POINT OF VIEW

2022 | Student Art and Literary Magazine

Harper College

AWARDS

Ray Mills Award

Stephanie Marik
"Untitled"

Vivian Stewart Award

Stephanie Wayda
"Insert Name Here"

Point of View Award

David Vancil
"The Shadow"

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Special Thanks To

Sandra Barney
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Nancy Marquez
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CONTENTS

Knitting Stars, M.Mariano	2
Lost in the Shuffle, A.Briscoe Untitled, J.Berta	4
Cozy Spider, M.Mariano Roundabout, P.Putiatycki	6
Death Unexpected, M.Poffenberger Soldaderas, F.Muci	8
Shattering the Silence, B.Osborn Hope for Thee, D.Zeglin	10
Electric, A.Blaisdell Quadhopper,R.Paneral	12
Atmospheric Perspective, A.Littrell New Eyed Night, S.Wayda	14
The Shadow, D.Vancil Nonconformance, R.Paneral	16
88 Piano Keys, A.Briscoe Pale Hands, L.Gurgul	18
Dusha, A.Karashevska Grief, M.Poffenberger	20
Fairy Pitcher, L.Muller Life of a Degenerate, D.Vancil	22
Love Reproaches, M.Poffenberger Part, S.Darling	24
The Exchange, D.Vancil Japanese Sex Garden, B.Joyce	26
Hope, R.Quinn • Mask, S.Marik Deflated Memory, J.Sandacz	28
Broken Flowers,J.Sandacz Lost and Found, M.Piotrowicz	30
20, T.Desario Equal Opportunities in Space, F.Muci	32
Mother, J.Sandacz Drake Tea, K.Bowman	34
Insert Name Here, S.Wayda Untitled, S.Marik	36
At Your Service, C.Bittle Man on a Bicycle, D.R.Reyna	38
Autobiographical Sculpture, S.Kim An Ode to the Naive, N.Tams	40
Colateral, M.Kraft Splintered City, T.Hausser	42
78 Words, J.Sandacz Confetti, M.Mariano	44
Roller Coaster, J.Erbacci Astral Plane, B.Osborn	46

The views of the authors/artists 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.



KNITTING STARS

Marielle Mariano

Wood, String, K Paper

3½'' x 2½'' x 2½''

LOST IN THE SHUFFLE

Adriana Briscoe

I'm lost in the shuffle in a deck of cards
A rotating, good-for-nothing image
circling aimlessly and endlessly in the pack

of the masses
And clad in a patterned cloak a
round my neck, with smoothed-out edges

cut to fit the stack. With consummate concentration, I
carefully curated
my crowned queen, sitting in her throne

Complete with curly Qs in all four corners and
hungry hearts
galore, seeking to be adored

and seen, but scared to be pursued when love
first starts to be revealed in the turning of a hand
To the identifying side of the card.

You see, in trying
to look like the rest of the cards in the deck
I got lost in the shuffle between plays.

This game called love
requires truth at best –

Authenticity

in all of our ways.

By returning to who I was back then before the game, I hope
that I can learn to love myself all over again Within my own
heart this time –

not on the outskirts
of a lonely queen of hearts
lost in the shuffle in a deck of cards.

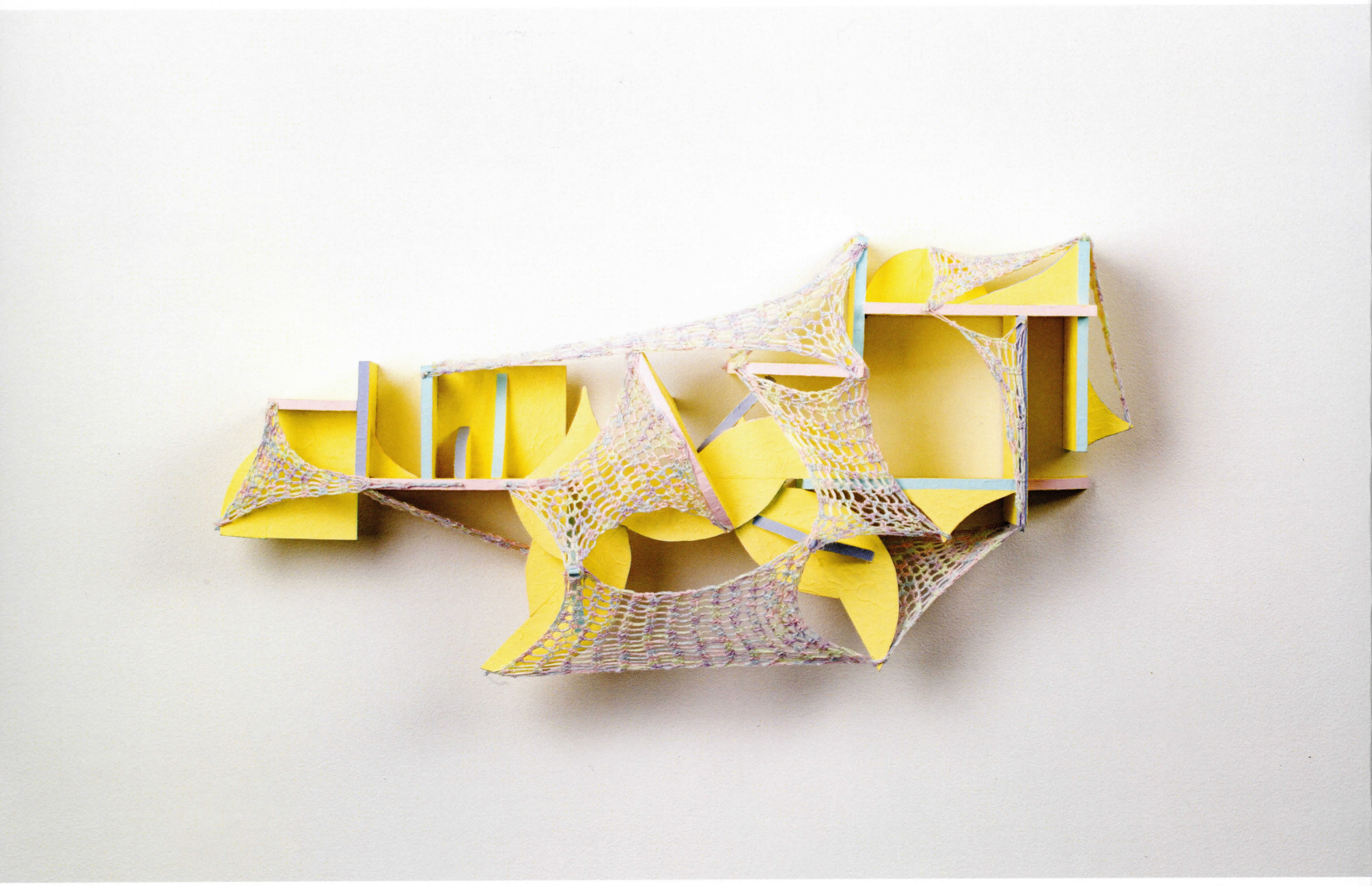
UNTITLED

Jacklyn Berta

Oil on Canvas

24'' x 30''





