

HARPER COLLEGE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

POINT OF VIEW

2018



Harper College®

CONTENTS

Awards

Art and Design Editor:
Ekaterina Sverkunova

Literary Editor:
Haley Singer

Faculty Art and Design Advisor:
Karen Patterson

Faculty Literary Advisor:
Jessica Walsh

Photography:
Steve Donisch

Ray Mills Award Judges:
Angella Kilabo
Mitchell McConnell
Hadley Richardson-O'Brien
Ekaterina Sverkunova
Maggie Tierney

Point of View Award Judges:
Jeremy Morris
Judi Nitsch

Vivian Stewart Award Judges:
Student jury

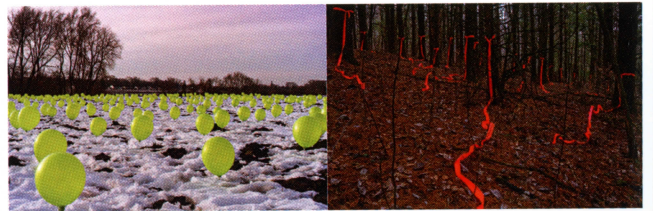
Scanning and Printing:
Harper College Publishing Services

Ray Mills Award:
Anastasia Sitnikova, *Untitled*

Vivian Stewart Award:
Michelle Feigler,
"When Death Comes Home"

Point of View Award:
Lindsay Killips, "Blurred Lines"

Front and Back Cover:
Anastasia Sitnikova, *Untitled*



Special thanks:
Patricia Bruner
Sandy Barney
Jason Peot
Sam Rosby
Nancy Marquez
Matt Nelson
Epifanio Perez

Disclaimer: The authors'/artists' views are entirely their own, and may not reflect the views of *Point of View* magazine. Every attempt has been made to ensure accuracy of all information. We apologize for any mistakes or omissions.

Artists

Buchanan, Darren as Fabric da Vinci	
<i>Haude Couture</i>	pp. 20-21
Donat, Thomas R.	
<i>Son of Goob</i>	p. 45
Gowin, Jamie	
<i>Myopia</i>	p. 39
<i>Salmon Dinner</i>	p. 29
<i>Stippled Skull</i>	p. 47
Hoops, David	
<i>Ancestral Framework</i>	p. 41
Huerto, Jasper	
<i>Blue Artist</i>	p. 12
Kapica, Doug	
<i>Leeloominaï Lakatariba Lamina-Tchai</i>	
<i>Ekbāt De Sebat and Stitch</i>	p. 9
<i>Under the Skin</i>	p. 6
McConnell, Mitchell	
<i>The Flowers Looked Beautiful</i>	
<i>as I Saw Them from the Stars</i>	p. 18
Morrice, Devin	
<i>Attack at Sea</i>	p. 23
<i>Hungry Bugs</i>	pp. 10-11
Muci, Frank	
<i>A Question of Consent</i>	p. 40
Naughton, Mary "Kat"	
<i>Love is Real and I Have Witnessed It</i>	p. 33
Sandacz, Jessica	
<i>After Trauma</i>	p. 25
<i>Artificial Intelligence</i>	p. 43
Sitnikova, Anastasia	
<i>Untitled</i>	p. 30
<i>Untitled</i>	p. 15
Tierney, Maggie	
<i>Untitled</i>	p. 4
<i>Untitled (Blue)</i>	p. 37
Wilson, Melissa	
<i>Resonate: Photos of 3D Collage of</i>	
<i>Photos of Lobby of Bienen School of Music</i>	p. 27
Zubko, Olivia	
<i>Untitled</i>	pp. 34-35
<i>Untitled (Monolith)</i>	p. 16
Zunl, Rin O.	
<i>Runaway</i>	p. 22

Authors

Ambrose, David	
<i>"In The Ocean, Once I Saw My Name"</i>	p. 38
<i>"Where to, and Which Way"</i>	p. 42
Bickford, Katie	
<i>"I Don't Even Like Dinner Rolls"</i>	pp. 28-29
Carlson, N. H.	
<i>"Self (Reflection)"</i>	p. 8
Delgado, Jordan	
<i>"3 AM"</i>	p. 7
Delvecchio, Victor	
<i>"Ginkgo in My Garden"</i>	p. 5
Killips, Lindsay	
<i>"Blurred Lines"</i>	pp. 44-45
<i>"Murder"</i>	p. 10
<i>"Shelter"</i>	p. 43
<i>"White Vans"</i>	p. 46
Kowalenko, Michael	
<i>"Ode to Golf"</i>	p. 19
Latus, Autumn	
<i>"Night's Lullaby"</i>	p. 26
Mabry, Michelle	
<i>"when I take things from you"</i>	p. 35
Merlino, Marissa	
<i>"A Walk Down the Pier"</i>	p. 17
Morrison, Dani	
<i>"Bad Fortune"</i>	p. 40
<i>"night riders"</i>	p. 20
Pennock, Aleia	
<i>"The Hospital Kid"</i>	p. 24
Feigler, Michelle	
<i>"How To Say I Love You"</i>	pp. 13-14
<i>"Other Women"</i>	p. 31
<i>"Space"</i>	p. 32
<i>"When Death Comes Home"</i>	pp. 36-37

CONTENTS



Untitled
Maggie Tierney
Wood, metal, paint
24" diameter x 1.5" depth

Ginkgo in My Garden

Victor Delvecchio

She towers three stories tall
Straight, like the mast of an old wooden ship
Prehistoric tendrils of branches curl down towards me
As if she is extending her arms in a friendly embrace

She is pregnant with a hundred children
Small green fruits slowly turn yellow
Her branches are heavy and sag under their weight
It is almost time again to say good-bye to her darlings

Cicadas clacking in her branches while
Squirrels search for fallen fruit below
The cat climbs her trunk in search of prey as
A red setting sun ushers in the night

Her evening gaze somehow seems revealing
Is there a hidden secret?
I know you, old friend
Do you... know me too?



Under the Skin
Doug Kapica
Spray paint
24" x 24" x 1.5"

3 AM

Jordan Delgado

I wake up with one sock on.
I have two alarms, but what drags me
out of my creaking bed are
barks.

At a sliding door reflection,
or my brother breaking curfew.
High pitched howls.
Dammit.
Shut up.

The whines and bumps into the oven
are comfort compared
to the nightmare I escape.
Thoughts of my Mitsubishi's
brakes failing drive out of my mind as
I stumble into the kitchen.
Breakfast helps,
but bacon sizzle insists
on waking my mom
and scarring my arm.

