TYGR 2005: A Magazine of Literature & Art

Jill Forrestal
Olivet Nazarene University, JForrest@olivet.edu

Amy Taylor
Olivet Nazarene University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/stud_tygr

Part of the Fiction Commons, Graphic Design Commons, Illustration Commons, Nonfiction Commons, Photography Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/stud_tygr/8

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Digital Commons @ Olivet. It has been accepted for inclusion in TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine Archives (1985-2017) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Olivet. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@olivet.edu.
Olivet Nazarene University presents TYGR. A Magazine of Literature & Art 2005
TYGR.

A magazine of student literature and art for the 2004-2005 academic year

Production Staff
Executive Editor..........................Amy Taylor
Design and Layout..................Catherine Oedewaldt
Prose Editors..........................Allison Greene
Kari Roland
Poetry Editors..........................Stephen Case
Bethany Benoche
Toya Garnes
Art Editors..........................Janie Case
Kristin Hooker
Faculty Advisor.......................Juliene Forrestal
Printing..........................F. Weber Printing

Created using Adobe PageMaker 7.0
Titles: 16 Palatino Linotype, Body text: 12 Palatino Linotype
Coverart: Camping by Brennan Vidt
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Apathy</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Still Life in Lime</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nick Names</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Levi</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Remember that Summer</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ribbons of Hope</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chinese New Year</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Heart Whispered</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Growing Up</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Showing</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All I Can Remember</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snapshot in Words</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worth a Grain of Rice</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gardner</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overflowing</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patterns of a Sunny Day</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cocoon Nebula</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midnight Walk</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leaf</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seasonal Depression</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wither</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reminisce and Progress</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man on a Train</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird’s Eye View</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S3</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Too True</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spotlight</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don’t Play With Fire</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Majesty</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lighthouse</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comfort</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#16</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hosta</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Apathy

Lethargy assaults
  My senses and I
    Don’t know if I can
  Master its wiles
Before it’s too late.

Many things to do
  That just won’t get done
    Am I in danger
  Of becoming a
Procrastinator?

Don’t know what to do.
  I’m not even sure
    If I’m using the
Word ‘apathy’ in
The correct manner.

  •  •  •  Stephen Foxworthy
Still Life in Lime

... David Moore
Nick Names

He calls me “Tray” for short. Or...he used to, I guess.

We don’t talk much now.

I still have to see him, though. At work. He works where I work, but we don’t work at the same time.

“Hey, Tray.” This is what he says when he comes in and sees me.

“Hey.” This is what I say back.

Then he says how are you or how’s school, and then he gets his tips from the week and says he has to leave.

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

I don’t think he heard what I said of how I was or how school was, and I still don’t know how he is or his new job, and so I am sad that he left.

We used to work at the same time. We used to talk a lot. I knew him, and he knew me; and though he is still him and I am still me, we know less of us than what we used to.

I am sad.

I want to talk to him. I want to say more than, “Fine, thanks, and you?” I want to tell him I’m sad, and I miss him, and that I want to talk.

8
But he comes in so fast, and he leaves so soon. He gives me no time to tell him what I want. He gives me no time to tell him the truth.

And so I am fake, but then he's fake, too. And we are both fake. And I hate it.

But then he still calls me "Tray," and then I still smile cause there is no one else who does that.

• • • Tracy Edwards

Levi

• • • Jordan Mitchell
I Remember That Summer
I remember that summer.

I remember that summer. That summer when the cherries were ripe and juicy, and we picked them off Miss Wesson's tree and ate them all until our lips were stained a perfect scarlet.

I remember that summer when we would spend afternoons sitting beneath the tree, the hot sun beating down on my leg peeking out from my blue-and-white seersucker dress, my skin glistening from the heat.

I remember that summer when we went down to the river and I dipped my toe into the frigid water that sent a chill up my spine, and when I dared you to jump in, I laughed and screamed as the water splashed my face.

I remember that summer when I would sit by the bridge, the small brook babbling as I sketched the rocks and flowers, and you came up behind me, and brushed my hair off the nape of my neck, your lips softly touching my skin.

