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k e n n i n g s

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EDITORIAL

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 Journal* features art, photography, poetry, and prose from both inside and outside the Hanover College Community submissions. All submissions are considered for publication, and selection is made by blind voting of the editorial staff.

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WAX, CANDLES, JARS: A SERIES OF HAIKUS

MACEY FRANKLIN '21

Wax

Wax is a substance
That you melt down with hot heat
And some adjustments.

It always smells good.
Sometimes like apples or trees.
In a room, yes please.

Candles

Now onto candles.
Candles do not have handles.
They do not need them.

They are made of wax.
A candle has a state tax,
Though they aren't pricey.

When hot they melt fast.
Make sure the jar has no cracks,
Or else they will leak.

Jar

The jar holds candles.
They are put on a mantle,
And are made of glass.

You can find a jar
At many, if not all, stores
And most stores aren't far.

End

And so, there you go.
You can make your own candles
If you want to glow.

RAINBOW WORLD

MAD UNDERHILL '21



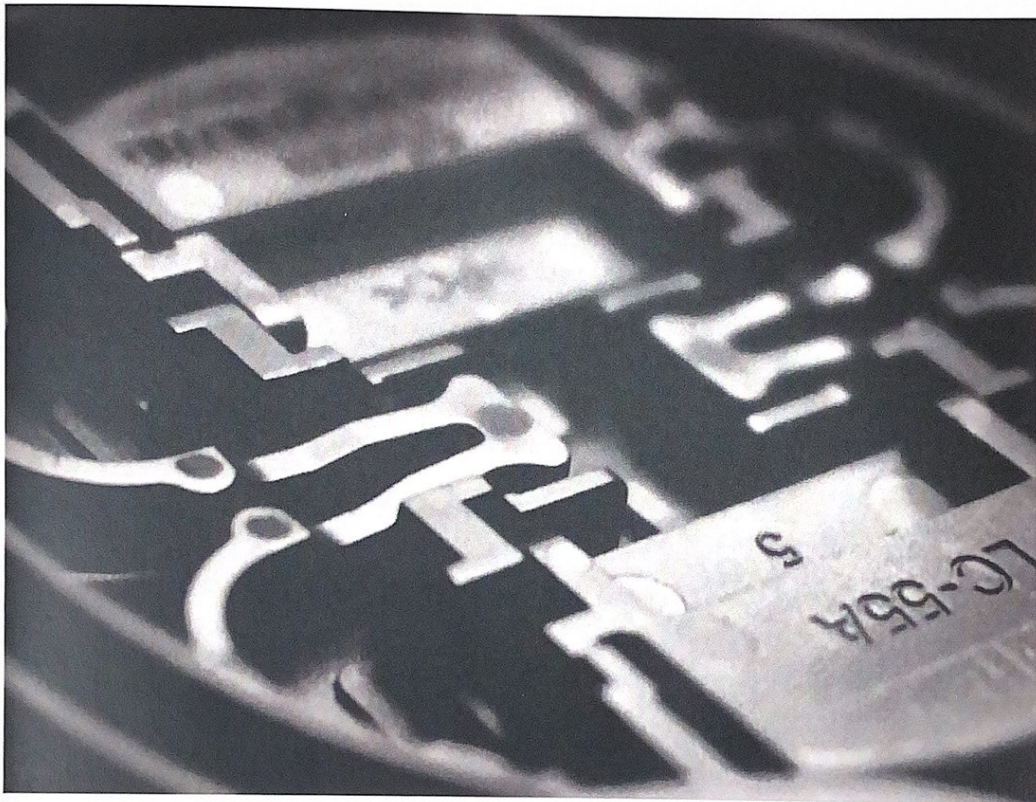
EURYDICE

GRACIE PHILLIPS '21

Shall I list each numbered day spent apart?
Each moment I waited with bated breath
for my love to guide me, kickstart my heart.
Close enough to touch, a hair's faintest breadth
away from me, your letters poetry
igniting my fire – your worship, the flames.
Men who give chase you send to Coventry,
let no mortal near, play dangerous games.
Lover you, you alone do I belong,
eternal bliss, forbidden freedom flight.
Your tender green finch, I sing your sweet song
with broken wings, through bars I can delight.
Under lock and key, your bird becomes womb
of gilded cage, and quiet, buried tomb.

MAZE

CAMRYN STEMLE '22



DEAD TO ME OR DESTINY

GABRIEL RATCLIFFE '22

If you be Dead-to-Me...
Walls will raise up
Fantasy is a clingy frenemy,
And release barks rough
Pain pushed in my way's enough
The break brings you relief

If you be Destiny...
Heart clings tight to bitter and sweet,
And soar above any storm
Buried I and me rise from dust as us and we
We await one another in tight corners
My true best for you is an order

May fate dictate what waits beyond

CLIMBING

LIV BENNETT '22

a group of strangers; two were you and me.
we followed trails and wore through our brown boots
we came upon the mountains through the trees
and stumbled over fallen limbs and roots.

then i was lost, obscured beneath the leaves.
i tasted tangled vines and spider webs,
and branches scratched the skin beneath my sleeves
as strength and warmth and light began to ebb.

you spread apart the branches, let me in,
and told me how you'd searched the forest through.
those kinds of things stay with you even when
the people don't, and people never do.

so cut the vines and shove me through the door
and leave me aching every day for more.

MORE THAN BIBLES

ANDI SPRING '23

He said to me, drunk as ever,

"Pour your soul into the whiskey, smoke yourself into the drag, carry yourself into the stars."

So I said, "You're trying to make me love you again. Not this time."

And he replied, "Fair enough. But can you at least get on with the story? Dialogue was never your thing."

I said, "All right. You've got me. But where should I begin?"

And with a sigh, he said, "You're the writer. You tell me."

So I looked him deep in the eyes, and I started with the best beginning I knew. "A long time ago, among the turquoise ocean of flora and fauna, there were millions of tiny things that didn't yet have names."

He stopped me and whispered, "You must be high."

So I kissed him pink and nodded my head, "I am. And within these tiny, nameless things, there was the potential for passion, and above all else, pain."

I paused for a moment, ran my fingers through his hair, and he blinked.

I went on.

"On the inside, ants were artists. They built their mindless colonies, obeyed their queen, but at night, they sang the first jazz, darted their legs to the rhythm of the earth being made, wrote poems in the hums of their movement, and painted their gods on the leaves they carried. Yet, still, during the long days, their heavy eyes and aching legs were dutiful."

