. Too much pressure lately. He just blew up."

River sipped his drink. He was used to the burn of it. Penny, by the look on her face when she took her own sip, was not. "What happened?" he asked. "If you don't mind me asking."

She unwrapped the scarf and laid it on the table. The bruises were worse than he thought. They took up her entire neck. The imprint of hands still lingered as though she was still being choked. He noticed her brown eyes were red in places where the blood vessels had popped. Her messy hair made more sense to him.

She swished the glass in her hand. "I quit my job to go back to school. We both agreed that it would be worth it. I wanted to be a doctor so bad, and he supported me. But the bills started to pile up, and the wedding was costing more than we were expecting."

River tilted his head. "He hurt you over the bills?"

Penny pointed to her neck. "This was from dress shopping. My mother wanted me to wear her wedding dress. I just wanted to try them on. I wasn't planning on buying it — it was so pretty. I tapped into our savings and bought it." She rubbed her neck. "I still love that dress; no matter what Haden thinks."

"I'm sure you looked beautiful in it," River added.

"Haden will never know. I was going to surprise him but he saw the transaction before I got home. Went ballistic on me. We'd fought before but not like this."

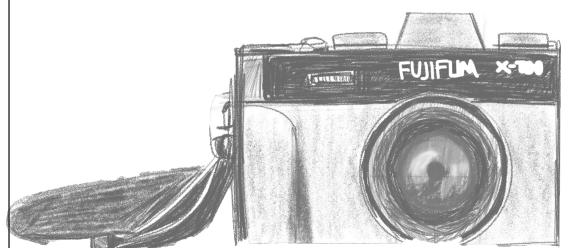
River looked out the window to the black ocean. He could make out some of the ripples from the room. Penny sipped her drink. "My mother never liked Haden. Always said he would drag me into his hell." She picked up the scarf from the table. "Birthday present. He knew how much I loved the color green. I grabbed it on my way out, I didn't want to draw attention to myself with the — you know." She pointed to her neck. "I didn't want him to get into trouble."

"Maybe he should have," River pointed out. "You shouldn't have let him treat you like that. Fault is still on him though."

She stared at the scarf for a while. "It's funny, I don't remember grabbing it on my way out. I just remember running from him. He'd shoved me against the wall.

I slapped him and ran. He pulled me back by my hair. I just struggled against him, and he pulled me to him."

She trailed off as he put down his drink. Penny looked around the room. She stared at the window for a while before getting up. He watched her go to it, putting her hands on the window sill, looking out. "I don't remember getting here."



He waited. River watched her hands curl into fist, clenching and unclenching. She shook her head. "River, I don't remember getting here."

"I'm so sorry," he said. He had said that so many times, the words had lost meaning. He stood up to leave. She didn't look at him. Instead, she turned her eyes away from the window towards the bed. She sat on the edge of the bed, burying her face in her hands.

He stood to leave. Penny's voice broke the silence. "I don't want to be alone. Stay with me?"

She didn't cry, or at least River didn't think she did. He found it interesting how people reacted. Some wailed, some screamed, some even did both. A few times, they took their anger out on him. He sat on the bed next to her, making no move to touch her. Penny lifted her head, staring out in front of her. "I wanted the perfect life."

"No one gets the perfect life," He added. "Not once in my time doing this has anyone said they had it."

She scoffed. "I could have done more. Maybe not have been so naive. I guess when you see the world with rose-tinted eyes, you don't notice the red flags."

He didn't say anything. Penny added, "I just wish I knew why. I thought he loved me."

River didn't respond. In the distance, a light came on. They looked out the window to the lighthouse. The beams twirling around the harbor, filling the room with light with each pass. River watched her. She kept her eye on the light, transfixed. He watched how with every pass, she disappeared when the room lit up. She turned to him. "Can you hold me? I've always been a huggy person. I just want to hold on to that feeling. One last hug?"

River opened his arms. She wrapped her arms around him, surprisingly strong for her size. River always found this part difficult. He never knew what to do with his hands. Their customs changed so rapidly to him that he didn't know what they wanted when they asked for intimacy.

The light passed the room. River looked down to see the weight in his arms vanish. Her glass was still on the table, the quilt bunched up where she sat. Her green scarf, however, had vanished. She was there and gone like the others. He cleaned the glass, putting a fresh one out for whoever was next. He straightened the bed and stepped back. The room showed no sign anyone was there. He let out the breath he was holding. Another soul at rest.

Down the hall, he walked to his desk and waited. The starless night was back to darkness. He rubbed his eye trying to adjust from the bright light. The stillness from before was back. He picked up his knitting and began to unravel it. The hat looked stupid anyway. Perhaps he would try a different craft. Perhaps a scarf.

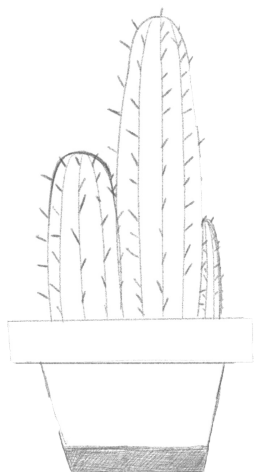
The door opened. A frantic man entered. "Help me, please!"


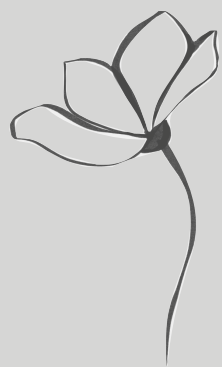
River looked him over. The only thing that stood out was the blood next to his temple that man knew nothing about. River thought of the would-be doctor who'd just been there. A thought crept up on him and he thought of turning the man away. He could drown in the ocean for all he cared. River was haunted by what people were capable of doing.





faciebat





Non finito – An Italian sculpting technique of leaving a work unfinished. The philosophic origins of *non finito* can be traced back to Plato, who believed that artistic works could never completely resemble their heavenly counterparts. Ancient Roman artists would sign works “Faciebat” to signify they were incomplete, even if the works has been refined to the highest degree, as when Michelangelo famously signed his *Roman Pieta*.

