

# Kennings



**Kenning:** a descriptive phrase used in place of the ordinary name for something, usually found in the poetry of Old Germanic languages, but still very much alive in our own vernacular.

Examples include:

“sea-farer” for ship

“whale road” for sea

“tree-hugger” for environmentalist

Produced by Hanover College students, Kennings Literary and Artistic Magazine features art, photography, poetry, and prose from the Hanover College Community, including students, faculty, staff, and alumni. All submissions are considered for publication, and selection is made by blind voting of the editorial staff.

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Kennings Artistic and Literary Magazine 2017  
Hanover College

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Special thanks to:

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Village Lights Bookstore

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\*Submissions to What Does Love Mean to You Photo Contest

\*\*Winner of What Does Love Mean to You Photo Contest

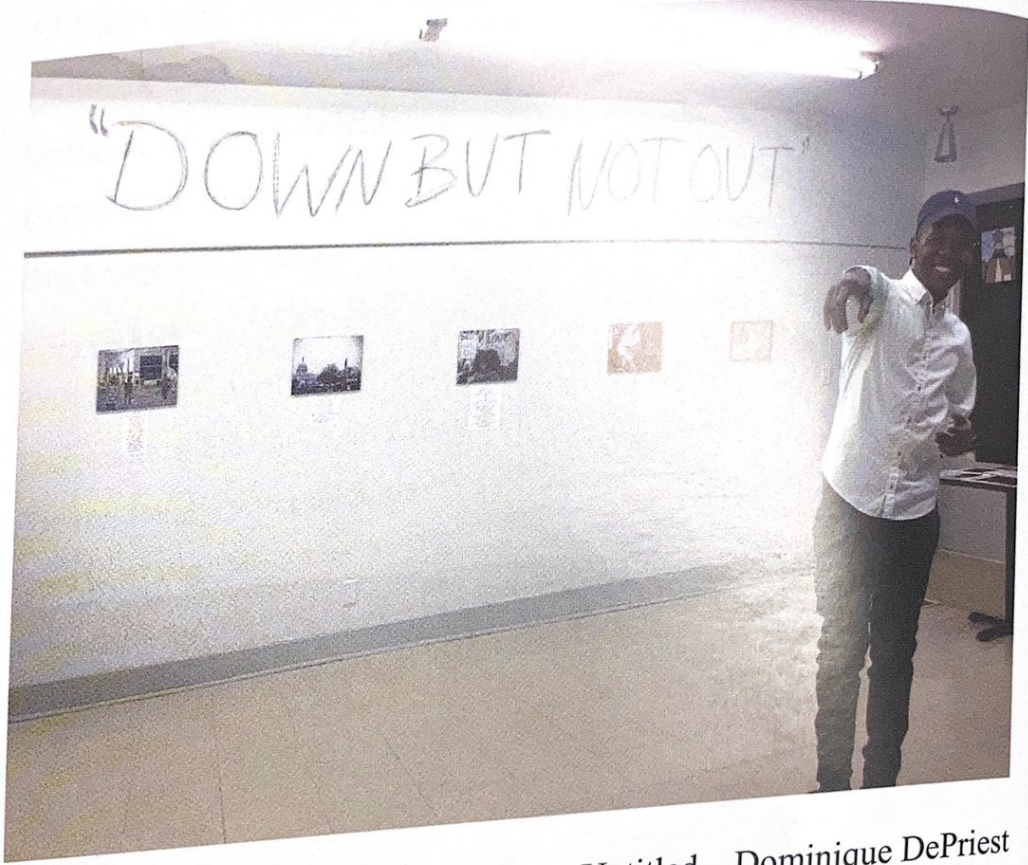
For Matt Geass

Papa Roach  
is not a band

Luke Lentz



Undaunted – Perah Rutledge



Untitled – Dominique DePriest

## Demons

Her demons grew wings and flew away  
She saw it right in front of her  
Things just sprouted during the day  
out from their gruesome shoulders  
Such beautiful wings they were, she thought,  
like delicate paper fans in bold colors  
or parachutes the wind had caught,  
one gliding in to meet the others  
They almost made her forget their cargo,  
but still she saw the faces from nightmares,  
pricking memories from long ago  
and stinging her soul afresh with tears  
But they soon faded with the lovely wings  
and disappeared, leaving her free  
No longer a darkness that clings,  
Her demons flew off over the sea

Molly Miller





Ombre Sky – Amber King

About You

Today I heard a poem about you  
Well, it wasn't about you  
    Not really.  
But it was about a grandmother  
    Dying.  
Like you did.  
Well, not like you did.  
    Not really.  
But I was still sad  
    I was crying.  
    Like I do.  
Well, not like I always do.  
    Not really.  
But there were tears in my eyes,  
    And I was fighting them back  
    Unlike I used to be able to.  
I did not break down  
    Into a mess  
    Into a puddle of tears  
I stayed strong and listened  
to this poem about you.

