TYGR 2010: Student Art and Literary Magazine

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Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art.
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
table of contents

06.07 A Young Dyeing Afghani, Lauren Finney
Ayodele, Joy Enters the Room, Amber Doan

08.09 Spring Children, Amber Doan
Feather, Rachel Fiorenza
Along the Way, Kaytee Johnston

10.11 To Blow Like Dust, Ethan Law
Glimpses, Zack Frye

12.13 Where Are You Robert Frost?, Keitha Wickey
Untitled, Anna Engelbrecht

14.15 I Hid a Dune, Faith Mingus
Born into Color, Amber Doan

16.17 Empire, Paige Thomas
Green Thumb, Morgan Radzimanowski
Untitled, Lisa Pesavento
Day Lily Buns, Anna Engelbrecht

18.19 The Society that Kills, Jadon Huddleston

20.21 The Mundane, Emily Wynstra
Concrete, Katrina Pageloff
Portrait of my Cuz, Jerry Scheller
Valentine - Crouching Venus, Amber Doan

22.23 Elegy on Replacing You with a Vacuum, Angela Lee
Maddie, Anna Engelbrecht

24.25 Cliche Contradiction, Kathryn Williamson

26.27 Confrontation, Britney Malloy
Amberguilty, Amber Doan

28.29 Early May, Keitha Wickey
I Hope You Love Birds 1 & 2, Katherine Ufkin
Self, Rachel Fiorenza
Wings of Inspiration, Jessica Schewe
Fairytales, Kaytee Johnston

32.33 Let, Ethan Law
Going West, Allen Posey

34.35 Jazz, Man, Ian Matthews
Blades 2, Charlie Sheets

36.37 2009, Andrew Wahler
The Horrible Five, Charlie Leimann
Balancing Act, Laura DeMerrell
La Montagne, Caleb Chastain
Last Words, Ian Matthews
Variety 5, Terese Byrne
Drew, Samantha J. Allen
Reappropriation, 1804, Daniel Oliver
Pripyat, Emily Spunaugle
Porphyria’s Lover, Terese Byrne

40.41 The Vault of the Heart, Jadon Huddleston
Self Portrait, Erica Kimmel
Couture Amour, Kaytee Johnston

44.45 Everyone Sat Quietly, Amber Doan
Her Mother Was the Land, Katherine Ufkin
A Letter from the Editors

46.47

48.49

50
a young dyeing afghani

The hot prize of my long labor
This yarn in my hands
All day dyeing
Steaming
Dying

Working to live in this chaos
Permanently stained tools
My hands, blue forever
for my family, a gift
from what I do
I dye.
spring children

We pulled a boat across a green grass sea
Beneath spring sun and bright white petaled tree
or' wild waves of dandelion and lavender weeds
paddling through a sweet and sunlit dream
‘til monstrous cloud crept over the day
to blow our sun washed hopes away
and cry those great wet tears of May
to drench our thoughts and ruin play
As puddle pushed us past petaled tree,
we would no more float upon the green.
No more rowing through backyard weeds.
We reached blue gray waves, untouched sea.
Sometimes we weave wayward wind among ruins walls of cold stone wondering where to wander from here to enter or slip away.
We'll be loners with sad eyes wan thinkers far away we know our lot but search still more.
So when pushes are shoved we won't be wasteful we'll use them to push us on our way.

Always castle ahead, and castle behind; because we're minstrels, not princes.
We sing.
We don't dance.
where are you
robert frost?

Everyday.

Busy, bustle, business as usual,
wake up early, go to bed late, have
breakfast on-the-go; hurry and
clock in, clock out, live
alone in a cubical without the sun.
Gulp coffee in no-spill paper cups, choke down
lunch in wax paper, brown paper, plastic bags
at the desk, with files, folders, and signatures.
There are promises to keep
and miles to go before you sleep,
miles to go before you sleep.

