

HARMONY

Literary & Arts Magazine

...one who ye
ends with the e
cannot say any
get upset if some
sure that you rem
only a call, letter, or
you need to talk or ju
support



TABLE OF
CONTENTS





- 01** Typing My Life Away
Traveling Through Space
- 03** Illiphiera
- 04** Untitled
- 05** Gaunt
Flowers in the Wind
- 06** Muddled Memories
Levitation
- 07** Anxiety
- 08** Love or Lust
- 09** Shatter the Mirror
Untitled
- 10** Advice
Just a Human
2-Point Perspective
- 11** Turning into Dust
Under the Sea
Japanese Gardens
- 12** The Wondering Heart
Model Status
- 13** Pitch Black Potion
an air-borne beret
a transparent film
Untitled
Untitled
- 14** The Flower Tattoo
She Loves Me Not
- 15** Figure Study
The Crooked Cottage
Country Life
- 16** Window Light
- 17** The Crash
- 18** Untitled
888 373 7888
- 19** Hope/Fear
Untitled
- 20** Quincy Bridge
- 21** Self Portrait
- 22** Mors Pulcher (Death Is Beautiful)
Organic Red Cabbage

Typing My Life Away

Adam Jaworski

Typing typing I am always typing.
Each letter growing to cut down a tree.
Forever my life is clicking away.

Crackling knuckles bent back at the seams,
arthritic conditions that make me believe,
typing typing I am always typing.

The evil torture of fingertips seems,
would make most men weep, with literal ease.
Forever my life is clicking away.

Titans before me pressed colder machines.
Will their feats lead me to want to achieve?
Typing typing I am always typing.

Creeping then roaring I go to extremes.
Brainstorming reforming lines like disease.
Forever my life is clicking away.

With every beat of the rhythm in lines,
swinging quixotic my words fill the seas.
Typing typing I am always typing.
Forever my life is clicking away.





Amanda Brown *"Traveling Through Space"*

Once upon a time, in a world full of magic and mystery, there lived a small fairy. Now, the fae, or fairy folk, were known to everyone in the kingdom as beautiful creatures. They were small, yes, but very pleasant to the eyes. Each fairy was a different color, and glowed at all times. Their wings were usually a tad longer than their bodies with ornate patterns etched onto each wing, each one more complex and interesting than the next. They were fast and rare to encounter, but when you managed to find one it was always memorable. The only problem with the fae was that they were all vain, and with no queen, judged others harshly and often too quickly.

Our fairy, however, was different. She had no wings or color to her body. Her name was Illiphiera, but to the rest of the fae she was known as "Ground Girl." They teased and mocked her relentlessly. They would fly overhead, letting loose an avalanche of taunts and profanities. It is true, she was not the prettiest. Illiphiera had a beautiful heart, though. A heart that beat tirelessly and passionately for those around her. She was kind, and never succumbed to the taunts of the ones she viewed as her people. She would help when needed, and was always singing.

One day, Illiphiera was walking along the riverbank, singing as the wind rushed through her long and tangled hair. It was a beautiful day. The trees were a bright green, the sun a deep gold. She could hear birds, rabbits, squirrels, and even fish jumping in the water next to her. All of a sudden, she heard a whoosh and turned around just in time to dodge a rock flying her way. She looked into the sky and sure enough saw several fairies flying away, laughing wildly, no doubt proud of their little excursion. She smiled a little and silently wished them a good day, for in her mind, everyone deserved one.

Illiphiera kept walking until she ended up at the foot of a huge cave.

She heard soft whimpering and followed the noise to find a mouse. She quickly hurried to its side, and looking up, asked what the problem was. The mouse turned and buried its nose into the ground at her feet, asking for her help. The mouse explained that he was walking with his little brother when an evil-looking creature knocked him out and stole his brother away. He followed what appeared to be human-like tracks to the cave, but had since been too afraid to enter. He was ashamed, and begged for her to enter. She smiled and patted the mouse, reassuring him that she would enter and find his little brother. The mouse sniffled and said his thanks; and with a slight smile on his face, proceeded to lie down to take a much-needed nap.