I remember that summer when we would sit on your deck, in the cracked, white porch swing your father put up when your mother was pregnant with you, and I taught you to love the jazz I would play that, with Billie's sultry voice and the sweet, sticky air, turned our neighbourhood into a New Orleans block.

I remember that summer when you told me you loved me, and I called you a liar because no one had ever loved me, and you couldn't possibly either, but you did,
and I knew it, and you would write me songs to prove it, singing them with your guitar as I painted my toes candy apple red on the concrete driveway your sister had drawn hopscotch courts all over.

I remember that summer when we would go get ice cream from Mr. Mosley at the ice cream parlour, where we would sit in the high, twisted iron chairs with the red, padded seats, and I would always get strawberry and you, chocolate vanilla twist, and as we walked out, we would kiss, and we made the perfect Neapolitan.

I remember that summer, and the next two summers when the summers were good but never nearly as wonderful as the first.

And I remember the fourth summer, when you told me things like ripe cherries and long talks and swimming in the river never mattered to you and how much you hated jazz music and Neapolitan ice cream.

When you left, I cried and cried, always soaking my yellow pillowcases, and Anna would say I was better off, and everything would be ok, and I should just forget you.

But I'll always remember that summer.

• • • Olivia Leigh Hodges
Ribbons of Hope

I will not commit, condone, or remain SILENT About violence against women.

A pattern of behavior used to establish POWER & CONTROL Through fear and intimidation.

The batterer begins And continues his behavior Because violence is an effective method for GAINING & KEEPING CONTROL.

She realistically fears that the Batterer will become more violent and maybe even FATAL If she attempts to leave.

What I do everyday is HOMICIDE PREVENTION And I do it for thousands of women Every year.

Prevent and punish perpetrators Of this despicable CRIME And bring hope and healing To those affected by it.
There's no place for Domestic Violence in
HOMES, NEIGHBORHOODS
WORKPLACES OR SCHOOLS.

Create awareness.
Wear the
RIBBONS.

Elizabeth Neveau

Chinese New Year
Brennnnan Vidt
What the Heart Whispered

Love lives and dies like the brilliant flame,
A fire's raging heat that dies to coals and
If it's true, rises to burn again.

It starts with the sharing of the name,
That simple spark when you touch their hand.
Love lives and dies like the brilliant flame.

Its darkened shadows never quite the same,
It dances ever softer through the night, but
If it's true, rises to burn again.

And when the clouds above bring the rain
Of fights and tears that bring the fire low,
Love lives and dies like the brilliant flame.

'til hopeful starlight drives the clouds away
And wind breathes life into the coals and,
If it's true, they rise to burn again.

And when death's cold hand lies heavy on the frame
And silences the warmly beating heart
Love lives and dies like the brilliant flame
Then, if it's true, rises to burn again.

● ● ● Jennifer Justice
Growing up

I grow in height and I grow in years
There are too many fireflies with too little time to catch them
Where’d the time go?

Mud pies are long over-dried, cracking and flaking at the surface
I’ve been late for far too many play dates with make-believe friends, make me believe
I grow in height and I grow in years

I go days without stretching my imagination
Years go by before I realize I’ve forgotten to live happily ever after
Where’d the time go?

Darkness falls, the street lamps go on and I’m still out and about
I can take care of myself now though
I grow in height and I grow in years

I can see well enough into the bathroom mirror without tiptoes
But I can’t remember the last time I looked at my reflection
Where’d the time go?

... Niki Clark
I have always had a "thing" for spur-of-the-moment trips. They are adventurous. And as a girl who knew the boundaries of comfort and rarely dared to cross them, I lived for the somewhat-safe adventure I found in these outings. This particular summer was turning out to be a flop. I had originally planned to leave the country on a whirlwind mission trip through Europe, but inevitably, things fell through before the summer even began. So when the phone rang that hot mid-July afternoon as I sat, bored to tears, at the front counter of the sporting goods store where I was working, I was more than thrilled by the offer I received: "I'm in a jam," my youth pastor pleaded, "and I could really use your help." I love to be needed! I was ready to agree before he even asked. "I'm taking our junior high kids to camp this week, and I'm short a counselor. I've got no one for the girls. I know you don't really know them. And I know you probably have to work and this is super short notice and all, but I thought I'd give it a shot. 'Ya think you could pull this one off for me? I'd owe you big time." I also love to hear this more-than-organized man desperate, so I had to tease with a "Yeah, you would!" But of course I would go. I would do anything to leave town for a week, especially for free. So I called my boss, talked my way out of working, took care of a few other appointments, and ran home to pack my bags. This was the adventure I had been waiting for all summer.

