

# HARMONY

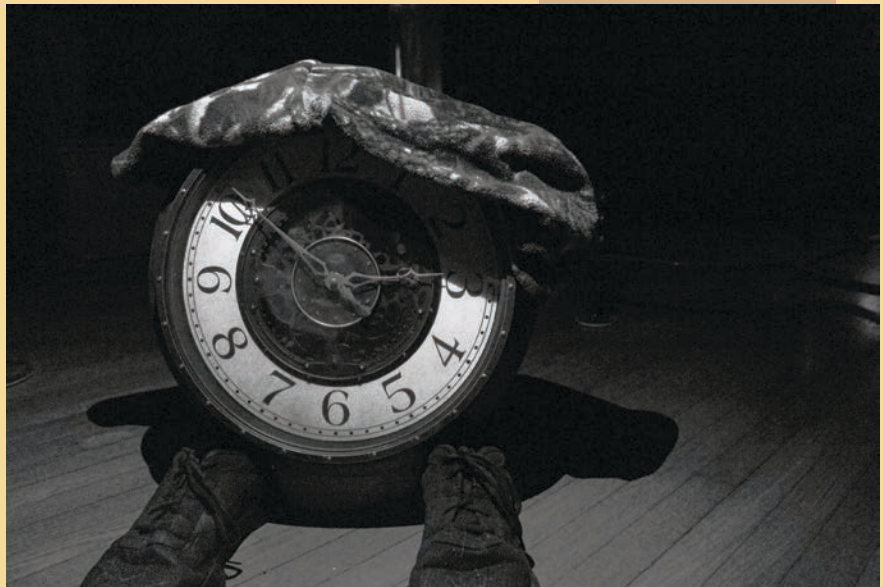
*Literary & Arts Magazine*



2021-2022

# Mission Statement

*Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* is dedicated to enhancing the cultural and intellectual environment of Culver-Stockton College by providing an outlet for creative and artistic contributions to the campus community.



Rowdy Jackson, "Time Is a Thief"

## Editorial Policy

*Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* is published by a student staff and supervised by a faculty advisor. The staff encourages all Culver-Stockton students, faculty, staff, and alumni to submit artwork and literature for possible publication. Submissions are presented to the entire *Harmony* staff as anonymous works, and the staff then reviews and selects pieces for publication.

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Melanie Hubbs

# The Drop

It lasted forever  
But it happened so fast  
It was like the weather

Rolling down my face

The words were so clever  
But it's all in the past  
It was the fever

Falling off my chin

It was a seizure  
But all were aghast  
It was the exposure

Gravity pulling it through the air

It was like another lecture  
But... this one had ended  
I was moved, yet grounded

Splash, it hit the Earth!



Morgan Zavoral, "Tenebris"



Amanda Pendergrass, "Black and White"

Noel VanderBol



# You

Your name was a wall against my lips  
Each consonant, a brick, and each vowel, the mortar  
Building this insurmountable fortress on my tongue  
Pressing down against it  
Until I finally stop fighting  
To speak each rumor  
Each lie  
Each godforsaken piece of you

Until I no longer have the will... or determination...  
To expose you. Because,  
You showed me it wouldn't work.  
You showed me I had no power over you.

Your attention was like a flashlight.  
Except, instead of shining light into the darkness,  
Yours was a beam of all-consuming nothingness  
Being pointed directly toward my soul  
Everything it touched,

it erased.

It wasn't long before I found that all I became was  
nothing more than a pumpkin.  
Gutted and  
Carved  
With a candle shining through the carving of what you  
wanted to see of me.

I became a Jack O' Lantern  
Left on the doorstep  
Slowly Rotting  
Eaten away  
Until even you didn't recognize me  
anymore

So you threw me away

Your voice was like a tornado siren  
Warning me to run and hide  
"Take cover! Something terrible and fatal  
is coming!"

Rowdy Jackson, "Rose Under the Sun"

Carlee Hummel, "Solemn Red"



But your scream drowned out any plea  
I might've brought forth

Not that I could've  
No...

Because your name was a wall against my  
Lips,  
Your attention, an all-consuming flashlight  
Your voice, a deafening siren

And I?  
I was an empty, lifeless pumpkin.



