

# Venture Literary/Arts Magazine

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## Venture/Literary Arts Magazine, 2016

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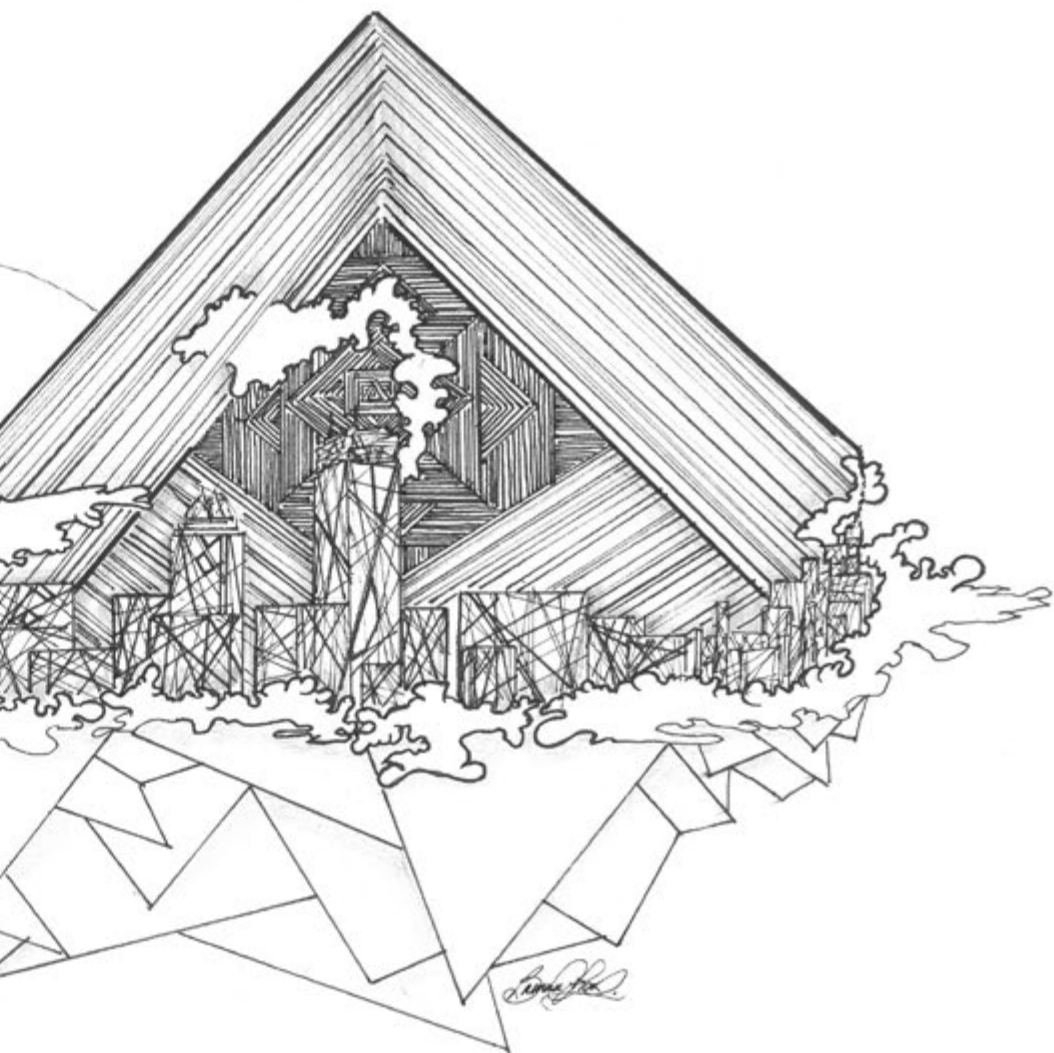
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# VENTURE

2016





*Venture Literary Arts Magazine*  
2016

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## *A special thank you to...*

**Those who contributed their work** to the magazine for publication. Without your courage and confidence in your work, there wouldn't be submissions to choose from that allow this magazine to flourish to levels we never even expected.

**Brenna, Meaghan, Amelia, and Robert**, my E-board, for their inspiring devotion to the success of this year's issue of Venture. The synchronicity with which we handled the editing process was amazing; you guys did everything I asked, going above and beyond, with seamless dedication at any given time.

**All of our reading editors/contributors**, for dealing with my weekly bombardment of emails, my other weekly bombardment of emails saying to disregard the previous group of emails, and for actually taking the time to read all those emails! It's so great that we were able to come together every week, whether we had important matters to discuss or not. I always enjoyed seeing everybody, and it was so encouraging that we had a few freshmen join our staff this year. Being able to reach anybody through the power of creative expression is exactly what we set out to do at Venture.

**Alex Paterson**, the Associate Director of Student Leadership and Involvement, for your guidance this year. Every time we have met this year, you have made my worries and concerns go away with your profound knowledge of what accomplishment means on Suffolk University's campus.

**Jenny Barber**, English Department teacher, and faculty advisor for the group, for your poetic inspiration, and all the knowledge I've been able to acquire about what it means to run a magazine, having had the opportunity to intern for your literary journal, Salamander. The always impressive finished product that you offer is what I strive for Venture to be like.

**The Suffolk University English Department**, for all the help and resources you have given me over the years. Without everyone's overwhelming support, immense generosity, and the structure which the department has always provided me, I certainly would not be where I am today.

**John Winter and The Ink Spot**, for your ability to give us a product ten times better than we had imagined when designing it, and for continuing to work with our group; we hope for many more years of a great partnership.

**My family and my friends**, for being here, for being there, for being anywhere I need your help. Your love is what gets me through each day, each minute, each moment. I am eternally grateful.

## *From the Editor*

Venture Literary Arts Magazine has been a fundamental aspect of my life over the last four years at Suffolk University.

Coming into college, I barely read, had little interest in the craft of writing, and cared even less about the idea of editing and finishing work that I was truly proud of. This completely changed during my Freshman year, as I was continuously inspired by teachers and classmates who still support and collaborate with me on ideas today.

My involvement with Venture began at an expo for student organizations during the Spring, when I met the poetry editor at the time, my friend Trent Larrabee. I was invited to go to the launch party that year, and was amazed at the crowd there, how devoted everyone was to listening to the readers and enjoying the magazine. I got involved the next year as a reading contributor, and am honored to have been Editor in Chief this year.

As it gets closer to the end of my time here at Suffolk, I reflect often on what has shaped my experience, what has helped me come into my own as both a student and a human being. Venture is on the forefront of these thoughts, as well as those friends I have made along the way, and those teachers whose guidance always helps me keep moving.

I think of each important thing in my life as fundamental toward the makeup of my being. Shapes are fundamental in the makeup of art. Without shapes and forms, nothing can enhance, or break, shapes and forms. These are the foundation of all art, visual or literal. Geometric shapes turn into flowing rivers with a few brushstrokes; 14 lines of poetry become a majesty of meter and rhyme in the form of sonnet.

Shapes, forms, those fundamental aspects of life and art, resonated strongly with the submissions we received this year. There are examples of formal poetry, then free verse that tears down the walls of those conventions. There are photos of the skyline of Boston, the many shapes that are all so familiar to everyone who sees them as often as a Suffolk student does.

This magazine is a reflection of the hearts and minds of students who experience Boston daily, whose lives are shaped by walks up Park Street, running the gauntlet of smokers in front of the Sawyer building, and taking trains they most likely do not want to take. We hope you continue to enjoy Venture Literary Arts Magazine for many years to come.

Sincerely,  
Dan Carey  
Editor in Chief

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# Poetry

## *Reminder to Self*

Before you enter our home,  
Leave your dirt on our doormat.

There is where you can leave your shoes,  
Whatever size they may be.

There is no need to be embarrassed,  
If your socks are dirty, ripped or worn.

If you find yourself in need of something new,  
Come look in my closet and we'll find it together.

Come lay your head on my shoulder,  
Let me be your savior so that you can be mine.

I can only be a giver if you decide to take,  
So please let me offer you everything I have,  
So that I can finally say that I have something.

Jacey Bullens

## Poem #19

Listen to the jazz musician.  
Note the way he improvises  
Not only the notes,  
But also the rhythm.

The woman beside you  
Drinks from her gimlet.  
Isn't she sexy  
In that red satin gown?

Sweat trickles from the brow  
Of the man on drums.  
Clap for him loudly,  
Let him know you approve.

Listen to the jazz musician.  
Convention means nothing to him.  
Sit back as the room  
Swells with sound and vision.

The brass of the trumpets  
Makes the light scatter  
In such a way that  
Each wall is a starfield.

The woman touches you,  
Her hand on your cheek,  
And beckons you now  
To dance the night away.

Jason Kleckner

## Nightfall

It is during the lush nightfall  
that we hear the waves  
coming and going.  
White horses slowly galloping,  
in a graceful curve along the shore.  
And during this time  
the limpid ocean  
gradually caresses the coastline.  
It is during the lush nightfall  
that the tide's rhythm  
infuses the air,  
wave in and wave out.

It is during the lush nightfall,  
that we slip into slumber.  
Castaways shipwrecked next to each other.  
Your breath a breeze,  
a zephyr of freshly born dreams  
and aspirations.  
Now I hold you firmly in my arms.  
And in this nightfall,  
we drift into currents  
of wake and sleep.

Adrian Marin

## *"Please leave"*

does not mean stay for a while  
to heal your pity party, charity case.  
"Please leave" (me alone) (me to fix the pieces) (the front porch).  
As many times as you tell me,  
a lie does not lose its sting.  
The sting will not fade when you tug my wrist,  
pulling the strings apart with drops of the stars onto my ears.  
Tell me what you desire of a pretty face –  
what I'm not in my dark eclipse.  
As though the world waits on a time,  
when we're not together so the misery sets in.  
As if "please leave" meant stay and make it better  
because getting a girl through the day means more than tucking her into bed.  
If the sun revolves around you,  
I'd land on a star to prove another galaxy exists,  
only I'd need you,  
to help me breathe in this damn foreign land.  
"Please leave" (just not the words on my doorstep)  
because it means nothing  
and I do not know the worth of a phrase.

Jenny Hunt

## *Angry Birds*

We used to be enemies.  
Two souls divided by fate.  
Years passed, we changed.  
You used to mean the world to me  
before you left.  
You're the boy on the porch now,  
staring at cars as they find their destination.  
You don't know the girl behind the wheel  
but sometimes it is me.  
My heart still longs for you.  
My brain still screams no.  
You set rain onto the fire of my soul  
as I try  
to move on.

Felicia Krentzman

## *Broken Glass and Sharp Teeth*

Broken glass and sharp teeth  
You've dropped a glass on the kitchen floor  
And don't know why you're crying again

The sobs rip from your body like they were trapped there  
The tears flow so freely you'd think you'd never cried before  
Your chest aches, your hands shake, your teeth clatter

You pick up the shards and pieces  
They shred your fingertips  
No more fingerprints, no more you

So this is depression, you think  
This is what mental illness looks like to you  
You feel the need to internalize everything

Sharp glass and broken teeth  
You tell yourself the blood makes it taste better, go down easier  
You tell yourself the pills will feel like nothing compared to this

Amelia Tornatore



## *Lead Vocals*

Fastened to seats – some stand in honor of the one  
Who speaks the word right down to its substance, sings  
The wind upon nerves not worn in to Winter's touch.  
Word spreads, and multiplies in places with all the catch –  
Who really knows what tomorrow might bring?  
Flux between boredom and the running tongue  
Of the sun, sticking to skin, sweating through –  
Love in humidity like fear to the night  
And its stresses measure the ages called forth.  
One would assume the compass points north,  
Always telling, never showing such tightness  
With which everything is swallowed, truly acute  
And intricate the pulse of every lesson –  
Tending – like sheep – to our tuned and narrowed senses.

Dan Carey

## *It's Not About Me*

Skin and bone  
Only talk in tweets  
Forget every book except Glamour  
Inflated sense of entitlement  
Alcohol always means fun

Nothing is good enough so  
I need a  
Cold, sterile surgeon's office  
Offering plastic surgery and pills to  
Lead me to success in  
Excess

Oh, listen to them or else  
How will we  
Really ever know if  
Your worth and mine is  
Not enough  
Or are we  
Where must we go  
In this world of  
Corrupted  
Zeal

Sofia Ohrynowicz

## *Little Black Girl*

Little black girl on the staircase  
Reads her book in noble style  
Locks lay down behind her back  
The smell of white musk on her neck  
Lips like red grapes frolicking in silk  
Her smile glistens like the ocean pearls  
Her book, she stares and stares  
Into a life she cannot have  
And dreams of only fairytales  
That are just not for her  
Yet in the meantime  
She walks as the princess  
She always was.

