The first gardyloo was published in 1996. 20 volumes later we're still showcasing the best art, poetry and prose JMU has to offer.
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Submissions were accepted from any JMU undergrad, and chosen by Gardy Loo staff members using a blind voting process.

Contact us at jmuGardyLoo.com & jmuGardyLoo@gmail.com
I found out that this was the 20th volume of Gardy Loo in early September, and I’m not ashamed to admit that I freaked a little. The freaking was of both the good and the bad variety. Good because it was exciting that my first semester as editor-in-chief coincided with a pretty big anniversary for the magazine, and bad because the realization that Gardy Loo was approximately as old as myself made failure much more terrifying. (But hey, you’re reading this, so at some point we must have made it to print.)

Still, being editor-in-chief this semester is pretty exciting. I could give you the cheesy reasons, like my college experience couldn’t be complete without Gardy Loo (which is true) or that the staff is amazing (which they are) or that I’ve put my blood, sweat and tears into this publication (which is both a figurative and partly literal fact). But being the leader of volume number twenty is special to me because it gives a kind of permanence. Twenty years of paper and ink is nothing to scoff at. There’s a kind of history you can trace through the years of Gardy Loo, a physical reminder of yesterday that simply doesn’t exist in pixels on a screen (oh god, you think. Here we go, another pretentious college student reminiscing about a time before technology, as if she’s not Instagramming whilst writing this letter. Bear with me, I’m almost done with the annoying part). I’m not embarrassed to admit that there’s a selfish part of me comforted by the idea that something I helped create will live on for years after my graduation (or so one hopes).

So anyway, here’s our magazine. I could tell you how awesome all the literature and art is, but if you’re reading the letters from the editors, you’re a dedicated enough consumer that you already know that (or you’re trudging through this because you feel obligated to read your child’s ramblings. Hey Mom. *waves*) Enjoy volume 20 of Gardy Loo! (Or don’t, I won’t know any better.)

Kaitlyn Miller
Editor-In-Chief
Dear Reader,

What you hold in your hands is not just a magazine—it is a collaboration. A combination of voices, experiences and ideas lie on these pages. These are the daydreams, heartbreaks and imaginations of your peers. We feature silent or outspoken poets and artists; newcomers and past contributors.

I first joined Gardy Loo in 2012 as a freshman. I was hesitant to speak up at meetings but always felt welcome. I have been here for four years now. I’ve met fellow artists and friends through this organization. My work has been featured on these pages alongside some incredible contributions from fellow JMU students. I always told myself I would never try out for an editor position. But things change.

Gardy Loo has been family to me. This magazine has shown me not only what I am capable of doing but also what you are willing to share. The risks writers and artists take when submitting their work is inspiring.

I hope what we have put together speaks to you, reader. I only ask that you allow yourself to listen. Feel something. Learn something. Be open. Be inspired.

Sarah Morris
Managing Editor

If you told me in high school that I was going to be the design editor of a collegiate literature and arts magazine, I would have laughed in your face. I came to JMU as an SCOM major because I figured I was good at talking and I didn’t know what else to do. Now I’m a SMAD and art history major and I couldn’t imagine doing anything else.

When you follow your passions, it often takes you in unexpected directions. My advice to you, my dear readers, is to embrace it. Sometimes it’s going to be a huge leap and it’s going to be scary, but don’t shy away. Vincent Van Gogh once remarked, “What would life be if we had no courage to attempt anything?” This magazine would probably look entirely different if I didn’t go after what I love.

I hope you enjoy the product of my passion and, even more, I hope you enjoy your passions to the fullest extent.

Rachel Owens
Design Editor
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* Marks a Gardy Loo Staff Member
Hello, tiny Tolkien notebook. Note, if you will, that I could regale you with drunken mistakes and club dancing experiences, but I'm not going to. Instead, I'd like to tell you about two of my favorite things: pigeons and castles.

I am right now sitting at the top of a tower of a castle—excuse me, palace—in Scotland, the name of which I have forgotten or never heard in the first place. I love castles. I love the openness of ruins and my Druid blood swells at the idea of the history of this place.

People made lives and raised children here. Servants slaved in kitchens and guards kept people safe here. I care almost nothing about the nobility besides their private lives as people. Mary Queen of Scots was born here, and I wonder how that night on which she was born went or what memories she might have had of this place. Were they happy ones?

I also want to acknowledge something that definitely has no memory of this place. Every time, in my exploring, that I turn into a quiet space, I see a pigeon. And I think it's a bit funny and exceptionally profound that these pigeons have no idea that they're in a castle. But it also reveals that this place is just a place; just a plot of land with delusions of grandeur.

