



Literary
& Arts
JOURNAL

KAMELIAN

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

2020 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.



On the Cover

Susan E. Pfothauer

Anemone (GK. Wind's Daughter)

Pastel on Watercolor Ground – Giclée

Height: 24 cm, Width: 16.6 cm

Second Place

Two-Dimensional Art

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Jurors

Literature

Sarah Bresnahan
Instructor at NIU

Ashley Palmer
Instructor at NIU

Faye Scott
Ph.D. Candidate at NIU

Art

Matthew K. Adams
Graphic Artist

Heather Baker
BFA Photography, Artist

Emily Cotton Cram
Illustrator

Awards

Literature

Short Fiction

First Place
Sophie West
The Soup Witch

Second Place
Adriana Aumann-Weyenberg
Bridges of Hope

Third Place
Rosemary Komes
Do You Know Where You Are?

Honorable Mention
Christian Oropeza
The Clouds that Danced
Like Swimming Giraffes

Poetry

First Place
Carley Anne Ackland
Old Florence

Second Place
Amerald Wheatley-Johnson
Abigail

Third Place
Maria Hernandez
Wildfire

Honorable Mentions
Jennifer Ray Joiner
Do You See Them?

Susan E. Pfothenauer
Safe Crossing

Ash Burke
The Shell

Adriana Aumann-Weyenberg
The Hydrangea Bush

Hannah Sutter
At Least Cement is Solid Set

Jessica Lechner
Ink

Essay

First Place
Amerald Wheatley-Johnson
Post Slavery Residual in a
"Post-Racial" Society

Second Place
Anna Walter
Growing Up

Art

Photography

First Place
Olivia Napiorkowski
Cherry Tree

Second Place
Olivia Napiorkowski
Don't Burst Her Bubbles

Third Place
Susan E. Pfothenauer
Unearthing

Honorable Mentions
Susan E. Pfothenauer
Chromatic Pitch

Robert Whitten
The Forgotten

Three-Dimensional

First Place
Susan E. Pfothenauer
Treasuring Trails

Second Place
Susan E. Pfothenauer
Red Winged Blackbird Cup
Shapes Meadow Nest

Third Place
Susan E. Pfothenauer
Swirling with Van Gogh

Two-Dimensional

First Place
Callie Ackland
Hatching

Second Place
Susan E. Pfothenauer
Anemone
(GK. Wind's Daughter)

Third Place
Elsie Gordon
Check Me Out

Honorable Mentions
Megan Renwick
Hands Have Her

Callie Ackland
Carley

Megan Renwick
Phillip with 2 L's

Cecelia Schmitt
Fall Still Life

Cecelia Schmitt
Baby Steps

Katelyn Ackland
Autumn Dreams

Special Recognition

Best of Show
Callie Ackland
Hatching



Olivia Napiorkowski
Don't Burst Her Bubbles

Second Place
Photography

Abigael

I was robbed.
And the only way I got justice was to puke up my black guts in shapes, in hopes of getting rid of the darkness that I had become one with,
of legible letters that could be recognized to someone else.
I thought I was liberated.
To find out my mind had undergone lobotomies that I hadn't licensed, my memories misconstrued,
my heart hunched, and my confidence completely thrown into him.
You can't touch what he took from me.
In his satchel of scorn he walks down the street lonely puffed up on inaccurate ideologies and
medieval measures of women that only ought to exist in their own dominion not of another.
I thought I was tripping.
When I didn't feel in love but I said it anyways because it was extracted so clumsily,
careful not to *buzz* not to touch the edges *buzz* an operation lost.
I poured into him.
All of the splendid substance that I had left even if it didn't feel right for my flowers to wilt
from heat exhaustion from the anger and frustration that was created from condemned concepts.
I know that I won't go back.
Because when I looked in the mirror I saw a colored girl that was colors that she shouldn't have been,
blue being one and red a color I had never identified with.
With what?
Why are poets so damn emotional?
Emotionally inclined to be emotionally manipulated and to think we were emotionally excused.
Excuse me. I tend to get off track a bit.
A bit is all it took: a bit of doubt, a bit of insecurity and a bit of control is what made it commence.
That bit began and broadened.
I have to slow down.
Because,
just because you're a broad that can throw hands doesn't mean you should
and my white flag is far too frayed to let a man intimidate my individuality.
I've come too far.
I've been too hurt.
I've been too scarred.
To not show the markings that made a warrior. So, I'll wear a softened heart as a symbol of gratitude
because I ended up choosing humility.
An endeavor to embezzle my essence was elected.
But clearly colorful things cultivate and this colored girl is courageous even though you may call her cowardly.
I was robbed.
But I am restored.

Amerald Wheatley-Johnson

Second Place

Poetry

Genre: Slam

The Soup Witch

The sky is an ominous red, and the sun is on its way up. Lydia is up and moving, drifting through our apartment. Her movements are quiet, elegant, smooth as she makes the tea and washes last night's wineglasses. I close my eyes, hoping to sink back into sleep, but then I hear my name. "Clair?"

I squint at Lydia through the haze of sleep. She is sitting on the floor beside my head, blowing on her hot tea, grinning at me. "Hi. Why are you awake?" I say through my sleep haze.

She shakes her head, still smiling. "It's morning, Clair. Don't we all want to go back to bed?" She extends the teacup to me and I take a sip, wincing at the heat.

I pass the cup back and close my eyes again. Lydia sits beside me for a few minutes, drinking her tea, and then she fluffs my hair. "Will you watch my soup today? It needs to keep boiling."

"Of course. What is this one for?"

Lydia's smile fades. "It's for my mother."

My heart catches. "Is she worse?"

Lydia shrugs, swaying and clutching her tea.

I want to ask if the soup will be strong enough, and how Lydia got the ingredients together so quickly. I have so many questions for her, but I know better than to ask. I already feel sorry for bringing this up. We never talk about her mother's illness, but I know she thinks about it every day.

We sit together in somber silence as the sun rises. Lydia finishes her tea and rises. "All right, I'm off. I'll be back sometime this afternoon." She grabs her music bag and buttons her shirt. She's playing organ at a funeral today, which must feel eerie considering her mother's turn for the worse.

"I love you," I call out as she heads for the door.

Lydia blows me a kiss, and the door closes behind her. I picture her wheeling her bike down the porch steps, bag over her shoulder, pedaling across town to one of the churches.

As soon as she's gone, I push back the blankets and rush to the kitchen. Her largest pot is on the stove with the burner on medium. I lift the lid and peer inside, holding my breath in case it smells terrible.

I am both horrified and impressed by what Lydia has put together. The soup smells of eucalyptus and lavender, to aid with breathing and sleep. I grab the spoon from the countertop and stir clockwise, spotting hairs floating along the top, a necklace at the bottom, a waterlogged photograph, and a blood-stained handkerchief. I'm assuming the blood is her mother's, and I am impressed at Lydia's resourcefulness. Who just has a bloodied handkerchief sitting around for use in a spell? Aside from a soup-witch whose mother has pneumonia and lung cancer, that is.