Just Once

Be a swinger of birches.
Sit, sleep-in, soak;
make breakfast the way grandma does
with eggs in a frying pan, toast and jam.
Enjoy gentle team from a painted ceramic cup,
experience and explore tastes of earl gray, or
peppermint, maybe a hint of lavender.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
with all her matter-of-fact about the tea.
Walk slowly and breath deeply
on the road less traveled by,
let it make all the difference.
i hid a dune

you flick your wrist and smack my snout. i would have kissed it were it not so close. were i to have had to run to it, my heart tinkers in itself; flipping valves and switch.

when i inhale hard it cringes knowing the poison air will somehow smite it yet to death. i know my spine to hold the slouch of vicarious living, and its own, all somehow warping it in so it pricks my lungs with vertebrae long shattered, long feathered, the picture of the girl and her fox paused me. i feel things on the horizon colouring my vision pleasant and unpleasant purples. do ya know that you're the purple in me, i would pick up the book that i could change all this but what if i expect and become pregnant with even more pain's purchase.

"lux in tenebris lucet et tenebrae earn non comprehendent!" if i were to draw in a truly pure breath, for once heal. difficulty swallowing is a side effect of every medication you've ever prescribed yourself, conscripted yourself to. you signed up for everywheeze and torment.

using the very signature that you perfected at ten. i thought how ironic. a highway oasis, one with fast and fancy foods, one on the north side, other on the south, or east and west, whichever, but you agree with your secret lover to meet. but she goes north, you south and so, separated by highway median highway car truck semi car truck (solid barrage barrier of vehicular carnage), you blow kiss after kiss through the grimy glass of north, of south, east, west, whichever.

time colours your ultimate rendezvous and so you leave, dissatisfied, dissuaded, and the highway becomes the signal, the sign to finish off your already rotten spoiled togetherness.

you 'part' ways, never to meet, never to greet, never to learn a thing about the other.

and rain, cliché, cold, and warm blurs your feet as you set a runner's pace...away. i leave only two windows down at all times, always two, never four, though rule broken yesterday.

the cold of encompass wind, arms legs fingers encrusted in bumps and chills. when you stopped me, my teeth chattered and my nose blew. your eyes were warm though behind glasses that reflected speedometer and flashlight.

i knew you'd warn me; i knew you'd tell me get to bed; i knew you'd want to know why my earthly possessions are piled there on the floor, covering the upholstering; i knew you'd want my heart to start back up again after the lights turned off; i knew you'd want to see the worst picture i've ever been; i knew you'd want to know why it was almost five ya er; i knew you'd tell me to behave better.

but you looked like a father, a good one; a grandfather too, maybe, if i read your wrinkles right (tree, you). the poor child at the door. small and wasted; i don't know if my eyes can handle yes like yours, child.

you in your twelve-ness have seen far too much and hurt far too much and been crushed by dirt. dirt don't hurt but in such large quantities, i don't know what to think.

thank you for the laundry monies.

kindly you.

i whispered 'tine' that time because you'd already asked not ten minutes before and i knew you recognized my face. a dollar twenty-six is okay for twenty ounces of pure and tainted awake.

holding the door from such great distances with such great nonchalance and gauging is startling.

and deigned upon by an instant smile; royal. i can't ever be okay.
empire

When in Rome
They demanded peace by the force of arms
The people are a many-headed beast
We are preparing for life
On the grounds that it was impregnated with the
blood of martyrs
It is difficult to suddenly give up a long love
The stars incline; they do not determine
I was what you are, you will be what I am
While I breathe, I hope
Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutamus!
the society that kills

[The Spawning]

It began with the malice in one heart.

The killer of Austria's Ferdinand

Spreading the notion of destruction to the world.

Nations turned upon nations, making

Men mere tools in the hands of their leaders,

The masters, their lords.

Blood was spilt without limit or pause,

And refusing to kill was now treason,

Treason punishable only by death.

“Sacred” was erased from the meaning of life,

The good fighting fire with flame.

But the art of the kill was too savage, too slow

Thus the civilized men used their knowledge and skill

To create faster methods to destroy

Those men who were once their brothers.

Sixteen million were slain and twenty-one wounded

Before the lust for human blood was restrained.

But sixteen million was just a blip on the scale,

Leaving ninety-nine percent in the world.

Yet man's practical sense had only diminished.

And a second great slaughter occurred.

Now man's ingenuity for killing had only advanced,

Bringing a holocaust by gas, famine, and gun.

