TYGR 2017: Student Art and Literary Magazine

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TYGR
student art and literary magazine
2016-2017
A Letter from the Editors

Whether it’s a work of art or a piece of literature, it all starts with a vision, an idea. These ideas come and go all the time, often in larger numbers than we’re able to handle. The sorting and picking out the best ideas of the bunch is only the beginning of the creative process. What follows is work and a lot of it. Sometimes the work can seem too tedious, but even then, the vision does not go away. It lingers and seeps into even the most mundane corners of life and doesn’t stop until it becomes unbearable to keep hidden away any longer. What follows is an act of creation, of expression, of freedom, and of fulfillment of a vision.

The following collection is just that: a collaboration of visions by writers and artists who are Olivet students. As editors for this magazine, we began with a vision as well, and we are so proud to see it come to fruition. We’ve worked hard, but we have not worked nearly as hard as the writers and artists who have filled these pages. Without them, the Tygr would not exist. We are both truly thankful for the work of these students and for the dedication of our staff. We could not have done it without all of you.

And now, dear reader, the time is approaching for you to have a vision of your own. In the following pages are poems, paintings, pictures, and stories. Read them. Observe them. Meditate on the visions and meanings you believe they are conveying. By doing so, you allow your own vision to take form and take hold. Let it flourish and live on even after you’ve set down this book.

So, sit back, relax, and enjoy the book.

Luke Jungermann
Brianna Rose
The Tyger

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 water’d heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

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

Peace of Forest

print

Tyler Goscha
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Eyes

Eyes are the ever present being of the soul
That moves with each of us.
The glass windows cannot hide
What we feel inside.
Although we might want to
The eyes do not lie.
Color combined with chemistry;  
Washes the worries away. 
And they know that needing feeling 
But is always feeling so afraid. 
Yet, the soul within the eyes of a lover 
Can do no harm today.

The coagulating feeling 
That settles deep inside.  
It’s like knowing what wings are for 
Without being able to fly;  
And not caring that you can’t.

The emotions emanating, 
From the glassy globes,  
Circling around the mind 
Of his lover with passions  
Unknown from the other. 
Without a care in the world.

Falling fast, in a flash,  
The eyes turn towards another 
Without processing the other.  
One set is left in the dust;  
The other flies away.

No one stays to play  
With the girl all alone. 
Her hopes drained away. 
Her eyes longing for somebody, 
Without someone to hold. 
There will be no flying today.
Tranquility photography
Jessie Kilbride
Brooke Bahr

The Forgetting Woman

She sits, wonders, hopes, and dreams,
Her never-ending thoughts close to sounding like a scream.
Days drag on, the nights never end,
People forever wondering if there will be a break in this trend.
Stories flow and are forgotten as soon as they are said,
The Fates soon awaiting the cutting of the thread.
Visitors come and reminisce of the good ole days
But her eyes simply glance over them with a forgotten glaze.
Pictures hanging on the wall are full of smiles
But to her the joyful faces bring nothing but trials.
The beings all around seem to be just fine,
She prays she will make it out in the nick of time.
The day is coming they all know and fear,
Pain will soon pierce their hearts like a spear.
They will mourn, celebrate and cry,
All their hearts longing for just one last goodbye.
America is not red or white or blue. She is black and white and brown, and the million shades in between.

America is not a country. She is an artwork, traced by the hands of cartographers, as they drew the lines that tell us where we can and cannot go as if land could be claimed by pen strokes.

America is not the leader of the world. She is a name, an idea. But those who believe in Her freedom, in Her progress towards unity, in Her acceptance of the outcast, in Her compassion for the suffering—they are the leaders of the free world.

America is not one man. She is one hundred million men and women and children, and She cannot be made great, but they can.
Left: The Joy of a Sunset watercolor
Jessica Emmons

Right: Cloudy Vision acrylic
McKenna Conforti
Silhouettes

Emily Kane

Overhead, flickers of burnt orange, yellow, and deep red scorched my eyes
A backdrop painted by an artist who embodied an unknown beauty
Beneath the horizon, the sky reflected on the serene water
Soft on the eyes like the blanket hugging my body
He must have known my eyes could not take the glory.

