

Motif

The Creative Arts Journal of
Concordia University Chicago

Vol. 45
2023

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Concordia University Chicago

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2023

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Radke/Sorenson Prizes for Writing 2023

The English Department and the editors of *Motif* are proud to include in the 2023 issue the winners of the twelfth annual Radke/Sorenson Prizes for Writing. These \$250 prizes, endowed by an anonymous donor, recognize an outstanding poem and essay written by a junior or senior English major.

This year the English Department is pleased to award the poetry prize to Jeremiah Schultz for his poem "Dear Jenna." Jeremiah, a junior from Overland Park, KS, is majoring in English and enrolled in the pre-seminary program. The essay prize for 2023 is presented to Abigail Bauman, a senior Secondary English Education major from St. Louis, MO, for her essay "Portia and Hero: Commodity, Trickery, and Marriage."

The awards are named for two distinguished former members of the English Department, Dr. Merle Radke and Prof. Karl Sorenson. Dr. Radke, who specialized in American realist and naturalist fiction, taught English at Concordia from 1957 to 1987. He served for many years as department chair and also edited the journal *Lutheran Education*. He passed away in 2017 at the age of 95. Prof. Karl Sorenson, who served in the English Department from at 1965 to 1999, taught a variety of courses in British literature and drama. He also directed and acted in many plays, both at Concordia and in local community theaters. Prof. Sorenson passed away in 2004.

We also gratefully acknowledge the Dr. Merle and Ruth Radke Endowment Fund, which helps to fund the annual publication of *Motif*. The endowment was established in 2017 to honor Dr. Radke's service to the English Department at Concordia.

Dear Jenna

Jeremiah Schultz

Fields of white roll past my window,
great blank pages folding back
beneath a high celestial lamp,
burning cold and bright against the snow.

Friends laugh and joke and sing,
yet I am not here. My mind rests
eighty miles back, in an old
bowling alley bar, where we

laughed and joked and sang with half
of that little town, where I could
smile and talk and shoot pool,
but hardly look you in the eyes.

Miles was all I could think while
you sat three feet away, gentle
lips staring off towards the wide
unmarked canvas between us now.

And if God rests outside time,
I wonder if what we call a
'could be' has always been to him
just a never or an always.

Portia and Hero: Commodity, Trickery, and Marriage

Abigail Bauman



It is tempting for critics of Shakespeare's plays to compare characters that seem on the surface to be similar, but it is harder to find the commonalities and differences between characters who present quite differently to the audience. To that end, throughout William Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, his characters Portia and Hero do not seem similar in almost any regard except that they are women about to get married. However, both women respectively escape commodification by utilizing trickery to end up marrying their men on their terms.

In terms of commodification, Shakespeare presents marriage as similar to a contract or deal-making. Claude Lévi-Strauss, in *Elementary Structures of Kinship*, proposes ". . . that marriage is the most fundamental form of gift exchange, and women the most basic gifts" (qtd. in Newman 20). In his book, he writes that "The total relationship of exchange which constitutes marriage is not established between a man and a woman . . . but between two groups of men, and the woman figures only as one of the objects in the exchange, not as one of the partners" (qtd. in Newman 20). This is the understanding that Shakespeare uses when he presents marriage in his plays.

When this knowledge is applied to *The Merchant of Venice*, it is clear how Portia is treated as a prize for Bassanio to win. Before he has even met her, Bassanio tells Antonio,

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair--fairer than that word--
Of wonderous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages" (1.1.163-167).

Three things are learned from this passage. First, Bassanio desires Portia's wealth, which he mentions above all else. Second, he believes her to be beautiful; not necessarily an issue in a wife, but it could prove superficial. Lastly, he has not spoken to her, at least not to the extent that she has explicitly shared she wants him to try to marry her. One could argue that perhaps Portia is not a commodity in that she eventually hopes for Bassanio to win her hand by selecting the correct coffin. However, the fact her father is deceased and her husband participates in *The Price is Right* antics to gain her hand supports another reading of the text. Portia's father sets demands that any suitor could reasonably accomplish to win her hand, barring Portia's consent, and that is the issue.

In Hero's case, the worst case of commodification is the wedding. As Patricia Patrick points out, Claudio "acts the part of grateful recipient" (51). Claudio asks Leonato, "Will you with free and unconstrained soul / Give me this maid, your daughter?" (*Ado* 4.1.24-25) to which Leonato responds, "As freely, son, as God did give her me" (4.1.26). These lines remind

the audience that it is Leonato's duty as a father to protect his daughter and ensure she is a virgin so she can be given to her husband someday "pure." In response to Claudio's mistaken belief of Hero's sexual transgressions, he aims to humiliate her in front of everyone and refuse to wed her. He goes so far as to tell Leonato, "Give not this rotten orange to your friend" (4.1.31). By equating his almost-wife to a rotten orange, Claudio is saying that Hero is nothing more than spoiled produce that should be thrown away rather than bought.

Thus far, the terms of Portia and Hero's commodification have been similar because both are the prospective prizes of their future husbands. It is at this point that the stories diverge more plainly as each woman is placed into situations where they feel that deception is the currency that they can use to buy some semblance of freedom back. In her case, Portia has gifted Bassanio a ring as a symbol of their love and impending marriage once he returns from saving Antonio's life. However, to guarantee the freedom of Bassanio's friend, she dresses as a man and presents an airtight case that not only sees him freed but also better for it financially. As thanks for "Balthazar's" help saving Antonio, Bassanio gives Portia, in disguise, the ring that he had promised never to give away. At this moment, he does more than fail as a future husband. According to Newman, "Bassanio gives his ring to an 'unruly woman,' that is, a woman who steps outside her role and functions as subservient, a woman who dresses like a man, who embarks upon behavior ill-suited to her 'weaker' intellect, a woman who argues the law" (28). He quite literally hands over all of the power in the relationship, which Portia is quick to tell him when they return to Belmont. Portia can assert her dominance against the man who will all but own her in marriage through her use of cross-dressing and saving his friend, and then leveraging his failure to uphold his vows to her by giving away the ring.

While audiences could argue that Portia is perhaps craftier and cleverer than Hero, Hero's trickery is certainly grander. After Hero is publicly humiliated, the Friar proposes a ruse to prove her innocence. Since the Friar is truly the mastermind behind the plot, one could argue that Hero does not so much design a trap as allow it to exist, unlike Portia. However, Hero is a willing participant as the Friar, Leonato, and Hero conspire to pretend that she is dead to make Claudio feel guilty. As such, whose original plan it was is just an unnecessary detail. To ignite Claudio's guilt her epitaph reads:

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero here that lies.
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs.
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame (*Ado* 5.3. 4-9).

Due to the severity of the trick, Claudio agrees to marry Hero's cousin as his penance for his "slanderous tongue" (5.3.4) and the "shame" (5.3.8) he killed Hero with. In the end, he is shocked to receive Hero instead of another.

Overall, the mutual effect created by each woman's deceptions is that Bassanio and Claudio are humbled and forced to rely on the mercy of their women. In Portia's situation, as Bassanio has failed to stay true to his vow of not losing the ring, he has in other words failed to uphold the vows that the ring symbolizes – that of faithfulness between husband and wife. Portia, as she states, could abandon him as he has the ring without shame or regret, but she does not. Instead of being just a woman for sale, she now has the authority to reject Bassanio's hand, regardless of his selecting the right casket. Alternatively for Hero, having defended her innocence, Claudio is left to repent for his misplaced anger, which could involve him losing the right to wed Hero. However, her willingness to marry him despite his flaws and vengeful nature makes him far more similar to produce for sale than Hero now. While Hero has been redeemed as the perfect, virginal bride she is, Claudio has reduced himself through wrath to an easily duped waste that the merciful Hero will forgive for his indiscretions. She, in turn, cleanses him through marriage and shares her redemption. While each woman uses separate forms of trickery, they both end it with more autonomy and more equal footing with their partners than they had previously.