Serina Gousby

## *My Collection of Condolences*

On Halloween  
we were holding hands in the herb garden  
I would grow up  
you would stay the same

Patchouli and tobacco  
mom and dad  
add cinnamon to  
their coffee  
I'm in the woods  
breaking glass bottles

I don't remember too much from those days

One time I pushed him into the ocean  
one time we watched a chrysalis open

I could tell when he was dying  
I came tearing through the yard

On Halloween  
my friends and I  
we in the backyard burning encyclopedias  
watching "Stalin, Joseph" and "Jonestown Massacre"  
go up in flames

This melancholy is all my own  
my bundle of kindling to carry  
the little ghost that follows me around  
it is my tight and empty hand

Isabelle Kelley

## *What I Am Now*

We're all already dead, aren't we?  
Who would know the difference?

Is anyone mad enough to accompany me,  
To take part in life, instead of death?

Would you travel to find the reaper,  
In hopes of sowing the truth of life?

As your last breath leaves you, would you wait  
For another to fill your lungs again?

Who can really say that they are alive?  
How do you define the line between life and death?

At times I find myself overwhelmed,  
But then I remember,  
I am alive.

Jacey Bullens

# Haikus

1.

it rains forever  
do not fear it, darling, no  
the rain is cleansing

2.

a siren's calling  
block your ears, my love, for if  
you hear it, it kills us

3.

face me in my grave  
i lie here because of you  
you owe me that much

Amelia Tornatore

## Sestina 02

I have memorized all the cuts and grooves  
Within the panes of a fragmented window;  
I have memorized the formation of the glass,  
In wonder at the playfulness of the trees;  
And in this remembrance—this dull analysis—  
I have dissected layers of pain unspoken.

The shrill 45 track rotates—I fear its grooves—  
I fear shrieking outside the window;  
The cry of birds cuts through the glass,  
And I am bewildered by taunting trees—  
My mind blanks in the attempt of its analysis  
To reconcile with layers of pain unspoken.

Discordant nightmares disrupt the grooves  
Of my rhythms in sleep, without window  
For awakening. Absent of light in glass,  
Their sporadic interruption by stoic trees  
That weave through the night in analysis  
Separate reality from delusions of fear unspoken.

Although I yearn to love despite the grooves,  
I cannot find respite in looking past my window  
At settings familiar. Daring beyond the glass,  
I imagine walking along paths among the trees  
Where I find joys of life to absorb in analysis,  
While seeking to bury layers of pain unspoken.

As I walk, confusion distorts the grooves  
Of my interpretation, through harsh windows  
Misaligned and contorted by the glass,  
And abruptly interrupted by sparse trees;  
Why are they sparse? Why is this analysis  
So unable to fathom what remains unspoken?

I reunite with a friend, in which the grooves  
Of our harmony are perfect; through the window,  
Companies of birds translucent in glass  
Alight us to a resurgence in the trees  
Of melodies, which in fine-tuned analysis,  
Converge to reform pain in love unspoken.

I sit with a friend in the light of the window,  
Glancing at trees through grooves in the glass,  
Exploring, in analysis, layers of pain unspoken.

Marissa Trunfio



## Alexandria

Slut isn't your word it's mine  
spreading myself open  
somehow, I've become corroded  
my flesh tickles your nose, rotten  
but my scars are Painted Stories  
what I have done  
I have injected poison in my veins  
reveled in the thick air, my stretched sight  
but I have flooded myself.  
Arsenic poked out of my pores  
like sparkles of sweat, sweet in summer  
and I am Iron.  
Melted and Remolded  
resilience is my gift  
I move where the wind takes me  
no crossing my fingers, wishing on eyelashes  
I curl fingers and swing  
shaking and vibrating, I do not pause  
I raise the shield  
I am Alexandria  
And you are?

Claire Mulvena

## *My Car Was Towed from the Funeral Parlor*

It's unseasonably hot.  
He wanted to tug at the collar of his suit  
and wished for sweat to line the silk fabric  
to stain the black with a shadow.  
Everyone else wore blue.  
The procession of pink flowers  
built up on him,  
perfume boiling in the room  
twisted his insides this way  
and that.  
But his sister wanted them  
and she'd always have her way  
regardless of his opinion.  
She wore blue.  
There was a chorus of snot  
bubbling in tissues,  
more like insincere rags  
saturated with sweat and salt.  
The air sank closely on his neck.  
He felt mocked, he couldn't inhale  
from underneath the black monkey suit.  
His sister didn't notice.  
His spouse didn't notice.  
His cousins didn't notice.  
They wore rose-colored glasses made of tears and tissues  
and huddled within themselves.  
Buzzing around her.  
He sat alone and searched for a window,  
but the rumble of an engine broke the buzz.  
It confirmed the distance  
growing between him and his charcoal truck.  
He started crying.  
The chorus stopped.

Sofia Ohrynowicz

## *Snowy Peak to Sunset*

Sugar like snow, drizzled white  
Tasteful cold and wet galore  
Slow motion to the wind—  
The rhythm, is all the magic within

The sun with weary droopy eyes  
Cast down the pinkish flowy clouds  
So fresh as candy cotton—  
No sky, could make your smile rotten

Heavy branches, weak as leaves  
Touching close above my head  
Criss-crossed into a maze—  
No end, the road in winter praise

Sugar like snow, glitzing jewels  
Marks and marks of white cement  
A good bye to the sun—  
Await the stars, a winter night to come.

Serina Gousby

## *At Rogers Park*

The air  
Finally feels  
Like Spring on this Spring day.  
I'll call it "sweater weather," resting  
In the grass – sub and a soda, now a smoke  
Rests in my hands like the fine-  
Pointed pen, with a graceful,  
Framed control  
Of ink.

Across  
The park, baseball  
Being practiced – infield  
And then outfield practice throws, relays  
To one another, next to the young soccer  
Campers in their own element –  
All blades of grass out here.  
My youth distances  
From me,

Yet  
Ahead it all  
Seems so large, as it's  
Supposed to, but that means nothing when  
Clouds have patterned in front of the sun,  
Only to kill time. Like work and school,  
And friends – all water, forming  
Clouds on blue  
Sky.

Major  
Chord to minor,  
Progressions like the dim  
Of sunlight upon the growing mass  
Of grass that sweats with morning dew, like us.  
Feel the way through the inner spots  
As, at night, the dry  
Air breaks in cold  
Sweat.

Dan Carey

## The Wharf

Misplaced trust  
in those with sweet promises of security  
comes back to haunt us when the blackness engulfs the blue sea.  
Constant wonders racing to the finish line of  
your lips, waiting to be put to life.  
Waves of water  
devour your eyes after days of being constrained  
by the lifeguard inside.  
Shaking hands rapidly transform into whaling arms  
reaching for something that is no longer there.  
Visions of siblings,  
families,  
lovers,  
fading quickly as the waves crash into their confining walls.  
Breathing becomes heavy.  
Life becomes a sad tale  
of you  
in a sea of darkness.

Alone.

Felicia Krentzman

## Peeler

Pink grapefruit juice straight from the carton  
dull morning ache like usual

quilt patch of blue sky  
between apartment buildings  
lets me know it's a bright day

I take the train alone in the morning  
spill coffee on the floor

I don't feel as much as I used to  
—is that a symptom of growing up  
or a feeling that comes with  
not being in love?

Isabelle Kelley

## *Occupy*

Oh, that I could occupy a man  
See the world through his eyes  
Feel the world beneath his feet  
Use his body for my will.

Oh, that I could occupy a man  
To use his hands to comfort  
To use his smile to calm  
His words to make change.

Oh that I—a woman—  
Could occupy a man  
To help the world find a place  
where I wouldn't need to.

Amelia Tornatore

## *The Charles River*

The dock bobbed me up and down.  
A gentle, but obvious ride.  
My headphones blared, pounding in  
my skull, as the shoreline I eyed.

Behind me were the trees,  
doing waves with the breeze,  
turning gold and red,  
falling to the ground again

How odd it seems,  
across the stretch of water is where it lies  
so many claw to reach for years,  
and fail, though many try.

Why is it on this side of the river  
there is life and beauty,  
on the other side is rumored success  
and an enforced sense of duty?

Why is the land of promise  
filled with so few?  
Though the time was midday  
only one car passed—or maybe it was two.

Where is the sense of self  
in a land blotted by buildings,  
lacking trees and sun and music,  
are they given glasses with ivy gilding?

Where is their success  
when all I need is behind my shoulder  
clattering to the ground in decay  
making room for the weather getting colder?

Is it wrong to feel right  
when I stand on the side  
with the fallen colors  
and not of the supposed pride?

Sofia Ohrynowicz



## *The Crown*

Love the way it grows out of its scalp  
Standing luscious, in its kinks and curls  
The sugar to the brown melanin skin  
The rays of its own sun  
The jazzy rhythmic beat of its own drum

It's everything I did not know I could be  
Before weeping from others' perceptions  
And dusting into weak assumptions

My crown, my crown represents BOOM  
Power stuck in every inch of soul  
Dancing cheerfully side to side  
With no fear of heat or cloud  
I accept the amounts of bobby pins  
In every room and floor  
I accept the oil and cream that it eats  
To the deepest core  
For there is beauty in every crown  
With its flaws and all  
But mine  
Is just for me, only

Serina Gousby

## *Worms Across the Pasture*

As sunlight fades toward the mishandlings of night,  
Causing distortion of vibrant friction along the  
Horizon line, the vast coolness of  
Our bodies becomes all too indistinguishable,  
A hollow forgiveness, but both of us grip at  
What's left, because, don't we hope the sun  
Will rise once more, without a doubt, tomorrow?

It was so on, so smooth  
Working down, and under-  
Standing one another  
Through the intermingling  
Of legs as I would strum  
Your velvet hair, not waking  
You but not worrying  
About doing so yesterday,  
Our toes' dancing cramp.

Now what I taste – bare bones – the scalps  
Of dunes on beaches whose tallest grass  
Has withered...a violet seeping tears  
Into our cupped hands, showing us  
How the rainstorms of our passion  
Have stopped falling in directions  
We thought, stopped falling altogether –

But once again, walking reminds us how  
The sun beckons us to rise with tomorrow

Dan Carey

## Untitled

Every single time you come around,  
there is a violent turning in my chest  
where a heart once laid, now empty and consumed  
by all the devils in the world,  
all the devils in his mind, soul, body,  
which I want to take away  
as well as the deepest worst parts of me,  
so he can see me in such a beautiful lighting  
that he may stop in his tracks,  
reach towards the depths of the  
brightest star in the middle of a field.  
Reach so far you come out of yourself.  
Baby, I promise to meet you halfway,  
or as far as I can go.  
More shiny than a star.  
No. That is so wrong.  
You are the star, my gosh,  
those beautiful blue eyes capture me  
in the most precious light,  
blinking gold dust and taking the night for your own.  
So many times the night takes away your voice and our moments,  
not like the future, with a distant college,  
but I can't feel you close to me,  
the way our perfect bodies mesh into a tangled up form of blankets and pillows,  
you and I.  
Before you leave,  
kiss me long and hard until I forget where you start and where I end,  
vice versa, take us and let us never  
separate  
because you told a long story of forever,  
and forever means until the end of time,  
until the stars – exactly like your blue eyes –  
explode in the night skies,  
left to spread fairy dust, and hope  
throughout this place we call an earth  
with dead bodies scattered under the bare  
ground we walk upon,  
breathing the same recycled air of each  
great great aunt and uncle who've formed a complete colony  
around their passion for recreating a love,  
or just the need for farm hands.  
You gave me eternity,  
not a single year to live under your skin,  
bleed on the same paper as I confess my heart,

and rip out of your lungs every last  
fleeting breath,  
which goes too quickly before the next one,  
like a life,  
fills the empty inside of me.  
12 months.  
365 days.  
Tick, tock.  
Click, clock.  
Thump, drum.  
Beat, beat, beat.  
Faster and faster.  
Race and run around the track you've been set up  
to proceed your life down a built road,  
with bowling pin sides just to make sure you  
don't lose your balls in the chaos.  
Hiding with the four chambers of a small fist,  
close enough to your body you can almost feel the nonexistent pulse,  
the one you break with words of promise,  
hope,  
beating and surviving beneath your touch.  
The shaking inside doesn't happen when lips touch,  
like palms in a prayer,  
thanking and craving for more of a high than the Lord has given mere human  
flesh.  
No, the stirring comes later,  
when you slowly shut the door, when his hair is out of sight,  
when the next day isn't a promise,  
when I forget you came over and I was able to show  
you a fraction of my mind,  
the way I think,  
because maybe, I believed, it would make you stay.  
Maybe, I believed, you would not go so far away,  
so I could at least satisfy my taste for a boy once in a while,  
on a long weekend,  
because once you've gotten used to  
a steady rhythm,  
the oddities seem misplaced  
and the words lose their meaning over long distance phone  
calls because school isn't enough to  
tear people apart.  
Classroom settings and freedom drive  
people away from home more than enough times to enjoy  
the weather on a cold winter's day when  
a fireplace isn't enough to say,  
"come home."

