



# *Kaleidoscope*

JOURNAL OF ART AND LITERATURE

09-10

SPOON RIVER COLLEGE

A STUDENT PUBLICATION

# Kaleidoscope

JOURNAL OF ART & LITERATURE

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Bobby McKenzie



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# Letters from the Editors

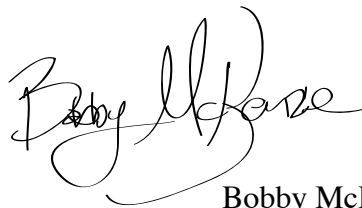


Taylor Snowman



What I love most about the Kaleidoscope is having the opportunity to publish my fellow students' art and literature. I am even more amazed this year at the amount of talent we have at Spoon River College. I really enjoyed the experience this year, and I once again learned so much.

Most of all I would like to thank everyone who submitted to the Kaleidoscope. We had more entries than ever this year, which gave us so much excellent work to choose from. Without those of you who submitted your work, we would not even have a publication. I would like to thank Tracy Snowman, our advisor for working so hard to make everything a little bit easier for everything else. Doug is our other advisor and he really helped out on the literature side of things. My co-editor, Bobby McKenzie is such a hard worker and he also makes everything so much more fun. Ryan Dowell and Danielle Matdson, our assistant editors, were both a huge help to us this year. Ryan is so creative and he did an excellent job thinking of new ways to promote the Kaleidoscope. Danielle is such an organized person and she was so willing to help out whenever needed.



Bobby McKenzie



I'm excited to see this year's publication! I believe I owe a large amount of gratitude to Co-Editor Taylor Snowman, and Assistant Editors Ryan Dowell and Danielle Matdson. Without them this magazine would not have been a success! Once again I've learned an astonishing amount while helping put the Kaleidoscope Journal of Art & Literature together. As my schedule this semester was more hectic than most, my part this year was mostly managerial - something I knew little about before this publication. Emailing, and conferring my ideas were my main roles, while Taylor, Ryan and Danielle put their (and my) ideas into action.

Having a great staff this year really let Taylor and me relax to an extent. Each of our Assistant Editors performed above-and-beyond to bring this publication to the press on-time.

Without them, and our Faculty Advisors Tracy Snowman, Douglas Okey, and Rochelle Liebman, this job would have been near impossible.

I hope you enjoy this year's Kaleidoscope. Art and Literature are a very large part of my life, and through this publication I hope the love of the arts is bestowed upon you, even if just until you reach the back cover!



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# *A Twenty Dollar Bill*

**Jessica Dickinson**

In my line of work I see a lot of different types of people. My favorites are couples that are coming in to get their first engagement rings that are so in love that they don't care what the ring looks like or how much it costs. Or the old folks that have been married for 50 years and the husband wants to "upgrade" his wife's original wedding set. There's something about the way they are together, the wife smoothing a stray hair on her husband's head, he holding her hand like it was a delicate bird; it makes me wish that by the time I am that age that I have someone that loves me that much.

We always have people that come in wanting to see if we would like to buy items from them; everything from estate jewelry to old pocket watches. Most of the time we turn them down as we are as my boss puts it, "rich in inventory, not in cash." They walk away crestfallen perhaps, but I'm sure they move on to a pawn shop, etc.

One day we had just such an instance. I was working by myself with my boss, and it had been a slow month, with not a lot of cash flow. A gentleman walked in, elderly, tall and with wispy white hair. When he got to the counter, he brought out a coin that I couldn't easily identify, since it was worn down quite a bit. He asked if the owner would be interested in buying it from him. I walked into the back room to discuss it with Edward, my boss, who said that he would be out in a minute.

I walked back to the counter to chit chat with the man while Edward finished what he was doing and as is usually the case when I talk to older folks, I was amazed to hear what the man had to say. He identified himself only by his first name, which was Jake. He was an Army Vet from the Korean War, as I could see from his hat. His clothing was worn, but clean, and I could tell that like many older people, he lived on a fixed income. He had had this coin during the entire time he was enlisted and had kept it as a sort of good luck charm given to him by his father. It was a Spanish coin that his father had obtained while in said country, and he had given it to Jake the day he left for boot camp.

When Edward came to the front counter, he took one look at the coin and proclaimed it worthless, as it was merely common currency at the time of its production and had little net value nowadays. His opinion did not change when Jake told the story of the coin. I was a little shocked at how coldly Edward turned Jake down immediately. It was obvious to me, due to how Jake looked and that he had walked here (from across town in the dead of winter) to try and pawn something that obviously meant a lot to him because he really needed the cash. Edward was known on good days for indulging such things, especially for veterans. I'd seen him buy gold plated jewelry and other "technically" worthless things before.

As Edward made his goodbyes and apologies and walked away, I felt ashamed. Jake had fought for America, he had risked his life time and again so Edward and I could be here, and he couldn't be asked to part with a little money to help him along. I turned to Jake, who was very gracious about the whole thing.