So, really, there's a duality to this place. It's a home to very important people—the birthplace of a queen—but it's just that: a home. And the people were just people and the pigeons are just pigeons.
Missing It

Do you ever just miss it?
Just miss it,
The way your groggy eyes opened so easily in the morning,
The way you giggled when your dog licked your petite face to wake you up,
The way the fresh green grass tickled your mouth when you were dared to eat a leaf.

Do you ever just miss it?
Just miss it,
The way you smiled with missing teeth, proud to be different,
The way you raced down the stairs on the morning of your birthday,
The way your mom looked at you when you finished all of your vegetables.

Do you ever just miss it?
Just miss it,
When coloring outside of the lines was being rebellious,
When a broken doll felt like your whole world was ending,
When growing out of clothes meant you were a big girl.

Do you ever wonder?
Just wonder,
Wonder when things changed,
Wonder how things changed,
Wonder what changed things.

Because I do,
I wonder when opening my eyes in the morning became something I dread,
I wonder when my dog licking my face to wake me up became nothing but an annoyance,
I wonder why if someone dared me to eat a piece of grass I would laugh in their face.

Because I wonder,
About how smiling has become just a way to pretend I'm not different,
I wonder when my birthday became only one year closer to death,
About why my mom only looks at me with shame when I walk through the door on a late Friday night.

And I wonder,
When breaking the law became my coloring outside of the lines,
And how a broken doll ever made me sad because what's a broken doll to a broken heart,
And I wonder how growing out of clothes ever made me feel good.

I miss it,
I just miss it.
Montgomery, A Setter (Photography) Lauren Basham
The stems branch out and tickle my ears
   The seeds trickle down and appear
     Like tears
      Every
       Emotion
        Valid in this ballad,

My mother's laughter bounces from one
   Chloro-filled leaf to another
The sound I voluntarily let smother
My thoughts I dare not cover

And as I stare at our stalks so grand
And reflect on the moments planned
I wish for warmer times
For arugula, sage, and Kokopelli wind chimes
But alas the hot air is no more, and
Winter is beginning to knock at our door

For your memory is out in the garden
Where all the ground has hardened
   However on that first day
   In the dug up, dirty, red clay
We released our blood, sweat, and fears
   Into a plot that would flourish for years
   So you'll always be–here.
“Never forget how easy your life is,”
He says as he steps out of the train,
His words hanging where he left them,
And then colliding into me as we accelerate forward
With a similar impact I imagine would be felt
Had I jumped in front of the Metro train and not been sitting on it.

I blink hard and swallow slowly,
My mouth suddenly dry,
Trying to remember our conversation.
Me: “Well, life isn’t easy.”
Then Him again,
“Never forget how easy your life is.”
Harsh emphasis on “your.”

I’m still sitting here
Blushing with indignation
At what I feel is an insult,
But the uncomfortable pounding in my chest
Suggests an even more uncomfortable truth.

The truth of my pristine bike
Locked and waiting at the station.
The truth of the safety I feel biking home
On the smooth asphalt path
Threading through my neighborhood.
The truth visible in my back porch
Which looks out on an extensive backyard,
In the fridge full of organic produce,
The closet overflowing with clothes,
The monthly gym membership,
The annual family vacations,
The trips to the theater,
The availability of quality education
From age 3 to 18
And the comfort of not worrying
About paying for four years of University.

And all the arguments I was ready to make
To try and convince him
Of my educated awareness of race and poverty,
Of my desire to fight the system that segregates,
Maybe even to make him aware of the injustices in my life,
Die around me.
Post Game (Photography) Holly Warfield
Now our pink couch is a boat and GiGi's blanket, a sail, 
and you are telling me where to look 
to see the dolphins, the sharks, 
the occasional mermaid.

And there is a storm and I am rocking back and forth on the cushions. 
And you are whipping the blanket and howling like the wind. 
I try to keep up. Gripping the pillow, I imitate your Siren calls.

Your hair has spilled over your shoulders, 
your eyes are hidden by a wild grin.

You are fearless, reckless, effortless beauty. 
(I know this before I know most things.)

