gardyloo
literature & arts magazine
volume twenty-three issue one
The first gardyloo was published in 1996.

It’s as old as a lot of our staff, and we like to think that it’s growing along with us.
Editor-in-Chief Kathryn Walker
Designing Editor Aereen Lapuz
Managing Editor Evan Nicholls
Assistant Design Editor Katja Wisch
Public Relations Manager Isabella Lassiter
Events Manager Matthew Blackburn

Art Committee Head Isabella Lassiter
Literature Committee Head Kelsey Brooks
Literature Committee Head Matthew Blackburn

Literature Committee
- Henry Ford VI
- Jonah Howells
- Alison Frye
- Maegan Fort
- Sam Rusnak
- Taylor DeRossett
- Avery Bledsoe
- Meghan Muldoon
- Dylan Kellum

Art Committee
- Jonah Howells
- Aly Coppage
- Sam Rusnak
- Taylor DeRossett
- Avery Bledsoe
- Tori Sandelli
- Truman Deree
- Madison Everett
- Kira Spencer
- Katja Wisch
- Aereen Lapuz

Design Committee
- Isabella Lassiter
- Katja Wisch
- Aereen Lapuz
- Kira Spencer
- Kathryn Walker
- Matthew Blackburn

Copy-Editing Committee
- Kathryn Walker
- Evan Nicholls
- Jonah Howells

Special Thanks to
- Paul Bogard (Advisor)
- Rose Gray
- JMU Media Board
- College of Arts & Letters

This issue of Gardy Loo was created by staff members, using InDesign. The body font is Avenir Next and the title fonts are Caviar Dreams and Klinik Slab. The endmark is in Wingdings. Gardy Loo is printed using McClung Companies in Waynesboro, Virginia. Submissions were accepted from any JMU undergraduate and chosen by staff members using a blind voting process. Students were limited to three pieces published per issue. Staff members were limited to two pieces published per issue.
Art
Literature

2. 
Unit 104, McLean, Virginia
Nico Penaranda

4. 
She smiles like a lemon but I bet her heart's a strawberry.
Matthew Blackburn

5. 
A Snail's Pace
Eliza Dailey

8. 
Slow Exit
Evan Nicholls

10. 
Map Routes
Keith C. Williams

12. 
And Now a Word from Our Sponsors
Kaitlyn Bridgeforth

14. 
How to Summon a Ghost
Keith C. Williams

16. 
What We Tell The Architect, And The Foreman, And The Bank
Evan Nicholls

17. 
Anniversary
Taylor DeRossett

20. 
I have a bad idea of what love is.
Matthew Blackburn

23. 
Posh Pop
Corrine Dowell

26. 
Lukewarm Coffee
Tuck McFarlane

28. 
For My Guitarist Outside Chinatown Metro
Nico Penaranda

29. 
That One Scene
Jesse Wright

31. 
June Cat
Evan Nicholls
Promises
Lauren Ferry

33. 
I Speak for She
Taylor DeRossett

35. 
Piper L.
Tuck McFarlane

38. 
Living Space
Tuck McFarlane
Five In The Morning (Film Photography) | Isabella Lassiter
The sun sets to the beat
of Daniel the bucket drummer.
Each night, he summons the moon
and the change from your pocket.

Outside Union Station,
Eddie, who owns the street corner, sells
flowers. He hollers
your name.

On a granite bench underground,
Rob, the homeless man, sleeps
next to you. He breathes
slowly.

At the last station,
Jen, who cleans the tracks,
wakes you up
because you should be home
by now.

Outside unit 104,
your mom calls you.
“When will you be home?”

And you’re not sure if
you ever will.
She smiles like a lemon but I bet her heart’s a strawberry.

And that scares me because she smiles like when I kiss her I’ll have to pull away, a baby biting into his first lemon at a big family dinner.

She’s bright like a postcard of shoreline lilies kissing the sea, a model on a beachfront ad, next to a house with a happy mom and dad enjoying a family getaway two houses down from our clan’s drunken stupor in the hotel pool with cheap beer and no liquor, and I don’t see how these pieces fit together without enough money for glue.

But she talks like a strawberry and it’s lovely.

Maybe if I can throw in a little sugar and water and give myself time to stir she’ll go from sour to sweet and turn out like lemonade in late spring. I’m not sure.

