THE CORNFIELD REVIEW

A Literary Publication of the Ohio State University at Marion

Poetry is eternal graffiti in
the heart of everyone.

–Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Volume 24 | 2007

preface

The business of editing a journal such as the *Cornfield Review* bears a remarkable resemblance to the graffiti-laden theme that permeates this issue. It's sometimes messy, sometimes a little subversive, and always skirting that fine line between over-indulgent aesthetics and legibility. There's also that disorienting head rush, a lot like the one you get after inhaling spray paint for too long. Tough work, to be sure–bordering on dysfunctional at moments–but the process has ultimately been a fruitful one. Think of this issue as our tag--proof that we were here, an attempt to mark ourselves into literary permanence like so many strokes of a fat Sharpie on the bathroom wall.

A litany of sincere "thank yous" are in order. The invaluable financial and political support of our administration, particular Dean Greg Rose, is greatly appreciated. Additionally, the OSU-Marion English faculty deserve attention for helping to fill our submission pile with such gems. I would especially like to acknowledge Mary Fahy, who teaches a course in digital photography, for encouraging her students to submit their fine work to us. Of course, the Editorial Board's heroic contributions have not gone unnoticed, and for that they deserve to be singled out for a special word of thanks: Scott Shirk, Michael Beatty, Mindy Smith, Pat Wood, Tammy Blair, Laura Daum, Carrie Lee, Jane Brickley, Heidi Dejolsvay-Brooks, Stephanie Harbolt, Kristen Keplar, Samantha England, and Beth Mohon. Of that group, extra-special thanks goes out to Michael, Tammy, Stephanie, Pat, and Scott for helping finish the production duties for the journal.

The Cornfield Review is published annually. The Editorial Board seeks quality poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction in addition to original artwork and photography. Submissions are primarily accepted from students and faculty of OSU-Marion and Marion Technical College, although works by off-campus writers and artists will be considered. For further details and queries, please email me at mccorkle.12@osu.edu.

–Ben McCorkle, Faculty Adviser

Cornfield Review Mission Statement:

Our goal is to work as the literary and artistic voice of central Ohio by giving students of higher education in the area an opportunity to be published in a professional literary journal. Although submissions come primarily from area students, we strive to achieve a cultural impact that goes beyond local campuses and reaches the greater community.

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I Bleed When I Fear

He's attached to me–
Like stone embedded in a bloody knee.
When removed my body bleeds;
Taking away what my body needs.

I bleed when I fear
The fading of our love;
The loss of pecking lips-
Against my flesh at 3 a.m.
A feverish bliss–
That kiss of the lips.

His obsession lingers under my nose
And I can taste the bitter wine–
His sweat mingling with mine,
As his fingertips tip toe
Up and down my heaps and mounds.

Succession of pressure
Heating our veins.

Then all stops.

The memory fades
And I'm bleeding again.
I fear the intimate will disappear

When we settle into our attached state–
Embedded in each other-

Like stones in a bloody knee.

As our love becomes more than an abstraction,
I will no longer fear, I will no longer bleed.

–Mindy Smith

Spring

I am a solitary dandelion-
The sun in the palm of your hand.

I am the death of one season
And the birth of another.

When the rain comes down cold and hard,
My crimson-eyed rose mallow provides shelter from the storm.

Take a dip in cool, calm water-
Silky as piano notes in the air.

Gold tipped wings of the butterfly
Flutter flawlessly through the sky.

Watch her fly-
Twirling, whirling, back and forth,

Stopping to chatter to the caterpillar,
Slinking along the bark.

He stops to munch and crunch a leaf,
Green slobber slops down-

His tiny legs smear it across the tree
As he trugs along.

Sneak out at night with you friends-
Take off your showy lady's slippers

And dip your toes into a blue lagoon,
And watch my world come alive.

Thrive off my sweet air-
Spring is here.

–Mindy Smith

WONDERLAND

I am lost in this world,
this Wonderland,
where I can't make heads or tails
of the current place I am
I lost the innocence
of that first true love
I lost the optimism
with that first broken heart
I have lost the longing for storybook romance
its been replaced
with a longing for something real
I want something I can touch
not something I can fantasize about
and dress up in my mind
I want to meet someone,
someone who is as lost as I am
Maybe together we can find our way
on the path out of Wonderland.

– Tabitha Clark

One Destiny

Thinking of you
wherever you are
waiting for my pain
to come to an end
and hoping every day
that our hearts may blend
I am stepping forward
to realize my wish
and who knows
starting this new road
may not be so hard
and maybe the journey
has already begun
there are many worlds
but they share the same sky
one reality
one destiny
one chance to try

–Tabitha Clark

THE ROAR OF THE OCEAN

I SAT ON THE BEACH while I dug my feet into the hot, gritty sand. I had anticipated that moment for months. The ocean water collided with the shore, and the sea bubbled out its foam with the ebb of the tide. I wanted to find escape from the real world on that secluded, sandy beach on the Carolina Coast. With the end of spring quarter, all I wanted was a break. All I did was work to pay for college and the car that got me there, which left me with barely any time for schoolwork, a social life, and even less time for sleep. I had never swam in the ocean, so I could have sat and listened to the roar of the sea for hours, but Amber dragged me into the water.

Every step I took shifted the sand beneath my feet, and I sunk like anchors in the sand. My progression into the water felt weighted and slowed because of the tide. As I waded through lukewarm water up to my knees, and clobbered my way clumsily across sand mounds, I realized an unease building within me; the ocean scared me. The sand mingled with the translucent turquoise waters, and it caused indiscernible objects to appear on the sea floor. A cluster of seashells looked like a jellyfish, and I was curious what else prowled beneath me. I had seen a fisherman catch a rubbery-gray baby shark at the nearby pier, and I wondered if the momma shark lurked nearby.

Incoming waves pounded against me. The tide methodically sloshed water into my eyes. I felt the stinging water on my face and in my mouth. I could taste its saltiness as it went up in my nose and down my throat. I spit and rubbed my eyes with each collision of ocean surge. I stayed my course, and I made my way to deeper water where I could swim. I was so far out that the pier looked miles away. It wasn't easy wading in the water; I struggled with the incoming current and the salt stinging my face. Amber casually floated in the water all the while laughing at my demise. I tried to float like her, except I struggled to keep water out of my mouth. I sunk with each gulp. Swimming in the ocean failed to meet my anticipations. I thought I could just laze around in the sea, but I didn't realize the effort required to stay afloat. I couldn't grasp that the roar of the ocean carried with it such a heavy force.

For a while I found stillness further out into the ocean as I aimlessly bobbed in the water. I found that I liked how the water rippled across my skin in resistance. The burning sensation in my eyes was bearable compared to the scorching summer sun. I hide my body, and treaded beneath the water. We drifted closer to the shore; I could tell by the change in the surf. The waves sloshed water around us. I turned in an attempt to try to float. My

back was to a swelling tide that crashed over me. I propelled forward into somersaults up to the shoreline. I inhaled a surge of water as my sides and back grazed the sea floor. As I came up through the water gasping for air, I realized that I stood in water up to my knees. I turned around and saw Amber still floating in the far distance. She saw me and started laughing so hard that she couldn't float anymore.

When I got closer to her she yelled, "Where did you go?"

A devious smile lit up her face.

