

Point of View

Art & Literary Magazine 2017

Art & Design

Literary

Editor

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Point Of View Award

Courtney Colonna For **"Pantoum of Nights With the Boxer, My Father"**

Awarded by faculty judges for an outstanding story, poem, or play

Vivian Stewart Award

Jennifer Tedmon For **"Twisted"**

Awarded by student judges for an outstanding story, poem, or play

Ray Mills Award

Devin Morrice For **Within**

Awarded by student judges for an outstanding work of visual art

Judges

Point Of View Award

Anne Davidovicz

Jeremy Morris

Judi Nitsch

Vivian Stewart Award

Alexa Ash

Michelle Feigler

Jennifer Hernandez

Jaemin Kim

Jennifer Tedmon

Mary Youna

Ray Mills Award

Japer Huerto

Meghna Kamboj

Zoe Kollias

Camila Pasquel

Janella Punzalan

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-O'Brien**

Maggie Tierney

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VISOgraphic, INC.

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Steve Donisch

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Olivia Zubko

Fossil

Back Cover

Katelyn Rogers

Spring

Special Thanks To

Sandy Barney

Anne Davidovicz

Meghna Kamboj

Nancy Marquez

Jason Peot

Sam Rosby



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Bi
Gene Zielnicki
Stoneware
19.75" x 20" x 10.5"

Sward Song

Michelle Mabry

11 pm
and the grass carefully sings to you,
fairly,
she is quiet.
It is the pinstripes she remembers
lines of primness
not the soft-rounded mounds
of past summers
when her whole northern heart
grew a yes.
Blades line up and trill to be cut,
miss the sharpness
and the weight of you gliding over them
with intention.

The thinness
of a mistress
riveting with her attentions
to the winding wind,
and the wall of night,
shushed by the field nearby
sliding into her
behind your back.

No convention can evade
the swooning scent
drawn around the neighborhood,
like a curtain of must—
trust the lawn for hushed retreat
from the summed-up hot
of all your running debates,
forget,
forget,
forget
the troubles
of rules
and dip into the bent blue of her feathers.





A Girl Dreams...

Jung-Hee Choi

Stoneware

16" x 6" x 6"

Barrel of Grapes

Eriq Niziolek

Black words on white paper
that you want me to pull
from miasma in my mind?
Fine.
I'll give you slick sinister sounds
to slide off your silver tongues.
Practiced bellows for you
to recite in tandem
with "*in time*" moans and
mad red cries
to reach out past these
void white pages
so that one day, after this monotony ends,
we find our own missing bits and pieces,
join as one again to hold in our hands the answer?
Surely not one you would ever want to hear.
Surely not for fear of fractured feelings
from the fallacies found from
your sweet fruity fairytale?

I'm sorry.
How do you want your grapes now?
Red grapes?
Sweet grapes?
No?
Well give me green grapes.
Have me scarf down sour truth
if only to sate my own malice.
And when you see me thrash in my seat,
know I don't cringe from wet bitter tastes,
only gestating on what lays before my eyes,
word being plucked from a barrel.



Pillow

Carly Colvin

Mixed Media

20" x 20.5" x 2"

Vivian Stewart Award Winner

Twisted

Jennifer Tedmon

Crackling fire, coals
burn beneath my skin
needles pierce
sharp, stabbing—
exhausting
every
ounce
of energy.

Spine under my shoulder
wedged tight, deformed
protrusion, perpetual ache
as bones grind to chalk dust

I plead—PLEASE, pull it out!
My spine—my worthless spine,
bane of my bones
failure of my form.

It is invisible—chronic crying internally.
It is invisible—no one talks about it—
No, no one wants to talk about it.

I give twice the effort, get half the sleep
to conceal my excruciation,
overtaken by insomnia
limbs go numb on pins
lose movement
twice the effort to lay in a bed
piled with pillows—
no comfort as the clock ticks
into the next morning—every morning.

They know how I feel
with their beautiful bones.
Perfect people are the most twisted.
They tell me, "Suck it up!
You're not disabled—because you can walk."
They tell me, "Be grateful because others
are not as lucky as you."

Ah lucky.
Lucky to have nerves
pinched between my vertebrae,
nerves on tiny bones hooked
like fishing worms pierced with sharp metal,
sending shocks through my spine,
through my sciatic legs.
Lucky to not wear heels or bras
or find clothing to fit
crooked, uneven hips
and shoulder blades sticking out
like a knee bent backwards.
Yes, I am incredibly lucky.

The wretched worst
is not the physical pain
that impairs my every waking moment,
nor the psychological hollowness
that I see in my reflection,
or even knowing I will never be normal.
No. It is the isolation and ignorance
of the "perfect" people and their stones
thrown because they say,
"You're probably faking it anyway."

I wish I didn't feel so discarded
simply because I was too incompetent
to be born with a straight spine.

Leave a Message at the Beep

Jessica Sandacz

(Beep)

Hey Megan, it's Jess. Just wanted to see if you needed a ride to Katy's party on Saturday. Call me back!

(Beep)

Hey, we missed you at Katy's party. We played that claw game and I won this giant pink rubber ball thing that has tentacles and eyes. Sam named it Syphilis and I totally want you to have it. Call me back so we can set up a time that I can give you Syphilis.

