

TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present

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TYGR Student Art and Literary Magazine 2022

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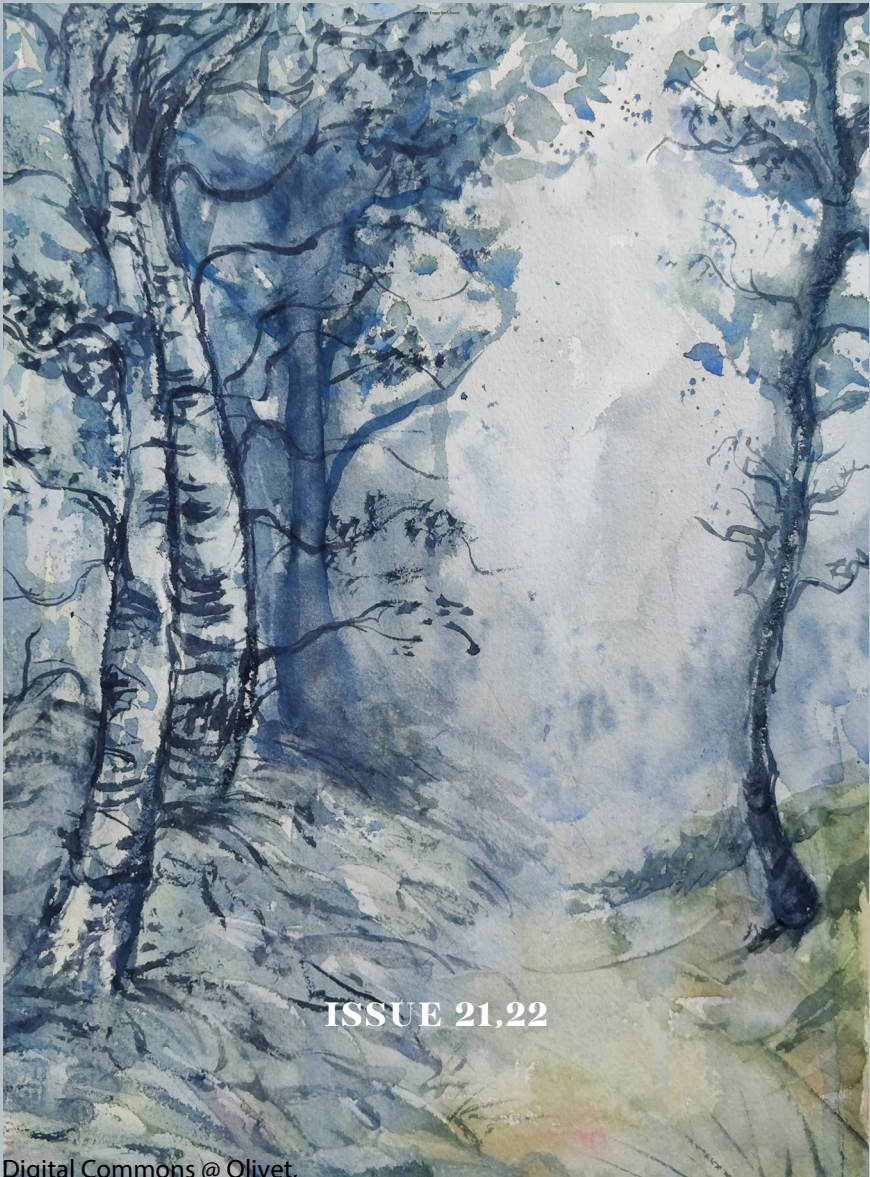
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STUDENT ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

TYGR



ISSUE 21,22



TYGR

STUDENT ART AND
LITERARY MAGAZINE
2021 | 2022

Olivet Nazarene University
One University Ave
Bourbonnais, IL 60914

The Department of Art and Digital Media
in conjunction with **The English Department**

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Foggy Birch Forest | **K. Hope Mayo** | Watercolor Painting

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FROM THE EDITORS

As humans, we are shaped by stories. Each artist and writer has the power to shape minds and form worlds through the power of the written word or visual medium. That is the reason we create - to tell stories. Whether it be about a stranger or our own lives, everyone has a story worth telling. We all have thoughts, emotions, and memories that work their way into our being. Stories make us who we are today and give us a chance to offer something to the world and to the people who made our stories possible. Each of our artists, poets, writers, and beloved readers have a story worth sharing.

With the finalization of this TYGR, we came 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 Hoag for your support, patience, and guidance throughout this process. We are also grateful to Jasmine Cieszynski for assisting us throughout our process as well. Each of you has contributed a necessary part to the completeness of this TYGR.