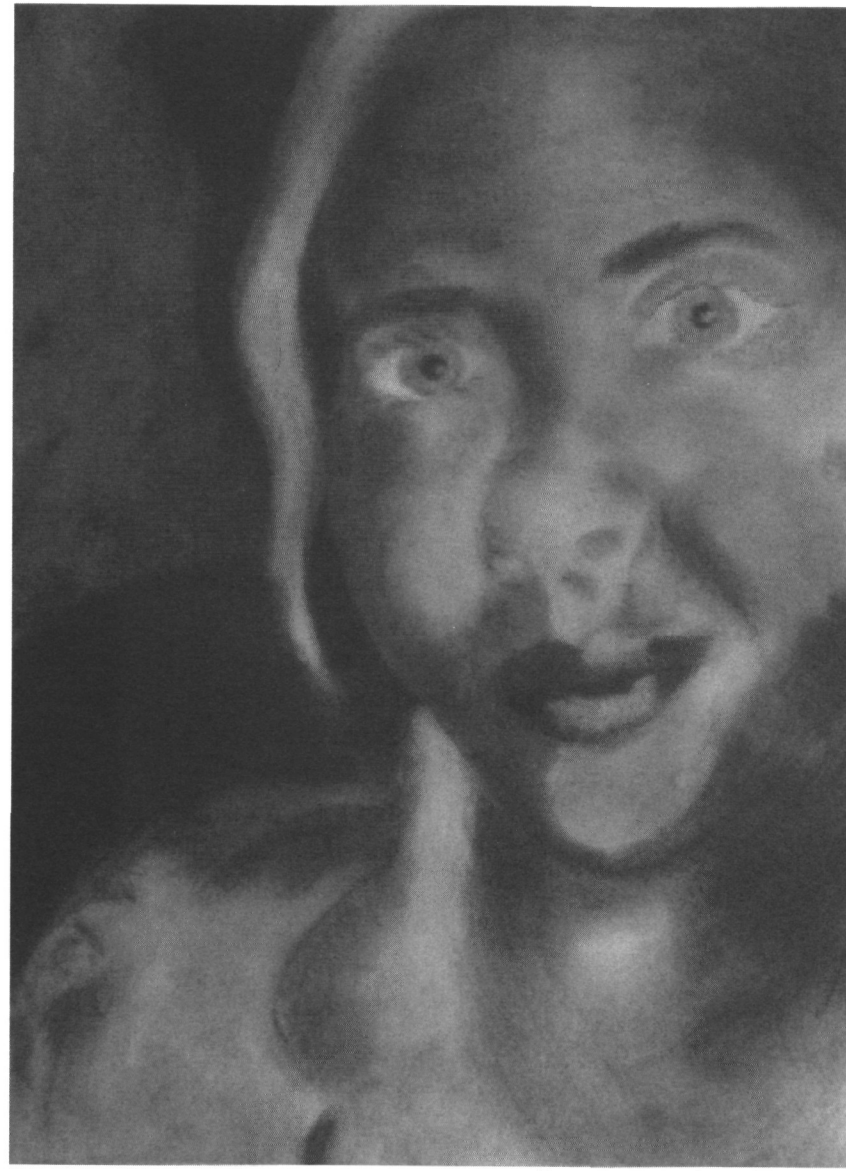
As bright red scratches formed on my arms, I brushed off the sand that covered me, and I told her about the wave.

She told me something I feel will always rings true to my life in general.

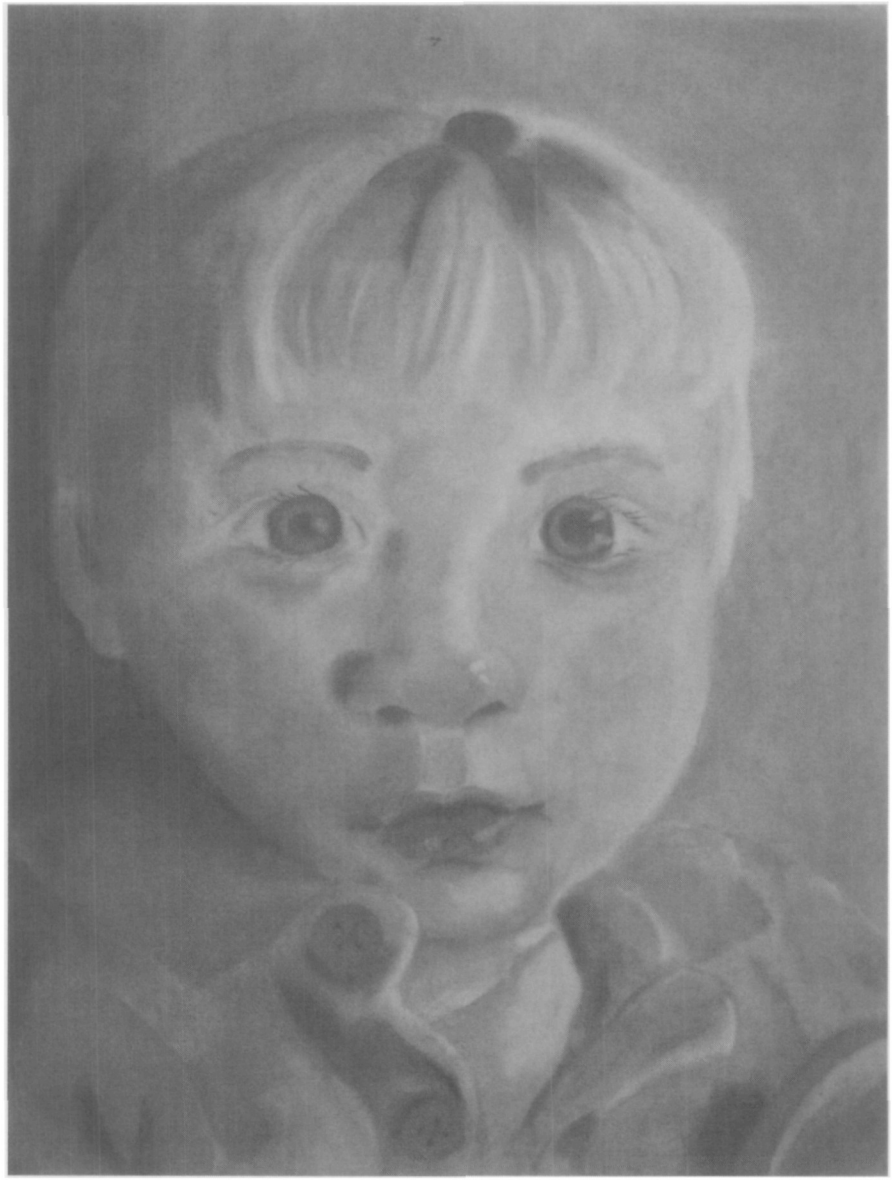
She said, "You haven't swam in the ocean until it's kicked your ass."

I smiled at her frankness, and I swam back in the ocean for more.

–Deanna Bachtell

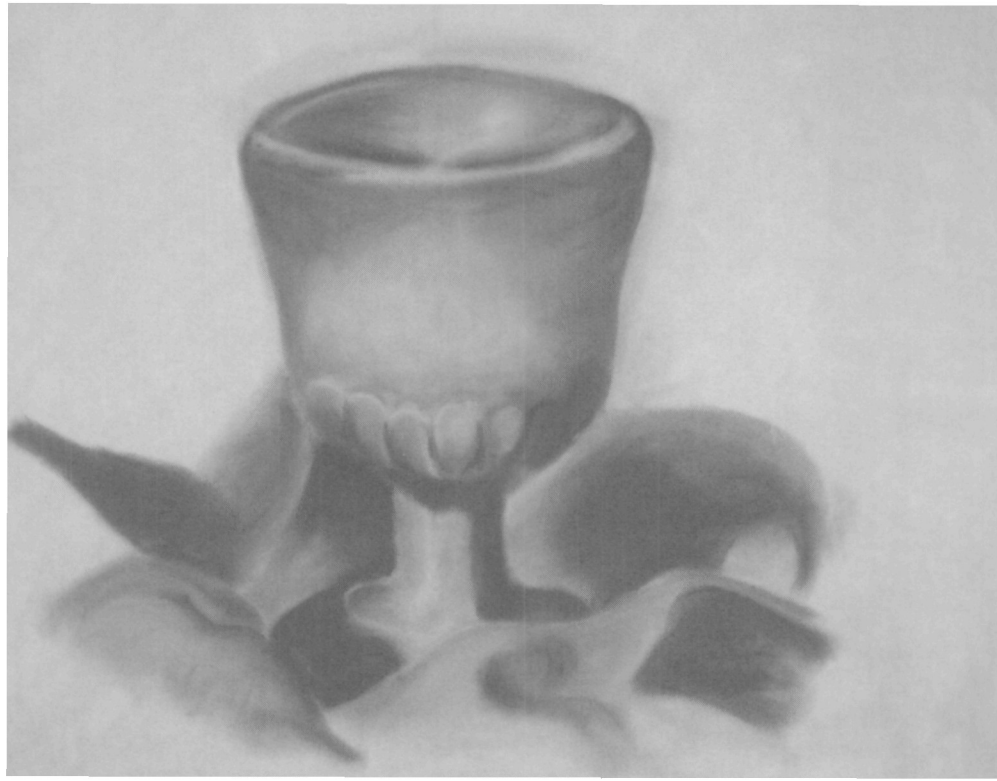


–Pamela E. Mohon, "Demons"



