

KAMILLIAN

2015



KISHWAUKEE COLLEGE
LITERARY AND ARTS JOURNAL

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Realizing that educational institutions should encourage intellectual inquiry and being cognizant that we live in a pluralistic society, the following disclaimer is given.

The ideas and opinions expressed in *Kamelian* are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Board of Trustees, the administration, the faculty, or the staff of Kishwaukee College. Materials for *Kamelian* were submitted by students who have been enrolled in courses at Kishwaukee College during one or all of the previous three semesters. Outside jurors with professional credentials and knowledge in the respective fields reviewed all entries. The pieces selected for inclusion in *Kamelian* and the awards given were based on the jurors' opinion of their aesthetic merit. ☺



On the cover...

SARAH MATTUS
IT BEGAN WITH A TRICYCLE

PHOTOGRAPHY
4.5"H X 6.25"W

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AWARDS

2 DIMENSIONAL ART

FIRST PLACE ∞ DARA PAONE UNTITLED
SECOND PLACE ∞ JENNIFER WALLIS INTO THE LIGHT
THIRD PLACE ∞ SAMANTHA BUTKUS OCEAN'S PEARL

3 DIMENSIONAL ART

FIRST PLACE ∞ MARY EMMONS THREE SISTERS
SECOND PLACE ∞ WILLIAM VAUGHN DOUBLE VISION
THIRD PLACE ∞ MARY EMMONS THE ROOM

PHOTOGRAPHY

FIRST PLACE ∞ ASHLEIGH FARRIS UNTITLED
SECOND PLACE ∞ ASHLEIGH FARRIS BREATH LESS
THIRD PLACE ∞ SARAH MATTUS STRANGE COMFORT

POETRY

FIRST PLACE ∞ YASMINE BROOKS EMPOWERMENT FROM WITHIN
SECOND PLACE ∞ EDWARD ADEJINLE THE WORLD
THIRD PLACE TIE ∞ MEGAN BRATKO DIRECTIONS
THIRD PLACE TIE ∞ KANA HILL WHO AM I?

SHORT FICTION

FIRST PLACE ∞ ETHAN HIGH RUN FOR HOME
SECOND PLACE ∞ ANDY ANAYA JUSTIFICATION
THIRD PLACE ∞ TIFFANY WALLACE THE DAY OF UNION

JURORS

ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

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RECOVERY

I see your ghost and dance with it
Maybe it's really you,
But then it turns its head
And its face to me is new.

*When will you come for me?
I cannot bear the wait,
I see all these strangers
Who don't know their fate.*

The ghosts crowd around me
It's getting hard to see
I don't know what to do
I don't want to pay their fee.

*We can get through this,
I promised you the best.
We have to stay together,
I'm just being honest.*

There are so many faces
But none belong to you,
I wish I could see you
And decide on what to do.

*Please don't go
You can stay forever
I won't ever hurt you
We can protect each other.*

This is the last time we dance
Soon I will wake
Please understand
I've made so many mistakes.

*I know you are sorry
I have not forgotten you
If you stay with me,
Our relationship can continue.*

I have to move on
It's so hard to do
I know someday I will forget
So I'm starting out new.

MEGAN BRATKO
POETRY



ASHLEIGH FARRIS
UNTITLED

1ST PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
7"H x 9"W

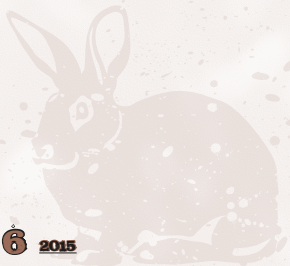
RUN FOR HOME

I've got this. I'm smaller than he is, faster than he is; everything works to my advantage; I'd like to see him catch me. He has never caught my family and I am faster than they.

I dodge behind a bush to catch my breath. *He's been trailing me for two days. My hole is not much further; I can make it.* Carefully I venture out again, my nose frantically sniffing the wind for any sign of him. *Nothing, that's good.* A wall of vivid orange flames rams my side; it doesn't burn. As soon as my feet touch the ground I'm running again. I weave in and out of the shrubbery, trying to throw him off my trail. *How did I not smell him? He is a crafty one is he not?* I dash hither and thither, not looking back because that split second could very well cost me my life. I hear him recklessly crashing through the undergrowth, twigs snapping and cracking as his feet fly over the earth. *He wants me, but he shall not have me. He will have to work harder to get me and I do not think he can work that hard for imminent death guides my feet, only a hungry*

