

A G O R A  
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# A G O R A

# AGORA

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Cover Art:

## Allegory

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Elizabeth THIERFELDER | Art

*“The prison house is the world of sight; the light of  
the fire is the sun, and you will not misapprehend me  
if you interpret the journey upwards to be the ascent  
of the soul into the intellectual world.”*

From Plato’s “Allegory of the Cave”

# AGORA

...καλέσασθε δὲ θεῖον ᾠιδόν,  
Δημόδοκον· τῷ γάρ ῥα θεὸς  
περὶ δῶκεν ᾠοιδήν,  
τέρπειν ὅππῃ θυμὸς  
ἐποτρύνῃσιν ἀεΐδειν.

*...and summon Demodokos,  
the bard divine, / Whom  
God gave song: the power to  
delight / However his own  
soul urges him to sing.*

Homer, *Odyssey* VIII, 43-5

Translated by Gerald Malsbary, Belmont Abbey College

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# 2016 AWARDS

## **Jean S. Moore Award**

*Richard Wilson*  
Amulet

The Jean S. Moore Award was established in 1998 in memory of the late Jean S. Moore, an Abbey English Professor. Each year, the recipient receives publication in Agora and a cash prize. This award represents top submission as judged by the editorial staff and is based on creativity and originality.

## **Agora Art & Photography Award**

*Rebecca Sigler*  
Acquainted with  
the Night

Each year, the recipient of this award receives publication in Agora and a cash prize. This award represents top submission as judged by the editorial staff and is based on creativity and originality.

# Silence

---

*John GABODA* | Poetry

A crimson dawn, another cold and dark night gone  
Full of unnecessary lead, another Homo sapiens falls  
Hot, congealing life essence steams in the indifferent air  
One of the representations of industry absorbs this as it dries  
The other Homo sapiens scream and flee but also remain indifferent  
Cold calculation and numbers see this as a temporary tragedy

The talking suits yell and throw their accusations at one another  
Virgin minds struggle to grasp the sudden absence of this Homo sapiens  
The outlets of ideas and beliefs express  
What is already well known by the burning brains of the populi  
Virgin minds lose their cherished innocence and scorching pain  
Rends the heart asunder and drives sales

The madmen play their fiddles as minds and cities burn  
Herds are driven by their masters towards the slaughter house  
Lowling and moaning fills the blackening, hateful air  
The madmen pull strings taut for their god of green  
Soon, flesh strikes flesh and lead leaves plastic  
Black-clad reapers have a Belsen feast of human screams

Those whose voices were viciously cut, stand  
Painful hope stretches forth its hand  
Reason and love resurrect for a time and comfort  
Innocence is forever lost yet faith prevails  
The abyss is denied its reward once again  
Hope claims that this time there will be no silence.

# Indifference

---

*John GABODA* | Poetry

Seeing the black clouds of force  
Those who see them obey  
Like willing puppets pulled by strings of green  
In these places they reign  
A monument to their god they build

Masked men who show their faces  
Only to their willing supplicants  
The instruments of their calling  
Playing the tune of horror:  
The tune of the green god

The madmen know they rule  
The madmen know they have control  
The madmen understand all  
The madmen force indifference.



## In the Shadows

---

*Paul TOSCANO*  
| Photography



## Ashen Clover

*Madison* WERNER | Art

# Anima Technica Vacua

---

*Elisa* TORRES | Poetry

3:00 a.m.

Arms outstretched.

Silence it.

3:16 a.m.

Loud shouts.

Once more.

3:25 a.m.

Not my will.

The clock has won.

Agony.

Head bowed.

Resurrect.

Examine the light of the looking  
glass.

From whom men hide their  
faces, yet  
without blemish.

Roasted beans.

There is no sweetener.

The bitter cup.

Hollow and technical;  
passive to the road's congestion.

Has humanity left me alone?

Descent to the dead.

More empty machinery, unable to  
move itself.

Is this what is meant by  
kenosis?

A crashed system.

I must converse with those  
who pretend to know me.

Unnecessary  
training session;  
forced to bear witness.

Bound to my wooden desk.  
My boss is an ass;  
I'm the martyr.

6:29 p.m.

Passive once more.

9:14 p.m.

Aimlessly behold an empty  
virtual display.

Head bowed.

It is finished.

3:00 a.m.

# For the Battle of Franklin Sesquicentennial

---

*Don BEAGLE* | Poetry

They regather across recumbent greens to reenact  
this semblance of the struggle, loyal to the grainy detail  
of daguerreotypes. What once looked riven in black  
and white, now fades on corroded plates to similar  
shades of bluish-gray. Why are they all here, year after  
assembled year, to rerun this ritual to its familiar end?  
From the converging columns of Schofield and Hood  
to Cleburne's corpse on the porch of Carnton Plantation—  
it is not like Sumter with its scenery of Charleston Harbor,  
or the starstruck banners of Beauregard at Bull Run,  
or Gettysburg with Lee astride Traveller, and artilleries  
arrayed before the cadaverous glory of Lincoln's host.  
No, this was the purest poison of war—fought at arm's reach  
with bleeding bayonets, each soldier having to bear  
private witness to the explicit butchery of his predation.  
All for a nameless field that would be forsaken hours later.  
For history, this hopeless epitaph: "The five bloodiest hours  
of the Civil War." Even as these resewn uniforms wear  
proper seams, even as these rifles are oiled to honor the last  
detail, I think of what can never be recovered: the horror  
of lost voices cursing, howling, regurgitating blood...  
Even the poet who watched that afternoon retreat  
into ominous twilight, never left a verse to magnify its memory.  
Abram Ryan, the rebel chaplain with the mullet hair  
and melodramatic cape, could only pray for the wagon-  
loaded wounded filling the McGavock House hospital.  
And then, spilling out under the tall, ruling-class columns  
of its porch. And still more, till the tsunami of suffering  
engulfed the entire yard. Even Ryan left only shattered  
relics of words, scrawled in letters to his mother: "...I held  
his hand in mine till he breathed his last...his leg amputated,  
he lingered in pain... the last words he whispered were...  
to see them grasp my hand and beg me to stay near..."

Such unsung words the perfect poetry for this place,  
broken to sentence-fragments; better scattered prose than trite  
tetrameter. Yet, another reenactor, the very first—  
recaptured in his mind the lost voice of war. Another poet  
months later overlooked the glowering cliffs of Dover,  
read of Franklin's harrowing battle, and heard those armies  
on the darkling plain in the ocean's long withdrawing roar.

