Editor’s Note

If I thought my second and final year at the helm of Digressions would be easier or run more smoothly than the first, I was sorely mistaken. New challenges arose in the forms of natural disasters and national tragedies, but through it all art—and love—prevailed. Life presents its challenges day after day. As college students sometimes it’s a struggle just to get out of bed, much less find time to create. But as one fictional character John Keating once said, “poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for.” I thank the contributors of this magazine for choosing to express themselves so beautifully in times of stress and strife, and for choosing to share those expressions with our audience.

Throughout my last two turbulent semesters, our faculty advisor Dr. Molly Scanlon maintained her Yoda-esque composure and guided the staff and myself effortlessly. During peak times of stress, when I felt most overwhelmed and my appearance showed it, I looked forward to our weekly meetings. There, Dr. Scanlon would calm me with her unruffled demeanor and encouraging words. Dr. S., I could not have done this without you.

I’d like to thank our fiery-haired Design & Layout Editor Logan Stewart for taking on the role with grace and positivity and for putting her special touch on the magazine. I’d also like to thank our always-poised Marketing Manager/Assistant Design & Layout Editor Michaela Greer for her continued dedication to the magazine and for never failing to complete a task, no matter how last minute I asked her to.

Thank you to Melissa Boneta for taking on the demanding role of Managing Editor during her already-hectic senior year, and thank you to the review staff she oversaw for taking precious time out of their well-deserved winter break to make the selection process of the magazine possible. Special thanks to Derek Guy, Re’Nyqua Farrington and Samantha Villarroel for going above and beyond the call of duty as reviewers.

Thank you to our readers for supporting both our contributors and staff and appreciating their hard work. Lastly, thank you again to every student who submitted works for having the courage to share your art with your peers. Without you, we would be nothing.

It has been an honor,

Nicole “Chief” Chavannes
Editor-in-Chief
# Table of Contents

1 - Staff List
2 - Editor's Note
3 - Table of Contents
4 - About Digressions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Love Story</td>
<td>Logan Stewart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home*^</td>
<td>Michaela Greer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owlet</td>
<td>Amanda Marie Barrera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But, You Need Not Notice Me</td>
<td>Sara M. Gorman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 - 2 - 3</td>
<td>Austin Shutov</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boxes*</td>
<td>Danielle Pierce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entangled in Darkness</td>
<td>Shiloe Gardner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>it's not agoraphobia</td>
<td>Sarah I. Goltsman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;We moved all men underground&quot;*</td>
<td>Logan Stewart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opportunity</td>
<td>Re'Nyqua Farrington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To The Girl I Saw Today 25/8/17</td>
<td>Christopher Gacinski</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Driveway</td>
<td>Emalee Shrewsbury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm Fine</td>
<td>Re'Nyqua Farrington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S'cream Carton</td>
<td>Adam DeRoss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desire</td>
<td>Ninoska Cepero</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazy Woods</td>
<td>Amanda Marie Barrera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trial by Fire</td>
<td>Chase A. Gaiefsky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Still Burning</td>
<td>Michaela Greer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Family Issues</td>
<td>Kyle Boltson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss^</td>
<td>Qaas Shoukat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Favorite Jeans</td>
<td>Jenna Kopec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>These things look fun...</td>
<td>Logan Stewart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harper's Ferry Finest</td>
<td>Emalee Shrewsbury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>River Stones</td>
<td>Amanda Marie Barrera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curious Creature</td>
<td>Monique Cole</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snetter</td>
<td>Carli Lutz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Date a Writer</td>
<td>Re'Nyqua Farrington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fooled Me Once</td>
<td>Tyrianna D. Richards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>melt^</td>
<td>Sarah I. Goltsman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's Something in This Pho</td>
<td>Adam DeRoss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under the Sea</td>
<td>Skylyr J. VanDerveer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Homecoming King</td>
<td>Adam DeRoss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>Kyle Bolton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Human Flaw</td>
<td>Sara M. Gorman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ace of Spades</td>
<td>Kyle Bolton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If it Ain't Broke</td>
<td>Emalee Shrewsbury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Not the Rose</td>
<td>Sara M. Gorman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>silence</td>
<td>Sarah I. Goltsman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enter the Void</td>
<td>Pryscila Cassiano Salinas</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

43 - Staff Biographies
44 - Contributor Biographies

* - indicates staff favorite  ^ - indicates faculty favorite
About Digressions

Nature is a funny thing. It surrounds us, comforts us, even terrifies us. It can simultaneously calm us, humble us, and easily overwhelm us. In appreciating and understanding nature, we inadvertently appreciate and understand ourselves. As the natural world around us varies so we are varied; our diversity as a species is reflected in our surroundings and when we take a moment to understand those, we soon understand each other. Mother Nature’s ability to grow, transform, revolt, rebuild and birth new life from decay reflects our own ability to do the same.