I’m just really stuck on strawberries. The way they sparkle in the rain and how they’re silently sweet.

Lemons yell from the center of the room in a bowl in front of everyone, and you hide strawberries in the fridge for the end of a long day when you just need a soft, sugary peck before another week full of wrecks.

But maybe she’ll taste like both and we can just splash some liquor in and have a nice, fruity romance.

I could be totally wrong and she does have something sweet hidden under that perfect face and powerful taste. And we can share strawberries talking at the foot of her bed. And I’ll try to eat more lemons in the middle of parties.
A Snail’s Pace

Eliza Dailey

Papaw liked me because I was slow, just like him. Sometimes he’d make the twelve-hour trip from Momma’s old home—a place she affectionately called “Bum-Fuck Nowhere, Southern Illinois”—to our house near Washington, D.C. He always drove because he hated to fly. I think a man who spent the better part of sixty years working the earth wouldn’t like to spend much time away from it. I didn’t like to fly either.

Papaw was big and round and loud and happy, with eyes that glittered behind a pair of thick glasses. The hair he had left on the sides of his head was snowy white, and he was all bald on the top. His belly spilled out over his belt, and they told me that when I was really little, I used to hug him around the thigh and couldn’t touch my hands together around the other side. I liked his big belly, so I used to stand next to him and stick mine waaaaay out, just like him.

He came one year in the Spring, maybe around Easter. He pulled up in his old truck with no seatbelts, polka music streaming from the speakers, with a load of wood in the back for us. “Tree fell down. Had to take matters into my own hands,” he said, clapping Dad on the back with a big sausage hand. He laughed like thunder. Like the kickdrum on the cassette tape he brought on every road trip. I liked his laugh, so I laughed too.

He came to church with us on Sunday. He never liked to dress up, but on Sundays he put on slacks and a collared shirt. Momma said he’d never seen him in a tie, not even at her or her sisters’ weddings. I didn’t like to dress up either. My Sunday dresses were always itchy. Momma always wanted to brush through my hair and put pins in it, so she’d tear through my tangled curls and try to arrange them prettily on my head. I’d scream and cry, and my hair refused to stay put anyhow, so at some point or another she’d give up, happy that at least my fingernails were clean, my teeth brushed.

It was sunny and cool that morning, so Momma said we were walking to church. She, Dad, and my brother walked their normal pace, which they said was everybody’s normal pace. They always said I was too slow. I thought they were just too fast.

Papaw walked slow, too. Just like me. He waddled down our driveway, taking his time with his old knees and bad back. I waddled beside him, shifting my whole body back and forth the way I saw him do it. Like a big ol’ grandpappy duck and his frizzy-haired duckling. I held onto his pinky finger as we went, since his whole hand would have swallowed mine up if I’d taken that. “Oh, why thank ya, miss,” he said, dipping his head down low to me.

I don’t remember what else he said to me, or to him, but I remember his booming voice as he sang at church, with the volume and pitch of a fog horn. I remember him praying for us before dinner and hugging me before I went to sleep. A few days later, he lumbered back into his truck, emptied of firewood, and drove off with no seatbelt and the polka music pouring over old speakers.

The next Sunday I waddled to church while my family walked ahead. Momma stopped at the corner and turned around. Told me to hurry up.
Low Tide (Oil on Canvas) Becky Wild
Old donkey puttering
by the dry flower bed.

When I die, I shall give
my breath a slow exit.

My body will lie like
paper on a trash fire.

My jaw like a rickshaw
left broken in the road.

What other way does
anyone pass but slow?

Basketless old donkey
puttering on flowers.
Map Routes

Keith C. Williams

We lie in the night air.
The silver disc has not
yet slid to send its glow
through the open window.
Time itself is drowsy,
and so are you; your hair
messy like the bed sheet
that barely covers us.
I listen to your breath,
steady and full. You drift
to sleep; the moon drifts too,
a spotlight on your back.
I trace, like a map route,
your towns, your holes from pins
that hint at completed
or abandoned travel;
your freckles—no matter
how they embarrass you—
excite me. I plot paths
on you to take with you.
Only these interludes
let me stop being so
endlessly lost.