## Tears for Tomorrow

*Larry WILLIAMS* | Poetry

After the cold dirt  
sprinkled the casket  
after the sniffing and echoes  
of ashes to ashes and dust to dust

After the long faces touching the ground  
and the extended silence along the path  
leading from the grassy, rocky grave side  
to the long black limousine

From the tear-stained window of my car  
I watched her walk slowly with her cane  
making a distinct impression  
in the ground that it covered

Tears covered the sadness in her face  
tears served as her life jacket  
from drowning in a world  
tilted over with no clear escape route

Tears gave her enough strength  
to make it back to dry land  
so she could look out on the world  
and face yet another day  
Tomorrow



## Acquainted with the Night

*Rebecca SIGLER* | Art



# Clipboard Authority

*Hannah GLYNN* | Short Story

When I let myself into the office, nothing's changed. It's been a while, a year even, maybe, and suddenly all the months are gone. All my experiences, my growth, my progress...gone. It does something to me, this place.

"How are you doing?" he asks once he finishes typing.

"I'm fine."

It doesn't sound like it, but I'm telling the truth. Things are good. I've been functioning—lthriving, even. Things have been great, until I walked into the waiting room again.

He blinks expectantly. It's on me to keep this conversation going. I'm the star here.

I focus on the one window high on the wall as I talk. The pane is smudged and pock-marked with old water stains. I know for a fact that it's bright outside, almost a perfect summer day aside from the extreme heat, but the filtered light reaches us in a sickly sepia tone.

I tell him about being sick, about taking trips out of state, about my new hobbies. I draw now. I'm pretty good at it, when I have time.

"How are things with your dad?" he prompts, and my mind shutters. For a brief while, I'd hoped he would accept my offering.

"Fine."

Because they really are. They are, now—we're doing well. Our conversations are clinical and polite, at best—there's nothing easy and comfortable about them, but that's okay. When we interact, we can be civil. It's not hostile or passive-aggressive and tense like before, but now that I'm here, all I can think about is how it used to be. Our progress is gone, and I'm a wounded and distrustful adolescent again.

I try my best to relate our relationship now, but I can tell he doesn't buy it. He's convinced—always has been—that I'm more broken than I let on. Maybe I am, but if so I've done a good job of hiding it from myself too. But his insistence has made it so, skewed my memories so that all I remember is the bad times. I know that we had happy days when I was a child, but now all my memories are tainted with my current understanding of addiction and alcoholism.

He types as I talk. I strain my eyes to make out what he's writing, but the font is too small and the screen too bright. Each tiny letter seems shadowed in yellow and the words flow together in a painful blur of black and white and neon. For all I know, he could be catching up on emails.

I'd really like to know what he's writing about me. He never really tells me how I'm doing, in his opinion. What he really thinks. I do the same thing, sometimes, but that's just because I'm not good at expressing my emotions. We've had to talk about that in the past. I'm getting better, when it's not with my dad. My dad doesn't really approve of my seeing a doctor. To him, the worst is over; the crisis passed several years ago, and now this

young, freshly-PhD'd infant was telling him how to raise his child. Well, he had a few words for Mr. Tell Me about Your Mother—

I've run out of words, myself. It's not enough, I know, but I've got a short reprieve as the doctor continues typing. My finger traces the shiny designs threaded into the couch; the upholstery looks like it was mistakenly pulled from a generic motel room. It's not awful, but it certainly doesn't add anything to the office's decor.

The worst part is that he's right, a little bit. Dad and I are fine, and I don't know what to do. The dynamic is weird now—my dad swings between ignoring the past and cooing over his eternal baby girl, ignoring the past and crying over his grown up child, and practically setting up an easy chair and making himself comfortable in a nest of his unpleasant memories. I'm only a reactionary again, and he still gets to decide the mood of our fledgling relationship.

So I give in to the doctor's urging. I tell him about a memory that's been plaguing me, one I had forgotten about until this week, practically. Of calloused hands digging in and shaking my shoulders, of fury at this toddler's perceived disrespect to the head of the household. It never went further than that, I try to explain—I'm lucky. It wasn't that bad, could have been so much worse. The doctor's lips, thin, white, and bloodless. He thinks I've regressed, but I haven't. I just know that some children have it much worse. My main difficulty with the memory, I hasten to explain, isn't my past self's fear or pain or any of that. It's that I can't reconcile the image of blazing eyes and rough handling with the same man who, only days ago, proudly narrated to me—again—the story of my birth, of the miracle, and how grateful he was—is—for his only child. I find myself wondering—

“Did he ever hit you?” the doctor asks, looking concerned and quietly furious. Which is nice of him, but not his job, because—

“No,” I answer impatiently. We've been over this. It's why I'm lucky; it's probably part of why I'm here and not replicating my dad's past with my own life and choices.

Anyway, I find myself wondering if maybe my younger self was just supremely obnoxious? Colicky, maybe? Anything to explain the polarity in my dad's behavior. Even though I knew that I was a good baby, a quiet and obedient child, and a relatively well-behaved adolescent. Never really gave my parents any problems. But maybe, I blurt, maybe there was something I missed?

And even *that* isn't my real fear, but I keep that truth quiet. What I'm really scared of is this: what if this bipolarity is normal? Or what if it's not normal but somehow genetic? What if I'm destined to treat my own children the same way someday?

I say nothing. The doctor talks about alcohol's affect on an addict's brain, how it makes them act unnaturally, etc. I've heard it all before. It's not enough, though. It's an excuse, to me, because I need a better answer than a variant of Adam's “the woman made me do it.” Because you made a *choice*, you *chose*—

I'm frustrated. Not enough to cry or break or scream. I've only cried here once, and that was an extreme circumstance. I'm not doing it again. I'm in control still; this anger and betrayal isn't new.

As I think, I fiddle with the zipper of my jacket. My fingers smell like metal now. The doctor just watches me, waiting. He prefers me to initiate the conversation because he wants to talk about what *I* want to talk about.

Only, I don't want to talk anymore now. The crisis is over—now I feel only guilt for not being more broken, for being lucky. By rights, I should be a mess. Maybe a delinquent, distrustful and reckless. And maybe I am, a bit. But I'm still okay. Functioning, and all that. I like my life, and I don't like coming here because it makes me feel like my progress is a mistake or a fluke or a lie.

So I keep quiet and docile for the rest of the meeting. I won't see him for another six months, maybe longer. Which is fine, because even if he thinks I'm secretly an angsty and tortured teenager, I know the truth. And maybe I *am* distrustful because I don't feel like putting in the effort to convince him of my progress, but there it is.

And I get it, his misplaced concern, because I *should* have more problems, and he can't just assume I'm fine because what if he's wrong? Then we'd both be in trouble. So I guess I can endure an hour twice a year.



## Ladened

---

Anne PARLMER | Photography

# Back Toward the Surface

---

*Ashley OSMERA* | Poetry

Slowly sinking  
hardly breathing  
both light and hope  
begin to fade.

Out in the deep  
where darkness weeps  
so distant from  
where children wade.

Waters once beautiful  
refreshing and bountiful  
now threaten to shackle  
and swallow me whole.

Head sinks just below  
and my heart cannot know  
just how chilling  
is death's solemn toll.

Falling, searching  
flailing, crying  
Turn side to side  
no help I see.