—Pamela E. Mohon, "Sean Finnegan"

–Pamela E. Mohon, "Hold Me"



–Pamela E. Mohon, "Arthurian Vase"

–Pamela E. Mohon, "Still Life in Half Light"

Love Letter to Leopold

TO: Leopold the Lizard
Address: My Bathroom Window

Dear Leopold, Companion of Mine:

We've talked often –
Well, I've talked and you've listened,
your head cocked sideways in order to hear
my plans, my songs, my talks with our Creator.

You've also watched –
serenely clinging to the screen
or peeping in from around the window frame.

To my joy, Leopold, - -
You've been there faithfully,
joining me in each morning's shower,
but always you on the outside
and me on the inside of that screen.

Once, your tail slipped inside –
while you were peeping in.
I was overwhelmed with a need to touch you,
to have you openly rest in my hands
or serenely cling to my shoulder
in order to peep out the window together.

But as I started to reach –
to touch your tail,
sadness gripped my heart,
and my hand reached,
but it never touched.

I had come to love you –
but you had no way of knowing that,
my heart was (and still is) aching,
aching to find a way for you to know,
some signal that would
free you to come inside the screen.

But, my outreached hand fell back –
for my touch would have caused you fear.
Where there is love, Leopold, there is no fear,
true, God-centered love, that is.

And, that is true here –
in love, I see your need for the screen,
and in love, I will not forsake your need.

So, Leopold –
We'll meet each morning
and we'll talk…
Well, you'll listen and watch,
and I'll talk and sing
and praise our Maker…
and we will be thankful for the screen
and for one another.

–Tanya Kunze

THE MEANING OF LIFE...

"Wake up," said the Spider to the Fly.
"But I don't want to die," said the Fly to the Spider.
"But you must," said the Spider to the Fly, "for neither do I!"

– *Mike Beatty*

SUNSHINE

Unending night,
Lingering fright,

The ghouls and the demons come out with their playthings.
The soul of my mother,
Soul of your brother,
Souls of our teachers,
Souls of your preachers,
The ghouls and the demons come out with their playthings.
The hate of your friends,
Fear of all ends,
Spite of all peoples,
Yes, those in steeples.
The ghouls and the demons come out with their playthings.
The adulterous wife,
The murdering knife,
Grudges unanswered,
World filled with cancer –
Unending night,
Reason for fright,
The ghouls and the demons make us their playthings

Mike Beatty

The Power of Positive Thinking

I thought it would be a good day,
But today I realized my friends are not my friends,
I thought yesterday would be a good day,
But my girlfriend didn't call me.
I thought tomorrow might be a good day,
But tomorrow I'll get hurt.
I thought it would be a good month,
But I was yelled at for no reason,
My best friend started ignoring me,
I tried to meet people but they pushed me away.
I thought it might be a good year,
But Saturday nights come and go in a blurry haze,
And Friday nights I just go to bed.
I've met no one new.
I thought I might have a good life,
But I'm always depressed,
Most people hate me…
To be honest I think I hate myself.
I thought it should be a good life;
But I'm obviously not worthy…
My emotions jumbled,
My willpower gone.
I thought I would have a good life,
But I haven't,
I was wrong!

– *Mike Beatty*

A DAY IN ROANOKE

THE ROBIN KNEW she would fly again. Knew the vet was wrong. She'd been flying over Roanoke when a Red-Tailed Hawk (he'd been circling an updraft searching for his next meal when the red-breasted feast caught his eye) came screaming down at her nearing forty miles per hour. The talons were splashed in red as they sank into the poor girl's wing. He never knew how he missed, but miss he had. She had frantically flapped her good wing as the earth came racing towards her plummeting body.

"atty cake, patty cake, bake…" the sisters' rhyming stopped abruptly when the robin slammed into the sidewalk with a sickly squish. One wing thrashed the ground as it attempted to get back into the air – every flap splashing scarlet across the cold grey of the sidewalk; every splash of scarlet dying its red breast a deeper shade of crimson.

"O'my god! O'my god! What do we do? WHAT DO WE DO?" cried one girl as the bird squawked in pain. Tears already dripped down her face onto the pavement's grey surface: she'd always been the weaker one. "I'll take her to see Dr. Joe. He'll be able to fix her." Violet hadn't cried since losing her mom, and she wasn't crying as she gently cradled the robin to her chest.

"You go tell dad where I'm going; ok?"

As she weaved through yards on her way to Dr Joe's house she couldn't help but wonder if the blood would come out; it was her favorite blouse.

The robin didn't care if the vet said the wing had three breaks. Soon she would dance among the arms of her Elm, Oak, and Spruce friends. It didn't matter that two of the bones were jutting through the soft downy feathers of her wing; it didn't matter that every time she shivered the bones would slide into the warm protection of her flesh before forcing their way into the painfully cold air of the vet's office; it didn't matter if her exposed flesh was being attacked by bacteria. None of it mattered because she was strong.

"ep ou si "the vet's flat emotionless voice was a distant thing as she imagined teaching her babies to fly. Next spring as the dandelions bloomed and freshly cut grass filled her nostrils with its life affirming odors she would choose a mate, and was already anticipating sitting on the eggs – waiting patiently for her babies to hatch. She knew there would be challenges. A blue jay might fly near and she would fling herself forward – wings propelling her as far from the nest as fast as possible. She would rise every morning to track down food for her blossoming children and could already feel an emptiness as they flew

away to start their own lives.

"I love you my little ones." She would tell them every day.

She would be a good mother to her children. She would teach them how to find food, and she – a fresh pain shot through her; it was an agony completely different from the pain she'd been experiencing so far: it completely derailed her fantasy. She could feel her body twitching and realized that this was the feeling of death working its icy fingers through her body. There were no insights about life. No memories of childhood; just her brain pushing and pulsing against her skull – a burning sensation that worked its way through her – a pain that lasted an eternity.

Dr. Joe raised the can of creamed corn over his shoulder, and brought it down on the robin's flattened skull a second time – just to be sure. The violence of the blows didn't cause much blood to splash across his kitchen counter. The poor girl had bled so much it was like squeezing the remains from an empty bottle of Heinz. He thought he could still make his tee time if he hurried. He grabbed a spatula to scrape the once suffering (now peaceful) corpse into a plain waste bin – her glorious life and dreams forever buried in trash. Collection to be held next Tuesday.

– *Mike Beatty*

–Photo by Natalie Burks

–Photo by Jodi Cunningham

–Photo by Jodi Cunningham

TAKE ME OVER THE COUNTER AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING

Needles bring a semblance of sleep
and the elegant gains of a nipple
puckered like a blackberry.

The distance from a puncture to injection
is the plunger's slow sex thrust,
millimeters' illicit space,
an entering invade.

Suturing the seams of these extremes,
we've stitched ecstasy, your hands
sure as a surgeon.

I've never felt a fingertip so rare.