Last but not least, we would like to thank you, our dear readers. You are the reason for this magazine, and why our team can keep bringing you impactful stories. May this TYGR deepen the depths of our experience and unfold new horizons. May it express the laughter, loss, joy, and beauty of life. These things are what make us human and shape our stories.

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

the tygr editors

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ISSUE



Black and White Cat | **Kayla Deubel** | Photograph

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?



BACKBURNER

BACKBURNER

dorrien i. mapes

Backburner Backburner the one that Steams and Boils Over.
No matter the Cook, it's so easily Left Behind.

Why would you trust the Backburner which Burns and
Blackens, Blisters, and Destroys all that it creates. Well past
A 'Well Done.'

It's the First to be Forgotten, the Last to be Considered.
Is it so Wrong for the Backburner to want Attention, for its
Contributions to be Enjoyed and Tasted.

Is it so Childish for it to Pop and Sizzle, to Strike Out with
some Hot Grease from time to time... It's still On and Cook-
ing-it's not its fault it was left on High!



Untitled | **Marin M. Lewis** | Watercolor Painting with Ink



Golden Gate Bridge | **Ella G. Slibeck** | Photograph

WATCH

katie krueger

In timeless spaces the second-hand ticks
But never a minute passes.
All's still and slow amid icy snow
Glistening bright under soon-passing sun.

It would be well if this quarter-'till
Could last us the rest of the day
Then each passing hour would never grow sour
And the weeks not hasten away.

How I long to run to a stand-still
Peer over the receding falls
Bearing ceaselessly on to the future
Hidden among rocks and mists below

I cannot turn this boat around, so instead I'll seek
With thankful joy to fill each moment
And make not another wish
But make the most of the time I'm given
In hopeful lasting bliss

IT HURTS TO BE HUMAN

sarah grace baugh

There is an incessant hunger even when we are eating.
A thirst for life, while we are already living.

There is demand for rest even while we sleep.
A yearning for peace in the calmest of times.

There is a call for improvement even during the patterns of growth.
A constant feeling of lost time while we treasure each moment.

There is weight in the lightest of stories.
A persistent nagging to pursue darkness when the sun is shining.

There is heart-rending futility in the biggest impacts.
A pulse of failure even when we succeed.

But God,

Promises to fill the emptiest stomachs,
With an assurance of everlasting life.

He gives repose to the weary,
With provision of a lasting quietness of spirit to those who find respite in Him.

He refines the dross from the gold,
With providence that makes our time formative to knowing Him better.

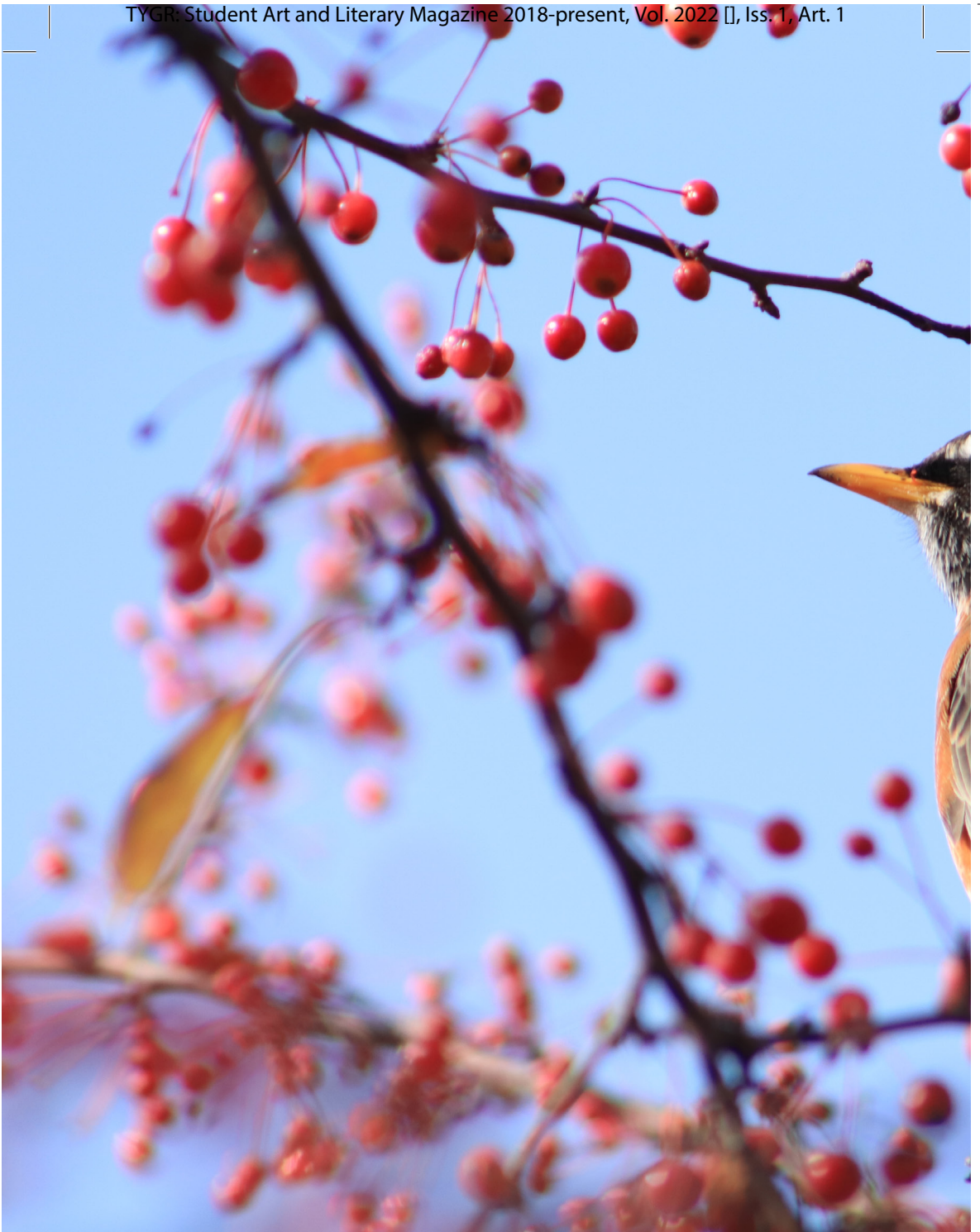
He made a covenant to die,
With the gift of living in brilliance.