In this 15th volume of Digressions you’ll find the complexities of humanity—the darkness, the light, the resilience and the vulnerability—reflected back at you through the pages. Whether it peeks at you through the leaves of a tree or through the enlightened words of a poem, you’ll find that the beauty and pain of life reside in these pages.
“A painter should begin every canvas with a wash of black, because all things in nature are dark except where exposed to light.”
– Leonardo da Vinci
Love Story

Logan Stewart
Home
Michaela Greer

The journey home is always long and winding,
And filled with nooks and crannies.
The paths fill my days with exploration,
Through creases, folds and wrinkles;
Ending in a forest of tangles
My fingers can scarcely part.

Just beyond the unruly thicket,
A clearing gives way to a familiar sight.
Two arches frame a window to my soul,
Giving way to pools of unyielding desire;
I lap hungrily at the waters that soothe away fallacies
I’ve long held as truths.

Instinctively my fingers uncurl,
Stretching out across the expanse.
Grassy fibers pull against the blessed slopes
Dancing with each purposed breath and act of play;
I press my nose to the crest and down the drunken aroma
’Til we are indistinguishable; melded together as one.

Just for laughs, I whistle toward the valleys and listen,
As the resounding refrain makes its way back to me.
The tune reverberates around me as I continue
The journey from hearth to home;
Circling through the same plains,
In search of hearth and home.

Weary, I stand still only to realize:
You were always home to me.
Owlet

Amanda Marie Barrera
But, You Need Not Notice Me
Sara M. Gorman

I am not a flower,
I am grass.
I do not blossom in the morning sun,
I am consistent, whether brownish or green.
There is no moment in which I am somehow lovelier than the last.

I am not so delicate as she,
I am capable and strong.
No, it is not I
That dies from a single cutting.
My roots run deep into the earth;
Perhaps, buried somewhere within the dirt you may uncover
A softer part of me, beyond the naked eye—such a part you'll get dirty trying to find.

I am not a flower.
I am grass.
I am warm
in the summer sun,
I am cool in the morning dew.
I am a soft bed under the stars, the plush prick beneath your feet.

~But, You Need Not Notice Me
1 - 2 - 3

Austin Shutov

1

A child is playing with dry sand
It falls through his fingers as he handles it feebly
Like the years that slipped through my nimble hands
As swiftly as the ocean swallowed up our sand castles
We kept rebuilding those sand castles
They were slightly different each time
A little uneven
But the ocean kept taking them away from us
It all was so sudden
We sunk into the sandy waters a bit
Our hearts sank into our chests a bit
But we kept rebuilding anyway
It was our way of holding on

2

A poem too sweet to be savored was born from my heart the first time my eyes met your smile
I knew falling in love with you would be inevitable
I just had to accept it
As if a giant tsunami wave was about to crash down on me with nowhere to go
A wave of honey engulfed me that day
Among the palms
Whose dates lay on the ground leaking their sweet sap
Every day I drank your face like a sweet nectar
Through my unforgiving eyes
I had to import more soul from Brazil to sustain myself
I sent you love poems that you found beautiful
Yet you didn't realize I wrote them about you
The flowers on your backpack grew and died and were reborn
on the backpacks of other girls
then died again
and were reborn as cupuaçu
I've never tasted it
And such is love

3

Just as the lazy, timid waves of a lake blanket a gravelly shore
A warm and dizzying stupor of love washes over me from time to time
Drowning me in honey
Your room was full of Boxes
Filled to the brim with Clothes spilling onto the Cold tile floor.
Your walls were stripped Of all the posters and pictures You took time to hang And your smile was as Empty
As the space you had lived in.
This room was once Full of light that Peeked through your blinds In the early hours Of the morning.
This room was once Full of laughs we shared That broke the quiet of Late nights After long days at work. I came to say goodbye In this mess of moving Away tomorrow And realized that

I love you And it does not mean a thing

Because your room was full of Boxes That were overflowing Ready to be taken Hundreds of miles away from Everything This could have been.
Entangled in Darkness

Shiloe Gardner
it’s not agoraphobia

Sarah I. Goltsman
"We moved all men underground"

Logan Stewart

*Staff Favorite
Opportunity
Re'Nyqua Farrington

Not me.
This—
does not happen
for little girls
like me.