If healing is a way to feel more whole
then I'm a gash, a skin-sulk of ache,
nothing the edifice of medicine fixes.

With potions, salves, bio-witchcraft,
pharmacists cackle because they know
some conditions can't be cured.

Is 'lovesick' in the DSM V?
Lisp symptom lists in my ear,
play doctor, diagnose the empty leper's tics.

You know why my eyelids flutter
in my dreams? I see syringes' injuries:
spike-split skin, spit poison into veins
delivering needles evil fetish-venom.

Syringes, an archetype for 'fill',
woman the sponge, the desiccate silica,
give me baby just a little more.

–Sarah Stahl

TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE

My whisper, thin as rice-paper,
abjured the line of action.
One flimsy objection: stop.

You cannot fix this erotic clockwork.
These springs and cogs require concentration.
You think one clever screw would set me ticking
but my gears are meshed intricate
as a ruined Rubix Cube
and hands which work too coarse
will only do more damage.

You'd see that if you studied with a loupe.

–Sarah Stahl

Summer to Silence

It's 8:00 AM. School's out. The journey's on. Meet up with Jim five after. Shuster says, "dig 'em deep under shade, quiet yet quick, and cover 'em up, lastin' all day." Green grasses are whippin' water to old boots. Folgers won't keep us up, just keep us busy. Our shoulders are groovin', shovels hard, gotta stop soon. The day is about breaks, and I don't mean coffee breaks. Bein' lazy and lovin' the journey has its perks ya know. No cares, we tackle up and head south town. "It's summertime my friend," Shuster says. Feel the air, as we decline to the left and then to the right, breakin' hard by the falls, not just any falls, the falls where catch becomes a lure. The Port holds the rush and reason we're here. Lines are lyin' lazy and low; bugs are bitin' as Slippery Sami comes up for a look. Our lines are headin' west, fast and furious. Last time Sami came to shore tackle went flyin' then floatin' on water. You see, Sami's a snake—we both start to shake at the site of a snake, — enough said. We head east towards the falls to what we call Croppy Crater; this is where catchin' becomes best. Our bobbers float to the east and bob to the west, the further west, pullin' becomes fulfillin', but not until sundown. Sittin' all day smilin' and laughin', swapin' stories in the sun, waitin' while the water turns to ebony east of the falls. The fury begins. Castin' lines to the south, pullin' up to the north, cage 'em quick; count 'em, compare 'em, and let 'em go back to grazin in the crater. We'll be back tomorrow you know, rain or shine. "We still got bait," Shuster says: we'll leave a little earlier tomorrow, catch 'em while the waves are flat and friendly. "That way we won't need to stay so late," Shuster says. Summer to Silence. It's 8:00 am....

–Scott Shirk

My Eternal Love

As I gaze upon green grasses of spring
I think of you
You're an emerald of essence and perfection
I believe in you
As the sultry summer air swarms our skin with sweat
I will hold you
As the fall foliage flutters its leaves of color
I will adore you
And as the winter snow showers shimmer through your eyes
I will want you
During the days we are not together
I will miss you
And on the last day our hearts breathe as one
I will love you
And as my spirit leaves my soul
I'll await your return
Like the first day I met you
My eternal love
Is for you

–Scott Shirk

Lighthouse

The thunder is thrashing
making murmuring threats
as the lighthouse harmonics heed and proceed
awakening the heavens
as seagulls search for safety
in sandy sunken trenches
falling barometers
are feverishly fainting fast
as particles pierce my flesh
packing a gritty punch
then sirens secure our fate
while leaving salty salvage

–Scott Shirk

–Photo by Lydia Wetzel

–Photo by Lydia Wetzel

–Photo by Lydia Wetzel

SEASONS

Enjoy the summer heat
It won't last
Oscillating fans and bar-b-cues
Days of swimming in the sun

It won't last
The beautiful colors of autumn
Days of swimming in the sun
Traded in for Trick-or-Treating

The beautiful colors of autumn
Faded into flakes of snow
Traded in for Trick-or-Treating
Now Christmas lights glow

Faded into flakes of snow
Buds of spring time bloom
Now Christmas lights glow
On the porches of the lazy and forgetful

Buds of spring time bloom
Enjoy the summer heat
On the porches of the lazy and forgetful
Oscillating fans and bar-b-cues

–Rachel Clemons

BAR FLY

A beautiful woman in a bar
Alone
Not looking for a soul mate
But a playmate
A man to see her cosmetic beauty
Her best asset
Indulging in today
Not caring about tomorrow
Because she is scared
Scared no one will see inside
And find her
The real her
So she denies herself
Of what she secretly hopes for
If it never comes
She can say
She never wanted it
Anyway

–Rachel Clemons

MOMENTS

Why are you looking at me like that?
Like you are up to no good
Your eyes are smiling
It seems as if you're looking
For words in your mind
To describe something
This moment perhaps
You can't take your eyes off of me
Maybe it's this lighting

What did you say?
Don't be shy
Speak up
I want you to know I am listening
What?

I have a burger
Hanging out of my nose?
I am so embarrassed
Excuse me.

–Rachel Clemons

My Innocence

You surround me like bricks,
which are my arms and legs.
My tongue drinks your blood,
my eyes scream your name,
my ears search for escape.
My nose flares in hatred,
my hands tear your sodden skin.

I memorized Maple road,
until it became another bone.
Only we were on Wheeler Drive.
I picture who I would've been
if you hadn't caught me.
Sitting on roofs refusing roofies,
cause I was in love but not stupid.
And listened to the gibberish of children below,
the rough tile of youth.
My smile would've beamed headlights.
I would've been flying between clouds.

Tomorrow handed me clothed concrete
buried in the seeds of my skin.
I'll memorize your eyes so I can't sleep
or forget the way you tore at me.
The stars will testify for you.
While dirt roads proclaim MY innocence.

–Charity Turner

Unspecified Friend

It happened somewhere between the road to Columbus and the road to Marion; somewhere between my concern for Adrian and my scorn of another relationship; somewhere beyond time, beyond place, breaking away from extremes into gradients – light condensing onto my pupils in the shape of headlights coming directly at me.

A new year yielded a new coat for you, cloaking your eternal youth from the spoil of your age
Twenty-nine brimming over, bottled up and stowed away
Tucked neatly between the sheets of whomever you would sleep with tonight –

You do not know and you do not care – all you desire is the taste of lust upon your lips in the morning; I'm mourning who you know you are and everything you would like to be. You're drowning in a bottle, sitting on the shelf in your room.

You steal the words "let us drink now for tomorrow we die" from the Bible and claim them to be your own, repeating my humorous drones unsuccessfully because you aren't me – resentful that you don't know who you are.

You've lost your identity at Larry's on High – you want to go back until you find it again
Trying to pay for it one sip at a time, guzzling down the poison that will rob you of the pain your reality brings.

How does it feel to be Petra-Pan – the girl who never grows up – eternally twelve, enabled by the only man who ever loved you the way you demand to be loved – even though you insist that you break his heart every breath of your existence?

How does it feel to have no responsibility save drinking yourself into a stupor – using your friends for a ride and a personality?

Digress a little more into an infantile coma, refuse to feel, to hear of responsibility, to admit you have wronged a friend;
paint a vivid landscape with a scapegoat and a "woe is me" platitude – no need to speak of anything serious.

"In the name of fun" you say such snide remarks to all the people you supposedly care about the people who are taking you home tonight to make sure that you are safe and sound – the people who care about you.

Morgan Pugh

–Photo by Sandy Irwin

–Photo by Sandy Irwin

–Photo by Sandy Irwin

—Photo by Sandy Irwin

–Photo by Sandy Irwin

STORYTELLER

Dedicated to "Gram" Carolyn Lautzenheiser (Jan. 26, 2007)

Storyteller,
Please read another page,
Read me another chapter,
To this fairy tale you've told me,
Of pirates and days at sea,
Tell me about the days,
When you were younger,
And knew you knew everything,
Just like me, You used to be.