This time,
this one time, please—I touch
a finger to your skin—
let the morning be what
can’t find its way, not me.
A Modest Enquiry
Into the Nature of
Witchcraft,
I rummaged through the depths of my being
to unearth my purpose.
As the light faded, I dragged it along the gravel of my mind.
An amateur grave robber, ashamed of the lifeless vessel in her hands,
deafened by a sudden ringing in her ears,
otherwise known as:
“Advice.”

Mindlessly misinterpreted as:
“Add vice.”

And the spirits so subtly inquired,
“Who are you if you are not of substance?”
They poured into me, filling hollowed-out spaces,
intoxicating me with faith in a life after death;
a life with purpose.

I was blissfully unaware of possession.

The spirits soon haunted me, followed me, resided in me until
I prayed to rest in peace of mind, burrowing barehanded in the soil.
With no end in sight to suffering, gasping six feet beneath the surface,
I rang the bell, hell-bent on exorcism.
Shaken to the bones I could not recognize, the spirits echoed over me,
“Who are you if you are not of substance?”

I clawed towards the light of the moon,
howling, “I am a friend of Bill.”
Instead of some incense, spray her perfume,
one of many bottles left on the shelf:
the striking and smooth Chanel No. 5
that you once could smell from another room.

Post-shower decisions on what to wear:
put on a vestment of her favored color,
a red plaid flannel she would commend,
but it hurts to pretend her voice is there.

Prepare the garden, make hallow the loam,
getting dark brown soil on your hands and knees.
Picking tomatoes and snapping green beans
like the child you were when she made this home.

Maybe I Love Lucy on her behalf;
dialogue mimed as genuine prayer
to counter troubles with timeless humor,
but how are you now expected to laugh?

In some old photos, you see her again:
those round cheek bones and a reluctant smile.
You trace her image as your sight then blurs
and swear you will never forget. Amen.

How to Summon a Ghost

Keith C. Williams
What We Tell
The Architect,
And The Foreman,
And The Bank
Evan Nicholls

Big wooden doors.
Big wooden walls.
Big wooden table.

A flower garden.
Sunflowers in the flower garden.
Silk Roads in the flower garden.
Honeysuckle in the flower garden.

A vegetable garden—
asparagus, cucumbers, potato tubers.
Tea leaves and a small crop of barley.

A dogwood tree.

And inside,
we need the doors to be a dark crayon green,
we need the kitchen cabinets to be a dark crayon green,
we need all of the knobs that you can get in a dark crayon green
to be a dark crayon green.

Bookshelves too,
in the downstairs study
and flanking the fireplace.
Also a painting painted by Jane's
mother over the mantelpiece, although
I do not know what the scene should be.
But we need a window like a painting in the bedroom.

A window looking down the hillside of the field at the
weak spot in the fence where we first trespassed onto
our lives from—here, where I am pressing with both
pointer fingers, one on the county zoning map and the
other onto my chest, 21 year old lot, the place we snuck
into one night and found a chimney all alone in a pasture
too impossible to leave behind.

A mud room and a coat rack.

We need a Hannya mask hanging in the foyer—
There should not be any rooms for bad spirits.
Only space enough for three children, 100 grandchildren,
twenty-odd bassett hounds, and also some chickens.
I'm sitting in my car,  
hands braced against the steering wheel,  
fingers thrumming to Led Zeppelin  
as I wait for the light to turn green.  
There's a hotel beside me,  
and on the corner, a restaurant  
with low lit lanterns,  
wooden tables,  
and yellow paper napkins.  
A man and a woman are sitting there  
at one of the tables.  
They aren't facing each other,  
oh, the man,  
brunet, in a cashmere sweater  
is cupping his phone in both hands,  
his body bent forward,  
hunched before it  
like he's praying.  
And the woman,  
blonde hair gathered in a tight ponytail,  
she's not looking at her phone,  
she's not looking at the man.  
Her body is turned away from him,  
knees pointing outward from the table,  
feet crossed at the ankles,  
her hands on her lap and twisting her blouse,  
staring out the window,  
back at me.  
The light turns green.
Glow (Digital Painting) Noah Peloquin
I have a **bad idea of what love is.**