He uses our ineffectiveness to highlight his glory,
With a sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart.

It hurts to be a human, but there is merit in our lives.
"For to me to live is Christ, but to die is gain."



She Opens Her Mouth with Wisdom, and the Teaching of Kindness is on Her Tongue (Prov. 31:26)
K. Hope Mayo | Acrylic Painting





Amongst the Berries | **Marissa Hoepfner** | Photograph

FENCES

FENCES

kaitlyn r. tibbetts

i'm eight:

back when
my dreams were
of treasure hunting;
when
the back door was freedom
and my yard
the furthest bounds
to be wandered.

but this isn't my yard.
not anymore.
not when
the fence is collapsing.

but if i can just fix it —
if i can balance those posts
and shield them from wind —
then i'm still eight;

then i still need to be home for dinner.
the fence is fine.
the fence is safe.
the fence is familiar.
and you know what,
my yard didn't even have a fence
when i was eight,
to tell you the truth.

just trees and
a mutual understanding.
but that's
still a fence.

i don't know myself
without a fence —
hypothetical or not.

but without it,
i certainly can't stay eight.
so hold this post for me,
would you?
my arms are getting tired.



Burke | Rachel Meyer | Art



Fruit & Florals | **Nicole Krusza** | Digital Illustration

LATCH

dorrien i. mapes

-BwngEm Tack- Death lingered. Watching the shutter-
Shake and stutter, folding up and striking out
In the frigid howling, the grieving gales
-BwingEm wack- -dwingThm Back-

He started from under his hood
Hollow ivory clicking in the chill
Ignoring the will of the winds Wail
-dwingThm Back- -BwngEm Tack-

But with the Shaking glass,
The stuttering shutter he Lingered-
-BwngEm Tack- Why -Linger-
Why lift a Finger- -dwngTem ack-

It disturbed Slumber -dwngTem ack-
The peace that had been Entered-
But on and on it shook in grieving gales-
dwingThm Back- -BwingEm wack-