Vanessa Kentner

## [Untitled]

The smells,  
The cold is what  
I need in life  
I feel comfortable  
The thought of  
Being fall  
The feeling of fall  
Halloween  
Christmas  
All the amazing  
Things in less than  
3 months, the feeling is amazing  
Wouldn't change for the world.



Amanda Pendergrass, "Lonely Camel"



Haley Dotson, "Soaring the Sea"

# Life's Lessons

Laughter has filled my heart  
again,

and I am truly ecstatic.

I've learned that when I'm  
happy,

laughter comes easily, almost  
automatic.

I've learned to help others find  
their smile,

even when it's buried deep.

When a smile is brought to the  
surface,

it's a win: a small victory.

I've been told that a laugh,  
is one of the purest sounds ever  
to exist.

This is something I now  
believe,

as a heartfelt laugh, can bring  
true bliss.

Joy has filled my heart again,  
and I am truly content.

I've learned that life is ever-  
changing,

not something I can prevent.

I've learned that love is a plan,  
and not a game of chase.

I've learned to let the plan  
develop,

and only time can set this pace.

I've been told fools rush in,  
and this is something I now  
believe.

Any time I ever rushed in,  
it left me broken-hearted, on my  
knees.

Faith has filled my heart again,  
and I am truly at peace.

I've learned that when I pray,  
reflect, and obey,  
my worries and anxieties can be  
released.

I've learned the ability of  
acceptance,  
comes with the art of giving.

When I give from my heart  
without expecting a favor,  
that's how I know I'm truly  
living.

Of all of life's lessons that I've  
learned,  
the hardest one came from my  
mistakes.

No matter what adversities I  
experience,  
happiness is a choice only I can  
make.

Christian Logue, "Untitled"





# The Heart of a Farmer



I pull up to the farm in my old car, waiting for the song I was listening to on the radio to finish. I look on the dashboard and see my four-leaf clover taped to it, just before my mileage reading. My Grandpa and I have this thing where we both will look for four-leaf clovers in the spring, summer, and fall before the grass dies. Whenever either of us find one, we give them to each other. I pressed the one he gave me before I started college in a book so that it dried, and then placed it on my dashboard for luck and a reminder that I was never alone in my battles, since my Grandpa was somewhere looking out for me too.

I place my gloves on my hands before I head out of the car. Last night, I came home from college for winter break, so thankful to just be away from the stress of school for a while. I told my grandparents that I was coming home and would be at the farm in the morning to help with chores. It's still early morning, on a normal winter day. I start the four-wheeler and walk over to the lot to lean against the gate for a moment before opening it. Out in front of me, the sun is coming up over the hill, stretching out over the hay field, and the cattle down in the bottom. It goes on for a couple hundred acres, mostly timber in the back, but still one of my favorite places to be. It takes me a moment, but I see my Grandpa sitting on his old bucket filling up the water tank. He's doing the same thing that I am doing, taking in the morning. On this morning in particular, my grandpa has a soft smile on his face. Normally, he'd have it covered up by his jacket, or his chin tucked to his chest with his hat on. Instead, he's smiling and looking into the horizon with pure contentment.

I quickly pull out my phone and snap a picture of him so that I'll have something to look back on when my memory fails me. I decide that I better get to moving. I open up the gate, hop on the four-wheeler, and pull up to him. "Hey, babes, you're home!" Grandpa says when he sees

me. I hop off the four-wheeler and give him a big hug. I tell him that I arrived home yesterday, somehow managing to pass all of my finals. He, of course, was very proud of me, and not surprised at all. My Grandpa is such a soft-spoken man, so for him to say that he's proud of me means the world. I hop back on the four-wheeler, telling him that I am going to check the cows really quickly, and see if they need any hay bales laid out, then I'd be back. "Oh, babes, you don't need to do that, I'll get to it," he tells me. I reassure him that I want to and that I would be back soon. I turn and wave at him as I drive off. My Grandpa has become older and weaker over the last few years. He holds himself up very well, but has had trouble catching his breathe lately. The last thing I need is for him to drive around and breathe in this cold air.