As we pulled into the infamous drive of Camp Overton in the middle-of-nowhere, Tennessee, the memories came like a flood. It had been seven years
and not a thing had changed. The tabernacle full of the silly sawdust that no one could resist swinging their feet through...the somewhat-rustic cabins that I was sure must have been purposefully built for no air circulation and painful falls from the top bunk...the giant “bowl” in the center of camp that I had once tumbled down to my social doom...the simple mess hall where my best friend and I had convinced the boys we were vegetarians while simultaneously eating hotdogs...the make-shift altar where she had finally decided to accept Christ...every bit the same. It was as if I had gotten into my car as a twenty-year-old and stepped out at age thirteen. Like a shortened version of *Freaky Friday* where I played the two main characters simultaneously—it was crazy. I had not expected to feel so inadequate—I was to be a counselor when I felt like I was barely past being a camper! The combination, however, turned out to be the best kind.

Determined to be the “cool” counselor, I set off to make friends. I teamed up with one of the other workers who was fresh out of high school. Together, we were on a mission to be the most awesome camp counselors those kids had ever met. We gave high fives, taught them crazy dances, handed out nicknames, talked like we knew the latest lingo, and even made up “secret” handshakes—anything to get into their world. At night, I would gather up the girls in my cabin and talk...who’s the cutest boy, which girl likes him, which girl didn’t...you know—”girl talk”! By day, I would play the boys’ side...lead their teams to victory in the wacky games, hold endless tournaments of dollar football and quarter basketball across the picnic tables, and maybe even squeeze a little “who-likes-who” out of them as well. We were having an absolute blast!
Each day we had activities time, and I was in charge of crafts. Not exactly my first choice, but I decided to take advantage of the only activity that included air conditioning and be the best crafts leader ever. We cut, glued, folded, colored, strung, decoupaged...you name it—we did it! And in the process of crafting these magnificent creations, the bonds formed were unbelievable. Each day as the campers came in, I would have them play some silly get-to-know-you game, and then we would listen to some crazy music—anything to get them to have a good time. DCTalk being a favorite of our youth at home, I thought I would play it to start. "Who is this?" several asked. "What?!" I couldn’t believe it! "DCTalk! You don’t know ‘Jesus Freak’? Seriously?" Brandi, who I was beginning to form an attachment to, said, "Never heard of them, we’re from the country...they don’t play this loud stuff!" So I vowed that before they left camp, they would know every line to "Jesus Freak." What I noticed is that the crazier it was in the beginning of craft time, the more they started to open up by the end of the hour. So we would start memorizing DCTalk lines, and before anyone knew it, I was learning intimate details of these girls’ lives, and no one even realized it.

At night, in the dusty ole tabernacle, Pastor Brian led an unbelievable time of worship and spoke amazing words of life. After an emotional service on Tuesday, one of my craft girls pulled me aside. "Cassie, I need prayer, and I need it bad!" Brandi said as if she were pressed to get the words out quickly. "My dad left us, my mom’s sad all the time, my sister is depressed ‘cause she can’t handle it...” her voice trailed off as the tears came running down her cheeks. I hugged her, as
tight as I physically could, and waited because I could tell there was more. She was literally choking back the tears as she tried to catch her breath to explain..."and...and...my mom drinks...like, a lot...like drinks drinks..." I had no idea. Not that I really should have, but this girl had been one of my closest buddies all week long. She was my favorite camper and had been holding it together like I couldn't believe. I sat there, in the dark...crickets chirping...kids screaming...yet, not a noise broke through the sound of her sobbing. I held her, praying as hard as I could that God would give me the words to say. I had none of my own—speechless. He did, though. "Brandi, I know you know that God loves you. And, Brandi, I love you, too. So much, you have no idea. And I want so badly to take all of this away for you. I would do anything if I could. But, Brandi...God created you. He put you into this family. He knew that your dad was going to leave before your parents even met. He knew the pain that your mom would go through. He knew how your sister would hurt. And, Brandi...He knew that you would have this amazing faith. He placed you in this family for a reason. You are such a strong girl! I know your friends look up to you, and I'm sure your sister does...and probably even your mom, too. Brandi, God is going to do awesome things in your life! And I know it's hard right now, but you have Jesus right there with you! And, Brandi...whenever you're scared or lonely or frustrated, He's there. He'll put his arms around you just like mine are now and hold you until you know that everything's alright. I love you, Brandi...." We sat there in the dark for what seemed like days. I could not believe the things she told me. No thirteen-year-old should ever have to experience such things—I could
not even imagine. But eventually, she came to a peace about it. She was determined to serve Christ in any way, no matter what, and I was ecstatic!