(Beep)

Hey Megan, it's Jess again. I just saw your Facebook status and I wanted to make sure everything was okay. You sounded sad. Just know I'm here best friend. Call me back. Love you.

(Beep)

Hey Meg, wanted to let you know we were all going over to Sam's house to watch *Cannibal! The Musical* tonight. It's about this dude who like gets lost in the mountains and like everyone starts noming each other. Sounds like a spectacular evening, right? That you would totally be sad not to be a part of right?! We talked her into serving red Kool-Aid and s'mores. Red Kool-Aid because it clearly looks like blood—and is made up of the words: "kool" and "laid". And s'mores, well, just because they are tiny bits of awesomeness. Let me know if you want me to pick you up on my way. Later tater.

(Beep)

Hey Megan, just thought I'd give you a call. The train I'm on is stopped and I'm super bored. We hit a pedestrian. The conductor made the announcement that the person is under cars 2 and 3. Let that sink in. Cars 2 AND 3. I don't even want to think about that. But yeah, we've been stopped for about an hour already. It's weird to think we have created human road kill. I also just realized I'm in car 3. Excuse me while I stare at the car floor and wait for a ghostly-soul to float up from under my feet. I wonder if there is a Ouija board app since, ya know, there's an app for everything. But yeah, I'm probably going to be here at least another hour. Call me back. I miss you.

(Beep)

Okay, Katy just called me saying that a Columbia theater student walked in front of the train I was on. She said she's called you 15 times to make sure it wasn't you. She's going to give herself an ulcer over nothing. She's so dramatic. Call me back before Katy aneurysms. Please and thank you.

(Dial Tone)

The number you have reached has been disconnected. Please hang up and try your call again.

National Suicide Prevention Hotline: 1.800.273.8255

Lovingly Dedicated to Megan Wacaser

Untitled

Olivia Zubko

Porcelain

Dimensions Variable





Panic
Zoe Kollias
Mixed Media
4' x 3' x 4"

Elective or Electric

Michelle Mabry

This is what I choose to see now,
this picture of how light melts things
into something
on another plane

not one you drive across
with the window down
and your hand
steering your arm,
the wheel so secondary

are you really even in the car
is he really on your left
ferrying you
cause you let him

just do it
do it to avoid the smoking
smoldering
sneering fire
the licking kind
the hurt and salty variety
that spits the letters of attempted shame
from the stairs
from his mouth
to the eyes
widely below

the quiet machine of the brain
shutting another stunning array
out
with the night

this light blinds
that flame
this light tends words
fixed with tight borders

the past rolls up so sweetly now
my back pocket full
of what you never wanted
and all I tried

to play out
to you
even taking up the slack

the hook not even a hook
just a lifesaver
a buoy
a ring of light
to float on

see what you are missing
of me

but
this is the scent we follow
the information
from our hands
just another bloody month

you see the gardener
mowing
I follow his ruins



Nonsense

Anastasia Sitnikova

Mixed Media

20" x 20" x 20"



Procrastination

Mary Youna

- 1) Congratulations! It's 2:03pm on a sunny Thursday afternoon and you are officially done with classes for the day. What are you going to do now?
 - a. Go to Chipotle because your stomach was rumbling *all* through Geology.
 - b. Check out that sale at Forever 21. You deserve to treat yourself.
 - c. See what Elliot is doing! Maybe you guys can *get it on* in the back seat of his car.
 - d. Go home! You have a five page paper on Greek mythology due tomorrow and you *haven't even started it yet!*

cont'd.

- 2) It's now 4:56pm and you just got home. What's your next move?
- Go see what's in the fridge. You checked this morning, but it doesn't hurt to check again. Then maybe you can eat while you watch the last two episodes of *Game of Thrones*.
 - Take a nap. You had a long day and you need to rest that beautiful, brilliant mind of yours.
 - WHAT?** You still haven't watched the last two episodes of *Game of Thrones*?! Get it done now. (P.S. Jon Snow is such a babe.)
 - You've already wasted enough time. Take a quick breather if you need to, but you really need to get started on this paper.
- 3) The time is 7:33pm and you still haven't started your paper. Do you want to start soon?
- Yes, but after dinner! There's leftover spaghetti, your *favorite*. You're probably going to need to lie down after that, since this stuff is heavy as hell.
 - Well, yes. But you're not in the right state of mind to begin. You need a lot of inspiration to write. You could look out your window? Or color? You *love* coloring.
 - Yeah, but Elliot just asked if you were home alone and you are. Sooooooo, you really need to jump on that bandwagon and then jump on him. Repeatedly.
 - YES, YES, YES! YOU NEED TO START YOUR PAPER NOW!**
- 4) It's almost 10:00pm and you're finally in front of your computer. What happens next?
- DESSERT TIME. There's Mint Chocolate Chip ice cream in the freezer and it is calling to *you*! There's also brownie bites, so you can totally put the ice cream on top of the brownies. Of course "d." wouldn't know how good that is.
 - Stare at the computer screen until an idea comes up. If nothing happens then walk away for some time and come back. Don't let the stress get to you (looking at *you*, "d.").
 - Ask Elliot to stay the night. And before you say anything, "d.", remember that it's better to write a paper with another person because they can offer you feedback. So HA!
 - Start with your thesis and work your way from there. Look over the evidence you have and see how you can expand upon it. This will help lead you in the right direction. Also, why am I being attacked right now?!?!
- 5) Congratulations! It's 11:58pm and you've accomplished *nothing*. What now, genius?
- Um ... Maybe get a midnight snack. And then for real, you need to start this paper.
 - Just try writing as much as you can. If you don't finish, you can always ask for an extension or turn it in late. It's not the end of the world, right?
 - Definitely get started and try to finish. Even if it's crap, that's okay. You hate this class anyway. And besides, Elliot will be there to comfort you.
 - You're all dead to me.