"Well if he won't buy it, I will," I said. My son and I live on a fixed income as well, and my budget was stretched to the bare bones. I fished in my pocket and gave him my last \$20. I knew in the back of my head that I really needed it to get diapers and wipes for my son, but I also knew my parents would loan me the money for payday. Maybe Jake didn't have someone, or he wouldn't be pawning his good luck token. I suppose he could have been making up the story behind the coin, but my instincts told me no.

His eyes were moist as he handed me the coin and reached to accept the bill. He held my hand in his large ones for a moment. I was struck at how strong the tendons felt, though gnarled and changed from the years. His skin was papery and soft and his hands fully encompassed mine.

"Thank you," he said sincerely.

"It's my pleasure," I replied, conveying my regard for him through my eyes.

I still have that coin even though it's been years since that encounter. I don't know if it's brought me as much luck as it did Jake, but when I look at it, I can feel my heart fill with sympathy for the plight of all those who don't have it as good as I do, gratitude for my own happy circumstances, and well wishes for Jake; the face of the American Veteran. Proud, strong, present and honorable.



*Life Surrounded by Death*

Photography  
**Ryan Lashbrook**



*Hidden Secrets*

Oil Pastel  
**Taylor Snowman**





# *Charred Remains*

Ceramics

**Ryan Dowell**



*Twisty Tree*  
Drawing  
**Lori Mansker**

# Nevermore

Lori Mansker

This is how it began.

The wind rattled my window bringing about a violent awakening. My heart pounded as though I had been dreaming something truly terrible, yet I could not remember a thing. I clutched to my covers fighting for each breath. What had I just dreamed?

Looking around, all was dark. The dim green glow of my clock was hardly any real light at all; for weariness and my lack of eye wear gave the shadows a more dominate effect. It seemed that at that moment of waking and asleep, something was happening. I was not alone, or perhaps something was coming. It was a creeping fear, nameless in every way, yet eating away at me like a mosquito sucking at my blood, itching all the time. It's moments like these that can make one question their sanity.

I pulled at the reigns of my imagination trying to seal each fear in its place. In a few moments my nerves began to fade and I could breath properly again. But my sudden fear was still a mystery. I had heard that a storm was scheduled to blow through, thus I attributed the rattling window to that prediction. Outside I could see the sky above the neighboring rooftops and dark skeletal trees, and it was covered thickly with grey clouds that shifted constantly in the wind. A storm was coming to be sure, but I had no cares for the weather. I wanted to go back to sleep, I needed to go back to sleep. Thunder rumbled, and lightning flashed, and I lay down my head on the pillow, my face towards the window.

There, I saw it. It was perched outside my window, like the poem, casting its haunting shadow on the floor of my room every time the lightning flashed. Even in the secluded darkness of my room, I felt as if it was there with me. It was a raven. A giant, feathery black raven perched just outside my window staring at me with an indifferent expression. Its eyes shown blood red like carnage and as it stared I thought that I caught its foul death like scent. I dared not move, or so scare it away. Never had I seen a raven so large and peculiar. But never again will I trust a raven. The indifference in its stare should have told me how heartless such creatures really are. For with that indifference the bird set its mighty beak to the glass of my window and began to peck. It seemed to test the glass at first, though its eyes never moved from me. Tap. Tap. Tap. It pecked slowly. Then it ripped its beak across the glass, making a terrible shrieking noise, like nails on a chalk board. I covered my ears, startled by the sudden break of silence. I watched, my ears burning, as it etch two lines in the glass, one over lapping the other.

It was an X.

In a flash of lightning the bird disappeared and I was to see it nevermore. The only trace left was the X on the glass, dead center on the window. The X that marked the beginning. The X that signed my sanity. But X's don't stand for kisses. X's don't stand for Xylophone. And X's don't stand for buried treasure.

X's stand for chosen.

*Million Different Faces*  
**Kendra Raymond**

Who am I  
Do I even know  
I know where I have been  
But I don't know where to go

Which person do I want to be  
So many feelings are inside  
There are those that stay forever  
And some that have already died

I can be almost anybody  
That's a problem that I see  
For the question is  
Which one is really me

Am I the quiet one  
The mystery of the school  
Is afraid of being hated  
And just wanting to be cool

Or am I the other girl  
The one with all the friends  
Not worried about what she says  
Or the messages she sends

She knows who will always be there  
Through the thick and through the thin  
There to help her get through  
No matter what, no matter when

There's the girl with all the answers  
The one who's really smart  
All line up for her advice  
Combo of the brain and heart

At other time's she's ditzzy  
And lacks all common sense  
The stupid things she sometimes does  
Make her seem a little dense

At home she's into sports  
And is a motorcycle queen  
But when she gets in public  
She's just one confused teen

In life sometimes she freezes  
Afraid of making a mistake  
If only she would let it go  
What a difference that would make

Although she's tried so hard  
She just can't change how she feels  
Her faults and her weaknesses  
Under pressure she reveals

These girls are all so different  
But yet they are the same  
It may seem unbelievable  
That they all have just one name

They are all a part of me  
But which one should I show  
I wish someone would tell me  
I really need to know

For now I'll keep on living  
Maybe someday I'll decide  
Which girl I really want to be  
And who I really am inside



*Lindsay*  
Drawing  
**Lucien Winner**



*Jane*  
Drawing  
**Lucien Winner**

# *The Beast*

**Tisha Markley**

She speaks to me like angels sing  
and thus my fluttering heart does sting.

