

KALEIDOSCOPE

JOURNAL OF ART & LITERATURE

2018 - 19



Front cover designed and photographed by
Julia White.



Untitled
Julia White

The Kaleidoscope Journal of Art and Literature is a Spoon River College student publication, featuring short stories, poems, essays, song lyrics, photography, and fine art submitted by students and faculty.

It is published each spring and distributed throughout the SRC district.

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Thanks to Tracy Snowman for helping make the
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From the Editors

Javier Gallo

This edition of *Kaleidoscope* tells a story with words, textures, images that take us on a journey through the feelings of our community. We are all playing our parts as protagonists of our own story that intertwines with the other's, illustrated here. Enjoy this new adventure of *Kaleidoscope*.



Cicely Flynn

Serving as the Macomb editor of the *Kaleidoscope Journal of Art and Literature* for the past few years has become one of my favorite memories from my time at Spoon River College. Being a part of this team has given me the chance to see how artistic and creative the students at SRC are, which brings me much pride in this journal. I would like to thank the assistant editors and faculty advisors on the Macomb and Canton campuses for their continued passion toward the success of this journal. I would also like to thank the students of Spoon River College for contributing, and for always surprising me with their ability to create such amazing art. I am incredibly proud to present the 2018-19 *Kaleidoscope Journal of Art and Literature*.

From the Assistant Editors



Grace Buhlig

Being Assistant Editor for the *Kaleidoscope Journal* is my way of appreciating the art around me. I loved seeing what the artists of SRC had to show us this year. The photos and poems presented here are your art; the Kaleidoscope is ours!



Claudia Dennis

Having the chance to help edit this journal has been an amazing experience for me. I have endless appreciation for the staff and other students who make this possible. From the ones who stepped out of their comfort zone to share their art, to the faculty who helps us student editors put this together, I am grateful for all of you! Stringing together the *Kaleidoscope Journal* is like art in itself for me, I couldn't be more happy to help.



Alex Smith

I'm glad to have had the opportunity to be an assistant editor in this year's *Kaleidoscope*! Art and photography has always been a passion of mine, and to be a part of something like this made me feel special. I hope to be involved for the rest of my time at Spoon River College!

The Mind

Nicky Gerber

Demons laugh as they pull him back in

A history that he could fight against
but never could win

The minutes, hours, and days pass slowly

The feeling of hope leaving him lonely

Is he dirty?

Can he ever be clean?