Matthew Blackburn

You took me to two places
when we were together;
a church
and a gas station.
The church was empty, long abandoned.
The gas station was desolate from the rain
drizzling in the soft dark.
At the church,
you parked in the back, in the trees,
because you wanted me to see
a skeleton of religion
you didn’t believe in.
You threw branches on your car
that scratched against the metal
colored like poor man’s gold.
And we walked through the back,
through the absence of doors,
into a time capsule from that period
where you said music soared,
and it smelled just like the rest of your town—
a trailer park of tombstones and whores.
You led me up,
rotting white stairs
to an entire floor of cracked panels
and faulty wooden beams
that extended over the hall of prayer.
You were lighting a cigarette
and running across the planks,
no fear present in your steps,
even when the wood would shake.
You were brave
and I wanted to be brave.
And you were right there,
everything I needed to see,
standing on an island of ceiling
that refused to fall
like the old houses in your town,
damaged and peeling.

You had to be the toughest thing I’d ever seen,
5’5”, blonde, and angry.
I kissed you—
on the island,
in the car,
and on your bed.
Then time passed
and another night we stopped for gas
after you got done driving around
and painting your world for me
on canvases of cheap sheets.
And I know it’s inconsequential now,
but I almost pulled you through the window
when you put me out in the rain
to fill up your tank.
It was sprinkling, it was cold,
and everything around us
had this faux sunlight glow
from the streetlights
in the aftermath of winter’s snow.
Any other romance’s climactic scene
would be in a downpour on the street
in a town with less trash
and better lighting.
But you leaned out the window,
taunting me like you do,
and, again, I kissed you.
And you smiled.
And I got back in.
And you took me home.
Then time passed—
I never saw you again.
Sometimes, art is more than just one piece.

Visit our blog to see an amazing art series.

jmuGardyLoo.org/blog

Top left: Orchid (Champlevé Enameled Copper Plates) Rebecca Sullivan
Center: Wildflower (Champlevé Enameled Copper Plates) Rebecca Sullivan
Right: Peony (Champlevé Enameled Copper Plates) Rebecca Sullivan
Posh POP

Corrine Dowell

Dandelion is strong in tea, almost intolerable to the taste buds. Burdock, the single taste somewhat unknown but perhaps a similar root. Together, carbonated, served in a bottle with the top freshly popped. That is a simple and pure combination, curbed only by a sudden spark of fiery contempt which turns the light, sweet taste to a bitter coating, heavy on the tongue.
There is no seamless conclusion
but always somehow, quietly,
When you move off and come
it gets tossed into the wind,

It is easy to pick the moment
that things aren’t quite
The expression they
one you sat next to

He still has the same taste in books
and the leather shoes
It walks off slowly
but like the funeral

It is that cup of coffee
steamed in front of you,
Now it has sat in the ceramic
the painting of oil settled,
to how a friendship ends
it jumps off into the night.
back with a letter,
unanswered.

that you realize
like they used to be.
give you isn’t quite the same
at the coffee shop.

that you liked,
are still polished.
not like the joy after the wedding,
for your friend.

that at one point
an oil’s swirling and moving.
sitting on your desk,
lukewarm, walking away.
For my Guitarist
Outside Chinatown Metro

As the train shouts past,
you tap my tired frets like nerves praying for sunrise.

Our audience ignores us,
so you press a chord into my neck and I moan for change.

Four hours and forty cents later, your voice is shot and my strings are sawdust, but a boy stops at our stage, and he stares up at the dying stars in your eyes.

So you sing,
your throat tremors and your hand thrashes against my cage because you remember that he is all you are and will ever be,

a boy and a song.

Nico Penaranda
That
One
Scene
Jesse Wright

The movie of my life would have only one good scene—
that part where the viewer sees my potential clash with reality.

The colors should be near-nonexistent so that the viewer strains to see any brights at all among tired stains of brown and beige on whites turned grey, greys turned black.

This scene would start in the living room, pan from clock hands that tick without moving to stacked dishes stuffed behind a TV set that hasn’t been on in months, gathering dust.

In the background, our kitchen and the roaches within having parties on plates covered in mold under burnt out lights, laundry loads that sit in the stench of a broken machine and no food. Never any truly edible food.

In lieu of food, the house is littered with cans of the same shitty beer my mother survived on, cigarette butts stuffed inside and ashes spilling out to stain the carpet a dozen shades of dirty.