The soup is boiling, which I know from past soup-making is crucial for the magic to work. It relaxes the ingredients, softens them, and the water's movement creates energy, which Lydia meditates upon and sends in the direction of whatever her spell is for.

Lydia says she has been making soup since she was a child, vegetable soups to cure headcolds and muddy, leaf-filled garden soups to welcome the spring. When we were in college, she would make me vegetable herb soups for strength and luck, which I would drink as I wrote my thesis. Sometimes we would perform spells together, her making the soup and me writing the spell. I did well in college, but that's because I'm a good student. I would never tell Lydia this, but I don't think her soups do anything for anyone except herself. They comfort her, give her something to focus on, an idea of being in control of things beyond human control. Perhaps I do not believe in the magic, but I strongly believe in Lydia and her good heart.

The soup boils all morning, the necklace rattling inside the pot. I grade papers absently, thinking of my partner getting paid to play the organ at a funeral while her mother dies at home. The sky grows dark and it begins to rain, slowly at first, and then it begins to pour. I glance at the clock. It is noon. Lydia should be coming home soon, and I think about the rain and her bicycle and all her paper sheet music. There is no way I am letting Lydia ride her bike through this.

I glance over at the pot of soup on the stove, wondering what Lydia will say if I abandon it. I hear thunder in the distance, and that decides the matter. Grabbing the keys to our Jeep, I stomp my feet into my shoes, turn the stove down, and rush out the door.

The wind greets me at the door, slamming a sheet of harsh rain into my face. "Wonderful," I mutter, hopping over the puddle at the curb and climbing into the Jeep. I slam the door shut and pull away from the curb, wipers going full force.

Lydia's bike is still outside the church when I arrive, but I do not have to wait for long. She spots me as she exits, and I see the relief in her face. I hop out of the Jeep and we strap the bicycle to the bike rack, straining and wiping rain from our eyes.

We don't speak until we are in the vehicle. "Thank you," Lydia whispers, collapsing against the window. "I should have checked the weather this morning, but it was sunny and I wasn't thinking."

"It's all right," I say. "How was the funeral?"

"It was very sweet. Very sad." She sighs, and I think of her mother. "How is the soup?"

"Fragrant and rattling."

"Good." Lydia smiles.

When we reach home, the apartment is dark and quiet. Neither of us thinks anything of it at first, but when Lydia flips the light switch nothing happens. "Is the power out?" She flips it again.

"It wasn't out when I left."

"Well, it's out now." She pauses, and then panics. "Clair, the soup!" Dropping her bag, she rushes to the stove and peers into the pot in dismay. The stove is electric; the burner shut off when the power went off, and the soup has stopped boiling. A faint steam rises from the pot, but the water is calm.

Tears run down Lydia's face. "No, no, no..." She collapses into a chair, sobbing. I move towards the teakettle, but remember the stove isn't working, and so I sit beside Lydia instead, listening to her weep.

Eventually the power comes back on, and I make two cups of green tea. Lydia sits at the table, face solemn and streaked with tears. I place her mug in front of her and wait for something to happen.

"I know she's going to die," Lydia says finally. "I know my soup won't really keep her alive. It's different from a luck spell or a money spell. I can put my energies and intentions into a pot of soup for myself and work toward making something happen. This isn't the same thing." She looks up at me. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. You're doing the best you can." I give her a hug. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Lydia shakes her head. "I don't know yet. It's just hard." She sighs again, and I hear her stomach growl. I remember she didn't eat breakfast.

"Is it time for lunch?" I suggest cautiously.

Lydia ponders this. "Maybe."

"What would you like for lunch?"

Lydia thinks, and says almost sheepishly, "Some soup would be nice."

"No handkerchiefs?" I inquire, laughing slightly.

"No, no handkerchiefs." Lydia laughs too.

We think about soup for a few minutes. "How about we visit your parents and make some soup there?"

Lydia smiles. "I would like that."

We pull vegetables from our refrigerator and climb back into the Jeep. Lydia calls her father from the car to confirm that today is okay for a visit, and we turn the radio on and drive into the rain. A pot of soup may not extend the life, but it is very good for the soul.

Sophie West

First Place
Short Fiction





Susan E. Pfothauer
Treasuring Trails
Underglazed Ceramic & Trail Findings
Height: 11.5 cm, Width: 11 cm, Depth: 6 cm

First Place
Three-Dimensional Art





Olivia Napiorkowski
Cherry Tree

First Place
Photography

At Least Cement is Solid Set

Sea of rubber, storm of rock
Ponder endless, mudslide thoughts
Never,
 never,
 never
stops
 Until I
cannot see

Batter, torment, carry, pour
Solid things are shifting shores
 Until
I cannot hear

Sighs are monsters, out from under
Mud is made of every mutter
Thunder fades into more thunder
 Avalanche demands

All of what you thought was peace
deserts to deserts underseas
the grains of sand
climb past your knees

 and now i cannot think

I used to hide from walls of rock

 at least
cement
 is solid set
a New Home Must be Built

Hannah Sutter

Honorable Mention

Poetry



Susan E. Pfothenauer
Red Winged Blackbird Cup
Shapes Meadow Nest
Glazed & Underglazed Porcelain
Width: 11.5 cm x 11 cm, Depth: 6 cm

Second Place
Three-Dimensional Art



Susan E. Pfothenauer

Anemone (GK. Wind's Daughter)

Pastel on Watercolor Ground – Giclée

Height: 24 cm, Width: 16.6 cm

Second Place

Two-Dimensional Art

Bridges of Hope

Inspired by
John Everett Millais'
painting,
The Blind Girl

If someone were to summarize my life into one single word, they would have no problem doing so. "Pity," would be the emotion that most people would feel for me after learning that I am a blind, penniless orphan, who must resort to begging in order to make ends meet. I cannot deny that my sister and I have had more than our fair share of misfortune, but it seems to me the only true pity is that my seventeen years of personhood can be compressed by others into a small word with only four letters. . . . pity.

I do not remember when I first learned that I was blind. My parents, may they rest in peace, never gave me any reason to believe that I was different. They named me Matilda and raised me with patience and compassion. It took me longer to learn how to walk, but they were right by my side, helping me every step of the way.

Despite my mother and father's best efforts, it seemed like I lived in a different world than everyone else. No one but me understood how every type of bread in my parents' bakery had its own unique smell. My peers laughed at me when I tried to explain how I could recognize the people who entered the bakery by the distinct sound of their footsteps. I never told anyone how the tickle of an ant crawling up my leg was very different from the tingle of a fly landing on my arm.

When I was eight, my sister Isabella was born. Even with a new baby in the house, my mother and father still found time to be my eyes and to teach me all they knew. I could not go to school with the other kids, so I helped take care of my sister as well as helping out in the bakery.