## Post-Likeness

Braiding parsley crowns for drowned mice  
I am in the ferns at dusk  
gathering wild mushrooms

All the while  
you're likely adding to your collection  
a carefully placed rug burn  
a burst capillary  
a thoroughly scraped knee

I've lost all interest  
in trying to pry my ribs open  
for you

I am not afraid  
to be alone at night  
anymore

Isabelle Kelley

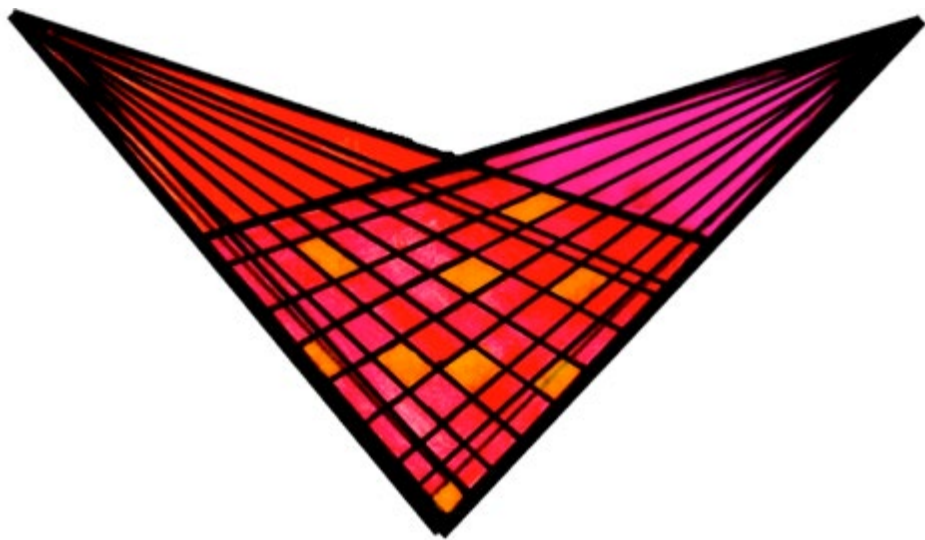
# **The Visual Arts**

***Amelia Tornatore***

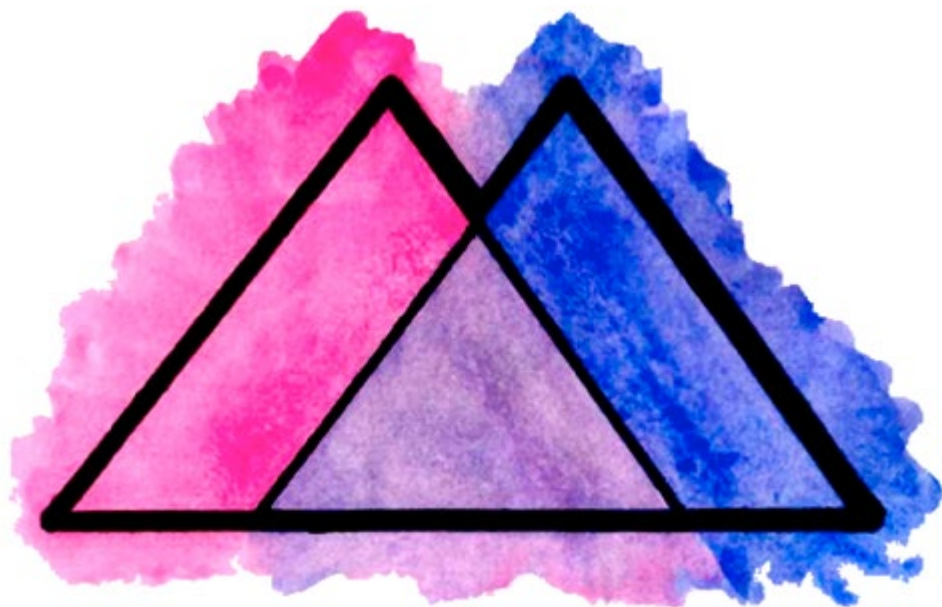


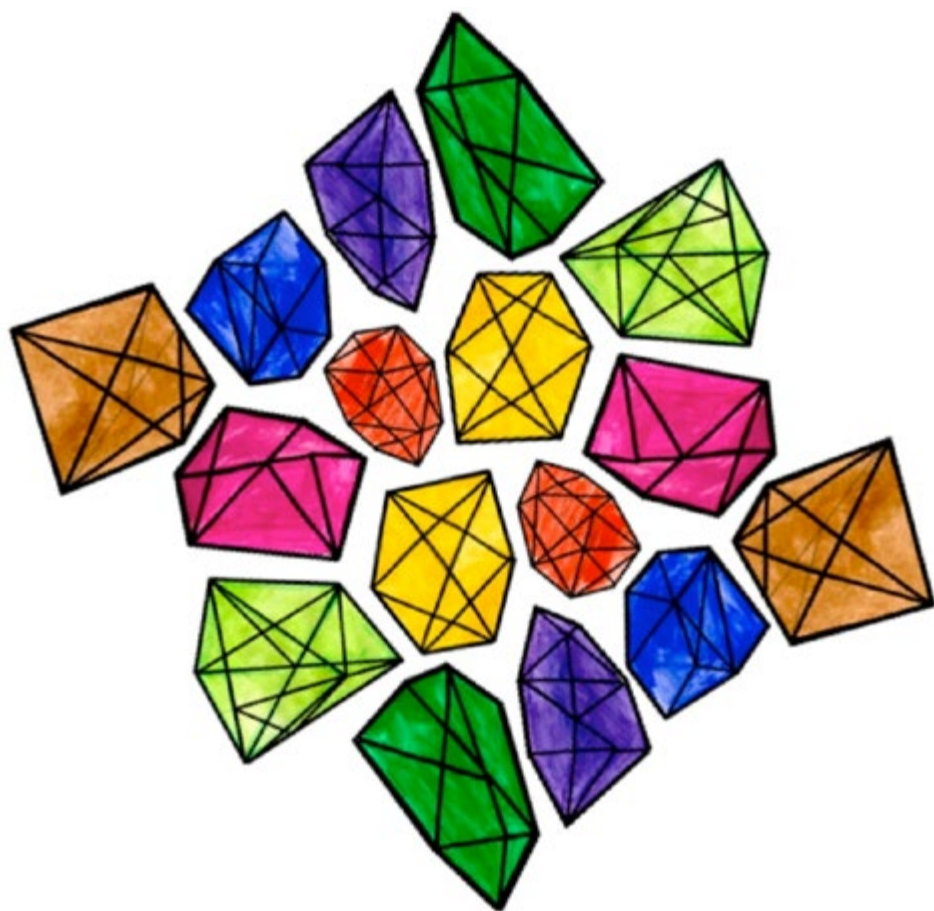


*Convergence*



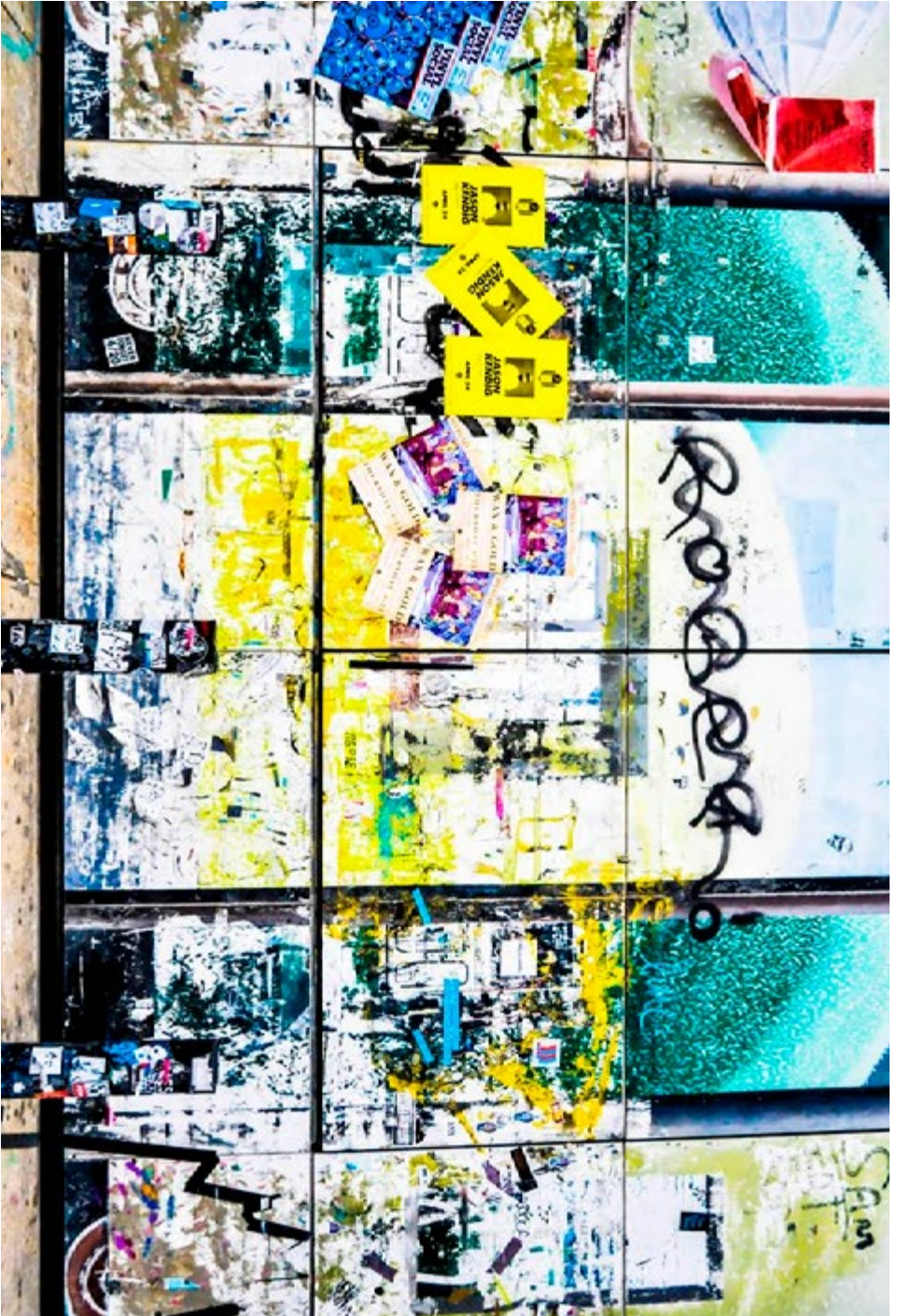
*Peaks*





***Kennedy Parker***

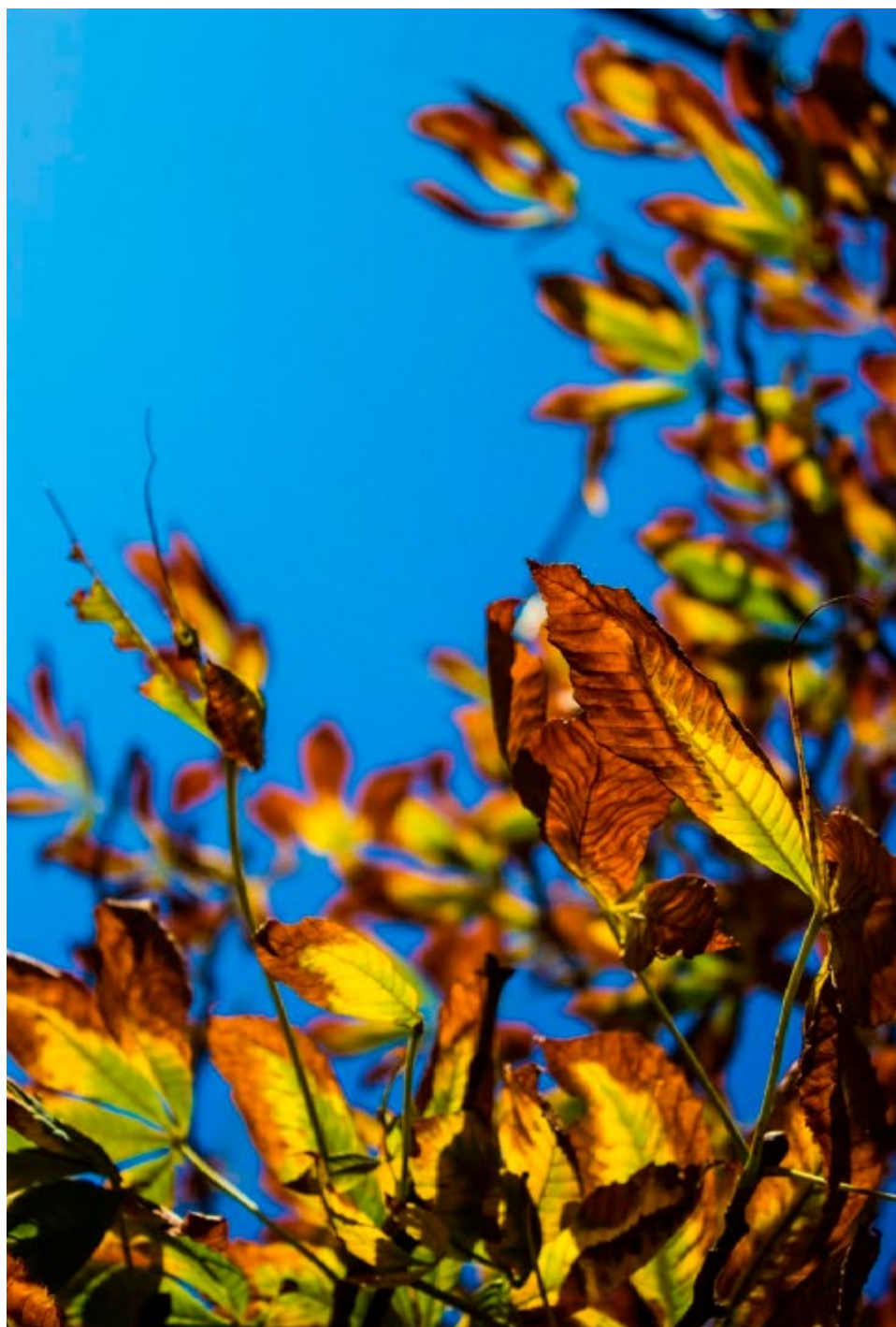
Urbanized





Brittani







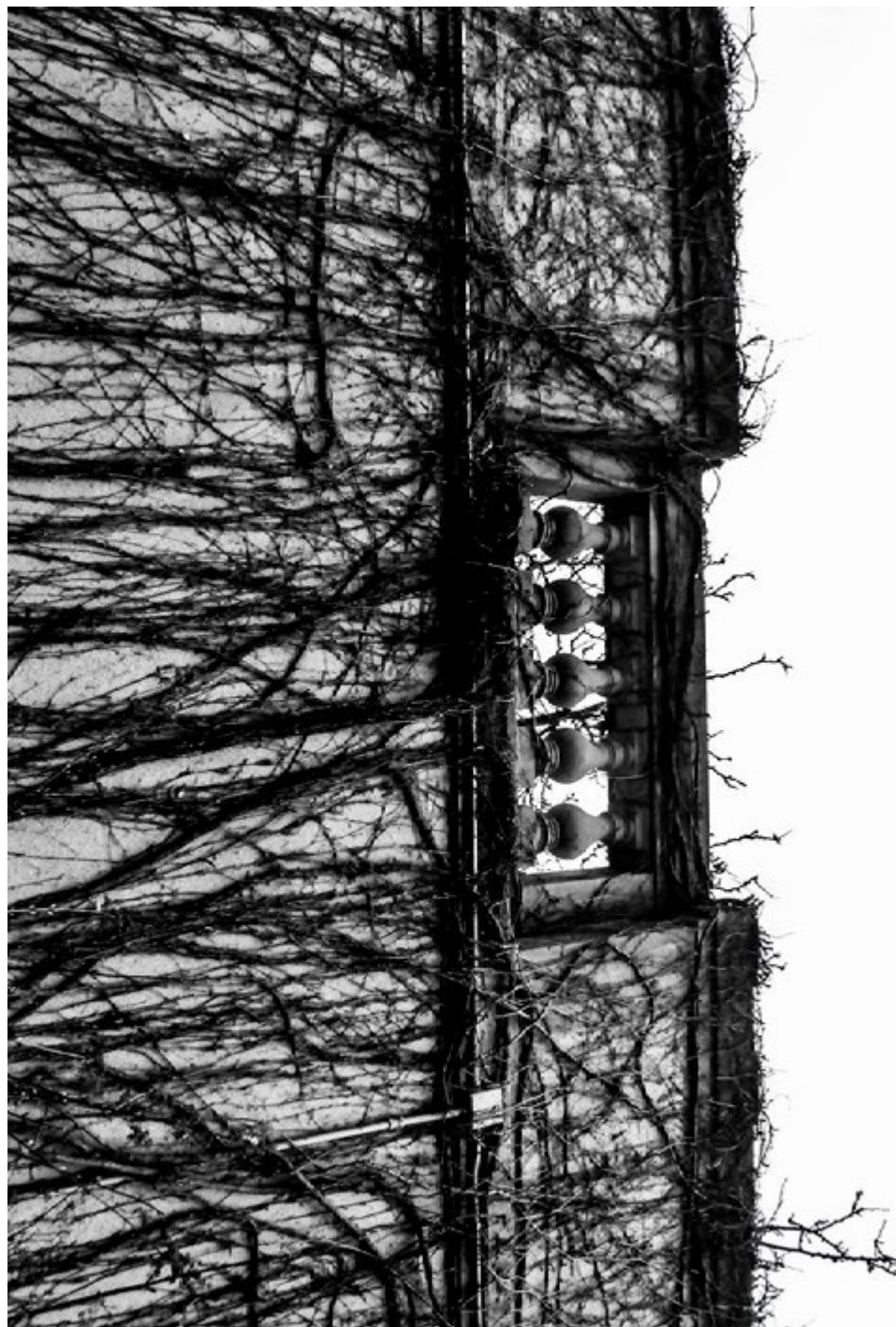






*look at it*







# *Angel Marr*



# ***Haley Cole Martin***



*Outside My Bedroom Window 4:57*



*Outside My Bedroom Window 4:37*

***Nick Centrella***



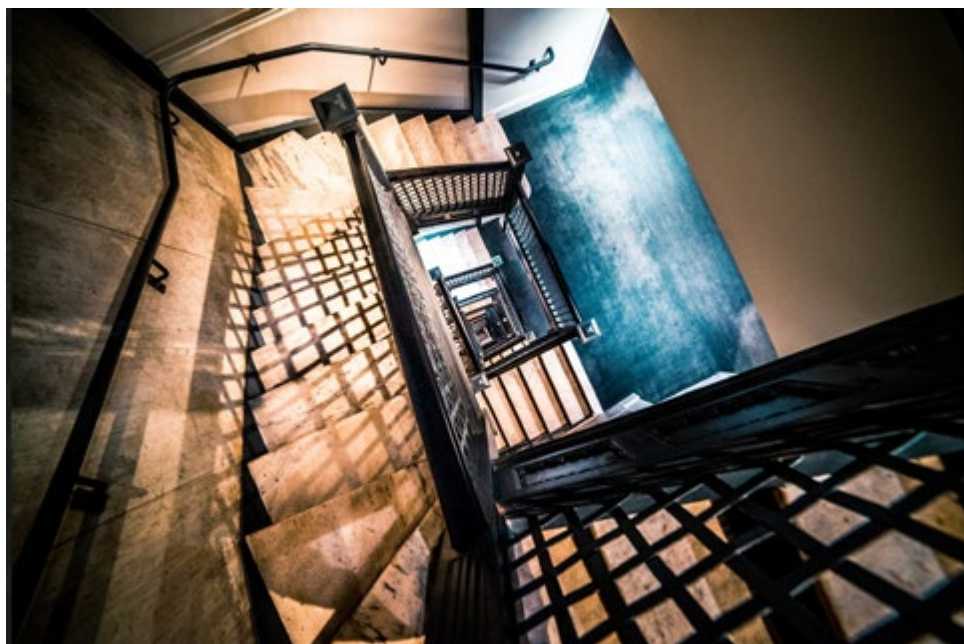








***@chrisrocco***









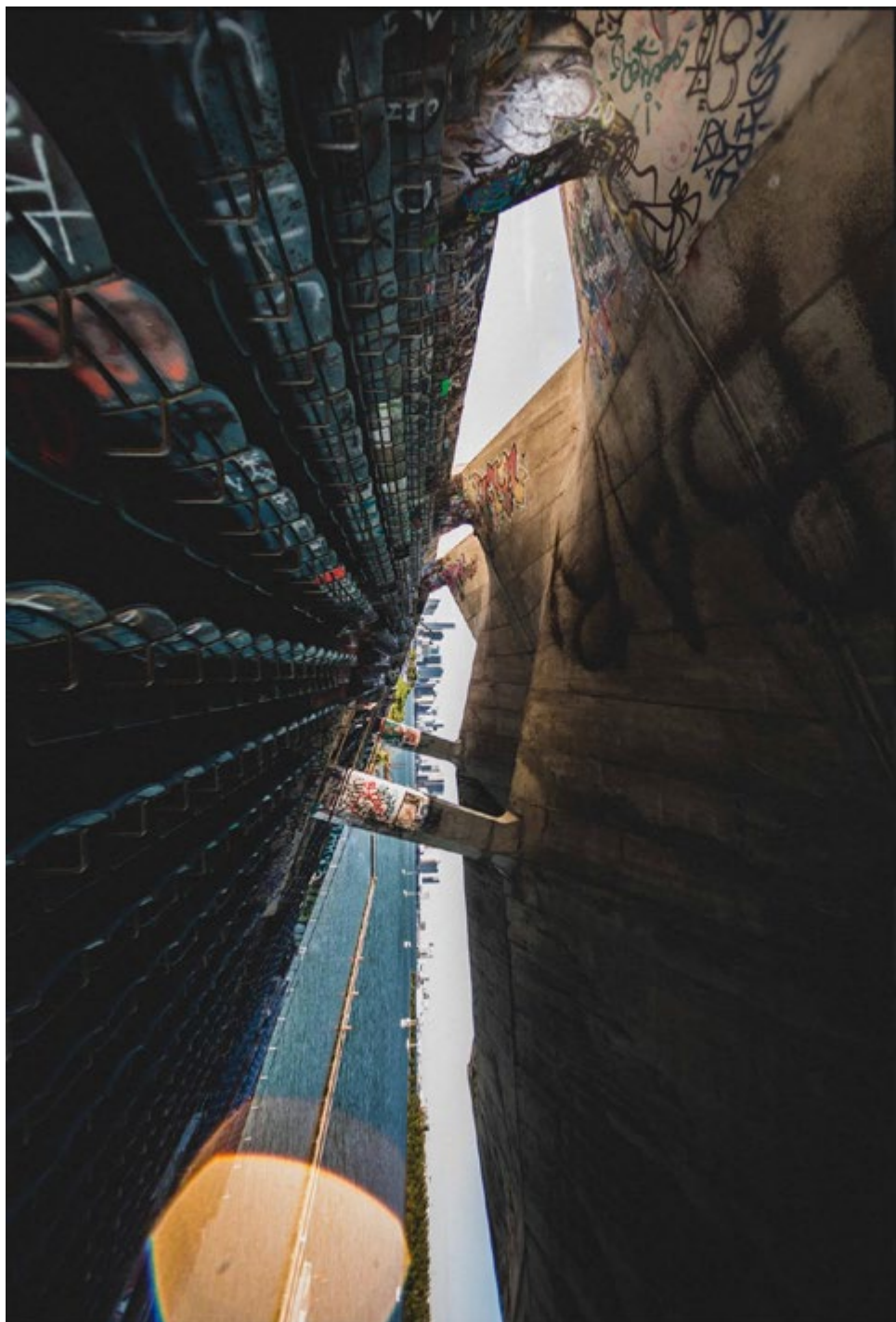


***Maya Smith***



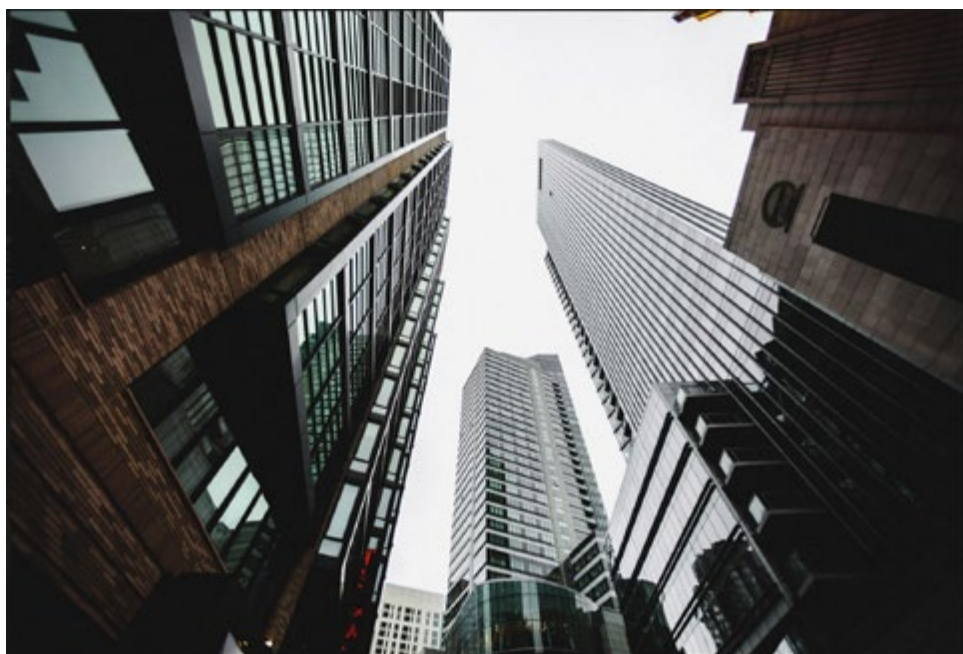
***Ivan Lanz***





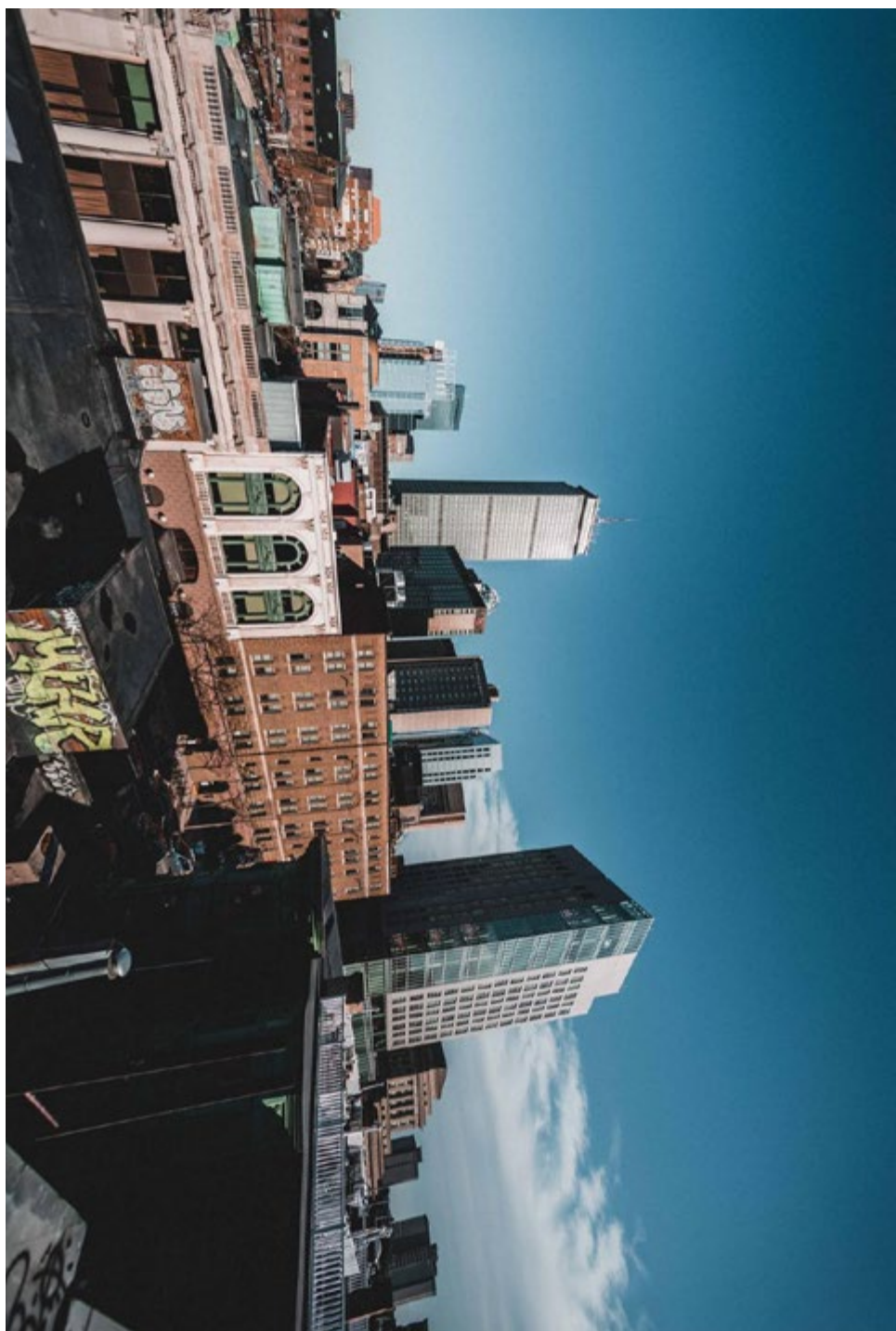


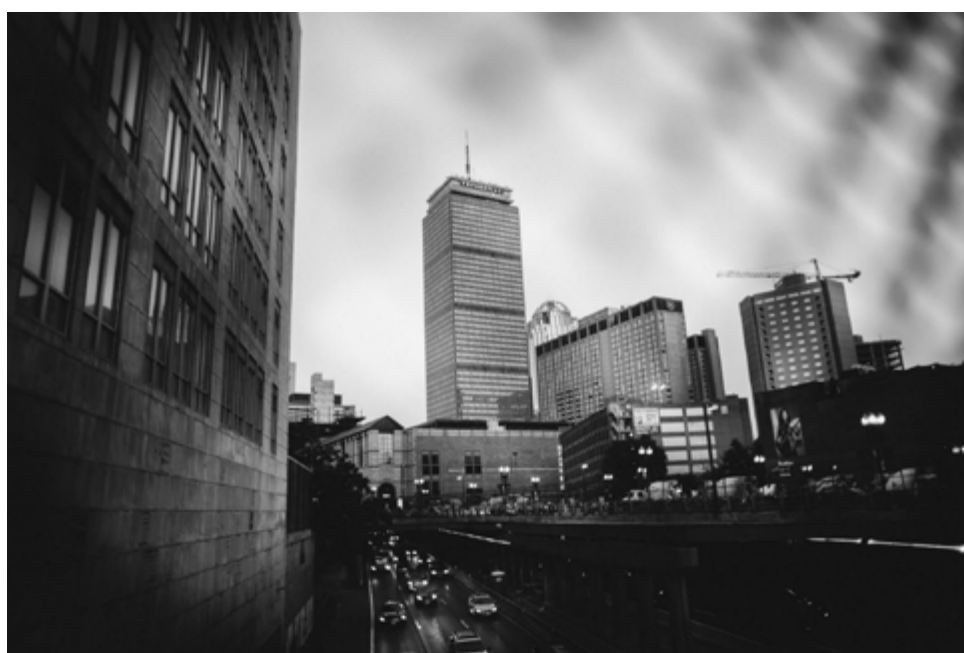




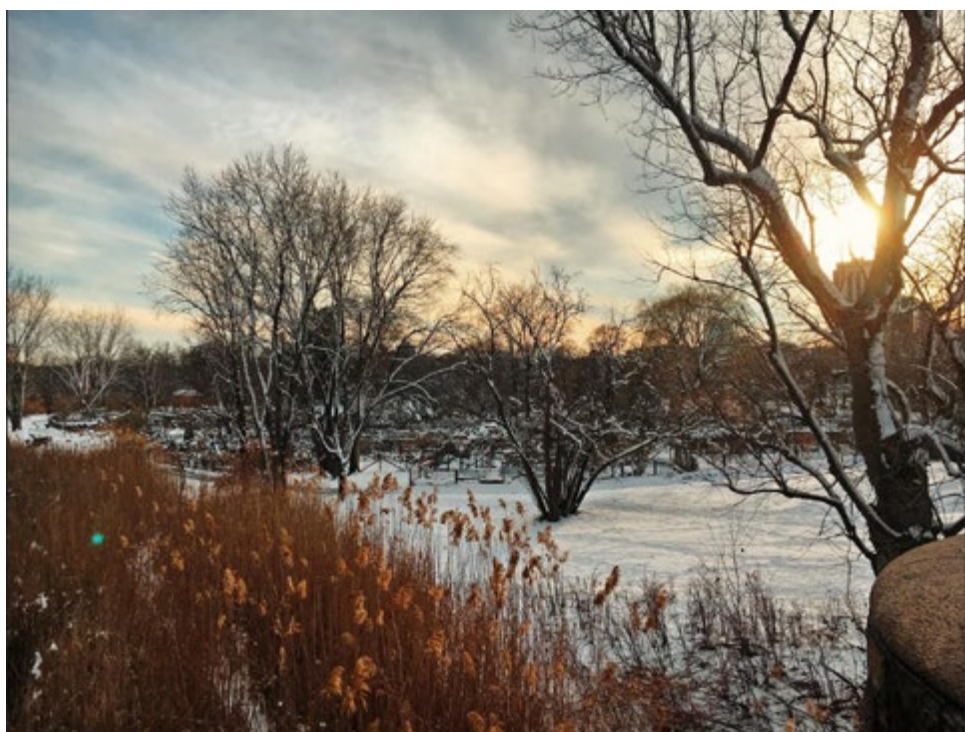








***Emelia Golankiewicz***









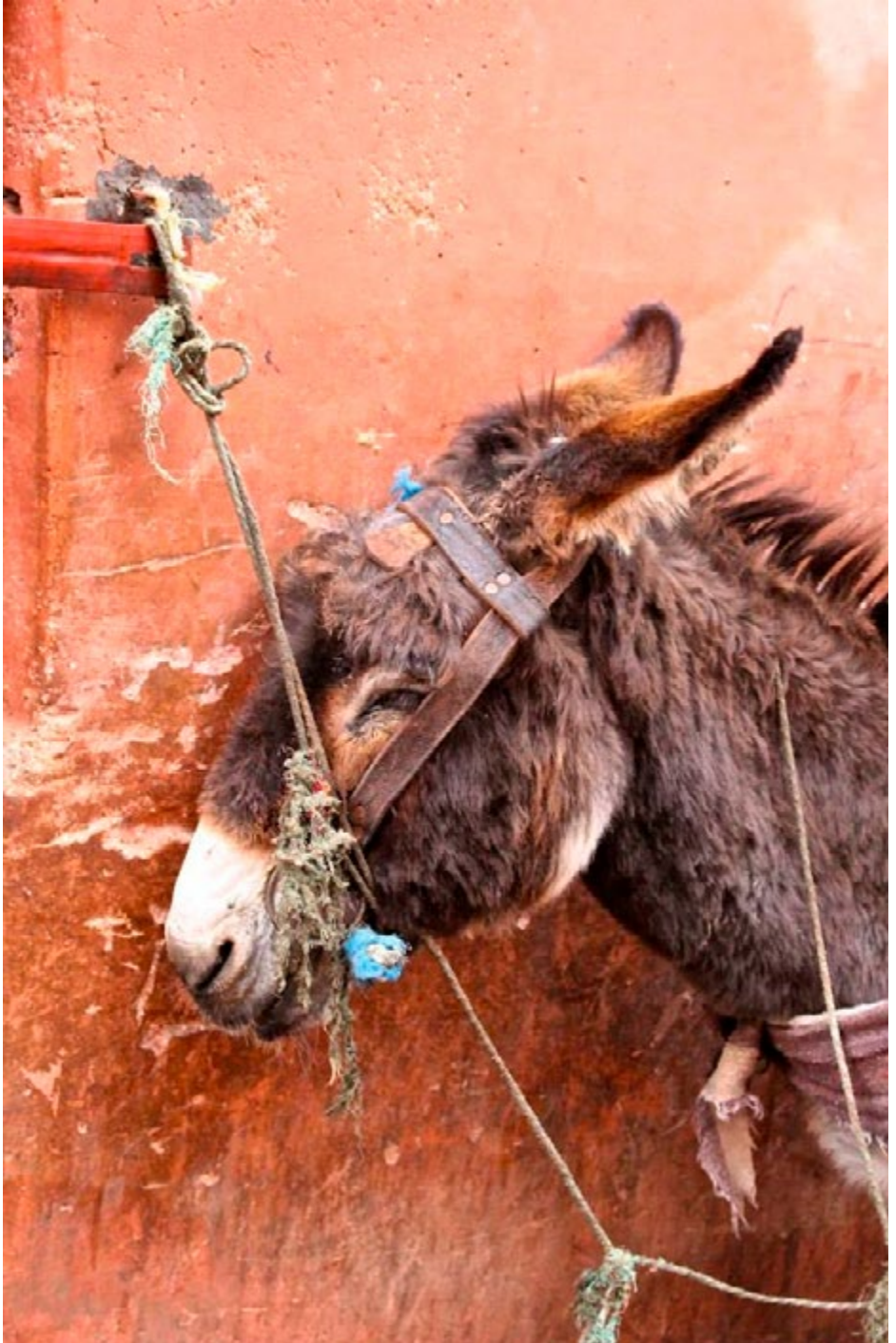




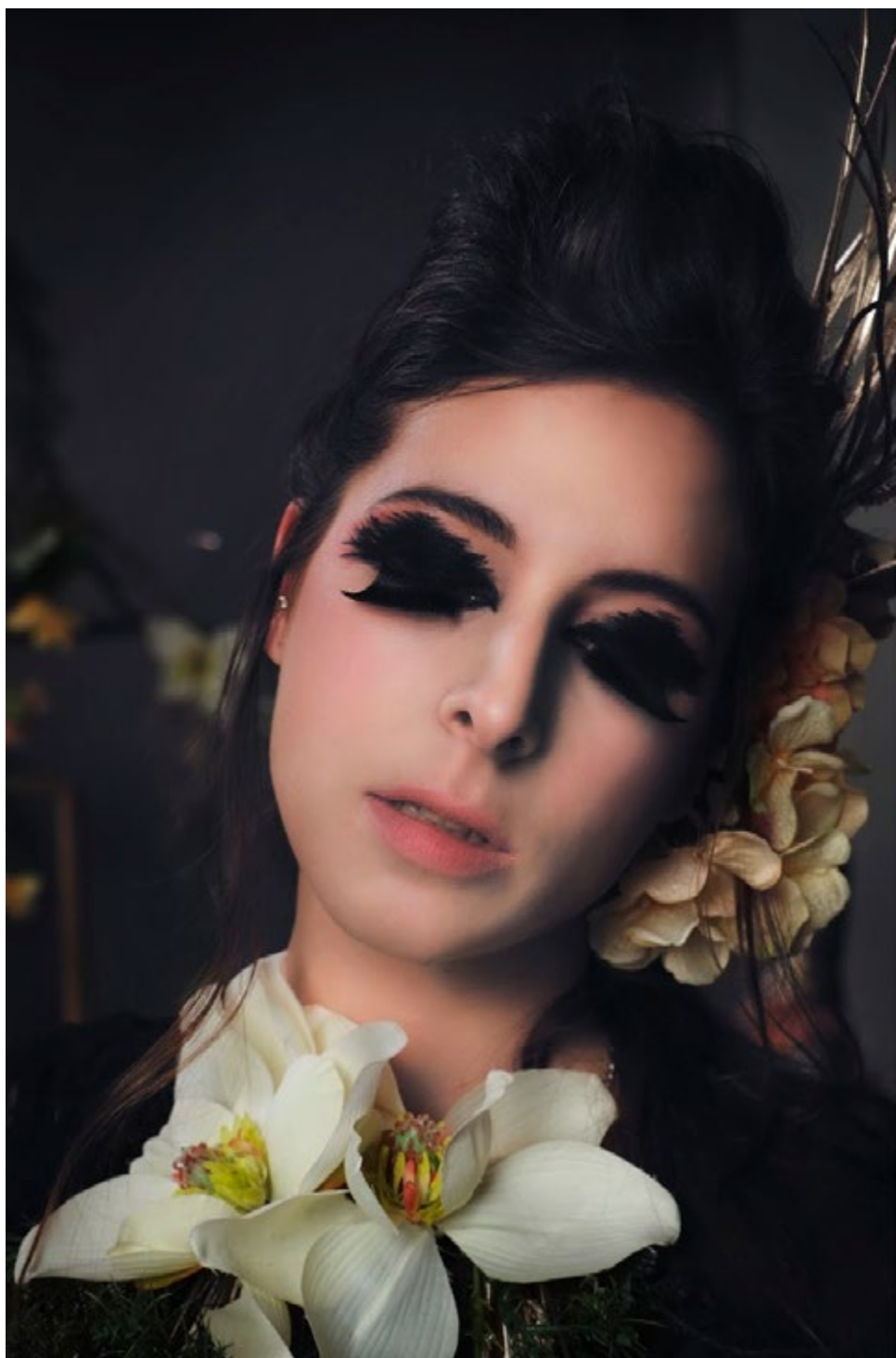




***Sarah Welch***



***Lydia Ouellette***













***Brenna Lopes***

*Hades' Queen in the Spring*





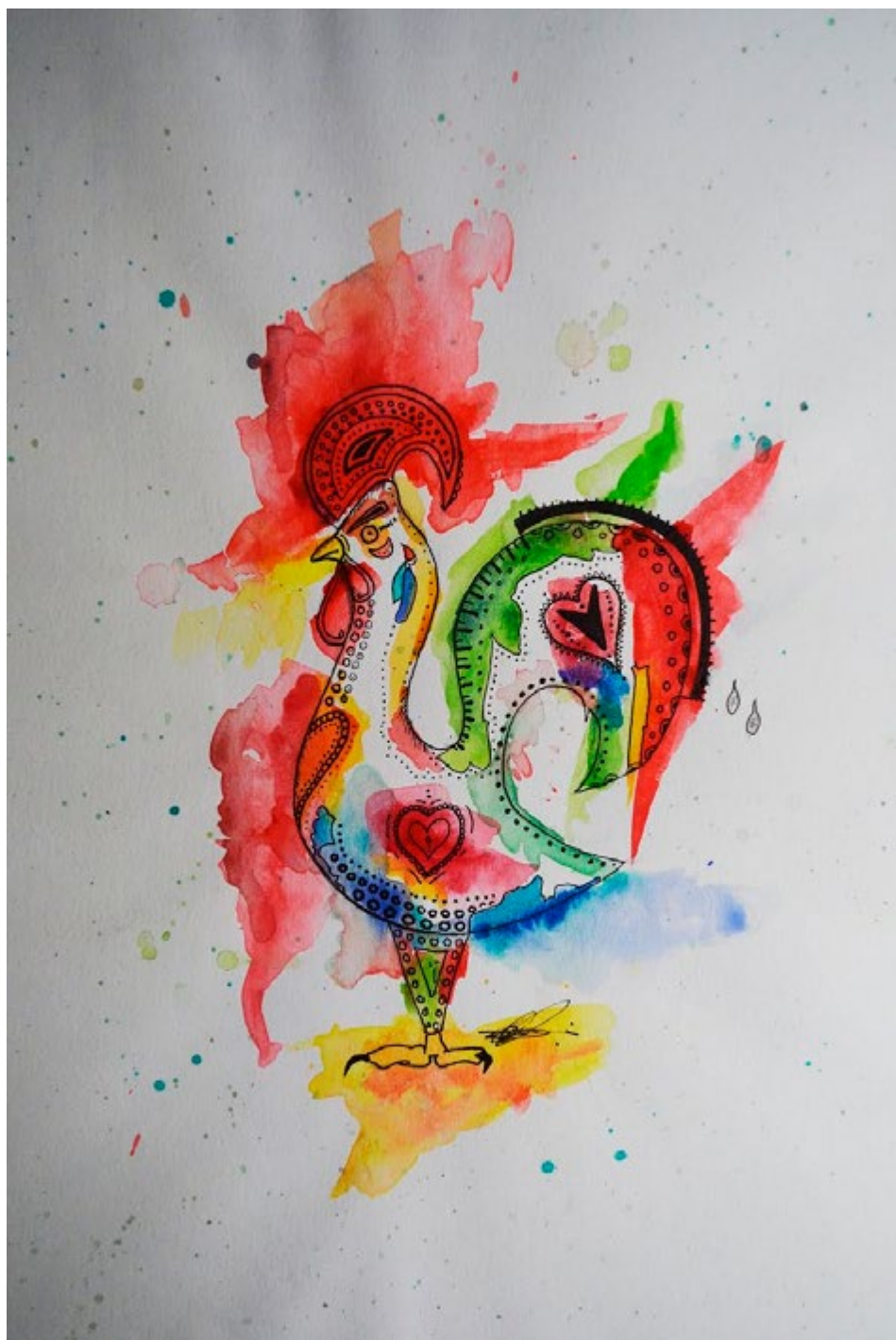
Sibyl



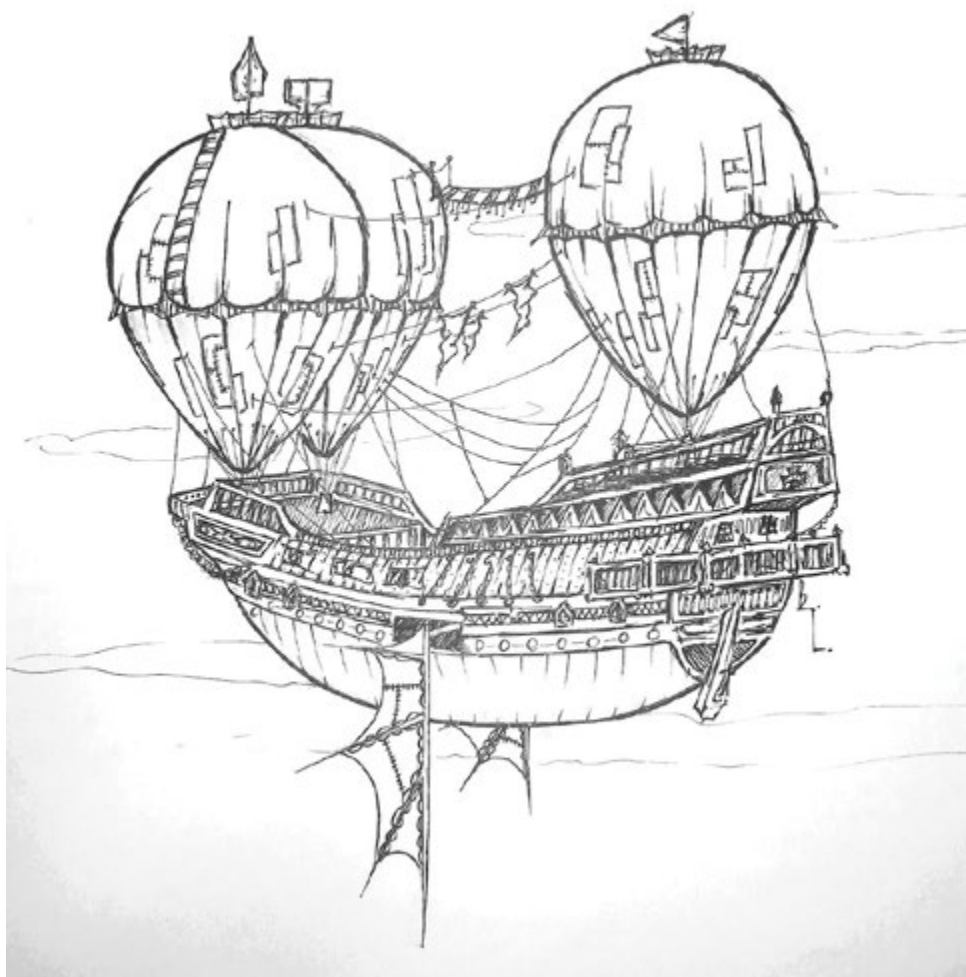
Chimaera











***Ashley Sheehy***

*Make A Wish*



*Mid Flight*

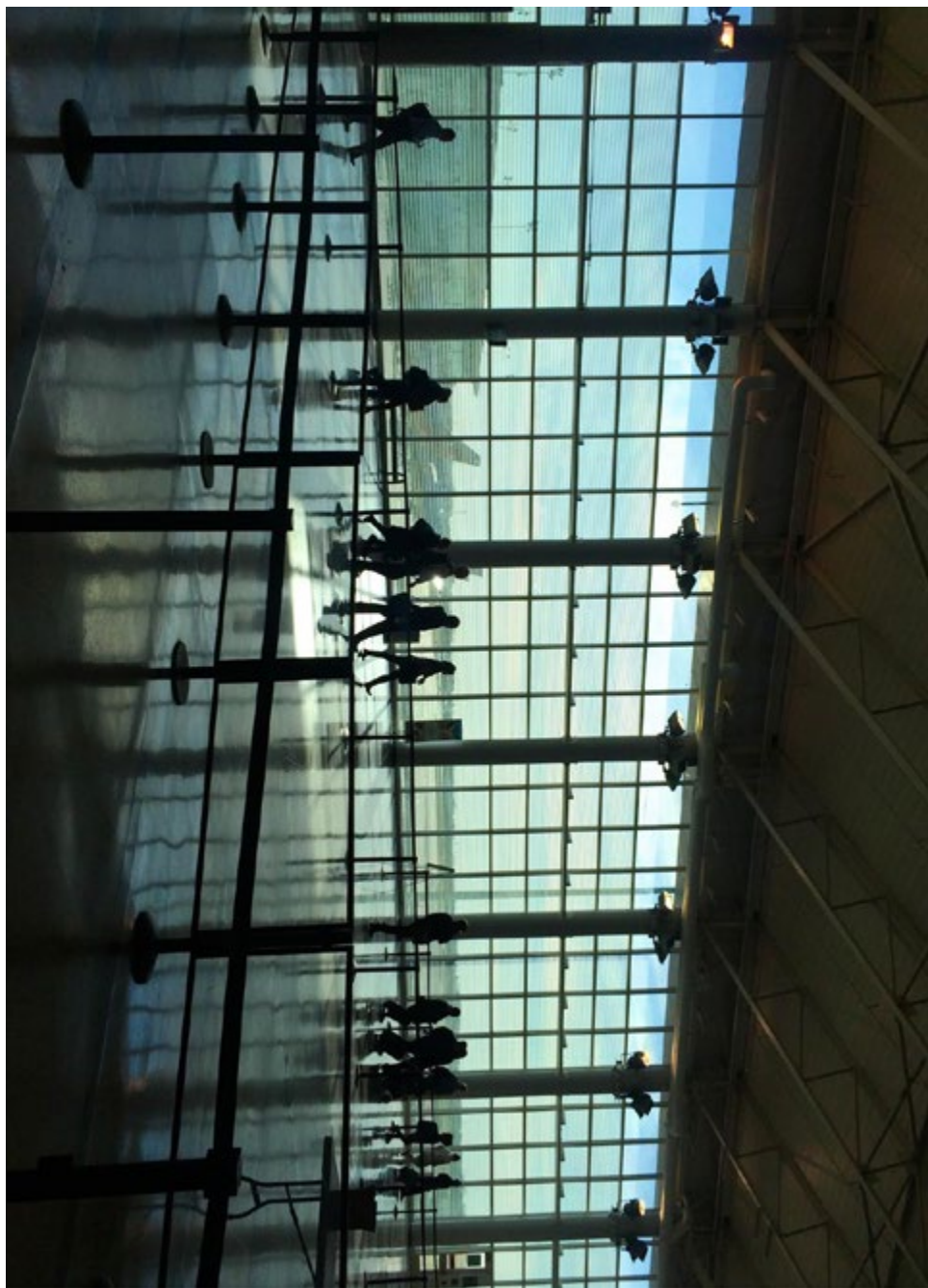




*Forgotten*



## *Hurry-up and Wait*



## *Crevice Walk*



***Fredson Sossavi***

*Frostbite*



*Inspector Gadget*



*Park Street Station*







# **Personal Essay, Memoir, Fiction, Plays**

# *What Does Bitterness Look Like?*

*By Tatiana Barreras*

Bitterness, believe it or not, looks like a woman. Many think that Bitterness is personified in a grouchy old man that would set you on fire with one sour look, but in fact she is a woman. She dresses in gray. Her dress is perfectly fitted, custom-made. She is truly beautiful. She has long, dark hair, a porcelain complexion, the grace of a ballerina, full red lips and eyes that draw everyone in.

Bitterness doesn't overtake you immediately. She befriends you first, slowly gaining your trust. She listens to your stories and is compassionate. Then she shares her own sad tales. Throughout all of this, you don't yet know who she is. Slowly you see changes in her physique and in your own. Her hair becomes duller, her skin paler, her lips lose their color and plumpness. But her eyes are the biggest change, yet they stay the same, captivating but sad, full with the burden that is being bitter.