I look and see that all of the rings have hay in them, then drive around and start checking cows. I'm doing a head count on all of our calves from this year but cannot find my favorite marble-face calf. I figured that if he was missing, he'd probably be in the woods. As I drive down one of the hills to the creek, I find that I was right in my suspicions. The little marble-face calf was off by himself, on the opposite side of the creek, looking cold and miserable. I climb off the four-wheeler and slowly



Andrew Myers, "Everyday Items"



Morgan Zavoral, “Nature’s Symmetry”

walk to him, chanting under my breath, “Please don’t run, please don’t run.” As I get up to him, I notice how bad he is shaking. Normally, all of our calves are bigger by this time of year, but one of our bulls escaped in April after we put them up, and so now we have this little marble-face calf that’s half the size of everyone else. I would be shaking too if I was as small as him. I manage to coax him across the creek, put a rope around his neck, and attach it to the back of the four-wheeler so that I can lead him back up out of the woods. “Mehhhh, meh,” I let out a calf in distress call as I drive, hoping that his momma would remember she left her calf behind and meet me in the field. Sure enough, she hears me. I see one of the bigger heifers depart from the hay rings and head my way. I get off the four-wheeler and take the rope off of the calf. I drive to a distance away to make sure that she goes to her calf, which eventually she does, shooting daggers my way the entire time.

As I drive back to the house, and through the gate, I see my Grandpa standing in his shop. “Girl, get in here. It’s too cold for you to be out there in this,” he says. I park the four-wheeler in the shed and head towards him. I told him all about the dumb little calf that couldn’t cross the creek. We both agreed that, sometimes, they are really dumb animals. Then I ask him a question that I hadn’t asked before. “Grandpa, why did you decide to start farming cattle?” He pauses a moment and jokes that he married a heifer so it just made sense to raise them. I laugh, of course, but then he seriously takes my question into consideration.

“Kiddo, back when I lived in Wyoming, I worked at a construction company, but wanted to do something else. I loved living out in cowboy country and remembered watching John Wayne ride his pony and round up cattle on the television. Loved being able to see mountains every day, but I hated the winter months because of all the snow and decided to do something about it. Me and your Grandma thought about moving. We had family that lived in Iowa, but didn’t want to be that close to them. So, we drove down to Missouri, and found this farm, decided to buy it, and moved the family down. She started working as a teacher, and I found more construction work, but always kept John Wayne in the back of my mind. With that thought in mind, I decided to buy some cows. I went to the sale barn, saw some that looked pretty nice, and bought them. Your daddy was thrilled, and so we raised cows together. We had this one calf that I called Old Red. She grew to be one of my best heifers to this day. One day, I just found her sitting on top of that hill over there,” Grandpa paused for a moment and pointed in the general direction of the hill he was referring to.

“I remember seeing her from the house and decided to walk over to her. As I got closer, I realized that she probably wasn’t going to be able to get up again. So, I sat down right beside her, and she put her big head in my lap and I just talked to her. I told her that she had been a good cow and that it was okay if she needed to go now. I sat there and whispered to her as she closed her eyes for the last time. Babes, I was really upset about that one.

I remember as I continued to sit there and hold her head that I looked down. There in the dirt below her head was a four-leaf clover. I took that as a sign not for good luck, but instead that I was just lucky. I was so lucky to be living my John Wayne moment and to be able to have a cow like Old Red. I used to go get coffee with the old farmers in town before that café closed. That next morning, I went in and told them all about what had happened. One of them looked at me – of course I was a younger man at the time but I never forgot this – and said this: ‘Son, people think farmers got it easy. They think all we do is feed some cows, bale some hay, and plant some seeds. They don’t realize how much we care about our livestock. Son, you got the heart of the farmer.’

A farmer with a heart would sit with their animal any day of the week, just to be there with them when they die. A farmer with a heart cares for their animals when they are sick and feeds the animals before he eats himself. Never forget that, son,’ the old man said. I didn’t forget that, I never did,” my Grandpa said.

“That is why I decided to start farming. Girl, you have the heart of a farmer, too. I know you’re off at school most of the time, but when you come home, you’re here. You helped out that little calf this morning to get back to his momma, checked the hay rings, and I’m willing to bet that you didn’t eat breakfast before you came here,” Grandpa pauses as he waits for me to nod and so I do. I hadn’t eaten breakfast yet, he was right about that. “Well, then, let’s get out of this cold and I’ll make us some coffee, then we’ll see about breakfast,” he stated, and so we marched into the house.