I looked down, breathless, at my fingers, and pressed them to his mouth for warmth. He smiled.

"But ants, you must remember, can carry ten times their weight and still remain uncrushed. So the tortured artists—the first ones, anyway—kept their heads high. And one day, among the moss, after what seemed like centuries, a God-like bird swept down below and spoke to the ants in the grove.

"The Bird said,

'I have watched your kind for years. You ants spend your sunny hours working together in your colonies, feeding the young, tending to the sick, building churches to your queen. And as the sun sinks on the horizon, a mass of you creates what the rest live for. We call this "art." We call this "music." We call it "love." We call it "pain."

The ants whispered to each other, of the holy being before them. They became a stir of noise and anticipation.

The Bird spoke again:

'For these reasons: for your soul, for your love, I have decided to give you bigger minds. Larger canvases. Lives longer than you have ever imagined. In exchange for this, you must leave this life behind. Wipe your mind of its memory, leave the safety of your home and spread your art into the unknown. With this sacrifice, you will become all that you have ever wanted to be. If you so wish this new destiny, step forth and you shall have it.'

The ants below thought about this. To spread their passion, to be remembered, to live and breathe far from the hill they built with sweat and blood. Many of them, too afraid of the future the Bird had offered, fled back into their homes, carrying their berries and twigs, staying as ants, contently frozen in mediocrity. Still, some remained; the chance of beauty and meaning much more enticing than the work and toil that awaited them at home.

The Bird looked upon these chosen ants and beamed. He waved his wing toward them, and they were graced with new life.

Now, thrust into the world, one of the ants became Vincent Van Gogh. Another, Georgia O'Keefe. Jackson Pollock, Tupac Shakur, Kurt Cobain, Maud Lewis, Maya Angelou, Edgar Allen Poe, William Shakespeare, Amy Winehouse, Sylvia Plath, Jim Morrison, and so on.

The ants took breaths with human lungs and felt the world with hands and feet, and their eyes of black became blue, and green, and gold.

Some lifted brushes and painted the Earth as it came to them. Others took pencils and pens and wrote the stories and poems that their minds conjured. Some opened their throats and gave birth to voice.

And though the Bird had told them of the beauty they would possess, he did not tell them of the pain that would break them until roses grew from the cracks.

The ants had no choice but to find ways to ease their souls. They took to liquor and drugs and cheap love. And though this numbed them for a while, for most of them, this was not enough.

Soon, the beauty was laid to rest; graves dug and prayers sent to the heavens, for the artist's pain is enough for millions.

As they died, the Bird recited the same tale over and over again to the tiny souls below. Ants became artists, artists died, holy Birds replaced idols for more idols, knowing that humans need more to worship than Bibles and the few paintings left behind."

His eyes turned grey. So did everything. He asked, "So what happened next?" And I smiled.

"They keep coming. Josh Tillman does LSD every morning. Chris Cornell ended up hanging himself. Every good rapper smokes their weight in weed or pops pills like candy. You'll never see a painter in an AA meeting."

He nodded.

"But sometimes, we take a magnifying glass to an ant hill. And the ruin makes us feel better. Even if we don't know why."

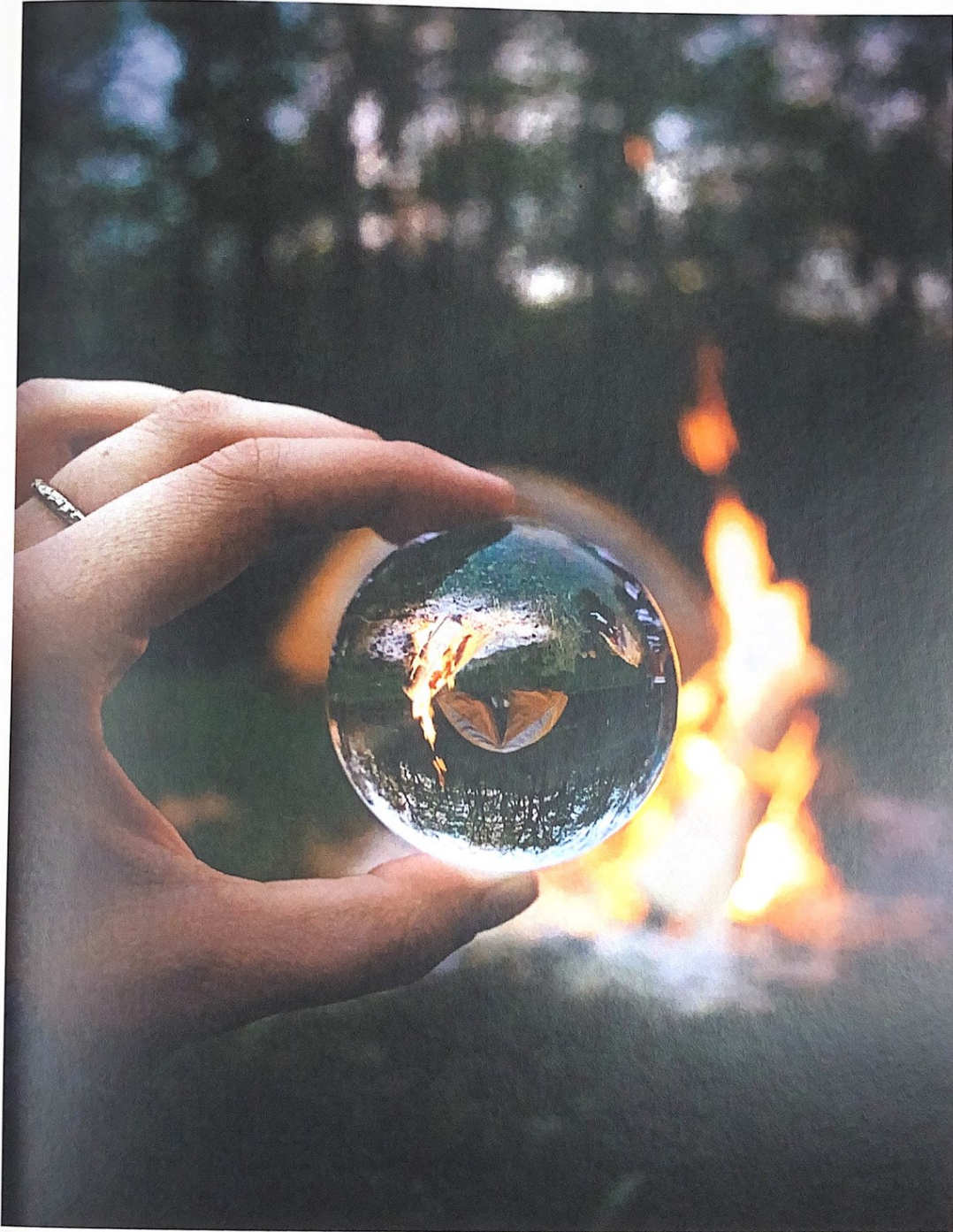
And he spoke: "I think you're an ant."