Tell me everything,
What food you liked,
Fun things you did,

I want to know,
So I can tell my kids,
About the storyteller,
Who loved me when I was young,
A love to me I didn't earn,
A love for others I've grown to learn.

Please don't say its time to sleep,
I want to hear your voice read,
Another story,
Some more pages of your life,
I need to know more,
Oh, storyteller, please don't leave tonight.

Tell me of the jokes,
You and your friends would share,
Tell me the same thoughts,

You had and I hold now,
Sing me a new song,
You had a song for everything,
Show me a new world,
Like any other I'll never know,
Share with me a story,
To keep with me when you're not there.

Please read another page,
Read me another chapter,
Of my favorite book,
When I was younger,
Tell me about the days,
When you lived carelessly,
Like I did just today,

And let me know that,
You'll always be watching over me.

Share with me one more tale,
Of your story,
Let me know how did you feel,
When you were in love,
Just like I am now,
And when life seemed at its worse,
Did you struggle, like I do now.

I miss you more than ever,
I just hope that someday,
I can be a storyteller too.

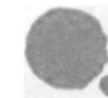
–Andrew Lautzenheiser

BROWN EYES

Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?
Into the shot glass and indo.
Delicate streaks of soft and green
Shatter brilliantly between the lines,
Forcing Baby's brown eyes
Liquid blue.
Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?
Do they still linger
Over Chicken Head girls?
The dollar store whore
Lips and eyes
That will become black
And sink into their skulls.
Into the shot glass and indo.
Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?
'Cause you can't fight love with love
In the form of a prick, a stick, a tick
Of a clock
Chimes
Climbs through the stages
Tracing imprints of your kiss,
Embedded in my forehead.
Oh, Baby, where'd your brown eyes go?
Why does the blue crack so
Vividly in the veins,
Drains, caves out the system.

'Cause you can't fight love with the love
In the form of a prick, a stick, a tick
Back into the realms of time
Just to hear me say once more
Baby, I got your brown eyes.

–Laura Daum



BABY GOODBYE

WE WALKED IN TOGETHER. John's right arm was around my waist, as if to support me. I held Maggie. She wore her pink lace dress, which had dark purple grape juice down the front from a spill in the car. Pink was not the appropriate color, but Maggie didn't have black. Justin followed behind us. I couldn't see him, but I knew he was staring at his reflection in the shine of his shoes. He'd been doing it all evening.

The funeral director approached us with such perfect elegance it was as if she were a floating ghost. Her course, gray hair was tied into a tight bun at the nape of her neck and she wore a freshly pressed, black suit. The edges of her lips turned slightly upward while her eyelids drooped over her gray eyes. I wondered how many years of mortuary school it had taken her to learn to smile like that.

John extended his left hand to the woman. I nodded politely. The woman offered her condolences and sympathy for the death of our daughter and then promptly explained the schedule for the evening.

"Friends and family will arrive from six until nine..."

Her voice was high and airy, like an F sharp note of a flute. "Flowers can be placed in front of the casket and cards in the two baskets near the doors..."

Maggie fidgeted in my arms and reached toward the diaper bag that hung on my shoulder. I found her pacifier and took it out and put it in her mouth.

"The service will begin..."

Maggie continued to fidget and whimper. I hoped John paid attention to the woman. I gave Maggie her cup of grape juice, and I made sure the lid was secure, Lord forbid she have another spill. The flute-voice played like a sorrowful melody until it ended with "Again, I offer my sincere condolences and sympathy."

She had added the word "sincere." I would have laughed out loud if I hadn't felt John's arm gently lead me to the room with the casket.

We walked through the sparkling-clean glass double doors and into the large open room with its ornate, twelve-foot high ceiling. It smelled like lilacs and old-lady perfume. Maggie began to cry and I told John that I would have to change her diaper. He gently rubbed Maggie's cheek with the side of his thumb and gave me a sad smile--a smile too much like the one the funeral director

wore. I turned away quickly. I left John and Justin in the room with the casket, and took Maggie to the bathroom.

By the time I stepped out of the bathroom, with Maggie on my hip, a long line of spectators had formed. They all waited to look at our family and give us their sad smiles, and to look at the little girl asleep in the casket. There were friends from church, neighbors from down the street, Sunday school teachers, coworkers from John's office, my sister and my mother and the in-laws. All there to "offer their condolences and sympathy." They made me sick.

I sat down on a stiff, mauve sofa with Maggie on my knee. Justin saw us and sat down beside me. His arms were crossed in front of his small, seven-year old chest and his eyes were red. He had been crying. I followed his gaze past the crowd and into the room with the casket.

In front of the polished wooden box, I saw the back of John, his spine curved like a "C" and his head hung below his shoulders. His body shook in heavy sobs. He wiped his tears with the back of his hand. I watched him weep from where I sat in the lobby. I envied his grief.

Maggie fell asleep against my chest, and Justin rested his head on my shoulder. The crowd began to leave the funeral home, and left their flowers, cards, and sad smiles. I caught John's gaze, and raised my brows, saying, "We should leave," without actually saying a word. He took Maggie from my arms. She stirred and then sighed against her father's shoulder. Justin stood up beside his dad. He was a miniature of his father. Dark blonde hair and large, brown eyes that could tell a story without saying a single word. Now they said, "I need to sleep and to wake up and have everything be normal." I stood up and smoothed out the creases in my long, black skirt. I took a step toward the exit door. John stopped me with his free hand.

"Christy," he looked at me with his big, telling eyes. He gently squeezed my arm. "Go tell your baby good-bye." He nodded toward the room with the casket, and then took Maggie and Justin out to the car.

I didn't like to be ordered like that. I felt like a child, who was being instructed by her parent. I wanted to stomp my foot and say "No!" I stood frozen in the funeral home lobby. I was angry and alone, but I knew he was right.

I looked toward the room with the casket, and then found my feet moving forward, through the sparkling-clean glass double doors, into the room with the ornate, twelve foot high ceiling, and right up to the polished wooden box that cradled the sleeping girl all the people had come to see.

The girl had blond hair, which curled at the ends and skin that was light tan with rosy cheeks. Her smile looked pasted on, like the one the funeral director wore, and John, and all the spectators. Her eyes were shut and lashes spread like a fan; she looked like an angel.

But she was not my daughter. She was not my little Emily. She was just a doll wearing a wig and make-up. Not my daughter. My daughter was bald with little tuffs of yellow hair behind her ears, and four long scars on the back and top of her scalp. Her skin was white like a sheet of unused paper, with blotches of red under her eyes. And her smile--that was the real difference--my daughter's smile was wide and toothy just like John's. She almost never smiled without laughing too. There was none of this slightly-upturned-edges kind of smile stuff. Never. And her eyes. They were blue with dots of green right around the pupil. They were blue, like mine. This child lying in the casket was not my daughter.

I remembered the first time I saw her blue eyes. The nurse put my newborn baby in my arms and she opened her little lids to peer up at my face.

"She has blue eyes, just like yours." John said, with tears in his voice.

"Blue eyes don't last." The nurse replied.

She scribbled some notes on a clipboard.

"She has blue eyes because she is newborn, but in a couple weeks, they'll turn brown, like her father's."

But my baby's eyes stayed blue. Even after all the tests and treatments, when all the life in her face seemed to wash away slowly, her eyes stayed blue.

She was one and a half the first time she was tested. She had had a few seizures. The doctors were concerned and put her on medication and ordered tests. John held her while they put a sedative I.V. in her chubby little arm. She screamed and cried with big, wet tears, which I wiped with a tissue, and then I had to wipe my own. She fell asleep in his arms and then they strapped her down to a stretcher, a stretcher that was meant for a patient four times her size. Then she went into a narrow cylinder that hummed like static

on a radio. John and I sat on the two chairs twenty feet away and watched our baby through a big glass window. Only John spoke--just two words--he said,

"God knows."

