

Colgate University's

PORTFOLIO

Literary Arts Magazine
Issue XL



Fall 2023



A Letter from the Editor

Schwarzwald Licht // Black Forest Light
Sigrid Montagano

I've spent a lot of time thinking about banned books this semester. We've seen a wave of book challenges in schools and libraries lately, with challengers finding new ways to restrict access to books and the knowledge within them. It is an act of violence to assert that a certain book should be banned from public spaces. It is an act designed to silence voices, particularly the voices of marginalized groups including the BIPOC and LGBTQ+ communities.

In these moments, I'm reminded of the Walt Whitman misquote with no discernable origin: "Be curious, not judgmental." This is the mission of our editorial team. It takes a certain amount of vulnerability to read with curiosity and remain detached from our preconceptions while we do so. Our selection process takes weeks and consists of several meetings, and, though we don't always agree on the strongest aspects of a piece, our goal is to create a culture of inclusion to share with the greater Colgate community. We provide space—visibility—for the voices of our campus, and we find that the most interesting pieces always encourage us to ask, Why?

This fortieth issue of Colgate's Portfolio Magazine contains within it a chorus of voices at Colgate University. It is my hope that the readers of this magazine enjoy each student piece with curiosity and openness. While you read, challenge yourself to ask each piece, Why?

—Marissa Bordonaro
Editor-in-Chief

Portfolio

Fall 2023 Issue XL

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Portfolio received all of its submissions from current Colgate students. Each published piece has been selected by the editors based solely on literary and artistic merit and judged for originality and creativity by the editorial staff.

Some images have been modified via Adobe Photoshop; the pages have been compiled and curated via Adobe InDesign by Marissa Bordonaro.

Before the Storm
Sigrid Montagano

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Untitled 17
Felicity Breedlove

Scribbles

by Bri Liddell

On powdered sheafs,
Neon splotches bloom,
Pink as dawn's first blush,
Orange, as sunburnt horizon.

Yellow – like a beam, briefly caught,
Green, with envy of untouched leaves,
Blue, deep as Mariana, Tonga, Galathea,
Purple, bulging vein and twilight's cloak.

Last comes black,
The steady sentinel,
Thin, deep, and definite,
Cutting through the labyrinth.

The craft takes no skill
One simply wandering in ink
Seeking solace in the scribbles,
Hands ever-roving, lest the mind drift.

Creatures of the neon wild,
Horns striped like woolen socks,
Teeth like Rocky Mountain crags,
Limbs? Illusive, absent.

It's not the result, but the ritual,
Strong lines, unwavering,
Curves, smoothed by steady fingers,
Gaps, filled with purpose.

In the ink, I find my peace.

On Being Mexican

by Israel Zarate

I never felt Mexican. I always just was. I simply wake up everyday and I am Mexican.

I think part of me always knew being Mexican was somehow different but I could never quite put my finger on it. There were always small things that reminded me of it. I mean it wasn't like I was literally walking around with a *nopal* on my fucking forehead and a *mariachi* following me around singing *Cielito Lindo* everywhere I went.

Being Mexican feels like a chore or like a part time job. Maybe like a hard test you've got coming up and spending many nights staying up late memorizing stupid shit like who Larry David is and whether you liked Garth Brooks and apple pie on Memorial Day. It is pretending to like popular culture that has no real significance in your life besides the fact that you do not want to feel left out when singing

Wagon Wheel and *The Gambler*. When Mexican, life is constantly quizzing you asking you to prove your whiteness and demonstrate high achievement in self loathing because who could ever be happy living as a second class citizen?

Being Mexican is working so hard at being white you say things like, 'No I am not Mexican, my parents are,' as if somehow your having papers negates the fact that you are fucking brown. There was a point in elementary school where I would hate it when the other Mexican kids would smile and wave, yelling "PAISANO! PAISA!" as if associating with them would take away from any prospects at moving up in the social chain. I would wait and hope for the day where one of the white kids in my class would look my way and acknowledge the fact that I too could be someone they could hang out with.

In 8th grade, two of my classmates came up to me and asked if I wanted to partake in a group Halloween costume for the upcoming middle school parade. They did not want to dress up as accountants, lawyers, or the head of a fortune 500; rather, they wanted to dress up as *cholos*. There it was.

There was my chance to fit in—to be part of something funny. Even if I was the butt of the joke.

The next week I showed up to school in creased and cuffed Dickies 574s, a navy bandana, a matching plaid blue flannel with the single top button, a white tank top, and the all white Nike Cortez. I was a walking stereotype. I looked like one of those at risk youths in any 90s movie waiting to be rescued by Michelle Pfeiffer. Yeah I know you know what movie I'm talking about. *Dangerous Minds*.

So as I walked down the shadow of a maple tree on Sunnyside parading about with my classmates dressed as movie serial killers, clowns, and various monsters, I was mysteriously pulled out by our school principal. I could feel myself getting hotter and hotter. Redder and redder. My face, a gradient—a spectrum of all the possible shades of red. The shame like mold seeping into an unfinished midwestern basement, settled in like an old friend. I looked down at my sneakers wishing they were untied. I wanted to do something that did not force me to stand still as my school principal berated me about my costume, telling me about the numerous calls from cornered

parents. They were worried about the safety of *their* children.

They brought in Mr. Servin to talk to me. He was our custodian. He was from El Salvador. Mr. Servin was a large burly man with a black goatee.

Papi, you gotta be smarter than that. You have to.

"Yeah. Listen to Mr Servin, you're gonna work at a gas station cleaning floors if you keep this up."

The room was silent.

More than anything, being Mexican is fitting yourself into the caricature of who you are to make a couple of white kids like you. It is making fun of those that paved the way for you. Yes, that includes your mom, your pa, and abuelita. Being Mexican is apple picking for fun when there are people picking apples for a living fucking dying. It is spitting on everyone that came before you so that you can serve the white man and watch them while they eat dinner, simply hoping for a whiff of what they are fucking eating.

the fool

by Max Gardinier

in the dream you look me in the eye
and touch my shoulders beneath my shirt.
we host a party & invite all our friends, we
have so many friends. we sit on the couch
& watch them laugh & shine, these people
we choose to love. you pull me onto your lap
right there you hold my face close, you
want to kiss me. your breath, your hands
all over. you won't do it.
even now i hum when you stand near. when
you poke the small of my back. as if we haven't
shared something. well, show me your teeth.
your fingernails. tell me you want me with
more than that softness, more than your
kisses in the dark, you only kiss me in the dark.
tell me anything, i don't care. i just like
the sound of your voice. let's make a scene, that's
all i want. let's show them what gravity looks like.



Moon Goddess
Maya Khadem

Eclectica

by Bri Liddell

Artist's Statement:

This paper and ink collage comprising sixty-two doodles is a reflection of the wild, colorful, and unpredictable journey I've embarked on over the course of this semester. It's not just a collection of random drawings; it's a snapshot of my life, captured in moments of inspiration, emotion, and simple procrastination.

Since high school, doodling has been my way of finding my center amidst the chaos of student life. It's a constant companion, no matter if I'm zoning out during a lecture or hunkering down to tackle a mountain of assignments. Happy or sad, wide awake or half-asleep, engaged or out-of-it—my sharpie and highlighters are always within arm's reach.