Despite the freedom allotted to them through their tricks, Portia and Hero decide to end their plays with the men they started with. While to some this may seem like a failure to find liberation from the social pressures and patriarchal chains of marriage, others disagree. For instance, in her essay “Women on Top: Symbolic Sexual Inversion and Political Disorder in Early Modern Europe,” Natalie Zemon Davis argues against critics who believe that Portia marries Bassanio in a return to a submissive, feminine claim upon the safety of marriage. Rather, she contends that presenting examples of “sexual inversion” (Newman 29), or an inversion of traditional gender norms, has led to more instances of questioning and eventually trying to change the status quo than reinforcing them (29). While Portia might not fully abandon Bassanio because he fails to keep the ring or save Antonio himself, Portia's displaying of masculine traits and traditionally male signs of intelligence and behavior does not mean that she cannot also find satisfaction in marriage. Instead, it is clear that had Portia wanted to convict Bassanio and abandon him she would have been fully able to free herself and her wealth from his grasp, as she had saved Antonio's skin before thanks to her love of loopholes. It is fair to conclude that after that the decision to marry must be nothing less than mutual.

On the other hand, Hero does not seem as lucky as Portia in terms of relinquishing the traditional female status of subservient member of her couple. Patrick even cites Claudio's response to reading Hero's epitaph: “And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's / Than this for whom we rendered up this woe” (*Ado* 5.3.30-33) as evidence Claudio is not sorry for Hero's death. She writes, “The vague, dismissive ‘this’ implies Hero's name is already lost to memory; she seems not to have won ‘glorious fame’ or a lasting impression on Claudio's heart” (Patrick 54). Arguments like these imply that Claudio still comes out on top by marrying Hero. He can absolve himself of fault for her death, since she did not die, and is still allowed to receive the

prize he has sought since the play began. Hero seemingly gets nothing. Nevertheless, in Hero's own words, “One Hero died defiled, but I do live. / And surely as I live, I am a maid” (5.4.64-65). Even though Hero would not have had to clear her name had it not been for Don John's plot to trick Claudio, through her trickery she is absolved. At that point, arguably, had she not wanted to marry Claudio, she would have had every right to leave him. She had cleared her name and would have been perfect marriage material for someone else, but she marries Claudio. Much in the same way as Portia, she accepts her betrothed, flaws and all.

At first, it may look like Shakespeare's comedies reinforce traditional views of marriage and women's place in society, but Portia and Hero offer evidence to show otherwise. Both experience traditional female commodification in terms of marriage and can claim a common desire by the end of their plays: to be married to their respective men, through their use of different forms of trickery. Shakespeare presents the argument that women are capable of asserting some semblance of dominance within a romantic pairing, as well as being able—like a man—to act in self-liberating ways to achieve the ends of their desire. It is arguable whether women are even more likely to use their intelligence in socially re-affirming ways instead of destructive ones, since they end up happily married instead of having broken their vows or attempting to destroy the reputation of an innocent maiden. Either way, while on the offset neither woman appears to have much in common, they both represent prime examples of the depth of Shakespeare's women.

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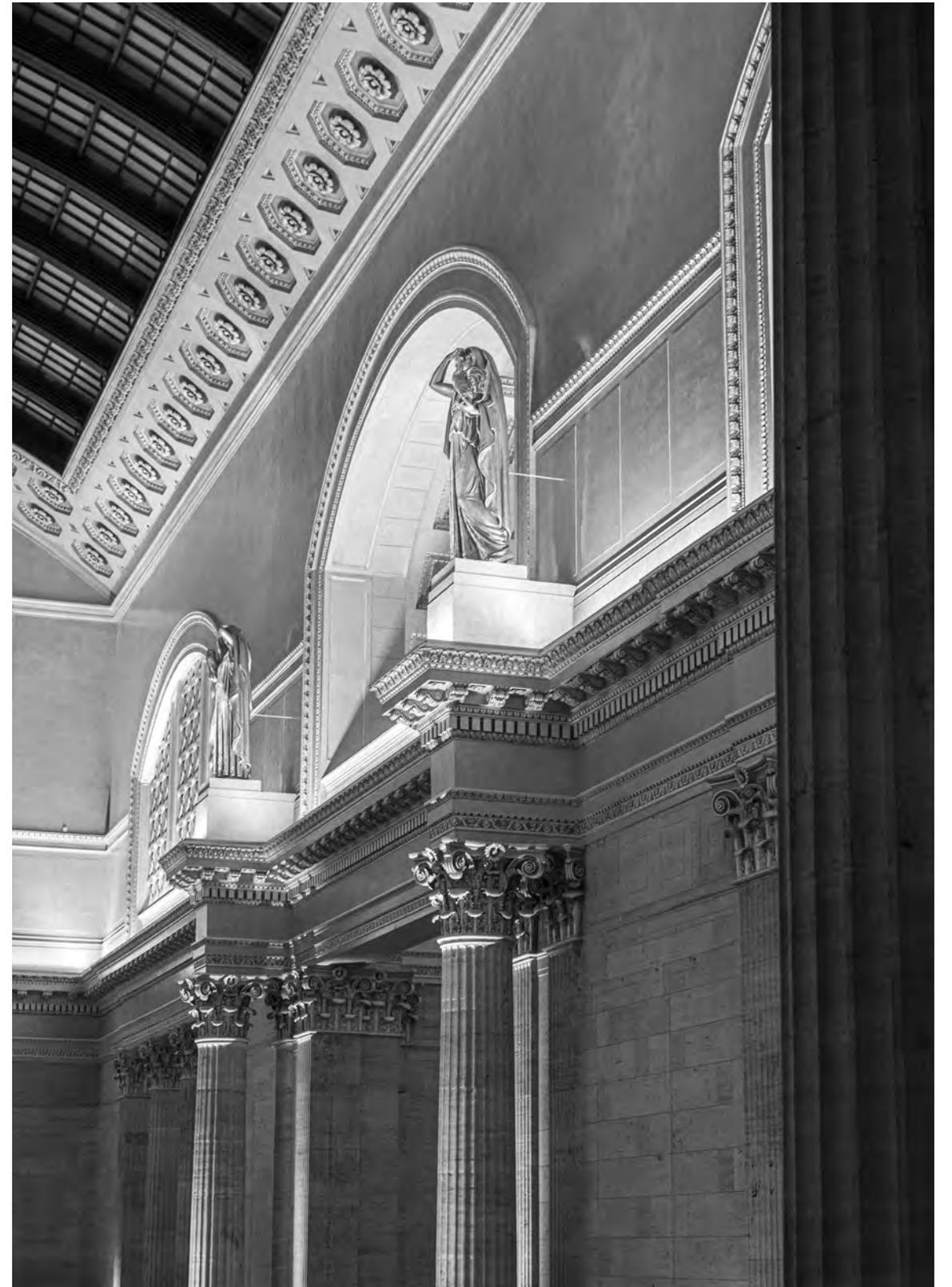
Jesus Green, Cambridge*Melody Lipke*

I love when treetops touch
 and brittle branches form steeples
 decorated with fan vaults
 of woolen buds still
 clasped shut in early spring.

Interlocked rows compose
 glassless wooden panes
 that cast pale yellow
 on tender shoots of grass,
 and on us standing between them.

Lanky bark arches
 bow into each other
 and like the hope of an entwined future,
 sketch the bare outline
 of a dwelling place.

I'd like to climb these Planetrees
 while walking in the park
 and finish the framed roof
 with hammer, nails, and our devotion,
 gradually building a home
 in the almost-blossomed air.

Glory*Allyson Buzzard, Photograph*

Flood*Elijah Kohlmeier*

I'm called to be afloat
 When comes the deluge soon,
 So I will build a boat,
 An ark atop the dune.

When comes the deluge soon
 I shall be found prepared;
 An ark atop the dune
 Will be all that is spared.

I shall be found prepared:
 That which I place inside
 Will be all that is spared
 When comes the rushing tide.

That which I place inside
 This hull of carved hope,
 When comes the rushing tide,
 Will be my way to cope.

This hull of carved hope
 That I was made to build
 Will be my way to cope
 When all my world is swilled.

That I was made to build—
 A craft to clear the storm—
 When all my world is swilled
 My kin inside and warm.