Looking up into the cave, the task seemed daunting to such a small creature. Illiphiera had no idea how she would fare inside. The cave was ominous and dark, with huge stalactites like teeth coming down from the ceiling. She had no glow of her own so she found a twig that she was able to carry and lit it. The journey was hard, and long. The little twig only illuminating what was right before her, and nothing more. Illiphiera found herself stopping often for the stick was very heavy for her. Thankfully, the cave seemed mostly empty. She encountered little to no animals, the most being some bats she could hear snoozing high above her.

She squinted hard into the darkness at what seemed like a speck of light. Her heart started to speed up, and her steps increased in speed as she found that the farther she went, the bigger the light would get. She crossed over a threshold and was blinded almost instantly by the light. She found herself in a huge, brightly lit chamber. It was beautiful. Jewels of every kind were inlaid into

the walls, causing a million different colors to dance around her. In between the sparkling jewels, torches blazed, bathing the cavern in its yellow aura. Somehow she felt a light wind hitting her face, smelling vaguely of lavender. She walked into the cavern farther, mouth wide, and stopped directly in the middle. Something felt off.

She heard him before she saw him. Soft, pitiful cries of the tiny mouse, telling her to run and turn back. Illiphiera refused. She cried out, asking the creature that did this to show itself. A shadow passed over her body, and she looked up to watch as what seemed like an owl with the face of a woman swoop down and perch in front of her. The owl was beautiful, that much Illiphiera could admit. Snow-colored feathers with sharp, striking features. Very big for an owl. Her eyes, though. Illiphiera could not get past her eyes. They were a deep blue. Looking into them was like submerging yourself into the darkest, coldest ocean. Peering into them now, she noted that she did indeed feel a little colder.

The owl explained to Illiphiera in a booming voice that she had a choice. She could choose to leave now with a single jewel, or she could fight the owl and try to save the mouse. A single jewel would have been enough for Illiphiera to live a lavish and rich life. She knew this. Despite this knowledge Illiphiera did not even hesitate in backing up, ready to fight. The owl laughed, tauntingly. Surely, Illiphiera must have known that she would have lost. The owl was huge, way too big for her. Illiphiera could not even fly. It mattered not to Illiphiera, though. She smiled and said she was not leaving without the little mouse.

The owl smiled at this, lovingly. The eyes that were once ice blue melted away to the brightest, deepest shade. Illiphiera could not help but feel instantly at peace. The owl,

who later said her name was Hila, explained to Illiphiera that her life was groomed for this moment. The fae had a queen, a beautiful woman who they all worshipped fervently. She ruled fairly and justly, but even the good times have an expiration date. The queen died, and was believed to have no heir. The fae were left to their own devices, and the people fell into a sort of darkness.

Hila beamed despite the tale and shouted high the praises of Illiphiera. Hila explained that she had a daughter, but she wanted her daughter to rule just as fairly as she had, so she had Hila cast a curse on Illiphiera. She would lose her wings, her glow, and her nice complexion to live a life of an outcast. The queen's hope was to make her grow humble, and humble she grew. With this, Hila waved her wing and the jewels on the wall turned inwards towards Illiphiera. The beams hit her and she grew long, elegant wings. She glowed the color of sapphire, ruby, diamond, and emerald. Her facial features melted away to show an almost otherworldly, angelic face. Hila released the mouse to return to his brother, and Illiphiera flew away to rule her people the fairest way possible.



Dena Summers "Untitled"

GAUNT

Mickey Wood

Cheeks sunken into my face,
Eyes, no longer bright.
Hair limp, with no volume.

Ribs sticking out,
Hip bones prominent,
Hair growing all over

In unwanted places.
Arms no bigger than a
Half dollar,

"Your courage
Is a coal, that
You keep swallowing."