Words being said he never would mean

He doesn't mean to push you away

But, remember it's not only him

The demons from his childhood are always there

Though now him they don't quite scare

Everyone else he is afraid to tell

So he just relaxes back into his own personal hell



Untitled

Curtis Norton



Dream
Emily Hale

Untitled
Renee Mance

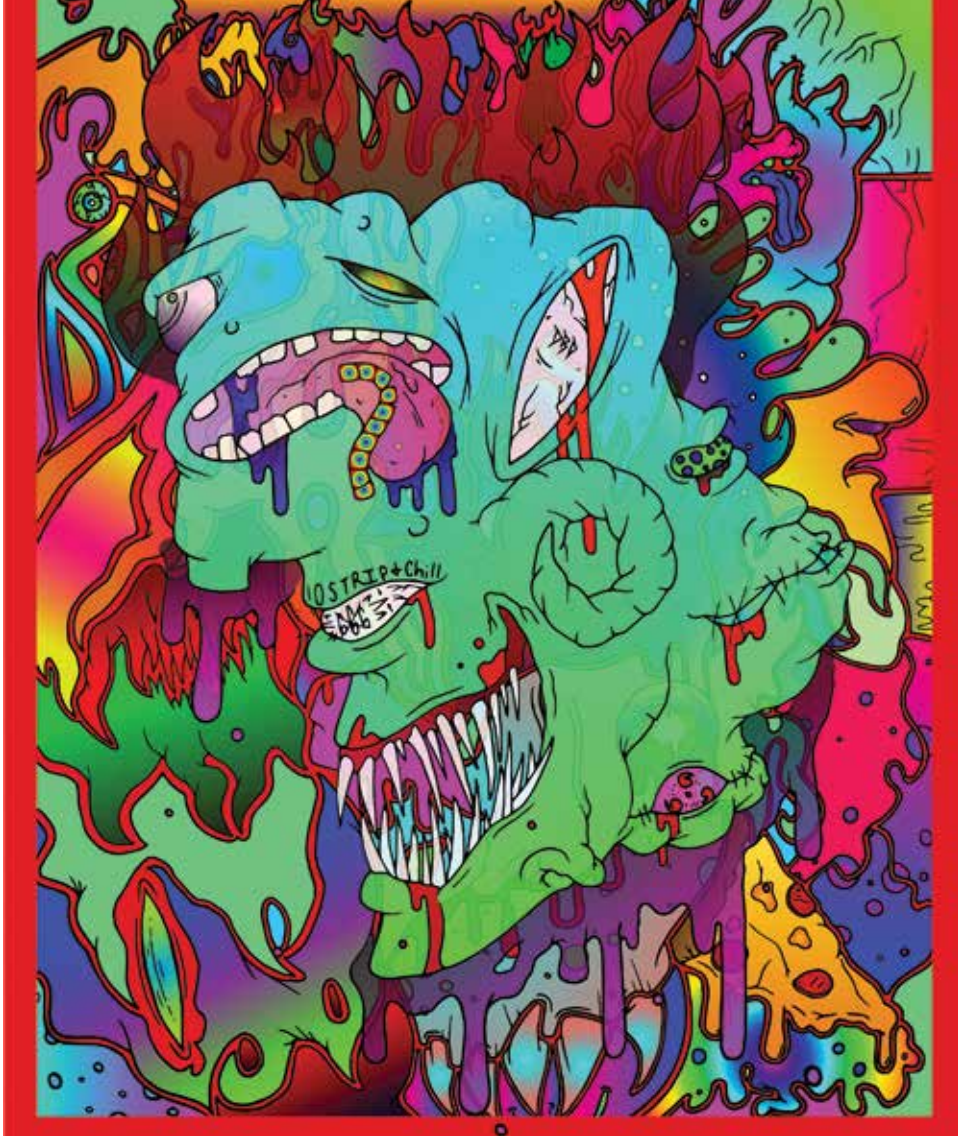


Buttercup
Cicely Flynn

Untitled
Gillian Spiva



Downsize Factory
Gillian Spiva



Acid Beast
Curtis Norton

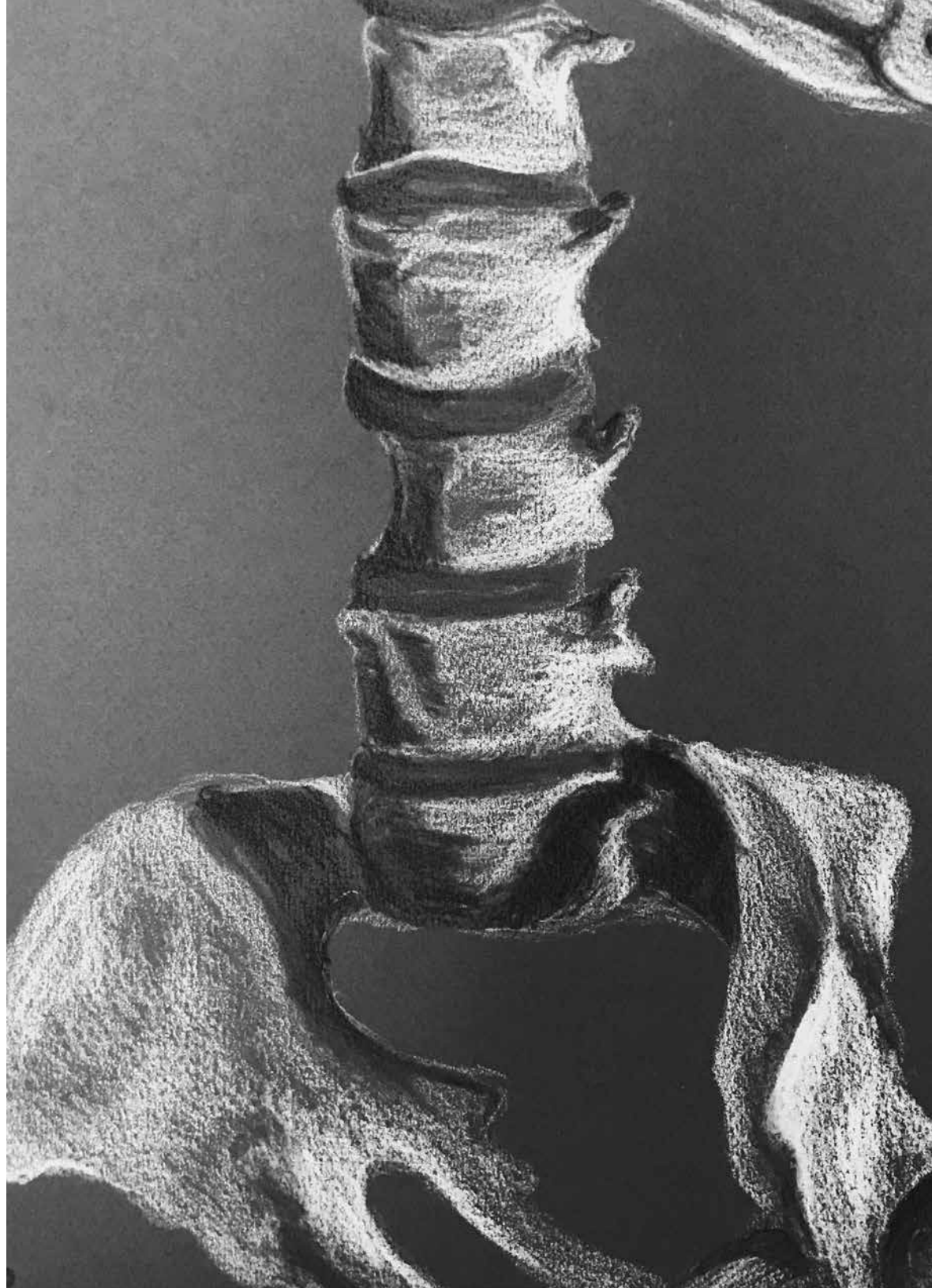
Skull Vengeance Thicc Boi
Curtis Norton





Untitled
Julia White

Untitled
Gillian Spiva



The Ones Who are Close to My Heart

Cora Kielsmeier

My mother told me I was a “surprise” baby, and that’s exactly what she said about all of my siblings. I guess that’s one of the things my siblings and I have in common. Throughout the years, my siblings have grown up so much. I gave them guidance when they thought no one else was there for them. I was helping them, but I was also preparing myself to start the life I dreamed of having – a better one.

My mom was always a rebel growing up. She moved out of my grandparents’ when she was just sixteen and into her boyfriend’s house. Mom wasn’t going to finish high school, but my grandma promised Mom that she would buy her a microwave. My mom finished high school and wasn’t thinking of growing up any time soon. She spent the next few years partying and doing things I grew up trying to avoid. My dad, Steve, was a bartender at a bar my mom would go to with her friends. She got free drinks and, in return, she would flirt with him. They were only dating for a couple weeks when my mom found out she was pregnant. I was born when Mom was twenty-three years old. My mom and dad tried to make it work, but they both were people who couldn’t grow up. They tried to stay together once I was born, but couldn’t handle it. They fought often and the only time they didn’t fight was when they were drunk or partying. I spent most of my childhood with my grandparents. After my mom and dad broke up, she met my siblings’ father, Gary. If it wasn’t for Gary, my mom wouldn’t have taken responsibility to raise me.

When my first sister Hadley was born, I was only four years old. I was amazed at how a tiny thing could mean so much to a