The next morning I woke up to rain pouring outside our cabin window. Rain would generally ruin a camping day…but not today! As I walked from the showers, through the heavenly showers, back to my cabin, I heard giggling from behind the trees. When I went to investigate, I found Brandi with two of her friends, ready to attack. I called out to them, and they began to run at me. *They’re not going to stop!* I realized as I screamed, "Stop! What on earth are you…" And they tackled me to the ground! They dragged me through the gravel to the center of the camp where all the kids had gathered. One by one they were sliding down trash bags into an enormous pond of mud. Not just mud—Tennessee mud. Clay. "I am NOT going in there!" I screamed as they lifted me up off the ground and hurled me into the filthy water. I pulled my mud-covered body out of the water and counter-attacked, wrestling each mud-free camper into the filth. We spent all day in the murky water…screaming, fighting, joking, laughing. When I finally escaped, I stood at the top of the hill, rinsing off the muck, and watched as the kids went crazy. Wow. Unbelievable…these kids are amazing. So innocent and fun and full of life. I kept thinking of the trip home the next day and how I wasn’t sure I could live without them. These kids had changed my life.

After an afternoon of mud, an evening filled with crazy games and more mud, and dozens of showers and scrubbing raw, we all slept better than ever and woke in the morning to pack and go home. With teary goodbyes and promises of letters, the kids piled in
their church vans and headed out. As I walked by the window of Brandi's van, she stuck her head out. "Cassie! Come with!" I looked up to her and smiled, trying not to cry, "I can't! I wish I could!!!" My, how I meant it. She reached her hand out and dropped a beaded bracelet into mine. "I made this for you," she said. They said your favorite color was green. I know it's big and flashy, but it can be your 'bling-bling,' and you can remember me now! I love you!" As the van sped off, I opened my hand to find a crazy bracelet with the words "Jesus Freak" spelled out in plastic letters. Remember her? How could I forget her? Thirteen-year-old Brandi had changed my life forever.

• • • Cassie MacKay
All I Can Remember

I don’t know when I became young enough
to fall in love for the first time,
And yet old enough to realize that all the time
remaining won’t be long enough to love you.
I never realized that somewhere along the way
I could not fall asleep without hearing your voice.
Once my dreams and secret goals were all so sure,
And now I am recognizing wishes I never knew existed.
I don’t know how my eyes discovered
tears were not always sad,
But they seem to constantly overflow
with excitement, joy, and anticipation.
Where you became my past, present, and future,
I don’t know,
But I know you are all I can remember.

• • •  Noelle Peachey
As I gently started to push the cart on the linoleum floor, unintentionally clicking my shoes loudly, as I always do, I scanned the signs and displays meeting my eyes:

“Mickey’s Cinnamon Rolls: 2/$3.00,” said the yellow letters on the plastic wrap that covered the flat, cheap, deflated buns.

“Valentine’s Candy: Reduced 50%,” proclaimed the table littered with pink packages of candy no one really wanted to eat, like “Fluffy Red Marshmallow Hearts.” I walked over and poked the package in my usual state of curiosity. Yes, quite fluffy.

I continued over to the produce section. My town has so many grocery stores, and this one is probably one of the farthest away. But the produce is incredible—like an actual market. Not just your standard Washington, Yellow, and Granny Smith apples, but numerous wooden displays full of shiny-skinned, juicy ones of all types. I was debating between the Fuji (my favorite) or the Braeburns (which looked better), when I saw her.