A craft to clear the storm,
 Just waiting on the rain;
 My kin inside and warm
 Cannot for long remain.

Just waiting on the rain
 And trusting e'er. In You
 Cannot for long remain
 A wicked one or few.

And trusting e'er in You,
 A drizzle starting now.
 A wicked one or few
 Have met their end somehow.

A drizzle starting, now
 The sluices of sky
 Have met their end somehow
 And pouring rain is nigh.

The sluices of sky,
 The gates burst in the deeps,
 And pouring rain is nigh;
 That surging water sweeps.

The gates burst in the deeps
 While in our craft we know
 That surging water sweeps
 Above the land below.

While in our craft we know
 All things are turning new,
 Above the land below
 We hope in what is true.

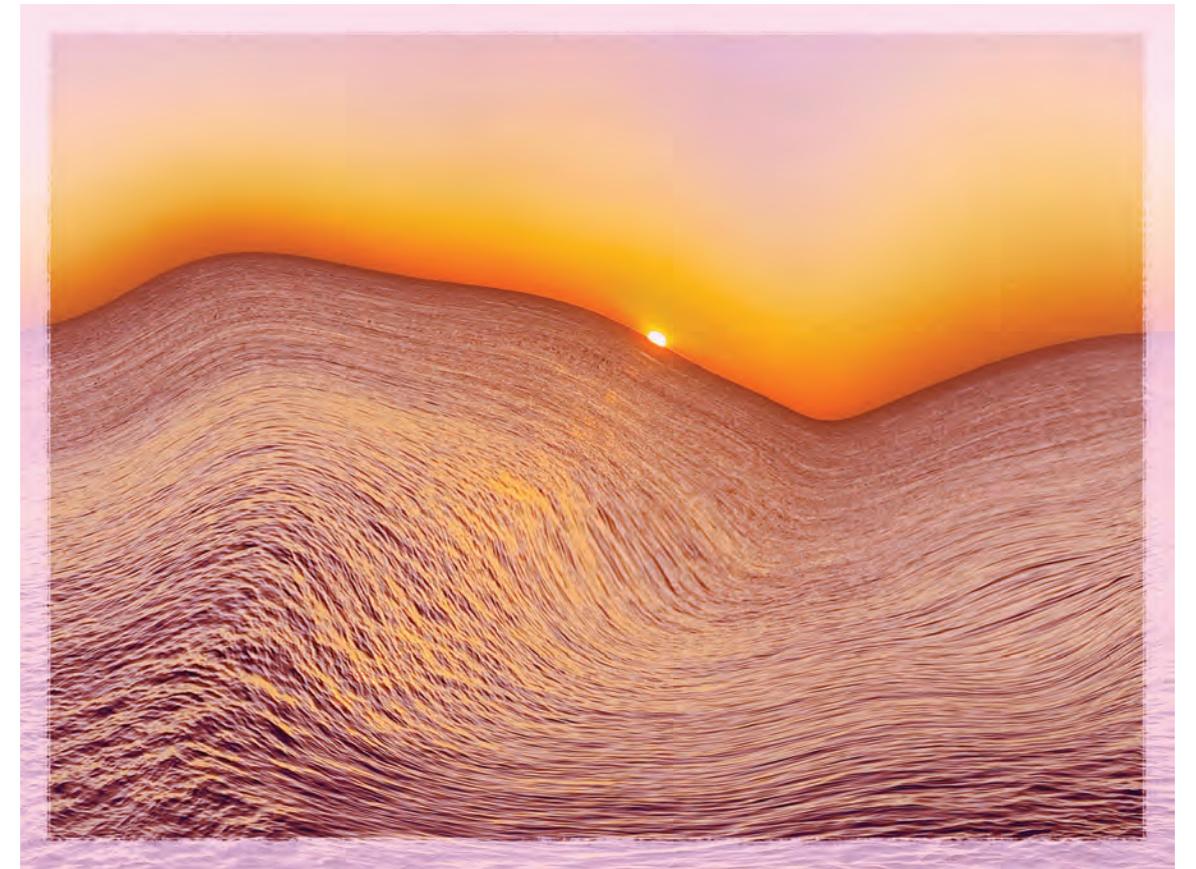
All things are turning new,
 And when we find the ground,
 We hope in what is true.
 We make a joyful sound.

And when we find the ground,
 An arc atop the cloud!
 We make a joyful sound
 And could not be more loud!

An arc atop the cloud—
 My hope has been fulfilled
 And could not be more loud
 I have something to build

My hope has been fulfilled;
 Though in this life are pains
 I have something to build.
 My world will flood with rains.

Though in this life are pains
 I'm called to be afloat
 My world will flood with rains
 So I will build a boat.

The Wave*Sarah Gordon, Photograph*

In Our Nature*Efrain Soriano, Photograph***White-tailed Tropicbird, Grand Turk***Andrew Steinmann, Photograph***Abuelito's Sky***America Sanchez*

The smell of abuelo's cigars always tickled my nose;

He and I shared many nights under stars that kissed a sky of navy blue.

I remember the light dying slowly with the night.

Sometimes he told me stories about the stars and how if I were ever lost
they'd always guide me.

The crickets were a lullaby and the warm summer breeze a cradle of peace.

We had no rocking chairs, only the rocks that hugged the house made of mud.

When it rained, we'd sit under the roof made of tin,

rivers rolling down the cobblestone streets,

lizards brushing my bare feet, coyotes singing from the mountains.

My childhood summers are written in those stars.

Abuelo taught me how to read the sky, how to find the angels,

how to speak to heaven and who'd be waiting for us at the gates.

When the night keeps me from sleeping I look up at the sky, searching
for those same stars, hoping he is on the other side looking at them bloom
into an endless sea of navy blue.

Abuelito, we're clouds away ... but always under the same sky.

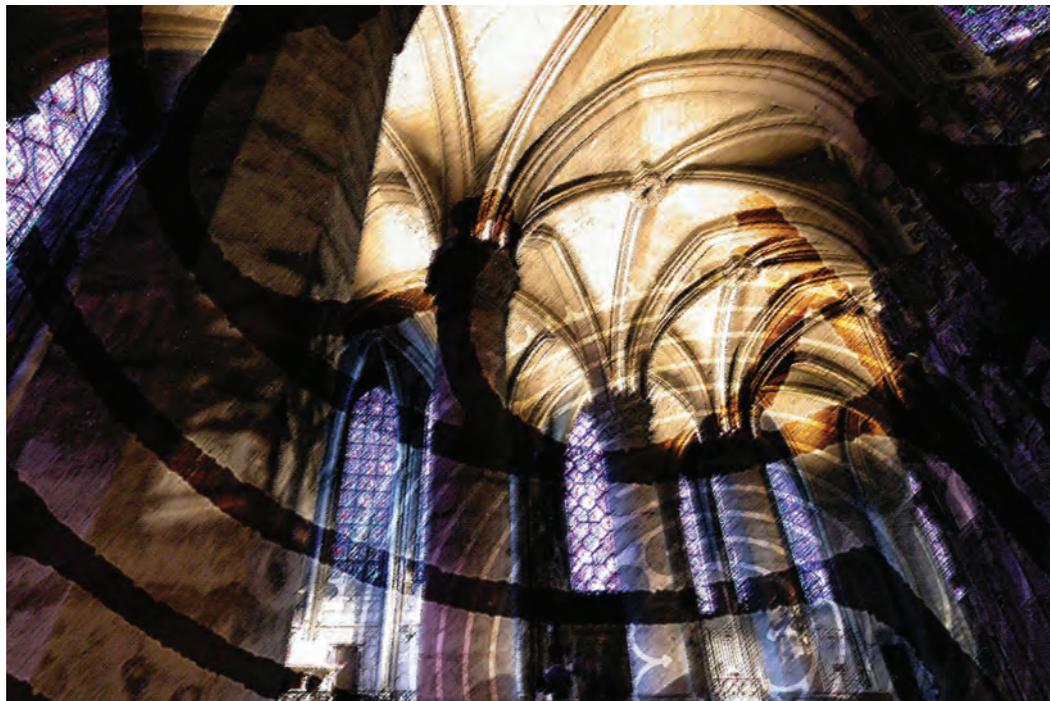
Sunday*Gustav Strengé*

Words of worship condemn my
conceited heart, driving out
contrived delusions of self
& sinful delights.