Little black girls
with nappy hair
I never
saw on TV
(before mommy
could afford BET).

Little broke girls
with a broken family
(before daddy
decided to do a 180).

Little smart girls
with behavior
they called rude
(before they tested
my aptitude).

Yes me.
This,
this gift
called opportunity
did happen to the
black-broke-smart-little-
girl like me.

Too bad
this gift
is not given
equally.
To The Girl I Saw Today 25/8/17

Christopher Gacinski

I don't really know when I'll see you again
In fact it wouldn't surprise me if I never did see you again
But one can dream I will
Maybe I'll see you in the markets at Cannes
The smell of fresh baked pastries envelop the September air
We converse
Chatting about our lives as two women guffaw about Delacroix
Their conversation of art made me realize
That not a single artist could ever recreate your beauty
As many words that exist
Not one could ever truly capture how gorgeous you are
I never really believed in God
But now I know why people pray every Sunday
Emalee Shrewsbury

The Driveway

I don't really know when I'll see you again
In fact it wouldn't surprise me if I never did see you again
But one can dream I will
Maybe I'll see you in the markets at Cannes
The smell of fresh baked pastries envelop the September air
We converse
Chatting about our lives as two women guffaw about Delacroix
Their conversation of art made me realize
That not a single artist could ever recreate your beauty
As many words that exist
Not one could ever truly capture how gorgeous you are
I never really believed in God
But now I know why people pray every Sunday
I’m Fine

Re’Nyqua Farrington

I’m fine.
I’m struggling.

Two words
The revelation.
that tell
Two words
the biggest lie.
never heard,

Two words
never uttered
that disguise
out loud,
every tear,
too scary,
every scream,
too vulnerable,
every and
too proud.
any moment
and my ego,
to say
too proud.
what I mean.

I’m overwhelmed.

The truth.
Two words
Two words
too many
too many
do not
wait to hear
wait to hear
unless,
unless,
of course,
of course,
they truly care.
S’cream Carton

Adam DeRoss
Desire

Ninoska Cepero
Hazy Woods
Amanda Marie Barrera
Trial by Fire
Chase A. Gaiefsky
He had a dream.
I had one too.

The sickly-sweet stench of burning flesh beckons reality
As pale knuckles clench wood and ivories press together,
Tears threaten the horizons of my eyes as I choke back
The urge to ask:
‘When will we stop burning?’

But, beauty is pain, right?

So, the iron brands my scalp and sears my mind;
And I try not to shake my head in disbelief,
But the words untangle and fall as quickly as naps disappear.

Will we always keep burning?

Conscious riddims rise,
Catching with the unspoken hidden in desperate hearts.
Yet, it’s the idle gossip that swirls into the melodies.

Manicured talons seize rungs abandoned by sisters
Too weary defending themselves against the weapon:
Sharper than any two-edged sword.

Meanwhile, husks stare back at men who’re hardly recognizable,
Trying to convince themselves that they really do
Hold the secret to
Masculinity.
The pursuit of life, liberty and the elusive honeypot.

Ignoring sincere yearnings, we push the protests of our souls aside.
Instead, opting to demonstrate disapproval projected into a void,
Where no one ever sees your face.
Where voices sound more like the soft tapping of square keys.
Where we talk more about getting lit.
Where nothing ignites but the cycle of burning goes on.

He had a dream.
I have one too;
That the burning started even before his time
Will finally blaze a fire greater than me or you.
Family Issues
Kyle Boltson

My daughter told me she had another father beside me.
The bitterest tears welled up inside me.
Tears turned to rage, slowly sliding.
Into the crippling depression, that I’m hiding.
I’d murder him, but it would never take it back.
So I won’t do it, I’ll just pull another bottle off the rack.
I’ll drown in it.
I’ll never come back.
Miss

Qaas Shoukat

11 years, 7 months, 2 weeks, and 3 days
With every second, every hour, and every minute
She thinks of how that piece of her had gone away
And how with time her hope had followed with it.