But more than her is up above  
and wondrous things like Morning Doves

Are shining and parading on  
as if their eyes aren't just black holes.

Angelic lies to pensive mortals scream and stream past shuttered ears  
but ever after starlit portals are ever dimmed by human fears.

Morose, intrepid, mastered by our very mortal self insistence  
we who echo "nevermore"

Are they who murder in an instant those who cried "why ever for?"  
Violence is energy against the silent synergetic throbbing pronged monstrosity.

Devilish and mean eyed monster  
cries out nightly "Set me free!

Beastly man within his feigned superiority has maimed me.  
I'm not monster, eloquently I deny this charge from thee."

But stately thing, he laid and died  
within the cage man kept  
outside his heart of hearts down deep inside  
Though so complex, man only cried.

He'd lost the tether to himself and so he only cried.



*Untitled*

Photography  
**Ryan Lashbrook**



*Razor*

Drawing  
**Matt Sale**



*2nd Place Cover Design*  
**Lindsay Courtois**

# *The Truth in Life's Illusion*

**Kendra Raymond**

“That will never happen to me.” I must have thought those words a million times as I read, heard, or watched stories about person after person who had been claimed victim to the monstrosity that ruled my life. These people were myths, illusions created to scare me into thinking there was danger in what I was doing. They didn’t even faze me. I was not afraid of death, I was invincible.

The world around me was black, too black. I saw nothing and felt nothing. The only thing that reached me there was an icy chill that ran constantly through my veins. “I can’t tell if she’s breathing.” The soft, gentle voice pulled through the dark abyss I seemed to be trapped in. Slowly, my eyes fluttered open. The surroundings were familiar. A large, hand-painted, antique dresser sat against the wall, adorned with stuffed bears that had been residing there since before I was born. I could feel the soft plush of a mattress beneath me, and I could sense that my parents were near me, but why? Why was I in their room and why was everything spinning? “Kendra, what is your problem? You know what this is from, don’t you?” The voice was stubborn, distant, and just as harsh as I remembered it. The voice of a mother whose expectations I had never quite measured up to. “Honey, are you okay? You passed out. I was so scared. I thought you were dead.” The voice of my advocate rang in clear, sensitive, overprotective, and loving, the voice of a father who thought I was the world. I didn’t answer either one. I just sobbed as I was picked up and carried to the car.

The trip to Peoria had never seemed so long or so foreboding. The night was blacker than coal, the sky reflected the unspoken angry words that were written on my mother’s face, and the only sound was the cold, hard rain lashing against the windshield.

Hollywood has used special effects and intense acting to twist the emergency room into a gruesome symbol. There are supposed to be people screaming in pain, nurses running up and down the halls, and stretchers carrying victims in at rapid speed, as hopeless people lay upon them, bleeding to death. Methodist Hospital must not have been Hollywood worthy. The atmosphere was quiet, the nurses appeared to be in no hurry to go anywhere, and I was not bleeding to death, just very annoyed.

Doctors tried examining me, but the last thing on my mind was cooperation. I refused to speak to them. One misspoken word and my entire way of life would be ruined. Finally, they got sick of it. “Can you even stand up?” Sarcastic nurses, not my favorite kind. I matched her attitude with a streak of my own, “Of course I can stand up.” Thirteen seconds on my feet and I was back to the abyss.