Macy Barwick

## Lens of Gold

I think back to autumns past.  
This used to be a season of sadness,  
Of death, of ending.  
The clouds matched my inside.

This year I feel the change more profoundly.  
Differently. Better.

This year the chill in the air stops the ache in the heart.  
The hand that holds mine keeps me warm inside.  
The leaves on the ground keep me alive,  
The external feeds the soul.

These glowing hours.  
This richness of color and life,  
The warmth.  
Seeing the world through a lens of gold,  
This is a season of beginning.

Sydney Hornsby



Trail to Hanover Beach – Joshua Hill

Fairytale Lands

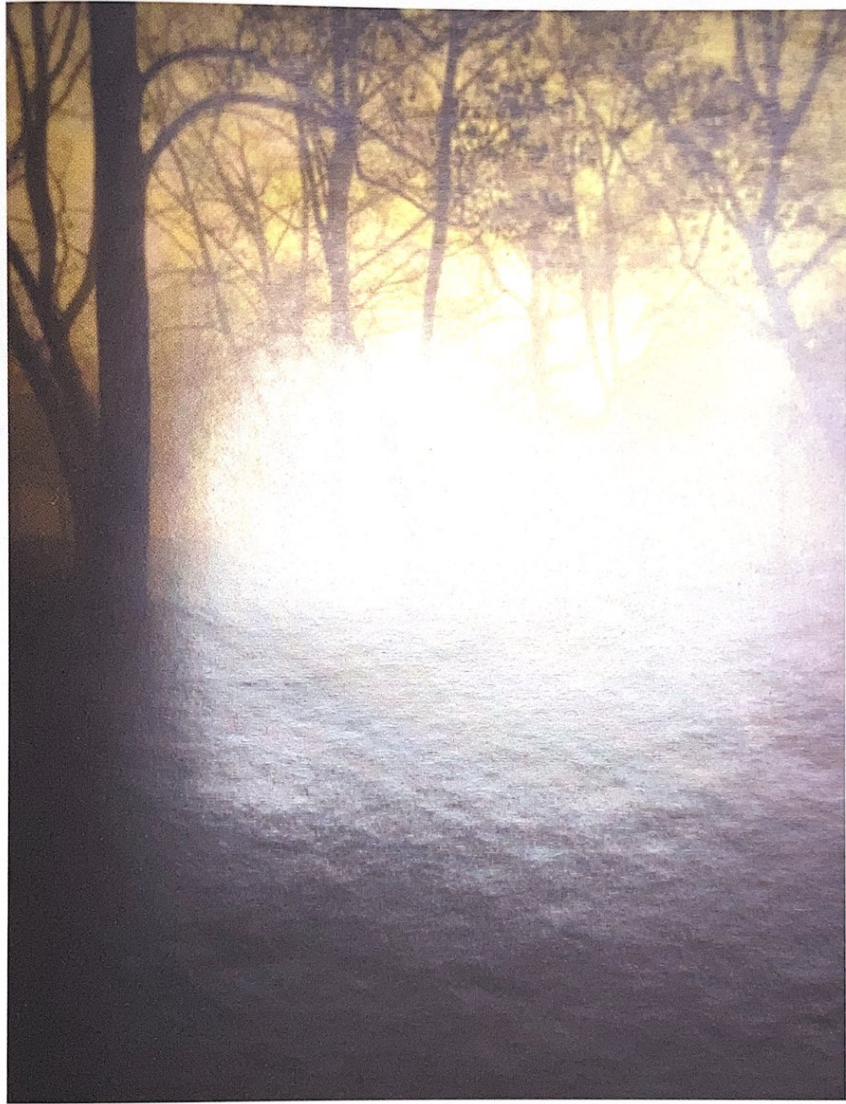
Take me with you to worlds unknown,  
To shores unexplored.  
Let us dance in gossamer gowns  
On seas of transparent glass.  
We'll sail through galaxies divine.  
We'll teeter-totter on the moon,  
Then slide

Down  
Through  
A  
Rabbit's

Hole.