Then he held my hand and we prayed together without saying another word.

So I suppose God knew my baby had a cancerous tumor in the left side of her brain. He must have known that she would have brain surgery at two-years old and that the doctors would tell John and me that our baby would probably not live to be ten. God knew how we'd cry together until night turned to morning, and how we'd pace the kitchen, as we wondered how we would pay for the treatments. God knew that I would watch my baby grow little and suffer slowly. God knew, and he hadn't done anything to stop it.

I studied the small figure in the casket. I watched her chest to see if it would rise and fall like the breaths of a sleeping child. I watched her eyes to see if they'd flicker open and stare at me with their empty sockets. But no movement came.

She was tested in the narrow cylinder every six months after her first surgery. It became routine. Each appointment she'd be tested, and the doctor would say,

"Things are looking very good."

My baby grew into a little girl with straight blond hair pulled into to sloppy pigtails and big blue eyes that sparkled when she giggled and while held her baby brother. When I would pick her up from preschool she'd race down the hallway and wrap her arms tightly around my legs.

"I'm so glad you're here, Mommy." She'd say as she buried her face in my thigh.

Then, on the night before her fifth birthday, I woke up to the sound of a soft whimper. It was the kind of sound that only a mother wakes up to. My baby was curled up at the foot of my bed. She cradled her head in her hands.

"Mommy," she said through tears. "My head hurts so bad."

And so it happened again. The pain, the tests, the surgery, the treatments, the gag-tasting medicines, and the tears, all over again.

My cheeks were still dry as I leaned over the casket. I had grabbed a tissue from the box on the fancy pedestal before I walked into the room. I had thought I might need it. But it lay limp and dry in my palm. Footsteps sounded behind me. I didn't turn around; I knew who it was by the purposeful click-click of her heels.

"Excuse me, ma'am,"

Her stiff and cold hand rested on my shoulder.

"We have a comfortable, secluded room down the hall if you'd like to sit for awhile. The funeral home will take care of the flowers and cards."

I wanted to turn toward her and spit. I wanted to grab her fragile, wrinkled hand and crush it with all my strength. Instead, I simply looked into the casket and said,

"May I stay here for a while longer?"

"Well, yes." The funeral director paused. "But I'm sure you'd find the room down the hall very comfort-"

"May I stay here!" I almost yelled. I felt he woman's hand lift quickly off my shoulder. Her footsteps clicked sharply out of the room. As I turned and watched her leave, something through the windows of the front of the building caught my eye. Our mini van was parked in front of the funeral home. Despite the distance, I could see John sitting in the driver's seat with Maggie on his lap. She was playing with the blinker switch. Justin sat in the back playing with his GameBoy. I turned back around and faced the casket in front of me.

My baby, Emily, had her second surgery when she was five. She had to be held back from kindergarten because she had missed so many days. John and I tried to make life normal for her. She was able to go through most of first grade. She sang a solo in the Christmas pageant. We took a vacation to Disney World. Then her third surgery came when she was seven and a half. After that, things were different. My baby lost all her hair because of the treatments. She was put on a diet and lost weight. Her muscles became weak and it was difficult for her to walk without having something to support her. Her skin became thin and soft like an old lady. I started home-schooling Emily in second grade. I made a schoolroom in our basement with a desk with a soft reclining seat and a clean white board. I went to home school conferences and bought the best materials I could. John took us on short car rides throughout our county. Though it

wasn't much, my baby would always sit in her seat and look out her window with wonder in her big blue eyes. And I sat in my seat and looked at her. I cried often, then.

I did not like to think about this. I could feel the tightness of my throat, like a snake coiled around my neck. I closed my eyes from the view of the girl in the casket and looked at the blue-eyed girl inside my head. But she was dying.

She was ten and five months when she had her fourth surgery. It was late September, the time when most ten year olds are off at school during the day. After the surgery, her home became a beige colored room with a window, T.V., and table full of flowers and love notes. We came to see her and eat dinner with her every night. Maggie came with us; she had been born several months earlier. We did this for weeks and weeks and months and months.

My world started to spin--the real world in which I stood in the huge open room of the funeral home. My hands gripped the edge of the casket with such fierceness that my knuckles turned white. My forehead felt like a stretched rubber band that was ready to snap.

n Emily's eleventh birthday I went early to see her. John was coming in half an hour with Maggie, Justin, and the cake. I carried a brown paper bag full of brightly wrapped presents, streamers, crepe paper, and balloons into her hospital room. I set the bag on the table and walked beside her bed. Her skin was pale and yellowish. Her eyelids were so thin they were almost transparent. She was wearing a pink and red knit hat and matching slippers, which stuck out from the edge of her soft fleece blanket. I brushed her forehead with the tips of my fingers.

"Happy Birthday, Emily." Her lids fluttered open to reveal her bright blue eyes. She smiled widely.

"Hi mom." She said with a voice so weak it was hardly audible.

"How does it feel to be eleven years old?" I asked. Emily smiled but said nothing. I continued to stroke her forehead and cheek with the tips of my fingers. We were silent for a while, just gazing at each other with our like blue eyes.

"You don't have to worry for me, mom." Emily broke the silence.

"Of course I do, honey, you're my baby." We were quiet for a few more minutes. Only the steady beeping sound of Emily's heart monitor filled the space between us.

"I've always known I was dying." Emily said as tears filled her eyes. "I'm not afraid."

"Don't say that," I whispered, "You're not dying, you're gonna get better." I paused. "You're gonna get better."

"Mom," Emily paused and stared into my eyes. "It's okay." A tear trickled down her cheek slowly. "Don't you know how much God loves me?" Her soft voice cracked with emotion. "Don't you know?" I nodded but could not look in her eyes. "Jesus came so I can really live. He came so I don't have to die, not really." She spoke with such sincerity that her voice strained.

"You're gonna get better." I said.

I tried to smile back at her.

Minutes later, a nurse came into the room to check on Emily. She wrote some notes on a clipboard. I looked through my paper bag and pulled out the birthday decorations. I draped the bright blue crepe paper over the window and taped two balloons at the top corners. I gazed out the window at the busy city streets and the clear open sky. Bells from a church down the street chimed the nine a.m. hour. Each clang seemed to echo a low, vibrating misery that mourned the change the new hour would bring. When the bells finished, there was silence in the room. I held my breath to listen. The steady beeping of Emily's heart monitor had slowed to a quiet hum. Everything inside me froze. I turned around and saw the lifeless line stream across the monitor screen.

"No," I heard myself whisper. "No, it can't - she can't - not yet-" I rushed to the side of her bed and grabbed her still-warm hand. "No!" The nurse beside Emily's bed checked the monitor, and then Emily's pulse. I saw concern etched into her wrinkled face. She looked at me with sad eyes and nodded her head.

"She's gone." She said. Gone.

I looked at the little blond haired girl lying in the casket; she was not my baby. My baby was at home, on her bedroom floor with her feet dangling in the air behind her while she sang along to her CD player. My baby was in the hospital bed, with tubes down her nose and in her veins, in pain but still smiling with her big blue eyes. My baby was in heaven, in the daddy arms of her sweet Savior Jesus. My baby was dead.

I leaned my head against the hard, wooden casket and buried my face in my hand.

"Baby, good-bye." I whispered.

The muscles in my face crinkled and contorted and my lower lip twitched. I gasped in a gulp of air, then another. A tear spilled out from the corner of my tightly closed eye. It felt cool against my tense cheek, like a sweet kiss.

–Lydia Wetzel

IN THE AIR

The scent of sea creatures
dipped in black-orange slime
gasping for breath in drowning oxygen--

the broken cough
of black-plastered lungs
shaking sealed windows to shards--

fill cracks between cobblestones,
the workman's road.

The children play among the surf-spattered rocks
tossing fish-fragrant stones
into tumultuous black water.

Those grown lick the air with tongues of paper--
not tasting.

