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Tess Seaver

VENTURE
People, Places, & Things

VENTURE | Literary & Arts Student Magazine
Spring 2023

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VENTURE | Literary & Arts Student Magazine

Spring 2023

VENTURE

People, Places, & Things

TOUR ALL DAY

VENTURE

Literary & Arts Student Magazine

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This edition of *Venture* is incredibly special to me. Not only was this my second time being able to work on *Venture* as Editor-in-Chief, but, as I'm graduating, it was my last. Working on this issue was bittersweet. Still, I am so grateful to have been able to work on one again, and with such an amazing staff. *Venture* is a place for those creators within the Suffolk community to be able to share their work and feel uplifted and heard by their peers, professors, and mentors. Our community is filled with so many brilliant writers and artists that have such powerful words to say, which makes our work both easy, as we have so many great pieces to share, and hard, as selecting just a few of our amazing submissions proves to be a difficult task. This year's edition has the by-line of *People, Places, and Things* as we wanted to put a focus on our amazing community here at Suffolk University, as well as in the city of Boston that our university calls home. We sought to highlight voices that we thought embodied this idea of observing the everyday from diverse perspectives. I hope you enjoy hearing from them as much as we do.

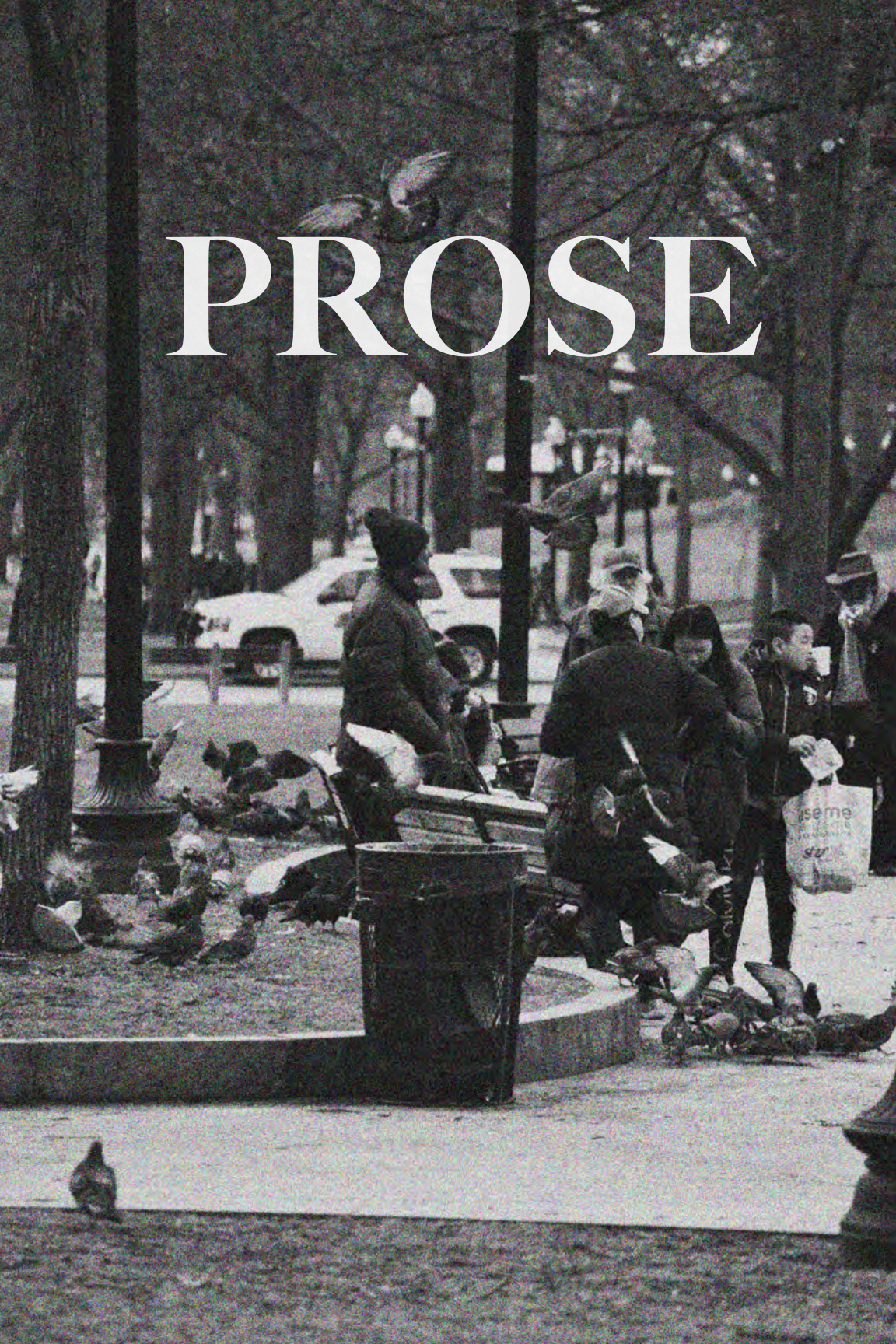
Sarah Smith
Editor & Chief

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PROSE



Red Hijab

Hanan Tuffaha

I'm wearing a red hijab to class today. Scarlet, lightweight cotton. It keeps both my hair covered and my neck warm in the New England cold. It feels like safety, but the irony is that I have been told before that my hijab represents violence; I'm a target simply by existing. The color red also makes it easier to spot me in a crowd of people on the subway or on Tremont Street, so I don't know why I decided to wear my red hijab today. I just thought it would look cute with my outfit. Right now I am wearing a colorful striped cardigan over a black t-shirt with Chucky the doll on the front, as well as some black jeans and Doc Martens. It took everything in me not to pull out the same black hijab I wear every single day, but for once I wanted to try something different.

One time when I went out with some friends, I took out my driver's license, in which I was 16 years old and wearing a bright red hijab my mother bought for me – I used to like wearing rhinestones and flowers and bright colors. Upon seeing the picture, my friend C, clearly distraught, asked me why I was wearing red. They asked me:

“Don't you know red represents violence? Why would you wear a red hijab?”