I left the house an hour later after giving him a big hug, and crawled back into my car, turning it on to warm up for a bit. I pulled out of the drive, down the gravel road, and back to my own home. When I parked in the driveway, I sat for a moment and stared at the four-leaf clover my Grandpa had picked for me before I started school. For him, that is a symbol that he is lucky and not that he needed good luck. To think that we have shared four-leaf clovers with each other for years makes me feel very lucky myself. I do not need a symbol for luck either, when I have so many things that I am lucky to have.

I pulled out my phone and looked at the picture I had taken of my Grandpa this morning. Today, he taught me that the heart of a farmer has its own weight to bear from losses and anxieties. It serves the animals and crops before its own needs, with the desire to bring new life to this Earth and from the ground.

The heart of a farmer wakes up happy that it’s still beating, to see another day of beautiful landscapes and endure whatever the day may bring. The heart of a farmer has patience, perseverance, and passion. As I look at the photo I hold in my hands, I know that the soft, simple, smile on the face of a man looking out at the sun rising on his land came from the bottom of the heart of a farmer.

### Delainey Bradshaw, “Reaching Out of the Pages”



Maurice Silas, "Jaylin Portrait"



Jem Liddle

## He Came To Me

He came to me in my dreams.  
Eyes as dark as the seas.  
His hair was spun gold,  
Long and shining in the pale moonlight.

"Love," his voice was a soft lull.  
"Love, listen to me."  
The tales he would tell  
Carried my mind away.

Stories of beautiful creatures  
Spinning on moss-covered floors.  
Honeyed fruit passing stained red lips.  
Fairy wings glinting in the waxen light.

There were parties he would boast.  
For exceeding the mortal extent.  
Wonderful nights filled with exuberant  
Creatures relishing in the fairer realm.

The visions came to me in light.  
Rotten flesh flaking from bones.  
Hair a sickly white, missing in patches,  
Flinching away from the rays of the sun.

"Love." His voice a death rasp.  
"Love, listen to me."  
The horror would take form.  
Haunting my every day.

Tales of frightening creatures  
Dancing on a blood covered floor.  
Old fruit passing over cracked lips.  
Dark wings spreading to block the sun.

A hunt was on, he said.  
Haunting the mortal space.  
Frightening days filled with missing people.  
Creatures haunting us in our realm.



Abigail Heinecke, "Trinity Church"

# Where They Go

Where do they go, the ones we love?  
Do they stay with us,  
Or are they just gone?  
Will I ever see them again?

I like to think they go on a journey.  
Maybe they travel into the woods,  
Where they sit around the campfire gazing at the stars.  
Maybe they journey to the top of a mountain,  
To look out into the vast distance with the wind dancing around them.

Maybe they go to the depths of the sea,  
Where they can surf the waves for eternity.  
Maybe they are embraced by the earth  
To stay with us forever.



Abbey Ward, "Belladonna"

Jessica Hornberger

# Where Do They Go When They Die?

Do they become angels if they were volunteers?  
Do they grow wings and sit at God's feet?  
Do they lay at the gates of heaven,  
Waiting for their friends whom they'll finally greet?

Do they go to hell if they stole a stick of gum?  
Do they grow horns and have dinner with the devil?  
Do they spend eternity on fire,  
Pain and flames because they lied once with desire?

Where do they go when they die?

Do they become a new person?  
Or maybe an animal?  
Holding onto a piece of their old soul,  
every time, a new mammal?

Do they just decompose?  
Becoming food for the bugs?  
Seeping into the earth,  
Becoming food for the dirt?

Where do they go when they die?

Do they meet the Gods?  
Athena, Zeus, and Poseidon?  
Maybe they become one of them,  
All strong, mind-widened?

Do they become ghosts?  
Calling out for their loved ones they left alive?  
Wandering the night,  
Waiting for those who survived?

Maybe they go nowhere?  
Maybe they sit in dark and silence?  
Maybe they go back to the place,  
That once killed them with violence?



Haley Dotson, "Walking On Thin Ice"

Rowdy Jackson, "Fountain Sunset"



Where do they go when they die?

Maybe it depends on how their life ends?  
Maybe it depends on how their life starts?  
And maybe it's different,  
For each who departs?