The result is an eclectic mix of landscapes, creatures, and people, born from the depths of my imagination. These doodles are spontaneous, unfiltered, and unapologetically messy. They're the visual echoes of the emotions, thoughts, and distractions that have crossed my mind this semester.

Ultimately, *eclectica* is a celebration of the everyday and the seemingly insignificant moments that make up our lives. It's a tribute to the power of creativity as a coping mechanism, a form of self-expression, and a little escape from the routine. Art doesn't always need to be grand or profound. Sometimes, it can simply be an honest representation of the way we navigate the world.



Egyptian Cotton

by S. Fleming

When maple breezes blow
helicopter parachutes past my window,
I remember the day cherry pie bled
crimson down our chins.
Your syrup hazel eyes were sticky and sweet
as they traced along the fur trees' coats
and the stairs of trickling granite.
Our breath danced along the steel-framed panes
as icicles formed on the brow
of that daffodil cloaked chariot.
The air swirled through each small crack
and found its way up the seven holes
of my jacket hem, so I buried
into the crook of your shoulder
and pressed my Vibram soled boots
onto the cellophane-wrapped seats.
I watched pearls streak the navy sea
and fell asleep when copper flames
licked the air around our toes.

That night I cocooned myself in beige egyptian cotton
to shield my eyes from gingerbread breeze, for
brown sugar autumn is too sickeningly sweet,
a tainted oozing amber memory.

Polite Answers to 5 Rude Questions About Transracial Adoption

by Bailey Cooper

1. What's it like being adopted?

To be a bundle of joy or not
to be, that is the question.

People living with biological
parent(s) often want to know if
adoptees' experiences are the same.
However, this question assumes
there must be a difference when
often there isn't.

For many adoptees, their
adoptive parent(s) is the only
parent(s) they know. There isn't a
reference for comparing living with
biological parent(s) with adoptive
parent(s). A parent is a parent. Un-
conditional love and unnecessary
worrying.

I usually say, "I suppose it's
a lot like living with a biological
parent. I can't compare being ad-
opted to being biologically related
to one's parent(s)."

Or "Has anyone asked you
what it's like living with your bio-
logical parent(s)?"

2. Are you mixed?

Like oil and water.

What they are asking is, are
you biracial/multi-racial? I dislike
the question because it assumes you
are biologically related to the peo-
ple you call "parent(s)." The word
"mixed" sounds narrow-minded
because it suggests jumbled togeth-
er, not fitting together correctly.

As if the only way you
can be a different race than your
parent(s) must mean your parent(s)
is another race.

A simple "No, I'm adopt-
ed," does the trick.

Or "I'm glad biracial fami-
lies are more accepted now. I guess
transracial families aren't yet."

3. You know your parent(s) don't look like you, right?

The curiosity ramps up when there is a parent-child sighting.

The blunt inquiry reveals more about the questioner needing an explanation as to why everyone is different on the Holiday Card.

The question implies the adoptee must identify as the race they were raised in. Racial and ethnic identity are not the same as cultural identity. Culture is a combination of the languages a person speaks, traditions they keep, and values they hold, which can change over time depending on where they live and who is around them.

I like to brush off the question, "I have noticed my parent's (s') [insert physical attribute] is not the same as mine, but they're still my parent(s)."

Or, "Thanks for letting me know."

4. What nationality are you? Alternatively, where are you really from?

Here in America's melting pot, there is still confusion between ethnicity and nationality.

The answer seems abundantly evident at face value. Yet, the person is probably asking about ethnicity, which needs clarification with nationality.

Nationality is the country a person has a legal connection to. At the same time, ethnicity is more akin to genetic or cultural heritage.

I like to say, "I'm [insert nationality], specifically, [insert ethnicity]." It covers nationality and ethnicity.

Or, "I'm as American as apple pie."

5. Did your biological parent(s) not want you?

Stop! This question clearly crosses the privacy line.

People want to know the circumstances in which a child would be put up for adoption. The problem with the ignorant question presumes having a child is merely a matter of want. Or, in some cases, a surprise. It ignores the mental, physical, and financial cost of having a child.

Phrasing the question around "want" comes across as blaming the adoptee for a choice their biological parent(s) made.

Often, there isn't a clear answer for why a child was adopted.

I would like to respond with a question, "Do you think it's better to live with parent(s) who can't provide everything to help a child develop or with people who aren't biologically related and can?" The question reminds people that sometimes, the best parents are the ones who admit they can't be good parents.

Or, "Yes, they did want me. But as a 48 hour newborn, I rejected them."

These rude questions are uncomfortable. I can answer them politely if the questioner is earnest yet awkward in the query. But it's a burden having to educate on transracial adoption. In the United States, 28% of adoptions are transracial. Every adoptee's experience is different.

Organics

by S.Fleming

Their hands grasp
at the branches
of the tree
as mango juice drips
from their chins —
beaten and bruised,
still full of life

Pumpkin Spice Season
Hannah Goff

Above the Third Rail

by Pierce Leclerc

Here, you are unobtrusive to the canvas,
the violet span of a gracious constellation,
Within, Without,
Worldshaper,
As the shining leaves of decadent autumn
You fly on,
you do,

As sounds become mesh,
words become inscrutable butterflies
flying silently
You carry the earth
and heavier your weightlessness
You glow, my love,
you do

Excerpt from Dead Horse Point

by Maxwell Walker

I'm in my brother's truck in the ditch next to the intersection of Highway 191 and the 313, and I hear a sound like thunder on the mesa. I get out to look for the mustang. I'm sure that I hit it, but all I can find is a broken wooden post and a not-quite hoof-shaped hole in my brother's rusty truck bed. The pre-dawn desert is empty but for shadowy buttes like so many forgotten cathedrals.

It's 3:00 PM. Business has been slow since this morning, and at this point I'm just waiting for my best friend, Carolina, to come in from the kiln. She tends to burn out around this time of day, which works out for me because I temporarily lost my glass-blowing privileges in a freak kiln accident (I melted a hole in the trailer). There's

no service once you turn off onto the 313, so I've been listening to the radio and sketching and watching the sunlight play patterns through the shelves of glass animals onto the floor. The vinyl station has been playing Joni Mitchell's *Blue* straight through, and I'm in my typical headspace of jaded bullshit. All last semester I worked in the archives at the Utah State University library, a profession which left me a lot of time to read in silence. Spend that much time alone and no thought is sacred.

The bell on the door rings and I look up to see Carolina, her mane of hair released from a ponytail, her cut-off clothing burned and stained with colored glass. She lifts a hand to me, her mouth full of sandwich, and takes her usual seat on the windowsill. She nods, swallows, and asks, "Okay, what are you spiraling about this time?"

"Nothing, nothing."

She gives me a look that says *bullshit*.

"Nothing! Well... nothing but... I don't know." I can't stop myself from thinking dumb shit, but I can sure as hell stop myself from talking about it. "What have you been working on today?"

"Well, I made a bunch of

stuff yesterday that annealed overnight, so I've mostly been planning out the next batch and unloading this one."

"What was in the batch that just finished?"

