

TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present

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Complete issue

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Seals: Complete issue

2020.21

TYGR

STUDENT ART &
LITERARY
MAGAZINE

TYGR

2020-21

STUDENT ART &
LITERARY
MAGAZINE

Olivet Nazarene University

One University Ave
Bourbonnais, IL 60914

The Department of Art and Digital Media

in conjunction with **The Department of English**

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The Clock is Ticking | **Micah Neeld** | Photograph

TYGR

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Everyone has a story to tell. That is, in essence, the purpose of being an artist and a writer. We want to tell a story. Perhaps it is our own story or maybe it is the story of another whom we have the pleasure of being able to share. Either way, we all have something worth telling about. We have a collection of emotions and experiences that have been interwoven into our lives, thus forming our journey and our story. In return, we all have a piece of ourselves that we wish to give back to the world and to the people that played such a significant role in shaping who we are. We are all the artists and writers telling the story of our lives. Each one of you – artist, poet, writer, or beloved reader – are all storytellers. You have something worth sharing with the world.

With the finalization of this TYGR, we come to appreciate the work and dedication of each member of our team. TYGR would not exist without the effort and talent of the writers and artists within these pages. Thank you for being a storyteller. Thank you for sharing a piece of yourself with the world. We would also like to graciously thank our staff, each of whom has put in considerable time and effort in making this year's TYGR magazine a reality. Thank you to Professors Seals and Johnson for your support, patience, and guidance throughout this process. We are also grateful to Jasmine Cieszynski for assisting us throughout our transitional period. Each of you has contributed a necessary part to the completeness of this TYGR.

Finally, we would like to thank you, our readers. Without you, this body of work would lack purpose. May this year's TYGR express the weight of living. May it express the full capacity of heartache, loss, joy, love, and life. These are the things that make us human and the things that make our story worth telling.

So, take a deep breath, relax, and enjoy *this* part of our story.



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The Tyger

WILLIAM BLAKE

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, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? And 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?





Candace | **Alison McHugh** | Charcoal on Paper

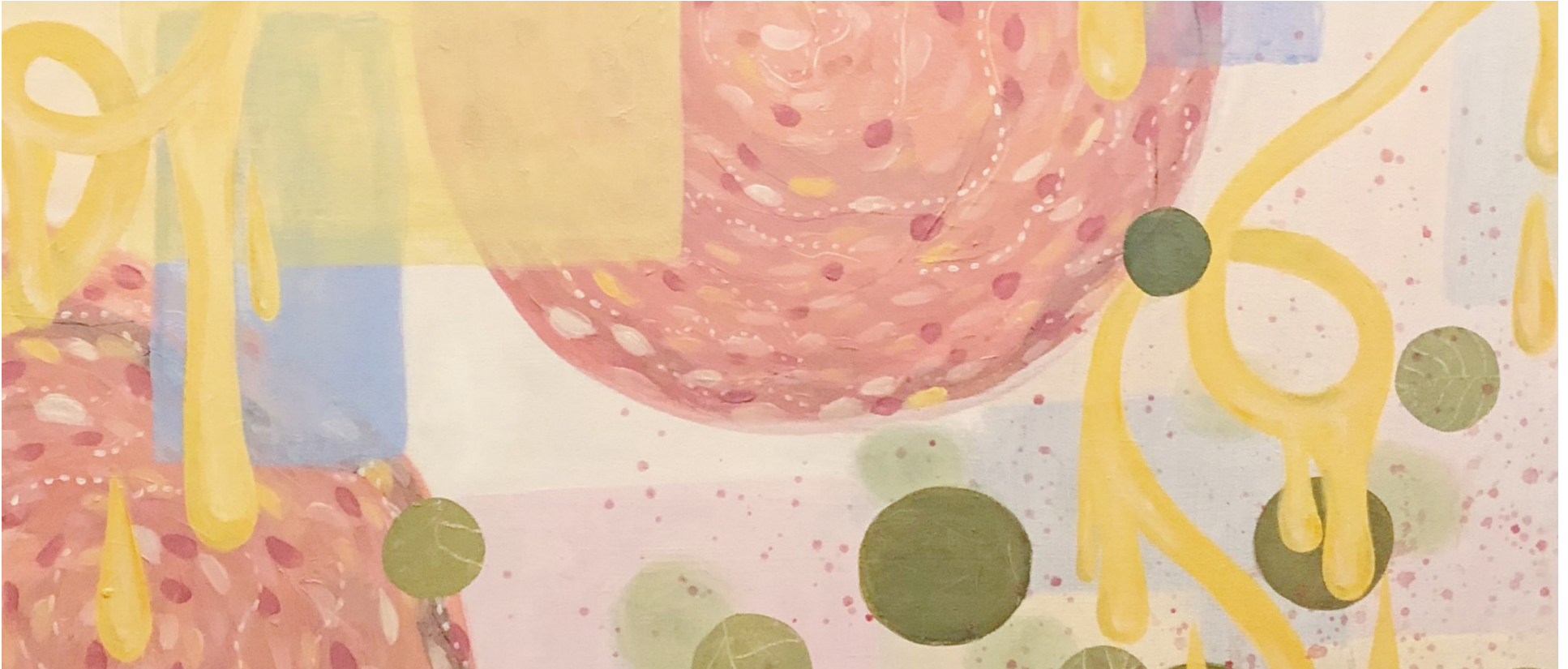
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Late Night Talks

GENNIFER ULMEN

I'm a little bit in love
Sweet words on a dark screen
Will I ever get enough
Of this joy shared in between
Sweet words on a dark screen
Lighting my nights
A joy shared in between
From lows to great heights
Lighting my nights
With attention and care
From lows to great heights
Your answer is there
With attention and care
I'll never get enough
Your answer is there
And I'm a little bit in love

Late Night Talks



Words Like Honey | Morgan Doolittle | Acrylic on Canvas

Why Did We Buy That Plant

ERICA GARCIA

Why did we buy that plant?