A little Mexican woman—I’m guessing she wasn’t more than forty-something, but she looked worn and aged. Her darkly tanned skin was quickly wrinkling; her long black hair was pulled back into a messy ponytail that trailed down her back, with long wisps brushing her face and shoulder. She was short and of an average build, which was hidden behind a baggy, faded-teal sweatshirt and a beige jacket most likely made for a man.
She stood in front of the large crate of jalapeños, putting one after another into her little plastic bag. I bet she had about thirty. I watched her stretch her body to reach the top of the pile and wrap her thin, brown, wrinkled fingers around pepper after pepper, always picking out a perfect one without trying and quickly inspecting it as she threw it into her bag.

I couldn't help but smile as I watched. Here is this woman, cooking with thirty jalapeños, and all I can muster is a green pepper.

Her husband stood nearby. He, too, was short, with black hair, black moustache, and black beads for eyes that glanced at me. His red plaid shirt was covered by a tan corduroy jacket, and his hands were stuffed into his stonewashed jeans pockets. As he gazed, I wanted to say something. I had heard him murmur something in Spanish to his wife, but I was too nervous. I don't know why, but I'm always thinking Hispanics will be offended or caught off guard if I randomly strike up a conversation in Spanish at a place like a grocery store. So then I just observe and feel even more ridiculous. We both were staring a bit, so he quickly walked over and started inspecting the cebollas on the rack next to him.

I couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking about me.

There I was...the little rich girl in her red top, long whiskered bootcut jeans, black leather slingbacks, and faux fur jacket, not considering the fact that the apples I were about to buy were the most expensive per pound. Here he and his wife were, wearing old, worn clothes
and buying *tomates, cebollas, jalapeños, and ajo* to cook a real Mexican meal that was also cost-economical.

**Who were they?**

I imagined them coming from Mexico, wanting to live out what is still proclaimed as the "American Dream." Crossing the border, leaving their friends (maybe their family?) to start a new life here. Being confronted with a new, unfamiliar language, and having to realize America isn’t all Norman Rockwell paintings or white picket fences. He was probably working long night shifts somewhere for minimum wage, or, hopefully not, in the fields.

I thought about their kids. I imagined a little Hispanic girl, maybe beautifully named something like *Esperanza* with her silky black hair tied in pigtails with pink-beaded elastics. For some reason, I see her on a tricycle. Probably a son, too. The son that the dad is dying to see make it. The son the father is slaving away for in order to see him live a better life.

They’re poor, they struggle, but surprisingly, I found myself yearning for some of what they had. They have a mother who will cook made-from-scratch meals that her grandmother taught her to make. They have a father who will almost literally break his back to see his family live better. They have a culture and a language that makes them who they are. And they have each other—the husband who will come to the store with his wife, eye and pick up the chocolate chip cake you can tell he wants, and then quietly put it down—for his family.

• • • Olivia Leigh Hodges
Worth a grain of rice

he owns this market
his unmilled rice
his pride, swept into piles by leathery, weathered hands
growing old in the sun and stiff with
a lifetime of sweeping
beads of perspiration weeping
at the base of his neck
eyebrows furrowed
to shade his eyes
from a scorching sunset
that burns the sky
a sacrifice of perspiration all for the sake of surviving
life is a matter of living or perishing
thousands of grains of rice, even more people
he cannot afford to be a lost grain
tossed by the wind
scorched by the sun
he has to move on
but for now he lets his feet
sink in a pile of his unmilled rice
grains slide freely between his toes
farther in smaller piles between his sandals and soul
he bends,
picks up a grain
holds it in his hand
in the pile it is just like the others
but in his weathered hand
it is flawed
has bruises
his soles are sinking
further and
further
into the pile
the flawed grain makes him smile
he raises it to his sun-burnt lips

Niki Clark

The Gardner

Brennan Vidt
Overflowing

Early morning
Sun stretches greedy hands on parched land
African village wakes from unsettled sleep
Poverty still reigns

Women journey down to river
Washing baskets balance upon heads
Woman carries son in one arm
She balances burden with other