belly his. A hole appears before me, without hesitation, I dive in. I travel deeper in the burrow. I can hear him digging frantically; snuffling dirt in his attempts to reach me. I wait and catch my breath. I freeze as a sibilant hiss echoes through the tunnel. Fear overcomes my being, but I am already running, running towards the ball of orange flames that awaits me at the entrance. I fly from the hole, clearing his head by a good margin. I contact the ground and take off. Never have I run such; ears streaming out behind, fur laid flat, my legs kicking up tufts of earth. In the distance I hear a long piercing moan. *Perhaps mister angry tail has caught up with mister fire.* I slow my pace, dodging easily around trees. I make my way through a briar patch. If he were still following me, he would have to go the long way around. I see the entrance to my hole, what a comforting sight. I leap for it, but my path is diverted by the jaws firmly clamped around my middle. I writhe and kick, my mighty hind legs connecting with his eye. He releases me in his moment of pain. We stand eyeing each other. I chance a glance around. Mr. angry tail lies dead and limp on the ground. I look back to the pillar of fire that blocks me from safety. His eyes are red, foam drips from his black lips. He staggers forward as though drunk. I dash around him and into my hole. I sit far back and listen. He is still moving around. Then comes his long howl... Thump... And all is quiet. 🐰

ETHAN HIGH
1ST PLACE SHORT FICTION



PHOTOGRAPH

My body began to shiver as the cold winter chill from outside seeped within me. It stings, but I must push forward. I have to find my dad. My numb fingers clench against the faded and wrinkled photograph. It is my last hope. I've been searching for my father for a week now, bumping into a few people who recognize him every now and again. But usually with the same ending statement, "haven't seen 'em." My father is the only family I have, the only one I can depend on. We moved around a lot, experiencing the world and culture around us, but never staying too long in one place. My father was always paranoid someone was after us and I think that's why he's missing now.

"Hey you, girl! Hold up now!" A gruff man hollered trying to catch my attention.

I waited and watched as the man with the shaggy beard pushed through the crowd of people in the bustling city street. He seemed oddly familiar as he drew closer staring at me with his piercing blue-grey eyes buried deep within his weathered face. And it clicked, I knew him all too well. I reached into my pocket for courage and squeezed my father's picture. This man, inching ever closer, is the one my father always warned me about. My heart sank to my stomach, beating as though it were a ticking time bomb about to explode. Without another thought I ran.

"No please, Esmeralda wait!" His voice boomed from behind me.

Esmeralda? How does he know my name? I strain my legs to go faster, urging them to propel my body forward weaving in and out of the crowds of people in swift motions. But my body arches back as fingers wrap around my arm, clenching like steel, ceasing to never let go. I try to rip free of his grasp but to no avail, I'm trapped like a bug in a spider web forced to face my demise.

"Look at me." He utters a bit out of breath. "Esmeralda, please." He said softly, loosening his grip.

I turn slowly and glance under the veil of my long dark hair, something in his voice compelled me to. His eyes were brimming with tears as he searched my face and his lip began to quiver.

"I finally found you," he said while reaching out a hand to touch my face. "My Esmeralda, my baby girl." ❧

CASSANDRA ANDERSON
SHORT FICTION

EMPOWERMENT FROM WITHIN

(Inspired by a Spanish lullaby)

While resting my eyes flutter as I drift off into my sleep.
I can faintly hear a song being sung to me in a whisper from a distance.

A la nanita nana nanita ella, nanita ella.

Mi nina tiene sueno bendito sea, bendito sea.

Fuentecita que corre clara y sonora.

Suddenly I awake from my peaceful daydream.
We gaze into each other's eyes lovingly until broken by a single blink.
Then he shifts his attention back to the ultrasound
but not before he intertwines his hand in mine.
And gives my hand a small kiss.

Feelings of overwhelming joy wash over me like a warm summer mist
as we hear our developing baby's heartbeat for the first time.

It resembles the sound of galloping horses
fast yet steady.

Floating through a sack of amniotic fluid implanted in my growing uterus.

My dream has come true, my first pregnancy has begun
and my life purpose is changing rapidly.