It withers before me; I wish I knew why.
I watered it Sunday, fed it with light,
Still, I watched it as all the leaves soon went dry.
I thought if I loved it than maybe it might
Be kinder to me as the days soon went by.
Yet, here I am as it withers at night,
Waiting to tell him I'm leaving at dawn,
Wanting to tell it to keep holding on.

It withers before me; I wish I had thought.
I watered it Tuesday, coaxed it with promise,
Still, I watched it as all the years turned to rot.
I thought if I opened up maybe the honest
truth would come out, I guess it did not.
Yet, here I am, withering, no way to stop it,
Wanting to save him from being alone,
Waiting to bury it; wish I had grown.

Balm

ADRIANNA PONCE

I could lay on his chest for hours
Planting kisses like flowers

Her lips left rings of red targets
She had him by years
Spreading lies like droplets

Delicate hands trace scarred lines
A mind full of land mines

She made no space for anything else
Strings held him tight
His mind became his prison cell

Our hands tangled together
Trying to keep warm from the weather

Stained sheets entangled drenched bodies
Isolated from family and friends
He was nothing more than a zombie

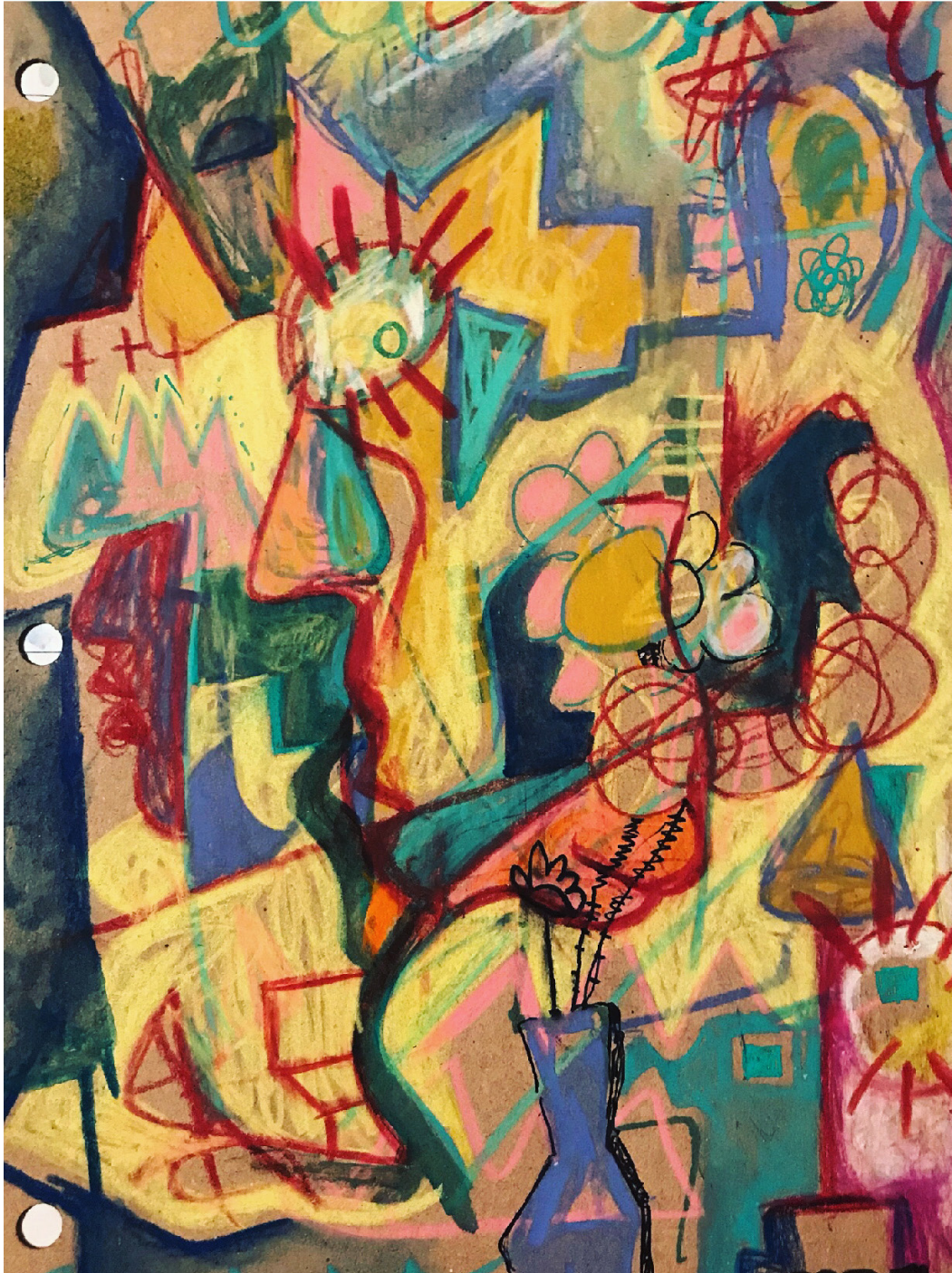
His arms encircled my waist
I could feel his heart begin to race