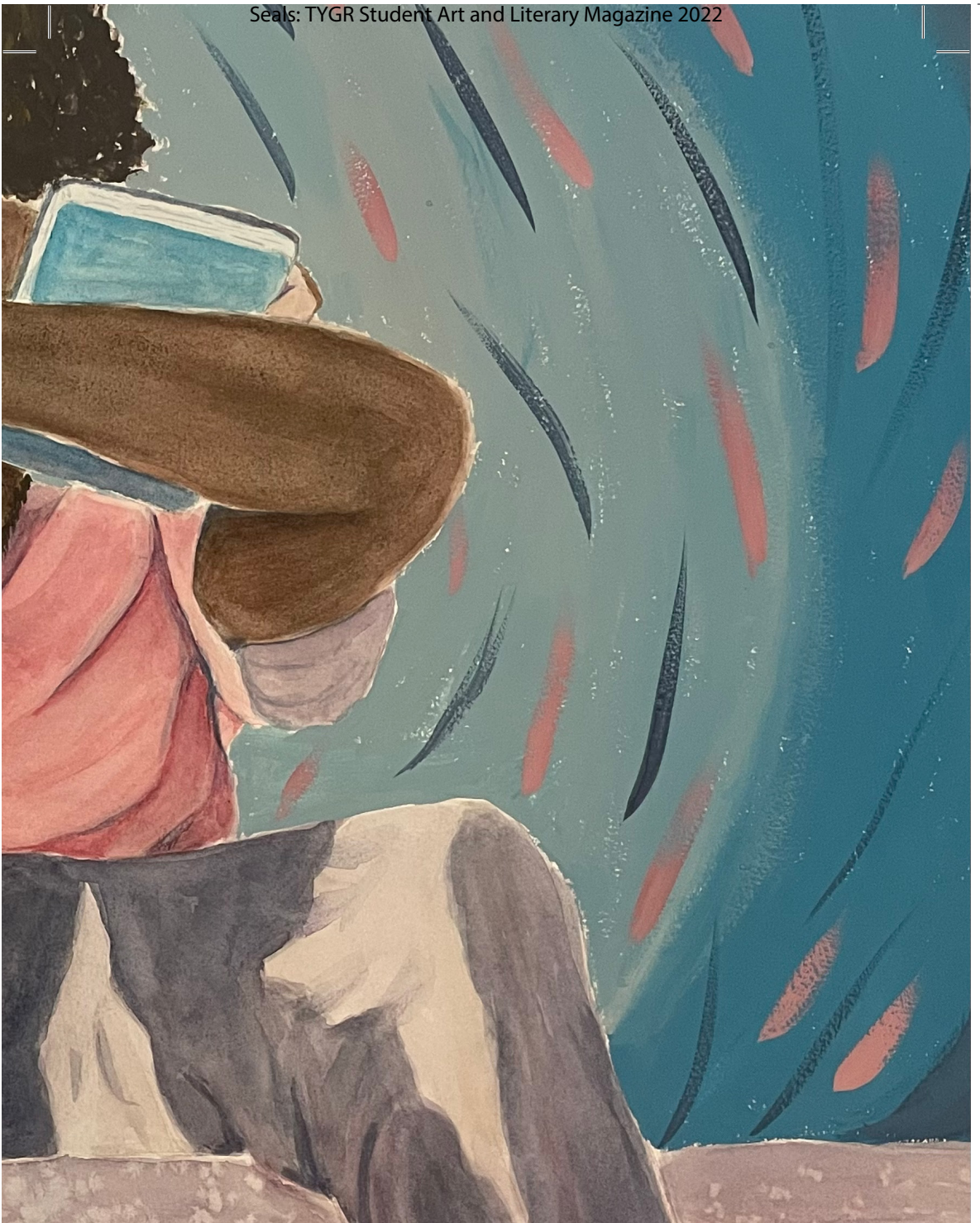
It needed latched- Quaxhb! Shobbaa!
A firm hand before it was Shattered-
The Stainless glass hadn't been admired-
Naua! Mubgh! Kuhhh!

Husssh. lqss uhqk.
There's time to latch a shutter-
Juo xquilz de uhqk
But only this once-



The Daily Life of GAD and PDD #4

Sierra K. Harris | Watercolor, Gouache and Colored Pencil Painting



THE NEVER HOME

rachel e. carter

This nice place is your never home
Of course, you are welcome inside
only for a spell of seeds grown
till there's a ladder for your time

Then all of us or you alone
Will soon march out these old, hinged doors
Parade the change with heavy loads
Or water the weeds you grieved for

You could sing of the Never Home
When it still stands with brand new seeds
Or you could cough up bloody bones
Supposed to be sweet memories

You could just let go of the knob
You know you won't turn it again
Unless your heart begins to throb
For something you've forgotten

You could think of the squared outline
With neat triangle roofs on top
The doors' rectangles and hinged spines
Tape on the sliding screens fell off

With you old room's loving gazes
You could sleep in it one last time
The next mourning filled with praises
Wile you wish for one last wind chime

The night is never long enough
and neither are the years spent here
A place you often bragged and bluffed
"Never say never to my ear"

So it ends and so we stay here
While you go on with just a phone
And in the static you may hear
The nice sounds of your Never Home



Dreamt Upon A Butterfly | **Rebekah A. Barbeau** | Digital Collage



Traffic | Micah Neeld | Illustration



ALONE

cindy carrion

You bring out the worst in me
I feel more rude, insecure
More disrespected and disrespectful
More alone than before

I cry so many fountains that you can't keep up with
So writing is my weapon that I'll use against you

You're making me lose more friends
So stop treating me like I don't matter to you

I consistently told you that I didn't want to do it with you
Yet you ignored me.
I feel so small

You blasted music and didn't care if that ruined my experience
You only cared about yours.