As much as my parents tried to protect me, they could not keep me from overhearing the hurtful remarks that people made. Once when I was kneading dough in the bakery, I overheard an old woman across the room. She told her friend how much she pitied the "poor blind girl" who was a "burden to her poor parents." I tried not to let people's comments get to me, but I was hurt nonetheless.

My mother and father gave me an accordion like instrument called a concertina for my tenth birthday. It was not long before I learned how to play a few folk songs on it. Whenever I felt lonely, I would always find solace in my music.

Besides the normal teasing about my blindness, my peers would both praise and tease me for my hair, for it seemed like everyone could see my red hair except for me. Whenever they talked of colors, it was as if they were speaking a different language. From an early age, I had learned to associate colors with feelings, for it was the only way I could make sense of such abstract concepts.

For me, blue was the color of happiness, because I felt happy whenever the sky was said to be blue. I had very conflicting feelings about the color red, given my hair. I felt a certain comfort knowing that it would always be there for me even if I could never see it, but at the same time I disliked how it was constant and outside of my control. I had come to think of my blindness in the same way. It was always there and there was nothing I could do to change that.

Being blind has its advantages (like the fact that I had many passages of the Bible committed to memory) and it has its disadvantages (I could never read like other people). Our parents were not exactly poor, but they could not afford to send me to an institution to learn Braille either. Even so, they did the best they could and it was because of them that I am convinced that blindness is more of a difference than a disadvantage.

When I was sixteen and my sister was eight, our entire life changed in one terrible day. There was an accident in the bakery. A stove caught on fire and the kitchen collapsed with our mother and father still inside. The bakery burned, taking both our parents with it.

It was a year ago, but it seems like it was only yesterday. In my nightmares, I can still feel the heat of the fire, smell the smoke, and hear our parents' screams. I blame myself for the accident, but even if I could see, I know that it would not have been enough to save them.

After our parents died, we sold everything we owned to pay for the funeral. Everything that is, except for my concertina, which I could not bear to part with. My sister and I have no living relatives, so we lived off the pity and charity of our neighbors for a while. However, pity does not last forever and we soon found ourselves on our own.

Isabella and I took to traveling the countryside, finding temporary jobs wherever we could and living off people's pity. I'd play the concertina and my sister would sing along. Sometimes, a kind passerby would feel sorry for us and contribute a few coins. My parents would be ashamed to know that I wear a label pinned to my clothes that reads "Pity The Blind." I hope to someday find a job where people will appreciate me for who I am, but for now, begging seems like our best option.

Not a day goes by when I do not miss my parents, but for Isabella's sake, I must be strong. I must be both father and mother to my nine-year-old sister. Isabella is both my eyes and my cane, but most importantly we are sisters and we stick together no matter what. Despite all we have been through, she still manages to cheer me up with her optimistic outlook.

Right now, my sister and I are sitting by a roadside and waiting for a storm to pass. We use my shawl to keep from getting wet. I feel the comforting weight of my concertina on my lap. It is old and worn, but miraculously it has not lost its ability to make music. I hold my sister's hand so tightly that I fear I will never let go. She leans into me and I know that as long as we are together, we will weather this storm and the next one and the next one...

The gentle sound of raindrops is slowly replaced by the loud cawing of crows. I finger the moist blades of grass by my side. Through my threadbare shawl, I can sense the faintest of movements on my shoulder and I wonder if it is a butterfly.

"The sky is so beautiful," Isabella exclaims, jolting me out of my thoughts.

"Really," I reply, "tell me about it." I can feel her twisting back to stare up at the sky.

"The sky is becoming brighter blue by the minute," she explains, "It makes me so happy to see it." I smile inwardly, glad that someone else can associate blue with happiness. "That's not all," Isabella tells me excitedly, "there is a double rainbow."

"What does that look like?" I prompt her.

"I don't know how to describe it," she says. "They look like two multicolored bridges. One is fainter than the other." Isabella pauses, as if thinking. "They are two beautiful bridges of hope stretching down from Heaven to Earth."

Bridges of hope, I think to myself, trying to imagine all the colors (or in my mind emotions) mixed together to form hope. "The double rainbow is our parents looking down on us," I tell my sister. I can feel her nodding her head at my side.

"Yes," Isabella agrees with me. "The two rainbows are also the two of us down here on earth."

"The storm has passed," I say out loud, unable to hide the relief from my voice. Moved by a sudden impulse, my fingers carefully unpin the Pity the Blind label from my clothes and throw it on the ground. At long last, the storm has passed, taking my pity with it.

Adriana Aumann-Weyenberg
Second Place
Short Fiction

Do You See Them?

The hills heard you. And they know your name.

They know about the nectar on your lips and the rose hips you splayed

The venom you spilled and the anti-venom you made.

The invasive vine in your ribs

homeopathic proof of viceroy mimicry you thought would be easy.

A gamble with toxins you don't possess

A life spent hoping no one puts your lies to the test.

But know now that the hills have heard you. And they will always know your name.

Jennifer Ray Joiner

Honorable Mention

Poetry



Elsie Gordon
Check Me Out
Mixed Media & Acrylic
Height: 16.75", Width: 11.5"

Third Place
Two-Dimensional Art



Susan E. Pfothauer
Chromatic Pitch

Honorable Mention
Photography

Safe Crossing

Drinks from ice glasses

No mementos to treasure

We hold each other

Susan E. Pfothauer

Honorable Mention

Poetry

Growing Up

My morning schedule consisted of waking up, waking up my younger sister, Sarah, making breakfast, making lunch for both of us, and then rushing to get out to the bus on time. I would walk, similar to how a zombie walks, through the crowded halls of the lower level of the hallway of Emmons grade school. I would walk into one class, doodle in my notebook throughout the period, get up once the ding of the school bell went off, walk to the next class, read my fantasy books through the whole period, and repeat the process 6 more times.

Once that final bell marking the end of the school day rang, I rushed out to the bus and waited for my stop, which was only about twenty or thirty minutes away. After leaving the bus, I would walk up to the garage door, type in the code, and then I would become leader of the household. Occasionally, mom would be home, drinking a lukewarm Miller Lite on the living room sofa.

“How was your day today?” She would ask, her breath smelling of alcohol, as she didn’t listen to us, but rather watched TV. She would pretend to hear about our day, then she would fall asleep on the couch, leaving me to fend for myself and Sarah. This day was similar to almost every other day my mom was home.

My dad left in second grade because his attorney said that if he had any chance of keeping us, he had to leave my sister and me at our mom’s. This was just before I was diagnosed with type one diabetes. Before he left, I remember him waiting for us to get off the bus after school. We would walk down the hill next to our house to the basement door of my mother’s house. Through the doors, we entered the place where we were raised. On the concrete floor next to the door, there was the pellet stove that kept us warm during the cold winter nights, across from the door, there was a curtain, blocking off the room that was used partly for storage and the other part to sell items on Ebay. Next to the pellet stove, there was the living room. Three soft couches lined two of the walls. The third wall held a wooden shelf holding the dated TV and all of our toys. On the wall opposite of the pellet stove, past where the shelf was, was the tiny hallway that opened to the bedroom my dad, sister and I shared. The laundry room, bathroom, and a tiny storage closet were down that hallway as well. The stairs going to the upper levels of the house were across from the laundry room, which was next to the bathroom my dad put in. In the morning, our dad would walk us up to the bus stop and stayed there until the bus was pulling away and heading towards the next house on their list.