My siblings stay asleep,
even as the glass door squeaks,
but on the trip back for
my forgotten green apron,
(again?!)
there are barks.

I'm out of time now,
but the blue suit doesn't
understand that I'm
just headed to work.
No mischief here.
One kid gets shot,
(it was only the leg)
and now they stop anyone
leaving my cul de sac.

Self (Reflection)

N. H. Carlson

Night falls (or leaps)

And I am (was)

lost (figuratively, literally)

in myself (figuratively)

and the world. (figuratively, sometimes literally)

I lie (to others, to myself, in bed)

and feel nothing. (something) A lack thereof)

(Or perhaps I feel something to which I would ascribe the word nothing)

I laugh (almost)

and cry (almost)

at the twisted progressions (of chords, memories)

which plague my ears, and split my heart (figuratively)

whilst quickening it. (literally)

I am aware of it (myself)

which lives and dies regardless of myself. (It is fire, and beauty, and the night (which falls or leaps))

The sanctuary of the child I was (who is dead by my hand)

is the dungeon of this dreadful thing I have become. (will be)

I (who write this, who is (but one day will not be) trapped yet free (to explore that which is but a larger trap))

must move (escape, reclaim, recall, revise, ignite, explore, exceed, expand, expel)

on. (outward of myself, of this place where I am, into the night (falling or leaping))



Leeloominaï Lakatariba Lamina-Tchai Ekbat De Sebat and Stitch
 Doug Kapica
 Spray paint, acrylic
 36" x 24" x 1.5"

Murder

Lindsay Killips

death introduced himself to me when i was five
hiding behind a wall

he slithered up the stairs,
slid across the floor,
hissed sinister sounds into
a woman

he strained her hair first
then arrested her wrists
sneered as he assaulted her
into sadness
instead of human

burned her skin
as his eyes appraised her body
scarred her ears
as his words abused her

she remained
despite everything
standing

until he saw me
and stamped my face with the red ink
that soaked his hands

that is when i saw my mother's heart
ripped out of her chest
and shattered on out kitchen floor
motionless





Hungry Bugs
Devin Morrice

Spoons, forks, knives, spatulas, whisk
Dimensions variable



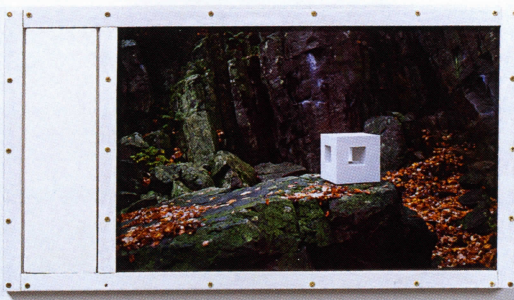
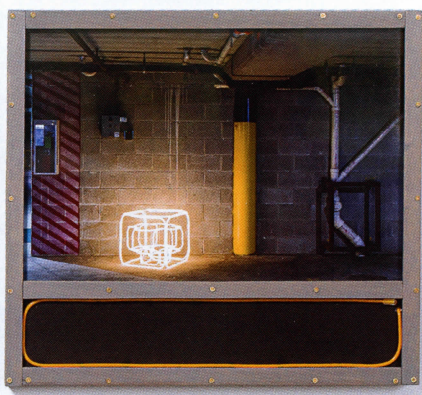
Blue Artist
Jasper Huerto
Oil on canvas
20" x 20"