It may be true that each of us is different,  
But I need to know,  
I can't be flippant,  
If I'm caught in a lie,  
When I'm trying to hide,  
Where do I go when I die?



Abigail Heinecke, "Palais Garnier"

# Momentos

The driveway was icy as Katie made her way to the street. She hadn't been expecting the sleet to come in last night; forecasts had claimed that it would miss the area she had been staying in. Katie's loss of footing was clear evidence that they had been wrong. She found herself crashing to the ground, the box of memories that she had been carrying now scattered around her. She straightened, ignoring the reds and purples breaking out across her skin, and cried. A river poured out of her, desperate to melt the icy cement with warm tears. Those same tears that John had found so cute when she cried previously.

He had rarely gotten to see her cry in person. Just twice, actually. Once was in Florida when John had visited Katie and spent a few days with her. The other had been last night, or maybe it was that morning. Katie wasn't sure what time it had been. It didn't matter. The tears in Florida had been warm with the joy of seeing the man she loved happy. The tears in that cold, harsh house behind Katie were chilled with the regret of traveling so far north only to be met with a pain sharper than the icicles forming on gutters nearby.

Collecting herself, Katie wiped away her tears and began gathering items together. The items strewn about were just hers now, no longer shared belongings of both her and John. Still sitting neatly in the box was John's black hoodie, which survived only due to its delicate fold when being placed there earlier that morning. Grabbing it and holding it close, Katie could just manage to shake off the chills encompassing her body as John's comforting scent drifted through her very being. She could practically feel his arms around her as she wrapped the sleeves along her sides. Unfortunately, he was not protecting her from the weather with his warm embrace. Instead, he was the reason she now sat freezing on his icy driveway. Katie gently pulled the sweater over her hair made messy from a night with little sleep. Pushing her arms through the sleeves, she found herself wanting to reject the feelings stirring inside her. Why should she find such comfort in a gift of heartache?

Shakily, Katie found her way to the other items that had been less fortunate and had slid into the nearby yard. Using her hand which was not grasping the box with a grip frozen in place by both shaken nerves and also the cold air, she returned the items to her box only to realize that a hole had been torn in the bottom when she fell.

Katie stood, careful to keep one hand on the box's open wound so as not to let anything fall out again. She kept it together as best she could. Scooting her feet towards the road, she couldn't help but look back at John's house. How had everything gone so wrong in just one night? Katie couldn't quite believe it was really over. It still felt to her like she would wake up any moment back in John's arms, listening to him talk about how crappy the weather was here, and how he wished they were at Katie's house in Florida instead, where the clouds would never dare send such cold fury. The frigid wind felt like



a hard slap against Katie's unprotected face. She readjusted the box in her hands so she could put the hoodie up over her hair. It offered almost nothing, yet Katie felt better with it there.

Perhaps that was what Katie would miss most of John. The small touches he would give her in passing. The occasional hand on her shoulder caused her neck to crane towards him in a flash. The gentle rub of his hand on her thigh as they lie in bed talking late into the night. The memories of the past few days play over and over on loop, like a record broken.

Breath freezing as it escaped her mouth, Katie turned away from John's house and towards the curb. No car was waiting for her yet. She had not called for one that long ago, so once she finally staggered her way to the edge of the empty street, Katie sat herself down and looked at the box in her arms. Her mind drifted at once to the hoodie she had somehow forgotten she had already put on. It did so little against the colossus of winter, but she appreciated the feeling of being squeezed by something, anything right now. She looked once again at the windows on John's house, but was not even met with a light turned on. He wasn't even watching to make sure she got picked up. It really was over.