COZY SPIDER

Marielle Mariano

Wood and Yarn

11'' x 2'' x 5½''

ROUNDABOUT

Peter Putiatycki

Driving across weary roads of asphalt
Not a thought crossing through my mind this night
Driving with passion through powder white salt
Snow falling does make my mood shine so bright

Lit by the twinkling streetlights giving way
An empty side-seat ready for a trip
Familiar mile stretched archways
Bending left and right creating a tight grip

Where the darkness steals the need for any sight
Long passages driven to star lit skies
My mind trying to put the world to right
But I think it might take several tries

When you all are asleep I lie awake
Anticipating the new dawn to break

DEATH UNEXPECTED

Margaret Poffenberger

Mortality slapped me in the face today, jarring me out of complacency with its biting chill.
Death reaped my brother unjustly! Without warning, no lingering or remorse shown.
Swift was He in His robes of black nothingness. His sickle stealing one, yet wounding more.

Whispers of memories swirl about me in a dizzying vortex of youth and regret.
Surrounding me, encroaching on my heart while clogging my mind with paralyzing claustrophobia.
Oxygen eludes me. My breath is stolen, as I drown in its overwhelming turbulence.

Crippling pain climbs my throat as repugnant as bile, seeking to spew my agony on all.
What if…if only…the questions unanswered float in the atmosphere, climbing further away,
Out of reach. No more time! All chances are gone, vanished in His retreating wake.

I collapse, prostrate before Him; what is left from this death unexpected but grief?



SOLDADERAS (WOMEN OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION OF 1910)

Francisco Muci

Woodcut Print, Ink, Watercolor

19'' x 15''

SHATTERING THE SILENCE

Becca Osborn

Ceramic, Canvas, Acrylic, Wire

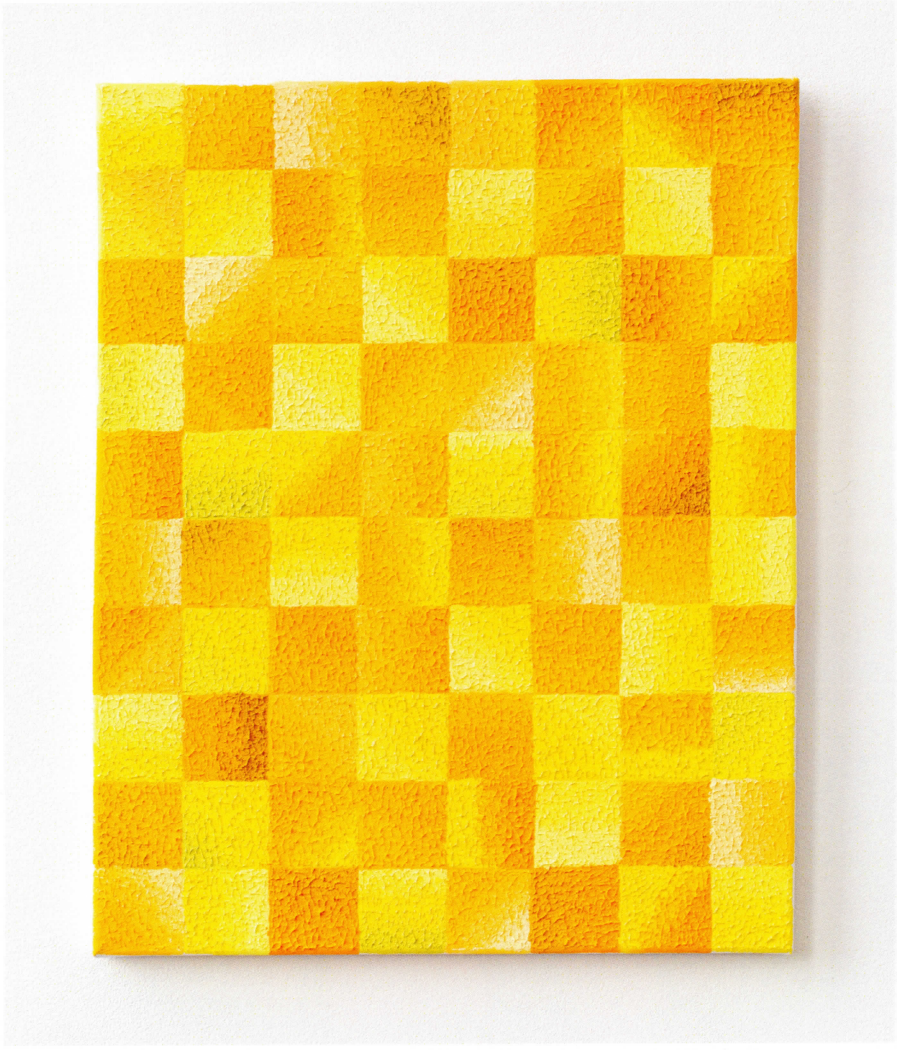
4' x 15'' x 9''



HOPE FOR THEE

Dylan Zeglin

A long and prosperous life now past
From love and care for thee, waning to none.
My close memories of thee hath not last
Since thee's final stay, weight of a voidful tonne
Lingers, for none may relieve such idle pain.
Vacant and lost, hope for thee to return
Home or soon converge from a life's mundane.
In spirit or in present, I shall yearn
To honor thee's final promise: Grant joy
For thy's distant companions of ill fate,
No matter the volume it shall annoy,
None shall hath to endure such a cruel wait.
Freedom from sorrow, no longer with strife,
My hope for thee is an eternal life.



