

K I S H W A U K E E C O L L E G E

2018



Literary & Arts Journal



2018 Kamelian Literary & Arts Journal

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' opinions of their aesthetic merits.

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Jurors

Literature

Andrea Lohf
M.A.

Joanine Ayoti Simms
Graduate Teaching Assistant
English Department
Northern Illinois University

Kelsey Williams
Tutor
Editor

Art

Kathy Driscoll
Art Teacher/Artist

Travis Jess
Visual Artist

Elyse Sawka
Fine Artist

Awards

Literature

Short Fiction

First Place
Cristy Piwowar-Hein
Birthday Elf

Second Place
Hana Green
Ode to Madrigals

Poetry

First Place
Carley Anne Ackland
Two Friends

Second Place
Alyssa Kutz
*the scent of shadows/
the shape of things*

Third Place
Sophie West
unsuspecting hairline

Honorable Mentions
Sophie West
Eternal Gravediggers

Amy Esmenda
Love Is . . .

Carley Anne Ackland
You Can Read

Soscha Lucero
Personal Philosophy

Art

Photography

First Place
Robert Whitten
Lake of Gold

Second Place
Robert Whitten
Grasshopper

Chizuru Kamiuttanai
Hidden Christian

Third Place
Devon Buza
Rift

Honorable Mentions
Chizuru Kamiuttanai
*A Japanese
Landscape Garden*

Shianna H. Thompson
Fallin

Alea Akers
Beauty After the Rain

Alea Akers
Joyful Noise

Two-Dimensional

First Place
Callie M. Ackland
The Course of True Love

Second Place
J. Byron Wise
*The Great Pendulum,
from the Unreleased Work,
The Bells of Six*

Third Place
J. Byron Wise
*What Eyes Will Forget,
from the Unreleased Work,
The Bells of Six*

Honorable Mentions
Hannah Sutter
Callisto

Hope Akers
Braided

Alyssa Kytz
Other Intimate Strangers

Debbie Adams Lentz
Debbie

Debbie Adams Lentz
Be Still

Ron Lofton
Harmony

Ron Lofton
Birch

Three-Dimensional

First Place
Khala Wynn
Flower Bride

Second Place
Barbara Johnson
Life Goes On

Third Place
Barbara Johnson
Bounty

Honorable Mentions
Devon Buza
Liquid Gold

Barbara Johnson
Apple



Robert Whitten
Lake of Gold
Height: 8", Width: 10"

First Place
Photography



Callie M. Ackland

The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth

Multimedia (Paper and Pastel)

Height: 11", Width: 8.5"

(Also featured on the Cover)

First Place

Two-Dimensional Art

Two Friends

He was old, and I was young, he was from afar, and I had never left.
The eggs grew cold as the clock grew bold,
Chiming, as though it thought something bereft.
His pea-green coat held photographs; he showed me three of his children,
I told him about my old dog, who had died.
We both wondered often about Heaven.
The glass before him was filled with new water, which he drank as though he had
Never drank anything so pure.
I watched his eyes, and, to my surprise, there was something hidden in them,
Something dark, to be sure.
But I hated when others would question myself, my thin, bony fingers, or my delicate frame,
So I held back on asking why his hands always trembled,
Why his eyes so resembled the falling of rain.

Eventually, when the clock struck half-past three,
Another man came in to give order to me.
I stood up and thanked my friend, for giving up his time,
And, turning to leave (the clock naïve, continuing to chime),
But he called out my name.
I turned, to better see his face.

On his wrist, I could see now,
A very faint trace:
Six numbers were inked inside of his skin.
Two zeros, a five, a three, and a ten.
I remember his face when he saw where I looked.
It was shaded and weary, but not without a strange smile.
When I whispered to him, my own troubled voice shook,
But he didn't seem darkened, and considered awhile.

When the clock in the corner struck seven past seven, I raced for the door,
And stepped out into Heaven.
Above me, the sun, scarlet light, began sinking.
Stars poked out from hiding,
And mountains stood, deeply thinking.
A cool, evening breeze blew back worries and hair.
I remembered my friend,
And I
Felt.
He was there.