"I wanted to add to the *Outlaws* line, so I've been working on a few *Billy the Kid* and *Bonnie and Clyde* type ideas. But I also noticed that we've been running out of mustangs, so I made a bunch."

Mustangs are our best-selling animal, mainly because of our proximity to Dead Horse Point. The story goes that the Point was used as a natural corral for wild horses back in the Wild West. It attracts a lot of superstition, and a lot of tourists.

"I've been working on my technique," she says. "What I want is to make them feel like they have stories, like they're really alive. Here, I'll show you one." She grabs a sculpture from the crate outside and brings it in to show me. "This one's name is *Dove*." She hands it to me. It's bigger than most she makes, glossy black and with a red star on its forehead.

"What's with the mark on its forehead?" I ask.

She wiggles bandaged fingers at me and grins. "It's blood!"

I blink.

"I wanted to add more life to them, so I figured maybe I'd give this one a little bit of mine. See if I can wake him up."

The glass horse looks about as awake as a brick. I give her a look. She gives back the same slightly deranged smile that she's been making since we were kids, and kisses the horse on the forehead and puts it away.

Dead Horse Point, Utah. Dozens of horses circle the perimeter of the mesa's flat top under a high-noon sun. Two cowherds on weary horses and a brand new fence block the point's only entrance. Thunder on the mesa.

I've grabbed drinks and am heading back inside when I see headlights coming down the 313. It's now technically well past closing time, but we're still here so I head inside and unlock the register. Carolina pops her bottlecap on the counter as an ancient black sedan slides into our parking lot.

I watch Carolina sip her coke with a funny feeling in my stomach. I think that I want her in my life forever. Outside, car doors slam, and now the bell on the door

rings. I say, “Welcome to the World-Famous Arches National Park Glass Animal Emporium, let us know if we can help you at all.” They say nothing. There are two of them, a young man and woman, overdressed for the heat, and they split paths as they come in.

Carolina looks at me and smirks. These people won’t buy anything – they’re just using the shop to fulfill the kind of indie-pop fantasy that people flock to Arches to get off on. The guy mumbles something from behind a shelf of birds. “What’s that?” I say and go over to the aisle he’s in. He’s holding a blown glass mustang in his rough hands. I recognize it as *Dove*, the one Carolina showed me this morning.

He turns to me, looks right in my eyes, and says, “I just said, this is lovely.” He opens his hands and lets it fall.

Some of the horses continue to hopelessly shuffle around the mesa. The riders take long shots at vultures, their gunshots like cracks of lightning.

His hand hits me like a hoof to the head and I’m on my back surrounded by broken glass. My arms are covered in cuts from the shards, and my fingers come away

red from my pounding temple. Carolina is on the ground behind the counter. I can’t see her face. The woman, her blonde hair perfectly pinned up under a cap, wipes her blood-stained gloves on the hem of her skirt.

“You know we appreciate you folks keeping this quaint little shop open for us, I suppose it’s a bit after hours.” The man says, standing over me. “You see, we’ve been traveling for a while—”

From behind the register, the woman says, “A *long* while.”

He chuckles and picks up a glass duckling. “And we’ve been needing somewhere to rest these old bones of ours.” He lets the duckling slip, and it shatters near my head. “So, thank you for this.” He turns to the woman, who has been filling her purse from the till. “Miss Parker, honey, when you’re done with that, could you fill up the tank? I’ll keep an eye on these two.” He winks at me. She snaps the clasp of her bag shut, gives the man a too-long kiss, and clops out the door in her two inch heels.

The man continues to inspect glass sculptures. I thought he wanted to break them all, but I see him grin and pocket a little bullet-holed black glass sedan, the

Bonnie and Clyde of our *Outlaws* line.

“Honestly, I can’t believe you folks live like this. This is what you do? This is what you want from life?” He laughs, a charming, warm chuckle. “God, don’t you want to be remembered for something?”

It never occurred to me that maybe this *is* all I want from life.

He chuckles again. “I could never. No, believe me, people are going to know my name—*our* names one day. We’re going to create a legend. What have you created? A shelf full of glass animals, and it’s gone like *that*.” He tips a shelf with the toe of his boot and a zoo of sculptures plummet to their deaths. Carolina chokes back a sob. He looks down on me pityingly.

He nods to me and I crawl over to Carolina, where I help her wipe some blood from her beaten face. While he smashes through the alligators, I look at Carolina. Her eyes look as broken as the animals. She starts to pull herself up the wall. I grab at her hand, but she continues to stand.

“I wouldn’t do that, miss.” The man has turned around and is grinning at us. “Just sit back down and this will be much easier for

you.” Carolina’s back slides down the wall a little. “No reason for you to get hurt again for the sake of this ridiculous shop.” He never stops smiling.

Carolina lunges at him, but the man shoves her off easily. A spark of metal and wood, a flash of light. A gunshot. She falls. I scream, but can’t hear myself. The man looks at me and shakes his head. He points the gun at me and his mouth moves. My eyes blur, and I’m holding Carolina, and I’m screaming silently. The door slams and I close my eyes and sob and rock her back and forth.

Dove gallops down the 313, two bleeding, sleeping forms on his back. From the mesas there is the sound of thunder, and he is joined by dozens of other horses, their sinewy bodies flowing together like molten glass. Two ghostly riders in an ancient black sedan stay just ahead of the tide, their bodies skeletal and overdressed for the heat, their movements self-righteous and melodramatic. They tear through the night, just outpacing the tides of myth and legend, but are soon swallowed by the flood, finally forgotten in the swell of stories.

Marooned

by Pierce Leclerc

Told they ebb and flow
Sea waves pull in
See waves take

May I rest the night, I ask
or just for now, I guess
Tread like a bellstruck dreamer
Seashells gold-maroon
like a mosaic in the sand
Oh, stumble and wonder —

Arashiyama from Jōjakkōji Temple, August 2023
Josh Docking

Through the Vastness of Human Failing

by MG King

O, blessed Heliconides,
O, twice-born Dionysos,
Help me forget this tragedy.
We're sitting here chewing on our fingernails,
Waiting around for something to happen.

*Don't seek to understand what you don't know.
Don't ever say you're happy until you're dead.
For mortals, it is best not to be born once.
You will soon be late to the future and
No one will be there to walk with you.*

There are ants dragging the body of a wasp;
There is a girl scattering red dirt over her brother;
There are men paddling away from a lee shore.

It's no formal event. Put it all out on the table. Hold
Down its wings like a butterfly pinned and mounted.
Have you heard of Xanthos and Balios, sons of the west wind?
Struck down by chthonic Furies? Perhaps that is why
We so seldom tell the truth and the truth so seldom are we told.
But tell it to me now, like the time we swam
Through salt water with cut-open hands. Like the time
There were confessions hidden between slant rhymes.
There were answers, buried underneath layers of stone.
While physicists fiddled with violin rosin,
An orchestra crashed with a din to the floor.
If problems and numbers seek motive and purpose,
Mars can be driven in loops in the sky,
And man can play Ptolemy if he so wishes, but
Epicyclical models don't write songs anymore.