But before we go, we'll kidnap stars;  
Justifiable Contraband,  
And grind them into fairy dust  
—so that  
Just as we reach the ground  
We'll toss them up,  
and join the swirling spray;  
to Neverlands once more.

Kim Litchfield



Good Morning Hanover – Joshua Hill

## Crimson Milk

Hello kind stranger! May I come in?  
To refuse the needy be a sin  
Do you see it in the skies?  
The storm I so despise?  
Shadows so ominous I fear my own demise  
So please save me from my fright!  
Let me stay for just one night

Oh thank you so much! You're kinder than some  
Now let me cook dinner, and fill your tum  
Now there's one more thing that I require  
Yes! One more thing that I must acquire  
A drink! Is what I need... Yes... don't you think?

May I drink your wine? Your crimson milk?  
From your cup of fleshy silk?  
I'll drink and drink while you waste away!  
Your end will come with this storm of May!  
But now you run?  
YES RUN!

You'll fill my chase with so much fun!

All throughout the house  
Like a cat and a mouse!  
You're screaming for your spouse  
to save you from this demonic louse!  
But he's not here, only you my dear!

If you beg and plea,  
I'll let you be like me  
Then you'll really see  
how much fun this can be!  
But if not that's fine

I'll just drink your wine!

Now in the dark of this stormy night  
I lay upon you my vampiric bite  
You died well; put up a good fight,  
but nothing escapes my deadly sight!  
Thanks for the wine

It was simply...divine

Wezi Mulamba





Venezia, Italia – Autum Kimla

## My Heart

Make a fist for a heart.  
That's the size of it.  
A clenched up ball of muscle.  
Trapping feeling, all  
of the feeling in the body.  
Mine is a fist of determination.  
But it's also a fist holding  
everything together.  
Unclenched, my heart is just a hand.  
Flat, open  
to all of the hurt in the world.  
So I make it a fist again.  
Compressing my pain  
while keeping more from getting in.  
My heart may be  
just the size of a fist.  
But it keeps me alive  
in more ways than one.

Molly Miller



Città di Siena – Emma Jones

## The World the Writers Know

The world the writers know  
Is the lair of ink-stained plotting  
Where ideas sprout and grow.

Rivers quickly flow,  
In a place where horses are always trotting  
The world the writers know.

They've been trained with book titles on low rows  
And their thighs are strong from squatting  
Where ideas sprout and grow.

The pied piper you always owe  
For showing you, time allotting,  
The world the writers know.

Stories are what they sew,  
And they have those pages of constant blotting  
Where ideas sprout and grow.

In a time long, long ago,  
In a land where seeds were always dropping—  
That's the world the writers know  
Where ideas sprout and grow.

Sarah Line

## Captive Animal

The trap is set for its unsuspecting prey.  
The secret to happiness is the bait.  
It calls for the already weakened to play  
A game and the winner gets the castaway.  
But the trap never loses, all it has to do is wait.

The name of the game is different for everyone-  
It feeds on vulnerability.  
And to your head holds a handgun,  
But doesn't pull the trigger until you know you've been outdone.  
You scold yourself for your gullibility.

There is nothing you could do,  
The odds were stacked and not in your favor.  
Your body laid in full view  
For the next player waiting for their cue,  
Thinking that they are braver.

The trap never loses.  
Its jaw breaks  
Through the skin and leaves bruises.  
On your body is left a brand of excuses.  
You choose if it maims or scrapes.

Hope Westmoreland



Look Closer – Joshua Hill

Sonnet 6

Then I was born, a force full of words and  
My mother's material, molding me  
Into all that I was and am, her hand  
Gently deciding what all I could be.  
She taught me to love all that life had to  
Offer, placing a pen in my hand for  
Her sake and mine. My first scratch: the sky is blue.  
Oh, and it was. Mom had opened the door.  
From that moment on, I dedicated  
Myself to realms of writing and language.  
With memories, I self-medicated  
By penning them down, sometimes in anguish.  
Her material, that's what she called me.  
Roles reversed for her to set my words free.