Keep in mind, they are a white person with red hair. I would have never looked at their rose-colored hair and accused it of murder. Their logic stemmed from the fact that their white father once walked past a Muslim woman wearing red and called her a terrorist. Still, I don't understand the correlation between the color red and violence. So I was taken aback, because I have never heard of this before. But they were just looking out

for me. My friend who wants to make sure I am not a bright red target as I walk home late at night.

I want to disappear a lot of the time, and I can't do that in the color red. My hijab already makes it hard enough to camouflage myself into the body of America, so I do my best to blend in as best as I can. I've gotten so used to blending in that being spotted makes me fear for my life. They want to help me disappear, to be American enough like them.

My driver's license photo from 2018 suddenly wore the blood of our nation wrapped around her head. She was a walking accusation, with her bullseye-colored scarf and she was asking to be banned from these borders. When people see the picture of 16-year-old me in my driver's license, they see #neverforget and an attack I wasn't even here to see. I vowed to never allow myself to be associated with the spilling of blood, again. Ironical, since I'm wearing my red scarf as I write this in my creative nonfiction class. I guess this is to say, it's not the color red that people are afraid of. They just don't want to wrap their heads around the possibility that someone could be Muslim and not violent, that someone like me could exist in America's red, white, and blue.

One day last November I was on the Orange Line commuting to work, and a man got on with me at Oak Grove. There were two other Muslim women wearing hijabs on the same train as me, but I did not realize this until the man started screaming at the top of his lungs. He began complaining about how one of the Muslim women (he called her "that pretty lady over there") refused his sexual advances toward her, and blamed Islam as a whole for this. He directed his anger at me and the other two women, who went stiff just as I did, unsure what to say or do as he accused us of terrorism. All because one woman said no. He had even threatened to "go to the mosque" and expose us. It was a full train car as well, and everyone else decided to mind their own business, to go about their day as if everything was normal and there wasn't a whole hate crime going on in front of them. As soon as he got off at Wellington, and I don't know what prompted me to do this, I went up to the other hijabis and started having a panic attack. I felt the need to apologize for the man's behavior toward us, because for some reason I felt it was my fault. The three of us were in the same situation, wondering if we were ever

going to make it to work, but I couldn't help but blame myself. I sat there screaming and crying, my body trembling in fear and frustration about how no one wanted to help, no one wanted to use their privilege even for a second to protect three innocent women. I was angry. At me for not saying anything back to him, for not standing up for us, and at all of the people who minded their business. At the world for letting this happen. I have experienced Islamophobic hate before, had even been accused of holding a bomb in my school bag, but for some reason this instance in particular led me to fear for my life even more.

When I texted my boss that I did not know if I would make it to work safely, they asked me what train car number I was on so they could call the MBTA police. It was car #1408. I had never paid attention, nor known that specific train cars were numbered back then, but now I have to look at the number every time. It feels like a survival skill - I will avoid #1408 at all costs because it reminds me of violence. I think I wore a red hijab that day too, and one of the women wore pink, which is close enough I guess.

But my red hijab represents power today, it symbolizes the power that for so long has been taken from me in a country that will keep trying to send me back to a home that no longer exists. Now I wear that power as a crown and Goddamn do I deserve to be seen, red hijab and all. It hurts the star-spangled hearts of white America to see a Muslim girl in power - it threatens them but I am no longer afraid of being threatening.

My Heart, Now Stardust

C.J. Kuechler

They told me that you had become stardust. I think in their heads it was the most fantastical way to tell me of your death. Your death was noble, your departure was brave, and you died an American hero, but in the end, you were still dead.

There was a ceremony, of course, and they gave me a folded flag. Afterward, they asked me if I wanted to be a part of a team designing memorials for all the astronauts that died. I shook my head, No, thank you.

I really wanted to scream at the agent, tear the skin from my cheeks and stick a pen in his eye for suggesting something so ludicrous, but I hung my head like the gentle widow I was now. My sorrow coiled around my neck, preventing me from raising my voice.

The news cycles ran endlessly about the incident, saying it was like the Space Shuttle Challenger disaster. I bared my teeth when public figures spoke your name and misunderstood the expedition. The shuttle wasn't about a new Cold War: your mission was a race against time. They could've put our money into saving our trees, oceans, and air, but instead, they chose to build shuttles to hopefully send us away from the home they killed.

You knew it always infuriated me that those more powerful and more at fault turned away from the answers to helping our Earth. They insisted it was too late anyway, yet it was never too late for spaceships. I was always so angry, but you were always so proud of me for speaking my mind, even if it meant denouncing the men that funded your rocket.

You were going to be a fantastic astronaut. You were going to fly as far as we have ever gone. You were going to conquer the galaxy with your smile.

You and your crew had survived leaving our atmosphere. As I watched your ship go up, I felt my heart thrum and burn like the sun. You were going to be a legend, and you were going to come home.

Before they had known you were all dead, you had made it farther than any human had ever been in space. They theorized that in your final moment, you had burst from our solar system and claimed the far corners of the Milky Way. You were a lionheart whose empire only lasted a moment. All it took was billions upon billions of dollars to break my heart and etch your name into history aboard a spacecraft that became your coffin.

“I’m not afraid,” you had said before the final leg of your training. I know it was the truth. Nothing scares you except your own limits. “I’ll bring you back something.” “Oh really? From space? What will you bring me?” I had teased, braiding your hair. “Easy. A star.” You sensed me roll my eyes. “What, not grand enough for you?” “All I want is for you to return in one piece. And don’t get that space madness.” Your laugh was a loud vibrato of joy and power. How could you always be so funny, so unserious, even when the world was crumbling between our fingers?

Everything you had was left to me. We lived together but had separate rooms because you stayed up at night reading mythology, watching sci-fi, and researching solar systems with all your bedroom lights. I slept with a sleeping mask in complete darkness under twelve blankets, disliking the slightest sound.