How To Say I Love You

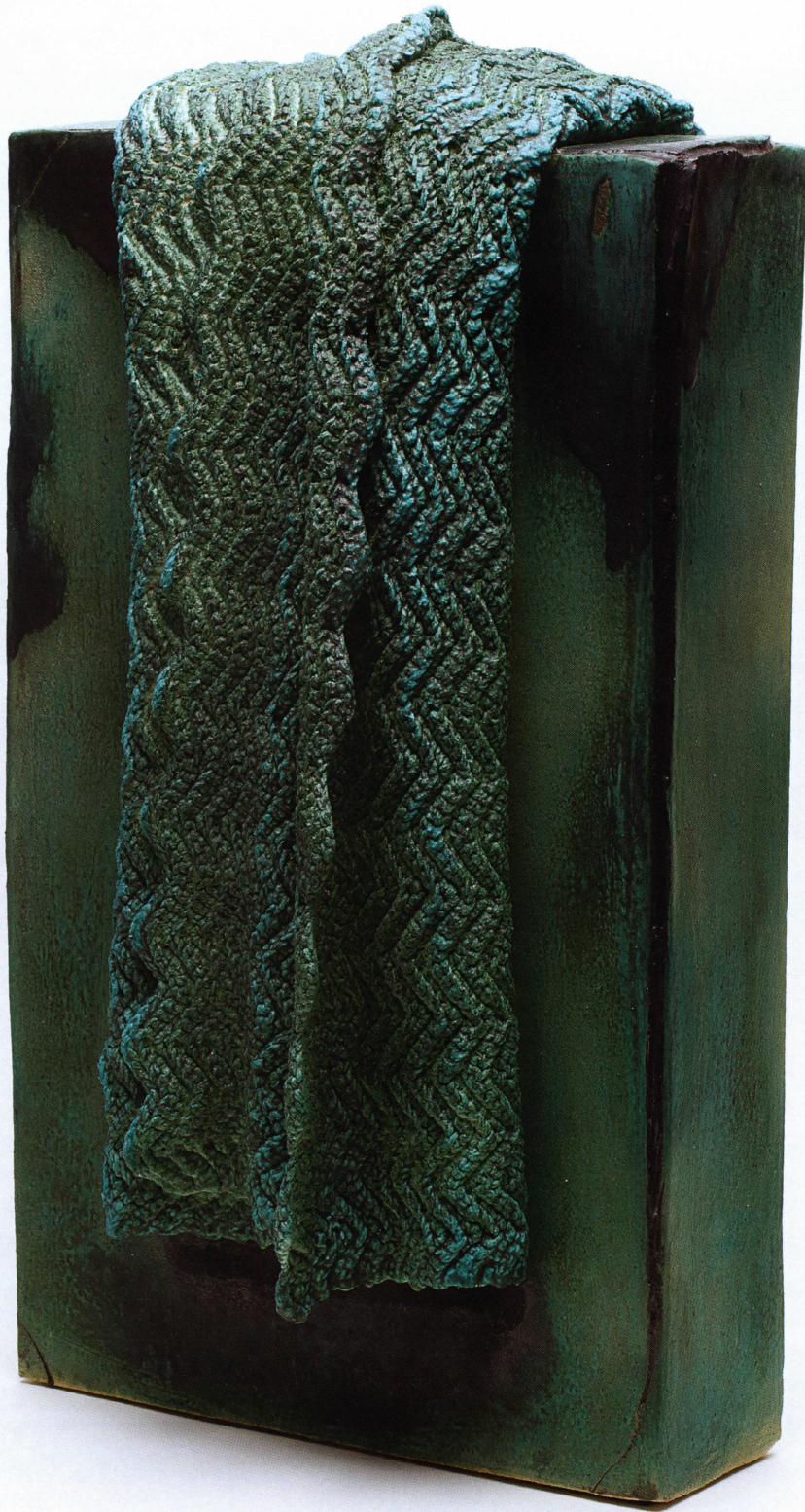
Michelle Feigler

How do I explain,
That I was too depressed to do my homework,
How do I explain,
How tight my skin feels, how restricting,
How do I explain,
That I don't want to go out because I can't stand the idea of spotting myself in any
reflection,
How do I explain,
That the idea of being loved scares me infinitely more than the idea of being alone forever,
How do I explain,
That you're the only person I feel comfortable being truly angry with and that's why I always seem to be,
How to explain,
That "I hate you," for me, always means I love you, because if I truly didn't care I wouldn't
bother putting words to it,
How do I explain,
That I'm equal parts relieved and terrified when I'm left alone,
How do I explain,
That I spend all night in the bath because it's the only place I know how to feel warm and it's
the only room with a lock,
How do I explain,
That I want to bare everything I have to you but I'm too afraid of what you won't say,
How do I explain,
That I flinch because of what he did to me, not because I don't want you near,
How do I explain,
That yes, he hurt me physically but that doesn't mean I don't want you to hold me down,
How do I explain,
That what he did and who I am will never be separate, not really,
How do I explain,
That to love me, you'll have to love that I was once in so much pain it's etched into my skin,
How do I explain,
That nothing you do will ever be enough to keep me from feeling too tight inside of my own
body,
How do I explain,
That that DOESN'T mean you're not enough,
How do I explain,
That sometimes knowing you are there is the only thing that keeps me from relapse,
How do I explain,
That no one will ever love me enough,
Nothing will ever be enough,
To make up for what was taken from me,
How do I explain,

That none of that means that I don't want to be loved,
Or that I won't be happy,
Or that I don't want to be with you,
Or that I won't have good days,
How do I explain,
That knowing some days will be better is just going to have to be good enough,
How do I explain,
That I'm still just trying to figure out how to fit my body into this life,
How do I explain,
That when I cry over a book it's because I'm so happy to be feeling something,
How do I explain



Untitled
 Anastasia Sitnikova
 Photography with mixed media frames
 Dimensions variable



Untitled (Monolith)
Olivia Zubko
Porcelain and stoneware
22" x 12" x 9"

A Walk Down the Pier

Marissa Merlino

Droplets of water dampen my skin
as the gusts of wind carry them from the lake
beside us.

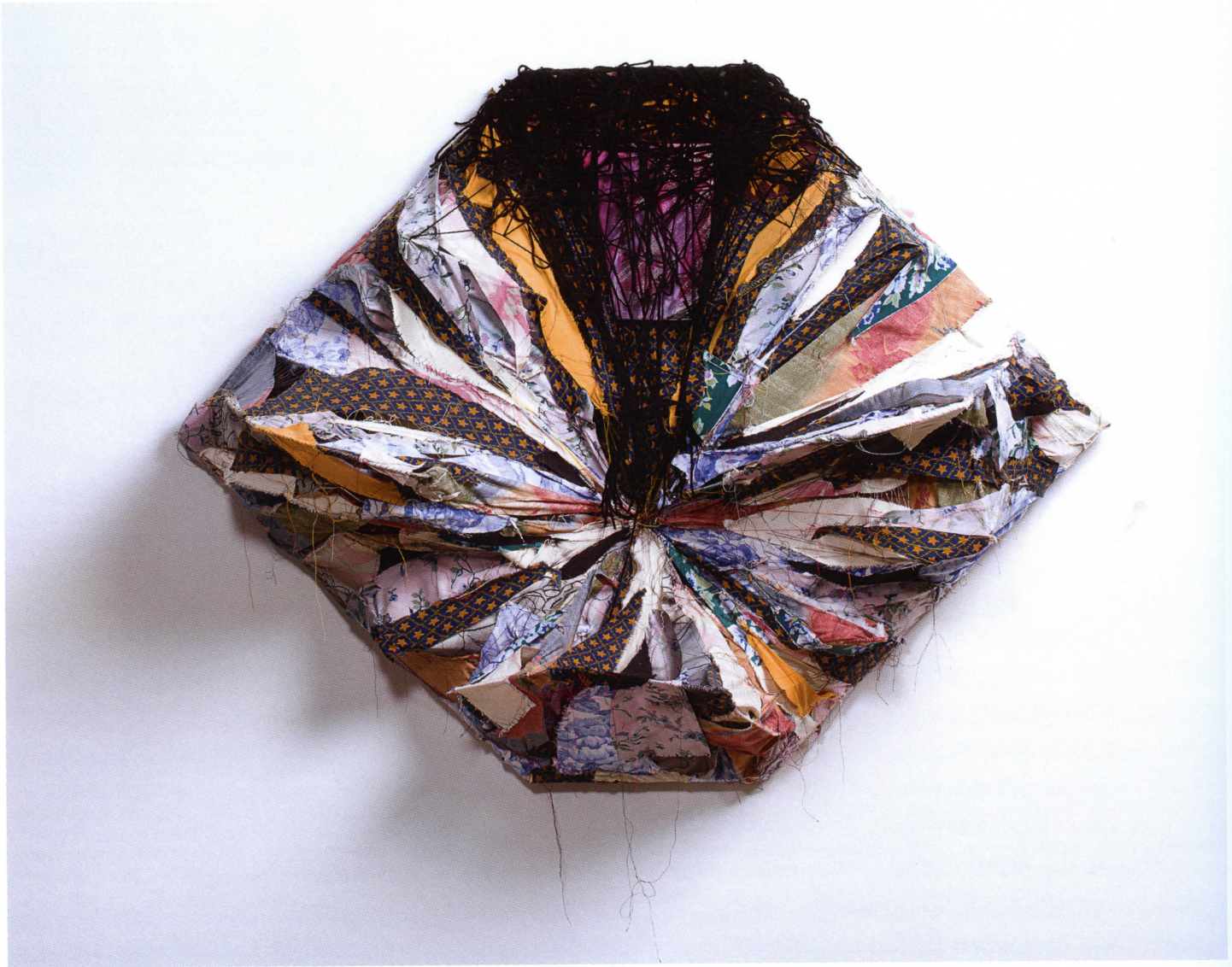
Wind carries cologne
and lingering cigarettes,
smells I've grown to love and miss throughout the years.
My father's scent engulfs us,
and anyone near,
as we walk down the pier.