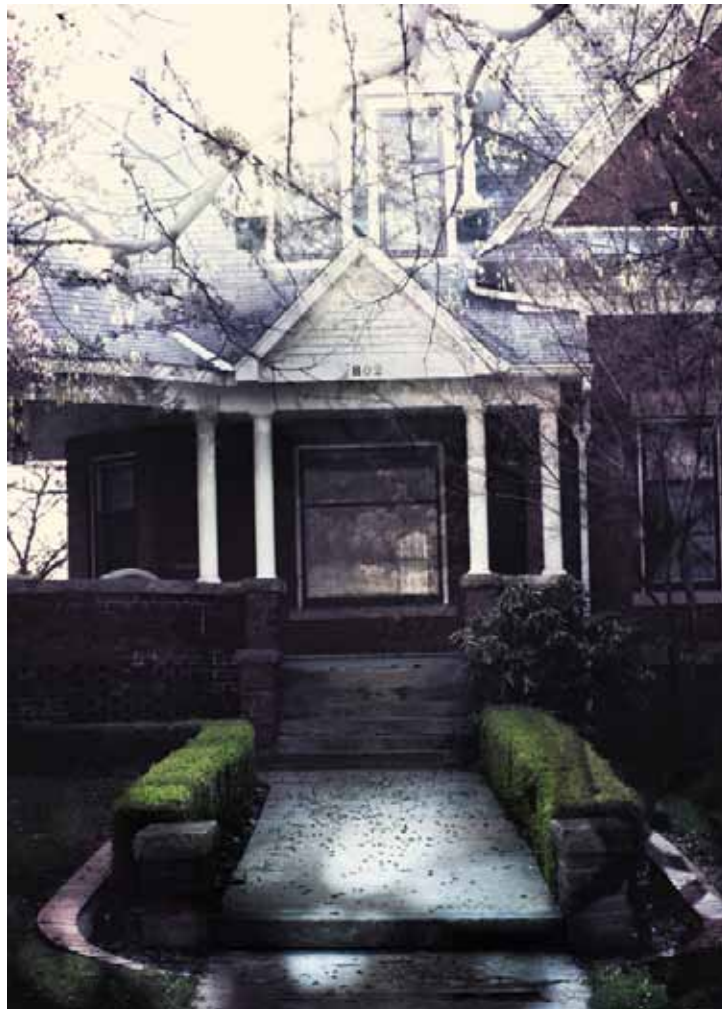
Again, I woke to voices and no idea of what was happening around me. “Eighteen year old female, Caucasian, anorexic, possibly bulimic, and suffering from severe ketosis. Needs immediate attention.” What? How did they know everything about me? What was ketosis? I moved around in panic, my eyes filling with tears, and my entire body shaking. Not sure I wanted to know, I gathered enough courage to ask. The answer came like a sucker punch from an award winning boxer, “Ketosis is where your body has reached a state of medical dysfunction. You are too dehydrated for your kidneys to properly excrete wastes and your potassium is too low to sustain your heartbeat.”

The roller coaster feeling hit my stomach. I was on the biggest ride in the amusement park and approaching the fastest drop. I had never felt fear that was an intense before. I was going to die. I was going to become a statistic. Someday, some poor unsuspecting teenage girl would watch a documentary about me in health class. She would pretend to be sad and accept the message like everyone else, but go away with no ideas about how to enhance her own eating disorder. She would be just like I had been and she would end up here too. What had I done? Was my desire to be thinner than everyone else really worth all of this?

The next twenty-four hours seemed to seal my fate. The only available hospital room was on the oncology floor. Oncology was the place where the only people that checked in were the ones who never checked out. The smell of death lingered on every item in the room. My stomach knotted and churned as they lifted me into a bed that I was praying hadn't been someone else's final resting place. An unexpected prick hit my open arm. My veins exploded and burned as in tiny volcanoes were simultaneously erupting inside each of them. Hour after hour, they burned as three fluid bags of liquid potassium were pumped into my almost lifeless body.

Their physical pain was nothing compared to what I felt when I saw the look on my dad's face. He stood next to me, through every single minute, his tears constantly falling like that of the fluid dripping into my arm. It was more than I could bear. At what point had I become so selfish? When did life become only about me? I was so wrapped up in my disease and denying that it was hurting me that I had failed to see how much it was hurting everyone else. I never wanted to be the reason for the agony that I could now clearly see that they were feeling. One look at his pained face spoke a million words. I was killing him and it that exact moment I knew that I had to erase the pain from his expression. It wasn't up to anyone else. Only I could change what I was doing and for my dad, I knew I could.

One day, I will be an article, a story, or a documentary, the true testimony of an eating disorders survivor. One of the lucky ones who that love could cure all and evaded death.