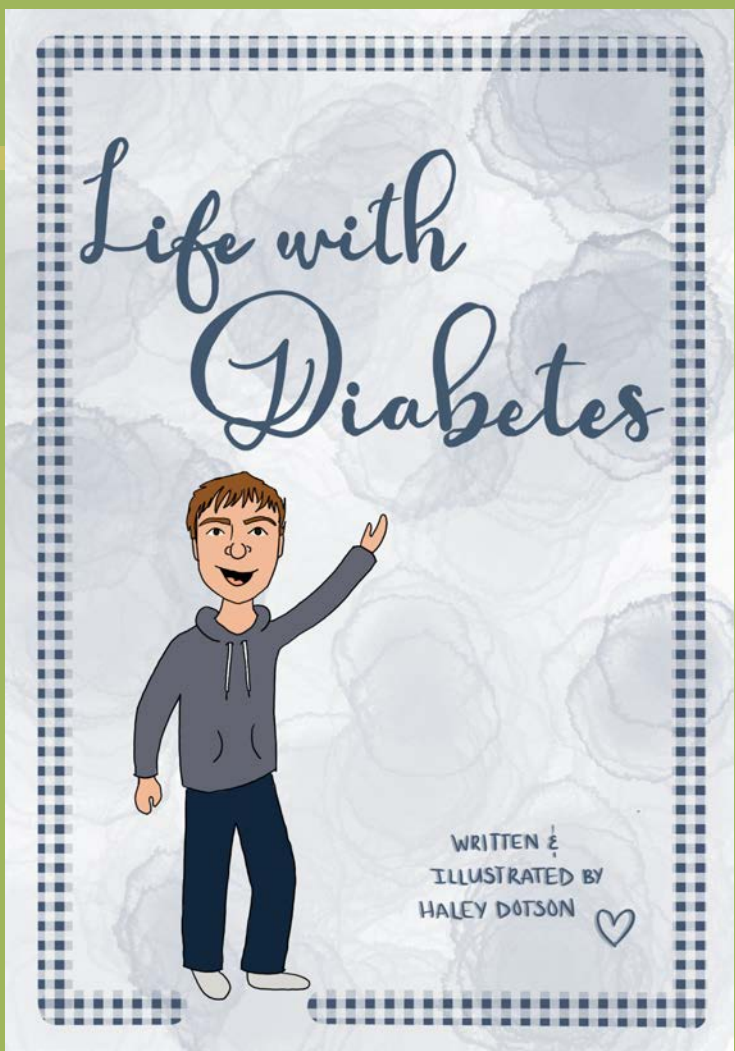
Katie let out a broken sigh, dropping her head down towards her lap. The box of things she'd never love the same way was just in front of her. She could hear the far-off sound of a car approaching to her left. It came to a halt mere inches from her box. She almost wished it had run the whole thing over just so she wouldn't have to take it with her. Instead, she picked it up and put it in the trunk of the car. She found her way to the backseat and buckled herself in.

"Are you alright, miss?" the driver asked, full of concern at seeing a woman alone in the cold. Katie looked one last time at John's house, knowing she would never see it again. A final flash of last night sent shivers lacking cold down her body and through to her legs.

"Just a bit chilly."

**Haley Dotson, "Lovebird Lights"**





# MAIN CHARACTERS



**CHILD BRAYDEN**



**BRAYDEN**



**HALEY**



**LISA (BRAYDEN'S MOM)**

When Brayden was 18 months old, I knew something was wrong

I took him to see his normal pediatrician

It's just a virus

and she said the same thing, everytime.

I couldn't accept this, I knew something was very wrong

Since it kept happening, I took him to the doctor again. This time his normal doctor was gone.

He was constantly puking

Within a few minutes of listening to me, he diagnosed him with Diabetes

Immediately, we were flown out to Saint Louis Children's Hospital.

His Blood sugar levels were supposed to be between 80-120. Instead it was

**896.**

When I would have to prick his finger to test his levels, I would say "Ok, lets see how sweet you are"

We got lucky he didn't go into a diabetic coma.

A few years passed and it was now time for me to learn how to care for my diabetes.

I had to manage my own levels.

Diabetes is like a balancing game. I have to keep my blood sugar levels between

# 80-120

I would prick my finger to get a drop of blood

Next, I applied that drop of blood to a piece of tester paper inserted into a blood glucose monitoring system.

I wait for the system to give me my results.

If I'm over 120, I need insulin

depending on how high I was, determines how much insulin I would need.

I would pinch my skin and stick the needle in at a 45° degree angle

A bit after, I will check my level again to see if it went down, if it's still high, I'll add more insulin.

Now, being low just meant that I needed more sugar. So, I would drink fruit juice since it's high in sugar.

and maybe some ice cream...

There are many misconceptions with diabetes...

First of all, there are two different types of diabetes. Type 1 and Type 2.