But the old,
who lie slowly slipping beneath sheets of pale color,
moan and mourn--
the air like acid burns their eyes--

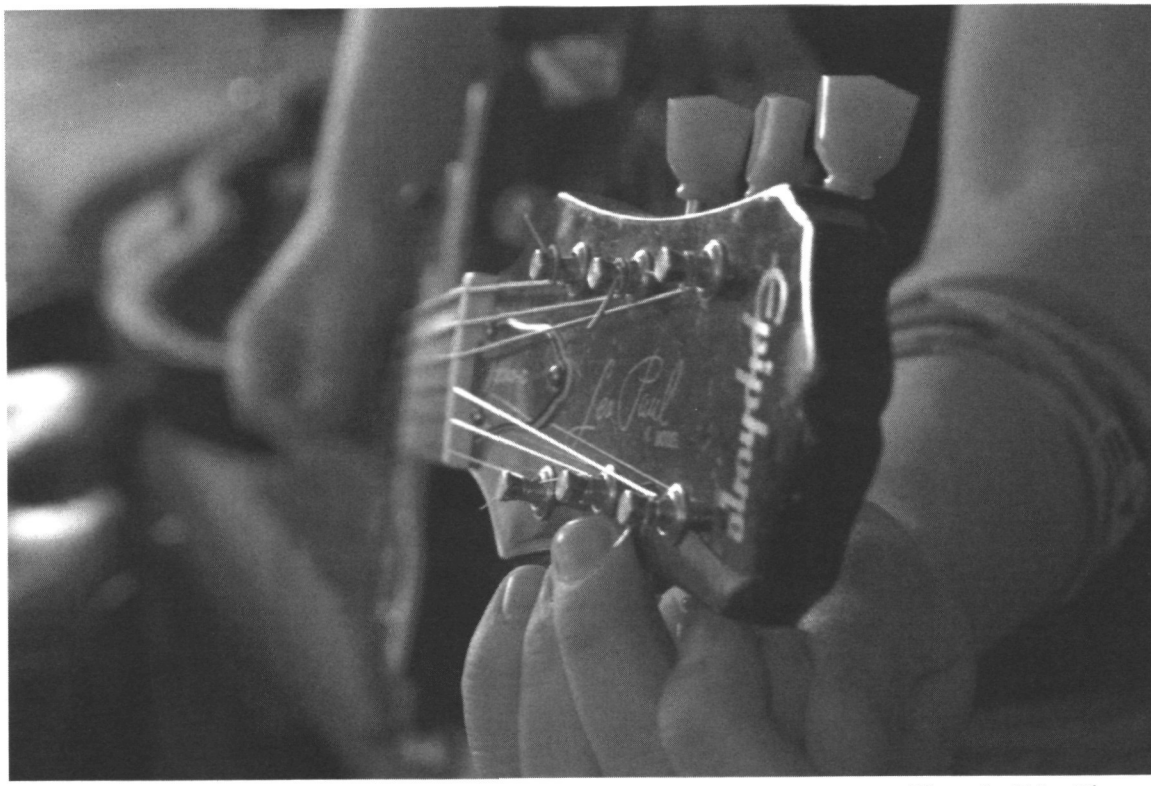
like clouds
weep tears.

–Lydia Wetzel

–Photo by Kimberly Gale

–Photo by Kimberly Gale

–Photo by Jodi Osborne



–Photo by Tyler Thomas

THERE IS A GREEN

there is a green

splotch of paint

on the white

ceiling

above my bed.

that i just now

noticed.

i was

lying on my back

being fucked.

–Josh Elchert

Vanished Heartbeat

While I sat with anxious anticipation
The nurse performed her occupation
She left the room with hesitation
"I need to get the doctor."
She'd never said that before.
The tissue paper crinkled beneath me.
Something's wrong. What did she see?
The doctor came in, he said, "This isn't easy.
You've lost a child."
My thoughts began to soar.
I stared at the wall, confused and numb.
I had no reply, my voice fell dumb.
The only sound was the fluorescent's hum.
The nurse sat down
to continue her chore.
The picture on the screen, half happy, half sad.
I remained calm, I must have seemed glad.
I felt transparent. Does that make me bad?
What would I have done with twins?
I only wanted one more.
"Your other baby's heartbeat is strong.
Your pregnancy may not be as long.
Did you sense that anything was wrong?"
I didn't want to think about it.
It was too hard to ignore.
I was relieved, but I could not confess.
Worries dissipated. Was I heartless?
"*It wasn't meant to be*," was the consensus.
I'll never forget her, thanks
to her sister, who I adore.

I was relieved, but I could not confess.
I felt worries dissipate. Was I heartless?
"She wasn't meant to be," was my best guess.
I'll never forget her,
or that day, evermore.

–Tammy Blair

SESTINA FOR SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD ANIMALS

"Hunger drives the animal mind to fill its needs by the nearest means."
-David Baker, "Hunger"

I lurch from sticky sleep,
through breakfast in one swallow;
the slap of the shower
tightens my grasp
on reality once more.
I'm out the door.

Then through iron school doors
To my desk, shake off the sleep
(I needed more!);
in silence I swallow
without the slightest grasp
on any answer to this shower
of questions, the icy shower
of academic acid rain: the bells, the fear, the bullies and the bully pulpits; the doors are locked at 2:35 and the teachers are putting away their claws; they have no grasp on this cruelty—the creatures don't sleep;
I swear they travel in packs all night, and swallow
their cornered prey whole; and what's more,
they're always hungry for more!

Bullies and books behind me, I speed through midday's blinding shower

wild as the flight of a drunken swallow.
I slip in through the Donatos back door.

Quick as my narcoleptic grandmother falls asleep,
the hazy hours wriggle from my grasp.

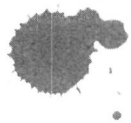
Lunging, I grasp
time card, steering wheel, cigarette; scream toward more
homework, but too close to sleep
to see through blinding rain-showers,
I smell my way home. Slowly the car door
opens and my room is a stomach toward which I am swallowed.

But there a different hunger floods me, and I begin to swallow
everything within my grasp:
my cell phone, notebooks, the clothes hanging on the door,
the computer, alarm clock, I burp out "MORE!"
Obliging my aching stomach, I shower
down into my gullet my wallet and the bed on which I sleep.

In primal lurches I swallow it all:
First my room, then my house, then toward the school I bound;
Dirt, root, brick, asphalt, lawn ornaments and lawnmowers,
trees, care, library, cemetery, gas station.
My mouth grown wide as prison walls,
a vacuum with black-hole gravity,
inhaling, swallowing everything.
I grow bigger than it all, bigger than this town,
and when I get to the school, it's a dimple in an apple:
I bite down hard and chew until there's nothing left but bits of wire between my teeth.

Sleep swallows me then, as I collapse onto scarred earth.
I grasp at a shower of dreams in which I am hunting for breakfast with a pack of bears, far from school doors, more hungry than ever.

–Anthony Iacobucci



THE WATCHMAN

In the thirtieth year, in the fourth month on the fifth day, while I was among the exiles by the Kebar River, the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God.
-Ezekiel 1:1

Once I saw a wheel of eyes
moving toward me like his spirit,

metal ignited white
with holy fire,

bitter words
left lingering in my mouth,

scroll of tears and sorrow
churning in my body,

my static body left,
for you.

I see their faces
in my dreams,

like dice rolling toward me,
the face who was me—

I came to tell you
how you live.
sweet words for bitter,

I am not of this world,
this seed reborn

or lost
among the harvest—

like arrogance blossoming
in the stillness,

tarnished in the fragrance
you keep from Him.

He is the wings beating
under the expanse,

the lightening
out of fire,

the melted blue sapphire that flows
through my veins

the words you tear
like wild animals.

I paid in days
for years,

I traded reality for iron
and pleasure for defilement,

sweet words for bitter,
like the stings of you,

my city defiled,
my chasing in the wind.