The person in the mirror
Isn't who I want to see.
Isn't the gorgeous, young

Girl I used to be.
My body is thin,
Hunger pains in my belly.

The girl I want to be
She isn't there anymore.
I'm nothing but a gaunt shadow

Of who I used to be.



Annmarie Rhatigan "Flowers in the Wind"

Muddled Memories

Alec Boren



Isn't it funny that I can't remember what I ate yesterday,
but I can remember conversations years ago,
that I can't recall what I read ten minutes ago for my quiz,
but I can still see my uncle's yellowed fingernails
as he lit yet another cigarette and let it hang from his mouth
as he measured the dusty lumber in the garage –
"Measure twice, cut once" he always said –
but the question still stands:

Isn't it funny that I still see his face when I hear John Wayne's voice
and that the smell of a wood-burning fireplace takes me back,
way back, to a time long before the cancer ran through his body,
and eventually his mind,
but a time when he would tell my brother and I about
my mom and uncles, and laugh as they tried defending themselves
and deflect

the stories back to him, but very unsuccessfully...
Isn't it funny that I can't remember what I ate yesterday?



David Quach "Levitation"



Love — or — LUST

Zoey Hartrick

Love
Or Lust.

Way too commonly confused,
More commonly misused.

“I love you, get into bed with me.”

Does he really love me?

Or is this lust I’m too blind to see?

Love is patient, love is kind.

It doesn’t try to alter my perception with its manipulative mind.

Love does not envy, love does not boast.

It will not betray you when you need it the most.

Love is not proud, love does not dishonor others.

How many other girls were your undercover lovers?

Love is not self-seeking, love is not easily angered.

It never makes you question if you are in danger.

Love keeps no record of wrongs, love does not delight in evil.

It does not keep you up all night questioning and feeling ill.

Love always protects, trusts, hopes, and perseveres.

Lust is always temporary, acquisitive, and disappears.

Love never fails.

Lust always prevails.

Love does not lose trust.

Was this ever love?

Or just love disguised as

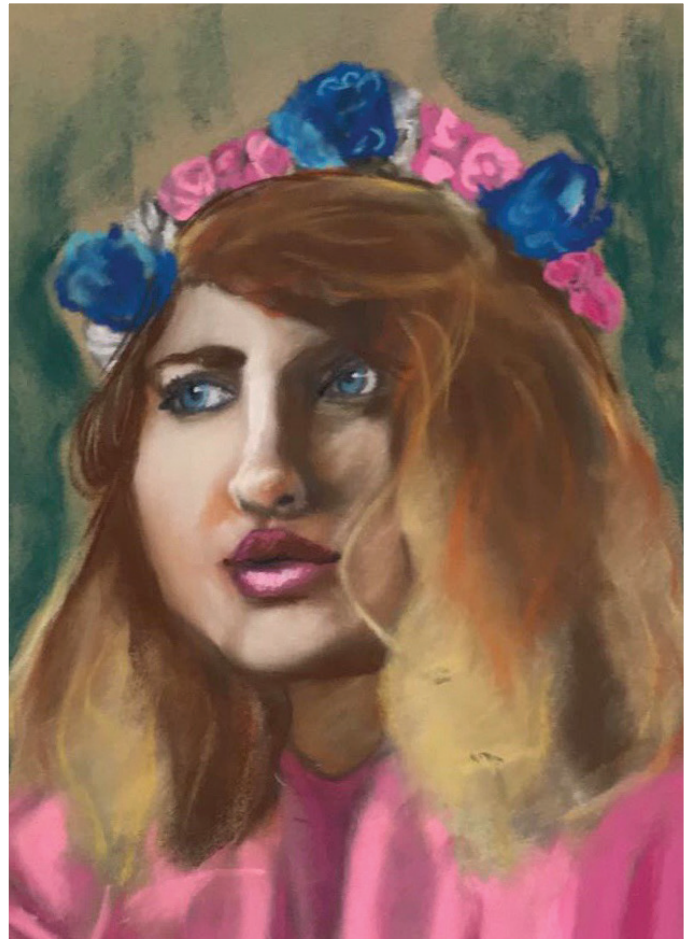
Lust?