YASMINE BROOKS
1ST PLACE POETRY



JENNIFER WALLIS
INTO THE LIGHT

2ND PLACE TWO-DIMENSIONAL ART
MONOPRINT, OIL PRINT INKS ON PAPER
7" H x 5" W

WILLIAM VAUGHN
DOUBLE VISION
2ND PLACE THREE-DIMENSIONAL ART
CLAY
10"H X 5"W X 5"D





MICHELLE TURCIOS
UNTITLED

WATERCOLOR ON PAPER
14"H X 20"W

KIMBERLY MANLEY
WHEN TIME FREEZES
MIXED PAINTS ON PAPER
20"H X 16"W





BRYCE PARKER
SEPTARIO

CHARCOAL, WATERCOLOR, CHALK, PASTEL ON PAPER
17.5"H X 23.5"W



MARY EMMONS
'THREE SISTERS'

1ST PLACE THREE-DIMENSIONAL ART
CLAY

CENTER PIECE: 6"H x 3"W x 3"D

LEFT PIECE: 5"H x 3"W x 3"D ↔ RIGHT PIECE: 5.25"H x 3"W x 3"D

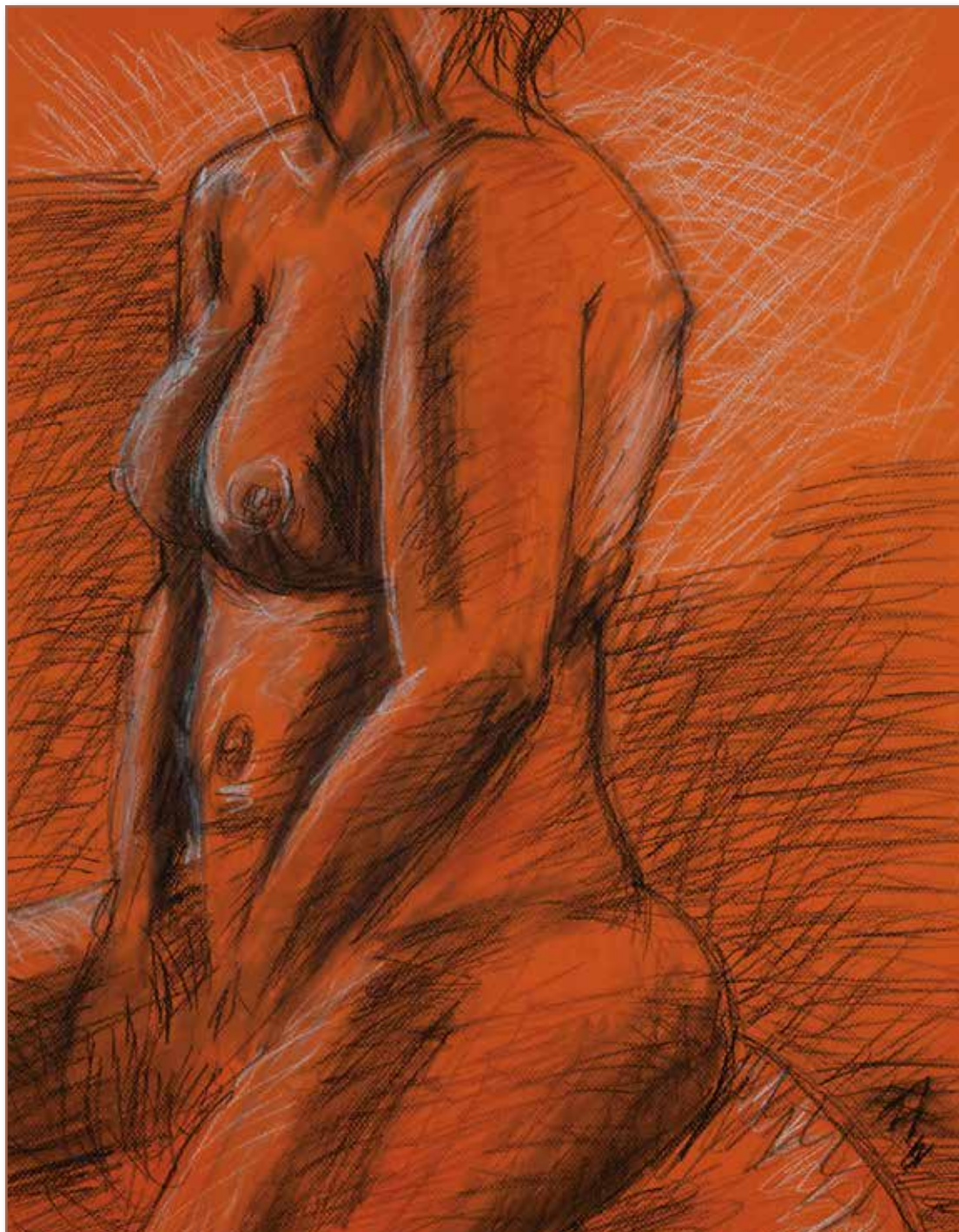


DARA PAONE
UNTITLED

1ST PLACE TWO-DIMENSIONAL ART
PAPER, CARDBOARD, PINE, STRING, ACRYLIC INKS
18"H X 24"W



SARAH MATTUS
STRANGE COMFORT
3RD PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
4.25"H X 6.25"W



