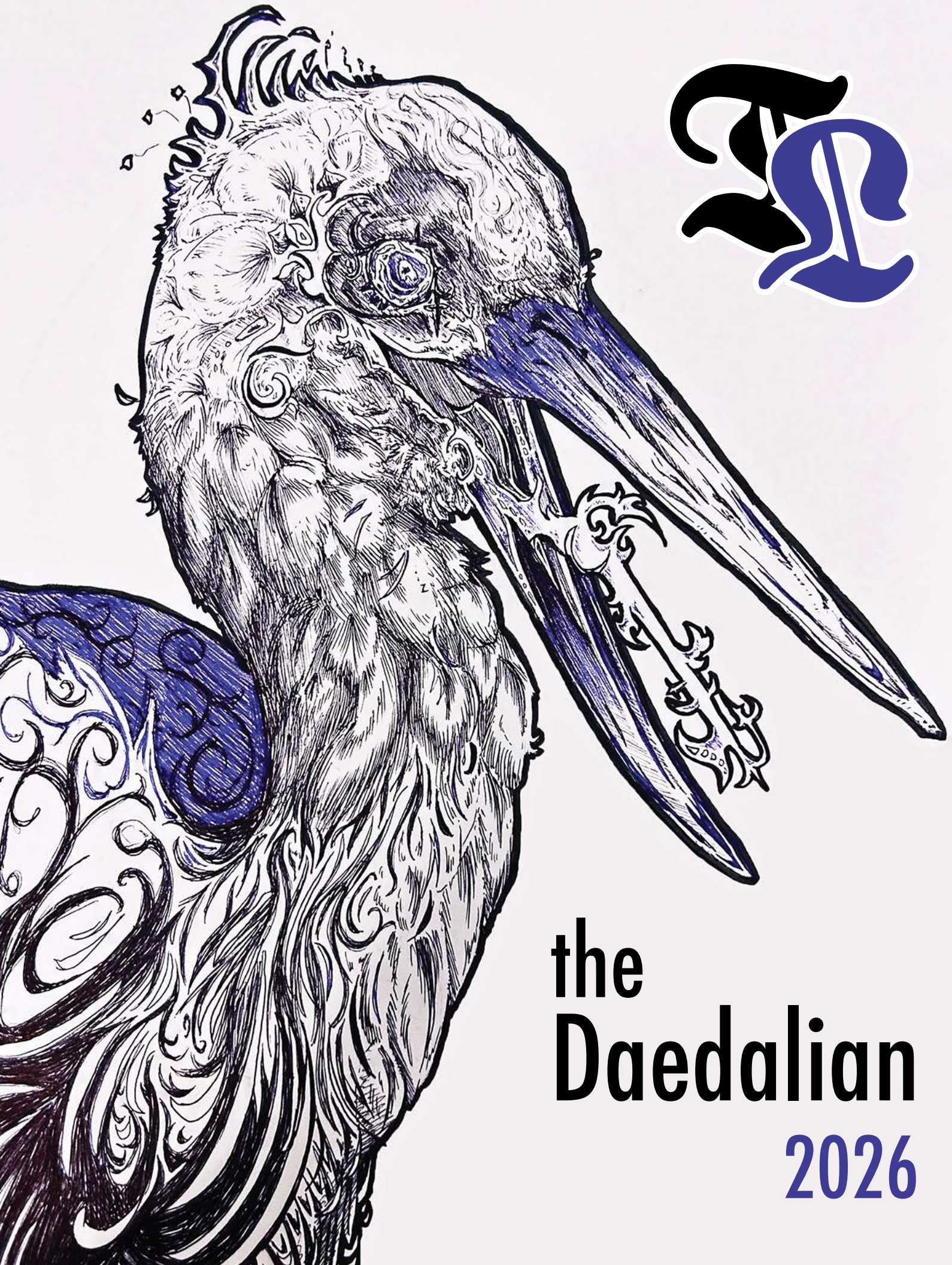


the Daedalian

2026

The Lasso
TWU News since 1914

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Advisor & Editor's Note

Thank you to everyone who submitted their writing and artwork to this year's Daedalian! This is The Lasso team's favorite time of year, as we love seeing the talent and creativity of our fellow Pioneers. We hope you had an amazing summer!