*You want to be loved? Not merely desired?
Maybe there was a time for such a thing,
But haven't you learned that love is merely
A poetic device? For now
You can't even remember the difference between
Metonymy and synecdoche. And
When you look up at the stars, you remember
That you have forgotten where they rise
And where they set.*

Did you know?
Some time ago, Thuban was the North Star and
One day it could be Vega but
We're waiting around for something to happen
And we forget about Polaris.
*Suffering is caused by craving.
Suffering can have an end.*

I remember I loved so much I thought it would kill me.
I dreamt of Epicurus under a tent of tarpaulin, and of
A Daoist priest with nails in his hiking boots,
Waiting for the snow to melt off the boulders.
The quicker he blinked the longer it took.
His hands were red and the dust under his nails was red and
The quicker he blinked the redder they became.

Suffering is caused by craving.

Suffering can have an end.

Once Zhuangzi dreamt he was a butterfly.

You could sit down and forget everything.

In the spring, he will climb Kithairon and

Not think of the sparagmos and omophagia

But he will point to Thebes and say,

“There hurries Antigone again,

Just as she hurried last year.

There hurries Antigone

To drown in dissonant melodies.

There hurries Antigone to be swallowed by the Earth.”

And he will point to a small bear running in circles around the pole,

And a butterfly with its wings pinned to the celestial sphere.

And he will point down and see ants dragging the body of a wasp,

And a gathering of hedonists in the garden.

And he will point up and see men paddling away from a lee shore.

He will look to the heavens and finally understand

Why humans are so prone to writing tragedy.

bedbug

by Anonymous

i asked God if i would ever be free of their eyes

those eyes that undress,

A bitten lip, iron, rot

They see no art in my body.

He laughed.

No darling.

Revel in it.

you are just a bedbug,

a diseased speck

shrouded in folds of silk

sink to your knees, accept.

accept like a womb

your eternal servitude.

Meet Me Back in St. Jean de Luz, or Clip-on Earrings in the Age of Heartache

by Abby Call

On my second Christmas, my grandmother threw the tree out the window. My father tells me this story when he starts to think too much. I can vaguely picture the tinsel shaking lightly in the cold wind. The cracked baubles sit lonely on the patchy front lawn.

When I was thirteen, my grandmother visited me in Paris. She rented an apartment a block away from Notre Dame, with a huge gold bathtub and a full-sized set of knight's armor that sat in the living room, next to the sofa. While I clamored at the window, peering out at the various passersby, she lay sprawled on that sofa with rollers in her hair, leafing through magazines and muttering to herself. I watched as the stripes of sunlight hit the glass dish of Turkish delights and her thin legs, laced with purple veins. I asked her if she wanted to go to the art exhibit at the Jeu

de Paume. She told me to go ask a good-looking gentleman on the street for a cigarette.

An upper-class divorcee of the silent generation, she pushed her way through the world with an air of disgust and determination, grabbing and tearing at mulberry silk and pictures of her younger self. She was muttered about at family reunions, my father cursing her name under his breath as she screeched with laughter while flirting with the waiter. She always wore lipstick in the shade "black honey" that would smudge just a little too wide around her mouth and leave marks on her wine glasses. She kept her thin shoulders bare and wore huge gold-emerald earrings that dropped down on her earlobes, swinging like pendulums. She never wore real earrings, because those were a sign of a "loose woman." She liked steak tartare,

decadent wallpapers, men, and feeling admired. I adored her.

She read me *The Secret Garden* in the summer at her poolhouse in St Jean De Luz. She'd lick powdered sugar off her puffy red fingers as she folded the pages, nibbling on lemon tartlets. In between chapters, when she had enough, we would sit in silence in the sun. She never asked me any questions. I never asked her any either.

I dug through the trunk of photos in my grandmother's basement in the summer of '97, two months after she died. My mother and father clamored upstairs, bickering over what they would do with her blue velvet chez lounge. I stared into the stillness of the image, a black-and-white mirage of my grandmother standing next to two good-looking gentlemen whom I did not know the names of. She looked about forty in the photo, her eyes electrified with some indescribable adrenaline. She had light rings around her eyes as if she had been lounging for hours in the sun, wearing large, round sunglasses. There was something about the freckles around her cheeks, the way she leaned against one of the men with a certain smirk, her skin tan and tight around her shoulders and

arms.

She always told me I looked like her. She said I had the same craze about me that made my father tick, and excitement trail like glitter behind me. I left her house that day for the last time with three of her half-used lipsticks, a painting of a lighthouse from St. Tropez, a Goyard bag with a broken strap, a pair of clip-on earrings, an unlabeled bottle of perfume, and a box of stale lemon biscuits. I carried the box outside. Tiny drops of rain spat into my eyes and dotted the cardboard. I sat in my sedan and tore open a letter from my then-boyfriend with a certain kind of ferocity. I knew he thought of me often during the summer. I knew there was something about me that electrified him, that made him want to scribble song lyrics on napkins and trace the outlines of clouds.

Hey. I listened to Le Vent Nous Portera while driving on the coast today. Thought of you.

I didn't cry. I didn't feel anything much at all.

Three years later, I sat in the driveway of my parents house and waited for the car windows to defog. I always find it hard to keep my eyes open that time of year. The air seems heavier. My phone

vibrated against my thigh.

*Hey. HRU? I am in town.
Coffee? I hope u r well.*

I took a shuttery breath, turned off the car, and walked back inside, watching my breath swirl around me.

I lay on the living room carpet and watched the Christmas tree lights twinkle their tacky green and red. I heard my mother in the other room grumbling about how my father had not taken it down.

It's January, goddammit.

I picked myself up off the floor and went to the washroom. I pulled my hair up into a loose braid, just like I always wore it when I was seventeen. I splashed warm water on my face, gripped the sink, and muffled a soft sob with the hand towel so my little sister didn't hear. I spritzed myself with the perfume in the medicine cabinet, the cedar and amber mist overtaking my senses in a split second of release. I grabbed my bag and coat and told my mother where I was going. She pulled a strand of hair from my eyes and smiled softly, saying nothing.

We met in the boulangerie, in the back corner where I used to read after school. He tapped his fingers on the table and told me

the world was a whole lot smaller and less exciting than he expected. I sipped my coffee. The waiter set down my almond croissant. We said thank you at the same time. He smiled sadly. His leg bounced underneath the table, I could feel the reverberations. He had a new girlfriend now. She had burgundy hair and a tattoo of a bird on her arm, and she was nothing like me. He told me he was in love now, in a way he never thought he could be. He was living in Strasbourg with her now, just for a few more weeks until they took off to Algarve to surf or do something or other that didn't interest me. He told me how strange it felt, being back home in Montbéliard. I told him I was learning Russian, trying a new medication, and going on runs in the evenings when I had the time. I told him seeing him was harder than I thought it would be. He said he would stop sending the postcards if it made me too sad. I sipped my coffee. I ate half of my croissant and he paid the bill, thanking the waiter in the way he always did. We stepped outside into the cold, blinding sunlight of the early afternoon, puddles from last night's rain reflecting the harsh light, our eyes squinting as we looked at one

another. I thought about how he wasn't as exciting as he used to be at seventeen.

He gave me a hug, inhaling into the muff of my coat, and stepped back as if taken by surprise.