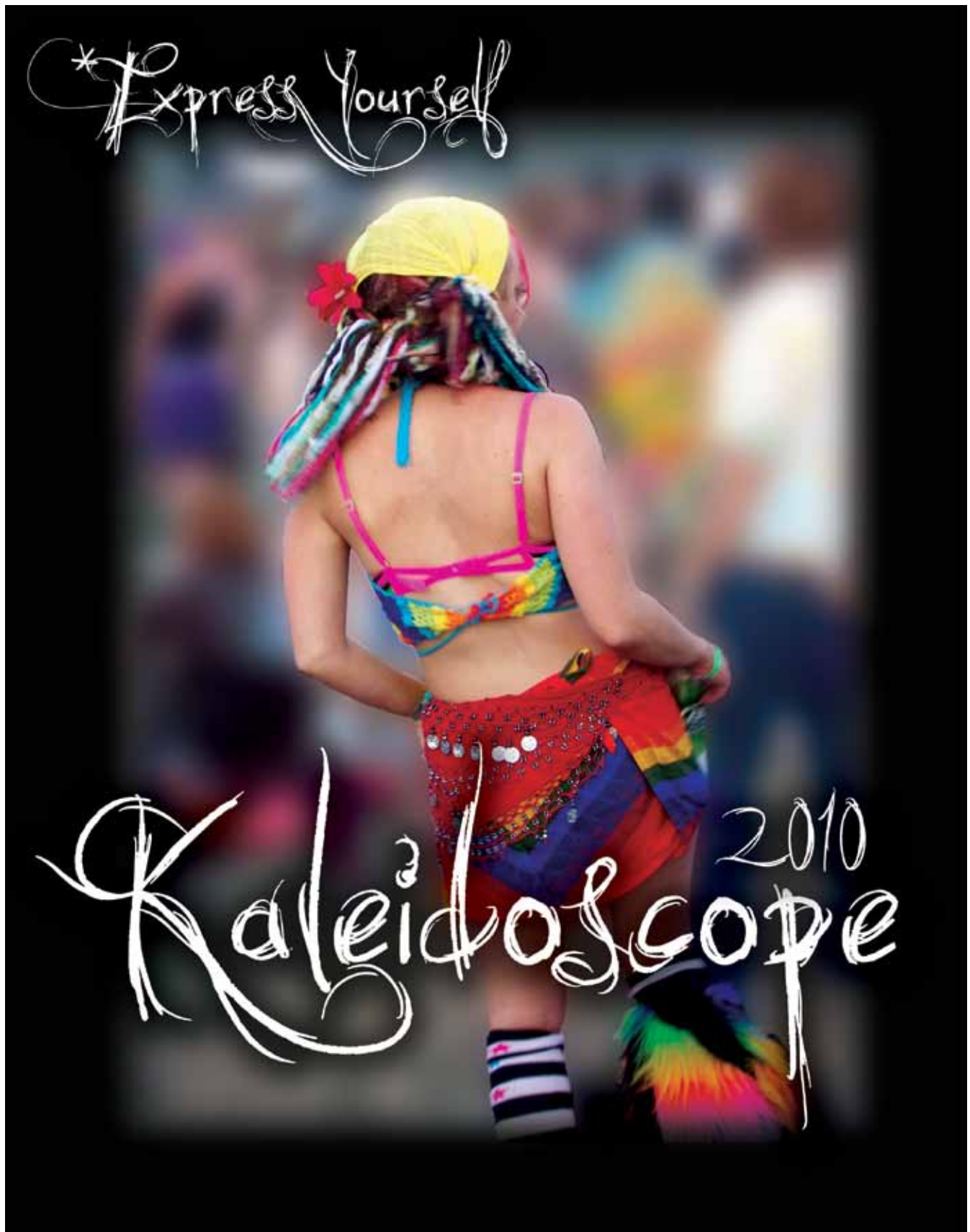


*Welcome Home*  
Photography  
**Bobby McKenzie**





*3rd Place Cover Design*  
**Lucien Winner**



*3rd Place Cover Design*  
Tiffany Collins

## October 6th

Lori Mansker

My cold feet were planted firmly on the edge of the sidewalk, my soles brushing the grass. Blustery and chill the clouded October sky looked down on us with indifference. The gibbous moon sent us some light, but to tell the truth, we ignored it. The only light we saw was from the street lamp and the upstairs bedroom. Darned moon, with its gravity, its pushing and pulling and passing of weights and times. Making the night speed by, forcing me to obey the clock and go home alone for the billionth time.

“It must be the winds of change that everyone always talks about.” He said coming off the crumbly stairs of the old house the cold air hitting his face. I froze on the sidewalk. “What change?” I replied with a smirk turning around. The wind blew the trees to applaud our moment of depth. “I don’t know,” he said somewhat bashfully as he came close beside me, close enough that I could smell him.

He was about a foot taller than me. So I looked up at him, probably smiling. “The winds that show the changing of the seasons or something.” He said taking my hand in his. Our fingers locked, fitted together perfectly, and the trees applauded all throughout. I shivered. “Let’s take you home,” he said softly and he gently led me to the car.

The ride was a silent bliss (and short). There was nothing to say. Even as he walked me into my house and watched me scamper around looking for my cell phone, it was silent. We said our goodbyes in the entry way, our feet squeaking the linoleum tile floor. It was good night again. It was good bye again. I saw his face in the crack of the door as it closed tight. The last bit cold air kissed my face and I sighed, wondering when this season was going to end.



*Observation of Nature*  
Drawing  
**Aimee Roberts**

*Still Life*  
Drawing  
**Taylor Snowman**



*Fall Beauty*  
Drawing  
**Tiffany Collins**



*Lighthouse*  
Photography  
**Ryan Lashbrook**



## *Tempting Apple*

**Tisha Markley**

What good is an apple for tempting?  
What manner of knowledge desires?  
The innocent red skin betrays it.  
Igniting the lusty, deep fires.

One bite of its flesh leaves you wanton.  
Revealing the whole world to you.  
You cry out for knowing true sadness  
But laugh: for true joy has come too.

The apple you eat: metaphoric.  
The journey to thought is your own.  
You cannot continue with blinders.  
Terrain permits reason alone.