My skin stings from the piercing cold air
as if we were hiking through mountains,
not the bustling,
gruesome city stationed behind us.

My legs ache as I shuffle and scurry to keep my father's pace.
How I long for the warmth of the fuzzy, feather filled down,
patiently waiting on my bed.

How I long for the warmth of a piping hot cup
of heavily creamed, sweetened coffee
that my father,
drinking black,
scoffs at over breakfast.

As we continue to walk down the pier,
our destination nowhere near,
we find warmth through jokes,
as our laughs ricochet
and insulate the surrounding smoke and cologne
filled air.



The Flowers Looked Beautiful as I Saw Them from the Stars

Mitchell McConnell

Wood, yarn, wire, paint

37" x 4' x 11.5"

Ode to Golf

Michael Kowalenko

Of all the games to be spawned,
all the sports to be played,
you chose the lowest form.
Golf!

Even its younger sibling,
miniature, cute, inviting,
is a crock of shit.
A massive fly festering in the room where you sleep.

Filthy green carpets,
with rainbow balls and putters.
Waterfalls cured blue and busted bridges rocking from obnoxious kids.
Fun or fooled?

Curled lips tag teamed with clammy palms.
"Bend your knees."
Go to Hell!
And take every stuck-up teenage caddy with you.

I won't be deceived by your simplicity.
Or take dates to you anymore.
You won't watch me blow gaskets,
or boil to friends shooting tricks for chicks.

And to you, its participant, the one just like me,
who has little motor skills, and
coke bottles for eyes,
you with no sense of inner peace,
and the sheer patience of a 3-year-old,
I know what you feel.

Don't get me started on tennis neither.

night riders

Dani Morrison

*night
riders .*

We are all riders before the night ,
riders on dark horses in a blackening desert .
the sun staresblankly past the horizon ;
a creeping shadow swallows the sand behind us ;
a burning amber consumes all that is before us ;
time is ending ;we will never reach the sun .
but we look
so beautiful
in our striving .

danimorrison





Haude Couture
 Darren Buchanan as Fabric da Vinci
 Wood, ceramic, paint, found materials, digital print
 Dimensions variable



Runaway
Rin O. Zunl
Digital photography
13.3" x 20"



Attack at Sea
Devin Morrice
Stoneware
7" x 6.5" x 7"

The Hospital Kid

Aleia Pennock

White walls
Beeping intercoms
Wheel bound beds
The life of a hospital kid.

Blue scrubs
Lots of gloves
Hand sanitizer
The life of a hospital kid.

Double doors
Ringing phones
12 hour shifts
The life of a hospital kid.

Distressed family members.
Bad food.
All nighters.
The life of a hospital kid.

Insurance
Vending machines
Gift shops
Cafes
The life of a hospital kid.

Sick people
Poor people
Where life begins and where it ends.
The life of a hospital kid.

Smart adults.
Working nurses.
Children in the dark.
The life of a hospital kid.

All day worry
All night stress.
Visits from dusk to dawn
The life of a hospital kid.



After Trauma
Jessica Sandacz
Ceramic, wood, metal
16" x 20"

Night's Lullaby

Autumn Latus

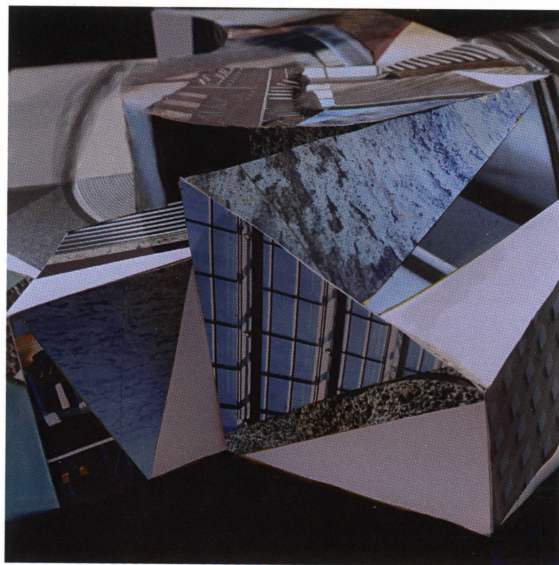
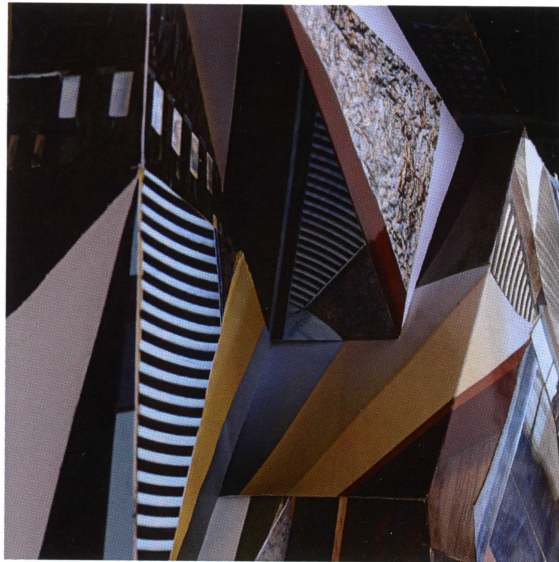
She sleeps on soft straw below her hooves
under moist moss-coated oak.

Crisp crinkling leaves sway,
dancing to the wind's songs
that soothe her tired head.

Shimmering streaks of moonlight
and twinkling orbs
illuminate the dark umbra of night.

Blades of grass glisten
drops of sapphire
as they reflect the heavens overhead.

She nestles close to her ivory coat,
as drowsy lids slide
down over dark green eyes
slumbering through this silent night.