I lit a cigarette and laughed, "Of course I am. Where do you think all these goddamn vices come from?"

~

EYE OF THE FIRE

ADDY ZIMPLEMAN '21



JUNE

LIV BENNETT '22

There are holes in this windowpane
lined with dust, seeping self-assurance
from someone else's daily bread.
As the shadows settle into noon we walk
with a vague place in mind,
pace toddling, unsteady,
shifted by the song of cardinals
and the nectar of honeysuckle.

We thank our god for our feet, that they
would move us here in striped toe socks
and rubber sandals, that they
would carry us through the dust.

The nickels in our pockets become
fast food ice cream sundaes. She doesn't
like the nuts but I do.

LA LECHE

ANDI SPRING '23

It is a stone building covered in ivy,
with a wooden cross tall enough to touch the sky posted along the shore;
ocean and palm tree dancers sway:
the first shrine built to Our Lady of the Milk and Happy Delivery,
Our Lady of La Leche.

For four hundred and fifty years,
women have made the pilgrimage here
to pray to this Blessed Mary and her sacred acre, at her holy feet,
for a child.

As I look at her, stone faced and worn,
I think She must have a million rosary beads in her pockets.
A million baby shoes.
Such carefully scripted prayers, asking for one thing:
flesh and blood, healthy and pure.

My mind wanders to the mothers that never became mothers.
The women who lit their candles and prayed their prayers
and washed their feet of sins in the ocean salt,
and still left here with a hollowness in their bellies
that would never be filled.

I ask Our Lady to one day bless me with Her daughters.
And I wonder if She will deem me worthy,
Virgin enough, Holy enough, Woman enough.
I light a candle, and I pray.

MIDNIGHT DANCER

GRACIE PHILLIPS '21

Should you one day ask if I want to dance,
know this: my feet have long known the passage
of songs and steps; what careless happenstance
brings forth from me a withstanding message
of some long lost melody – outfitting
strangers and lovers in gowns made of gold?
Take me, guide me from where I am sitting.
Are we to be like kings and queens of old?
On the night we met, you swept me away,
together we faced all the great unknown
danced we two lovers until dusk turned to day.
Now once more I sit, unsure and alone,
yet still I rise, for what terrible plight
dancing alone on a cold, thankless night.

COMEDY CLUB

KATHY BARBOUR

Of all the famously silent male animal impressionists I've known doing "love" shtick—barroom Toms, collegiate Kongs, impassioned Italian Stallionists, even one White-Bull-Doing-Pasiphae-ist—his act was the best...shrewd, off-beat, and because so minimalist, a gas.

Take his lonely chameleon (...“please!” bad-a-bing, bad-a-boom). You could almost see the red balloon beneath his throat inflate and empty out, like a lovesick boy will furiously blush and pale by turns, duck his head, even gasp for air (as though a heart were a faulty pneumatic device), and end by swallowing his speech. I would laugh fit to bust (though it wasn't entirely farce—he couldn't choke “love” out to save him).

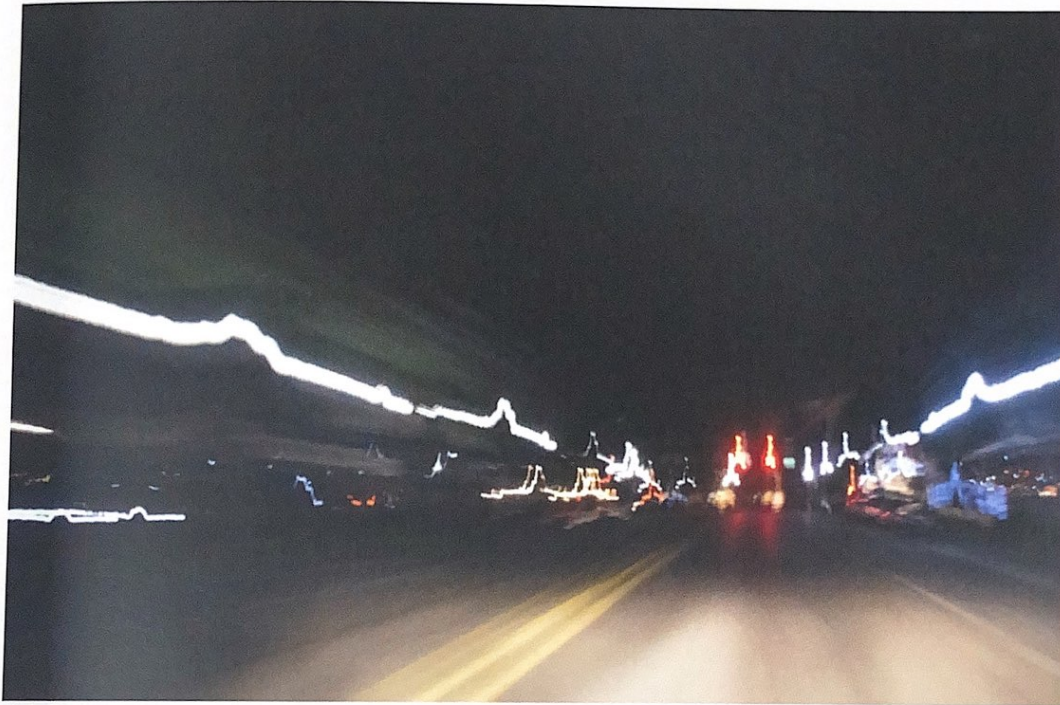
He did other impersonations: a Bogey-like beaver who whistled his “s” on “s-s-schweetheart” (loose false teeth); a knock-off of a Jonathan Winters bit, Used Animal Shop (the bird with no beak, the tailless kangaroo propped up against a wall... something missing or wrong with all of them). Once he did a human, Jackie Gleason playing

Gigot, the pathetic clown who tried to save a little girl,
but his guileless act was misinterpreted as lust
with devastating consequences.