ANDY ANAYA
MESSY ANONYMOUS
CONTÉ ON PAPER
23"H x 18"W

MARY EMMONS
'THE ROOM'
3RD PLACE THREE-DIMENSIONAL ART
CLAY AND WIRE
26"H x 18"W x 18"D





RON LOFTON
NON-OBJECTIVE

ACRYLIC PAINT ON PINE
16.5"H x 16.5"W

JENNIFER WALLIS
GNARLY

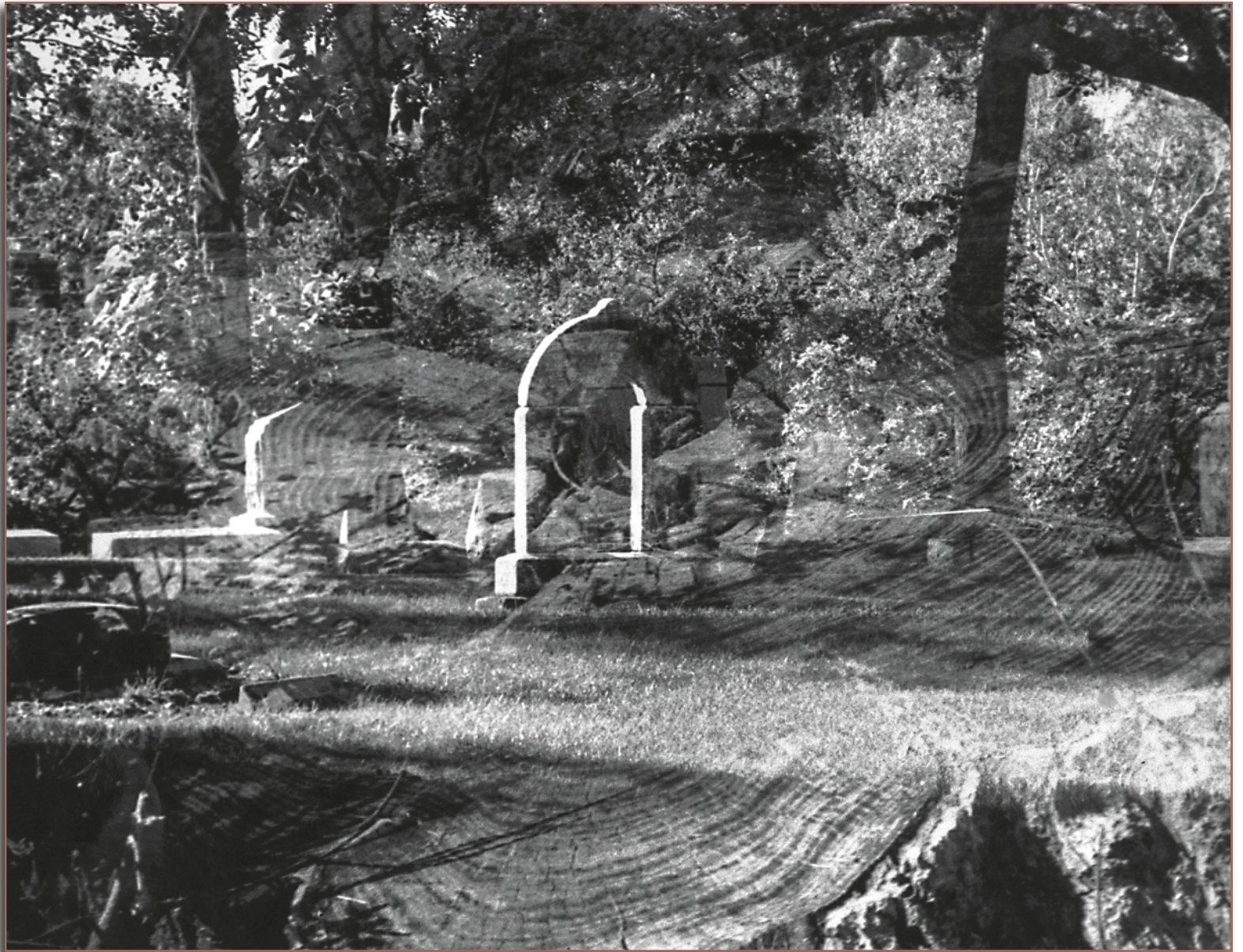
WOOD BLOCK PRINT WITH OIL PRINT INKS ON PAPER
12"H x 9"W