Sarah Line



Untitled – Dominique DePriest

## Where Hidden Treasures Lie

A small cabin lies hidden in the trees dripping wet.  
Most would call it run down and decayed  
but there is beauty present yet.

The purples, pinks, reds, and oranges jet  
into view as the sun takes away the shade.  
A small cabin lies hidden in the trees dripping wet.

Here on the rooftop of the cabin is where these colors met  
the warm brown tones of natural wood as it began to fade,  
but there is beauty present yet.

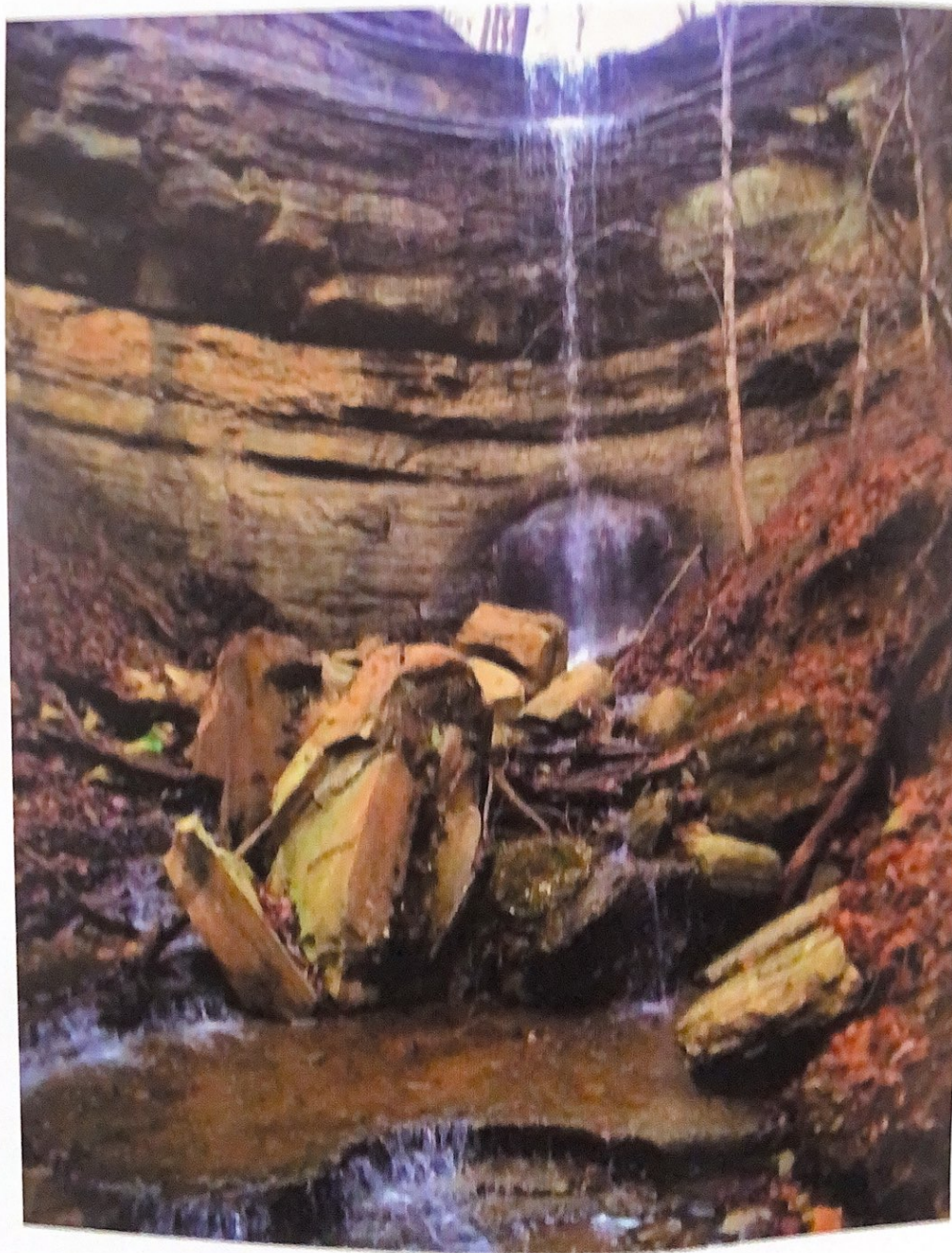
To the left of the door was the one window to let  
in light, so dark and mysterious most of the cabin stayed.  
A small cabin lies hidden in the trees dripping wet.