ELECTRIC

Amy Blaisdell

Oil on Canvas

20'' x 16'' x ½''

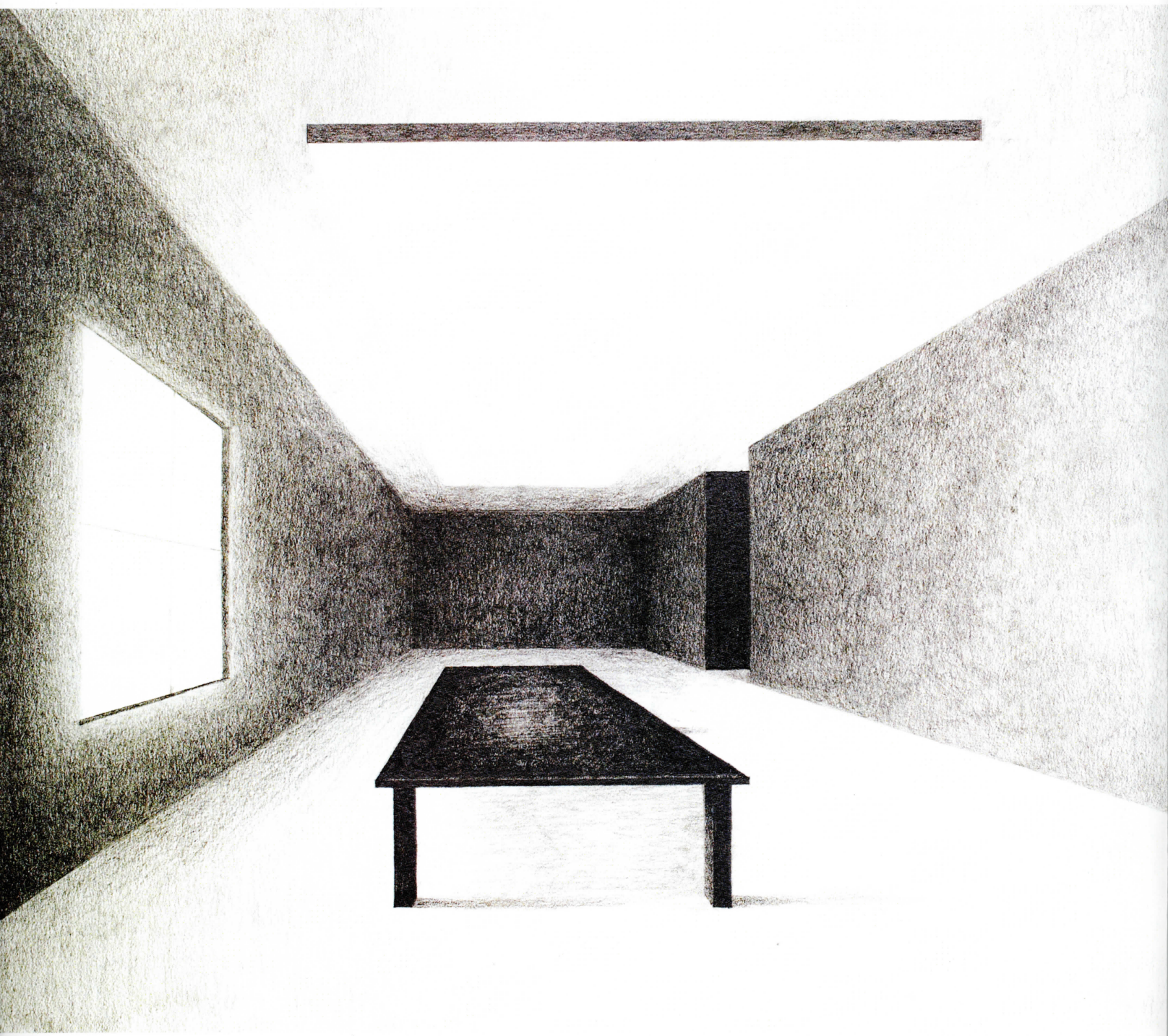


QUADHOPPER

Debra Rachel Paneral

Found Objects

35'' x 36'' x 24''



ATMOSPHERIC PERSPECTIVE

Alexa Littrell

18'' x 24''

Graphite on Paper



NEW EYED NIGHT

Stephanie Wayda

One night you venture out onto the road. You look around to see the street void of cars but lit from the scattered streetlamps. No cars hurrying to their destinations or people walking out and about. Just you and this ghost town of a road under the stars and moon. An overwhelming sense of peace and emptiness. The town you know, just you and the remnants

Walking down the street in the middle of the road is foreign, enticing but not dangerous. Evetually, you venture onto those broken yellow lines. You spread your arms into wings spinning and spinning continuing on that road. Walking along looking at the place you call home. The lamp that is always out on your street corner in half. Light never to be lit again. That one rock that is completely out of place on the side of that building somehow survived. Small shops with the most detailed font on their sign window and a storefront that stuns even in the darkness. That font is covered with spray-painted symbols. How quaint?

That pizza shop is gone though. The pond that was always a putrid green left drained. Look at the shopping cart in the middle. The rocks littering the bottom. The hole. The town is here but nothing is left.

Point of View Award Winner

THE SHADOW

David Vancil

Everything he told me I thought was wrong
Everything I did was not to be him.
Then one day I woke up and I was drinking coffee like him, spilling it on my shirt like him.
I was making poor decisions after copious amounts of alcohol like him.
Everything I did was not to be him.
I was forgetting my keys the way he had.
I was making poor decisions after copious amounts of alcohol like him.
Gambling as he did.
I was forgetting my keys the way he had.
Complaining that my back hurt as his back always bothered him.
Gambling as he did.
Starting and stopping and starting and stopping smoking like he did.
Complaining that my back hurt as his back always bothered him.
Always with mints jingle jangling in his pocket.
Starting and stopping and starting and stopping smoking like he did.
I was his shadow.
Always with mints jingle jangling in his pocket
All these things little insignificant significances.
I was his shadow.



NONCONFORMANCE

Debra Rachel Paneral

Hangers, Hot Glue, Wood

49'' x 20'' x 14''

88 PIANO KEYS

Adriana Briscoe

Eighty-eight black and white bars lie in front of me
Waiting in classy anticipation
To be given a voice.

Naturals lie in bars as smooth and
white As dominoes fallen face-down
While sharps and flats lie in long, skinny pairs
sandwiched between groups of CDE and FGAB
In bars pitch-black and shiny
like a brand-new pair of Mary Janes.

This beautiful black-and-white
assortment Of sharps, flats, and naturals
And their magical collection of major and minor keys
All coalesce to make up

A marvelous monochrome musical instrument.

As I sit down to practice,
I start by playing each note individually.

My fingers dance with ease across the keyboard
Like a ballerina delicately gliding across a dance
floor Each scale a smooth ascension up the staff.
Each note a voice of its own
To be appreciated for the sake of singular sound –
The simplest unit of song.

Although each note repeats itself at least six
times, Each one occurs inside its own octave,
thereby expressing itself with a unique quality
Unparalleled by any other key
On the plane of originality.

In my second half of practice,
I play the notes in blocks.

My fingers dance in unison
like a precise group of tap dancers,
Each chord a chorus of camaraderie,
Each song a set of notes that somehow
seamlessly express the spirit
Of the artist sitting at the piano chair.

Each note is calling to be expressed for its
individuality, But also wants to have a part
in the beautiful art of music-making
with all of its companions on the staff.

I'm sure you feel quite the same.
You want the freedom to sing your song, your
story But you too would feel incomplete without the
Melodies of your mates.
I give each note a chance to shine
So that they can thrive when joined together in majestic melody and Happy,
happy harmony.