"What?" I asked.

He blinked. "Nothing. I just. Remembered. That's all."

I watched as he walked away. My breath swirled in front of me, a gust of bitter wind blowing open my jacket. I raised my hands to my mouth, blowing warm air onto my fingers and wrists. I was hit with the potent scent of cedarwood and amber, and suddenly I could remember the smell of my grandmother, the little unlabeled bottle of perfume in the medicine cabinet, the way she applied her makeup in the bathroom mirror as I watched as a child.

She was dying the night I

first met him. I wore her perfume the summer I traveled into Normandy with him. We danced on the beaches the night she died, and I never told him. I sat giggling in his truck, my sandy feet on the dashboard and his hair smelling of salt. The sun leaked out like a punctured egg yolk into the horizon, and I felt nothing much at all.

I think about the lipstick on her teeth from time to time, and that old photograph. I think about how I never knew her and how she never really knew me. I imagine her face if I told her that I fell in love for the first time wearing her perfume. When he thinks of me, I think of those beaches, and I think of her. She is reading books to me by the pool in the lazy shade of summer, and he is remembering her imperfect, self-centered, loveable granddaughter.

Lucy

by Lucy Cotrupe

The bringer of light, patroness of eyes.
Sicilian roots of Sunday's sauce surface.
Opinionated and strong-willed,
I am Schultz's muse.
Piercing green irises of mystery,
The girl with kaleidoscope eyes.
I am not Luce, nor am I loose.
I've always been tightly wound,
Digging my nails in my palms,
Clenching my fists
At the slightest flavor of disarray.



The Coverage of People Magazine

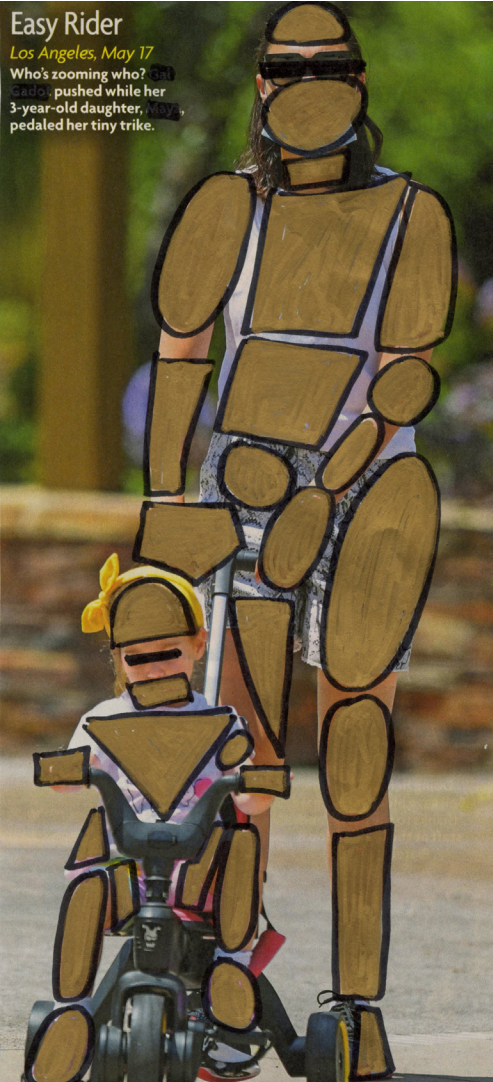
by Emma Barrison

Artist's Statement:

Every day this summer, I have been taking images from People Magazine and coloring them with a gold Sharpie. As seen in these small works, I use geometric shapes to transform the body and face into something that is uncanny, yet still cognizant of the human form.

I first was inspired by Beverly Semmes's work; working in a New York gallery this summer, I was exposed to her work. I closely followed what inspired her practice and why she felt the need to cover up exposed (yet heavily commodified) images. She quoted to the Susan Inglett Gallery that she felt "a motherly urge to protect them, covering them up as a service of feminism rather than anything else". This is where I felt a strong connection to her work. I enjoyed how she took the time to identify with her subject and feel bonded with it - she even met one of the models she colored over in the early 2000s.





I became interested in People Magazine in 2011. I was 9 years old, bored, listening to my mother talk on the phone. I was yet to have a phone, so I spent my free time doing anything and everything. On one particular day, I picked up this magazine and began to draw on different people. Usually, it was makeup, mustaches, or anything cheeky to get a laugh out of my 7-year-old brother. I never knew the celebrities I was drawing over, but I enjoyed looking at them and trying to draw some connection to where I had seen them on television. It was a simple and childish activity, but it now brings me back to 2011 when I take a look at the magazines sitting on my desk (they have not changed at ALL since then in their layout).

Now, over a decade later, I am 21 and still drawing in magazines. However, I am now trying a new approach to my craft. With a golden Sharpie (that has been sitting in my kitchen cabinet since 2011), and a standard black pen, I am drawing geometric shapes over the faces and bodies of celebrities. While I don't know why I chose shapes originally, I think maybe it has to do with the simplicity that art once had for me a decade ago. Art then had less to do with crafting a perfect meaning, and more about color, shape, and size. Thus, this is a nostalgic craft.

The Witching Hour

by Lara Blanton

At three AM every Sunday night, or rather every Monday morning, the grandfather clock struck three booming tolls that rattled through the house, shaking the china and dispelling dust off the mantle pieces. The noise pooled up through the first floor and filled up the stairs and up through the house to the tip of the roof. On the first toll, the wind-up carousel in the nursery began to spin. The Renoir in the second floor study seemed to move in its frame, the rosy-cheeked painted woman wriggling like she had an itch she'd been waiting to scratch. On the second toll, the wolf head on the end of the cane in the foyer stretched his jaws and yawned. The rabbits painted on the fine china tapped their feet and nibbled at the painted clovers. The spinning carousel finally broke loose, and the horses expelled themselves, leaping off the table and streaking

across the floor. By the third toll, every scullery maid, footman, valet, lady's maid, and everyone in between, was wide awake. The house prepared for battle.

The Butler and Housekeeper awoke an hour prior. They sat in the Butler's office, a blueprint spread between them, pencils scratching away.

"Last week the crows on the chandelier broke free and got into the grain store out back," the Butler had noted earlier that evening.

The Housekeeper nodded. "I've already put Charlie on the window with a net. I'll be damned if we must explain a spillage a second week in a row." She tapped her pencil on a little circle marked "CH" on the western windows of the living room.

By the time three AM struck, the battle plan had been drawn up and delivered to every servant-turned-soldier. They marched down the servant stairs in neat rows, each with their own unique weapon. Sarah, a meek scullery maid, hoisted a large copper pot. John, a footman, held tiny metallic carrots and a large box. And Charlie, the valet, descended with a net slung over his shoulder.

Already, the house scurried

and whispered furiously around the assembled troops.

"You know your jobs. It's all over in an hour," barked the Butler.

"Do not, under any circumstances, break anything." The Housekeeper fixed them with a glare befitting a General, "And above all, do not wake the family."

The scurrying reached a crescendo, and the staff silently flooded from their ranks. The Housekeeper and Butler watched, backs straight and eyes hard.