Carley Anne Ackland

First Place
Poetry

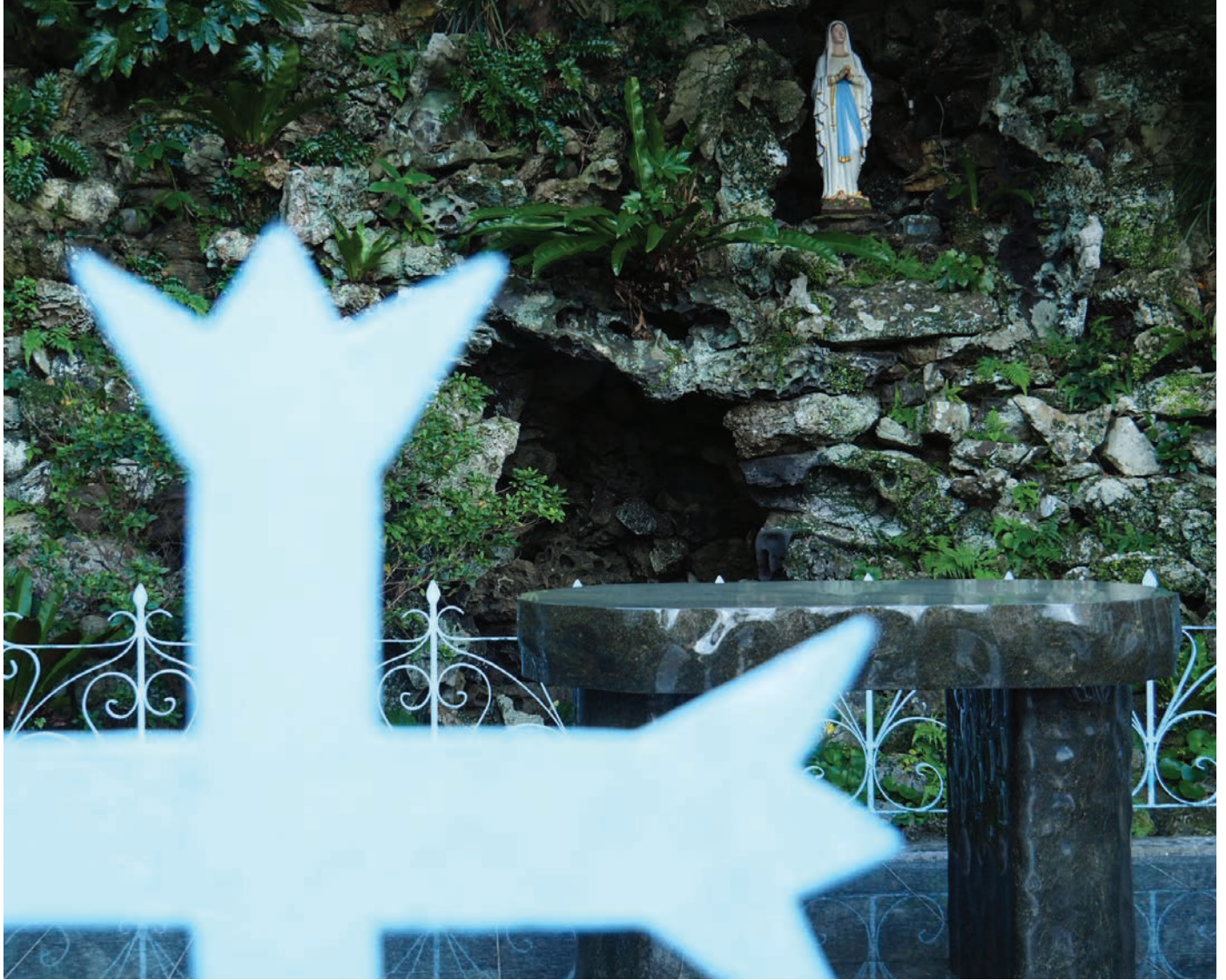
Ode to Madrigals

Can I please have everyone gather 'round. We are doing some excellent work here people, I hope you can feel it too. I can feel the frustration growing in the air around you all. What are the facts? There are more than twenty of you all together, you have a grand collection of full time classes, outside class work, stressors of family, worries about friends and your inner circle, insecurities, fears, issues from the past, concerns of the future, and sometimes that weight can get you down, or grouchy, or even make you snap or push away those that you care about the most. Whatever the situations, they are real and should be recognized as such. This group is competitive, time-consuming, intense, and challenging. It takes much skill, passion, commitment, and heart to be here as much as you are. It also takes camaraderie, compassion, teamwork, respect, loyalty, trust, and leadership – from all of you towards each other and towards yourself. I can tell that some of you are frustrated today. Some tired, exhausted even. I know I am. School is kicking my ass too y'all. Phew! But you know what? Every time I come to join your group what I see are fun-loving young adults, learning together, harmonizing your minds, producing a marvelous set of gorgeous music that most people don't have the opportunity to know, especially in such a learned context that you have been provided with. Why are you here? This is a weird group of people, nerding out together (to the max I might add) about music that is hundreds of years old, getting dressed in period worthy garb and wearing tights, and crowns, and holding hands. . . When I was your age, I was here because I loved it. The whole weird little world. And Music. What about music? There are different kinds of music that touch all different people, and this music touches me. Being able to not only listen and enjoy, getting to perform it also? What a treat of life. The work that has been put in shows daily, even on days like today when the internal criticism is at peak levels. But remember: Where are we? Here. When are we? Now. Don't forget to live in the moment, allow the present to swarm around you, keeping all woes at bay until it is their time. We are here to inspire and entertain others, a dutiful responsibility, for people need to experience things like us to maintain a grasp on hope, love, and all of the thoughts that plague them, just like you. We have been given the time and talent, working towards being able to be a special part of people's lives, even if only for a moment. Think of your favorite piece we have been working on. Let it flow through your mind and touch your heart. Why are you here? I'm here because music has saved my life more than once. Because music is the only thing that just makes sense and always has. Because music travels from my bones, through my bloodstream, into my lungs, and out of my soul. Its something that is mine. Just for me. And when something that has so much beauty to me, has the same grip on others, I want to share that with them. Don't be afraid to let your heart out, and allow the rest of the wonders to follow. Why are you here? Find it. Hold onto it with all your might. These are some of the days that will change you for the better . . . forever.