You see these changes in yourself. And with every sad, wretched, bitter tale the change is more pronounced. Until she tells her very last story. Your story. The story of how you became bitter. You both look in the mirror. Dull flat hair, pale complexion, but most of all a certain emptiness in the eyes. In that moment Bitterness raises her hand, touching your cheek and in she disappears. And you realize you are one in the same, condemning everyone with your bitterness.

# A Dreamscape of Tears

By Adrian Marin

As a boy, I would feel scared some nights when the closet wasn't fully closed and I just couldn't bring myself to close it. I would climb upstairs to my parent's room and cuddle between them, as children do. But every once in a while I would give my parents a break and instead ask my sister, who is six years older than me, if I could sleep with her in her bed.

Growing up, I never really dreamed. Dreams were something foreign to me. Whenever I fell asleep, darkness would surround me. Nothing but pitch black for an eternity that felt like a second. And yet I would be constantly baffled when my sister would tell me that I cried in my sleep.

The first time that my sister told me that I cried in my sleep, I wondered if I had a bad dream and didn't know it. It made sense since I came to her because I was scared in the first place. The second time she told me was about a year later. This time I remembered the dream. It was a weird dream, and since I rarely ever dreamed I decided to tell her all about it before I forgot:

*In the end I accepted the gift. I was never a fan of cats, I always considered myself a dog person. However, I now had a lynx. And that was that. I had a lynx and I named him Chinks. Chinks liked to sleep. He slept during the day and he slept during the night. One day, I headed towards the restroom. As I entered, I found my lynx in the sink. His lynx head popped up. As he looked at me, I could almost hear Chinks say: "Sorry, The Cat in the Hat was busy. I am the Lynx in your Sinks!" I couldn't help but laugh. A whole hearted and loud laugh. He just ignored me and went back to sleep.*

*Days came and days went by, and Chinks the Lynx grew. How big? I didn't know, he spent too much time sleeping. Oh Chinks, the best lynx. He would climb on my head all the time, and expect me to take him everywhere. Sometimes I did, but as he got older, it was harder for me to keep up with his rambunctiousness. More than one time, he would silently creep up on me and slowly attempt to climb onto my back, as if his calculated clumsiness made me unaware of an over-sized cat trying to climb me like a tree.*