And she danced before the Sun burning sky
Her silhouette perfectly outlined by the backdrop
Her hair floating like algae on the lake
Touching my toes and reminding me of the cool
Ways an artist conveys meaning.
I wanted to meet him.

He must have known my eyes could not take the glory
He offered me a silhouette instead
A loose outline, highlighted by the magnificent backdrop
I could not paint a picture of the Artist
But, I know He could paint a picture of me.
With a resounding twang, the arrow left the boy’s fingers and embedded itself deep into the wood above the target. Exhaling a cloud of white mist into the frosty air, he lifted a second arrow to his chin and in one swift motion aimed and released. The arrow barely cleared the wood, thudding into the top edge of the target. “You’re aiming too high, Jacob,” the older gentleman said. “Try aiming lower; at the center of the target.” Irritated, the boy notched another arrow to the string. Only four shots remained. Carefully lining up the bead of the sight with the center of the target, he fired another shaft straight into the wood for a second time. “Were you even listening to me? I said, aim lower. Try again.” Jake stared listlessly at the three arrows that he had fired and felt the blood pumping through his cheeks. Don’t let it get to you, he thought. He’s just trying to help. Jake laced his fingers together and popped his knuckles. Satisfied with the crack that echoed through the forest, he reached for his fourth shot. Shakily drawing back his arrow with his chapped hands, he aimed instead at the base of the target and fired. The arrow landed in the second ring, up and to the right of the center. Jake heard a heavy sigh from behind him and the creaking of a wooden park bench as his grandfather stood up. The boy tried to mumble something about the sight being off but was sharply cut off. “Give me the bow, boy.” The man towered over Jake by over two heads. Lifting the bow with his weathered hands, the man notched and fired the arrow perfectly in the center of the target. “See? The sight’s fine. Try again.” Taking his time and being obstinately deliberate, Jake eyed the target. “I’m lining up the sight perfectly.” “Fire the bow then. I told you not to hold it there too long. Your arms are shaking.” “What do you want from me?” Jake asked, dropping
If I Could Tell My Past Self...

Bianca Nicole Valencia

the bow and arrow unceremoniously onto the ground, splintering the arrow on the stones. “Do you want me to take the time to aim, or not?”

“You have to learn to aim and shoot quickly,” the grandfather said. “But if you can’t learn to treat my bow properly, then we’re done here.”

“Fine with me.” But it wasn’t fine with Jake. For weeks, they had been coming here, and Jake had revealed in the fresh forest air. He loved watching his grandfather fire arrow after arrow into the center of these targets, and Jake had always dreamed of firing his first bow. Now, after barely two minutes with it, he ruined any chance of using it again. He knew he wouldn’t be amazing on his first try, but he never imagined he’d be this bad. Not that Jake would ever admit that.

The duo left in silence. Only later would the grandfather realize that it was the height difference between him and Jake that set off the sight. Then, holding the broken arrow in his hands, the grandfather would mourn all of the missed opportunities for reconciliation.
My neighborhood starts on the city edge along a busy intersection, wanders through green-trimmed lawns and century-old houses, and lands somewhere on Ashland where streetlights flicker and the rules are different. It’s not perfect. It’s not the worst. It’s nothing too special. But it’s my neighborhood. I always go back; I never quite get away.

I didn’t know it in quite the same way as a kid. I wasn’t allowed to wander it alone, or to see it at night. It talked to me differently, too. Back then, it talked to me through kind-faced librarians and the colorful storybooks I would listen to sitting cross-legged on the floor, soaked in streaming light from the little stained-glass window. It talked to me through the funny pastor at the local church and his energetic wife, running around in ridiculous clothes during the annual VBS, their kids climbing trees. It talked to me through the planet-patterned carpet at Borders, rubbing under my bare knees as I hunted for the new 39 Clues book.