311
Jasper Huerto
Black & White Charcoal
on Newsprint
35" x 25" x 2"



Dancing Buildings
Shengxun Lin
Charcoal & Digital Image
7.5" x 7.5"
Set of 3



Baseline

Jennifer Hernandez

To spill to gain to lose
to hold, wondrous hold,
soft strokes of hair receding
tide from a flood
of tears, inappropriate
shared sitting on the bed
rented like time spent
together—
I am not.
There is no more
profound distraction
than swirling thoughts
consuming, decaying space
in the pantry
where dry goods become food
and twitches of an open door
slam shut.
A headache:
yours and mine
and the mutual disorganized
disruptive turning in place
looking for the same things;
obsession.
Do you feel it?
Bringing warm shame
into your chest and throat,
parts I can picture,
reach out to hold
shoulders with imaginary shakes.
My brain twitching.
Do you see the invisible?
I met your crystalline eyes
and thought so.





Funerary Korean Relic

Jasper Huerto

Oil on Canvas with Collage

15" x 15" x 1"

Reality Ate Me Out

Jessica Sandacz

Reality came up behind me in a bar
reached his arm around my shoulder
and when I turned to see what asshole was touching me,
he stuck his beer-soaked tongue in my mouth

I grabbed hold of my Coors Light bottle
every intention of shattering it across his face
as soon as I got my own damn face out of the way
But he pulled away and he was
...handsome
He smiled and I just...

MOTHERFUCKER!

I jumped into bed with him
I know! I am aware I did everything wrong
Absolutely *everything*
But you weren't there—and he was perfect
No dinner, no date, no romancing of the stone
Just these blue eyes that made me weak
I had already undressed him 11 times
with my stare
before he even removed his shoes

He was even sexier naked
I kept thinking about that *Seinfeld* episode
where Jerry's friends are all like
Men's bodies are *just* functional
They are *not* by any means works of art
I'm paraphrasing of course
I am in the middle of sex after all

But this, *this* was art
6 feet 4 inches of pure oil-canvased art
hanging in a gallery in New York City

cont'd.

We started making out again
His mouth still tasting like beer
Wow, didn't even wait for his beer-breath to go stale
This must be like a world-record of store-ing

He slid under the covers and I gripped the bed sheets
He opened my legs
I held my breath
A smile crawled across my face
as I stared up at the ceiling
It was *bad*
This was **BAD!**
I would even go as far as to say
this was like the worst oral sex I had ever had

I thought
Shit
What do I do?
Do I *When Harry Met Sally* it?
Do I fake an orgasm so great
that people on the other side of the apartment wall
will knock and ask what kind of sandwich I'm eating?

"Ohhh, yes, mmmm, wowzer"

Did I just say *Wowzer*?
Well that's one theory to get him to stop
Just yell a bunch of awkward shit
Zoinks! WOW BATMAN! I can't wait to pull your pork!
I laughed in my head
I wonder what he's thinking about
Well he's probably not thinking about calculus down there
He's too pretty

I have a project that's due tomorrow
I had a wealth of inspiration
and I still can't figure out what the fuck to write about
Total cornucopia of writing possibilities:
Dead babies, broken grave stones, weeping angels
Am I deplorable for thinking about dead babies
while having sex? That's probably a straight ticket to Hell
But maybe it's like the tree analogy thing
If no one hears my deplorable thoughts
did they ever really happen?
Insert *X-Files* music here

Wait, the movement under the sheets
Stopped
Did I laugh out loud at my own *X-Files* joke?

"You okay down there?" I yelled

I probably shouldn't have *yelled*
Blankets aren't really soundproof

"Yeah" he said back

I pulled back the covers
We had reached stale-beer smell
He looked up at me with his big blue eyes

and puked all over my vagina

Fossil

Olivia Zubko

Porcelain

14" x 16" x 3.5"



Lunar New Year

Jaemin Kim

The scent of savory
dishes drift into my nose.
Plates of steaming beef,
crimson apples, and
freshly cooked fish.

Hands hang by my side,
twitching and fidgeting,
struggling to still.

We watch silently
as Appa carefully
attaches the paper
to the wall.