*His hair would always be soft; I'd make sure of it. He slept with me. He made a great cushion, and a magnificent napping buddy. Sometimes I would wake up to a lynx hugging my neck, as if he were dreaming about the love of his life, walking down the beach during a romantic sunset. Other times he would appear to get a massage. A lynx on his back, with his eyes closed and his tongue sneaking out of his mouth. He would choose my chest as a pillow, a pleasant smile, crooked whiskers and pointy ears.*

*One day, I came home from school. Chinks was nowhere to be found. I looked in the sink but my lynx wasn't there. And so I asked my mother:*

*"Have you seen Chinks?"*

*"Honey, Chinks... your lynx... he."*

*"Yes?"*

*"There are certain times, when one must make decisions. We can never know when a decision is a good one, but when we make it..."*

*"Mother?"*

*"...Days come and go and we might never..."*

*"Mother."*

*"...exactly whether our decisions in this life were the correct ones. And sometimes we, the parents—"*

*"What did you do to my lynx!? Where is Chinks, my lynx!?"*

*"Son. We are hosting a dinner."*

My sister asked what the dinner had to do with the lynx. I told her they cooked the lynx. Even though in the dream it was never said, and even though I never saw anything, I knew. My father had killed the lynx and my mother would cook it.

And then I cried. I cried and I cried again because even though I didn't know what the dream was about, I knew it was important. I knew that this particular dream had some kind of meaning to it, but I couldn't quite point out what it was. I just wanted my Chinks back.

But I never dreamed of him again. In fact, I don't remember having dreams after that. Not until years later.

*The tape recorder continues, "Happy workers are good workers. Happily living to work. Sad workers are bad workers. Don't be a sad worker. Sad workers are dead and useless. The payday for happy workers has been suspended indefinitely. The payday for sad workers has been revoked." The tape recorder continues.*

*It's a sunny day out in the field. Or so I like to think. I like to think I'm out in the wild, breathing the fresh air without dust, feeling the sun rays caressing my skin, hearing the birds singing.*

*Happily living to work.*

*I know that will never happen. But I like to pretend. I like to pretend we could go outside. I like to pretend this will someday end.*

*Sad workers are dead and useless.*

*I like to imagine I won't die alone. I imagine I can have a happy family. I imagine my house. A nice two floor, brown house and a white picket fence. Perhaps a cat or a dog. I still have to figure that out.*

*Payday for happy workers has been suspended indefinitely.*

*I take pleasure in faking happiness. To fake my happiness and excitement about the dullness of working day after awful day knowing that I will never find anything and, even if I do, nothing will change.*

*The payday for sad workers has been revoked.*