David Quach “Anxiety”

Shatter the mirror

Leslie Wilson

Shatter me
Into a million pieces of glass.
Reform me
Into something that reflects your own desires.
Dull my shine,
Which I had freely shown the world.
Chain my imagination
That you said was too wild.
Bombard me
With images and words of how my body is shameful and ugly.
You took my confidence, my beauty, my passion,
You tried to take my soul.
Enough!
Rebel against the destruction and rage
Against the demolition of your very core.
Society, you have no hold on me.
It is time to reform myself
Into who I want to be.
No more will I let you belittle me.
Your vile words will no longer poison me.
You can no longer cage me,
For I am infinite and
Free.



Vanessa Bolen "Untitled"

ADVICE

Gracie Sauter

Grow big and strong like the fish in the sea.
Adventure to different places like the bees.
Don't think of getting big.
Just relax under a big oak tree.

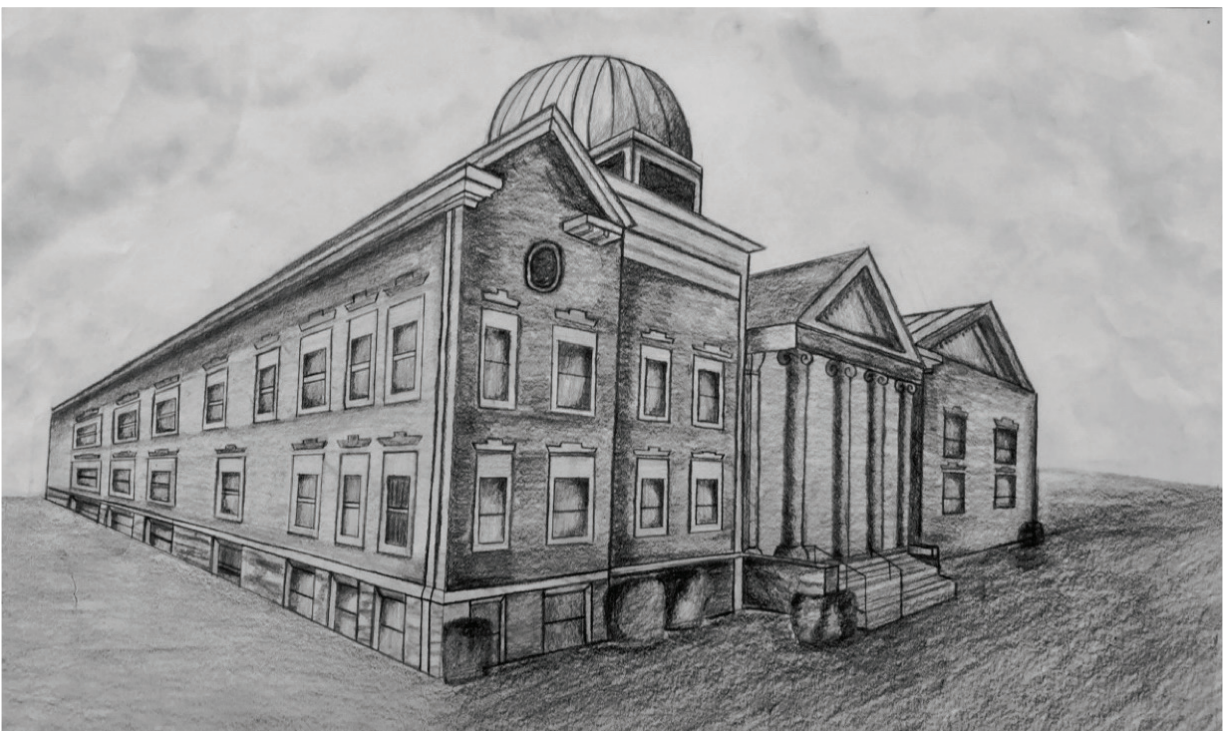


Diarra Newson "Just a Human"

When life gets hard
Just send a card.
Let your ideas flow
And your imagination drift anywhere
And everywhere.