SAMANTHA BUTKUS
OCEAN'S PEARL

3RD PLACE TWO-DIMENSIONAL ART
OIL ON CANVAS
14"H X 11"W



ANGY OCASIO
'TIME IS NOT DEMISE

PHOTOGRAPHY
7.25"H x 9.5"W



WILLIAM VAUGHN
WARRIOR

CLAY
12"H x 4"W x 4"D

RON LOFTON
TWO UKES
OIL PAINT ON CANVAS
20"H x 16"W





SARAH MATTUS
I'M ON THE UP AND UP
PHOTOGRAPHY
6.25"H x 4.25"W



**COURTNEY WILLE
BEAUTY?**

PORCELAIN

EACH PIECE: 2.5"H X 1"W X 1"D



RON LOFTON
SELF PORTRAIT
OIL PAINT ON LINEN
20" H X 14" W



ASHLEIGH FARRIS
BREATH LESS

2ND PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
6.25"H X 9.25"W



**WILLIAM VAUGHN
FEATHERED**

CLAY
6"H x 4"W x 3"D



SARAH MATTUS
IT BEGAN WITH A TRICYCLE

PHOTOGRAPHY
4.5"H X 6.25"W



**JENNIFER WALLIS
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STARING
BACK AT ME**

GRAPHITE ON PAPER
41" H x 28" W



EMILY COTTO
PARADISE

PHOTOGRAPHY
6.5" H x 10" W

THE WORLD

The world has changed so much that no one knows where they belong.
We take different measures to succeed without caring if it is right or wrong.

The world has changed so much that all we do is fight.
We say we won't stop until we see the light.

The world has changed so much that even with our eyes open, we can't see the future.
The only way we can see the future is by going on life adventures.

The world has changed so much that no one hears us when we scream.
Everyone is going on their path that they don't want to hear you tell your dream.

The world has changed so much that all that matters is what we achieve.
There is so much confusion that we don't know what to believe.

Do we want to change the world? The answer is we are still trying to decide.
We can't change anything because we are afraid some things might collide.

Is this what we think the world has turned into or are these just imaginations?
Even if we don't know the answer, we still have to lift up our nations.

EDWARD ADEJINLE
2ND PLACE POETRY

THE DAY OF UNION

In the kingdom of Alysion, it is said that life is blessed. Crops overflow from the fields, gold fills the coffers, but above of all else, it is a kingdom of magic. Alysion is led by the King and Queen and The High Temple of the Arisen. When Alysion was founded the Temple issued a Divine proclamation. Every thirty years, a ceremony to replenish the magic of the land must be undertaken, and in which every citizen must participate.

Every thirty years all infants are to be brought to the Capital where the High Priests and Priestesses search out the five Chosen Ones. The children are placed upon an alter and given the Medallion of Light until it glows in the hands of the Chosen Ones. The chosen five are taken from their families and groomed to become the next High Priests and Priestesses of the Arisen. For twenty years the Chosen are raised as royalty until the Day of Union, where four will declare the names of their beloved. It is a day of celebration, spread in stories far and wide; however nightfall brings the unspoken secret. Under the stars is the Night of Sacrifice, a ceremony where the fifth Chosen One forfeits their life to renew the land.

I am one of the Chosen, and the Day of Union is upon us.

For three days we have been confined to the Temple grounds. I rose as dawn stained the sky with a riot of color and summoned the servants with a tug on the cord which hung from the ceiling above. The four novices padded across the stone floor with their bare feet, going about the morning routine with the smoothness of long practice. They prepared a lovely emerald gown with real gold thread embroidered across it in the pattern of leaves before ushering me to the baths. I welcomed the embrace of the heated water, sinking all the way to my ears. My black hair spills across the surface with a mind of its own.