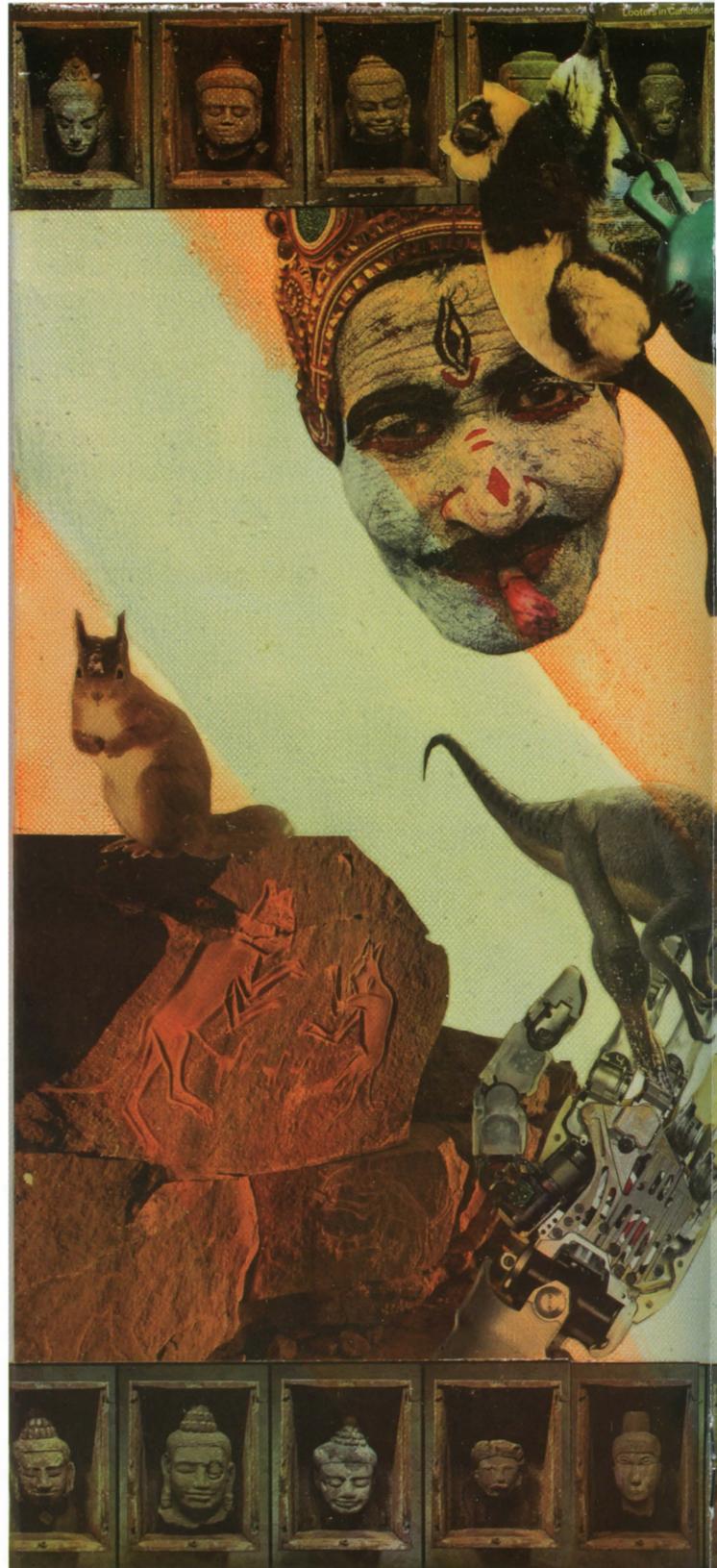
Freshly applied ink
arranged in characters
I never learned, spelling
names I've never met.

Korean flies from Appa
like a verbal machine gun,
siblings return fire just as fast.
Then they look at me.

Eyes droop to the carpet,
beads of sweat trail down
my burning face,
fingers furl into firm fists.

Korean tumbles from my lips,
soft and fractured.
Siblings shake their heads,
Umma releases a disappointed sigh.

But Appa gives me a tight smile.
That same small smile when
relatives question him
as if it's his fault,
"Why can't he speak Korean?"





Chance
Janna Callanan
Oil Painting over Collage
18" x 24"



Bottle Still Life

Elizabeth Reese

Charcoal, Pencil & Paper

9" x 7.5"

Pattern

Mary Youna

The chills from the bathroom tiles
 crawl up my body
 and claw at my arms.
 I shiver; my teeth clatter so fiercely
 I'm surprised they don't break.
 I hug myself for warmth and I wince
 when I see the blood on my arms,
 how it stains like smashed strawberries.
 Tears seep from my sockets
 and scorch my cheeks.

I tried.
 To stitch up my life
 like torn fabric.
 I tried.
 To mend it together
 with various patterns.
 I tried.

Instead of sewing my life,
 I ripped it more
 with the silver blades.
 They must have been dull
 if I'm still here.

I knew my family would wonder
 why I was holed up in our bathroom.
 I refused to see their faces,
 to see my mother who named me
 after the fire bird.
 She called me *Nix* for short.

I imagine myself a real phoenix,
 vanishing into whispers of flame,
 standing among ashes
 as fire demolishes
 and repairs my body.
 I long to be calamity and chaos,
 the wildfire that torched the world.

I like to think that with my destruction,
 I will be reborn,
 but as my cheek flattens on the floor,
 my body is drenched with exhaustion
 and misery plagues my brain.
 Why must the phoenix live
 such a pattern?
 Why can't it just bum to embers
 and flicker until the spark dissolves?