Sitting in silence, I am made
painfully sorry for sowing sin;
my misplaced loves & lusts that
look away from my Lord.

Before the company of Heaven,
haughtiness & hate I confess.
The bright light of Christ absolves
me of lecherous blight.

With the mighty army
of martyrs I feast, finding
faith in the Father through the Spirit
so I may receive the Son's Sacrifice.

Chartres Labyrinth*Maria Gedroc, Photo Collage***Northern Lights***Josh Zillinger*

I was not born into majesty, but that is how I was raised:
the call at 7:00 and the unexpected drive.

I remember the greatest wonder of the world.

Stepping out into the ballroom of ice and sky,

I stared into the silent gala that twisted across the horizon.

The twisting lights of green and blue waltzed above the blackened
hills of ice. I felt the chill of frost and the warmth of fleece.

To see these fantastic waves only pictures had captured!

I saw its angelic beauty, its dance older than the hills,

magnetic waves twisting the sky in ever foreign steps.

I knew what it meant to be breathless that night,

to stand waiting to hear the booms of steps and soft flow of the fabric

(though I never heard these sounds, for the dancers were too good)

to witness the unreachable towers of light that God gave the bravest
of mortals. I was small then, but now I am even smaller still.

Seeing the sky alive—and reaching—is comfort for the soul.

Frozen Memories*Tony Rossi, Photograph*

Homily for the Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany of Our Lord: I Corinthians 2:1-12

Rev. Dr. James Lee

✠ In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit ✠

I like to read conversion stories, modern conversion stories. I'm not talking about celebrities and movie stars, although it's great if they've come to the faith. I'm interested in the stories of individuals who were committed atheists on an intellectual level, who came to reject atheism, and many of whom eventually embraced the Church: Peter Hitchens, Edward Fessler, Francis Collins, Anthony Flew, CS Lewis—to name just a few. These men, committed atheists, came to see that the claims of an atheistic vision of reality were bankrupt, illogical, contrary to evidence. Often individuals like these men at some point realized that they had completely misunderstood the intellectual claims made by the Christian tradition. The philosopher Edward Fessler realized that the philosophical arguments for God's existence are not so easily dismissed. Francis Collins, who would become the director of the Human Genome Project, observed that there is no justification for a universal morality outside of a transcendent creator. Anthony Flew, one of the world's most famous atheist intellectuals, came to believe that microbiology supported belief in a divine mind.

I find these stories of conversions from atheism heartening. I bet you do, too. I particularly appreciate the stories when an individual denounces atheism who is aided by a Christian idea: the Christian understanding of morality, or a Christian metaphysical defense of reality. These demonstrate that there is a robust intellectual depth of the faith; there is a rational vision that makes sense and corresponds with reality. These stories—they make me feel less ... less absurd; less superstitious; less irrational; less foolish.

But then I hear St. Paul speak. And St. Paul presents the essence of Christianity neither in terms of a morality and virtue, nor by describing a metaphysical theory of reality. It is so much simpler, yet so much more profound; so clear, yet an infinite mystery:

For I determined not to know anything among you except Jesus Christ and Him crucified. (I Cor. 2:2)

If you've ever listened to Paul, it is obvious that he doesn't reject morality and virtue—far from it; nor does he unequivocally dismiss the use of philosophy; nor does Paul present Christianity as intellectually vacuous or as a body of irrational, contradictory propositions. We confess faith in God who is Wisdom, from whom all wisdom and knowledge proceed. We believe

that God has created, ordered, and sustains all existence. We place our trust in God who is true, good, and beautiful, and everything that is true, good, and beautiful is only such because it reflects—even if only dimly—Him who is Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. We should rejoice when the things of this world that are true, good, and beautiful become instruments that God uses to draw people out of the darkness of their ignorance, into the brightness of His beauty.

But Paul prohibits any attempt to transform Christianity into a moral enterprise, be it Stoic philosophy, or a self-help regimen designed to bring you balance, wholeness, and mental wellness. Jesus is not a guru. Nor will Paul allow us to transform the Gospel into a system of philosophy. Paul does not care about your intellectual creativity and speculative genius, be you Plato, Hegel, or even Jordan Peterson, or anyone else, for we cannot abstract the cross into a philosophy of sacrifice or any other intellectual scheme. The cross is no principle. Any attempt to theorize the cross must be crucified.

Paul presents a wisdom that surpasses all intellectual striving; he reveals a mystery that transcends the finitude of human reason: the first-century son of a Jewish carpenter, dead, nailed to a cross. There in that one body, shamefully hung on a tree, there is **“the wisdom of God in a mystery, the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the ages for our glory.”** (I Cor. 2:7)

If we had our way, we would have chosen a principle, a theory, a metaphysic, a morality, a system of self-help. We would have preferred something intellectual, something rationally sophisticated; something that doesn't make us look so foolish or superstitious.

But God gives that which would never have entered into the heart of man: Himself—Jesus Christ and Him crucified. No eye has seen, for no one can behold the reality of God who is clothed in human flesh. The wisdom of this age cannot know it, for the finitude of the human mind cannot comprehend the infinite love of God as it hangs dying upon a tree. **These are things which God has prepared** (I Cor. 2:9) for you who love Him.

If the spirits of this world consider us foolish, naïve, simple, superstitious, medieval, ignorant—let them. Let them have their principles; let them have their wisdom. For what will it profit a man if he gains the whole world but forfeits his soul?

Pinecones

Lucy Ehmen

Pausing, I look down and see a pinecone
sitting on the path at my feet. It is a winter pinecone.
Its tapered shape is covered in opaque dried sap.
Its brown scaly outside is closed up tight,
but it reminds me of its fellows,
other cones, from warmer days.

Sticky in the summer sun
valued more than gold by my students.
They would gather them, and sort their sizes,
push them into piles and stack them into pyramids.
They'd come running up with sticky fistfuls of cones.
“Miss Lucy, hold this!”

I was gifted dozens of such treasures.
The children would search for them and bring us the best ones,
but when they ran away,
my colleagues would drop their treasures in the dirt.
I could not bring myself to copy them.
I held the cones. I held them all.

Small, large, prickly, sticky treasures
that had captured the delight of my students.

Between Seasons

Tony Rossi, Photograph



Apple Orchard II

Holly Hanrahan, Photograph



Four Days Too Late

Melody Lipke

For days, the drawn curtains had hung
in deadened folds like our throats
thrashed swollen with cries,
enclosing us mourners in inky shadows
and the stale, myrrh-spiced air of this room.

Blurred figures had passed out to the village,
sending word to the great healer of the blind
in foolish hope, while I heaved
with these two sisters, my friends,
thinking of their brother's shrunken, empty lungs.

Now, Martha whispers that the man is here,
four days late. Mary staggers out, shattered
at this powerful man's feet. We follow
the sisters and wait for his useless, solemn regrets.
He cries.

Some mourners call it love, but I say
why bother to come at all, four days too late.
Still, we gather at the tomb as he commands
the corpse, who rises stench-less and still linen-wrapped.
I gape at the healer's tear-stained cheeks.