He had to find pleasure in the pain
Loneliness engulfed him
She made herself his cure and his bane

He said he had baggage
I told him loving him was a privilege



If Not For The Sacrifice | Elizabeth Kijowski | Acrylic



abstractions | **Eazel I. Abbott** | Mixed Media

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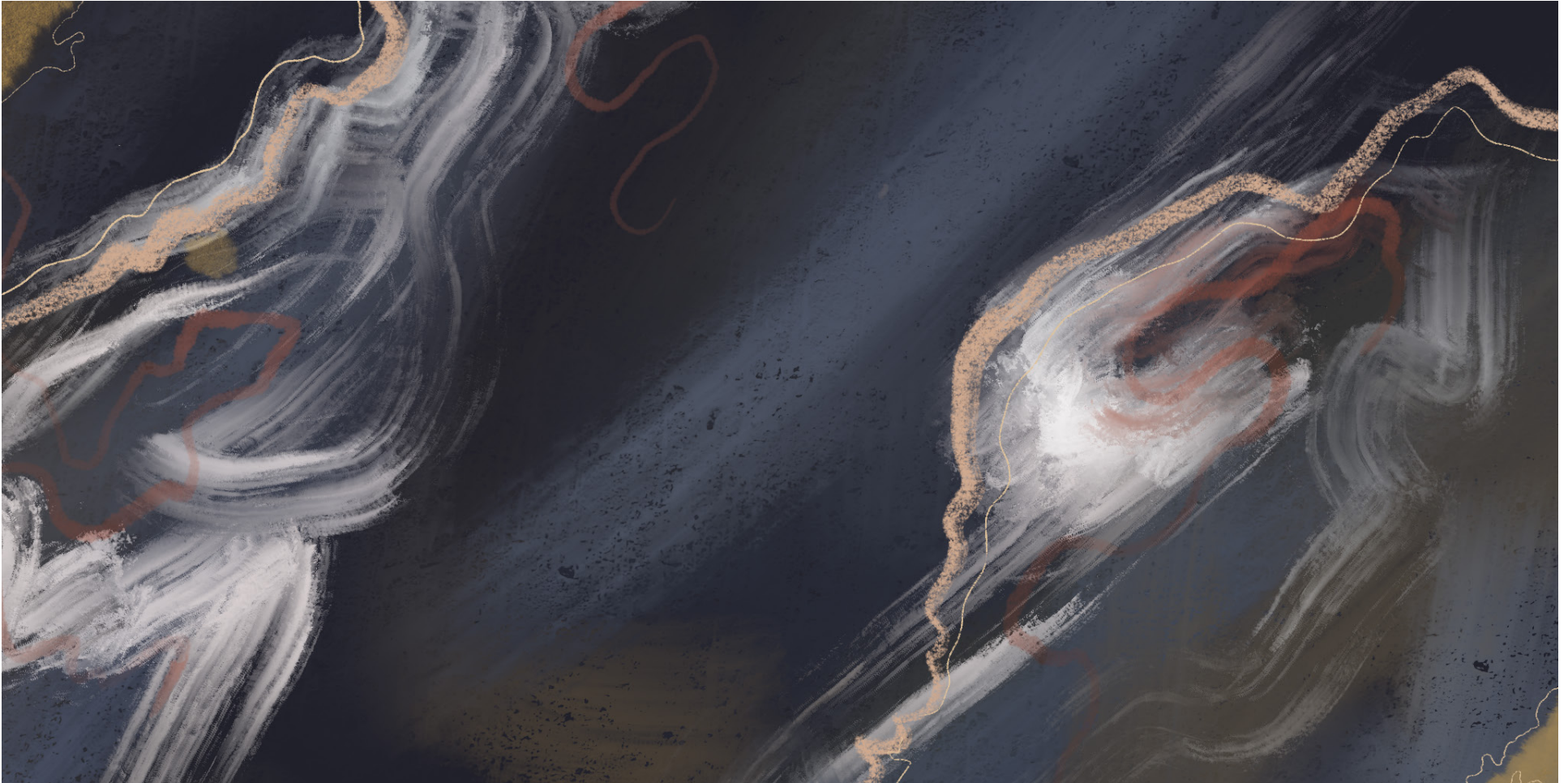
Love Songs

TSAKANI CHAMBO

Write me a ballad for
my beautiful sisters
with skin like sunset
skin like the earth
skin darker than the blue
that infiltrates the night sky

Hum me the hymn
about the girls with eyes like mud
with eyes whose deep
darkness causes you
to see nothing but light

Play me the tune
for the girl with the hair
that will trap your fingers
in its thickness
as if to say
"you thought
that you could
just run through,
but the love that lives here
demands the promise
that you'll stay
always."



Under Pressure | Morgan Doolittle | Digital Illustration

Stream of Consciousness

PAUL HEUSEL

Waking up the day felt old,
Used and cheap
Exerting effort to lift the coffee cup
To my lips, the coffee tasted old,
Gritty, and cheap.
The water running down my back
Washing away the previous days
experiences
Harsh and bleak
And cheap