All began as whim  
now my eyes grow dim  
How quickly despair  
grabs for victory.

No strength left  
of courage bereft  
my hand stretches up  
seems to give up the race.

Feet bottom hit  
and hope's light is lit.  
A surge of strength seen  
there is still harvest to glean.  
How great is heart's mysterious thirst  
while with same water, lungs about to burst.  
Legs push off bottom strong  
slowly rising, it won't be long  
as I rise back toward life  
toward the surface.



## Ink Blot

*Rebecca* GERLACH | Art

# Seeker of Beauty

---

*Brenna RYAN* | Poetry

Seeker of Beauty  
Finder of Good  
Lover of Truth

Blessed are those who find refuge in your soul  
For you radiate joy. Strikingly simple  
A humble confidence, besieged by things unnamed  
Yet firm in one Thing, not to be changed  
That there is Beauty to be found

And you, seeker of Beauty  
Looking for what others pass by  
Finding what they toss aside  
Cherishing it as your own

For is joy not found in the little laces of love?  
That hide themselves from the proud  
Yet long and ache to be found  
To cast their beauty unto soil  
That will grow them, flourished into songs of heart

For these little lost and lonely things  
Come to life, well up into springs  
That grow your soul and become a part  
Of this never ending work of art

Your soul  
O lover,  
Now I've found  
Is a treasure, hidden, in the ground  
Tender, simple, soft, kind

To watch your soul, bathed in Light  
As you seek Beauty, He unites  
In this sacred and noble fight

For as you seek Beauty, He seeks you  
Together, alive, in freedom true

# God's Handiwork

---

*Stephanie SCALI* | Art



## Within

---

*Joseph YELLICO* | Poetry

A knight there was so brave and stern,  
Was charged by king to slay the wyrm,  
A beast so fierce of pain and dread,  
Had weighed upon the old king's head.  
“Fear not,” said knight, “I’ll slay the beast  
That you at last might rest in peace.”  
Said king, “Good sir, this quest so bleak  
Ought not be done by men too weak.  
Thus you must slay this heart of stone,  
A deed that you must do alone.”

Thus knight made way to meet the wyrm  
Upon his steed, his sword held firm,  
And reached the mouth of the dragon's den,  
To find it bare with none within.  
“What cowardice, snake! Come meet my blade!  
Do not lie quaking in the shade!”  
Yet no reply, no roar or howl  
Did shake the darkened stone so foul.

Thus knight dismounted and made his way  
Within the cave that shunned the day,  
And as he walked his temper tame  
Did rise and rage and burst in flame.  
He roared dark words and sliced the dark,  
His blade unsheathed so cold and stark,  
And thereupon he saw a torch,  
No dragon's maw agape to scorch.  
Beside the torch there was a pool,  
A crystal pane of liquid cool.  
As he stared in fear and agony,  
Said knight, “Good God! The wyrm is me!”

# Nazgûl

*Gage HILLMANN* | Art



## Vision

---

*Jane* RUSSELL | Poetry

Pulsating prism  
on shower wall—a rainbow  
in a grain of light.

In fleeting instants  
green blue pink, the shimmering  
sheen of angel wings.

## The Waste

---

*Katja* GRONERT | Art



# Isaac

*Rebecca SIGLER* | Art



## An Extra-Ordinary Man

*Felix DU SABLON* | Poetry

He passed into the wondering world gifted greatly,  
His inheritance: life, and responsibility weighty.  
In years of innocence lightly leaped his steps sweet,  
As a man his mind and body remained complete.  
His hand helped the task take its timely course,  
Whether went the work for better or for worse.  
His departure something like the way he came,  
But never another life to enter and leave the same.

# Geriatric

---

*Jennifer* HOBSON | Poetry

Sometimes my soul she runs away from me  
With leaps and bounds on cold floor with bare feet  
She spins and twirls like a dancer with ribbon  
And leaps and bounds like a little kitten

I watch as she jumps up in the air  
Then soars off into an imaginary nowhere  
Landing on couches  
Jumping cushion to cushion

Then away she goes up mountain peaks  
Leaps and bounds it's freedom she seeks  
I can only laugh at her crazy antics  
See she's still a child who sometimes acts frantic

Oh but she always comes home  
To a body aging and old  
If you look closely you see her  
She's the sparkle in my eyes she's the gold



## Defying Gravity

---

*Bonnie ABERLE* | Photography

# Eyes

---

*Lazaro GUTIERREZ* | Poetry

I found an ocean of thought in your eyes,  
A solar eclipse and lilac-tinted skies,  
I saw a flame spark alive deep inside,  
A vast hollow of what keeps me alive.

I saw tomorrow in them,  
No fear of anything within,  
I saw a dark pit and a small flickered light,  
A pattern of flowers, of roses so bright.

Long lashes, soft perfume,  
Little bones that poked the moon.  
Love of mine, enchanting tune,  
Laughter that killed my gloom.

Let's go to the place inside your eyes,  
Of blue sapphire waters and velvet nights,  
The world is wide and in your eyes,  
The skies will melt and stars collide.

And there is no space for lamentation,  
In this our land of constellations,  
Of bright blue begonias and fireflies,  
And all that is found within your eyes.



## Define Beauty

---

*Mikayla* THOMAS | Art

# The Lady in Black

Andrew SCHATTEMAN | Short Story

Nothing. I found myself in complete darkness. I saw nothing around me, yet I could see myself as if I were in the light of day. I began to walk around what seemed to be a never-ending void in the hopes to find out how I arrived in this empty place. I walked, and the hidden ground underneath me disappeared; I found myself falling.

Falling, I saw something in the distance coming closer. As I got closer and closer, a second self rushed towards me. A collision was—Splash! I had fallen into some body of water, and I struggled to get back to the surface. I lifted my head out of the water, and I looked around what seemed to be a massive ocean. There was a quiet calm upon the water. The idleness didn't last. I heard waves crashing, and the sound of a great storm arose behind me.

The storm rolled in before I had time to brace myself, and the wind and waves threw me about in every direction. I hoped that the weather might pass over me or I might be able to control myself through the waves. But such hopes left my mind as I felt my body get beaten and battered by the waves. The waves crashed and roared, leaving the sea-salty taste in my mouth, and the currents, at times, dragged me under with little time for me to catch my breath. This was too difficult. I chose to give up the fight and let the waters do what they wish with me. Then the storm began to die down.

The twisted sea slowly gentled out, and I eventually found myself floating in the water, facing up towards the black sky. I wondered where I was and where I should go. There was no star nor cloud in the black sky that told me where to go. As I was about to decide on a direction, massive pillars of glass rose out of the water and stretched high into the sky. I looked at these pillars; I saw my memories from my early childhood to the previous day. I saw my friends, my family, and people whom I had even forgotten. While I watched all of these memories, I couldn't help but feel happy and encouraged by all the friendly faces as they played their part in my memories.