After 35 years, I saw him again.
We took a picnic out near the point,
wore bathing suits, and sat close together
facing the Gulf like an old married pair
(or a parody of one...picture Red Skelton's
Gertrude and Heathcliff). As I unwrapped
the poor-boy sandwich and began to reach him half,
I caught a glimpse, pronounced beneath his skin, of the box
(batteries for his heart's new device).
Of course he made a joke of it, morphed
into the Energizer Bunny, and the gulls screamed
with laughter.

SLOW IT DOWN

SAMARA SIMS '21



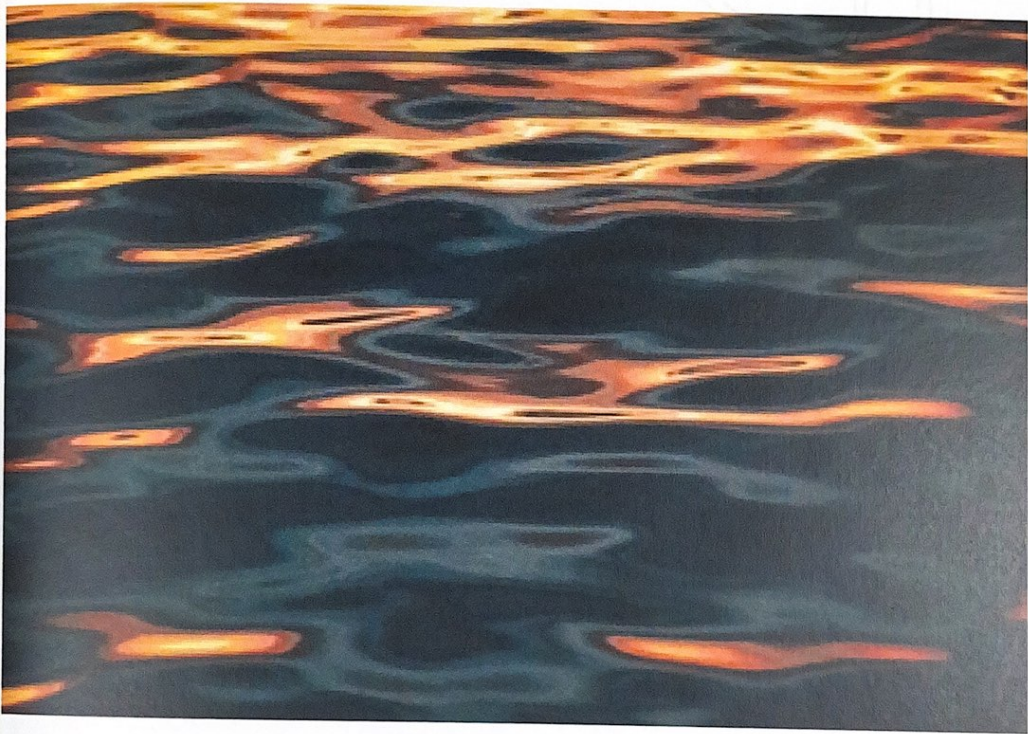
DRINK

LIV BENNETT '22

Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior,
wants my blood for lab work
He can have it, any of it
Drain my body and by the gallon
turn it into Barefoot red Moscato
I'll get drunk off my own fluids
and wait for him to morph my skin
into King's Hawaiian rolls
If I'm going to die here anyway
I'd rather be a trashy Kentucky Easter brunch
than a Buca di Beppo appetizer
I refuse to be an autocannibal
but if my loved ones want a taste
so be it
I'll die happy knowing my body
could quench their appetite for life
like it did mine for death

SUNSET AT SANTA CRUZ

ADDY ZIMPLEMAN '21



WALK OUT

GABRIEL RATCLIFFE '22

Breonna,
No sorry can cover the damages of
this bull they pulled on you and prevailed.
They Taylor'd your fate with blind bullets
and the sentence is...

Wanton endangerment,
a super sophisticated way to say
whites and walls,
white walls, and
walls built by whites
stand taller than your life's pricelessness.

As you watch from the clouds,
watch this tiny speck of the world crowd for you.
Scholars and doctors,
artists and scientists,
athletes and Greeks,
Puerto Rican and Guatemalan
Black Christian and Arab Muslim
a white girl raised Republican raised her voice for you.
This crowd is led by Louisville queens like you.

At least for me, the mic malfunctions
when it was my time to raise my light for you.
I smith my words again, but my mask blocked
part of the crowd from catching how you're
more than a memorial.

Breonna,
know everyone here strives to raise solar flares
to your shining face.
We shall race with stars on our hearts
to give you true peace.

Originally published in "Roaring 20"

KEYS

LIV BENNETT '22

My outstretched fingers are the fluttering flags of a grace note
clinging feebly to a sound that is over before it's heard
I kiss the reed with tongue
unafraid of splinters or hard feelings

Dusting off and unlatching her cage is foreplay for ex sex,
meaning it's meaningless
There was a time when my life revolved around her
when I loved her to the point of excess
when I replaced my heart with a metronome
and tightened the ligature around my neck

I was advised to put a ring around her keys
before it was too late
I always thought I would eventually
but lovers grow apart and every note has to end
You can't stagger breathe through a lifetime
when all you want is to hear a different pitch
I thought I would be the same if I survived without
the applause and gold medals and pats on the back
but that's not what fills my head when I remember her
It's the hum of air buzzing against my fingertips through the keys
It's the vibration numbing my lower lip against the reed
It's the movement of the body and the music and me

Sweet lost love lying forgotten in a dark corner
We shared secrets no one else knew
I stroked her smooth black skin with subtle flag fingers
Seven years flew past us like grace notes
We were over before we were heard