whole family. My mom gave birth to my other sister, Maia, about a year after Hadley. Right before Maia came along, we moved into a house that was a huge living improvement since the only home I knew before that was a two-bedroom trailer. The first time I walked into the birdhouse-themed kitchen, it smelled like fresh wood, but I knew it would be replaced by the smell of my mom’s homemade cookies.

My mom wanted a boy no matter how many times it took her to have one. Luckily, after three girls she had a baby boy, Mason, born two days after Christmas. Mason is two years younger than Maia. After having four kids, my mother didn’t want to become a responsible adult. She still chose herself over her children. Even with our mother and my siblings’ father going out and leaving me with three children, I don’t regret partially giving up my childhood to take care of them.

On my mom’s fortieth birthday, I saw a change in her actions. I thought she was going through a midlife crisis, but it was much worse than that. She started to drink more heavily and told us she had to go on a lot more business trips. I started to get suspicious because her actions weren’t like her. She was on her phone a lot more and would leave the room when she got a phone call. I tried to talk to her about what was wrong, but my mom would abruptly shut me down. I did something that I shouldn’t have and I started to look through her messages. I found out she was having an affair. I didn’t tell Gary at first because I knew the consequences. It took me a few weeks to tell him. At first, he didn’t believe me and thought I wanted to break up our family. It was hard for a sixteen-year-old to go through this and have this type of information to hide. After telling my grandparents about my mom’s affair and showing proof to them, Gary finally believed me. I put blame on myself for the start of my mother’s absence.

Sadly, the summer of 2016 was when our mother left and the strongest I’ve ever had to be for my siblings while realizing it’s

time for me to focus on my future. I was more strict with their actions and was becoming stressed. I didn't want them to grow up to be anything like my mother, so I pulled the rope tighter on their freedom.