Look at me now, rolling around in your thin sheets and staring at the moon, crying to it to return you to me.

I couldn’t sleep. I couldn’t eat. Reporters would beg me for a story about you, and politicians sent their condolences— it felt like whole countries were mourning with me, and it made me clench my fists until my nails broke my skin. They only loved you when you were gone. Our existence was controversial when they announced you were on the space

exploration team. So many cruel remarks and harsh words from around the world came to you because you held me so tenderly, even when people looked. It took you dying for people's opinions of us to go from judgment to empathy. It took a tragedy for people to notice I'm human.

I wouldn't see your family. I silenced my phone. I slept and slept and cried and ate granola bars and denied, denied, denied until I had worn all my clothes and yours. Your soft-spoken brother came banging on my door one afternoon, awakening me. I opened it, pale-faced and perpetually wet, and he grabbed me in a tight embrace. "She wouldn't want to see you like this," he cried.

It was amazing to me how much water we could pour from our eyes.

It took a long time, but I showed my face in public again at some point, mostly accompanied by your brother. We were an unfortunate duo, both infinitely tied to your name and tragedy until the end of time. We had to be brother and sister to each other to survive it all. We both held similar guilt that we didn't spend enough time with you, that we didn't look hard enough at the warning signs, that we didn't try hard enough to prevent you from going.

We discovered that the government had made the space exploration team create messages in case you did die. It angered me that they would even allow for there to be any possibility of your demise, but I knew better than to think that having you in the crew would make everyone invincible.

They said they only showed the videos to the families who were ready, and we weren't even the last ones. Grief knows how to freeze you in time while the world keeps spinning. I knew I had to spin with it again at some point.

Your expression in the video was cheery, and I resented that I almost forgot how bright your face was. You looked a bit more tense than usual, and I know you did your hair by yourself because of how loose the ponytail was.

“If you are watching this, I guess I am dead. Jeez, what a cliché!” you said in the video. I let out a small laugh, then started to cry hysterically. You’re dead, you damn idiot, and you can’t even take that seriously. “I know it will be hard, with me not there, especially since I was always the funny one, but I need you all to take care of each other. Don’t repress your sadness, but don’t drown in it either...”

And you went on like that, your body relaxing and your words becoming more enduring. I wonder how long it took you to write this speech. Had you done it in our apartment when I wasn’t looking? Were you writing your own suicide note under the impression you’d survive anyway? Or did you write nothing and let these words flow out of you like they had been in your chest since the day you decided to be an astronaut?

You knew how it would hurt to have you gone, a light snuffed out from existence, but you were valiant as always, wanting us to move forward.

“As long as you keep living, I will too.” It was the end of the video, the last sound of your voice given to the world.

It was a heavy job that you had handed me, your brother, and your father. Keep living. Keep going. Keep the memories, because that’s all that’s left of your liveliness. Only then did it surprise me that for a hero loved by the whole world, the group you had chosen to see your departing message was just the three of us.

I turned down deals with publishers and talk show hosts even after I had stopped suffocating myself with tears. I had to go back to work eventually, even with the money you left me, and it was good for me to heal my mind by becoming part of the world again.

People didn’t seem to recognize it was me, your widow, looking at your stony face. Stuffed animals, bouquets, and even little spaceships were left at the feet of your memorial. It was nice, but they didn’t know that you would’ve preferred new comic books, replacement scrunchies for the ones you kept losing, and postcards from the most unique corners of our Earth. They idolized and worshiped you so much that they forgot that you were

just a dork who couldn't braid your own hair and didn't know how to sew the buttons back onto your jackets.

The statue of you was gorgeous; they told me they used the best artists in the world to make sure you looked just right. They molded you in a forward march with your fist pumped excitedly toward the sky, ready to keep moving onward with humanity following behind you.

I climbed up onto the base of the statue so we were level with one another. The artists got your inches right, the perfect height for me to hold your face and remember the cut of your cheekbones. I kissed your ivory lips, wishing you were Galatea and I was Pygmalion.

Aphrodite, please make her real, I prayed in my head, but when I pulled away you were still stone and stardust and I was still flesh. I took a breath in, removing myself from this immortalized version of you, and let myself free.

"I will always be here," I said softly, but no longer to the statue. I was looking to the rising moon, wondering if it saw you before you died.

The galaxy must've loved you a lot to keep you.



My oxygen is running low. This is it, huh? I guess I should've known better, but at least someone will remember my name. Nobody will hear this transmission; I am a bajillion miles away, blanketed by faraway stars and an airless sky.

I should be afraid, but I'm not because even in the vacuum of space with nobody around me, I can only marvel at the galaxy ahead of me. God, it is fucking magnificent. I forget we are so small compared to the universe, but I think if my atoms gained consciousness and saw how they made up my body, they'd be amazed too.

I am unsure where I am: I think, maybe, I am near a star, but it's not our sun. It's beautiful and bright and incomprehensible. I must be the first person to ever be this close to a star! You would've loved it. It shines just like you.

Wherever you are when you find out, know that you'll be okay. You were okay before me and now you will be okay after me. And don't be scared for me, alright? The Greeks buried their best warriors in the stars and built constellations from their bodies, and now I will be with them. It will be a tragedy, but how interesting will it be to say your soulmate was an astronaut who conquered and then became a heavenly body?

I'll be safely tucked under Orion's arm, shooting stars across the sky so you'll know I'm still there. Make a wish if you see one, please.

I'm sorry, my lover, we won't meet again.

But it was good while it lasted.

“Man on the Moon”

Matilyn Paul

I fell in love with the man on the moon when I was young and I believed in magic. I would look outside past the shifting blinds of my cool-glassed window at night, and that glowing orb of light always caught my eye. Have you noticed the Earth smells different during the nighttime? The sweet glasses of lemonade and bakeries turn to rich old carpets and mirrored lakes. It intoxicated me. Then I would see him, the man on the moon.