*I like to act like I'm not a slave. I like to act like I am still alive while I know that I've been dead for such a long time that my insides are slowly rotting into madness. But suddenly the tape recorder stopped. Broken into fragments just like my memories were years ago. Crushed to pieces like my hopes and dreams were. Shattered into shards like my sanity. And then the mine was imbued with a deep silence.*

*But the tape recorder continues...*

This time I was older, and yet, the sense of despair and insanity had not fully left my mind. By this point in time, I had spent years without shedding a single tear. In my mind I was not to start now. And yet, an overwhelming sense of sorrow. This time I did not need my sister to tell me that I had been crying in my sleep. I turned the pillow around to the dry side of it.

I still had no idea of what the dream was trying to tell me. I just wanted it all to stop.

A final dream came to me years later. One particularly lonely night.

*I don't know what he saw in me. Maybe it was the tequila. He reeked of the stuff, the moment he came into the room, and still held a half full cup in his clumsy hand. Maybe it was because we were alone. We weren't really alone, but we talked almost like we were. Maybe it was because I actually listened when everyone dismissed him as a drunkard. But I knew better, because there was some kind of truth to what he said. He was not a bad guy. I barely knew him, but I could see behind his tough act. I knew he was kind and compassionate.*

*Maybe it was because he was horny. We both were really, but not enough to simply get off to anyone. No, that wasn't it. Maybe it was because we were lonely. Both of us, castaway outliers. Maybe it was because we both longed for each other. We urged for the hands of the other but feared the ring on his finger. His skin glistened with a mix of glitter and sweat. The intermittent lights cast a thousand shadows in different directions. One of them showed us making out. Another showed us facing away from each other. A last one merged us into a single aching shadow.*

*We thought of a thousand blasphemies as our mouths reached each other in an unspeakable act. For just one moment I forgot nearly all of my problems. For just one moment before our lips could even touch each other, I felt at peace.*

*But we couldn't do it.*

When I woke up I knew what was going to happen before it even did. It had been so long since I heard it and yet, I knew it would happen. And so I waited patiently while I served myself a glass of orange juice with my waffles. I knew what she would say because I shared my hotel room with my sister. I knew because I missed my lynx and with him the freedom. I knew because I wanted the tape recorder in my head to stop. And I knew because I had already forgotten the face of the only person who made me feel loved.