With only the outside able to be seen we get  
a limited picture. We will see no more without nature's aid,  
but there is beauty present yet.

Many times in our own minds we are often set,  
and it is our perspectives that we must trade.  
A small cabin lies hidden in the trees dripping wet,  
and here there is beauty present yet.

Hannah Wehmeyer





Buddha Belly in Winter – Joshua Hill



Love is Being with My Best Friend – Cara Hoskins

### Growing Pains

I wish you pain and some distress,  
A trip over shoe laces, and a skinned knee;  
Enough to give you tenderness.

Coke bottle glasses in round frames,  
To see the boy behind the lens;  
I wish you pain and some distress.

Homework ignored, zeros, near A's,  
Dishes stacked high, slave labor despised;  
Enough to give you tenderness.

Careless angry words escaped,  
A loss of control, tad of regret;  
I wish you pain and some distress.

An effort beyond compare for  
One small pointless project failed—just  
Enough to give you tenderness.

A life of Happiness—tempered,  
With a drop of delirium and madness  
I wish you pain and some distress;  
Enough to give you tenderness.

Kim Litchfield



54 Years and Counting – Cambria Jones

Hallmark Card

What I looked for:

*How are you feeling? Don't be brave.*

*Where are you now? Don't lie.*

*Do you miss me? Don't answer that.*

But they were all out.

What I wanted:

*I hope you laughed today.*

*I never asked your favorite food.*

*I just want you to be happy.*

But they were never in.

I couldn't bring myself to buy

*I miss you.*

So I just got

*Happy birthday.*

Emma Jones

## Unfurled

My Julia spins and swirls, her dress unfurled,  
Before the air became too thick to breathe.  
Laughing, chanting, darting; a child's world.  
Trifling words, holey socks, and allergies  
Take a seat to hopscotch and duck-duck-goose.  
Breathing deeply, laughing, and friends to know,  
Childhood innocence; unclouded—almost noon.

Today is not this day, but tomorrow.  
The playground covered in a silent haze,  
Betrayed by a fog that stole its laughter,  
Hands powerless to fill the empty space:  
Husband, father, wretched premature—after  
Yesterday, concrete that image; stayed  
Of dress unfurled: orange, red, yellow displayed.

Kim Litchfield

## Ode to the Introvert

It was a cloudy Thursday. *Maybe.*  
We sat in rows aligned. *Typical.*  
She was drilling a student who was  
Empty of an answer,  
Nothing left to discuss.  
The professor gave up  
Leaving the student behind by saying,  
"You need to be more interesting."  
I sat still in my chair. My brow furrowed.  
I pondered why this made my heart hurt  
And my stubborn blood simmer.  
I wanted to force this voice to say something.  
But introverts can't do that, right?

So here is what I would have said,  
If this earth was a changed place:  
It's a funny and strange way to live,  
This ideal of interesting.  
The belief that humans are for entertainment.  
For show. For dazzle.  
That their worth is found in words or performance.  
That their hearts reside in articulate outpourings.

When will we learn that some are more alive inside their minds,  
Yet it doesn't diminish their personhood?  
Why are we all consumed with interesting?  
The endless, never-ending pursuit of something so elusive.  
Something so based on outside opinion.  
Maybe we're called to stop searching and start being.  
To settle down into the skin we're given  
And learn how to exist within it.

Sydney Hornsby

Dos Lenguas. Un Alma

¡Me gustaría una sangria,  
por favor!  
Quiero una bebida.  
Man, I just want a drink.

Me gusta estudiar Español  
Pero a veces los palabras  
escape me.

Me gustó viajando en  
España.  
La cultura es muy bonita  
and unique.

Ahora voy a pedir mi  
bebida.  
¡Me gustaría una sangria,  
por favor!  
¡Gracias!

Macy Barwick



### Strange Fruits

Like Eve I once walked in the Garden of Eden.  
Rubbed from the rib of Adam, I too was composed for delight.  
Like Eve I basked in the innocence of benign ignorance for such matters  
of sin  
And soaked in the waters of God's radiant light.  
Like Eve I too took the hand of another mister, and went  
Into the realm of my passion's consent.  
And when I took the temptation of fruit,  
I too, just like Eve, made my fate absolute.  
Don't hate me for my deed, or smother my voice,  
Like Eve in the matter, no man considered my choice  
To eat of strange fruits that liberated my tortured soul.  
Like Eve, just a misunderstood goddess of Eden,  
I chose the fruit, I choose my absolute.  
Even He will consider my voice at the table.