They moved the library to a new, bigger building down the street—it has a high ceiling. The old building with the second floor and stained-glass window sits eerie and empty, its parking lot torn up and surrounded by orange tape. I hear they’ll be putting a restaurant there soon. The
pastor and his wife are divorced now. Borders closed years ago, and they used its brick body for a Halloween spectacle last fall.

Now my neighborhood talks to me through honking horns while I scurry across the street. It talks to me through grinning men on bikes who ask for my name and whistle when I shrug and look away. It talks to me through the swoosh of the bus, like the one that I was pretending to wait for that night in the rain when my mom was ticked at me.

I thought I left it behind when I went away. But it comes back to me sometimes, when my mouth misses chocolate strawberry milkshakes from Janson’s, which has stayed open all these years. It comes back when I see trees and think of my carelessly climbing friend and her short hair and scabby knees and that day we sat at our name-carved bench at Ridge Park and she told me that her dad—now out of ministry for several years—screamed and threw a plate last night. Young couples kissing everywhere remind me of her—the girl I grew up with, the roller-skating ruler of our sidewalks—who got married and got out.

The first taste of freedom is delicious in my neighborhood, when it’s summer and you’re a kid and you feel rich with seven dollars in your jean-shorts pocket and powerful with your own house key in your bacon-and-eggs backpack. That taste gets colder and lumpier when you’re eighteen and in a college town, feeling pitiful in line for the teller and worrying that you made a mistake on the deposit slip; you are conscious of how juvenile your simple black backpack looks. In my neighborhood, no one looks at it. In my neighborhood, the woman on the corner asked me for directions and listened intently when I gave them. My neighborhood talks to me and listens to me.

But my neighborhood doesn’t wait for me. The sidewalks have stayed put, but they breathe a new rhythm. I go away, and I come back, and the old places and the old people are different and the same all at once. Maybe it’s even more than that. Maybe they’re like the corner store windows that form a mirror.
Trumpet Player at Peace
mixed media oil paint
Tyler Goscha
Pope’s Quay

Kate Kettelkamp

Red Rocks, Madison Square Garden, the Royal Opera House, and Sydney’s shores. Mile long lines, crowds.

I find it strange that the music’s sweetest in the dirty back alleys where the dreamers and the poets throw caution to the wind, pick up their violins and live.

And passersby with their Mona Lisa smiles are the art the back alley musicians paint with their bows and sing with their dreams.
I went for a walk on a brisk November evening.

Barely 5:00 and the sun has already dropped below the horizon. The leaves rustle softly, violently, then softly once more in the biting wind; they are almost all fallen and they paint the ground the color of warmth. It’s cold and the wind is howling in my ears. I get off my shift working in the university’s library. I pop my headphones in my ears and turn on my music, that one inspiring piano piece I just discovered the other day. I cross the quad; there are a few people straggling through. I start on my typical route back to my apartment when something tugs at my back. Or, rather, something pushes. The wind lifts my hair gently and shoves me forward. I decide in this moment that I want to just walk, explore the hidden places of my campus alone, with only the bitter breezes accompanying me. So I do. I walk, smelling, feeling, drinking autumn in its entirety.

I walk out towards the darkened football field. The pathways are empty, as I expected they would be, filled with nothing but fallen leaves, stray puddles, and the sounds of my footsteps. I realize that no one is watching. For the first time in what feels like my whole life, I am alone.

Suddenly, I am in my own movie, my own music video. A silent film written, directed, produced by and starring no one but me. I slowly start to realize I am free to my actions, free to my whims. No one is around, I can be as crazy as I want with no one to judge or point or stare.

I begin by swaying in time to the music as I walk. I bob my head, close my eyes. I gradually graduate to spinning, skipping, and finally running. The wind at my back, I feel propelled, even urged down the sidewalk.