Art in Motion

KATIE KRUEGER

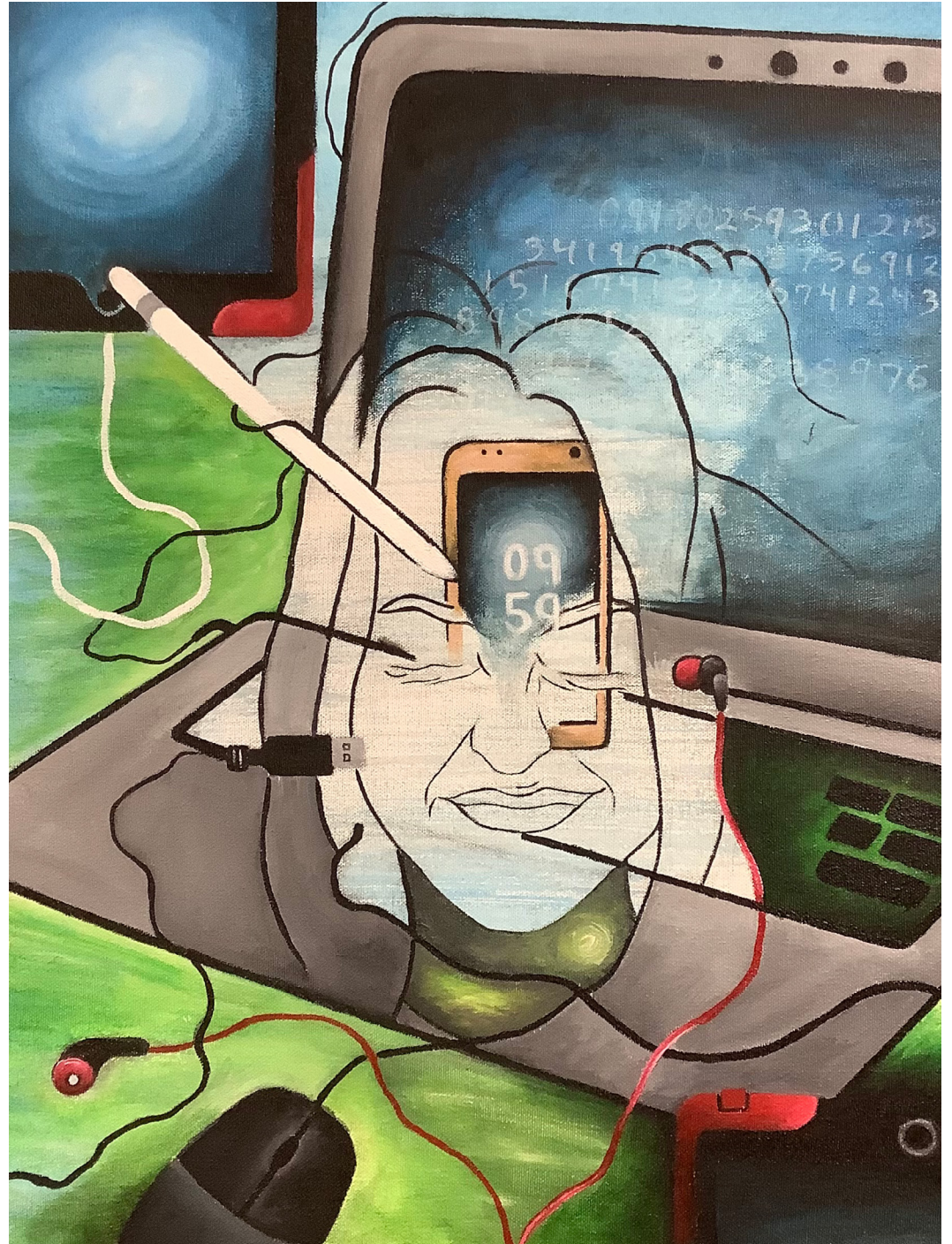
The gallery was still
with the weight of expectation
and monumental
stillness. Everything in sight
highly valued,
most terribly fragile.

I didn't dare breathe too loud
for fear of smudging crystal glass
and clasped sweaty hands behind my back
perusing like the master critic
the cold grey hues of cloudy still lifes,
and harsh strokes of the boldened modern

Then
came the rolling,
plastic wheels on wooden floor
as none other than gallery owner
spun his granddaughter around the room
in a squishy office chair

He paused to look at me,
a twinkle in his eye
and laughter in his voice
"Afterall, we must have rides"

and the giggling girl pointed.
at her command, they rolled
into the next room,
which now housed
a joy too precious to price.



Overstimulation | Alison McHugh | Acrylic on Canvas



Invitation

KATIE KRUEGER

When I asked,
"do you want to meet for coffee?"
what I really meant was
"do you want to meet for tea?"
but I was too scared to ask.

You see,
coffee is safer.
Coffee is small talk
with high energy
and a caffeine buzz by the end.
Something you'd perhaps agree to.

Tea is cunning.
Tea slowly melts your defenses
until you find there are none left to break.
You see your heartache spilled across the
table
but never felt the mug tip.

Because for all its craftiness,
tea is gentle.

Flooding
the cold hidden crevices
of your soul
with warmth
Caressing
the hurts with soothing calm.

Where coffee is all
Pep!
and chatter
tea is listening silence
inviting you to pour out
what you've hidden inside.

So when I say,
"let's meet for coffee,"
what I mean is
"let's meet for tea."

Which means I want
to understand
you.