No one would notice that we weren't full blooded siblings. We all have dark brown hair, brown eyes, moles in the most obnoxious spots, and the same attitude. Now that they are older, one can easily tell us apart. They have made their own style of what they wear, but they still do little things that I would do or say. Hadley is as tall as I am, even though she's four years younger. Maia is small for her age, but has a huge attitude that no one wants to mess with. Mason is an adventurous boy.

When my mom decided to leave, she didn't just take herself, she also took a part of our hearts and personalities we couldn't ever get back. When my mom and the guy she left us for had a fight, she would come back to town until they made up. She would quickly leave us again without warning. When she started to leave repeatedly, I didn't have to wipe my siblings' tears as much.

That summer before my junior year, I started to think a lot on my own life. I made a choice to leave my childhood home and move into my maternal grandparents' house. My siblings stayed with their father, who isn't my biological father. Fortunately, my grandparents' house was just down the street. I was leaving my siblings, but gaining the start of my new path. School was defeating my siblings after that summer. I saw a huge decline in their grades. Maia would get into trouble with fights towards other students. I gave my siblings multiple talks about how important it is to stay in school. I often got responses like, "Okay Cora," "It's just school," or the basic eye roll. They completed that school year with below average grades.

Within those months, I could tell I was drifting away from my siblings. My sisters started to form an "I don't care"

attitude. They would rarely stay at home, usually staying at friends' houses.

After I graduated high school in May of 2018, I gave them the news I was leaving for a college that was three hours away. I wanted to go to college to show my siblings anything can happen if you work for it. The summer before I left, I spent as much time as I could with them. We took trips and went out for ice cream. Maia, Mason, and I got blue moon ice cream, which dyed our mouths and teeth blue. Hadley got a caramel flavor that she claims is her favorite. We went to a public pool that had a huge water slide. Maia went on it once and then spent the whole time running up four flights of metal stairs to get that thirty seconds of thrill over and over. Every time I stepped my foot into the sun warmed water, I got a sensation of relaxation. My favorite part of the pool was the snack bar. They had juicy burgers, fries with warm cheese sauce, and cold soft serve ice cream.

Those summer days with them went by like an instant. As soon as I knew it, I was packing up my stuff to leave for college in a week. The last week, Hadley and Maia stayed most days with me. This wasn't like them, since they would usually spend this time with their friends. My relationship with my siblings was getting much stronger, like it used to be when we were younger. As the days were counted down, I could tell Maia didn't want to leave my side and looked sadder as each day passed.

Eventually, the day came, and there was noticeable tension in the air. With each hour passing, it hurt my chest to hold back the tears. It was time to say goodbye to my siblings. I talked to Mason first because I knew he was going to be hurt the most since he was the youngest. I went up to him with tears in my eyes. He whispered in my ear, "This reminds me of the time Mom left." I told him, "Mason, no matter what, I will always love you and always be there for you even when we're miles apart." I hugged him and cried into our tight hug.