## *In the Garden*

Pastel

**Rachel Trone**



## *Reflection*

Colored Pencil

**Taylor Snowman**



## *First Bloom*

Painting

**Lindsay Courtois**

## *Vowel Children*

**Tisha Markley**

At the hill in the glade  
    My father forbade  
That should I be free  
    My mind might find me  
In the woods  
    In the trees  
  
The colors and skies  
    That lit in his eyes  
Was what mother owed  
    And the dust that he toed  
Set us to quiet mode  
    Those treacherous two  
        Whose love I imbue.

## *The Lock*

**Trinity Crotzer**

Metal object the soul it binds, sealing knowledge in the mind. Holding back the darkest thoughts, an evil force that once was fought.

Holding the soul that is so pure, making it feel so safe and secure.

Protection from the world unshown, protecting from the things unknown.



*Fuzzy Wuzzy Was a Bear*  
Photography  
**Morgan Rosenberger**

*This Thing*  
**Morgan Rosenberger**

There's this thing plaguing me,  
this thing that chokes and squeezes.  
Stretching and shredding.  
That makes me think I'll break.

There's this thing beside me,  
this thing that laughs and sings.  
Caressing and hugging,  
That brightens my every day.

There's this thing sitting on me,  
this thing that's heavy and smothering.  
Worrisome and teasing,

That wakes me from my sleep.

There's thing thing sickening me,  
this thing that yells and screams.  
Controlling and demanding,  
That fills me with rage.

There's this thing comforting me,  
this thing that hums and whispers.  
Saving and rescuing.  
That's keeping me alive.

There's this thing living in me,  
this thing that I have seen.  
Breathing and moving.



*Captured*  
Ceramics  
**Ryan Dowell**

## *Red Hood*

**Tisha Markley**

Just call me Little Red Riding Hood,  
I'm every woman that's been.  
Delicious, allegorical  
Necessity for men.  
The lupine beast devours me  
And seems to be, desire.  
With giant eyes and wolfy nose,  
His breath, my funeral pyre.  
His claws, like knives, rend flesh from bone,  
His tongue flays heart from chest,  
But still my duty must be done  
His head against my breast.  
The ridges of my ribs give way  
To what lays underneath.  
Once again my heart is flayed  
By lover's careful teeth.