When you miss someone tell them.
Tell them everything. Your every
Hope and your every dream.

Find someone who you can trust.
Make friends with the enemies
So they cannot say anything bad about you.
Don't get upset if something doesn't go your way.
Make sure that you remember one thing.
I'm only a call, letter, or drive away.
If you need to talk or just want to,
I'll always support you, and I will help you
Get through anything you would ever need.



Keelie O'Brien "2-Point Perspective"

TURNING INTO DUST

Sabrina Thompson

The sun filters in through the dusty window
Dancing off the untouched baseboards.
I sit watching the dust swarm
And wonder how it might have looked
Before it was forgotten
Before it was dust.

I imagine the balls,
All of the dresses
And the suits.
All of the laughter.
I can imagine, walking
Down the grand entrance

As everyone looks up toward you
A state of awe in their eyes.
I imagine the glory of the dresses,
Yellow, pink, red, black, every color a
Statement. I can imagine the dancing,
All coordinated waltzes, maybe a foxtrot.
The pure freedom to love and to dance.

But now, this once beautiful castle
Sits empty. The once breathtaking
Colors are fading.
And I continue to imagine how it was
Before it was forgotten
Before it was just dust.



Amanda Brown "Under the Sea"



Amanda Brown "Japanese Gardens"



Amanda Brown "Model Status"

Taylor Blasius

The Wondering Heart

Have you ever wondered
Where the sky
Gets the audacity
To bring clouds to and fro:

In an elegant manner,
Watching and observing
You, as you stare up,
Wondering—waiting

For something more beautiful
To happen, while your friends
Are all gone—disappeared
For an hour or so,

Not knowing where they went
As if they make you think
About every little detail
That they had told you,

Trying to figure out if they,
Too, are like the sky
With the disappearing act
From the clouds, to your friends,
Or is this just me thinking, again?



Tyler Riley "Untitled"

an air-borne beret

Ron Stormer

an air-borne beret
an old man shaking his cane
at the playful wind

a transparent film

Ron Stormer

a transparent film
of fog: pictures develop
as I drive through it

Pitch Black Potion

Alec Boren

Fragrant, complex beans
Bitter to weary taste buds...
Aaahhh...pre-dawn delight.



Tyler Riley "Untitled"

Leslie Wilson

The Flower Tattoo

Look! There she is,
The girl with the flower tattoo.
So unexpected from such a tiny thing,
An entire sleeve of ink upon her right arm.
It starts small, morning glory vines,
Green and delicate, affectionately curling
Around her equally delicate wrist.
Heart-shaped leaves hide freckles in their shade
Like tender shoots sheltered from the brutal sun.
Lilacs bloom up the inside of her forearm
Beckoning you to wonder if she is as sweet as
the depicted flower.
Violets nestle among the foliage,
Telling tales of hidden secrets in her life.
A brilliant sunflower claims the expanse of her elbow,
Her smile its only rival.
Daffodils, daisies and dandelions
all give you hints about her.
The farther you go, up her arm,
The more thorns begin to peek out
From the emerald myriad of leaves.
They dig into her porcelain skin,
the very canvas on which they were painted,
clinging for dear life
Like she were a trellis for them to climb.
The place of honor upon her shoulder
Is held by the queen of flowers.
A rose, blood red, be it by the ink or the thorns,
No one will ever know.



David Quach "She Loves Me Not"



Amanda Brown "Figure Study"

The Crooked Cottage

Emily McAfee

Whirling down the coarse, rough stones,
Swirling rapidly.
Sparkling streams begin to mold,
Weaving into seas.