"Last night you cried in your sleep, you know?"



# *Of Thee I See*

*By Hope Burnside*

## **Characters - in order of appearance**

**Abigail** - 13 years old. Is the sister of Adam and looks up to him. She introduces and concludes the story. Must be noticeably younger than the rest of the cast.

**Adam** - A blind young man who is very religious. He loves his sister and friends very much. Despite coming from a Loyalist family, he is very much a Patriot. Should be smaller and frailer than the other men in the cast.

**Joshua** - A young man the same age as Adam. He is very amicable and although he is educated, he is still a rugged farmer at heart. He is a Patriot spy.

**Suzanne** - A young women Adam's age who at first appears a damsel in distress, but turns out to be a brave Patriot spy. She views Adam as a brother.

**Father** - Father of Adam and Abigail. An older gentleman who loves his children very much and cares deeply for them. He struggles with maintaining his Loyalist image while also allowing his son to develop his own opinions.

## **Prologue**

Downstage right a young girl of about 13 appears. She is dressed in colonial garb, and is holding an old book in her hands. She addresses the audience:

ABIGAIL

My brother never told a lie. At six years my senior, I was inclined to believe him. He always said, "Abby, it is a sin to lie, and nothing good comes from not telling the truth." In the summer of 1774 I came to believe that he himself was a liar, and it was all over a few scribbled words he couldn't even read. . .

## Scene I

Lights fade and then return very bright to reveal a shoddy side of a barn with a coat hanging on a hook, a small wooden crate to downstage left with an old book on it and another small crate center with a half finished basket weaving project in front of it. Abigail is sitting on the book crate and Adam is sitting on the basket crate. Abigail picks up reading mid-sentence, as if the scene has just unfrozen. Adam begins weaving and does not stop throughout the entire play unless otherwise occupied by some other task.

ABIGAIL

*(reading)* But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose *is* this image and superscription? They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them,

ADAM

Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's. When they had heard *these words*, they marveled, and left him, and went their way. (King James Version, Matthew 22.18-22)

ABIGAIL

It marvels me how you can remember the words so well. I read them to you every day and still cannot retain them half as well as you.

ADAM

'Tis a gift dear Abigail, when one's eyes do not work, their ears tend to compensate. Now run to Mother and make yourself useful, I have heard quite enough of the world's fine literature from you today.