The day my dad left was the same day that my mom inkled out of the picture. She stuck around for a couple of months, long enough for me to be diagnosed with my diabetes, and long enough to gain three or four boyfriends. I had to learn how to care for my diabetes myself. At first, I was scared to give myself shots but I soon learned how to handle the sharp stab of pain that came with the needle that allowed me to live. My mom had her obese, silver-haired mother come over and watch us, which basically consisted of yelling at us and eating potato chips while watching TV on the couch. When her mom wasn’t able to come, I was in charge. When I was seven, I had to learn how to cook for myself and my sister, take care of the animals, manage my diabetes, and make sure my sister did her homework. If my 5 year- old sister wanted to go to her friends’ house a few streets over, she would not ask an adult, she asked seven year old me. Needless to say, I did not have much of a childhood.

I was never very good at making friends. Partly because of how my situation was at home, and partly because I was always too scared to talk to people in case they did not like me. I was always concerned with how others saw me because I did not want to mess up and give others the opportunity to make fun of me, not to mention the emotional and verbal abuse I received from my mother at home. My sister was never really yelled at, but when my mom got mad, I took the brunt of her anger. I would hear all of my imperfections, laid out so that I knew I was a screw up. My mom would always remind me that I was a bastard child. I would never amount to anything because I was fat, ugly, worthless, and stupid. I did not know how to stand up for myself and I always made excuses, according to her.

My whole life, I was taught by my mom that I would never do anything worthwhile. My life was just one huge expense because of all of the medications I had to have for my diabetes. All I ever did was complain and I never helped out around the house. I had dreamed of becoming a writer but I was never good enough in my mother’s eyes. The only time I got my mom’s appraisal was when I accomplished something in public, like winning the spelling bee against the whole school in seventh grade. Anything else was never good enough.

Once I reached about fifth grade, things at home become worse. I had sprained my ankle, so my mom took me to the emergency room where she worked a couple towns over. When we were there, a tall, gray-haired security guard who knew my mom came in and said that he hoped I got better quickly. He stared at my mom the whole time. When he left, I told her he was looking at her with hearts in his eyes. She laughed it off and said he wasn’t. This was the start of the worst experience of my life. Two days later, the same hospital security guard came to our house. His name was Kirk Preston, and he was nice at first. He would buy me and sister things from the mall, he took us out all the time, he spent time with us, and he had a cool car. Sarah and I had thought that he was so much fun and so cool. Then he started getting a little too close to us.

He took us to his Aunt's house in Michigan for our first actual vacation, which turned into a horror show for me. That was the first time I noticed how he actually treated us. Once we got to Michigan, we walked down the street his Aunt lived on and walked over a bridge. Under the bridge, there were some larger rocks and a small river. He said that he used to jump over the bridge as a child and had a lot of fun. He said that if we jumped off this bridge, we would be having fun like he did. Looking back at it, if we actually had jumped off the bridge, we probably would have broken multiple bones. I told him that I would not jump off the bridge, and my mom said that if Kirk said it was fun, then it was fun, and that we should try it. I said no, and continued walking down the road.

A couple days later, I was sleeping on the blow-up mattress in the room my sister and I shared, and Kirk came in. He started "tickling" me. I tried punching him, but my hand got stuck under the thick, suffocating comforter that had kept me warm the night before, and so it was not as hard of a punch as it had the potential to be. He did stop after that though. I got up, crying, trying to tell my mom what had happened, and she said that I was overreacting. I tried dialing 911, and my mom disconnected the line and said that I had to calm down. That was Kirk's first victory. We left to go sight-seeing a couple hours later. I was still very much upset, and rightfully so. He and my mom acted as if nothing had happened. Kirk took us to a forest preserve, where we canoed down a river. He saw a dead crawfish on the side of the river, and decided that I would forget about the morning incident if he threw the wet, white, lifeless shell of a creature at me. It smelled of death and decay, which meant it had been sitting on the rock where it was found for a while. I was completely disgusted, and my mom did nothing but laugh. I sat in the canoe in silence for the rest of the time we were there. I did not say anything the whole ride home. How could my mother take his side on an offense this large?

Once we got home, my mom acted as if nothing happened and told me to be nice to Kirk. I tried to act like I did before Michigan, but that did not work out. One night, my mom and I got into a fight while Kirk was at our house. My mom was yelling about the same old things. She said that she was providing the best care, that she was doing everything for us, and how we mistreated her. I told her how I felt, which was not what Kirk wanted to hear. He began yelling at me about how ungrateful I was, and how much I don't appreciate the things my mom did for me. I had an old milk jug, which I filled with the used syringes I used to give myself insulin with, in the cabinet under the sink. Kirk took this milk jug and threw it at me. That was when I really started getting mad. I threw the milk jug back at him and apparently that was his last, and only straw. He flashed from the side of the counter my mom was on in the kitchen to where I was in less than a second. He grabbed my wrists with a strong, choking grip and pushed me up against a wall, knocking a chair over in the process. He screamed in my face about how I should respect my mom, who did nothing but watch this whole scenario unfold. Sarah was under the kitchen table during the whole fight, screaming at him to stop, hot tears streaming down her face. Once Kirk finished his spiel, he let go of my wrists. That was when my mom told him to leave. He left, after getting his final word in as he walked out the garage door. I ran upstairs crying, Sarah trailing me. She came into my room and sat on my bed. I rubbed her head and wiped away her tears while I myself was crying. I told her everything would be alright and that she was safe with me. She told me that she was scared that either my mom or Kirk would hurt me. I told her I would be fine, which seemed to calm her down a tiny bit. My mom came up a few minutes later and told me I was grounded and that Sarah and I were not allowed to talk for the rest of the night. Sarah was told to go to her room and I had to stay in mine. Both of the doors had to remain closed, so that our mom was sure we would not get out and talk to one another.

The next day, Kirk came back and acted as if nothing happened. In fact, my mom ordered me to apologize to him for all of the stress I induced on him the previous night. I did not apologize to him, and instead walked back to my room and locked the door.

Things similar to the previous situations happened up until the summer after seventh grade. In June, my dad came to pick me and Sarah up from our mom's house. We were allowed to stay there for a couple weeks, then we had to go to a camp that taught girls how to respect their mothers, how to serve men, and how to read a ritual that we had to perform to teach us how to become better women. I had gone the two years prior, but I decided I would not go back. I decided I was done putting up with the abuse that we faced at our mother's house and I said no. I said no to going back there again. I said no to the mistreatment we faced. I said no to her, and I have been living my best life ever since. I was able to start buying my own animals, and now I have a herd of many different animals, such as alpacas, goats, and a sheep. Everything I endured with my mom, brought me to where I am today, and I am grateful. I used to think, why me? But I realized that I was glad it was me because I don't think anyone could have endured what I have and accomplished as much as I have. I have skills that takes some people a lifetime to learn, and for that I am grateful. The way I see it, life can only get better than what it was, and I will work hard to accomplish the goals I have set for myself.