A holocaust only ending by holocaust itself.

The dropping of two nuclear bombs,

Which ended not only the rampant slaughter but

Two hundred and twenty thousand innocent lives

Plus more due to the plague since the end.

Since that slaughter, the world holds

A precarious peace; nations flouting

Holocaust bombs with power fifty fold.

Nuclear warheads are seats in the global poker game.

With the stakes of the red and no one taking

Each player can make his own nineteen of a kind.

"My god, his hands fumble. Hope he's bluffing."

This fragile state naively holds.

Global war mostly avoided. And yet man still seeks

His greatest pleasures leading to death.

But seeking pleasure is all man knows and finding

Death is all he receives.

[Gladiator]

Two warriors standing in the ring surrounded

By screaming fans who have paid to see a battle.

The Sound and the Fury some called it.

Two Titans fighting just for fame.

A battle not to the death, but somewhere quite close.

A boxing match that has just begun.

Gladiators swinging their swords, hammering each other.

Looking to knock out cold.

One man gets angry and resolving to lose,

Sinks his teeth into his rival’s ear.

The crowd gets juiced up to a wild fury of excitement.

It’s the best match they could possibly hope to see.

The fighter bites again and rips flesh.

One inch of ear spot on the floor.

The match is stopped, and this fighter expelled.

The audience goes home in a frenzy.

Their money will spend on a gladiator

Who was mortifying and brutal, but glorious.

Who was mortifying and brutal, but glorious.

[The Society that Kills]

School shootings, homicide,

Rape, adultery, smoking,

Drinking, tabloids, gossip, abuse,

Envy, cheating, and stealing,

Hatred, cursing, abortion, mean looks,

Euthanasia, UFC, 24,

Braveheart, 80s, CSI, Death Race,

Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Gears of War,

Celebrities, sexy, not, ugly, fat,

Anorexic, wealthy, poor.

You're not beautiful enough, small enough, strong enough, smart enough.

You're too smart, too beautiful, too strong, too small.

You don't even have a, he gets everything.

Shut up you idiot, moron, whore, fu.

Death, killing, murder, everywhere, everyday.

The society that kills.

[Bleeding Flowers]

As one hundred and ninety-seven rounds

Pierced and marred their way through bodies of those

Who had previously had a peaceful existence.

As they watched the brutal end of thirty-two lives and the

Wounding of seventeen others, before suicide

Used the same 9mm to claim one more.

Eight years before V-tech.

A similar altering occurred; terminating

The heartbeat of twenty-four, wounding fifteen, and ending with

One of their own bullets in each of the gunman's heads.

Colorado and Virginia are only two such tragedies.

Many schools have felt these wounds and seen

This violence bloodshed.

And the reason? The reason is man.
concrete

Hit the ground.
Shatter the rosters,
break the black off the cement.

Drown the fallen leaves.
Rub the paint away,
hide the “Do Not Enter” sign.

Splash who you will.
Hide the tears for her,
draw a smile for him.

the mundane

Some days, everyone looks the same.
Spontaneity is merely a whisper
Carried in the current of the wind.
A weary eye replaces the sparkle of impulse
Like an old pair of jeans, worn in the seams
From habitual use.
Last movie night, we dropped some popcorn and left it on the floor for you. But then, we remembered that you were so buried in your new, dirtier occupation that you wouldn’t be coming.

You left us with the vacuum, which lately, has been growing fat with all it consumes. It puffs up its chest and prowls the house like a tyrant because you are gone and no one here can challenge it.

When you were here, the vacuum cowered in its closet, snarling and slobbering. Later, the enemy slain, you’d survey the mess—Popcorn saucy-side down—performing your duty, never complaining.

But now that you’re gone, the vacuum has instituted an oppressive reign. It doesn’t give back. Not like you did. It just sucks and sucks and sucks.
confrontation

Deep breath, hold it in
Take a step, and don’t forget
To exhale.
Nervous thumping, pounding, beating
Your heart is as heavy as your breathing
One more breath escapes your lips, tunnel vision
On what is next.
Running lines, planning words
Hoping, praying, that it won’t be worse
Than you expect.
Pounding heart, shortened breath
Breathe in deep, hold it in
It is time to begin
The confrontation.
Sunlight casts its hopeful gleams on two little girls in early May. With look-alike flyaway hair, the playmates pick clover with wide smiles; thanking Mr. Sun for finally showing his soft yellow side.