Death, Be Not Proud

John Donne

Sarah Teig

♩ = 84

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

Death, be not proud though some have called thee Might-y and dread-ful,
Death, be not proud though some have called thee
Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Death, be not proud, though some have called thee

7
S. Might-y and dread-ful, Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
A. Might-y and dread-ful, Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
T. Might-y, dread-ful, Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
B. Might-y, dread-ful Death, be not proud, though some have called thee

13
S. Might-y and dread-ful, Might-y and dread-ful, for thou art not so; For those whom thou think-est
A. Might-y and dread-ful, for thou art not so; For those whom thou think-est
T. Might-y and dread-ful, Might-y and dread-ful, for thou art not so; For those whom thou
B. Might-y, dread-ful for thou art not so For those whom thou

17
S. Thou dost o-ver-throw, For those whom thou think-est
A. Thou dost o-ver-throw, For those whom thou think-est
T. think-est dost o-ver-throw, think-est thou dost o-ver-throw,
B. think-est o-ver-throw, think-est thou dost o-ver-throw,

Death, Be Not Proud

2 ♩ = 69

S. *molto rit.*
die not, kill me. From rest and sleep,

A. *molto rit.*
die not, die not, kill me. From rest and sleep, which but thy pic-tures

T. *molto rit.*
die not, Poor death nor yet canst thou kill me, kill me.

B. *molto rit.*
die not, die not, kill me.

27

S. which but they pic - tures be, much

A. be, much plea - sure; Then from thee

T. From rest and sleep, which but thy pic - tures be, much

B. From rest and sleep, which but thy pic - tures be,

30

S. more must flow, And soon-est our best men with thee do go,

A. much more must flow, our best men do go,

T. plea-sure; much more must flow, much more must flow, And soon-est our best men

B. plea - sure; Then from thee much more must flow, Soon our best men

34 ♩ = 84

S. Rest of their bones, And soul's de-li-ve-ry, de - liv - 'ry. Thou art slave to fate, chance,

A. Rest of their bones, Rest, And soul's de-liv-er-y. Thou art slave to fate, chance,

T. with thee do go, Rest of their bones. Thou art slave to

B. with thee do go, Rest of their bones. Thou art slave to

Death, Be Not Proud

41

S. kings, and des-p'rate men, And doth with poi-son, war, and sick-ness dwell, Pop-py or

A. kings, and des-p'rate men, Poi - son, war, and sick - ness dwell, And

T. fate, chance, kings, and men, Poi - son, war, and sick - ness dwell, And

B. fate, chance, kings, and men, And doth with poi-son, war, and sick-ness dwell, Pop-py or

47

S. charms can sleep as well And bet - ter than thy stroke; Why swell'st thou

A. pop-py or charms can make us sleep as well And bet - ter than thy stroke; Why swell'st thou

T. pop-py or charms can make us sleep as well And bet - ter than thy stroke; Why swell'st thou

B. charms can sleep as well And bet - ter than thy stroke; Why swell'st thou

53

S. then, why swell'st thou then? One short, short sleep past, we wake e - ter - nal - ly, One short sleep past, we

A. then? One short sleep past, we wake e - ter - nal - ly, One sleep past, we

T. then? One short sleep past, we wake e - ter - nal - ly, One short sleep past, we

B. then? One short sleep past, we wake e - ter - nal - ly, One short sleep past, we

60

S. wake e - ter - nal - ly And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

A. wake e - ter - nal - ly And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

T. wake e - ter - nal - ly And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

B. wake e - ter - nal - ly And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

The Aeneid: Prologue (Book 1, lines 1-33)

Publius Vergilius Maro ('Virgil'), 70-19 B.C.

Translated by Dr. Patrick James Bayens

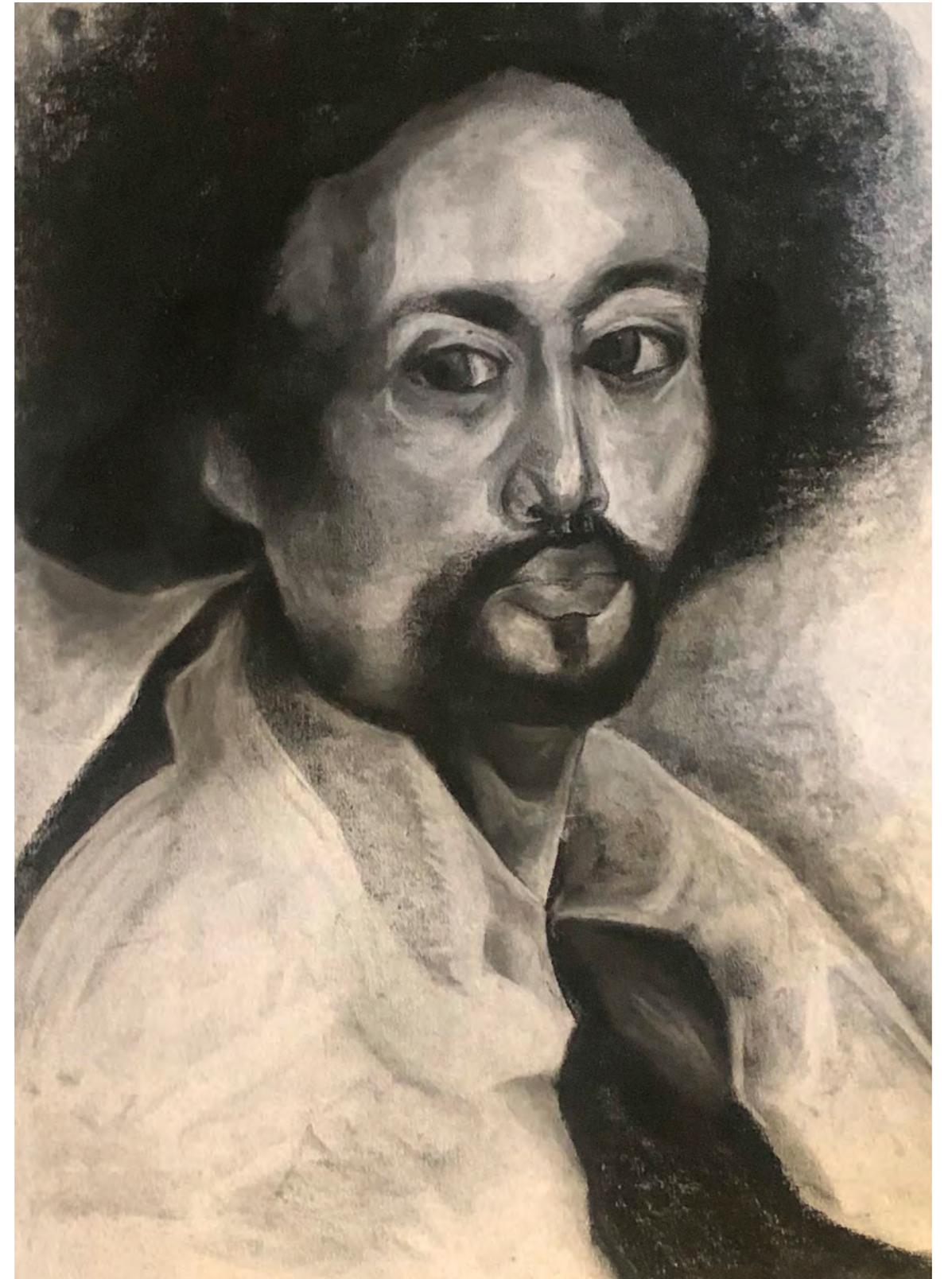
Of wars and a man I sing, a refugee from Troy by fate,
the first to come to Italy and Lavinium shores, battered
endlessly about on land and sea by violence Above
and cruel Juno's unforgiving rage; and suffered much
in war as well, 'til he should found a city, introduce
his gods to Latium—whence the Latin race, the Alban lords,
the lofty walls of Rome.

Remind me, Muse, what insulted
so the Queen of Gods; what grudge impelled her to plague
this pious hero with rounds of hardships, perils unknown.
Can such rage inflame Celestial souls?

There was an ancient city held by colonists from Tyre
facing Italy and Tiber's far distant door: Carthage;
rich in wealth, savage in pursuit of war. Juno
loved her best, they say, beyond all others; even Samos
finished second. Here her arms, here her chariot;
already then the goddess aimed—and ached—that it
should rule the nations, "if only the Fates allow." But heard,
she had, that a race of Trojan blood would one day overturn
her Tyrian heights; that a people ruling far and wide,
proud in war, would come for Libya's demise: so the Fates had
spun. And such is what Saturn's daughter feared. And she never
forgot the old war she waged at Troy for her dear Argos.
Oh, no; not even now would the reasons for her resentment and rage,
deep-rooted, remove themselves from her soul: the scornful verdict
of Paris on her beauty, the honors ravished on Ganymede,
the Dardan race she loathed. Enflamed by this, she barred
from Latium those remnants left by the Greeks and merciless
Achilles. For many years they roamed, over many seas,
driven by the Fates. Such labor to found the Roman race!