Ray Mills Award Winner



Within

Devin Morrice
Mixed Media
25" x 29" x 11"

The Fall of Man

For Kevin Coderre

Jessica Sandacz

October rain fell that morning on St. Michael's Cemetery
 Nature re-baptizing the dead
 Trees threw up bright reds and oranges
 over the grounds
 as if they had over-indulged
 in Fall's communion the night before
 Like a scene out of *Harold and Maude*,
 we shuffled our feet through the cemetery throw-up
 until we met a wall of modern-day catacombs

*You know, at one time,
 I used to break into pet shops to liberate the canaries
 But I decided that was an idea way before its time
 Zoos are full, prisons are overflowing; oh my,
 how the world dearly loves a cage*

Against empty marble pull-out drawers
 labeled "selected before need"
 we pressed our faces to the boreal stone
 peering through dime-sized holes in the slabs
 soaking in our options for afterlife real estate

We laid down on the ground
 Shoulder to shoulder
 on top of Eileen and John McCarthy
 as Sodom and Gomorr-ahble as Adam with Eve

On our backs
 we watched the tree limbs sway
 I thought of the McCarthys
 leisurely decaying like the changing leaves
 Permanent isolation in their own separate cages

cont'd.

Touch, a comfort in the living world
knowing we aren't alone in the void
After death, physical connection is replaced with ritual
Meticulously cleaning headstones
placing flowers
Bending on knees
an inter-world friendly gesture

*Cemeteries are filled with mourning widows
But did you see that man?
He is a good man
Others brush the leaves off of the graves onto other graves
But that man
is picking the leaves up and placing them
away from other graves
He is definitely going to Heaven*

We judged the living like a twisted Siskel and Ebert
atop our bone soap boxes

As we rose from the ground
joking of what Chang and Wang
were doing here,
We made light of the smaller marble shelves
*Do you think they just break the bodies?
Fold them to fit in there?
Who would enjoy that job?*

Haven't you seen Dexter?

As we made our way back to our car,
a sign read "one decoration per grave"
No one followed that rule
Everyone is loved here

The most valuable possession as humans is time
People blame cancer, drunk drivers, murderers
but really time is the number one killer of man

As our *Harold and Maude* moment closed
Kevin and I had connected our timelines

For one brief point
they overlapped

We had given each other
the most valuable thing we had to give

Time



Excavation
Olivia Zubko
Mixed Media
Dimensions Variable



Reverse Design Teapot

Thomas R. Donat

Ceramic

8.5" x 6" x 1.75"

Threads

Jennifer Tedmon

Should I sit here in my soccer mom van
oblivious to the changing world
obedient to patriarchal structure
slaving over the ironing board
washing laundry, pairing baby booties
as if mental hilarity is all
I ever dreamed my life to be?

Ignorant man-children prefer
housewives in corsets
with make-up caked thickly
on diets, whittled toothpicks
until plastic perfect
magazine models,
saffron sunshine happy
as they mold and shape
with rules and laws stripped of choices
stripped of bodies, stripped of identity.

Give me some credit.

There is beauty
in these flaws, these stretch marks
tattooed on women of this world
whether aborting or birthing babies
elbows deep in dishwater
mopping floors, scrubbing toilets.
Covered in baby spittle,
raising the future.
Challenging statements they make
concerning my body
and my choices.

Clueless jackanapes
divorced from reality
swaddled in alternative facts
and useless ambition
spout ultimatums for uteri
they do not have
nor understand.
They will not live forever
nor be remembered in their quest
to overcompensate testosterone.

Bold women who fight
men constructing walls
are the sturdy threads
woven into fabrics
worn timeless
while oppressors fail, forgotten
under weight of crumbling fortresses



Happy Graduation

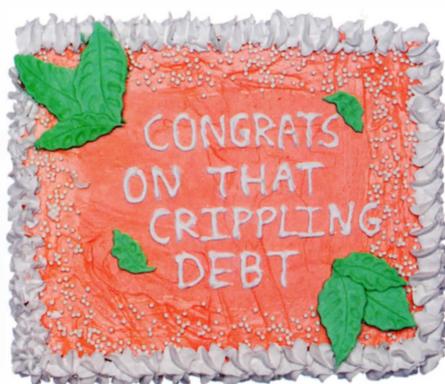
Maggie Tierney

Plaster & Metal

6' x 3' x 11"

Water

Mary Youna



1

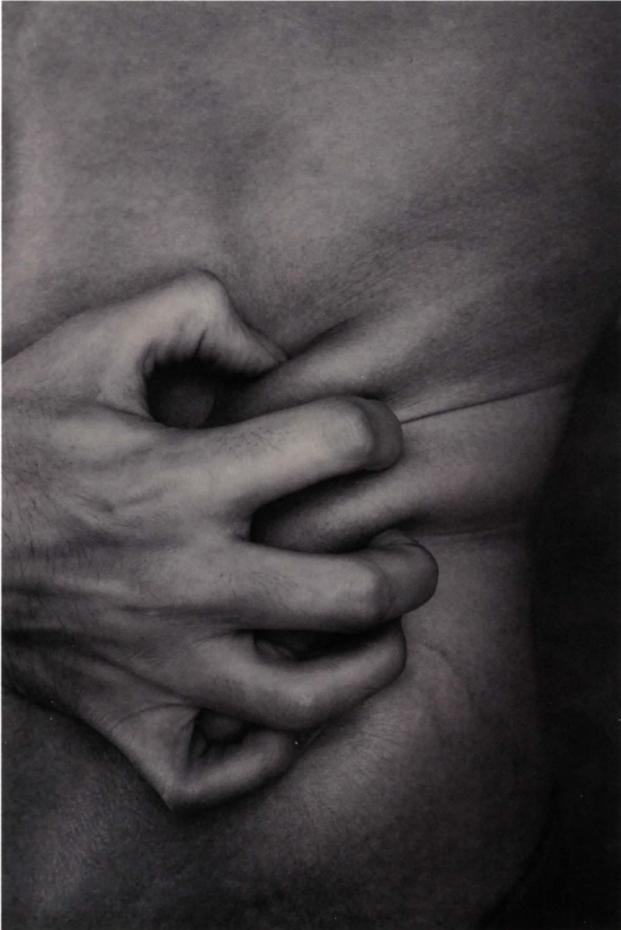
The bubbles of the bathtub
soak my body as I close my eyes.
The lingering aroma of gentle lavender
and lustful roses soothes my mind.
Stress evaporates in steam
and anxieties dissolve in soapy foam.
I sigh and drain the tub,
watching the water swirl
and vanish into the gutter.
I want to be that water,
disappearing below.