Only I was not alone. Tucked in a corner of the bath sat Terisa, her platinum hair making her thin frame blend into the water until she was nearly invisible. I felt a pang of pity for my lifelong friend. Many of the priests were careless and cruel with her; for years they

had expected her to be the one to die. "Ava; do forgive me." Her meek voice shook as I wrapped my arm around her shoulders, contrasting my bronze skin sharply with her paler complexion. She was trembling, sending ripples dancing across the water.

"Do you wish to tell me why you are crying?" I asked her gently. "I am frightened. I should not be as it is an honor to be chosen as the Sacrifice, but I am frightened." Her voice broke on the last words and she used her hand to stifle a new wave of weeping. "No more tears now. As soon as you are dressed meet me in the garden, near the fountain, alright?" She nodded in agreement and we bathed in companionable silence until our attendants came to retrieve us and bundled us off towards our rooms.

In a flurry of motion I was wrapped in my gown, the jeweled silk slippers put hastily onto my feet, and placed in a chair before a tall mirror. I was powdered and oiled in moments as novices pinned my hair into place with a small gold tiara of golden twisting leaves. They used charcoal to draw knotting designs on every bit of exposed skin before pasting small jewels to my skin. When they finally released me the shadows had lengthened across the floor, the Union Ceremony would begin soon. I quickly turned to admire the sunlight glinting off the gold and jewels and my gown, slit up to the hips on either side, flaring out like the petals of a flower.

"You have outdone yourselves." I beamed at them. "Be sure not to ruin our hard work on your walk." They replied smiling, sending themselves into fits of giggles. I attempted to protest as they pushed me into the hallway. "Give our best to Samuel." The door shut smartly in my face followed by more laughter from the other side. I was keenly aware of the seconds slipping away, leading inevitably towards nightfall. My awareness was only intensified by the dull roar of a gathering crowd outside the Temple's walls as I entered the gardens. "Ava," Samuel came my way with strides that made the hem of his soft gray robes dance. His arms were around me in an instant, kissing me in a way that stilled the world for one sweet

moment. There was no gruesome death coming with nightfall, only my fingers wound into his short dark curls and his honey colored eyes so full of adoration.

After a few blissful seconds I forced myself to step out of his embrace; there was no more time for us. “Beloved, would you do anything for me?” I asked him quietly. “Anything and everything my Princess.” He said with his wide boyish smile that seemed so out of place on his square features. “But we mustn’t speak of that, my life outside of these walls means nothing.” I took his hand in mine and led him to the fountain. Sure enough, Terisa was waiting in a gown of gold when we arrived. “I must ask something unforgivable of you my love. I would have you proclaim Terisa as your love, to live and love her as you would love me.”

“Why would you ask such a thing?”

“It is my duty; I cannot allow you to die without hope. The priests have treated you as though you never had a chance and I will not allow that to be all you will ever know.” They exclaimed in unison, and I could see that Samuel was about to protest. I quickly placed my fingers against his lips to stop the coming words. “If you speak my name I will reject you, and all three of us will die, so please, allow me to do what I must.” The air filled with the sounds of horns and the crowd howled with excitement, the ceremony was beginning. With her request unanswered they hurried back to the main chamber, where novices waited to set them in line. The doors opened, and I stepped out to meet the crowd before I could think about what was next. From then on the ceremony seemed to pass in a blur.

Tristan and Isabelle had declared their love first, and when Samuel stepped forward I was suddenly terrified he would be unable to do as I asked. When he called Terisa’s name the crowd’s reaction was mixed, gasps of surprise mixed with excited cheering

nearly drowning out her acceptance. I was immediately escorted back inside by silent priestesses; the lines of charcoal that had so painstakingly been drawn on me were covered in thin trails of liquid gold. The voices battered at the walls of the Temple as the two couples were united in a wedding ceremony outside as prayers were being murmured over me.

I didn’t know how much time passed before I was taken back outside. The stars glittered overhead as I was laid down upon the wide slab altar, stained with the blood of those who had come before me. I did not look up as the priest spoke his final words to the crowd, nor did I hear what he had to say, but instead turned my gaze to find my beloved Samuel. I smiled at him and whispered that I loved him so quietly even I could not hear.

When the knife found my heart I felt immediately separated, becoming a spectator as I stood next to Samuel. No blood came from the wound but rather a winding gold light which coiled out of my body like smoke and my former eyes becoming nothing but golden orbs of light. The limbs that had once been mine moved to rise from the slab, lifting weightlessly into the air. “The day of True Sacrifice has come,” A voice that was one and many came from my mouth as I looked on awestruck. “A life given in selflessness like no other before, and never to be again, long have we awaited this day!” The body that had once been mine spread its arms wide, “Never again shall blood bathe these stones, the promise is fulfilled and the land shall be forever fruitful.”