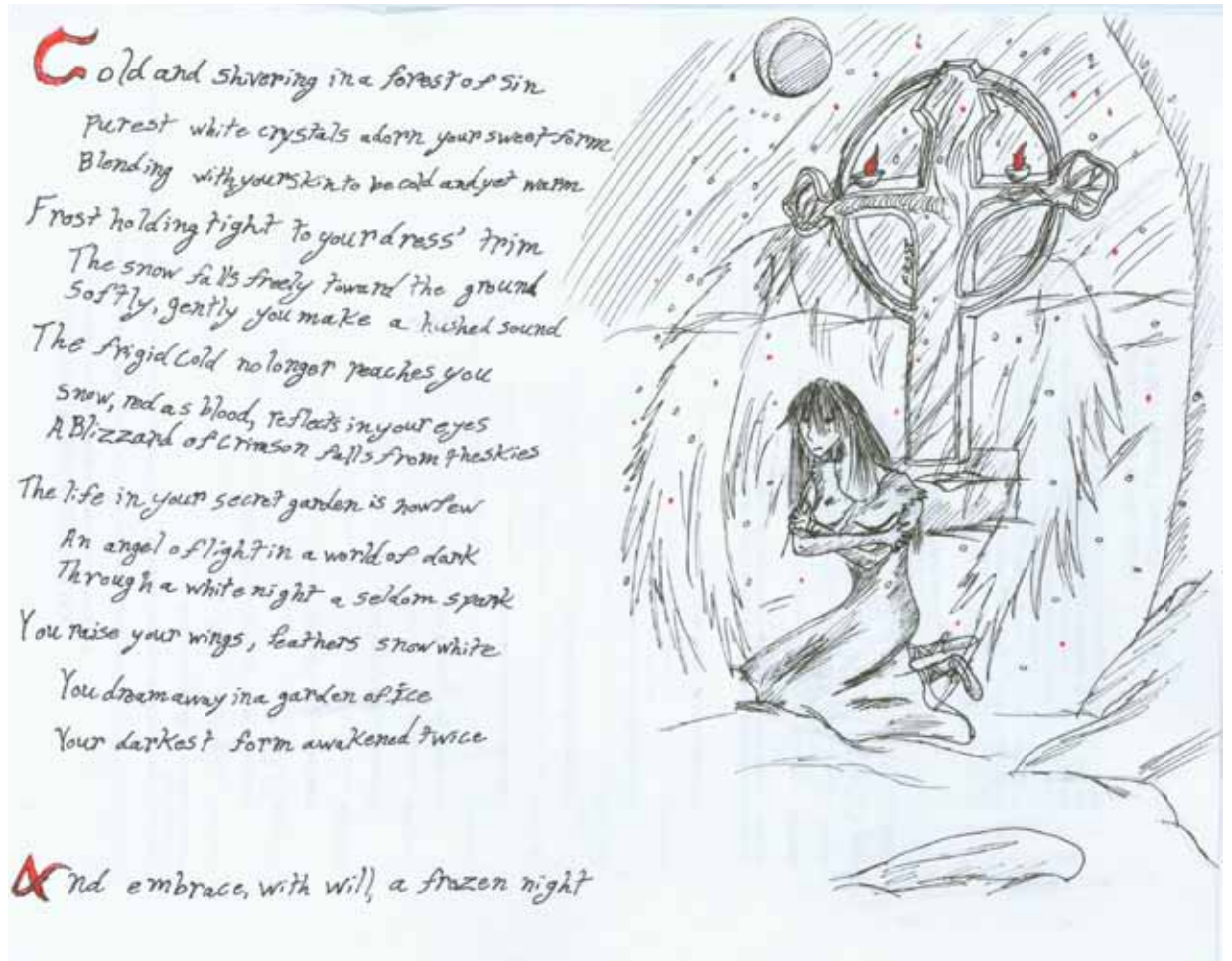


*Self Portrait*  
Colored Pencil  
**Taylor Snowman**



# And Embrace, With Will, A Frozen Night

David Smal



*Beyond the Gate*  
Mixed Media  
David Smal



*Growing Faith*  
Photography  
**Emily Valencia**



*Spring Flower*  
Pastel  
**Tiffany Collins**

## *A Goodbye* **Bobby McKenzie**

It's hard not to break my back for nothing.  
When this ends do think it's all for something?  
Every time I turn around I've nothing left but  
fear.

Would you mind letting me know how we got  
here?

Each second of the now late night  
I'm spinning 'round looking for the fight  
Never sure if it's here or there  
Always wondering just why I care

Tonight I'll stand my ground  
Tonight I won't make a sound  
I'll leave the broken and the dead behind  
I'm going to take the things I know are mine

I won't die  
For something I've no faith in

I won't cry  
If there's nothing to believe in

I've been here too many times before  
Sitting 'round like there's nothing more  
Waiting idly while life passes me by  
When I'm 30 will I even remember why?

Why?

Tonight I'll fly  
So far no one can find me.

Tonight I'll cry  
Cause it's all done and behind me.

And when it's over between me and you  
I'll make for certain that these things I'll do  
Keep your head up baby, don't you cry  
Cause life will take advantage and just pass  
you by

I'll be your friend till the very end  
I'll make certain that you see no end  
But together, see, it just won't do  
I'm leaving soon and it's without you.

You ask, "why?"

Because this is goodbye.

# *Passion*

**Melissa Baughman**

Dark as night  
Your heart it lies  
In sorrow deeper than  
Any man has borne

The world against you  
At every turn  
No escape from  
these piercing thorns

Betrayed by friends  
So despised by men  
Set upon  
At every side

You took the grief  
The pain, the cross  
Spread out your arms  
and died

How can the earth  
Express the fear  
Of living  
Without you

The one who made  
The sky and stars  
The wind  
And oceans too

You died to save  
Us from a fate  
Far worse  
Than bitter death

You alone  
Who knew no sin  
Took ours with your  
Last breath



# *A Punished Mother*

Mixed Media

**Kara Black**



Anne

Drawing

Lindsay Courtois

## *The Blank Page*

**Bobbysue Chambers**

Hello, to whoever you are, you have found me, thank you. Thank you for noticing me.

Yes, I am only but an insignificant previous blank page, in the back of one dedicated, ordinary writer's notebook. Thank you for finding me, even though I barely exist, strung far away from all the other ink filled pages before me, and yes I may not lie here--my precious weaves now barely connected to the metal spiral hooks--

In color or in any spectacular shape or form. Still, I am a page in this book, and doesn't every page deserve the average view?

Regardless of how small or ordinary they may appear, they are a page. A very vital part of every writer's notebook, it's the pages like me, that stand out.

Yes, every other page is written on and filled with lively ink, poured from the writer's tired fingers, telling a different story with each word that's left behind on the faded or perhaps what will become faded background. It's the blank pages, that hold a unique story, each one waiting patiently, for the day when a precious writer will open its situated spiral to reveal light, on the once blank and dark page. Inspiring it, that today is its day to shine, every smudge, every dent and wrinkle on a blank page leaves a story behind- and with it the memory it held in a dedicated writer's notebook. Goodbye and Thank you! -I'm the blank page, that thanks to you...today I saw light.