Mystrey Man

Allyson Buzzard, Charcoal on Paper



Coffee Shop

Maria Gedroc, Mixed Media, Acrylic and Paper



Coffee Cups

Jeremiah Schultz

Lotus tells me I need to love the work,
that kids my age want it all easy now.
He points with coffee and cigarette
in one hand, like a teacher at a
chalkboard.

I like to think we're kindred spirits,
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,
if Butch were dark black and homeless,
the Kid milk white. It gets real cold in
Chicago.

Lotus tells me he used to make
coffee himself—back when he had
a place—grinding the beans, boiling
the water, pouring it over
slowly.

And I think he might be wise.
A modern day Socrates,
sipping and smoking steady while
I wonder if I should take notes, like
Plato.

Lotus tells me I ought to toughen
up and find myself a bigger coat,
or move some place the sun does its job,
and warms my hands like coffee through
styrofoam.

Ungrounded

Melody Lipke

The familiar grumble of our Toyota Tundra pickup had begun to lull me to sleep. I was still wearing the stocking cap over my ears and the heavy coat over my t-shirt and thermal long sleeve. The heavy lids of late December were nearly closed, swollen with early dusk and frost-bite like the lethargy between waking and sleeping. I pressed my red hands up to the plastic heat vents in the ceiling, itchy pinpricks the only feeling in my swollen fingers. Some country song crackled in and out on the radio, emerging in moments of clarity and then fizzling away when our truck turned behind a mountain bend. Dad and Jack crunched on a bag of Bugle chips in the front seat, sharing hunting stories from days I hadn't been there. They were talking about better days when it hadn't been blindingly cold, and the bitter wind hadn't covered any trace of tracks or animal sign. The two of them were still bundled up too, hoping that between body heat and the truck vents they might eventually get warm.

The landscape outside was flushed white everywhere I looked, fluffy wedding cake trees atop ragged snowy ridges. Wind slammed into the side of the truck as I leaned my head against the cold glass, going through my daily mental list for the week. Chemistry homework, Algebra test, English paper, piano lesson. With a shudder—the SAT. I couldn't think of anything I'd rather avoid, but I knew I should've been studying. Morgan had invited me over to do homework, but my dad had already planned the hunting trip. I'd been promising for years that I'd let Dad show me his favorite spots, share his freeze-dried noodles, and try to bask in the infamous camaraderie of a hunting trip. There would be other opportunities to see Morgan before she moved, they said. Maybe that was true, but if I had decided to go, I wouldn't be trapped with my brother and dad in a tin can on a mountain. Thinking about it all ached like cold everywhere. Maybe I was getting the flu.

“Dad, I have a lot of homework to do.” I hated the whiny timbre of my voice, but I couldn't help it. My nose was running, and I still couldn't feel my toes.

“Didn't you bring it? Jack always brings his.”

“No. I've never been deer hunting before today. I didn't know what to expect.”

Jack interjected, a wry smile on his face. “You still haven't! You can't call getting out of the car for fifteen minutes then getting back in because it's too cold ‘hunting.’”

I rolled my eyes, wishing I could feel something other than cold. It wasn't my fault we had to leave the mountain barely after the hour-long drive up. The day was just another icicle

in the merciless jaw of a bitterly cold week. Of course, the one day I agreed to come along on their hunting trip the wind and snow were so bad you couldn't see fifty feet in front of you. When Dad put the truck in park and turned off the engine, my fingers went back to being numb. It was painful to breathe out there, and all we could do was stumble on the blanket of snow through the aspens for fifteen minutes before Dad decided it wasn't worth it. Back in the truck, we packed everything up and started the engine again. I put my cheek to the cold glass again. Chemistry, Algebra, English, piano, Hungary. In just three weeks my best friend was moving to Hungary. My stomach knotted up.

“Hey, knock it off, kids. We're going back because Jack has choir rehearsal and Mr. Lewis will make my life miserable if I get him there late.” I knew how true that was. Dad's face screwed up when he saw the time. It killed me to see him worried like that.

“We're already kind of late. Ah, shoot. I'll hurry.” The truck tires ground deeper into the snow as we accelerated, a little silver bug clawing its way off a frozen windy slope.

The power of ascent. The knot in my stomach. The lullaby of crackly radio and the internal rumbles of the truck. I knew a lot of things were coming, mounting the crest of a ridge, but weren't here yet. What would I do, next month, next semester? The truck jerked one direction, then the other, ripping me out of my contemplation. Someone said, “hold on” and then I was moving, flying, upside down.

I'd always been afraid to fly, to careen weightlessly through empty air and find my feet above my head. The horrific unnaturalness of it had appalled me, and even more than the sensation of the weight of my body and the massive machine shell slamming down after, I was afraid of the upside down free-floating. But time was sweetly slow, honey, surreal.

And then the truck slammed down into the mountain with the loudest sound of reality I'd ever heard. Crunched metal, plastic, a gunshot. And then strange quiet, suspended by a seat belt in a smoky little room with ringing ears and two other pounding heartbeats. Kicking out of the metal cocoon, standing stranded, windswept in the snow.

All of that is a blur, but I'll never forget the moment of flying. I used to always feel the horror of it lumping in my throat when I thought about it. Now that I've done it, I'm not afraid anymore.

Sleeping Beauty

Grace Miller, Mixed Media, Acrylic and Paper



The Illuminated Path

Sarah Gordon, Photograph



The Oddity of Theatre

Arianna Scheltens

*An empty classroom, not bright but not completely dark. There are a number of empty desks.
A coat rack stands a bit off to the side, multiple costumes hanging from it. ANA sits at one
of the front desks, digging through a small makeup bag.*

ANA:

The thought of having crippling anxiety and a strong passion for theater sounds contradictory.

She begins touching up her makeup. She's in a hurry, nervous.

I mean, you're terrified about messing up literally anything - there's probably a way to breathe wrong if you think about it long enough - and yet there's still a drive to stand up on a stage in silly makeup and weird clothes in front of all of your family, peers, and strangers. There are so many other theater people that are also anxious at all times, and honestly? I think that's what makes them great. You're cursed with the superpower of being hyper aware of every move and sound you make. One steady hand movement, a particularly guttural gasp, or a sliding smile and BAM! The scene is made. And I know how to do that. I've practiced it a million times. Every day of my life is like going up on a stage. I am performing at every second, I change each of the scenes myself, and I've put together my own costume changes. Each mask that I hold in my back pocket has been created with delicate care. Every movement can make or break a moment, and if I say something wrong then the magic is broken.

*She closes a container a little too harshly. A deep breath. She puts away the makeup and stands,
hurrying to put on the Shakespearean era shawl and skirt from the rack while she speaks.*

Theater is a relief because *somebody* else has finally put the correct words into my mouth. Every discussion, every argument is a well-choreographed dance; we've planned it all and I know where each of the steps are supposed to land. I'm not clumsy Ana, I'm elegant Desdemona. Her thoughts are mine, and every night I grieve my conflicted husband. One night, a line is dropped, the next night, an entrance is late. But we're the only ones who know, and we all still die in the end. Even if, no, when one of us stumbles, the cast stands in unanimous support and we make it through.

She leans a moment on the desk.

Unanimous support. Heh. Imagine that.

Pause. She steps towards center stage.

Facing your fears with another person or a very specific group of people forges a bond like no other. You're united within this niche universal experience. And you keep coming back for more. Because somehow, standing exposed underneath the bright lights is the only place it is safe. In the end, the lights go out; sometimes there's a curtain that falls. Then the two seconds of silence as the audience tries to process the story we've just unraveled in front of them. Then the thunderous applause. The applause that sparks a fire within us all, rising with the spotlights.

She gives a modest bow, toeing the ever-blurry line between appreciative and selfish with a brilliant smile.

A curtain call that shatters their suspension of disbelief, reminding them that, yes, we are in fact real people, and look at this show that we've given you, and please give us the five minutes of appreciation for our months of hard work.

She bows.