Resonate: Photos of 3D Collage of Photos of Lobby of Bienen School of Music
 Melissa Wilson
 Digital photography
 6" x 6" each

I Don't Even Like Dinner Rolls

Katie Bickford

Words like orange flaming arrows,
setting fire to my skin;
you're an assault i can't outrun.

two days ago, you loved me
and my white dresses and diamond rings.
your words painted a future
on my stomach, white picket fences in my
ribs and forever in my chest;
all in pastel shades of cool blue and gray.

but you're screaming now, all red and blood,
equal rage devoted to who i am and who i am not.
you're alcoholic angry;
your vodka is mean and hot.

my gray salt sorrows season an ultraviolet palate,
my apologies fall like bombs, birthed of a hollow tongue.

dinner was all burned and silence;
it's always calm before the storm.
and i was too busy taking in the porch table and hurricane taping the windows,
listening to the weatherman warn
"this one's gonna be a rager"
to remember those should-have-been-golden dinner rolls that you like so much.

a shimmering pause in the onslaught,
reality swallows hard.
i escape to the bathroom;
the wall holds me up, the door keeps you out.
until it doesn't and you're standing over me
shouting words that don't make sense.

blackened rice paper skin swells, flushes,
my ugly eyes, red accentuating blue.
the scream is searing crimson
and i hear it before i recognize it's mine.
pupils dilate black, fists clench golden.
i'm running again.

past you, out the door. and another door.

down the hall, down the stairs. it's a
tumble, bruises staining purple gray, i'm still running.
and another door, and more stairs.

the cold heat december lathers against my lungs,
feet slapping cold wet pavement.
every stride is pastel cool blue,
white degrees of sanity most necessary,
a picket fence leading me back home.

three green hours, gooseflesh blooming amber on my stomach,
your sleep buzzing grey.

tomorrow you will don the white robes of apology
and whisper about diamond rings
and blame those black gold buns
for all these ugly things.



Salmon Dinner
Jamie Gowin
Watercolor
8.5" x 8.5"



Ray Mills Award Winner

Untitled
Anastasia Sitnikova
Digital photography
11" x 17" each

Other Women

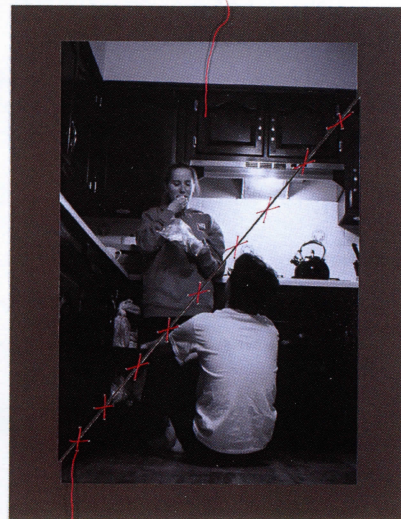
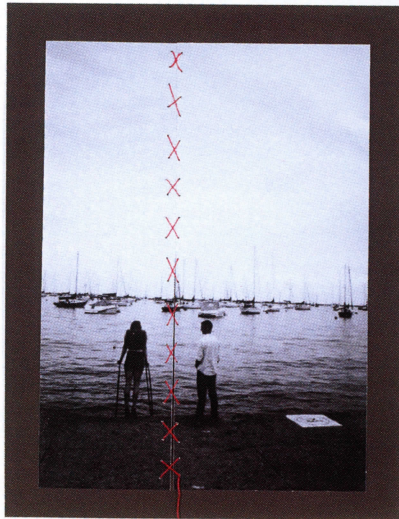
Michelle Feigler

I share my body with other women,
Women much more capable than myself,
They bicker behind my eyes,
Remind me of my own faults,
Just by existing,
Regardless, I am grateful for their existence,
They show me who I could be,
Someday,
I wish they held the controls,
Maybe I would fumble less,
Maybe I would be better at all this.

Space

Michelle Feigler

I'm scared of taking up more space in my casket
Than I ever did in life
Firmly rooted to the ground
A permanent resident
Waiting to be devoured by the sun
My lasting presence five feet below the surface
So even when the earth is swallowed by the only light we've ever bathed in
I will still be planted like the base of a tree
And have made more of an impact
By adding another second
To the time it takes for this world to cremate
For the time it takes to burn



Love is Real and I Have Witnessed It
 Mary "Kat" Naughton
 Inkjet print and embroidery
 12" x 9.25" each



Untitled
 Olivia Zubko
 Stoneware and mixed media
 Dimensions variable

when I take things from you

Michelle Mabry

It reminds me of smoothing
nothing else
like a slowness of time
tilting for some reason
probably a way to let go
while I
do not



When Death Comes Home

Michelle Feigler

When death comes home
He always smells of cigarettes and Smirnoff
He stumbles in through the front door
Nearly tripping over his own feet
He looks for me
I can see it through the crack in the kitchen door
Confusion spreads across his features slowly
I know he's wondering why i wasn't waiting in the hall with open arms
Because today i am cowering in the faint glow of the overhead lights
Fearful
When death came home like this
There's no telling what he'll do
I have scars all up and down my arms to prove it
Death loves to prove a point
Death will kiss the lips of anyone he sees as a threat
He can make my closest family and friends
Beg for him like necrophiliacs
Just to end the agony
He'll chase them down alleyways
Tackle them to the ground
Then abandon them completely
Boasting in my face over his accomplishments
He knows i can never leave him
He has rooted himself in my lungs
So every time i breathe too deeply i cough up seeds
He imbedded himself into my veins
My blood sings for him
My life is owed to him
He knows this all too well
My kiss tastes like soil
My eyes rain down upon the roses that have grown from my ribs
But he forgets
He often forgets
That plants can wither without the sun
And he is like the moon
Every time he nears it is pitch black
And the plants
Every so often die
And i smile like the sun
And i breathe deeply and I kiss the sky and the grass

And i am no longer a prisoner
But death knows that i will never truly leave him
Not even when my ribs become a graveyard
Death knows that when he comes home
He can always find me
And I will kiss his lips like my life depends on it
Because it does
And i feel myself start to bloom
But for now i cower
For now i wait until he passes out
And I'll take his shoes off
And I'll tuck him in
Because i know how to keep death happy
I feel the thorns knick the inside of my chest every so often
Blood spouts from my lips

Vivian Stewart Award Winner



Untitled (Blue)
Maggie Tierney
Marker on paper
9" x 5"

In The Ocean, Once I Saw My Name

David Ambrose

I knelt between the ruck of ocean clay,
which harden and smelled sweetly of release
in hues of royal blue,
to watch the fox-crown whimper collectively
with that quiet ocean.