LEGACY'S TRUTH

GABRIEL RATCLIFFE '22

Remember

Remember

Remember

My potter leapt on

Insisting I stay,

A piece on display in a hall of fame

So long as I'm intact,

So long as young ones allow,

So long as I'm regarded now and then,

I'll mind my potter's whim

I'll wear my potter's name

Telling how my mold was made

Remember

Remember

Remember

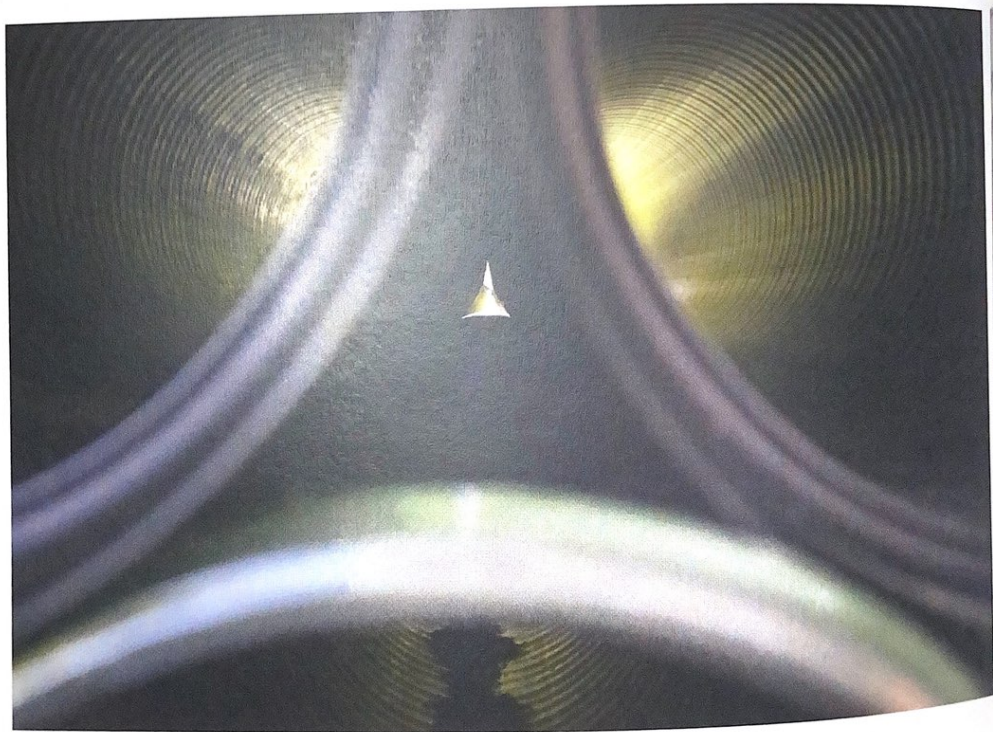
ORIGINS

LIV BENNETT '22

come to find myself
erasable in the eyes
of a middle school dance
my friends in different towns
on different teams
come to find myself
something else in the eyes
of the bathroom mirror
i knew i liked girls because one kissed me
even though it hurt
i knew i liked boys because one touched me
even though it burned
i know i liked everyone because i am everyone
even though it's excruciating
someone else in the bathroom mirror
at a middle school dance
where i miss my friends and the easiness
and the girls and the boys and the everyone
come to find myself
come out in pieces
it's never all at once
there are some words i will never say
some roads i will never drive down
but i find my friends
along the roads i choose
and they're finding themselves too

TUNNEL LIGHTS

MEGAN BRANDT '22



ONE AND TWO

LIV LORAN '21

I

While reading rhyme composed by you
A quad of thoughts slips into mind,
Of which till now I had been blind
And which we're not accustomed to.

You do provoke some thoughts down deep
And now they steal my mind today.
So, I'll speak now in case delay
Though fear I do you cannot reap.

My love, I feel it's only mine.
I feel this thing but cannot place-
A thing but not of time nor space.
I wonder what they tell, those eyes-

Perhaps a thought, yet not as deep.
Maybe the truth is such my sleep.

II

While reading rhyme composed by you
I begin to see a vision
(A result of hearts' collision)
Of you, of me, and ocean view.

I do not know if this is past,
Or if this scene is yet to come-
But this scene prompts my heart to hum
And gives me hope that love will last.

I see us play some music low
While we dance on a floor so high
Until we see the suns of night
And start to search for which we own.

The vision ends when it is found-
Another starts. Our love's not bound.

SISTER, YOU

LIV BENNETT '22

Sister, you
could never be the same again
without your extremes bouncing
from normality to normality,
observing mine slowly, those which
never heard of such a thing.

I am the pariah, moving like the
ancient tortoises of our history,
bleeding from my fingertips,
crushed under the weight of
normality to normality.

Does the sun after rain produce
a phenomenon fit for the speed
with which I am dark?

Do you see me in the sky
when it does? Sister, you
could never be the darkness, only
the exceptional, sunshowered,
true light.

VIRUS

AUBRE CARTER '23



WONKY

LIV BENNETT '22

"Come on, let's go swing!" The two children were shivering on the blacktop in their puffy coats while the rest of their grade ran around, slid down slides, and climbed monkey bars. Jasmine stood up first and held her hand out to Billy, who looked grateful. He picked up his cane and used it and Jasmine's support to lift himself up.

They made their way slowly to the low swings, and Billy dropped the cane as they both sat down. Two minutes hadn't passed before Ethan, a white-haired boy in Ralph Lauren socks, snuck up behind them, snatched it from the ground next to them, and took off running. Billy cried out, but the teachers sat sipping coffee near the door and paid it no heed. Jasmine's vision went wonky. Her eyes narrowed and she jumped off her swing at full height, chasing after Ethan as if her life depended on it. "Ethan!" she hissed as she finally caught up to him, and with a superhuman wave of strength ripped the cane from his hand and struck it hard against the back of his head, knocking the boy to his knees.

"Jasmine, no!" Billy cried from the swing, standing but helpless to go to her without his cane, which she had dropped on the ground, stained red. Mrs. Jacobs, their teacher, finally took notice and ran toward Jasmine, who was now pulling on Ethan's bangs with her tiny fingers.

"Children! What is going on?"

"This little bitch stole Billy's cane," Jasmine said evenly, her gaze not leaving Ethan, who was now sobbing. Mrs. Jacobs grabbed Jasmine by the waist and struggled to pull her away.