2

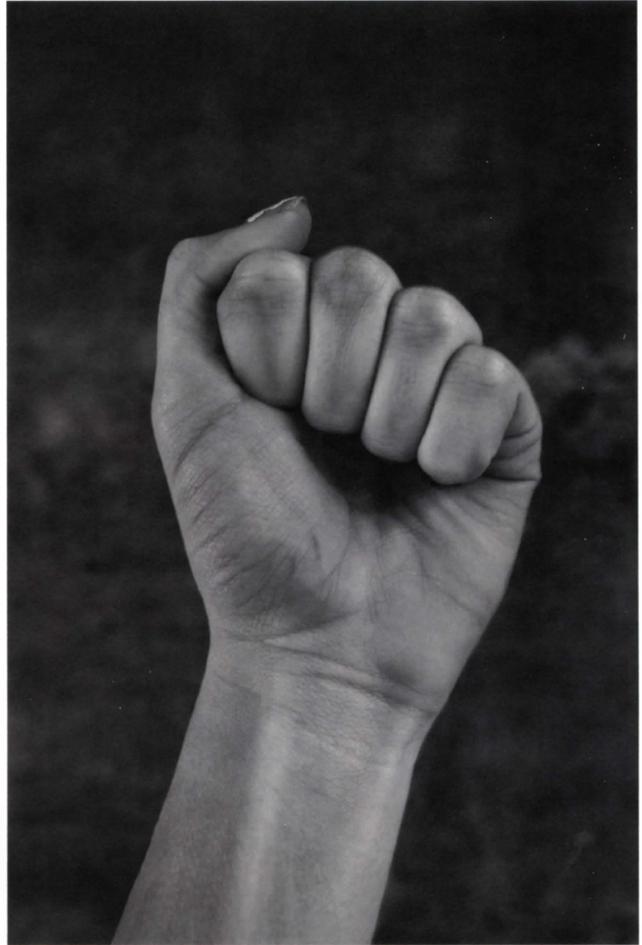
The storm outside my window
is my bedtime story.
I listen to the sound of thunder
mating with lightning
and giving birth to music
and light.
I want to abandon
the warmth of my sheets
and go outside.
Not to dance in the rain,
but with it.

3

Many people think I'm drizzle,
that I'm small and light,
lacking impact.
They think I'm a rain puddle,
low enough to be stepped in,
jumped on and kicked around.
I want people to see
that I am a grey cloud,
prepared to burst and shower
them with my glory.
I want people to see
that I am ready to ravage the sea,
to shake the world
and destroy everything in my way.



Breathe, Grip, Clench, Stretch
Allyson Marlow
Photography
11" x 14"
set of 4





Icehole
Waldo Perez
Photography
16" x 20"

Emmaline Jones (excerpt)

Jennifer Tedmon

The Teddy Bear Collection

I remember how tight she hugged me and her excitement when it came. We had quite the celebration when her acceptance letter for Juilliard arrived. Years of dedication and dancing would no longer create doubt in her mind. Emmaline was good enough and the letter was proof. After she left for college, her mother was cleaning out the old toy room to make space for an office. There were exactly 25 teddy bears left behind—two bears, one from each grandmother, on the day she was born, one for each of 18 birthdays, one from her eighth-grade graduation, three from her high school boyfriend (they dated from Valentine’s Day of freshman year and broke up just after homecoming during her junior year), and one from her high school graduation. They were all neatly arranged on a shelf according to size and color. Her mother packed them neatly into a blue plastic bin and put it in the attic, finally admitting that her youngest daughter had grown up.

The Natural Order of Life

One of the years when she had still been too short to reach the kitchen counter without standing on her tippy toes, it was springtime and the only thing Emmaline wanted was a hamster. It came in lieu of an Easter basket. She and her older sister each got one. The hamsters were supposed to be friends and keep each other company. And boy did they ever! Those two hamsters were extremely cozy. I remember seeing those hamsters have litters of babies. Enlightened the way eight-year-olds can be when they learn important things, she explained to me about the boy hamster and the girl hamster making babies. Emmaline’s Sunday school teacher had explained it to her and said it was “the natural order of life.” By the following Spring, they had given away as many hamsters as she and her sister had friends, but they still had a few dozen left over. Mom couldn’t take it anymore and one day took them and all their accessories to the local pet store. She never wanted another hamster again.