Was that of daydreams and penny thrillfuls?

I see in heart

long beats and questionable uncertainties that branch out
and call my name

through tumbleweeds and news reports.

There is the ocean,

The ocean fair and blue.

This ocean

of all oceans

brings my face back to you.

The same ocean that ported old waves of timid lives

which vanquished

and tranquilized and

brought back, out of time,

these nursery schools with playdates

and scribbled lines

which flow out into that sea,

This hearty bellow;

this call to thee:

In which you speak

through bright eyes and dreams

I call back

in hopes to hear your voice

in mine.

There stretches back and forth a light, cool and trembling.

How sure headed and cock-strong are the days and

nights and days and

nights.

Sweet singing in mute, translucent upbringing to where I breathe back, and in one gushing swoop:
exhale,

and see the life I've yet watch turnover rocks and daisy chains on street corners.

I look out my window

to gaze out open hearted into that ocean

fearless and sore-toothed, stand I,

to stare back into a person, void.

In cherished malaise I speak of willows weeping in their fields asking for that audience in which to find
sway and audition.

The children are hard to win over in days of sharp contrast and electric coddling.
There are no models, no sweet dreams gathered simply for a light stroke of nostalgia between the legs.
In revved up engine blue
Switched between the light
And dark hue of an undercurrent
I break past the fence posts and garden growers
into my bed
and am rocked back to sleep.



Myopia
Jamie Gowin
Charcoal pencil
8.5" x 6"

Bad Fortune

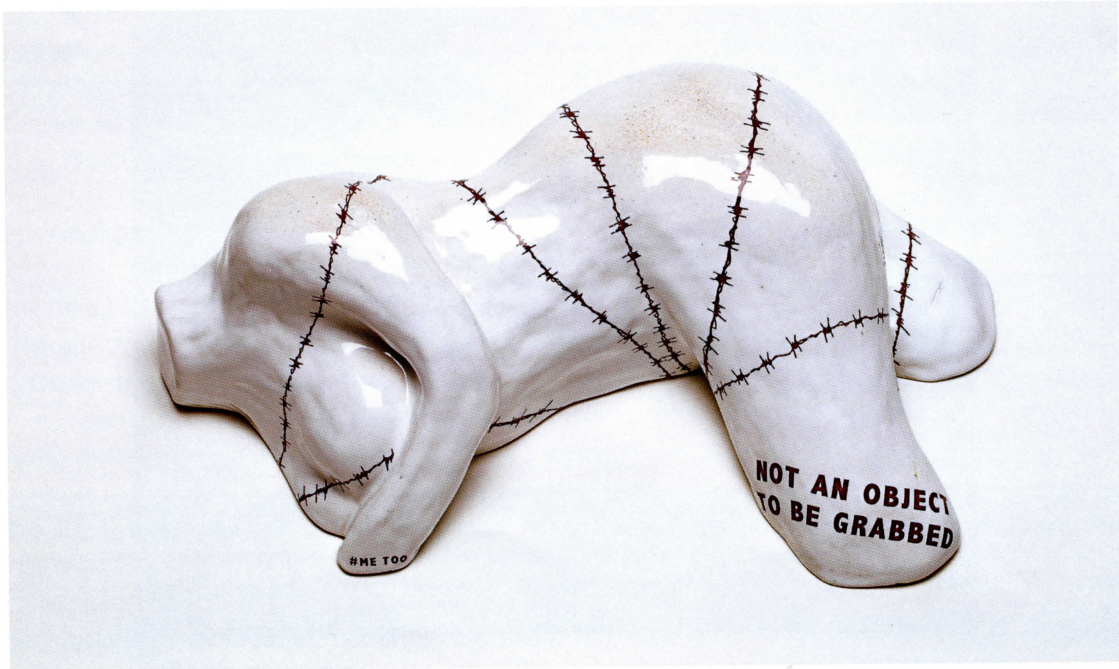
Dani Morrison

I stepped into the shadow
of a building late last night
in an alley
by a fortune teller
who said I'm not alright

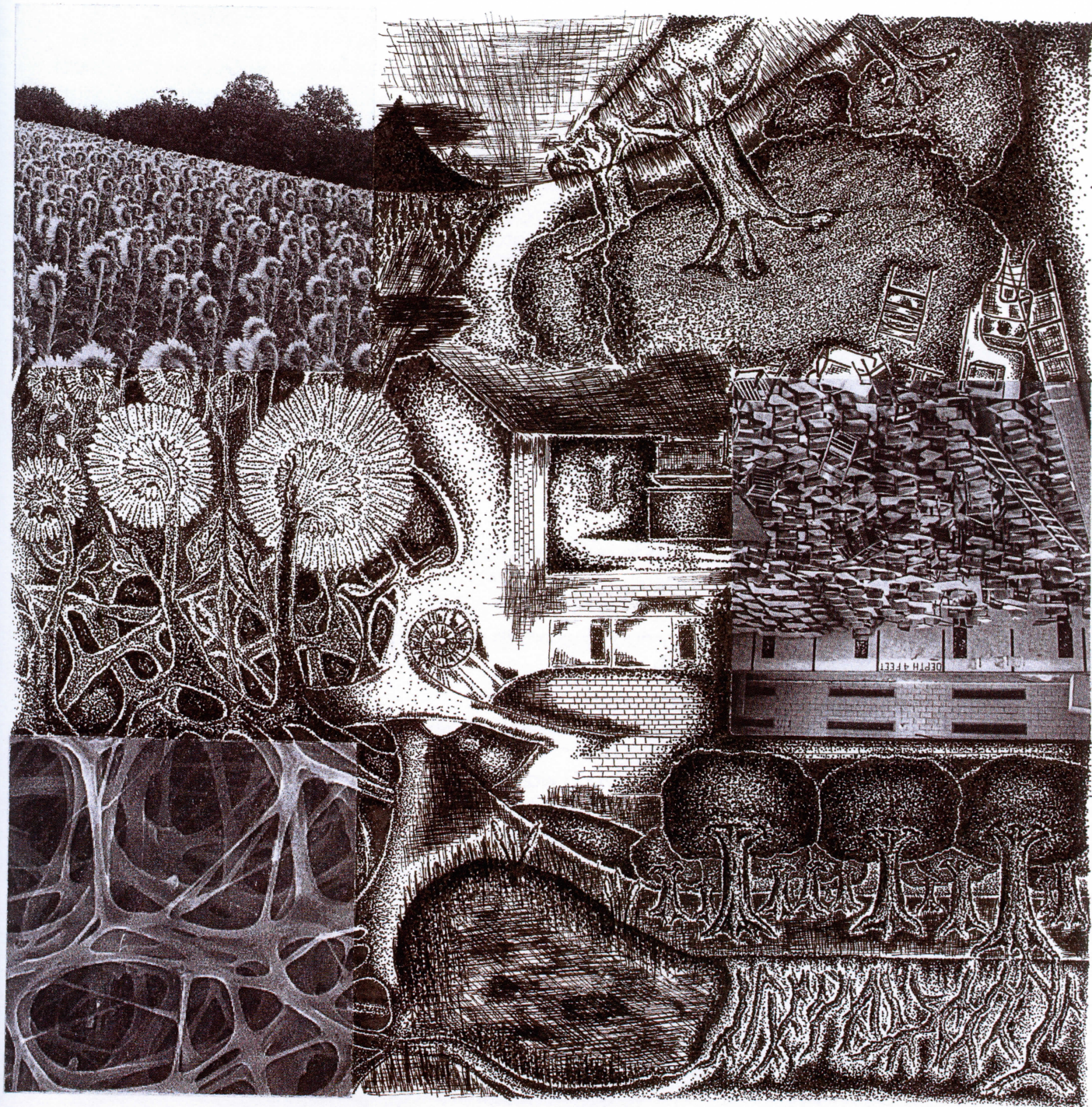
My foot turned into darkness
I became a shadow too
while gold lights
and violet frequencies
reminded me of you