Untitled

KYRA BLAIR

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right now
in this moment
there is a collective breath
the seconds just willingly escaped from
the calloused palms of my hands
in the time that it took me to write those words
there was a collective breath
from eight billion people
from eight billion pairs of pale pink lungs
listen to the drum line
confident and mighty and strong
listen to it cling closely to that melodious sound
inhale, exhale
inhale, exhale

the same oxygenated breath of air
like clockwork for the mechanism
of body and chest cavity and lungs
there is a beautiful innateness
in the way that man was made
from a single divine breath
inhale, exhale
inhale, exhale
a simple act of biological nature
stirred the dust from its harrowed home
brought life into these lungs
carried existence into these bones
generations upon generations were born
from that very first breath

Butterfly Away | Micah Neeld | Photograph



a juxtaposed tapestry that was woven
into misshapen humanity
all calloused palms and pink lungs
living and dying and living again
existing together
in this collective breath of air
a humanity that is at a loss for meaning
there is a misunderstanding
about the fragility of this breath
that we are breathing
inhale, exhale
inhale, exhale
a collective sigh
as the breath is extoled
from eight billion pairs of pale pink lungs
that are trying to choke the air
out of the enemy
but really
the enemy is already among us
and we are breathing with it
unaware of the life
that its stealing from us
inhale, exhale
inhale, exhale
from our eight billion pairs of pale pink
lungs
there is the last collective breath
as the light is extinguished
from deep within our souls.



Forgetting

CARA TRIEBOLD

In the end it's such a shame
I feel it slipping away,
something I can't name,
at the death of every day

I feel it slipping away,
The gnawing sense of waste
At the death of every day,
I find myself misplaced

The gnawing sense of waste:
something I can't name
I find myself misplaced
in the end. It's such a shame.



Projection | K. Hope Tarleton | Acrylic on Canvas



Find Your Outlet | **Jamie Kuiken** | Digital Graphic

Worthy

ELIZABETH TREADWAY

Everyone loves a field of wildflowers.
Vibrant petals bloom in their full color
In the summer.
Petals start to fade, their edges crumble
In the autumn.
They decay, frozen in their achromatic frames,
In the winter.
Bursts of green and new growth, soft pastel
petals grow
In the spring.
Just like flowers of the field grow and change
Through the seasons,
Their worth remains the same.
A flower is a flower no matter the environment
or season
It is growing through.
I am a wildflower.
Even in this frigid winter,
My worth remains the same.

Rain

MADDISON FRYAR

It's different here. Here where the earth
is lifeless for half the year.
Nature grieves. Here its life bleeds out
as chlorophyll is drained from an incessant wound.
It is a barren place, with pointed rocks and
jagged roots that delight in
tripping the occasional, unsuspecting soul.
Here dust permeates each pond,
Each field and plain, until everything
is soaked in red.

And There is distant, out of reach. There
the earth's existence never dims.
Nature beams. It illuminates the trees
and the grass and wings of
the sparrows flying among the clouds.
Spring rain drops on the berries, blue and black.
There it is simple. There it is good.

There I can breathe.

In both the sky fractures, in both it cries
as rain pours down from Heaven's eyes.
Thunder shakes the foundation of my room,
while Atlas's howl echoes across the atmosphere's dome.
The wind rushes through the leaves
Of the pecan tree in my yard and the nuts fall,
cracking against my roof as lightning
ignites the angry sky.

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And | **Raegan Pedersen** | Digital Graphic

And Chaos,
Descending his stygian mist upon the earth
and casting shadows on the sodden ground,
brings with him a strange peace that soothes
My heart.

So when the rain falls against
the window panes
and the grasses are drenched, the trees saturated,
I close my eyes and find
There on the horizon, just out of reach--
Olympus, extending its hand, leading me
home.



Wrestling (2) | K. Hope Tarleton | Charcoal

<http://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/tygr/vol2021/iss1/1>

Blue

TSAKANI CHAMBO

Watch the bright red helium balloon
as it turns into a speck
completely devoured by the sky's
vast blueness

Does the hand that lost it
feel an ache in the space
that it used to fill?
Did the hand ever truly exist?

Look away for a moment
and you will forget that
there was once red
coloring in the bleak of blue

Only for a moment
there was vibrancy and new life,
or was it death?
At what point does it pop?

At what point do I pop?
Continually floating up and away
disconnected and devoured
by the blues.

The last time I felt anchored
and held down
was when I was safe and warm
in my mothers womb
My bellybutton is nothing more
than the ghost of connection

I am not sure if my mother's womb
feels an ache in the space I used to fill
The place that once held me
truly does exist and she
has her eyes fixated on the sky,
frantically searching for red signs of life
but I am floating up and away
disconnected and devoured
by the blues.

Mornings

JOYLINN REYNOLDS

The morning before was quiet and still
No whisper of wind to bend fields of wheat,
Dense sheets of fog reflect light beams
The buzzing cicadas break the silence momentarily

The morning of was bright and shining
Rays of sunlight filtered through the trees,
Glinting off the shiny leaves
A canopy of branches providing solace in the shade

The morning after was dark and dreary
Angry thundering clouds shrouded the Sun,
Pounding rain turning dirt into mud
Frequent flashes of lightning the only light source to be found



Among the Flowers | Micah Neeld | Photograph



And Whereever You Go | Elizabeth Kijowski | Oil Pastels

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solace

KYRA BLAIR

solace
is a lifetime of war that i cannot seem to escape
it is relentless, utterly unforgiving
cannot bear the thought of consolation
so it lets me fall with
the
dying
leaves
of this
red and
weary autumn
into unconsolidated comfort
a momentary happiness
that holds hands with this fleeting life
why do i keep trying to find wholeness
construct it out of nothing
and call it my home
home does not exist for me here
even the wildflower must with into nothingness
before they can breathe again
there is no solace
only longing for peace
and coming up empty handed
the temporary sedation of this earth
cannot compare with
the open arms of my maker.

solace



Lost (1) | K. Hope Tarleton | Charcoal

Postmortem

ELLIE BENESCH

I heard from you, out of the blue
And I can't help but wonder why.
You talk about the time we both knew
Before you let it pass us by.