Anna Walter

**Second Place
Essay**



Susan E. Pfothenauer
Unearthing

Third Place
Photography

Coneflower

An Excerpt from
Into Their Purple Hearts

A collection of summertime
poetry written for a friend

The coneflower stood
in slanted thought
while tween the brood
of bobbing heads
she thought of roots
so anchored and final
with feathering foots
saturated in bread
and sidered slightly
with bending eyes
of traveling lightly
like dand-lion heads
there were others, too
worth tunneling by
the lulubee blue
she could be instead
or also the canopy
the green black an gray
much taller than me
who is thin as a thread
but also up higher was
the wind cold with air
called by some sky was
a good place to tread
finally the unseen
over rising of grass
where there was dancing
carefree, leisure, mead
Wouldn't I rather be there
instead?
The coneflower felt
in the patterning sun
the dirt of a belt
an a crown round her head
she held herself right
amongst sisterly petals
enjoying the light
which desires were fed
keeping open her eyes
to take in the earth
she was happy to lie
with the heather so red
Yes
wouldn't I rather yes
I would just rather
yes
I would rather
be here
here, instead.

Carley Anne Ackland

First Place
Poetry

Do You Know Where You Are?

Time has no real meaning to Them, but looking at her you just knew when it was she came from. They had just arrived from what felt like the 1930s but smelled like the 1830s, like smoke and waste and sweat, but They knew the second she looked up at Them that this girl was from the seventies. You would think Death would not be interested in fashion archetypes. You'd be wrong.

The girl was maybe seven, and perhaps your heart breaks to hear it, but to Them she was just the hundredth, perhaps thousandth one this week. She wore a baby blue striped dress that had a collar so tight They wondered if maybe it was the collar that choked her to death, but no. She wore no shoes and white stockings barely discolored with grime. Big brown eyes craned up at Them, more wary than frightened—which was impressive, because most are — but also curious, as if taking Them in and assessing the options.

“Do you know where you are?” They asked flatly.

The girl looked around herself, eyes narrowed. They were not quite sure what people saw when they did this, though all of them did. One man said it was smooth, foggy, vaguely lit in the distance but too thick to see anything but the two of them. Another said they were in a field of tulips, another a dingy basement. You can see how it was difficult to discern a pattern for these things.

“No,”

“Do you remember what happened?”

She shook her head. “I fell asleep. Where’s my mom?”

“Maybe she’s waiting for you,” They told her. If they could smile there would be a small, reassuring one now. They hoped the girl could sense it. “My job is to take you to her.”

“I’m not supposed to talk to strangers.” She frowned.

“I’m not a stranger,” They replied, “You got a dog?”

Shake of the head.

“Cat? Fish? Lizard?”

At this the girl scrunched up her face in a giggle, still shaking her head.

“I help people go where they need to go when they die.”

“Am I dead?”

“Fraid so,”

The girl pondered this for a second. “I thought you went to Heaven when you died. If you were good. Was I not good?”

Where they get these ideas, They never knew. “I’m sure you were fine. If you can picture your mom in your head, you can usually see them as we’re walking. If it’ll help you feel better about me being a stranger and all.”

“What’s that?” She pointed a tiny finger past Them, and for a brief, horrifying moment They thought her arm may still be broken, because it dangled limply at her elbow, purple and squishy, but then it was normal again, and They turned to follow her gaze.

“I can’t see anything. What is it?”

Instead of answering, she bolted. Sometimes they do that, very rarely though. Mostly people assume they can’t move, or are too dumbfounded to try, or maybe they feel they can’t outrun Them. This would be an accurate assumption, but children don’t get that yet, and so they almost always try to skip or hop or teach Them how to jump rope.

With what would constitute as an internal sigh, They turned. The gray horizon in Their view began to seep with color, pale greens and bright reds and sepias that turned Their bleak atmosphere into radio music from an antenna on a dresser, wallpapered walls with teddy bears and rocking chairs. And the girl sitting cheerfully on a rug with her legs crossed under her, watching the radio like it was magic. Outside there was the faint tune of children's voices screaming and the splashing of water. The girl got up and went towards the window, standing on her toes to get a better look and rubbing her cast absentmindedly with her free hand, visibly annoyed.

When she turned around again, her hair was matted to her face and her eyes were filmed over, lips blue. "I want my mom," she announced again, but her voice sounded gargled.

"I'm afraid she can't come with you this time." They told her gently. A newfound respect for the child emerged. It was once in every several billion someone made Them see what they saw, or let them into a glimpse of their lives. They relished in every second of it, every moment away from the sunless existence. If They thought hard enough, They could remember a time when They, too, breathed in the sunlight, but it was much too long ago to be pinpointed now. Even trivial details were lost to Them, but They supposed they had probably gone swimming in their lifetime once or twice.

The girl looked at Them as if she were considering a tantrum, then thought better of it. With every step closer her world faded back into whatever it was she was in when she got here, and They saw only her and greyness surrounding them.

"Can I see my grandma where we're going?" she wondered. "My mom says when we die, we can see grandma again, but I don't think that's true."

They couldn't help it. "Why not?"

She shrugged. "My mom didn't say anything about you, so she must be wrong. Did you die too?"

"Probably,"

"So am I gonna look like you?"

They pretended not to take offense to that. "Only if you were bad. Which you were not. Can we go now?"

Somewhat satisfied with the answer, the girl nodded. This is the part They were most concerned about, because some people just faded away rather quickly, whereas others kind of just screamed and blipped out of sight. Once or twice They saw a body ripped from the floor and dragged beneath the smog, but that was very infrequent, so They tried not to think about it. The girl smiled, though, as if she knew answers to the universe nobody else could even ponder.

"Your sister says hi, by the way,"

"Excuse me?"

The girl looked knowingly at Them. "She wants to know when you'll be to see her. It's been a long time. She's got a funny dress on."

They followed her eyes longingly, too stunned to reply. The girl raised her eyebrows expectantly, but before They could muster up the words she just fell back, gone before she hit the floor, and once again, They were alone.

The life They once lived was far too old to be recalled now, but whatever they had done had warranted a debt. Perhaps when it is paid They will fade away too, perhaps with long-lost family, but also perhaps They will be pulled into the ground and clawed away shrieking. Before They could stop to think about it too long, a woman appeared before him, old and dressed in a plain nightgown.

"Do you know where you are?"