PALE HANDS

Lindsey Gurgul

Oil on Canvas

24'' x 30''



DUSHA

Anhelina Karashevska

Ink with Photocopies

9'' x 9''

GRIEF

Margaret Poffenberger

Adrift am I in this vast, expansive sea of despair.
Memories fade in and out, like a mist I cannot grasp,
Leaving me broken and alone in my virtual keening.

Time is fluid, stretching back and forward in my mind.
I am breathless and weak; its toll and strain elicit a gasp.
Adrift am I, in this vastly expressive sea of despair.

Arms outstretched, I stumble, seeking all I might find.
Silence erupts, the darkness breaks open on a rasp,
Leaving me, broken and alone in my virtual keening.

Tentacles of bleeding emotions extend out to me and bind
My heart, my humanity. My soul works to free and unhasp.
Adrift I am! In this vast expansive sea, of despair.

Each day is a step ahead or falter back in this unending grind.
The sorrow strikes without warning like a slithering asp,
Leaving me broken as I am, in my virtual keening.

Around me words are offered in sympathy and kind.
Warmth, love, peace – feelings I try so hard to clasp.
Adrift am I in this vast, expansive sea of despair.
Leaving me broken and alone, in my virtual keening.



FAIRY PITCHER

Lillian Muller

Ceramic

10½'' x 8½'' x 7''

LIFE OF A DEGENERATE

David Vancil

Most of his work to this point is dull
Lifeless ground down hopes and aspirations
Like hollow pills
Lacking
Needing heart to start pounding again
A shot
Pissed off or passionate
Lost
Sometimes a flicker and then gone
Again and Again and Again
Picking up pieces and rebuilding dust
All for One
Done
This ridiculous ride over yet
That he was supposed to savor
Enjoy and remember
He couldn't forget
If he was present
And presently
He is still free bound
Ready to roll in the mud
sweat and tears
Living
Loving
Still time to indulge
Still giving life hell
And hell to life
Relentless
Persevering
Enjoying his ride
Ditching the aspirations
and useless pride

LOVE REPROACHES

Margaret Poffenberger

Love reproaches me as if on the wind,
With the lightest of whispers and soft breathes.
It rebukes my soul with the ways I've sinned,
Tasking me with thy emotional deaths.

My heart chills through the winter of my soul,
Freezing itself by my errs into stone.
Cracking and crumbling, it forms a dark hole,
Leaving me gasping for air all alone.

Abandoned by love, I wander in Spring,
Repenting my sins and begging for hope.
I pause, breath held, what atonement might bring.
As life renews so starts the upward slope.

Love forgives my crimes, bringing a new dawn.
With Spring renewed, my darkness is far gone.



PART

Sara Darling

Oil on Canvas

24'' x 36''

THE EXCHANGE

David Vancil

Eyes catching and warm smiles
Laughing and twinkling eyes
Accidental intentional touch
Ardent lips
Parched souls
Embracing warm bodies on cold nights
Hearts pounding
Dripping
Pushing and pulling
Wave like
Pounding and Crashing
Melting into one
Death
And life
And death
And life
And death
Again
Candles
Breath
All gone
Dust dances as sun trickles in
Permeating bliss
Soft
barely touching
Strokes
Aves mocking
Cardinal and vulcanian yellow
Leaves
Restless Stirring
Surreal crystalizing
then real surreal again
Here
Then
Gone



JAPANESE SEX GARDEN

Bri Joyce

Photocollage

11'' x 14''

HOPE

Reese Quinn

Balloons welling up between rib cages
Tensly rippling between the bones
Separating past the vitalities
Ready to burst
Only to stop
Deflate
Sink back to its original position
To repeat the cycle
Over
And
Over





DEFLATED MEMORY

Jessica Sandacz

Ceramic

5'' x 6'' (2)



MASK

Stephanie Marik

Graphite on Paper

6'' x 7'' (3)

BROKEN FLOWERS

Jessica Sandacz

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She wanders around inside my head
She a light within the darkness, she's a better, brighter me
But I ended up like this instead

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She softly tiptoes through the attic of my mind
I haven't seen her in a while,
But the floorboards creak beneath her
I feel her hopes and dreams at night when she smiles
I know she wishes she was somewhere else
Than playing with dolls all by herself
Drawing rainbows with chalk across the walls

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She picks broken flowers from the field inside my mind
I ask why only broken flowers?
She says,
"I choose to love the things no one else will love
They are beautiful to me
Others just can't see
That they need love more
than the others"
and places them on the shelf

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She doesn't drink until she says things she can't take back
She's bright eyed with fair skin
more beautiful within
Dreams of the prince she'll marry
and of a love I know she'll never have

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She presses her ear to the walls inside my head
When she thinks that I'm not watching,
she listens to my thoughts
trying to see who she becomes when she grows up

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She reminds of a time I wish I would forget
She has no idea of how the years will change her
Drowning in a bathtub of bruises and regret
Or how she'll wish she'd disappear

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She usually dances around inside my head
I haven't seen her in a while
I haven't felt her smile
Her rainbows have faded from the walls
And she won't get out of bed

I have a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
She's no longer trapped inside my head
Her bed is neatly made
Her presence starts to fade
And cobwebs cover the windows and the walls
Sitting on the table is a bouquet of broken flowers
I know she's left them there for me

I had a picture in my head of the girl I used to be
I miss her more than I can bare
I haven't seen her in a while
I'd give anything to feel her smile
And tell her that she's beautiful for loving broken things

I have a picture in my head of the girl I want to be
I haven't met her yet,
She's far from being perfect
but she's just a better, brighter me

who doesn't wish to be the girl she used to be

LOST AND FOUND

Monika Piotrowicz

Mixed Media

12'' x 7'' x 5''



20

Tina Desario

All of my friends are turning twenty.
I'm not sure if it's considered twenty years old
or twenty years young,
I think it depends on who you ask.
The adults
They tell me I need to start adulting soon.

I'm going to be twenty soon.
I had to double check that I am turning twenty.
If you ask the real adults,
I'm not old
They tell me that, even though I do not ask.
Cause here at the kids table, we stay forever young

Look, I have nothing against being young
Constantly living in a state of one day soon,
every time I ask,
When will I be twenty?
"be careful, you won't think that way when you're old"
Because respect is earned unless expected by adults

But how do we expect the young to respect when the adults don't respect the adults?
The old want to look like the young,
And the young just want to get old.
I've come to hate the word soon,
And I certainly don't feel almost twenty.
They never ask

Fountains of unsolicited advice, but they never ask
what it's like living in limbo between adolescents and adults.
I have to practice saying twenty,
because anything ending in 'teen' is for the young.
When I say I am turning twenty soon,
my little sister reminds me that I am so old.

Two decades of old.
And one day I will ask
her how it feels being twenty so soon.
At that point I will be one of the adults
although I will hope that I will look young,
because I will no longer be twenty.



EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES IN SPACE (REINTERPRETATION OF 1965 HARPER'S BAZAAR MAGAZINE)

Francisco Muci

Screen Print on Metal

12'' x 24''

MOTHER

Jessica Sandacz

My fingers turn white as I grip harder to widow's ledge. Rain has soaked the sill and rug down to the floorboards. The window gives way and slams shut. How did she even get this open?

I'm getting more concerned about Mother. When I found the coffee pot left on, I remember thinking maybe I did turn it on and just didn't remember. Same thing with the garage door…maybe I hit the garage opener out of habit?

But after days of questioning my own sanity, on Wednesday I came home to find the shower running. The day after, every lamp in the house was turned on. And now, I have to worry about falling asleep on the couch and waking up to windows open during downpours.

"Mother!" I yell up the stairs.

Her light turns on in her bedroom.

I crouch down and begin to roll up the soggy rug and drag it towards front door. The doorbell rings. I freeze. I can hear my heart beating in my ears and my eyes grow wide. The doorbell rings again. And again. I leave the carpet in the middle of the room and softly walk to the door. Looking through the curtains, I see that it's Ms. Dench from next door. I open the door to Ms. Dench holding a Pyrex dish topped in aluminum foil.

"Ms. Dench, why are you out in the middle of a storm?"

"What storm?" Ms. Dench asks.

"The st--" I start saying but stop as I look past her. I turn around to look at the carpet I was dragging. Dry.

"My dear, are you alright?" Ms. Dench asks crimping the aluminum foil against the glass with her thumb.

"Yeah, fine."

"Well, dear, I brought you a casserole for dinner tonight."

"Thank you, Ms. Dench, but you really didn't ne–"

"I did need to."

"Well, thank you Ms. Dench. It's very kind."

"How are you holding up?"

I glance back up the stairs and Mother's light has shut off. "I'm okay."

"I'm sorry I wasn't in town to attend your mom's funeral. I want you to know she was a great woman. A great neighbor."

I lock the door and carry the casserole into the kitchen.



DRAKE TEA

Kat Bowman

Ceramic

12" x 8" x 9½"'

Vivian Stewart Award Winner

INSERT NAME HERE

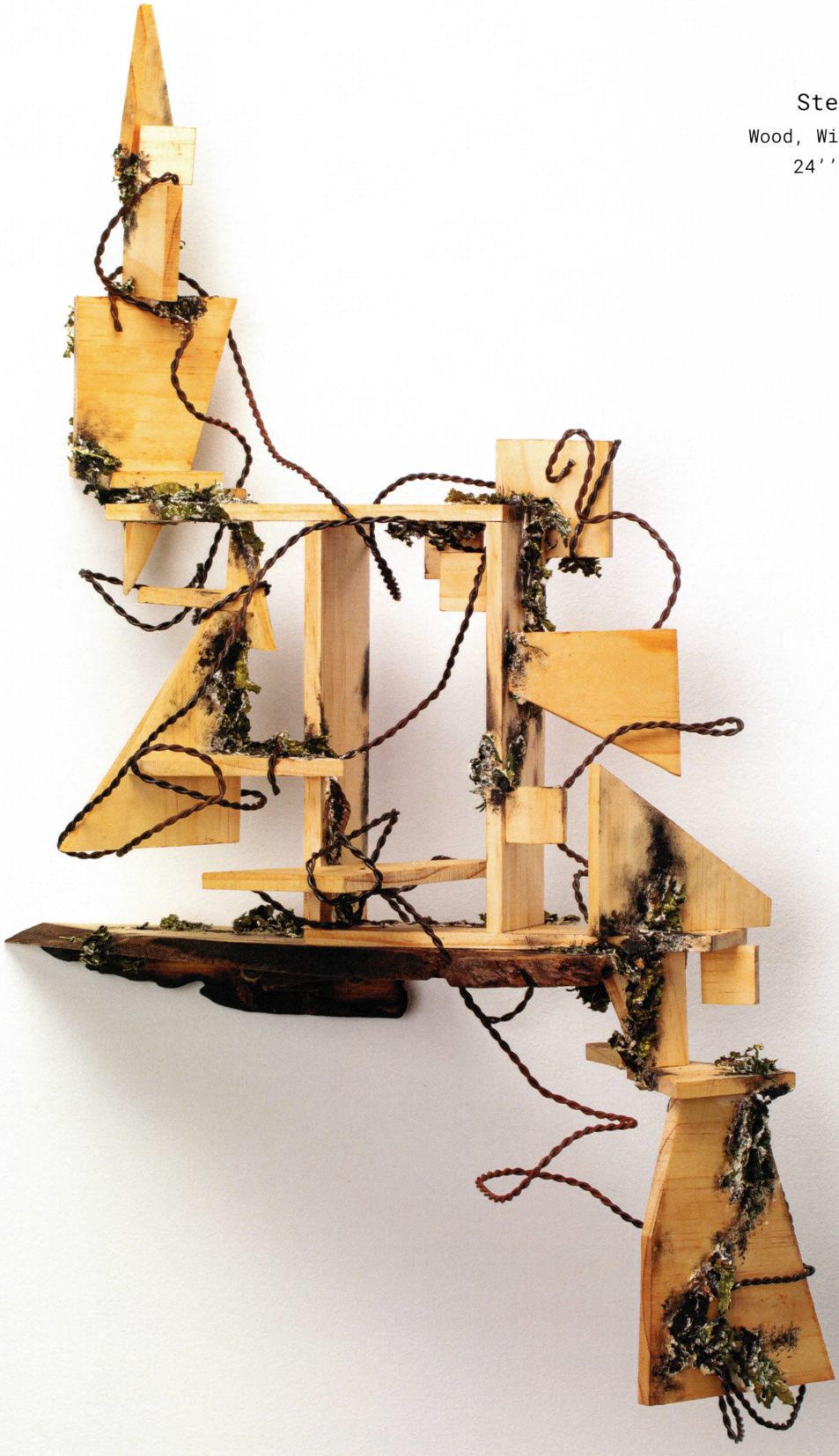
Stephanie Wayda

____ is depressed. Not depressed like the kids who are going through the aftermath of their parent's messy divorce. Or the kids who just got broken up by their first love. A true deep depression that cuts deep into ____'s skin, pumping through ____'s blood, passing through ____'s heart, and penetrates ____'s brain. ____ feels as though ____ has millions of micro-cuts on ____'s fingertips and that the poisonous blood seeps into those around ____.