His shoulders were broad, his jaw was sharp but his eyes... His eyes told me all that I needed to know, promised me that I would never be alone, and embraced me on nights when the chill had made it hard to breathe. In his arms my fervent chest could stop running, my mind was slow, and I didn't have to run anymore. I fell in love with the man on the moon, until I didn't need him anymore. Or at least that's what he assumed when he left me.

When you're young the world is small. You can cup it in your paper-cut fingers and you feel like you can consume it all. When I was younger I would try to escape from the world and turn it into my own dream. I would dance in the clouds, I got caught up in bedtime stories. Life was simple. Goodbye only meant “I'll see you tomorrow,” before I would go home and wash the dirt off of my knees. I didn't understand the meaning of permanence; the world moves quickly when you're young. I never wanted to grow up, I wanted to sing to the birds, I wanted to breathe.

The paint has begun to chip off of the sides of my tree house in faded red strips, and my snow pants don't fit all that well anymore. I still have that collection of sea glass on my windowsill, and paintings still cover my walls, but they aren't purple anymore – I've turned them to tan. The stars watch over me still. That hasn't changed. In them, thousands of souls, thousands of people who love me. My grandfather winks at me with his dimpled cheeks and relief washes over me.

I have found a home inside of myself.

I've made it to "older" now and I've realized that things aren't always meant to stay. I'm no longer invincible. I won't rule the world. But the scars I've acquired along the way can heal and become reminders of the past – I've lost people, and I've gained them. I've connected to the world and I know it will never compare to the books I read in the colored light of my grandmother's stained glass lamp, but this is something I've come to terms with. I fell in love with the man on the moon, and I miss him, but sometimes when I look up at the sky in the soft night air I can see the ghost of his smile in the chilling light. But the most important thing that loss has brought to me is the allowance for me to fall in love with myself, and that is enough for me. Maybe the man on the moon was right to have left me to my own devices.

The House on the Hill

Mackenzie Savard

38 Jam Hill Road, Oxford, Maine: my home away from home for sixteen years. My grandparents bought the property up on top of the hill before I was born, and began building their dream home by the time I was one. My grandmother let me pick my bedroom's color, and yellow (the only color I could say), was what the room was painted. However, by the time it was done, I hated the putrid yellow shade she chose. So, I decided the upstairs bedroom had to be pink. I felt bad for my grandparents, as they had to explain to their guests why the bedroom was blush pink, but I don't think they minded. I had always been told I was the favorite grandchild, and it was pretty obvious that I was.

Every morning during my visits, I would shake my grandmother awake. At first she would gripe about it, but eventually, she would just smile and get up with me. She would start her obligatory coffee pot, and I would sit on my stool and wait, swinging my legs back and forth. I'd pick our mugs (mine always with flowers, hers with snails), and she'd pour us coffee. Of course, mine was more milk with a splash of coffee, while hers was the exact opposite. I'd put on one of her bathrobes, far too large for my five-year-old body, and follow her out to the front steps. The massive house faced the east, and we would sit on the stoop and watch the sun rise in rose and apricot hues. We would talk about nonsense, and I would sip my steamy "coffee". Eventually, we'd retreat inside from the cold, scurrying across the shiny hardwood floors.

Soon after, my grandfather would lumber out of bed and trudge down the stairs. "Good morning, chickadee," he'd say, as he quietly kissed

my grandmother. “Good morning, Macadoodles!” he’d shout, as if he always needed to be fully awake whenever I was around. “Are you ready to get the newspaper?” I’d quickly run to the front hall and put on my lavender fleece and pink sneakers. I’d follow him out to the silver Ford pickup. He’d get in the driver’s seat, and I’d crawl into his lap. I would start the car and begin to “drive”. Of course, he had his feet on the pedals and was controlling the steering wheel, but I didn’t know that. We’d gradually make our way down the long driveway and grab the paper and I’d jump right back into his lap and drive again.

In the kitchen, my grandmother had a small built-in desk. One could often find me squirreled away underneath it. I’d grab all my favorite comfy pillows and stuff them under with me, making my own little cave. It was a safe space where I could go to read my many library books, or even just nap. Even as I was getting too big to fit, I’d still attempt to wriggle my way under the desk.

When my grandfather passed, my grandmother could no longer take care of the house by herself, and reluctantly had to sell it. During that move on a frigid and bittersweet day last October, I realized I needed to capture every memory made and lesson learned before I walked out the door. I understood that my grandparents adapted their daily routine, teaching me important lessons I didn’t even know I was learning at the time. Now, each morning, I take a little bit of time for myself. I have an emphatic love for sunrises, and I finally can drink coffee like my grandmother. My grandfather passed before I truly learned to drive, but I have his photo hanging in my car so I can still get the paper with him every morning. Alone time is very important to me, taught by the little nook under the desk. On the last day, I squeezed myself into the space under the desk. Physically, it was extremely uncomfortable, but emotionally, I’ve never felt more comfortable and at home in my life.

POETRY



Gold

Juliet Giangregorio

I turned my hair to fields of gold,
to give its length a purpose,
instead of hanging on my head,
and keeping thoughts at surface.

My copper-like commodity
I've grown since I was young,
I wield my femininity
like secrets on my tongue.

now I am immortalized,
my breath within the earth,
my fingertips to fertilize
the ground that gave me birth.

I reap and weave what I have sown
and lay it out to dry.
Only when the birds have flown,
I let my body cry.

Paint Me in Pink, The Men Hate It!

Samira Kerkach

Pink unlike the “tomboy” clothes I forced myself into,
Pink unlike the makeup I never wore,
Pink unlike internalized misogyny’s debut,
Pink unlike war.
Pink unlike “proud masculinity,”
Pink because femininity is not shameful!
Pink that represents genderfluid divinity,
Even though you love to paint us blameful.
Pink like the color I hated,
Pink because I am self-accused,
Pink because I don’t care if I am berated.
Because of all the goddamn women who are pretty in pink,
And are just as pretty for what they think.

Soteria

Sky Steffiare

Against a sky that grows more gold,
sunlight brushes upon the contours
of umber-flecked cheeks.