I don't want to feel this way
Maybe it'd be better if you had left me alone that one night.

If we had never spoken,
Where would we stand?

ON THAT COLD WINTER DAY

aaron curtis

Silence. I remember the Silence. No guns. No cannons.
Just an eerie silence. Silence was
a rare occurrence around here. Yet I remember the
silence, on that cold winter day. A day where I sat chest
deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud.
Across the field the other chaps sat. They were like us.
Tired. Cold. far from home. Covered in an eerie silence.
On that cold winter day. Across the field I saw men just
like me. Chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin
deep in mud.

The snow began to fall on that cold winter day. Covering
the living and the dead. Covering everything in her white
sheet. Blotting out the red ledger around us. Cleansing
us in her pureness. In the silence I saw the snow falling.
While chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin
deep in mud.

Carols began to fill my ears on that cold winter day. Not
quite as silent as before. Carols in my own tongue. And
the tongue of the man across the field. Some men began
to mingle, forgetting why they were here. Yet some
remained in the trenches. Remained chest deep in earth.
Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud.

On that cold winter day, Christmas arrived turning the red
into white. We were all brothers. We were all friends. We
drank. We united. A moment of peace in a war that never
ends. Chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin
deep in mud.

A Christmas on the frontline. We walk among friends. We
don't think of tomorrow when the battle will commence.
We thought of our friends. Never to make it home. For
they sat chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin
deep in mud. On that cold winter day.