Now of course ____ has great days, everyone does. But those great days are clouded by the month-long stents of episodes. It is a cycle that ____ can't escape. Every day ____ walks around battling this weight. Up the stairs to class, carrying that weight, trying to lift up the fork to eat their favorite meal (or any food for that matter), carrying that weight, picking up a pencil to do homework, carrying that weight, scrolling through social media in bed, carrying that weight. Now to any normal person, this deep sense of weight might be extremely confusing. What does this "weight" have to do with everyday life? It has everything to do with everyday life. Imagine your thoughts are separated into two categories that are the scale of your emotional well-being. One side of the scale is "good/happy/okay" thoughts known as Side A. Side B is home to the "irrational/depressive/doubtful/overall absolutely mind-numbingly negative" thoughts. Even in the simplest most okay situations, those unluckily negative thoughts are more overpowering than any fun you might've had for a moment in time. The scale always is tipped to Side B. Weight can be added to Side A but never enough to make the scale even or even Side A above. Side B weighs down any hope of equilibrium.

Now imagine that your scale is tipped to the wrong side all of the time similarly to ____'s. You know where that scale is tipping no matter what you do or who you surround yourself with. It is exhausting, absolutely dreadful. Who willingly chooses to live like that? Well, about ninety percent of the time you can't help it and the other ten percent you can but don't have the energy to do it.

Now that is ____'s struggle. Every day or every few weeks that struggle hits and comes back. ____ needs support and understanding. ____ might need an impartial person to talk to, or not. Ask ____ what ____ needs and not assume for ____. ____ needs someone to consider that there is a problem deeper and less stigmatized. ____ is depressed.



UNTITLED

Stephanie Marik

Wood, Wire, Paint, Moss

24'' x 12'' x 13½''

AT YOUR SERVICE [EXCERPT]

Chris Bittle

I shift into park and don my mask,
which wreaks of sweat, bleach and peanut oil.
Ready for another night at the restaurant.

Trekking the mountains of snow edging the sidewalk,
I aim each step for the shoe-shaped hole
planted by hikers prior.

Once inside, I punch in my code,
a subtle reminder that in many ways
I am just a number.

I approach my post
and am ~~greeted~~ acknowledged
by my fellow servers
with no less than a glance,
yet no more than a grunt.

In this calm before the storm
I sneak downstairs to
the kitchen to snag some fries--
the crunchy-salty-soft source of that peanut smell
--fueling up for the night ahead.

Rising to the surface
I tie my apron,
wrapping twice around my waist.
The strings are meant for
a human and not a f
l
a
g
p
o
l
e.

In the corner of my eye, I see
the Hostess, who
in the corner of my ear whispers
“I just sat you eight.”

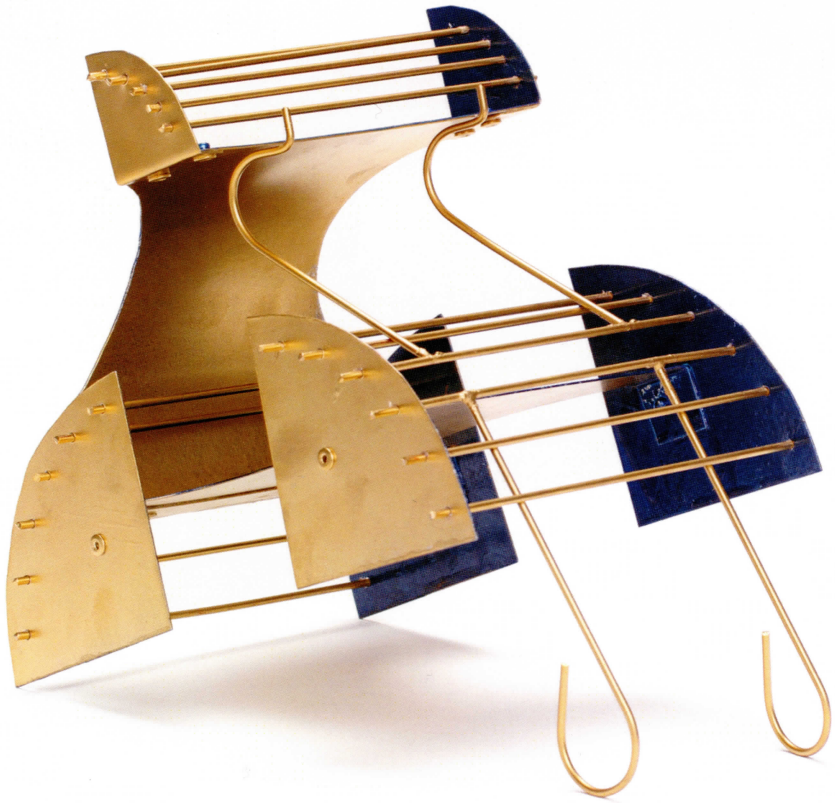
Perched upon their seats are
a flock of vultures;
their hungry eyes scanning,

“Can we have some napkins!”

“The bathroom, Where is it?”
“I need a paper menu. None of this QR-STUV code scanning crap.”

“Oh, you’re our server? Are you sure?”

The kuh-caw-phony of chatter echoing
before I’ve even greeted them.
This is going to be a long night...[...]



MAN ON A BICYCLE

Donna-Rose Reyna

Sheet metal, Brazing rod

6½'' x 8'' x 5½''

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SCULPTURE

Sarah Kim

Ceramic

10 1/2'' x 8'' x 6''



AN ODE TO THE NAIVE

Nyomi Tams

The sunset drives
The sky a beautiful range of colors
Reds, oranges, purples, pinks
Swirled together to create a colorful tide-pool
Humming of a V8
Barely heard over the cracked leather of the old mercedes
Smells of coolant and oil
Seeping from its pores
The cracked dash
whispering to me
Warning me
Words of hope fill the air
This will be my home
The dancing palm trees
Sing their song of wind to the setting sun
In this moment nothing could go wrong
I play this scene over and over
The way the twilight lit your skin
And traced over all of your features
In this moment
Nothing could be more beautiful
The words of promise
Create reds and pinks and purples in my heart
The heat in my cheeks
Create a mirage in my mind
Like a flower gazing at the sun
I gazed at you
The sun could do no wrong
It gives the flower what it needs
But with only sun
Flowers

COLLATERAL

Melody Kraft

Everything has a sound.
The rising pitch of a bottle filling
A clock monotonously ticking
Nothing terribly profound.