First Criticism

One year she invited me to her family’s Christmas party. We sat across her aunt at dinner. The aunt was a distant aunt. Uninvolved enough to live in the northernmost part of Michigan and never remember birthdays or “which one” of the nieces she was, but involved enough to ask Emmaline rather blatantly, “Where do you intend to go to college and how do you suppose you’ll pay for it?” And she replied to the aunt, “I’m only just twelve, I’m still a kid.” With a snort and a sharp look at Emmaline’s mother, the aunt said, “Well, with that attitude you’ll be pregnant and on welfare in just a few years.” I’ll never forget the look of horror on Emmaline’s face as she glanced at me and quietly whispered, “I don’t want any babies.”

Listening In

I know her mother overheard us in her room. We were giggling and talking about being pretty enough the way best friends do. With a seventeen-year-old’s wisdom, I told her, “You’re the most beautiful girl I know.” She paused and looked at me. We heard some rustling from the other side of the door. She kissed me. Emmaline’s mom never let us close the door after that.

cont’d.

Self-Criticism

"There was a long time I thought there was a problem with me and that's why the boys never took interest. Then I realized I was giving all of my attention to the girls."

Fantasies

Paris under the stars, with tart red wine. Or dancing in the rain, shivering in the cold moonlight. But not caring because it really is the place for lovers.

Reprise

In the summer of 2015, a few years after a dance injury made her leave Juilliard, Emmaline is sitting on the porch of her little Texas house, painting a night scene of the Eiffel Tower. She's painted landmarks all over the world—but only the ones in places where she's actually visited. It isn't quite the same as it was when I watched her dance, but she is still graceful and methodical in her craft. The sun is hot, but she likes being outside when she paints because the fresh air inspires her. I am sitting on the old wooden porch swing, rocking it back and forth, listening to the metal chains squeak in rhythm with the old boards underneath my feet while I watch her. The sun hits the ring on her finger just right as she drags the brush across the canvas. For a moment, it is a tiny firework glistening as I am recalling how lucky I am, how grateful I am, that the previous month it was finally legal for us to wed.

Leftovers

Dennis Sullivan

Ceramic

20" x 20" x 20"

Set of 3



3 Books

Alexis McKnight

I.

Chapter one, here we go

I despise reading, it is wasteful

The pages are yellow with age

And smell of old librarian feet,

I won' t turn another page.

Chapter eight...c'mon c'mon, it's getting so good.

I've been reading for 4 hours now

My eyes are glued to the words

Flowing into me like a chocolate stream

Five more chapters left

II.

I try to grab the tiny box of tissue to the
Right of my bed

But my body is limp like the ends of hair
With grief for Susan.

Oh, Susan.

She went for his dumb ass

Over and over and over again

In the next chapter I only hope

Is better than the last.

The last was a pool of lust and disgust.

How do you cheat on perfection?

Her hair was graceful and brunette,

Lowlights complimented her green eyes,

It was like peering into a lost lagoon.

Upon a million dancing freckles on her

Porcelain skin. She was perfection.

Oh, Susan.

Uncertainty has lassoed me into

Her world of heartbreak.

Dammit, I thought

I really loved Jake.

III.

I read to myself:

His swollen flesh twitched, with steaming blood

Trickling down his face, onto his neck,

Meeting the deep cut left unattended

Since last left there by his mother.

I look up from the novel

And play the scene in my head.

The smell of human flesh prick

The hairs inside my nose.

My eyes water, not with despair

But with disgust...

My mom is crazy

Not that crazy.



Unbreakable

Jessica Sandacz
Mixed Media Installation
7' x 5'



Seussical Love

Jessica Sandacz



He licked me like an ice cream
whispering sweet nothings in my ear
brought me rainbowed unicorn stuffed animals
taught me how to sip a beer

He curled up with me on Fridays
strolled through the park, flew kites
Watched movies before sleeping
then made love with me through nights



Kisses felt of wired bristles
a razor never touched his face
In times I didn't see him,
my heart longed for his embrace

He knew how to make me giggle
on a cold and chilly day
He'd take me for hot chocolate
never asked me once to pay



He was my favorite person
who made me happy to be alive
I thought "this must be what love is"—

I was only five



Untitled
Camila Pasquel
Ink on Paper
13" x 11.5"
Set of 3



Dear Jane,

Jennifer Hernandez



I will love you every day
of the week and every month
of the year for every year
I am alive and breathing.

I will love you every minute
I am conscious and every second
that I sleep and every moment
I lie awake, dreaming
of coming home to you.

I will love you when I am thrown
into the air I was breathing,
when I cannot feel my legs
that had tangled with yours,
when red fills the dirt where I am lying.

I will love you when I wake up
with your name pressed against my lips
when I am drifting in and out,
when the Willys MB drifts, too, under the drumfire
of my heart.

I will love you when I come home.
I will love you when you cry
as you reach for my hand.
I will love you when I am fuming,
when I feel the drumfire inside me,
when I yell out into the night
for you.

I will love you when you pack your bags.
I will love you when you stare back at me.
I will love you when you leave.

I will love you every day
of the week and every month
of the year for every year
I am alive and breathing.

I will love you every minute
I am conscious and every second
that I sleep and every moment
I lie awake, dreaming
of you coming home to me.