Blur of Time | **Micah Neeld** | Photograph



Geese | **Addison Ewalt** | Digital Art

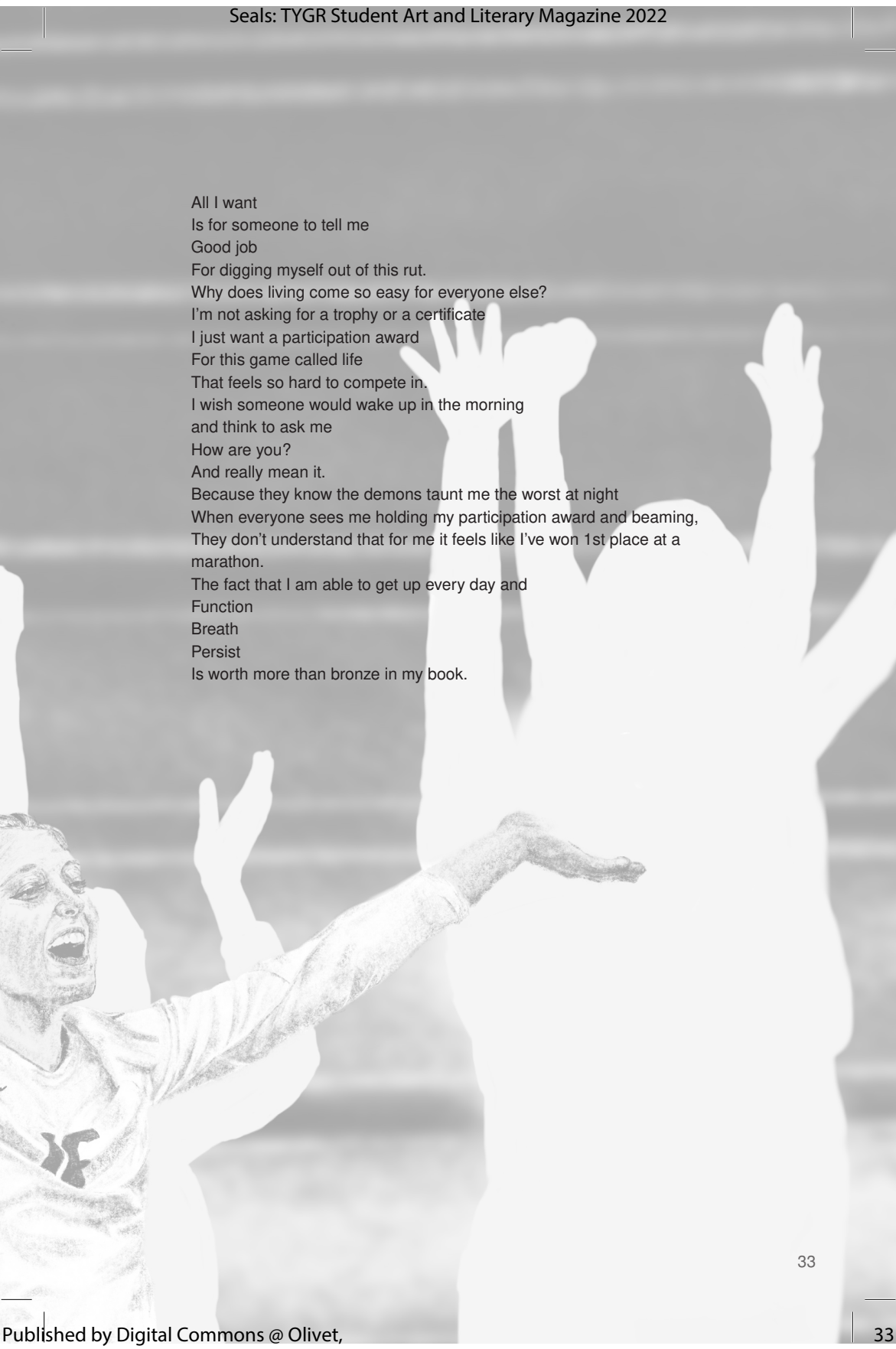
PARTICIPATION AWARD

PARTICIPATION AWARD

elizabeth treadway

All I want
Is a pat on the back
A gold star,
A ribbon,
For getting up in the morning and choosing to breathe.





All I want
Is for someone to tell me
Good job
For digging myself out of this rut.
Why does living come so easy for everyone else?
I'm not asking for a trophy or a certificate
I just want a participation award
For this game called life
That feels so hard to compete in.
I wish someone would wake up in the morning
and think to ask me
How are you?
And really mean it.
Because they know the demons taunt me the worst at night
When everyone sees me holding my participation award and beaming,
They don't understand that for me it feels like I've won 1st place at a
marathon.
The fact that I am able to get up every day and
Function
Breathe
Persist
Is worth more than bronze in my book.



Threefold Cord Practice | **K. Hope Mayo** | Charcoal and Conte on toned tan paper

PIECES

noah delong

It was one o'clock on Wednesday at Central Park in Manhattan when the lady in the red coat sat on a black park bench. Every day, at the same time, she sat here. She set a whiskey bottle beside her, pulled out a photograph, and stared at it, glancing up every once in a while.

The crisp fall breeze raced through the air as the lady sat there, blowing her long brown hair around carelessly. Leaves fell all around her and the park bench, landing on her clothes, in her hair, and in her purse. She did not flinch. She was focused on the photograph in her hand.

Every squeak of a bicycle wheel, tap of a shoe, and voice of a person in the park caused the lady's heart beat to increase. Is it him? She would eagerly look up, only to look back down and again wearily fix her eyes on the photograph in her hand. She took a drink of whiskey.

Her hand slightly trembled as she stared at the photograph and gently grasped the corner. She looked young. So happy and free. Smiling from ear to ear, she was wearing a beautiful white dress, one that she had bought when shopping with her mother. She could feel the tender, warm touch of strong arms wrapped around her body. She was secure.

His eyes were a light blue, almost as if a section of the pacific ocean was placed in his irises. They were the most beautiful set of eyes she had ever seen. His short blond hair complimented his eyes. She took another drink from the bottle. He looks so good in camouflage. He was tall, leaning over and placing his head on her shoulder. They were peaceful.

A small tear emerged from the woman's face and splattered onto the photograph. Her body began to shake and she quickly wiped a few more tears that were rolling down her face. Her heart pounded inside of her chest, wanting to be released from its cage.

All of a sudden, a deep voice emerged from a few feet away. Patrick? She looked up excitedly and turned her head in the direction of the voice. She frowned and stared with glassy eyes. A random man was just passing by.

He's never coming back.

The lady slammed the bottle into the bench. Alcohol burst everywhere. She threw the photograph into the wind, stood up, and walked away. The photograph aggressively flew away, drifting farther away from her. Each step brought a new tear to her face. Her face was flushed and her mind was flooded with thoughts. All that was left was a park bench and shards of glass.



Field of Flowers | **Kayla Deubel** | Photograph



RESTITCHING

kaitlyn r. tibbetts

I'm a sewing box
full of needles and thread,
so I must be
equipped
to fix
all these
torn seams,
all these
seared tears.
Right? . . .

Right?

Then why do all these
fabric(ated) wounds
keep re-opening?
Why why why
can't I fix me?
Is it my needlework?
Are my stitches too loose — too tight?
Is it because I wear thimbles?
It is,
Right? . . .

Right?

Well, the thimbles aren't coming off.
I'm too scared to bleed.
I'd rather restitch than stain,
because stains stay;
stitches fray.

Yes, maybe it's the thimbles.
Or maybe . . .
the thread
from the spool inside me?

But this thread is
all my needles have ever known.
This thread
is the unraveling of myself,
of my every aspiration to be whole.
And heaven forbid that
I'd ever let anything outside of me
be my mender.
Because then
what power would I have?