I’ll be knocked out cold and shivering on the couch, using laundry as a blanket because the blankets reek of this house and all its cat shit and spilled beer, and I’ll be wearing the same pair of jeans I’ve worn for weeks.

The director should have a black halo creeping in from offscreen, as if I am really dreaming, and nothing around me actually matters because the viewer needs to cling to a desperate hope that none of this matters and I can still wake up.

This scene has no climax, no payoff, and no solution. It has buildup, and buildup, and a continuous suspense because trauma has no conclusion or reward and, just like the viewer, I’m still waiting to see a peak.
JUNE CAT
Evan Nicholls

Knuckles of whiterock
snatching water by the tail:
slip away, season.

PROMISES
Lauren Ferry

I should have loved a bird instead.
When spring comes they fly,
steadfast, home again.
No lingering in the snow,
feeling deserving of the cold.
You fight every instinct in your bones.
I SPEAK

Murder of the Universe (Graphic Design) Baneboozle
My friend told me,
gripping his girlfriend’s forearms tightly,
“Stay away from him,
the boy with red plaid and sunglasses.”

Light flared on the rims of my glasses
as I leaned out of my date’s arms
to hear him better.
“My sister says
he raped a girl in high school.”

I looked at the boy.
He was holding a red solo cup in the air,
like a flag
or the center of a target.
And I don’t know what I expected.

For a man in kevlar
to burst into the room
and tackle him to the ground?

For the two girls
on his left and right
to kick the barstool
he’d leapt upon out from under him

and watch his teeth crack
on the concrete floor
my feet were stapled to?

For the ceiling to explode upward?
For the stars to fall from the sky
and the moon to paint
a flood beam on the boy
who was gyrating his hips
on that fucking barstool,
while he balanced his hand
on the head of the girl next to him?

But my ineffectual stares
only served to churn the bile
rioting in my stomach.
I handed my lukewarm beer to my date
and turned to the girl beside me.
The music was too loud,
so I had to shout.

“Stay away from him,” I told her,
putting a hand on her shoulder.
“the boy with the red plaid and sunglasses.
My friend says he’s a rapist.”
My car is named Pip.
When she ticks, hrms,
bites the clutch and dives into the
12-foot pool that is first gear
I move, and so does my heart.
Because I worry about Pip.
And I love Pip.
Blip blip, blip blip.
Pip, short for Piper, homages her last owner,
a middle-aged, overall-wearing woman who drove
her car as if to escape an apocalypse-tiered tornado.
As such,
Pip is not the A+ paper like that Acura my parents drive,
but she’ll rise and fall over textured hills, and I’ll slow
to a child’s tender hand-foot crawl for a speed bump.
And watch the moon dance in the sky with her.
I hope she’ll stay for a while.
I cannot decipher conversation in your head (oil, acrylic) Martha Hemingway
Sriracha bottle, dirty cap.
Almond butter, unopened.

*Michael Pollen - Cooked*
*Heart of Darkness*
*Rowing Faster*

Keyboard, glowing.
Khakis, wrinkled.
Off-white canvas shoe, sun dressed.

Nalgene, scratched.
Medal, second place.
Candle, half burnt.

*The Happiness Advantage*
*A Million Little Pieces*

Mason jar full of bottle caps.
Amber beer bottle, empty.

Canvas, abstract.
Space heater, unplugged.
Ceiling, low.
Room, almost full.
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.

i. Aereen Lapuz
ii. & iii. Isabella Lassiter
iv. & v. Isabella Lassiter
vi. & vii. Kathryn Walker
1 & 2 Katja Wisch
3 & 4 Tori Sandelli
5 & 6 Kathryn Walker
7 & 8 Matthew Blackburn
9 & 10 Katja Wisch
11 & 12 Aereen Lapuz
13 & 14 Matthew Blackburn
15 & 16 Kathryn Walker
17 & 18 Aly Coppage
19 & 20 Isabella Lassiter
21 & 22 Katja Wisch
23 & 24 Aereen Lapuz
25 & 26 Katja Wisch
27 & 28 Dylan Kellum
29 & 30 Aly Coppage
31 & 32 Isabella Lassiter
33 & 34 Aereen Lapuz
35 & 36 Isabella Lassiter
37 & 38 Isabella Lassiter
39 Isabella Lassiter
“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.