Hana Green

Second Place

Short Fiction



Chizuru Kamiuttanai
Hidden Christian
Height: 8", Width: 10"

Second Place (Tie)
Photography

Love Is . . .

Love is a four letter word
That is abused so often
Promises made to be broken
Adding nails to your coffin

Love is just a fixture
Of our imagination
Never understood, yet embraced
Living on false information

I once believed
In all of the fairy tales
But now I know for sure
It's just a pitch for sales

I've read the novels
And watched the movies
All that says love
Is a thing of beauty?

Well here in reality
You experience a rude awakening
And realize love is full of pain
Your heart is left aching

You feel this empty void
Left inside of your soul
It drains you of your light
And leaves you with a hole

You can try to get it back
Confuse lust with feelings more
And miss your one true shot
As hurt closes the door

As time starts to pass
And you realize you're all alone
You turn cold & bitter
Your heart has no home.

Amy Esmenda

Honorable Mention
Poetry



Khala Wynn
Flower Bride
Ceramic
Height: 48", Width: 12", Depth: 17"

First Place
Three-Dimensional Art





Robert Whitten
Grasshopper
Height: 8", Width: 10"

Second Place (Tie)
Photography



Alea Akers
Beauty After the Rain
Height: 5", Width: 7"

Honorable Mention
Photography

Birthday Elf

I can't believe it. Another visit from Great Aunt Edna. What a horrid way to spend my fifteenth birthday. Last time I had to see Aunt Edna she complained about everything going on. "You shouldn't do that to your hair dear" and "Honey that's not how a proper lady acts". I can hear it all now. She smells of a mixture of rubbing alcohol and an overpowering floral scent. No doubt caused from some expired perfume. She always has that darn cane with her too. Maybe if she would lose a few pounds she'd look a little normal. She's so short and fat that she reminds me of a crabby Santa's elf. It wasn't always that bad, I don't think. Back when Great Uncle Alfred was around, I can't recall a time when she annoyed me so much then.

Uncle Alfred was great. He always amused me with his magic tricks and I got to keep any money that he found behind my ears. One time he found a gold coin behind my left ear and I still have it. It's a shame that he died five years ago. I really miss him. His company was much better than Great Aunt Edna. What did he ever see in that woman to begin with? He was so nice and fun and she's just so not.

I can hear my mom downstairs cleaning every nook and cranny of the house. I refuse to help. It's my birthday and I should at least get to avoid chores for a day since I'm going to have to deal with Aunt Elf.

"Jackie! Come on down. Come see who's here," Mom says, beckoning to me.

Ugh. Here we go. I'm taking my time going down the stairs. Out the window I can see Aunt Elf struggling to get out of the taxi. She has a red straw hat on with some sort of bird decoration on the brim. "What is on her head, Mom?"

"Hush. You be polite to dear Aunt Edna. Don't be rude."

"Yeah. Yeah, Mother."

Her dress is just as hideous as her hat. It is purple with flowers on it. Who wears purple anymore? She looks like a short Barney the dinosaur with a crazy hat. She finally lifts herself out of the car and sets her cane to work. Mom has to walk up to the taxi to carry her old suitcase. Her suitcase has flowers on it too. Geez. This woman has no sense of style.

I can hear mom making small talk on the front sidewalk leading up to the door. "Oh, Aunt Edna, it's so great to see you. How was your trip? Not too hard on you, I hope."

"Of course not, dear. I had a grand time. Now, where is that gorgeous daughter of yours?"

Ugh Please. So fake.

I open the door as they approach and put the fake smile on my face. "Hello, Aunt Edna. How are you?" We always have the same greeting. We have to do this thing where you kiss each side of each other's cheek. So fake if you ask me.

"Oh, I'm doing wonderful, darling. I'm so happy to be able to make it for your fifteenth birthday," she tells me.

Mom guides her toward the living room and shows her to the sofa. "Come sit and tell us all about your recent trip while I grab us some tea, Aunt Edna."

It looks so difficult and painful for Aunt Elf to maneuver around the living room trying to get settled. Like it's some huge project. Just sit down already. Geez.

Aunt Elf finally situates herself and proceeds to dig into her matching luggage. I think her luggage is as ancient as she is. She pulls out two photo albums out of her old suitcase. One looks as beat up and used as her horrid perfume bottle and the other was clearly newer and still covered with more of those darn flowery patterns. Where does she even find all her things with flowers on them? Is there some old lady store they all ride a bus to and clean them out of flower crap?

"I am so excited to be here, dear. I thought this was a great special occasion for me to bring these old photos too. Let's start with the photos and I'll tell you about it as we go along," says Aunt Edna.

She begins her show and tell presentation with the new album and I have a hard time seeing anything, so I'm now forced to sit next to her and smell that smell. What kind of perfume was this woman wearing and how does she still manage to get her hands on something so awful? I'll have to bare it for a little while and then I can make my escape and hide in my room until she decides to leave.