She still remembers holding him that first time
And how amazed she was that they both cried,
Even though no one had caused them any harm
He wept before he even opened his eyes, and tears began to climb
Down her face as she felt life itself move and breathe in her arms.

When he finally blinked away the darkness and saw the earth
Around him, he smiled and laughed with wonder and joy
She looked down and never thought that she could give birth
To something so beautiful; she never knew love, ’til she saw that boy.

She told herself she would watch him grow
From dirty diapers and teaching him to talk,
To getting old enough to hear him call her annoying:
She’d have to put up with his shit.
But she was cool with it,
She figured it was a part of life,
And that eventually he would know,
That without her there, the life he lived wouldn’t even be worth enjoying.

They were destined to be together, a son and a mother
See, once the umbilical was severed, she was attached to her child through
More than a cord of flesh and blood.
In every cell in his body, half of who he was
and what he would be was her,
She was in every part of him,
every part he would lose, and every part that was to come,
There was no way to separate them,
The bond they shared would last beyond their lifetimes,
For every generation that followed, her name would echo in the chamber of each heart,
With every pump, and every thud.
But never did she expect that someone
Would come between them and steal him from her.
When he was ripped away from her, she bled,
And for years she would bleed,
And never for one moment could she find any peace

Whenever she'd look in the mirror,
even at her best,
She'd always see that missing piece

And now instead, she's incomplete,
And in his place she sees a hole
She begs her fate to make a change,
and asks the world to make her whole.

Every morning she lays afraid, with her eyes shut,
In too much fear
That if she opens them he would still be gone.
You would catch her throughout the day, thoughtless, just barely there
No sense of anything at all, of nothing that was going on.
Yes, the world still turned, times changed,
But to her it was all the same
His room was still empty, his toys were still on the floor,
The pictures he drew were still on the fridge, and his name
Was still scribbled on the walls and on the doors.

The house still smelled like him.
And too many times, she lay awake at night
Because even though she knew she was alone,
She could still feel him in the bed.
She still hears his voice,
And wherever she looks he's there in her sight
She's lost taste for all the foods he loved,
She says she'd rather starve instead.

Time was supposed to heal her,
But the hands of the clock only seemed
To hold her down and peel her
Wounds open; while all the while she screamed,
For it all to be over. No, time was never her friend
The day she was robbed of her love
Time's torture seemed to never end
Time, with a smile, mocked her from above.
The poster is what hurt her more than anything,
"Have you seen this child?"
And some details of how he may look,
And two pictures: one from the spring that he was taken,
And the other was one that she never took:
It was made by a computer that tried to guess
What he would look like now.
They gave him darker hair, and he seemed to smile less
Beneath the changes they made though,
She pretended she still saw him somehow.

They told her to move on, to go outside and try and get some fresh air
But she found it hard to have the strength to be around others.
One day though, she tried her best:
She went to a park and tried to sit down there,
And she saw a playground
With children all around, where mothers
Shouted at their children to play where they’d be seen.
She looked at each child and saw his face
She heard him when they laughed and the whole scene
Was too much for her. She cried as she stood to leave that place
Behind her. She hoped her pain wouldn’t notice and wouldn’t follow
As she turned around, a boy bumped into her as he ran
She wiped her tears and tried to swallow
As she said, “Sorry”. The boy was helped up by a man
Who he called dad, and they both smiled as the boy nodded his head.
Tears ran down her blushing face,
She suddenly was overcome with dread.

He ran along his father’s side, she wept as she just walked along
She thought she saw him in that boy, but knew she probably was wrong.
He wondered why the lady cried, “She must be lonely, that’s for sure”...
But then he stopped to think a while,
He swore he saw her face before.
My Favorite Jeans
Jenna Kopec

It’s not a full rip
It’s the kind that looks like the seam stretched
Leaves an interesting line across the fabric

But doesn’t render it useless
Yet, somehow, my fingers don’t remember that

As they gently trace the fabric
Wondering how long ago it was
Exactly how much bigger my thighs must have gotten
For something like that to happen
Wondering how much I weigh now
I’m not supposed to care about that anymore
My fingers scratch at the seam
I remind myself that these jeans are old
And only the old me cares if I fit in them
These things look fun...