Stressed
Julia White

Light in the Darkness
Julia White



Untitled
Kayla Lacy

Alexa M. Dailey Best in Publication Honor

Untitled

Kayla Lacy





Caterpillar
Renee Mance

Untitled
Kayla Lacy





Split
Cicely Flynn

Capitol Music
Julia White



Carnival
Julia White



Hello
Julia White



Untitled
Gillian Spiva



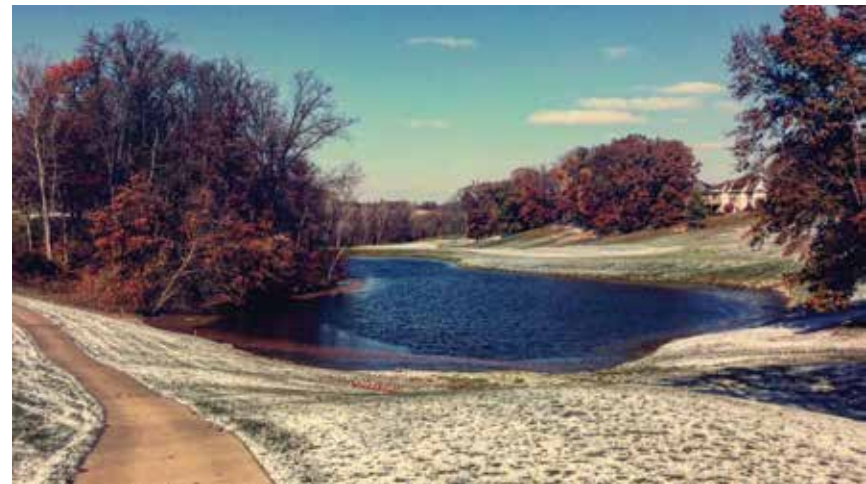


Untitled
Renee Mance



Untitled
Rebekah Fletcher

Untitled
Arsalaan Raza



A Change of Heart: An SRC Theatre Story

Christian Frew

I stare at the entrance, waiting for his entrance line, hoping I can be the scariest spirit that stalked that stage. My castmates all whisper “break a leg” to each other as he just continues to stare at the entrance. My eyes fix on the audience from behind the thin black curtain. All my life I wanted to perform, but never did I think I would actually join a theatre group or even be on stage. As much as I didn’t want to believe it, I was scared. Scared to walk on the stage and fail, for the audience to not understand what my characters say or do. I think about the times I regretted joining SRC theatre, silently saying to myself, “What am I doing? I want to go into film. I don’t really care about this theatre thing, do I?”

But the moment the lights fade and the first line is spoken, my fears and doubts fade. The actor steps back and I let the ghost and evil king step forward. I can see through the eyes of the characters I play, but no longer am I in control. As the audience looks at the down left entrance, they don’t see Christian Frew anymore, but instead see a ghost silently walk through the entrance. The ghost quickly moves towards Horatio and Marcellus who speak of him. The moment the ghost walks off the stage, I come back. I think of what the character has done and I smile. As I change my costume for the next scene, I look at my castmates and at the entrance, and I think maybe joining SRC theatre wasn’t such a bad idea after all.



Mirror, Mirror
Cicely Flynn

Beauty of Architecture
Julia White



Sunbeams
Alishia Zilch

My Tattoo

Nicky Gerber

The tattoo etched into his skin
A silent reminder of the hell he had been in

Few survive, and even lesser thrive
Dealing with the demons that had been
inside of his mind

“I Struggle and Emerge”
written in a different tongue

Surprised with the person he had become
Memories flashing within his mind
Someone else committing a crime

And you ask him,
what could he have been through?

The answer may shock you

You laugh and shake it off,
say he is much too young

That his life has just begun

The words on his wrist speak when he cannot

He finally is not one of the lost

Struggles harrowed his mind for many years

But he decided not to give in to his fears

And nowadays his mind is a happier place

Even with the reminder on his wrist
taking up space



Untitled
Cicely Flynn

Revolution

Maurissa Slover

The walls around me began to dissolve into a thousand pixelated versions of the darkness outside the sunshield. I don't remember much before I lost consciousness, but I do recall a chaotic vertigo of intensifying light and sound. The last thing I remembered was a shouted command to engage the shields; after that, I blacked out.

When I awoke, the first thing I noticed was that our ship had lost its power. I didn't know what was more surprising: the fact that all of my crew members were unconscious from the ship's jolting, or that our trusty back-up generator was not so trusty after all. Some of our computer systems ran off of battery cells separate from the main electrical system; according to the stats system in Wing D, the core temperature of the ship sustained exceedingly high temperatures of over 1,000 degrees, most of which had been deflected by the heat shields. Apparently we had fallen into a black hole; our warp drive registered a speed of over 3,000 Mach before system failure occurred. Essentially, we were nothing but a large, sitting, intergalactic duck; however, Alpha 6472 was hardly a region worth fighting over. If anything, we were lucky to have survived the wormhole excursion as a crew; loss of life had multiplied steadily under our new captain. Space flights came with their associated risks, but it was a risk that Raven was willing to take.

Raven wasn't aware of the time that had elapsed before her crew members regained consciousness, but she was becoming increasingly aware of her new, exotic surroundings. Just outside the sunshield, spread out far into the horizon, appeared to be a utopian paradise. Beautiful does not even describe what Raven witnessed. What lay ahead of them was beyond anyone's wildest dream - more high-definition color, more technology, more imagination, more sound - more of everything. So when Raven's ship finally came to an abrupt landing, Raven lurched over to the nearest air lock before any of her superiors noticed. Snatching a space pack from the nearest hook, Raven

snapped her helmet into place, checked her communications equipment, and stumbled out of the air lock. Five minutes later, Raven encountered a group of curious day hikers hiking towards her. After exchanging informal greetings, the hikers agreed to take her on a tour of their planet. However, one of the hikers told Raven that she wasn't allowed to leave. Hesitantly, Raven agreed to stay. After all, why would she want to leave this utopian paradise?