I sank into a storm drain
as the torrents pulled me in
a bad dream
where water cleanses
and your face was then a sin

I'm so lost under the streets
but I hear people up above
always moving
moving on and talking
talking about love



A Question of Consent
Frank Muci
Earthenware
5.5" x 18.5" x 12"



Ancestral Framework

David Hoops

Ink and photocopies

15" x 15"

Where to, and Which Way

David Ambrose

"When I came to, I was naked and tucked beneath a hood of Douglas firs. I was deep in the forest, you see, very damn deep. The sky was getting dark. The sun cast its coral and painted the world around me as it peaked and hiccupped between the tops of the pine. Rubbing my chest, I felt the touch of a body unfamiliar; it was that of a young man. I bobbed and tumbled through the tall grass and goldenrod and found a trench of still-water. Staring into the reflection of the surface I never once saw myself gazing back, because it was you, son. Physically you were represented, but spiritually we were one in the same. We shared the same feelings, thoughts, abandonments and desires. A convergence of two buzzing colors on canvas, we complemented and supplemented each other in sheer brilliance. I began to make my way towards a clearing when a pair of eyes white-hot shot between the trunks. Blind, my vision whimpered timid; I stood stark in the spotlight. The beams crashed and flooded through the forest as they began to grow and bullwhip towards me. I started to scream. It was all I could do, really. I closed my eyes and hollered, curling into myself. I was still screaming when I opened my eyes to the lights paused in front of me, with rustled dirt and debris suspended in its beams. My vision came to focus with the smooth *click* of a car door. I could smell her. She was standing in front of me, naked and unabashed. She stood unwary of the setting sun surrounding and its dandelion breeze cycling through her hair. She had resigned to the residue of daydreams, and the sight of her made my stomach quake and tremble.

It's you, I said.

It's...you...

She grabbed my hand and we made our way through the clearing. Her grip was gentle but her palm and fingers felt of hard, matte plastic.

You've been dead for so long, I said.

She didn't respond. Our stride through the brush now felt strained, no longer languid in step or rhythm but jagged and spastic.

Where have--?

I turned to face her but she was gone. The sun had set prematurely and night rolled in, bringing with it a chilled gush of wind across my knuckles; alone I stood beneath the moon and rhapsody. I looked down at my feet and realized I was standing in a red slush that gathered and gurgled between my toes. I pivoted to run but there she was staring back at me, one and only between worlds and the void accompanying. I could feel you'd waded the swamp since her death, son, searching for that solid ground to lay upon and gaze at the stars; to treat yourselves once more in each other's company. You envisioned genies spilling from plump lamplights to guide and make desires plausible. But the day never rose, and she remained how she had come to pass: a dream.

The world is so big, she finally said.

The world is so big, I echoed.

The scenery started to shift and clamber to a score thunderous. The sky broke a blank white while trees sank deep into the soil. The distant mountains cracked and descended beneath the horizon line, and I looked at her, and she to me. We kissed in our purgatorial tundra, naked and unabashed.

And we embraced; the sun waxed and shone between us. In an instant I had forgotten who I was, where I stood and how I came to be, for I no longer was who I am; I had become more than that. More than the sky, more than the birds and the bark of alley dogs. I slumbered in the womb once again and it was everything I hoped it'd be: it was quiet.

And then I woke up.

When I came to, I was naked and tucked beneath a hood of Douglas firs. I was deep in the forest, you see, very damn deep..."

Shelter

Lindsay Killips

I used to fall asleep,
rocked,
by the shaking walls

trembling from the screams-
pouring out of my mother's lips.
ripping through my father's teeth.

the floor my bed rested on-
shivering-
from my mother's howls
as her knees collapsed on the floor.
from my father's rage
seeping through his skin.

and now-
I fall asleep,
effortlessly,
when plates collide beneath the earth
quake.



Artificial Intelligence
Jessica Sandacz
Lithography
22" x 19"

Blurred Lines

Lindsay Killips

(After reading Lacey Roop's "Gender is a Universe")

Sitting on the cold, thin paper
I tried to find the answer to my doctor's questions:
Are those bruises? ...Hickeys? Are you safe?

I kick my feet firmly against air
looking at the blank walls for answers
as silence screams in our ears
demanding to know the truth of the matter.

I inhale as much of the world as I can
sigh out: *uum. I don't know, they just appear.*

And at home I eat dinner on a couch my father bought—
a monetary exchange for absolution.

How many couches are halfway homes
for bodies deemed property
by those who exchange money for furniture?

I evaluate the broken blood vessels strewn across my skin
trying to disentangle bruise from hickey.

The appalling tragedy dawns on me that
either way they are just ruptured corridors for blood.
And the world tells me bruises are bad but hickeys are fine
because hickeys are from love, love so strong someone
tried to suck it out of me or passion so elating he longed
to taste the salt staining my skin.