*(Enter Joshua upstage left, a sturdy young man, walking like a farmer. He is wearing a vest, with his arms folded around it rather protectively. He and Abigail cross paths as she exits mid-stage left)*

JOSHUA

Good day, Ms. Abigail

ABIGAIL

Good day to you, Mr. Joshua. Odd to see you so far east. While your company is most welcome, 'tis harvest and your farm must be awfully busy. I do so hope your crop is well?

JOSHUA

Ah, such a kindhearted girl. My crop is plenty and abundant, thank the Lord, but a man like me often seeks the company of a childhood friend, keeps him young in the heart. Now tell me Miss Abigail, where might I find that brother of yours?

ABIGAIL

He's just around the other side of the barn.

*(Abigail exits, and Joshua continues around to sit on the crate she had been sitting on. He pulls a sealed envelope from his breast pocket, but not before looking around to make sure no one can see.)*

ADAM

Hello there Joshua. How fare you?

JOSHUA

Greetings Adam, I fare very well now that I know my crop is safe and stored, after last year's disasters when the Redcoats stole my whole families' winter stores. I received word of when they would arrive and was able to hide some goods before they could steal them. But . . . how did you know it was me?

ADAM

You have a very unique gait, my friend. You walk like a farmer, but today is distinct because the stance is wide, I could hear it. Wide like someone who has ridden a horse all day, and it being mid-afternoon, and you living a half day's ride away, I guessed it might be you.

JOSHUA

Clever as ever there, Adam.

ADAM

And I heard you talking to my lovely little sister.

*(Both laugh)*

JOSHUA

And as devious.

*(There is a pregnant pause)*

JOSHUA

Well, I suppose we should get on with the real reason I am here. Is your father around?

ADAM

No. He is out in the north field with the hands and will not be back 'til suppertime. Hand it here, and trust that I will neither fail nor betray you.

*(Adam stands and holds out his hand in the direction of Joshua, and Joshua stands up and walks over to hand him the letter. The action is silent and steady, NOT RUSHED.)*

JOSHUA

There is no man I trust more. This is a list of British supply routes and their times of travel. Miss Turner will be here later to retrieve it from you and take it into town.

*(He takes hold of Adam's shoulder firmly, and Adam grabs Joshua's forearm.)*

JOSHUA

Adam, I have a confession to make. You will not be seeing me anymore.

*(Adam cocks his head in surprise)*

There is suspicion of me in the town. The British are onto us and our *(Pause)* personal business. I am truly sorry, but my prayer is that one day this war will be won and I will freely farm my own land with my own family. That is when I will next see you. Then and not before.

ADAM

*(Adam turns to face Joshua and puts his upstage hand to the back of Joshua's head.)*

Godspeed my friend.

*(Joshua hastily exits the way he came. Lights fade.)*

## Scene II

Lights come up on the same setting, however the light is considerably dimmer. It is evening. Adam enters from center stage left reciting to himself.

ADAM

But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose *is* this image and superscription? They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's. (Matthew 22.18-22)

*(He makes his way over to the coat and puts it on while reciting, then pauses after putting on the coat and turns to face the audience.)*

Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's. (Matthew 22.18-22)

*(He moves back to his crate and continues weaving. Enter Suzanne upstage left.)*

SUZANNE

Adam! I am so sorry I am late. But I could not escape the attention of the vial Englishmen who have moved into my home.

ADAM

'Tis quite fine my dear Suzanne. I had feared I missed you having only just returned from supper. I suspect you'll be wanting to head homeward as soon as possible.

*(He pulls the sealed envelope given to him by Joshua out of his breast pocket and holds it towards Suzanne. She steps forward and snatches it, immediately putting it into her apron, as if she is afraid of Adam.)*

ADAM

*(Curious of her reaction.)*

You are afraid, my friend?

SUZANNE

Oh Adam!

*(She sinks to the ground at his feet with her arm and head practically in his lap.)*

I've spent my entire day climbing over these soldiers and doing their laundry and cooking their meals. My father is at wits end. He tries to remain neutral to this whole debacle, but these Brits are making him mad.

ADAM

*(He touches her comfortingly.)*

I am sorry you are in distress, but I encourage you, Miss Turner

*(She moves so that she is looking at him and he places a hand on her cheek.)*

To endure these things with great fortitude, for it shall soon be ended, and the Merciful Lord will reward you your hardships with a bounty of liberty and good fortune.

SUZANNE

Since we were but babes you have brought me great comfort in my times of need Adam.  
Thank you.

*(She stands to leave, and he rises with her)*



ADAM

And you the same for me.

*(Suddenly turning serious)*

Now go, and don't let anyone find that paper on you, I daresay we should all be hanged.

It's a list of British supply routes and their dates of travel. I trust you know who to bring it to?

SUZANNE

The Patriots shall have it by midmorning the morrow.

*(She dashes off stage left)*

ADAM

*(He sits and says to himself)*

Render unto Caesar.

*(Chuckles to himself. Lights fade)*

### Scene III

It is the next morning. It is the same setting but the weaving and coat are gone and the crates are both at center stage angled in. Adam and his father emerge from behind the barn looking slightly disheveled. They both take seats on the crates. Father stares at Adam guiltily throughout the entire scene.

FATHER

Nothing soothes the soul like hard work. Stacking firewood used to be my least favorite job. But as I age I find it more and more of a comfort.

ADAM

Yes, father, there is a miraculous rhythm to the task, I must say.

*(Pregnant Pause)*

FATHER

Son, I have a grave matter of which I need to speak with you. And it quite pains me to do so.

ADAM

*(Becoming worried)*

Oh father, is everyone alright? It's not Abigail is it?

FATHER

*(Chuckling)*

No Adam, it is not. Your sister is fine.

*(Rises and begins to pace)*

This is more a *stately* matter, I suppose is the word. It has come to my attention that  
Joshua Banks and Suzanne Turner are suspected of treason to the British Crown.  
Both of whom I could have sworn I saw near this property yesterday.

ADAM

Father,

*(He rises as well but does not pace)*

You cannot believe it! They are my friends, were my playmates in youth! I-

FATHER

*(Interrupting him)*

Now I don't want to believe it anymore than you, but facts are facts, Adam. A war is upon us, and war brings out the worst in people. Now son, as I am a pledged Loyalist of the British crown, I would hope that you have not forsaken my name by doing something as foolish as spying. So I am going to ask you once, and I want you to swear on the Holy Word of God, that you have not been seeing either Joshua Banks or Suzanne Turner in regards to secret information.

ADAM

Father, please don't make . . .

FATHER

Adam!

ADAM

*(Takes a deep breath.)*

No father, I have not seen either of them in regards to treason, I swear it.

FATHER

As your father, I would take your word for it. But I know your faith Adam, and I know you would not lie upon the Holy Oath. I must say I am relieved to hear it. I ... I... I will see you at supper.

*(Father exits mid-stage left. Abigail enters from behind the stage right side of the barn)*

ABIGAIL

Adam, you lied!!!! You told me never tell a lie, that nothing good ever comes from it, and you just lied on the Word of God!!! I saw Joshua here yesterday and I saw Suzanne last night. I SAW PAPERS CHANGE HANDS!!!!

*(She charges at him angrily and continues to cry. He holds her off.)*

ADAM

Abigail stop. Stop please! You must listen to me.

*(She settles slightly and Adam moves to hold her by the shoulders.)*

I did not lie.

ABIGAIL

But...

ADAM

No.

*(He shakes her slightly in frustration.)*

Abigail, there is a war going on. There is a war between those who worship a King and those who worship God. Do you remember in Matthew, when The Pharisees try to trick Jesus by asking him whether or not to pay their taxes?

*(She nods, clearly not convinced this is going anywhere)*

Remember how he says to give unto Caesar what is Caesar's?

*(Again she nods.)*

Well, Suzanne has given enough to Caesar. Her house has been invaded and her freedom taken. Joshua has given enough to Caesar. His family nearly starved because of all the crops stolen by the British Troops last growing season. I have given enough to Caesar! It was British soldier who hit me in Father's cart that day in town. He had drank too much at the tavern and then decided it was a good idea to drive a carriage. **Abigail that is why I cannot see.** I got jammed between the carriage and our cart. **My Skull was cracked open!!!!**

*(Abigail is shocked. Adam is now in tears and he finishes with a whisper.)*

I have given to Caesar! Now I will give to God.

*(He lets go of Abigail, and they both sit on the ground, separated now.)*

And as for lying, I would never lie to our father and especially not on the Oath of God. He knows I've been spying, but his colleagues were growing suspicious and wanted confirmation. He asked me if I had seen them, Abigail. SEEN THEM. And I have not seen them, or anyone, since I was twelve years old.

*The Scene freezes as realization dawns on Abigail's face. The lights fade to just a spot that follows Abigail as she makes her way to down center stage.)*

ABIGAIL

My Brother lost his sight when he was in his twelfth summer, and he had not seen the faces of Joshua Banks and Suzanne Turner, or of anyone, since then. I learned a thing or two about true sacrifice that spring, and all the springs after until the war ended. But one lesson I will never forget I learned from my older brother. My brother never told a lie. He knew no good would come from lying.

**End of Play**





# *In this issue*

Tatiana Barreras

Jacey Bullens

Hope Burnside

Dan Carey

Nick Centrella

Emelia Golankiewicz

Serina Gousby

Jenny Hunt

Isabelle Kelley

Jason Kleckner

Felicia Krentzman

Ivan Lanz

Brenna Lopes

Adrian Marin

Angel Marr

Haley Cole Martin

Claire Mulvena

Sofia Ohrynowicz

Lydia Ouellette

Kennedy Parker

@chrisrocco

Ashley Sheehy

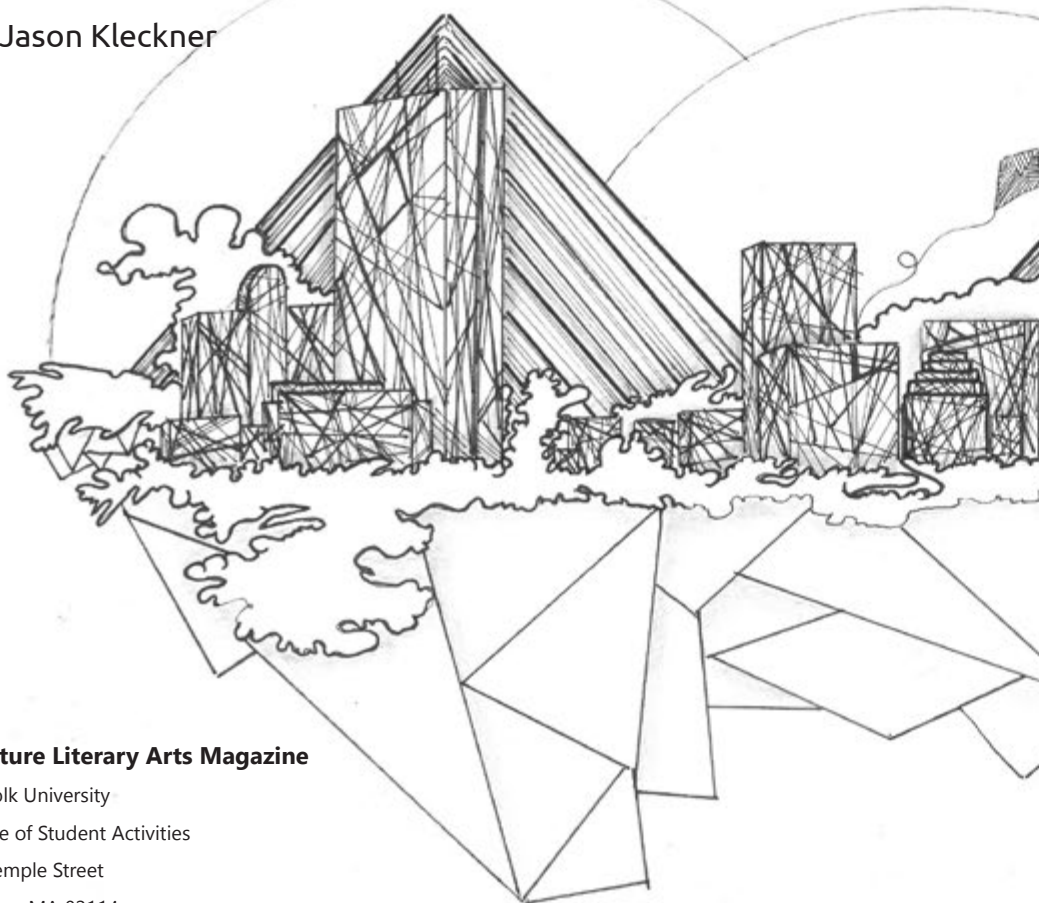
Maya Smith

Fredson Sossavi

Amelia Tornatore

Marissa Trunfio

Sarah Welch



**Venture Literary Arts Magazine**

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