Joshua Hill



Story Tellers – Joshua Hill

### Tempestuous Storm

Two worlds crossing: one yours, one mine,  
Bound together with cords, not chains;  
Landscapes similarly supplied.  
Soil enriched by passion and pain,  
Particles of toil and tenderness.  
Cleansed throughout in highest fashion,  
Cultivated grief and madness,  
Disdain entangled by passion.  
Moisture rising, mist compelling,  
Thunderous waterfalls divine.  
Engorged rivers ravage boundaries  
That culminate; create divide.  
Flesh entwined with flesh; hearts endued,  
Hunger assuaged and love renewed.

Kim Litchfield



Firenze, Italia – Autum Kimla

Love Is

Love is the cure  
The curse and the skewer  
It separates the many  
From the fewer  
One night a dream  
One day the sewer  
A beautiful rose  
That smells like manure

A late night tour  
With a tempting allure  
Something we all know  
But still is obscure  
It's all parts mysterious  
For those who are curious  
Love is red hot!  
And often most furious

It's not all too bad  
In case you're unsure  
Love is still good  
Love is mature  
And above all  
Love is still pure

Wezi Mulamba



The Point in Spring – Emma Jones

## The Land of Hate

I am living in the land of hate.  
To me, it has little to do  
With elephants or donkeys. Red or blue.  
Hate is disguised by the mask that is politics,  
Covered up by opinions and disgust.  
Pointed fingers & picked fights;  
Facebook debates and dark deeds.  
I am living in the land of hate.

Everyone seems to have a voice.  
Loud voices, sharp voices, overwhelming noises,  
Which makes it easier for me to hide mine.  
But the quality of our spite-filled hearts  
Bring my voice to the surface.

What's it matter if you're on a political platform,  
Or the darkest sinner,  
Or the most light-filled individual?  
You are human. We are all human.  
Humans are flawed. More than a lot broken.  
We are composed of tiny pieces making  
Mosaics of fragmented wholeness.

But we talk about freedom like  
It's something we can give and take away  
From other humans, the same kind of  
Broken as us, like we're apprentices of the Almighty,  
Dictators of this universe.  
But what if this lack of love  
Is actually the most binding thing of all?

I am living in the land of hate,  
But it's not my native land.  
It cannot be my home, until  
Someone greater than myself  
Takes hold of this deep, deep  
Darkness and turns it into gold.

Sydney Hornsby

Crisp Pickle

Crisp Pickle  
In a salty brine  
Reminds me of  
A grandpa of mine

Tequila and Lime

Tequila and Lime  
Should be a crime  
It gets me in trouble  
All the damn time

Macy Barwick



## Revelation in a Revolution

Everyone dies, so why bother trying?  
Everyone lies, so why bother buying?  
Into this life and all its bad timing?  
But in all this strife I'll just keep on rhyming

Miming those heroes who died before us  
Priming us zeroes who haven't tried, but now must  
Fighting for our lives opportunity:  
Take it!  
lighting up the candles cause we all won't make it  
Fake it! Till we break it down  
till it breaks us down  
till we're lying on the burning ground  
When we're all heaven bound....

Or Hell sent....  
Is that where he went?  
Is that where I'm going?  
No way of knowing  
So the world we'll keep showing  
the future we want  
not the one we deserve  
Yes! We have the nerve  
to make a brighter day  
hotter than May  
Not tomorrow  
Today!  
We'll do it some way  
and for it we'll all pay

Stay if you believe  
Shout!  
when we achieve  
forget your pet peeve  
see what you can do  
know what you can be!  
We are something new

And that is the key  
The power of you and me:  
The not so happy family

We saw a problem so we start a revolution  
I just hope this was the solution  
When the smoke clears, I hope we're the same or better  
Cause we'll be to blame when it's not done to the letter

The time is right!  
Our will and our might!  
We bark and then bite!  
Our future's in sight!  
It's brighter than light!  
Or...it's darker than night...  
It gives me a fright

Will I be a saint?  
Or my cause will I taint?  
Then paint a story  
not one of glory  
one that's gory

Walls painted with innocent blood  
Their names dragged through the streets and mud  
Young lives nipped in the bud  
Enough tears to make a flood  
Crud

....will we be angels?  
are we just dream'n?  
Or will we be our own  
Special kind of demon?