Water is cold this morning
Clothes scrubbed and slapped on rocks to dry
Back and forth motion is tedious
Tedious work keeps minds off pain

Woman sits back on haunches
Son sees mystery in what adults have forgotten
Little scoots bring son to water’s edge
Baptism is a reach away

One tiny fist breaks water’s surface
Two tiny fists pound the flexible playmate
Son’s innocent cackle echoes
Woman suddenly recalls how

Son scooped up, and
River bends to accommodate new guest
Unusual sights make hands stop
Innocence knows no rules
Tired lines lift
Water erases story of filth
Soap and brush abandoned
Water tossed on unsuspecting curiosity

Every head turned
Every bird ceased song
Single noise broke through heaviness
An African baby embraced freedom

• • • Gretchen Scmidt

Patterns of a Sunny Day

Four Haikus

Days start fresh and new.
The hardships of life obscure.
The bright-shining sun.

Clouds obstruct sunlight.
Chilling winds seep through the air.
The sun reappears.

Harsh storms may delete,
Its life-supporting beauty.
Sunlight, please prevail.

The lasting sun sets.
The great shining sun fades. A
bright return awaits.

• • • Sam Calvert
Cocoon Nebula

Steve Case
Midnight Walk

Orion dominates my nighttime sky,
The crisp air shears my mind,
Sharpens my senses;
Only in my lonely solace
Do I find a multitude for company.
Countless stars light my path,
The road carries me to my destination.
Rabbits, squirrels, and insects are my family.
I'm alive, living in this vast creation:
My home.
The trees are my window hangings,
The windows my eyes.
The horizon is my hearth
By which I lay my tired body
On the ancient Earth
Which has carried so many before
And will carry so many after
As it carries me now
In quiet slumber.

• • •  Adam Netzel
Winter

I was out walking, today, when the darkness came early and I looked at the trees and realized the leaves had gone—a signal to the end of Fall. The beginning of darkness.

And I thought of you and how you always hated the winter and how, when the cold crept in around us, you shivered. How it seemed to go on without ending While we waited for spring.

But today, as the sun sets, and I can see winter coming. Cold, deep, and utterly beautiful, I think that you have more in common with winter Than you might think.

I know you love the summertime. Perhaps you were summer once, With all the bright colors and the glaring heat. But it faded away, too brash in your presence.

In you I see the reaching tree limbs bared against the cold Naked and trembling, yet standing so strong, I can feel the bitter wind in you, cutting through me like a knife Whispering, singing of mysteries I cannot comprehend.
There is death in you, and I fear that sometimes.
I would give you the spring and watch you blossom
But it is snow, not rain, I see in your gaze.
It glitters like diamonds, cold and pure.

Sometimes I fear that you’ve been dead too long
That there is no hope of the winter ending.
But today I saw you in the darkness, and you were in
the wind
That sang to me of spring and light and hope

And so I’ll embrace the winter and the cold.
I will welcome the death.
Then, in the spring, we will blossom
And we will dance in the rain.

● ● ● Jennifer Justice
Leaf

Olivia Leigh Hodges
Seasonal Depression

Mid January—and it is cold
There are no smells—a sense of eliminated
Footsteps on a carpet of white feathers
Become sounds of old women crunching chips silently
between aging teeth.

Ebenezers exist systematically—children denied
affection
Expecting decades of hopeless life
Wintry weather tastes bitter under the tongues of the
masses
Who protest the pain of this seasonal death

The trees defy with false bravery amidst the other sad
species
For there is no warmth without chill
It is winter that effects change
It makes the sluggish man miserable, the sturdy man
stronger.

• • • Bekah Blaski
Wither
Patterned after Langston Hughes’ “Dream Deferred”

What happens to a mind tainted?

Does it fog over
Like a road on an eerie night?
Or dissipate into oblivion —
Rather than fight?
Does it refuse to take flight like a dead wing
Or thrive and flourish —
Like a flower in Spring?

Maybe it just remains
Like a mystery

Or does it cease to be?