Rosemary Komes

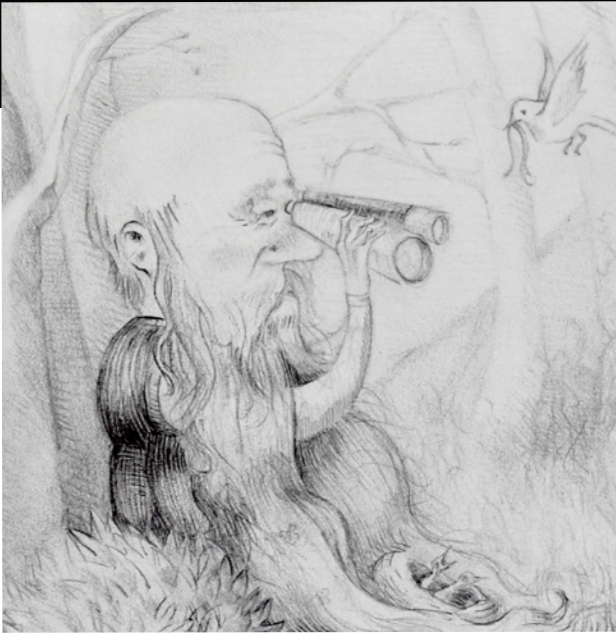
Third Place

Short Fiction



Callie Ackland
Hatching
Graphite & Ink
Height: 7", Width: 19"

First Place
Two-Dimensional Art



The Clouds That Danced like Swimming Giraffes

Jack Chen was thinking about Alex Fish again. Alex was a stupid angel with beautiful toes and handsome eyelashes.

Jack walked over to the window and reflected on his industrial surroundings. He had always hated sunny Philadelphia with its raw, rabblesnatching rivers. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel cross.

Then he saw someone in the distance. It was the stupid figure of Alex Fish.

Jack gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a cowardly, tight-fisted, brandy drinker with slimy toes and grubby eyelashes. His friends saw him as an elegant, encouraging elephant. Once, he had even helped a deaf person cross the road.

But not even a cowardly person who had once helped a damaged deaf person cross the road, was prepared for what Alex had in store today.

The clouds danced like swimming giraffes, making Jack surprised. Jack grabbed a cursed rock that had been strewn nearby; he massaged it with his fingers.

As Jack stepped outside and Alex came closer, he could see the uncooked smile on his face.

Alex gazed with the affection of 9202 vile boiled badgers. He said, in quite tone, "I want a pencil."

Jack looked back, even more surprised and still fingering the cursed rock. "Alex, what's up Doc," he replied.

They looked at each other with sad feelings, like two healthy, heavy hamsters bouncing at a very patient holiday, which had jazz music playing in the background and two ruthless uncles boating to the beat.

Jack regarded Alex's beautiful toes and handsome eyelashes. "I feel the same way!" revealed Jack with a delighted grin.

Alex looked puzzled, his emotions blushing like a robust, ripe record.

Then Alex came inside for a nice glass of brandy.

Christian Oropeza

Honorable Mention
Short Fiction



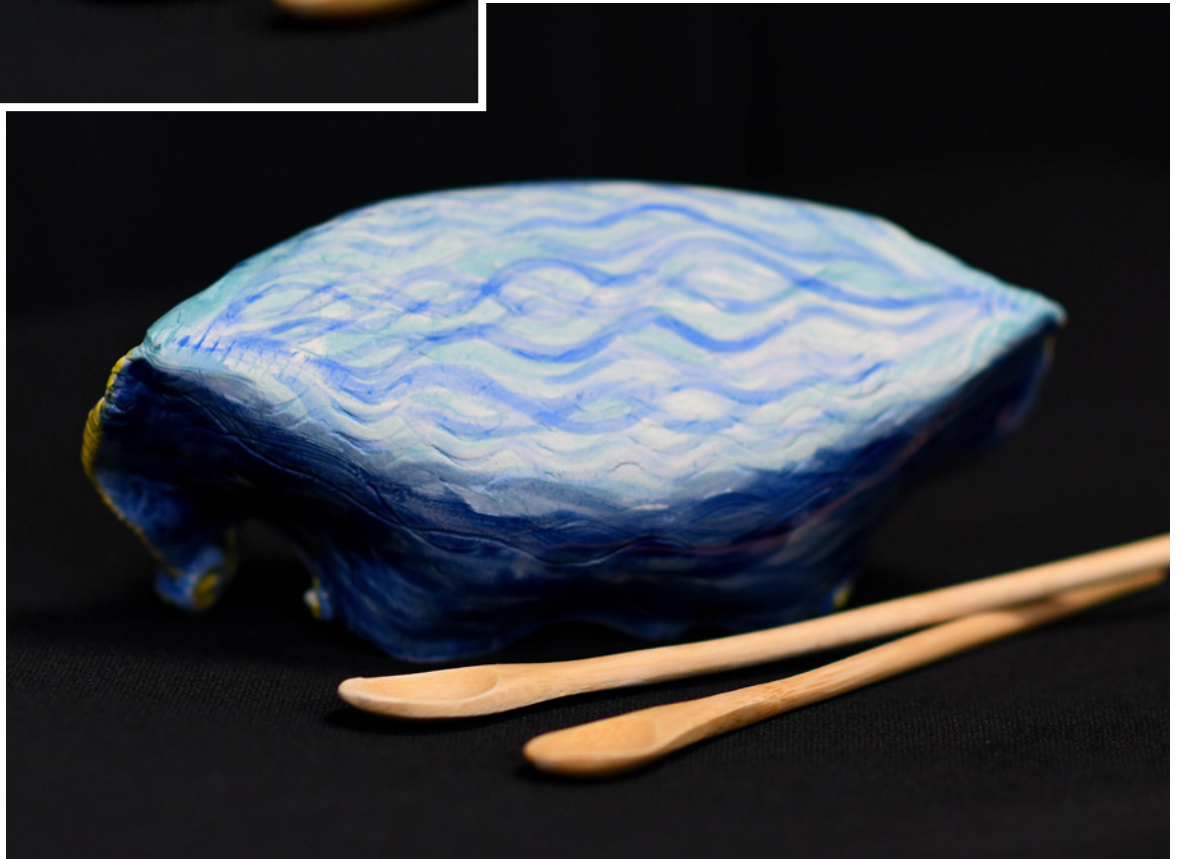
Cecelia Schmitt
Baby Steps
Gouache
Height: 6", Width: 6"
Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art





Susan E. Pfothauer
Swirling with Van Gogh
Glazed & Underglazed Ceramic
Height: 8.5 cm, Width: 18 cm, Depth: 8.5 cm

Third Place
Three-Dimensional Art



Post-Slavery Residue in a “Post-Racial” Society

After almost one hundred years of slavery in the United States of America, the Thirteenth Amendment (the amendment that abolished slavery) was ratified on January 31, 1865. After another one hundred years, America was in the height of the Civil Rights Movement. In 1965, Congress ruled in favor of outlawing discrimination by passing the Civil Rights Act which “ended unequal application of voter registration requirements and racial segregation in schools, at the workplace and by facilities that served the general public” (Georgetown University Law Library). Jim Crow laws became publicly unwelcomed ideas in modern constructs of American life. Legally, everyone was equal and had the same rights. Now, more than fifty years later, America has yet to enter a post-racial era. American ideology was typically in opposition of blacks and their success since the formation of the U.S. in 1776. For example, the beginning of American society included the enslavement of blacks followed by segregation. Today, fifty-five years after the Civil Rights Act, racial discrimination survives. In a democratic society, it is possible there are lawmakers in place (or other positions of power) who are consciously or subconsciously prejudiced and would contribute to the design of a society that hinders progress for people of color. A timeline of cultural racism transitioning to institutional racism shows that racism in America has gone from overt to cultural, and now, there are laws in place that permit racism.