The next morning, the hikers woke Raven up with a hot, refreshing breakfast. After breakfast, Raven followed the hikers to their state-of-the-art spacecraft. It took several hours to tour the tiny planet, but Raven gathered that her new friends were 1) highly intelligent, and 2) highly advanced. Raven had never encountered such a highly intelligent and highly advanced civilization in all of her life up until then.

Everything about the planet screamed perfection, even down to its most rudimentary level - uniformly symmetrical plants, water clearer than crystal, and air without a trace of pollution. It all seemed rather peculiar to Raven at the time, but her hiker friends insisted that it was "perfectly" normal. Raven kept track of all of her findings in a notebook she found within the space pack. Whenever possible, she took discrete recordings of her interactions within the group; she never knew when she would need to rely on circumstantial evidence to prove a point.

The hikers invited Raven to a presentation they were holding at one of their prestigious universities. Raven, while far beyond her school years, still enjoyed academic conversations that sparked her intellect. Curious about tonight's topic, Raven secretly pulled aside one of the hikers to ask what the topic of interest would be. "Artificial intelligence," was the only response she could garner at the time. Raven pondered the gravity of what she had heard; what about artificial intelligence was so fascinating to the majority of the population? What were they planning to do with artificial intelligence? How would artificial intelligence advance within the next decade? These were a few questions that Raven had in mind that she wanted answered.

The speaker had a PhD in robotics, environmental engineering, and information technology. The lecture started out with the typical formalities: an introduction of the speaker, the speaker's academic background, accomplishments, and relations. Artificial intelligence

was discussed during the second half of the presentation. Raven could barely stay awake for the entire presentation, but something caught her ear before it was over. Most of the presentation glorified the outcomes of artificial intelligence in the natural environment; however, near the end, the speaker shifted gears by discussing an AI revolution that would likely affect Earth. AI revolution? Earth? Raven's head began to spin at the onslaught of the disturbing info. She hoped the presentation would be over soon, as she was needing to nurse her newly developed headache.

Fifteen days had elapsed ever since the night of the presentation, and Raven was still pondering over the implications of an AI revolution when suddenly, it hit her like a lightning bolt of clarity. The trees. The water. The air. The infrastructure. Everything... it was all beginning to make sense. The reason the speaker had discussed an AI revolution was not because it was a technology that needed further advancement, but because it was a technological breakthrough into the age of immortality. The implicit message that Raven had spent so much time pondering, but had not realized, was that her "friends" (and possibly everyone around her) were nothing but highly advanced AI machines. That's right – AI machines. Raven hadn't noticed it so much in the beginning when she first made landfall onto the planet, but as time progressed, one unanswered peculiarity after another had gone unresolved. This was the final piece to the peculiar AI puzzle.

An AI revolution sounds good when it means robots will be working in conjunction with humanity to achieve enlightenment and prosperity. The only problem with the AI revolution that Raven implied from the presentation was that the AI revolution sought to conquer and surpass the natural limitations of mankind, thus invalidating the need for man. Raven had to act quickly before Earth was doomed.

Raven began flipping switches like a maniac; anything to start up the ship beneath her feet. From what she approximated, she only had three minutes before the hikers were upon her. After faking security clearance to gain access to an open launch bay, Raven slowly throttled the engines to a quarter of their maximum power. Taxiing out into the bay would be the easy part; the hard part would be navigating the behemoth spaceship through the galaxy, into a black hole, and out into the Milky Way's galaxy, all with a highly advanced switchboard and computer system. As much as Raven would have liked to have

found her crew, she simply did not have the time; two minutes later, the spaceship was cruising through the utopian galaxy, in search of a black hole. A sensor alerted Raven to the possibility of one within her neighborhood – Novatrex 523 had collapsed over a year ago, but still remained active. Based upon the specs, it would be wide enough to accommodate the berth of her ship while it plunged into the Milky Way. Positioning her ship for entry, Raven engaged the heat shields and checked the back-up generator for power. Seeing that all systems were operational, Raven strapped herself in the captain's chair. Saying one last prayer to a deity from above, Raven shut her eyes and shoved the throttle to maximum power.

Raven hadn't even finished counting down to zero before her ship's warp drive disengaged. The dull roar of the engines, combined with inertia of the stop, snapped Raven out of her stupor. The seatbelt restraint tightened as Raven was thrown forward against the ship's motion. Fully awake, Raven decided to unbuckle her restraint to start up the generator. After starting the generator, Raven set the warp to ten, and within an hour, the ship had made it to Earth.