The being turned in place and stared directly at me, and I heard Samuel’s sharp intake of breath. “Remember that love is eternal and cannot be defeated by the paltry barriers of mortality. It is to this end which you must live your lives. The Arisen have spoken.” The Arisen offered out my hand, I took hold and the world fell away to the sound of the cheering crowd below. ↻

TIFFANY WALLACE
3RD PLACE SHORT FICTION

JUSTIFICATION

I am not a bad person; besides, it's not like I did it on purpose.

She was such a klutz; she would have fallen down those stairs on her own eventually. ↻

ANDY ANAYA
2ND PLACE SHORT FICTION

DIRECTIONS

Up through the window

Up on the roof

Down the drainpipe

Down the stoop

Across the streets

Across the roads

Through the bushes

Through the rose

See through the stores

See through the People

Long for the company

Long for the steeple

Sing songs of sorrow

Sing songs of sadness

Listen to the voices

Listen for the kindness

MEGAN BRATKO
3RD PLACE TIE POETRY

WHO AM I?

I am the feeling you get while staring into the night sky as you watch the stars light up
the universe.

I am the sound of a harmonic violin as you walk through a flourishing garden on a
summer day.

I'm the warmth you feel as you sit on top of
a mountain top with your eyes closed.

I live in the minds of those seeking to find a sense of tranquility not only
among themselves but in other people.

I try to help people gain a sense of open mindedness
so they can see the world beyond its beautiful existence.

I am the calmness you feel as you pull away from memories of past hurts.

I am the freedom of all disturbances.

I am peace.

KANA HILL
3RD PLACE TIE POETRY

WE ARE AFRAID

We are not afraid of failure, we are afraid of success.

We know we will learn from mistakes,

but we have no clue as to how to manage the idea of winning.

We are afraid of what impact, big or small, might change our entire lives.

One decision can turn our friends into our enemies.

Even though the idea of success seems impressive, it feels wrong knowing the

measures we had to take.

We meet and leave people, but we don't judge ourselves,

but instead call those people fake.

We are afraid of who we might become if we let go of the past

Letting go means not looking back and not caring, which is not going to last.

We are afraid we will end up with something great that we don't deserve.

So we just look at the GREATS, do what they say, see what they do and observe.

EDWARD ADEJINLE
POETRY

DREAMS AS REALITY

Sometimes I wake without knowing it

Still thinking it's a dream.

Sometimes I wish it was

So nothing is what it may seem.

I wish bad days were a dream

Waking only when it got worse.

Please wake me from this nightmare

Before it becomes a curse

Good dreams would last forever

Not caring when you wake.

But soon you'll miss reality

And then you know you've made a mistake

Dreams are never what they seem,

Playing at your mind,

Pulling at your seams

Just when you think you're conscious

You wake up.

MEGAN BRATKO
POETRY

WIEN

When will my heart be at peace?

My mind gets heavy with thoughts of you

Wondering where you are or who you're with

For years it's been like this

When will my heart be at peace?