Innocently they enjoy a day
years before the angst of hogging the bathroom,
stealing prom dates, and
lying to mom and dad.

Before becoming casual cohabitants, even enemies,
before swearing never to speak again,
before staying up late speaking the unspoken,
years before becoming lifelong friends, they were playmates
picking clover and smiling in the sunlight of early May.
Woe to the author who aspires to be itself. Those who reach for the mighty pen realize too late that the travesty of majesty belongs to ourselves when we dare to enter worlds of the written word falsely assuming human intellect can tap into the springs of treasured hearts and the flow would be ours to direct.

We aim not for the stars but the heavens themselves, but alas, we reach not the clouds nor the moon but mere dust and darkness when we lean on logic and talent so proud.

All of my work but hours spent in vain had not wings of inspiration came.
let

Let us feast
On the soul
Of the world
Letting go
Letting live

Let us bleed life onto these streets
Our blood spilling molten throughout
Burning buildings and washing all
The pillars of flame rise up high
And parties pour into the streets
How the champagne is tumbling now
The crowd is swaying and cheering
Toasting to the birth of new worlds
Celebrating death of the old
The morgues and churches come toppling
Plumes of ash puff white all over
Fertilizing parched earth and seed
Then the rain comes crashing downwards
Dousing fires and the populace
Still now, faces turn to the sky
Feeling cool moisture strike their skin

Let's never be the same again
jazz, man

1
twelve-bar blues; the key of D flat minor, his case collects dollar bills.

2
burnished trumpet shines under the golden streetlights near the train station

3
the city hears his song echoed by canyons of steel, glass, and concrete

4
passersby are warned by the music and the thought of coffee at home

5
he packs his horn but he's never really done; the city plays his song
"A New Age has Come!" the headlines read.
And while the people celebrate in the streets,
the walls crumble.
The savior's hand rises with the cries of the people,
their voices carried to gods that have not listened.
After all those slit wrists by credit cards,
one would think they would have noticed the blood.

The savior's suit radiates the light of the sun, hidden behind the storm clouds.
The message he speaks is carried by doves to the ears of the hopeful,
drowning out the sound of the rushing flood.
The water level rises while the eyes of the listeners glaze over.
Cries of joy keep coming and the savior keeps speaking.
His message drowns the people
and as the celebration ends,
the only sounds heard are gulls crying out
on the newly created sea.
balancing act

Going Green:
Over used, meaningless.
Try
Save the earth.
What's the
Balancing act?

Gentle patter rain,
Chaos strewn leaves, dead bushes
Going Green.
Curse the street sweeper
Beeping exhaust.
Empty clean street, straight lines.

Smoke and rain.
Unspoiled, green woods—
This?
Live in this?
Not me
I'm no Crusoe.

New technology.
Exhaust-filled technology
Cleaning streets.
Leaves, and dead bushes.
Calming, clean street
Patter rain, chaos leaves.

On-going
Soft scouring rain
Cleans.
Street sweeper
Cleaning.
Who's Going Green?
Ian Matthews

**last words**

A single death is a tragedy.  
A million deaths is a statistic.  
Such is life.

Drink to  
No more games.  
Drink to  
No more bombs.  
Drink to  
No more walking.  
Drink to  
No more fun.  
Drink to me.

I don't hold any grudges.  
I must end it.  
This is my doing.  
There's no hope left.  
Sorry it happened.  
I'll be at peace.  
No one had anything to do with this  
Sorry it happened.  
My decision totally.  
Sorry it happened.  
I must go in.  
I'm going home, babe.  
I'm bored with it all.  
It is very beautiful over there.  
The fog is rising.  
Drink to me.

Adieu, mes amis. Je vais la gloire.  
I love you, Mom.

Variety 5, Terese Byrne  
Drew, Samantha J. Allen
April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land
We're dead in this ghost town
And cold war kids were hard to kill.

Reactor 4 suffered a massive
Catastrophic power excursion
Trapping them under
A blanket of potential death.