The album has scenes of a whole group of old ladies in every photo. These ladies are all wearing these ridiculous red straw hats. They varied only in what decorates the hats. Some have feathers, or fruit, or more birds. They all have some form of purple dress on too. A whole group of Barney the dinosaurs with crazy hats. I hope this is not something that happens to me when I get old. I hope I have a better fashion sense than that.

I knew it! There is a traveling group of them!

One of the photos is of a cemetery. The group of women were standing in front of a field of white crosses. Next to the photo on another page is a newspaper clipping that reads, Red Hat Ladies Benefit Raises \$50,000 for Veterans Memorial. Great, I think, now they have a name for their crazy hat club.

Aunt Elf explains the clipping and tells us how she goes out with the club and hosts benefits of all sorts to help charities. She says with Uncle Alfred gone, she had to fill in the loneliness.

It tugs at my heart to hear Uncle Alfred's name. I miss him a lot. We make it through the first album and she moves to open the old well used album. She rubs her hand over the cover before opening it as if it was some sort of magic motion to unlock it.

As I look at the first photos, I see that they are photos of Uncle Alfred. I'm not sure if I want to look at this album. I'm feeling uncomfortable and I don't see the need in staying for this one. I look up to tell my mom that I just remembered that I have a paper to write for English and that I better get it done before I forget again, but when I start to speak, I realize that she is not even in the room. Great, she gets to escape by making tea and now I'm stuck here.

Many of the photos are of their wedding. That must have been eons ago. The photos are yellowed and don't have any bright colors in them. I notice that my Aunt Edna was beautiful in her younger years. She's smiling at Uncle Alfred in almost every photo and he's brimming with pride. What a great looking couple they were. So young, so happy, and so in love.

As she flips through the pages, I come across a photo of Aunt Edna holding a baby. "Who is this baby you're holding, Aunt Edna?" I ask. Aunt Edna didn't have any children that I know of.

"That is a photo of me and little Evelyn," she replies softly. "Your Uncle and I were successful in having a little girl a long time ago. She didn't live long, though. She got sick with the measles and we lost her. Sadly, we were never blessed with another baby."

I become quiet. I don't know what to say. I continue going through the photos in the album. Then there was a photo of an older Aunt Edna and another baby. "Who is this baby that you're holding, Aunt Edna?"

"Why, that's you, dear."

There are pages and pages of me, Aunt Edna and Uncle Alfred. I had no idea that they were such a huge part of my younger years. I can only remember Uncle Alfred and his magic tricks.

Aunt Edna becomes quiet. I look over to her and she has tears in her eyes. I put my hand on hers. "I miss him too."

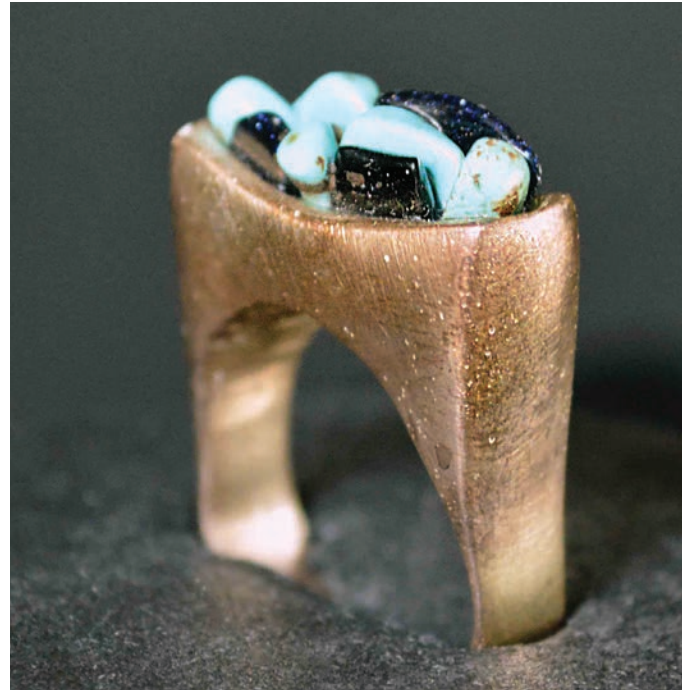
We have one of those girl crying moments and then mom arrives with the tea.

"What did I miss?" she asks.

Great Aunt Edna and I look at each other and laugh.

Cristy Piwowar-Hein

**First Place
Short Fiction**



Barbara Johnson

Bounty

Cast Silver with Gemstone Chips

Height: 1", Width: .75", Depth: .3"

Third Place

Three-Dimensional Art



Devon Buza
Liquid Gold
Stoneware
Height: 2", Width: 6", Depth: 6"

Honorable Mention
Three-Dimensional Art

Eternal Gravediggers

Everyone's identity wears a mask for the sake of convenience

A disguise to sell themselves to the public

The only difference between them and you is that your identity wears several masks

In fact, there are so many that you have forgotten which one is your real face

You remove the masks until it becomes painful & that's where it stops

When pulling starts to hurt you decide it's not worth the pain

(Doesn't this look like my face?)