I approach the football field, an empty reprieve from
the suffocating reality of cars and jobs and people expecting everything and nothing from me all at once. I strip off my sweater and let the cold November air cut through my bare arms. I stretch them out as if I were the new Christ and, for a moment, I believe I might be. I lift my arms above my head, clutching my hands in an arch that makes even the grandest of gothic cathedrals envious. The piercing wind stabs my underarms. I haven’t shaved in weeks.

My music blocks out the violent winds that shove me forward. I’m still walking, still spinning as I reach the bleachers. It rained today so the grass is damp and the earth is plump. I strip off my shoes and lay them with my sweater on the bleachers. I would strip more than that if I didn’t fear pneumonia. It’s 40 degrees and the wind already crushes my lungs. I look out at the shadowy field of dampness and solitude before I plunge my toes into the cold mud and break into a sprint.

I start to ask myself questions. Who am I? What am I doing? Do I really care? What happens when we die? What is the soul? Is there even a soul?

There’s nothing but me and the music and the wind and the mud between my toes. The piano lifts and falls in swelling arpeggios. Every crescendo takes my pulse with it. my heart soars, taking flight in the song and the freezing gusts that push and pull me. I feel like I’m on fire and made of ice at the same time. I am as inconsistent and free as the wind which urges me on. I dance as if I were a world-renowned ballerina. Right now, with my arms stretched above my head and the music flowing through me, maybe I am. I can be anything. I can be anyone. In this moment, I am everyone and no one.

I lose myself within myself. Time melts away. Reality stops. All materiality fades into the chords tinkling in my ears and I no longer exist. The universe contained in my head burst forth and surround me. What is internal becomes external and suddenly I’m real, I’m real. All of my thoughts pour out and dance with me in my wind. This feeling shud-
ders through me, spreading from in my gut to my frozen, muddy toes. There are times when I forget I am a real person. This is not one of those times.

The music draws to a close and then comes the only question that seems to matter: should I go back?

Just like the ecstasy of any great pleasure, this moment is fleeting. I start to remember reality is real. My arms are cold and I can’t feel my feet. I’m dizzy and hungry and suddenly need to pee. I retreat to the bleachers and re-compose myself. I put on my socks, my shoes, my sweater. I grab my bag and start the song again as I walk, shivering, towards my apartment.

The wind is harsher now that I’m facing it. It seems to scream, “Go back, be free, be alive in me, in you.” But I’m cold and wet and it’s time to go. The harsh wind stings my eyes, forcing me to turn around and continue my forward motion by walking backwards. The truth is the wind feels much better at your back. It’s hard when you have to face forward and walk against it. So sometimes you just have to spin around and walk backwards.

The autumn night gets darker and colder and I find myself smiling wider and wider. Better than the embrace of a lover, I have felt the embrace of myself. I always see God clearer in solitude and music.
Left: *Self-Reflection* charcoal
Lindsey Ramirez

Right: *Mundelein Chapel*
watercolor
Fleur Breuker
If anyone should ask me what it’s like to live with depression, I’ll tell them, “I forgot that the sky was blue.”
It’s drinking black coffee, because it tastes the same as a caramel mocha.
It’s trying to listen to music, but only hearing minor chords that never resolve.
It’s doing things you’ve always professed to hate because feeling hatred is better than feeling nothing.

Depression is living with no purpose which is no life.
Depression is giving your all while others see you giving nothing.
Depression is believing that you are nothing while anxiety says you need to multiply,

but zero times anything is still zero.
Depression is Hell on Earth while praying, “God, take this pain from me or kill me now.”

Depression is smiling when you feel broken.
Depression is holding others up when you need to be carried.
Depression is sleeping when you’re wide awake.

It isolates and traps.
It consumes and festers.
It kills and buries.
It spoils all my favorite things in life.
Depression doesn’t define me.
It allows me to appreciate the flavor of my coffee
And notice when it's a little bitter, so I can ask,
"Is this a different brew?"

It plays songs on repeat 10,000 times until
I can perfectly cover all my favorite songs.

It picks from the overcast sky each shade of grey
Until I find the one that fits me best for that day.