But I beg the sky to tell me why the wives who used to talk
in my mother and father's kitchen would check behind their shoulders
to see if their husbands were coming within earshot,
would call the marks on their skin hickeys, not the police.
I let anger and pain and sadness and confusion leak out of my pores
desperately trying to find God to ask him *What kind of God permits abuse?*

I finish my dinner to be left only with an unquenchable hunger for
justice. I drain water from my cup as quickly as those husbands sieved
strength like water from the ones who formed life within their very bodies.

I wash my empty dishes with the stillness of the air holding me in discomfort like Amy must have felt when her husband would grab her by her wrist and rip her through the air as if she were a machete. But he would leave her more wounded than sugarcane crops after they've been severed. He would leave her wilted—bruised and broken—on the ground, silent. *Covered in hickeys*, he would tell their children, *covered in love*.

As my dishes dry I sit in glow of the TV hoping the light will dry me of this suffocating molasses like feeling restraining every part of me. That I am stuck on this couch with skin that looks like July's firework sky. My flesh mirrors the mothers in the neighborhood where I learned how to tie my shoes and count to ten and lock my door when dad came home.

So at my next appointment I think I'll tell my doctor that they are
"a little bit of both and sometimes neither"

That some are bruises from colliding into too many corners.

That some are bruises from the trauma of appeased fathers that exchange their money for freedom—absolution of responsibility.

That some are hickeys from boys who tried to suck the hurt out of me.

That others are hickeys from boys who turned into wild beasts in the night once they smelled me.

That sometimes my skin is simultaneously scattered with bruises and hickeys,
and at other times my skin is simply skin, just different shades.

That I, just like all the other mothers and daughters
are just night skies
bursting with fireworks
that hold our voices
as we are left speechless
in awe.

Point of View Award Winner



Son of Goob
Thomas R. Donat
Ceramic
12" x 4" x 4"

White Vans

Lindsay Killips

I.

Pristine white, like sticky rice
bathed in bubbling coconut milk
until it grows soft

canvas stitched taut, shaped perfectly
for my feet to whisper home to
as they glide into each sole

peeking through divided fabric
the tongue shyly droops down
waiting for laces

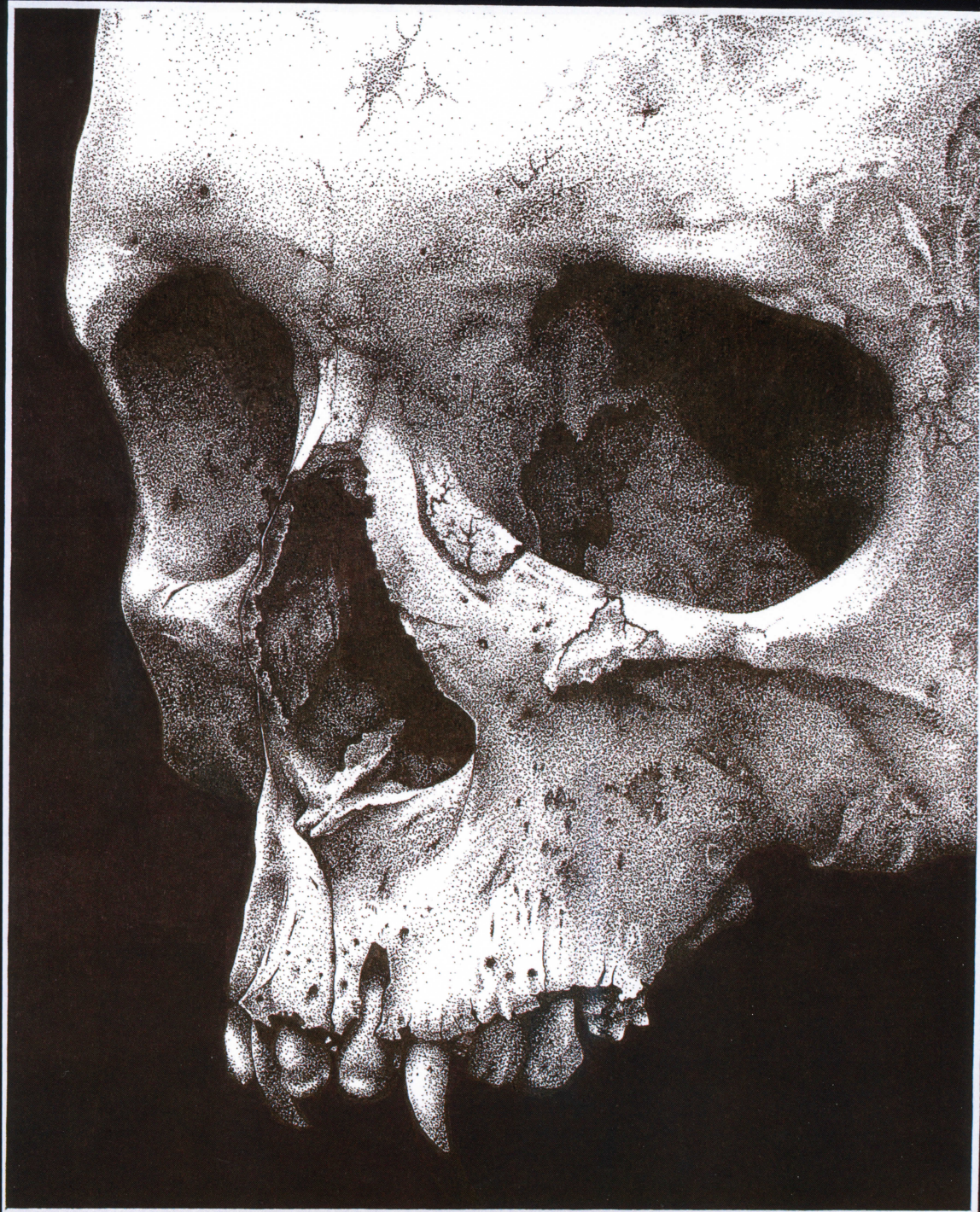
II.

outsole waffles, stained wisdom-
teeth-white, squeak less and less
as they collect particles of every place
we've walked

aging laces weave through
metal eyelets, perpetually waiting-
tied to be un, or un to be tied

III.

countless steps leave stains tattooed
over now loose fabric. dusted with dirt
and time, wear washes across them
entirely. my toes murmur goodbye.



Stippled Skull
Jamie Gowin
Pen, marker
17" x 15"



 Harper College®

1200 West Algonquin Road
Palatine, Illinois 60067-7398
www.harpercollege.edu