Wezi Mulamba



Hosier Lane, Melbourne, Australia – Emma Jones

Domingo

Dormiendo hasta las 12, ahí te encontrare,  
Ahora que es Domingo, mas tarde paseare.  
Relajate no mas, que hoy es un día tranquilo.  
Quedate en la cama, cerrando tus ojitos.  
Con el sol que brilla tanto  
Y los sonidos del pajarrito.

Tan

Wind blow, sun shine.  
This glow will last for some time.  
The seeds sow, my feet firm.  
I'm ready to call Peru home again.

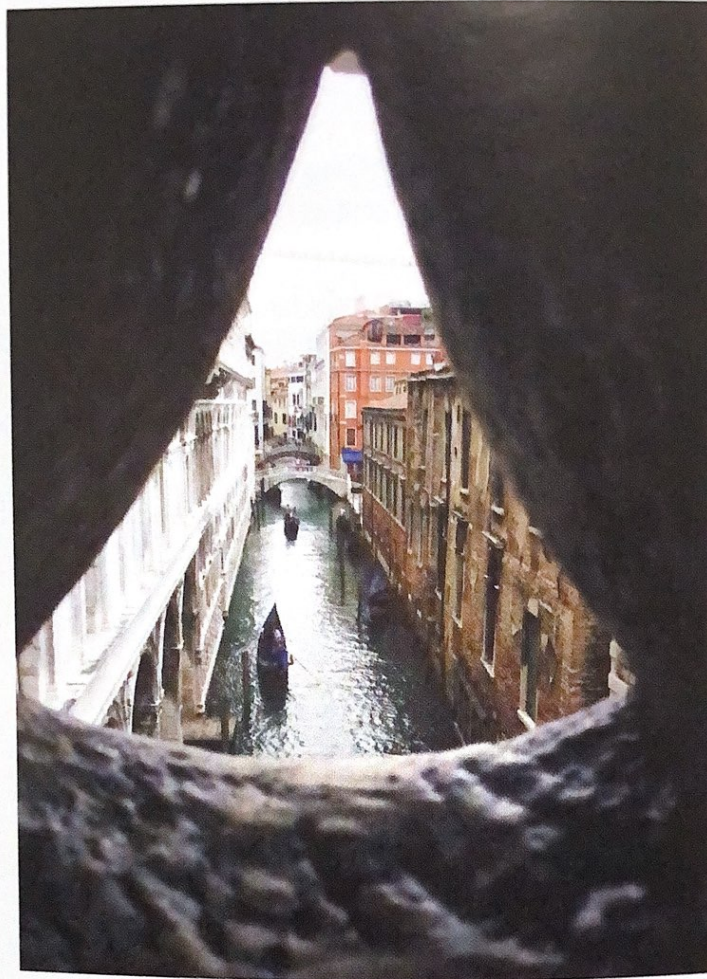
Traffic

Peru.  
Food satisfaction.  
Traffic distraction.  
A solid day's work  
Through the streets of  
Peru.

Espresso

And we laughed, and we drank our cafecito.  
My tired eyes stay open to see the flats roofs  
where we allow our emotions the freedom  
to let a scream out.  
To hold my stomach from laughing too much.  
Or staring out into the distance of my cousin's eyes.  
A smile here, a touch there,  
Holding my arm as if the closest amigas,  
As if these long, lost memories were never lost.  
Like the sun that's always present  
hidden at times by the clouds.  
I'm four again and I'm drinking café con leche  
con mi mamita.

Ivonne Mora



Venice from the Bridge of Sighs – Emma Jones



If you are interested in submitting works to be considered for the 2018 edition of Kennings, or if you are interested in becoming part of the Kennings Editorial Staff, please send your submissions and questions to [kennings@hanover.edu](mailto:kennings@hanover.edu) or to Kennings Editor-in-Chief Falyn Moncrief at [moncrieff18@hanover.edu](mailto:moncrieff18@hanover.edu). If you've already submitted and your work is between these pages, keep up the good art. Thanks for reading.