Love,
John



Sketches About My Wife

Jasper Huerto

Charcoal, Pencil & Gray Paper

11" x 14"

A Poem About Us

Jennifer Hernandez

Now, you have to imagine
between each line are the unmeasured
breaths of a young man whose smile is loose,
slack from a sunny afternoon
in which his lips pulled tight to either ear
by the might of my words
tiptoeing across his cheek.

Point of View Award Winner

Pantoum of Nights With The Boxer, My Father

Courtney Colonna

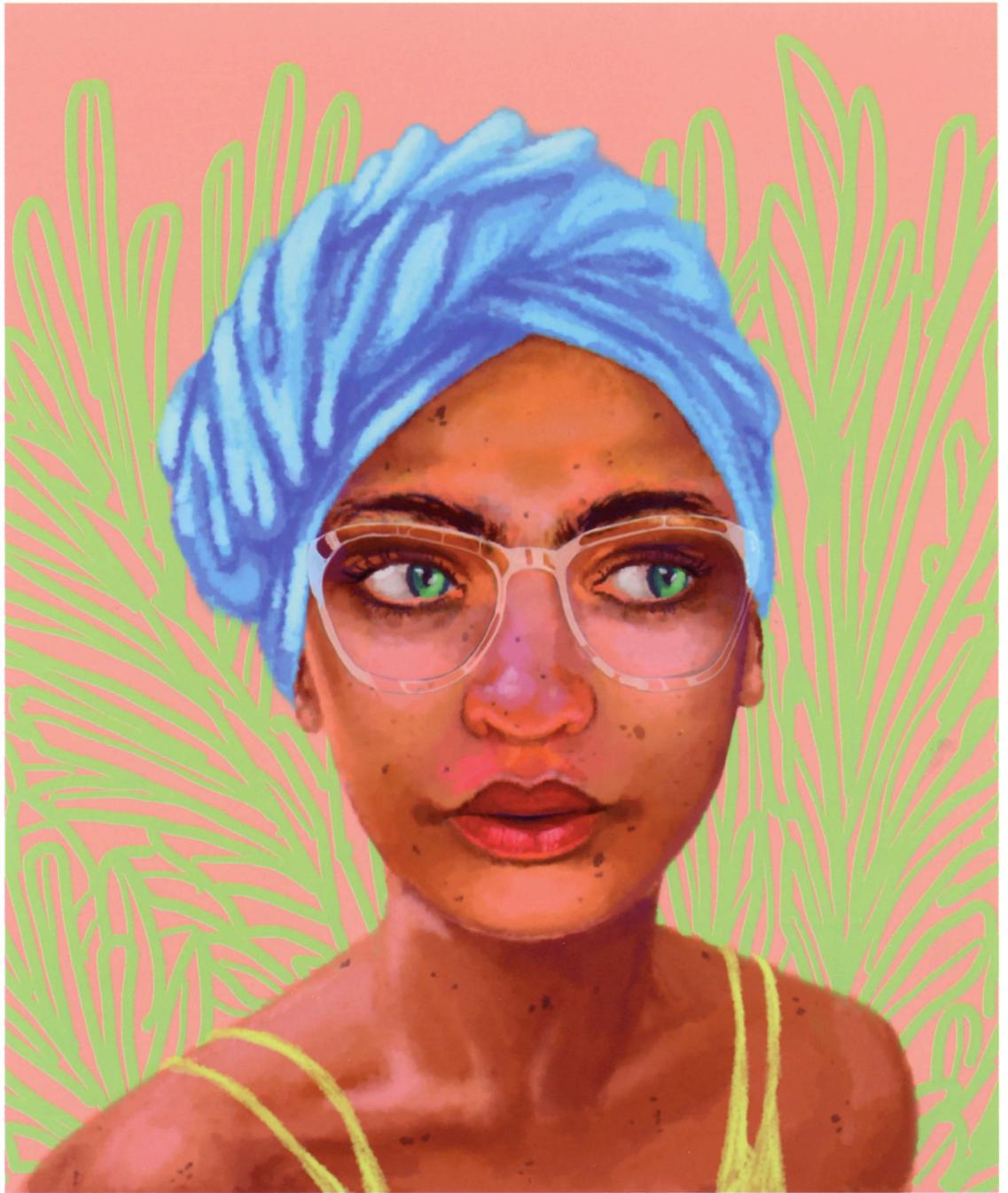
My father comes crashing through the screen door from the garage
After a dragging day of mind-numbing work as a retail manager.
His face is the burning red embers of a cigarette butt, he's enraged as always
At something sinister inside himself, attacking him, only he knows about.

After a dragging day of mind-numbing work as a retail manager,
My father is screaming at my mother, but really he's screaming
At something sinister inside himself, attacking him, only he knows about,
But my mother, as always, is his boxing bag of sand, sturdy, unswaying with his verbal blows.

My father is screaming at my mother, but really he's screaming
At himself for not being the father my sister and I need, yearn for him to be, told him he needed
to be,
But my mother, as always, is his boxing bag of sand, sturdy, unswaying with his verbal blows,
Using *her* love, from Christ, as *her* strength, through *her* mentally unstable spouse.

But...my mother is cracking; dangerously dry lips in the wintertime, no chapstick can heal.
His face is the burning red embers of a cigarette butt, he's enraged as always
At something we can't see and it's the same violent boxing match every night when
My father comes crashing through the screen door from the garage.

Portrait of View



Spring
Katelyn Rogers
Photoshop
13" x 10.5"