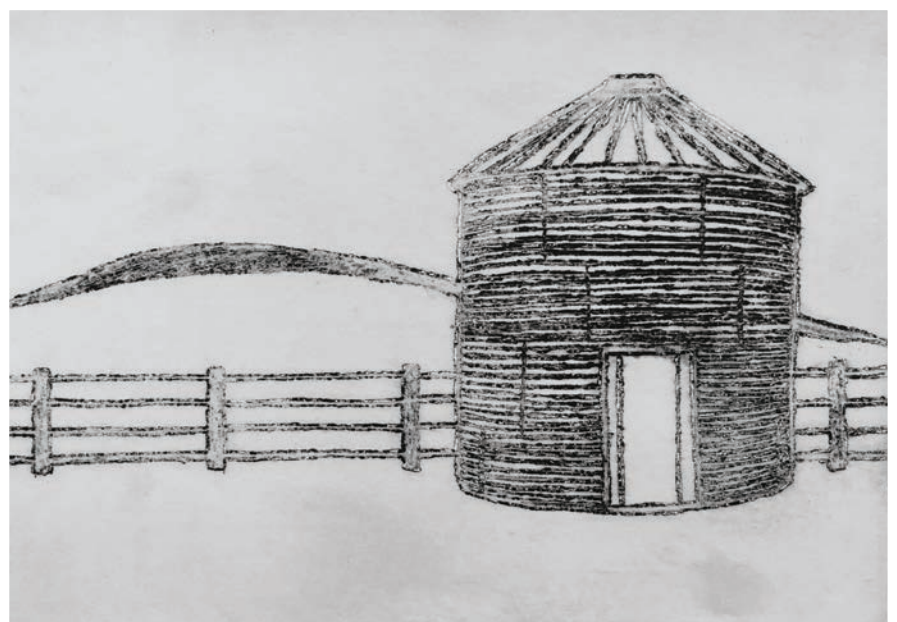
Pounding paint-chipped window panes,
Forming trickling dew.
Luminous waves flowing there,
Upon haunted hue.

Radiant beams, clashing booms,
Blister brooding skies.
Country cottage full of brute,
Lingering demise.

Torrent rainfall hammering,
Eerie cottage door.
Ghostly voices cunningly
Drip while tempest roar.

Mythical rains from above
Trap the phantom eyes.
Cottage drenched upon the hill,
Spirit never dies.

Even though it's raining now,
The haunt still survives.
No wind, storm, or endless night,
Stop tormented cries.



Morgan Powell "Country Life"



Amanda Brown *"Window Light"*

THE

G

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*Sabrina
Thompson*

My head stung, the throbbing getting worse by the second. The cool pavement was touching my cheek as I began to open my eyes. It was hard to move, my whole body hurt. The aching was everywhere, but my head hurt the most. I tried to push myself up, but as soon as I got an inch off the ground I dropped. My wrist was broken, or at least sprained.

My brown hair was stuck to my head in blood. Some strands of hair were sticking to my face. I reached up and tried to grab onto it to move it. My right hand was completely broken. I held it in front of my face in awe. My hand was a sickly shade of purple and blue. Pieces of bone tried to pierce my skin from below. My stomach heaved. The sight of the blood and bones was enough to make my body convulse. I had never been good with blood. I didn't know how I had gotten out of the car or why I was now lying beside the tortured mess of what used to be my vehicle. I must have tried to get away before passing out. The pain was barely manageable.

"Help!" I screamed, hoping for a response, but none came. How long had I been out? Bright red blood was gleaming in the headlights still shining. I hoped it wasn't my own, but I couldn't bear the thought of it being someone else's. I could feel the blood underneath me, sticky and tacky. It was warm to the touch.

My red Saturn Ion was torn apart. The front end of it was indiscernible from the other driver's black car. It was totaled. From the amount of blood on the black pavement, none seemed to be glimmering off the cars.

The other driver was nowhere to be seen. I lifted my head up off the bloody pavement. I couldn't locate them. I hoped they were okay.

I hoped in that moment for a lot of things. I hoped everyone was all

right. That I was safe and that whoever in the car in front of me was okay. I hoped that someone would arrive soon to help.