–Bethany Bates

IN MEMORIAM

Karmin A. Bowers,an English major at OSU Marion campus passed away on May 15, 2007 as a result of an accident. An active presence on campus, Karmin worked in the Student Activities Center and helped give shape to our campus culture. Karmin enjoyed writing poetry and we share a few of her poems here.

We would also like to take this space to remember Aris G.J. Kasotis and Paul Denver Griffith, two OSU Marion students whom we also lost this past year.

this is for the thunder

This is for the curling
thunder beneath the waves,

The surf that rises up,
inexorably,

and spends itself,
then pulls its brief life down again.

This is for the sudden
insurrection of a storm,

a wave's fluid power -
strict, unbroken, merciless,

riding up on its own tall back,
topping into momentary stasis,

throwing its spume to the substanceless air,
then streaming home again

In one long pulse,
until only a white line remains,

delicate as lace,
drawn out across the burnished

grave stones of the beach,
marking the water's broad retreat

- the puzzle of our impermanence -
as though we sound ourselves once

and are gone again.

–Karmin Bowers

What you see if you use water as a mirror

[redacted]

Redacted at the request of the faculty advisor. 7/26/12

Unbid in the Land of Undone

All the things I wanted to do and didn't
took so long.
It was years of not doing.

You can make an allusion here to Penelope,
if you want.
See her up there in that high room undoing her art?

But enough about what she didn't do–
not doing
was what she did. Plucking out

the threat of intimacy in the frame.
If I got to
know you that would be
–something. So let's make a toast to the long art
of lingering.
We say the cake is done,
but what exactly did the cake do?
The things undid
in the land of undone call to us

in the flames. what I didn't do took
an eternity–
and it wasn't for lack of trying.

–Karmin Bowers

contributors

Deanna Bachtell is a graduating English and Psychology major. She intends to pursue a career in creative writing.

Bethany Bates is a recent graduate of OSU-Marion in psychology.

Mike Beatty found a purpose in life at the tender age of eleven when he clicked the street-light green 'order' button on his cable remote control; thus exposing him to the sensational artistic medium known as softcore pornography. The first step in mike B's eventual--inevitable--meteoric rise to softcore obscurity is nearing completion as he works towards his Honours Bachelor of Arts with Distinction in English at OSU.

Tammy Blair is the biggest procrastinator you will ever meet. She has been attending college for 13 years now (on and off, of course). She is the mother of the two best looking children on the face of the planet. She is an English major who wishes she could be a CSI, but she is scientifically and mathematically challenged, so she'll settle for writing true crime novels, hopefully. Her pet peeves are unreasonable people, picky eaters, and the misuse of "there" and "their". Her poem printed in this issue is dedicated to her daughter's twin, who is presumably the best looking angel in Heaven.

Tabitha Clark was raised in Marion, Ohio. She graduated from Harding High School in 1998 before moving to Jacksonville, North Carolina. While in North Carolina, Tabitha was the President of the Enlisted Wives Club of Camp Lejeune, North Carolina and a Key Volunteer; both are Marine Corps Organizations. Tabitha is a single mother of two and has a passion for writing . She has recently returned to Marion to begin her college education at OSUM and earn her double bachelors in Journalism and Political Science.

Natalie Burks writes, "I am very fascinated with the old. I think that it is very beautiful and unique. I also love to use color. I think it adds a lot of emotion and drama to any piece of art."

Rachel Clemons writes of herself: "I am 24 years old. I attended OSUM while working on my bachelors in English. I am currently enrolled in the Masters of Education program on main campus so that I can teach 7-12 Language Arts. Honestly, I hate writing these blurb type things. I get the impression that no one really reads them. I think most people do not give a rip about the author or even needs to in order to enjoy the piece of work. Ultimately, knowing a bit about me will not change or enhance the way you feel about my poems. Anyway, I would characterize myself

as beautiful, gorgeous, a bombshell, and talented in too many areas to elaborate. I am also very spunky and outgoing--ask any professor who had me. Pretty much, the boys want me and the girls want me too. I am hot stuff. Enjoy my masterpieces, and tell everyone about them. I am sure they will be great conversation starters at parties or awkward first dates."

Jodi Cunningham says, "No, Kitty! That's my pot pie!"

Laura Daum is in her second year at OSUM, planning to double-major in English and Psychology.

Joshua Elchert is a senior-ranked English major and was abducted by aliens in 2002. He enjoys multiple types of cheeses. In his spare time, what little of it he has, he enjoys indulgence in his voyeuristic intentions by capturing images forever on film. Joshua is happily in lust with his mistress, Lady Juicy.

Kim Gale is a freshman at OSUM. She's planning (as of now) to major in industrial design, which will combine her love of art and her need to produce something practical. She is open to any other interests that may present themselves along the way. Since her photography class here at OSUM, she has continued taking pictures as a hobby.

Anthony Iacobucci is a senior English major from Marion, OH. He plans to teach high school English and loves to play bass guitar with the band Belga Girl. He also loves his best friend and fiance, Mallory.

Sandy Irwin writes, "I am a beginning photographer. These shots were taken as my first attempt at using a digital camera. I was trying to capture the beauty of central Ohio for an Art 300 project entitled Off the Beaten Path: The Road Less Traveled. As a gal from the country, I wanted to share the beauty of country living with those who normally drive by it without taking time to notice it."

Tanya Kunze writes, "While my family moved around Alabama and Texas when I was young, most of my childhood was spent on a dairy farm in Morrow county. Writing poetry and short stories has been a true release for me since about junior high. Leopold was a real lizard who, for a couple of months, actually lived around my friend's shower window in Florida. He was deeply missed once he moved on. As for me, currently I am taking math courses at OSUM for the fun of it (yea' right) and have truly enjoyed the OSUM math faculty (that part is

true). I hold a bachelor's in Music Education from Ashland University and a Masters of Habilitative Sciences from the University of West Florida. My professional work has been with universities and 2-year colleges, primarily with students who are at risk or who have disabilities. This includes working for OSU's main campus Disability Services for 8 years before coming to work at Marion Technical College. I hope that each of you have a Leopold in your life: someone who will listen quietly and allow you to be free to be you."

Andrew Lautzenheiser currently attends OSU Marion.

Beth (Pamela E.) Mohon is a junior studying at the Ohio State University, Marion campus. She plans to attend graduate school and hopes to teach English literature at the college level. Her major area of literary interest is the Romantic period, and she works as a tutor in her campus writing center.

Jodi Osborne is a sophomore majoring in Art Education. She plans on moving down to Main Campus in the fall and living with the coolest girls ever!!! She loves art and looks forward to teaching it someday.

Morgan L. Pugh is a recent graduate of OSU-Marion.

Scott Shirk is a loyal OSUM student majoring in English. Some of his favorite activities include smoking within twenty five feet of public buildings, and watching tele-novellas with his adoring wife Shellie. He also takes long walks in the park with his cat Coquina.

Mindy Smith is a senior majoring in English, and she loves monkeys, Heath* Ice Cream, and television. She realizes that too much T.V. supposedly kills brain cells, but she is hooked and can't seem to end her relationship with the boob tube. When she isn't lounging lazily in front of her 62 inch television, she can be found lounging on her bed instead writing never ending papers for school. Oh, and she finally cleaned her entire car on April 22, 2007 for the first time in four years! She's extremely proud of herself!

Sarah Stahl loves to travel.

Tyler Thomas says, "I herd you b----s wanna play wiffell ball!"

Charity Turner is currently a sophomore majoring in Middle Childhood Education. She enjoys writing, reading, listening to music and watching movies. Her favorite poet is Sylvia Plath, and she hopes to travel to Europe someday.

contributors

Lydia Wetzel is a junior at the Ohio State University at Marion. She is currently taking a break from her studies at OSU and attending a mission training school with the University of the Nations in Kona, Hawaii. She loves to communicate through art, story, and creativity.

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