Logan Stewart
Harper’s Ferry Finest
Emalee Shrewsbury
River Stones
Amanda Marie Barrera
Curious Creature

Monique Cole

A path of uncertainty, but yet a path taken
A deep breath of hope to help propel the dream forward
A thoughtful gaze into the sea of questions
A curious creature marches towards the light ahead
Snetter
Carli Lutz
The first kiss
on display
for all to see.
My lips,
your lips,
and whoever else
wants to read.

Your rough hands,
on me,
sending shivers
slowly
down their
spines too.
Your job
is to
please me,
but I must
please them too.

My mind travels
to paper
and to pen,
thinking
and hoping
to relive
this experience
again.

That far-out look
I get in my eye,
if you thought
it was for you,
I’ll let you
believe that lie.

Half of our story
is mine to tell,
and if you
can’t perform
with an audience,
this won’t
end well.
My mother told me there’d be guys like you
Who would break my heart in half, turn it black
Like theirs, and then try to come crawling back:
A child with a pathetic stick of glue.

Well honey, you’re too little, and too late.
My heart did its mending all on its own,
Just like you said. So let me make it known
That this time I won’t be taking your bait.

Preach your worn out sob story to someone
Who has the time, or frankly, believes it.
You’re funny when you try once more to trick,
Baffled when your mistakes can’t be undone.

The past lies where you left it, behind us.
It takes more than “I’m sorry” to earn trust.
melt

Sarah I. Goltsman
There’s Something in This Pho

Adam DeRoss
Under the Sea

Skylyr J. VanDerveer
Homecoming King

Adam DeRoss
I stopped along the path as the wildflower’s beauty beckoned me.

Captivated and fixated, I am.

God’s artistry displayed in delicate natural form.

I appreciate her every detail.

Her intoxicating aroma synergizes with her fair radiance in the sun.

I desire to pluck her off her vine and carry her home with me.

But, if I did that, she would surely die and her beauty would wither away with her.

I have no idea how to take care of such a flower.

To destroy such beauty for my temporary pleasure would be frivolity.

Perhaps I should learn to care for the flower first; then I could return

And carry her whole vine and root system back to plant her in my garden.

Then I could spend my time taking care of her until she buds into many more flowers

which I could enjoy

for the rest of my days . . . But that would require a lot of time and effort.

Women and flowers — I get it now.
When we see a blooming rose,
  We pick it,
Take it,
  And keep it for ourselves
Until it dies.

Then we move on to a new flower with no remorse for the destruction
  Or pain we leave behind.

And so, we do the same
  To each other
We pick,
  We take,

And we keep the beauties close
  Until there is nothing left but the memory of what once was.

Then, in the end, when we've had our share,
  We sigh,
  “To think they were once so beautiful.”
Ace of Spades

Kyle Boltson

My own reflection startled me today.
The man I have created.
I am the marble block and the chisel which shapes it.
My physical body epitomizes the man I have become.
Structured, strong, imposing.
My younger self was boundless and abstract.
Naïve and pure.
I have become encapsulated by my education and experiences.
Cultured and corrupted.
External charisma. Internal darkness.
Do I exude control?
It is easier to govern the masses than to govern oneself.
Distanced and guarded from my most inward emotions, just like the men I strived to emulate.
The Ace of Spades and the Joker in the same hand.
Somehow, I’ve evolved into everything I’ve ever wanted to become; and everything I loathe.
If it Ain’t Broke
Emalee Shrewsbury
I wish I could tell you what love is.
   But that?
   I don’t know.
   What I can tell you is this:
Love not the rose,
   Love the grass.
   For the rose you pick
Will never last.
Yet, the grass you weed,
   Will grow again.
I’ve lost my train of thought—

No, I cannot tell you what love is,
   Though I wish I could.
Maybe I’ve felt it once,
   Laying under the stars,
Or in one-handed driving in a beat-up car,
In gasps of fast paced breathing
   Or isolated thoughts
Yet none of those moments
Ever truly lasted...

Well then,

   Maybe I’ve never felt love;
Maybe I don’t know what it looks like
Or how it’s supposed to feel
   Nevertheless, heed my warning
If you are ever torn between two

Choose not the rose
   Choose the grass.
   And above all,
I hope you remember to choose you.
silence

Sarah I. Goltsman
My eyes flutter open and my mind begins to race about all the tasks I have to complete today. Breakfast. Feed the cat. Close the Jenkins deal. Drive into the next city. Stop thinking. Do.