And leave it at that

But you have not yet found your skin

This, too, is only a mask

The first mask you ever covered your face with

And you are unwilling to accept that it is not part of you because the removal is undoubtedly going to be painful

You have never taken this mask off before, and in the years since you first picked it up it has become glued to your flesh

By the coagulated sweat from your unseen face

The tears from your squinting eyes

And blood—so much blood—from the nosebleed you keep sniffing up your pale, shining, crusted nose

Maybe someday you will accept the pain and remove this layer of mask—and with it the layer of rot that lies beneath—and breathe the air again

Maybe next time you try to adapt it won't be such an extreme departure from your natural state

And maybe you'll be better off, though I don't believe this any more than you do

Until you allow yourself to open your eyes and wash the dirt from your face, no one is going to want to see you

Some of us have moved on to bigger charities than a lost cause & are more concerned with the state of the world than the state of your face

We are pressing onward, begging the ones who aren't as far gone as you to pull off their masks and their corpse-like fancy dress

The masks are meant to be emergency disguises & shouldn't be worn on a daily basis

Wake up, speak up—& join the spectacle parade! the hard luck and glamour that calls to you from outside a third-story window

Despite what you may think, you will survive the fall

And you will only be mostly broken

Now what? You choke up because you can't trust in the fall, can't accept the badge of wild absurdity

The purpose of our struggle is not to save you but to save everyone

Not from the people around you, but from the hole that you dig for yourself

That cavern that you carve out only to have it cave in on top of you

The burial mound you construct

The grave in your own backyard

If you keep up the hard work, soon the hole will be so deep you'll never get out

And when your gravestone is put in place, no one will know whose grave it is

Because the name won't match up with the mask

It's a sad state of affairs, and it won't change unless you are willing to let it
Willing to strip off the mask, throw down the shovel and take my hand
No one can stop you from digging your own grave unless you first realize what is going on
It all comes back to my little battle cry—wake up! speak up! And step outside this constricting security that guarantees only stagnancy and
a slow, self-inflicted death in the hole that they want you to dig
Make yourself useful by creating a space for yourself
Break your back and clean up your tracks
In fact, never leave any tracks at all
From the time of your birth you have been standing here, digging the hole that will swallow your lifeless shell when the brain machine stops running
You are a sad state of affairs, just like the rest of them—but you have never known anything else
Already you are turning away from me, your disgust apparent even through that original layer of mask
You despise me because I am different
My face is clean and I walk upright along the surface of the hole-riddled earth, dodging the gravediggers
I can take comfort in the fact that no one will be bothered to chase me down, to stop me and my few companions from reaching out to these
lost souls
They are too consumed with their programmed tasks to stop me from completing the one I took up for myself
The one I threw down my shovel and mask for, the one that gives me a purpose beyond giving my lifeless form a place to rest
Do not go to your grave while you are still living
Do not bury yourself while you are still breathing
Instead, I invite you to follow me
To observe this earthly graveyard and the pale masks of these eternal, disposable diggers
To turn away and walk into the forest
Out of their antisocial society
And take a moment to sit beside the river
It is ever-changing, never still, always surging forward
Sometimes calm, sometimes consumed with rage
But it refuses to cover its tracks and carves its own path
My aspirations are to follow the river
To let myself surge and froth along the banks of this earth
And to carve out a path instead of digging a hole
To move forward instead of down
And to remember what it means to be alive.