In the beginning our love was invincible

Fighting with each other had never crossed my mind

Because I *truly* thought we were one of a kind

Then out of nowhere my love for you died

Yet, your love for me grew

So you tried and tried to win back my heart

Only for me to react selfishly and slowly break you apart

And now all we are is a ship drowned in strife

Trying to overcome the everyday temptations of life

Not knowing where we are going

Lost on the road of seduction and sin

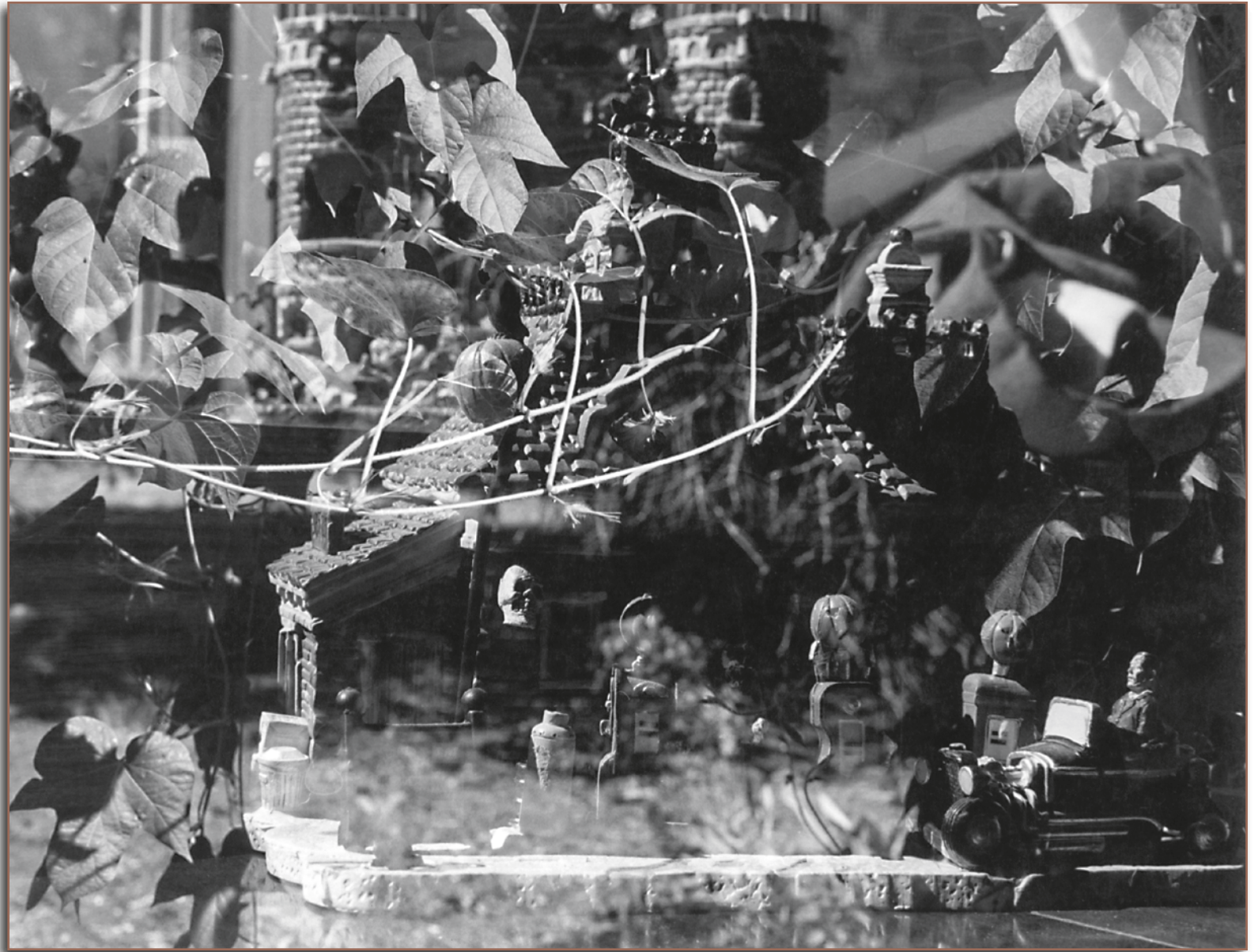
Instead of wisdom trying to lead us from within

Now we go in circles never coming up with a solution

Can we can fix what has been broken time and time again?

And so I eagerly ask Him, "When Lord, when?"

STEPHANIE GONZALEZ
POETRY



**JESSICA FARACE
HIDDEN AWAY**

PHOTOGRAPHY
7.25"H x 9.25"W

KAMELIAN 2015

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Kamelian is produced by Kishwaukee College to recognize and showcase the artistic and literary talents of Kishwaukee College students.

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It is the policy of Kishwaukee College not to tolerate sexual harassment in any form nor to discriminate on the basis of sex, age, race, creed, religion, national origin or disability status, or sexual orientation in its educational programs, activities or employment practices. Inquiries regarding compliance may be directed to the Director of Human Resources.

KISHWAUKEE COLLEGE
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UP THROUGH THE WINDOW

UP ON THE ROOF

DOWN THE DRAINPIPE

DOWN THE STOOP

ACROSS THE STREETS

ACROSS THE ROADS

THROUGH THE BUSHES

THROUGH THE ROSE

SEE THROUGH THE STORES

SEE THROUGH THE PEOPLE

LONG FOR THE COMPANY

LONG FOR THE STEEPLE

SING SONGS OF SORROW

SING SONGS OF SADNESS

LISTEN TO THE VOICES

LISTEN FOR THE KINDNESS

DIRECTIONS
MEGAN BLATRO