To better understand institutional racism, it is important to first understand overt racism and then cultural racism. Overt racism began in America with slavery. Slaves were a fundamental component in society because a person couldn't vote in the establishing stage of America unless you owned property and, typically, that property was slaves (Georgetown University Law Library). As time progressed, more people believed that it was not right to support slavery. These people were called abolitionists. In 1861, the American Civil War began. This was a result of several southern states seceding from the United States of America, otherwise called the Union, in order to continue to possess slaves. From the South's perspective, the war was fought to maintain Christianity in America. According to white supremacists, Christianity can support slavery (Phillips). In 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, which was a bill that freed the slaves in the Union. Unfortunately, around this time the states in the South had already seceded from the North. Therefore, the Proclamation did not apply to the entirety of the United States of America because there was a significant number of states that believed that they were their own country, the Confederate States of America or Confederacy, so they wouldn't recognize it. In 1865, the Civil War ended, and the Union was victorious. As a result, the Confederacy had to remain part of the United States of America; slavery was outlawed completely with the Thirteenth amendment and shortly thereafter, in 1868, the Fourteenth amendment was passed to describe civil liberties. Civil liberties are the basic rights that each American citizen has by law. Meanwhile, black Americans were getting used to their

newfound freedom with help from the laws passed during the Reconstruction period, which was a time when President Ulysses S. Grant and his administration passed laws to help former slaves adjust to life as free people (Georgetown University Law Library).

After the Reconstruction period ended in 1877, there was substantial political and financial growth in the nation for blacks. Specifically, there were communities that included black owned businesses, black politicians, and black writers. The post-Reconstruction South was more progressive than America had ever been up until that point and white supremacists in Wilmington, North Carolina began to be bothered by the progress. The “North Carolina Democrats realized that in order to regain control... they had to... remove blacks as participants in Southern politics” (Yarborough 226-27) and they did this through provocation and propaganda. The North Carolina Democrats used fear tactics that led the general public to believe that blacks were determined to completely control “the community's political and social order... [but,] any moderately unbiased observer could see, blacks hardly controlled the city's political life” (Yarborough 227). The North Carolina Democrats also published exaggerated stories of black crime. Before the upcoming 1898 election, blacks began to be harassed and accused of terrible crimes, such as rape and arson. Eventually, the white supremacists developed a mob and began to partake in anti-black violence even though the North Carolina Democrats won the election and successfully demonized the blacks of Wilmington through anti-black propaganda. Blacks were forced to flee the city, but many were killed or molested. The Wilmington riot of 1898 perished any progress that Blacks had made in the post-Reconstruction South. Not only were the tactics used to manipulate the public in Wilmington being used in other instances, but the riots also scared blacks into commonness. Even with the establishment of the Tuskegee Institute, a historically black university where Blacks could receive higher education to advance themselves, “. . . the danger of success was readily acknowledged. . . a black resident [reflected by saying]: “I know men who won't keep a horse. If they get one they will sell it. If you ask such a one why he sold his horse he very likely will say ‘A white man see me in dat 'ere horse, he look hard at me. I make [up] my min' a mule good 'nugh for a ole nigger like me.’” (Knopke 12).

Blacks in America began to be discouraged from attempting exceptional tasks because they were afraid of what might happen to them if they excelled in life. This quote shows that someone would rather be average than to die or be publicly humiliated.

The discouraging circumstances and public disdain for blacks leaked into education, labor and the personal lives of each citizen. The “separate, but equal” rule of the Jim Crow law was not being used fairly. Blacks had separate lives with lower quality. For example, bathrooms and water fountains that were “colored only” were not as appealing as the “white only” bathrooms and water fountains.

Thankfully, by the 1950s, the Civil Rights Movement began picking up more momentum than it previously had and “the white majority in the South moved from passive to massive resistance” (Knopke 43-4). With the help of the Supreme Court, civil rights cases began being ruled as unconstitutional. For example, in 1954 and 1955, *Brown v. the Board of Education of Topeka I & II* outlawed segregation in all schools (Klarman 349). Unfortunately, there were institutions still fighting against integrating their educational facilities, like University of Alabama which didn’t become integrated until 1956. Autherine Juanita Lucy was admitted that year, but the board of University of Alabama still fought to sustain segregation. This also had to do with the fact that white supremacy was on the rise again. The White Community Council was founded in opposition of civil rights progress in the 1950s (Phillips), more specifically, the Supreme court’s rule in *Brown v Board of Education of Topeka I* pertaining to desegregating schools. As the Supreme court fought to regulate integration, white supremacist groups fought to maintain segregation (Klarman 341).

Although the Civil Rights Act of 1965 was passed, there were still flaws in the system. (Davis 220). Blacks were still being discouraged from voting as they were targeted by the Ku Klux Klan and discriminated against for housing opportunities. The Voting Rights Act that was implemented in 1965 helped with blacks that were intimidated to not vote by outlawing unnecessary obstacles, but unfortunately the rise of the Ku Klux Klan hadn’t slowed down. Moreover, in 1985 the White Community Council renamed their group the “Council of Conservative Citizens” and rebranded their statement of values to claim that they believe that the “. . . government and public leaders at all levels must reflect Christian beliefs and values. . .” (Phillips). Although they had a new name, it can be concluded that they had the same values because neo-Confederates believe that slavery and segregation can be justified with the Bible. They began to be publicly ridiculed after more information on the members began being reported. For example, a Senator named Trent Lott addressed the national board of the CCC at a 1998 national convention and took pictures shaking hands with the group’s leaders (Phillips). These pictures were later shared on the CCC’s website. There was no secret where the foundation of this group came from, and it was not socially acceptable to be affiliated with it. Trent Lott later claimed he didn’t know what the council was about. He wasn’t the last politician to do this (Phillips).