In the dining room, the chairs had all started loping about on giant wooden paws that presumably were meant to look like lions. Four maids closed ranks, shoulder to shoulder in the doorway, each one held a length of rope in their hands.

The chairs lunged out, reaching for the sweet freedom that lay beyond the door.

The girls dove in astonishing unity, sliding beneath the great strides of the wooden lion paws. In a flash, their hands wove between their paws, attempting to trip them. The chairs tumbled down in a screech and flailing of wood and upholstery, knotted helplessly in the rope. Bound and tied, they lay

lifeless on the carpet. One twitched before falling still.

A boom erupted from the living room, and the maids immediately abandoned their posts and sprinted towards the noise.

While the maids grappled with the chairs, a footman crept down the upper hallway towards the small herd of carousel horses grazing on the fuzz of the rug. His right hand white-knuckled a burlap sack.

The rosy-cheeked woman glared down at him from her portrait above.

He met her eyes, the blood rushing out of his face.

She held contact, unwavering, before emitting one very poignant cough.

The cough may as well have been a cannon firing. The horses exploded from their previous calm in a panic of flared nostrils and hooves. The poor man lunged forward, burlap sack first. The creatures were too fast, and they split around him, flowing into the music room. The footman clambered up and tip-toed down the hallway as if trying to offset the noise of his fall, but not before knocking the painting of the rosy-cheeked woman crooked.

Before he could reach the horses in their new grazing spot on the Turkish imported rug, something boomed from the living room. He dropped his burlap sack and took the stairs by two all the way down.

Charlie stood in the center of the living room. All eight birds had already been neatly captured. The source of the boom stood in the doorway between the foyer and the main room. The grandfather clock loomed tall, its shadowing crawling along the oak wood and carpeted floor. No one had expected it to fight back. Never once had it come alive. It minded its own business, dutifully announcing the hour. The family loved it, the servants were indifferent to it, but it had always been just a clock.

The servants who had all rushed to help cowered against the wall, escaping the clock's monstrous shadow. Charlie quivered in the vastness of the room. A vacuum pressure seemed to suck all the air to the periphery of the room. The moment stretched impossibly long.

Then the clock roared, a dissonant screech of gears turning the wrong way against each other and time crumbling apart. Charlie hefted a poker at chest level, direct-

ly at the heart of the clock.

By this time, the Housekeeper and Butler had appeared. They only hovered vaguely behind the clock, their previous resolve dissipating as they haunted the doorstep.

The barrier between the watchers and Charlie broke with an almost audible pop when Sarah the meek scullery maid offered a quiet yet firm "Go on Charlie."

All Hell exploded.

The clock screamed forward, arms unbent from its side, reaching out for Charlie.

He froze, and at the last moment before the blow connected, slid across the woven top of the rug, its fabric catching around his legs.

The clock wheeled around, its face gleaming at the boy like one giant eye. No one moved except Charlie, who clambered to his feet, panting hard and leveling the poker once more.

"Don't you dare break that clock! Do you have any idea how much—" shrieked the Housekeeper, but to no avail. Before she could finish her words, the clock attacked once more. In his stunned state, Charlie stayed fixed on one spot, eyes wide.

A sound like a great gust of wind blew around the room. The servants collectively gasped, followed by a sickening crunch and shattering glass. The clock stopped not a foot from Charlie's face; the poker embedded through its chest.

Silence.

Then chatter. Like water through a broken dam, they trickled back to Charlie. Some picked up broken pieces of wood. Others patted his shoulders, offering meaningless questions about his well being.

The Housekeeper and the Butler stood motionless, as if they had been killed with the clock.

The rest of the house had

quieted. Nothing scurried and whispered in the walls or across the floors.

The next morning when the family asked why there was a hole in their prized clock, the servants acted shocked and claimed a break in. The police were called. Nothing happened.

Everyone in the house slept until their usual 6 am wake up the next Monday. In the back corner of the music room, behind an old cello, one lone merry-go-round horse stood frozen, head down in perpetual grazing. The little daughter wondered why she was missing a horse, but eventually forgot it had ever existed.



Caught in Orange
Maya Khadem



Eating Oranges

by Lucy Cotrupe

Air full of joy, laps heaped with peels.
Quieting my mind, its habitual spiels.

You beside me, our hands glued with juice.
You make it so easy, so free and so loose.

Nothing more simple, no cause for haste.
Your laugh is the warmest, outshining this taste.

We peel fruit together: though ordinary, ideal.
I knew not that love sounded like squeals.

e7#9

by Luke Lostumbo

A fistfull of pills,
then darkness.

I'm frozen,
caged on this stage,
before me an empty room.

I should be under a wall of sound,
marshall stack at my back,
holding my milk white strat,
but there's only silence.

My mouth is open,
no sound comes out,
the quiet is deafening,
I need to sing, to shout.

I'm so close and so far,
my fingers twitch,
stuck in a powerless chord,
aching to crawl up and down the fretboard.

Even worse is when he comes home,
he picks up a guitar and I seethe with envy,
I wince at hollow tone of his Epiphone,
stiff notes clumsily jostle each other.

His little wing could never take flight,
His purple haze a violet smear,
Still, everyday there's progress I hear,
And I suppose I should take what I can get.



Untitled 1
Felicity Breedlove

Chop

by Israel Zarate

I wake up everyday the same way: with the unshakeable dread of living in my own skin. I think I have a lot of difficulties handling my everyday reality and just day to day life, my quotidian life as they say, and just the mere act of doing nothing is sickening. Boring is unacceptable. Once the wallowing and self pity ceases, momentarily, it never really stops; I pack a chop. Now, a chop is everything that is good and pure in this world. The nectar of gods. It is a pothead's crack. Not that those two are mutually exclusive. It is the sort of experience that makes you stop smoking for good or gives you the courage to plunge deeper into your own thoughts and sink into your beanbag for hours on end. A chop is a mixture of tobacco and weed. Some may call it a spliff but there is something odd to me about saying 'Hey i'm gonna rip a spliff.' Chop just sounds manlier, I mean that is if you subscribe to notions of toxic masculinity and patri-

archal structures. Did I mention that I was a gender studies major? Anyways, in my many efficacious trials and after careful deliberations and consulting with other potheads alike, I have found that a ratio of 70% tobacco and 30% weed tends to yield the perfect combination of high and buzzed without the much dreaded side effects of greening out first thing in the morning. There are those who hate chops, they think of them as disgusting or even dirty, tobacco seems to be a touchy subject these days, it is as if cigarettes kill you or something. Touch grass. I mean sure, maybe chops are a bit more addictive. And sure maybe sometimes they do taste a tad bit disgusting to the point where I have to swallow a little bit of my own throwup. But man, let me tell you, nothing beats that feeling of waking up after hating yourself for the first fifteen minutes of the day and simply making it all go away by taking a chop. Nothing beats that feeling of when I put my blue bic lighter and pack up my alligator shaped bowl with fresh ground weed that smells like it came straight out of the organic lemon section from Whole foods mixed with a hint of sweet Costa Rican clementines, and then you add some earthy all-

natural blue American Spirits, all for it to culminate with a beautiful ornate glass vase filling up with smoke and butane being inhaled by slightly charred and barely functioning lungs the color of a good-year tire. I fill my lungs up with freshly baked smoke and inhale it until I feel like last night's dinner is about to come up. It is then that my lungs go into overdrive and inhale all those delicious citrusy carcinogens. Doing drugs made me feel like I was 12 or 13. Life was a coloring book and I had run out of pages and I have no money to buy more coloring books and the ones I want are not in production anymore. Drugs make up for those lost pages I colored outside the lines or simply threw away after being on the fridge for too long. Drugs make up for those pages I never got to color – the pages that were never made. See it is all good and dandy this drug doing business – until it is not. See you tell yourself only this one time, and then you do it again and then you tell yourself only on weekends, and hell one day you wake up and you realize you are in too deep and you are trying to make it through the day without fucking smoking. You see I should have had the foresight to not smoke. But

I didn't. By the time I first smoked I wanted to get more of that green stuff fucking yesterday. I should have known then.