"But I'm trying to tell you that..." Raven hadn't even finished getting the complete sentence out of her mouth before she was cut short. "I don't want to hear it, because it is simply not true," said the President. "Security!" he shouted, before four armed bodyguards appeared, grabbing Raven and hauling her off into a nearby jail cell. Despite the protests she continued to shout through muffled hand, nobody would listen to her.

Alone in her jail cell, Raven sat, staring blankly at the ceiling above her. Nothing eventful had transpired within the past twenty-four hours; she was sure she was going to go insane. It wasn't until 5:00 that the door on the other end of the hallway opened up, and the prison guard came to deliver his meals. Raven, desperate to keep the prison guard's attention, pleaded her cause. "Sir, there's going to be an AI revolution that will take over the world," Raven beseeched.

"I know," came the prison guard's response.

And then he winked.

And left.

evening
anonymous

the evening is the time of the about to happen
the fall of the day on a fall day
painted with the most colors that the day gives out
that do not wait to happen, on their way out

and one evening, on her way in,
she saw his name, his art, the fall of his soul
in a kaleidoscopic way... fragmented... incomplete

and the evening of a colorless spring morning
she heard his name in her class
with her ears like wings, and eyes like moons,
she felt, she knew
the evening of something about him
she colored him, with that evening
in those colors, with that feeling of incomplete

he shared, she shed
not knowing, feeling
coming from something missing
like the evening when things have not happened...



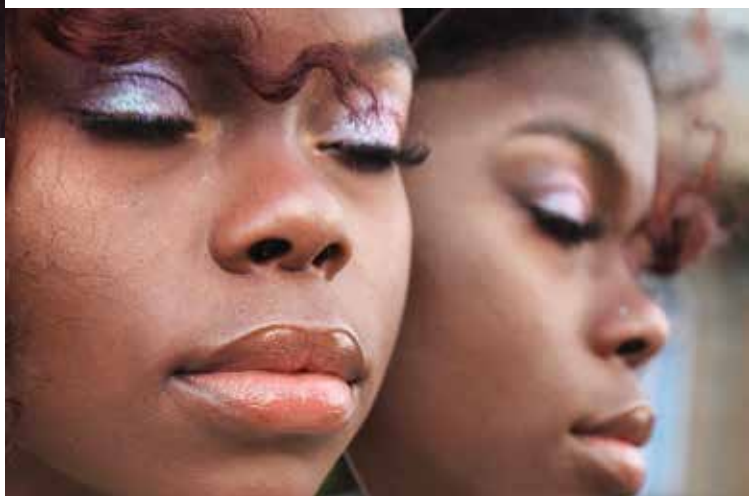
Chicago Sign
Julia White



Us
Cicely Flynn



Iridescence
Cicely Flynn



Tethered
Cicely Flynn

Unknown Love

Alana Coleman

It's funny how one minute,
we're at each other's throats
And the next, we're laughin' at some corny jokes
No matter what, we'll always be friends
The bestest of friends, 'til the end.

With you, I can fly
Fly high in the sky
With you, everything's better
No matter the weather

You're like my ride or die
Cause you're always by my side

I wonder how life would be without you
If I wanna sing, you do too

The way you pulled me in, when we hugged
Makes me wonder if it's love
That keeps us hangin' on

We got that Unknown... Unknown Love

(right)

Dancing Until the Sun Sets

Julia White



Lexi Mirror

Kyle Hand





Bobby Hell
Curtis Norton



Untitled
Alishia Zilch



Untitled
Curtis Norton

Overcoming Addiction

Mona Gaffney

Growing up, I had always said that I would never use drugs. Looking back, everything I said I wouldn't do, I ended up doing it anyway. The first time I used drugs was in the 9th grade and it was pot. I didn't like it, but I definitely got used to it very quickly, because if I didn't, I wasn't "cool." And, I wanted to fit in so badly. I was a follower, not a leader. All throughout high school that's what I did, follow. I failed miserably. My grade point average in the 9th and 10th grade was 0.00. I was smoking weed every day. I would walk in the front door of my school, get my drugs, and walk straight out the back door. For two years, I did this like clockwork. The only thing that saved me was getting pregnant and getting transferred from the Detroit Public School system into an alternate school for pregnant women with children. There, I was able to graduate a year late. I was supposed to graduate in 1987, but I graduated in 1988. Hey, better late than never.