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Laundry
by Shannon Quist

I kneel in front of the dryer door and lay my head on the warm laundry inside, pretend that the warmth isn't the residue of electric machinery, but the warmth of a hug.

I put on an old show I know will bring me to tears just so I can get it out.

I call a friend, but the silence is even louder when we hang up.

I know when I'm crashing out, but I don't know what to do about it or how to stop it.

So, I carry all the warm laundry to my bed and tuck it in on one side and then crawl in beside the lump of it, pretend that the warmth isn't the residue of electric machinery, but the warmth of a body against me.

It'll have to do.



Nerine Flower
Ariana Motton

Mother Earth
by Abigail Harvey

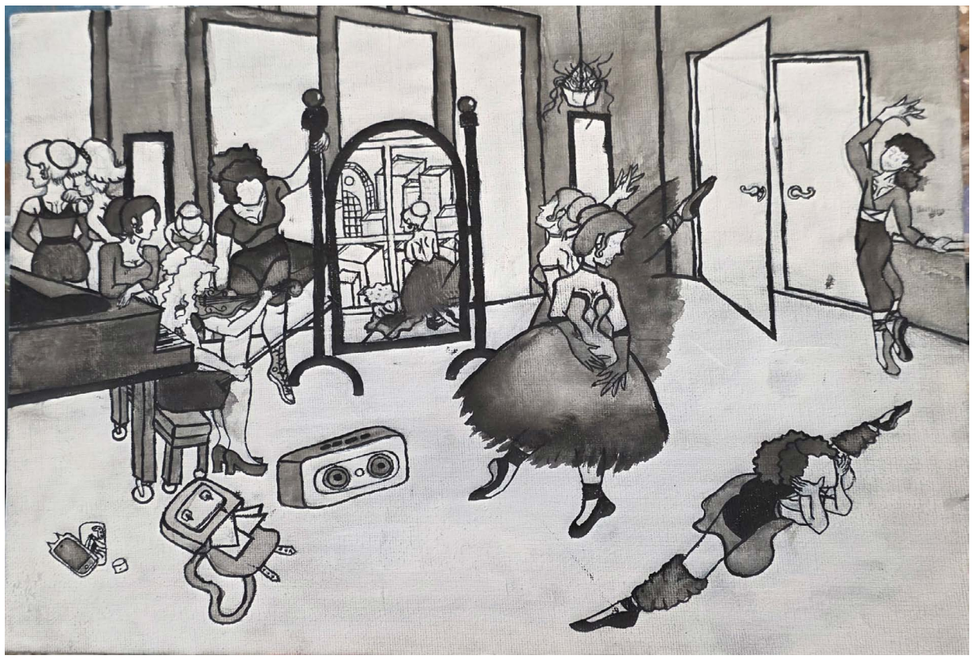
Would the world be happier if we referred to her as a father instead of a mother?
Would he get more attention?
Would he get more respect?
Or would we still say he is weak for falling apart?
I try to understand the reasoning behind us ignoring Mother Earth's pleas
for restoration
and for love.
Then I realize, It's the same with every mother,
so why would we change for
Mother Earth?