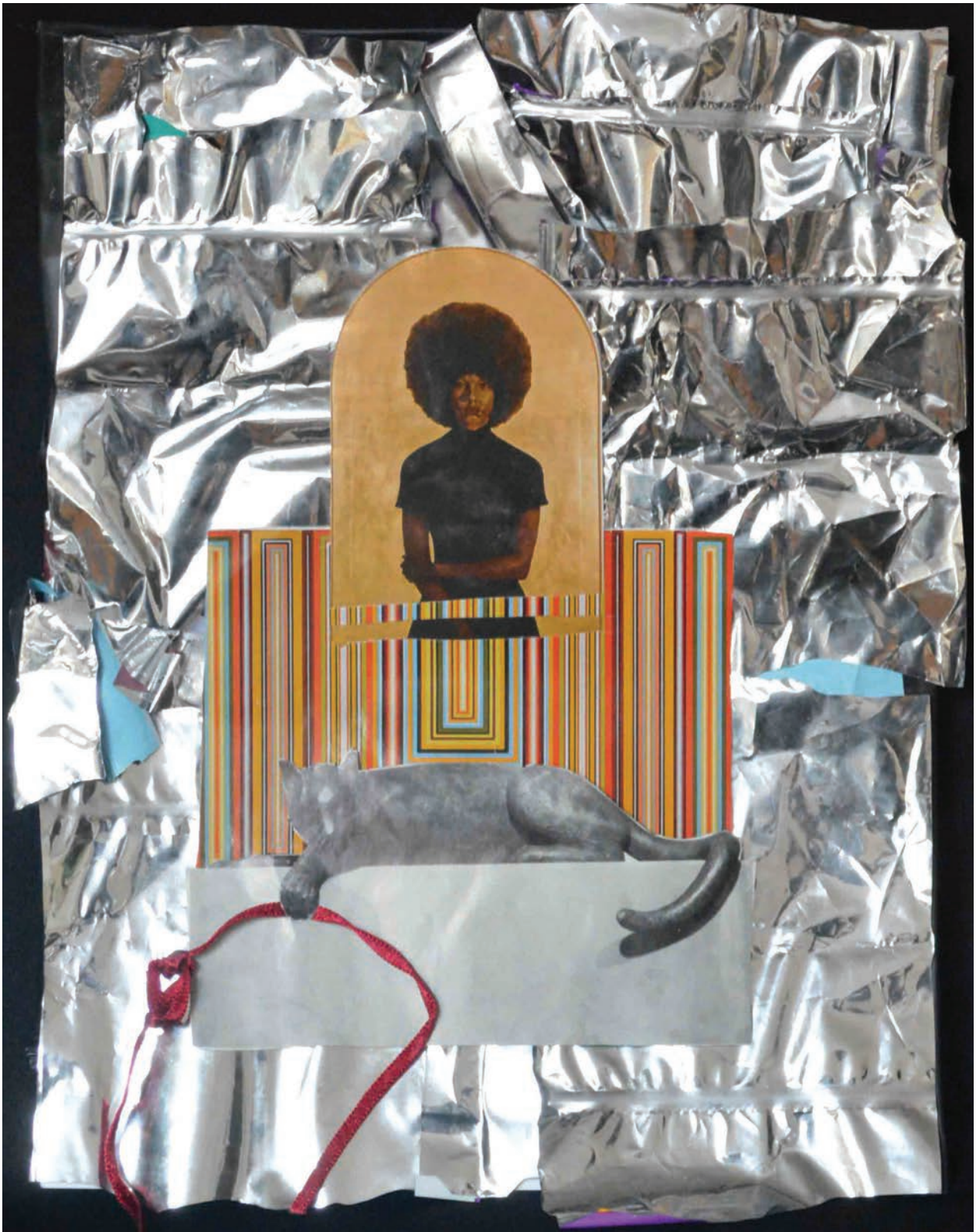
Sophie West

Honorable Mention
Poetry



Alea Akers
Joyful Noise
Height: 5", Width: 7"

Honorable Mention
Photography



Alyssa Kutz
Other Intimate Strangers
Mixed Media Collage
Height: 11.5", Width: 8"

Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art

the scent of shadows/ the shape of things

small ache of Springtime
(though yesterday's winter's blue
thoughts into my head)

before you know it
Everything before your Eyes
Cries to be Forgot

(Now, all things aside,
a great wind of change laments;
nothing left to hide)

Memories of before
such as the fragrans of mo(u)rning
are lost to the night

Now, Moon casts Her shapes;
Shadows prove living from wind..
could be wind once more?

Shadows do play tricks
On those with eyes hoping for
Space to fill the light

Though sometimes shadows,
Darling, do hand us the key
Many dare not turn..

(I never wondered
'til this day – How this Earth, it
spins, so heavenly

...seems these shapes do play
to rhythm created by
no mechanism)

Alyssa Kutz

Second Place
Poetry



Ron Lofton

Birch

Acrylic

Height: 34", Width: 48"

Honorable Mention

Two-Dimensional Art



Hope Akers
Braided
Colored Pencils
Height: 12", Width: 9"
Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art

unsuspecting hairline

the mirror can be a useful tool when you use it to see what's behind you
but you're too preoccupied with your thinning hairline
what's behind you lies in your past and is irrelevant
or else it lies directly behind you and just out of your sight
you stride obliviously back into the meeting room
collecting clipboards & swishing spit
when you were looking for me earlier I wasn't here
but now that you've moved on you see me standing in the corner
it's funny how things work
and now we are all going on a trip to chicago to see a play
isn't it funny how things work
we're all in the same place for once
it can't be a coincidence
the last time everyone was in the same place at once the whole thing was rigged
don't ask me if it's all a jive, I wouldn't be able to tell you
I wouldn't tell you anything anyway
but I will admit I was avoiding you earlier
there was a reason you couldn't find me
but that's not important, is it?
Turn off your mind and let this play change your life
let it change and broaden your perspective
and when you walk out of the room your mind will still be turned off
everyone walks around with their mind turned off all the time
but for one moment just now you started to question things
best not to question things
this really is a life-changing performance

Sophie West

Third Place
Poetry



Barbara Johnson

Apple

Sterling Silver with Jasper

Height: 3.5", Width: 3", Depth: .5"