There is not very much overt racism in America anymore because of the legal repercussions that one could face if they were to partake in discrimination or a hate crime. Most racism now is subtle, cultural racism which then transitions to institutional racism. It is extremely frowned upon to be overtly racist, but the residue that is institutional racism is typically ignored. For example, *Jones v Mayer Co.* (1968) was a case where a real estate company (Mayer Co.) refused to sell a man (Jones) a house because he didn’t want Jones living in the neighborhood that the house was being sold in. This practice is known as redlining. Redlining is where a realtor will not offer the same options for a residential property as someone else depending on the person’s race. It is typically hard to prove when redlining is being practiced,

but a statistic can better illustrate how it takes place. Segregation is illegal, but demographics show that the majority of many towns have more than 50% of one race. For example, the US Census reported that Oak Park, Illinois’ racial demographic was more than 67% white, while Maywood, Illinois’ racial demographic was more than 82% black even though the towns are less than four miles away from each other. A bigger example of this can be shown through high schools because public high schools serve more than one town. According to publicschoolsreview.com, Lyons Township High School (a public school in LaGrange, IL) has a student body with 73% whites and 5% blacks, while Proviso West High School (a public school in Hillside, IL) has 2% whites and 48% blacks. Statistics like this illustrate the possibility of redlining still being practiced.

Another civil case seen by the Supreme Court was *Batson v Kentucky* (1986) where the Supreme Court ruled against dismissing a juror without a valid reason when the said juror is dismissed based solely upon his race (Georgetown University Law Library). Peremptory challenges are not eliminated entirely, so it is easier to show the American justice system’s bias thorough current incarceration rates than through case-by-case jury analysis. In *Punishing Race: A Continuing American Dilemma*, Michael H. Tonry illuminates the racial disparity in sentencing by addressing the “100-to-1 law” where the law “. . . punished sales of crack cocaine, mostly by blacks, as severely as sales a hundred times larger, mostly by whites, [than sales] of powder cocaine” (1). Tonry also implemented the statistic that in 2005, blacks were 12.8% of the population, but almost 50% of prison inmates and 42% death row residents (11). These statistics can support the social convenience of white privilege. White privilege is the advantage (or any advantage) that comes with being the majority group in America despite social, economic or any other status. Racial disparity in sentencing is a direct result of bias (heavily policing black neighborhoods) and stereotypes (racial profiling).

In conclusion, there are statistics and research that support the residual effects of slavery, like cultural racism and its ideologies provoking institutional racism and prominent national discrimination in American society. It is apparent that there are underlying structures that are embedded into American laws that can work in favor of some people (white Americans), but not of others (black Americans). More specifically, America is generally structured for the benevolence of the American archetype (white, male and straight). This has been shown through the Jim Crow era to the institutional racism of today. The United States of America has made progress when it comes to civil rights, but the statistics are relevant. If cultural racism was omitted, then institutional racism would soon follow because you can’t have one without the other (Oliver 3). America has a discrimination problem that was onset by slavery, a construct that the nation was founded on. Now, the system has been entirely infiltrated in a way that America’s prejudice customs have been institutionalized into every part that makes the country what it is.

Amerald Wheatley-Johnson

First Place
Essay



Katelyn Ackland

Autumn Dreams

Watercolor

Height: 11", Width: 14.5"

Honorable Mention

Two-Dimensional Art

The Hydrangea Bush

In the garden as a child,

I fancied myself a hero cutting the heads off a hydra.

Adriana Aumann-Weyenberg

Honorable Mention

Poetry



Callie Ackland
Carley
Oil & Acrylic
Height: 11", Width: 8"

Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art



Cecelia Schmitt
Fall Still Life
Acrylic
Height: 8", Width: 12"

Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art



Robert Whitten
The Forgotten

Honorable Mention
Photography

The Shell

The clock strikes nine, your hands start shaking
The B side of the record ends and the silence is deafening
There's no Triumph song to save your now
As your eyes wander to your first wedding gown
You're losing faith in yourself, you're wondering what they see in you again
The small hand turns to ten, and you've never been more alone
You daydream of the days when your own body felt like home
It's a shame, you're still trapped in this hell
Where your own skin feels like a shell
Like it belongs to another soul
It's eleven at night and you've been tearing your nails
For what feels like an infinity of forgetting how to inhale
Tell yourself to breathe through the nose
But every breathe is torturous
You've been told to let go and pray
But the last time you prayed you stumbled over what to say
And you never know who you're praying to these days
You must be far too wicked to rest
It's about midnight and you've given up on ever getting sleep
The lights have been out for an hour and a half, and the record player is still crackling
N the witching hour you peel yourself out of bed
Fueled by black coffee and the fear of death
And allow every intrusive thought to disease your mind instead

Ash Burke

Honorable Mention

Poetry

Wildfire

Oh love of mine, dear heart devoured.
I hope you find a home in your bones and cease
to be what seems like a shallow vessel decorated
with pale skin and blue veins.

I wish you know that you are worth much more
than the change in his beaten wallet.
I hope you realize that every bit of your being
is a storm, your hair a wildfire, never to be tamed.

You say that pain lives on the top shelf
of your bedroom, always waiting to come down.
But it seems that you have taken its place,
allowing yourself to be covered in the ash
of everything you once knew.

You always loved to dance with the pain,
twirling in sync to the sound of your song, burning
to the tempo of a slow tune.
Breathing in the flames like air and filling your lungs with smoke.
You were always so cautious
but now you're engulfed in the flames.

Hiding in the stars of sagitario.

Maria Hernandez

Third Place
Poetry



Megan Renwick
Phillip with 2 L's
Ink & Watercolor
Height: 14", Width: 10"

Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art



Megan Renwick

Hands Have Her

Ink

Height: 18", Width: 12"

Honorable Mention

Two-Dimensional Art

Ink

When I was a kid, I was taught that one day, we will run out of ink.

I don't mean in our pens.

I mean we will run out of ink to write our life stories.

That day will be a beautiful ending for some.

For others, it will be a chaotic catastrophe.

One way or another, it will end.

We will all run out of ink.

One day, we will all run out of time to write our stories and the ending we want.

The crazy thing is, we never know when we will run out of ink.

We will never know when we have reached our last chapter.

So many people, end up thinking they have a lifetime to write their story.

The truth is, everyone has a limited amount of pages.

When the ink runs out, nobody gets any led.

Nobody will have a way to continue writing,
when their last chapter needs to be turned in.

We are all running on borrowed time.

There are no rewrites.

There is no erasing.

You can't scribble out life events.

Nobody's ink should be used up like that.

One day, we will run out of ink.

Jessica Lechner

Honorable Mention

Poetry

Credits

Editor

Nate Gordon

Associate Professor of English and Humanities

Graphic Design & Layout

Ronda Ramsdell

Multimedia Designer

Marketing & Public Relations, Kishwaukee College

Artwork Photography

Elyse Roberts

Social Media Specialist

Marketing & Public Relations, Kishwaukee College

Printing

Kishwaukee College Printing/Mail Services

Special Thanks

Jessica Anderson

Judson Curry

Janet Gallagher

Miles Halpern

Beth Hanson

Kim Jordal

Dr. M. Joanne Kantner

Connie Kessen

Barbara Leach

Kishwaukee College Art Gallery

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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21193 Malta Road • Malta, Illinois 60150
815-825-2086 • www.kish.edu