I felt uneasy when the pillars lit with an orange glow and the memories inside began to look at me. And what little comfort I had left was shattered when the pillars ignited and became great columns of fire! The fire spread across the water, and everyone from my memories tried to break out of the pillars. I heard the crackling of glass above me as little shards fell from the pillars. The memories inside the pillars broke out and lunged at me, carrying the flames with them. I frantically tried to find a way to escape by swimming past those memories. Looking all around me, I noticed that one of the memories appeared more lifelike.

She was a lady in a long black dress that was simple and elegant, she stood upon the water staring at me, and the flames seemed as if they dare not touch her. She stood there with a small smile on her face. I swam towards her, hoping she would help me escape the memories that were getting closer. I tried my best to swim towards her, but no matter how hard I battled the waves, I could not reach her. I knew that the memories were getting closer and closer, and the water around me was getting hotter and hotter. I knew that if I didn't do something now, I would be taken away by the memories. Somewhere I found the strength to make one last push, hoping to reach her. I made some distance, and I soon found myself an arm's reach away. I would make it, and there was nothing that would stop me! That courage turned to ash when I felt my shoulder burning.

A memory had grabbed my shoulder and was dragging me back towards the rest of them. They had finally caught up to me. Dragged back towards the fire, I was pulled by all of my memories. I was burned all over as the memories tried to pull me apart. My skin smelt as if it were in a crucible. I couldn't do anything—the water couldn't even drown out the flames, and there were so many memories that had caught me. I tried reaching out and calling for help from the Lady in Black, but she only stood there watching me. All she did was give me her unhelpful smile and watch. I tried to break free, but the more I struggled, the more pain I began to feel.

I gave up. I surrendered the battle. I let the memories take me. I decided I was done, and I prayed for the suffering to end quickly. As I let the memories take me, they let go. The burning stopped, and I sank into the water. As I sank deeper and deeper, the memories returned to their cracked and broken pillars, playing as I had first seen them. But now the Lady in Black was in my memories. She was there in all of them. I looked back at her, only to see her smile at me with her simple foolish grin. Everything went dark, and I could not see.

I awoke to the sound of something crashing and a cool breeze brushing along me. I got up and found myself on the white sand on an empty beach. The sun was setting, and I was alone. I figured I was pulled in with the tide, and I was just glad to be out of whatever I was in. There was a lighthouse at the end of the bay, and at its base stood the Lady in Black.

I ran towards the lighthouse, wondering who she was and what had happened to me. As I got closer, everything around me began to change: the lighthouse, the beach, and the ocean all disappeared like sand blown away in the wind.

But everything soon came back together. I found myself on top of the lighthouse balcony, looking down at where I was standing before. I wasn't alone. I turned around, and she was there: the Lady in Black with her smile. But now it was different. Her smile was simple, charming, and didn't bother

me in the slightest. I stood there staring at her, hearing the wind blow against the lighthouse, the waves crashing below, and her long black dress whipping in the wind. But I didn't say anything. What could I say? When I faced her alone with nothing to stop me, I found nothing to say. I just stood there, looking at her, and she looked back at me.

And the silence was my answer.

## Sky on Fire

---

*Michael* MAIMONE | Photography





## Kwam-dog

*Anja ROY* | Art

# Workout

*Rebecca* MUNRO | Poetry

The body remembers  
In bone, sinew, and blood  
Ropy fibers joining  
Limb to trunk  
The pumping heart  
The spring from stillness  
To act like arrow from bow

The body remembers  
In mitochondria and cell  
Giving birth alone on  
A scaffold of branch  
A bed of leaves  
Walking or running miles  
With its suckling young

The body remembers  
The pleasure of its reach  
Back to arm to hand  
Strained suppld ease  
Of turn and carry  
Muscular bend and pull  
Of constant use

The body remembers  
Seeks its source  
Delight in leap and climb  
Primal core of rushing pulse  
Function and flex and flow  
Toe-hold finger-hold  
Cliff-scale and grasp

The body remembers  
Swish of wind through grass  
Insect creak and hum  
To a soft rock beat  
Under fluorescent light  
In shades of purple and gold  
The gleam of the machine

# Retrospect

*Julianna RIVAS* | Photography



# Altitude

*Lazaro GUTIERREZ* | Poetry

Holograms of purple hues,  
Winding roads that turn too sharp.  
Silenced echoes fluctuating in the wind  
Travel slowly through my blood stream.

I have no fears while I am here.  
No feeling in my hands,  
My body is unstressed as the road before me clears.  
Magenta tints and gloom shades in my eyes,  
Loud beatings in my ears as the sounds begin to rise.

Is this reality or is it a dream?  
Life is too good, and visions are too keen.  
But how am I so awake within this reverie?  
Lucid dreaming has never been so genuine.  
I touch your skin and I feel it tenderly.  
It's you, it's you, I can see you clearly!

I see you now in pure perfection,  
I am not blocked by dark complexions.  
I feel your senses collide with mine.  
Euphoric memories of our past unite,  
They clash and fly before my eyes.

We are not senseless any longer,  
The fumes they fly,  
Our thoughts get stronger.

Colors so vividly fierce,  
Thorns in my head that pierce.  
There's no limit to our aptitude,  
And our midnight drives with altitude.

Flying away into obscurity we go,  
Letting go of troubles as the minutes roll,  
Time seems slow in this our paradise,  
And I find serenity in your evergreen eyes.

For they have depth so deep inside,  
And in those irises I see no lies.

And as time soars and we reach momentum,  
You confess in my ears your love for these purple spectrums.  
And in a crash our thoughts ignite,  
And in our dreams they get combined.

And as we drive away at night,  
My sorrows and anxieties away they fly,  
My tongue is free and I can scream so high,  
Because I'm filled with gratitude  
For those feathered lashes in multitude.  
And forever we live in this, our secluded altitude.

## Trespassing

*Thomas ROY* | Photography



# An Untitled Poem That Failed to Name Love

---

*Rajive TIWARI* | Poetry

While on break  
with your lips shaped to resist  
the playful smile  
laid bare by signals  
rerouted from a distant tower  
you ask, what is love  
and return empty-handed  
to the middle-aged men  
waiting for their 2008 Chardonnay.

In reply, I set my room on fire  
and watch  
as the pages on the shelves turn  
yellow then brown  
and in a final act of semantic solidarity  
black  
to be one with the words  
they had long held with desire  
but never in their unyielding whiteness  
managed to seduce.

From the carpet  
tear-gassed occupations  
dreamy-eyed springs  
color-coded revolutions  
through layers upon layers of newsprint  
rise in a Hiroshima plume  
forcing their way through my lesioned  
openings crevices pores  
planting roots in my  
lungs kidneys liver  
like gray birds eager to nest.

And then art  
framed no more, naked  
spasming on the walls  
gasping melting flowing  
but holding on for just a little longer, watching  
orange green purple  
embers play in the dark  
like a stargirl's brightly red feather

playing  
beside through in  
her melancholic hair  
like a cellist on the battlefield  
alone.