They say now the most
Effective protection method
Is ingesting stable iodine compounds.

Or just a measure of responsibility.

Two decades pass
The locals will recommend vodka
To flush the radioactivity out of one's system.

But the clubbed feet and
Emaciated bodies can't be drank away

What if I say you're not like the others
Look at your face, don't cry
Don't raise your eye
It's only teenage wasteland.
I own a safe that is locked up tight,
And no one has ever seen inside.
With a shell of steel and a door of iron,
Lovers and strangers should give up trying
To open the vault of my heart.

My safe has been shot at by angry voices,
My safe has been torn at by jeering noises,
But my locked box has thick walls of metal,
And though they try, they have yet to unsettle
The door to the vault of my heart.

Friends smile and try to pick the locks,
Lovers whisper and try to peek in my box,
But my metal safe goes on overshielding,
Protecting that which I keep hiding,
Unseen in the vault of my heart.

One day in secret, I opened my safe
To mope, and stroke it, and then replace it.
But torn and bruised and beaten and shredded,
Just like the steel case that should have had it protected,
Was the prize in the vault of my heart.

So weak and distraught I became at this fact,
That with a caring man, I made a secret pact.
He said he'd die to help my prize heal,
And all I was needed to do was reveal,
The pieces in the vault of my heart.

When he had done his part, I had to do mine,
So I relinquished my key for the very first time.
He gently opened and removed my prize,
Then obliterated my safe, the sovereignty in his eyes
Smashing the vault of my heart.

Shouting in terror and furious rage,
I ran to the wreckage of my heart's iron cage.
But there before me the man did present
The treasure which was fixed and perfectly mint,
Freed from the vault of my heart.
Everyone sat quietly,
in each mahogany pew
when the organ began to play.
Clambering down the aisle,
He came.
He sat in back,
plopped onto the red cushion,
dug his thick toe-nails into the carpet,
and searched for mites.
His tough pale skin
catch the candle light's glow.
Two or three school boys
looked over their shoulders
and snickered.
He ignored them.
When altar boys,
with porcelain faces,
brought incense swaying,
he poked his long nose into the air
high above his head and licked it.
A woman shook her strawberry locks
and covered the eyes of her young son.

He ignored her.
When the priest opened the Holy Word,
his largely cupped ears twitched.
The priest stared sternly
beneath a furrowed brow
into the mist
and gripped the altar
with soft delicate hands
to read the words
"Do not cast your pearls to earthen pigs."
He ignored him too.
And when congregants rose for communion
To partake in the body and blood of the Lord
He also rose but,
waddled instead to the back,
and burrowed into the coat rack.
When the school boys gawked
with the woman with strawberry locks
He didn’t know it.
He tore off three coats,
made a nest,
and slept.
Aardvark's are nocturnal, you know.
a letter from the editors

Thank you so much for perusing through this year’s Tygr! Our vision for the 2010 publication was to build and expand on the 2009 edition by creatively showcasing a compilation of the talent of Olivet students in an even stronger contemporary style. Through high-quality images, unique written pieces, and a sleek design, our staff has truly brought about a vivid publication that, we feel, highlights Olivet’s finest artists and writers. For this 2010 edition our vision was that this publication will become a new way for Olivet writers and artists alike to feature their pieces for a larger audience.

Of course, we could not have even begun to finish this project by ourselves. We’d like to offer a special thanks to our art director and graphic designer, Katherine Ufkin, who offered her fresh ideas for the design and put in many long hours to make this publication possible. We’d also like to offer thanks to the Tygr reading staff who waded through endless subscriptions to choose the best pieces for print. Furthermore, we’d like to offer thanks to Professors Forrestal and Greiner who did all of the tiresome legwork necessary to bring such a publication into existence, and who held us accountable to deadlines in the midst of a busy semester.

Finally we’d like to offer the most gratitude to you, the readers, who have patiently looked through the pages that we’ve worked so hard to create. This book was designed with you in mind, from its colorful images to its poetic lines, the 2010 Tygr is a publication that aims to please both its contributors and its audience.

Keitha Wickey and Amber Doan,
Co-editors of the Tygr