I refrained from smoking for a long long time. I know it is hard to believe. The way I talk about weed you would think I came out the womb with a blunt in my mouth – but alas, I was born in the same way most children are: fucking crying. Hell, I wish I had been born with a blunt in my mouth. I am sure it would have made my first week out in the real world a hell of a lot easier. Not that I remember.

I think I refrained from smoking because I had a strict hispanic mother. You see, you ask any hispanic parent their thoughts on pot and you may as well have asked them if cocaine is bad for you. Yes, they view them at the same level. You see, it is okay, in fact, it is even encouraged for one to be an alcoholic in a hispanic household but the day you dare to smoke some pot you are the fucking antichrist. I mean my mother had seen me throw up on myself and pee off our balcony but the day she found my stash of weed she was Sigmund Freud diagnosing weed as the root of my depression

and panic induced life. I mean if I did not smoke I probably would have unalived myself a hell of a long time ago instead of having her lecture me about the dangers of marijuana and the long term effects it can have on impressionable youths and developing brains. I have always wondered why this was, why weed was so bad in comparison to alcohol. I have often suspected that it has to do with Reagan's war on drugs but I am not sure that parents in el Distrito Federal or Puebla have heard of Reaganomics.

I reckon I also refrained from smoking because of the history of abuse in my family. I think that with the added fact my father was your stereotypical drug selling Mexican that a certain news company that rhymes with socks likes to portray as EVERY type of Mexican. You see my pa left me when I was three without a penny to my name. All I knew of him was that we shared the same name – we were identical in that way. It seemed to me that was the meanest thing he did to me. Not the leaving, not the weeping, not the cheating; nor the beatings he gave my mom. I hated him, and his name was a mere reminder

of the pain he caused without me ever laying a single eye on him. I dreamt and dreamt of the day we'd meet and of the brutal beating he would receive. As I grew older my heart grew colder with disdain for a father I knew no more than I knew how to fucking shave. I hated him for leaving me and my ma and everything he stood for—including the drugs he sold. I think for a long time I hated drugs because my dad sold drugs which meant he was a bad person; which meant he did drugs like drug addicts do which made him a bad person in my eyes. Flawless five year old logic.

It seemed to me that there was a point in my younger days when my friends and I clearly diverged in interests. On the one hand, they did drugs and I did not. I remember the day I found out that there was a separate group chat. One I was not a part of. I never really imagined that it would be me who was left out of this right passage in every Chicagoans life known as the rotation – but I was. I was left out of the rotation. For those not familiar, the rotation is the order in which a blunt and or joint is passed. It usually goes in a clockwise rotation except when you are smoking with a total fucking

lunatic who decides he wants to be corny and go counterclockwise. To be completely frank with you I always thought if anyone would be left out of the second group chat it would be our friend Admir. I mean hell he was Muslim and he took that shit seriously. I mean we were in middle school and this guy would fast. I mean maybe it was a way for his parents to get him on a diet without telling him so, but then again it seems fucked up to use Islam as a way for your kid to lose a couple of pounds. Yeah well that on top of the fact that he cried when we accidentally put a slice of Oscar Mayer Deli Fresh Smoked Uncured Ham into his sandwich just but guaranteed we would not ask him to smoke. I mean that is how serious this guy was about Islam – he cried over ham, when eating was just about his favorite fucking thing, so for me to get left out of the smoking groupchat felt like betrayal. I had nothing quite comparable to how I felt at that point in my life but if going to Sunday school for two years taught me anything was that one simply does not pull a Judas and go about betraying their friends. I mean if I am being completely honest if they had asked me I would have

said no. What hurt more is that they assumed my answer for me, and the implications of what that answer said about me. They never said it outright to my face, but they may as well have called me a pussy. I know that's what they taught. I mean at least they were courteous enough to text me after the fact to let them in my house because whilst smoking a cop car saw them. That cop had better things to do but my idiot friends who could not tell which side of the bed to piss on did not know any better, so of course I let them in. So there I was, a 12 year old taking care of other 12-13 year olds who happened to be high out of their minds. It felt like those times when your slightly older cousin babysits you but the only real difference is that they can use the microwave without burning the house down because they didn't forget to take the staples out the styrofoam box from the Chinese place down the street.

I opened the door and they all stood in my apartment building foyer with their hands in their pockets and sweat trickling down their foreheads and their breath leaving their body. Once inside my mother's small one bedroom apartment, my boys ran wild. They

grabbed anything and everything in sight and left no crumbs to be spilt on the floor – and then there was me: by the sink, cleaning off the knives I used to make them PB and Js and putting away my mother's mismatched tupperwares which were now relieved of last night's leftovers. She'll be happy someone ate them. Part of me was happy they chose to come over to my place. I was glad – relieved even, that they allowed me to vicariously experience their first high. That was probably the last time we all hung out together. We seldom saw each other after that, or maybe they did and just did not invite me.

It was much later that I decided to finally smoke. It was January and I was about 17 – it was winter and I had just received my acceptance letter to my dream school. It was a lifeline. College and the American Dream – the dream I had been chasing ever since I moved from Mexico to the United States; and that dream was now in touching distance. I could see it so vividly. I could see the fresh cut grass, the golden retriever, and the fresh off the lot Range Rover. In the distance I heard the yearly Fourth of July fireworks and smelled the hot dogs grilling.

I could feel the beaming sun as I walked into the shade of my newly varnished gazebo. Everything was perfect: the hero overcoming life's obstacles and getting his fairytale ending. I was Carlton Fisk hitting a walk-off homerun to win the World Series. I was Rocky after beating Apollo. I was the man. My walk had this strut to it, my face a grin on it, and behind me an orchestra of angels that sang with every step I took. I had worked my ass off for the last four years of my life. Suddenly smoking just a bit did not seem so bad. When I walked by the train station and that citrusy skunky smell wafted through the air and into my nose, it no longer engendered a scandalous reaction out of me but rather sparked my curiosity and got my lungs a tad bit aroused at the thought of inhaling it.