"Language!" She turned to the other teachers. "A little help over here?" Mr. Diamond and Mrs. Grigio ran over, and together they pulled off the thrashing, grunting Jasmine. Mr. Diamond picked Ethan up, checked his head, and marched him inside without a word. Billy watched this all from the swingset. He had never heard his heart so loud in his eardrums before. He heard his best friend scream and saw her beat her fists against their teachers. They took her inside too, before long. The cane lay like a dead thing, red blood on white, in the middle of the playground. The rest of the children stood clear from it. No one thought to return it to Billy until long after time to line up and go back in.

~~~

"...did you do that?"

"What?" asked Jasmine, blinking.

"I asked you," shouted Principal Shelley, "Why did you do that?"

Jasmine rubbed her eyes. She felt like she did when she got a cold and her mom gave her NyQuil during the day. "Do what? Am I - Am I in trouble?"



"Do what? Of course you're in trouble, Robertson! You started a fight!"

Jasmine looked at her hands. They were red, like when she ate a cherry popsicle and it melted onto them, only darker this time. "I... what?"

"One week's suspension. I'm calling your parents right now. I am shocked and disappointed, young lady. An honor roll student, at that."

Jasmine didn't know what to say. She was shocked too. How did the red stuff get on her hands? She brought them closer. They smelled like the pennies she had taken out of her piggy bank the week before to buy a pink teddy bear at the dollar store. They smelled like nosebleeds and skinned knees and all sorts of things that meant her mom would bring out the booboo cookie from the freezer. What would her mom say now?

"Hello, this is Principal Shelley. Is Mr. Robertson available?" Jasmine held her breath. "Ah, yes, hello. I have some unfortunate news. Your daughter's been involved in a fight on the playground, and we are going to have to suspend her for the rest of this week.... Uh-huh, and next Monday and Tuesday, too.... Yes, I was surprised, too.... Well, you'll have to find some way to discipline her."

Jasmine thought about the booboo cookie. She thought about the nosebleeds. She thought about Daddy's big hands and how they turned into red circles when he got mad. When he disciplined her. She looked around frantically, blood rushing to her ears so that she could no longer hear what the principal was saying. There was a big, red pair of grown-up scissors on his desk, in a cup with a few mechanical pencils and a small American flag. Her eyes went wonky.

~~~~~  
Billy sat in the counselor's office, spinning in the black chair while an aide wiped off his cane and the counselor asked him questions. No, he didn't know Ethan that well. Yes, Jasmine was his best friend. No, she had never done anything like that before. He knew she was down the hall, but the room was quiet, so at least they weren't yelling at her. She had done a bad thing, sure, but she wasn't a bad person. She didn't deserve to be yelled at.

"Billy, you seem... Have you been taking your Sertraline?"

Billy began to nod, when out of nowhere he heard an echo of Ethan's cries from earlier, only deeper. "Wha...?" He stood up and reached for his cane, but the aide took it with her as she ran out the door. The screams continued for half a second and then turned into whimpers, the sounds of an animal... dying.

"Oh, my God! Mr. Shelley! Oh, my... Jasmine, no!"

Billy felt his heart threaten to beat outside his chest. He grabbed the spinny chair and limped forward, toward the sound. The counselor grabbed his shoulder, but Billy shook him off. He struggled toward the principal's office. "J-Jasmine?"


She had her back facing him, but he could see the scissors, the kind they weren't supposed to use, in her hand. She turned around, blood staining her clothes and face, and locked eyes with him in a look of utter confusion.

"Billy?"

BROKEN PIECES

NETTIE EIGEL '22

My heart lay shattered on the ground.
Past memories surround its corpse, floating in awe around
The broken pieces of what once was
The epitome of everything I lived for.
Agonizing perceptions of love ruined me.
Faulty emotions that blurred everything I knew to be true.
It seemed as if the rain would never end and
That for the rest of my life
I would have to bear the unbearable confusion
Of why
It happened
To me.
When you give someone the very center of your being
The soul that captures your living human body,
You never expect the worst, but you should.
You should expect to see the world differently
From a maddened point of view
Where the grass is no longer green
And the sight of snow doesn't faze you
And the sound of your phone ringing only irritates the living hell out of you.
Everything is worsened when another person decides
To take away everything you thought to be true.
Water is no longer satisfying,
But instead distasteful to your craving thirst.
Food is a waste – no longer fuel for your thriving form.
You walk with a despairing slowness