You said you were doing well.
You said that you were happy now.
Upon your words, I felt my heart as it hurt and then fell,
With anger forming on my brow.

It rose in my chest
Upon hearing you explain,
You wanted to let it rest, but I pressed and pressed;
I only caused myself pain.

I kept going, not allowing this to end,
What I wanted to hear, you would never admit,
But still, I pushed and pushed, but you would not bend
And my defense was not something you would permit.

And my words fell on deaf ears
And with that it was over,
The relationship I thought would survive years and years -
Without any sense of closure.

While I'm here stressing and fretting and fuming
While I sit here in this misery,
I know you're living your life, blooming,
Thinking little to nothing of me,

I sit in anger at this situation,
Anger that I didn't get the last word in
About my sense of justification,
Feeling so uncertain.

I wanted to say so much more,
But you left, making sure it was of your own accord
You made yourself the "bigger" person,
Unwilling to put any work in.

I feel anger, betrayal, and pain.
But I know soon this will all turn to sadness
And yet, right now, it feels good having someone to blame
So, for now, I'll hold on to this madness,
Even though I know these emotions are in vain.

You made a choice to leave me behind,
But I know soon, you too, will be out of my mind.

penny love

KYRA BLAIR

when i was a little girl
my father taught me
that love has to be earned
learned to trade a pretty penny
for my poetic thoughts
casting lots for little loveless lies
and conditioning myself to think
that the purest form of who I am
is not nearly enough
for the deepest parts of you.
i lived and breathed out of
that falling open notion about
unrequired tenderness or
the glowing warmth of adoration
until that second wednesday
of that golden yellow ctober
when love itself became errant to its ways,
and i realized that the way in which you
love me
is the definition of the word itself,
and that would always be enough for me.



Maybe It's Okay If I'm Not Okay | **Jamie Kuiken**
Digital Graphic



Uniting | Alison McHughes | Acrylic on Wood

<http://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/tygr/vol2021/iss1/1>

The Wilted Rose

DORRIEN MAPES

Let it never be said that the Dead can't Bloom

It may take a Mortician's touch, a Herm in the right place, but the Beauty is all its own

It was a Beautiful Summer Rose in Life and in Light

It is still a Beautiful Wilted Rose in Death before it's Dirt

The Smell is gave Sweet and Sick, has changed too for the better

Once Masked by Rot, the scent can now bring Clarity to the Air

Its Shape Pathetic and Sad has become like a Gown for The Ball

Once so Taught, Coiled, and Stressed now Relaxed and set free in the Wind

So let it be said that there is still Beauty even in Death.

The Wilted Rose

Inheritance

ALEXANDRIA DEGNER

The way the cage of my mind captures my words,
Holding them hostage on my tongue, as bitter as Aspirin on a canker sore
Lost words and alphabet soup fall onto the pavement.

The way they ask why I won't say anything,
why I won't participate,
As if I could explain an empty mind to a mass of matter teeming with
Thoughts like ants to an apple core.

The sweltering heat of blazon words, sticky rice paper pages in my fingers
In the rainbow glow of a stained-glass window, a booming voice:
Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.

Sitting in a pew in Mary Janes and long stockings, I wondered if I would
Ever feel the burn of passion like the preachers I listened to,
Wondering if I could ever speak machine gun fire.

Praying out loud felt like a body bag of anxiety around my breathing corpse.
Girls my age bled from their mouths while I sat in the bathroom stall,

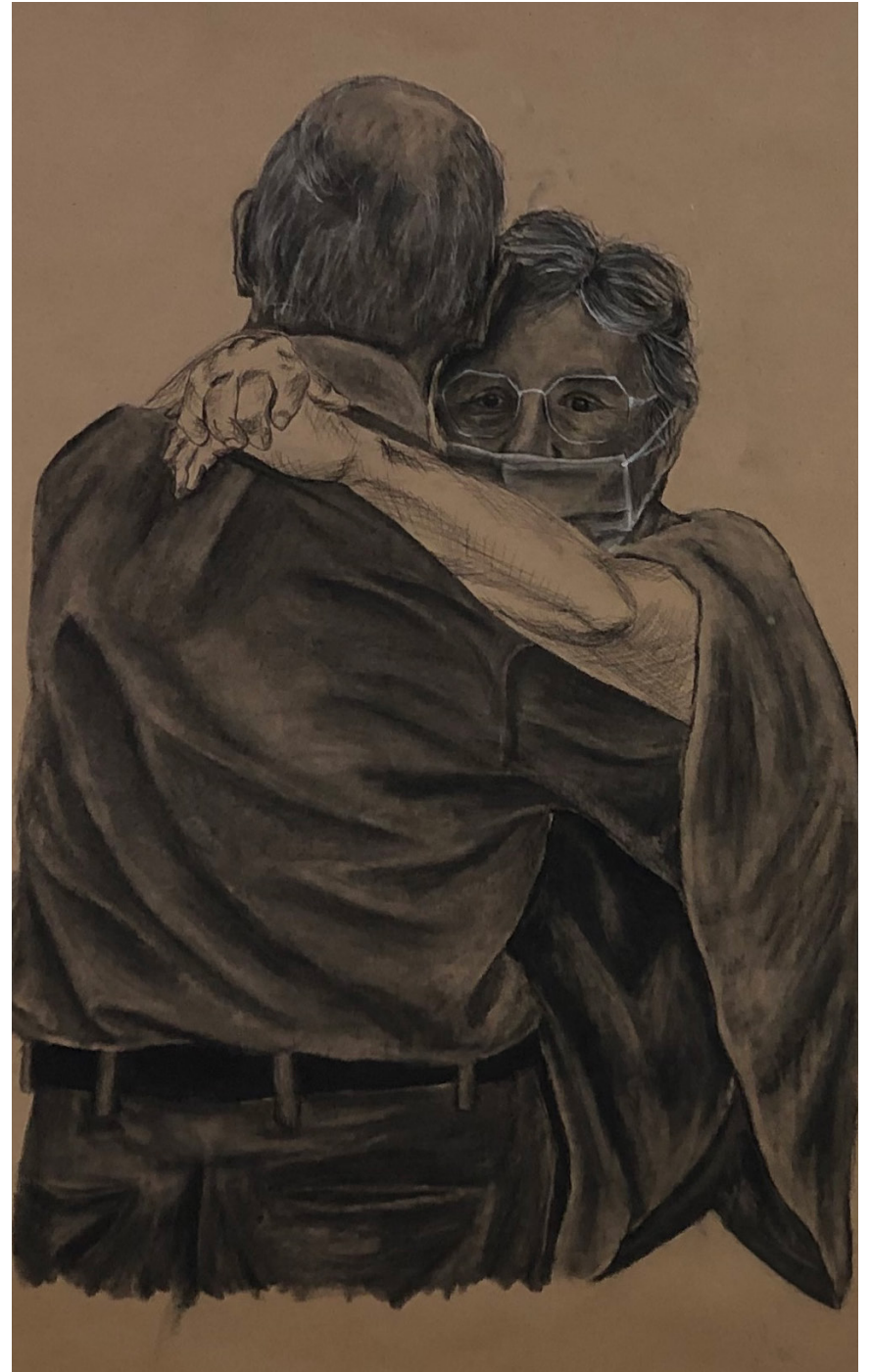
Twisting the knife in my heart so that I bled straight from the source