You return

I imagine in my death

your distracted lips  
still alive with smoke and alcohol and men  
your eyes take in  
the smoldering remains of my love  
before you whisper, you bend down to pick up

a half-burned bracelet you vaguely recognize

but then stand up empty-handed

no silly, you whisper  
turning your playful smile away  
that's not it.

## Winter Loves

---

*Stephanie SCALI* | Art



# Benedict's Beginnings

*Mary-Kate REID* | Photography



## Amulet

Richard WILSON | Poetry

They called me *Hu-Kalkek*, The Man of the Morn,  
Arising Sage, The Fortune-borne.

They called me *Kal-Lomen*, The Lord of the Skies,  
El Scorpio's son, Prince Diamond Eyes.

But now I am nothing,  
Now, I am naught,  
Damp and diminished,  
Fearful and fraught.

The tar of my skin droops low on my face  
As ripping and dripping it loses its place  
In the world,  
In the mirror,  
In the sacellum of fear,  
Where the vulture's voice amends its tear,  
Circling high in heaven's maw  
Amidst the cries of hypocrites  
Praying aloud from pendulum pits  
The anthem once raised in the houses of Ra:  
"God of gods, forgive us all."

They called me *Dis-Kovet*, The Unconquered Sun,  
Mighty and Strong, Elixir One.

They called me *Mel-Menom*, The King of All Things,  
Savior of Men, Wisdom with Wings.

But now I am nothing,  
Now, I am naught,  
Damp and diminished,  
Fearful and fraught.

I come having conquered the cities of men  
With justice, injustice, attack and defense  
In the fields,  
In the streets,  
In the mausoleum of beasts,  
Where leviathans lie and behemoths feast,  
Cutting foul names into the wall  
And smacking their lips to the sound of those  
Gasping their last in wintry throes  
The anthem once raised in the houses of Ra:  
"God of gods, forgive us all."

They called me *Peck-Peckim*, The Leader of Swine,  
Saber-Now-Sundered, Bastard of Time.

They called me *Who-Horim*, One Shunned and Disgraced,  
Friend of the Scarab, The Jackal's Face.

But now I am nothing,  
Now, I am naught,  
Damp and diminished,  
Fearful and fraught.

My feet tread the paths I once ruled from afar  
Which wearing and tearing turn wound into scar  
In the town,  
In the moor,  
In the sanctorum of the poor,  
Where companionship is found in the thief and the whore,  
Learning in tattered rag and shawl  
The terrible truth no tome can teach  
Nor by rote can prophet preach  
The anthem once raised in the houses of Ra:  
"God of gods, forgive us all."

But star before has fallen  
And risen twice as bright,  
The jewel lost at noontide  
Coruscates at night.

Fortune loves the favored,  
Eros favors fools,  
But God befriends the lowly  
And makes the nameless rule.

One day when all is finished,  
One day when all is through,  
I will hear again my praises  
And receive names anew.

They'll call me *Kim-El-Uden*, The Progeny of Cain,  
Hunchback in the Belfry, Survivor of the Slain.

They'll call me *Rim-Dar-Tuvis*, The One from the Dead,  
Prodigal's Light, Alchemized Lead.

They'll call me *Al-Ba-Romi*, The Rainbow Coat,  
Almost and Always, The Last to the Boat.

# Ambition

---

*Andrew* SCHATTEMAN | Poetry

Ambition.  
Its virtue rarely found.  
What does a man gain  
If this is his only trait?

What if the ambitious man has no courage?  
To stand out of the crowd  
To speak his mind and prove him right  
But rather hides behind those who do.

What if the ambitious man has no intelligence to think?  
His ideas and thoughts put to waste  
For what might fill his mind  
That should never be known.

What of the ambitious man who has too much pride?  
He who gloats and strides  
He who has no need for friends  
And has no one to stand over his grave.

What is an ambitious man if he has no other virtues  
To help him along his way?  
How will he survive?  
Ambition.



## We Happy Few

---

*Katja GRONERT* | Art

# Fall of the Armada

---

Hannah GLYNN | Poetry

If I don't sleep  
    What are the consequences?  
If I stutter along on coffee and  
    sandwiches and ink spots from my pen –  
Then what?  
Who am I?  
Where does that leave us?

The ship is sinking  
    And the compass spins wildly like a broken butterfly,  
And genocidal waves reap vengeance on those  
    brave enough to carry on.  
The fearful huddle below, smiling and wide-eyed, but  
    the decks are battered and when the sea takes our saviors,  
    it leaves only a brilliant sheen behind.  
The heroes always go first,  
    and then—  
Who's left?  
What does that make us?  
How do we go on?

Addicted to business and caffeine and  
    hazy artificial smiles,  
Papers and the vanishing wake of our insect lives,  
As we sail faster and faster toward the rocks  
And puff with false importance  
    While the brave and the good sink quietly beneath the waves.  
*What fools they were*, we tell the world,  
    And history is changed.  
Keep your heads up, men—  
    They won't take *us*.



## Rooster Red

*Jane* RUSSELL | Art

# Plein Air Painting at the Eco-Farm

---

*Jane* RUSSELL | Poetry

We meet inside for quick review  
of watercolor basics and a few supplies,  
then scatter out to find  
“something you love,”  
some view that entices to paint.

The plump red rooster grabs me  
with his proud parade  
and cock-a-doodle-doing  
through the yard. He will not  
hold a pose or stay in place;  
I must make do with mental snapshots,  
gesture drawings, setting free  
impressionistic vibes:

soak, spatter, stroke  
with biggest brushes,  
gesture here,  
suggestion there.  
Let go of hoped-for perfect.  
Love the moment's good  
and pray its conjured spirit  
grace my page.

# Exquisite

*Julianna RIVAS* | Photography



# Trinity

Richard WILSON | Poetry

Fire red,  
Crimson flame,  
Wick, torch, hearth  
—The same.

Burns in love,  
Burns in hate;  
Scalds and razes,  
Titivates.

Makes men laugh,  
Makes men cry;  
Lulls to sleep  
Like lullaby.

Cooks a man  
A hearty meal.  
Burns a forest;  
Forges steel.

Shines from wreaths  
On Christmas Eves.  
Shines from stakes  
Where souls it takes.

Never dim  
In Seraphim.  
Always lit  
Deep in the Pit.

Fire red,  
Crimson flame,  
Pain and love  
—The same?

Fire blue,  
Icy hot,  
Future light  
Of time forgot.

Foot of hunter,  
Sapphire star,  
Crown of midnight,  
*Elgebar.*

Stranger, smoother,  
Softer, Sweet,  
Twice as bright  
But half in heat.

Glow in covens,  
Cults, and caves;  
Ethereal  
Beneath the waves.

Cresting arcs,  
Showering sparks,  
Jacob's ladder  
Subject matter.