• • • Jennifer Graham
Reminisce and Progress

Icy sprinklers and puddles of mud call me.
Hazy memories of innocence and merriment
Vegetate in the back of my mind heavily,
Until I realize that from my childhood, I am absent.
There is no more comforting mother
and juvenile sibling games cannot survive.
I mourn the death of a life of wonder,
And question a life not yet lived.

Then I realize that life stops for no man
And age cannot make me less fervent.
My residence cannot be the past
Nor can I remain blissfully stagnant.
Youthful memories will be sufficient
And to age, I will be reverent.

• • • Bekah Blaski
Old Man on a Train

Muses—sing of gods on snowy trains, tracing lines across Midwestern winters.

The old man got on—or at least, he first came into the car I was seated in—just as the train was pulling out of Ragnarok, a small town in southern Michigan. That fact alone now seems terribly significant, though of course I did not realize it at the time. Add to that the knowledge that I was reading Borges and the vision of snow falling slowly outside the window, and you develop the sense of poignancy the evening held. The man wore a faded grey suit and looked around the train car timidly.

The train, as it always was once we got past Kalamazoo and Lansing, was nearly empty, yet for some reason, perhaps out of respect, I moved my satchel from the seat beside me to the floor at my feet. He came and sat down next to me.

"Heading home?" he asked, noticing my bags.
I nodded and explained I was going home for Thanksgiving break.
"Where do you go to school?"
I didn’t think he would have heard of Olivet, and I was not mistaken. "It’s just south of Chicago," I told him.

The man nodded, and I noticed how thick the waves of silver were on his head. It was hard to guess how old he was.
"Are you from—?" I tried to remember the name of the town he had gotten on at.
"No. I’ve lived there for several years now running a small carpet store, but I’m not from there
originally. And I always try to leave before the snow comes.” He smiled a bit strangely, and I wondered (to myself) what he was doing on a train going north.

“My wife lives in Flint,” he said after a brief pause.

“Oh.”

“We sometimes spend Thanksgiving together. I think it annoys her.”

I nodded, trying to appear as though I understood and beginning to wonder how unobtrusively I could go back to reading the book in my lap.

The barns were falling slowly outside the train’s windows. They fell as they had been falling for as long as I had taken the train to and from school, and as they had been long before that, falling for as far back as I could remember. Another winter was adding its weight to their beams, and it seemed as though I could hear them sagging further, moaning to the quickly whitening hills and farmhouses.

“Nine hundred feet above sea level.”

“I’m sorry?”

I glanced back at the old man who had taken a pair of silver spectacles from somewhere and was now squinting through them, scratching with a pencil on a tiny notepad.

“Your state,” he said, his eyes darting out the window for a moment, “is only an average of nine hundred feet above sea level.”

“Ah.”

“That’s rather low.”

I nodded. “I think there are some mountains in the Upper Peninsula.” I had always been rather defensive when it came to Michigan.
"Hera and I had a camper for several years," he told me. "We spent a few summers up there. They are beautiful hills, but nothing more. I wanted to buy a home and stay at a place called Lake of the Clouds, but she would have none of it. Winter is too deep there, I suppose."

"I suppose. Hera is your wife?"

He nodded and extended his hand. Though the day was completely overcast, light from somewhere caught on his ring, and for an instant, his whole hand seemed to flash like lightning. The ring itself was old; the gold seemed scratched and tarnished.

We talked for a while about rather meandering and unrelated topics. He told me about coming to the Untied States, though he had no accent that I could detect, and he never told me where he was born. I told him about my classes at college and my hopes of being a writer. He seemed to have several children and always referred to them with a mixture of contempt, admiration, and perhaps something like fear. I got the impression, though he never said anything to indicate it, that he had amassed some sort of wealth his children were always angling after. I rather pitied him.

As the train slowed for the Durand stop, he stepped into the aisle to let me out, and I gathered my luggage. I shook his hand good-bye, and he slipped me his business card, telling me, with a sort of tired smile that made me glad I had spared him the time to talk, that I should stop by his shop next time I passed through.

Later on, after my dad had met me and helped throw my bags into the Suburban, I looked at the card. It said "Olympian Carpets, Ragnarok, MI" with a phone number and address.
It's really not much of a story, I know, but that night I called my fiancée in Kansas City and told her about the man on the train. "If you were immortal," I asked, "why not get lost in some sleepy Midwest town? It's as good a place as any, I suppose."