Dear sister, you are the boat that carries me, 
the compass that guides me, 
the sky that inspires me, 
and the ocean I fear I may drown in.
“I guess I’m talking about it because it happened.”
-Leslie Jamison, “The Empathy Exams”

I often imagine what I’d do if someone ever pulled out a gun from across the room. I’d run, I think. In zigzags, like they taught us at school. It’s harder for the person to shoot this way. But this was different. This was like the gunman was already holding the gun to my head. Only there was no gun, just hands. This feeling was nothing like the 17 years of fear that I knew, because I wasn’t afraid. There was no time to be afraid; it was already happening. I couldn’t run, because it was too late.

I don’t remember what came first. Slowly coming back into consciousness, or his hand on my chest. All I know is I was awake now, but my eyes were shut tight. I hope I hadn’t flinched. I searched for a way out in the blackness behind my eyelids, but there were no doors. All I could think was, “Be still. Be non-existent.”

I don’t know how long I laid there for, and I didn’t know the time. I was silent. We were playing doctor now, but without the tools. He felt around, looking for the injury. I didn’t even know I needed surgery; I never signed any paperwork. But it didn’t matter. I woke up in the middle of the procedure, stunned and confused.

I pretended to just wake up, even though I was already awake for much of the nightmare. I opened my eyes; I knew him. My brother knew him. We were friends. He was supposed to be my friend.

I told him “hi” or “no” or “hi, no thank you.” He may have stopped right away, or maybe he asked once more—just to be sure. I told him I was. He turned around and went back to sleep. I was scared that if I moved into an empty room, he would follow. He would take it as an invitation, and I wouldn’t be able to escape this time. So I didn’t. In every moment that followed, my body harbored frozen fear. I didn’t know how to sleep that night, even when my body tried.

My eyes burned and the sun rose. People got up and walked around, kicking red cups and recalling the night before with laughter. We said our goodbyes and everyone left. The shakiness wore off with the sun. I pretended like nothing happened. He pretended like nothing happened. He later apologized in a text message, and I forgave him easily. When I

The first time I ever told anyone I was sexually assaulted, it was three years later. When I opened my mouth and said it, I shocked myself. I don’t know why I told her. I felt ridiculous. She told me she was sorry, but I didn’t even feel sorry for myself.

I had never really thought about it before, but all of a sudden I kept coming back to it. I started thinking; maybe I’m a psycho for not being fucked up from it. But on the other hand I was thinking; if I’m secretly fucked up from this, it wouldn’t even make sense. It wasn’t even as bad as it could have been. It wasn’t even that big of deal.

But somehow, I still felt isolated by what happened. And I felt
even more isolated because I didn’t know how to feel. I didn’t know where the cut was. I just knew it was there.

Sometimes, I feared it wasn’t bad enough to talk about. I didn’t want to be the punch line; I didn’t want to be the girl who cried paper cut. If it didn’t hurt that bad, why would I say anything at all? I was afraid of being put under a microscope; being dissected. How can it not hurt? It has to hurt, doesn’t it? Other times, I feared it being as bad as it was. I was scared that if I looked close enough, maybe it really did hurt.

I told myself these are the things I feared the most. But now I realize, it wasn’t the possibility of pain that I was afraid of. I was really afraid that if I talked about what happened, it’s who I would become. I was afraid it’s all I ever would be. Not good enough to fit the symptoms, but enough to fit the stigma. I wasn’t scared to tell my story. I was scared the world would tell me mine.

I had a gun put to my head when I least expected it. I was blind sighted. I was violated. I was trespassed on. And in that moment, it was horrifying. At that point in time, I was struck. But just because it doesn’t hurt anymore or in the same way, it doesn’t mean it didn’t happen. Just because it doesn’t hurt, it doesn’t mean it doesn’t matter.

We are told that some stories are more important than others. Thousands of stories are sent back to writers every year. Not good enough. Not crazy enough. Too long. Too short. Too simple. It won’t sell. It doesn’t fit. It doesn’t make sense. It doesn’t matter.

They’ve heard it before, or they don’t want to hear it all. They ask: Will it make headlines? Do people want to read it? Do enough people want to read it? Is it prominent enough to fit on the pages of our lives somewhere—or anyone else’s for that matter? Sorry, your story hasn’t been chosen for this issue. Try next month. But what if that story has something important to say? What if it holds something someone wants to hear, or needs to hear?

We are told that some stories are more important than others. And maybe that’s true. But as the editors of our lives, we are the ones who assign its place in the paper. We assign its meaning. Paper cuts don’t belong at the doctor’s office. But they belong somewhere.
I have this memory.

I can hear the bath water running. I see the silvery light down the hallway, peeking out from under the bathroom door. Their small two-story home at the end of the Sylvan Court cul-de-sac scares me at night. The voice of the news anchor on television carries over from where Papa sits on the couch.