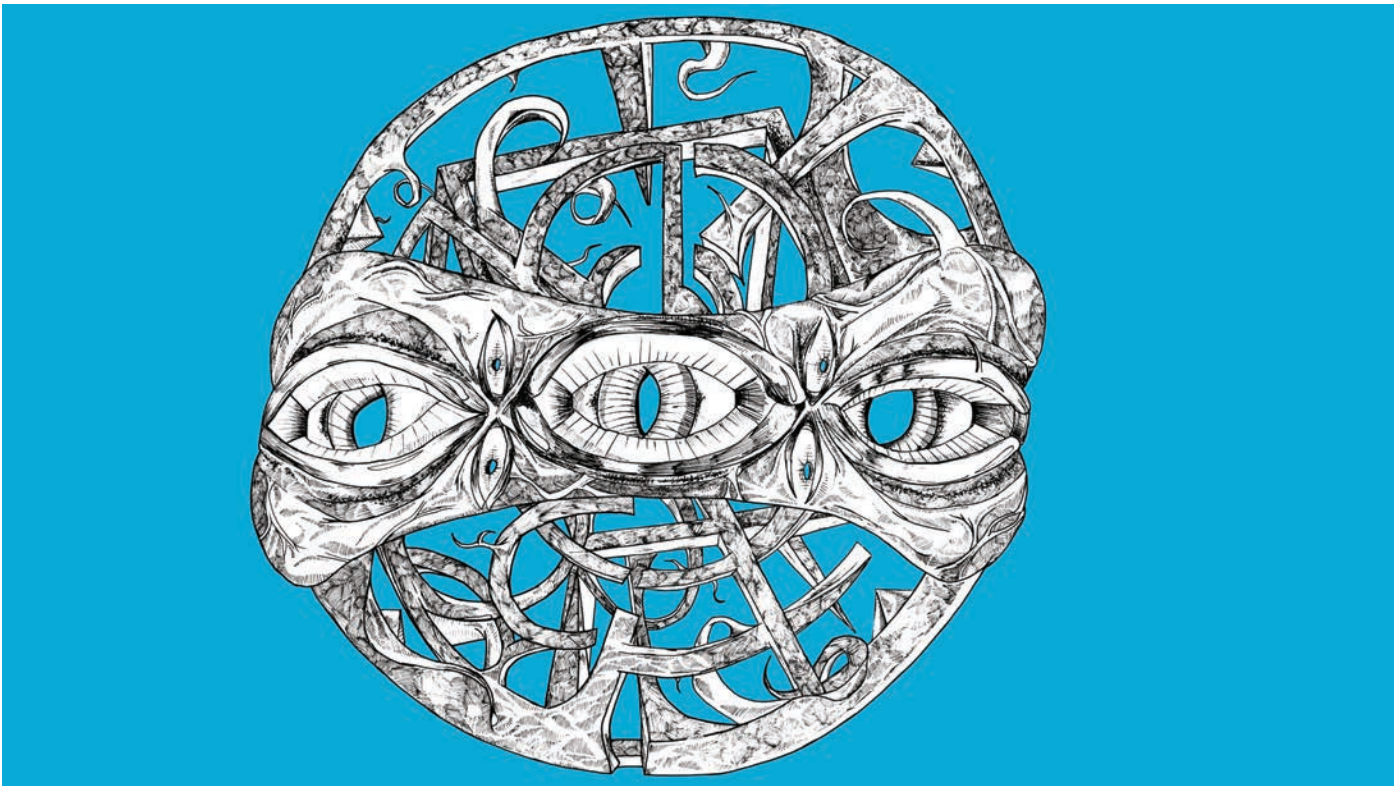
Honorable Mention

Three-Dimensional Art



Chizuru Kamiuttanai
A Japanese Landscape Garden
Height: 8", Width: 10"

Honorable Mention
Photography



J. Byron Wise

The Great Pendulum, from the Unreleased Work, The Bells of Six

Pen and Ink

Height: 96", Width: 173"

Second Place

Two-Dimensional Art



Ron Lofton
Harmony
Acrylic
Height: 24", Width: 16"

Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art



Barbara Johnson

Life Goes On

Sterling Silver with Gemstones
Height: 3.5", Width: 2", Depth: 5"

Second Place

Three-Dimensional Art



Debbie Adams Lentz

Be Still

Oil on Canvas

Height: 18", Width: 18"

Honorable Mention

Two-Dimensional Art

You Can Read

You can read of air
In a cool, forest green,
Which has leaves in the sky,
On the branches strewn 'cross ground,
Where twigling and changling and
Fairies are found.

Oh, you can read of air,
In a cool, forest green
But reading can't compare
To a true forest scene.

You can dream of sky,
The moonlit, star-dotted sky,
With twinkling and glimmering
Duchesses, who fly.
Oh, you can dream of sky,
The lovely, moonlit, star-dotted sky
But that won't excel the sight
Of a moment out at night.

Carley Anne Ackland

Honorable Mention
Poetry



Hannah Sutter
Callisto
Watercolor
Height: 9", Width: 6"

Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art



Devon Buza
Rift
Height: 8", Width: 10"

Third Place
Photography



Shianna H. Thompson

Fallin

Height: 8", Width: 10"

Honorable Mention

Photography

Personal Philosophy

Passion, kind heartedness, and care is our duty as soon to be nurses. During the times of feeling physically exhausted due to running around for 12 hours without a break, feeling mentally drained from the countless hours of charting, or feeling emotionally depleted due to being the only support system to a daughter who just lost her mother. It is our duty to care for ourselves so we are able to run back and forth to answer that call light, to allow ourselves the patience to explain why you cannot get out of bed over and over to the patient who has dementia, to allow ourselves to be empathetic to the daughter who is so distraught she cannot stop screaming because her mother passed.

We have a duty to the patients to be compassionate, even at times we have nothing left to give.

We have a duty to help the patient find it within themselves to recover.

We have a duty to treat patients as our own family, and give them the treatment we would all want our mothers and fathers to receive in the times of desperation.