### Type 1

- Appears before the age of 40.
- Develops if your body can't produce insulin

### Type 2

- Generally appears after the age 40
- The body can produce insulin, just not enough or properly

### Type 1

Type 1 diabetics have to monitor their own blood sugar levels throughout the day.

- \* unknown cause
- \* insulin dependent
- \* pancreas doesn't work
- \* Autoimmune disease

### Type 2

Type 2 diabetes is largely diet related and the result of an inactive lifestyle

- \* pancreas works but not as well
- \* develops slowly
- \* often obese

After I had dealt with pricking myself for a few years, a company called Dexcom came out with new technology for patients like me to use.

A few years later I met my girlfriend, Haley.

Can you teach me how this works?

One day, I sat down with Haley and taught her everything.

There are multiple parts...

- Sensor**: monitors my blood sugar levels and reports back to my phone
- PDM**: Allows me to connect to the insulin pump to give myself units
- Insulin Pump**: Connects to PDM and gives me insulin

And then there is also a piece that inserts the sensor into my lower back.

First, I insert 100 units of insulin into the insulin pump until it beeps.

I stick it onto my belly and input into the PDM to connect. Then, it inserts a tube into my stomach.

This part comes with a sticky tab that holds my sensor and inserts a needle to read my levels.

I hold it on my lower back and twist it to insert the needle

I pull off the large piece and insert my sensor

Diabetes is the only life that I know. It will never go away, I will never "heal". There is no cure.

I wouldn't trade Brayden for anything in the world. Two years with him and much more to come. I have learned how to help him with his diabetes one day. Diabetes is what makes Brayden, Brayden.

★ 2022 ★  
ANDREW RUTHERFORD  
ART AWARD

Carlee Hummel, "What Was Taken"



# The Angry Restroom

You can feel it rising

Higher

Higher

You know it's coming

Breathe

Now

It's hot and imploring

Please

No

It's coming and it's relentless

Not

Yet

You stumble to the restroom

Shoes

Squeaking

You splash your face with water

Not

Working

You look into the mirror

Redness

Blotchy

You cry a little harder

Tears

Flowing

You throw your phone at the wall

Glass

Crunching

You scream at the girl in the mirror

"Be

Better"

You scream until your voice disappears



Air

Thinning

You stop...

Time

Ticking

You wipe your face with the water in the sink

Towel

Dripping

You gather your phone, pushing the glass to the wall

Glass

Scraping

You take a deep breath

In

Out

You leave the restroom

Abigail Heinecke

# Ascend

I rise  
Leaving it all behind  
I use what they say as fuel for my drive  
Until  
Hearing more of their negativity  
Down I go  
Trying to conform to something I am not  
When will I learn I am not her

Ryan Moore, "Southbank"



5/5

Southbank

1991 Mar 21

Abigail Heinecke

## Voice

/vois/

Noun

1. An embodiment of who you are and what you want
2. Your superpower

Synonym: Expression

Antonym: Suppression

Sentence:

My voice was insignificant and completely consumed by yours.

Jessica Hornberger

## The Stages

### Red

First there was fire,  
A large ball of flame.  
She swallowed the earth whole  
Smoke and ash danced all day.

The broccoli was on fire.  
The meat screamed scared songs.  
The breath of the earth, unbreathable  
Too hot to even hurt.

### White

Then there was ice,  
A large ball of snow.  
He muted the flames, the heat  
Harsh snow rained, covering the dome.

The broccoli was blanketed.  
The meat was frozen solid.  
The breath of the earth,  
Too cold to inhale.

### Green

Now there is green, just green.  
A beautiful color green.  
So vibrant and warm.  
But no people are around to see  
how the world's been restored.

Remnants of people still remain.  
Sometimes, grocery bags hang like ornaments on  
the broccoli,  
The Statue of Liberty, a natural habitat for the meat.  
The breath of the earth,  
Too perfect to be touched by man.



Sally Kintz, "X (after Stuart Davis)"

Noah Klauser

## Faces Without Words

People speak more than they ought,  
Certainly more than they need.  
Oftentimes, people speak because they feel  
It is awkward to sit in silence,  
But that very silence builds character.  
It builds connection.  
Look into the mirror, any mirror.  
Look into yourself, and say not a word.  
Stare into who lies beyond the glass.  
It is you.  
Look through a camera.  
Click.  
The people pictured there speak nothing,  
Yet they say much.