The more I wanted to feel, the icier I became.
The more I wanted to talk, the less I did.
The more I wanted to stand up, the more I was trampled.

In the sweltering heat of blazon words, sticky rice paper pages in my fingers
In the rainbow glow of a stained-glass window, a booming voice:
This book points to the way, the truth, the life. There's a reason why words are so powerful.

Waking up to lined pages, there was machine gun spewed across the paper in front of me
A prayer for the girl zipped inside the body bag,
A memoir for the alphabet soup she spilled on the pavement.

Meek. Easily imposed on, submissive, and gentle.
I held my lines of machine gun fire up to the light. I inherited more than the world itself.
I had finally inherited my voice.



Masked Love | Heather Simpson | Charcoal



I Do The Dishes

STEPHANIE LEVASSEUR

I do the dishes
Because we have a cycle
Tuesday is my day

I do the dishes
Because we haven't been home in awhile
Your sister is gone

I do the dishes
Because we have more responsibility
Don't worry about me.

I do the dishes
Because we haven't smiled
Friends stopped calling.

I do the dishes
Because we have a party
Family is everything

I do the dishes
Because we haven't forgotten
More bowls for ice cream

I do the dishes
Because we have hospital bills
Your heart is recovering

I do the dishes
Because we haven't much time
College is beckoning

I do the dishes
Because we have to cycle
Clean the dirty disappointments

I do the dishes

Because we haven't enough time
Friends are multiplying

I do the dishes

Because we have date night
He prefers dirty laundry

I do the dishes

Because we haven't fixed the washer
Let them dry by candlelight.