We have only met newly
within the light, you have
bewitched me for time eternal.

For you are a being made of love,
with magma coursing through
your veins, gilded molten desires.

You enraptured me in
the solace with which you gave
so willingly, lovingly.

The warmth of your being
has wholeheartedly
melted me.

Your Name Means “Pure” or “Holy”

Michael Joseph Kfoury

La fica di madre, the words spice my eggs,
sizzling in oil and bursting from the pan in revenge
over my Nonna's hands. There's no need to worry,
there's no need to help when glued to the Scooby Doo cartoons,
because a grandchild waits to sit on his kitchen throne.

Mother Mary seems to not have heard.
Flat against the wall looking down at her son,
her divine light shines through crystal from the old country.

La fica de madre, the curse flies from her hands
when seeing a wrinkled bed, a saucy joke
naked in the midday. There's no need to worry,
there's no need to help, only listen and learn
so I won't be divorced.

The electric light bathes her gold rings.
They're the spine of her hug, the bite of her hand,
reflecting generations of warm, wrinkled stories.

La fica de madre, the phrase cuts a smile
across my face when she takes my old throne
and waits for her eggs. There's a fine taste of salt in those words,
there's a soul still in this home because
a cast iron pizzelle can rust but never break.

“Sailing Down the Whiskey River”

Robert Fennessey-Stevenson Jr.

I sail down the Whiskey River, but there is no wind.
Lazily floating down, I begin to sink. Uisce Beatha,
the water of life, now surrounds me, but I feel no fear.
As port and starboard begin to disappear, staring at the
sky, tears in my eyes, cotton forming in my mouth, my
lips cracked and bloody, a song of madness begins to play
from the back of my mind. It grows from a lonely guitarist
playing in a sad dive, to a symphony orchestra. A crescendo
of sound slamming into me, singing; this is fate, this is destiny,
now drown. The River is warm, like a blanket, how comforting.
The sail wraps around my neck, pulling me down, hurdling me
towards the River's depths. Deeper and deeper, I plummet, empty
bottles of Jim Beam and 1800 Tequila, fall down with me, they
pass me by like volatile emotional torpedoes. The deeper I'm
pulled, the murkier the River's depths become. Soon I can no
longer see myself in the natural mirror of the River's surface.
Unrecognizable and terrified, I begin to gasp for air, but
it's too late. The song of madness comes back, this time as a
siren's song beckoning me to accept what I have believed
my whole life: hear the words they sing; hear the words that
have been in your heart and mind. Remember them, tattoo them
on your soul, brand them on your skin so when you are reborn the
memory of those horrible words still stings and reminds you there
is no escaping this. The song still plays: this is fate, this is destiny,
now drown. The distance to the surface grows further and further away,
and my mind begins to slip, further and further from reality. I contemplate
drowning, giving up, and allowing myself to become one with the warm waters
around me. It's at this moment that I finally hit the bottom, the bottom of
the River. There is no creativity, imagination is dead down here. I thought
the bottom would be muddy and dirty, someplace where I could drown in peace.
The ground is clear and smooth, like ice, but warm to the touch. I lie

down and think to myself, "What a good place to drown". In the reflection, I see who I am and who I am becoming. I think about who I want to be and that's when I see a glimmer. A small shining light; it's the surface. In that moment I feel the air leave my lungs and for the first time, I desperately gasp for air and swim toward the surface. The song of madness is deafening now, it screams at me begging me to stay at the bottom. I pass the ruins of my past and feel shards of glass labeled grief cut me as I hurdle towards freedom, freedom from the Whiskey River. When I finally break through the surface, I breathe new life, and I feel the weight off my chest. Holding onto passing driftwood tight, I begin to float down the Whiskey River once more, this time with my face set towards the sky. The journey is long, but drowning is no longer an option. I float down the Whiskey River, but there is no wind.

Lamentation on Losing a Friend

Sarah Smith

Memories, barefooted, grace
soap-covered hills –
Unable to find toehold, slip away,
and You start to feel like a stranger.

You've seen Me naked –
Peeled back layers and undressed me
down to core –
Skin and memory,
flesh on bone,
and I've forgotten Your middle name.

I've felt You under my palms –
Traversed crater and pothole –
Encircled around You, eaten You whole.
and I think Your eyes were blue.

Lands once home to
grounds sowed with
catalogs of information:
Favorites, Opinions, Wants –
now deserted, a barren wasteland where
untended soil sprouts fruitless trees.
and I can't quite place the sound of Your voice.

the Memories I used to outfit bad days,
once plush and warm –
Scarves, Hats, Gloves –
now threadbaren and buttons lost.

The home which You once inhabited,
studded in the forefront of my mind,
I try to open a door –
Nailed shut and deadbolted,
bulbs gone broken and missing.

I tried to carry You with me.
Shove You into coin purse and breast pocket –
Lost to moth holes,
tangled in the bottom of purses' garbage –

So, I sewed You into
the lining of my shirt –
under The Place on the base of my neck.
You ripped rents and severed seams.

You made Your escape –
An artist of the craft –
Hiding behind foggy landscapes and
muddled figures of the past.

I see the place on the mirror
where I'd taped Your picture,
and the feeling of Remembering reaches out a paw
to scratch an itch,
but gets its nails stuck and claws retract,

and you start to feel like a stranger.

Kindness

Milan Marzilli

Didn't work, so I
had to use a rock. No one gets
too close now, and I
think that's probably for
the best. Sometimes, I
miss staring out the
one big window in my
childhood home, picturing a
life where you never left and
there are still two cars in the driveway.
I'd never admit it.
Not even to you.
I spend most of my time
sitting in the grass, picking
shards of glass out of my kneecaps,
and everyone looks, but they
never stop to offer any help, and I
think that's probably for
the best.