I couldn't imagine dying right now, lying in a pool of blood with no one here. Tears swelled in my eyes. I needed to find my phone, tell my mom I loved her. Pain shot through my head again and again as more tears formed. My vision blurred again.

In the distance, I could hear hope. Sirens blaring racing toward me. The seconds dragged into what seemed like minutes, hours.

The bright lights flashed down upon me once they arrived. They poked and prodded me as they tore away my clothes trying to stop the bleeding. They gently flipped me over and attached a neck brace to my head. The restriction hurt. I wanted to look around now that I was lying on my back. I wanted to know if everyone was okay.

"Where does it hurt?" Two men loomed over me wearing white uniforms. One was darker, with black hair. With the flashlights searching my body and my face, I couldn't see his eyes. The other man was checking my eyes, he had dark brown hair.

"Can you follow the light with your eyes?" the brown-haired man asked. I tried as best as I could but I just wanted to close them. The light hurts.

Someone brought a board to my side. They moved me gently to a stretcher. "Please help them," I cried. I tried pointing but it hurt too bad to move my arm. "Please, they're hurt. I'm okay now." Tears streamed down my face. I left all regards to my appearance out of my head. "Are they okay?" I finally asked. No one seemed to answer me. My voice nonexistent in this whole ordeal. I wanted them safe. No one could die tonight. I would not die tonight.

The white uniforms blurred as my vision was beginning to fade. "Keep

your eyes open for me,” the dark-haired one coaxed me. They wheeled me fast to the ambulance. “We’re going to take care of you,” he said, his eyes focused on the ambulance a couple yards away from our cars. “Can you tell me your name?”

“Lila,” I stated.

The guy nodded like he knew, but I didn’t see anyone try to find my wallet. “Can you tell me what year we are in?” His white uniform was blocking the other car and the passenger. I just wanted to know, I needed to know.

“Two thousand and seventeen,” I exhaled. A sharp pain went through my side. I winced and yanked my hands up to hold it.

I think he had heard me yelp as he looked down to check on me. “You’re doing great, okay?”

My side was wet under my fingertips as I continued to try to hold the pain in. We had reached the ambulance. As they turned the stretcher I was lying on to place me in the back, the view was finally open for me to see.

A white sheet, simple and clean lying on the ground. An unnatural human shape was lying beneath it. It was then, watching the white sheet as I was ushered into the glowing light of an ambulance, that all my hope shattered.

Tears began to stream down my face. “No, no, no, no, no,” I repeated as I tried to shake my head, the neck brace tightening until I felt like I could barely breathe. “How could this happen! How, God, could you let this happen? Why?” My hand tightened on my side and the pain increased, but I didn’t care anymore. I didn’t. This was my fault.

I wish I had never texted.



Analiene Meany “Untitled”



Megan Green “888 373 7888”



Debra Scoggin-Myers "Untitled"

Hope/Fear

Marena Niehoff

The world has changed, and I am terrified.
This is our world of hate and fear
Where kids can get shot at their schools
Or at the movies, at a show.
What have our safe places become
But fun spaces where we might lose our lives?
Where terror reigns and fear guides our actions.
The world has changed, and I am at a loss
 For what to do and how to help.
 We send our thoughts. We send our prayers.
 But what good does that really do?
 Our country refuses to change.
 We will not adapt to protect ourselves
 Even if it means the death of our kids.
The world has changed, but I still have hope.
There is still good in this country.
It may be difficult to see
That people still love each other
In the wake of all this violence.
But we must believe that the world can change
Or we will drown in our fear and despair.