Simple tool,  
Sparkling pool,  
Evanescent  
Luminescent.

Fire blue,  
Icy hot,  
Forgetting red,  
In white forgot.

Fire white,  
Silver sheen,  
What closes eyes  
Is never seen.

End of tunnel,  
LED,  
Sun reflected  
On the sea.

White-fire page,  
Black-fire quill,  
Talmud law:  
*Mukaf Gevil.*

Light of hubcaps,  
Light of Truth,  
Sought by sages;  
Found by youth.

Heals the blind  
Of sable mind.  
Blinds the hale  
In gleaming pale.

Glory show  
On fallen snow.  
Grin so wide  
On wedding bride.

Fire white,  
Silver sheen,  
What in all sight  
Is always seen.

Red, Blue, White:  
The three sources of light,  
Song of the lyre,  
Straight from the pyre,  
Never forget  
The hue of your fire.

## Graduation

---

*Jennifer* HOBSON | Poetry

I long for the days  
When the days are done  
Not the last I seek  
Instead the first  
  
To hear a call  
A voice so sweet  
Not a mist or failing wind

A moment of freedom  
To feel all the glory  
To hear the voice that calls me home

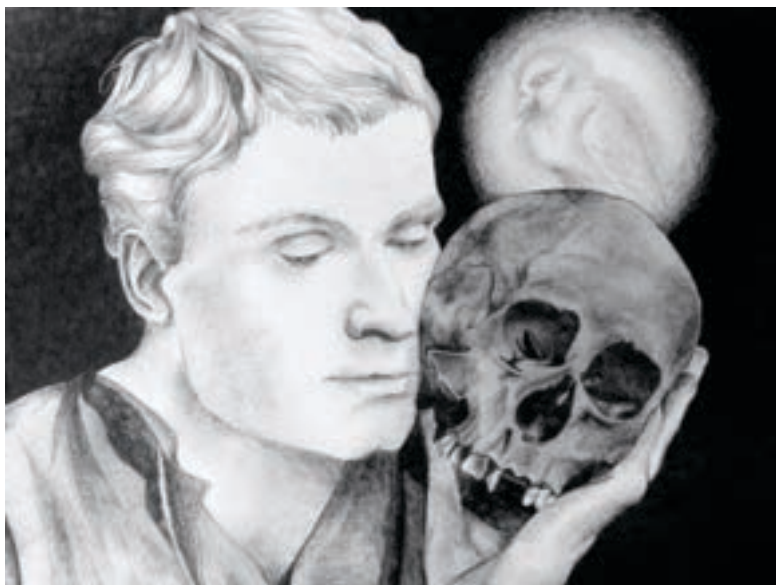
I long for the day  
The calendar can wait  
No appointments left, but one to meet

I long for a day  
When days are done  
And I am counted of by no one

## The Fall of a Sparrow

---

*Rebecca* SIGLER | Art



## Ducks

*Julianna* RIVAS | Poetry

Over by the pond  
in the greening glen  
were some ducks  
and a goose  
and a wee old man.

The wee old man  
had a pail  
and some water  
and the girl  
who was with him  
had a bucket full of laughter.

## The Beautiful Beast

*Nikole* BRAND | Poetry

It might be a thing with feathers  
But it also has sharp teeth.

A lovely thing with gossamer wings  
Which lifts you high above yourself  
And then might let you go.

I know better than to let it hold me—  
How many times have I beaten it away!

So why do I—how can I  
Keep finding feathers  
And feeling teeth?



## Hope Is the Thing with Feathers

*Alexandra* KERN | Photography

# The Sacred Heart in NYC

---

*Ashley OSMERA* | Poetry

Blaring horns and traffic signs,  
Yelling vendors, waiters seating.  
Amidst the noise of New York City  
The Sacred Heart of Christ is beating.

Downcast faces, murmurs, frowns,  
Ragged clothes and aching feet.  
Among the poor of New York City  
The feet of Christ walk on the street.

Women with designer bags  
And businessmen in suits and ties,  
Amid the stress of great ambition  
Forget the grace of Christ supplies.

People strive to find fulfillment,  
To fill their bags and hearts by buying.  
If only they could see that call.  
For humble love Christ's heart is crying.

People going everywhere,  
No time to stop in snow or heat.  
It seems that with this attitude,  
Christ, the devil could defeat.

In the streets and cars of New York City,  
Here Christ stands, his voice is pleading  
For hearts that love and minds that search.  
For the conversion of souls his heart is bleeding.

A refuge from the noise, one seeks,  
And found, the soul in peace does sigh.  
A monstrance holding His sacred heart,  
No single soul can He deny.

In the midst of chaos, a church will stand,  
Its steeple stretching up on high.  
A challenge to workers and tourists alike  
To hear the beating of a heart that cries.

Yes a challenge to one and a challenge to all  
To open up each ear and eye.  
Can you hear? The Sacred Heart is beating  
In the heart of the city which pierces the sky.

# Fifth Avenue

*Curran SENTILLES* | Photography



# Nominality

*Nikole BRAND* | Poetry

A greeting,  
Identification  
Or war cry.

Indication of love or of loathing.  
Signifying knowledge, presumption.  
My name.

# Tongues Are the Sharpest Swords

---

Felix DU SABLON | Poetry

Tongues are the sharpest swords,  
People the hardest thorns,  
Mines are made of mislaid words,  
Silence the sternest scorn.

Lay your weapons with care,  
The armory of acts,  
Think before, "is this fair?"  
And leave the poison on the rack.

Actions bestow the blow  
That smarts the soul,  
The seeds that do so sow  
The weeds for toil.

## Circus World

---

Julianna RIVAS | Poetry

Come lads, come see the circus world, that colored, mindless whim:  
*A circle of unending fun*—pray tigers don't prowl in—  
Where turret top to harlequin bequeaths a worthless purse  
Where master of the high trapeze may bow into a hearse.

Come lads, come hear the circus world, that ancient, noisy din:  
The elephants' blaring trumpets hope donkeys don't come in—  
Where golden cymbals and battered drum clash and bang beneath  
Where virtuosos of *nothing much* will whistle through their teeth.

Come lads, come taste the circus world, that sweetly poisoned treat:  
*Tasty delights transient won't spoil the obsolete*—  
Where sinful appetite is extra and gourmand reigns supreme  
Where sticky candy bright and pink grows rotten in your dreams.

Oh circus world, oh circus world, see you not your folly:  
Your dizzy, downward spiraling, falling to the volley—  
Where sparking thought is greater cost than thinking of the dim  
Where trees are but a shadow, and memories grow thin?

Come men, come tramping onwards, against this pale distraction!  
Restore the noble-hearted life in thought, in word, in action!  
Come men, come trekking onwards, before the world gives in!  
Come men, come marching onwards, before the darkness wins!