Lovesick

Juliet Giangregorio

If you must speak to me, do it kindly.
i soak my heart in words of approval.
bright red, it eats your sentences blindly,
until my bright red arteries are full.

so deeply down i watch the sweetness sink,
and i am mad with want for more of it.
think thoughts of you that push me to the brink,
despite the pain, your words i will not quit.

i thirst for what i cannot have from you,
the ache turns me incomprehensible.
a shallow breath of niceties flows through,
a steady drip of hope to keep me full.

we practice lovesickness from day to day,
unashamed by this lovesick game we play

on losing my safe space

Hanan Tuffaha

the bean bag chair where i used to take naps
isn't so comfortable anymore when
mean girls close blinds while they gossip
laughing along at the body that contorts itself
into impossible positions as it lays down how can they not laugh
when i wear pink but i act so blue sometimes?
"show up as you are" a motto that
only applies to select few - good little muslim girl
she wears a thing on her head
so you can call us diverse never racist we
welcome everyone they say, diversity
into suffocatingly small spaces
so inclusive as we slam the door on
identities that don't make sense don't add up;
queer nonbinary palestinian muslim who struggles with mental health?
it does not add up - never enough she doesn't make sense
in a world of one or the other never all of the above
when i became an unwelcome guest into my own home
never gay never trans never depressed never human
never a voice to listen to or even hear
you're always too loud when you open your mouth
shut up and say nothing at all
they have a right to disrespect me, i try and tell myself
i don't have a right to exist in this body and expect anything more
"they will never like us" my mom tells me and i believe her

this time.

- It's my fault I got comfortable.

Desdemona at a Loss for Words

Sarah Smith

Desdemona Finds Herself In absence
of expression for emotion -
Absence of what connects mind and tongue -
unable to make circulation -
Where words block chords in throat-gripping protest.

The mouth that once hovered lip -
Breathed air to lung,
made words of sweet and saccharine, sugar -
Now Build new worlds and ruling-class ministries.
Put laws in place that unlock fear and silence from its cell -
once indoor.

Foggy breath, hot and sour,
Now creates words that bubble,
fizzle in body's core -
under Skin's mantle, lay thoughts in need
The Ones Desdemona has committed to body
carved in vein-

a white knuckle recording of
expressions left in mind's reserve.

Death's Visit

Imitation of "I Was Sleeping Where the Black Oaks
Move" by Louise Erdrich

Tess Seaver

Before they told me that you died
on that quiet Thursday evening,
Death had never paid me a visit.
I had evaded his presence for so long,
and rarely gave him any thought
despite his bleak reputation.
But after that night,
within the stillness of the evening,
he came to me.

My grief was a new, unwavering thing,
and I was left utterly inconsolable;
I did not know what to do
now that you were gone.
I hated Death,
and thought this would save me
from myself.

But Death saw, as he always did,
that I was not living.
So he brought me here, to a place with
fields of poppies and lilies and daffodils.
I looked for you amongst these flowers,
tearing apart the stems that made them so perfect.
I screamed at Death to bring you back,
but the truth of it all had already settled.
In my silence, Death said *I've forgotten what it feels like to love someone with
every part of your soul.*
I've forgotten it all.

I pitied Death, for I could never forget you so easily.
I could never forget the quiet comfort
loving someone could bring.
I imagined Death pitied me too.
How strange it must have been to see
the two of us standing there,
grieving what we both had lost.

A Little Lamb in the Hands of God

Milan Marzilli

Despite the time I
tried to rip my soul from my body it
has promised to forgive me so long as I
keep my flesh and blood clean and
that's why I can't let anyone in because
too many hunters want me for my skin and
he only wanted me for my meat and
I had to watch him say "I love you" then
use my bones to pick his teeth so
please don't ask me why I
won't lay down with lions I
don't think I am
ready to meet the Lord yet.

my ethnic name

Hanan Tuffaha

in kindergarten we learned the abc's
but never the way my name starts
not with an h but with a ح
more powerfully pronounced
as it climbs through the throat
instead of tip-toeing

but they sound my name out
in the way that makes sense
weakening me

i don't know if
the english language
can fully encompass
the power that is my name

ALUMNI SUBMISSION

IN FOLDS MY EXISTENCE

Hunter R Berube

Upon meeting mind

I ask,
Companion or Conqueror?
Consultant,
brain answers.

Upon hearing heart

I ask,
Good news or Gossip?
Growth,
beat sounds.