# *A Flask*

**Lori Mansker**

A flask of my own libations  
Brewed of lit, tunes, and toil  
In the bottle it makes explosions  
Easily thought and easy to spoil

But carried with me nonetheless  
Day by day, not one can reach  
The splattered napkin, to be pure whiteness  
An atonement none can teach

For my wandering from sidewalks and skies  
Leads me oft as a lazy beggar on the street  
But the very color of the brew defies  
The battle of my own self-defeat

And while I keep up this hiding  
For now the flask is what I drink  
I can't keep away, a slave to its bidding  
Finding the brew looks oddly of blackened ink



# *Twisted Tango*

Drawing

**Lindsay Courtois**

# *The Fall of the Clown*

**Ryan Dowell**

The Man who acts of a child.  
A conceited soul who acts so mild.  
A heart that is worn on a torn sleeve.  
Realize what you're doing, and just leave.  
Attached to any wondering soul.  
Even after a short afternoon stroll.  
The Fresh face acts so unknown.  
Stories told from the stall after a silent moan.  
It Never felt right not even for a second.  
Until a grizzly fresh face was beckoned.  
A Kind gentle soul in the back row.  
Everything now just seemed to flow.  
Ditching the Childish Man for a brand new life.  
Yet everything felt as if it was in strife.  
Lying, cheating, stabbing, and acting.  
All these actions by the clown interacting.  
To be torn to shreds by the feelings that he felt.  
Lied and said what he never meant.  
All that time wasted and spent.  
The clown now wanders the earth wasted and empty.  
Never finding the right soul in a world of plenty.  
The Demands are set and never found.  
The clown however never makes a sound.  
The people he loves and cares undoubtedly for.  
Had no clue how deep the wound bore.  
Keeping these feelings inside and never out.  
Even though every caring soul always showed doubt.  
Showing Truth for the Clown is always hard.  
All of these feelings will be taken to the Graveyard.



# *Brother*

Drawing

**Matt Sale**



*Forever's a Lie*

**Bobby McKenzie**

Do you feel all alone  
'cause no one lives forever?  
Is it tearing at you now  
that these broken ties we'll sever?

You're living in the dark and I can't  
help you  
I'm too blind to see as well.  
It's nothing that will last forever  
'till the daylight breaks we're lost  
together

I'm here I swear right now  
until the dusk this summer.  
I'll share with you these things  
that cannot last forever.

Breathe deep now as my eyes take  
you in...  
lonely, lost - you fool.  
Take this hand we'll fly above it  
leaving them to wear their frowns

I can't leave this place  
it's caught me by my core.  
Feeling like a waste,  
I'll dream of you no more.

Tonight I see my life in your eyes,  
healing my old scars somehow.  
Is it not that you're forever?  
Or are you just the here and now?

If I say to you tonight  
that we will be forever,  
you can bet your life I might  
just leave you altogether.

*Visual Change*  
**Emily Valencia**

Lying next to an unmade bed, on a small wooden table is an untouched book. The brown leather cover has never been opened; the pages crisp and the corners never turned. The owner lost among life many exceptions, just as the book had been lost throughout the scattered papers and articles promising success and happiness. No more than two inches thick, it is a small bound guide to life. She searches through the clutter to find something to fill the void inside. Her worn hand falls upon the smooth cover with gold lettering. Slowly she opens it and the once new binds break. Lying on a small wooden table is an open book. The cover is worn; the pages weathered and the corners turned. The owner lost among life's simple pleasures of family and friends. And she occasionally gets lost in the book that changed everything.



*Feminine Authority*

Photogram  
**Emily Valencia**



*Abundantly Empty*

Photography  
**Emily Valencia**

# *One size does NOT fit all*

**Danielle Madtson**

Throughout my day to day life, I always hear a mention of the word “normal.”

I’ve often pondered what normal exactly is...and why we base decisions and actions upon this concept.

People base many aspects of their life on this term, and it can be used in many ways.

“You need to lose some weight. Guys only go for NORMAL girls.”

“We only sell NORMAL sizes here.”

“Usually we don’t allow our employees to have such bright hair color. We strive to have a NORMAL working environment, with our employees having NORMAL hair color. It is what our customers expect.”

“No, don’t touch him! He doesn’t look NORMAL!” (A mother speaking to her child who was attempting to hug a child with Down’s Syndrome)

“Why can’t I just be NORMAL?”

So what exactly does normal mean? I have done my research, and have found one common repetition of the definition. Essentially, normal means conforming to a regular pattern or standard.

Who would want to be normal? Who wants to be just like everyone else?

Is this what the future holds? Everyone must look the same, act the same, and be the same?

Eventually, we will all end up looking the same and how will we tell each other apart?

What will define us as a person? Concepts and standards of someone else’s design?

The term “normal” has been misused and abused for many years, like many other words in our language.

Truthfully, I feel insulted if someone calls me normal. I’m proud to say that I am anything but normal.

I don’t know about you, but I wouldn’t want to be any other way than what I am.

## *Life* **Tisha Markley**

Living is quite easy now with eyes closed so steel tight  
A sorrowed fanfare plays for man in shards of borrowed lights  
And pity they who open up to lore and tripe bedight  
A mystery Of angels in the thirty watt nightlight

Cantankerous and specious we become in our old age  
Yellowed now and soft become the finger and the page  
Error drawn and silver fed we perch not in our cage  
We’re old enough both you and I to fill in our own page

This book we write’s our only just one chance to get it right  
From chicken scratch to fancy script the font will set the light  
We pass through chapter after chapter on into the night  
But just one day we have means seeing one day’s worth Of light





*Artist Hands*

Drawing  
**Matt Sale**



*Time*  
Drawing  
**Matt Sale**