Disassembled Watermelon #2 | **Elizabeth Treadway** | Acrylic Painting



Lost | Sean Paine | Digital Illustration

PLAY DOUGH HEART

elizabeth treadway

Malleable.

Easily manipulated.

Flexible.

Play dough can become what you need it to be.

The only problem with play dough

Is that because of its ability to easily conform,

It is weak and is not able to withstand

The pressure of the selfish hands of this world

Molding it to be what it "needs" to be.

Today I feel like play dough that's sat out for too long.

I've been flexible for too long.

At any point I feel like I could dry out and crumble

No longer useful to this world.

Put me back inside my container, my safe space.

Let me rest and maintain what's left of me.

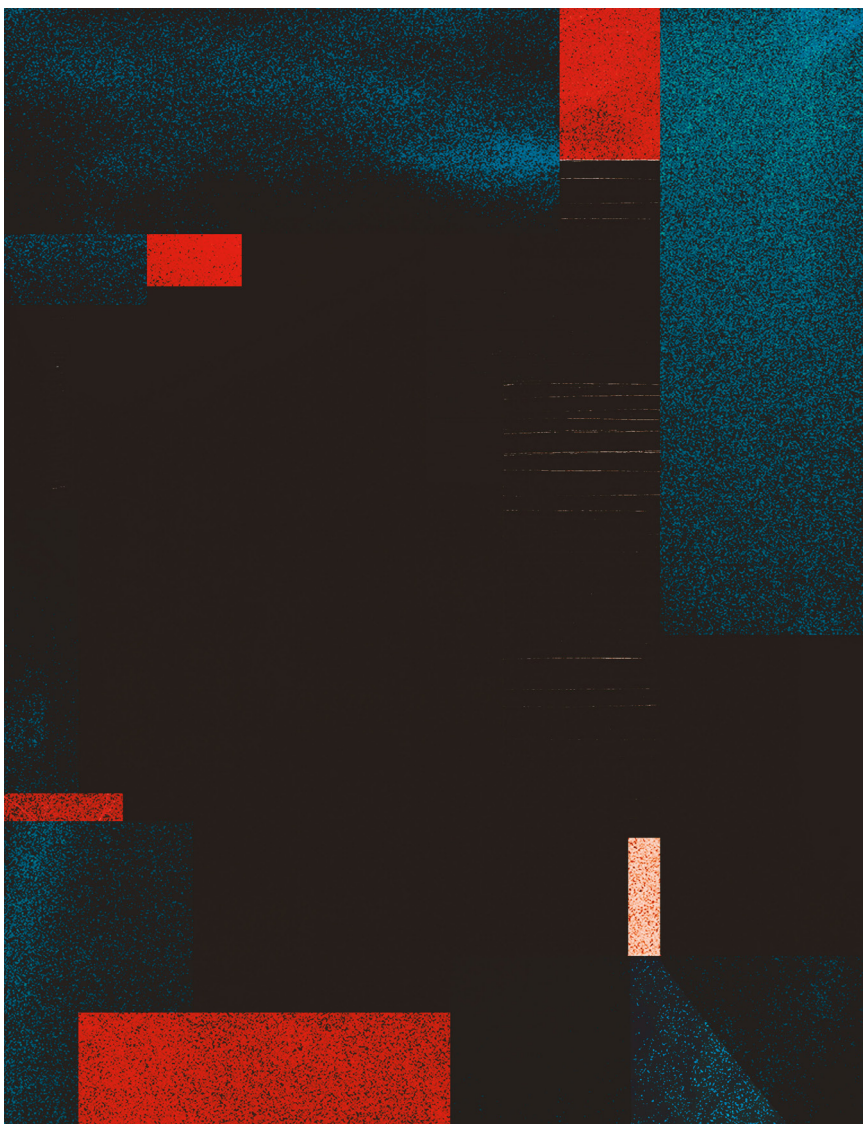
SUITED TO BE BUT A SCAR 1 CORINTHIANS 2:27

sarah baugh

If I am to be part of the body of Christ,
I realize the only suitable appendage,
is the palm of His hand.
Where the blood ran from a nail driven in.
Where a scar is saved for eternity.
This place on His body,
is the only spot fitting for me,
for it is where he was nailed,
Where he bears the marks of my iniquity to this day. If I am to dwell here,
I can be in constant remembrance of what my sins cost,
but also the love that was shed abroad,
for a wretch like me.
Oh what joy it is to be a scar,
if I am etched on a part of His holy frame.