## Undo Your Mind

*Mikayla* THOMAS | Art

# The Smile

Tim TANKO | Short Story

Oh, no. Eye contact. Kill me now. Two people sitting in the entire school gym, and the other person just *had* to be a cute boy. I didn't even see him at first. I always eat in here because the cafeteria is too crowded. Sometimes Haley or Tyler joins me, but they're on a trip with the softball team today. So I'm having to deal with life without my best friends.

There's a short period during lunch where no one's in the gym, and I've made sure to memorize that time. I'm good at memorizing things. Plus, I like how big the gym is. Classrooms and libraries and stuff like that make me feel suffocated. In the huge, dark gym that smells faintly like sweat, I'm able to relax.

Not today, though.

I look back at my chicken nugget lunch, knowing from the heat in my cheeks that I'm red. Stupid. Stupid Kara. All I did was look. And notice how his hair was perfectly messy. And that he must be an athlete with his broad shoulders.

Dammit—okay, maybe I did more than look. I stared. But that doesn't give him permission to look up and smile.

A cute smile.

Shut up, brain. Why do you work overtime now, but totally shut down in exams?

I take a risk and peek again through my hair. It's hanging over my face, hopefully hiding me a bit. He's munching away at lunch, his jaw moving up and down. He looks over once more, catching my gaze.

No, no, no.

The bleachers creak. He's walking my way. Someone help me. He's looking right at me with that same smile from before. I stare at him through my bangs, mind racing.

Does he even know me?

I know him. Flynn Johnson. That's his name. He's in Algebra with me, but he sits at the front of the class. Always answers questions and gets maybe a third of them right, but he looks cute trying. I sit as far back in that class as I can so that Mrs. London doesn't ask me questions. When she does, I always blush and sweat and mumble and make everyone feel awkward. How could Flynn even know I exist? He's in art club with me, too, come to think of it, but we've never talked there. The other girls are always flocking around his paintings. I've checked them out after the crowd's gone, and, I have to admit, he's really good.

And he's still coming.

What if he likes me?

Yeah, right. I'm the girl who's always got her nose in a book or a painting, never spending time with anyone except a few close friends. No boys know me well enough to ask me out, let alone like me. Dad does say

I'm beautiful like I am, but he's my dad. It's his job to say that. Boys in school don't bother with someone who struggles to hold a simple conversation. Right?

Flynn's halfway across the gym now. He's clearly headed for me. I gulp. What if he asks me out?

Some girls have babies at fifteen. I haven't had so much as a kiss. Well, I had that weird nose-nuzzle thing with Ben Vaughn back in middle school, but then he panicked and didn't do any more. If Flynn asks me out, I have to kiss him at the end of the date, right? I should practice on, like, a pillow. Yeah. I'll find internet tips. I'll be ready for him. We'll have an amazing first kiss. Assuming we get that far without me making him hate me.

And what if Flynn ends up wanting me to be his girlfriend?

I bite my lip and glare at my chicken nuggets. If he does, I'll really be clueless. Girls are always chattering about how their boyfriends took them somewhere exciting, or gave them something cute, or how good they are at making out. Ugh. All I want is some nice, warm boy to lean on while I read a book. And maybe bring me ice cream when I'm feeling down. I don't want to try skydiving or ride along for a street race or any of those other wild things girls say they do. Would Flynn be the adventurous type or the nice, quiet type? He seems more on the quiet side, but I dunno.

Flynn stops, as if he's unsure about what he's doing after all. He gives a small, hesitant wave. Swirly feelings gush in my stomach. I feel my chin tremble from nervousness, but I manage to uncurl my fingers in a return gesture.

What if we end up getting married?

I've always wanted to get married. Mom and Dad were so cute together, playing games with each other's hair and laughing over dumb little moments like her burning dinner. I miss seeing them like that. It's not the same when I burn dinner. Dad just smiles and pats me on the head. Man, I suck at cooking. Will Flynn want me to cook for him? No, I bet he's good at it. He's good at everything I've seen him do. Well, except tests, but he seems happy with straight C's.

Flynn starts moving again. I want to curl up into a tight ball. My legs are pressed tight together, and I fiddle with my dress to prevent any fatal malfunctions.

What if we end up having a baby?

If Flynn was the one working, I wouldn't mind staying home with the baby, I guess. Babies are kinda sweet when they're not doing anything that involves explosive body fluids. I'll never forget when Mom's best friend, Mrs. Denmyre, brought her new baby over to our house. It threw up all over Mom, and it took us forever to clean her wheelchair up. Mom sat on the couch and chatted to Mrs. Denmyre the entire time. We grumbled about it to Mom for days. Mom just laughed and told me I was prone to even more explosive moments as a baby.

What if our baby has something wrong with it?

My hands tighten on my fork. I overheard Mom tell Mrs. Denmyre, once, that the doctors said I'd probably be born with Downs Syndrome.

They wanted her to... well, not have me.

Guilt makes my stomach contract. If not for me, she'd never have needed the surgery after giving birth. She'd never have developed the infection that made her lose her legs. She'd never have—

I glance up from my shaking knees and see Flynn on the first step of the bleachers. My eyes flare wide, and I hastily look back at my box of chicken nuggets. I was hoping he'd make a turn and leave. Or *was* I hoping that? No, I expected him to. He didn't. I have to keep thinking.

The doctors were wrong, thank God, and I ended up just shy and awful with people and prone to spending too much time drawing dumb pictures about the images in my head. Maybe something is wrong with me. I don't know, and I'd rather not find out. All that matters is that I'll have my baby, even if it means I end up like Mom. When the pain got too bad and Dad had to take her to the hospital, I'd apologize for existing and she'd kiss me.

"I love you," she said, before her very last trip. "And I'd go through all of this a thousand more times for you."

Her words still break my heart. My eyes are growing misty. Flynn's only eight steps away now. I don't want to cry when he talks to me, so I blink the tears away. Stupid Kara. Boys don't like overly emotional girls. I think my bangs hide my eyes from him, so he can't tell. One more question pops in my head.

What if we live happily ever after?

Yeah. What if. Even Mom and Dad never lived happily ever after, just happily to the end. And everyone's so fake nowadays; you can't marry them without some secret popping up later that drives you apart. How many people get divorced? It's like fifty percent of couples, right? Dammit, I've never had any luck with numbers. Otherwise my guesses in Algebra would be a lot better. So I'd almost certainly be on the bad fifty percent side. But Flynn looks really honest. Maybe he doesn't have secrets. Maybe he's just the cute, artsy boy he looks like. Maybe he's the boy I'll spend my entire life with. Maybe he's the boy I'll grow old with, even when we're both white-haired and hardly able to walk on our own. And still in love.

I can't make my shaky knees stop. Flynn's halted once more, hand on the bleacher rails, and he's rubbing his arm. He watches me a moment, with all my stupid shaking and lowered eyes, and he seems to sigh. He turns around. My heart flutters into my throat as he begins a slow descent back to the gym floor. I can't let this die so easily. All it'll take is a few steps on my part. A few hard steps.