Mama is taking a bath. It is a nightly ritual. She showers in the morning and takes a bath with rich smelling aromas of moisturizing lotions she buys at Bath and Body Works. The goodies in the bathroom cabinet amaze me. So many scents and gels and washes gleam like a different universe in front of my eyes. I want my bathroom to look just like this when I’m older, I think to myself.

The smells wafting down the hall remind me of when she lets me sample particular lotions of her choice. When she squeezes a droplet into my hands, I can’t help but feel like a princess. My mind flies with excited chatter: will this one be rose scented? Or lilac? They’re all so pretty. I run around the house smelling my hands over and over while feeling the touch of my newly soft skin.

I have this moment.

She opens a drawer in her room and takes out one of those perfume samples you find in magazine ads. She says it keeps the clothes smelling fresh, and offers for me to smell the thick paper she carefully tore out of one of her gossip rags earlier in the week.

I have this memory.

It smells like flowers and elegance and Mama.

She paces the length of the kitchen and the living room; her osteoporosis pill instructs she cannot sit for thirty minutes after taking it in the morning.

Mama eventually sits at the head of the table with a pillow between her back and the chair. Her thin arms bring the spoon to her mouth as she eats a minimal amount, but the two others and myself must eat every last spoonful. I remember the taste of the oatmeal as bland. I was never a fan of nutritious food. Mama tells Papa to put cinnamon on my oatmeal and he immediately obliges. I eat it even though I prefer it without.

I remember her asking what kind of cereal we like one time, presumably because the young me made a fit about not having what I wanted there. Still, these moments around the wood trim and teal-colored table stick out in my mind with a strong presence of her flowing throughout. Wisps of her touch thoughts and invade memories of this two-story home on Sylvan Court. I have this strong example.
She is outspoken. She is loud when her emotions are lit. Her eyebrows will draw together, a wrinkle forming between them. Her mouth then drops open in astonishment; this facial expression is her signature. It could instill the upmost chilling fear in me. When this expression comes out, you know you messed up. While terrifying, when it isn’t aimed at you it’s comical because you know someone is about to get it.

While not always favorable, her beliefs are always spoken from lips shaped with good intention.

Neat and protective and fiery and opinionated—yeah, that’s my Grandma.

I have this sense of wistfulness.

With cooking supplies and a stainless steel oven, she is unstoppable. No one would dare enter her territory until she finishes the eight different meal options for three people. No food is too much, and I am filled with a yearning for the smell of her cooking turkey to permeate the house. But instead, the house consists of family making due without the lion in the lion’s den. Instead of festive china filled with her hours of cooking, I have a paper plate on the holidays sprinkled with food that was not cooked by her.

I have these memories.

I can hear her slight Spanish accent wrapping around my name in her strong tone. I have a voicemail from her saved on my phone three years later, to hear her voice speaking words that propel me back to a time when things were normal.

I can feel the love from her as she turns her gaze to me with attention, sitting next to me on the deck in their Toms River house, or on the edge of the pool at my eighth birthday party at my childhood home in Jackson, or in the comfy rocking chair in her new house on the water of Bayville that felt more like home than any other place her and Papa have lived in the nineteen years I have been with them.

I can see her glassy, dull eyes unfocused but staring somewhere around the blur I must be to her. Her vacant eyes a mirror to the space in my chest. The hospital equipment surrounds us as I lightly squeeze her hand and she feebly grips back.

I have these photos.

Photos of her holding me at my baptism, of her at her 50th anniversary party in her floor-length beige gown with Papa’s arms twirling her around, and one of that time we were surprising her at work with the new car Uncle Hector bought her and she kept screaming and screaming in shock, and of us with Mom and Papa at my high school graduation where she hugged me tight and told me how proud she was.

I have these scenes.

Memories of sitting in the backseat of the car as Papa drives us to church, and she shows me the new ring he bought her with its diamonds shining when the sun hits it just right. The little me creating a meaning and telling her how each stone represents a person in our family.

I have these memories of her showing me her red nail polish fresh from her go-to salon and how she felt young with the vibrancy of the color, waiting for me after my dance recital and telling me I’m too young to wear red lipstick (“but it’s a special event and Mom told me I could!” I argue), closing her eyes for a prayer before the impressive holiday dinner she cooked, coming over to watch me get ready for senior prom, and inquiring about my love life in a prying tone as Grandmothers oft do.

I have the name Cecilia imprinted on a gold necklace draped across her photo on my nightstand.