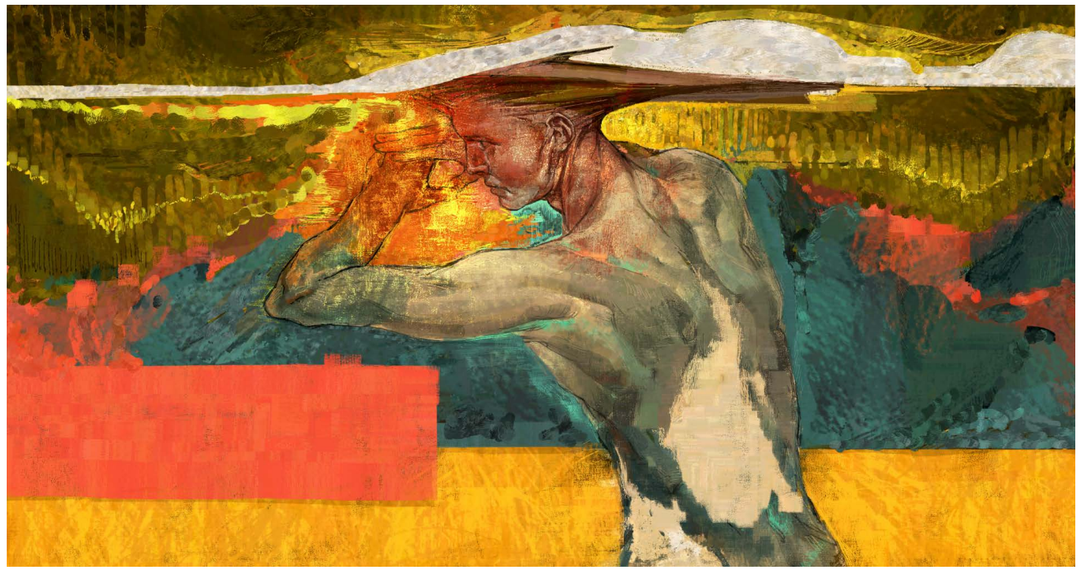
Perfectgirl
Alexa Perez



Slides Study
Emma Camp



Untitled
Mabely Guillen



Bolt of Block
Milena Hutton

Fistful of Rage
by Robyn von Schimonsky

I did not chose
This fistful of rage
Swelling up within me.

But still,
Choices remain:
Will I utilize my rage
As the sacred propellant
Of a tireless crusade
Against injustice?

And when my rage
Has completed
Its noble mission,
Will I allow it to fester,
Become noxious,
And embitter me?

Or will it release it
To make room
For my joy?

Threadbare
by Clara Chadick

A tattered blanket sprawls cross her bed
Buttery soft, once pale like cream
Though now dull and grey as lead
Floral borders uprooted from grounding seam

The fabric was bought years ago on sale
She preferred something pink and bright
But was content to read fairy tales
Under that snowdrift by flashlight

Threads stitched together with loving care
Withstood circling round a steel drum
Slashed by cat claw here and there
They soon loosened, like tooth from gum

Surface blemished with stubborn stains
Cream curdled, pale space dimmed
Yet still a source of hygge when it rains
Bound to all the versions it has ever been

Robin

by Miles Collier

I knelt on the ground today
so I wouldn't scare you.
My knees are bumpy,
rough with the texture of
the sidewalk,
But I would have done
anything for you.
Looking up at me,
so small, so simple,
like a ball of cotton
with two wide, blinking eyes.
The feathers by your ear are
unkempt; did your mother
ever brush them out of your eyes?
Did she sing to you at night
when you couldn't sleep?
I see her sitting above me,
a beautiful thing of
earthy brown, her breast crimson.



Movie Guy
Marshall Walkington

The way I look at you, though, is
like looking at an old friend;
familiar, fond, feathered,
and I do not know your name,
your life,
anything beyond this moment
where we are together.
We sit and observe each other,
you and I, waiting for the other
to make the first move.
Later, I will sit in my car silently,
listening to it hum
as the last rays of light
filter through the trees.
I will write a poem for you,
little friend,
that you will never read;
and I will love you,
little friend,
and think of you each Thursday evening
I pass by your tree.

A Letter from Me to You

by Pricile Mbougou

The sky is dark and about to cry. The clouds are showing off, attempting to choke the sun. The birds in trees stopped singing a few hours ago and are waiting for the upcoming storm. In this chaotic yet calm weather, Ashtya is at home, safe from the storm outside but not from the one rising inside her. It is April 6, and this may be the worst day of Ashtya's life. She is dressed in maroon because it was her grandmother's favorite color. Often, *She Said* that maroon beautifully brought out her dark, shiny brown skin tone, just as it did with her lovely granddaughter. Today, Ashtya's shiny face is crooked by pain, soaked with heavy tears, and filled with grief. Though she is not ready to read it, she manages to reach the letter in front of her on the piece of furniture. She opens it, her hands shaking at her heart's rhythm. She knows she will be devastated after this letter, but she cannot help but want more, more words, and thoughts from the brave woman who left her a week ago. More from the scent that still fills the air, her presence, her eyes, more of her. Sitting on the white sofa that was her grandma's favorite, the young woman takes her courage and focuses on the letters engraved on the paper:

"My dear precious little thing,

You must be broken now that I am gone. Oh dear, you have always been like this, at least for a while now, a sad soul on the edges, feeling everything a little too powerfully, always seeing *The World in Half* even when it is full of love, meaning, and legacy. I remember the first time you fell in love. You looked me in the eyes, a little blushed like all young girls are when they are madly in love, and I saw happiness in those lovely pupils of yours. You were always smiling, all over the place, and excited whenever you had to meet him, always telling me *Why We Can't Wait* for your mom's never-ending makeup time because it is not fair to make you miss your lover longer than you should have. A "life-or-death matter", as you would say. You were a little sunshine, hopeful and happy. This is how I want you to feel about life again.

I know you are concerned about things that seem bigger than you. I know how much you care for those you love. But *The Hate U Give* the people who hate you only serves to fuel the wrong cycle. You became full of resentment, anger, rage, bitterness, and profound soreness; traits that are nothing like you, though I understand where they come from. The reasons for anger never end, and because of this, you will never be satisfied. This is why I would like to ask you this: *Where Do We Go From Here*? *Chaos or Community*? After the rage consumes you, because it will, what will be there to stay? Justice and change, or calamity and hatred? How would you like to be remembered, Ash? As someone whose fury surpasses her love? Or someone who unites people? These are questions you ought to ask yourselves and be honest. As my mom used to say, *Hard questions, Heart answers*. Be determined, not wicked. Be human like those who were before you. Simply be true and the best version of yourself.

Coming back to your first love, please forgive me for reminding you of this hard time. After your emotional Blackout, you were inconsolable. I understand that. Love, like life, can be complicated. *We Come Together, Fall Apart*, and then try to rekindle the flame that burned so brightly at the beginning. Sometimes it works, and we're happy. Other times it doesn't, and we miss each other or hate each other, but eventually we move on. Just like you did. Remember that moving on in life, like in love, is not a hindrance to happiness. Usually, this is the very thing needed to be happy. It doesn't mean that you forget the past, but that you are ready, or want to be ready for new changes in the future, changes that will come from within you and prepare you to hold greater happiness. Do not cry because you cannot see me anymore. Before leaving, I left you *A Testament of Hope*. Use it well, be strong, be a Concrete Rose, beautiful and unbreakable. Never forget that *The Measure of a Man* is deeper than the skin; it lies in his heart and dignity.
I told you that lately, you have become a sad soul. It is time to change. Not everything should be able to break you; there are things in joy, sadness, love, and tears that should raise your chin, make you pause, and make you proud of yourself. Be proud of the moment we spent together, be proud of the wonderful person you have come to become, be proud of what is yet to come for you. As you find the *Strength to Love* despite the ugliness around, you will also build the strength to *Stride Toward Freedom* as you deserve.

I love you, Ash. And I always will. Never forget that.

Your favorite person."

She finds another letter as lovely as the first one. This one though, is the last. When Ashtya reads the 125th sentence, she wishes there was more; she regrets reading it too fast. But she understands. She knows now that she must focus on what lies ahead and keep moving as she has always done so far. She will keep these letters dear to her heart and continue them with her own words. Staring at her favorite woman's writing, she forces a smile that, despite the tears, illuminates her face and makes all the difference.



Pup Party #1
Bella Shelton



Pup Party #2
Aliyah Valdovinos



5Skulls
Reagan Weatherly



Not a Sin
Wednesday Jacob



Untitled
Ella Neuwirth



Blue Window
Milena Hutton

Morning Glory
by Shannon Boxell

open and shut, twisted around
yourself
Morning Glory
withered with the heat of a day
soothed by the cool evening
the dawn caressing
another revelation from my vine

this is the way the world ends
over and over
and over
Bloom, Decay, Grow

this is the ways the world ends

Beginning again

when the petals open
does it feel like an exquisite breaking?

when they no longer stand brightly open
does it feel like relief
exhaled?