I scramble to my feet, knocking my chicken nuggets over in the process. The good food thumps onto the metal bleachers, but I ignore it. "W-Wait!"

Flynn halts, giving me time to clamber over the bleachers until I'm next to him. Up close, his eyes shine blue from a single sunbeam through the gym window. They're wide, surprised. But really pretty, too.

I can feel his body heat, smell sharp, clean cologne. I take a deep breath and smile hesitantly. "Hi, Flynn," I whisper.

He smiles back. "Hey, Kara."

## Caught in the Vines

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*Ruth* HYMEL | Photography



## Matrimony

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*John* BELLINO | Poetry

Unlike Orual,  
I must tell the truth.  
I did see, beyond the river,  
Psyche's castle rise up  
from out beyond the trees,  
her buttresses, bone and blood, extending from below  
the deepest roots of Abraham's oak, flying up  
beyond the heavens.  
The Cathedral of hands, male and female,  
couple together in gentle touch.  
Her honey-wine hall—there is the feasting table  
lifted to a head  
over which are the wings;  
at their point and in their midst,  
face to face,  
sparks the Shekinah at each and every intersection,

every Intercourse.  
The cup of red joy,  
celebrating, covenanting:  
An anniversary Passover feast with indissoluble progeny.

But you, Narcissus!  
You Hot Head!  
You've tied her up,  
Made her your Bound-Slave.  
Swelling like a mushroom,  
You impose yourself,  
Leaving torn flesh, bone exposed  
And dignity flowing out like blood.  
Then you rest in celebratory satisfaction  
Blood drunk, dripping beak,  
Perched on a nearby bush  
With sterile indecision.  
Consume her?  
Or watch her decompose and die?

"Pray for us that we may find the  
pharmakon of forgiveness."

## Feel My Pain

*Bill POWERS* | Photography



# Petrified

*Richard WILSON* | Poetry

On summer nights when the wind grows chill,  
When the forests creak and the insects shrill,  
And all one knows is the path on which he goes  
Through the shadow trees that tighten into rows,

When nothing lives but the rhythmic beat  
Of the cackling stars and the winding feet  
And the spiritual air tunes the senses sharp  
To the demon's drum and the angel's harp,

Then does the wayward soul remember  
The course of his life like a burning ember,  
Blasphemies written in the dust of the earth,  
And the vows that were made at his second birth,

The few short years that the heart may grieve  
Ere its petals wilt like the autumn leaves,  
The friendship bonds that could have been,  
And days that he chose not to let love in.

For down in woods with his head on the ground,  
Darkness and moonlight dancing all around,  
There where a man is most alone,  
    There where a man to himself is shown,  
        There where delirious dreams have grown,  
            And died like stars that were never known,  
                Does a man thank God for a heart of stone.

# Beauty That Takes Life's Breath Away

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*Brenna RYAN* | Poetry

Life takes beauty and places it into breaths  
Small tastes that fill us to the core, but cannot be held for more than a moment  
Is that why?  
Is that why I cannot help but stop in awe of all things living?  
Knowing, the most I could ever know, that I will never  
See anything the same way twice...  
Knowing that everything grows from second to second  
Knowing that beauty only swells, that it cannot stay still.

It must breathe. In. Out.

Everything that is, adds.  
Nothing that isn't takes away.  
In. Out.  
For even a taste of beauty is so great that it cannot be held.  
It must be breathed.  
Is that why?  
He breathed  
And beauty took Life's breath away.



## Alive

*Julianna RIVAS* | Photography

## Peony Song

*Jane* RUSSELL | Art



# About the Contributors

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## Students

Bonnie Aberle	Sophomore, Undeclared
John Bellino	Junior, English
Nikole Brand	Senior, Biology
Felix Du Sablon	Junior, Biology and English
John Gaboda	Senior, History and English
Rebecca Gerlach	Senior, Elementary Education and Theology
Hannah Glynn	Junior, English
Katja Gronert	Senior, History
Lazaro Gutierrez	Sophomore, English
Gage Hillmann	Sophomore, Math
Jennifer Hobson	Senior, Accounting and Math
Alexandra Kern	Sophomore, Theology
Ashley Osmera	Junior, Undeclared
Anne Parlmer	Junior, English
Bill Powers	Junior, Psychology
Mary-Kate Reid	Senior, Business and Theology
Julianna Rivas	Freshman, Undeclared
Anja Roy	Senior, English
Brenna Ryan	Freshman, Undeclared
Stephanie Scali	Sophomore, English
Andrew Schatteman	Freshman, Undeclared
Rebecca Sigler	Junior, English
Elizabeth Thierfelder	Junior, English and Theology
Mikayla Thomas	Junior, Business
Elisa Torres	Junior, English and Theology
Madison Werner	Sophomore, Undeclared
Richard Wilson	Senior, Math
Joseph Yellico	Senior, Biology

## Alumni

Ruth Hymel	2013
Michael Maimone	2015
Curran Sentilles	2015
Tim Tanko	2015
Paul Toscano	1972

## Professors

Don Beagle	Director of Abbot Vincent Taylor Library
Rebecca Munro	Associate Professor of English
Jane Russell	Associate Professor of Theology
Rajive Tiwari	Professor of Physics and Mathematics
Larry Williams	Part-time Accounting Instructor

## Other

Thomas Roy	Father of Anja Roy
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# Submission Guidelines

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*Agora* accepts submissions of fiction and poetry, as well as works of visual art and photography. Through a blind reading and viewing, student editors select works to be published. Selections are based on artistic quality and space in the publication. Only student entries are eligible for the literature and art-photography awards. Winners are presented a certificate of artistic achievement during the Academic Awards Banquet at the end of the spring semester and receive a monetary award by mail. Deadlines for submissions are announced every semester in the fall and early spring. Submissions are accepted only from the Belmont Abbey Community: students, faculty, monks, administrators, staff, and alumni.

## **Submission Guidelines:**

Please edit written works for grammar and mechanics prior to sending. Send each submission, whether written or a work of art or photography, as an individual digital file, named by the title of the work. Written submissions must be saved and sent as Word files. Send all submissions as email attachments; do not paste them into the body of your email message. Email your digital images one at a time to retain quality. In the body of your email message, include the title, your name, and the date of your submission. Send all submissions to Dr. Rebecca Munro, Faculty Advisor for *Agora*: [rebeccamunro@bac.edu](mailto:rebeccamunro@bac.edu).

## **Categories and Number of Submissions Accepted for Consideration:**

Short stories (1700 word limit, the very high end): Two Stories

Flash-fiction (500 word limit): Two Stories

Vignettes (500 word limit): Two Vignettes

Prose poems (250 word limit, suggested): Two Prose Poems

Poetry: Four Poems

Drawings, paintings, mixed media: Four Submissions

Photography: Four Photographs

**All contributors must be members of the Belmont Abbey family.**



# AGORA

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