Freckles | **Jennie T. Lyons** | Graphite Drawing



Passageways | **Sean Paine** | Digital Graphic

THE DIZZY DAYS

rachel e. carter

A splitting headache marks the tunes
of a terrified eye wishing on runes
to slow down the hours or speed them up
but the power remains to be seen in your cup

Constance in boredom, constant busying
Purposefully or hopelessly, dizzying
To Distract from the requiem that bleeds
into all of the seams sewn up in deeds

Scenarios are called to action with a megaphone
Pens click in the red chairs as she acts on her own
Familiar faces drowning in new worlds nonexistent
that exist nonetheless without her permission

They wait and they wonder but they barely think
about the one that is coming, the ones in the sink
Drowning in familiar faces and places, still in the dark
Or is this light the dark that blocks with blue tape-marks

The stairs grow uneven each time she walks
Lowering their boards and then rising in stalks
Hiding below does nothing to remedy
the sound of the bells with little brevity

The scenarios finally burst forth if she breathes
a deep, slow breath and she rolls up her sleeves
The outcome will be easy, it'll just be these days
The goodbye days. The 3, 2, 1 days. The dizzy days



Untitled | **Micah Neeld** | Photograph





Web Pages | **Nicole Krusza** | Digital Illustration

PHOTO LESS

PHOTOLESS

katie krueger

A picture may be worth a thousand words
but what value are words?

Can pixel or paint
blow glacier winds
through the parka weighing on your shoulders,
The ceaseless shiver, rattling vertebrae with cold,
fur collar scratching numb skin,
as the rush of victory rockets adrenaline
through your veins -
alive as the dogs pulling the sled
across the icy glacier mountain,
mid July.

You may see, but you will not feel
the clenched jaws of Roman Rule,
it's teeth still sunk
into the beating heart of the city,
Glistening enamel temples to forgotten gods,
molars of cathedrals, marble white
and silent.
The bones of a city,
aged so each lifetime a gnat
atop the lock-jawed fossil.

MY ARROW

MY ARROW

naomi h. mcmahan

I could shoot this arrow a hundred different ways
My arrow leaps away, cuts through the air, navigates the field
REaches the target, kisses the colored plastic, thunks into the graying hay
My goal is the yellow, the center, the eye of the bull
The faint arrow screams at me, "You put me in the white!"
My shot fails

I could shoot this arrow a thousand different ways
My fingers are burned, calloused, bleeding, crying
I give the string my everything, and all it does is take
Take
Take
I can't take the pain anymore, so in anger I let it go
My shot fails

I could shoot this arrow a millin different ways
If only the people would stop talking to me, stop lookin at me, stop needing me
But I'm in charge. I must do my duty and give it to them. Always give
Give
Give

I lean over a shoulder, whisper instructions, guide their arm and muscles
They stand, struggle, release. I see the arrow fly. I know it's wrong bad, missing
The shot fails

I can shoot this arrow only one way
If I were to do it right, with my God guiding my hand.
I click the arrow onto the string, like coming home. Breath out
I bring the bow up. Breath in My left fingers clutch the string like a mother:
Firm, but soft, ready to let go when the time comes



A Mother Like You | **Raquel Gonzalez** | Digital Painting





Venice, CA | **Kayla Deubel** | Photograph

THE TRUE COST

raquel gonzalez

two minutes is all i had
to cry.
to let out my pain
from my room to work
for two months i had not cried

'it's a sign of weakness' she said
so i held it back

but i was dying





At the Bridegroom Rejoices over the Bride, so Shall Your God Rejoice over You (Isaiah 62:5)
K. Hope Mayo | Acrylic Painting

drowning in the ocean of my life
every day for the past few months i
had been made to feel
inadequate
unintelligent
in the way
unworthy

but You knew that.

crying is my way of casting
my burdens on Your shoulders
i had not shared an intimate
moment with You
in months

so i broke
i fell under the weight of it all

i saw my life crumble
because I couldn't hold it all
together

i told You i was dead
emotionally
spiritually

i knew that it was a problem
when i couldn't find joy
in the things i had always loved

i couldn't create
i couldn't laugh
i couldn't dance

and You know what?
they didn't believe me

'you always look fine'
'you always show up'
'you're always smiling'
'i would have never guessed'

'you hide it so well'
[as if that was a compliment]

i was dying and no one noticed

but there was one
one who took me under his wing
and listened
believed me

he reminded me
that i am who i am
because of Who You are

he prayed over me
and for the first time i really cried

and every night after that.
tear by tear
i gave You my burdens

because my little hands
were never meant to carry the
world

because *i am* weak
i am inadequate
i am unworthy

but I am Yours

Your strength is displayed in my
brokenness
You are sufficient
You are worthy

You don't want my perfection
You want my heart

so if this is the cost of smiling
i'll smile all the more
You know my heart
You hear my cries
You feel my pain

and that is enough for me

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