If anyone should ask me what it's like to live with depression,
I'll tell them, "I forgot that the sky was blue."
Hope reminds me that blue is my favorite color.
Emily Lohr

Février

I was born with February lurking in my soul
The curséd month of blizzards, sleet, black ice, mud, salt, and coal

Whose name brings oaths and dies a death on all but lovers’ lips
Who won no suit before the gods when Gregory did clip

Though I was born in winter’s throes, hope grows, but at a cost
For some fool somewhere thought it cute to plant faith in the frost

So now, my heart is filled with hope, and always doomed to dream
That someday there will come a month that warms my breath to steam

But March, it never manages to be what I remember
And April showers may bring buds but leave me like December

May, it is a tepid thing you’re never sure will happen,
Whose only purpose seems to be to bring white into fashion

I long for summer, June, July to thaw my frost laced bones
But August comes and still I find that dog days leave me cold

September with its fiery hues, might set my limbs aflame,
were it not for the polar winds that bring the autumn rain

October’s dark, November’s darker: suns that only sets,
As fireflies of yester-months lay dying in my net

December seems a strong contestant, full of warmth and cheer
But colored lights casts shadows too. Time claims another year

In January light returns, I think the worst has past,
till February snuffs my hope with one long icy blast

And so it seems, I’m doomed to dream, a fate my life I’ll carry
For what could ever warm a soul that’s full of February?
Cherry Hill Café  watercolor
Brianna Rose
Prayers for the Hungry

When I stop to bless my food before I lift my fork or spoon, I pray for those who cannot bring themselves to eat, For those who refuse to consume Out of compulsion or conceit.

Not only for the sake of being petite, But for the sake of control. For the sake of dominating something concrete Take the body if you can’t have the soul.

Just ten more pounds to reach the goal Just a few more dizzy spells And then I’ll feel whole Just a few more days in Hell.

In Hell the Devil’s voice compels To hate to hate to hate And whispers numbers in your ear Perfection is always a lower weight.

So I pray the vicious thoughts sedate And pray consistency for the increasingly irregular heartbeat Lord calm the desire that is insatiable And nourish her with truth like meat.
Ireland
Jayden Radillo-Pettit

The ball is filling quickly;
So many have come
To dance.
Beneath the indigo, glassy
Skies, the weather left
To chance. So
Many feathered dresses.
So many reds and blues.
Jewels of all nations, skies of all
Colors, eyes of all oceans – hearts
Beating, and quiet mutters.
The music suddenly starts to play.
The air is eerily
Light.
They swing across the ballroom floor,
And some swing out of sight. Alas
The tempo starts to rise, and many
Tap their feet.
A ballroom-dance no more
It is, and women’s hair
Is falling free. The music
Starts to slow again
And moves them all to
Tears. A lively beat
Then takes its place, and Ireland appears.
Her hair is free and flowing; her feet
Are bare to stone.
Her eyes are wild with
Glory as she starts to dance
Alone.
The women twitter quietly as such a
Ghastly sight, but Ireland keeps dancing
Far into the night. The stars
They are her jewelry, the wild wind
Her cloak. The moon is bright, her token, and
The weather, her good luck.
After long the night is over.
Many eyes are closing fast.
But Ireland keeps dancing when
The music stops at last. So when the whole world
Stops, and pulls off its finery,
Ireland keeps dancing,
Always alone, beautiful,
And free.

Cameras on my Mind
mixed media collage
Abbie Joy Mills
Words tumble across a page
Whichever way they please
Carelessly meandering,
Tossed as on waves of seas

These words, they might seem senseless
Time and time again
Unless you stop and notice
The work from the master’s pen

Then the words begin to form
Into great bold revelations
No longer mindless phrases
But driven declarations

The words hold so much power
Can spark a flame within
Rekindle long-lost romance
Forgive a shameful sin

Such words could be what’s needed
To turn a bitter heart
Or help forget the past
And give a fresh new start

Regrettably, words are just words
Nothing filled with meaning
For a thoughtless, calloused reader
Who allows no intervening