But nobody told me
While I stood aside, part of the audience
A hideous chord of chassis on windshield
As metal struck metal, killing the silence
It came out of the left field

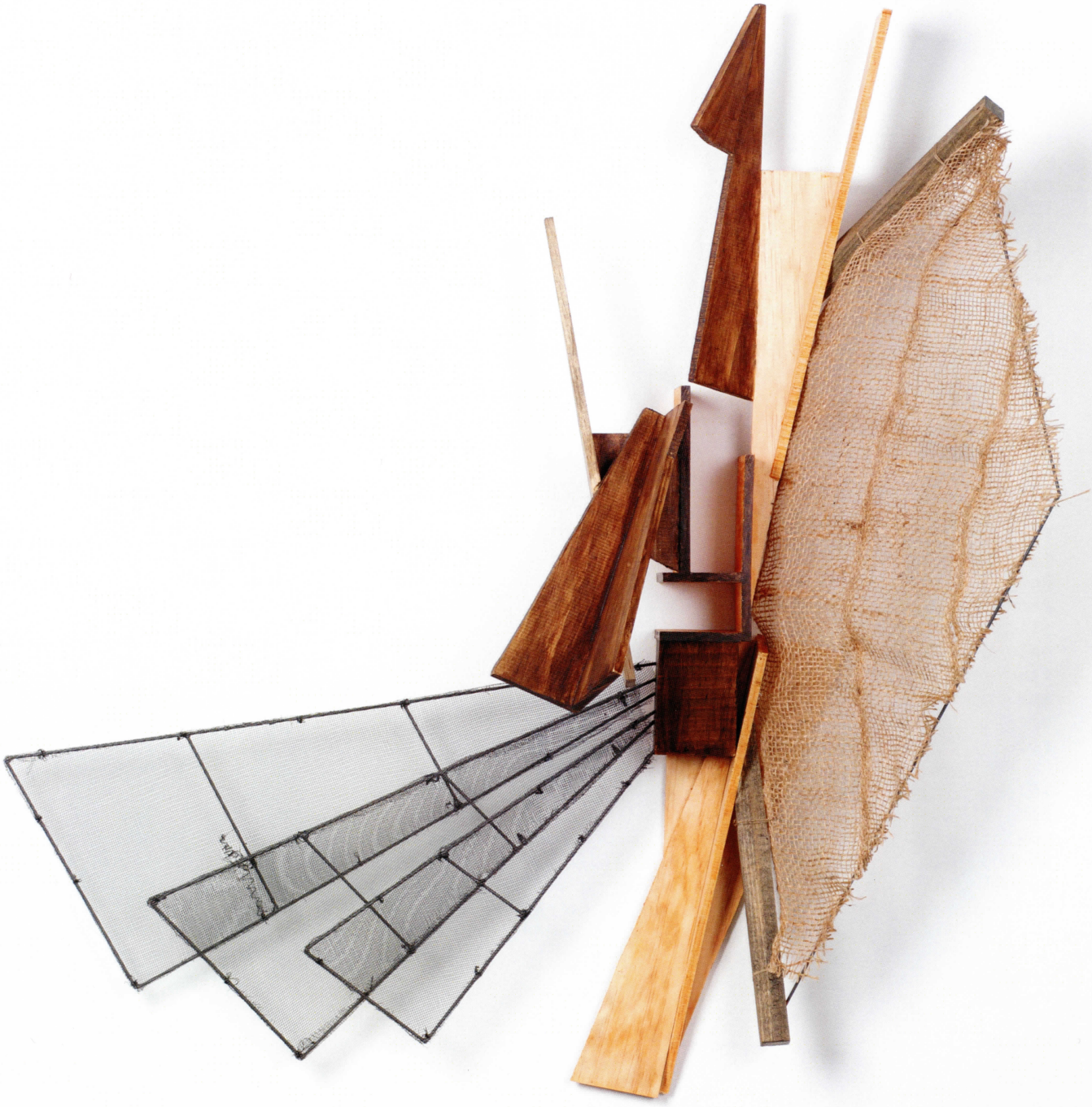
That
shrapnel was silent.

SPLINTERED CITY

Tyler Hausser

Wood, Steel, Burlap, Wire Mesh

33'' x 27½'' x 9''



78 WORDS

Jessica Sandacz

Today
My fingertips brush over the inked words of the obituary as if the tactility of raised letters and smell of newsprint will make this feel real. It's strange how thirty-four years can be contained in 78 words; a life laid out in neat rows of 12-point type. Next to the words sits a pre-mortem picture. Her expression is cheery; unaware she is about to continue to exist only as a small photo and pargraph on the back page of a local journal. Many obituaries conclude with an "in lieu of flowers" section. Family can request donations to cancer research, or suicide prevention if their loved one hanged themselves or stepped in front of a train. This section provides small towns some indication of how a person passed if printed word happens to travel faster than gossip. But not this obituary. And even though the "in lieu of flowers" section is missing, the entire town of Wood River knows how I died.

2 days earlier
I sink into the couch next to Rob. With the lights off, his face glows from flashing colors of the television. The coffee table in front of us is covered in take-out containers and half-eaten food. I lean forward so my feet can reach the floor and feel the carpet fibers between my toes. "I still love you," I say and search his face for any sign that he still loves me too. Rob stares straight ahead. He hasn't heard a word I've said. I look down at the stain my blood has left on the carpet—then over at the corner of the table where a piece of scalp, with strands of hair still attached, hangs. I push myself off the couch and walk past the table and television to the bathroom. The door brushes open. I softly collapse on the tile floor and sit in a stagnant pool of my own blood next to my corpse. Flickers of blue and red reflect against the shower curtain from outside. The emergency dispatch operator's voice through the
receiver asks, "Ma'am, are you still with me?"

16 years ago
Rob fell asleep again tonight while I was talking. It's only 8:30. I can't tell whether it's the sounds of my voice or that he finds little interest in listening to my thoughts for our future; I'll try again tomorrow, like I always do. Either way, watching him while he sleeps has become my new favorite hobby. Seeing his chest rise and fall; his face crinkling while he's dreaming. Tonight, he woke up to me sitting next to him and kissing the tops of his hands. His response was just a blank stare. I slowly leaned over to kiss his forehead and adjusted his newborn bonnet from the hospital nursery.



CONFETTI

Marielle Mariano

Mixed Media

11'' x 9'' x 2''