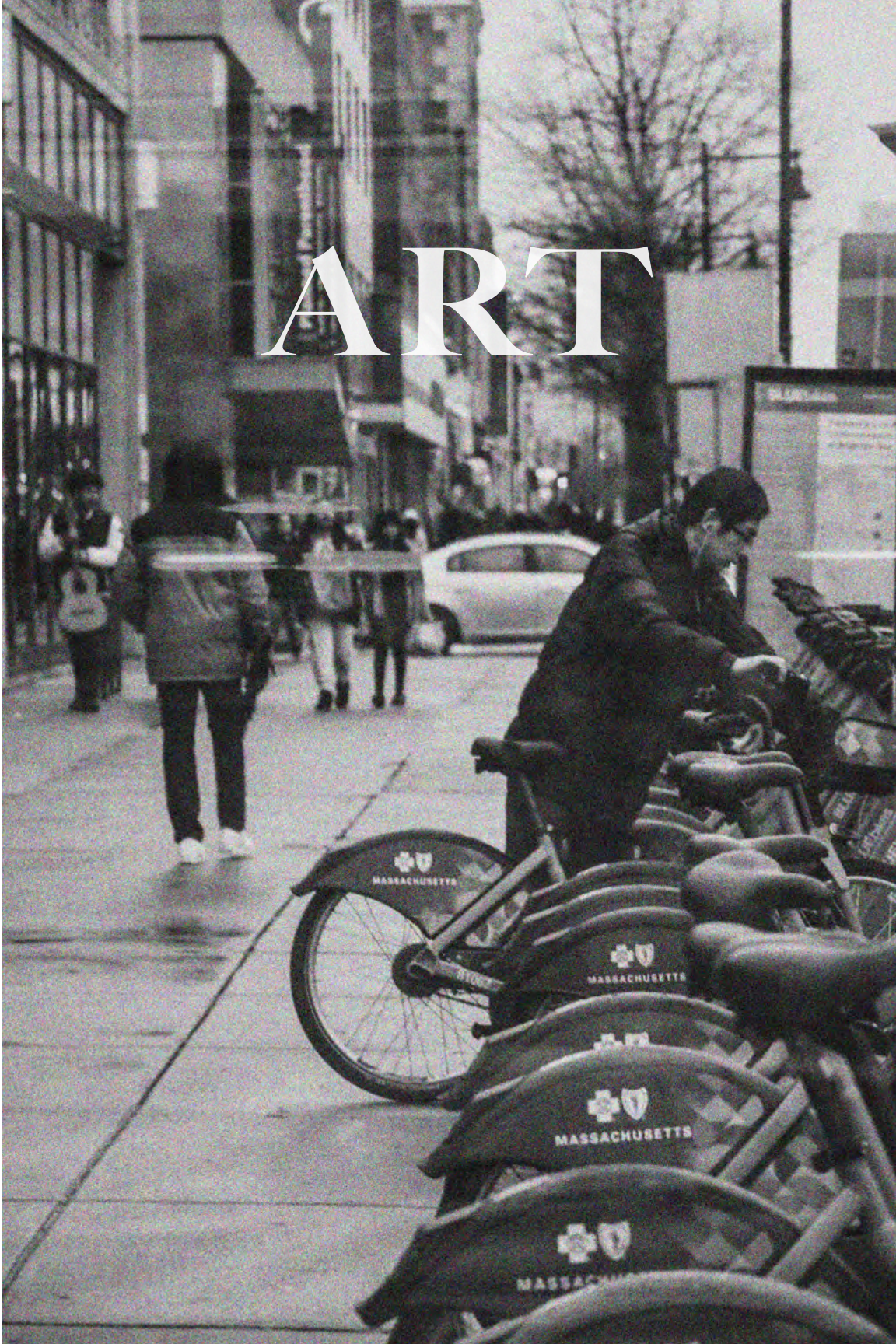
Upon seeing reflection

I ask,
Lover or Lost?
Living,
he laughs.

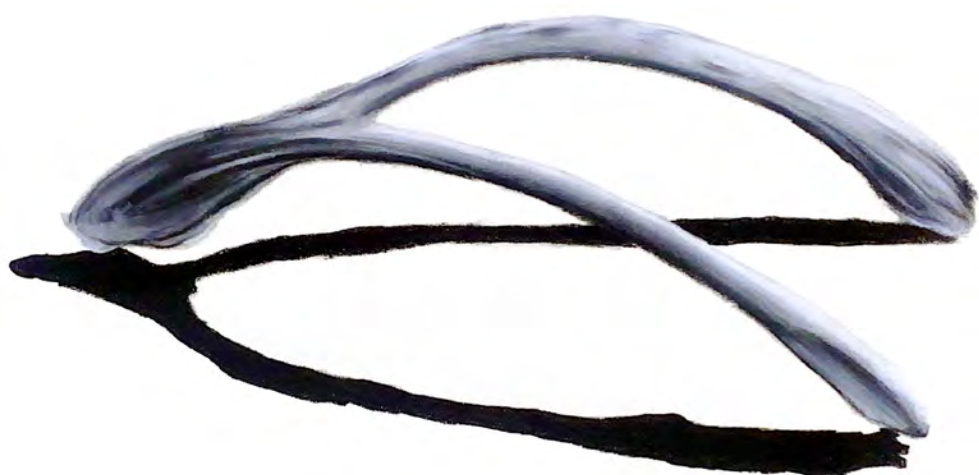
Upon noting my time

I ask,
Real or irRegular?
Rightfully so,
silence follows.

ART







MO

Coziness in Decay

The Rodale Guide to Composting

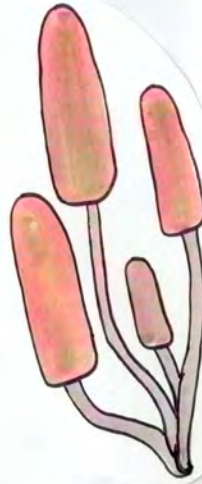
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catfish in a small pond from which the rivulet flowed as a pond had been dug a year or so before and since the homesteader explained, he had had trouble with the pond from its surrounding banks. His effort was to build up the banks to hold the soil, but he had begun to start that he had begun to use fertilizer on the seeded bank. The chemical fertilizer had come a

According to Dr. Bar, inorganic fertilizers equal through leaching and acc promotes the growth of alg leading to the biological "deat

Nitrates and other subst have also been linked to nitrate poisoning, catthy structures, creation of hardpans, and azotobacters, and other helpful microorganism. Chemicals can alter the vitamin and protein content of certain crops and make some crops more vulnerable to disease. Some experts have even said that vegetables grown with chemical fertilizers lose the power a period of years. For example, Sir Albert promoters of composting) felt that new introduced frequently from areas of the wor traditionally used if vegetable species were when planted for several generations and no

The foundation of chemical agriculture industry rests on the assumption that what a can be analyzed and replaced in chemical for to be a logical assumption, it fails to take biological processes and mechanisms through actions are performed, processes and mecha and highly specialized living organisms w duplicated or even completely understood by synthetic fertilizers trades short-term rapid g structure and soundness. Chemical fertilize notice, emphasize rapid crop growth and ve texture and flavor or permanent advantage to



there is no such thing as death.

In nature, nothing dies.