She laughed. "I suppose."

"It's kind of sad, though, to think of him like that, you know?"

She made the sound she does when my imagination has gotten the better of me.

And then we talked for a while longer and said good-bye, and I sat down and watched the snow continue to line branches in the backyard. Then I wrote this, and then I went to bed.

• • •  Steve Case

Bird's Eye View
• • •  Jordan Mitchell
I find myself
Sitting on a damp and cold block of cement;
Smelling the freshly bloomed pink flowers next to me;
Smiling at the couples walking by holding on to one another.

The wind gently moves the trees over my head.

Sitting looking into a graveyard and feeling peace;
Smelling the rain brewing in the dark blue sky;
Smiling at the thought of being able to breathe.

The wind gently reminding me of the beauty of itself;
Sitting, smelling, and smiling at all the things that have life.

Hillary Millner
Two Too True

Two forces I want to follow.
To come or go, to stay or leave,
Who I am today was not me yesterday.
Will I be the same tomorrow?

Two roads I want to walk.
Paved the same, each moving a separate direction,
Do they individually lead to the same person?
Is happiness only seen at one end?

Two lives I want to live.
Defeat is not my enemy, only my companion,
Longing for peace between two forces.
The bridge between two paths—only lumber.

• • • Noelle Peachey
Spotlight

He stands in the spotlight praising your name
While in the darkness he calls you a stranger
Dancing to your rhythm on stage in honor of you
Walking to his own beat when he is on our level
As he excites the crowd, they raise their hands in honor
And his hands stay to his side when he is alone
His words inspire people to live like you
While he lives by his own rules
Smiling with confidence of where he is going
Frowning in the corner, scared of the truth
All eyes are on him as his actions proclaim his faith
A stranger steps out of his body as eyes look away
Admired by many
Known by few

• • • Adam M. Cheek
Don’t Play With Fire

Jordan Mitchell
Majesty

Colors mix in simple hues,
But join to make a mottled splendor.
Warmth and glow, peaceful, sweet,
Glorious, one can see the wonder.

Mountains high, above the trees
That dot the landscape, tiny, small.
Swept across the open sky
Are faithful clouds, winding, tall.

Over all, light seems to glow,
It spreads among the trees and water.
Creation cries for recognition
Of the Creator, Artist, Father.

● ● ● Sherah Baumgarten
Lighthouse

• • • Ryan Beuthin
Comfort

Dim, dark, hidden in the quiet,
Leaves and limbs whisper their lullabies
Black shapes outlined against a black sky.

One steps reverently.
She is unwilling to disturb the night
She searches

High ceilings of trees look down on her
They stand solid and strong for her
Watching

She cannot belong here under their guard.
A glance behind. She shudders in fear.
She must go on.

Moonlight bathes the path ahead
A gate. Further, a fortress.
A glance behind. Then forward

It stands impenetrable. Towering, dark and silent
She shudders in fearful wonder.
She would be safe.

The door is heavy. Cold fingers reach
And it opens at her barest touch.
She sighs.

Lofty ceilings of the fortress welcome her
It stands solid and strong
It is protective only of her.
Quiet, reverent footsteps steal softly up the stairs
Limitless power watches as she falls asleep.
She breathes evenly.

Dim, dark, hidden in the quiet
Is unyielding strength, supreme authority
It loves.

• • • Jamie Tubbs
Hosta

Michelle Jacob

50
Note of Thanks from the Editor

Literature Selection Staff: Thanks to Allison Greene and Kari Roland, the prose committee. Thanks to Steve Case, Bethany Benoche, and Toya Garnes, the poetry committee. I am so appreciative of all of your help this year!

Art Selection Committee: Thanks to Janie Case and Kristen Hooker for determining the art selections for this year’s Tygr.

Formatter: Thanks, Cathy Oedewaldt, for spending long hours formatting the Tygr.

Writers and Artists: I am so grateful to all the talented students of Olivet who submitted their art and literature to the Tygr this year. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading and viewing the submissions.

Professor Forrestal: Thank you for your direction and guidance throughout this year.