We have a duty to give our 100% devotion to the veteran nearing the end of his or her life, to the 10 year old child who has been living in the hospital for the past 6 months due to cancer, to the mentally ill patient who just needs a shoulder to cry on.

We have a duty to understand the impact of our actions on all patients.

We have a duty to advocate for the patient whom cannot advocate for themselves.

We have a duty.

Soscha Lucero

Honorable Mention

Poetry



Debbie Adams Lentz

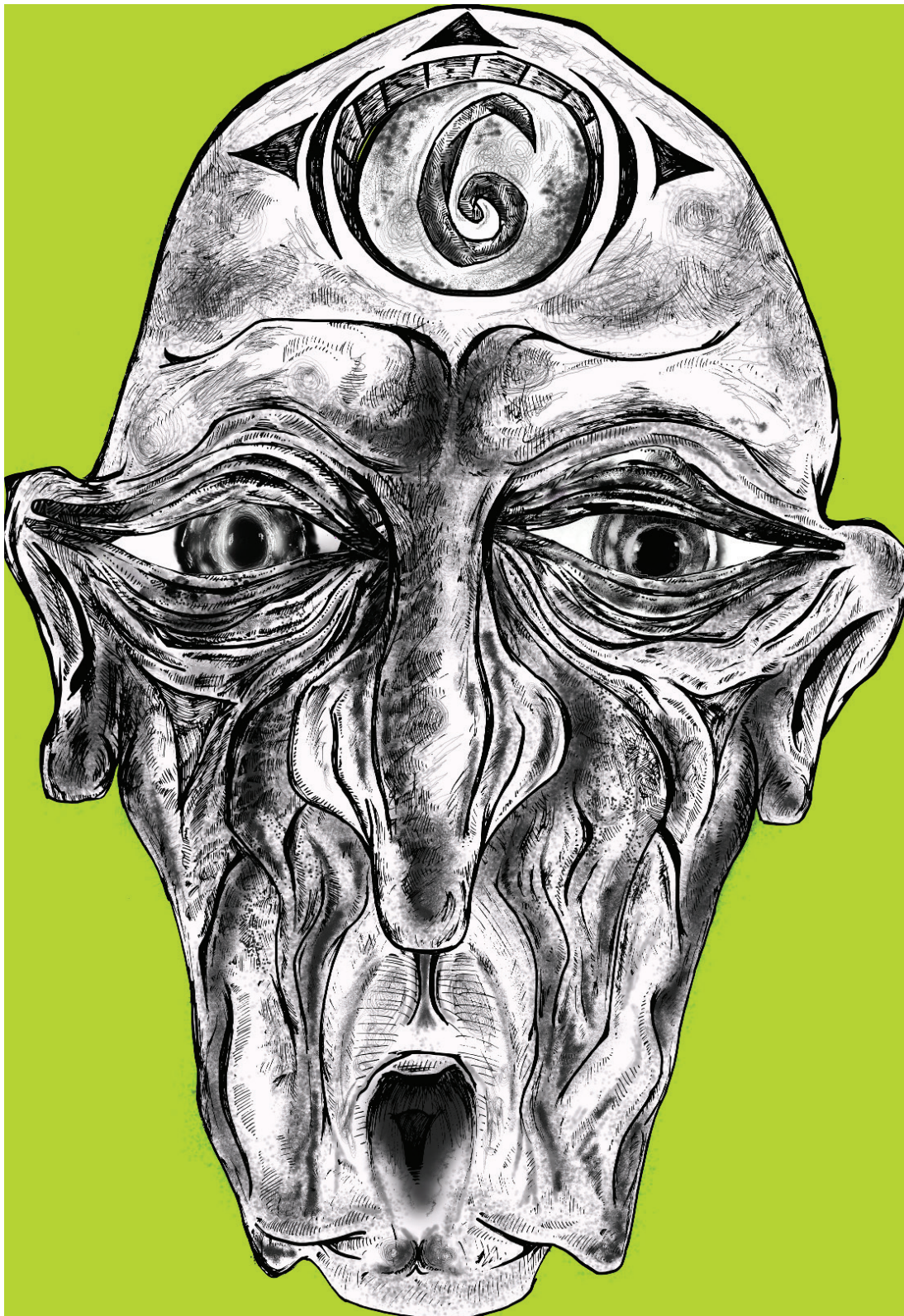
Debbie

Oil on Canvas

Height: 20", Width: 16"

Honorable Mention

Two-Dimensional Art



J. Byron Wise

What Eyes Will Forget, from the Unreleased Work, The Bells of Six

Pen and Ink, Digital Painting

Height: 22.5", Width: 16"

Third Place

Two-Dimensional Art

Credits

Editor

Nate Gordon

Graphic Design & Layout

Ronda Ramsdell

Artwork Photography

April Gleason High

Multimedia Designer

Kishwaukee College

Printing

Kishwaukee College Copy Center/Mail Services

Special Thanks

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Laura Chiavini

Janet Gallagher

Miles Halpern

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Connie Kessen

Jaime Long

Kishwaukee College Art Gallery

Kishwaukee College Maintenance & Custodial Department

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

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