Noah Klauser

## Words Without Faces

Pick up a book.  
It's okay if it's been a while  
Since your head did the work  
That the author didn't.  
It's your turn to give  
Meaning to the ink  
That sits beneath your finger  
As you trace your place  
On the scratchy page  
Beneath your skin.  
Do me a favor.  
Pick up a book.



Abbey Ward, "Parody Catharsis"





Celeste Frogge, "Tune In Next Time"

Celeste Frogge, "Angelic Destiny"



Noah Klauser

## Leeches

I need you to do something for me.  
You have to come to the party tonight!  
Where are you?  
Is there any way you could come in today?  
Are we going to meet or not?  
Why are you spending all your time with him?  
Hello?????  
Hey can you do me a favor?  
What are you doing?  
I went in your room to get those notes, I hope that was Okay!  
Hey did you finish the homework?  
When are you getting back?  
Are you off work yet?  
  
They are all leeches  
Harmless, but I'm all out of blood.



Abigail Heinecke, "Brooklyn Bridge"

Abigail Heinecke

## Hoarse

Hopping off my four-legged beauty  
I find myself staring at love.  
He hops off his saddle, as I have just done.  
His waist fit there like a glove.  
His feet hit the grass with a soft swishing noise  
As his knees bend to counter the fall.  
He straightens his posture with a hand on his mare,  
As together they both stand so tall.  
He reaches out a thoughtful hand  
Brushing the creature's long face.  
He turns to me with a glint in his eyes  
And I know suddenly I'm in the right place.  
I open my mouth to share with him the thought  
But I find myself caught on my tongue.  
I struggle to speak, end up rasping for air  
As "I love you" gets stuck in my lung.

Andrew Myers, "Ink Blot Study #2"

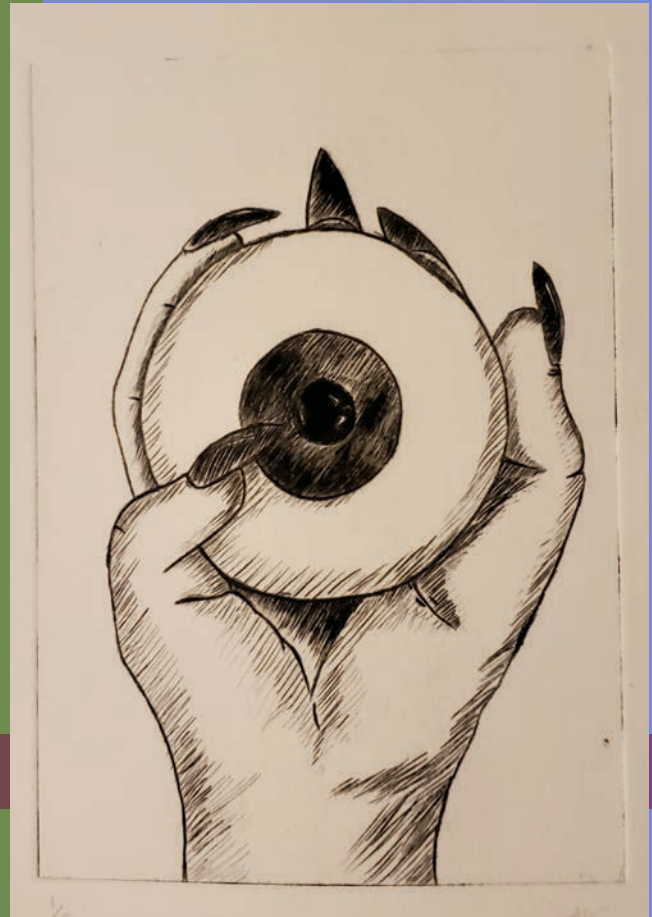


Abigail Heinecke

## It's Time

10 seconds until it begins anew.  
9 All I can think about is me and  
8 you. Yet you stand there with her.  
7 For once, just glance towards me please.  
6 I want to be with you.  
5 Just look at me, the  
4 way I look at  
3 you. Please,  
2 I love  
1 you.  
Happy New Year

Abbey Ward, "Eye of the Beholder"





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