I have her ring as it clings to my finger, permanently creasing the skin around it. The diamond catches in the light when I move, forever reminding me of her presence beside me.

I have the moments Papa wordlessly puts out his hand, and the kiss he always places upon it.

I have all of these things...

But I do not have her.
Blue Ridge and
the Big Baby
Dominique Marmolejo

E .................................................. and D major
B .................................................. were G
G .................................................. and I stayed up all night ...................................... were so
D .................................................. you taught me ........................................ and you
A .................................................. dissecting them into song ............................................
E .................................................. proud.

E You would show me .................................................. you'd play ........................................
B .................................................. when .................................................................
G .................................................. the standard kitchen licks ........................................... I liked it better ........................................
D .................................................. and they'd stick .......................................... for us ........................................
A .................................................. but .................................................................
E .................................................. sing.

E .................................................. and I would ........................................
B .................................................. fill .................................................................
G .................................................. and the ...........................................................
D .................................................. I liked it better ........................................................
A .................................................. the .................................................................
E .................................................. the .................................................................

E .................................................. my .................................................................
B .................................................. underneath ...........................................................
G .................................................. would smile ........................................................
D .................................................. "Well what do you need me for?"
A .................................................. and say ...........................................................
E .................................................. and I would ...........................................................

E .................................................. my hands ...........................................................
B .................................................. were .................................................................
G .................................................. too .................................................................
D .................................................. the next ..............................................................
A .................................................. for you to play ...........................................................
E .................................................. bar chords ...........................................................

21
Logic will get you from A to Z, imagination will get you everywhere. I draw, paint, print, photograph, collage, sculpt, and experiment with various types of media all in the name of design. Graphic Design is my specialty. It sets me free from traditional societal bonds and takes me to a place unimaginable. My ideas can be cultivated from nature, past work, other people, music, sounds, and smells; basically anything. Creating something out of thin air is easy, it’s finding the air that’s hard.

Design is not just what it looks and feels like; design is how it works. My art is centered around creating pieces of artistic information that communicate certain ideas and feelings to other people; for example, logos, book covers, posters, brochures, signs, etc. I create these things in a way that express visually what the client is trying to say to the world. My goal is to not only represent the brand but also make the viewer understand and emotionally grasp what is being presented to them. Emotional responses are memorable responses.

I’m a firm believer in the statement that “Good design is as little design as possible.” I try to communicate through my work in a clear, precise way that doesn’t provoke confusion but rather evokes a certain unfaltering response from the majority of the people in my target audience. Effective communication, creativity, and artistic flair are what I’m all about.
I remember how you stood.
Your soft unity and rest
among a garden
of gentle grass
and sun-warmed soil.

Winter tree.
Your lovely bloom
of jade and chestnut,
that luscious, still splendor
puff and pomp,
is lying dead.
Tossed about
cold clay and slush.
Jutting forth from a dismal
your withered auburn
cracks under foot and ice.

I see you plain.
How the air shivers you.
Your naked network
of extended branch.
Stiff arthritic fingers.
Bent twisted yet
just as you were.
Unadorned. Stripped bare.
Discomfort
as rodents scratch your bark
and bury your droppings.

Your crown
a nest of stale grass and hair.
A tangled agreement
as a chickadee rests
puffed and still.
Not one note caught
in slow-moaning winds.

How the chill paints you.
A crooked frame
among harsh colors.
Until you bloom again.
You still-beating skeleton.
Opposing Foxes (Digital Art) Kaylan Wood
Opposing Foxes [Reversed] (Digital Art) Kaylan Wood
Is This Seat Taken? (Photography) Wes Horne
I used to fear falling
into the New York City train
tracks, like they'd
somehow fold into me,
DNA helixes twisting
around my juvenile frame—
delight in coiling
my twelve-year-old body.
Braiding scarred metal
into my hip-length hair
in the aorta that the subway tunnels
are.

I thought the Eighth Avenue tracks
would uproot from the dusty filth,
electric wires buzzing
against my chest, my toes, my
eyelashes, like a snake that still writhes
after death,
These tracks make a serpent of me too,
as I'm squirming inside the helixes
that wrench sweat from my pores
spindling until my twitches take a bow.
Pointing with your finger, that used to be a seed, a cluster of life so indifferent to muscle memory, to learned, light switch memory in which the darkness of your pigment subdues you to dimming up a room.

Pointing at dolls. Figuring their plastic against the blanket of your skin in a sphere that needles: whiteness into your elementary school body: bleaches your I-love-hopscotch and tic-tac-toe spirit.