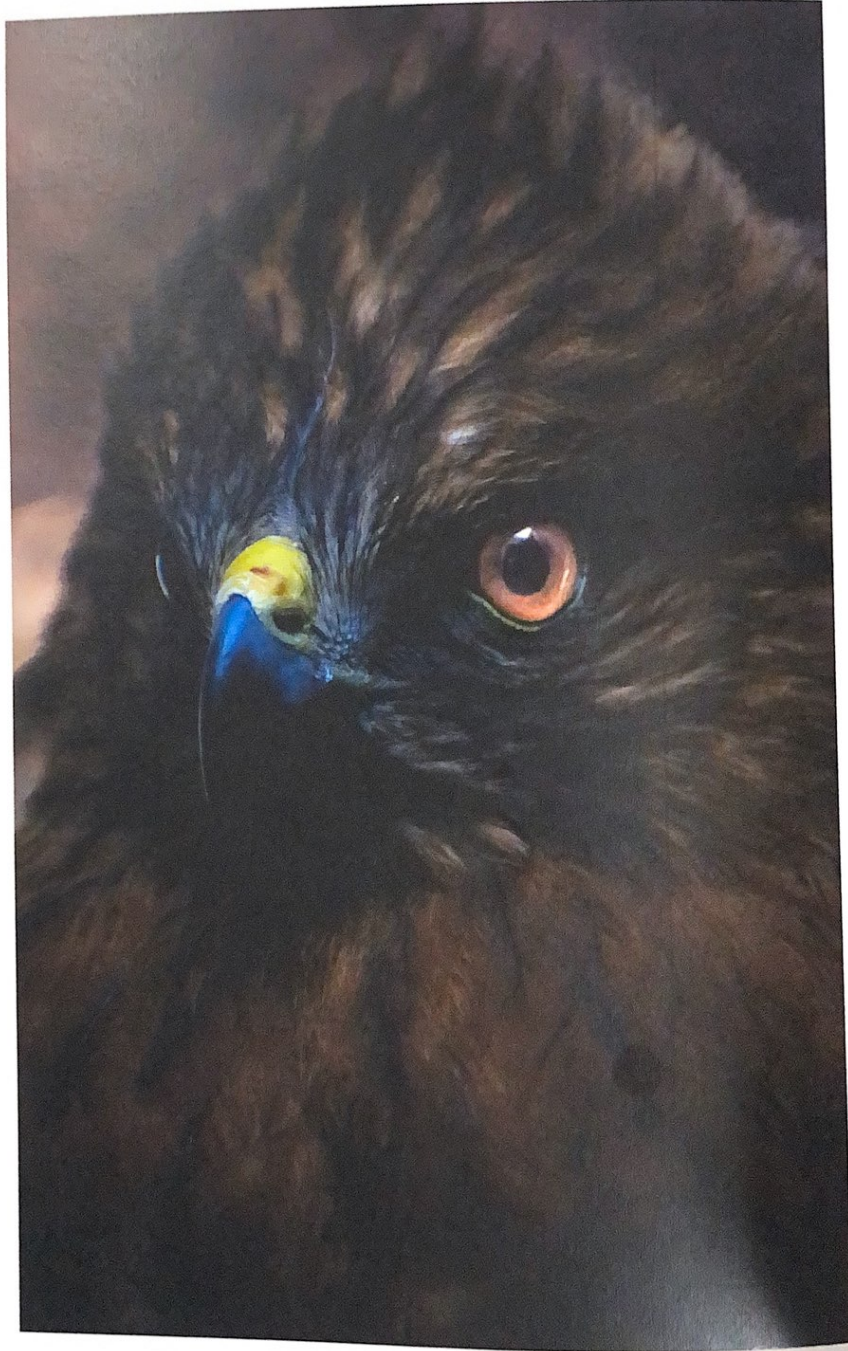


That everyone takes note of
And wish that you could shrivel into dust
Right then and there because nothing could possibly be
Worse than the shame of someone who was that naive.
You walk like this forever, unless you realize that the only
One capable of fixing you
Is you.
The only one worthy enough of picking up each fragment
Of your aorta and ventricles and mashing them
 Back together is you.
And even though the sorrowful, desolate gas clouds form
Inside of your skull and fog good judgement and cause
Your brain cells to question their purpose and function,
And even though those same clouds harvest your energy
And disdain your own existence,
You ignore it until one day
it finally fades away.
One day, you can stand on your own two feet

And say that you're enough.