I drown in the applause,

She straightens.

I come back up for a moment of fresh air and

Her smile falls. She toys with the shawl; it no longer feels like her own.

I gasp at nothing. I leave the stage, and life begins to run its own lines in my head once again, reminding me of the ever-growing script it has tucked in the recesses. The play is over, but life continues on.

She takes slow steps back towards the desk.

I've had my fun, the voyeurs have had theirs. I had my 95 minutes of passion, the five seconds of ecstasy, and now I must return to the other 1,344.917 minutes of my day. Because no, I'm not actually Desdemona. Or Hattie or Margaret or Anitra or anyone else. I'm Ana. I'm just not quite sure what that means ... yet.

She sits.

Roeser's Bakery

Dan Zamudio, Polaroid Photo Collage



Light Shed

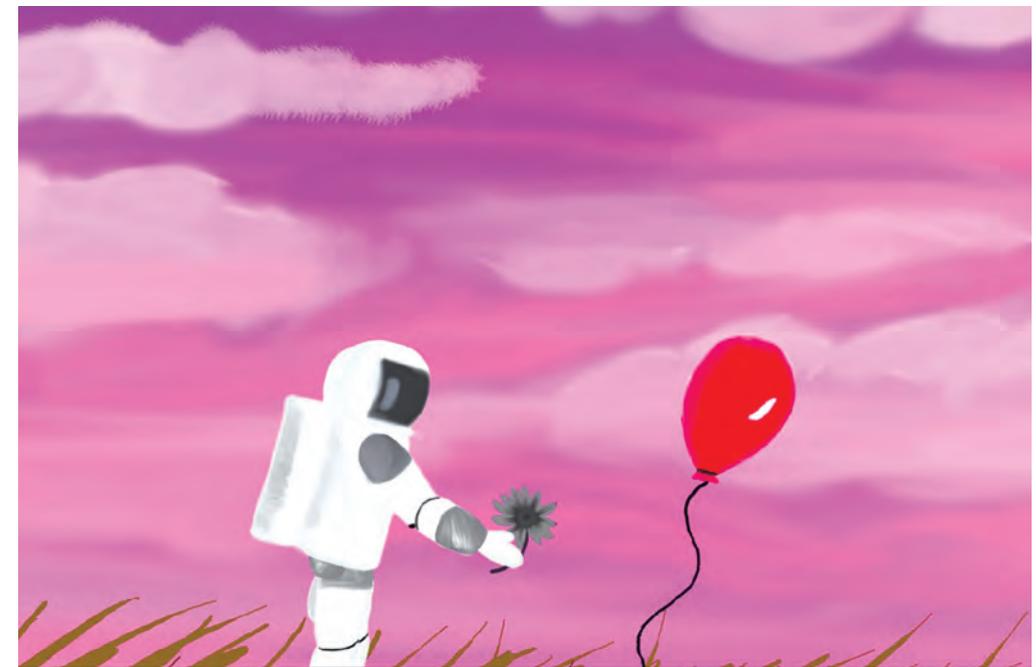
Holly Hanrahan, Mixed Media



Wrong World

Anna Zarow, Animation

Scan QR Code
to view
animation of
image below.



Escalator to Hell

Emma Milam

Many people have their own idea of what hell might look like. Most definitions would include the fire and brimstone, the ceaseless burning of souls, the forever cycle of hard labor, working retail, whatever the case may be. There is also the concept of purgatory, the agonizing waiting period between heaven and hell where everything is uncertain and there is a suffering that lingers for an undetermined amount of time. For me, these places of eternal suffering come in the form of long metallic stairs, stretching for what seems like forever, the relentless forward motion leading me towards the inevitable doom of the void at the end, the metal jaws that seep into the floor just waiting for its next victim. Or, in layman's terms, an escalator.

For most, being afraid of an escalator seems like quite the irrational fear. It is simply stairs that move, they all say. It is the pinnacle of convenience, they all say. However, I believe that my fear of escalators is perfectly rational. Besides the fact that statistically, incidents involving escalators have been found to kill 30 and seriously injure about 17,000 people each year in the United States (this is entirely factual, my one minute Google search told me so), I have actually been the victim of two escalator related incidents myself, two instances that have led me to have mini anxiety attacks when I use an escalator ever since.

I was young and oblivious, just having spent a fun filled day with my mom at the mall. That first step onto the moving metal stairs was always a little nerve-racking, but with all of my mother's encouragement and her holding my hand, the transition onto the steps was a breeze. However, what I had failed to recognize prior to stepping foot onto my impending doom was the poorly tied shoelace that had come undone as I made my way down. The one overarching reality about escalators is that they never stop progressing forwards; no matter what may get stuck or how much someone may plead, it keeps going in its relentless cycle of existence. So, when I reached the bottom and my little shoelace got swallowed up by the metal jaws below, the stairs continued to progress as I got swallowed up. The skin of my ankle was getting ripped to shreds by the jagged metal, with no signs of stopping no matter how much I cried and tried to yank free. Even after my mom was able to pull me free from the hungry, metallic monster, I would never forget the pain that I felt, and the amount of times I would check that my shoelaces were tied any time I would step onto an escalator after that.

This painful and tragic experience should have been a warning sign, a billboard moment that should have told me with big flashing lights to avoid escalators at all costs from then on. However, one experience was not enough to create a concrete feeling of fear and intimidation for escalators in my brain. Instead, it wasn't until my second accident that I started to truly understand the monster that I faced, and it was when I was betrayed in a place where I should have felt the most carefree.

I was at the happiest place on Earth, or at least the happiest place you can be at the Mayfair Mall near where I grew up: the beloved Barnes and Noble. That Barnes and Noble was like a safe haven for me; I was transported from story to story as I spent hours sitting with my best friend, reading in between the shelves of books. However, this place of wonder contained my Kryptonite. In order to ascend from floor to floor, the only option was an escalator, and with my favorite genres residing on the second floor, it was a challenge that I consistently had to face. I was always very careful, triple checking my shoelaces, gripping the railing, and spending the entire time psyching myself up for the final step off at the end. On this day, though, my vision of the step downward was obscured. My arms were stacked high with books I had gathered on the second floor, and being blinded by joy and stacks of bound paper, I failed to pay close attention to where I stepped. The stairs of an escalator are simply a fallacy; unlike real stairs, which are stagnant and immobile, escalator steps are never concrete. They are in a continual cycle up or down, and if you aim for one step, it will continue to move away from you regardless of whether you are ready or not. So, blindly stepping forward and missing my moment, I tumbled down, my belongings flung forward as I hit every moving metal step all the way down. While I was narrowly able to escape the jaws from consuming my entire being at the bottom, I was consumed instead by both embarrassment and fear of the thing I thought I could trust to carry me safely down.

Since then, I have had my fair share of run-ins with escalators. Although I will avoid them at all costs, if given the opportunity to take stairs instead, there are times when taking the escalator is unavoidable. Despite it having been almost a decade since these incidents occurred, I wonder why I still got panicky every time I step onto one, why I still have to grip the railings and glare at my feet like a hawk as I step off. Part of me wonders if it is actually the thought of getting injured that worries me, or if there is something more to it. Perhaps it is the lack of control. While regular stairs allow you to go at your own pace, even allowing you to sit down if you so choose, an escalator demands going in a certain direction at a certain speed, a constant forward movement that shows no mercy and requires complete obedience. It does not wait for you to be ready; you have sealed your fate as soon as you step onto it.

This is my fear of life. It is my fear of how time never stops to let you catch up, never stops progressing even if you feel like you are not ready to move on. Even so, just like an escalator, you need to take that step to reach your goal. You need to trust that life will find a way of getting you where you are meant to go. Then, with a deep breath and shoes tied, you will make the final step off, and you will look back fondly at what you have overcome.

A Dream at Sea

Jeremiah Schultz

She worried over what I'd think,
shaky hands poised to play, hair tied back
to reveal freckled cheeks blooming red
in the quiet half-light of L.E.D.s.

She made me turn away, to face
the wall, neat green turtleneck and
matching eyes removed from view as I
tilted my head sideways to listen.