Sews you up by machine, ribboning "sense" into you-Sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell and inferiority. Packages you into subordination, a quilted misfit in the stitching of your own skin.

Learning multiplication and what it means to be the doll less than. Learning geometric shapes, how you may flex into them A reflex of learned, light switch memory.

Black babies born with pink and blue blankets, scalding brown plastic drizzled into doll factory molds, set, and peeled into nakedness. Heartbeat dolls pulsing to the stitch of white sewing machines.

Healing through veiling the body's largest organ, And through veiling; dimming up a room.
Cry for Help (Pen and Ink) Rachel McCroddan
Every word that escapes through your teeth
is its own little poem.
I wonder if you’ve ever said my name out loud
when you’re alone
just to see if it sounds better when it trips over your lips.
Or am I balanced precariously on the tip of your tongue
like all the other words that only become lost
when you desperately need them?

I want the syllables of my name to weave
like ivy through your ribs
and I hope the breath you use to wonder about me
is the one that shakes the dust off of your body
and awakens you to take up the pen
between finger and thumb
snug as a gun
and write about me as I, you.

Every word that escapes through your teeth
is its own little poem,
and I wish you would speak volumes
of me.
Bottom of the Glass (Photography) Maddy Williams
I want to go to school and not have to worry about where I would hide if someone came with a gun (I know where I would go the locked door with the code I know).

I want my brother to go to school and never have it enter his mind that someone would come hurt him (He sees it on the news).

I want my sister to go to school and not have drills, before which the teacher tells her: “We’re supposed to hide, but if someone comes in this room, we’re taking him out together” (She agreed with her).

I want the most violent thing to happen in a school to be football practice.

I want this country to be free of the lies and propaganda that make people believe that someone wants to take your gun (No one wants your gun they want your money don’t give them your money).

I want to not want a gun. I want to feel like my existence as a human and the compassion that should accompany my existence is enough to prevent my death.

I want to not worry whether I would be a coward and hide (and live) or be brave (and die). (I do not think I would be brave).

I want the bimonthly pang of grief and fury and paranoia to never visit me again, when I hear that people have died in double digits (in single digits) (at all).

I want to deny that there is a metric for how much I should feel or care about a school shooting (There is. It's: “Is it worse than Tech?”).

I want to smother the violent impulses in anyone (in myself) with love, grace, trust, and help.

I want a celebration. I want a party when someone asks for help.

I never want another prayer vigil for someone I know but didn't know.

I want the group to care about the individual. I want us to be methodologically individualist in our love and sympathy.

I never want to write something like this again.
They say that when a phoenix dies
A newborn rises from the ashes, carrying
Hope on its virgin wings.
But the night I was burning
There was nothing optimistic about the sense
That everything making me whole
Was melting away.

‘Another door opens when the first one closes’
Is another sour cliché
Meant to soothe the weary soul.
But they never said how I’d still spend years
Pulling on the locked door’s rusty handle
Begging for God to open it.
Or how, when I finally turned my back
The dark, gnarled wood seemed to be laughing.

And even if the old adage states that
Time heals all wounds
Then Time must only be a thin cotton bandage
Preventing infection from settling in
But leaving scars that I can’t wish away
No matter how hard I try.

The words written to soothe life’s pains
Smudge and smear against my reality
And my failures are not as pretty
As poetry has endeavored to make them.

But
I have decided that I am
Not content with burning
And I will not wait for doors
To open and close before me
And I will not
Press Time against my skin and
Hope that it heals.

Smoldering wings will unfold
feathers falling like bits of charred paper
and I will claw against the door
spitting curses that glimmer in Time’s light
screaming my hopes, numerous as the bars of a cage
until my soul has stopped smoking.

Fire is not beautiful.
Pain is not exquisite.
And you will never know it better than the moment I finally fly away.
Lights of Life (Watercolor) Brooke Sullivan
Beyond the tall and curtain-flanked windows is a scene the young boy observes every morning from his room in Cork. A forked intersection: half a dozen streetlights, four pedestrian crosses, and faded white lines worn down in their attempts to enforce order. Buzzing motorcycle engines and abrupt honks ring out at night, but in the mornings, the cool, soaring rush of passing cars soothes him. On this morning he witnesses an effort that fascinates him. A struggle that he finds difficult to watch, though it's impossible to ignore.