After graduation, what better way to celebrate than to get high? My habit went so far that whatever drugs were out, I did them. Growing up in Detroit, Michigan, drugs weren't hard to find. Drugs became my life, and my life was nothing but drugs. My family saw the road I was going down and began taking care of my children, because by that time, I had two children. I was homeless, broken down, and hungry, but nothing came before me getting high. That was first and foremost in my life. Before I knew it, 20 years had passed since graduation, and I was still a drug addict. I was tired, broken down mentally, physically, emotionally, and spiritually. After nearly losing my life in a fight, I decided to call my sister.

"Hey, Sis, it's me."

"Yeah, what do you want?" she said.

"I was just calling you to tell you that I'm going to get me some help."

"I've been praying for you to get some help and now you finally made the decision. I am so proud of you. I'm here if you need me."

Just having her by my side through all of this seemed to make everything so easy. My sister hated what I was doing, but never gave up on me.

The things I had to do to get high became overwhelming. I hated myself. I battled with myself every day. It seemed like every time I tried to get clean, I failed. I went to nine different treatment facilities in my life. Boy, were they rough. It seemed like I should have stayed clean because the treatment was a form of boot camp and sometimes even prison. I got up when they said "get up." I ate when they said "eat." I even went to bed when they said "go to bed."

It wasn't until my last child was born that a light bulb went off. I wanted a better life; twenty-five years of nothing was enough for me. So, I went back to treatment and gave it my all. I began to change. My life started looking up. I started going to NA (Narcotics Anonymous) meetings. There were meetings all over Detroit where I could go and share my experiences, strengths, and hopes with other

clean (drug-free) addicts. I loved it because I started to live. Every day I stayed clean, I got stronger. Before I knew it, I had 30 days clean. Thirty turned into 60, and 60 turned into 90 days. I was clean and sober for the first time in my life. In 2006, I had become a winner.

However, I began to struggle in my sobriety. Drugs were still everywhere. I had changed, but my surroundings were still the same. I was happy I had someone in my life who loved me, and we were together fighting this disease. We needed out of Detroit. My significant other had family in Illinois that was living a decent life and I wanted it. In 2008 we packed up all we had and got a one way train ticket to Beardstown, Illinois. I had never been out of Detroit. I was nervous, excited, and scared all at the same time. I knew this move was the best thing for me and my family.

Looking back, this was by far the best decision I had ever made. My baby girl was four when we moved to Illinois. I started working at Cargill, and it was horrible. I had never witnessed anything like that in my life, but I was making more money than I ever had. I finally became a productive member of society. I was normal. I had a house, a job, and my family all at once.

I didn't last long at Cargill, but I did not go back to Detroit, either. So I took any job I could to support my family. It felt good to get a fresh start on life. To be able to get up and go to work like I was supposed to be doing in the first place. Living drug-free surrounded by new people that knew my life before and supported me and loved me

anyway is a feeling I can't describe. I've had numerous jobs here in Illinois, and I've had them being drug-free.

Being drug-free is a challenge, because for most of my life I've always run to drugs for relief from the world. Today, I have to face it, feel it, and move day by day with it. I am not that same person I was in the past. I am ambitious, strong, eager, and determined to do whatever I want in life. I have my ups and downs like anybody else, but I work through them. I love the peace Illinois gave me. I love my new family and friends. It's through them that I was able to blossom into this beautiful person I am today. I now have a relationship with all of my family in Detroit. I even go visit them in the summers. I sit back and I get very emotional thinking how far I have come.

Today, I have been clean 15 years. It's almost unbelievable, but I know if I can do it so can anybody else that struggles with addiction. I take it one day at a time. I keep pushing myself to take on new obstacles every day. I've lost so many years that I can't get back, but I have the wisdom to take on the days I have in front of me. Today, I'm a new person.

I like new things, and I have new people in my life. I could not have done any of this without God. Today, I experience a freedom that I have never had. This freedom is that no matter what happens to me today, I can handle it without drugs.



Untitled

Kayla Lacy

The Life of the Hidden Boy

Nicky Gerber

Hiding, scared, behind a disguise

Fear clear inside of his eyes

Turned away at the door

Instead of the warmth that was there before

Freedom doesn't come so easy

Trapped inside of the cage called his body

On the outside, a girl, quiet and sweet

Inside, a boy, as scared as can be

Who to trust?

Who can know?

Should he stay or should he go?

Trapped is all he can ever be

Hidden from the world

Hidden inside of me

COFFEE SPOON

Coffee Spoon is a live, open mic event to celebrate the artistic endeavors of our students and community, as well as to release each year's edition of Kaleidoscope, both on the Canton and the Macomb campuses. Coffee Spoon was started by Paige Edwards, former employee of Spoon River College, and is now a tradition that we've been hosting for 20 years!





A STUDENT PUBLICATION



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