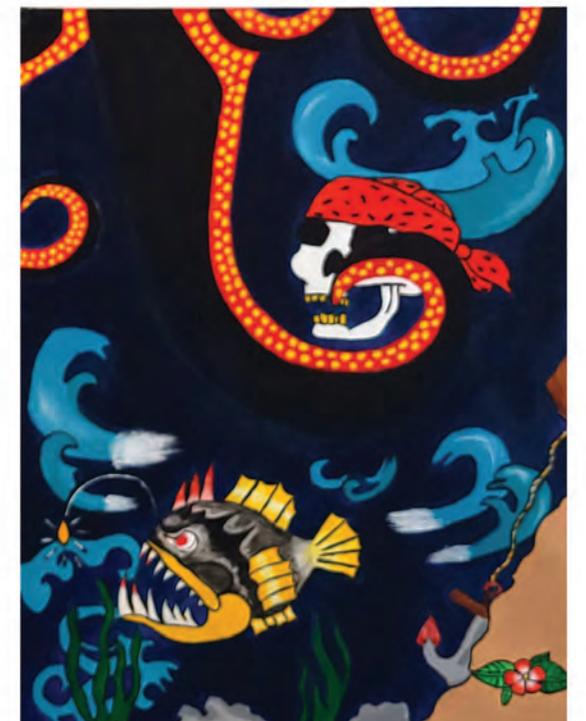
Her fingers floated from key to key,
weaving fine threads through the air,
a boat content with a windless
ocean, riding idle blue currents

under a wide blue cloudless sky,
birds singing high and soft as
water ebbed against the prow, and
I wondered why she worried.

Because I could really see it,
and it wasn't going away.
And smiling at that wall I thought
she might never play it better.

Under the Sea

Franchesca Heidenreich, Acrylic on Canvas



Drawn to the Cross, Which Thou Hast Blessed

for three-part voices, piano, with optional guitar and bass

Genevieve M. Irons, 1855-1928

Jonathan Kohrs, b. 1963

Voices

D Em7 D/F# G Am7 Dsus4 D D Em7 D/F# G Am7 Dsus4 D

Drawn to the cross, which Thou hast blest With heal-ing gifts for souls dis-tressed,

Bm D/A E7/G# E7 A A7/G D/F# D7/F# G D/F# Em7 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G

To find in Thee my life, my rest, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come,

D/F# G A D Em7 D/F# G Asus4 Asus2 A D Em7 D/F# G

Christ cru-ci-fied, I come. Thou know-est all my

Am7 Dsus4 D D Em7 D/F# G Am7 Dsus4 D Bm D/A E7/G# E7

griefs and fears, Thy grace a-bused, my mis-spent years; Yet now to Thee with

A A7/G D/F# D7/F# G D/F# Em7 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D/F# G A D Em7 D/F# G

con- trite tears, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come.

Asus4Asus2 A B Am7/B G#dim/B Cmaj7/B B Am7/B

Wash me and take a-way each stain; Let noth- ing

Wash me and take a-way each stain; Let noth-ing of my sin re-

2

Drawn to the Cross, Which Thou Hast Blessed

G#dim/B Cmaj7/B Am7 Bbmaj7/G Gm/C

of my sin re-main. For cleans-ing, though it be through pain,

main. For cleans-ing, though it be through pain, Christ cru-ci-fied, I

Em7/A A D Em7 D/F# G

Christ cru-ci-fied, I come, I come.

come, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come.

Am7 Dsus4 D D Em7 D/F# G Am7 Dsus4 D D Em7 D/F# G Am7 Dsus4 D

And then for work to do for Thee,

D Em7 D/F# G Am7 Dsus4 D Bm D/A E7/G# E7

Which shall so sweet a ser-vice be That an-gels well might

A A7/G D/F# D7/F# G D/F# Em7 D/F# G D/F# Em7 G D/F# G A

en-vy me, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come, Christ cru-ci-fied, I

D Em7 D/F# G Asus4 Asus2 A D

come.

Winter Bout*Gustav Strengé*

Panting, I gulp down thin air.
 My lungs struggle and strain,
 twin billows pumping
 as hard as they can.

Like a heavyweight boxer
 the winter cold strikes me,
 but I fight back. Swinging
 my fist in rhythm with my strides.

He's a dirty fighter,
 hitting below the belt,
 striking exposed
 knees and thighs as I run.

The ice is what takes me down.
 I spin out, falling forward
 into a snowbank. In spite of
 my gloves, the snow burns my knuckles.

For a nine count I lay there.
 From the back corner of my brain
 the trainer barks at me,
 "get up, keep swinging."

I force myself up.
 Fighting angrier now,
 pushing back at the wind,
 fighting my way home.

Abstract Face*Crystal Iniguez, Acrylic on Canvas*

Pal Norte

America Sanchez

I can hear the click and clack of the pans that Mamà is making in the kitchen. I lay in bed as the crickets sing, waiting for the sun to touch my face and the rooster to yell. Tears slide down my face as I hear Papà put on his work boots and the door close behind him. I look out the window and the moon is still out. I stare at her and pray to my God that he gives me strength to leave and that Mamà and Papà won't be mad.

It's 6:00 am and I smell the *cafecito* mamà prepared for me, along with the refried beans and fresh tortillas that I know are sitting for me on the small wooden table we all eat at. I slowly roll my tortilla because it is cold, and the sting it gives my hands is satisfying because it's the closest thing we have to warmth. Our fire went out and the wood we have left is to help us sleep tonight. I eat mamà's breakfast; it is the only meal I will have today.

I step outside and grab the clothes dancing in the hangers. They're stale from the soap we use and discolored thanks to the rocks we scrub with. They do not smell like flowers, but they are clean. I grab my shoes. They're a little tight and no longer keep the bottom of my feet warm, yet they are the only presentable shoes I have for school. I tend to sit in the back of the classroom, so no one will notice the mismatched patches on my vest, or stare at the mess of hair that I wish I could afford to cut.

I walk into the classroom like it's a regular day. I take in the last moments of this space that I have loved. I close my eyes and picture what my life would be if I was like one of those young adults who is destined to fulfill their dreams. I sold mangos for years to be able to maintain this seat. Today I sit up straight with my head held high and my completed assignment on my prickly dry hands. I manage the courage to sit up front and wait for the professor to call my name. She does not know that tomorrow—when she calls my name—there will be an absence that with time she will be able to answer on her own.

I walk one last time around *la plaza* and take in the colorful *papel picado* that dances in the wind. I breathe in the smell of all the food. Sit on the bench and close my eyes. I picture what life would be like if I could stay. I walk into the chapel that sits in the middle of *la plaza* and fall on my knees. I ask God to guide me through the scary journey that awaits me. I also ask him to give me enough life so that I can come back and live my last days here.

Mamà is getting worse; we can't afford the insulin. She only has a little left. She's skinnier than she has ever been before. I can see the veins in her face. Still she gets up every day and makes me breakfast. I'll remember each breakfast every morning when I leave. Now I'll probably always eat alone, and I'll think about how the wooden table is filled with mamá, papá and all my siblings.

Papa is getting older. He needs a new oxygen tank. He is almost running out. His asthma scares me. I stay up at night counting his breaths, making sure I can still hear them croak out his check. It's selfish for me to stay in school. I need to help.

I get home; my bags are already packed. Anytime now. I sit with a broken heart, waiting to tell papà. Gathering the courage to say goodbye, I look at the clock and decide it is time.

"Papà, I am leaving." I hear my old man's steps walking towards the gate. He sees my packed bags and the clothing I am wearing: a long sleeve shirt, my best Levi jeans, a baseball cap, and a handkerchief around my neck. He knows where I am going because his feet have walked the same path I will walk for the next few days. Still with a harsh tone and crystal eyes, he asks me, "*a donde vas?*" Just then the same coyote papà hired years ago pulls up, and I turn to face my father and with a broken voice I reply "*pal norte*, to the U.S., papà."

Chicago Bridge

Geer Tu, Digital Painting



Peaceful Reflection

John Hassell, Acrylic Wash





1864

7400 Augusta St., River Forest, IL 60305
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