Washington Street is the long road that leads from the suburban housing into town, and from his position the boy sees a strip of about fifty meters. Across the way, two homes - one mustard, the other half brown - stand nonchalantly alongside the busy road. Along the far-side walkway below the homes walks an old man. He comes into view from behind the mustard building adorned with a sapphire Guinness clock, all the way from the left of the boy's view. The old man's short-sleeve button-up, white and crisp, fits handsomely over slender shoulders and an unobtrusive stomach. But his spine rounds over, and his legs seem withered under khakis that bag and wrinkle, particularly at the cuffs. It is his gait, however, that locks the boy's eyes to the window.

The old man shuffles warily - left foot step, right leg forward, momentary pause. It continues consistently, always as it was before. His head never turns, never drops. The old man's eyes bolt straight ahead. Never does the pace change. Left foot step, right leg forward, pause. He looks to have been doing this for a ways now and gives no indication that his destination is close. Left, right, stop. He moves incredibly slowly, not sloth-like but jerky with caution. Three quarters of the way into the boy's view stands a crosswalk light. The old man draws the left, pulls the right, and stops. In the moment it seems that he has finally reached where he aimed to go, that he has done it, that he has completed his journey, so laborious and purposeful. But instead, with no hesitation, he continues. The sequence renews, over and again.

Surely he realizes this, thinks the boy. Surely, as younger men pass him by, surely he remembers a time when he too walked along fluidly, when trips to the town's center came without worries of injury or fatigue. Perhaps the old man is too proud for a cane. In his mind he remains young, or at least younger, and he doesn't need to be propped up to make it down the sidewalk. The question springs up in the boy's mind: does he think of how far he's come, the distance he's travelled from where he started? Or is it what remains, the empty space up ahead that he must pass through to reach his destination? He steps and stops and steps again. Just past the half-brown house marks the boundary of the boy's vision. With the same terrifying slowness the old man fades out of view, beyond the other side of the window's edge.
Lee County (Oil Painting) Rebecca Hurt
I was going out for my morning jog  
When a wayward driver struck me from behind.

Kind of like Stephen King.

Anyway, I was caput and all that was left of me  
Were a couple of poems I wrote in my  
Private notebooks.

My family found the poems while looking through  
My life and decided to publish them.

People unaccustomed to reading thought they were great.  
They blew up. Soaring popularity. I was a sensation.

It’s a great story. Dead boy undiscovered genius  
The poet of our generation lost before his time.

People who read poems and criticize them for a  
Living steer clear of the bandwagon.

They aren’t afraid to tell the truth and they  
Proclaim (loudly) how far my writing is from Great.

Suddenly, the popular opinion swings.

Now everyone has read my personal journal  
And everyone hates it.

I’m some kind of poser because I tried to  
Pass my little hobby off as art.

Fuck me.
Above: Remember in Praha, Astro
(Photography)
Opposite: Remember in Praha, Charles
(Photography)

Jorge Escobar
This past summer I had the opportunity to travel to Prague in Eastern Europe as part of a photography study abroad. My time there I can only describe as being crazy, hectic, and unreal all in one. It was my first time abroad so I had so many emotions and so many experiences that will always be with me, however, once I returned to the United States to build my portfolio I ended up feeling lost as I began to realize how much of a whirlwind my time abroad was. I was beginning to feel like my memories there were hazy and honestly really hard to fully grasp. I did so much in the two weeks that I was there that I began to feel like I really never got the chance to sit back and realize where I was. Once I came back to the U.S., my memories came to me in flashes and fragments. With that as my inspiration I decided to visually interpret these memories the way I remember them. I developed all of my photos in the darkroom and applied the developer with a spray bottle as opposed to completely submerging the print in the chemical. This application created an abstracted image with only part of the image being visible which mirrors my own memories of the city. The series as a whole mirrors the abstract concept of memory and how some life events can come and go in flashes and fragments with the memory not always appearing in one piece.
So the Lamb began to follow the Wolf in the Sheep's Clothing, and in leading the Lamb a little apart, he soon made a meal of her, and for some time he succeeded in deceiving the sheep, and enjoying hearty meals."

The Hunter's children, huddled together on the floor as he told them the story, shook with bulging wide eyes. "Not the Lamb!" they exclaimed.

"Yes, the Lamb!" he shouted back in jest. "So beware the Wolf, or he may eat you up too!" The Hunter dropped the weary, leather-bound book to the ground and raised a 'clawed' hand, snarling at them, "Beware, Beware!"

The children shrieked and started off, running away with fits of screamed giggling. The Hunter chased them into their bed, shut up tight with sheets over their heads. He smiled, and blew out the candles at the nightstand before shutting the door, letting them tire themselves to sleep. His wife, cloaked in her robe, walked out from their bedroom, yawning.