To fulfill each word’s potential
Inscribed by a poet inspired
The reader must interpret
To reach the outcome desired

So the next time the words of a poem
Seem pointless, chaotic, or askew
Remember, the poet’s done half the work
But the rest is up to you.
Brothers Reunited photography
Abbie Joy Mills
I am of greater age than most. My eyes have seen a lot. I've seen humans when they're falling down And cheer for them when they're not. My hard, green shell is carved with time: A notch for all who stoop low. I've seen kingdoms falling out of line And orphans shoveling sidewalk snow. I've beheld empires that cover most of the land And civilizations just beginning to stand. I've felt the earth shake with wars and noise. I've heard the cries of dying boys. I know the name of every ship that sinks beneath the waves. I've swirled beneath the rotting masts And marveled at the things that last. I guess what I am trying to say, Babbling here in my old age, Is that people and treasures never last, But mountains and oceans live long past.
Quake

Brian Shaw

It starts with a tremble.
A slow soundless shaking, creeping
From your shoes to your spine.
Those around you look up wondering if
There is something wrong.

Trembling,
Terror takes time to manifest as
Tremors.
The world around you oblivious to the obvious
Feeling of fear as you fake a smile.
“It doesn’t happen here,” they say,
But it is “happening.”

Sounds,
Screams,
Using noise to stifle the searing pain
Until the silence comes.
It is slow and dull.
No one notices,
And you are more apathetic now
Than before.
Suppress acrylic
Victoria E. Fox
Forever Wandering print
Anneka Hoekstra
Sonia Smith

An Introvert’s World

The world around, in shades of black
And white. Yet inside my mind
Through the pages of a book
Lies a world vibrant with color.

I keep it a secret,
The splendor that rests within.
And the road that points outward
Only pulls me further in.

All the noise, and the people rushing,
And the parties only seem
To clutter up the beauty
Between my book and me.

Piece of Mind acrylic
Marcella Axelrad
‘Hand’ Gun  watercolor
Melissa Homman-Friday
Unkind Sun

Darkness tails the unkind sun
With deep despair of what’s to come.
No one wants the night to follow.
They’d rather have time to borrow.
The clock weighs a ton.

The final shot of the gun
And the last tun, tun
Of the clocks turn to the last tomorrow
Trails the unkind sun.

The flower bleeds till done;
Wilting till there’s none.
No one will feel its sorrow
When there’s no sun’s glow.
The new day has begun
That trails the unkind sun.
Belief

Alissa Homoelle

I used to believe
In the wind.
A rushing power,
In the sea.
A tender exhale,
Through my hair.

But today, it sweeps down on me,
Is cold,
And steals my breath.

I find myself no longer desiring
To walk in friendship with you.
Pained, I stand
In spite of you

Yet, maybe tomorrow, or the day after,
I will quiet my soul
And wait for your whisper
In the stillness of the air around me.
Whispering Silhouettes  photography
Jessie Kilbride
Christopher Peterson

this Mountain
its
  rocks
    fallen
its trees burning
its creatures howling
  at the smoke
    they once gorged
    on the foliage;
their teeth rotting,
their fur wilting
this Mountain
a Hill falling, fallen,
burning, charred
Nature’s Crosswalk  watercolor
Brianna Rose

Spring Break  watercolor
Isaac Hibdon
Sailboat Sunset photography
Hannah Shiner
I wade and wait between the dusk and dawn, between a scent and sentiment, a shore where not so long ago, the sun flashed green and then was spent.

Like one that’s laid to rest beneath the waves, like treasure buried in the sand, like gold that’s barely out of reach, the colors stripped from clear seastrand.

And all remaining in the air is blue, and all behind me is the night, and what’s ahead of me is dim, but what’s within me glows hot white.

And longs to speak to kin, the day’s true source, who scorched the sand then made her leave, resplendence is her native tongue, she took her warmth but left the need.

I answer back the only way I know, and light whatever I can burn, and let the fire taste my skin, for incandescence must be earned.
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