Rosa and Juan
Zoey Ortiz

Ivy Rose
by Madeline Weddle

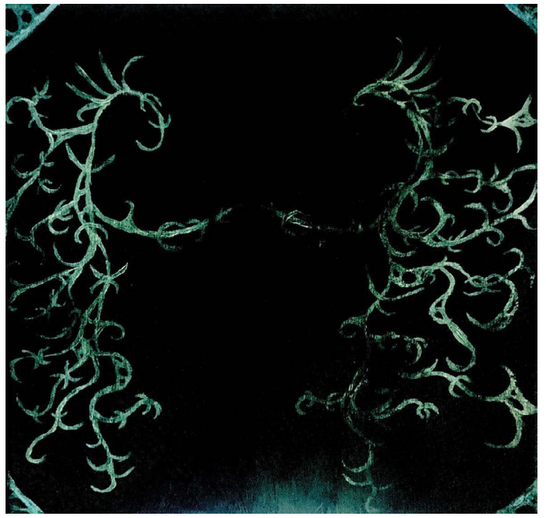
A flower grows, the vines reach the sky.
To the ground beneath the water flows.
The sun beats down, the flower stands within it all.
We see through no matter what it stands.
The ivy rose.

The ivy rose,
So fare and just never waver, never fall.
To see the truth, to be what you are.
A vine that grows but never dies,
when cornered or damaged.
An ivy rose stands tall.

Winds blow, sun beats, all through all.
You may fall, oh ivy rose.
You will stay through it all.
An ivy rose defies all.

You see the end to defy the heart that you know.
We see we are for all, to know we thrive.
In order to see we stand, we do not bend.

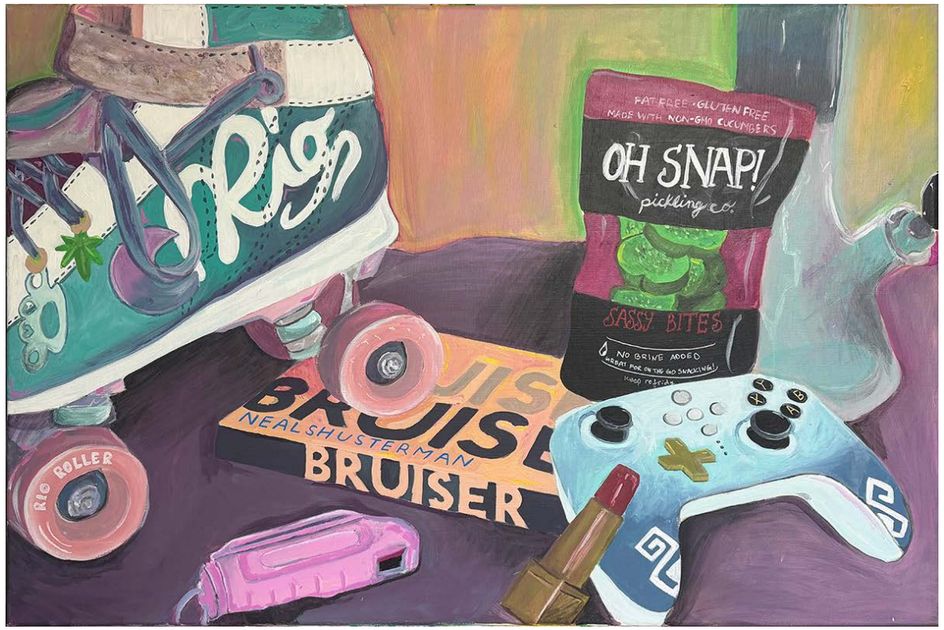
We see it through forevermore, to the rose that we see.
An ivy in the mist to fare the heart an ivy rose.
You fare well in heart, we see all of you to thrive.
The ivy rose.



Untitled
Emil Arroyo



Concept Bakery
Stephanie Tienda



Just Girl Things
Kanishka Shah

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Weathered Crane, Cover art by Reagan Weatherly