"Must you tell such stories? Frights like that cannot be good for them before bedtime."

"It's all in good fun, sweet. Besides, that silly little children's tale has given me an idea."

She looked at him quizzically, "What kind of...? Oh, please don't tell me you're on about those wolves again, you know there's no getting rid of them entirely."

"But perhaps," he lifted a finger, pointing to the single wolf's skin hanging above the tiny fireplace; his most prized trophy, "Perhaps I could act as the Wolf did in the story, and get rid of that pack from the inside. You know how our chickens and pigs have been reduced by them. We need to do something."

Despite his wife's protests, the next day after giving his daily goodbyes, the Hunter left for the forest, clothed in the wolf pelt. After walking a certain distance, he began to crawl on his knees, rifle strapped to his chest and hunting knife in his hand.

The hollowed out wolf's head fit perfectly over his own, and he peered out of its sockets and he hunted. He crawled on all fours for hours on end, feeling more and more hopeless, until he came across something he had never seen before. The mossy, half earth covered entrance to a descending cave. Out of the blackness inside of it, glowing eyes appeared, stalking his movement. The Hunter was about to get up and flee, fearing the worst, when it was the wolves who came out of the cave. He held his breath a moment, unsure of what to do next.

There were many more than he had thought. Some looked not much older than that whose pelt he wore, and others seemed to be only pups, if not already growing into adulthood. The elders circled the Hunter, analyzing, creating a barrier between him and the young. Some began to growl with fear and confusion, the scent of human and one of their fallen mixed into every breath. One of the pups slipped through the shield and bounded up to him, growling almost playfully. The Hunter sank his chest to the ground, the muzzle of the wolf's pelt brushing the pup's head. It nuzzled the pelt and emitted little barks and howls. Seeing the pup's sense of safety, the other wolves calmed and all swung their head back in a joyous howl, for one of their lost had returned.

The Hunter, seizing his chance, rose to his full height and fired his rifle at the closest wolf, the shot hitting it dead in the chest. The howling abruptly stopped, all stunned as a guttural moan escaped through the dying wolf's lips. The Hunter fired off another shot to a second victim, and by then the wolves knew the trick. The pup at his feet scampered away with the rest of the young back into the cave. The circle leapt forward, claws and fangs at the ready. The Hunter dropped his rifle and swung with his knife at one of them, catching his throat with the blade.

But still there were too many. He was overpowered, brought to his knees as the wolves tore at his muscle and fat, his sinews ripped from his bone. His eyes glazed over at the sky, no longer able to scream as a single thought passed. "And for some time the Wolf succeeded in deceiving the sheep. But only for some time."
TYPE & COLOR
BLUE & PINK
Everything is created, lives, and wanes
Comes and goes in waves
All living matter a unique entity
With its own distinct energy
Life cycles at different paces
Energy radiating like the sun
Beating down on our faces
   All is one
   It beams
Hopefully we as human beings
Blessed with the gift of awareness
Beam with positivity as the sun does
Incorporating this energy in our essence
   Our species holds a lot of power
   Industrializing Mother Earth
   Whose culture respects the Earth
   We can alter
Imperialism and assimilation of natives
Capitalism of agriculture turned to industrialization
Indigenous ways put aside for nations
Often corrupt with money and greed
Pure love and awareness does not dictate their deeds
   Through our eyes we can see the entire universe
It is the ultimate paradox,
That an artist will face,
The wish to close himself off,
To write about this place.

The painter will climb the windswept hill,
To paint the village far below,
Yet in truth, there is more of life to be found,
In the hustle and bustle banter of the town.

We artists do not like the noise and chaos,
It distracts, it confounds, it depraves us,
Out there is the true essence of existence,
Beyond the commonplace, beyond the masses,
On the deserted shores, the secluded mountains.

The poet will trek deep into the forest,
To capture that feeling that runs deepest,
Far from the one that drives him,
To hang upon her every whim.

Perhaps we must escape and center ourselves,
To what passions burn within our souls,
For Beethoven, who took solace in the trees,
And spent among the singing birds hours untold,
Wrote nine great symphonies.
Design Index

The names and numbers listed below are the designers of each set of pages. These staff members created the layout of these pages, but not the content.

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farewell
“Gardyloo” (one word) was originally used as a warning cry by chambermaids as they threw the contents of their chamber pots into the street. It might have come from the French garde à l’eau which means look out for the water.

Why did editors of the past pick it as their magazine name? We have no idea. But we like to think that it reminds us to keep looking up.