I do the dishes

Because we have an early bedtime
My pasta served in bowls

I did the dishes

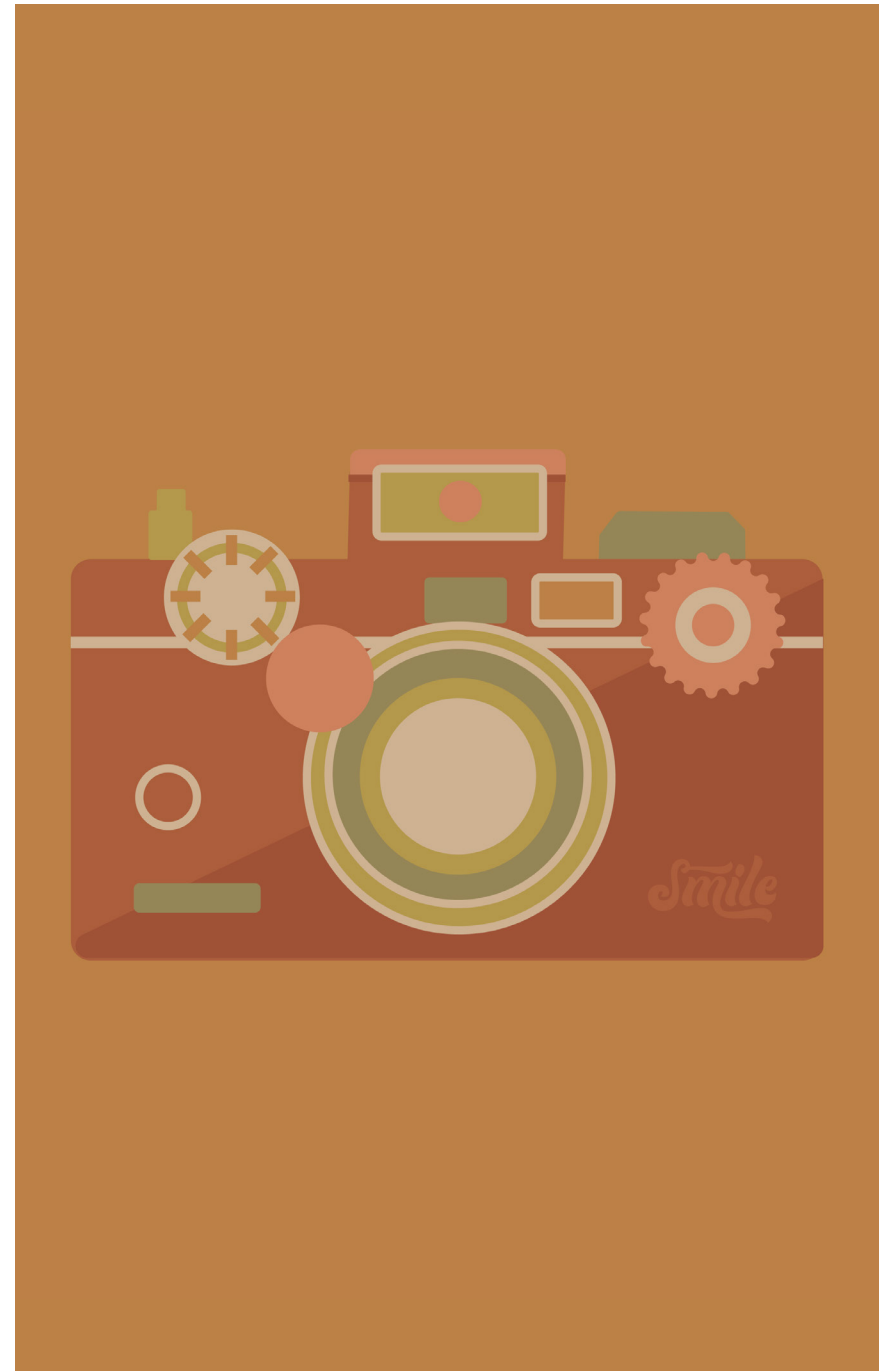
Because you weren't here
We have more, and always will.

The Poem I'll Never Pen

TSAKANI CHAMBO

All boys are walking poems
Tragic metaphors and writing prompts
waiting to be penned in the
rosy ruin of romance
violet violence of grief
The kind laced with
beauty and sadness
The tasteful kind that's
hard to swallow and bittersweet
Then there are the kind
screaming in bright red rage
The most beautiful and messy
who have no compassion
on desperate poets
who romanticize and over analyze
building entire worlds
based on slight glances and pure chances
creating impossible narratives
all glittered and glorious

All boys are walking poems
and you are the kind of poem
that's like drinking sunshine
the kind you have to read
over and over again
to make sure that you consume
every drop of light
but I refuse to let you
thaw the winter of my anthology
or brighten the night of my pages.
You are the kind of poem
that's like drinking sunshine
and I am the kind of poet
who stays away from colors,
like sunflowers
only holding onto and falling into
gardens blooming
with roses and violets.



There Are So Many Things To Smile About
Raegan Pedersen | Digital Graphic

Afterglow

CARA TRIEBOLD

The sun set long ago
but the sky is still streaked with pink,
stained in the afterglow.
On the remnants
there are bleak purple shadows
and I climb them gingerly.
The edges are rough
sharpened by wind and rain
but I cannot help myself.
A morbid curiosity forces me below
into the teeth of the past
and I embrace the ache of the afterglow.

God's Palette | **Maddie English** | Photograph



A Pondering of Change

ELLIE BENESCH

We fight it;
We embrace it.
We are torn.

We need a difference;
We need everything to stay the way it was left;
We hope for something new;
We hope it remains the same;
We want to move on.
We want it to stay, forever unchanged;

But it does change. No matter what.
Ever so slightly, over time.
Daily and nightly, little by little.
Till it's faded. Till it's completely new.
Unrecognizable. Till it's gone.
Just a memory of what was.

Like and day and night, dark and light
We want it to stay the way it was left.
We want it to change.

And so, it does change.
Daily and nightly. Ever so slightly.
Till it's gone.

But despite our willingness for it to remain,
Despite our willingness for the same.

It cannot stay.
For better, or for worse,
It cannot help but change.



Isolation of the Introvert | K. Hope Tarleton | Ink print



And I Was There | Elizabeth Kijowski | Watercolor

The Drowned Rose & Young Onion

DORRIEN MAPES

By the Creek today where Rocks Cragged,

Water Flowed, and Ice Cracked.

I stumbled upon a Drowned Rose;

Red, Orange, and Summer Peach it was.

It was still alive; I saved it dancing on sharp stones

And brought it along to a Carin and a Herm freshly made.

Sliding on ice and jumping from rocks to Ohio

The fun had been had, so headed back we had.

We discovered a dozen onions; Round, Wild, and Young.

I plucked the shiniest and roundest of the bunch

So today at the creek I found a Drowned Rose and a Young Onion

Pondering their meaning as the day went away.

As the day went away the Young Onion didn't age; Round and shiny it stayed.

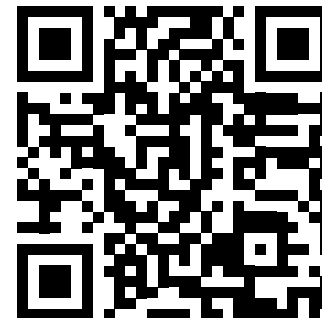
As the day went away the Drowned Rose died quickly; brown and wilted it became.

If left where they were, would this be the case?



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