RED SHOULDERED HAWK IN DARKNESS

ADDY ZIMPLEMAN '21

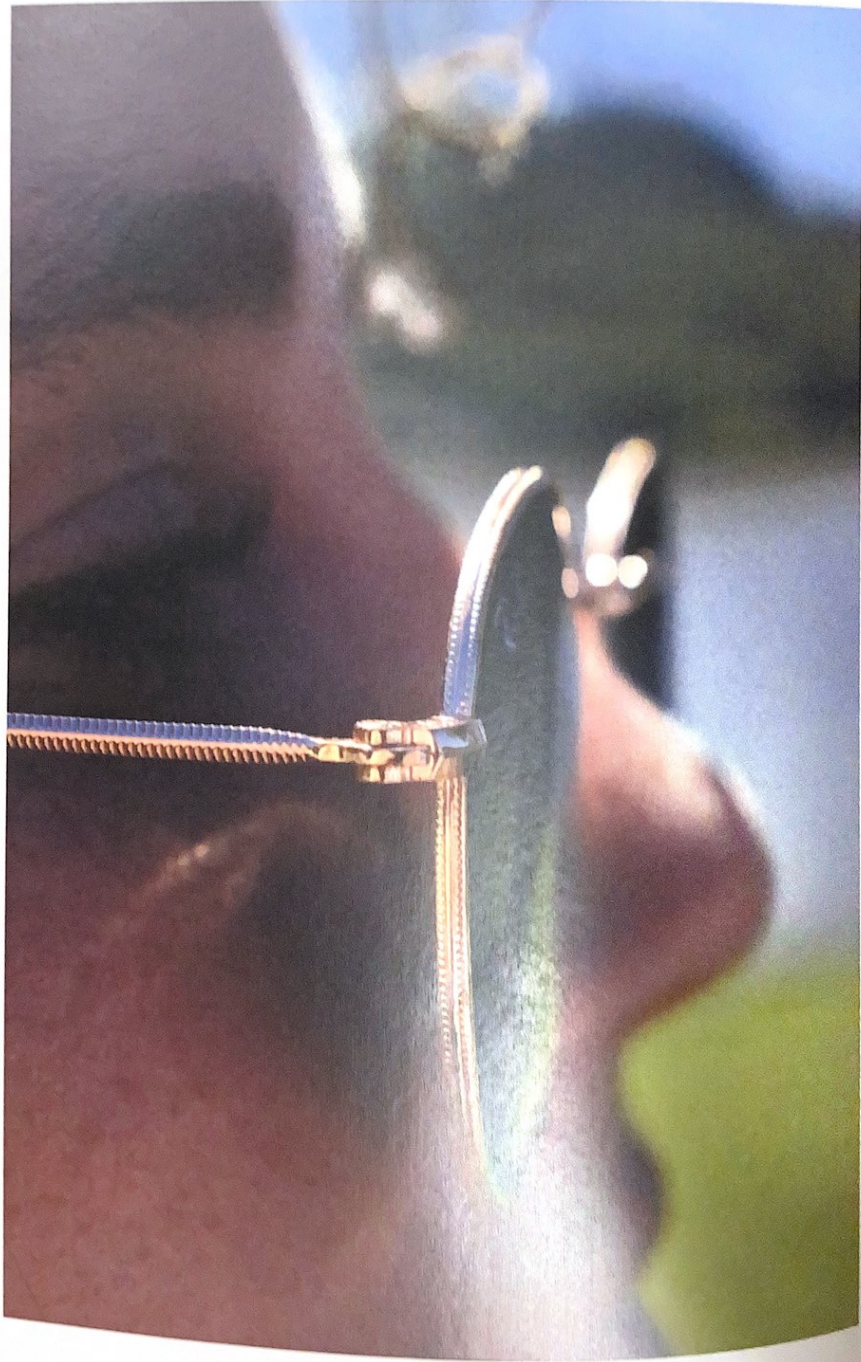


I AM IN MY OWN HEAD

RILEY DELONG '22

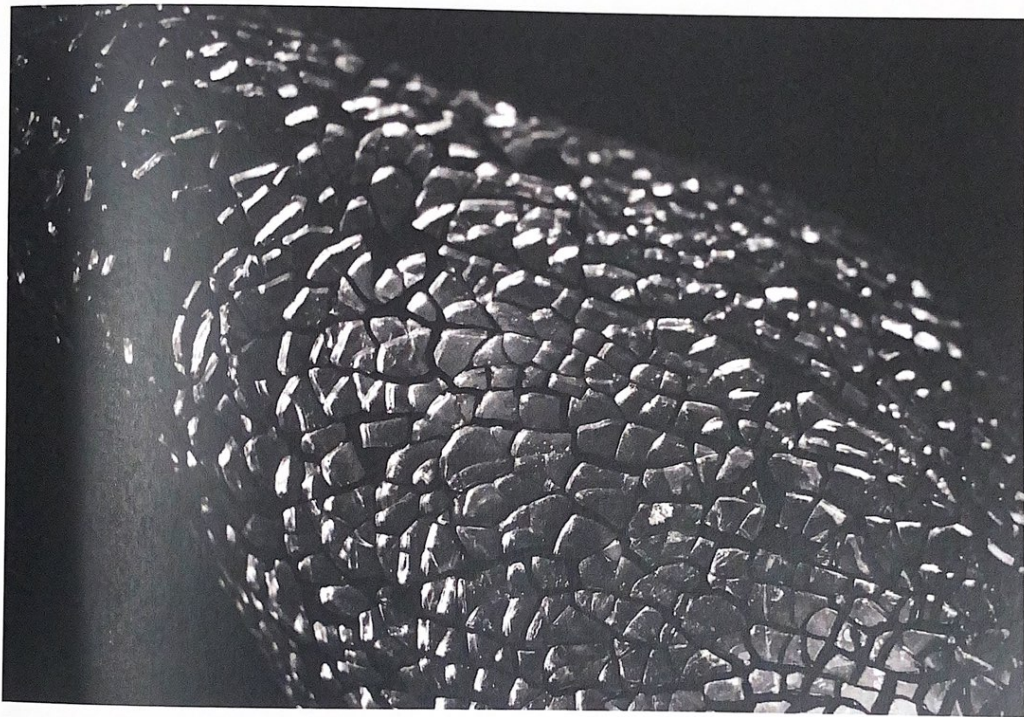
I often wonder what is inside my own head.
I hear a song and see a stage, a crowd,
And a performer giving their all.
I hear a poem and I can see the author and his creations
On a string, following the words and their intangible meanings.
Books are so easy to read because they are more
Than just mere words on paper.
I can see the characters, the landscape,
I can hear the birds and the wind in the trees,
I can taste the sweet rain and smell the flowers;
Yet I cannot be there, despite what my brain
Says is right in front of me.
I am not on grand adventures or living extravagant lives;
I am here, living my normal, dull life.
I can be anyone I want in my head though,
And I have already achieved all of my dreams.
I am strong, confident, a leader, brave, the real me;
Often I am these things when I am awake as well.
I see the world as you do, but I just see a little more.
I never knew the name for my condition,
The condition of dreaming while being awake and hanging onto
Every word you say to me, listening to every conversation
Without really being there; yet I am here, so don't ask me if I heard you.
It scares me, the meaning behind the word
And the possible other symptoms and curses that come with it.
But I don't stop dreaming, I will never stop dreaming, I can't stop dreaming.
Maladaptive daydreaming; it means come back later, but please keep talking.

GOLDEN
MADELINE STIERS



CRACKED

MAD UNDERHILL



A CHANGING MOOD

RILEY DELONG '22

It seems that my mood reflects the weather.
When it rains and is gray then so am I.
When the wind is sweet and warm I feel like a feather
Dancing, twirling like a ballerina in the sky.
I can find beauty in all sorts and all seasons.
Gray skies are white drawings on black paper.
Fresh snow is made not to freeze but elicit the feelings
Of passion, mystery, or loss from some young dreamer.
The sun burns hot and bright in the summer
While I soak up the sounds and smells that can only be enjoyed in the heat.
In the fall the leaves wither and the water murmurs
Over rocks, making my heart skip a beat.
I can find beauty in every type of element,
Yet I have none for myself, leaving my feelings indefinite.

MOVEMENT

MAD UNDERHILL '21



TRINITY TRAINING

GABRIEL RATCLIFFE '22

I am Brain.

One neglected.

I am Brawn.

Kept separate.

One infected

One evolving to new heights

While other structures file

Unemployment,

declaring

themselves

vestigial.

Prone to decay.

They're not okay.

But kept united

One

well-read

One

well-stretched

One

well-enlightened

Mind.

Body.

Soul.

Brain.

Brawn.

Brahman.

Unified, not uniform

Different prescriptions

Same dosage applied.

I am Brahman.

One tested.

Originally published in "Roaring 20"

SOME THOUGHTS ON FEMALE ANATOMY

URSULA KREMER '21

I have a void in me;
a great, unknowable vacuum
This potential
space.
Whole galaxies could be in there;
Krishna's mouth.
It fills and swirls with a life force.
Unknowable
and deeply of the earth spinning
in the Milky Way.
You have one too if
you have a uterus.
A man Discovered it;
found it;
named it after himself.
Vivisection.
by a name.
How can you tell that
the whole universe is inside me
if you've drained it dry?
Potential space shrinks
when you peel back the layers
of skin, muscle, tissue.
He gave the void inside me
inside us
boundaries. He snipped
the sapling before it proved infinite.
I will never forgive him.
But I will blow warm breath
onto the coals of the nebula
let it swell out beyond the existence of limits
so the void inside me grows beyond a name.

TO THE FEMALE ARTISTS

URSULA KREMER '21

Upon her birth she was armed with a pen.
Lost to the poet, the country was then.
Every word she wrote seeped out in red blood.
An epic inspired a rushing flood.

Before her, great men fell dead with a thud.
Then, she drew womankind out of the mud.
The women grew learned, and blossomed with ease
With no systems and husbands to appease.

Then after their time, they took to the seas.
The poet remained behind with the breeze.
She carved out the world, grew mountains and streams.
She wrote out the world just as she would dream.

ODE TO BAZBO

LIV BENNETT '22

Your face is squished and wrinkled like a prune
Your body is kielbasa with four feet
a furry cylinder that snorts and bleats
and sleeps all curled up like a crescent moon

Your appetite does not discriminate
from toilet paper, candy, or green beans
or worse than that, if you know what I mean
but still I giggle when you lick my face

You canine queen, you quintessential pug
If every breath you take comes out a snore
you make an excellent white noise machine

You perfect little spoon, you cuddle bug
your screaming barks don't scare me anymore
my little Bazybo, my sweet Bazbean