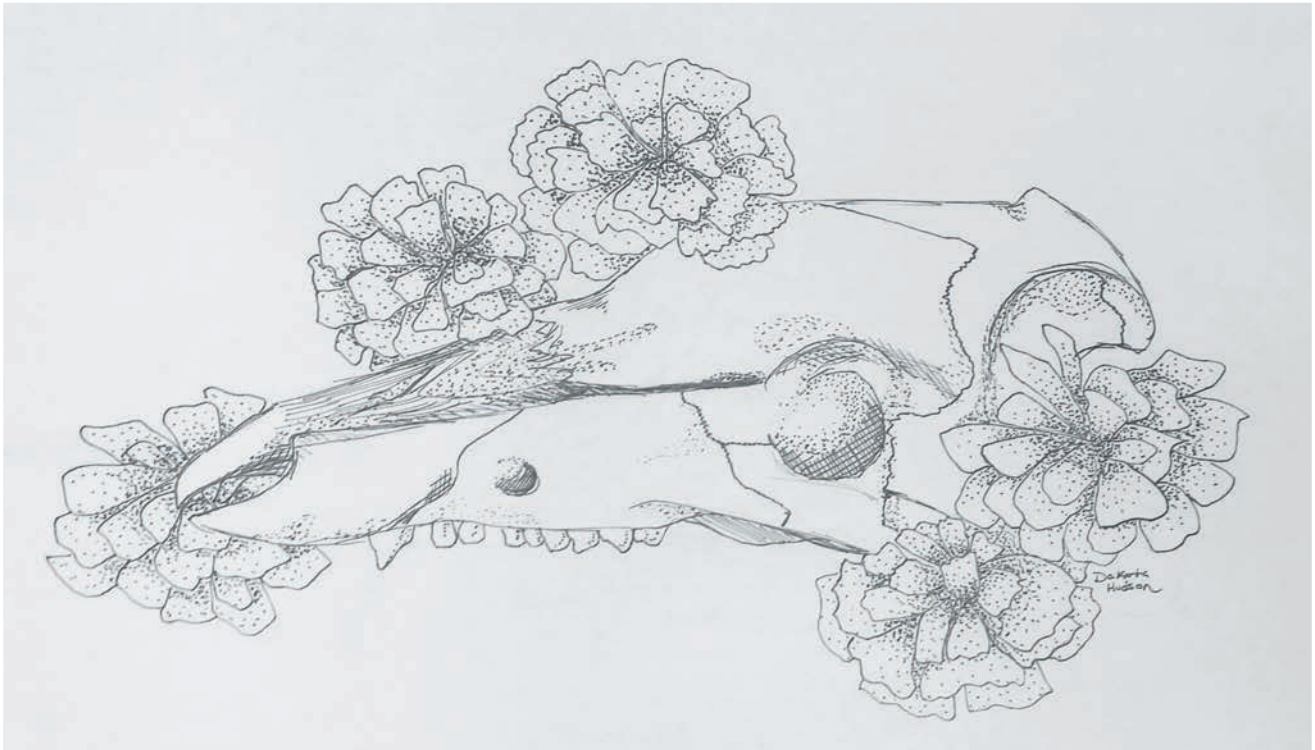




Amanda Brown "Quincy Bridge"



Allyssa Thompson *"Self Portrait"*



Dakota Hudson "Mors Pulcher (Death Is Beautiful)"



Debra Scoggin-Myers "Organic Red Cabbage"

HARMONY

Literary & Arts Magazine

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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 literary and artistic contributions to the campus community.

Editorial Policy

Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine is published by a student staff and supervised by two faculty advisors. 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 Literary & Arts Magazine* staff as anonymous works, and the staff then reviews and selects pieces for publication.

Disclaimer: The content of works published in the *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the editors, staff, or Culver-Stockton College.

Colophon

The 2018 issue of *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* was created using Apple computers. The layout was created using Adobe Creative Cloud software. *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* was printed in CMYK color mode on 8.5 x 11" paper. The body font used for this issue is Helvetica. The finished publication was printed by JK Creative Printers in Quincy, IL. (500 copies)
The cover was designed by Avry Gildehaus-Moyers.

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eg

As everyone
A state of a
I imagine the
Yellow, pink,
Statement. I c
All coordinate
ours