From each sad remnant of decay,

Some forms of life arise

So shall his life

be taken away

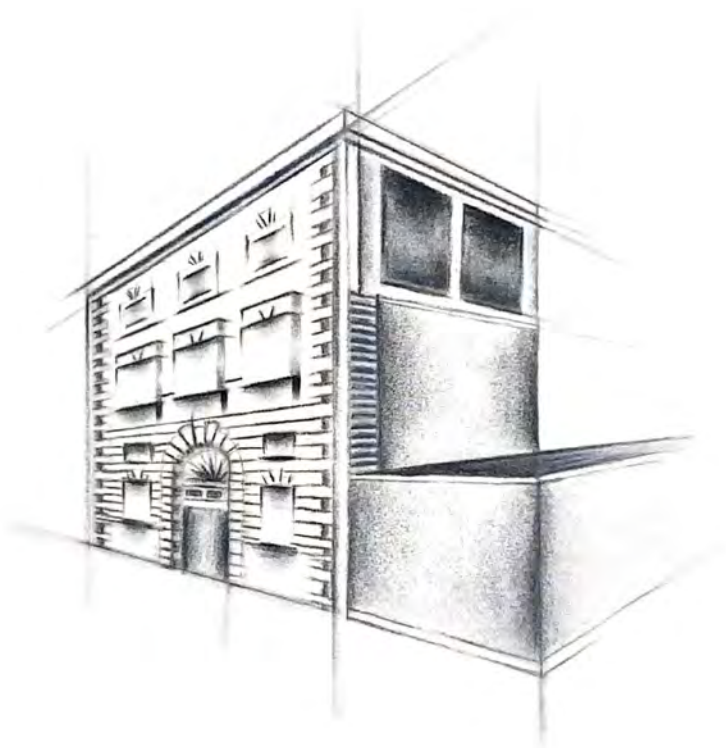
before he knoweth

that he hath it.

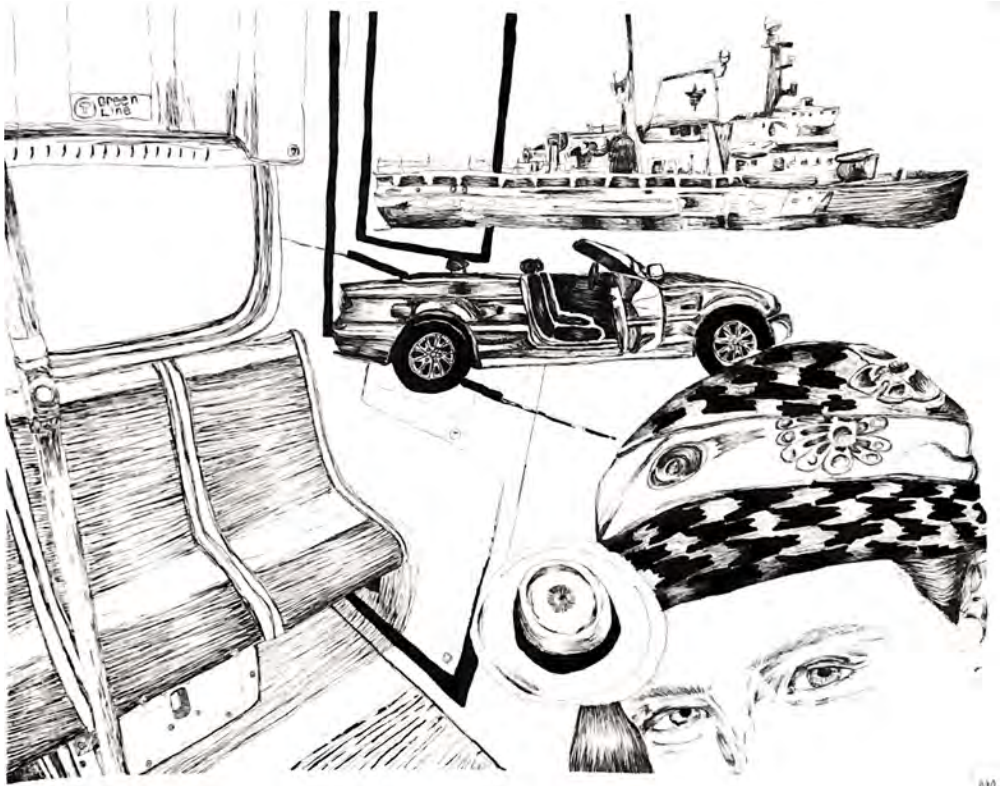


Mushroom





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BREAKFAST MUFFINS



2 May 1911
S. J. M. M.

Cozy Interiors: Kitchen

YANKEE MAPLE CORN MUFFINS

12 REGULAR OR 48 MINIATURE MUFFINS

Unlike most corn breads favored in the South, these muffins are on the sweet side. The maple syrup adds a delightful flavor. Try them with Honey Butter (page 84) or preserves, accompanied by orange spice tea or freshly brewed coffee. *Serve warm.*

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup yellow corn meal
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 large eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup packed light brown sugar
- 1 cup milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ cup maple syrup
- 6 tablespoons ($\frac{3}{4}$ stick) butter, melted

Heat oven to 350° F. Grease muffin cups or use foil baking cups.

Thoroughly mix flour, corn meal, baking powder, and salt in a large bowl.

Whisk eggs and brown sugar in another bowl until smooth. Add milk and maple syrup and whisk to mix. Pour over dry ingredients and add 4 tablespoons of the melted butter. Fold with a rubber spatula just until dry ingredients are

incorporated into prepared cups. Bake 25 to 30 minutes, or until golden brown and firm in the center. Let cool in pan 5 minutes, then brush with remaining melted butter.

HONEY BUTTER

ABOUT $\frac{1}{3}$ CUP

Honey butter is delicious on just about any bread from toast to pancakes; it's especially flavorful on Bran Muffins (page 14), Banana and The Best Blueberry Muffins (page 11). Try different honeys too! *Keeps indefinitely in the refrigerator.*

- 4 tablespoons unsalted butter, at room temperature
- 1 tablespoon honey

Beat butter and honey in a small bowl until fluffy and well mixed. Store tightly covered.



"A Mess of Biscuit"



Maine had been
my haven
since childhood.

"Let Go of the Things. Hold On to Their Meaning."

Built of brick
1858, Bass Harbor

*The
Maine Way*



"CAKEY BECK LIGHT" 11/2007

PROVANO

L.L.Bean®

Go to Maine in the fall
and eat fresh fish right
there on the piers.