ROLLER COASTER

Josephine Erbacci

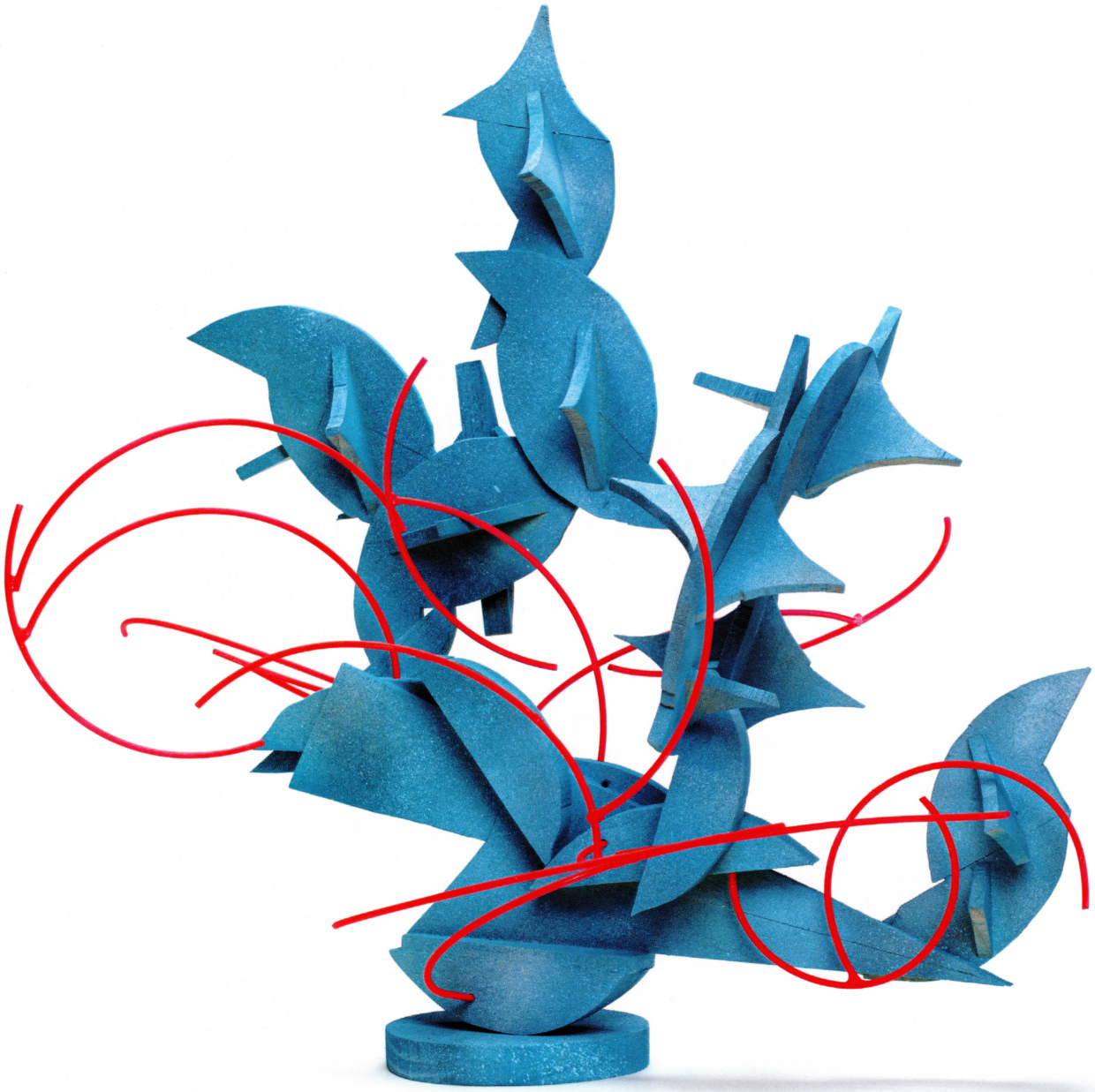
death without
dying
is what
it feels like
to be
God

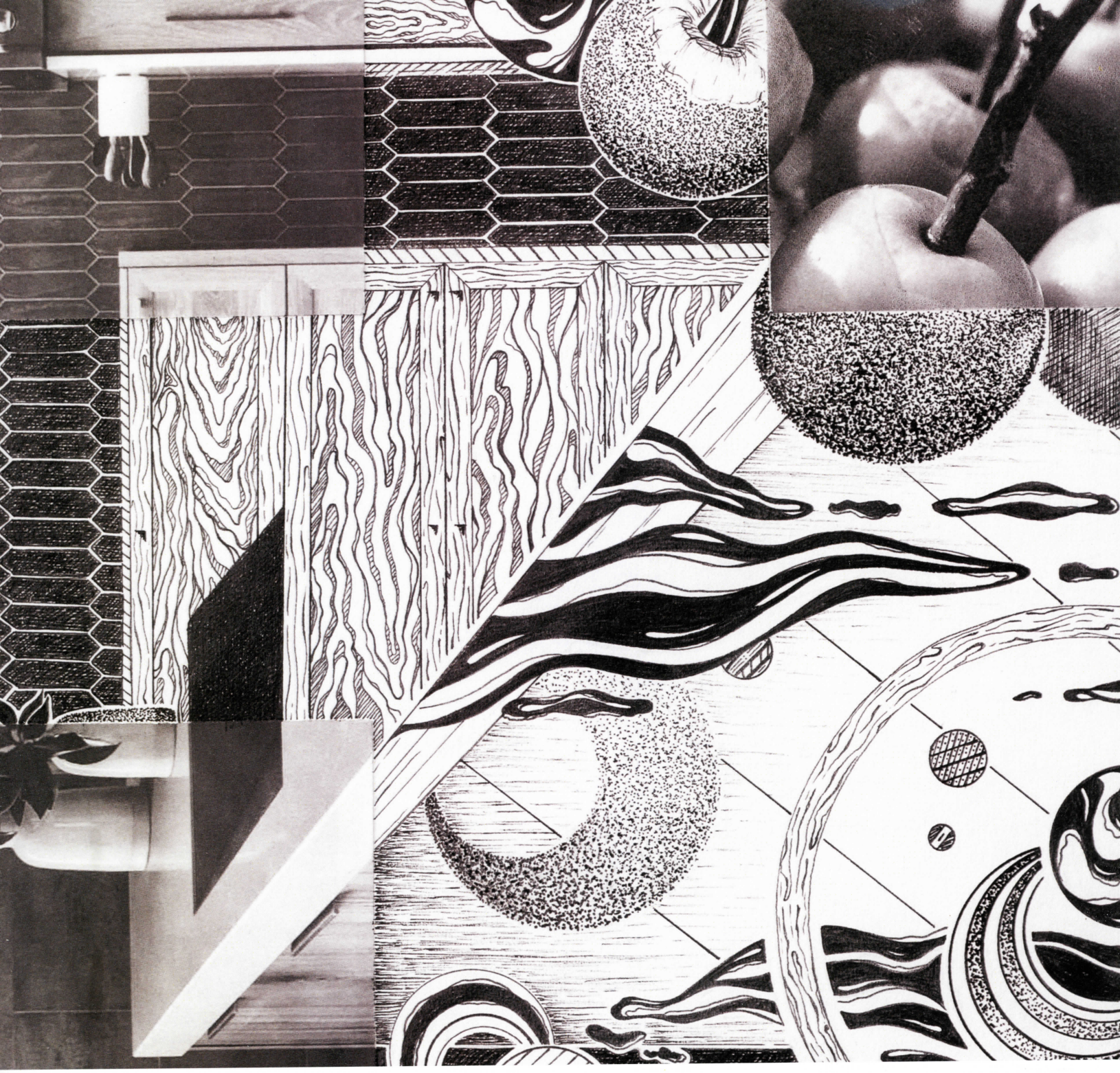
ASTRAL PLANE

Becca Osborn

Wood, Metal, Spray paint

20'' x 20'' x 15''





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