I quickly sigh, sit up straight, and swing the covers off of my body. I grab my jeans from my vanity chair and put them on while brushing my teeth. There isn't a minute to waste. Grabbing a blouse from the closet I decide to simply go with my hair in a bun and call it a day. As I head into the kitchen I hear Linx purring. I smile as he rubs his head against my legs, “One sec Linx. Coffee first, you know the drill.” With the coffee boiling I open up a can of cat food and pour Linx his meal.

I swing back up and eye the muffins on the kitchen counter, don’t mind if I do. I bite into an oversized blueberry muffin then remember to pour myself that cup of coffee. “The Jenkins deal is going to give me the upper hand I need to get that new position at the office. I’ve worked harder than anyone else this year, no way I’m missing out on becoming a partner,” I declare. I take a sip of coffee and look out the living room’s glass windows, but I don’t understand what I see. Darkness? Did I set my alarm wrong? It’s still night? Looking to my cellphone for confirmation of the time I realize I wasn’t wrong. It is 7am...Where is the sun? I can’t see anything.

I rush to the center window hoping to have a better view of the outside, yet there is nothing to be seen. This can’t be happening. How is there nothing to be seen? I shake my head. “You’re just stressing yourself out, Mia. You’re freaking out about closing the deal, and your eyes are seeing darkness because that’s all you’re thinking about,” I try to reassure myself. I peak back out the windows and continue to see nothingness. That’s not right.

I slip on a pair of sneakers next to the front door and brace myself to open it.
One. Two. I slowly creak the door open. That’s when I realized I closed my eyes, afraid of what I might see, or better yet what I might not see. I gather up some courage and open my eyes. All I see is the darkness. I look back into my apartment and the lights are shining brightly, Linx is swaying his tail full of curiosity, then I look back outside. The darkness is blinding.

With caution I decide to take a step outside into the nothingness. The ground feels like I’m moving in water, it is the strangest feeling. I continue walking forward and begin to feel a strong desire to run. It is as if I am being pulled toward something. That is when I notice a hint of light. Ecstatic, I begin to run at full speed. When I arrive to the source of light I realize it is a gray and white apartment. The numbers 309 is written in cursive across the entrance of the apartment. The same as mine...

It’s... my house. This is my house. I swing open the door and it truly is MY HOUSE. How is this possible? Linx is in this new version of my house too. He meows at me and I begin to panic. I rush to the back of the apartment and open the back door. It is total darkness as well. I begin to run. I run until I am out of breath and that’s when I see another beam of light. I take a deep breath and run as fast as I can. But all I see is my apartment once again. What is happening!?

“She has awakened” A deep male voice states. “It seems it is time,” A female voice responds. “You have passed the test. Welcome home, Mia,” They chime in unison as massive white double doors open exposing even more darkness.
Staff Biographies

Melissa Boneta | English
“My name is Melissa and I’m a senior English major. I’ve never been too great at creative writing, I just like being around it and reading it! Working on this magazine for the past couple of years has given me a chance to read some interesting pieces and look at the most conceptual art. So thank you to the artists! I hope to one day be one.”

Nicole Chavannes | English
“When she’s not editing *Digressions* you can find Nicole editing *The Current* as the newspaper’s copy editor or writing (both for business and pleasure). If not, she might be trying to read a new book (or giving up and reading *Harry Potter* for 150th time) or binge-watching anything on Netflix.”

Monique Cole | Communication
Monique started off her literary journey by composing creative stories and poetry. Looking to change the world by the use of words, Monique is working towards a career in health communication. In her free time, she enjoys taking road trips and reading comic books.

Re’Nyqua Farrington | English Education
Re’Nyqua started out as a reader, stuffing her nose in every book possible and falling in love with stories, until one day she decided to write her own story. The story still has not ended and she plans on writing until she has nothing left to say. Though she dreams of having her name across the front cover a published book, nothing is more important than inspiring readers and writers through her stories.