When I was seventeen, I worked at a small downtown bar in Chicago. It was there I received my college acceptance letter. It was a cold December night – it must have been a Friday, not that the day mattered, but let's say it was Friday because well, I do not remember too well. The weeks prior to me receiving my acceptance letter I checked my application portal incessantly, refreshing the page

hoping maybe my acceptance letter would come in. One thing about college admissions, they do things on their time not when you expect it. It arrived. I remember my phone screen being lit up with a large CONGRATULATIONS and maroon confetti flying down. If there was a superbowl for nerdy first generation college students – this was it. I knew I had to call my mother. After all, if we were in Chicago it was because she wanted to give me a better life. She wanted me to have opportunities not available to her.

'MOM! I GOT IN! I DID IT!'

'Why the fuck are you calling me this late? Are you not at work? I mean look at the time it is close to midnight and I have work tomorrow.'

'Oh. I'm sorry, I just thought you would want to know. I'll see you tomorrow morning I guess.'

I was fucking gutted. Why the hell had I put my life on hold – my fun for fucking school if I was not even gonna get a 'Congratulations' from my mom. Is this not what she wanted? All those

unwanted sermons and her constant guilt tripping that she never bought anything for herself because she was too busy providing for us – what was all that for if not for this? Is this not what she fucking wanted, for me to get to a good school so I would not have to break my back scrubbing floors and frying tenders from 9-5 for people.

If I really think about it, I think this was the moment that pushed me over the edge to smoke pot. It was her lack of emotion, the lack of love and excitement for a dream that was equally hers as it was mine. She may as well have told me she did not give a fuck that I had just gotten into my dream college. I remember going to the back alley of the bar and just standing out there for a minute, the smell of trash and liquor lingering around my nostrils causing my stomach to churn at the grub and grime in front of me. Then Theo came out.

Theo was a 22 year old Puerto Rican line cook with two sleeves on both of his arms. He'd had stints in and out of jail and usually had a hard time keeping a job but here, much like me, he had found a place where he could just clock in and forget about life's bullshit. Here he was not Theo the

fuck-up but rather Theo the line cook. Here I was not a skinny Mexican kid with mommy and daddy issues but rather a barback – and a good one at that.

‘Hey man, what you doing back here? You want some loud?’

‘Im sorry? The music is coming from the place next door.’

‘No, I said if you want some loud.’

‘Huh?’

‘LOUD, fucking weed man.’

‘Oh. I mean, I don’t really smoke.’

‘Everyone smokes these days man.’

‘Shit, fuck it, I guess you’re right.’

I remember putting the blunt to my mouth and instantly tasting the grape flavoring of the wrap. I inhaled. The smoke filled my lungs. I exhaled. I let out a cough and with it a tear.



Untitled 2
Felicity Breedlove

as i lay dying

by Max Gardinier

i think of the light
in the living room
lying across the carpet
filtered through the leaves
that mid-afternoon light
warmest after school and
before dinner my father is
good my mother is happy
my brother don't hurt
himself i weigh nothing
this room is a thin place
i clutch it with trembling fingers
mama, i don't want to die
there's never enough
to fill a life up i didn't love
enough i couldn't ever touch
the doorknob or my own hair
i never told no one
my real pain now
i can let it all go
that tiny creature
crouched up inside of me
is slowing its breath
we gonna make it snow
in georgia i'm walking
in the clean white snow
it's not cold, not even a little bit
i believe in God because i want to
someone's singing in the kitchen
before i close my eyes
the living light wraps itself
around me mom's voice
is in the fabric dad's too,
and brother's, and we
are a family again.

Beau Geste Coyote Howls

by S. Fleming

I plod along the snowy track,
My feet immersed in splinter slush
I feel your gold eyes blazing black

To burn a hole into my back.
Your padded paws quick step to hush
On heels in pack stalked alley tracks—

I plod along the snowy track.
The crimson car drives through the mush
By heels in pack stalked alley tracks.

You jump and howl away from tracks.
My feet immersed in splinter slush, I
plod along the snowy track.

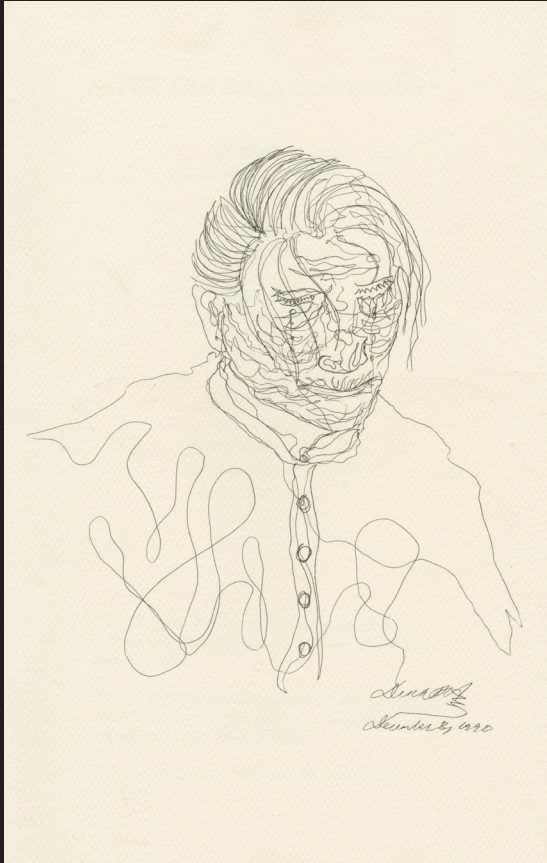
The sweetened word provoked attack
My feet immersed in splinter slush
And fiery white eyes, a bloody gash

You jump and howl away from tracks,
My feet immersed in splinter slush.
On heels in pack stalked alley tracks,
I plod along the snowy path.

From the Archives

Some fun little throwbacks for you, courtesy of Colgate's Special Collections & University Archives.

Spring 1992



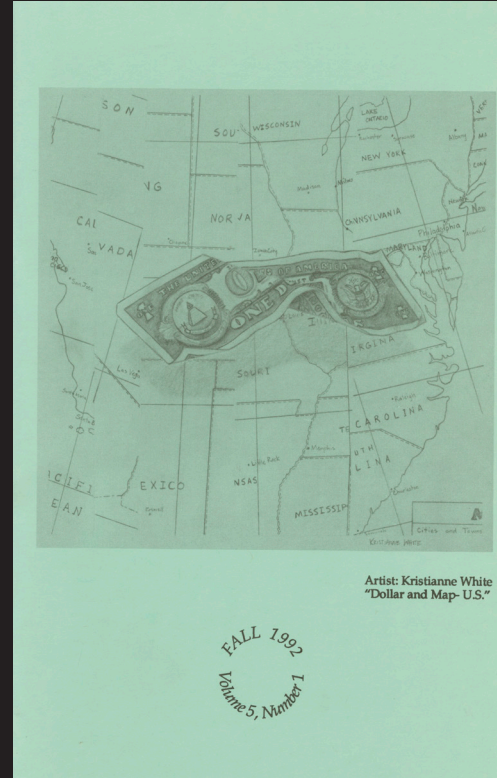
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Thanks for reading! Submissions for the Spring 2024 issue are now open. All current Colgate students are encouraged to submit their poetry, prose, and visual art to colgateportfolio@colgate.edu or on our website colgateportfolio.com. There are no restrictions on genre or form.

Best of luck, and happy creating!

—Marissa Bordonaro
Editor-in-Chief

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