Michaela Greer | Communication Studies and Art and Design
“People are like stained-glass windows. They sparkle and shine when the sun is out, but when the darkness sets in, their beauty is only revealed if their is light from within.” – Elizabeth Kubler-Ross

Derek Guy | Biology
“It is my intention to present - through the medium of photography - intuitive observations of the natural world which may have meaning to the spectators.” – Ansel Adams

Jeweliana Register | Communication
Jeweliana is a senior communication major with a passion for writing and creating. In her free time she can usually be found drinking coffee and spending time with her friends and family.

Logan Stewart | Art and Design: Studio Art
Logan is an art and design major at NSU following the studio art track. Some of her future goals include becoming an art professor and being involved with the concept development and art direction for attractions at themeparks.

Gabrielle Thompson | Communication
I love (and hate) all things passionately. I don’t think I have a neutral bone in my body. I am an avid dog lover, hockey fan, concert attendee, and iced coffee connoisseur. I probably spend too much time looking into astrology and conspiracies and not enough doing homework.

Samantha Villarroel | Theatre and Communication
Samantha is a junior at NSU majoring in theatre and communication in hopes of being a producer. She enjoys working for SUTV and has a love for movies. Her mantra is do what makes you happy and you’ll never work a day in your life. Wakanda Forever.
Contributor Biographies

Amanda Barrera | English
Amanda is thrilled to be featured in Digressions alongside so many talented students. She enjoys photographing nature, writing poetry, and playing with her dog in her spare time as well as traveling across the country with her family.

Kyle Boltson | Medicine
"Yet for us there is but one God, the Father, from whom all things came and for whom we live; and there is but one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom all things came and through whom we live." - 1 Corinthians 8:6

Pryscila Cassiano Salinas | Theatre
Pryscila Cassiano Salinas is pursuing a Theatre degree at Nova. Her second true love is writing. Pryscila has won best children's book at the Broward County Library Literary Fair for "Follow Your Dreams," wrote and produced a one-act play based on a book she is currently writing titled The Curse at Art Serve.

Ninoska Cepero | Elementary Education
The seed of desire needs inspiration and confidence so it may grow. Let others inspire you to explore new territories; you never know what you may find.

Adam DeRoss | Communication
Adam never gave much thought to anything other than music and art growing up. As an undergraduate in college he’s finally figured out how to incorporate his passions into his ideal version of success.

Shiloe Gardner | Art and Design: Graphic Design
Shiloe is an aspiring graphic designer who hopes to one day influence other individuals with her artwork. From photographing to digitalizing, she hopes to capture the true beauty and essence of elements and living beings that surround her.

Sarah I. Goltsman | Speech, Language, and Communication Disorders
Sarah Goltsman has been a photographer since she picked up her mother’s camera for a weekend and testing what each button does in each setting. She did the same with Photoshop and physical manipulation of the works, giving her a unique artistic voice.

Sara M. Gorman | Experimental Psychology
Sara is a twenty-year-old graduate student studying experimental psychology. She earned her first degree in English Literature, but later chose to pursue scientific research. She believes wholeheartedly in living life without bounds; thus, she eats ice cream once a week, despite her being lactose intolerant.

Lizzy Haizlip | Exercise and Sports
I am from Jacksonville, Florida, and I play soccer here at NSU. My inspiration for art is my Mom, Beth Haizlip.

Carli Lutz | Graphic Design
Carli’s thing is making weird art that makes people question why she did it. Her art comes straight from her bizarre imagination and typically doesn’t make much sense whatsoever to anyone else but her.
Emalee Shrewsberry | M. A. Composition, Rhetoric, and Digital Media
I’m a true southern belle at heart who gets nostalgic when I think of my childhood in Virginia, North Carolina, and southeastern rural Connecticut. I want to remind people to unwind and enjoy the simpler things life has to offer.

Austin Shutov | History
Austin Shutov appeared one day out of thin air seemingly having read exclusively humidity-destroyed tropical romances and Eastern European absurdity and decided to combine the contrasting literary and musical influences of Latin America and Europe with vignettes from present day life into an exotic poetic milkshake.

Qaas Shoukat | Biology
Qaas Shoukat has always loved storytelling, and naturally began writing as a means to do just that. He has always been a huge fan of the Digressions, and is excited to be a part of it this year.

Skylyr VanDerveer | Communications with a focus in Digital Media
Skylyr started her photography journey as a child with a tiny Polaroid camera. Now, Skylyr has upgraded her camera and has taken as many pictures as she possibly can. Her biggest inspiration is the beauty Earth has to offer.